

THE SKIDMO' DAILY

Warning: Content is highly flammable

DECEMBER 14, 2015

Skidmore's Only Intentionally Satirical Newspaper

Local Internet Service Provider Boasts About Connection Speed

By TRISTAN WATSON

Historically, and this semester in particular, students at Skidmore have been bothered — nay, haunted — by a frankly sub-par connection to the methadone that is the worldwide web. Outcries have been heard all across campus, whether it be feisty yakkers threatening the physical well-being of their computers or head-shaped holes in the sheet-rock of the northern Kimball stairwell. Skidmore students, as usual, are looking for someone to blame. One yakker is quoted as saying: “My parents don’t pay \$60K a year for me to suffer through glacial-pace wifi on the toilet before wiping with sandpaper toilet tissue. I’d rather commit the entire Racy Reader to memory than wait for this to load.”

“It’s very exciting stuff,” read a bold statement issued by Time Warner Cable early last

week. “We here at Time Warner are ecstatic to announce a brand new feature to our internet service. We’ve received countless amounts of correspondence from Skidmore students and other capital region residents telling us ‘do your fucking jobs,’ or ‘you really shit the bed on this one.’ We’re here to tell you that we hear you — loud and clear.”

The statement proceeded to outline the company’s clear and concise plans to combat its customers’ complaints. “This is something we’ve been working on for a long time, and it’s very experimental. We’re introducing something we call ‘Time Warner: Silver Lining.’ It’s a brand new way to think about your internet experience. It is a groundbreaking new technology that tells you, our consumers, to go fuck yourselves.

Think of it like this: Why bore yourself by trudging through an entire episode of Friends uninterrupted, when you can instead sit at the edge of your seat and stare in suspense at a spinning red circle thinking, ‘wow, I wonder if Joey is gonna get his head out of the turkey!’

“Furthermore,” the statement continued, “How about those funny faces? Don’t you just love it when the frame freezes just in time to catch an actor’s right eye blinking before their left one? Classic! That’s a moment that you wouldn’t want to miss as you unlock your phone to scroll Facebook while it buffers. But that’s not all you can do with Silver Lining! If you are one of our customers inclined to utilizing closed captioning on Netflix, you’ll be super excited about this little tidbit. When your unreliable

wifi causes yet another hiccup in your streaming experience — wait, what’s this? — your captions are still there! Imagine the hours of fun you’ll have guessing what inflection Leslie Knope will use on those last few words! You’ll feel like a true VIP insider knowing what lines are to be said before they actually get said. You go, you important person, you.

“And finally, you can indulge in the blissful imagination of what the actual pacing of the show would be if you weren’t so lucky to have Silver Lining interrupting every thirteen seconds like a petulant toddler.

“We at Time Warner are certain these new features will ameliorate your recent disappointment in our service. If they don’t, fuck off and make friends with the kid with the router down the hall.”

Freshman Experiences Snow for First Time

By JACK ROSEN, Editor-in-Chief

In a state of jittery excitement, Skidmore Freshman and California Resident Justin Jones expressed his pure joy at being exposed to snow for the first time. “Jesus this is fantastic!” exclaimed Jones. “I have

never felt this great before. All that beautiful white powder, everywhere. This is amazing!” he claimed.

Jones, who had grown up in a warm and safe Los Angeles suburb, noted that most of his

friends shared his reaction of invigorated joy. “I mean everyone’s freaking out. One girl actually tore off her clothes and started rolling around. A couple of my friends are angry about all the snow, but they are

being buzzkills,” he said.

As Jones went to return to the snow, he was overheard saying to a friend, “This is great and all, but Christ I can’t feel my fucking nose!”

A Black Guy Got Pulled Over by a Cop and Wasn’t Shot, so Racism Must not Exist

By D. DUKE

It seems young people are always talking about racism. They’re constantly pointing fingers at honest, white Americans like myself, and accusing us of being racist. Sometimes they even start loud, disruptive protests about things they think are racist, like college frats having black-face themed parties — white boys will be white boys, amiright? — and black people getting shot by police officers. Given all this fuss about racism, you’re probably thinking that racism must be a real thing that exists in this coun-

try. Well, I’m happy to inform you that this is simply not true!

When I was scrolling through Facebook, looking for feminists to make fun of, I came across a post that proved to me that racism is not real. It was from a black man named Steve Jenkins. Now, before you ask me why I, D. Duke, read something written by a black guy — believe me, I find that as strange as you do — hear this guy out, he brings up some good points.

So this motherfucker Stevie, he gets pulled over for speeding. Now, you’re probably

thinking that he’s going to get shot, right, since that’s usually what happens when black men get pulled over by white cops. But get this, he doesn’t get shot. Instead, the cop is mildly respectful to him. Isn’t that crazy? We’ve been spending all this time talking about how difficult it is for black people in America, but this one guy didn’t get shot by a cop, so obviously none of that can be real.

So why waste all this time worrying about racism, when it clearly isn’t a problem? If racism was a real issue, Steve

would’ve gotten shot, but he didn’t, so this must all be another big lie from the liberal media. This story cancels out the hundreds of black people who were killed by cops over the past several years, since obviously those guys wouldn’t have gotten shot if they were more like Stevie. Obviously it’s due to their behavior, not the behavior of those nice white cops, that they were shot.

Good, racism isn’t real. Problem solved.

Student Experimentation with BDSM leads to Rise in Skidmore Dog Collar and Leash Sales in Skidshop

By EMMA BERNSTEIN

BDSM, bondage, S&M, whatever you wish to call it, using whips and light choking during sex has become quite popular in recent years, and it is especially present on Skidmore's campus. Whether you can hear your suite mate calling their partner "Master" or the cashier at Burgess's neck seems to be particularly raw, it's no secret that Skid students are getting kinky. While this sexual trend has been a struggle for Resident Advisors

across campus (writing a couple up for using a lit candle's wax as a sex toy is no fun), the Skidshop has been generating a ton of revenue from the trend.

You guessed it, Skidmore leashes and collars are the latest and greatest edition to your wall of sexual instruments. Nothing says, "Fuck me harder" than sporting the same collar that your mom suggested would look, "Great on Fido!" We asked an employee of the

Skidshop about her take on the trend. "What these kids do in their free time is none of my business, but just in case any of them are reading this article, we'll be releasing a new model of collar with spikes on the inside, you know...for the more...disobedient dogs." Another employee of the Skidshop informed us that even the sales of the small dog outfits have sky rocketed since the release of 50 Shades of Grey.

Apparently some people get off on seeing their partner rocking an ill-fitting fleece dog hoodie.

Don't believe us? We turned to Yik Yak to prove our validity, as one does. A recent Yik Yak claims to have overheard the following in Penfield Hall: "It's weird how much my pain tolerance has changed since I've gotten into S&M." Skid students are proving that Creative Thought Matters, even in the bedroom.

An Open Letter to Professors who Assign Homework over Breaks

By DOUG PATRICK, Business Manager

Fuck you.

Skidmo' Daily's Junior Ring Exclusive Coverage: A Faded Recap of Junior Ring

By LINNEA HARRIS

Sunday morning rolls around, and every fatally hungover student manages to drag themselves out of bed and over to dhall to try and quell the tequila inevitably still in their bodies. Every topic of conversation is the same: what the FUCK happened at junior ring?

We aren't particularly sure either, but by interviewing several unfortunate souls who vaguely remember attending, we were able to piece to-

gether a relatively accurate recap of the event (we think).

"I definitely remember leaving Penfield," says one girl. Alright, that's a step. So then there was presumably the trek from south quad to the sports center. We're getting somewhere.

So what went down at the actual event itself?

We can establish that there was a coat check of some sort, for a very reputable source told us, "There's some sharpie

numbers on my hand, which I think was for my jacket."

So jackets are hung up, and now we're inside the gym. What was that like? "There was a big red carpet, definitely. I remember that because I lost my friends immediately after I stepped off of it."

We're very sorry to hear that. What was it like inside?

"I threw up something that tasted like hummus later, so I'm guess there were some

snacks. Also a beer garden. Definitely that as well."

How was the music? "All I know was there was a song about smacking a butt, because my butt got smacked." – a direct quote.

Anything else fun that you can recall?

"Not really."

"I have no idea."

"I wish I could tell you."

I guess that's all we'll ever know about Junior Ring 2k15.

Skidmo' Daily's Junior Ring Exclusive Coverage: The Not-So Exclusive Beer Garden

By EMMA BERNSTEIN

"A beer garden?" "At Junior Ring?" "Wow." "That's going to be great." 21+ students were excited to drink openly in the same place where convocation was held only several years earlier. We asked a few seniors what about Junior Ring they were most excited for and almost all said the beer garden. "I'm excited to chat with my friends over a

few cold brews while the freshman look on jealously," said one super senior who will be turning 24 in the spring. This person's wishes were not met.

While he did get to chat with his friends "over a few cold brews," the freshman were not looking on jealously. They were standing beside him, snapping their friends who had already been walked back to

their dorms. There were no walls made of bouncers ready to kick out any under age punks that tried to finagle their way in. No, there was really nothing that stopped the youngins from saying "Excuse me," and grabbing their very own brew.

We caught up with two freshman who were seen entering the beer garden early on in

the night and asked them how they did it. One said, "We were in the beer garden?" The other responded, "Was that what that massive group of people was? I was just trying to find my shoes." Well there you have it. The lack of security for the beer garden was a triumph for some and a let down for others. Try again next year Skidmore.

Carson goes to Jordan to discuss Syrian refugees

By EMILY SINGER, Assignment Editor

Ben Carson recently went to Jordan seeking advice on how to combat the refugee crisis in hopes of reducing the likelihood of the U.S. taking in unwanted immigrants who have

a plethora of Middle Eastern countries to choose from. Jordan, a well-versed gym teacher moderately familiar on the crisis, told Carson that "it isn't about the refugees, it's

about making sure we maintain the image of America". When asked to elaborate on what this means, Carson said that most people "can't understand the philosophy behind

what it means to be American", effectively ending the conversation yet enabling his popularity to rise in the polls.

How to Study for Finals By CONNOR BATSIMM

Are you stressed out about studying for finals? Fear no more: in this article, I'll teach you everything you need to know about studying.

I have a final for my English class in two days. This isn't a hypothetical situation: I actually have a final to study for it. Hopefully by watching me masterfully handle my own studying, you'll gain valuable insight on the studying process, and apply these techniques to your own work.

The first step to studying is to set goals. Make sure your goals are realistic, but difficult enough to really push you. Unfortunately, I'm pretty behind in my English class, and have only read half of the eight books on the final. I guess I've just had a lot on my plate recently. One important thing to

remember when studying for finals is to not get hung up on the past. Don't beat yourself up for not starting your work sooner – just focus on what you can do in the here and now. Anyway, if I read two books today and two tomorrow, I'll have finished all four in time for my final. This is a difficult goal, but a realistic one. Take note.

So, if I'm going to read two novels by the end of the night, I should really take a break from this article and start reading. Writing Skidmo' Daily articles is fun, but it's important to not get sucked in by distractions when studying for finals.

An hour later

Well, I've only read two chapters, but I'm already starting to feel burnt out. Remember,

don't let yourself get burnt out, or you'll not have enough energy to actually take your exams! So, give yourself a bit of leisure time as a reward, and then go back to studying once you're rejuvenated. I think part of my problem right now is that I'm hungry, so on that note, I'm going to see what's at late night.

Two hours later

Well, I spent way too long in dhall. I ran into some of my friends, and we wound up hanging out there for two hours. I ate three plates of curly fries.

Well fuck, now I'm really far behind. It's okay, I can still meet my goals. I have only five hundred pages left to read tonight. That's not so bad. It's important when studying for finals to keep things in perspective.

Shit, I'm starting to freak out. There's no way I'll be prepared for my English test. Fuck fuck fuck NO DON'T OVERREACT EVERYTHING IS GOING TO BE FINE. Remember, you can't panic about the little things when studying for finals.

Okay, I can't get any work done like this. I'm too stressed out – it's bad for my productivity. I'm gonna try smoking a joint, that usually mellows me out pretty good. I'll be right back.

Seven Hours Later

Well shit, that joint put me right to sleep. Now I have one day to read three and a half books. I should really get on that. Tune in next time for more helpful study tips! FUCK.

How much work could a work work work if a work work could work work?

By JOHN O'HARA, Copy Editor

It's Finals time and you know what that means—you've got your work cut out for you! Whether you're an English major working on your final papers, a Psych major working on your latest study, or a Geoscience major working on whatever the hell they're working on at this time of year, we're all in the exact same boat of having a lot of goddamn work. Which begs the question, I think, how many works could a work work work if a

work work could work work?

Freshman Sam Killjoy had an answer for this right away: "I don't know exactly how many works a work would work if a work work could work work, but I do know it would have to be at least six works. If there aren't at least six works in the mix, something quite clearly is not working."

Ex Sci major Jason Juice is still managing to hit the gym and work out despite all the work he's putting into his

classes too—what a work ethic! I kindly asked Jason if he would meet with me to discuss his outstanding working attitude, but instead of talking to me he just shouted "fuck off I have work to do!"

Lastly, I talked to one Spanish major who said she's still found time for play in the midst of the tsunami of work. "I actually decided to drop acid before my latest exam. On the bright side I had a lot of fun which is not usually the case

when I take tests, on the downside I ended up just writing either "Yo quiero Taco Bell" or "No sirve!" for literally all my answers. I don't actually remember having done this, but my Professor gave me a zero and commented that I "need to work on my study habits."

Moral of the story is not to ingest hallucinogens of any kind before taking an exam in a foreign language. That just isn't the way the world works, apparently.

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The Skidmo' Daily welcomes any and all contributions. Guest articles and features can be emailed to jrosen2@skidmore.edu. Staff meetings are held every Monday at 8:00 P.M. in the Spa.

Rogue Student Saves Model UN

By DOUG PATRICK, Business Manager

While most of us kick back on a Saturday night and enjoy a couple of brews to unwind, there are people like Kyle Franklin who remind us that some people just never take a day off from being amazing. Though he may say he was just being a “good friend” on Friday night, do not believe him. This first year member of MUN single handedly saved the entire (model) world.

Kyle saw MUN president, Eric Stanfield, and vice president, Eva Simpson, in a tre-

mendously dangerous situation whilst at an apartment party. No doubt he had sensed some sexual tension between them before, but they were getting more canoodle-y than ever under the cloak of bad lighting and tipsiness.

Kyle, being an avid drinker himself, knew that no good decisions were to come from Eric when he announced that he was “nine PBR’s deep” and that everyone else should “catch up.” Kyle became even more worried when Eva giggled at

Eric’s remark rather than giving a passive look-away due to the contagious embarrassment one should feel for someone saying something so douche-y.

All signs pointed to a passionate, albeit extremely regretful hookup that would tear the entire foundation of Model United Nations apart. Because, let’s face it, it’s hard to conduct business with a fellow leader when one’s made the other cum.

Rather than watching these two sloppy lustful, lovebirds run the club into the ground,

Kyle stepped in by asking Eric to be his partner in a game of Pong. Once on a two game win-streak, Eric forgot all about Eva as he was quoted saying, “We’re gonna run this bitch (the table) all night.”

A simple misdirection of focus by Kyle, some may say. But when one takes a closer look, one can clearly see that Kyle magically grasped the inner-workings of Eric’s mind as a way to keep Model UN happy, healthy, and business as usual.

All I Want for Christmas is a Lump of Coldplay

By QUINT TURNER

When the Clocks strike Midnight on Christmas Eve, and Santa Parachutes down the chimney on a night with a Sky Full of Stars at High Speed, I want to wake up, come down the stairs, and find all the delivered presents wrapped in Yellow. I’ll Pour Me a Glass of Water, wake up my Brothers and Sisters from the Chinese Sleep Chant, and we’ll all sit under the Christmas Lights telling each other Ghost Stories until Daylight breaks. This Amazing Day needs only one thing to make God Put A Smile Upon My Face (I’m Easy to Please), and that’s if Santa

delivered a lump of Coldplay to my Christmas stocking.

Now, if the first present I open isn’t Coldplay, I’ll tell myself “Don’t Panic”. If I get two in a row, I’ll take it as a Warning Sign. A third? That’s A Message from Santa, telling me I’ve been naughty, and I’ll feel Low the rest of the day. A Rush of Blood to My Head may come, and I may Murder those who have wronged me, if no pile of Coldplay made it to me this year. I will live with Death and All of His Friends and forever be Lost! It wouldn’t Hurt Like Heaven, if this happened, it would feel as if everything

went Up In Flames instead. It’d be another of those Things I Don’t Understand. The World Turned Upside Down is what it’d feel like happened.

My Atlas doesn’t carry the world. He comes on a U.F.O. at the Speed of Sound while Up With the Birds, and all I want is for him to Fly On down to my house with Coldplay, regardless if it’s a Rainy Day, or clear, or snow. The Hardest Part of it all is waiting for Christmas, of course. And then the day after Christmas is over, I’m back to Square One, with a Head Full of Dreams waiting for next year. But don’t worry, I’m not

completely selfish. When my sister Natalie, the Princess of China, looks at the presents during The Goldrush for them, she’ll see one unaddressed. She’ll ask me whose it’s for, and I’ll of course say “it’s For You, because you’re the One I Love”.

Now I’m just rambling, but the point is this: if you ask for a lump of Coldplay this Christmas and don’t get any, Don’t Let It Break Your Heart. Everything’s Not Lost. You’re still on the Adventure of a Lifetime, and it’ll Everglow. As they say in Spain, Viva La Vida.

Can Anyone Help Me Study For My German Quiz Tomorrow?

By GEORGE LUBITZ, Content Director

Hey guys, hope all is good with you. Look, I’m gonna get straight to the point: I have a German vocab quiz tomorrow that I’m really stressing about and I haven’t really studied for it. Is anyone available that could help me study?

It’s not a lot—just a few verbs and nouns (with plurals) that I need to memorize, and I’ve got a lot of other work at the moment, and I guess this got pushed to the back of my homework pile and now I’m cutting it close trying to cram before my test tomorrow. So, could someone meet me in Spa or something to help me go over the words in Chapter 4?

I have class at 10:10 (I know it’s kinda early), but if you

meet me somewhere (whatever’s easiest for you), I’ll reward you in eternal friendship and a coffee from Starbucks on me. I think the best course of action is to sketch out a few flashcards and just read me the English. Or, if you have some understanding of German, you could read the German words, too. Just to make it easier, here’s the list of vocab I have to know for tomorrow’s quiz:

der Ferienort, -e:

vacation resort

die Halbpension:

half pension

die Vollpension:

full pension

die Pension, -en:

guest house

die (Auto)vermietung:

car rental

das Wirtshaus, -äer inn

(voll) belegt:

full, no vacancy

Fünf-Sterne:

five star

Zimmer frei:

vacancy

mieten

to rent

das Bergsteigen:

mountain climbing

der Campingplatz, äe:

campground

das Fischen:

fishing

das Kanufahren:

canoeing

der Schlafsack:

sleeping bag

der Wanderer, - / die Wan-

derin, -nen:

hiker

der Wanderweg, -e:

hiking train

das Wohnmobil, -e:

motor home (RV)

das Zelt, -e:

tent

wandern:

to go hiking

organisieren:

to organize

So there you have it. I’m really stressing about this quiz, guys, so if someone could help me study that’d be great. Let me know! I owe you a ton!

GET A JOB, YA HIPPIYS!