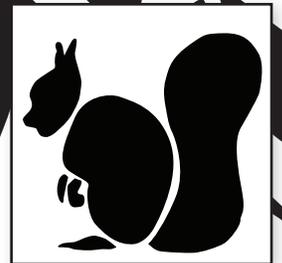


The Skidmo' Daily

October 4, 2016



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September 20, 2016

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Letter From the Editor...

Hello Skidmore Students,

Welcome to *Skidmo' Daily's* second edition of the year. Our first publication of the semester went off without a hitch—we received praise from students and Larrys alike. We were not without our shortcomings, though, and we've heard your constructive criticism loud and clear.

This time around you'll find a thicker, sleeker layer of bugs throughout the entire publication and a terrific selection of perfume swatches in a limited selection in some of our prints thanks to a mix up at the printing press.

A lot has happened at Skidmore and around the world since our last edition, and we've worked hard to bring you a most relevant and up-to-date aggregation of the top stories. We've added a horoscope column and a regular blotter of incidents from Campus Safety. We look very forward to adding more important regular columns in the near future, such as our highly-anticipated Last Year's Sports section, giving you the final scores of your favorite teams from last year. Also coming soon is our Weather Section, in which we print the probability of rain in Lawrence, Kansas for the upcoming week. Both really important features we believe are integral to a college newspaper.

For the time being, though, enjoy the articles we've worked feverishly to tape back together after accidentally spilling them in an industrial-sized paper shredder. It wasn't easy, but we got it all sorted out just in the nick of time. I sincerely hope you appreciate the wide variety of content we've got in store for y'all this time.

All best,

George Lubitz
Editor-in-Chief

Top Stories Of The Week

College Republicans club set to have annual picnic featuring the "all lives platter"

Jill Stein Wins SGA Presidency

That Kid In Your Philosophy Class Just Fucking Gets It

Why Political Correctness is So Gay

Freshman Trump supporter enjoying bleak social life

Freshman Finds That Using the Pull-Out Method Only Prevents DHall Sugar Dispenser from Over-Sweetening his Coffee 96% of Time

Feminist defies gender roles by scratching balls

Skidmore Simulation: Sober at a Party

By Doug Patrick

You weren't really sure what was going to happen tonight. All your friends said that this Friday night was going to be unlike others. They've got lots of work to catch up on. Let's just stay in, Becky says during dinner on Wednesday. Yeah, everyone agrees. Let's.

Friday night rolls around and you're actually kind of looking forward to a night in. But, guess who is already "five shots deep" when you meet up with them? That's right, Becky. That lying bitch. And your good friend, Randy? Well, he's texting everyone he knows, "Where da party at?" (because he's also a couple shots in). You really do have the worst friends ever.

So you go back to your room. You'll just stay in. Fuck your friends. You planned to get in your PJ's at 7 o'clock sharp and that's not changing.

Your friends, however, do not give two shits or a fuck and a half about your "plan." They continue to badger you. Come with us. Come on, you're gonna be sorry you didn't! Even while you're taking off your pants and feeling the sweet embrace of sweatpants, they won't quit. Over and over they tell you to come out with them. That they'll be so sad if you don't come along.

Before you know it, you're in the shower. Then you're putting back on pants. You're going out. They convinced you. Again, fuck your friends.

You head back over to Becky's. Yeah, you were a little pissed at first, but maybe tonight will be fun after all. Just gotta get a couple drinks in you and then it'll be all good. Copasetic.

When you open Becky's door, she welcomes you with a shot. You take it because, well, whatever, this is happening now. But right after your face recovers from its contortion after that first shot of \$15 Crystal Palace, they're telling you to kick your ass into gear. They're leaving. There's a party in Dayton. But you don't even know where the fuck Dayton is. And neither do your friends. "We'll figure it out,

One Bitch Bitches Over Another Possibly Bitchin' Bitch

By Miranda Thompson

Last Tuesday afternoon, sophomore Ashley Moran had an experience that would haunt her for the rest of the week. On case walkway, as Moran passed acquaintance Sara Lowen, she gave a courteous "how are you." Lowen, failing to follow procedure, answered honestly, revealing to Moran that she was stressed about her biology test. Showing practiced sympathy, Moran reminded Lowen that tomorrow was Friday, so she could soon blow off that steam with some weekend debauchery. That was when Lowen looked Moran right in the eyes, and uttered her fateful reply: "Yes, bitch."

With a quick "see you later," Lowen skipped away, leaving Moran stunned in her wake.

though!!!!" (Fuck your friends.)

After they stumble around for twenty minutes amidst the apartments, you finally find the place. They knock in the door and some guy you've met maybe once before lets you in. You stand around near the kitchen for a while, surveying the place. It's dark. There are lots of lights. Loud, shitty music. And a bunch of people crowded around a pong table. Everyone's either dancing or flailing. Or missing pong shots.

You see Randy crack open a beer and you ask where he got it. He says he brought it. You ask if he's got anymore, but he just shakes his head. "Sorry, man. Thought you knew this thing was BYOB." But how could you have known that? You didn't even know you were coming here, so you didn't B any B and now your F'd. Thanks a lot, Randy.

Now you're just standing awkwardly at this party, too sober, hating your life. You watch Becky try to dance and embarrass herself. You laugh at her with Rachel until she starts talking to someone she matched with on Tinder. And Randy, well, he's just off to the side, yelling and raising his can of beer intermittently. Randy's such a douche. And so are the rest of your friends – fuck 'em.

For about twenty minutes, you watch from the outside, switching your gaze to a different spot every so often so people don't think you're staring. Then, an NSYNC song comes on and everyone starts yelling along with it. This is where you realize you've had just about all you can take. You leave.

Back at your room, you finally take off those dreaded pants and slide on the original main event of the whole night: your ugly, baggy sweats. You've made it, you think as you fall onto your bed. You grab your laptop and log into Netflix (or Hulu, if you're a hipster dweeb). Oh yeah, Jim and Pam. Come to papa. After a long week, and an even longer night (fuck your friends), you've earned this.

"It just came on so fast and harsh. Maybe it meant nothing, but why even say it? What really constitutes a bitch? I have replayed it over and over in my head. Did I hear 'yessss' when maybe it was a 'yassss'? Are we closer than I thought? Am I still receiving unequal pay for equal work?" Gender studies professor and linguistics specialist Meghan Thomas has grappled with this word conundrum for years, and finds today a particularly interesting time for bitches.

"The proliferation of the word has softened the insult. Mainstream media has made 'bitch' acceptable vernacular. I can't watch television with my daughter without Barbie assuring her that this glitter bout to make her a bad bitch."

Thomas, however, believes 'bitch' has not lost its negative connotations.

"Though it's certainly an uncreative insult, bitch continues to connect femininity with negativity. And though context is everything, it's so difficult to read," states Thomas. "A simple switch in inflection can change a conversation from 'congratulations on your new boyfriend' to 'you stole my man, I steal your life.'" Unfortunately, despite past efforts, bitch remains trapped in this quasi-derogatory state.

"We made "bitchin" a positive adject-

ive, but I trust nothing from the era that included disco. We then tried switching the harsh 'i' to a muted 'e,' but we all just sounded like valley girls with our shortened 'betches.' And don't even get me started on 'beeyatch.'"

As for Ashley Moran, she still grapples with the implications of her two-minute conversation. Moran vows to talk to Lowen again and get to the bottom of this conundrum. She hopes if she throws a "hoe" or "slut" in there, she can figure out if they are mortal enemies, or BFFs for realz.

On Revolutionary Topic, Math People Now Call "Obtuse" Angles "Plus-Sized"

By Nick Papazian

In response to the widespread disapproval of the archaic and oppressive term "obtuse", a group of mathologists at Skidmore College who nobody had previously cared about/noticed decided to throw out the old term and start calling wide angles the same name that we call wide people: "plus-sized".

"We felt that it was about time for a change," said one of the science guys involved in the movement. "We can only hope that it catches on in the greater community of numberpeople."

The group is now quickly gaining attention, and a total of five people actually care.

When the news hit tumblr (nowhere else), the group was sharply criticized by fourteen-year old "xxJonxSherlockSupernaturalAnimeFanxx12", who stated angrily, "u [sic] guys, cmon [sic] its [sic] 2016 r [sic] u [sic] serious this shudve [sic] hapned [sic] yeARS AGO."

However, despite the criticism, the movement seems to be viewed favorably by the other four people who know its happening.

This is a very important moment and the history of mathematics. Perhaps now, those plus-sized angles can flaunt their stuff and still feel beautiful!



Jeb Bush to Star in New CBS Sitcom, *Jeb! at Home*

By Connor Batsimm

Have you been spending this election season bummed out by the absence of turtle aficionado and guacamole connoisseur, Jeb Bush? Well, then, you're going to want to watch CBS' newest sitcom. This fall, the network will be expanding its diverse selection of sitcoms about dads returning home to reconnect with their children, with a new show about Jeb Bush returning home to reconnect with his children. If you love CBS hits like *Kevin Can Wait*, *Life in Pieces*, and *Man with a Plan*, you'll love *Jeb! at Home!*

Jeb! at Home will depict Jeb's return home after failing to win the 2016 presidential election, as he struggles

to keep his wacky family together. It will star Sofia Vergara as Jeb's fiery Latin-American wife Columba Bush, Will Arnett as Jeb and Columba's slick, smooth talking eldest son George P. Bush, Taran Killam as Jebby Junior, their sweet, sensitive middle child, Jennifer Love Hewitt as Noelle, their unpredictable, drug-addicted youngest daughter, and of course, Jeb Bush as himself. There will also be special guest appearances from Alec Baldwin as Jeb's big shot, presidential older brother, and Alan Arkin as Jeb's demanding dad. So grab your guaca bowls and your favorite hoodie, because *Jeb! at Home* is guaranteed to make you clap...Please clap.

Skidmo' Horoscope

By Dr. Phil

Welcome to the Skidmo' horoscope! These accurate predictions are put together by our psychic intern in exchange for magic rocks. It is important to note that this horoscope is not your average horoscope, these are 100% accurate and should be taken as law. The team here at the Skidmo' believes that foreknowledge can be a dangerous thing, so proceed at your own caution. You have been warned.

Aquarius:

This is the dawning of your age. The sun rises and sets just for you! Try new things, eat a new food, ask out Becky, kill a man! However, be careful around open electrical wires and flammable things, and whatever you do never look a gift horse in the mouth.

Pices:

Don't trust anyone who is an Aquarius. They are evil people with murderous intentions. Becky, Scott will ask you out. I know you like Scott but you know for a fact that he has a "sort of" girlfriend back home. What's wrong with that though? He never gets to see her and they've been drifting apart for months. You know what Becky—go for it. Scott is a nice guy. And that body? My God Becky, he looks like he's straight out of a dream

Aries:

Milk, fruit (fresh), water bottles, shampoo (conditioner), hair ties, paper towels (absorbent), math textbook, deodorant (degree motion sense), latex gloves, scale (grams only), pre-paid cell phone, small Ziploc bags (fresh), lock box (bullet-proof).

Taurus:

Keep driving ahead! Use your 19 gallons of fuel and 29 mpg efficiency to get through the week. Do something nice for yourself; you're worth it (\$27,220 to be exact). You started in 1986 and you've gone until now without a problem. I know that in the early 2000s your sticker price dropped, but with the new you there are endless possibilities.

Gemini:

Don't trust Scott. You saw how close he and Becky were the last time you visited. You thought, "It's good he's making friends, I'm glad that she can be there for him when I can't" and pushed your jealousy aside. You know he'd never do anything to hurt you and you trust him entirely, but this is a different world now. Even when he visits it feels forced.

Cancer:

You have cancer, sorry.

Sagiquarrious:

This isn't a real sign! Why are you reading this? Stop it. This doesn't apply to you or anyone. You're not supposed to read other signs. That's cheating, cut it out.

Leo:

Bees are now an endangered species, be careful.

Virgo:

The stars are on your side, Virgo! This week is going to be the most productive in years. Get out there, conquer the world, face your fears! Good things come to those who ask, so go ask! Literally nothing bad can happen to you this week. Half-ass your paper—BAM you get an A. Try a new food at Dhall—BAM new favorite food. Stick a fork in a power socket—BAM super powers. Congrats, you now control the power of electricity. Use your powers wisely.

Libra:

The stars are on your side, Libra! This week is going to be the most productive in years. Get out there, conquer the world, face your fears! Good things come to those who ask, so go ask! Literally nothing bad can happen to you this week. Half-ass your paper—BAM you get an A. Try a new food at Dhall—BAM new favorite food. Stick a fork in a power socket—BAM super powers. Congrats, you now control the power of electricity. Use your powers wisely.

Scorpio:

Now is your chance. You've always had a crush on Lisa, but she's been dating Scott. You can see the animosity growing between them as Scott gets closer with Becky. Swoop in, comfort Lisa. Who is it hurting? Scott has wanted out of the relationship for months now and he even told you that he was developing feelings for Becky, so what's stopping you? This is best for everyone. Scott gets a clean break and gets to pursue Becky, everyone knows Becky likes Scott, and you get sweet, innocent Lisa. Forget about Scott anyway, you know how neglectful he can be and you'd never do that to Lisa.

Sagittarius:

Bro, you're the coolest, smartest, swaggiest man/woman on campus. Look at you, you're amazing. Keep being awesome, You're killing it.

Capricorn:

Everything's fine.

Girl Rejected by the Skidmore Bandersnatchers for Not Being Able to Snap

By Lizette Roman-Johnston

Skidmore College has maintained its warm and accepting reputation for over a hundred years now. However, from (recent) personal experience I have learned that certain organizations on campus have been promoting discrimination to keep up their desired image.

We all have our guilty pleasures; they evoke the feel-good frivolity in us all. Up there with *Keeping Up with the Kardashians*, One Direction, and DJ Khaled are our very own crooning cuties, The Bandersnatchers. The synergistic effect that makes a bunch of 6s look like solid 10s¹ is fully accepted yet somewhat eerie. Still, Filene always seems to be littered with launched bras and panties after every jam.

This semester, I decided to see what all the fuss was about. Because of my love for hard-hitting journalism and that good ole acapella, I mustered up enough courage (and Billy Joel lyrics) to audition for the original campus cuties themselves.

1 Pierre is actually a 10. Call me.

In my pants pocket sat my trusty tape recorder; the following is exactly how my audition went down:

The first person I see upon entering the room is junior Joe Doino, a good friend of mine. His eyes immediately narrow, conveying a judgmental confusion. This is probably because Joe has no idea I could sing².

“Uhm, are you lost?” an irrelevant member says. He was probably referring to my apparent mental state. I often reveal my spiraling uncertainty about my future and the means of my death through body language and facial expression.

Next, I decide to lay all my nerves out on the table. “I just want to be upfront here,” I state before taking a deep breath. “I think I’m a really good singer, and I would be a great fit for your ensemble, but honestly... I can’t snap.”

Silence. Looks are exchanged among the members, some stifling laughter, some rubbing their foreheads. I am humiliated. It is obviously a deal breaker. But before I can let them see my disappointment, I run out of Wilson Chapel, saying goodbye to who could have been my eternal family - my brothers.

Now that it has been revealed that The Skidmore Bandersnatchers do not believe in a learning curve when it comes to manual percussion, I wonder how many people will audition next semester. I would not be surprised to see a flood of prospective Accents or Sonneteers, ensembles known for their lack of snapping.

2 Let the record show that the author of this article can, in fact, sing. Check out her Soundcloud: djzetteyz.

Sorry Freshmen, Outing Club is Just an Urban Legend

By Connor Batsimm

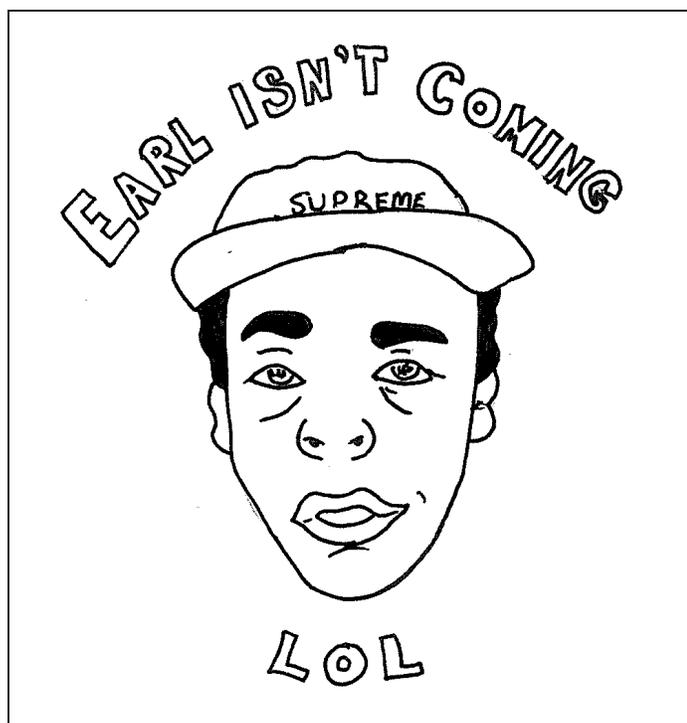
Remember when you found out that (spoiler alert!) Santa isn’t real? Or when you discovered that there’s no such thing as the Tooth Fairy, and that parents are just weird and like hiding teeth underneath pillows for some reason? Or when you learned that Christopher Columbus and the friendly pilgrims you learned about in elementary school actually committed mass genocides? We know how hard it is to discover that something which was once part of your carefully constructed worldview is a lie. So, there’s no easy way to say this, but... there never has been and likely never will be a Skidmore Outing Club.

I know, I know. Let that sink in for a second. Just like bigfoot and the lochness monster, Outing Club is nothing more than a carefully constructed hoax that gullible freshmen have been buying into for the last few decades. That’s right. Everything you’ve heard about the outing club – the cool trips they take, their transcendental vibes, their crazy email list – all of that is made up. I’m so sorry. I hate to be the bearer of bad news, and trust me, the truth doesn’t ever get any easier. But you had to know.

You must’ve had your suspicions. I mean, when was the last time you’ve heard anything concrete about the outing club? Do you even know anyone who’s gone on an outing club trip in the last year? Deep down, you knew that the outing club was never real. But you couldn’t bear to admit it to yourself. I don’t blame you. The temptation to believe in a higher power like the outing club, despite all contrary evidence, is hard to shake.

So what’re you going to do now? It’s your freshman year, and you wanted to be involved in clubs at Skidmore, and you always assumed the Outing Club was the place for you. And now you know the terrible truth. Well, for starters, you could join the Skidmo’ Daily. We’re a real club, and like the legendary members of the mythic outing club, a lot of us have long hair and beards. It’s a cheap substitute, we admit it, but at least it’s real.

So now you know. Outing club is nothing more than an urban legend. Everything you thought you knew about it was a work of fiction. But there is a silver lining to this distressing revelation: Skid News is also an urban legend, like Godzilla or the boogey man. There, doesn’t that make it hurt a little less?



Campo' Safety Incident Report 9/26-10/3

Incident	LARCENY
Date/Time Reported	9/26 10:30 AM
Location	<i>DINING HALL</i>
Summary	Dining Hall staff member called Campus Safety to report a student taking three pieces of fruit to-go, one fruit more than is typically allowed. Report filed.
Incident	NIGHTMARE AT TEN FEET
Date/Time Reported	9/27 1:24 PM
Location	<i>CASE CENTER</i>
Summary	Prior to departure for class trip, professor called Campus Safety to report a student in hysterics. According to the bus driver, the student repeatedly screamed "There's a man out there!" After arriving with EMS, officer attempted to calm the student down, but to no avail. Student continually made assertions like "There's a man on the wing! He's trying to pry the engines open!" Student's peers tried explaining to him that they weren't on a plane, but he would not listen. Report filed.
Incident	SUSPICIOUS ACTIVITY — CLOWNS
Date/Time Reported	9/27 1:01 AM
Location	<i>DAYTON</i>
Summary	Student called Campus Safety to report a man in clown costume walking through Dayton. According to student, he held a single half-inflated red balloon and white sack. His gaze stayed fixed forward and tried luring students and children alike into Northwoods with candy and beer from his sack. Officer replied "Fuck no" and hung up. Report filed.
Incident	IDLING VIOLATION
Date/Time Reported	9/28 3:14 PM
Location	<i>WAIT HALL</i>
Summary	Motorist ticketed for idling vehicle behind Wait Hall for thirty minutes. Cited driver visibly upset, exiting his black and white SSPD Ford Crown Victoria to scream at issuing Campus Safety officer. Report filed, ticket ripped up.
Incident	VANDALISM
Date/Time Reported	9/29 4:00 AM
Location	<i>CASE CENTER WALKWAY</i>
Summary	Campus Safety received a call from anonymous student, who said they noticed a torn down and defaced "BlueLivesMatter" sign on case walkway. All Campus Safety officers responded to call, setting up barricade around incident area. Full investigation launched, all other investigations put on hold. Report filed.

Fashion Column: Leather underwear is in and if I catch you doing otherwise I will smite thee for I am Adonai your God

By Jacob Schwartz

Good evening folks. Buckle your fashion seat-belts, because it's time for another edition of the fashion column! This week, I come to tell you that leather underwear is in, and if you do not obey my commands, I will smite thee, for I am Adonai your God.

For as it is written, (Leviticus, verse XI, line 4) "thou shalt wear upon thee the skin of a calf, and thou shalt call this garment leather. Thou shalt wear this leather as undergarments." In other words... leather is super in right now! All of my little birdies in the fashion world have confirmed with me that it is totally super rad to be wearing leather on different parts of your outfit, especially your underwear! Brands like Urban Outfitters and JC Penney are also handing out sweet deals on leather that you can't miss!

I am Adonai, your God, who led you out of Egypt to be your God. I am Adonai your God, creator of leather underwear.

And besides, as it gets cooler, you will definitely be thankful that you have a stronger layer to protect yourself from the bitter cold, and we all know leather is nice and cozy!

For as it is written, (Exodus, verse VI, line 8) "all who do not tremble before me and wear the leather undergarments which I have commanded shall face my wrath, for I am Adonai your God."

So, don't get caught sticking out like a sore thumb without all of the latest fashion trends; do yourself a favor and buy some leather underwear at a nearby Target or K-Mart!

For if you do not, I, Adonai your God, will make fire rain down upon your house. If you do not don the holy leather in your nether region, I will take away your first-born son, as the Holy Scripture commands. Wear the leather, or I will destroy the city of Gomorrah again, for you have forsaken me.

Another quick note: if you don't have anything good to wear with your leather underwear, JC Penney is cur-

rently holding a great sale on leather jackets, so make sure you take advantage of that so you can complete your stylish outfit!

For as it is written, (Genesis, verse V, line 8) "do not tempt me with your ignorance. Wear the leather underwear or face my holy fury. I am Adonai—your God—and I decree that leather is super in right now."

Breakthrough Study Shows Skidmore Students More Likely to Think About Sex While Wearing a Trojan™ Condom

By Gill Hurtig

A recent study undergone by the Peer Health Educator team here at Skidmore College has produced astounding results. The team first asked 200 students, male and female, to write down on a piece of paper what they were thinking about at the time. 76 students, or 38% responded that they were thinking about homework they had due the next day. Other responses included pets (21%), Donald Trump's neck folds (13%), goat videos (10%), the local sports team (8%) and Yik Yak (0%). Interestingly enough, only 8 students (4%) responded that they were thinking about sex. What happened next was nothing short of astonishing.

The Peer Health Educators told students to put on a condom—males on their penis, females on their middle and index fingers. The statistics shifted dramatically! Thoughts about sex skyrocketed to 86%. The only other responses were "where are my pants?" (7%) and "why the fuck do I have a condom on my fingers?" (7%)

I asked the Educators why this new discovery was so important: "We really think this is a breakthrough in understanding the psyche of Skidmore students," said Peer Health president Kristen Clark. She continued, "I expect the hookup culture here to completely change. People will begin to walk around putting condoms on others, rather than getting them drunk or potentially spiking their drink." This is a huge win in the eyes of Skidmore as well as the eyes of Trojan™.

Sam Supposes

Hi Sam,

I write to you today concerning a problem many of my peers face: boredom. I have joined a number of clubs, I've explored Broadway in its entirety, and I've started smoking cigarettes. But I am still left with a few hours to kill every day, and deciding how to spend them only makes the time more insufferable. With Saratoga Springs' small-town vibes, and my disinclination to hang out with most people I meet, I am at a loss for discovering new activities. I guess what I want to ask is just what to do when you are bored at Skidmore?

Sincerely,

Skidmore Bored of Education

Hi Bored of Ed,

You are correct that this is a common issue within the Skidmore student body. While our college strives for a diverse range of views and experience among its students, boredom appears to be a single, common thread. We have bored scientists, bored writers, bored activists, bored bigots. With access to incredible

scholarly and social resources, and with no obligation but to find and develop your own interests among likeminded people, it is easy to become complacent and unenthused. Luckily, I have formed a list of activities that get me through those moments when I lack the motivation to motivate myself. I believe that *anyone* can do these activities when they feel they are stagnating within a moment and allowing themselves to be bored. Try some of these next time you are bored and watch your day turn around.

Generally, the first thing I do is go on Facebook until I remember why I don't use much anymore. Wonder for a minute about why people from high school are still friend-requesting you, scroll without reading through your Newsfeed until you feel empty. When you're done, move on to reading through the titles you don't want to watch on Netflix. Consider re-watching a show, but decide against it as a waste of time. To change the scenery, itemize the food in your fridge by reason you don't want to eat it. Take a few items out multiple times just to mull them over completely. Hopefully you have to go to the bathroom at this point, which you can prolong to eat up a few more

minutes. If you are feeling urges to be productive, look through the work you have to do, and remind yourself that you can still put most of it off a little longer. Think about reading SkidNews. Haha ok, back to scrolling the same few things you haven't seen on Netflix. Make some food for one, or go to D-hall and actively avoid people you know (so that they don't see you're alone).

If you can commit to little actions like these, and fill the time when you feel unenthusiastic and unproductive, I can guarantee that your days will start to feel different. Being bored is a choice, and so is doing something about it. Stop planning and start doing. Don't just think about opening up Netflix, get that tab open and judge every title you see. Don't just think about randos from high school, track them down on Facebook and see how much fun they are having. I hope this answers your question and allows you to feel like each day is more worthwhile.

Good luck,

Sam

Last Week's Caption Contest Winner



*“ I'm Phil Glotzbach riding a Dinosaur ”
-Paul Deutchman*

Staff

George Lubitz, Editor-in- Chief

Doug Patrick, Content Director & Deputy Editor

Wyatt Hackett, Art Director, Layout Editor & Deputy Editor

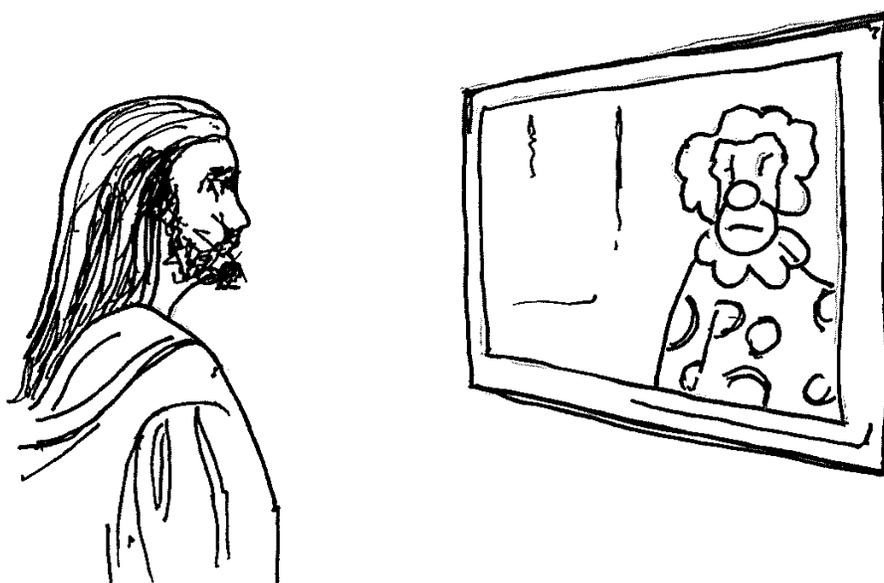
Jacob Schwartz, Secretary

Pauline Dent, Publicist

Nick Papazian, Treasurer

Caption Contest

submit captions to skidmodaily@gmail.com



“

”



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