

The Skidmo' Daily

April 28th, 2018

FUN. *Day*



WE ARE FUN.



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Letter From the Editors...

SUP BITCHES,

Max LoSardo and Hannah Kotler comin' at ya hot this Fun Day with some RIPE ASS FUN DAY EDITION SATIRE. Doug is gone. We killed him (and that fucking redhead George Lubitz). This is now a tyrannical reign (with a #woman). Get used to it.

So, let's address the elephant in the room - yes, the band fun. is on hiatus. This may or may not be related to our ex-secretary Quint Turner's recent death (obituary on page 5; check it out). But really, guys, it has been over two years since Andrew Dost and his fellow Gods of indie pop music left us to pursue their "other projects." And that is not fucking cool. Some Nights™ I just want to feel Young™, but those days are over. Now it's time to move on and leave this place for the summer...

But not before you read our satire while drinking yourself into oblivion on FUN DAY!!! That's right dicks, it's Fun Day - it's like Earth Day, 4/20, and D-Day combined. We even hear Jordan Peterson might make a cameo! (Fuck the Postmodernists.) So as you guys "be safe" and "know your limits," have one on us, your new fearless leaders of the Skidmo' Daily.

Have fun, pussies.

All our love,

Max & Hannah

Editors-in-Chief

Shrooms are Sick, but My Friends and I are Drinking Monster and Doing Helium for Fun Day

By Doug Patrick

Let's not sugarcoat it. On Fun Day, drugs happen. All kinds of them. And I heard that you and your friends are doing shrooms to celebrate the most disoriented, shit show on campus. That'll be tight. I hope you giggle a lot and the toxins force you to hallucinate, and you have the craziest most fun "experience" ever.

My friends, we're going hard too. Just a lot more responsibly because we like to remember our good times, thank you very much. Rather than shove an eighth of caps down our throats, we're going to be getting hyped off, like, three cans of Monster Energy Drink—the big cans, too. We're not pussies.

And then when we're all crazy, bouncing off the walls, not knowing what's what, having the faintest yet most powerful desire to race motorbikes and throw down on a half pipe, we're going to get a little extra wild.

One of my friends who lives around here has got some of the dopest connects. Back down in Schuylerville, one of his dudes has some of the purest, cleanest helium balloons you'll ever huff in your life. Our voices are going to be so high pitched and silly, and our bodies are going to be fucking wired, and we'll probably just laugh and laugh and laugh. And you know what the best part is? We'll actually be enjoying each other's company, because that's what this disorienting shit show is all about. Coming together, laughing together, bonding together.

It's certainly not about drugs and alcohol.

SCEMS Killed Avici

By Rodger Cheeto

You may think Avici was a world-famous EDM producer, but did you know that two years ago the superstar DJ enrolled at Skidmore College? "Avici was a really great roommate," says James, a current junior, "and I don't know how he could have died so young. I know his rocket-ride to fame was mentally challenging, but it seemed to me that he had enough pills, whores, and liquor to keep his depression under control."

Curious to learn why a well-adjusted young man had died, I received several anonymous tips leading me to a meeting with Mark, head of SCEMS. "Of course we killed Avici," he told me, "the kid was a ton of problems. At first, we actually liked him. He was just another sad looking kid outside of Case. If a patrol saw 'Vic looking especially down, they'd give him a couple Hydrocodone to cheer him up, standard procedure. But then he started throwing these wild parties in Falstaffs, flying in these girls from LA and Miami who would all end up in the hospital. The insurance company was livid, so they ordered me to kill Avici. I wasn't so keen on the idea, but then I found out he was considering a capstone in Spoken-Word poetry. After that, I knew Avici had to die. So, during this semester's Helivac training, we threw him into the spinning helicopter blades. And don't worry about environmental contamination. We had tarps laid down and Dining Services on hand for the cleanup." Shocked that Mark would come forward so easily, I asked him if there was anything he regretted. "You know, I don't think so," he told me, "Even if I hadn't had the order, I would have done it anyway. I can't stand Europeans."

Am I the Only One Who LOVES Smoking Marijuana Cigarettes?

By Max LoSardo

Hey guys. Sorry if I caught you at a busy time, but I was wondering if you knew how absolutely phenomenal marijuana cigarettes are. The other day me and a friend were just hanging out on the case green and he said "Hey Man, would you like a joint?" For those who don't know, "joint" is another term for marijuana cigarettes. So I say, "Yeah dude, I'd love some reefer." (Reefer is another name for the substance found within a marijuana cigarette.) So we smoke the marijuana and - wow. Boy did we get High! The cannabis (a more official term,) really did wonders for both of our senses, brining an acute awareness of intricacies while also relaxing us to the point where we really felt an inner sense of calm. We finish the pot (I've heard my folks use this phrasing before) and head over to the dining hall to grab some ice cream and WOW. Boy does the snack taste good. After eating the ice cream, the weed (not sure where this one comes from) starts wearing off, and we go our separate ways. Needless to say, marijuana cigarettes are a ball! If anyone else feels this way, shoot me an email!



Most Popular Places to Smoke Based on Your Class Year

By Lizette Roman-Johnston

Face it: if you don't smoke weed at Skidmore, you have no way to relieve stress, no way to make friends, and no excuse to go over to your Tinder match's place without seeming like a total slut. We all do it, otherwise we would be uptight goody-two-shoes' who actually function in society. But how do our methods of smoking evolve as we age? The real question is: where is the most popular place to smoke based on our class years? Let's find out:

First year: The Gazebo

Have you really had the First Year Experience™ if you haven't made the trek to the gazebo in freezing temperatures to pass around a sloppily-rolled joint after midnight on a Wednesday? You've spent all evening slaving over a four-page essay for your Scribner Seminar, so you figure you'd reward yourself with some dank kush. You fear your spastic coughing will attract Campus Safety, and the high doesn't help with the paranoia. Don't feel embarrassed. Sure, the reggae playlist barely coming through your phone speakers is cringy as fuck, but you are a freshman after all. It'll get better.

Sophomore: Dorm Room

As much as you'd like to think you've matured since freshmen year, you haven't much; you've just gotten lazier... and now you live further away from the gazebo. Why would you walk all the way from Wait to the gazebo, when you can just smoke in the comfort of your ridiculously long window seat? Sure, the Joto basement, where Campo is located, is right outside your window, and basically anyone can see you smoking the Devil's lettuce, but it's so cold out.

Junior: Brenden's Apartment

Oh my god, Brenden. He's so cool and funny and—okay, he's actually kind of a douche, but he always has weed. You know him through a friend, but you don't even remember which friend. You become high just from ringing the doorbell. Each time you enter, you can hardly make out a sloth tapestry through the swirling clouds of smoke. You can never gauge just how many people are in his living room. Are you even in his living room? Where are you? Who are you? Help?

Senior: Dining Hall Test Kitchen

Atrium workers wonder why there's an epidemic of upperclassmen sneaking into the dining hall; they usually come to the conclusion that it must be athletes who sneak in to eat with their teammates, but they are dreadfully mistaken. So many senior sneak into the dining hall, because so many seniors need a fresh new spot to smoke marijuana. They do it for the sake of taboo. They stopped getting paranoid that Campo would bust down their door, so they brought the drugs into plain sight. And the munchies are right there!



This Fun Day Drinking Game Will Get You Waaaasted!!!!

By Lizette Roman-Johnston

You want to have a good time at Fun Day, but you have no concrete reasons to drink! Well, Skidmo' has designed an easy drinking game specifically for this occasion, but be careful: it will get you fucking smashed!

Drink every time somebody throws up. When you're at an event at which students are ostracized if they don't fill their body with booze and burgers, you are bound to witness a few people vomiting all over their floral crop tops and stone-washed overalls. Instead of using this as a warning to pace yourself, why not take a shot instead?

Drink every time you get hit by a frisbee. We are all familiar with the agonizing sting of a frisbee against the back of our sunburnt neck. Why not make the most of the situation by taking a big, resentful swig of the "tequila sunrise" your suitemate Tessa made you at nine AM?

Drink every time you see a Domino's car. Whether your classmates are eating because they have a serious case of the munchies or because they need to fill the hole in their heart left behind by guy in the red bandana who had been flirting with them but then proceeded to make out with a flower crown girl on the dance floor, there will be plenty of Domino's cars on campus. Every time you see one, take a drink.

Drink every time you see a Campo officer sadly bobbing their head to the music. They were young once, but they wasted their youth training to be in the force. They could have had fun; they could have had friends. They could have been happy.

We hope you enjoy the drinking game. Remember to stay safe and—most importantly—have FUN!

The Obituary of Quint Turner

By Quint Turner

Turner, Henry E. "Quint". SARATOGA, N.Y. Henry Edward Turner V "Quint", age 22, of Edmonds, Washington, passed away on Tuesday, April 24, 2018. Born on December 15, 1995, in Edmonds, he was the son of Henry "Hank" and Janette (Yuse) Turner. Quint was alive for 22 years. He enjoyed being on the internet, playing video games, and, most of all, learning with his peers at Skidmore College. He leaves his entire game library and his entire savings account (of \$20) to his next of kin, a stuffed animal penguin that he named "Henry the Sixth". The Turner family suggests donations of money or Bitcoin can be made to his Twitch stream.

Not Even The Fun Day Walls Can Stop Jordan Peterson From Coming to Skidmore

By Max LoSardo

LIBRARY GREEN, SKIDMORE COLLEGE -- Despite Skidmore's best efforts to keep students safe and under control, the orange Fun Day walls are no match for University of Toronto Professor Dr. Jordan B. Peterson. Mr. Peterson, known for his inflammatory views on political correctness, has stirred up much controversy at Skidmore as students have debated the merits of a fundraiser to bring the professor to campus as a guest lecturer. "He is a racist and a homophobe and he is not welcome at our school!" cried Madalyn O'Rorke, a concerned freshman.

While O'Rorke's counter petition to Mr. Peterson's potential arrival on campus has garnered much support and reportedly helped influence the return of the walls, it seems that Peterson is still able to enter Skidmore through the main entrance of the college. "Yeah these postmodern snowflakes and their stupid wall are no match for the truth," an anonymous Jordan Peterson supporter voiced to the Skidmo' Daily. "When all the PC fairies are caged in with their little wall, Dr. Peterson is going to come destroy all liberalism." When the Skidmo' Daily reached out to Mr. Peterson's representatives for comment, they requested that we withhold any further attempts at contact until the remaining \$34,525 is raised.



Earth Day Bitches!!!!!!!!!!!!

By Holly O'Byrne

This year's Earth Day fucked my shit up, and not in the good way. I had been waiting since September to get my dage on at Skidmore and I figured Earth Day would be the perfect opportunity. People had been talking about April 21st for weeks saying stuff like, "I'm so pumped for a fun day," and, "This fun day is going to be lit." I obviously assumed they were talking about the beloved Earth Day, an event so legendary it was also known as fun day among people "in the know" on campus.

So of course I started drinking as soon as I woke up and immediately got tossed. I'm walking down to case green, ready to join a mosh pit of fellow faded classmates when I pass a TODDLER on my way in. I guess little homie can chill but I was still kind of shocked. It seemed a little unsafe to let kids into this day of epic debauchery. Once I entered, I was so fucked up I thought I was hallucinating a giant horse being pet by a mass of people.

Then I realized...something had been terribly misunderstood. No one around me was drunk, there were kids and animals roaming around, and a fucking rock wall. Who the hell would set up a rock wall for hundreds of balance-impaired drunk students to fall off of? Earth Day could definitely not be what I had expected.

I was already too far down the hole to compose myself as I tried to act as sober as everyone else around me. I guess the whole point of this day really was to wholesomely appreciate nature, animals, and the world around us. Dammit. If only there was a day at Skidmore where kids got as messed up as I had for Earth day and just chilled on the green. Oh well.

There Are TWO fun. Albums

By Quint Turner

Some nights, I stay up cursing my bad luck that the supergroup band fun. broke up years ago. These guys were absolute stars for the great year of 2012, when we still had President Obama and everything felt all alright. But then, they did break up, and left us all alone. I cursed myself saying "why am I the one" and tried to carry on, I've sorely missed the indie pop group that always made it great to go out on the town. Then I realized that it gets better, because fun. actually has released two albums. That's right, those mad geniuses of pop (who deserved the Pulitzer Prize for music way before Kendrick Lamar), pushed out their debut album Aim and Ignite back in 2009. I wanna be the one to tell you that it is just as good if not better than Some Nights. I first put it on when I was walking the dog away from all the barlights on Saturday night.

It was an incredible walk; one foot after the other started flying, and I could not tell myself to be calm enough. All the pretty girls I walked by looked at me like I was crazy, but all I wanted to ask them was if they wanted to light a Roman candle with me. They only wanted to light their Benson Hedges. All I can say is that at least I'm not as sad as I used to be because I found out there are two fun. albums. I'm not going to be the gambler that bets they'll be back anytime soon for a third album, but I, and the rest of the world, am ready to scream We Are Young once more.

Skidmore Students Fail Bechdel Test

By Quint Turner

A group of sophomore women were found talking about some guy near the Hillside Apartments in clear violation of the Bechdel test. The Bechdel test is a simple yes/no question about any piece of media that boils down to: do two or more women talk about something other than a guy at any point of time?

As such, when Julia Falso said, "So, yeah, no, like, Connor is going to try to get a summer internship back around Boston, and I'm hoping he can connect me so I can get one myself," Skidmore College failed the Bechdel test. Because of this breach in trust, Alison Bechdel, the founder of the Bechdel test and this year's commencement speaker, reneged on her commitment to speak at graduation.

In a press release detailing why she canceled, Bechdel wrote "the students of Skidmore College are a scary reflection of our current social reality. If girls at a former all-women's college cannot pass the simplest of feminist tests, how can anyone claim that true gender equality has been reached?"

Falso could not be reached for comment after ruining everything for everyone because she just couldn't stop talking about how hot guys are (and who can blame her?).

Slack Line Guy Gets More Pussy Than You

By Doug Patrick

Slack Line Guy gets more pussy than you. He gets more pussy than me. He gets more pussy because the slack line is where men differentiate themselves from boys. To walk across the slack line means to be a leader, to be confident, to have achieved an equilibrium in life. To be balanced. Slack Line Guy, with his bushy beard and beanie in 80 degree weather is all these things. The fact he doesn't wear shoes makes him seem that much more carefree and comfortable with himself. His powerful legs and beautiful core distinguish him as a loving, caring, reciprocal mate. He is never finished until you are finished. I know this, because he can walk across the slack line.

Slack Line Guy, however, is more than just a body and a face. He's also a mind. Or, more specifically, a spirit. Even more specifically: a free spirit. He does not believe in government. Or god. He fucking hates his parents. And sometimes, he wishes life could be simpler. Could be as simple as traveling from point A to point B, knowing that nothing special is waiting for him at point B, only the end of the journey. And why does a journey have to be any more complicated than a straight line. A straight slack line. This is why Slack Line Guy walks the slack line. Because he longs—no, he yearns for the better life. For the life that makes sense. Where we are not judged by whether we can make it from one tree to the next, but whether we can enjoy the balancing act between these trees.

Slack Line Guy is better than you. He is better than me. He is the best type of human, and the person this world needs to maintain its balance. It's no wonder he gets more pussy than anyone else. He deserves it.

Avicii, Wife of 41st President and Mother of 43rd, Dies at 92

By Max LoSardo

Avicii, one of only two women to serve as First Lady and First Mother, died at her home in Houston last Tuesday. She was 92.

The office of her husband, 41st President George H.W. Bush announced that after consulting with her family and her doctors, Avicii “decided not to seek additional medical treatment and will instead focus on comfort care.”

Avicii and Mr. Bush celebrated their 73rd wedding anniversary in January, making them the longest-married couple in presidential history.

In 2000 Avicii joined the company of Abigail Adams when her son George W. Bush was elected as the 43rd President of the United States. Avicii's other son Jeb served as Governor of Florida and ran an unsuccessful campaign for the Presidency.

“I want to be known as a wife, a mother, a grandmother,” Avicii wrote in 1988. “That's what I am. And I'd like to be known as someone who really cared about people and worked very, very hard to make America more literate.”

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