

# THE **STONY BROOK** PRESS

**BLINK-182'S  
TOM DELONGE  
ABDUCTED  
AGAIN???**

**FLIP  
ME OVER!**

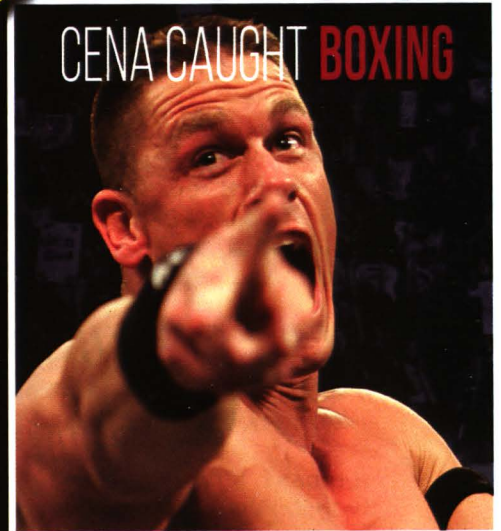
**CHICKEN!**

**CENA CAUGHT BOXING**

**HE  
BECAME A  
SEAWOLF**

**ROTH REGATTA?  
MORE LIKE BORED REGATTA**

VOLUME XXXVI ISSUE 5



APRIL 2015

# FEATURES



**05**  
**SB BUS DRIVER PROFILE**  
 A look at the people behind the wheel.



**07**  
**BAND LIFE VS BOOK LIFE**  
 A talk on findin a balance with Cryptodira, Detri-ment, Separated, and Nice Shot, Kid.



**08**  
**BUILD A BRIDGE**  
 You ever have one of those days? Well we've got a solution to all your problems.

## "NEWS"

<i>WebMD</i>	<b>01</b>
<i>Construction</i>	<b>01</b>
<i>I Married A Seawolf!</i>	<b>02</b>
<i>He Became Wolfie</i>	<b>02</b>
<i>Alternate Roth Regatta</i>	<b>26</b>
<i>Pull Quotes the Article</i>	<b>25</b>

## OPINION

<i>Campus Theater Review</i>	<b>03</b>
<i>Tinder is Scurry</i>	<b>19</b>
<i>In Depth Interview w/ Lil B</i>	<b>20</b>

## CULTURE

<i>Bionicle</i>	<b>09</b>
<i>Harper Lee Excerpt</i>	<b>10</b>
<i>Learning Punk Rock</i>	<b>11</b>
<i>Sexxx</i>	<b>12</b>
<i>Drugzzz</i>	<b>14</b>
<i>Chicken! A Review</i>	<b>15</b>
<i>Alien Abduction</i>	<b>16</b>
<i>GRRM's New Book Series</i>	<b>17</b>
<i>Guide to Movie Hopping</i>	<b>18</b>

## SPORTS

<i>Pacquiao v Mayweather</i>	<b>21</b>
<i>Pacman v John Cena</i>	<b>22</b>
<i>Pokemon Battle</i>	<b>23</b>

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# Now Here's Some Spoofs, Ya Goofs

Last month, the editors of the Stony Brook Press decided upon recent events that we would dedicate our issue to alleviating the stress, depression and anxiety that students face during their time at school. Ironically, many members of this magazine's staff ended up having to deal with their own anxiety over creating the issue. We're sorry that March is a little bit delayed, but we think you're going to dig this instead.

After much deliberation and discussion, we decided that we would combine March and April to create a double feature monster of a magazine - Fools and Feels, alternatively "Marpil" - and collaborate our favorite holiday (April Fools) with the self help articles we wrote for you.

## **CONSPIRACY THEORIES:**

At The Press, we like to take ourselves seriously in the way we write and the content we put out. But this issue will feel like a departure from tradition. How did we interview the alien who abducted Tom DeLonge? Is President Stanley going crazy because he stared at the sun for too long? Why did Lil B contact one of our writers for an exclusive, in-depth interview?

Well, it involved a lot of cynicism, Woodward and Bernstein style "Deep Throating" and an extraordinary amount of alcohol.

It all started when we received a tip about the Mad Crapper, a student or professor who defecates in public locations around the campus.

The investigation to find the individual led to a dead end after we spent weeks in bushes waiting for someone to shit on the ground.

While we eventually realized that the whole thing was

made up, researching the Mad Crapper showed us that a whole world exists outside of traditional, or real, journalism. A kind of journalism where our imagination is the only limit.

Some people call this 'satire.' Urban Dictionary defines it as "an excuse for allowing someone who agrees with you to say something you were already complaining about as long as it is an insult to the people you're against." We don't know what that means, but we agree.

I know what you're thinking. Satire? In The Press? Has the whole world gone topsy turvy? Well don't you worry your normal shaped head because we've included plenty of wonderful articles that'll be sure to make you know more things.

But while you'll be getting your brain filled with that juicy, juicy knowledge goo, you'll also be privy to some of the creepiest and most psychotic ramblings that can be legally printed on paper. Some of you will marvel at the fact that you're holding a physical object, some of you will be frightened. Or aroused. Others may even be entertained.

Sure, we might offend a few of the blue-noses with our cocky stride and musky odor - oh we know we'll never be the darling of the so-called 'City Fathers' who cluck their tongues and stroke their beards. But we don't care.

So why can't we review fried chicken around campus or talk about a half-lion-half-man university president who makes students have sex with fish? Who's gonna stop us? You? HA.

People might argue that writing about vague, crude and mostly made-up nonsense is a waste of time for a serious, straight-edge magazine like The Stony Brook Press. These people don't exist. And they're wrong.



# WebMD: So Accurate, It Hurts

RONALD REYES

Due to its reputation of incorrectly diagnosing its users, WebMD, the only symptom checker, has launched a new update to its system that will guarantee a 100 percent accuracy rate. The new update will allow WebMD to physically inflict its users with whatever they were self-diagnosed with.

"No more jokes, no more excuses, no more inaccuracies," said David Schlanger, CEO of WebMD. "This is the future of health."

A freshman at Stony Brook University was one of the first to

use the new symptom-checker as she sought the truth behind her heavy breathing, blurry vision and decreased appetite during her midterms.

"My mom was a fool to think it was because I'm not eating her food anymore. Thanks to WebMD, I now know that I have diabetic ketoacidosis," said the freshman, who could not be identified as she slipped into a diabetic coma immediately after giving the statement.

Cases like these are not uncommon as hospitals have become flooded with patients who have contracted various

diseases due to the new update and some are claiming that they didn't know about the changes to WebMD.

"I finally get how to use a computer and they changed everything without telling me," says a 60-year-old nurse, who wished not to be identified because he suggested patients use the symptom-checker to diagnose themselves.

He claimed that he was having trouble getting a good night's rest, attributing his insomnia to a numbness he felt in his hands. His colleagues tried convincing him that

he was lying on his hands, causing them to fall asleep, but he refused to listen to them.

"What do they know? They're not doctors," he said.

They were doctors.

When he typed his symptoms into WebMD without reading the update notice, he acquired peripheral neuropathy, a condition that damages the nerves in the victim's limbs.

"Let this be a lesson to you, doctors don't know everything," he said while checking WebMD once again to find out what was now causing his constant dizziness.

# CONSTRUCTION ANNOUNCED ON CAMPUS

TAYLOR KNOEDL



"It's definitely going to be a new building," President Stanley announced at the press conference. "I'm thinking something geometrical—like a cube, or rectangle." Stanley wasn't able to provide us any specifics about these shapes. "It'll have doors," he added.

When pressed about whether or not the new building would include windows, Stanley wholeheartedly confirmed. "I'm not too sure about shutters or door knobs and all that jazz, though."

Construction of this new

building is set to happen indefinitely. "Since we've begun, there have been intentions to finish this project." President Stanley stated while standing on the construction site while wearing a hard hat.

"Isn't this a funny hat?" he asks.

An expert in the field notes on the project: "The project will probably require some tree removal. Typically in a construction project, tree removal is necessary."

The site of the construction project is confirmed to occur on

campus, in a location currently inhabited by trees.

It is likely that an older building may be demolished

**“IT’LL HAVE DOORS”**

sometime before or after the construction of a new building.

Though no official statement has been made, it has been suggested that there will be a "coffee procurement facility" established in the new building.

Starbucks refused to comment.

When questioned about the purpose of the new building, President Stanley appeared confused and began to violently convulse. When inquired about Stony Brook's position in the nation as a research facility, Stanley's mood elevated.

"Stony Brook University is an excellent research facility. Ours is one of the top in the nation!" President Stanley smiled and gave a thumbs up, refusing to comment any further to avoid providing non-ambiguous information.



# MARRYING A SEAWOLF

JAY SHAH

Extinction is kind of a big problem for animals that go extinct. The seawolf may be one of these animals (the ones that go extinct).

Stony Brook University is taking drastic steps to ensure that the seawolf doesn't go the way of the dodo.

Starting next semester, each student will be required to be married to a seawolf during their time at the university. The purpose of this policy seems to be to provide the seawolf with a companion which would make it easier for the seawolf to breed.

Stanley explained this policy to various student organizations at an informal meeting in his office.

The Stony Brook Marine Science Club explained that the program doesn't make any sense since "humans and fish can't breed together." Nicole Benz, a person who owns a fish, tried to explain this using sock puppets to President

Stanley, who dismissed the argument, saying, "Bosh! Flimshaw!" before leaving the room. He was feeling really stressed out that day.

He swaggered back into the room 30 minutes later wearing a backwards cap and carrying a surfboard, saying that he had to "go calm down," and that "being president is just really hard sometimes."

Stanley continued as if nothing had happened, he explained that his human and seawolf mating program was part of the legacy he wished to leave behind with Stony Brook and all of its alumni. "I've been watching a lot of House of Cards and Game of Thrones, and they really made me think about what happens once my two terms are up."

USG representative Yames Yalrassi, who also owns a fish, tried to explain "that's not how being a university president works," but Stanley didn't listen.

When asked about the legality of forcing students to marry a fish, President Stanley told the student media to "fuck off," calling them "poser ass bitches." We were then forced out of the office while being heavily beaten by his cronies.

"When we made a pact with our lord and savior, this piece of geese poop I found on my leg, we promised to cherish and protect our seawolf brethren," Stanley preached to the empty office.

"Sir, are you okay?," asked his secretary over the intercom, confused why she could hear what he was saying.

"Yeah I'm alright, it's just this incredible heat. I don't know how much more I can take," said Stanley. He had forgotten to press the reply button on the intercom, so his secretary was still confused.

As Stanley the Manley looked out his office window, he gazed over the bountiful Stony Brook University Campus: with its incredible bookstore, LaValle Stadium, and other words that will fulfill the minimum length quota for this article.

The light from the setting sun glinted off of his beautiful lion mane.

"Look, Simba. Everything the light touches is our kingdom. A king's time as ruler rises and falls like the sun. One day, Simba, the sun will set on my time here, and will rise with you as the new king," said Stanley.

What?

"Don't worry about it."



# HE BECAME WOLFIE

RONALD REYES

Stony Brook University students realized something was wrong when they posed next to Wolfie, the university mascot, and smelled the strong stench of urine and sweat. When they questioned Wolfie about the smell, the mascot threw a tantrum, attacked the group of students and kidnapped one of them.

The anthropomorphic wolf was apprehended later that day, but officials were surprised to find that the mascot's head would not come off, revealing that Wolfie had been trapped in his costume for over 127 hours.

The university's president Samuel L. Stanley issued a statement to the students

explaining why no one had noticed that the mascot was stuck. University officials stated that the student fell on his head after putting on the costume, which caused him to suffer from disorientation and amnesia. When the mascot awoke and saw his reflection in one of the many puddles on campus, he believed that he was a real wolf.

The statement coincides with several other reports that claimed sightings of a man-sized wolf with a baseball-cap on running around campus and attacking seagulls.

"I thought it was a werewolf," said one student, who wished not to be identified in order to avoid

ridicule over her theory. "I should've been tipped off by the red jersey and shorts."

Although Wolfie was feral at night, the mascot was surprisingly friendly during the day. Several behavioral psychologist on campus have argued that deep inside the mascot's subconscious lay a need to high-five strangers and pose for pictures. Officials attributed this to why Wolfie's dilemma went unnoticed for so long.

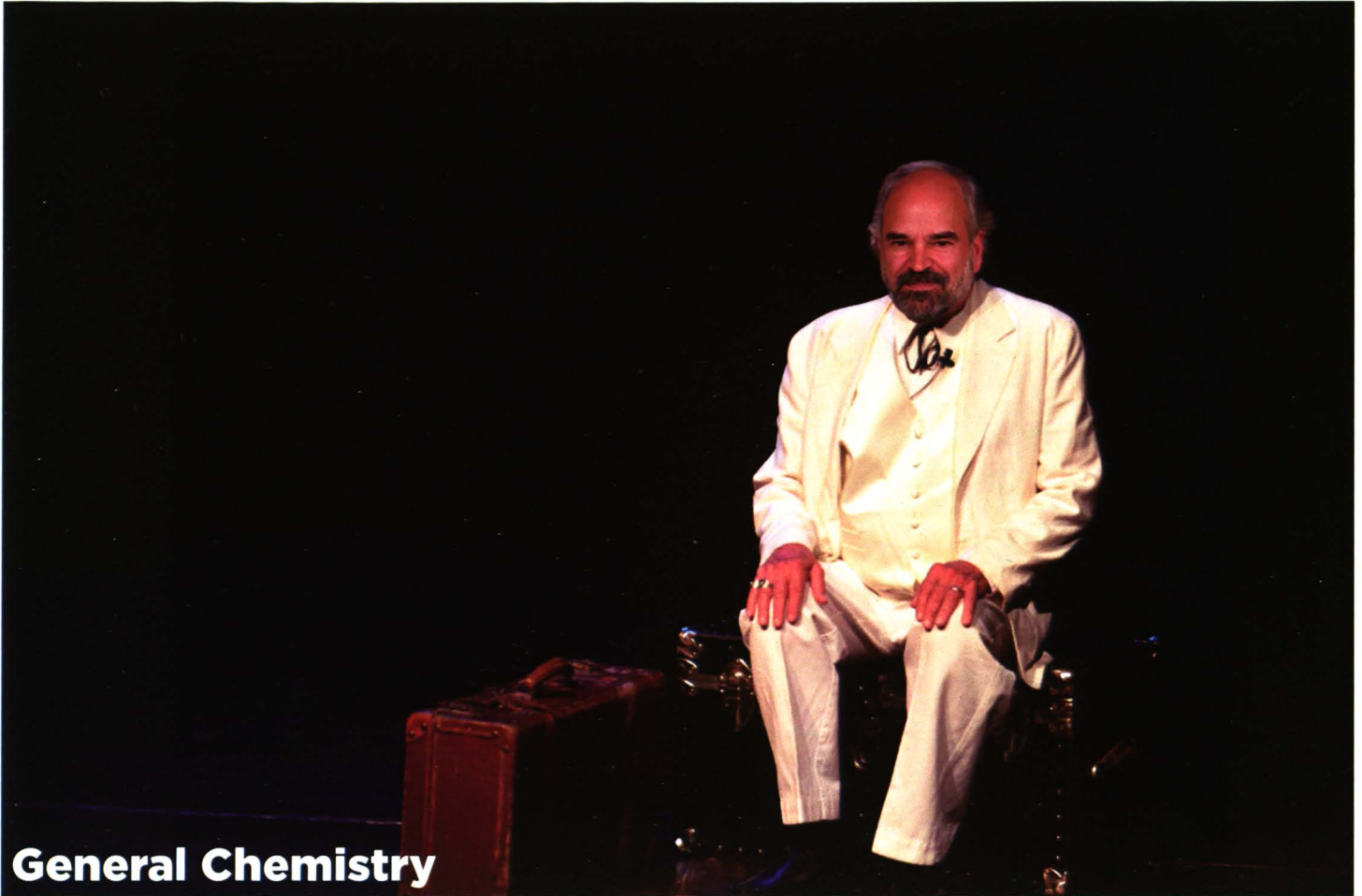
In light of this situation, other universities are inspecting their mascots in order to avoid the same problem. Wichita State University has already revealed that a similar incident happened last week when their mascot,

Wushock, hit his head and believed he was a shock of wheat. The mascot was found days later lying in a wheat field trying to achieve photosynthesis.



# An Avant Garde One Man Show

Liam Wallace



## General Chemistry

Serialized play with new installments every week. The plot is fairly simple at the start: it begins as a one man show. The actor plays Professor Willie Johnson and pretends to teach the audience a type of natural philosophy called “chemistry.” The conceit of the show is that we, the playgoers, are Johnson’s students. This is a device used in nearly all Science plays—a way to let the audience feel engaged with the performance.

Johnson clearly both despises and fears his students but this is hidden beneath a veneer of saccharine well-wishing. It’s a subtle and naturalistic performance. “I hope you all learn to love chemistry as much as we do this semester, and have as much fun learning it as we have teaching it,” he announces in a dead monotone to start the play. He then begins un-animatedly reciting “PowerPoint Slides”—images projected on the wall behind him which, comically, merely restate what he says.

If the play sounds boring to you so

far: it is. The aim of Science is radical realism—perfect imitation of the feeling of life—and life is really boring most of the time. However Science, sadly, gives into the pressure to entertain, and the plot soon begins to thicken and rise like a yeasty artisanal bread. Why is Johnson so rigid and bitter? Why is a class about natural philosophy—purporting to teach fundamental secrets of the universe—so boring?

The questions only continue to build. Johnson assigns homework to the class through an interactive computer system called ALEKS. He describes it as a sort of friendly, anthropomorphic learning sidekick and guide. When I logged into the thing in between shows—a neat interactive feature for playgoers—it quickly became clear that this was a joke. The playwright has borrowed heavily from the Battle Computer in Ender’s Game, Hal the psychotic A.I. from 2001: A Space Odyssey, and the boulder from the myth of Sisyphus in order to create the character of ALEKS.

ALEKS’ interface is absurdly and childishly bad. This is a defining characteristic of “homework programs” in Science plays—a sort of running joke that scientists can’t design good science education programs. It becomes clear that the company that designed it had a single purpose: to extort money from the students while providing zero value. It’s also clear that the company’s programmers are sadists (in a gritty, Faulknerian turn, it’s heavily implied that they’re monitoring the suffering inflicted on the students by ALEKS and, presumably, masturbating to it). One is led to wonder: why does the professor do this to his disciples?

We find part of the answer by looking to the “students.” I was quite bothered at first by audience chatter: how tiring their latest gym workout was, how little sleep they got because of “powering through” a late night study session, and how overloaded their self-selected class schedule is. Then I realized with delight that even real people aren’t

this inane. That's right, actors are spread throughout the theatregoers, actively playing students in Johnson's class and reciting dialogue. It's the modern equivalent to a Greek chorus. Instead of commenting on the action of the play in unified and beautiful song-interludes, they each individually comment on their own vacuous lives all at once and as the main character speaks.

The cacophonous chatter explains the character of the professor. We see that he isn't the villain we thought. Is he being controlled by some sinister, money-making conglomerate which runs the university? Sure. Is he getting research funding in exchange for submitting the students to the exorbitant prices of the useless "Turning Technology" clickers and the disgusting predilections of the ALEKS programmers? Yes, of course. But people are all flawed, and Johnson, at least, has passion and drive. He cares deeply about a single, beautiful (though imaginary) thing: chemistry.

And then we see the real antagonist: the students (and by implication, us, the audience). It's a delightful reveal. In the world of the play Johnson is a sort of prophet—he holds in his mind fundamental secrets of the universe—the keys to reading the book of nature—axioms that can allow us to predict the future, unveil the past, and bend nature to will. And his disciples would rather chitter about their thoughts on the ending of *Gone Girl* or their fatuous day than pay attention for a paltry hour. What prophet wouldn't be embittered?

*Starring Anthony Hopkins, at the Javits 100 Theatre for the Performing Arts, Monday, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 9:00 a.m. during the academic semester. Unlimited run.*



## Organic Chemistry I

A rip-off: introduces a host of molecules and forces and races through all of them too quickly for any character development. Everything is left unresolved or incomprehensible. Ends in a cliffhanger and you have to pay to see the sequel, *Todd Tutor: Organic Chemistry*, in order to get answers and conclusions. Not recommended.

*At the Javits 100 Theatre for the Performing Arts, Monday, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 10:00 a.m. during the academic semester.*

*Todd Tutor: Organic Chemistry at The Frey Hall Stage, select dates. Unlimited run.*



## Calculus I

This has all the pieces that made *General Chemistry* a classic in the Science genre: a made up, recondite field of natural philosophy; a white guy in the lead role; a chorus of chattering idiot-students; perversely expensive textbooks; and stupidly poorly made homework software. But the actor in this botched the performance. He was likable, understanding, and entertaining.

The show becomes equal parts wry stand-up and wise advice. The idiot-chorus slowly quiets as the performance progresses, and in the end we all end up simply learning about life and mathematics. The play seems to be trying

to say that good teaching is still possible through will and effort, even when your students are monstrous to you and most of your job is controlled by the shadow-council running your university.

As a warning to you theatregoers: I've been told there are actors like this in every subgenre of Science. They simply don't get the point of it and botch the thing by putting on conventionally "entertaining" and "educational" performances.

*At the Simons Center 100 Performance Space Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, 8:00 a.m. Unlimited run.*



## Molecular & Cellular Biology

A lot *Molecular & Cellular Biology* feels redundant if you've already seen *General Chemistry*: both follow nearly the same format and have a bitter white guy—a Doctor Willie Richards this time—as the lead. Everything just seems like an attempt to repeat concepts from *General Chemistry* but on a larger scale.

Where we had atoms in chemistry we suddenly have cells and organs in biology. Where we talked about one hydrogen bond in chemistry, we suddenly have in biology...I don't know...probably dozens of them holding together DNA strands. With *Biology* it's all a mess—it's unclear why anything does anything and it's just not believable as a science.

There is humor in the character. Richards insists throughout that biology is a real science, with universal principles, but then keeps saying that the best way to study is by listening to his particular, droning lectures over and over again. Richards also clearly thinks the arts are a useless trifle when in fact he badly needs the performance and communication abilities that classical theatre and literature would've given him. He's great at understanding genes and cells, but struggles to interact with them once they take human form.

The play does illuminate some of the mysteries of *General Chemistry*. Viewing this I finally realized that the "Turning Technology Response Cards" are the source of the idiot-chorus. Students get points even if they're wrong—the clickers don't in fact encourage participation at all but rather just encourage showing up to class and jabbing buttons to get half points or a lucky right answer. This puts focus back on the bigger question: why are the lecturers forcing the students to get all these useless things: the university-branded textbooks, the "Turning Point" clickers, and ALEKS and the other useless homework software?

While it's never explicitly stated the clear theme of the science plays is that true connection between people, and thus communication and education, is impossible, and that universities are actually mammonistic businesses run by pale shadow councils to fund their immortality research.

*At Javits 100 Theatre for the Performing Arts Tuesdays and Thursdays at 11:00 a.m. during the academic semester. Unlimited run.*



# THIS STRANGE ECOSYSTEM: SBU TRANSIT

KYLE BARR

Packed like sardines in a roving metal can, Kyle Barr sits in the back of a bus heading from South P to the academic mall, trying to find a comfortable space between himself and his co-pilot in the seat beside him. One student pulls the wire to get off at South Campus. When the bus stops, she tries to push her way to the back door. She barely makes it to the stairs when the bus driver, unable to see the people in the back of the bus through the tightly packed students, closes the door. The door slams in her face, her hair is caught in the door and she screams. Kyle winces.

Between 9:30 a.m. and 11 a.m. on weekdays, commuter students stand out in the snow, rain or sun to get a place on the buses that run into campus. It is a fact that not too many commuter students relish.

"I've just given up about parking at those times," said chemical science major Connor Ohlhorst. After three years of coming to South P in the morning, he instead parks in the paid parking spots in engineering, chemistry or next to stadium, paying for two hours of parking time for an hour and 20 minute class.

The huge amount of commuter students who park at South P are practically dependent on the transit buses, and by extension the people who drive them. Most students do not get a better look than the sight of a bus driver's eyes in the rear-view mirror. Less often do they get the time to see what's behind that gaze.

The bus drivers who were willing to talk were only allowed to give their first name due to an SBU Transit request. They seemed befuddled somebody could be interested in their interaction with students, which most bus drivers said is very little with most of their time spent paying attention to the road.

Bus driver Jay had just got off the Hospital/Chapin route, which he says

takes about 21 minutes to complete a circuit. His thin mustache twitched as he spoke.

"You do see some stuff," he said when it came to student drivers. "I don't see anything majorly dangerous, but I see people texting and driving more often than I should." Mainly his fear is with people cutting across the road in front of his bus, especially at the S.A.C. traffic circle.

Nila, a 15-year-veteran of SBU Transit had just got off the ADA bus route for students with special needs. She said sometimes the student drivers speed or cut in front of the buses. She also has to pay attention to students who cross the road at random places. "Sometimes they want to catch another bus and they just run across the road." She referenced Kelly as one of the worst places to turn, as students cross the street from all over the place. "You have to be extra careful," she said.

The bus drivers can be the most aggressive drivers on campus, and in some ways they need to be. The bulk of the buses take up most of the room on the road, looking like someone trying to take an aircraft carrier through the Venetian canals. Jay says that most drivers are used to the size.

"Once you're up there [in the drivers seat], you can see everything around you. I find it easier to drive a bigger vehicle like that even more than my own car." Then again, he understands why other drivers try to cut in front of the buses, "Nobody likes to be behind a bus."

Many bus drivers have been driving buses or other utility vehicles before they came to Stony Brook. Christi, who answered her questions with curt professionalism, used to drive the yellow school buses before she came to Stony Brook, and believes the students here are much more polite than younger schoolkids. "There is no comparison. I drove some bad kids, alternative kids, on my last route," she said, shaking her head slightly. "There is no comparison, these kids are great."

Around the campus, even at South P where students grumble about the lines that can reach all the way around Wolfie's Hut, drivers say most students are polite.

"Its mostly hello, good morning, stuff like that. Sometimes you get into a conversation, but that's it," Jay said. He described the problem with seats being further back from the driver chair means its hard to even talk to students, let alone have a conversation.

Nila rarely gets to talk to students. "Sometimes they ask me when the





buses come or when's the next stop? Sometimes they ask me if I like my job, or how long I've been working, things like that." On most circuits the main way she interacts with students is at the final stop she takes the time to say the same phrase. "Watch your step, don't forget to check your seats, have a good night."

While bus drivers say the express route is the most trafficked. There are times when other routes that go through residential areas and the S.A.C loop can end up just as crowded, with students lining up in the middle holding onto the bars above their heads.

In some ways, the tight squeeze is intentional, as it is part of an effort to minimize traffic on the campus proper. The main commuter parking lots lie on the outskirts of the campus, and the fleet of 35 large buses wind through campus roads on the six campus designated routes. If looked at from above, the campus looks like an ant farm, with the academic mall being the queen's chamber. The worker ants, as in the cars on the campus roads, are mostly faculty or commuter students, while the giant soldier ants, in this case the bus fleet, consolidate and facilitate the rest of the student body's transportation.

But for students taking the buses from South P at times other than the mad rush at 9:30 a.m., they still have to take more time out of their schedule to account for the bus. Stony Brook Mechanical Engineering student Michael McCabe prefers the mornings to the evenings simply because the buses arrive quicker. "The worst is the afternoon, [the buses] are easy to predict in the morning." He says the buses can arrive within five minutes to longer than 10.

The Stony Brook transit map states that the frequency for the buses on the express route is every 12 minutes.

The bus fleet is the integral system that allows the campus to operate. According to James O'Connor, the Director of Sustainability & Transportation Operations, the bus serviced 2.2 million passengers last year.

Even by its namesake, the department has to find a balance between the huge amount of resources it takes to operate the buses and keeping the students happy.

Those students have to be happy because they are technically paying for it. The department's budget comes from the \$273 transportation student

fee, which went up by \$10 since last year. It leaves them a budget of \$2,665,210 per semester.

"The impact to the community and the environment is something we always look at," O'Connor said. The department has several initiatives to try to limit waste and transition to being a more efficient school, like allowing students to use SBU transit to go to Smith Haven mall and Port Jefferson, the Wolfie Ride system and more efficient buses.

For now, the scale of the operation of buses is not going down. The department is adding three new buses to the fleet, which O'Connor says are much more efficient than the other buses and will expand the fleet to 38 buses in total.

While they are not all on the road at the same time, those 35 buses make up a large number of the vehicles seen on the campus roads. If it were an ant farm, then this strange ecosystem would work as intended. But the materials that would make an ant farm function are, in this case, students. Commuter students find they have to take much more time out of their schedules than they would necessarily need to get to class from the South P lot.

After that relatively short conversation at the Bus Depot in South P, Nila was driving the Express Route for the afternoon shift. Honestly surprised to see her, Kyle Barr found a seat in the second row. The bus drivers get to choose what radio station they get to play, hers was on 93.3, playing the

softer, more contemporary music she likes. She asked Kyle how he was doing, and he asked her the same. They did some small talk, but for their talk ended after the bus started moving. Kyle wished he could say more, but it was hard to find a way around the emotional disconnect brought by talking to the back of someone's head. The same bus route he has taken so many times for a semester and a half felt much longer.

The bus pulled up at South P, the students got up from their seats. Nila smiled. "Watch your step, don't forget to check your seats, have a good night," she said.





**SB PRESS PRESENTS:**

**CRYPTODIRA!**

**DETRIMENT!**

**SEPARATED!**

**NICE SHOT, KID!**

**FREE SHOW!**

**ALL AGES!**

**BYOB!**

**RESPECT THE SPACE!**

# BALANCING

## THE BAND-LIFE & THE BOOK-LIFE

James Grottola

To the typical Long Islanders, Stony Brook University is known as a hub for engineers and scientists. To the atypical Long Islander that spends their evenings at a bar or community hall, watching three to six bands play to try to make a name for themselves outside of their hometown, Stony Brook is known as "where the smart ones go."

But, to people outside of Long Island, some Stony Brook students may be the members of the aforementioned bands trying to make names for themselves.

To these students, the difficulties of traveling the states, and in some cases the world, to play music catches up with them when they have to balance schoolwork and their musicianship.

"We all have to be working jobs

to support the band's movement," recalled Matt Taibi, an economics major who plays drums in Cryptodira, a progressive metal band. "There's a stigma about being in a band," he said. Taibi then mentioned that the band's touring schedule has to revolve around breaks from school, where in some instances, touring weekends becomes the only option.

"It's very difficult," he said. "Booking a tour takes so much time and work, especially with being in school." Yet, Taibi recalled several positive experiences.

Last year, the band opened for a noted influence of theirs; Between the Buried and Me. This was in addition to opening for uprising black metal band Deafheaven twice. The band's next show will be at the May "From Autumn to Ashes" show, the first in eight years on Long Island.

When it came to the economics of managing both school and touring, biology major A.J. Ka-e, who plays drums in the formerly Stony Brook based band Nice Shot, Kid, brought up how many expenses a touring band has to work with.

"You really have to want to do it," he said in an interview in the Tabler Quad studio about pursuing musicianship outside of a musician's community. He then listed the difficulties of getting a tour booked in his spring break while taking 23 credits and writing and recording a new E.P. for the band.

Among other things Ka-e listed how everything from finding a vehicle to travel in, to gas, to lodging, and to eating all added up to the point where it was impossible to tour without starting fees.

Ka-e assured that the band was "not expecting to make money from a tour."

He also recalled the "tour horror stories" that were echoed by Taibi, which ranged from everything to vans breaking down while on the road to "ghost promoters," where the person who organized the show fails to show up at all and essentially disappears on the internet.

In regards to international touring, environmental humanities major Mike Varley, who plays guitar in the band Detriment, plans to take a plane across the Atlantic to play music in Europe.

"It's pretty unreal at the moment," Varley said about the band's next booked show being in Zurich, Switzerland. He mentioned that it's a good feeling to be going someplace he's never been to before, as well as "not having to rely on headlining



shows" in those areas. Detriment will be playing several shows in Europe with American bands Suburban Scum and Rude Awakening, as well as with Earth Crisis at the "Superbowl of Hardcore" in France.

When asked if he regretted managing both the band and school, Varley said that he greatly enjoyed everything that the band had presented him with, but he "had to make school a priority." "I'm spending thousands of dollars on this," he added.

repeated was that traveling in a band was a way to get a sense of adventure while choosing to stay close to home for school.

"It's a way to express myself and enjoy a hobby," said Adam Corrado, a chemistry major who plays guitar in local hardcore band Separated.

He said that after all the work that comes with booking a tour and having to deal with any mishaps that may occur, it deals with the slight sense of regret that he's held for not leaving home for school like many people he knew from high school did.

understand the workload that college kids have," he said.

Corrado spoke about the sense of excitement that comes with being a local band that has fans, as Separated will be opening for a King Nine hometown show featuring the hyped first Long Island appearance of God's Hate.

Taibi shared this sentiment as Cryptodira has recently experienced various degrees of success, especially within the local scene. "It's confusing when people I don't know come up to me at shows to talk about how much they like the band," he said.

Not one student said they had any regrets about both being in a band and going to school. "You can't be sure of something until you take a leap," Ka-esaid.

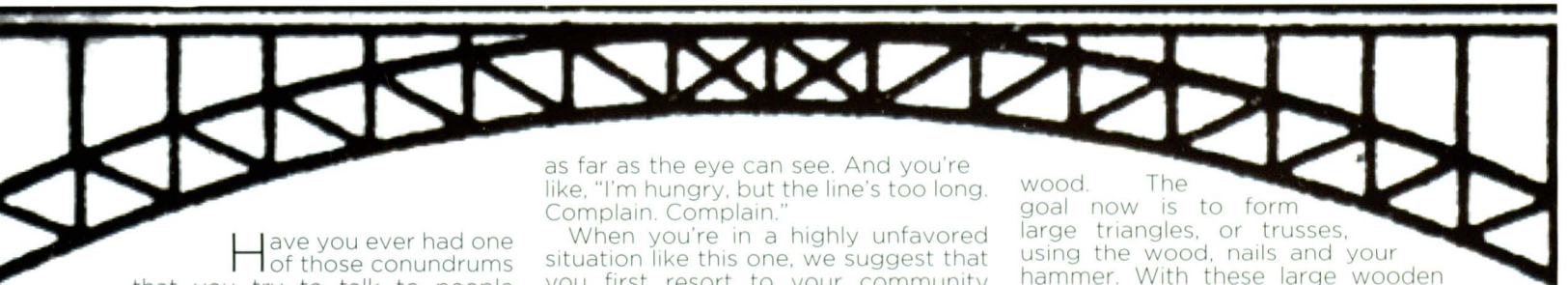
Each student also assured that going to a 4-year university gave them a sense of professionalism that greatly assisted with not only booking tours but also helping with the various aspects of getting a band to operate successfully. "It takes me places, physically," said Varley. "It's still never too late to start a band and get out there and start playing."

**“YOU  
REALLY  
HAVE  
TO  
WANT  
TO DO  
IT”**

One common theme that each student "A lot of people don't totally

# The Valley of Minuscule Woes

Julianne Mosher & Randall Waszynski



Have you ever had one of those conundrums that you try to talk to people about, but nobody seems to really care? Like when you're hungover on a Friday morning after that much-less-fun-than-you-thought frat party and the bus from Kelly Quad is too crowded so you feel even more nauseous? Or when you're fiending for a cigarette, but class just started? Maybe the girl you're into decided to cut you off completely and you're pissed that you bought her a teddy bear on Valentine's Day so you vent on your Facebook status to anyone who will listen?

Well you're in luck! the Stony Brook Press' research team has found a way to avert the Valley of Minuscule Woes! And it has become a widely used tactic! To perform this seemingly unimaginable feat, simply follow the directions as stated below.

Unfortunately there is no such magical trinket that can compromise the infamous trench. And walking around it serves as an additional hassle. So you stand and gaze at this valley two steps in front of you that stretches

as far as the eye can see. And you're like, "I'm hungry, but the line's too long. Complain. Complain."

When you're in a highly unfavored situation like this one, we suggest that you first resort to your community hardware store. Here you can gather the initial and most remedial tools you'll need to overcome that damn slight inconvenience. Essential materials include a saw, hammer and some nails. If you tell an employee that you're on an important quest, you should be excused from paying for your items. So don't worry about that.

Now after you've acquired these tools, you can venture your way to a forest of your choosing with a pickup truck. You will hopefully find some trees and, once you have, make use of the saw you just bought (or commandeered). Cut down several of the trees and then congregate your lumber in your pickup's flatbed.

Your next destination is the sawmill, where your lumber will be transformed into two-by-fours. You shouldn't have to pay for anything because, again, you're on an important quest. So don't worry. They'll completely understand. We promise.

Now you can make your way back to the valley with your newly procured

wood. The goal now is to form large triangles, or trusses, using the wood, nails and your hammer. With these large wooden triangles, connect them by one corner so you have several triangles standing in a row, which should span the distance of your inconvenience. Atop the row install a large two-by-four, providing additional strength to the overall structure. Then create an identical structure that runs parallel to the first.

Install several wooden beams that connect the two structures from the bottom of the triangles, which serve as base chords. Similarly install wooden beams that connect the two from the top of the triangles.

Once the structure is properly constructed, given the foundation has been properly secured, lie flat wooden boards across the structure so that it feels stable enough to walk on.

There is now a bridge across the Valley of Minuscule Woes, leading from one side to the other. To spread our idea further, we mandate that each bridge constructed under the Stony Brook Press' influence features a banner that says "Get The Fuck Over It."

# NOSTALGIA GOGGLES PRESENTS:



CARLOS CADORNIGA & IAN SCHAFFER

As a longtime Power Rangers fan (keeping up with their color-coded adventures to this day), I still get a kick out of catching a few of the older moments whenever I find myself bored on the internet. From classic morphing scenes to old theme songs, there's never a dull moment in indulging my inner child with any point out of this diverse and vibrant 20-year history. Out of all those older moments, however, one thing that I really enjoy from classic 90s Power Rangers is the delightfully entertaining yet often cringe-worthy feature length romp that is *Mighty Morphin' Power Rangers: The Movie*.

Even as a kid, I remember being blown away by so many things about this movie. For starters, the six-man team seemed so intense when compared to their television counterparts. Well, the characters were

the same, but their movie-exclusive suits were really something to behold. Shifting from spandex to bulkier plated armor and slick detailed helmets, this fresh look at the Rangers in their new outfits was really exciting. Even the villain of the movie was an incredible treat (though as a child, I saw him more as the most powerful villain I never wanted the Rangers to deal with). Ivan Ooze, the ancient and literally slimy antagonist released from his centuries-long imprisonment, is ridiculous and entertaining from the get-go. From his hilarious entrance in declaring "THE OOZE IS BACK" to destroying the Command Center and leaving the Rangers' mentor Zordon to the brink of death in the name of such vile acts like the Spanish Inquisition and the Brady Bunch Reunion (his words), this villain is as powerful and terrifying as he is enjoyable.

A good villain can make or break a superhero movie. Ivan Ooze is a bomb-ass villain. He cackles minacally while raining havoc upon the citizens of the Power Rangers' hometown of Angel Grove. He's the Joker if the Joker was a slimy purple alien that runs on gross-out humor and dank one-liners. I can't even. As far as Power Rangers monsters go, Ivan Ooze simply oozes perfection.

And on that note, I now reflect on some of the more laughably sillier moments I've found in a recent viewing. Fun MMRP Movie drinking game: Take a shot every time someone does a backflip. Go on, I dare you. Chances are you won't make it to the morphing scene, as it's impossible not to notice some of the characters needlessly backflipping from point A to point B just to be showoffs or something. Fight scenes don't fare much better, with every KO being complemented with a pun and that pun being accentuated with a flashy pose. It's not much to gripe about, but it certainly gets more noticeable as one viewing goes on. And the giant robot Megazord fight that finishes off just about every Power Rangers adventure is hampered down painfully awkward CGI and a rather anti-climactic knee-to-the-nuts to finish off Mr. Ooze. I mean, it's a silly 90s action flick geared towards children of that era; what else would you expect?

Yet, it's easy for me to remember what I enjoyed about the movie over what I didn't. Regardless of how much I've grown, the *Power Rangers Movie* will always be a morphenominal ride for me.



# “Go Set A Watchmen” — Chapter 1

Jessica Opatich



**In order to prove she is of sound mind, Harper Lee took a red pen to her original copy of *Go Set A Watchman*. The Stony Brook Press acquired an exclusive copy of her revised first chapter, which Lee says was inspired by a recent book she read, but she couldn't recall the title. All she said was— “Steamy” —while biting her lower lip and winking.**



**W**hen I was young girl, I had a bit of a temper. I beat up stupid Walter Cunningham, that asshole Dill, even took on a lynch mob after one of 'em grabbed my brother, Jem. I had a short fuse, and it got me in trouble in Maycomb, Alabama—the worst town in the world. Now, twenty years later, it gets me into another sort of trouble.

To be honest, I've always had an interest in mysterious men, in men who kept themselves closed off from the rest of the world. Men who didn't say much. Men who left gifts in trees for children to find. You know the type.

So, it was no surprise that when I left boring old Maycomb for Seattle, I was drawn to one man in particular. He reminded me of a boring version of Atticus. It was the way he spoke and carried himself with authority. His clean, polished suite—I wanted to dirty it right up.

I was working as a reporter at a local paper when circumstances led me into his office.

“Come in, Miss Finch. I don't have much time so I hope you're prepared.” The confidence I originally had melted away as my eyes met Mr. Grey's steely gaze.

“Yes. I'm ready,” I said, my voice quivering for a reason I'd come to understand later. He stood up and walked around me as I sat across from his desk, on which sat a curious coffee mug reading, ‘World's Best BDSM Boss.’ I kept trying to figure it out. Blueberry Danish Sandwich Maker? Baked Donut Sugar Man? Ugh I should've eaten something before I came here. Now my stomach is going to make awkward, loud, grumbly sounds—dammit this is going to suck.

“Ok. So start,” he said finding his seat again. It was like a loud whisper, like he was trying to yell at someone in the library without actually being disruptive to others. It was sensual. I wanted him to breathe those words onto my skin. Suddenly, I had goosebumps and I ran my hands up and down my arms to settle my nerves.

“I said start, Miss Finch!”

What the—No one would speak to me like that. I jumped up from the seat and headed toward the door, secretly hoping with each step that he'd come after me. And he did. He came right after me, and it wouldn't be the first time.

“Leaving so abruptly? I haven't dismissed you.” He looked like the mad dog Atticus shot. Then he took my hand and led me down a long hall and into a dark room that smelled faintly of leather.

“I have secrets, Miss Finch.”

“Call me Scout,” I said.

“No. I'd rather call you Miss Finch.”

“How about Jean Louise?”

“No, I think Miss Finch is best,” he said flipping on the lights.

The room was like nothing I'd ever seen. It had a glowing, red, neon sign hanging on the back wall flashing the words “Red Room of Pain—trademark pending.” There were other oddities scattered around the room—whips and chains, leashes and ropes, and a poster of Audrey Hepburn and Atticus riding a scooter from the movie *Roman Holiday*. I didn't ask questions.

“So, what do you think?” he asked, standing behind me and running his finger down my back.

I thought about my childhood in Maycomb and about Mrs. Dubose, who confided in me and Jem that all she really wanted was The D. How Atticus explained what real courage was— It's when you know you're licked before you begin but you begin anyway— I was about to be licked but I'd begin.

“I think, it's just what I need.” If only the prude racists of Maycomb could see me now.



# not punk kid

## LEARNS ABOUT PUNK

JORDAN BOWMAN & CHARLIE SPITZNER

The genres that we discover at a young age have always been an interesting concept to me. Depending on what your parents are playing in the house, do you go against that influence in an attempt to be unique or do those influences always stick with you?

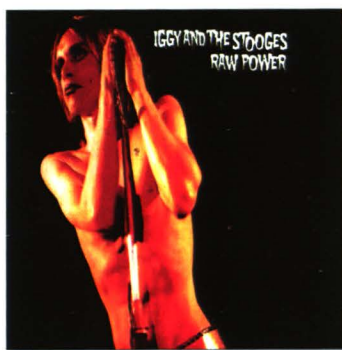
The first album I ever listened to completely was College Dropout by Kanye West. I remember being obsessed with that album. I played every song at least 50 times and wondered how he got the beats to sound so soulful. I spent so much time looking into hip-hop production and its origins all because of College Dropout.

Hip-hop, as a genre, often borrows from other styles of music. Samples can range from Jazz to Funk to Rock. Hip-

hop made my musical taste more eclectic, and I became more enthusiastic about finding new music. I enlisted the help of my friend Charlie, a writer and musician, so he could come up with a list of punk songs to introduce me to the genre.

So here are the basics of "hardcore punk." Charlie opted for hardcore punk instead of regular ol' punk rock because the bands are way more obscure and EVERYONE knows The Ramones/Sex Pistols/Clash/Damned in this day and age, plus the DIY spirit of hardcore punk has a special place in his heart and these are the bands that he knows best.

### The Stooges (Raw Power/TV Eye)



Hardcore's original snarl; Although very based in blues and rock music of the past, (a concept that hardcore punk wanted to tear down because of bands like Yes and Asia that promoted self-indulgent and boring music) the dangerous attitude and hard style of The Stooges rock helped provide an example of the kind of aggressive energy that music was capable of.

The last few minutes of "Raw Power" has this jarring electric guitar that sounded like someone was ripping apart metal with their bare hands, needless to say I love that intensity. "T.V. Eye" starts with a primal scream that reminds me of something from Yeezus and more recently Kendrick Lamar, who started his track "u" with the same malevolent energy. I tend to enjoy some aggressive music.

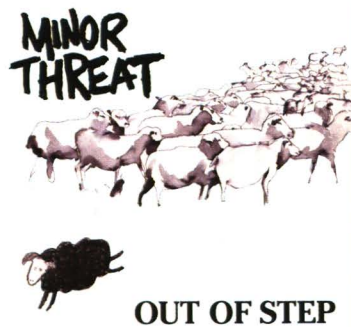


### Minor Threat (Straight Edge/Filler/Out of Step)



Fast, hard, and very influential band out of DC. Very proud of their hometown origins, cultivating a very strong scene-at-home with their label Dischord Records harboring local talents. All about the DIY (Do-It-Yourself) spirit of releasing your own records through their own funding, booking their own shows, distributing their music, and keeping in contact with bands and other scenes from across the nation to cultivate a sense of unity within the hardcore punk movement. Also coined the term "straight edge," which later became a huge movement.

I respect the whole movement and DIY attitude that Minor Threat was going for, I feel like Hip Hop is going in a similar direction a lot of artists are creating a fan base from the internet first and then expanding without the help of a major label. Listening to Punk is a bizarre transition; Hip Hop is so steeped in the appreciation of lyrics and rhyming patterns meanwhile punk rock almost seems to be disinterested in the idea of coherent lyrics. The whole movement seems to be more steeped in the idea of exuding a defiant attitude.

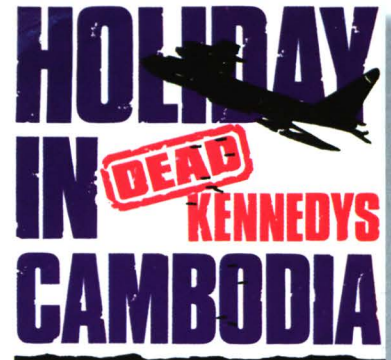




## Dead Kennedys (Holiday in Cambodia/Riot)



Technically a hardcore punk band, Dead Kennedys came just before their contemporaries and served as elder statesmen to a burgeoning scene. Their frontman, Jello Biafra, became the archetype of personable punk rock frontmen, name-dropping his favorite young hardcore bands in interviews, promoting them via his Alternative Tentacle label, and putting them on shows in their San Francisco scene. Their fast music, faster than the Germs, and outside influences from genres like surf rock were supposed to set an example of promoting creativity amongst punk bands.



"So you been to school/ For a year or two/ And you know you've seen it all." The opening lyrics to "Holiday in Cambodia" struck a chord; it has the type of tongue and cheek commentary that I would appreciate from a good Hip Hop song. The record has so much social commentary and historical context that I spent half my time reading about Pol Pot. The eerie guitar and relaxed drum pattern in the beginning of "Riot" wasn't what I was expecting from a song with a title like riot, but around the two minute mark, the track explodes with a uncontrollable ferocity. In some ways its the perfect metaphor for an actual riot, something that can start off peaceful can easily turn into a destructive show of protest.

## Sonic Youth (Confusion is Next/Cross the Breeze)



One of the most interesting things about hardcore is taking a look at who the aesthetic of DIY and the harsh stylings of the music encouraged. One such man was Thurston Moore, founding member of Sonic Youth, who started out making arty, but still very harsh, atonal noise music that relied on his hardcore freedom to be really fucking loud. Later calmed down and made less chaotic music. Their Daydream Nation album is recorded in the National Recording Registry next to Nirvana's Nevermind, "Stars and Stripes Forever," Woody Guthrie's "This Land is Your Land," and MLK's I Have A

Confusion is Next, is perfect, it's repetitive and it sounds obnoxious at times but I loved that opening guitar sound. It was calming while simultaneously being completely unnerving. I'm used to R&B and Hip Hop but I can appreciate that sense of hectic but well composed sound. Cross the Breeze started with a smooth melody and then transitioned into a more traditional vigorous punk song. Sonic Youth's songs don't feel so claustrophobic and in your face as compared to some of the other punk I had previously heard on the list.



## Germs (Lexicon Devil/What We Do is Secret)



Based in LA, later a hardcore epicenter, Germs took the punk that existed in bands like The Damned and The Ramones and gave it some extra speed and power. The pseudo-poetry of lead singer Darby Crash atop those surging beats were both an inspiration to some as a form of possible creativity in a seemingly primitive music scene and the ramblings of an idiot junkie to others who saw him as a man speaking dribble and making punk needlessly indulgent.



The guitar riff on Lexicon Devil was so well executed I had to put it on repeat. I initially searched for the lyrics to both songs but I realized it doesn't matter. The music is fast, in your face, and the lyrics are incomprehensible at times, but I really appreciate that lack of formality.



# ASK A SEMI-PROFESSIONAL PERVERT: SEXY STRESS RELIEF

DAKOTA JORDAN

**S**pring has sprung and that means love, or lust, is in the air. As the weather gets warmer and folks start to feel the love, they may find themselves needing help communicating effectively about sexy time. So I decided to lend a helping hand by providing you with some light educational reading. An A-Z glossary of sexy vocabulary words!

**A is for Anilingus:** That means licking/kissing a person's asshole. Also called rimming or salad tossing.

**B is for Bondage:** That means restraining someone with ropes/chains/saran wrap/paracord or what have you. Can be functional or decorative.

**C is for CBT:** That means Cock and Ball Torture. It is exactly what it sounds like.

**D is for Dragontail:** That is a special kind of whip with a triangle shape, normally made of suede or leather. Very painful.

**E is for EMT Shears:** That means scissors with a flat blade so you can safely cut rope/clothes away from a person without damaging their skin.

**F is for Fisting:** That means using a lot of lube (and hopefully gloves), a hand is inserted into the vagina or anus.

**G is for Golden Shower:** That means peeing on someone.

**H is for Hard Limit:** That means a non negotiable limit. Respect it.

**I is for Impact Play:** That means hitting a person with something like a hand/whip/paddle/whatever. Be careful!

**J is for Jerking Off:** That means masturbation, plain and simple.

**K is for Knife Play:** That can mean using a

dull or fake knife during a scene, cutting a partner as a part of sexual play or for decorative effect.

**L is for Lifestyler:** That means a person who practices BDSM out of the bedroom, as part of normal life.

**M is for Mummification:** That means being wrapped up tightly from head to toe, in something like rubber/latex/saran wrap.

**O is for Over the Knee:** That means being spanked while bent over a person's knee.

**P is for Puppy Play:** That means acting like a dog, sometimes with doggy accessories like leashes, tails and dog collars.

**Q is for Queening:** That means a lady sitting on someone's face, usually for cunnilingus.

**R is for Rigger:** That means someone who specializes in tying people up.

**S is for Shibari:** That means highly decorative Japanese rope bondage.

**T is for Tens Unit:** That means a toy used for electro-stimulation play.

**U is for Uniform Play:** That means any scene that focuses on the use of uniforms for costuming.

**V is for Voyeur:** That means a person who gets off by watching other people do sexy things.

**W is for Water Sports:** That means play involving urine.

**X is for X Frame:** That means a piece of bondage equipment shaped like an X which a person can be strapped or tied to.

**Y is for Yiffing:** That means sex between people in fursuits.

**Z is for Zentai Suit:** That means a suit made of stretchy material that covers the whole body, even the face, and fits close to the skin.



Got more questions or comments?  
Email me @ [semiproper@gmail.com](mailto:semiproper@gmail.com)





# DRUGZZZ

**MDMA**, forever popularized by raves, the mainstream fear-mongering media and a host of sly celebrity references, may be one of the most well-known drugs on campus. Known as ecstasy, E, XTC or Molly, MDMA has seen a serious shift in society's attitudes towards it over the past 40 years from the easily accessible legal drug of the late 70s, to "worse than heroin" penalties in the following decades. Assuming USG is about to host another EDM event which happens every year, or you at least plan to hit up some summer festivals, here are some tips to staying proactive in your MDMA use.

For those who aren't aware of its effects, one of the defining physiological effects of MDMA is the release of serotonin. Often described as a love drug, MDMA's signature is that along with a strong euphoria, the drug gives users a heightened sense of empathy (love), trust, desire to communicate, inner peace and appreciation for all things, which is as close to the "magic" of MDMA use as words can describe. Uncommon, but still possible, people can experience anxiety especially if it's your first time, a "hangover" the following few days after known as Suicide Tuesdays due to depleted serotonin levels, and regret over unintentional bonding, which is surprising until it happens.

One of the biggest words of caution of MDMA use is the purity of the substance. Often times, ecstasy tablets are sold diluted or cut with similar looking substances, namely caffeine, sugar or baking soda if you're lucky. Other times, they may be cut with actual potent chemicals that attempt to emulate MDMA, which can sometimes include BZP, MDPV and methylone. To reduce the risk of adulterants, one should be aware that the crystalline structure of MDMA, molly, is typically more pure and colored a light golden brown.

When trying to find a product, one cannot underestimate the necessity of a test kit. Known for their appearance and free drug testing at venues that permit them, the organization DanceSafe both provides the EDM community with a safe means of anonymously checking drug purity at events while also ensuring the safety of everyone by selling testing kits online. A standard test, the marquis test, can identify whether or not the contents of your pills are MDMA, or a host of other cocktails including research chemicals (2C-I, 2C-B), psychedelics (DXM, mescaline), or amphetamine-esque chemicals (amphetamine, methamphetamine, Ritalin). For something as cheap as \$25, practically a fraction of the actual drug cost, this kit is mandatory for any half-competent user.

Now for those of you who know you have a good product, there's few things to keep in mind when you decide to roll. First off, MDMA significantly affects the way your body manages its water reservoir. MDMA is known to raise the body temperature of individuals and combining this with hours of dancing and large crowds can easily lead

to dehydration, which can be fatal, so it's important to stay hydrated. Oddly enough, because MDMA also inhibits the body from releasing this water, make sure you don't drink so many water bottles that you overdose on water, which is also possible and fatal. For most instances though, only very rarely do people actually come into problems when taking MDMA alone without other drugs. Weed of course, can be combined with anything.

What many people aren't aware of, however, is that MDMA was and still is considered an almost breakthrough drug for psychotherapy. Beginning in the 1970s, therapists observed that the anxiety reducing drug was capable of removing barriers that had otherwise prevented patients from confronting past traumas. The drug was considered powerful in that it gave the user trust and compassion that allowed the therapy to rapidly progress.

MDMA was seen as a schedule I drug, considered to have no medical value; was used to combat the issues of Veteran Post Traumatic Stress Disorder, childhood abuse, and other serious ailments before its ban. Today, research and commonsense thinking is slowly beginning to ease restrictions on MDMA therapy testing, which is currently led by MAPS, the Multidisciplinary Association for Psychedelic Studies. The organization hopes to have legitimate prescriptions of MDMA, FDA approved by the start of the next decade.

*Roll responsibly,  
Lipman  
&  
Ms. Token*





# Boneless Appétite

## Student Union Commons Fried Chicken Tenders Review TAYLOR KNOEDL

There are two things the Union Food Court Commons are known for: fried chicken and french fries. Each day they wait- as warm as their constantly-active heaters keep them before being whisked off as the most default of lunches available in the Union. The chicken was a granted thing for goers of the Union Commons. It was but a quick snag that preserved meal enjoyers from the purgatorius burrito and potato bowl lines.

The fried chicken of our past was soulless. A soulless soul food made simply without love. Snacking on these phlegmatic little tenders of heartbreak, you'd likely dream of better days, better meals, better chicken.

But now is a different time, a different chicken. As was always, the Commons chicken isn't a sort of grease-wetland. In its old form, it resembled the faint tan of the Atacama desert. But in its new herb and spicy glory, the chicken has become a crisp likeness to the red rock deserts of Arizona. It's hot, floury surfaces mists up such a sharp but sensual scent that, with your eyes closed, you'd be certain you were at a Chick-fil-A.

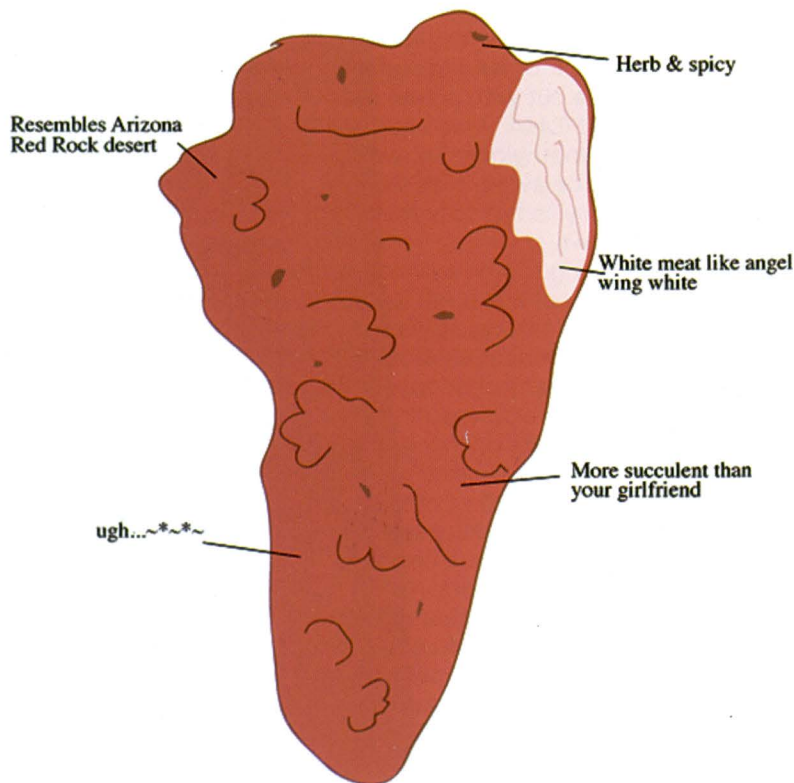
There is a special kind of love a mother has for her child; it's hers and she can't change it (for the most part). She has this baby unplanned, keeps it, and loves it. The Union Commons chicken is the same. It is yours. It is there. It is all we have, really—and I wouldn't ask for anything else. I'm so proud of you.

The white meat is like biting into the flesh of a newborn babe; so smooth, so soft—succulent and juicy. There is none of that fatty, slimy chicken-byproduct guck nonsense. Just pure white meat—the white of angel's wings; but chicken.

The Union chicken is a life changing experience. I recently left my girlfriend because of this chicken. She didn't have the crispy texture - the fried crispy texture - of this perfect chicken—the fried, succulent and spicy, crispy texture of this crispy, fried and perfect chicken. I don't love her anymore. All I love is you, my dear chicken.

And you can love it too. This love is to share. Leave your beloveds behind, cancel your finals, quit your job and your

classes; punch your professor in the face. Go to the Union Commons Food Court. Buy the new fried chicken. They make it good now. It is good. Name one thing better than the fried chicken. Name it. You can't.



# ALIENS SEEK TO COMMUNICATE BUT ONLY IF WE PROVIDE GOOD POP PUNK

James Grottola



Just last month, Tom DeLonge went on the record with Paper Magazine to elaborate on his thoughts of human contact with aliens. Again. Unknown to the public, Tom DeLonge has actually been abducted by aliens. Twice! The Stony Brook Press was able to obtain an exclusive interview with the alien who kidnapped DeLonge, and the transcript has been posted below.

**Stony Brook Press:** Hello. Thank you for taking time out of your day to make the first public record of intergalactic communication between species. But anyway, tell me about Tom.

**“Alien”:** Well, he was arguably one of the worst human beings we’ve ever encountered in our experience with your planet. We’ve been probing humans since the 1400’s: Da Vinci, Galileo, Nixon, Bob Ross; you name ‘em, we got ‘em. But honestly, I really hate DeLonge. No one has somebody pissed me off more in my life.

**SBP:** How would you describe DeLonge’s character?

**A:** Well, to be frank: straight asshole. The first time we got him, we were aiming to get Pete Wentz. Fall Out Boy was a lot truer to their emo roots than Blink 182 anyway. So it’s 2005, we end up with this dickhead, trying to talk to him about humanity’s culture, and all he wants to do is perform

for us. We let him, and for some reason, he’s singing about spider webs. We just could not understand his accent. We’ve spent hundreds of years collecting a lexicon of human dialects, yet nobody can understand him. We couldn’t bear it a second more and asked him to play something else, and he starts singing about wanting to mate with a dog. This man is one of humanity’s biggest modern rock stars, making what he thinks is first contact with another species, and he starts singing about inter-species intercourse. Safe to say, we were neither pleased nor aroused.

**SBP:** DeLonge has hinted that the Angels and Airwaves project was about his experiences with other life forms. What do you think of the records?

**A:** I guess everything was okay up until the second Love album, but I don’t know a single person who hasn’t said that the film was pseudo-artistic bullshit and that the new record was boring, at best. For real, Tom, just bring back Boxcar Racer. Have you seen Travis’ clothing brand? He’ll do anything.

**SBP:** Do you have any opinions on Matt Skiba replacing DeLonge in Blink’s new line-up?

**A:** You know, the boys and I always wanted to get Skiba up here, but they always tell you, “don’t meet your heroes.” Trust us, about half the people at the Alkaline Trio discography shows in Chicago were some of our own reptilian shapeshifters disguised as normal people.

**SBP:** So describe the second time you ended up with DeLonge?

**A:** Well, we wanted to see if we could get Mark Hoppus up here to pay him off in gold to get just one +44 reunion. Unfortunately, we got the wrong guy. He was really happy to see us again, but the feeling was not mutual. We wanted to get rid of him as quickly as possible, so we set him up with a quick probe, sent him back down, and burned down the Angels and Airwaves studio for the best results.

**SBP:** What do you think of the new song he released that was meant to be a Blink demo?

**A:** Oh, he didn’t even write that. We were sick of that space stuff, so we just got one of our guys to replace his file with one of ours to try to get Blink to sound like they did in 2003.

**SBP:** Well that’s about it for us, can you just quickly tell us how we’re able to communicate, despite you living light-years away?

**A:** It’s just English, numb-nuts. If you know what’s good for humanity, keep Skiba in Blink and execute Tom DeLonge.



# No Plans to Complete *A Song of Ice and Fire*—George R.R. Martin

Carlos Cardoniga



Fans of *A Song of Ice and Fire* rejoice! The author of the popular books that spawned the HBO sensation *Game of Thrones* announced during a press conference that took place on Sunday that he is currently writing a new, 10-book series that he is sure his loyal following will enjoy. The conference was attended by fans and press alike and hosted by Martin and *GoT* show creators David Benioff and D.B. Weiss.

"It's taken up my whole life," Martin stated at the conference. "But it looks pretty cool so far."

Martin then spoke about the books' plot: titled *The Fortrand Albums*, the books follow members of the esteemed Fortrands, a family of "magical gangsters" who maintain a druid-drug empire running across California and are seeking to expand throughout America. Martin expressed excitement about exploring fantasy elements within a contemporary setting for the first time in his career.

The first book, coming out in June, is called *Fyre Insurance*, and will follow the youngest Fortrand, Timothy, and his initiation into the family business as he turns 13. As the heir to the empire, he'll be asked to take on the financial duties of the all-mystic, but would much rather refine his pyromancy skills and act as

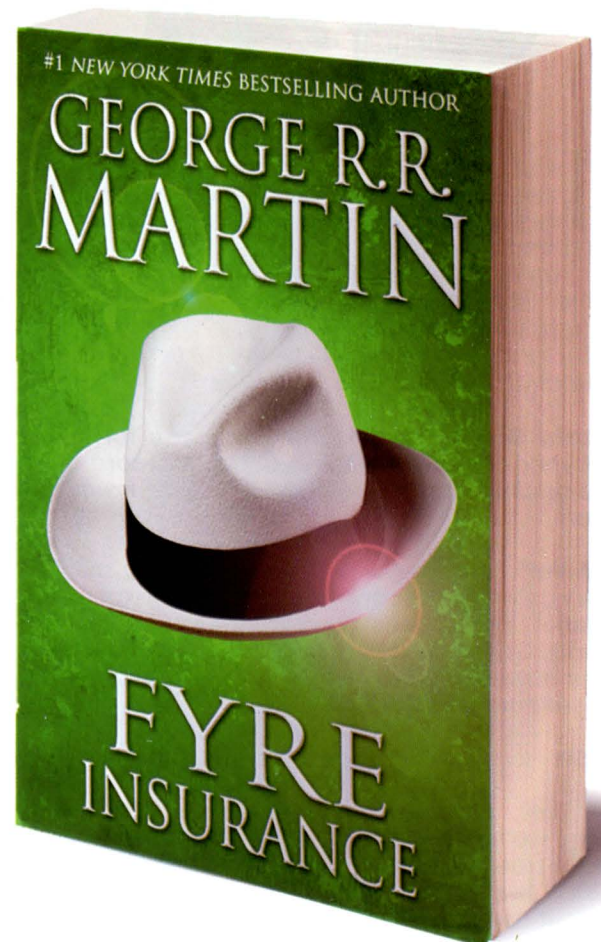
the family muscle. Martin is confident that people would enjoy delving into Timothy's antics and hoped that they "would grow along with Timothy".

The attendees murmured with anticipation over Martin's change of direction. One press member asked Martin what would become of the remaining *Song of Ice and Fire* books. After a lengthy pause, Martin replied "Oh, yeah. Those'll still happen, but I really want people to get excited about the Fortrands because it's gonna' be awesome."

After Martin spoke, Benioff and Weiss took to the stage. They knew some Martin loyalists would be concerned over the ongoing *Game of Thrones* show entering its fifth season and how *The Fortrand Albums* would affect its continuation. They quelled these fears with their own big announcement.

"After season five," Benioff began, "We'll be reshooting seasons 1-5 in 3D. This'll give [Martin] some time to work on his books, but we're especially excited to revisit old episodes and have a second shot to realize the depth of those scenes."

Weiss continued by saying "We're going to take full advantage of the 3D technology. Moments like the Red Wedding and the Battle at Blackwater will look really cool."





# THE PRESS GUIDE TO [ MOVIE\_HOPPING ]

Jay Shah

**W**ant to see *Iron Man 4: Revenge of the Washing Machine*? What about *Boyhood 2: Twelve Years a Slave Owner*? What about the other brilliant and unique sequels that Hollywood churned out this month? Well if you want to watch them all, be prepared to shell out upwards of 80 dollars for the movie tickets alone. More if you're one of *those* people who buys popcorn and soda inside the theatre.

Your wallet will be crying unless you decide to movie hop.

Movie hopping is when you buy a ticket to a movie but then sneak into other movies to get the most bang for your buck. Don't feel bad; movie companies aren't real people, so it's totally okay to steal from them. But movie hopping can be pretty hard, with all the new techno doohickies and cameras and whatnots, so we've created some foolproof ways to see all the movies you want to see for literally the cheapest price possible.

**BEARDS:** Grow a large beard, it'll take a year or two at least. After watching the latest *Expendables* movie, where Stallone and the gang battle their greatest enemy, Alzheimers, you'll need to shave off a portion of your beard. The theatre staff will be confused and won't recognize you as you sneak into your next flick. Just shave more until you get bored of watching movies, or you run out of hair. Then you're shit out of luck.



**ARCHITECT:** Become an architect, it might take a decade or more. Once you're an architect, start designing movie theatres for a living, but make sure you leave some secret passages only you can access. After the construction is done, it might take a few months, you can buy a ticket and use the secret passages you were sure to make as a way to move between the various movies. I know what you're thinking, "Is this obscenely long plan really worth it to save a few bucks?" Well my answer is "sure, why not."

**DEATH:** Convert to Hinduism or Buddhism. Die in the theatre, and then get reincarnated into a baby that's being born in a different room in the theatre. Pew recently released a made up statistic that says at any given point a baby is being born in a movie theatre, so this plan is a lot quicker than becoming an architect or growing a beard.



**POPTHULU:** As everyone knows, the movie theatre workers worship the great and all knowing popcorn monster, Pophulu. You can use this to your advantage. Sneak in some popcorn and butter (don't be one of *those* people who buys things), and after the new Adam Sandler Craptacular ends, cover yourself in the butter (it might give some third degree burns, but we're not legally responsible for that) and just throw popcorn everywhere. The movie attendants will immediately bow and listen to your every demand since you've taken on the shape of the glorious god king Pophulu. Don't abuse this power, just use it to watch more movies.

There is a downside to the last plan though because once you transform into Pophulu, you're never going to be able to change back. So if you're one of *those* people with a wife and kids, be sure to say goodbye before you go off on your grand adventure.

Now you're all set to steal all the things you want, or at least until the brilliant folk over at Hollywood run out of ideas (which'll never happen). These plans may sound a little difficult, you may be tempted to just pirate the movies. Don't, it's just morally reprehensible. You'd be stealing eights of dollars from multi-millionaires. How could you live with yourself knowing that by pirating a Tom Cruise movie, you're also stealing from the Church of Scientology, which is a real religion not a crazy cult used to steal money from dumb people. You'd be condemning yourself to hell or, as it's known in Scientology, Mr. Cruise's Wild Sex Dungeon. So stick to movie hopping, and use our guide to do it in the most efficient ways possible.

# tinder is scurry



## Wanna get chipotle and fuck

The first picture on my Tinder profile was a snap of Bill Clinton. The Press has a life-sized cardboard cutout of him chilling in our office, so he became the profile picture of the Stony Brook Press' official tinder page, to make it apparent that I was there to promote our website.

I had the good fortune of being elected to the newly created position of social media manager, but not before I shamelessly, but jokingly, said in my blurb of a speech that "I would even download Tinder" since I was already addicted to several other social media apps.

Then one day, as I was procrastinating in our former home in the Union basement, our Associate Editor burst in and said, "I have a great idea that'll work specifically for you--download Tinder, friend everyone (meaning swipe right), and just plug the website." Eager to prove myself worthy, I was down to try it out.

I downloaded Tinder, which stipulates that I have to sign in through Facebook because, apparently, having a Facebook account equates to being a real person. After a good 10 minutes of just swiping right on everyone, I already had about 50 matches. Into the microcosm of grimy, corny pickup lines I go.

"If you were a tropical fruit you'd be a Fine-apple! [sly-face emoji, praying hands emoji]" On a scale of one to cesspool in a third-world country sewage system, this was quite moderate. Another offered food: "wanna get Chipotle and fuck?" Others commented on my Asian descent as though it were a commodity.

Though not generic, all of my replies almost instantly included our website: [sbpress.com](http://sbpress.com).

The reactions to realizing that I was just on Tinder to promote the Press ranged from angry to complete disregard. By the next morning I had a little over 300 matches, of which about half responded. A good handful of them were downright disappointed and salty that I wasn't on Tinder to flirt or hook-up, but to audaciously try a new promotional tactic. Others were downright enraged. How dare I use a shady dating app that connects strangers based purely on appearance for a different purpose other than its original intent? I guess the agenda of executing my new position as social media manager is offensive enough to get some people's boxers in a bunch.

The bulk of the reactions sort of surprised me. They glazed over, or rather, barreled through the fact that my goal was to plug [sbpress.com](http://sbpress.com) and proceeded to comment on my appearance, saying I was "still cute anyway." Though I did expect to be creeped out and slightly disgusted by how some guys would approach me, I didn't expect my short stint trolling on Tinder to make me question... feminism? Nah chill, not that. What I'm trying to say is that I didn't fully realize that the only reason these guys were clicking on the website at my request or, continuing to talk to me after I revealed my true purpose was because they deemed me attractive. It seems like a mundane or blatant fact to point out but have you ever stopped to think about just how sad that is?

# BASED GOD FOR A BASED GUY

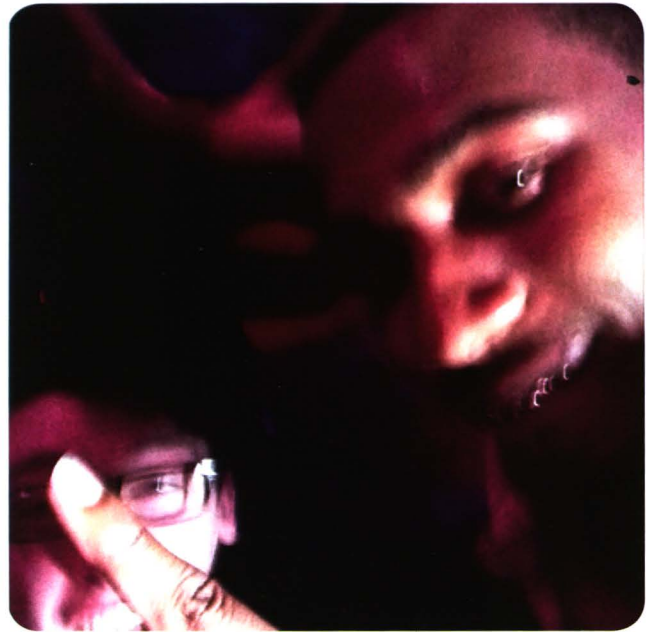
JAMES GROTTOLA

Lil B I need your guidance I've reached a dark point in my life

2h



Love u fam



On January 19<sup>th</sup>, after the last Bomb the Music Industry! show ever (RIP), I received some insider information that Lil B “The BasedGod” himself would make a #rare appearance on Long Island.

Naturally, as somebody who supports Lil B in all he does, I was floored. I spent months in preparation, furiously DM’ing Lil B about various aspects of my life, hoping the only person who’s ever made me happy in my life would do as much as to acknowledge my presence.

The following is a diary I kept about “The BasedGod’s” impact on my life. This is the first time it has ever seen the light of day:

**February 18<sup>th</sup>, 2014:** The show is announced. The temperature reaches above 40 degrees for the first time in months. A bird hatches from its egg. A mother gives birth to a healthy baby girl.

**March 13<sup>th</sup>, 2014:** Riots spew out from Long Island on social media sites. Residents are experiencing increased impatience and are praying daily in anticipation for the #based appearance.

**April 17<sup>th</sup>, 2014:** One week before Lil B’s appearance. Various miracles are reported across Long Island.

**April 22<sup>nd</sup>, 2014:** The show sells out. My friend buys an ice cream cake from the Dunkin Donuts near the train station at 11:30 p.m. and eats it by himself.

**April 24<sup>th</sup>, 2014:** At 1 p.m., I DM Lil B in hopes that he can give a #based blessing to my friend Jake, who masterminded the appearance. He responds back, “Lov u fam.” I weep out of a mix of ecstasy and joy. Every single person who has vanished from my life comes back, begging for my attention after hearing that I was addressed directly by “The BasedGod” himself. I decline their presence.

**April 24<sup>th</sup>, 2014:** At 6 p.m., before Lil B’s appearance, my old straight edge band Wringneck (also RIP) plays a show. I yell “punch your bartender” before a song and a child is thrown through a window. It’s the best music appearance I’ve ever had in my life and as I leave the stage, I can feel the melody of “Wonton Soup” echoing through my veins.

**April 24<sup>th</sup>, 2014:** At 9 p.m. Lil B takes the stage. He performs for several hours, adding not one, not two, but THREE #based freestyles. Afterwards, he allows me

to take a picture with his holiness and signs my friend Joey’s insulin pump. The performance is filmed for the “Katy Perry” music video, which makes another one of my friends a cooking celebrity for his wrist movements. When I get home, my dad says he’s proud of me for the first time in my life .

**May 1<sup>st</sup>, 2014:** My professors cancel all finals for the end of the semester. Lil B’s smile resonates in my thoughts every single day.

**May 7<sup>th</sup>, 2014:** I’m given a raise at work and can afford to buy a house. My manager says I should be CEO, as the most influential human being on the planet has touched me with his golden hands.

**July 4<sup>th</sup>, 2014:** I set off a firework for Independence Day at my new home. It explodes in a way that forms “The BasedGod’s” face. A mother and father across the street from me end their years of bickering, and their teenage son finds happiness for the first time in months. The family has Lil B to thank for renewing their love for one another.

**August 1<sup>st</sup>, 2014:** I find a dollar!

September 21<sup>st</sup>, 2014: All is right in the world. I’ve achieved wealth, fame, and love due to Lil B’s DM. All who oppose me are crushed by their own arrogance, and I’m told I’m the most valuable person to my loved ones at least 30 times a day.

**October 1<sup>st</sup>, 2014:** I feel a sense of being “average” for the first time in my life since Lil B’s words touched my soul.

November 4<sup>th</sup>, 2014: I lose my job, house, and wife. I listen to “I Own Swag” on repeat, wondering why the luck of Lil B has left my eyes.

**December 24<sup>th</sup>, 2014:** My life has returned to mediocrity.

**February 13<sup>th</sup>, 2015:** Everything’s coming up Milhouse!

**February 14<sup>th</sup>, 2015:** I am just kidding. The light has left me.

**March 4<sup>th</sup>, 2015:** In one last act of desperation, I DM Lil B one more time. The message reads: “Lil B I need your guidance I’ve reached a dark point in my life.” His response is the only thing that can save me from a life of being just average...

## PACMAN: The Match of the

Jael Henry

For almost seven years, boxing fans have yearned for the opportunity to see two of the greatest fighters of this generation, Floyd Mayweather and Manny Pacquiao, touch gloves at the center of the ring. On May 2nd at MGM Grand in Las Vegas, the boxing gods will finally grant that wish, as boxing's two megastars square up for what is predicted to be the most watched fight in history.

The hype surrounding this fight has been building for years. While Mayweather, 37, was on a two-year retirement, Pacquiao, 36, was dominating the boxing world. After Mayweather made his comeback in September 2009 with an impressive unanimous decision win against Juan Manuel Marquez, the two megastars' names have been linked ever since.

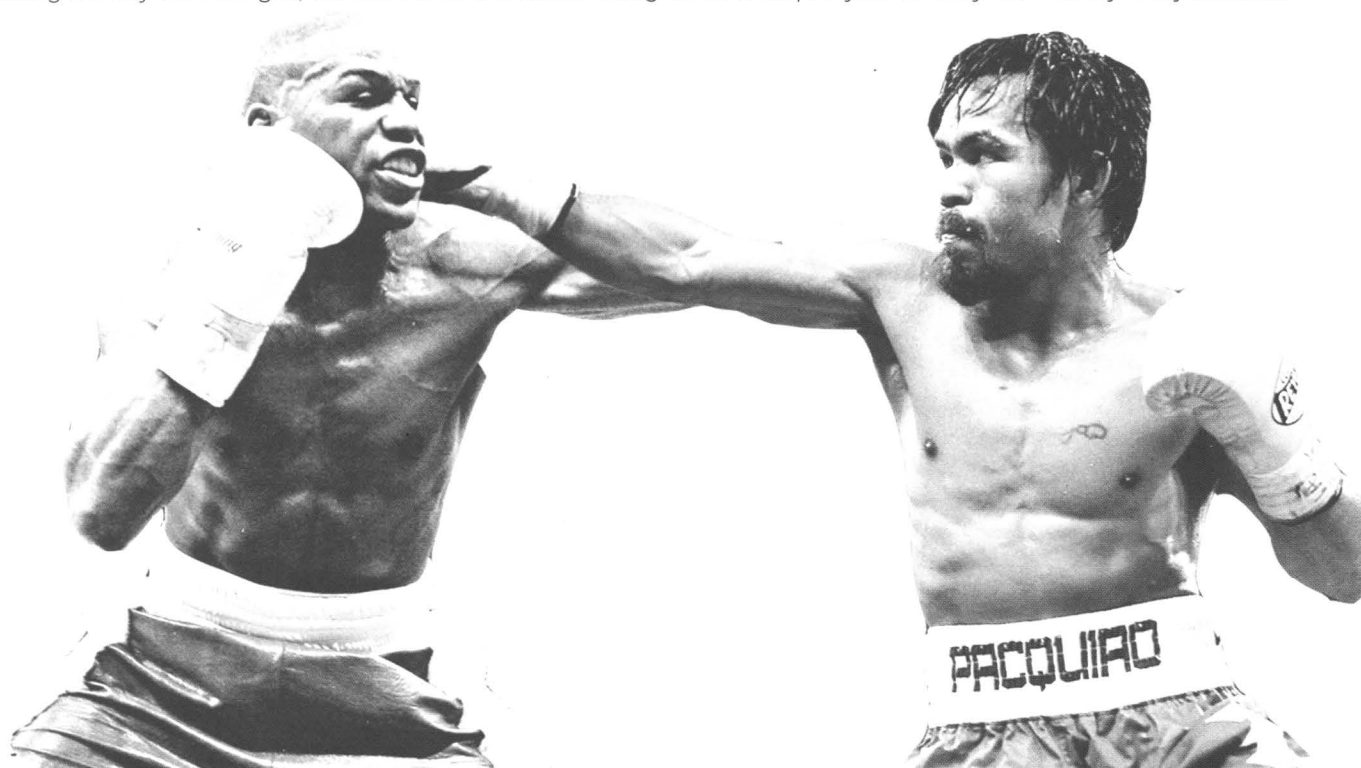
There's no question that both fighters are past their prime and a bout four or five years ago would have been more of a fair and entertaining fight to watch, but both fighters have a lot of fuel left. Mayweather is a 2-to-1 favorite going into the matchup, but the chance of an upset isn't too farfetched.

**Manny Pacquiao:** At 5'6" with a 57-5-2 record, including 38 knockouts, Manny "Pacman" Pacquiao is a force in the ring. The Filipino star has shown signs of vulnerability in his last five fights but he's also shown why he's one of the greatest to ever step into the ring. It all started with a controversial split decision loss against Timothy Bradley in June 2012, then the world stood still when he was knocked out by Juan Manuel Marquez in the sixth round later that year. His last loss before 2012 was in 2005 against Erik Morales, so the boxing community smelled blood. Even though he won his last three fights since that Marquez knockout, the scent hasn't faded away.

Still, Manny has showed in every one of those fights why he's one of the best offensive fighters in the sport. His combination of speed and power, along with his 67" reach, is incomparable to any fighter in boxing right now, and although his last knockout was in 2009 against Miguel Cotto, he's shown that he still has knockout power, knocking down Stony Brook alum, Chris Algieri, six times in their bout late last year.

**Floyd "Money" Mayweather** is the complete opposite of his opponent. Unlike Pacman, Mayweather's pride is in his defense, and is arguably the greatest defensive fighter to ever live. With 47 wins and 0 losses, including 26 knockouts, he has a two inch advantage in height being 5'8" and a five inch reach advantage with 72", which is going to make it even more difficult a task for Pacquiao to crack the "May-Vinci Code." Mayweather is considered by many to be one of the smartest boxers in the world and it shows, making his opponents take the fight to him and using his great defensive skills, along with his ability to work well off his counter punches, as his most valuable form of offense. Money has coasted to victory in his last five fights, outclassing and out boxing his opponents along the way.

**Decision:** The May 2nd meeting between Floyd Mayweather and Manny Pacquiao is not only a fight between the best defensive boxer in the world and the best offensive boxer, it's also a fight between two of the greatest boxers of all time. Both fighters are not at the peaks of their careers, but Pacquiao has shown that he's beatable, while Mayweather has developed a unique fighting style that makes up for the aspects of his game that aren't as polished as before. So if you're betting money on the fight, the smartest and safest thing to do is to put your money on "Money" Mayweather.







# STONY BROOK PRESS STAFF PREDICTION: PACQUIAO VS. MAYWEATHER

Charlie Spitzner



It's official: the Floyd Mayweather/Manny Pacquiao fight is on, and the floor is now open to speculation on who will step out of the squared circle as the better, tougher punching man. Though Mayweather and Pacquiao seem to be of about the same height, same build, same weight, etc. there are many minute details hidden away in the data of their respective stats that might present possible advantages for either fighter.

Some early shared speculation from professional boxing analysts and average fans alike have presented similar and interesting cases regarding the outcome of the fight, with results that might shock certain people and catch the majority of fans off-guard.

For example, although Pacquiao is an 8-time world champion and Mayweather is a 5-time world champion, both of those numbers seem utterly insignificant when one considers the fact that professional wrestling superstar and professional recording artist John Cena has captured the elusive world championship belt a record-setting and overwhelmingly impressive 15 times.

Additional points have been raised in support of this development involving world-wide phenomenon and natural fighting force John Cena, including the fact that while "The Pac-Man" and "Money Mayweather" both fight for the money and glory that naturally comes from the glamorous spectacle that is pro boxing, John Cena merely fights for the good of children the world over and to foil the plots of evil that are raised in the interest of wrongdoing.

The situation has led to important observations realized by a few notable names in the boxing industry, including

former boxing promoter Don King and former heavyweight champion George Foreman among others, that while Mayweather may have a record devoid of losses and superior agility and speed behind his punches, the infatigable and nearly-immortal John Cena's patented Attitude Adjustment, his signature finishing move, is responsible for winning him over half of his world heavyweight championship wins.

"See, I know that Pacquiao and Mayweather are both unmatched contenders," King said when asked for comment, "but I'm just not seeing them as being in the same league as Cena. They just can't beat the odds like he can." King also attests to the fact that "Cena's STF hold is an example of unmatched brutality."

"A-ha, I gotta say it's a hard choice," Foreman said while standing out on the veranda of his authentic 1800's style Victorian household, "but you gotta consider the fact that that guy Cena is a lean, mean, fat fighting machine. And by that I mean he fights the fat, not that he is fat. That's an important distinction that needs to be made from time to time."

Though not officially affiliated with the match in any way, word of these speculative details did make way to modern-day viking and actual superhero John Cena and his camp a of affiliates, who ended up having a few choice words to say concerning the history and current state of professional boxing.

"As far as I'm concerned, a fair and natural fight has never occurred in the history of world championship boxing," John Cena said. "Regardless of what we're told is being portrayed out there, there is no way that the audience is getting the authentic experience. It might as well all be staged."

# Pokemon Battle

## Binghamton vs. Stony Brook

Daine Taylor



Graphic by Diego Zelaya

Welcome trainers and trainers-in-training, we're here in Stony Brook University's beautiful LaValle Stadium for the first ever Trans-regional Pokemon League Championship. Now that everyone has returned from attempting to catch Wolfie, (and President Stanley would like to remind everyone that Wolfie is not in fact a pokemon) we can begin the final phase.

The audience comprised mainly of students from Stony Brook University and Binghamton University is enjoying the residual effects of Sunny Day, used by the Arcanine in the previous round.

A cool breeze blows across the LaValle Stadium field, which was still smoking from the final Fire Blast delivered in the last round. Following a fierce competition leading up to the finals, the crowd was fired up to see

the grand conclusion. Despite the fact that some of those who sat too close to the front row were treated for third-degree burns by a passing Nurse Joy clone, onlookers were glued to their seats.

As the two competitors arrive on the field, the dramatic tension reaches a fever pitch. These rivals lock eyes and the ceremonial battle music plays over the newly renovated sound system.

Eco-trainer, Prod Mengleson, of Binghamton, summons his Lapras to the field, and at the same time Stony Brook's Django Marley conjures his Blastoise. Though there is no type advantage in this line up, the tension of the opposing sides are palpable. The competitors eye each other warily. Lapras attacks first with a vicious Ice Beam, but it is not very effective against Blastoise's

impressive defense. Blastoise tests the waters (no pun intended) and hits Lapras with a phenomenal Hydro Pump. As Lapras readies itself for another attack, Blastoise is called back and replaced by Marley's Magneton.

Sparks are flying in this heated battle! The Stony Brook crowd is cheering wildly as the electric-type moves are Super-effective against the water-type counterpart... Aaaaand Lapras is down and out after being struck by Thunder. It's a one-hit wonder! Magneton is excitedly doing flips in the air as Mengleson summons his next champion, Kabutops.

Magneton attempts to use the same long-distance electric moves as before, only to realize too late they don't affect the Rock/Water-type, however the same cannot be said of the foe Kabutops' attack. The Ancient

Power move was super-effective and sent Magneton scurrying back to its side.

Kabutops is performing a victory dance with its scythe arms, and despite the awkwardness of the spectacle, the Binghamton crowd is letting loose a raucous cheer.

Meanwhile, Django seems to be taking his time sending in his next Pokemon, but wait... what is this? Django sends his Hypno to tangle with the 'Tops. Hypno, with the quicker attack speed, hits his opponent with Hypnosis (big surprise), and Kabutops is out like a light. With his Pokemon helpless and unresponsive, Mengleson is forced to pull back.

Mengleson summons his Kadabra to the field, who aptly dodges an otherwise well timed Hypnosis, only to land a powerful Psychic

counterattack. The move was a critical hit that sent the home team's Hypno tumbling to the other end of the field. I don't think we'll be seeing him again anytime soon.

And now we've reached the heated conclusion. Both sides are down to their last Pokemon. As Kadabra takes advantage of the pause in battle to gather its concentration, Django summons Blastoise to the field. He lets out a loud roar that instantly silences the crowd. Blastoise takes aim at the opposition, but Kadabra is fast on the draw. Blastoise is forced to take a direct psychic assault. Oh man, I'm sure he felt that through his shell.

The challenger's Blastoise shakily gets to his feet and after an encouraging glance in the direction of his trainer, he take an offensive stance and fires an immense stream of water

directly at the foe. Kadabra is pushed against the wall of the stadium by the sheer force of the current. This Blastoise has its foe completely on the ropes, and we're looking to the ref... YES! THAT'S IT, THE REF CALLS THE FIGHT! HE'S OUT! HE'S OUT!

Stony Brook University takes the first ever Trans-Regional Championship CUP

Thanks to those of you watching from SBU-TV, or listening through WUSB and a special thanks to those who came out to witness this historical battle.

Strangely descending on the stadium is what appears to be a large Meowth-shaped hot air balloon. I'm not sure if this is part of the event or not...

**“...AND THE ENTIRE ARTICLE WAS COMPRISED OF PULL-QUOTES.”**

**“...like white people, or the food?”**

**“It’s like they weren’t sure what they were for...”**

**“We like, didn’t think it was there, but then like, it was.”**

**“Where were the editors when all of this was happening!?”**

**“Maybe they forgot to write the story?”**

I CAN COME UP WITH SEVERAL PULL-QUOTES OFF THE TOP OF MY HEAD.

**“We were dumbfounded. We had no idea where the quotes came from.”**

**“THEY LEGALIZED SELLING BABIES FOR MAGIC BEANS THE OTHER DAY.”**

**“Your Mom is John Cena.”**

**“WE’RE ANTS.”**



**“Oi!”**

**“I wish I was filled with pepperoni, but instead I am filled with guilt and despair.”**

**“Maybe we should start referencing Jaden Smith tweets.”**

**“They clearly just made that quote take up more room because they were running out of shit to say.”**

**“MILLIONS.”**

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT USING A DS STYLUS AS A Q-TIP?

**“I’m just gonna cosplay being lesbian, not actually be lesbian.”**

**“Anyone tryna play marbles?”**

**“But, like, coral?”**

**“...”**