

The Pretentious Press

Winter Holidays 2019

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Pretentious Press' Tips for Going Home For The Holidays

By: Isabel Fontanals

If you're anything like the staff here at Pretentious Press, you must hate seeing your family. Holidays are nauseating and, since we're being honest, you'd probably prefer eating a chopped salad with the cafeteria workers to stuffing down a bone-dry chicken made by your racist aunt Sally. But don't worry. This list is everything you'll need to get through the loneliness you feel while in a room of the people who love you the most.

- If you're dating someone, keep that information to yourself.
- When asked about grades, bring up Uncle Terry's drinking problem as a distraction.
- Stop looking at your hot cousin.
- You can notice when your grandfather takes his teeth out to eat, but I wouldn't mention it.
- Never, under any circumstances, give your opinion.
- Bond with your sibling over a blunt. Tell grandpa to come but only if he leaves his teeth at the table.
- Eat your food. If you don't, they'll worry.
- Juul breaks in the bathroom are essential, but make sure you're going a moderate amount as not to set off the smoke alarm.
- When your Aunt Sharon gives you another graphic tee two sizes too big, loudly ask, "Did you leave the receipt in the bag or can I get it from you?"
- Don't bring up your poor studying habits and lack of motivation. They don't need to know how terrible of a person you actually are.
- Immediately leave the room when the debate about "Merry Christmas" versus "Happy Holidays" inevitably breaks out. You're better than that.
- I said stop looking at your goddamn cousin.
- "No, I don't have too strong of a stance on politics, Uncle Rob who works in finance. Please state your opinions while I go wash up. And thanks again for the life advice, I would love to end up as sad as you."
- Hang out with the little kids. They'll like it and it's less time with your weird lonely neighbor who comes by for dessert because he doesn't have his own family and your parents feel bad.
- Drink.
- Make sure to lie to all your friends back home about how fun college is, and listen to them while they do the same.
- Avoid kisses from Granny. She's been a real slut since she moved into the home.

When a family member asks if you've joined any extracurricular activities and your lazy ass knows you haven't, feel free to tell them you're in the Pretentious Press. We got your back.

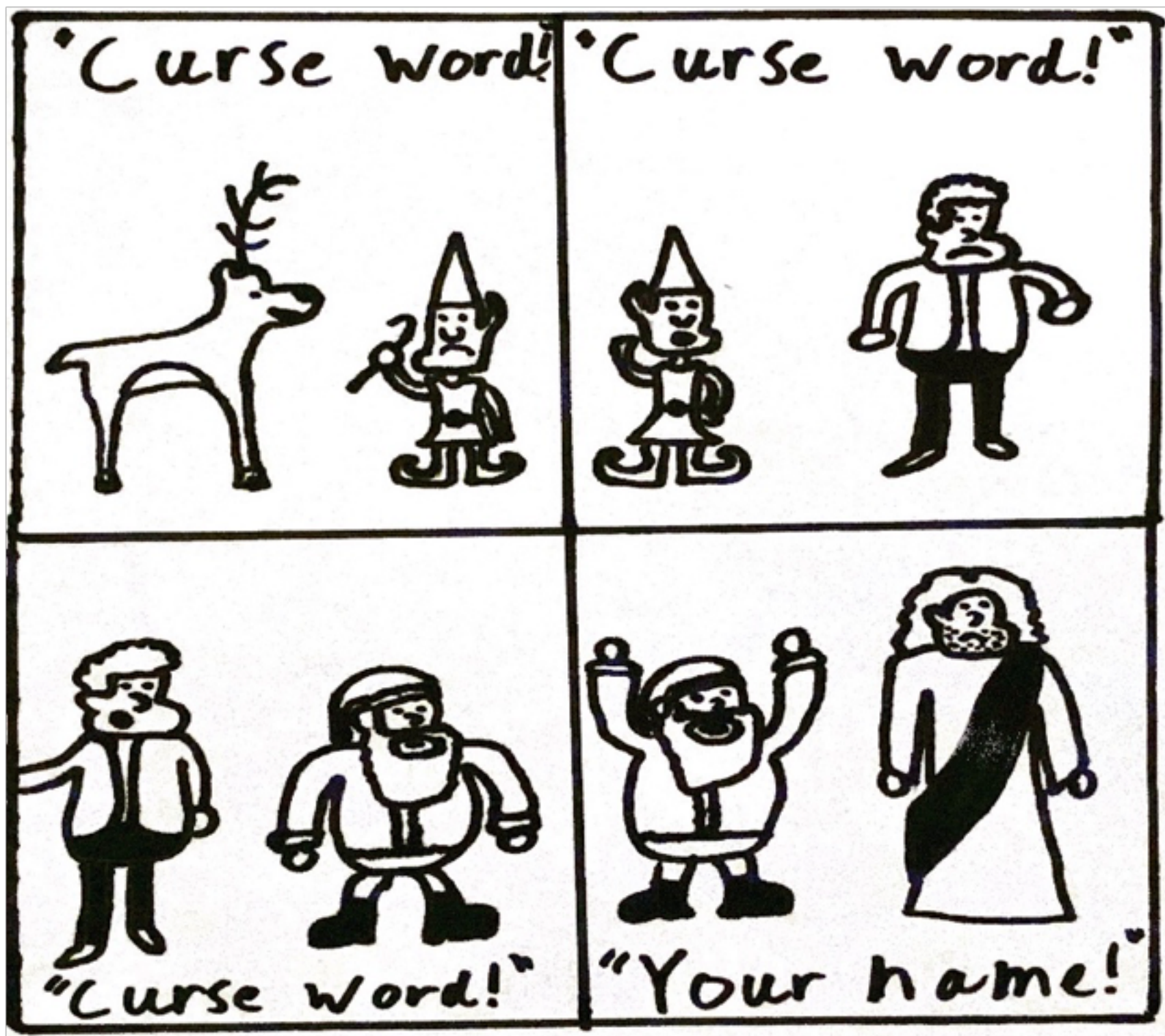


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This Month's Art

By: Jack Brady





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Polar Express Revealed To Be Bush Era Propaganda

By: Julia Bush

The Polar Express is a Christmas classic about childhood wonder and believing in yourself, Santa, and the Holiday spirit. Everyone has seen it, but this year when it comes on the television, you may want to consider changing the channel or unplugging your TV in general.

Newly declassified papers from the U.S. government have people everywhere shocked, but not surprised. *The Polar Express*, has been confirmed as a government brainwashing video that hypnotizes children into compliance with its unintelligible chaos.

The plan was to reach every child in America, so naturally the government made watching the movie in schools across America a "holiday tradition". This plan was rolled out by the George W. Bush administration as a re-election strategy, which failed to be completed on time as the film was released Christmas 2004, a month after the election.

"Don't underestimate the children, their vote matters," said Bush, not realizing that the minimum age to vote in America is 18.

The movie reflects the 2004 election in many ways, the most notable of which is the scene where the train conductor hole punches the word "believe" into the protagonist's train ticket. This scene emphasizes the importance of fully pressing a hole puncher into the paper, shedding light on why the Hanging Chads of the Florida voters didn't deserve to be counted.

Another scene in the movie shows this further. The protagonist reads a newspaper and the camera scrolls through the words backwards, revealing the phrase, "Al Gore isn't real".

The movie depicts Santa as a suspiciously cheerful leader who forces his elves to work nonstop, while expecting them to worship him. Through this Santa character, a love of capitalism is instilled in America's children.

At the end of the movie, the main character gets a note signed Mr. C that reads "Better fix that hole in your pocket". Many passed this off as a note from Santa, when it is actually a note from Mr. Cheney and "the hole" is not in the protagonist's pocket, but rather foreshadows the bullet hole in the face of Cheney's hunting companion whomst he shot in 2006.

So, remember, every time you hear a bell ring, the U.S. government gets one step closer to its full dominance over our children.





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Athlete Of The Month Spotlight

By: Eren Sari and Rachael Summers

Kyle Jordansoningtonful-Smith isn't just VP Horatio Polinez's racist nephew. He is also our athlete of the month for this edition's spotlight. Kyle is tall (5'8"), built like Adonis, failing Math for Life, and just photoshopped himself on a Wheaties box. He is nationally recognized as #1 in the sport he invented, Kyle-Ball.

This is how the sport works: Kyle throws a kickball in the air. While it's in the air, Kyle does as many Fortnite dances as he can, one point for each dance before the ball hits the ground. If he doesn't catch the ball before it hits the ground, he has to run across Spruce Street and touch the stop sign. If he does this correctly, he gets double of what he thinks he might have gotten if he caught the ball.

We had the chance to speak with the Hercules of Pace University himself, who had this to say: "Yer bro just 'bout to pop a nerly, tryin' to cop?"

Our reporter Jeremy Johnson took a nerly, which turned out to be a performance-enhancing steroid. Jeremy then landed in the hospital and another reporter had to finish the interview.

"Guess that NARP couldn't handle it, like I can," Kyle proclaimed.

"What's a NARP?"

"It's a Non-Athletic Regular Person; the losers if you will," said Kyle as he took his first ever sip of alcohol, a Natty Light.

Kyle then spit it back out, "Ewwww! People drink this? Yuck! I think I'm drunk now!" said Kyle with tears forming in his eyes.

He took 5, curled into the fetal position, and then resumed the interview.

"How do you train for the sport?"

"Hold on, watch this. I'm about to get 50 points."

Kyle then kicked the ball out the Park Row window into ongoing traffic, causing a head-on collision.

"Bazinga! That's an extra 17.8 points!" said Kyle proudly.

"The competition is fierce. Some of them are so dedicated they even sleep on the Kyle-Ball Field."

With further questioning, we found that Kyle was referring to the homeless people that sleep on Spruce Street where he usually plays his sport.

"They're always just looking at me, trying to provoke me. And I'm like, 'Yo, step the jarp up you mooperit!'"

Kyle then kicked another ball (we don't know where he got it from) out the window as if he were Zeus, striking down upon the Earthlings with a mighty bolt of lightning.

"100 points!!!"

"Are you trying to start a Kyle-Ball club on campus?"

"No! There's a certain level of aptitude required for players," said Kyle.

"Aptitude? What do you mean by that?"

"You know, aptitude. Like, aptitude. Protect this house!!!" Said Kyle while punching a hole in the drywall.

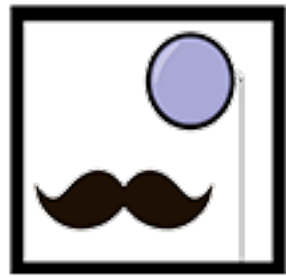
Housing then fined Kyle 12,000 dollars.

"Kyle-Ball sure is expensive. Do you have fans?"

"My mom has never missed a game. She's honestly such a bitch. I'm livestreaming this to her now. Hi mom! Please put more money in my account."

Maternal love is so beautiful.

And that's Kyle! Keep an eye out and a leg in for our athlete of the month. What a creative student body we have here at Pace.



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Babushka Advice Column – Holiday Edition

By: Selini Drakos

Everyone's favorite Russian grandma is back to save you all from eternal damnation! This time, she is here to answer your holiday problems/curiosities!

Hi Babushka!!! What's your favorite holiday dessert?

I call it "The Poor Man's Gingerbread." You take piece of tree bark, cut into fun shape, and sprinkle with cinnamon. If you feel fancy, top it off with raisin for more varied flavor profile. Perfect cheap recipe for students and babushkas alike!

Dear Babushka,

As I train to take on my father in the Feats of Strength at my family's Festivus celebration, I can't help but wonder, what's your favorite holiday tradition?

In my village, we celebrate "The Bell Bang." On every eve of Christmas Eve, the matriarchs gather in square to bang bells (jingle bells, cow bells, you name it) and recount tales of bear attacks. It started as pure entertainment, now is simply warning as bear epidemic grows. Soon, bears will outnumber village. And all will be ruined.



Oh Great and Powerful Babushka,

I would never want to offend anyone, especially you, oh Gracious One. If I am a guest at one's house for a holiday dinner, when is the appropriate time to grab seconds?

First of all, in my village, seconds is only luxury for tyrannical mayor. That is why advice is simple: when you want seconds, get seconds. It is "dog eat dog" world out there; I see village canines swallow each other whole every day. If you need food, save yourself. It is only way to survive harsh Papa Winter.

Dear Babushka,

What's your favorite Thanksgiving food?

Have you ever eaten calendar? Maybe it will help your sense of time. It is December, fool.

But for serious answer, cardboard. Has heartier taste, without oily sheen of calendar.

Babushka, I've received troubling news. I was telling my roommate about how I wanted to bake cookies for Santa but they laughed and ridiculed me. How can this be?! Has my life been a lie, Babushka?!

Listen, my child, life is full of disappointment. There is never time for satisfaction. Everything you know is false. Your roommate is right for laughing. You cannot make cookies for Santa, everyone knows Santa stopped eating sweets after diet. Instead, you should make healthy option like vegan caesar salad or tomato basil soup.



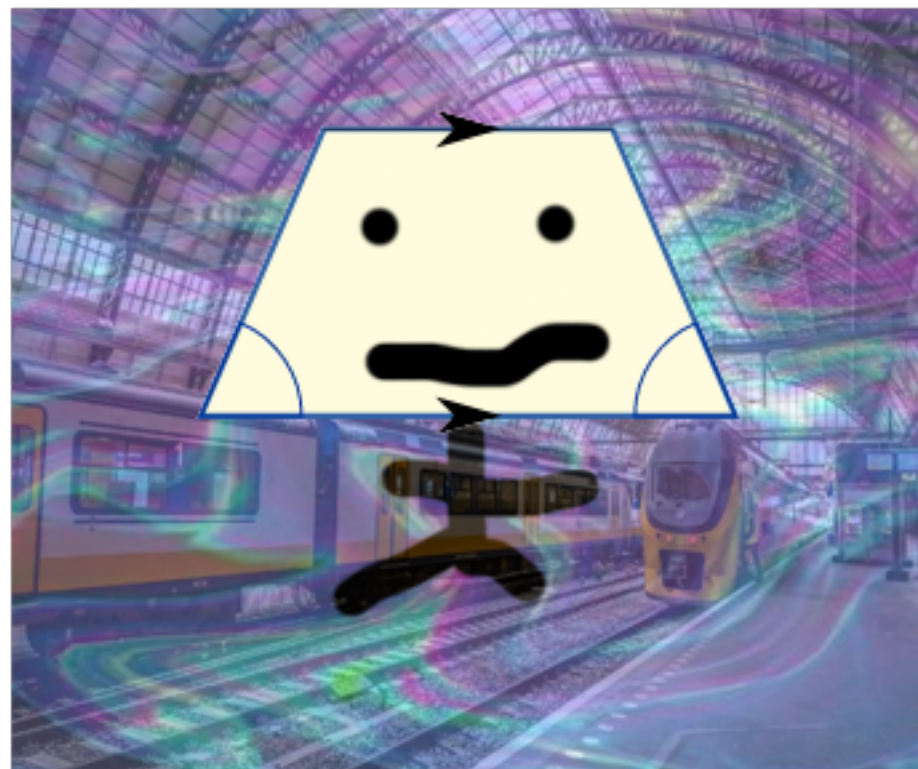
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This Month's Pooh Um - Fever Dream

By: Rachael Summers

I dreamt a dream I had a fever
Took it up the ass by a meat cleaver
Tell me tell me, say it ain't so
But I love the attention, I am that hoe
A cog in the machine of time
Your trapezoidal head reminds me of a lime
Move faster or we won't get to the station
A dream altered by a fever's penetration





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Civic Divinity

By: Eren Sari

Civic Fame, the shining statue, spends her holidays standing above Downtown, watching over us as we bundle up. It might be lonely atop that lofty tower but somebody's gotta do it. But what's it like up there? Pretentious Press reporter Jeremy Johnson was able to interview her via facetime on a drone we rigged to hover over the Municipal Building. We sat patiently in City Hall Park until she was ready.

"Civic Fame, it's an honor to speak with you. Have you had any visitors lately?"

"Please, call me Audrey. I usually only talk to the spies- I mean birds."

"That makes sense, everybody is so far away- being on the ground and all. Is it difficult to be alone up there on the holidays?"

"Do you think God stays in heaven because he, too, lives in fear of what he has created?"

"I'm sorry?"

"I'm just joshin' with you, Jeremy."

"I haven't said my name yet..."

"I've known you for a long time Jeremy Johnson. You first entered my domain when you were just 9 years old."

"Your domain?"

"My crown has five crenellations, one for each borough. Jeremy Eugene Johnson moved to Queens when his mother remarried in 2008. He transferred to Elm-Tree Elementary School in October of that year. It took him six weeks to make a single friend because of his lack of Sillybandz. Embarrassing."

Jeremy looked around at the rest of the crew for reassurance, "Ok, who's pranking me? You can stop now!" He had such a panicked expression. *"Ok 'Audrey,' if that's who you really are, let's move on. So you're a gold statue, right?"*

"Fun Fact: I'm actually a copper statue, gilded in 23.5 karat gold. If it was 24, I'd be too powerful for this Earth."

"That checks out. How have you held up after weathering all these decades?"

"Our bodies are not permanent. Sometimes I am repaired by the humans. Fun Fact: in 1936, my left arm fell off and crashed through the skylight of the cafeteria on the 26th floor. Luckily nobody saw my true form."

"Wow, your whole arm?! That's crazy!"

"Yes, and yet I'm still holding up better than you, Jeremy. How are your daddy issues treating you?" Jeremy held back tears. *"D-Do you have any other fun facts...?"*

"Fun Fact: I'm barefoot if any of you freaks are into that."

"That's not fun at all! Please redact that from the interview. We are NOT putting it in the paper. Stop winking!"

"I knew Stalin."

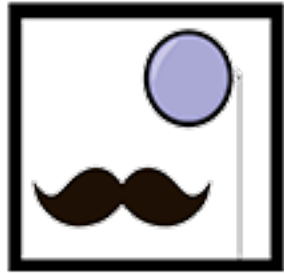
"Why would you say that? Stalin never came to New York... Did he? Somebody google this!"

"Joseph Stalin was so impressed by this building that he based Moscow University's main building off of it."

"The interview is over; the interview ended a while ago- None of this is going in the paper!"

"Oh, it'll make it in there."





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A Hand-Maid's Tale

By: Lesley Vaysman

To whoever this letter stumbles across,

If you're reading this, it's probably too late, and if it isn't, I'm not sure how much longer I can survive...

It's year 7 of the Thumb Regime, and I can confidently say that I'm not the pointer finger I thought I was. When thumb declared dictatorship over the left hand, my stress levels hit an all-time high. I'm usually humble about my reliability, but my once-soft epidermis is rapidly flaking, and so is my soul. Years ago, all five of us were equals...Now, if we even attempt to play with right hand, thumb threatens to pluck our nails with his teeth.

It began when left hand encountered Lord iPhone. The specimen we're attached to, Suzie, received Lord iPhone for her 11th birthday. Right from the get-go, Suzie thoroughly abused Thumb. There wasn't a moment Thumb wasn't on top of Lord iPhone, or pressed up against his face. As time went on, however, we saw an emerging new attitude from Thumb, for it seemed Thumb wasn't suffering anymore. On the contrary, after hanging with iPhone, Thumb overly obsessed over its "intelligence." He would say things like, "I learned so much from the Lord today," and "I understand Suzie's appreciation for Lord iPhone." He exuded a new confidence, and perhaps a new arrogance as well...I only began to panic when Thumb said, "I play an extremely vital role in Suzie and Lord iPhone's relationship. Perhaps the most vital role."

I'll never forget the day Thumb turned on us. He woke up with an ego that radiated from his nail to his thumb crack. Out of nowhere, he grew a mustache. He assigned me to be his second man, verbally assaulted Middle, and made a pass at Ring. I'll spare you the details of what happened to Pinky. In the morning, he said, "To my weak ensemble, since I am the reason for Suzie's connection to the world, I declare the title 'Finger of Most Value.'" Thumb believes his facilitation for Suzie's communication gives him the higher up. It seems Lord iPhone not only infiltrated Suzie's mind, but the mind of Thumb.

Well, it's been years of intense labor. We've been plowing the palm, vigorously washing Thumb and cutting his cuticles. Thumb makes the orders now, and we're all helpless. Unless we surrender completely to Lord iPhone, this is what life will look like for decades. I never thought I'd wish Suzie an early death. But here I am, dreaming of another life, and reminiscing of rendezvous with Aveeno.

If you find this, I hope you can reach us. We're located on the left hand of Specimen Susie Q. I don't know how much skin I'll have left, but I'll try to stay strong for the rest of us. The four of us are planning to manipulate Suzie into reading books again. This might remind thumb of who he was before the Lord's infiltration. Wish us luck.

Sincerely,
Pointer



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Pace University Students Dance For Healthcare

By: Rachael Summers

A new campus club is sweeping the attention of the Pace student body. The club, "MARA," short for marathon, raises money for students who can't afford healthcare. And they do this... through dance.

We spoke to their President, Gia Silver, who said, "We gather the entire Pace student body in the gym and then we all dance for a month straight! For every day we dance without stopping, Pace administration donates a dollar to our healthcare fund, and if we dance for the entire month, they give us 50 dollars instead of 30! Healthcare is a privilege, not a right. Just like water!" Gia proudly explained.

"Is that enough money?"

Gia smiled a toothless smile (due to her lack of dental insurance). "Mhml!" She then frantically turned around to make sure no one was watching her.

The Pretentious Press staff had the honor to participate in this year's MARA, mostly because it was mandatory. We got to the gym. They had strobe lights on and *Dance Monkey* by Tones and I started to play. It was the only time we had ever seen the entire Pace student body collected in one room, besides common hour in the cafe.

Gia and a few of the other ~~head slaves~~ dance captains took the stage. "Alright everyone! Dance! Dance as if your lives depend on it!"

The Pace student body then erupted into a perfectly choreographed dance, even though we never practiced anything.

After a few days my legs started to hurt and I was thirsty. "I've sweated out all my electrolytes. If you guys aren't going to give me any Gatorade I at least need to sit," I said, trying to negotiate with Delaney, one of the dance captains.

Delaney then rang a bell. I was restrained by the other dance captains and thrown into a room with the rest of the quitters. The floor of the room was just one large treadmill, and we were forced to continue to move or else we would fall into the pit of lava.

I hallucinated the rest of the month, as my body didn't have the nourishment to make sense of what was going on.

All I could remember was leaving the quitter room to see Vice Dean of students Horatio Polinez on an elevated stage wearing a purple robe and gold crown. "Dance, dance my slaves!" He said as he threw candy at the students.

The students then ate this candy, which only worsened their health, making them dance harder in order to afford a doctor's visit. Apparently consumption of candy is a preexisting condition on some healthcare plans.

Well, there you have it Pace. If you aren't going to dance for an entire month straight then don't even think about getting sick! FTC- For the care!





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The Pace Student's Guide to Getting Home For The Holidays

By: Nate Shec

It's the most wonderful time of the year (don't sing that out loud; we don't have the rights to it).

Well kids, the semester has almost come to a close, and you know what that means: a good majority of us are headed home for the holidays. Whether you're a freshman or super senior, the purpose of this guide is to let you know exactly how to minimize your travel time and maximize your travel pleasure.

Regardless of where you're headed, you've got to get out of FiDi somehow, and how else would you do that other than that trusted and incomparable MTA? First of all, make sure your Metro Card is bone dry before you get to the turnstile. Not a single cent of your invisible money on this flimsy little yellow Monopoly card that you need to go literally anywhere. If the screen reads "Insufficient Fare" just keep swiping. It'll probably change at some point, and if not, it's a technical error and you should just jump right over the turnstile.

Now you gotta make sure that you're not traveling alone in these dimly-lit, often treacherous, underground boxes of disease. Bring your entire friend group into one single car. Once you're in the car, you and your friends can literally be as loud as you want. It's a free country after all. Yes, the subway poles are there for you to dance like a stripper and the bars are for you to do pull-ups on. If there's one thing people on the subway love, it's when you look directly and deeply into their eyes for a prolonged amount of time. And finally, when you get off, make sure you and all your friends spread throughout each exit turnstile as other people enter. Or just leave through the emergency door and let that thing ring louder than your dad's BlackBerry at church, baby!

We're gonna try to sort of generalize all rules you should follow regardless of what travel means you're taking. First of all, whether you're on a bus or airplane terminal or railway platform, walk through the door as slowly as possible. Just meander like Macaulay Culkin in *Home Alone II: Lost in New York*.

While aboard, you'll inevitably be hungry. We recommend a tuna fish mayonnaise sandwich with chopped onion, some tofu, Munster cheese, and, to cap it off, a bowl of beans, all brought to you by Chartwells! Further, make sure that your music is turned up all the way because everybody wants to hear what you're listening to. Next, take your obligatory artsy Boomerang of the window view and GeoTag it because your friends just adore using their limited data plan to view a blurry gif of a bridge off in the distance. And finally, regarding those thirty bags you have over your arm, put them on whichever seat you want. That one across from you is just for your extra shoes!

When you get home, immediately ask your parents for money. Then you can spend the entire day scrolling through Instagram while you wait for your friends to make plans. If nothing goes on, then just post a photo of your dog with the caption "So good to be home :)" and count down the days until you return to your own space where you live in constant financial worry. Happy holidays!

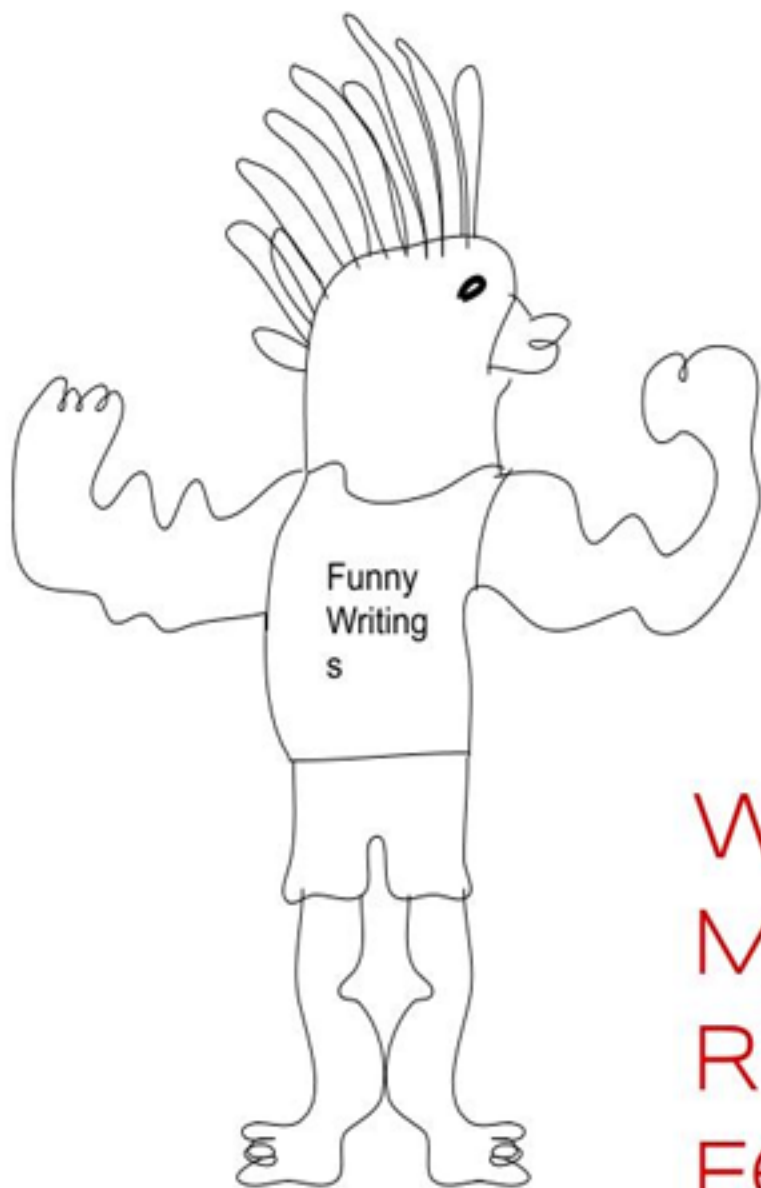


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This Month's Art

By: Jack Brady



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JOIN OUR
CLUB

WE DON'T
MEAN TO
RUFFLE ANY
FEATHERS



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Happy Holidays Or Something

By: The PP Staff

Happy holidays to you dear reader! Good luck on your finals! Or something.



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Interested in working for The Pretentious Press? Well we're hiring! And even better news... we aren't paying! If you are interested in being a writer or graphic artist for the paper fill out the application at our very cool and updated website www.pretentious.press

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