



The Pretentious Press

February 2020

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Tenure Professor Shoots Student In Head, Not Fired

By: Rachael Summers

We hope you enjoyed your holiday break Pace University students. Unfortunately, we return to you this month with heartbreaking news. Last Thursday, Tenure Professor of Mathematics Dr. James Becker accidentally shot his student Thomas Pena in the head. The school administration decided not to fire Dr. Becker, they were then informed that Thomas didn't die. They still remained confident in their decision.

Says Vice Dean of Students Horatio Polinez on the matter, "We give all Tenure professors a gun and badge because they earned it. I'm not gonna fire the guy. Accidents happen! We've all made mistakes. Just ask my wife... 's murder investigator."

"What caused you to shoot Thomas?" asks Pretentious Press reporter Jeremy Johnson to Dr. Becker.

"He came into my office hours and it scared the sh*t out of me! I made them at 6 am so no one could come bother me. That's my me time. Kind of selfish of him to interrupt like that. Good thing the first few shots missed him."

"You shot him multiple times?!?"

"Yes. But only one bullet hit him. I'm not a monster. And it was just the parietal cranial bone. Nothing important."

We spoke to Thomas, the student who was shot, "This is so unfair. I was in the hospital for a few days and I missed some homework assignments. Dr. Becker wouldn't excuse me from them! Even though he's the reason I was in the hospital. Now I have to retake his finite class. Having to retake that class is the worst thing that's ever happened to me." "Didn't you almost die?" "I know what I said."

Dr. Becker continues to defend himself against the enraged student body, "You kids are so coddled these days. Back in my day, a professor shot you in the head - you sucked it up. You don't have to go making a big deal out of it whining 'oh I almost died! I almost died!' I almost died too you know. Back in Vietnam. I was kidnapped by the Americans. Thankfully I escaped."

In the wake of this incident, Dr. Becker has been given a grant by the school so he can go to Fiji and clear his head. Thomas on the other hand, has been expelled for his lack of motor skills post-lobotomy. So Pace, there's not much we as students can do except to be careful, and not bother our professors during their office hours. And also, wear kevlar.



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This Month's Art

By: Jack Brady and Kennison Amill





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I Don't Want To Die, I Just Want To Be In An Accident

By: Isabel Fontanals

Imagine. A comfortable hospital bed that moves up and down on your command. Get well cards surround your half of the curtain split room, reminding you of how much attention you're getting. People stop to see you and bring you gifts. Oh, you don't want to talk to them anymore?

"You know I'm actually supposed to be resting the doctor said..." They leave immediately, thanking you for the precious time you spared for them.

Excused from work and classes. You're focusing on fighting for your health right now, and fighters don't write papers. Your parents are so happy you're alive that they've decided to give their marriage another shot.

You sit in your hospital gown as the nurse who just dropped off pudding leaves. Her name is Cecila, and she's been at the hospital for years but is sick and tired of all this union BS. Amen Cece, amen. You begin to relax as your hospital neighbor Noah Centineo walks in to chat. He is always checking in on you. You have an ongoing joke that he only comes in to try and steal your pudding, but what he doesn't know is that Cece laces your pudding with Ketamine and if he were to eat it, the high dosage would kill him instantly.

This time, however, he is only here to drop off a CD he burned for you. He places it on your mechanically confusing bedside table with a smile. You call him a stupid asshole and remind him that no one listens to CDs anymore. You spit in his direction but it doesn't even reach his wheelchair. "I don't even have a CD player you slimy piece of shit. Goddamn, you're a fucking idiot. Get out of my sight or I'll have your body cut in half within the hour".

As Noah Centineo leaves, confused and aroused, he accidentally knocks over one of your greeting cards so you shoot him in the face with a gun. The breeze coming from the fall of his wheelchair cuts through your gown. You hope the recoil from the gun hurts your shoulder enough to keep you in the hospital for at least a little longer. The real world is no longer an option for you.

Cece runs in after hearing the shot. "What happened?" You look away for a few seconds then answer, "He wasn't made for this life. Not everyone is."

Cece, a loyal nurse, disposes of the body and switches out your I.V. fluid. "Together forever," she says as she clocks out for the day. "

Amen Cece, amen," you say in reply. A warm smile crosses both of your faces. And that was how I met your mother.



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The Do's and Don'ts of Faking Confidence

By: Will "Mr. Cool and Collected" Cousineau

Midterms are coming up and Valentine's Day has already passed. That means your confidence and self-worth are probably in shambles after your crush refused to even talk to you long enough for you to ask them out. But not to worry! With this helpful guide, you will soon rock all your classes and make your ex-crush regret they ever would do such a thing- all by being so cool and confident that even the statues in New York avert their eyes in awe of you.

Do be one with nature. Learn to attune your spirit with the natural habitat of New York City- it's a jungle out there! Take a leaf out of our beloved Crab Girl's book, and dress like a pigeon. Then join your brethren outside of One Pace Plaza and eat food off the ground. If anyone approaches, coo very loudly and flap your arms while hopping away from them. Once you have mastered the art of being a pigeon, your soul will automatically know where and when the best places to annoy everyone around you are.

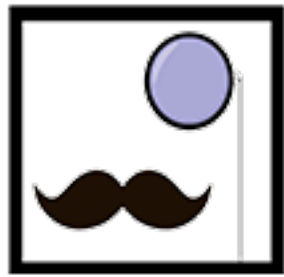
Do Not wear shoes. Shoes are a sign of weakness. Everyone knows New Yorkers go barefoot in order to step on as many shards of glass as possible. Do not clean your feet. Walk through as much garbage and dirt as you can. This builds character. And character = confidence. It's also a great conversation starter. A fertile young person may ask you, "Where are your shoes?" You give them a smirk. They are then smitten.

Do fake it until you make it. People say this a lot when it comes to gaining confidence. Fake being so confident that you think everyone else sucks. Fake your own name, and fake that you actually got into NYU instead of Pace, but you decided to come here to help the rest of us simpletons be as great as you. And if you really want to get your crush to like you, fake your own death (optional, but recommended), befriend some really rich guy so that when he dies, you get all his money. Then, when your crush gets a house and gets married, buy a house directly across the lake from them and throw huge extravagant parties in hopes that they will come over and fall in love with you. Don't get a pool though, and if you hit anyone with your car, you might want to apologize.

Do Not admit your mistakes. Ever. Don't apologize, don't even acknowledge that something went wrong. Accidentally bump into somebody on the street? Continue walking. Accidentally kill a man in front of his family? Continue walking. If the rich white men of this country can do it, so can you! You never want to admit defeat or show weakness. If you pretend that you are a really good person (even if it does result in the death of certain people), at least part of the country will believe you!

Now that you have internalized and taken to heart each and every single word I've put on this page, you will in fact be confident! I can already feel the coolness oozing off of you, which means you are ready to show the world your new self.

Good luck, and good confidence!



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Exposed: Secret School of Wizardry

By: Eren Sari

Have you ever seen anything out of the ordinary at Pace? That's what I thought! Whether it's students levitating, the cashiers always knowing our birthdays, or the hidden swimming pool on the fifth floor, crazy things are always happening around us. So I set out on a mission to uncover the secrets behind such oddities. Little did I know, the oddities would find me.

I knew that the more I searched for the magic, the more I would attract- so I attempted to recreate the story of Harry Potter by moving into a closet under some stairs. Unfortunately in Manhattan that was a little expensive for my budget, so I settled for an entire estate on Staten Island. Anyway, I was just minding my own business in the library, when I was interrupted by a figure in a trenchcoat, asking me if I wanted a bagel.

"This is not just a regular bagel," they said.

"That's an everything bagel! I'll take it!"

I grabbed it and took a bite before they could say anything else. As my teeth broke into its crunchy exterior I heard time slow down as the figure in the trenchcoat screamed, "Wait!" for I was quick to find out that this was not just an everything bagel but an Everything Bagel. I was no longer a normal college student, but one with powers beyond mortal imagination. I had done it. I would finally be granted admission into Pace University's Secret School of Magic, also known as the College of Conjuring. And that's the real reason our tuition is so expensive.

Suddenly I was able to see "The Pace Path" which was, in fact, a real thing and not just a figure of speech. This yellow brick road led me to the fountain in the courtyard, which is actually a portal to the wizards' lounge. That's where I found it. The entire Math department. That's where they've been this whole time!

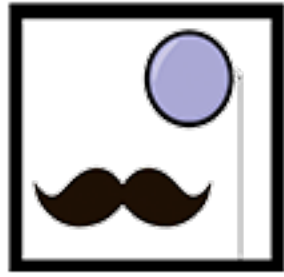
I was so excited, I was going to be the hero to rescue the entire Math Department and bring it back to Pace. I tried to lead the dean out of there, until he said, "Don't you see? There is no Math Department at Pace."

"What..?"

"We are the Math Magicians."

He then proceeded to write the Pythagorean theorem on a board. Such witchcraft. Such heresy. I knew I couldn't be a part of this way of life. I tried to leave, but the dean of the math department *integrated* me. I was trapped in the boundary conditions he set. I panicked. But then I remembered what I learned the night before my calc final. I started deriving myself to cancel out the integration and suddenly I was free. I screamed, "5 divided by 0!" paralyzing the math magicians. I was then able to escape and relinquish my magical powers back to Waverly Place in The Village, where they belong.

Fin.



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I'm Sorry, But It's Over: A Letter To My Pediatrician

By: Isabel Fontanals

Oh you Jewish queen you. I will never forget the time we spent together. Me, sick and gross, you, a lady my parents pay to take care of me. It's an intimate relationship we share. One of deep breaths in and scoliosis checks. I remember the year I got my period and how my mom asked if I would feel more comfortable with a woman doctor. Honestly, I think it was more her who would have felt uncomfortable if I saw a male doctor during my peak teenage years, but nonetheless I agreed, and my next check-up was with you.

You introduced yourself, my mom introduced me, and the rest was history. Medical history to be more specific. No, I may not remember your name, but I remember the special chats we used to have.

How've you been?

Good.

Any issues lately?

No.

Your period regular?

Yea.

Then you'd ask my mom to leave the room so I could lie and tell you I haven't been sexually active, and then you'd remind me of the correct precautions to take if I'd decided to take that next step. Ah, what a slippery slope memory lane is.

When I was younger, I played with blocks in the Sick Child area even when I was healthy. I figured the kids who don't care about their health must be cooler than the nerds in the Well Child area. The gigantic waiting room fish tank was the most important thing in my life. So many Dory's swimming around, waiting for me to press my face to their glass home which I'm sure was layered with boogers and ill children saliva

Then the nurse would call my name and I'd end the staring contest I was having with that one catfish, and look forward to picking the bandaid to cover my recently pricked finger. For some reason I loved having to pee into a cup. It makes me feel good that to someone, my urine is important.

Back to our relationship. Sometimes I replay the voicemail you left me in response to my call in which I expressed concerns of me having ADHD. I never do finish the voicemail however. Too long. I do hear the part where you said this may be something you discuss with a specialist since you can't treat a patient of 18 years or older for this.

And just like that, it was over. My mother made the call to a "regular doctor", with a waiting room consisting of TIME magazines in place of Highlights, and strictly beige bandaids only. Today I am grown and healthy all because of you. Thank you for your appropriately cold companionship through the years. In return, I promise to never come back and make you pretend that you remember me.



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I'm Sorry, But It's Over: A Letter To My Pediatrician (Artwork)

By: Eren Sari





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