



The Pretentious Press

Winter Holidays 2018

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Local Cockroach Enrolls As Undergraduate Student

By: Autumn Sancho

Pace University just hit a major milestone last semester as the first ever Cockroach registered into the class of 2022. Although this school has been known for its diversity, Pace is breaking even more barriers - it is finally opening its doors to the insect population that has infested the building for decades.

What began as a single cockroach scuttling about through the building transformed into a daily commute as faculty and students noticed this specific roach was different. As opposed to the multitude of cockroaches spotted consistently, this one scuttled with brisk purpose and played loud indie music in his airpods. As soon as he was heard complaining about the construction, the 30 minute wait for the west wing elevators, or the massive Starbucks line, it was clear that he was one of the student population.

One of our editors was able to catch up with this student as he was spotted in the library, wearing a turtleneck, sipping tea, and mysteriously reading for fun by himself.

Conrad, at a stature of 1 inch and a half, with dark messy hair covering his antennas, and a general aura of elusiveness, plans to double major in Philosophy and Peace and Justice studies with a minor in Women's and Gender Studies.

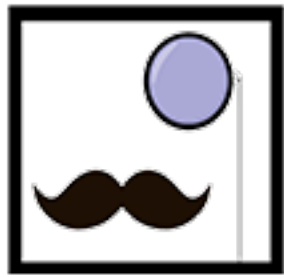
"It all began when I hatched from my egg in the kitchen and saw glimpses of a life outside. I just always knew I was destined for brighter pastures and bluer skies outside of the Cafeteria, the 3rd floor East Wing women's bathrooms, and the John Street basement lounge."

"Had my great, great grandparents not nested in Maria's Tower all those years ago and spread their eggs around, I wouldn't be where I am today. I really owe this opportunity to them and to the administration for not caring. But then again, the life of a cockroach is lonely, nasty, atrocious, and short so nothing truly matters. Life is futile and we're all going to die one day."

Conrad has been since spotted on a regular basis seated next to all the juuling students. The little roach fits right in on the stoop smoking a single cigarette, drinking pure black coffee, and looking wistfully into the distance as he contemplates the many meanings of existence. "You can chain me, you can torture me, you can even destroy this body, but you will never imprison this mind. This one is funny" (Gandhi)

"I just think it's so wonderful to see Conrad being the first of his family and species to get a degree. It's so inspirational, I don't know if I could do that, he's really influential you know and he dresses so well - have you seen his clogs?" said one freshman, who gushed when asked what she thought of her mysterious classmate.

All in all, Conrad is paving the way for many students to access education across the nation. It wouldn't be surprising to see a New York City rat or one of the trash bags outside on the curb grow legs and a brain to pursue a life of knowledge at 1 Pace Plaza.



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Pace Closes All Entrances and Exits; No Way In, No Way Out

By: Sarah Baker

Vice Dean of Students Horatio Polinez recently announced an update in the Master Plan which states that all entrances and exits at Pace University will be closed. Security is thrilled that they no longer have to be on guard at all times, though students have found a way to sneak into the building.

"It's simple, really," says Rick, a Pace senior who's seen it all. "If you just climb the scaffolding on Spruce Street, jump into the garden where people used to smoke weed, there's a tunnel underneath the tulip plants that leads into the abandoned men's locker rooms on the cellar level. Here's where it gets hard: the ghost is a former basketball coach at Pace and he'll ask you a sports question. Distract him and Google the answer (you go to Pace so you obviously will not know) and he'll let you by, where you can then take the back elevator, transfer at the 3rd floor, and climb three flights of stairs to get to your class."

Other students are in favor of the entrance shut-down, such as Alex, a freshman psychology student. "Really, they closed all entrances and exits? Honestly, I didn't notice," he told us. "I mean, I live in Maria's Tower, and we have the Wall Mall, so."

"When was the last time you saw the sun?"

Pretentious Press reporter Jonathan Johnson asked Alex.

"Oh... that bright orb that floats in the sky and disappears at 3 pm in winter months? I've forgotten it. I've forgotten its warm kisses on my skin. My cells have forgotten what vitamin D is. I'm a prisoner in my own home," concludes Alex, tears falling down his face.

Others, however, are not taking it so well. The RAs have begun herding people into the gym and sorting them into teams. "When we have to begin rationing food," said Hannah, a John Street RA, "I'm going to want the biggest and the baddest on my team. And this is Pace, so that means lesbians and one particular turtle-wielding cafeteria employee."

We at Pretentious Press are just glad that in these divisive times, we can say with confidence that once the student body resorts to cannibalism, whoever posted all of the photos of Brett Kavanaugh on Pace bulletin boards will be the first to go.





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Crab Girl Wreaks Havoc on Pace University

By: Rachael Summers

It's a bird! It's a plane! No, stop looking out the window and naming things. Avert your head slightly to the left, it's Crab Girl!

She's in her uniform, a red morphsuit with red converse. She's doing what she always does- Diving under tables in the library, stealing people's shoes, and putting them into her sack.

Where did crab girl come from? We asked Vice Dean of Students Horatio Polinez to recount Crab Girl's origins,

"When I was a student at Pace back in the groovy 60's, some kids were reporting a girl in a red morphsuit clacking like a crab. Now, we all assumed that they were tripping on LSD. But then, other people started seeing her too. But they were also on LSD. We were all on LSD. It was the 60's. What do you want me to say?"

No one really knows where crab girl came from. What we do know is that she loves eating soup with her hands.

"I was in the caf getting some chicken noodle soup when all of the sudden this red freak took it from me and started shoving it down her throat with her bare hands," recounts finance major Rebecca Smith.

"Why did she cut out a mouth hole in her morphsuit? Is it for the sole purpose of eating soup with her bare hands? Does she know what a spoon is, or can she not use one on account of her crab claws?" inquires Professor of Philosophy Dr. Collins.

"Hey hey, ho ho, crab girl has got to go! Hey hey, ho ho, crab girl has got to go!" chanted students of the Anti-Crab-Girl-Club last Friday night by the stoop. "I don't want this freak going around my school scaring people! And I want my shoes back!" said the club's president, Francis Toor.

"Love is all we have! And Crab Girl deserves love too. Crab girl, I love you," says Peace and Justice Studies major Tara Waters.

While students can't come to a conclusion on Crab Girl, we asked the creature herself to comment on the societal impact she has left in her wake, "There is pleasure in the pathless woods, there is rapture in the lonely shore, there is society where none intrudes, by the deep sea, and music in its roar; I love not Man the less, but Nature more.' Lord Byron said that. Clack clack bitches."





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Pace Student Gets Mugged, Loses Laptop, Still Saves Final Research Paper

By: James Day

On Wednesday, while most of the student body at Pace was in their dorms hoping to receive the call that classes were cancelled, Bobby Jones was busy fighting off the local 93-year-old hairdresser Dinah for his Louis-Vuitton Supreme collab briefcase.

Bobby reported walking out of the massage parlor inside the 2/3 Subway station on William when Dinah came up to him with large sheers threatening to take his Louis bag. "It all happened so fast," recalls Bobby, "One minute I was leaving my five-dollar underground massage and the next some woman was cutting the strap to my Louis/Supreme bag!" Bobby says it took all his courage to fight Dinah for his bag. "It had the only copy of my final research paper on the efficiency of The Roman Empire and if a monarchy would a viable option in modern Italy!"

Bobby explains how they finally came to an agreement and Dinah let copy his paper to Google Drive before cutting the other end of the straps and running. "At least I have the paper, and the straps she left behind have an impeccable inverted choppy bob."

Bobby explained that the paper was worth way more than the bag because the paper was hand-written on priceless papyrus for "aesthetic purposes" and that the bag was just from some stranger in Chinatown. Bobby also confessed how he was so impressed with the cuts on the straps that he eventually tracked down Dinah and now gets regular haircuts from her.





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Report: Local Dealer Now Takes Flex Dollars

By: Jack McManus

MARIA'S TOWER -- Stunning news today as Vice Dean of Students Horatio Polinez announced a new partner with Pace University's flex program: local dealer Kaleb Johnson. "We're hoping this addition will make the program so much more lit," Polinez said, in a desperate attempt to be hip.

Students all across campus have expressed excitement that they can now purchase pot on their parents' dime. "It's really nice, that I no longer have to pretend that I have to purchase textbooks so that my parents will send me a little bit of cash," said a sophomore.

The mural in the Pace cafeteria has now been updated: instead of a location for Johnson, the mural has three question marks and a phone number to call.

When asked about the program, Johnson had this to say: "I'm excited to join the long line of businesses that charge too much for things but stay in business solely due to accepting flex dollars."

Obituary: Brody's Bagels Was Fine

By: Jack McManus

Brody's Bagels, a restaurant that served bagels best described as "fine," closed its Financial District location this past July. The branch, which was sitting at three and a half stars on Yelp, was a staple of Fulton Street.

The Pace community has been devastated by the news, with a restaurant-that-went-under-as-soon-as-college-students-went-home-for-the-summer-shaped hole in their hearts. "Where will I go to get bagels now?" said junior Emma Baker, referring to a restaurant whose own website could only manage to muster up the praise "New York bagels."

"I remember once eating their apple walnut cream cheese. It was pretty good so I bought extra to put in my fridge. Then it went bad. Like really quickly. I don't think that their food was meant to last more than 24 hours," concludes sophomore Haley Miller, who also added that she would still eat at the Denny's that used to be across the street from Pace given the opportunity.

In lieu of flowers, the restaurant that served perfectly passable bagels (if you were from the Midwest and didn't know any better) only requests that you spend your money at any other decent breakfast place within walking distance of Maria's Tower.



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This Month's Art

By: Autumn Sancho





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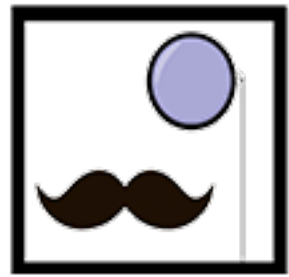
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This Month's Poem

By: Rachael Summers

Sandwich

*I messily eat my sandwich in front of the camera to woo the security guard
I'm sure watching it they'd rather die hard
I'm the temptress, with mayo on my face
Later to be crowned the sexiest girl at Pace
Lettuce drips down my tomato juice covered chin
For the person sitting next to me disgusting- for me a win
Do you enjoy watching me eat this sandwich?
Or is it too much to handle and it makes you flinch?*



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