



# The Pretentious Press

September 2019

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## Chartwells Revealed To Be Secretly Owned By Pepto-Bismol

By: Rachael Summers

Hello reader,

Welcome back to Pace. We return to you with some unfortunate news. Not only have we been tricked, but we were also hoodwinked AND bamboozled, in that specific order.

Last week, economics major and narcissist Aiden Miller found that ten years ago, the company that operates out of the Pace caf, Chartwells, was secretly bought by Pepto-Bismol. "This is how it works: Chartwells enables students to obtain diarrhea, they then purchase Pepto-Bismol, thus making the company money," business professor Dr. Eric Rolland explains. "It's classic vertical integration."

He goes on to say, "Normally the government would implement regulations to prevent a deal like this from happening, but that would require them to care about the well-being of the general population."

Astonishing.

We spoke to Pace University Vice Dean of Students Horatio Polinez about the issue. He had this to say: "The deal was messy. About as messy as the bathrooms the first week of school when everyone is readjusting to the food." Vice Dean Polinez adjusts his silk robe and continues to eat his caviar. "Here's the thing. Pace is full of subsidiaries; everything is owned by something else. The math department is owned by Chegg, and the library is owned by a 13 year old boy making an investment with his bar mitzvah money. That's just how you run a business."

To no surprise, the Pace student body is not happy about the purchase. Junior communications major Madison Stevens articulates, "This isn't fair. My body has to take a beating just because Pepto-Bismol wants to make more money? This is crazy! You don't know what I've been through," she pauses. "I tore my anus last semester. It was horrible. It felt like I was sh\*tting knives. I can't talk about this anymore," Madison said as she left crying, a stream of blood following her as she waddled away.

Most people would expect there to be legal issues involved in the deal, but Pepto-Bismol referred us to their medical expert on retainer, Dr. Leo Spaceman, who had this to say: "A little bit of blood in your stool isn't a bad thing. It's just your body telling you that you have too much blood, and the only way to get it out is through the anus." Very confusing, but he's a certified doctor, so he must be right.

Unfortunately there is nothing we can do about this deal, fellow Pace students. All we can say is avoid the meat, be wary of the eggs, and keep your diarrhea bucket close. Godspeed. Especially as you run to the bathroom.



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## The Solution To Elevator Congestion

By: Gillian Ramirez and Sophia Alaniz

If you're a Pace student, you know the struggles of waiting in the elevator lines and being late to class. In the past, students could be found setting up camp in front of the elevators, with supplies including 65-liter backpacks, dromedary, tents, sleeping bags, pocket rockets, and instant meals. They would even fight to the death over a space in the elevator, or if they made it on, panic over the lack of any personal space.

One Pace freshman actually died after waiting for an elevator for five days. "I've never seen anything like it," comments John Muller, a sophomore, "but I'm not that surprised given how awful the elevators are at Pace." The average wait time for the elevator is one to five business days, and some students have reported even waiting a whole week.

But now, there's no need to wait any longer, because we present to you a new and exciting way to get to class in half the time! Pace will offer catapult services that vault you directly into your classroom. The machine is easy to use and extremely convenient. All you have to do is put in your room number and a huge catapult will launch you directly into the air at 80 miles per hour, leaving you right outside of your classroom.

One senior said, "I love it! It saves so much time and it's pretty safe. Except when someone accidentally closes the window and you get thrown into it. Other than that, I think it's a great idea." There have been a few incidents of students smashing through windows and breaking them. It's very simple; if you see yourself about to smash into the window, just don't. Physically stop yourself from moving midair. Besides some injuries from students getting thrown into the side of buildings or colliding with someone midair, the catapult is foolproof.

We interviewed a rare student that refuses to use this new and amazing system. "One of my friends used the catapult and he never made it to class. It threw him so far he literally exited the atmosphere." It sounds like he was just trying to get out of his student loan debts to us, but okay.

There have been some reports of the catapult sending people to the wrong room on purpose, but obviously a machine can't have a mind of its own and revolt against humans. Fortunately, Pace isn't responsible for any injury or death caused by the catapult, so don't even bother reporting it. And if the catapult even was purposely sending people to the wrong classrooms, it was only a few freshmen, so who cares. They would've gone to the wrong class anyway! We love the catapult here and anyone who still uses the elevator has been ostracized from the Pace Community.

Pace is finally being progressive and taking a technological step forward. The catapult is a brilliant idea that everyone should be using. And if you haven't used it yet, don't worry! The machine knows everyone that has been avoiding it and will make sure you use it one way or another. Why fight it? You don't want to get launched up 6 stories at 80 miles an hour? What are you, a loser? Are you scared? Just give in to peer pressure and use it. If you refuse, the catapult will find you!





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## Journey to Pleasantville/A Pleasant Place

By: Eren Sari

Every now and then, somebody has to go check on the Pleasantville campus to make sure things are ok over there. Most NYC students will never see their sister school up north, which is such a missed opportunity. Why not take the trip and catch a football game or throw a frisbee on the green and have the iconic college experience for once?

I happened to be chosen to visit Pace Pleasantville during spirit week, so I prepared myself aptly by bringing the one piece of school merch I own. I got it for free while I was working the welcome wagon as a bin pusher. I knew it was going to be a long weekend away from the fashion battle grounds of FiDi so I also packed my most sensible casual clothes for the rest of the trip. Surely, I would fit into a real college campus in my cheetah print velvet tracksuit and Timberlands.

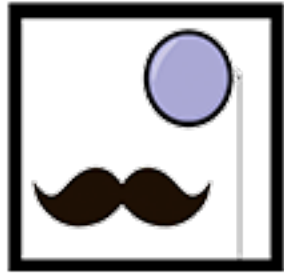
I almost missed the shuttle over because a piece of scaffolding nearly crushed me on the way. It knocked a sign down in front of me saying "Don't Go" which blocked the sidewalk. How irritating! I can't really recall the journey to Pleasantville as I fell asleep on the way there. It must have taken quite a while though because it was dark when I arrived and we left promptly that morning. The first thing I saw were the stars. Mesmerizing. It was like the tiny windows of a million very tall skyscrapers.

I was met by Chad, a campus ambassador, while I was admiring the constellations. I asked what his sign was but he didn't know. He was kind enough to provide me with a Pace sweatshirt so that I could better fit into the festivities. Maybe Chad is a Virgo? I was soon met by Chad's friends, Thad and Tad who kindly requested I remove my bedazzled knee pads from my current ensemble. Yeah, I guess I wasn't using them. They gave me a tour of their expansive, lush, vibrant, quiet, endless, thrilling, soft, Pleasant godly campus green. It seemed like we had been walking on that green for hours. I was beat.



When I woke up the next morning, it was still dark. Chad explained that it was simply important for the festivities. We attended a series of sporting events, my memories become more and more hazy as they went on. Flocks of geese joined us in the festivities of leisure. Next thing I knew I was wearing a football jersey, barefoot on the green, the smell of cheap beer drifting through the air. Go. Pace. Setters. This ran through my head many times. I screamed it at the stars. GO PACE SETTERS. I lay there on the green for hours. Go... Pace... Setters...

I looked for Chad to ask him when the next shuttle to New York was coming. I wasn't sure who I was anymore and I couldn't wait for a shuttle either. I ran through the woods and through town to find a train station. Chad ran after me, keeping up at an incredible speed. But my pace was still faster than his. The sun rose as I approached Pleasantville Station. When I made it to the Grand Central I almost cried tears of joy. Finally I could truly appreciate the mural of stars on the ceiling. Chad was probably an Aquarius.



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## Student Sentenced To Death After Running Rampage On Library's "Quiet Zone"

By: Isabel Fontanals

Tuesday Night, September 17th, 2019. A student named Jessica Reed went to study in Pace's library, expecting a quiet night of homework but instead, received enough trauma to last a lifetime.

"This kid Tyler walked in with some sort of confidence, like he was happy to be in the library at 10pm. It made me sick," said Jessica. "I was just sitting there, minding my own business, and he came and sat right next to me. Like, do you not see those other seats, you physco?!"

The librarian who also witnessed the event comments, "After Tyler sat down and they weren't talking for some time, I decided he wasn't a drug dealer but just a freak who sits next to people. But then, he decided to eat a bag of Doritos right there in the Quiet Zone. I immediately called the police. Statistically, Doritos are the loudest chip to eat. I read that in a book of very accurate, but made up facts."

Before NYC's finest could get on the scene, Tyler continued his rampage. "First was the sneeze. How rude can someone be? He's crazy if he thinks I was gonna say bless you after that." Jessica describes how he was rocking his chair and breathing just a little too loud for his own good. "I've never judged anyone for having a disability. But I swear, if this asthmatic kid didn't stop breathing like he just ran a marathon, I was gonna have to step in." It was later revealed that Tyler did not have asthma, and was just breathing at a regular level, a deadly sin of the Quiet Zone.

Meanwhile, the police were held up by the more superior law enforcers, Pace security, who would not let the uniformed officers in on account of not having proper university ID's.

Jessica watched as Tyler roamed the library. "He was like looking at all the books. I thought for sure he hid something in them earlier, but then he started to pick some up and look at the words in a left to right sequence. terrifying."

Tyler then began to approach the librarian's desk. She describes the event, "I wanted to hide, but I take the librarian code very seriously. Mainly because I made it up, but still it's something to live by." The librarian was reaching for the fire alarm when Tyler said, "Excuse me, I would like to check out this book."

"You'd like to what?" she replied with a shaken voice. "Check out this book? Unless it's too late. Then I can come back in the morning."

The librarian looked shocked and a little disgusted. "Get out of my library you sick boy." Tyler was confused as the other students had gathered around to shout "PSYCHO." The police finally piled in with guest passes they acquired after calling their parents to confirm their stay. Tyler was tackled to the ground and everyone was crying.

After a 5 minute trial, Tyler was sentenced to death. He was given a choice of life on parole, but took the death sentence because, "He just couldn't live with the guilt that came with disturbing the library." Out of respect for this event, the Pace library now hangs a sign that reads "The Quiet Zone is not for everyone. Please use at your own risk."





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## The Mentor Of My Heart: Chapter One

By: Sarah Baker

I woke up at 9 am in my Maria's Tower dorm on the day I was supposed to meet my mentor for the Honors College. I threw my hair into a messy bun and got dressed in my puka shell necklace and ballet flats. I checked my email. "You're gonna meet your mentor today," it declared. I took a deep breath and went down the elevators. Today was the day that I was getting sold to my Honors mentor.

When I got to the student center, there were a bunch of mentors standing around cheering. I wonder which one could be mine, I thought to myself. I'd never had a real mentor before, but I'd always dreamed of having one. They could walk me through life, teach me the ways of the world, how to use the My Pace Mobile App. I started getting dizzy and had to sit down.

The Honors faculty gave some speeches. The whole time I was holding my breath. Before I knew it, it was time. "Your mentee will be holding a sign that says your name, so look around!" announced the director of the mentorship program. I frantically searched all around, but I couldn't find my name. I began to panic. After some time passed, I finally spotted her. My mentor.

She was wearing an oversized sweater with the sleeves cuffed and Birkenstocks. I looked into her chocolate milk-colored eyes. They reminded me of my childhood, drinking bagged milk in my elementary school cafeteria. "Are you Regina?" she asked me. "Er, um, y- yes," I stuttered. "Cool, I'm Brittany, your mentor. Nice to meet you!" I stuck my hand out to shake hers, and she looked down at it and frowned. "Oh, I'm sorry, there are really strict rules about our mentees. We're actually not allowed to touch you." A wave of stress washed over me. "Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't -"

"It's okay," she said, lightly grabbing my arm when she was sure that the staff weren't looking. She winked.

I swooned.

Suddenly, an announcement came over the loud speakers. "Remember, topics you're allowed to discuss include math, science, and the My Pace Mobile App." One of the staff walked by us. "So, the My Pace Mobile App has many fun features that you can use for navigating all kinds of different things around campus!" Brittany said, maintaining a distance of around 3 feet from me. The staff member passed when they saw we were following all of the rules. "Whew, they're gone. Do you want to get out of here?"

I immediately blushed like a ripe, juicy tomato and looked down at the floor while biting my lip. She wanted me to leave with her? "Um, what do you mean?" I inquired. "Oh, we don't have to if you don't want. I just think I could get to know you a little better if we weren't here, under these strict rules," she said. I looked up into her choco choco eyes and smiled. "Yeah, I'd like that."



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## T-BONE: Political Prodigy To Run In The 2020 Presidential Election

By: Autumn Sancho

One of our reporters attended a press conference in the New Student Center to investigate rumors that a new Presidential Candidate may not be one of the faculty, student, or staff population - but one of the furry community. The room was packed with reporters and paparazzi as one mascot burst into the room, carried by the Orientation Leaders with a flash of smoke and took the podium.

"Hey Setter Nation! Who's a good boy?! Is it T-Bone?" Also known as @TbonePaceU

"Climate Change is a problem and I plan to do something about that." T-Bone asserted, as he took a single sip from his plastic water bottle and threw it in the trash, "Right after I take a few private jets to play golf and offend every other world leader."

T-Bone began to speak about the 99% as well as college debt, saying "Education is priceless and no one knows that better than I, the mascot of this fine, for-profit institution, so I am here to make college affordable to all students at the modest price of \$70,848 and 32 cents. Free college to all! Healthcare, hmmm, we'll see."

"Well, out of the other 27 candidates running, I clearly have the most potential to lead this country. I just do. You can trust me, not the hoards of women filing allegations against me with video and audio evidence .

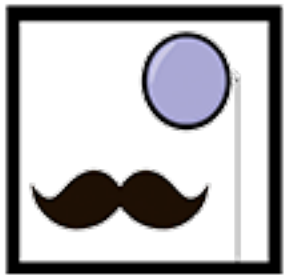
Have I studied politics? No. I studied the blade. B.L.A.D.E.- Blaming Less Affluent Demographics Entirely. I'm different, I'm quirky, I'm weird, I'm not like the other mascots. You can trust me, and that's what America needs."

T-Bone looked down for a few minutes to check his phone and quickly unsave some incriminating snapchat messages, "And of this moment I have the most followers on my Twitter handle. And that's very swag my dudes."

T-Bone was also questioned about losing custody of his children in his recently messy and very public divorce. A secret service member quickly covered the camera filming him as he refused to comment.

As the days lead up to November 2020, we can keep an eye out for this election. There will be updates to follow but for now we can wish T-Bone success in his nomination, campaign, and divorce settlement.



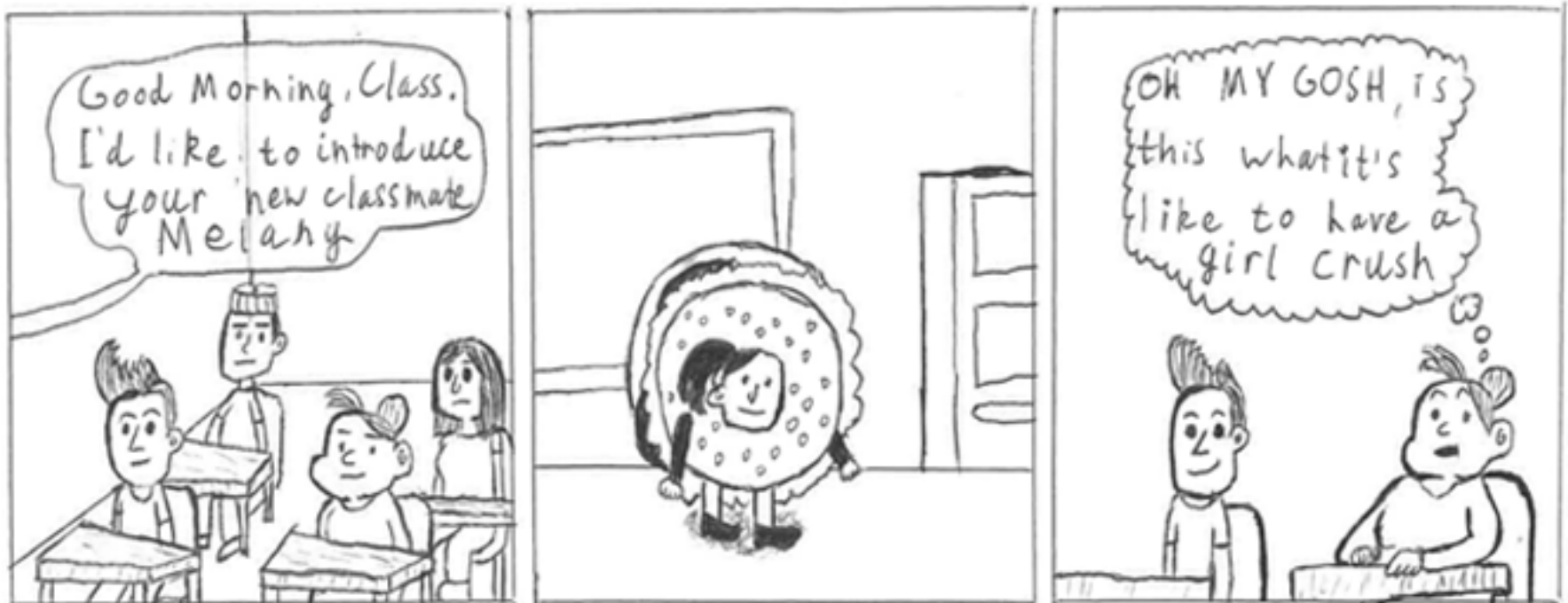


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## This Month's Art

By: Jack Brady







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## How to Manage School While Sick

By: Selini Drakos

So you're the unfortunate one who got sick during the second week of school?

As the idiot who is currently recovering from a nasty cold, I've had trouble focusing on assignments due to sinus pressure and fatigue. Therefore, I've come up with the idea to compile a list of tips on surviving school while riddled with disease:

### 1. Get your friends and loved ones sick

This tip was inspired by my boyfriend, who neglected to inform me he was sick until a few hours into spending time together (thanks a lot Marc, this is all your fault). The more people you get sick, the bigger your support system will be. After all, we're all in this together! So head outside to sneeze and cough into healthy faces!

### 2. Tell everyone on Instagram that you're sick for sympathy points

What else says popularity like making everyone on social media feel bad for you? The only medicine you'll need is your friends/acquaintances sending you little heart emojis!

### 3. Don't go to the doctor

Never trust those Capitalist blood suckers! Why contribute to the scam known as the American healthcare system when you can lay in bed researching your possible ailments?

### 4. Ask one of the PhD Biology professors to diagnose your illness

They're doctors! If you're really nice when you ask, they might charge only a small fee for their services!

### 5. Drink the medicine ball drink from Starbucks and have one of the women there call you baby

This will heal you instantly. The women at Starbucks have soothsayer powers.

## Join Us!

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 website [www.pretentious.press](http://www.pretentious.press)

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