



The Pretentious Press

October 2020

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The Zoom Goblin

By: Sasha Sackichand

Have you ever wondered why you sometimes get randomly kicked from meetings, can't screen share, or look distorted on Zoom? Were you told that it was just a computer issue or network connection error? Well, I'm here to tell you that those explanations were only lies to hide the truth about Zoom.

The true mastermind behind these events is none other than the Zoom

Goblin. The Zoom Goblin watches over all, casting judgement on professors and students in Zoom meetings and deciding their fate. No one has ever met him and lived to attend another meeting. If you wish to meet him, then go ahead and try, but don't say I didn't warn you.

Attempting to meet the Zoom Goblin can be a tedious task, but can be the opportunity of a lifetime if done correctly. First, you must type in the meeting ID 666 6666 6666 and use your social security number as the password at exactly 3:21am on Halloween night. Once this is completed, your computer will begin glitching out to the point where it is physically shaking. Don't be alarmed. This will only last for a short 2 hours. Once your computer settles, you'll be met with a blindingly white screen. Now is where it gets complicated. Draw a pentagram and place the laptop in the middle. The Zoom Goblin has very selective tastes that appeal to him, so it is imperative that you get everything on his list.

You will need Michael Jackson's 1982 Thriller album, a fresh lock of hair, mustard, your Pace ID, and a valid driver's license. Once each object is placed at each end of the star, stare into the screen and say "fork" five times. If done correctly, you'll hear a distorted voice ask "what do you eat soup with?" I know this is an insanely difficult task, but you must resist the urge to say fork. Once you answer with "spoon," you'll hear King Bach's voice echo throughout the room saying "only a spoonful." The blank, white screen should black out for a moment and restart with a mysterious silhouette watching you.

You have summoned the Zoom Goblin. The Zoom Goblin is a very shy and mysterious being, so he will automatically end the call, but will leave you with something astonishing. Check your bank account right after the call ends. You will notice that all of your money is gone. This incredible trick is one of pure magic. Consider yourself very lucky, the Zoom Goblin only blesses the best people with this gracious gift. Remember this the next time you have difficulty with Zoom. The Zoom Goblin is watching. Always. Watching.



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Candy Is Out: Trick-Or-Treaters Want Guns & Weapons Of Mass Destruction Instead

By: Justin Greco

It feels like every year, kids get more mature. In this day and age, most children have cell phones. As early as the 2nd grade, many have begun to drive. By the 5th grade, it is not unusual for many to have taken out student loans. In the middle school years, many have jobs and mortgages they are responsible for.

Halloween is the one night of the year when such a stressed out demographic can let loose and have fun. October 31st is a time to dress up in a fun costume, create life-long memories with friends, and forget about the constant pain and suffering of everyday life.

Except trick-or-treating for candy. That's lame.

One child complains, "Giving out only candy is stupid. What do they take us for? A bunch of children?"

Another child states, "Candy is dangerous. I don't have dental insurance. What if I get a cavity? Instead, I think handing out guns would be a much better solution. They're safer, cooler, and I like the sound they make. Candy doesn't make any sounds. Boring."

In 2020, guns are the new candy.

Previously, parents were advised to check their children's Halloween candy, in case there were "dangerous items" (such as guns) placed in the candy.



[1] A cool thing to see in your Halloween candy.

Now, parents are encouraged to not only place guns in the candy that they will hand out on Halloween night, but to include weapons of mass destruction as well [1].

There seems to be a hidden, unspoken hierarchy of coolness associated with weapons children receive from trick-or-treating.

"You're cool if you get a gun in your Halloween candy," a child explains, "but you're even cooler if you get a weapon of mass destruction."

"Last year, I didn't get a single weapon of mass destruction from trick-or-treating," another child elaborates, "I almost left the country because I was so embarrassed."

This Halloween, please remember these children's social statuses are on the line. As an American, it's your duty to include as many guns and/or weapons of mass destruction as possible. For the trick-or-treaters.

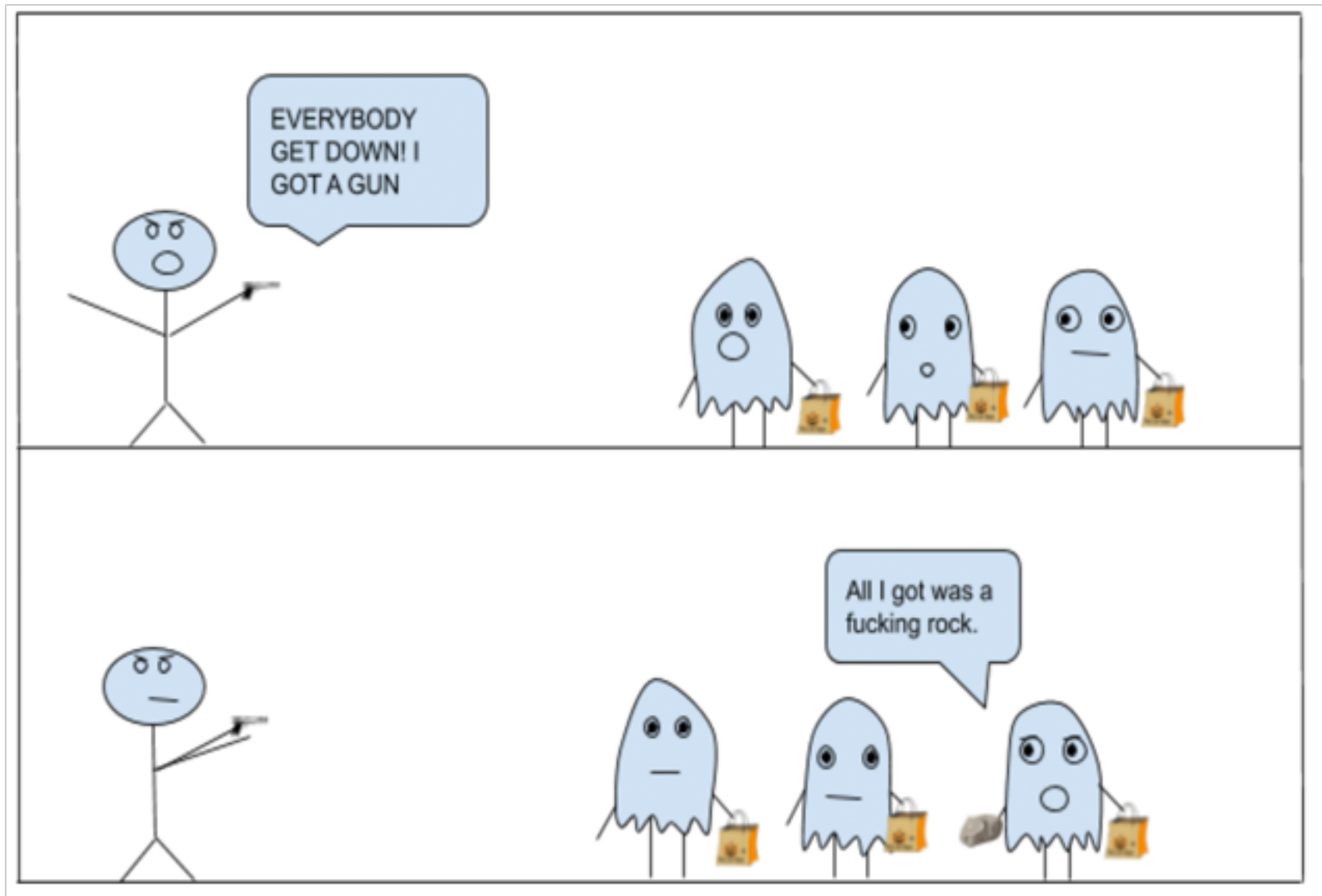


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Halloween Comic

By: Isabel Fontanals





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Among Us and Why It Leads to DEATH! (Opinion Piece By Karen White)

By: Ana Luzgin

As a mother, a Christian, and an overall supporter of freedom, I feel it is my God-given duty to warn my fellow country people about the dangers of this new game that is circling around. The kids are calling it "Among Us," but I don't see anything among us except *future terrorists*. This sick "game" is allowing OUR children to stab, kill, and fix electrical problems. Is this the future we want for our babies? The answer is no.

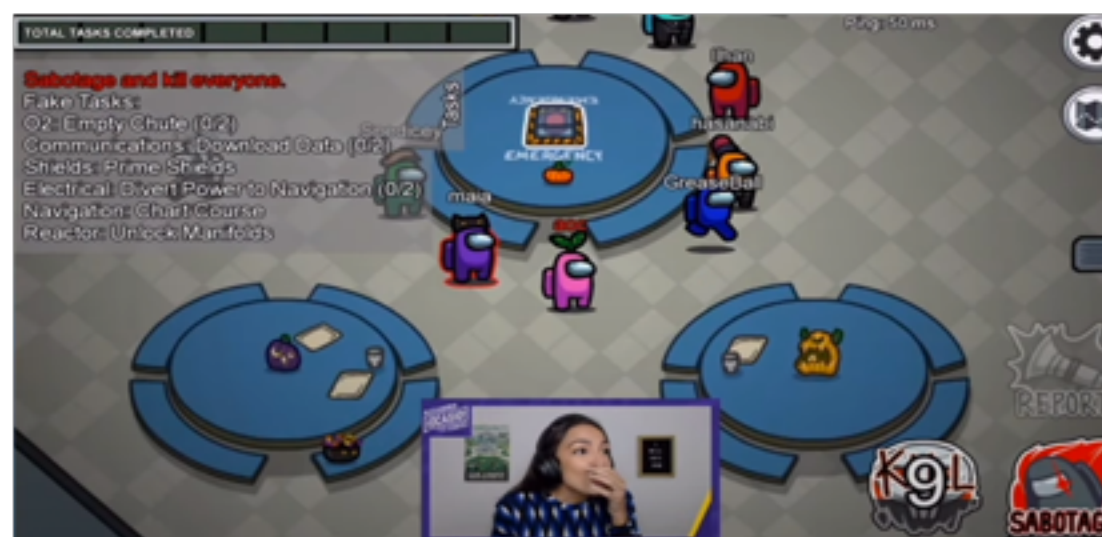
I learned about this disgusting game from a fellow parent and freedom warrior at last month's PTA meeting (shoutout to you, Linda). All I can say is that I am furious, angry, and also mad. How could the media push MY children away from their beloved and harmless first-person shooter games set in the Middle East!?

Those delinquents over at the McMillers wasted no time trying to turn my precious angels into thugs and engineers. I came over to pick up my little girl Maquayla and my boy Kashton from a play date where I thought they'd be safe shooting AR-15s in the yard.

Instead, I see my muffins controlling tiny spacemen that don't even have the decency to cover up their private parts. I immediately grabbed my baby dolls and stormed out of that Devil-infested nest. Obviously, I left a complaint with those kids' managers-I mean parents.

And to make everything worse, liberal AOC streamed herself playing Among Us to radicalize the youth! My children should not be watching that CAM GIRL whore herself out for votes. I'm sorry, but I don't think we need another gamer in Congress.

This game is a disease, and our babies are in danger of catching it. My Facebook group has already started canvassing, going door-to-door and talking directly with parents by speaking passionately into their mouth holes. We need to be safe and make sure no one is exposed to this harmful virus of a game. There's nothing like some one-on-one human contact to stop the spread. If you have any more questions, you can find me spitting on the birds at the local park or yelling at the janitors at the local elementary school.



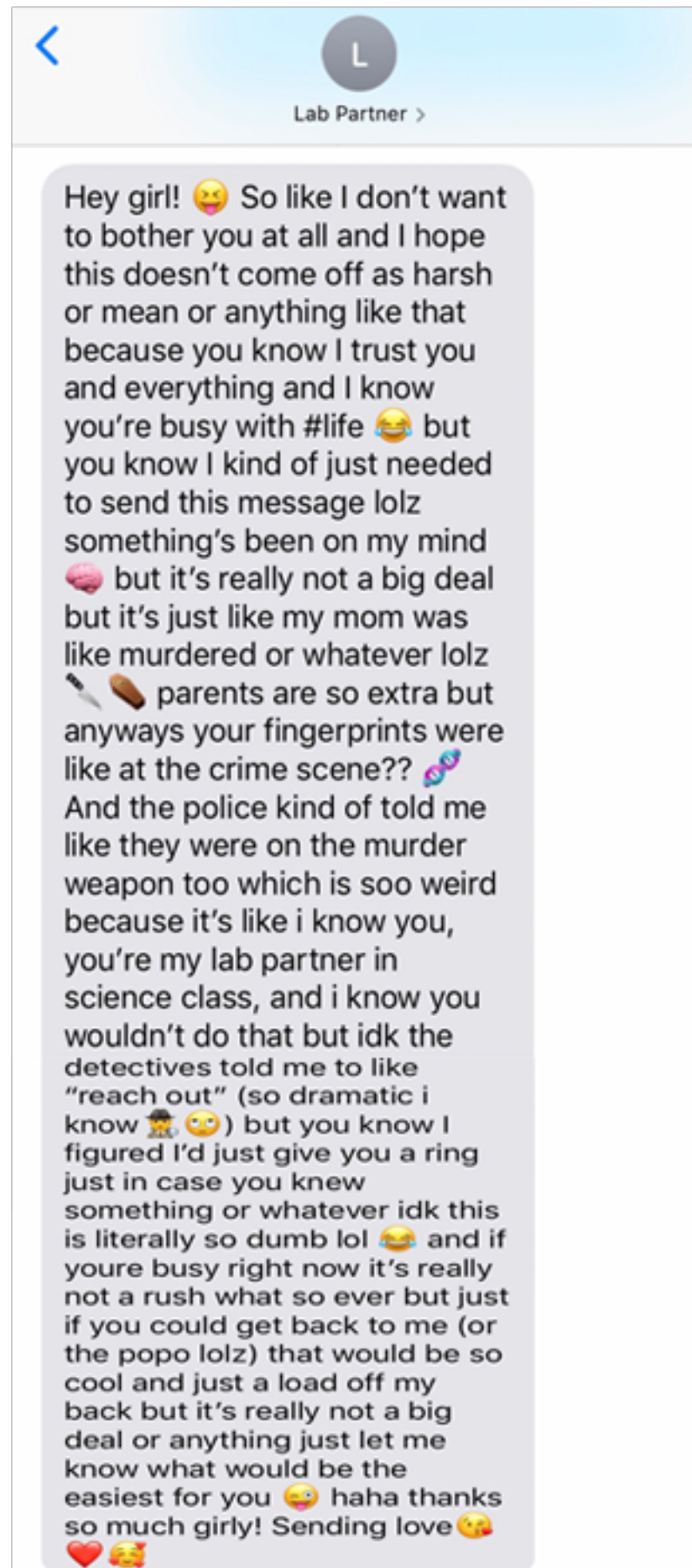


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Passive Aggressive Murder Victim

By: Isabel Fontanals





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A Very Bushwick Halloween

By: Rachael Summers

It was Hallow. Hallow's Eve. My party guests and I, in our matching Ross Geller costumes, were sitting in my apartment, which, yes- is in Bushwick, when, at 2 AM, something crazy happened. All of the clocks on our computers, phones, and other digital devices fell back to 1 AM.

At first, we thought it must have been some Halloween prank put on by The Neighborhood Kids, a punk rock band here- in Bushwick. But as the night went on, the extra hour we received remained ever-present. Did my Ross-themed Halloween party create a wormhole in the space- time continuum? Were we doomed to constantly be behind the rest of the world by an hour?

Then, I started thinking and used the Bushwick atmosphere to fuel my creativity. It's 2020. Nothing is too strange. Is it possible that whatever higher being created this hell of a year wanted to torture us an hour longer? My guests and I huddled in the bathroom.

"Guys. We need to get rid of this extra hour," I said.

"And I call it... The Moist Maker."

"No! Get out of character! This is serious. We have to reverse whatever wormhole we fell down tonight."

"What are we going to do?"

"Well... we are in Bushwick"

"And?"

"Oh, I didn't have a point. I just wanted to remind everyone of that."

"Let's recount the night's events to see what went wrong."

The party played back in my head. First, we were in Bushwick. Second, we were still in Bushwick. Okay. What next?

My friend, dressed as season 8 Ross, threw up on my other friend, dressed as season 2 Ross. Season 5 Ross rushed over to clean it up.

"Pivot!" he yelled as he cleaned up the mess.

Then, things got crazy.

Season 7 Ross started to make out with season 3 Ross. "I thought we were on a break!" yelled incapacitated season 8 Ross.

The music was loud.. The room smelled off. We were in Bushwick.

Then, 2 AM hit.

"So, what did we do wrong?" I asked my friends as we all stood in my bathtub.

Wise season 10 Ross chimed in to give us his analysis.

"I think all of us Rosses being together at once ripped the fabric that comprises time and space."

"Can we fix it?"

"I think we just have to live like this. Maybe, in the spring, we'll all gain another hour. But who is to say?"

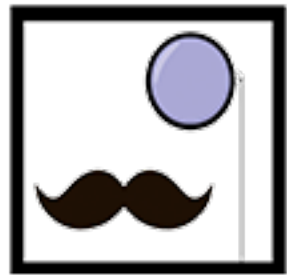
The other Rosses and I nodded in agreement.

Us Rosses went up to my roof (in Bushwick) to hold hands and accept our fate of forever being behind the rest of the planet. The sun rose at 5 AM over

Bushwick and I realized something. Unagi Is A Total State Of Awareness.

Happy Halloween.





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2020 *The Anime* [Season Finale: Nightmare on 4th Street]

By: Eren Sari

It was a beautiful fall morning on October 31st, 2020, in the city of Neo Yokio. Bright and early at 1pm, our generation's protagonist, Timothée Chalamet, woke up in the bed of some poor NYU student who now had chlamydia.

Equipped with a mask to protect him from the degrading air quality and disease, he left their apartment, ready for Halloween. Little did Timothée know, the disease was the least of his worries.

Blood-curdling screams could be heard from every direction of the city. So, it was a typical Saturday. Like a good Neo Yorker, Timothée ignored them and went about his day. They were probably just getting into the Halloween spirit. After all, there was a full moon tonight. Timothée even saw the comically large murder hornets people were running from. As the giant lovecraftian beasts roamed the city streets, Timothée, with his airpods in, was immune to everything happening around him.

When his phone rang, he was forced back into the real world. It was a number he recognized... He had been waiting for this phone call all his life... but he was also dreading the moment he would pick up the phone and answer to this number.

"Lorne Michaels, I don't want to host SNL."

"That's now why I'm calling you. A car is pulling up. Get in it."

Timothée was picked up by none other than famous Asian-American actress Scarlett Johansson. She explained to him that the Halloween full moon was the harbinger of the apocalypse.

"Timothée, the cast of SNL are actually the real Avengers, like from *The Avengers*. The entire set transforms into a secret lab full of government projects after Saturday nights!"

"Of course. It all makes sense. But how do I fit into this?"

"Oh, Timothée, haven't you figured it out? You're not of this world. You're an alien. Just look at your beautiful, crazy bone structure. You were sent to save us. This is just like *Captain Marvel*, but backwards."

"That does explain my beautiful, crazy bone structure, yes, actually."

The car pulled up to 30 Rock where the doors opened to reveal a secret lab with a giant anime mecha awaiting their arrival. Scarlett announced, "The pilot is ready to go sir."

"Get in the robot, Timothée." Lorne Michaels demanded. Scarlett pointed out that this was just like *The Avengers*, but she was too quiet for anybody else to hear.

"What? What even is that? I don't know how to use it, I just got here!"

"Timothée, you must pilot the robot to save Neo Yokio from the Halloween Full Moon Apocalypse Season Finale"

"Save Neo Yokio? Why can't the Mecha-Tank police save the city??? Isn't that why they have Mecha-Tanks?"

"No, Timothée, those Mecha-tanks are to protect us from people who try to ride the subway for free and the homeless." Rubble fell from the ceiling as the attacks on the city became more intense.

Just then, some intern in a lab coat interrupted, "He's just a boy!"

"Nonsense. With a crazy jawline like that, he should have no trouble saving the planet from the immediate apocalypse, only to have it instead slowly die off in a climate crisis."

Timothée Chalamet climbed into the cockpit of the robot and noticed a keyboard and mouse as the only means of operation. "How do I steer this thing?"

"Have you ever played *Minecraft*, Timothée?"

And then YOU(the reader) woke up in YOUR(the reader's) bed. It was all a crazy dream aha. What the fuck





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A Grifter's Halloween

By: Jack Brady

'Twas' the day before Halloween, when all through the YouTube, not a libtard was stirring not even a snowflake.

Dennis Prager is a simple man who runs a simple YouTube Channel, PragerU (NOT A REAL UNIVERSITY). The simple conservative mom and pop channel does its very best to teach the youth the right way, and how the left way is just logically wrong, because of reasons.

Now Dennis Prager has gotten some undeserved flack against his glorious University (AGAIN, NOT AN ACCREDITED INSTITUTION) for a lot of mundane reasons that only liberals would complain about. Like how PragerU is funded by fracking billionaires the Wilkes brothers. You may know the Wilkes brothers from their Wikipedia page, and one PragerU video. Liberals claim that PragerU (A MEDIA COMPANY NOT AN ACTUAL HIGHER EDUCATION THAT OFFERS CERTIFICATIONS OR DEGREES) is "racist" or "nativist" or as the ADL puts, "A source that produces prejudiced rhetoric for an influential group of people." What do they know? They're just a bunch of lawyers.

So let's go back to the story. One October night, PragerU's Professor-Lawyer, Ben Shapiro, went into Zaddy Prager's office to close up shop and give him a goodbye kiss. He saw Dennis sad and gloomy, slumped over his Mahogany wooden desk in his Three-Toed-Sloth high chair.

"What's wrong Papa?" Shapiro shuddered and sat on his lap.

Dennis looked at him with his Sam the Eagle Muppet face and sighed, "Halloween is just a socialist holiday where hard-working Americans are forced to give candy to lazy babies who don't even have jobs."

"Is that why you're upset papa?" asked Benny.

"No. I'm upset because the libs are trying to shut down my channel."

"What if we get the others to help?"

"That just might work, let me summon them," Dennis said in Brooklyn.

Dennis began to burn a cool, quirky lower case T. Then the Grifters started to flood in.

First was King of Conservative Comedy, Stephan Crowder. He entered on a motorized scooter that had a flag on the back that said, "Dog Semen Tastes Good. Change My Mind."

Then, faster than a speeding bullet and/or your bowels after eating from PF Changs was The Gun Girl herself. Kaitlin Bennet entered, armed to the teeth with automatic assault weapons.

"This is me armed lightly," Kaitlin strutted in with a roll of TP stuck to her foot.

Lastly, a quick red flash appeared and emerged to be almost a man, but also almost a child. For you see this person had the body and head of a full-grown adult but had the facial proportions of a Thai restaurant in reverse (He had a really small face). This man was Turning Point founder and boy conservative of the month, Charlie Kirk.

"What can we do to help?" asked Charlie.

"You have all of us here at your disposal," said Kaitlin.

"The liberals are trying to shut down my University! And also, I'm kind of hungry," said Dennis.

"Oh yay Papa! I want to go to Popeyes!" said Ben.

"I want to see a movie!" said Steven.

"But I heard the new Burger King sandwich makes you shit green and that would blend with my pants better," said Kaitlin.

"I love my meats! Can we go to Arby's?" asked Charlie.

"This is America. You have freedom. Let's go to all of them!" said Dennis.



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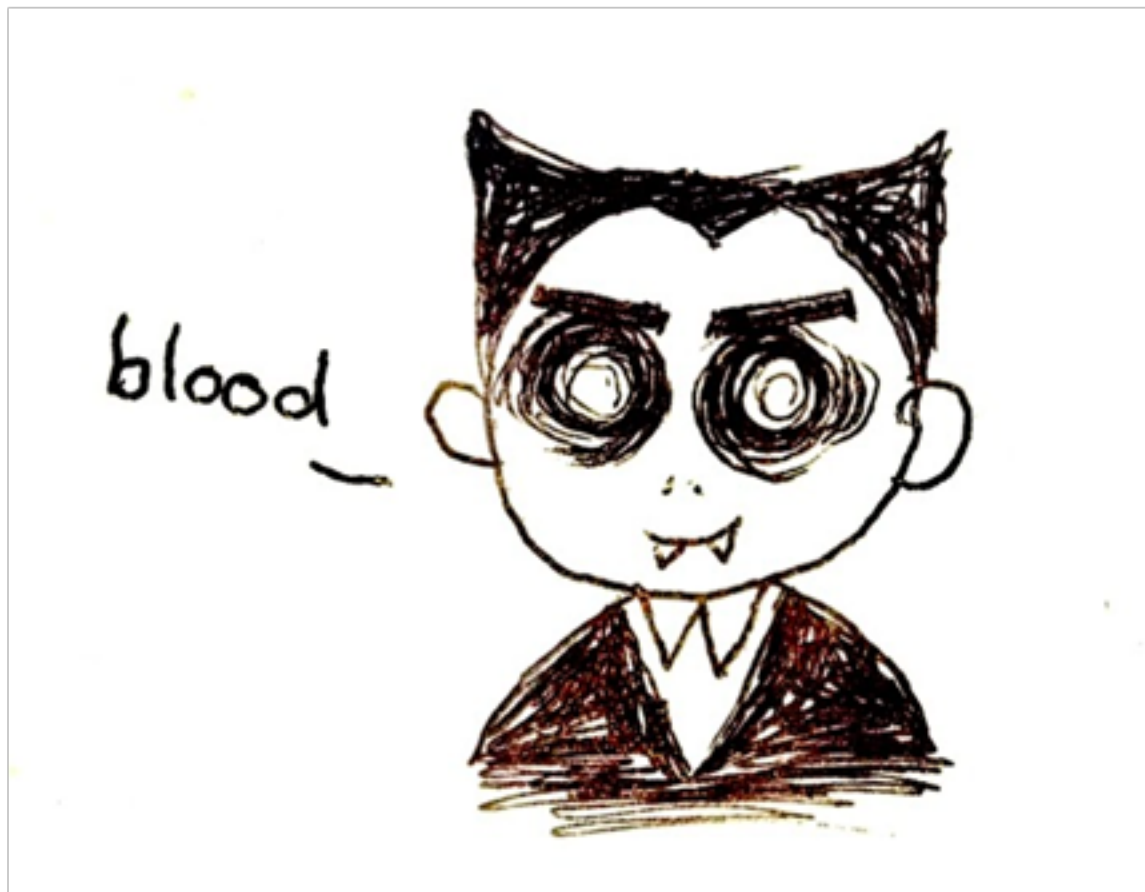


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This Month's Art- A Capitalist

By: Ireah Sonram



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