



The Pretentious Press

October 2019

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We Gave A Dream Dorm Makeover To A Reluctant Pace Student

By: Eren Sari

Getting adjusted or readjusted to dorming on campus can be a hassle, especially without a comfortable room. At The Pretentious Press, we've taken many blood oaths, one of which is a promise to make sure every student has a sick crash pad to head back to at the end of a long day. To fulfill this vow, we put together a rag-tag team of editors to function as an elite squad of interior designers. After all, what is interior design but simply editing a room? It's like *Queer Eye*, but instead of five fabulous gay professionals, it's 9 teenage-adults with pinterest accounts. They call themselves "The Dan-glorious Bastards", and they're led by The Pretentious Press Chair of Freshmen Trends, Danica Davis.

The Pretentious Press ran an Instagram giveaway in early September to select the winner of our first annual dorm makeover. Hailing from the great land of 55 John St is the very lucky Sabrina Thuwich, an Environmental Science major and lover of Studio Ghibli. Sabrina doesn't like that her bed is slightly closer to the door than her roommate's, and wishes that their bathroom could be just a little more organized. She likes cool tones like blues and greens, and hopes that the Dan-Glorious Bastards could help her fit more plants into the space. Checking out the room was complicated at first because Sabrina couldn't sign in that many guests at once, but after a few days they all got a look.

Taking no note of any of the above, The Bastards went to work on a plan. They all collaborated on a giant "mood board" of the collective ideal college dorm room. The goal was to fill the room with as many pillows as possible to up the chillaxing-factor, find a cute mandala tapestry, and definitely a Himalayan salt lamp.

The engineers of the crew went in to create the most optimal arrangement of furniture. They decided to raise Sabrina's bed to make extra storage space, but managed to break it during the process. Trying to make light of the situation, the Bastards claimed that this would make it look like Sabrina has a lot of adventurous sex. In view of this new idea, they regrouped in the fishbowl lounge to redo their entire game plan.

"One can really tell a lot about a person from their material belongings," Danica said in regards to this restart, "And if our girl, Sabrina, is a sex freak, then we are honor-bound to give her a room she can be proud of!" The Bastards exchanged their 6 foot tall glowing salt lamp for decorative chains and whips. Removing the bed from the dorm was easier after it was broken, and made more space for the swing. It was all coming together.

Upon viewing the room, Sabrina revealed that the Bastards accidentally renovated her roommate's side. They were crestfallen by this catastrophic error, but not for very long, as Sabrina's roommate, a 6-foot-tall glowing pink salt rock, loved her new room. Just one job well done of many to come off from the Dan-Glorious Bastards.



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Existentialist Ghost Haunts Pace's Birnbaum Library

By: Gillian Ramirez and Rachael Summers

Since the start of Spooky Season, several students have reported ghost sightings in the Birnbaum library. The ghost is said to be a freshman who passed away after raw-dog-ing it (not wearing shower shoes) in a Maria's Tower shower and contracting a rare fungal infection.

One student shared her story of the ghost, saying, "Honestly, he was more of an inconvenience than anything else. Like, we get it; you died. Stop flexing on the rest of us."

The ghost tends to hang around study spaces, distracting students from their work. John Muller, a physics major, commented, "He seemed interested in my homework. I told him I'd venmo him \$5 if he did it for me, but he said he was studying philosophy before he died. What a waste."

Other students have reported him crying in the library, where he has been shushed multiple times by librarians. The ghost tends to do a lot of crying in the library, mostly while hunched over Fedrick Neichze's *The Birth of Tragedy*.

Rumors tell us that the ghost is, in fact, an existentialist.

The ghost, who identifies as Daniel Welch, had this to say about his existentialism: "There's no life after death."

"But... aren't you... alive after dying?" Our reporter Jeremy Johnson asked the ghost.

Daniel pushed back his recently dyed black hair and adjusted his black turtleneck. "That's subjective," the ghost replied, "Yes, I am still on Earth after my death... but am I truly living? I can't tell you the last time I was emotionally moved by a sunset, or made passionate love to someone. So no, I am not *alive*."

The ghost then blew cigarette smoke in our reporter's face.

Daniel told us he chooses to spend time in the library because he has met a companion who understands the pain of being a hyper-aware intellectual.

"Although she eats soup with her hands, she's my closest friend, with a beautifully poetic soul."

"Crab girl?" Asked our reporter.

"Don't you DARE say her name," Daniel replied threateningly.

It was at this point that our reporter Jeremy Johnson went home to be comforted by his mommy.

Although we as a paper slightly resent Daniel for scaring our reporter, we can't help but be impressed by his tenacity. He continues to preach existentialism, although his very existence as a ghost disproves it entirely. Good luck to you, Daniel, may you continue to haunt the Pace library for generations to come.





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The Mentor of My Heart: Chapter Two: The Squeakquel

By: Sarah Baker

Previously on The Mentor of My Heart:

Regina was so excited to get sold to her Honors mentor, Brittany. But lo and behold, there were really strict rules about touching at the Honors event. So, Brittany suggested that they run away together. And that's what you missed on *The Mentor of My Heart!*

My heart was racing as Brittany guided me out of that Honors event by the hand. She was so free-spirited, like a nomadic fortune teller in her Honors college t-shirt and ripped jeans and Converse. We finally got out the door, and as it slammed behind us, we giggled. There was no going back now --- we'd made our decision.

"Brittany, where are we going?" I inquired.
"Anywhere but here," she stated.

But just when I thought we'd run into the night like hooligans, escape the school and never look back, she seemed to be leading me deeper into the school. I trusted her, so I didn't question it, but in hindsight, maybe I should have...

We walked up the stairs to the second floor and on the wall was a golden plaque that said "Honors College." I started getting dizzy and had to sit down. When I got back up, Brittany whispered in my ear, "Just trust me, okay?" and she scanned her ID and we went inside.

When we got in there, a staff member was waiting for us. Her name was Jamie. She had a long golden braid and a bow and arrow on her back for some reason. "Um, what's going on?" I declared inquisitively.

"Regina, my name is Jamie. And I've had Brittany bring you here because you're not like the other girls," Jamie stated.

"I'm not?" I questioned.

"No," Jamie said. "You're different. You're what we at the Honors college call.... Convergent."

"What? You must have me confused. I'm not Convergent or different or anything like that. I'm just... just Regina."

Brittany and Jamie exchanged a glance. "Regina," Brittany stated. "You are special. That's why you're my mentee. I'm Convergent, too."

I gasped. I couldn't believe Brittany and I had so much in common.

"There's a problem in this school. Half of the student population are aliens and nobody knows how to tell who is who. It's up to us Convergents to figure it out and destroy them. It's why we got such a big Honors scholarship, and it's why we're here today," Brittany declared.

Will Regina be up to the challenge? Find out next month on *The Mentor of my Heart: Chapter Three: The Squeakquel: Part Two.*

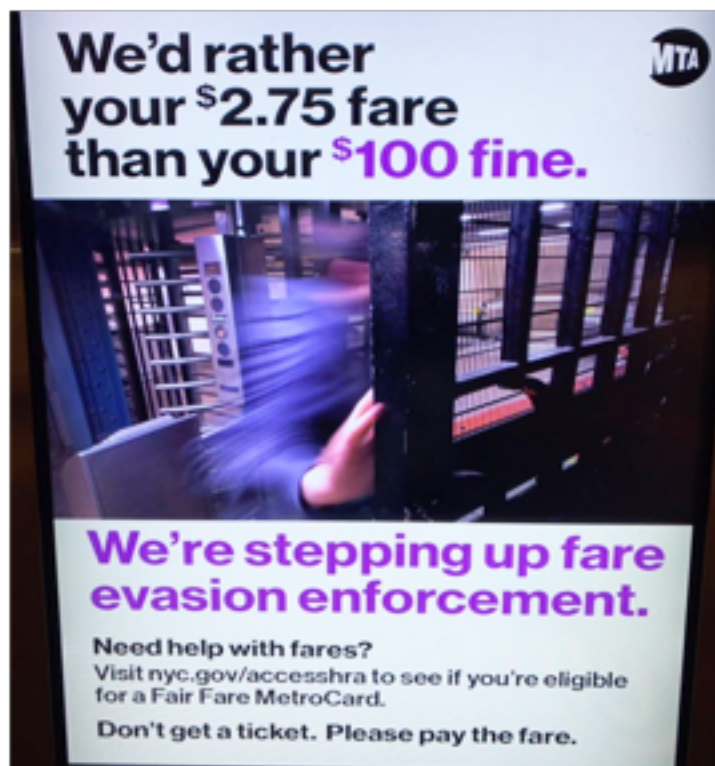


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MTA Cracks Down On Ghosts Evading Subway Fee

By: Catherine Mellor



Ever since its creation, subway patrons have been finding ways to avoid paying for a ride. But it's not just physical human beings that evade these fares, spiritual beings do it too. That's right... ghosts.

MTA has taken measurements to prevent ghosts from avoiding fares with a clever new ad. Plastered all over the subways, the ad pictures a blue gust of wind sneaking through an emergency exit with the caption: "We're stepping up fare evasion enforcement."

We spoke to one ghost, Liza Skinner, who had this to say: "I don't take up any space. People can literally walk through me. I don't see why I have to pay a subway fee."

After showing up 15 minutes late to the meeting we scheduled with her, President of the MTA Laura B-Train explained the ad to us, saying, "Here at the MTA we have many issues to deal with. The trains get dirty, there are constant delays, the guys singing 'This Little Light of Mine' are constantly off key. But we at MTA corporate realized the biggest issue we have are the

ghosts sneaking on the subway. And like a selfish teenager not giving his seat up to a pregnant woman, we refuse to stand for that."

Another ghost, Charlie Lee, told us about how the new campaign has affected him, stating, "Since I'm dead, everything in my life has been free. But now that I have to pay the subway fee I had to get a job. As a ghost, no one is really scared of me, but once I put on that knock-off Elmo costume everyone in Times Square looks at me with fear. It really hurts."

Human subway passenger Rick Hoffman had this to say about the new ad: "I don't care about ghosts. This is what MTA is putting money into? Can they just make the L train come more often than once every 20 minutes?"

"Everyone knows the 'L' in L train stands for 'late,'" Laura told us. "Maybe just don't live in Brooklyn. That's not our problem."

Close to Pace, cameras have been installed by the turnstiles at Fulton Street station to catch people avoiding the fare. Now more than ever, many are saying that the subway should be free for humans, ghosts, or any other type of being. Laura responded to this claim, "Nice try communists. We'll probably only increase the fee over-time. Muah ah ah. Evil laugh."

"Did you just say the words 'evil laugh?'" our reporter Jeremy Johnson asked.

"Yeah, I haven't mastered it yet," Laura said, as she disappeared in a cloud of pungent subway fog.

Well, it looks like humans and ghosts are going to have to continue to pay fees for now. Until then, walk everywhere. Or get a part-time job as a Times Square Elmo.



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The Girl Bosses Of The Fulton Street Papaya Dog

By: Rachael Summers

Fulton Street's Papaya Dog and its 3 am cheese fries are an integral part of Pace University's culture; however, it's a little known fact that this fine dining establishment served as the set for the film *Ocean's 8*. Papaya Dog has always been shy to talk about the film and their connection with the actresses Sandra Bullock and Rihanna,



But upon closer inspection, we were able to put some of the pieces to this puzzle together.

The film *Ocean's 8* is about a flood the size of 8 Frank Oceans. Sandra Bullock and Rihanna team up with the staff of Papaya Dog to save Fulton Street, but just Fulton Street. The rest of New York City is doomed.

After filming the movie, Sandra Bullock and Rihanna were hypnotized by the allure of the papaya flavored juice and decided to spend the rest of their lives at Papaya Dog. Seeing the way the actresses served cheese fries to drunk freshman on a Thursday night, the establishment's owner, John M. Papaya Dog, handed them the throne. Now... they are girl bosses.

What is a girl boss? It's like a regular boss, except a girl. Having a hard time picturing a girl boss? Us too. Can women even be leaders?!? Here, picture someone who is in charge. Now stop picturing a man, and picture a girl. That's a girl boss! Innovative, just like Papaya Dog's idea that food can never expire and you should just leave it out until it's purchased.

"Sandra and Rihanna are great," said John, "They work as a team, wearing one very large T shirt, and only communicating through telepathy."

"Rihanna doesn't have to say a word, she just shoots me a look with those stunning green eyes of hers, and I know the guy who just ordered wants his hot dog with relish," Sandra said.

"madsmsmamfmmsadms," said the one worker who I can never understand.

For my research, I went down there myself in the middle of the night to order some cheese fries (SDACA please reimburse me).

"Mayst I have some fries that have been cheesed, and juice that was Papaya-ed?" I asked Rihanna. "Bitch give me your money," she said, like a girl boss. I forked over my 7 quarters. Rihanna made uncomfortably long eye contact with me while Sandra prepared my food and drank. Their shared Tee-shirt had stretched out quite a bit.

"Here is your food, ieufulysajkiauyewhfd," said the one worker that I still can't understand. Before I left, I heard an exchange with the girl bosses and John the owner.

"You make this house a home," said John to Sandra and Rihanna. A single tear fell down Rihanna's face, and Sandra wiped it away with her Oscar. John and the others joined the girl bosses in a warm embrace. The love they all had for each other was palpable. As the pink sugar water flowed down my esophagus, an indescribable warmth came over me and I, too, joined this embrace. In that moment, I had never felt so much gastrointestinal pain... and love.



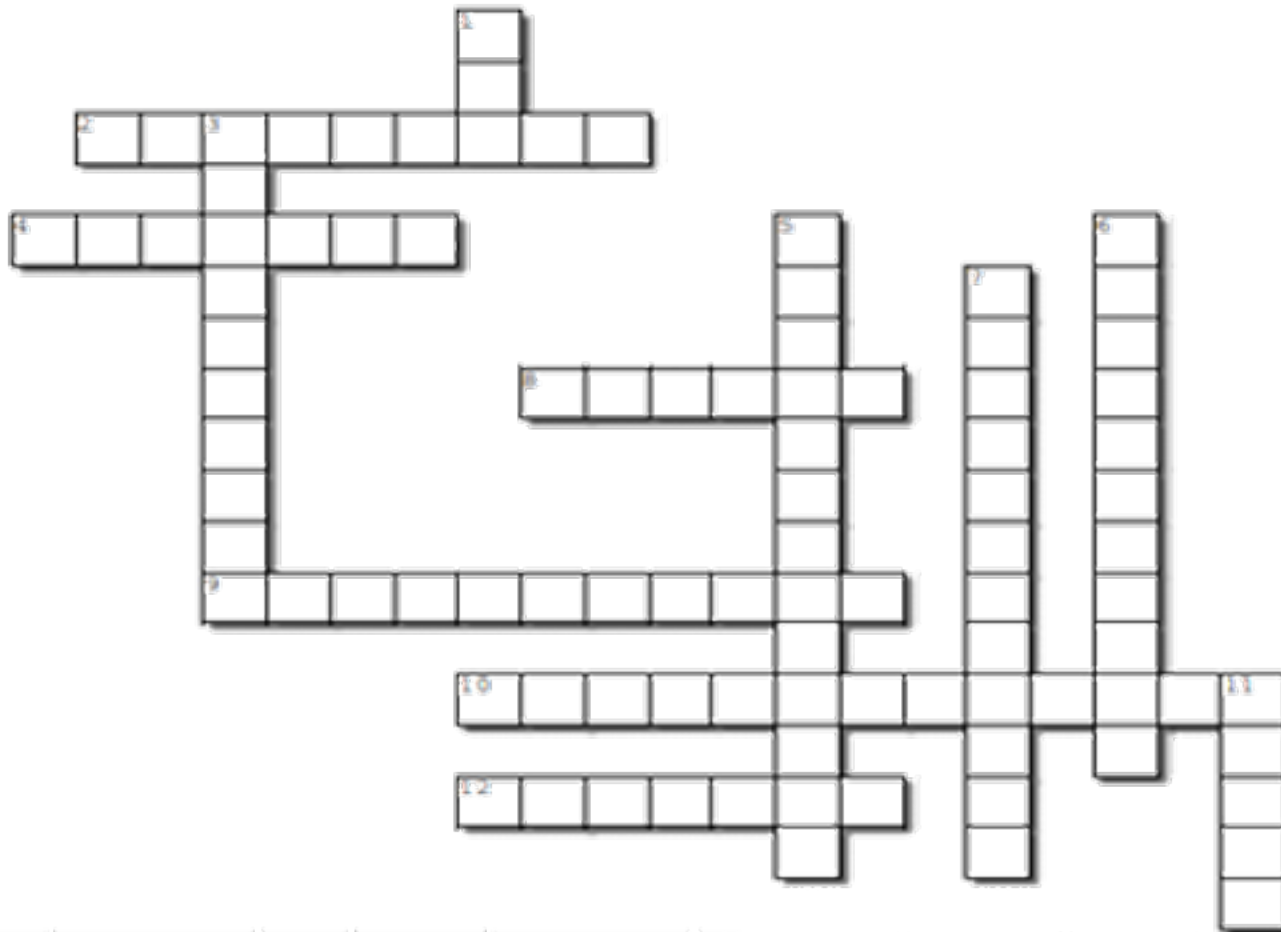
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A Spooky Crossword Puzzle

By: Autumn Sancho

The Greatest Fears of a Pace Student



Group Project | Open Forum | PPA | My Dad | Office Hours | Financial Aid | Croissant | Cecilia | My Real Dad

TBONE | Cockroaches | Cafe101

Across

- 2. A rush of fear flows through you when you put this in the cafe toaster and watch it catch fire
- 4. The fifth layer of hell where you pay \$1,000 to get stomach ulcers
- 8. He walked out on you and your mom and continues to deprive you of establishing healthy and fulfilling relationships
- 9. The DNA kit you got for Christmas told you a lot more than the fact you're Puerto Rican, Lithuanian, and French
- 10. When you're jumbled into a gathering of classmates and you must lead them, like Moses, to the promise land of an A
- 12. That girl in French class who always gives you a dirty look

Down

- 1. When the kids in this major start singing and dancing in the cafeteria and you see your life flash before your eyes
- 3. When an establishment lacks the ability to recognize its institutional racism
- 5. No \$\$\$\$\$ from govorny :-)) i am in debt for the rest of my life
- 6. Students of the insect population who spend time in the bathrooms, classrooms, and general vicinity
- 7. Being 1:1 with a Professor in 41 Park Row and they open up about their personal life but you have to go to the bathroom
- 11. His soul ascended from the fiery pits of hell to roam this domain for hundreds of years



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Avatar: The Last

By: Seinfeld_Jerry

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Major Character Death
Categories:	F/F , F/M , M/M , Multi
Fandoms:	Avatar: The Last Airbender , The New York City Subway System
Relationships:	Aang/Zuko (Avatar) , Sokka/Yue (Avatar) , Aang/Katara (Avatar) , Azula/Katara (Avatar) , Azula/Ty Lee (Avatar) , Korra/Asami Sato , Frank Sinatra/Brendon Urie , Katara/Zuko (Avatar)
Characters:	Aang (Avatar) , Zuko (Avatar) , Ozai (Avatar) , Katara (Avatar) , Sokka (Avatar) , Katara's and Zuko's Child(ren) , Combustion Man , Cabbage Man (Avatar) , Azula (Avatar) , Ty Lee (Avatar) , Bill de Blasio , Saturday Night Live Cast , Appa (Avatar) , Yue (Avatar) , Iroh (Avatar) , Zhao (Avatar) , Lu Ten , Ember Island Players , Guru Pathik , Mai (Avatar) , Jerry Seinfeld , Peter Parker , Sans (Undertale)
Language:	English

Summary:

Water. Earth. Fire. Air. Staten Island.

My grandmother used to tell me stories about the old days, a time of peace when the Avatar kept balance between the Water Tribes (The Bronx), Earth Kingdom (Queens), Fire Nation (Manhattan), Air Nomads (Brooklyn), and Staten Islanders. But that all changed when the Fire Nation attacked. Only the Avatar mastered all five boroughs. Only he could stop the ruthless firebenders, but when the world needed him most, he vanished. A hundred years have passed and the Fire Nation is nearing victory in the War. Some people believe that the Avatar was never reborn into the Air Nomads, and that the cycle is broken. But I haven't lost hope. I still believe that somehow, the Avatar will return to save New York.

It's a beautiful winter afternoon in magical New York City. The Statue of Avatar Liberty is covered in a light dusting of fresh snow. Katara and Sokka emerge from a subway downtown. Katara is wearing a sky blue oversized hoodie underneath a tan trench coat. Her hair is in space-buns and she has shimmering-blue eyeshadow on. Sokka was wearing a counterfeit Off-White Supreme Louis Luitton sweatshirt and Timbs. He turns to Katara and says, "A pigeon-rat deadass flew into my room last night."

"Deadass?" Katara inquires.

"Well it is now. Its leg broke so I had to whack the shit out of it with a broom to put it out of its misery."

"What!?" Katara asks, surprised by her brother's cruel--

Suddenly they see a large piece of ice floating over the East River... or is it an iceberg? Sokka throws a boomerang at it, cracking the mass open. It covers all of New York City in a divine light for a split second, before a 12-year-old boy is revealed to be inside.

Miles away, in studio apartment in Bushwick, Zuko looks out over the city, spotting the glorious light. "Do you know what this means, Uncle!?" Iroh coughed on his tea. "Zuko, calm down. It was just New Year's fireworks set off mad early." "Uncle, I am deadass going to Manhattan right now; you can't stop me."

Sokka and Katara managed to fish the boy out of the water before he could grow a third arm from the pollution. It must have already hit him hard because he was super bald. His strange orange robes were soaked, but he was able to dry himself off with a whirl of wind. Katara was flustered, "Are you... an airbender?"

He answered, "Word."



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We Redid Our Website!

This is in fact the truth.

We have revamped our website and can be found at Www.Pretentious.Press

Go there. Go there now!

You can read old editions of the paper, apply to be on our team, and a really cool third thing!



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For other inquiries contact us at pretentiouspress@gmail.com

Staff: Sophia Alaniz, Jack Brady, Adriana Chivil, Selini Drakos, Isabel Fontanals,
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Editors-In-Chief: Sarah Baker and Rachael Summers

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