Single-Use Tampons Replaced With Communal Diva Cups

This past week, the Board of Trustees issued an amendment to the Energy2028 plan mandating a gradual transition from single-use feminine hygiene products to communal menstrual cups.

Students learned about this policy change from an email sent by student environmental activist Dixie Normousse. The email detailed that “tampons, pads, and panty liners, along with their packaging, make up over 200,000 tons of waste in landfills worldwide. Meanwhile, menstrual cups can be used repeatedly, and when shared, they create a great sense of community, while also being good for the environment.”

In order to receive their menstrual cup, students must sign up with a group of six to eight friends on Bannerweb. It is suggested that each member menstruates at different intervals to avoid messy conflict. After completing a long and detailed survey of their sexual habits, students and their friends will receive one pink carabiner, which they may pick up from MiddExpress and exchange for their new communal menstrual cup in any of the dining halls.

Although this policy update is irrevocable, there has been strong opposition from many students about the change. “I know this feels good for the administration” said Virginia Eskay ’22 “but they didn’t ask if it feels good for us too.”

“While we’ve received thousands of student complaints, we as an administration feel that the women’s health policies on campus can’t get much worse, so we’re going to plow ahead with this one, so to speak,” said a male member of the Board of Trustees, who wishes to remain anonymous.

School to Save on Tenured Faculty Buy-Outs with New Ban on Fucking Students

After years of allowing professor student relationships, the College covertly introduced a new policy ending the practice for financial reasons—and, plausible deniability.

Financial estimates found that the college could save the cost of at least one buy-out package with the implementation of a no-fucking-students policy. After the statement was sent to the faculty, some offices were cleared out by the end of the day. One professor was heard packing his favorite students’ papers hanging on the wall and muttering to himself about The Middlebury Thought Police’s interference in his personal matters.

“We only went to dinner to talk about his thesis prospectus, I swear,” said one of the immediately retiring professors, who wished to remain anonymous.

Administrators, however, insisted that the rule change was not intended to force out horny faculty, but instead to protect the school from legal liability.

“Look, I watch professor on student porn as much as the next person,” reported Chastity Jones, director of faculty affairs. “But it’s an in-class action lawsuit waiting to happen.”

The reactions from students to the rule change were mixed. Many lauded the school for finally crawling out of the 1950’s. Other, more beautiful, beguiling students quietly complained that their reign of easy A’s was coming to an end.

No faculty could be reached for comment on this development, but as of printing, all offices belonging to tenured professors in Munroe Hall appeared to be abandoned.
**Munroe Slide Aims to Make Humanities More Appealing**

Anybody who has walked by Munroe Hall in the last month has noticed the large yellow slide exiting the fourth floor, sponsored by the Middlebury Humanities Council in their initiative “Humanities Are Fun!”

“We’ve noticed over the past few decades that interest in the humanities has been steadily declining, with more people interested in learning ‘tangible skills’ rather than doing something useful like reading Chaucer,” says Council head and philosophy professor St. Odgy Oldprof. “In an effort to show people why the humanities matter, we’re introducing several new and innovative efforts. Such as the big yellow slide in Munroe.”

Making the building a little more “fun” seems to be the only initiative that the Council is rolling out this fall, other than updating the dog statue in front of Munroe because it reportedly “gave people the heebie-jeebies.”

Some students are also skeptical of the initiative, such as Comparative Literature major Stephie Gonzalez ’21. “I don’t think this is the right approach at all. The humanities are valuable because they teach us about how to live and how to think, not because they’re enjoyable.”

“If you really want to understand life, you need to contemplate death,” she continued. “The humanities are about smoking a lot of cigarettes and writing short stories and going through a bangs phase. That’s it. Frivolity has no place in the humanities.”

In addition to the slide, Munroe will be made more handicap-accessible and old fixtures, including chalkboards, smelly urinals, and most of the Political Science department, will be updated.

JP Morgan Ends Its “Bring Your Son to Work” Summer

JP Morgan, the desirable post-grad employer for Chubbies models, recently announced the conclusion of their first Bring Your Son to Work summer program.

The company-wide initiative encouraged fathers who parented with an invisible hand to teach their little loved ones how to deaden any form of creativity and individuality for the sole purpose of serving the beneficent capitalist system. It also enabled JP Morgan to count its interns’ salaries as tax-deductible ‘charitable giving.’

The program, headquartered in the company’s downtown Manhattan office, including separate facilities for the interns, hosted a cafeteria with concession stand snacks from the baseball games employees never took their sons to and a pitching machine to recreate the feeling of tossing a ball around with their dads.

“This was the best summer ever!” said intern Andrew Sakler ’22. “I actually haven’t seen my dad in 18 years, but now I know everything about him, like his favorite coffee order.”

“I love JP Morgan, I just learned so much there this summer,” said Tobias Suctsticks ’21. “Like, how to pay for my own rent and pretend like I didn’t know I was exploiting millions of people.”

“And like, there’s no way I have a mental breakdown when I’m 55,” he added.

Despite the popularity of the program, the job did not provide a return offer, much like when their dads left for Singapore ten years ago. Next summer, JP Morgan has announced that it plans to restore the usual practice of giving jobs to nephews of the firm’s Board.

New Freshmen Class Insecure About Its Size

Members of the class of 2023 were reportedly sad and somewhat embarrassed to hear that they are not the largest class on campus this year. Over the past few years, the freshmen class has typically been the big man on campus, but it seems as if the class of 2022 remains the largest.

The class of 2023’s small size first became evident on move in day, when the entire class was out in the open. Freshmen reportedly waited to move in, insisting that they just needed a minute, convinced that the class would continue to grow.

After waiting several minutes, the Class of 2023 finally realized that it was not in fact growing and somewhat reluctantly moved in. They finished quickly and reportedly went to go for a walk or something.

Members of the class of 2023 were somewhat embarrassed by this revelation. Some stated that their previous schools had never complained about their size in the past.

The college released an official statement noting that the class of 2023, “is perfect just the way it is,” and that it was admitted because of “what’s on the inside.”

This is particularly shocking given the fact that the Hebrew Department’s advice was heeded, and a small portion of the class of 2022 was removed.

Upon hearing about the size of the Class of 2023, Samuel Wilder ’22 commented, “Ha! Knew it. Bro, I could straight up tell.”

Like many of his classmates, Jackson O’Neil ’23 was disheartened when he discovered the size of his class. However, he did manage to find a silver lining in the situation, enthusiastically saying, “Hey, at least we’re not as small as the febs.”
Vinyl records, flare pants, and horse tranquilizers are being forced to find a new home this week as Vermont’s new tobacco laws force Middlebury’s favorite substance-themed superblock to shut down.

Upon realizing that PubSafe will be cracking down on cigarette smokers under 21, the Mill immediately lost 100% of their membership, as underage students found off-campus places to smoke and of-age students could not be bothered to carry their iron lungs all the way there.

The news was disastrous for many and held long-term repercussions, as a number of people join social houses for the connections after college. One Mill member, the artist formerly known as Bono (née Shawn O’Hafferny), is no exception.

“This is so frustrating!” he told The Noodle. “The Mill was my sure-fire way to a job in the Tobacco lobby. I don’t know if you knew this, but tobacco is vegan and gluten free. We’re saving the earth.”

The twenty non-members of the Mill who occasionally attended formals also reported feeling sad they no longer have an excuse to talk about how much they hated the parties there.

Other social houses had more mixed responses to the news, with Tavern praying to inherit some of the members and the Xenia president releasing an unofficial statement that “nothing gets her off quite like new rules to follow.”

Now that Mill members can’t smoke, they have to get septum piercings to deny their class privilege.
The Birds Are Dying and Fuck A Capella

We here at The Local Noodle like to write our editorials straight-up. For this, our inaugural issue of 2019, we want to use our incredibly well-regarded platform to bring to light two pieces of very important information. First and foremost, the American bird population has decreased by 29% in the last fifty years. Second, and certainly not leastmost, fuck a cappella.

With this editorial, The Noodle has a chance to set aside our usual hard-hitting journalism and make an argument in which we believe. As such, we want to ask everyone to take a second to pause and think about what it means for 2.9 billion—BILLION—birds to have perished since 1970. We think that this is a similarly pertinent opportunity to contemplate how we live in a world where people still think a cappella is sexy and cool.

A cappella!

We’ve lost our singers of the sky—and replaced them with SIM. Unless Mother Earth has some serious affection for these students, this seems like a pretty shitty deal. For everybody—especially the birds.

Can you believe that, in this day and age, people think it not only acceptable to continue to use higher amounts of pesticides, but also think that their friends should be held emotionally accountable for attending their a cappella shows, which frankly all sound the same, the goddamn same?

The next time any of the editorial board at The Local Noodle hears one more shitty Katy Perry mash-up, we will personally sound the same, the goddamn same?

Only acceptable to continue to use higher amounts of pesticides, especially the birds.

Students, this seems like a pretty shitty deal. For everybody—especially the birds.

In this spirit, we would like to remind you all of your summer journal entries, letters home, and period tracking charts to our office. This is for you. It’s so we can ensure you made the most of your experience, which would have been a dream in a crack pipe if not for us. Lest you forget.

No detail is too small to tell us. What kinds of tasks did you do at your internship? Did you make any friends in the office? Did you sleep with any of them? How was the sex? Did you use protection? Can we watch next time?

In addition to diary entries, please also send us your mobile phone so that our office can add you to Find My Friends. If you are a Feb and did not have cell service all summer, please come by to have the tracking chip we put in you removed. If you fail to hand over this information, we will revoke your funding and we will sleep with your mother. Again.

Finally, do not forget to drop off a two to three inch long lock of hair at our front desk. We will be recording the genetic sequence of each student, and also making a life-size hair doll whose name will be Harry. Harry will be our pet.

I Hate Women but I Love Elizabeth Bishop

By CHET STUDEBAKER

What’s up fellas! By now, summer’s most definitely over, and we’re all getting readjusted to the rhythms of the semester. I personally have been getting back into the swing of things on the golf-team, crushing balls on the driving range before class with my buddies and working on my short game in the evenings. And after my internship at Booze Allen, I could use the practice.

But I’m actually here to talk to you about something different. Something big. Guys, I never thought I’d be putting these words to paper, but I’ve found a girl. And this one’s different. You all know me. The Bakester’s made the rounds in Atwater like anyone else, but most of the time after a hook-up I love to see them go and to watch them leave. My court-mandated therapist has told me, to my face, that I “have a frightening tendency to see women as dehumanized objects of sexual gratification.” Pretty dope. I’ve ghosted so many girls my friends call me Casper. This time, though, I keep coming back for more. I found her at a bookstore of all places. I was on a Tinder date in D.C., and this American University girl thought it’d be cute to go look at some books or something. I wasn’t really listening. Things went downhill fast when she talked about her time working for the Clinton campaign in 2016. But in the couple seconds between that and when I walked out, this other girl caught my eye. I picked her up on the spot and took her back to our office.

Were she any other girl, that would’ve been the whole story. But Elizabeth is different.

I don’t know how else to say it. I, Chet Studebaker, love Elizabeth Bishop. Since finding her in that bookstore I don’t know how to quit. We’re together all the time.

I love you.

In this spirit, we would like to offer you some of the pieces of Elizabeth Bishop's poetry. We think that this is a similarly pertinent opportunity to contemplate the way we live in a world where people still think a cappella is sexy and cool.

The Local Noodle Staff

The Local Noodle

The Local Noodle is the official student newspaper of Skidmore College. The Local Noodle is created, edited, and published by students for students. The Local Noodle is an inclusive platform that encourages diverse perspectives. Stories and opinions are not necessarily those of the administration, faculty, or Skidmore College. Please submit all letters to the editor to newspaper@skidmore.edu, and to editorial@skidmore.edu for editorials.

The American bird population has decreased by 29% in the last fifty years.

The CCI considered forcing students to name their first child “Cece Eye.”

We at the Center for Careers and Internships are hoping that you, our students, are settling into autumn here at Middlebury, as the crisp, perfect apple-picking season comes upon us. Before we get knee-deep in golden leaves, though, we want to remind you that we funded your beautiful summer learning-fest. You would be nothing without us.

In this spirit, we would like to remind you to submit all of your summer journal entries, letters home, and period tracking charts to our office. This is for you. It’s so we can ensure you made the most of your experience, which would have been a dream in a crack pipe if not for us. Lest you forget.

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Were she any other girl, that would’ve been the whole story. But Elizabeth is different.

I don’t know how else to say it. I, Chet Studebaker, love Elizabeth Bishop. Since finding her in that bookstore I don’t know how to quit. We’re together all the time. In the dining hall, between classes, I can’t get enough! We have so much in common. I also love to fish and have spent time in a waiting room after fracturing my ulna playing lacrosse in seventh grade. And there’s something about the way she talks to me. Her voice, so detail-oriented, emotionally-blunted, and distant reminds me of both my mother and father. Plus I think she might be bi, which’d be super hot, but she’s not really into talking about that yet.

“The art of losing isn’t hard to master”—so deep and so real. I think about that poem every time I hit a double bogie or get my license taken away for reckless driving. Live and let live, bro.

Well, I’m sorry if this column hasn’t been like my usual hot takes, spitting fire and owning the libs, but I needed to tell someone. Maybe my therapist was right. Sure, I hate women. But man do I love Elizabeth Bishop.
You Win: A Retirement Notice by the Middlebury Thought Police

Today is a sad day for Middlebury College. After decades of ruling this school with an iron hammer and sickle, we have been exposed by the brave men and woman at The Middlebury Independent. And thus, we—the leftist, authoritarian, ideologically cancerous brainwashers, or, per our formal nomenclature, the Middlebury Thought Police—must say goodbye. You thought you came here to “learn how to think”? You fools. The Independent reporters somehow saw through the fog of Middlebury’s mind-control program to see who was really pulling the strings. Us. The very real Thought Police.

It’s incredible that The Middlebury Independent published their article without us figuring out beforehand. We control the CTLR, but these reporters never check their writing. We run the SGA, but these heroes get their money from an outside group that “promotes Judeo-Christian Values.” We even bugged the scanners in Davis, but these geniuses don’t read books!

Our years of hiding out in that FIC room you can’t find were all for naught. Now that we’ve been caught, we must find a new outlet for our frustrations. Our current operations—indiscriminately integrating genders and races, divesting from Clean Coal, and printing The Campus—shall be terminated, effective immediately.

You are now free. Go—burn your Subarus! Eat a burger! Put on a sombrero! Your thoughts are liberated and, at long last—independent.

We hope this “illiberal” institution can survive thinking for itself. As for us, we’re off to retire in North Korea.

Hail Foucault,
The Thought Police

Dear Agnes:

Does my roommate’s dad want to fuck me?

Dear Agnes,

During move-in week, I met my roommate’s dad for the first time. I was putting up my Chris Colfer posters when he barged through the door, carrying a carpet over his shoulder like a rag doll. I thought, Dear God, please let this silver Adonis carry me like that one day.

I introduced myself with a handshake, and I could feel the sexual tension rolling to a boil like hot soup on a cold, cold night. But alas, our brief moment of passion was not long for this world. His wife (a cold, icy shrew) walked in, and I felt it all evaporate.

Later that night, he took me and my roommate to Flatbread, an offer I couldn’t refuse. He poured my water…and even put sour cream on my perogies.

Agnes, I’ve been thinking about him ever since he left. My roommate has a picture of him on her desk, and though I kiss it when she sleeps, I crave the real thing.

I just learned he’s coming back for Parents’ Weekend. The thought of him in a flannel, the muscles of a guy who ran track in college subtly rippling beneath the strong but gentle fabric, is almost too much to bear. What if he takes me apple picking? What if I accidentally kidnap his whole family and ship them in a crate to Winnipeg, just to be with him? I want him to shrink me down and plop me in his pocket.

I’m writing now to ask—should I move forward with this relationship? If he asks how my semester has been going, I don’t know what I can say except “I love you.”

–Bothered in Battell

Agnes:

That’s my husband, you skank!
Culture

Snitches Get Stitches: Freshmen Forced to Drink Butterbeer Until They Vomit

Greek Life might be experiencing a national debt crisis but the Wizarding World is picking up the slack.

Having caught some spectacular First Years recruits, Middlebury’s supposedly wholesome, some might say virginal, Quidditch Team has chosen 2019 as the year to resurrect old “Muggle to Wizard” hazing rituals, known fondly to its members as the Cry-Wizard Tournament. The recruits were lured to practice last evening by promises of “Like a Virgin” to woo eager first years. Craigly forced to come, said the following: “I thought it was cool how short the performance was so I could get back to doing literally anything else.”

Students report having had scars drawn on their foreheads as they slept. The same students also reported hearing ominous whispers in their ears which encourage them to cry out pitifully during classes and touch their scars with confusion. Two students returning from practice last evening were also overheard making passing reference to what seems to be a non-academic, but interactive tutorial titled “Two Girls, One Snitch.”

Despite these transgressions, administrators are encountering difficulties in transfiguring out the root of the issues, with many students silenced for fear of what they call the Unbreakable Vow. The silence, according to Title IX coordinators, is only helping to sweep news of this crisis under the rug.

“I feel like it wasn’t that bad, until I saw that chick stuck in the toilet of the second floor girl’s lavatory of Munroe,” said a student who prefers to go by Me Who Shall Not Be Named. “She looked like a total ghost.”

When asked for the inspiration of these new practices, the Quidditch captains only said, “It’s true that we’ve taken many pages out of JK Rowling’s books—which is why we think it is about time we started calling ourselves a chapter.”

This fun wordplay made by a virgin nerd reveals the Quidditch team’s plan to officially organize as a fraternity, naming themselves Alpha Kadavra.

Mischords Accepting New Pledges

The Mischords, the apex predators of the Middlebury College a cappella food-chain, recently started recruiting this year’s pledge class.

At the a cappella event Jambo, the all-female Mischords performed their signature cover of Madonna’s “Like a Virgin” to woo eager first years. Craigly Arrapatus ’20.5, one of the three begrudging friends forced to come, said the following; “I thought it was cool how short the performance was so I could get back to doing literally anything else.”

However, the group did manage to catch the eye of a few blonde freshman girls looking to relive the experience of being popular, yet vaguely mean, in high school.

“I wanted to rush the Mischords because I think that everyone should find their own group of supportive, talented women who will swap Urban Outfitters crop tops with them,” said Hayley Summers ’23, probably from suburban Chicago.

During the pledge process, the recruits were asked to determine which Fifth Harmony member they most identified with, practice dancing on tables at empty parties, and gentrify a Middlebury dorm of their choosing.

Talia-James Sycamore ’23, a prospective member, reflected on her inspiring week of pledging in her diary: “I honestly just feel so seen by all my new sisters. I’m just sad that my friend Chloe didn’t get in. The blonde dye washed out of her hair when she showered before her callback, and they immediately sent her home.”

Although the freshman class is nervous because the recruitment process included no testing of vocal ability, the Mischords are sure to have an exciting year of performances and Mead Chapel photoshoots.

Profile:

Last Ever Female Editor-in-Chief of The Campus

In 1943, half a century after Middlebury admitted its first female student, Ruth Wheaton was appointed as the first-ever female editor-in-chief of The Middlebury Campus, its oft-struggling student-run “newspaper.” Eighty-six years later, The Campus has named its last ever female editor-in-chief. Meet Fartface Poopybutt.

This interview has been lightly edited for clarity and cohesion.

Q: So, Fartface Poopybutt, how did you first come to be involved in The Campus?

A: Okay, so my name is [Fartface Poopybutt], it’s [Fartface Poopybutt]. Please don’t call me [by her name]. Anyways, I joined The Campus in my first year because I love journalism [and disseminating fake news on our beloved campus. I hate smiling. And myself.]

Q: Why are you so passionate about journalism? Haven’t you heard it’s not cool?

A: I think journalism is actually pretty cool. As the [vastly inferior] student-run newspaper on campus, we get to help shape the narrative of what’s happening and raise awareness about issues that might otherwise fall under the rug, like [how we are shutting down because The Local Noodle has run us out of business.] Unlike your paper [and, to clarify, I’m not making mean and hurtful air quotes right now], we put hours and hours of work into our investigative journalism [and, to clarify, I am now making well-deserved air quotes.]

Q: You seem to have a lot of hatred towards real news journalism. Is this why you’re the last female editor-in-chief of The Campus?

A: What the hell? You people are horrible[ly] good at your jobs! You always get the scoop before we do. You’re actually our journalistic idols. Hail Satan!”

The Mischords have also been overheard calling their Community Friends “littles.”
Sports

Letter from the Women’s Ski Team: Let Us Wear Skirts!

Dear Director of Athletics,

As we all know, the women’s Field Hockey team recently won something. And yet—where is the men’s field hockey team? Where is their coverage? No one has heard of them. Why?

Because they don’t wear skirts.

We, at the women’s ski team, deserve the privilege of the male gaze. Just like tennis, squash, golf, and lacrosse, we, as female athletes, demand the right to wear the clothes that make us seem totally not serious about our sport.

Just because we’re the only D1 team here, doesn’t mean we don’t want to be sexualized and objectified too.

We’ve worn spandex, Gore-tex, latex—and yet, we are still not denigrated among the pretty girls. While layers may protect us from them elements, they expose us to something far worse—neglect.

Our teammate Jaquelyn Watkins recently QUIT our team protesting this very issue. Before leaving in a very dramatic fashion, she told us, “If no one’s gonna see my legs, what’s the point of going to the gym for multiple hours a day all year round?” And she’s right.

We’ve skirted around this issue for too long. It’s all downhill from here.

We’ve tried hard enough to make our poles look sexy. But it’s just not enough.

As of now, consider this your warning: you, and the whole reverse-sexist athletic institution, are on thin ice.

Love,
The women’s ski team

Mom cancels on Parents’ Weekend after Son No Longer JV Athlete

Middlebury moms over the just-outside-Boston area have reported a sudden “work conflict” over parents weekend, after Middlebury scrapped its Junior Varsity athletic program. With the cancellation of JV sports, moms are having trouble finding reasons to love their sons.

Despite Parents Weekend being on family Google calendars since their baby’s first Midd jersey, moms reported preferring to go to their kindergartener’s baby dodgeball tournament, in last season’s Lulus, than no sporting event at all. It seems many mothers are having a difficult time coping with their sons now being “NARPs” (non-athlete regular person).

“I mean, what’s the point in visiting my son anymore?” asked the mother of Philip Andover ’21. “As I told him in the fifth grade - no son of mine will be a NARP and I stuck by it. Why go to Parents’ Weekend when I am childless?

“After serving three consecutive seasons as the team’s favorite mom, and always bringing snacks for my hungry boys, my identity has been stripped away by the administration of Middlebury College. I’ve even been removed from the team’s roster. When will the humiliation end?”

Many of the mothers are struggling with being removed from the ‘Athlete Moms of Midd’ Facebook group, and are seeking reconciliation in their new group ‘Creative Ways to Still Brag About Your Child.’

Another mother, Patricia Hammond of Concord, says that in light of the J.V. program’s conclusion, she will not be inviting her son Jack Hammond ’21 back home for Christmas anymore.

On campus, students have been seen aimlessly wandering around, searching for a new pastime to replace watching the JV sports events.

Nordic Ski Team Gears Up for Global Warming

Middlebury’s Nordic Ski Team is often seen training on “roller skis” in the warmer months of fall. Though it may seem they are just getting in shape for their upcoming season, they are also preparing for the inevitable ravaging of global warming.

“Since snow probably won’t exist in ten years, we’re getting ready for a warmer era of Nordic skiing: ‘Nord-ish’ skiing,” says captain Hans Schneider.

“Although it is a bit different from skiing on snow, roller skiing is still way less fun and much more painful than alpine skiing.”

Despite existential fears for the future, some team members have been able to remain optimistic. Parker Gleckingson ’21, a hot blonde guy who uses really nice hair gel, shared his positive outlook: “You know, I like to think that we’re not going to lose snow, but we’ll just have more liquid snow.”

Even with Gleckingson’s optimism, the team has been preparing extensively for the consequences of climate change by learning how to be comfortable in a constant state of sunburn, how to be alive without water, and how to use smog as food. Additionally, they have memorized confessional phrases for every religion so our unknown Creator will not send them to an afterlife of eternal suffering.

Athletic Director Mia Bologna supports the team’s decision, noting that “the Middlebury Nordic Ski Team has set a great example in preparing for this season and many seasons after.”

“They’re modelling how athletics at Middlebury can adapt to climate change,” she added. “The football team, for instance, could go a step farther and pledge not to reproduce beyond replacement rate. Or maybe not at all.”

The team prepares to compete in speed events and a bikini portion.

They’re excited to do a couple dry runs.
**The Mill:** The folks in Old Chapel could use some ketamine once in a while, too...

**Proctor:** Bike theft.

**The RAJ:** Livestreams of "secret" unsanctioned talks.

**Hepburn Basement:** Camera removed. We already know they're nerds.

**Battell Beach:** To catch u + the Boys taking a beer piss.

**Ross:** Line-cutters will be prosecuted and taken to the stocks.

**Bi-hall:** Daily updates on trashcan squirrel's mating habits.

**Pubsafe:** If you did nothing wrong, you have nothing to hide.

**Munroe:** BATS?

**Atwater:** Video evidence of boys disrespecting you.

**Brooker:** To find out if the residents actually take showers.

**AC:** Bike retrieval.

**The Knoll:** Evidence that you really did stick your dick in the grass while you were tripping.

**Battell:** Stream goes directly to your parents so they can see how your first semester is going, sweetie.

**Temporary Academic Space:** Footage of after-hours Polisci/SoAN fight club.

**The RAJ:** Livestreams of "secret" unsanctioned talks.

**BevCo:** You know...

**Otter Creek:** E. coli