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HUMOR

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Salisbury suggests methods for hazing your new friends

by Antonia Salisbury
Editor-in-Chief

By this time in the school year, you're probably getting pretty close to all of your new friends. Whether you need to spice things up or are looking for a way to take that brotherly bond to the next level, hazing is definitely right for you.

The classic "Water Bed": This prank dates back to the 1800s and is fairly straightforward. Pour exactly one cup (no more, no less) of water on your brother-from-another-mother's mattress every night before bedtime. They may not notice but if their immune system is anything like that of a Cornell undergrad in 1847, your pal's gonna catch a mighty mean cold! Try taking this haze to the next level by snuggling up with your buddy to keep him warm, and always remember, the tighter the spoon the stronger the goons.

The "What Not To Wear": Who doesn't wish they were on the iconic makeover show hosted by Stacy and Clinton? Wake your friend up in the middle of the night and blindfold him on the way to the WNTW headquarters in New York. Don a blond gel-spiked toupée or a wavy black wig featuring



courtesy pixabay

a bold silver stripe, and then welcome your friend to his own episode of What Not to Wear. Convince them to throw away all of their clothes (including their current outfit) with the promise of a wardrobe that is "totally this season." Next, take him (or her) on a shopping spree, probably at JC Penney, and teach him how to compliment his curves. Finally, while he's in the changing room, steal all of the clothes he was wearing and run away so that he's stranded, penniless, and completely naked in the middle of the Big Apple. Yes, this rag is relatively expensive, but what's money when a good haze is on the line?

Poop Phantom Throwback: You and your pledge can become closer than ever if you just whisper those seven simple words that we all long to hear: I know who the Poop Phantom is. Tell as many people as your lil bitty bro heart desires. While you're on top of the rumor game, make yourself look like a good friend. Tell people that you stuck by his side through it all because he just can't help himself. Sure he's a weirdo, but he's your weirdo. Before you know it he'll have fewer friends than ever before and no one to spend his time with besides you!



O. Hill

Neglect: Last, but certainly not least, neglect is a sure-fire way to haze your friends. Play "the silent game" for the rest of the year or just treat them to a good old shunning. Leave 'em lonely and desperate till they come crawling back into your arms.

Thanks for listening up, all you bros. I hope that you and your friends find that spark that you've been looking for!

Stars write ballads

by Danika Lyle
Humor Editor

For years, Thanksgiving has been overlooked as a precursor to Christmas. Well, America is taking one hard look in the mirror and trying to change that. The nation's top scientists have found the root of what makes a good holiday great: a festive holiday carol. Top charting artists have risen to the challenge of writing the country's new Thanksgiving anthems based off their own popular hits. The El Gato team pulled some strings and got some sneak peaks.

Meghan Trainor to the tune of "All About that Bass":
Because you know I'm all about that Baste bout that Baste, no sauces

Maroon 5 to the tune of "Sugar":
Sugared Yams please, won't you come and pass em down towards me
This year, the Turkey, is a little dark, too dark for me
Trust me I'm thankful, when we all dine.
Dis' the best food coma of my life.
Sugared Yams please, won't you come and pass them down towards me.

Rihanna to the tune of "B* Better Have my Money":**
Aunt Tish better pass that honey!
Biscuits way too crummy!
Too dry and I need sometin' yummy!
Tish better pass that (Tish better pass dat)
Tish better pass that (Tish better pass dat)
Aunt Tish better pass that honey!



O. Hill

It's only fitting that America's sweetheart Taylor Swift writes not one, but two songs for the Turkey loving holiday!

To the tune of "Blank Space":
Now we are buds forever, pilgrims and natives are total best friends,
I'm sure this duo won't go sour, because on native kindness we depend.
England's got a hostile history, France will tell you that their mad
So pass the squash, baby, then give the Pilgrims your land.

To the tune of "Shake it off":
Little cousin's gonna play play play play play,
And my uncles getting drank drank drank drank,
And my Nana's gonna bake bake bake bake bake,
She'll bake it all, bake it all!
Starting to put on some weight weight weight weight weight,
So get sweatpants, hide your shape shape shape shape shape,
Now my belt won't fit my waist waist waist waist waist,
So I'll take it off, take it off!



O. Hill

Turducken has an identity crisis

by Jordan Evans
People Editor

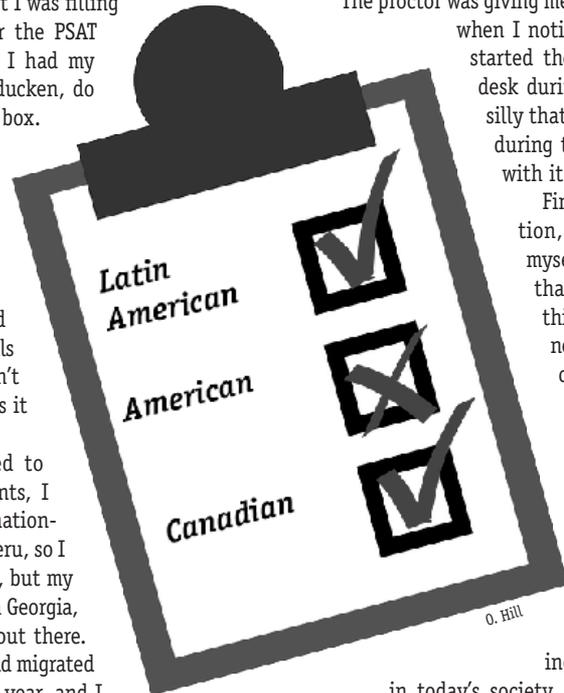
It was in the small gym, whilst I was filling out my personal information for the PSAT so colleges can solicit me, that I had my existential crisis. I, a simple turducken, do not fit under any one nationality box.

Having three parents and not knowing any of them was the most prominent struggle for me growing up. I tried to ask Mr. Shultz about the biology of having three sets of DNA, but he artfully dodged the question and continued talking about individuals with only two parents. I still don't understand the mitosis of it. Or is it meiosis? I really don't know.

In the frigid library, stuffed to capacity with test-taking students, I looked down at the box marked "nationality." My turkey mom was from Peru, so I could write down Latin American, but my chicken dad was born and raised in Georgia, so I'm the realest American kid out there. Just to mess things up, my duck dad migrated from Quebec to Mississippi every year, and I had no clue how to deal with that.

By the time I sorted that out, the proctor had moved onto the next box where we were marking which college majors interested us. I had dreams of becoming a psychologist, but don't think I'm ready to deal with other people's emotional prob-

lems before I sort out my own.



O. Hill

The proctor was giving me a dirty look. I soon understood why when I noticed that everyone else had already started the test. I had my calculator on my desk during the reading portion! I think it's silly that College Board makes us put it away during this time, but I guess I could cheat with it if I really tried.

Finally, after the calculator math portion, I was free. Free to eat lunch by myself because I can't ever find a group that accepts me. The purebred turkeys think so highly of themselves that they never welcome me into their circle. The chickens strut around all day, and I can't deal with that much exercise. The ducks aren't around this time of year, so I just sit outside the cafeteria and watch the pigeons vandalize their teachers' cars.

I fleetingly considered transferring schools, but that's mostly because LG's mascot is the Wildcats. Is it moral that I, representing some of the most prominent fowl in today's society, attend an institution where every football game I am confronted with not one, but two Wildcat mascots who are strangely both named Willy? I feel threatened every day I am here; will I be targeted when the lunch line is too long? Will I be fatally wounded in an intense game of tag? The possibilities are endless.

Sanders analyzes your VSCO filter

by Lauren Sanders
Opinion Editor

VSCO filters: you either love them, hate them, or have absolutely no idea of what they are. If you're in the last category and you haven't seen them all over your Instagram feed, allow me to elucidate. VSCO Cam, a photo editing app that has taken social media by storm, is full of filters used by every teenager from here to Timbuktu. You've probably seen them on your feed, whether it's your best friend's overedited photo of her at the beach, Jay Alvarez's moments with various models, or that one semi-emo account from 7th grade that you never unfollowed. Let's see what the VSCO filter you use says about you.

B1: You're a calm person, and you want to show others your deeper, more thoughtful side. You probably have some insecurities about your complexion and choose to display yourself with this ever-so-classic black and white filter.

C1: You went to Big Sur one time and haven't stopped posting about it since last April. You love to caption your photos with emojis, or if you're feeling earthy, an overused maxim about how the planet is beautiful and how you love going to music festivals

with strangers. You probably own too many pairs of patterned pants and consume more acai bowls than you should.

F2: You want to stay away from the saturated, jarring look of C1, so you go for its more faded and overexposed cousin. You listen to Lana Del Rey and describe your blog as "rosy."

M5: You're the outlier of the group. You don't allow yourself to be labelled, and you constantly remind your friends that you're "not like everyone else." Your mom jeans are your signature clothing item; if anyone insults them, you will adjust your glasses and subsequently exclaim that they are committing a hate crime.

P5: You're going for the cooler, bluer look of this often-forgotten VSCO filter. You might caption your photo with an obscure song lyric just to let everyone else know that you're more sophisticated than them. Your dog's name is probably Aristotle.

T1: All of your pictures are of the beach or your dog. You inform everyone you meet that you play the ukulele in your free time, and because you're an only child, your parents coddle you to no end. It's okay, though, because you donate all of your allowance to a puppy shelter.

X1: You are the 7th grade semi-emo account.



O. Hill