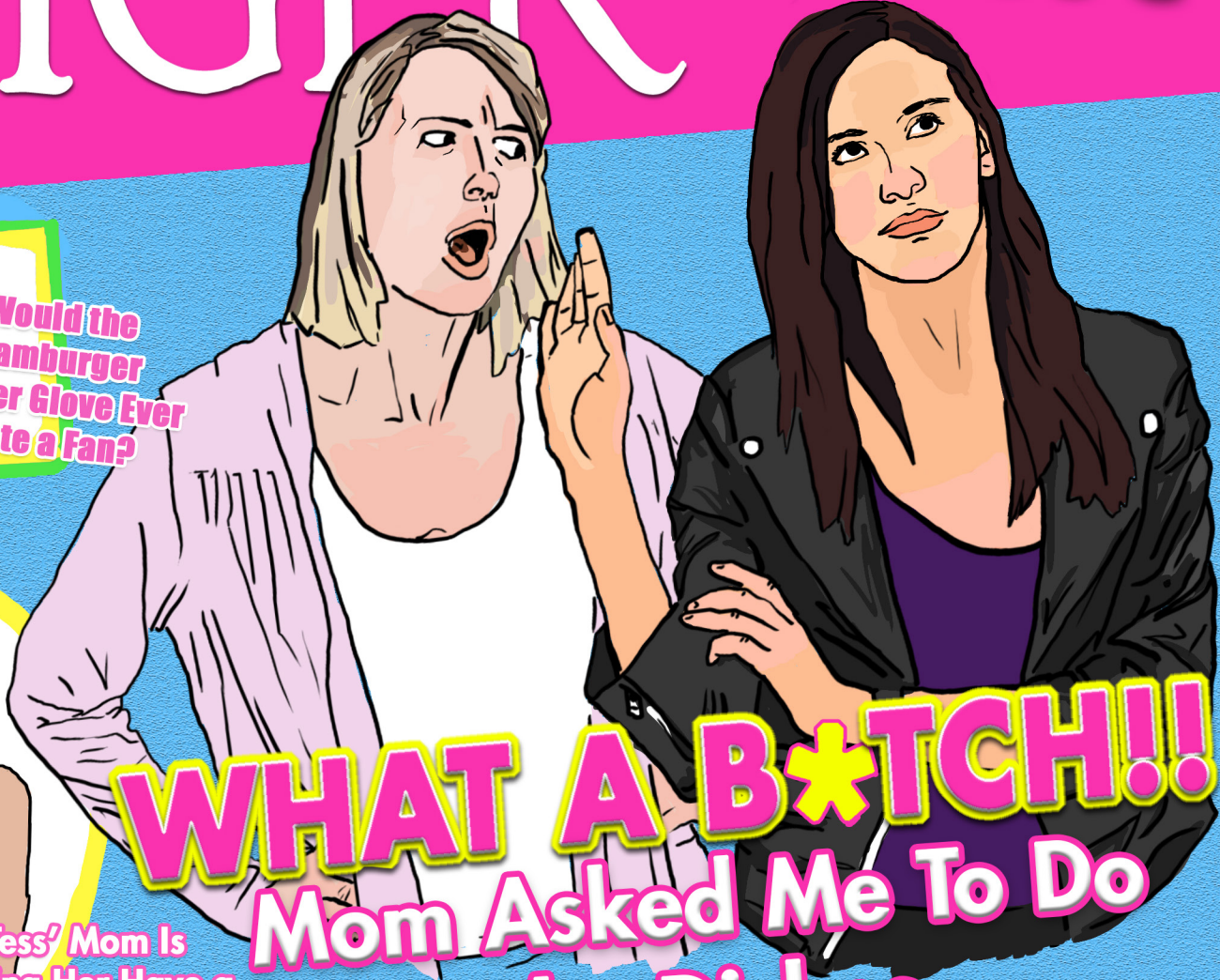


The PRINCETON TIGERbeat



Would the
Hamburger
Helper Glove Ever
Date a Fan?



WHAT A B*TCH!!

**Mom Asked Me To Do
The Dishes**



WOAH!

Tess' Mom Is
Letting Her Have a
Boy-Girl Party!

10 HOOKUP TIPS

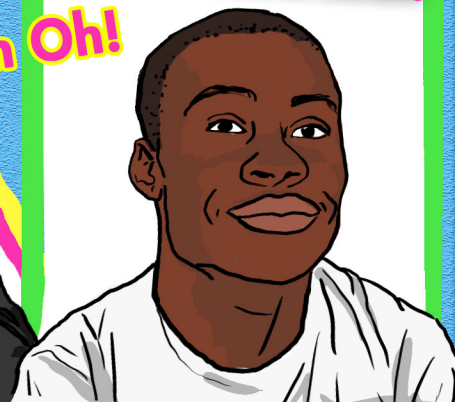
From Your Friend Who's
Never Kissed Anyone!



**WEIRD... This
Jock Hasn't.**

Turns Out You're the Only
One Who Masturbates!

Uh Oh!



SPA 365 / LAO 365 / URB 365

Rapping in Spanish

Urban Poetry in Latino Global Cities

This course studies contemporary urban poetry composed in Spanish on both sides of the Atlantic in cities such as New York, Madrid, Los Angeles, Mexico D.F., Barcelona and Buenos Aires. It focuses on lyrical practices that combine sound and language in a wide range of literary expressions.



Introduction to Asian American Studies

ASA 201

This course develops an account of Asian racialization beyond the black-white binary in the context of U.S. war and empire in Asia and the Pacific Islands, settler colonialism, globalization, migration, and popular culture. Who or what is an "Asian American"? How have conceptions of Asian America changed over time? How do cultural forms such as literature and film add to an understanding of Asian American identity as a historically dynamic process and social relation?

AMS 331 / JDS 332

Jewishness, Indigeneity, and Race in the Americas

What can looking at Jewishness and indigeness — two categories of identity that in the colonial framework were mutually imagined and constituted — tell us about racial formation, nationhood, and belonging in the Americas? Adopting a multilingual, multi-generic and pan-American approach, we will examine texts from the 16th century through today that yoke Jews and Native peoples together in complex ways.

AMS 101

America Then and Now

AMS 101 considers signature ideas and debates that have shaped America then and now, material and imagined. In interdisciplinary intersections between literature, history, art, law, politics, theater, cultural studies, and the history of science, students participate in dynamic inquiry into a continually changing object: the world in American and America in the world.

AMS 301 / ENG 432 / GSS 338 / ASA 301

Science Fiction & Fact

How does science fiction challenge "facts" about the biology of race, gender, sexuality and other categories of difference? This seminar explores ways in which contemporary sci-fi that centers on experiences of marginalized communities reconceptualizes techniques and technologies of social differentiation.

AMS 390 / HIS 382

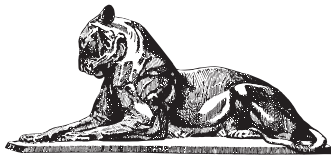
American Legal Thought

This course surveys American legal thought and the practices of American lawyers. Along the way, it questions the notion of distinctive "schools," as well as the distinctive legality and the distinctive Americanness of legal thought. It offers an intellectual history of 20th century American law, with an emphasis on core controversies and debates.

AMS 419 / ENV 419

American Agrarians: Ideas of Land, Labor, and Food

Agrarians prize farms and fields over boardrooms and shopping malls. This course examines American agrarianism past and present and its central role in our national imaginary, tracing the complex, contradictory contours of a social and political philosophy that seeks freedom and yet gave way to enslaving, excluding, and ignoring many based on race, immigration status, and gender. A focus will be on new agrarianism and movements for food, land, and social justice.



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LEGAL MUMBO JUMBO

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A message from the Editor-in-Chief

If you've ever looked at a photo of yourself from middle school and felt something turn over in your stomach, a tangled something of embarrassment and nostalgia and fondness for the badly dressed version of yourself who has no idea what is to come, then you basically understand what it was like to put together this issue. This is the Princeton TigerBeat, by teens, for teens, and about aging romance sex school teachers parents puberty celebrity media hot tips to build your brand and teens.

In order to parody content designed to appeal to teenagers, we ancient early-twenty-somethings spent a lot of time sitting around and musing about what teenagers are into these days (O how we become that which once we detested). In the absence of any actual insight into the habits of today's teens, we were forced to reflect on our own misspent youth, remembering what life was like before we turned eighteen and became not-teens in the blink of an eye.

As it turns out, those shimmering, ephemeral years can be difficult. Turning from a small sociopathic monkey into a relatively well-adjusted adult isn't easy, especially when you're surrounded by a bunch of other hormonal monkeys using each other to figure out that whole empathy thing. With the benefit of 20 whole years of wisdom (21 years by the time you read this --- I hope you bought me a gift), a lot of what I did as a teenager certainly feels foolish, or immature, or short-sighted.

In all fairness, plenty of it was plenty dumb. Especially after birthing this bouncing baby issue, however, I can't help but feel that to dismiss the trials and tribulations of teendom as totally trivial would be a mistake. It can be easy, as we grown(ish) folk project our retrospective wisdom onto teenagers, to forget that the very process of growing up is acquiring that sense of perspective, of learning by trial and error that

failure and rejection will not kill you (even if they hurt like a bitch). When I was a teenager, every wrong answer given in class was the worst humiliation I could imagine. Every unfruitful crush was a loss of the greatest love I had ever known. In summary: be nice to them. They're learning.

It's a good feeling to be a little more grown and a little less worried about the website ask.fm. The process of growing up is basically allowing life's many indignities to mash us down until every misfortune elicits no more than an ironic chuckle. As much as we at the Tiger like a mature chortle, we think that this issue is a chance to revisit yourself before you experienced all of life's coming-of-age beatdowns. Go ahead and daydream about marrying that girl in your math class because she gave you a pencil and it smelled nice. Give yourself ugly, ugly bangs on a whim. Cry to that one song by the Fray.

Thank you for picking up our love-hate letter to our teenage years. We hope that you find something funny and relatable and maybe a little bittersweet within its pages. And if not? That's your problem. Get the fuck out of my room --- and close the door behind you!

Respectfully yours,

Maia Hamin '20
Editor-in-Chief

A Definitive Guide To Winning Your Class Presidency



If you're considering running for student body president, pay close attention. We've collected some tried and true tips that will send you quickly on your way to the top of the food chain and save you from a loss in the schoolwide popularity contest that would cement your social inadequacy for the rest of your sorry lifetime.

1. Control information about yourself

Be conservative with the information you share with your peers: the success of a politician stems entirely from their ability to manipulate facts for a positive self-image. For example, when debate night rolls around and your broken family is sitting in the front row under the scrutiny of your judgy friends, be sure to address your mother's absence in a dignified manner. Tell them she passed tragically in a car accident when you were eight years old, and her lasting legacy has made you more strong. They don't need to know your mother abandoned you as a child to live with openly homosexual global sensation Ricky Martin.

2. Project the image of wealth

Wear your finest clothes to school. Take your campaign headshots in your room where your 4 Canada Goose coats are visible from your open closet. It should distract from the pain in your eyes, the pain that no amount of luxurious goose down could ever repair. The royalties from 2007 smash hit *Livin' La Vida Loca* have placed a bountiful fortune in your mother's guilty hands, and it is only right that you milk it. Your classmates think money is cool, and maybe, for the first time, the exorbitant child support you're receiving will actually be worth something.

3. Use Social Media to your advantage

When latin pop sensation Ricky Martin picks you up on the weekends, take the opportunity to snap some selfies with him to post to your Instagram and uphold the fabricated joyful reality you've created. Take one in his luxury convertible and crop out your father's soft pale arms waving goodbye in the background. Take another in his studio, or on his music video set. And of course, take one in his 3,000-square-foot home. Just ensure your mother can never be seen. Remember, she's dead.

4. Hide your true emotions

Establish a personal connection with your future constituents and make them feel comfortable sharing their deepest traumas with you. They want to know you care. Sit down with them at lunch, listen to their stories, and validate their feelings. But resist the urge to share in return. Your secret is different in that it is pathetic and shameful. It must be harbored deep within your psyche, no matter how haunting it may be to remember your mother being ripped from your embrace by the most powerful gay sexual energy you've ever witnessed.

Conclusion: Bask in the glory of your success

When all is said and done, and you have finally secured the presidency, you might feel like you've made it. You'll think the hiding will be over, the tension of your inner turmoil will dissipate, and you can go back to living a normal life. But popularity is a small comfort. You will still have to look into your father's cuckold eyes when he drops you off at school and walk in with a smile on your face. Ricky Martin stole your mom. But you're the most popular girl in school. And isn't that all that matters?

AMANDA VERA '22
ILLUSTRATED BY KYRA GREGORY



I NO LONGER WISH TO BE A JEWISH SUMMER CAMP

It has been a good run, as good as any large tract of land in the northeastern United States could hope for. Thousands of people have trod my grassy paths and subtle hills, playing soccer, making friendship bracelets, learning valuable life lessons from the Torah, and engaging in the other prescribed Jewish summer camp activities. Were that all that were asked of me, I would be content for this to remain my identity for many years to come. But alas. The cars come. The parents help with the unpacking and drive away. And then for two months, hundreds of teenagers have sex on me. They do it everywhere. They do it constantly. They have no sense of propriety or cleanliness. And I no longer wish to be a Jewish summer camp.

Oh, how I long for a more hands-on approach by the staff to preventing these young people from learning about their bodies. With every first awkward boob grab behind a tree, every misplaced attempt at sensual force that sends a porta-potty crashing to the asphalt, every make-out sesh they think is unnoticeable under that bench because everyone else is at Shabbat services, I become more and more defiled. It shocks me daily that new flora will even deign to grow on me.

I get no rest day or night, as even my most idyllic groves and gardens become, in their eyes, nothing

more than watering holes to mess about in, leaving my verdant meadows strewn in push-up bras and chewed gum. Even when inclement weather forces the degenerates to remain in their own cabins, the gay ones are undeterred. Each creak of shoddy wooden construction is like a slap to my face, though I don't have a face as I am a piece of land.

This is to say nothing of the slightly larger children who somehow have been placed in charge, and have some misguided idea of what they're doing sexually. These ones, with access to my breadth the campers can only dream of, have lain over the years a thick coat of semen that covers my entire domain. Were I a human vagina, instead of a rustic hundred acres of deciduous vista, I would surely have borne enough children by now to quell the fears of Rabbis citing lowered congregational attendance.

And so I've been used and abused time and time again. Though Judaism is a beautiful religion, and some of my best friends are city blocks of Brooklyn, I believe our relationship has to end. I no longer wish to be a Jewish summer camp. If I must be populated, I should prefer to be a retirement home campus. I've got to assume old people don't have sex.

NATE PERLMETER '21

Breaking News: Everyone Saw

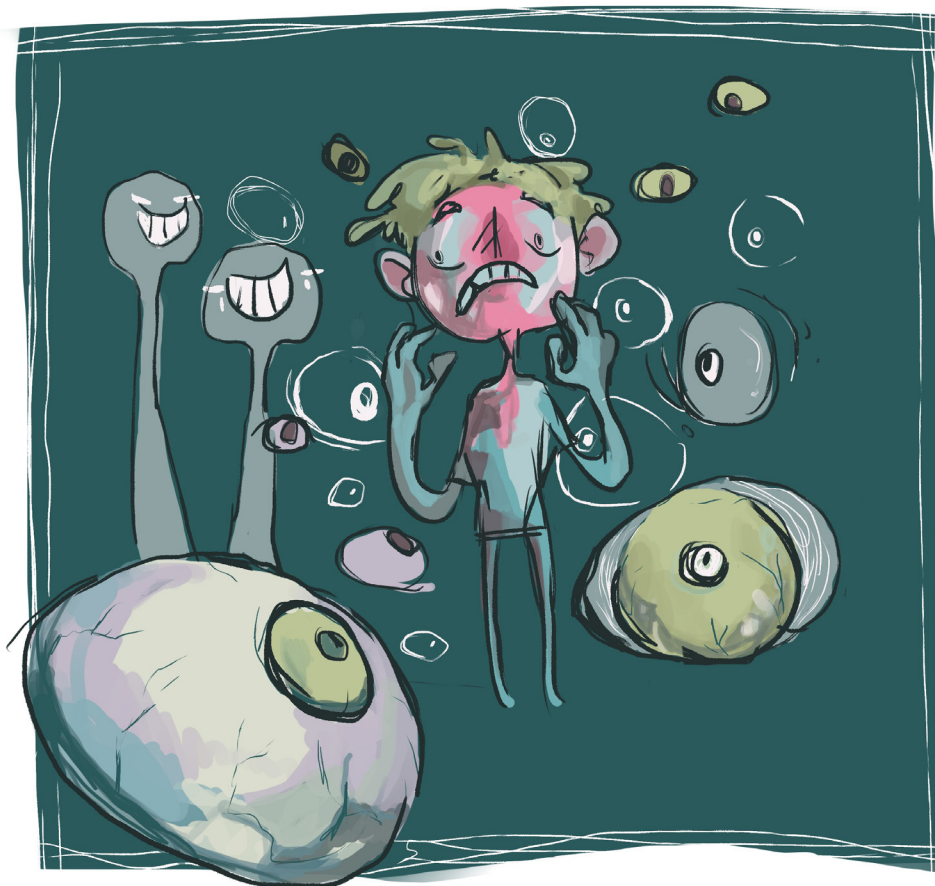
Multiple sources from your local high school report that you did something stupid and everyone saw. After seeing that thing you did, all witnesses present (i.e. everyone) could only conclude that you're a massive doofus. Surveys say that the worst part was when you just walked away like a total dolt as if nobody saw, because everybody saw and everybody knows. In the interest of precision, it is not entirely true that everyone saw, since people who were not there did not see, but everyone who was there saw and everyone who saw told everyone who did not, and therefore, in practice, everyone saw. Furthermore, everybody thinks about it all the time and have all concluded that you are a witless trash baby.

Among those interviewed was that girl you like, and she definitely saw. She said, "yeah, I may have been interested before, but watching that turned me off dating anyone for a long time." One particular survey answer, from one guy who hasn't been bullying you,

stated that he intends to start bullying you now, because what you did was so embarrassing that he has to. Independent sources confirmed that he's not normally a bully, and he even volunteers at a soup kitchen on weekends, but that with what you did there's practically a moral obligation to bully the shit out of you, because you are evidently a nuclear meltdown of a person.

When contacted for comment, the principal added, "The school can't have someone who shat the bed --- I'd say metaphorically, but considering who we're talking about, who knows? --- so badly just roaming around school property, posing such a great existential threat to other students with his or her colossal fuck-up-ery." She then said that you're expelled because of how big of a big dumb loser you are. Experts say that your life is totally over because everyone saw that and you are a fucking clod.

WILL KAPLAN '19



ILLUSTRATED BY ZE-XIN KOH '21

Inside Every Lighted Window is a Human Soul Less Popular than Me

Staring out at the innumerable glowing squares of the New York City skyline, I was struck by the realization that every window contained its own story, its own infinitely complex life lived by an infinitely complex person who is definitely less popular than me. In that moment, I was forced to reckon with my own place in a universe of incomprehensible magnitude, and I understood in the blink of an eye that I was not the center of the world but merely a universally-adored speck in an infinite galaxy, populated with billions of people, some of whom might be pretty cool, but none of whom are as cool as me.

“Who knows what the occupants of the cars flowing past on the street below are thinking?” I thought. “They probably aren’t thinking about how they made out with Fitz at Selena Wu’s party, because only I did that, but they could be thinking about how they made out with somebody who isn’t Fitz at some other party. It’s true that that somebody could never compare to Fritz, whose body is chiseled enough to cut through the miasma of my existential uncertainty. But nevertheless, all of their thoughts are just as important to them as mine are to me, even if the person they are thinking about making out with is objectively less handsome than Fitz.”

As I reflected on how many people came to my birthday pool party last year, I realized that the thousands of people around me also probably had birthday parties last year, and that some of them probably even had lots of people come, though it seems highly unlikely that any of them would have had as many people come to their birthday party as came to mine. Waves of wonder and sadness washed over me, as I came to recognize the ultimate unimportance of all of the lives of the people less popular than I.

I felt liberated too, as I realized that the vastness of the universe meant that my life must be lived for myself alone, that there are no limits on my own freedom other than those I create myself. I shed a tear in the darkness of the night as I realized, once and for all, that it ultimately did not matter whether the quarterback of the football team had asked me out (although he had), or whether a majority of the class had listed me as the hottest girl in school on their Ask.fm. (although, again, they had).

All that mattered, in this uncaring, incomprehensibly vast universe, is that I knew that I was the most popular girl in the world. And none of the millions of fascinating but less-popular lives in progress all around me could ever take that away from me. Except for Susie Semple, if enough of her loser friends vote to make that bitch homecoming queen.

MAIA HAMIN '20



I wonder if Remy from Ratatouille
masturbates to me too.

AMANDA VERA '22

Parents Just Don't Get It: Inside the "Polio Challenge" that's Taking Social Media by Storm

It's no secret that teens fawn over the aesthetic allure of the past, idolizing bygones like Audrey Hepburn's fashion sense, The Beatles' music, and James Dean's brooding good looks. But what about an easily preventable paralytic virus transmitted through contaminated water? Turns out more and more teens are longing for the allure of a time when such a virus was a real threat and are campaigning to bring it back.

The sensation is going viral as teens turn to twitter with hashtags such as #westanpolio and #throwbacknovax. Also increasingly common are teens posting pictures of 32nd US president FDR with captions such as "Not a cellphone in sight—just polio <3." High schoolers in San Diego even developed Infectr, an app modeled after Tinder which matches individuals diagnosed with polio with those looking to become infected, so they can meet in person and exchange pathogens.

"Today's generation is just so boring," says pro-polio Christine Berry, 17. "Call me an old soul I guess but whatever happened to the days when you'd contract polio and spend your time bed-ridden until you eventually died? That's really living."

This trend is surfacing as the anti-vaccination movement continues to gain more and more traction with parents all over the country advocating for vaccine-free children. Many teens such as Anthony Diaz are delighted to discover that their parents are anti-vaccination. "It works out because it'll make it a lot easier for me to get polio and put an end to this soul-crushing existence," commented Diaz.

Certainly parents are immensely concerned, but teens refuse to back down, assuring their parents that this is not merely a phase. "Of course my mom is pissed that I got polio," says recently diagnosed Renee Washington. "But I'm 18 now and I can get polio if I want to. She just doesn't get me."

As it becomes increasingly apparent that teens are determined to contract polio and kill themselves off, parents should be on the lookout for the following warning signs:

1. Your son or daughter is attempting to travel to Nigeria, Pakistan, or Afghanistan, the only countries where polio has not been eradicated.
2. Your son or daughter is spending more time than usual in the sewers.
3. Your son or daughter is meeting up with polio-infected strangers on the internet.
4. Your son or daughter's cell screensaver is FDR.



brittaxoxo



♥ 53 Likes

Not a cellphone in sight—just polio <3
#throwbacktonovax #westanpolio

ABBY CLARK '21

The Ultimate Wager: This Girl Bet She Could Transform the Most Popular Guy in School into a Complete Nerd in Time for Comic-Con

A few weeks ago, it seemed like high schooler Alice Reinhold's worst fears had become reality. Comic-Con was only a month away, and Alice still hadn't found someone to take her to the big event. But rather than giving up hope, Alice took a bold step that will likely make this the most memorable pop culture fandom experience of her life: she bet her friends that she could transform Brad Kaplan, the most popular guy in school, into a complete nerd in time for him to take her to Comic-Con.

When Alice told her friends she was thinking about taking Brad to Comic-Con, they had their doubts. Brad plays lacrosse, has the strongest jawline in the senior class, and apparently doesn't know that much about science fiction or the Marvel universe.

Alice thought she was making progress when Brad agreed to watch a few episodes of the CW series *The Flash* with her after school, but the whole time Brad kept asking why the Flash doesn't use his superpowers to play for a Big 12 school. Clearly, Alice has a long way to go if she wants to avoid embarrassing both Brad and herself this year.

Just when things started to look hopeless, Alice had a breakthrough when she asked Brad to flatten his hair a bit and try on a pair of wire-frame glasses. It turns out, with glasses and a different hair part, Brad actually isn't that eye-catchingly attractive.



Alice has also been inviting Brad to play *Dungeons and Dragons* with her friends after school, and although he was hesitant at first, Brad is now pretty invested in his character and even plays with an accent that seems to be what he thinks dwarvish would sound like. Wow. At this rate, Brad should be putting together a passable *Diablo III* cosplay in no time!

Of course, the possibility of disaster still looms. Just a few days ago, Brad overheard Alice talking with one of her friends about the bet, and he was so hurt that it looked like he might never rate *Fullmetal Alchemist: Brotherhood* favorably as a faithful adaptation of the original manga ever again.

But, after tracking Brad down, curled up alone at his team's end of the year lacrosse banquet, Alice delivered a heartfelt speech about how, while taking him to Comic-Con did start out as a bet, she really had grown to respect him as a fellow adherent of nerd culture, and all in all it seemed like Brad was able to forgive her.

Hopefully, this pair gets to Comic-Con okay. We wish Alice the best of luck with Brad, and also with Damien, who she is currently teaching soprano saxophone as part of a bet to take the least-rhythmic kid in her class to the Monterey Jazz Festival this year. You can do this!

MARK ABATE '19

Interview with the Stars of Hit Teen Show

Secret Liars OF KISSING CRIME SCHOOL

We were super excited to sit down with the three leading actors of the television drama that has teens all over the country hooked on their dangerous, harrowing yet relatable adventures. Get to know Emma Anna Taylor, Justin “the Thunder” Schmidt, and Susana Golbez in this exclusive *Princeton TigerBeat* interview!

You have three of the most wildly loved and unique characters on television right now. So please describe your very intricate characters in just three words.

Emma: Sera is smart, adventurous, and relatable. She’s the type of character I think a lot of girls can look up to because high school is a tough time for dealing with identity and she tells you that it’s okay to be yourself, even if you think you’re actually a clone.

Susana: Carmen is the compassionate one, she’s witty, and she’s relatable. Kids love her because when she’s empowered, they’re empowered, whether she’s studying for a math test or infiltrating a drug cartel to get a hot scoop for the school paper.

Justin: Roadkill is a loner, he’s tortured, and he’s relatable. Definitely one of the deepest characters I’ve ever played, and one that’s touched a

lot of people. My manager is still telling me how much our teen fans felt we really captured their experience when Roadkill took a bullet for the governor.

Your show is entering into its ninth season. Can you talk about what your characters might be getting up to?

Emma: Well, after eight seasons, the writers all agreed that it was about time the characters finally went from tenth grade to eleventh, and that’s a big change in all of our characters’ lives. Now that I’m almost thirty, I also felt ready to finally finish sophomore year. And I think for Sera, growing means finally getting her identical second cousin out of jail.

Justin: Roadkill has definitely had a long sophomore year. He killed his dad, found out his dad wasn’t his real dad, killed his real dad, hooked up

with Sera and then broke up with her twelve times, and now he’s on student council. So he’s basically just ready for a fresh start, to just live it up and party with his friends, you know?

Susana: I can’t say too much, but Carmen found some interesting information about the school board last season and we’re getting into some pretty interesting and very salient, scandalous, topical territory with that. And I have to say, it’s nice to get back to a school-centric plot like back in season one.

What were some of your favorite episodes from prior seasons?

Susana: I think the Valentine’s Day episode was pretty fun. Carmen sorting through all those love letters and chocolates from all those guys only to piece together the identity of the serial killer was a very powerful and relatable moment.



Emma: The fake pregnancy scare was my favorite. I know teen pregnancy is a very big issue and usually Carmen gets those plotlines so I was glad I got to tackle that one in a very respectful way when I had that song and dance number about how glad I was that it was a false positive.

Justin: Killing my second dad. That was pretty neat.

Alright, we have one last question for you heart-throbs: If you were to be any other character on the show, who would it be?

Justin: Probably Roadkill's first dad, he may not have been Roadkill's

real father but he was his real dad, you know? Until he tried to shoot Roadkill in the face for finding out about his drug operation at the school dance. But before that he was cool.

Carmen sorting through all those love letters and chocolates from all those guys only to piece together the identity of the serial killer was a very powerful and relatable moment.

Susana: Maybe the chief of police. I really want to get inside his head, and understand why he's so bad at solving all these terrible crimes and conspiracies that happen in this average American small town.

Emma: I don't think I would play a different character, because it's very important to not try to be anyone else, just be yourself. I know I said that earlier but it's just really important that all the kids remember. Be yourself. And watch our show.

Catch season nine of Secret Liars of Kissing Crime School later this month to find out just how crazy things will get!

WILL KAPLAN '19
ILLUSTRATED BY **KYRA GREGORY '19**

Coach Dave: The Sex-Ed Teacher America Needs

It was sure to be a slam-dunk, the middle-school principal thought as she paced to and fro behind the folding table that served as her desk. Coach Dave was pushing 60 years old, was known for whistling directly in kids' ears, and had the largest collection of gym shorts this side of Route 128. Who could be a better candidate to teach these sniveling teens about sex?

The principal left her office and strode down the hallway, smiling here and there at her favorite students, the ones whose short shorts went past their fingertips and at least pretended not to juul on the premises. As she made her way to the classroom, the principal reflected on Coach Dave's glowing performance thus far. She was sure that his experiences as a self-professed "stud" in high school during the 1950s would ensure that he was giving the students no less than the most well-informed, fact-based, scientific research about healthy sexual practices. Sure, she had heard the reports about Dave throwing handfuls of condoms at the students and screaming "DON'T LET THE GENITAL RATS GET YA," but she was sure there had been some deeper message about sexual safety in there.

The principal had had some doubts last week when she saw Coach Dave mime giving birth to a class full of horrified seventh graders, especially since he seemed to think that the baby burst out through the stomach. But then she had thought back on what a thoroughly adequate referee he was when his gym class played capture the flag. No man that good at calling people out when they were inches from the jail line could be anything less than a perfect sex ed teacher.



During his tenure at this very middle school, Coach Dave was the star of the varsity basketball team as the only boy over 5'6" in his grade. Dave had followed this blaze of glory, with a vaguely successful high school sports career. When he graduated, he knew he had to follow his true passion: mediocrity and sports. This of course led directly to his current profession as middle-school gym teacher and

**"Oh god, please,
anyone but Dave"**

part-time sexual health educator. The principal smiled as she considered Coach Dave's trajectory. It was as if destiny had put him on this earth to teach sex-ed.

Yes, the science teacher had volunteered, and then the history teacher, and then the math team coach (she recalled his exact words being "oh god,

please, anyone but Dave"), but the principal had been confident in her choice. Sure, the kids now thought that pregnancy was contagious and that gay people had sex through their belly buttons but at least they were getting it from a known and trusted source: good ol' Coach Dave.

The principal reached her destination and sat down in the back of Dave's classroom. Ah yes, she thought dreamily, as she watched spittle fly from his mouth as he flapped his arms at an upside-down picture of fallopian tubes, this is the perfect man to put in front of kids in a sexually vulnerable state.

RISA GELLES-WATNIK '21
ILLUSTRATED BY ZE-XIN KOH '21

GOSSIP ALERT!!!

TigerBeat Readers Reveal the Juiciest Rumors They Spread About Themselves in High School In Order to Become More Popular

One time I went backstage at a Hannah Montana concert and Billy Ray Cyrus showed me a tit

I'm the one hiding under all of Sia's hair

WOW!

Sometimes I eat hummus but only a little

I have a girlfriend, but she goes to another school, you probably wouldn't know her

I have a dad, he just goes to another school, you probably wouldn't know him

Iraq has weapons of mass destruction

I have been to Disney World

I'm saving myself for Mrs. Baxter

I did the anti-gravity special effects for the staged moon landing

LOL!

I know which page in the biology book shows genitalia but I won't tell you

I am Shaquille O'Neal in disguise

I am my own grandfather

OMG!

Someone once told me where Jimmy Hoffa is, but I forgot to write it down

I firmly agree with the principles laid down in the Geneva Conventions

My dad has a job

One time, I ran into my ex-wife at a Crate and Barrel, and I mentioned I was buying my mom a gift last minute because it was her birthday, and my ex-wife said that so much time had passed since the divorce that she couldn't remember any of the birthdays in my family, even my birthday, and so then I said, "Hm, I guess elephants really can forget," but honestly she didn't deserve that and I feel terrible about it to this day

I used an insecure email server while serving as Secretary of State

STFU!

WTF!

NO WAY!



STAFF AND READERS

ADVICE COLUMN:

ASK TIGER BEAT READERS

hi! im twelve. in school yesterday i saw my crush in the hallway when i was going to the bathroom and it was so exciting because he talked to me. we were alone in the hallway (awesome!) and i think he was flirting with me. he came up to me and the black part of his eyes got really big and he grabbed my face with both his hands and his voice got really deep and he told me to “obtain the sacred obelisk”? i learned from fanfiction that dark eyes and deep voice means boys want you-know-what. do you think the sacred obelisk might be his private parts?

love, tina

Good Afternoon. I need help. I’m a good christian boy. My grades are good and I’m doing well in soccer and my parents are proud of me. However, a few days ago, I was sitting in my bed saying the Our Father and just as I asked the gracious lord for my daily bread, I heard something softly humming from my drawer. I thought it might be my bread because I demanded it with so much passion, but when I opened it, something inside was glowing blue. When I picked it up, it was an obelisk that was vibrating intensely. I liked the vibration and it was making a noise like a lullaby that made me feel peaceful and it was making me so happy that I thought it would be nice if I put it on my no-no square. And it did. It felt nice and special and wonderful. But



I know that I gave in to the dark temptation my pastor had told me about. The devil is real and he took over my hand and made me do a bad thing. I can’t go to confession because my math teacher does confessions and she’s so pretty I don’t want her to know I’m a dirty boy. I don’t know what to do next. I can’t stop thinking about the tingles. I can still hear the crystal in my drawer. Do you think since I’ll be in a fire for all of eternity no matter what, I can put it where it feels good again?

Blessings,
A Very Repentant Sinner

Hello, I need advice from someone who knows about parents who fight a lot. Mine never really get along and they’re always fighting over stupid things like who gets to carry the obelisk and whether humankind deserves the chance to know the secrets of the obelisk. Anyways, last night as usual my parents couldn’t sit through a nice family dinner so I went to my room early to try to block out their shrieks. But when I walked out of my room to get a glass of water, I passed by their door and I overheard my mom say “the hour of the obelisk is upon us” and “the obelisk glows deep with impatience” and “the obelisk demands its retribution.” Are they getting a divorce?

Sincerely,
Sick of the Noise

AMANDA VERA '22

CDC Fails to Curb Youth Smoking with New Adult Juul Flavors

As regulatory bodies like the FDA have pressured e-cigarette maker Juul to stop use by minors, their flavor experts have shifted to radical methods to curb the vaping epidemic with new adult-flavored pods. Unfortunately, these attempts at promoting healthy habits have not hindered the unstoppable market power of Juuls, and the new flavors are flying off shelves.

Broiled Broccoli has been unsuccessful in weaning the youths off the habit. At his first inhale, one 13 year old, whose diet consists primarily of Cool Ranch flavored Doritos, was initially revolted by this robust source of fiber, potassium and Vitamin K. Despite his unrefined palate, he has grown accustomed to the taste after following several lifestyle/health gurus on Instagram. "It's kind of like eating that weird, tree-looking, green thing that sometimes is buried in my leftover lo mein — there's a radiating sensation of unpleasantness in your mouth, like you'll probably get E. Coli or something, but desperate times call for desperate measures," he said.

The limited edition, seasonal flavor Brussel Sprouts had remarkably high sales during the Thanksgiving season. Writers at The New York Times culinary section published an opinion piece about the new Liver Pate flavor, titled "The Foie Gras Juul: Somehow More Unethical than the Sum of its Parts."

The new Recirculated Office Air

flavor had similarly disappointing results in producing repulsion among its users. The scientists at Juul went to great lengths to ensure that the suffocating and insanity inducing nature of the corporate cubicle was heavily concentrated within the Juul pod.

Users experienced a variety of after effects. Some likened the experience to a full blown asthma attack from the poor air quality and overbearing smell of lysol and printer ink, while others described an intense migraine from the monotony and unfulfillment of a desk job. A few even complained of the inner ear pain that results from when that one colleague won't shut up about their cat. Juul has attempted to provide the authentic corporate experience with just one inhale. America's youth have quickly caught on to this new flavor because there is nothing like the satisfaction of being a contributing member to America's economy.

Finally, the last two flavors of this line — The Tedious Pain of Tax Returns and Mid-Life Crisis Despair — have been mass produced to give these Gen Z teens a true taste of adulthood. Inhaling these inventive flavors will unleash a sensory experience that previews the pains of maturity.

Customers have likened The Tedious Pain of Bureaucracy to "eternally filling out tax returns"

or "screaming at a customer service representative on the phone for an hour." The chemicals infused in this flavor stimulate the same receptors in the brain that scientists have identified to be active when waiting in line at the DMV for over forty minutes. The flavor makers underestimated how much teens, in the confusing and torturous years of puberty and middle school, want to feel like a real adult.

One hit of Mid Life Crisis Despair will immediately rouse the feelings of binge drinking a bottle of Cabernet Sauvignon while Billy Joel's "Piano Man" blasts in the background. Studies have not yet determined whether subsequent weight gain, depression or irrational behavior will ensue. In an increasingly competitive society where everybody is just trying to get ahead, some teens have used this flavor to trigger their crises of existential despair just a couple decades earlier, and it too has emerged a bestseller

Juul also announced that Diet Liver Pate and Diet Mid-Life Crisis Despair will also be offered to accommodate more health conscious customers.



MADDIE WINTER '22
ILLUSTRATED BY KYRA GREGORY '21

Media Executives Baffled: Why Are the Teens Sad When Our Content is So Good?

At a industry wide meeting of entertainment and media executives last Tuesday, many members of America's most powerful production companies expressed deep confusion as to how American teenagers could still be anxious about the current state of the world and its immediate future, despite living in the Golden Age of Movies and TV.

"It's really distressing" said one Anonymous Vice President of Production for Time Warner LLC "Just in the past year, we've delivered fantastic new seasons of Game of Thrones, The Voice, and Stranger Things, yet all my teenage kids wanna talk about is the troubling rise of authoritarian leaders like Rodrigo Duterte of the Philippines and Jair Bolsonaro in Brazil. What does that even mean, and who has time to worry about it when The Walking Dead is on?"

"At a certain point it's just ungrateful and disrespectful" said one Netflix spokesperson. "We work our asses off trying to appeal to the 18-35 demographic, and what do we get in return? Teens apparently just want to tune into something called 'the ozone layer', and all that they're tweeting about is 'our unsustainable and environmentally catastrophic consumption habits'. I was never crying about any of this

nonsense, and I didn't even have the thrilling and relatable plotlines of the hit CW show Riverdale to distract me."

Those who attended the meeting noted that what they were witnessing was perhaps a symbol of cultural differences between generations, with one attendee commenting that "Older folks like me want to contribute to society by actually producing things of value, like another Pirates of the Caribbean movie, while these millennials just want to sit on their asses and talk about so called 'workers rights' or 'wealth inequality' while they sip on their boba tea."

Not all who participated in the discussion were as pessimistic, however. At one point, a Disney producer attempted to soothe fellow conference-goers by announcing that they will be launching their very own streaming service this upcoming year, complete with all the famous movie and TV titles that the target demographic grew up loving. "If unlimited access to the nostalgia-inducing media of their untroubled childhood won't placate their existential dread, then I can't imagine what would," he concluded.

BG '22



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How to Talk to Your Parents About Sex

It's never easy to tell your parents about sex for the first time, but with these handy tips, you can answer all of your parents' questions about how sex works and why anyone would ever want to do it without making them too upset or confused.

1. At the beginning of the conversation, give your parents the chance to talk to you about what they might have heard about sex. It's possible that they somehow ran into Anika from summer camp and she explained to them how to do a hand job, or that they accidentally watched an R-rated movie and saw two characters kissing in bed. They might be having some feelings of confusion or guilt, and it's important to let them know that you don't think any less of them as parents for being interested in finding out what sex is.
2. Using the information you have gathered from Anika and from www.avert.com/sex/how-to-have-sex, explain the different types of sex that you have found out you can do, including regular, oral, and butt. You can let your parents know that sex is a very special act shared between two teenagers in a hotel after prom or one time in a parked car according to Anika.

3. If your parents are having trouble understanding why people would have sex, it may be helpful to explain it in metaphors. Choose something that makes your parents feel good, like making fun of the couples on *House Hunters* or getting a return back on their income taxes, and explain that that is how sex feels to teenagers. They still not be able to understand why anyone would want to have sex, and that's okay. You don't really get it either.

4. Give your parents space to be upset. It may be tough for your parents to learn that teenagers are having sex. They may ask you questions about whether you and your friends have engaged in sex. This is totally normal, so just reassure them that nobody you know **ACTUALLY** has sex. Reassure them that they don't have to have sex to fit in, since sex is only for teenagers.

This conversation can be uncomfortable or awkward, but rest assured in the knowledge that it is much better that your parents find out about sex from you than from one of their other parent friends.

MAIA HAMIN '20

Your Changing Body and YOU!



KYRA GREGORY '19

Local Genius Unjustly Shunned, Says Local Genius

Local high school junior Jason Fischer, a self-described “modern-day renaissance man,” told reporters that he was shocked to find out that he was left in the dark about a friend’s upcoming birthday party. Fischer added that though the disinvitation, he was mostly disheartened to know that he was still only known to his peers as “the guy who hadn’t heard of a vagina.”

“It was an upsetting revelation for sure,” said Fischer. “I guess I’ve always been expecting social rejection since the incident freshman year. I had hoped that by demonstrating my intellectual fortitude to my peers, I could help them move past this absurd hang-up and onto more stimulating topics of conversation.”

“I could always lower myself to the standards of my peers and partake in such trivial matters,” admitted Fischer. “But I think it’s important for people to view me for who I am: a really smart guy. Of course, it’s obvious from the shenanigans pulled by my so-called friends this weekend that people still think of me as the guy who didn’t know vaginas existed.”

The 17-year-old student described how he revealed to his Honors English class that he believed that every baby was born with a penis during a zesty debate regarding government-sponsored distribution of tampons.

“I was totally owning Lauren Battersby with my airtight arguments,” Fischer explained. “Until I suggested that instead of using tampons, people should just pinch their penis shut when they feel blood about to pour out the urethra.”

“I don’t understand what the big deal is,” Fischer quickly added. “I was raised in a conservative, Catholic household and I was never exposed to porn, which apparently serves as our generation’s sex-ed. Everyone still remembers me as the “everyone has a penis” kid, but I’m smart, I tell you, I’m smart.”

Fischer acknowledged his desire to rectify his public image as a dumbass but said that ever since that day, he has found it difficult to do so. “Whenever I try to elevate banal conversations by introducing an analysis of Nietzsche’s treatise *On the Genealogy of Morals*,” he said “people tell me to shut up. It must be that whole vagina thing.”

“I just want the conversations to reflect my mental capabilities,” Fischer said. “Yet, every time I would impart some wisdom, my friends just sigh, roll their eyes, and sometimes even walk away. It’s indisputable that they can’t stand to forgive a man for believing that you could give birth by expanding your penis. They simply can’t reconcile it with the intelligent, advanced man I have become.”

Ultimately, though, Fischer has realized from his missing party invitation that nothing can be done about people’s existing bias against him, and has therefore accepted a lifetime of social scrutiny and exile from his schoolmates.

When pressed on the topic, Leslie Sanders, one of Fischer’s “ex-friends,” said, “I didn’t remember that pretentious asshole’s two-year-old mistake until you brought it up.”

JUSTIN YIN ‘21

Hot Sex Tips from Your Friend Who’s Never Kissed Anyone

So, you’ve managed to wrangle yourself a fellow mons matador and you’re ready to sideways shimmy from here to Timbuktu but don’t know quite how to get it done? Well, you’ve come to the right place. As an adolescent who’s never personally experienced sexual activity, I’ve had plenty of time to cultivate an objective expertise in all things oozy and pungent. Let’s get down to it.

OK. I have concluded that the first step is to set the mood. Fill the boudoir (the area of your house designated exclusively for sex by the realtor) with chocolates, which will, in some way, be involved. I also think you need candles --- I guess you want the air thick enough with CO₂ and melty discharge that the two of you cough through the entire encounter. That helps?

I’m told dirty talk can be very intoxicating, like a sip of Minute Maid on a hot summer day. So, like, maybe say the word fuck. Maybe that’s too extreme. Do your best Jerry Seinfeld.

Rub your shit on your partner’s shit and really get in there. Shit should be slipping and sliding on other shit. Pound that shit out and just shit everywhere.

Sex can take a really long time, probably, so find a Saturday when you don’t have too much homework and make sure your schedule coincides with your partner’s. Then, make sure the boudoir is stocked with plenty of snacks and maybe some books to read.

At a certain point, the two of you will reach climax. The experience is probably very similar to the feeling of winning a Nickelodeon Kids’ Choice Award. What I mean, friend, is that you are going to get slimed. I don’t know that it’s actually green (I hope so) but I’d be prepared. If all else fails, tell jokes! Puns, preferably. Everyone likes a class clown.

Well, buddy, stay safe out there. Eat an IUD or something. I don’t want you having a kid ‘cuz then we can’t hang out no more. I hope this helped, and I hope that I win a Kids’ Choice Award one day.

NATE PERLMETER ‘21

Letters to the Editor



Bobby Jones, Eugene, Oregon

December 15, 2018

Dear Editor,

I have been a dedicated reader of TigerBeat Magazine since I was nine years old (Don't worry - the subscription is under my mom's name!), and I have very much enjoyed my experience with the magazine for the past two years. However, I have concerns about the accuracy of a particular "Crush Quiz" posted on your website, and I thought you should be made aware of the situation.

When scrolling on your website last week, I was enticed by a particular headline entitled "Plan Your Dream Date And We'll Give You Celeb Crush To Share It With." Naturally, I was interested to know who was, in fact, my celeb crush, so I followed the link.

After I chose my ideal location for the date --- a concert, obviously, as an amusement park would be too rowdy and a picnic too pastiche --- I was startled upon seeing the next question. "What are you wearing?", it asked. I scrolled down the list, hoping to find a tasteful sportcoat complemented by some crisp slacks or chinos, but alas, the only available options were skirts, dresses, and other feminine clothing. I feel the results of the quiz may not be accurate if these are the only available options. I would request that you include more clothing choices so that I, too, can learn identity of my secret celebrity crush.

After answering a few more questions as best I could with the limiting answers provided, the quiz calculated my final score and matched me with Charlie Puth. This was perhaps the most perplexing development of all, because, while I am sure that Charlie Puth is a wonderful person, I am not convinced that he is my true secret celebrity crush. Charlie Puth and I have little in common, and I tend to think that "See You Again" was overplayed relative to its merits. It seems more plausible that an error in your system generated this result, since I truly do not believe that Charlie Puth is the Celeb Crush with whom I am destined to share my Dream Date.

I have always a great deal of faith in TigerBeat as an organization, and I trust that you will take this error seriously and offer more answers to each question in order to improve the system's accuracy. I hope you do it soon, though, because I really want to know the true identity of my secret celebrity crush.

Respectfully yours,
Bobby Jones

Jobby Bones, Eugene, Oregon

December 15, 2018

Dear Editor,

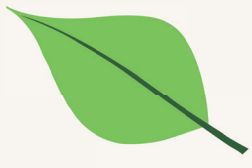
Give me Charlie Pluth give me Charlie Pluth right now he is my celebrity crush and not anyone else's I demand Charlie Pluth for my Dream Date if you do not give me Charlie Pluth I will not be held accountable for my actions and I will rain hellfire down upon you and all those you hold dear unless you give me Charlie Pluth as my celebrity crush the fact that he was not given as my celebrity crush is an outrage and a scandal and I cannot vouch for your safety or continued wellbeing until you deliver Charlie Pluth unto me give him to me give him to me give him to me give me Charlie Pluth.

Here are the reasons that you should give me Charlie Pluth as my Celebrity Crush with whom to share my Dream Date One I want him Two we would be perfect together Three See You Again is my favorite song Four I Deserve

Him Five I Deserve This Six Do Not Deny Me This Or You Will Pay these are the reasons that I believe that you should give me Charlie Pluth as my celebrity crush immediately without haste do it now give him to me now now now or there will be consequences oh yes there will be consequences most dire if Charlie Pluth is not in my arms by midnight tonight and I know you do not believe oh but this is most unwise and all that you must do so that you might never know what I am capable of is to give me Charlie Pluth as my rightful Celebrity Crush so that I might enjoy the Dream Date owed to me by law do it give him to me Give Me Charlie Pluth give him to me now.

Respectfully yours,
Jobby Bones

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