

The Northwestern Flipside

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Northwestern Hosts First Ever Waitlist Wildcat Days

BY SAM BLOCK

EVANSTON — Hundreds of waitlisted students stood outside Norris University Center on Monday, peering through the windows to catch glimpses of the Wildcat Days Activities Fair and other information sessions. Suddenly, Justin Star, a New Trier senior, felt a tap on his shoulder.

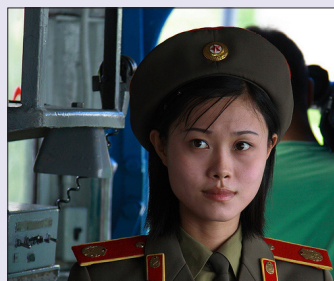
“Justin Stein wasn’t impressed by the food at Hinman and isn’t going here,” an Admissions Officer told him. “So you’re in.” Star rushed inside Norris.

Not all waitlisted students were as lucky as Star. For most, they had to go to the scheduled waitlisted events, the most exciting of which was an activities fair that only featured *Syllabus* Yearbook, service fraternities, and ShireiNU a capella.

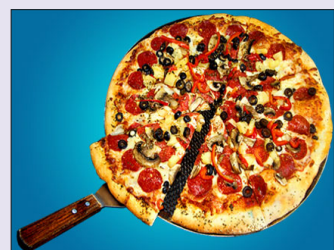
“We tried to book the Sailing Team Appreciation Club, but they didn’t want to bother,” said Dean of Admissions Caitlin Smith. “The men’s basketball team, however, should be here for next Monday’s Waitlist Wildcat Day. They’re pretty desperate.”



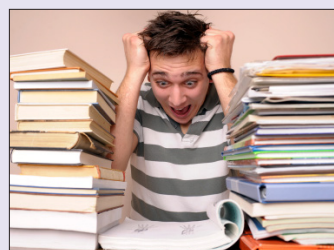
Waitlisted students also got to sample the leftover sandwiches from the plastic lunches admitted students received, embarked on a tour of Kresge, and were offered a complimentary shuttle to the University of Michigan.



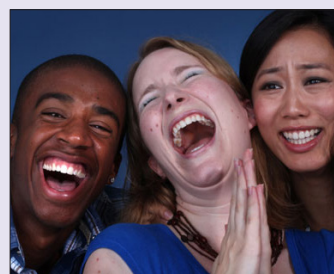
North Korean Prospective Awkwardly Keeps Asking to See Nuclear Research Details in Tech



Prospective Student Raves about North Shore Pizza Company’s Chicago Style Pizza



NU Schedules Prospective Students’ First Midterm Halfway through Wildcat Days



Class of 2016 Flipside Writers Make Most Diverse and Talented Jokes Ever about Class of 2017 Being Even More Diverse and Talented Than They Are

Class of 2017 Excited to “Hang Out at the Lakefill and Eat Frontera”

BY ERIC VANCHIERI

THE INTERNET — The Northwestern University Class of 2017 Facebook group saw a three-hundred percent increase in activity this past week when soul-searching accepted student Alyssa Gianonne asked the deep and philosophical question preoccupying every early-decision applicant’s mind: “So what’s everyone, like, MOST excited for next year?” Gianonne commented on her own post thirty seconds later explaining that marching through the historic campus arch, erected in 1993, is something that she predicts will be life changing.

Within minutes, Gianonne’s post received over 340 comments and 287 likes. Accepted student Thomas O’Hara commented, “I’m basically going to live in Norris. I heard it’s super convenient and centrally located, and I just can’t wait to

get my mouth on some savory Frontera!”

Another incoming freshman, Robert Grisi, expressed his excitement for “just lying on the Lakefill and relaxing” in the consistently nice weather. “Did you guys hear they even have WiFi? I bet we’ll be able to start doing our homework out by the lake by, like, March! NU’s the coolest!”

The remainder of the comments expressed varying degrees of enthusiasm, and there was a group consensus that it was definitely better they were going here and not one of those “stupid Ivies like Columbia or Yale.” Many also gushed over the school’s proximity to Chicago. “I plan on going in at least



once a week, maybe even more. I rode the train all the time in Butte Falls, Oregon, so if anybody needs ‘El’ advice, I’m your girl!” wrote Andrea Park.

Another student, Alex Czirmer, a self-identified “chill bro who’s always looking for a party,” who has also reportedly friend-requested over 95% of the females in the Class of 2017 group, asked about the intricacies of hot cookie bar. “So is this code for an alcohol bar or a bar that serves cookies as well? How exactly do you guys think it works?” inquired Czirmer.

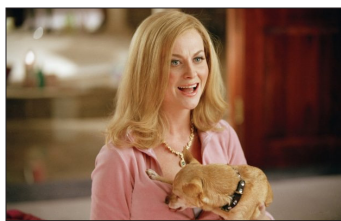
Kerry Stahlin found the thread particularly helpful. “Some of the virtual friends I have made in the group are amazing, and I know we will all hang out once we get to campus!” exclaimed Stahlin. She even proposed that they all paint The Rock the first night, so it can say “Freshmen Rock!” for the entirety of welcome week.

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Perspectives from This Morning's Tour Groups



The Mom Who is Cooler Than Yours

BY ERIC VANCHIERI

Hey everyone. Is this tour a snooze fest or what? Who cares about the number of libraries, we're all just here to party. Am I right guys? Who am I kidding? Of course I'm right! I even let my daughter have a party last weekend because she told me she hated me!

Hey Stace, how fugly is that girl's handbag? (I call my daughter Stace because, let's face it, you can't call your bestie Stacey #ew.) It's like, so 2010.

I heard there were some cute freshman boys chatting up some other girls. You should totally go flirt with them, Stace, don't you think?

Say, do you think the tour guides would tell us where the party's at tonight? I'd totally be down to supply if they're cool with moms tagging along.

Gosh, I remember my days at college like they were yesterday. I mean they really weren't that long ago when you think about it. You know what they say, "42 is the new 22 when you throw in a touch of hair dye, some Botox, and a glass of wine."

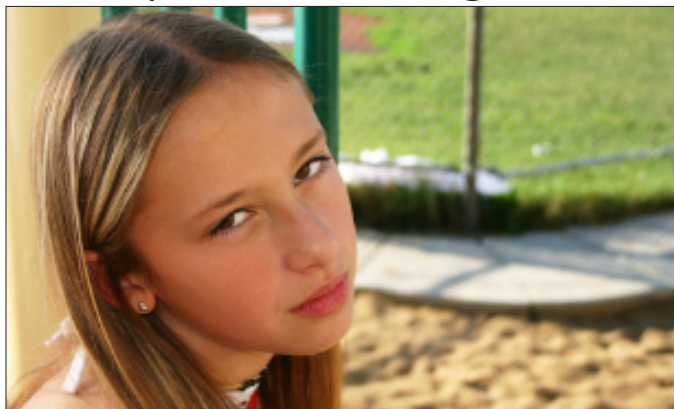
God, you kids don't know how lucky you are to be just starting college. I'm telling you, one moment you're dancing on top of a table at a fraternity's formal and then before you know it, it's nothing but babies throwing up on you and a husband who is afraid to stand up to his own damn mother. Seriously, Stace, cherish it.

The Annoyed Sibling

BY CAROLINE PICARD

Ugh. I could totally get in here. This is dumb. I don't even know why you would want to come to school here. Like Willie the Wildcat? Seriously? Dumb. This place is probably full of UChicago rejects. My (insert standardized state tests here) scores were in the 99th percentile. I got a letter from the Governor, the actual Governor of (insert state with said standardized test here). Northwestern would be my super safety. I'm the smart one. Mom told me.

This tour guide just mispronounced the name of that building. Krez-gee? That should be Krez-guh. Duh. I mean, I would know. I took German after school for three months in third grade. The teacher said I was a natural. I bet I wouldn't even need to take their language requirement here, which is dumb. An ugly building called "Tech?" Also dumb. There's still snow on the ground? Super dumb.



Where even are we? A big pond? You probably can't even swim in it because those freaky fish might eat you. What is the tour guide even saying? Something about a bunch of students dancing in a tent? Dumb. A million dollars isn't even that much. I could probably raise that with, like, a bake sale. I bet they can't even dance. I can though. I had the best score in the class on the flexibility test in gym.

This is the worst. Maybe if I roll my eyes one more time

Mom will let me leave, except she keeps asking dumb questions. Of course they have vegan food. Of course the tour guide studied abroad in Spain. Of course the library has 352,294,637 books. This is literally the same exact tour as WashU. I mean I could probably give this tour and do a better job.

Ugh. I wish I was at home watching *Pretty Little Liars* right now. Jessica even said her mom would have dropped her off at my house.

The Cool (Okay, Embarrassing) Dad

BY RACHEL BEAL

Dedicated to the world's proudest Dad

WOW. This is so cool. This is the coolest ever. My daughter is the best ever. I wonder if she's having as much fun as I am? I wish I was standing up front with her so I could ask! (My wife made me stay in the back with her because during our tour of UCLA, I pushed three accepted engineering students out of the way so I could stand right behind the tour guide, and then asked more questions than all of the communications majors put together.) I'll wave. I bet she'll see me if I wave. *RACHELLLLL, RACHELLLLL.*

Drat. My wife made me stop waving. She keeps whispering that I'm being goofy. Oh well, I don't think Rachel minded. She was only avoiding eye contact so she could look at all these cool chalkings! There are so many student groups here! I wonder if there's an a cappella group. I was in an a cappella group. I should ask! My wife won't let me raise my hand though.

It's so warm, but that might just be because I'm wearing an article of clothing from every single institution Rachel was accepted to; that's two t-shirts from UVA and NYU, a zip-up sweatshirt from WashU, socks from UMich, and this knitted hat fleece hat with earflaps from Cornell. I know it's sixty degrees

and sunny out, but I just wanted everyone to know that my daughter's the best! I hope we go to the bookstore soon. Their website only had one "NU Dad" shirt, and if Rachel goes here, I'll need at least five more. (Really though, where is it? Shouldn't it be somewhere close to the middle of campus? They must have hidden it on purpose. They're so clever!)

Whoa! A statue! Maybe I can get Rachel to stand over by it and take a picture with my cell phone! Oh, that's just an Organic Chemistry student that froze trying to get in to Deering Library on Martin Luther King Day? They'll thaw out soon enough. Maybe we should talk about UCLA again though.

Prospective Student Who Has Never Had Sex Brags About How Much Sex He'll Have

BY SAM BLOCK

EVANSTON — At dining halls across campus, conversations among prospective students soon transitioned from ACT scores and other colleges under consideration to the inevitable pressure to demonstrate how cool they are.

Research from the Flipside Institute of Statisticology suggests that only one in fifty students will remember someone next year that they met on admitted student day. Some incidents of actually recalling the other person's name have been reported—both during Wildcat Days and months later. Facing these daunting odds, some prospective students have made it their mission to establish a reputation as someone who is “hot stuff” because of the amount of “actual intercourse” they have.

“I have sex all the time, but in college, I'm going to have it even more,” reported Bill Matter, an 18-year-old high school

student who has never had sex. “Every night will be like prom. I'm going to use each condom at least three times.”

He went on, uneasily but with increasing confidence, to a table of other nametag clad high schoolers who had rebelliously blown off second semester by skipping one day of school and occasionally putting off homework for hours.

“I bet the girls are even better at sex at Northwestern,” Matter said. “It will be great going for one to three hours. And doing it the whole time as fast and hard as they do it in the movies—maybe faster and harder. When I finish with one girl, I'll go across the hall and start right away with the next. I usually get a girl to orgasm three times.”

“I really like doing it reverse doggy style,” he added.

When asked by a fellow prospective student that it seems like he plans on making a lot of girls wet, Matter replied, “No, that sounds gross.”

Editorial

“You Guys, I Totally Drink”

BY CAROLINE PICARD

Hey guys! Sorry, I'm little hungover from the two handles of beer I had last night. I mean, that doesn't even compare to the time my mom bought me vodka. I had three shots! Shit got so crazy, I can't even tell you. (Except I'm going to tell you.)

So me and my bros were just chilling when my 'rents were out to dinner, and we were getting kind of bored so I was like, “Yo, bros, let's get schwasty.” We went so HAM on my mom's cooking brandy and the rum my Dad brought back from Grand Cayman! But then we left, like, a little bit left in each bottle so my parents totally wouldn't find out. (Except somehow they found out, and I got in so much trouble that my mom changed my curfew from 11 to 9.)

College is going to be awesome though! I'm definitely going to all of the frat parties. Every single one! Like, I've already met bros from Circle-with-a-line-through-it Triangle

and Backwards-three X, and I know they'll invite me.

I'm going to butt chug beer, which is when you put a beer in your back pocket for later and then you drink it. I'm also going to play tons of pong; I'm so good at pong that I always get the ball in the middle cup on the first turn. They call that the “bitch cup” because of all of the bitches you score for being so good at pong. Oh, and I'm definitely going to play slap cup; I'm the best at slapping cups out of people's hands when they're least expecting it. People laugh so hard when their clothes are soaked in cheap beer!

So guys, you should totally hit me up on campus in the fall. I'm definitely going to be the person they'll let in at all the parties, especially because I'll bring my huge group of guy friends with me. It ain't a party without all the bros, am I right?

I even know where Garnett is (right next to Tech! It's kind of weird they'd have parties in a church, but NU bros go hard everywhere, like me.)

Alumni Parent Says, “Well, When I Was Here” for 56th Time During Wildcat Days

BY MATT CLARKSTON

EVANSTON — Monday's visit to campus for prospective student Adam Jarolds was highlighted by the merry musings of his father, Bill, a 1981 NU alumnus. The Grand Rapids, Michigan native spent hours regaling his son with stories of “his glory days” and his antics at “the good ole alma mater.”

Between bites of breakfast, Mr. Jarolds recounted several of his college escapades, most notably “the time we lit a piano on fire and pushed it into the lake.” While his wife, Christi-

na, made repeated attempts to quiet her husband, Mr. Jarolds pushed past her objections to ensure that all nearby listeners would hear about “the toughest math professor in the entire department, that crotchety bastard, Greenworthy.”

The elder Jarolds found his top form, however, during the Wildcat Days campus tour. While in front of The Rock, he asked tour guide Rosa DeMarco, a junior Communications major, if groups were still required to guard The Rock before painting it. Upon being told this was still the case, he educated his fellow tour mem-

bers on prior tradition, saying, “Back in '79, you had to stay

“...the time we lit a piano on fire and pushed it into the lake.”

- Bill Jarolds, Class of '81

behind after you painted it, or else some jerk would try to sneak up and paint over it.” Mr. Jarolds also referred to nine separate buildings as “one of [his] old haunts,” or simply said, “Ah, many memories in there...” and chuckled

knowingly.

According to independent estimates, Jarolds managed to inform nearly one-third of the visiting families of his status as an NU graduate. Many parents distinctly remembered him as “that guy all dressed up in a suit for no reason” or just “the jackass.”

Other sources indicated that, when sitting apart from his father during the dinner in Hinman with current Northwestern students, Adam told his Wildcat Days peers, “Yeah, I think my dad really wants me to go here, but I'm actually learning towards Vanderbilt.”



The Five Prospies You'll Meet During Wildcat Days

BY ALLISON ORTEGA

In preparation for Wildcat Days, The Northwestern Flipside has conducted hundreds of hours of painstaking and dangerous research to prepare this field guide about the different types of admitted students you will encounter. Keep the following information in mind and you will be ready to survive any interaction with a prospective student.

The Early Admit

She came in the sweatshirt she pre-ordered online, and she'll hit the bookstore for more swag to make her hometown friends jealous before she leaves. The Early Admit is sure to brush up on all of her NU lingo before she arrives on campus and she WILL go to Norbucks. She probably bleeds purple, but not in the metaphorical school spirit kind of way; she actually may have ingested something to alter the pigment of her in-nards (her skin looks weird).

The Home Schooled One

You can spot this elusive prosapie by how enamored he is by the opposite sex, and the number of times he whispers to his mom, whose arm he clutches tightly. He will be most excited about how many different buildings he will have the opportunity to have classes in, and least excited about dining hall food. His dedication to avoiding eye contact is unwavering, as is his resolve to not let anyone know he was home schooled. You might start to feel a little bad about his awkwardness, but there is no need; he is so, so much smarter than you.

The One Who is Waitlisted Somewhere Else

She came here, semi-reluctantly, mostly because her parents thought it would be a good idea. It's not that she doesn't like Northwestern, it's just that, well, she's a legacy at Princeton and she applied early, then got deferred, then waitlisted, and now she's sure that her accep-

tance letter will come any day now. Do you think it's because of her ACT score? She took the test twice but then decided only to report her first score, maybe that was a bad idea? Do you think it's because she lives in Michigan? Waitlist girl will spend most of the day trying to will herself to want to be here, but will inevitably spend the whole day refreshing her inbox.

Your New Best Friend

Just kidding! No matter what that sprightly girl you walked next to during the tour says, you will probably NOT be meeting your new best friend during Wildcat Days. Yes, we know you both love One Direction and made totally hilarious eye contact when your tour guide said "Mance Darathon," vowing to hang out all the time when you get to campus. However, this person is more likely to disappear until near the end of your junior year. You'll see her outside the library and recognize her, but only kind of. You'll

think about maybe saying hi, or at least doing the "oh hey how are you it's been a while" half-smile-nod gesture, but inevitably decide its best to fake text until she passes.

The Dude in a Letterman Jacket

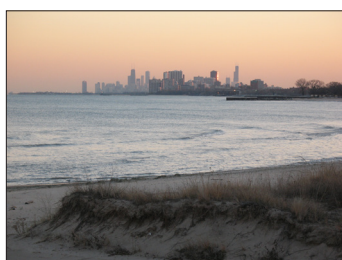
This guy. When he walks around his hometown in that woolly beauty with the worn leather sleeves, everyone knows he's hot (those jackets really seal in warmth). He works that bad boy like he was born in it, his signature look definitely works for him. Unfortunately for the two-time 3A football champ, this isn't Majestic River Water High School, or whatever that cavalcade of consonants on his jacket stands for. Here, his letterman jacket says one thing and one thing only, "I am a high school student." He will learn that his favorite wingman doesn't have quite the same charm outside of the senior parking lot, and he will don the appropriate amount of shame.

Prospective Student Surprised She Can See Chicago from Northwest Illinois

BY BRIAN EARL

WAUKESHA, WI — Jordan Stralisky was surprised to learn during Wildcat Days that the city of Chicago is visible from the Northwestern Campus.

"We drove like three hours to



get from Waukesha to Northwestern, and on the tour we saw downtown Chicago from just outside Norris. I had no idea you could see Chicago from Northwest Illinois!" Stralisky said.

"I have family in Dubuque, so it'll be great to be just a short drive from the Iowa border in case I ever want to have dinner with them. I could totally see myself shopping on Michigan Avenue on Saturdays and visiting Auntie May and Uncle Lester on Sundays," the prospective

student added.

Following her tour of the campus, Stralisky said she was most interested in meeting some of Northwestern's Musical Theater majors, ordering a Nutella Crepe from Crepe Bistro on the ground floor of Norris, and witnessing the campus excitement of having a team in the NCAA Tournament. She has not had much luck experiencing any of this.

"I was so disappointed when Northwestern lost to Florida in the NCAA tournament. I

was rooting for the purple and white the whole time, knowing that this could be the school I attend.

"I'm a huge basketball fan so going to a Division-I school with a competitive team is really important to me. I was hoping Northwestern would be a great fit for me."

Nevertheless, Stralisky says Northwestern is still her first choice, due to the hotel-like quality of its dormitories, its sense of campus unity, and its affordable tuition rates.

This is satire! All names and stories are fictional, unless public figures are mentioned.

Have a comment, suggestion, or question? Email contact@northwesternflipside.com. See more content at nuflipside.com