Tradition

“Traditions are the guideposts driven deep in our sub-conscious minds. The most powerful ones are those we can't even describe and aren't even aware of.”

-Ellen Goodman
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The battle cry of NIU Huskie fans rumbled through the stands on Saturday night, September 21st. Thousands of fans from near and far joined to give their support for the first home football game of the season. Dressed in Cardinal Red and Black, our fans cheered on NIU’s football team to victory. Students, alumni, and local families, shouted and rooted for NIU. But, why? Well it is tradition, of course.

Tradition is a widely diverse term known throughout many cultures and countries around the world. Traditions range from holiday rituals to cultural celebrations. However, at NIU, tradition is found nearly everywhere.

Traditions must begin somewhere and for Northern Illinois University, it all started in 1899. Originally named Northern Illinois State Normal School, this college first opened its doors to educate and prepare teachers. However, nearly 115 years later, Northern Illinois University is home to more than 21,000 students participating in numerous traditions.

Throughout each year you can see students enjoying delicious food and fun games during the freshman Welcome Days celebration, creating crafty floats for the Homecoming parade, stealing a quiet moment on the cozy Kissing Bench, and perhaps even establishing new wonderful NIU traditions. It is these traditions and many more that make Northern Illinois University unique. It is these traditions that create the bond between students, the bond among faculty, and the bond between students and faculty. As the academic year begins, it is the hope that future generations will continue these traditions and uphold NIU’s spirit for countless years to come.
The Traditions and Celebrations of Latino Heritage Month

By Luis Lopez

September is a big month for Latin America. For many Latin American countries, September is the month when, about 200 years ago, these countries declared their independence. Since 1988, the period of September 15th through October 15th has been a period in which the contributions of Latinos to the United States has been recognized. The Latino Resource Center (LRC) and the Center for Latino and Latin American Studies (CLLAS) at NIU have been celebrating this time of the year for many years and hope to continue doing so for many years to come. Several Latino-based student organizations come together to put together a great list of events in which Latino and non-Latino students, faculty, and staff come together to celebrate our cultural heritage. This is a breakdown of a few of the events that the LRC, CLLAS, and many supporting student organizations put together to celebrate Latino Heritage Month.

Latin Chill

Latin Chill is the first event that the LRC and CLLAS put together to bring Latino students together and celebrate our food, music, and people. Every year, authentic Latin American food is served for everyone to enjoy. This space is also used by different Latino-based student organizations to promote student engagement. The event climaxes at the annual Latin Dance Competition in which the competitors are challenged in several dance styles from all over Latin America such as Salsa, Cumbia, Bachata, Quebradita, and Merengue.

Students competing at the Latin Dance Competition (Photo courtesy of the LRC)
Other Latino Heritage Month events:

**El Grito**

“El Grito” in an annual event that celebrates the historic event that took place in Dolores, Guanajuato, Mexico in 1811 that started the Mexican fight for Independence. This event is sponsored every year by Alpha Psi Lambda, a Latino-based, co-ed fraternity. During this event, Latin American food is served, children from the area perform traditional Mexican “bailables,” and a Mexican band closes the night.

![El Grito event photos](Images/ElGrito.jpg)

(Photos courtesy of NIU Latino Studies)

**Tarde Cultural**

“Tarde Cultural” is a celebration of the very rich culture of Latin America. This event is sponsored by several Latino-based student organizations such as DREAM Action NIU, M.E.Ch.A., Adela de la Torre Honor Society, and others.

![Tarde Cultural event photos](Images/TardeCultural.jpg)

From left to right: Shareny Mota, Guadalupe Lopez, Gabriella Lopez, Christian Villalobos, Elaine Rodriguez, and Lizbeth Roman. From left to right: Jason Montemayor, Isabel Contreras, Omar Lazaro, and Luis Lopez.
September Events (not pictured):

- Friday, September 13 - Parade of Flags
- Tuesday, September 17 - Mujeres de Juarez (FILM SCREENING)
- Wednesday, September 18 - Noche de Arte with Victor M. Montañez
- Thursday, September 19 - Ritmos Unidos: Latin Jazz Dance Party
- Tuesday, September 24 - Motorcycle Diaries (FILM SCREENING)
- Wednesday, September 25 - Cool Speak - Ernesto Mejia: Future of the Educated Latino
- Thursday, September 26 - Poetry Slam and Open Mic Night
- Friday, September 27 & 28 - NIU Unity Celebration

October Events:

Tuesday, October 1  
**Reverse Career Fair**  
Holmes Student Center, Regency Room  
5:00 pm – 7:30 pm

Wednesday, October 2  
**Take Back the Night**  
MLK Commons  
7:00 pm – 9:30 pm

Tuesday, October 8  
**Kermés**  
Latino Resource Center  
6:00 pm – 9:00 pm

Wednesday, October 9  
**BLT Mixer**  
(BRINGING LATINOS TOGETHER)  
Stevenson Hall (Multipurpose Room)  
4:00 pm - 6:00 pm

Thursday, October 10  
**Latinos in the STEM FIELDS**  
(SCIENCE, TECHNOLOGY, ENGINEERING, MATHEMATICS)  
Campus Life Building, Room 100  
5:30 pm – 7:30 pm

Monday, October 14  
**Salsa Night**  
Holmes Student Center, Regency Room  
7:00 pm – 10:00 pm

Thursday, October 17  
**Spelling BEE-Lingue**  
Latino Center 121  
7:00 pm – 8:30 pm
While many think of fall traditions as houses filled with home-made apple pies, carving pumpkins, or playing football, my family tends to diverge from American customs. During this time, my family and I go to the nearest farm and pick tomatoes. This is a tradition that my grandparents, and great-grandparents brought with them upon leaving Italy.

Almost consistently for over half a century my family has gone yearly to the local farm to pick hundreds of tomatoes. However, this day is more than a produce event; it is treated as a party. In the morning, the picking and canning process begins. Each person is assigned their station and designated task. After that, we make enough ravioli’s to feed a restaurant. At night, everyone eats, plays games and enjoys each other’s company.

It may seem like a simple tradition, but it has preserved through generations of family and is something that ties us back to our roots. So, perhaps the next time you are thinking about what to do during the fall, you can create a tradition of your own that will be celebrated for years to come.
A Duel / As Pertaining to Peer Pressure
By Jeffrey Moore

A Duel

Life’s a battle
You put the blade to my throat
You stand above me confident
So sure of your success
So sure of my surrender

I close my eyes, and take it all in
I open them, and let it all out
So sure of my success
So sure of your surrender

When you swing your sword
When your blade passes through air
Your confidence falters
Your strength no longer present

When I got back on my feet
When I walked away from your steel
My confidence was iron
My strength began to heal

The duel was mine
The moment you thought that I
That I would
Surrender

As Pertaining to Peer Pressure

Fit in,
be the piece of the puzzle that’s easy to place
Stand out,
be a giant in a world of dwarves
Fold in,
do whatever it takes to be a part of the group
Stand firm,
do not let your peers make you something you are not

The world is a challenge that everyone will face
Some with dishonor some with Grace

It is confusing
It is all contradictions
Leaving you asking
Questions
And this is your right
You are the student
So ask away
“Gettysburg”

Under white stone pillows,
What weary heads recline,
Curved in lifeless rows,
Each an edge of the divine?

Whose tired lids shuttered
In everlasting rest,
Their names unuttered,
Now slumber with the blessed?

Even the numbers now
To which they have been assigned
Are smooth as the brow
On the iron face of time

And those of us who linger
In the cool green grass
Twitch living fingers,
Too hesitant to ask
He’s here again.

I can tell. I can hear his quiet, steady breathing coming from the far corner of my room, opposite the window.

I don’t dare open my eyes. He might see that I’m awake and … and … I can’t even fathom what he would do. I’ve snuck a few peeks before, when she was there. She’s only come twice since it began, which was about a month ago. When she comes, they talk. They whisper quietly enough that I can’t understand what they’re saying, but loud enough that I know it’s safe to open my eyes. When they talk, they’re always facing away from me.

I wait for another couple of hours simply laying in my bed pretending to be asleep. I haven’t slept in five nights because of him … them. I’m so tired all the time. I fall asleep in school. My grades are dropping. My health in general is deteriorating. The only thing that brings relief is the razor … that lies hidden in the bottom drawer of my desk … that cuts into my wrist every so often.

Don’t you judge me, though! It isn’t my fault! I am NOT crazy! My mother says I’m seeing shadows. Shadows!? That’s complete nonsense! I know exactly what they look like! I even know their names!

Hector and Maria. He’s tall and dark. Short black … maybe dark brown hair. I can’t tell from where I lay in bed. They have sharp features that are sometimes illuminated by the moonlight. Not old, not young, somewhere in between. I might have thought him handsome, had he not been standing in my room every night. Maria’s the complete opposite. Petite. Blond curls. A pretty face … from what I’ve caught glimpses of.
Suddenly, I hear quiet footsteps. It’s her. Maria. This is the second night she’s come in a row. Something’s wrong.

I squeeze my eyes shut even tighter and listen carefully. Their hushed voices begin and continue for a while … but then three words, jolt me into a sitting position.

(Tonight, she dies!)

They whirl around to face me.

I freeze, my eyes wide and frightened, just staring at them.

They caught me.

…

The television can barely be heard above the noise the fan is making. Samantha Woods shuffles down the hallway to her daughter’s room, to wake her up for school.

“Hey, Mom!” her son, Alan, calls to her from the living room. “Come in here!”

The television’s volume is suddenly increased.

Samantha sighs and goes back to the living room, to see what her son is making all the fuss about.

The television screen is showing two pictures: one of a man and one of a woman. The man has short dark brown hair, dark eyes and handsome features. The woman has a friendly looking face, framed by blonde curls. The screen switches back to a female reporter who continues talking.
“The police in several different states are searching for Hector and Maria Monroe. The two are believed to be working together and seem to be after young girls from around ages fourteen to seventeen. If you see them, please contact your local police station immediately.”

“See Mom!? Aren’t those the people Sofie was rambling about!?” Alan stares at his mom, eagerly waiting her reply.

Samantha doesn’t answer. Instead, she half-runs, half-stumbles down to her daughter’s bedroom.

The door is slightly ajar.

She slowly pushes it open and the stench of blood overwhelms her.

“SOFIE!”
It was his last assignment before Sam would be considered for nomination to become a Vice Officer. He’d been looking forward to this day for as long as he could remember, but now that he was dashing through the alleyways of New Fregue, five miles from the drop off point and the completion of his mission, his heart was heavy with doubt. ‘No way was this mission supposed to be this easy!’ Mocking his superior’s voice mentally, Sam thought, ‘Obtain the black box from the Purge Corps. Haven Base. Really? I mean there were like 10 guards there, and even with the fireworks I set off to distract those dumb asses, you’d think there’d be more of them to guard this thing. There’s probably some catch to this. Maybe I took a paperweight so that bitch of a leader could have something to hold down my eval papers with.’ Stopping for a moment behind a trash can, Sam took a moment to go through his sling backpack. His hand fished through rope, a half-eaten sandwich, and a number of wrinkled papers. ‘Oh...yeah... I should probably get around to putting up these flyers. If the Knife Witch got a clue that I’ve been slacking off on this, she’d skewer me!’

A few more seconds of papers ruffling, and Sam pulled out his objective: the black box which he’d spent all night trying to retrieve. He could recall his instructions he’d been given by the Knife Witch only three hours prior. “Whatever you do, don’t open the package before you get back here. God knows you can’t be trusted with what’s inside.” Sam was annoyed at his mentor’s words. ‘Yep, fuck that!,’ Sam thought, ‘I’ve taken enough of her shit these past few years. I’ve earned everyone else’s respect, haven’t I? I’m practically a VO already, so I practically have a right to information about these kinds of things, and I practically have the right to know just what the hell I spent so long trying to get. Hell, knowing her, this is probably some test of my ability to think for myself, just like a VO would. So by opening this box, I’d be passing the test. As he rationalized his situation, his head filled with thoughts of being a Vice Officer and the glory which accompanies it. His hands manipulated the box, and before long, Sam had already uncoupled the first of the four locks. Commander Fettering, here I come! Once I become a VO, I’ll show that smug Knife Witch who’s really the boss ‘round here! Founder or not, I’m gonna give her back the Hell she’s given me for the past three years tenfold! No more Lil’ Fetter, noooo.’

The second lock uncoupled, albeit with a little more effort than the first one. ‘Heh, I’ll walk in there with this prize and shove it in her face. Whattaya gotta say about me now, ya schmuck? Who’s not ready for a promotion? Who was gonna find a way to screw this up? Who’s the cause of all his problems? Not me, Knife Bitch!’ An evil grin made its way across Sam’s face as the third lock came loose, requiring even more effort than the last. ‘And with this last lock, I’ll become the Great Commander Fettering, leader of the SlySnake troop! Maybe Caden will let me sit with him over at the Founder’s table! Man, that’d be so...what the hell? Why won’t this dumb lock come loose?’ Sam fumbled around with the stubborn lock for about three more minutes before frustration drove him to toss the box down in front of him. The look on Sam’s face now changed from quizzical to simply annoyed. He sat down cross-legged, contemplating how he’d open the final lock which stood between not only him and whatever kind of power the box might hold, but also his dreams. He stared at the box sitting in front of him, and he noticed something about the box. There was a tiny aperture which could have been very easily missed if not for the fact that the moonlight shone down upon it. Sam bent forward and picked the box back up. ‘Yep, looks like it...a laser based lock. Helluva tight fit though. Man, are those Purge Corps. bastards sneaky...’ Sam raised his index finger, and focused some...
of his Sangrine Energy towards the tip of his finger. A small swirling ball of yellow Sangrine Energy collected on Sam’s finger, and he probed the aperture of the box. He let his energy flow freely, and he could sense that the inner shell of the box was a large maze which he’d have to maneuver his way through if he was going to unlock the black box. ‘This might take a bit...,’ Sam thought.

About seven minutes later, Sam’s winding Sangrine finally arrived at the end of the maze. ‘About damn time, who knows how long I’ve got before Purge Corps. swings by here...’ Sam’s ears perked up as he heard the sirens wail in the distance. ‘Aw shit, and here I am still five miles from home. Guess this paperweight does have some use after all. Let’s get this over with. If there is a power source in here, I might be able to absorb it. Sam’s Sangrine attached to the keyhole and the box jerked away from Sam, hovering in mid-air. “It’s showtime,” Sam said with a grin on his face. ‘That took almost more work than I was prepared to go through. Commander Fettering, reporting for duty.’ The grooves on the black box lit up with a bright light as it rapidly spun on one of its corners. Sam was in awe over the box’s actions, but what happened next would change all of that. The box exploded in a white light, both blinding and deafening the Vice Officer Candidate. Had Sam not been impaired, he’d have seen the light shoot up like a flare in the sky, and the explosion at the apex of its trip. In his confusion, Sam thought, ‘Oh what the fuck is this?! Don’t tell me this whole thing was a trap! Purgers are gonna be here any minute. Time to get the hell outta here!’ Sam scurried to his feet and ran deeper into the alley. ‘How could this’ve happened?’ I didn’t think those assholes would set up a dud! Damn Purge Co.-’ Sam’s rant was suddenly interrupted by a knocked over trashcan he couldn’t see. “What child?” His fall acquainted the blundering child with a broken glass bottle, and as a result, several shards were lodged in his chest and stomach, bloodying his favorite blue t-shirt. Sam got back up and continued running. Adrenaline coursed through Sam’s veins as he ran along the alley way. ‘They’re probably already on my tail by now. Damn it, tonight was supposed to be my time to shine, not some stupid game of cat and mouse. Sam was filled with anger as he thought, ‘Maybe that Knife Bitch gave me this mission knowing damn well this could’ve happened! She’s probably sitting on her fat ass right now, laughing at me! Just like her to put me down at each step of my journey to becoming a VO, too!’ Sam’s run was interrupted by a metal gate, forcing him on his rear. “Ok, fuck this!” Sam summoned Sangrine in the form of an Energy Short sword with jagged teeth. Sam randomly flailed his amber, glimmering weapon in front of him, not caring what he hit. He rushed through the hole, swinging his short sword in front of him.

The return of Sam’s hearing was met with some relief, because at the very least, the effects of the flash bomb were only temporary. Upon focusing his hearing to get a better idea of his situation, Sam was heavy with dismay, for he noticed the several sets of footsteps behind him. ‘They’re pretty close...’ Sam responded by quickening his pace to just short of a sprint, an especially risky move on account of his blindness. He ran with arms swinging back and forth at shoulder height. The run had soon appeared to be just as endless as Sam’s toil to become a Vice Officer. ‘Why aren’t they shooting at me? Do they want me alive?’ Now in panic mode, Sam spun around 180 degrees on the ball of his foot and flung his short sword in the direction of the clatter of footsteps, aiming for the feet. Along with the screams of two Purgers who’d been effectively taken out of the chase, Sam also heard his short sword shatter with the all too familiar sound of an Energy Collapse, which he heard far too many times for him to openly admit during his fledgling days. ‘What gives?’ Sam thought. His shoulders drooped, if only for a moment. ‘My swords don’t break like that anymore...’ he thought as he turned back and continued to run away. ‘That was weird. I thought for sure I heard that sword break. Besides, my Echolocation skills are pretty good amongst the Knife Witch’s group, so I’m sure I didn’t
When the tip of Sam's sword caught the shot. The Short Sword absorbed the energy of the stun pistol round and changed from its amber color to the bright blue which colors a sword empowered with the energy of a stun pistol round! Sam continued charging forth, using the momentum of the swing to help him turn towards the lone Purger. "Seems like the hunter's become the hunted! Why don't you take off that silly helmet of yours so I can see the face of my last victim before I'm promoted? I wanna savor this." Sam's goading was met with the sound of a computerized voice, which took Sam by surprise. "This is the end of the line for you." The Purger's visor and mouthpiece detached at the middle and slowly retracted on both sides to reveal his face. The man who now stood before Sam had a hardened face, covered in a few scars, no doubt from his days of training. He had brown hair, matted with sweat, and his nose was wide, nostrils fully open. With the mouthpiece no longer disguising his voice, the man spoke with a powerful, commanding voice. Prepare yourself for cleansing, you filthy freak! A grin appeared on Sam's face. "Hm, so the Purger's big dog came to recognize just how great I am? Looks like I'll have some stories to tell to the guys once I kick your ass. Too bad I don't have a camera! Hey, how's about I take your helmet after I beat you down? That'll be more than enough proof." The man let out a deep sigh and looked at Sam with a neutral face. "You sure do like to hear yourself talk, don't you? To be honest, I was kinda hoping to meet one of the Founders, but you're just some no name runt I'd rather not deal with at this time of night. I was gonna slaughter you, but I guess since this is our first run-in, I'll let you off by beating you senseless and dragging you to the Bathhouse." At the mention of the word runt, Sam's pride took a hit. He retorted "We'll see who the one being beaten senseless once I throw you in the dumpster, you Purger scum! Name's Commander Fettering, and don't you forget it!" At this, Sam charged forth, sword at his side in both hands and pointed towards his enemy. The Purger leapt backwards, simultaneously drawing out two stun pistols. He fired a blue shot at Sam, and although his aim was dead on, Sam's sword caught the shot. The Short Sword absorbed the energy of the stun pistol round and changed from its amber color to the bright blue which colors stun pistol rounds. "I'll end this in one strike! Let's see how well your brain fares against a sword empowered with the energy of a stun pistol round! Sam continued charging forth, absorbing shots with his sword, but something seemed off. The Purger had dropped his right pistol on purpose, and he fired only with one gun. When the two were within two meters of each other, Sam noticed the Purger's right vambrace glow with a red energy. 'Still with the energy attacks? You're dumber than I thought!' Sam lunged towards the Purger with all his strength. In a flash, the Purger side stepped to the left, out of Sam's path, and crouched down. When the tip of Sam's Sangrine sword passed the Purger's shoulder, the man swung his right
arm up and away from his side. The red glowing vambrace made contact with the blade, shattering it to pieces right before Sam’s eyes. Again he heard the sound of the Energy Collapse.

‘You aren’t too good at makin’ a sword, are ya? We’ve been at this for like three months now! Geez, I can’t believe I got stuck with a loser like you, Lil’ Fetter...’

Just as her words flew across his mind, Sam was seized with shock as he felt the Purger’s heavy hand grip the back of his head. “What?!?” Sam closed his eyes as his face met the alley’s cold concrete. A wave of pain coursed through his body as his nose broke and a few of his teeth broke, rattling around in his mouth like loose change in deep pockets. “Ah! You broke my nose, asshole!” Sam said with a lisp. The Purger, now standing at Sam’s head, overturned the boy onto his back. He let out a chuckle. “Ha, some commander you are! I’ve had a harder time fighting some trainees than I did with you. Consider yourself lucky that a broken nose and a jigsaw of a smile are all you’ll get from me, first timer. If I had run into you before, you’d be dead right now.” Sam’s grunting was audible, if only enough for the Purger to barely notice it. He crouched down so that his eyes met Sam’s. “Oh, I hope you enjoyed the little present I left there for anyone who thinks they can mess with PC. Y’know, it almost makes me laugh when I think about who’d fall for such an obvious trap.” Spittle flew onto Sam’s bloodied face, angering him more, but alas, he was too weak to do anything about it now. “I mean, the security was nowhere near what I’d place for the real thing. Some of the cameras there were just for show too! But hey, I guess you Promies are dumber than you look. Much dumber.” Sam could feel tears welling up in his eyes as the concept of defeat began to take hold of him. “Well, I’ve dealt with you enough for one night, so off to the Bathhouse with you.” Fighting through the dizziness of the impact, Sam thought, ‘Not there...I’m as good as dead if I wind up in the Bathhouse...’ His courage dwindled, being replaced with embarrassment as the Purger called upon his comrades for a transport, all via the communicator in his helmet. “Yep, got another one tonight. Nah, he was a small fry. I’m actually a bit disappointed. Why’s that? Because I was expecting a Founder. Ok, I guess that was a silly hope considering the whole place was a trap. Yeah yeah, we’re in the alleyways, right next to that nice pizza place over on Gerimer Road...”

As the Purger continued talking, Sam thought, “And to think today was gonna be the day I show those schmucks I’m the real deal, especially that Knife Witch!” He turned his head, spit out some of the blood that had been nestled in the back of his throat for a while now, and looked up towards the barren night sky. Sam drew in air and exhaled sharply. He could tell that his day went from a failure to completely mortifying as he examined the emblem on the tag. ‘Shit...the Dagger Grin emblem...maybe it’s just a team mate. Maybe after this is said and done, I can convince whoever this is to give me the credit...’ Sam suddenly wasn’t trying as hard to fight passing out. The expression on the Purger’s face changed from one that was calm to one that was furious. He looked towards the direction in which he believed the knife was thrown, and upon seeing nothing, called out, “Come on out you coward! It’s one thing to damage my new Commander’s Helm, and another to hide after doing it!” An echoing voice, resembling a female’s, rung out in the alleyway, condescending in tone. “What’s the matter, Bugly? Mad cuz I scratched your new toy? Hm, looks like you got one of ours. How about a deal? You step away from this screw-up and call
off your hounds, and nobody has to get sliced up.” The Purger perked up at the sound of the familiar voice, which had finished echoing and now appeared to be coming from the rooftops. He shouted in response, “Finally, a Founder! Been looking high and low for one of you, and just when I least expect it, one of ‘em comes right to me!”

While the Purger was pleased to hear the interloper’s voice, Sam was simply infuriated at the fact that his knight in shining armor was the Knife Witch herself. ‘Are you serious? Damn, the Bathhouse suddenly doesn’t seem like such a bad option anymore.’ The Purger continued talking to the Knife Witch. “You’ve cost me a lot of good men, girl, so here’s a counter proposal. You come over here so I can execute you for slaughtering my comrades, AND I’ll take this runt over to the Bathhouse. Sam could hear the sound of sneakers landing on fire escapes as the Knife Witch made her way towards him and the Purger. Before long, the two standing had met eyes. “Aw come on, Bugly, don’t make me end up cleaving you in pieces!” she sarcastically remarked. “Fucking puns...,” Sam thought.

The last thing that Sam heard before succumbing to syncope was the Knife Witch’s taunt. “Damn it Lil’ Fetter, I told you that you weren’t ready for this yet...but no, YOU just had to go and beg for this beat down. Looks like I’ll have to bust you out, AGAIN. Y’know, just cuz you’ve been with us a few years, doesn’t mean you’re suddenly entitled to a Promotion Exercise. Speaking of us, thanks for practically telling this idiot who “us” is.” She let out a light sigh. “Still can’t believe I got stuck with you.” After finishing, she looked over at Sam, now unconscious. The Purger lifted Sam’s unconscious body with the tip of his boot and hurled it at the wall, giving the two plenty of room to fight. “You done yet?,” asked the Purger, finally getting a bit annoyed. “You bet,” she said as she constructed a Sanguine Knife, tossed it in the air, and caught it with a back-handed grip. “Ready to be cleaved, Bugly?” “Only if you’re ready to be executed. And it’s Chief Buglaire to you, freak. Within a fraction of a second, the Hunter and Interloper began their fight.

It was supposed to be his last night last night before Sam would be considered for nomination to become a Vice Officer, and for the rest of his life, he’d look back on this night with bitterness and spite for the Knife Witch’s intervention.
October 10
Taco Thursday
Cluster 114
6pm-8pm
(food runs out quickly!)
Eat from our delicious
taco bar while listening to
Joyce Keller from Career
Service and Julia Spears
from the Office of Student
Engagement and
Experiential Learning.

October 26
10am-7pm
Floor Wars Celebration @
the Montemayor Ranch
Floor wars will
culminate here with good
food and lots of games!
Registration required!
Space is limited!

October 31
Haunted House
Egyptian Theatre 7pm
(Meet in lobby @ 6:30)
Huskie beware,
you’re in for a scare!
Join us for a night full of
screams!
Registration required!
Space is limited!

To register, email: vsegundo1@niu.edu.

All events are free unless otherwise specified!

Any questions, comments, concerns?
Ask your super legit house leaders
Lexie- z1671601@students.niu.edu and
Jason- jmonty91@gmail.com
Standing a skyscraping 5’9, 180 pounds is this year’s MANGENT WINNER, Jason Harold Forby (echo Forby Forby)! This tall, dark, and handsome human being who goes by the best name in the world, Jason, is the reason why Waldo is hiding. He also was once bit by a venomous snake. After weeks of aggravating pain and suffering, the snake eventually died.

--If all of the geese on campus immediately unified with a central intelligence and began attacking students, how would you coordinate our fight to take back NIU? I would organize the Huskie Battalion and capture the head goose. When we have him held hostage we will set up an agreement to hand him back if the geese agree to attack our rivals instead.

--Do you have any pets? if so what are their names? I have a dog and her name is Kenzie.

---How do you like your eggs in the morning? I like my eggs sunny side up on buttered toast.

---If you could be one of the Disney princesses which one would best describe you? I would be Mulan because I’m determined, courageous and I have a lot of will power. I also fight huns on a regular basis.

What is the wildest animal you’ve ever touched? I once wore a boa constrictor as a necklace.

--Are you a part of extracurricular activities? I am a part of Ultimate Frisbee and I’m really excited to go to tournaments and make new friends along the way.

Apple or Droid or flip phone? Definitely Droid

Believe it or not, his brain is bigger than his glasses are! This boy genius is your friendly neighborhood CA on the 4th floor. He enjoys chemistry more than any human should. When not working towards being a successful Doctor he likes to spend his time hanging out with his SUPER-AWESOME House Leaders, Jason and Lexie! Dare to challenge James Lawrence Gorman in a Super Smash Brothers match!

--If you could change one thing about NIU, what would it be? Everyone would be compelled to be polite to the awesome cafeteria workers, BSWs, and all those who, directly or indirectly, facilitate their success.

--What is your favorite Dekalb restaurant? Taco Bell- it is cheap and filled with cherished memories.

What is your favorite pizza topping? Pineapple

--If you could eat lunch with any celebrity, besides us, who would it be? Jane Lynch. Because who do you think would be a more genuinely funny person to hang out with?

--If you could travel to any time in the past or present, when would you go to? The present; I don’t like the idea of messing with an existence I’m so fond of.

--So, let us say that NIU was a school that existed entirely underwater. Students had to scuba to and from class, and the doors were all pressure sealed. What would your favorite thing about this be? No conventional paper or electronic testing could take place in class, as students would be too wet without the drying systems you forgot to install in your hypothetical university! Yay!

Where in the world do you want to visit the most? Tokyo

--What is a habit of yours that you aren’t proud of? I always wear sweaters, even in the peak of summer.

--What job would you want if you were enlisted aboard a pirate ship? The Navigator! I have always been a huge fan of maps and navigation.
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