

EDITORIAL CARTOON



CINEMA PSYCHO

Madison Krell | Staff Writer

Every Thursday night, at 10/9 central, I watch as innocent people are followed into their condos, or their cars or even their work places.

As I am watching, the pitch black sky is thrashing against the window, the wind is making an eerie melody with the haunting music whistling out of the television set in front of me, all while a few sets of dark eyes are staring directly at me. A chill crawls up my spine. It's only five minutes in, but I still feel disturbed by the grotesque images of people being burned alive and viewing the psychopaths dressed up as demonic clowns chasing people down the street.

It's Thursday night, and the newest episode of *Stalker* has me creeping to the edge of my seat, wide-eyed and anticipating their next victim.

There are a great range of horror movies and TV shows out there; some, like *The Exorcist*, claim they are based off of "true paranormal" events, others, like *Eaten*

Alive, are based off of actual murderers, and then you have the ones like *The Human Centipede*, where the story was created from the mind of the writer. For those who are unfamiliar with the plot of *The Human Centipede*, it is a very graphic, grotesque, and disturbing movie about a man who kidnaps people, and then sews them together to make, well, a human centipede.

I know that the likelihood of this happening to me is slim to none. I know these are just movies. But watching these movies makes you wonder about the sanity of the writer. Yes. They are just movies, mostly fictional. But someone made them up. Someone took the time to plan these murders seemingly perfectly in order to film them. Someone came up with the idea for the movie. Someone researched different ways to realistically kill someone; they researched ways to torture, slaughter, burn, stalk, kidnap, abuse...

Horror movies don't scare me.
Their writers do.

SUPER BORED
XLIX

Abbey Marshall | Staff Writer

Game day: a day of endless screaming and cheering and jeering and eating and shouting and overall obnoxious behavior.

I grew up in a house with a dad and brother that practically have footballs as extra appendages. My Sunday afternoons, which I normally spend lethargically napping, consist of deep bellowing shouts that flood the house during football season. From every touchdown victory to every bad call, I always find myself yawning in contrast to the flurry of emotions that my family expresses. It's not too hard to see that I never have been interested in sports. Sitting in front of a television screen to witness grown men attacking each other for a ball isn't exactly my idea of fun; it's an activity I attempt to evade by holing up in my room to read or work on something productive.

Unfortunately, the love of football that engulfs every inch of my house is unavoidable; to my dismay I have been dragged to high school and college games, I have been taught nearly everything there is to know about the sport and I have consumed my fair share of stadium snacks.

Naturally, you could see how being forced to watch the Super Bowl would make me consider moving out of a country to a nation where football doesn't exist. The impending doom I feel on game day is unreal as I savor each free moment I can before kick off. The moment that cleat touches the pigskin, I am trapped in a world of referees and yellow flags and time outs and first downs. I shove my nose in a book, attempting to drone out the torture, but the howls of my family always snap me back into the painful reality.

What I learned to do this year, however, is to set down my own distractions and look—not at the television screen or the athletes running up and down the turf—but really look at my family. Watching them get hyped makes me smile (after all, who doesn't like to see their civil family turn savage for a few hours?). It must be nice to find a passion in something like that, the way I do in my own activities.

Perhaps I am just lucky to have a family that wants to spend time with me enough to involve me in their love of sports. Perhaps then I am not shackled to the couch during a football game the way I think I am. Perhaps I stay to watch them even though I could drive away—even if that does mean I have to endure game after game.