

A VERY FEDERALIST GUIDE TO YOUR OVERSTRESSED FINALS SEASON

Hey there, overworked overachievers! What's wrong? Can't take another "study break" to JJ's or a "field trip" for a dose or two of "study medicine?" Have no fear! We here at *The Fed* have been with you through thick and thin, and there's no compelling reason to abandon you yet! Besides, you're loaded!

Let's take a look at your overzealous workspace and see what we can do to get you on the right track. Our grimy little photo guide's going to be your new best friend. Remember, if you're not crying tears of blood, you probably aren't working hard enough!

"Massage Tool:" We don't know. We don't want to know. You just... you be you, buddy.

CD Case: Nobody knows that's you playing that Jewel album at 4 AM every Thursday after you come back alone from Lion's Head. Your secret is safe with us, although probably not with the rest of the football team.

University Writing First Draft: So you followed your outline and allocated five wasted hours in Butler for banging your head against whatever flat surface wasn't occupied by a snivelling master's candidate or drunken fifth-year PhD-grubber. Might we recommend an alternate outline?

- 1. Drink more.
- 2. Write less.
- 3. Watch that undeserved "A" appear.

Frontiers Cheat Sheet: Two sides of an 8½" x 11" piece of paper for your cheat sheet, huh? Damn, they're gonna be asking you a ton of stuff, I'll bet. How can you keep your DNA from your dinosaur bones, your ice cores from your isomers? Maybe you should just write down every formula they ever gave to you, ever, and pray for the best. Or maybe you should take a look at that practice exam they gave to you:

- 1. You are a research scientist in Antarctica. It is very cold. In your project, you find yourself drilling ice cores to measure temperature changes.
 - a. Why is this important? Explain in your own words.
 - b. You measure the oxygen out to be 2 parts per million. How many significant figures is that?
 - c. Al Gore, also on your expedition, challenges your assertion. He conducts a test of his own, his oxygen levels measuring out to be 1 part per million. He says this is clear evidence of global warming. Did you see his movie?
 - d. What did you think?
 - e. How many significant figures are there in that movie's box-office take? If you don't know the take, how would you estimate it?
 - f. If we were to do a "back of the envelope" calculation, is Al Gore a tool? Remember, he did challenge your assertions. But he's also famous.

Golly-gee, that's a toughie right there. Better load up on them equations.

L'il Cowboy: Obviously.

Diet Pepsi: Nectar of the gods.

Child-Proof Cap: why god why

Magic Medicine: Dexedrine? Weren't they that band who had that big hit, "Come On Eileen?" Sing it with me! *Come on, Eileen, whoaaaa I swear, blah blah blah, something something, come on, Eileen... dooo rah doo rah doooo rah dooo rah daaahhhhh...* no? What? Oh. I was kind of hoping it was that band. Do you have that on your iTunes? Can we download it or something?

M2M Leftovers: For when fries dunked in "vegetable" "oil" only once just isn't enough.

"To Do" List: Sure. You're following along with this thing, right? Getting that wonderful feeling of accomplishment when you lie down at 6 AM, trying to stop your Adderall-fuelled heart for a mere minute or two of respite, only to realize that a mere two of the ten things you wrote down are done, and only one of them is finished in a form that doesn't look like you bashed your skull into the keyboard for thirty minutes to some skittering techno beats.

Lighter: Not for cigarettes, though. That's for those black-lung poseurs outside of John Jay. You're not one of them, oh no, too cool for that. This little sucker's only for your fingers when you get stressed. Oh, shit! Not fingers. Drugs! You burn your... drugs... with it! Yeah. Mmf. Stressful. Quick, light up ring finger. Aaaahhh.

Mac: It's not that you look down on PC users, it's just there're already too many kids in SEAS that give you unhealthy lustful looks when you walk into Butler.

Future Resume: Better get that GPA in there now before the end of this semester. It's gonna get messy. Then again, why bother? What're your bullet points gonna look like?

- "Prior experience: dedicated connoisseur of Blue Java products?"
- "Reference: nice Asian man at Pinnacle Pizza, 115th & Broadway?"
- "Computer skills: MS Office, Limewire, BitTorrent, Bored@Butler, Facebook, YouTube, PornoTube?"
- "Relevant coursework: Surfaces And Knots, Topics In Bollingerial Fellatio?"

That's real Morgan Stanley material, champ.

Filthy Napkins: For the fries, not the nosebleeds, man. Why you always up in my grill like that? Jeez.

compiled by the staff.