

THE Filthy Lucre

Happy Tacotober!

Issue 2.10 October 29, 2007



Swimming Pool Circling Drain

Lupé Tragedia: Editor-in-Chief

Our more observant readers may have noticed that our illustrious publication was recently joined on garbage can lids everywhere by the Northern Network News, MSU-N's #1 source of opinion-free press releases. We welcome the company, it is of course our ultimate dream that the Filthy Lucre would one day be only the first among dozens of xerox-based journalistic outlets here at Northern.

That story was merely a rumor at the time, but history has borne out our accuracy; according to facility officials at the Armory Gym, there are no immediate plans by the Administration to return the pool to working order and they strongly suspect that there never will be. The Administration's position was that it would be far too expensive to fix the facility, and that finances would be better served by filling the pool in and installing weight-training equipment in its place.

They laughed and suggested a that bake sale to raise the needed funds would be the only way the facility would ever see use again.

A highly knowledgeable and experienced maintenance worker revealed that the cost of repairs to the pool's heater would have totaled \$5000. When asked what it would cost to fill in the pool and cover it with a suitable floor, the individual estimated that, even using the cheapest materials and techniques, such an operation would cost at least \$12,000.

In any event, it came to our attention through the Triple-N that the campus pool is closed until further notice, due to a malfunctioning heating unit. We have covered the swimming pool in the past; issue 1.13's "Scandal Wears a Speedo" article (available on our website) gave the low-down on the impending closure of the pool and its ultimate conversion at into a secondary gym.

We sought the Vice Chancellor of Finances for an official comment regarding the fate of the pool, but Mr. Jensen is such a fan of the Lucre that he was too nervous to talk to us.

Also, we received a letter in our inbox last week, asking us to promote *Dia De Los Muertos*, the Mexican holiday immediately after our starting at the noon hour, a candle-lighting altar set up on campus, and posters with more information.

WAKE UP CALL

Alice Raven: Writer

[Due to popular demand, we present another spooky short story by guest writer Alice Raven in keeping with the festive season. Please stop asking us for scary stories, as Halloween will be long past by next issue; perhaps she'll write a more wholesome tale for Thanksgiving! -ed.]

Jessica woke to rolling thunder. She knew what time it was. She'd been faithfully waking up at four o'clock for the past several weeks. She didn't know why. It was awful. Every time she looked in the mirror she saw someone else—someone with heavy circles under her eyes that seemed to pull her other face muscles down.

She braced herself against the chill and gingerly slipped out of her bed. Maybe if she took a short walk she'd be able to go back to sleep again. Jessica walked on the pads of her feet to her door. Was this really a good idea? Her hand hesitated on the door knob. She silently admonished herself—it's a well-lit dorm hall, not a dark and acrid basement.

As she stepped into the bathroom and it's wholly unnatural lighting, she couldn't help but glance at the mirrors. No point in putting it off; she might as well look in the mirror at her features. At first all she could see were her eyes, brimming with concern and discontent. The rest of her face took shape around her: skin scarce of elasticity, sparse eyebrows, discolored bits of flesh, and (perhaps the most disconcerting) a single drop of blood draining out of her nose.

NOTES FOR THE WEEK

Antimony Obfuscation: Mailperson
I would like to briefly mention a few items for this Halloween week. First, you will notice the special illustration on the back of each issue this week; these original illustrations are available only in the print edition, and will not be collected in the online archives, so be sure to keep your copy for posterity!

Now, most of the Filthy Lucre staff have no personal stake in whether or not the pool continues to operate, but we do wonder if the Administration intends to seek the opinion of the community, student body or student senate regarding the future of the pool. Our unpaid intern Brad certainly has an opinion in the matter; he is a regular visitor to the pool, and is putting in the shallow end, but the look of sheer joy on his face is priceless. Surely the Administration would not be so heartless as to ignore the needs of our swimmers, and their constant demands for increased safety and breaks and warm blankets.

In our relentless search for the truth, a member of Northern's campus maintenance staff, and asked when the pool might be reopened.

Fighting back panic, she consoled herself: just a nose bleed. But as she watched, her unease grew; a single drop was joined by a few more. Jessica frantically grabbed a paper towel and began patting at base of her nose. To Jessica's growing horror, not only did her absent rubbing fail to keep the onslaught at bay, but rather it seemed to hasten it. It came in torrents—running down her arms onto her clothes, the floor, the sink. She opened her mouth to scream, but no sound came: only more of that horrible maroon liquid.

She couldn't hold it back; she watched, her mouth open in a silent scream as blood began to drain from the corners of her eyes as well. Her slackening skin began to resemble wax left near fire too long—dripping from her face in elongated globules. She heard the cacophonous hiss they made as they joined her blood on the floor. That's when she slipped on her own crimson essence and fell...

....And woke up. It was four o'clock. Why did she keep waking up at four? She didn't understand. Well, maybe a short walk would clear her head a little and she could go back to bed.

We hope you all enjoyed our special Halloween edition; our regularly scheduled format will return next week; until then, have fun, be safe, and don't eat any apples with razor blades in them.

Know Your Place.

We are always open for new written pieces, photos, artwork, and financial patronage. Send hate mail, love notes, and creative contributions to northernlucre@gmail.com. For past issues & special content, visit our website at www.sparkycat.com/filthylucre