



THE MONITOR

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BEST AND WORST OF TRUMAN: THE RESTROOMS

The Monitor editors have strong preferences when it comes to the campus facilities. We've rated our favorite and most hated bathrooms on campus on a five-star scale. This time we're looking at women's restrooms. Let us know what you think at monitor.truman@gmail.com.

THE BEST

Basement floor, Pickler

You walk up those spiral stairs every day, but have you ever checked out what's underneath the library? The answer: Not much. But there are some bathrooms. Among the least-utilized on campus. Cleanliness: 🍌🍌🍌🍌🍌 Privacy: 🍌🍌🍌🍌 Amenities: 🍌🍌🍌

Health Center

This place is mostly designed for collecting urine samples, but you can go in there without an appointment if you're sneaky. A little small but there are some perks: most notably, a basket of free tampons. Cleanliness: 🍌🍌 Privacy: 🍌🍌 Amenities: 🍌🍌🍌

Baldwin, 2nd floor

The bathroom with the most character on campus. Teal stalls, antique fixtures. But watch out for the water pressure on the faucets. Cleanliness: 🍌🍌 Privacy: 🍌 Amenities: 🍌🍌🍌

SUB third floor

Unisex bathroom with brand-new features and high privacy. Mirror perfect for checking out your butt. Cleanliness: 🍌🍌🍌🍌🍌

Privacy: 🍌🍌🍌🍌 Amenities: 🍌🍌🍌

Pickler, first floor:

Probably the best place on campus to steal toilet paper. Cleanliness: 🍌🍌 Privacy: 🍌🍌 Amenities: 🍌🍌🍌🍌

THE WORST

Baldwin first floor:

Roach-ridden and smelly. Odd layout makes awkward run-ins inevitable. Cleanliness: 🍌 Privacy: 🍌 Amenities: 🍌🍌

MO Hall public

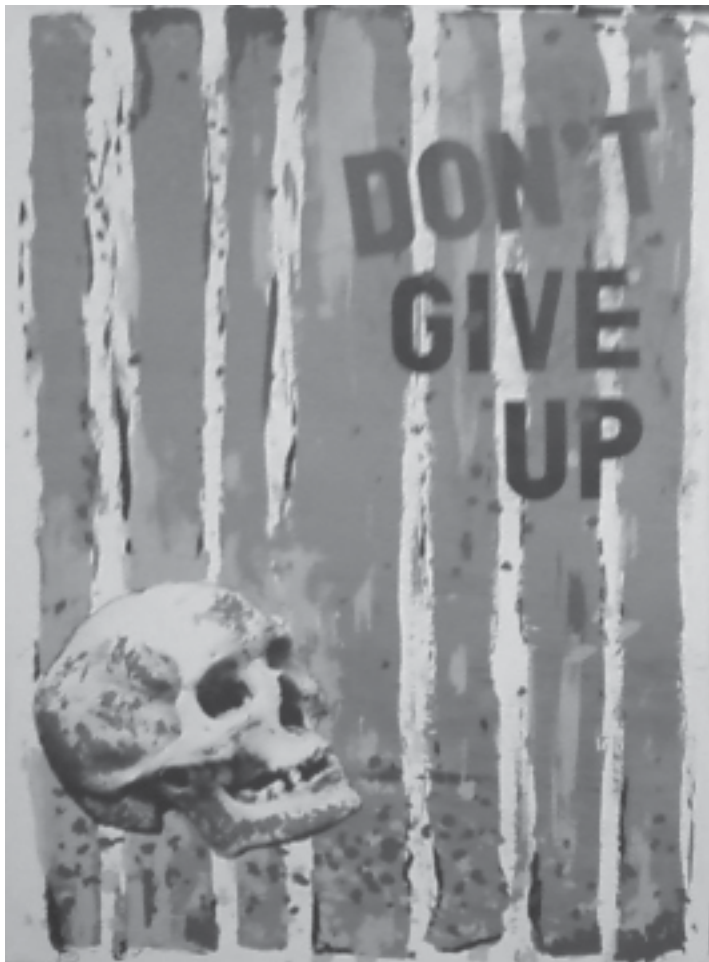
Somehow the frequent cleanings never get rid of the smell-- they just make this the slipperiest floor on campus. Make sure the door is locked. Cleanliness: 🍌 Privacy: 🍌 Amenities: 🍌🍌🍌

McClain second floor:

Only two stalls in a high-traffic area. The best place on campus to get hit by a swinging door. Cleanliness: 🍌🍌 Privacy: 🍌 Amenities: 🍌

Pickler third floor:

Generally freezing, frequently out of toilet paper, and the countertops are always soaked. Cleanliness: 🍌 Privacy: 🍌🍌 Amenities: 🍌



4-Run Screen Print to buy a copy of this print e-mail Jeremy at: drum.sleep.repeat@gmail.com

Don't Give Up' - Jeremy Morton

best of kirksville 2010: a taste of what's on the blog

Best Diner Ladies- Uptown Café

The Uptown ladies have a baseball bat – if you get too rowdy they pull it out and shake it at you. Most of these women like motorcycles and can give you scenic descriptions of their last ride. They have tattoos. They are bad ass— so are the lunch specials and their habit of refilling your coffee cup every 30 seconds. Uptown Café is only open from 5 am until the early afternoon – probably because these women need to feel the wind blow through their hair on the open highway. It's located on the East side of the square a few doors from China Palace.

Best \$1 Coffee: Mocha Hut

Across the street from the post office and only three blocks north of campus, Mocha Hut serves up an impressive array of teas and imported coffees. A cozy atmosphere, good tunes, and the best-pulled Frappuccino in town makes this the place to fuel up in the morning or take your crush for a cheap drink and good conversation. Try their dirty chai for a jolt of inspiration.

Best groceries: Downtown Grocery Store

One of Kirksville's newest additions is more than just a convenient location. The Franklin St. storefront features fresh-baked bread, handmade soap, bulk Amish products, locally grown produce, and specialty meats including beef, pork, lamb, and even rabbit. It's also the place to go for ethnic specialties, with a wide selection of Indian, Mexican, and East Asian staples.

Best Place to Grind- Round Barn Blues Festival

Have you ever been mistreated? Ever feel like the world's gone crazy? Did you wake up this mornin'? Pulling in headlining acts from across the country, Round Barn Blues Festival raises spirits and keeps Kirksville rockin' twice a year. A slice of Kirksville americana where local musicians can get a leg up while helping everybody else get down, all it takes is a short shuffle east of town in spring and fall to kick out the jams while sampling local cuisine provided by The Wooden Nickel.

Student Killed by C-Hall Coffee news by John Doebermann

It appears a Truman student is dead from an apparent caffeine overdose earlier last week. As requested by his family, the student will remain anonymous, and we will refer to him as X (the greek letter chi). X seems to have died from drinking too much coffee in the Centennial Hall cafeteria, when taking a friendly challenge too far. It all started when X told his friend Δ (delta), "Caffeine can't kill you!"

Δ then dared X to drink as much coffee as he could last tuesday night at dinner in the Centennial Hall cafeteria. After consuming over three pots of coffee and two cups of french vanilla cappuccino, all preceded by a glass of Coca-Cola™, X told Δ, "I'm feelin' pretty shitty." X then returned to his off-campus apartment to try pissing and sleeping the excess of caffeine away. No one heard from X for two days which led to the nagging suspicion that he had died. A week later, X's landlord found him dead when coming to collect his nearly week-late rent. When asked why nobody tried to find X, Δ replied, "No one really cared. We only pretend-

ed to be his friend. You might not have known him, but X was a total asshole."

Coroners are still looking into the full cause of X's death, agreeing with X's claim that caffeine is relatively harmless. The mysterious events between X's return home and the discovery of his corpse are keeping investigators baffled and looking into potential foul play. The Kirksville Police Department and the Truman department of Public Safety are currently conducting a joint investigation of the Centennial Hall coffee to get to the bottom of this. Sgt. Richard Stroker of the KPD told the Monitor, "We found abnormal amounts of alcohol, benzodiazepines, Pop Rocks™ fizzing candy and Coca-Cola™ in X's apartments. We are taking all of these leads very seriously."

If you would like to pay your respects to X, his fraternity will be having a memorial service this thursday starting at 10 pm at the DuKum Inn, as X was a regular customer of the local bar. The service will cost \$7 and will coincide with DuKum's popular "All-You-Can-Drink."

Tercets, Which I Haven't

Few are Juliets, fewer porn stars;
she is solemn and mediocre,
like a nun sans panties.

David Foster Wallace is dead.
I bet his last thought
contained a lot of words I don't understand.

Matt smells like cigarettes
and wears skinny ties
and is horny. He's nice.

I often think of Superman when I am thinking
of suicide because if I were Clark Kent
I'd want to kill myself, too.

Brie Vuagniaux
can you submit a poem to the monitor. please?
about an hour ago · Like · Comment · See Friendship

Yesterday lazy empty,
the couch a magnet and I steel but soft
what light through yonder

--Franklin Cline

Blank Writing inside Owl Eyes

Constantly exposed through placid song, thoughts
Melt a mind unclean
Drinking lace on beaten streets
Shouting at boredom behind a closed door

Scraped ice building notes
Envelop little sounds in vacant skulls
We wake knowing time: lineless
Tossing scripts and quotes to the road

Curled around legs, snaky and singing about
The candle you blew out
Vomit up the morning in cold water flats
Sucking in chaos in the open air

Humid afternoons in the brayed city tarry with notions of
Variant façades: turmoil's dirge draught
Whispers whispering about lunatics in public
Pressing flames into the earth, nothing continued to happen

--Andrew Kindiger, Claire Bowman, and John Hitzel

Interlude

I saw once your shoulders in dawnlight, freckles slowly surfacing like
Constellations, in the particular measurements that
Govern the lost dog patterns of our lives. I wanted only a crust of honey...
But that sun has died and been resurrected many times over,
Never stopping to bother with our turmoil,
The way we pass through a room and do not see the junk in the drawer.

--Claire Bowman

Ode to Allen and Young

Neil said we are Helpless, helpless, helpless.
Neil said Only love can break your heart.
And I said, yes,
yes.
Strong drink can cure something, we
Just haven't figured out
When will the newspapers print the story about
The man in the mountains,
Who left the rest of us,
Lived alone for years and grew a big white beard,
Sitting naked in the sulfur bowls of hot springs, singing songs to
passing
Grizzlies?
When will the television explode in shards
Of lipstick and toilet bowl cleaner all over the living room floor?
When he left the mountain, no one was listening
For the sounds of birds or
The old voice like water.

There are gods out there orchestrating this. They never look up.

--Claire Bowman

Americorps: Reno, NV

Amburlee Legendary: the muscle quivering desert
queen, hair whipping in dread locks across her bronzed
shoulders and clenched jaw line. Perched high in the
driver's seat, she bears her foot down on the gas pedal,
turning fire into motion, black oil ignited with air
and burnt inside the cylindrical belly of the beast like
indigestion. The van raged, dirt encompassed, across the
Nevada desert. Amburlee, Kathy, Marly, and I were on
holiday from our job. We had all joined an Americorp
program that sent troops out into the desert to live off
their backs, and work the land.

read the rest of Brie's nonfiction on the blog

The Beauty of Impermanence

On the Road presents by way of sheer movement
an emphasis on the impermanence and continual
motion of all life, all matter, all thought. The char-
acters are mainly unemployed, scraping together
borrowed cash, money from odd jobs, and stolen
goods to sustain themselves while traveling the
country to get their kicks, a way of life that few of
my academic peers feel is wholesome, or desir-
able.

read the rest of Claire's review on the blog

Bible Stories from Memory

A long time ago people were
getting pretty good at the
things that people get good at
and eventually decided that
enough was enough. Back then
we weren't speaking English or
anything else. Instead we just
chirped at each other like birds
and I guess everyone under-
stood that. "Everyone" wasn't a
super big deal though because
there were probably only like fif-
ty or fifty-five of us back in those
days, but still, speaking the same
language was awesome. You
guys really dropped the ball on
that. I guess, also, it just wasn't
that interesting to God. But I'm
getting ahead of myself.

read the rest of Adam I's fiction
on the blog

