

How to become cool in 3 months

by **Anna Esslinger**
Humor Editor

Do you remember the part in the elementary school hit show *Lizzie McGuire* where Lizzie's ex-best friend Kate buys a bra and is automatically the coolest girl in school? It was uncanny—with just a few changes she became the apple of everyone's eye. Never mind her atrocious personality or complete disregard for other people's feelings, she was the epitome of popularity. Why? Because she underwent her very own summer rebirth. Everyone would be lying if they said that they didn't wish for that kind of transformation. You may think that these kinds of things only happen on the Disney Channel, but with these tips you can easily become the Kate of your own episode of *Lizzie McGuire*.

First, change the way you spell your name. It's really that simple. Nothing says that you're a whole new person like a more unique spelling of your own name. Here are a few examples: change Kelly to Kelli, Haley to Hayleigh, Jacob to Jakeob, Connor to Conoar, Isabelle to Izieeballe, and the list goes on and on.

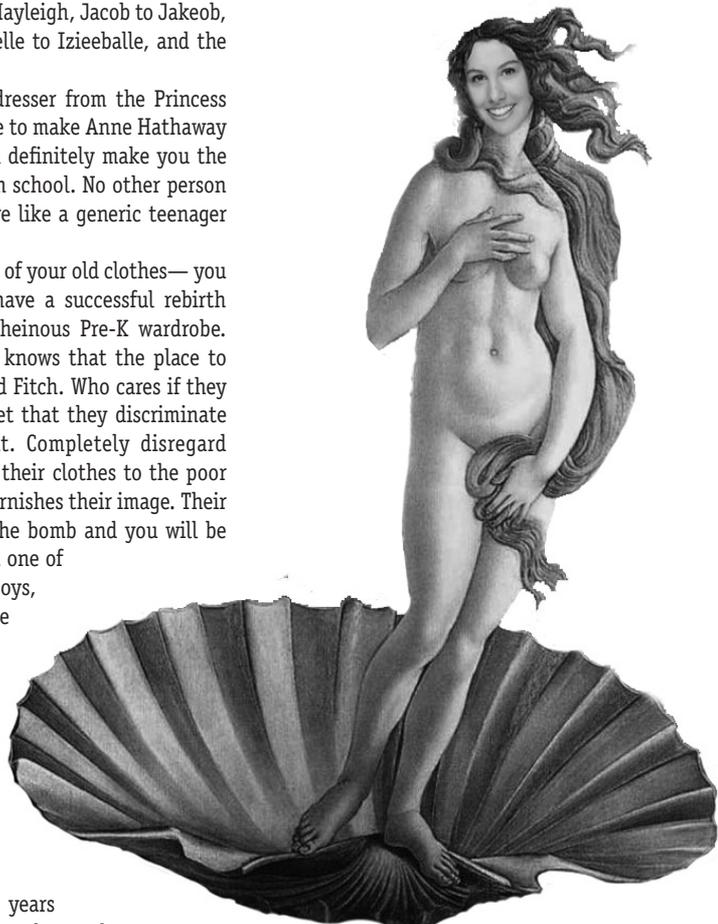
Next, hire the hairdresser from the *Princess Diaries*. If Paolo was able to make Anne Hathaway a princess, then he will definitely make you the most desirable person in school. No other person can make you look more like a generic teenager than he can.

Then, throw out ALL of your old clothes— you will never be able to have a successful rebirth if you still wear your heinous Pre-K wardrobe. Anyone who is anyone knows that the place to shop is Abercrombie and Fitch. Who cares if they hate ugly people? Forget that they discriminate against the overweight. Completely disregard that they don't donate their clothes to the poor because they think it tarnishes their image. Their denim mini-skirts are the bomb and you will be sure to be hot to trot in one of their lace camisoles. Boys, there's something there for you too. Everyone knows that only the hottest boys wear plaid shorts and Abercrombie and Fitch graphic tees.

This last one may seem kind of strange, but all of the years in English Class have taught us that in order to have a successful rebirth, you have to

descend into the underworld. It is a necessary part of the hero cycle. Just like Odysseus descended into the depths of actual hell or how the Invisible Man went to the figurative hell of the paint factory basement, you will need to descend into the underworld. It may seem scary at first, but once you think about your future popularity, all your inhibitions will be gone. Although there is no proof that hell exists, I suggest that you just walk into a corporate meeting at Abercrombie and Fitch. That way you can cross two things off of your list.

The first day of school is always exciting, but often times it just ends with your high expectations being crushed. If you just follow these tips, you won't need to worry about getting your hopes up too high. After everyone sees how downright fabulous you are, you will be taking the hottest date to coronation, have 300 likes on your profile picture, and 10,000 followers on Instagram. What more could a person want!



Meg Zukin is the hot mess at Shoreline

by **Meg Zukin**
Web Editor

The season of country concerts is upon us; gone are the hipsters and here are the jingos and Shoreline Amphitheater is the Mecca. Though the artists change every concert, the hot messes remain.

To be a hot mess at Shoreline, one must follow some key steps:

Step One: Make sure you don't know the artist as you're walking in. Be sure to ask true country fans who is playing that night. It should be a major point in your night to ask as many people as possible, especially those donning patriotic apparel, who is onstage.

Step Two: The week before the concert, send a mass text to at least ten different people asking if you can borrow their cowboy boots. I'd also suggest tweeting about your need for boots. It's personal and classy. It helps if you return the boots ruined or even better, not at all.

Step Three: Lose your friends when it gets dark to ensure a fun time. Once the sun sets, there is no guarantee of finding anyone you know. To up the ante, lose your friends from the moment you step inside to the moment you reunite post concert.

Step Four: Turn off your cell phone. This way nobody can reach you in case of emergency. Service is "schwap" at Shoreline anyways, so just consider

this as a way to save battery.

Step Five: Throughout the concert, be sure not to know any songs whatsoever. Try to sing along but ultimately fail. This will be the red flag alert to other concert goers that you are in fact, a hot mess.

Step Six: spend the next day in bed due to your new shin splints and calf soreness. A true hot mess does not prepare a week ahead of time by climbing the stair master, he or she simply says "YOLO" and conquers the Shoreline lawn.

Step Seven: Buy overpriced food and beverage at the venue. Don't worry, since you were frugal when buying the infamous 4-pack of tickets, you can spare a much more than few bucks on garlic fries and bottled water.

Step Eight: Take as many pictures as you can on the esteemed "Shoreline Lawn." I've heard that if you don't take pictures at Shoreline and post them within 24 hours, you didn't actually go to the concert.

Step Nine: Take at least half of an hour to gather your friends when departing. The phrase "herding cats" should come to mind at this point in the night.

The Final Step: By the time you leave with sweat and blood dripping down your face, make sure you have lost one of the following: your phone, your friend, or your dignity.



Wade mourns the reunion of Justin Bieber and Selena Gomez

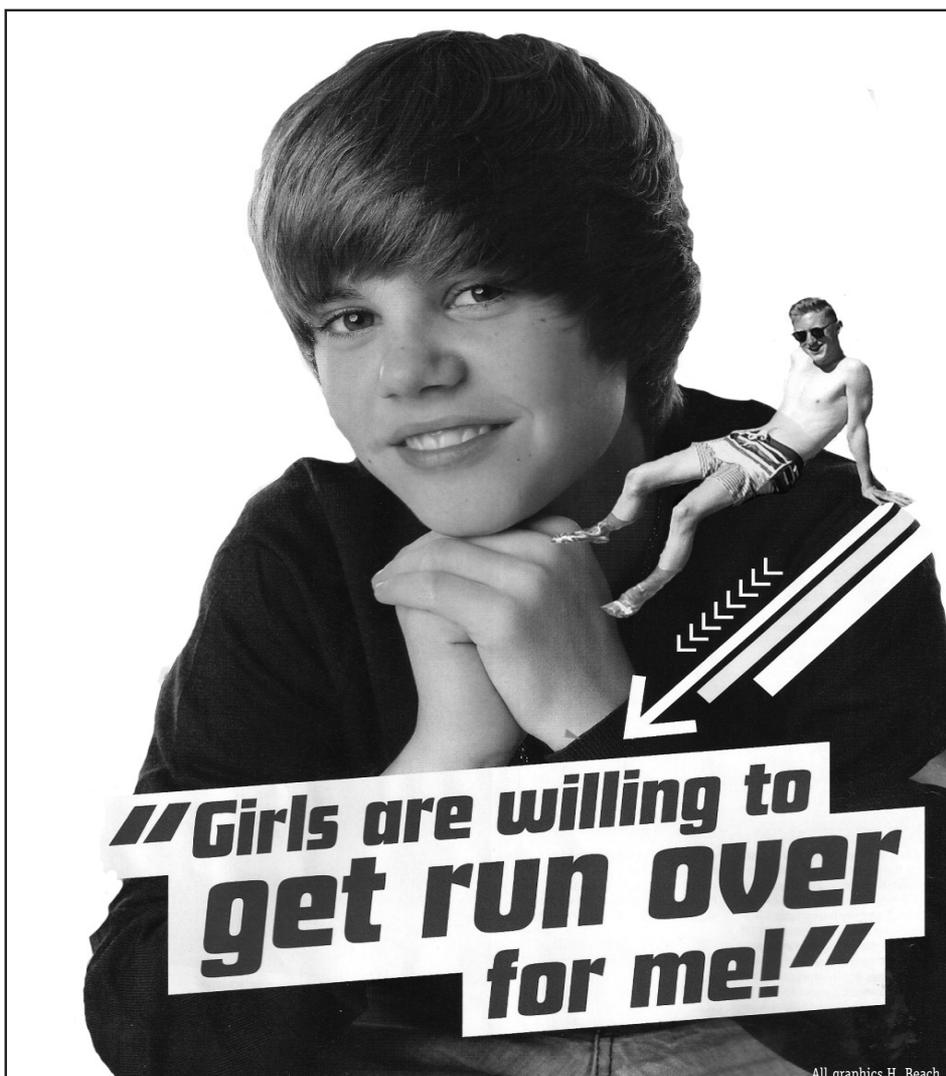
by **Wade Wallerstein**
Editor-in-Chief

Dear Tumblr,

I'm sorry if my thoughts are a little bit unclear. I'm having a lot of trouble breathing and seeing straight, so it's hard to express myself. My keyboard is tear-stained, I'm hyperventilating, and nothing is okay. I look in the mirror and see the image of a girl: a girl broken by what could have been and what never was with Maybelline Lash Blast mascara dripping down her face. I feel like my heart has been ripped out of my chest, pulverized by a steamroller, and pumped full of lead by an AK47. I can't say it out loud. I can't even type it. As I'm sure all of you know, Justin and Selena are back together.

I can't escape it. Everywhere I look she's there. The #romance tag, #justin tag, and #justinbieberfanfic tag, normally my safe havens from the cruelties of the real world, were flooded with pictures of...her. She is foul. She isn't even talented. I'm prettier. It's literally not even fair, I mean where were you, Selena, when Justin attacked the paparazzi for you? Where were you when Justin's best friend betrayed him and drove his car around and then got pulled over three times by the police? I was right here by his side, reblogging gifs of Justin performing around the world, tweeting at him four or five times an hour, updating all three of my fanfictions, and reaching out to the rest of the Belieber community. Selena, you cold-hearted harlot, were filming *Spring Breakers*, leaving my precious baby boy by the wayside.

Justin, I know I tell you this every day via every form of social media that I have access to, but I love you. I want to be your "One Less Lonely Girl." I will always be here by your side, defending you from people who look down on you because



“Girls are willing to get run over for me!”

you let your friends throw parties in your house and think that Anne Frank would have been a fan of yours. You are everything: your music transcends pop culture and your message heals the heartache of girls like me around the world. Who wouldn't want to be your fan? You changed me and have been such a positive and brilliant influence in my life. I honestly don't know what I would do without you.

It kills me to know that you are with her. She doesn't know you like I do; she doesn't love you like I do. I've been your devoted fan and follower since 2011. Justin, I am your beauty and a beat. What is she? A wizard? A Springbreaker? She is nothing. We have an impenetrable bond. When I saw you that one time at HP Pavillion, I knew that even though you chose another girl to come on stage, you were looking at me alone in that sea of 30,000 girls. What we have is real.

My fellow Beliebers, stay strong. Always "wait under the mistletoe." Never let your dreams die out. This is a rough time for all of us, but we need to be there for Justin when he realizes what that witch has done to him. We need to be there to pick him up when he falls. He's so good to us, posting at least two selfies a week on Instagram and retweeting like three girls every day on Twitter. His inspirational tweets are written just for me. He seems to know when I have a bad day. He really does care about us.

Together, we can get through this. I love you guys, your reviews and retweets really keep me motivated. As soon as I'm able to pull myself together and finish my pre-algebra homework, I'll be updating my fan-fiction blog later tonight—we need something to tide us through this dark hour.

Until next time...#BELIEVE, swaggybieberfan13