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Big naturals and even bigger eyes: A dude-bro's social experiment on the male gaze

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As a pledge of Rho Rho Rho, Upsilon Beta chapter, I pride myself on our Worldly & Open Knowledge Experience training, where we learn what not to do. And like this week we learned about how we should be respecting our fellow sisters of Greek life, instead of telepathically tonguing them down from the corner of the party. So, I decided to take it upon myself to learn even more about what they call "the male gaze," by purchasing a pair of fat fucking double D silicone breasts to wear.

For the first few days it wasn't even that crazy, just a few stares and even some thumbs ups. But it got worse once I got to the jungle where the boys are always on the prowl: the UConn Rec Center. I was in there just trying to get my pump before class with my Ted's t-shirt on, my Lululemon shorts - for men, by the way - with these two fat puppies just absolutely busting out the top of my shirt. Yo dawg, I'm getting stares

left and right, what the hell is up with that bro! I thought UConn was supposed to be one of the safest campuses in the country!

But it's not even men staring, it's girls too, and even gender non-conforming (we learned about that in our training last week). Seriously, not cool guys. I would ask people on the ma-

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chines how many sets they had left, and dude, all they would do is either laugh or stare at my gigantic, beautiful tits. It's like they've never seen a pair of jugs like these in their lives. I did run into a fellow pledge there though, and he maintained eye contact with me the whole time, absolutely major,

shoutout Brayden.

Bro then, after all that, I finally made it to class. Pump still showing by the way, don't worry. I got there late though, so everybody watched my chest bounce up the stairs of ITE C80, I could feel everyone's eyes bro, I swear, even the teacher. I'm still a person guys, even with my newfound beautiful silicone bust. My German teacher, professor Dichen Büls, told me to stay after class to talk, I bet he wants me to try and "get my grade up" with him, if you know what I mean - I'm talking. Dude, he tells me that I'm "failing the class" and that I "don't show up" and that I need to "start trying because it's week 11." He even had the nerve to tell me that my boobs are "so obviously fake" and thinks it's okay to ask me "why did you buy the Black pair Shyler?"

After 5 days trying to understand the male gaze and understanding the problems my sisters in Greek life face every day - especially Abby, her shit is crazyyyy - I think I fully understand what women go through every single day of their lives. Really heavy stuff dude.



HuskyThon needs more money, I know how to get it

by **Truest Huskythonner**
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Look, I've been doing HuskyThon for the past 4 years here at UConn, and I love it so much. There's just so much joy in it. From the way the it smells after hundreds of people spent the past 18 hours dancing with too little deodorant, to the way the philanthropy helps keep my frat on campus after we got caught telling pledges to run naked through the cow stables behind horsebarn... there's just so much to love.... I mean like, the kids too, oh 100%... yeah no they're great. Duh, yeah of course, no I didn't forget about them, what? Anyways, my commitment to the cause tells me we're not doing enough. 2.2 million dollars just isn't enough. But I think I know what we can do to get more money next year: become hitmen.

Look, it's dark, I get it. But think about it this way... is there any business as booming as this one right now? And the profit margins are great! We could settle interpersonal

beefs, help facilitate business deals, maybe even get into some politics, whatever the world needs from us (and is willing to pay). Plus, I mean, with the amount of people in HuskyThon, the amount of true believers we have? It'd be easy. They're already like a private army. After all, these people would do ANYTHING for the cause.

Plus, it would really solve a big problem in society. Right now, if you want to find a hitman, the money you pay for them usually goes into illegal drug trades or Mafia style business. BUT, with HuskyThon it'd be 100% serving charity and going to help the kids! Now people can rest assured their murder-for-hire is entirely ethical and building up the local community.

Some people might say this is "morally unjust" and "super illegal," but I ask in response... are you a cop?

If you're still on the fence, just remember what it's all for: the kids. To get them the help they need, we just need to start setting up some car-bombs.

Become hitmen. It's for the kids.