CULTURE

Sex on the WKND: Trick or treat?

We know you're short on costumes. Your Amazon order got lost at the package center. Your bank account is running into the ones, and your friends bailed on the group costume the night prior. "Sorry, we just didn't think humanoid liquor bottles would be good for the brand." There's yet another issue you've failed to consider: are the 15 layers of your costume easy to peel off at the end of the night? Will you need backup? Signs point to yes.

In the spirit of the season, Sex on the WKND will introduce you to the cast of characters you'll encounter over your four-day bender. Nothing beats a good haunted house, and with an inexplicably large endowment, Yale seems to have spared no expense on talent. Who knew everyone had a theatrical streak?



ILLUSTRATION BY STEPHANIE ALTSCHUL

The Ghost:

Vanished after the first hookup. Even better, they gave you a moonlit forehead kiss, walked you home, texted you goodnight and now denies even knowing your name. Ever seen "The Sixth Sense"? The chill in the air isn't because of Earth's natural trajectory away from the sun, but rather the Ghosts of campus reaching a critical high. No climaxes included. Steer clear of your own ghosts this weekend lest they rise from the dead and turn into...

The Zombie:

You've been on-and-off for six months. Every time you hold the funeral, they claw their way back to the surface. They're liking your Instagram story and whispering in your ear at a party. What gives? Why can't these monsters just leave you alone and stick with the other dirt-dwellers? Ask the Zombie and you'll get the same groaning answer each time: a carnal desire for brain.

The Vampire:

Once the clock strikes midnight, it's game time. You've never seen the Vampire in the daylight, and you've certainly never received a text before 1 a.m. Their perfect skin glistens under the moonlight — or the fairy lights above Luther — and you fantasize about running off into the night together. Despite their reservations, you swear to your friends that the Vampire makes you feel young. Realistically, you're leaving every conversation feeling drained of your life force. Fine, they're not the best conversationalist. Just make sure those two blood-red marks on your neck are a spider bite.

The Werewolf:

You're great friends with the Werewolf. You've got banter. You hang out in the library. You even have an inside joke. The Werewolf complains to you about their ex for an hour a day. What could be more platonic? On paper, you're basically their therapist. You're not even deterred by their excess of body hair. After they pass their two-shot threshold, though, the transformation begins. The Werewolf is all over you — not so friendly anymore. Some advice: the modern full moon is five shots of tequila, and it rises every weekend.

The Mummy:

The self-appointed guard of the tomb. Not a society tomb, necessarily — though, who knows? The mummy is the over-protective, anything-but-platonic best friend standing in between you and the treasure you desire. The Mummy has their share of faults, festering wounds and a lot of unresolved bandages, but they're also your friend. Slip past them and you might discover the tombs' ancient curses. Love bombs and booby traps await should you shake them off. Sometimes the Mummy is just doing its job.

The Pirate:

Somehow the Pirate, with a peg leg and questionable vestments, is able to plunder all your booty before you even have a chance. Blink too fast? They're talking to your sneakiest plot right in front of you. The hookup who swore they "weren't ready for a relationship" last week? You can't change them, scallywag, only the Pirate can. You'll walk the plank on Thursday, and the Pirate is all over your person of interest in the crows nest on Friday. Maybe work on your sea legs, your foul mouth and invest in some stripes before setting sail again.

The Skeleton:

We all have them in our closets, don't we? The Skeleton you see parading its bones on full display, though, seems to have been in every damn closet on campus. Funnybone? Sure. Backbone? Debatable. Steer clear — they're kept locked up for a reason. It's the season for screams, not necrophilia.

Will you listen to any of this? Ostensibly no; nobody in a horror movie ever does. With any luck, though, the scariest thing you'll encounter this weekend is one of the aforementioned ghouls. At least you're prepared. Let's hope the Sunday Scaries are relegated to a different weekend.

WEEKEND RECOMMENDS:

MUMMIFYING YOURSELF