STYLE

I procrastinated my costume so you don't have to

// BY CLAUDIA LOIZAGA

Leaves are turning and fall has arrived, so other than midterms and increasing workloads, that can only mean one good thing: Halloween. Around campus, in the dining halls and in the libraries, this fateful day — or, more accurately, week — is all that people seem to discuss. If you are an avid procrastinator like me and have inevitably procrastinated your 500 costumes for this weekend, and furthermore you've found yourself looking here, in WKND, for a final, hopeless spark of inspiration, I'm here to save your life.

Here are my top 10 last-minute costumes that you can put together in the next day.

"The Princess Diaries" / Mia Thermopolis

If you love yourself a good 2000s chick flick, this is the one for you. All you need to do is rummage through your entire closet for a white minidress, ideally a strapless one. If you don't have one because you thought it would be too cold to wear, run to Urban Outfitters and pray they bless you with their overpriced overstock. Then, all you need are some dark sunglasses, a tiara and some headphones, over-ear wire style. Bonus points if you can carry around a brown paper bag or a baguette. Voilà, you are now Anne Hathaway.

"Sabrina the Teenage Witch"

If you don't own a white minidress, but do, to no one's surprise, own a black one, here is your costume! This one is quite straightforward: black minidress, lace tights, red lipstick and a simple black headband. Even better if you have a pointy witch hat, which you can probably find 35 variations of at Target. If you want to be bold, buy some green body paint, and then you're Elphaba from "Wicked."

"Breakfast at Tiffany's"

Oh, yes, another black minidress costume enters the last-minute costume club. This one is a bit of a mix of the previous two: all you need is the precious black minidress, your biggest sunglasses, an updo, a pearl necklace and a to-go coffee cup you can steal from a dining hall. Behold, the art of composition: the thousands of costumes that can be made from a minidress.

"Men in Black"

If you're sick of the minidress, I have a better option for you: the iconic, and arguably warmer costume, Men in Black. As the name suggests, you will be wearing black. The ingredients are as follows: black trousers or skirt, a black blazer, a black tie, black sunglasses and a pen you will claim is a Neuralyzer. It's a classic, and almost everyone will recognize you instantly. They won't even know you had a nervous breakdown while scavenging for a costume.

Charli XCX

If you're into more of a pop-culture reference, or own any "Brat" merchandise, you've found your pick. Charli owned the entire summer two years ago, and she has become a staple of popular culture and Halloween costumes alike ever since. To become Charli, you will need a white, cropped tank top, a black skirt, sunglasses (once again), messy bedhead hair, smudged eyeliner, chunky black boots and a lot of gum. It would be better if you wore a "Brat" tank top. Even better if you have a friend who also procrastinated and can go as Troye Sivan with you.

"Challengers"

Even better than one procrastinating friend is two procrastinating friends. If this is you, I recommend the following costume. Assuming you have kept up with the latest films, this is an incredible trio costume with major Instagrammability. All you need is a white tennis set, a red cap and shirt, a grey shirt, a tennis racket and a singular churro. Comfortable, iconic, chic. Sounds like music to my ears.

"Saltburn"

Another recent movie reference that doubles as a masterclass in low-effort Halloween prep. In a nutshell: white angel wings thrown over your most basic white tank top and jeans. You read that correctly, you can wear an outfit you've worn to Linsly-Chittenden three times this week and call it Jacob Elordi.

Leopard

If you thought you escaped the black minidress, you were sorely mistaken. Here is a variation for the makeup artists. If you happen to own anything in leopard print, you've already won. If not, the black mini-dress is back to carry the weight of your decisions. Pair it with a smokey eyeshadow palette, draw some quick leopard spots on your face, and call it a night. Bonus points if you happen to own cat ears or can steal a headband from your roommate.



ILLUSTRATION BY TASHA FU

"The Sims"

This one is for the kids who watched "Art Attack" and grew up on origami. All you need to do is buy a headband, some green cardstock from the Yale Bookstore, and a hot glue gun to assemble the recognizable green plumbob that floats above all Sims' heads. Because constructing a 3D diamond takes about 20 minutes of actual effort, the rest of the outfit is completely up to you. Show up in sweatpants; you're just a Sim whose player gave up on them.

Katherine Pierce

Last but not least, one final black minidress costume, because versatility is key, and your closet is limited. If you are a fan of "The Vampire Diaries," get out your black masquerade mask and red lipstick, it's time to put your hair in a half-up, half-down. You'll look effortlessly gothic, and no one will guess you put it together fifteen minutes before leaving.

Whether you end up as a cinematic icon or just a person wearing dark sunglasses and a bedsheet, remember: Halloween on campus isn't about how much you spent or how long you planned. The real trick in trick-or-treat is about convincing everyone you meant to look like this all along. Good luck, happy Halloween — and try not to trip over your own minidress.

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CULTURE

The ghost of John C. Calhoun is haunting L-Dub

// BY LEAH SKINNER

My intention was to get ahead on work before the week began. I sat down at my favorite cafe, ordered my chai and opened a blank document titled "Plan for the week." Step one: open document. Done.

"Can I read the text again?" asked one of the girls at the round table behind me. Her question disappeared into the hiss of the coffee machine and the steady murmur of conversation. I ignored it and powered on with the exhausting task of crafting my to-do list, which had so far required me to type four words. I began musing over which assignment was the most urgent that week.

"That's definitely a date," another girl, from that same table, remarked. I stopped typing. My cursor continued blinking at me, apparently unaware that my priorities had shifted. Someone was going on a date. Good for her. I tried to concentrate on my blank document, though I had now become considerably more interested in the lives of people whose faces I'd never seen.

"This is so serious. If he's taking you out, we need to decide if you can date him." The others hummed in agreement. Clearly, a date was not simply a date. It was a decision requiring consultation, and, from the sound of it, several rounds of deliberation. I found myself anticipating the questioning, even though the group was one of strangers whose names I didn't know and whose faces I was actively avoiding.



ILLUSTRATION BY ANGELA TROIA

"What does he do in his free time?" the guy at the table asked. I was surprised by how many people were involved in this discussion. They had excellent standards for the people their friend spent her time with. I was beginning to wonder what I had missed in my own romantic life by not assembling a committee first.

"I don't know, we haven't talked that much," the girl admitted. I kept staring at my screen, maintaining the appearance of someone with somewhere to be and something to do.

"You seriously know nothing?" the guy asked. He had a point. It was a little strange to be considering dating someone you barely knew. On the other hand, wasn't the entire point of a date to get to know someone? I kept this thought to myself, partly because if I chose to interject, I would be accused of being insane, and partly because I was interested in the committee's answer.

"What is his name?" The others added. I heard the tapping of phones against the table and the aggressive scrolling that followed. The investigation had officially moved online. The committee was on the prowl, searching the entire World Wide Web for the mystery man. Somewhere between my unfinished to-do list and my increasingly cold chai, a man I had never met had become the subject of a background check. This investigation belonged at FBI headquarters.

Someone gasped. I held my breath. "Is it bad?" The girl asked. There was genuine worry in her voice. I glanced at my screen, where the cursor was still blinking under the words "Plan for the week." I would like to say I was observing, or rather overhearing, the conversation with anthropological detachment. Unfortunately, I was listening too carefully for this to be true.

"I don't know," one of her friends said. And then, the revelation: "He has a podcast." Some of the girls giggled in response. I had no evidence against this man, but I was beginning to understand the concerns.

"What does that mean?" There was a deafening silence from the table. "I don't know yet. I just think we need to be careful." I admired the honesty. No one seemed entirely sure what having a podcast meant. Was he arrogant and self-absorbed — or wise and cultured?

The investigation continued, the standard for an acceptable boyfriend growing more elusive with every question. "Has anyone been to his room?"

"Yeah," the girl said. "And?" "He has one of those LED lights." I looked at my screen. I looked at my chai. I waited.

"Like, around the ceiling?" the guy asked."Around the ceiling," she confirmed. Someone oofed. "Oh," I couldn't tell if this was a career-ending detail for the man, but judging by the flat tone of the guy's response, neither could he. After a few moments, he asked, "Is he nice to you?"

"Yes," the girl replied flatly. "I think we need more information to decide. You should go on the date, and then we'll see." Everyone in the group agreed with the verdict.

I had arrived at the cafe with hopes of getting ahead on the week. Instead, I spent the better part of my afternoon following an investigation into a man I would never meet. I still didn't end up learning who he is — whether his podcast was a sign of arrogance or wisdom — whether he'd ever get a second date. I returned to my to-do list.

Step two, apparently, was minding my own business.

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WEEKEND RECOMMENDS:

JUMPSCARES