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GRANVILLE'S "MOST HAUNTED" PUBLICATION

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LAST MINUTE COSTUMES

Eleanor Mason,
works for Spirit Halloween

Halloweekend caught you by surprise? Don't panic. Here are some totally foolproof last minute costume ideas based on your major!

Chemistry: Slutty micropipette

Philosophy: Slutty Socrates

Math: Slutty derivative

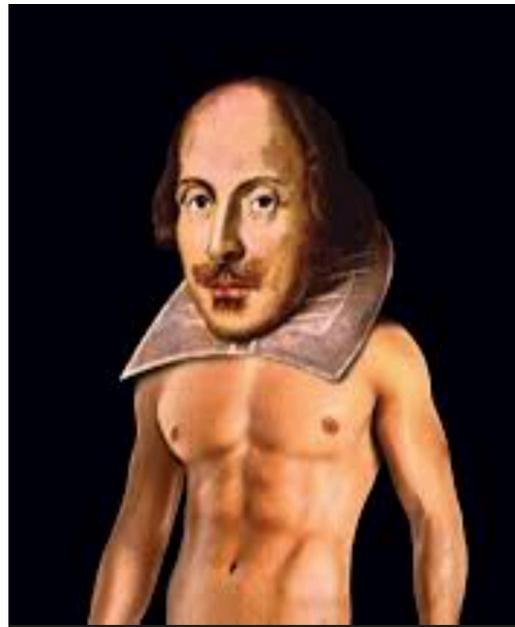
Biology: Slutty mitochondria

Physics: Slutty photon

English: Slutty Shakespeare

Psychology: Slutty brain

Creative Writing: Slutty pencil



Environmental Science: Climate change. Why not slutty climate change you ask? Well, we wouldn't want it getting any hotter, now would we?

RANKING HALLOWEEN SONGS

Christine Trueh,
works for Spotify

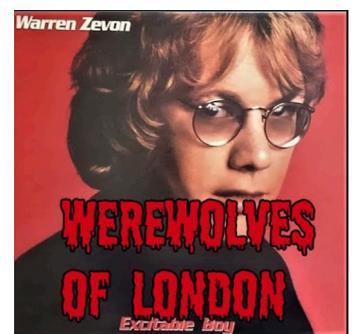
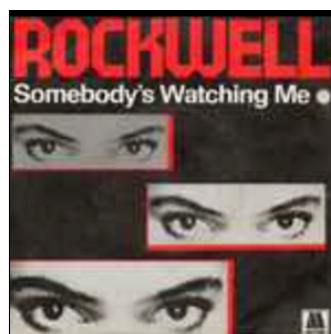
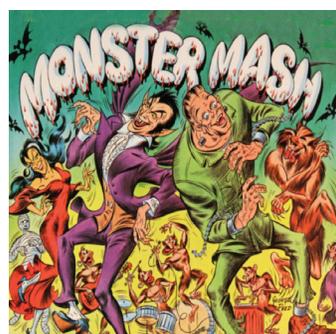
Thriller 10/10: Nothing beats this Michael Jackson classic. The evil laugh at the end of the song used to keep me up at night. What was even worse was the music video! Have you watched it? Truly scaring stuff for 7 year old me.

Monster Mash 6/10 : overplayed and boring and very questionable lyrics. "From my laboratory in the castle east to the master bedroom where the vampires feast, the ghouls all came from their humble abodes to get a jolt from my electrodes. Sounds like an orgy to me..."

Somebody's Watching Me 7/10: Very catchy tune, and very honest. Sometimes I do feel like I'm being watched by the IRS.

My Girlfriend's a Witch 20/10 : literally the perfect October/Halloween song. It's too catchy.

Werewolves of London 6/10 : I don't like that the werewolf had a Chinese menu in his hand. I feel like if you're a werewolf from London, you should have a Wetherspoons menu in your hand? Or maybe one from the local chippy shop? Seems more on brand innit.



THE GOVERNMENT IS SENDING OUT DRIVERS TO CREATE TRAFFIC

Lillian Reaser,
works for the government

One thing I will truly never understand is FUCKING TRAFFIC!!!! There is literally no logical reason for traffic to exist outside of an accident, or something along those lines. If I don't see a crash or police lights then why are we slowing down???

The other day on my drive to OSU I'm going 80 on the highway and before I knew it I'm completely stopped in stand still traffic. No actual reason to be stopped; everyone just decided that it was time to go 10 mph in a 70. WHY?! It's a fucking highway not a school zone!!

The solution is simple: STOP PUTTING YOUR BREAKS ON!!!! JUST DRIVE! My god please just drive; it's a long open stretch of road there is literally no reason to stop unless there is an accident in front of you. If the speed limit is 70 then those in the right lane should be going 70 and people in the left should be going 75-80. SIMPLE. No swerving and cutting in front of each other. No one speeds up or slows down suddenly. It's really that easy.

But this will never come to fruition because I swear on my life that there are drivers who just want to piss me off. Their job is to make sure I have to come to a screeching halt on I-70 and have to inch forward at 15 mph. I'd rather cut my legs off and army crawl to my destination than have to go 15 in a 70 again. TS PMO. So it has to be the government. I know I sound like a "conspiracy theorist"... I'm not crazy, I swear. I just don't get why the fuck you can't just go on a highway.

MY PAST HALLOWEEN SCARIES

Lucy Dale,
works for The Bullsheet

I am so excited for this weekend, although, I have my hesitations. College Lucy and Halloweekend have never mixed well and it's not looking good for me this year. I will lay it all out for you:

Freshman Year: I dressed up as Carrie from Carrie even though I'd never seen the movie and still have yet to watch it. I bought fake blood on Amazon and then stood outside Crawford as I trickled fake blood all over myself and then got to walk by the puddle of fake blood for the next two weeks. Anyway, it was a good costume and Friday night went well! On Saturday night, I was not aware that people get two costumes so they have a new one for each night, which not everyone does, but I was not able to reuse my costume because the fake blood did not dry well, to say the least. So, I tore through my closet and decided to wear all yellow and put gold sparkles on my face and go as "the sun." I went to the Moonies that night and spotted my class crush who I lowk [now that I work for Title IX can definitely say I stalked him] was obsessed with. He was dressed as a janitor and that's all you need to know. I finally got the courage to talk to him after some sparkling...um...water. Anyway, we chatted for like a second, I made him guess my costume and he stood there and guessed about twenty different things before I just told him I was "the sun," obviously. Then, he went to dap me up and I had no idea what he was doing because I had never been approached for this exchange before, so I grabbed his hand and shook it like I just interviewed him, which I guess I kind of did. It was mortifying.

Sophomore Year: On Friday night of Halloweekend, I dressed as a black cat and went to the frats and everything was going well. Then, I tried to get to the Nest through the parking garage instead of walking up the stairs and had to jump over that concrete cut out on the bottom level, but I was wearing platform boots so I snapped my ankle, but I was a little too numb to feel the pain just yet. I ordered a Mac and Cheese at the Nest but they told me they ran out and I cried. Then I went back to my dorm and went to bed. At 4am I awoke in intense pain. I debated calling my mom or the police, but settled on Camp-O. Then two large firemen carried me out of my bed and into an ambulance and I spent the rest of the morning in the ER. Long story short, the next night I was doing a group costume and Daphne from Scooby Doo was rocking an ankle brace and staying in for the night.



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