

## WHY I'M REALLY GOOD AT MAKING FRIENDS



BY CAMERON WHITE

SOME PEOPLE MAY have been worried about making friends freshman year, but not me. While my fellow freshmen wasted their money on FOOT, Freshperson Conference, and Harvest, I sat back, confident of my supernatural capacity for making friends. It's true, not everyone is blessed with my personal magnetism, but there's more to winning people over than just an effervescent personality. I've developed a series of surefire techniques that have made me the social king of a feudalistic fiefdom populated with pitiful serfs trapped in a vicious economic cycle orchestrated by the landed gentry, which is also me.

My first piece of advice is to learn everyone's name. And I mean everyone—don't limit yourself to the people to whom you have actually been introduced! After all, what is the facebook for? I recommend memorizing the names of all Yale undergraduates, and then giving them a warm "Hello, (insert name here)!" when you see them on the street. Even better, give them a hug. And don't let the shyness or timidity of your new friends dissuade you. They may seem a little hesitant after your first embrace, but they'll grow to appreciate it. Trust me.

Hugging people on the street is just the beginning: I suggest choosing a different person each week to become

"super-close" with. Call him your "Friend Target." To avoid any confusion, you should write the name and phone number of your Friend Target on the whiteboard outside your door. This way, he'll know that he's on the way to being your best friend, and won't fight it so much (DON'T THINK YOU CAN AVOID ME FOREVER ALEX KLETTER!). Find or take a picture of your Friend Target and make it your desktop background—you'll stay focused on your task if every time you boot up your computer you see your Target's smiling face. And remember, you must choose a new Friend Target every week, so if you don't think you've made any progress on your current target by day six, find a way to be alone with him and then initiate a "serious" conversation. You'll quickly make up for lost time.

These are my suggestions for asserting control over an established social monarchy dependent on the creation of a male heir, which I also am. Following them will give you a devoted circle of friends in no time at all. Good luck!

—HARDING

## WHY I'M SCARED OF THE GUY DOWN THE HALL



BY PETER FRANTZ

WHEN I FIRST GOT HERE, I tried hard to be open and outgoing. I didn't want to judge people before I got to know them. Well, now that I've been here a few months, I think it's safe to say that this one guy down the hallway is officially crazy. I mean, he seems well-intentioned, but he has scared pretty much the entire hallway. We're all afraid to leave our rooms because we might run into this Cameron guy. It's terrible.

At first I thought he was just a little aggressive. I mean, he knew my name and kept saying hi to me, which is cool and all, but then he started coming up and giving me these bear hugs. Now, I enjoy the occasional hug as much as the next guy, but Cameron kept hugging *everybody*, even the pre-frosh that stayed with us. The guy next door tried to stop Cameron from hugging him one time and Cameron broke his arms. Then Cameron took a picture of this poor guy and made it his desktop wallpaper. So now we all pretend to have mono and hope Cameron buys it.

The really creepy thing was when I saw my name written on his whiteboard. All it said was "Target of the Week: Peter Frantz." I thought he was going to kill me. I spent six days hiding out in my friend's room in a different entryway. The last night, when I was sneaking back to my room for some toothpaste, I ran into Cameron standing

outside my door with this little sword. I would have sworn there was some sort of rule against having a six inch blade at college, but he insisted that it was just some gift his friend from California sent him. The way he was swinging it around you would have thought he was trained in knife fighting. I've never been so scared in my life. He asked me if we could talk somewhere private. I was sure he was going to stab me, but he just backed me into this stairwell and stood there talking to me for five hours about how his Dad was emotionally vacant and how much he likes reading about the Dark Ages. When he finally left, I went straight to my room and ordered some Mace online. If he ever comes near me again, I'm going to Mace him.

We tried complaining to our Freshman Counselor, Albert, but when he talked to Cameron, Cameron started to cry. So Albert gave Cameron a sympathetic hug, and he said Cameron gave him this really creepy smile. The next day, I noticed Albert's name on Cameron's whiteboard, and nobody has seen Albert since. Now I think Cameron has targeted my roommate, and I'm doing my best to hide him, but I don't know how long I can keep it up. Maybe it would be easier to just give in. A guy could get to like those hugs.

—HARDING