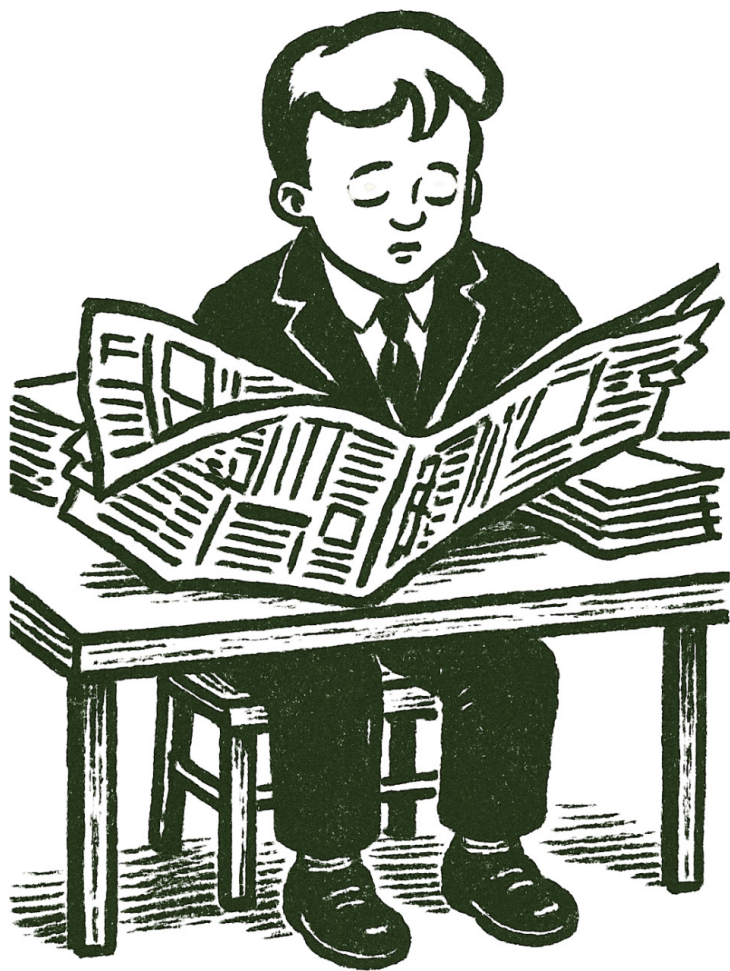


The Heckler

Spring 2025



Letter From The Editor

Dearest *Heckler* reader,

Ears. Bugs. Bugs in Ears. Itchy. I'm scratching. I'm rolling around outside in the dirt a little bit. I ate a worm. Bit it straight in half. Named it Sam Sam. Wait, did you hear that? It sounded like my mother yelling my name across a large expanse and drawing out the last syllable into a powerful, ululating yodel. But could've just been Sam Sam. That silly little tike. Always whispering in my ears, making me laugh at inappropriate times. Like at the bath house. No one wants to laugh at a bath house. That is a solemn and sober establishment, unlike when the Hecklers and I all take baths together. That's jovial. We laugh all the time. So much laughing.

Omg! Squirrel. Fuck, I gotta go guys. This was splendid. I'm going to go chase that squirrel. Bring Sam Sam with me. He can run so fast. Like, so fast. I can only keep up if I also throw my torso on the ground and wiggle around a bit to gain momentum like him. Fuck, I look up to him so much.

I think this is the print edition. But I have no idea. I have no idea where I even am. If you find this, please tell my mom to stop singing. She CANNOT carry a tune. Massive disappointment for a long line of yodelers like us.

Xoxo,
Duchess Barbara Knittingford of Hartford, CT.
Editor-in-Chief 2025

PRAISE FOR THE HECKLER

“Absolutely riveting... Couldn’t take my eyes off it.”

– Mona Lisa

“Too much penis, vagina, and that race stuff.”

– Governor Greg Abbott

“Mean and unfunny”

– That girl with the gap teeth from The White Lotus

“Ayy, rip off my shirt if you love me (love me). Spit in my face when you fuck me (fuck me) Play with my gooch, while you suck me (suck me). Eat the dick like you was ugly.”

–NLE Choppa

“I [...] endorse this publication”

– Interim President Provost Groves

“Makes me bend over laughing”

– Person who is bent over, laughing

“There are no funds to take away from The Heckler?!?”

– Christopher Rufo, SFS ‘06

“Funny stuff, funny stuff. I can’t lie.”

– George Washington

“DISGRACE!...Shame on them.”

– America First Policy Institute’s Chief Engagement Officer Ashley Hayek via X

“HECKLER FUNNY”

– Gronk

The Georgetown Heckler, Spring 2025

Board:

Editor-in-Chief: Duchess Barbara Knittingford of Hartford, CT

Managing Editor: Associated Press NewsWire

Director of Shenanigans: Whom It May Concern

Social Chair: Glocktopus Squid Prime

Social Media Chair: Adelaide Mornington

DEIA Chair: Augustus Lorde Soule

Outreach Coordinator: Ranth Rue

Print Master: Antipope Innocent III

Staff Writers:

Doña Inés de Asbaje Ramirez de
Santillana

Tippi Feathers

Mary-Anne Betsy-Ross

Enid Bagnold of Rottingdean

Little Rock Anthony

Cicero Sheboygan Comstock

Soo Doe Nim

Wooper St. Cinburn

LinkedIn Parque

Reverend Geraldine McCoy

The Sisters Fitzroy

Demar Divicenzo Derozan

Brockholst Livingston

Hamilton Rice Jr.

Blanche Cavendish

Rufus Wheeler Peckham

Superintendent B. Gauche

Eighteen Naked Cowboys

US Senator Mike Crapo (R-ID)

Concubine 16

Ezra PP Starkweather

A Very Innocent Bright-Eyed Little

Kitten

Carolina Edgecumb

Antipope Innocent III

Theophilus Parsons

Augustus Lorde Soule

Osborne Augustus Lochrane

Psir Pseudonym III

Grangopoulos Zefiro

ChatCBT

Birgus Cardstock

Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus Lamar

Clovis P. Butterworth

Brick

Shackleford Hedgecock, Esq.

I.M. Randy

“Uggo, Fatty, Uggo, Uggo Fatty”: I Love People Watching At Yates

By Psir Pseudonym III

Gotta say, guys, as Georgetown’s resident gym rat, I’m pretty disappointed in what I’m seeing. I go to Yates for the same reason all of you do: for the attention. You might have seen me. I’m the one sauntering around Yates at all hours, looking all hot and mysterious. You want me to touch the equipment? No, I won’t do that. I’m just here to observe. I see you all looking over your shoulders, making sure no one is watching. But I always am. I’m. Always. Watching.

Uggo: Not loving the fit today. Too curated. You’re soooo different. NOT! Those lulu leggings don’t make your ass look good, they just make you look like an asshole. Wait, sorry, that was mean.

Fatty: Out of breath already? There aren’t that many stairs. You haven’t even entered the building yet! Yeah, the employees and I are laughing at you through the windows.

Uggo: Uh oh, someone’s sweatyyyyy! Keep those arms TIGHT to your torso, girl. Girl as a gender neutral term.

Uggo: Not digging your vibe. Negative aura.

Fatty: Oh, you’re a treadmill guy? What’s your mile time? I said, WHAT’S YOUR MILE TIME?!?? Why are you running away from me?

Remember, I am always watching.

.....

We See You, We Hear You:

Brave voices on flock, fizza, jizz, or whatever they call that app.

The screenshot shows a social media interface. On the left, a post from "Anonymous" (1yr) says "Hey look! Its the heckler editorial board!" and includes a photo of a washing machine drum with a rat inside. The caption reads: "Which Darnall breeder put a rat in the Copley washing machine". Below the photo are icons for bookmark, share, repost, DM, and comment.

On the right, there are two replies from "Anonymous" (2mos). The first reply says "apparently not a very funny one..." and the second says "it's ok no one reads that shit". Both replies include a text box with the message: "just got rejected from the heckler my life is a fucking joke smh". Below each reply are icons for bookmark, share, repost, DM, and comment.

I Don't Think So! Girl Who Said She Experienced "Ego Death" Doing Shrooms Last Week Just Re-posed Eight of Her Friends' Birthday Posts for Her on Instagram Story

By Associated Press NewsWire

"I completely let go of my sense of self. It was like nothing I'd ever experienced before. My selfish, worldly, material desires completely dissolved—though few I had to begin with anyway," Bella told me as she tapped the corner of her platinum Amex on the bar of Tombs. Because that move always works.

Given her newfound, undeniably humble demeanor, I figured she'd only have to wait 25 more minutes to be served her vodka cran. Fuck it, I thought, I'll bite. "Tell me more about this spiritual experience," I pleaded. Bella turned to me with the Tombs night forehead stamp ink and bronzer mix dripping down her cheek and said, "The concept of 'I' ceased to exist for me. I realized I am—we are—all the same. Products of and from this bountiful earth we stand upon." I glanced down at the soles of her white sneakers adhered to the Tombs floor panelling with beer and mud. Nature's produce. She continued: "I don't consider my identity as distinct from anyone else's anymore. The concept of like, like, regarding each other as separate and like the concept of like giving attention to people as like individuals..."

I woke up the next morning, rolled over in bed, opened my phone to Instagram, and saw Bella's story at the top of my feed. I had to click eight times to get through her friends' various birthday posts for her she'd reposted on her own story. Three of them were of her posing at the front of the Tombs line.

I think I'll try shrooms again.

Dylan Partner
is
back
on
sale!

By popular demand, The Heckler is now offering (anew) a lifetime with our updated version of Dylan! Can bark, is waterproof, and sing a little song upon request.

Tariff markups now price this limited edition at a slightly higher \$11.99

Got Feet?

We're Looking for Models

Dr. Shwol's

We're a Totally Real Company That I'm Pretty Sure Sells Shoe Inserts and We Need Models for Our Ads Please

Serious Inquiries and Dirty Feet Only

OpEd: Why We're Leaving Soup in 2024

By I. M. Randy

Are we really still doing this, people? Listen, soup is alright, but it's been in the spotlight for way too long. It's really not all that—at this point, it's getting a little embarrassing. And you know what else? I didn't spill French onion soup down my suit and dress shirt on Wednesday night. That's laughable.

I mean, seriously, could you picture me, tears streaming down my face, soup pouring down my pants and filling up my pockets? Now that's truly ridiculous... I didn't even cry when my parents died. Didn't shed a single tear. I didn't even go to their funerals. What makes you think I would cry over some soup? Not that it's necessarily an unreasonable reaction—it's just something I would never do.

But my point isn't that I've never cried after spilling soup all over myself. It's not even that I forgot to attend my parents' funerals. What I'm trying to say is that soup is a childish and, frankly, lame meal. We're leaving it behind because we're moving forward.

P.S. Back to the whole "soup accident" thing, I would just like to add: Rumors spread because they're easy to tell, and they can prompt very vivid mental imagery. But the thing about rumors is that they're false. Lies take the elevator, and truth takes the stairs—it'll get there sooner or later. Fuck soup.



Naughty daughter?
Ugly spouse?

Try 

NEW 1-Day
Blinding Stew™

This STEW will make ANYONE go blind for 1 DAY. The 1-DAY Blinding Stew blinds you for one day. It's a stew that is BLINDING for a finite period of 1 DAY.

“No Thanks, Weed Makes Me Anxious,” Says Woman on Her Third Liver Transplant

By Demar Divicenzo Derozan

Washington, DC – A local woman has stunned her community by refusing a hit of a joint at a party where eyewitnesses claim she consumed eighteen Miller High Lifes, eleven High Noon seltzers, and six vodka shots. The woman, Kathy B. Dreinkeign, declined the generous offer of marijuana at a Vil-A Rooftop last Saturday, apparently claiming, “No thanks, weed makes me anxious”.

Many onlookers found the refusal puzzling, a confusion which has been heightened in recent days following statements from the local medical community. Dr. Abraham Goldstein spoke to The Heckler in the days following the event, on the condition of anonymity, about Ms Dreinkeign’s medical history. Thanks to Goldstein’s testimony, The Heckler can exclusively report that Dreinkeign has undergone liver transplant surgery on three separate occasions. Goldstein, who performed two of the surgeries personally, said that Dreinkeign never reported “anxiety during any of the procedures. This leaves us here at The Heckler to wonder, what the fuck is her problem? Does this stuck up bitch think she’s better than us or something? Is she too good to burn a fat ass blunt with our esteemed writers? Why does she feel comfortable drinking to the point of destroying her own body but won’t even take one hit? Doesn’t she know weed is a plant? That plants come from the ground? That they’re good for you?

This writer cannot claim to answer any of these questions, but he can confidently say, this woman sounds like a stank ass loser hoe.

Remember, I am always watching.



HAIKUS

POETRY FOR THE SOUL

'Nother year gone by
Dry leaves whispering in wind
I am so horny



Trader Joe's on bike
I think I might be a-
Oh well, what is life.



Counting syllables
One, two, three, four, five, six, sev-
Haiku don't like you



Three, six, nine, so fine
To the window, to the wall
Sweat drops down my balls

Feet pitter patter
Like tiny raindrops on a sill
Rat I will kill you



You are so holy
I have a tight hole-y
Let us make god proud

Empire State Building
The Washington Monument
Small to guys like Me



Tiny ice maker
Whole Apple ecosystem
Goyard girl run free



Walked into class
Coughed a little too much
And some shit came out



Everyone Loves That Dog With Three Legs, But When I Pull Out My Third Leg, It’s “Gross” and “Harassment” and “Too Small To Be Called A Third Leg”

Community Submission

Let me explain. I’m a PHD student, new to Georgetown, researching the correlation between moldy water bottles and messy bedrooms, and I was looking to find a new way to engage my discussion section. It’s been a real bore lately. In an effort to get my students to like me, I’ve started paying attention to what excites Georgetown students. So far, I’ve clocked Goyard bags, talking about how much work they have, and Crouton, that three-legged pup. Students flock to Crouton, give him so much attention, and listen to all the meaning in his little barks.

In the shower one night, I realized: Maybe I should try and be a little more like Crouton. I need students in my discussion section to pay attention to me the way they pay attention to him. Soon, possible ways to channel Crouton flooded my brain. Strut around campus? No, my skin is too fair. Wear a collar? I wish, but those days are behind me. Until—as I looked down to make sure my pee parabola was going directly into the shower drain—it finally clicked. Crouton has three legs, and so do I.

In my discussion section the following day, fifteen students entranced in the Wordle and another who might as well have been jerking himself off with the sound of his own voice killed the energy of the classroom. I knew what I had to do. I realized I needed to channel my inner Crouton. So I got on my desk and whipped out my third leg.

As I am writing this piece (which may or may not be a requirement of my termination from the university), I realize I was a little short-sighted. But if I may... It worked. The class was never more engaged. And for the record, the room was very, very cold.

.....

Thank You to Our Sponsors!





OpEd: y im proud 2 b msb stoodent

By *Duchess Barbara Knittingford of Hartford, CT. Emeritus*

The Heckler was recently contacted by Tyler Whiteface, 23, MSB '28, a six-time freshman who has almost passed all his classes this time! Whiteface was eager to provide a column on his impressions of freshman year, as a seasoned professional of the craft. Whiteface, 23, from White Plains, NY, submitted two drafts before submitting the third, as published here. We had attempted an in-person interview, but the only time Whiteface spent out of the MSB was in the infrared sauna, meeting his tutor for his coloring-in-the-lines class. Whiteface whites—Shit, we mean, writes:

To start this artikul, I want to make clere that MSB does NOT dezerve the bad repetition that every gives it. We r just like u guyz: Normal ppl who just luv to have a good time with the bros, may-b smoke a sigaret or shotgun a brew or tew. May-b play dice. May-b say a slur. We are NOT daddy's boyz. We have, like, at least four chicks between the nine of us and we worked hard 2 get here. My classez are just as hard as you guys classez. I don't even now what organist cemistry is, but I was up all night studying for my final in my shapes and colers 304 class. We started with trapyzoids – the hardest one! (becuz I'm in the advanced level)! I luv to cum to the MSB after a long day lifting to unwind and just... chillax. I feel so comfertabel surounded by ppl who are just like me. I was bullied in the third grade so I have always been angshous that may-b I was a weirdo, and I feel like may-b I have like, always carried this trama with me. But, at the MSB, the bros luv me for who I am. They luv me with my trawma. I am a #ProudBoy of the MSB!

Socratic Discussions in the @georgetownheckler Comment Section



peterangel35 This is how I learned about the death member of one direction

25w 4 likes Reply



dylan_partner Wow! At this rate Trump will never get my vote in 2028.

21w 4 likes Reply



molldubens I think I have avian flu

7w 2 likes Reply



sara.unpickled this is so tone deaf

28w 4 likes Reply



dylan_partner Doctors say that I've sustained Brian damage thanks to my Lois of consciousness. Stewie

18w 2 likes Reply



lowelllawre Im going to mock christ

9w 3 likes Reply



ben.winslow last one is europhobic! Plz delete

17w 6 likes Reply



sophiemaretz Real incestuous headlines... he'll yeah!!

18w 2 likes Reply



francescaaweil This is how Caesar felt I think

9w 3 likes Reply



knopper I'm into the horse

50w Reply



lordlowell Holy shit I can't believe JD was here no wonder my estrogen and progesterone levels were through the roof

23w 9 likes Reply



knopper How do I delete a comment

50w 6 likes Reply

Hegseth to Require Designated Driver When Work Day Extends Past 9:01am

By Cicero Sheboygan Comstock

This past week, Pentagon officials announced that Defense Secretary Pete Hegseth would now require a designated driver whenever his workday extends past 9:01 AM. The decision comes after weeks of monitoring Hegseth's blood alcohol content, with officials concluding that this was the exact moment he could no longer operate a vehicle without posing a serious risk to the Pentagon's nearly 24-year streak of vehicles not crashing into it.

Hegseth, known for his long-standing affinity for Kentucky bourbon and the open road, reportedly expressed frustration at the prospect of not being allowed to drive himself home after a long day of chatting on Signal. However, his mood quickly changed when he learned that the American taxpayer would be footing the bill for this "pressing issue of national defense." Sources close to the Secretary report that he is now a surprising advocate for the policy, which he has described as "vital for both national security and personal responsibility."

"I've learned the hard way that when your workday stretches past 9:01 AM, and your eyes are drifting toward the whiskey cabinet, it's time to call it a day," the three-time runner-up for most-involved-member-in-his-marriage explained, with the kind of gravitas typically reserved for wartime addresses. "America's military strength depends on its leaders staying sharp, and that means knowing my limits. My productivity—like my marriages—takes a nosedive after that hour. Of course, after that, the twin demons of patriotism and bourbon call me."

Washington insiders suggest the policy may have been influenced by Hegseth's years at Fox News, where network executives reportedly had to hide Hegseth's car keys in the men's room tampon dispenser while also refusing to allow Hegseth to bill his Ubers to the organization. Uber itself banned Hegseth from using its service once the then media personality admitted live on air that he "did not trust certain Uber drivers" and refused to clarify which ones he was referring to.

Inspirational Quotes

"You should've seen the other guy."

-Malala

"I have glock."

-Jack the Bulldog (unprompted)

"We Love Corp Don't We? Vital Vittles, Vital Vittles. You Know I Knew a Vit-
tle Who Wasn't Very Vital — Sleepy Joe. But We Love Corp and We Love the
Workers in Terms of Cocaine and With Regard to Horrible Customer Service.
You Know I Actually Came up With, They Were Going to Call It Something
Clever, and I Said, Let's Call It MUG, Like the Cup. I Love Mug, Melania Is
Friends With His Wife Teacup." -Trump on the Corp

BREAKING NEWS!

Christ Is Being Mocked Now More Than Ever

By Whom it May Concern

“Flex or Debit?” I Have a Gun in My Back Pocket

By I. M. Randy

Joe Pulls Out, Jill Relieved

By Carolina Edgecumb

Georgetown Acquires Part of the DMZ for New SFS Campus

By Carolina Edgecumb

Justin Trudeau Celebrates Black History Month

By Reverend Geraldine McCoy

Following Last Week’s Incident, Jack the Bulldog Will Now Require a Muzzle at DC Pride

By Brick

It Finally Happened to Me: I Woke Up in a New Bugatti

By Adelaide Mornington

Here’s How Kamala Can Still Win:

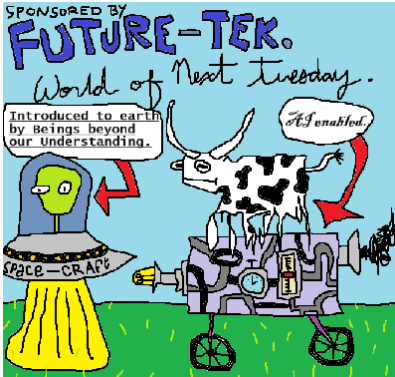
By Carolina Edgecumb

Missed Connections ♡

- ♥ To the steamy buff guy reading *I am Malala* in Yates. You probably thought no one would see you, that you could flip the pages of such powerful feminist literature with your sweaty hands in the busiest part of the gym, and that no one would pay attention. But no. I couldn't keep my eyes off you. You aren't like other guys who scroll reels between sets, you care about the big issues, and I like that you don't care what everybody thinks. Fuck that bitch Malala, I'd take a bullet to the head to get some head from you my sweet feminist darling.
- ♥ Damnnn boy the way you were strutting on the lawn today had me weak in the knees. Like all I can say is she was purringggg. I wanted to approach but there were too many people around you trying to take pics...fuck. Wait. Did you just bark? Oh my god. Why are you wearing a collar?? JACK THE BULLDOG? WHAT THE FUCK??!!
- ♥ To the boy in the MSB. Spreadsheets? More like spread my legs in the sheets. I nearly drooled when you mansplained your McKinsey summer internship to me. Like yesss optimizing child labor and killing baby pygmy antelopes in Africa really helps the world. And that Patagonia vest? I couldn't take my eyes off you. Or your 1000+ LinkedIn connections. You can consult me anytime, daddy.
- ♥ You crashed out. Then handed me my overly milky latte. Our fingertips brushed. My heart skipped a beat. For a second, I saw our future together: runny eggs, oily burgers, suspicious meat. So nauseating... and yet I keep going back. Just for you. Just for our love. For the chance at another fleeting fingertip brush. To the Leo's worker, you can violate my health code any day.
- ♥ To the finely periwigged gentleman, with his culottes genteelly tucked into his knee-length stockings: Good morrow. How dost thou fare? I am the lady of the snug corset upon which you so audaciously commented. I must inform you that I possess small pox; yet, should you not object to a three-month quarantine, we may wed forthwith and endure that time together. I must confess, I possess a certain penchant for the more adventurous pursuits within the confines of the bedroom. Pray, despatch a messenger pigeon posthaste.



Heckler Art Showcase:
By Adelaide Mornington



“I Guess I’ll Just Sit Here and Wait”: Cooking Pasta Be Like

By Blanche Cavendish

Omg. Do you guys know TFW ur like just sitting and it’s so awk between u and the pot of water u just put on to boil. So relatable tbh bc like ughhhh ur so hungry for pasta and then u just have to wait 4everrrrrr. Like omg sometimes I put a lid on to make it boil faster but lowkey it takes the same amount of time. UGH it’s silent in my kitchen, and I’m just lingering by the stove awkwardly pretending I’m not paying attention. Sort of like when a video game is loading and u pretend u don’t even care so it turns on faster. Do u guys know what I’m saying? Can anybody hear me? Is anybody waving back at me? Anyway. They say a watched pot never boils and tbh they’re right bc I be cooking pasta at least thrice a week, and I just sit. And wait. And watch. And wonder, when will my life begin? (Rapunzel 2010). It’s just so like... omfg struggle TFW cooking pasta be like bc u know it’s j like.

.....

OpEd: Why the Solo Poly Hijabi Amputee Should Be Georgetown’s Next President

By Theophilus Parsons

After a months-long presidential search, a university spokesperson announced Tuesday that Georgetown’s board of directors has officially chosen the university’s 49th president.

“We’re absolutely ecstatic to announce that after speaking with several qualified candidates, the solo poly hijabi amputee matched our vision for the school and its future perfectly,” the spokesperson wrote to the Heckler.

The solo poly hijabi amputee (MSB ’69) is perhaps best known for her viral GoFundMe that raised over \$600,000 to help her leave a toxic housing situation after her roommate asked her to do the dishes. The move comes as countless students, alumni, and faculty members pressed Georgetown to seek diverse individuals in their presidential search, prompting Provost Groves to change the methods of the university’s selection policies.

“We googled the intersectionality wheel and just sort of went right to the outside and put all of those words in the job listing. We thought it might be a long shot, but we stopped the search immediately when we received solo poly hijabi amputee’s application. She was perfect,” Groves said.

After the news of her appointment hit the national news, the Trump administration announced that Georgetown would lose \$4.1 billion in federal funding and also get nuked probably tomorrow.

“Quite frankly, the whole place needs to go at this point,” White House Press Secretary Karoline Leavitt said in a press briefing Wednesday.

As a solo poly, the new president has announced that in lieu of a Vice President, she will turn to herself for all decision-making.

Huzzah! Sidewalk Vent's Smoke Means Sewer People Have Elected New Pope

By Brockholst Livingston

Passersby on 5th Avenue today were stunned and surprised to see the usually reserved sidewalk grate outside a Duane Reade billowing with scorching, odorful smoke. This plume, an exhaust valve for excess steam trapped in the below world, also signified something greater: a fitting release of the long-held frustrations of the dozens of mutated bishops, cardinals, and priests sequestered in the name of electing a new supreme leader.

Unnoticed by the “uppers”—as those living above the ground are known—this election process officially marks the beginning of a new era for the sewer people. The future pope Subwayicus Must-Stinkius XII (born Derrick Krzyzewski) has stated his vision is one based on inclusion and cannibalism. Pundits have noted the departure of the new pope in his mission, highlighting the progressive lean concerning the newfound importance on inclusion efforts. That said, many are commending Subwayicus Must-Stinkius XII for holding firm on the traditional value of violently eating anybody who is unlucky enough to fall into the dark, damp landscape of the mutant flesh-eaters living below us.

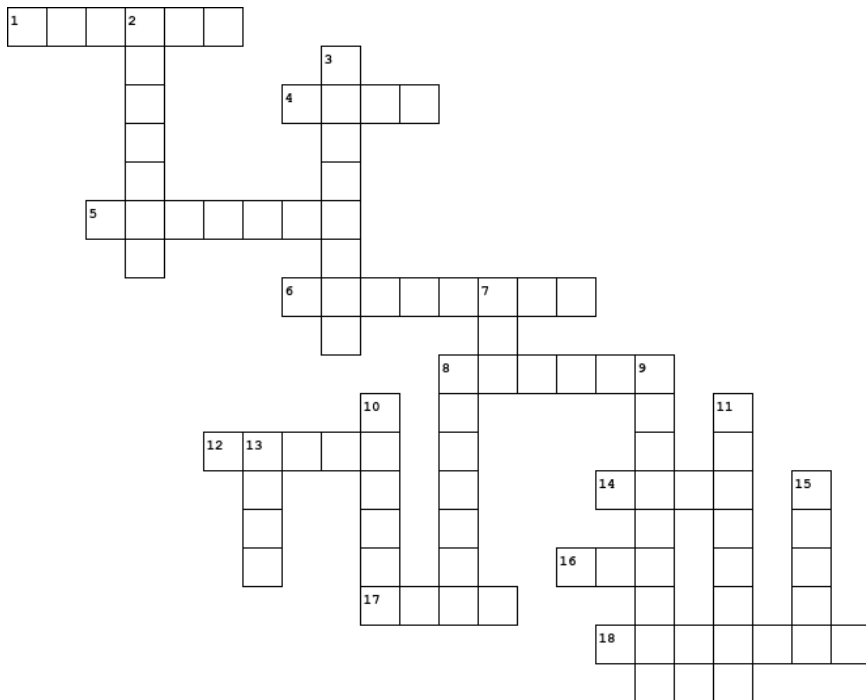
.....

Trump & Republicans Take Over Presidency, Senate, House, SCOTUS, Bureaucracy, Minds, Wallets, Wombs, Phones, Computers, Ipads, Kindles, Nooks, Glasses, Google Glasses, Monocles, Watches, Pocket Watches, Pilots Watches That They Strapped on the Leg During the War, Pants, Capris, Leggings, Jeans, Jorts, Juicy Sweatpants, All Types of Juice, Fruit, Vegetables, Legumes, Fungus, Horticulture, Agriculture, Infrastructure, Economy...

By Brockholst Livingston

...Crude oil, gasoline, natural gas, engine oil, canola oil, sunflower oil, avocado oil, grapeseed oil, olive oil, extra virgin olive oil, diddy oil, vaseline, aquaphor, chapstick, lipstick, blush, rouge, foundation, concealer (all except Pantone Orange 021C), concealed carry as a concept, bullets, bombs, bumpstocks, grenades, guns, and, sadly, roses.

The Heckler Crossword



Across

1. Guy who now has to put up with us
4. A walking animal rights abuse
5. Guy who used to put up with us
6. Location of many Sunday nights, but beware the bathrooms.
8. Esteemed Georgetown graduate, last name Biden, of the class of 1992
12. Place I am too tired to go to Wednesday but idk are you going?
14. Georgetown Right to... (Parody of the Georgetown Right to Life)
16. Where future war criminals are educated
17. Leo's front desk worker with heart full of love
18. Person I want to have sex with 13. I just made your dumbass write "I see you pee"

Down

2. Buy one snack from this Corp location, steal three free
3. AAAAAAAAAA
7. georgetownwaitlist.com redirects you to this school's website
8. A person who interrupts a performer or public speaker with derisive or aggressive comments or abuse.
9. Economic condition that Seniors are graduating into
10. La Bonne Vache sits atop the ruins of this once magnificent establishment
11. Baseball themed bar. Despite what it may seem, it's mostly straight cis women
13. I just made your dumbass write "I see you pee"
15. Nickname for Georgetown's future investment bankers, consultants, and Epstein Island visitors

