

we're trying not to *Slip* as we walk up from **J** lot *literally* praying for a **snow day** mornings when it's actually so cold

hiding from the **Security** guards while we wander A Hall during lunch

watching Inaki dance to "Y.M.C.A." next to Tolbert's speaker on Friday **HIGHKEY** such a bop

it's like singing valentines from Chamber Choir it's like how no one knows what the "bungalow" actually is

'cuz we're MONARCH



burning our tongues on coffee from the PERK on Tuesday

it's like **KINDNESS** slips being passed around by **DECA**

