



## SEEKING SAFE SPACES

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### OH MY GOD UNDERGRAD

Sitting in my parents living room with my best friend with the vague hope of getting my parents old *Wii* to work. We're button mashing and inserting discs because obviously staying in and making food while we make fools of ourselves playing *Just Dance* is the perfect Friday night, no contest. I said, no contest! So that's what we'd like to be doing but instead the remotes are going haywire and it's becoming pretty clear we're gonna need to find new batteries for both remotes if we ever want a chance to do whatever random choreography someone at *Just Dance* decided goes with Katy Perry's *Hot and Cold*.

The batteries are in the basement, the basement is far away, down stairs that I'm impressed I haven't broken my neck on at this point. So I enlist my friend to go get them while I scroll through my phone, but also do something equally helpful. You weren't there, you can't prove that that's not true!