

MCMURDO

JULY 2023 | VOLUME ELEVEN

HOMIE & GARDENS

The
**WORK
PLACE
ISSUE**

**Living in
Style**

*Inspiring Interiors
with a personal touch*

Artful Design

*Mixing Vibrant Abstracts
& Textured Finishes*



LETTER FROM THE INTERN

Hello McMurdo Readers,

Kelsy is out on a yoga retreat without wife, but when she got a couple bars she asked that I DoorDash her some chicken fingers and that I write this letter. Welcome to your newest edition of *McMurdo Home & Gardens*. In this issue, we show you our second home away

from home: work. Would showing McMurdo be complete without where we spend 54+ hours a week? Does a yogi stretch in the woods? These are rhetorical questions, of course. As I got coffee & muffins for the writers & editors for this magazine this morning, I asked myself what to say in this wonderful opportunity our Editor-in-Chief gave me. As I emptied the trash & replaced the toners, I asked myself how I could speak as eloquently as my amazing boss does so

effortlessly. As I made copy after copy of every meme on the community board, I asked myself where I could find the words to replicate such grandiose flattery towards the community. What does one say in the open footsteps of a great leader? Do I keep asking theoretical questions? Will my questions be answered? Will someone start paying me for this job?

- Toni Traub
social media intern

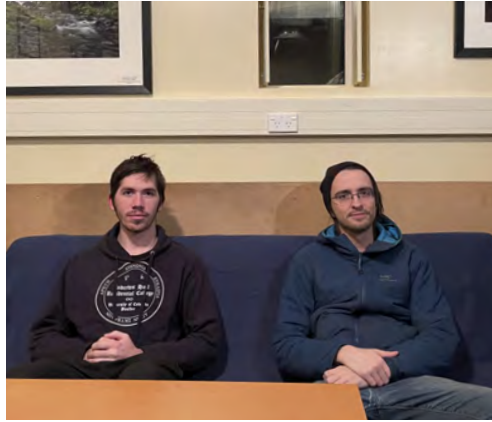
on a scale of 1-10, Jackson answers “5” and Jack “7”. Why should they fear lasers at all? Are they not professional laser handling men, toiling over their precious beams?

Jackson describes his relationship with Dr. Chu as one of “respect followed closely by fear.” For Jack, the order is reversed. “Is Jack your minion?” I demand of Jackson. “Yea probably,” Jackson says, nodding, “that’s exactly it.” What’s Jack

good at? He looks thoughtful. “Follows instructions.” The questions go on but while their answers are suspicious, they yield no proof of wrongdoing. Eventually I leave. The Jack[son]s remain at the top of the hill, squirreled away, untouchable.

This is the power of the Dr. Chu research team.

There are no cracks in the storm wall and the waves cannot breach. This time.*



The Loyal Laser Boys of the Venerable Dr. Chu

reported by Vicky S. Wang, overseas correspondent

To walk into the lime green building at Arrival Heights is to walk into the hallowed halls of science. Dr. Chu runs her ship of 11 years like a captain with one firm hand on the wheel and the other on a bullhorn. Her crew can either shape up or drown.

This winter’s chosen Chu Minions are a matched set. Jackson is the PhD student. In all ways lesser including number of letters in his name, Jack is the undergrad. The two Jack[son]s, both whippet sharp in build and gentlemanly in demeanor, smile genially as they welcome me into the LIDAR breakroom. For an elite group of scientists, the room is frankly depressing. It’s akin to a plastics factory in the ‘80s - spartan, dim, unoffensive and faded pictures on the wall.

“It’s a raw room,” Jackson observes. I inquire about the messy bunk bed. “We are not allowed on the bunk bed. The Kiwis own that.” I point to the low couch, raising a brow. “We are not technically allowed to sleep on that either,” Undergrad Jack recites. I squint. They smile serenely. The metal sink has no faucet. “We don’t have any running water!” This is proven true in the P-LAB, where a loose toilet seat has been propped up against a wooden platform. There is no flush. I ask who takes care of the pee buckets. “We do,” they answer, “it’s part of the agreement.”

Ah, the agreement. Listen- I’m not stupid. You’re not stupid. We’ve all seen the pilot episode of *Breaking Bad*. Something is afoot, and it’s in the shape of ‘these scientists are up to no good.’ Case in point: when asked how afraid they are of lasers

July Horoscopes

With Madam Australis

Cancer: The odds on you surviving the day with your sanity intact are low.

Leo: You should call your family more, Leo. Rich family members die all the time- it’s important to forge relationships now, before it’s too late.

Virgo: If you never liked sprouts before, try them again. Your tastes may have changed.

Libra: Libras are primarily concerned with Justice & Balance, making them excellent Jenga players. So maybe start hustling some people at that.

Scorpio: Your old solution isn’t going to work on your new problem. Try drinking twice as much of it.

Sagittarius: Take your destiny into your own hands. Butter your bread on both sides so that if the bread falls, you’ll be screwed no matter what. That’s taking control of your life.

Capricorn: The law may be your

friend today, or it might turn around & bite you in the ass. Either way the word “law” is going to crop up.

Taurus: Start telling the truth more, because people are starting to catch on. It starts out innocently enough, but before long you’re sending remittances to your secret family in Antigua & moonlighting as a wrestler under the stage name Guenther to pay off your gambling debts.

Aries: When you wish upon a star your dreams will come true...But because of distance it won’t be for millions of years.

Aquarius: To be honest, the stars don’t really know what’s up for Aquarius this week. Just wing it, I guess.

Pisces: You’ve often said you’d like a word with whoever is responsible for all the bullshit, leaving you conflicted when you’re promoted to manager of all the bullshit.

Gemini: Considering how easy it is to get them these days, you’re starting to regret choosing “hugs” over any number of things that rhyme with them.

B-155’s Own Wonderland: The Dish Pit

by Zan Corti

With this special edition of *McMurdo Home & Gardens*, we are pleased to present you with more than just a home, but a distinguished work center. I know when I’ve personally walked past the glimmering dish pit I’ve been curious about the divine paradise the Stewies wash from.





decorative pillows constructed from soft dish rags, they brainstorm the best jello flavors (yellow), as they're sung to sleep by the dishwasher's lullaby.



The dazzling lights and open floor plan of the dish room are all welcoming, allowing for social interaction with the entire community at all times. What a true blessing for the Stewies to be able to collaborate and merge with the community members, every moment they're at work!

For those rare times when the staff of the galley step away from the dish pit, they participate in deep cleaning. It has become a way for them to bond with their work center. "We get to scrub every corner, even the undersides of shelves that no one will ever see!", one Stewie brags as I try to contain my jealousy.



The dishwasher, affectionately named*, whistles and whirs, like waves of the ocean. "A work order was put in in '94, but it still hasn't been fixed." I am told. They embrace this by creating a world all their own. They've designed a welcoming den under the warmth of the sink to relax and unwind. Snuggling up using homemade,

They guide us to the pots room, adoringly called, "pots", where we are confronted with a color palette of 50 shades of gray. "This is where we get the most wet", one Stewie informs us. Three gleaming tubs of warm, sparkling water bubble over, tempting you for a soak as the steam overcomes the senses. The dishes come alive, awaiting their wash, like a scene from Beauty & the Beast. Without a sauna this winter, this room is the hidden gem of warmth and comfort.



How fortunate that this team is able to spend 54 hours every week amongst these rooms full of treasures!***

*Names of equipment are currently under threat & therefore the name will remain anonymous
 **The Galley is currently taking volunteers if you would like to experience this