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Tailgating

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If only everything at college was as simple as tailgating. There are no books, no projects, no essay questions. Just the company of a few thousand friends and like-minded strangers. Call it what you will – an excuse to binge drink at 6:30 a.m., a way to blur the thought of another mediocre season – but it's fun, democratic, and one of the few things you're likely to remember about your time at Iowa State.
The bong:
A simple machine you didn’t learn about in physics: Bong goes up. Beer goes down. Isn’t gravity amazing?

The beer:
It helps numb the senses, making another lopsided loss slightly more bearable.

The bus:
A must for true believers. It shows love, commitment, and your obsession with red and yellow paint.

The buster:
We all know they’re just doing their job, but do they have to like it so much?

The beef:
This is Iowa - you better love it.

The beanbags:
Your chance to prove to everyone that if it wasn’t for that pesky knee injury in high school, you’d be in shoulder pads now, too.