
Three West Post

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East West Clash

There is an underlying tension between the East and West hallways on the third floor of ERC Denver. The power that this somewhat flimsy wall holds is somewhat paradoxical because despite its thin structure, the division has resulted in two very different group cultures and communities. While 3W is content taking in fresh air with only the sounds of the breeze, cars droning by, the occasional dog bark, and some conversation, 3E frequently emerges singing songs for which they have developed passions: "Fight Song" is among their favorites, and "Shine Bright like a Diamond" is a new addition to their inspirational repertoire. Some may regard this as 'disrupting the peace,' but the other consequence of



merged fresh air break is the limited outdoor patio space and seating.

Three East's musical capacity and spirited conversations often meander into the halls, groups, and cafe of Three West. As a slight annoyance grows amongst the 3W population, is 3E aware? Does 3W want to make them tone down their fun? At fresh air breaks, we are reminded two things. 1) that they are just like us in trying to find some joy on the third floor of ERC. 2) We are grateful for our chill community of chillers.

Other News

Staff shortage over the weekend leaves 3E Pro-T-less

Plants in the moon-rise room - can we get some plant of our own?

Will the temperature ever be just right within the hallway?

Rumors of a food fight spread along the hall!?

Three East Continues to Throw its Reputation (out the window)



Cool Pack Scandal

Just when you thought three east couldn't possibly do more, they exceed expectations. Their infatuation to fight song is yet to dwindle as they have now constructed an entire "Fight Song Playlist." Somehow, their music taste has taken a turn for the worse, as they eerily sang "Baa-baa Black Sheep" during evening fresh air yesterday in a slow, monotonous, and raspy tone. To all those who had visitors, possibly thank them from saving you from the haunting rendition.

Nonetheless, 3E is taking steps to connect with life outside of ERC. Every time a dog trots by, be prepared to hear the scripted shout down "Hey, your dog is really cute! What's its name?" They are undeterred by the three floors and bars that separate us, the pups, and the pedestrians. Although we could maybe do without the shouting and subsequent squeals, at times, it is nice to learn the names of the chipper dogs walking by.

The final and most jaw-dropping debacle of 3E shenanigans is an

infraction that is quite frankly inconsiderate, wasteful, and just dumb. Several members of the 3E community gathered around the back barred window, packing close together in a row to hide their mischievous intentions. Unbeknownst to the BHC's on duty, the crew proceeded to throw numerous cool packs off the balcony and into the grass and street down below. Onlookers spotted a total of 6 cool packs, some busted, but their may be more. The motive for this action is unclear, although, it was certainly premeditated as they pushed the square-green-blob-stool away from the wall, enabling the four to six 3E members to stand amass as they chucked precious cargo to the streets. This was not only a waste of treasured and helpful cool packs but also a slap on the face of Mother Earth.

Later in the evening, members of 3W were questioned about the cool packs' glum fates and were asked to identify the perpetrators.

Unfortunately for staff, 3E's names elude most of our minds.

Another unknown is what drove 3E to throw the cool packs. Do they abhor the objects? Were they practicing alternate rebellion, a coping skill that ERC itself taught them? Were they altruistically yet misguidedly attempting to solve global warming by cooling the earth's surface temperature? We may not know until a brave soul asks them their intentions today during fresh air.

Looking at the bigger picture, what does this scandal mean and what consequences will it have? Will there be a new rule prohibiting the use of ice packs on the patio? We are often curious of reason behind of some of ERC's nit-picky rules. Now, we may be in the midst of a new rule's origin story; we may be witnessing ERC history.

Cool Pack Scandal Update

An unlikely story...

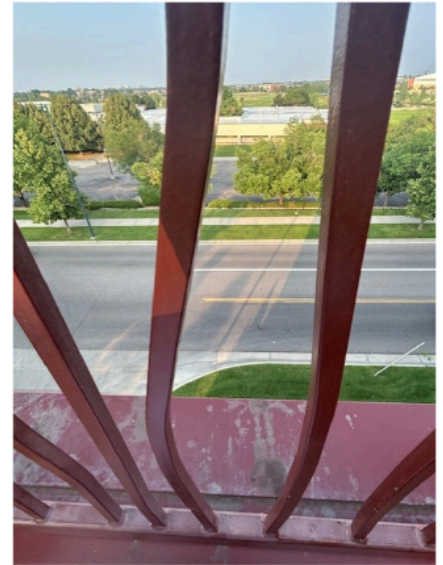
Almost a week has passed since blue blood was splattered all over North Unita Way and its adjacent sidewalk outside of ERC's Willow location. The Cool Pack Scandal took place Wednesday, July 24th during both afternoon and evening fresh air breaks when several members of the Three East community colluded in a premeditated scheme to hurl cool packs off the third floor balcony. Eye witness reports recount seeing a group of four females gathered around the back barred window, giggling after hearing the smack of something hitting the pavement. Later from the balcony, witnesses observed 6 cool packs scattered below, but after further investigation, search and rescue found a total of nine victims. While most survived the incident, visual evidence confirms at least one casualty. The targeted cool pack did not survive the impact nor the tires that later ran over it.

However, another mystery remains at the center of this story: what was the motive for the cool packs' undue disposal. When asked if they knew anything about the cool packs, members of 3E responded defensively. Their eyes immediately shifted towards the BHCs on duty and their voices hushed to whispers which is very uncharacteristic of the bunch. One member first stated "we don't know anything" and made gesture with her hand as if 'putting a lid on it.' This response begs the question: if you truly have no knowledge of the event, why take such a defensive stance? Wouldn't



you yourself wonder what happened with the cool packs? This reaction implies not only knowledge that something happened, but it also hints towards a guilty involvement. Further questioning revealed that the cool packs apparently "just slipped though" - an unlikely occurrence given the nine total victims, the limited space between window bars, and the horizontal trajectory of the cool packs, landing far from the building's edge.

3E residents later disclosed that when questioned, staff claimed to know the identities of the cool pack culprits and threatened them with video evidence. But undeterred, 3E stuck to their innocent, oblivious story and emerged unscathed. There were no consequences for any colluders, and the absence of ramifications towards anyone suggests that the 'video evidence' was an empty threat. The only result of the infraction is a



prohibition on cool packs on the patio - yet another rule in ERC's exhaustive rule book.

Nonetheless, the question remains: why did 3E throw the packs and/or what kind of resentment did 3E hold against them? Their refusal to acknowledge any responsibility indicates that this answer will likely remain unknown. They deny all knowledge while simultaneously admitting to a sort of 'accident.' Regardless of their claim to innocence, their story is like mesh - full of holes, and we can see right through it.

Biker's Bite Back

3E continues to badger pedestrians passing by, and when it comes to dog-walkers, they never stray from their script. However, the lively group faces communication challenges with the pet-less pedestrians. One band of young teenage bikers retaliated their calls by shooting orbi's, circular jelly spheres, up to the third floor patio. Two 3E residents were thwacked in the head. No injuries were suffered neither to their physical bodies nor to their chatty pride.

A Surprisingly Magnetic Milieu



A Hidden Gem

From the outside, ERC appears somewhat dull, and objectively, an eating recovery center is not a stereotypical attraction, but what the standard tourist doesn't know about is ERC's thriving nightlife. Once the sun goes down and HS snack is over, lines immediately sprawl down the 3W hall and curl along its walls. No matter the day of the week, patrons wait anxiously for their chance at the Med Window, a third floor hot spot. This hole in the wall has everything one may need, carrying all the essentials. If you are lucky enough to visit, Gas-x is a popular order. Given the consistent stream of locals waiting nightly for their turn at the Med Window, this joint must be worth its hype.

While the Med Window is more of a grab-and-go pop up, ERC's primary social scene hot spot is the Spa. This luxurious space is equipped with four central taps, including one in the front-right corner that miraculously stays on if you press its buttons. The Spa's funky decor creates a chic appeal; glowing mirrors line the

East wall, giving the area a modern and expansive aura. Moreover, the Spa's ceiling features an elegant skylight which depicts a crystalline blue sky peeking through a luscious canopy. One 3W resident and member of the 'Spa Quad,' shared "when I completed the virtual tour, I thought it was real!" And you would too - the only clue to its fabricated composition is no matter how many hours you spend inside or the time of night, the sky stays the same electric blue. This consistency parallels the Spa's reliable lively energy. Late into the evening as the sound system cranks up, this club is engulfed by top hits like Zach Bryan's "Revival" and Chapel Roan's "Pink Pony Club." So if you find yourself wandering the hall around 9:00PM and in need of some mindful dancing or just need to use the bathroom, get ready to "Do Si Do" your way around the Spa.

Looking for a more tranquil evening or just a place to rest in between outings? The community room screens shows nightly and has plenty of seating available to kick back, relax, and watch high quality entertainment including the newest "Bachelorette" and as of late, "Big Brother."

Although ERC's unique nightclubs speak for themselves, what really sets this milieu apart is its comfortable community vibe. There is no need to get ready to 'go out' on the 3W hallway. In fact, you can even get ready for bed while you are 'out.' It is remarkable the balance ERC strikes between a vibrant social scene and self care.



Shampoo M.I.A.

Four days ago, a 3W resident reported her shampoo missing from Spa A. The bottle of Not Your Mother's Curly Hair shampoo was last seen in the Communal Section of the toiletries cabinet, placed there because it "did not fit in the shower caddy." The shampoo's whereabouts are still unknown; however, the resident has since replaced her product. As the days go by and likelihood of resolving this disappearance decreases, it looks like this case will join the ever-growing stack of unsolved mysteries.

Other news:

- Why was it quieter yesterday afternoon?
- The mountains have returned!
- Dog-walkers are changing their routes to avoid ERC