2005: Idealistic, bright-eyed
2006: Jaded, chain-smoking

Vol. GX 9000 No. Blue

Firstborn son/Secondborn son for students

2005

The year that came after 2003.

Wait.
And I’m here to pop the little bubble you live in here in Hanover. The year 2005 has come and gone quicker than a nervous adolescent with a stolen adult magazine in the high school library bathroom. That’s right—Truth went there. Because Truth goes everywhere and anywhere—whether the moon glows there or not. Truth can see in the goddamn dark, you Dartmouth pussies, so I suggest you take that bottle out of your mouth before I punch you in it. Punch you in the mouth like Mencken. Like a libertarian.

So what is Truth doing here, in the Dartmouth—a publication the SA has demanded get an ombudsman due to its egregious journalistic carelessness? Smiling, that’s what. Smiling because in an age where media is controlled by a bunch of pussyfooting fat-jaws with more cigars than scruples, at least the Dartmouth, for all its inability to get accurate quotes, isn’t afraid to be at the center of some controversy. And so they’ve agreed to a 16-page spread featuring yours truly in the buff. Truth. Naked. Mencken.

So if you think nothing happened in 2005, think again. There were parades. There were seagull tragedies. There was an elephant defecating all over some poor dude. It’s like that great apothegm first spoken about the Great War: “People died. People cried. People sighed. People lied.” You know who said that? That’s right—it was Mencken. And if you don’t believe me, and you think it was Jack Johnson or that I made it up or something, Wikipedia it. Truth will be there, twirling his Jimmy Stick.

-The Editor of the Dartmouth
St. Petersburg, Russia
2006
DARTMOUTH ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS
PONG TOURNAMENT

CAP OFF A WASTED LIFE... BY GETTING WASTED!
LEARN TO COMMISERATE WITH THE
BEST IN THE BUSINESS!

DICK’S HOUSE
JANUARY 22

DOCTORS WILL BE ON STAND-BY.

DARTMOUTH AA:
DOME US. WE DARE YOU.
“Unsettling temperament problems” plague Safety & Security canine

By Larry Tokwakong

Since March, many Safety & Security officers have spoken out in favor of their department’s decision to adopt a canine officer. But as the year draws to a close, it appears that the rising tide of antipathy against Rin-Tin-Tin VII will see the dog’s dismissal before Spring Break.

The plan to adopt a K-9 unit began back in March when Safety & Security Officer Lucas Sweden began to draw a parallel between the heros exhibited by on-screen action dog Rin-Tin-Tin and the perks of his own job.

“I was flipping through the channels when I first saw the dog burst in through a glass window and start dragging this unconscious hostage free from a burning building,” said Officer Sweden.

“So then I thought about how just earlier that week I had dragged this prospective student out of a girl’s dormitory after he had wet himself and passed out, and I started to see how you could train a dog to do this kind of job.”

When it came time to select the dog, Officer Sweden was vehement about his choice.

“It couldn’t be just any old mutt,” he said. “Some of the folks were talking about getting a terrier. They were thinking the dog would be like a mascot. ‘Sure,’ I said, ‘get a terrier. But don’t expect a terrier to cover you when you’re leaping two stories from a frat balcony onto the yard below under heavy aluminum-canine.’ I told them we needed the dog I saw on TV, but I had to explain it a few times before they got the message.”

The result: Rin-Tin-Tin VII, the most recent in the famous line of German Shepherd television stars, and an investment that cost the department just over twenty thousand dollars. Though VII is not publicly recognized as part of the Rin-Tin-Tin bloodline due to “unsettling temperament problems,” Officer Sweden assured his comrades that the dog would make a fine officer.

“It was like magic,” recalls Officer Sweden. “He already knew all of these commands, but you had to say them in German, and you could say ‘setzen’ and he’d sit down, or ‘blablad’ and he’d tear someone’s arm off. He was a scary thing, too. Real big. I would take him down into the frat basements and if another dog ever saw him that frat dog would just have a little doggy heart attack and die.”

“He ate a couple kids, too. It got to the point where I would just shout made-up German words like ‘Schnitzenkoochen’ and anyone nearby would just run like hell.”

But complaints about the high cost of maintaining VII began to surface. “Here we were, wasting thousands of dollars supporting what was basically a feral bear, and I was riding around on a bike with no rocket boosters,” complained S&S Bicycle Officer Offcer Sweden. “I know that I was the one who gave them a place to do their business,” said Püp.

When asked about the reason for denying Püp’s offer, the college claimed that they had a strict policy of not accepting money from royalty. When confronted with the fact that Duke was not Püp’s title, but rather just his first name, however, the College testily responded that “We just don’t need any more money.”

“You might hear a lot about us fundraising and stuff, but the truth is, we have more money than the Roman Empire,” Püp’s assistant Paul Braden said, “Who, I might add, also closed libraries and didn’t hire enough economics professors. Our purses have been flushed for some time, and we don’t need this bigshot Püp plopping in and fouling everything up.”

Püp, however, believes the college has an ulterior motive. “I honestly believe it has to do with my name,” said the irritated Duke. “The College probably thinks the students will drop the majestic unlaunt and start calling the building “Pee Pee” or something asinine like that.”

“I think we all know that Dartmouth students have a slightly more mature sense of humor than that,” a nearly frothing Püp exclaimed.

This isn’t the first time the college has rejected a gift from a prominent alum. “I guess Dartmouth is only proud of some of its graduates,” remarked would-be Women and Gender Studies building renovator Jonathan Cockenballs. “It just isn’t right.”
Police Blotter

Jan. 7, East Wheelock Street, 2:52 p.m.
A Safety and Security officer noticed a large group of young people at the side of West Wheelock Street, outside Psi Upsilon fraternity. The van then sped off. Oh, that’s cute thought the officer. They’re probably going to Chuck E. Cheese’s.

Jan. 8, Main Street, 12:20 p.m.
While on bike patrol, a Safety and Security officer was approached by a student complaining of chest pains and shortness of breath. The officer offered to give the student a lift to Dartmouth-Hitchcock Medical Center on his bike. But just then a team of EMTs arrived in a real car.

Jan. 8, Tomb of Charr-Kzak, 5:16 p.m.
While attempting to uncover the secret of the Chromatic Dragon’s power, Officers Parkins and Timmons were set upon by a band of Drow Elves, two Rune Pegs, and a Gelatinous Cube. They subdued the attackers with alternating fireballs and Dispel Undead spells, and turned the survivors over to Gen-dor the Undead spells, and turned the survivors over to Gen-dor the security officer.

Jan. 10, Lebanon Street, 3:04 a.m.
A Safety and Security officer saw a man with a mask over his face emerging from Talbot’s carrying several hundred dollars’ worth of women’s dresses, with the tags still on. Sensing a real, actual crime, the officer called for backup from the Hanover Police, but the man was gone before they arrived. The officer then broke up a bunch of parties, which felt good.

Jan. 10, Main Street, 10:57 a.m.
At breakfast, Officer Smits noticed that the circular bagel he was eating serves as an apt metaphor for the ceaseless cycle of debauchery and sin that courses through the Hanover underground. His new book, Vigilant Cream Cheese Coating on the Baked Dish of Fate: My Life as an S&S Officer, is a good read, but lags at the end.

Lazzy Finnegan is our mole on S&S, and would be in great danger should his name become known to the public. So, you know, shhh.

Class of 1916 still no-shows at homecoming parade

BY GOMER DEREVERSELF

Certainly, homecoming has many traditions, but none so fine as that of the bonfire, all of which freshmen must, in the opinion of this reporter, touch. Touch the fire, worms!

One of the modern bonfire ritual’s biggest events has been the parade of classes, in which generations of Dartmouth graduates march down Main Street toward the Green, an act symbolic of the days of Eleazar Wheelock in which old friends joined hands again in one place to burn the sin out of some heretical so-and-so.

However, while organizers of this year’s events were quick to affirm this year’s parade as another successful chapter in homecoming’s long and illustrious history, some expressed a growing frustration over the Class of 1916’s absence from the parade.

“They’re always no-shows. I don’t understand why we end up spending an extra hour each year waiting for them,” growled parade comptroller Kyle Collins ’83. “It’s not like any of them told us they wouldn’t be here, and that’s sending a raw message of indifference. I mean, we noticed a lot fewer of the 20’s and 30’s made it this year and everyone—I mean everyone—from 1915 and below was a no-show. Even 1900 didn’t turn up, and they started this whole business.”

Of course, the question remains as to what effect the lack of aged marchers will have on future homecoming festivities.

“It probably won’t have any effect at all,” jabbered some ignorant ’09 who preferred to remain anonymous. “We’ll just call him Stupid. We can confirm that Stupid totally didn’t touch the fire. This reporter’s sources corroborate that Stupid is a stupid pussy. Others, true sons of Dartmouth, who did in fact touch the fire that year and ran a reported 300 million times around it as blazed like a thousand sunds, were more dire in their predictions.

“The Class of 1916 has been a part of the parade since there was a Class of 1916. It’s a tradition,” said a very angry man dressed like a Native American, though he was in fact decidedly not one. “For those boys not to participate in this year’s parade goes against tradition, and nothing gets me more constipated than when tradition is gone against. You see this face, this wincing face? This is a face of a man who is constipated and needs some fibrous tradition to get things flowing again.” The man then ran to the nearest restroom for some alone time to help keep his bowels/traditions from failing. He died the next day, still full of shit.

Everyone involved agrees that key to increasing nonagenarian alumni participation is finding out what the alums of the Class of 1916 are really thinking.

“Ultimately, it’s all for them,” Collins said, after which he muttered under his breath, “Ungrateful motherfuckers!” He then pleaded with me for, like, five minutes not to quote him and he was so freaking pathetic that I couldn’t help but say I wouldn’t. Does it make me a douche bag that I just quoted him anyway? This reporter doesn’t think so.

The Class of 1916 has maintained a strange stoicism concerning the reasons for their current boycott. In fact, thus far the only Class response to inquiries has come from one pullid, staggering ’16 who answered every one of this reporter’s questions with “BRAAAAAAAAAINS! Eat Brains. RAARGH!”

That Jesus, HE just goes on and on and on

JESUS FROM PAGE 4

figure comics of Student Body President Noah Riner shooting up hard drugs to a seemingly endless stream of letters to the editor of the Dartmouth that has now referenced back upon itself enough to create a wormhole in the Dartmouth publications center that might, according to Dartmouth copy editor Jin N. Jus ’08, “destroy us all, or allow us to travel in time, or something.”

Christ HIMSELF was not available for comment, but issued a prepared statement distributed by HIS followers.


Reports suggest that Christ is now on a crusade to resurrect HIS faltering acclaim, taking such measures as creating wine for sororities, playing pong with the faithful and working with the administration to shape a new Good Samaritan policy in HIS image.

“Jesus is, like, the best pong partner ever,” said Preshie Goop ’08. “HE serves like a god, and I’ve never seen HIM slip when HE goes for the ball. It’s like HE can walk on that two inch layer of fluid on the basement floor.”

Continued Goop, “Even when you sink HIS cups, Jesus saves.”
“Before I took the Princetown Thieview's MCAT course, I thought that tests were designed to measure intelligence and knowledge acquired. Now I see how laughable that is—I laugh all the way to the bank where I screw my eight mistresses. I have an account full of mistresses! Thanks, Princetown!”

- Joel Gavin, Tuck '05
New Kresge Fitness Center: behind the lies

By E. Honda
THE DARTMOUTH STAFF

As most Dartmouth students continue to work out on the “rat track”—the refuge home for the fitness center while Kresge undergoes renovations—most never think twice about the construction hidden from them by fences, boards, snapshish student monitors, and mysteriously laconic construction workers. Some, however, wondering why renovations to the Alumni Gym face delays into as late as the Spring of 2006, believe that the administration might be keeping secret the real purpose of the recent work on the Kresge building.

“It couldn’t possibly take that long to build a gym,” Amanda Roth ’06 said. “The guys we hired to rebuild our tennis court took, like, two afternoons, and my dad almost didn’t pay them because they spent so much time standing around. I bet you they’re really making a nuclear missile silo. Well, that or a brothel.”

Roth has started a “Campaign for Transparency Regarding What You’re Really Building Down There.” Though it suffered a slow start, Roth’s campaign to uncover secret construction plans has gained credence as she has amassed more and more potentially damning evidence against the Kresge project.

Among the most convincing exhibits in her current case against the construction is an incriminating memo she took from the desk of a student monitor when he went out for a cigarette. Printed on Dartmouth stationery, it read: “Do not, under any circumstances, allow students through the perimeter of the construction site (hereafter ‘the Maginot Line’). Because we put a premium on student safety, we have authorized the construction company (hereafter ‘France’) to neutralize and eliminate all possible security breaches (hereafter ‘Aggressive Germans’).”

Roth describes the memo as “real creepy” and points out that only a former history professor, like Dartmouth President James Wright, would include “such obviously superfluous references to Europe in the 1920s.”

Evidence like this has prompted increased student belief to uncover secret construction site have added to students’ skepticism. While headed home from a party at Alpha Delta, Lejavan Smith ’08 swears he saw an Oompaa Loompa at the gym site wearing a hard hat and carrying a crate of cassava melons. Alice Bitties ’09, who was with Smith at the time, saw something completely different. “I didn’t see any stupid cartoon characters or anything,” Bitties said, “but those military guys carrying explosives—or maybe the frozen heads of former Chinese Communist leaders; I couldn’t tell—in through the front door seemed a little out of the ordinary.”

Wovoka Raspasutin, associate director of the Office of Planning, Design, Construction, and Obscurantism, dismissed these student concerns as “unfounded and speculative,” while adding his assurance that students will love the new gym, “much as a mother duck loves her ducklings.”

Continued Raspasutin, “And now an informative note for the student body. I would like to remind all Dartmouth students that the cloud of self-replicating nanorobot warriors set to swarm from the gym on the sixth of December will now be scheduled a week earlier so as not to disturb studying for finals. Also, students are advised to try to stay out of their flight path, lest they assimilate you into their monomolecular horror horde.”

“Oroligomolecular maybe—I forget which,” he added.

Who Wants Some Sod?

Blitz “Sodman”

Hey, dumbshits! Buy your Winter Term books from WHEELOCK BOOKS

This cow drawing doesn’t pay for itself!
Pat Robertson calls for death of quiet, apolitical student

BY REX EDDIE PUSZ
The Dartmouth Staff

Aging televangelist Pat Robertson condemned yet another man to a cruel and lonely death yesterday, shocking no one. But while the act itself was largely deemed unexceptional, the fact that he picked unassuming Dartmouth student Steven Hackenslasher ‘07 has created a veritable buzz throughout the campus unlike anything seen since the last buzz.

The controversial call occurred last night when Robertson cut into the air time of his evangelical network’s latest comedy, “So Like Jew,” to deliver a scathing indictment against Hackenslasher, as acclaimed Bible Illustrated artists sketched out various “Steven disposal methods” behind him.

Yet, despite Robertson’s own assertions that he “[has] friends in the CIA who would do anything for a dollar,” the federal government appears to think Robertson may have crossed the line this time. The White House, normally full of chatty Cathies when it comes to everything from state secrets to who took a dump when it comes to everything, refused to comment.

“I don’t get it,” Merckel said. “I just ‘quoted’ is even real? Or what? I’m not going to do it.”

Said one White House aide, “Pat Whaterson? We don’t know anybody by that name ‘round here, boy. Fred, you ever heard of a Rat Robertson?” “Naw, I ain’t. Hey Feliz, you ever heard of a Cap Morbidson?”

“No, Sehor. Hola. Hal, have you ever heard of—?” Amidst the constant quizzical looks and glazed expressions one thing was perfectly clear: the president has many aides.

While the Federal government seems content to shun Robertson, campus and community leaders have taken the safety of young Mr. Hackenslash very seriously.

“‘This is madness,’” recently-formed awareness group Concerned Students Against Killing Steven (CSAKS) vice-chair Lez Lenders ’09 said. “I mean, what if somebody fires a cruise missile? Those things are bad for the environment. I hear those things are bad for the environment.”

Contending with the “Stevies,” as CSAKS members are sometimes called, the rogue campus organization identified only as the “Black Hand” was quick to take out a contract on Hackenslash. While the alleged leader of the group is on a permanent FSP off the coast of Somalia, a message attached to a brick found amidst the wreckage of the Dartmouth’s office window promises “two raffle tickets for a chance to win an iPod Mini and other exciting prizes for the man that delivers the Hackenslash kid’s hands and head to HB 5624. Signed, you-know-who (AKA The Black Hand).”

Amidst all this hubbub about stabbing and gouging, Hackenslash has remained optimistic and upbeat about the whole situation.

“Hey, it’s no biggie,” he said.

“Sometimes life goes and throws a little lemon sauce in your sautée and if you’re allergic to lemon like me you end up throwing up blood. But really, what’s Robertson going to do?”

Perhaps the biggest surprise in this whole affair is the identity of Steven’s biggest supporter, Venezuelan president Hugo Chavez.

“I too have been targeted by the malicious maledictions of the one who catches the football with his hands, Sehor Robertson, so I know what it is to live in fear. They can bomb Steven, rape him, pillage him and submit him to all forms of humiliating occupation, but he shall win through. Viva El Stev-O!”

Upon hearing this list of painful ordeals Robertson may yet visit upon him, Hackenslash’s optimism faded temporarily. “Shit,” he said.

Chavez’s dire predictions are in fact, however, only the most recent in a string of mysterious and ominous Steven-suffered mishaps. So far Steven has fended off four attacks, two ninja strikes and one dire warning from an itinerant gypsy-woman. “She told me to swear off booze and fast women to concentrate on my thesis. She’s right, of course, but I’m not going to do it.”

ELECTING WOMAN CHANCELLOR FAILS TO MAKE GERMANY NEWSWORTHY

BY TREY FLATUSS

A few months ago, the Christian Democrats clanked innumerable frothy beer steins together to celebrate the ascendance of party member Angela Merckel to the chancellorry. Merckel’s victory makes her the first woman leader of Germany, and the first Chancellor to menstruate since Hitler. (To be fair, I don’t know if Hitler—or even Merckel—have ever menstruated. I was told to put that into the article by my editor, who seems to love “jazzing up the news.”)

“Ja, a woman chancellor!?” parliamentary leader Bittebeer McSteiny said. “How do you like zat, world!?! We’re going to be on ze news like vee vere Jennifer Lopez, or 50 Cent, or even Vayne Fucking Newton! Danke Shoern, Angela!” (McSteiny actually speaks very good English, but my editor thought it would be more “jazzy” to give him “some of that evil monkey-talk German.”)

“Next issue: a young writer’s dream of being a foreign correspondent goes up in flames before his eyes.)

“The celebration of the Christian Democrats, however, was short-lived. As Merckel’s small initial media buzz quickly dissipated and it soon became perfectly clear that despite Germany’s women chancellor, the country is still efficient, smoothly governed and harmonious—in a word, newsworthless.” (“Jazzy news” apparently doesn’t need grammar… jackass.)

“I don’t get it,” Merckel said. “I instituted equal pay for women, appropriated funding to make Germany the first country where 8% of the power comes from wind, and made applekitchen a household word. Yet the country is virtually forgotten by the world. All France has done is to set cars on fire, and they’re news darlings now. WTF?”

“The dilemma has evolved into a sort of international crisis, with some world leaders proposing to the UN that Germany be sanctioned for “being such a goddamned snooze-fest, lately.”

Complained one cartographer at the hearings in New York, “It’s getting impossible to finish our maps of Europe. Every time we get to the middle we just stop caring.”

With this much pressure building on them from outside, the German leadership has made “getting headline” a top priority. During her first days in office, Merkel has already made a concerted effort to see that more explosions and acts of criminality will occur around the country in 2006. Further, Merckel has negotiated with a small Fijian tribe to see that a recent volcano explosion on that island is somehow attributed to the former Holy Roman Empire. Merckel has also initiated plans to get into tangled “on-again, off-again” relationships with every foreign emissary she meets.

“It’s getting hard to forget Germany when she’s freaking calling every other hour,” one diplomat, who wished to remain anonymous, said. He added that his wife and kids would “take a
Silicon bracelet craze sparks environmental cataclysm

By Cordon B. Lou
AFRAID OF SPIDERS, DIRT

When Lance Armstrong first debuted his awareness-raising bracelets—yellow silicon wristbands emblazoned with the “one word” expostulation “Livestrong”—he started more than just a trend. He may have caused the biggest ecological disaster of the century.

Reports from across the nation indicate that the surplus of low-cost bracelets—meant to raise funds for causes ranging from relief for Hurricane Katrina victims to the somewhat darker “More Hurricanes Now!” fund—have been piling up in the nation’s landfills. The sleepy town of San Andriego, home to one of the nation’s largest refuse-disposal facilities, has become ground zero for the silicon bracelet catastrophe.

“The dog gone bracelets,” Michalk McCheckerling, a sanitation expert for the San Andriego National Landfill, said. “They’re everywhere. You used to be able to gaze out across this great vista and see all sorts of trash, but now it’s one big multicolored, squashy mess. Every day I come out here and see more and more squirrels, seagulls, and immigrants trapped in or suffocating on these bracelets people keep tossing out.”

McCheckerling paused to separate two seagulls that had become ensnared in a pile of PETA’s hot-pink “Wild and Free” bracelets before adding, “It’s a shame people seem to go through them so fast, but I guess your average guy has a lot of issues to think about, and only two wrists to think about them on.”

McCheckerling’s suspicions were verified by a recent consumer report. This survey indicated that the average Californian purchases 24.6 bracelets annually, discards nearly 23 of them, and feeds the remainder to animals in “kickass experiments”.

“I can’t even remember what these were for,” area resident Mary von Derncott said, as she emptied three wheelbarrows of bracelets with slogans like “Let’s All Stand Up,” “This One’s for Tracy,” and “Suck It, Elmer, You Jackass” into the creek at the edge of her property. “I just buy these so I don’t feel like I have to donate to the damn Boy Scouts or give to the collection plate at church.”

It’s not just seagulls and the homeless who are suffering from the burgeoning supply of waste bracelets, however. Declining water quality indicates that the swollen landfill has begun to leak silicon precipitate into the San Andriego groundwater. Local residents have since raised concerns about the quality of life in their fair town. Many have posted signs reading: “Please help us. The water here has become an inspiringly toxic rainbow.” Others have started a silicon bracelet campaign to raise money and awareness among the city’s youth.

When Lance Armstrong himself was confronted with allegations of the enormity of the current ecological crisis, he said that he was “especially pleased” at the “multitude of... my cancer[ous]... bracelets.” The spandex-clad Antichrist then mounted his bicycle and pedaled away, celebrating his rape of the American dream with a rakish grin and a jaunty wave of the hand.

Early attempts to store excess wristbands alongside the nuclear waste already buried beneath local parks and playgrounds have only aggravated the situation.

“Something in that toxic ooze mutated the silicon,” one passerby explained as he hastily quelled the bleeding from his arm-stump. “The monsters are everywhere now. They live—they Live Strong.” Before the resident could elaborate, a dripping multicolored arm burst through a nearby window and dragged him screaming out of his makeshift stronghold.

The U.S. government later ceded San Andriego to the silicon abominations.

“At first, I didn’t see how a nation-state. If they want our attention, just let them organize those massive campaigns with the silicon bracelets or something. Those are just swell.”

Third-world genocide stopped by sorority bake sale

By Eduardo de Lardo
JUST A GUY

As grave concerns—from devastating hurricanes in the Gulf Coast, to tens of thousands dead due to the earthquakes in Pakistan, India, and Afghanistan—continue to occupy hearts and minds throughout the world, many feel helpless to stop human suffering. The sisters at Omega Mu Gamma (OMG), however, found time between revving inter-house powder-puff football and decorating for their annual Mocktails and Sham-pagne Night to end a third-world genocide.

According to OMG rush chair Nicole Hutch ’07, the decision to take on a third-world genocide was something the house felt “would be totally amazing. I mean, people are dying and we don’t even like, invite them to ‘Tails. They’re probably totally out of their minds, don’t even, like, invite them to the collection plate. Maybe if we put them in or suffocating on these bracelets, we could quell the bleeding from their arm-stump.”

In response to the unremitting violence in Darfur, OMG chose to sponsor a bake sale. Despite initial ambivalence about their cupcake-based killing-suppression methods from the international community, OMG valiantly led the charge into the kitchen.

“At first, I didn’t see how a deep-seated, centuries-old ethnic conflict could be addressed by anything less than a massive international peacekeeping force and the creation of a refugee state for the victims,” UN Secretary General Kofi Annan said. “But have you tasted these cupcakes? They’re so delicious!”

Only a year ago, despite the OMG girls’ most industrious efforts, the slaughter in Darfur seemed too bitter a conflict for even double-whipped frosting to suppress. Reluctant to deploy the delectable treats of OMG to Sudan, the international community wavered in its humanitarian resolve. The girls woefully recall last year, when the U.S. State Department was unwilling to classify thousands of batches of Ginger-cide Snaps as “scrumptious,” though they maintained that OMG’s Jam-jawed Shortbread Cookies “made the security council feel a lot more like giving out hugs than bombs.”

That was when the girls took matters into their own hands, mailing treats directly to Sudanese warlords. Within weeks, the killing camps of Darfur had been turned into industrial baking facilities paying a living wage. Though OMG members have classified their recipes as “state secrets,” they have hinted they will turn them over to Sudanese leaders if they make a binding pinky promise to be peaceful.

“We’re not going to stop until there is peace,” Hutch said, hinting that OMG will continue its efficacious activism.

Besides raising dozens of dollars a term for charitable causes, OMG has already booked fifteen while ending world hunger events for next year. A former UNICEF chair and Omega Mu sister to talk about “10 Ways to Lose the Freshmen Fifteen While Ending World Hunger.”

“It’s going to be really awesome,” Hutch said. “Running all these bake sales has actually caused me to gain a lot of weight. I wanna be skinny again—just like those starving kids in Ethiopia or whatever.”

Real mature, Wheelock Books. Real mature.
Best of Sports (Repressed Homosexuality)

Dartmouth paintball team devastates pedestrians

By Drunk S. Fooko

Last Sunday afternoon, the Dartmouth College Paintball Team celebrated an overwhelming victory against unsuspecting passersby along South Main Street.

According to unofficial counts, forty-three pedestrians were shot, twelve captured, and two given concussions with rifle butts at the hands of the team’s skilled and exuberant participants.

Surprisingly, none of the team’s sixteen student-athletes were tagged, making the victory a rare “no hitter” for the team. “It’s really wonderful to see that all our hard work and training paid off,” team captain Andrew Madrid ’06 said. “Those elderly shoppers, goth kids, and soft-spoken parents could have posed a real threat to a less prepared paintball squad.”

The Dartmouth College Paintball Team (DCPT) was founded during the fall term of 2004 by undergraduates interested in a sport that involved the whole community, with or without their knowledge. Sunday’s match marked the DCPT’s first official game against the home-team Hanover pedestrians.

“We wanted to offset the home-field advantage,” team strategist Oliver Johnsey said. “So we scoped out the field a few hours in advance, barricading escape routes and planting people in places like Bella, where pedestrians might otherwise hide and take pot shots at us. Is it cheating? No. It’s reconnaissance.”

The match began as scheduled at 2:13 PM, when eight team members deployed from the back of an unmarked black van parked in front of the Dartmouth Bookstore. Immediately shooting approximately twelve apparently unarmed pedestrians, the group decided not to pursue fleeing citizens but instead to lie in ambush of other unsuspecting Hanover townspeople.

Meanwhile, the other eight-person squadron emerged from behind CVS Pharmacy, a classic pincer maneuver that Madrid credits for solidifying the team’s early advantage. The squad then proceeded up Main Street, screaming “Show no mercy! Don’t stop until their skulls are painted!” while firing paintballs indiscriminately at fleeing pedestrians, canines, traffic control devices, and shop windows.

Johnsey says the squad’s battle cry, savage as it may sound, is standard operating procedure in the paintball arena.

Football team attributes win to voodoo, sexual repression

By HoBo Chestefield

The Dartmouth Football Team rose from its stupor in this otherwise disappointing season to obliterate Princeton this past Saturday, 47-0, in quite possibly the most dominating performance of mace. My eyes still burn.

Specifically, Coach Mann-Friend—affectionately called B.F. by the team—chucked up the victory to strategic changes in his coaching style.

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The Dartmouth College Paintball Team (DCPT) was founded during the fall term of 2004 by undergraduates interested in a sport that involved the whole community, with or without their knowledge. Sunday’s match marked the DCPT’s first official game against the home-team Hanover pedestrians.

“We wanted to offset the home-field advantage,” team strategist Oliver Johnsey said. “So we scoped out the field a few hours in advance, barricading escape routes and planting people in places like Bella, where pedestrians might otherwise hide and take pot shots at us. Is it cheating? No. It’s reconnaissance.”

The match began as scheduled at 2:13 PM, when eight team members deployed from the back of an unmarked black van parked in front of the Dartmouth Bookstore. Immediately shooting approximately twelve apparently unarmed pedestrians, the group decided not to pursue fleeing citizens but instead to lie in ambush of other unsuspecting Hanover townspeople.

Meanwhile, the other eight-person squadron emerged from behind CVS Pharmacy, a classic pincer maneuver that Madrid credits for solidifying the team’s early advantage. The squad then proceeded up Main Street, screaming “Show no mercy! Don’t stop until their skulls are painted!” while firing paintballs indiscriminately at fleeing pedestrians, canines, traffic control devices, and shop windows.

Johnsey says the squad’s battle cry, savage as it may sound, is standard operating procedure in the paintball arena.

The move ultimately backfired, as Harvard sacked an overmatched Redman a record fifty-six times in a depressing 7-0 loss for the Big Green.

“Well, nobody’s right all the time,” Mann-Friend said. About next year, he added “Wait until you see what I have in store for next year’s playbook! I can’t really reveal much, but it may or may not involve live ammunition.”

Watch out, Princeton players and spectators!
Best of the Arts (Applied Homosexuality)

Students entranced by Hop art exhibit captured, freeze-dried, become new Hop art exhibit

By Buster McNutt

The mysterious disappearance of 20 Dartmouth students over the past several weeks was explained yesterday, at the unveiling of “Paralyzed with Wonder,” the newest HOP art exhibit. A one-act play by Cassandra Slessinger ’06, “Paralyzed with Wonder” is composed completely of Dartmouth students who were captured, killed and freeze dried as they stood admiring previous HOP exhibits.

The unveiling ceremony, Hopkin’s Center Art Director Kenneth Beauregard announced that “Paralyzed with Wonder” marked the beginning of a new HOP initiative entitled “Be a Part of the Art” that hopes to raise student participation in campus arts programs. Beauregard commended “Paralyzed with Wonder” as a “maybe perfect realization” of the initiative’s mission.

“Too often artists on campus live in their ivory towers and don’t involve their fellow students at all,” Beauregard said. “Cassandra, however, has placed her fellow students at the very heart of her exhibit. Cassandra and her fellow students have made this art a part—sometimes the only part—of their lives.”

Over the past few weeks, students, parents and faculty had expressed growing concern over the unexplained disappearance of a number of Dartmouth students. Though certain students’ penchant for mysteriously wandering away rendered the calculation of a definitive total impossible, the Student Assembly estimated that between 15 and 20 Dartmouth students had gone missing over the past several weeks. Frustration mounted as concerned individuals perceived a lack of action—or even acknowledgement of their concerns—on the part of the administration.

Though a Parkhurst employee acknowledged privately to the Dartmouth that some students were missing, no public statement was issued by Parkhurst, causing some students to speculate that the administration was playing some part in the mystery.

This lack of action on the part of the Administration all made sense with the unveiling of the new HOP exhibit. Dean James Larimore, the administration’s spokesperson at the event, stated that the administration made a conscious decision to remain quiet with regards to the disappearance of the students “out of respect for the Hopkins Center and its new initiative.” Larimore also told the crowd that he had personally spoken with each participating student’s parents, assuring them that their children would not be held accountable for classwork missed and that the college has even considered suspending the students’ rent during participation, though the college’s governing council still needed to vote on this proposal.

Dean Larimore concluded the ceremony by reaffirming the administration’s desire to support the Hopkins Center’s initiative to increase student appreciation and participation in the arts, stating that he hopes every student is inspired by their classmates and “decides to become ‘Part of the Art’.”

“You might be part of it, even if you don’t want to,” said a chuckling Dean Larimore. “Cassandra strikes like a viper, right when you least expect it.”

The new exhibit has already garnered some strong emotions from the student body. Discussing her work, Slessinger described her goal to “infuse the piece with a pulse and a sense of life.”

Some students, however, were unimpressed by the work.

“Look at that,” said Charles Horton ’07. “It’s just another meaningless piece of post-modern existentialist junk that I pass on my way to the Courtyard Café. I mean, anyone could paralyze, freeze-dry, and arrange some gawking students. What’s the big deal?”

Despite the controversy stirred up by the piece, the strongest feelings were expressed by Juliet Montanye ’08, who greeted the unveiling of the new exhibits with screams of, “Francine! Is that you? Francine! NOOO!”

Seventh Harry Potter book to feature deaths of all major characters

By Horace Greeley (no, not THAT Horace Greeley)

In a move some are calling “professional suicide” and others are calling just plain mean,” J.K. Rowling announced yesterday that the seventh Harry Potter novel, “Harry Potter and the Bitter End,” will feature the unexplained disappearance of all major characters in the series. Rowling revealed the details of her final installment at a press conference near her home in London to a throng of excited children and pressmen.

“I’ve been telling you kids for six books that a mother’s love is the strongest magic of all,” said Rowling. “Well, in the seventh book, I’ve decided to tell you the truth instead.”

Though Rowling’s comments initially elicited laughter from adults in the crowd and pleasant confusion from young fans, the mood of the press conference quickly turned dark.

“Stupid kids that chase after evil murderers die,” said Rowling, “even if they’re really lucky kids with mystique, panache, and scars that look like prison tats. Just because they’re ‘special,’ it doesn’t mean they’re fireproof.”

To insiders, this latest incident does not come as a surprise. Rather, this press conference rather marks the crest of a wave of odd attitudinal reversals on Rowling’s part that started earlier this year, when she discovered that her mother was actually a voluntary courtesan for the allied forces in the Second World War, a fact to which she never tires of publicly alluding.

“Kids, you think your mothers are going to protect you from evil?” Rowling barked at the assembled children.

“Well, they’re not. They’ll probably be too busy tarting around with a bunch of scummy soldiers in dirty trenches while you’re at home getting fondled by your math tutor! And it’s time you learned that hard lesson of life.”

Further evidence of Rowling’s preoccupation comes from the role of the young, brainy witch Hermione, who is killed in the new book not long after she becomes the school floozy. Ron, Neville Chamberlain, all remaining Hogwarts staff, and three-fourths of Hufflepuff House are killed halfway through the book in what
I've got to say, I really do love Dartmouth College. My first three years here have soared by like an avalanche of learning. I've made friends, grown as a person, become a sensitive young adult, and nailed some serious hobbies (hi sorority girls! Remember me, that sensitive guy? We bonded! You said at the time that it was "pretty good" and I believed you! Why would you lie to me after I had told you about my insecurities and vulnerable masculinity? You think that was some sh*tick to get you in the sack? It wasn't!).

So, I love this place more than any other. And I'm not usually the type that likes to complain (except when you sorority girls forget to blitz after we bone. It wouldn't kill you to make sure my walk of shame was ok, lol, would it?), but at this point, I've really got to take issue with one subject the Wright administration fails to address. Why isn't there better wireless reception in the graveyard?

Don't think I'm trying to look a gift horse in the mouth—
I really appreciate that the administration has made such a wonderful resource as the graveyard available to students. We all know that the cemetery is a great place to study, worship, chase woodland animals, or cry in unmolested solitude about that blue-eyed KDE who ate my soul after I explored her sacred femininity.

But how can the College really expect us to utilize the space to its full extent if we're unable to surf the web out there?

I usually get, like, one bar out there, and that’s on a good day. At other times (and depending how tall the headstones are around me), I can be completely cut off. Just think how much my blog (www.blogspot.com/aaron_j/lonely/sessionsatallevordarkness) is suffering. By the time I write my blog entries, I feel compelled to write. In making the case for the elimination of Dartmouth's meal plan system, Mr. Bruckmorton oversteps not only the line of plausibility, but that of good taste. A Dartmouth student's obligation to buy a meal plan is not symbolically consonant with "a prostitute slave being forced to sell her sex to baby kittens, whom she then kills and eats raw," as Mr. Bruckmorton suggests.

In addition, the Wright administration's alleged unresponsiveness to the case of the meal plan system does not justify Mr. Bruckmorton's proposal that we “loot and burn every administration building—and laugh as we grind administrators' skulls under our steel-toed feet.”

Finally, Mr. Bruckmorton's suggestion that all who disagree with him are “gape-cunted quasi-humans” is unfair and largely biologically inaccurate.

Mr. Bruckmorton should cleave more closely to the facts if he wishes to be taken seriously. The public deserves better.

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**Rowling’s latest “a massacre”**

*Potter* from page 11

Rowling admits is a “completely extraneous pogrom…it was kind of an afterthought really. You know, for kicks.”

“But if you’re going to stick a knife in the hearts of the world’s children,” Rowling said, “You might as well twist it a few times for good measure, just to make sure they learn their lesson. And that lesson is this: give up.

“Magic is fake, and good people are faker,” she added.

News of the more mature themes of Rowling’s newest book first leaked when Rowling’s longtime illustrator, Robert McDelland, publicly announced that he was leaving the series. Said McDelland “I am an illustrator of children's stories, about courage and friendship. If [Rowling] wants someone to draw children having violent intercourse with one another, she can look somewhere else. I might recommend the resident artists at *Penthouse* and *Murder Aflcano", for starters.”

Though Rowling’s visible schism with McDelland was spun by her publicists as “a minor misunderstanding between J.K. and Mr. McDelland,” Rowling did in fact contact artists at both magazines.

Rowling ended her press conference by saying that she hopes no one buys the stupid book, anyway.

“Bugger off,” she concluded.

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**Why Isn't There Better Wireless Reception in the Graveyard?**

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Mr. Bruckmorton should cleave more closely to the facts if he wishes to be taken seriously. The public deserves better.

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**Stick to the Facts**

To the Editor:

After reading Thurmond Bruckmorton’s letter to the editor (An Asinine and Wildly Overactive Editorial, Dec. 3), I felt compelled to write. In making the case for the elimination of Dartmouth’s meal plan system, Mr. Bruckmorton oversteps not only the line of plausibility, but that of good taste. A Dartmouth student’s obligation to buy a meal plan is not symbolically consonant with “a prostitute slave being forced to sell her sex to baby kittens, whom she then kills and eats raw,” as Mr. Bruckmorton suggests.

In addition, the Wright administration’s alleged unresponsiveness in the face of the meal plan system does not justify Mr. Bruckmorton’s proposal that we “loot and burn every administration building—and laugh as we grind administrators’ skulls under our steel-toed feet.”

Finally, Mr. Bruckmorton’s suggestion that all who disagree with him are “gape-cunted quasi-humans” is unfair and largely biologically inaccurate.

Mr. Bruckmorton should cleave more closely to the facts if he wishes to be taken seriously. The public deserves better.

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**No Need to RSVP**

To the Editor:

I’m having a small social gathering in my house next Saturday and I was really hoping you could stop by and maybe bring some spinach dip, or some Ranch-style chips. We were really hoping you could make it and, you know, bring some light snacks to help us all enjoy ourselves more. I’ve gone down to the package store but they were all out of non-alcoholic wine coolers, so it would be great if you could bring some sodas (Diet Tab, anyone?). Sometimes when I go to the grocers and ask them where to find things the employees are mildly condescending to me, but I suppose that’s just a sign of the times.

My wife rented a couple of those new DVDs, which I think will be really nice to have playing in the background, unless maybe that’s too distracting. Goodness, it’s such an ordeal! Could you also bring some ice cream (for the children, of course)? It’s just so hard to run the little errands, now that the van’s transmission is acting up.

Regards,
Robin Yount

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**Guys! Guys! You’re forgetting what’s really important...**

**Guys! Guys! You’re forgetting what’s really important... providing quality used and out-of-print books.**

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**Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men?**

Find out—take WGST 27

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**Azrael Yorick '06**

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**The Dartmouth**

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**Left Bank Books**

9 South Main Street

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**(Bitches)**
Women of Dartmouth, Papi Hears You

For too long, you daughters of Dartmouth have lived in darkness. You have lost faith in romance at the College, because most Dartmouth males are cowardly worms, flaccid in the ways of love. But ladies, fear not—Romance is back, with a capital “Roman.”

Roman “Papi” San Cristobal de la Tierra has arrived. I know what you women of Dartmouth want, what you daydream of during your classes, and what you cry for on the nights you are alone. You dream of a man who surpasses all other men at the subtle science of seduction. You dream of an alchemist of amour; a hero come to Hanover; a man who once, wasted, stole all the chairs from the Alpha Theta porch without getting caught. I am such a man, as is, to a lesser extent, my friend Brad, who helped me.

Ladies—you shall be lonely no longer, for your Papi is here. I have seen into your neglected souls, and I can tell you need to be brought to my room. There, you shall sit on my regal chairs, still fresh from the Alpha Theta porch, and your Papi’s eyes will glow with the effulgence of a burning love-star. There, I shall invite you to join me in the chugging of a case of Keystone, a vintage fermented from the passionate plains of my fatherland. I’ll offer you, my frightened doe, a sensuous high-five if we can finish it before the end of my Lynyrd Skynyrd CD. I have done this many times with Brad, and now I shall mend the holes in your hearts with Keystone and high fives as well.

Then, ladies, I will see the change sweep across your eyes. The loneliness of the many nights you have spent in your own arms will come tumbling out through your trembling breath, and I will let our liquored desires burn together in resonance. I will clumsily remove your pants and make explosive love to you right there in my Alpha Theta chair, still sticky from the Keystones Brad spilled on it. You will cry to have your Papi again, but, mi guapa—trust the pace of your Papi and shall. He will even play alongside you, as he and Brad talk about the wretchedness of Alpha Theta and plot ways to make its snivelling boy-men pay for their cowardice. Ladies, because I love you, I will share with you the fullness of my hatred for Alpha Theta, over and over. For love is nothing if not the union of souls.

But Roman Papi need not talk all the time, for he knows that sometimes a gesture can say a thousand words. That is why sometimes Roman Papi will push your head down toward his loins in the middle of a conversation. Your Papi is communicating his desire for you—and his desire not to talk about your English class anymore.

Do not be deceived by what fools and cowards have said about Roman Papi. Do some say Papi has a developing dependence on alcohol? Papi can quit anytime he wants to. Is Papi notorious for frequently assuming consent? Papi knows what you are thinking without having to ask. Did an emasculated, frock-wearing “psychiatrist” diagnose Papi with a personality disorder because of his so-called violent tendencies? Roman Papi’s passion is strong—so strong it can be frightening. But only Papi can be the man you truly desire: a man who will always fuck you when he is drunk, and sometimes when he is sober.

Women of Dartmouth, your cries have not been in vain! Roman(ce) is back! Viva El Papi!

To the Dartmouth Student Body:

I think we’ve gotten off on the wrong foot. I believe it was Plato who said “misunderstanding is the mother of all investigation.” I thought this campus was about diversity and acceptance and embracing the views of others for our common enrichment. All I’m asking is that you guys let me enrich you. Brown did. So did UVM. Come on now, think about it. Sitting with me at my table and talking to me and answering the phone when I call are practically demanded by your Core Values.

Please?

I mean, I’m actually a little peeved by all this. I thought America’s founding tenet was to ask questions first and shoot later. Is Dartmouth College still an instrument of the Church of England? You guys seem to be throwing the bread in the bathwater with this one, and I’m sort of ashamed for you, and surprised that you could be so quick to mislabel, mistreat, misogyny, and misundertand. I’m reaching out to you, exposing myself to your scrutiny, and you just try to pass by without giving me the time and attention I’m trying to give to you. Please, everyone, give peace a chance.

At this time I’d like to make a few corrections, or addenda, if you will, to the remarks published about me in thie newspaper on Friday, January 6 (“Hostile man stalks students on Main St.”). I wasn’t “peering” or “snooping” near those dormitories. I was looking for my wallet and binoculars which I may have dropped there on some seperate and undisclosed incident. Check your damn facts before you go libeling all over the place. Plato once said that among his Core Values is that “slander is the mother of savage, returbative assault.” Furthermore, I never said that I wanted to kill any women. The word was “slay,” and I stand by that. Check the Hard Guy Lexicon if you need to. Which brings me to my next point. I am 6’1”, not “5’9”-“6’0”, and this “slender build” can press 3 reps of 200 pounds, so be careful you don’t underestimate the baddest white man ever to do a turn in Rikers Island. Furthermore, at UC-Davis it took 3 darts of bear tranquilizer to bring me down, so you hitches better be loaded for estrus-crazed moose!

Finally: “Normal and even moderately attractive”? Are you serious? I’m fucking breathtaking.

I hope that the Dartmouth community can step back and give further attention to these issues. We need to open a healthy dialogue, and perhaps someday we can all sit down to a sumptuous yet nutritious meal at the same metaphorical Dirt Cowboy coffee table.
Topside manager notices stock of plantain chips for first time

By Pete Zawpye
Your Biggest Fan

Yesterday, in the middle of his third straight 8-hour shift, Topside Convenience Store manager and DDS Inventory Control manager Todd Tattershall noticed that his inventory included, among other oddities, plantain chips.

“At first I was like, ‘Whoa!’” Tassherall said. “I thought plantains were just like bananas, or something, not chips. But then I was like, ‘Oh, come to think of it, I guess there are such things as banana chips, too.’ How do they make those, I wonder?”

Further research confirmed that the chips were lemon-pepper flavored, a realization that he described as “gross and appalling.”

“I would never have ordered something like that,” he said.

Nonetheless, repeated questionings of student employees and a thorough investigation of inventory records confirmed that Tattershall was in fact responsible for ordering the mysterious plantain chips.

“At first I figured that maybe they were just like bananas, or something, not chips. But then I was, like, ‘Oh, come to think of it, I guess there are such things as banana chips, too.’ How do they make those, I wonder?”

Employees of Topside confirm that the plantain chips sell very poorly.

“I don’t think I’ve ever sold even a single unit,” McGiffin said. “But Sherlock Holmes keeps on ordering them. I’m not sure if he knows, but we have like eight crates of them in the back. They’re blocking his office door, for crying out loud.”

Nonetheless, Tattershall has decided to re-orient Topside’s marketing campaign around the new delicacies. Tattershall has already erected three large banners around Topside that read, somewhat misleadingly, “Piping Hot Plantain Chips!”

He also plans to submit a proposal to DDS to change the official name of Topside to “Plantain Hut—Piping Hot!”.

“I wanted to call the plantains ‘Piping Hot’ because it sounds appetizing, like soup or something. Wait—do we sell soup here? That would be awesome!”

Added Tattershall, “Then we would really be pipping hot! Like soup!”

A bunch of real mad big sheep go into house and kill Mommy and Daddy

By Timmy Stouvrakis
Age 4

Um, hello? Mr. Policeman? Um, I’m scared, and, um... a bunch of big angry sheep just went into my house and they were baa-baaing at Mommy and Daddy and then they knocked down Mommy and Daddy and um they don’t wanna wake up.

I dunno how they did it cuz I went to the petting zoo and at the petting zoo the sheep were my friends cuz they baa-baaed when I was rubbing their big backs.

And the hair on their backs is what they make sweaters out of. Mommy and Daddy are having blood come out of them real bad and I’m scared. I want them to wake up cuz they promised me to finally take me to work, and I wanna see all the cool things in Mommy and Daddy’s laboratory.

I think the sheepes are sheepes that they had big wings like a bat and a big long sucker mouth like a mosquito. And when Mommy and Daddy send them coming, they told me to run! And then they tried to lock the door, but I saw the sheepes breaking down the door.

Um, Mr. Policeman? Do you hear that real loud buzzing? I’m pretty sure it’s the sound of the mad sheepes flying. I know cuz I heard it right before they came into my house.

You see? They’re coming over here! I’m scared, Mr. Policeman! Hey, where are you running to? Don’t leave me!

Mr. Policeman? ...Mr. Policeman?

Too many cooks in the sauce?
Write for The Dartmouth.

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Our Classifieds Policy:

ADVERTISING RATES are for sissies, so here’s the scoop, mook. You wanna piece of the action? Then you’re gonna have to fight for it. Kill a guy we don’t like, that earns you an inch. Waste his family, and you get a 15% discount (discount applies only to those advertisers running for more than 15 days and supposing the guy actually has a family to kill—no freebies). Send your photo or digital recording proving the deed is done along with a copy of your ad in an airtight metal briefcase and bury it thirty clicks from Robinson Hall. Don’t you dare send it straight to us. Then just sit back and watch the guilt wash away as you raft down a river of profits made possible by careful advertising in a select publication. This message will self-destruct if thrown into a lit fireplace.

Wanted: Interested in doing something fun and useful over spring break? You know, besides going to the beach or just eating Doritos. I bet not. Yeah, I bet you’re just going to eat your shitty Doritos. Well, fine! You know, I’m not even going to tell you how you can help. Don’t tell me you’re interested now, cause now it’s too late. You’re never going to know. Put that on your Doritos and chew them.

Lazy bastard.

Wanted: Landed aristocrat friend for amusing times in his palatial estate. Blitz: Rich@Dartmouth.edu Phone: 766-4556.

Wanted: Man with gripping story or retarded brother for straight-to-TV documentary. Autistic savants need not apply. Applicants with humorsus real-life sub-plots to help lighten the mood preferred. Blitz: Imserious@Dartmouth.edu

Wanted: Vagina. Any vagina will do... as long as it’s, you know, human. Wanted: HumanoNlySERIOUSLY@ Dartmouth.edu

Wanted: Phantom Whale. Branding mark near blowhole says “Lester”. Went to a lot of trouble to get it and would love to have it back. It won’t last long without krill. Call 649-7659.

Come See: Exotic My House! Drinking age: however old you are! EXPLORE: the Kitchen AND GET: Me a beer! WE’LL WATCH: Reruns! Particularly of Charles in Charge.

Available for the week or weekend. Prices: Negotiable, but you’ll be buying the booze pal.

Visit: The Third World! Come see where all those clothes came from!

Discover what all the fuss has been about!

Eat like an Egyptian! Those poor, poor Egyptians.

Price: We’ll make it a trade. Four of us for one of you.

Luxurious Mansion available for purchase or rent. Pleasant enough on the outside, but dark secrets lurk within. Also has a billiard table—the Canadian kind with no pockets. Free to any person(s) who survive the night and retain possession of their internal organs.

Do you know how to make proper shortening bread? Mama’s little baby loves shortening, shortening. Mama’s little baby loves shortening bread Mama’s little baby NEEDS shortening bread!

Blitz: PanLoc@Dartmouth.edu Phone: 895-9899.
What this really makes you think of, and I mean really think, is that the entire microcosm of our college experience is really just a temporary preview of the way we're likely to spend the rest of our lives. Some see college as a chance to live life to the fullest, and those people are likely to keep on doing so after they graduate. Some see it as but a stepping stone to greater achievements, and odds are that those people are never going to stop climbing. Some people resign themselves to a fate at the very beginning, and guess what? They'll get precisely what they aim for.

I guess what I'm trying to say is that beyond all of the rigamarole, the joshing harassment and the endless strive for excellence in or outside of the classroom, the first taste of independence is for most of us the perfect litmus test.

This is the time to be who you are, and see how well you can stay true to yourself with the pressure of society closing in on every side.

There's a suave kind of beauty in the way that these years can test a person. It's sort of like when you...

I think chicken fried shrimp, they've found me.

I sold my comic's dialogue to Apple Computer, Inc.

Ah, downloading more of the latest greatest hits from the new iTunes, I see. How boodaciously rad.

I can also download my favorite film clips at tuberular prices!

Wow, We saved so much by switching to iTunes that I was able to afford this delicious meat pie for Katrina victims.

With version 6.0 I stay informed through daily news bytes, so I totally know what you're talking about.

Hey, the latest download will let us send images and digital video of that delicious pie to all our starving friends in Kashmir.

I didn't even know we had those. Wow, I'll trede you the pie for your free version of iTunes.

White Supremacist!

Luddite!
Valiant Dartmouth reporter saves girl from dicky frat guy, then kicks his ass just to see him cry

BY JAMES WEEBLER
THE DARTMOUTH STAFF

Sources close to The Dartmouth have reported that James Weebler, a member of the '08 class and a reporter for The Dartmouth, recently saved an innocent young woman from the unwanted advances of a brother at Kappa Kappa Kappa fraternity, gave him a stern verbal warning, and, when the brother proved unresponsive, kicked his ass just to see him cry.

“It was awesome,” said Weebler of his valiant defense of Jessica Fuscher ’08, and concurrent ass-kicking of Brock “The Rock” Samuels ’06. “That frat guy must have weighed two-fifty—easily—and [Weebler] just went up and punched him in the face like it was nothing.”

In the fight that ensued, Weebler went on to pin Samuels to the wall with a well-thrown kitchen knife, break a pong table over his back, and, finally, pick him up by the face and throw him out of a third-story window. Samuels wound up crumpled on the ground, weeping with shame and fear, while a victorious Weebler stood over him, directing insults at his prone form and daring him to get up.

Weebler’s heroics are made all the more unlikely by the fact that he is slightly built and just under five feet eight inches in height. But an anonymous source says of Weebler that “[he is] fast as shit” and “[doesn’t] even give a fuck, not when it’s go time”; these attributes may have been decisive in the brief, lopsided fight.

Despite the ferociousness of Weebler’s fighting, damage to Tri-Kap, where the fight occurred, was limited to a broken pong table and third-story window, and a basement speaker that partially imploded after Weebler’s fists broke the sound barrier. House leadership, which instantly and unanimously agreed that Samuels “had it coming” and had simply been too intimidated to say so, offered to absorb the cost of repairs, but Weebler paid for the damage out of his own pocket before leaving arm-in-arm with Fuscher.

Weebler, who is every ounce a gentleman, would not discuss rumors that Fuscher, awed and touched by his defense of her honor, has begun seeing him exclusively. When pressed, however, Weebler did smile coyly and display a number of small bite marks on his neck and chest.

Fuscher is widely considered the most attractive female in the ’08 class, if not the entire school, although Weebler regards such considerations as petty.

Seeking to gauge the administration’s response to the ass-kicking, Dartmouth sources talked to Dean of the College James Larimore in a closed, private interview. While Larimore was quick to discourage students from copying Weebler’s feat, noting that resorting to violence and taking the law into one’s own hands are “for experts only,” he did admit that Weebler’s actions were “pretty cool.”

“Mr. Weebler’s actions, no matter how heroic, do, technically, violate College policy,” Larimore said. “However, on a personal note, this story—a brave young man fighting for justice against overwhelming odds, armed with nothing more than a selfless commitment to chivalry—is just the kind of extremely unlikely narrative that I wish took place more often. That Jessica Fuscher is one lucky girl.”

A photo of the landmark ass-kicking, taken just moments before the really awesome part.

Port-O-Potty or Port-O-PARTY?!