Supervillain Robert Frost Remains Encased within Bronze “Statue”

By RHODES LES TAKEN
The Dartmouth Staff

America breathed a sigh of relief today as infamous criminal mastermind Robert Frost continued to be sealed within his body-shaped prison for the 48th consecutive year. “This marks another definitive victory for justice over one of the most heinous incarnations of evil the world has ever witnessed,” said Dartmouth President Jim Yong Kim, current guard of the ‘Insidious Chamber’, as Frost’s prison has been termed.

“Citizens the world over have no need to fear the chaos, hate, and spiritually haunting motifs generated by this reprehensible criminal. Parents can tuck their children in tonight without worries about Frost appearing in their doorways and whispering into their ears the words of his apocalyptic propaganda ‘Fire and Ice,’ or the delightful meter of the elegy ‘Out, Out’.”

Universally revered for his beguiling wit, Frost began his criminal career after dropping out of Dartmouth College to enlist in the armed forces during World War I. Having gone AWOL for several years to learn the trickery of gypsies in Romania, Frost reappeared later in New York City. There, he was renowned for his realistic depictions of rural life, naturalistic imagery, and attempted assassination of President Calvin Coolidge on April 23rd 1924. It was then, with Coolidge trapped in the “Mending Wall” deathtrap and begging for mercy, that Frost tackled his infamous rejoinder “Coolidge! In three words I can sum up everything I’ve learned about life — It goes on!”

Before he was able to flip the lever that would finish the deed, however, the trap malfunctioned, forcing Frost to flee and pursue his nefarious legacy of mischief elsewhere.

Frost, a recipient of 4 Pulitzer Prizes for Poetry and 73 charges of crimes against humanity from the UN, remained at large until 1963, when he was caught by the CIA at a capitated, near a Toyota camry to the Hanover Police station and the Hanover Inn, Rhyzoid.

See FROST, page 7

Kim Uses Dartmouth As Stepping-Stone for Moon

By LOU NERR-LANNING
The Dartmouth Staff

Wednesday, at a lavish press-release in Washington, DC, Jim Yong Kim announced his intention to pursue the Presidency of the moon.

“It’s been a long two years at Dartmouth,” he said, “but it’s built my reputation to the point where I can now go after the real prize: leadership of the Earth’s largest satellite.”

Kim revealed that he’d only taken the job of Dartmouth President to improve his chances of securing executive power over the moon. Because the moon comes with a larger research budget, no undergrads, and a seat in the UN, it aids Kim’s ultimate career goals to a much greater extent than Dartmouth ever could. “I don’t want to spend my twilight years negotiating sexual assault controversies with a pack of drunken asshats,” he told the assembled Washington dignitaries.

“Additionally,” he said, his face brightening with a smile, “there are no humanities on the moon!”

The moon is not only better for Kim’s career— it’s also a better place to raise a family. “I’m afraid that my tiny babies will grow up to be lumberjack English majors, or some shit, if we stay here,” he explained. “At first I was all like— oh, hey, college town in New Hampshire. I mean, I’d be in the same room every day, but at least there are no humanities on the moon!”

See KIM IN SPACE, page 5

Class of 1953 Purchases Class of 2015

By OLD TIMEY WILLIE
The Dartmouth Staff

Following a sizable donation to the college, President Kim announced yesterday that the Class of 1953 has purchased the incoming Class of 2015. This marks the latest in a series of donations, which began with the naming of Class of 1953 Commons. While most students acknowledge the vast amount of money involved, some are less than enthusiastic about the purchase.

“It’s pretty cool, I guess. I’m getting way more financial aid now,” said Philip Raymond ’53 ’15. “But I don’t get why they had to legally change my name like that. My name is Jason. Also, there are no girls in my class.”

President Kim recognized some misgivings in a talk given on the...
Emma Watson Leaves Brown on Bad Terms, Curses University to “9,000 Years of Darkness”

By Hex U. Bus
The Dartmouth Staff

Noted Harry Potter actress and former Brown University student Emma Watson has decided to leave Brown for an as-yet unnamed American university. Although her reason for leaving Brown remains unknown she appears to have left the university on bad terms. Sources close to Watson claim that she cursed the campus to “nine thousand years of darkness.”

Sources close to Watson suggest that she received too much media attention at Brown University. “It was always like ‘oh there’s Hermione,’ which I imagine got really annoying,” said a friend of Watson’s. “She seemed really upset about it, to be honest,” she continued, “which is probably why she cast that hex.”

Watson refused to comment on her reasons for leaving Brown, but became visibly animated when asked about the nature of the alleged spell. When this reporter jokingly asked if she would ever cast a Crucius curse she responded that such statements were “the kind of shit [she] put[s]-up with every day.” She continued “I’m grateful for the opportunities that the Harry Potter films afforded me, but I need to separate them from my day to day life. I do not cast dumb silly little spells from stupid kids books. I do serious black magic.”

Although Watson refused to give further comment, Initiate Alison Crowley, a new member of the Brown chapter of the Order of the Golden Dawn – in which Watson holds the highest rank of Ipsissima – said that the spell was “pretty intense.” Crowley said “she performed a number of summoning rituals out of the Lesser Key of Solomon,” a noted book of Demonology. “She bound Mammon the Demon of Avarice to the financial office, and Baal, the toad-headed to the Dining hall.” Baal, also known as Beezlebub is the demon of gluttony. “Baphomet, the Horned Lord will rule over the rest of campus,” said Crowley, adding “the next nine thousand years are going to be pretty rough.”

Students have already started noticing changes, but seem largely unperturbed. “We had to cancel rowing practice due to a rain of Frogs,” said lightweight Coxswain Charlie Fort, “that was kind of abummer.” Another student said that “food at the dining hall keeps getting blighted with this black mold, no matter how fresh it is. I’m gonna have to start ordering take out more, which can get pretty expensive.”

Current rumors suggest Watson will transfer to Yale after agap year.

Watson Calls Upon Baal to Immol ate Her Foes
Captain America Accused of Using Performance Enhancing Drugs

BY JAMES “BUCKY” BAMES
The Dartmouth Staff

Steve Rogers, better known as crime-fighter, Captain America will go before Congress in response to an ongoing investigation into the use of performance enhancing drugs among the Superhero community. Rogers has declined to respond to the Dartmouth before press-time.

Rogers’ Attorney, Matthew Murdoch said in an interview “my client has never used illegal, performance-enhancing drugs. The drugs he did use were prescribed to him by a doctor for medical use.” Murdoch declined to indicate what those drugs were. Sources close to Rogers who wish to remain anonymous have indicated that Rogers used something called a “Super-Soldier Serum.” The source said “the change in Rogers’s physique and strength before and after he took the serum was pretty drastic. I mean he was a pretty scrawny kid in high school.”

“These charges follow the Hulk’s exonerations due to the “inadvertent use” rule. Senator George Mitchell, an outspoken opponent of performance enhancing drugs said of that ruling: “It’s ridiculous, I don’t see how he could get that big naturally; it gives him an obvious unfair advantage over hard working heroes like Daredevil.” He continued “and he demonstrates clearly how dangerous these drugs are – the kind of aggression you see from users of these drugs.”

Self-described “Human Enhancement Specialist,” Dr. Leonard Samson disagrees. “I see no reason we shouldn’t enhance human ability to its fullest extent. Look at Tony Stark, isn’t he’s taking drugs doesn’t mean he isn’t doing everything in his power to be the best he can be.”

Senator Mitchell responded that it’s matter of fair play, saying “these so called heroes are supposed to be role models to the kids out there.” Samson disagrees, “I don’t know how anyone gets the idea that Captain America or anyone else are supposed to be role models.

of performance enhancing drugs said of that ruling: “It’s ridiculous, I don’t see how he could get that big naturally; it gives him an obvious unfair advantage over hard working heroes like Daredevil.” He continued “and he demonstrates clearly how dangerous these drugs are – the kind of aggression you see from users of performance enhancing drugs said of that ruling: “It’s ridiculous, I don’t see how he could get that big naturally; it gives him an obvious unfair advantage over hard working heroes like Daredevil.” He continued “and he demonstrates clearly how dangerous these drugs are – the kind of aggression you see from users of performance enhancing drugs said of that ruling: “It’s ridiculous, I don’t see how he could get that big naturally; it gives him an obvious unfair advantage over hard working heroes like Daredevil.” He continued “and he demonstrates clearly how dangerous these drugs are – the kind of aggression you see from users of performance enhancing drugs said of that ruling: “It’s ridiculous, I don’t see how he could get that big naturally; 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Loger Rott

Me Am Loger Rott, Me Am Have Well Considered Opinions

Hello! Me am Loger Rott, opinion columnist from Bizzaro The Dartmouth, where me am well-regarded and positive social influence? Me am have many opinions, which all are very good, make people think hard, make people friendlier and kinder to each other!

Example: me am thinking society is be better when more diverse peoples living together in same place, sharing experiences peacefully! Wow! Is good ideas, yes? Me am subscribing to beliefs of Ralph Waldo Emerson, that strength lie in difference. Is interesting! Perhaps you give a try?

Also, me am thinking that financial aid are very, very good for Dartmouth community! That school are using funds to repair dichotomies in opportunities for qualified student individuals--- is good for diversity! And diversity are good for human condition, for creativity and equality!

Everybody say yeah? Yeah!

Additionally, sex are something that interest me. Me am quite excited about and interested in sex. Me am NOT sexist, not at all, and me am not fundamentalist Christian, with hateful parents and hypocritical code of morals! Yeah!!

So, me am hoping you are all joining with me to celebrating our differences together! Here’s Bizzaro Loger Rott, am signing off, with good wishes for all!

Here’s Bizzaro Lodger Rott, am signing off, with good wishes for all!

To the Editor,

This is an ultimatum. Give me $50,000 in cash and a plane ticket to Tahiti by 6 AM or you will never see a back issue of The Dartmouth again. No, this is not a joke. I have spent the past year of my life tracking down every last issue this publication has made since its founding in 1799. It was hard. Damn hard. I had to go to the snow-entrenched foothills of the Himalayas. I broke into a vault in Switzerland using only a screwdriver and my own unadulterated guile. I was nearly caught three months back, after I found the sought-after 1819 issue buried in John Wheelock’s cold, dead fist. I’ll admit it. I had to “silence” a man. Let’s just say he received a snake bite. Yes, a snake bite. To the forehead. One tooth. Metal snake bite.

I have seen wonders. My quest has taken me around the earth, the girdled earth so to speak. But it has led me back to you. Sir and madam editors, you must send me the money and plane ticket, or else wake up to the responsibility of your entire back catalogue going up in flames. I leave it entirely in your hands. Come to the Dartmouth Club in New York by the aforementioned time if you wish to make this deal. My man-servant Andrew Weatherford will wait for you in the northeast corner.

Now, we can either deal with this like gentlemen, or you will force me to break out my World War II memorabilia. And when I break out my World War II memorabilia, I do trifle. I do not trifle at all, sir and madam editors.

Again, I leave it entirely in your hands,

--James Wright, Sixteenth President of Dartmouth College
President Kim Refuses to Acknowledge 800-Pound Gorilla in Office
By JOE "MIGHTY" YOUNG
The Dartmouth Staff

Tuesday, animal control officers from Lebanon responded to a call for intervention at Parkhurst. Upon arrival, they discovered that the 800-pound gorilla President Kim has been keeping as a pet in his office, Toby, is suffering from the classic signs of emotional and physical neglect.

"We got an call last night from an anonymous staff member," Animal Control Chief Gary Pithers told the Dartmouth. "They were worried that Kim wasn't providing the gorilla with any kind of basic care at all. He just pretends it isn't there! Abuse by neglect, you know?"

The officers discovered that Toby had not been recently fed: he appeared emaciated and lethargic and was seen licking the windowpanes for moisture. "He was eating the carpet, we think," said Pithers. "He was also going after the upholstery and carpet, we think," said Pithers. "He has a need for attention and affection."

When Toby brings Kim newspapers, slippers, snacks, or mixed drinks from the Parkhurst Butler's closet, Kim turns his face away with an imperious expression.

"I don't have time for this goddamn monkey," he told the Lebanon animal control force. "I've got rich nob to canoodle with. I've got people to fire. I've got research institutes to found. I've got global health initiatives to boldly champion. Am I a gorilla-trainer? Hell no, man. Hell no.

Toby has been removed to the Lebanon pound, and Kim will soon be appearing in court to answer charges of gorilla abuse.

For now, Toby adopts adoption by any Lebanon-area family brave enough to acknowledge his presence.

Kim's Cure for Cancer Actually Complete Shit
By LUKE E. MIA
The Dartmouth Staff

On Monday, clinical testing at Dartmouth Medical School revealed that Jim Yong Kim's cure for cancer, although it works, is actually very shitty.

"We've examined it in every way," said Franklin Muramasa, a researcher at DMS, "and although it's cheap, effective, and easily-reproducible, it's totally shit, and President Kim is shit for inventing it."

Kim's cure will be appearing for use nationwide sometime in the next year. It's expected to bring the balms of good health to nearly a million cancer-ridden individuals. However, the FDA, the clinical test-subjects, and researchers across America all agree that it's "incredibly dumb" and "totally lame."

"Your cancer cure is bad, and you should feel bad," said Gabe Cleese, a middle-aged Upper Valley resident recently cured by Kim's miracle-treatment. "That's what I'll tell him, next time he takes me out for dinner at the Hanover Inn." Cleese reports that Kim takes him there for "shitty, dumb" dinner nearly every Tuesday night.

Kim Tried for Crimes Against Humanities
By TS MURDERHEAD
The Dartmouth Staff

Today, Dartmouth President Kim made his first appearance at the Hague, marking the first day in what will surely be protracted judicial proceedings. He is on trial for crimes against the Humanities, perpetrated while Dictator-in-Chief of Dartmouth College, a third-world micro-nation located deep in the mountains of New Hampshire.

"With my own eyes, I saw Kim actually assault and kill one of the Humanities," sober-faced Dartmouth Studio Art professor Gwenneth Salbury told the International Criminal Court at The Hague on Sunday. "He shot that Humanity, execution-style, in the back of the head."

Salbury herself barely survived Kim's notorious Humanities death-camp. According to the person assistant, Beatrice Hammond, he's grown weak with unlauded exertion. "It must be pretty sucky to do all that work and discover that your cure is shit," said Hammond. "He worked all day long saving the school from financial ruin, and all night long saving the world from death by cancer-- and now his cure is totally shitty. That must really suck."

"However," she added, "he deserves it. Anyone who makes a cure that shitty deserves how shitty it is."

Cleese explained that the cancer cure, although quick, painless, and easy to implement, even at home, did not live up to the expectations he'd had for it.

According to Cleese, it "tastes like bubblegum" and "you can cook it into cupcakes." "Also," he said, "it's got all these totally weird side-effects. Like, I'm stronger now, and my hair is thicker, and my wife and I are attracted to each other again, after twenty-five years of bitterness and apathy." He shook his head. "It's a shit cure."

Kim devoted hours of his spare time over the past year to this cure, staying up all night long in the laboratory. According to his personal assistant, Beatrice Hammond, he's grown weak with unlauded exertion. "It must be pretty sucky to do all that work and discover that your cure is shit," said Hammond. "He worked all day long saving the school from financial ruin, and all night long saving the world from death by cancer-- and now his cure is totally shitty. That must really suck."

"However," she added, "he deserves it. Anyone who makes a cure that shitty deserves how shitty it is."

As Kim shook hands with Obama, Putin, British Prime Minister David Cameron, and Jorge Tyranowitz, President of Saturn, he reflected upon his short time at Dartmouth with a mercenary smile. "What a bunch of chumps," he said. "Sure, the Ivy League is impressive. But it's no moon, man. It's no moon."

Kim Planning Executive Moon Palace
KIM IN SPACE from page 1

Hampshire, right? Great for babies! But it turns out that's not true." He shook his head sorrowfully. Luckily for Kim and his family, the moon's presidential palace is about as far away from Webster Avenue as they can get. "Also, the pay is way better," he said. "I'll be able to afford my own spaceship!"

Kim Expels Everyone
By PARKER HEARST
The Dartmouth Staff

Today, President Kim expelled the entire student body of Dartmouth College for failing to change the world in a positive manner.

Signing the final document in his office today, under the harrowed gazes of his senior advisors (all of whom were subsequently fired for failing to find Kim a better set of advisors), Kim ensured that no undeserving students remained here at the college-- that no students whatsoever remained, actually.

"Heh, heh, heh," he chuckled to himself, clutching the documents as he ran naked through the halls of Parkhurst. "No more second-rate losers," he crowed from an upstairs window. When asked by this reporter to explain his actions, he vomited bile and crawled under a couch, emerging an hour later with a plan to balance the US Budget.

Last week, after resolving the Palestinian conflict using only two Werthers toffees and a bent couch, Kim reportedly experienced a change of attitude. "He said, we can't tolerate unwanted students here anymore," recalled Harry Archimbald, ex-Dean. "He was in the hospital for about a day, raging and foaming at the mouth. When he emerged, he was a changed man."

"Soon afterward, Kim approached Archimbald with a plan for removing all students who had failed to change the world for the better. "He didn't believe that students who weren't willing to devote themselves to community service deserved the Dartmouth Experience," said Archimbald. "Then he bit me on the neck. It was pretty awful, actually. He's like fucking Gollem."

Kim spent most of the past week scuttling through Parkhurst on all fours, like a crab, leaving lucid, genius plans for world improvement scattered in his wake. The campus is eerily empty, but Kim hasn't yet taken advantage of all the extra space. He crouches in his office, clutching the expulsion papers and drooling. "I'm all alone," he whisps, gripped by madness. "Finally...I'm all alone."

At a Glance
Top 5 emotions you feel about Jim Kim
1. Love – 100%
2. Hate – 99%
3. Unfounded criticism – 37%
4. Displaced Electra Complex – 1%
5. Kimpulsion – 7%
Fire Alarm Goes Off During Actual Fire In Russel-Sage Cluster

By ASH HEEP
The Dartmouth Staff

On Thursday morning, 5:15 a.m. EST, residents of Butterfield, Fahey/McLane, and Russel Sage awoke to the blaring of a fire alarm. Grabbing their Macintosh laptops and iPhones, they filed briskly out of their rooms and rushed down the stairs. When they got outside they were met by an unusual sight.

“It was a real life, like, fire,” said Katie Mansfield ’14, from California. When she got outside she noticed that the fire “was kinda orangey and hot.” Recalling leaving her room at the sound of the alarm, she said, “I opened the door and smelled something, and I went OMG—it smells bad—so I texted my friends and asked them if they smelled it too and they went ‘yeah lolz’ and I was like ‘wtf’ and then I came outside.”

Ryan Bonton ’12, a UGA says “I was pretty confused. Despite my rigorous and practical UGA training, I had never actually seen a real fire before.” When asked why, he replied, “We don’t have fires in Canada.”

It is unknown what exactly caused the fire, but 12-year Hanover firefighter Dan Bixley had this to say: “It could have been anything... kids could have lit a joint wrong, the stove left on too long...a dryer in the basement could have exploded. You don’t really know with fires.”

President Kim came on the scene with the Fire Safety and Security Committee, formed five minutes after he heard about the fire. “Look, you can’t always prevent students from starting fires. But what we can do is talk about how to make sure students know that it’s dangerous to get near it, and they should be safe when they do.”

“Dartmouth kids need home training. Period,” said a flustered Smokey the Bear, who arrived as the firefighters extinguished the blaze. He declined further comments.

Dean of College Search Proceeding Slowly

By FAGEY MCPUNNAME
The Dartmouth Staff

The search for the next Dean of the College has been moving along as planned but may be facing some trouble, according to sources within the search committee. “It’s just a really difficult process. We never expected it to be easy,” said Arlo Kane, Dean of the Faculty and chairman of the search committee. “But it’s getting hard to differentiate the current list of candidates. No one really stands out at the moment.”

Indeed, sources within the search committee have revealed some of the positives and negatives about each candidate.

The first candidate contacted about the position, Dean Koontz, is hailed by Rolling Stone as “America’s most popular suspense novelist.” However, certain members of the committee suspect that “he wrote all that uncited praise for his own work on his website.” According to the committee, in the first short phone interview of the process, all he talked about was his dog.

The next candidate, Dean Kamen, is a highly respected engineer and inventor, famous for his innovative medical and humanitarian projects. “He would certainly be a great compliment to President Kim,” said one member of the committee. However, on his first visit to campus, Kamen was already talking about the potential for a fleet of robots to carry impaired students out of fraternities and a set of conveyors to take students across the Green. “Don’t tell him I said this, but I think the guy just despises walking,” said one member of the search committee.

The third candidate, Howard Dean, was the 79th governor of Vermont and is chairman emeritus of the Democratic National Committee. “He certainly has good credentials, and he really seems to want the job,” said one member of the search committee. However, according to another committee member, “When he was on campus I suggested we walk to the Hopkins Center and he responded, ‘Not only are we going to the Hopkins Center, we’re going to South Fairbanks, and Parkhurst, and Baker, and the BEMA, and then we’re going to FoCo to take back the grill line! Yeah!’”

The final candidate being seriously considered is Richard Dean Anderson, famous for his portrayals of Dr. Jeff Webber on ABC’s General Hospital, Jack O’Neill on Stargate SG-1, and the iconic MacGyver. “Some of my colleagues think he’s great,” said English professor Sarah Till, “but he doesn’t seem to have much experience in education.”

On that point, biology professor J. Fulton McMahon added, “I agree. Sure, the guy won two Saturn awards in the late ‘90s, but what has he done recently?”

Another slight setback came when Billy Fields ’11 was removed from the search committee for “wasting our time,” according to Kane. Fields suggested that the committee consider celebrity chef Paula Deen. Kane explained, “We spent five hours talking to the lady before we realized she wasn’t even a real Dean.”

The Dean Search Committee Needs Your Help! Find the new dean from all its potential candidates!
Cannibal Given Stern Admonishment by Administration

By E. TING PEOPLE
The Dartmouth Staff

Last night, a male student was found passed out in front of Dartmouth Hall, satiated with the blood of a hundred victims. The student was later identified as a member of the class of ’14 and sent to Dick’s House for the night.

The student was so engorged that health officials had to pump the blood from his stomach. Otherwise, the staff was relieved to see he sustained no permanent damage.

The murderous spree, or “rampaging” in undergraduate slang, has been of great concern to Safety and Security. “I don’t know what got into this kid,” officer David Blake commented. “He probably went out for an average evening and before he knew it he had downed ten or twenty innocents. Young people these days just don’t know when to stop.”

Even though this was a first-time offense, the student was ordered by

the administration to complete the college’s rigorous murder diversion program. The college hopes the treatment will help the student avoid future slips of judgment. Administrators are debating a possible suspension or loss of credit but have yet to reach a decision.

The student’s parents were contacted and expressed worry over their son’s condition. “I’ve tried to help him make good decisions,” his mother said with disappointment.

“He did a little bit in high school, but I didn’t know it would escalate into a real problem. I just hope I’m not spending the money on an Ivy-League education just for him to waste his time with homicide.”

The student himself was frustrated with his punishment, citing infringement on his independence. “I’m an adult now,” he commented. “It’s like they don’t even trust me with my own life.

Infringement on his independence.

Dartmouth Mothers Found “Maternity” Students Suddenly Terrified

By YOYO MOTHER
The Dartmouth Staff

In a move described by themselves as “adorable,” a group of mothers of Dartmouth students have founded an organization that they call a “maternity.” This new maternity will provide Dartmouth mothers a chance to be closer physically and socially to their precious sons and daughters.

“It’s also a pun. Get it? It’s like a maternity ward,” said Phillips, who also is a member of the Alpha Chi. “I thought it would be a good way to get to know each other better.”

Despite this hostility, members of MOM quickly issued a further, hostile response, threatening to form their own organization that they call a “materity.”

“Those little Greek letters! It’s so clever!” said Phillips defensivley. “Why would you ever think we would do such a thing? How dare you. Who do you think we are?!”

The MILF Party will take place this Thursday night at 2am. Students are encouraged not to bring their IDs.

Inuksuk Used for Campus-Wide Game of Jenga

By MILTON BRADLEY
The Dartmouth Staff

After the activities had died down, visitors to the Dartmouth Annual Powwow soon turned their attention to another piece of Native American culture, the Inuksuk. Inuksuk is a traditional Inuit marker of travel routes and sacred places, with its many layers of flat rock, was ideal for a large game of Jenga.

The sculpture’s uneven weight distribution, as well as the emotional weight of its significance, made for a night of challenge and excitement for all involved. “You could never predict which way it was going to tip next,” another player said.

Everyone was laughing and shouting during the whole thing.” “Some of us got really competitive,” a third player reported, “I kept shouting to my friend, You never take the stones from the left side! Go for the ones on the top! Eventually ended up making the whole thing fall over.”

The audience screamed in delight as the representation of the Arctic’s most powerful people toppled under the influence of modern decadence.

At press time, a single tear was rolling down an Indian’s cheek.

Frost Escapes from Bronze Encasement

FROST from page 1

crimes against humanity from the UN, remained at large until 1963, when he was caught by the CIA at a reading of Ezra Pound’s The Cantos. He was lured there after attempting to derail an entire passenger train.

Following an hour-long chase, during which Frost murdered thirteen policemen with his teeth and shouted verse of astounding poignancy and clarity, he was finally sedated and placed into the bronze body cast in which he still languishes.

“Yes, America’s freedom and decency remain safe today thanks to the efforts of its brave citizenry in trapping this mastermind,” Kim concluded his speech by proceeding to knock on the bronze prison with his knuckles.

“What? Hollow? But… But that’s impossible!” he added, before falling to his knees and cursing the “Daaaaamn you Frost!”
Scooby Doo Hamlet
Dir. By Kenneth Branagh
Live Simulcast From The Old Vic
Spaulding Thursday @ 1

“Ris is I, Ramlet the Great Dane!”
students, the project is now entirely complete. The closed sections of the building and the construction scene outside are permanent parts of the installation, said London. “The change in FoCo doesn’t flow toward anything. Those images of change, of unfulfilled plans, are static, while the real change comes from the functionality of the piece as an actual dining hall.”

Staff

According to the manager of DDS, Avid Oldhate, the fully renovated 1953 Commons will feature a giant conveyor belt. The new conveyor belt will start at the front entrance, where student cards will be automatically charged. Sensors in the door will detect the RFID chip inside the ID and deduct one meal from the student’s plan. Once inside the door students will stand on the conveyor as it winds its way through the building.

Climbing Brave Treacherous Classics Department

“Matt tripped about two-thirds of the way up the stairs and just never got back up” Edmunds said. “We tried to carry him back down, but,” she paused, “we lost him before we got back to Camp II.” She added “some of the group wanted to make one last attempt at the summit, but it didn’t seem safe, and it didn’t seem right without Matt.”

“Matt had told me that he had always wanted to receive a Tibetan Sky Funeral” said Norgay. This is when the deceased is left on a high ledge to be consumed by vultures, thus returning the deceased to nature. “We decided it was best to honor that wish.” Norgay said, “we removed his coat and left him exposed the window ledge of Reed 206.”

A Memorial Service will be held on the Green at 6PM, Thursday.

Swim Team Practices in AD Basement

By FAKEY MCPUNNAME

The Dartmouth Staff

This past Saturday there was an impromptu swim practice in the Alpha Delta urine trough. At 3:00 am on May 28, three members of Dartmouth’s Men’s Varsity Swim Team John Hart ‘12, Gregory Williams’11, and Feng Gu ’11 decided to go for a quick swim after a few rounds of pong. Aaron Greene ‘13, who was in the basement, explained how it happened. “John wandered over to the pee trough. As he was taking a leak, he slipped and grabbed Feng, who grabbed Greg.” According to other witnesses they proceeded to thrash around anywhere from five to 20 minutes.

“One would start to crawl out, another would grab him for support, and then they would fall back again,” According to Kathy Baron ‘12. She continued, “They must have gotten a lot of exercise, because they were exhausted when they finally exited the trough.”

“I had to keep trying to tell him it was just Professor McKenzie. “Now that I think of it,” Said Bar-

DSS Floor Plan to Feature Conveyor Belt, Slop

By ANNE OTHER BRICK

The Dartmouth Staff

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On each side of the conveyor belt will be troughs filled with slop. There will be vegan slop, vegetarian slop, gluten-free slop, and kosher slop in addition to the more general slop. The various slop troughs will alternate with water, juice, and soda buckets.

In order to minimize costs, there will be no condiments, spices, cups, plates, trays, or utensils. Students are instructed to make a cup out of their hands and scoop the slop or liquid into their mouths. Sticking one’s face into the slop is forbidden, as it may lead to asphyxiation.

Towards the end of the conveyor belt is a dessert trough, which is filled with a thick, sweet fluid. The belt then passes by a giant sheet that hangs from the ceiling. Students are expected to use the sheet to wipe their faces and hands off.

The conveyor comes to an abrupt end at the rear entrance, where students fall 10 feet onto the pavement of the back parking lot. “This is to discourage students from entering through the back and using up more sheet space,” Says Oldhate.

For those concerned about lack of variety, the head chief of ‘53 Commons, Carla Gonzales, assures us that the menu will remain diverse. “On Mondays, the slop will be mostly chicken with lots of corn and potatoes. On other days the slop will taste vaguely like chili or mushroom, depending on which bucket you eat from.” Gonzales peers into the distance for a moment before adding, “What monsters have we become?” She then breaks into tears.

As of press time, Oldhate has told us that the new ’53 Commons will not be needing Gonzales’s services, and that tomorrow’s menu features blood sausage.

Laughter is the Best Medicine Says Med-School Prof

By WILLIAM DIEDEL

The Dartmouth Staff

Patients checking into the leukemia wing of Dartmouth-Hitchcock Medical Center probably expect a number of things: Chemotherapy, anti-cancer drugs, medical treatment. They think wrong.

Harold Rimes, a hip endocrinologist new to the Hanover area has begun imposing a radical treatment with more guffaws than gastronomies, and more clowns than cancer treatments. In fact, he isn’t using any “traditional” medicine at all, opting instead to use stage makeup, his own wit, and a large dose of cheer.

“The real way up the stairs and just never got back up” Edmunds said. “We tried to carry him back down, but,” she paused, “we lost him before we got back to Camp II.” She added “some of the group wanted to make one last attempt at the summit, but it didn’t seem safe, and it didn’t seem right without Matt.”

“Matt had told me that he had always wanted to receive a Tibetan Sky Funeral” said Norgay. This is when the deceased is left on a high ledge to be consumed by vultures, thus returning the deceased to nature. “We decided it was best to honor that wish.” Norgay said, “we removed his coat and left him exposed the window ledge of Reed 206.”

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Edmunds “like sticks of butter or a Spicy Russian.” The group spent the night in the AD Basement. They had no further intelligible comments.

F.A.key McPunname

The Dartmouth Staff

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“He started watching that movie [Patch Adams] on YouTube one day, and I guess he really liked it,” nurse Felicia Coronet had to say, adding, “I guess he missed the suicide part… Felicia Coronet had to say, adding, “I guess he missed the suicide part…” one patient said before sinking

Though some were initially hesitant to allow Rimes to begin the process, calling it “back-comedy” and “pretty shallow observational work,” many have recently come over to his way of seeing things.

“At first he was using very broad prop-based antics to get laughter,” cancer patient Scott Katarina had to say in a recent interview. “But recently he’s gotten into some more experimental shaky dog stories and ironic entendres.”

He died of a massive hemorrhage three hours later.

Although many question whether there is any logic behind Rimes’ laughter-based medicine, he assured reporters that there is a definite scientific-basis for his routines. For example, in order to counteract the metastasizing of the cancer, a malignant process of cancer cells spreading from one organ to the next, Rimes said he “administers 20 CC’s of humor to each and every patient’s funny bone.”

He is also said to have a joke involving asking a patient why they’re “so down,” and following up by saying, “what are you, a duck?”

“I’m just trying to save the world, one soul at a time,” Rimes said when asked for comment, he then launched into a hard-hitting satire of Urban Outfitters.

Still, not all are so keen on Rime’s radical treatment. His director at the Medical Center, Ford Fitzpatrick, had the following to say:

“As a physician, I have to condemn him for withholding direly needed medicine from sick patients, effectively murdering them,” Fitzpatrick said.

“But as a patron of the comedic arts, I admire him deeply.”

Regardless, the wings of Dartmouth Hitchcock have been changed. Every conscious patient has a smile on his or her face, every doctor wears an unmistakable twinkle in their eyes. The results are easy to see. One patient, admitted for throat cancer, told reporters:

“That guy? Yeah I guess he’s pretty funny. I just wish someone would work with him on his timing, it’s a bit…” one patient said before sinking into a deep sleep, likely inspired by his daily allotment of laughter.
The Dartmouth

PUZZLES ‘N’ SHIT

Spunday, September 46, 2010

THE DARTMOVTH COMICS

“Drink from the warm milk of the Dartmouth, you mewing children.”

Obligatory Manga Comic

by To Ken ’14

Can you believe these lines? No matter what time I eat, it is always crowded!

Well there is a very simple explanation for that...

You see, the new food court layout has changed the social norms of Dartmouth. Since the new layout makes movement difficult, more and more students are showing up at off-peak hours to avoid said lines. The result is a non-ending continuous rush period. Also, if you try to escape the rush by attending Colli’s of the Hop, you will find that they are also crowded. All and all, there is no place at Dartmouth without ridiculously long lines.

Finger the Redhead

by Billy Elliot ’11

Have you ever wondered what that S**T is behind us?

Well I think it’s time for us to find out...

Write Comics For The D!

Or We’ll Send This Clown After You.

He’s bonkers! As in, we think he might have murdered some guy.

Submit them!

Submit them!

His name is Carl.

Yesterday’s Solution

A bird flies by the open window. Mist rolls through the dawn. A lone bassoon player lets out the first notes of her daily performance from beyond the hilllock. Exercise your free association, creativity, and renewal. Concern yourself not with how to fit into the square, but how to let your emotions pour out. You see those two black boxes? Avoid them. They’re trying to keep your mystical wanderer soul from ranging through the Serengeti. Just like that dick Phil who isn’t your real father and just likes your mom because she makes good spaghetti and meatballs and...

No, no, Terrence, you told yourself you wouldn’t do this when you’re writing a crossword. Okay. Bird. Mist. Fertile plains. Fill these spaces with your divinest of thoughts. A tiny meadowlark pours its love into the pupillae of your ears. Blue fire crescendos through your eyes. The compassion and warmth for the world swells in your heart. Love! Love! Love! Scream it from the Himalayas! Shout it to the priests in the temple! They can’t keep you down! No sir. All they want is to get you into their little boxes and keep you there, and pretty soon you’re just a marionette. So take it to those crossword Nazi douchebags. This is Cool Guy Terrence signing off. Keep the bliss flying high and the man off your back. Peace!

Today’s Puzzle

I am selling a small blue car and purple applesauce container with several adjustable life perservers. I am offering these for a very low price of $173,324,201.32, although I would rather it if you did not contact me through the State Department. I am a patriot, but I feel the need to be honest. I am offering these for a very nominal commitment. Contact me at (231) 218-2198 or around the bend of the southern wall of the Brooklyn Bridge, if you feel you can help.

Thank you,

James Wright

Classified Ad
Nation’s Intellectuals Struggling to Grasp Dartmouth Cartoon of Giant Talking Penis

By ANDREW KAMINSKY
The Dartmouth Staff

Yesterday’s Dartmouth comic by Andrew Wipple ‘14, depicting a gargantuan anthropomorphized phallus and its exploits, has been stumping and stunning scholars nationwide with its dense and layered commentary on established social norms.

The strip, in which the penis rides a roller coaster, does the Charleston, and takes a rocket ship into deep space, has inspired America’s intelligentsia into fervent debate.

“It’s a call to arms,” said Peter Arnold, Dean of Humanities at Harvard University. “Everyone in the academy is looking to this penis for the way forward in the arena where we’re just not sure what it means yet.”

“A-root-doot-doot-doodly-do!” the enormous phallus quips in Wipple’s comic. “I’m a huge fucking cock!”

“Of course, Rabelais’s grotesque…it fits in perfectly with the bawdy praise of the lower stratum” Professor Stanley Davis of the New York Center for the Humanities told reporters, before adding, “And yet, the third panel of the penis jizzing all over a whole skyscraper thrwarts this interpretation.”

“Confounded again by the mysterious brilliance of the artist!” he concluded.

Called the “dick that set the world on fire” by New York Times critic Michael Kimmelman, the six-panel comic has already been short-listed for this year’s Nobel Prize in Literature, and caused speculation about Wipple’s potential for the Peace Prize.

“Weee, wee! Wee, wee!” the huge penis exclaims in one of the more hotly debated panels. “Hey, that’s my name!”

Feminist debates have raged over the strip’s content, with some denouncing it as a clear example of patriarchal hegemony, while others, like well-known feminist Alexis Lai, being more supportive of the cartoon’s message, stating “Sure, there aren’t any walking, talking vaginas in the strip, but isn’t that the point?”

At the same time, the furor generated by the strip hasn’t been limited to the realm of the humanities, as NASA engineer and technician Sarah Peterson indicated:

“We think—now stay with me here—we think the comic might contain the final key to unlocking the secrets of dark matter,” she said as a team of bespectacled scientists behind her examined the crudely drawn comic.

“A-cha-cha-cha-A-cha-cha!” chants the penis as it gleefully tap-dances on the moon in the strip’s final panel. “Hurray!”

It then peels all over the sun, extinguishing it.

Meanwhile, Dartmouth’s own Professor Emeritus of English and goddamn all of your friends! I hate you so much! I hope you never

Everyone loves a good video of an overexcited dog humping a leg, or an overexcited turtle getting friendly with a shoe, or an overexcited gorilla forcing a frog onto his genitals, but who would have thought there were videos of humans doing the exact same thing?

It’s called “pornography,” or “porn” for short, and it’s the biggest meme the Internet has seen since the Dancing Baby. Porn allows people of all races, sexual orientations, and ages to connect and share their connection with the world. So start up your Netscape browser and AltaVista search “XXX” to check out the fresh new craze that’s sweeping the web!

FoCo Postmodern Art Installation Fascinates, Irritates Students

By P. T. PRETENTIOUS
The Dartmouth Staff

“I love how it’s such a parade of itself,” said Nora Stine ’12 as she walked through the Class of 1953 Commons on Sunday. “You can really tell the people who designed it had a sense of humor.”

The building is the site of the Hood Museum’s bold new extension, a permanent exhibit of postmodern architecture, sculpture, and performance art reminiscent of a college dining hall.

The exhibit, though only recently completed, has been open to the public for several months. “It’s a classic ‘anti-art’ move,” said founding Hood director Jacquelynn Baas, who is guest curator for the exhibit. Last term, students were invited to eat in “Stage 1: Proto-FoCo,” an austere and claustrophobic space with an ironically playful mural running through an absurdist, inconveniently long entryway. “Stage 1 was a bit terrifying to everyone involved,” added Baas, “but you can’t reject art just because it’s unpleasant. It was part of the vision.”

The artistic director of the project is Kyle London, a Californian studio artist who once studied with John Cage, George Maciunas, and Yoko Ono. He has said of the project, “You don’t experience FoCo, FoCo experiences you. You don’t see the art, you live the art, and once you realize that, you realize that you are the art.”

Indeed, by the beginning of spring term, the cold artificiality of Stage 1 had been replaced by the eerie hospitality of “Stage 2: FoCo Absolute.” “Stage 2 involves a great hall with two rows of tables. People watch you while you promenade down the aisle with yourself, and the building watches you while you eat,” said London. “The allure of the front is lost in the back, where the food is served. You almost have to despair in the isolation of it. You lose all sense of place and direction; everything’s clustered as in Stage 1, but the nothingness between them has expanded. It’s unwelcoming and sterile, but necessary, like a free clinic with too many patients to serve,” said London. “There’s a balcony where you can see the art below you for what it is, but in doing so, you embody the spirit of FoCo, and you become the exhibit more than anyone.” said London.

Contrary to the beliefs of many
Dartmouth Coach to Coach Football Team

Brings new techniques, pretzels

By FUNG WAH
The Dartmouth Staff

In a surprise move described by some as ‘a clerical error,’ the Dartmouth Coach bus line has been elect- ed the new head coach of the Varsity Football team. While the Athletic Department was at first uncertain of the new coach’s unorthodox strategies, early results have been surprisingly encouraging.

‘Coach has been a really good addition to the team,’ said senior co-captain Horace Dix ’11. ‘I mean, for starters, he’s fuckin’ huge. He must weigh like 30 tons.’

Dartmouth Coach immediately instituted a strict no cell phone policy, and put every team member on a harsh diet of pretzel sticks and little bottles of Poland Spring water. ‘I wasn’t sure about it at first,’ said Dix. ‘But Coach knows his stuff. If we all eat enough pretzel sticks, maybe one day we can be as big as him.’

The Athletic Department has noted other positive qualities about Dartmouth Coach’s appointment. ‘He shows the whole team the movie Re- member the Titans about five times a day,’ said the old lady who works at the front desk of the gym. ‘In addition, Dartmouth Coach provides free transportation to away games held in the Boston or New York areas.

Dartmouth Coach declined to comment on the status of the team. Instead, it sat stoically in the middle of Memorial Field, occasionally honking its horn and revving its engine, as players ran plays.

‘Yeah, Coach isn’t really outspoken. He only ever talks at the very beginning of practice, and he just reminds us to turn off our cell phones and eat some pretzel sticks as he turns on Remember the Titans. After that, he pretty much just sits there. But that’s good. He lets us concentrate on our own business, as long as we don’t get too rowdy.’

Thanks to Dartmouth Coach’s new coaching tactics, the Varsity Football team remains optimistic about its next season. Their first games will be against Greyhound College on August 27th and Peter Pan State on September 1st.

Almighty God Obliterates Entire Cornell Football Team with Lightning

By JOHN MCBRIDE FACE
The Dartmouth Staff

Owing to a locker room prayer, every member of the Cornell Football team was eviscerated with a chain of electricity cast by the Lord, Our Creator, last Monday.

The bolt came during halftime, as the team was beginning to leave the field. At this point, the clouds parted to a glowing hand that sent a blue streak of light hurtling down towards the players.

‘We are punished!’ the booming voice of Our Savor reportedly said, before retreating back into the Heavens.

Afterwards, there was a period of ten minutes wherein believers and nonbelievers alike stood in silence, wondering about the inexplicable rationale of their Holy Father.

“This is insane!” one onlooker screamed up at the heavens. “It’s just a goddamn sports game.”

That onlookers thereafter burst into a pile of smoldering ash.

Biblical scholars, such as Professor Steve Almott, head of the religion department at Dartmouth, have found no way of discerning the meaning of God’s actions.

“There is no indication of the Lord’s favoring of one team of believers over the other in either the New Testament or the Old Testament,” Almott said. “I would say God just got a little too worked up.”

Many in the sports community are hailing the act as an “extreme overreaction.”

“What the hell, Lord?” Job Tyler, head coach of Dartmouth, said. “Yeah, I talked about sending divine storms down on them—but that’s just something we say to get the boys excited.”

When contacted for comment, the Divine Maker remained, as always, silent.

Dartmouth Whaling Team Harpoons Competition

By BUCK STARR
The Dartmouth Staff

The sound of cheers and old sea shanties burst forth from the Rho Rho Rho fraternity this Tuesday, as the Dartmouth Whaling Team came in second, unexpectedly, at the Regional Sailing Championships. The whole team participated in a roug- eed celebratory boat races and feasts of the day’s catch from the basement of the seamen’s frat. Sponsored by the Harpoon Brewery, the team has no shortage of ale, and their sponsorship will surely increase following their qualification for the National Sailing Championships later this month.

Senior co-captain Andrew Hab ’11 was less than enthusiastic about the team’s performance. Instead of taking part in the celebration, he stood on the roof of Rho Rho Rho cursing the heavens.

The Whaling Team’s finish sparked controversy during the meet, as they failed to meet general stan- dards. The three-masted ship proved much larger and much slower than the other teams’ sailboats. In addi- tion, the team placed second mostly by physically harpooning and sinking the competition, a move de- scribed as “ unethical, but not techni- cally against the rules,” according to the Commissioner of Sailing, Freder- ick “Red” Beard. Beard went on to add, “Yarr...”

But Hab was upset for a differ- ent reason: the one who got away. Despite the team’s earnest effort, the crafty vessel from the Yale team avoided Dartmouth’s multi-har- pooned attack and managed to finish the race, escaping into the Atlantic Ocean. Hab was further enraged by one particular Yale sailor, who bit into Hab’s leg during the race.

“Arr, we be havin’ many rules about sailin’;” said Commissioner Beard to the parrot on his shoulder. “But we be havin’ no rules about bitin’, do we?” The parrot could not be reached for comment.

In the meantime, Captain Hab is on crutches and continues to look heavenward, vowing for revenge in the National Championships. But just then, a glimmer of something from Frat Row. Hab went to the ledge for a closer look in a frenzy. He explained that he saw a white man amongst the crowds. Someone so white that he must be a Yale student, nay, it was the very student who had bitten his leg at the meet!

At once, Hab ran downstairs on his crutches, the ends of which he had sharpened into harpoon bars. He could soon be heard on the street, yelling, “To hell’s heart I stab at thee!” as the drunken party at Rho Rho Rho continued long into the night.

The National Sailing Champions will take place June 18th in the Caribbean Sea, where teams will vie for a considerable bounty.

COLT 18
Peyton Manning

Collis TVS
Sunday at 1pm or 4pm, Mondays at 7, sometimes Thursday?