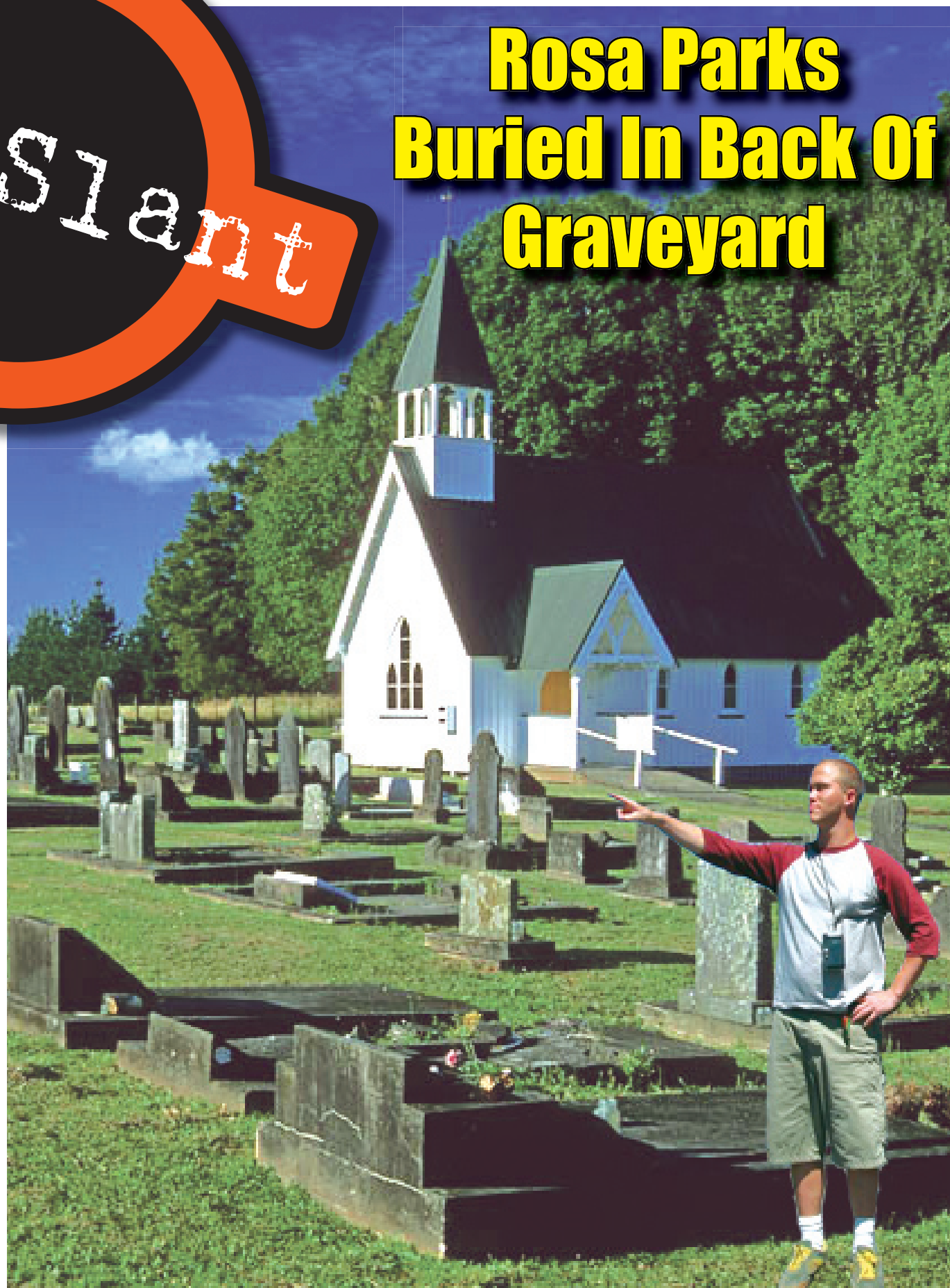




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# Rosa Parks Buried In Back Of Graveyard



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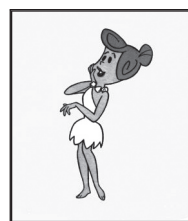
### Poor Trick-or-Treater Dresses Up As Burnt Sienna Third Year In A Row

Eight-year-old Nashville resident Timmy Sparks dressed up as the Crayola color burnt sienna for the third year in a row, Monday. Timmy's parents, a custodian and stay-at-home mother, were unable to

afford a new costume for their child and he woefully went from door to door in an all too familiar costume. "I thought maybe I could at least be a ghost this year, but mom wouldn't let me cut holes in the family sheet." Timmy set a record low for candy acquisition, faring even worse than last year's blow pop, seven Tic-Tacs, and half-eaten candy bar, the latter of which was thrown at her.

### Cubs Changing Name To 'Blue Sox'

In an effort to end nearly a century of baseball futility on Chicago's North Side, the Chicago Cubs announced plans to change its nickname to the Blue Sox. The move comes after two years in which Sox teams - the 2004 Boston Red Sox and 2005 Chicago White Sox - have won the World Series after similarly long droughts. "This is the biggest trend in baseball right now. Even bigger than 'Moneyball' or steroids," said team president Andy MacPhail. "And it works on so many levels. Superstition. Marketing. And ease of implementation. This is far easier than evaluating players and managers, paying them according to their ability, and promoting their health and success."

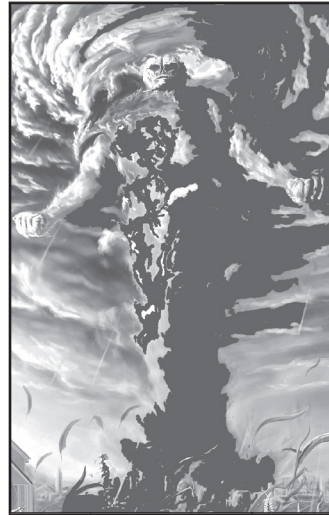


### "Clever" Floridian Thinks He's The Only One To Use Picture Of Wilma Flintstone To Represent Hurricane

Jeremy Applegate, of Miami, Florida, painted a picture of Wilma Flintstone

with her fist raised on a board covering one of his windows earlier this month, just before the region was struck by Hurricane

Wilma. The self-described "jokester" kept telling his friends about it, completely unaware that almost everyone else in the state did the same thing. He next plans to write a stand-up comedy routine about the problems with flying.



### Lovable Oil Giant Apologizes For Staining New Carpet

After the incident Monday afternoon, the towering elemental oil giant, best known as Exxe the Giant, pub-

licly apologized for leaving a ten foot wide oil streak across Ms. Judith Hayes's living room carpet. Ms. Hayes apparently wasn't expecting a visit from the gentle giant, but upon opening the bill for her gas card, Exxe burst into the room and made his way across the living room, knocking over several lamps and dousing much of the room in thick black crude oil. "I don't think he meant any harm, he just wanted to tell me about the great strides big oil is taking to help its consumers," said Ms. Hayes. "Still, I don't know that my cat Percy is ever going to be the same after that five hour bath he gave himself."

### Halliburton Only Firm Not To Pay Saddam Kickback

A United nations investigation into the "Oil for Food" scandal recently charged that



Unqualified, confused.



67

Number of days sorority hopefuls have to lose 30 pounds.



over 2,000 firms paid Saddam Hussein's regime kickbacks. Surprising, oft-maligned corporation Halliburton was *not* one of the offending firms. "Are you guys serious?" asked an incredulous Robert Crandall, Halliburton board member. "We're the stereotypical evil international corporation, how were we not involved. I think you'd better check your facts again." After being assured that his company was innocent of any malfeasance, he made a donation to the "Clone Castro Campaign" to "make up for the oversight."

### Assassin's Contract To Kill Jesus Proves Unprofitable

Local assassin Liam Carpenter broke his contract to kill Jesus, Tuesday, following The Lord's fifty-fourth resurrection. Carpenter first killed Jesus this June, but after three days, The Son of Man was spotted, to Carpenter's disbelief, at a Nashville cafe. The assassin once again killed The Lamb of God, but three days after that Jesus was seen playing frisbee in Centennial park. "At first I was really impressed. Normally when I kill people, they're dead, but this guy just wouldn't give up," Carpenter said. "After a while, though, it really started pissing me off. Every three days I had to hunt Him down again. It got to the point where it just wasn't profitable anymore." Carpenter hopes to have better luck with his next target, the phoenix. 🐦



## JUDICIARY



### Judicial Timescale Explained, Miers Withdraws Nomination

Supreme Court nominee Harriet Miers withdrew her nomination last week, after realizing that court appointments were for life. "I thought that this was, like, a weekend thing. You know, I did a good job so I get to be a Justice for a few days," said the White House lawyer. "Then I heard people talking about the decisions I'd be making ten years from now and thought 'Hey, fuck that.'" When pressed as to how someone with so little an understanding of the judicial system and time was nominated, President Bush stated that, while he still had a great deal of respect for Miers, "even I knew it was a lifetime appointment."



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## LEGAL OBLIGATION SPACE



**Caption:** Professional kitesurfer Andrey Wharry at the Extreme Academy, Watergate Bay, Cornwall, the starting point for the *Veuve Clicquot Kite Crossing* - a world record attempt to kitesurf 135 miles to Ireland.

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Go kitesurfing!

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## MASTHEAD



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Now I, Moroni, after having made an end of abridging the account of the people of Jared, I had supposed not to have written more, but I have not as yet perished; and I make not myself known to the Lamanites lest they should destroy me.

## Corrections:

In the last issue, one of our columnists claimed that Nintendo could not make a better game than *Tecmo Super Bowl*. This is an erroneous statement, as *Spy Vs. Spy* and *Castlevania* were both better games.

In addition, Colin Dinsmore was wondering where all the hot Dodecs had gone. We are fairly certain that the Dodecs were never hot.



FROM THE EDITOR



CEAF LEWIS

Fall Break was both fun and restful enough to make the following three weeks until Thanksgiving Break seem like a descent into the Inferno, during which I just want to get in and out but damned Virgil just will not stop talking and I want to punch him in the face.

I have been thinking about what to do concerning our circulation numbers. While we are still have the second-highest circulation of any frequently-produced Vanderbilt student publication, I think we could be doing better. Just off the top of my head, I have noticed that many *Slant* readers take one copy for four or five people and just pass it around their little clique. The paper is free to you and it has already been wasted by having articles about Tecmo Super Bowl on it, so nobody has any excuse not to take one of his very own. Take several copies, actually; any paper not in the rack at the end of two weeks counts as additional circulation! One reader last year was so amazingly dedicated to the paper that he took two to four thousand issues, making him a true *Slant* hero, or even a *Slant* Argonaut.

I would also like to thank the Vanderbilt community for making our Popularity Contest a few issues ago such a success. It might even become an annual tradition, especially seeing the degree to which it irritated the Homecoming Programming Board. So cheers to you, Vanderbilt students.

Those of you who are regular readers of this column may remember that two issues ago we described an idea for a children's show called "Pot Castle," with the troll and Gillette Hall and the clouds of fake marijuana smoke and all. Everyone probably thought, "Oh, there goes Ceaf, just running his mouth again; this show is never going to happen and if it does then it will suck." Well, you naysayers, I will have you know that "Pot Castle" is going to happen and it is going to be awesome.

I have decided that *The Slant* does not receive enough mail. This may be due to the fact that our *Slant* e-mail accounts work maybe one day in two hundred. So, I encourage you to send me your thoughts on the publication, rants on the state of America, lewd limericks, or whatever else you want at wackyslantemail@gmail.com. Well, that's it for this editor's column. Tune in next week for more stream-of-consciousness ramblings and a possible chance to win a free George Foreman grill.\*

\*No, there's no possible chance. ☹



Fucked Image

Nothing says class like a Zelda-themed wedding.



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# Rosa Parks Buried In Back Of Graveyard

*"I looked at the map of the cemetery and just thought, 'Well, shit.'"*

By **CEAF LEWIS**

Rosa Parks, the African-American seamstress who became one of the most well-known figures of the civil rights movement, passed away on Monday, October 24. Parks, nicknamed "the mother of the civil rights movement," was 92.

Parks is, of course, best remembered for her actions in 1955, when, after a long day of work and in violation of local law, she refused to vacate her seat to make space for a white man. As a result, Parks was charged with disorderly conduct and fined fourteen dollars. She both challenged the law (an effort which was successful as segregation on public transportation was later ruled unconstitutional) as well as kick-started the Montgomery bus boycott, which later bankrupted the transportation company notorious for its poor treatment of numerous African-American passengers.

For her actions, which ultimately served Americans of all races, Parks has been honored by a Senate resolution authorizing her to lie in honor in the Capitol Rotunda, a resolution which makes Parks the first woman ever to receive said honor.

Unfortunately, however, it would appear that the civil rights icon's struggle is far from over; while her memorial services, planned to be held in Detroit, Montgomery, and Washington, D.C., have spurred few if any complaints, her burial place at a small, unassuming Detroit African Methodist Episcopal church threatens

to spawn a not negligible amount of unrest.

According to Horace Williams, church official, "Rosa Parks's family called

to make arrangements for her funeral and, while I was saddened by the passing of this great lady and somewhat distressed about how the church would accommodate the sheer number of travelers sure to appear to celebrate her life

and actions, my main concern was the location of her burial plot. I looked at the map of the cemetery and just thought, Well, shit."

As a result, protests have already erupted. The Reverend Al Sharpton arrived on the scene late Friday afternoon accompanied by beves of lawyers and protesters and stating, "This

is a travesty, especially since Parks is dead and cannot lend her voice to our cause of burying her while alive." When church leaders begged



Oh, the indignity.


Sharpton to move across the street as his chanting was interrupting services, Sharpton is alleged to have replied, "Don't piss on my leg and tell me it's raining," reprising earlier comments to Mexican President Vicente Fox concerning a completely unrelated issue.

In addition, several

Congressional leaders have gone on record denouncing the burial arrangements, among them Senator Christopher Dodd (D-Conn) last Tuesday: "As we pause to reflect on the life and legacy of Rosa Parks, it is important that we remember the inequities that many Americans still face, including, ironically, those faced

by Parks herself, right now, at this moment." Dodd then returned to drafting a bill honoring Parks, which, after California lawmakers attached a rider authorizing \$36 billion in relief for America's suffering dumping-chemicals-into-water-supplies industry, is expected to fail.

The irony of the situation has not been lost upon America's comedy writers; immediately upon learning of Parks' burial place, for example, unwelcome humor interloper Carrot Top left his unprofitable show in Las Vegas and discarded his props, declaring, "It is time for me once more to annoy America; I haven't had an opportunity like this since AT&T hired me on a dare from MCI to promote their collect-calling service. Now I have something new to launch another career that I will promptly run into the ground."

The true irony, of course, is perhaps best explained by embattled church leader Theodore Hamelin: "Certainly, this is an awkward situation which has really dominated our lives lately; I haven't even had time to explain to the media that Ms. Parks bought that burial plot herself over thirty years ago." 

SI

# Prank War Erupts: Hillel Drops Newly-Circumcised Foreskins On Sigma Chi Doorstep

*"An eye for an eye and mangled flesh for mangled flesh!" cries Hillel leader.*

By **BEN KARP**

In response to a recent incident, in which members of the Sigma Chi fraternity placed a pig head in front of the Schulman Jewish Life center, Hillel, an organization representing Jewish students at Vanderbilt, dumped 613 recently-circumcised foreskins on the Sigma Chi doorstep.

The counterprank, however, was merely an escalation in a string of ongoing pranks between Sigma Chi and Hillel, pranks made all the more effective by the close proximity of the two organizations to one another.

The first pranks were simple. Sigma Chi chapter president Bradley Brown recalls it started when a pledge, trying to prove himself, called up Grin's, a vegetarian dining venue located in the Schulman center, inquiring as to whether the eating establishment's refrigeration unit was operational. When Terez Ariels, the food manager on duty, indicated that, indeed, the refrigerator was in fact running, the unidentified pledge responded, "You'd better go catch it. SIGMA CHI RULES!" He then added, "YEAH!" Brown also recalls that the fraternity leadership initially doubted the efficacy of the proposed prank:

"After all, what would Jews be doing all the way across campus from the law and medical schools?"

Ariel Dubin, Director of Jewish Life, said, "After that incident, we decided to go biblical on their asses . . . After each prank from their side, which included a flaming bag of feces

the stakes had been raised. "We found this pig head on our doorstep during our highest holidays. The university investigated and declared that it wasn't a serious crime, so we decided to look to the Talmud, our book containing traditional interpretations of Scripture and rulings on our basic laws, for

dance with Deuteronomy 25:3. Because the ruling could not be carried out due to the lack of a central ruling Judaic body, as required by Jewish tradition, the Schulman Center decided on an alternative. 613 newly-circumcised foreskins stolen from the maternity ward at the Vanderbilt University Medical Center then made their way to the Sigma Chi house.

It is generally believed that peace is on the way, however; in a *Nashville Scene* article, Bradley Brown has proposed plans for his fraternity to partner with the Schulman Center to better unite the Greek and Jewish communities. In response, Director Dubin stated, "Some good will come of it. Last time there was a problem between Jews and Greeks we ended up with a bunch of dead Greeks and the miracle of Hanukkah." He then added, "Therefore, we believe that such an event will benefit the entire Vanderbilt community."

Meanwhile, the increase in community events between the Jewish and Greek communities is expected to lead to an increase in Manischewitz pong at Hillel-sponsored Shabbat dinners. 🍻



Sigma Chi, following the foreskin cleanup.

followed by a 'ding-dong-ditch,' we replaced their chubby cross with a pillar of salt, slew a few of their first-born, and caused a flood in their house to eradicate any trace of their sins from the face of the Earth."

Dubin said, however, that following the pig head incident,

advice on retribution."

A committee at the center found a ruling from Rabbi Nachman, son of Eliezer, that stated a symbolic act directed against a nation, rather than just an individual, could be punished by banishment, and up to 40 stripes, in accor-



# Sex Tourist Relies Too Much On *Frommer's* Guide

By EVAN ALSTON

Americans have long indulged their traveling spirit with long trips abroad, but those plane rides usually end up in London or Paris. Lately, though, the average American has found a new travel destination: Third World Asia. We spoke to George Hines of Lafayette, Indiana about his recent trip to Cambodia to find out more about this growing trend. He told us that his vacation might have been the ideal getaway, but that his reliance on the *Frommer's Travel Guide* doomed it from the start.

Mr. Hines is a self-employed electrical parts salesman and chiropractic who works out of his home in rural Lafayette. "I wanted to take a vacation, you know, get away from the hustle and bustle of the Indiana sales/chiropractic scene. Really, I wanted to see a part of the world I'd never been to before, and also get a ten-dollar blow-job from a small child. I didn't tell anyone I was going, of course. Just wanted to get away from it all."

Sadly, Mr. Hines's experience in his Asian paradise was less than he expected. "It was all on account of that *Frommer's*. I didn't do any other research before I left and when I got there, I started looking for the child prostitution chapter, but it wasn't there. I flipped to the index, flustered but still trying

to remain calm, but I couldn't find anything there either! No "underage wobble jobs," no "front baby teeth fell out felatio," no nothing!" Mr. Hines was in shock. "At first I thought maybe I was looking for the wrong wording, but no, there was neither "young gums" nor "cock teething." There he stood, in a foreign country that he'd never visited before, and he didn't know where to turn, who he could trust, who could point him to the sold-into-the-sex-trade-at-age-four back alley whore house. Mr. Hines was lost.

"I was totally lost, and it was this gosh darn *Frommer's* guide's fault. I guess it was good for visiting the temples or jungles or whatever, but it was severely lacking in what every Cambodian tourist is going to look to it to find: mother-daughter dominatrices. That's just essential for a third world Asian travel guide, and it was a real oversight by the editors; they make no mention of it at all! I was furious."

Mr. Hines saw plenty of other articles about the Cambodian's local sights and customs, "but I didn't want to waste my two weeks on Buddhist temples and plush jungles, darn it. I came to

Cambodia for the same reason everyone else does: to fuck an eleven-year-old who doesn't speak English in the ass, then pay her older brother thirty dollars. Geez, it still gets me peeved to this day."

Then, Mr. Hines tells us, in desperation, he started to read the other sections in hopes that he would run across the words "sucky sucky." Finally, Mr. Hines found a sign of hope in his *Frommer's*: "known for warm, beguiling smiles, smiles that have weathered great hardship,

Khmer people are very friendly, approachable, and helpful; but be warned that the hard sell is on in Cambodia, and you're sure to be harried, especially by the persistent young sellers at Angkor Wat. Nevertheless, travelers here are sure to meet with great kindness."

"Now tell me that isn't saying that the local practice is "haggle you, then gargle you," proclaimed an indignant Mr. Hines. He then pointed out another passage: "there are new extradition treaties in place whereby foreign sex offenders in Cambodia can be tried for their crimes in their home country, but the prosecution process is

still full of gaping loopholes and offenders easily fall through the cracks."

"They give the thumbs up, but then never follow through with any inside information! No maps with little stars next to the kiddie brothels, no directions to the locals' favorite bathing pond, nothing."

Recounting his ordeal, Mr. Hines was clearly frustrated and upset all over again: "I guess what I'm saying is that I didn't need to fly 14 hours to stand outside of a schoolhouse. At least the schools here in Indiana have nice parks outside with benches where you could sit and read the paper while you're waiting. Of course, I'd never do that here, no, but I could. Those Cambodian schools, though, they're in terrible disrepair, so I'm sure it's hard for the kids to get a decent education when the windows are all busted out and the roof leaks. It makes you feel bad, and I don't want to get all depressed when I'm on a lolita stakeout. That part is half the fun. I was really left wanting by *Frommer's*."

Mr. Hines is planning another vacation to the Far East for next summer, but he says that he's never using a *Frommer's* guide again: "Full of useless information, that thing was. The GNP, the unemployment rates, I tell you what, I've got something they can import. Into their mouths. I'm talking about my penis, y'know." ●





## Vandy-Barnard Does Part For Katrina Victims

By KRIS STENSLAND

"With everyone else going home over October Break, I realized just how much I would miss New Orleans," complained freshman Lyle Summers. Summers, a resident of Barnard 3, has been lamenting the loss of his hometown over the past weeks, and regrets, as many Vanderbilt students do, the loss of such a historic city. His hallmates, however, seeing his pain, have sprung into action.

While contemplating ways to help out their fellow freshmen, residents of the floor decided that they would simply make a new-New Orleans out of their hallway, so people like Lyle would never have to be homesick again.

"I don't have much money, and I don't know much about history and stuff, but I do know one thing, and that's my booze," commented hallmate

Steve MacDonald. "I was put in charge of the 'Bourbon Street' section of New Barnard."

Other students are doing their part as well. Though many find the odor emanating from the dorm disgusting, even repugnant, those in charge simply describe it as 'authentic.'

"We started out with just kind of a rotten-puke type of a smell, but now we're really up to that New Orleans mixture of alcohol, rotten food, and urine. That 'pee on the wall to help out Lyle' night really helped."

Other decorations include random litter and an excellent assortment of stains on the carpet. While students normally take their trash out to a dumpster outside the hall, for the sake of authenticity they have simply been scattering their garbage along the walls. Also, just to maintain that "stupidly-built-beneath-water-level" type feel, the bathroom and rooms 328

through 333 have all been flooded.

"Although I haven't been included in much of the planning," said Nigel France, the Barnard 3 RA, "I have managed to organize a weekly looting of the flooded rooms, as well as a small prostitution ring." In addition, some hall members have begun to sell various street drugs out of their rooms. The proceeds from both the narcotics and flesh market will be going directly to hurricane relief.

While the diversity situation at Vanderbilt will never quite compare to that of the former Louisiana city, room adjustments have just been approved by the Alumni Lawn area director. The "Ethnic Center" of Barnard 3 will now house all students less than 31/32 white in room 332 1/2, while the mops and buckets will be relocated elsewhere.

The appearance of the hall is not the only adjustment, however.

"We couldn't just stop at decorations; we knew that what people REALLY missed was the culture," said MacDonald. "So we've started taking shifts passing out in the hallway, or just asking people for change as they walk in."

"I really think we're on track to be the best worst-dorm on campus, just like New Orleans, in about a month," said one optimistic freshman. "But for now, I'm really looking forward to our 'Take Refuge in the TV Lounge!' night that's coming up next week. We burned down a few of the ceiling supports, so if we're lucky it'll collapse on us! Wouldn't that be GREAT?"

When asked about possible plans for a Mardi Gras celebration, the Barnard freshman merely looked perplexed, and responded "Well I don't know who Marty Graw is, but if she wants

See VANDY, page 9

## Opinion Column

By REEVE HAMILTON  
Opinion Columnist

Lately, I've noticed some disturbing articles being published in the *Vanderbilt Hustler*. Several opinionated students have been writing hundreds of words about positions I completely disagree with. The existence of these students is bad enough, their acceptance to Vanderbilt even worse, but what I find most offensive is that the *Hustler* seems to think that these students have a right to publish the opinions of students, a group of people that, based on the definition of the word and demonstrated by their presence in classes, don't know enough to have legitimate opinions.

I did the research and it turns out this has been going on for years, a number of years that, if you ask me, is way to large. Despite reading decades worth of this University's bile, it wasn't until stumbling across a column proclaiming the need for the more prominent display of used prophylactics that I realized I, too, have an opinion. My opinion is that

opinions shouldn't be published in student publications.

First of all, these opinions are a waste of time. I spent half an hour reading about how some girl thinks sleep is the solution to our fatigue problems. But, this editorial is not about my reading disability. It is about how retarded that opinion is. Now I know what most of you are probably thinking. You are saying to yourselves. You are saying that since that is a fact and not an opinion at all, it doesn't belong in my opinion column about opinions. But there are, like, three new opinions every other day of equal, greater, or lesser stupidity levels, so back off and don't tell me what to write in my own opinion column.

Another troubling aspect of these editorials is the way they make me depressed about the state of humanity, sometimes so much so that I begin to cry. For example, one student recently decided to give a lesson on the definitions of the words "liberal" and "conservative." Now, how could a Vanderbilt student's self esteem be so low that he thinks he

is less interesting than a dictionary? When I picture him alone in his bed on a Saturday night, curled up with an old edition of *Webster's* and a soda water thinking he is having a great time, I see where humanity is headed, and get a little sad. And if you don't too, then I am of the opinion that you are soulless and probably support terrorists.

Another thing, opinion columns also force us to admit things we don't want to admit. A guy other than myself recently wrote hundreds of words to say that he knows nothing about the Middle East. A girl other than that guy wrote about how she got wet when sprayed with sprinklers. After reading these columns, I thought they were both idiots, and I did not enjoy feeling like I was a judgemental person. Who wants to deal with crap like that? In my opinion, no one.

Citing these examples, it is evident that opinions have no worthwhile place in our school's paper, or any publication for that matter. With this in mind, I have decided to spearhead this cause and dedicate as much time

to fighting for the elimination of this mindless drivel. To help spread the word and bring to light more exploitations of the ridiculous opinion-publishing policies practiced at this university, I will be writing a bi-weekly column in *The Slant* dealing with such matters.

My first column, which will be in the next issue, will be on the hypocrisy of this column. This column is a perfect example of my point. I mean, why should you, the reader, have to waste their time reading this? All this has done so far is revealed the stupidity endorsed by the University you attend, unless you don't attend this University, which is just another reason why you shouldn't bother reading this. Doesn't the feeling of being forced to admit that there are stupid people among you, or that you may be one yourself, make you feel sad about the state of humanity? Thus, my point is proven, making this the most iron-clad opinion ever published at Vanderbilt University. Be sure to check out the next issue, in which I will continue to prove myself right. ●



## Egypt? More Like Egypped!

By COLIN DINSMORE  
World Traveler

I just returned from a weeklong vacation to the country of Egypt and I feel obliged to tell you, the unwitting Vanderbilt community, about a five-thousand year old scam that somehow no one besides myself has caught on to yet.

It all started last year when I took a course on Egyptian art and architecture. I found it fascinating, at the time, and the course really got my interest in the country going. I decided to dip into my savings for what I was assured would be "the experience of a lifetime," and booked a vacation there for this fall. I couldn't wait to be enriched by this ancient and mysterious culture.

After a hellish fourteen-hour flight sitting between what I can only assume was a walrus in a suit and a toddler who was afraid of flying and walruses I finally arrived at my destination ready to see the sights. I set out into the streets of Cairo, eager to check out the museums and then the pyramids.

One of the first things I realized was that seeing art in person is very different from seeing it in class. It's easy to appreciate ancient art when you see it on a slide, in the air conditioned fine arts building, while sitting in a comfy chair and drinking a smoothy. Then you see the art in person and realize your feet hurt, it looks no different than on the slide, and you're out \$5000.

*But Colin, wasn't it impressive to see the Great Pyramids?* Screw you, Imhotep. There's one just as big in Las Vegas and I could have gambled and gotten blitzed inside of that one. Instead, I'm waiting in line in Nasser's sinister version of Disneyland and in lieu of a magic mountain at the end, there's a hollowed out triangle with no gift shop. The one bright spot in all of this is that the guide told me the pyramids are eroding away. Maybe in

twenty years they'll be gone and Egypt can build something useful, like a mall or a petting zoo.

I went to see King Tut's tomb and well, if you ever get the chance to go yourself, don't. Not only is all the gold and shit already gone, but the Valley of the Kings (Valley of the Crap, if you ask me) is mostly off-limits. Not to mention, going into Tut's tomb apparently places a curse on you. They told me about all these people that died after discovering it, after I had gone in. That's convenient. Just as soon as people find out how much Egypt sucks, they die before they can tell anyone. That's pretty clever, Egypt, in a dirty Gypsy sort of way.

My only solace is knowing this column will be published and I can warn all of you, before the ghost of that sneaky pharaoh shows up and kills me for looking at his grave. Maybe he's just embarrassed at how lame his tomb is. It's no excuse for killing people, though. Most people have pretty shitty graves and you don't see them cursing everyone who goes by. Why should this prick get away with it, while I put his grandkids through college, no less?

*Well Colin, it sounds to me like you just can't be grateful for other cultures' contributions.* Yeah? Well I'll culture you--with my fist. I'll have you know I eat Mexican food once a week and have seen all the Jackie Chan movies. I even almost rented Amelie, so don't tell me about how to appreciate culture.

My advice? Don't believe the hype. This two-bit tourist trap should have gone out of business years ago, but has unfortunately persisted through a publicity machine that would make Hollywood blush and the ruthless practice of cursing to death all of its critics. If you want to learn about Egypt, which is everyone's first mistake, learn about it from the same place you get your porn: the Internet. You'll save your money, your sanity, and your life. 🍌

## Give Me Candy, Not A Citation

By SEAN TIERNEY  
Holiday Aficionado

So I decided that if college kids were encouraged to dress up in costumes and go to various frat houses for free alcohol, the same should hold true for dressing up and going to various houses for free candy. Hence I once again picked up the proverbial pillowcase and returned to my old days of trick-or-treating.

Since the Nashville terrain was a virtual unknown to me, I took the time to pull up maps of the area, searching for neighborhoods with houses that were close together. I also made scouting trips to potential trick-or-treating sites to determine the wealth and parental make-up of each community. Remember, unlike other holidays, young parents, not grandmas, are your best bet for goodies on Halloween. Parents usually feel bad allowing their kids to ask for candy from strangers if they offer nothing in return.

Finally, the big day came. Sure, I was a bit rusty, but this time I had a really good costume. I decided that this year I would be a crazed hobo. I could never have filled the part when I was young, but now that I'm six foot two and my voice is deeper, a few rags were all I needed to convincingly play the part of a deranged street person. I even managed to stay in character most of the time, which is something I always used to have trouble years ago when I was a pirate or ninja or a fireman.

Clearly, I'm now a much stronger and wiser trick-or-treater than I was almost a decade ago, and if I do say so myself, I've still got the adorability factor. The only problem? During my absence from the trick-or-treating scene, adult involvement seems to have drastically changed for the worse.

Now, for the most part, I respectfully kept my distance from the little kids. There was, however, one incident when I saw one of those greedy punks that nobody likes empty a whole "Take One Please" bowl of candy into his bag. I accosted the prepubescent, and demanded that he share the candy with the rest of us trick-or-treaters. When he refused, I tried to forcibly take some of the loot. Yet some nearby parents came running and chased me away, calling me all sorts of names. Whatever happened to the trust and respect for others among the trick-or-treating community?

Also, very few adults gave me candy, and the ones who did gave me wary or disapproving looks. None seemed happy to catch sight of my ragamuffin costume. Most just tried to get me to leave. You're supposed to give me candy, not ten seconds to get off your property before you call the cops! One such Halloween Grinch actually did call the police on me (Hey, it's not my fault that she refused to answer her doorbell, forcing me to start tapping on the windows).

At least there was that one group of kids which dropped their bags and ran when they saw me. It was a strange but very kind gesture. They had somehow been much more successful at getting candy than I had been, and obviously sympathized.

The cops said I was too big to be trick-or-treating, but I asked them where it said that in the rule books, and they didn't have an answer. Besides, if they can dress up in funny outfits and wander around neighborhoods eating sweets and trying to scare people, why can't I? Oh well. I guess there's something to be said about being a midget in October... 🍌

### From VANDY, page 8

to come over, we're having a big party thing where we're going to give girls beads to flash us!"

"It just brings a tear to my eye when I walk into my hall now," said

Summers. "But after I get over the smell, I start to get pretty emotional over what my brothers here have done for me. It's almost perfect. When I get mugged for the first time, I will know it's just like sweet old New Orleans." 🍌

INTERNET BUSINESSMEN

<http://www.theslant.net>

# You Think Your Fall Break Was Extreme?

By **JOE HILLS**  
**Unfortunate Columnist**

I bet you kids had a lot fun this break off whitewater rafting, building homes in New Orleans, or getting

the arduous and possibly dangerous two-hour journey home to Tullahoma, Tennessee. Imagine my chagrin when I received a phone call from that very same home, only to find that I had narrowly avoided an instance of vehic-

ally warn people not to drive into my house. Not only did he speed up as he approached my house, but he had the nerve to actually smash through the brick wall mere feet below my bedroom window and move the house off its foundation by three inches.

He was driving an Acura, which apparently lives up to its five star safety rating, since the cops took him away without even calling an ambulance, but then again, it's Tennessee, so you never can tell. According to the police report, he claims he was only driving 45 miles per hour, which shows that he has very little faith in the physics abilities of the Tullahoma Police. How fast does a car of known mass have to be moving to push a house of known mass three inches, given that the car also smashes through the brick wall and becomes embedded in the house? Answer: He's a liar.

about houses not moving, which will cost at least \$20,000 to fix. First though, the house has to be moved back onto its foundation, and before that, the structure of the house needs to be examined and the roof may have been knocked out of whack in the shift. There are cracks in walls, ceilings and over doorways, and we have no idea how much it will cost to get fixed. It's possible that it may cost more to repair the house than it would to buy a new one.

In short, this guy didn't just total his car; he may have totaled my house.

I think I handled the news well, all things considered. Rather than dwell on the fact that I could have been at home sleeping and had my belongings jarred off shelves only to impale me in my sleep, I've decided to look at the bright side, and try to learn from this incident. Firstly, I've learned that home



drunk and hit by hurricanes in Florida. Well you Florida kids have nothing on me, because my house got hit by a car.

Now, I'm not normally the extreme type. I had planned on spending my break in my dorm room rearranging my furniture and making handbags out of duct tape, rather than attempting

ular manslaughter.

My dear mother gently broke the news that one of those mischievous local underage drunk drivers had been trying to light a cigarette, when he accidentally hit the accelerator rather than the brake after smashing through the diamond reflector signs that gener-



My mom then put my two year old sister on the line, who was sleeping in my bedroom at the time. The girl didn't have much to say about the house, save that, "It's broken." The question was "How broken?" Apparently all the pipes under the house got bent or broken in the shift, as engineers these days constantly make presumptuous assumptions

is not safe, and I made the right choice to stay in my dorm room with the door locked for fall break. Secondly, engineers make things, drunks break things. Thirdly, those five-star safety ratings really mean something. 🍷

## Bastard Confession



"I love Google Scholar. It's so hot that it burns my penis when I touch it to the screen."

-Matt Kelley





## AROUNDTHELOOP

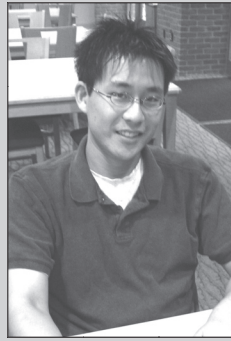
### What Do You Think About The Recently Leaked Wal-Mart Memo Encouraging Stores Not To Hire Unhealthy Workers?

#### Pablo Ruiz, Greasy Mexican



"If by 'unhealthy workers,' they mean 'greasy Mexicans,' then I'm offended."

#### Miniver Smith, Sophomore



"I think they need to come up with an advertisement that portrays the successful experiences of the lone unhealthy worker at Wal-Mart and use it to distract the nation's focus from their company-wide discriminatory policies."

#### Alisha Johnston, Hopeless Idealist



"I had but two dreams in this crazy, mixed up world: to get cancer, and to work for Wal-Mart. Should I have to give up on my dreams?"

#### Mark Cole, Freshman



"It's to protect their trademark smiley face, who apparently has a low, low white blood cell count."

#### Layla Crumpleton, Junior



"Leaks are normal for Wal-Mart. My milk carton, my packaged meats, my silicone breast implants."

#### Jabba the Hutt, Hutt



"So that's why I wasn't hired . . ."

## SLANTHOROSCOPES

### Scorpio (Oct. 24-Nov. 21):

Oversleeping through your math quizzes never really did much for your grades, but it will save your life when Stevenson Center blows up.

### Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 21):

"Lather, Rinse, Repeat" doesn't apply to the hair-like cilia in your throat.

### Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 19):

You will question whether the free pizza the flyer promised is worth it when the Domino's employee demands a mayonnaise jar filled with your sperm.

### Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 18):

You will get an F on that big term paper and realize the professor meant "check your facts," not "Czech your facts."

### Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20):

The saying goes, "When in Rome, do what the Romans do," not "When in Rome, do who the Romans do." Given the mistake, it will be understandable when you come back with gonorrhhea.

### Aries (March 21-April 19):

This weekend you will go through an all too literal experience of being "down in the dumps."

### Taurus (April 20-May 20):

Horoscopes are one of Satan's tools to ensnare the unfaithful. Good thing you sprinkled this page with holy water before reading it.

### Gemini (May 21-June 21):

Your theory that Rosa Parks was actually a shape-shifting clone of Ronald Reagan sent to the past to save the future will be described as tenuous at best. Also, you shouldn't have presented it at her funeral.

### Cancer (June 22-July 22):

A diamond may be forever, but how many women can say their fiancées proposed with a severed head?

### Leo (July 23-Aug. 22):

Your Navy commission will be revoked when you are caught going down on the ship instead of with it.

### Virgo (Aug. 23-Sept. 22):

Sure, it tastes great, and it may even be less filling, but your girlfriend will be revolted when you bring a bottle of donkey blood to dinner.

### Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 23):

Ultimately, it's a good thing that you killed the goose that laid the golden eggs; your breakfasts threatened to give you heavy metal poisoning.

# Politics in *The Slant*

by Jeffrey Harris

When you complete this puzzle, if you read the shaded squares from top to bottom, you will find a hyphenated term that describes the shape of the shaded squares, as well as (to my dismay) Ceaf Lewis, the Slant's editor.

## Top Ten Worst Facebook Groups To Join

- 10** Girls Who Like Girls Who Like Black Cocks
- 9** Those Who Love To Spork. Looove it. Can't Get Enough Sporking.
- 8** I Cheated On My History Exam And The Honor Council Didn't Find Out
- 7** Jean Harlow . . . 'Nuff Said
- 6** I Own A 19th Century Re-Enactment Farm And My Fuckin' Oxen Died
- 5** I Don't Have Enough Money To Afford Collars On My Shirts, But If I Did I'd Pop Them
- 4** I Don't Really Like To Drink; I Just Do It To Look Cool In My Facebook Picture And Because I Don't Know How To Make Friends The Normal Way
- 3** I Used To Be In The "Good-Looking People" Group (Vanderbilt Chapter)
- 2** I Went To Home School, Bitch
- 1** Derek Zoolander Center For Kids Who Can't Read Good... and Want To Do Other Stuff Good Too

### ACROSS:

- 1. Like +H|\$ <lu3
- 5. Statistic on a secretary's resume (abbr.)
- 8. \_\_\_ Sidious
- 9. Kanga's child
- 10. Driving inconvenience
- 11. Stock's starting price (abbr.)
- 12. Cotton gin inventor Whitney
- 13. Soldier's ID
- 15. It goes around a wiener
- 16. Precursor to morphine
- 17. Wide-eyed
- 19. Word before law or reform
- 20. Puts on the market again
- 22. It usually has an agenda
- 26. Shakwat of "Arrested Development"
- 28. The sun, for one
- 29. Barry who denied using steroids
- 31. 7th Greek letter
- 32. Aftereffect of a punch
- 33. Sprint, perhaps
- 34. Long span of time
- 35. "Keep going, men!"
- 37. World of Warcraft annoyance
- 38. Civil War historian Shelby
- 39. Citrus drink
- 40. On the house

### DOWN:

- 1. Mexican women
- 2. "I will be," in Latin
- 3. Piano practice piece
- 4. Wring the neck of
- 5. Novelist, e.g.
- 6. Warhol's genre
- 7. Synthesizer brand
- 8. Heavy flood
- 10. Strip of lawyership
- 14. Easy-to-make Halloween costumes
- 18. The Twins in the Zodiac
- 21. Is first at bat
- 23. Repeat
- 24. John James Audubon's study
- 25. Denny's \_\_\_ Slam Breakfast
- 26. In another country
- 27. Room in "Clue"
- 30. Mexican man
- 32. Lugosi of the Dracula movies
- 36. Extreme sadness

