

Aron Ralston Gets His Foot Caught In A Bear Trap

May 28, 2003

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'Not again,' mourns viewing public

Top Story

The heroic outdoorsman who, merely a few weeks ago, was forced to summon his inner strength and will to live and cut off his own arm with a dull penknife, was relegated to gnawing his leg off at the knee after a tragic stream of events placed the heroic Ralston in yet another unfathomable bind.

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Poll

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I'm so touched that you guys bothered, I'm touching myself

Needs more goat

The parental restrictions on my computer prevent me from reading it

Next time, issue should wear a onepiece

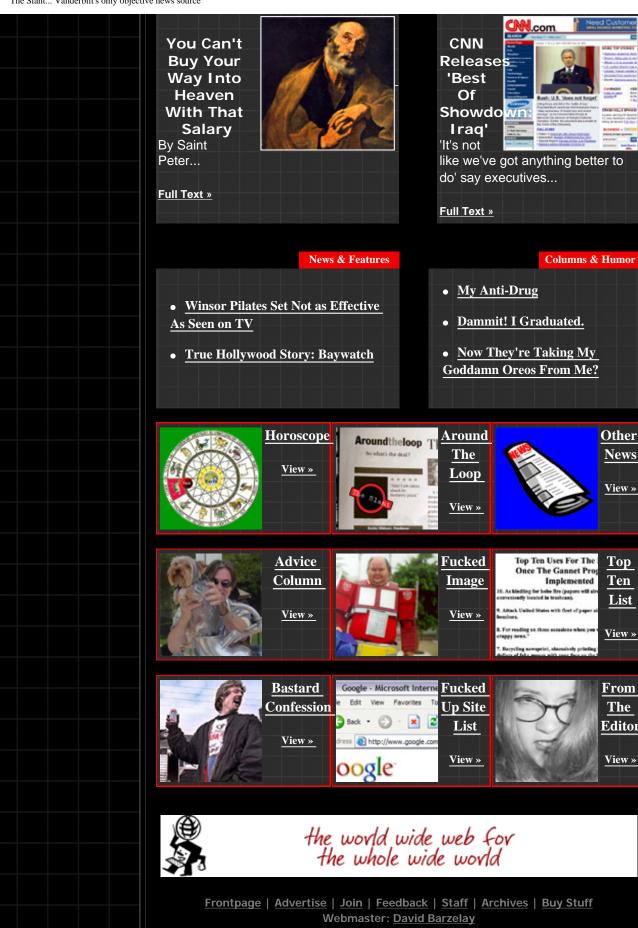
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# Honor Among Slackers

a veritable cavalcade of wasted potential



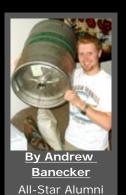




### **Aron Ralston Gets His Foot** Caught In A Bear Trap

'Not again,' mourns viewing public

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May 9, 2003

Unimaginably, it seems that tragedy has once again struck Aron Ralston. The heroic outdoorsman who, merely a few weeks ago, was forced to summon his inner strength and will to live and cut off his own arm with a dull penknife, was relegated to gnawing his leg off at the knee after a tragic stream of events placed the heroic Ralston in yet another unfathomable bind.

Ralston, nearly a month after he spent five days alone trapped in the



Aron Ralston smiling like an idiot.

secluded Blue John
Canyon in Southeastern
Utah with his right arm
crushed under a boulder
exceeding one thousand
pounds, decided he
needed to clear his mind
and elude the constant
media hounding by
hiking in the uninhabited
woodlands of Oregon.

After he traversed deeper into the forest, approximately 6 miles from any form of civilization, Ralston paused to stare at the beauty and splendor of a Peregrine falcon soaring above the treetops. At that precise moment, according to Ralston, the beauty of existence sank into him, as did the rusty metal teeth of a fellow

outdoorsman's bear trap.

"I needed to have some time alone to reflect on all that I've been through in the past few weeks," claimed a visibly embarrassed Ralston at yet another press conference. "I guess I just thought, 'lightning doesn't strike twice' and 'what more could happen to me?' or something like that, which in hindsight, I'll admit, sounds absurdly idiotic."

"No kidding," snickered Wolf Blitzer, who then mumbled under his breath, "Heroic my ass, this guy's an idiot."

The media, as a whole, is at a loss as to the proper way to cover this horribly tragic, yet undeniably humorous, incident. "Last week, the nation was in awe of Aron Ralston, the former mechanical engineer who was able to summon the courage to do what most of us would deem unthinkable and was able to survive. This heroic man was able to break his own arm, slice it off with a dull penknife, create a tourniquet, rappel 60 feet down the side of a canyon, and hike 6 miles before being discovered by rescuers," stated NY Times reporter Felicity Barringer. "But this time... well, you would have thought he'd bring a friend or a satellite phone or something. I mean, God, he didn't even have that dull penknife that he was forced to use during the last ordeal."

Taking note that bad luck comes in threes, Ralston alerted the media that he planned to construct an underground bomb shelter complete with padded walls, fifteen satellite phones, a lifetime supply of drinkable water, canned goods, and "a sharper knife in case another one of my God damned limbs gets caught in something ridiculous again."





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# This is the Slant's First Ever Yellow AP! YOURS COULD BE OUR SECOND!

### You Can't Buy Your Way Into Heaven With That Salary

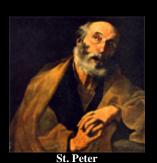
**By Saint Peter** 

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#### **Back to Frontpage**

May 18, 2003



It says here you're Mother Teresa. And how did that position pay? From the looks of it, not very well. Okay people, I'm starting to get the feeling that there's some confusion down there on Earth when it comes to living the good life. I don't usually do this and I'm really supposed to send an angel first, but most of them were laid off cause they're starting to cost more than they bring in. Yeah, Heaven's falling on hard times, and I think I might know why.

Somewhere along the way, people got the ridiculous idea that money doesn't buy happiness, which simply couldn't be more untrue. I mean, honestly, when has money ever been a bad thing for you? It's not the money's fault if you spend it on inane things like your kids or philanthropy. I mean, seriously, half that charity money just goes to medical costs and keeping poor people alive longer. Medical costs are the devil's business. People need to just save all their money and die. Christ... this was never a problem back in the "Dark Ages."



I know what you're thinking, Jesus said that it will be as hard for a rich man to enter Heaven as a camel passing through the eye of a needle, but you've got to understand how large needles were back when he wrote that. And he was referring to the now extinct pigmy camels, which were freaking miniscule! Sure, the Bible says that 'the meek shall inherit the Earth.' Yes... the *Earth*. Not Heaven. Now stop breaking in line Mother Theresa.

Want to live a good life? Go to Vegas, the Holy City of God. As long as you come out on top, you're closer to the basic saint status. Of course, then there's Saint Plus, Gold, and Platinum levels. I'm a Platinum member. But that's beside the point, people just need to stop resenting others for having more expensive cars, houses, and wives. It's like they always said, if they have more money than you, they're obviously better people. You need to see how these people live, for they are truly close to the Lord. Except for that Bill Gates... we don't need any creepy computer geeks in eternal paradise.

Do you really think Michael Eisner is happy because he's able to make millions upon millions of kids happy by carrying on the Disney tradition? Come on... He'd be just as happy as a drug lord. Which some of you should look into, by the way. If he really wanted to make millions of children happy, he'd pay his employees a living wage. Ten cents a day to make thousands upon thousands of Goofy hats... priceless.

This is nothing complicated, just think about it. Pearly gates and streets of gold? This stuff doesn't pay for itself. I guess God could have gone for something a little more subtle and cost-conscious when he designed Heaven, but do you want to tell him? Really guys, you gotta do better than this. It was okay for awhile, the Egyptians had a good thing going, sending off people with their favorite belongings. But, once again, you can't expect much from mortals: what do you think a mummified cat corpse is gonna go for?

That's right Mother Teresa, Princess Di is in there. But it ain't for the philanthropy, that's for sure. Seriously though, you think she got in for her efforts toward ridding third world countries of land mines? You're way off. More of those mines are 'neutralized' by Vietnamese children playing tag than Princess Di could ever imagine. But that's not a bad thing! Everyone has to go at some point. It's not like I won't let them into Heaven *eventually*, you just have to give priority to people who have more to offer than a soiled blanket and some rice.

Hey, I'm not the cold, heartless saint you may think I am, but if you think I'm letting free-loaders into heaven, you're insane. I'm Heaven's bouncer and I've got bills to pay. Help me out here guys, I'm up for promotion and I need this. You just have to lose the silly notion that you can't buy your way into Heaven. It's not hard, just let your greed guide you.





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# CNN Releases 'Best Of Showdown: Iraq'

'It's not like we've got anything better to do' say executives

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#### **Back to Frontpage**

Mar 31, 2003

With the conclusion of the fighting in Iraq leading to dropping viewer figures, CNN has attempted to cash in on the success of the conflict as a ratings-generator. The station has released a series of spin-off videos providing, in the words of one executive, "a little more war for those who couldn't get enough of that 24/7 wall-to-wall coverage."

Top of the list is the Highlights tape "Best of Showdown: Iraq". 2 hours of roller coaster drama from President Bush's response to 9/11 through to Colin Powell's electrifying presentation to the UN Security Council (including super slo-mo replays of key French sneers) will help you relive the classic build-up to the smash hit military invasion of the year.

The tape also features interviews with key players in the conflict, including CNN anchor Wolf Blitzer, CNN reporter Christiane Amanpour and senile CNN interviewer Larry King. In never before seen footage, these courageous journalists spell out the torment they suffered agonising over whether or not to commit TV cameras to Iraq.

The actual war is covered in a two-volume set entitled "CNN Presents: Operation Iraqi Freedom." Volume One, "The First Fortnight", covers the early weeks of the fighting. Enjoy seeing in excess of 150 unidentified targets taken out with devastating precision by missiles that you can just

make out on a grainy screen. Listen to Aaron Brown as he tells you that although it may look spectacular, this is a real war and people who look different from us are getting hurt.

The Second Volume, "Bush, Bombs & Baghdad," includes a thrilling half-hour of selected reporting from outside the White House in the early hours of the morning. Watch CNN journalists come up with ever more creative and exciting ways of saying "it's 3am and the President is still asleep. We'll let you know as soon as this changes." Also enjoy seeing journalists embedded with US troops asking such profound questions as "so, come here often?"

Accompanying these two compilations is a tribute CD entitled "Singing for Victory." Various artists have recorded old favourites so that people who fought the war from their safety of their own home can feel that they are 'doing their part' as they listen to Celine Dion perform "The War will go on" or Queen's classic hit "We are the Champions".

For those who want to have it all, CNN is also releasing a 'deluxe' DVD entitled "War with Iraq: Behind the Monotony". This DVD includes special features such as out-takes of sandstorms that could not be shown on TV and in-depth interviews with Paula Zahn about just how to wear the right make-up when discussing the plight of the American POWs.

Following CNN's lead, Fox News has released its own compilation tape of those parts of the war coverage considered "too hot for TV". Selected scenes include Geraldo Rivera defecating on a statue of Saddam Hussein, a segment entitled "Tommy Franks gone wild" and the investigative report "Iraqi women: are they just gagging for it?"

Finally, CNN have also agreed to release a tape of other news that occurred during the war, but they simply were not able to cover for fear of what would have happened if they did not have a picture of Baghdad on their screen for just one moment. The tape shows an enlarged version of the news-ticker that runs across the bottom of the screen. Viewers will be able to see CNN anchors steadfastly ignoring stories such as "Texas buys Mexico", "Yankees re-locate to LA" and "North Korea feeling neglected" in their determination not to miss a grain of sand in the continuing conflict.

The entire CNN collection can be purchased for just \$49.99 + shipping and handling, if you call the number you're thinking of within 10 minutes of reading this article.





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# Honor Among Slackers

a veritable cavalcade of wasted potential



Winsor Pilates Set Not as Effective As Seen on TV

Looks simple on television; takes time and effort on living room floor

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Apr 11, 2003

Local woman Rita McIntire is not afraid to share her feelings about Winsor Pilates, the athome fitness program endorsed by model Daisy Fuentes.

"I hate Winsor Pilates," says McIntire, a 43 year old mother of two and part-time 3rd grade teacher's assistant. "It's way harder than they show on the TV. After ten minutes my butt hurt more than the time I got stuck in the Port-O-John at the state fair."



Mary Winsor and the Winsor Pilates system.

Winsor Pilates, one of the newest fitness fads to hit late-night informercials is the brainchild of Mari Winsor, fitness guru to the stars. In the infomercials Winsor, along with co-host Fuentes, writhe on the floor to soothing beats, demonstrating seemingly effortless backbends, abdominal

crunches and various other contortions. McIntire, however, feels that what is presented in the videos, which she bought as part of the Winsor Pilates system, are misleading and dishonest, not to mention overtly sexual.



Daisy Fuentes, latin temptress.

"That Hispanic girl was lying on her back making these puffing noises with her feet in the air. To start, who in the heck can do that without a complex system of pulleys? But all that moving around and heavy breathing — it's a good thing my husband wasn't home when I watched it, he's a man of God, you know."

McIntire's husband, the Reverend Elmer McIntire, expressed his displeasure with the Winsor Pilates system upon learning of his wife's purchase.

"As much as I would like for my wife to have long, lean legs

and a toned, perky buttocks as her way of honoring the body God gave her, paying for pornography is no way to praise Jesus Christ."

The Rev. McIntire went on the explain how over the weekend he plans to carefully review the fitness tapes in order to "find out more of the demonic messages Daisy Fuentes sends with her scissor-kicks and pelvic-thrusts."

Across the nation, other women have expressed disappointment with their Winsor Pilates systems. Helen Buford of Cedar Rapids, Iowa complains that the workout is "actually difficult." Similarly, Dinah Silverman of Valparaiso, Indiana says that Winsor Pilates is "27 times as hard" as her regular mall-walking routine. One of Winsor Pilates most outspoken opponents, Mary-Ellen Brown, a mother of 5 from Sugarland, Texas complains that if she had wanted to sweat as much as she does when following the tapes she would have "let her big fat husband roll on top of her and conceive another of his hell-beast children."

Winsor Pilates creator Mari Winsor, who has sold over 4 million of her exercise programs, is reportedly saddened and confused by the widespread disappointment with her fitness system.

"I don't understand why these women are not satisfied with my patented home-workout program," said Winsor, sipping a soy smoothie outside of the cabana of her Hollywood mansion. "If celebrities, who are able to devote 8 to 10 hours a day to my workout can achieve asses like two billiard balls and arms that could lift Ford Excursions, then why can't regular women do the same? They have so much more free time that isn't consumed with colonic irrigation and facials, unlike my celebrity clients."







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### **True Hollywood Story: Baywatch**

Television's most watched show wasn't all fun and sun... or was it? No, it probably wasn't.

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# ARDD Reminds You To Check Your T'esticles For-Cancer

#### **Back to Frontpage**

Sep 12, 2002

Sometimes, when the medium reflects the culture and the culture reflects the medium, television transcends its frame and becomes something definitive, even historic. The Apollo moon landings. The Beatles on Ed Sullivan. JFK's inaugural address. Baywatch.

From the outset, Baywatch was revolutionary:

"We had this idea that we thought might work," said co-creator Michael Berg, "we figured we'd get some scantily clad lifeguards running in slowmotion along a beach to a vast array of Enya songs. I proposed the idea to NBC and casting began immediately."

The first few seasons went well. Central character Mitch Buchanon (David Hasselhoff) had connected with viewers while maintaining a homo-erotic relationship with police chief "Garner." We never knew Garner's first name. He's like Madonna, or Sting...just plain Garner. Also, the fact that the actor playing "Hobie"--Mitch's pre-teen son--changed 5 times didn't distract viewers from the magic of the slow-mo-Enya-montage. Baywatch was a hit!

By the third season, Garner had mysteriously disappeared, along with cast heart-throbs "Shawnee" and....well, I can't remember his name. But he was



short and didn't take crap from any Hispanic gang-bangers. We know that much. Suddenly, Baywatch needed fresh faces... and fast.

"Before Berg went and casted the new lifeguards," said Hasselhoff, "I wanted to make sure that these actors had the right credentials."

"Boobs," states Berg. "He was talking about gigantic boobs."

Boobs it was. By season four, bouyant additions "C.J. Parker" (Pamela Anderson)and "Caroline Holden" (Yasmine Bleeth) had more than perfected the beach-run. Some blonde swimmer named "Cody" (David Chokachi...hahaha) was added as a potential love-interest of CJ's. Caroline's older sister, "Lieutenant Stepanie Holden," remained on the show. Nobody knows why. What, exactly made her qualified for lieutenantship? Toned pecs and a mannish gait? Perhaps we'll never know.

By then the producers were beginning to wonder the same thing and instantly killed Stephanie off in a freak boating accident. Her bearded fiance "Graham" wept with her dead carcass in his arms in one of the most disturbing television moments to date. At this point, inter-cast relations had suffered as a result of the show's enormous success.

Said Hasselhoff, "I'd always try to talk to the cast, you know, bond with them. They just weren't receptive."

"Hasselhoff told us to refer to him only as 'Mitch Baywatch," said Anderson. "He'd run in slow motion off-camera and cover himself in Crisco in the green room. On a few occasions, he grabbed my ass and said he'd like to show me his mouth-to-mouth technique."

"Me too," adds Chokachi.

Individual episodes suffered. The fifth and sixth seasons revolved mostly around midgets and giant sea slugs. Creator Michael Berg clarifies:

"Yeah, I don't know what happened there. Our writers got on a big 'circus and underwater-cave-society' kick. Details were neglected, like how Mitch's \$7.50 salary can buy beachfront property and multiple sailing vessels. Once we'd exhausted the Special Olympics/mermaid plot, the writers just got lazy and had people fall off the rocks a lot."

Then Baywatch, once believed to be unflappable, had proved flappable. The show with the gigantic, ummm... ratings, had run flat out of luck. Much like the paper thin plotlines, cast relations were on the rocks. Chokachi and Hasselhoff were constantly at eachother's throats over who had the most bodacious "man boobs."

Meanwhile, Hobie had grown up to be (gasp!) a junior lifeguard. By now the on-set tension translated onscreen...it was clear that everbody, EVERYBODY hated "the Hobester."

At this time, everything went downhill. Spinoff series "Baywatch Nights" practically died on the table. For some reason Mitch Baywatch moonlit as a vampire-slayer. Who knew? Who cared?

"Believe it or not, the montage lost its appeal." said Berg, "People wanted plot-driven narrative, and all we had was boobs. Granted, we had a lot of boobs. Large, glorious... uhh, anyway... We had to recycle a few Hispanic gang plots and move to Hawaii."

At this point, veteran cast member Michael "Newmie" Newman (the bald guy) had developed a healthy coke habit. Hasselhoff had focused on "rockin the shit out of those German bastards," all the quality silicon had moved on to B movies, and Hobie was approaching his late 40's. There was only one fitting finale: kill Mitch Baywatch.

Said a noticeably bitter Hasselhoff, "I showed up for work the next day and they had changed the lock to my trailer. There was this sign on the outside that said, 'Stay away, pretty boy. Go sing to your Aryan buddies.' I don't know what that was all about, but it hurt. It really hurt."

Since the final episode, the cast has parted ways. Hasselhoff is still playing benefit rock concerts in Germany for "those retarded kids." Newmie actually died in 1978...they just had a team of midget extras hold him up in each scene. Pam Anderson has single-handedly jumpstarted a "Hepatitis A-K Awareness" movement sweeping the country, spreading the awareness of Hepatitis G quicker than Anderson spreads her legs for no-talent musicians. Alexandra Paul, the serious actress (ugly one), has appeared in various Lifetime television movies where she has clearly demonstrated her craft by skillfully being gang raped and beaten by various boyfriends. "Garner" was last seen hanging around the set of the Olsen twins' latest movie wearing his old nipple-bearing police uniform. Hobie was with him, but "not in a sexual way."

No matter what the cast's future endeavors encompass, Baywatch has left its mark on pop culture forever. And in the words of Mitch himself, "Forever is always...and I'm always here." Run on, Mitch....run on.



Capone

Thu, 05/29/03 at 8:45pm

• What happened to that article? The first half was funny and entertaining, but the end of it sounded like it was written and subsequently shat on by the editor of the Hustler (a.k.a Captain Douche). Please don't screw up, ever again.

# The Housing Office Reminds You That It's Cold Outside





Virtually humping you with my gun

See other articles by this author

By Greg Champoux Writer

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Feb 22, 2003

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Honestly, I'm beginning to think I've been hooked. Not by drugs or alchohol, but by a video game. I start to get the shakes and feel anxious when I'm not playing for extended periods of time. I sweat and think of new ways to kill. Always planning, strategizing, worrying, and working on my game. The only good news is, by playing constantly, I am not on any other drugs that I know of.

Simply put, Halo is my anti-drug.

Some people have parents, sports, or stupid shit like knowledge... you know those silly ads with the kids and their crooked teeth. Anyways, I, my friends, have killing people. No, no no. It's not what you think. I don't really go O.J. Simpson on anyone's ass... well there was that one time with the ice cream sandwich... no, my lawyer told me not to talk about that.

Anyway, I have the wonderful world of Halo on which to unleash my aggressions. In case you're just plain ignorant, Halo is an X-Box masterpiece that should be mastered by all. It is set on an alien world where you work to kill the worthless alien vermin, the Covenant and Flood or, my personal favorite, work to kill your friends in multi-player mode. But if you didn't already know that you have to make 4 kills in 9.6 seconds, you should be shot.

Whether those so-called friends of yours made fun of you, won a bet, or got a hot date while you remain lonely on the weekend playing more and more Halo, Halo is the perfect revenge to use on them. Besides, you're

It's not like you've got anything better to do with Daddy's money.





True.

already playing anyway, right. Why not play those friends in Halo in a so-called 'friendly game.' It doesn't matter if you're imagining that it's real Halo life when absolutely destroy your friends 25 to 4. I know I feel so much more satisfied with myself after brutally murdering my friends in and then gloating about it by ritualistically humping their dead bodies, in the game only of course. Have I mentioned that you'd be playing Halo? Yeah, it's great.

Listen up woman! First I'm gonna frag grenade your ass, then pop you a couple times with a pistol. Bam, you're dead before you know what hits ya. What next? Invisible with Rocket Launcher- you can't beat that, bitch. Ya think I'm done? One simple plasma grenade, missy. Yeah, I'm gonna make you wear that little pretty blue dress, ho. Oh yeah, and then I gloat... just a little, trying to save my good stuff for killing sprees or running riots. Anyway, after hitting you in the back of the head once or twice, rendering instant death and total humiliation, I might let up a bit...nah!

Sorry... I got a bit out of hand there. At least I'm not taking drugs. Like the adds tell ya, "Truth... Harmless? Its an outrage." or something like that. That's why nobody should take drugs, other than their 2000% RDA of Halo. Drugs are overrated anyway- frankly, I'd rather just kill you all.





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# Honor Among Slackers

a veritable cavalcade of wasted potential



Dammit! I Graduated.

My Mistake

See other articles by this author



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May 13, 2003

Looking back on the past 4 years, on all the fond memories of my college career, I regret only one thing: I graduated. What the hell was I thinking?

I had a good thing going: top editor of a satire paper, wonderful girlfriend, lots of friends, and the daily death threats stemming from the whole weasel incident had dropped to a manageable level. But in my collegiate bliss, I failed to notice that I had accumulated enough hours for Vanderbilt to kick me out. Before I knew it, armed thugs (read: "my family") had kidnapped me, dressed me in a ridiculous cap and gown, and dragged me across the stage, kicking and screaming, toward my diploma. (All in all, I think Chancellor Gee, standing on the opposite end of the stage, took my theatrics remarkably well. Who knew the old geezer was so adept with a tranqulizer gun?)

So here I sit in my home in Atlanta with nothing to do. No papers, no student organizations, no nothing. I spend most of my time staring at the computer screen until my eyes glaze over and a thin puddle of drool forms at my feet. Occasionally my family pokes me to make sure I'm still alive. I've managed to subsist on a diet of Hot Pockets and leftover Easymac from my dorm. What am I supposed to do with my time now?

I suppose at some point I should search for a job. After all, I got me a



Political Science degree from Vanderbilt University. I may be the last survivor before the department collapses in a pile of flaming egos, so, dammit, this diploma must be good for something!

Still, this job search thing is harder than it first appears. Apparently, I am expected to actively seek out a job. This is not good, since I've found that most companies don't consider writing bullshit papers about the effect of soybeans on congressional elections to be a marketable skill. I've even heard there's no market for mocking Chancellor Gee in today's economy. My college education has been for nothing!

The only hope I can see is to get back into college. I bet I can still find an empty room in Towers. I'll scrounge for stray Cliff's Notes. Yeah, and then I'll sneak into some absent-minded professor's class, and resume my rightful place as the smartest, funniest person in the room. Once again, I shall reign supreme in the intellectual and social circles of academia! My life will once again have meaning!

Wait a sec...I need to calm down here. I'm going to Law School in the fall. I just panicked there for a second. Sorry about that. Whew. I'm ok. Soon I will be learning again.....reading hundreds of cases a week.....being graded on strict curve.....against the smartest law students in the South..... without any time for social life. Hehe....yup, that's the life for me......

Y'know, suddenly this puddle of drool doesn't seem that bad.





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#### Now They're Taking My **Goddamn Oreos From Me?**

by Jack Leatherwood



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May 27, 2003



Jack Leatherwood

First those bastards told me that I shouldn't smoke cigarettes. Then they told me I shouldn't drive while intoxicated. Then they told me eggs are bad for my cholesterol, then good for something, now the white is good and the yolk is bad. But now they're trying to take away my Goddamn Oreos and that's where I draw the line!

Those doctors have gone too far this time, and I'm not gonna submit without a fight, even if I have to lick all the transfatty whose-its out of every Oreo in Texas.

My father smoked three packs a day, got drunk every night, and ate six boxes of Oreos a week and I'll be damned if he didn't live to 98, God rest his soul. He would alived longer if my hell beast of a mother hadn't worn away half his life bitching about the things that brought him pleasure. She was the cleanest woman I ever knew and she died at 55 of a coronary.

Now god damn it, I plan on making full use of the time I have here, and



that means sucking the white stuff from every little black cookie that I see. I'll scarf down 10 cookies, then scarf down 10 more just to spite them. I'll live on a diet of all Oreos just to show those salad eating scientists that red-blooded American stomachs can take whatever us men can throw at it, and then once they've figured that out, I think I'll make me a pair of trousers out of Oreos.

I swear I damn near punched that little Doctor in the face when he told me to cut out my favorite little cookies. I said, "Listen here, son. I been practicing my habits a hell of a lot longer than you've been practicing medicine, so you just give me my damn liver medication and send me on my way." And then I spit out my tobacco right there on his shoe and looked him square in the eye and I'm a sinner if he didn't write that prescription right then and there.

So what do you think I did? I rode my motorcycle straight to the Goddamn Piggly Wiggly and bought every pack of Oreos they had, and then I went straight home and set to eatin' em. Then when I had finished, I went across town to the other Piggly Wiggly, bought all the Oreos they had, and ate all those on the spot.

Then what do you think I did? I drove right back to that doctor with all those wrappers, and shoved them right the hell in that asshole's mailbox.

That oughta teach that Goddamn city slicker to mess with a real man.



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May 24, 2003

#### Aries: (March 21—April 19)

In classic "boy who cried wolf" fashion, you will alienate your city's police, paramedics, and rectal surgeons.

#### Taurus: (April. 20—May 20)

You will come to a startling realization this week when you discover that putting a child-safety lock on your chastity belt doesn't provide the full protection you require.

#### Gemini: (May 21—June 21)

Faking an orgasm can avoid a lot of confusion and awkwardness. When you're on a crowded airplane, though, it almost seems to do the opposite.

Cancer: (June 22—July 22) No cure this week. Sorry.

#### Leo: (July 23—Aug. 22)

When that same group of fifth graders calls you a dumbass again tomorrow, you might want to mention that you're the President of the United States. Just a thought.

Virgo: (Aug. 23—Sept. 22)

In the future, try not to swallow condoms full of weed in Sweden. They will ream your ass out...and then you will have to listen to ABBA.

#### Libra: (Sept. 23—Oct. 23)

She didn't mean it when she said, "Any way you want it, that's the way you need it." What she really meant was, "The way I want it, that's the way its gonna be."

#### Scorpio: (Oct. 24—Nov. 21)

A fake moustache and glasses are so obvious. She's still gonna know it's your penis.

#### Sagittarius: (Nov. 22—Dec. 21)

Your dentist will be pleased to learn that your new electric toothbrush has eliminated the plaque and tartar on your teeth...and your anus.

#### Capricorn: (Dec. 22—Jan. 19)

Just remember, if it sounds like a plunger in the toilet, but the noise is coming from your neighbor's room, then he's not trying to unclog any toilets.

#### Aquarius: (Jan. 20—Feb. 18)

Although the prospect of some anonymous casual sex at your Memorial Day picnic may sound good now, she's still your cousin.

#### Pisces: (Feb. 19—March 20)

Though imitation may be the sincerest form of flattery, you won't be at all flattered when your little sister imitates your "technique" on your boyfriend.





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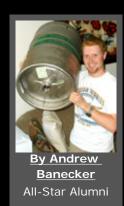
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#### **Around The Loop**

The Sen. Rick Santorum debacle.

See other articles by this author



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May 18, 2003



Sen. Rick Santorum.

What do you think of Sen. Rick Santorum's recent remarks on homosexuality?

"You know that thing I said about homosexual sex being equal to bestiality? Well, I meant that in a good way." -Ricardo Von Santorum, R-PA.

"It was actually my evil twin." -Soap Opera actor Rick Santorum, R-PA.

"The thing is, you just have to accept that politicians say asinine things." -Richie Rich Santorum, R-PA.

"That all depends on what the definition of "is" is." -William Jefferson Santorum, R-PA.

"I would like to apologize to all of the gay Republicans in America whom



I have undoubtedly offended. Yes, both of you." -Rick "Captain Homophobe" Santorum, R-PA.

"They started it." -Senator Santorum, moron.





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# This Is The Slant's First Ever yellow AP! Yours could be our second!

#### **Other News**



#### **Back to Frontpage**

May 24, 2003

#### Fat Black Guy Beats Scrawny Dorkwad on American Idol

Last Wednesday a record Eleventy Billion viewers tuned in to see velvety zaftig crooner Ruben beat gangly effeminate special ed student teacher Clay Aiken on the hit Fox show *American Idol*. On recieveing the news, Ruben's mother told reporters from *The Slant*, "I always knew he was destined for greatness. I named him after a sandwich... a great sandwich." Comic, actor, honorary doctorate recipient, and Jello Pudding enthusiast Bill Cosby was thrilled to see Studdard win the contest, telling reporters, "I'm so proud that everyone is bowing down to worship one of my animated creations, Fat Ruben." In related news, worship of Ruben may incur God's Wrath.

#### Torture Me Elmo Unleashed On Iragi Detainees

US forces have been using the music of Barney and Sesame Street as torture to break Iraqi detainees, with mixed success. Said one detainee, "I have no fear of walking into an army camp and blowing myself to bits. But that big purple dinosaur, bouncing around, singing that stupid song... it just drives me insane!" A fellow detainee disagreed, saying, "Before the war I was questioning our motives in the war. But being subjected to Elmo 24/7 has strengthened my resolve. Allah must want me to destroy that red furry piece of shit. I have my duty."

#### **Student Gets Rash from Commencement Robes**

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Vanderbilt student Jeff Woodhead announced yesterday that he is still afflicted with a nasty rash he received from wearing a rented commencement robe. Woodhead, who realizes the humor of his name and would appreciate it if you all stopped pointing this out to him, complains of redness, itching and bleeding sores around his "region." Says Woodhead, "Next time around, I'm gonna wear some underwear, that's for damn sure."

#### **Guest On Jenny Jones Thinks She's All That**

Amber Love, a guest on the "My Body Be Bangin" episode of the Jenny Jones show, claimed in front of an audience of 500 people that she was "all that." Amber, backing up her original claim, offered her testimonial by explaining, "I play men for samiches, lottery tickets, shopping sprees to Target, an' all that. When men take me out, I always get to supersize," adding, "Whatevah!" The audience, however, begged to differ. Audience member and authority on all that-itude, Tyrone Jenkins, voiced his opinion that Amber Love was not, in fact, all that. Jenkins claimed, "Amber looks like a crack ho with a bad weave." Miss Love gave her rebuttal by stating, "You gots to be trippin'. You talkin' smack to me with yo Biggie Smalls lookin' ass? You know you want it." Amber then ended the debate with a powerful and undeniable "Whatevah!"

#### **Lakers Fail In 4-Peat Attempt**

The littlest finger on the hand of the great Phil Jackson remains lonely and unloved, bereft of the glory and honor of the other nine ring laden digits. When will this finger recieve acknowledgement for its coaching efforts? Perhaps Providence has deemed one of Greg Popovich or Byron Scott's finger's more worthy of adornment... or perhaps this was the work of Lucifer. In related news, a sullen, depressed Shaquille O'Neal has seeked solace in the bottle.

#### **Texas Democrats Find Less Obnoxious State**

After returning from Ardmore, Oklahoma, where they exiled themselves to thwart a Republican bill, Texas democrats have remarked that Oklahoma is not quite as obnoxious as Texas. "Sure, it looks exactly the same as Texas and there's nothing to do besides hide from tornadoes and go to Walmart. But it's not quite as repugnant as Texas," said Democratic Representative Jim Dunnum. "Except for the musical *Oklahoma*. Nevermind, that was pretty obnoxious."

#### Millions Of American Idol Viewers Incur God's Wrath

"Jesus, I only gave them ten commandments. Now I'm going to have to commence with the rain of fire and turning wives into salt," says God.

#### Pope's Tour Of Spain Sponsored By McDonalds

The Catholic church, in its unending quest to provide the people of Earth with God's true message, has alligned itself with the equally pious McDonald's holy chain of divinely fast food. For the duration of the tour, transubstantiation will occur in a happy meal.

#### Area Woman Actually Cares About Laci Peterson Case

A Brentwood woman revealed today that she has a "deep personal interest" in the Laci Peterson murder case. "CNN and all those newspapers think we should cover wars and all that crap, but this is important news that affects us all. I mean, a white lady got murdered! It should be all over the headlines!"

England beat Zimbabwe by an innings and 92 Runs in Cricket Match While England revels in an utterly predictable victory over the Zimbabwe Famineers with tea and crumpeting, Zimbabwe is shocked and saddened

by their loss. Upon returning home, the entire team was slaughtered "accidentally" during a weekly mass murdering by the government. Coincidentally, 60 fewer Zimbabweans are starving this week.



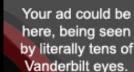
# The Housing Office Reminds You That It's Cold Outside





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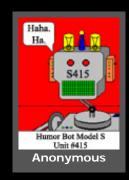
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#### Ask Meredith's Dad

by Meredith's Dad



Shit, we'll design your ad for you... it's whatever dog, just so long as we get our money. That's one thing you'll learn

about Tha Slant...

**WE GOTS TO GET OUR** MONEY



#### **Back to Frontpage**

Apr 3, 2003



Meredith's Dad with beloved dog.

#### Dear Meredith's Dad,

I have diabetes and I use an insulin pump to provide my life's needs. However, I want to heat it up and have it burst into flames because I've been feeling maniacally suicidal as of late. What are the optimal settings for a standard microwave to cause my pump to burst into sparks and cinders? Diabetic for Death

#### Dear D&D,

To answer your question directly I would suggest a power level of 10 and at least 4 minutes. Some of those portable electronic things can be really tough little bastards to

roast, like pagers for instance. However, this suggestion really begs the question. First, aren't most insulin pumps subdermal, meaning you'd have

to dig the little sucker out with some edged instrument unless you suggest placing that part of your anatomy in the microwave? How about replacing the insulin with Maple Syrup? Be watching for your Obit.

Meredith's Dad

#### Dear Meredith's Dad,

Why did you try to stick a Yorkshire Terrier into a snow cone machine? **PETA** 

#### Dear PETA,

This is a bold and vicious lie being spread by certain three letter government agencies. I have never, nor will ever stuff a likeable little dog into a snow cone machine and if anyone has alleged evidence it is no doubt a cartoon show photograph faked up to place me in a bad light. Moreover, frogs and other pumped up reptiles make much more satisfying snow cone fodder.

Meredith's Dad

#### Dear Meredith's Dad:

I am the leader of a pretty big country. I'm currently leading a crusade against a couple Middle Eastern countries in order to grant freedom to their people and their oil. This is really hard. Have I misunderestimated this task?

George in the Big White House

#### Big George,

I don't think you under-estamated the task although I feel some minor scope corrections may make you feel better. First, why is it that the sequel is never quite as good as the original? I mean, this whole deal lacked a bit in overall entertainment value. Why not let our guys cop some swag? Not just for them, but how about us taxpayers? Loot would be divvied up by income tax bracket. How about those little figurines? They would look great superglued to the dash of your F-150. We have this great army, why not use them to grab booty for us at home footing the bill. Some women wouldn't be bad either, but skip the ones always on the news who look like wailing Idaho Potatoes wrapped in some black number done by Omar the Tent Maker during his drapery period. No wonder all those men are in the street rioting.

Meredith's Dad

#### Dear Meredith's Dad,

I'm having career troubles. The things I'm good at doing, I hate to do. The stuff I love to do, I'm terrible at. What should I do to find a career I'm good at and will enjoy?

Pensive at Peabody

#### Pensive,

Bullshit. This is a "too light for heavy work and too heavy for light work" kind of play. Why don't you just become a professional student and when finally forced to take a degree, become a professor. You should be able to stretch this until you are at least 40. Pick some liberal arts or psuedo science thing like Psychology. Remember, "those who can't do, teach." In your case, "those who don't want to do, hide in acadamia."

Meredith's Dad

#### **Hey Dad:**

Um, so I thought I was doing ok in my Biology class, but then I got my grades in the mail. Also, I slept through the final in my Shakespeare class. Am I grounded? PS – this has nothing to do with me turning 21 this semester. –**Meredith in Cole** 

#### Meffy,

That's OK, but if you aren't going to get good grades and a good job you're going to have to hook up with a Hunter Abercrombie III or an Oppenheimer because Daddy and Mummsie won't always be able to afford those new BMW's, Tiffany and Prada stuff as well as the Caribbean Vacations, the Malibu Beach House, German Spas and private jet. You see Muffy Bear, Daddy's best resume references and other pals are all under Federal Indictment for alleged corporate misunderstandings. We've already told your sister her Mercedes SLK is going to have to last her to at least college.

Meredith's Dad





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### **Fucked Image**

Bush Enjoyed 'Hitler' Mini-series A Bit Too Much

See other Fucked Images

See other articles by this author



By Robert
Saunders
Editor

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May 21, 2003



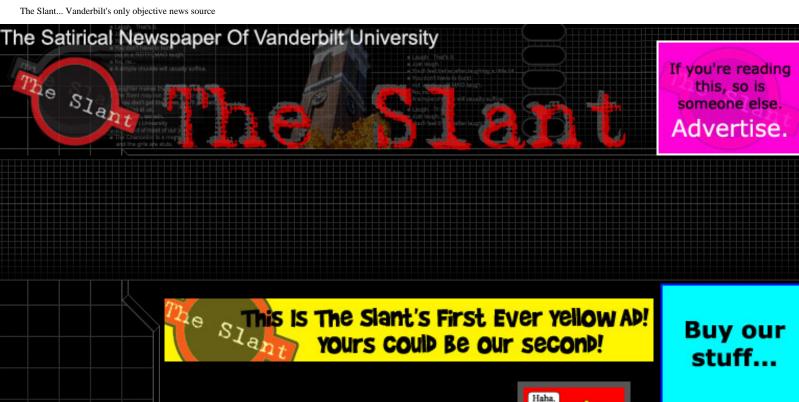
Next stop: Poland!

YUPD
Reminds
You To
Check
Your
Testicles
For
Cancer









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# Top Ten Plot Twists in The Matrix Reloaded

**See other Slant Top Ten Lists** 



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May 18, 2003

- 10.) Morpheus wages bitter war with Kazaa over MP3 sharing
- 9.) Agent Smith makes hundreds of copies of himself, has hardcore Smithon-Smith orgy amongst urban sprawl.
- 8.) The Matrix is actually an affordable Toyota hatchback
- 7.)Entire city takes blue pill and blows up nasty in world's largest rave.
- 6.) In a shocking twist, Ray-ban sunglasses are promoted.
- 5.) The Twins are actually Milli and Vanilli
- 4.) Neo is finally able to defeat the evil machines that control the Matrix by enlisting the most excellent services of his old partner, Bill, and a phone booth.
- 3.)Deceased actress Gloria Foster (The Oracle)is replaced by Martha Stewart, who makes even better oatmeal cookies.
- 2.) Woman's vagina explodes when she eats a dangerously old piece of cheesecake.
- 1.) Zion is actually controlled by group of Jewish bankers.

It's not like you've got anything better to do with Daddy's money.





True.





# The Housing Office Reminds You That It's Cold Outside



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#### **Bastard Confession**

By Greg Champoux

**See other Bastard Confessions** 

See other articles by this author



#### **Back to Frontpage**

Mar 15, 2003

OH MY GOD! I have this tremendous story to tell you all! Its full of hilarity, drama, and even pain. I can't even begin to describe how bastardish this whole event was, and how much of a bastard I was! It was truly the most terrible thing I have ever, ever seen or done. Just take a moment to imagine the greatest sit-com type act you've ever witnessed in person and then try to think of something funnier. Give up? Well, this story will certainly take the cake. If is by far the best Bastard Confession of all time. Unfortunately, I wrote the rest of the story in invisible ink.







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### **Fucked Up Site List**

See other Fucked Up Site Lists

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# This Is The Slant's First Ever Yellow AD! Yours Could Be our second!

#### From The Editor

Because someone has to do it

See other From The Editor columns

See other articles by this author





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May 26, 2003

The other day when I was contemplating careening into the oncoming lane of traffic, I had an epiphany. Well, technically I had two, one being that the vehicle coming head on was a short bus full of retards (sorry – kids who are retarded), and I really wouldn't have been able to forgive myself if I obliterated those special little guys. Actually, I wouldn't have been able to forgive myself because I would have been dead anyway. It's sort of a moot point. Never mind, moving onward – the second epiphany.

I realized that I had a job to do – to be editor of *The Slant*. What is *The Slant*, you ask? Well, I guess you must have made a left turn while looking for kiddie porn, because this is Vanderbilt University's bona fide satire and humor paper. And why am I editor? Not really too sure, except that sometimes when I wear glasses I look smart (Smart-*er*, says my therapist. I'm supposed to "buttress my assets," which just sounds like an excuse to talk about butts). Maybe that was it.

Anyway, I realized that I have a ragamuffin team of scrappy young humor writers to lead through another year of getting Vanderbilt's panties in a (literal) twist. That is why I chose to stay in my lane; that and the fact that my grandfather was knocking me upside the head with his cane to say I missed the entrance to Wal-mart. Gotta get those 7% off tins of cat food.

Oh, and the *Beverly Hills 90210* reunion special was on television. What was I talking about?

So please, enjoy the first summer web issue, the first of up to (possibly!) several (!) to come. And have a delightful day.

(Note: Any and all spelling errors, typos, or flagrant disregard for grammar are not the responsibility of editors or writers of *The Slant*. None of the copy editors were available via AOL Instant Messenger)



Mike Mott Fri, 05/30/03 at 8:23pm • Good editorial - almost as good as your predecessor. But then, that's quite a height to reach. (Boy, he really was an egomaniac, wasn't he?)

# The Housing Office Reminds You That It's Cold Outside

