



www.theslant.net



Excited about Lil' Jon . . . since 1886

INSIDETHISSUE

Immaculate STD Seen As Miracle By Catholic Teen

Students Viciously KISSLAMMED!® By Housing

Obese Girl Accused Of Smuggling Mini Keg Into Party; Simply Fat

GREAT SUMMER JOBS

6 Since we know you waited too long...

POINT/COUNTERPOINT

8 Forceable Fondlings

FASHION

9 Head's up on Leggings

From The Editor 2

Other News 2

How To Fail 3

Card Options 5

Piñatas 10

Around The Loop 11

Top Ten 12

**GOODBYE CLASS OF 2008...
HELLOOOO FRESHMEN!**

The Humor and Satire Newspaper of Vanderbilt University

FROM THE EDITOR



SEAN TIERNEY

Well, it's the end of the school year and the end of my run as Editor-in-Chief of The Slant. I'm retiring gracefully with the aim of having free time senior year. I told one friend this yesterday. "Are you crazy?!" was his reply. There are a lot of perks that come with running the only Vanderbilt publication that can get readers to pick it up with-

out the aid of crossword puzzles.

But it also comes with responsibilities that keep me confined in windowless offices away from my friends for much of the time. So, my natural response to this friend was that I'm not so much crazy as I am infatuated with life and desperate to dance my way through it.

Besides, The Slant is all about reputation, and now that the vanderbilt review 2008 is out, people are already asking me how I can even pretend to be funny and cool anymore. I have a poem in there that involves: 1. grandparents 2. love letters 3. imagination. Yikes.

I know there are plenty of other questions people have for me, mostly because I've been asked them at almost every party I've been to since becoming editor. So, we're going Q&A on this one to answer your most popular questions of the year.

Q: I have this really great idea for an article...

A: You're blackout, I won't remember it, and I have no idea who you are. Where most reasonable people would choose not to have sex, I choose not to talk about The Slant. I haven't made up my mind about the sex.

Q: You haven't written about your suitemate, Masculine Mike, in a while. What happened?

A: He died.

Q: Don't you feel bad about being so offensive?

A: Don't you feel bad that the only reason The Slant is still around is that people like you read it?

Q: What does "color the wheat" mean?

A: I corrupted it from The Little Prince. To me, it means "make the colors in someone's life meaningful." Yep... my reputation for being a badass is tanking.

Q: Can you do something making fun of this particular person?

A: I'm sorry if they hooked up with your boyfriend/girlfriend/both, but I only make fun of well-known campus celebrities and only in the context of their public lives. Except for Masculine Mike. He was a pedophile. God rest his soul.

Q: Where do you get your ideas from?

A: God.

Q: You know you're not actually funny, right?

A: That's why I'm quitting.

Color the wheat. 🍷

Bread & Co Changes Name

Don't be fooled, brunch goers, by Bread & Company's new name. Bread & Sons is the nook you know and love.

"The business world has gotten stale for me," Chase E. Bread, founder and CEO, said, explaining the recent decision to pass the company to his two children, P. B. and Jay. Until recently, Bread Sr. hadn't included his sons in the business.

"We went through a period there, when we would get baked every day...just loaf around," P.B. Bread said, "If we didn't turn ourselves around, Dad was gonna leave us crumbs. Then we'd be toast, because we're used to life in the upper crust, you know?"

However, the Bread sons have risen to the occasion, and plan to enjoy their slice of the profits. "We're on a roll. I've got so much dough, I can actually afford to eat at my own restaurant," Jay Bread said.

But don't expect other vendors to follow suit. John Panera has no family, friends or company.

Vanderbilt will offer election-based courses to students in fall so that they "don't screw up again"

In an unusual move, Vanderbilt officials announced Wednesday that they will be offering two election-based courses, so that "they can't screw it up again."

"We all know the increasing importance of college students in the general November election," said professor Mark McCormick. "And if we get another Bush, then I'm moving to freakin' Canada."

The first course, Humanities 161: Mass Mediated Politics, will focus on how much of a liar each candidate is, especially the

98%

Incoming Freshmen who are gloating at the homeless shelter they volunteer at.

wrong candidate. They will have impressive guest lecturers, inspiring documentaries and electro-shock lie-detectors. It is open to all majors, but "HOD students will feel the burn if they try to BS in here."

The second course, Political Science 150: Election 2008, will give the real-world side of politics, an overview of the democratic process and explanations of why people vote the way they do. "Essentially," said professor John Landers. "You would learn this all in like 20 years, if you were to actually read a newspaper."

New Bridge Troll Files for Unemployment

Although several months have passed since the new bridge between West and the Hospital parking lot has opened, the resident Troll has been able to collect few tolls.

"Arrrrggg... I can't get no fooodies or boooooosies or moooooonies. Dat otha troll, he gots a iPhone. I wants me an iPhoooooone!"

It has been estimated that approximately 12 people have crossed the bridge since its conception. Based on video footage, 9 of them were drunk and 3 of them were curious why anyone would build such a silly bridge."



STUDENTS PLAGUED BY AMBIGUOUS EVENT

A massive number of students missed class Friday, April 4th, for mostly unexplainable reasons. Professors voiced their concern:

"Nearly 25 students in my class sent me an email on Wednesday or Thursday, mostly saying they had some 'unavoidable event' or 'out of town obligation' to fulfill over the weekend, and that they must urgently leave early Friday morning, requiring their absence from class. A notable majority were already able to predict that they would be too ill to attend. It was very unnerving."

The Student Health Center reported on the fact, but the facts were counterintuitive to the several sick excuses: "We had a dip in visitation over the weekend, especially on inquiries regarding venereal diseases. However," she added, "we had a spike in VD testing the following Monday."

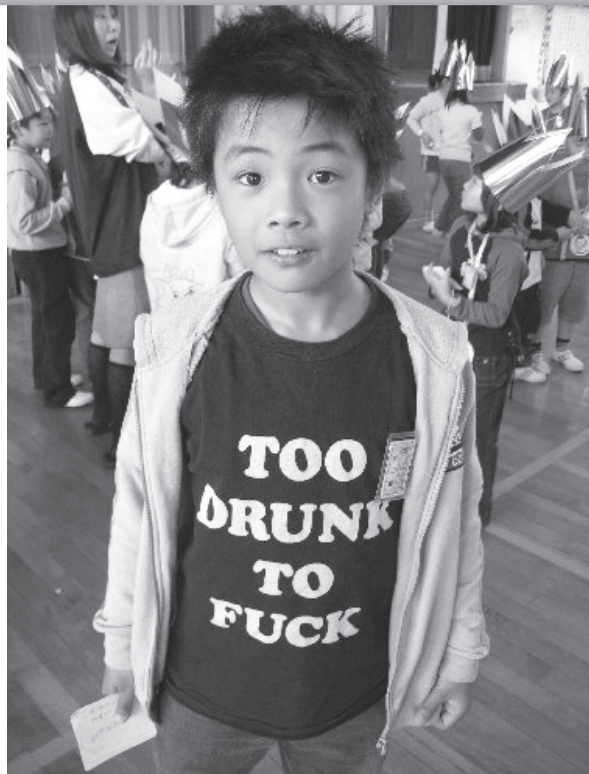
Regardless of the Health Center's reports, professors saw most of their students again in seemingly good health on Monday.

"Most of them were all back, and many had a healthy, tanned glow about them. I'm glad that the tragic happenings didn't dampen their spirits." The Professor added, "But that one son of a bitch that said he had to skip class for a Fraternity Formal is going to pay dearly on his participation grade." 🍷



04.08.2008 CONTENTS

HOW TO FAIL AT LIFE



Don't laugh, your Chinese tattoo means "diseased whore."

Bastard Confession



"With all the anti-semitism on Juicy-Campus.com, it should be called Jewcy-Campus!"

-Anonymous

Are those ninjas?!?!

NEWS

OTHER NEWS: Election-based Courses..... **2**

AMBIGUOUS ABSENCES: What Formal?..... **2**

FAREWELL CLASS OF '08 : Glad To Get Rid of You **4**

ALCOHOL & THE CARD: For Sexy, Sexy Women..... **5**

OVERWEIGHT TEACHER: Back In The Game **9**

COLUMNS & HUMOR

DEAR MEAL PLAN: Looking Back on the Years..... **4**

GREAT SUMMER JOBS: For Sexy, Sexy Women **6**

POINT/COUNTERPOINT: Forcible Fondlings **8**

PIÑATAS: Why We Need Them. Now!..... **10**

SUPPORTING GBLT: Typo...or Not? **12**

SLANT FEATURES

BASTARD CONFESSION: Juicy Campus..... **3**

AROUND THE LOOP: Housing..... **11**

TOP TEN: Don't Forget..... **12**

MASTHEAD



Decaying matter. . . since 1886.

188 Sarratt Student Center
2301 Vanderbilt Place
VU# 351669 Station B
Nashville, TN 37235

Phone (615) 322-3291

Fax (615) 343-2756

Website www.theslant.net

STAFF

Editor-in-Chief Sean Tierney

Editors Debra Lewis

Kris Stensland

Rachel Unger

Staff Manager Brendan Alviani

Distribution Manager Chris Stanford

Head Designer Andy McCormick

Copy Editors Pablo Darelli

Contributing Staff Daniel Cunningham

Ada Desmond

Kathryn Edwards

Jack Henderson

Charlie Kesslering

Ben Karp

Justin Poythress

Thomas Shattuck

Webmaster Ceaf Lewis

Alumni Contributors Andrew Banecker

Richard Green

Robert Saunders

Ben Stark

Editors Emeritus Joe Wong

Mike Mott David Barzelay

Meredith Gray Colin Dinsmore

Ceaf Lewis Joe Hills

Special Thanks To Matt Radford

Michael Desmarais

POLICIES

Back Issues

Back Issues can be ordered by sending \$5.00 and a description of the issue desired (volume number and date, if possible) to the address above. Some issues are no longer available. For a back issue please e-mail backissues@theslant.net.

Subscriptions

Mail subscriptions available. \$30.00/year or \$20.00/semester. E-mail subscribe@theslant.net. Postmaster please send address changes to 2301 Vanderbilt Place, VU# 351669, Nashville, TN 37235-1669.

DISCLAIMERS

This publication is a work of humor, parody and satire. None of the subjects or writers are intended to represent real people, unless those people are public figures. You must be over 18 to read *The Slant*. This publication and the content thereof does not always reflect the opinions of Vanderbilt Student Communications, Inc. Each member of the Vanderbilt community is entitled to one copy of this publication; additional copies are five dollars each. If *The Slant* offends you, do not read it. Support our advertisers.

Copyright © 2008, *The Slant*.

All rights reserved

IN VANUM LABORAT QUI OMNIBUS
PLACERE CONTENDIT

Dear Meal Plan,

by Rachel Unger

We go way back, all the way to that mandatory 14 meals a week from freshman year. We've gone through bad times (Rand) and good times (Quizno's at Towers) and then more bad times (Quizno's in general). So I feel like I'm ready to be honest with you. I'm ready to take our relationship to the next level.

I haven't made it to see you late at night lately, because the goods you're offering just don't seem as appealing as they did when we had an alcohol problem together. Being together in Branscomb used to make my Saturday, but now, it seems to lack that panache... because I've found someone new.

Yes, I have. With the revolution of an F-Spot permit I've ventured to drive to off-campus venues. And not the kind that are on the Taste of Nashville. I'm talking about ones that require cash. Cold, hard, Amerian legal tender. I like going to my new guy's house. His Waffle House. The cash-only Waffle House on Trinity Lane.

When I go to The Commons for the brunch, you really sting me out, Meal Plan. I saw those waffles you were stacking behind the glass. And you gave me a quarter of a waffle. A single triangle-like shape. And I asked for more and you said no. Nobody was in line behind me. You could have slipped it under the radar, but I was scared that the cashier would find out, so I didn't pressure you. But I've had enough of taking this abuse sitting down. Waffle House gives me as many waffles as I want, and an extra waffle is only \$0.99! Is there anything on the Meal Plan that only costs \$0.99? Or would you even know? You hardly bother to put prices on anything anymore, ever since I got on the Any 7 and was forced to use my MealMoney to survive. You don't care about me. You're the one that let me go hungry during finals. I was forced to visit your lesbian sister, Kroger, for a hand-out.

Yours Truly,
Waffle McWafflesonsquire. ☘

Goodbye, Dumb Class of 2008!

by Kris Stensland

Dear Class of 2008,

With graduation only weeks away, you must be excited to get out into the real world, perhaps attend graduate school, and of course be free from the chains of homework. Likewise, we in Kirkland are ecstatic to have you all leave so that we can replace you with younger, smarter, more productive, and more ethnic students. We realize that four years ago when we accepted you, you were the best class Vanderbilt had ever seen. But that forty percent acceptance rate that allowed you to get in despite that 3.9 GPA and a mere 1400 on the SAT is long gone; it seems that only one hundred members of your current class would be accepted into this year's freshman class.

We also know that many of you have younger siblings who have been rejected this admissions cycle, and we could not be happier. The last thing we need at this crucial point in Vanderbilt's upswing is an increase of people like you around. It's great that your little brother was in the top five percent of his class, and a varsity athlete blah blah blah, but this year we're only accepting valedictorians that either cured a major disease, diplomatically resolved a war-torn region, or aren't white. Granted, some of you will be missed strongly. The rest of you, please get out as quickly as possible. You might take the subtle hint when dorms close promptly at 1:00 on the day after graduation.

These past few years, Vanderbilt has been overrun with people who are just too attractive for a college that wants to break into the upper echelon of academia. Who walks around our campus in the springtime and actually believes that the gorgeous girls in sundresses can be as intelligent as our reputation indicates? We hope that next year's thick, black framed glasses, shapeless man-pants and chipped shoulders will help change our trajectory towards the "Ivy League" image.

So enjoy your last weeks of school, and your pre-

cious beach week, but then please, leave Vanderbilt and don't look back. That is, unless you're looking to donate. Because the next generation of impoverished professors, researchers, and public defenders will really need the support from all you successful doctors, lawyers, and businesspeople. We'll be sending you more postcards about the Senior Class Fund.

Sincerely,
Vanderbilt



Here is an excerpt of what you can find at the Admissions Office blog at <http://vandyadmissions.blogspot.com/>.

"Thanks to the admissions staff for all the information made available to us. Unfortunately, my daughter just received her letter telling her she is wait-listed. . . and she is devastated. As parents, we are also deeply disappointed. While we fully understand the quality of the applicants this year had a big impact, we can't help wonder how she could have done better than top 5% of her class, mid-range of the standardized test results of those accepted, class president, varsity letter winner and team co-captain. . . Probably the most difficult part was that her teachers said she would have no trouble being accepted at Vanderbilt. What a tough day for our family!

We wish the best to all who were accepted, and to those who did not, we understand and **very much feel your pain.**"

-Parent of Rejected 2012 Applicant

Top Five Places To Get Hammered On Vanderbilt's Bill

Places where you can blow the rest of your Commodore Cash on booze

By Rachel Unger

5. Celebrity speaker receptions

Who cares whether you've actually heard of the speaker, his book, or his cause; the receptions held after celebrity speakers generally cater to graduate students and random Nashvillians, who are almost always over 21 (since, let's be honest, undergraduates couldn't give a damn about life theories or somebody who actually had to work to get somewhere in life). The wine is overflowing and there are free cubes of cheddar to be had! As long as you dress up like all you do is sit around and read Nietzsche (think all-black and remember your beret) and avoid saying childish phrases like "I can't believe there's free booze!" or "Boobies!", you can easily slip into these gatherings undetected. Actually attending the lecture is optional as long as you know when it will end. If you're particularly ballsy and Vanderbilt Catering is especially understaffed that night, you can try swiping a half-empty bottle while they're cleaning up, although I have never heard of anyone doing this... successfully. However, your success could be facilitated by a clever disguise.

4. Chili's

Everyone knows this joint is on the card, and even if you hate their service and their food (both of which are consistently terrible by non-Rand standards), bottled beer and imported liquor taste the same no matter where it's sold. If you have MealMoney to burn, you can dump it on Chili's happy hour every day before, during, or after class, due to its convenient location right off Alumni Lawn. And whether you get so drunk by noontime that you forget to eat lunch or dinner,

or you thought ahead and stocked up on smuggled cheese cubes from last night's speaker's reception, congratulations, that's an extra \$4 of rollover Meal Money you can spend on another cocktail!

3. Sam's Sports Bar and Grill

Although if you live anywhere that isn't Highland you'll likely have

to use CabCash or a pledge to get here, their 2-for-1 specials on Tuesdays aren't to be beat, and since the beers are replacing

food from Rand, their 2-for-2 nights aren't that bad, either. Stay away if you like fresh air or wide open spaces. Make sure you check that there is no major sporting event before showing up, or you might find yourself unpleasantly surrounded by fat drunk men aged around 30+.

2. Crescent Bar

This little-known nook on 21st and Scarrit is actually seldom visited for CommodoreCash use, since most people don't know it's even on the program. Not only is it touted for the best seafood in Nashville, if one of your friends has never tried oysters, this is the place to go and laugh at him maniacally while pounding back Vandy-card supported Miller High Lifs. If you're on a Meal Money budget, they have pretty liberal happy hours for domestics and well drinks: Tuesday-Friday 4-7pm. It's also a good place to take a study break if you're in the

back door. Take the elevator down to the Divinity Library and exit to 21st. Additionally, if your girlfriend is a frequent tanner, it's right across the street from Planet Beach, so you can score bonus points for driving her there and back as an excuse to dodge in for a few brewskies while she's developing skin cancer. If

you're a dude who tans, you probably don't drink beer anyway.

1. The Pub

Yeah, who ever remembered after freshman year, when it seemed so cool, that The Pub actually serves

beer? Even though it's actually called Overcup Oak Restaurant, we're one of the few college campuses in the entire country that sells alcohol. Although the Pub Brew is secretly Natty Lite (who would've guessed?) and the pints aren't that much of a steal even at happy hour on Fridays (which also offers mocktails for all of you flask-users), it is a convenient lunch spot if you want to use a Meal Plan AND Meal Money for some booze at the same time. Even if you aren't a beer drinker, they offer a pre-bottled Jack and Coke, their sneaky way of serving liquor with only a beer permit. If you don't like drinking alone in a bar, which you will be if you go to The Pub, every other Thursday there's a trivia night where there tends to be a few more alcoholics drinking on the Card and writing penis-related jokes on their answer sheets. Good times for all.



Other Notable Places for Alcohol Around Vanderbilt

Qdoba

offers a limited selection of Mexican-like beers, but it's no fun to waste a beer buzz on the toilet all night.

Cabana

is a fully stocked, 100% yuppie bar. If you're trying to come here just to squeeze a few drinks out of your Meal Money, good luck. The prices are high and you'll feel out of place if you don't wear 2 polos at once. The curtained "cabanas" are also uncomfortably reminiscent of a hospital double room.

Cafe Coco

has PBR on tap, a life-saving measure if you happen to be hitting on a cigarette-smoking Philosophy major who wants to go to Open Mic Night instead of Printer's Alley.

Sunset Grill

has a wine list, making it a place you should only go to if your parents are taking you, and it'd be stupid to waste Meal Money when your parents are buying.

GREAT SUMMER JOBS

If you're anything like us, then you completely forgot about getting a sweet internship or a high-paying job until it was too late. Now, your dad is getting on your case and if you don't find something quick, then you're gonna have to file papers 8 hours a day in his office. Plus, his secretary is a total bitch. So in order to solve your problem, we here at The Slant browsed through the New York section of Craigslist for the best jobs under the summer sun. What, you don't live in the Big Apple? Well tough, you can move.

SEXY BIKINI WRESTLERS

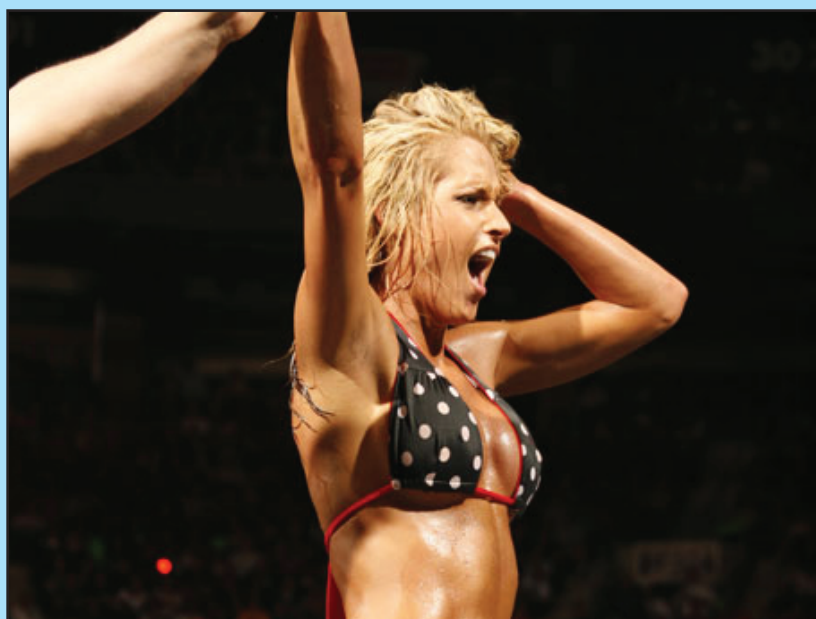
We were disappointed to find that this listing was hiring and not selling. If you're looking for a summer job "where you don't have to dress up and do the corporate thing," this could be the alternative to that boring internship with Merrill & Lynch.

From the listing:

"Please understand that this is a private wrestling club, and you will be wrestling with men, as well as women.

(No spectators) :-)"

What?



BEAUTIFUL, FRIENDLY GIRLS...MAKE \$100+TIPS/HOUR DOING FANTASY ROLEPLAY

For those with a strong aversion to S&M but who still want to interact with rich, lonely people, providing false attention and the pretense of attraction to this company's host of fetish clients might be your cup of tea. Typical sessions may include: "foot worship, Secretary fantasies, Schoolgirl fantasies, tickling, trampling, lingerie modeling." Trampling does sound like fun, doesn't it?

From the listing:

"We are not a commercial Dungeon."

Oh, well that's reassuring.

SURROGATES NEEDED TO HELP CREATE FAMILIES-\$22k-\$30k

This is just way too reminiscent of the movie "Alien."

From the listing:

"Program Requirements: No more than 2 Cesareans"

If doctors had to surgically remove your newborn from your womb Macbeth-style twice in a row, I can't imagine you'd be interested in trying a third time for someone else's sake, anyway.

GET PAID TO PARTY

If you aren't funky enough to become a bartender, this serious listing is seriously every serious frat guy's serious summer dream. Although this listing involves enough alliteration to nauseate Dr. Seuss, nearly every student on Vanderbilt's campus has a background which more than qualifies them for this job. Instead of working your butt off all summer for beer money, drink beer for beer money!

From the listing:

"Passionate about pilsner? Serious about stout?"

Can you act sober when the cops are about?



**I PARTY LIKE UH
ROCKSTAAARRR!!!!!!**

T-t-t-totally dude!!!!

SEEKING BEST BREWS INTERN

If you aren't funky enough to become a bartender, this serious listing is seriously every serious frat guy's serious summer dream. Although this listing involves enough alliteration to nauseate Dr. Seuss, nearly every student on Vanderbilt's campus has a background which more than qualifies them for this job. Instead of working your butt off all summer for beer money, drink beer for beer money!

From the listing:

"Passionate about pilsner? Serious about stout?"

Can you act sober when the cops are about?

MANAGER-PHONE GIRL-- NEED MIDTOWN BDSM DUNGEON

If whipping lonely old men in person isn't your thing, then you can get paid to verbally abuse them over the phone! They do prefer BDSM knowledge and experience, though, and we wouldn't qualify, since we had to look up the term on Google. Unfortunately it was set to image search...

From the listing:

"Is very Important to you are very familiar with computers."

Either they're simply giving good advice that girls should be tech-savvy in our technological workplace, or this job is based in India and outsourcing to the Manhattan area.

INTERESTED?

Make sure to look up these jobs on Craigslist immediately! You don't want exciting career opportunities like these to pass you by!

Forcible Fondlings!

The Slant's Guide to Everyone's Favorite Crime Reports

Glossary of Terms

Forcible Fondling (n): the touching, caressing or tickling of a Vanderbilt coed's body by a 5'8" to 5'10" black male, next to Stevenson Center.

Forgivable Fondling: the touching, caressing or tickling of a Vanderbilt coed's body by a 5'8" to 5'10" white male, at a frat party.

Simple Assault: No weapons are involved. An easy way to remember this is "K.I.S.S.- Keep it Simply, Stabby."

Rape: this doesn't happen at Vanderbilt.

Murder: see "rape."

Robbery: (1) Vanderbilt's tuition, (2) When a 5'8" to 5'10" black male has something that looks like a weapon.

Burglary: similar to Robbery, except that you left your door open, like you always do.

Point: I'm Scared for My Life

by Catherine Kurtz

There was a time when I could leave Stevenson library without looking over my shoulder, without the constant fear of being assailed by a five foot, ten inch black man. There was a time when my head was filled with happy thoughts, with flowers and pastels, not scary, demon thoughts.

Last week, I could swear there was a murderous gang banger behind me! Thank God it was just a white guy with a shadow on his face. He had my heart pounding—I don't know what I'll do if I get attacked! Play dead? Make loud noises, like I'm fending off a bear? What if he has a weapon, or finds a nearby blunt object to whack me with, like those guys on Law and Order?

I picked up the Hustler yesterday

and got hit over the head with that "rape at Vanderbilt" article. What, so I don't just have to worry about being hit on, I mean hit, by black men, but rape now too?

It's like a nightmare that I can't wake up from, no matter how hard I pinch myself I've got a sleeping bag in my backpack right now. You want to know why? Because I'm spending the night in Stevenson, that's why!

That's not a bluff. This isn't poker, and I'm not tall stack. At this table, I'm broke. I'm broken. I'm Brokeback Mountain—there are men on me, and I don't know what they're doing.

I'm so scared I'm mumbling. MUMBLING. Like a crazy person. Who's that! Oh thank the Lord...he's only five nine. ●

Counterpoint: I'm Everywhere

by a 5'10" Black Male

Yeah, that's right, I'm the "forcible fondler." But get one thing straight, the only thing I've been molesting is your inbox.

So here's the story: it was, let's say, around eleven o'clock, and I'd just come from the Stevenson Library, relieved to be finished with my ten page Women and Gender Studies paper, and my glasses fall right off my face. And let me say, I am blind as Ray Charles without my specs. Plus it was dark out. Plus I was staring at a computer screen for five hours.

Needless to say, I was gaping around the ground for my glasses like Ray for a C

sharp. I hear some sorority Sally jabbering into her cell phone, and all of the sudden, this dumb blonde trips right over me. So she's on the ground wailing to high heaven, and I'm on my hands and knees, blind as a bat with no eyes, trying to help her up. Sure, I may have fondled a bit—but for lack of vision, certainly not class.

Next thing I know, someone with my height, skin color, and outfit on "forcibly fondled" a girl by Stevenson center. Guess what, I did it again the next week. And now, just when I thought my streak of terror was finished, my buddy and I pushed a girl over yesterday, just for the hell of it. The weird part is, I was in Atlanta, visiting my grandma. ●

Helpful Hint!

Remember kids, Simple Assault is always easier than that complicated Forcible Fondling!

Middle School Teacher Drops 120 lbs., Phone Number for Students

by Robert Saunders and
Brendan Alviani

A West Virginia middle school teacher has lost 120 pounds through diet and exercise. The teacher, Tracey Wygal, is hoping this will mean more attention from her male students.

"It's really disheartening to hear about the latest middle school teacher who gets to deflower one of the boys in her class and know that most of your own students won't even give you a second look," said Wygal, who weighed 295 pounds at her heaviest.

Before starting her diet, the only attention paid her by the school boys

was "shaking their desks when I would walk by, like I was causing an earthquake," said Wygal. She says children sometimes oinked or mooed as they passed her, too.

Wygal, in a desperate move to get some action, took a hardline approach to her weight. "I went to the FDA website and started following their health guidelines. I don't really drink soda anymore and I exercise like a half hour everyday. I feel like a completely new person. Like a real person."

Less than three years later, Wygal was down 7 dresses sizes and up 7 more dates per week. Although she mostly dates older men, she admits

that "if I could, I'd give plenty of boys 'after school detentions,' if you know what I mean."

This has had led to mixed reactions among the student body.

"Yeah, she's like pretty hot now," said 8th grader Tommy Jackson. "I remember my older brother hated her cause she was so fat, but now... I don't know... maybe we could it or something?"

7th grader John Barker stated that "I would never touch her - she's old." He went on to say, however, that "if she was like a million years younger," he might consider her "kinda pretty or something."

Some of the boys on the school basketball team took down her number when she posted it for their parent-teacher conferences. One of the students dared Brendan Bartow to call her. Bartow, who is acknowledged to have most underarm hair in the grade and is rumored to have done it with Stacy Casey over the summer, indicated he hasn't made up his mind whether to call.

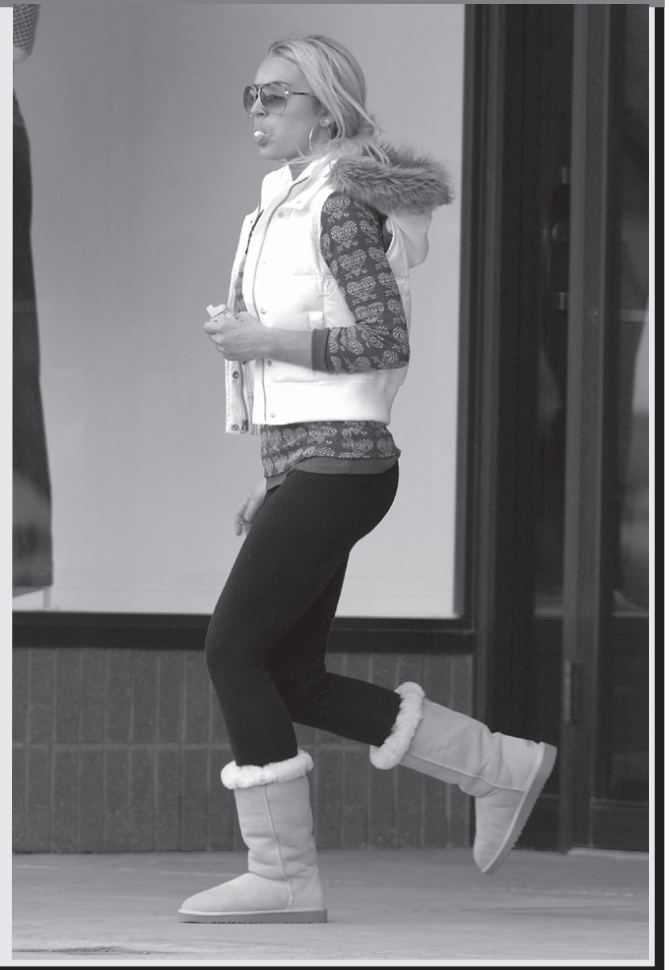
"[Doing Ms. Wygal] might be good for my rep with the guys, but this might make girls my own age stay away," said Bartow. "Also, I can't get the picture of that fatty out of my mind."

Note:

Vanderbilt Fashion: Style gone wrong or an expression of inner geekiness?



=



I Demand Piñatas!

Because who doesn't want festively dressed animals at the Munchie Mart?

by **Brendan Alviani**

Let me be very clear about this: the Branscomb Munchie Mart needs to start carrying piñatas. Immediately. Now, I could simply write a card to the manager, but then he might think that there was only one piñata fan at Vanderbilt, which is false. So when you write on one of those colorful request slips, here are some reasons you might utilize:

Money: Think about what a killing they would make! They can buy the piñatas directly from Mexico (which makes it more authentic) for like \$2, and sell it for like \$30 in Commodore Monopoly Money. Then, every Friday and Saturday night, they will sell out those brightly colored donkeys to the drunken mobs that stumble in for Branscomb Breakfast and ways to kill a couple hours. Of course, they'll also have to buy pounds and pounds of the outrageous overpriced candy they never sell.

Diversity: While not quite fitting the theme of Rotiki, piñatas are from hot climates and they're colorful. They'll give that air of exoticism that says "We respect your culture for more than just cheap labor and burritos. We also love your cardboard burros." Plus, there is a large diversity of options: donkeys, stars, Power Rangers, clowns, Osama Bin Laden, trees, and more. You name it, there's a respectable chance they make it somewhere.

Safety: You might be dubious of drunk people buying piñatas, but statistics are clear: 98% of piñata injuries involve video cameras, America's Funniest Home Videos, and hilarious crotch-shots. Plus, we are talking about Vanderbilt students- they're way too smart to injure themselves, right?

Tasty: There's nothing like putting perfectly good candy into an paper-based product, smashing it all up and then eating it off the



**Black & white printing:
The natural strongpoint of zebra piñatas.**

floor. You COULD get individually wrapped fun-size candy bars, but where's the fun in that?

Availability: There is nowhere within walking distance that carries any piñata-like objects. Trust me, I've looked. Hell, even places like Qdoba were lacking. If there's any niche waiting to be exploited, this is it.

Awesomeness: Dude, seriously, they're fucking awesome. 'Nuff said.

*The
Princeton
Review*

CONSIDER US THE
KUNG FU MASTERS OF
LSAT Prep.



- *Hyperlearning* LSAT Course
- *Accelerated* LSAT Course
- Small Group, Private, and Online Tutoring

Choose wisely,
grasshopper.

800-2Review (800-273-8439) | PrincetonReview.com/LSAT

AROUNDTHELOOP



How did you do in the housing process?

**Lauren Linfield,
On a Budget**



"I got off-campus approval, but I think my neighbors make crystal meth."

**Jack Hapson,
Rising Sophomore**



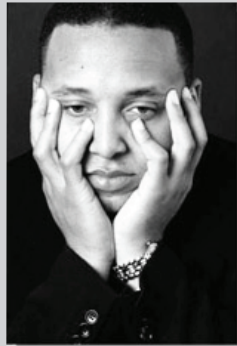
"I somehow got a Towers Suite all to myself. I guess I won the housing lottery."

**Harry Kerr,
Sketchy**



"I managed to beat the system and got assigned to a freshman girl's hall. Helloo ladies."

**Jeff Brenton,
Lonely**



"This is fantastic, I get to live in Kissam again!"

**Leslie Sexton,
Rising Junior**



"I'm pissed, I wanted Branscomb and got a stupid Chaffin. Now I have to walk to Ro*Tiki."

**Jen Sneller,
Graduating Senior**



"I couldn't care less."



TongueNCheek's

**BIG
ASS
SHOW**

It's more improv comedy than you know what to do with.

Wednesday

April 16

8:02 PM

Student Life Center

Ballroom B

FREE ADMISSION

FREE STUFF



TOP TEN Funniest Food Names

- 10 Use economics to your advantage...make sure to score before Rites of Spring while demand is still low.
- 9 Listen to more Lil' John, so you can shout along next weekend.
- 8 March Madness is only eleven months away!
Who cares about average SAT, you're still prettier than every girl in the class of 2012.
- 7 Don't drink the water. Seriously.
- 6 Kissam won't be that bad next year.
- 5 Yes it will. Enjoy your Branscomb double while you still can.
- 3 Break up with him/her before your summer is ruined by loyalty.
- 2 Finals are coming up, start studying.
- 1 Finals are coming up. Fuck studying, drink while you still can.

Support GBLT Week

If you want a Great Bacon Lettuce Tomato Sandwich



We're pretty sure that you meant to support the GLBT (The Gay, Lesbian, Bisexual, Transgendered). However, next time you want to promote magical sandwiches, make sure your rainbow has all the necessary colors... like blue.

Join *The Slant* Next Year!

Currently, Every Tuesday at 6:30 p.m. in Sarratt 363,

You've spent most of the year cursing your decision to not join *The Slant* earlier. Well, now you can put that regret behind you! We're looking for all sorts of people to start the next semester off right: professional newspaper people, people who know stuff, people who don't know stuff, people who like humor, and people who breathe.

Laughter Guaranteed!

Free food may or may not be provided.