

# The Slant

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## Nightmare on 24th Street:

### The Ultimate Walk of Shame from the

# TOWERS OF TERROR



#### THIS JUST IN

### Vanderbilt Football Finds Hope in New Locker Rooms

By: Andrew Ligon  
Bowling Specialist

A few years ago, Vanderbilt University conducted a massive survey of what students wanted from their college experience. One of the most common comments was a better football team. And so, the University staff went out to solve the issue.

The first idea was to loosen the academic standards for athletes. This idea was almost immediately put down when Zeppos burst into a fit at the meeting screaming "The Rankings! THE RANKINGS!!!!"

This left only one other possible option for the administration: spending to the max. "It's a great idea," commented Coach Bobby Johnson, "I fully support it. At first, I was thinking we could just bribe the referees, but then, someone raised some sort of 'illegal and ethical' concerns, so we put the money in the next most obvious place: the locker rooms."

That's right, Vanderbilt has now upgraded their locker rooms into the envy of all of college football. The upgrades have included billiards tables, flat screen TVs and leather couches. "It's great! I'm not nearly as intimidated by other SEC teams now," according to one sophomore offensive player, "Even when we're losing by four touchdowns, I still know that I can whoop up on any of the opponents in billiards!"

Coach Bobby Johnson has noted other competitive edges as well. "Really, I couldn't be happier; we all sit around the TV at half time and let Lee Corso tell us what we're doing wrong. I feel like my coaching has improved tenfold now that we can watch the halftime show on TV."

While these new improvements have not materialized into any wins yet, optimism remains high on the team's (lacking) performance. After all, it's tough to get any worse right now.

### Cute Squirrel Seduces Girls

By: Ada Desmond  
Baby Animal Specialist

Wednesday, October 21st: Pedestrian traffic between Furman and Neely came to a standstill as students and faculty stopped to look at an abandoned baby squirrel scurrying around a large magnolia tree. The group of mostly female bystanders stood in awe watching the pathetic animal wander from person to person desperately wanting love and attention.

"Oh my god!" Exclaimed sophomore Chelsea Von der Vogelweide before tearing herself away and heading to class. "Poor thing! It's so adorable! I wonder what's wrong with it?" With winter fast approaching, such unabashed examples of pure adorability and helplessness are not uncommon. Last month, a baby squirrel famously stopped all traffic in a 20-yard radius after it was found mewling for help outside of Cole, forcing all inhabitants of the building to rush outside and start a campus-wide search for a cardboard box, bedding, and baby formula. A fight even broke out over who would be able to keep the "adorable cutie-pie," and what its name would be. The fight ended with three casualties and the disappearance of the baby squirrel.

At about 3 P.M., this new, baby squirrel refused all attempts to be placed back in a tree and began tragically climbing up the legs of passersby. A concerned group of students started a task group to decide what was to be done. Laura Plasterhammer, a senior, stood cupping the baby squirrel in her arms that was desperately trying to burrow into the warmth of her sweater.

The group of students including Katherine Plumbob, Mary Spinkle, Courtney Glockenspiel, and the aforementioned Plasterhammer banded together to decide what to do with the squirrel. "We couldn't just leave him there with all those lawnmowers!" said Plumbob, a junior. "I mean, I had homework and everything, but I couldn't just turn my head when such awful things are happening in the world!" The task force spent a grueling hour and half petting, feeding, and taking pictures of the adorable shivering ball of cuteness before Glockenspiel made contact with a wildlife rehabilitation center.

"Heroes? Maybe," said Plasterhammer, watching a grown squirrel single-handedly carry an entire pizza up a tree. "Inasmuch as anyone who saves the life of a living creature can be considered a hero. We may have all sacrificed class time today, but if we had gone to class, we would have sacrificed a life. An adorable, precious, mercurial baby life."

### Polo Does Not Horse Around

By: Chris Watkins  
Extreme Water Sports Specialist

Because of the recent failures of the football team and related complaints, self-inflicted injuries, and overt fraternity drunkenness, Vandy Fanatics has agreed to hold another school road trip to an away sporting event in hopes of boosting school spirit. Earlier this fall, the Fanatics unsuccessfully sponsored a road trip to watch the football team's road loss at LSU. "It was horrible," one female participant stated after returning to Vanderbilt, "It rained the entire time, and there was purple and yellow everywhere. The game was a complete fashion disaster."

After much deliberation, the Fanatics have decided to travel to the club water polo team's tournament at Tulane University in New Orleans next February. "We feel that it is good to encourage excitement in lesser known sports and activities," one Vandy Fanatic representative stated. "Plus, anything is better than the football team at this point."

The water polo team has been incredibly successful this year by posting a record of 10-2, which is the reverse of the football team's probable record of 2-10. They recently finished second in the Southeast Regional Championship. "The last time the football team finished second in anything, it always had the phrase 'to last' immediately following it," one team member said.

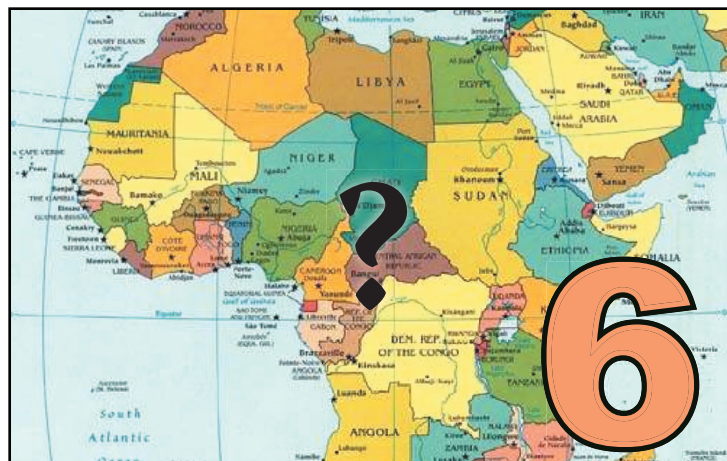
The Fanatics hope that the trip will spread enthusiasm about the more successful, lesser-known sports teams on campus. One senior administrator was even quoted as saying, "We have a water polo team?" Many have already expressed interest in signing up for the trip. "I love horses! I'm fo' sho going!" one Freshman girl stated.

The Vandy Fanatics recently issued an official list of reasons to go on the road trip to watch the water polo team:

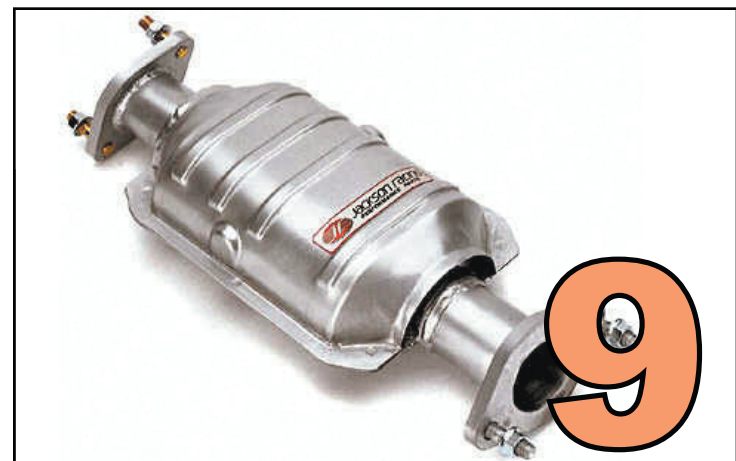
- You can watch a Vanderbilt team that actually has a legitimate chance to win.
- It will be warm.
- You will actually get to witness a passing offense in action.
- Guys in matching Vanderbilt Speedos proudly displaying the team colors on their asses.
- The tournament is in New Orleans around the time of Mardi Gras. Yes, THE Mardi Gras. If nothing else, it will be a change of scenery: instead of partying at the frats, partying on Bourbon street!

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After much deliberation, \$5 million Mo Ibrahim Prize for African Leadership awarded to no one



Toxic emissions lovers steal catalytic converters in an effort to kill environment



FROM THE EDITOR



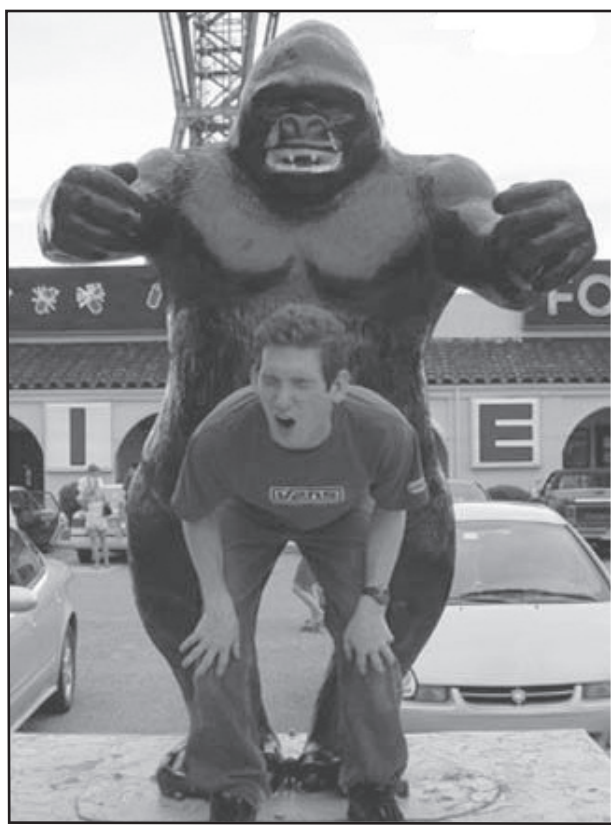
MERYEM DEDE

There is a dorm located in the perfect center of campus, with its own sand volleyball court, shady trees, cozy single rooms and dining center—which no one knows about. This dorm is McTyeire, home to foreign exchange students, squirrels without tails (truth), a confused hoard of Spanish immigrants and me, a Russian and European studies major with a love for only having to walk downstairs to get breakfast. Now I know what you're thinking: "Sign me up for next year! I love convenient food and freaky looking squirrels!" But be warned, like a padded bra, not everything is as it first seems. So far this year my air conditioning, heating, showers, and Internet have all broken, for weeks at a time. Even a metal toilet paper holder in McTyeire has fallen off its wall and wounded my foot (there is a scar, people).

Our center spread, pages 4-5, this issue is Halloween themed and has a special section on haunted places around campus to avoid. However, the most haunted building on campus was not actually included. As you may have already concluded, this building is McTyeire. Many occupants of McTyeire take on pseudonyms to avoid the ghost, I for instance also go by Masha, masha if you will, however, nothing seems to deter his dastardly work. The work of the ghoul of McTyeire is fiendish and diabolical, but mostly it is inconvenient.

So far this year I have been having a difficult time thinking of what to fill this space with. Conveniently, the last two issues I could fudge creativity by talking about our publishing changes or plugging our new website (<shameless> www.theslant.net!! <shameless/> ). Convenience has driven me to writing about obvious topics for this column like convenience has driven you to buying your toothpaste for twice what it's worth from the munchie mart. However, now in a remarkable twist of fate, inconvenience has inspired me.

Fucked Image



This is how the Planet of the Apes began.

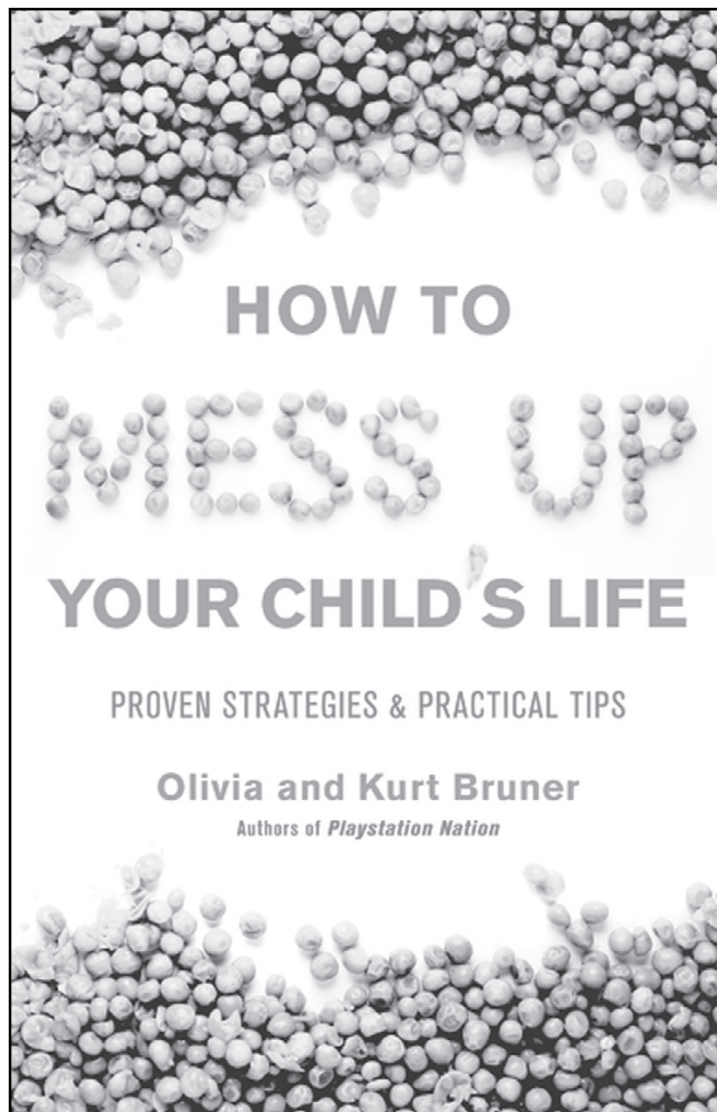
Swing by the Vanderbilt Bookstore today for a book signing by co-authors, life partners, Child Studies professors, and all-around dynamic duo Olivia and Kurt Bruner.

Included with the purchase of each book is a "persuasion paddle."

A synopsis isn't required; the title says it all.

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To Frannie Boyle, My Love

By: Austin Caroe  
Sweet-talkin' Specialist

In her recent article in *The Vanderbilt Hustler*, Ms. Frannie Boyle lamented the decline of Vandy's party culture, southern traditions and the increased amounts of studious, Northern freshman. Apparently no one shows them Frat row when they come for the tour, and instead show them the brand new dorms and dining facility at the Commons. What a shame—they show up to Vandy expecting to study, unprepared for the rigors of social life. She is right; we need to be honest with them and tell the prospective freshman that those who don't wear boots, can't hold their liquor, and don't like grits need not apply.

It is key that accepted freshmen are given the full immersion into the Vanderbilt community. VUceptors should instruct them on popular drinking games and pre-gaming techniques, hold fashion seminars and act as their guide to frat row on those crucial first nights. Yes, freshman must be inculcated by upper classmen to live by the Vanderbilt creed: "work hard, play hard."

But they must be reminded that studying is important too. If they don't study, then Vandy would just be another party school. Freshman must learn how to study while hung-over or still drunk. They must

be reminded what made Hemmingway such a great writer when the time comes for them to write their first paper. If they can't pull off a solid 3.0 without the sufficient amounts of fun, then they are not getting the full Vandy experience. Working hard is important, but it must come after they have had their fun. I agree when Frannie says, "We came for more than academics." That's right, Frannie, we came to get wasted!!!

As Seen on the University Calendar:

By: Abi Stavrand  
Date Specialist

(yes, our calendar here at Vanderbilt):

To see it for yourself:  
<http://calendar.vanderbilt.edu/>

Vandy Moms Lunch and Learn:  
*Mommy Blogging 101*

Really Mom, please don't blog. Who blogs? Where the hell did this word "blog" come from anyways? And why is there a class on it?

Washington, DC Chapter  
Event: Paintball Game

Is this what we get to do when we graduate? Why didn't they include this in the admission pamphlet? This would have definitely solidified my decision.

Deciphering Etruscan

It bears no resemblance to Latin or to other Indo-European languages spoken throughout the peninsula in the period before Roman expansion. In fact, Etruscan is not useful at all. Why would you attend

this? TBD.

Web Spiders Meeting

Real spiders? Or freaks and geeks? Maybe a combination?

Intramural Intertube Water Polo

This one sounds like fun- count me in.

Giant Scary Monsters

WHERE???

MASTHEAD



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IN VANUM LABORAT QUI OMNIBUS  
PLACERE CONTENDIT

Bastard Confession



"I guess curing cancer wasn't cool enough to win me the Outstanding Senior Award. Maybe I should have killed AIDS too. My bad."

-- Ralph Passarella, Senior



# Vandy and Barnard Make a Porno: Forgotten Dorms Find Funding For New Ferris Wheel

By: Clay Christain  
Pornography Specialist

Recent reports have shown an inordinate amount of gossip concerning the usually forsaken dormitories of Vanderbilt and Barnard halls. While the Office of Residential Education has pumped copious dollars into the funding of The Commons, the Kissam experience and the Highland parking garage, Vandy/Barnard has been overlooked by most, if not all, of the greater Vanderbilt community. Beleaguered with the lack of attention, the residents of these two jilted dorms have decided to create their own fundraising project to bankroll future programs. One key proponent of this initiative described to *The Slant*, "It's pretty simple, actually. We're going to make a porno movie. I mean, the target demographic of engineers alone would generate enough revenue to build a ferris wheel out front."

The exquisite film's working title is *Dr. Strangelover, or How I learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Cock*. The movie's IMDB page summarizes the plot as follows:

It is the year 2009; economic holocaust has removed Vanderbilt University of all endowment and donation funding. With no money, fraternities have run dry of Natural Light, Hollywood Disco has gone out of business, and Quiznos has moved out of Towers West. Struggling to survive in this post apocalyptic world, Vanderbilt Student Government assembles in the war room of Barnard Hall. Meanwhile, a Vandy Van helmed by a rogue, disgruntled automobilist is carrying a payload of horny freshmen girls.

Roger Ebert decided the plot for being "seemingly ridiculous" and "overly ambitious," but he also noted, "Where it lacks in creativity, it compensates for its deliciously sweaty co-ed lovemaking." Through a loophole in student organizations' activity fee policy, this film's budget is second only to the widely popular pornography *Pirates*, which is world famous for having a million-dol-

lar budget. One student who previewed the film in a focus group commented, "The post-production really brings out the sensuous allure of Vandy/Barnard. They made the showers seem erotically steamy, and the sex-scene in Nectar really shows the importance of organic foods as aphrodisiacs. [The director] really brings new life to the process of bringing a freshman girl back to a shitty single room. By using [the movie's] tricks, I've been able to spice up my sex life tenfold, and I didn't even have to use any rufinol this time!"

A female sophomore also noted, "I'll never be able to look at a vending machine the same way again. Pork rinds? Genius. Vitamin water? Artistic allure at its finest. I was really impressed by the meticulous cinematography in the laundry room scene. The rhythmic spinning of the dryer was well juxtaposed by the hypnotically spinning penises. It makes the scene from Bruno look juvenile and amateurish."

Not all are excited about the film's release. One of the starlets recently fought a lengthy court battle to try to obtain a larger share of the profits on the grounds that "[her] pearl necklace and Burberry scarf were thoroughly ruined by a bountiful shower of semen and vaginal discharge." *The Slant's* reports show that this is the first time a female Vandy student has ever filed a complaint regarding a pearl necklace. Her attorney stated, "My client, although not emotionally damaged by the shooting [of the film], expresses great disdain towards the director, because, and I quote, "Daddy would be profoundly disappointed in me upon learning that I'd be asking for new clothes."

Profits for the film's distribution are expected to surpass previous great Vanderbilt fundraisers such as bootleg bubble tea and chocolate Oreo ball sales, football ticket earnings and the entire

surplus of the Medical Center's bills. The Belcourt Theater will be showing a public screening of the film on Halloween to accompany *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* and *The Room* in a rare triple-feature. Alan Smithee, the director of the film, has informed *The Slant* that the movie will be available in Blu-Ray disc in the bookstore for the price of \$44.99.



Now THIS is bringing sexy back.

## Arrow Nightclub is a great time ...if that's what you are into

By: Dan King  
N.Y. Strip Specialist

So, last Thursday was my friend's 18th Birthday. We decided it would be fitting for us to engage in the most sacred of birthday traditions: taking him to a strip club for the first time. Well, the first "legal" time.

Anyway, when we were panning the evening, someone casually mentioned that maybe we should check out this new strip joint in town, a place called "Arrow," located conveniently in downtown Nashville. I had gotten kind of familiar with all of the dancers at the other clubs, so I thought it might be fun to spice things up with some fresh faces.

We arrived at the club at around midnight; we were all a little "dizzy," at that point. We wanted the birthday boy to have a good time, so we rented out the 'party room' and started clamoring for girls to come dance for us. The owner chuckled and simply said he'd see what he could do.

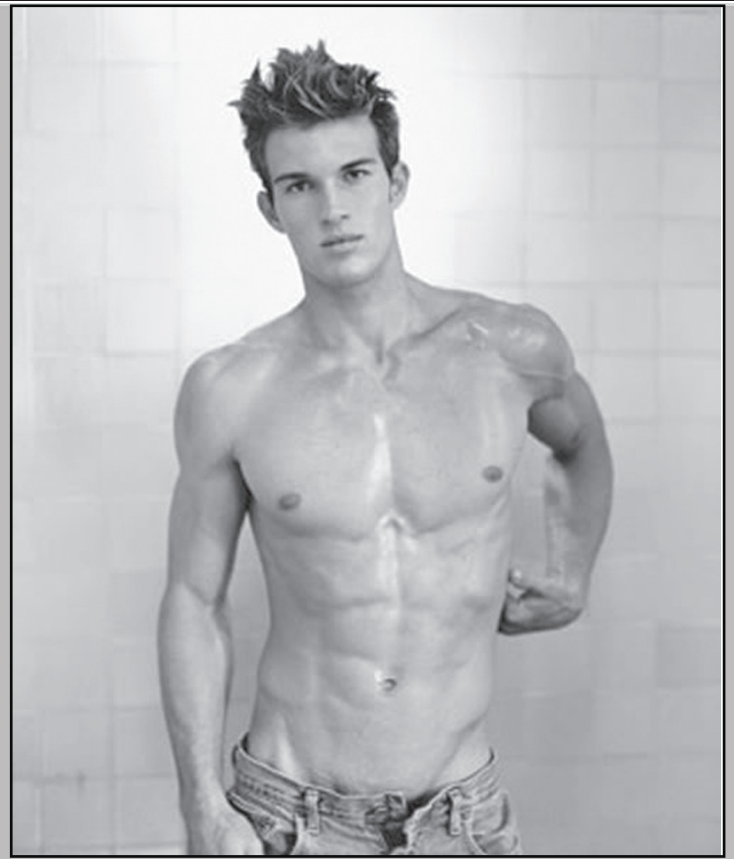
We headed to the party room, and before long we had some dancers in there with us. They all came out topless, which was nice, but to be honest, none of them was bigger than a B-cup. Honestly, they were all just bulgy in all the wrong places. One

dancer had biceps bigger than mine but had a chest like Kansas - flat and with stuff growing all over it.

Now, I do have to admit that what they lacked in looks, the strippers made up for in enthusiasm. They came in and right away and started shouting, wanting to dance for the birthday boy. For strippers, they were all remarkably good dancers; I mean, if they had been wearing more clothes, they would have fit right in on America's Best Dance Crew™.

One thing that seemed to be missing from the evening was any actual stripping. The dancers walked in with nothing on but little bikini bottoms, and they seemed to be refusing to go any further. Not wanting to ruin my friend's birthday, I started cheering for one of the dancer's to "Take it off!"

But just then, my buddy Zach grabbed me from behind and shouted, "Let's get the fuck outta here!" He dragged all of us out of the club and ran away. I still haven't seen him since then. Despite a strange ending, I had a lovely evening at Arrow Nightclub, and I believe it gave my friend a wonderful birthday present.



This totally female stripper has me feeling new feelings I've never felt before. Man, I love women!

## ECON 369: A Troubling Trend

By: Stefanos Buckles  
Geriatric Graphs Guru

Have you noticed more old people than usual walking too slowly and taking up space on the streets of Nashville? Probably not, because you live in the Vandy Bubble. But believe me folks, it's true. In fact, the UN predicts that in 2050, nearly one in every three Americans will be over 65. Furthermore, according to the study, by 2050 our life expectancy will be increased by two years. In short, there will be more old folks, and they'll hang around longer. This sure seems bleak for dating in the future. Guys- instead of pulling out chairs for us, we'll need you to hit the lock on our wheelchairs. And ladies- get prepared to stock up on the purple pill if you want to have any fun.

The short moral of the story: lock down a spouse, friend with benefits, fellow explorer in the sexual arts- whatever your fancy- but do it now. If you wait too long, eyesight will fade and sags of skin will be nearly as appealing as a second set of breasts.

However, this article is not meant for the lucky ones that come out of Vandy with their Mrs. degree in hand. No sir, I'm here to provide the other poor lonely bastards with tips and tricks for dating the older generation, because sooner or later, it's going to come to that.

For years, men based their dating techniques on women younger than them, Hugh Hefner, for example. However, if all of the ladies are old, even the youngest bird will be prone to wrinkles and poor hearing. So, read on for some quick tips on how to get an old bag in the sack.

### 10 ways to Bag the Biddie:



- Offer to clean her dentures.
- Caress her youthful wrinkles.
- Offer to walk her across the street - it will be a half-hour long date before you know it.
- Dinner is at 5 P.M. Sharp.
- Play football with her great-grandson who is just a few years younger than you.
- Compliment her strange odor.
- Try not to wipe off the spit right after she kisses you.
- Offer to sell her old wedding ring for BIG BUCKS.
- Don't hit on her hot grand-daughter.
- Don't step on her cats.
- Now guys, before you get grossed out or commit yourself to masturbation for life, keep in mind there can be benefits to not having teeth. Anyone seen Yes, Man?

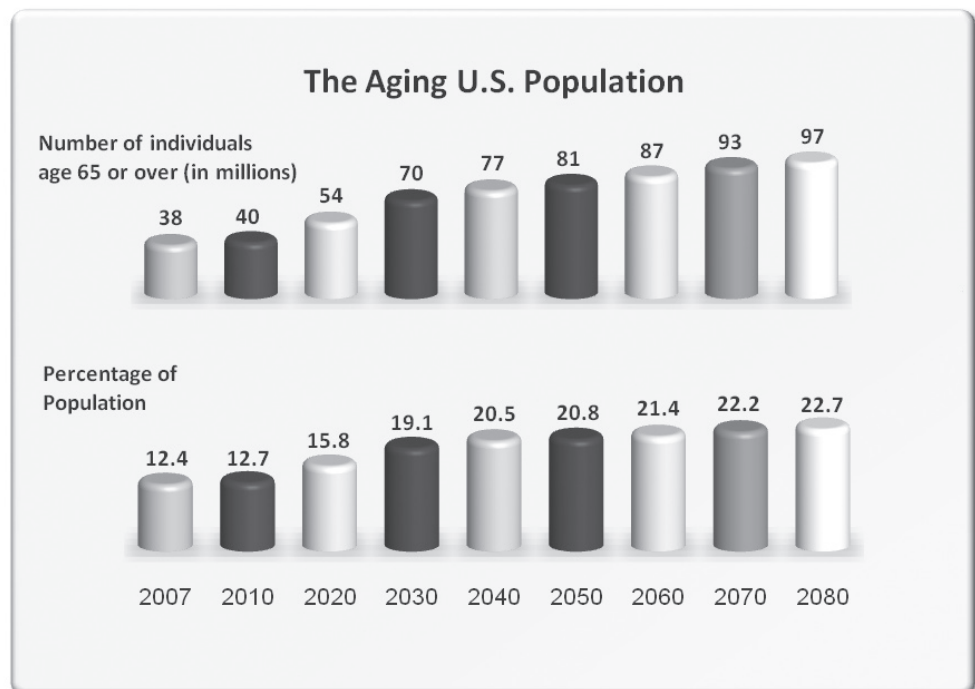
For the ladies- historically, most of us are already attracted to older, more mature men. Well, we're going to take maturity to the next level. These men will be so mature in more ways and places than you thought possible. But fear not- they've probably made a lot of money. Here are some sure-fire ways to seduce Mr. Rogers:

### 10 ways to Get the Grandpa:



- Listen to stories about his family.
- Pull out that nurse Halloween costume and give him some special attention.

- Don't try to use technology.
- Try not to wipe off the extra spit right after he kisses you.
- Go golfing; all old men love to golf.
- Give him a lap dance in his wheel chair - but make sure the break is on.
- Never expect a full erection.
- Don't go for his money... right away.
- You can still use your pick up lines, but you may have to yell.
- Don't offer to share your bra with him.



This graph is for realties (check the citation at the bottom), so don't forget to apply for your AARP card soon!

Visit [www.theslant.net](http://www.theslant.net), please.





# The Slant's HALLOWEEN

## Students Haunted by More than Looming Papers

By: Meryem Dede  
Pumpkin Specialist  
By: Dan King  
Orange Things Specialist

With Halloween coming up, all of Vanderbilt has the same thought on their minds: "I'm spooked by most places when its dark out, but what places at Vandy are legitimately haunted?" Luckily for you, we here at the Slant have mapped out where **not** to go this Halloween.

### Halloween Conservatory

S Q I A P  
X U A M Z  
N J M C O  
I N R O K  
L A T I W  
A M B Y N  
P O C V C  
H W V W W  
A M K Z D  
R I R A Q  
A L T F U  
S S S F Q  
X U O R H  
N M H R E  
P T G I G

FUGITIVE  
GHOST  
KLANMEM  
MUSLIMWO

**Frat Row** is haunted by a ghost that makes all who wander there forget things. Things like tests looming on the horizon, papers that need to get written, and the concept of human dignity.

Your walk home from the party is haunted by a ghost which is always right behind you, but ducks behind a bush whenever you turn around. (And you thought you were just paranoid!)

The Football Stadium is haunted-- I see no other excuse for our team's record.

Olin is not just where engineers go to die, it's actually where they have died. Beware the fourth floor.

Library lawn is haunted by the ghost of Harold Stirling Vanderbilt. The ghost hasn't moved in a few decades, and some have begun to think it is simply an old statue, but that's exactly what he wants you to think.

The ghost of **Cornelius Vanderbilt**, great grandfather of Harold Stirling, resides between Kissam and Kirkland, frozen forever after getting plastered one night.

The **Kissam Dorms** are haunted by the monster under the bed. Or wait, maybe that white apparition is actually just mold.

**Furman:** the German and Slavic Languages department is here. That's scary enough.

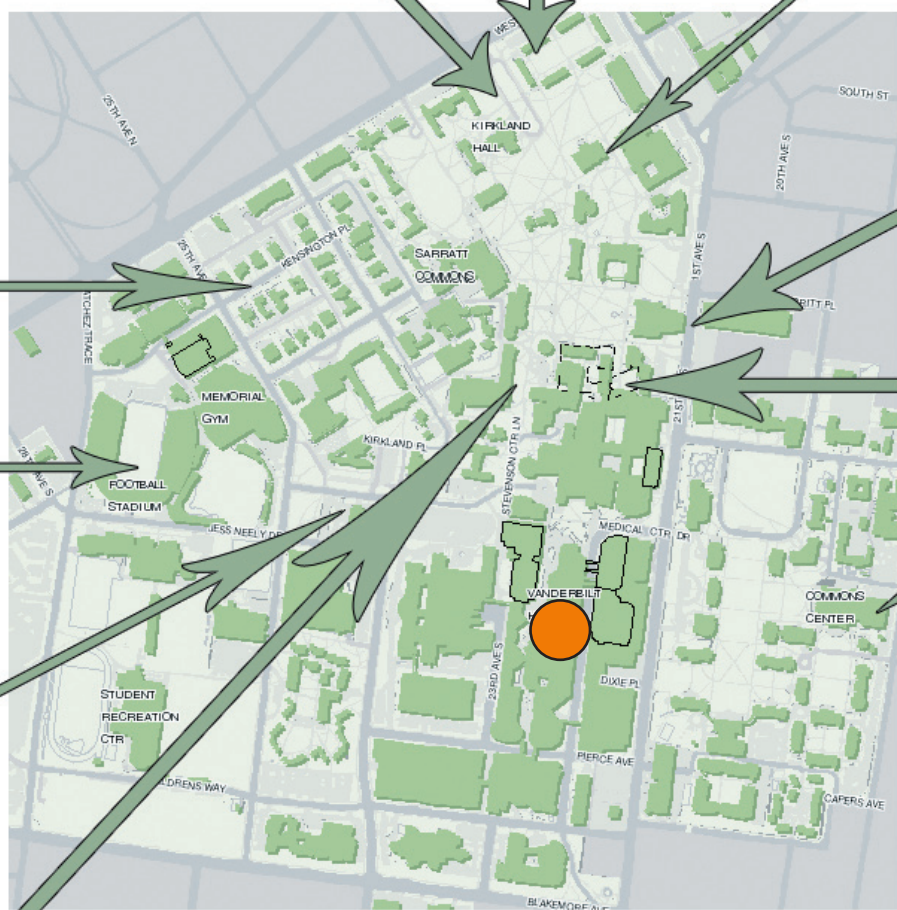
The **Central Library** is haunted by the Ghosts of Happiness, Youth, and Joy. If you listen closely, you can still hear the grad students lamenting the loss.

**Stevenson Center** is haunted by the ghosts of a thousand people trying to figure out that Rubick's Cube of a building. They are always in the halls at night, asking everyone they see, "Hey do you know..."

Your old room in the Commons is haunted by the Ghost of Your Virginity, freaking out all of the new freshmen.

**Confederate Memorial Hall**

Each house in the Commons has its own "House Ghost," further complicating the fact that the entire commons system is haunted by Harry Potter.



### A solution to the madness?

When asked "Who you gonna call?," Chancellor Nick Zeppos enthusiastically responded "Ghostbusters!," but on further reflection retracted this statement and instead decided to contact the proper local authorities.

When asked "Who you gonna call?" Dean of the Commons Frank Wcislo responded "the police if you don't get out of my house." Because of this, the third floor of the Commons Center remains haunted and unoccupied.

Clearly marked with an orange circle on the map above (let us pretend it's actually a pumpkin), The Slant recommends that everyone stay clear of the haunted areas of campus this Halloween. Thus, we recommend that everyone end up in the hospital.



Football's coming to an end, time to get your Basketball tickets!



Okay, well that didn't go so well, time to get your Baseball tickets!



Time to get tickets to your mom! You read correctly. If I were you, I'd hope she'll sell as poorly as the Vanderbilt sports tickets



# HALLOWEEN Fun Page

## Green Costumes for the Creative, Shy, and Modest

U M P K I N S D L R  
 F Z B N M D D J S R  
 Z K N L I N O H H Y  
 M I X C L M R F O S  
 S M P J C C P F T W  
 R D B F D X J Y G G  
 U E Y A O B K D U X  
 L N S N N E D L N S  
 A Y B T A G C I W F  
 V V O T L T F I Y I  
 G I T I V E I B L Y  
 E B V J K L R R G S  
 M Q W F B Q C G U W  
 B M E M N A L K N P  
 A I P F D E B U I K

NUN  
 PUMPKIN  
 NUMBER PURITAN  
 ROMAN SARAH PALIN  
 SHOTGUN  
 SLICE OF PIZZA  
 SUMO WRESTLER

thousand students who got lost trying to find room 2312 are now doomed to roam forever the halls of Vanderbilt now where room 2312 is?"

Commons is haunted by the idea of being ripped off from the Commons. 'nough said. Commons is haunted by the idea of being ripped off from the Commons.



This is the scariest picture we could find. Enjoy.

## Drunk? or Zombie?

By: Brendan Alviani  
 Undead Specialist

What is disheveled, stumbles around, and indiscriminately desires flesh? Hint: they want you to join their masses. It's either a zombie or a drunken, horny fratstar.

Every Halloween, we zombie hunters are presented with a problem: how can we tell the difference between a drunken Vandy student and a real flesh-eating zombie? Both tend to have their clothing ripped off by the groping fingers of the mindless. Sure, I suppose we *COULD* ask them, but what if they were dedicated actors or mutated super-zombies? Come on now; let's be serious here.

In the wake of such inspirational documen-

taries like *Zombieland* and *Zombie Strippers*, we must remain vigilant against the threat of the undead. If in doubt, blow off their heads. Their mouths are bloody and they look ashen? Gone. They stumble around and moan? Kablam! You stumble? BOOM! Let's get over ourselves—we have a world to save.

However, we also have to show restraint. Just because your friend snobbishly one-ups your own knowledge of zombies doesn't give you a legally authorized reason to shoot them. In fact, none of the reasons I present are exactly legal. Don't worry though; the end is going to be tomorrow. Or the next day. Or the next day. But just like any other apocalyptic prophet, you should trust me; it's obviously happening soon.

A key element of our protective anti-zombie strategy is that no one dresses like the undead this Halloween. First of all, we don't want any unnecessary deaths. Second, this prevents you from dressing as Edward from *Twilight* to get laid, which will only work with 13 year-olds. Finally—and this is most important—I want to be the only zombie on campus this year.



He's got blood all over him, but he's also got a tie. Zombie or fratstar? I'm just as lost as you are.

That is all. Over and out.

## New Van Hours for Halloween: VSG Justifies Another Ridiculous Idea

By: Caitlin Meyer  
 Transportation Specialist

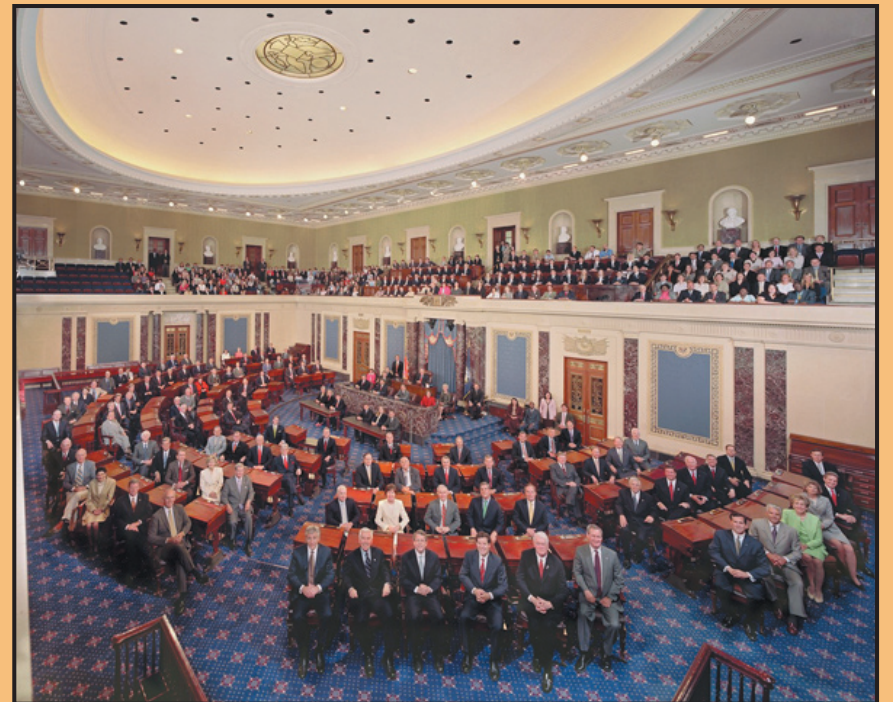
In the spirit of Halloween and a budget surplus, VSG proudly announced yesterday that Vandy Van hours will be extended to include the 'Walk of Shame' period, 7-9 AM, this upcoming weekend.

This special route will include stops at each of the Commons houses, as opposed to the normal stops of merely Ingram and North, as well as the back doors of Branscomb. Newly tinted windows on the vans ensure complete privacy and are accompanied by complimentary makeup and mirror use for students to put themselves together on the ride home.

"With the absurd amount of money raised at Homecoming and our concern for the welfare of Vanderbilt students, this just seemed like the right thing to do," a VSG officer said. "We're very excited to further provide services to our student body and further coddle the freshmen."

Attempting to legitimize this proposition to the administration, said officer laid out VSG's main talking points: "This is an issue of health as well as dignity. It's late fall, and the weather's cold. Twenty minute walks while barely dressed are an incubation ground for illness. Furthermore, these 'Walks of Shame' irreparably damage a lot of reputations, and paired with the Halloween costumes of today...the results would be disastrous."

General student response to this proposition



VSG hard at work. In a related story, VSG has recently upgraded its offices.

was overwhelmingly positive; freshmen girls of questionable morals are especially excited. "Now I can wear my six inch stilettos and corset and go totally all-out for my costume and not have to worry about getting home from wherever -- hopefully Towers -- the next morning. "Thanks a lot VSG!," one such girl said.

At first, some members of the administration weren't so pleased. "Sparing these students the embarrassment of facing the repercussions of their actions does them no favor," one senior administrator lamented. After taking into consideration how large numbers of half dressed, sloppy girls traipsing across campus Sunday morning would poorly reflect upon the school to alumni and prospective students, the following statement was issued: "If we were to give them a test in trigonometry and a test in dignity, I suppose we'd rather them fail the test in trigonometry."

## Mad Scientist, Mad Lib, get it?



So I headed out to the party dressed as a sexy \_\_\_\_\_ (noun). But then I saw some \_\_\_\_\_ (Derogatory noun) wearing the exact same \_\_\_\_\_ (animal) ears as me. Well, as you know, I don't take that \_\_\_\_\_ (Swear word). So, I marched right up to her and I said "Hey, I'm the only \_\_\_\_\_ (Swear word) (Noun) in this \_\_\_\_\_ (Adjective) party!" And then I \_\_\_\_\_ (Verb ending in "ed") her in the face! And all she said back was \_\_\_\_\_ (Animal noise). Some guy dressed as a \_\_\_\_\_ (Adjective) (Occupation) came to break up the fight. He kept shouting "Whoa, that's my pet \_\_\_\_\_ (Animal) you're fighting!" Anyway, at that point I \_\_\_\_\_ (Color) +ed out, and I woke up in a police \_\_\_\_\_ (Noun) and I've been charged with animal \_\_\_\_\_ (Type of crime) and public \_\_\_\_\_ (Noun ending in "-unkeness")."



# Chicago's Losing Olympic Bid Actually Not So Surprising

By: Dan King  
Brazilian Wax Specialist

The city of Chicago recently made a strong bid to host the 2016 Olympic games, but was eventually beat out by Rio de Janeiro despite the best efforts of many famous Chicagoans such as Oprah Winfrey and Barack Obama.

Many Chicago residents were devastated by the decision and left wondering just what about their city made it unworthy to host the games. However, in the time since the International Olympic Committee finalized their decision, the greater question has simply become, "How in God's name did Chicago make it this far in the first place?"

Now that the decision has been made, unnamed sources close to the IOC have indicated that while Chicago did in fact receive some consideration, their committee members put off denial of the bid for fear of incurring the wrath of legions of disturbingly loyal Chicago residents.

IOC member Barbra Winston says, "Well, sure, we tossed their name around in the beginning, but let's be honest, we could never convince the world's athletes to come there for a whole two weeks! I can't believe it took you guys this long to figure it out, really."

Indeed, Chicago simply does not create the best environment for any athletic contest. Known nationwide as "The Windy City," constant gale force winds make it difficult to predict the path of a baseball, to accurately kick a soccer ball, or even shoot a basketball. That's right, the winds in Chicago are so strong that they even blow indoors.

Chicago was also crippled in its bid to host the summer games by the city's lack of a distinct 'summer'. While residents insist that the city gets warm for a few weeks every July, reports suggest this isn't sufficient time to melt enough water to fill a pool for swimming and diving events.

IOC chairman Frenchy McSnottyface says he has still not fully thawed out after nearly freezing to death during a visit last January. "At that time, we had been considering Chicago, but it was just so goddamn cold. I mean honestly, how could we ask the world's athletes to spend two weeks in that frozen hell?"

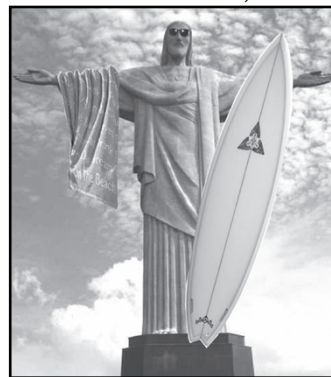
Mayor Richard Daley did everything he could to bring the games to Chicago, but several missteps

on his part aided in the collapse of the city's Olympic dreams. For example, while it carried historical significance for the people of Chicago, IOC members were a bit put off by Daley's proposed mascot, "Saussie, the Pre-1900's Sausage Factory."

Instead of Chicago, the 2016 games are now slated to take place in Rio De Janeiro, Brazil. Rio is famous for its beautiful women, lovely beaches, gorgeous women, lush countryside, scantily clad women, a large statue of Jesus overlooking the city, and its women.

When asked which of these things factored into the IOC's decision, Chairman McSnottyface appeared visibly flustered. "Huh, well you know I didn't notice it when we visited the city, but you're right, all the women in Rio ARE gorgeous and they DO strut around in tiny little bikinis all day! Huh, good thing that didn't influence my decision!"

Rio's final push for the games consisted mainly of pointing out the difference between their city and Chicago. Delegates from Rio cited their ability to keep a governor out of jail for more than a month, the fact that the sun actually shines in Rio, and Rio's distinct lack of Kanye West. In response to these harsh statements, President Obama reportedly shot back, "Hey... shut up."



(Left)- Jesus in Rio, ready to hit the beach. (Right)- Jesus in Chicago, trying not to freeze.



## Obscure Majors for Obscure Dreams

By: Andrew Ligon  
Career-Affirming Specialist

Everyone knows the "big majors" at Vanderbilt. We all recognize an HOD student when we see him or her downing a beer, and we even all know what a pre-med major looks like when we catch a rare glimpse of one running from Rand to Stevenson. However, there are also some lesser-known majors. For instance how many Ecology, Evolution, and Organismal Biology students do you know? Hell, my spell check doesn't even recognize organismal as a real word. So what motivates these students to pursue these majors? Well, here's a hint: it's certainly not for prestige, and it's not for the obvious career options either.

Spanish, Portuguese, and European Studies: This major prides itself on being the hardest major to say five times fast.... in three different languages. Seriously though, a lot of indecision leads to choosing this major. First, you can't decide if you want to do history or political science, so you do a combination with European studies. Then, you decide you want to do extra language studies. Finally, you can't decide which damn language to learn, so you end up with two languages. That's three levels of confusion for a major with the obvious career option of backpacking across Europe.

Ecology, Evolution, and Organismal Biology: The obscurity of this major is so intense that it makes up a new word. I'll be honest, I'm not entirely sure if this is a real major. It sounds like some sort of horrible crossbreed between Al Gore and Charles Darwin. This major is for all the science students that found out all too late that they aren't actually science students. That and they're probably still in denial that they aren't science students. But it's not all bad for our EEOB friend. The word biology is in the title of their major, so they may be able to fool some employers into a job offer...well, maybe...

Ancient Mediterranean Studies: This major is just one giant middle finger to your parents or whoever is paying for your Vandy-sized tuition. Classics majors are renowned for performing well

after college, but that's mostly due to their language skills, which this major is severely lacking. Studying ancient warfare isn't the road to success; in fact it looks a lot more like the road to poverty and soul crushing failure. Enjoy!

Create-A-Major: This major is the king of kings in obscurity. Honestly, anyone doing this either actually knows exactly what they want to do for the rest of their life, or more likely they like being "different". Unfortunately, I can't comment as to this major's success; it really comes down to how good you are at naming your major. "Business and Finance" is likely to pay off big by being different at Vanderbilt but not different overall. Meanwhile, "The Psychological and Philosophical Basis of Polytheistic Religions in Modern Film" says that you don't think being homeless is such a big deal.



Ancient Mediterranean Studies major brings new meaning to "out of the fratmosphere - into the brocean."



## Biking is Better

By: Justin Barisich  
Wheeled Vehicle Specialist

I wish all you stupid people would learn how to walk.

Just because you can fit 3 large football guys shoulder-to-shoulder or 17 anorexic sorority chicks ass-to-ass while walking in the same direction on the sidewalk doesn't mean that you should. To make matters worse, sometimes you don't even move aside for your own lowly, fellow footed-folk. You're so damn engaged in your own trivial conversations about which color rain-boots you'd rather wear tomorrow that walking single-file for less than 15 seconds may actually rupture one of your two remaining brain-cells.

This predicament is only further exacerbated when bikers are tossed into the walking fray.

Maybe it's because I feel this sudden superiority since I've recently joined the bi-pedaled, cycling world, but I've now noticed that all of you walkers are slow as paraplegic giraffes while I can move so quickly that I feel like a god among men, or at least among disabled safari animals.

You can call me the Augustus of the Bicycle

because I just dual-wheeled and deified myself, and all of you lesser-folk just get in my way when I have places to go. For example, when I often need to get from Towers to the Wyatt Center (the furthest building away on the Peabody side) in a hurry, I can make it there in a solid 7 minutes – though sufficiently out of breath – if I pedal like there's a raw steak hanging from the back of my bike and there's 1,000 starving Ethiopians threatening to gnaw on my wheel spokes.

However, when Sally and Sammy would rather walk hand in hand, wistfully walking down the sidewalk while crowding the entire strip of concrete, I feel the sudden urge to clothesline one of them as I narrowly roll by. I haven't done it yet, but I feel it may happen very, very soon.

So you Walker-folk better beware: Learn how to walk appropriately again, or I will be forced to bike around with a golf club and begin playing pick-up games of Pedestrian Polo.

## Point Counterpoint



## Wheels are for Sissies

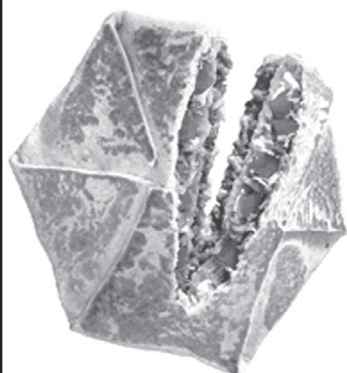
By: Austin Caroe  
Foot Specialist

I can understand if you live off campus and you need to ride a bike to go to class every day. But come on, park it somewhere for the day and get back on it when you are ready to go home. Don't be like that douche bag I saw today get on his bike at Buttrick and make the long and treacherous journey through the endless hordes of students, professors, and squirrels all the way to Garland. I know, I know, walking these days is just too dangerous. What if someone tried to rob you in the middle of campus in the middle of the day? How could you possibly escape without your trusty Mountain Challenger XRV-5000 under your crotch?

I know forcing people off crowded sidewalks with a shiny red bike is everyone's secret fantasy. But if you insist on living that fantasy, I am eventually going to live mine: throwing hot, organic, free trade coffee on you bikers who force pedestrians off sidewalks.

And I love you freshman who think that you are sooo smart for bringing bikes to school so you can transform a 5 minute walk, into a 2 minute bike ride. Most of you probably tell all your friends how much time it saves you, and how they need a bike too. Yes, I'm talking to you, white male, dark hair, medium build, freshman I overheard talking about it to his friends at the Commons Dining Hall. Do you know what people think when they see you race past them on your two-wheeled speed machine? They think, "Oh wow, look at that lazy sack of crap. He's completely oblivious to the fact that everyone hates him."

The little walkways are not big enough for all the pedestrians as well as that group of maybe fifty people who ride their bikes everywhere on campus. So get off your bike and walk with the rest of us, Lance.

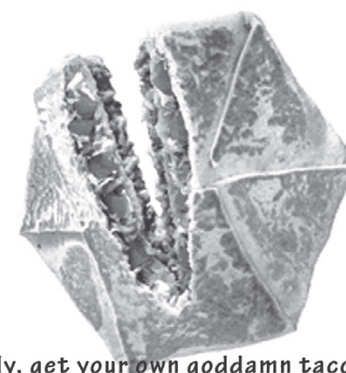


## FREE CRUNCHWRAP SUPREME!

If Vandy football scores a touchdown!

Hell, if they make it past the 50 yd line.

You know what, if they complete a pass.



Not really, get your own goddamn taco





*The Slant V.S.™ is where the staff of The Slant, or more accurately me, decides to channel all their unfettered hatred in their lives toward one unsuspecting victim. This is "The Slant V.S."*

*This weeks victim:  
The Slant V.S....The Slant*

By: Zach Wright  
Aggression Specialist

Be honest. You didn't see that one coming. Unless you looked down here before reading the preface. In that case, 1. Learn how to read, and 2. You're next.

*The Slant...*jeez where to start...I mean, you'd think we'd give a little slack to the one thing at this school that puts out a good product. Why make fun of ourselves when *The Hustler* and Rand provide enough typo and diarrhea laden quips to last a lifetime? Here's why: read one of our issues. I'm talking the whole thing. Chances are you've never heard a group of people so self-righteous in your life. Who are we to pass judgment on the student body of Vanderbilt? If you answered "clique of wannabe indie-hipsters," "individuals", and "sarcastic assholes", then, yeah, you got it right. GREAT WORK! You've probably seen some of us, walking to class, with our moccasins and flannel shirts, listening to The Arcade Fire on our Zunes. Those would be the aforementioned wannabe indie-hipsters. The "individuals" can be spotted easily by whether or not they own a black North Face. The sarcastic assholes are the hardest to spot. Usually you have to talk to them. If you have a conversation with a seemingly normal person and you say to yourself, "what a derisive jackass" afterward,

you probably just had a conversation with a member of *The Slant*. Congrats.

Our meetings consist of this curious amalgam of people trying to come up with something original for 45 minutes before falling back on the all-to-easy HOD/Greek Life/H1N1/ whatever was on Digg that day, jokes. And trust me...it's easy. Like kicking a seal in its adorable face. Easy.

So, why would such a group of Vanderbilt-loathing people stay at this school?

Without an outlet for our ridicule how would we inflate our sense of importance? If we were at a school where everything was perfect, we wouldn't be "kind of funny" or "unique" or even "interesting", we'd just be dicks. So, yeah, we're kind of like social masochists, but we have Vanderbilt to thank for that. And trust me; we're thankful.

Thank you for closing dining halls for half of the week.

Thank you for running a QB draw five times in a row.

Thank you for extorting money from us whenever we need books.

Thank you for setting up more tents than Kublai Khan himself.

Thanks for all of the material, Vanderbilt!

## An Ode to His Plaidness

By: Elizabeth Taylor  
Poetry Specialist

Thou still unplaid'd youth of OAR  
Thou lost child of N'Sync and Billy Joel  
Sylvan rhetorician, who canst thou pronounce

"Sufijan Stevens" and "Sigur Ros":  
What cupid-wing'd does wait in Ray-Ban suspense.

What obscure bands are these? Why listen to drone?

What is the point of the Game, "Namedrop-Obscure-Bands"?

What is "static", "hiss" and "noise"?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those that no one

Has heard are sweeter for your need in superiority.

Unworthy to the uneducated ear, but, only to your gage-studded one.

(The rings matches the one in your nose)

Fair indie, guitar-strumming, 'neath the trees  
Thy song, nor even the trees can bear to hear;

Bold singer, never, never canst thou listen  
To Sean Kingston or Al Greene—yet, you do not repent

Of your banal footwear of loafers and ankle

boots,  
And that red scarf—not hailing from Arabia—perish.

Sacrifice thy horn-rimmed glasses  
And thigh-quelching corduroys  
Fair attitude! O naked faux-hawk  
Unveil from the straw fedora.  
With soap and shower, thou  
Bathed from your inventory of band tees

shalt remain among us

"Plaid is Rad, Rad is Plaid"—that is all  
Ye know on earth, not music.



*This one's for you, Indie Kids*



(615): It's only resisting arrest if you eventually get arrested right?

(678): Dammit, call the doctor, I already feel the chlamydia coming on.

(865): Hahahahaha i hope u wake up because of this pointless text

(314): WTF?, why did i just get cockblocked?

(727): Hey did you know that "Transvestites" aren't the same as "Transformers?"

(419): I am so high. I am also now so confused. I is strokes keys of phone. Smooooooth.

(707): I'm sitting three to a seat with two freshmen boys on the reverse vandy van. Sophomore year sucks.

Got a good text you'd like to share? Post them on The Slant's website (www.theslant.net) or Facebook group!

## Around the Loop

Do you think Vanderbilt is a Party School????

Fratstar



*If it were a real party school, I wouldn't have to pull these damn all-nighters.*

Sorostitute



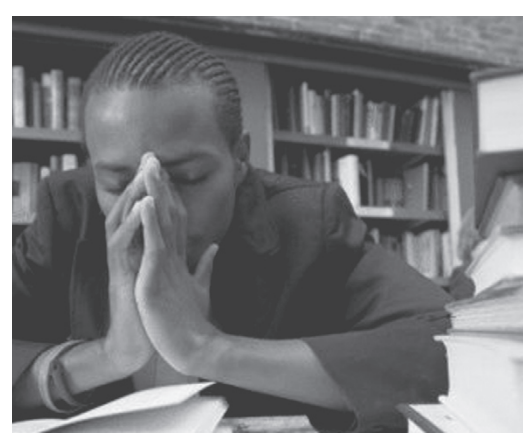
*I think we need more free alcohol to be a real party school.*

Average Joe



*Well, I go out 3 nights, stay in 4, so I'm going to say no. It's not even 50%!*

Pre-med



*What's partying?*

Football Player



*Yes, that's gotta be the reason that no one is at our games. It can't possibly be our performance pushing students away.*

Hustler Informant



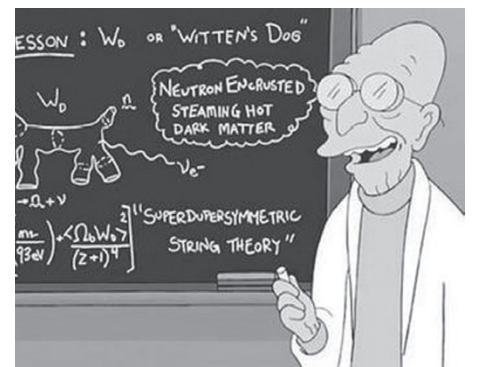
*AHH! Where the fuck's my face?!*

Freshman



*Wait... are you suggesting it is not normal to fail half of your classes the first semester?*

101 Professor



*I would say after looking at Friday's attendance, the answer is a definitive yes.*



Coming Soon

www.theslant.net

www.vanderbiltelevision.com



**TOP TEN**  
Things You Did Over Fall Break

- 10 Roamed campus ravenously while scouring for food.
- 9 Slept more than my goddamn roommate does.
- 8 Went to Duke and was disappointed to be the only one drunk on Wednesday night.
- 7 Boob-job.
- 6 Spent my days bitching about my roommate. Spent my nights unable to sleep without him.
- 5 Harrassed all my friends about their beer-pong etiquette.
- 4 Alternative Fall Break: Spent the whole break making life maps.
- 3 ANAL SEX!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
- 2 I delivered a report to the people who pay my tuition.
- 1 I sneezed, and then it was over.

# Administration Calls "Do-Over" on Homecoming

By: Dan King  
Enthusiasm Specialist

After a homecoming weekend that could be classified as nothing less than a 'FAIL,' our own administration has simply decided to pretend that the week of October 12th never actually happened. Instead, they have declared that November 13th-15th will be "Homecoming: Take 2."

The lineup for this new homecoming should be full of excitement. The weekend will feature a concert people actually want to attend, and a football game our team has a chance of winning.

The decision to redo homecoming was first imagined during a disturbingly empty Quake concert, when even world's #1 Pitbull fan, Nick Zeppos, found himself unmoved by the rapper's performance. "Where's the fun in throwing your panties up on stage if you turn around and see an empty gym behind you?" said Zeppos.

The homecoming football game was scheduled for 11:00 in the morning in an attempt to literally catch the Georgia Bulldogs sleeping. The gamble failed, however, and only served to annoy those students who wanted to attend the game. Even the most veteran tailgaters found it difficult to justify getting plastered at 10 in the morning.

"I mean, sure, I want to enjoy the homecoming game, but I just feel so trashy cracking my first beer while watching Saturday morning cartoons. Too bad you're not allowed to attend football games sober," lamented one fratstar.

Then there was the football game itself, which I'm told was a complete disaster on both sides of the ball. Many stu-

dents made the decision not to attend the game, citing cold weather and a lack of hope for a victory.

To make up for this disastrous week, the Homecoming Committee has decided to take another shot at the event starting again on November 13th, the night of the Jay-Z concert. Their job should be a bit easier this time around, as students have been looking forward to this concert since its announcement in September. Said one very excited Jay-Z fan, "Yeah, it's been difficult to focus since I got my ticket. Things like school work, clubs, keeping myself fed and bathed, they all sort of take a back seat when HOVA's coming to town."

In addition, the football game that weekend will be played against the Kentucky Wildcats, a school that more closely mirrors our own general apathy towards football, and should be a much better matchup. Perhaps equally exciting is that the game will not be played before noon, and in the words of one local weatherman, "It won't be fucking freezing."

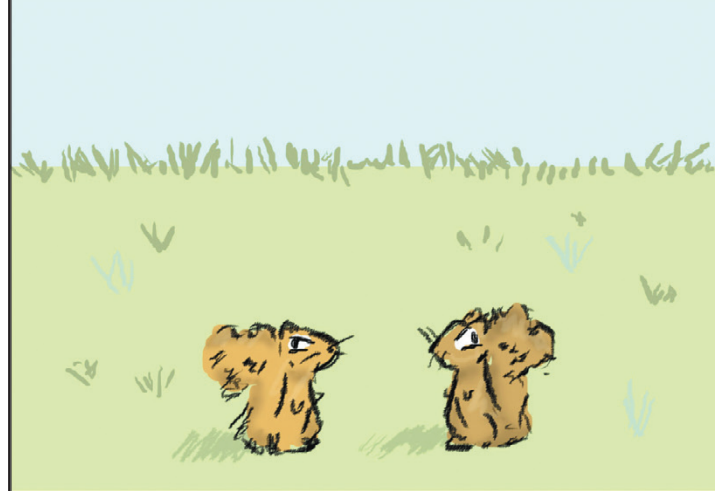
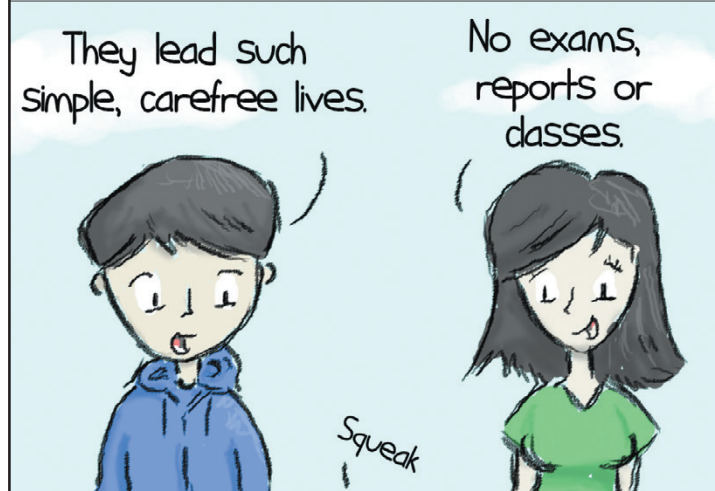
All of this is expected to lead to an increased student turnout at the game. According to some reports, certain undergrads are even contemplating arriving in the student section before the game starts. While the Homecoming Committee has no illusions of grandeur, this development would be a pleasant surprise.

The newly scheduled "Beat the Wildcats" Homecoming pep rally is expected to be much more believable than the previous "Beat the Bulldogs." Coach Bobby Johnson stated, "Yeah, I mean sure, it's good to have goals, but lets keep them reasonable, folks. At least we belong on the same field with Kentucky. I'm still not making any promises, but I appreciate the lowering of our standards."

Organizers have also made the decision to re-brand the Homecoming Blood Drive. "This time around, we're going to make sure that students understand that they will get much more drunk after they give blood. Seriously, you'll be able to get trashed off one beer. If you're at a bar, giving blood will save you a good \$20 in drinks," said Jane Mathis, Homecoming's Blood Drive Czar.

So make sure you come on out and show your support for "Homecoming: Take Two," because everyone deserves a second chance, even homecoming organizers.

Nerdy at Vandy # 3 : Ah, Nuts. Planning the attack Guy Kopsombut www.thespiffy.com



## STOP WEARING LEGGINGS BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

By: Dan King  
Pants Specialist

If current trends hold in women's legwear, by 2025 it will officially become popular for women to simply walk around nude from the waist down. Here we offer a brief history of popular women's fashion trends which shows undeniably that if Vandy girls don't start to appreciate their legs by abstaining from the "leggings-only" look, our daughters may not have any pants to wear at all.



1700's-----  
Multiple skirts worn to cover any evidence of legs.



1800's-----  
Skirt must be long enough to hide sinful female form.



1920's-----  
The skirt begins its slow migration towards the thigh.



1960's-----  
The miniskirt bursts onto the scene: Sorry, fat girls.



1980's-----  
Pants: the legwear of choice for the empowered woman.



2000's-----  
Leggings: Like pants, but tighter, and camel toe-ier..



2010-----  
Bodypaint: the next logical step in the progression.



2025-----  
Nudity. Its bound to happen unless you reverse this trend now ... ladies!!



## JOIN THE SLANT please.



Clay Christain says: Join, or else...

Have you ever dreamed of one day growing up to be part of SEAL Team Six? Well, if you're reading this perspicacious publication, the odds are that your dreams were shattered long ago. Has the demanding load of homework sent you reeling into the fetal position? We're here to help. The Slant is love - of what, I'm not entirely sure.

On Monday nights, some people watch football, others, *House*. We at The Slant lock ourselves in a room with colorful brick walls, but don't get me wrong! It's a fabulous shade of blue.

Are you a pre-med major looking to vent your deepest, darkest, most avaricious frustrations? We'll welcome you with open arms! How about an insomniac engineer looking to take pot shots in your T-16 at easy HOD targets? You're already a conniving, sarcastic bastard, so you'll fit right in! What about an HOD major? Well, ok, I lied, your kind isn't ever welcome here, but have fun with that one. I know you will. I hate you.

Mental slip aside, new writers means new friends, and new friends means new benefits. Can't write? Fear not! Our comedic task force is well trained in the jocular arts. We will nurture you from a lowly tadpole of a scribbler to a postmodern Hemingway complete with a stout cigar and a tropical seaside villa. Still don't want to write? Really? What's wrong with you? Fear not! We always welcome new production staffers to tickle the keys and work wonders with technology.

So, when you've finished polishing off that last ephemeral morsel of King Ranch Chicken at Chef James, waddle your portly self down to Sarratt 130 at 8 P.M. on Monday!! Good night, and good luck.