

Llamapalooza

a SUCCESS!



THIS JUSTIN

Pop Songs Cause Panic

By: Meryem Dede

Puts her hands up when they play her song

Across Vanderbilt, students have been experiencing very strange after-effects of heavy nights of drinking. Some experts believe that the symptoms are the result of extremely catchy pop tunes. There is not yet any concrete scientific research to support this theory, however, there is evidence to suggest that songs with particularly asinine lyrics are the most potent.

For example, some students have been diagnosed with schizophrenia. "I don't know, I woke up this morning and I just felt like P-Diddy," Freshman Susanna Gutenberg said.

Doctors found that many of these students also became romantically interested in significantly older men.

"I just... I don't want you unless you look like Mick Jagger," Gutenberg said.

Even professors have noticed something different about students.

"When I ask a question, and my students put their hands up, all of my butterflies fly away!" Biology and first name/last name confused professor Jim Patrick said.

Some students have even developed a stutter.

"In my Vanderbilt Visions group, when they asked me what I wanted to be when I grew up I just couldn't stop, I said: 'Imma be Imma be Imma be Imma be Imma be Imma be'—it went on for a while like that," Freshman Rachel Harritsman said.

Similarly, some students' schizophrenia has taken the form of species-confusion.

"I don't know why they keep telling me I'm human, Imma bee, Imma bee, Imma bee, Imma bee, Imma bee!" Junior Kelly Youngstown said.

Other students have instead merely experienced lowered standards.

"You and me—I really think we could write a bad romance. Nothing Twilight level, but you know, pretty bad" Senior Wayne Tredmore said.

However, the worst symptoms seen thus far seem to be fits of rage towards inanimate objects. Tom Haywater, one affected student, was unable to talk due to his incarceration. His roommate was available to comment.

"It was crazy, I was asleep and then suddenly Tom was screaming 'Kill the lights! Kill the lights!' I couldn't stop him—I don't know if my lamp will ever be the same," sophomore Bernard Birdshaw said.

Doctors are particularly concerned about the dramatic changes in Saturday night reactions.

"It's not like the 70's," Doctor Julia Patrick said, "back then kids would just stay alive, they'd really just be staying alive."

Secret Society Spills All

By: Alnever Tell

Ethan Messenger Specialist

We have all heard of Yale's Skull and Bones secret society, but not many people have heard of Vanderbilt's own secret society, the Legion of Gentlemen. *The Slant* had me, its very own private investigator Alnever Tell, do an investigation to find out more.

Initially the society was not a secret at all, until an unrelated movie flop by the title *The League of Extraordinary Gentlemen* forced them underground. From this point on it was the goal of the members to leave a discrete mark on Vanderbilt to retain their everlasting presence. For example, there is a recurring theme of "five" throughout the Vanderbilt community. Have you ever wondered why we have five breaks from school: fall, thanksgiving, winter, spring, and summer? Or why there are only five different kinds of fruit at Rand brunch? Or where calls to the (555) area code go? Yeah, that's right, The Legion of Gentlemen is behind it all. Now the question is how does one actually become a member, and what makes a member?

Requirements include a minimum height of six foot and one-half inch and a minimum weight of 145 pounds 6 oz, because it is the belief of the society's founders that you need to be able to hold your own in the event you have to fight a vagrant in the streets of Nashville to defend your woman's honor. After all, they are gentlemen, and a gentleman always defends his woman. Initiation into the society varies greatly from that of other secret societies throughout the country. After being selected by a secret tribunal, potential members are summoned to a ceremony which takes place in an undisclosed location. From what I was able to uncover, the ceremony most closely resembled a Festivus celebration. The ritual includes a dinner, an airing of grievances against Vanderbilt and the society at large, and feats of strength where potential gentlemen must wrestle one another for entrance into the society.

Luckily, I was able to uncover the identities of a surprising number of its members who much to my surprise include a large number of people of a certain celebrity status. The members include: Chancellor Zeppos, the Commodore, *It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia's* very own Green Man, Tom Hanks, Jesus, and the cast of *The Goonies*, just to name a few.

So, ladies and gentlemen of the Vanderbilt community, if you've ever wondered who controls the British crown, or who keeps the metric system down, The Legion of Gentlemen does. If you've ever laid awake at night wondering who keeps Atlantis off the maps, or who keeps the Martians under wraps, The Legion of Gentlemen does. Remember Vanderbilt, if you want to become a member of the Legion of Gentlemen, all you have to do is keep fucking that chicken.

Wacky Weather Wonders

By: Chris Watkins

Snow Specialist

Since the start of the semester, cold temperatures and unusual amounts of snow have ravaged Nashville. So far, the weather has been received less warmly than a Holocaust joke at a Barmitzvah or than a clown anywhere.

After the Weekend Snowstorm of 2010, you all know what I am referring to, Nashville and the Vanderbubble woke up to nearly six inches of snow on the ground. All life in the city of Nashville froze for almost three days straight, no pun intended. Whether it was the extreme cold or the complete lack of any snow plows whatsoever, everything shut down from Friday to Sunday, including Vanderbilt's Vandy Van service. "No Vandy Vans! God, why have you forsaken me?!" a freshman was heard screaming outside the Commons Center.

The lack of Vandy Vans combined with the sissyness of Vanderbilt students caused Greek Row to nearly shut down for the weekend.

One frat-star recounted, "It was like a ghost-town in the Wild West, except it was covered in snow and most of the houses were in worse shape."

There were a few brave souls who managed to venture outside into the Great White Mess. One student noted that it was "frostier than A.J. Ogilvy's hair tips" outside. Snowball fights, snowman building, and failed attempts at sledding could all be seen around campus. Several groups decided to play games of tackle football in the snow, to which shivering bystanders yelled encouraging cheers such as "Idiots!" "I hope you get frostbite!" and "Why am I still standing out here yelling things?"

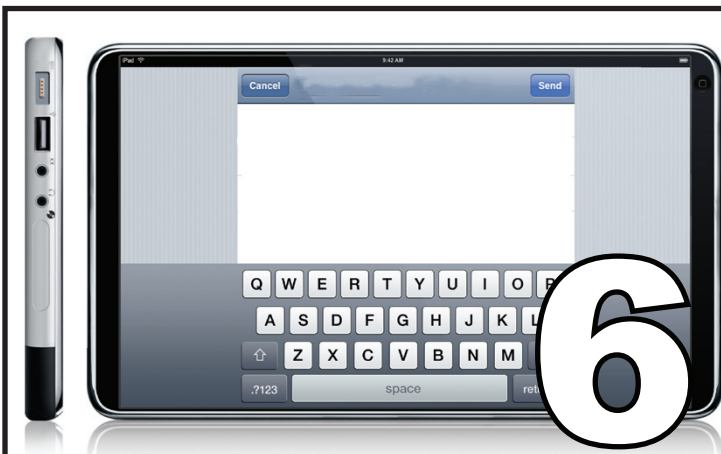
For some students, it was one of the few times they had ever seen snow. A Floridian was seen running in circles saying, "Oh my God, snow. Oh my God, snow. Oh my God, snow. Oh my God, snow." A New Jerseyan looked on in disgust.

"I left the North primarily to get away from the snow," he said.

"Well, that and to get away from my parents." When the snow started falling in the wee hours of Friday morning, many students had hoped that Vanderbilt would cancel school for the day. Unfortunately, school continued as planned. Chancellor Nick Zeppos stated, "Come on people, suck it up. I went to school in Wisconsin for God's sake! This is nothing. I used to have to walk to class in two feet of snow. Uphill. Both ways. Madison had some weird hills..."

INSIDETHISISSUE

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Shut the	Door



Boysfriends forced to go to the store and buy iPads for their girlfriends.



S. African President Jacob Zuma marries 3rd wife. 2010 world cup relocated to dark ages.

FROM THE EDITOR



MERYEM DEDE

Everybody rags on Valentine's Day as being a Hallmark-produced, candy-coated, pseudo-genuine holiday. I realize as *The Slant* editor, I should probably jump on this bandwagon, since *The Slant* historically casts out more zingers than Triumph the insult-comic dog. However, this time I am not. There are a lot stupider holidays

out there.

On Easter, are we supposed to be celebrating the miracle that a bunny can lay chocolate eggs? Are we thankful in November that gluttony isn't a sin for one day? Is Christmas a celebration of sales on children's toys and the power and awe of electricity?

Other holidays have religious or historic context to back up their authenticity, but what does that really add? I think Valentine's Day is awesome and not just because I can smugly say I'm in a relationship. Other holidays are closeted, but Valentine's Day embraces what it is. It started as being commercialized, and it continues to be commercialized. What is more American than picking a random date and making it somehow significant? Bubble Wrap Appreciation Day, Hug-an-Asian Day, Kick-a-Ginger Day—all legitimate fake holidays, but not nearly as epic. Like a louse compared to a llama, Valentine's Day is ten times more badass than any other fake holiday.

Perhaps people don't like Valentine's Day because of the overload of pink? Nevertheless, this doesn't fit the Vanderbilt scene, where the campus' men assault us with pink on a daily basis.

However, the real question is how can anyone not like a holiday that advocates gift giving? Although not as magical as a birthday where you are not expected to reciprocate gifts, Valentine's Day still is a wonderful celebration of giving stuff. More important, it's a day of giving GOOD stuff.

Chocolate is delicious. This is indisputable. Thus, a holiday that's celebration involves dipping food in chocolate, giving chocolate to others and making chocolate into sappy shapes like hearts and roses is awesome in my book. Or more precisely, is awesome in my newspaper.

Fucked Image



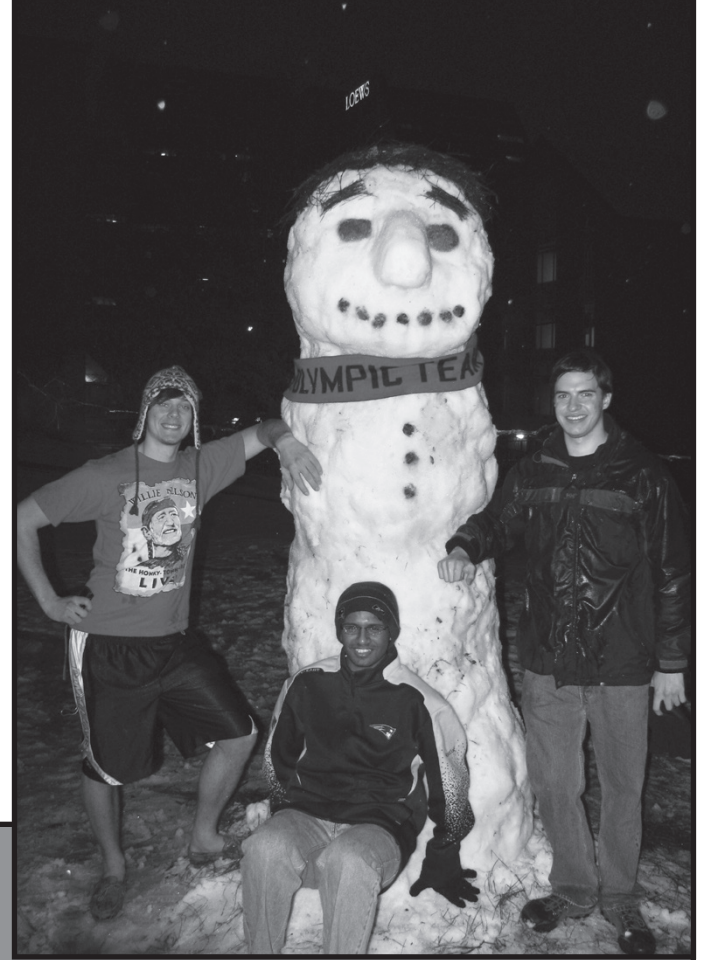
Vanderbilt TOMS shoes club discussion: "OMG, Shoes! OMG guys, SHOES!"

Giant Snowman Brings Winter Cheer to Dreary Kissam

The residents of the oft-forslorn Kissam Quadrangle have been blessed with a jolly snowman visitor named Mr. Jesus Bojangles. Standing at a whopping seven feet tall, the first Mr. Bojangles was built on February 1st during the unforgettable snowy weekend. Unfortunately, some capricious asshole cuntwipe committed unforgivable snowman murder approximately two hours after Mr. Bojangles was born. However, on the second day he rose from the dead and earned the honorific title of "Jesus."

A week later, and after many more assassination attempts, sophomore Kissam area residents Brenden Oliver, Vineet Mohanty and Phil Carroll birthed Mr. Jesus Bojangles Jr. from the bloody,

Swell Image



muddy remains of his esteemed father. With rocks for eyes, a charcoal mouth and some seriously stylish pine shaving hair; Bojangles Jr. stood taller than his father at approximately eight feet high and weighed probably 200 pounds of pure snow muscle.

Oliver has dedicated Mr. Jesus Bojangles Jr. to local radiant songstress Taylor Swift, who was unavailable for comment but would nonetheless be profoundly impressed and smitten. "With a little bit of magic and a little bit of snow," Oliver said, "Anything is possible."

"That Guy" from the Gym Takes a Beating

By: Justin Barisich
Slayer of Doucheiness

So, I was working out at the gym the other evening when the King of the Douchebags graced us with his presence. Now, don't get me wrong; here are generally loads of piss-ant douchebags at the gym who like to strut around like little peacocks playing the "who has the biggest dick now?" game with their large amounts of poundage lifted.

My work out buddy and I aren't allowed to play this game, as we can't compete with some of those douche-dudes who can lift more than quadruple my body weight with their nose-wiggle muscles. However, I am happy to finally report that we're no longer the weakest guys in the gym either. Being physically intimidating to at least one other person is such a great feeling.

Anyway, the King of the Douchebags made a stealthy entrance into the free weights section of the gym readying his regal weights and preparing his bejeweled lifting throne without causing much commotion or demanding any "official entrance trumpet music." Then, in a sudden fit of rage, he began doing Power Cleans.

Now, for all you non-juice-monkeys and non-meatheads out there, a "Power Clean" is an exercise in which the person lifts a massive amount of weight on a bar that is sitting on the floor to the waist level and then to the shoulders/head level and finally nicely puts it back down on the ground.

You may better recognize this as the lift that those immensely intense-looking Olympic power-lifters do with eyes bulging and neck veins popping like they had just dropped the most colossal shit of their lives. Getting a visual yet?

However, the King of the Douche Bags didn't think he would garner enough attention by simply returning the weights to the floor quietly, so at the zenith of his lift, right around eye-level of his 6-foot-something height, he decided to just let the weights drop. BAM!

Now, if this had happened once, it would have been alright. Sometimes, in an attempt to stake their penis-envy claims, the little peacocks try to lift more than they are physically able to, but then their muscles give out, and they have to drop the weights. It happens from time to time. Yet, (BAM!) the King (BAM!) of the Douchebags (BAM!) didn't drop (BAM!) the weights just once (BAM!) but more like (BAM!) eight times (BAM!) in a row (BAM!). Do you see how annoying that is?

The mid-sized peacocks began to grumble amongst themselves about how the King of the Douchebags was not obeying the "golden rule" of the gym. Even if he were to have selective common courtesy amnesia, there's a fucking sign on the wall that literally reads "Don't be that guy!" reminding him to put his shit back where he got it from and not to let his weights crash onto the floor.

Being perhaps the fourth smallest guy in the weight room at the time – though only slightly weaker than my work out buddy who kept whispering "hardcore" under his breath with every crash – I had major peacock points to make up, and I saw this as a rare opportunity to quickly climb the gym's hierarchal ladder. I grabbed the smallest weight I could find – a 2.5 lb one

– and marched straight to the King of the Douchebags' crashing zone. The mid-sized peacocks thought I was a crazy mo'fo!

Right after he let another one of his lifts drop to the floor (BAM!), I stood squarely in front of him, looked him dead in the eye, raised the 2.5 lb weight above my head with both of my hands, like Rafiki did to Simba in *The Lion King*, and then slammed it to the floor with all my might (baby BAM!). We angrily stared into each other's eyes for about a full thirty seconds after the crash, which I thought was long enough for him to fully get the point of how I just shamed him by making him realize how much of a d-bag he was being.



Looks like somebody's had too much of the Rawberry flavored Powerthirst. Now I have to shame him too.

The King of the Douchebags, despite the stupid-looking faces he made while lifting, was, at the least, not as dense at the iron he was pumping, because he got the idea and finally dethroned himself.

The mid-sized peacocks were impressed, and they promised to stop stepping on my feet whenever I would lie down on the bench press seat. I considered this a small victory and was glad to accept it.

Since that evening, I have never seen the King of the Douchebags ever again, and one may even go so far as to proclaim that his doucheiness has been fully vanquished, but I know that it won't be long before another hardcore mid-sized peacock tries to claim the throne once more. Until the time when my title is put to the test once again, I shall remain self-knighted as "Justin, Slayer of Doucheiness."

Granted, it's not as badass of a title as "Dragonslayer" or "Womanizer," but hey, I'll take what I can get.

MASTHEAD



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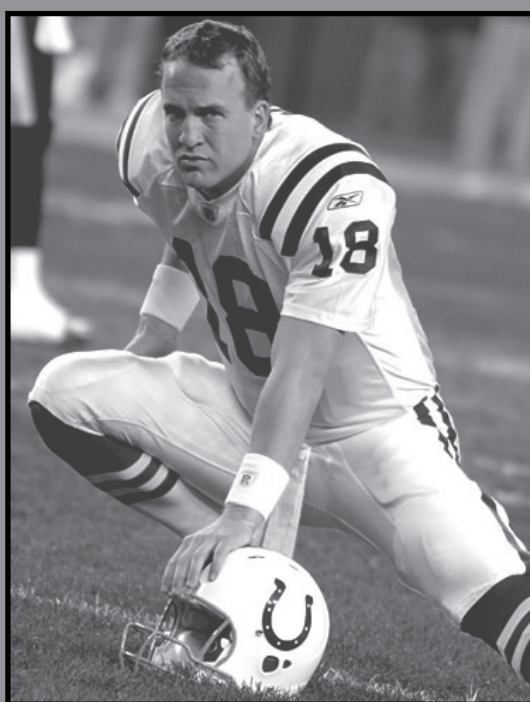
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IN VANUM LABORAT QUI OMNIBUS
PLACERE CONTENDIT

Bastard Confession



"I not dat."

-- Peyton Manning

Holden Caulfield Excited for Merchandising, Publicity

By: Dan King
High School-Level Literature Specialist

This past Wednesday, American literature lost one of its greatest authors when JD Salinger passed away at the age of 91. A notorious recluse, Salinger lived the last 30 years of his life without publishing a single work or giving any interviews and consistently refused to allow his work to be made into film. The loss of Salinger will be mourned by all those who knew him, though there is at least one person who sees the silver lining of this tragedy.

With Salinger's passing, the rights to his work will now belong to one Holden Caulfield who says that he now plans to, "Start making some real money off of this shit. Books are nice and artistically stimulating and all, but the big bucks are in movies and merchandising. So that's exactly where we're heading."

Holden Caulfield, the subject of Salinger's 1951 biography *The Catcher in the Rye*, is excited to finally have the rights to his own life story. Caulfield signed over these rights to Salinger in 1950, not anticipating the success of *Catcher* and has spent the last 60 years envious of Salinger's fame and fortune.

Caulfield said, "Sure here's this guy and all he did was write down my story, so he gets to be a big world renowned author. But me, the guy that actually did all that stuff, I'm flat broke 'cause I could never hold down a job, what with my compulsive lying and my alcoholism!"

Caulfield, who was an angst 23 year old when he first met Salinger, is now the angriest 83 year old on the planet. Sources confirm that since 1951, he has in fact never held down a job nor has he formed meaningful relationships with anyone besides his sister Phoebe.

When asked why he ever signed away the rights to his story, Caulfield responded that, "I met this guy [Salinger] at a party back in 1950. We talked a little bit, and he said he could make my story famous and asks me to sign over the rights. I thought he was fucking crazy, so I did it to get him to shut up. Ten months later, any phony that wants to can buy my biography in a bookstore, and I haven't seen a single cent!"

But things are about to change for Holden and the entire Caulfield family, who have begun to use these rights to their fullest advantage. Holden's brother DB has already begun work on a



Most of the action of the novel also takes place within these two loaves of bread.

screenplay, which will be his first non-pornography related work since 1967. Little sister Phoebe plans to head up the merchandising division of the family and has already created prototypes of a Holden Caulfield pull-string doll which will come preloaded with twenty malaise ridden catchphrases.

There has even been talk of a possible theme park, clothing line and perhaps even a TV deal. The Caulfields have reportedly entered talks with VH1 concerning a reality show which will either be called "Catchers of Love," or "Rye Love New York." There are also rumors of a melancholy singing competition called "American Rye-dol." DB spoke to these rumors by simply stating, "Listen, we've gone the last 60 years without making a cent off of this story, we're just trying to make up for lost time."

Whatever happens, it is clear that the passing of Salinger will eventually lead to the unabashed commercialization of his work, which is just what Holden Caulfield always wanted.

The Stereotype Game

When normal rounds of people watching just aren't enough.

So this is how it works: begin to people watch, take out your calculator and add up the points for each time that you see someone wearing the following items:

On girls:

Northface jacket	5 points
Pearls	2 points
Canvas tote	5 points
Garish Rain boots	2 points
Uggs	3 points
Leggings as pants	5 points
** extra 5 points for any combinations of 3 or more**	

Unnatural color in hair	-2 points
Punk rock T-shirt	-2 points
Sweatpants (away from gym)	-7 points
Sneakers	-2 points
Mohawk	-Automatic Lose

On guys:

Northface jacket	5 points
Polo shirt	2 points
Khaki pants	2 points
Backwards non-baseball hat	3 points
Croakies	2 points
Oversized sunglasses	2 points
Small animals on clothing	3 points
extra 5 points for any combinations of 3 or more	

Unnatural color in hair	-2 points
Punk rock T-shirt	-2 points
Sweatpants (away from gym)	-7 points
Heels	-2 points
Mohawk	-Automatic Lose

Best places for playing:

- Chef James tables looking out at the Rand wall
- Atop Furman
- From a stance of judgement
- Anywhere in Branscomb
- Staring from your Towers window into your neighbors' Towers windows (only for skilled players)

In our next issue!

- Russia develops new Unobtanium curtain to curtail Ukrainian democracy from spreading.
- Student discovers new country, culture through Sporcle quiz.
- Seniors have highest voter turnout in VSG election despite irrelevance to own futures.
- Student uses Facebook to announce that he hates new Facebook. Again!
- A little integration by parts.
- The Slant comes up with clever, innovative ways to fill space.

ECON 769: FOR EVERYTHING ELSE, THERE'S MASTERCARD

By: Stephanie Buckles

It's February 10th; you know what that means? Gross displays of affection, red, pink and white everywhere and choking down half a box of chalky Tums-like candy hearts before you remember that you hate them. But that's not the worst of it. The biggest problem with the chalked up Hallmark holiday: GIFTS. How do you know what to get someone? I mean, hooking up two weekends in a row before V-Day isn't exactly gift-worthy. Or is it? I mean, is she/he really good in bed? Is it about time to show your appreciation? Before you get too nervous, take a step back and use your head - the one on your shoulders, of course.

There are a few factors in this decision which are carefully organized in my handy dandy tool below. These questions will evaluate the cost-benefit analysis of the purchase of this Valentine's Day gift.

1. How much did you spend on the last nice thing you bought for yourself?

- A. If I'm buying it, what are parents for?
- B. I don't usually spend a lot on myself
- C. ... So what if I did?

2. How much will the Valentine's Day gift cost you?

- A. A tidbit
- B. Moderate amount
- C. A shit load

3. How often do you see this person?

- A. Nights and Weekends. It's kinda like my free minutes on my phone plan
- B. Does Rand count?
- C. I practically live with him/her

4. How good do they look?

- A. Good enough
- B. Butterface... but a really nice personality!
- C. HOT. Like the blue part of a flame kind of hot

5. How good do they make you look?

- A. Like a champion!
- B. I mean, at least people know I'm not gay...
- C. Happy

6. How much does this person mean to you?

- A. Not a lot to me, but a lot to my dick
- B. I'd like to get to know them better.
(Please don't call me gay for saying that.)
- C. Jason Mraz stole his lyrics from me

7. How likely is it that this person in question will get a gift for you too?

- A. As likely as Rex Ryan losing 30 pounds
- B. As likely as Obama fixing this financial crisis
- C. As likely as a snow storm in Maine

8. Do you ever want this person to meet your parents?

- A. Not if I want them to keep paying my tuition
- B. Holy cow, slow down it was just a few times!
- C. Done and done.

9. Last but certainly not least, how good is this person in the sack?

- A. I don't remember....
- B. Terrible.
- C. If I were to truly describe it, this paper would set on fire because it's THAT hot.

If you answered mostly A's...

You'd be crazy to buy a gift for this person. You're fuck buddies and you both know it, don't waste your money. Instead, give them something more personal: your body.

If you answered mostly B's...

You're too wishy washy. Figure out if you like this person and stick to your guns. If you like him or her, go out on a limb and buy them something thoughtful but not pricey. If you don't like them enough to make it worth your while, forget about it and stop feeling bad.

If you answered mostly C's...

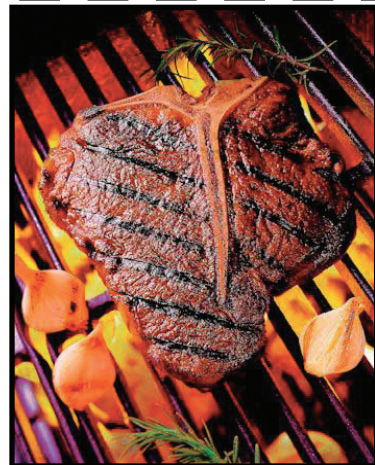
You've got a catch and you're head over heels. Put your heart and wallet into this one baby and make sure it counts. You're just one of many fish in the sea and you gotta hook line and sink'er before it's too late.

That's all for now! And for those of you who aren't involved, do not fear. In fact, if you're really feeling down, just head to NOLA and drink yourself silly. (Always the responsible choice.)



WORST CANDY HEARTS

That we would love to be real



It's 12 inches

It's a boy!

Find me on My-space

I turn 18 in 2 weeks

I've gotten practice since last time

The test came back positive

How many words will fit on

Not a roofie

8==D

Huzzah diabetes!

I Love ME

I brought my little blue pill

(o) (o)

Die, bitch.

te amo

The Mexican rip-off

Say yes or don't, I don't care. This is a roofie.

Bathroom in 5 mins?

I can has Beej?

Put me in your mouth

You wi

Twitter Me

NO is the new YES

Would you mind wearing a bag?

I brought lube

Redundancy at its best

<3

I hate these things

That was the wrong hole.

You're at least a 5

I have a flex meal

You can have my heart, but my kidney stays with me

You're Drunk

I'm Drunk

I'm not a tranny, I swear!

I came

REDEEM THIS CARD FOR A *FREE LUNCH



FREE DESIGNER LUNCH

JUST GO TO THE RESTAURANT OR THE COMPLETION OF THE AROUND LUNCH. PICK YOUR FAVORITE

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CASH THIS COUPON IN TO HAVE YOUR GIRLFRIEND (OR MAYBE EVEN SOMEONE ELSE'S) COMPENSATE YOU FOR ALL THE BULLSHIT YOU DID FOR HER A MONTH AGO.

THIS ONE'S FOR YOU, MEN. YOU DESERVE IT.

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LAMA!!!!



(*FREE. AFTER WHORING YOURSELF OUT TO THE ENTIRE CAMPUS FOR A FULL WEEK. REDEEMABLE AT YOUR LOCAL HOME DEPOT.)

R PURSE!

RAND
MONS
TIME AND
AVORITE!



How to Write a Break-up Letter

By: Charlotte Fraser
Break-Up Specialist

Since Adam first gave Eve shit about eating that damned apple, couples have been having their quarrels and issues. Bella thought Jacob wasn't stalkerish or sparkly enough. Romeo and Juliet had communication issues. Summer just wasn't that into Tom.

While talking to someone in person to call off any kind of relationship is perfectly legitimate, who wants to be around screaming or yelling or crying or, even worse, having the person convince you not to leave? Psh, forget that. Instead, take a few minutes in your room and do the classy thing: write a breakup letter. Sure, there might be a small delay since you have to either get it into their mailbox, which I know every student checks daily, or do the whole sneaky handoff-to-the-roommate deal and sneakily get it on their desk, but no matter, the breaku-pee will find out eventually, and that's all we're really concerned about.

1) First and foremost, start with their name. Please, no nicknames, that just gets all sentimental, and the last thing you want is to sound any bit remorseful.

2) Give a little padding by saying something you don't really mean, like they're beautiful, a great person, or a wonderful addition to your life, blabby blabbity whatever. That makes them feel like they actually had an effect and can thus guarantee their not wanting to talk to you out of shock that you'd want to end it.

3) Say something along the lines of "While our time together has been wonderful, I think it's time we see different people." NEVER use the words "Break up." That guarantees a major prank on your dorm room, which I know you'd rather not have, not to mention lots of texts and phone calls out of rage and demanding an explanation. Look, you already have one!

4) If you want to be *really* nice and give yourself even more

insurance, try to sugar coat why.

-I fucked your best friend = "I'm not sure I'm able to give you all the attention you deserve."

-You're ugly = "I think we're drifting apart and I don't want to change you or hold you back since you're such a great person."

-I fucked your best friend because you're ugly = "After being with you, I've come to the conclusion that we're just not that compatible for the long term."

You get the drill—basically put all the blame on you to make the other person look perfect which is yet another way to lessen the breakup texts later.

5) Whether you want to or not, state that you want to be friends. They'll never talk to you again, but they'll feel better knowing you're at the "just friends" level again.

6) Finally, say that you hope they do okay, and know that you'll be there for them, and a bunch of cute chick flick sappy shit like that. That's the final bolster.

Sign your name at the bottom, stick it in an envelope, stamp it if you feel the urge, and you're set! One relationship down, one ragefest celebration to go!

If you're totally against sending a letter, the next best thing is a text, although it'll take longer since you actually have to talk to them. If that just totally isn't for you, send them an email so they'll check it later that day.

Good luck writing, and enjoy being single, asshole!

The Grinch stole Christmas Day, Now Valentine's is on its way...

By: The Grinch
The Goddamn Grinch

I'm your friendly neighborhood Grinch, and I'd like to retract my previous hate statement that drove my point into the pavement. I was wrong to go against the Christmas season; it's Valentine's Day that is the worst, and here is my reason! I shouldn't have been going after those Whos, instead I should have drowned my sorrows in booze! Oh, excuse me; I got a little sidetracked there while typing here in my chair.

If you think Christmas is really gay, then have you even gone outside your cozy home on Valentine's Day? Have you ever walked into a human Walgreens after New Year's? If so, then you may have vomited all over your grizzly beards. Now, unless you like tasting your breakfast a second time, then you're probably in a rather bad mood. All this about candy hearts and giant fluorescent pink teddy bears when I go to town to purchase my wares. All the red and all the white remind me of that stupid cat and his ridiculous hat! Oh, I can't wait to tear down those pink posters and shut up all of those loafy love boasters!

Oh, some say it's "Happy holidays" not "Merry Christmas." Bah! It is Valentine's Day at which I shake my fist! Every kiss begins with Kay? No way! Every kiss begins with alcohol, I say. And don't believe what that Cindy Lou Who says; I don't have whiskey breath! Just smell it and guess!

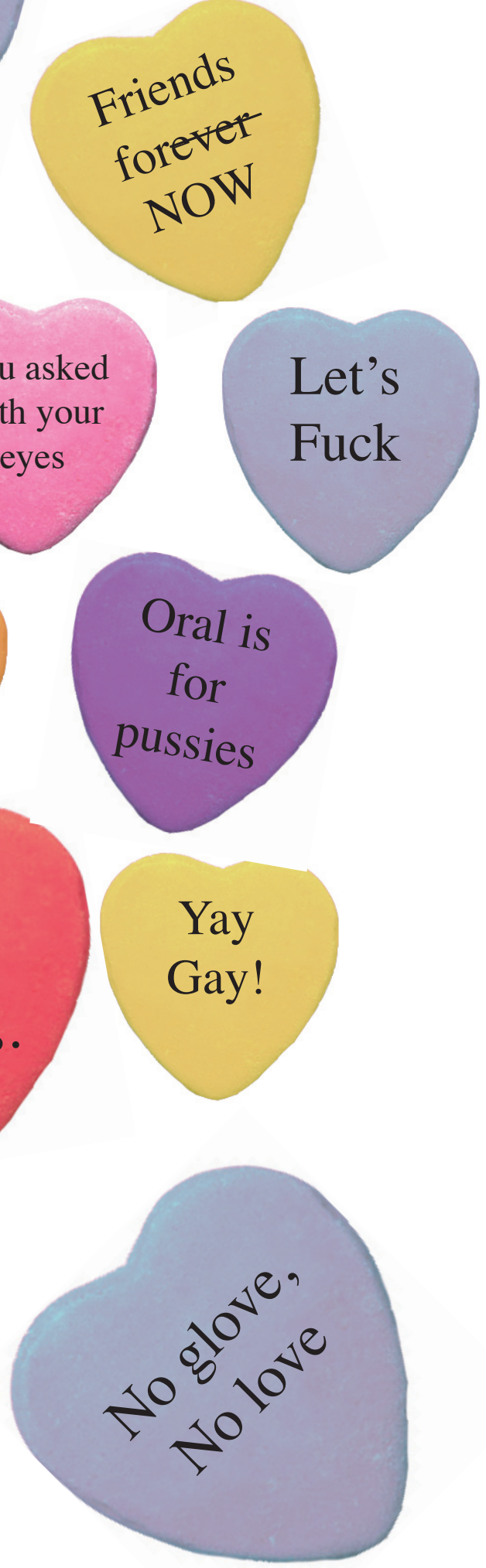
Now, as the only Grinch in this part of town, not having a lady friend really brings me down. But why shove lovey-dovey foo foo in all of our faces? Why don't they put their effort in much better places! Sure, no human female will date me, because I'm green and fuzzy and kind of unshapely, but whenever I turn on the TV and see all these human couples "enjoying themselves," I bang my noggin on the top of my shelves!

Remember how my heart grew three sizes that day? Well it shrank four sizes that next February! The Grinch knows about separation of church and state, well, the human congress should force people to stay home and masturbate! Can they fund that with stimulus money? Grinches have to pay taxes, and it seems the people would like some government honey! Why, I myself am ready to start working on my disguise.

Heed me now, for I am very wise. For Christmas, I dressed up as Santa with his sleigh; for Valentine's, I'll jump a flower delivery boy on his way. What color rose would you like, little girl? Blood red?? Whorish white??? Will you be fralumping in your bed on this most arbitrary night?

I'm just sick and tired of being force-fed this pidoodly booddy each year. The couples, not impotence, but the Grinch they will fear! What you don't know about me is that I read quite a lot in my cave, especially with the internet gizmo my grandmother gave. The Wikipidillidy tells me that St. Valentine wasn't exactly a well-known dude. Isn't besmirching his name rather rude? In fact, he could have been multiple Valentinos shepherding all sorts of cupid bambinos. Why, the fourteenth isn't even an official Catholic holiday! Surely the Pope will enter this fray! It's just a fabrication promoted at the time by that human writer Geoff Chaucer to one-up some silly pagan Lupercalia festival saucers. The Hallmark Company must make its profits, who doesn't love a card with Wallace and Gromit? Pajamagrams, pussy whips and obligatory sex? No more of that once I have placed my hex! Whos, Humans and Grinches in spirit, aren't all of you just freaking sick of it?

When I stole Christmas, it went on without the presents and the decorations and the singing and the food, but I don't think Valentine's Day can go on without the turn-a-profit mood. None of the abused boyfriends who just got their hair done will say that Mr. Grinch is really a mean one for liberating them from this horrible, terrible, unbearable fate. Nobody really expects something new on a one hundredth date. Now, my minions, let us rid the world of the red, white and pink! Those three colors together absolutely stink! Now, next month we'll put up with that St. Patrick's spam, and I know a certain guy who hates his green eggs and ham!



Surviving Disaster in True Vanderbilt Style

By: Zach Wright
Master of Disaster

In the midst of last week's iPad controversy - the extra absorbent iPod; now with wings- you may have noticed the five inches of snow that uncharacteristically fell on Nashville. Besides a few Doner Party-esque incidents where sorority girls ended up eating each other - only to vomit it back up (what a waste) - everyone seemed to enjoy the snow. Now, I like watching people slip and fall as much as the next person, but the recent "Death Blizzard of 2010," as it's now being called, threw into stark relief how under-prepared Vanderbilt students are for other potential catastrophes. So while you were frolicking on Alumni Lawn with your liquor jacket shielding you from the cold, I was preparing for other upcoming disasters:



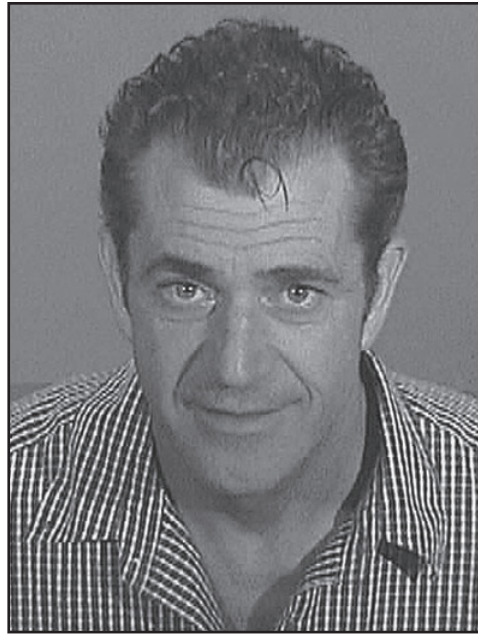
If you were faced with this life-or-death situation, would you be able to survive?

1. Dinosaur Breakout:

Clever girl. If you don't get that reference, go watch all the *Jurassic Park* movies, except for the one with William H. Macy. Screw that morose bastard! William, if you are reading this, you still have my garden hose and leaf blower, and I kind of need those back. Thanks. Now, normal weapons won't work against dinosaurs, so if we want to survive we'll need to incorporate some unorthodox tactics. I suggest sending wave after wave of freshman to attack the reptilian beasts until they are satiated. Then hopefully they will leave us alone, and more housing will be open in the Commons.

2. Nuclear Winter.:

You think it's cold now? In this disaster scenario, we'd probably have to barricade ourselves in our dorms to escape the extreme temperatures and radioactive particles. Unfortunately, there is no liquor jacket for radiation. On the bright side, Geiger counters make excellent accessories for you Vandy girls out there. Plus everyone that had classes in the Old Gym probably has cancer from all of the asbestos in there anyway. So go nuts, you history of art fans!



Mad Max 4: The Morning After


3. Mad Max Style Death Race:

Now, you are probably saying, "Zach, I doubt I'll ever find myself in a death race," to which I'll respond "We'll see who's laughing when I'm chasing you with my battle wagon." Just something for you haters to think about. I actually believe that Vanderbilt is pretty well prepared for this one. With Vanderbilt's affluent population, plenty of people have cars, some of which aren't a Lexus, a BMW or an Audi, if you can believe it. On top of that, we already have a fleet of durable, puke and blood stained tanks in the form of Vandy Vans. Those things have seen more carnage than Michael Vick's petting zoo. I wouldn't be too concerned with this scenario. Also, I call dibs on being part of A.J. Ogilvy's team. I assume that every Australian has been in at least one death race.

So there you have it, fellow Commodores. If you ever find yourself in one these situations you should now have an idea of what to do. That being said, if you don't read this article you will probably die a terrible death. Go Does!



This is not at all what a nuclear winter would look like. However, we think that this is nonetheless a damn cool picture.

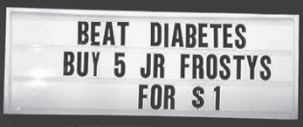


On Thursday, February 25th, present this coupon to a Wendy's franchise and get one free 1/4 lb. Single-Stack Old Fashioned Hamburger, but only from 2:17a.m. til 6:43a.m.!

(Limit one per customer per visit.)

Be sure to get yours!

(Only valid in states where fraud is legal.)



Mardi Gras Special: New Orleans or Vanderbilt?

Point Counterpoint

By: Justin Barisich
The RAGING Cajun



New Orleans during Mardi Gras, probably better known as the "Mecca of Partying" for people of all ages, is the place to be this upcoming weekend. I mean, screw you Vanderbiltbubble-bound guys, I'm going home and experiencing the best of what my city has to offer, which will possibly be better than ever now that the Saints have just won the Super Bowl for the first time. A cool Brees rolled in and I... jazzed in my pants. Anyway, a week-long, full-fledged Mardi Gras; the greatness can only be calculated by the city's vast volume of vomit that will accumulate after night after night after night of partying.

I really do pity you people who will be stuck on campus "celebrating" the blandness of regular everyday life as someone tries to fool you into thinking that "Vandy Gras," a shitty substitute for the real thing, is actually worth staying around for. I applaud the attempt to capture the essence of my city, but Vandy's "Masquerade Ball" is probably being thrown by a bunch of people who have never even attended a real one, and who have probably never even been to NOLA.

As if this notion is not implicit enough already, let me make the comparisons more clear.

When I'm back in the homelands hearing people yell out "Show me your tits!" you'll be stuck hearing the rent-a-cops mumbling "Show me your Vandy card" every time you re-enter your dorms. Moreover, the likelihood of me seeing a nice set of

ta-ta's is a lot higher than you getting a peek down some chick's shirt at a frat party, and my view will probably be better too. Besides, live jazz music and legit show-stopping marching bands just easily crush the same, sorry, sad, sucker songs of Lady GaGa and Miley Cyrus. This is a New Orleans party now, biotch!

As if this weekend can't get any better already, I'm also turning 21, so when I'm getting smashed in public with the rest of my Crescent City brethren holding a New Orleans original "Hand Grenade" drink in one hand and a cheap, fake tomahawk in the other, you'll be trying to sneak your booze in past the guards. More than likely, they will catch you this weekend, as knowing that it's soon to be Mardi Gras, they'll be on high alert for any gym bags that have an oddly boxy shape to them.

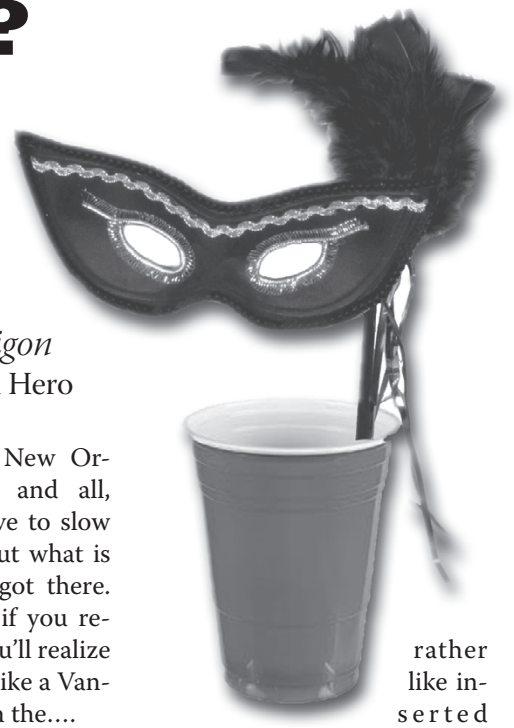
While you're restricted to Nashville's Broadway Avenue, I'll be laughing at all of the fools crowded on Bourbon Street. All the locals know that some of the best spots in the city are actually off of the tourist trap that is Bourbon, so we'll be partying there. Moreover, don't listen to those stupid *Versus* writers, I can assert myself and mark my territory by pissing in public. Screw waiting in line! Also, I have no qualms with elbowing old ladies or knocking over small children for a few beads or trinkets. The old ladies should know their place and the little kids will soon learn that it's just a New Orleans rite of passage. However, back to the pissing, for those of you trying to party on campus, the best you can hope to do is "break the seal" when the Vandy cops are looking away, or you better prepare to get a night stacked through the backdoor.

Lastly, I get real food this weekend. My dad is a fisherman and will be going to be cooking legit New Or-

leans dishes: fresh seafood gumbo, crab soup, and fried shrimp. I also get fresh slices of King Cake, mugs of Café au Lait, and hot, sticky, sweet beignets that just left the fryer. What do you get? Oh yeah, the same old bland-ass Randwiches and Commomers' Dinner. Lucky you! And the shrimp that they will try to serve you will most likely be the pre-packaged SYSCO shit imported from another country that doesn't naturally grow any product of shrimp. (P.S. - Those countries have to make man-made shrimp farms that are filled with antibiotics and, because of that, taste like exactly what they eat: shit.) But for all you Yankees who have never eaten real Gulf shrimp, you have no idea what you're missing, so continue to eat that pitiful excuse of what Louisiana is famous for.

Hence, if you haven't made plans to do so already, I highly recommend that you find a way to get down to New Orleans this weekend. Plane, car, raft, hitchhiking, riding a hobo, whatever, just make it happen. This will probably be one of the best Mardi Gras seasons in decades, and about fifteen years from now, when all of your friends are getting drunk and remembering the stories about how Tim was found blacked out on a street corner by a transvestite stripper named 'Candy,' you will feel like a total dumbass for missing it. Your papers can be written the night before, and you can cram for your tests on the day of, but I can promise that you will regret missing this Mardi Gras for the rest of your life.

By: Andrew Ligon
The Hometown Hero



Ok, I know that New Orleans sounds great and all, but people really have to slow down and think about what is there and what we got there. I'm pretty sure that if you really think about it, you'll realize that there's no party like a Vandy Party starting with the...

Vandy Cards! Oh yeah, sure, you can throw some beads and get a look at some boobs, but you can also flash your Vandy Card here and say "Bitch, I'm here for the party." Boobs are great, but acting like a big cocky douchebag is definitely better. Besides, beads are cheap, and everyone knows Vandy students are way classier than beads. That's why we drink Natty Light and get sloppy with each other on the dance floor and.... Ok.... So maybe "classy" isn't really the best word, but who the hell cares about plastic toys made in China? The only thing at Vandy that comes from China is...

Our Food! Mmm, Branscomb breakfast - and the secret ingredient is mercury! - is so delicious. What's that you say? Feeling ritzy? Well, come on down to the Qdoba on West End where you get to eat with every single stoner in Nashville. Stoners have a lot of advantages over New Orleans. First of all, they are quiet. Second of all, they are really fucking quiet, and third of all, they're like the nicest people in the world.... I think.... I've never really gotten that close to one. But really, there is one thing at Vandy that stands far and beyond better than New Orleans and that's....

Our crime rate! Question time: which one would you

rather like inserted into your body, a stomach pump, or a rusty shank? Yeah, I thought so. I don't know about you, but I like NOT worrying about if my tetanus shots are up to date. But violent crime isn't your only concern at New Orleans; you've got to watch out for pickpockets too. Let's be honest, no Vandy kid is stealing from you period. Anything that Vandy Boy or Vandy Girl wants, they get from Mommy or Daddy, and why steal when you can buy? New Orleans is a little different, a.k.a. poor a.k.a. they steal, a.k.a. you will lose all your credit cards and cell phone when you are drunk a.k.a. enjoy the twenty hours of phone calls to Burkina Faso and Azerbaijan a.k.a. the one thing your parents are NOT buying you is your 4th iPhone replacement. So yeah, crime, enough said.

Now that I have established that Vandy is clearly the better party place for Mardi Gras, I bet you all want to just sell your plane tickets and hotel rooms for, like, a fifth of the price now. Well that's the smartest decision you've made since... well, ever.... Oh, and if you happen to be selling those tickets, please shoot me an email.... I think I know some random guy that may be willing to take them off your hands.

Danica Patrick to Make Hyped NASCAR Debut at Daytona

By: Joe Souter
Chief of Your Unshaven Pit Crew

Fear not, sports fans, with NFL season fading faster than Bret Favre's career and Major League Baseball becoming a steroid addled shrunken testicle on the horizon, two sports will tide us all over into April: a bunch of old fuddy-duddy's swinging away at Tiger Woods' distant records and a crew of imbeciles with lead feet chasing Jimmy Johnson around a track filled with trailer trash. In other words, we're fucked. But fear not, making an appearance at Daytona next weekend, driving the GoDaddy.com car will be Danica Patrick. But what does this mean for the sport of auto racing?

Basically, it means that someone not named Jeff Gordon might be speaking English in a post race interview. Also, it is expected that Patrick will have a second mirror installed for checking her makeup and lipstick, since her career is clearly founded on image over performance. Patrick has won one race in five years but was voted most popular driver in four of those years. In other words, Indy car fans are horny. NASCAR is hoping the same for its fans, as they have exempted Patrick from wearing the standard flame proof suit, instead telling her she should wear the same thing she wears in all of her commercials: as little as possible. Next weekend she'll be driving crashing the #69 GoDaddy.com car - let me save you the five minutes, it's not a porn site - for JR motor sports. Vegas has put the spread on Patrick crashing somewhere between the second and third wardrobe change, and some oddsmakers are even taking bets on just how many wardrobe changes there will be.

Several drivers have expressed concern over having a woman on the track, though most say they'll treat her like any other driver. Robby Gordon was just excited to be in the same building with a woman, though there are rumors Patrick has already filed a restraining order. Tony Stewart remarked that "[He'd] run up her rear end any day".

Dale Earnhardt Jr., on the other hand, was not so keen on the idea. Jr. will likely pick up a sizeable fine this week for his misunderstood remark, "I'd hit that." Joining Earnhardt is Jimmie Johnson, "I just don't understand where we're taking the sport. I mean, we've all seen them out on the road; the next step will be to let



She's OKAY looking.

Asians in, and that's the point where I no longer feel safe out there anymore." However, Juan Pablo Montoya may have summed things up best with, "No hablo ingles".

With all this hub-bub around NASCAR, only one thing is certain: April cannot come soon enough.

Red Toyota Truck Near VA Hospital Still Getting Tickets Months Later



If you look closely through the windshield, you can see that there are even more parking tickets inside of the car. As the months (literally) have gone on, the truck has also acquired an assortment of trash in its bed. To top it all off, Shelby County, Tennessee is Memphis. That's over 100 miles away.

Shoe of the Week:

The ones you already own



Cost: Free
Style: Timeless
Result: Contentment



(863): We built a snow penis over on Highland. It was good enough so that when you saw it, you knew it was a penis, but it wasn't like "OMG EPIC!"

(713): Yeah, it was a bit small and lumpy.

(863): Lumpy??

(713): Weren't you the one who felt it up?

(615): Oh, we were just talking about sex robots the other day.

(713): Yeah! They just came out with a new one. It has a personality now and everything.

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

The 2010 Winter Olympics begin at the end of this week. What does that mean to you?

Really Hungover Guy



Again? We just had the Winter Beer Olympics at Lambda Omicron Lambda last week...

Lady GaGa



I've helped designed the outfits for the U.S. figure skating team. I stride for style over functionality.

Snowboard Bro



Yo, like, if the Olympics want to be more extreme, they could use some RockStar Energy Drink!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Usain Bolt



Jamaica's speed skating team is coming out on top this time!

Dmitry Medvedev



Vladimir says if I've behaved myself, he'll let me watch the cross-country skiing on TV.

Haitian Child



Won't be watching.

Japanese Fan



We're crossing our fingers; Toyota made our bobsleds.

Bob Costas



Whom are we shitting here, no one's going to be watching anything on NBC ever again.

TOPTEN
Worst baby names

- 10 L---A
- 9 !!! (pronounced as three clicks)
- 8 Window
- 7 Jesus Condom
- 6 Orangejello
- 5 ESPN (pronounced: Espen)
- 4 NASCAR (pronounced: Nes-Car)
- 3 awleouhfl (pronounced: Jerry)
- 2 Michael
- 1 ZZZZ (first on our list, always last in life)

Llamapalooza

(p.s. this is real)

Through Heifer International, The Slant bought a llama to be given to a South American family in need. Llamas provide Heifer International families with invaluable sources of transportation, wool and income.

nom nom nom...

All together, we raised enough money for a llama, a flock of chickens, a flock of ducks, and a hive of honey bees. Thank you to everyone that participated.



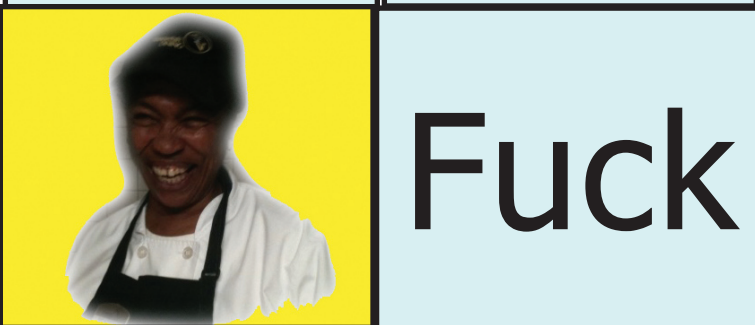
Name: BEATRICE KENNER
Born: JANUARY 9
Occupation: ONLY MAKING THE BEST RANDWICHES IN THE WORLD!!!



Most people use toilets, Karl prefers women.

Gay Boobs

To be a llama or an alpaca? That is the question.



Fuck Clay

Fat kids always win at see-saw, but lose at riding llamas

Even a Stopped Clock is right twice a day.
-Bruce

Steve Ryan might be an asshole.

Westley Taylor is incredibly narcissistic

I just really like llamas.



Honey, I don't know how to tell you this, but there's a Chinese family in our bathroom.



Dear Vanderbilt, Goddamnit!
Love, Me

Diahrea Island



Roses are Red, Violets are Blue, Fuck you, whore.

Fuck Lori and Lee

Dick



:D Llama ~ ~

Tongue N' Cheek
❤️'S
OUR LLAMAS

Hey RAC, Happy V-Day!



You can't tell me I'm fat and tell me it through cheese crackers.

I <3 my DG sisters



Dear Slant, be my valentine. You're funny. Love, Vanderbilt



Holy Crap! This is a real donation to someone?!

мы любим дэвид!
--русская группа

VANDY SPOKEN WORD

our university?

\$5 ON THE CARD OR AT THE DOOR

SIC BALLROOM
FEBRUARY 21 5-7 PM

Vandy Spoken Word...

- ...tries to learn sign language...fails.
- ...is unable to display accurately how much it really costs to get into their show.
- ...has the worst high-fivers ever.
- ...got its thumbs shot off while attempting to flash gang signs.
- ...knows how many Horsemen of the Apocolypse there are.
- ...devolves into primates again by the loss of opposable thumbs.
- ...officially says, "Fuck trilogies."
- ...lobbies for double the peace.
- ...made it to this base with your significant other last night.

VANDY SPOKEN WORD

our university?

\$5 ON THE CARD OR AT THE DOOR

SIC BALLROOM
FEBRUARY 21 5-7 PM