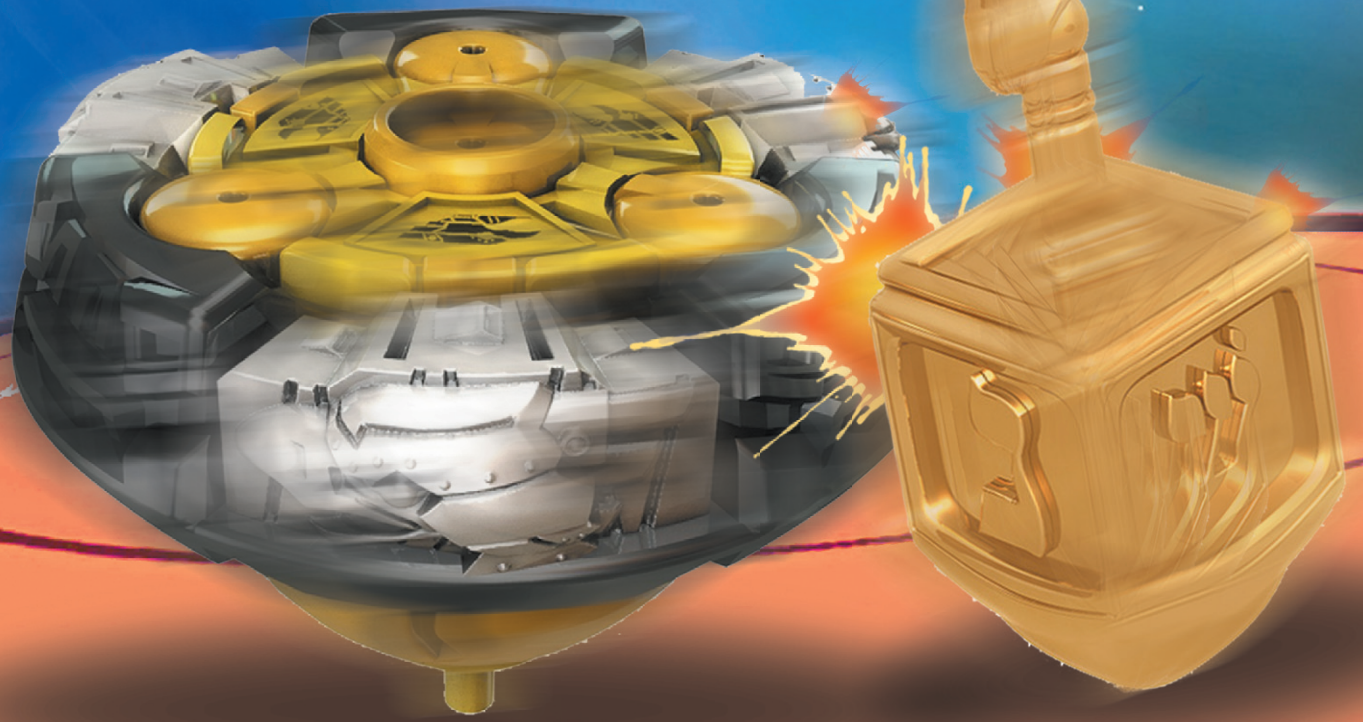




HOLIDAY BEYBLADE DEATHMATCH: WINNER TAKES GIMEL!



THIS JUST IN

Stevenson Scientists Discover New Melodorphin Hormone

By: Agbo Ikor
Scientific Specialist

Stevenson Center scientists formally announced Thursday afternoon their groundbreaking discovery of a new hormone: Melodorphin. The research team describes the Melodorphin as a chemical within the brain which activates only to the sweet, sultry sounds of Vanderbilt's own Melodores.

"We'd been studying the effects of the Melodores on certain Vanderbilt females, or 'Melowhores' for quite some time now. It wasn't until Wednesday night's Melodore concert that we were able to get the samples we needed to make this remarkable discovery," Stevenson scientist Wade Load said.

According to the report, Melodorphin activates as soon as the Melodores begin to sing.

"Songs such as 'Let's Get it On' and 'Pony' seem to have the greatest effect," says Load.

Throughout the concert, Melowhores experience emotions ranging from giddy to "I am so fucking horny right now." The Melodorphins reach their prime typically right after the Melodores encore presentation of "Supermassive Black Hole." It is at this time when many concert attendants experience what scientists call a melodorgasm.

Load explains, "What's special about this melodorgasm is that it has all the stylings of what you might experience in a typical orgasm but none of the guilt afterwards."

As the newest acapella group on campus, the Melodores are now scientifically proven to be the coolest. Wednesday night's concert left many Vanderbilt girls feeling hot, sticky, and satisfied.

When asked about the concert, one girl said "Oh, the Melodores? Are they here? Have you heard them sing? They're like the Jonas Brothers, but straight! I preordered their CD in like March, and I haven't stopped listening to it since I got it! I got my friends back home hooked on the Melodores! You should listen to 'Supermassive Black Hole,' it's the best..."

Researchers claim that it is too early to tell what could be the possible uses of this hormone, but they are in talks with NASA to send samples of the hormone and the Melodores 'Rain Check' CD to what are sure to be lonely, horny astronauts on the International Space Station come 2011.

Most Offensive Sentence Ever Printed in Newest *Slant*

By: Clay Christain
The Illest Villain

On Wednesday December 8th, *The Slant's* most recent printed issue contained within its pages the single most vulgar sentence ever published by a Vanderbilt student-run publication. The news broke prompting unprecedented student response, as many students found themselves skipping class to protest the senseless degradation of the English language and the Vanderbilt community as a whole.

"I've never in my life seen words that have inspired such a fervent, grassroots reaction," Political Science professor Johan Pulitsar said.

In addition to angering just about everyone, the immensely rude sentence's existence postulated questions that not even the university's most heralded academic scholars could answer.

"To think that a human being could bring himself to think – let alone print – such a statement really puts my entire career as a researcher at an impasse," Philosophy professor Frederick Aristoteles said. "No, there's more to it than just that... What if I had been the one to pen the unspeakable phrase? Would my humanity cease to exist as I descend to become one with the demons? All these years of mankind, have morals just been a façade covering our dark, sadistic reality?"

A student who wished to remain nameless said, "Man, I dunno 'bout these pussies who can't take a joke, but it was hilarious."

When reached for comment, the entire staff of *The Slant* was unable to be located by Vanderbilt Student Communications, VUPD, Nashville Metro Police, Vanderbilt Dining, the FBI and the International Criminal Court. President of Interpol, Khoo Bun Hui, has sent out an all-points bulletin to the law enforcement agencies of the world asking that *The Slant* staffers be apprehended, jailed and tickled mercilessly until they say they're sorry and sit in time-out for a while.

Private Investigator Dick Larjebalz has recently been hired directly by Chancellor Zeppos to get to the bottom of this mystery.

In response to our reporting, Larjebalz took a long drag from his cigarette and said, "I dunno what kind of answers you're looking for, doll face, but I've seen a lot of dark stuff in this unforgiving town... This gang, though, they make Al Capone's boys look like a bunch of goddamn Dudley Do-Rights."

VU Launches Robbie Caldwell Resignation Investigation

By: Caitlin Meyer
Offensive Coordinator

The announcement of head football coach Robbie Caldwell's resignation over Thanksgiving break, although met by typical amounts of Vanderbilt apathy, actually surprised some members of the community. Rumors circulated - sex scandal? Paid players? Steroids? Most settled on the football team's atrocious record as the primary reason for Caldwell's resignation. However, a formal investigation into the Chancellor's office and campus propaganda outlet, *The Hustler*, revealed much more to the story than officially released.

The first indiscretion discovered was the blatant grade inflation present in *The Hustler's* weekly analyses of the football team's performance. The paper's low readership initially hid this practice, but in a school notorious for grade deflation, it was eventually unearthed. Although the team was clocking in each week by the layman's standards in the range of F to, well, F, *The Hustler's* incredibly talented and knowledgeable sports staff continued to award them B's and C's. Perhaps the staff writers attend the games a bit too inebriated, or maybe they just have a general lack of football know-how, but a 2-10 season getting a higher GPA than freshmen pre-meds? Needless to say, myriad red flags were raised when the investigation turned to *The Hustler's* sports staff. As there is no crying in baseball, there are no test banks in football.

Next: a direct confrontation with the Chancellor's office. Instead of wallowing in the immense bureaucracy, and instead of talking to secretary after secretary and wading through to-be-unreturned emails, the office was made accessible with uncharacteristic transparency.

"It honestly came down to the Honor Code - the foundation of morality on our beloved campus," Chancellor Zeppos commented. "If we must choose between passing a test in integrity and completing a pass, we obviously pick to complete a pass. But the football team couldn't even do that."

What exactly this means, one cannot be sure - but the implications are undoubtedly severe, and we remain without a football coach. However, some argue a new coach-less approach may work allowing application of HOD group project skills. Stay tuned for more updates as they develop.

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"I see you flying 'round town with that lump of coal, and I'm like, 'Fuck You!!'"



Russia, Qatar won't be ready for Vuvuzela in 2018, 2022.

FROM THE EDITOR



CLAY CHRISTAIN

There are many things in this universe that I don't understand, and as a result, these things annoy me quite a lot. Whether it is sports, music, food, cultural geography, spark plug design or Australian Rules Football, I just don't get some of it.

I don't understand why people who live in a college town are diehard fans of the school they didn't attend. People who live in Nashville who are UT fans confuse the bejebus out of me. Is it the age-old debate of Proletariat vs. Plebian? Most likely so except not stated as snobbily as I just did. Are all Catholics required to be Notre Dame fans even if they live miles away? What makes even less sense to me are fans of pro teams from states in which they do not live. In high school, I knew a guy who loved the Broncos. The only problems are we lived in Nashville, not Denver, and his family had never lived in Colorado. His reasoning was based on the fact that they should have been good with Jay Cutler. At least he has the dignity to stay loyal to the franchise – something that can't be said about most Patriots or Red Sox fans.

I don't understand when people use the first person when talking about their favorite sports team. Are you on the team?? The only appropriate situation for doing so is if it's the school you're attending.

I don't understand lab reports as a teaching mechanism. I don't think I've learned anything useful other than that there are many ways to fudge data, there are many heavy-duty machines on campus that have a very specific use, and that most of them don't work. Well, fudging data has made a lot of people successful in life...

I don't understand free-form jazz. It's cool and all, but I'm not going to remember it later despite my best intentions.

I don't understand people who eat cheese pizza or don't like spicy food. Sack up; stop being a little bitch.

I don't understand anything about California. Shit's messed up.

I don't understand the appeal of diet soda. It does NOT taste good, and it's made of Aspartame. That's way too much chemistry going on, and as a Civil Engineering student, I'm against that. Always buy Mexican sodas from the K&S World Market, because they're made with delicious sugar. SUGAR!

I don't understand how I was able to fill this box with so much fluff and still impress my good friend Lady GaGa.

Fucked Image



If you haven't noticed by now, this image is pretty fucked up.

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The Slant Pays Tribute to Leslie Nielsen

By: Zach Wright

Didn't Eat the Fish for Dinner

Surely you can't be serious?

Leslie Nielsen died the other day while in a hospital in Florida.

What was it?

Well, a big building with a bunch of patients, but that's not important right now. Leslie Nielsen was one of our idols at *The Slant*. We've seen *Airplane!* more times than we care to remember. And even though we cringe every time O.J. Simpson (if the glove don't fit) pops onto the screen in the *Naked Gun* series, we still watch them because of Mr. Nielsen's character, Lt. Frank Drebin, and his goofy antics.

It's hard for us to admit our sadness over Mr. Nielsen's death. We usually hate people who are funnier than us, which happens to be why we hate most people. But Leslie Nielsen had an adorable charm that was undeniable to friends, foes, and people who ate fish. He was the grandpa that we all wished we'd grow up to become. Between his deadpan deliveries, Mr. Nielsen always seemed to sleep with attractive blondes 40 years younger than him. Sometimes, he even found time to save the day (or the Queen of England).

At the beginning of his career he was a serious actor. Realizing he was pretty mediocre at that, Mr. Nielsen decided to jump ship (after *The Poseidon Adventure*) and went into comedy. There he developed his trademark delivery - so flat not even light could escape. While we may be confusing Leslie Nielsen with a black hole, the fact remains: he was a very, very funny man even if his gravitational pull wasn't that great.

We don't know how he died. Other people do, we're sure, but we don't. What we do know is that it probably wasn't in the same way as Chris Farley; doing an 8-ball off a stripper covered in sloppy-joe meat. However it happened, we like to think that this exchange took place:

Doctor: Mr. Nielsen, what is it?
Leslie Nielsen: I can't tell...

Doctor: You can tell me, I'm a doctor.

With that, we're guessing that Mr. Nielsen smiled, knowing that he made millions of people laugh during his lifetime. That's better than Al Gore, who just made us all feel like dicks. That's even better than Abe Lincoln, who killed racism in a duel known as the "Teapot Dome Scandal." Well, maybe not better than Abe. But hey, Leslie was Canadian, so his points count for double.

Oh, and one last thing.
 Don't call me Shirley.



Leslie Nielsen - the one thing that Canada can be proud of.

MASTHEAD



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IN VANUM LABORAT QUI OMNIBUS PLACERE CONTENDIT

Haiku Corner: Haiku #273 (俳句のコーナーの俳句二百七十三番)

By: Tyler Whittle (translated by some asshole)
 Wisecracking Wordsmith

UNMOTIVATED.
 I HATE SCHOOL; REQUIRE SLEEP.
 FUCK ENGINEERING.
 ずくがない。
 学キライ。寝る。
 ファック工科。



Japanese baseball fans are like European soccer fans except they eat better food and live with robots.

Bastard Confession



"Yeah, you know those documents you've all been reading? I made those up. All fake. Fucking Americans."

-- Julian Assange, Wikileaks Founder and General Douchebag

Forcible Fondlings Getting Out of Hand as Butts Get in Hands

By: Jim Gillin
Handsy Handyman

Vanderbilt email inboxes were flooded over Thanksgiving Break as over 300 Crime Alert emails were sent out for "forcible fondlings" at the Nashville International Airport. Starting Thursday afternoon and trickling in through Saturday, 320 forcible fondlings were reported by Vanderbilt students for getting touched at the airport.

Vanderbilt students were subjected to thorough pat downs as a result of new Transportation Security Administration regulations. Under these new rules, airline passengers shall be subjected to a full-body scan that pumps them full of radiation and essentially produces a naked blue image of the subject, like a Na'vi or Doctor Manhattan. Alternatively, they may opt out of a full body scan in favor of an intimate fireside pat down. The majority of Vanderbilt students decid-

ally need to know when someone's butt gets touched. However, the repercussions from airport security were not expected.

On the bright side, VUPD has made an arrest in connection with the original November 21st forcible-fondling incident. The suspect, known publicly as the Alpha Fondler because his was the original crime that spawned the epidemic of fondlings, was taken into custody December 1st as he fled the scene of another fondling at the Village at Vanderbilt.

VUPD has provided the following tips to help students identify forcible fondlings from their pamphlet, *Forcible Fondling And You: What To Do When Someone Touches The Junk In Your Trunk*.

"If you are touched by a stranger on your butt, genitals, thighs, or breasts, you may be receiving a fondling. If you think that the perpetrator is using a bit more muscle than they ought to, it is most likely a forcible fondling. However, if this person is your significant other or your bro giving you a playful ass-tap, it is likely NOT a forcible fondling and should not be reported."

Chancellor Zeppos also commented, "I know [Vanderbilt] is a big school for fondling, and it is a serious crime, but I know some of you are going to break the rules anyway. So please, at least fondle discreetly so we can keep alcohol-related incidents at the top of our crime statistics. Thank you."



Celebrated fondler Bill Clinton will be giving a speech on *The Hefner Method* on Thursday, Dec. 9th at 6:09 PM in the Margaret Cunningham Women's Center. He will be signing autographs (skin only) and will proceed to personally inspect Vanderbilt's elevators, lunch lines, and bathrooms.



TSA Officers have been trained in the age-old mastery of the "one, two, cough please" discipline. The technique was developed during the hey-day of the Roman Empire but hadn't see practical medical application until the 20th century.

ed they didn't need their naked blue body shot showing up on Facebook, so they chose to get a pat down and subsequently mistakenly reported these to Vanderbilt University Police Department as forcible fondlings. The area was searched and every male present was questioned, but no arrests were made.

VUPD began a campaign to raise forcible-fondling awareness earlier in November when it was brought to their attention that many extremely dangerous fondlings were going on around campus. In an official memo, one sheriff told the department to treat all fondlings as serious crimes and to make sure Vanderbilt students know to report when anyone touches them inappropriately, because we all re-

Despite Best Efforts, A&S Sophomore Has Learned Nothing This Entire Semester

By: Dan King
Examination Emancipator

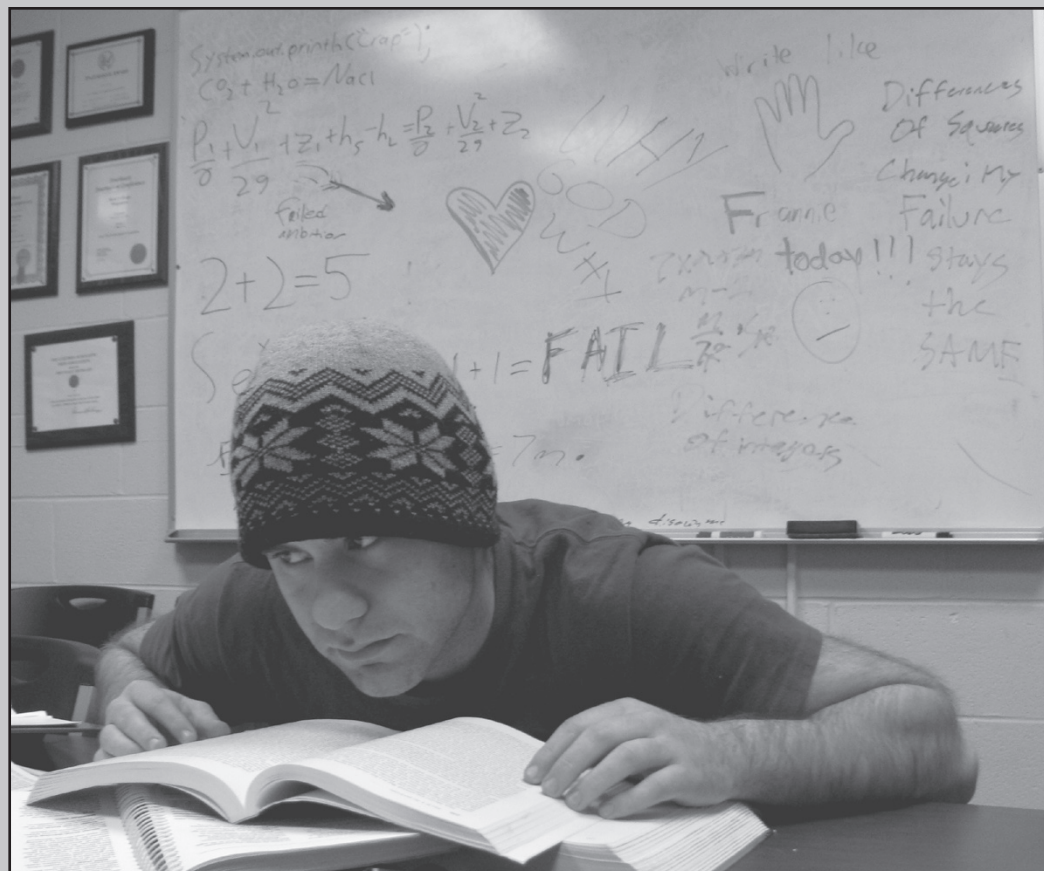
Despite the best efforts of teachers, friends, and family members, A&S sophomore Ryan Monnigan failed to learn a single goddamn thing all semester. Monnigan reportedly signed up for several classes where he intended to learn a lot, but as of Tuesday night, Monnigan admitted that he had not retained any information presented to him over the past few months.

Monnigan made this discovery during the first hour of a planned "All Night Study Party" which he hoped would prepare him for his first exam this Saturday. Unfortunately, Monnigan failed to recognize any of the facts from his class notes and was, at one point, unable to recall even the name of the class.

At a press conference earlier today, Monnigan seemed resigned to his situation. When asked about his plans for his upcoming final exams, Monnigan replied that he plans to be, "So f—ing f—ed there is just no f—ing way I'm gonna pull this off... oh s— my mom is going to f—ing kill me. I'm gonna fail all these f—ing exams. S—."

When asked for a response, Ryan's mother, Mrs. Monnigan, said simply, "If [Ryan] fails his exams, I'll f—ing kill him."

Junior Linda McPoyle was sitting next to Monnigan when he made the discovery in the Baseball Glove Lounge late last night. She recalls, "I didn't notice him at first - just like some guy there to study... then after a few minutes, he started whimpering and muttering to himself... after a while, he just curled up into a ball and kept repeating, 'Why don't I know any of this?' to himself. It was pretty distracting."



Abandon faith all ye who enter.

Many of those close to Monnigan have been deeply saddened by these revelations. Monnigan's current English professor, Jules Wilson, says she wishes she had done more to help

Monnigan learn even a single thing this semester. "I can't help but feel bad about this... as if this were somehow kinda my fault. I don't know, maybe I should have like, lectured differently or

something. It just stinks that I wasn't able to get Ryan to learn anything this semester. I lectured to him for upwards of three hours every single week, but I guess it wasn't enough."

Perhaps the people most embarrassed by Monnigan's lack of retention are the four other members of Monnigan's psychology study group. The five students, all sophomores, have met at least once a week all semester in hopes of getting Monnigan to retain at least some information. According to group president Lisa Wikowski, "Clearly our efforts have failed. I express my deepest regrets to Ryan... I'm sorry buddy, we did our best."

According to reports from Steve Meyer, Monnigan's roommate, Monnigan has spent the past two days sleeping only in one-hour naps, in what appears to be an attempt to spend more time studying for his upcoming finals. Meyer admires his roommate's commitment but thinks his sleep technique is a bit misguided. "I kinda get what he's doing, but all it seems to have done for him is make him really delirious. Last night, I came in to find him licking the pages of his calc book, and when I asked why he was doing that, he said it was so that he could taste the numbers better. I think he might have snapped."

Ryan did end today's press conference on a positive note, though, telling reporters, "If I could just get the exam moved back just one day, then maybe I can pull it off. That's all the time I need to learn this stuff... just one extra day."

Pitchfork's Indie Credibility Questioned After Giving Newest Kanye West Album a Perfect 10.0 Review

By: Caitlin Meyer
Best New Article

Pitchfork was the friend you loved to hate. Although you would scoff at his pretentiousness and proliferation of the hipster culture, you secretly compulsively read all of his album reviews and pirated every album crowned "Best New Music" in between sessions of Urban Outfitters online shopping and utter self-loathing. He was an insufferable asshole, but his role in your life was undeniable, invaluable - Pitchfork told you that Animal Collective was music's second coming, and you believed him and legally changed your middle name to Avey Tare. Pitchfork taught you all about DIY and film cameras; you gleefully purchased your Lomography Holga and filmstock. Shaping your life in way not even your parents could, Pitchfork made you who you are today.

Then came Kanye. Kanye is also an insufferable asshole, although the two lived in different spheres: Kanye of shutter shades and gold diggers and Pitchfork of Ray-Bans and PBR. Yet, worlds collided on a seemingly normal day in November.

And Pitchfork died a traitor.

November 2010 brought not only a dismal round of midterm elections, but also a greater travesty, the release of Kanye West's *My Beautiful Dark Twisted Fantasy*. The day was the 22nd, a Monday. A normal, brisk fall day, until we heard it. Nicki Minaj speaking in a British accent. Kanye referencing Celine Dion, Kings



Kanye's so great that he's been living in his own shadow ever since he donned the first pair of shutter shades.

of Leon and Leona Lewis in one sentence. Orchestral interludes. Cop lights, flash lights, spot lights, strobe lights, street lights. Every relevant rapper making appearances. A questionable Chris Rock phone conversation. A stab in my heart and a Bon Iver appearance. And then we saw it. Pitchfork, our dear friend, our harsh critic, our indie God, gave it a perfect score. Arcade Fire didn't get a perfect score. Even Animal Collective didn't get perfect marks.

Kanye's final track asks, "Who will survive in America?" Again. And again. Well I ask who will survive in a world where Pitchfork gives a 10.0 to a rap album? Who will survive in a world where the man who accused George Bush of hating black people has championed the primarily white indie-sphere? Is this indie affirmative action? Has the counterculture become the mainstream?

You saw it as dyslexia... they meant a 0.01. You hoped it was maybe just Chicago pride: Pitchfork and Kanye trying to compensate for the Cubs. You desperately wished it to be April 1st, and this catastrophe was all a joke.

But it wasn't. It was the ultimate betrayal.

And in a fiery explosion rivaled only by the one Kanye rescues his phoenix from in *Runaway*, Pitchfork and its credibility were brutally massacred. Pitchfork is survived by his contemporaries MTV and Top 40

Radio. Though never on good terms in life, they are forever reconciled in death - death of integrity, death of originality, death of indie. Ke\$ha, Waka Flocka Flame, and Willow Smith forever.

Those who choose to gloss over Pitchfork's fatal mistake mourn the loss of their online bible and their now irrelevant thin scarves and excess cartons of American Spirit cigarettes.

Talks of a memorial fund circulated, but P4K's demographic proved incapable of finding a way to torrent the any paltry sum of money.



The 35-minute *Runaway* video is definitely strange, but Kanye took it to a whole new level of weird with a giant Michael Jackson head... He could have just dressed up Rick Ross as MJ instead...

THE ALL POWERFUL GIFT-O-SCOPE

By: Chris Watkins
Professional Prescient

Do you smell that, Vanderbilt? That's the smell of cheer and goodwill with a hint of peppermint. You know what that means: everyone's favorite December holiday is right around the corner - Exam Week! Nothing says joy quite like review sheets and flashcards.

However, throughout the endless festivities of Exam Week, a dark shadow looms on the horizon - Christmas shopping.

Christmas is a time of giving and receiving, of reindeer and elves, and of milk and cookies, but most of all Christmas is the time of year to empty your wallets and spend money on the people you love.

Buying Christmas presents can be a stressful time for most people due to the endless stream of stores, sales, and shopping mall Santas. That's why we here at The Slant would like to provide you, the reader, with a pre-made shopping list for all of your Vanderbuddie's Christmas needs. Let's get on with it, shall we?

Engineers: Hugs

- As I can tell you from first-hand experience, the one thing engineers need more than anything (other than sunlight) is human contact. So this holiday season, bestow upon your favorite purveyor of processes and powertrains a hug and ignore the awkward squirming. That's just our way of saying hello.

Women's and Gender Studies Majors: A loaf of bread, a package of thin sliced turkey lunch meat, a package of Swiss cheese, a head of lettuce, and a jar of mayonnaise

- I'm sure they could figure out something to do with this stuff.



And don't use one of those rice wrap things... That's not bread...

Film Studies Majors: 3D Glasses

- It's only a matter of time before Citizen Kane is rereleased in 3D, so you might as well get ahead of the curve and snag a pair of these for your tweed-jacket wearing comrades.

AHHH! WHY ARE THERE RAPTORS ON MY FACE???



English Majors: Money

- They're going to need it after they graduate. Sitting around in various coffee shops working on your first novel isn't all it's cracked up to be. Plus, those Toffee Mocha Frappuccinos are expensive!

Foreign Language Majors/International Students: Subtitles

- Let's be honest: this would be more of a gift for everyone else.

Pre-Med Students: False Hope

- "Don't worry! It only gets easier after you get into med school! Haven't you ever seen Scrubs?"

Fraternity Members: Brokeback Mountain on DVD

- This movie will teach them the true meaning of the word 'bro-mance'. After watching it once, they'll wish they knew how to quit this movie too.



The perfect hi-def movie experience.

Philosophy Majors: Total Consciousness

- So they'll have that goin' for them, which is nice.

HOD/Education Majors: Respect

- I bet you thought I was going to say crayons. No, these guys and gals deserve a little respect. I mean, like, Peabody is, like, the top school in the country in its field. And that's, like, really impressive and stuff. Plus, they write lots of papers which is, like, totally stressful.

But they aren't opposed to use crayons as stocking stuffers, in case you were wondering.

Mom and Dad don't have to know that you've started a little side project when you're not writing the next Great American Classic...



The XII



XII Addie Poppers



IX Creepy Randos



XI Football Players



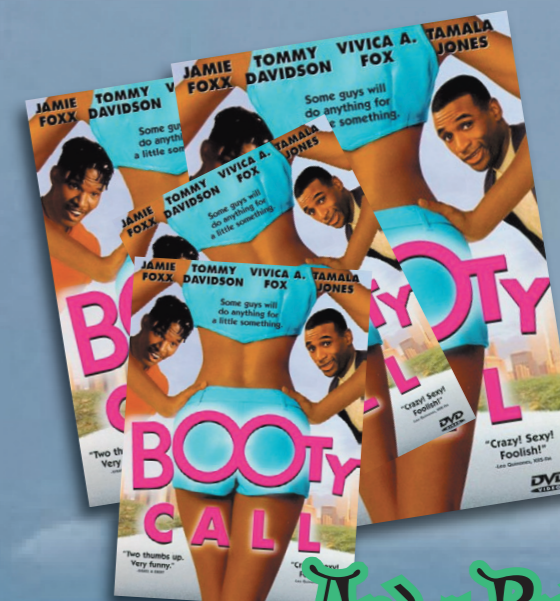
VIII Maids-a-Milking



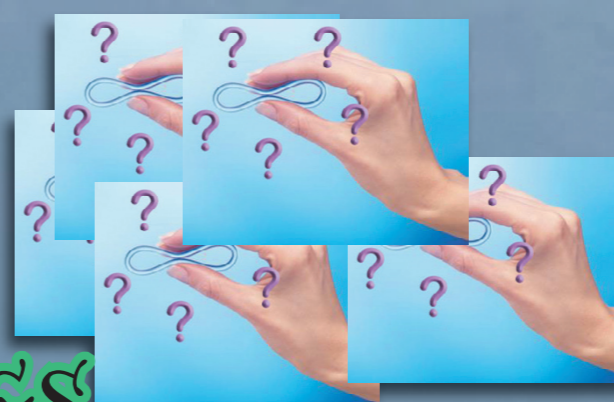
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VII Hookers Hooking



IV Booty Calls



VI Walks of Shaming

V Dwarings

III Failed Tests



II Frat Boyz

And a Bud Light in a Koozie



The Hunt for Cold December: Meryem's Theory-ems

By: Meryem Dede
Resident Russkie

Earlier in my semester abroad, I would have used all kinds of interesting adjectives to describe St. Petersburg, Russia: colorful, animated, vivacious, diverse, unflinching, exquisite. Now only one adjective is on my mind: cold. So fucking cold.

Nashvillians and Vanderbilts, love and treasure your weather. Write poems to it, bring it flowers on its birthday, tell it those jeans make it look great, and hold a radio over your head beneath its window when you've hurt its feelings. You are so lucky to have it.

Right now in St. Petersburg it is -6 degrees F. That is really flipping cold.

Luckily, Russians have perfected the art of bundling up. On any given day, one can only see between nose tip and brow line of anyone walking on the street. Otherwise, everything is covered. Now what material is it that Russians drape themselves with? Fur. Every day my ride on the metro is like going to the zoo. "Oh, look, 20 baby foxes! Oh a couple of chinchillas! Oh no! Thumper!" My host mom has one of my favorite coats that I have seen thus far - fur hood and fur cuffs on a black leather coat that has fake leopard print panels across the body. Hot. Stereotyped 'Vandy Girls' that this newspaper likes to mock - take notes.

Other wonderful images: one woman had a fox complete with paws and head draped around her head, another donned a bright

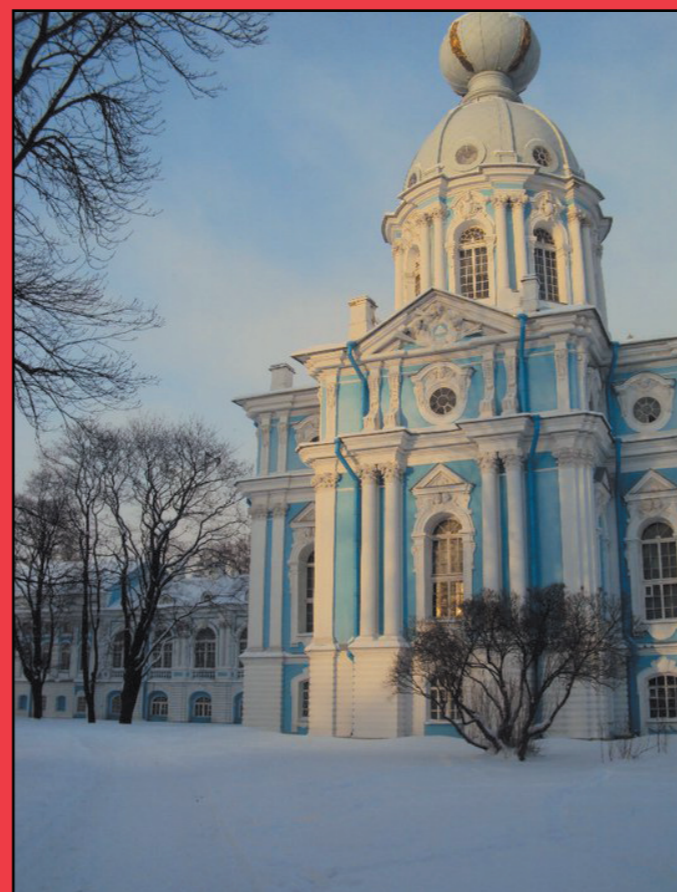
purple knee-length fur coat and lastly, the multi-animal coat, a long fur coat that was clearly made from several different animals, each roughly patched together.

Luckily, the cold weather brings with it some perks. Most notably—SNOW! St. Petersburg has been covered in a sparkly white blanket of deceptively friendly-looking snow for a little over 2 weeks now. Although it is a pain to trudge through and Russians don't seem to believe in shoveling sidewalks and plowing roads with as much vivacity as Americans do, I do love the snow. Mainly because it makes the days seem so much brighter. St. Petersburg is very far north and is famous for a week in the summer where the sun never sets and the whole city parties—appropriately named "White Nights." Unfortunately, for a city to have "White Nights" at some point in the year it must also suffer through "Dark Days." The year is drawing painfully near to this time and by the time I leave for the US the sun will already be rising at 10 am. As is, with 2 weeks still left, the sun rises at 9:30 A.M. and sets around 4 P.M.

Lastly, really cold temperatures mean really cold water—and that means ice. Every year, falling icicles kill people in St. Petersburg. Seriously. Luckily, the city has developed an ingenious way of dealing with the problem. Every day, teams of men go out, climb up

on roofs, and knock down the icicles. Unfortunately for us below, this is only usually signaled by a thin bit of red tape that the workers drape across a far-too-small space around where they estimate the ice will fall. The only real indication that ice shanks are going to rain down on you are the ice shanks themselves—and then it's kind of late. Of course, since they are pretty good about getting icicles down before they get really big, it's usually Swiss army knives raining down, not cleavers. Getting hit in the head with one would probably just cause a concussion—not death. The other day not only did icicles almost hit me, but then the contractor dropped the pick he was working with and that almost hit someone too. In general, people just learn to walk on the edge of the sidewalks, away from any overhangs.

So Nashvillians, rejoice. It may be rainy and chilly there, but an umbrella and a Northface pretty much suffice.



Not your typical Nashville "chance of snow"

The Slant Piggy-Backs Off True Success; Conducts Interview with Comedy Central Comedian Aaron Karo

By: Justin Barisich
Conversater of Comedians

As far as I know, this is a new first for The Slant. Because of a massive windfall and some random email forwarding, I had the opportunity to interview actual rising-star comedian Aaron Karo.

Just for a bit of background, Karo has been a member of the comedy scene since his college days and has steadily grown in insanity, hilarity, and popularity since then. He started as just another party-happy college kid who emailed his friends about his ruminations on the beer-induced, dumb shit he had accomplished over the past weekend. Since then, his meditations have ballooned into his own web site, Ruminations.com, and multiple books deals that resulted in three published novels, Ruminations on College Life, Ruminations on Twentysomething Life, and I'm Having More Fun Than You.

As of this past November, Karo's stand-up special has premiered on the funniness powerhouse Comedy Central, featuring his latest thoughts on growing up, The Rest is History, which has also been released in album form less than three weeks ago and tears the cliché bridesmaids' speech a new marital orifice.

For more information on Karo's latest comedic adventures, check out this link: <<http://therestishistory.com/>>

Other than that, enjoy the man's insights and honesty.

The Slant: Describe to us, a bunch of sheltered college kids, what it's like doing shows on the road. Also, what did you think of Craig Ferguson and his *Late Late Show*?

Aaron Karo: Hold on, that's a two-part question - something I wasn't expecting. Doing shows on the road: Long stretches of horribleness followed by short bursts of awesomeness. Traveling, fuckin' eating Wendy's in the airport while hungover, and horrible hotels followed by going on stage, making people laugh, getting a rush, getting drunk, trying to get laid, and repeating.

The Late Late Show was awesome; Craig Ferguson is great. I was in the green room before the show, and someone came in and brought me a letter. I opened it up and it was actually a handwritten letter from Craig saying "Dear Karo, Don't fuck it up. Love, Craig." So that was very cool, and I hope I didn't fuck it up.

And yeah, I should have my press secretary on the line, Tom Cruise doesn't get two-parters, this is ridiculous.

The Slant: What was the inspiration for your *Ruminations* column that you started in college and has since evolved into its own website and user community?

Aaron Karo: Basically, when I was a freshman back at the University of Pennsylvania, which would have been September of 1997, I got soooooo fucked up every weekend that I would go out all night and I would sleep all day. And on Sunday nights, I'd try to go to bed at a normal hour to get ready for the week, but I found that my body clock was so messed up that I couldn't ever fall asleep on Sunday nights. So one Sunday night, a couple weeks into college, I couldn't fall asleep, so I sat down at my computer out of boredom and I sent an email to twenty of my friends called "Ruminations on College Life," which was just some random anecdotes and observations about college, and, no pun intended, the rest is history.

The Slant: So, drunken thoughts became your ticket to fame.

Aaron Karo: Yes, that would be a good thing to tell the fans.

The Slant: And, just out of curiosity, when you were in college, what was the cheap, easily-accessible beer of choice? I'm doing a research project on the staying power of Natty Light.



Karo also tells jokes via interpretative dance. This one's about your mom, I'm sure of it.

Aaron Karo: You know what? We fuckin' drank Natty Light too. Yep, that was 1997, and we definitely drank Natty Light. I think there might have been some BEAST too... I was in Philly, which is where Yuengling is, so we'd splurge because that was a "good" beer, but we consumed a lot of Natty Light. Shit's been around for years.

I mean, I was at a bar and they had Natty Light, I'd fuckin' get Natty Light, definitely. It's the fuckin' drink of champions.

The Slant: At least it's not the "champagne of beers."

Aaron Karo: Exactly; no Miller High Life in my fraternity.

The Slant: Now, on to more serious questions. What the fuck compelled you to try stand up?

Aaron Karo: Well, after I graduated from Penn, I went to work on Wall Street, and a few months in, I realized that it was not for me, because it combined my three least favorite things, which are waking up early, shaving regularly, and tucking in my shirt. And, I had already gotten a book deal from Simon and Schuster to publish

my first novel, *Ruminations on College Life*, and I was looking for another outlet. I told my buddy that I wanted to try open mic, and then I canceled on him a couple times until, finally, he booked me and I couldn't get out of it, so I was forced to do it. So, I did it, and it was awesome - much better than sitting in a cubicle - so I decided to give it a shot.

The Slant: So, your friend pushed you out into the limelight and made you dance.

Aaron Karo: Pretty much. He was like, "You're locked into the show," and I was all like, "Well, okay, I guess I'll just do stand-up comedy then. I have no fuckin' clue."

The Slant: So since your initiation onto the stage, what has been your best moment and what has been your worst moment during a routine?

Aaron Karo: Worst moment: I was doing a gig in Ann Arbor, and between shows I got a lot drunk, which wasn't a problem, because half the acts up there are usually drunk, but I had to take a piss. I ended up having to break the seal. I had to leave the stage half way through my set, take a piss, and then come back and finish my set.

Best moment: I did a show at the House of Blues in Chicago, and everyone got so fuckin' drunk in crowd that someone actually threw up in the audience and then everyone around them started throwing up, and it was awesome.

The Slant: I'm assuming that you picked up this stand-up thing from somewhere, so who would you say are your top three comedic influences, and why have you let them influence you?

Aaron Karo: Well, I honestly think my comedic influences aren't other comedians; it's really more of my idiot friends. I mean, I've got one fraternity brother who lost his virginity in a threesome - the bad kind - and he's still ridiculous. I have another buddy who I bet 50 bucks that he couldn't play gay and then get laid on the same night. He took the bet, and he won. Another buddy got so drunk that he passed out on the phone and used up all of his cell phone minutes for the month in one night. So, it's really just my experience of living with these people, these lunatics, that it's kind of inspired my acts.

The Slant: Let's assume that your first Comedy Central Special goes over as well as your published, comedic novels so that the TV network decides to greenlight you for a new TV series. What would you do to ensure that it doesn't suck?

Aaron Karo: What happens is that you write a script, and then the network gives you what's known as "notes," which are basically absurd comments about how to make the script worse. So, what I've learned, and I haven't made it that far yet, is that, basically, you say, "Okay, great idea, I love these notes," and then not do any of them. So, I think that would be my strategy if I ever got my own sitcom.

The Slant: So, totally ignore all of the Comedy Central producers' advice.

Aaron Karo: Well, if it's Comedy Central, I would listen to whatever they say, because I love you Comedy Central, but if it were a different network, I would possibly not listen to them.

The Slant: While we're in this realm of hypothetical-ness, let's pretend that you're on a date with the illustrious Lady GaGa, and she's wearing her lovely meat dress. The night goes swimmingly, and

she takes you back to her place. Are you scared or excited, and what do you do once you get there?

Aaron Karo: Wait, wait, wait, she's wearing the meat dress?

The Slant: Yes, she's most definitely wearing the meat dress.

Aaron Karo: Okay, well first, yes, I'm excited. I'd say we'd have to de-robe her, or de-meat her - not too sure what that means - but we'd have to take the meat off. And then I think I'd do what my buddy refers to as "double-bagging it," which is wearing two condoms, just in case.

The Slant: That's safe, the kids will appreciate that. You should probably look into getting a job for Durex or for Trojan in the future.

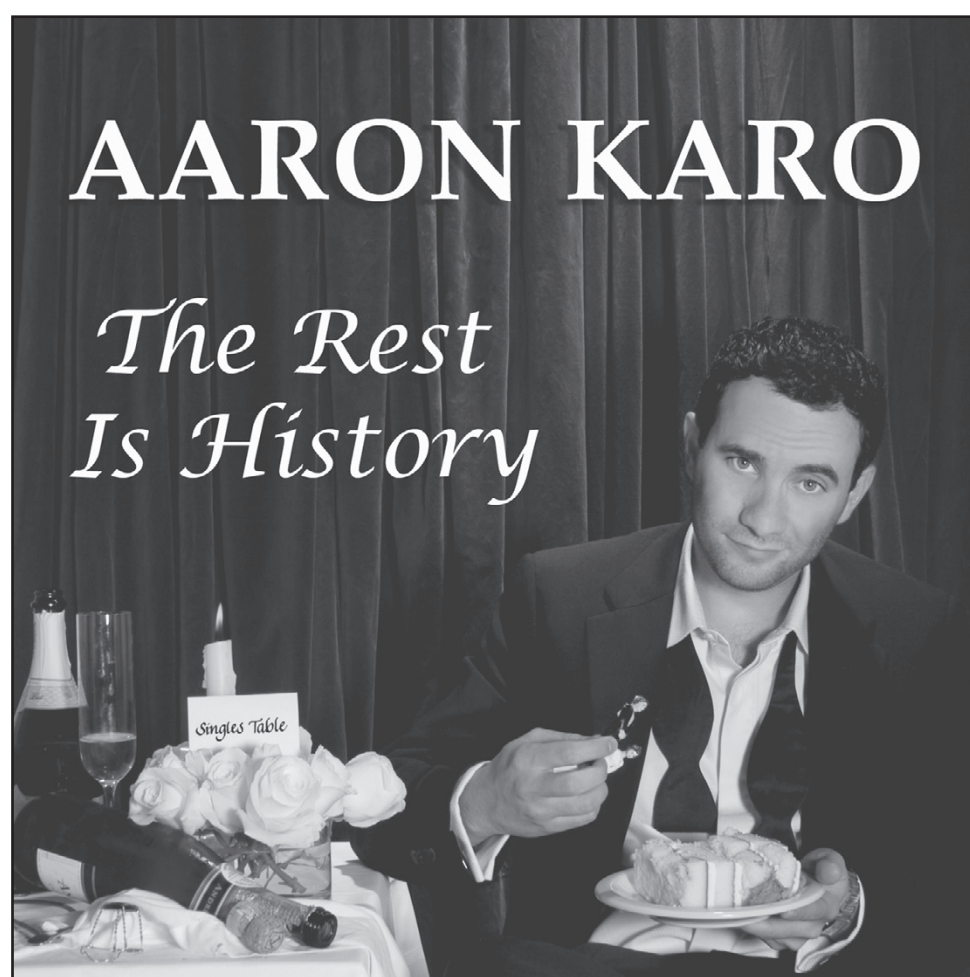
Aaron Karo: Actually, if you remember health class in high school, you're not supposed to wear two condoms,

because it causes friction, and they both burst. Please, put that in an asterisk at the bottom. I don't want to cause a bunch of Vanderbilt people to get pregnant. Actually, you might want to Google that, because I don't even know what the fuck I'm talking about at this point.

The Slant: Ok, so let's talk about your new album. Although I read about it in your press release, can you tell me, in your own words, what was the inspiration for *The Rest is History*?

Aaron Karo: Dude, I haven't even read that press release. Anyway, "the rest is history" is a phrase that all bridesmaids use after they've given a horrible speech about how the bride and groom met, and it's always a very white-washed version of the story. But, we all know that these days, people meet, send 4 AM booty texts, and are getting random blowjobs in person and fucking each other on Facebook. My show is about how people actually meet, and the final joke is what the bridesmaid's speech would be like if she actually told the truth, and that's *The Rest is History*.

The Slant: And was this inspired by some of your friends who've gotten married, or was this just you thinking about it while watching really shitty Lifetime channel movies?



Monogamy's for the weak. I much prefer to eat their free cake, drink their flowing booze, and ruffle the feathers of a few bridesmaids.

Aaron Karo: Actually, the majority of my friends who are married met their husbands and wives in what began as a one-night stand and then blossomed into a serious relationship. I feel that odds are that's how I'll meet my future wife as well. The next time I'm at a bar, and I try to take a girl home and she objects by saying "No. What kind of a girl do you think I am?" I can reply with, "Well I guess you're not marriage material."

The Slant: And for something entirely random, if you could be any kitchen utensil, which one would you be and why?

Aaron Karo: Oh wow, I haven't been asked this since I was a Playmate centerfold. I guess that my first instinct is the spork, because it's versatile; it's unique, and you really only see one when you're stoned in line at Wendy's at 3 o'clock in the morning.

The Slant: Any final comments or cautionary tales you'd like to share with our readers and with anyone whom may have not seen your Comedy Central special yet? Basically, what would you want to tell your readers about yourself so that they will give you money by watching it?

Aaron Karo: Well my career began because of Vanderbilt. When I was working on Wall Street after college, I sent around a manuscript of all the emails I had written in college; I basically just printed out pages of what I have been forwarding to my friends. They went around to publishers, and one day I got an email from a girl who was an undergrad at Vanderbilt. She said that she was a big fan. She had been reading my column, and since it was summer, she was writing to tell me about her internship, which was at Simon and Schuster. She was emailing to tell me that she read my manuscript, that her boss was an editor, and that she was going to make sure that the boss read it because she was a big fan. And, two weeks later, I got a book deal from Simon and Schuster and never looked back.

The Slant: Did you ever meet this mysterious girl?

Aaron Karo: Yes, I did meet her, and I still know her to this day. The fascination of a Vanderbilt alumni has led to me, ten years later, never having to wear pants ever again.

So thank you, Vanderbilt, and buy my shit... and don't use two condoms at the same time.

"But we all know that these days, people meet, send 4 AM booty texts, and are getting random blowjobs in person and fucking each other on Facebook."

Shakespeare Rewrites Classics for Today's, Like, Super-Awesome Youth, You Know

By: Big Willie Shakespeare
The Totally Venerable Bard

Do you fellows know the best part of being a ghost? Well I, the ghost of William Shakespeare, shall tell you. 'Tis this: whenever anyone anywhere quotes something I wrote, I get to be a fly on the wall of that room, and I hear what they're saying about me. That's why the other day I was whisked into a classroom in Calhoun Hall to hear one of your students quote my masterpiece "The Merchant of Venice." The amazing thing is that when this Vandy girl quoted my work, she did so in the most delightful accent I've ever come across. She added in phrases such as 'like,' 'I think' and 'you know,' seemingly with no regard for their place in each sentence. When I heard her tell her classmates "The like quality of like mercy is not, you know, strained..." I suddenly realized that she had managed to capture the speech I had been striving for through my entire life. More than anything else, I have always wanted to have all my characters sound like baboons that have been granted the ability to speak. So after I was inspired by hearing this VandyGirl talk, I decided to rewrite all of my plays in what I'm calling "Stuttering Monkey Speech."

He is so gonna win America's Next Top Poet. OH MY GAWWWD!!!

So, here I present an excerpt from my new book, *The like Complete Works of, you know, William like Shakespeare*, for your pleasure. The book will be available in stores and online on December 8th, just in time to make a great holiday gift.


To be, or like not to be: that is like the question:
Whether 'tis like nobler in the mind to, you know, suffer
The slings and like arrows of outrageous like fortune,
Or to like take arms like against a sea of like troubles,
And by like opposing, you know, end them? To like die: to like sleep;

No more; and I think by a sleep to say we like end
The heart-ache and the like thousand natural you know shocks
That I think flesh is like heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be like wish'd. To like die, to like sleep;


To like sleep: perchance to like dream: ay, there's the rub I think;
For in that like sleep of, you know, death what dreams may like come
When we have like shuffled off this like mortal coil,
Must I think give us pause, like: there's the like respect
That, you know, makes like calamity of so like long like... life;

FOUR SCORE AND SEVEN BEERS AGO, OUR FOREFATHERS BROUGHT UNTO THIS GREAT NATION A GIANT KEG! AND WE HAVE DRANK DEEP OF THIS GREAT KEG. AND AFTER SUCH GREAT DRINKING, WE HAVE MURDERED MANY OF THE BRAIN CELLS GOD HATH GIVEN US. WE HERE HIGHLY RESOLVE THAT THESE DEAD SHALL NOT HAVE DIED IN VAIN - THAT THIS NATION, UNDER GOD, SHALL HAVE A NEW KEG OF FREEDOM - AND THAT ALCOHOL OF THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE, FOR THE PEOPLE, AND IN THE PEOPLE, SHALL NOT PERISH FROM THE EARTH.

- ABRAHAM DRINCOLN



Oh yeah, this. We'll be drinking quite a bit of this.



Chili's. We'll be at Chili's.

IF YOU LOVE:
-FREEDOM
- DRINKING
- MISCELLANEOUS

COME ON OUT TO THE INAGURAL MEETING OF VANDERBILT'S CHAPTER OF THE TEQUILA PARTY. BE PART OF SOMETHING BIGGER THAN YOUSELF! GET SHITFACED! AND LET'S SHOW WASHINGTON WHAT WE'RE ALL ABOUT!

CHILI'S ON WEST END, FRIDAY NIGHT, DECEMBER 10TH, 6PM. BE THERE. FIRST ROUND'S ON US.

Come Drink With Us and Change the World

By: Natalie Umanzor
Agave Advocate

To my fellow sufferers of Naty Light, there is a new force to be reckoned with on campus: The Tequila Party. Led by Jose Cuervo, the Tequila Party supports the ambitions of the two token tan people on campus who may or may not even be Latino. The Tequila Party supports excessive drinking of liquor, saying yes to hooking up



I'm looking at you, Trig.

with multiple sketchy people on campus (yes, the dreaded Vandy men) and then not talking about it to CNN. With the motto, "If you remember, try harder next weekend," how could a person NOT choose to support this brilliant campaign? So come on out. All are welcome... unless you support anyone in the Palin family...

[TFLVP: Texts from Last Vandy Party Remembering what you said when you can't.


(615): You put cranberry juice in your Dr Pepper?
(407): It's got 23 flavors. Why not make it 24?

(718): Nicki Minaj has ass implants?
(407): Hey, that means there's still hope for you!

(615): This new Ke\$ha song is so bad...
(813): Hey, I'd dance to it if I were blackout.

(865): When I go to catch a football, I pretend it's like a girl's tit. I'm all over it, and I'm sure as hell not gonna let that one get away from me.


(813): I don't wanna do homework.
(615): Me neither...
(813): Let's just do a bunch of cocaine!
(615): Yeah, man, we'll get ALL the answers right!!!



AROUND the loop

Why are you the most qualified to be Vanderbilt's new head football coach?

Sean Payton



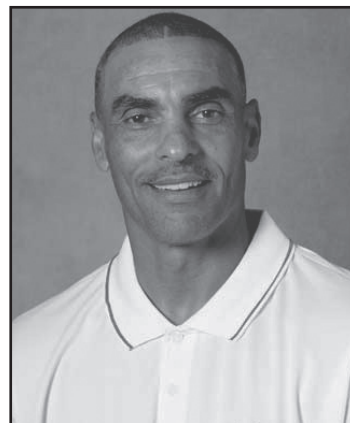
I love anything that's black... and gold. I like gold too.

Tickle Me Elmo




Elmo at least as qualified as any other coach in Vanderbilt history.

Herm Edwards



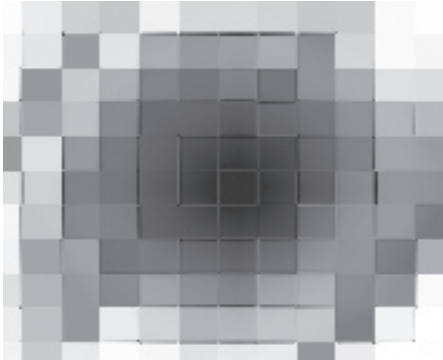
Ahahahahahahaha... Ahahahahahahahahahahaha... aha ha, no, I don't need this job.

Vince Young



I'm already in Nashville, I'm not busy with my other job, and I'm growing accustomed to failure.

Brett Favre




I want you, baby.

Barack Obama




I'm not, but it would be nice to have a job where I can screw up and nobody will give a shit.

Lindsay Kim



Just check out my double-D sized resumé.

Tommy Bowden



I've had experience working with schools like yours in the past and I've got a lot of... oh wait, I don't want to coach at Vandy. I'm way too good for you bitches.

TOP TEN
Dumbest Things Sold in the Bookstore

- 10 T-Shirt that says "Fear Vandy"
- 9 Men's sweatpants that say "Juicy" on the ass
- 8 Dog collar that hasn't been approved by U.S. S&M Society
- 7 56" long flagpole (flag not included)
- 6 Football-themed lawn gnomes
- 5 Prescription golf balls
- 4 Auto parts that are in no way branded with our school's logo
- 3 *Dude Where's My Car* on DVD
- 2 Game-worn jock straps
- 1 Books

Ghetto Four Loko



Courtesy of the FDA's recent ban on Four Loko, Vanderbilt's brightest minds have regressed to go forward. As seen in the above photo, simply take a gulp of Full Throttle and guzzle of mouthful of beer, and you've concocted your very own Ghetto Four Loko - full of all the same intended and unintended side effects.

While cross-buzzing on caffeine and alcohol, be sure to jam out to Ricosuave's Four Loko Anthem in which he chants, "I know Jesus turned water into wine, but he would have turned it into Four Loko at any party of mine."

"HE SEES YOU WHEN YOU'RE SLEEPING..."

BY: KATY JARAMILLO

The Gospel According to Mark, Chapter 2

By: Mark Sakauye
As Omniscient as Ever

Welcome to the second edition of The Gospel of Mark. In this section, I'll be answering all of your questions with the wisdom I've garnered from almost twenty-two whole years on this earth. So sit back and prepare to fill your brain-hole with my brand of knowledge. It goes well with my specially packaged awesome-sauce, and if you email in the next five minutes, I'll double your order for free!



Dear Mark the Omniscient,

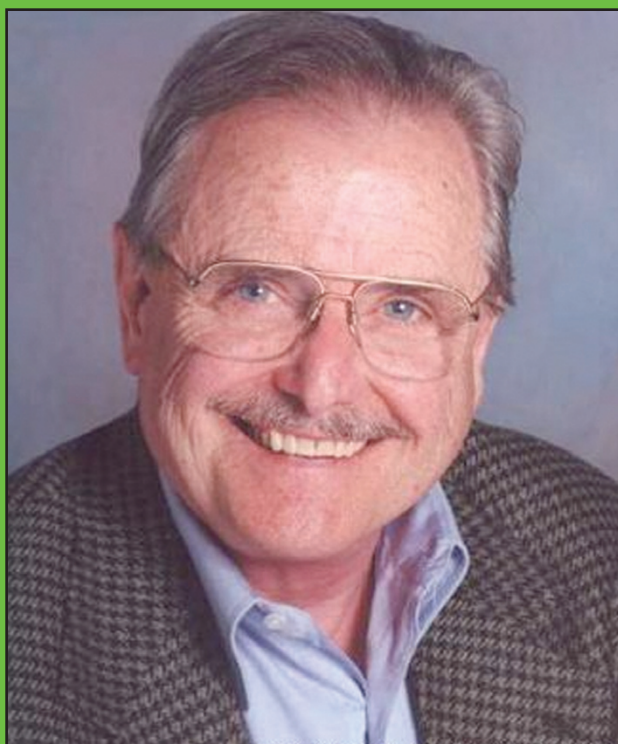
For months now I've harbored a little crush on this one guy I know...he's smart, funny, accomplished, and he's got this way of talking about Calculus formulas that makes me weak in the knees every single class period. I should probably mention that he's also my professor, but that's not really the focus here—the problem is, I don't know how to get his attention.

I've tried everything I could think of: I raised my hand as often as possible during class, even when he hasn't actually asked a question yet, just so he knows I'm listening; I put cute little messages on all of my test papers—you know, $F(x,y,z)=WE'LL\ NAME\ OUR\ BABIES\ FRED\ AND\ MINA$, subtle things like that; sometimes I even go over to his house uninvited and wait in the bushes until—though actually, I guess he doesn't really know about that, so never mind.

How can I win his love? And please, don't tell me that I'm 'acting insane' or 'behaving like a stalker,' cause I've heard it all before from my friends and family and, honestly, I don't think it's very helpful.

Anxiously awaiting your reply,

-- Hot for Teacher



Feeney. Fe-he-heeeney!
Don't tell me you didn't want to tap that as a kid.

Dear Crazy Stalker Lady,

There are a few options you can try. You were actually pretty close to garnering his true love when you were outside in the bushes. All you were missing was a boom box and some cheesy 80s music. That works basically every time. True story.

If for some strange reason that doesn't work, what you'll need to do is learn how to play guitar and sing an acoustic version of The Bloodhound Gang's "The Bad Touch." Now, I'm not saying this works on every man, but it does work on every man with functional ears. Midway through the song he should stop you and say, "You had me at 'let's do it like they do on the Discovery Channel.'"

On the off chance that these plans don't work, this should be your last resort. This scheme sounds a little out there, but it's foolproof. What you'll need first is a gun, a ninja costume, and a large group of other people willing to sacrifice their lives for you. Take him hostage inside his own house, but make sure to bring plenty of supplies. You'll be there for a while. Here's the tricky part, make sure that when the police arrive, they don't storm the place and shoot everyone. All you have to do is stick it out for 7-9 months until he forms Stockholm syndrome and falls in love with you. Yes, I'm aware that that's the plot of *Bel Canto*. Shut up, of course it ended well for everyone.



Dear Mark the Omniscient,

My roommate came home last night with two large Ziploc bags full of a white, powdery substance and placed them on the kitchen table. He told me that inside one of them was a lot of cocaine he planned to sell to a certain frat house as part of their initiation rights. Then he told me that inside of the other one was a lot of powdered sugar he was going to use to cover his freshly baked bunt cake. He told me not to touch them, and then he went to take a shower.

Seeing as I'm all too curious to let sleeping dogs lie — or powdery bags sit, for that matter — what should I do with the bags? Should I switch them at the risk of improving his bunt cake and pissing off some frat folk? Should I snort a sample of both just to see if he's messing with me? Something else entirely?

Advise me, please, oh wise one.

-- Powdered in Panama



Half of these bags are filled with flour. The other half are filled with cocaine. Knowing the difference could save your life. Or ruin your party.

Dear Caring Roommate,

All of the above. Make a map of the U.S. and do a little cross-country road trip. Once that's completed, switch out the bag of cocaine with another bag of powdered sugar. That way he'll get two delicious bags of confectionary. Who can be mad at that? Take the cocaine and have a little talk with your local Columbian drug dealer friend (everyone has one). Topics of conversation include the following: puppies, Zeppos, *Hot Tub Time Machine*, and all of your emotional problems. Once you've finished your little talk, take the bag of cocaine back home and turn your house into a snowy winter scene for the whole family to enjoy!

Note 1: A fire extinguisher may help in this task, but be careful. You may think it'll only make a "poof", but it might actually make a big fucking explosion.

Note 2: Also, tell those pledges to rethink whether they have what it takes to be an Alpha Chi.



If you have a question of your own that you would like to have passed through the mental bowels of Mark the Omniscient, address an email to mto.theslant@gmail.com and see if Mark will answer your question in our next issue.

