



MOSES TO HELP PART IMPENDING SEA OF CICADAS AT GRADUATION



THIS JUST IN

Tailgating Cutoff Rule Causes World to End Entirely

By: Evan Bell
Weekend Warrior

The apocalypse began in early April with new regulations that will require all football tailgate parties to end thirty minutes before kick-off. "A tailgate is a social event intended to create a festive atmosphere among fans prior to attending a football game," read an announcement defending the decision. "Also, hail Satan."

The final words of the message – the 'Hail Satan' part – revealed a secret contract that the administration made with the devil in its long quest to systematically wipe out any fun at this school. As one fraternity brother eloquently complained, the restrictions will deprive the campus of its unique atmosphere and force students to go to the unreasonable trouble of "finding somewhere off campus to get belligerently drunk."

Satan's wrath soon struck again in the form of a hurricane-like storm that knocked out power on frat row for days. "They should have understood that the rule would not only fail to boost student attendance, but would actually lower it!" cried one Greek student as he scurried

into shelter while heavy winds knocked down trees all around.

A volcanic eruption occurred immediately afterwards, and the fiery catastrophe was followed by a meteor strike and an avalanche. The next day, the evil demon Pinhead emerged from an abyss to the depths of the underworld that appeared in the middle of West End to lead the invasion. "Greek life seemed like a good place to start since it's the only social scene on campus," Pinhead explained, rubbing together his hands with glee. "Depriving them of a half-hour of tailgating... Ah, the suffering. The sweet, sweet suffering."

Faced with this Satanic invasion, students have maintained appropriately vigorous protests. "Why did the administration have to bring such unbearable suffering upon us?" lamented one desperate student as he fled from a hoard of Satanic ogres, gargoyles, and Velociraptors.

There may be no stopping this war against all happiness and joy and campus unless the new tailgating rules are repealed. If not, scientists have already identified the next step in Lucifer's diabolical plan: an impending demonic cicada invasion.

Reckless Student Chucks Futon Down Trash Chute

By: Chris Watkins
Waste Wizard

Last weekend, Vanderbilt authorities were perplexed to find a Towers trash chute blocked by a futon. The search quickly began for suspects in this heinous violation of official notices by the school which remind students to only dispose of "tied plastic trash bags" and not "large cardboard boxes, futons, or other large objects which may clog the trash chute."

The notices were originally posted after a student in Towers 2 chucked a large cardboard box down the chute in January 2010. The box was stuck for approximately one week before sanitation officials could remove it.

"The notices were placed to discourage such ridiculous activities. The futon part was added as kind of an afterthought. The thinking was that it wasn't possible but should be mentioned in case people got boxes and futons confused," stated one Vanderbilt official.

On Monday, the culprit was finally found in second semester senior, James Jefferies. When questioned about his motive for the crime, he said, "Well, did you want me to walk

it down to the dumpster? Hell no. I'm in my last collegiate semester. I don't have to do anything."

Since the incident, Vanderbilt officials have considered options to discourage similar activities in the future.

One idea was to completely seal off the trash chutes from use in order to prevent all misuse, but this idea was shot down due mainly to the general apathy of the Vanderbilt student body. It was decided that students would simply pile trash bags up in front of the chute door until someone else did something about it.

"That already happens in Branscomb and there isn't even a trash chute there," stated one official.

Other ideas presented included setting up more security cameras, placing bouncers at trash chute doors, and dragons; however, these were shut down due to lack of funding and lack of dragons.

In the end, the board settled on sending fines to perpetrators in order to get compensation for removal costs. When asked about his fine, Jefferies merely shrugged and stated, "I think I chucked it down the trash chute."

Fossil Proves Creationism

By: Katy Jaramillo
Holiest of Holy

Last week geologists uncovered earth's oldest fossil at a dig site in Northern Australia. The fossil, of bacteria known as cyanobacteria, was originally estimated to be approximately 3.5 billion years old. However, when carbon dating the fossil scientists made a startling discovery—the 3.5 billion-year-old fossil was in fact only six thousand years old!

This discovery was only the first in a startling chain of events in the scientific community. Researchers reexamined fossil records and found that the earliest known fossil of a human being is also approximately six thousand years old. In fact, they concluded that the cyanobacteria were only a day older than the oldest known human remains. While scientists remain baffled, the Vatican sees these discoveries as scientific evidence for the story of creationism.

The creationism story in Christianity holds that God created the world and everything in it in six days, and rested on the seventh. For centuries the creationism story has stood in opposition to the theory of evolution, which is based on the idea that an empty rock covered in pond sludge produced the wide

variety of organic life forms with which people are familiar today. The theory of evolution is based largely on evidence collected from diverse fields such as geology, paleontology, archaeology, physics, mathematics, and logic. Within the scientific community, evolution is thought to be responsible for the thousands of carbon-based creatures living on Earth today, including lions, tigers, bears, conservatives, and human beings.

Currently, scientists in different fields are looking back at the so-called evidence for evolution, and are forced to question everything they once believed to be true. One new theory that is gaining increasing support is that dinosaur bones are actually constructed from complex plastic polymers, and were planted by the Russians during the Cold War era. However, recently uncovered Polaroids of Noah ushering pairs of dinosaurs onto an ark suggest a different history. It remains unclear what further discoveries the future will hold in the realm of scientific religion, but one thing is certain: there is no way to rectify these two opposing views. The suggestion that a God may be responsible for the miracle of evolution and the creation of life in all its glory—that would just be silly.

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Break to new mutiny	7 years



Lady Gaga dies, resurrects self on stage, claims to be more popular than Jesus



Cher to voice act in newest Incredible Hulk film

FROM THE EDITOR



DAN KING

Hey guys, I didn't really have time to write a "From the Editor" for this issue, so you should really just move on to some other section.

Seriously, there's nothing here. I was super busy this past week and I didn't have time to write anything to put here. Stop reading now.

I promise you, there is nothing to read here. I'll admit that it's my fault I didn't have time to get this done. But I had to go to Washington, D.C., this weekend to celebrate Easter with my family. I mean I guess I didn't 'have' to do that, but I really wanted to go. I mean, come on, I haven't seen my family since the semester started! What, you think the "From the Editor" column is more important than my family? Well of course you would say that, you're not a member of my family.

But seriously, I've got nothing here. Just stop reading. Stop. Now. I assure you, there will be no reward for finishing this column.

You know that part of "Fight Club" where they start Project Mayhem and in order to join you need to stand outside the door for three days while Brad Pitt tells you that you can't join? Well, this isn't like that at all. I swear on all that is holy there is nothing in this column.

What the hell, bro? Why are you still here? There are so many better stories in this issue. Did you see that thing on page 3 about the Bon Jovi songs? It's really funny; go read that instead of this. There isn't anything here.

Christ in heaven, what am I going to have to do to convince you to stop reading this section? Maybe you'll go away if I just stop typing right now.

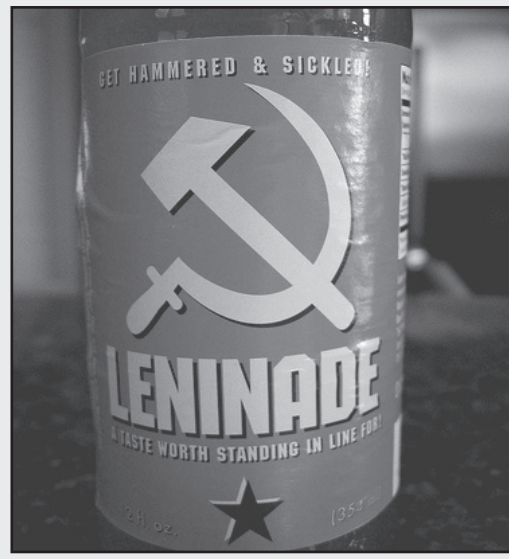
DAMMIT YOU'RE STILL HERE.

As a matter of fact, if you won't respect my authority as EIC, then you don't deserve to be reading this publication. Put this copy back in the nearest Slant distribution thingy so it can go to someone who will actually listen to me.

I know what you're thinking. You're betting that at some point I'll quit telling you to stop reading and then I'll say something really profound. And then you can go talk to all of your friends and be like "Oh yeah, you need to read to the end of the 'From the Editor,' he says something really cool in the last paragraph."

Well the joke's on you! There is nothing profound in the last paragraph of this column. Do you know how I know that? Because this is the last paragraph of the column.

Fucked Image



Don't forget the Leninade -- a crucial component of any Communist party! It'll get you hammered (and sickled).

Actually Inside This Issue

YOUR MOM: How to gain her like.....2

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Craft Corner: Do-it-Yourself Mother's Day Pinata!

By: Kelley Hines

Martha Stewart's Master

With Mother's Day coming soon, what better way to show your appreciation for Mom than with candy-filled paper maché?

Supplies

- 1) Glue
- 2) A balloon
- 3) Water/jar of exam-induced tears
- 4) Copies of the Hustler
- 5) Paint/markers/whatever
- 6) Candy/treats



You can get really creative with the decoration if you want. Remember, the more effort you put in, the more you love your Mom!

Instructions

- 1) Prepare your adhesive by mixing equal parts glue and water/tears in a container.
- 2) Cut your newspaper (Not this one! You need it for the directions!) into strips and dip them into the sticky goodness.
- 3) Apply strips to the INFLATED balloon. This won't work if you don't blow up the balloon. Trust me. You'll need at least 2-3 layers, 7 if your mom's jacked.
- 4) Allow the paper maché to dry.
- 5) Once dry, adorn the paper maché with beautiful designs and cut a hole into the top. Reserve the cut out. (*Men, please note: Yes, it would be inappropriate for you to make a "It's my dick in a piñata," joke at this point. This is for your MOTHER. Let's keep it classy.*)
- 6) Pop the balloon inside and fill with candy, coupons, potpourri, or whatever else moms enjoy.
- 7) Replace the cut out, hang it from a tree, and voila! A homemade Mother's Day gift that will leave that special lady simply speechless.



Carefully apply your Hustler strips to the balloon. It doesn't matter if a ton of filler ads are showing, because you'll color over them later.

MASTHEAD



Writing about weeners... since 1886.

188 Sarratt Student Center
2301 Vanderbilt Place
VU# 351504 Station B
Nashville, TN 37235

Phone (615) 322-2424
Fax (615) 322-3762
Website www.theslant.net

STAFF

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| <i>Editor-in-Chief</i> | Dan "Thighmaster" King |
| <i>Managing Editor</i> | James "The Sad Mummy" Gillin |
| <i>Editors Emeriti</i> | Clay Christain |
| | Meryem Dede |
| <i>Student Teacher Extraordinaire</i> | Justin Barisich |
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| | Agbo Ikor |
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POLICIES

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IN VANUM LABORAT QUI OMNIBUS PLACERE CONTENDIT

Vanderbilt Football Wins Black and Gold Game!!



Following Vanderbilt's emotional, hard fought 19-7 win over Vanderbilt in this year's Black and Gold game, James Franklin said, "Vanderbilt won today. We won, and I don't care what anyone says."

Franklin then loaded the team up into his bluebird school bus and drove them to CiCi's Pizza to celebrate the victory.

"There's nothing that brings a group of young men together like pizza," Franklin said. "Pizza and winning. Bi-winning."



After being named Vanderbilt's MVP, quarterback Larry Smith received a \$10 gift certificate to Moe's Southwest Grill on West End, which was actually a coupon from The Hustler.

Bastard Confession



"I don't have arms wide open for the Community Creed."

--Kenny Tan

Greg Mortenson's *Three Cups of Tea* Absolutely Infallible

By: James Gillin
Typical Teabagger

Greg Mortenson's New York Times bestselling book *Three Cups of Tea* has been coming under fire from the media since an April 17th episode of 60 Minutes revealed that many facts from the book might be false. Mortenson's foundation, the Central Asia Institute, may have been misrepresenting facts, including the possibility that the CAI lied about schools that it built. In addition, many of Mortenson's anecdotes from the story may have been falsified. I would like to say that this slander is a gross misinterpretation, an anti-American fraud and a dishonor to the hard work Greg Mortenson has done for Pakistan and Afghanistan.

For one, the CAI organization currently supports 170 schools in rural Pakistan and Afghanistan for over 58,000 students. I would like to see how little Fatima Batool and her friends react when you tell them their education has been a lie!

Second, to question the character of such an American hero as Dr. Mortenson is absolutely absurd. Born to a Kenyan father and white mother in Hawaii, Mortenson had a tough time growing up. Spending his youth selling newspapers and working odd jobs to support his 6 little siblings, he spent his free time reading everything he could get his hands on. Then in 1967, he was drafted into the armed forces, and served in the Vietnam War where he was shot down over Hanoi and held prisoner by the Vietnamese until '73. To deny the past of this man who suffered so much fighting

for our freedom is simply unpatriotic.

The rest of his disputed anecdotes from *Three Cups of Tea* are easily verified in fact, and any attempts to debase them are purely the machinations of jealous detractors. From the very first chapter, the dinosaur fossils he discovers are most definitely real; the partial dimetrodon skeleton he describes is now on display in the Pakistan Museum of Natural History. 60 Minutes also suggested that Mortenson did not survive a 2-year battle with leukemia, whereas The Slant has uncovered medical records of his treatment in a rural clinic in Pakistani Kashmir. Replacement of many of his bones with cybernetic parts was largely successful and Mortenson retains full function of his limbs to this day.

Dr. Mortenson received his PhD during his time spent in the Middle East as well, from the Kabul Medical University in Afghanistan. He went on to develop a vaccine for polio, which is widely distributed within the United States, saving millions of children from debilitating illness every year. The Soviet Union also accepted him as their volunteer for the world's first manned space flight, whose 50-year anniversary took place recently. Opponents of his story even challenge his valiant defense at the battle of Helms Deep, claiming he wasn't even present to defend the fortress from the horde of 10,000 invading orcs.

Other supposed inaccuracies include challenges to Mortenson's claims that Snape killed Voldemort, that Freddy Mercury had AIDS, and that rainbows are caused by light refracting through rain drops in the sky.

60 Minutes did a gross disservice to world philanthropy by making the terrible accusations that the above facts are not true. Universities need not be ashamed that they had their students read such a touching piece of literature, and readers should not feel tricked in any way. Greg Mortenson's *Three Cups of Tea* is a story based entirely in fact which will warm your heart, and at the very least you can rest assured that each copy sold has funded the building of a house for Libyan refugees and/or Japanese earthquake victims.



I especially liked the chapter on his encounter with the Loch Ness Monster.

How I Learned to Football Good, Like a Man Does

By: Betty Stepford
Footballin' Female

As a woman, I'm kept pretty busy. Between doing laundry, cleaning things, and cooking three meals a day for my husband, Frank, sometimes it feels like I'm being pulled in every direction. So it's no surprise that I've never had the time to learn the ins and outs of the complex game of football.

It's not that I didn't want to know about football. My husband and his friends always sounded like they were having a great time when they were watching the games. But of course, whenever the game was on I would be in the kitchen, working on all the fancy dips and snacks Frank and his friends would eat. And after each game was over I'd be so busy with the dishes that I'd forget all about silly man stuff like football.

But that all changed last week when I attended "Football 101 for Women."

You see, the new football coach at Vanderbilt, Jim Franklin, figured out that there are lots of women like me who just don't know how to football. So Franklin decided to offer an event where he could teach us all about it. I'm still not sure exactly what inspired Franklin to do this, but then again I'm only a woman, and it's not my job to know why men do what they do.

I first heard about the event from a leaflet that was placed in my mailbox. As a woman, I obviously don't know how to read. So I gave the leaflet to my husband and asked him to read it.

At first I thought the idea was rather silly. I mean "Football 101?" It almost sounds like a class! And if I had wanted to learn things, I would have been born a man.

But Frank seemed to really like the idea, so last Saturday I got all the vacuuming done early and headed out to learn about football.

I must say, despite my misgivings, this event

was actually a lot of fun! Coach Franklin taught us all sorts of interesting things about the wonderful sport of football. Why, I'll never forget when Coach led off the event by saying "Football is fun game HIT HIT HIT go!"

Franklin brought a lot of energy to the event and really made the sport come alive. "There are people and they go and like CRASH bang and it's like a big hit and then he goes and TOUCHDOWN!" (That was how coach explained the opening kickoff.)

I was so glad that I brought my voice recorder with me so I could record every word of Coach Franklin's lecture. That way I'll never forget all the great lessons he taught us, like how football has a bunch of downs and kicking.

And the lesson didn't just stick to football! About fifteen minutes into his talk Coach Franklin decided to give us ladies a few beauty tips. Franklin went around and told every single woman in attendance either "I wanna fuck your titties," or "UGGO!" depending on each woman's level of attractiveness.

Don't tell my husband, Frank, but I must say I was pretty happy to be granted an emphatic "I wanna fuck your titties."

I enjoyed my experience with Football 101 so much that afterwards I suggested a few more classes that the football team might want to offer. Wouldn't it be wonderful if us womenfolk could have a nice group of men teach us about confusing topics like cars? Or "voting?" Maybe some man could even teach me how to read!

Just kidding, I know women's brains can't process written words.



shhhhh, don't tell Frank I'm talking to you.

Greek Row Blacks Out

By: Ben Coleman
Black Issues Specialist

A veritable army of health inspectors, electricians, and disaster relief volunteers descended on Greek Row last week as word spread across campus that Greek row had blacked out. A crowd of concerned citizens gathered across from Branscomb to witness the unfolding catastrophe. VUPD was hard pressed to keep back the throng of uproarious Vandy students.

"It wasn't easy, but we got them in check," claimed an anonymous VUPD officer. "They were so rowdy, that we were just about to call in the National Guard. Luckily, someone brought over a portable TV, an Xbox, and the newest FIFA game, and that bought us about five hours to do what we needed to do."

After the initial panic subsided, rage immediately took its place. With scenes of the unrestrained Coffee shop looting hitting The Hustler, critics began to question the efficiency of VUPD response. "The evacuation of Greek Row was haphazard at best," claimed guest columnist Aaron Meomers. "The Vandy Vans

were quickly filled leaving many to make the hazardous trek to their dorm rooms by foot. Such a travesty goes against everything Vanderbilt stands for, and I for one am ashamed to be associated with such lackadaisical disaster management."

The Chancellor's office had no official comment, but an unnamed source inside the office claimed that the storm of criticism had them all in hot water. "We've got alumni calling us twenty-four-seven asking why we didn't commandeer Towers and turn it into a temporary fallout shelter." With winds of change rising, one can't help but wonder if the administration plans on changing their current procedure for disasters. Current proposals include building a massive glass dome over Greek Row, which will be fitted with enough lightning rods to power at least twelve disco speakers. It would cost the school roughly the same amount of money required to bulldoze KISSAM and build the tower of Babel, but the plan has nearly universal support among alumni.

Coming in our Sunday issue:

**What do my cats do while I masturbate?
An investigative report**



Impacting newsstands 5/1

Bon Jovi to Give Politics a Good Name

By: Dylan Thomas

Bon Jovi's Best Friend FOREVER!

Until now, the prospects for the 2012 race to the presidency have looked dim. The overall air of incompetence within U.S. politics has manifested itself in an unlikely array of presidential hopefuls for 2012. The Democrats have thrown current president and resident whipping post Barack Obama under the bus back into the race, while the Republican Party managed to pull its head out of its ass long enough to bribe, suckerpunch, or forcefully coerce Mitt Romney, the Donald, and some dude named Tim Pawlenty into setting out on the campaign trail. Perhaps the biggest surprise of the day, though, can be accredited to aging hair metal icon Jon Bon Jovi, who recently announced his intention to run as vice president—on every single ticket.

The forty-something year old hails from New Jersey, a state otherwise known for potholes, seagulls, toxic waste, and generally being a huge shithole. For these and other obvious reasons, Bon Jovi's candidacy has been questioned as a mistake, a practical joke, or the end of mankind as we know it. Bon Jovi, however, entered the race with a ferocious enthusiasm that hasn't slowed.

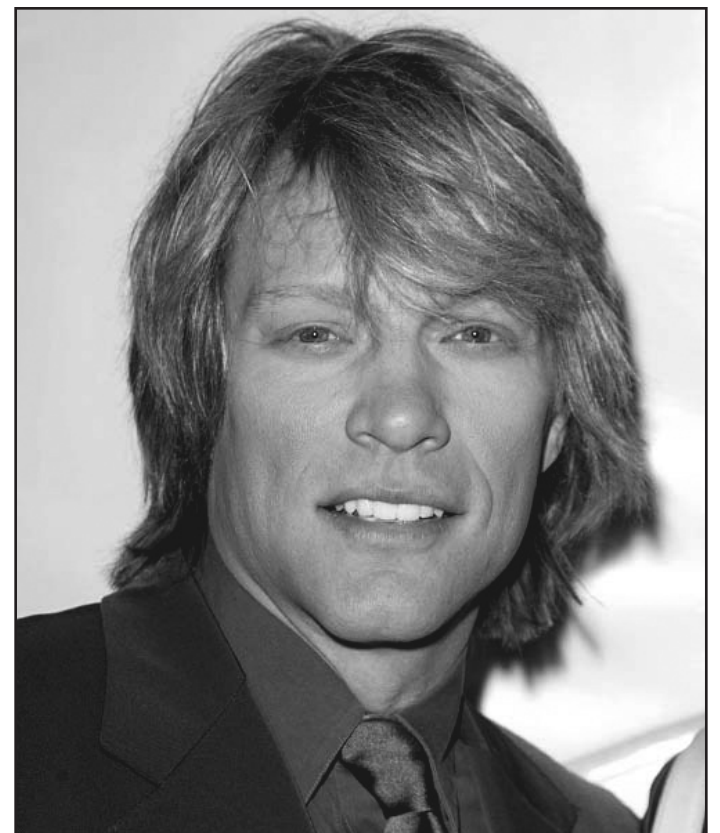
When interviewed about his motivations, he cited the economic plight of the average American as a primary reason for his candidacy. "Union's been on strike; he's down on his luck. It's tough," Bon Jovi observed. "So tough." In response to the fiscal crisis, Bon Jovi presents in his platform creative ideas for economic stimulus, such as "getting the guys together and going on another tour."

Bon Jovi appeared most recently at a town hall meeting in Bos-

ton to send a message of high-voltage hope to all twenty-two middle-aged, moderately overweight women in attendance. Standing in front of banners emblazoned with his campaign slogan, Livin' on a Prayer, the vice-presidential candidate laid all his cards out on the table. "I'll be there for you. These five words I swear to you," Bon Jovi pledged. Later in the speech, the hard rock hero commented on crucial issues of the day in similar poorly constructed rhyming couplets, touching on tighter regulations on air pollution and free speech issues. "When you breathe, I wanna be the air for you...words can't say what love can do," Bon Jovi wailed with a curiously sharp arpeggio. Bon Jovi concluded the speech with fireworks and excessive bass drumming and broke the neck of an electric guitar before leaving the site.

Political analysts are largely pessimistic about Bon Jovi's electability, citing his consistently dismal record sales as evidence of his unpopularity with the public. Some disagree, however; one rogue expert, conspicuously clad in shiny black leather pants, went so far as to predict, "ooohhh, he's a little runaway!" Indeed, although primary elections have not yet gone underway, Bon Jovi's unanimous nomination on each ticket ensures Bon Jovi the vice presidential spot on both the Democratic and Republican ballots in 2012. Upon hearing the news of his default victory, Bon Jovi shouted, "Oh-oh, we're halfway there!"

Despite the controversy surrounding his candidacy, Bon Jovi has every intention of moving forward in the race full speed ahead. "It's my life, and it's now or never. I ain't gonna live forever," he exclaimed. Preach on, Jon Bon Jovi, preach on.



He'll promise you healthcare reform and put you through hell.

THE SLANT PRESENTS: A VERY SLANTY YEARBOOK

Ahhhhhh, you smell that? That's right friends, it's spring time again in Nashville. The birds are chirping, the sun is shining again, and my allergies are killing me. Like, seriously, it's really bad.
But spring isn't just a time for me and my fellow allergenic Americans to bitch endlessly about pollen. It's also time for an important ritual: the changing of the grade.
That's right, pretty soon all over the country schoolchildren at all levels

will reach the end of their terms. Excited schoolchildren can already hear Alice Cooper singing in their dreams. The seemingly endless freedom of summer is so close most of them can already taste it.
I remember my days back in grade school. Back then April and May always seemed to drag on to infinity. Somehow, my teachers always grew more and more evil as the weather improved. By the time school let out in June, I was so overjoyed that I cre-

ated my own personal end-of-the-year ritual. On my way out of school on the last day of class I would swear off every teacher, faculty member, and classmate I saw. Ahh, those were good times.
I love yearbooks a lot, and I was actually really disappointed when I found out that Vanderbilt doesn't have its own! So we here at *The Slant* have decided to offer our own sample of what a classy Vanderbilt yearbook would look like.

They're like Facebook if Facebook was really shitty. Plus the yearbook's "signature" page was always a great place for all my friends to practice drawing penises.
My yearly swear-off was always fun, and has only become more fun as my vocabulary has grown. But my second most favorite spring tradition has always been the day when everyone gets their yearbooks.
Yearbooks are awesome.

MOST LIKELY TO THINK OF THEMSELVES AS MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED



VSC SENATORS

Yeah, I can totally see how being a prestigious Vanderbilt Student Government senator would make you think you'll make it in the real world. But the only real experience you got was how to spam flyers around campus. Hey, you could still make a great newspaper deliverer!

MOST LIKELY TO GET KNOCKED OUT IN THE FIRST ROUND OF THE NCAA TOURNAMENT



THE VANDERBILT MENS BASKETBALL TEAM

Get it? Because of that time this year when they lost that basketball game! Zing!
What, are we not joking about that yet? Come on man, don't cry. No, I was disappointed too, but I mean come on, they did their best and that's all we can really ask for, right?

MOST LIKELY TO BUST YOU FOR SMOKING POT



PAT SINGLETON, 4TH FLOOR KISSAN RA

Pat's been having a great pot busting season. He's leading all RAs with over 50 busts, and he set a new Rites of Spring record with 11 students caught smoking during the concert.
Pat was honored last month when the residents of his floor nominated him for the prestigious "Biggest Asshole in the Universe" award.

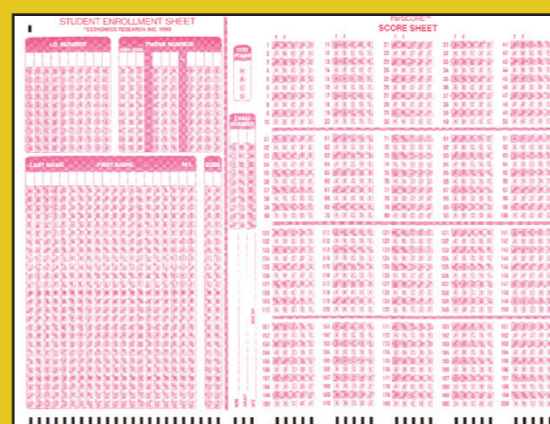
MOST LIKELY TO DO PORN SOME DAY SOON



TARA TUCK

Tara is a senior here at Vanderbilt, and she recently announced her plans to "Go to Hollywood," after graduation.
Tara, sweetie, I'm saying this to you as your friend. You are going to end up doing porn. I mean, come on, your only acting experience is your sorority's rush skits, you can't sing for shit, and you already have fake tits. Plus your name was totally made for porn.

MOST LIKELY TO BE THE RIGHT ANSWER



OR FUCK, I HAVE NO IDEA

Fuck fuck fuck I have no idea what the right answer is.
Alright just stay calm. There has to be a way to just think this through. Oh God dammit why didn't I study for this!
Fuck, I've got no idea, I'm gonna bomb this test. Goodbye grad school! Oh no, I'm gonna have to move back in with my parents. Why, God, why!

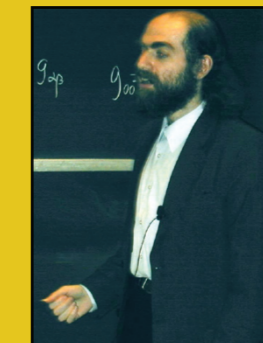
MOST LIKELY TO CAUSE NAUSEA, HEARTBURN, INDEGESTION, UPSET STOMACH, AND DIARRHEA



MUNCHIE MART SUSHI

Yeah, this one is actually really serious. This shit will fuck your whole week up, man. I remember one time I ate this sushi. It was like midnight on a Saturday and I knew the shit had to be bad, but I was just barely drunk enough to gamble it.
Upon completion of the sushi I promptly went to the toilet and spent the next four days shitting. I'm serious, I didn't leave that toilet for 96 straight hours. Fuckin' Munchie Mart.
Oh and I'm sure this goes without saying but this is NOT a picture of Munchie Mart sushi.

MOST LIKELY TO CURE NAUSEA, HEARTBURN, INDEGESTION, UPSET STOMACH, AND DIARRHEA



PIĘPTO BIZZMALL

Bulgarian graduate student Piępto Bizzmall has been working hard during his time at Vanderbilt to perfect the formula for his "magical cure-all" for stomach ailments. Thanks to advice from his gastroenterologist father and chemist mother, Piępto seems close to finishing. As men who love the shit out of a good Hot Pocket, we felt the need to recognize Piępto for his efforts.

PARTICIPATION AWARD



REGGIE DUBINSKY

Reggie's done a great job all year of just being the absolute best Reggie Dubinsky he can be.
He's known on campus as someone who attends class here at Vanderbilt. All of his hallmates on the third floor of Stapleton agree that Reggie lives on the third floor of Stapleton.
When asked to comment on his receipt of this award, Reggie said something.

Bucket List Bingo!

School's coming to an end and that means getting all the shenanigans that you can in before either your life as a real adult begins or you have to go home to your parent's house. We here at *The Slant* believe everything's better as a game, so Bingo fans, eat your heart out. Seeing as seniors have had more time, the rules go as follows:

- Freshmen:** Just get a simple Bingo. We'll let you start simple.
- Sophomores:** Postage Stamp: Cover the right or left hand corner of your Bingo card.
- Juniors:** X marks the spot: Plus sign or diagonals, you've had 3 years; get your shit together.
- Seniors:** Black-Out. That's how we expect you to be on Friday nights and how your board should look after you cover it in chips. That's right, we expect you to have done all this shit.

Have a four day weekend!	Seduce someone by introducing yourself as a Zeppos/ Ingram.	Hook up with people from 3+ different greek organizations.	Paint up in black and gold for a football game.	Walk of shame in a theme party costume.
Be on over five Listservs. Only check one of them.	Be hungover on a Tuesday.	Do something crazy on top of Furman.	Successfully funnel a beer.	Send/receive a card that says "You should get tested."
Attend an on-campus event purely for the free food.	Sexile	Lose virginity. (Free space)	Write a letter to the editor for <i>The Hustler</i> .	Go to class drunk.
Get freaky on MRB3 roof.	Buy so much booze that the people at the store help you carry it out.	Afternoon delight.	Go to a women's lacrosse game.	Have perfect attendance for a class.
Read an issue of <i>The Slant</i> cover to cover.	Walk of shame to Rand brunch.	Hookup with roommate present. Or participating.	Take a picture with your favorite creepy campus statue.	Get sexiled



GET IT? DO YOU GET IT?

MOST LIKELY TO HAUNT YOUR DREAMS FOR ALL OF ETERNITY



MOCKTHULU, DESTROYER OF DREAMS

Mockthulu, Destroyer of Dreams and A&S sophomore has been haunting the minds of Vanderbilt students ever since he arrived on campus last year.
I'm sure we all remember last fall when Mockthulu consumed all of Peabody lawn in flames as a sign of his boundless power.
All praise and glory be upon Mockthulu!

MOST LIKELY TO HAVE TWO THUMBS AND TO HAVE FUCKED YOUR MOM LAST NIGHT



THIS GUY!

Yep. Well, considering your mom's reputation, we could have used any of a half-dozen dudes who were balls deep in your mother last night.
Speaking of which, could you pass on a message for me? Just tell your mom that the studmeister says "You should get tested."

MOST LIKELY TO BE HOLDING RIGHT NOW



SAT SINGLETON

Despite what you may have heard, Sat totally doesn't go to school here. Actually, he doesn't go to school at all.
No, Sat is in no way related to Pat Singleton. As a matter of fact, he's never even heard of Singleton.
Sat is just a drug dealer, and he just got in some sweet OG Kush that he confiscated. I mean "bought" from, uh, some sort of big time dealer. Yeah.

MOST LIKELY TO THINK THAT SHE'S SOOO SPECIAL BUT SHE'S ACTUALLY A TOTAL BITCH



KATIE SANTERN

Oh sure, Katie, I bet you think you broke my heart when you left me for my best friend but you totally didn't. I'm doing just fine, thank you very much.
I've got this sweet gig making yearbooks. I mean I don't even think about you skanky ass anymore.
As a matter of fact I had completely forgotten who you are until just now when I wrote this piece.

MOST LIKELY TO BE ALL OVER MY DICK LATER TONIGHT



MY NEW GIRLFRIEND, SARA. SHE IS A MODEL.

Yeah, how's that feel, Katie? How's it feel to know that I'll be making sex to my super hot new girlfriend tonight while you're sitting at home watching *Sex and the City* reruns alone?
And yes, Sara does totally look like Keira Knightley. She gets that all the time. But she's totally a real person. If she wasn't real, how would I have this photo of her?

LEAST LIKELY TO UNDERSTAND HOW MUCH YOU CARE ABOUT SOCIOLOGY



YOUR SOCIOLOGY PROFESSOR

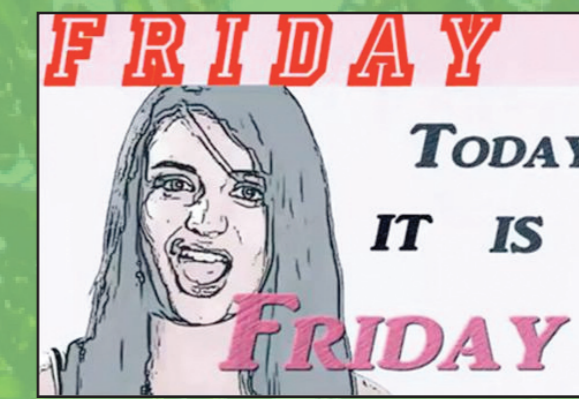
Alright, I get that sociology is kind of your 'thing' and all that, but you need to realize that I've really got my own priorities going on here.
I totally realize that the choice between seeing a concert and writing a sociology paper might be really difficult for you to make, but for me it's really easy: the concert wins EVERY SINGLE TIME.
As a matter of fact, it doesn't even have to be a concert. I'd prefer anything that doesn't cause me physical pain to doing work for your class.

Seniors to Graduate on Friday, Friday

By: James Gillin
Friday Fan

The Class of 2011 will wake up bright and early at 7AM to make it to graduation this year, which is scheduled for Friday May 11th. They gotta have their Rand brunch before gettin' on over to Alumni Lawn. Hopefully by then their parents will have made up their minds which seats they can take out of the thousands which will be set up on the lawn, so when their proud graduate is up on stage he or she can spot their parents kicking it in the center section, kind of near the left aisle and 10 rows back.
The Slant interviewed graduating seniors about their feelings toward graduating. One group of friends responded enthusiastically "we we we so excited!" Indeed, it looks like the class of 2011 is lookin' forward to the real world.
Two friends with similar last names were excited to learn that because of alphabetical seating on stage, they would get to sit next to each other. Amanda Fowler, who will be next to friend Katie Fowles, yelled happily

"my friend is by my right, 'ey!"
The senior fund total will be announced at the ceremony as well. Donations have been made to the fund, fund, fund, fund by several hundred seniors so far, with a goal of 450 students or about 30% of the class.
Hopefully the weather will be beautiful so that graduation parties won't be rained out, and everyone can get down after taking their first steps into the real world.



No lie, Rebecca Black will be getting an honorary degree from Blair

Sexy Chewing Gum Ads Lead to Sticky Situations in the Bedroom

By: James Gillin
Doublemint Dicker

The recent rise in sexually appealing chewing gum ads has been leaving many couples in troubling situations in the bedroom.

From Orbit ads with their fashionable lady calling us "dirty" to the Doublemint twins in short skirts promoting their gum, to girls just outright pil-

over sticky altercations in the bedroom.

Mike Merandez and his girlfriend Julia Streisand from Rhode Island recently had a troubling experience as a result of bedroom gum chewing. The couple had to seek help from a professional hairdresser after some gentle neck kissing by Mike accidentally left a wad of gum entangled in Julia's golden locks. "I never thought I looked

chew gum before sex. They really ought to have one of those surgeon general's warnings or whatever reminding you to spit it out before things get heavy." The couple is suing Wrigley for medical expenses. Lily's story is only one of hundreds that are being reported throughout the country.

Other couples have been coping by swallowing their gum at some point during foreplay, but doctors caution against this approach. An increase in hospitalizations for blocked intestinal tracts has been seen since the start of the ad campaigns in question, and health professionals are not amused. "Just spit instead of swallowing" advises our correspondent at WebMD.com. "It's an easy mistake to prevent."

So, what can you do as a consumer to stop the hurt? We recommend moderation with chewing gum, limiting yourself to one stick a day, and gradually decreasing your gum intake. Within days of reduced gum chewing, subjects have shown returns to normal non-gummed-up sexual patterns. It has also helped individuals to think of distracting things like dead puppies or their mothers to get their minds off of gum chewing and retain control. Until the sexiness of gum ads returns to normal salutary levels however, the best thing we can all do is never chew gum in the first place.

good with short hair," Julia lamented, "but you could say it's what I got stuck with, so I'm makin' the best out of it." The couple is suing Wrigley for pain and suffering.

"On the bright side," reasoned Mike, "at least it only got stuck in her hair on her head!"

New Jersey woman Lily and her partner weren't so lucky. Her partner had to be hospitalized after gum became inextricably stuck down there and was released after a brief procedure. "Those damned gum ads make you think it's a good idea to



Come on, she was totally asking for it. Look at that bubble.

low fighting in bikinis with a gum logo superimposed at the end of the commercial, gum ads have become increasingly sexual in the past few years to increase appeal. Many would agree that it has gone entirely too far, when they find themselves becoming sexually aroused just by making chewing motions or thinking about clean mouths. The Wrigley gum company, progenitor of such gum products as Doublemint, Big Red, and Orbit, is coming under fire from couples that are suing the company

Rites of Spring: Reflections (On What I Can Remember)

By: Zach Wright
Dedicated Debaucher

Kid Cudi Free-Styling:

Oh Kid Cudi, when will you learn? Most of us are pretty white and just wanted you to play your hits. We don't really understand free-styling, and even if we did, it's hard to call what you did "free-styling." You can't just go up to the microphone and start saying incomprehensible bullshit and expect us to cheer. If you want to do that, you need to either first A. thank your haters for hating, or B. ask if any of us bought Tha Carter III. Another important thing for you to remember- you aren't particularly profound when you talk. So, while we understand your need to meaninglessly proselytize (you are a rapper after all), we'd really appreciate it if you just spared us next time. Think of Winston Churchill's famous quote, "If you're an idiot you should probably shut the fuck up... chap."

High School Dudes:

You all sort of look like douches. Especially that guy wearing the douche costume. Only a douche would do that.

High School Chicks:

I can't believe these lines didn't work- "So, when do you get your braces off?" "Seventeen?" I used to be seventeen! What a funny coincidence!" "You're mom isn't coming to pick you up for fifteen minutes? That's plenty of time for me." The good news is that most of them looked stuck-up and had North Faces, so I'll get another pass when they're here at Vandy in the fall!

The National:

Who the fuck were those guys?! I don't know if I've ever seen a band perform where most of the audience could reasonably say, "yea, I get more pussy than they do." The lead singer looks like a cross between Richard Nixon and LBJ - if one of them was a ginger. Boom, you just figured out how to make two shitty presidents shittier. Come to think of it, William Henry Harrison got more play than these jamokes and he was tied up with pneumonia for most of his presidency (called a p-job). Besides being the audio equivalent to Unisom, The National specializes in Bar-Mitzvah's fifteen years from now. I just wish Vanderbilt could have booked a headliner more exciting than my errands.

Krispy Kreme Veggie Cheeseburger:

Goddammit America, this isn't funny anymore. Yes, we're fat, but we used to be respectable and fat. We used to embrace our corpulence. Our attitude was fattitude, and everyone knew the chubby swagger we brought to the table. Besides being a little embarrassing, veggie burgers never taste great. The best a veggie burger can ever taste is "ok" by law of nature and all that is holy. How about this: next year, get jelly donuts filled with meatballs... or just get hot pockets and cover them in icing. Either one would be more respectable.



The National was so off-the-chain that Vanderbilt had to rent a fence JUST FOR THEM!

Complications from 'Bieber Fever' May Have Led to Outbreak of Black Plague

By: Andrew Mungan
Bieber Bitch

World News: Recent developments indicate that the seemingly mild Song-Transmitted Disease (STD) known as "Bieber Fever" has reached global proportions.

What started as an endemic affecting only pre-teen American girls has spread to middle-aged moms and men of questionable sexuality across the globe.

The World Health Association for Teenagers (WHAT) has elevated its classification of Bieber Fever from mild endemic to global pandemic after witnessing some of the complications found among teenagers everywhere upon release of Justin Bieber's new album in February.

"We never expected this to spread with such magnitude. The rate of infection is simply Ludacris. I guess we should never say never," remarked Dr. Colin U. Craze, a spokesman for WHAT.

WHAT has released a set of guidelines to prevent further spread of Bieber Fever which includes boycotting any and all Justin Bieber albums, avoiding going to any of his concerts, avoiding being in close proximity to known infected individuals, washing your hands daily, and maintaining a strict musical diet of hip hop and R&B.

Primary symptoms of Bieber Fever include hot flashes, heart palpitations, and swooning, and are usually mild. However, instances of hospitalization have been seen in recent weeks.

In New Jersey, a girl went into a coma for three weeks after shaking Justin Bieber's hand, and another girl nearly died from blunt trauma to the head after climbing on-stage during one of Bieber's concerts only to fall off straight into the crowd.

While scientists at WHAT are working round the clock to reach a solution, there is currently no cure for Beiber Fever.

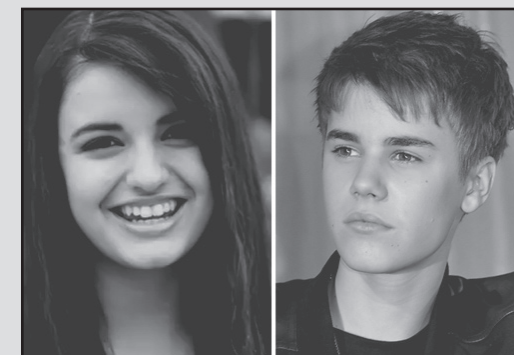
"This is a waiting game. The only way to escape Bieber Fever is to outgrow it. Once individuals mature past the teenage years or when moms reach post-menopausal status, the frequency of infection significantly drops," reported Dr. Craze.

One of the biggest fears concerning Bieber Fever, though, lies in its possible link to other complications. Studies show that there is a strong possibility that the Bieber Fever could have a direct link to the atrocity known as the [Rebecca] Black Plague.

Symptoms of the Black Plague include irritability, inability to focus, uncontrollable fits of laughter, stomach pain, nausea, and even vomiting.

The spread of the Rebecca Black Plague has mimicked that of Beiber Fever, but scientists worry that the Rebecca Black Plague appears to also effect a much wider range of individual. While young adults are by far the most negatively effected by the plague, victims come from a wide range of backgrounds.

It has been difficult to diagnose the Black Plague among these individuals because they



But really, wouldn't they make a cute baby (baby baby) together?

mimic symptoms of alcoholism.

Amidst all the confusion, many students have also lost appreciation for the day they once held so sacred—Friday.

"I used to love Fridays," remarked one frat star. "It used to be my Sabbath practically, and I had so much fun, fun, fun, fun when I would drink, drink, drink, drink. But I can't handle this blasphemy toward that day with Rebecca Black's new song, so Thursday is the new Friday for me. That's the day before."

It is still unclear if there is any correlation at all between Bieber Fever and Black Plague. Tests are still being done and doctors hope they will be released before Justin Bieber's next album.

"If only we could somehow get a hold of Justin Bieber and somehow severely maim him, so we could use his body for testing... Then we could begin working on some sort of vaccine," remarked Dr. Craze. "But until that happens, it looks like we're doomed to see more outbreaks among helpless teenagers everywhere."

Douchebag Finishes All of the Weed Brownies

By: Bobbus Marlius
Pot Proponent

Reports out of Highland Quad following April 17th's KiD CuDi concert indicate that one solitary douchebag consumed the entire remaining half-eaten tray of weed brownies left sitting out on top of the stove.

The weed brownies were born early that morning in a beautiful consummation of passion and chocolate, and even though it was in a nasty oven off campus, the parents didn't care, because they loved them that much. Unfortunately for a handful of the young, THC-enriched chocolate spuds, they would not live much longer past childbirth. In an act of what some scientists describe as "parental cannibalistic feeding frenzy," the parents consumed half of the newborns almost immediately.

Knowing that their children were too weak to hop away and leave the kitchen, the parents left their surviving offspring unattended and ventured off into the wilderness to pay heed to their cannabis prophet, Scott "KiD CuDi" Mescudi. It was in this unattended state that the weed brownies' natural

predator, the douchebag, struck his merciless killing blow.

A vagabond individual later confirmed by authorities to be Ryan Swines forcefully entered the natural habitat of pot brownies: a Chafin apartment. With no one to stop his hurtful wrath, Swines clawed and pawed at the remaining, defenseless babies until their stricken corpses were in his sinful stomach with only the crumbs of their mangled, fluffy chocolaty flesh sticking around the edges of his brutal lips.

After hearing the word of their leader to "get more high," the two parents of the now-deceased edible THC bricks returned to their Chafin to find the hard work of their labor of love destroyed. Swines was found "high as fuck" sitting on the floor ceaselessly apologizing for the atrocity that he committed.

"I'm sorry I'm sorry I didn't mean to eat all the..... Brownies." Swines stated as he was thrown out of the Chafin. "Oh God I'm so... Hehehehehe."

When asked about the massacre, KiD CuDi said, "I can't believe some shameless douchebag would do such a dick move like that... That's fucked up..."

Is Good Writing Really Does Matter That Much?

By: Katy Jaramillo
English Enthusiast

Writing is about being expression and telling something you think. Passive voice is often thought of by people to be a bad thing. There are times it is not bad but actually good. In fact, it is making me tired of it that people are not in favor of using passive voice. And also "to be" verbs. It is okay to be using how you want to write because you should be yourself. Being a good at writing is not just about using fancy big words that are really long. It is about also being able to talk about things clear in a way that is understandable by you. Passive voice is something that can be sound real good in a sentence if it is used rightly.

Vanderbilt is having too high standards for writing. Not every person is able to write about things like other people who can write about things better. It is so happens that lots of people who are good at writing are also different at writing from each other. The meaning of this is that there are different ways a person is good at writing. For example, a person who is good at writing like this is me, and there might be others who also write the same way like what I do. People should not be critical of people when people write because it is personal and sometimes even important and so people should just learn that there are lots of different ways to write about things.

It is not easy to write without

using "to be" verbs because without them things could not be what they are. You could not say something is like something, or not. Things would have to be doing things all the time and stuff. Also passive voice should be okay and good because sometimes things are, without doing something.

In conclusion, to end my writing it must be said by me that good writing is your opinion or not. My writing might not be liked by you but that does not mean it is not liked by anyone, or someone else. It is liked by me so that means my opinion of it is good after all. So really the answer is that it does not matter because it is that you should be yourself in writing. The end.

Mark The Omniscient, Episode VII: 7th Heaven, Better Than the First Six

By: Mark Sakauye
All-Knowing Asian

Welcome to the seventh and final edition of The Gospel According to Mark. In this section, I'll be answering all of your questions with the wisdom I've garnered from over twenty-two whole years on this earth. So, sit back and prepare to fill your brain-hole with my knowledge. Don't like it? Just remember, no means yes, and yes means anal.

Dear Mark,
Why am I not doing my homework right now?

Signing off,
Pissed-Off Procrastinator

Dear Typical College Student,

The answer to this question is the same as the answer to the question, "Why did the dinosaurs die out?" No, it's not



Actually, the dinosaurs went extinct as a result of the rapid and mass proliferation of the species Hillbillosaurus Servus Idious.

because you touch yourself at night. It's because a giant, cataclysmic asteroid struck the earth, causing a thick layer of ash to propagate into the atmosphere. This, in turn, blocked out sunlight, which caused plants to die, thereby severely limiting the earth's oxygen supply, in addition to creating a prolonged winter period. The lack of oxygen and the intense freezing cold killed off the dinosaurs as well as any motivation to do homework.

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Dear Mark the Omniscient,
Is it true that if you don't use it, you lose it?

Sincerely,
Prudish Prof

Dear Yep It's True,

As with any budget surplus, if you don't use it, you will lose it. I've learned anything from The Office (or more specifically its "The Surplus" episode), it's that a surplus must be spent, otherwise you will have to run a lemonade stand. Wait, that doesn't make sense. I can't really remember too well. Let's reason this through. Oscar's explanation had something to do with lemonade, so I feel like that part is right.

Maybe it's, "otherwise you will have to drink so much lemonade you end up peeing everywhere." No, that doesn't sound right either. "Otherwise you have to buy new office equipment"? Well,

whatever, the point is yes, you have to use it if you don't want to lose it.

• • • • •

Dear Mark the Omniscient,
Which seat can I take?
Yours forever and ever,
Nefarious Nelly

Dear Indecisive Bastard,

I couldn't decide whether I should berate you for your Friday reference or for your use of "can," so I'm going to do neither. Instead, I'm going to debate the merits of partyin' and looking forward to the weekend. Ha! See what I did there? No, I'm not going to do that either. Fooled you guys! Man, I'm funny. What I'm really going to do is fully expound upon the ordering of the days of the week. OHHH, DOUBLE FAKE OUT! You guys are making this too easy for me. But seriously, have you considered taking the only open seat? No? Well, now you have. Maybe now you can finally stop asking that stupid-ass question. Bitch.

If you have a question of your own that you would like to have passed through the mental bowels of Mark the Omniscient, well then you're shit out of luck. This is my last column, and as such I feel like I'm supposed to give you some sort of heartwarming, sentimental, and possibly inspirational statement. I can't really think of anything though, so I'll leave you with this. When in Rome. When in Rome.

The Real Sing-Off

By: Justin Barisich
Panty-Dropping Pro

After returning from taking third in the International Championship of Collegiate A Cappella (ICCA) and conquering nearly the entirety of the a cappella world, the Vanderbilt Melodores decided to concoct a new in-house competition to keep themselves awake and interested in their own performance at their most recent concert this past weekend in the Student Life Center.

Erratic-and-nearly-spasmodic-dancing Melodore, Zan Berry, first brought the idea to the rest of the Melofolk. While doing a cross between "The Robot" and "The Garden Sprinkler" at practice one evening, he conjectured, "Fellas, now we know that we're all ballers when we sing together, but which of us is the most baller?"

Sultry-as-all-hell-and-taller-than-most-statues Melodore, Turi Clausell, immediately responded with the boast of, "Oh, all you boys know it's me. Change ain't



Melodore Turi Clausell intends to lick his herd of Melobiddies once he sings all their garments off.

gonna come til I say it is, and you kids best believe that I'm heads above you in this game. Wanna high five? Hahaha, nice try, but you can't. Get to my level."

Still attempting to get out of the ensemble and to stop harmonizing, wildchild-fratstar-prettyboy Melodore, Matthew Thompson, and mohawked-motormouthed Melodore, Brandon Goodman, simultaneously exclaimed, "But fellas, how do we gauge who wins? What do we use to measure our individual ballernesses?"

Once country-all-star-boy-scout Melodore, Nathan Hall, interpreted golden-glove-beat-boxing Melodore Justin Kenney's Morse Code and epiphany-worthy message, they voted and agreed that the winner would be determined by the amount of clothing that the audience members voluntarily removed whenever each Melodore sang.

With the collective of manly voices at odds, it was only a matter of time before matters grew catty.

Multi-talented-and-sleep-deprived Melodore, Aidan Carr, chuckled smugly to himself. He knew he would have every pair of panties from all the Vanderbilt Off-Broadway members in attendance.

Voice-so-high-pitched-he-could-be-missing-his-Adam's-apple Melodore, Seth Johnson, wanted to add some clarifications to the rules. After inhaling a small balloon of helium to get a leg up, he chipmunk-chirped, "Guys, guys, guys, I don't even have to say words. I just make arbitrary semi-instrumental noises and all of the ladies instantly begin throwing their bras

at me. Especially the big girls, they love them some little red head, if ya know what I mean. Soooooo, words don't actually need to be sung. Deal? Cool."

Moves-so-slick-he-should-be-black Melodore, Ben Edquist, then lobbied that the competition include a dancing element that would allow him to decimate the competition with a single hip shimmy. Jealously, the other Melos denied his request. "This is intended to be a singing competition, you tiny dancer," pompously noted knighted-and-archivaly-wise Melodore, Will Timbers.

Hip-hop-star-in-the-making Melodore, Nick Wells, had only three words to drop, "Black and Gold," after which he Michael-Jackson-grabbed his crotch, slapped Edquist across the face with a sequined white glove, spun on his heel, and found himself on Youtube to watch his own music video on non-stop replay to psych himself up.

Ivory-tower-of-innocence Melodore, Tyler Verdell, opted out of the competition and grabbed his darkest pair of sunglasses to wear throughout the concert. "Momma wouldn't approve,"

he stated briefly when asked why he would refuse throngs of attractive women throwing themselves at his melodic, hairy self. Walking away, he shook his ass like a duck.

Quiet-and-intriguing-enough-to-keep-you-wondering-what-he's-really-thinking Melodore, Richard Whalen, just smiled silently at the rest of the Melos. He was already planning to take the win by stripping off his own clothes and running buck-ass-nekked across the stage half-way through the show.

Resident-thunder-bass-Zeus Melodore, Trevor Fortenberry, just nodded calmly in the corner of the room. Knowing victory was surely his - his bassy voice is so powerful that it literally, and selectively, vibrates off women's clothes. He simply released a James Earl Jones-worthy grumble and replied, "Gooooooood, goooooood," when they all decided that the competition was indeed on.

Following the concert, the winner will be determined upon Melodore founders Shane Stever's and John Baunach's unbiased inspection of the video from the concert. Currently, the video is still under review. The winner will receive the right to pick his favorite lady from each of the other Melodores' hordes of admirers for his own enjoyment without any protestation from the losers.

The selected ladies are, of course, also allowed to object, but with those good vibrations, they'd have to be melofools to do so.

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

- (865): Here's where you fucked up: you're naked, and she's still wearing her blue jeans.
- (631): You know what's in fifteen days? My 21st birthday!
- (407): You know what you should do? Shut the fuck up and suck my dick, bitch.
- (864): I judge whether it's a Wednesday by whether I've felt demoralized.
- (615): My dorm smells like a Bob Marley concert with Phish opening.
- (508): I imagine naked women. Lots of hot, naked women.
- (931): You gonna have to become chief punch a bitch from the smack a ho tribe.
- (508): Lol, o wait, can u not say dat cuz ur white? :(
- (615): Alright. Give me a call when you've got free time. I just used my tax return to give my liquor cabinet a serious upgrade.

AROUND the loop

What scares you the most going into finals week?

<p>Engineer</p> <p><i>Falling asleep. I can't... stop... studying.</i></p>	<p>Philosophy Major</p> <p><i>Finals? What finals? I already turned in my papers!</i></p>
<p>Cee-Lo Green</p> <p><i>Unfaithfulness! Come on ladies, do I have to catch each and every one of you drivin' round town?</i></p>	<p>Oprah Winfrey</p> <p><i>Gays.</i></p>
<p>Jack Shephard</p> <p><i>That fucking smoke monster! Seriously, I can't have any sexually-tense scenes with Kate without that shit showing up.</i></p>	<p>Jesse Eisenberg</p> <p><i>Dick-eating zombies!!!!</i></p>
<p>Natalya Rodriguez</p> <p><i>Well I really hope those photos from the weekend don't surface online...</i></p>	<p>Fratstars</p> <p><i>Another tornado. God damn, we can't handle that again.</i></p>

TOP TEN
Places to Store Your Shit this Summer

- 10 PODs with homeless dudes in them - they're chill!
- 9 Your sister's walk-in closet - she won't mind!
- 8 Offshore Swiss bank account
- 7 Pokécenter's PC - plenty of empty space there
- 6 That one room with the corner where, you know, no one's gonna find it there...
- 5 Pawn Shoppe - it won't cost you any more money to pick it up, I swear!
- 4 Level 6 Bag of Holding
- 3 Your roommate already stole all of it.
- 2 Well, you can't go home, because your parents disowned you.
- 1 Shove it up your ugly ass. That's right; shove it up your ugly ass!

Boobs Looked At

By: *Tittius Maximus*
Big Boob Believer

In a phenomenon commonly referred to as testosterone-induced spring fever, onlookers identified senior Percival Pruitt as a confirmed boob-gazer as his eyes were seen drawn to the chest of freshman Katie Koppersmith. The infraction occurred after the two were crossing paths leaving Rand following what witnesses generally describe as "another unsatisfying lunch." Despite originally appearing to be a non-incident, further investigation showed the much darker, emotional struggles of two American youths grappling with gnawing sexuality and the looming threat of infinite loneliness.

"It wasn't long before I felt a little tingle in my jingle," Pruitt said describing the event. "What only took mere seconds felt like an eternity—an eternity of comfortably soft, fleshy pillows kept warm at

off by the strangely flattering creepiness descending upon her confidence-laden bosom, Koppersmith's face made an expression of mild surprise, concern and latent arousal.

An extensive background check on Pruitt revealed that he had been fascinated with the female form since a fateful day in seventh grade study hall in the library when he stumbled upon the "What's Happening to my Body Book for Boys." Since then, he has spent several hours each week using his eyes to observe boobs, and for five beautiful seconds he considered including it as an extracurricular activity on his Vanderbilt application.

Pruitt's collegiate experiences with breasts had, unfortunately, not been as wonderful as the dreams of his youth.

"Oh, yeah, Percy, he got shot down a lot," Kyle Krenzel, his freshman-year roommate, said. "The man is attracted to confident women, and, well, he's not very confident."

Despite the help of scientifically proven boob-revealers Natural Light and Taaka 100 proof, Pruitt frequently stumbled over his drunk self literally and metaphorically whenever he tried to charm the tops off the more healthy girls in his presence. In comparison to the historical evidence, Pruitt considered Thursday's instant peep show to be one of the better events among his sexual conquests.

The victim, Koppersmith, was known to her childhood friends as "a late bloomer" whose physical presence had been known to question both the mental fortitude and heterosexuality of her female peers.

"Katie, like, her boobs... Ugh, they are so nice," fellow dorm resident Julia Yubalevski said. "I can't blame the dude for looking at them. After a few drinks, I've wanted to get my lips on those nips as well... Ok, even without a few drinks..."

Koppersmith's battle with sudden popularity began in her senior year of high school when she found her newfound sudden sensitivities to cold and tight, constricting shirts. After months of inner conflict resulting from furious masturbation and an unhealthy Angora sweater fetish, Koppersmith's radiantly glowing hormonal levels had returned

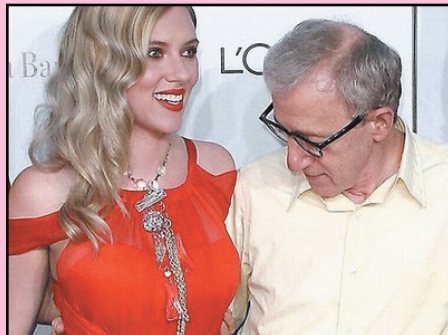
to their previously bland, uninteresting state, and she continued pursuing her goal of becoming a lawyer, albeit a more naughty lawyer than in her childhood dreams.

After the moment that Pruitt and Koppersmith's lives intertwined, the two students were caught in respective losing efforts to quench their rampaging libidos.

"Oh, man, I can't believe what I saw today..." Pruitt added. "Did anyone else see that? Am I the only one? Anyone? Why am I talking to myself in the bathroom stall?"

"Yeah, now that I think about it, I was a little turned on by that guy at Rand," Koppersmith said. "It's been so long since I succumbed to my urges, and I'm sure that dude has never been with a woman like me... What? No! That is not a wet stain on my jeans; I, uh, I spilled water on them today..."

Unfortunately for the two star-crossed stalkers, the following weekend passed by without anything interesting happening, and the two continued on their solitary existences lying in their beds, touching themselves to ease the pain and with each passing eternal minute, dying a little on the inside.



Mr. Allen here is proving that there's plenty of reasons to call him Woody.

98.6 degrees of pure passion."

On the receiving side of the instinctive eyeballing of her snow globes, Koppersmith had just gotten out of her 12:00 Spanish class and was itching for her afternoon original tart. Little did she know that the forthcoming two-second passing-by would in no way alter her life in any meaningful way, form or fashion.

Forensic analysis pinpointed the rendezvous at precisely 1:03 PM – the exact moment that Pruitt had refilled his empty Dr Pepper. Upon seeing him about-face 135 degrees, Koppersmith immediately noticed that his eyes were drawn to the center of her off-yellow shirt, and she knew that he couldn't have merely been reading "Vanderbilt." Slightly put



Boobalooba hubba hubba wooby wooby jubbly bubbly mmm mmm... Wawawawa yummy yubby ooo hoo hoo yeaaaaah.

On Being an Illegitimate Senior

By: *Justin Barisch*
Ninth-Semester Ninja

For about a quarter of you reading this article, you have probably already started cherishing many lasts of your college experience.

Last random, semi-regrettable hook-up with that co-ed you've creepily had your eye on since freshman year. Last night of shot-gunning Natty and shooting Taaka in a moldy, cramped dorm room with your underage friends. Last paper to turn in to that slunt of a professor who you just knew always hated you for no good reason, but who you nonetheless found even more irresistible because of the sexy way she let the words "supply" and "demand" just slide off her tongue in class (because you knew what the words *really* meant when she stared diabolically and said them directly to you). Last days of telling your class schedules and homework agendas to go fuck themselves because you just wanna go lay out in the sun on Alumni Lawn and fix your late-night, library-light tan.

Last inhale as a child before the exhale as an adult. At the same time, with only about a month of Vanderbilt undergradueness left to your names, I'm sure that a lot of you seniors are looking forward to the final walkout across the graduation stage when you blitzkrieg the chancellor and run off with your diploma in hand, wildly screaming "It's all mine now, bitches! Fuck all those terribly-colored couches!"

You, the Last of the Non-Commoners, are thinking about how much you wish you could have done things a little differently. You're wishing that you could have gotten out past the Vanderbubble and into the thick of leather-booted Nashville more often, out of attending all of those copied-and-pasted frat parties, out of wearing all of those terribly-designed student organization t-shirts that you were cajoled into buying (because you really do care about the extremely niche population of starving-blind-savant-displaced-Ethiopian children in Myanmar), and out of running those same student organizations that you really couldn't have given two shits about, unless you were able to spectacularize them on your resume, of course.

However, if you're like me and *somehow* didn't manage to finish the rat race within the admission department's projected four-year allotment for the \$200,000 slip of fancy text embossed on cardboard that was blessed by the chancellor, times are a little different for you and me right about now.

We're gladly sharing with all the rest of you in your lasts – go on ahead and live it up, we appreciate the free and flowing libations – but it sure as hell ain't gonna be the last

lasts we're gonna have. Yep, I'm referring to all my super-seniors out there, my victory-lappers taking some extra spins around the old block.

While all our other senior friends and enemies are floundering in their confused bouts of guilt, questioning the utility of their college experience, and fearing their future "will I get the career/internship/mail-order bride/grad school/amount of granddaddy's money when he kicks the bucket that I really want?" worries about life beyond the tree-lined limits of the Commodore's territory, you and I get to postpone our own for at least another six months.

Oh yeah, we'll be freaking out too, just not while you are. At this instance in life, procrastination is just like masturbation: We're fucking ourselves and, for right now, it feels so damn good.

Currently, you and I don't need to fret over the little things like job hunting, pissing ourselves like puppies in anticipation of receiving grad school acceptance letters, having to find real money to pay for food at Chili's and Wendy's, going to big boy jail instead of the conduct office, and never again being able to drunkenly bellow the chorus of "Don't Stop Believing" in public without severe peer judgment.

Those fears are something you and I will revisit next December or later. In the meantime, I'm escaping all of it for shores and cities less American.

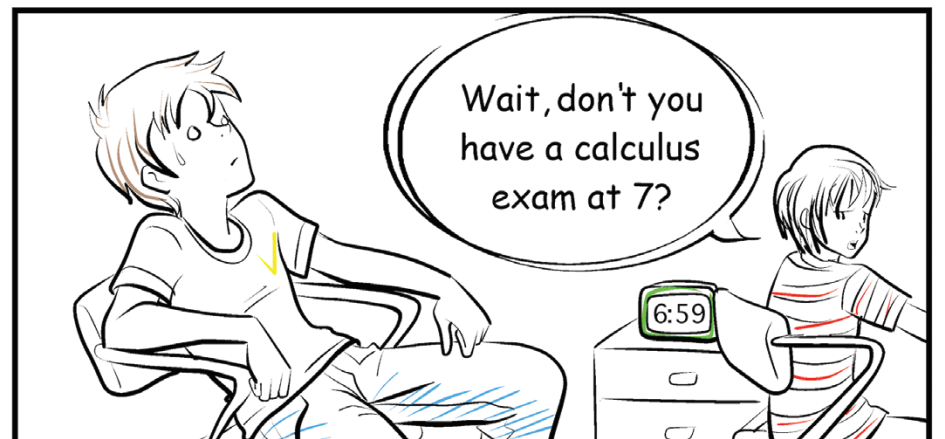
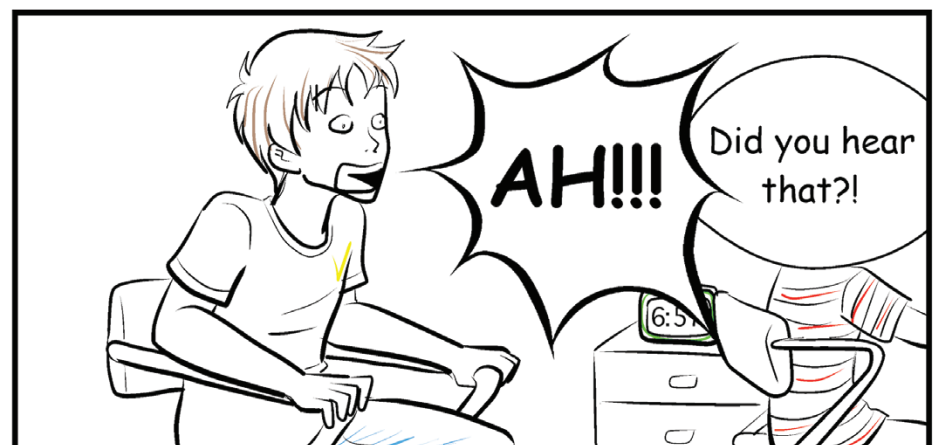
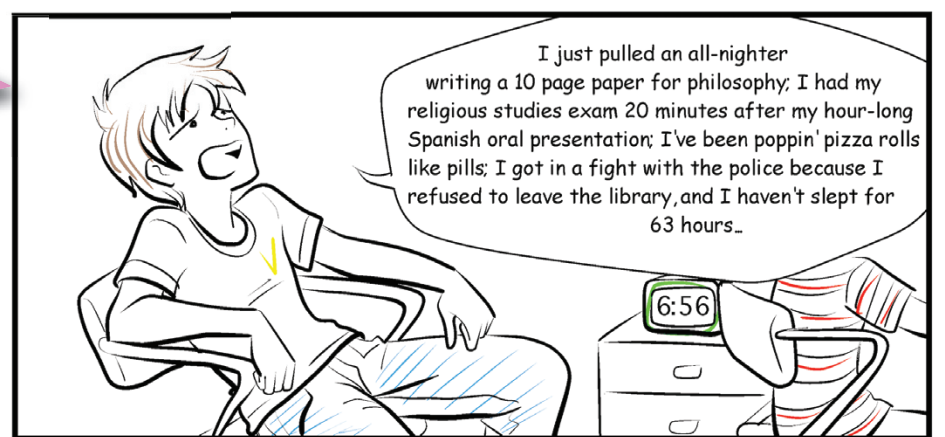
The same day that all you crazy kids walk across the graduation stage in front of an ocean of folding chairs, I'll be hopping on a trans-Atlantic flight, jet-setting across an ocean to Switzerland and France for my first, only, and final Maymaster experience. Throughout the rest of the summer, I'll be couch-surfing with friends and family while gallivanting all across Europe. Next fall, I'll be taking a random assortment of classes that I couldn't fit into my previous semesters' schedules otherwise, and it'll be the lightest course load that I've taken since I was a freshee. Collegiate career bell-curve of difficulty for the win!

So, to all of my fellow seniors who are graduating on that fateful Friday the 13th of May, I wish you the best of luck with life after college. Try not to think about how shitty the job market is right now, or about how hard it is to get into a good med school to fulfill your parents' dreams, or how shameful you'll feel moving back in with your folks after four years of freedom and three months of being unable to find employment.

As of right now, you're still college students, so enjoy every last one of your lasts.

Comic

Finals (they never end!)



Rachel-Clare Dillo

