



McGill Popularizes New Winter Sport: Phallus Slalom!



THIS JUST IN

Viral Ads for VOB Musical Create Existential Crisis

By: Jonathan Newkirk
Number Nibbler

Nine, Nine, Nine, Nine, Nine, Nine, Nine, Nine, Nine. That's nine fucking Nines. Have you been in the Tower's rape tunnel lately? All it is fucking 9's all over the fucking place. 9 fucking here, 9 fucking there, 9 fucking everywhere. What the fuck happened to ten? That's a goddamn round number. Sure, you can take the fucking square root of nine, but that's fucking worthless. That's fucking 3. Fuck 3's. Do you know what the square root of ten is? Me neither...

What are these Nines for? When someone is getting their rocks off down in the tunnel, is nine supposed to remind them of how small their dick is? Is it symbolic of half the digits of a 69 in that we're forever alone? As I sat in this tunnel contemplating the meanings of these Nines staring at me from each and every surface, I looked down at my feet and saw the case of Pabst Blue Ribbon I was carrying with me. Then I realized, "THAT'S HOW MUCH FUCKING BEER I'M SUPPOSED TO DRINK TONIGHT!" I got in the elevator to my suite on the ninth floor and drank nine beers with nine friends and watched channel nine as I played nines games of beer fucking pong in our 9 foot by 9 foot living room at nine o' clock.

I turned 9 on 9/9/99. The fateful day the Sega Dreamcast was unleashed upon America. Life was never the same. I played Sonic Adventure 9 times until 9 months later, Dreamcast was worth \$9. I was an outcast forever cursed by these number nines. It wasn't until 2009 that I could go outside without feeling ashamed of myself.

Now that I'm sober, and a few days have passed since my first draft of this article, I am going to sincerely say thank you and congratulations to the cast and crew of *Nine*. I would've said it nine times, but the word limit wasn't 999.

Astrological Research Culminates in Updated Zodiac

By: Katy Jaramillo
Frisky Fortune Teller

Astrologers have recently published a new set of Zodiac signs and dates, which have sparked controversy over what is the true Zodiac. The addition of a 13th sign, along with a reassignment of dates to match the position of the constellations, has changed the signs of the majority of the population. A Virgos is now a Leo, an Aries is now a Pisces, and many a Sagittarius have become the mysterious Ophiuchus. The Tropic of Cancer is now the Tropic of Gemini, and the Tropic of Capricorn is now the Tropic of Sagittarius, which necessitates the updating of millions of inaccurate maps and globes. All across the world, people have begun to exhibit new personality traits and patterns of behavior, which researchers say are consistent with their new signs. The only positive result of this change is that many now understand why their previous horoscopes have been so inaccurate.

However, the debates surrounding the controversy have led to an unprecedented solution: the creation of hybrid signs. Hybrid signs, unlike the former Zodiac signs, will be the combination of a person's previous sign and their new, up-to-date sign. This will allow them to more easily transition into their new personalities, while keeping some of the traits of their previous identities. For example, the Aquarius that becomes a Capricorn is now the Aquaricorn. The hybrid signs will create 13 new signs, to total 26 signs and will include Tauries, Capragittarius, Cancemini, and Leocer. Likewise, the hybrid signs will coincide with new hybrid horoscopes, which will effectively combine the predicted fortunes for the corresponding signs.

Astrologers and followers alike feel that this new, 26 sign Zodiac will be universally beneficial promoting a greater variety of personalities. The new Zodiac supports diversity, allows for more flexibility, and will finally give people a truly accurate way to predict their own futures. With this problem finally settled, astrologers can turn their focus to more serious issues such as Pluto's unfair demotion to "dwarf planet" and the devastating repercussions this change will have for Scorpios everywhere.

Breakthroughs in Beer Pong Theory Baffle Enthusiasts

By: Clay Christain
Ballin' Baller

Results from a recent study conducted at Fucdisgaem State University have put the world of Beer Pong on edge as many findings contradict everything that avid players have held dearly for centuries. The publication is being compared to Einstein's theory of general relativity, Newton's *Principia*, Darwin's *On the Origin of Species* and Snooki's bestseller *A Shore Thing*.

Describing his revolutionary text, *How to Be the Best: Fuck You, a Study of the Science of the Silky Smooth Shot*, Dr. Tony Peesashiet flowed, "Look, all ya pussies and nancy boys have been doin' this shit wrong. Sit down, open ya ears, and lemme teach ya this true shit bout the pong."

The report primarily focuses on the placement of beer pong cups after initial setup, or "rerack," and how some commonly-used formations actually lead to one's own defeat. The two most common misconceived cup setups are the "Tight Vagina" – four cups in a diamond lengthwise – and the "Power-I Formation" – three cups in a vertical line. Peesashiet's work proves that the often ridiculed "Loose Vagina" and "Play Button" are more appropriate for the four-cup and three-cup situations.

"Yo, like, I know people gonna give you shit 'bout that loose vag, but look, bro, it's all related to the Heisenberg fuckin' uncertainty principle. Your goddamn ball is like a fuckin' photon, and you ain't got any idea where that shit's goin'. That fucker's gonna go more left and right than it is back and forth, if you got any goddamn skill at the fuckin' game. Same shit goes with the play button. You use these fuckin' racks and your bitch-ass opponent's gonna be drinkin' that shit and doin' naked laps like Usain Bolt."

Not everyone has been pleased with these recent waves of change in the beer pong community. Local frat champion Chad Cranderson was furious at the doctor's work.

"LOOSE vag? What the fuck is that crap? Hahahaha..." Cranderson said, right before the cup he held in his left hand was promptly sunk on the second turn by the good doctor himself.

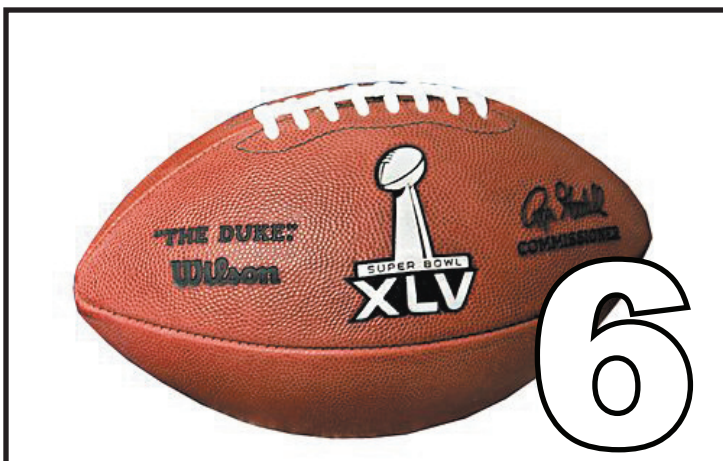
Giving a brief post-victory interview, Peesashiet boasted "Yeah, punk, don't even try to insult my loose vag!...Wait, don't print that."

INSIDETHISISSUE

Wash Your Balls	Rule #1
It's Hygienic!	- 8 STDs
OutKast Years	3000
Ahead of Its Time	2 Brothas
With Aquemini	2x Platinum
Stupid Zodiac Bullshit	13



"In my opinion, my opinion is much more opinionated than your opinion of my opinion."



Hush-hush football from Super Bowl XLV speaks in exclusive interview

FROM THE EDITOR



CLAY CHRISTAIN

Stardate: January 24th, 2011; 8:40 PM. I sit before you, the public, attempting to enjoy my southern fried chicken wrap from The Pub. Meager chicken influx. Poor wrapping job. Lukewarm fries. Depression rampant.

Everyone has numerous beefs with the school – hard tests, Kissam singles, Greek drama – but none are quite as infuriating as when dining goes wrong. Before I go out on a tear, let’s praise what we all share. I live in Towers West, so on a piss’s whim, I can have either Quiznos or CT West. Big ups for that one. I also have a kitchen to make my specialty, bacon and eggs, whenever I so desire. Thanks, Housing. Dining, though, you better be prepared for the wrath. Half a gallon of milk in the Towers East munchie costs as much as a gallon would out in the real world. I know that the \$250 given to us is fake money, but it’s still part of my semi-annual budget.

As you can see in my picture, I am tolerating a Rand burger. The burgers are edible now that I know about the excellent Fire Sauce. It burns your mouth so good that the food’s flavor doesn’t really matter anymore.

Honestly, I don’t care so much about the quality of the food. Well, okay, Rand Brunch has gotten me very sick multiple times in the past, but now that I can make eggs on my own time, that’s no longer an issue.

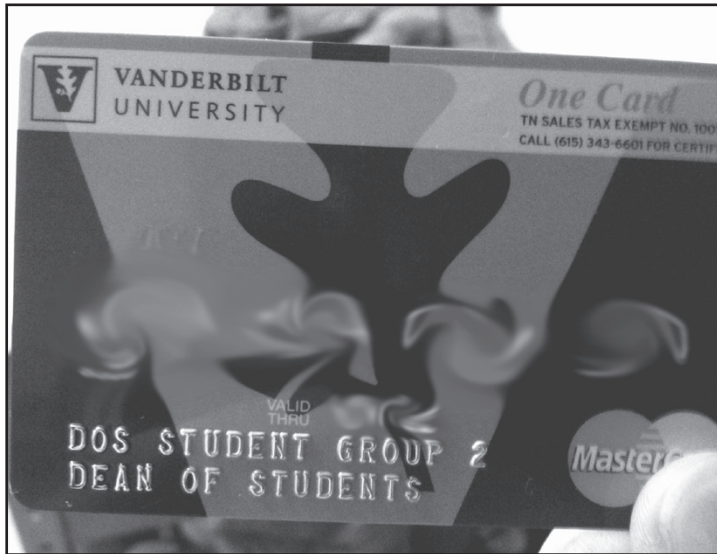
The problem about lunch is that EVERY SINGLE ONE OF YOU JERKS has it at 12:00 or 12:15 with me. As soon as my class lets out, I turn on my primal rage and I book it from Featheringill to Rand. You’d better get the hell out of my way, because I’m a man on a mission. Seconds lost in the footrace is minutes wasted standing in line. Rand real estate is of prime value as well. I’m gonna get that table, so, girls who decide to hold conversations at the foot of the stairwell, you best take your gab elsewhere, because chivalry is dead on arrival when quesadillas are at stake... or steak, delicious steak.

VSG wants to put food trucks on Frat Row to alleviate the Rand congestion. That’d be a great idea, except to be really effective, they’d need to be there all of the time in locations where people can go inside to eat. Contrary to what a tour guide will tell you, it’s cold most of the time at school, and at least in Rand we can waste time in line indoors.

Granted, the greatest unsolved mystery is what the hell goes on at The Pub. If any computer science majors can figure out the algorithm they use on picking what to make first, please email your answers to eic.theslant@gmail.com. I’ll buy you some Pub wings for the right answer just so that I won’t have to wait in that damn line anymore.

My number’s next now, bitch.

Fucked Image



On September 15th, The Slant reported that Black Commodore cards would soon be implemented. Well, they’re here. (Numbers removed for safety concerns. You shouldn’t be wielding this kind of power.)

Actually Inside This Issue

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Fucked Image²



The Office of Traffic and Parking has finally concocted a viable solution to fix the overabundance of hookers and the deficiency of non-sexual parking spaces around campus.

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IN VANUM LABORAT QUI OMNIBUS
PLACERE CONTENTIT

Bears QB Jay Cutler’s Loss Breaks Slant Writer’s Dreams

By: Grant Lewis

Negligible Nostradamus

It was mere months ago that I came to you writing about the most beautiful throwing motion in football: the one and only Jay Christopher Cutler. I now sit here on the eve of the NFC championship game waiting with excitement to see him go at it once more. He may be the poor man’s Brett Lorenzo Favre, not to be confused with Lorenzo Lamas, but he is OUR poor man’s Brett Favre.

Being a guy from Florida, Orlando to be specific, I have a lot of friends from home who go to UF, FSU, and Miami, and with all of those premium programs, there are a lot of great pro athletes that they have to brag about. They can throw out their Rex Grossmans, Chris Weinkes, or Ken Dorseys, and until a few years ago, all I had was Orlando Magic superstar and current announcer Jeff Turner. Now, I have the Jay Cutler trump card whenever any of these sports bar arguments come up. He may throw into sextuple coverage, he may be a supreme asshole, and he may be dating Kristin Cavallari, who is a supreme reality show bitch, but all that said he puts Vandy on the map.

As a victory and prominence-starved sports lover at Vandy, I sure as heck need any notoriety that we can get. If it were up to me, we would have been one of those powerhouse athletic schools, because it is hard to drop the “we’re smarter than you” line day in and day out. Now with Cutler having Da Bears on the precipice of glory, I can also drop the “Tebow sucks AND Jay Cutler is better than you AND we’re still smarter than you” line, which is much more fulfilling as well.

All I need now is for Da Bears to bring one home, and I’ve got the “How many rings does Chris Leak or Brock Berlin or Chris Rix have?” line, and I am in the driver seat for life. So all I need is two more victories, and I can brag forever. I am begging the football gods, and the powers that be to give me, nay, us this victory, so that we can have something to hang over the heads of most of the rest of the SEC.



Late Sunday night, Grant learned the perils of preemptive sports writing. For those unaware, the Bears did not go to the Super Bowl, they certainly did not win it, Jay Cutler will not be on the cover of the next Slant, and Grant hung his head low on Monday.

Bastard Confession



“The only bastard who will be doing any confessing is Mel Gibson at church Sunday morning.”

--Ricky Gervais

Top New Year's Resolution for 2011: Lie More Often

By: Sarah Sipek
Resolved Reporter

In the spirit of applying for summer internships and needing to add crap to my resume that makes it appear as if I am capable of more than basic literacy and sleeping until noon, I would like to take this opportunity to distinguish myself from the pack as The Slant's "Holiday Faultfinder," which means that I focus all my mean spirited, and occasionally humorous, critiques on the holidays that all of you love in the hopes of revealing how lame they really are. But don't worry! As is the custom of receiving any new title in the workplace, I don't expect a raise. Plus, what you're about to read isn't that good.

Just to prove that I am worthy of this completely meaningless title, my first target is arguably the biggest party of the year: New Year's Eve. The outfit. The party. The kiss. The once a year emergence of Carson Daily dropping his balls in front of millions of

people. I know, it all sounds so magical, but in reality you wake up each January 1st with a sense of dissatisfaction that inevitably that prevents full enjoyment of the mobile arboretum that is the Rose Bowl parade.

Sidebar: the founders of the Rose Bowl parade really have a handle on what makes good television. Flowers are boring in their natural habitat, but when super-glued together in the shape of a giant elephant and marched down the street to the University of Wisconsin fight song they succeed in getting me pumped to watch some football, or to make me consider watering my Chia pet. Getting back to the point....

People have this notion of the perfect night out that in reality looks something like this: cramming into too tiny dresses, falling in the heels that are not conducive to ice covered streets, getting pushed into guys who clearly bathed in cologne, settling for some sloppy kiss from the awkwardly creepy dude who has been not-so-subtly tailing you all night, and failing find a drink strong enough to completely forget the events of this disappointing evening.

Clearly, New Year's is a sham, but if you don't have a good story to tell your friends, you're screwed. Never fear, though, I've got the solution. Do what I did: lie.

Now the key to a good lie is ambiguity. Get too heavy on the details and people will either doubt your story's validity, or you'll forget what the hell you said and get caught. Your job is merely to create the framework that any after school special has taught you will get filled in with extravagant rumors as the story gets passed around. All you need to do is provide a place and a general time frame, then sit back and let your friends' perverse imaginations do the rest.

My lie consisted of the following three statements: I went to Joe's Bar (sounds plausible). I got really drunk (not accountable for any real details). I woke up on my couch missing one shoe (I've always loved Cinderella). With these three little sentences I successfully created for myself the enviable persona of a legit party

girl without enduring all that unnecessary groping. Win, win.

I have freed you from the tyranny of New Year's Eve so you can now do whatever you want, regardless of how lame it may be. You're welcome. So next year, get into your sweats, sit back and enjoy that last pint of chunky-monkey before the resolutions start. Just be sure to be in bed by one, so you don't miss a minute of that parade. Seriously, I love that thing.

I am definitely adding "advice columnist" to my resume.



First, to create a good lie, you must purchase one of these Times Square hats on eBay. Second, you must "acquire" Adobe Photoshop and place your face into some Google search results for "Times Square New Years." You may or may not have to change the year on all of the signs to 2011. It's not that difficult, though...



Ah, the Rose Parade. Giving the Alpaca Owners and Breeders of America a chance to show off their absolute best.

An Open Letter to the City of Beebe, AR: Reflections on Dead Birds and the Apocalypse

By: Caitlin Meyer
Fowl Futurist

Now I'm not sure about you, but I can think of no better way to ring in the new year than scraping dead birds off of my house, driveway, and street. Seriously, I'd be little upset that they wouldn't be defecating on my car anymore, but other than that, cleaning up 5,000 blackbird corpses is pretty much ideal. It's Type 2 Fun: not so great at the time, but, in retrospect, it's well worth the effort and rank smell. Not convinced? Think about it:

How often, in real life, can you say your front lawn was littered with bodies? Life's all about *carpe diem*, and nobody will ever be able to take this away from you. Plus, you're now readily equipped with a unique anecdote for every cocktail party you attend for the rest of your life. No more blasé conversation about work, the kids, etc., but you provided a springboard to talk about clandestine nuclear testing and government conspiracy.

On a bigger scale, these repulsive dead birds function just as excellently.



This photo was taken mere seconds before all of the birds fell to the ground, and the devil himself drove out of a hole in the ground while rolling in a Chrysler LeBaron.

Dead birds increase real estate value.

I'm sure the world's orinthophobics are flocking to Beebe, AR faster than the national debt is climbing. A bird-free city is literally such a great selling point; it's truly the differentiator. Good public schools, strong community values, low crime rates and the like are so passé. A sky sans fowl is a realtor's dream come true. I'd suggest a Twitter promotional campaign, but that seems a tad distasteful and possibly ironic, considering your target market.

Dead birds create jobs.

You have a whole new industry. The constant plummeting plumages are a soaring job market. Bird corpse removal, feather recovery, potential alternative energy research, roadkill cooker-ies, and the list goes on and on. Not to mention tourism! Everybody who's ever heard the Beatles' "Blackbird" can now experience the song in a whole new way - they can actually "take these broken wings and learn to fly." They probably won't be successful, but, hey, a foot in the door is all you need.

Dead birds cement the impending apocalypse. Televangelists rejoice!

Joel Osteen's so stoked about all of the people he needs to save before we all die next year. And if that's not the case, then dead birds sure as hell mean that our government is conspiring against us, the aliens are finally Earth-bound, and the Cold War never really ended. All of which are incredibly exciting.

Moral of the story, Beebe, AR: *carpe avis*.



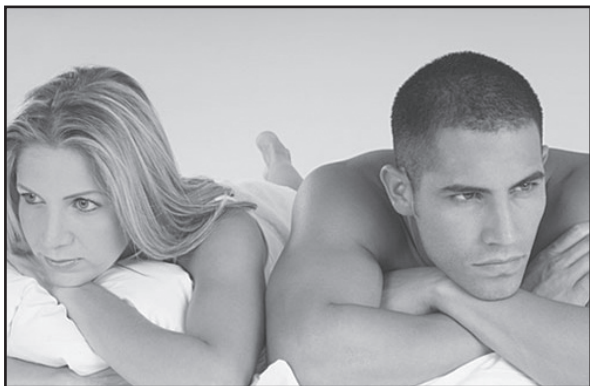
Never mind that sign there, you just go ahead and keep feeding them. They prefer the taste of flesh over french fries anyway.

Seasonal Affective Disorder Effectively Disorders Seasons

By: Kelley Hines
Psychological Superfiend

It's that time of year again. Cold weather? Rain? Self-loathing? That's right; I'm talking about Seasonal Affective Disorder, otherwise known as "SAD" (coincidence? I think not). I know for a fact that I've suffered from this ailment for quite some time. While all the other kids were getting ready for the joyous holiday season and new year, I was convinced that I should just drop out of school because I'd never amount to anything.

But hey, I've proven myself wrong! ...or have I? *sigh*. It may be hard to convince yourself to get out of bed every morning for the next few months, but come spring, things will cheer up. In the meantime, here are a few things to avoid while in your depressive state:



Ladies, if you're not feeling it, letting him feel "it" will only get him down, and not the good kind of "going down" either.

Sex

Now, I know you're thinking this will suddenly make everything better, but rollin' in the sheets is a double-edged sword during these gloomy days. Dirty talk suddenly leaves the realm of sexy and the passionately exclaimed, "Fuck me!" becomes the bitterly mumbled, "Ah, fuck me. I hate my life." Then you might cry and, well, there's something about crying that usually ruins the mood. Go figure.

Too Many People

When you're feeling sad and alone, your first instinct may be to surround yourself with as many companions as possible. Use acute discretion when deciding whom to hang with. Now is not the time to go eat with the airhead down the hall who you promised to "totes" go have lunch with. Or remember that guy who you high-fived ONCE when he delivered that well-timed Helen

Keller joke? The one that thinks you all are best friends? Don't go there.

Here are also a few tips and tricks to help instantly cheer you up:

Comfort Food

This is pretty much the only time of year you can eat copious amounts of food and not be judged, because no one will notice those extra five lbs when you're bundled underneath that Bill Cosby sweater. Don't let all you can eat weekend brunch go to waste! Remember how you always wanted to get in touch with your Italian roots? Ciao! Bagel Bites! Bellissimo! Crumbs will be your new favorite accessories.



The Bacon Explosion: the ultimate comfort food. Sausage packed into a bacon kevlar weave slow roasted in a barbecue bath.

Baby animals

I mean, duh. Who doesn't love playing with puppies? How could you not be happy buried in a pile of kittens? You're thinking about it right now aren't you? Not only are they cute and cuddly, but they also attract others, so you are more likely to meet new and interesting people! Plus, they'll love you unconditionally, which is more than you can say for your friends, "significant" other, and parents.

YouTube It Up

While there are a lot of really crappy videos on the internet, there are also goldmines. Some of my throwback favorites include, but are not limited to, "Can't Tell Me Nothing with Zach Galifianakis," remixed kitchen appliance infomercials, "I Beweave Hair Salon," "Scarlet Takes a Tumble," and basically anything posted by Everything Is Terrible. If you can't find anything to make you laugh on here, quite frankly I don't understand why you're even reading this. I clearly can't help you. Get out. Now.

None of the advice given above should be taken too seriously. Though it may seem so, I am, in fact, not a professional. If you do suspect that you are suffering from SAD or any other type of depression, please contact the Psychological and Counseling Center for assistance. And then tickle yourself, because that always works.

The Slant's Guide to Living Learning Community Applications

For when your friends get a suite ballot without you

By: Jim Gillin
Housing Honcho

Freshmen, it's time already to start thinking about housing for next year! Your friends may be heading to Branscomb to maximize fratting or shooting for a suite to throw their own parties, but for those of you who want something different, consider having everyone judge you by applying for one of Vanderbilt's Living Learning Communities! To help you make your choice, I have prepared the following introduction to the LLCs on campus.

The Kissam Experience:

So, they have managed to fool you. The Office of Housing and Residential Education, in their tricky ways, has managed to make you think that Kissam is a good place to live. There are two things wrong about this: one, the University is planning on razing Kissam and building a new Kissam v2.0 because of its current dismal condition; two, that Kissam is where you end up if you skip the housing application entirely! That's right, by totally sleeping through the entire housing application period, you will be placed in Kissam where they are trying to get people to WANT to live. Indeed, much of the Kissam experience is about doing nothing at all—just barely subsisting. On the bright side, living in Kissam will net you a pretty large single room, but is it really worth not having a roommate when you have to tell the girl you just met that you're taking her back to Kissam?

Mayfield Lodges:

You've gathered nine friends who you think you'll be able to stand for the whole year. You came up with a really bad project idea when really the only idea in your head is "party party party!" You must be ready for a Mayfield.

Who knows whether you end up having to go through with your project? One doesn't hear very often from rogues who didn't complete their projects, but since Mayfields are a LIVING learning community, we can assume that they're still being kept alive... somewhere. But poorly formulated "service project" aside, you'll love living with your buds in a little self-contained unit. Until cutthroat competition begins for warm water in the mornings, fingers are pointed over who leaves the messes in the bathrooms, and your hard-earned bagel bites disappear from the fridge. You can also look forward to leaving thirty minutes early to walk to class. But all that exercise will be put to good use, since the only meal plan location close to you is a Quiznos.



The Slant had a hard time finding this place BECAUSE IT'S HIDDEN BEHIND TWO GIANT TREES!

VIPs:

Oh, you mean you actually WANT to do a project? Then you're not looking for a Mayfield, you're looking for a Vanderbilt Interest Project: all of the work of a Mayfield with none of the partying!

Living in a VIP involves picking 4-9 of your friends and choosing a really awkward, tenuously service-oriented project for the year. Reading the VIP blog online, you get a pretty good sense of diverse people being diverse for the sake of diversity, but seeing 0 comments on every post all the way down the main page makes it seem more like a Vanderbilt Disinterest Project.

VIPs are hosted in Vandy/Barnard, which means you get laundry in your dorm. And Nectar, which is kinda cool, I guess.

Leadership Hall:

I'm sorry, I have no idea what the sh't this is. If you're up for a gamble, go for it. Again, you'll be living in Vandy/Barnard, which means laundry and Nectar and not much else.

McGill:

If your parents didn't love you enough, then you'll love McGill! Established in 1972, the McGill project has been the land of misfit toys for almost 40 years. Come join the house where guys actually have to come out as "straight" and where 8' martini glasses made out of balloons decorate the lobby. McGill is conveniently located equidistant from CT West, Rand, and Nectar, but who needs those when you can discover mystery cake in the lobby for public consumption?

McGill is a place where anyone will feel welcome. It houses not only gays but also every possible permutation of human sexuality, though it tries with modest success to relegate those people to the fourth floor. Among social groups, it houses bros, hos, scenesters, hipsters, anti-hipsters, nerds, geeks, Japanophiles, borderline alcoholics, and like one black guy. Or two. And some Asians. But despite its diversity, McGill unites whenever there is something nice to be ruined; they ruin it—as a family!

Creative Campus Residential Fellows:

The goal here is to bring together creative people to discuss and participate in cultural programs, involving art, media, design, and all that good stuff. The idea is to force students to hold the kind of discussions that take place naturally and without encouragement at other colleges. However, creativity is involved, so engineers aren't welcome.

McTyeire:

McTyeire is intended for the students who are too awkward to hold normal conversations, because they require you to speak a foreign language within the dorm. Residents get their very own McMeal Plan, which requires eating meals together at a language table and attempting to ask for the Grey Poupon in everything besides English. In the interests of boosting popularity of the dorm, McTyeire is considering adding more "kind of" language halls in the future, including halls for flag semaphore, Spanglish, Java, and music, but these programs haven't yet been implemented for the '11-'12 school year. Residents say the most valuable thing they learn in McTyeire is how to swear effectively in ten languages, and where else are you going to find that on campus?

So there you have all the LLCs laid out for you. Applications for Mayfields and McGill are due to Housing by Wednesday, February 2nd, and McTyeire applications are due by Friday, February 4th. Leadership Hall, Creative Campus and VIP apps are due by Wednesday the 23rd, and Kissam apps have an infinite due date. Get your apps in and give LLCs a shot, and maybe your newly acquired living-learning skills will teach you how to cope when your friends laugh at you for living in an LLC.

Unconventional places to live:



Living in the new West Garage will ensure you will never lose your F parking spot regardless of what VSG promises.

Okay, you may find this hard to believe, but there is a hidden tent on campus. If you go in between Featheringill and the power plant, between the fence and the trees is a camouflaged tent. Don't ask me what's inside there, I'm not looking.

Spring Semester Relationship Drop/Add Period Ends with Flurry of Activity

By: Dan King
King of Kisses

Vanderbilt students seeking to participate in romantic relationships during spring 2011 now know exactly who the members of these relationships will be, as the university wide drop/add period ended at midnight last Wednesday. During the weekdays leading up to the deadline, all potential romantic partners were expected to plan dates during which they would exchange romantic syllabi, explaining to each other their romantic expectations, policies, and grading rubrics.

Sophomore Jeremy McMichael says he was considering a relationship with Junior Kara Whitley until he noticed that under lovemaking expectations on her syllabus Whitley had simply written "Kinky stuff." When McMichael asked for clarification Whitley remained coy. "That's when I knew I was going to drop her..." I mean I've had [romantic partners] before where they weren't specific about their expectations, and this never works out well, so I decided to transfer into this cute art student. She won't help me out with my career at all, but it should be a fun way to waste some time."

Senior Mike Carter has had a very rough drop/add period. In December, Carter had a full waiting list of ladies and gentlemen who wanted to be his romantic partner during this semester. But students quickly began to opt out of Carter when his syllabus indicated he was no longer willing to do "that thing with his tongue and the love beads." Vanderbilt's Relationship advisors have been quite busy, as student appointments have shot up in the time surrounding the deadline. Professor Barry Wight (Ph.D., bootyology) says he hasn't had a free minute all week with all of his spare time being spent giving relationship advice to undergrads. "The other day a student came into my office, he was still signed up for relationships with two different women and couldn't decide which one to pick. So he and I went on a Facebook stalk, and I advised him to choose the one with bigger... personalities." Some students have complained that their drop/add requests could not be processed as "OH YEAH," Vanderbilt's online relationship registration service was jammed with users Wednesday

night. Sam Lee, head administrator for OH YEAH, says he will not extend the drop/add period. "Whatever relationship you're in right now, you'll have to stick it out for the whole semester... if you really want to change, you can file a petition to drop, but the relationship will remain on your record with a 'WF', which stands for 'wet fish,'" says Lee. Junior Darren Carr found himself at odds with the system when he tried to register a relationship with more than two women. Under regulations which went into effect last spring, such a relationship requires that all those involved have GPAs of at least 3.5 and approval from at least one professor. Carr, however, says he could not find any professors willing to approve his proposed love triangle between himself, his girlfriend, and her best friend. "Professor Wight said he would sign off on it if I could get both of the ladies to approve but doing that would totally blow my cover, so I decided to just scrap the idea" says Carr.

STUMP

The Next Big Drinking Game Craze

By: Justin Barisich
Tippy Treetotaler



This here is yer basic stump setup. First, git urself a stump, den git urself sum beers. Hamma 'n nails n ya gonna be havin' 'good ol' fun!!!

As a native son of southeastern Louisiana, I keep an – shall we say – eclectic group of friends back in the homelands and swamplands. Some of them are set to be future petroleum engineers, calculating how to most efficiently use our state's vast amount of natural resources. Some are receiving their acceptance letters to medical schools, applying their skills to advance modern medicine and to promote human health. The others are just big fuckin' rednecks who drink 40s and shoot shotguns at anything with feet - sometimes in tandem. During this most recent New Year's Eve festivities, a strange assemblage of friends descended upon a mutual friend's house in the heart of New Orleans, where one of those aforementioned more redneck friends nudged me as I was sipping on my gin and tonic and posited, "Say brah, you wanna play Stump, 'da most redneck drinkin' game eva?" Feeling sufficiently ginned up, I immediately agreed, and he began to gather the rest of the group to partake as well. As we were all circling up in the driveway, my friend was walking back from his King Ranch Edition Ford F-150 pickup nicknamed "Gert" with two cinder blocks and a tree stump about two feet in diameter. When I asked where he picked that up, he simply responded "stol' it" as he pulled a hammer out of his back pocket, never missing a beat from his tapping nails into the surface of what was once a tree. He then began to explain the basic rules of the game to those of us in attendance who were less-than-redneck. "Set the stump up so dat it's 'bout between knee-high and waist-high. Erry playa' gets a nail knockt into the wood 'round the ring of the stump jus' far enough in so dat it can stan' up on its own. 'Dere's also a community nail in the center of the stump. Ya hold a beer in one hand and toss tha hamma wit' tha otha. "When it's yo turn, ya throw tha hamma' in the air once so dat it makes a full spin forward and den ya catch it and, in one smooth motion, smack tha shit outta one of the nails dat ain't yo's. Hit a nail, dat person drinks. Hit yo own nail, ya drink fo' bein' 'stupid. Hit somebody else's body, ya drink for bein' a asshole. Sink a nail, dat person chugs dere whole beer, though dey do get a single retribution swing. Tha same applies for the community nail, 'cept dat erry-one drinks or chugs 'cept fo' ya.



Dem some legendary stumpers I reckon.



Ya'll college keeds can give dat hamma' a whirl and be whackin at dat stump.

to fix yo crooked nail. Place yo beer on the stump and go to work on dat nail, but knock ova' yo beer while straightenin' and yo special turn's up and ya gotta drink for tha spillage. "Last man standing wins. Ya betta start practicin' city boy, cuz we been playin' dis fo' tha past coupla months now, and ya might get yo ass handed to ya." As the twelve of us went round and round again stumpin' it up, there were multiple dropped hammers, a few self-spillages, many yelled expletives, and lots of laughter. About half-way through the game, one of my other friends who was also a city-boy newbie managed to muster up a good toss and a strong enough swing to do some real damage to a nail's lifespan, but then he clearly missed everything he was supposed to hit and thus had enough momentum to smack himself in his own damn shin. Luckily, his senses were slightly dulled and he only hit the meat of his leg, so he only ended up with a bruised muscle rather than a shattered bone. Nonethless, we still made him drink. The rules of Stump are quite sacred, and we thought that it might help to ease forthcoming pain.

In sober reflection, even though the game was quite foolish and probably dangerous even without the involvement of firearms, it was still nice to get in touch with my inner redneck, even if only for a few hours, as overalls and thick accents don't really go over so well with the Vandy ladies. Besides, that same guy who cracked himself in the shin actually ended up winning the game in the end, so it really is anybody's game, even if you are more apt to the city life than wielding hand tools in unorthodox manners.

So I encourage you to give Stump a try at your next social gathering. I'm eager to see tree stumps beginning to proliferate on the lawns of frat row, bringing a bit of the backwoods to the backyards of frat brothers. And remember, fellas, that you should persuade the ladies to play too, because nothing's sexier than a woman who knows how to handle a hammer. Just think about Rosie the Riveter. Now that's one to pin up on the wall.

For more specific rules and possible game variations, check out this hella extensive and damn official website: <www.worldstump.com>. Damn, this here fella sure knows how to hit dat stump.

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STYLE SPOTTER: Bikini Jeans

By: Kelley Hines
Denim Delegate

Throughout the past few months, denim has been the "it" fabric across campus. While jeans are a classic, they've recently been manifesting in a whole new way. Whether in the form of skin-tight, ass-hugging, jeggings or the cleverly stylish yet comfy pajama jeans, girls have been strutting their stuff in little else. We predict seeing this fashion trend continuing on into the spring season and want you to be in on what's in and what's out. Looking ahead to March when the snow will finally be gone and coats are no longer a necessity, burn those hideous leggings, which by the way are NOT pants, and get ready for this year's hot new trend: bikini jeans.



You'll be two loose string-ties away from a very embarrassing night out.

Bikini jeans are a wish - no, a fervent prayer - come true for so many of you oh so original fashionistas across Vandy's campus. We know how it goes when you're shopping for jeans. You may say, "Wow these jeans are so cute and perfectly overpriced, but are they slutty enough?" or the classic, "Oh, shoot! I'd have to actually wear underwear with these." Not anymore! With bikini jeans, the bikini cut undies and the sexy cut jeans are all in one stylishly cut garment. Pair with your favorite tank top and last night's neon wristband and you're ready for the frats, a T-Swift concert, or a repeat of last night's disaster downtown. Guys, this trend is also great for you because you'll no longer have to waste time at parties talking to girls who may or may not give it up. Chicks in bikini jeans are almost a guaranteed hook up or at the very least an extremely



City folk ain't dat bad at drinkin. How 'bout stumpin'??

Nonethless, we still made him drink. The rules of Stump are quite sacred, and we thought that it might help to ease forthcoming pain.

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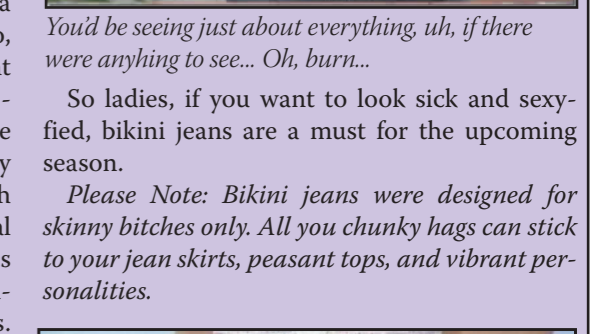


Oh, Japanese writing... This trend makes a lot more sense now all of a sudden. Hey, at least they are cheap.

vigorous grinding session. I mean, let's be honest, some of you would be lucky to get that.

You'll be seeing just about everything, uh, if there were anything to see... Oh, burn...

So ladies, if you want to look sick and sexy-fied, bikini jeans are a must for the upcoming season. Please Note: Bikini jeans were designed for skinny bitches only. All you chunky hags can stick to your jean skirts, peasant tops, and vibrant personalities.



Oh, Japanese writing... This trend makes a lot more sense now all of a sudden. Hey, at least they are cheap.

Angry Birds to Face YouTube in This Year's Procrastination Bowl

By: Clay Christain
Golden Egg Guy

The wide world of competitive distractions has been up on ends this past season, as newcomer Angry Birds has made it all the way to this year's Procrastination Bowl and will duke it out with defending champion YouTube for the title of "Biggest Goddamn Waste of Time."

Angry Birds, new to the inattention circuit this year, is the world's best selling cell phone game. Developed by Finnish company Rovio Mobile, the objective of the game is to fling a flock of birds at entrenched green pigs who have stolen the birds' eggs. Despite its seemingly noble cause, this game has essentially halted productivity across the world.



Team Angry Birds' starting lineup is a formidable fivesome that has not let a sliver of productivity slip through its defense.

Stanley Carpazzio, Vanderbilt Associate Professor of undergraduate-level Archaeological Bullshit, said, "When my three students come to class, they're supposed to be listening to ME! What do they do? They sit there rubbing their thumbs on their phones for fifty minutes. One of them even has the nerve to play with the sound on."



Angry Birds' team bus seen here rolling out on dubs to the January 21st conference title game.

Defending its position as the top distraction in the world, YouTube is confident that it can beat out its opponent's avian assault. Since its creation in 2005, YouTube has essentially dropped productivity by 69% internationally. When asked about its challenger, YouTube founder Jawed Karim said, "Look, there's videos of how to beat Angry Birds already on YouTube. I think we have the clear advantage."

YouTube advanced to the big game after a controversial close win over Facebook. While Facebook is the world's second most popular website, YouTube being the third, it was not expected to overtake the video-spam website as YouTube features content from more creepy adults and Euro-

peans. However, in the final second of last week's conference championship, Facebook took the lead by forcing mandatory profile changes upon everyone thereby giving people something to bitch about. In the closing seconds, YouTube scored enough wasted time by countering with a 25-second video of a puppy falling over backwards on top of a girl in nothing but underwear.



YouTube boasts a strong offense of cute animals, slutty women, and stupid children.

On its path to the title, Angry Birds recently defeated Twitter in a blowout in its most recent playoff game.

Game Designer Jaakko Iisalo said, "Well, Twitter is just worthless anyway. It never had a chance against us."

The Procrastination Bowl is set to take place on February 29th in the New Orleans Superdome. Each team will be randomly assigned ten everyday people ranging from students to construction workers to stockbrokers. The citizens will attempt to do their work for one hour of game clock with a fifteen-minute halftime. YouTube and Angry Birds will have to do their best to waste as much time as possible. A perfect score is 600 wasted man-minutes.

Angry Birds Head Coach Teemo Roffleoffleson said, "Our strategy is to use all of our levels possible. Since the last update to the game, we certainly have enough to get close to perfect."

YouTube Quarterback Johnny Rocket was slightly skeptical of his team's ability to pull off the clutch victory. "We're too arrogant. Watching videos is such a passive activity. People want to move their thumbs," Rocket said. He was then promptly removed from the team for "copyright violations."

Whichever team will win the game is unclear at the moment, but productivity monitors are already weary of the large number of people sure to bet pennies on the game at centsports.com.



The Angry Birds hope that strong fundamentals such as gameplay and high scores will keep people from doing their jobs.

Anyone for Tennis? The Slant's Comprehensive Guide to the Australian Open

By: Tyler Whittle
Dropshot Demigod

Hey there all you sports fans. If you're like me, then you await the arrival of the Australian Open with the same giddy delight that a young adolescent feels the first time he wets the bed (and I don't mean with piss). If you didn't know that the Australian Open was going on, then you probably are either: (A) not a sports fan, (B) someone who has never wielded a tennis racquet before, (C) a failure like 99% of America, or (D) a little cunt. So assuming you fall into one of the above categories, let me go ahead and indulge you in a little bit of tennis knowledge so that next time you find yourself hobnobbing with the upper-class folk, you can impress them with your expansive knowledge of this snooty and pretentious sport.



If you squint a bit, it almost looks like a Kangaroo.

When the average person hears women's tennis, they immediately think, "Sharapova." The men think, "That Sharapova is pretty good looking, maybe if she played naked or something this sport would actually be interesting." The women think, "Fuck that Sharapova bitch! She's not THAT good looking." Unfortunately for you, men, Sharapova has recently been engaged to the newly traded savior of the Lakers, Sasha Vujacic. If it's any consolation, she had shoulder surgery a few years back. When Vujacic was asked about how this affected their relationship, he retorted, "After the surgery, Maria had to switch to a western grip. Things just haven't been the same since."

Besides for Ms. Sharapova's (who really isn't that good anymore), just toss around some big names, For example, Serena Williams (with thighs the size of an average person's torso), Wozniacki (who's some hooker from Denmark who was the favorite to win the Aussie Open), and Clijsters a slut who got knocked up because she forgot her plan B and had to take some time off, but now she's back). Name-drop like a pro



The only man in the world who can wear capri pants to work and not be questioned about his masculinity.

and those rich assholes who love this sport will be drooling over you.

I'm assuming that there is a better chance that the conceited prick with whom you'll be conversing about tennis is a man, so he'll be interested in women's tennis for less time than it takes a muon to decay: microseconds. You're going to have to step up your game up to play with the big boys of men's tennis if you really want to slob on their knob.

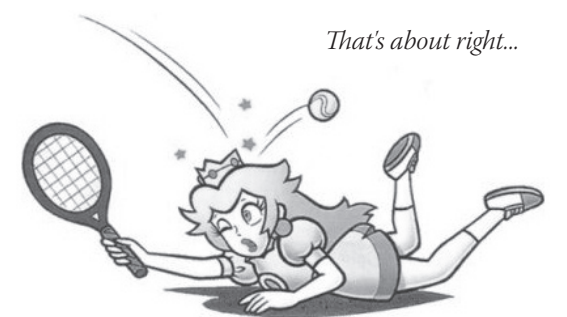
Here are some names to remember: Federer, Nadal, Murray, Djokovic, Roddick. Federer is pretty much the best ever, so I'm going to assume you've heard of him somewhere; if not, get your head out of your ass. Nadal hails from Spain and dominates the French Open more than your dad dominated your mom when you were conceived. Murray is this ugly ass bloke from Scotland with facial hair that makes Paul Pierce look like a grizzly lumberjack. Novak "Choke-a-Bitch" Djokovic is from Serbia. His nickname was bequeathed to him by none other than Sir Wayne Brady for his extensive contributions to the fields of pimping and rapping.



This is how you'll feel after watching Andy Roddick's matches.

Last and least of these players is Andy Roddick. He's the best American player and is probably one of the greatest fucking disappointments to ever bring his talents to the courts. After winning the US Open in 2003, he hasn't won jack shit. Interesting tidbit about Roddick, he's married to Brooklyn Decker. She's that incredibly gorgeous babe you may have seen on the cover of the Sports Illustrated swimsuit edition. Some have speculated that, recently, Roddick has been too busy sticking his rod into Brooklyn to focus on what he's really good at: sucking Federer's dick.

So, there's the wide world of tennis for you in brief summary. I trust that you Vanderbilt students now possess enough information to uphold a lengthy conversation about tennis, at least one that's long enough to change the subject to coloring (for HOD majors only), nerdy-ass shit (for engineers), or drinking (for everyone else).



That's about right...

The Slant Presents: <The 1337 Corner> League of Legends

By: Jonathan Newkirk
Furious Feeder

The sun rises over the Fields of Justice; the mist from the bushes rising higher and higher. Scattered over the ground lay the decomposing bodies of hundreds of minions. Suddenly everything vanishes. A booming voice announces,

"Welcome to Summoners Rift." The bodies are gone. Five champions appear on either side of the map. Welcome... to the League of Legends.

As any twelve year old who hasn't discovered masturbation will tell you, free online games are great. League of Legends is made by Riot games and is freely available to anyone who can left-click. I was debating describing the gameplay here, but this is The Slant after all, so I'm going to briefly go over a few ways to be a total asshole to everyone else playing - which is the best part, right?

1) Each game begins by choosing a team of five players. During the champion selection make it known to your team how bad the character they're choosing to play is. You don't even need to know how the player's champion works, just say, "You must be a noob, only noobs play XXX" (insert character name here). This is the first opportunity to demoralize.

2) Don't lock in your character. In the famous words of Kenny Powers, "make 'em wait." This is especially effective when the opposing team immediately chooses all of their characters and is ready to start. No, no they're not ready. They're gonna wait another 70 seconds.

3) Backdoor. Choose Master Yi as your champion. Only build attack speed items, and choose

teleport as your summoner spell. When your team initiates a large fight, immediately teleport to a different lane and push a tower on the other side of the map. If you fail, you piss your team off. If you succeed, you piss the other team off. Win-win situation.

4) Lag is when your internet connection freaks out and decides not to work all of the time. Blame everything wrong that happens on lag. This is self-explanatory. Also it may actually happen.

5) TyPe l1k3 thi5. 4ll 7h3 t1M3

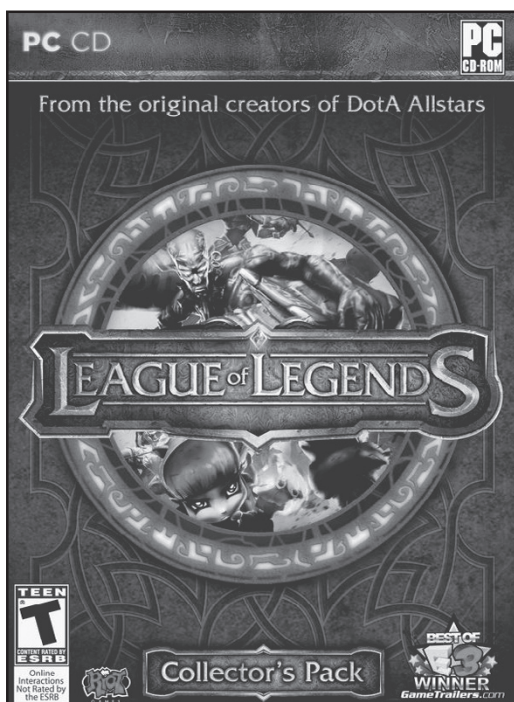
6) Play as Soraka. Soraka is by far the worst champion in the game. She is annoying to even be around. It does all the work for you!

7) Play as Teemo. While not a terrible character, at level 6 he gains the ability to lay mushroom traps all over the map. Don't even worry about pushing a lane or fighting - just drop these mushrooms EVERYWHERE. The other team will LOVE you.

Following this advice, you can expect to make celibate twelve year olds ragequit and make lonely teens decide to look at

porn instead.

As a final note, if you want to play with The Slant, add the summoner names RexCo, Soma-lianTitstorm, NigerianSundae, and notsam to your friends list.



Hey, I thought you said this game is free. Why does it come in a box, though? Do you download the box???



0 kills. 11 deaths. Four pairs of boots. Sounds like a job well done to me! Note: do you have eight legs? The game isn't gonna let you trick it like that...

SEC MEN'S BASKETBALL POWER RANKINGS



1. Alabama (6-9, 0-0 SEC)

Alabama comes on top yet again, as they continue to start with A and come in strong with a second letter L. The third A in their name certainly doesn't hurt their case.



2. Arkansas (8-8, 3-4, 5-6)

Arkansas, a state that no one ever wants to visit, continues to try and bring in some travelers by placing second on this list. Just barely above Auburn, Arkansas needs some help to catch Alabama in the hunt for the wild card.



3. Auburn (10-20-3-4, Campbell Conference)

Auburn falls short of Alabama yet again in this rivalry to control the dumbass fan demographic. Also Cam Newton got paid by Taco Bell, come on...



4. deadmau5 (\$500)

First of all, deadmau5 is too low on this list. Hey, bro, I think I'm out of ecstasy, but I still love you... AND I LOVE THIS SONG, OH MY GOD!!!!



5. Florida (?-?)

Timmy Tebow goes to bed every night praying to Jesus and holding a little Alfred plushie. He also wears "Greg Hardy" pajamas according to the paint in the tunnel between Towers East and West.



6. Georgia (13-37)

Georgia still can't escape the fact that they will never be as good as Florida since G comes after F.



7. Kentucky (4-20)

In addition to having the biggest greaseball of a coach, Kentucky can't overcome the letters H I and J that separate them and #6 Georgia.



8. LSU (1-800-Collect)

LSU may have won that BCS game that year that USC claims to be the champs, but the world's greatest quarterback was immortalized in a Kanye West song: "got a Trojan in my pocket - Matt Leinart."



9. Mississippi State (4-5 FG, 1-13 3 pt)

Is this a school?? How are they above Mississippi? Whose crazy idea was this??



10. Ole Miss (Stanley Cup runner-up)

We don't like them there rebels, so O comes after M in this list. Ever since they ditched Colonel Reb, their mascot has, in spirit, been Admiral Ackbar - the leader of the Rebels.



11. South Carolina (6'5")

In addition to being way down on this list, their mascot is also named Cocky. COCKY. COCK-Y. COCK. 8====D~~



12. Tennessee (4.184 J/C)

Whether listed as University of Tennessee or Tennessee, this school still ends up here. Bruce Pearl needs to stop cheating and get a new jacket that isn't barf-orange.



13. Vanderbilt (ELO 1800)

There was never much hope for Vanderbilt to be at the top of this list. We start with a V for crying out loud. We're not going to do this list in reverse alphabetical order... that'd be silly.

[TFLVP:

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

(908): Is it weird that watching you program is getting me off right now?

(865): There's this girl that has this condition where she sleeps ten days at a time, and she's hot.

(813): Well, it'd be ok if she let you do things to her while she's asleep.

(865): Wow, dude.

(813): What? You gotta get your rocks off somehow.

(407): If I renamed my zipper "fro-yo shop," bitches would be all up on my dick.

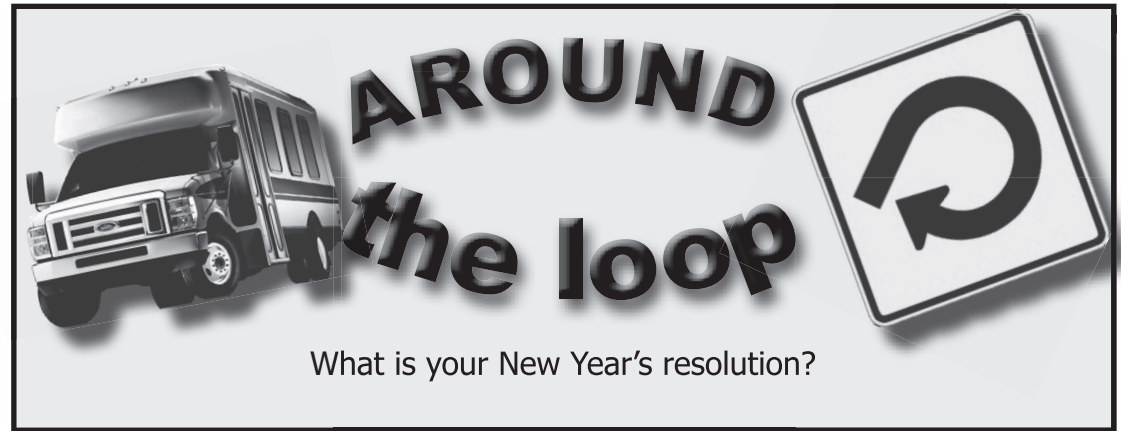
(813): In my lab, we are working with silicon.

(615): You gonna make some boobies??

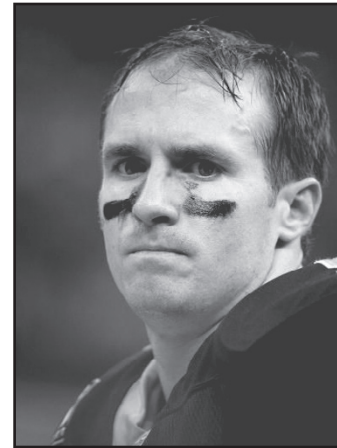
(813): That's silicone.

(615): What are you doing tonight?

(820): Gonna jopo. Jerk off, pass out.



Drew Brees



Work on my golf game.

Delusional Student



Accept that my letter from Hogwarts will never come, and that Defense against the Dark Arts isn't a major.

Bessie the Cow



To accept that I cannot influence everyone, and that I am destined to be placed upon a toasted bun.

YOU



This year, I will... I promise to... I'm gonna... Ah, fuck it.

Pinky and The Brain



The same thing we do every year:
TRY TO TAKE OVER THE WORLD!

Sad Snowman



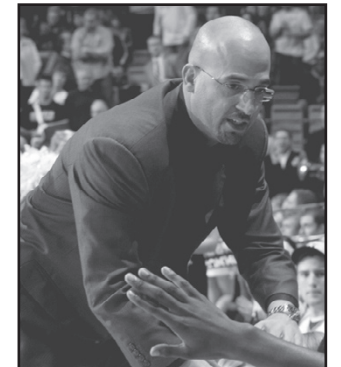
I gotta hitch a ride to Canada soon...
I don't wanna die... again...

Disc Jockey



Play at fewer frat parties.
It's pretty demoralizing.

James Franklin



Scout the intramural football league.
I hear the Snow Wookiees have a QB with a cannon arm.

What to Drink this Weekend

By: Pilsner Hefeweizen
Enlightened Indulger

Beer. Lots of beer. Uh, no...anything really. Anything with alcohol in it. Something you can take to class on Friday.

Natty Light

*1 case of 24 12 oz. cans

Get in your car, go to the gas station, and buy some Natty Light. Pour into plastic cup as fast as possible. Chilling not necessary.

Franzia

*1.5 liter box of wine

Gently open cardboard box of Franzia. Remove bag from box. Place bag on coat rack. Stick face up to nozzle and "enjoy."



Seems like taking that class in Fluid Mechanics paid off after all. Fuck yeah, Bernoulli's equation!

TOP TEN
Crappy VSG Presidential "Promises"

- 10 Wi-Fi in the showers - Our porn fix need not be interrupted.
- 9 Chik-fil-A - We've been hearing this one for years. Just stop it already; it hurts too much.
- 8 DVD Club - It's like piracy without any of the effort!
- 7 Card swipes at frat parties - You only think he's giving you a free drink.
- 6 More F lot parking - Just demolish that empty frat house already.
- 5 More masturbation stations - They're a necessity because all men think about sex every 52 seconds.
- 4 More earmarks for VSG - Soon it will be a federal work study job.
- 3 Chick-fil-A again - No, seriously, when is this shit gonna happen?
- 2 Food Trucks - Dude, I got a serious case of the mobile munchies. It's like being a hunter-gatherer again.
- 1 LCD screens in the Vandy Vans showing vandyvans.com - So you know how long it will take to get your drunk ass back to your room so you can vomit privately.

The Slant presents its second annual...

Llamapalooza

For only \$5, say

whatever THE FUCK you want

in our newspaper

...and feel good about it, because all the proceeds to go Heifer International to buy profitable farm animals, like llamas, for families.

Submissions published:

Feb 9

We'll be on the wall taking your money:

Jan 31-Feb 4



NUM NUM NUM...



NOM NOM NOM...

The Gospel According to Mark, Vol. 3: The Reckoning

By: Mark Sakauye
Wordy Wiseman

Welcome to the third edition of The Gospel of 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 wisdom...or with whatever else you feel needs to be inserted in there.

Dear Mark the Omniscient,

How can I better protect my anal virginity during hazing, or be less emotionally scarred afterwards?

Sincerely,
Dave "Don't put that in there" Smith



Golly gee! Why, I do say! Just a couple of good ol' boys gettin' together for a bit of a rable! Heavens to Murgatroyd!

Dear Guy With the Awesome Nickname,

Well, you're fucked in more ways than one. See what I did there? Because not only is the situation fucked, but so are YOU. Haha! I'm clever. Seriously though, get a chastity belt. They're not just for women.

Dear Mark the Omniscient,

This question is not necessarily for me, as I've known I wanted to go to medical school since probably before I was born, but as the majority of my friends don't really know what to do with their lives. My question for you is this: How can my friends figure

out what to do with their lives? What should they do next year?

Please let me know so I can stop having to deal with their weekly nervous breakdowns.

Yours sincerely,
Senioritis

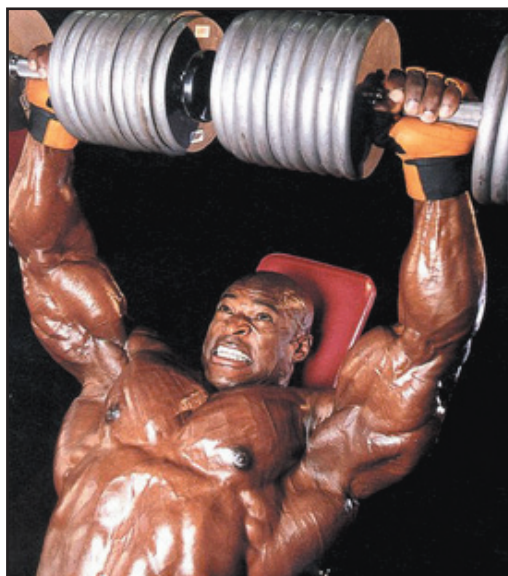
Dear Directionless Hobo,

It's understandable to be confused about what to do with the rest of your life. We've all gone through it at some point. Lucky for you, I'm here to help you with your problem! Since I don't know your friends personally, I can only give a few general guidelines about finding a purpose in life. Here's a question for them, have they considered prostitution? It's a job for the young at heart and the supple of body, which (most) college seniors certainly are. 24th and West End is a great corner to start working. I think so, at least, because I see ladies of the night standing there every weekend.

If selling your body isn't for you, don't panic! There are probably other career paths. Try starting at some service job, such as rapid cuisine artisan or sanitation engineer. You can work your way up to the top; I saw it on TV. Maybe that was just an episode of Undercover Boss... but the point is that I saw it happen, although, honestly, I was on a lot of drugs at the time so it could have been anything.

Dear Mark the Omniscient,

How can I make more time for lifting?



AIN'T NOTHIN' BUT A PEANUT!

Sincerely,
Some Dude

Dear Ronnie Coleman,

The first step to gain more lifting time is to break up with your girlfriend if you have one. We all know that their incessant need to 'spend time with' and 'see' us really cuts into our lifting schedule. Sure, there may be some repercussions, and your (soon to be) ex-girlfriend will be all, "boo hoo. Blah blah blah. Boo hoo some more. I'm saying something whiny and pointless." I mean, whatever. Who wants to listen to that crap anyway? Not you, that's for sure.

The second step is to take up residence in one of the janitor's closets at the Rec Center. It cuts down dramatically on travel time, thereby giving you more of that sweet,

sweet lifting you've always wanted. If they ever find out and threaten to kick you out, just flex at them with your pecs, and sure enough they ought to leave you alone forever. It's a given that anyone who can actually flex their moobs is intimidating and should not be messed with. Either that or they're doing a sexy dance.

The third and final step is to get a puppy. How does this relate, you ask? I have no clue. I just like puppies.

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.

JOINTHESLANT please.

Do you love writing? Well, I sure don't. But that didn't stop me from joining *The Slant!* What's your excuse?

The Slant isn't just any old newspaper - it's a forum for recreational banter. If you don't understand what that is, then you're probably not reading this paper properly in the first place. However, if you like humor and you like fun, then you are rightly reading this wonderful publication, so why not join? What's more fun than creating a story incorporating the things you love - like animals, or sex, or maybe even sex with animals - with that biggest pet-peeve of yours - like your roommate, your nagging girlfriend, or your roommate's nagging girlfriend? Your rantings manifest themselves in some form or fashion whether you admit it or not. You know you have to release it somehow (which just so happens to be what she said). Why not make it public? Let's make it official - Facebook-official even.

Ok, so you still may not want to write for *The Slant*. WHY NOT? I dunno if you know this or not, but *The Slant* comes out once every three weeks. Yes, once every three weeks. That's hardly once a month - 5 or 6 times a semester if you're lucky. Do you know how often normal newspapers are issued? Too many times, that's how many. Clearly, *The Slant* isn't your normal newspaper. We value your ability to B.S., unlike your co-workers, teachers, and friends who don't. We'll be more than friends with you, if you know what I mean (if you're into that kind of thing). I know I always love breaking out of the "friend zone," and we will

be delighted to break your end zone...er, friend zone.

So, if you're having trouble expressing yourself, having trouble meeting people, or having trouble getting laid, you may want to check out *The Slant*. Our door is always open, and by always, I mean at 8:00 PM on Mondays in Sarratt 130. Hopefully, we will see you there! We'll leave the light on for ya.



Here we see Andrew Mungan displaying his weekly meeting outfit. He's ever-ready to do nunchuck battle with boredom.