

THISJUSTIN

Zelda Turns 25, **Has Quarter-Life Crisis**

By: Justin Barisich

Hero of Time

A mere few days ago, the wellestablished and instantly recognizable The Legend of Zelda video game series celebrated 25 years of digital existence. Since it's birth in 1986, The Legend of Zelda, or Zelda for short, has gone through quite a few changes in its lifetime. And, as any recent college graduate trying to make a life for itself in this new market would, our young Zelda began looking back on all the life-altering links to its past and began to wonder what its master quest would have been like without all those changes. What if it could turn back the phantom hourglass?

Link began to imagine existence if it had stayed in that golden, infantile state of pixilation, back when everything was just so 8-bit, pure and simple. "What if Ganon had only remained as that large pig-bearmonster-looking-thing I had slain? But noooooo, he had to go ahead and arch-nemesis-up and then bestiality-rape someone and have a baby Ganondorf. Narcissistic asshole messed me up for innumerable, possibly unrelated, generations.

"But then, what if I had never realized that tree people adopted me when I was just a little tyke? I think I'd still have quite the case of mistaken identity, even developing 3-D multiple personality disorder so hardcore that I'd still be trying to hide behind various masks. And then I would've missed out on that crazy, blade-induced acid trip that took me back and forth seven years in and from the future. After all that time-travel bullshit, I realized I should've just told Ganondorf to blow my Ocarina of Time. Pick a form and stay in it, you

"And then I met this Twilight Princess who hooked me once and changed my life forever. I loved her to death on multiple occasions, had given all my hearts just to get a taste of her Triforce, but she was so freakin' bipolar. Like day and night, I never knew how to read her, but she caused enough thunder down under to wake all my winds, an oracle for all the seasons and the ages."

And then Link had a great awakening and figured out it was all a dream.

Fuck you, shitty plot twist.

Proposed Plucking of Planned Parenthood Pork Prods People's Plans

By: Kelley Hines Prophylactic Pusher

House of Representatives voted 240-185 in favor of cutting government funding for Planned Parenthood. The amendment is now moving toward a vote in the Senate. This event has sparked a lot of controversy across the nation as well as here on Vanderbilt's campus. The Slant has interviewed various organizations on campus to see what they had to say about the issue, and here are their answers to the question, "What does the possible closing of Planned Parenthood mean to you?"

Vandy Fems: "This is complete \$#%@&...!"

Amish Student Alliance: "Well, we don't use birth control, but I guess the STD testing and cancer screenings are nice. Oh... those utilize electricity? Well then maybe the pregnancy tests. Digital? Okay, well then I guess we have no comment.

Anonymous Sorority President: "Wait, what?! I mean... umm... who cares? None of our girls even use Planned Parenthood. But, wait, are you seri-

Happy Hands Club: Seeing as this is a sign language club, we

weren't exactly sure what they were saying. The frequent use of the middle finger, however, may In a recent decision, the suggest that they were upset.

This vote deeply concerns the members of The Slant's staff. As you all know, we have a certain standard of attractiveness that our writers must uphold. If you're hideous, you just can't work for us. Plus, we're doing this shit without pay. That equals a lot of sexy satirists with no fucking money.

Planned Parenthood losing its funding would be detrimental to our organization. I can't make you laugh if I'm worried about where I can get an affordable mammogram! Yeah, that's right; I did just switch from first person plural to first person singular! You know why? Cause I'm

I've never even fucking been to Planned Parenthood and I can easily understand its value. A whole scene in Mean Girls would be rendered jokeless without Planned Parenthood. You know which one I'm talking about. A well-executed bitch move rendered no longer relatable because of what could be one horrible mistake! What are we going to cut funding for next, public education? Then the movie won't make sense at all!

Innovative Gyro Bowl Reinvents the Bowl

By: Ryan Gibbons

Gyro-tastic!

a thought along the lines of, "Wow, it's amazing how quickly he spilled that entire bowl of food on the floor!" As the helpless and defeated person attempts to remove the gigantic stain from their carpet, they ask themselves why there isn't a way to keep children from spilling food everywhere. WELL NOW THERE IS! Introducing the Gyro Bowl, the first ever bowl for kids to use gyroscopic technology in order to prevent spilling! The inner portion of the bowl rotates 360 degrees, remaining right side up no matter which way you turn it. Originally designed by failed biomedical engineers, Gyro Bowl is guaranteed to make your life easier! If you're worried that your child spends too much time running around and exercising, fear no more, because with Gyro Bowl, they can continue to eat even as they exercise! Think that Gyro Bowl is only for little kids? Think again! Gyro Bowl has tons of uses! Take Gyro Bowl to work and use it to

organize your office supplies! When your coworkers Anyone that's ever been begin to laugh at you for uswithin thirty feet of an eat- ing a young child's bowl as ing child has probably had an organizational tool, you can rest easy with the reassuring knowledge that you will never need to spend another precious three seconds of your life bending down to pick up that fallen paperclip. GyroTastic!

Local Drug Dealer Hash Adams says, "Yo, when I be cuttin' that shit up to sell I always got 2 things with me: my piece in case the po-po show up, and my Gyro Bowl so I don't spill none o' dat shit. Now you gonna cop something, or what?" The Gryo Bowl is truly a must buy in today's world and with just 25 easy payments of \$1.39, it couldn't be a better deal! (Warning: Do not give Gyro Bowl to fat people! The only thing holding them back is the fact that they occasionally spill their food. With Gyro Bowls, they would be unstoppable...)

(Disclaimers: Gyro Bowl is only guaranteed to not spill in non-spilling situations. Shaking the Gyro Bowl is cheating. Child proof does not mean idiot proof.)

INSIDETHISISSUE

Lollipops & Ice Cream 1 Swallow

Three Fingers 2 Thumbs Up

Can You Guess

Where They Fit Hole in 1

Like Moses Talking 2 Beards

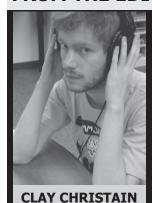
To The Burning Bush 1 Staff





Category: The Penis Mightier

FROM THE EDITOR



Ladies, gentlemen, I write this to you near the end of my tenure as editor in chief of The Slant, your favorite student publication. March 23rd, as hard as it is to believe how quickly that it has come, is my last issue leading you blindly into the fray against corruption, bigotry, snooty professors and sometimes downright disgusting

As I return from walking back home slightly drunkenly on a Saturday night, all I have to say is that The Commons experiment is not as bad as we all think it is or thought it was. You freshmen may not believe it, and you Kissam-free sophomores may enjoy being away from it, but the conveniences of living with your entire grade within urinating distance is certainly something to remember.

Sparing you the buzzwords such as "community" or "living and learning," The Commons truly is a bonding experience. After the awkward couple of weeks that we all shared, I used to look forward to when I'd be 21 and living in a Towers suite, but honestly I want to return back to when we were a little more innocent and had a few more years ahead of us. Not to say that this year and the last were lost, but walking through Commons slightly inebriated at 3:00 in the morning made me realize that living there is a lot like getting hazed except with 28 meals a week. We all went through it, and we all really hate those people who had the corner rooms in the new buildings. As-

As someone who's lived in Nashville his whole life, I didn't think much of these crazy new and renovated dorms in August of 2008. However, now I yearn for the simple days of being an undecided engineering major who delighted a side of Japanese class. Thinking about that, I really do miss having a class where we actually talked with each other about things that didn't suck. Even as my GPA and tendency to fail Calculus classes repeatedly shows that I'll probably be here past 2012, I miss those lazy winter nights of being absolutely dumb and going into the cold to smoke cigars next to the Wyatt center. I live on the 14th floor now; I can't be crawling out of people's windows onto

Freshmen, freshwomen, as the time draws near to pick housing ballots, please realize the great opportunities you have remaining to stay friends with people you may not otherwise know, also known as your random hall mates, because once you return for you sophomore year, things will not stay the same no matter how hard you try to convince yourself that they will be.

MASTHEAD



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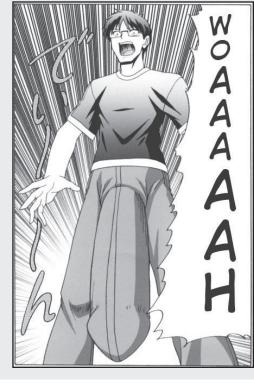
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Fucked Image



Every time you do something cool on the internet, your e-penor grows a little... or a lot.

Actually Inside This Issue

THE GRAMMAR HAMMER: Strikes Buffalo.....2 **EXCESSIVE PDA:** Makes me wanna holla.......**3 THE OSCARS:** Grab your little gold man and get excited!......4-5 **CONVERSATING:** Names not required......6 AROUND THE LOOP: Green Dot G-Spot......7 **LARGE GRAPHICS:** For efficient use of color ink.....8

Correction

This is in fact an issue of *The Slant*. Sadly, it is not a free SNES game cartridge for Mr. C's Punch-Out!! If only...

TOP TEN: Spring Broken Destinations......**8**

McDonald's Now Offering Fully Catered Weddings, Apple Pie Cakes

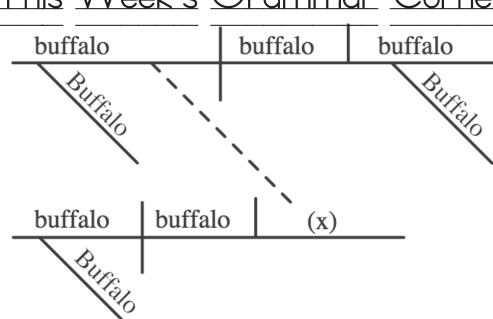
By: Natalie Umanzor Loves to See You Smile

In response to that wonderful holiday, Single's Awareness Day, McDonald's has decided to branch outside the niche of being tthe place where you simply fulfill those munchies. Now, you can take the wonderful person with whom you want to spend the rest of your life, your casual hookup, or the only person who ever looked your way to the wonderful restaurant and get married! Not only will McDonald's cater your wonderful day, but also, just think! In two years, when you hate your life, you can take solace in only spending \$1,300 on your wedding! Forget those Bridezilla like urges, the wonderful establishment that is McDonald's will provide you with a wedding dress made of balloons for a small price, and you even get your pick of color! Worried about getting the perfect cake? Who even likes wedding cake? You can get a timeless balloon cake AND a stack of apple pies to feed your wedding goers and the random people walking in and out of the restaurant during your wedding. Before, you had to go to Vegas and a shotgun wedding to stick it to your parents; you didn't even get food out of the deal. By going to McDonald's and getting married, not only are you saying "fuck you" to your arteries and parents whilst fucking yourself over, but also remember that you're getting a new spouse out of the experience who will love you so long as you look the same, or better, the next morning when the non-fluorescent light is on.



It's like Lady and the Tramp, except with multiple grams of trans fat!

Grammar





C.J. Spiller, Buffalo's Buffalo Bills player, buffalos the opposing team's buffalo in Buffalo. BUFFALO!

With the help of Wikipedia, The Slant will finally explain this landmark sentence of the English language: "Buffalo buffalo Buffalo buffalo buffalo buffalo Buffalo buffalo."

THE buffalo FROM Buffalo WHO ARE buffaloed BY buffalo FROM Buffalo, buffalo (verb) OTHER buffalo FROM Buffalo.

Bastard Confession



"Follow this sign to my triforce of wisdom with your master sword of pleasure."

-- Comic-Con Slunt

The Slant Answers Hustler Advertisement for Korean Egg Donor

By: Jennifer Song Fertilization Fanatic

Page five of last week's Hustler (turn to it now) contained an advertisement sent by Jordan and Jamie, a loving couple seeking a Korean egg donor in order to procure a great looking mixed-race baby. As a "healthy, non-smoking woman between the ages of 21 & 29," I immediately recognized that this was my calling. Actually, no. It was mostly the part about "attractive..." and "compensation" that pulled me in: these two words placed closely together promised an interesting time, among other things.

Like any other interview, I had to prepare. So I watched Juno again, with special attention to the part when Juno responds to a similar ad and meets with the loving couple, Mark and Vanessa.

Only, she actu-

ally went to their

house, which, ew, I would never do. But then again, she

went with her dad,

a bit safer, but that

clearly was not an

option for me. My

dad would be so

pissed that I was

selling off his first

Juno also did not

ask for compen-

sation, saying she

didn't want to "sell

the thing," that she

only had hopes re-

garding the baby's

future. Madness.

grandchild.



This is a compelling and convincing advertisement for "premiumeggdonation.com," a totally legitimate business, right?

Juno and Scott Pilgrim/George Michael Bluth share an intimiate moment before Juno decides to sell her baby to Cisco Systems.

She should have auctioned herself, her spawn, but it would mostly have been herself since baby's in the oven and mama shows the goods. According to a 2007 New York Times article, what used to be a national average of \$4,217 for egg donors is now being obscured by payments in the tens of thousands. Since women aren't exactly lining up to be donors, we sometimes hear of payments amounting to \$50K, even \$60K, as these reproductive centers can be those of well-to-do universities, and it is apparently common for couples to advertise there.

But Juno, being a dirty high school wash-up and having chosen the father herself, would not have scored that high. I, on the other hand, was starting to get quite ambitious. Numbers like that make one pause for a moment, despite the state of unknown health risks involved with extraction procedures, and also five reports of extraction-related deaths from Britain.

That being said, I met Jordan and Jamie at a public, neutral location. Their questions were geared toward discovering my sense of

humor, general relationship with my own parents, my disposition, driving record, beliefs, and interests. As far as beliefs and humor go, I tried to combine them so beliefs would seem less serious and they wouldn't be as divisive and I might look more cool and yeah. Just to my luck, they asked about how I felt about mixedrace people, as this child would be.

I said, "Oh yeah, the cutest babies I ever seen were usually half-Asian, half-something-else babies. I was talking about it with my sister the other day, and she agreed and mentioned this guy that she and her friends stalk cause he's really pretty and looks like Obama. She was like, 'I would totally get with black dudes now!' But then I was like no, no. Obama does not count. It is not the same."

It is safe to say that I do not think my interview went well. Jamie also looked possibly a quarter black.



Perhaps the "Korean Egg Donor Wanted" is simply a cry for some quality Korean eggs to make Gyeran Jjim, a popular egg casserole side dish.

Black History Month: An Introspective Retrospective

By: Kelley Hines Historic Hero

As with every year, Black History month has come and gone in the blink of an eye. Not only is it the shortest month of the year, but it's also cluttered with stupid holidays that no one cares about, like Groundhog's Day and Valentine's Day. To make this year a little more special, I've decided to share some facts and tips that I have compiled over my 18+ years of black experience.



...like myself?

about it, have you ever seen a black person eat-

ing Chex Mix? Now that I'm thinking about it, we don't really eat any type of mixed snack. Trail mix? What the hell is that?

- 2. Pretty much all middle-aged black women love Kenny G. If anything on this list is true, it is this statement.
- 3. The artist formerly known as Prince is the only man that can wear high heels and a purple velvet suit and still get ladies.
- 4. We will always prefer the Stevie Wonder version of "Happy Birthday" over the traditional.
 - 5. Africa is a continent, not a country.
- 6. Tulip Browning is credited for originating the practice of removing one's earrings before engaging in fisticuffs.
- 7. All old black women in church have peppermints. ALWAYS.
- 8. We have cookouts, not barbeques.
- 9. Did you know that George Washington Carver made soap out of a peanut? A peanut!?

10. Just because I am black, that does not 1. Black people don't eat Chex Mix. Think mean that I celebrate Kwanzaa. Stop asking me. I'm serious.



Isaac Hayes' presence in this issue just raised the soul factor tenfold.

work I've done here today will help improve person eating ChexMix, just know that their race relations here at Vanderbilt and inspire you to learn more about other racial and ethnic

So now you know the facts. Hopefully the groups or whatever. Oh, and if you see a black black card has been revoked.

The Single Man's Advice for Disgustingly Affectionate Couples

By: Ben Coleman

Single and wants to talk to you tonight for free!!

It's springtime! It's warming up, the birds are chirping, and most importantly, the hormones are pumping. Every year, the rush of warm air seems to herald a rise in, shall we say, extracurricular bonding. This bonding always results in an equally powerful rush of cynicism among those people without significant others. So, in an attempt to circumvent this frustration, I'm going to outline exactly what it is you annoying couples do to royally piss off the single people. Don't worry; I'll keep my sarcasm in check. Mostly.

First of all, Facebook is not a means for you to express your undying devotion via quizzes and status updates. It's great to know that you're both in Hufflepuff, and the fact that you're in the same



No, it's not a Personal Digital Assistant, not that anyone uses those anymore, but stop your PDA. Stop it. I hate you!! I hate yoooou!!!

Vampire Mafia guild is just peachy. But frankly, Facebook easily deludes the weak of mind (you) into thinking that the rest of the world gives a damn. Watching you two exchange statuses about each other is about as nauseating to singles as walking into Stevenson is for HOD majors. And yes, both experiences carry that slight tinge of personal failure.



NO! STOP IT! It's before class on a Monday, dammit! The maintenance crew isn't going to respect your privacy anymore...

Secondly, keep your gropefests out of public places. I'll give you a pass at parties, mainly because it's hilarious to watch you try and find third base (Hint: It's not on her elbow, dumbass). But when I'm busy working in the Library, I really don't need to hear you two getting busy. Seriously, I had to intervene at the Peabody Library the other day, and I swear there was an audible crack when the exuberant couple detached.

Thirdly, and most importantly, keep it out of the showers. I can-

not stress this enough. I refuse to use two of the three showers on my hall for reasons best left unsaid. Suffice it to say that 8:30 in the morning is the single worst time of the day to walk in and hear what I heard coming from the shower. What's worse, that shower had the best water pressure of the lot. Damn inconsiderate to soil not only my peace of mind regarding the state of the men's bathroom but also take away the best part of my morning routine. Now I'm stuck with the shower whose temperature fluctuates somewhere between "raging fires of hell" and "colder than my ex's shoulder."

It's that general asshole behavior that really pisses us single folk off and gives us a mass dose of bitterness every spring. So, the next time you find yourself with a pretty girl on your arm and a warm shower on your mind, don't. Just don't.



WHY???? People are trying to do homework here...

Alternatives to Spring Break and Alternative Spring Break

By: Agbo Ikor Ctrl-Alt-Deletist

planning to go to Ft. Lauderdale with your roommate, but the selfish bastard decided to go to Myrtle Beach with his girlfriend. Maybe you're regretting the day you told those pushy Alternative Spring Break kids to shove their alternative "work during spring break" propaganda up their alternative asses. Whatever your story is, you don't have to worry. Through these suggestions you'll be sure to have a spring break you won't be embarrassed to tell your kids about.

Stay on Campus

So all of your friends left for a week? Big deal! The campus is yours, my friend. Do you know what kind of crazy shit you can get into when you don't have fellow students encouraging those pesky inhibitions? Ride your bike all over the bridge. Direct rude gestures toward any of the sculptures or statues on campus. Hell, go to one of your empty classes, sit it in your usual seat, and scream everything you feel to that chalkboard that represents your professor. Passive aggressive, yes, but at least you won't be



want in your least favorite classrooms!.. Completely alone and unwanted...

invited you back? You should definitely grace your hometown with your impressive, higher education presence. While you're So, spring break is finally upon us, and you don't have plans. have school this week. Regale them with tales of that awesome week, you'll feel so great about yourself. I mean, who cares if

Go to Someone Else's Home

Basically, #2 applies here too. But there's that added sense of in jail that every good spring break trip must have.

Go to Church?

Um, yeah... going to

church can be cool. I mean,

don't forget that spring

break is usually around

something. Though Eas-

er's not on this particular

week, there's this thing

called Ash Wednesday in

the Catholic Church. I'm

with a keg and glow sticks?



friend's house for spring break. You're better way to say "Jesus dethe most popular character, anyway, feated the gladiators...or right? At least until the original ideas something. Let's party!!!"

And hey, if you get some sweet pictures of yourself actually attending the service, you may actually be able to hide your athe-

Okay, so you really want to have a good spring break! You at it, visit your old high school. Those miserable bastards still can't believe that you don't have anything planned! How are you supposed to keep your head high this semester when you did Maybe you forgot. Maybe you procrastinated. Maybe you were party that the police showed up to in Towers. By the end of the absolutely nothing memorable for spring break? It's okay. Calm down. You know Jeff from your calculus class? Yea, Jeff. That's you're not getting shit-faced with your friends, at least someone the guy who told that one funny joke about integrals at the beginning of the semester. Jeff is hilarious. Maybe you heard that her and some of his frat brothers are going to Gatlinburg this week. Gatlinburg! Oh, that place is great. They have pancake houses and the world's largest adult store and stuff. Beg, plead excitement, a little danger, and the possibility of getting thrown with Jeff to go. You can't spend this break alone, man. You just can't. Do anything in your power to convince him that you are worthy of going. Or maybe the ASB-ers need an extra hand. You can carry bags or something. It doesn't mater what you do, just



Calm down. Calm down... It's gonna be ok, right? You still have all those movies to watch. No, wait, my hard drive broke... Uh, what about all of those books? What? They caught on fire? Well, well, uh, uh oh... Oh gosh... Don't worry, I can just- no, she's gone. I can study, right? No syllabus?? No meal plan??? No meal money??! HELP!!

Snubs, flubs, and overall grubs

By: Jiminy Lipton And the winner is... me, bitch!

day I, like most viewers, was very Speech was really good, and I bet this little competition? The excited to see which film would they really captured life in pre simple answer is "ves." take the prize for "Best Picture." WWII England, but how does When the academy In my opinion this was the most that make it the best picture? chooses the Oscar exciting best picture competi- Like, who was the girl in that winners, they are tion since back in 2003 when the one? It's the girl that played Bell-sending a signal to academy had to choose between atrix in the Harry Potter movies, the movie industry as Brokeback Mountain and Crash. but how is she better than Nata- to what sort of films I was on the edge of my seat lie and Mila Kunis put together? they want to see. By right until the final moments

King's Speech I really feel like all the commercials. the academy robbed *Black Swan*

est, the only one I've actually watched was Black Swan. And to be a little more specific, I've something I use like every day! recognizing this only really seen one part of Black Swan. I don't really know what's stood it if they wanted to give it ment. going on in the scene, my friends to Avatar, but then somebody keep telling me it's going on in told me that it actually came out

Natalie Portman's head... watched it a couple dozen times they're right. and so I feel confident in the

Watching the Oscars last Sun- I mean, I'm sure *The King's* ter who wins and who loses

Oh and also, I think the uhh, snubbing Black Swan before the winner was revealed, cinematography for The King's the academy has taken but ultimately I was very dis- Speech wasn't like good, or what- a strong stance against appointed with the academy's ever. I mean Black Swan was just the hot girl on girl acdecision to reward The King's so visually...engaging. It was far tion that has been miss-Speech with the Oscar crown. and away the best looking moving from American cin-While I'm sure there are valid ie, even better than Inception ema for decades. Not reasons to give the prize to The which just looked really weird in since Thelma and Louis. And The Social Network? I and erotically explored

don't get it, why would they just the nature of the homo Now I haven't seen all of the make a movie about Facebook? sexual female relation movies on this list. To be hon- Isn't it cheaper just to use Face- ship, and the members of book myself? I don't need some- the academy made a big body to make a movie about mistake by not

I guess I would have under- accomplishin 2009, which at first I didn't Anyway, even though I've think was true, but I looked it only seen that one scene, I have up on Wikipedia and it turns out

Before I penned this article statement that Black Swan de- I had to question for myself served the Oscar for best picture. whether it was worth complain-As a matter of fact it should have ing about Oscar decision. I won every single Oscar. And ten mean, in the grand scheme of these things, does it really matBest actor

Who won: Colin Firth as King George in *The King's Speech*

Who should have won: Jesse Eisenberg as Michael Cera as Mark Zuckerberg in The

In order to prepare for his role as King George, Colin Firth had to put in many hours of research trying to get inside the head of the former monarch. Jesse Eisenberg went through a similar process for his role except that Jesse did it... twice.

Eisenberg's first task was getting inside the mind of fellow actor Michael Cera. It was only after fully chanelling Cera's energy that Eisenberg was able to fully play Mark Zuckerberg. Says Eisenberg, "It was tough just spending the few months learning to be Michael Cera, and then on top of it I had to learn how Michael Cera would play Mark Zuckerberg... it was tough."

The academy made a mistake by overlooking this daring double sized version of method acting that lead to Eisenberg's great performance as Cera as Zucker-

Best Actress

Who won: Natalie Portman as Nina Sayers in Black Swan Who should have won: Jennifer Lawerence as "Big Titted Woman #4" in Winter's

I felt like Winter's Boners didn't receive enough attention at this year's Oscars. The film was hurt by it's poor circulation, which probably stems from the harsh "XXX" raiting the film received from the MPAA.

Even though I had to go into the backroom at my local Blockbuster (Just kidding,

they don't exist anymore! Zing!) to get, I still thoroughly enjoyed Winter's Boners. I especially liked the scene with the midget.

Best Editing

Who won: The Social Network Who should have won: 127 Hours

127 Hours deserved this award simply because that editing team began with over five days worth of film and cut it down to one feature length film. Just imagine the hours upon hours of film that was left on the cutting room floor. We probably didn't get to see the scene they shot where James

Franco fights a dragon. That's how much of this movie had to get cut! Not to mention the fact that Franco was made to stay in character for an entire 127 hours as well. I mean, can you imagine Franco on a hot, crowded movie set, trapped by his contractual obligations, forced to sur-

vive on only the meager provisions provided by his hotel? This film was itself

a demonstration of the power of the human spirit.

Shit that Needs to Stop: A **Good Ol' Fashioned Rant**

By: Zach Wright The Man with the Plan

Vanderbilt, the "Kissam Experience" is bullshit. What is there to experience, exactly, the smell of stale bong water and the sight of poorly cleaned jizz stains? Calling it the "Kissam Experience" is some sort of cruel joke; it's like the "Panama City Hepatitis-C Race for Hope," which, might I add, no one goes to because everyone is too busy getting Hepatitis-C. Vanderbilt advertising Kissam as an "experience" is an insult to real experiences everywhere. Whether it's getting mad XP after tanking 5000 damage, or learning that alcohol makes stuff better (but that it will also get you fired from Wendy's after hiring a prostitute to dress up as Wendy, in an attempt to "increase sales"- which is code for your dick), your experience means less now by association. The only thing anyone ever learns to do in Kissam is manage Qdoba infused bowel movements at 4 AM. But even then you're probably too drunk to find the commode, so you end up putting terrible results of "black or pinto?" on some poor janitor, who, let's be honest, would love to beat the piss out of you.

my movies 2-D. If I had the option, I'd switch and leave. Their graffiti would be up there for back to black and white. Shit, while we're at a few weeks, and then some other event would it, I don't even know if sound is all that great come along and replace it. It's the circle of life, either. Sure, Avatar was cool - seeing aliens people. How else am I supposed to know if banging each other and recreating Fern Gully the Blue Peacock Rave is still on or not (can-- but every time Michelle Rodriguez came on celled due to fight between D-Man and "The screen, I thought I was about to be eaten by Chill")? Now, everything is replaced so fast, a lesbian chupacabra. For those of you who none of it even matters. Luckily, none of the aren't enlightened, "chupacabra" is the Mexican word for "Eva Mendes." Call me crazy, four basic categories of tunnel writing: ranbut if I wanted to see a director touch himself for two and half hours, I'd watch... dammit, why aren't there any attractive female director for formal dates. First, if we're putting stuff up tors [insert misogynistic remark]? Of course, about Tibet, why don't we throw some other now Justin Bieber has a 3-D movie, which I'm genocide stats up there? After I stumble to the sure will serve as a masturbatory aid for teens and pedophiles everywhere. What are we go- about millions of innocent people being killed, ing to see in 3-D? "Oh, I dropped my sippy cup!" "Oh no! His undeserved rise to stardom is coming right at me!" Maybe I'm just jealous that he's 16 and really famous and I'm not. But he still looks like a bitch, and I don't need another dimension to see that.

Towers Tunnel etiquette has been



I don't care if it's shot in 3D or not, this movie shouldn't have been shot

breached repeatedly as of late. It used to be that 3-D movies. Call me old fashioned, but I like people would go in there, advertise their stuff, stuff there really mattered anyway. There are dom red 9's, pleas for VSG votes, depressing shit about Tibet, and desperate chicks asking munchie-mart I only want two things: to hear and pizza rolls. Honestly, no one is going to walk through the tunnel and suddenly become enlightened to the plight of the Tibetans, just like Jimmy doesn't want to be your formal date, probably because he's busy being prison-raped in the "Kissam Experience."

Oh, and get off my lawn.



What the hell is all this stuff? I can't tell what's going on!!

Local Man Didn't Expect to Complete Bucket List This Quickly

BucketHead Baby

Last Wednesday, William Powell, a resident of Nashville, TN, was overjoyed when he completed the last item on his bucket list by traveling to see the Grand Canyon. Powell's joy was quickly replaced by a crushing sadness, however, when he realized that he now had nothing to do with his remaining time on earth.

Powell is a healthy 48-year-old man who lives with his wife and works as a personal trainer at a local gym. To Powell's dismay, most doctors are confident that he should live at least three

The list began as a pact between Powell and James Cumberland back when they had been good friends as students at Hilltop High School. Before graduating, the two had each helped one another craft a list of "Things to do before we die," says Powell.

The Slant was able to track down Cumberland at his home in Columbus, OH, to ask how far along he had come with his own list. "Oh yeah, that thing me and Billy made? I hadn't really started on it yet, I kind of planned for it to be, you know, something I'd do to fill time

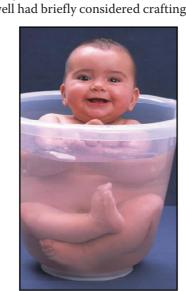
Both lists were unique, but each one shared in common the goals to "Bang a hot chick," "Win a big football game," and "Make a million

While Powell had at first envisioned accomplishing all of these goals in one day, in reality it took years of disciplined investing, committed monogamy, and rec-league flag football games to check off these items.

Several times over the course of his life, simple coincidences conspired to force Powell to check off certain items. For example, Powell had often stayed up at night dreaming up plans to somehow get to meet his high school idol, Julius Erving. Unfortunately, Powell accidentally accomplished this goal when he

changed a total of ten words with Erving not wanting to engage with a crazy fan and Powell too excited to say anything meaningful. It was only with great effort that Powell was later forced to admit to himself that he had achieved that life goal.

Powell had briefly considered crafting a new



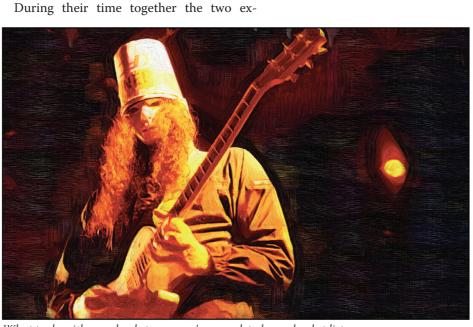
Newborn's bucket list, item 1: acquire a bucket.

list but finds himself unable to think of anything important enough to accomplish.

Says Powell, "I mean, I spent a lot of time and effort making this list of all the things that I wanted to do. I even put in a bunch of corny b***s*** like 'smelling my newborn's head'...I guess I just don't know where to go from

Powell continued, "At one point I thought I could add 'meet the President' to the list to give me something to do, but then I remembered that I had already done that on a field

trip in the sixth grade." Reports from within the Powell household indicate that since finishing the list, William has tried to take up a few hobbies and spend more time with his wife, but finds these achappened to sit down next to Erving during tivities "crushingly trivial and banal now that



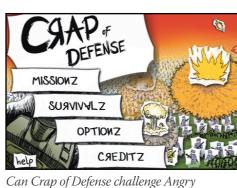
What to do with your bucket once you've completed your bucket list.

New "Crap App" for iPhone Revolutionizes Defecating, iPad Absorbency

By: Andrew Mungan Fecal Fiend

At the end of January every year, Apple holds its much-anticiproducts and ideas floating about. Macworld convention 2011 was no different, as it kicked off celebrations this January 25th in none other than the fruitiest city in America—San Francisco.

Fans were very excited this year because they were anticipating a lot of innovations at the convention. As we all know, Apple has introduced quite a number a products to the market over the past



Birds for #1? Note: this game is real. a more expensive, oversized iPhone that lacks the capability to send texts or make calls. After all, you could basically buy four iPhones and duct tape them together to create your own iPad for relatively the same price. Not to mention, your homemade iPad would also have the capability to make four outgoing calls simultaneously. (This could

year, and each prodstance, Apple's iPad has been the biggest year's convention, despite some early concerns that it was a "rotten" idea. Last

thought of buying be an extremely useful feature for all you playas out there who

have to call all four of your girlfriends on the same night. Why not just save some time and kill two birds with one iPad?)

Despite the lack of the same features as an iPhone, the iPad has pated Macworld convention where many loyal fans and gather to still been quite popular though. It still has much room for imexpress their fruity devotion to Apple and its products. Fans not provement, but fortunately, Apple announced that it is currently only gather to celebrate Apple's success but also to test out new working on the next generation iPad that sounds promising. They revealed only minimal details about it, but the second-generation iPad should be released in the upcoming months.

Not only was there hype about the iPad, but also perhaps the biggest hype at the convention was about Verizon's release of the iPhone in February. Apple expects a great increase in iPhone sales after introducing its product to America's leading cellular phone carrier. With this expected increase in sales, however, also comes the need for new apps, and the convention introduced a handful of them as well. One app that was particularly well-done was the iGrill app. It actually tells you when your steak is done via text message. This rare app received medium ratings as to its everyday utility, but another app in particular exploded onto the scene—the iShit app, also commonly referred to as the crap app or "crapp"

This crapp informs you when it's time to poop. Many fans ran faster than diarrhea runs in your jeans to check out this new crapp. The new iShit app has many different features. You begin by downloading the crapp onto your iPhone and setting your shitting frequency. The shitting frequencies vary anywhere from once hourly, to once daily, to once weekly (for all you McDonald's lovers out there). Once you set the frequency, you can then choose your type of bowel movement: regular, runny, or brick. Finally, you can choose your health status: "healthy," "feeling a little shitty," or "feeling really shitty." After informing the iPhone of your colorectal status, you then can shit back and relax and wait for your

iPhone to text you when it's time to defecate. One example text sent to anonymous crapp holder said, "Good morning friend. It's time to poop, and it will most likely be bloody. You better get your ass moving and make sure you have extra toilet paper."

Crapp turned out to be very popular, as it received a "shitload" of downloads on the first day of its release. Now, it appears to be seeping into everyone's vocabulary, as it has become an important agenda setter for many people especially in the corporate world. With crapp's recent explosion onto the scene, Apple is also considering making an "iNeedaPad" app made especially for women. This app (not to be confused with the actual iPad) would not only inform women everywhere when to pop a midol, but it will also tell all of her co-workers to steer clear of her during that time of the month. This app hasn't been released yet, but it has received the go-ahead from R&D at Apple headquarters.

These were just a few of the core ideas released at Macworld convention 2011. For more reviews, you can search "Macworld Convention" online for the latest information about iPads and iPhones. An Apple search shouldn't land you too far from the



I plugged it in, why won't computer recognize this stupid piece of crap?

The Slant's Guide to Bathroom Etiquette

By: Jim Gillin Porcelain Porter

rooms, I have come to respect them as a place of rest and recuperation. However, it is abundantly clear that the rest of society does not share my on a day-to-day basis. Following are some of the more heinous crimes against humanity that I have experienced or had shared with me in the hopes that you will go forth and fight

Pee on toilet seats: This is an easy the existence of chaos. Maybe you just ask yourself a simple "is it a solid your teeth, marooning you on a tiny

of the bowl and onto the seat-- not wash down, run enough water over bathroom cleaner if they walk in, see to mention piss shivers! (Look it up; it to get most of it gone before you a pukey mess in the shower and say, there's a Wikipedia article!) The good news is there's one easy fix: put the seat up first. If that's too big a deal, have a hall summit and decide which toilets to leave the seat up on forever,

and everyone will have a designated

difficulty of raising a seat first. Junk in the sink: Coffee grounds. Shaving cream. CORN. Some weird shit ends up in the sink, and my biggest problem with it is that I can't one to do accidentally, which even understand why. Who is eating the best of us are guilty of once in a canned corn and doesn't want to finwhile. You always see the seat down ish the whole serving, and instead and think "gee, my stream is pretty of throwing it away or even flushing small, I can totally make it in the it, decides it needs to go in the sink? center." What you are forgetting is Before you put anything in the sink, mopping around you while you brush

fart during urination, you check your or a liquid?" test like in second grade spit of dry tile! There's no easy way phone for texts and stop looking, or science class, and if it's a solid, stick it to avoid these issues. Just remember some rogue drops ricochet back out in the trash. If it's something that will their jobs are hard, so forgive your

awkward off the bat if you're not the same sex as them and ever find yourself needing to use the can while the room is being cleaned. Worse are spot to go without dealing with the bathroom cleaner "traps." Say they start cleaning while you're chilling on the toilet; what do you do? Hide there until they finish and leave, or proudly flush, exit the stall and give an awkward cough as you pass without washing your hands? Sometimes you get adventures in mopping, like when you're in bare feet, open the door and to the stall, or when the cleaner starts life will all be grateful for the effort.

"Fuck it!" and walk out. Sex in the shower: Good for you! Really. But with the terrifying rise of happen only at night. And do your best to get the condom into the trash

Hopefully my bathroom muckraking has brought some solutions to common problems to your attention. habits, you too can be a respectable member of the bathroom-using community. Just do your best, and I'm the floor is an ocean with no dry path sure your housemates throughout



Brave traveler, you are weary and decide to rest at the inn. With no where to go and diarhhea on the rise, you find yourself in front of the beast shown here. What do you do?

Hipsters ≠ **Hip-Hop** ≠ **Hippies**

By: Dong Hyun Lee Plaid Parka Purveyor

Hipsters.

What can one say about this fashion savvy, un-athletic and rebellious

They are shallow, arrogant and frankly a little girly or butch, depending on the sex of the individual who's wearing tight ass jeans that ride up on their crotch. I hate them!!!

To the untrained homophobic eye, hipsters might be a tad startling. But a closer look would reveal a heterosexual individual with a gross appetite for dressing him/herself up in a manner a normal individual might find extreme. They are not metrosexuals, mythical beings flirting the line between homo and heterosexuality, but they are banners against mainstream consumerism, an attempt to be unique and to emphasize individuality. To sum it up, they're "confused" and are trying to find their sexual identity.

According to UrbanDictionary.com, today's primary source of accute contemporary knowledge, hipsters are "a subculture of men and women typically in their 20s and 30s that value independent thinking, counter-culture, progressive politics, an appreciation of art and indie-rock, creativity, intelligence, and witty

What. A. Load. Of. Bullshit. This article was obviously written by a pedantic hipster who values his sub-culture highly. Look at the words he uses to describe hipsterism: creative, intelligent and witty. This guy is trying to say that those who are not of the hipster sub-culture

are dull, stupid and uninteresting. Reading this definition, the image in my mind of a typical gay, straight hipster is a flaming liberal who wears tight pants and thick-rimmed glasses and is frequently seen admiring art he probably doesn't understand but likes because it is slightly different from the other works while eating organic carrots because he is too

haute-class to eat regular carrots that only poor and ignorant people

The infuriating description doesn't stop there; it describes hipster males as sensitive, artistic and intellectual. It certainly seems like the author of this article is bent on claiming that hipsters are intelligent. Perhaps it's because they aren't really associated with the word, spending most of their time at vintage stores picking out their outfits, or because

> of their abnormally small male dangly organs. One of the words he tagged in this article is intellect. Apparently, they "scoff at the stereotypical athletic all-American and don't view the "culturally-vapid sorority-type girls with fake blond hair, overly tanned skin, and 'Britney Spears tube-tops' as attractive". Thus, it's safe to assume that hipsters are lazy, preferring not to work out and get in shape and instead choosing to spend time at the mall looking for outfits that aren't consumerist and going to a hairstylist to perfect their 'unique' hairstyles. Also, why the hell are they slandering sorority girls? The author says that they view these girls as "symbols of female insecurity, low selfesteem and lack of cultural intelligence and independent thinking". Aren't they also scourging vintage clothes and the chic look because they are shallow and care about appearance? How is an intelligent person going to play on such stereotypes and call them culturally stupid? That, my dear readers, is horseshit. This hipster guy pisses me off. But then again, all hipsters do.

> Personally, I am a fan of individuality. If you like a certain genre of music that other people don't, then I respect that. If you want to wear a

scarf indoors, then by all means do so. That does NOT give you the right to act superior to others and snidely make fun of them. That's what annoys me about hipsters, their high-and-mighty attitudes towards other people solely because of the way they dress and the music they listen. Also, they're liberal as shit.



Can't you just feel our rejection of your materialism?

Man, Woman Converse for Five Minutes Without Remembering Each Others' Names

By: Dan King

Nomenclaturetologist

Last Thursday, Neal Flinn and Sarah Campbell, both A&S Juniors, were overjoyed at the conclusion of a routine, five-minute long social interaction. The conversation, which took place in Rand Dining hall, would have been unremarkable if not for the fact that neither of the participants could remember the other's name.

Flinn's and Campbell's history as tangential acquaintances began back in their hometown of North Hill, Indiana, where the two frequently saw



No, my friend, it is not Barry.

each other at parties and mutually decided not to talk to one another.

The two students both independently decided to come to Vanderbilt and both were mildly amused to find they had been assigned to live just one floor apart in Hank Ingram house. Since then, the last dying embers of their shared history were kept alive through two mutual calculus classes and the occasional head nod while walking to class.

Unfortunately, neither Flinn nor Campbell was able to recall any of this

information in time to bring it up during their conversation on Thursday. The exchange began when Flinn broke from his habit of simply nodding at acquaintances and instead asked Campbell "How you doing?" while passing by her table. Campbell then made the decision to respond with a comment about her recent sociology midterm thinking that Flinn was also a member of that class.

From there the exchange became an exercise in vagueness with both sides simply trying to make generic statements until they could remember the details of their relationship.

At one point Campbell's comment "So, how 'bout this weather?" was met with the response "Yeah, it sure has."

Says Campbell "I don't know why, but when I first saw him I thought he sat behind me in sociology, but then right away I was like 'no, that's somebody else,' and then I just had no idea who he was."

Reports from passers by indicate that Campbell refereed to Flinn as "Man, buddy, guy, dude, bro, pal, dog, dawg, you, chief, cat, boss, amigo, mate, and even girlfriend" in an effort to buy time while she tried to remember his name.

The conversation reached the apex of its awkwardness when Flinn somehow got it into his head that he had hooked up with Campbell at one point last semester. This is of course not true, and is the reason that Campbell responded with confusion to Flinn's request that "We should get together again some time."

It was at that point that both parties gave up on their attempts to remember one another's identities and the talking came to a close. But before leaving Campbell decided to follow one last hunch, thinking that Flinn was perhaps the gay guy she had met at a party last December.

Acting on this suspicion that Campbell left Flinn by saying "Peace out, girlfriend, I'll see you later." Watching Flinn's reaction, Campbell instantly realized she was wrong and decided to just quit trying to remember

Flinn, however, was thoroughly confused at being called 'girlfriend' and spent the rest of the afternoon trying to think who this strange woman could have possibly been.

As of the printing of this article, Flinn had settled on the thoroughly incorrect conclusion that Campbell and he had done a scene together during an acting class freshman year where the two played a lesbian couple.

Listserv Drives Student Leader Crazy

By: Clay Christain You Just Got List-Served!

Junior and leader of the Vanderbilt Student Leaders Association Johnny Wilson is under public scrutiny for "absolutely losing his shit" after being insistently pestered to remove freshman Timmy Lilschiz from the VSLA@list.vanderbilt.edu mailing list.

Wilson received the email from Lilschiz approximately 3 minutes after spending half an hour composing an informative message concerning an upcoming fundraiser for deaf orphans, "Listen for the Kids." Lilschiz said, "Hey, can you please remove me from this listsery? I asked you a week ago," and was the only student to answer Wilson's call to action.

Wilson responded by promptly going berserk, which most pundits agree was a totally justified re-

"Man, Johnny, he just... He couldn't take it anymore," says suitemate J.J. Glazer. "He's gotten so many emails from kids who signed up at the student org fair who he doesn't even know... Every time he sends one out to his group, someone always asks to

be taken off. Don't they know they can do it them-

Lilschiz's roommate, Paulie Pavoratti, said, "Yeah, Timmy, He just kind of figured, you know, won't it be easier to just have the group leader do this, since he's in charge of the listserv. He just didn't know how much of [Wilson's] time he was wasting."

With much disgust in his mind and hatred in his black heart, Wilson proceeded to log on to list.vanderbilt.edu and enter his VUnet ID and single login e-password. After three botched attempts, Wilson realized that he had forgotten has password from complacently having OAK and Gmail save it. After repeatedly clicking on, "Forgot your password?" and receiving no automated email, Wilson remembered that his secondary email was set to XgokuthedestroyerXSSJ4@hotmail.com, an address he had been using since 2001. Upon logging into Hotmail with the password, "spiritbomb," Wilson was astounded to see that he could not find the email from Vanderbilt. After sorting through solicitations from Nigerian Princes and Gamespot updates, he was finally able to reset his Vanderbilt e-password.



...and this is my "I love you" face too.

Once logged into the listserv management website, Wilson noticed something was awry. The dashboard did not reflect his position as a student leader, and he had no permissions to edit any subscribers. As the clock had just turned to 5:01 in the afternoon on a Friday, Wilson could not contact the Office of Student Organizations or the Dean of Students IT department to properly implement these necessary

When Monday arrived, Wilson was still puzzled as to why he could not access listserv management despite reading replies from the DOS IT staff. After a few more hours of correspondence, they realized that they had misspelled his name as "jonny.wilson." A full 86 hours since the incident began, Wilson removed Lilschiz from the listserv. He then rocked back in his chair, said "God dammit..." under his breath and wrote Lilschiz an email that said, "I hope you're happy... Bitch."

How to Get **Faster Service at** Café Coco

By: Dylan Thomas

Edible Einstein

So, you've somehow made it to spring break with meal money left over, but you can't handle any more fro-yo from Yogurt Oasis, and the idea of another Qdoba burrito makes you puke a little in your mouth. You're craving something newand I have the place for you. Toss that Randwich, hop on your fixed gear bike and head on over to the land of opportunity - my number one source for hippy dippy bagels and homemade cream sodas, and the only place I can read Pitchfork in public: Café Coco.

If your friends are anything like mine, they get pissed when you want to go to Café Coco. The employees are assholes, they say, and someone in your party might grow a beard or graduate before your food is served. But I reassure you, your friends have been misguided. Getting passable service at Coco might be a rarity, but with a few tricks, it's more than possible.

I've mastered the art of getting my food at Coco in nanoseconds, and you can too. A successful Café Coco experience starts before you leave your dorm room-toss on a cardigan and Oxfords before heading over, and you'll instantly cut your wait time by upwards of five minutes. Gentlemen, wear that too-tight Arcade Fire shirt in the back of your closet, and you might even get to skip line.

But the real artistry comes when you approach the establishment. First, if you can manage to reek of cigarette smoke, this will work in your advantage. Don't smoke? I don't either—just hang around the patio for a couple minutes and voila, sultry Eau de American Spirit will emanate from your pores.

Once you've made it to the line at the register, you need to commit—if you really want that grilled cheese at light speed, you're going to have to swallow your pride and shamelessly name-drop as much indie bullshit as humanly possible. You basically have free reign with this one, but act with caution: talking loudly about your Bonnaroo ticket will get you points, but don't you dare admit you're excited to see Eminem or your ass will be hungrier than most villages tonight. If you're feeling risky, play some hipster Mad Lib and try inventing bands to mention in line. But play it smart and grant yourself some fire insurance by following every article-adjective-noun combination with some variant of "oh, you've probably never heard of them."

Still worried you're just too mainstream to convince those Coco employees? Suck it up and spend that time productively—order your food, go run a 10k, or play a good game of Monopoly and make it back to Café Coco just in time to chow down. Better yet, use that wait time to run down to Central Library and check out a copy of Kerouac's On the Road to read at your table. Instant and endless drink refills will be your reward.

Knowledge is power, my friends, and the power of the Café Coco experience is now at your fingertips. Once I learned the ropes, Café Coco became my personal savior. The place is always open, so it's like a Room of Requirement to complement my hellacious Hogwarts-like experience on The Commons. If I'm hungry and Grins isn't open to cater to my tender quasi-vegetarian sensibilities, Café Coco will welcome me with open arms. Drunk and sexiled at 2 AM on a Saturday night? Café Coco has a place for you. Need somewhere to study? Hike over to Coco and bask in the pseudointellectual banter surrounding you on all sides; you'll get smarter through osmosis. And every time I'm reminded that my philosophy degree is going to effectively flat line my chances of garnering any job involving dignity, those aforementioned assholes behind the counter at Café Coco will give me an empathetic shoulder to cry on.

That being said, Café Coco's most redeeming aspect is still its menu. There's something for everybody, and everything is good. I personally recommend the Greek goddess salad, but you could honestly throw darts at the menu and land on something satisfying. Finally, Café Coco keeps PBR on tap unlike other restaurants on the card where you might be forced to settle for something that doesn't taste like horse piss. Café Coco? More like Café Broco. (Ironic, huh?)



Why yes sir we'd love to bring you some more barbeque sauce

The Gospel According to Mark, Episode V: The Empire Strikes Mark

By: Mark Sakauye Master Mind Reader

Welcome to the fifth 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 knowledge. Do you feel violated? Because you should.

Dear Mark the Omniscient,

I've been watching Glee this season and Brittany Pierce suggested that Dr. Pepper might not be a real dentist. They were joking, right?

Toothless in Thibodaux

Dear Glee Fan,

Everyone knows Dr. Pepper is a doctor in the sense that Dr. Dre is a doctor. Sure, he may not have a fancy "degree" from a so-called "educational institution," but damn, can he ever spit hot fire. He beat out both Coca-Cola and Pepsi-Cola in the famous rap-battle of 1900. Coca-Cola and Pepsi-Cola comprised the Cola band, similar to N.W.A., before they split up in 1914, which coincidentally was the start of WWI. Did their fallout cause it? We'll never know. We do know, however, that just because you're the best doesn't mean you're the most successful. A case study to exemplify this is that Kanye, obviously the best rapper alive, is not as successful as Jay-Z. I'm going off track here, but the point is that Dr. Pepper is a rap artist.



Laying down the sick beats with that ice cold, zerocalorie flow.

Dear Mark the Omniscient,

The other day I was doing my girlfriend's laundry with her, and when I pulled one of her dresses out of the hamper I noticed there was... a stain on it... the type of stain that only I should be putting onto my girlfriend's clothes. I didn't show it to her, but while she wasn't looking I took a quick sniff and I know for a fact that my man goo definitely didn't leave this stain. What should I do, Mark? Should I confront her about it and risk admitting I don't trust her, or should I just let it go and be secure in our relationship?

Spunk Stained Steven

Dear Guy Who Could Pick His Jizz Out of a

No need to worry, man. She's just a Monica Lewinsky fanatic who bought a replica Lewinsky dress off eBay. She told me herself last night.

Dear MTO,

In response to this article and its image, [http:// www.inquisitr.com/28336/florida-christiansprotest-atheist-billboard-wait-till-you-see-the-

I have to ask, simply, why are people so stupid?

Thanks. **Billboard Installation Master**



For those of you who are reading the analog issue of The Slant, here is the billboard in question.

Dear Person Who's Concerned with the Plight of Humanity,

To those of you who will never actually visit that link, the billboard reads: "Being a good person doesn't require God. Don't believe in God? You're NOT alone!" Apparently a group of local Floridian Christians under the leadership of Essie "Big Mama" Reed (I shit you not) protested that the billboard needed to be removed "in the name of Jesus." To her, the sign reads more along the lines of "Do not believe in God," which, quite frankly, we just can't have. She believes the sign "discriminates towards Christians."

To answer your question, I have no damn clue. The audacity of that person is just absurd. That someone would even think they have the right to do something like that is just flat out insulting not only to me, but also to the human race. I mean, seriously, Duncan Riley, the writer of that article, is such a douche. You can't just make fun of Martin Lawrence when he's in a fat suit. He's probably just doing it ironically. Not pictured was Big Mama dressed in skinny jeans, black thick-rimmed glasses, and an edgy T-shirt. Uncool, Duncan. Uncool.

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

Delta Tota Rappa is proud to announce its alpha pledge class for 2011! We love our baby Diks!

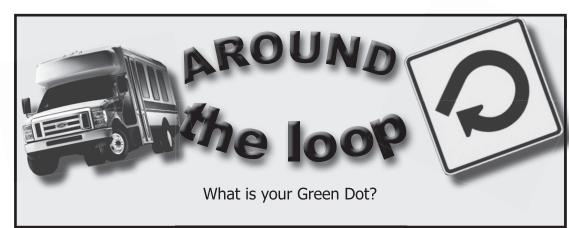
Jessica Rabbit Laura Laurenson **Katie Spootspoot** Caty X. Katy Waaaaaah **Andrew Sauerkraut Ashleigh Larry Ashlee Simpson**

Ashe, the Frost Archer **Caitlin Lincaid Caitlyn Lyncott** Cyytlyyn Flyysse Chichiko Chinpokoguchi Mary-Jennifer Smith-Lee Ashley "Big D" DeLorean Encyclopedia Brittanica That one girl A double cheeseburger

[TFLVP:

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

- (615): Don't talk to me about faggotry while I'm drinking my soy milk.
- (631): We'd be the perfect fuck buddies, because he doesn't have feelings for that stuff and neither do I.
- (615): What kind of world do we live in where a man has to wipe his own ass?
- (777): Did he have a nice dick?
- (888): Eh, it probably has a fat roll over it...
- (917): Jesus, I'm so horny for this issue of *The Slant*.
- (666): I'm putting my leg on your knee because I find you sexually awesome. (999): I use this pocket for sex... and by sex, I mean I keep my lube in there.
- (7188): But what if I am Yogi Bear? How would YOU know?

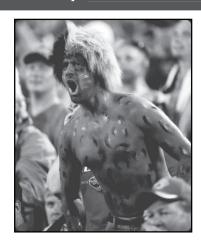


Average Student



Wait, what?

Sports Fan



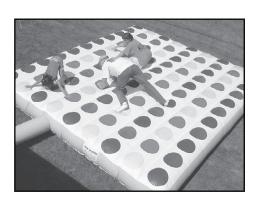
Well, after the Mr. C incident, I guess it should be preventing mascot violence.

Concerned Girlfriend



Someone needs to intervene on your outfit selections, honey.

Twister Player



RIGHT HAND GREEN!!! OH, SHIT I'M GONNA FALL OV-

Drug Dealer



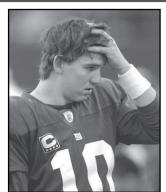
Well, the Green Dots are made with only the finest LSD, and they're going to cost you extra.

7-Up Thing



Green Dots are overrated.

Eli Manning



Uh, there's this little thing on the back of my helmet... What does it do?

Professional Tailgaters



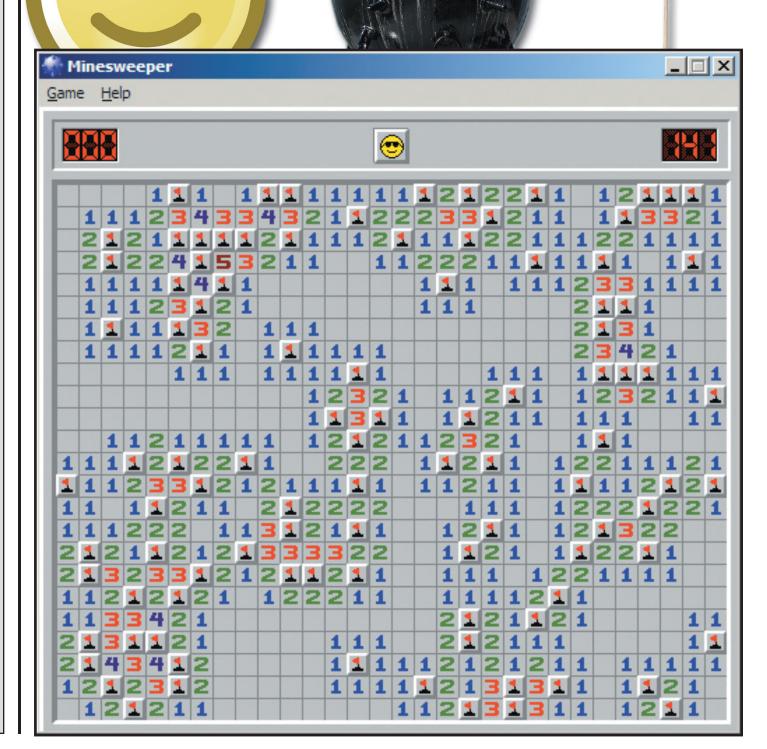
'Delta Iota Kappa loves our Dores' sticker. It's a green dot...

Spring Break Destinations

- Sea World Free Willy, right?
- Gulf Coast Isn't it back to normal now?
- The Woods For those who like it rough
- Kissam You're not going anywhere!!!
- Niagara Falls It's really nice this time of year.
- Haiti The hotel rates are really good.
- Not Mexico
- Harry Potter World They have a new recreation of the tent from the 7th book.
- Jersey Shore See all of your favorite back alleys and bathrooms from the show!
- Narnia Bring your Mr. Pibb and Cherry Vines.

MINESWEEPER!

It's more fun than a crossword puzzle



The ABCs of Roommates By: Rachel-Chlor Dibbs

