

the slant

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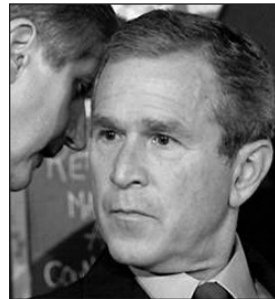


Frat Brother Forcibly Fondles Self



A brother at an unnamed fraternity was reported to have forcibly fondled himself earlier in the week. Commenting on allegations of the self-harrassment, the fraternity member said, "Unlike SOME people, when no girls want to have sex with me, I masturbate. But when I can't get MYSELF to have sex with me, then I take matters into my own hands, so to speak. Besides, did you see the codpiece I was wearing? I was asking for it."

Bush Celebrates Random Acts of Kindness Week With Random Acts of Violence



In commemoration of Random Acts Of Kindness Week, President Bush decided to donate several tons of active plutonium to Iraq, extending an olive branch by helping them in their long struggle to achieve nuclear strike capabilities. Saddam Hussein reportedly thanked Bush, saying, "You are so stupid. You have surely caused your civilization's destruction. Nevertheless, we appreciate the thought."

Army Recruit Upset That Boot Camp Didn't Have As Much To Do With Boots As He Expected



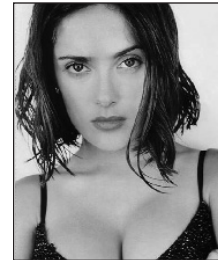
Recent Army recruit Mike Phillips was reportedly dejected after his first several days of boot camp, asking if it would be "alright" if he just went home. Apparently, Phillips signed up with the Army because he thought Boot Camp would be a several week intensive shoe-making seminar. Said Phillips, "All I ever wanted in life was to cobble shoes."

Must Fuck-Up TV

The National Broadcasting Company bought the Bravo television network from Cablevision for \$1.25 billion in an effort to fuck up the only station with quality arts programming. "I just thought those guys were way too pretentious," said NBC Presi-

dent. "Besides, we need an outlet for 'Celebrity Fear Factor' reruns and unaired episodes of 'Union Station,'" one of the many failed post-Friends programs of the past decade.

Movie Fan Eagerly Awaits Nashville Premiere



Film buff Michael Bryant is looking forward to the Nashville premiere of new movie *Frida*, starring actress Salma Hayek. "It's the inspirational story of a young Mexican woman who uses art to overcome a crippling accident in her youth," said Bryant. "She also gets naked on screen." The film has earned praise for its dazzling and inventive artistic technique, as well as "a hot lesbo scene" featuring Ms. Hayek and waifish co-star Saffron Burrows.

Everything In Frats 'Hunky-Dory'



IFC President Neal Cope insists that things have been "hunky-dory" and "just peachy" as of late in the greek

world. "There have been no problems worth mentioning," he said. When asked about the recent allegations of attempted rape, Cope plugged his ears, shut his eyes and said "La, la, la, la... I can't HEAR YOU!"

Beer Can Stack Dangerously Close to Toppling Over

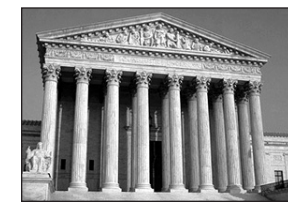
Edward Woodmont's stack of beer cans in his Lewis apartment is apparently growing so large as to be threatening both his PS2 and CD collection. Though experts are unsure which way the stack may fall, the risk to the PS2 has been upgraded to Defcon 3.

Corporate Rock Still Sucks



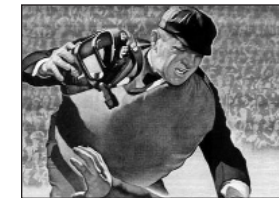
According to one area t-shirt seen at a concert recently, corporate rock still has not stopped sucking. T-shirt wearer Jack Rickman agreed, saying, "The radio sucks, too. And so does the entire fast food industry."

Supreme Court Strikes Down Continued Validity Of All Your Base Jokes



In a 7-2 vote, the Supreme Court voted in favor of the prosecution in the landmark case of *The People vs. All Your Base Are Belong To Us*. Chief Justice William Rehnquist stated in his opinion, "It's just not funny anymore, and the Constitution clearly states that anyone who makes bad jokes should be extradited to somewhere cold." Clarence Thomas, one of the dissenting justices, said in his opinion, "What you say?" and then fell over giggling.

Umpire Purchases Eyeglasses



Umpire Robert Fitzgerald finally complied with fans longstanding requests Saturday and purchased eyeglasses. The following week, Fitzgerald also took a hike, and went and fucked himself. Sadly, Fitzgerald still botched several calls at the next game, despite his strict regimen of glasses-wearing, hiking, and masturbation.

Target Diversity Finally Reached

Late Monday, Sophomore Janet Smith responded to a friend's reference to "that black guy," with the question, "which black guy?" thereby proving Vanderbilt has fulfilled its diversity quota. Chancellor Gee responded to the comment, "I think it is wonderful that multiple African-Americans can be found in a single place on campus. We are obviously accomplishing our goals."

Harry Potter Makes It Through New Harry Potter Movie



It was reported that protagonist Harry Potter surprisingly makes it through new movie *Harry Potter And The Chamber Of Secrets* without dying. Unfortunately, the same cannot be said for Richard Harris, the actor playing the character of Headmaster Dumbledore. Sources say that in the third and fourth movies, Harry Potter will also not die.

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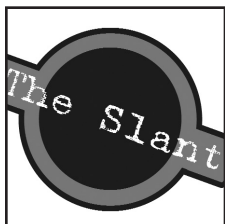
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The Slant



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Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.

FROM THE SHAMAN

I had an experience last Saturday I would like to share with you all...



LITTLE WHILE AGO, I PROMISED A FRIEND I WOULD PUT "SOMETHING NICE" IN *THE SLANT*. WELL, I THINK THIS IS ABOUT AS NICE AND POSITIVE AS IT COULD GET,

and the rest of the staff just laughs at me for it anyway, so perhaps it is fairly funny. Let me tell you all about an experience I had last week, and I assure you there's no sarcasm

here. And no, I wasn't high.

Last Saturday night, I came out of attending a Vanderbilt University Theater play, and I was standing outside the theater talking to a few friends. At one point, I turned around for some reason, and just as I turned, the wind started blowing. All of the golden leaves lying under a big maple started blowing, swirling, cascading along the ground. The volume and speed of the leaves was incredible, and I just stood there watching, mesmerized, for about a minute, until the wind died down. It was so beautiful, and filled me with such joy, that after standing for a while longer with my friends, smiling in bliss and no longer listening to their conversation, I just took off running.

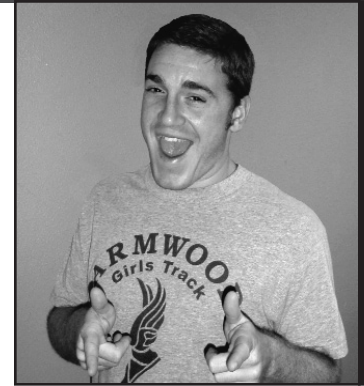
I ran back to my dorm, and jumped up onto the picnic table outside. I was so full of life, so bursting with elation that I spent the rest of the night trying to tell all of my friends about it. Finally an hour or two before sunrise, I took my pillow out on Alumni Lawn and watched the clouds and the stars pass by under a deep purple sky. I watched the sun rise, and fell asleep listening to birds and the

rustle of the wind in the trees, blanketed by a contentedness so full and profound that I think I'll never again be able to see leaves blowing, or feel a wind on my face, without reliving that same elation.

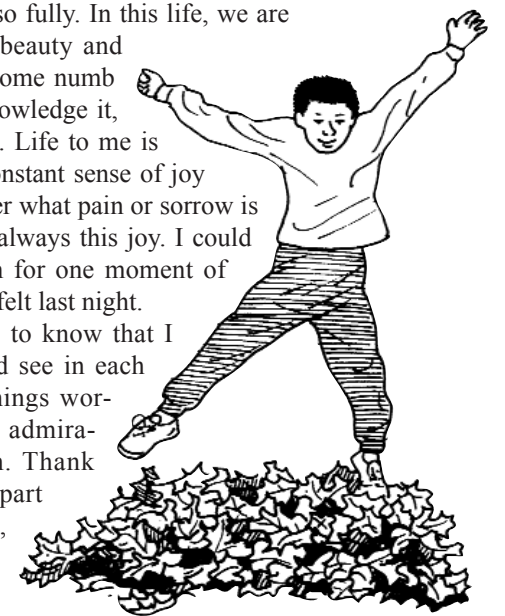
As long as there are moments like that, how can one ever be sad? I see something like that almost daily, although I don't usually recognize it so fully. In this life, we are so bombarded with beauty and with joy that we become numb to it and fail to acknowledge it, focusing on the pain. Life to me is an overwhelming, constant sense of joy and elation. No matter what pain or sorrow is present, there exists always this joy. I could endure years of pain for one moment of pleasure as pure as I felt last night.

I want everyone to know that I love you deeply, and see in each of you wonderful things worthy of appreciation, admiration, and emulation. Thank you all for being a part of this amazing, incredible life.

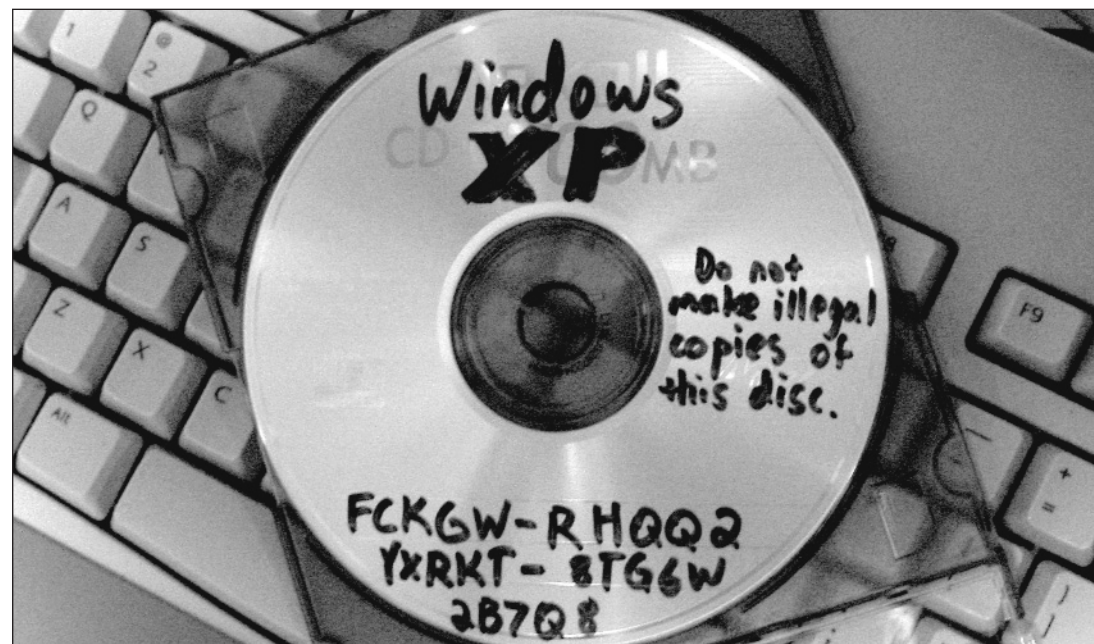
How is that for nice, Amy? ■



DAVID BARZELAY



THE SLANT'S FORTNIGHTLY IMAGE



Defending Intellectual Property Rights

Staff Photo

America's Underclass Celebrates Republican Triumph

"Finally, the conservative judicial appointments we've been waiting for," say poverty-stricken ghetto residents

BY TIM BOYD

Following the historic success of the Republican Party in strengthening its grip on the House of Representatives and winning control of the Senate, widespread celebration has broken out amongst America's poorest and most dispossessed.

"This is the moment we've been waiting for," said Harlem street person David Hill. "For years everyone in the homeless shelter has been praying for the time when we can finally have widespread de-regulation of the nation's energy industries, and now that time has come. Frankly, we've all been sick of these do-gooders and social engineers who keep proposing endless inner city investment plans. Good for Dubya for knowing what we really need!"

Single mother Denise Ferguson of Dallas, Texas, said that the massive military build-up will be the answer to her welfare dependency. "Ever since I was left by my husband and then lost my job, I've been waiting for the nation to spend tax money on those extra nuclear missiles we so desperately need. Some have said they should use the money to help people like me eke out a living just above the poverty line, but that would be hurting me more than helping me." Ferguson further added, "Besides, studies show that irresponsible single women like me tend to blow all the money on crack, horses and alcohol."

Perhaps the most unexpected support for the Republican program came from the



unemployed. "Massive tax-cuts for the over-privileged is clearly the answer to our nation's problems," said former Ford employee Bob Flint. "I think we should be grateful to America's wealthy for being prepared to accept another huge income boost in the vague hope that somewhere down the line they might bother to invest it in an industry that could, conceivably, provide me with a job. That's always been my dream."

Residents of inner-city Detroit have been particularly supportive of the President's intention to appoint conservative judges to the federal bench. "In this crime-riddled, depressing hell-hole of a city, we've been crying out for restrictions on pornography and abortion," said Arthur Johnson, 40 year resident of Detroit. "The striking of the phrase 'under God' from the Pledge of Allegiance and the constant desecration of the American flag have destroyed the standard of living in this area, and it's about time

someone did something about it."

Of course, not everyone welcomes the Republican control of Washington. The biggest losers are the liberal elite, who have now had their dominance of national power ended conclusively. The liberal elite, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Ian Richardson, who run a small flag-burning factory in Pinkoville, Massachusetts, have said they now plan to give up the fight.

Said Mr. Richardson, "Yes, it's true. Ever since FDR came to power, we have successfully subverted true American values to the extent that people have had to feel ashamed to identify themselves as a conservative. Our greatest triumph was making every company make sure it hired the requisite number of black, female, left-handed, disabled, and transsexual office cleaners, but I guess that will all go to waste now."

Mrs. Richardson added, "I think we put up a good fight, but now that some non-lib-

erals have come to power in Washington, there's not much we can do. Until the Republicans took the Senate seats in Minnesota, Georgia and New Hampshire, we stood a real chance of destroying this country, but now we will have to allow true, red-blooded Americans to govern our affairs."

News of the elite's decision only added to the euphoria amongst America's dispossessed. On one banner, prominently displayed, was the slogan, "Finally, someone cares about us." Commenting, union dock worker Rashad Jackson said, "Finally, a governmental regime that loves me enough not to destroy my pride by giving me much-needed handouts. I'm so glad that my children won't have to feel the shame of seeing presents under the tree paid for in part by unearned welfare money. Sure, I'm going to have to take a third job to keep them clothed, but eventually all this supply-side econ will pay off." ■

21st Birthday Celebrated With Cake, Ice Cream

Fun happens without drunkenness

By ROBERT SAUNDERS

Young adults were getting high at Callie Johanssen's twenty-first birthday party this weekend: a good quality sugar high from all the cake and ice cream, that is.

In a refreshing change for the Vanderbilt community, Callie Johanssen celebrated her 21st birthday with an informal party of cake and ice cream with a handful of her close friends on campus. She also invited her aunt and uncle who happen to live in Nashville, and they all played board games till the wee hours of the morning. The guests finally left around 1 a.m.

"I've celebrated all my birthdays this way since I was a little girl," said Johanssen, a Branscomb resident. "Just because I'm old enough to drink doesn't mean that I have to."

Jeanine Atkinson of the Office of Alcohol, Tobacco and Other Drug Prevention said, "It really makes me feel good to know that the alcohol awareness programs I've implemented have had their intended effect on somebody on this campus, for once in my life. College fun has finally been had without drunkenness! My work here is done."

Callie's birthday party is in stark contrast to the traditions of many 21-year-olds at Vanderbilt. "On my 21st, I did a shot of 17 different liquors followed by a shot of beer every 21 minutes before puking my guts out," said deposed Slant Editor Mike Mott. "I got to 21 eventually though."

"I guess this is what they mean by 'cultural differences.' Maybe this is the custom of her people," said Kappa Delta Treasurer Mitzy Barnhart, who has been attending now-mandatory alcohol awareness and sensitivity meetings. "It seemed kind of juvenile to me, but I realize now that's just my 'culture exerting its hegemony by using pejorative terminology.' That's what the brochure says, so I guess it's right." ■

Vanderbilt Dining Fails Health Inspection

Dining cramming for retake

By JACOB GRIER

Vanderbilt's usually apathetic student body was disgusted to learn that Rand Dining Hall had failed its Health Inspection last week. Rand scored a dismal 69, with 13 items considered critically important to fix.

Dining Director Frank Gladu was disappointed. "I really thought they were going to curve that test, so I didn't prepare enough. With all that grade inflation going on at the Ivy schools, we never get a break! We're really cramming for the retake though."

On the upside, Gladu said, "If we had to fail, we couldn't do it with two cooler numbers. I mean, how many schools can associate 69 with their dining halls? Harvard can't, I'll tell you that right now. And 13 critical problems? If I hadn't wiped that knife on an unsanitized towel there would have been only 12, which isn't even a prime."

Executive Chef Camp Howard wasn't at all concerned. "I hear all these complaints about cleanliness around here, but am I the only one who cares about taste? Sure, we could keep the chicken hot, but without bacterial growth where is the flavor going to come from? And my special Fire Sauce, the byproduct of an ancient Cherokee ritual,

cannot possibly be made in the conditions demanded by the state! Damn government."

The Tennessee Department of Health reports that Camp's Fire Sauce is alone responsible for at least seven of the critical problems.

When interviewed for this story, Vanderbilt Dining's Marketing Manager Kim LaPeau defended the low score. "It's all a part of our new 'X-treme' theme here in CX2," she said. "X-treme salmonella, X-treme botulism, X-tremely undercooked food. Here at Rand, we take it to the edge!

And if we take it too far over the edge, we have one of the nation's best medical centers just a couple blocks away to treat any X-treme food poisoning!"

Frank Gladu says that students should not be worried about the facilities. "We're going to be ready next time, and I think we can get an 88 no problem. I like 88 because it's a good round number, and palindromic, too."

"And besides," Gladu added with a wink, "With all of the extra tax money we've been bribing the state with, we can't lose!" ■



Rand Dining Center home of the 69 on their most recent health inspection

Staff Photo

Senior Still Pissed He Didn't Get Into Harvard

Still insists on telling everyone that Vanderbilt was his safety

By JULIA BENSFIELD

Vanderbilt senior William Handorf is still angry that he was not accepted to Harvard University when he applied for admission in 1998. And he can't stop talking about it.

"I applied early, because my high school guidance counselor told me it would enhance my chances of getting accepted," said Handorf.

Even though Handorf was deferred by the prestigious university, he persisted and kept his application in for the regular pool. "I even wrote follow-up letters to the Dean of Admissions to, you know, show him that I was still interested."

Despite these efforts, Harvard was sorry

to inform Handorf that his request for admission had been denied. "It was total bullshit because there was this guy in my class who got into Harvard because he played the piano, but my grades were like ten times better than his. And another kid got in just cause he's black!"

Harvard Dean of Admissions Abigail VanDerHoeven stated: "Mr. Handorf showed a great interest in the school. His extra-curriculars were sufficient and he was a strong student. However, we had a record number of applicants that year and could not secure a position for him."

Not only has Handorf not forgotten Harvard, he also has not forgotten the fact that Vanderbilt was his safety. "I didn't even come to visit Vanderbilt. I assumed I wouldn't have to go," recalls Handorf.

When he in fact did end up coming here, he never seemed to let go of the fact that he was not at Harvard. Handorf's freshman roommate remembers the struggle that Han-

*"My grades were like ten times better than his. And another kid got in just cause he's black!"
-Handorf*

dorf endured. "Yea, Will had this ridiculous hang-up about not being accepted to Harvard. It was totally weird! Even with girls he insisted on telling them that Vanderbilt was his safety and that he was going to transfer as soon as he could."

Handorf never got around to transferring, so today he is still at Vanderbilt, now a senior, complaining about Harvard's negligence. ■

Vandy Cheerleaders Suffering From Chronic Depression

Repeated defeats destroying motivation

By TIM BOYD

With the Commodores completing their 20th consecutive losing season, and registering no home SEC win in 4 years, the team cheerleaders have admitted that they are finding it increasingly difficult to maintain a cheery exterior and keep the crowd going.

"You have no idea what it's like to spend three hours trying to motivate a crowd at Dudley Field," said Jenny Richards, a Vandy cheerleader. "We try and stay upbeat, but when the faces in front of you just uniformly display frustration, pessimism and anger, there's only so much you can do. Week in, week out, we lose – and not just against the good teams, but even against the bad teams. I try and smile, and jump and cheer, but my God, how am I expected to cope?! I'm only human! There's only so much a person can take, I... I... I'm sorry, I need to go to my happy place now."

Richards later said that the mental strain was becoming too much, and that half the cheerleading squad was now receiving counseling. Psychology Professor Andrew

Saunders is handling the treatment: "It's so sad. When they joined, these were joyful young ladies, hand-picked for their commitment to athletic excellence, intellectual dexterity and inspirational qualities, but four years of endless losing has destroyed the morale of the entire squad. It's got to be the stage now where they can't even take pleasure in their popularity, marketing endorsements, and young, nubile, hot, tanned bodies." At this stage, Saunders had to sit down and was unable to continue the interview.

Coach Johnson has said that in order to meet this motivational crisis, the team faces two options: either start winning or adopt a more realistic attitude with regard to the crowd's expectations. Ruling out the first option as unfeasible, Johnson has instructed the Vandy Band to adapt its tunes to suit the occasion. In place of the "Imperial March" and "Louie Louie," the band will play D:Ream's "Things can only get better." Rather than run out to the theme from 2001, the team will come onto Dudley Field accompanied by "Always look on the bright side of life."

Sororities, who have traditionally displayed posters such as "Tri-Delt loves our Dores," will be asked to adjust their slogans to more moderate expressions of

affection, like "Tri-Delt is quite fond of our Dores, but we don't want to make you feel bad if you don't win, so no pressure – just do your best."

Certain popular chants will also have to be amended. "Vandy, Vandy, Vandy, - Oh, hell yeah!" will become "Vandy, Vandy, Vandy –

Oh, who cares?" It is hoped that by lowering expectations, crowds will become less disappointed with the inevitable defeats. Coach Johnson concluded, "This should work. If it doesn't – well, at least our players will all graduate." ■



Students with posters of moderate expressions of affection

Staff Photo

Vanderbilt To Construct Bridge Between Greek Row And Branscomb Quad

Danger and unity between Greeks and freshmen cited as reasons for bridge

By LAURA CARLSON

In an effort to unite the Greek community with the freshman class, Vanderbilt has decided to construct a bridge between frat row and Branscomb Quad. Officials said they are tired of the lack of interaction between the two groups and feel that the bridge is necessary to promote relations amongst Greeks and freshmen.

Another issue surrounding the construction of the bridge is the danger many students face when crossing Vanderbilt Place from Greek row to the Branscomb Varsity Market. Sigma Chi frat brother Derek Anderson cites that after a long night of partying, he and fellow brothers

have experienced near fatal accidents when attempting to cross the street for breakfast at Branscomb. Anderson states, "I think it is good idea to put a bridge there, because sometimes you can't wait those three to five seconds to cross the street. It will help prevent many accidents."

VUPD is simply tired of watching drunken students attempt to cross the street when they have the munchies. They say, "It's just not safe." There have been countless near-death experiences and many broken limbs.

Many freshmen are excited about the intended bridge. Freshmen Sarah Reed is eagerly anticipating the construction. Reed said, "I know that Frat Row is only like across the street and stuff, but it feels like we are worlds away." Many other freshmen echo the same sentiments.

Frat members and geeks alike are eager to watch freshmen girls stumble

across the bridge. Crouching underneath the bridge will allow many students to get great views up girls' skirts. Inevitably many freshmen will also fall when trying to climb the steps, which will provide even more entertainment to those intoxicated.

Finally there is the debate of where to put the new bridge. Members of Sigma Chi would like the bridge near 25th avenue, whereas members of Beta Theta Pi and Kappa Sigma Fraternities would like it closer to their houses and 24th avenue. The most obvious location would be right in the middle, but no one wants to go to the Baptist Student Center. It is still under debate where the bridge will actually be constructed, due to the fact that no one wants to go out of their way to cross the busy street. Plans will be finalized within the next month, and construction should begin in late December. ■



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GEICO Accused Of Marketing Insurance To Children

Hit with \$1.8 billion lawsuit

By ROBERT SAUNDERS

The Children's Defense Fund filed a class action suit against GEICO, the discount auto insurance company, in federal district court. The organization brought the case on behalf of the nation's children for "marketing adult products to minors."

The organization seeks damages totaling \$1.8 billion. The money would reimburse children for insurance policies purchased before 2002. Leftover funds would be channeled to education programs that clearly communicate driving is for people 16 years of age or older.

The chief object of the organization's suit is "Gecko," the animated gecko who is featured in mildly amusing commercials for the company's auto insurance.

"Obviously by using an animated character, they are targeting children," said CDF founder and President Marian Wright Edelman. "I see nothing funny in these ads. I see children who are being deceived and taken advantage of."

Gecko would not comment for this article, citing a contractual obligation with GEICO.

The suit comes at a time when sales of auto insurance policies to children are on the rise. (see chart) Children represent a growing part of the auto insurance market.

GEICO's chairman and CEO Tony Nicely denied that it was targeting children. "Everyone knows that children cannot drive until 16 in most states, and 17 in some. So there'd be no point in selling them insurance."

Brant Whitford, head of the advertising team at DeWitt & Somers, which designed the GEICO ads, said, "Cartoons and animation are enjoyed by adults of all ages. Just because kids like cartoons doesn't mean we're trying to sell insurance to kids. Besides, what could be a more appropriate symbol for an insurance company than a slimy reptile? It's that kind of ironic usage that connects with today's young adults."

However, a Slant investigation has uncovered an internal GEICO memo indicating children were targeted by their advertising practices. "Demographers tell us that over 90% of this nation's 15 year olds will become 16 year olds. And when they turn 16, over 75% will obtain a driver's license," reads the memo.

The memo continues: "The fact that children under 16 cannot drive is a bonus. We will collect premiums from them without having to pay out on claims."

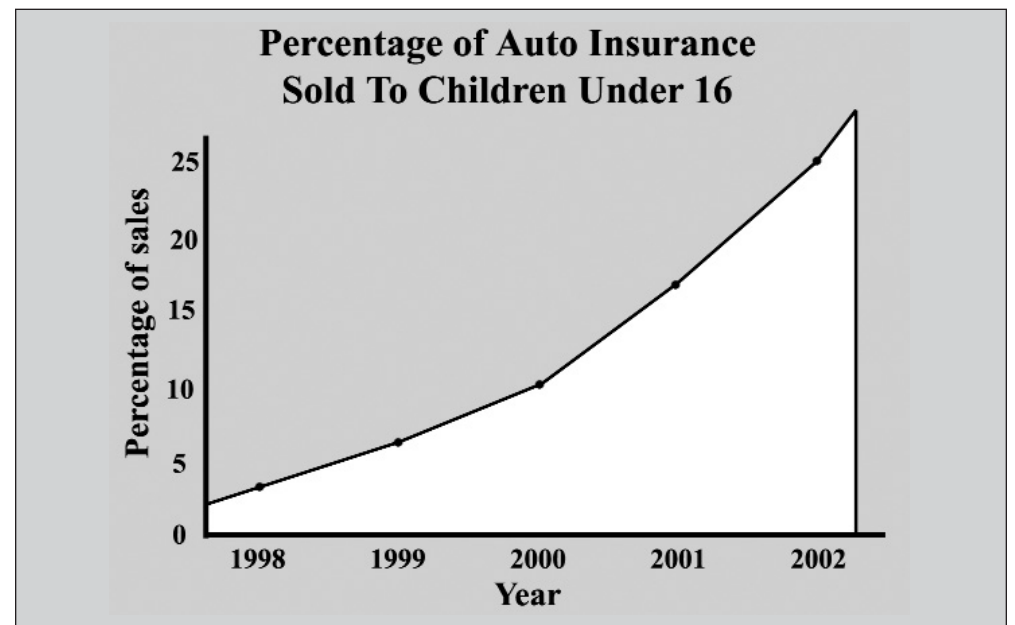
Children claim that the ads have no effect on them. "I bought the insurance because you never know when you might have an accident, and when you have an accident, you want speedy service 24 hours a day. It had nothing to do with the lizard," said 9-year-old Chelsea Monroe.

Added fourth-grade playmate Qyisha Rodgers, "Even though I like the ads, I went with Allstate because at this point in my life, I'm willing to sacrifice some cost in premiums in exchange for reliability and trust."

I've earned some security, that's for sure."

Insurance industry analysts say that these practices are part of a new paradigm in the post-dotcom marketplace. "Companies have to do what they can to tap new markets. Children have high levels of disposable income, and the market applauds this effort," said Stanley Baumgardner of Credit Suisse-First Boston.

AFLAC is also under investigation for their use of an allegedly "adorable" little duck. ■



Trix Rabbit Suffers Mental Breakdown

Tells children 'Trix are what your mom turns on Saturday night'

By MEREDITH GRAY

Yesterday afternoon, the Trix rabbit exploded in anger to the taunts of area children who reminded him, "Silly Rabbit, Trix are for kids!" after yet another of his plots to obtain the brightly-hued cereal was foiled. The Trix rabbit reportedly started angrily pulling his own large, floppy ears, yelling, "You know what, you little bastards? Trix are what your mom turns on Saturday nights!"

The rabbit went on to allege that the youngsters' mothers use the money they obtain through prostitution for their voracious crack cocaine habits. Before running away, his nose twitching with fury, the rabbit screamed, "And you're all adopted... and Santa Claus is dead!"

The Trix rabbit was not always such a jaded and bitter member of the cereal icon world. Born Dwight Fluffy Rabbit to parents Moppy and Snuggle Bunny Rabbit, he lived an idyllic country life in rural Connecticut. However, this life of frolicking in meadows and eating tender clover was not enough for him, as the acting bug bit him in his early teen years. Armed with a block of alfalfa and a plastic water bottle, he set out to the big city to succeed as an actor.

After gathering rave reviews as the title role of "The Velveteen Rabbit" off-Broadway, Dwight's family began to unravel. After his initial Broadway success, Dwight's mother Snuggle Bunny

Rabbit had decided that she too felt the call of fame, and moved to New York to become an exotic dancer and reportedly "bred like a rabbit with whoever was willing." The two have been estranged since 1994. Dwight's father, Moppy, decided to end his life in 1995 by volunteering to be used in a medical trial for pregnancy tests.

Dwight, suffering from the pressures of his family, began to feel the lure of Hollywood, and packed his bags and set out yet again. He immediately landed the choice

role as the Trix rabbit, the hare mercilessly tormented by children after he tries time and time again to procure the brightly colored,

sugared-up children's cereal. However, the pressures of fame began to build up, and Dwight began a slow and steady decline toward alcoholism and depression.

After a full day acting jovial and good-naturedly disappointed to a gaggle of animated children, he would often go on a carrot and bourbon binge that would last several days. His recent outburst was seen by many to be inevitable, and a long time coming. Director Norah Westminster, mastermind of the Trix ad campaign, said, "I knew Dwight was about at the end of his rope. Just the other day I caught him attempting to put his own 'droppings' in the prop box of Trix that the children eat."

Dwight, known to friends as "Ike," was reportedly last seen with his illegitimate half brother, the Nestle Quick bunny, at a strip joint in Hoboken, NJ. He refused to comment on his recent dismissal from the Trix advertisement, saying only to reporters, "Why don't you stick this rainbow of fruity colors up your ass." ■

However, the pressures of fame began to build up, and Dwight began a slow and steady decline toward alcoholism and depression.

Thin Is Out

Fashion experts decide healthy human bodies are "sexy"

By **BEN STARK**

In a stunning reversal, representatives of the fashion industry have overturned of their long-standing policy of "Thin Is In." In its place, they are now designing outfits around the average, healthy human body.

"Oh my God, thin is SO out," said world-famous designer Kate Armani.

Armani's top rival, Calvin Spade, explained, "See, the previous hyper-thin body image we promoted often resulted in women starving themselves to death in order to look like supermodels. And death just does AWFUL things to the skin! Do you know how difficult it is to design clothes that perfectly match pasty white skin? And don't get me started on how tough it is to get clothes on people with rigor mortis!"

"So now we're going for more of a 'well-nourished' look," said Armani. "It's important to give the appearance that you have eaten a meal in the last 24 hours."

The response here at Vanderbilt has been mostly positive.

"It's about time," said Barbara Freemy, card-carrying member of Vandy Feminists. "The first step is complete! Now we have to force men to wear pantyhose and take them out from any position of leadership. A man's place is in the kitchen. Assuming he lives in a dorm with a kitchen. Otherwise his place is....I dunno....Peabody, I guess."

Sophomore Hal Larson explained things from the male standpoint: "I think it's a positive move. We men have had unrealistic expectations about women for too...OH MY GOD, look at the rack on that chick! Those could feed a small nation of babies! You KNOW she wants some of this! HEY HOT MOMMA!"

The new look does have its critics, including popular designer Bob Gap.

"But...but...it doesn't rhyme!" said Gap. "The whole witty thing about 'Thin Is In' is that it rhymed! This just isn't the same. Maybe they could do 'gout is out'...."

Senior Nick Mann was equally disapproving. "It was awful! My girlfriend made me sit there as she went through every freakin' outfit she has and asked me 'does this make me look skinny?' Doesn't she get that I'm not going out with her for her skinniness? I like her for her personality....well, that and her ...she has a nice....I ADMIT IT! I LIKE BIG BUTTS. I CANNOT LIE!"

Even his other frat brothers can't deny. Fellow Sigma Nu [sorry, "Nu Society"] member Chris Richter says he considered praising Mann's girlfriend for the rotundity of her rear, but thought better. "If I went after Nick's girl, I'd just get burned," said Richter.

Freshman Christina Spears is distraught. "How will I meet guys now? I used to do it by working out at the rec. I

had the technique down perfectly. I would work out on the ellipticals and throw some hot guy a glance that said, 'Hey big boy. Wanna get cardiovascular?' It all was organized around that fact that I am thin! Now what am I supposed to do...have a personality?"

"On the other hand, I'll never again have to drink the abomination that is

'lite' beer," Spears conceded.

One observer, junior Joshua Samuels, offers a unique perspective.

"You know, I've encountered many a beautiful woman in my time who also happened to be a horrible human being and many 'ugly' people have been good, loving people," said Samuels. "Even emphasizing a healthy human body is still focusing on the body. Why should outward appearance matter at all? Shouldn't we...I don't know, look at the heart?"

The entire fashion community looked at Samuels with a collective expression of incredulity, then simultaneously responded, "hahahahahahaha!" ■

"So now we're going for more of a 'well-nourished' look," said Armani. "It's important to give the appearance that you have eaten a meal in the last 24 hours."

A Look Into The Inner Workings Of *The Slant*

Behind the laughter

By **ANDREW BANECKER**

Vanderbilt students of all kinds really enjoy and often become avid readers of *The Slant*. They see the finished product every other Wednesday, take an hour or two out of their day, and smile. But these funny articles just don't write themselves, there is actually a complicated, time consuming process each article idea must go through before it reaches the stands and makes its way into our collective hearts.

It all starts innocently enough with an online submission from one of our writers. In this case, let us look at an article entitled "Stumbling Home," by Greg Champoux.

Stumbling Home

Once, I was walking a girl back to her room and we started kissing so I asked her if I could come inside. Next thing I knew, some RA was waking me up in the Kissam Lobby at noon. I was like, "I live in Lupton, man."

After this, all of the other writers and editors of *The Slant* access the website, read the idea, and leave their suggestions. Occasionally these suggestions are helpful to the writer... but often not. Instead, it usually turns out to be a forum for *The Slant* writers to crack jokes and demean the writer of the idea. For example, these were the comments on Stumbling Home:

Greg: A sad but true story.

Andrew: Was this Saturday... cuz I saw you at like 3am

Greg: Well Andrew, I have to protect the details of this story and can not risk offending some of my lady friends, so all I can say at this time is yes.

Liz: Gee, was it Friday? Because I could have sworn some kind girl walked you back to your dorm since you could hardly walk, but she didn't let you get near her. Or do you have a whole harem at Kissam?

Greg: Well no, it was Saturday, as I implied in my earlier comment, though I believe I actually had a lot more fun with that girl on Friday, though I wasn't actually trying to do anything with her. That would have been the wrong thing to do with such a sweetheart. About the Kissam harem - it's a work in progress.

Chancellor Gee: Greg, you really should learn to respect women. I treat each and every one of my wives with the love and respect she deserves as a woman.

Andrew: Yeah, but Greg, I saw you at like 3:00am with a freshman guy and talking to a frat boy. Where, pray tell are you manufacturing a girl out of this?

Greg: Fuck off, I hooked it up later. You know this, man, I am a pure playa. Do you doubt my pimpin skillz?

Tim: Surely the easiest way to find out which poor soul it was is to check the E.R. admissions at the Medical Centre on Sunday morning for any blind girl suffering from post-traumatic stress disorder?

Greg: Tim, don't you have to pass some sort of spelling test to get into this country? Go back to Britain... ass.

Chris: Damn, I didn't know you were into women, I thought you were gay.

Greg: I'm definitely not putting that in, you asshole.

After the idea has been submitted, and the staff writers and editors have provided the writer with the inspiration, encouragement, or, in this case, humiliation necessary, the idea either gets expanded into a draft, turned into an "Other News" item, or completely neglected. In this case, the editors chose to get drunk and throw things off of high rise buildings just to watch the splatter. The idea then dies a gruesome death, and the writer, Greg Champoux in this case, is left with the options of cursing out the editors, crying himself to sleep, or vomiting watermelon all over my bathroom. He obviously chose (d). All of the above.

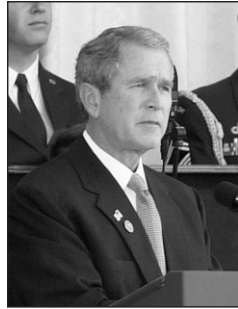
Never fear though, kids, for an idea never dies. Rather it gets buried in the immense pile of rejected ideas where, perhaps someday, a kind soul will discover it and find a way to make it both funny and printable. Until that day, children... until that day. ■

Bush Carves Up Turkey For Thanksgiving

Russia given 'long-awaited' warm water port

By TIM BOYD

In a misunderstanding of potentially world-changing proportions, President Bush has given the go-ahead for Turkish territories to be handed out to America's close allies in the Near East. A White House spokesman says that the President was told last week by an aide that it is traditional for the President to formally 'carve up Turkey' during the holidays as part of the official Thanksgiving celebrations.



President Bush

The danger of not providing a full briefing on this matter soon became apparent. Bush personally placed invitations to the Ambassadors from Russia, Greece, Syria, Bulgaria and France to join him for Thanksgiving dinner, and then used the occasion to assign portions of Turkey to each of them.

The Russians were granted full control

over Constantinople in return for their agreement to back US military action in Iraq. A clearly emotional Russian President told reporters the following day, "The process of Russian historical evolution has come to an end. For centuries, we have been struggling to secure access to a warm water port – it has been the driving force of history – this has been at the root of conflicts, famines, genocides and the assassination of JFK, but now we are finally free as a people, free to live our lives as we have long wished." A spokesman clarified that this did not apply to the millions of impoverished peasants, economically ravaged cities, Chechen rebels, reactionaries or anyone who didn't know the Putins personally. But for everyone else, it was true.

Syria was granted the Kurdish homelands of Eastern Turkey as a sign of gratitude for making the UN Iraq resolution unanimous. Greece was said to be unhappy

at only being given the islands of the Dardanelles, but it was explained to them that Greek-Americans tend to vote Democrat anyway, and so they should be grateful for anything they got. Bulgaria was given vast swathes of central Turkey for no good reason, but, said Bush, "What the hell, it's

Thanksgiving!" France was invited simply to be told to that it would receive nothing.

Britain and China, the other two permanent members of the UN Security Council, had mixed reactions. Prime Minister Tony Blair supported the President's actions: "It is the duty of this country to stand shoulder to shoulder with

President Bush, no matter how insane, dangerous or downright idiotic his actions are. Through blind, unflinching, sycophantic loyalty, we will ensure Britain has a role to play in the world." It is understood that more and more starch is required for Mr. Blair's shirts to keep him upright.

China, by contrast, was furious. "How

dare they not invite us," said head of state Hu Jintao. "If America thinks it can get away with this, it has another thing coming." Asked about Hu's statement, President Bush snorted, "Ha! Want to bet?" China dismissed this comment, saying it already controlled Tibet.

When asked why no one had tried to stop the President, aides said they did not realize anything unusual was happening. "It all seemed perfectly normal," said Oval Office door-keeper John Sherman. "When the President told us that there was 'China trouble,' we thought he meant that there was something wrong with the crockery. Then he told us that there was 'a problem with Greece,' we thought he meant the meat was too oily. And when he asked us if we knew where the Kurds were, we thought he meant curds – we had no idea he was signing over an entire ethnic group to the Syrians. It was only when we got a desperate phone-call from a hysterical Turkish ambassador that we realized what had happened."

There was further bad news for the White House when it was announced that its entire Turkey supply for Thanksgiving and Christmas has disappeared. As of today, Attorney General John Ashcroft has refused to rule out fowl play. ■

It is traditional for the President to formally 'carve up Turkey' during the holidays as part of the official Thanksgiving celebrations

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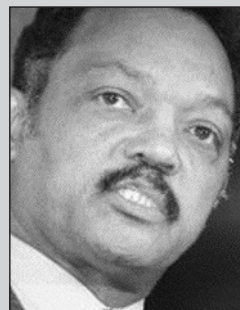
The Slant

Connect to Vanderbilt

Where Is Jesse Jackson?

Oh Brother Where Art Thou?

Seriously, everyone, where is Jesse Jackson? During the debates and problems our university is having about Confederate Hall, why in the hell hasn't Jesse Jackson shown up? Have you ever thought about that? He really should get his act together if he expects to keep up his stellar record.



Jackson

The man is missing out on a lot of good opportunities to get some quality TV time. Vanderbilt is a large and prestigious enough university to attract some cameras - even if we just use our home camcorders. And there's always VTV. Jesse has always loved TV time.

Why he's letting this opportunity slip through his fingers, I don't know. Somebody ought to remind him that you only live once. I know Jesse is not doing anything now. If he were, he would be on the news daily and we would be informed about how this or that restaurant or store is racist. Don't you miss those times when anyone or anything could be labeled as racist? Michael Jackson is not doing a good enough job.

We need Jesse to turn this minor disagreement over the naming of a building into a big national debate over racism. This seems like something he would normally get involved in. I mean, a few kids got in trouble for fighting and he turned that into a huge battle over racism in disciplinary actions. We have all the ingredients right here, an only slightly diverse campus in the South, a topic that can be perceived as racism with ease, a very arguable history claim - all we're missing is the Reverend to act as the catalyst. He could

really raise some hell and get people hating each other again.

Now I know you're probably thinking that if Jesse turned this problem into a huge debate then that wouldn't solve anything and we could probably make everyone happy without him here. But just think, if he were to come, his presence would sure bring a circus-like atmosphere. I'm sorry, but that sense of misdirected hatred and excitement just isn't here for this problem.

Maybe Jesse does have decent views and is a smart man but there are many people like that here who could quietly and peacefully explain one side of the story using simple logic. Only Jesse can turn the ideas people have into a big burst of angry emotion. As of now, it's just boring. I haven't even seen any Molotov cocktails thrown yet.

So Jesse, if you are out there, come to Vanderbilt University. We want you here even if it's just for shits and giggles. ■

This Will Be The Best Thanksgiving Ever!

There's nothing like giving thanks with your loving family

Gosh, this is going to be the best Thanksgiving ever! I can just feel it. Don't get me wrong – last year's Thanksgiving was awesome, and so was the year before that and the year before that one. It's just that I'm getting so darned excited about sitting around the table with my family and expressing everything that I'm thankful for.

If this year is anything like all of the other great Thanksgivings we've had, the traditions will be somewhat the same. First, I'll get up and run down the stairs to the sweet smell of turkey roasting in the oven and Mom's cigarettes as she sits in the pantry and cries. She'll usually stay in there all day making sure that the whiskey for the "grown up" cider is perfect, just crying up a storm. I think it's because she's so happy that we're all together as a family to give thanks – wouldn't you cry out of happiness too?

Then I sit down to watch the Macy's Thanksgiving Day parade. I love those giant balloons! Grandpa (or as he likes me to call him, Mr. Martin – he says he'd prefer not get too familiar, which I guess means that he's old-fashioned) will sit in his chair and poke me with his cane, calling me "Nancy-Boy" when I clap my hands out of delight when the Snoopy balloon comes bobbing down the street. I

love Mr. Martin – it's so fun when we joke around and he gives me nicknames.

Next my cousins arrive, and we all go out in the backyard to play football. I know it's not nice to say, especially since they're my cousins, but they're pretty lousy at football. Every time they throw the ball to me it always seems to hit me in the testicles, which, gosh, can really hurt a lot. We usually do this for about an hour, until they're just falling down with the giggles, I guess because they're embarrassed about their throwing. Then I go inside and sit on a bag of frozen peas.

Finally, it will be time for Thanksgiving dinner, which all of us will have been waiting for. My Uncle Rick usually says grace, since he used to be a Catholic priest before "the incident," whatever that was. Gosh, I love it when he and his wife Mary come to visit, especially since she's only two years older than me. Then my dad carves the turkey, and after telling my mom that she's "a lazy cow" for not sharpening the knives (I guess everyone has nicknames for each other!), everyone starts eating. My sister Janie, who's a year older than me, usually only takes a few bites, and then runs to the bathroom and stays there for a long time. She wants to be a model when she grows up, and she's really pretty. It's just too bad about her hair falling out; hopefully those pills she bought will make her better!

The only thing that was missing from dinner last year, and that will be missing again this year, is my big brother Josh. Last

year he stayed in Pittsburgh with his girlfriend Lara, who my mom says gets around more than a car on a racetrack, which I guess means that she's really busy.

After dinner, we usually all sit in the living room and drink cider (non-alcoholic for me!) and gaze into the nice warm fire as my mom tosses in pictures of Josh. My sister comes out of the bathroom and curls up on the floor shivering, and Grandma Linda (on my mom's side, just so you know) and her new husband Esteban start rolling around and making out on the couch. Isn't it sweet that the elderly can still find young love? Then my mom goes back to the pantry

to cry, probably because the scene is just so darn touching. After a while, Mr. Martin tells Grandma Linda to "Get a room, you old slut bag!" and whacks the two of them with his cane. That crazy Mr. Martin!

All too soon, the family fun and good times are over, and Dad is dropping me twelve hours early for the 7 a.m. Greyhound back to Nashville. There's no such thing as being too early! I can only hope that this year's Thanksgiving is just as wonderful - and even better - than last year's! And to think that after that, Christmas is only a few calendar boxes away! It's enough to make a boy downright tingly. ■



A good, wholesome Thanksgiving Dinner with family.

Staff Photo

My RA is a Nasty Bitch

I haven't seen her in a few weeks, perhaps she's dead

Do you think I would get an A on that Comparative Politics paper I never turned in if I tell my teacher my RA's gone to the great big dorm in the sky?

Sometimes I leave thinly-veiled insults on the dry-erase board on her door. Things like "Have a nice day, bitch." I don't think she minds being called a bitch because she certainly doesn't mind acting like one. I think she still resents me because my mother hunted her down on move-in day and

told her what a responsible little person I was. Of course I'm responsible! Shit, I supply the entire hall with alcohol—do you know what kind of responsibility that involves? If I get caught, nobody gets to drink. So not only would my life be ruined, twenty other people wouldn't get to party! Maybe my RA is mad because I never get her anything on beer runs. But I don't know what she would like. Probably gin. She looks like the sort of person who would take swigs of gin and sit and glare at you with those weaselly little eyes.

So far, my voodoo hasn't been working, but I guess I'll keep trying. Somehow

she keeps narrowly averting the disasters I plan for her. Sneaky little bitch. The elevator shaft would have been perfect! I've already cursed her and all she holds dear. What else is there to do?

I saw her boyfriend sneaking out of her room the other morning and I asked him what happened to what's-his-name who was there the night before that. He didn't like the insinuation very much, but I was too busy eating her leftover pizza from the box marked "Do not eat this!" in the refrigerator downstairs.

I wonder if her Ethics professor got the nasty e-mail I sent him from her com-

puter when she was down in the lobby explaining to the Chinese food delivery guy why no one had come to pay for the forty orders of chop suey.

And this one time some friends and I were partying in my room and she knocked on the door to tell us we needed to "tone it down a little bit" because it was quiet hours! What the hell! Not "I know you're snorting coke off the section of the bathroom mirror that mysteriously went missing," or "No male strippers after ten p.m." or "You really shouldn't drink everclear by the liter, it doesn't fulfill your daily water requirement!" Just "Tone it down!" What the hell! I wouldn't trust her to find her butt with a flashlight!

I think I might have blown smoke into her face once. But I could have just been looking at my KISS poster. The resemblance is kind of creepy. ■

I wonder if her Ethics professor got the nasty e-mail I sent him from her computer when she was down in the lobby

Top Ten Most Wanted Women's Studies Classes For Next Semester

10. Women's Studies 101

Cookery: The Stovetop Arts

9. Women's Studies 150

Sewing (Prerequisite: Spinning)

8. Women's Studies 112W

Standing By Your Man

7. Women's Studies 201

Home Economics: Credit Card Spending

6. Women's Studies 282

Faking Orgasms

5. Women's Studies 187

Pornography and Prostitution: Women In History

4. Women's Studies 231

The Joys of Daytime Television

3. Women's Studies 210

Child Care

2. Women's Studies 115W

Images of Successful Men

1. Women's Studies 175

Vacuuming And Other Suction Techniques. ■



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Ask A Student Health Doctor

Dear a Doctor at Student Health,

My stomach has been getting increasingly larger, I have been getting sick in the mornings, and I am having the strangest cravings for food. Does it have anything to do with all the unprotected sex I've been having?

Pregnant in Peabody

Dear Peabody,

The symptoms you are displaying are typical of a broken arm. We'll just put you in a sling for three weeks and give you some painkillers. Also, you should drink lots and lots of alcohol and get into as many boxing matches as you possibly can. Oh, and also smoke a lot.

A Doctor in the Student Health Center

Dear Doctor,

Every time I see a girl I am attracted to, I get swellings in funny places. My mother says it's because I'm a sick, sick boy, so I figure a doctor should be able to help me. What should I do?

Lustful in Lupton

Dear Lustful,

What you have here is a classic case of spinal meningitis. I think I read about it once in Reader's Digest or Vogue or something. We have no idea how to cure this, so you will probably die. Hope this helps.

A Doctor in the Student Health Center

Hey Doc,

I was bitten by a raccoon the other day, and now I'm foaming at the mouth and attacking my friends. Also, when somebody rubs my belly my hind leg spasms like I'm trying to scratch an itch. Any idea what's going on?

Foaming in Furman

Dear Furman,

You seem to have a bit of the cough that has been going around campus. I'd advise you to come in, wait for a half hour, go into a small room with a nurse who will weigh you, take your blood pressure, and your temperature. After this, the best thing you could do would be to go back to the waiting room, wait for an hour, come into the small room with me where I will not even look at what the previous nurse has written down, put a stethoscope on your back, tell you to breathe, tell you to cough, think for about three seconds, then let you know you have a cough or something. Other than this, I can really offer no help except to tell you that you should come back in a week if you aren't feeling any better.

A Doctor in the Student Health Center

Doc,

I seem to have contracted some sort of illness. Recently I have moved into a new sewer which seems to be plagued with rats. Just the other day I found a lump under my armpit, today I have these black lumps all over my body, and I have become increasingly sickly feeling. I can't afford to purchase extra strength Tylenol (I do, after all, live in a sewer), and the normal strength variety simply isn't helping. What should I do?

Bubonic in Barnard

Dear Bubonic,

I believe I may just know what you have come down with. The black lumps and gradual dying all lead to one thing: carpal tunnel syndrome. What you need to do is get more calcium and stop typing on your computer until you have built up your strength. If this doesn't immediately yield results, you should go to a physical therapist. You also may have tennis elbow, so I would advise you to take a week or two off from going to the country club.

A Doctor in the Student Health Center

What's Up Doc,

I've been feeling odd lately. My heart has stopped beating and I'm really starting to smell. I think some of the skin on my arm is starting to decompose, and I have no blood pressure. I can't breathe and I've been lying completely still for several days. Worms are even gnawing at my brain and loose organs. Is there something wrong with me?

Dead in Dyer

Dear Dead,

Don't worry, what you have is nothing serious. I suspect you just have a bit of a head cold, or in the worst case, mild allergies. Do you find yourself sneezing around cats or in heavily wooded areas? You can easily cure this by going to an allergist and we can give you your allergy shots on a weekly basis. Oh, and on a personal note, don't be so melodramatic. It's just a bit of the sniffles - I'm not giving you a note.

A Doctor in the Student Health Center

Ask A Student Health Doctor is a nationally syndicated advice column appearing in over 1000 publications in North America. To ask The Doctor questions, email him at doctor@theslant.net.

Questions may be edited for length and clarity.