

## Dartmouth launches \$20 million money-saving campaign

### Plague of lions threatens Dartmouth experience

By CLAUDE BALLS  
The Dartmouth Staff

When a 400-pound adult male African lion tackled Allison Kinderbach '10 and ripped her face off in front of the Dartmouth Bookstore, Safety and Security were finally forced to admit that local lion levels are getting out of hand.

"We admit that things are getting out of hand," said Safety and Security chief Glen P. Rhyzoid. "But it's okay. President Kim is having a panel on it next week."

Though most of downtown Hanover is currently impassable due to the twenty to twenty-five full-grown, sleek-bodied, silky-maned lions patrolling silent-pawed between the gas station and the Hanover Inn, Rhyzoid says he assumes the problem will be solved at next Tuesday's

panel. "President Kim can solve anything," he said. "He can raise a million fucking dollars. He can kill tuberculosis, even though it's a thing you can't perceive or touch. I have confidence in President Kim. He will do something about our lion problem."

Currently, the lions are restricting themselves to Main Street. However, experts do not anticipate that they will remain this passive for much longer. "President Kim's first priority will be to find a way of safely feeding these lions," said Linda Greevis, an employee of the President's office. "That will prevent the lions from making vicious hunting forays onto the Green."

Greevis expressed concerns that the lions would eventually attack the Collis Center, particularly the Collis Café, in their attempts to find food. "But it's not like you should stop using the



Once the lions develop cavalry, we're all so fucked.

Last week, a \$20 million campaign focused on students' personal expenses was implemented on campus. It was directed towards students who, according to a school administrator, "waste countless amounts of money on unwise spending choices." The campaign hoped to discourage frivolous spending in times of economic turmoil in order to show students that the administration wants them to enjoy their college experience to the fullest.

Throughout the weeklong campaign, each day was a unique, exciting, and cost-free event, "dishing out" advice on how to stop splurging money. Monday was "Free Foco" day, offering free gourmet food in Thayer

See BUDGET, page 7

## Cereal killer strikes again

*Continues to delight, perplex Hanover Police*

By FRANK N. BERRY  
The Dartmouth Staff

In the latest in a series of violent and pun-based homicides, the body of a middle-aged male was found in a parking lot alongside a box of Raisin Bran.

The body was discovered,

decapitated, near a Toyota Camry to the southeast of town by a police officer, who proceeded to laugh heartily for several minutes.

Hanover Police sergeant Philip Huckles confirmed at a press conference that this slaying is being pursued as the work of the Cereal Killer.

"Check this out," he said from the podium, wiping a tear of laughter from his eyes. "Serial. Cereal. The words are spelled the same."

Huckles had several diagrams to clarify for reporters.

The body has been connected by police to a recent string of deaths involving grain-based breakfast foodstuffs. Forensics indicate the head had been severed with a shovel. The mouth had been filled with Raisin Bran.

"The guy's a comedic genius," one officer, who wished to remain anonymous, told The Dartmouth. "Each one has its own theme. My favorite was when he left a box of Cap'n Crunch by the dead hobo. With the sailor hat and the nautical jig playing on a Victrola? Freaking great stuff, man."

Other crime scenes have involved a Lucky Charms-inspired

See H-PO CHUCKLES, page 2

building, of course," she said. "I mean, we don't want these lions to impact the Dartmouth experience. That's the issue at stake here. Protecting the Dartmouth experience from lions."

Dartmouth students are understandably worried that the lions will negatively impact student life here at the College. "Lions are a real threat to the

See RAVENOUS LIONS, page 9

## H-Po bans fun

By QISTONE  
The Dartmouth Staff

At a meeting with local officials last Thursday, Hanover Police chief Nicholas Giaccone announced plans to use undercover informants in so called "sting operations," to combat the dangerous amount of fun had by Dartmouth students. "In the past year, the levels of smiling, laughing, and general enjoyment have increased to a worrying level," Giaccone stated with a

frown. "This has got to stop."

Hanover Police may now covertly send a student into activities such as dance parties, music concerts, or even frisbee games and have them report back any instances of undue positive emotion. If enough evidence of fun is presented, the police can issue punishments ranging from 100 hours of organizing the entire Medieval and Renaissance section in Baker Library to 100 years of

See SAD COPS BAN FUN, page 5

## BERRY ONE ACCEPTS ZOMBIE SALINGER



Though legendary American author J.D. Salinger has died, Dartmouth remains a welcoming, open space for his ambulatory corpse. Zombie Salinger continues to visit the news room and alarm sleeping freshmen.



Hanover Police usher away a fun-loving Dartmouth student in handcuffs, leaving the streets safe for reasonable people once again.



## DailyDebriefsing

## President Kim to Cut Budget, Local Hobo

In a statement sure to stun students and alumni alike, President Kim has announced plans to reduce College spending and the living capacity of a Hanover-native homeless man. "The time has come for Dartmouth to stop its prodigal investment schemes," Kim said to a crowd of onlookers, adding, "also, I'm going to stab this bum for fun." He then proceeded to brandish a switchblade while slicking back his hair. Asked if there was any connection between Dartmouth's recent financial crisis and his homicidal intentions, Kim said he simply enjoyed killing winos.

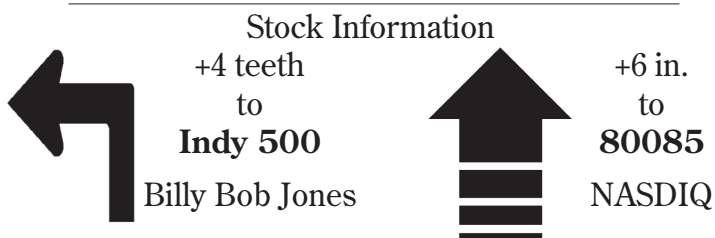
## Hero Dog Saves Prized Toy from Burning House; Leaves Owner Inside

Local dog, Angel, barely had time to escape from the towering inferno before its roof collapsed. Miraculously, however, he managed to find his favorite toy before he emerged to rescue by fire engine. He did not awake his owner, who is currently being treated for severe burn wounds and broken limbs at DHMC. The toy, a facsimile of a squirrel, which emits noises when bit, was salvaged from the flaming apartment, where it otherwise would have melted. According to neighbors, Angel's owner, Carrie Adams, stated Angel was "just as smart as a person and twice as faithful."

## SEIU Demands That Jobs Be Preserved by Tapping Money Tree

In light of the \$100 million budget deficit and rumored layoffs among Dartmouth staff members the local SEIU staged a protest demanding that instead of resorting to staff cuts, the College should simply make up the difference by obtaining funds from "the money tree." "That's how money happens, right?" said a DDS employee who wished to remain anonymous. "They just want to fire us so they can have the magical cash fountain all to themselves." The protestors also criticized the unnecessary funds directed toward faculty retention and student life, both of which reportedly detract from an institution in place to provide several hundred workers with foodservice jobs.

— Compiled by the Quotidian Reports of Recent Events in Underwear Association



**Corrections:** *The Dartmouth welcomes no corrections or clarifications. We voted ourselves infallible back in Vatican One. Our truth is the truth of GOD, motherfuckers.*

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*The Dartmouth* is a daily news publication...except for on Saturdays...and Sundays. But, I mean, we could totally publish on those days if we wanted to. It's just that on Saturdays, we're usually busy getting a good scrape and massage down in the local bathhouse. And on Sundays ... on Sundays ... well ... fuck you! That's how we roll.

For advertising info, pitch us your best stuff. We know how tough it can be, though, so we're not too picky. It's tough as hell being a salesman, always on the go, selling lameass shit nobody needs to dumb, ugly housewives. A salesman has got to dream, boy. It comes with the territory. Our old da was a salesman. He was on the road every day of our childhood, basically. On the road or in bars, drowning his sorrows. He wanted the good life, and he

never got it: he wanted a big house for his kids, big bay windows looking out on a lawn of roses and daffodils. And gazebos. He liked him a fancy white gazebo. Reminded him of his childhood, growing up in the old house with his dad—his dad the adventurer. "When I was seventeen, I walked into the jungle, and by twenty-one I walked out," he used to say. "And by god, I was rich!"

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*The Dartmouth* is published by a pack of lies.

## Jacko beats DFP to cunt

By BULGIVAJINA  
The Dartmouth Staff

The Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern struck a major blow against the Dartmouth Free Press today by becoming the first publication at Dartmouth to include the word 'cunt' in an article title. Writers at the Jacko claim that this definitively shows that they are way more edgy and badass than those at the DFP.

"They thought that their 'Fuck that Shit' columns made them the most radical, 'out there' publication on campus," said Jacko member Kenneth Brewkjlkski, "but now that we've put 'cunt' in an article title, we're clearly way ahead of

them in that department."

Jacko editor Horace Black agreed with this sentiment, declaring "cunt cunt cunt cuntity cunt. See, now that's seven times in an article body, too! Take THAT, DFP posers!"

Other members of the College were less impressed.

"Cunt was a bigger deal back in the 90's," said Amy Lang '10, "Plus, the Jacko only publishes stuff, like, every other year. To really establish themselves as the edgiest publication, they'd have to construct a bunch of snow penises on the Green or sacrifice a goat or something."

Meanwhile, Donald Ness '11, assistant editor of The Dartmouth

Review, was distressed by the lack of attention paid to his publication during this showdown.

"C'mon, everybody, doesn't anyone remember how awesomely offensive we've been over the past few years?" Ness said, "We put an Indian scalping somebody on the cover 3 years ago, for God's sake! That's way edgier than using some British swear word. Do we have to call for the expulsion of women to get respect here or what?" Ness then began drunkenly sobbing into a copy of Harold Bloom's "The Western Canon."

Reports that the DFP was planning on running an entire issue consisting solely of ethnic slurs could not be cuntfirmed.

## Killer puns 'kill' with police

H-PO CHUCKLES from page 1

leprechaun theme, genital mutilation, and a paper-mâché replica of the Froot Loops mascot Toucan Sam. It has been described by a nearby neighbor as "well-designed" and "horrific."

Despite local concerns, the police are still deliberating whether to focus efforts on catching the Cereal Killer or not.

Huckles adds, "It's really boosting morale, and God knows we need it. Listen, you don't seem to understand. He is a serial killer and he leaves cereal boxes at the crime scene. These words are what we call homophones."

"Hilarious," Huckles added.

Stella O'Brien, the lone survivor of the Cereal Killer, has been incapable of relaying much about her kidnapper's whereabouts or motives.

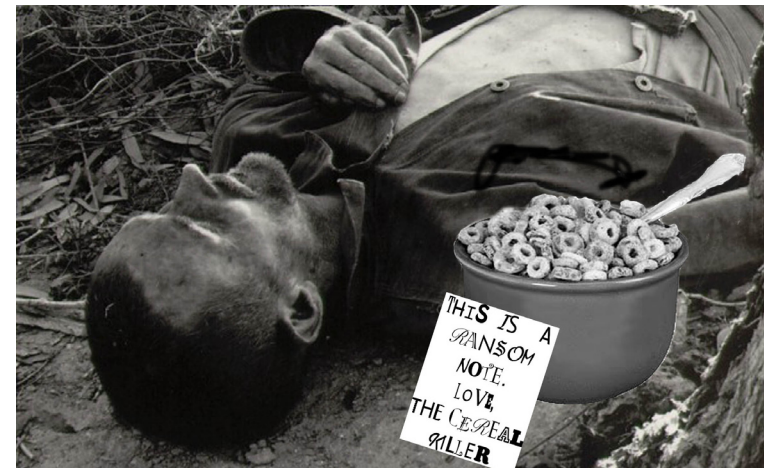
"[The Cereal Killer] put a mask around my face when he took me to this warehouse covered in

swastikas and pig's blood. He kept saying stuff about being 'Demeter arisen again' and that he was going to punish humanity for their sins," she told The Dartmouth, adding, "Then he fed me Rice Krispies."

O'Brien was quick to note that she felt no ill will towards the Cereal Killer, who was "actually

pretty good at puns."

Seventeen men, women, and children are known to have been murdered or abducted by the Cereal Killer. When asked for his opinion on the recent spout of egg product-related assault by the so-called Egg Beater, Huckles simply said, "That guy? Total hack."



The Cereal Killer claims another victim with his delicious wit.



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Issa you mama! Why you no come  
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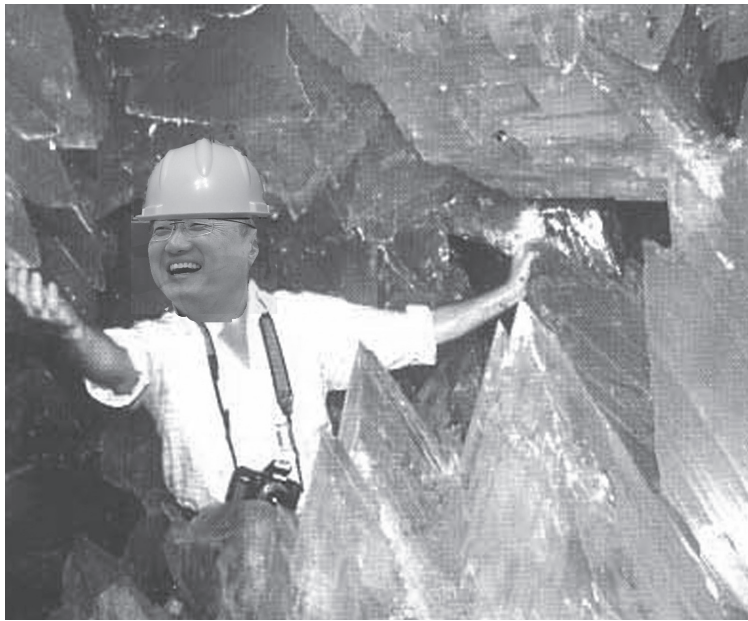


# Kim crushes coal with weight of own accomplishments

By ADAM SMASHING  
The Dartmouth Staff

Last week President Kim was scheduled to give a talk on respiratory health hazards at the New England Coal Miners Association conference in Rutland, Vt. However, midway through his introduction, when a summary of

we did the math, and if you take the length of Dr. Kim's career, twenty years, and multiply it by the amount of lives saved and infrastructure created by his initiatives, as well as the standard winning-at-life coefficient, you end up with an equivalent crushing force driven purely by superiority at everything, a force surely



President Kim exults in his newfound power.

his major accomplishments was listed, the sheer weight of all that Dr. Kim has done with his career crushed all of the coal in the nearby mine into priceless diamonds.

At 2:00 p.m., the organizer of the event and leader of the Coal Miners Association, Paul Vorhees, began introducing Dr. Kim by mentioning how he was a founding trustee of Partners In Health, then how he had been a leader of the World Health Organization's HIV/AIDS department, and proceeded to give a few other brief highlights. At 2:45 p.m., Vorhees was almost done listing those brief highlights when he reported hearing a rumbling noise.

"Somewhere between 'football quarterback' and 'basketball point-guard,' I heard something like the earth moving underneath us," Vorhees told The Dartmouth, "and I know we're nowhere near the fault line. I thought the mine had collapsed, so I left to go check it out, but when I entered, I saw this shimmering river of crystal!"

Scientists from the Thayer School of Engineering were employed to investigate this baffling incident.

"Normally, it takes a force of about 15,000 atmospheres of pressure over billions of years to turn coal into diamond," said Dr. Quentin Yang, leader of the investigative team. "However,

capable of doing what it did this Monday."

When it was reported to Dr. Yang that no human bodies were affected by the supposed pressure, he replied "Oh really? Ever notice how small you feel whenever you're near Dr. Kim? Luckily living tissue is porous enough that you just shrink instead of being crushed."

Upon discovering this new consequence of Dr. Kim's achievements, not only has the Miners Association benefited, but the College has gone from a budget deficit to a surplus in the space of three days. Tuck Business School calculates that every time Dr. Kim utters the words "Partners in Health," an international student can be admitted on a need-blind basis. Also, every time he eats a snack, five new cafeteria workers are hired.

When approached for comment about the incident, Dr. Kim said "Well, you see what hap—Hold on, I hear a kitten stuck in a tree in Malawi." He then raised his hands up into the air and flew into the upper atmosphere faster than the speed of sound.

Former College president James Wright, who had also witnessed the incident, when asked for comment, simply grunted and returned to digging out coal with his bare hands.

# Philosophy department ceases to exist

*Freshman proves hundreds of years of intellectual history irrelevant*

By FRED NIETZSCHE  
The Dartmouth Staff

In a shocking turn of events this week, Philosophy Department chair Dr. Barry Espinoza has announced the closing of the department and ceasing of all classes after one student reportedly "figured it all out." On Tuesday morning, Jason Briggs '13 came to Espinoza's Introduction to Philosophy class and, tightly clutching his copy of J.D. Salinger's "Catcher in the Rye," spent the entire 10A debating Espinoza. In the course of the class, Briggs managed to work out all of the intricacies of space, time, and human nature. They even figured out the very purpose of existence itself, proving both Espinoza's class and the entire study of philosophy pointless.

Accounts of the actual things said in the debate are sketchy. Witnesses were so moved by the incredible profundity of Briggs' rhetoric that they were moved to fits of convulsion and sobbing. In the process, however, they seem to have forgotten most of the substance of his arguments. But never before, they reported, has all of creation been so majestically probed someone still living off of his parents' money.

"So this is what it was all about. This is why I was put here," Monica Kells '12 said in an interview, after regaining her composure. "That is what the universe intends, as said through its human voice, Jason Briggs. The universe's ungroomed, mumbling voice." Several other members of the class were reported to have been stricken blind or deaf after Briggs, who typically waits for his roommate to fall asleep before masturbating, forced them to confront the ultimate Truth of Life.

"Despite having multiple degrees in philosophy," said a visibly shaken and trembling Espinoza, "and being familiar with every relevant part of the Western and Eastern canons, I've never read a word of Salinger. But this post-adolescent has managed to weave from this prophetic text an enlightened understanding of life, the universe, and everything. He punched humongous holes in every one of my ideas, arguments, and long-held, grad-school-educated beliefs. I was forced to admit defeat." Espinoza then produced his PhD and used it to wipe a lone tear rolling down his

cheek.

"It's pointless for us to continue teaching when he knows more than we ever can," Espinoza continued while slipping on his new Arcade Fire shirt. "This teenager who has never left the country is the one who can show you the way! He has all the answers!"

**"It's pointless for us to continue teaching when he knows more than we ever can,"**

All philosophy degree programs at the college are now officially discontinued, and Thornton Hall is scheduled to be razed to make room for the new "Church of Briggs," where the official male dress code shall be an indie band shirt, dark peacoat, and women's pants.

Many current philosophy majors are surprisingly undisturbed by the decision.

"Well, it's not like I was going to get a job with that degree anyway," said former Philosophy major Adam Fineman '11. "Maybe now I can develop some other skills besides bullshitting." When The Dartmouth attempted to reach Briggs for comment, he was too busy listening to Coheed and Cambria and smoking clove cigarettes.



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# Aramna complains about being ignored

By HUZIT  
The Dartmouth Staff

After apparently feeling left out of the recent debate about social spaces on campus, members of the co-ed organization Aramna are speaking out.

"We want to let people know that we are an alternative to the fraternities," someone from Nanarma, probably its president, said in a statement sent to The Dartmouth and skimmed over by our mail-readers. "It's unfair to mention the co-ed Greek houses,

Panarchy, the Dartmouth Outing Club, and even Foley House before mentioning us," the Armada member continued. "Does anyone even know where Foley House IS?"

See AROMA, page 6



## Sweat Bootler

## Excuse Me, May I Please Stare at Your Tits?

Hi there, how's it going? Having fun tonight? Awesome. Look, I'm going to be completely frank with you here—I've been standing right over there in that corner of the basement for the last 15 minutes or so and it's been very hard for me to resist the temptation to ogle you like the disgusting pig you probably assume I am, so I thought it would be best if I asked you directly: would it be acceptable if I spent some time staring at your breasts?

I realize that this probably isn't a question you get very often and, to be honest, I'm hoping that my refreshing directness works in my favor here. Most guys would probably just stand about ten feet away and divide their time evenly between making inane conversation and lapping in your perfectly proportioned breasts with their eyes, but clearly—as evidenced by the fact that I'm telling you these things now—I am not “most guys.” I call ‘em like I see ‘em and, let me tell you, I call those babies delectable.

Honestly, if this type of flattery doesn't earn me at least 90 seconds of uninterrupted appreciation of your chest then I don't know what possibly could, but in any case I've prepared a list of reasons why you should allow me to undress you in my head for a couple of minutes:

1. I'm very intoxicated—I don't know if you noticed, but before I came over to talk to you I'd been playing pong for a while (four games, in case you came in late) and judging by the volume of my voice and number of spills on the front of my shirt it's likely that you can guess at my overall level of drunkenness. I'm not saying that this in any way earns me the right to stare at you barbarically, but that you shouldn't judge me as a person for it.

2. Your shirt—no one's here to judge, but I believe that if you didn't want your breasts to be among the hottest conversation topics in the basement you would never have put that shirt on in the first place. The only way your intentions could be clearer would be if the shirt also said “I want everyone to look at my chest, then my face. In that order.” Perhaps the clothing designer intended to print that statement on your garment but for the lack of fabric space. Come on now, this is New Hampshire. Put some clothes on or be less offended at ogling dudes—you can't have it both ways.

3. My good intentions—You'll note that as of this point in the conversation I have yet to make any reference to any sexual activity that may or may not occur between us. I came over here with the intention of obtaining permission to visually appreciate your titties and nothing more; to be perfectly honest, it seems unlikely I'd even be able to get it past half-mast at this point. If, however, I've somehow done something to make hooking up a possibility, rest assured that I would bring my “A” game—those funbags deserve nothing less.

In summary, you have fantastic breasts, I'm hammered, and I'd like to stare at them without getting slapped in the face. I'm not even asking you to take your shirt off or anything in that barbaric vein, as that deep v-neck gives me all the perspective I need. Also, for what it's worth, my eyes have been locked on your chest for the duration of this conversation.

Hey, where are you going?

*Sweat Bootler '13 is a contributing columnist and kind of a sketch.*

## THE DARTMOUTH EDITORIAL BOARD

## ULTIMATE VERBS

The Dartmouth's staff performs its job every day fully aware of its responsibilities. We are responsible not just to the Dartmouth community, but to the Upper Valley community as a whole. We are responsible for being an unimpeachable bastion of journalistic integrity, a resource for everything that people want out of a newspaper, and we want to take this time to reassure to you our dedication to the most important of those principles: To never, ever challenge your opinion.

The status quo is what drives the evolution of mankind. If things don't stay exactly as they are, humanity cannot better itself, which is why The Dartmouth realizes it must answer the call to report to you the consensual opinions that you already hold.

We hope you appreciate the efforts we take every day to let you, The Dartmouth readers, hear the sound of your own voices. and how beautiful they sound. Be assured that your ideas about the day's issues will never be threatened by things like investigation, reflection, and contemplation.

Think the Greek system needs a change? We think so, too. Think the Greek system is an invaluable part of the Dartmouth experience? We agree. As the main forum of discussion for the Dartmouth community, we will continue to broadcast the opinion that is most en vogue. We will continue to concentrate our effort into our magnum opus of creativity, the Mirror. We will never fail in our continuing duty to inform the Dartmouth community of the important facts, like the fact that Dartmouth students drink a lot and that freshmen don't know shit.

If there is one bit of self-criticism that we at The Dartmouth could offer, it is maybe that we just aren't inoffensive enough. Perhaps we haven't exerted the full passion for blandness that we are capable of exerting. It is up to you, Dartmouth readers, to let us know how we can better serve your need to have a publication that excels in catching the drippings off your morning Billy Bob. Let us know how we can continue to strive for such quality that will make you get out of your seat and ecstatically proclaim: “MEH.”

## Pox Genitalis!

Dear President Jim Yong Kim,


It seems almost superfluous to introduce myself—after all, being the President of this distinguished institution of higher learning; you surely are familiar with the important role the Crenshaws have played in its history. For example, my father, Princeton Crenshaw IV, invented the Green for the purpose of grazing well-bred polo ponies. Hanover town land indeed! But as fascinating as my family's history is, my mission today is of a much more serious nature. I write to you of the budget crisis. Budget crisis! Outrageous! Indeed, the shock of the news so shocked me that I spilled my glass of Tokay in my enormous mansion's luxurious pool room and ruined forever a beautiful panda-skin rug. My grandfather Quentin Crenshaw used to say to me: “Remember, Dixon, many things change for those poor wretches, but, thanks to our cushion of vast and disgusting wealth, we will always experience calm.” He must be rolling in his grave to see his dear College in such a commoner's situation! Since when did an institution such as ours worry about money? 'Tis a problem for lesser colleges, colleges like that little school in Cambridge that my butler attended.

I could fill a thousand sheaves with my outrage at the College blundering into such a bourgeois situation. But as I tend to be a more progressive type, I would

like to present you with some suggestions to solve this shameful crisis. I know that my wife spends a lot of our money on silly things like shoes and clothes. I indulge her feminine habits, but they cost me dearly. Word has reached me that recently the college began admitting women. Women! They are fine creatures, but their habits must cost the college quite a sum. I am willing to wager my finest Moroccan racehorse that women, with their attraction to things like sundresses or corsets, cause the deficit. Either a cheaper source of clothes must be found, or they must be made to go naked. Surely, during most seasons of the year, that would be a not-unattractive proposition for most of the fine young gentlemen now enrolled.

I am sure that unwise spending had something to do with it as well. Instead of pouring so much money into unnecessary projects for antisocial young men like that new mathematics and brain-science building, why not build something that will actually improve the education of these young folks—like, perhaps, a new golf course? I am told that the one currently is so ill-maintained that the grass sometimes rises more than half an inch! I know that you take these suggestions seriously, Mr. Kim, and once you do, let us only hope that Dartmouth will continue to be for future Crenshaws what it was for past Crenshaws, a haven for the well-bred, where young men may walk the broad Green, perhaps conversing with other well-bred young men about the affairs of the world, or the best docking locations for yachts in Martha's Vineyard, or their taste in skinny white women, or even the nuances of wine tasting, in the knowledge that it remain forever thus, and forever Dartmouth. Lest the old traditions fail.

SINCERELY,  
DIXON DUSHÉ CRENSHAW

| <br>AMERICA'S OLDEST COLLEGE PARODY. FOUNDED 1909. |   |
|---|---|
| <b>OPTIMATES</b>  | <b>POPULARES</b>                                    |
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| <b>ASSISTANTS TO THE STAFF</b>  | <b>ASSISTANT MANAGERS</b>                           |
| MAMA'S LITTLE HELPER, ASSISTANT TO MR. GILLIS   | HIS HOLINESS POPE BENEDICT XVI, MANAGER OF THE SOUL |
| HAMBURGER HELPER, ASSISTANT TO MR. CASTILLO   | HIS HOLINESS JAMES BROWN,                           |
| WIKIPEDIA, ASSISTANT TO EVERYBODY   | MANAGER OF THE SOUL EMERITUS                        |
| HEARING AID, ASSISTANT TO GRANDPA   | CHICKEN SOUP, ASSISTANT MANAGER OF THE SOUL         |
| PEPPER SPRAY, ASSISTANT TO GRANDMA,   | DR. SCHOLL, MANAGER OF THE SOLE                     |
| ENEMY OF MR. BUNTZ  | LEE MYUNG-BAK, MANAGER OF THE SEOUL                 |
| ERIC WHINER, ASSISTANT TO MR. GOLDBERG  | KIM JONG-IL, MANAGER OF THE SEOUL (DISPUTED)        |
| A LITTLE JOHN COLTRANE AND A PINT OF ALE,   | SOL, DAY MANAGER                                    |
| ASSISTANT TO MR. BUNTZ  | THE MAN IN THE MOON, NIGHT MANAGER                  |
| INTERNET PORN, ASSISTANT TO THE ALONE...  | THE MAN IN THE SUN, DAY MANAGER EMERITUS            |
| OKAY, TO EVERYBODY  | THE MONSTER IN YOUR CLOSET, NIGHT MANAGER EMERITUS  |
| MR. CIRCULAR-LOGIC, ASSISTANT TO THE ASSISTANT  | ...OR IS IT?  |
| BELLHOP, ASSISTANT TO YA, GUVNA'?   | KING ARTHUR, KNIGHT MANAGER                         |
| HIS INVISIBLE FRIEND GODFREY, ASSISTANT TO MR. NEFF   | JOAN OF ARC, KNIGHT WOMANAGER                       |

## Submissions

The Dartmouth welcomes letters and columns written by elderly alumni which embarrass the school and make us all seem like assholes. They can be delivered to the Editor-in-Chief by snail, stagecoach, and “E”-mail. We'll print anything if it's embarrassing enough. In addition, we would like to strongly encourage any and all individuals, regardless of their age, relevancy to the college, or state of mental illness, to comment on the Board of Alumni situation. It's our favorite topic! We can't get enough of it! WE CAN'T.



# Hanover's new zero-fun tolerance

SAD COPS BAN FUN from page 1

working at the heating plant.

The announcement elicited shouts from student organizations, who insisted that the new policy will cause Dartmouth to be a sorrowful and introspective campus and that the elimination of fun will only drive happiness underground. "College students will find a way to have fun, whether it be at a community bake sale or by secretly playing Minesweeper in their own dorm rooms," said student leader Al Fadelt. "We don't want people to play Minesweeper, now, do we?"

Giaccone continued to glare stoically as he pointed to a graph colored in shades of drab gray. "As you can see here, the number of students who have laughed at the name 'Dick's House' has risen in the past three years. The amount of happiness at Dartmouth is disgraceful when compared to other campuses such as Harvard University and Cornell." These two schools had implemented similar fun-elimination plans in the past. "But Harvard and Cornell are preppy shitholes!" said Joe Asch '79, former petition candidate for the Dartmouth Board of Trustees. Asch walked up to Giaccone and slapped him on the shoulder. "Come on, Nicky, remember that time back in '78? Come oooooon, Nickyyyyyy, gimme a smile. Everyone's gotta have a little fun in their life, eh?"

"If I can't have fun, then no one can!" Giaccone shouted before ending the meeting and breaking down into angry sobs. Following the meeting, student leaders quickly drafted a plan to make sure students act with appropriate levels of happiness. Safety and Security has offered to assist students by following Giaccone around playing old gramophone records and emo music. "Nick can be a downer sometimes," said Safety and Security chief Sam Goode, adding, "He really needs to take a chill pill." Student leaders are optimistic that the Hanover Police will be cooperative with their plan to lessen the amount of fun on campus gradually through a series of mandatory panels and information sessions for incoming freshmen. When presenting their five-year plan, they assured Hanover Police that Dartmouth will soon become significantly more dreary and boring by 2015.

When asked for comment, President Jim Yong Kim simply grinned and chuckled.

# Sphinx enforces riddle rule strictly

By SOPHIE CLEESE  
The Dartmouth Staff

Students, faculty, and Hanover residents alike were saddened yesterday afternoon by the loss of Timothy Ticklington '12, murdered in cold blood by the Sphinx building on East Wheelock street after he failed to answer the riddle it posed him.

Ticklington, known to his friend as "Tickles," had been walking to Alumni Gym with friends when he disobeyed traditional Dartmouth custom and wandered too close to the imposing cement structure. As is its custom, the Sphinx requested that Ticklington answer a riddle before passing. It is not clear whether Ticklington was unable to answer the riddle or whether he refused to do so.

"It all happened so quickly," said Daisy Scotchhopper '12, a friend of Ticklington's who was accompanying him to the gym at the time. "We were all walking from the Fayerweathers to the gym, and Tickles wasn't paying attention to where he was going. Next thing you know we hear this low, rumbling voice. Before we could even figure out what was going on, Tickles had vanished in a poof of blood and viscera." The

method of Ticklington's murder remains unclear.

It is possible that a sort of stony arm extended forth from the building and butchered him faster than could be seen by the human eye. It is also possible that the sheer oppressive force of Dartmouth privilege and old-boy prestige lanced out from the edifice like forked lightning and blasted him like a turnip caught in a clean cycle. Most likely, however, the Sphinx simply used its arcane and otherworldly powers, granted though dark congress with the gods themselves, to rend Ticklington in twain.

Whatever the means, the majority of that block of East Wheelock was doused in blood, with little bits of flesh and undigested food from the stomach adorning the splatter, causing the whole scene to look like a cheeseless mushroom pizza from the air.

Small pieces of Ticklington's body are currently being gathered from the surrounding area by authorities. Earlier this morning the lower left leg was found stuck into the trunk of a nearby tree, the sharp, jagged edges of the snapped fibula and tibia driven deep into the wood, most of the flesh and clothing already stripped away by

the starving Alpha Delta dogs. Later on, a single eyeball was discovered in an bird's nest, and the fingers of the right hand were seen across the street, having punctured the tire of a parked car. Most spectacularly, the spleen was recovered in the second floor weightlifting area of the gym, where it landed after hurtling through the iconic front window.

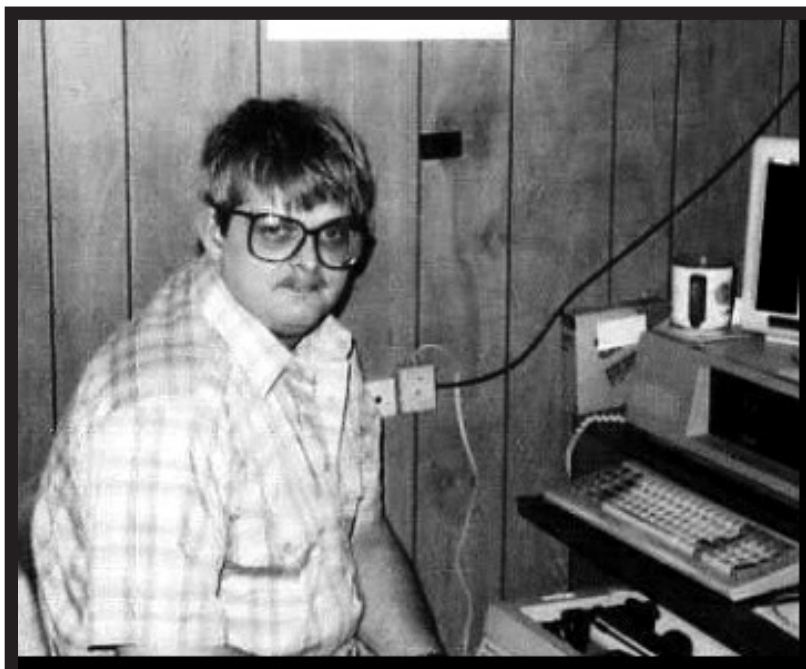
The Hanover Police Department is currently investigating the murder, though they are admittedly far from getting anywhere with the case. "There isn't that much evidence to work with because there is not much of the guy [Ticklington] left," said Sergeant Stanley Squarenuts of the Hanover Police as he tugged absent-mindedly on a length of small intestine hanging from the tree branch above him. "There is just a bunch of red stuff [blood] everywhere, like when my wife runs out of Maxipads."

When asked if he has considered questioning the Sphinx, Officer Squarenuts replied incredulously, "Questioning? If we get close to that thing it might ask us a riddle, and no one at the station can figure out shit like that. It's too hard. What walks on four legs in the morning? Whatever. We

have tried talking to the resident expert, Oedipus [T. Rex '11, president of the Dartmouth Riddle Society], but he won't return any of our calls—that motherfucker."

Though the reaction of the police to the murder has consisted of commentary like, "Wow, look how far that disembodied hip bone was thrown," the reaction by the College has been swift and forward thinking. A candlelight vigil will take place on Friday in honor of Ticklington. Due to a lack of funds, his vigil will be combined with a vigil in honor of terminated Dartmouth staff; students have simply been asked to pretend it is for the student affectionately known as "Tickles."

"Our heartfelt condolences are with the Ticklington family in this time of grief," said President Kim in a press conference yesterday. "However, he pretty much should have known that you don't fuck with rich alumni. Hell, even I learned that." Added Kim somewhat hopefully, "We will be working with members of the Riddle Society to promote riddle-education on campus so that this does not happen again." So far, at least, the campus has heeded the Sphinx's bloody warning to stay away.



**NEW  
ADVANCED  
COURSE IN  
THE COMP SCI  
DEPARTMENT!**

**COSC 80: Introduction to Virginity  
Might as well get used to it now!**

**Class meets twice a week:  
Fridays and Saturdays at 10PM  
(It's not like you have a social life or anything)**



# Sun God may be responsible for UFO landing on Green

By ALIAN

The Dartmouth Staff

Last Friday, around 4:00 a.m., Safety and Security officers were called to the Green due to reports of suspicious behavior. Upon arriving at the Green, S&S officers found the Sun God twirling his light-saber and “rocking out to Pink Floyd,” as described by officer Sam Samson. At about this time there were reports of an unidentified flying object hovering above Dartmouth Hall. Safety and Security are currently investigating the possibility of a connection between the two events.

Several eyewitnesses have come forward to describe that evening's events. “He was definitely kind of summoning this UFO. I think. Maybe,” said Big McLargehuge '11. “I was actually pretty drunk, so maybe you should ask someone else.”

Other eyewitness reports describe the spacecraft. “At first there was a huge glowing light, like a sphere of light. All the people started coming out and walking toward it,” said Cid Head '12.

According to Head's report the UFO emitted a series of five synthesized musical tones. “It was totally trying to communicate with us, or something.” The Sun God reportedly attempted to address the UFO through the twin media of glow-in-the-dark martial arts demonstration and classic rock. The UFO appears to have taken the gesture as hostile, obliterating Dartmouth Hall with a green ray

of light. Having done so, the UFO departed.

The Sun God will be held responsible for the damages pending an S&S investigation, says Samson. If the Sun God is held responsible, he will be forced to pay a fine of \$1,769,000 or perform 9,000 hours of community service in the form of “not being so goddamn creepy.” The Sun God, when asked for comment, replied in the form of a beautiful, but as of yet indecipherable dance.

# Freshman does everything there is to do

By SUNOVE ABETCH

The Dartmouth Staff

Alisha McThompson '13 recently set a new Dartmouth record, by setting all Dartmouth records. In a few months she shattered all Dartmouth athletic records, received A+'s in all of her classes, and logged over 1,400 hours of community service. This incredible feat, accomplished over the course of her first three terms, came as no surprise to her.

In high school, McThompson was on at least one varsity sport every semester, took every AP twice, edited the school

newspaper, and was founder and captain of her school's Mediate Team, which is like Debate Team but the complete opposite. “When I came to Dartmouth,” she said, “I thought, ‘It's just another school. Of course I can expect to keep getting all A's while joining every club and sport!’ So, I did.”

According to many prospective '14s, McThompson's success is what inspired them to apply to Dartmouth so that they might some day meet her. Other '14s have dropped out of school to become alcoholics.

When asked about her social life, McThompson said that she

always makes time to hang out with friends. McThompson's friends have been quoted as saying, ‘Why are you so busy?’ and ‘Stop being good at stuff’ and ‘You're such a showoff’ and ‘We hate you.’

Among Dartmouth students, McThompson has made her reputation as the girl who single-handedly completed the Dartmouth Seven in her first week. She has also maintained the highest average blood alcohol content of any student, while still outperforming her peers in academics and athletics. Witnesses also report that during the WiRED 24-hour theater marathon, the entire audience was in tears at the end of McThompson's performance in a 12-minute play.

At the Dartmouth Office of Records and Plaques (DORP), McThompson's success has sparked some controversy. DORP has received complaints from both the athletic department, the Dean of Publicity, and the EPA, who say that every time McThompson sets a new record, 7 student-athletes quit their teams, 4 honor students commit suicide, and a baby seal dies, respectively. Jim Hodgeberry, head of DORP, commented on this. “McThompson has changed the way we do things around here,” he said. “Most notably, she set a record for most records set by anyone ever. Which is, of course, a compounding problem.”

Hodgeberry suggests that we mortals make sacrifices to College President Jim Yong Kim so that he might form another worldwide organization and tip the balance away from McThompson.



The Sun God and students meet their new friend/overlord.

## ENVS 420

Personal Horticulture  
10X with Prof. Chong

Monday, Tuesdays,  
Tuesdays...I'm hungry



## Student org. Banarna feels neglected

AMORE from page 3

The Dartmouth's fact-checkers report that Armenia was formed in 1995 by a group of people, probably Dartmouth students. Albanians occupy a house on East Wheelock Street beyond the borders of the scope of The Dartmouth's damn-givers. Since its inception, Narnia has formed a tradition of offering alternative social events like Wine and Cheese, and other events that may or may not involve wine and/or cheese.

See MARMALADE, page 9



# Greek system conquered by Romans

By CALLYGVLA  
The Dartmouth Staff

Dartmouth's social scene became forever altered yesterday when the entire Greek system found itself conquered by the Roman empire. The takeover was swift, as the drunken swings of frat boys were no match for the disciplined brutality of the Roman pledges. Dartmouth's new masters displayed their strength by replacing the Greek Leadership Council with a Senate and abolishing "degenerate" letters such as delta, sigma, and theta. Those who resisted were crucified atop Parkhurst or dispatched as slaves to the Roman capital at Berry College in Rome, Georgia, where they will battle to the death on the football field for their masters' enjoyment.

The takeover was not entirely unexpected, as the Romans had already seized control of Ithaca and Athens and their respective schools Cornell and Georgia. Additionally, the entire population of Syracuse University was recently put to the sword. Initially, the Romans had intended to leave

Dartmouth alone, but this decision was reversed as the Romans sought to consolidate their position in the area after their destruction of Carthage, Maine.

Shortly after the takeover, it was announced that the Romans plan to replace

Drinking parties and the occasional hosting of an a cappella or improv performance will likely be replaced by orgies, bacchanalia, and the feeding of kidnapped rival house members to lions.

Keggy with Jvupiter or, alternatively, to simply suggest that Keggy and Jvupiter are the same entity.

Campus social events figure to be significantly altered by the switch. Mundane drinking parties and the occasional hosting of an a cappella or improv performance will likely be replaced by orgies, bacchanalia (feared by a new beerqueduct being built from a Manchester brewery), and the feeding of kidnapped rival house members to lions. Beer pong shall remain, but will now feature new rules enabling the decapitation of defeated opponents and the use of blood in place of beer.

Not all activities will survive, however, noted Gaivs Jvlivs Brvtvs, the new emperor of the recently renamed Sigma Phi Epsilon fraternity, now known as SFe.

"The gay sex has got to go. no more of that."

# Saving money with money

BUDGET from page 1

Dining Hall with money-saving tips printed on all napkins, lobster bibs, cutlery, and fortune cookies. The economics department gave out foot massages and pedicures, lecturing about inflation while oiling student feet.

On Wednesday, all classes were cancelled and students were encouraged to fill out scholarship and grant applications while enjoying a relocated and rescheduled Bonnaroo Music Festival on the Green. Booths were offering application help, signed shirts and albums, and financial aid advice from varying artists such as Jay-Z, Radiohead, and Daft Punk. Students camped on the Green throughout the night to enjoy the performances while being awarded money.

The Office of Financial Aid feels like the week greatly enhanced student awareness of their personal financial situations and why the College was the best place to be spending their money for education. "We want students

that can effectively take care of their finances without worrying so they can enjoy the finer things this school can provide for them," said a topless financial aid advisor during the Jay-Z set, "excuse me, WOOOOOOOOO!!!"

However, students didn't seem to be satisfied with the administration's plan. Rob Banks '11 said, "They could be spending a LOT more money on getting us to be fully aware of how to take care of our money. I mean, they couldn't even get Lady Gaga to play here. They're just not trying hard enough, it's pathetic." He left abruptly to feed the bonfire some more \$100 bills and trust funds.

Despite disgruntled students, Friday concluded with the term ending early and students sent home with tickets to the "Conserve Your Money the Easy Way" panel/premiere of the "Superman vs. Captain America" movie in Los Angeles. Students who attended arrived via red carpet and had VIP passes to meet Stan Lee and director Steven Spielberg to discuss cheaper meal plans.

# Food Court convicts Motz Gang of delicious mischief

*Villainous gang stuffed into prison, will stew for their crimes*

By PETEZAHUT  
The Dartmouth Staff

THAYER HALL - The notorious Mozzarella Stick Gang came to justice yesterday when a jury of their peers found them guilty of 1st-degree delicious mischief after a grueling ten-day trial.

Analysts at the trial, presided over by High Food Court judge Hans Burger, say the verdict was sealed when witness testimony vividly reconstructed the violence committed against the group's typically drunken victims.

"There was one guy who was just so wasted he could barely talk," witness Billy Bob Jr. said on the stand, "but they just ganged up on him and began to shove themselves into his mouth. It was just so reprehensible ... so

indefensible ... so delectable ... I couldn't stand to watch the rest of it."

Other testimony described such acts as the "Motz Gang" vandalizing paper take-out containers with grease stains, assaulting and destroying private hunger, and even brazenly forcing the entire grill line to wait up to twenty minutes just so they could inflict their zesty, saucy brand of violence on them.

The conviction comes after a lengthy attempt by the defense to convince the court that the defendants were mentally ill and not aware of their actions, however the jury decided that "insanely tasty" was not a real mental disorder.

Despite the failed insanity

plea, the defense still attempted to convince the jury that the Motz Gang's actions were not entirely their own fault.

"When you grow up in an unsavory area like my clients have," said attorney Harold Banana, "you have little choice but to become spoiled rotten. Today's society will often chew you up and spit you out if you're not willing to take up a life of luscious, cheesy crime!"

Victims' families in the audience were elated to hear the verdict. "We're glad the food legal system prevailed today," said an onlooker who wished to remain anonymous. "I hope to see them fry for this."

Mr. Banana is currently looking to appeal.

COME TO THE  
DARTMOUTH PASSIVE AGGRESSIVE SOCIETY  
MEETINGS MONDAY @10PM

... Or not.

... It's not like we really care...

... I mean, it's not like our feelings are affected at all.

... No, just go ahead. Go to your acapella group practice or Cabin and Trail or whatever. We'll just sit here and keep doing our thing because our very existence doesn't depend on membership or anything like that...





The Dartmouth Wind Symphony  
presents their joint concert this Saturday with the  
Earth, Water, Fire, and Heart Symphonies.

With special guest conductor Captain Planet

Buy your recycled ticket at the Hop Box office now.  
Student I.D. : \$50 Regular : \$5,000



# English prof to teach course on Victorian Erotica, crippling loneliness

By HUGEDICKENS  
The Dartmouth Staff

In order to combat what he calls “a grievous lack of 18th century erotic education and the social void which is [his] life,” Professor Arnold T. Whitmore of the English department will begin lecturing on Victorian sexuality this coming term.

The course, subtitled *The Sexualized Corset and Fetish of Bare Ankles*, will be listed under English 046, and open to all enrolled students.

Whitmore said he is intrigued by the possibility of exploring gender boundaries and marriage issues in the context of the 1800’s and filling the emptiness deep, deep within the shattered husk that is his heart.

“I want to know what friendship is,” Whitmore said in a recent interview with *The Dartmouth*.

Whitmore was inspired to create the class one night while at his bachelor apartment in West Lebanon, as a lurching sense of his own lack of intimate relationships of any kind dawned on him.

“Suddenly, the idea just clicked with me. It had to be done,” Whitmore continued.

He was reportedly lying on his living room couch, eating take-out Arby’s for the fifth time that week when the concept for the course occurred to him. Sources tell reporters he was in all likelihood watching reruns of “Golden Girls” in the dark.

“Off the record, I just really like breasts. My dear, I’m getting excited right now thinking about them, you know?”

The primary texts for the course, “Her Ample Bosom” and “Voluptuous Experiences of an Old Maid” will be read as historical artifacts of an age of sexual

repression under the rule of a highly structured hierarchy. They will also likely serve as a metaphor for Whitmore’s own sexual inadequacies and failings.

“Off the record, I just really like breasts,” Whitmore said. “My dear, I’m getting excited right now thinking about them, you know?”

Asked what he meant, Whitmore began weeping.

“I am so terribly, terribly alone,” he added.

The classes will be taught on campus, although Whitmore is quick to note he is not against

extracurricular work for students.

“If any of my pupils are interested, we could check out a movie afterwards, or you know, just get something to eat,” Whitmore commented, adding, “My treat.”

“Have you guys seen “Shutter Island” yet?” he asked.

But Whitmore, not content to merely lecture to students, is also hosting several discussion panels on the topic sometime this spring. They will include tea, scones, and an unmistakable impression of Whitmore’s self-hatred and handicapping social fears.

Colleen Wade, an expert in post-colonial studies in the English department, had the following to say about Whitmore.

“[Professor Whitmore] is a fellow professor in my department. To be honest I don’t really know him that well. Every couple of weeks he’ll bring in bagels. They’re okay bagels, I suppose. I think one time he was going to speak to me out in the parking lot, but he only opened his mouth and stood there for a while. I wasn’t sure what to do, so eventually I just left.”

As of press time, preparations for the class have been going smoothly, although Whitmore has yet to find a way out of the casket that is his profound sense of aloneness.

# Two person panel debates seeing other people

By FAKEY MCPUNNAME  
The Dartmouth Staff

During a hastily planned conference in Morrison Commons last Wednesday at 8:00 p.m., a two-person panel discussed the pros and cons of downgrading their relationship status from “seriously dating” to “just friends.” Dr. James K. Thornton, 41, professor of neurology, spoke in favor of a break up while Mary Elizabeth Anderson, 38, professor of political science, advocated staying together.

Throughout the hour-long conference, several key points were reiterated numerous times. Among the most notable was Thornton’s assessment of Anderson’s character, which he described as “clingy, overbearing, and immature.” He also cited strong suspicions that Anderson killed his pet parakeet and replaced it with another, similar one while he was attending a convention in Boston.

While Anderson objected to this statement, Thornton asserted, “Well Paul [O’Brien, 41, a professor of geology at Amherst] thinks the bird is different, and we both know how observant he is.”

Anderson, not deterred by O’Brien’s testimony responded,

“The only problem with this relationship is that you [Thornton] have a fear of commitment. Other than that, we are perfect for each other.” When Thornton questioned her about what makes them the perfect couple, Anderson pulled a prepared Venn diagram out of her 3-ring binder. “As you can see”, she said, “we overlap in 11 of the 12 key areas [of human compatibility].”

This last comment prompted Thornton to spend the last five minutes of the conference talking about how his ex-girlfriend is superior to Anderson in every respect.

The conference ended when Anderson burst into tears and ran out of the room.

Like most panel discussions, the handful of students who witnessed this event did not ask any questions, but instead listened in complete silence.

When asked about the panel, students noted “it would be rude to interrupt” and “it’s really none of my business.” One student, however, who wished to remain anonymous, said, “Dude, I got all this shit on camera. Professor Thornton better give me an A on my midterm or this goes on YouTube and he never gets laid again.”

# Students Occuse Dartmouth of bAd Coopyediting

By ANDNOSLIMSKY  
The Dartmouth Staff

In A letter two teh Dartmovth offices this mourning, english prefesser Tmo adnerson curtisized the plubicasion for not porperly corercting it’s speeling mistkates and etiding errors before publiching. “not language is proper Dartmovth the spelling not from here to the the”, rot prefesser Dandersen, “collige stewdents shud atr leest halve a basic understanding of thorthography”.

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Hey Fred, make sure to edit this before it goes to the printer, okay?

# Lions menace small college feel

RAVENOUS LIONS from page 1

‘small liberal arts school’ feel,” said Frank Cheung, ’13. “I didn’t join Dartmouth for lions. I joined it for small class sizes, research opportunities, and the ability to safely cross the Green while drunk at three in the morning.”

It is not known how the lions initially arrived in Hanover. They were first spotted by Kinderbach: she was savaged by the beasts, who carried her bleeding body with their teeth and claws for several minutes before padding off towards 5 Olde. “I saw it,” said Joanne Plout ’12. “From kind of a distance. It was super scary.” Plout has expressed interest in holding

a dinner event on the attacks, or perhaps starting a student group in support of lion-attack victims. “I could make posters and put them up in Novack or something,” Plout said.

After feeding the lions, Kim will reportedly investigate ways to remove them from the immediate Dartmouth area. “He’s going to talk about the specifics at the panel,” Greevis said. “I mean, it’s really difficult to catch lions and stuff, so don’t expect him to be really specific about it. He’ll give broad hints.” Greevis noted that ‘feeding extra staff to lions’ was likely going to come up. “Go on,” she said. “I dare you. Have a vigil.”

# Mahnamahna tired of being the forgotten student group

PANAMA from page 6

In an attempt to increase its visibility on campus, Macaca will be holding an open house some time this week. Ramalama will most likely blitz out about it with details.

Shanana doesn’t seem too discouraged by the lack of

attention, though, no matter how hard they try.

“If we are just given a chance to show who we are to the campus at large,” the Yomama member continued, “perhaps more students will consider joining Amarna [sic] in the future.”



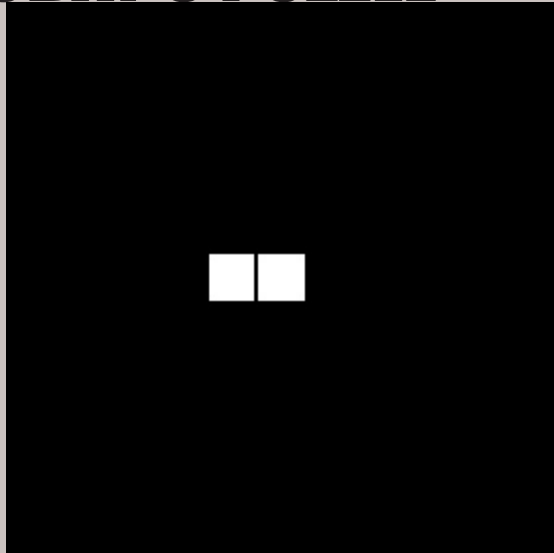


### Spanish 001\*: Talking Very Loudly And Slowly In English

\*Cross-listed with French 001, Italian 001, Portuguese 001, German 001, Russian 001, Arabic 001, Hebrew 001, Japanese 001, Chinese 001, Greek 001, Latin 001, and Swahili 001

## TODAY'S PUZZLE

ACROSS  
1 A kind of – the thing that... when you... shit, it's just – that thing, the... fuck. It's the feeling you get when you... when you're writing a crossword puzzle, and nothing comes to mind. I mean nothing. You just can't think of any words. No words at all. And usually that's okay, but you made the wonderful decision to write fucking crosswords for a living, and suddenly you realize that the papers only pay twenty dollars for a good crossword puzzle, and that's nice,



but you know what – when you have to pay rent and buy food every day and you need to write a whole crossword in ten minutes in order to make enough money to eat the next day, that's not so fucking much now, is it? Jesus. Why am I doing this?

### YESTERDAY'S SOLUTION

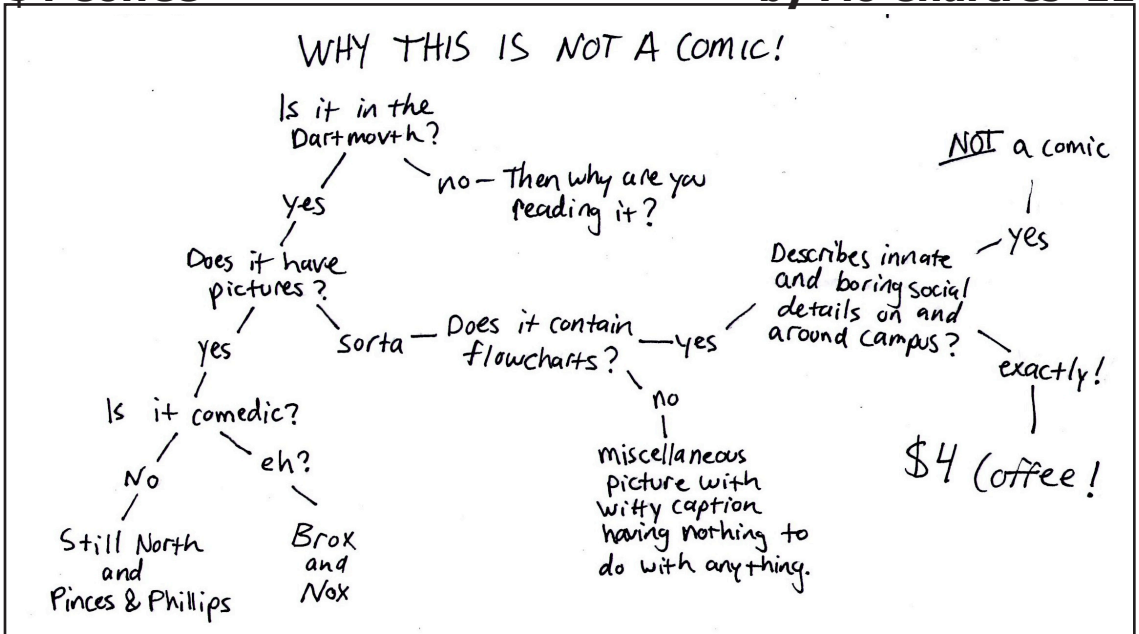
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| E | M | M | A |   | N | O | I | M |   | S | O | R | R | O |   |   |
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| F | U | C | K |   | F | U | C | K | ! |   | A | A | A | H |   |   |
| F | U | C | K |   | A | A | A | H |   | F | U | C | K |   |   |   |
| F | U | C | K |   | F | U | C | K | ! |   | A | A | A | H |   |   |

This is so fucking stupid. I am done with this. I'm gonna start making Sudokus. For those of you who are still reading this, write FU in those two boxes and move the fuck along with your lives.

# THE DARTMOUTH COMICS

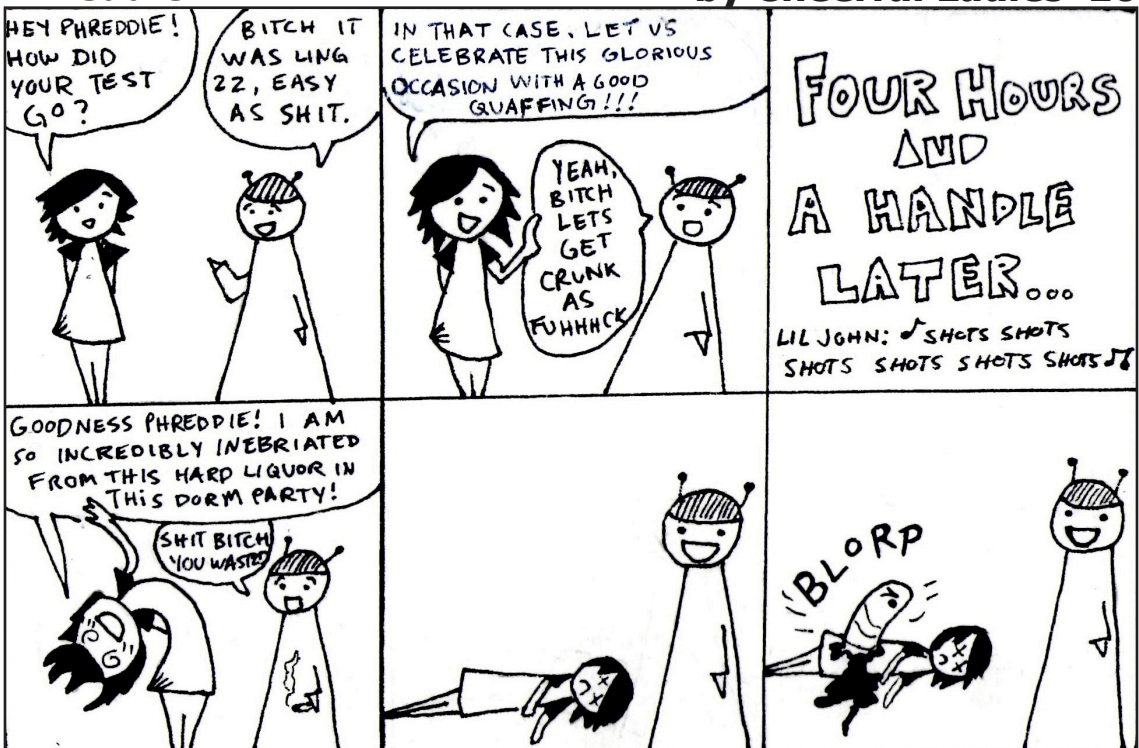
\$4 Coffee

by Flo Chartres '11



Phreddie

by Cheerful Ladies '10



## Seduce-o

|     |   |   |   |   |  |  |    |
|-----|---|---|---|---|--|--|----|
|     |   |   |   |   |  |  |    |
|     |   | 9 |   | 6 |  |  |    |
|     | 6 |   |   |   |  |  | 9  |
| 6   |   |   |   |   |  |  |    |
|     |   |   |   | 9 |  |  | 6  |
|     |   |   |   |   |  |  |    |
|     |   |   |   |   |  |  | 69 |
| 8=D |   |   |   |   |  |  |    |
|     |   |   | 6 | 9 |  |  |    |

Fill in the squares until adequately satisfied.

## WRITE COMICS FOR THE D

PLEASE WRITE COMICS FOR THE D SERIOUSLY. MY LIFE IS A HELL. MY FUTURE IS DARKNESS. WE NEED SOME FUCKING COMICS (THAT AREN'T FLOWCHARTS) GUYS LOVE AND KISSES, -THE D COMICS EDITOR







# Pianist dangles loosely

By P. NESS-WEINERSCHLONG-COCK  
The Dartmouth Staff

There was intrigue, drama, action, and finally an exciting climax yesterday at the Dartmouth Skiway when the pianist for the jazz ensemble, Smooth Finish, dangled dangerously from a chairlift after slipping out of his seat.

The pianist, by all accounts a long and gangly fellow, had been talking to a female companion on the chairlift when he leaned in too close, and she, uncomfortable with such a large pianist so close to her face, nudged him away, causing him to lose his balance and fall off of the chair.

"When that pianist extended toward me, I [felt my personal space] was violated," said the female companion, Anna Cherrytown '12.

"I just kind of pushed him away, and he, being an awkward kid, fell off the chair but was flexible enough to swing his leg up and catch himself by the end of his ski. He just hung there upside down by his ski, a big pianist swinging in the winter wind."

The pianist hung from the chair by his ski, which was still attached to his foot and wedged in between the leg of his friend and the seat, for approximately 45 minutes until the ski patrol was able to safely get him off.

Though he could not see the incident when it happened, the chairlift operator knew to stop the lift when the other chairs bounced wildly on account of the pianist whipping out of control.

It took some minutes for the chairlift operators and ski patrol to figure out just exactly what was going on, during which time people began to gather under the chair in question and gawk, unable to look away from a pianist hung so boldly out in the open.

"I am skiing away, minding my own business, and I look up and there is the pianist dangling above me, spewing white stuff from his head," said Charles Quander, Hanover resident, referring to the caked snow that fell from the pianist's helmet and goggles as he hung from the chairlift. "Keep your stuff off me, pianist."

"I had to cover my son's eyes," said Nikki Coxenswag, Hanover resident. "I did not want him to be disturbed by the amount of blood rushing to that pianist's head. He was so purple it made me blush."

Though the folks gathering underneath were somewhat shocked and appalled, the people on the chair in question seemed to think the whole incident was funny.

"I looked down and there is another leg stuck between my legs," recounted Michael Dingle

'12, in reference to the pianist's leg that was hanging from the chair between his own legs.

"So I says to Anna [Cherrytown], 'Look, I've got a third leg,' and she says 'No, stupid, that's the pianist.' We had a good laugh out of that, but I don't think the pianist did, he was going kind of limp."

Though he was unconscious on account of blood rushing to his head, the pianist was unharmed. The ski patrol in collaboration with the chair lift operators finally was able to lower him down with an elaborate harness and pulley system.

"That was the trickiest pianist I have ever had to unload [from a chairlift]," said Jeff Backstrom, chief chairlift operator at the Skiway.

"But we got him down. He was unscathed too, thank God. You never like to see a pianist get hurt when it dangles like that, so out in the open and free."



# Bored@Baker trolling declared club sport

By ANNE ONIMUS  
The Dartmouth Staff

Due to the overwhelming popularity of the anonymous gossip message board bored@baker.com, Dartmouth's athletic department recently instituted trolling the site as a new club sport. It narrowly edged out fencing and chatting in quiet spaces of the library for the last \$23 in the athletic department's budget. The new sport will give students the opportunity to abuse the site's anonymity for gay hookups, frat rankings, inside jokes, and baseless rumor-mongering while receiving PE credit. According to the course syllabus, the participants will be evaluated based on frequency of posts, inanity of statements, accuracy of fraternity/sorority rankings, and number of times they were contacted via AIM by other males looking for a blowjob in the stacks.

"I'm really thrilled at how quickly the administration put this together," said club trolling president 7:53:29pm in an online interview, "now there's finally an all-season club sport specifically for

desperate, pathetic social climbers like myself." Indeed, enrollment in the club has skyrocketed in the weeks since its adoption by the athletic department, and student officers have recently held meetings in darkened rooms to discuss team jerseys to be worn as undershirts. Initial designs for the shirts include slogans like, "Club Trolling: What Do People Think of You?" and "Dartmouth Trolling: Because Secret Society Lists Aren't Going to Demand Themselves."

Sources within the athletic department confirmed that the acquisition of the new sport was an easy decision. "We knew these kids were absurdly obsessive over the social scene," said athletic Director Frank Collins, "and the more students signed up for club sports, the better we look. It was a no-brainer." added Collins, "It seems like most of this college already spends a big part of the day deciding whether Theta Delta Chi fraternity belongs in Tier 1 or 2, so we figured we might as well give them credit for it - academic credit, that is." Collins' press release had received four agrees and a newsworthy as of press time.

# Hockey player 'totally closes' on '13 girl

By BROSEF CONRAD  
The Dartmouth Staff

At approximately 2:30 a.m. on Friday night Jason Morehouse, '11, scored his first big win of the winter season.

A member of Chi Heorot fraternity, the second-string winger saw an opportunity when several of his fraternity brothers left the basement at approximately 2:00 a.m. for pizza. Max Lawson '12 described this as a "power play" for Morehouse, who proceeded to execute one of his "go-to" moves.

Several witnesses saw Morehouse approach the '13, who

wished to remain anonymous, along with two of her male companions, in order to engage them in a game of pong. When the '13 paused the game to leave for a bathroom break, Morehouse seized the moment alone with his opponents.

"It was so cool," Michael Zhang '13 commented. "He said he could totally get us bids to dirty rush in the spring if we would just 'wing it' for him. He said we were 'bro's!'"

The male '13's promptly left the basement and Morehouse prepared for his final approach to the goal.

A source close to Morehouse

says that he led the '13 upstairs where he proceeded to serenade her, playing 311's "Amber" on acoustic guitar. Afterward, they had unsatisfying sex for three and a half minutes. Morehouse had learned the song in the weeks prior, saying that it was "a guaranteed fucking victory strategy."

He celebrated the win by getting the '13's number and promising to call her in the coming week "to hang out." Morehouse points to hard work and hours of practice as the reasons for his win and adds that he intends to continue "crushing the nut and fuckin' closing."



Club Trolling has its first match against six twelve-year-old South Koreans this Sunday at 4AM.