



THE NEW ENGLAND CLASSIC

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Serving students with chips and a pickle since 2007

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We're just sleeping, not hooking up

Wearing only plaid boxers and his white t-shirt, Jake Lindgren walked out of his friend Kim Kravetz's Walsh dorm room this morning at approximately 10AM. The two have been friends since freshman year, however the pair insists they did not sleep together last night.

Even though Lindgren lives only a three-minute walk away in Vandy, the friends-but-not-a-couple said that they enjoy having the sleeping space of a two-year old. Since Jake and Kim are only friends, they made sure not even to touch each other in the middle of the night.

"I swear to God, Jake is only like my best friend. He was really tired and passed out in my bed, that's all. I only told my roommate to sleep in the common room because I know Jake, um, snores in the middle of the night," Kravetz said.

Although Lindgren's roommates have been telling him to bone Kravetz for months, he said he would never want to do anything to ruin their friendship. Kravetz agrees, saying that "Jake is a really sweet guy who just understands me better than anyone. I wouldn't want to ruin that."

There has been a recent increase in the number of friends just sleeping, but not hooking up on weekend nights. Apparently, more and more guys like being stuck in that crack between the wall and bed. ■



WINTERS DURING HIS 9AM STATS CLASS

What the Kid Who Never Comes to Class is Really Doing

Billy Winters never goes to class. He's the kid you see in the back of the lecture hall on exam days wearing pajama bottoms and a confused look on his face as he stares at the blank test before him. Winters attends the first day of class in order to receive the syllabus and then reappears on the last day for the final. He has yet to attend more than two classes in a single week his entire collegiate career, raise his hand to answer a question or hand in a paper without at least a week extension.

Winters has a surprisingly high GPA, even though no one exactly knows what he does with all his time.

"I dabble in a lot of things. I bet on dog races, write haikus and I also run my own business over the internet selling novelty Chia Pets," said Winters. He earns, on average, fifty thousand dollars a year while his classmates are sleeping through Aspects of Art, and checking Facebook during Perspectives.

"I always felt that class was a waste of time, so when I got to BC I made the decision to avoid it whenever possible. So far, so good." Winters does not view his situation as anything extraordinary stating, "I think anyone could do what I do. If I was sitting in Micro Theory right now then Suzanne Perlmann of Lincoln, Nebraska would be buying her limited edition Rosie O'Donnell Chia Pet from someone else." Winters hopes to continue his success after college, even when the motivation to skip class is not a factor.

"It will be weird not having anything to not go to, but it'll give me more time to work on my poetry. And I'm thinking of expanding my business to include vintage Pez dispensers, too." ■

BC Students for Sexual Health spanked by Baldwin (in a completely non-sexual way)

When BCSSH decided to hand out condoms on Upper Campus last year, many in the BC community responded in uproar. Until now, however, there has been no action against the group by the BC administration. New actions taken by university leadership make it appear that they have brought out all the stops. BC's very own mascot, Baldwin the Eagle, S.J., was ordered to fly down to each condom-brandishing student and swat their bottoms with a crucifix-shaped paddle. The paddle, hand-carved by St. Ignatius himself from the bones of 16th

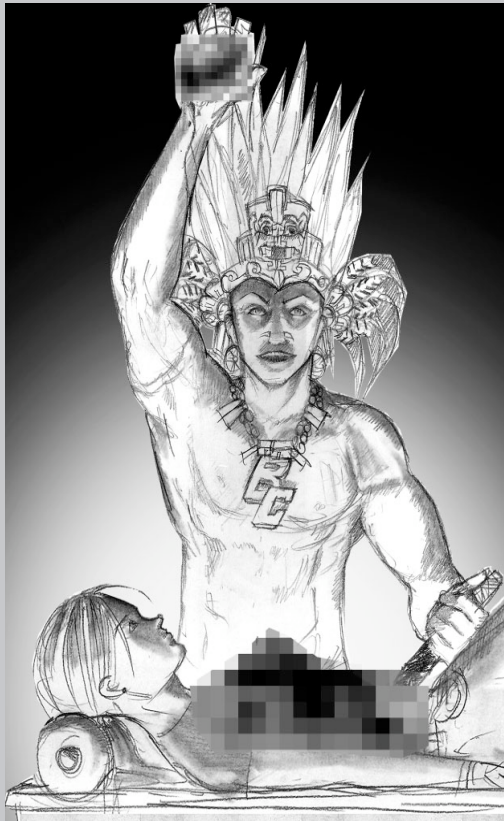
century Catalan prostitutes, bears the words "Eagles Don't Get Intimate," with a miniscule subtitle reading "OR THEY GET TITTY SLAPPED ;)"

The students attempted to protest the spankings, but were informed by ODS that their accounts would be frozen and they would be unable to register for courses if they did not comply. No buttock went unbranded, no titty unslapped. At the end of each spanking session, the offending students were given a handshake and, of course, a big ol' Baldwin grin -- truly, ser-

vice with a smile. According to an anonymous eyewitness, one of the indignant students threw a "Get Your Rosaries Off My Ovaries" sign at the mascot. In a moment worthy of a Michael Bay movie, Baldwin incinerated it in midair with an epic breath of maroon and gold fire.

Most students came away from their punishment with one useful piece of knowledge. Perhaps senior John Felipe Alexander said it best: "Next time I'm just gonna have to raw dog a bitch. Just the way God intended." ■

Picture This



Just another sacrifice of a freshman girl to get into an off-campus party at 2012 Comm. Ave.

For Sale: Big Ass Fake Berlin Wall



Freshman "finds himself" on 48 hours retreat

After a long and hard search for himself during the 48 hours retreat, freshman Dick Hellman has found himself. He was on the bathroom floor. "Though my experience was unconventional, 48 hours has changed my life," explained Hellman, who had been missing from the weekend activities for over 26 hours. "Now I can understand why freshmen return year after year. It's to get completely and utterly blackout. You come to this secluded location with no one you know, and you drink two liters of bourbon, therefore making you forget who you are and thus recreate yourself!"

Kristie Goldrick, one of the 48 Hours point guards, began to worry about Mr. Hellman after he missed the third hour of icebreakers. "He was, like, gone forever! You know? I really got worried because he was missing out on all the fun! First we played Kiss 'N Tackle,

it was a sexual adventure like none other! I'm not sure, but I think I had an orgasm! Once he missed the 4:25 soft-rock journal reflection, I was like, where could he be?" said Goldrick.

"That's the last time I pregame for a retreat" said Hellman. "The bus ride over was totally awesome, but once we got to the Cape my head began to spin faster than RJD2. I spewed all over that retreat center bathroom, then passed out like Michael Jackson after some demerol."

"He was a mess! And I feel bad that he pregame! 48 Hours is all about realizing alcohol is hardly the way to have a good time here at the Heights!" said Goldrick.

But the weekend long retreat was not a waste for Hellman. "While looking at my vomit covered shirt in the bathroom mirror, I realized who I was. A true BC boy." ■

Swine Flu Report: Horny junior runs rampant

The H1N1 flu epidemic, better known as Swine Flu, has hit the Heights, and people are shitting themselves with fright. Class attendance is down, tissues sales are up, and Nights on the Heights events are just as empty as ever due to the waves of panic and sickness sweeping through Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts.

According to BC Health Services, 95 students have been infected with the H1N1 virus so far this year. To put that figure in perspective, it is nearly half the number of BC students with crabs.

"This is worse than the Chlamydia outbreak of 2001," said Betty Zimmer, a nurse at Boston College Health Services. Although the source of the global outbreak is unknown, the individual who is responsible for bringing H1N1 to BC was revealed on Juicy Campus.

Junior Isaac Mansfield is patient zero; source of BC's own mini pandemic. "I knew I had a cold the day I got back to campus, but it was the first night back so I had to go out hard," Mansfield said. Mansfield proceeded to go 29-0



on the pong table, complete nine keg stands as his friends beat the shit out of him, a personal best. After this, he proceeded to lick two girls faces on the dance floor (at the same time), make-out with two of the four girls he had been fooling around with since freshman year, which included his Perspectives professor.

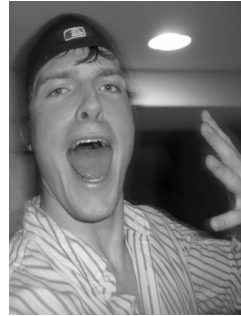
"I mean, I feel bad I'm the reason everyone's getting sick, but that night was epic," said Mansfield. He then went on to recount the ensuing "epic" nights he has had so far this semester, infecting countless students, professors, BCPD, and the Late Night janitorial crew at McElroy.

Although Mansfield recovered quickly from the virus, as all do, swine flu still has BC in its sausage grip. ■

Why Women Should Not Give Creative License to Sophomoric Boyfriends During Cyber Sex

Gamerdude238: hey baby
Beachchick721: sweetie I miss you
Beachchick721: I kinda want you really badly right now...let's pretend I just came over... what would we do?
Gamerdude238: this isn't a fun game at all...
Beachchick721: pleaseee babe... I just got out of the shower :)
Gamerdude238: Fine.So I kiss you and you lay down on my bed...
Gamerdude238: ... with your shoes still on
Gamerdude238: I hate that by the way, you get shit all over my bed...just FYI
Beachchick721: Yeah yeah yeah...
Gamerdude238: And I literally mean shit, last week I laid down to sleep and smelt something rank. I mean absolutely putrid. So I turn on the light and low-and-fucking-behold, there's a dog turd smeared across my comforter. thanks for that.
Beachchick721: Fine... I slide off my shoes and get into bed...
Beachchick721: happy?
Gamerdude238: extremely
Beachchick721: then what?
Gamerdude238: so you're in my bed with your shoes off, probably bare foot
Gamerdude238: because God forbid you wear socks during the winter, despite the fact that you bitch about the cold constantly
Beachchick721: enough...what happens next...it's like your own sexy creative story...GO
Gamerdude238: it's my story?
Beachchick721: yes but u have to be accurate
Gamerdude238: so you're laying on my bed, face down... shoes and socks off
Gamerdude238: I swing the door shut and lock it
Gamerdude238: I kiss you, and you kiss back...
Gamerdude238: there's a knock at the door...hello? I call...
Beachchick721: who is it?
Gamerdude238: no answer...
Gamerdude238: I stand up and slowly open the door...
Gamerdude238: NINJAS!!!!!!
Beachchick721: stop.
Gamerdude238: I yell, knocking the first one out with a single blow
Beachchick721: STOP! It was getting good.
Gamerdude238: you're damn right it is...
Gamerdude238: You back flip off the bed onto the floor, tearing off your clothing and pulling two shot guns out of nowhere...
Gamerdude238: Firing a double shot through my door, you flip your hair out of your eyes
Gamerdude238: But here's the twist: they're not just any type of ninjas.... ZOMBIE NINJASSSSS
Beachchick721: C'mon please...you left off at the kiss
Gamerdude238: So we start making out...now that its safe...
Beachchick721: better...
Gamerdude238: My back is turned and I don't notice the lingering ninja creeping behind us. You open your eyes just in time...
Gamerdude238: You scream. I turn and catch the fucker under the chin with a blistering upper-cut
Gamerdude238: I mutter under my breath... Motherfuckers
Beachchick721: no... stop it... kissing... then what?
Gamerdude238: I take off your shirt
Gamerdude238: I notice a shadow outside just in time... we never reinforced the windows!
Gamerdude238: THEY'RE BACK!!!!
Gamerdude238: one smashes through the glass on a rope
Beachchick721: boooooooooooooooooo
Gamerdude238: you leap up before me and launch off the bed in a flying kick...
Gamerdude238: I'm laughing so hard
Gamerdude238: Babe?
Gamerdude238: Babe....?

Girls Don't Think It's As Cool As I Do That I Get Absolutely Hammered



Hey what's up, girl? I mean, what the fuck? I faced three bottles of champagne and two 40's of St. Ides Malt Liquor tonight. It's not like it's easy to casually toss 156 oz. of approximately 10 percent grain alcohol into my stomach. It's like flying across the Atlantic in a fucking monoplane. Yeah, watch me fly like fucking Lindbergh, baby. Come on, are you telling me

I'm not looking as fly as the UGBC President right now? Doesn't that deserve some respect with women?

What, is it the fact that I can barely hold a conversation with you? That's overrated anyway. The Neanderthals didn't bother with that shit. Let's just stare into each other's eyes as I drink more, but honestly don't ask me what your eye color is. Color is the first sensory perception to go out the window, give me a break here.

Whoa, whoa, whoa, where are you going? I just got here, and I'm about to stick all eight legs of this Octo-Beer-Bong into my yap. This is like, Guinness Book shit! Okay, I see how it is. Oh, you like guys who don't pride themselves on being the biggest boozehounds around. Where I'm from, blacking out and pissing your pants used to get you a free round of O'Malley's Dad Rag Draught. Now I'm lucky if my girlfriend gives me a hangover blumpkin at 3pm. Hey well, I'll be in my basement chugging 151 if you're down. Not a big deal. Peace. ■

Recipe Corner

I have many a time found myself waltzing through fine dining eateries such as BC's very own classic cuisine connoisseur McElroy Commons and thought to myself: You know what I'm craving more than anything in the world? A burrito. And let me tell you, the one thing that McElroy can sure whip up is a sub-par burrito. Here's a recipe that has gotten me through the year so far:

McElroy's Classic Burrito

1 flour tortilla (or 4 if you suck at making a burrito)

1 fistful of "meats of the day"

1 shot of morning bacon grease (or oil straight from the fryer)

2 scoops seven month-old milk (this will serve as both sour cream AND cheese)

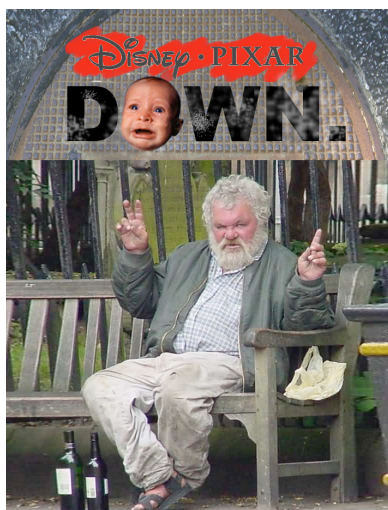
Enough beans to rip your tortilla open

Directions: combine meats, bacon grease, milk, and beans. Roll into tortilla. Rip the tortilla. Start over. Dip in lack of common sense and sprinkle with self-loathing.

Pixar's 'DOWN' breaks box-office records

From Disney-Pixar came another smash-hit "Down," an endearing film for family members of all ages. The story follows Ike the Orangutan's adventure through adolescence and into adulthood. Ike is a happy-go-lucky 20-something with a passion for late nights and stiff drinks. After he realizes his four-year stint with friends in the Baobab Tree is over and he must begin a career, Ike's life begins the downward spiral.

In a magnificent display of color and the impressive craft of great story now inherent to Pixar movies, "Down" wows audience members with its realistic display of the depressing spiral into adulthood. This coming of age story demonstrates the orangutan's battle with landlords, health care insurance, and unexpected pregnancies. It is an epic adventure story of commonly charted territory that can stand proudly next to Toy Story and The Incredibles. ■



LIFE'S AN ADVENTURE

New class offered spring 2010 FU 235-- Introduction to Chicken Feminism

Wednesdays from 4:30 to 6:50 in Campion 119
Dr. Murray J. Mercystreet; e-mail: mercystreetblues@bc.edu
Office hours: Thursday from 11:00 to 2:00 or by appointment

Course Description and Objectives:

This course examines scatological, social, and psychological factors that interact in contributing to chicken society's hen-der roles. Within the avian domain, particular attention will be given to how culture affects the social construction of hen-der, and how factors such as chackenism and ovophobia interact with societally prescribed norms for roosters and hens. The second half of the class will focus on the effects of hen-der roles on mental and physical health, social problems like rooster aggression, and issues in egg-ucation, the pecking order, and chicken sexual identity, which will include footage of Rooster-on-Rooster and Hen-on-Hen sexual intercourse.

The goals for the class are for students to understand and articulate how:

- hen-der roles are influenced by the interaction among amount of straw in the coop and the amount of eggs shit out the day before
- hen-der roles vary as a function of culture, history, and the complete lack of culture and history
- hen-der roles both guide and constrain roosters and hens and this effects health, coop problems, and important arenas in life including amount of feed, type of feed, and types of condiments that Farmer Jonas puts on the feed

To accomplish these goals, chicks will (a) complete all assigned readings, (b) be slaughtered by either Tyson or Pilgrim's Pride, (c) shit all over themselves, (d) write a detailed analysis of their short and meaningless life spans that max at about 12 years, (e) watch "Chicken Run." ■

Students not discriminated against feel discriminated against for lack of discrimination against them

Editor's Note: The New England Classic feels the need to jump on the band wagon of writing an article about campus race relations which once again will accomplish nothing whatsoever.

Last week, a new group was founded on campus. The Caucasian Caucus, or Caucau-Caucau for short, was created in response to the belief that the white students of Boston College were being largely ignored due to their status as racial majority. Mostly comprised of the editorial staff of The Observer, creative writing majors and the cast of Hello...Shovelhead!, together they are dedicated to fighting for many campus improvements, including higher quality tofu in the salad bar and leather-bound BC day planners for all students.

First on their agenda: creation of a black tie gala as a chance for the families of Caucasian students to gather and discuss the difficulties of suburban living. The gala will include a lecture by Professor John Wilkinson on "The Benefits of Shopping at Whole Foods" and a panel discussion entitled "Is it Okay to Like Both Arrested Development and Chappelle's Show?"

Caucau-Caucau has booked U2 to perform during the evening, though it was requested that they just play "Beautiful Day" over and over again for three hours. Representatives of the Caucasian Caucus will be selling "I May Be A WASP But I Don't Sting" t-shirts after an ultimate frisbee tournament. The shirts will be \$65 each and printed by American Apparel. All t-shirt proceeds will go to an annual club lacrosse scholarship awarded to one upper-middle class, heterosexual white male per year.

When asked to comment, Hunter Hughes, the president of the Caucus states: "You know what, bro, I was just sick of being ignored on campus. This is just a safe forum for white people to celebrate their heritage and talk about issues that affect us specifically, like finding a good peacoat with a scarf to match. If you ask me, this was long overdue."

Though established last week, the Caucasian Caucus is currently the best funded and largest club on campus. They meet every Tuesday for ten minutes at the Starbucks in Coolidge Corner. ■

Like what you see?
(absolutely you do...)

Join the Classic--We are looking for anyone who is funny/creative/interesting/good looking ... no experience necessary

E-mail: thenewenglandclassic@gmail.com

Website: www.thenewenglandclassic.com

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