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Nursing Student Expelled After “Totally Killing” Exam

MALONEY HALL – After dedicating herself to an intense nightly studying regimen for the last two weeks, Connell School of Nursing student Mary Hunt (formerly CSON '18) felt fully confident in her ability to ace her Adult Health exam as she entered the mock hospital room. With a swift mind and nimble hands, she rightfully earned the highest score in her class. “I killed the exam,” Hunt timidly admitted. “Unfortunately, that’s exactly what got me expelled.”

This news has come as a shock to many of Hunt’s close friends, many of whom had noted that the typically good-spirited junior had tirelessly practiced her intramuscular injections and patient transport skills on her roommates, who were kind enough to allow Hunt to use their bodies for practice. “She was the sweetest girl,” said her roommate and best friend, Felicity Armstrong (CSOM '18), while holding back tears. “When Mary killed that exam, she had nothing but the best intentions in her heart. She wanted to be the best nurse she could possibly be.”

None of her fellow students, deeply preoccupied with their own inabilities to distinguish S1 from S2 valve sounds while drowning in their overpriced and bitter Greek yogurts from Hillside, paid her any mind at the time. However, BCPD officer Marky McGill promises that the warning signs for ruthless and premeditated murder were certainly present: When chatting with a professor on his lunch break, he overheard the junior uttering frightening statements



such as, “I’ve totally got this,” “This is the hardest I’ve ever worked for a grade in my life,” and, “I’m going to literally murder this exam in motherfucking cold blood,” in the nursing lounge on the day of the exam.

While at the time Officer McGill thought these comments were innocuous, he deeply regrets not taking action now that Hunt’s motives have been revealed in the woeful, tragic turn of events that left her exam mortally wounded. “I could have prevented her from killing that exam, yet I did nothing. How am I supposed to look myself in the mirror when I put my uniform on?” questioned the somber officer. “I failed myself, and worse, I failed this campus.”

Since her sudden expulsion, Hunt has not left her room and has been unavailable for comment. Her mother, who is deeply concerned about her “little girl,” explained that Mary applied to the nursing school hoping to save lives, not end one. She said that she knows her daughter better than anyone in the world and that this is all “one big, bloody misunderstanding,” questioning how her daughter was at fault for wanting to kill her exam in the first place. “College kids are so competitive these days. Her environment, not her personality, drove her to murder,” argued Mrs. Hunt.

At press time, Hunt had just started streaming live on Facebook, sitting cross-legged in a candlelit room wearing a nightgown while repeatedly murmuring, “All of the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.”

Oops! BU Terriers, Northeastern Huskies Booked As Therapy Dogs

GASSON QUAD – In what appears to have been the result of a carless University Counseling Services student worker’s poor critical reading skills, thousands of stressed-out Boston College students were denied from enjoying their biannual finals week dosage of puppy-induced cuddle therapy. Instead, a blunder within the UCS office led to the unexpected and undesired arrival of four Terriers from Boston University and two Huskies from Northeastern University. These students, whose names have not been disclosed to the public, were bussed over to Chestnut Hill and put on display for petting and hugging in the middle of campus.

“I was pretty hungover coming into work last Friday, and my boss told me to book some therapy dogs for finals,” explained UCS employee Michael Fraziano (MCAS '17). “Even though I’m not much of a dog person, and I personally don’t believe stress puppies are helping my generation’s reputation of needing to be constantly coddled and treated like special snowflakes, I’m not one to disobey orders. So, I pulled out my laptop, ran a couple of Google searches, and ended up booking the dogs through what I thought were completely reputable Craigslist listings. Obviously, I was wrong,” concluded the fourth-year psychology major, who scratched his head and defended himself by suggesting that “this kind of mix-up could have happened to anyone.”

Although some higher-ups in the administration suggested that the event should be postponed or cancelled due to the inappropriateness of the visiting students’ attire and sheer absurdity of the situation, UCS made the bold decision to serve its students and continue the event as planned. Fr. Brian Hurts, S.J., the director of UCS, said that he believed “God works in mysterious and unknown ways” and did not think he was in the position to question the Almighty’s deliverance of human beings to pet.

Those who attended the makeshift event, dubbed “therapy humans” by some students, were happily surprised by the outcome of the afternoon: “Yeah, sure, they’re not quite as cute or fluffy as the dogs that were brought in last semester, but these two-legged mutts were all extremely polite and well trained – as far as city dogs go, at least,” said attendee Lindsay Conley (LSOE '20). “And the big one, I think his name was Bucky, really liked it when I scratched behind his ears! He started



slobbering absolutely everywhere! What a good boy!”

After overcoming the initial shock, many students have been raving about the unique therapeutic benefits provided by these human-dog hybrids. Ian McKenzie (MCAS '19) lamented that he’s recently been “stressing hardcore” about the dent his GPA is going to take from all of his upcoming exams and papers, which he admitted to being “woefully underprepared for.” However, McKenzie reported that he started to feel better after only a couple of minutes of looking at the “goofy little guys” who were drooling all over the place, rolling around in the grass, and trying to jump on their rear legs to steal a bite of passerby’s Hillside cookies. “I get myself all wound up worrying about grades and internships,” said McKenzie. “But these Boston-based dog-students put everything into perspective, you know? We’ve got it good over here in Chestnut Hill.”

At the end of a long and intimate day of tousled fur and endless licks, the visiting therapy dogs were taken out of their blankets, carried back to the bus, and put in cages for the ride back to their indigenous campuses. UCS emailed an official statement apologizing for the mix-up, but also suggested, based off the event’s surprising amount of positive feedback, that they are open to inviting the Huskies and Terriers back to campus in the future, provided that they all get properly spayed and neutered.

THE INTERNET ON PAPER

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CSOM Junior Grills Arrupe Table About Return On Investment

LOWER LIVE — Walking into Lower on a Monday afternoon, Will Bailey (CSOM '18) glanced ahead at the impending Arrupe volunteers, before then doing everything in his power to shut down any and all possible interaction. "I pulled out all the oldest tricks in the book—I went through the far door, I didn't make direct eye contact, and I even pulled out my phone and pretended to send a text." However it was all in vain, as one particularly spirited volunteer jumped out with a sign, thus locking Bailey into at least some form of social interaction. "Game over, man," said the junior with dual concentrations in finance and marketing.

After navigating his way through a few minutes of painfully stilted conversation, Bailey was astonished to learn he would get nothing in return for donating to his fellow students' service trip. After recovering from the initial shock from the idea of just giving things away for free without any potential for "fat future returns," he saw an opportunity to put his management classes to work.

Witnesses on the scene say Bailey pulled up a chair, whipped a tie out of his backpack, and positioned his legal pad to take notes. He then launched into a series of rapid-fire questions, infusing his words with so much business jargon that the poor MCAS and Lynch students on the other side of the donation table could only

A Bunch Of Fucking Nerds Awaiting Early Admission To #BC2021

In the coming weeks, the Office of Undergraduate Admission will be sending out decision emails to the handful of hopeful high schoolers who have had their sights set on becoming part of the Boston College Class of 2021. Although admissions is typically a very secretive university department, an anonymous source from within the office has stepped forward, sharing the following piece of insider information: "Spoiler alert! They're all gonna be a bunch of fucking nerds."

The tipster also revealed that this year, like every godforsaken year nowadays, was one of the most competitive years for early applicants that Boston College has ever had, due largely in part to the exponentially increasing onslaught of glasses-wearing, mommy-lovin' dweebs that think they can hang with the old-school Superfans, who used to crush thirteen PBR's in Maryann's before the clock struck midnight. Christ, those were the days.

All the cool kids, according to the source, will probably be off having way more fun at state schools—hell, Boston College students used to be able to hang with the best of 'em, let me tell you. We had kegs hanging out of Walsh, girls hanging onto the kegs, and Jesuits hanging onto the girls! Oh, Lord—I'd give anything to have just one more tailgate.

Meanwhile, the chump circus—according to this source, obviously—sees the Heights first and foremost as an institution of higher learning, where they can study hard and get a quality education. Looosers! Back in the 70's, my professor gave me the answers to a final exam in exchange for a pair of front-row Sox tickets at Fenway against the Yankees, those pinstriped bastards.

What was I talking about? Oh right, what I—I mean, what the anonymous source—thinks about the incoming class. The class that my son didn't want to be a part of. Because my asshole son doesn't think college is the right path for him.

Anthropologists Discover First Genuinely Authentic BC Student

LYONS HALL — An elite team of New England's most senior anthropologists have discovered the first genuinely authentic person to attend Boston College, reports a groundbreaking study published earlier this month. The study's findings are the result of over a month of careful analysis and observation of various members of the Boston College community. According to the study's head researcher Dr. Hugh Gasson (no relation to Thomas I. Gasson, S.J., the 13th president of Boston College), the team started making meaningful progress after zeroing in on a handful of students who appeared to be straying from the typical Boston College path of homogeneity.

"After initially being thrown off by the deceptively-lifelike statue of Saint Ignatius, we found a few strong candidates. There was a freshman boy who had not been spending every Friday and Saturday night frantically trying to beg his way into a Mod by claiming he was a friend of a friend of 'Chad,' a sophomore who was actually okay with living on

College Road and not just saying it when his friends continued to bother him about it, and a junior girl who didn't pretend like all of her friendships were perfect," said Dr. Gasson. "They all seemed like prime candidates for a real, actual, totally and completely genuine human being at Boston College."

The team was disappointed to learn, after a few weeks of careful of careful observation, that the promising subjects they had found earlier were all actually displaying irregular patterns of behavior at the time of first observation. The freshman was suffering from one of the dorm stomach bugs and could not go out on the weekend the research team first spotted him, the sophomore was just really good at hiding his feelings, and the junior truly loved all of her friends, but just needed to fabricate a believable story of overcoming social adversity for her talk while leading 48Hours.

"We were extremely discouraged. We thought after weeks of studying the Boston College popula-

tion and extensive research that we would be finishing with nothing to show for all of our hard work," explained Dr. Gasson. "But then, on one of the last days of our studies, we were running the data through the computers again, just to see if there was anything we missed, and the dang machine started beeping like my grandmother's EKG monitor."

What they saw on the screen was a shock to everyone on the team—the computer readout showed a case they had completely overlooked. "We were floored," recalled the doctor. "An entire team of highly skilled anthropologists was working together, and none of us picked up on this. Who would've thought that the first ever genuine person at Boston College was The Lady Who Swipes Your Card At Mac Whose Name You Can Never Remember But She Is Always Really Nice? This is groundbreaking stuff, truly—no doubt we'll get national recognition. And at the end of the day, that's what this profession is all about."

make out a handful of buzzwords that they had heard on reruns of Shark Tank. Bailey started by asking about how much equity a five-dining-dollar investment in their trip would purchase him, followed up this question by inquiring what specific risks were included in the trip, and finished off his speedy probing with a request for more information about "the synergy of the organic growth of the project" and how this trip could become "more disruptive to the big data influencers."

As Bailey was prying deeper into their service trip's business strategy, an onlooker noted that the future moneyman was becoming increasingly frustrated with the Arrupe members' lack of willingness to negotiate. "After they told him for the 12th time that the trip is just about helping others and earnestly living by Jesuit ideals, he stormed out saying, 'If you are not going to take these negotiations seriously, I read that you have to be willing to walk away!'" reported Ellie Vaternski (MCAS '19). "I felt kinda bad for him, in a weird way. He never even got his food."

Student Applies For Permit To Protest Protest Permits

OFFICE OF STUDENT SERVICES — A medium-sized group of discontented and diverse students took to the Office of Student Services last week to begin the formal application process for a protest permit which, if approved, will allow them to protest the issue of needing to apply for a permit to protest an issue in the first place.

"It feels so great to stand up for what I believe in," boasted one prospective protestor Clayton Barnhoffer (MCAS '19). "Provided, of course, that the university is perfectly okay with my stance and methods, as evidenced by our mutual agreement to allow me to protest in the first place. Why be militant when I can be complicit? Power to the people... in power! We must respect our benevolent administration, who has not quite taken away our First Amendment rights, but hasn't quite enabled them, either. Nuance!"

Barnhoffer's plan is to work within the system before he "bur[ies] it with the rest of the bodies that O'Connell House was built over,

probably." The first step in his plan is obtaining a protest permit, after which he will peacefully protest from 3:00–5:00PM on Thursday, December 15th. "I wouldn't want to break any rules or ruffle any feathers while leading the countercultural revolution—that got Jesus killed!"

After this initial showing of goodwill and cooperation with the Boston College administration, Barnhoffer will swiftly change his demonstration's tone at 5:01PM—the time at which his protest permit expires. "I will throw my painstakingly drawn cardboard signs in a dumpster and unleash all hell: Airhorns. Fireworks. Blow-up dolls. Condoms filled to the brim with birth control pills. To finish things off, I'll sleep in St. Mary's without permission."

Before any of this happens, however, Barnhoffer says he will continue to check his email until he gets a message confirming or denying his basic right to free speech, which is typically guaranteed to all American citizens, but also occasionally granted as a special gift to the well-behaved.

Edmond's Found Living In Argentina



BUENOS AIRES — After a lengthy, collaborative investigation between the FBI and Mossad forces, the infamous former Boston College dormitory has been found residing in the South American countryside under the name “Edmundo Jall.” The once-beloved dorm had long been presumed dead following its apparent demolition earlier this year, but rumors and whispers of its second lease on life had been swirling around the internet and intelligence communities for the last few months.

The most popular of these conspiracy theories, which has since been confirmed as the truth, suggested that the residence hall had faked its destruction and escaped to Argentina in late August to avoid answering for its numerous crimes against the Boston College community.

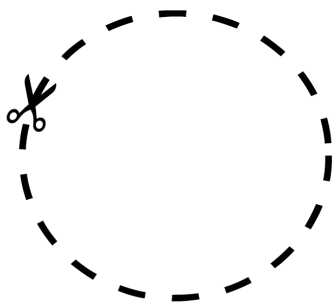
These findings mark the conclusion of an arduous, four-month-long “buildinghunt” for the supposedly demolished dorm. The journey to its discovery all began when Alison Fitzgerald (LSOE '18), who is currently studying abroad in Buenos Aires, drove by familiar gray-looking prison. This sighting reportedly triggered some-

thing buried deep within her innermost Catholic values, which can only happen when someone is in the proximity of a building that has been blessed by Fr. Leahy or as a result of asbestos exposure, both of which are pertinent to this incident.

Fitzgerald called Argentina's U.S. Embassy to report the fugitive dormitory, which was promptly surrounded by a coalition of local and American law enforcement agents, fortunately bypassing what many feared could have easily devolved into a long and costly siege scenario. Because of the healthy state of US-Argentinian relations, Edmond's has already been extradited back to Chestnut Hill, and is currently awaiting trial for its architectural crimes against humanity by top ResLife officials.

Upon hearing the news of this miraculous South American discovery, BC Dining supervisor Chuck N. Tender hopped on a plane to find what was rightfully his. However, after traversing the entire continent, Tender begrudgingly admitted defeat: “So I guess we live in a world where a single nine-story residence hall is easier to find than even one of my fucking two-thousand plates, apparently.”

We're not allowed to distribute condoms on campus, so we're giving you the tools to make your own! Have fun and be safe.



Four Male Egos Injured In Intramural Championship

ST. ELIZABETH'S MEDICAL CENTER — At approximately 7:24PM last Sunday, four Boston College students were admitted into St. Elizabeth's intensive care unit for similar ego-related injuries suffered in their intramural basketball team's championships game. Initial medical reports reveal that each of the senior men received excessive blunt force to his self-esteem and identity as an athletic alpha male after losing 47-32 to what numerous intramural referees claim was a strong sophomore squad. Doctors believe their ego injuries could take months to heal, and it could be years before they wear ironic bucket hats again.

Before being taken to the hospital, one of the players fought and struggled with paramedics, reportedly shouting, “Get off me! I'm fine! I used to be captain in high school! I scored twenty every game!” He was given a sedative and carted off to St. Elizabeth's for treatment.

“When they began their season, they didn't seem too serious about winning,” claims one of the men's roommates. “But as the season went on and they started winning, they caught a taste of their high school glory and were overtaken by a fever of competitiveness.” According to the same source, the team spent \$227.42 on team uniforms, held strategy meetings over steak and cheese sandwiches in Lower every Friday night, and had a GroupMe chat called “BALRZ.”

At press time, BC Rec had just sent over complimentary intramural league championship mugs in hopes of speeding up their egos' recovery time.

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Opinion: Mental Health Disorders Are Nothing To Be Ashamed Of... Unless You're Like Really Crazy

The stigma around mental health disorders prevents a lot of people from getting the help they need. It's time that we stop shaming people for their illnesses and treat people with the love, compassion, and understanding they deserve... Unless you're like REALLY crazy—that's scary, and you're on your own!

It can be hard to comprehend what our friends with mental illnesses go through when they experience never-ending sadness, irrational fears, or chronic over-thinking that can often result with no clear external cause. We need to get rid of this idea that people can just “snap out of it,” because people deserve empathy and understanding in order to heal—unless, of course, you have something other than anxiety or depression, because that shit is scary and you need to be locked up, you psycho.

Schizophrenia? Bipolar disorder? Borderline personality disorder? No thank you! Are there even Upworthy videos drawing awareness to these illnesses in a concise and relatable way? I don't think so!

If you suffer from a disorder that makes you intensely nervous and/or desperately sad, then I will be there to help because mental illness is no joking matter (but only if your problems are easily relatable to emotions I have felt). If your illness causes you to act out socially through aggressive behavior, partake in risky drug use and sexual conduct, stay up multiple nights in a row spouting irrational conspiracy theories, and also possibly lash out at the people you love, then haha what the hell you crazy bitch! Those actions are in no way indicative of a serious underlying mental problem that requires understanding and compassion! You're on your own.

(2) UNREAD ARTICLES

BC Dining's "Stop And Frips" Initiative Looks To Thwart Dining Hall Theft

AN EXCLUSIVE REPORT ON THEIR MISSION TO REINSTATE LAW AND HORS D'OEUVRES

HILLSIDE CAFE — BC Dining has announced this week that they have partnered with the Boston College Police Department to implement a new anti-theft policy entitled "Stop and Frips." The extensive initiative, which aims to crack down on the rampant dining hall thievery at Boston College, allows for BCPD officers to stop dining-hall goers as they exit with their food and check for "hidden goodies," as Officer Marky McGill detailed in a press conference held at one of the large Hillside tables.

"It's common practice for these kids to hide a hunk of chicken under a pile of rice, so the cashiers don't charge them for it," explained McGill. "This blatant misconduct is simply inexcusable and will not stand on my campus. Today they're stealing chicken, tomorrow they're stealing prosthetic limbs from our veterans! Stop and Frips is the only way to maintain law and hors d'oeuvres around here." When asked if he meant to say "law and order," McGill responded, "No, law and hors d'oeuvres! It's a philosophy of law enforcement that calls for immediate action against illegal snacking. You wouldn't understand."

Already, Stop and Frips is stirring up controversy across campus. The approach is promised to be non-invasive, but in multiple cases, officers have been reported to "stick their greasy mutton fingers" in students' meals. "I bought lunch at Hillside the other day—with frips and a pickle, of course—and some BCPD guy put both hands on my sandwich. Who fucking does that?" commented student



George Brisket (MCAS '18). "I mean, besides the fact that he disturbed the perfect blanket of frips over my chipotle chicken panini and exposed it to the elements, who knows where that pigs' hands have been? It's flu season for god's sake."

Critics of the new policy have pointed to its disproportionate application on students of Irish ancestry, who make up 113 percent of the BC population. "I've been stopped and fripsed 6 times in the past week," said redhead Kristen O'Donnell (CSOM '17). "My friend with dark curly hair hasn't been stopped once. They're clearly targeting the Irish!"

BCPD was quick to refute this claim. "We are not unfairly profiling Irish students," announced a spokesperson. "We are just stopping and fripsing people in dining halls that have a history of frequent theft of potato-based products. If a disproportionately large number of students with Irish ancestry happen to be buying frips and home fries, well, what can we do about it? It's the price we must pay if we want to continue living on a civilized campus."

Boston College students have begun protesting Stop and Frips and the overarching dining hall establishment. Many activists are expressing their discontent by answering the question, "chips and a pickle?" with a resounding "NO!" when ordering food at Hillside, or, in some radical cases, "just a pickle, please." "I will fight for the civil liberties of my classmates," announced O'Donnell through a megaphone at an anti-Stop and Frips rally, "and for our right to avoid paying full price for our food!"

New Male Birth Control Just Priest In Backpack

MEDICAL BREAKTHROUGH PREVENTS MEN AND WOMEN FROM MAKING OTHERS



PLANNED PARENTHOOD — After receiving numerous complaints about the lack of a readily available male form of contraceptive medication, researchers have developed a new method of birth control specifically for men.

The new contraceptive, aptly named "ResErection," which is still undergoing preliminary testing, is proving to be extremely effective. The secret to the drug, says head researcher Dr. Emma Dee, is in its simplicity: It's merely a priest in a medium-sized

backpack. The installation process is very unobtrusive, as the wearer simply needs to cram a Jesuit into a North Face backpack's largest pocket and then put it on.

Once ResErection is in action, the priest pops out of the sack and yells, "Make room for the Holy Ghost!" whenever the user gets closer than a Bible-length away from an unsuspecting, innocent Daughter of Eve. Early studies suggest that the drug has a 96 percent effectiveness rate in preventing any and all pregnancies that would have otherwise resulted from the sexual acts of the test subjects, the majority of whom are Catholic males aged 18–35. According to Dr. Dee, the unfortunate 4 percent rate of failure is thought to be due to ne'er-do-well teens' taking advantage of the windows of opportunity for promiscuity and licentiousness when the elderly priests need to take naps.

The drug is already seeing success on Boston College's campus: To see its benefits in action, look no further than Abe Stinntz (MCAS '19), who has been part of the study for six months. "I literally

haven't even looked at a woman with lustful eyes since I got my prescription!" reported Stinntz. "Initially, I was worried about the effectiveness of such an experimental contraceptive, especially on a college campus with a rampant hookup culture, but my good friend Fr. Ralph has never let me down! And, as a bonus, I finally have a handy place to store all my textbooks and writing utensils during the school day! Thank you, ResErection!"

While the first round of testing has yielded promising results, the decidedly unconventional birth control method appears to have a suspicious adverse effect when used in proximity to young males under the age of 10. Researchers are looking into this problem and aim to resolve it in the future.



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Thanks for reading us here and online! Our brains are chemically addicted to the dopamine released when our articles get likes, so please keep that good-good coming our way, you know what we mean?

We'll be taking applications for writers, graphic designers, scumbags, spiritual advisors, amateur tattoo artists, new boyfriends, and someone who knows someone that can get us two grams by Thursday in like... January, we guess.