



THE NEW ENGLAND CLASSIC

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BCPD sting makes an Impact

In what has become known as “The Great Typeface Caper of 2011”, police say a high-grade Papyrus font worth an estimated \$35,000 on the street was seized in a raid in a ninth floor room in Walsh, where authorities also arrested three suspects. The raid occurred around 5 a.m. Tuesday at the dormitory, a large brick colonial shanty-building behind a wrought iron fence near a large historic cemetery known locally as “Millionaire’s Mile.”

Arrested at the dorm was Jacques Clement, 20, son of the late typist Al “Wing-Dings” Clement who was killed during the Bauhaus Bust of ‘93, was the main target of the investigation. Police say they began the probe after they learned Clement was allegedly selling 30 point Arial fonts, known on the street as “Airy Ari” according to police and court records.

During the investigation, police learned Clement had a program on his computer with which he was creating illicit fonts and obtained a “no knock” search warrant, but no program was ultimately found. However, police say they found over a dozen illegal keyboards, some with foreign characters. “These font labs are becoming more and more common in Boston,” said BCPD deputy constable Melvin Packard, “It’s a shame to see a new drug establishing itself in our campus.”

Clement, who has no prior criminal record, was freed on \$25,000 cash bail posted after he pleaded innocent in Newton District Court to possession of known gateway Apple Chancery with intent to distribute, conspiracy to violate font laws, unlawful possession of controlled keyboards and trafficking in Lucida Calligraphy.

Officer Packard, commenting on the case after leaving the court house, did have one good thing to say. “At least he wasn’t using Comic Sans. The last time I saw someone strung out on that shit it made *Requiem for a Dream* seem like *Air Bud: Golden Receiver*.” ■



ESTIMATED STREET VALUE OF SCRABBLE TILES: 39¢

Officer demoted, forced to drive Crown Victoria

Last Monday, Deputy Constable Melvin Packard of the Boston College Police Department was publicly humiliated when he was forced to drive BCPD’s only Crown Victoria for a full week, instead of the standard issue Dodge Charger.

The punishment came as a result of Packard’s multiple breaches of protocol during his Saturday night shift. At 1:30 AM, Packard politely allowed a male freshman student to return back to his dorm, rather than forcibly searching his bags and jacket, calling for backup, and ultimately tasing him all the way to the infirmary, as per BCPD standard procedure.

Later that night, he reportedly drove 10

mph below the speed limit down Linden Lane, and skipped the mandatory donut session held hourly at the station.

Sergeant Frank O’Connor, head of the Lower Campus Unit of BCPD, issued the sanction on Packard, on account of him “being a little guinea bitch.” It is unclear how long Packard must drive the Crown Vic, but fellow officers seem to agree that his punishment was justified.

After Boston college upgraded to Chargers three years ago, the lone Crown Vic was miraculously preserved after it was forgotten on the 4th floor of the Beacon Street Garage. It has since rested parked next to the station, largely unused.

“I’m glad we finally found a use for that fahkin cahh. That piece of shit’s been nāthin but an eyesoah outside the station,” said O’Connor. “He needs to learn to man the fahk up.”

Since the incident Packard has been unavailable for comment though pedestrians have reported seeing the disgraced vehicle nestled in the shadows between the dumpsters behind Williams.

O’Connor hopes this bold punishment serves as a deterrent to future delinquency from his officers. “I think that Crown Vic reminds the boys of what it’s like to be a cop in a place with crime, scares the shit out of ‘em.” ■

THE SCOOP

Pokémon theory of evolution gaining support



PERSONALLY, I PREFER THE LEAF STONE

A recently published document from the late Professor of Pokémon Studies, Art Goldenrain has come into the public eye this past week. The paper looks to supplant Charles Darwin's famed theory of evolution with new research undertaken after watching reruns of the hit animated TV show, "Pokémon".

Many scientists and evolutionary theorists have taken interest in Goldenrain's work, and are subsequently reassessing the work of Darwin. Goldenrain, using the videogame Pokémon Snap, was able to clearly document several stages of Pokémon evolution in the game's setting, Pokémon Island. One clip exhibited evidence of a Pikachu evolving in mere seconds into a Raichu, known scientifically as the "Electric Mouse Pokémon".

Enthusiastic scientists from around the globe are flocking to the site of Goldenrain's research, though they are being advised to avoid tall grass and extended walks through local forests. In the race to have their names etched amongst the greatest scientists of history, researchers have been reported to break out into fights with rivals over mere eye contact. "It can get pretty ugly out there in the heat of science," said biologist James Rocket. "I've seen a lot of tackling, scratching, and I think I saw one guy with a flamethrower."

As support for the Pokémon theory of evolution grows, an unprecedented number of children between the ages of 8-12 have been reported missing after leaving their homes to undertake an adventure. Thankfully, most of the missing children were found at nearby gyms within a few days, many of whom arrived wearing backwards caps and fingerless gloves expecting to battle. "I just sign them up for a karate class and call their moms," desk attendant Molly Duncan said.

A local convenience store clerk also noticed a spike in the demand for sweets recently. "Kids keep coming in and asking for 'rare candy'...I sell them Charleston Chews, since they've never heard of those before."

Sadly, Professor Goldenrain himself will never see his vision come to fruition, as he drowned last Tuesday while trying to surf on a sea turtle. The toxicology report also indicated a lethal amount of uranium in his system, possibly from a rock in his pocket with the words "Moon Stone" written on it. ■



Matt Y. asks:

Dear Maggie,
What about the awkward arm?

Well, Matt, what a great question – I often find myself in the same predicament when my roommate makes me be the big spoon. For the "table spoon" in the spooning arrangement (as opposed to the teaspoon) the inside and underneath arm often gets stuck, lost, or falls asleep. With Saint Patrick's Day just around the corner, test out some comfortable positions before the big night.

I've heard a lot of solutions, and while no answer is *the* answer, one of these might be right for you. Try sitting up a little, rest that head on your arm, and the raised position makes it perfect for whispering sweet nothings. I know my roommate loves when I talk about how flattering those nursing scrubs are.

Another option is wrapping the arm underneath and around the teaspoon. While this may bring you close, be wary of pins and needles, which can often lead to a massage and work in your favor. Playing with the teaspoon's soft hair is an awkward, but useable alternative, as the angle of the arm will make you look like an inept Tyrannosaurus.

Finally, I've been working on a design of a bed with a hole in it for this very reason, where the awkward arm can just chill out and hang underneath, while you and your girlfriend (or roommate) get cozy on the love seat. ■



A&S student picks up Mandarin minor in order to understand calculus

Sophomore math major J'Mingtham has recently decided to begin taking Chinese classes so that he can better understand his multi-variable calculus teacher, who allegedly does not know a single word of English. "They say math is a universal language, but he certainly doesn't speak the American vernacular" said J'Mingtham.

"When I told people I was going to BC, a lot of them warned me about the Boston accents, but no one told me that classes were taught in entirely different tongues. The other day I leaned over to the kid sitting next to me and whispered 'Do you get this?' to which he replied 'No, I've only taken up to Intermediate Chinese.'"

J'Mingtham claims he has purchased several editions of Rosetta Stone and dedicated an hour a night to practicing; however his progress has been sluggish. "They should really indicate on Agora if there are language prerequisites for these courses," remarked another student in the class. "If I had known that I needed to have taken CCR

Chinese, I never would have signed up for Calc in the first place."

Junior Salmon Ioatotta has taken a different approach. Rather than wasting the money and time on learning the language, he has enrolled in a typing class so that he can record the entire class word for word and then copy it into Google translator. "I order from New Hong Kong a lot, so I pick up on some of the spelling trends. The rest, I just leave to Google," says Ioatotta.

Others in the class have grown increasingly frustrated with their professor's inability to use even basic English. One student who was planning to study abroad in London next year has changed her plans and is now applying for a year-long program in Beijing. "My hope is that after spending nine months in China, I will finally be able to take Linear Algebra as a senior," said sophomore Sadam Percy-Hussein.

Last week in class, while staring at an overhead projection of a triple integral she angrily exclaimed "I don't get this. I've never learned these tenses," at which point

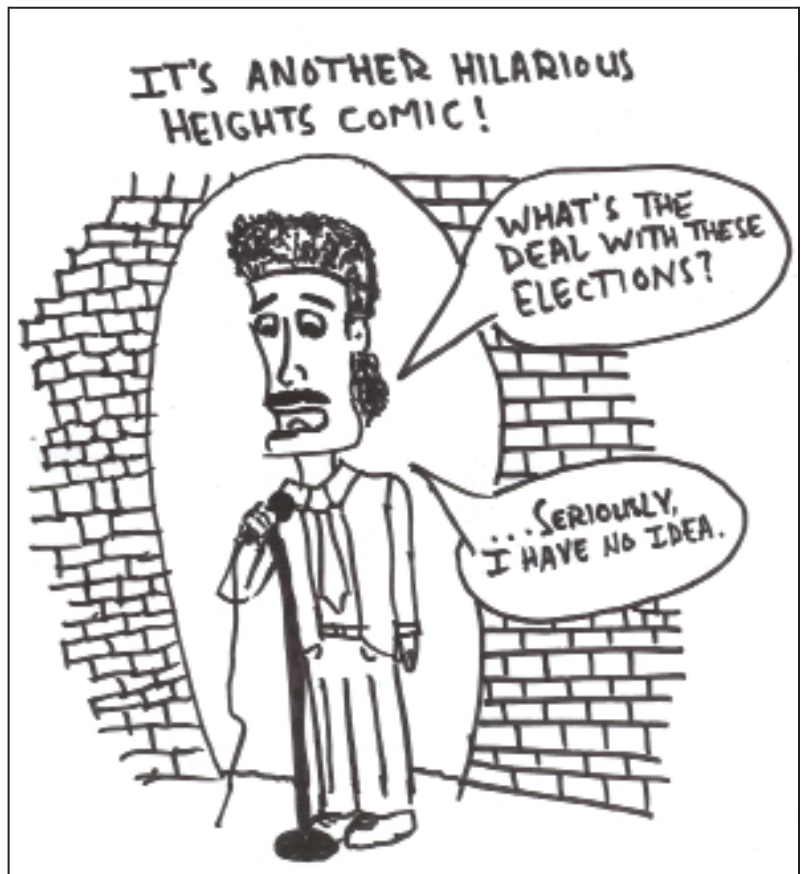


CURIOSLY, THIS CHILD DOES NOT GO TO BC

J'Mingtham interjected, "Mandarin actually doesn't have tenses. You have to learn the triliteral root of each individual verb." Percy-Hussein sighed in frustration, then she said resignedly, "Well, at least I'm not taking economics anymore. I don't know anything about Arabic." ■

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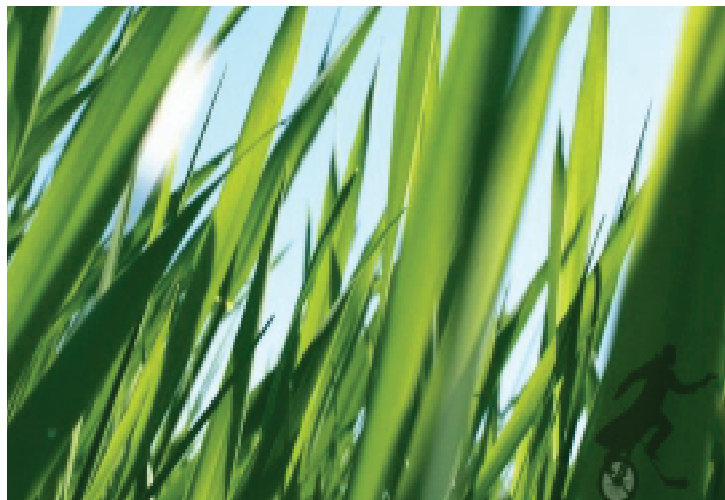
An appeal from The Grass

You know me. You've lain on me many times—lain *with* me even. I've caressed your knees and your shoulders since before you can remember. I've left stains on your clothing. I am the grass, and you're neglecting me.

"Oh yes!" you say, "The snow is so beautiful!" But you forget about that ubiquitous, languishing life beneath it—me. Freezing and suffocating, I weep beneath the pressured indent of your sin—the snow angel—your affair, disguised with such an innocuous, pleasant title.

What is it about snow? White and "pure," does it mask the filth of the ground? Are you pleased not to see my vibrant verdure? Yes, snow does cover everything up. An impish precipitate she is, masking the yard trash and the used condom wrappers, blanketing crushed Natty cans, even extinguishing and obscuring your stinking brown cigarette butts. I suppose snow does beatify in a way. But, my uninformed lover, you fail to realize the pernicious nature of this white drug you now lay with. These piles shall melt, revealing your once disappeared Solo cups in splinters on my sodden tufts, and leaving you alone in the cold. It isn't everlasting, like me.

But when the snow doesn't melt, you prefer to keep it pristine, taking the now well-trodden game trail beside it instead. To avoid the smooth visage of the snow, you bludgeon me to death; my blades are dulled with plods of sliding mud and your feet—the feet that, a few months before, ran bare and happy on my shining



CAN YOU FIND THE 'BLADE' IN THIS PICTURE? 'RUNNER' UP GETS A PRIZE

chest—wrestle and twist my skin to the point of disfigurement.

I suppose I miss you; I miss the sun. Damn these fickle March days that tantalize my brooding mind with hope of soccer balls and Frisbees and the itch sating feet that chase them.

Yes, Love, I will forgive you in time, I always do. But until that spring day when I can throw my natural musk back into the bird's air without fear of the wind's cruel winter vicissitudes, and tickle the small of your back in the bee's buzzing silence, I ask you to remember me. Remember me. ■

BC tour guide trips; Marvelous things follow

During a recent tour of Boston College, campus guide Geraldine Ford tripped and fell while walking backwards after the tour group she was leading failed to inform her of an obstacle in her path. The shocking event came after Ford specifically asked the group to warn her in the event of an obstruction.

"The highlight of the tour was seeing her trip over that curb," said Kip LaRoche, a high school senior from Tacoma, Washington in Ford's group. "She had a few near misses, so the anticipation was really high. It was a nice break from hearing about Newton Campus and how Bapst looked like something from Harry Potter."

Added LaRoche, "She played it off like she didn't care, but you could tell she was pretty embarrassed. I would be, too, if I

couldn't stand on my own two peppy feet."

Ford expressed surprise at the mocking that she received from the group after the incident, and noted that she "at least expected someone to help her up."

Other reports say that although Ford tried to quickly right herself after walking into the curb, she fell anyway "with the most perfect expression on her face." After taking "more time than an astronaut" to return to her feet, the tour group stopped trying to suppress their laughter and ridiculed Ford to the point of tears.

A video of the incident has been circulating the Internet, with over 20,000 views on Youtube at the time of this reporting. An online poll confirms that the incident was indeed hilarious.

Local pervert Bat Masterson has been credited with providing the video, saying that "it was a wild coincidence" and claiming that he "was only slinking about campus with a video camera in order to film birds-like any member in good standing with the Audubon Society."

The response to the incident has been swift and powerful. UGBC presidential candidates have proposed "mandatory prat-falls" and "other physical stunts" that would be required of all tour guides in order to "finally give them some entertainment value."

Seeking to avoid Ford's humiliation, her fellow guides have been wearing helmets complete with rear-view mirrors, bringing only further mockery to what was once a noble profession. ■

Give Us Your Witty, Your Poor, Your Huddled Masses Yearning to Laugh...

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