

Man only eats Mac food for a year,  
dies in grisly bus accident

see Unsolved Mysteries

Basketball rager cancelled when no  
player is old enough to buy alcohol

see 3B

Student to earn cultural diversity  
credit on Miami spring break trip

see 2F



# THE NEW ENGLAND CLASSIC

FEBRUARY 17, 2012

Serving students with chips and a pickle since 2007

VOLUME 5, ISSUE 4

## Tony Bennett to headline Spring Concert

Citing the recent trend of alcohol-related incidents at campus events, UGBC announced last week that nursing-home favorite Tony Bennett, popular singer of good-time standards, has been selected as this year's Spring Concert performer. Bennett was selected from a short list that also included Josh Groban and the ghost of Whitney Houston.

"We learned a lot from how the Super Bowl selected halftime musicians in the aftermath of the Janet Jackson wardrobe malfunction," said director of events Jefferson Dougherty. "If a performer's genitals weren't touching the ground, we weren't interested."

Bennett, often described as "the rich man's Harry Connick, Jr.," brings a career full of highlights to the Heights. Students can expect to sway along to such rollicking classics as "I Left My Heart in San Francisco" and "Rags to Riches."

"Who knows?" said giddy music major Francis Neapolitan. "Maybe he'll change the lyrics to 'I Left My Heart in Chestnut Hill.' That would almost be too much."

Despite the school's efforts, students have still expressed their desire to drink before the event. "You can't swing dance without a buzz on," said infamous junior Jonah Sharona. "I learned that the hard way. In fifth grade."

The crooner's performance will mark the return of live music to campus after a yearlong hiatus. School officials have expressed confidence in Bennett as the proper artist to usher in a new generation of entertainment. "We hope to see a significant decrease in the number of incidents that plagued concerts previously," said President of Student Affairs Matthew Cannonballski. "The golden voice of Tony Bennett will sooth the rowdiness of concertgoers, and might even make them tap their feet a little."

A pre-concert Soda Fountain Smash in O'Neill Plaza, sponsored by the BC



ONE OF THESE DUDES IS GETTING LAID TONIGHT

Pro-Life Club, will fill out the evening. Attendees will be able to sample various non-alcoholic concoctions while listening to Motown favorites. Student polling has revealed a high interest in tickets to the event, and the line from Robsham Theater is expected to stretch around campus.

"Tony Bennett was a hardcore cocaine user back in the day," said senior Tom Landerson. "Dude used to bump like twenty lines a night. Way more than Kid Cudi. Wherever he is, I'm pretty sure the party will be, too." ■

## "This semester will be different," student vows

In the opening weeks of another new semester in Chestnut Hill, Ernie Mead (LSOE '12) continues to be a source of inspiration to himself and others after yet again promising to make positive changes in all aspects of his life.

"Look, I've had more fun these past few years than a barrel full of monkeys," Mead stated. "But now it's time to put my foot down and grab the bull by the horns. I'm buckling down and getting serious. That could mean I'm up burning the midnight oil, but hey, when the going gets tough, the tough get going."

Mead is currently registered for seven credits. Unbeknownst to the senior, this does not qualify him as a fully enrolled student at Boston College. When asked about his lackluster grade point average, which with straight-A's this spring semester could reach a maximum of

1.17, Mead vaguely responded, "Do or die time."

Despite the odds that seem stacked against the Rubenstein resident, many around campus were quick to come to his defense. "I think if anyone could finally turn it around, it's Ernie," said classmate Kimmy Dobbs. "That guy's been saying he'll get down to business for a while now. Seven semesters to be exact. You can't deny that he has experience."

"You could say I haven't really been shooting for the moon lately, but there's no use in crying over spilled milk," the senior acknowledged. "The bottom line is, the buck stops here. I'm taking the initiative and persevering. Quitters never win, winners never quit."

However, in the dog-eat-dog world of collegiate academia, Mead is bound to face obstacles in addition to those he has routinely created for himself. As he is the only person in the history of the Lynch School of Education to receive a grade below a B+, several classmates fear that any improvement in his scores could upset the delicate grade-distribution that he appears to be single-handedly balancing. As a result, Mead's crayons have been frequently sabotaged, occasionally causing him the ultimate humiliation of having to complete assignments in Magic Marker.

Still, he remains unfazed. "I'll just get it done. Crunch time. Never say never." ■

# OFF THE HEIGHTS

## TOP 10

new wraps at  
the dining hall



BC DINING

1. The Hezbollah: Falafel
2. The Squirrel: Peanut butter, nutella, and roasted walnuts
3. The Quirrell: Half good wrap, half evil wrap
4. The Underfoot: Veggie
5. The Skeez: Salami, grape tomatoes, sour cream
6. The Plex: Lettuce wrap with Chobani filling and a side of celery
7. The Cowboy: Ranch dressing and Indian corn
8. The Chipickle: Chips and a pickle served with a side of chips and a pickle
9. The Eucharist: Crisped tortilla served plain
10. The Wrap with a Longer Name Than the Shuffle-Off-to-Buffer: Self-explanatory

## Student interns at mercenary firm

Sophomore theology major Brianna Amadeus is slated to spend the summer assassinating politicians and making threatening phone calls after accepting an intern position at a local mercenary firm.

The new gun-for-hire planned to spend the summer volunteering at a missionary, but filled out the forms incorrectly.

"I was pretty shocked when I got the phone call," said Amadeus while carefully selecting a scope for her rifle. "But I figured it must be part of God's plan."

Amadeus went on to say that she was "very excited" to start learning the business and "can't wait to get some kills" under her belt. As part of the program, she will be linked with a mentor, a veteran mercenary likely nicknamed "Bloodhound" or "War Machine". This mentor will guide Amadeus on the lonely road to becoming a heartless messenger of death.

If she collects enough enemy scalps, Amadeus will be granted a full-time position at the firm upon graduation. From there, she will be given the opportunity to travel the world and take the lives of dozens of people she has never before encountered, allowing her to fulfill her wish to "broaden [her] horizons," which she expressed in her application essay.

The position is unpaid, although the program's website promises that it will "help satisfy bloodlust." Although Ama-



MORE COLD-BLOODED THAN RICK JAMES

deus hoped to redeem her experiences for class credit, the university declined.

"While we support Brianna's freedom to chase her dreams," said president Bill Fahey, "the Church hasn't officially sanctioned the murder of innocents in almost five-hundred years."

Amadeus has expressed enthusiasm for her future in the firm.

"Although it's different than I planned, I'm really looking forward to the summer," she said. "There's nothing like the smell of sunscreen for when I'm camped out in the desert waiting for a mark to arrive, or the smell of chlorine if I ever need to drown someone in a swimming pool."

"And if it doesn't work out," added Amadeus, "at least I'll finally have some real-world experience for when I enter the job market." ■

## Foreign correspondent reports from Scotland

*(Editor's Note: The following is part of an ongoing report documenting the strange land that exists outside of American borders.)*

4 January: Greetings, readers. I have just arrived in Scotland. This will be my first installment as part of the NEC Studies Abroad program. I am in the heart of the Scottish Highlands and can't wait to share my adventure with you.

13 January: Electricity is in the air as independence for Scotland is on the tongue of every lad, lass, and wee bairn. The campus of Inverness College bristles with activity as anti-English sentiment continues to spread. Tensions are fuming and I can only hope that the region remains stable until the upcoming vote for devolution.

25 January: Today is Robbie Burns Day, in honor of the great Scottish poet. According to the drunk down the street, he single-handedly created Scot culture. Citizens celebrated in full force. The streets were flooded with a tepid mix of haggis and whiskey. My first-floor flat reeks of sheep entrails, but it has been difficult to clean because two of my roommates drowned despite my best attempts to save them. Four in total perished.

1 February: There was a riot today. The local authorities were extremely slow to react and had to deploy tactics usually reserved for football days. I am talking with BC about the possibility of helicopter evacuation.

14 February: Happy Valentine's Day, readers! BC has confirmed that I must remain at the university for the full semester if I plan on staying in good academic standing with the university. I am trying to stay optimistic, but with each day more Highlanders fill the city and battle with local authorities. Torn, blood-soaked kilts litter the streets.

19 February: Big news on the independence front. A leader has risen amongst the rabble, creating an organized front against any UK officials who have not been drawn and quartered. He calls himself Maol Chalium MacDonnchaidh and his first act as de facto leader was to organize mass bonfires of all Braveheart DVD's. Things are dark north of Hadrian's Wall. ■



## Internship Fair becomes actual fair



YOU'RE ABOUT TO GET FUCKING MOLESTED

Ambitious students arriving at BC's annual internship fair were shocked when they discovered a roving band of carnies in lieu of potential employers. The carnies were hard at work setting up games, squeegeeing large puddles of blood from the auditorium floor, and displaying a range of possible prizes including stuffed animals and inflatable weaponry.

"I was pretty disappointed that I wouldn't be able to hand out my resumé," said junior Billy Dawkins while buying cotton candy from the sugar shack. "I spent all last week practicing the perfect handshake. But I've had a pretty fun night throwing darts at balloons. I'll probably bring my friends tomorrow but I'll tell them to not get as dressed up. It's hard to do a sack race in slacks."

The university initially reported no involvement in the decision to turn the internship fair into an actual fair, but later jumped to claim credit when they learned the success of the venture.

"We were out on the Mass Pike and needed a new loc," said Bucky-Joe Phillips, veteran carnival worker of Castle Rock Shows. "The kitty was running low, so we decided to rig up some flats and gaffs for you hammer-squashes."

When asked about the location of the still-missing company representatives who were initially slated to operate the fair, Phillips claimed not to know while glancing sidelong at a large maintenance closet.

Delighted students played SkeeBall and Whack-a-Mole and, despite not advancing their career prospects whatsoever, they described a satisfaction they had not felt since childhood.

The carnival was not limited to students, however. Local pervert Bat Masterson spent three hours frolicking in the ball pit, keeping his head submerged and eyes scanning the room like an alligator. When asked if a ball pit was a traditional aspect of the carnival, workers said that Masterson had set it up on his own.

"It kind of sucks that I still don't know what I'm doing for the summer," concluded Dawkins, "but at least I got this awesome plastic bow and arrow."

Several company representatives have been reported missing since they failed to turn up for the internship fair. When confronted with this news, Phillips suggested that perhaps "they were having too much fun." ■

## Ironman winded after climbing staircase

Four-time Ironman Triathlon medalist Chip Tripple suffered public embarrassment after being spotted breathing heavily after his walk up BC's notorious "Million Dollar Staircase" early this week. The professional athlete appeared to be distraught by the incident which only proved to increase his heart rate, and his sense of shame. Witnesses report that after initially trying to shrug off the defeat, Tripple could not help but stop and unsuccessfully attempt to regain his composure.

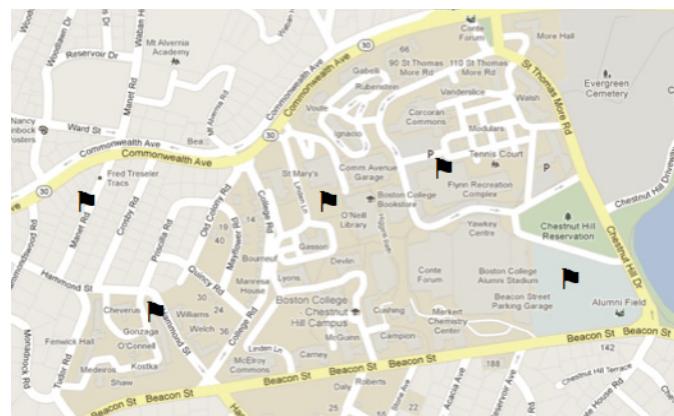
"I thought he would have just walked away and avoided straying too close to anyone lest they hear his distressed breathing," said sophomore Anita Sandwich. "But he wouldn't take it lying down. I guess that's what makes him such a warrior."

Tripple regularly completes 150-mile triathlons that test the strength of the human spirit. He berated the piece of architecture for nearly an hour, including a failed attempt to desecrate the eagle statue. Before long a crowd gathered to watch as he barked a series of insults at the stairs between extended periods of panting and dry heaving. By the end of the hour, the man had passed out from exhaustion. He never arrived at his intended destination.

"After climbing the stairs I usually wait outside my classroom until I'm a couple minutes late," added Sandwich. "That way, it seems like the reason I sound like Darth Vader is because I was late and ran to class."

The staircase remains undefeated in its relentless effort to cause climbers uncharted levels of fatigue and altitude sickness in some cases. It has proven such a daunting ascent that the school has offered a reward for any individual able to successfully climb the staircase without reaching the top sounding like Brainy from Hey Arnold!.

Tripple has begun a training regimen that would make Ivan Drago weep in the hopes of getting revenge against the staircase. The student body can only pray that he is the hero who will finally end the oppression of the "Million Dollar Stairs." ■



Fitzpatrick Hall: Senior RA regrets never living on Lower  
Manet Street: Pronunciation of "Manet" depends on day  
The Plex: Stunned silence after vending machine is used  
The Bubble: Yellow sponge leads aquatic creatures in song  
O'Neill Fifth-Floor Bathroom: Someone is \*\*\*\*\*

# GENERAL INTEREST

## I saved a dog. Regarding other animals, I will eat them and wear their skins.

*By Horatio Cans*

Maximus was only two when I adopted him from the pound. Poor little guy. He was just slumped there on the cold floor like a broken man until I came in wearing my studded calfskin jacket and saved my new best friend.

After what feels like a lifetime with my buddy, I don't feel so bad about being a raging carnivore and wearing excessive amounts of leather. You save one, you save them all, am I right?

Usually when we play fetch, I don't like to wear my biking chaps because they're too restrictive, especially when Maximus won't do his business in the neighbor's yard and I need to use the ole pooper-scooper.

I really love when days with a dog so top-notch end on a high note. It's time to hit the hay after a meal of three or four sirloins. And by hay I really mean the pile of animal pelts I have heaped on my bedroom floor.

Some settle for bromances, but what Maximus and I have is so much more. He really idolizes me ever since I saved him from being put to sleep. Maximus has also never paid attention to the taxidermied buck trophies I have on my living room walls instead of actual wallpaper.

A worse friend would criticize the fact that I have a meat freezer instead of a bathroom. Someone less loyal would scorn my collection of leather clothing that could get me on an episode of Hoarders. Normally, I would feel bad about being part of the planet's dominant species, but saving Maximus' life has made me feel better about my place on the food chain. ■

## Courtly love or Courtney Love: A Valentine's mix-up

My story starts with a gorgeous young girl,  
With golden hair and clear blue eyes that shine.  
She loved to sing and dance, to spin and twirl,  
Anon, I came to learn that she was swine.

She regularly drank wine, beer, and mead,  
Consumed and alchemist's strange potions,  
And caused the realm's best minstrel's heart to bleed.  
Her mind was stormier than all the oceans.

Realizing that she is no courtly love  
To cherish and to dote upon, I swore  
That one day I will find a little dove  
Who's not so much a coked-out rock star's whore.

Away! To the stars on my love rocket,  
Right to the heart, like the shank in her pocket.

Love,  
Newt Gingrich

## "Robshamu" attraction to open

After much debate, the BC administration decided to repurpose the campus theater facilities into a whale tank. Robsham Theatre, Chestnut Hill's performing arts Mecca and a hive of talent, will be the new home of an endangered orca whale. Boston College decided to convert Robsham into a whale tank at the suggestion of a CSOM student's exit interview. The anonymous student did not wish to comment.

"Transforming the theater could provide a steady stream of revenue," stated BC spokesperson Emika Gerlich. "We're going to name the whale 'Robshamu' to not detract from the fact that the building once housed a cute little theatre program. We're excited to finally transform the space into a box office and merchandising goldmine."

BC administrators decided to cut the theatre program following this spring's *Doubt: A Parable*. In the effort to make outrageous profits from ticket sales, cotton candy production, and balloon animals, the phase following the theatre program's elimination will include procuring an orca and then making a really fancy sign. Former theater students will be trained as caretakers and trainers for the whale through the new "Rockin' Robshamu" enterprise. Boston College indicated that half tu-



THIS IS PROBABLY ANIMAL CRUELTY

ition will be refunded if a student is lacerated during training and full refunds if casualties are sustained during a show.

Stuffed Robshamus will be joining Baldwin on the shelves of the Hillside bookstore. "Depending on the success of this venture, we will relocate Baldwin to be the Newton mascot and Robshamu will be the new face of Boston College," said Gerlich. ■

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