



THE NEW ENGLAND CLASSIC

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Serving students with chips and a pickle since 2007

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Rebellious students sent to the Modstocks



LIKE THE STOCKS, THE MODS WERE ALSO USED IN THE COLONIAL DAYS

With another event that required restricted entry to the Mods, the university has had to punish another group of students for illegally jumping the fence to gain entry. Each student is currently facing public humiliation and ridicule, the true foundations of an obedient society, by being held in the Modstocks.

Residents of the Mods have come from the far reaches of the red buildings

to gather in the grassy yard in their center to mock the underage students and throw rotten fruits and vegetables at the perpetrators for their amusement.

“It really help keeps up my morale with finals coming up,” said senior Festus Harrison. “I like to know that if I get stressed out I can go outside and hurl tomatoes at some defenseless sap with impunity.”

The majority of the projectiles have been provided by BC dining services when they deem the food too rancid even for them to serve with a clear conscience. Students can choose to purchase the rotting fruits and vegetables for merely half price. The service has even begun to accept dining bucks.

The guilty students were reported by a local Brighton resident who caught the incident on film.

“I always set up low angle cameras around campus now that it’s sundress weather. Reviewing one of my tapes I saw the offense being committed and knew that I had to turn it over to BCPD authorities,” declared local pervert Bat Masterson.

He was soon after detained for having admitted to setting up Peeping Tom cameras all across campus. ■

Sophomore student “totally, unbelievably pumped up” to live in rat-infested off campus shithole junior year

After recently signing a lease for a disgusting, piece-of-shit house on Radnor Road that looks like a blind carpenter threw it together in six hours, Sophomore CSOM student Simon Saysberg claimed he was “completely ecstatic” to live off campus next year.

“We all discussed it at the beginning of the semester,” Saysberg said, “and we decided we wanted a place with a heater that works every other week, a family of mice that will chew the living fuck out of our wires while simultaneously causing me to shit my pants whenever I see one scuttle across our filthy floor, and a basement that’s chock full of asbestos—oh, and rat nests.” Saysberg explained he’s “stoked to throw 200-person, hour-long keggers” with his “bros,” three of whom are his current College Road roommates and two of whom are random, former methamphetamine addicts that he will soon learn are not his “bros.”

Saysberg showed excitement over the prospect of one roommate leaving a bike that he never uses in the middle of their goddamn common room and having it get in the fucking way of every activity. “Honestly, I’d love coming home after a long night in the library to a clogged sink, beer cans from last Saturday scattered around our hallway, and motherfucking Garrett’s bike sitting in front of my bedroom door.” The elated student

also mentioned a large front closet that he’ll “totally convert to a bong room” but will most likely be used as a “wildly disorganized random-shit storage room.”

When asked about whether he likes being fucked in the ass by a seedy landlord who charges him \$900 a month to live in a shantytshack better fit for a favela, Saysberg responded, “Oh yeah. Absolutely. If anyone is fucking me in the ass, I want it to be a landlord with questionable visa status and a thick, incomprehensible accent.” ■



IT HAS A LOT OF CHARACTER THOUGH

CAMPUS HAPPENINGS

An interview with a tray user

Recently, while feasting on my jumbo hot dog, I noticed a young man sitting by himself at one of the high rise tables. He was casually skimming through his Anatomy textbook pretending to read, but I knew he was really just glancing at the pages in between nervous eye-shifting, clutching his Zune media player, and looking for anyone he knew.

Curious, I decided to sit down with him and strike up a conversation. I had no idea that this young man, Matthew Timmons CSON '13, would change my views on Boston College dining, and in turn, my life. The following interview is an abridged version of three, four-hour long interviews that I conducted with Matthew, focusing on a decision he made freshman year as a hungry student in McElroy dining hall. A decision that would change his life.

Matt, thanks for doing this, could you tell us a little about yourself?

I'm currently a senior living in Greycliff and I host a bi-weekly AM radio show on WVBC which consists of me doing live versions of books on tape. Oh, and I am addicted to using trays in the dining halls.

How did this commitment to using a tray start?

Well, on my first day of college, I noticed the gigantic stack of plastic trays, and I decided that I should take one. I got my meal and went to a table with three other guys to sit down and make some friends. As I sat down, they all stood up and left, saying that they had to catch their 9am classes. It was only 8:15, so I was a little suspicious, but I just chalked it up to first day awkwardness. Then the next day, a similar event took place, and the next day, and the next. Eventually I got used to sitting by myself.

When did you catch on that it was because you were using a tray that no one would sit with you?

There was one day, I think it must have been mid-February, when a really pretty girl sat down next to me. She asked if I had any questions about Boston College. Though I had many, I was a bit confused, and said no. Then, she said, "It's a really great school. I love it here, the parties are so fun, and the classes are cool! I hope you decide to apply!" I looked at her, befuddled, and told her that I already went here. She excused her question by saying, "I'm so sorry, I was just trying to be helpful. I just assumed you were a prospective student!" Then she ran off red-faced, giggling to her friends.

How has using a tray affected your Boston College career?

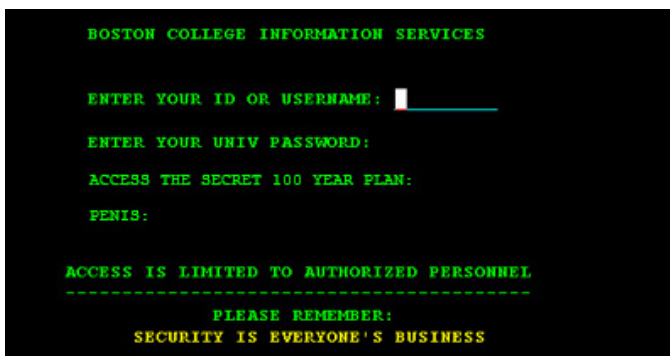
Well, I've been living in Greycliff since sophomore year because all of my friends were mortified any time I ate with them. Also, I've been subjected to countless individuals trying to convince me to come to Boston College, and, to a lesser extent, the green-freaks that yell at me because apparently using a tray is bad for the environment. By the end of freshman year, it became a point of pride for me to use a tray, and now, whenever I see someone struggling with too many items to carry, I get a little tingle in my balls knowing that I'm constantly making the right decision in my dining equipment.

Have you made any efforts to try to make the use of trays more acceptable in the dining halls?

I tried to do a flash-mob of students using trays, but it ended up just being me and my nursing school advisor, who actually didn't even know that the event was going on. My last major push was establishing a group as an arm of Campus Ministry called Prayers for Trayers, an outreach program based in the Ignation tradition to help students who feel compelled to use a tray, but frankly, just do not have the support system.

I can't wait to get the fuck out of here; I hear they use trays in the cafeteria at Mass General. ■

UIS: Screws up more than classes



I CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S JUST ON THE MAIN PAGE LIKE THAT

Class registration usually goes by without a hitch excluding the bribery to hold classes, the brawls about pick times, the pleading to professors for overrides, and the ancient UIS software failing to function on modern computers. A major incident this year put the entire future plans of Boston College in jeopardy. Hidden from the student and faculty population, BC's 100-year plan diagrams and schematics were secretly placed within one of the many hidden aspects of the UIS computer system as a method of cutting costs. However, due to the shitty typing

skills of sophomore Tyler Cruise, the entire plan was put into jeopardy.

"Yeah man I was just signing into UIS, and I hit 'R' to register but I guess like I hit 'T' or something and some stuff popped up about some 100-year plan," stated Cruise.

Upon displaying this information to his fellow suitemates in Roncalli, Cruise's jokester roommate, Sophomore Matt Goldstein, went to work. The files contained all sorts of memos and blueprints, calling for a new baseball field on Brighton Campus and new dorms where Shea Field currently sits. Goldstein, acting out of revenge for getting "fucked over" with housing and classes his Sophomore year, went to work to ensure the 100-year plan would be unrecognizable. The changes made by Goldstein were not discovered until Father Fahey went to present the 100-year plan to the Mayor of Boston, Thomas Menino.

Some of the alterations Goldstein made included: building a retractable-roof addition to Alumni Stadium, an underground tunnel system with moving sidewalks for the winter months, and turning Vanderslice Hall into a 500-foot high-rise apartment complex so no sophomores would end up in the "shithole that is Roncalli." These plans were accompanied by a request for a \$2 billion loan from the city of Boston to help fund them.

Father Fahey is currently undergoing psychiatric evaluation by University Counseling and was unavailable for comment. ■

Baseball corruption hits a home run



ALSO CONSIDERING RECRUITING THE BIG HURT

In light of what has been a trying season, BC baseball fans were thrilled by the team's string of wins last week. However, shortly after the Eagles' recent change of fortune occurred, whispers of possible corruption were heard from a source within the athletic department. Following our journalistic duty, we sent reporter Deuce Winklehorn to investigate, and the developing scandal he uncovered is simply shocking. Here, un-doctored, is the email sent from athletic director Chad Crates to BC's head baseball coach, dated April 24th.

Coach,

It's come to my attention that we've got serious trouble on our hands this season. At this point, I think the only thing we can do to salvage this thing is to green light *Top-Secret Operation Canseco-ball*. Obviously we've discussed these measures before, but I will outline Canseco-ball's provisions again for you here.

- 1) Authorize and encourage the use of low-grade beaver tranquilizers and deer antler spray for the entire team immediately.
- 2) Cork every bat, and practice with strictly Vortex PowerBats and tennis balls to rebuild confidence.
- 3) I will double your pine tar budget, so make sure you cover the away dugout with it when no one is looking.
- 4) I've scheduled several games against local little league teams to improve the team's record.
- 5) Stealthily replace the opposing bullpen's regular sunflower seeds with nacho-flavored seeds, the disgusting bastardization of all sunflower seeds.

I have confidence you will faithfully carry out these instructions, may God have mercy on us all. If all else fails, we will invoke *Last Resort Top Secret Plan 1919 Black Sox Initiative*. At least then we can fill our pockets.

Sincerely,

Chad Crates

Boston College Director of Athletics ■

BC Seniors, local man with mortgage and two kids in debate over existence of "real world"

In a shocking new development this week, Boston College has sparked a rousing debate over the existence of the so-called "real world" by bringing in guest speaker Burt Lafferty through the Career Center Lecture Series. Lafferty, a 38 year old HVAC technician from Quincy, MA, surprised the audience of mostly BC seniors by approaching the podium and simply telling his life story.

"I graduated from Bunker Hill Community College in 1995 and immediately began an apprenticeship with a local electrician," began Lafferty, "but this was not nearly enough of an income to keep up with my student loan payments," he revealed as a hush fell over the audience.

"...Loan payments?" reportedly whispered senior and trust fund baby Kelly Greene to her classmate sitting next to her.

"By age 26, I had established myself as an HVAC technician, working with a neighbor of mine from down the street when we were kids. However, things got worse when at age 28, my mother's medical bills began to build and I was forced to work as a security guard nights and weekends in order to maintain a steady income," continued Lafferty.

The increasingly uneasy crowd began to murmur amongst themselves, questioning the validity of Lafferty's story. The most glaring factual error to Lafferty's story, in the seniors' eyes, was that any mention of day drinking was completely absent.

"I mean, he said that he sometimes went to the local bar on Fridays with his buddies, which is fine, but his story began to unravel after that. When is he supposed to play Cornhole? It just doesn't add up," recalled senior Brian Coors, descendant of the Coors family of cheap beer fame.

The lecture quickly escalated when Lafferty turned to the topic of marriage and children stating, "I married my lovely wife Karen in 2004. We bought a house the following year and are really beginning to settle down. We now have two children!"

At this point, people began to openly criticize Lafferty, though the lecture had not quite reached the Q&A stage yet. The lecture erupted into complete chaos however, when Lafferty, raising his voice to speak over the crowd, asked his wife in the front row to stand so he could acknowledge her.

As Karen Lafferty stood, the crowd's collective jaw dropped and the room went dead silent. Mrs. Lafferty was, in fact, fat.

"BULLSHIT!" screamed senior Mark Thistle, breaking the silence. Having not seen a fat person in nearly 4 years, Thistle attempted to rush the podium. The lecture was immediately terminated, the Laffertys were escorted out by BCPD, and rioting began in Devlin 008.

With a liberal use of air quotes, 90-pound, blonde bitch Lauren Bello '13 insisted, "there is no 'real world' outside of here. I just couldn't listen to him spout such ignorant trash any longer."

The BC Senior class has decided to host a counter-lecture by using Senior Gift funds to acquire guest speakers John Mayer, whose song "No Such Thing" had become the student rioters anthem, and the cast of the Hangover, a feel good movie about how it's ok to get blackout drunk as an employed, grown adult. This talk will take place in Mod 13C this coming Thursday. ■

EXTRACURRICULARS

Parents anxious about graduation barbecue

Richard and Barbara Wilbert, parents of senior Charles Wilbert, confessed recently that they are “nervous as hell” to meet the parents of their son’s roommates at a barbecue event hosted outside Mod 41A the Sunday before graduation.

“Most of them seem OK,” Richard said while browsing through one of the father’s Facebook pages. “Oh, hey. This guy likes John Mellencamp. That gives us something to talk about, at least.”

The Wilberts were hesitant about having to spend probably four hours or so with the group of middle-aged men and women, most of whom they have never met. Barbara composed a lengthy e-mail last week to introduce herself and ask what everyone wanted to contribute to the barbecue, but deleted it after some deliberation.

“I’ll just wait for them to reach out to me first,” she said. “I don’t want it to seem like I’m coming on too strong.”

The couple have been spending their free time figuring out how early to arrive to the event in order to secure standing space in the one area of the backyard “that gets some shade” without seeming rude or inconsiderate. Barbara is also debating whether or not to bring her prized salad bowl, lest another parent use it and not return it.

“Obviously I don’t mind sharing if someone else really needs to use it,” Barbara said. “But we don’t know that much about these people. We don’t know if they have any respect for other people’s things.”

Overall, though, the Wilberts remained optimistic about the possibility of enjoying the afternoon.

“At the end of the day, it doesn’t really matter,” said Richard. “As long as we can stand in the same patch of grass together for a few hours it’ll be fine.”

“We don’t have to be best friends,” he added. ■

The underground movement

Let’s face it, outside is a dirtying, unpleasant, and outright dangerous place to be. When you are outside a whole host of problems arise. Tunnels are the best way to avoid these terrible terranian maladies.

There is no “too hot” or “too cold” in tunnels--they are Goldilock’s favorite temperature--“just right”. Being outside is uncomfortable. Prophet, sage, and convenience store owner Sid Guatama writes, “People always find reasons to complain about the seasons.” He shares the belief with many that winter is too cold, spring is too rainy, and summer is too hot. “I hate the color orange, so autumn just pisses me off.” Furthermore, we must put on layer upon layer of encumbering clothing for winter, and hot sweaty shirts stick and bother during summer. Clothes are not comfortable, yet the fact that we must travel outside necessitates them.

Inside a tunnel, there is both air conditioning and heat. Because we control the temperature, heavy pea coats and choking scarves are obsolete in tunnels. No more chafing boxers or itchy wool to plague our skin. With tunnels, nobody would have to wear these terrible articles ever again. Willy Iwaya, a tunnel fanatic, loves the unbounded comfort of walking naked in his tunnel. A recently converted nudist, Willy is a huge supporter of the tunnel movement. “Winter is a season that humbles and embarrasses us men,” he argues, “It’s unfair that nature can shrink or endow us on a whim.” Iwaya’s nudist colony is entirely connected by tunnels; the community is quite pleased with their year-round “just right” temperature.

The outdoors is a very dangerous place. In war, most people die outside. You are vulnerable and exposed to the dangers of a whole host of hazards: other people, grizzly bears, dinosaurs, quicksand... the list is endless. Furthermore, while outside our line of sight is dangerously large; predators and people who you do not wish to see can easily discern you and attack.

In the end, there’s nothing like the safety of a tunnel. Protected and secure, underground there are no risks like lightning strikes, sunburn, or animal attacks (besides groundhogs and moles, but who wouldn’t like some attention from a cute little mole?). Brown professor Viktor Molestein, a tunnel psychologist with a PhD in dirt, describes another benefit of tunnels: “[Tunnels] are great for mental health. They distract the mind from the terrible things happening out in the world, and force introspection and personal thought.”

So grab a shovel and join the movement for a safe, happy, and naked future. ■

Mumps outbreak swells



IS THIS THE MUMPS?

The editors are dead. Long live the editors

We’re always looking for more writers, role models, photoshoppers, hit men, enthusiastic people, and hope you’ll join the next wave of members. They’re all very friendly.

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