



THE NEW ENGLAND CLASSIC

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Serving students with chips and a pickle since 2007

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Sole legacy of angsty senior girl is knowing Roggie's delivery guy's personal cell

While people-watching in Hillside last Friday afternoon, senior Kate O'Seamus had a moment of realization: she has no boyfriend, no mod, and no intramural mug. Pondering her situation further, it dawned upon her that the only legacy she will leave behind at BC is knowing the Roggie's pizza guy's personal cell.

"I guess it just hit me all at once," O'Seamus explained, "I haven't even finished tasting every Rubinoff flavor, ya know? The only physical evidence of me even attending BC is that marinara sauce stain in the carpet of Kostka."

O'Seamus did participate in activities such as Appalachia, UGBC, and beer Olympics during her four years on the Heights, yet will graduate feeling as if she has unfinished business. She is not alone in feeling this sense of emptiness at the end of April. Fred Kim, manager at New Hong Kong has noticed unusual



SEEN CURBSTOMPING AN UNRULY PEPPERONI

demand patterns in April and May. "Upon analyzing demand, we noticed large upticks in the months of April and May in Chestnut Hill," he elaborated, "we further investigated and found that the orders are largely from females between the ages of 21 and 22."

Ultimately, O'Seamus will leave the BC community with at least one thing of merit. "Those ten digits, that cardboard-esque pizza

that only tastes good when hammered--I have the delivery man to thank for that."

O'Seamus plans on introducing the delivery man, whose name she does not yet know, to her parents on the night before graduation. "It's not just about my peers remembering me for being that chick with the delivery guy's cell number. It's about the delivery guy remembering me as a kindhearted, hungry, often blackout chick. That's what truly matters.

Still, in order to leave some kind of mark on the BC community, O'Seamus will be writing an Authentic Eagles piece "on high cuisine" in which she delineates mozz-stick dipping techniques in next week's The Gavel. ■

Oracle stock tumbles 77% after the sorry idiots give incompetent roommate an offer

Upon the release of news that bungling slacker and all-around incompetent dillweed Todd McGee had been offered an entry-level position as a sales representative at Oracle Corporation, shares in the multinational technology giant fell precipitously to a new 20-year low. Reflecting the opinions of all his roommates, as well as the vast majority of the investing public, the hire of the soon-to-be-graduating senior has effectively wiped out roughly three-quarters of the company's \$182 billion in equity overnight.

"It all started in Professor Jerome Tailard's Corporate Finance class," recalls junior Ricky DuBois. "For our semester valuation project, we picked Oracle. Anyways, we have the thing pretty much wrapped up; solid fundamentals, definite 'Buy' rec. And then Jimmy says, 'Wait a sec, isn't Todd going to work for them?' And then it all unraveled pretty quick. When the smoke cleared, we had dropped fair value from about \$42 to \$5.78."

Panic about the California-based company's pending demise soon spread beyond Chestnut Hill and into global financial markets. Amid roommate reports that Todd is "really shitty" at paying them back for expenses such as beer and electricity, Standard & Poor's swiftly cut the firm's debt-rating from a respectable AA+ to junk status, leading to an unprecedented WACC that topped 60%. Analysts forecasted that Todd's utter lack of business sense, coupled with his notorious thievery, would reduce firm-wide free cash flows by 25% over the next three years, while sexual harassment lawsuits would quadruple over the same period.

Noted activist hedge fund manager Bill Ackman has announced an unhedged short position in Oracle's stock, explaining, "Todd McGee is a pyramid scheme, plain and simple. But honestly, that's beside the point. The point is that

any company that would employ this drunken, spiteful sack of shit is going to fall by the wayside. His mere presence as one of their sales representatives will be enough to drive the company to financial ruin. And good riddance."

Meanwhile, a few gutsy contrarian investors are not as bearish on McGee's prospects for Oracle, including billionaire financier Carl Icahn, who has also taken the opposite side of the bet. Icahn claims, "I believe that Todd, while certainly a character of ill-repute, will turn things around in this role. He's been saying for years now that he needs to cut down on the number of nights per week he gets blackout and becomes abrasive, so it's really just a matter of time at this point. Plus, the whole 'harboring Neo-Nazi sympathies' was a relatively short phase of an otherwise decently not bad life."

"It's all shit! Just like Herbalife!" concluded Professor Tailard. ■

CAMPUS HAPPENINGS

Faces in the Crowd

Q: Meatball Obsession...What's That All About!?



"Personally, I would've preferred a Falafel Infatuation."

-Jared, A&S '17



"This would explain why the equestrian team was just phased out."

Kristin, CSOM '14



"How would you describe a typical week/day in this position? Would I have to work overtime?"

Bat Masterson, CSON '58

With Modstock selection Hoodie Allen scheduled to perform this coming May, UGBC is once again facing a mass outcry from the Boston College student population in a scandal entitled by the students as "Mod-Gate." Under intense scrutiny from the students and a call for greater transparency, president Nancy Montclair took to the podium for a press conference to discuss the recent events that have unfolded.

Despite numerous jeers from the crowd, Montclair stood fast under countless tough questions from organizational representatives from The Torch, Boston College Hillel, and Jammin' Toast. However, her layout of the detailed plan in the selection process truly seemed to appease the crowd. "We truly seek out the best and brightest artists for BC's diverse (sic) student population. This is a very difficult task, and it requires about twenty to thirty minutes of planning and emails to various booking agents to find available musicians."

The most obvious question of the day revolved around which artists UGBC contacts and how they go about doing this. With white rapper Macklemore headlining last year's concert, it seemed like a far too big of a coincidence for fellow white rapper Hoodie Allen, a native of the inner city of Plainview, New York, to be selected for this year's performance.

"With our limited budget of around \$1.6 million from tuition costs and fundraising, it's very difficult finding the just the right match for an artist that fits our budget, our students' wishes, and first and foremost, my personal wishes. Our process began this year, just like it always has, with myself and our Vice President getting our iPhones out and putting them on shuffle mode until we find a couple of

ModGate Scandal Reveals Modstock Selection Process



SUGGESTED EYEWEAR FOR THIS YEAR'S MODSTOCK

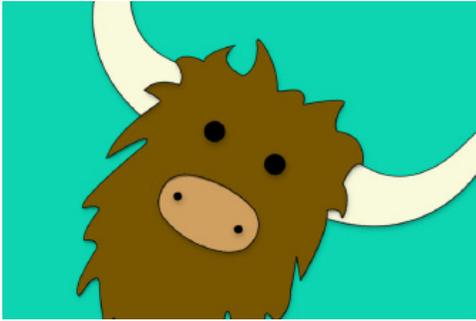
random songs we think are bumpin'."

While puzzling and questionable in ethical terms, Montclair assured the next step of the process remained the most logical thing to do for selecting the performer.

"So myself and the Vice President generally become as shitfaced and stoned as we possibly can, then we pull out the Bose speaker we use for dorm parties in Iggy and play the tracks we selected to gain the perspective of our fellow Eagles during the performance. If we don't think a song is totally crunk while we're in this state, then we toss it," Montclair assured the crowd. "We really feel that between our two diverse musical interests ranging from white mainstream rappers to white indie rappers, we really can bring the best ideas to the table. Really the hardest part revolves around booking an artist, because for some reason a lot of them really just have no interest in performing at a Catholic college! So we contact all the booking agents we can get ahold of, lowball them more than a pawn shop owner does to a customer until we finally agree on a price, and then if by chance we have multiple choices, our Constitution decrees we hold a closed-door session to determine who gets to take the stage."

When asked what the session involves, Montclair remained tight-lipped, but rumors from various news outlets describe it as a psychoanalytical test involving a use of the "intimidation factor," on the available artists. ■

CSOM Yik-Yaks itself into #4 ranking



UNTIL THE NEXT APP FAD STEALS YOUR LIFE

Boston College's Carroll School of Management has risen two spots from last year's sixth-place ranking in Bloomberg Businessweek's list of top undergraduate business schools, ranking at number four in the 2014 list. At the same time this ranking came out, the iPhone application Yik Yak has taken the Boston College campus by storm. Is this a coincidence?

"Of course not," said Businessweek employee and professional-rater-of-business-schools Wadsworth Watson VI.

"When rating undergraduate business programs, we at Bloomberg look for qualities in the business programs that are bellwethers for students' future success in the cutthroat world of business. These

qualities, in no particular order, are difficulty of curriculum, average income of graduates, and students' ability to be complete assholes.

"In previous years, Boston College has excelled in the first two categories. The Carroll School of Management offers a difficult curriculum that prepares its students for the world outside of college. The average CSOM graduate makes great money in the workplace. However, in the past, CSOM had been lacking in the category of being unfiltered and unapologetic assholes.

"This traditional deficit, however, has been increased by the recent surge of use of the iPhone application Yik Yak, which is essentially an anonymous Twitter. Bloomberg teamed up with our good friends over at the NSA, and through this partnership we were able to uncover all of the true identities behind the meanest and most hate-filled Yik Yak posts at Boston College.

"In uncovering the true identities behind each and every Yik Yak,

Bloomberg was pleased to find that every single one of the hateful, bigoted Yik Yaks had been posted by Boston College students within the Carroll School of Management. This discovery catapulted CSOM to #4 in the national rankings. If CSOM keeps up the good work, they should dethrone the Golden Dome of assholes over at Notre Dame's business school, which currently holds the #1 spot."

"Notre Dame is ranked #1 because of their Yik Yaks, of course. They're ferocious. I mean, that's probably accredited to the enormous amount of sexual tension and frustration placed upon every student in that Puritan environment."

Anonymous Yik Yak posts like "Hey Tyler, did mommy tie that Full Windsor knot for you?", "Fidelity caters better than Hillside's food any day of the week," and "LSOE can SOMF--sit on my face lol get it?" perfectly encapsulate the type of douchebaggery that has propelled CSOM up the Bloomberg ladder. ■

New UGBC President excited to play "White House" next year

UGBC President elect Lacey Espenoza finally has made her childhood dreams come true. In the upcoming year, Lacey, her Vice President Tyler Jones, and all the other appointed UGBC officials will take in a campus sanctioned and sponsored game of White House. While Lacey and her boyfriend will be in charge of the game, there are reportedly many roles left to fill. "Well, we know that an incoming freshman will probably play our dog, and Bradley Noth, CSOM '16 makes a very good cook, but other than that the jury is still out on who will fill out our house," says Espenoza.

Growing up Espenoza was always the girl in charge. Making her little sister wear a leash and her cousin deliver the fake mail, the games of House she would conduct were almost like real life. "Oh yeah, we had a little toy house, a tool bench, a wagon for the mailman, and Play Dough to make some delicious hamburgers, but now we are in the big leagues, with a big budget, and some great fake decisions will be made I'm sure!" elaborates Espenoza. Reportedly, Boston College has given thousands of dollars to insure the game is as "realistic as possible" and even has created new offices to insure their minions stay in the proper mindset.

The race for UGBC President was intense, but eventually Espenoza's artificial and outlandish ideas, such as making campus "go-green" and making the general population of the university



GUYS, MY BROTHER'S BAND SAID THEY'LL PLAY MODSTOCK!!!

more aware of the game by "publicizing a monthly report of the actions of UGBC", to improve the make-believe game of White House for everyone in the pretend student-government. "We are all super stoked to get started!" proclaimed Espenoza, "we plan on getting more fake-rappers for ModStock, more fake-food in lower, and even more real money to inflate our resumes and campus popularity!" ■

OPINIONATOR

Don't you dare try to smalltalk me about the weather

"Quite the rainy day out there!"

"Hear we're getting a nor'easter this weekend?"

"That pesky wind almost swept me away to Cambridge!"

Let's face it. If you've ever said any of these things to me, then you're probably a fucking piece of shit.

By trying to engage in smalltalk with me by reverting to a topic as banal as the weather, you're basically telling me that you'd like to watch me die on a desert island. And don't you worry, I'd probably wish the same for you.

I understand that in this day and age, every Tom, Dick, and Larry is a meteorologist. BC Students check their Weather apps upon waking up in the morning in order to decide whether they're wearing yoga pants or not. Professors send out emails complaining about having to cancel class because of the "dangerous driving conditions." My grandmother used to tell me that her knee bones would ache when the sky was about to snow. What a load of crap, am I right?

There are few topics more impersonal than the weather, New England weather especially. If I've made it to class or to Lower, the chances are that I already know



A HEARTFELT PLEA

what the fuck is happening outside. You live in the climate equivalent of a hormonal 13-year-old who may or may not have just watched Jessica Simpson's music video "These Boots Were Made For Walkin'" for the first time. Deal with it.

Now I must offer a warning. We have reached a point in the lunar calendar in which all people are starting to act spooky. For those of you not well versed in celestial speak, I am simply concerned that we as a species have reached a point-of-no-return in our smalltalk habits. Whatever happened to the days when a BC stranger would walk up to you and compliment you on your strong jawline? I remember as a freshman, a random classmate came up to me and asked me if I was trying to model my wardrobe after Captain Quint from "Jaws." That girl is now my soul mate, my rock, my future wife. I love you, Brooklyn.

The following reasons are kosher in my book if you ever dare to smalltalk me about the weather: tornado, rapture, Mufasa cloud, mushroom cloud, rainbow/hailstorm (raining gold dubloons). Other than those, shut your mouth and keep those boots walkin' on. ■

Senior girl realizes that she belongs in San Francisco after graduation



#SANFRAN #BEAUTIFUL #MYHOME #IMSO DEPRESSED

MaryLouise-Alexandria Moffitt, LSOE '14, made a bold and unorthodox statement last night that may have forever altered the fibers of her tightly knit group of 16 girls.

After growing up watching daily episodes of Full House and realizing the complete and utter beauty of the Golden Gate Bridge from Vickie's last #tbt Insta, Moffitt claimed with a resolute voice, "I've realized that San Francisco is totally where I belong after *the g-word* [graduation]."

"I just believe that San Fran's mixture of urban life-

style, natural tones and NorCal cuisine is the perfect fit for where I am in my life right now," claimed the lifelong resident of Middleboro, Massachusetts whose most western trip in the continental US was a 7 hour car ride to Harrisburg, Pennsylvania for her Great Aunt Millie's funeral.

Already looking forward to her time in the Bay Area, Moffitt spoke about local recreational activities that will be sure to fill her weekends and vacations with joy and glee. "Tahoe is only three hours away and would be such a fantastic long-weekend trip," she claimed. "The Redwoods are the perfect weekend jaunt. They're like enchanted. And they'll be the most amazing spot for me to take my Rhodesian Ridgeback puppy that I'm buying out there." Moffitt will be naming her puppy Capone due to the famous Alcatraz Island gangster inmate and the name's "perfect balance of cuteness and irony."

Some of Moffitt's other, albeit less favorite, choices include Copenhagen ("want to try the Socialism thing"), Seattle ("daily latte at world's first Starbucks), Park City ("be a ski bum until grad school") and in an out-of-left-field move, Flagstaff, AZ ("be a donkey tour guide at the Grand Canyon")

Never afraid to stand up for her beliefs, Moffitt also spoke of her acceptance of San Francisco's prominent gay community. She even went so far as to claim that she'd actively seek a "gay best friend."

But most importantly, Moffitt will be making the West Coast transition to hunt down her dirtbag ex-boyfriend, Tony, who may or may not be living in the Bay Area. "I'll find him if it's the last living thing that I do," Moffitt concluded. From the bottom of our hearts, we wish her the best of luck. ■

Do you believe in life after love?

We're always looking for more writers, role models, photoshoppers, Cher, editors, Celine Dion, and someone to update our damn website already.

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