



The New England Classic

SEPTEMBER 5, 2013

Serving students with chips and a pickle since 2007

Volume 8, Issue 1

Brighton-Area Burrito Joints Engage in Turf War

The battleground: a mile-long stretch on Comm Ave. between Main Campus and Cleveland Circle. The factions: a decently authentic Mexican restaurant, a disgustingly creative burrito place with an extremely vocal (and surprisingly hostile) Twitter presence, and a slightly less authentic Tex-Mex restaurant. It is on this turf of overpriced unfurnished apartments that you already regret renting that a type of war has waged for the last several years over a concept near and dear to the innocent minds of Boston College students: burritos.

Many a freshman has wandered onto campus and struggled to grasp the concept of how this politically incorrect conflict could be in the beautiful upper-middle-lower class community of Brighton, Massachusetts.

The violence is ever present in the local BC community, catching the innocent digestive systems of countless students in the bloody crossfire almost daily.

With desperation mounting to ensure they remained competitive against their rivals in the fight, El Pelón Taqueria began utilizing drastic measures. By crafting burritos unparalleled in quality and weighing in the heavyweight boxing category, they developed a cult following amongst the very small

hipster community of BC (it's an exclusive club you can't put your email down for), who proved their devotion even when the



"IS THAT A JALAPENO MOLOTOV, BRICK?"

Taqueria became more mainstream. However, the fear of defeat preys on the restaurant, who have apparently put plans in motion to sabotage BC Shuttle Buses to Cleveland Circle and develop private housing units on Brighton campus in order to maximize student proximity.

On the other side of the Res, two corporate Burrito chains continuously exchange Twitter rocket fire across their 3-building DMZ. With Boloco featuring a global menu of burrito inspirations, including the blasphemous "Bangkok Thai" and "Buffalo" abominations that they dare call burritos and not wraps, they draw the cheaper, more adventurous devotees from the Cleveland Circle and BC communities. Nearby, Chipotle Mexican

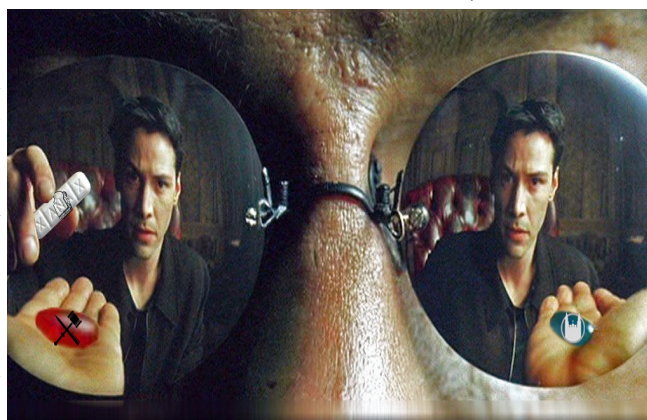
Grill features a relatively simple menu with standard Burrito ingredients, along with highly addictive cocaine supplied fresh from Tijuana laced in every single filling.

It remains to be seen who will ultimately conquer the other in this ultimate lucha libre conflict of Tex-Mex. Dirty tactics are now beginning to emerge from the combatants, such as serving margaritas that Junior girls "literally can't even" resist, and utilizing the Kirkwood Tickler to scare people into moving to Cleveland Circle.

Screw These Other Guys, Join Us

Hey everyone, so once again graduation has left us at The New England Classic experiencing a void in our ranks. So we're reaching out to you, our devoted readers/followers/friends/family/colleagues/classmates/random people we met in a Mod last year, to see who would be interested in writing, helping with social media, Photoshopping, InDesign, etc.

For those of you unfamiliar with who we are, we are BC's only uncensored, non-sponsored, unfiltered, and Gluten-free student-run satire publication. Since 2007, when a couple Sophomore girls thought it would be a funny idea to knock down a wall in Coro to make an 8-man, we have existed to serve the BC community with our jokes and ideas. We've been referred to as "the funny newspaper," or the "guys with the funny Twitter



"WHICH PILL WILL YOU CHOOSE?"

account," or "the dudes in Mod 27A" (but we don't have a Mod this year).=

We try to be unlike any student organization on campus. We have no true hierarchy, no money, and plenty of room for sitting around and bullshitting. Our only deadline is the one we set ourselves: to get out as many issues as we feel like we want to do. So if this hardcore, stick-to-your-guns, fly by the seat of your pants, pushing the envelope, but not actually doing any of that, journalism appeals to you and you feel like joining us, just reach out to us through email or social media sites.

Email: thenewenglandclassic@gmail.com

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Off-Campus Happenings

Bro "Knows Exactly" Where Summer Paycheck is Going

Sophomore Chad McClurkin may be the most excited student on The Heights at the beginning of this school year. McClurkin worked the entire summer, amassing a little over \$3,000 at his lifeguarding job, and he knows exactly where his hard-earned cash is going.

"Alcohol! All of the alcohol! I want it now!" screamed McClurkin. "I am so fucking amped right now! My parents are buying my books and food, so where else is my money supposed to go towards? And there's no fucking way I'm saving it, either. I'll make \$3,000 dollars every time I blink once CSOM lands me the job of my dreams."

McClurkin continued: "You may ask me, 'But Chad, you're only 20. How do you expect to buy all this alcohol? Through upperclassmen friends?' To which I would reply: 'Absolutely not, bros! I bought myself a fake Oregon ID with my first paycheck! Catch me at Chanksy's on Friday afternoons at 3PM buying all of the beer!' Literally all of it. They're probably going to run out of stock once Chad rolls through," as McClurkin threw out his third-person reference of the day.



"OH SHIT, DO THEY SCAN IDs NOW?"

want anyways."

Considering the fact McClurkin will be inhabiting a double deep inside the bowels of 66 Commonwealth Ave., he will likely be able to maximize his alcohol budget without expensive 8-man-style pregames that always lead nowhere. Instead, he and his roommate are looking forward to some "quality bro time" as they slowly make themselves sick just by the smell of every hard alcohol known to man.

Even though McClurkin suffers from debilitating aches and pains from exhaling loudly on the bench press at the Plex, he remains dedicated to his newfound wealth and the liquor possibilities it provides him, and he refuses to "spend even one fucking cent" on personal hygiene, transportation, or charitable causes.

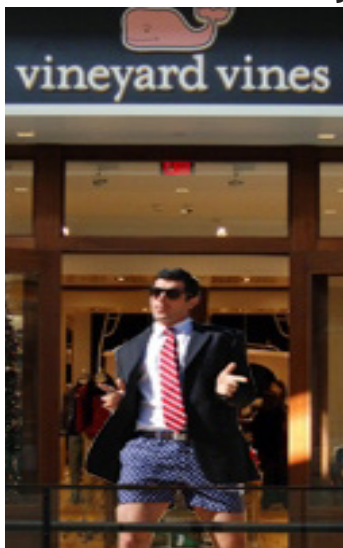
"That's what my parents' truckloads of money is for, dudes!" commented McClurkin. "Most I'll do for charity or whatever is buy a homeless dude a handle of Jack. I mean, that's all they

Clothingism-The New Social Injustice

Of all the things needed freshmen year – good looks, intelligence, athleticism, possession and/or ability to create a fake ID – one quality sets the true BC student above the rest: the amount of Vineyard Vines clothing owned. It seems whale watching season has returned to The Heights once again this fall; not in the form of majestic sea-creatures nor in the form of overweight individuals, but in something much more important to BC students – stripy button downs and multicolored shorts.

While many businesses continue to struggle in a recovering economy, the Vineyard Vines fall catalog has returned stronger than ever, thanks to an unprecedented wave of overbearing mothers attempting to dress their now "totally frat" freshmen sons. This year promises to be the most preppy yet, but not everyone is excited about the change.

The excessive amount of Vineyard Vines has sparked a lively debate among philosophy students, who claim the trend is a new form of social injustice they call clothingism. Students in protest of Vines have gone on clothing strikes, choosing only to wear Gap and Old Navy merchandise. Students also have participated in various sit-ins, staying and trying on clothes at Vineyard Vines stores for hours without buying



"THIS DUDE'S SHORTS GAME IS ON POINT."

anything. Local UGBC representatives have even applauded the protesters, describing them as "bold," "fearless," and "potential voters."

Native of Kinnelon, NJ and spokesman for the movement, Blake Styles, had this to say regarding the recent movement: "Hell if you want to throw on girls shorts and tell me it's how preppy people dress, go right ahead dudes, I'll be right here with my public high school degree and my Levi Jeans!"

Despite the protests, sales continue to skyrocket as freshmen desperately try to find belonging in the sensation that is college. One freshman was even overheard as saying: "If the price of friendship is an overly overpriced wardrobe, then count me in bro! My Hardy roommates and I are ready to go ham!"

The future stands uncertain for the BC community as clothingism rampantly divides the student body. One thing remains true through: that's not a rainbow you see moving down the stairs of upper campus. What you're looking at is the colorful shorts of starry-eyed freshmen, soon to learn that not even all the whales in the world can get them into a party.

Did you resist the urge to watch the 9th season of *Scrubs* after the 8th season finale?

We're always looking for more Writers, InDesigners, Bookies, Cello Players, Photoshoppers, Paratroopers, Pawn Shop Owners, Used Car Salespeople, and Graphic Designers.

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