

Football Team Promises to “Let The Fans
Down Earlier next Time”
see Sports

“Who do you know here?” How Bapst Librarians
Keep Freshmen out of Grad Student Mezzanine
See Z99

Gonzaga Freshman “98% Certain” that girl
he is seeing has Ebola
see A Doctor



THE NEW ENGLAND CLASSIC

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Serving Students with Chips and a Pickle Since 2007

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Letter to the Editor: From Winter

Dear BC Students,

Autumn in Chestnut Hill sure is marvelous, dontcha think? The days have grown shorter, the leaves have changed shade, and the air has gotten just cold enough for you to hold that special someone just a little bit tighter. Oh, what a magical time of year!

Nothing to do on campus this weekend? Grab a few friends and hit the orchard for some apple picking! Looking for a romantic date with your better half? A hayride is the perfect opportunity for a young couple to heat things up as the weather cools down! Hell, why not throw in a corn maze or two? If you're really up for the challenge, just take a casual stroll through an arboretum! Boston is your oyster! Sky's the limit, kids.

New England has so much to offer this time of year, so I would advise you to take advantage of the fall while you can because, once I roll around, you motherfuckers are going to need a lot more than a Venti Pumpkin Spice Latte to warm your pussy asses up. That's right, fuckers. Pack up your pastels, stow away your Sperrys, and tell Grandma to fire up the old knitting needles because you're going to need a sweater or two once ole' Papa Winter comes tumblin' through Chestnut Hill, Mass.!

Knock knock! Daddy's home, motherfuckers, and he came to play this year. And I don't just mean some “White Christmas” or “Baby's First Snowstorm” type of Winter shit. Nah, man. I'm talking fuckin' old school, colonial winter. Some real George Washington, American Revolution at Valley Forge over the winter of 1777-1778 shit. I'm serious. Fuckin'

Pilgrims would think the shit I have in store for you is tough. I'm comin' at you with some FEMA type shit. Get out the cheap whisky, because I bet you'd rather have long-lasting liver problems than the wrath my frostbite is going to bring all of you peasants this year.

I promise you, what I have up my sleeve is like nothing you've ever felt before. Like Tim Tebow in his prime, I'm lowering my shoulder and laying you down with an old-fashioned Nordic Hell. This isn't just “wear your mittens to recess” type of cold, either. Nope. This is a “wait for the bus inside or else the blood vessels in your eyes will fuckin' burst” type of cold.

Now, I'd like to specifically address this part of my letter to the ladies of Boston College. Girls, you think those Lululemon leggings are the perfect mix of cute and comfortable? Do you wear them every single day of the week, because that shit matches everything? Or do you have at least one day a week that's your leggings day? Well, the party's over, because the only thing that's going to be tightly clinging to your legs this winter are my cold, dead hands. I suggest you head over to l1bean.com and buy some big, thick, and baggy flannel-lined jeans, just like your alcoholic uncle used to wear.

So get ready BC, because it's time to “Let it Go,” bitches.

-Sincerely,
Winter

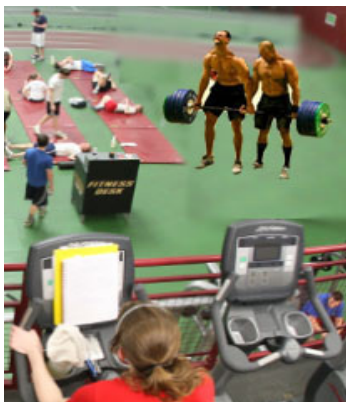


#HisCampusBC: Plex Bro “Pissed” At Ellipticals Being Moved Upstairs

It was a sunny September morning when Senior Chad Boucher entered the Flynn Recreation Complex. Everything was perfect: It was hot as balls inside, a little smelly, and you could hear the unrelenting grunts from the guy on the bench press wearing a snapback hat and a tank top that subtly showed off his nipples. With all being right in the world, Boucher was prepared to get his Plex on when he noticed something strange.

“Where the fuck are the girls on the ellipticals!?” reportedly exclaimed Boucher. After a quick search, he realized that the remaining ellipticals on the ground floor had been moved upstairs. “This is bullshit! Half the reason I come here is to impress the ladies with my perfect swole! How the fuck can I do that when they can't even see me while I workout? Now after I pound out 205 on the bench press, girls won't be able to get ladyboners over how awesome I am!”

Early reports state that, due to the recent upsetting of the guy/girl ratio of the ground floor in the Plex, Boucher has been reduced to yelling obscenities every time he finishes a set so that everyone will pay attention to him. Fellow Plex-goers like Sophomore John



“BRO, SPOT ME! PHYSICALLY AND SOCIALLY!”

Fissinger held their own opinions of the recent disturbance.

“Yeah that Boucher kid is fucking crazy, dude was just stretching by the dumbbells and he was already screaming at the top of his lungs,” stated Fissinger.

Boucher was asked if he would consider going upstairs so that the girls could see his swole. “Fuck no, I am not going upstairs, the only machines upstairs are for cardio and it takes away my gains, you pussy!” In response to this latest travesty, Boucher has filed a petition with Plex director Walt Earnhardt to move the ellipticals back downstairs.

“I just feel that without the girls there it takes away from my workout, and the Plex should be obliged to meet my workout needs. But who knows if they'll take my opinion seriously. I feel so unrepresented on this campus, it sucks!” Boucher explained as he threw down his “80s-for-the-ladies”-dumbbells to hit up the bench press again.

The Plex has yet to respond to Boucher's petition, and the outlook on the situation looks grim. But as always, the real question of the day remains: Yo leg day? Nah brah.

THE HANGMAN'S NEWS

Healthy Living Launches Guerilla War

Healthy Living knows what you did last summer. Specifically, Healthy Living knows how many fried Oreos, bacon-infused ice cream sundaes, and Big Macs you ate last summer. Healthy Living also knows about your secret addiction to Late Night's mozz sticks, and they are going to put an end to it, using any means necessary.

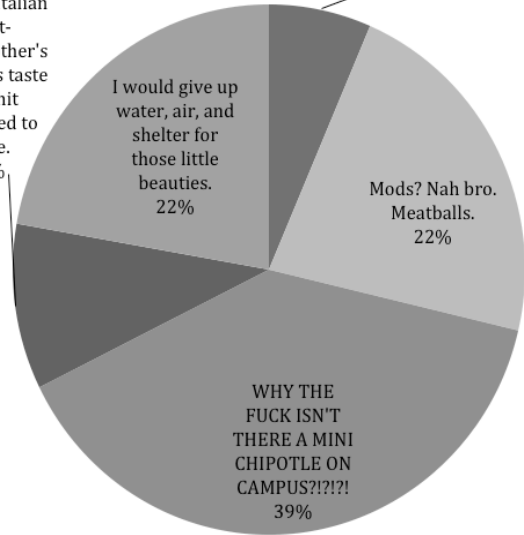
Operating under code-name KALE, the BC society dedicated to a substance-free and health-conscious lifestyle has recently taken extreme action in engaging the rest of the student body with their beliefs. Namely, guerilla warfare and sabotage. An unidentified representative spoke (somewhat bitterly) on behalf of the organization, discussing their tactics and goals.

"You know how the F'Real machine in Mac keeps 'breaking'? Yeah, that's us, you fucks. What did you think we were doing during the football games? Nobody goes to those things sober!" The spokesman continued to expand on the ideology and demands of KALE, stating, "Listen, if we have to eat this healthy tofu crap, then everyone should have to. We've got a long list of targets if everyone doesn't get on board with this shit. Get ready motherfuckers, we're coming for the waffle-iron!"

The ultimate long-term goals of KALE weren't made especially clear, beyond the emphasis from one member of "taking down the junk-food hierarchy, man. You sheeple need to wake up and smell the partially-hydrogenated frying oil. We're here to stay."

How obsessed are you with meatballs?

Even my 99-year old Italian Great-Grandmother's meatballs taste like shit compared to these. 10%



Jesuit Sets up Confessional in Mod 27A Bathroom

Peter DeFario, Lynch '04, is in his lengthy mission of becoming a member of "Jesus' fraternity," the Society of Jesus. DeFario is in the Regency phase of his Jesuit training. During their regency, some Jesuits practice ministry in third world countries, while others teach as Jesuit high schools.

DeFario, however, isn't an ordinary Jesuit. He's back at Boston College for his regency, but he's not serving in the classroom like the traditional Jesuit-in-training. Instead, DeFario is immersing himself in a different aspect of college life. DeFario is boldly ditching the comfort of a classroom to embrace the stink of sweat, bodily fluids, and rejection. That's right, Peter DeFario has taken his Jesuit regency in the neighborhood of little red houses on lower campus, the Modular Apartments.



"OH DON'T WORRY, I WON'T YIK-YAK WHAT YOU CONFESS...TRUST ME ;)"

"Mamma didn't raise no bitch," said DeFario. "It's time to embrace the suck and really connect with these kids."

While he resides in 2000 during the week, going about his own business and studying theological writings, he gets down and dirty on Friday and Saturday nights, when he sets up his makeshift confessional booths in the infamous Mod 27A bathroom.

This is some of the "best stuff" he's heard:

1. "Forgive me Father, for I have sinned. I used the phrase 'turn up in the Mods,' and I wasn't being sarcastic about it."
2. "Forgive me Father, for I have sinned. I saw two girls making out in the corner and I became a gay rights advocate for like a second."
3. "Forgive me Father, for I have sinned. Everyone thinks my name is Steve. Everyone is chanting, 'Steve! Steve! Steve!' My name isn't Steve, it's Carl. Furthermore, I don't even go here. I go to a state school. Wait, are you telling me this is a party? This? No, no, no... You guys have got it all wrong. It's only 11:45! This has got to be a pre-game, right? Or like a club meeting? No? Seriously? You're just going to get late night after this and go to bed? Yikes."
4. "Forgive me Father, for I have sinned. My whole 9-man hates me because I forgot to bring my American flag and now we have NO new profile pictures."

Do you think they should remake the Spiderman movies *again*?

We're always looking for more writers, extortionists, web designers, hackers, Brazzers passwords, first dates...second dates?, lobstahs, bedazzled jeans, and girls *wearing* bedazzled jeans, to join our sandwich manufacturing crew.

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