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SERVING STUDENTS WITH CHIPS AND A PICKLE SINCE 2007

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Empowering: This Young Woman Took A Shit In The Quad

by HANK R. CHIEF

THE QUAD — In a display of pure female empowerment, Cassie Dukey (MCAS '18) dropped a massive shit right in the middle of the Gasson Quad on the way to Intermediate Spanish last Friday morning. What a win for women everywhere! Though the grassy area between Devlin, Fulton, Lyons and Gasson Hall is typically a bustling student thoroughfare, nothing was obstructing Dukey's bowels as she squatted down and released a glorious log of poop. Can you say "female empowerment"?

While this bold move has been deemed shameful and “unladylike” by some *insensitive slaves to the patriarchy*, many have lauded this progressive woman for combatting the negative stigma around pooping in the middle of the go-to outdoor student common area. “She made me question why deucing in the quad is so taboo in the first place!” exclaimed Daphe “Kate” Ahola (CSO ’17). “We were all forced to step back and really analyze the social norms we abide by every day. Wow!” “The shocked expressions on everyone’s faces, to see me, a female, shit in the quad, that’s what really made it all worth it,” said Dukey in an interview conducted just feet from her still-steaming lump of feces.

Acting out of character, the Boston College administration reported that Dukey will not be penalized for her brave actions. In an official



statement, Chief Academic Officer B.M. Burns declared, "Yaaaas queen! Do your thing! We a'int here to stop you! Mmm!"

At press time, Dukey had inspired dozens of other young women and even some forward-thinking men, to drop their pants and shit in the quad.

nothing matters

Father Leahy Administers Last Rites To Dying Edmond's Hall

by HANK R. CHIEF

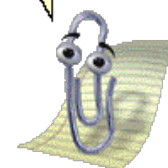
LOWER CAMPUS — The joyous breath of life that the spring season bestows upon The Heights is no secret to the student body, but for one illustrious dormitory, this spring will represent nothing more than its swan song. After an incredible life of 41-years, a lifespan over twice as long as most “safe” college dormitories, university officials informed Edmond’s Hall on Monday that no modern engineering technology could keep it alive for much longer. Following multiple pipe bursts, rat infections, internal asbestos bleeding from ceiling tile holes, and signs of outright mental instability from countless faulty fire alarms, it is no surprise that this incredibly durable building must finally say goodbye.

In order to assure eternal life for the now decrepit residence hall, University President William Leahy, S.J. has been called in to administer the Sacrament of Extreme Unction. Following a confession of sins, which could take hours because of the building's sordid and debaucherous past, family and acquaintances will be invited to pray along with Fr. Leahy as he

administers the Apostolic pardon. Rumors are abound as to who will be able to attend the ceremony, but one confirmed attendee is original architect Comrade Ivan Soltinikov, who was diagnosed with mesothelioma just seven months ago.

While Edmond's should be granted an eternal life in heaven after receiving Leahy's sacramental anointing of the sick, not everything on the edges of Lower campus nearing its demise has been blessed with the same grace. Even after receiving threats from PETA, Father Leahy will not be taking the time to bless Edmond's enormous rat population. "Animals don't go to heaven," Leahy said while flicking a cigarette and staring at the sunset over the Reservoir. "Fucking deal with it."

It looks like you're trying to incite a revolution, comrade. Need some help?



SEX!

It's fucking awesome!

Titties! Titties!
 Well yeah!
 Sexual breasts!
 Boobs! Boobs!
 Nipples! Sex!
 WOOHOOO!!
 Having sex!
 Positions! Sex!
 Female body!
 SEX SEX SEX
 SEX SEX SEX
 SEX SEX SEX
 SEX SEX SEX
 SEX SEX SEX
 SEX SEX SEX
 SEX SEX SEX

ResLife To Donate All Confiscated Alcohol To Local Homeless Shelter

WALSH HALL — For the first time in recorded history, Boston College's Office of Residential Life has made a decision that students are unanimously praising. ResLife will be donating all the alcohol that their staff confiscated from underage students to the Boston Rescue Mission. "If I can't have that handle of Raspberry Rubinfoff, then, dammit, some poor homeless person should," said Erik West (CSOM '18). Some students are even setting aside some of their best supplies of alcoholic beverages to donate to those in need. It's nice to see Boston College living out its mission of creating men and women for others!

1 TICKET

Spotlight Movie Night
at St. Mary's

Jews: They're Just Like Us!

By TIP P. O'NOSHEDIDNT

EDITORIAL — As a member of the Right Faith (Roman Catholicism), I have never had much interaction with the Jews. However, something happened the other day that rocked my world like the earthquake after Jesus' death (Matthew 27: 51-53). What happened, exactly? I learned that one of my good friends, Matt, is Jewish.

We were sitting in Perspectives and discussing the Old Testament, and our professor asked if anyone in our class was Jewish. No one raised his hand, except Matt. I was so startled that I ran to the bathroom and vomited for 15 minutes straight. After saying 8 Hail Marys and lusting about Pope Francis' refreshingly progressive views, I returned to class an enlightened man: As it turns out, Mel Gibson was wrong about the Jews.

I grew up in a household where only two things were outlawed: Homosexuality and Michael Bay films. If God wanted people to be gay, why didn't he give gay guys vaginas? And Mother always said that Michael Bay was a puppet of the Zionist Hollywood regime.

My favorite movie director, up until a few minutes ago, was Mel Gibson. I grew up on Braveheart and Lethal Weapons 1, 3 and 4 (notorious Jew, Joe Pesci, was in #2). But my favorite Gibson movie of all was The Passion of the Christ. From the proper portrayal of the killers of our Lord and Savior, to the proper nose sizes of characters and the realistic amount of sniveling throughout the film, The Passion of the Christ perfectly described all descendants of Abraham—until I met Matt.

After class, Matt and I went to Eagles to grab lunch together, like usual. As we waited in line together I couldn't stop thinking about how this man was responsible for the killing of the only son of God 2000 years ago. But then I realized that Matt hadn't tried to swindle me out of money, and he hadn't stabbed me that one time I ate a steak and cheese in front of him. Just to make sure of his kind heart, I had to put him through one more test: If Mel Gibson taught me anything, it is that Jews have a natural tendency to kill our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

When we sat, I looked him dead in the eye and took out my absolutely shredded Jesus doll that I keep on my person at all times. After he stared at it, Matt didn't do anything. He didn't swindle me out of my coin, and he didn't even attempt to stab Jesus. Afterwards, we talked about FIFA and who from our Perspectives class we would most like to bang. (We both agreed on Tiffany, no contest. Great rack.) And that was the day I learned that the Jews, indeed, are just like us.

Jews: Not As Much Like Us As I Previously Thought

By TIP P. O'NOSHEDIDNT

EDITORIAL — Recent events have provoked me to reconsider my previous finding of camaraderie between myself, a good Catholic boy, and the descendants of the tribe of Judah. I saw Matt, my friend who recently came out as Jewish, walking alone across campus eating matzah from the box. Who in G-d's name does he think he is snacking on that tasteless, unleavened bread? I oughta throw that shit in a burning bush. Who does Matt think he is? No friend of mine, that's for sure.

Actually, Jews Are Just Like Us. We're All Outsiders.

By TIP P. O'NOSHEDIDNT

EDITORIAL — Who am I to distance myself from Matt just because of his religion? Matt is a wonderful friend to me. Without him, I'd be like Jesus in the desert—lost and alone (Matthew 4:1-11). Even though this university has around 9,000 students, it can be difficult to find a niche where you feel safe and form genuine friendships. We are alone.

Besides, at least he's not a Muslim. Am I right, Donald?

Down

1. Fart factories
3. Tits or ___?
4. Proctologists subjects of interest
6. Rhymes with sluts, kind of
7. Chest-butts, or statues of the upper body

Across

1. Discarded cigarette filter
2. The bread of my thong-sandwich
3. "Roll my weed on it, that's an ___ tray."
4. Sir Mix-a-lot's inspiration
8. My favorite snack food brand
9. A long-eared domesticated donkey

ANSWER KEY:

Why Investment Banking Is My Passion: An Essay

By CHAD

I was lost. I had no idea what to do with my life. There was nothing to light the fire of passion under my ass and force me to get out of bed in the morning. What are my talents, and how can I contribute to society? These questions plagued my very existence day in and day out, from freshman orientation all the way up until last week. What happened last week? Well, I landed a summer internship at Goldman Sachs as an investment banking analyst.

Gone are my naive days of thinking I wanted a career that provided me with "free time" outside of work to develop relationships with other people and take personal time to exercise and care for my well being. Now that I have discovered that my life's calling is to work as a Microsoft Excel monkey from 9AM until 12AM for the first three years of my adult life, I have transcended the need to feed my soul. The fact of the matter is, I no longer have a soul—but I will have a bank account that's fatter than the 18oz. ribeyes I have for dinner every Tuesday, Thursday, and Sunday.

I cannot put into words how prepared I am to assume the role of investment banker with my whole being. Because I am going to spend an inordinate amount of time working, my entire self will be defined by my occupation. Thank God I'm not a fucking peasant in wealth management, am I right? Those bastards don't know what they're missing. I am investment banking. Investment banking is me. If investment banking were a woman, I would court her with a chivalry unseen in the modern era. Oh, the things I would do to her. I am so lonely.

Because IB runs through my veins, I am already dreading my inevitable move to a hedge fund when I am 25 years old, balding, and have more money than God ever intended one man to have. While my new job will undoubtedly be better, I will never forget my roots in IB.

When I fantasize about investment banking in the middle of lecture, I cannot help but think that the flame burning inside my heart is the same feeling Rembrandt felt while painting or Avicci felt while writing "Levels." I can only thank God that I found my calling before it was too late.

University Adds “Learn How To Fucking Walk” To Core

By U. RAY NUS

CARNEY HALL — University officials announced a daring new addition to the core curriculum early Monday morning. The course, entitled BIOL1023: Learn How to Fucking Walk, will teach both the theory and biological processes behind walking in a fucking straight line at a reasonably quick pace. While many at Boston College are concerned about the difficulty of this course for many of the university's students, Biology Department Chair Ulysses E. Hoffensdurf expressed excitement about the new addition to his department.

“Too often, American schools focus only on cramming information into students' heads, just so they can pass an exam and forget all the material a couple weeks later. By making Learn How To Fucking Walk a mandatory course, we are challenging the status quo and living out our Ignatian values of creating men and women for others,” said Hoffensdurf. “If nothing else, Boston College will graduate formidable walkers whose gait will never negatively impact society. You're all welcome in advance.”

Understanding that many will struggle in applying the core concepts of learning how to fucking walk outside of a classroom environment, Hoffensdurf promised that Boston College will be installing speed limit signs on all major campus walkways and designating a special lane for lolligaging athletes, Californians, and anyone without two, working legs.

At press time, Biology department staff members were in the planning stages for a more advanced course, BIOL2143: Climb These Fucking Stairs Faster, PLEASE! And BIOL3153: Don't Fucking Press 2 in the Hillside Elevators.

Make Your Sandwich Bigger
Add up to 4 Inches With
This One Simple Trick!

FAST

Maria from
Eagles
Hates Him!

100%
Natural
Sandwich
Enlargement



Rolling in Gold, Charitable WZBC Keeps Shitty Satire Paper Breathing

By SPONSORED CONTENT

THE UNDERGROUND — In a highly questionable move, 90.3 WZBC General Manager Ash L. E. Puck announced Friday morning that the avant-garde college radio station would bankroll the latest print issue of the mediocre-at-best satirical newspaper *The New England Classic* out of the sheer kindness of their no-commercial-potential hearts.

Many were quick to criticize the decision as “becoming part of the corporate machine, man,” “way too mainstream,” and lastly “not cats meowing at 3AM.” However, Puck was quick to refute these charges.

“Without The NEC, countless students wouldn't have some bullshit extracurricular that takes up almost none of their time to put on their resumé. I mean, we do what we can here at ZBC to take on that segment of students, but we can't do it all. I think it's a sound long-term investment for us.”

Hey, Can You Suck My Dick?

By DIXIE NORMUS

EDITORIAL — Hey, can you suck my dick? Come on babe, I took you out to dinner and everything. Can you please just give it a lick? Just for a second? After all, I did pay for both of us at the restaurant. I know, I know, you're trying to tell me that you wanted to split the check. But I insisted on paying for the whole thing, because I'm a traditional guy with traditional values. And one of those values is the firm belief that my dick really should be sucked tonight, preferably by you.

I'm a little hard now. So... can you please just suck my dick? Just the tip? I even paid for the friggin Uber and now you're just gonna leave me hanging like this? It's not like I have that much cash to spare anyway, I only work at Denny's part-time. I was really counting on getting my dick sucked tonight.

Can you suck my dick? I don't mean like “are you able to,” but like “will you?” I haven't had my dick sucked since my nubile young stepmom walked in on me jacking off, and proceeded to drop to her knees and gobble my thick, juicy cock. Ok, that didn't actually happen, but now I'm thinking about it, and I really need you to suck my dick.

Can you suck my dick? I mean just look at what you're wearing! You're practically asking to munch on some schlong. Seriously, I'd be doing you a favor. Don't tell me you didn't have this in mind, you've been ogling the bulge in my pants all night! I could tell that when you said “I think Shrek Forever After lacked a consistent plot line,” what you really meant was, “I wanna get on my knees mouth-fuck your slightly above-average sized dick.”

Can you suck my dick? Can you suck my dick? Can you suck my dick? Can you suck my dick? Can you suck my dick? I just don't know how I have to phrase this question before you finally agree to suck my dick. Follow-up question: Can you eat my ass?

Echoes From The Carney Basement

“Seniors, what are you most excited for after graduation?”



Carol

“I'm Psyched to work with Mike, Jim and Burly over at the lumber yard. I'm happy to stack some logs for a couple of meatball subs!”



Steve

“I'm looking forward to never running into Fr. Leahy again. He always gives me a kiss on the lips! Ew!”



Dad

“I can finally go to sleep without having to wait for The Voices to be quiet. I always hear The Voices when the lights go off. The Voices love the dark as much as the humans love the light. Sometimes Their melodic sounds rouse me from my slumber. ‘Go away Voices!’ I shout. But They never listen. Never. Even when They are silent, The Voices never go away.”

RIP BEN SHAPIRO

BC Steps Up, Builds Clubhouse For People With Disabilities

by L. RON CUPBOARD

GASSON HALL — With a proud smile, Father Leahy unveiled the new Morrissey Club for Handicapped Students last Wednesday afternoon. The state-of-the-art facility, located on Linden Lane, provides physically disabled Boston College students with a desperately-needed resource center to address the issues that come with a college that is systemically and topographically unsuitable for students with physical impairments. One of the highlights of the new center is that each disabled student is paired with an able-bodied mentor to ensure that the student doesn't feel left out of the Boston College experience. Mentors are trained to share stories to help the students understand how tiring the million dollar stairs can be, and how the few access points for disabled students "aren't even really that inconvenient if you



plan a few hours ahead.

The club itself is designed to foster a sense of community for the marginalized handicapped student population. "We wanted to build a place where these kids can come together and forget about the fact that they can't

even physically get to some places on campus, and maybe even let them have some fun," said Father Leahy. Modeled after a treehouse, the club is 40 feet above the street and only accessible by a rope ladder. Ample tree-stumps around the facility give students a chance to sit down and relax, while cardboard boxes provide students with a place to do work. Each handicapped student will be given a secret passcode to let down the rope ladder and gain access to the club. Plans to add a fitness room with the latest treadmills and biking equipment have already been proposed. The

center will be open between 4:00am and 9:00am Monday-Tuesday. For inquiries, a tin can with string connected to a can inside of the clubhouse will dangle from the trapdoor.

Meatballs No More: BC Debuts LGBTQ Obsession Center

by LEMONY SNICKERS

CAMPANELLA WAY — In light of Pope Francis' recent progressive movements and demands from the student body, Boston College has taken a huge step forward in its relationship with the LGBTQ community. On Friday, University spokesperson Mike Gatfulshin announced that the school will rename the Meatball Obsession stand "LGBTQ Obsession"

Father Leahy's gracious decision to rename the not-so-popular eatery stemmed from his revelation that "meatballs seem like something the underrepresented LGBTQ community would totally get behind. Y'all like meatballs, right?"

In keeping with the cut-throat, cost-cutting approach the University takes towards allocating resources, Father Leahy added a caveat to the stunning announcement, saying that the resource center will only be open during the summer months, like most of its LGBTQ students.

According to an inside source, the Beans, Creams, and Dreams stand that once occupied the space was a failed attempt at a sexual-innuendo resource center during the early 2000s.

"The new resource center will undoubtedly serve as an excellent backdrop in photos for the Boston College website, showing prospective students how progressive the campus is, even though nobody, except a parade of blue polo shirt-wearing cheerful fuckers are here!" remarked Leahy.

Since this news came out, Clay Aiken is reportedly outraged, calling it a "well-intentioned, but poorly executed" outreach to the LGBTQ community. Aiken has since contacted Agape Latte with intentions to be a featured singer, hoping to bring light to this issue and his career.

My 5-Day Plan To Win Dad Back

by CHRONALD WILKERSON

Day 1: Focus on perfecting your form, and maintain a keen awareness of your body. Become one with the weights. Lift chest.

Barbell Bench Press, 4 sets of 12 reps

Incline Dumbbell Press, 2 sets of 10-15 reps

Day 2: Find a mentor. Talk to Big Kev at the gym about how he got his dad to love him again. Lift legs.

Barbell Squat, 4 sets of 12 reps

Barbell Lunge, 2 sets of 10-15 reps

Day 3: Identify obstacles that stand in the way of your goal. Dad doesn't love you because you are a weak and flimsy lady-man. Lift arms.

Weighted dip - triceps version, 4 sets of 12 reps

Skullcrusher, 2 sets of 10-15 reps

Day 4: Make specific, measurable, and attainable goals. For example: I will make dad love me by working out until my muscles are so big that I crush him when he finally hugs me. Lift back.

Barbell deadlift, 4 sets of 12 reps

Seated cable rows, 2 sets of 10-15 reps

Day 5: Reward yourself for your progress! Call dad for the first time in 5 years, then when he picks up, get scared by the sound of his man-voice and hang up the phone. Do some cardio.

Burpees: Do as many full burps as you can in 77 seconds

Running: Run as far as you can in 7 minutes without crying into dads waiting arms.

Like what you see? (Absolutely you do...)

Are you an ambivert? Us too!!! Sometimes we want to go out and be social, but sometimes we just want to stay inside and be alone!!! Ugh, the struggle. Join us, comrades. Apply to write or Photoshop or just be in our GroupMe and never contribute anything today!

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