

HILLPRESS

H I L L C R E S T H A L L - G O O D T O T H E L A S T D R O P

FIGHT THEM THERE! NOT HERE! WE MUST ARM SLUSHER TOWER!

Fellow Hillerustaceans! In our continuing battle against the forces of evil and injustice that hide within the walls of Main Campbell, we have overlooked a crucial strategic position. I am referring, of course, to Slusher Tower! We must endeavor to enlist the aid of the ladies who inhabit that falcon's roost, or our enemies will surely succeed in making it an impregnable fortress. If we do not gain the favor of Slusher's residents through massive donations of military equipment, sandbags, and M&M's, the Campblonians will. And rest assured that if Slusher falls to the enemy, retaking it will require a degree of deviance which we cannot ourselves hope to... um, okay, but, uh, the point is, it will be easier if Slusher doesn't fall.

You ask me, "Why should we risk our limited resources to prop up an unstable regime far from home? Shouldn't we be defending our own borders?" No! Your intuitions lead you astray! We must bring the battle to Main-Campbell's doorstep, and let Slusher do all the fighting! When the might of our military machine is encamped upon the plains of Slusher Beach, harrying the enemy's every sortie and making his every night a red-eyed, sleepless nightmare, he will forget that his

troubles came originally from Hillcrest. The weight of his counterstrokes will fall upon our proxies, the lofty-but-lightheaded ladies of



Slusher Tower, who will not in their hypoxia notice that they have been dragged into a war in which they stand to gain nothing!

Other naysayers may complain that we have no military hardware to provide the Slusherites which will sufficiently terrorize the Campblonians. They are also incorrect! Our scientists have for weeks been devising a device which can chunk punkins over a distance measured in yards! A battery of such weapons, mounted at the tip of the rigid shaft that is Slusher Tower, would be capable of

showering the enemy in an unending stream of gooey, orange pulp and seed. Hit full in the face by this onslaught, the Campblonians will have no choice but to counterattack! They will hurl themselves against the walls of the tower, and that's when the real beauty of our plan will unfold itself. We will supply the Slusherites with M&M's to stay vigilant. M&M's, but no milk! Crazed with milk-lust, they will hurl themselves against the Campblonian waves and tear them to pieces! The Campblonians will be piled up around the tower like heaps of delicious freshmen on a buffet table.

I hope you all agree—we must arm Slusher Tower! Just like when dealing with Brad's mom, there's nothing to be gained by delay—and everything to be gained by action!

Collin Calhoun's favorite Wehrmacht unit is the 352nd Infantry Division.

Correction from February 9: Collin Calhoun does not sell freshmen for firewood. Persons wanting to purchase freshmen for incendiary or other purposes should contact Jack Dudley in the Honors Office.

PLEASE COME OUT TO OUR FIRST COFFEE HOUSE OF THE SEMESTER!



8:00 PM TONIGHT
COFFEE, SNACKS, ENTERTAINMENT

How Do You Doo?

Do you feel that something is missing from your life? Is there some inexplicable void in what used to be a full and happy existence here at Virginia Tech? Many students this time of year realize that they just aren't as content as they were in the warmer days. The explanation for this is quite simple: Seasonal Dung Deprivation Syndrome.

SDDS is caused by a significant decrease in airborne fecal waftures. The average rate of these doo doo breezes for eight months of the year at Virginia Tech is somewhere between ten and eleven PUs (Poo Units).

However, during the winter our fragrant pastures which otherwise keep us supplied with copious amounts of the mood-elevating drugs contained in bovine waste



These noble beasts are doing their best to defecate in spite of the weather.

are made ineffective by the low temperatures. Cold molecules shun the steamy piles, coating themselves in smell-resistant fleece jackets and making our airspace rate a de-

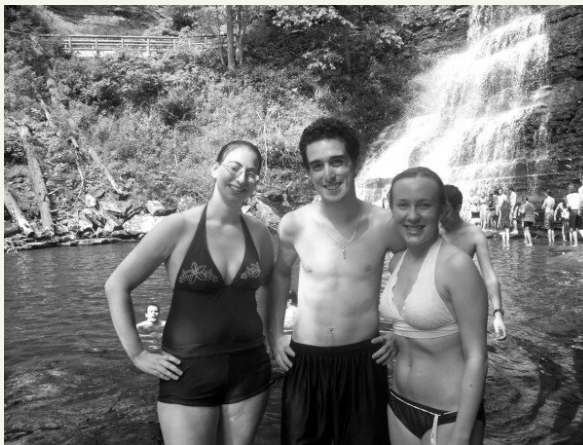
pressingly low one to two PUs. This dramatic decrease in poop inhalation can be devastating to one's psychological health.

SDDS affects thousands of people every year, and is not a problem that should be ignored. If you or someone you know thinks they may have this condition, you should seek professional help immediately. If you are unable to see a doctor promptly, consider taking a temporary measure, for example: stop flushing your own toilet. Though human waste is not as wholesome as that of our beloved cows, it might just fend off the madness until the winter is over, and the dung returns.

Kathleen Cooperstein's roommate is a biochemist, so she knows all this science stuff.

Warm Weather: Will it Last?

Hello from your friendly neighborhood weather forecaster! Have you stepped outside lately? It's not twenty below zero, or whatever it has been over the past few weeks. Can you feel your nose again? Are your ears starting to thaw out? Do your toes have feeling when you walk to your 8 am class? What is this strange occurrence and what is this thing called the sun that is radiating heat towards Blacksburg, saving us from the despair of freezing days and wind that will blow you from the top of Hillcrest Hill all the way to your class in McBryde? This my friends, is called a fake spring. Don't believe it. Spring isn't coming yet. The weather is all nice and pretty now, but after spring break, it will drop down to 15 degrees again. Do you remember early January, when it was 70



Don't go grabbing that swimsuit yet...It might snow tomorrow.

degrees? Same deal. Enjoy the weather, but be wary of the promise of it lasting. I love going to class without seven layers on, but, trust me, as your local weather forecaster, I know my stuff. Meteorologists never get the forecast wrong. Tomorrow it might be snowing, you never know. But I do, because I am a trained professional. Listen intently to the weather forecast, and no matter what,

believe what it says. Trust me; you do not want to start predicting the weather without serious study. And be prepared for the worst: wear layers to class, because you never know when it might start snowing again. Tune in next week for an updated forecast of when this dreaded winter stuff will finally go away.

Kari Adkins wants to be the next meteorologist for Fox News.

Hillpress Staff

Not Your Father's U.N. Brad Shapiro
Full of Dookie Kathleen Cooperstein
The Higher the Floor... Collin Calhoun
Global Warming = Fake Kari Adkins
Genital Mutilation Peter Kauffmann
Terry Papillon Jeremy Henry
The Clap Mitch Daniels
The Plaid Avenger David Choquette
INTERPOL Tory Smith
It's Going to be Messy Erin Rubin