

HILLPRESS

H I L L C R E S T H A L L - W E P U T T H E O O P S I N A L L E Y - O O P

Spotlight of the Week: Bill's Chair!

This week, I had the unique opportunity of sitting on and speaking to this issue's spotlight.

Hillpress: How did you become part of the hillcrest tradition and lore?

Bill's Chair: Ah, a fantastic question! Snuggle in closer and listen, for I have a fantastic tale.

Hillpress: are you hitting on me?

Bill's Chair:

Once upon a time... a handsome Hillcrest resident was in need of furniture. This resident, possessing long blond hair and strength such that he could rip you in two, set off on a quest... *a quest for the chair of destiny!*

Hillpress: um... what?

Bill's Chair: *shhhh*, I'm just about to get to the good part...

This resident heard that such a chair existed far to the northeast... ish, in a far off kingdom called Richmond... long and hard was the journey. He faced the harshness of gasoline prices, the torment of an automatic transmission, and worst of all: women drivers. After overcoming such fearsome obstacles, our hero found his way to his neighbors who had a

spare chair of destiny and brought it back to Tech.

This resident and the chair soon became great friends. They did everything together: riding the BT, climbing mountains, and even meeting President Steger. However, their happiness together was soon brought to a screeching halt. The chair of destiny was stolen!



It was soon discovered that the evil Main Campbellians were the culprits.

Valiantly two Hillcrestaceans risked their lives recovering the chair, only to have it re-snatched months later.

Rather than stoop to their level of re-thievery the Hillcrestaceans proposed a contest. It was decided that the nerdiest community on campus deserved to retain the chair of glory. Unfortunately, the Main Campbellians won the contest (though it is highly speculated that

such a feat was only possible with the use of black magic and possibly a hint of voodoo). It seemed as if all hope was lost - that the chair of destiny might forever remain within the clutches of the enemy.

Over winter vacation, a miracle occurred. Perhaps it was due to the high Jew content of Hillcrest Hall, no one knows for sure, but the mystical Hanukause chose to bestow unto us a precious gift: the chair of destiny. (Leaving in its Main Campbellian place, Phil's chair, deluxe extra-wide backless seating.) Hillpress: Wow! How was it being trapped in Main Campbell? Did they torture you? Force you to do calculus?

Bill's Chair: If only it was that exciting! They abandoned me! They ignored me! And now my fate is once again at risk.

Hillpress: What can we do? How can we save you from such a terrible fate as... erm... being ignored for a few months...

Bill's Chair: You must be victorious this NerdFest! It's my only hope!

In the absence of Bill, Erin regularly makes out with Bill's Chair.

There's a Reason It's Called "Number 2" in the Nation

Ahh Dietrick, a veritable wonderland of culinary delights. No, wait, that's how I described Shultz. D2 will have to be a cornucopia of gastronomic glee. Oh boy! I'm sure all of you have enjoyed the lovely special meals that our favorite dining hall serves once in a fortnight. But it didn't always used to be this way. People who frequented Dietrick in the distant past, like your parents or Collin perhaps, will remember that not all special days were received with such enthusiasm. After extensive research in the D2 vaults, I have put together for you:

The Top 8 D2 Special Meals that Bombed

Fourth of July: The food was great. Attendance was low. But the fireworks show inside of Dietrick was probably what killed it.

Corn and Corn Alone Day: No place for a mighty warrior, or a Hokie.

Backyard Baby Roast: For really, really good reasons, the description of this event has been censored, and the people responsible for it have been sacked.

British Food Day: British food is gross. It's not even funny.

Potato Famine Appreciation Day: This article is getting dumb

Chile Challenge: Contestants who ate the entire country of Chile in one week received a free T-shirt. Only bad spellers signed up.

Mardi Grass: Only cows came. The dining hall smelled like the rest of campus for weeks afterward.

Ramadan Brunch: There's not much more to say about that one.

David Choquette thinks that Dietrick was a stretch as a 2 seed and could very easily fall in the first round to 15 seed Vet Med Cafe

Mid-NerdFest Dance: Some Advice

The big night is approaching. You've picked out those perfect shoes, the snazzy tie and the obnoxiously green leprechaun headwear. Now all you have to do is wait around. And, since you are a member of Hillcrest, you probably need to learn how to dance. And figure out how to find a date. Don't sweat it, here are 4 Simple Steps to Getting' Jiggy with the best.



1. The Lawn-Mower does NOT work during every song

You know the move. Pull that ripcord and push it, push it, push it. It's great for those techno raves but probably not your ideal choice for Clapton's 'Wonderful Tonight'. Instead, resort to an old classic, perhaps the sprinkler.

2. Pick-Up lines do NOT actually work

"Hey baby, I wish you were the proof of Fermat's Last Theorem so you were really hard and I could do you on my desk." might earn you a giggle, but probably won't snag your oh-so-cute crush.

3. Rhythm is NOT important

Just kidding. You can pretend to know the words to a song but you probably can't play off your wannabe moves with "No, I swear they really were seizures!".

OK, so I don't actually have four pieces of advice. These three should get you... somewhere. The best advice I can provide is that practice makes...well...practice makes for an excellent opportunity for others to laugh at you. So show up to the dance tomorrow night at 8PM and shake your money-maker!

Mitch Daniels lost his teddy bear... can he sleep with you?

Surviving the Hallway of No Return

It's a windy Wednesday evening in Blacksburg. The D2sday crowd is gathering in the study lounge, contemplating the intestinal carnage to come. As usual, everyone is waiting for Jeremy because there are still five minutes left in *House*. When he finally arrives, the precession glances longingly, for mere moments, at the space in front of the TV where the fire-orange N64 controller used to dwell. After a collective sigh, the throng of hopelessly hungry Hillcrestaceans makes its way down the desolate passage of no return – the all-female hall.

Nothing can prepare them for what awaits. Two seemingly innocent rows of whitewashed walls and doors and the typical Hillcrest carpet are all that stand between the group and certain over-consumption of edible solids. The carrion-picked bones of an unfortunate traveler from the previous day have been kicked into a corner. The ominous silence is interrupted only by a faint echo of an all-too-familiar laugh. Everyone shudders.

They are almost halfway down the hall, but the intensity of the blandness and monotony seem to be draining the souls from the weary group. Brad stumbles, gasps, and falls to the floor. "It's... just...so...boring..." he manages to say. Elaine looks back longingly, wishing she could save him. However, she knows all too well that if she stops to help him she will only join him in his fate. The party of exhausted travelers solemnly waves goodbye to Brad and trudges onward. The end is in sight.

A few steps more and the crowd of famished Hillcrestaceans has finally made it. They venture down the stairs and out into the sweet spring breeze.

They have done well today. "Only one casualty today. Good job, team," commends Sam Abboud, elected party

leader and experienced hallway navigator. "Have I ever told you guys that I grew up in the desert?" Each and every member of the group thanks Sam for his guidance and immense vigor. As he surveys the waning morale of the posse, he makes an important decision. "All right guys. We'll make base camp here and attempt Dietrick in the morning."

The announcement is met with unanimous approval, and the group begins setting up tents and rolling out sleeping bags. Even though they are still hungry, they know how vital it is to save energy for the next day's return trip. As they sleep, the fatigued voyagers dream of the coming feast, and the daunting return home.

Tory Smith actually came out of the womb complaining. According to his mother's doctor, it is by a sheer act of some celestial being that she has been able to live with him for eighteen years.

Hillpress Staff

Texas T&A Brad Shapiro
 Play-In Team Kathleen Cooperstein
 The Stanford Tree Collin Calhoun
 Miami U (Yemen) Kari Adkins
 PDK Dub Peter Kauffmann
 Nigeria Jeremy Henry
 SeXavier Mitch Daniels
 Florida S&M David Choquette
 Oral Roberts Tory Smith
 Fur(wo)man Erin Rubin
 The NIT Ryan Luck



On one of its livelier days, the hallway is graced by a couple of passing tumbleweeds.