

HILLPRESS

H I L L C R E S T H A L L - T H A T ' S W H A T I T ' S A L L A B O U T

CAMPUS MAIL :UNCOVERED

Where does a letter you send *actually* go?

Imagine this: You just got this kick-ass internship with the Texas Rangers where you're in charge of keeping the bench warm for the players, or something along those lines. You have to send your acceptance in, and you have to have it there in a week. Well, you say, I'll just drop this in campus mail. WRONG! That is your second mistake (the first was applying to work with the Rangers - all of their fans are losers). You can kiss that internship goodbye, because there's no way that letter is making it to Texas this decade.

When you drop a letter into the slot marked "outgoing mail," little do you know that on the other side of that door is a wormhole that immediately sends your letter halfway across the galaxy into a black hole (otherwise known as Whittemore Hall). There it languishes for what appears to be an eternity since time speeds up near a black hole (or something like that). In reality it has only been there for 90 minutes, but anyone who



has ever sat through a class there for 90 minutes knows that it can cause even the hardest of letters to consider ending it all.

Eventually, though, someone from Whittemore will realize that a mistake has been made, and promptly send the letter back to the return address. Of course, no one knows

where Hillcrest Hall is, so the letter ends up in the same place as all of the odd socks and loose change that you've lost over the years. I can't tell you where that place is, but it starts with a "B" and ends with a "ehind Greg's desk." When Greg cleans his room once every 5 years he'll discover the letter, and it will eventually be put back into the mail. Unfortunately, and here's where it starts getting absurd, somehow it falls into the abyss of Moria, where it fights a Balrog while falling into the depths of the Earth. Eventually it falls all the way to the top of a mountain (wtf?). Once it defeats the Balrog then it is ready to be delivered. Of course, by this time the Texas Rangers no longer exist, and neither does the state of Texas. Still, you can be comforted by the fact that while the cost of sending a letter has now risen to over \$18,000, you only paid \$0.41 for your stamp.

Jeremy is only kidding—the Texas Rangers don't actually have fans.

Quote Board on the Run

Where did it go? Who stole it? No, I am not talking about Bill's Chair. I am talking about the quote board. Old Hillcrestaceans will remember fondly the quote board that once graced the second floor lounge. Erin Rubin, our fearless leader, came back from summer vacation to find the board mysteriously missing from the lounge. Thinking Main Campbell was at fault, she ran furiously down the hill with plans to steal their kitchen supplies, only to find them missing as well. Even Rubin was stumped at this. Who would steal both of the honors dorms' sacred belongings? Was it the FBI, thinking we were terrorists, or Residence Life, who has yet to steal our jukebox? (shh...don't tell them we have a working jukebox...) Hillcrest resident Jess Martin was downright indignant to hear that the quote board was missing. As a new resident, she has heard several stories of the quote board and its inappropriate remarks that inevitably

had to be removed so that the board was PG-13. What will we do without this outlet for writing down the countless hilarious things that happen in the lounge?

I have conducted several interviews and done some private investigations of my own, and I am sad to report that the quote board has found a new home in a sex-ed classroom at Blacksburg High School. The board still has



Alternative arguments suggest Sam Abboud, pictured above, actually stole the quote board in order to teach medical students at UMD how to make sex jokes in his native tongue

all of the dirty jokes from last year on it, and will probably get more as the year progresses. But what do we do now that the board has been demoted to high school sex jokes? What will we do without the board? The answer is simple: graffiti. There will be no oppression of free speech, press, or assembly in the honor of crude humor on MY watch!!! Ok, let's be honest, Rubin would bust a cap if we Sharpie-stenciled obscenities into the hallowed inner-walls of Hillcrest. So, there is no good solution, but at least we didn't lose all of our kitchen stuff. I guess we should count our blessings. Beware of goblins stealing awesome stuff from the hallway...beware!

Kari Adkins is an engineer, and therefore has no right to free speech, press, or assembly. She can only draw diagrams and solve problems.

A THREE-HOUR TOUR

If you've been in journalism for as long as I have, you aren't easily impressed. However, when the President personally invites you to take a tour of his place, you tend to take notice. I was filled with such anticipation at getting a glimpse of the innermost workings of our nation's government.

It wasn't until later that our editor, Brad "Killjoy" Shapiro, informed me that the letter was from the President of Virginia Tech, but by this time I had already accepted the invitation. I really need to remember to pay more attention to letterhead. So on a balmy June morning, I met up with the president's wife, Mrs. Jacqueline Lee Bouvier Kennedy Onassis Steger, on the grounds of The Grove to begin my tour.

The tour started out blandly enough, with the ground level. Mrs. Steger told the story of how she and the President lived out of their own home in town while the estate was undergoing renovations. She gave a detailed history of each and every piece of furniture, wall covering, area rug, and stowed-away vagabond. "This here is Earl," she said, gesturing to a lanky figure huddled around a burning floral arrangement. "He is our Vice President for Hobo Affairs."

After waking me up from my boredom-

induced slumber on an antique chaise lounge purchased during the McBryde administration and shooing away Earl after finding him rooting through my



pockets, Mrs. Steger invited me upstairs to continue the tour. The first stop was the seldom-seen Lincoln Bedroom, home to especially... generous... alumni on football weekends. Sure, President Clinton... er, Steger has caught a lot of flak recently for his use of this room, but I'm sure nobody will remember it in ten years.

Following brief glances into the other bedrooms on the second floor—"all complete with wi-fi," she noted proudly—we proceeded to the third floor, home to the President's private olympic-sized swimming pool. Mrs. Steger was kind enough to give me a pool pass, which I will unscrupulously sell to any one of you for the low, low price of \$1,000,000 in order to cover my legal fees.

As her time was running short, Mrs. Steger quickly showed me the basement, home to a rather extensive video game arcade, where we found President Steger shredding out to Trogdor on Guitar Hero II. Unfortunately, the appearance of the two of us in his private sanctuary startled the President so much that he lost his star power and failed the song. The President became so irate that he chased me out of his house, threatening to begin renovations on whatever building I resided in. I couldn't make my fellow Hillcrest denizens face maintenance during the school year again, so I lied to him. And that, my children, is why Main Campbell has scaffolding on it.

Peter Kauffmann would like you to know that in 1962, A Tour of the White House with Mrs. John F. Kennedy was watched by 75% of domestic television viewers.

WEEKEND EVENTS!

LSU Game on Projector Downstairs Saturday, 9/8 at 9:00

Kickball Today 4:20 on Lower Field

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Gotcha...