

# HILLPRESS

HILLCREST HALL - WE ARE VIRGINIA TECH

## Hillcrest the Big Winner at the Brad's Choice Awards

A lot has happened in the last four years. Three classes of my friends have graduated and moved on. We've recruited three new freshmen classes. I had the pleasure of being an RA for many of you for a year and Hill Director for a year as well. Now, I'm just a grumpy old man.

Not all times have been peachy. I have spent many a night up doing Real Analysis homework. I've been rejected from REU and graduate schools. I've lost friends. Last April was a nightmare. It still is.

When I leave this place, those events are not what stick out in my mind, however. Rather, I remember making Chris Van Every believe I was actually an All-American Quarterback in high school, spending the nights up in the RA office talking with Rick, the coffee houses, tea parties in the lounge, everyday dinners. Most of all, I remember the support that I've gotten from all of you. You have become a family to me. I'm coming to the harsh reality that I

will never again live in a place where I can name all 108 residents. I'll never again be in a place where I can give 15 people hugs good night or go to dinner with a group of 34.

These four years will never happen again. I'm not depressed, as I might have expected I would be. Instead, I am thankful and a bit nostalgic. I have made a home here, gained a family and become part of something that has

helped to shape who I am and will be. To those who will leave with me, thank you for the lessons you've taught me and the friendship you've given me. To those that have gone before, thank you for your wisdom and guidance. To the younger classes, thank you for listening to a grumpy old man give his sometimes worthless advice and opinions. To the staff, thank you for your immeasurable support over these four years. To Greg, Jeremy and Tory, I look forward to continuing to make your life miserable. There is nothing that I can do to fully express my gratitude.

*Brad Shapiro regrets that he was not in an overly humorous mood when he wrote this article. However, he will be accepting unconditional hugs from now until the time he graduates on May 10<sup>th</sup>. After that, you will have lost your chance.*



## Spotlight On: The New Mattresses



There's something fishy about the new gray mattresses we have here in Hillcrest, and in keeping with the fine and honorable tradition of investigatory journalism, we here at Hillpress are committed to getting to the bottom of the issue.

And how about that rather cryptic yellow tag on the side? "Contents Unknown..." don't give me that load of crock. Made by blind people? It seems like an awfully convenient way to hide something.

There was really only one way to find out the truth behind the mysterious mattresses was to head down to the godforsaken place from whence they came... Charlottesville, VA. Upon my arrival, I was struck by the heavy security around the Soylent Industries for the Blind complex. What big secret could be hidden inside?

I slipped inside unnoticed on top of a scoop-like garbage truck and made my way into the factory. There was a big machine there, with gray mattresses coming out the one side and going in on the other... oh, dear me.

It's people.

Soylent Gray is people! They're making our mattresses out of people! Next thing they'll be breeding us like cattle for furniture. You've gotta tell them. You've gotta tell them!

Listen to me, Hillcrest. You've gotta tell them! Soylent Gray is people! We've gotta stop them somehow!

*Peter Kauffmann is being held against his will in West Virginia right now. Please call the police*



All we really know about the sketchy sleepware is that they hold air well and were shipped in over Spring Break to minimize the number of witnesses. Local old man Brad Shapiro refuses to sleep on them for reasons known only to himself.

## Apocalypse Soon

What are you going to do with the rest of your life?

As the end of the 2008 academic year approaches, many students look to the future. Most look for jobs or towards grad school. Some join the Peace Corps or Teach for America. A few join the army. Most say this depends on what you are passionate about, where your skills lie, or where you can make the most money. But, when making this all important decision, most students don't ask themselves the most important question: "When will the earth be imploding?"

The answer is: Soon!

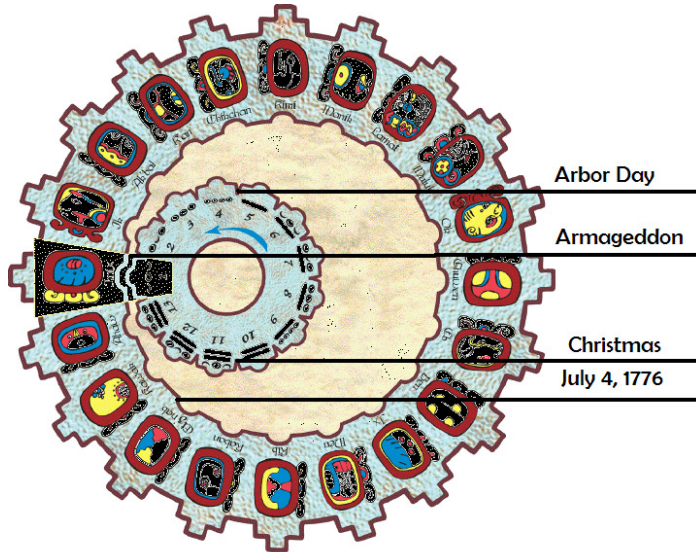
A long long time ago in a Mesoamerica far far away, the Mayan people observed the world. They watched the sun and the moon and constructed a 365 day calendar. They maintained their people's culture and proposed a 260-day ritual calendar. Finally, they observed the

seasons and the stars and came up with a World Time calendar. This calendar ends on December 21, 2012.

For a primitive people, the Mayans were incredibly accurate. They knew when the sun would rise, when celestial events would occur, and had a pretty good handle on the weather, even without a Doppler 5 billion.

When the Mayans say the world will end in 1079 days, they mean it.

So, freshmen, if your expected date of graduation is May 2011- do you really want to slave away at a thankless job until the world stops turning a year and a half later? And for those on the 5 year plan- how are you going to spend your last 7 months? Seniors entering professional school or a PhD program: Suckers!



This reporter suggests a massive college dropout. Let's do everything we always wanted: hike the Appalachian Trail, swim in a pool of spaghetti, hunt for the questing beast! There are only a few years left and too much to do. Live each day as if it's almost your last (until 12-20-12) and enjoy yourself!

*Erin Rubin suggests that if the Mayans forgot to carry the one in their calculation of the apocalypse, you can always go back to grad school at VT (don't worry about funding, the Writing Center takes practically anyone!).*

## An Investigative Report into Childhood

In recent conversations with my peers I've discovered that many of the childhood pleasures that I remember so fondly are also cherished by my friends. In an effort to recall the glory days of "Hi-Ho Cheerio" and cooties, I did some extensive research (read: I fabricated information) about the games, movies and toys we all loved so dearly.

**Candy Land** – Hasbro's infamous game had a little something for everyone. Whether you had the hots for Princess Lolly or enjoyed the thrill of sneaking past Gloppy the Molasses Monster, the suspense of flipping over those colorful cards was often enough to make the best of us wet ourselves.

**Chitty Chitty Bang Bang** – Based on the novel by Ian Fleming of James Bond fame, the antagonist in this



film could scare the socks off Dr. No or Scaramanga. With his long nose and spidery gait, the Child Catcher was perhaps my worst fear as a child. To top it all off, the unsuccessful ventures of inventor Caractacus Potts were my first insight into the joys of a career in engineering.

**Oregon Trail** – Rattlesnake bites. Diarrhea. Cholera. Trekking to the west coast was awesome! The heart-rending decisions required in this game were enough to put your stomach in knots. Caulk your wagon or float? Take a rest or push onward? Deep down, however, you knew it didn't really matter. You just wanted to shoot some deer.

**The Floor is Lava** – I'm not too sure who invented this sinister game, but it's ubiquitous among kids... everywhere. Upon the commencement of the game, the floor became

an oozing, bubbling vat of molten rock and you were shrieking with glee as you vaulted for high ground. This pastime taught all of us that jumping on furniture was sometimes a necessity, and that occasionally brushing a toe against 2000° magma is just fine.

*Mitch still has the hots for Princess Lolly.*

## Hillpress Staff

**Big Bird** Kathleen Cooperstein  
**Senior Correspondent** Brad Shapiro  
**Unknown Material** Peter Kauffmann

**Bert** Jeremy Henry  
**Ernie** Kari Adkins  
**Elmo** Tory Smith

**Mayan, not Yours** Erin Rubin  
**Mister Lolly** Mitch Daniels  
**Cookie Monster** David Choquette  
**Count von Count** Will Satterwhite  
**Grover** John Hoffman  
**Oscar the Grouch** Matt Allen