



# HILLPRESS

H I L L C R E S T   H A L L - I ' L L   N E V E R   G I V E   I N !

## Hillpress Chooses New Editor, Celebrates



This coming fall, Hillpress editor Kathleen “Yells down the hall if you forget to do your article” Cooperstein will be moving on to bigger and better things COUGHYale-

COUGH, leaving the Hillpress staff to search for a new leader. Recently, the staff met and assembled the Conclave of Cardinals...er, Columnists to select a new editor-in-chief.

Sequestered in a small, poorly ventilated room, tucked away from society, the Congress took ballots on who the next editor would be, all the while broadcasting its lack of progress through a column of black smoke. Said smoke was easily generated by burning copies of the Collegiate Times tempered with gratuitous amounts of red ink.

The process is a secretive one; not much is known about the selection of a new editor. However, permission has been granted to this staffer to divulge a few details of the selection. The Columnists at this year’s Conclave consisted of an unusually low number of those eligible, roughly half. Other staffers neglected to show up to the Conclave, deeming it unimportant compared to their co-ops, living off campus, and various other frivolous things.

This small group of staffers was forced to reach unanimity to declare a new editor; a mere majority would be insufficient.

When the Conclave of Columnists finally chose one of its own to lead, it was rising junior Sara Brickman that prevailed. Brickman, the second woman chosen as editor, is expected to continue the ruthless reign of strict enforcement of punctuality that has marked the Cooperstein administration.

Upon reaching a consensus, the smoke emanating from the Conclave’s enclave changed immediately. The smoke turned from its thick, black state to a paler, thinner texture. This reporter is not licensed to comment on the production of this smoke, but has been allowed to gesture suggestively at two things: today’s date and the time at which the article was written (just before half past four).

*Will Satterwhite thinks Sara Brickman is “strange we can bereave in.”*

## Neglected Holidays Unite!

At a major protest recently, a gathering of neglected holidays convened to bring an end to the prejudice and neglect against them. After being laughed out of the major holiday consortium by Christmas, Chanukah, Ramadan and others, the lesser known special days on our calendar, such as the obscure Bring Your Mother-in-Law to Work Day, resolved to legislate change.

The plan of action is currently pending approval by the newly self-elected Committee of Silly Holidays (Hyberbolic Cosine, for short.) “We have decided that there is just nothing we can do to foster more interest in us individually, so we are going to band together!” said Groundhog Day at a recent press conference. “The only logical step was to create a single day during which *all insignificant holidays will be celebrated concurrently!*” The latter part of the statement was yelled into an echo chamber for dramatic effect. Onlookers shuddered at the implications.

The new celebration will be called “Megaday” and will occur annually on a randomly selected Monday, because Mondays really suck. Schools and businesses will be closed for the day.

The festivities will begin at sunrise, when the groundhog comes out of his hole. If he sees his shadow and runs, there will be a fast until sundown. Otherwise, Spring begins and everyone will be expected to compulsively eat Valentine’s and Easter candy all day long.

At noon, to honor Arbor Day and President’s Day, a cherry tree will be planted in a central location. Then, at 12:05, someone dressed as George Washington will immediately cut the tree down while loudly proclaiming, “I am cutting down this cherry tree!” Earth Day



*This furry little guy is not going to believe what we have done to his day of glory.*

protestors will be standing by to condemn George Washington and picket for the equal rights of plants.

A Christopher Columbus character will spend the entire day discovering things and planting Spanish flags everywhere, while avid Flag Day observers angrily follow him and reclaim everything for the Stars and Stripes.

Megaday will conclude at sundown with a massive feast, after which everyone will be completely exhausted. Proponents of “Megaday” are hoping that the event will eventually stem into a multiday celebration, or even to a full week.

*Tory Smith wants to celebrate EVERYTHING FOREVER.*

## Torture Tantrum



*Please, make it stop.*

Telegraph.co.uk reported last week that while in captivity before his death back in 2006, Saddam Hussein was forced to repeatedly

watch a very specific, very virtuous movie. That movie was the humble South Park classic: *Bigger, Longer, & Uncut*; and for those of you unfortunate enough to have never seen it, one of the major plotlines in the film involves a illicit and yet, oddly appropriate relationship between a cartoon Saddam and Satan himself, initiated in the dreamy depths of Hell.

Unrelatedly, the Obama administration recently released some previously confidential memos from the CIA concerning torture.

Although the CIA memos revealed that our wonderfully progressive country participated in such innovative torture techniques as confining detainees to a box with insects (*yawn* – that’s so Orwellian) and waterboarding (Spanish Inquisition’s got you beat, America), I forlornly realized that showing embarrassingly personalized films to prisoner-of-war detainees was noticeably absent from the usual torture catalog, as they did with Saddam.

Typically I consider myself a pretty patriotic gal, but I totally agree with the current uproar about these CIA memos; America’s torture techniques are getting *so* dull. I think the Army’s 4<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division was onto something when they made Saddam continuously watch the South Park movie, though I think there was a way to make the experience a little more torturous.

Rather than watching a semi-fictitious film about an affair with the devil, detainees should be forced to watch awkwardly inappropriate home videos of their life, like a precious day-long video of their mothers giving birth or the endearing moment of the first time they pissed themselves. Luckily, I know footage for these videos exists for every one of our prisoners-of-war because nothing makes us happier than ripping off Orwell.

*Sara Brickman does not expect money from the government for her brilliant ideas, only illustrious tax exemptions.*

## Who’s Honoring Me Now?

The real question, dearest Hillcrest, is this: Why aren’t *you* honoring me? I mean, come on. I’ve spent countless precious weekend hours waiting for and editing (mostly waiting for, with a little bit of yelling at my staff in between) all these mildly hilarious articles for you to read every week. That’s gotta be worth something, right?

Even though I’m getting a “diploma,” a couple of “plaques of recognition,” and some sort of “admission to Yale Law School,” I really feel that the end of this school year is lacking in accolades for me. Since you, Hillcrest, are my nearest and dearest friend, it is up to you to fill this void.

Here is my proposal: From henceforth, April 20th will be called Kathleen Admiration Day. It will be celebrated yearly with a ceremonial mailing of checks to my current address. If so desired, you may also give me a call to tell me how pretty I am.

For this, the inaugural Kathleen Admiration Day, I feel it is only appropriate for an extra-special effort to be made in my honor. It is tiresome to go to banquet after banquet devoted to singing my praises. Instead, I feel it

would be more fun to have the entire day filled with random song-and-dance numbers. Each song should also be accompanied by a bouquet of flowers just for me. Since I’ll be running some errands during the day, you’ll probably have to follow me around Blacksburg while serenading me. I’m okay with that.

Not only with this new commemoration help everyone to remember me and my greatness, but it will also get rid of that silly 4/20 joke. Kathleen Admiration Day will give young people an incredible role model to follow after, rather than encourage them to skip school and partake of the doobie. I can think of no greater service I could provide to this institution and is surrounding area.

Of course, I’m sure there will be some who object to my taking over of April 20th for my own purposes. However, to them I say this: You can still celebrate whatever you would like to on Megaday. As long as it is perfectly understood that Kathleen Admiration Day is far too important to be subjected to such humiliation.

*When Kathleen Cooperstein runs out of things to say, she just talks about herself.*

Be next week’s guest writer!  
Submit your work to Sara:  
sbrick@vt.edu



## Hillpress Staff

**Editing Hillpress** Kathleen Cooperstein  
**Car Batteries on Nipples** Kari Adkins  
**Waterboarding** John Hoffman  
**Tarred and Feathered** Will Satterwhite  
**Freshman Honors Seminar** Tory Smith  
**The Iron Maiden** Sara Brickman  
**Watching Gigli** Peter Kauffmann