

HILLPRESS

THE FINALS COUNTDOWN

H I L L C R E S T H A L L - F L U A R E Y O U ?

Motivational Speaker Visits Virginia Tech

In advance of finals later this week, University Honors brought in a motivational speaker to address its students. According to Dr. Terry Papillon, Honors Director, the event was very well attended despite its last-minute formation.

“Last Tuesday, Russell [Shrader] and I were talking about how stressed-out some freshmen – especially that Darius Emrani kid – seemed to be about finals, and I got to thinking that it might be a good idea to bring somebody in to give all the Honors Students a good pep talk,” said the Good Doctor. “Fortunately, we were able to find a guy on short notice. He came highly recommended by such renowned speakers as Homer Hickam, Matt Foley, and Catherine of Valois.”

And so it came to pass that Henry V of Monmouth, King of England – the godfather of motivational speakers – addressed a packed house in Burruss Auditorium on Sunday night. The King’s talk ran for approximately 35 minutes, during which time he discussed the importance of eating a good breakfast



Nice pants, Dr. Papillon

before tests, time management skills, and the need to adopt Chancery Standard English as the language of record within the English government.

However, the most lively portion of the night came during the question-and-answer portion after the former Prince of Wales’ speech when Ralph Neville, a sophomore international student from Westmoreland, England, stated his desire that some small fraction of those “frat boys with slacker majors” be forced to undergo the rigors of an Honors student during exam season.

Said the illustrious monarch, “the fewer men, the greater share of honour. This day is called the feast of Finals: he that outlives this day, and comes safe home, will stand a tip-toe when the day is named.”

Calling the assembled group a “band of brothers,” the Sovereign concluded to a standing ovation that “gentlemen in Oak Lane now a-bed shall think themselves accursed they were not here, and hold their manhoods cheap while any speaks that fought with us upon Finals’ Day!”

Dr. Papillon was unavailable for comment immediately following the speech. Further inspection of video from the event revealed that His Majesty spoke with a slight Midwestern twang during the event, but this was probably just a coincidence.

Peter Kauffmann sees you stand like greyhounds in the slips, straining upon the start. The game’s afoot: follow your spirit, and upon this charge cry “God for Terry, Hillcrest, and Saint George!”

Bike Ride... Naked?

Summer is almost upon us. The days are getting longer, the weather is getting warmer, and the seniors are getting grouchier and older by the second. With the recent changes in our local climate, many students have begun show some skin and work on that perfect summer tan.

As some of you may have noticed, this baring of skin has been embraced by certain members of the athletic community, including that wrinkly old guy who has started jogging shirtless every morning around the Drillfield. Despite the silent groans and averted glances, this man is actually at the forefront of one of the latest revolutions in making a political statement.



In cities all over the United States, cycling aficionados, concerned environmentalists, and closet nudists have begun organizing bike rides *au naturale* in honor of World Naked Bike Ride, a celebration of both the human body and decreased oil consumption. Organizing a ride is easy and fun, as the World Naked Bike Ride web page (<http://www.worldnakedbikeride.org>) explains. Cyclists can either go online to find a nearby ride or start their very own.

The idea has been met with mixed reactions. Hillcrest resident and biking enthusiast Kelder Monar has “never biked naked. I’ve just never considered it.” Ayla Wilk, resident wild woman of Hillcrest, is quite open to the idea. “Well, I already ride helmetless, and I’ve been known to run shirtless. Pants are the logical final step to complete

liberation from the constraints of public decency.” Others are a bit more skeptical. “I am generally opposed to it,” said Anna Furry, renowned tackler of the Huckleberry Trail.

As with most sports, nude cycling has its pros and cons. While riders are able to better enjoy a ‘healthy breeze’ and are less prone to overheating on long rides, they are more vulnerable to sunburns and scrapes and bruises brought on by close encounters with bush, brush, and pavement.

Kelder agrees that “biking naked opens up a whole new realm of biking injuries.” Riders are advised to wear protective gear, but can go as “bare as they dare.” Rumor has it that the VT triathlon team may or may not be organizing an informal ride.

Kat Miles likes biking. With pants on.

Final Exam Studying? Just Look to the Stars!

Yes, friends, that vexing time of the semester is upon us once again: finals are just around the corner. Exams are never fun – nor is preparing for them. And most professors are way too lazy to furnish study guides! Instead, we are expected to have paid attention all semester! What is this – high school?

Fortunately for all of us, I have taken a lot of the guesswork out of final exams for this spring. By carefully analyzing the shapes that D2 Soft-serve ice cream makes on my dinner plate, I have learned how to predict the future. I would be more than happy to be your testing guru for these last few stressful weeks! Different courses of action are required based on your zodiac sign – so read carefully:

Aries (3/21 – 4/19)

Aries, everything your professors have said this semester has been a load of crap! Just look through your textbooks, using the Ouija technique to determine which parts of each page are important. Gemini and Pisces will help.

Taurus (4/20 – 5/20)

Only do the odd problems this week, Taurus. Pay special attention to #33 on page 452. Avoid Virgo!

Gemini (5/21 – 6/21)

You are the lucky one, Gemini. Just guess on all the problems and I'm sure things will work out. Aries could probably use a hand with that Ouija business.

Cancer (6/22 – 7/22)

Cancer, your graphing calculator and your laptop have been conspiring against you for weeks. Keep them in separate rooms if possible. Scorpio will be willing to lend a hand.

Leo (7/23 – 8/22)

Give a call to that cute fellow student who sits in the front row. They know the answers and they totally winked at you last week! If they happen to be a Capricorn, you have found your soul mate!

Virgo (8/23 – 9/22)

Your professor curves the hell out of the final, so instead of studying, just make sure no one else can. Rip page 452 out of everyone's books and they will miss some crucial information. Taurus might be on to you.

Libra (9/23 – 10/22)

A healthy breakfast is key for good performance on the final. Make a trip to the grocery store and prepare to stuff yourself senseless with chocolate chip pancakes on test day. Overeating is a good substitute for legitimate preparation.

Scorpio (10/23 – 11/21)

There is no reason to break from your normal routine, Scorpio. Halo 3, DX runs, and half a season of *Scrubs* the night before the test should ensure good results. If Cancer gives you a calculator, just toss it in your closet and forget about it.

Sagittarius (11/22 – 12/21)

That Libra character has been cheating off you all semester. Dump a bottle of Ex-Lax into the pancake batter when they aren't looking.

Capricorn (12/22 – 1/19)

Your eye twitch has gotten worse lately and it makes tests more difficult – work through it. Maybe change your contact solution. Also, Leo might be stalking you.

Aquarius (1/20 – 2/18)

Warn Libra about the pancakes and you might make a new friend. Alternatively, complementing Sagittarius on a well-executed prank will accomplish the same thing.

Pisces (2/19 – 3/20)

There is no way that that Ouija thing is going to work. Help Aries out with the process anyway and do the opposite. Just be really enthusiastic about it!

Tory Smith is going to consult D2 fortune cookies to decide how he will study.

EDITORIAL: THE ROAD GOES EVER ON AND ON

Hello one last time, gentle readers. One more year has come and gone, and for me the day has come to bid adieu to Hillcrest and all its joyful scenery.

Though I will no longer be around the halls, I want you all to know that I'll still be here in my heart. Well, not my heart so much as my left pinky finger. I have removed it and hidden it somewhere in Hillcrest. If anybody finds it, please leave it where it is, as it is a very important component of my zombie survival contingency plan.

I'll also be present in spirit on our beloved listserv. Have no fear, though; I promise not to write anything on it. You will not suffer the affliction of having me lurking in your inboxes confusing every new year of freshmen with my reminiscences about Hillcrest in the good old days.



However, you should know that I will read everything, and will judge you by what you write. I will then talk about you to all my new grad school friends. I encourage you to obsess over my criticism as much as possible; it's good for your self-esteem.

There are many things I will miss about living in Hillcrest, like always having somebody who is an absolute expert on whatever topic I am thinking about within shouting distance. I am sure that I will suffer the adverse effects of losing such admirable minds from my vicinity. I will probably also miss Darius.

But, like all journeys, mine at Virginia Tech has come to a close. At the end of it all, I can only hope that I have left you with a few laughs, a multitude of groans, and at least one or two horrified gasps over the years. Re-

member to let yourself laugh at jokes, even (especially) if they are dumb. Appreciate your friends. Plant a tree. Rub a hunchback's hunch. Most of all, Hillcrest, remember to take care of yourselves, and take care of each other, because this world can be a sudden place.

Kathleen Cooperstein must follow the road, if she can.

Hillpress Staff

Dolphin Flu Sara Brickman
Unicorn Flu Kathleen Cooperstein
Badger Flu Peter Kauffmann
Lemur Flu Kari Adkins
Narwhal Flu Will Satterwhite
Musk Ox Flu Tory Smith
Liger Flu John Hoffman
Guest Writer Flu Kat Miles