

HILLPRESS

H I L L C R E S T H A L L - Y O U D O N ' T K N O W J A C K

When Zombies Attack!

This year, Hillcrest has had to face more than one evil doer. There has been the weather man, who causes us to deal with oppressive heat and attempt to study at the same time. Then there was the Fire Marshall and his Health and Safety Minions. Together they spite students by disallowing oh-so-convenient extension cords and happy fluffy puppies. (And who hates puppies? Only evil people!!)

Hillcrest has survived these encounters, but don't get complacent. There are many dangers just lying in wait. The key to not only survival, but victory, is preparation. In this article, I will outline what can and should be done in case of zombie attack.

We all know that zombies fear fire. But thanks to our latest evil-doer encounter, we really don't have access to that... unless you have a stove, some wax, and an imminently due architecture project...

So, option 2: bludgeoning. As we all know

from B-movies and video games, beating undead creatures repeatedly will usually take them down. The problem is that they more likely than not get back up again. They're undead... what did you expect?!

I propose that we take a more practical and appropriate college-student approach and avoid the zombie problem altogether. Think of it as procrastination on a grand scale.

When zombies attack, all Hillcrustaceans should gather together on the front porch, thus luring the undead to our supple, brain-filled heads. Then, at a slow jog (because everyone knows that zombies can stumble quickly at best) head down the hill along West Campus Drive. At this point, I'm sure we'll have to wait for the zombies to catch up a bit, but don't worry, they'll want

our brains and will keep following. Make a right on the drill field, and go about four buildings down. At this point, the zombies should be mad with hunger, and rightly so (they just stumbled down a giant hill... it's time for brains!) But, luckily, they are now at Main Campbell, a building with 200 unsuspecting honors student brains! Now, scatter, so the zombies will focus on the new source of brains. Success! Now it's just a win-win situation. Either Main

Campbell deals with our zombie problem or they get zombified themselves and we win the rest NerdFest. As promised, victory is ours!

Erin Rubin is a highly disturbed individual



THE SILENT KILLER

There has been much talk recently of things such as HIV/AIDS awareness, Breast Cancer Awareness, Abuse Awareness, and other such initiatives. This is all well and good, but what I'm really trying to figure out is just what are we trying to prevent, cure, or end. It is said that there is power in numbers, and I believe that all of these initiatives could do better and pick up support from otherwise indifferent citizens if they were to combine their forces. Yes, what I'm calling for is a death awareness week. We can even have little ribbons... or something.

The fact of the matter is that while Breast Cancer claims the lives of

several bazillion single mothers per year, death claims the lives of even more single mothers. Death is the most efficient and unrecognized killer that there is. While HIV and AIDS do not have cures, they can be treated in some cases to prolong the life of the infected person. If you die, no drugs will prolong your life. It is a grim prognosis. Out of the millions of people whose lives ended last year, death was indicated as a primary cause by nearly all of the coroners.



All that I am suggesting is that if we all pool our resources together, maybe, just maybe,

we can defeat this broader issue that is death. We might have to put that new breast exam machine on hold, or we might have to wait a little longer on the next blood pressure medicine, but come on people, can't you see what you are missing???

Once we have found a cure for death, all of our problems will end. We will no longer need new medical research, because heck, *you're not gonna die!* We will be able to live on forever in peace. The Earth may run out of space and resources, but it won't be able to kill us. Take that Mother Earth!

Brad Shapiro was recently recognized by his second grade teacher as a "Creative Thinker"

WHAT ABOUT OWENSDAY?

Dear Editor,

Appalling, simply appalling. How could your so-called "skilled writers" have the audacity to say that West End and D2 are the best places to eat on campus? What about Owens, the wonderful dining facility that many a Hillcrustacean have scorned because of the long trek that must be endured in order to enjoy what I feel is the best dining facility on campus. As you walk into Owens, you are greeted by the joyful colors of a summer's day that will keep you awake whilst you eat any one of the scrumptious meals served in this facility. I mean, where else can you enjoy pasta, Indian specialties, a wonderfully made sub sandwich with their awesome potato chips, Mexican food that according to many is similar to a Chipolte restaurant, and desserts that would make even the sour-est person turn sweet?

With all of these choices, why venture to West End? Yes, you will yell about how it is closer to Hillcrest, and how even D2 is too far away for a meal, even on D2sday, but when it comes down to it, Owens is your best bet for a great meal at a great price. Our resident Arab, Sam Abboud, was just mentioning to me about how Owens is the best damn meal on campus, no ques-



Pictured above is the actual package of Skittles that was used as a color sample for the walls in Owens

tions asked. And the lines, how they keep growing longer and longer. I wonder when the freshmen will figure out that eating at West End every day will deplete their meal plan at an astonishingly fast rate. I can't even get into West End for a meal even if I wanted to because of the lines. And once I get through the throngs of freshmen, where am I supposed to sit to enjoy my overpriced, overcooked meal? I guess I'll bring my meal back to Hillcrest and throw my Styrofoam box in the kitchen trash can!

But why go through all of this trouble when you can enjoy a peaceful and delicious meal at Owens? You walk in, grab a tray, get your food without waiting in lines as long as the walk to Squires from Hillcrest, and then find a seat, which is never a problem because of the ample amounts of seating to be found in this fine dining facility. When you feel the urge to have something other than D2, walk right on past West End, and head straight to Owens. Trust me, you will be pleased when you are not greeted at the door by long lines and overcooked food. Owensday anyone?

Sincerely,

Kari Adkins

Kari Adkins is a connoisseur of fine dining, trekking frequently to Owens, whether rain, sleet, snow, or hail.

SHULTZ: ACTUALLY DOESN'T SUCK!

Dear Editor,

The "He Said/He Said" feature in last week's *Hillpress* was absolutely atrocious. It completely failed to mention the greatest, most illustrious dining hall on campus: Shultz. Some people have spread



vicious lies, suggesting that Shultz has disgusting food and that it takes an hour to walk there from Hillcrest. Well that second one is true, but someone needs to set the record straight about Shultz for all you noobs. Shultz may look drab

and armyman-infested from the outside, but they actually project those images on the windows to prevent you from seeing what's really inside. What's really inside? Think Willy Wonka's chocolate factory without the child-molester-impersonator in a purple suit running around. Waterfalls of chocolate and (root) beer and pizza cascade through a landscape littered with more amazing foods than you can possibly imagine. Even better, everything in Shultz is edible. The tables, the table cards, the chairs, and even the lunch ladies are all made out of candy goodness. Curly fries are available every day, and the cookies-n-cream never runs dry. Oompa loompas frolic to and fro wearing their Orange Effect faces, and on special nights, Saint Peter Shultz himself makes an appearance to offer free steak to everyone! Shultz beats the living pants off of D2 and West End. Your stupid nerd-paper oughta know better!

Love and kisses,

The artist formerly known as David Choquette

David Chocolate once had a dream that he met Willy Wonka... he is still dreaming

Hillpress Staff

Editor in Beef Brad Shapiro

The Amazing Chocolatier Peter Kauffmann

N'n'n'n'no Jeremy Henry

They Call me Mrs. Cooperstein Kathleen Cooperstein

World's Tallest Oompa Loompa Ryan Luck

Senior Undead Expert Erin Rubin

Fine Foods Connoisseur Kari Adkins

Lieutenant Colonel David Chocolate