

Hillpress

H I L L C R E S T H A L L - W E ' V E S T I L L G O T ' E M

Focus on Health with Dr. Jeremy

Once again, dear children, it's time to consult with Dr. Jeremy. Dr. Jeremy has noticed that the residents on the hall have been rather ill lately. For starters, it looks like the entire freshman class contracted what appeared to be a serious case of Senioritis, and while many have made a full recovery, it looks as though some may suffer permanent damages from the truly debilitating illness (case in point, Samir Faycal Ben-Gurion Abboud, who has had the illness in its most potent form for the past decade or so).

Other residents have reported a mysterious illness that causes stiffness of limbs when walking, uncontrollable guttural noises, and a general decomposition of the flesh. While the origin of this apparent Zombie-ism, as many residents are calling it, is unknown, it appears that it continues to strike people throughout the building, especially early in the morning or after a long night of... studying... at a frat house. "I fear for my life," Peter Kauffmann confessed through a barely opened door, after many assurances that Dr. Jeremy was in fact not a Zombie, just ticked off about having to key in ungrateful residents all the time. "AAAAAAHHHk," was the instinctual reaction made by Julia Alspaugh in response to learning of Zombies in the building, and yet another resident replied "Well, I was a Zombie..." at which point this reporter ran out like Cookies and Cream ice cream at Deet's Place. The resident has not yet been identified, but please be wary.



Several cases of various cold and virus-like symptoms have been reported, but as these are not humorous and are wholly uninteresting, they have no room in a reputable publication such as this.

Another resident, who recently seceded from the lower-second floor, was stuck in bed for upwards of two weeks with severe stomach pains, vomiting, and a general malaise. In between successive 57 hour naps I managed to speak to her briefly. Her opinion was food poisoning, but since she is not a doctor this obviously cannot be the case, and it is more likely that she is suffering from Mad Cow disease. Upon being asked about what could have caused the "food poisoning," her reply, with a shudder, was "I went into D2 once. I didn't eat anything, I just went in to use my laptop with the wireless internet, since the BT was full." Dr. J notes that had she eaten anything at D2 then

she would have been lucky to survive. She later confirmed suspicions about Mad Cow when, after being asked if she was late for class, she replied "naw man, I'm a horse."

With the spate of cold, rainy weather in the past week, followed by rather warm temperatures this week, the only recommendation that can be made is keep warm, or keep cool, or maybe somewhere in between. Also, eating right is the key to staying healthy. Since D2 can no longer be trusted (hello? Mad Cow disease?) students must explore other options. One school of thought would suggest that four Polish sausages and a couple of hot links should be consumed every Saturday, but only if they are followed by some non-carbonated beverage, as soda may be bad for you. A conflicting viewpoint is that a Nacho Grande on the weekends will boost your immune system, though there are some unsubstantiated reports that it can stop your heart. Yet another suggestion could be to eat more spinach and broccoli, but the number of fans of this theory is roughly the same as the number of Buffalo Bill fans (read: 1). This columnist's advice is stick to the basics - meat, cheese, and meat. Until next time, I'm Dr. Jeremy, and you are not.

-Dr. Jeremy is an award winning Medical Correspondent recognized by no one. He holds an M.D. from some crappy online medical school.

A NEW LOOK FOR HILLPRESS

Welcome back to an exciting new year of the Hillpress Newsletter. You can expect it to be published weekly this year. In addition, our writers are no longer just RAs. It has expanded to many award winning columnists taken from among the halls of Hillcrest. I'm happy to welcome Peter Kauffmann, Kathleen Cooperstein, Kari Adkins, Erin Rubin, Ryan Luck, Jeremy Henry, and David Choquette to our staff. Keep your eyes open for the best in news... or something like that.

-Brad Shapiro, Editor in Chief

Spotlight of the Week: Dylan Greenwood

We here at Hillpress are pleased to bring you the first edition of our semi-regular "Featured Resident" feature. Please note that we would never dream of ruining the fine and upstanding reputation of this publication and therefore wouldn't dare twist quotes or exaggerate incidents purely for comedic effect. You can trust us. Become an outstanding member of our community, and maybe one day you may find a Hillpress staff writer banging down your door for an interview. This week, we bring you the story of Dylan Greenwood. We sat down with Mr. Greenwood at his Blacksburg plantation.



shooting for the spring coffeehouse." Just remember, Dylan: we're all counting on you.

Another characteristic of Dylan "The Man" Greenwood is that he has always been a connoisseur of terrible automobiles. That BMW? Complete trash. And now, he's gone and got himself a Lexus. Another foreign car. We asked him why he hates America. Once again, Dylan evaded the question by saying "I love America. I piss excellence and crap patriotism."

He's going to make a great politician one day. Dylan loves America and its inhabitants so much that when asked if he would prefer to live in France or Iraq, he immediately chose the latter. His reasoning: "There are people from the United States there. Yes, there [in France] are people

[from America] too, but anybody who wants to live in France... I don't want to live with them."

However, Dylan could not evade the tough questions forever. After all, somebody has to hold him accountable. So, we pulled out all of the stops on this one. We asked Dylan "Cake, or death?" Here, Dylan hit a block. "What?" He asked. We were very insistent. "It's a simple question, Dylan. Cake, or death?" After pondering the question for a while, he left us with his deep and philosophical response, "Cake. Wait... what kind of cake? Because I don't like coconut shavings. Or buttercream icing." Do you hear that, Russell? We as a community must help Dylan overcome his aversion to buttercream icing... by selecting it every month.

Peter Kauffmann is an award winning columnist and certified lunatic. His bi-weekly columns are syndicated to almost 1 newspaper nationwide.

As you may know, Dylan has taken up the Banjo in a very prominent fashion recently. When asked about the rumors of a "Dueling Banjos" performance, he suddenly became evasive. "Well, I've only been working for about 8 weeks, so Chris [Rogers] and I are

Parking DISservices

Since I first set wheel on Virginia Tech's campus, Parking Services has been the bane of my existence, and this evil institution continues to plague my life to this day. The following is an attempt to save each and every one of you from falling into the same vicious trap which so easily captured me.

Allow me to sketch a brief history of the hate-hate relationship I've developed with parking services over the years. We had our first ticket on day one of Orientation. I myself am an old-fashioned kind of girl, and generally prefer not to move so quickly from flirtatious threatening signage to outright thirty dollar ticketing on a first date. Needless to say, I stood up our two-weeks-later rendezvous and stuck it with the bill. I can only infer that the pain of being left in the cold by me drove it to insanity. That fateful day in July was only the first in what would soon become a long line of tickets, booting notices, birthday checks spent clearing aforementioned tickets, bootings, and terse e-mails instructing me to remove my car, often from a lot in which my vehicle has never been.

At first I was put off, but then I felt almost flattered by this onslaught of attention, however negative. It must, I decided, be a desperate cry for help. I began to feel sorry for

Parking Services- after all, it probably was the least favorite of all the services on campus. Perhaps it was shunned by all the other services, like the tax collectors of Biblical times, or Rudolph the red-nosed reindeer. Maybe all it needed was for someone to sit down to dinner with it and be a pal. I could be like Jesus. Or Santa. Resolved, I walked up to the double-pane, bullet-proof glass door, my best skirt on and latest citation in hand (I figured if we were making nice, maybe I could save a couple bucks while we were at it.) I was shocked at the sight which presented itself to my eyes.

No less than thirty people were there, all with tickets in hand. After doing an extensive survey of the room, I discovered that twenty-seven of those thirty had a story similar to my own. I could not believe it. There was nothing special about me; Parking Services hadn't wanted to be reached out to. It was just genuinely hateful to everyone. How could I have been such an idiot? I looked down at the scented envelope I had brought my ticket in, feeling foolish. I knew now that my thirty dollars



(well, ninety dollars at this point, as it was two weeks late) and I meant nothing more to Parking Services than another notch on its "All Offenders Will Be Towed" signpost.

Fellow students, I urge you to learn from my mistakes. Parking Services is a cold, heartless, unfeeling entity. It will not hesitate to ticket you with one underpaid traffic cop while at the very same moment booting your best friend's Honda with another. Parking Services is evil, through and through. I had to find out the hard way. But you don't have to.

Good night, and good parking.

Kathleen Cooperstein is recognized as being the most opinionated person on the long hallway of the second floor of Hillcrest.

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