

— E P I S T L E S T O T H E F I N G E R —

Meet me with a club, it's goin' down Meaty

MATTHEW FINGER
Great, or Greatest?

The earth is 70 (ish) percent water. Within the murky depths, there are predators of a ferocious nature. The shark, a born killer, for instance, has captured the fears of fat, beach going Americans who can't swim away. But there is another, more terrifying creature that is stalking our American way of life, and that is the seal. You heard me, the seal.

Those fuzzy wads of aquatic-mammalian meat have been flapping around our oceans unchallenged for decades, and it's time we put a stop to it. They are dangerous and overpopulated, making them the only significant threat to American interests abroad, with the notable exception of Vatican City.

There are 33 different species of seals, which means they've specialized. There are light infantry seals, artillery seals, little baby seals in seal ROTC and, worst of all, the decoy seals who pretend not to notice seal hunters approaching, but then attack and maul the innocent, unsuspecting Canadian hunter to death. Fun fact: the grey seal population is estimated to be growing roughly seven percent each year. That, my friends, puts them on pace



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Don't be fooled by this fluffy white demeanor; that is a trained killer who will stop at nothing to utterly destroy your freedom and way of life. Pick up a club, bottle or any blunt object and join the fight for freedom.

to catch China by mid-June.

They live for nearly 46 years, during which time they are active in plotting the destruction of the very freedom that we hold dear. What can be done? Well, we could club them to death. What a novel idea!

Think about it for a second, will ya? The seal is lying there in its arctic fortress of doom, sharpening its teeth and reading the Communist Manifesto, when a sly hunter approaches, being careful to stay downwind from the beast. He slowly stalks his enemy, pick axe

in hand, and as the seal finishes a tooth and turns the page...BAM. One more willing soldier in the fight against democracy has been stopped before innocent American lives could be lost.

Some people call seal clubbers monsters, but I call them heroes. In 2004, the seal hunt brought to justice nearly 325,000 killer seals, but that is still not enough to stem the never-ending production of those slick-skinned killers of the deep. Just recently the seal population signed a landmark treaty with

North Korea and Iran in which they agreed to become the polar axis in the Axis of Evil. As of now, they do not have nuclear capabilities, but the possibility of an American preemption against the seals has not been ruled out as a preventative measure. What can you do as a freedom-loving American?

The answer is buy fur. By wearing your seal skinned coat, you are displaying your badge of patriotism and standing up for a better America.

-Mads and Ted LaFave
Class of '10 and '07

On sex, drugs and being fly

DARREN LACOUR
Pretty Fly (for a White Guy)

The older generation believes there to be three evils in this world, comprised of the things they thoroughly enjoyed while they were young: sex, drugs and rock and roll.

Of course, we students believe this to be about as realistic as the notion that you will actually use Ancient Greek in real life. Besides, rock and roll is only considered evil because it promotes sex and drugs; clearly these people have never heard rap music.

Actually, most rap music could be considered wholesome and holy. In fact, I feel that old people would really enjoy it if they listened to the lyrics. They just assume the songs are vulgar because they can't understand what the rappers are saying, but with beats that good, you gotta be promotin' purity.

Moral of the story is: old people should get crunk and dance to rap.

Now let's talk about sex, without that old lady from the Oxygen channel. I'm going on the assumption that all of you have talked about the birds and the bees. That's fine and dandy, but we're talking about sex here, not small critters. At the very least, you've heard Michael Bolton baring his soul as he sings about "When a ma-a-a-an [slight pause] loves a w-o-o-man!" However, what people remain ignorant about is the fact that sex is actually a big deal that involves more than those funny words describing the forbidden places.

During the happiest time of sex, the brain releases the hormone oxytocin, as well as other ... fluids. Oxytocin has different effects on guys and girls: in girls, it creates He'll-Love-Me-Forever Syndrome, whereas in guys it creates the Holy-Crap-I-Might-Be-A-Daddy Fever. Pretty scary that our bodies wire us to acknowledge the repercussions of sex, isn't it?

Thankfully, men have created contraceptives. This all but eliminates the male Fever and any form of responsibility, leaving guys scot-free. Of course it doesn't really do much for women in the chemical bond area, but when have women been a major concern? Besides, without contraceptives, we might have to resort to killing the unborn!

Furthermore, we all know that college students can be trusted to make good decisions. It's not like we go out and do illegal things on the weekends, get in car wrecks, make police notes, eat cupcakes that have been baked potatoed in the microwave, shoot off fire extinguishers in parking lots while trying to propel ourselves in rolling chairs, throw water balloons off Kuhlman, urinate in public places, fall asleep in the bushes, or anything like that.

Moral of the story is: old people don't have good sex.

And what's this about drugs? It's hypocritical - half of them are on three types of drugs anyway.

That being said, I make a motion for the legalization of every liberal's favorite drug: marijuana (pronounced "Marry Jo Anna," also referred to as pot, weed, dope, grass, etc.). Honestly, if we think about the consequences, things wouldn't be so bad.

First, and most importantly, stoners across America would not be put in jail. And frankly, that really brings a tear to my eye to think of all those stoners being in jail... locked up... like caged monkeys... unable to free their minds. Granted, they would still be paranoid in jail even if they weren't stoned; I'd be sure to get some no-slip soap.

"I mean, nobody's stopping rap music, so why should they infringe upon my little stoner buddies?"

Secondly, it would put most drug dealers out of the business of selling pot. They, of course, would be more than happy to go back to their normal minimum wage jobs at McDonalds, without missing the thousands of dollars they made from drugs deals each week. Very few, and I mean one in a thousand, would begin to deal harder drugs, and one in a trillion would commit further crimes in order to make up for lost profit. These are educated individuals!

Besides, the government has no right to prevent people from being idiots. I mean, nobody's stopping rap music, so why should they infringe upon my little stoner buddies? If someone wants to get high, drive his car into a tree (or a house),

drink bong water, and throw up in the middle of class, what right does the government have to stop him? It is his Constitutional right to do anything he wants, so long as he doesn't harm anyone besides himself and the people around him. That's called freedom of the right to be entitled to do stuff you want.

Moreover, everyone knows that alcohol and cigarettes are more harmful to people than weed, and they're legal. Plus it's not like they're killing people either.

Certain complications may arise, such as an increase in harder drug users, a decrease in nationwide productivity, an increase in rap music, and an increase in overall apathy in America, but I think the pros (no stoners in jail) far outweigh these consequences.

Moral of the story is: screen savers were drug-induced.

While all the elders contend that the Big Three were not taken care of at the Yalta Conference, we youth know better. I'm living proof: I don't do drugs or have premarital sex, and let me tell you: I am one miserable individual.

I realized I failed to address rock and roll in my final comment, but that's ok since rap music is by far a superior art. So I leave you with one of the most intellectually stimulating remarks made in the past few centuries by rapper Sean Mims, which has become my anthem as of late: "I'm hot cuz I'm fly, you ain't cuz you not." How's it feel?

MED Y FILES

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Clap On...
But You Can't Clap Off

Gonorrhea, or "the clap," is a very serious, more-common-than-you-know virus. It is sexually transmitted, and that means you college students are the most at risk.

Despite the closing of Soupies, there is a very distinct possibility that you can contract the lover's disease. Just because they aren't "Soupies Skanks" anymore doesn't mean that they aren't skanks.

Symptoms of the clap include infection of urethra, cervix, mouth and/or anus, depending on the affected area. Burning, in a mild to extreme degree, can be present in males as well as painful urination and a discharge that ranges in color from milky to yellow to green.

Should you discover that you have the clap, please contact whoever you last intercoursed and let them know that you are very angry.

Untreated gonorrhea will cause a decrease in self-esteem and sexual partners, as well as other medical problems.