

DISTORTER



04.01.11

RINGS HOLLAS BACK!

GET THE GAGA LOOK

FAME MONSTER FASHION

SECRET LIVES OF THE ADMINISTRATION

PLUS:

ACCEPTED STUDENTS GUIDE
HOW TO AVOID TIME TRAVEL
ZOMBIES INTERRUPT HVZ

BODACIOUS B

PRESIDENT BILL WRESTLER RESIGNS
TAKES ON THE FOLK MUSIC SCENE

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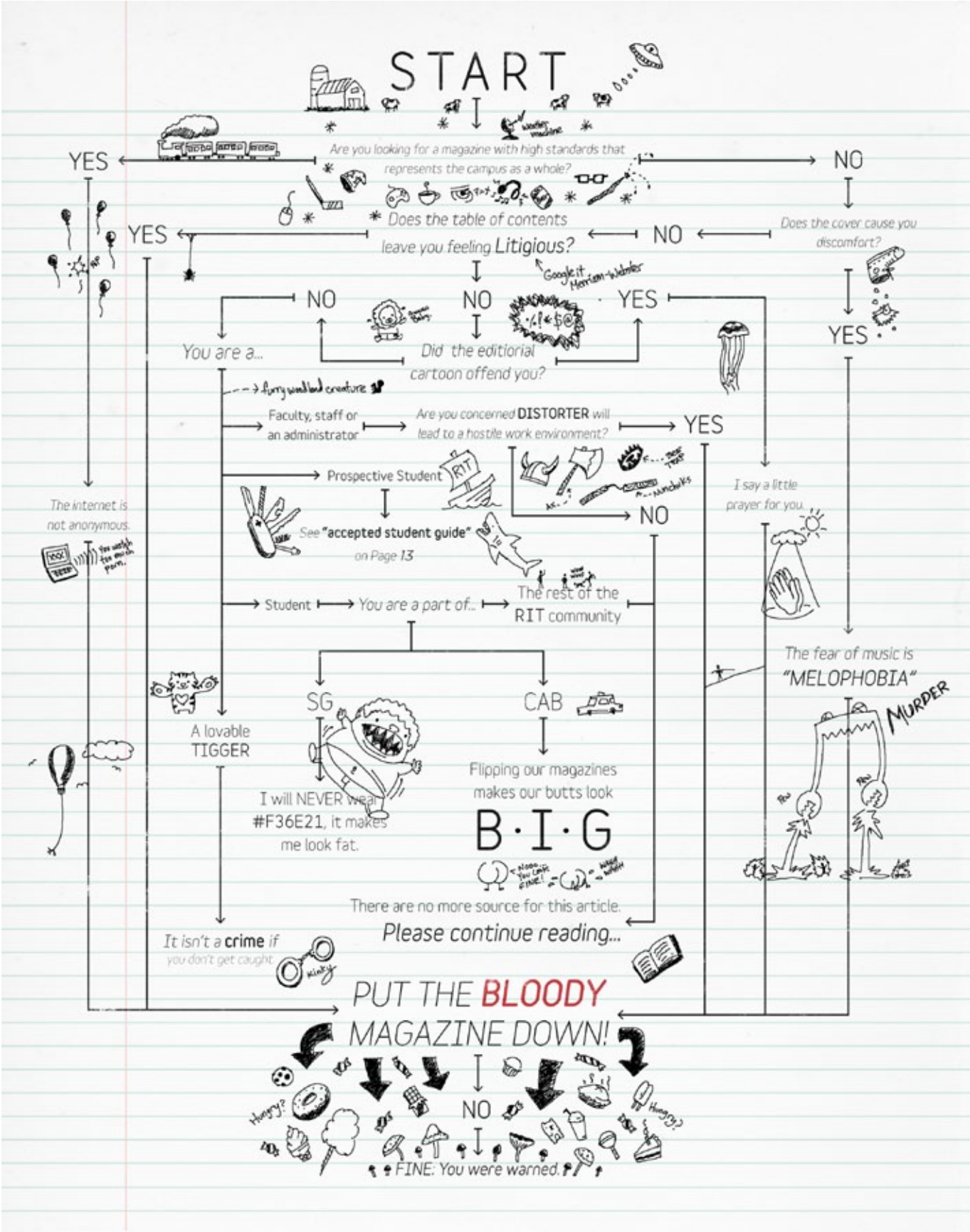
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Madeleine Villavicencio
EDITOR IN CHIEF

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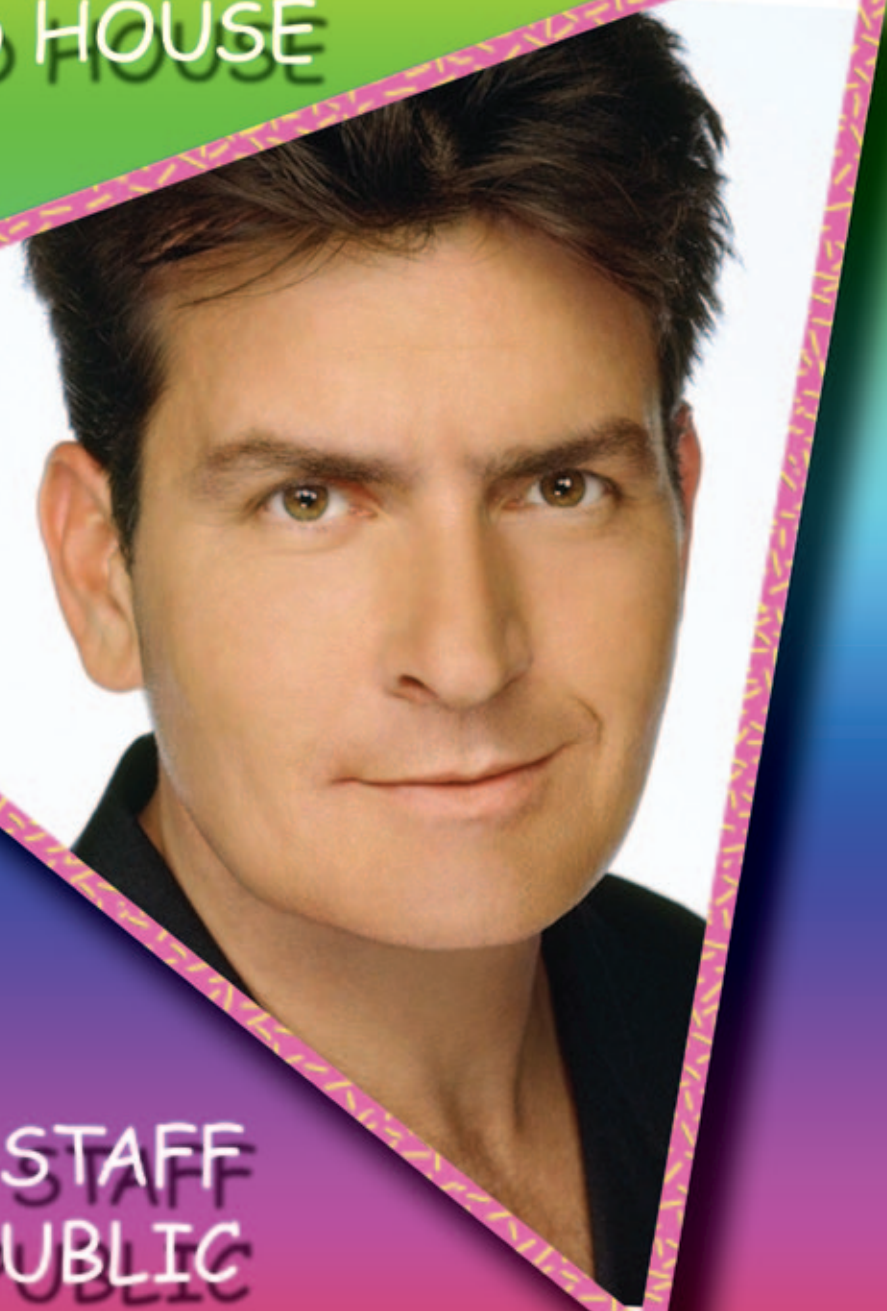
AN EDITOR’S RACE




Brick City Presents

CHARLIE SHEEN

MAY 13TH
GORDON FIELD HOUSE



\$5 STUDENTS
\$10 FACULTY / STAFF
\$15 GENERAL PUBLIC



BLACK AS HIS STRIPES: RITCHIE'S "FURRY"

by Vladimir Quibblestick | photograph by Jon Johnson

The Rochester Institute of Technology sustained a major blow to its spirit on Friday, as its most prominent sports supporter was disgraced. That night, a tape was leaked revealing Ritchie and a mysterious fling, costumed as a black bear. The video, which was shot in October, was discovered recently on the popular blog-and-reblog site, Tumblr.

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Ritchie's partner in furry crime, who is quickly becoming known as Carlton "PartyBear" Gibson, was spotted in Sol Quad only a few days before the taping. He was allegedly making a long distance booty call from the University of Maine. While both Ritchie and PartyBear maintain that the tape was leaked accidentally, others aren't so sure. Several rumors have circulated, including one that holds Ritchie accountable for purposely releasing the tape a la Vanessa Hudgens in order to attract media attention. And it certainly has.

Meanwhile, the Brick City has been clamoring for reactions from RIT officials. Bill Destler first spoke on Wednesday, consoling, "The Institution has been tarnished by this scandalous affair, and has terminated its contract with Ritchie. Our thoughts and apologies go out to the RIT Community. We urge students and faculty to seek help from RIT Counseling Services if they are made uncomfortable by recent events." Other institute officials were similarly apologetic, but questions were, in the main, deflected.

The RIT Anime Club, on the other hand, has stepped up in support of Ritchie. "We believe that everyone has a right to participate in furry orgies," said club president Zooey Weeaboo, a third year Otaku Studies major, during a press conference. Weeaboo was later overheard saying that she was hopeful that the media attention would encourage other students to

unleash their inner furry. (Editor's note: It remains unclear if any student unaffiliated with the club actually has an inner furry.)

The outrage at the tape has spread beyond the walls of the Brick City. The Fightin' Irishman of Notre Dame, speaking for the NCAA Mascot's Union Board of Ethics said the following: "This scandal has left a black mark on the whole profession of organized crowd arousal. Ritchie should be ashamed, not only of his own actions, but of the example that he has set for impressionable, freakishly bipedal mascots everywhere."

The Board has suspended Ritchie indefinitely.

This scandal has left a black mark on the whole profession of organized crowd arousal.

The identity of the man behind the mask is as of yet unknown, a perk that draws many furry porn stars to the profession. "The anonymity is great; I mean, just the fact that I can sit here and answer these questions and not worry about my identity is awesome," said one man who fashions himself as "Stag," and shoots his adult videos dressed as a large male deer.

With the surfacing of this costumed sex underworld, many wonder whether the Institution of Mascots should be done away with entirely. Some have expressed despair at this damning circumstance in the wake of last year's indiscretions by the Duke Blue Devil involving a satanic cult devoted to himself.



Parents of students everywhere have picketed learning institutions from universities to small-town high schools, and mobs have formed outside of professional sports arenas, calling for a return to real animal mascots.

The Institute has begun its search for Ritchie's replacement. Their success in finding a new mascot will be particularly crucial in light of RIT's recent athletics achievements. Rumors abound that RIT has entered negotiations with Tigger of "Winnie the Pooh" fame, though his lengthy commute from the Hundred Acre Wood may make his employment infeasible.

Wish you were getting some...

-xoxo Distorter



Utica Club

It's what beer drinks to get drunk.



HELLMOUTH FOUND BENEATH CAMPUS, EXPLAINS EVERYTHING

by Detective Wattson | illustration by Lord Caldlow

Construction workers discovered an ancient focus of supernatural energy called a “hellmouth” on the RIT campus Tuesday, March 22. The entrance to hell was revealed when a repairman stumbled upon it in the service tunnels below campus.

“Can’t say I’m surprised,” said Bill Henderson, (a repairman with Facilities Management Services). “All these kids dropping out and going home, people dying, the weather ... I mean, it was raining blood last Thursday. That ain’t natural.” When pressed for details about the appearance of the nexus, Mr. Henderson declined further comment. As the area now seems to be host to a swarm of locusts, we were unable to investigate further.

The discovery evoked a complete lack of surprise in all who heard the news. While a supernatural explanation was already suspected for the increased dropout rate, a recent string of deaths, several resignations, and the food at Gracies, its confirmation was almost a relief for many RIT residents.

Speculation that RIT might be built atop the very mouth of Hell has been consistent throughout the Institute’s history. The ancients who lived in the region originally called the current site of the campus “That Place We Stay The Hell Away From.” The first U.S. settlers of “Rochesterville,” as it was then titled, shared these views. And when RIT began construction of its new Henrietta campus in 1961, the only affordable area was 1,300 acres of “haunted” swampland that owners were eager to get rid of.

Construction of the Henrietta campus ran into a few serious problems along the way: tools broke, workers went mad, and wooden building materials rotted away to nothing within the span of a few days (forcing the use of bricks). When the campus was finally completed in 1968, ghosts rose from the bowels of the earth and stormed the first commencement speech, making much of the



“It’s nothing some soap and a good vacuum won’t fix.”

event inaudible. In an official statement, RIT blamed Tech Crew. It has recently become apparent that these occurrences — lack of sunshine, dropouts, disappearances, hauntings — were, in fact, directly related to RIT’s location and not just random occurrences.

Creatures that can only be described as demonic have been known to come crawling out of the hellmouth, including the original Ritchie. A gigantic demon with a tiger head, Ritheramonixus reanimates within the human body of the Ritchie mascot. Many suspect that large gatherings intended to raise school spirit such as the fountain dyeing are secretly rituals to conjure the beast again.

The immediate area surrounding the hellmouth is currently blocked off by FMS. “It’s nothing some soap and a good vacuum won’t fix,” said Ronnie Jenkins, one of the custodians standing guard. Rampant rumors that hordes of the damned are being fought off with tides of soapy water are as of yet unconfirmed; therefore, we are forced to assume they are true. Whatever the outcome of that battle, at least everyone can rest assured that there is now a confirmed explanation for this school year’s strange events. It isn’t a random coincidence, no; it’s just the very mouth of Hell opening into our world. 🍷

WITHIN THE BRICKS

by Heafy Heafy

LIKEALITTLE HELPS RIT NERD SCORE A DATE

The online “flirting” website, LikeALittle recently surpassed its intended purpose as a breeding ground for depressing posts on RIT’s male-to-female ratio. On Wednesday, March 23, Ned Schizzmyer, a first year double majoring in Information Technology and Computer Science, secured a date using the anonymous website.

When asked to describe this achievement, Schizzmyer replied, “It was simple; I described myself as though I was Fabio. I received so many responses it took me five weeks to find the one from Kelly.” Kelly Luster, 5’4” brunette is a second year online Marketing major and tenor for Bravo.

Luster was rather taken aback upon first meeting Shizzmyer, who is remarkably dissimilar to Fabio. The 5’2” Schizzmyer hasn’t been to the gym once this year, nor does he have Fabio’s long, luscious locks. Despite the false advertising, Luster and Shizzmyer intend to meet again; although, as Luster put it, “He won’t be coming up for coffee anytime soon.”

TOUR GUIDE STUCK IN REVERSE

Late last week, an RIT tour guide discovered she could no longer walk forwards. While the ability to walk backwards is a crucial part of becoming a tour guide, it has become a sad, permanent reality for third year Extraterrestrial Studies major Sandra Revere.

Revere recalls, “I had just finished a tour when I attempted to turn around and go upstairs, only to find myself going backward in circles.” To her horror, her muscles would not step forward. Realizing this, Revere waited for the crowd to disperse before trying once more. The effort resulted in a motion best described as “doing the robot.”

In its usual, helpful fashion, the Student Health Center had absolutely no relevant advice on the matter. Revere is now suing RIT for unspecified damages.

RIT TO BE REBRANDED MIT

In an unexpected and rather absurd move, RIT’s publicity manager, 420overPI, has decided to forego rebranding RIT as an innovative, hip school filled with smiling students, in favor of changing the Institute’s name to mirror Buzz Aldrin’s alma mater. Though the name change is effective immediately, there is a ceremony scheduled for next week to officially christen RIT as the Monroe Institute of Technology.

420overPI hopes this will increase enrollment and retention rates, as well as aid ESPN in properly identifying our athletic teams.

NINE MEASURE REST AND BRAVO TO APPEAR ON GLEE

Continuing the stream of RIT students receiving their 15 minutes of fame, Bravo and Nine Measure Rest are slated to appear on an upcoming episode of “Glee.” The groups traveled to Paramount Studios in Los Angeles last week for filming. It was a bittersweet moment for Nine Measure Rest and Bravo members, however, as they were cast as a group of students who can’t sing. Representatives of the groups could not be reached for comment. (We believe it’s because they knew they were typecast.)



SG UPDATE

by Madra Mandicencio

NEW SENATOR POSITIONS PROPOSED

Following last week’s rejection of the Greek community’s change in representation, a number of alternative senator positions were proposed, including Vegetarian senator, Asexual senator, Mixed Heritage senator, Athletically Disinclined senator and Otaku senator. “We need to make sure that we have proper representation of every major student group on our campus. The ones that we care about, I mean,” said Theresa Chlorox, director of Student Relations.

After a refresher on the exact voting procedures, a straw vote was held to decide whether the Senate should vote on the positions. With the majority in support, an official vote was held immediately after. The official vote was held three times because the new CAB representative, unaware that his opinion did not matter, kept screwing up the count. The Senate proceeded to vote on each position individually and in then pairs, round-robin style. No new positions were added.

When concerns were raised over the manner in which new senator positions are approved or rejected, senators were adamant. “We already have a system that works well; we intuitively sense what students might want us to do, and then we ignore that and do whatever we feel like. Adding another layer doesn’t really make sense,” said SG Vice President Daniel Mulberry. He then made a motion to table the conversation. Feeling reassured, the Senate then held a vote, and then three more, blindfolded, just to make sure. The motion was upheld.

ELECTION RULES UPDATED

Effective immediately, write-in candidates will only be eligible to run for SG office if they are actually alive. Categorization of the living dead was tabled for further discussion next week.

ENTIRE SG FORCED TO RESIGN

Following the departure of last year’s elected presidential candidate, an investigation into each cabinet member and senator’s personal life was issued. The results were horrifying:

SG President George Haddock once copied problems 13 and 14 off of his friend’s math homework in the 10th grade.

On November 5, 2010, Jim Mayor, College of Applied Science and Technology senator, walked out of the Brick City Café with a Diet Snapple he forgot to pay for.

Raquel Capitoli, vice president of the Student-Athlete Advisory Committee, once spilled some ink on a library book and didn’t report it.

CRIMEWATCH

by Kensington McFluffer

Wednesday 8
RKA, 7 a.m. From Deceptober 4 to 8, a student reported harassing smoke signals. This case is now closed pending new leads, as are several Riverknoll apartments.

Thursday 11
Quarter Mile, 4 p.m. Student drove away on a Public Safety Segway. An officer recovered it by walking fast.

Sunday 8
Facebook, 1 p.m. Disgruntled student begins campaign against Women’s Center. Case referred to Women’s Center.

Wednesday 12
Province Apartments, 1 a.m. Student discovered lying, passed out, in snow bank. Student was referred to McGuinney’s.

Shamrock Day
GV. 11 p.m. I’mma little druunk, but ittt’s okaay, I can stilll drivee, and heey, the rooom is sphinnning, but donn’t, serioussly, guuuys, doon’t worry aboutth mee. I, I’ll beee juust fiine.

When she was five, Esme Chef, College of Science senator, pushed the boy who lived across the street.

One time Finance Director Wes Champion looked at his opponent’s half of the screen during an intense game of “Halo.”

These findings ultimately led to the dismissal of the entire governing body.

Day After
UCS. 12 p.m. Officer’s head throbs like a croquet ball. Officer is going back to sleep.

Friday 0
SAU. 6 p.m. Student found not playing “Minecract,” “Fall Out: New Vegan” or “Call of Duty: The Callination.” He was promptly escorted to his room.

Frenchfryday 3
NRH. Someone killed a fly. The crime was logged as genocide. Case referred to the International Criminal Court in The Hague.

Tuesday 30
Digital Den. 2 p.m. Someone stole an iPad 2. In unrelated news, an officer now owns an iPad 2.

Duck? Quack! Quack!
Nature Trails. 4 p.m. Student fucked up the rotation. Officer clearly asked him to pass to the left after he puffed, but, whatever, man.

Your Mother 69
GOL. 1 p.m. Male student wore a fedora. Referred to good taste. 🍷

by Clyde Brownstone

Girl Visits Campus

Career Fair

Gordon Ramsey Visits Gracies

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE *by Joey McCobb*

1.



2.



Justin Bieber enrolls at RIT

Terminators Arrive

Ash Snow

Sappy Movies

AT YOUR LEISURE 04.01.11

by Pseudonym McDermott | illustration by Chelsea Perkins

“Thanks for noticin.”
– *Eeyore*

“fine” *adj.*

Definition taken from <http://icanenglish.com>.

1. Past tense of twit.
2. RIT's plentiful poultry.
3. A bird that is not a chicken.
4. What goes meow.
5. A bird that is not a chicken.
6. A bird that is not a chicken.
7. Posterior Plunderer.
8. A bird that is not a chicken.
9. Richard, informally.
10. A puppy's mother.
11. A Briton's rear end.

1. A friend of tats.
3. It rhymes with punt.
5. To steal quickly.
6. To copulate.
8. The pulse of music.

Santa Claus is **REAL**.

You look **REAL** nice in **THAT** dress.

THAT long distance relationship will **LAST**.

LAST night, I did not sleep with your **MOTHER**.

Your **MOTHER** loved you and she always **WILL**.

Tuition **WILL** never go **UP** again.

That girl you hooked **UP** with was **DEFINITELY** 18.

You **DEFINITELY** lost some weight this **SPRING**.

The **SPRING** carnival won't be cancelled by **CAB**.

CAB will showcase a great band next year.

“We can have a fudgy!”
– Female student to female student in Perkins Green.



1. 在 1997 年 12 月 1 日以前，
 2. 在 1997 年 12 月 1 日以前，
 3. 在 1997 年 12 月 1 日以前，

REPORTER

The student-run newspaper of the recently renamed Monroe Institute of Technology (see News Desk on page 8), Reporter, should be avoided at every possible opportunity. This can be difficult at times, as the newspaper is used as binding for the Institute's wildly popular publication, Rings. Generally, you can retrieve Rings by removing the last page of Reporter and throwing the rest in the trash. Sometimes though, the staff insidiously hides Rings within the paper in a feeble effort to draw readers to their "content."

The remainder of Reporter is little more than the ramblings of a group of socially inept “journalists” who spend entirely too much time hanging out in a cramped basement room avoiding all interaction with their “readers.” On the rare event that the staff manages to produce an article even tangentially relevant to the student body, it is bound to be riddled with typos, design cock-ups and ridiculously abstruse list structures.

ACCEPTED STUDENTS GUIDE: A LIST OF THE ESSENTIALS

by Elsker Mamado | illustration by Weird Beard

Congratulations. Superb Job. Welcome to the Tiger’s Den.

Your introduction to our school will undoubtedly start with our illustrious president’s canned welcome, “On behalf of everyone at RIT, it is my pleasure to take advantage of all of you...”

These welcoming words really illustrate the experiences you will soon have. **DISTORTER** can teach you how to beat the system. Take our advice. Prepare yourself, and you will survive.

Number One: Adjusting the Climate to Fit You.

First and foremost, get a co-op during your first winter quarter. Remember: It gets really fucking cold here, and you’ll want to spend as little time on campus as possible. The sun vanishes from November till late March, so you might as well, too.

Conversely, if you’re the paler sort, stay for the winter. The cloud cover should allow you to wander freely. Like your basement at home, it’s damp, cold and there should be just enough WiFi to survive.

Number Two: Location, Location, Location.

Another thing to consider is your housing arrangement for next year. If you want a change from the “normal” dormitory experience, look into RIT’s Special Interest Houses.

If you like to vandalize your living accommodations with graffiti, Mario Kart House, sometimes mistakenly labeled as “Art House,” might be for you.

For a quieter living experience, Deaf House could be the place. They have a prime location, occupying all 12 floors of the towering Ellington Hall. If you don’t speak deaf, you’ll pick it up quickly enough. Like German, just engage your throat a little more in the pronunciation.

Number Three: Updating Your Dorkédex; Forge You iDentity.

It’s best to start early if you want to be remembered. Not everyone can be Santa Hat girl or that kid who plays music out of his bag, but if you want to stand out, there are several things you should remember.



1. Crank it Up. Noise will help people remember you. Consider the sort of noise you are creating. Annoyed looks mean you’re doing it perfectly.
2. Accessorize. Santa Hat girl is Santa Hat girl not because of her strong upbringing in Christmas related rituals, but because of her skillful accessorizing, an absolute necessity. Start with a cloak; it’ll help everyone understand that you’re different. Plus, they just look damn good.
3. Strut your stuff. If you only go to class and then slink home, people won’t get to experience your fantastic existence. We here at **DISTORTER** are big proponents of the benefits gained from repeatedly crossing the quarter mile. You’ll be able to make yourself visible to thousands this way, quickly boosting your notoriety.

Number Four: Bring the Essentials

1. Beverages

In order to profit on underground Dr. Pepper and Coca-Cola trade, the administration signed a contract with PepsiCo, meaning you won’t find a decent beverage on campus without knowing who to ask. Furthermore, the campus is “dry,” so you’ll have to bring your own liquor. Make sure to keep it in your fridge, it’s a foolproof hiding place, and no one likes a warm beer.

2. Pepper Spray

With a male-to-female ratio of 118:1, competition is fierce for mating partners. Men will need pepper spray to slow others in the hunt and women will need it to restrain awkward suitors.

3. Weight Lifting Equipment

Sure there’s a fantastic gym and weight room nearby, but it’s really fucking cold out. Besides, we all know you aren’t going to actually work out. The weights are there for appearance. Nothing is cooler than filling the limited living space you’ll soon share with a complete stranger with exercise equipment you have no intention of using. Actually, I take that back, giraffes are cooler.

4. Computers

The more the merrier. I know a kid who has 27 and *man* is he cool.

As you begin your time here, remember that you have a chance to become a new person. You can start over and be who you want to be, so re-evaluate your life. It’s a fresh start, and you should rush at it head on before it takes you for all you have and crushes you. Just don’t forget the cloak. Seriously. 🦋

DISTORTER EXPERIMENTS: HOW TO AVOID TIME TRAVEL

by Milligan McFly III, Esq. | illustration by Marty McFly

It’s a great day. The sun is high in the sky, and that hot belle from Fundamentals of Steampunk Astrodynamics has totally been sending you sweet nothings — mostly in the form of restraining orders. Armageddon is still millennia away, and there’s a skip in your step.

Out of nowhere, a burly, scantily clad man appears. “Come with me if you want to live!” he cries in a thick Austrian accent. “Oh shit, not again,” you mutter. But no one can hear you, and now you suddenly have to deal with a dystopian, robot-filled future from hell.

If the above scenario sounds familiar, you’re probably alone. I mean, a) time travel doesn’t exist, and b) if it did, it would be freaking awesome. Anyway, the mad scientists at *Distorter Labs* have conducted a bizarre collection of experiments to help you successfully avoid time travel with everyday objects. More importantly though, it was another chance to abuse our awkward interns.

Hypothesis #0001: Really Good Glue
Verdict: Success; humiliation.

Subject was encased in a vat of industrial-strength glue. When a rift in the space-time continuum was opened, the subject remained in the present. It was later discovered that the substance used was not glue, but concrete. Upon this realization, the subject was forced by the **DISTORTER** editorial board to listen to Kenny G’s complete discography. Success, indeed.

Hypothesis #0002: Dryer Sheets
Verdict: Failure; 150,000,000 B.C. has never smelled so good.

Subject was covered in approximately 3,000 “blue sparkle”-scented dryer sheets. He was then shoved into an industrial-sized dryer set to a permanent press cycle on medium heat while the staff went to lunch without him. The test was a failure — the subject awoke in prehistoric Pangaea — but it did result in numerous “adorable” origami dryer-sheet hats for Herbert, the subject’s noble brontosaurus steed.



Hypothesis #0914: Time Machine
Verdict: Bro-foul; third base.

The subject was placed inside a time machine. It was later discovered that the machine was, in fact, a janitor’s closet. That janitor’s closet happened to contain this writer’s girlfriend. Not cool.

Hypothesis #0915: Time Machine — really
Verdict: Immeasurable Success?!

The subject was placed inside a time machine, for real this time. When powered on, the machine immediately vanished, whisking him into oblivion. Attempts to locate or recover him have been unsuccessful. The Time Cops have been called in.

Hypothesis #5150: Existential Crisis
Verdict: Inconclusive; depressing.

The subject, a Liberal Arts student, was informed of his future job prospects. Meanwhile, a 1982 DeLorean was revved to 88 miles per hour. The sheer power of the subject’s angst not only reversed the DeLorean’s time-warping abilities, but also transmogrified it into a Ford Pinto. Somehow, Arnold Schwarzenegger was also retroactively elected Governor of California. Our bad.

Hypothesis #9282: Utica Club
Verdict: Failure; hangover.

Subject downed a 12-pack of Utica Club, a cheap, potent brew, in less than 10 minutes. Upon awakening, the subject discovered himself seven hours in the future with a splitting headache and a Student Conduct hearing.

Time Travel Facts

- Johnny Goodman of Lansing, Mich. believes he has invented a time machine in his parents’ basement. In reality, this was the result of a bad acid trip involving a Dr. Who marathon, a toaster oven and “Mittens,” the Goodman family cat.
- Schrödinger once invented a time machine that, so long as you remain inside, allows you to visit every point in history simultaneously. Or not. There’s no way to tell, really.
- You are traveling through time right now, very slowly.
- Hipsters traveled through time before it was cool.
- The Sentinel, in its original design, contained time control functionality in addition to its weather-control facilities. 🦋

RULES FIT FOR A KING

by Les “Git” Sloshed

Nothing kills a party faster than some jackwagon who can’t think up a decent rule after pulling the king card in a game of Kings. “Uhhhh ... put your finger on your nose or something, maybe?” Fuck that shit. Everyone knows the object of the game is to drink as often as possible. Here’s a list of badass, man-sized rules that’ll keep things interesting at your next shindig. Oh, and stop inviting Keith Stone; that kid’s a dick.

Super Troopers

Anyone who speaks has to “meow” after each sentence. *Meow.*

Tatted Up

Someone bring a pack of temporary tattoos. All losers get inked up, Mike Tyson style.

Small Town Girl

Lose on any card, sing a verse from Journey’s “Don’t Stop Believing” or double your punishment.

Gammer Nazi

Anyone using a grammatically incorrect statement loses. Finally, a reason to ever invite English majors anywhere.

Did it for the LOLZ

Anyone using any sort of internet humor or reference gets busted. ROFLCOPTER.

Good Samaritans

Everyone with “Organ Donor” listed on their license is linked with anyone who fails a challenge.

Unaccompanied Minors

Everyone underage loses every turn, no matter what. Welcome to college.

Sea to Shining Sea

Everyone born outside of the continental U.S. loses every time they draw. That means you, Alaska.

Silent “Y”

No more using words with vowels.

Victory Lap

All waterfalls go around twice.

Fair Trade

You can opt to change your punishment from drinking to removing articles of clothing. I suggest layering up.

Ebert and Roper

Everyone must speak in movie quotes. It’ll make everyone seem much more interesting anyway.

Red-headed Stepchild

Gingers are no longer allowed to speak.

The Musketeer

Everyone drinks, every turn. All for one and one for all!



REVIEW: **RISK R.I.T**
Board Game | Strategic | 89.99 debits
Rating: **OH FUCK NO!**

by Pseudonym McDermott | photograph by Max Kent

In a bid to bolster RIT’s thriving überdork population, the Admissions Office recently commissioned Milton-Bradley to create an RIT-branded version of their “hit” board game RISK. Hopes were not high for this release after the abysmally atrocious RIT versions of childhood classics Candy Land and Mousetrap.

These previous entries into the board game scene garnered much hatred and bile from the RIT community. Especially loathed was the complete desecration of millions of childhood memories by replacing beloved cardboard characters with the vestiges of RIT’s seediest underbelly. One particularly heinous example was the insertion of Free Hugs Kid in place of Candy Land’s Plumpy.

Surprisingly, RIT RISK sets a new standard for the trend. Unsurprisingly, it’s the standard for a new level of complete, unadulterated, vitriolic garbage. This game is not worth the lives of the mosquitoes that made their home in the trees the board is made from. The very sight of the disgustingly orange and brown box triggers a feeling of sheer dread for the ensuing hours of gameplay.

Shockingly, the game manages to surpass all expectations of misery. Hopping onto the RIT innovation bandwagon, this version of the game incorporates Milton-Bradley’s latest technological breakthrough — scent-o-phoria. This unfortunate system allows the game’s creators to imbue the board and each piece with a custom scent to “enhance game immersion.” After extensive research, Milton-Bradley decided on body odor and “batin’ sock” as the scents that most represent the RIT community as a whole.

The sole redeeming factor of this scum-heap of a game is that it uses the classic version of the rulebook. Whether through unabashed stinginess or some deep, hidden sense of compassion, the administration saw fit to abandon the newest rule set, with its absurd objective system and childhood-ruining plastic chevrons. What this means then, is that the most horrifically awful version of RISK ever produced is actually the best version on sale today. 🍷

How To Party at RIT

STEP 1: WADE THROUGH HEAT LAMP TURTLES AT BUS STOP.



STEP 2: GO TO FIRST PARTY. IT’S UNCOMFORTABLY MANLY. GTFO.



STEP 3: NEXT PARTY IS NOT WHAT YOU EXPECTED. GO GO GO!



STEP 4: DEER MOB STARES YOU DOWN ON THE WAY HOME.



by Dormy Sullivan



SECRET LIVES OF THE ADMINISTRATION

DR. BILL WRESTLER

by Brandy Anne Koch | photograph by Mike Hock

My wife is a very accomplished woman.

During a March 20 press conference at Global Village, Bill Wrestler made an announcement that shocked the entire RIT community. Wrestler would be abandoning his presidency in order to pursue a music career, effective immediately. With the departure of several other administrators — including the GCCIS dean, the CIAS dean, the Senior Vice President for Student Coddling and even the senior vice president for Student Affairs (see page 19) — Wrestler’s resignation is only one of many this academic year.

Wrestler’s past musical endeavors are not new to RIT. His passion for music and extensive banjo collection have even earned him the moniker “Banjo Bill.” No one, however, expected the president to actually pursue his own interests.

The president stood in front of the crowd sporting a pair of dark skinny jeans and a black leather jacket. A single cigarette drooped from Wrestler’s mouth as he spoke. He flicked the butt towards the side of the stage before speaking. “Before we begin, I would like to request that you address me as Bodacious Banjo

Bill, Bodacious B for short.” He adjusted his Oakley’s before explaining that he had decided to stick with the nickname RIT gave him, but he felt it needed a little kick, a little “glamour and sparkle.”

“With the recent Korean re-release of my 1973 recording, ‘September Sky,’ royalties are rolling in, and I no longer need to keep my day job. Right now, in fact, I’m planning to begin an international tour next summer,” said Bodacious B before opening up the floor for questions.

Bodacious B stated that he had “no intention of recapturing his youth.” He merely decided that while he could continue “working on that administration stuff,” a career in academia was not as well suited for him as he thought. Instead, Bodacious B will be taking the time off to record his sophomore album, “October Earth,” and prepare for his tour with opener Rebecca Black.

When asked how his wife, Dr. Becky Johnstone, felt about his career change, Bodacious B said that she was fully supportive. In fact, she has agreed to take on the role of background singer under the

stage name of Starchild Wonderlove, act as head groupie, man the merch booth and drive the tour bus. “My wife is a very accomplished woman,” said Bodacious B, winking towards Dr. Johnstone, who was front row center, before blowing her a kiss.

Bodacious B also addressed rumors that the Board of Trustees had asked him to step down. It is said that he was seen distributing controlled substances on school grounds and “asking where the weed was at.” There were no further details available about this incident at the time of writing. However, this reporter did see him at a party last Saturday, and boy was he stoned.

After a few more questions, Bodacious B dove off the stage and crowdsurfed his way towards his Ducati Streetfighter S. A reporter took this opportunity to ask what had happened to his eco-friendly Chevy Volt. Bodacious B responded, “I can’t believe those idiots took that green, innovation bullshit seriously,” before kickstarting his hog and riding off into the sunset with a roar. 🍌



ROB FINNERTY

by Madra Mandicencio | photograph by Amanda Crist

“Now, he’s quitting so that he can rub a bunch of other dudes’ balls?”

On March 21, Rob Finnerty took advantage of his RIT Message Center access to announce that he will be leaving the position of chief communications officer to pursue other interests. Beginning April 2, he will be serving as a full time batboy for the RIT baseball team.

“After years of watching from the sidelines, I’m ready to get my hands on some wood,” said Finnerty. “And with the season in full swing, this is a great time for it.” According to Finnerty, social media has changed the world of university communications. “You don’t need a whole news team to tell you the latest. I mean, I’ve been on Facebook for five years now. I know how it works. Just look at someone’s wall if you want to know what’s going on,” he said.

Finnerty will be standing in for Rusty Kegg, the 4 year-old son of Assistant Coach Greg Kegg. Little Rusty, as he’s known to the team, was asked to step down from his position due to an incident in which he attempted to fetch

a bat while play was still in progress. The boy was unharmed, but the team felt it would be wise to avoid such potentially messy situations in the future. “Little Rusty was on the verge of tears when we first broke the news to him,” said Kegg, “but then we bought him an ice cream cone and everything was better.”

As a batboy, Finnerty’s duties will include polishing the team’s bats, arranging their equipment, and rubbing mud on the balls before each game. According to Head Coach Rod Grow, the next two months will be a trial period for Finnerty. “We’ll be reviewing his performance at the end of the season. If things go well, we’ll see about making this a permanent position for him.”

Finnerty, on the other hand, sees the new job as a springboard for future career development. Planning to work his way up the ranks, Finnerty has aspirations to someday serve as coach for the Boilermakers at Purdue, his alma mater. “My son Jack is a big fan of

theirs. He’s got all the gear,” said Finnerty proudly.

Jack, however, is not so sure about his father’s decision. “I don’t understand why he’s doing this. My dad had his own office and was in charge of communications for one of the largest private universities in the country. Now, he’s quitting so that he can rub a bunch of other dudes’ balls? Uh, yeah. Real cool, Dad,” he said.

Asked if he has any regrets, Finnerty commented, “I do wish I’d done this a little sooner. My back isn’t what it used to be. On the other hand, I’ve never been more well suited to wear a baseball cap 24/7.” 🧢



DR. GERI-BETH HOOPER

by Elouise Bicepstrong | photograph by Henri Smits

“I’ve found that the easiest way to get it all out is through music.”

It has recently been announced that this summer, Dr. Geri-Beth Hooper will be taking time off from her regular duties as senior vice president for Student Affairs to tour the country. She will be promoting her new CD, “Narwhal of Love.” The length of her sabbatical has yet to be determined and will depend largely on how well CD sales take off.

Though few students are aware of Hooper’s after-hour activities, it is well known among the faculty that she moonlights as a torch singer at jazz bars downtown. “She’s really quite good,” said former President Wrestler. “I would have asked her to open for me, if I didn’t already have Rebecca Black.”

As for the beginnings of her unique hobby, two winters ago, Hooper was at her family’s house in the Poconos, sick and stuck inside while everyone else was out skiing. Stumbling across a stack of notebooks in the drawer of her bedside table, she was surprised to discover her diary from the seventh grade.

“It was kind of a shock for me, reading all that again,” Hooper recalled. “It stirred up a lot of feelings that I’d kept pent up for many years, repressed and purposely forgotten. Now that they’re all coming back to me, I’ve found that the easiest way to get it all out is through music.”

Although Hooper would not let **DISTORTER** see the diary (“It’s private!”), she described it as such: “Well, it was light blue with some purple sparkly narwhals on the cover. The pages were unlined, and there were a lot of drawings of aquatic life inside. I was really into marine biology at the time.”

As for the written content? “It mostly centered around Donnie Tompkins, the boy who sat in front of me in math class. He had the best hair in the whole grade. It was bleached, but only the slightest bit. Like, the tops of all the hair on the top of his head. And only some of it. It’s kind hard to explain. But it was magical. Also, I wrote a lot about

Anne Frank. That book really made an impression on me.”

Hooper never managed to talk to Donnie. Though she tried all year to catch his attention through the use of a variety of shimmer lotions and glitterized lip gloss, he only ever turned around to pass back papers. The young Cooper was heartbroken. Now, she takes that pre-teen angst and turns it into song.

Hooper’s latest hit is “Narwhal of Love.” Lyrics to the song’s chorus: Oh Donald, dear Donald / How I long for your face / There’s only your hair across time and space / Waves pull us under / Why have you gone so far? / Come back, my darling / Let’s ride your narwhal to the stars.

Dr. Cooper can be seen at lovin’cup at 7 p.m. every Thursday this spring. 🧊



DR. KEITH JOYCE-PURDY

by Dazzle McQuaid | photograph by James Mike

Effective April 1, Dr. Keith Joyce-Purdy will be stepping down as head associate vice president for Student Affairs. The handsome forty-something hunk of an administrator will be shedding his shirt and tie for a hard hat and a tool belt. Yum!

The need for a change came about when Dr. Keith, as he prefers to be called, punched through his office wall in a manly rage. On that particular day, the cause of Dr. Keith's frustration was Student Government. The Senate meeting had run particularly long; the cabinet members couldn't remember the voting procedures; and the senators were chavng a ludicrous debate on additional senator positions. "I just couldn't take it anymore — SG's whining, Student Conduct drama, Ritchie's recent sexcapades (see "Black as His Stripes" on page 5) — I needed to get out," he said.

It was in that moment, as he was removing his well toned arm from that gaping hole, that he discovered his true calling. "That was the great moment of release. All my frustrations, all my pent up anger, had transferred from

myself into the wall in a moment of pure destruction," said Dr. Keith, biting his upper lip gently. "It felt *so* good."

Dr. Keith knew what he had to do. He applied for a construction job with Sweaty Guyz LLC., a company he had worked with when planning and building the Campus Center. The foreman was so flabbergasted by Dr. Heath's shear brawn and unbridled charisma that he not only gave him the job but also the phone numbers of his four lovely daughters.

This marks the second major career change for the dreamy Dr. Keith. (The first came when he moved into education from his job as a television news writer.) So far, everyone has been very supportive of Dr. Keith's decision to get in touch with his new desires. Indeed, many members of the community have been waiting breathlessly for a major announcement from Dr. Keith for years.

Though his co-workers will no doubt miss seeing Dr. Keith's ruggedly handsome face on a daily basis, the student body is excited for what's to come, especially given how very "in" the butch look is right now. And besides,

he's going to look fabulous in those worker boots. Although *some* might find those little plastic hats depressingly blah (why would you knowingly hide such glorious hair?), the sleeveless wifebeaters this summer should more than make up for it. Can't you just see those rippling biceps now? 🍷



SHERI SPRUCE

by Mark M. Goode | photograph by Nate Blain

An administrator who was recently arrested for unlicensed tattooing has been released and cleared of all charges. Sheri Spruce, director for the Center of Campus Life, was taken into custody on March 22 after her office was raided in the middle of a tattoo session. After fulfilling the requirements to obtain a license, Spruce was released on March 25.

Local authorities were tipped off by an RIT custodian who noticed an increasing amount of sterile pads, latex gloves, needles and sketches of tiger heads and crossbones every time he emptied the Campus Center's trash bins. Thinking that he had uncovered the lair of the Paw and Pocket Watch, RIT's wannabe secret society notorious for its underground heroin ring, the custodian reported his findings to the cops. However, he, and the Monroe County Police, would be extremely disappointed.

Officials raided Spruce's office in hopes of finding a group of students shooting it up. Instead, they discovered an underground tattoo business. Having already wasted so many resources on the raid, police decided

to arrest Spruce. "She must have been doing something suspicious if she was using the office after hours," said the arresting officer.

Spruce had intended to submit an application for a license, but hadn't felt like mailing in the forms yet. The paperwork was found lying on top of her desk during the arrest. After striking a deal with Spruce's lawyers — which may or may not have involved blackmail and a visit from Mean Ritchie — the Monroe County Sheriff released Spruce provided that she pass the Department of Health's required examination and acquire a temporary license.

Having completed her requirements, Spruce is now free to tattoo any student, professor, staff member, administrator or tiger she desires. "I always dreamed I would make my mark on the world. What better way than INK? It's permanent!" said Spruce, her eyes wide and glistening with excitement. She also believes that it's a great way to show tiger pride. "As long as it's orange and brown, I am happy to oblige! A towel or tat, it all says spirit to me!"

Pine did not get her first tattoo until her

43rd birthday. "I said to myself, 'Sheri Spruce, you've just made a big change in your life, you should do something extreme.'" That night she got a set of green dice on her inner right arm. "There was a four and a three on the front of each die... It's meaning? Life is a crap shoot! Pray for a 7! Do you think it means anything that I adopted that motto and started working in Campus Life at the same time?" 🎲



THAT ALUM: DAN ARDOUR, AKA RIT FUCK UP

by Bern N. Darie with contributions by Heafy Heafy

Distorter recently sat down with one of its most unfortunate alums, Dan Ardour — who was 40 minutes late — former Editor in Chief of Distorter Magazine, in the hopes of making you, the reader, feel better about your life. He would only agree to the interview if it took place at MicGinny’s Sports Pub and if we paid for his drinks. Unfortunately, he ended up drinking the rest of our 2011 budget halfway through the interview, so we can only publish the first 15 minutes. We hope you feel our efforts were worth it.

Bern Darie: So, Mr. Ardour —

Dan Ardour: Hang on — [“To bartender”] Can we get two jägerbombs?

BD: Oh, I’m not drinking.

DA: Who said you were?

BD: Right, so, what did you major in at RIT?

DA: I got a degree in Multidisciplinary Studies [pounds the first jägerbomb with jet-fueled speed] which is essentially what they throw at you when you have a bunch of unrelated credits and they’re plain sick of your ass.

BD: Oh. Okay. So how many years were you at RIT?

DA: I think only four, but it could’ve been five. That last one was really a blur, so I’m not sure it counts.

BD: Drugs or alcohol?

DA: Yes.

BD: Let’s move on. What are you up to these days?

DA: I’m living the simple life.

BD: So you’re unemployed?

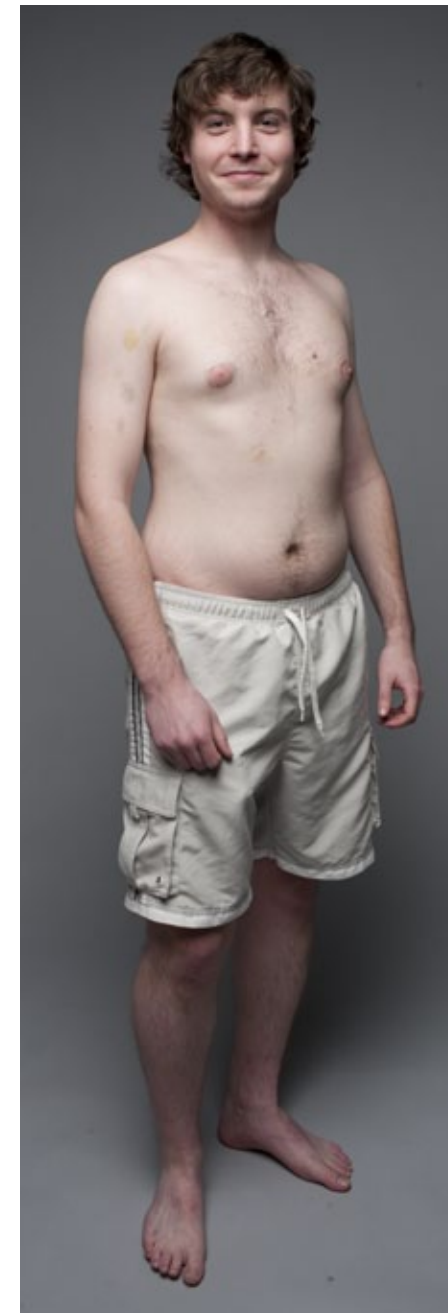
DA: In the occupational sense, yes. But I work everyday. It’s not easy to maintain what you see here before your eyes. [Burps.]

BD: So, tell me a bit about yourself, Mr. Ardour.

DA: Well, kid... Lately, I feel like I’m living the life of the undiscovered actor. My talent is unrecognized. It’s like in that one movie about the guy. Matt Damon’s in it, but he’s not a main character.

BD: “True Grit?”

DA: No, older. It’s a war movie. With Tom Hanks.



BD: “Saving Private Ryan?”

DA: Exactly. My life is like “Saving Private Ryan.”

BD: I’m not sure where you’re going with this.

DA: There’s this buildup. The whole movie is about me, and everything revolves around discovering me; but I’m not getting much screen time, you know? Like, whichever greater power-that-be in charge of my story is totally gypping me. And everyone’s like, “What the hell? I came to see Dan.”

BD: At least your name’s on the poster.

DA: Of course my name’s on the poster. I’m Dan friggin’ Ardour.

[There’s a 10-12 minute pause as Dan tries to procure the phone numbers of two obviously underage blondes sitting four seats over. He’s unsuccessful.]

DA: Those girls were way under my league.

BD: So, take me through a typical day.

DA: I wake up at 10, or noon. Pull on my bathing suit, and then I do one of two things: I drink because I’m hung over, or I drink because I’m still not drunk.

BD: What do you do to support your habits?

DA: I am currently in a lawsuit where I’m hoping to get some money — a girl took advantage of me in an inebriated state. Or it might have been the other way around. I plan on using the winnings from my lawsuit to battle hers. I also run a dog walking service with 15 clients. Mostly I just drop them off at my Aunt Vicky’s. She’s senile and doesn’t mind all the shit in her backyard. I’m also running for mayor of Rustburg, Va.

BD: Think you’ll win?

DA: I’m the only candidate. [To bartender:] Two more jägerbombs, and a whiskey on the rocks. 🍷



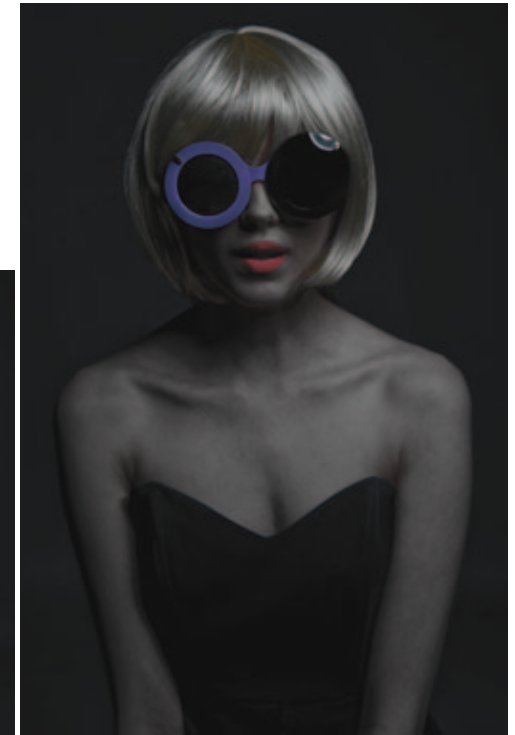
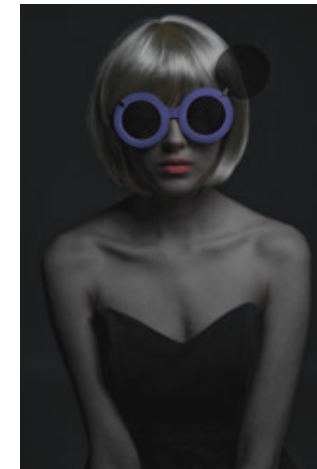
GET THE GAGA LOOK

BY VERFACE CHANNEL | PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICO SUAVÉ

SPEND TOO MUCH FOR A PAIR OF PRADA SUNGLASSES?
AS A POOR RIT STUDENT, THERE'S A CHEAPER SOLUTION.

First, buy a pair of mad scientist goggles from the Halloween store. Remove the sides and you'll have Gaga glasses. Grab two vinyl cup holders and remove the tops. Glue them to those goggles, and you're partway there.

Then, buy one of those nifty, easily-breakable corsets from Victoria's Secret. Done.



Kill a fish and smear the blood on your lips; it's a much sharper rouge girls, take Gaga's advice.

Finally, capture that signature hairstyle by standing perpendicular to the propeller of an airboat. Make sure not to remove the hair from your eyes — as Gaga says, “it makes me smarter to look through the strands of darkness my art has woven.”

BUY A MICRO FLEECE NIGHTY AND ASK YOUR FRIENDS TO BLOW YOU... A FEW BALLOONS, AND RUB THEM AGAINST YOUR STATIC DRESS. VOILÀ, GAGA FASHION. THE LOOK WILL ONLY LAST A LITTLE WHILE, BUT LETS FACE IT, SO WILL THIS STYLE. 🐟



Chlamydia In A Can

It's contagious!



NO FLAVOR.
ALL BITE.

DISTORTER REMINDS YOU TO DRINK RESPONSIBLY.

ZOMBIES INTERRUPT HvZ

by Willie McSleighbell | photograph by David Davidson

RIT prides itself on many things such as innovation, leadership and zombie-killing. Most students are familiar with the wildly popular campus-wide game of Humans versus Zombies (HvZ) that erupts twice every year, with hundreds of players breaking out their Nerf guns and bandanas for some good old-fashioned zombie-killing fun. Participation increases every year, and RIT's administration has taken notice.

This quarter saw the creation of an HvZ course that students can take for wellness credit. Several top players from the 2010 fall game were invited to participate in a trial version of the proposed wellness class this spring before a full release scheduled for next fall. The curriculum included tactics for both humans and zombies, as well as target practice with a wide selection of Nerf weaponry. Unfortunately, a major flaw in the program was discovered, leading to its cancellation.

On Monday morning, March 21, students of the HvZ course were warming up outside Gordon Field House when they were approached by a group of shambling, moaning strangers. "We thought they were pretending to be zombies," said Chris Redfield, a third year Criminal Justice major. "A lot of people have tried to jump into our games without registering for the course. We thought these guys were just trying to be funny."

The course instructor walked closer to the group to explain that the class was closed, and, according to several witnesses, was attacked and bitten by one of the unsavory newcomers. The students were shocked. "We didn't think they could actually be zombies," confessed Frank West, a fourth year Photojournalism student. "I mean, they weren't even wearing headbands. It was totally unfair."

The students recovered quickly and attempted to save their instructor. They grabbed whatever nearby Nerf guns and charged towards the crowd of zombies, pelting them with darts. Despite numerous confirmed tags, the horde did not flinch. One student removed his shoes on the spot, balled his socks, and flung them at the closest zombie, but it did not appear to notice.

Baffled and helpless, the students retreated into the Field House for safety. They called Public Safety, but sources say that the



Ben Shelton, second year Mechanical Engineering major, pulls Tom Giron from the clutches of zombie spawn. The outbreak occurred during a Human mission to control the rock along the quarter mile. Ben cleared a path to the RIT Ambulance shed with white pepper corn, where he waited for the safety of first light.

emergency was dismissed as a prank. Three members of the HvZ class approached several zombies in the building's vestibule and argued that the interior was a safe zone. They were swiftly devoured.

Eventually, the students fled the area and outran the pack of zombies. Reports say that the zombies made their way across campus and were last seen entering the Golisano Hall, where they quickly infected all the inhabitants. No one has reported any noticeable change to the student population thus far.

Unfortunately, this chain of events has led RIT's administration to disband the current HvZ wellness course, and it will not be offered again in the future. Provost Germy Heifer prepared a short statement explaining the executive decision to shut down the prospective course.

"It is disturbingly clear that the game of

Humans versus Zombies has led our student body to drastically underestimate the very real threat of the undead. RIT cannot advocate any course that contributes to the trivialization of such a dangerous enemy. For this reason, our faculty is currently designing a new wellness course to be offered starting in the 2011-2012 school year. Defense Against the Undead will inform students of necessary survival tactics and equip them with the skills they need to protect themselves against the zombie menace." 🧟

Defense Against the Undead is scheduled to begin in fall 2011. Until then, students are encouraged to be aware of potential zombies and carry a pair of spare socks at all times.

photographs by Lord Voldemort



DEAF STUDENT WORRIED About Newfound Hearing

by Dovod Herp | illustration Amanda Boos

A cure for deafness, at first, seems like a miracle. But as I enter his dorm room, a formerly deaf student glances up, wincing as the door closes. He can hear.

Timothy Mackey*, a fidgety first year Applied Computer Technology major at NTID, speaks quietly, as if he’s afraid of his own voice. “The world is so noisy,” Mackey whispers. “It sounds like two squirrels fucking.” At 19, Mackey has been completely deaf all his life. That is, until a month ago. During spring break, Mackey’s hearing parents signed him up for a medical experiment whose purpose was to restore hearing, speaking and literacy to the deaf. Upon waking to Justin Bieber’s “Pray” just one week later, Mackey realized the experiment was working. Further accentuating this realization was a sudden, uncontrollable rage and the powerful urge to “strangle a girl-faced fuckstick.”

Says Mackey, “I’ve never felt like that before.” The terror is wet in his eyes. “I don’t know what’s happening to me. I don’t know what I’m going to become.”

As part of the experiment, Mackey was required to take an IQ test after his hearing was restored. Mackey’s results revealed that his IQ had lowered by 20 points. Doctors assured Mackey that this was “completely normal” and “would [allow him to] better acclimate to hearing society.”

Upon discovering Mackey’s newly restored hearing, his friends disappeared. Mackey has not heard from them since, though they regularly update their Facebook pages. “I’m forever alone,” he says, as his small eyes well up with tears.

Though Mackey doesn’t complain much. He hates being around the deaf now — the noise is too much. He harbors a similar hatred for the hearing. While with hearing roommates at Ellingson Hall, he “suddenly realized how



“The world is so noisy,” Mackey whispers. “It sounds like two squirrels fucking.”

quiet and boring everybody was,” he says. “Everyone gapes at the walls or a Leonard Nimoy poster; and a few just talk about weather, homework and how bored they are.” He remains quiet for a long time, thinking. “Don’t they have anything else to say?”

Mackey fears he may be becoming one of *them* — mindless hearing drones with an affinity for idle chitchat. Just this Tuesday, he caught himself talking about the weather. Says Mackey, blushing furiously, “It felt so wrong, and yet, so right.”

The worst part of being hearing, he says, is everything he couldn’t hear before. “I never knew how much my roommate… masturbated while he thought I was sleeping.”

Now that he is hearing, Mackey will no longer fall under the NTID tuition rate,

which is typically a third of what RIT costs for hearing students. He fears he may not be able to afford RIT’s standard enrollment costs next year. Mackey must also transfer from NTID to RIT. He doubts he will survive academically. “[At RIT,] I can’t skim by with stupidly easy classes,” he says. “It’s so unfair.”

Distraught at having to pay triple his tuition, Mackey looks world-weary, beyond his years. “I never wanted to become hearing,” he says. “But now, I’m even more certain.”

**Mackey’s last name has been changed on request. Since he did not request otherwise, we also changed his first name.*

Editor’s Note: This is the magnum opus of one of our deaf writers. Not that it should matter to you folks. 🍷

SATURDAY, 4:42 P.M. (from text)

Caller: My friend is coming to visit, and I’m telling him to bring alcohol because the last thing we need around here is another guy and no alcohol.

Rings: Just remember beer before liquor, never been sicker!

Caller: Woah! I didn’t know that *Rings texts back!*

RINGS HOLLAS BACK

by Smooth Operator

SATURDAY, 9:23 A.M. (from text)

Caller: I lost my underwear in my RA’s room, is that bad?

Rings: Go commando.

Caller: I could have used that advice last night!

Rings: You can still use it now. ;)

Caller: You would make a good wingman Rings.

Rings: Challenge accepted. To the bar!

Caller: Name the bar. Name the time.

Rings: Lux. Now!

FRIDAY, 9:47 P.M. (from text)

CALLER: DEAREST SOL’S, BRING IT ON! WE ARE NOT AFRAID OF YOU, WIMPS. DO YOU EVEN DO ANY WORK OVER THERE? YOUR FRENEMIES, THE CORNER STORE.

RINGS: I THINK YOU GUYS NEED TO START A PRANK WAR.

CALLER: HMM... THAT MAY ACTUALLY HAPPEN.

RINGS: MAKE IT EPIC. ;)

CALLER: I’LL DO MY BEST. GOT ANY SUGGESTIONS THAT WON’T GET ME FIRED? HAHA.

RINGS: TRAP ‘EM IN WITH A WALL OF SODA CASES AT CLOSING TIME?

CALLER: EASIER SAID THAN DONE. HAHA. BUT THAT GIVES ME SOME IDEAS.

RINGS: WHEN YOU’VE COMPLETED YOUR MISSION, YOU SHOULD TOTALLY SEND ME A PHOTO!

CALLER: WILL DO!

FRIDAY, 9:51 P.M. (from text)

Caller: Taking the 9:40 night shuttle to a party near UC is the best idea. I got on sober.

Rings: But the night is still young! So check back with me later!

Caller: Hahah Rings, you cannot respond back to texts. You are a robot.

Rings: Yes I can! I’m a real boy!

Caller: At least put my Rings in the fucking Reporter! It’s been awhile.

Rings: I can’t make any promises... but if you leave an interesting message tonight, you may get into the Distorter.

Caller: Alright. I can’t make any promises. Depends how drunk I get. It’s been real, Rings.

FRIDAY, 11:50 A.M. (from text)

Caller: The couches got removed from Erdle at the end of summer, now there’s a mountain of sleeping bags in here. Coincidence? I think not...

Rings: Were you looking for a place to take a nap?

Caller: Not this time Rings, but there’s a few dozen sleeping bags and pillows in the fishbowl.

Rings: What’s the weirdest place you’ve ever taken a nap?

Caller: I fell asleep standing up in the shower once...

Rings: Must have not been very wet and wild.

Caller: More like hot and steamy.

Rings: Bow-chika-bow-wow.

Caller: ;) where’s the strangest place you’ve ever napped?

Rings: Too hot for you to handle!

Caller: Challenge accepted.

A biting comedy for the journalist in all of us.

