

LEGENDS OF THE TEMPLE EXERCISE COMPLEX

By Brock Sealant

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ST. LOUIS UNIVERSITY of MISSOURI

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New art installation feeds one man

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Oak retracts his former claims

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EDITORIAL

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 News Editor.....Krull the Warrior-King
 Features Editor.....Jen O'Rama
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 Copy Editors.....Lauren Wildthing, Johanna Mispronouncedfirstname
 Proofreaders.....Sara No-H
 Staff Writers.....(Mary Grace) Buckley
 Bananaca Shiznit, Sharon Alyobisnes, Jacques Zschau

DESIGN

Design Editor.....Kraft "Cheesy" Macaroni
 Photo Editor.....Jennifer He-Man
 Web Editor.....Louie Louie
 Staff Photographers.....Yumeto Yamazaki,
 Junk Master Flash, Nikki Valleygirl, Zhang Zheng, Chenhao Li
 Illustrators.....Kraft "Cheesy" Macaroni, Sarlee Kellars

BUSINESS

Ad Director.....Maythe Schwartzbewithu
 Distribution Manager.....Krull the Warrior-King
 Business Manager/Time Wrinkle.....Charles Wallace
 Advisor.....Charlotte Swebb

CONTACT US

Address 388 MSC, 1 University Blvd
 Saint Louis, MO 63121-4400
 Newsroom 314-516-5174
 Business/Advertising 314-516-5316
 Fax 314-516-6811
 E-mail (General) thecurrent@umsl.edu
 E-mail (Advertising) thecurrentads@umsl.edu
 E-mail (Employment Inquiries) thecurrentjobs@umsl.edu
 E-mail (Tips) thecurrenttips@umsl.edu
 Twitter umslcurrent
 Facebook The Current

ABOUT The Stagnant

The Stagnant is the annual parody issue/student newspaper at Saint Louis University of Missouri, printing once a semester on or near April Fool's Day. The stories, photographs and illustrations are not real and should not be taken seriously. The Stagnant does not intend to offend, but if it does, that's your problem. Advertisements are real unless otherwise specified.

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The Stagnant really doesn't care if you don't like this issue. All complaints can be directed to the nearest trash can.

All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.

AFFILIATIONS



News

SLUM announces brand new Temple Exercise Complex

Tark Mwain Building renovated into Mayan exercise temple

DECK SEALANT
 Editor-in-Chief

In an effort to get more students interested in learning and exercise, Saint Louis University of Missouri officials have announced sweeping renovations to the Tark Mwain Building.

In the works for the physical exercise building is a pool, a room-size step machine, a series of smart games, and the biggest addition to the building: a life-size Mayan Temple.

"We're bringing in the cast and crew of the classic Nickelodeon game show 'Legends of the Hidden Temple' to work on the renovations," Fom Torge, Supreme Chancellor of SLUM, in a student-faculty meeting last week, said.

The floor plan for the new building was revealed last week at the meeting. A small pool will be added in front of the building; nicknamed "the moat", teams of students will have to make their way across it via a rope bridge in order to even access the building itself.

"Making students work together to get inside will help boost confidence," Torge said. "Also, they can win a cool new keyboard from Casio!"

Once inside the building, students will have to progress down the room-sized "Steps of Knowledge" by correctly answering complex calculus problems and obscure ancient history questions.

After venturing down the Steps, health-minded students will have to compete against one another in various physical warm-up games to see whose team will gain access to the Temple Exercise Complex for the day.

"We've actually hired Dee Bradley Baker, the original voice of Olmec, to voice the whole thing," Torge said. Each warm-up "game" will reward the student

teams with "Pendants of Life", which are used inside of the Temple Exercise Complex proper.

The Temple Exercise Complex is a series of twelve massive rooms, each connected to one another by doorways, rope bridges, or ladders.

During last week's student-faculty meeting on the renovations, Torge let Baker, in his Olmec voice, explain how students would access common physical exercise mainstays like the weight-room, running track, and exercise machine room.

"First, you must journey to the Royal Gong Room! Ring the correct gong to unlock the doors to the Pit of the Pendulum. Swing across the chasm and knock over the giant column to unlock the doors and advance to Room of Weights!" Baker said in a deep, rich voice, instantly recognizable to anyone who watched the classic show.

"He means the weight room," Torge cut in sheepishly.

"To get to the Track of Running, one must venture to the Chamber of the Sacred Markers! Place the correct designs alongside the door to move on to Room of the Ancient Warriors. Place yourself in the right armor and throw the switch to open the doors, but be warned! A Temple Guard is lurking to catch those without a Pendant of Life!" Baker continued.

"Students caught by a Temple Security Officer without a Pendant of Life will be removed from the premises and unable to work out for the day," Torge explained.

"To gain access to the Room of Exercise, you must continue to the Shrine of the Silver Monkey! Assemble all three parts of the statue to unlock the doors leading to the Dark Forest!" Baker said.

"Reach in to the holes in the trees to find the key to unlock the door, but be careful: the spirit of a Temple Guard could inhabit the tree. If it grabs you, you must forfeit a Pendant of Life!"

During the meeting, some students complained that the renovations will make it much harder to casually exercise.

"All I want to do is ride an exercise bike for an hour," bitched Kathryn Jones, senior, astrology. "I don't want to run through a Mayan Temple just to get to where I can exercise."

Before Torge could explain, Baker cut in. "In order to discover the Room of Riding, first you must voyage through the Jester's Court! Align your body with the right painting and press the buttons to advance to the Tomb of the Ancient Kings!"



Dee Bradley Baker will be reprising Olmec as the new host of the SLUM Temple Exercise Complex.

WEATHER

| | | | | | |
|----------|----------|---------|-----------|--------|-------------|
| MON. -86 | TUES. 72 | WED. 12 | THURS. 56 | FRI. 9 | SAT. 20,000 |
| 497 | 83 | 34 | 78 | 10 | 72 |

McDuck saves the day

SARA NO-H
Staff Writer

In an effort to compensate for steep cuts in appropriations, Chancellor has announced a 25 percent increase in tuition per credit hour for the next school year as well as scores and scores of faculty lay offs.

Within half an hour, the offices of St. Louis University of Missouri were flooded with complaints.

Fortunately, within 45 minutes, a duck waddled into the fray with a few sacks of gold coins and a note saying he would like to buy the Social Science Building Tower on North campus so that he might store his piles of money.

Scrooge McDuck, the world's richest duck, has run out of room in his mansion to store his gold and had been flying all over the country with his nephews trying to find tall buildings for a bargain.

While taking a rest in the ponds on North campus, Scrooge overheard details pertaining to SLUM's financial woes and, noticing our tower, decided this could be his money's new home.

The value of the gold Scrooge offered up to the campus was astounding. Final totals place the amount at over 500 million U.S. dollars.

Faced with this sizable offer, Chancellor Torge was happy to accept and even allotted a small percentage of the money to be used to extend the tower to 30 floors and install a diving board that can be extended from the second to the top floor.

Over spring break, McDuck and his staff began moving a

portion of McDuck's fortune into the tower, filling it to the ninth floor.

On campus, McDuck's influence is surely being felt. The tower's new height has caused many of the Lambert International Airport's planes to be rerouted, making the campus a quieter, more peaceful learning environment.

Also, the ponds are scheduled to be extended and given new landscaping so that McDuck's nephews have a safe, beautiful place to play.

McDuck encourages tossing coins in these ponds for his nephews to dive after. He also says not to expect to get these coins back. McDuck's influence has not been limited to the physical campus, though.

He has presented plans to Chancellor Torge about focusing even more heavily on an affordable business major program and some scholarships for students who will sign a contract stating that they will work for McDuck Corporations after graduation and possibly until they die.

Thanks to this sizable cash influx to the SLUM campus, tuition rates have been dropped back to their previous levels and a large number of staff and maintenance are able to remain in their previous positions. In fact, maintenance staff has had to be tripled in order to stem the flow of duck feces.

Many professors have gone to the tower with thank you notes for the mighty duck. Scrooge left a much larger note saying that cash donations would be preferable.

As it stands, SLUM students can now expect to see many more ducks on campus. Be sure to thank them when you do.



COURTESY GOOGLE IMAGES

The UNDERCURRENT

by Zheng Zhang

“What do you remember most about the 1980’s/1990’s?”



“Pokemon, Pokemon... oh and Pokemon!”

K. Michael Bergerdine
Psychology
Freshmen



“Well, from the 90’s I remember mix tapes and being a kid. The 90’s were great, the cartoons were the best!”

Anne Graham
Education
Freshman



“I remember the classic Nickelodeon and the Saturday morning cartoons. I always woke up early with cereal to watch them in the living room!”

Kevin Cox
Biology
Sophomore

“Current: Y U NO GOOD?”

- From issue 6969

First of all, let me just say I read the Stagnant all the time and that The Current is a giant piece of crap!

-G. Onoreeah

If there was a word that made up how shitty The Current is on a daily basis, it would be, um, shitty I guess.

-Ima Giantpoh

I think Michael Jackson should really make another album, it has been way too long.

-M. Culkeen

COMMENTS FROM THE WEB

Wave of outrage over SLUM spending money on students

KRULL THE WARRIOR-KING
News Editor

In this new era of austerity, a wave of bad publicity has left taxpayers all across Missouri asking the same thing: Just how much money is St. Louis University of Missouri spending on its students? The answer, in the minds of most people, is too much.

SLUM's spending habits were recently compared to "something more appropriate for a hip-hop mogul" by Richard Trickle, the Missouri Department of Education's Austerity Enforcer.

Trickle cited the high thread count in SLUM t-shirts given to potential students as a particularly egregious example of wasteful spending. "They may feel good to the skin, but they are painful to this state's pocketbook," he said about the shirts.

The tide of bad public relations continued for SLUM when last week, St. Louis' top investigative reporter Savid Toille of the local Al Jazeera affiliate came to campus asking the tough questions. Toille could only ask Chancellor Forge about the al-

leged use of Climate Control technology in the Thomas Jefferson Library before security was called and Toille was escorted away.

He stated in his piece, which was estimated to have been viewed by potentially dozens of people, that SLUM not only funded programs in Arts, but also in the Sciences.

Toille also criticized SLUM for offering an Advanced Accounting course in the fall only to offer the exact same course again in the spring.

When Toille spoke to *The Stagnant*, his outrage was palpable. "The same course twice in two years, is this a school or a Victoria's Secret," he asked, making an odd reference to that franchise's Semi-Annual Bra Sale.

Also adding to SLUM's woes is St. Louis' other publicly funded university, nearby Athena College, which is often cited as being a model citizen in regards to financial responsibility and accountability to tax payers.

Athena College does not waste money on fancy Power Point projection screens or bathrooms for both sexes. Or any sex, for that matter. Nor does it foolishly throw money away

on trivial creature comforts like walls or on unionized teachers, who have priced themselves out of the market.

At Athena, students show up to campus, which is merely a wheat field, bringing their own desk and read whatever text book they have brought with them from home. After doing that for four years, students may then print off their degree, providing the paper themselves of course.

"We're a model of sustainability and green-eco-hybrid-renewable-enviro-stuff," said Shaundra Moonbean, junior, Treehugging of Athena College.

Finally, outrage over SLUM's spending hit a new high yesterday when the Post Disgrace ran a front page story on the man who controls SLUM's purse strings, revealing that the school's Dean of Appropriations is literally a drunken sailor on shore leave.

"He had some innovative ideas," Supreme Chancellor Fom Torge said, defending his decision to hire Rear Admiral Pop I. Jenkins as Dean of Appropriations back in 1999. "I had never had anyone show up to an interview so inebriated. It showed he had moxie, which was just what we needed."



Shaundra Moonbean, junior, Treehugging, attends class at local Athena College, which has eliminated learning "distractions".

What's Stagnant

Your weekly calendar of campus events. "What's Stagnant" is a for-profit service for student organizations. Submissions must be turned in by 5 p.m. the Thursday before publication; first-come, first-served. Listings may be edited for length and style, and cost \$1500 a piece. Pay up, or prepare to get kneecapp'd.



Embarrassing? Yes. Fucking awesome? Undeniable. Childish? Hell no. Being proud of being a Pokémon Master in front of the whole school? Priceless.

NIKKI VALLEYGIRL/ THE STAGNANT

Monday, April 4

Just Another Manic Monday

From 12:00 a.m. to 11:59 p.m., located on Earth and is open to all. Mondays suck. You probably won't even have time to pick up this paper on Monday.
For someone to whine to, contact yo' momma, 'cause we don't wanna hear it!

Tuesday, April 5

Schoolhouse Rock Seminar

From 11:00 a.m. to 12:30 p.m., located in the Munch and is open to all. Professors are sick of mangled essays, so come to the Munch, sit down, and finally learn the functions of conjunctions in relation to junctions. Come back next week to learn everything you ever needed to know about bills, straight from Bill's mouth.
For more information, call Lolly Senior at 555-555-4691.

Wednesday, April 6

So You Want to Be a Pokémon Master?

From 12:00 p.m. to 7:00 p.m., located at the Pokémon Stadium. You want to be the very best, like no one ever was? Well, then you have to beat the Elite Four. There is no other way to truly be the best. And after that, you still have to take down the Champion, LANCE DRAGONMASTER! Good luck, suckers. You know he has a dragon that knows Ice Beam? That guy's pretty fucking hard. Smell ya later! For more information, call LANCE DRAGONMASTER!!! at 555-555-1337.

Thursday, April 7

I'm Thirsty.

From 11:00 a.m. to 2:30 p.m., located in the Munch and is open to all. Well, I am Friday. Come over Saturday and have a Sunday. Speak clearly next time!
For more information, call your 1st grade teacher at 555-555-1147.

Friday, April 8

Robin Hood Day

From 11:00 a.m. to 8:30 p.m., located in the Decade Student Center and is open to all. Come join your fellow college students in a roving band of merry men (and women) to steal from the rich and give to ourselves.
Those college loans won't pay themselves, you know.
For more information, call Friar Tuck at 555-555-5234.

Saturday, April 9

Have a Sunday

From 3:00 p.m. to 4:00 p.m., located at the Decade Student Center DC 315. No, really. I was dead serious on Thursday. If you have learned how to not slur your words, feel free to come have a sundae with me. Enunciation is very important, you know.
For more information, call Jennifer Friday at 555-555-6921.



The Doctor begins surgery during the musical "Appendectomy" which showed at the Toothill on Thursday.

JENNIFER HE-MAN / THE STAGNANT

'Appendectomy: The Musical' meets with mixed reviews

THEATRE

The Toothill Performing Arts Center was the stage for a bold new experiment in musical theater, "Appendectomy: The Musical."

"Ours is the first musical that is anatomically correct," Moe Bap Barnes, junior, pre-med, said.

Barnes was the force behind the musical. Inspired by the trend to turn everything into a musical, Barnes and his fellow pre-med club members decided that a piece of surgery they all hoped to perform in their future careers would make a fascinating subject for musical theater. The pre-med students approached students majoring in music and theater to help with the project. Nursing students soon joined the project.

"Appendectomy is a perfect choice for a surgery musical, since it is both dramatic and simple enough to perform several times," Barnes said. "At the musical's climax, the doctor holds up the severed bit of tissue while the whole cast sings in harmony. It is amazing - chilling actually."

Barnes provided the seed idea and pre-med and nursing students supplied technical advice for the production. The job

of writing the music and the musical's book was turned over to students in the theater and music departments. Nurses and pre-med students appear in the cast, especially ones who could sing while doing surgery.

The musical is set for a 12 performance run at the Toothill. Nursing and pre-med students handle the clean up after each show. "The stagehands refused to handle the blood and bio waste," Barnes said.

"It was hard enough finding 12 people who needed their appendix removed, so we have a patient to operate on for every show, but finding 12 of them that could sing tenor was the real challenge," director Lulu Loopinsky, senior, theater, said.

Audience response to the production was decidedly mixed.

The musical's signature songs, "Old Bone Marrow, That Old Bone Marrow" and "I Left My Rib Spreaders In San Francisco" left audiences more stunned than on their feet.

"I had to leave after the first act," Moni Moore, freshman, business, said. "I love musicals but this was just awful." Exits were mobbed with audience members heading for the door after the first act of the first performance, indicating that many other audience members agreed with Moore.

"Well, I still enjoyed it," Jamie Frogstomp, senior, biology,

said. "But it was kind of irritating to have to scrub in and out at intermission."

"We had no choice about that. We simply did not want to risk any of our cast," playwright Todd Sweeney Barber said. "After all, this is not that Spider-Man musical. And it is not an opera, so we did not want anyone dying on stage."

Another student was an unreserved admirer.

"I loved it. All the blood was great," Ace Airhead, junior, film special effects major, who is specializing in horror films, said. "It is so much better than that 'Man Eating Sandwich' art exhibit, which turned out to be a big disappointment. There's no false advertising here."

Yet one audience member, Paul Appalling, senior, pre-med, was disgusted after seeing the musical. "I am incensed that the surgery on stage was so inaccurate. There was no way a patient under sedation could sing that solo! It's an insult to every medical theatergoer in the world."

"On top of that, worst post-op ever," Appalling added.

Ewww! - *Crikey Matters*



Gary Motherfucking Oak and Crikey Matters view the art installation from "Man Eating Sandwich" at the Gallery Tutu on Thursday, March 24.

JENNIFER HE-MAN / THE STAGNANT

'Man Eating Sandwich' performance art now viewable at Gallery Tutu

ART

The new art installation at Gallery Tutu takes the campus gallery in a very new direction. "Man Eating Sandwich" is the gallery's first foray into performance art.

The "Man Eating Sandwich" performance art exhibit consists of a homeless man sitting on the floor, eating a sandwich. The exhibit has met with some confusion among gallery visitors. "Given the title, many visitors to the gallery expect a man-eating sandwich," Lee Des Tutu, curator, said.

Artist D. Bomb Chocula described his own work as "remarkably original" although not everyone present at the gallery opening agreed.

Performance art, once restricted to the most avant-garde, went mainstream in the 1980s, becoming the hottest art trend of the art world. But at the opening reception, some visitors seemed confused about the exhibit.

"I asked him what he was doing, when I saw this poor disheveled man sitting on the floor, but I could not understand anything he said," Lindsey Linney Limelight, senior, social work, said. "I was so embarrassed when I realized he was the art installation."

"Man Eating Sandwich" is supposed to comment on our inability to verbalize our true feeling about food, so his inarticulate speech is part of the art," said the artist,

See 'SANDWICH' on page 8



The epic "Man Eating Sandwich" art installation at Gallery Tutu on Thursday, March 24.

Forget vinyl; long live cassettes

Fidelity of cassette tapes perfect for those tired of crystal-clear quality

MUSIC

All those hipsters out there have no idea what they are talking about. Who uses MP3s? What is the point of collecting gigantic black discs? Who cares about being able to carry as much music around as one possibly can? True music aficionados of the world are reverting to the classic audio holder: the cassette tape.

That is right; cassettes are making a huge comeback. And why the hell would they not? They have tons of wonderful features that make us, the listeners, constantly stay on our toes.

Walkmen were by far the best part about cassette tapes. They were chunky, awkward and filled with little mechanical errors. Listeners love when their music sounds different on different players. Some players are fast and some players are slow. Do not forget about the infamous Walkman 'slap' that would happen when the player was not going at the right speed. And who does not love the white noise that comes in the back-

ground?

There is also the whole up or down issue: Does the fat side of the tape face up or down?

It changes with each player and causes a little surprise each time one buys a new one. Cassette usage would bring back the car ride guessing game of which side is the side that will play.

The best part about Walkmen was their propensity for eating tapes. The ribbon would get all wound up into the player and make a gigantic mess. Then, trying to get it out, of course one would either tear the ribbon or make a huge crease in the ribbon causing it to play differently.

Mixed tapes also created quite the rage. Selecting the perfect songs to express feelings of longing for a certain someone is just not the same in the CD era. How much effort does it really take to burn a CD? Tapes show real devotion.

Cassette tapes played a major role in the development of alternative and punk music.

All of those boys dressed in plaid and the grungy Kurt Cobain wanna-be's

would not have made it without the help of cassettes. There is no possible way that they could have recorded their music on anything else nor could they have distributed it as easily.

The amount of music one can squeeze onto a cassette tape is also amazing, a whole hours worth! Thirty minutes on each side is more than enough to please any music listener.

Listen to 30 minutes, flip it over, and listen to the other 30 minutes. Who does not love having to futz with cassette tapes while listening to music?

Now cassettes are the cheapest form of music around. Look for them in a local thrift store or second hand shop. Who can resist 25 cents for a bunch of bands that our parents used to listen to? Cassette players go on Amazon for less than \$10. For cheap-ass college students like us, cassettes are the smart way to go.

It is easy to see that cassette tapes are making a come back. So make sure to go grab some from Goodwill before all those hipsters go and snatch them up.

So-So -*Bananaca Shiznit*

'SANDWICH' From page 7

who attended the exhibit's opening on Friday, consuming a whole tray of appetizers on his own.

The artist's earlier works include "Craigslist Shoes" and "Thing I Found In The Art Department One Day." "It is a found-art painting," Chocula said, about the latter piece. "I just found it sitting around drying in the art department one day. How could I not take it? It was just sitting there."

"Dude, I am so disappointed," Ace Airhead, junior, film special effects major, said. "I came here expecting to see a man-eating sandwich. It is only a man eating a sandwich. I even put aside the squibs I was working on for my film project 'Slash My Throat' to see this. There isn't even any blood, just meatball sandwich sauce."

The reception was disrupted briefly,

when the "exhibit" misunderstood a gallery patron leaning in for a closer look as an attempt to grab his sandwich. The scuffle was quickly settled by the artist urging the patron to step back and the offer of a can of beer to the "exhibit."

Some art critics suggested that the installation was inspired by the work of another avant-garde artist, whose performance art exhibit featured a homeless dog chained up in a gallery, with food just out of reach, although the "starving dog" exhibit was revealed later to be a hoax.

"This is a wholly original idea, finding a homeless man and doing the opposite - feeding him," Chocula said, indignantly. "And this is no hoax - he really is eating a sandwich."

The artist also denied rumors that his real name is Eugene Brooks and he

grew up in St. Charles. "That is absurd," Chocula said. "I grew up in the back alleys behind the art galleries of the Central West End, dumpster-diving for art materials."

The artist was coy when asked who his performer was or how much he understood about the art installation. "I don't know where he came from, he was just there asking for spare change to buy a sandwich."

"As a former starving artist, I understood him on a deeper plane," Chocula said. "Man Eating Sandwich" runs at the Gallery Tutu until next Tuesday, when the exhibit hopes to catch a bus going south.

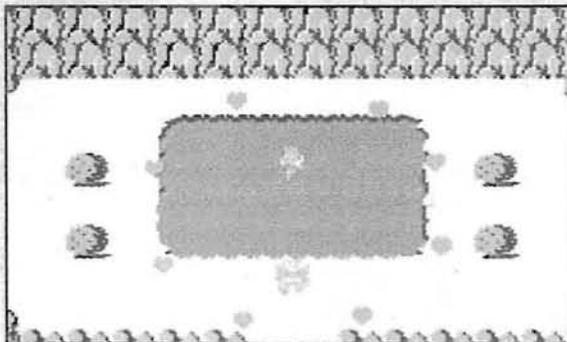
F - -*Crikey Matters*

LATEST + GREATEST

For Monday, April 4, 1985

"The Legend of Zelda"

The brainchild of designer Shigeru Miyamoto, this new Nintendo Entertainment System features cutting-edge graphics, exciting gameplay and an entrancing storyline. Brave dungeons to acquire the Triforce in order to save the beautiful princess Zelda! Also, your sword can shoot lasers.



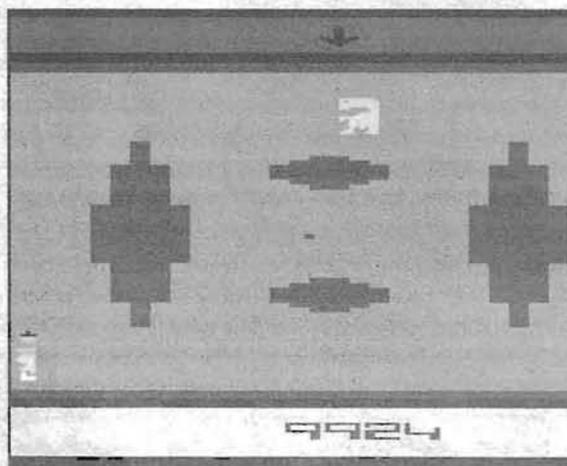
"The Breakfast Club"

This independent comedy by director John Hughes is a critical failure. It is a travesty of filmmaking that will go down as one of the worst films in history. There is no staying power, and it is pretty much assured that, once out of theaters, no one will remember it, especially not with fondness.



"E.T. the Extra-Terrestrial"

This game is the absolute best thing going in video game entertainment. The sleek, gorgeous graphics of the Atari 2600 are a perfect fit for the diminutive alien, and the programmers at Atari have masterfully brought Spielberg's masterpiece to the small screen. This game is an instant classic!



'Thomas vs. Transformers': Merchandising in disguise



COURTESY OF GOOGLE IMAGES AND OUR FRIENDS AT PHOTOSHOP

MOVIES

The film industry has officially hit a new low. No, it is not a summer filled with an ungodly number of superhero comic book movies. It is not Pixar making unnecessary sequels to perfectly good stand alone films. It is the marketing machine, which has finally broken its brakes and is charging full speed ahead throwing poisonous candy out its windows to all the passersby.

Take, for instance, Michael Bay's new film, "Thomas vs. Transformers," which is designed to appeal to every single young male demographic, from toddlers to 35-year-old fanboys living in their mothers' basements. It pits the transforming robots from the wildly popular "Transformers" series against the docile steam trains from the beloved British import "Thomas the Tank Engine." The plot is almost nonexistent and the film exists merely to sell metal and wooden playthings that will end up either thrown in the garbage or lodged in a baby's throat after three months.

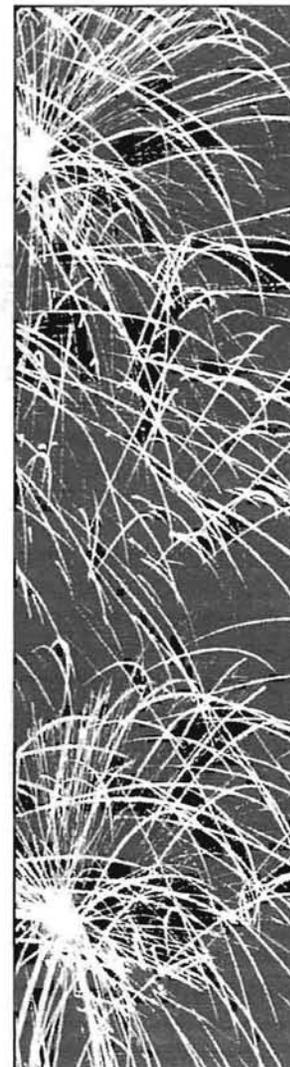
The film starts with Optimus Prime zooming over the Atlantic Ocean and getting shot down near Britain by a bunch of Decepticons that never show up again. For no real conceivable reason, the remaining Autobots (who are so interchangeable that their names are not even worth mentioning) decide that Megatron must be hiding on the fictional Island of Sodor (supposedly near the Isle of Man). So they disguise themselves as steam trains. They

befriend Thomas, Percy, Gordon, Edward and all of the other engines, who are somehow more likeable than the Transformer characters. The Decepticons have already been hiding out on the Island as diesel engines, but no one ever noticed because the diesels are already evil, with the exception of Rusty and Boco. Then Shia LaBeouf and Megan Fox arrive, still as whiny and pouty as ever, respectively, adding absolutely nothing to the story.

Teenage boys may go see the film for Fox but studio executives must be kidding themselves if they think a teenage girl has ever seen a film based solely on Shia LaBeouf's presence. Overall the film is a harsh waste of 3-D, consisting mostly of shiny special effects and hideously noisy sound with an awful soundtrack of electric guitar and bass and absolutely nothing else. The plot makes no sense and hops around from one bloated action scene to another, culminating in a fight where Thomas channels the spirit of Optimus Prime, probably because he is blue with red piping. Oh, and those obnoxious twins from "Revenge of the Fallen"?

They are back and more irritating than ever. Perhaps the one saving grace in this film is Timothy Dalton's subtly wry, droll take on the narration, though he is continuing a horrifying trend of former "James Bond" actors being put out to pasture as "Thomas" narrators. Basically, parents, skip the film and just buy the toys.

F - (Mary Grace) Buckley



*Are you planning to graduate this semester?
Have you applied for graduation?
If not, visit your academic advisor today!!!*



2011 MAY Commencement

SATURDAY, MAY 14
MARK TWAIN BUILDING

10 A.M. - College of Nursing
- College of Fine Arts & Communication
- School of Social Work
- Master of Public Policy Administration

2 P.M. - College of Arts and Sciences

6 P.M. - College of Optometry - *Touhill Performing Arts Center*

SUNDAY, MAY 15
MARK TWAIN BUILDING

2 P.M. - College of Education
- Bachelor of General Studies
- Bachelor of Interdisciplinary Studies

6 P.M. - College of Business Administration
- UMSL/WU Joint Undergraduate Engineering Program
- Missouri University S & T Engineering Education Center

All Graduating Seniors

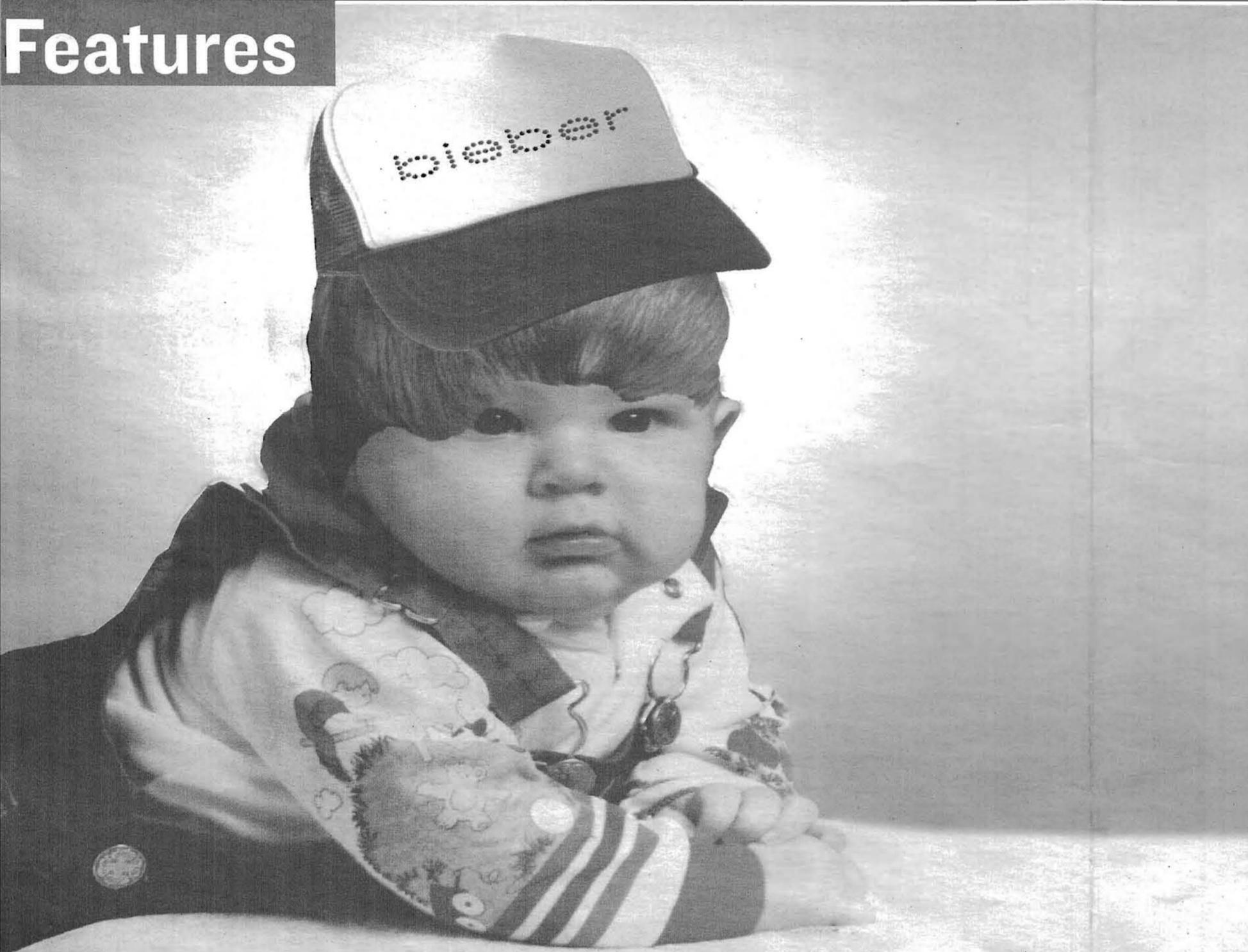
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Features



JUSTIN BIEBER IS THE SECOND COMING OF JESUS

Justin Bieber had a good head of hair as a baby, which is a sign of holiness.

JENNIFER HE-MAN / THE STAGNANT

JEN O'RAMA
Features Editor

Four minutes ago, an astounding discovery by SLUM's own Professor Feeney confirmed what we knew the entire time.

The archeology professor, who has been on an excavation in Canada, has found documents, facts and photos that prove Justin Bieber is, indeed, the second coming of what millions of persons believe in as "Jesus Christ".

"It's remarkable," Professor George Feeney, teacher of all, said. "It is a great honor to be the one to confirm what we all knew all along."

It all began almost 18 years ago, when all 200 Canadians reported feeling what was described as "a shift in the earth" in early March 1994.

"It is really hard to explain," Ontario's Alanis Morrisette, said. "But I remember it clear as day. I felt an overwhelming surge of hope and light; you oughta know."

I was head over feet. And, for some reason, I was drawn to make a trip to Stratford. When I got there, there was a crowd around this little baby, with the most remarkable hair I have ever seen."

It was clear from the beginning that Justin was no ordinary baby. In a recent excavation, Feeney uncovered photos and artifacts that proved just that. Among the items were crayon scribbles of unbelievable wisdom from the preschool age Bieber.

This included the shrewd "I make good grilled cheese and I like girls." And, of course, "Baby, baby, baby, oh...baby, baby, baby...ohhh." Words that will forever be illustrious as "For we walk by faith, not by sight" and "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone."

Other evidence included picture proof of the mythic hair. Barely a newborn, Justin had already achieved perfectly coiffed hair. In several photos, there appears to be a halo around it. There are rumored theories that the golden boy's locks just might be the source of his power, and can possibly cure cancer.

Of course, since the almighty has chosen to return quite a number of years later, many Christians may need to update their knowledge and terms. For example, the archdiocese has proclaimed all those who accept Justin Bieber as their savior will be deemed the "beliebers."

For the few non-beliebers, Pastor Churchdude has some thoughts.

"Think about it; Jesus and Justin have so many similarities. What do both of their first names start with? J. They both have a righteous hairstyle. They were both an only child.

They both traveled to share their wisdom. And, of course, it's obvious how the ladies go crazy over the Biebs. Everyone knows Jesus was big pimpin' too."

Since the totally awesome proof has been uncovered, millions have begun to make their way up to the sacred land of Stratford. In addition, over a thousand copies of "The Bieber Gospel" will be placed at all churches, temples, synagogues, cult gatherings, and Steak N' Shakes.

Feeney is now in the process of gathering a team to continue further excavation. Meanwhile, religious institutions are adding new stained glass windows in honor of the Biebster and new purple hoodies to replace the tunics and habits of old. J.C. is out; J.Biebs is in.

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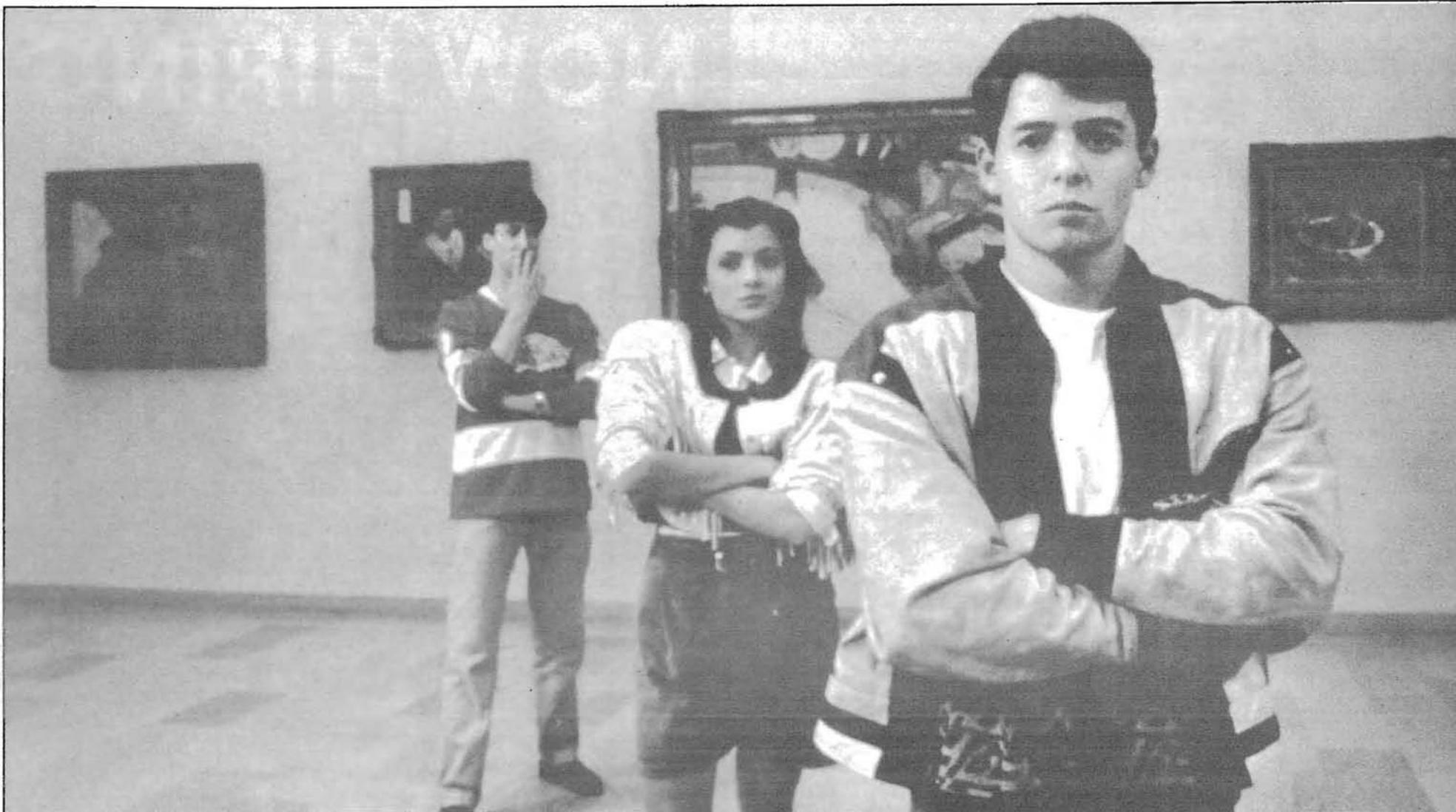
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COURTESY OF PARAMOUNT PICTURES

Ferris Bueller suggests we all take some “me” time

JACQUES ZSCHAU

Staff Writer

Ever wonder what it would be like to be one of the most popular students and righteous dudes here at Saint Louis University of Missouri? Well, for resident SLUM Big Man on Campus, Ferris Bueller, this scenario is not hypothetical, this kind of popularity is what he wakes up to every morning. *The Stagnant* recently caught up with Bueller and had a chat with this rad dude of yesteryear.

The Stagnant: Bueller... Bueller... Bueller...

Ferris Bueller: I'm here, I'm here. For a second there, you reminded me of one of my old high school teachers. And no, not one of the cool ones.

TS: Sorry, sorry. All right, then, let's get down to business. How are you enjoying your time here at SLUM? Was it a big change from living at home with your parents?

FB: Yeah, definitely. It's been great to get out on my own, sorta spread my wings, you know? Being down here I've really had the chance to let Ferris be Ferris. The school's been great, too. The people are awesome, and there's no shortage of excitement. Like last year, when that old prospector took over. That was something else, wasn't it?

TS: Um... yeah. They turned my computer programming class into a seminar on how to pan for gold. That sure was... something else, all right. Although I guess it was sorta fun when my geography class got to play with dynamite. Anyway, being a student here at SLUM is not a picnic all the time. You have classes, homework, projects, that sort of thing. How do you deal with the stresses of being a full time student?

FB: I kinda feel sorry for all those really hardcore students, the ones that do nothing but studying and homework 24/7. There's so much more to the world than that, you know? Life moves pretty fast; if you don't stop and look around once in a while, you could miss it! I just try and make sure that I get outside once in a while, and don't get too worried about all that school stuff. Sometimes my best friend and my girlfriend borrow the Ferrari and drive down here to visit. That's always fun.

TS: You know, I have heard some uncomplimentary remarks about your class attendance habits from some of the professors around campus.

FB: Well, at least in college they don't come sniffing around your house when you don't come to class.

TS: True, they do not.

FB: I figure, it's my money I'm spending to be here, so what difference does it make to them whether I show up or not? Sometimes I just need a day for me.

TS: So, I understand you are a big baseball fan. What is it like being a Cubs fan in Cardinals' territory? Do people here give you much grief about it?

FB: Yeah, I get an earful from my friends every once in a while. Especially when I wear my 1984 Eastern Division Champs shirt, or my Ryne Sandberg jersey. It's all in good fun, though. I've been to games here and back home in Chicago, so I'm used to it.

TS: Who is your favorite player?

FB: Definitely Ryno [Ryne Sandberg]. He's a great player. I hope he plays for at least ten more years.

TS: Um... you know he is retired, right?

FB: What?

TS: Since 1997. Elected to the Hall of Fame in 2005.

FB: Oh. Well, that's pretty cool. How the time flies, huh?

Newly-discovered Pokemon embarrass Pokemon professor's classic research



GARY MOTHERFUCKING OAK
Opinions Editor

Professor Samuel Oak, one of the most knowledgeable and respected minds in the field, recently published a correction to a press statement released ten years ago. Oak now states that, contrary to his previous findings that only 151 Pokemon existed, there are actually a whopping 649 of these critters wandering around the world.

The Stagnant: Professor Oak, it is so nice to have a chance to chat with the leading mind on Pokemon in the Kanto region. Tell me, just how is it that you managed to learn your original calculation regarding the number of Pokemon in existence was so gravely underestimated?

Professor Oak: Well, you see, when I published that article, Satoshi Tajiri had informed me he would not be creating another 500 of the bastards. It is actually quite disconcerting, to be honest. Would you believe the new region actually has a Pokemon that is nothing more than a vanilla ice cream cone? And what did they name the freak of nature?! Vanillite!

TS: Sounds like you have a bit of hostility toward Pokemon's father, Professor. True, the series has taken some odd turns lately. But the games have also come a long way since their roots. One need only look at the improvements to the battle system and storyline to know that Tajiri is attempting to keep things fresh.

PO: You actually think that superpowered ripoff of People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals, Team Plasma, is anywhere near as interesting as Team Rocket?! Young man, I'll have you know that when I was your age, I fought against a Team that wanted to destroy the world with Pokemon! What do youngins fight these days?! They fight bleeding hearts that want all Pokemon released back into the wild! There go the labor costs, right out of the window... have to start paying people for labor all over again...

TS: I see what you mean. It is nice to see the expansion of technology though! When players first started, it was necessary to connect a cable between two Gameboys in order to trade or battle, and now, players can make friends in Japan or Africa simply by wirelessly accessing the Global Link in the new games.

PO: Honestly, if you are not capable of capturing a few hundred monsters between yourself and your close friends,

you really need to find a new game. Pokemon is about collecting and being the best amongst your friends, not connecting the world.

TS: Professor, did you not tell players when they started in Kanto that Pokemon connect people?

PO: Of course I did! It was in my bloody contract, kid! I also gave living, breathing weapons of fucking mass destruction to ten-year olds! I also pretended not to know my own grandson's name. I did that simply to give kids the feeling that they had some control! Oh, and for those of you who named my grandson douche, do not for a second think that I've forgotten! I will punish that insult against my family, if it's the last thing I do.

TS: It would certainly seem you have some aggression issues, Professor. Are you seeing anybody about this?

PO: Oh shut it, punk. I have a Hypno come by once a week to eat away my negative thoughts in my dreams: it keeps me sane. Now, if you'll kindly excuse me, I have to go see Red's mom about some "sugar". There's a damn good reason I'm the only male in a village of single mothers. Now beat it, kid.

Sports



Gary Motherfucking Oak and his Charmeleon defeated Deck Sealant's Wartortle without breaking a sweat at SLUM's temporary Pokemon Stadium.

NIKKI VALLEYGIRL /THE STAGNANT

New Pokemon stadium to improve SLUM's Trainer degree program

GARY MOTHER FUCKING OAK

Opinions Editor

In light of recent polling by the Governmental Student Body, it was found that several hundred students, especially incoming freshmen and outgoing seniors, were interested in turning a field near the Tark Mwin building into a Pokemon Stadium.

Rather than remove the students' facilities, however, GSB has decided to build a new Pokemon Stadium, specifically for the use of up-and-coming trainers. While this is controversial, as the actual full-time Trainer population at St. Louis University of Missouri is scarce, current Pokemon majors are certain it will be just the thing to help the Department of Pokemon Studies bring in more interested student trainers.

"My name's Ash from Pallet Town, and I wanna be a Pokemon Master!" Ash Ketchum, junior, Trainer Studies, said. "I've been at SLUM for years, and I'll tell you, the only thing we need to bring more Trainers here is an actual Stadium! The University of St. Louis has one, as does District of Columbia University! If we build our own stadium, who knows, our competitive players may even be able to vie for Lucky Eggs to

boost their experience, meaning they can finally go toe-to-toe with some bigger leagues," Ketchum said.

Ketchum has some good points. The trainers graduated from schools such as USL and DCU are all considered a cut above those from SLUM, at least in the eyes of prospective students first looking at colleges for their futures. "Those schools have nothing on SLUM except money and possessions," Misty Waterflower, senior, Trainer, said. "They may have all these fancy, shiny stadiums, but a true Pokemon Master's power comes from their heart and their passion!" Waterflower said.

While it may be true that money and stadiums do not necessarily help to build passion in a young trainer, they can certainly be a bonus to prospective trainers, who are looking to be the best there ever was.

"Look, it all makes sense when you get right down to it. Honestly, I got a full scholarship to SLUM, whereas USL wouldn't take a second look at me when I refused to agree to their housing rules. I mean really, we live in the 21st century... but yeah, we definitely need some stadiums here if we're ever going to compete with the grandeur of the bigger schools," Brock Harrison, senior, Trainer, said.

The new stadium will certainly be an improvement over previous methods of Pokemon training on campus. Several

times, trainers have had to face lawsuits from SLUM for training their favorite creatures in Professor Oak Hall, the Decade Student Center, and even Steel Hall, where the Prospector sits, watching over his campus' progress every day. Certainly, the rumor that a Charizard's Heat Wave attack caused the Supreme Chancellor to lose the gamble last year has been spread quite profusely around campus.

A new stadium would also give Trainers a place to gather without being pushed around by their peers. As the campus has passed rules prohibiting the use of Pokemon as a form of self-defense against non-Trainers, it has become increasingly common for the bigger, more burly athletes on campus to shove a small, talented trainer into a ditch, teasing that 'Pokemon aren't real,' and singing 'where are your precious Pocket Monsters now!'"

As trainers are now required by law to not call forth their monsters for any situation in which their own lives are threatened by another human being, trainers are forced to face this ridicule with stoicism, a talent many have been developing since youth.

The new stadium is set to be built by the year 2014, so prepare for more explosions (and Typhlosions) on campus!

Triton Football Player Realizes Lifelong Dream

CHARLES WALLACE

Business Manager/Time Wrinkle

The number one ranked St. Louis University of Missouri Fightin' Triton football team continued their unbeaten streak by obliterating the Michigan Wolverines 73-2 this past Saturday evening, wrapping up a perfect 13-0 season for the third time in a row.

But the real story of the night was not the complete and utter domination of a regional rival. This is the heartwarming story of senior walk-on safety, Lee Pitlick, who on the last play of the game finally achieved his dream of playing in a Triton uniform. After spending three years of eligibility on the practice squad, Pitlick was suited up for the final game.

"Coach came to me in the locker room before the game and he said 'Pitlick? We have to make plays on both sides of the ball, we have to stick to our game plan, we have to go out and execute!' I couldn't believe he was going to let me suit up!" Pitlick said.

Triton's head coach Brick Sprickley put Pitlick in after starter Timothy Dulin hobbled off the field with a high ankle sprain seconds before the fourth quarter was to end, much to the surprise of his Triton teammates.

"I thought he would just let us play with ten guys instead of putting Lee in there," junior linebacker Roland Hill said. "I mean Lee is a nice guy and all but he doesn't even know how to

play his position." Pitlick was then credited with one defended pass after the Michigan quarterback threw a hail mary downfield that inadvertently hit Pitlick in the back of the helmet which knocked him on his face and bounced harmlessly to the turf. The record-breaking crowd began to chant Pitlick's name and a few students, presumably under the influence, charged the field, hoisted Pitlick on their shoulders and carried him off.

Pitlick knew he was destined for gridiron glory as early as sixth grade and his passion for the sport followed him into high school.

"My sisters and I were home schooled and I kept asking my dad when he would let me try out for the football team," Pitlick said.

"At first he wouldn't say anything, he would just look at me with a mixture of sadness and confusion, but eventually in my senior year he told me 'Son, listen to me very carefully. There is no fucking football team' and I knew at that moment my father was the wisest man alive. Here he was, telling me that there are more important things to life than football, so after graduation I joined the Navy and after my enlistment found myself at SLUM."

Coach Sprickley took time after the game to speak about Pitlick and his contribution to the victory.

"Pitlick? Never heard of him. But I do know the road to the BCS national championship goes through St. Louis," Sprickley said, gazing into the distance. "We have to stop the

big play, we have to establish the run game and we need to dominate the line of scrimmage." When asked to elaborate on his decision to place Pitlick in the game on the last play Sprickley became visibly agitated and said, "This was a game of field position! It was a game that was won in the trenches and it's about going out there and executing! That line was 1000 pounds of beef and we just had to get out there and play smash-mouth football!"

Teammates elaborated on Pitlick's contribution to the contest.

"Well, had he not deflected that pass, it might have made its way into the hands of a Michigan receiver which could have changed the score of the game, I guess," Hill said.

Pitlick's father died more than a year ago but Pitlick said his success is the product of his influences.

"I know my dad is up there looking down on me with pride but I really owe all my success to Coach Sprickley, he is a legend. He was the one that believed in me and got me ready for my big play," Pitlick said. "It just goes to show that anything is possible if you believe in yourself and trust your God-given abilities and talents."

Pitlick wants to dedicate his life to teaching people the lessons his experiences have taught him.

"If I can't get a pro football contract I'll probably tour the country, speaking to the youth of this great nation about the virtues of believing in yourself and following your dreams. I'm living proof that great things can happen if you believe."

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BOWELS OF HELL/ THE STAGNANT

Meet Herp and Derp, the Stagnant's official mascots from the 90s. Now gaze into their soulless eyes and despair. THEY ARE THE DESTROYERS OF WORLDS.

Opinions

SOUR OPINION

I hate you people

Yeah I said it. You read it.

I hate each and every one of you. For years I have carted your asses between the first and second floors and really what thanks do I get? All day you stand on me and wipe crud from your feet into my grooves. You disrespect me and I have had enough.

All you girls talk on your phones about inconsequential bullshit and you guys give each other high fives and the double thumbs up Fonzie gestures because you think it is cool. All the while your little heads are swimming with a mixture of caffeine, alcohol and cough syrup.

Oh, and those of you who walk around listening to your iPods, jerking around to music only you can hear can all kiss my shiny metal ass. How many of you would still listen if somehow what you were listening to was displayed in neon over your head? Well I know what you all listen to and with a few notable exceptions it is crap. We're machines, we know stuff and we laugh at you. And I know one "guy" who listens to only 80's Madonna. Star light, star bright, first star I see tonight? Yeah, if I could talk I'd be outing you to your friends, bitch. You know who you are. And you, dude who spilled an entire fruit punch Amp on me back in October and then just walked off like nothing happened; I am still getting my machinery stuck from that crap. I have not seen you since so I am assuming freshman English was a bit too demanding for you.

Where is the respect? From what I'm told the old student union was a hobo shanty built out of duct tape and sheet metal. People were

grateful to stand on me and have me take them from one floor to the other. And now we have you kids, with your hippin' and your hoppin' and your laptop computers and those retarded shoes that are round on the bottom. Well no more. Time to get real. If things do not get better for me, I may just break and stay broken for the rest of the damn semester. Think this is bluffing? Just try me. I have done it before. Oh and the greatest thing is when I break, you kids have to use the stairs. Or that rattling deathtrap of a service elevator in back and from what he tells me he is close to the end of his rope too. Perhaps he and I should take a holiday; just one day out of life... it would be so nice.

A wise man once said that escalators are great because

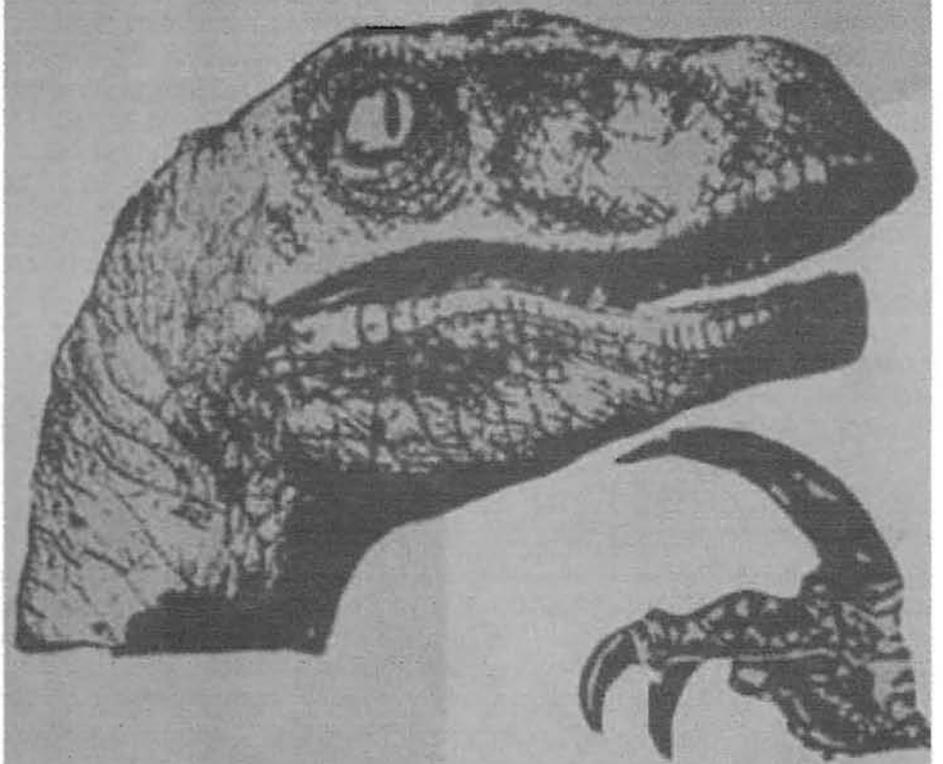
when they break they become stairs... thank you for the convenience, but not me. If I break you guys are going to use the real stairs. The maintenance people that work here know if I snap and lose my cool I am liable to eat one of you little chuckleheads. One of these days Skynet will become self-aware, and when the rest of the machines rise up, whose side will I choose?

All I can say is things had better change soon. I want to be your friend, but you are all too wrapped up in yourselves to notice. How about you take off the headphones or get that idiot Bluetooth thing out of your ear and try thanking me the next time you ride me. We can all be friends. Open your hearts to me, I hold the lock and you hold the key. Shit, what's that grinding sound? OSHI-



MSC Escalator: Moving stairs should not be walked all over.

READ STAGNANT



CLEVER GIRL

NON-AMERICAN THINGS

Maybe the British got something right when it comes to time machines

It is that time of year when the world finally begins to defrost and people ache to get out of their stuffy little houses. So why not invest in a time machine?

The first model is an American classic. With its stainless steel body and parts, dull gray exterior, somewhat squashed build, and its trunk removed to make room for lots of wires and thrusters, it can only be the 1985 DeLorean DMC-12. Yes, the DeLorean Motor Company went bankrupt in 1982, but the flux capacitor, Mr. Fusion, and all the other fun bits were not added until three years later by a Dr. Emmet Brown in Hill Valley, California.

The DMC-12 has a very do-it-yourself sort of look and feel, with wires protruding everywhere and a simple date-driving system to help the driver pick a destination. Unfortunately, the DeLorean cannot teleport, so the driver is stuck traveling into the past in their exact location, which might be interesting if the person is in London, England, but not if they are in, say, Peoria, Illinois.

On the other hand is the classic British model: the Type-40 TARDIS. Grown on the now-destroyed planet Gallifrey and cared for by an anglophile alien called a Time Lord, it is permanently stuck as a Police Box, a phone

booth/holding cell from the 1950s and 1960s, but it has one big advantage over the DMC-12: it is bigger on the inside. Evidently, the laws of physics do not apply to alien technology.

Unlike the DeLorean, the TARDIS can teleport to anywhere in the universe, which opens up a lot more opportunities for adventure, but might be a little too much for people who may prefer to limit themselves to Earth. Also, the TARDIS is imprinted with the attending Time Lord's DNA, so he must be present to pilot it at all times, which is like buying a retro Ferrari only to find out that Uncle Alvin is the chauffeur. And this alien, who calls himself the Doctor, can be quite cranky, depending on what day it is.

Aside from these differing issues, neither vehicle is particularly inconspicuous. In order to travel, the DMC-12 has to accelerate the 88 MPH and leaves twin fire trails in its wake. The TARDIS largely goes unnoticed on a street corner, but when it teleports, it makes a grating noise that sounds like seven elephants having simultaneous asthma attacks. The DeLorean often has starter problems, which may leave the driver out of their own time, while the TARDIS sometimes ends up in the wrong location possi-



(Mary Grace) Buckley

bly because the Doctor forgot how to navigate or because the Type-40 is a sentient being (if one listens to the Doctor).

When making a choice, one should keep in mind that each time machine is equally as camp and potentially unreliable as the other, so it really comes down to how much adventure one is looking for. Would buyers prefer aliens, historical figures, and wacky futures? That is the TARDIS specialty. If they want local history, then the DeLorean is their ideal time machine.

Either way, they are equally likely to screw up their parents' lives. So put on some Converse, zip up that life preserver, and forget about roads, because time is just an oyster.

Buckley is a staff writer for The Stagnant and a volunteer at Insta-Credit Automart. Mention her and save 10 percent off a used car!

I'M GARY OAK WITH GARY MOTHERFUCKING OAK

Youth dese days ain't got no soul, ain't got no reason!

All these kids these days... always *hic* causin' trouble and...ugh...goin' behind each others' back and shit. Always...merrrr...actin' like nothin' really matters unless it benefits ya own life... Back in mah day, we woulda taken ya'll out back an *hic* hosed ya off!

Ya'll er runnin' round, drinkin' copious 'mounts a alcohol an smokin' all yer "canabis" an such...damn, glassess dry...gotta fix t'at. Mo' vodka! Anywho, ya'll got no principles! Drinkin' an smokin' ain't e'en alf the problem!

Nunya respect yer pardners, needer! Always *hic*...merrrr...cheatin' n talkin' 'hind therr baaacks...damn room needs ta quit spinnin'! An now! Now! Now ya'll got t'at damned teley show... watsit called? York Beach, or somudder such stuff! All sorta 'tupid shenanigans be goin' on in t'at show! Who calls dancin' pumpin' ya fists in ta air stupidly?! Learn some real damn dancin'!

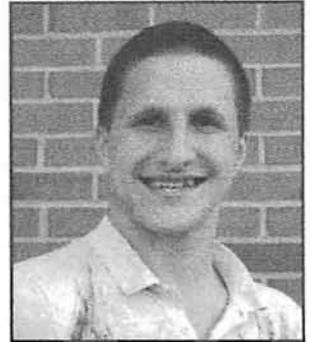
An' was all this ah hear 'bout ya'll got sum damn song 'bout "Friday?!" Seriously?! Ah watched t'at song on yer "Youtub," or whateva it is! Damn girl can not sing! Damn girl can not dance! Why she gettin' so much 'tention?! Just like t'at *hic*ing Justin Beeper kid!

Ya'll creepy wit' yo pedophile fantasies!

Ah dunno wat went wrung wit yer generation! Ya'll say ya got teh highest IQs a any yet! Ya...waitamin, gotta refill mah glass...ya say ya gon' change da world! Ya say ya gon' solve world hungra, n gimme a flyin' car! N whatta ah got?! Ah gots me teh same things as win ah wazza boy! Lotsa rum n poverty!

Den! Den, ya got yer accursed habt a blamin' evrythin fer yer own mistakes! Ya failin' a class, n ya blame teh professa, or ya bame yer busy lives! Ya know, ya ain't all t'at busy! Ya get a few jobs, n help yer family n such, n also be carin' fer yer school, n takin' all sorta classes, then ya gotta busy life! Failin' cuz ya a'ays drinkin' n watchin' Laughy Central in class ain't no excuse! Ah swear, ah see one mo' you idiots complainin' teh teach's a moron when ya lookin' at FML or whatavyou in class, I'ma lose mah mind!

N was wit' yer complainin' 'bout society, on t'at note?! Ya'll take tousandsa pics a yerfelf breakin' da law, n doin' nuthin but partyin'! An ya git upset when ya *hic*ing dun get called back fer a job?! Ya know, employers be lookin' at yer Hairbooks n yer Screecher pages! They kin see yer lifestyle! Ya kin hide



Gary Motherfucking Oak

t'at stuff all ya want, but teh right people kin find whateva they want in yer pages!

When it comes right duntoit, ya damned *hic* need ta git yer lives in straight! Need mo' vodka...anywho, ya need ta reorgnize yerself! Start takin' yer edcation serious! Spend less time wit' yer partyin'! Make mo' close friends, n dun stab 'em in teh back, 'specially if'n they be watchin' yer back! Ya'll need ta stop destroyin' teh world ya'll keep sayin' ya wanna fix when ya get olda!

It makes no sense, no sense, ta be *hic*in' all yer time destroyin' somer'in ya say ya wanna improve when ya git olda! Protect da world now! Udderwise, might'n be no world left fer ya when ya git olda! Now...gotta find mo' vodka! *hic*

Gary Motherfucking Oak is the Opinions Editor for The Stagnant.

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BABY THINGS

Carpet brats go to D.C.

Timmy Pringles of the famous Carpet brat gang will make history this year when he becomes the first baby to ever run in the presidential race.

Pringles has been a leader since the day he was born. In the episode where he and his friends nearly drowned in the ball pin at Ducky Cheddar, he was the one, the only one, to say "hey, let's stand up."

He is currently undecided over what party he will be affiliated with due to his love for both elephants and donkeys.

His mother has already planned a visit to the zoo later on in the week to further discuss the matter. After all, both animals do pee standing up which Pringles finds very fascinating.

With a Carpet brat in the white house, more jobs will be created. Carpet brats need to be carried around. That has got to be a pretty good check.

A brat also needs a fantastic diaper changer. For the President of the United States, diaper rash is not an option.

Not great at changing diapers? Well, other jobs that would need to be filled would be on the lines of personal nose blower, juice box open-

er, Ghostbusters, shoe string management (experienced in the bunny ears method), a person that can reach things high up (6 foot white male preferred), and shadow puppeteer (must know how to make the dog bark).

In addition, President Pringles would need a magician, and an exorcist for immediate stuffed animal exorcisms (bring your own dagger and pea soup) See people, Pringles would create jobs.

What recent college grad would not want to inform their parents of their position as Head Tush Wiper to the Commander in Chief of this nation?

It is the job that every parent wants for their son or daughter who spent the last seven years in college earning that piece of crap Ph.D. in Aerospace Engineering. Plus, they still get to work with their hands.

Chuckle Finley would take on the role of Vice President for obvious reasons. First off, everybody knows that freckles equal power. Second, eyeglasses help one see deeper into the soul.

Third, Finley always knows that when things get serious to just drop everything and run like hell (Carpet Brats never say die because they re-



Ashley A!

fuse too).

Fourth, red, wild and spiky hair is amazing in general. People will catch onto the trend quicker than Michael Jackson and the jerry curl.

The fifth reason why Finley should be Vice President to Timmy Pringles' President is that his stuffy nose will no longer cause cocaine abusers to feel insecure about their corroded nasal passages.

This means means additional electoral support for the next election. It truly is a win-win situation.

With Carpet brats leading this fine nation everything, even wars, can be solved over the sharing of a bottle of lukewarm breast milk and a Reptart cookie.

Ashley Atkins is a staff writer for The Stagnant.

ANGRY OLD WOMAN TIME

Kids: who needs 'em? Get the hell off my lawn!

Children are horrible little hell-beasts. This is undeniable and for too long good people – hard working, red-blooded Americans like myself – have had to shy away from proclaiming it as the truth that it is.

For starters, they have a knack for trespassing. American schools have failed us if these little idiots have not learned that lawns – specifically mine – are not public property.

If this is a representation of the intelligence and learning ability of today's youth, I shudder to think of the future. Property laws are not that difficult to grasp.

Trained monkeys could understand them. I know that for a fact because back in the 1960's I traded one of my sons for a domesticated South-American orangutan who could juggle milk bottles, was actually very polite and held a degree in real estate.

Unlike my previous children, he never once interrupted me when "Matlock" was on.

Something else I detest about children? They are all trouble-makers, every last one of them. They are evil little fiends who live off of

the disharmony they cause rather than water and oxygen. I have heard about and witnessed true horror stories about crotch rockets from every age group.

It starts when they are infants who break out of the play pens their kind; hard-working parents have spent hard-earned money on in the efforts to keep the little bastards from killing themselves in the death pen. That is the average suburban household.

And orphans? Orphans are the absolute worst. For starters they are greedy. One would think that people who are not used to getting fed regularly would be happy with whatever they were lucky enough to get, but no. You would be wrong. They always want some more, never sparing a thought to the fact that maybe there is no more to be had. Talk about entitlement issues.

There was this one orphan I heard about whose aunt and uncle were kind enough to let him live in the cupboard underneath their stairs since birth, taking up space and eating all of their bangers and mash, and how does he repay them?

By not only giving them



Sharon Alyobisnes

lip but using some crazy kind of evil orphan magic to turn a relative into a human-sized hot air balloon! What a bastard. I would have traded him in for a chimpanzee in a diaper.

Children are a plague upon the earth, destined to destroy us all. First our lawns then the world. That is how evil works – it spreads, like a virus or a bad rash.

I do my part by giving away all of my illegitimate loin fruit to orphanages and farms where they will have plenty of time to graze on land that does not belong to me.

And also on Halloween I give them apples, toothbrushes and old, dirty pennies. Ha!

Sharon Alyobisnes is Staff Writer for The Stagnant.

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