

# TRINITY STUDENT

VOLUME 1, ISSUE 5

FREE... TRY SOME

THE TRUTH AS ONLY FICTION CAN TELL IT.

JANUARY 28, 2000

## Trinity classified by majors

Where do you fit in? Check this quick guide to find your major!

### The Business Major

1. Can add numbers (a.k.a. count money).
2. Wardrobe: suits and frat jerseys.
3. Came to college to get a job, not to learn something.
4. Doesn't mind kissing a little ass, as long as it gets you somewhere.
5. First considered pre-med.

#### Career Goals:

1. Make first million by 25, maybe 30, ... okay maybe 35.
2. Ability to fire people.
3. Hundred-dollar bills packed tightly into ass by immigrant servant.

*Greatest Fear:* Teaching.

### The Arts & Humanities Major

1. Prefers flimsy paperbacks to actual hardcover textbooks.
2. Taking "Porn and American Society" class out of real intellectual curiosity.
3. The longer the sentences, the smarter the paper sounds.
4. Used to hearing, "Oh, so what are you going to do with that degree?"

5. "Math hard. Shopping fun!"

#### Career Goals:

1. Not sure.
2. Five-figure speaking fee.
3. Pretentious college students worship your obscure "genius."

*Greatest Fear:* Teaching.

### The Sciences Major

1. Enjoys a cold and impersonal approach to education.
2. Has an understanding of what a 72 on a test really means.
3. Compelled by discussions comparing the "classic" TI-85 and the new TI-96
4. Textbooks weigh more than professor.
5. Absolutely loves mechanical pencils.

#### Career Goals:

1. Create a large, electrical contraption.
2. Pass through life alone, afraid, and bereft of human emotion.
3. Make them pay for doubting me. Yes! I shall RULE THE WORLD! MUAHAHA!

*Greatest fear:* Teaching.



### Nevermind YOUR emergency!

This emergency call-box pole near Physical Plant has been out of order all year. So far, the only work done on it has been to replace the hand-scrawled "Out of Order" note with a fancy-schmancy laser-printed sign, which is more aesthetically pleasant.

## Drama queen embarrasses herself in class by opening mouth again

Though the semester is only in its third week, students of Dr. Tapper's 11:20 TR Mass Media class have already learned to anticipate and despise the input of fellow classmate Carmen Aspik, a theater major and self-described "drama queen."

"That theater bitch? Yeah, I know who you're talking about," stated freshman Thomas Burns, who sits a few seats over from her. "The first day of class, we had to stand up and tell our name and major, and she went into this long speech about how much she loved Shakespeare and was performing in some play this semester. Then she started talking about some ex-boyfriend she had or something. The professor finally just had to shut her up."

"It's as if she thinks that we have nothing better to do than listen to her talk about herself," concurred fellow classmate Nora Belding. "We were going over the industrial structure of the book industry and she started droning on about a play that she was writing. Hello? Who cares?"

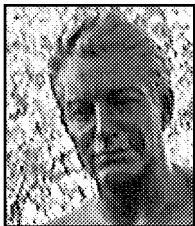
Dr. Tapper was mystified.

"I try to encourage a two-way exchange between students and instructor in my classes, but whenever she opens her mouth, a truly palpable feeling of dread and embarrassment washes over all the students. I've tried dropping subtle hints, but nothing seems to work. Perhaps I should be more forceful, but I'd hate to scar the self-obsessed little twit. She seems so fragile."

When asked about her behavior in Mass Media, Aspik had these comments.

"Yeah, that class is pretty cool. We were talking about the role that gatekeepers played the other day, and that reminded me of the time when I auditioned for the part of Cassius in Julius Caesar when I was a sophomore in high school. They don't usually give such a big part to sophomores, but I really put my heart into it, and what do you know? I got the part. There was this guy named Brad—he was a senior—anyway, he really wanted the part but he ended up getting in the chorus instead. He totally had it out for me for the rest of the year. But the next year, you know, he came back, and tried to be totally nice to me. And I was like, yeah! Like I'm gonna

Where were you at Y2K?



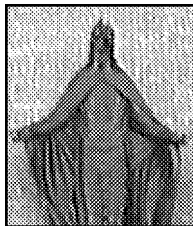
"I went to this great little coffeeshouse in Soho. We read poetry...it was so beautiful."

— Atlas



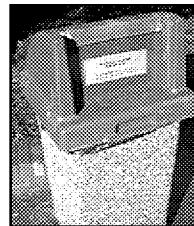
"Here, on this God-forsaken pedestal, friendless, legless, helpless, *hopeless!*"

— George Storch Head



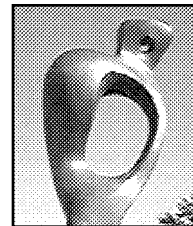
"I'll tell ya this much...the King of Kings had a run-in with the King of Beers...and it wasn't pretty."

— Baptist Jesus



"I have this to say: The *Large Interior Form*, my *Large Exterior Form*, and *Bow-chicka-bow-bow, baby, YEAH!*"

— Esplanade Trash Can



"All I know is that the stupid trash can wouldn't leave me the hell alone all night!"

—Large Interior Form

## Y2K armageddon averted by Captain Morgan's Spiced Rum

*Message from God: If you're driving, don't drink, and if you're drinking, don't bring on the apocalypse*

### COMMENT

Despite predictions by numerous experts and the media at large, global catastrophe was avoided by an unexpectedly wide margin when the world did not suddenly end at the change of the date from December 31, 1999 to January 1, 2000.

Ironically, the media's preparations to report the worst on a global scale came to naught as reports of, "Well, nothing's happened yet in (name your location), but rest assured (name your news agency) will provide instant coverage of whatever does happen."

Yes, that's right: Y2K turned out to be a big hoax. All you people who bought software to fix Y2K bugs on your computers are a bunch of idiots.

However, we here at *Trinity Student* were able to get the word from the man himself.

That's right, we were able to catch God around the 12th hole of the local golf course. He had this to say about the Y2K event and lack thereof:

"Ha! Oh yeah!" God said. "I was thinking about destroying the world at midnight, but Death, Pestilence, Famine, Disease\* and I were *really* tanked! We were hanging out at Pestilence's place getting ready to bring about the apocalypse, and then Pestilence remembered that he had a little bit of "The Captain" left in the freezer. Well, we all shared and had just enough to leave us wanting more, so I, being God and all, made all the faucets in the apartment spew Morgan and thus the party started."

"It got really crazy when the guys tried to get moving on that whole apocalypse thing," God said. "Disease fell off his horse twice, and Famine puked all over Death's robe. And

apparently, I looked pretty damn funny with that lampshade on my head. It was funny as Hell, and let me tell you, Hell is pretty funny! But Famine ended up getting really sick. He should have eaten before we started drinking."

Nevertheless, God promises to destroy the world next year, at the beginning of the *real* millennium. That is, of course, unless he decides to perform that whole water into Captain Morgan thing again.

So until then, we at *Trinity Student* hope that you'll be doing a lot of what we'll be doing: rioting and looting. Maybe we'll throw in some pillaging or some raping, but we haven't decided yet.

\*Death, Pestilence, Disease, and Famine are the Four Horsemen of The Apocalypse... *DUH!*

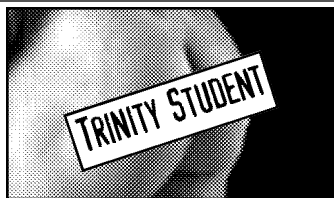
*This issue's editorial was written on the behalf of the Editorial Board of Trinity Student, by Ha! Made you look.*

### ABOUT TRINITY STUDENT

This copy of *Trinity Student* belongs to:

**Support *Trinity Student* — the only independent student-edited paper covering this guy's ass:**

Remember to share this copy of *Trinity Student*. It's the best damned newspaper on campus. If you don't believe it, just ask anyone. We're going straight to hell for this!



*Trinity Student* is at liberty to take liberties. If you find anything that seems false or offensive, that's because it is false or offensive. Satire is often so. This is satire.

Your input is welcomed! Send it to [trinitystudent@yahoo.com](mailto:trinitystudent@yahoo.com).

This fat-free issue of *Trinity Student* was made possible in part by a generous grant from **Patrons of Parody**, with thanks to our secret agent.

### OKAY, FINE! JUST WATCH A VIDEO!

#### Koyaanisqatsi:

*Life out of Balance*

Produced and directed by Godfrey Reggio

Music by Philip Glass

Cinematography by Ron Fricke

VIDEO

Music by Philip Glass? Isn't he that annoying *avant-garde* composer whose music is nothing but the same four notes played repeatedly for hours on end? Well, yes, but when set to visual images of streaming city traffic at night, an Oscar Mayer factory making weiners, and unusually interesting clouds pouring over mountains and reflecting in skyscrapers, it's *really cool*. You're just going to have to trust me on this one. Find it in the VHS section of your local IMS.