NEW SYSTEM THREATENS SENIORS
Superdelegate Votes to Decide Graduation

BY DANIEL PIPES
Staff Writer

After a bitterly contested yearlong competition between the members of the class of 2008 and their professors, the final result of some students’ Graduation ‘08 campaigns may soon come down to the votes of the University’s superdelegates. One such student is Andrew Webber ’08, who—depending on who you ask—has either a D- or an F+ as the last class he needs for his major. “It’s a really close call right now, but those superdelegates might make Andrew’s grades meaningless by deciding the race themselves,” said Professor James Plum, who teaches Webber’s philosophy class on Nietzsche. “But then again,” Plum continued, “it depends on how you count the votes. If you include the practice tests that we agreed wouldn’t count, weigh his scores, and apply a bell curve, he’d just barely achieve passing grade. If you tabulate his vote the way we agreed at the beginning of the class however, he totally failed.”

Webber, in a statement to The Blowfish, argues that he still has a chance, and will pursue passing his course even if it means continuing the fight until commencement. “Even though I may be behind in the raw scoring count, I got passing grades on all of the big papers, which are the most important parts of the class!” Most recently, he challenged another Professor, Jebediah Whittencroft, to a Lincoln-Douglas debate over a contested grade, which will probably prove to be a mistake seeing as Whittencroft wrote his doctoral thesis on the Lincoln-Douglas debates.

Webber’s case is emblematic of many other senior’s fights to receive their diploma. Due to complicated University rules and regulations, many seniors’ ability to graduate may be decided by the administration’s superdelegates, who include such Brandeis insiders as Thomas Friedman, the Prime Minister of Iceland, Debra Messing, that guy who invented Smart Balance, and the owner of the Stein, George theSteinbrener. Section 9b of the University’s grading guidelines, which outlines the superdelegate procedure, was instituted in 1964 after Leonard Finkelstein’s mom called in to complain that her Little Lenny was really a nice boy and didn’t deserve to fail intro to Anthropology and don’t you know what the neighbors will say when they find out he flunked out of school and then he’ll need to sell his body on the street to make money because he can’t get a job without that degree, oh gawd please just let him pass the class.

ZIMBABWE: ELECTIONS CREATE CONTROVERSY
Africa’s All-Time Peace Record Still Holds At 2 Hours

BY FRANCISCO LANDERSON
Celebrity Blogger

Zimbabwe, a land of relative freedom that is often known as “Mozambique’s Uzbekistan,” has drawn international attention as it finishes its current election cycle. For 20 years, signs point to a near-unanimous reelection of current president Robert Mugabe. Reporters spoke to Mugabe in his villa atop a mound of dead opposition party leaders. “While I’ve tried to stay humble during the campaign, I can’t say this comes as much of a surprise. I’ve put in the time and the people really trust me with this position,” said Mugabe. “There was also that law I passed saying that anyone who voted against be would be executed. I expect that helped as well.”

The International Election Commission has officially upgraded the state of Zimbabwe to “Code Red,” which required several gallons of Mountain Dew to be rushed to the country. Sources estimate that the economic impact of “Operation: Defeat Thirst” to be minimal at best as Mugabe was last seen swimming in a lake of goopy red liquid. The same sources couldn’t comment on what the liquid was, but continue to tell their children that, “it’s just soda.”

Although Mugabe declared himself the winner of the March 29th elections, the opposition parties that make up the Movement for Democratic Change has finally rallied together after two years of violent infighting to properly take control of the election results. The MDC has pointed to official election polling results that show significant wins by the various party factions over Mugabe’s ZANU-PF (which doesn’t stand for anything, you are just supposed to yell the name) party. They have stepped up their opposition leaders sent a lengthy letter to the United Nations, detailing all the “boo-boos” and “wedgies” they endured under Mugabe’s rule. In response, UN Secretary General Ban Ki-Moon sent a formal message to the MDC, stating that, “We don’t have any real power. Good luck, you’re going to need it.” The Secretary General then locked his door and cried and cried into his Cherry Garcia ice cream.

Mr. Tsangirai also pointed out that Mugabe had declared himself other things that had later turned out to be false. “Remember when he declared himself ‘Lord of the Dance?’ That was only resolved when Michael Flatley came and rhythmically stomped all over his ass. And don’t even get me started on when he declared himself the Life of the Party.” The UN Committee on Declarations has looked into Mugabe’s behavior. The UN Committee on Interrogatives has questioned this investigation.

As the days continue to pass without any official election results, Zimbabwe voting officials are confident that they will at least have some official election results by June...or May 19th, when everyone is kicked off campus no matter what.
There Ain’t No Cure for the Summertime Blues

Slice of Apple Pie
BY JOHN Q. PUBIC

When I was a kid, summertime was my time to shine. I would spend the whole school year just waiting, preserving myself for the summer. Throughout fall, winter and spring, my body would go through a kind of stately, waking hibernation. My eyes would glaze over and my hair would stop growing, as I just waited for that school bell to ring. I had to save my energy, storing it all like a chipmunk hoarding acorns in his cheeks, waiting to be released when I needed it most.

As soon as the bell rang, I ran my ass back home and plopped it in front of the couch. Sweet freedom until tomorrow, when once again I would be forced to sit at my desk all day, dreaming of all the freedom waiting for me.

As the seasons melted away, my anticipation grew and grew. My subjects were becoming easier to block out. Math was just a buzzing noise, history a hum and English a series of whistles and hums. Summer was fast approaching.

The summer represented endless possibilities. I could watch television at one in the afternoon, go to the park and throw rocks at the kids playing baseball, and eat pancakes for breakfast, lunch and dinner.

As I grew older, I found myself enjoying the summer more and more. February and April breaks just didn’t do it for me anymore. I needed my fix. And I needed it soon.

When I proofread articles, sometimes I’d sneak in a semicolon when a regular colon would do, and those fuckers never caught on.

it had.

And then, of course, I decided to go to college. And it fucked me up. Sure, it sounded like a great idea. I could study at a place where I could watch television at one in the afternoon every day of the week. And best of all, summer break was twice as long.

Unfortunately, every summer since I was a fresh man, I’ve been forced to find a job. Why should I work during my break? I mean, I’m a successful, handsome, award-winning writer. I need time to rest! I mean, no one forced Hemingway to work from home, is about 1/3 a tree per day. Yes my friends, the environment is in a sad, sad, sad, sad, mopey, swampy, confused, upset, depressed, eno, sad state. Only I, Thomas L. Friedman, can prevent things from getting any worse. What’s my plan plan of action? Well, that and my hair would stop growing, as I just waited for winter and spring and the last day of school, when the bell would ring and we’d be released to a world of freedom.

My first summer job was a waste of time. It was an unpaid internship at a newspaper, where everyday my job was to proofread articles and bring the writers their coffee. Sometimes I would mess with them, and bring them defeat and tell them its regular. Also, sometimes I passed in them.

When I proofread articles, sometimes I’d sneak in a semicolon when a regular colon would do, and those fuckers never catch on. Four months later, I came back to Brandeis exhausted and overworked. Fortunately, I was able to get college credit, bumping up my total from 20 to 21.

The next summer my job was similarly insane. While my treaty writer sat at home and rested, I was busy at my stupid internship at the MTV. Sure, it was great meeting all the rock stars and actors, but I hated the hours. And the fact that no one got any of my references to the old Fat Albert show. It was popular, dammit! I did get college credit for it, though, bringing my total from 21 to 22. It seemed like I would be graduating in 20 years.

Every summer since I came to Brandeis, I have had to endure a similar mind-numbing job, repeatedly endlessly year after year. What the hell is wrong with everybody who isn’t me, and to a lesser extent, my dog Bopper? I mean, I have to work more during the summers than I do during the school year. I am through the fucking looking glass.

Letters from former professors

Blow-fusidman
BY THOMAS FRIEDMAN

I picked the Wrong Week to Quit Drinking

“I love the color green,” Tunisian President Zine El Abidine Ben Ali shouted at me on one of my bi-monthly safari hunts. “There’s nothing like the feel of thousands of peacocks in the famous in the palm of your hand.”

“But Zine,” I replied as I macheted my way through the thick underbrush with my burlt moustache, “the Tunisian dinar isn’t even green!”

“So what, I can’t think of any other green things that I love,” Ben Ali answered back while lighting a brushfire in the middle of our safari trek.

“What about the environment?” I inquired. Ben Ali stopped, stared at me, and then proceeded to laugh for half an hour while shooting every endangered animal in sight.

Contrary to popular belief, I love the environment. Every day I wake up and hug a tree. No, I hug every tree I see. Which, by my recent calculations and my ability to work from home, is about 1/3 a tree per day. Yes my friends, the environment is in a sad, sad, sad, sad, mopey, swampy, confused, upset, depressed, eno, sad state. Only I, Thomas L. Friedman, can prevent things from getting any worse. What’s my plan plan of action? Well, that would ruin the surprise.

I originally planned on unveiling my surprise at an Earth Day talk at Brown University last week. That’s until I was viciously attacked by none other than my worst enemy—pie. My life and moustache flashed before my eyes as, after I took the golden podium, two miscreants jumped out at me and threw delicious, green-colored pastries at my very person. Using my superhuman ability to dip, dodge, dive, and electric slide, I remained unharmed. However, the event will no doubt scar my memories for centuries to come. To think that my moustache—named People magazine’s 2nd sexiest moustache in America (damn you Burt Reynolds)—could have been fatally wounded by some flying mass of sugar is unthinkable.

And yet, it’s opened my eyes up to the world. Who knew that a near- tragic pie in the eye could have resulted in an epiphany greater than the dying planet has ever seen! Indeed, I’ve turned my back on my previous convictions to allow globalization and world-economics to simply fix global warming, instead finding the real source ability to bring change to our humble environment: pie. If every human being on earth were to be pie in the face, not only would it feed everyone for a day and teach them how to fish, but it would also make people realize the harm and injustice they’ve individually wrought upon Mother Nature and immediately change our ways. So, I invite you kind Blowfish reader to join me in sending letters of peace, hope, and congratulatory appeal to the American Pie Counc- il in the hopes of convincing them that if they build the pies, the environment will come, or my name isn’t Thomas Leon Friedman. Now that’s gravitas.

Photo Poll:
WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS FOR THE SUMMER?

“I’ll drink your milkshake!”
-Yves Saint Laurent

- Daniel Plainview

because it will be hot and I’ll be thirsty.
- Fireworks

- Plotting my revenge.
- Fall

“Hopefully not going off prematurely in your hand.”
- Socrates

- What are you plans for the summer?
- Midyear

- Lose some weight.”
- Snowman

THE BLOWFISH QUAD

BY JOHN Q. PUBIC

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FRESHMAN POLIGAMY SECT UNCOVERED

By Jessica Hughes
Fantasy island Enthusiast

A raid on Gordon 4 this past week uncovered what University authorities are calling, “the biggest scandal to hit Brandeis since thefaculty sex scandal crisis of 1988.” Throughout the semester, the entire hallway has acted as a secret polygamist compound composed of Jared Berkstein ’08 and his twenty-first-year girlfriends (and one sophomore, but she doesn’t count — what kind of a loser lives on a first-year hall).

“At first I was like, his twenty-first-year girlfriend? That’s a long time to be going out with someone. Especially if you’re a college freshman,” said public safety officer Samuel “Stumpy” Koplski, who showed up at Gordon to make the arrest after taking a quick lesson on polygamists.

“I got there, though, the enormity of the situation set in. All those co-eds... and just one guy? Damn.” Koplski then excused himself to use the restroom.

Authorities were first tipped off after one freshman student, who asked to remain anonymous, called the BrandPo to complain about, “loud noises during quiet hours. And also... a secret polygamist compound.” The police remained skeptical. “At first I thought nothing of it, as the odds of anyone actually having sex at Brandeis are astronomical,” said Sergeant Tarzan Savage. “Then I realized how especially unlikely it is for a freshman to get any ass, and so I decided to send someone over to investigate.” While no twelve year olds have yet been explicitly linked to the sect, one of the first-years was in fact a midyear who, in midyear-years, was only age nine.

However, the sect does hope to project an image of modernity and require all women to wear hand-made dresses. While this is a normal sight for any Friday evening on campus, many students were concerned when they realized that it was Wednesday. Some students, such as Kyle Spot ’11, were even approached by members of the cult.

“When a girl in my class with a weird dress said she was married, I just assumed she was shomer or something else weird,” said Spot. “I mean, they have to get married if they want to hold hands, right?”

When approached for comment, Berkstein refused to reveal the source of his power over women. Paternity tests are pending to reveal the true parents of the midyear.

ELECTION GAFFES IN HISTORY

Candidate: George Washington
Year: 1780
Gaffe: When speaking at a private first families of Virginia fundraising dinner, Washington reportedly commented, “The Common Folk, when confronted by the Horror of War and the subsequent economic downturn which most inevitably will find themselves embittered, and therefore cling to God and their muskets.”

Impact: Washington’s critics, mainly rival Southern plantation owners and slaveholders, attempted to label him as an “elitist,” to which Washington publicly responded. “Yes, I am.” Washington’s response appealed to the white male landholding demographic, which comprised approximately 100% of the voting public. Also, Washington’s pro-gun statements led to the Second Amendment.

Candidate: Henry Clay
Year: 1815
Gaffe: In response to Missouri’s application for admission to the Union, jokingly remarked at a Washington, D.C. party, “I know nobody likes Maine, but why don’t we just suck it up and let it become a state to maintain the South-West balance in the Senate.”

Impact: Clay’s comments, while enraging all twelve residents of Maine, went over well with his base, winning him reelection to the House of Representatives for Kentucky. It also led to Clay’s University of Virginia (1820). Don’t know what that is? Go back to the seventh grade.

Candidate: James Buchanan
Year: 1858
Gaffe: In response to the formation of the Republican Party, which included the male Southern of Buchanan’s catch saying, “Fine, we don’t need you! We’ll start our OWN club.”

Impact: Buchanan’s comments cost him the votes of most Northerners, but he still narrowly won his election, and formed the He-Man Northerner-Haters Club. He also started the Civil War.

Candidate: Franklin D. Roosevelt
Year: 1932
Gaffe: Overheard making disparaging comments about Microsoft Word 2780 Edition after the entire text of his newest speech about the enslavement of all humans was lost without saving.

Impact: Harshly criticized by the National Association for the Advancement of Windows Robots. Crush-o-Tron gained substantial support from the Macintosh demographic, but ultimately lost to incumbent RoboLord 895CE’s “Don’t Change Robots in Mid-Cyberstream” campaign.

Candidate: Crush-o-tron 5000OR
Year: 2357
Gaffe: Overheard saying “I hate Mondays.”

Impact: Crush-o-Tron lost support from the Monday-lovers demographic, but still managed to win the presidency, and inspired Jim Davis to write an awful comic strip one hundred years later.

Candidate: James Garfield
Year: 1880
Gaffe: Often overheard saying “I hate Mondays.”

Impact: Garfield lost support from the Monday-lovers demographic, but still managed to win the presidency, and inspired Jim Davis to write an awful comic strip one hundred years later.

Candidate: Crush-o-tron 5000OR
Year: 2357
Gaffe: Overheard saying “I hate Mondays.”

Impact: Crush-o-Tron lost support from the Monday-lovers demographic, but still managed to win the presidency, and inspired Jim Davis to write an awful comic strip one hundred years later.

SUMMER MOVIE GUIDE 2008

By Tila Bay
Stunt Double

As the Democratic (upper-case D) primary contest drags on into the summer, the very notion of our democratic (lower-case d) elections process has been transformed from a debate about the issues targeted toward an enlightened and rational electorate, to a debate about which candidate can successfully avoid having a cell-phone video of them accidentally offending someone get posted on YouTube and subsequently aired on CNN for a week. Lucky for you, our resident Blowfish-historian—or Blowfish Historian—if you will—back in wait with a cell phone to capture some of our favorite politicians’ historical gaffes for your viewing pleasure...oh wait, this isn’t one of those futuristic video newspapers from the year 2357...your reading pleasure.

The Dark Knight: In the second installment of the fourth installment of the new Batman series, Christian Bale now takes on the Joker, played by the late Heath Ledger. Fans who have even more unoriginality than ever before. So without further ado, here are the blockbusters you should check out this summer:

The Incredible Hulk: What do you do when you have a potentially successful franchise that tanks on the first movie? Pretend it never happened. Especially if it is adapted from a comic. Because no matter how much you break those comic genres’ hearts, they just keep on coming. After all, who remembers the original Spider-Man movie from 1995? The one where Spider-Man is played by SteveGuttenberg and Eddie Murphy plays the Green Goblin. Dr. Octopus and the Kingpin in a fat suit? They changed the Spider-Man costume so he doesn’t wear a mask, and he has eight eyes when he wears the costume. No one, that’s who. Because the Spider-Man with TobyMaguire has erased it from our memories. The new movie is expected to differ from the previous one due to...hell, we don’t care, just be sure to hit a tank with another tank.

Hancock: Will Smith plays the role of a down on his luck superhero who is homeless and kind of disliked. You know, if you know about it, superheroes should be more disliked. I mean they do nothing to help fighting the Preventative battle against crime by fighting the real crime: pov. Why can’t we have a “Low-Interest Loans Man”? Just kidding, we don’t need superheroes who are pussies. We need more who are named “Hancock.”

The Happening: M. Night Shyamalan’s latest film features supernatural plague that kills people and forces the survivors to try and survive. Unless the plague was actually created by the government. Or maybe the survivors are actually real dead. Or maybe the survivors are the plague. Or maybe the very paper you are holding is the government! Whatever the case is, this movie is sure to blow your fucking mind. If your mind even exists.

Sex and the City: A seedy NC-17 soft core porno about a city full of people having sex all the time. Apparently it’s about an orgy or something? We’re not sure, we’ve always been too afraid to watch it on TV, because we hear it induces PMS. Critics say that it will probably be a big hit with women 30-50, known as “the horny demographic.” Man, there is so much sex in that city.

As the Democratic (upper-case D) primary contest drags on into the summer, the very notion of our democratic (lower-case d) elections process has been transformed from a debate about the issues targeted toward an enlightened and rational electorate, to a debate about which candidate can successfully avoid having a cell-phone video of them accidentally offending someone get posted on YouTube and subsequently aired on CNN for a week. Lucky for you, our resident Blowfish-historian—or Blowfish Historian—if you will—back in wait with a cell phone to capture some of our favorite politicians’ historical gaffes for your viewing pleasure...oh wait, this isn’t one of those futuristic video newspapers from the year 2357...your reading pleasure.

Last year, The Blowfish was kind enough to review the hottest films of the summer, which included movies based on popular comics, movies based on popular cartoons, and sequels based on movies based on popular comics and cartoons. This year is no exception, as this summer promises to have even more unoriginality than ever before. So without further ado, here are the blockbusters you should check out this summer:
English Major Embellishes Workload to Elicit Sympathy From Peers

By Jeff Nagler

Brandeis sophomore James T. Glimmel has admitted to overstating his finals schedule, which in reality is quite minimal. “I just wanted to fit in,” lamented Glimmel. “All my friends were constantly making me feel bad for them, so I thought, where’s the harm in feeding into the stress-out love fest?”

For Glimmel, who finished his last paper on Monday, the rest of the semester is a simple matter of turning in his Real life keys and one pass/fail take home exam. “The take home exam for my journalism class has given me some unspeakable region. Entenagger was so unimpressed with Glimmel’s complaints that at one point he told Glimmel to “shove it” in some unspeakable region. Entenagger was then “shocked and appalled when a female friend sought to comfort Glimmel after Entenagger’s “hurtful” words. Entenagger stormed when a female friend sought to comfort Glimmel after Entenagger’s “hurtful” words. Entenagger stormed after hearing the news. Entenagger afterwards stormed onto the sidewalks of the science quad and has not been seen since.

This is not the only example of discrimination Glimmel has experienced. He has received anonymous phone calls telling him that finals events like the popular Midnight Buffet “are not for those of your kind.” The strangest part, however, was “I got the call on my dorm phone, which told me it was my friend James.” He has also heard several lab reports wrapped around bricks thrown through his window.

“I’m seriously worried about the consequences of his actions,” said Glimmel’s faculty advisor Melissa Struman. “If he is struggling so much at this level, one has to wonder what will happen when he is assigned an eight-page final paper in the Fall semester. I hope he doesn’t drop out. If I lose one more, they’ll strip my tenure and my parking space!”

The Blowfish contacted Glimmel’s professors and asked what they offered such easy work loads for the end of the year. While the responses were varied, Professor Miles Triglaus gave the best explanation: “Are you serious? You can’t correct finals on a beach at the Ta-hiti conference for Mark Twain studies.”

Solutions to “Movie Manchester”

Across Clues

1. Put into effect
2. Fire engine color
3. Recently deceased Heath
4. Sn, on the Periodic Table
5. 15. Suggestion for your finals week!
6. What to do if you don’t understand lab?
7. French Kiss
8. Nokia product
9. Hitler or Himmler
10. Armpit
11. Cram?
12. Morlocks’ food
13. Sixth sense
14. Lawn tool
15. “____ be!” (impossible)
16. French Kiss
17. ____ de cologne
18. Old time informational film
19. Virtual citizens
20. Entenagger, for one, is simply unwilling to give Glimmel the empathy he desires. As he explained, “I am simply unwilling to give Glimmel the empathy he desires.”
21. He is struggling so much at this level, one has to wonder what will happen when he is assigned an eight-page final paper in the Fall semester. I hope he doesn’t drop out. If I lose one more, they’ll strip my tenure and my parking space!”
22. “Are you serious? You can’t correct finals on a beach at the Ta-hiti conference for Mark Twain studies.”

For answers, visit www.blowmyfish.com!