

‘Let’s Put the *H* back in *ADD*’:

A Very Special ‘Blossom’

This summer I sat on my porch nostalgically intoxicated by (40 ounces of Schlitz) the hustle and bustle of busy vacationers in Laconia, NH. Every summer, the town comes alive with new people who hope to escape the harsh atmosphere of the city by enjoying a McChicken combo meal in a “rural, down-home setting.” I remember the thrill of viewing passing minority families, the smell of commercial marijuana mingling among the fertilizer fumes, and my fat, toothless neighbor baking like a cockroach on her chaise lounge. These were the signs of summer that made me giddy. Smiling, I retrieved another beer from my styrofoam cooler, lit up a camel filter and watched as my picture perfect summer mutated into a mediocre episode of COPS.

In my quest to ferment, I had stumbled upon a spray painted symbol which was not a Japanese character for “peace,” but was what Newsweek had referred to as a “tag.” Being a master of the obvious, I realized that where there are tags there are gangs. There were tags everywhere: the two store fronts in my town, city hall, the bank, churches, schools, hospitals, the

Fans of Buchanan Headquarters, and all 24 of the local liquor stores. Eventually, after noting many acts of vandalism, I encountered my first “gang member.”

Maurice (formerly Willie) had joined the gang NFK (Natural Born Killers) back in 1994 (post Challenger shuttle explosion, ie. after the death of space teacher Christa McAulif). Maurice found

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salvation in the brotherhood of NFK. His white middle class guilt had driven him to a life longing for crime, drugs, and women. Crying out to be oppressed, Maurice began drinking Zima before 5:00PM, carrying large permanent markers, and committing fashion crimes with cross colors.

Modeling himself after various “brothers” as seen on “Yo! Mtv Raps,” Maurice began to stray from his New Hampshire roots. He stopped pronouncing his r’s and exchanged his th’s for f’s. In the last election he voted democrat. Two weeks ago he traded his Rubber Maid desk organizer for a gram of pot. Three weeks ago he wrote to Glade air fresheners and suggested they make party packs! Maurice, the blue-eyed heathen, had apparently set his sights on urban living.

Two days ago Maurice moved to the

‘6th Year Free’ Programs

Colleges across this country are pushing their academic envelopes in order to attract students who are looking to push their wallets farther.

After all, it’s exciting academic programs that make students look up and say “Are you sure that’s \$25,000 of education?” and across the country, universities are making up programs like Harvard’s “Get a Free Car If You Last Three Years Here” to bring home the bacon.

The most recent fad is the “Fifth-Year Free” programs of colleges such as University of Virginia, Clark University, University of Pennsylvania, and Reed. These programs are nifty because you get a Master’s Degree for free, simply for not transferring and keeping your grades up. Although these programs have increased applications to the schools, some have accused them of cheapening the meaning of a Master’s Degree. “Who gives a shit?” said Clark University President Richard Traina.

Now, certain universities are “keeping up with the Jones” by offering “Sixth-Year Free” programs for undergraduates who slack their way through school, yet want to remain outside the workforce for as long as possible.

“Shit, we’re paying half these babies to go to school anyway through financial aid. Why not pay them to hang around and spend all of their disposable income?” explained Traina.

In coordination with this, Clark University has modified its structure so that students are milked and bilked in almost every facet of their lives. “We’ve even put all the sophomores on a *mandatory* mealplan,” gloated Traina from his private line on his jet, the Cougar-1. “The cash is rolling in.”

Normally, this is where we’d have quotes from other colleges and stuff, but that would imply research and phone calls and other effort, and frankly, Mr. Traina and Ms. Chesley were just so charming that we can’t bring ourselves to question them. They even offered us stock options in the Clark Corporation, which is probably against the law, but surely goes to show how kind and generous these people are.

Anyway, if you enroll at Clark now, we make 15 cents on the dollar. So do it now before our subscription rate goes up again.



big N.H. city of Manchester, where Main Street is a dead end. I’m afraid this may be a metaphor for Maurice’s future. He mentioned to me once that he’d rather join a gang than MassPIRG. While I think he’s right, my neighbor’s dog might not agree after the “spam” incident. If Spam was a person who would he be? Maybe Spam would be my schizophrenic friend Tim. We were friends until he became convinced that I was the voice in his head. Apparently I was telling him that Oasis was the Genesis of the 90’s. Speaking of Oasis, I’m going to Tiajuana this summer, the land of Chicklets and child labor.

THE END?