



## Macedonian youth on SCOLA demands release from nightmarish stasis prison

By Eric March  
STAFF REPORTER

SKOPJE, MACEDONIA (AP)—In an international press conference held earlier today, the anonymous Macedonian youth who has captured the hearts of millions on the SCOLA Channel demanded his release from the hellish, dystopian stasis prison in which he has been incarcerated for the past ninety days.

Professional linguists were forced to extrapolate the contents of the boy’s speech from the contours of his face, as the biological freeze chamber prevented him from engaging in conventional communication.

“Please let me out. I promise I’ll be good,” the young man pleaded. “I know nothing of my crime. Each day I am forced to stand in front of the world, motionless, slack-jawed, appearing ever-so-slightly pugnacious. I beg you, release me from this hell.”

The child went on to detail his particular punishment.

“One minute I am walking merrily down Gjilkej Street with my friends, the next I am stuck in a terrifying, mind-numbing suspended animation.

You cannot imagine the horror. You think, but you cannot. I’ve had an itch on the back of my leg I’ve needed to scratch for three weeks! Each day I am haunted...haunted by the nagging suspicion that I left the iron on. Dear God, I beg you: make SCOLA pay for this outrage.”

“Yes...excellent,” added a SCOLA guard, who quickly resumed his ominous organ playing.

The Republic of Macedonia broke away from the former Yugoslavia in 1991. A multi-ethnic democracy roughly the size of Vermont, its main exports include tobacco, iron, and steel. Though the country is best known for its nefarious network of stasis prisons, it is not the only nation in the world that employs such ruthless forms of punishment.

“To my comrades behind the anchor desk in Brazil, I say: fight the oppressive yoke of SCOLA!” the boy declared. “Suffer to stare knowingly at one another no longer!”

The boy added, “He, за што зборувате? За Давид?”

## Whites appropriate one millionth slang term

By Aryeh Cohen-Wade  
STAFF REPORTER

MILLBURN, New Jersey (AP)—When fourteen year old Madison Flanders uttered the phrase “Fo’ shizzle, my nizzle” to a group of friends in the suburban Short Hills Mall, she had no idea that she was making linguistic history. Lexicographers at the *American Heritage Dictionary* have officially identified this statement as the one millionth time that whites have totally usurped a word from black slang into their own idiom.

“Young Madison may not fully realize its implications, but her light-hearted quip authoritatively tipped the scales of ‘fo’ shizzle, my nizzle’ in favor of Caucasian, as opposed to African-American, usage,” said Dr. William DeWitt, editor-in-chief of the dictionary. “Besides the obvious milestone this case presents, it is also noteworthy for being the fastest such appropriation we have yet recorded. The time between when blacks first used this unique phrase and whites totally coopted it is a record seven and a half months. Just for some historical perspective, it took forty-nine years for whites to put their definitive stamp on the word ‘cool.’”

If past usage trends are any indication, “Fo’ shizzle, my nizzle,” which roughly translates as “for sure, my acquaintance,” will abruptly decline in use among young blacks as new slang terms are created to take its place. However, all evidence indicates that this cycle will endlessly repeat itself, as these same novel expressions will once again

fall into mainstream white usage, thus necessitating another round of linguistic invention.

“African-American teens have been the ‘R&D lab’ for new slang in the U.S. for the past hundred years,” stated Dr. DeWitt. “Ever since whites started using the word ‘hunky-dory’ around the turn of the century, this pattern has consistently recurred. However, despite the symbolic significance of cracking one million, a disturbing trend is developing. We’ve observed that the gap between when blacks first coin a new slang word and whites steal it is decreasing at a nearly exponential rate. Our current projections indicate that by 2015 the majority of whites will be using new black slang just twenty-one seconds after creation.”

Dr. DeWitt continued: “No one really knows what will happen once the black-invention-to-white-vernacular interval hits zero. Some speculate that it could be akin to entering a black hole—the everyday laws of linguistics that we live by may no longer apply. A few experts have even gone so far to say that at that point—and I know that this is hard to believe—whites may even start to invent slang for *themselves*, which will in turn be picked up by *blacks*. I can’t even imagine what such a nightmarish linguistic terrain would look like.”

Asked for comment on the “slang meltdown” described by Dr. DeWitt, Madison Flanders commented that it was “totally wack.”

# Renowned traveler Waldo flees murder charges

## Large-scale manhunt ensues

By Ivan Dremov  
STAFF REPORTER

ATLANTA (AP)—Reports surfaced today that the famous amateur traveler known only as “Waldo” is being sought for a murder at a downtown nightclub. The incident occurred last Saturday night when Tony Young, an unemployed Atlanta hustler, was bounced from the Cobalt Lounge after entering an incorrect restroom and getting into a fight with a woman.

“Tony needed to piss somewhere, so he went to the alley behind the club, and that’s where he got shot,” said witness Derrick Emerson. Based on accounts from the homeless who reside around Cobalt Lounge, Young started screaming “I found Waldo” when he entered the unlit alley, then proceeded to tussle with a thin man wearing a red-and-white striped shirt. Jabaar Nocar, a homeless man who has witnessed much violence at the Cobalt, told the media that “the skinny guy beat the other dude with a cane, and then shot him. Now I’ve seen gunfights and street fights and NFL players stabbing people, but this murder was stupid. It had no historical hatred behind it.”

Waldo allegedly used a conventional sidearm, shooting Young twice in the head, prompting Cobalt Lounge owner Tim Morris to

rebuke him for “not killing the man in style.” The police arrived at the crime scene within minutes, but no trace of the assailant remained. Reacting to security camera footage that indicated that the criminal appeared to be Waldo, police chief Andy Wiggins stated, “This is the first time that I’ve spotted him not hiding in a crowd. Now I know that even Waldo has his lonely nights.”

Waldo was seen the same morning buying adult magazines at a BP gas station in northern Atlanta. Night shift gas station attendant Wally Whee said he was “too stoned” to identify his famous customer, who paid with counterfeit money. Waldo has not been spotted since, but Atlanta Police blocked roads and searched over 800 cars and trucks in the Waldo manhunt. The suspect is still at large today somewhere in the South, and is considered armed and dangerous.

F.B.I. agent Bryant Ball, the manhunt’s organizer, has warned citizens that “Waldo is likely to hide in large crowds, such as circuses, county fairs, and KKK rallies. If you go to any large gatherings, don’t forget to bring a firearm to protect you and your family.” Ball is in charge of an upcoming “Waldo at a ballpark” simulation, in which special units will take their turns spotting and catching



An artist's rendering of the accused.

a life-sized Waldo mannequin in the Superdome.

Billy Walters, a young ex-fan, stated that he burned his Waldo collection after hearing about the crime. “I now know that Waldo hid in crowds so that the police couldn’t catch him,” Walters said. “Besides, those books aren’t fun any more after you finish finding him.”

In an emergency press conference, President Bush sought to reassure the public. “The American people can trust my administration to find and capture Waldo,” said Bush. “Just look at my record: when I was in college, I had all the Waldo books, and not only did I find him on every page, I also repeatedly located Wanda, the hidden scrolls, and that striped dog of his.”

# ‘Experimental,’ ‘boundary-shattering’ student film actually just shitty

By Martin Glazier  
STAFF REPORTER

The much-talked-about Sudler Fund film project of Daniel Narran ’04, hailed as “experimental” and even “boundary-shattering,” actually turned out to be just a gigantic steaming pile of shit.

*Untitled: Flux and Despair (Love) I*, which Narran described as “an uninhibited exploration of the fundamental theoretical oppositions and transmogrifications of modernity,” was shot entirely in black and white. Signs of the film’s turdity appeared early on at a screening last night as audience members patiently sat through the opening ten-minute sequence, which consisted of a single vertical black line moving from left to right across the screen, accompanied by unbearably loud feedback. This introduction hinted at the fact, soon to be painfully obvious, that the only boundary Narran’s film had shattered was the one between a thought-provoking visual commentary on the human condition and several pounds of feces.

As the film moved into its second segment—a nearly thirty-minute-long close-up shot of a blinking eye—the audience

began to shift in their seats, most likely made uncomfortable by the suffocatingly foul odor of the excrement projected on the screen a few feet in front of them. As the image shifted between negative and positive for the forty-seventh time, it became clear that Narran had spent his Sudler money largely on methods of collection, storage, and exhibition of his own gooey brown fecal matter.

*Untitled’s* breathtakingly crap-tacular finale was a forty-five minute shot of Narran himself, shirtless, unshaven, and positioned against a set that was clearly his dorm room, repeatedly uttering the word “squarepusher.” Much of the audience had already left, most likely to take a shower and burn their clothes, which had probably been befouled by the tiny globules of dung that were practically wafting from the screen. The film ended with the onscreen Narran apparently falling asleep, erasing all doubt that his film was “experimental” only as far as a festering mound of pure shit could be said to be “experimental.” That is, not very.

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