

Notes from the Underground

As you may or may not know, Yale just finished celebrating its 303rd birthday last fall, a significant milestone comparable only to its 101st and 202nd anniversaries. In celebration of the palindromic event, several secret festivities were held by the Administration on what was formerly the YCC's bikini-spare budget – which explains why our Spring Fling concert will be headlined by Carrot Top's weepy little sister, Onion Head.

While we may have missed out on the balls and luaus and toga parties, the Administration failed to keep us out of one major event. That's right. The all-important "Time Capsule" extravaganza. Before they dropped the puppy into the ground (which, by the way, you can see for yourself if you dig a 2x5x2 hole in the center of the Pierson courtyard), we caught a glimpse of a few of the surprises that await the bastards who open it in 2106.



These include:

- Peter Salovey's spare moustache
- The 10,000 applications "lost" by Yale's undergraduate admissions
- A Yale Sustainable Food Project organic brownie – just to see how long it sustains
- A signed photograph of the Flower Lady
- The names of the culprits in the Suzanne Jovin murder and Law School bombing cases
- A first (and last) edition of Chloe Does Yale, with all the naughty words and poorly constructed sentences whited out (hint: that leaves the publisher's page)
- Levin's favorite collection of Barbara Bush's discarded beer cans
- My stuffed green triceratops, Sweet Derek

But what was going into the ground wasn't nearly exciting as what was ripped out of it. Beneath the fallout shelter in Dunham Laboratory rests the capsule from the 202nd anniversary. Along with a select few stowaways, the Administration made our way down the mole tunnels created by the Whiting-Turner construction workers and into the bowels of Fraggie Rock. There, Betty T faced the cranky King of the Universe, Pa Gorg, with only a fistful of radishes with which to defend us and... no, wait, that was freshman year. Anyhow, after hours of digging in the dirt, we realized we were in the wrong tunnel, so we took the one on the left, and there was the 1903 capsule, sticking out of the rock like an abandoned missile.

At first we weren't sure it wasn't dangerous, so we all ran into the other tunnel and had someone expendable, also known as the Under-Secretary of Not Giving Us A Fall Break John Meeske, detonate – I mean, open the capsule. As I knelt, waiting for the ensuing deadly explosion and wondering once again how to pronounce Meeske, we heard Meeske exclaim, "Whoa!"

"Whoa!" indeed.

Inside the rocket-like pod was a smaller silver container, about the size of a bread-box for giants. On the outside of the box was a warning label and a list of contents:

When Levin and Salovey saw this last

DO NOT CONSUME. DO NOT TOUCH.

Consumption of or contact with any of the contents within this time capsule WILL lead to: consumption, malaria, cholera, tuberculosis, rashes the size of the British Empire (including India), TB, compulsive dueling, bowel irritation, more tuberculosis, mumps, measles, rubella, definitely tuberculosis, bad taste in music, scarlet fever, rhot fever, chastity, proclivity to wear absurdly tall hats, tuberculosis, smallpox, Helen Kelleritis, and, worst of all, tuberculosis.

SO REALLY DON'T CONSUME AND/OR TOUCH!

Yale University and its affiliates are not liable for any loss of life or happiness associated with the opening and/or engagement of any listed objects within the confines of this here time capsule. All legal queries may be directed to the Cryptkeeper, or whoever is currently running Skull and Bones.

*Sincerely,
Timothy Dwight Sr., President Who You Future Non-Slaveholding Yalies Had Best Have Named A Residential College After*

CONTENTS MANIFEST

One (1) original Coca Cola bottle, with original cocaine included

The first Gillette safety razor

The first slit wrist

One (1) signed silhouette of The Indigent Dame Who Sells Flowers Because The Man Won't Let Her Work, Not Because of a Drug Habit

First bag of instant coffee

First World's No. 1 Papa coffee cup and saucer

Sigmund Freud's *The Interpretation of Dreams* with comments by a middle-aged Harold Bloom

Yale Daily News clipping of the Yale football team's 1900 undefeated season and NCAA triumph

Total Weight: 30 oz.

article, they grabbed each other and began to sob. While the men were crying, Trachtenberg snatched the Coke, ripped the cap off with her teeth, and downed the whole thing in under half a second. The sobs got so loud that the tunnel began to shake. Meeske and I were the only ones with our heads on straight – and so we ran out of the tunnel. I don't know if Levin, Salovey, or Trachtenberg survived the cave-in or the hit of 101 year-old coke, but I hope so. The recent photos of the missing in the Yale Daily News don't give me much faith, so I will continue to spend all day, every day, digging for their bodies. I do not work alone. I have confidence that with the help of my new friend, Helen Keller, Jr., we will someday unearth what time and poor tunnel construction has torn from our fingers. ☹