

THE CATALYST

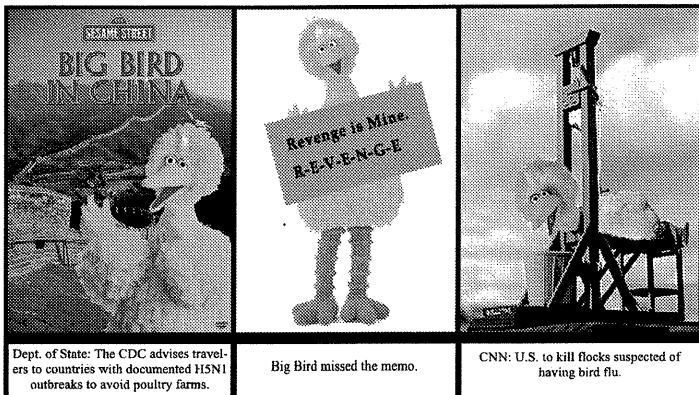
Final Edition 2006

Issue II, Volume V

The Entertaining World of International Intrigue: Doomsday Issue

That's right ladies and gentlemen, the world is coming to an end. Maybe not today, maybe not tomorrow, but someday. Interestingly, this tentatively scheduled but certainly inevitable end will not necessarily come at the hands of human beings via war, nuclear holocaust or generally uncontrollable floggings. Rather, it will be natural. That is, our world will destroy us. This means two things: 1) No matter how much damage we do to the earth, it is still smarter and bigger than we are and it will still win; and 2) We should take every opportunity to work together now so that humanity can survive the world's onslaught. That's right, I'm going to say it: we need an enormous three layer ship to land on and colonize another planet. It's time. Don't let us down engineering school. You have far too many times these past few years in the rankings.

Bird Flu: As Safe as Bird-watching or as Dangerous as Hitchcock's Nightmares



Dept. of State: The CDC advises travelers to countries with documented H5N1 outbreaks to avoid poultry farms.

Big Bird missed the memo.

CNN: U.S. to kill flocks suspected of having bird flu.

Bird flu, having recently invaded Great Britain, now threatens the safety, well-being, health, happiness and sex lives of Western civilization. When you least expect it, **bird flu** will invade your home, eat your babies, piss on your toilet seat, and recalibrate the temperature settings in your

refrigerator — just to fuck with you. In addition, **bird flu** can make you sick. Uh, possibly. Okay, just maybe. But how sick? A little sick or a lot sick? A flick on the ear of humanity or the black plague of the 21st century ... times a billion? We just don't know. Rather than incite unnecessary panic — who could benefit from that? — health experts in the United States are urging Americans to remain calm, invest in a gas mask or two, and find God. Because we're all fucked.

Health and Human Services Secretary Michael Leavitt said the following about the **H5N1** (that's fancy talk for **bird flu**) virus: "Should it continue along its malignant paths, there's little question it could become one of the most terrible threats to life this world has ever faced ... you stop at one place, it re-emerges at another." Like herpes. Or a malicious form of that arcade game where the mole pops up and you bash it with a mallet, and then it pops up somewhere else. God, I love that game.

The **bird flu**, of course, is not a game. The World Health Organization warns that "despite

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In This All-Important Final Issue

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Fire Alarm Perp Caught - Executed by Firing Squad

In a startling development last week, the genius mind that had been alluding authorities for months was witnessed pulling the fire alarm on the 17th floor.

The perpetrator had been masquerading as an average Penn student, participating in a variety of relatively useless extracurricular activities that made him believe that he was doing some great service to humanity by hosting a discussion forum about the dangers of not properly treating waste water and the dangers of waste water mismanagement. He talked in a pretentious manner, always becoming boisterous when someone mentioned the value of a Princeton education. Oftentimes, left to his own devices, he would sit in front of the television, mesmerized by the Simple Life, with a copy of Faust turned upside down on the sofa beside him.

The "Perp," gallivanting about, seemed to have Penn students pegged to a tee. Every one of his roommates was convinced that he was just like them. When they would go out to parties, he would pretend to be too nervous to talk to the half-decent looking girls in the room, and when some over zealous Drexel girl wandered in tipsy and just looking to score, he could never close the deal. Yep, an authentic Penn student if we ever saw one.

But he slipped up. Once.

On one of his many expeditions to disrupt the even flow and quality workings of the glorious College House known as Harrison, he decided

to pause ... for a carrot.

As Kyle DeDionisio, the ruggedly handsome and dangerously rebellious 17th floor GA, explains, "I was leaving my room to go find some brownies, when I noticed Marvin — that's the name he'd been going by — sitting hunched like a rabbit just below the fire alarm."

He continued, "As I saw his hand reach up, I noticed he was wearing a white glove. Then suddenly the sirens were going off and that obnoxiously calm woman was telling us to get out of the building or go to the stairwells. Why is she so calm? There's a fire — shouldn't she be screaming at us to run.

"When Marvin turned around I noticed that it wasn't Marvin at all. It was Bugs Bunny, wearing a Marvin costume. He had been fooling us all for so long.

"He hopped up and down in rhythm with the fire alarm as beautiful colors streamed from the walls. I knew this would be my only opportunity to catch him so I went in hot pursuit," Kyle declared.

The following morning police found Kyle curled up outside clutching a bum behind WaWa. He was reportedly repeating, "I've got you you wascally wabbit," again and again.

Police also apparently captured Bugs and shot him brutally, his fur exploding in flames, in a Mexican 1780s style firing squad. Take that bitch. Teach you to wake us up at 3 in the a.m.

Kyle has since been advised to lay off the hallucinogens.

First Ever Greatest Harrisonian Prize of 2006 An Nguyen

Some people said it was a little late to start an annual award. We said, "Screw You," and decided to do it anyways. Others asked us what qualified An. To that we reply, surely you have not met An. For if you had, you would know that she is one of the most wonderful, sensational and extraordinary people ever to walk the face of the lame old planet earth. If any others even came close to An's awesomeness, there might be too much coolness in the world.



This could be you! See the "When Buying An a Drink" box.

The Catalyst: Thanks for sitting down with us. It would have been silly to give you this prestigious award without telling all of your fans a little about you. I guess my first question is, how do you feel about having won the "First Ever Greatest Harrisonian Prize of 2006"?

An Nguyen: I just hope there's free food involved. I have a weakness for free food. It's somewhat unhealthy — the weakness,

not the food. My friends think I'm cheap in general, but I just love to eat. Once, I volunteered to organize a bioengineering picnic because there was a three-thousand dollar budget, and I knew I would be first in line.

C: Oh, so you're an engineer?

A: And I'm in Wharton. I plan on getting a Ph.D. and an MBA after I get my two BSs. I'm smart, s-m-r-t.

C: That's mighty ambitious of you. What's the most ambitious undertaking you've aspired to all year.

A: For my twenty-first birthday, my friends and I went down to a grad student party on 4th and South. After being hit on by numerous creepy, married, forty-year-old law students, I began to feel a bit queasy. My sensitive stomach, the alcohol, and a horrific cab ride resulted in my friend being strewn with vomit. Well, it was enough to assure a harassment-free end to the night, but I can't say it was pleasant. I hate the cab drivers in this city. They're all foreign.

C: Aren't you foreign?

A: Well, I'm Vietnamese. But I'm not into the whole ethno-centric thing. My father is

Nam-a-riffic but my mother has been here for decades — she's pretty assimilated. My dad actually used to make me go to the Buddha Scouts. That's like the Girl Scouts except that our uniforms were lavender, and we sold eternal peace rather than over-priced cookies.

C: Speaking of overpriced pastries and being Vietnamese, what are your feelings about the French?

An's Tips about the East

"When you go to a nail salon with Vietnamese people, yes, they are laughing at you. And calling you fat."

"Don't go to the Saigon Café. Try the Vietnam Restaurant on 10th and Arch."

"Don't waste your time with Vietnamese guys. I mean, don't names like "Long" and "Wel Huong" just scream over-compensation!"

A: I've got nothing against the frogs. One of my cousins is French. Actually, half French-Vietnamese and half Moroccan Jew. She lives in Jerusalem now. I hear she's into porn — but not watching it. She's not a perv; she's an actress.

C: That's weird. I don't know a lot of Vietnamese people with intimate connections to Judaism.

A: Are you kidding. My high school was 75% Jewish, and we got off on Jewish holidays. Just like my cousin. I love latkes.

C: What the hell are latkes?

A: Those little potato pancakes that Jews eat

on Hanukah. My roommate's name is Rachel Schwartz. She's not Jewish, though. That's the first thing she told me when we met. My other roommate is Janny Hu. She's not Asian.

C: Really?

A: No, she's actually Asian. You got me.

C: What's your favorite book?

A: Actually, I don't read. I have very bad reading and movie

comprehension skills. I have yet to read a book at this school other than the negotiations texts. But those are written for idiots. Relationships are important to negotiating? Communicating is key? You don't say.

C: So, undoubtedly you're an extraordinary human being, but what made you qualified to win this glamorous award?

A: I was cruising the Harrison House website, and I noticed an advertisement that offered a full page spread glorifying the person who brought the Office Coordinator, Kelly Knoll, a Penn t-shirt. I thought, "That's the bargain of a century! Not only is The Catalyst the most spankin' magazine on campus, but I love self-glorification." Honestly, it was a match made in heaven.

C: I feel like I've gotten to know you pretty well.

A: If this is pretty well then you must have some pretty shallow relationships.

C: Good talking to you, too.

When buying An a drink, she prefers:

- Beer: Red Stripe or Hoegaarden ("no lemon — it just gets in the way")
- Wine: Yellow Tail Shiraz
- Liquor: Scotch or Vodka straight up

Biographical Information

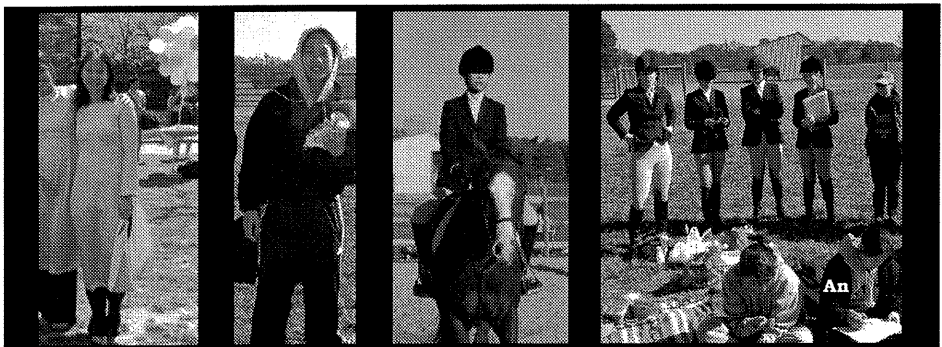
Birthday:

April 8, 1986

Sign: Aries

Home town: Potomac, MD

Siblings: one brother named Long, which means dragon, or "not short"



An has starred in many roles, including family-sized bottle of Pepto-Bismol, thug, equestrian, and a lead role in the acclaimed film, "Outdoors Day at the Sweatshop".

Jodie Foster Declared Commencement Speaker — Student Body Plans to Throw Feces

It's that time of year again: the end. There's Hey Day, Reading Days, Finals, Senior Week and then Graduation. A time for celebration. A time for reflection and a time to inaugurate new things in all of our lives.

Of course, it's important that someone — a commencement speaker, generally — marks this special occasion with wise words and wonderful wisdom. Someone who has important and admirable accomplishments; someone who has valuable things to share with our generation.

But instead we got Jodie Foster.

Rather than listen to the requests of the Senior class board or any other student organizations, the administration decided to follow its general policy of respecting no one, and simply got a filthy Hollywood actress to impress us.

Don't get me wrong: *Silence of the Lambs* was a damn good movie. I even gave *Inside Man* a nice review on page 4; *Flight Plan* was actually better than I'd expected.

Granted, *Contact* pretty much sucked since it turned out the alien was her father, but Jodie Foster can hardly be called a worthless human being for the occasional, shitty film, right?

Well, let's see.

First of all, Jodie Foster is a circuit whore. She's booked practically every single day for months doing commencement speeches. While that's horrible in and of itself since one of the best universities in the world couldn't get anyone impressive or unique to speak to its graduates on their final day, it definitely gets worse.

Most of the commencements at which Ms. Foster is speaking are for high schools. That's right. She's not going from Yale to Penn to Northwestern to Stanford. She's going from Sunny Brook Lanes High School to North Park Country Day to St. Joes — not the College.

We're supposed to be as impressed by Jodie Foster as a bunch of teenagers. Flattering. We, however, are not as easily fooled by

smoke and mirrors. We want to know if she has actually done anything worth admiring her for.

The answer, my friends, is no. People said that Bono shouldn't come because he was just a silly celebrity. But do you know what Bono does (other than coke)? Bono saves Africa from disease and starvation. Good job, man. Seriously, hats off to you.

Do you know what Jody Foster does? She complains about the rights of Afghani women and how they shouldn't have to wear a burka because it doesn't respect their rights as women. Do you know what these women are doing while Jodie Foster sits on her ass and harangues about their right to be respectable women? They starve to death on the sides of the road. I want to save those women too, but not from the burka (just yet), from Jodie Foster's idiocy.

Hopefully next year Penn tries a little harder, and the graduates get to listen to someone who does important things — even if that person isn't talking on their big day.

continued from *End of the World*

an advance warning that has lasted almost two years, the world is ill-prepared to defend itself during a pandemic... On present trends, most developing countries will have no access to vaccines and antiviral drugs throughout the duration of a pandemic."

The fact that the pandemic flu strains usually affect between 25% and 35% of the population and only off about 2.5% of those who fall ill really is irrelevant and much too facty. You see, the **bird flu** is something really, really frightening on which we can focus (like eternal damnation). We fulfill our neurotic worry quotas with the **bird flu**, something that may or may not actually develop but that is lurking on the horizon, in lieu of worrying about the things that we can't predict or control. Mmm, rational thought.

But, you can protect yourself from the **bird flu**. The government just doesn't know it. Luckily for us, www.preparedness.com and www.safetycentral.com have everything you need to cut your **bird flu** acquisition risk down to zero. "First," [preparedness.com](http://www.preparedness.com) offers, "let us tell some background information about pandemic influenza. We all know that the media is trying to freak everyone out. Media, media, media..." For only \$25.77 (down from the original price of \$59.97), the website offers you peace,

Supervolcano: Not Super-Duper

Imagine for a moment that you've journeyed to Yellowstone for a vacation of hiking and fishing and geyser-gazing. All of a sudden, the ground begins to shake and you are blown to bits as the supervolcano lurking beneath the surface of the park erupts. Seriously, who knew Yellowstone was in a volcano caldera?

You know who: environmental studies majors. And you thought they were just tree huggers who enjoyed wading through sewage. When the volcanic shit hits the fan, that

calm, tranquility, and a downloadable e-book with information on "immune boosting breathing techniques" and "'secret' viral fighting herbal supplements & immune-boosting methods."

Quackery, you say? Check out safetycentral.com where you can buy your own Student Pandemic Defense Kit complete with respirator masks, gloves, "bactericidal, fungicidal, virucidal surface wipes," anti-fog protection goggles (necessary, you ask), and lots more! Not enough protection for you? (Double bagger?) You can also purchase your very own "radiation fallout detection meter kit" or nuclear/chemical/biological outerwear protective suit.

Polly wanna pandemic.



Yellowstone Super Volcano Erupts: Newspaper Headlines

End of the World continued from page 3

degree in sociology will prove as useless as an Indonesian house in a Tsunami.

According to Wikipedia, a most reputable news source, "when Yellowstone Caldera erupted 640,000 years ago it released 1000 cubic kilometers of material, covering half of North America in up to two meters of debris." The UK Daily Express writes that "Only a handful exist in the world but when one erupts the explosion will be heard around the globe. The sky will darken, black acid rain will fall, and the Earth will be plunged into the equivalent of a nuclear winter. It could push humanity to the brink of extinction." Apparently, the volcano launches debris into the air, light can no longer reach the planet, temperatures drop, nothing can grow, and humanity faces mass starvation. Then suddenly, someone starts chanting "Piggy" and charges you with a spear. Awkward.

The Daily Express article continues with a quote from Bill McGuire, professor of geohazards at University College London: "The Yellowstone volcano can be likened to a sleeping dragon," says Professor McGuire, "whose slow breathing brings repeated swelling and sinking of the Earth's crust in northern Wyoming and southern Montana." McGuire will be available for questioning at the next Lord of the Rings costume convention.

BBC dramatized a catastrophic Yellowstone explosion in the March 2005 docudrama "Supervolcano." (We would like to take a moment to point out that the Brits seem awfully interested in our destruction.) According to the United Kingdom, it's only a matter of time before ash rains down upon our fair land and Americans are blotted from the earth. The queen is on record as having said, "cheers, bitches."

Megatsunami: A Mega-bummer

In case the supervolcano doesn't knock us off, the Brits are reassured by the fact that a megatsunami (caused by an inevitable landslide on the Canary Islands) will wash away the eastern seaboard. You see, according to the British, there's some bad news and some good news. "The bad news is tens of millions of people along the eastern seaboard of the United States and Canada may drown if the slow slippage of a volcano off north Africa becomes a cataclysmic collapse." (Funny how that doesn't affect the Brits at all.) "But the good news is the world is not likely to be destroyed by an asteroid any time soon." Rockin'.

Global Warming: Drop it Like it's Hott

Not scared yet? Check out Times/CNN article "Be worried, be very worried" for information on the polar ice caps. You see, they're melting, which means less light is being reflected from earth, which means the world's temperature is rising, which causes the ice caps to melt faster, which means... well, don't buy beachfront property. But do venture to the ice caps when you get a chance. They're goin', gone by 2060.

And just so you know, there's a case of the Bubonic Plague in Los Angeles and there's a horrible mumps outbreak running rampant in the fly-over states. We don't know which ones. It's kind of irrelevant. What is relevant here is that this should really keep the strife and trouble of finals and that zit on your upper lip (yes, you) in perspective.

Chef's Calculated Criticisms



It really has been a pleasure, children. For three years I've watched movies, thought about them long and hard, and then tried to give you my best possible recommendations about what to watch and what not. Unfortunately, this will be the last time I talk about my chocolate salty balls. The worst part about losing this job, though, is that now I really need the money. Ever since I stopped working on South Park, I've felt empty, alone, and vilified. Sometimes, it sucks to be the douche bag.

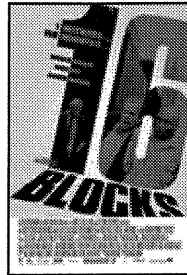
There was not one of these movies which I did not enjoy. **Running Scared** was definitely bizarre, including the scene with the child kidnappers/porn-producers/murderers, but when thinking about it afterwards, I was floored by some of the ideas which the writer managed to incorporate: like child kidnappers/porn-producers/murderers. I can't say that I believed Paul Walker as Guido mobster, but when the film started with him going down on his hot wife, I knew that he was definitely a sleaze. I give this movie 5 chocolate, salty balls.

16 Blocks, starring Mos Def and Bruce Willis, was sensational. Def is a phenomenal and diverse actor, and alongside a downtrodden and haggard Willis, he was able to steal the show. While the movie is a bit long, the plot doesn't run away with itself but remains solid until the end. 8 chocolate, salty balls.

Question after question was asked about **V for Vendetta**. How cheesy is too cheesy? She shaved what? There certainly were some cheesy parts and Portman definitely doesn't have any hair (on her head people), but frankly, I was willing to accept those things for an otherwise thoroughly enjoyable movie. The dialogue was stellar, filled with alliteration, allusion, metaphors and vibrant imagery. Very poetic. In addition, although idealistic, the idealism was relevant, and if such notions can't be conveyed through cinema, how can we express ourselves? 8 chocolate, salty balls.

Yep, Jodie Foster is our commencement speaker. Yep, she was looking pretty foxy in the **Inside Man**. In fact, Denzel Washington and Clive Owen, although both very sexy, had to fight for the good-looking award in this one. Fortunately, there was little to no time to pay attention to the way the actors looked since I was too damn busy trying to figure out how the hell Owen was going to get out of that damn bank — and why he was so calm. A great thriller from start to finish: 7.5 chocolate salty balls, but know that it's pushing an 8th.

Last is the movie closest to my heart — the one that shows the picturesque way of life in my hometown: **ATL**. That's right. I'm from Atlanta. No, I'm not from the ghetto. I lived on the side of the town which is described by the main characters as the side on which they "always feel funny." Since I live in West Philadelphia now, I know how they feel in my *hood*. The movie was funnier than I thought it would be, had a totally surprising element to it (which I'll keep a surprise), and was better in general than I would have expected. 6 chocolate salty balls. 1.5 of those because it made me homesick.



Kelly & Jay: An Exercise in Self-Indulgence

Kelly & Jay — Give it up. We won — Aramark

Kelly — Isn't PMS only s'posed to come once a month?

Jay — What's *The Catalyst*? — Harrison

Kelly — We don't work for you either — The RAs and GAs

Kelly & Jay — "Sticks and stones ..." — The Anime Club

Kelly & Jay — Anything I could say I've probably already said discretely behind your back. Good luck in the future! — Dvorit

Kelly & Jay's Response: We will save you. We will save the residents who have suffered at the hands of the irresponsible vacuum mongers—the wretched filth who make others' lives miserable and think that your happiness is a joke. In fact, we will tell you who's responsible: Housing. That's right, those people who screw you in every which way they can at every opportunity. Don't worry, though. We're going to get them. We're going to get them and their little dog too. Mwahahaha. In the meantime, though, we'll see that you get a better vacuum cleaner.

We got the following e-mail very recently:

I have no idea where to send this, and neither do any of the three separate members of the staff operating the front desk whom I have asked. Therefore, I am sending this to The Catalyst, in hopes that somehow, somewhere, the suppressed voices of the students will be heard.

THE VACUUMS WE CURRENTLY HAVE ARE DISGUSTING. This is not, however, the House's mortal sin. The real sin is how the [info center people] must clean the hair, lint, pennies, and [filth] jout of those (hah! plural! as if) godforsaken vacuums — shit I'm sure even [sanitary waste management facilitators] don't have to deal with. And despite best efforts, they break anyway.

Prior to Jay and Kelly, Harrison e-mails bored the shit out of me, and now I love reading the e-mails even though I have no time to go to events because I'm a loser who sits in her room all day weeping over my studies. But even Jay and Kelly are letting this travesty happen. I'd like to see Jay and Kelly write an ode to the vacuum cleaner in one of their e-mails. This problem is ignored, and no one knows how to fix it, simply because no one knows whose responsibility it is.

The solution is an industrial air vacuum, not these shitty vacuums with belts that burn (burn! I smelled the rubber burning!) if you don't manually clean the hair and gunk out of them. It's worth the bloody money; it's a better use of our money than anything else in this house. Or, at the very least, can you keep Septa Tokens in stock?

Why I Love Kelly & Jay:

A Tribute to the Coolest Office Coordinators on Campus
By Chris Johninidminisdnisdis

Kelly & Jay are just sooo friendly. They make you feel important when talking to them - they cast off all airs of pretentiousness when speaking to you, especially Kelly. Their non-judgmental, accepting demeanor...it warms the heart. Jay especially. Allow me to share with you an excerpt from one of their recent conversations, to which I was privy:

<Jay recounts to Kelly a story from the past weekend. It started out something like "this one guy....">

Jay: I wanted to fucking kill him... the worst part about it is that he just liked me so much. I hate people like that . . . they like you so much and all you want to do is punch them in the face.

Kelly: You mean like puppies?

J: Exactly. I wanted to strangle him. . . everything he said. He thought he was funny. He was from Temple. Look, I have nothing against people from other schools - I'm friends with <name deleted> . . .

K: I'm friends with <name deleted> too...but I'm not going to get engaged to him . . .

J: He was Jewish, too.

K: On second thought, you know how I love the yids.

Chris: You narcissistic self-indulgents! Are you that starved for attention that you need to seek validation in the form of a publicized scathing criticism of your deranged antics? [I may or may not have said that word-for-word] Kelly, as usual, stayed quiet in her subservient, defer-to-Jay manner. Well, Jay and Kelly, if it's a roast you want, then its a roast you'll get!

You wack, you're twisted, your girl's a ho (that's right Kelly, yous a ho!), you're broke, the kid ain't yours (ho!) and e'rybody know. Your old man say you stupid, you be like, so? I love my baby mother, I never let her go.

Jay, DMX hates you. Put that in your pipe and smoke it. You too, Kelly.

Doo, doo, doo, doo,
doo
Inspector Gadget,
doo, doo, doo, doo,
doo
Doo, doo
Doo, doo, doo, doo,
doo
Inspector Gadget
Bum ba doo doo doo
Boo Doo
Go Gadget Go, Ba
doo ba doo doo ba
doo ba doo doo doo

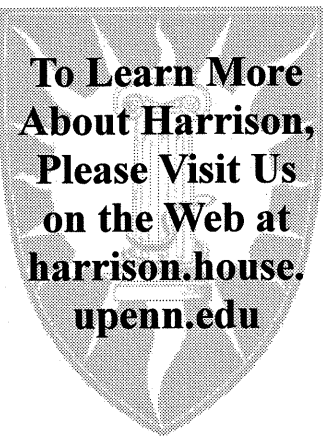
This table is being sold on Ebay. It is being sold by a man.

How do you know that it is being sold by a man? Take a minute to look first, and then go to the bottom of page 6 for the answer.

Hint: What did the room inside Hamilton look like?



The Catalyst is designed for those who desire a casual acquiesce of more useless knowledge than a standard Penn education provides. We at *The Catalyst* do not assume responsibility if this knowledge is abused. Anything that appears too outlandish to be fact is most likely fallacy unless what is written is so ridiculously outlandish that the phrase "truth is stranger than fiction" could be readily applied. Distinguishing between these two possibilities is the responsibility of the reader.



Thank you for reading *The Catalyst*. Because this is the last issue of *The Catalyst*, we can no longer ask for your submissions, but should you have any questions or comments please write to Office-Coordination@harrison.house.upenn.edu. If you would like to continue *The Catalyst*, please contact the Harrison offices. If for years, you have been a loyal reader of *The Catalyst*, allow me to take this opportunity to thank you.

All copyrighted material has probably been used illegally and impractically.

"Tact is the knack of making a point without making an enemy." - Isaac Newton

Written, Published and Produced by Jay Solomon and Kelly Knoll of *Kelly and Jay*

Harrison College Houses Shout-Outs

Ryan — Freshman are not fair game. Neither is Kelly. Or Jay.

Whoever leaves dead cockroaches in the first floor trash room — Napoleon took 600,000 men into Russia and you can't toss a bug one meter. Shame on you.

Brian — It's okay, everyone's a little bit in college — Brett (P.S. I won't tell)

To my right-wing residents — don't you know you're in college and it's time for you to rebel, not support Santorum and Fox News? — Your GA

Danielle — Thanks for last night. You were awesome — from Zack's bro

Braunstein — The hippies called, they want their style back — Larry

Harnwell — I dumped you. Not the other way around.

Kyle — South Park is for kids . . . Grow up already — Brian

Don — Does it compute?

21st Floor Freshmen — Shut the hell up. No one likes your music and 151 is so pre-frosh — Senior

To my Stat TA Alex — You make stat so hot. I'm failing on purpose just to be with you again next year. You can square my chi any time.

Andrew — Thanks for all the free dental advice. When you need an environmental impact assessment written, give me a call — Niva

Brian Radic — You're so much cooler than me — from no one

Person who keeps pulling the fire alarm — you suck and I don't like you — Annabelle Lilu Horton

Dvorit — I'm so glad you made it through the year without turning into a raging ego-maniac. You're the best ever!!! — Love your biggest fan, Dvorit

Finston — Quit being so f—— nosy. And I've never gotten a tasty drink for MANY a favor — Danielle

Harrison Mail Room — Marry me to cut logistics costs — Amazon.com

Sara — You gonna be around this weekend? Seriously, I need some emotional support. Where are you? — Your undergraduate resident

Don — No, you don't need to fix it right now — Your friends

Blanchet — Have safe sex. Ask us why.

Dilip — Get off your lazy ass and come to help us with our event — Staff

Danielle — For someone whose real name is Chi Don, you sure do know how to get down and busy.

Megan and Vero — Don't worry. It's normal to spend 5 hours a day on Facebook — Finston

Schloemie — Thanks for feeding me but you're still wrong — Lauren

To 1009 and Affiliates — Stop being such drunks and enter the real world already. I will miss our days in the crack-house, even if there was no crack. Please don't graduate — Veronique

Room 2010 — Please stop pulling my arm, pushing my toes, and feeding my pickles. It's just gross.

Thelmoqua — John is the coolest person you know. You should be thankful to know him.

D r . D o n — Congratulations — The Ban

Vero — It's over . . . I'm sorry I had to tell you in *The Catalyst* — Yacine

Frank — I've got your change right here bitch — Lady at Home Depot

Andrew — You can't spell f.o.b. without Andrew — Dilip

Larry — Enough with the winking — Harrison

Liz — Who are you? — Staff

Mark — Is milk really worth it? And yes, I'll go to Qdoba with you.

Brett — It's been a great year vibrating in your pants — Love, your blackberry

XXXXX — Let me give you one big, fat hint: Ohio isn't popular here. Nor are your Bucheyes.

Megan — Give up the Canadian act. It's been done — Brian

Brian — Give up the Canadian act. It's been done — Brett

Brett — Give up the Canadian act. It's been done — Megan

Niva — Really, when you think about it abortion is pretty bad — God

13/F Ninjas — Why take

Wheat Thins of all foods — Your intrigued neighbors

Brian — We love you — Fat Girls Everywhere

Ron — We all know you surf porn. Kick the habit — Harrison

B-Rad — What are you talking about? — Everyone

Miriam — No one hits the bong like you — Highrisers

Jennifer — What is it you'd say you do around here — NOT Kelly & Jay

Vimarth — What is it you'd say you do around here — NOT Kelly & Jay

Zack — Don't worry. Danielle got with my brother, too — Finston

Harrisonians — I hate you too. Lose some weight — The Elevators

Jamie — What is that whopping sound I hear coming from your room? — Finston

1310 — Take that fire extinguisher out or I'll stick it up yours and it will be painful — Phil. F.D.

Nicaila — I don't care what you say, we all know Africans have no rhythm — Danielle

Flying Cockroaches — Please stop flying, it's creepy.

Lauren — Bits and juices of pickled olives love too pressure.

To all those people who got offended at our e-mails — Blow us. That's right. We're graduating in a week. Blow us — Lovingly, Kelly & Jay

Harrison — Peace out — Staff