

# THE STOUFFER TRIBUNE:

The Voice of the Residents of Stouffer College House

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## **Better Luck Next Year, in assassins too**

*By Corey Hulse*

*Dead in the first minute of the game.* I have received many inquiries about how I was the first to die in this round of Stouffer Assassins, so I figured that I would write a story to clear up the air of mystery. Take a look at the timeline to learn about the night of my death.

5:16 PM – Eat an early dinner. If I knew it were to be my last, I would have had something better than salad and grilled cheese. I thought about my plans for that night: ITA shift, powderpuff cheerleading practice, and ASSASSINS. Assassins was burning in my mind. I wanted to win. I wanted the glory of becoming the Assassins champion, which was having my name permanently placed on the Stouffer website for all future generations of Stouffer House inhabitants to see. People down the road would say “Remember Corey Hulse? Best Assassins player this side of the Delaware!”

5:56 PM – Gather my socks and plate, and change into gym clothes. Practiced my forum by throwing socks against the stand-up cardboard cutout of Judy Rodin in my room. Grabbed a root beer out of the fridge and set out for the computer lab.

6:17 PM – New e-mail in the inbox. It was my Assassins assignment! George Nesterenko. Ha! I know him! Lives in my hall, fellow ITA. His mom makes this amazing sunflower and honey stuff for dessert. You should ask him for some.

6:45 PM – Getting thirsty. I took a walk into D-section to find out the soda machine was sold out. I saw Donald Canavaggio. “Hey Donald! Assassins assignments have been given!” Donald rushed off to his room to check, I walked back to the computer lab.

7:03 PM – Donald comes strolling in the computer lab. “So Corey, this Assassins, pretty exciting, huh? Hey man, where you gonna be, oh, say 7:45?” “Right here until 8:30 PM,” I said, “then I have cheerleading practice for the powderpuff game.” Donald walked out, and I thought to myself “Oh geez. You’re screwed.”

7:45 PM – Donald comes back into the computer lab. As he comes in he closes the door to the lab behind him. “Donald,” I said, “you have to keep the door open. I can’t have the door shut like that.” “Oh, right,” he said, “how silly of me.” We sit in silence in the lab. I glance at him, he glances at me. You could have cut the tension with a knife. I ate a granola bar. My heart was racing. A thought streaked across my brain. “You’re going to be the first one dead.”

7:59 PM – I excuse myself from the room. I told Donald I had an emergency bathroom run.

8:01 PM – It all happened so fast. I stepped out of the computer lab, and looked ahead in F section. Then, much to my delight, George came out from the door on the right. He was gripping a piece of paper and looking down intently at it. “Hey man, do you know this kid? I have to kill him.” I cut him off and let out a yell of attack. I reached into my pocket and started to pull the sock out. I reached my hand up and was at the point of release...

\*THUMP\* I whipped around to see a smiling Donald, sock in hand. “You’re dead, man.” Thus, ending my run in assassins. I congratulated Donald on his kill and wished him luck. (And, Donald took 2<sup>nd</sup>. Go Donald.)

8:30 PM – Went to powderpuff cheerleading practice. There were three drunk seniors there who decided that they were going to stunt me and throw me in the air. They missed me and I came crashing down on the gym floor. But it didn’t hurt. Nothing could hurt me, now that I was dead. Damn drunk cheerleaders.



# Trials and Diatribe-ulations

If it doesn't have a face it isn't worth eating

**By James Schneider, Meat Eater and Caveman**

I have noted a recent surge in “vegetarian” options springing up throughout Penn’s campus. It’s as if a new class of people has formed, with the sole purpose of frustrating and confusing the hired hands.

If the cavemen lasted on hunting and gathering why can't you?



Luckily, you don't have to. We live in enlightened times. And, hey, there are honestly some decent meals that you can eat without killing something that thinks. But, aren't plants worthy of your protection, too? Well that's somewhat beside the point. My point is, I have no point. I just ramble and y'all get offended and write nasty letters to me about my insensitivity.

Well, hey, I grew up in a family that insisted on putting meat in every meal. If it doesn't have some meat, it's not a meal for me. No, no, veggie burgers and Tofurkey are not meals. Do not kid yourselves.

Eating a carrot and some dip is not a meal.

Would I rather poor, stupid, defenseless creatures not have to die for me to eat food? Sort of. Do I think animals are mistreated? Unquestionably. I just don't like being part of the declining majority of insensitive pricks who eats things with brain stems. I am “that guy.” And, that's plain sad.

I once went on my own quest to not eat meat or living things in general. It was a hunger strike. A fast, for all the poor defenseless plants. And, yeah, sure, animals too. At least animals can occasionally run away before the grim hand of death silences them like Old Yeller or Bambi's mom. You know, plants are ALIVE too. They just don't run away quite as fast.

My struggle ended some 30... minutes later as I realized that if I didn't eat anything that had ever been alive then I would just be... skinny. And, I tried that once before. It was called high school. And yeah, I pretty much hated that.

So, it's really not that I am anti-vegetarian. I think that what you guys do is incredible and something I am incapable of. Same as drinking Diet soda. I'm assuredly not “that guy.” But I think there's something about taking it a bit too far.

Next time someone tries to save an animal, don't try to run me over with your car, mmmkay? Thanks. Appreciate it. I'm gonna indulge in a rack of lamb.

Dear Stouffer:

Well how the heck are you all then? Thought I'd get myself organised and send you a wee missive from across the seas...

First things first... WELCOME to all the new Stoufferites who, sadly, I don't get to meet until next year. I'm sure everyone there is taking great care of you and demonstrating, 24/7, why Stouffer has legendary status as a true community house. Ella and I miss the place terribly. And when I say place I mean of course the people.

But let's get one thing straight: just because I'm thousands of miles away doesn't mean I don't keep up with all the gossip state-side. I know all about the fire alarm from the burnt popcorn, I know all about the new "fun with sprinklers" dorm activity. I bet that one was popular with the GA s. And HOW many times were you warned that yes, they really do work?!

My life, by comparison, is strangely sedate. A lot of writing, a lot of walking, a lot of making up for being away from my family and friends for ten years. My grandma, who is 87 and increasingly immobile, is delighted to have me back and visiting regularly. She especially likes having me wait on her hand and foot but I get my revenge by beating her, night after night, at scrabble. Such are the joys of simple rural living. The rest of the time I'm mainly in London where I'm rediscovering my love for the old city and all its incredible history. I took it all for granted when I was growing up here so it is quite wonderful to have the opportunity to be here again. I feel like a quasi-tourist. A nice inside-out kind of role.

That said, I do find myself missing American culture too. Not of course the political culture but let me not even get started on that track. I get strangely "homesick" when I hear distinctly American music (jazz, country) or see films with quintessentially American backdrops. Tomorrow night I'm going to a concert that is part of the "Way Beyond Nashville" celebration here in London. If there are banjos and lyrics about cheatin' women I'll doubtless be teary-eyed.

Ella fans will be delighted to hear that her royal dogness has taken to England like the proverbial duck to water. She now knows her way around Hampstead Heath and Cherry Tree Woods plus half of Shropshire and parts of Somerset. She has absolutely no concept of danger and chases sheep as though irate farmers with shotguns were merely a figment of my deranged human imagination. And (stop reading if you're squeamish), last week she bagged her first London squirrel and ran gleefully around the local park proudly showing it to all the mothers and toddlers. Bless her little wild heart. She has won the hearts of certain family members here who claimed, some months back, to be resolutely anti-dog and continues to charm her way around the streets of North London. I leave her outside shops while I run in and come out to find her surrounded by fans. I've met several ladies to date who appear to walk around the Broadway (our local shopping area - you know, with actual individual shops in the open air that you have to walk to? You may have seen this set up in old movies) with dog treats in their pockets "just in case"... ahhhhhhhh.

I am slowly collecting items for Sean's care package (that's right, I didn't forget!) but we've had a postal strike here in London which has totally messed things up. I'll get to it before Christmas I promise! Meanwhile you all behave yourselves. Or at least keep it legal.

I look forward to seeing old and new faces next year. I'll write again before then though.

Love and best wishes,

Felicity

## **Mmmm FreeFood**

Free food... it just tastes better when somebody else is footing the bill. Combine that with great company, and in the relaxing confines of our Faculty Fellow's apartments and you have a great Thursday night planned. In case you hadn't noticed we've had a plethora of Penn's finest faculty and staff, representing the Management 100 program to the Design School to the Dean of the College over for dinner this semester! Now it's your turn to invite somebody. Email [everett2@pobox.upenn.edu](mailto:everett2@pobox.upenn.edu) and let him know which Penn VIP YOU want to eat free food with. Want to check out what it's like? Come to our next dinner Friday Dec. 4<sup>th</sup> with Jennifer Snead, the Director of the Kelly's Writer House.

## **Dude, where's my bed?**

After the celebrated "Dude, where's my car", the sequel is finally revealed, starring Pat McG and his hot mischievous neighbors.

**Synopsis:** The night of the lunar eclipse, Pat decides to go out gambling but leaves his door unlocked because he can't find his keys. His two stunning neighbors and their equally gorgeous friend tiptoe into his chamber and steal his bed! After a well-developed scene of danger, humor and suspense where the girls carry this bed from A to F section, obstructed by giggles, fellow housemates signing in their future conquests, and drunken alumni, they finally reach their destination: Phil Nichols' apartment. However, the plan goes awry as the legs of the bed come apart in a loud explosive sound.

The girls ( who will remain unnamed) innocently return to their rooms where they fall fast asleep, after having double-checked that their door is locked.

Around 5.21 AM, a poorer Pat comes home and sits on his mattress, that has been balanced upon various sorts of trash, including but not limited to milk bottles, a shoe and a suitcase. His overwhelming weight causes the mattress to sink, which leads him to the obvious discovery that his bed is missing.

The following scene is shot with amazing sound effects, as Pat pounds the door and walls separating his body from his guiltless and terrified antagonists, screeching "Where's my bed?!!"

Three days later, after a series of sleepless nights, haunted by irrational paranoia, Pat retrieves his bed with obvious gratitude.

A side note: a hilarious scene when Phil Nichols discovers a solitary broken bed lying across his door, and wonders what poor soul is sleeping on his floor. Also worth seeing his Leslie's look of bewilderment at finding that same bed standing in front of her section board (where Phil had placed it), hindering the posting of crucial information.

The intrigue is beautifully developed and is consistent with the superb quality of the acting. An exciting plot, striking college women, incredible sound effect and suspense throughout the night!

A must-see for all film amateurs. *Based on a true story.*

**By S&C**

# The Financial Feature

## Frugal Fun 101

- 1) Free Films:
  - 11/20 – The Pianist, 8pm, Hill Gallery
- 2) Music
  - 11/22 – University Symphony Orchestra, 8pm, Main Hall, Irvine Auditorium
  - 11/25 – Penn Baroque & Recorder Ensemble, 8pm, Bodek Lounge, Houston Hall
- 3) Sports
  - 11/22 – Football vs. Cornell, 4pm
- 4) Special Events
  - 11/22 – Dance Mix Master Class. 10:30 am. Studio 409. Pottruck

## Healthy, Cheap, & Easy Eating (Installment 2 of 3)

### Pasta

(Tip: "Pre-sauce" pasta will store for a few days in the fridge if you keep it in a closed container.)

- Spaghetti w/ canned sauce or your own.
- Mac and Cheese
- Egg drop Ramen w/ veggies: Boil water, add Ramen, add fresh or frozen veggies (like green onions and frozen peas) and an egg or two. Stir until Ramen is done
- Tomatoes & Chiles Pasta: Add a can of tomatoes & chilies to your favorite pasta shape.

Topping suggestions:

- Broccoli
- Mushrooms
- Garlic
- Oregano
- coriander, basil, or mint leaves
- salt & pepper
- fresh lime juice
- green pepper

### Pizza

Dough suggestions:

- Frozen dough - the kind in a tube that pops when you open it
- French Bread
- English Muffins/Bagel halves
- Tortillas (for Quesadillas!)

Sauce ideas:

- Just use tomato slices and spices instead of sauce
- Spaghetti Sauce

Topping suggestions:

- Mushrooms/green peppers/any other veggies
- Fruits (pineapples, apples, etc.)
- lunchmeats (ham, Canadian bacon, etc.)
- cheeses

### Potatoes

Preparation suggestions:

- Potato-cauliflower curry (or other vegetable curry)
- Baked potatoes
- Scalloped/mashed potatoes

Topping suggestions:

- Salsa
- Barbeque sauce
- Spaghetti sauce
- Stir fried veggies
- Bacon bits
- garlic powder/ black pepper
- any kind of cheese (riata, parmesan, cheddar, etc.)
- broccoli, spinach, other veggies
- sour cream & chives
- butter

### Salads

Start with lettuce, cabbage, spinach, mixed greens, etc.

Toppings suggestions:

- Slices of cheese
- Hard boiled eggs
- Boiled potato chunks
- sundried tomatoes
- Croutons, Chinese noodles
- Mandarin oranges, apple slices
- Cooked nasta spirals
- sprinkled dressing/oil & vinegar/vinaigrette
- canned/marinated artichoke hearts
- all kinds of sliced veggies, hot peppers
- fake/real bacon bits
- almonds, water chestnuts, other nuts
- chickpeas, black beans