

LIFE ON THE HEGE



THE Macalester

HEGEMONOCLE

Probably Macalester's First Humor Magazine
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The "Living on the Hege" Issue

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SHOUT OUTS

ITS for its computer

Leaky cups at Cafe Mac for leaking

Warm daytime weather for making us feel normal again

Cold nighttime weather for keeping us humble

An increased amount of bananas in Cafe Mac

Park Liquors?

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The Macalester

Hegemonocle

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Most characters appearing
in this work are fictitious.
Any resemblance to real

persons, living or dead, is
purely satirical.

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times per academic year.*

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EDITORIAL: Thoughts from our new editors

Hey Mac,

We know it can get pretty rough out there. It's all of us pitted against the world. Try as we might we can't fight the ocean. We gotta to swim out into open ocean and have faith that the tides will push us back into shore. It can be difficult.

But listen, if we can come to some kinda mutual understanding on the matter, I'm sure we can work this whole thing out. We're here to help, not to punish. Look at us. Do you really think we want to put down another fella who's just down on their luck? No way, guy. Help us, help you. That's the thing of the matter—trust.

Trust us in our endeavor to create a better magazine, something the likes of which we have never seen before. We're going to clean the system. We're going to open the door to a new world order. In this world, all the good things will be in surplus. Fruits will grow in the winter. All of the bad people are going to go away, and they'll never ever come back. There will be no more pain. We can make it all go away—but you have to believe in us.

Oh, and GRUNTS,

THAT'S RIGHT,

WE'RE HERE. JUST AS YOU WERE GETTING WORRIED THAT THERE WASN'T GOING TO BE ENOUGH HIGH QUALITY HUMOR MAGAZINE CONTENT COMING YOUR WAY, THE TWO OF US KICKED DOWN THE DOOR OF OPPORTUNITY AND WALKED RIGHT IN. WE COME AT YOU WITH YEARS OF EXPERIENCE, THE DESIRE TO EXCEL, AND THE THICKEST NECKS MONEY CAN BUY. WE'RE AWESOME.

WE KNOW, WE KNOW, "BUT WHAT ABOUT THE HEGE LEADERS WHO HAVE COME BEFORE? THEY WERE PRETTY GOOD!?" WELL, WE ARE LIKE THOSE PEEPS BUT BETTER. IN A YEARS TIME, WHEN YOU WILL BE ERECTING STATUES IN OUR HONOR, YOU WON'T EVEN REMEMBER WHO CAME BEFORE THE GOLDEN ERA OF HEGE-O THAT STAND BEFORE YOU TODAY. WE WILL BE SPENDING THE REST OF OUR LIVES WORKING ON THIS MAGAZINE, AND THERE IS NOTHING ANYONE CAN DO TO STOP US.

AS WE LOOK DOWN UPON OUR FELLOW STUDENTS, WE UNDERSTAND THE RESPONSIBILITY THAT WE HAVE. AS THE ONLY THING STANDING BETWEEN THE CAMPUS AND COMPLETE ANARCHY, WE ARE GOING TO DO OUR BEST TO UNDERSTAND EVERYTHING THAT YOU LOVE ABOUT MACALESTER. EVERYTHING THAT MAKES YOU GET OUT OF BED IN THE MORNING. AND THEN RIDICULE IT INTO OBLIVION. BECAUSE, WHEN IT COMES DOWN TO IT, THE ONLY THING THAT MATTERS IS HEGE. HEGE AND MORE HEGE. AND WE ARE GOING TO DO EVERYTHING WE CAN TO SPREAD OUR HEGE TO YOU.

Edward Taketomo / WILL MILCH



Macalester rebranding process to include renaming of several campus buildings

Markim Hall will become **MARK-HER HALL**, to elevate the voices of women.

Additionally, a renovation, scheduled for completion in 2020, will create the new **INSTITUTE FOR DOMESTIC CITIZENSHIP**. The administration said in a statement, “Macalester is becoming a little too global. We want to make sure students don’t go overboard on the whole global thing.”

Kagin Commons will be renamed **KAG-OUT COMMONS**, to discourage binge drinking behavior and the presence of kegs (pronounced "kags" in Minnesota) at student parties.

Neill Hall will become **STAND HALL**, to encourage students to stand up for what they believe in.

Carnegie will be renamed **BIKENEGEE**, to promote sustainable transportation. Olin-Rice will be renamed **Swollen Mice**, to more accurately represent its residents.

The building now known as Old Main will be the location of a major change scheduled to take place over the next several years. All classrooms will be filled with library books to make space in the library for the new **ALL-FLOOR IDEA BUILDING**. Humanities classes will be relocated to the Theatre and Dance Hole to allow Old Main to become the new **CONCEPT CASTLE!™**, scheduled for completion in 2032. An anonymous source said the building “will vibrate.”

Wallace Hall will be renamed **WALLACE HALLACE**, because it’s funny.

In perhaps the most radical change, Dupre Hall will be razed in 2019. In its place will come the new **ROSENBERG CENTER FOR HUMAN RIGHTS**, where Macalester can commemorate and study the war prison dormitory that formerly stood there.

According to an anonymous source familiar with the process, President Brian Rosenberg had pushed to rename the Dewitt Wallace Library the **DEWITT WALLACE TRUTHBRARY**, but the motion did not achieve sufficient votes.



Bon Appetit creates new series of fortune cookies



THE MAC WEEKLY

"news" since 1914

First Year Wrecked by One Cup of Cafe Mac Coffee

It has come to the attention of Bon Appetit that first years have begun injecting coffee from their Macalester establishments. Alma Sutters, '21, ended up in urgent care after attempting to drink a cup of coffee at Cafe Mac. "It was like drinking a boiling cup of my own tears"

Upperclassmen on campus retaliate that the soul sucking sensation after consumption allows them to "feel something".

5 cases of hospitalization have occurred after the consumption of Cafe Mac coffee Bean Juices this semester. Doctors at this time have reported that the liquid is "2 times as potent as a prescription strength laxative". Despite warnings, Macalster students have continued this dangerous new fad.

CAMPUS WIDE WARNING: PF's At Extended Sampler Will Attend Kugin

Dear Student body,

It is our genuine regret to inform the campus student body that the Prospective First Years, known to you as PF's or "small child holding blue folder" will be attending the sweat fest that is the "Kugin". Of unknown origin, these children will stumble into the Alexander G. Hill Ballroom, expecting nothing and seeing the perspiring bodies of 5 to 7 first years trying to figure out who is the alpha male.

If you suspect you've found a drunken toddler, please return them to the Info Desk. They can sleep soundly in the nest of gloves, hats, and the abandoned bodies of other PF's.

Sincerest apologies,
Macalester Admissions

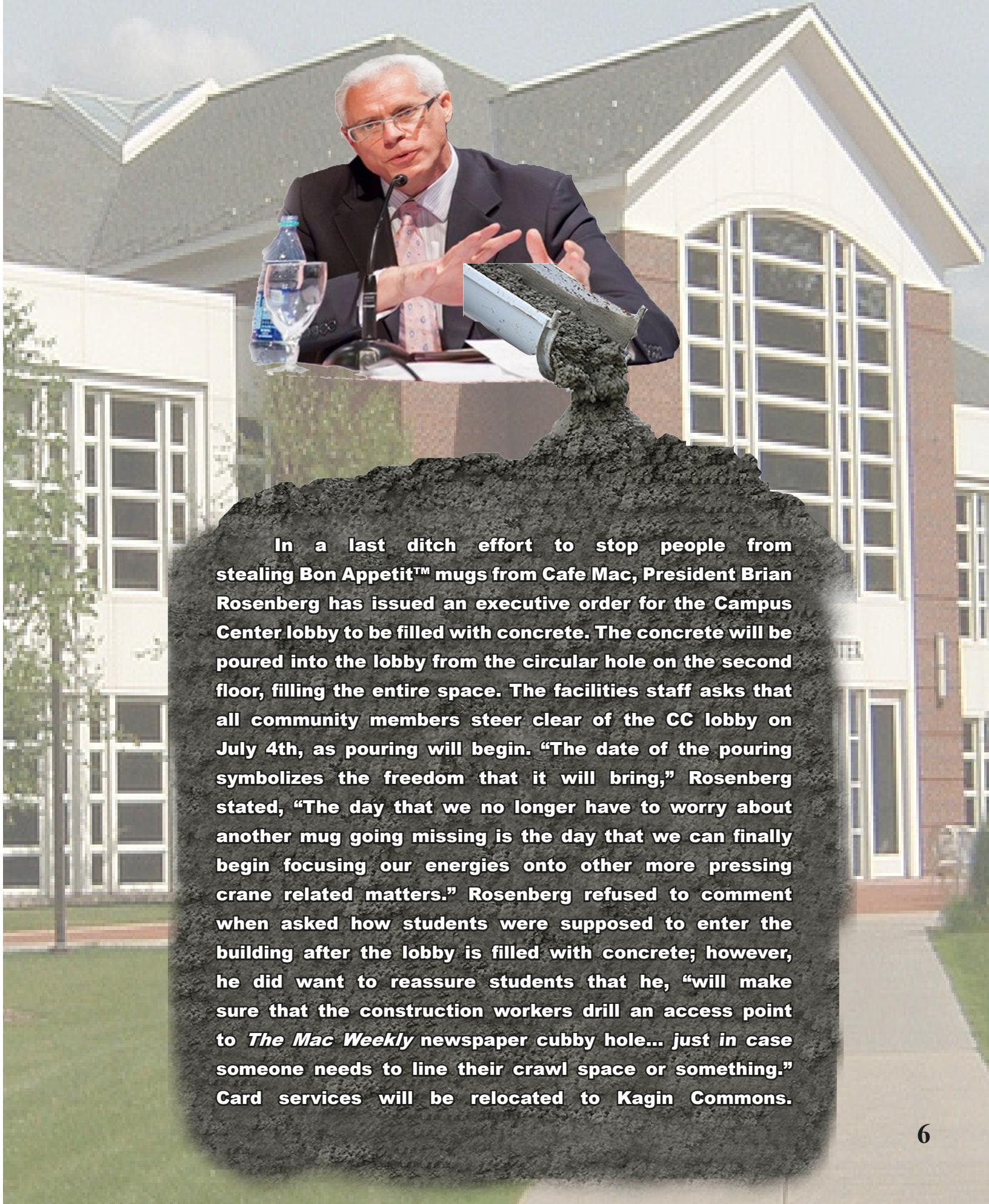
Campus Secret Revealed

First year Kevin Schultz was shocked this week to hear that his neighbors were not just stomping around upstairs but were, in fact, having sexual relations.

"Joe and Alvin just seemed to be such good friends" he explained "I just thought they liked rock music"

Schultz was troubled to discover that the noise he heard every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 2:15 p.m, was not the dropping of large rocks over the span of 15-30 minutes.

"I mean, Joe is a geology major, and Alvin is a physics major, so it makes sense!"



In a last ditch effort to stop people from stealing Bon Appetit™ mugs from Cafe Mac, President Brian Rosenberg has issued an executive order for the Campus Center lobby to be filled with concrete. The concrete will be poured into the lobby from the circular hole on the second floor, filling the entire space. The facilities staff asks that all community members steer clear of the CC lobby on July 4th, as pouring will begin. “The date of the pouring symbolizes the freedom that it will bring,” Rosenberg stated, “The day that we no longer have to worry about another mug going missing is the day that we can finally begin focusing our energies onto other more pressing crane related matters.” Rosenberg refused to comment when asked how students were supposed to enter the building after the lobby is filled with concrete; however, he did want to reassure students that he, “will make sure that the construction workers drill an access point to *The Mac Weekly* newspaper cubby hole... just in case someone needs to line their crawl space or something.” Card services will be relocated to Kagin Commons.

Story behind middle aged couple alone in cafe mac just as sad as it looks

According to sources close to the issue, the haggard middle aged couple sitting entirely silent and motionless in the middle of cafe mac is just as sad as they look. Ali Henderson, a first year who witnessed the couple suggested that “maybe they have a kid who’s looking at Mac?” but you, me, and everybody else know deep down that these people do not have children. Yuhanna ibn Qurra, a junior, hypothesized that “maybe they met in Cafe Mac and are trying to relive that romantic moment”. While this is obviously wrong as no one’s most romantic moment has ever been in Cafe Mac, it would honestly be more depressing if it was true. Jack Teller, a Senior who has not slept in 4 days said “I’ve been watching these guys for like 20 minutes and they haven’t moved or spoken at all so I’m pretty sure they’re a figment of my imagination” and as much as we wish this was true we can all see them as well, so they’re real. Professors from across departments have banded together to try and discover a reason for their presence that could alleviate the deep sense of existential dread that overwhelms anyone who lays eyes on them. They have not been successful.

THE HEGE'S MISSED CONNECTIONS

The girl reading this ;)

Dude with no shoes

Man jogging through campus in short-shorts in winter

Person driving car on Shaw Field- Let me help you

Little lady who came to my office hours last Thursday. You’re taking up time that could be filled with more attractive students.

Person who came back to my room after Kagin last night- I never got your name, but thank you for a wild night! I never thought of using a desk lamp like that!

Kagin Cinderella

Silver fox on the parents' tour last weekend ;)

@Ben, I'm actually doing really great, thanks!

Girl who ate four plates of ribs in Cafe Mac last night- color me impressed!

Cute first-year I bought alcohol for last weekend

Person making out with their computer while Skyping their long-distance SO in Cafe Mac: can I get in on that?

Dude who walks the same pace as me, but slightly slower, on the way to our 1:20s, move out of the way and into my heart <3

Jabari

Girl with earrings made in Idea Lab

Girl made in Idea Lab

The only other person at the Sober@Mac event on Friday- wanna grab a drink?

Reasons Why I Won't Hug My Professors Anymore

PHYS 199-04: My skin chafes against the hard, reptilian scales that completely covers their exterior.

SOC 101: They like to pull me close and say "squeeze me like a rag doll you mighty beast".

HIST 387: Every time I come into physical contact with this professor, I start hearing the Marseilles and am suddenly transported back in time into the body of early French Revolutionary politician Adrien Duport.

PE 354-01: I once saw them completely naked in the middle of Shaw Field bathing triumphantly in the blood of their fallen capstone presenters and now if I touch them I become deeply aroused.

CHEM 269: I know for a fact that every day they arise at 4 A.M to harvest lavender from their garden which they then rub over their entire body until they are nothing, nothing but the lavender.

RUSS 244: They pay an elderly Russian man named Pyotr to follow me around and cut onions so that I'm always crying, just the way they like me.

POLI 435: They voted for Ross Perot in 1996 and it makes me sick.



Race to the Finish Line: A Senior's Tale

I woke up last week and realized that I, Steven Poole, class of 2018, was about to graduate. And I haven't checked off nearly enough of the things on my college bucket list that I wanted to. Here I was, late April of my senior year, and I hadn't gotten high off of or had sex with half the people and things I set out to when I arrived at Macalester. I had had the framed list above my bed and so far I'd only managed to check off "make a sandwich out of the food from every station at Cafe Mac" and "call advisor by first name".

I jumped out of bed and realized I had so little time, and the sprint to the finish line started now. I took deep hit off my roommate's bong, shotgunned a Hamms, and went to my 9:40. Go to class drunk and high, check. After spending what felt like the full hour wondering if fish can sigh, I realized it was only 10 o'clock. Not enough time!! I got up, pissed on my professor's laptop (check) and sprinted from the room.

Next on the list was: "have sex in every building on campus". As I had established myself as a Lone Wolf at Macalester, there was no way I could get a sexual partner on such short notice; still running, I began masturbating furiously as I ran from Olin Rice to Neill to Jwall to Carnegie. Despite my exhaustion, I finished on the second floor of Old Main. Damn. Half the buildings would have to do. Check.

It was now 10:06. Next on the list was "drop acid" followed by "do shrooms". God why did I leave this for so long? I ran back home, limp dick waving in the breeze, and burst through the front door. "What the fuck!?" I heard my housemate shout through a mouthful of toast. "Have close friend see penis". Check. I tore open my sock drawer and pulled out the tab of acid and dried fungus I'd been saving since sophomore year and shoved them in my mouth.



As time and space collided in a burst of color and sound, I found myself in Cafe Mac for an 11:00 lunch. “Eat every soup,” I said out loud. Whether or not it was actually on my list I wasn’t sure, since I’d lost the ability to read English in my drug induced haze. I grabbed a plate and tried to fold it into a bowl shape before grabbing a mug and filling it with minestrone and turkey wild rice. “Take a mug from Cafe Mac!” I shouted in a monotone and ran from the Campus Center, spilling the chunky concoction all over my slacks. Double check.

After chugging my FrankenSoup, I sped to the fourth floor of the library. I remembered that the next things on my list were “Have 3 way” and “Have sex in library”. I burst into a group study room to find myself in luck: two startled looking juniors having uncoordinated standing-up-shirts-on-pants-around-knees sex. “I’m sorry!” I cried over their startled shrieks, hopping around and counting to 5 Mississippi. “Okay, that counts!” and I bolted from the room again. Check and check.

I fell down the stairs to the Idea Lab and found I could check another two items off my list. Shoving a button-making first year to the floor, I threw open the door to the 3D printer and attempted to scan my asshole, but only managed the taint. That would have to do. I locked myself in with the 3D printer until it finished its misshapen creation. I grabbed the lump of hot plastic and stumbled, pantsless, to Weyerhauser where President Rosenberg was coming out of the front door. “SEND NUDES TO BRIRO!” I wailed, pelting the 3D recreation of my grundle at his forehead. “What in the entrepreneurship--” was all he could say before it collided with his glasses. Yes! Direct hit!

And now, having presented this speech at commencement, I can finally say I have completed everything on my college bucket list. Here’s to the class of 2018!





Sign on Macalester Crane has attracted three new entrepreneurs to campus

Over the past two months, the Crane over the soon-to-be-finished theatre complex has shone over the campus. This new addition, which Head of Facilities Bob Brickster recently confirmed as a permanent addition to the campus, has acted like north star to campus, and has brought three new entrepreneurs to the Macalester campus. Upon arrival, they presented Kate Ryan Reiling with three gifts and pledged themselves to her. They now roam around the idea lab, waiting for the end times. In the meantime, here they are:

Entrepreneur #1

Joe Joeson was born with a briefcase in one hand and cologne in the other. Upon seeing the giant sign in the sky, Joe packed up all of his belongings and headed North to find the one part of life he was truly missing, lateral pre-professional skills. In between his thoughts, Joeson likes running his fingernails through the sowing machines and eating the goop from the 3D printer. Joeson is able to survive on a diet of exclusively coffee grounds and compostable cups. If students ever need an idea for a project, Joeson wants them to know they can always ask him for advice, as he literally cannot escape the idea lab.

Entrepreneur #2

A young man who refers to himself as “The Human Bulb” as well as just “Bulb” was also quite keen on the newly implemented facilities Macalester has put funds toward. “Bulb” wears a fragile glass casing around his body with a filliment that feeds itself from the bottom of the aluminum threads near the bottom of what considers his body. “I just think it’s just wonderful,” Bulb said as he flicked his fillement on and off using a switch incased within the aluminum threading. “That sign must be 50,000 Watts, bare minimum,” Bulb asserted as he flickered on in approval. “That’s quite bright! To tell you the truth, I’m quite jealous!” Bulb flickered off in embarrassment. “But it’s really quite alright! Here at the idea lab we’re full of brightness! Whenever I’m feeling a little dark I know just where to go! Truly a place where bright minds can congregate!” Bulb said while flickering on and off in elation.

Entrepreneur #3

Another individual who refers to herself as “Yes” has had nothing but positive feedback for Macalester’s latest changes. Despite being merely a moth that was attracted to the giant Macalester sign and a ouija board that was, for some reason, put inside the idea lab, “Yes” had a lot to say. In asking “Yes” if she liked the latest changes, “Yes” responded: “T. U. P. I. Good” In asking her if she had any constructive criticism, “Yes” responded: “Ouija. E. M. Good. Bye.” really indicating her passion on the matter.

Borrowed Book

Adam Sorberg
To: Gavin Dates
Hi Mr. Dates,

April 3rd 3:24 PM

About a month and a half ago you borrowed a copy of my book *The Zoo and You, Ten Fun Things You Can Do At The Zoo That Don't Involve Slapping the Monkees*. I need that book back as soon as possible since other students are now interested in borrowing it.

Let me know when you can get it back to me.

See you in class on Thursday

-Professor Sorberg

Adam Sorberg, PHD.

"Patience is bitter but its fruit is sweet." Jean Jacques Rousseau

RE:Borrowed Book

Gavin Dates
To: sorberg@macalester.edu

April 4th 6:00pm

Hi Professor Sorberg,

I'll have it for you in class tomorrow.

Gavin

RE:RE:Borrowed Book

Adam Sorberg
To: Gavin Dates

April 6th 4:18PM

Gavin,

I was quite disappointed when you failed once again to return *The Zoo and You, Ten Fun Things You Can Do At The Zoo That Don't Involve Slapping the Monkees*. It has a great deal of sentimental value to me. Please have it for me on Tuesday or we will need to have a very frank discussion.

-Professor Sorberg

Adam Sorberg, PHD.

"Patience is bitter but its fruit is sweet." Jean Jacques Rousseau

RE:RE:RE:Borrowed Book

Adam Sorberg
To: Gavin Dates

April 6th 10:49PM

Y'know what? Fuck you Gavin. I'm sick of all your bullshit. "Oh I forgot to bring your book!" "what pages were we supposed to read again?" Fuck you, you C-piece of shit.

-Professor Sorberg

Adam Sorberg, PHD.

"Patience is bitter but its fruit is sweet." Jean Jacques Rousseau

RE:RE:RE:RE:Borrowed Book

Adam Sorberg
To: Gavin Dates

April 6th 11:30PM

Stupid piece of shit

Adam Sorberg, PHD.

"Patience is bitter but its fruit is sweet." Jean Jacques Rousseau

RE:RE:RE:RE:RE: Borrowed Book

Adam Sorberg
To: Gavin Dates

April 6th 11:30PM

Stupid piece of shit coward.

Adam Sorberg, PHD.

"Patience is bitter but its fruit is sweet." Jean Jacques Rousseau

RE:RE:RE:RE:RE:RE: Borrowed Book

Adam Sorberg
To: Gavin Dates

April 7th 2:22AM

Look, Gavin. I'm really sorry for those emails I sent. I'll be honest, I was doing jello shots tonight and I had a few too many. It's just that this book really turned things around for me, y'know? I was at a point man, my wife said "you slap one more monkey and I'm taking the kids to my mother's house". This book saved my life man. You remind me a lot of myself, young, excited, and filled with a burning hatred for those smug fucking monkees.

I love you man. -Sorberg

Adam Sorberg, PHD.

"Patience is bitter but its fruit is sweet." Jean Jacques Rousseau

Review of a Toyota Dealership

Bob: Shoreview, MN



- “I am irate”

The thing that was wrong was, firstly, that your sales agent was less a sales agent and more a wretched, demonic skinwalker of the abyss. That was strike one. Second, your dealership was less a dealership, and more a dark cave full of horrors beyond the comprehension of man. There was a thick fog that blasted like a fire hose straight into my neck and made me question my faith in god. Are we alone in the universe? That was strike two. And finally, the Camry you sold me was less a Camry and more and a car sized monitor lizard that now sits in the entirety of my living room and calls me a bitch all day. There is no longer anywhere for me to sit and even from the dark, moldy attic where I now sleep I can hear its cry through the walls. “Bitch,” it bellows. Who the fuck is this lizard?

Therefore, I would like both a full refund, and for a representative to come to my neighborhood and formally apologize to my fellow residents. Not only have they wrestled with the confusion of a powerful, unseen voice calling them a bitch day in and day out, but each night cackling witches descend on the block to flick our genitals while we sleep. My neighbors and I rise in a state of half-slumber and full pelvic agony. “Why!?” we plead. “Why are you doing this!?” “Ba!” the witches cry, before taking to the skies in a crazed flurry. “Ba!” This is by far the worst customer service I’ve ever seen.

I know that I for one will never be returning to this establishment. My genitals are now an unfeeling wad and my self-esteem has never been lower. I have begun signing my emails “Sincerely, Bitch” without even realizing it. I guess that’s just who I am now. I know it’s not uncommon to get ripped off in the auto industry, but this is simply absurd. I hope that one day someone has the guts to stand up to you crooks and give you a taste of your own medicine, which I believe is a mixture of molten urine and expired cottage cheese. It lacks any nutritional value. I am emaciated.

As I type this from the foul smelling confines of my attic bedroom, the walls shaking and splitting at the seams with the thunderous cry of “Bitch,” I beg of you: do not give this dealership your business. I will never be able to undo what they have done to me. Hark, I hear the witches come now, and I must hide my genitals in the sand. Heed my words, or suffer a life of unceasing agony.

Sincerely,
Bitch

13 Unconventional Places to incubate on Campus

1. Fully clothed in the Sauna
2. Bus stop on Grand with the heat lamp on
3. Inside bone nest in Olin-Rice
4. Your roommate's bed
5. Bathroom-within-a-bathroom on the second floor of Neill
6. Meditation chair turned all the way up
7. Underneath David Sisk
8. Popcorn maker in the Loch
9. Idea Lab
10. Under the warmth of the crane sign
11. St. Thomas' nicer dorms
12. On top of David Sisk
13. Between people at a Kagin



Devon Tropene posted in Free & For Sale:

...

Cozy Summer Sublet available

\$250

St Paul, MN

Looking for someone to sublet for the summer. Fully furnished space with AC and surround sound! The window to square footage ratio is amazing. It'd be \$65/month + utilities/gas. Sometimes close to campus. Sometimes close to Target. Always close to the party. My girlfriend visits on the weekends, but I promise we're quiet :-) PM me if interested!

 [Message Seller](#)



SECTION III FORUM for asking questions and posting comments

▼ Your new discussion topic

Subject*

Just Going Off Nicole,

Message*



I just want to start off by saying, this comment is by no means a completely formed opinion, because I obviously don't know all the information. But in general, I really just wanted to go off Nicole's point and say and I just want to make sure I point out that I don't share the experiences we're talking about here, so I can never speak with full certainty on this, and I'm very open to criticism, so feel free to correct me if I'm wrong, please; I'm here to learn first and foremost. What I'm really trying to say is that, I think this point relates to my friend, who is of a marginalized identity, who told me once about how one time she- and I don't mean to generalize this one experience into a whole, I really just want to bring in some real-life examples, and I recognize that not everyone here shares the same knowledge base, but it really just relates a lot to what you were saying earlier, Professor, and I just wanted to echo that sentiment, and extend it a bit. So I guess my point is that, as a white man, it just really seems to me that

Recommendation Letter for Brad Stokers:

To whom it may concern,

I am pleased to recommend Bradley Stokers for the position of Gender and Diversity Coordinator. Mr. Stokers was an exceptional student in my American Literature class. He exhibited a strong belief in academic inquiry, consistently challenging other students in class discussions, often just to argue the same point phrased differently. Mr. Stokers is strongly committed to the education of his fellow students, shown most clearly in his unrelenting dedication to the grammar proficiency of his international classmates. Additionally, Mr. Stokers demonstrated a genuine interest in the thoughts of the women in our class, commonly extending their comments into longer, usually somehow vaguely racist, versions of those students' points.

Throughout the semester, Mr. Stokers appeared to want to get as much out of the course as possible. He always sat in the front row, so that if he had something brilliant to say, he did not have to wait for me to call on students with their hands raised. Instead, he treated the class as if it were a one-on-one conversation with the professor, showing impressive comfort in an academic setting. He even liked to call me such nicknames as "Fred," "Mr. M" and "F-Dog." When Mr. Stokers enters the classroom, he makes sure his presence is known, shuffling his papers, pencils, and books around, fearlessly making noise to mark his well-earned territory. One could say he marches to the beat of his own drum. When I read through his final paper, I had to revisit it multiple times, because I couldn't even comprehend his genius. I was up all night trying to parse the many meanings in his intricately crafted sentences.

Mr. Stokers also demonstrated excellent argumentative skills. He was never afraid to ask for an A, showing incredible persistence and perseverance until he succeeded. Mr. Stokers is quite well-known on campus as well; whenever someone says "that one guy," there is no question they are referring to Bradley Stokers. I have often overheard his classmates showering him with words of praise like "asshole" and "prick." In these ways, Mr. Stokers was quite the ideal student, and I couldn't recommend him more strongly for this position.

Best Regards,

Professor Frederick Mills
Associate Professor of English Literature
Macalester College

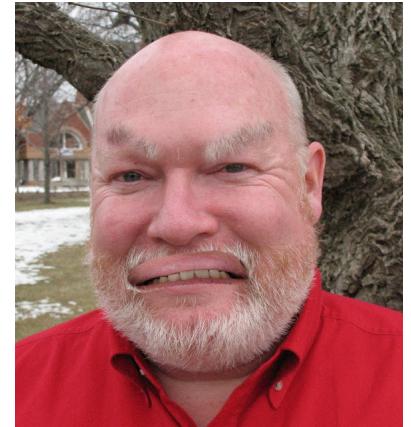
Which Sisk Are You?



Happy Sisk
-makes martinis in free time
-loves ITS
-sweet potato pudding



Passive Aggressive Sisk
-AKA your roommate
-never asks for your password (but corrects your grammar)
-subtweets



Angry Sisk
-has your password
-smiles through the pain :""")
-sick of your shit



Fantasy Sisk
-if only the homeland would take me back
-how I yearn for the wind in my hair
-I will never know the days of my youth



Doomsday Sisk
-dead eyes
-empty soul
-nothing is real
-philosophy major
-mass emails
-Phishing scams
-Sells on Dark web



4/20 Sisk
-quirky and different
-not like other girls
-gives zero fucks
-won't ask for your password, will ask for a hit
-cool mom



**SEE YOU
NEXT YEAR!**

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insta: @the_hegemonocle**