



*Mover, shaker, hog*

## Hege-O

volume 18, issue 1

People you  
may know:



**MEERA KATE**

Ace pilot and  
adventurer



**BRIAN O.**

Novel editor and  
columnist



**JOE BATEMAN**

My tie is upside  
down



**TY GAH**

Composer for the  
Macalester Trads



**THE MAC WEEK-**

is still waiting to  
connect with you



**KOFI ANNAN**

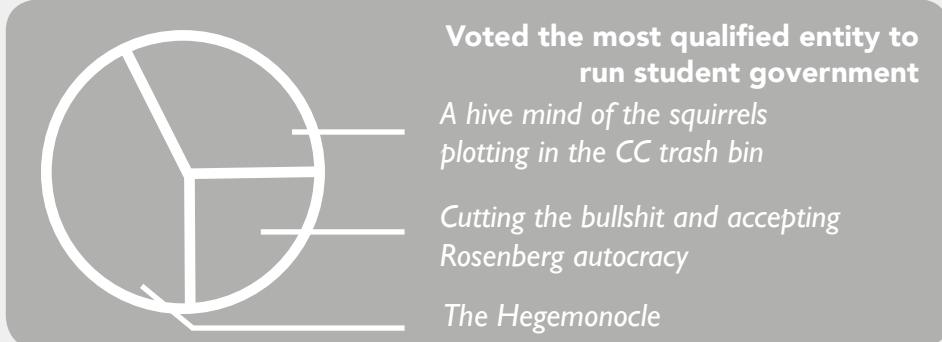
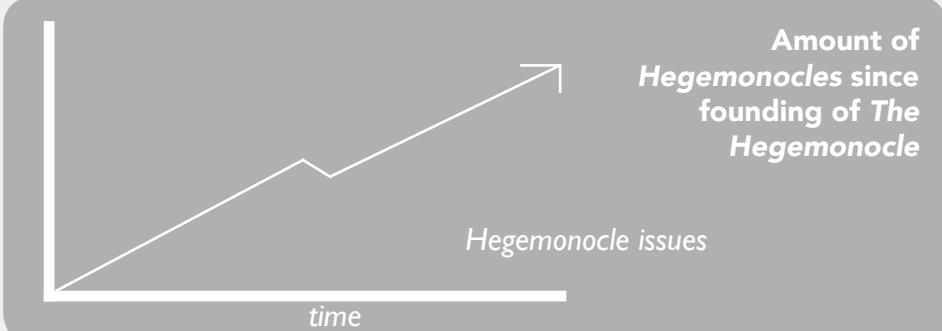
your request is  
pending approval

# THE HEGE GETS A JOB



Awarded "Absolutely the Funniest  
Hegehog-themed Bi-Semesterly Print  
Humor Publication in the Twin Cities  
Metro Area" 9 years in a row

*SUCK IT TOMMIES!!!*



# THE EDITORIAL:

*As we hand the baton over to the next set of eager little goobers who will take over the reins of this magazine, we prepare to enter the real adult world with all the scary, scary big people. And what better way to do that than with a strong recommendation from someone you've spent the last four years cranking out mediocre comedy with. With letters like these, those scary biggies will have no choice but to hire us:*

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Sean McDonald writing on behalf of Sarah Coleman:

Dear Future Employer,

I have seen Sarah Coleman slice a bear in half with her car keys. I've seen her eat an entire paperback book, just because she could. I've seen her smack some punk turkey around like it was nothing. Sarah Coleman doesn't walk through doors, she walks over them. She has her cake, eats it too, then throws up because eating cake is for idiots.

Sarah Coleman is no idiot. If you hire her, you will get three things. One, you will get her to work at your company, that is obvious, I shouldn't have to tell you that. Two, you will get snakes. Don't ask me where the snakes come from. I don't know, that is not a productive question. And three, you will get whatever she damn well decides to give you, and you will thank her for it. That's just how she works.

So when you hire Sarah Coleman, because you will, we have established that already, you cannot deny this, you will get the employee of you have always longed for. You will get someone who is bold. You will get someone who is talented. You will get someone who is not afraid of lions. She doesn't even know what lions are, she rejects them as a concept. When you hire Sarah Coleman, you will thank me, you will thank yourselves, and you will thank whatever ugly idiot you worship as your god.

I have said all the things I wanted to say. So shut the fuck up already and hire her.

Best wishes,  
Sean McDonald

Sarah Coleman writing on behalf of Sean McDonald:

Dear Future Employer,

How do I explain the entity that is Sean McDonald? Picture this: A cuddly lamb with the heart of a dictator; a warm blanket made from the pelts of the most endangered mammals; a beautifully tended garden filled with nothing but the most poisonous plants. That, friends, is Sean McDonald. And yet he is so much more.

He can be your best friend, or your worst enemy. With him as your employee, you will see productivity skyrocket, and soon you will be swiftly fired when he becomes your supervisor. His stare is piercing and his bite is strong, not to mention he has a very solid (albeit somewhat damp) handshake. His main motivation in life is to be the best at his craft, and you will get nothing but absolute perfection upon hiring him...if you dare.

Sean is patient; Sean is kind. He will answer to "Ya Boy Sean," "Soy Bean," "Bean Bag," or "Seany B," but you probably shouldn't call him any of those because he doesn't like it very much. He's pretty good at basketball, he makes a mean baked ziti, and his spelling is impeccable provided spell check is on. This man will not disappoint because he cannot. He is actually 1000 years old and made a deal with the devil that would grant him immortality provided he never failed at anything. And that deal was made 900 years ago, so he's got a great track record.

Sean is the best thing that could ever happen to you and your enterprise. Don't pass up on him.

Warmest regards,

*Sarah Coleman*

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*With that, we bid you all farewell. It has been an honor to present you with only the purest, most eloquent form of comedy (e.g. jokes about masturbation and the food at Cafe Mac). This magazine was a product of blood, sweat, tears, and a little bit of spit. We hope you remember us as the Golden Age of the Hegemonocle and are gentle with the buffoons leaders who follow in our footsteps. Take good care of our precious Hege.*

Much love,

*Sarah Coleman and Sean McDonald*

The Macalester Hegemonocle

March 2018

THE Macalester

# HEGEMONOCLE

*Probably Macalester's First Humor Magazine*

**Volume 18, Issue 1**  
**Spring 2018**

The Hege Gets a Job Issue

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Sean McDonald '18

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*Caleb Driker-Ohren '19	Jordan Schwed '21
*Adam Rogowski '19	

\* On sabbatical

## SHOUT OUTS

Elon Musk for shooting my Dad into space

The crane for reminding us which college we go to

Eating a whole chocolate babka by yourself in the dark

The eight crates of bananas that Macalester goes through  
on a daily basis

*Nothing Bundt Pans* for providing materials to keep that other  
store on Grand in business

Founders: Mikey Freedman '11 & Dan Rocklin '11

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**Hegemonocle**  
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Most characters appearing  
in this work are fictitious.  
Any resemblance to real  
persons, living or dead, is  
purely satirical.

*The Hegemonocle* is published four-ish  
times per academic year.

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All content, except what we've stolen  
from elsewhere, is © The Macalester  
Hegemonocle, 2018.

# NEW TREND ALERT!

*Houses  
that  
are just  
always on  
fire*

**Our Hege interior  
decorator has brought  
you the hot tip on  
the latest trends in  
interior and exterior  
redecorating:**

Art and design are in constant flux as new trends are continually emerging to suit ever changing tastes. One such emerging trend in architecture is houses that are just always on fire. Across the country houses are springing up that are in the constant process of being slowly consumed by a barely controlled fire that can be seen raging both inside and outside of the house. Interior designer Akira Yoshiaki told us that "people are drawn to houses which are continuously on fire because they feel that the flames constantly threatening their house with wholesale destruction reflect the chaos of postmodern life. As their house is ravaged by flames, so their lives are ravaged by uncertainty."

The firehouses are not without controversy, however. A protest movement has sprung up whose members claim that houses which are always on fire are "symbols of reckless consumerism," "garish monuments to the false idols of the modern world", and "frankly unsafe." We talked to one Lionel Smuck, who said "These houses don't even make sense. I mean, what happens when it rains?" The owners of fire houses across the country are even engaged in a class action lawsuit against the international association of firefighters over the many cases of house fires extinguished against the owner's will. The houses also suffer from prices 10 to 15 times the national average as a result of the cost of repairs and the need for a 24/7 live-in contractor to prevent the house from burning entirely. Despite these controversies, proponents of the movement claim it has a great deal more nuance than it is given credit for.

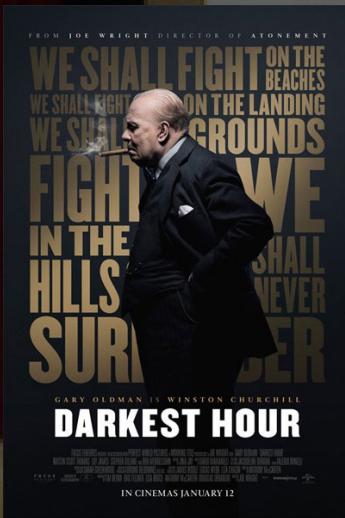
According to new homeowners Jebediah and Mabel Vandersloot, "There are a thousand little things you can do to put your own twist on a house that's just always on fire. For instance, there's the furniture to consider. Some people like to invest in sturdy hardwood furniture, the slow destruction of which mirrors the ravages of time upon the house's inhabitants. On the other hand we decided to furnish our house exclusively with those flimsy wood and canvas director's chairs you see in old movies, they catch fire suddenly and burn in no time at all. The drama of their sudden and rapid conflagration is just like the brilliant but ultimately transient nature of human existence." If couples long for the illusion of control, they can even install a fireplace in which a non-perpetual fire can be lit, bringing a cheerful glow to the room which matches wonderfully with the hungry glow of the fire that slowly reduces the rest of the room to cinders.

So what will the future hold for houses that are always on fire? Surveys indicate that even now they are falling out of fashion and being replaced by houses that slowly fill with water.



# CAUGHT THE OSCAR FEVER?

Our Hegemonocle Movie critic has covered the top movies of the year. If you didn't get a chance to see the Oscars, don't worry, here's everything that you need to know



It's 3 am!



Guillermo del Toro is at it again with this psychological thriller. For 2 hours a man tries to grab fistfulls of water out of a dingy bathtub. He becomes frustrated and the film ends with him crying into his open hands. Finally, he knows the shape of water: it is tears.



Two men named Michael P. Sampson keep getting each other's mail. Just back and forth for two and a half hours. Very confusing.



A ghostly thread haunts a sewing club at a summer camp. Slowly, the children are drawn out to the arts and crafts shack, where they are promptly murdered in "thread related accidents." The thread is played by Daniel Day Lewis.



It looks kind of like this



A dark comedy depicting the life of a married artist couple living on the French coast. Over time they realize that beyond their love of surrealist acrylic painting, they don't have much in common and struggle to come to a consensus on the breed of cat they want to adopt. The final scene is her telling him she has filed for divorce by whispering softly "I'm done, Kirk!" Fade to black.



An experimental film shot in first person. A man repeatedly tries to force his way into occupied stalls in public restrooms, but is met with indignance, surprise, embarrassment, and rage. After each encounter he shuffles backward away from the toilet, muttering, "Ope, sorry."



One billboard is for a McDonald's at the upcoming exit. The next one is for a personal injury law firm. The third one is for Crazy Pete's Baptism Emporium. Run time - 150 minutes

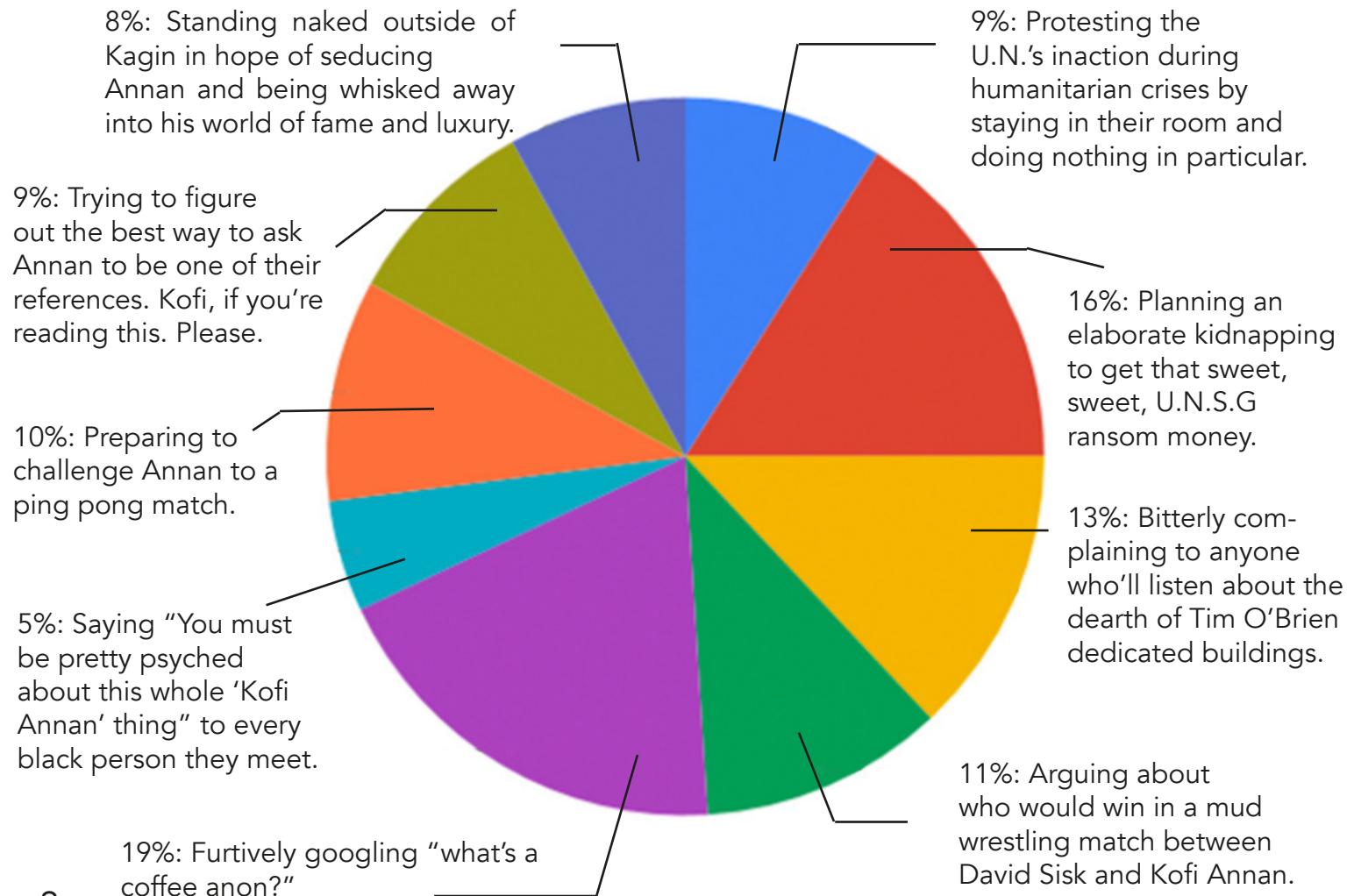


A day in the life of the female Eurasian tree sparrow. She realizes that though her plumage may be thin and her beak may be short, that's how bird-God made her. Tragically she is hit by a Honda Civic in the end.



## What are we doing to celebrate the arrival of Kofi Annan?

Kofi Annan, the AK-47 himself, will arrive on campus this spring for the rededication of the Institute for Global Citizenship in his honor. We've taken a poll of student's plans for his arrival:



On this week's edition of:  
“Where is YOUR tuition money going”

- A crane
- A giant sign displaying “Macalester” on the crane
- A construction hat
- Kofi Annan
- 2 color copies of *The Hegemonocle*
- A campaign to bring back the Macalester Orange
- Cheryl Doucette. It all goes to Cheryl Doucette.

## HEADLINES FROM AROUND CAMPUS:

**Driving a minivan through the snow: an accurate representation of your spring semester**

**The handmaid’s tale: also the story of your mother yearning for grandchildren**

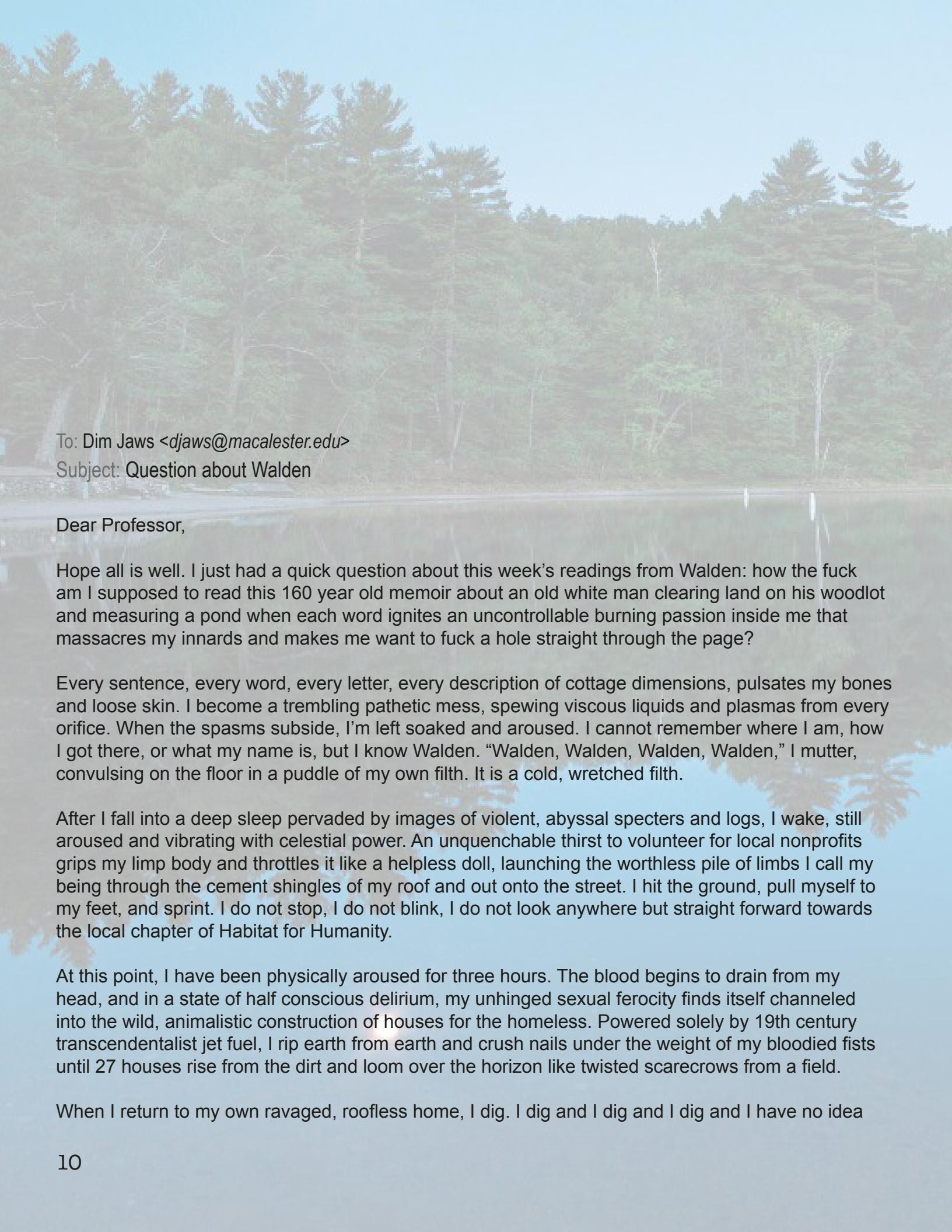
**Olin-Rice Hub changes name to *The David Sisk Science Zone***

**Watch out!**

**Razor Scooter collisions total 3 as 2018 begins with a “razor” sharp increase in injuries around campus**

**BriRo sends out letter addressing scooter awareness: “This is a time for our community to gather and wheel-y strive for greatness”**





To: Dim Jaws <[djaws@macalester.edu](mailto:djaws@macalester.edu)>  
Subject: Question about Walden

Dear Professor,

Hope all is well. I just had a quick question about this week's readings from Walden: how the fuck am I supposed to read this 160 year old memoir about an old white man clearing land on his woodlot and measuring a pond when each word ignites an uncontrollable burning passion inside me that massacres my innards and makes me want to fuck a hole straight through the page?

Every sentence, every word, every letter, every description of cottage dimensions, pulsates my bones and loose skin. I become a trembling pathetic mess, spewing viscous liquids and plasmas from every orifice. When the spasms subside, I'm left soaked and aroused. I cannot remember where I am, how I got there, or what my name is, but I know Walden. "Walden, Walden, Walden, Walden," I mutter, convulsing on the floor in a puddle of my own filth. It is a cold, wretched filth.

After I fall into a deep sleep pervaded by images of violent, abyssal specters and logs, I wake, still aroused and vibrating with celestial power. An unquenchable thirst to volunteer for local nonprofits grips my limp body and throttles it like a helpless doll, launching the worthless pile of limbs I call my being through the cement shingles of my roof and out onto the street. I hit the ground, pull myself to my feet, and sprint. I do not stop, I do not blink, I do not look anywhere but straight forward towards the local chapter of Habitat for Humanity.

At this point, I have been physically aroused for three hours. The blood begins to drain from my head, and in a state of half conscious delirium, my unhinged sexual ferocity finds itself channeled into the wild, animalistic construction of houses for the homeless. Powered solely by 19th century transcendentalist jet fuel, I rip earth from earth and crush nails under the weight of my bloodied fists until 27 houses rise from the dirt and loom over the horizon like twisted scarecrows from a field.

When I return to my own ravaged, roofless home, I dig. I dig and I dig and I dig and I have no idea

# Walden?

where I'm digging to and I don't care, I don't FUCKING care. I dig like a goddamn madman \

into a wall of soil more endless than the dark waters of Walden pond, plowing through rocks, sedimentary deposits, and burrowing rodents who scurry for their lives away from my unforgiving hand trowels. I feel no pain as I slice them to pieces and careen towards the earth's core, caked in magma and fur. In a moment of pure ecstasy I feel the heat of the entire planet and the merits of "simple living" pulsating through my writhing body, expanding inwardly and outwardly until everything is me and I am everything and the cosmos echo with a wailing cry of "WALDEN!"

My erection subsides. The Earth is my woman.

I wake up in the shower with scalding water pounding my beaten body. I turn off the water, dry myself, and eat an entire Costco rotisserie chicken with my bare hands to regain my strength. For the next nineteen hours I sleep, wrapped in pelts and silks so I can sweat out the fever. When I finally rise from my slumber, I drink seven PowerAdes and stand in the sun for another three hours. Then I am ready to start again.

So anyways, what pages were we supposed to read again?

Warmest regards,  
Johnny





# STILL WONDERING WHERE YOU'LL BE IN 5 YEARS?

## LOOK NO FURTHER!

**AMERICAN STUDIES** - You know too much. You've been forced to relocate to Canada. There's no going back now

**ANTHROPOLOGY** - People-watching at the mall Build-a-Bear

**ART/ART HISTORY** - Working at the mall Build-a-Bear as a "bear-rista"

**BIOLOGY** - Trying to reanimate the bears you built at the mall Build-a-Bear

**CHEMISTRY** - Watching Breaking Bad and thinking "I could do that" and then not doing it

**CLASSICS** - Trying to bring feudalism back

**COMP SCI** - Programming sex robots. For yourself

**ECONOMICS** - Locked inside a bank vault saying "hello?" But no one comes. No one ever comes

**EDUCATIONAL STUDIES** - Getting your masters in puppy obedience classes

**ENGLISH/CREATIVE WRITING** - Typing really loud in a Caribou so people know you're a writer, or as you prefer, a painter of the page

**ENVIRONMENTAL STUDIES** - Covered in mud

**GEOGRAPHY** - Customer service at Mapquest

**HISTORY** - Reminiscing

**INTERNATIONAL STUDIES** - Watching the Amazing Race, and feeling smug because you've heard of most of the places

**LINGUISTICS** - You've lost all ability to communicate with people. All you hear are the phonemes

**MATHEMATICS** - Realizing you can count all your friends on one hand

**MEDIA AND CULTURAL STUDIES** - Leaving nuanced critiques of The Country Bears on IMDB

**MUSIC** - Yo Yo Ma's bitch

**PHYSICS AND ASTRONOMY** - Operating the planetarium for a children's birthday and high teenagers

**PSYCHICS AND ASTROLOGY** - Making fucking BANK \$\$\$

**PHYSICAL EDUCATION** - Twirling an AT&T sign like it's NOTHNG

**POLITICAL SCIENCE** - Making memes for your favorite Slavoj Zizek Facebook group

**PHILOSOPHY** - Smoking weed

**CRITICAL THEORY** - Selling weed

**PSYCHOLOGY** - Psychoanalyzing your parents because you still live with them

**RELIGIOUS STUDIES** - Dropping out of Rabbinical school

**ALL LANGUAGE MAJORS** - You learned the wrong language for the job you wanted

**SOCIOLOGY** - Writing a critical ethnography of your cats

**WGSS** - Officiating a traditional, heterosexual wedding

**THEATRE AND DANCE** - Closing all the blinds and dancing the footloose song (from Footloose)

# YOUR NEXT SEXUAL ENCOUNTER BY ASTROLOGICAL SIGN



## ARIES

You meet at the next Kagin. You grind passionately to YMCA and makeout like two dogs eating from the same plate of buttered noodles. The lights come on and you discover it's the preceptor from your geography class. You attempt to make small talk about maps before just turning around and walking out the door.



## TAURUS

You're at a party and you lock eyes with someone you've never seen before. You are drawn to each other and start talking and totally hit it off. You retreat into a shadowy corner for kisses and boob touches. You head back to their place and comment on their sick poster collection, but realize they look eerily familiar. Turns out you banged their sophomore roommate and they used to date your frisbee buddy. The mood is ruined. Why is this school so fucking small?!



## GEMINI

SpringFest. You're tripping hard on what a kid in a leather jacket called "Easy B". Or maybe it was "Cheesy 3"? Either way you are smelling color and tasting sound and you are having a wild dance fest with this total babe. You two retreat to your place for some intense humpage only for you to realize it was just your balled up sweatshirt all along. You pee yourself in fear that you will die alone.



## CANCER

You're printing out your midterm in the library and you're already late for class. The line for the quick print computer is insanely long because somebody is using it to check their hotmail account. You end up logging into a computer that takes an eternity to load and then struggle to log into Google Drive because you rushed and wrote "@macalester.com" like a fucking tool. You sprint sweatily to the print release station but your hand slips and you accidentally cancel your print job. Your mounting anxiety and sudden burst of rage literally brings you to orgasm.



## LEO

Your roommate is going on a road trip to Iowa City for spring break, which means you've got your room all to yourself for a week. Fuckin' lit. You wake up the first day of break early in the morning to find that your roommate and their stuff is already gone. Score! You grab your laptop and pull up some of that special occasion porn, the stuff that David Sisk specifically said the Macalester server could not handle because it got too embarrassed. You set up in the middle of the room with your pants around your ankles and a DRC dongle in your booty hole when your roommate bursts through the door looking for their phone charger. They do not come back after break.

## VIRGO

You go on a date with a wonderful guy you met on Tinder. He's funny, intelligent, handsome. The works. He mentions he even sings! You love a music man. You guys are clicking like you wouldn't believe, and he invites you back to his place to get down to some sexy business and you're all about it. You guys are making out on the couch when he stands up and hands you his belt. Wait a minute... He starts singing "Masturbating To You" and begins unbuttoning his shirt. Damn it! He's a Trad! You leave in disappointment.



## LIBRA

You're taking an intro class with a visiting professor who is truly smokin'. You daydream about the two of you running away and starting a new life far away, like in Minneapolis, and spending your evenings nude with a bottle of pinot noir and discussing the canon. One day your professor sends out an email via Moodle (which to be fair is hard to operate) with the subject line "noodz". Holy shit. This is your lucky day. You open the attached files as fast as possible and are met with poorly lit close up shots of nothing but taint. Oh boy!



## SCORPIO

You're working hard on a paper on the third floor of the library. It's late at night and as you feverishly type away you can hear somebody having sex in one of the group study rooms. You see more and more people going into the room and soon there are easily a dozen students grunting and moaning in unison. In...in unison? You realize it's a combined orgy and choir practice session. You cry because you weren't invited and your singing voice is terrible.



## SAGITARIUS

On a dark and drunken Saturday night you climb to the top of the Carnegie fire escape, surveying your kingdom. You become aroused by the sense of power you wield over this place. You laugh maniacally and sit down, masturbating purposefully before realizing that you've gotten stuck to the freezing cold iron bars. You are trapped there until morning.



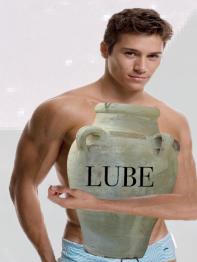
## CAPRICORN

On a mission to reveal incriminating secrets about President Rosenberg, you break into Bri Ro's office in the dark of night. You open his computer to find folders and folders of fan fiction that he has written about himself. There is literally nothing on his computer besides several terabytes of these poorly written stories. Still, you cannot help but be inspired by his passion for the craft.



## AQUARIUS

After an intense workout at the LC consisting of picking up the 5 pound weight, looking it over, and then setting it back down, you decide to hit the showers. You encounter your advisor strolling confidently around the locker room stark naked, shaking people's hands and complimenting them on their form. They spot you and ask you how your capstone is coming along. You switch majors.



## PISCES

Your org needs more than \$4,000 for their budget next year, which means an appeal to MCSG. You perform what you would consider a sensual striptease to a trap remix of A-Ha's "Take On Me" while presenting a PowerPoint laying out how you will be spending the money to engage with campus. Your budget gets sliced in half but you have a pretty good time.



## What kind of person eating alone at Cafe Mac are you by Astrological sign:

**Gemini** - You refuse to cry. You will not cry in front of these people. They'll laugh at you. They always laugh.

**Cancer** - You are a professor. Why? Why are you here?

**Leo** - You are confident, but no one is sure why. "Yeah I'm alone, so what?" you think, shoveling curry into your face. "They just couldn't handle my raw charisma."

**Virgo** - You are hunched over the bar. You haven't looked up in hours. You aren't even sure if Cafe Mac is still open. You consider returning to the surface for air. "No. Not yet," you think.

**Libra** - You make it clear to everyone who comes within fifty feet of you that you're waiting for someone. You've set out silverware on the other side of the table. You've been looking across Cafe Mac repeatedly for the past half hour. Yet you, and everyone else, knows no one is coming.

**Scorpio** - You are Skyping at your table because even if you're in a long distance relationship "you never eat without each other." You offer a spoonful of soup towards the camera and laugh. All of Cafe Mac collectively gags.

**Sagittarius** - You declined to sit with your FYC. "It's important to branch out," you thought. You watch them from behind a plate of waffle fries. They're laughing.

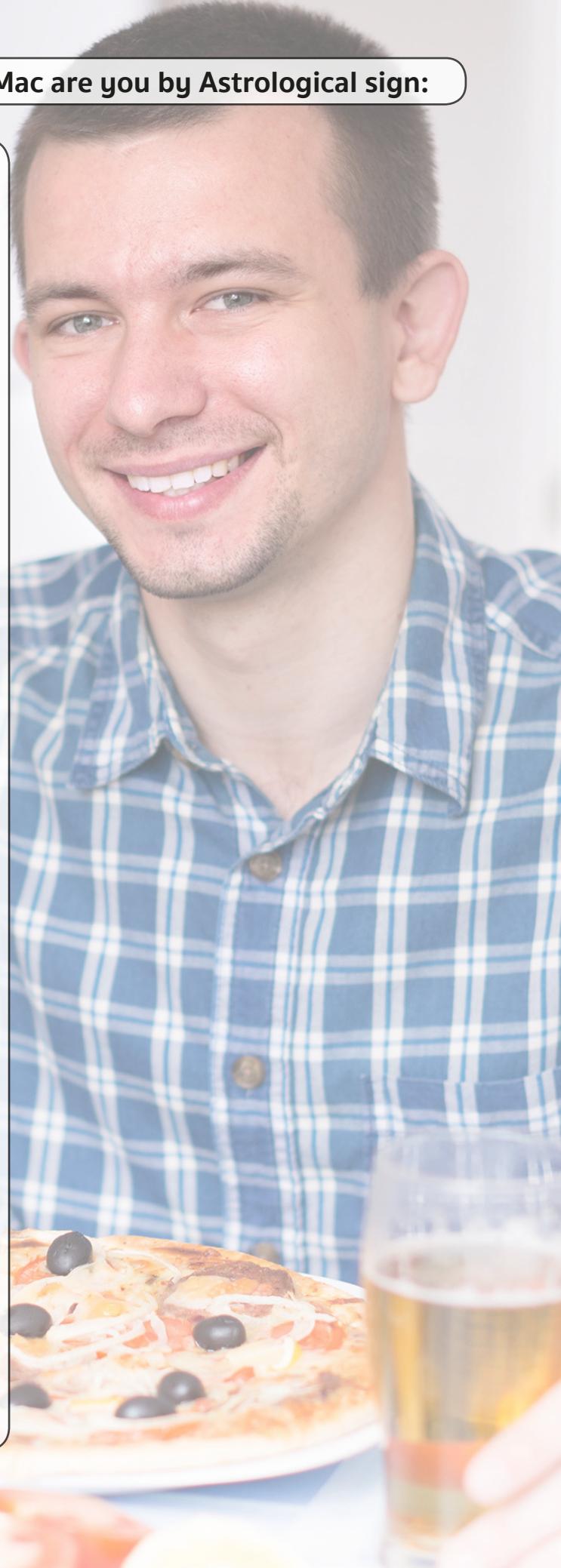
**Capricorn** - You are a PF. Everything seemed to be going well. How did this happen? Who are these people? Is this what college is?

**Aquarius** - You are watching a hard-R Netflix show on your laptop. Everyone can see, and you know everyone can see. Have you no shame?

**Pisces** - You have been in Cafe Mac for over half an hour and you still haven't sat down. You are a wanderer. A freewheeler. No one can stop you.

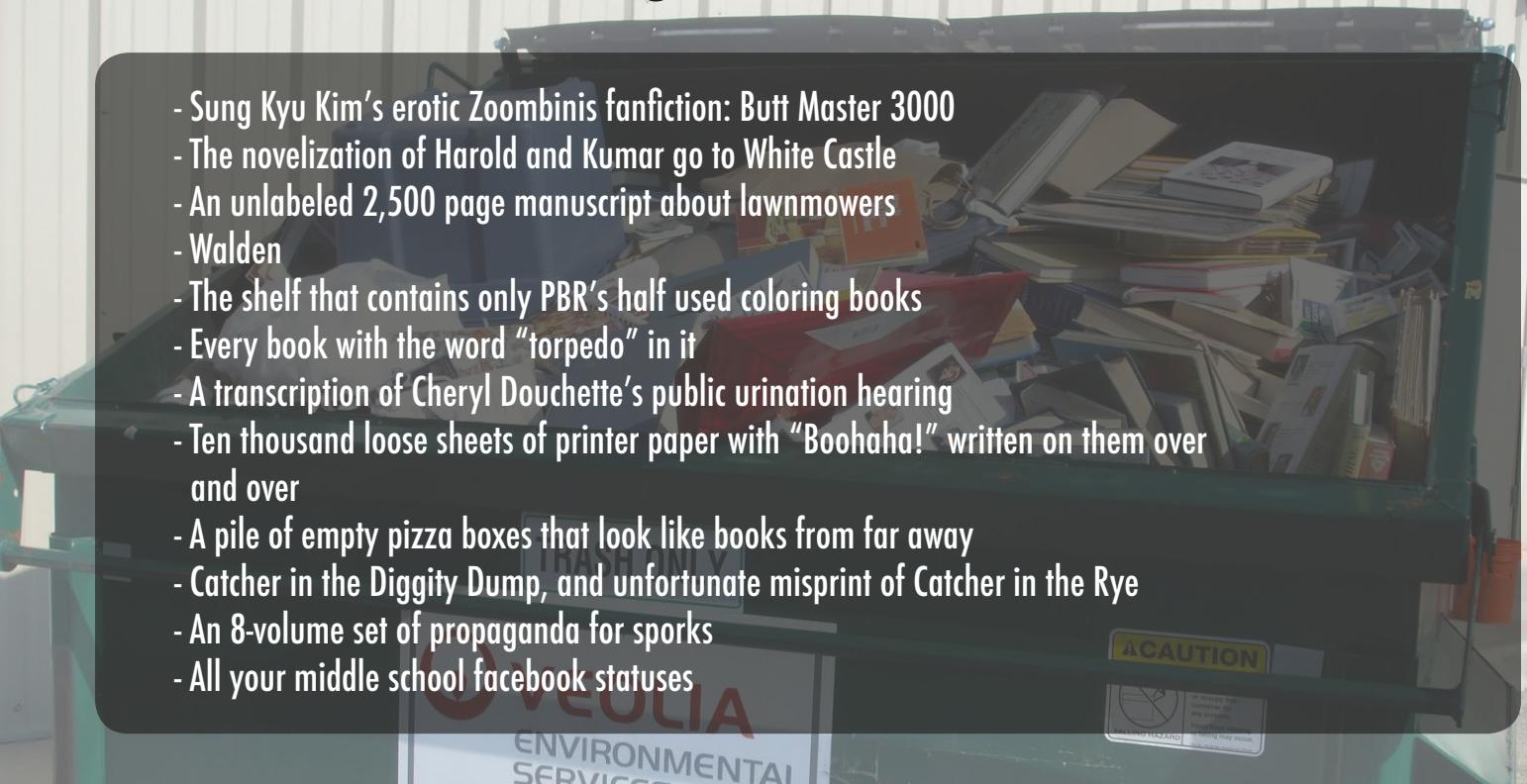
**Aries** - You don't go to Mac, but you saw that Cafe Mac was ranked #1 on TripAdvisor. You will never use TripAdvisor again.

**Taurus** - You graduated, and yet here you are. Eating cheesy eggs with a bunch of children.



## *More books the library is throwing away to make room for the IDEA LAB™*

- Sung Kyu Kim's erotic Zoombinis fanfiction: Butt Master 3000
- The novelization of Harold and Kumar go to White Castle
- An unlabeled 2,500 page manuscript about lawnmowers
- Walden
- The shelf that contains only PBR's half used coloring books
- Every book with the word "torpedo" in it
- A transcription of Cheryl Douchette's public urination hearing
- Ten thousand loose sheets of printer paper with "Boohaha!" written on them over and over
- A pile of empty pizza boxes that look like books from far away
- Catcher in the Diggity Dump, and unfortunate misprint of Catcher in the Rye
- An 8-volume set of propaganda for sporks
- All your middle school facebook statuses



LAWFUL GOOD	NEUTRAL GOOD	CHAOTIC GOOD
Educational Studies Linguistics Music History	International Studies Sociology Environmental Studies Geography	WGSS American Studies Arts Latin-American Studies
LAWFUL NEUTRAL	TRUE NEUTRAL	CHAOTIC NEUTRAL
English Math Neuroscience	Geology French Biology Asian Languages and Cultures	Psychology Theatre Religious Studies Media and Cultural Studies
LAWFUL EVIL	NEUTRAL EVIL	CHAOTIC EVIL
German Studies Political Science Classics Computer Science	Anthropology Physics Philosophy	Chemistry Critical Theory Russian Studies



# *A day in the life:* A MAC REPUBLICAN

**4:00 AM** – Wake up to Nico’s “Fairest of the Seasons” on Android smartphone alarm.

**4:05 AM** – Take off sweatpants and button-down in front of the mirror, never breaking eye contact with reflection.

**4:10 AM** – Soak in a cold bath.

**5:00 AM** – Consume human food: plain oatmeal and cheerios without milk.

**5:15 AM** – Perform push-ups below Cherub effigies.

**6:00 AM** – Pack a lunch of mayonnaise sandwiches and pretzels.

**6:30 AM** – Breathe.

**7:00 AM** – Don’t Masturbate.

**8:00 AM** – Take rigorous notes in Women, Health and Reproduction. Exercise right to speech by choosing to participate ONLY when necessary in classroom discourse.

**9:30 AM** – Don’t Masturbate.

**10:30 AM** – Begin *The Fountainhead*.

**11:30 AM** – Use Dell laptop and external mouse to browse 4Chan.

**12:00 PM** – Consume mayonnaise sandwiches and pretzels.

**12:30 PM** – Attend White Identity Collective weekly meeting.

**1:20 PM** – Attend Feminist/Queer Theories and Methodologies course. Leave phone ringer on, just in case.

**2:50 PM** – Breathe.

**3:50 PM** – Don’t Masturbate.

- 4:00 PM** – Go to fourth floor of library and sand down all illegal graffiti in the individual study rooms.
- 5:00 PM** – Practice discipline by swallowing the key to own chastity belt.
- 6:00 PM** – Finish *The Fountainhead*.
- 6:15 PM** – Allow self fifteen minutes of recreation.
- 6:15 PM** – Use recreation time to watch a clean edit of Caillou.
- 6:30 PM** – Check profile on MuslimandSingle.com.
- 6:30 PM** – Feel shame.
- 7:00 PM** – Consume one corndog for dinner, ignoring its phallic shape. Removed from the stick and cut into bite sized pieces so as to avoid bringing a phallic object in contact with the mouth
- 8:00 PM** – Play a game of pickup basketball in jeans. Try very hard on defense.
- 9:00 PM** – Google “Ben Carson In Undershirt.”
- 9:05 PM** – Don’t masturbate.
- 9:30 PM** – Feed human centipede leftover Breadsmith dumped behind the store.
- 9:45 PM** – Self-Flagellation.
- 10:00 PM** – Call WMCN station and request less music and for it to be replaced with a mp3 file that is a compilation of all the times Newt Gingrich has said “America.”
- 10:05 PM** – Warm a glass of milk and pour it all over naked body.
- 10:30 PM** – Plug self into charging station.
- 11:00 PM** – Power down.

# Which Old Man at Dunn Bros are you?

## 1. What is your drink of choice?

- A. Hot bean water.
- B. Thick brown.
- C. Wet earthy.
- D. Soy mocha latte no whip.

## 2. Where do you like to sit?

- A. Above.
- B. Around the bend.
- C. In the thick of it.
- D. Table by the window.

## 3. What do you like to yell about to no one in particular?

- A. Bambooni! Bambooni!
- B. Anything before 1955 or between October 1952 and January 1953.
- C. That son of a bitch Hugh.
- D. Your grandson who owns a snow blower.

## 4. How loud do you cough?

- A. Boom boom boom baby!
- B. Like 15 motorboats destroying a building
- C. Known instruments are unable to measure it
- D. Loud enough that you can't hold a conversation

## 5. How wet do you cough?

- A. Submerged in the oceanic depths, waves crashing, you can see the light above and you push towards the surface. But you know you'll never make it.
- B. Like rice pudding at the bottom of a well.
- C. Wet enough to drown whoever you want.
- D. Arguably too wet.

## 6. What do you leave in Dunn Bros every time you go to Dunn Bros?

- A. Whatever loose skin you weren't using anymore.
- B. A jar of soapy water with rocks in it.
- C. An opaque, leathery film in the shape of your silhouette.
- D. Wallet, keys, phone, hat, shoes, socks, your sense of self.

## 7. What kind of person do you like to hold hostage via uncomfortable conversation?

- A. Women 50 years younger than you.
- B. Women 50 years younger than you.
- C. Women 50 years younger than you.
- D. Women 50 years younger than you.

## **8. What were you before you retired?**

- A. A real mean son of a gun with a no good brother to boot.
- B. You took whatever you could grab and held on until it stopped squirming.
- C. You delivered peanuts and batteries on a wooden bicycle with one big wheel and one tiny one.
- D. Mac professor.

## **9. What car do you drive?**

- A. It's four wheels to the dirt and I'm off and you can't fucking stop me!
- B. Fast fast zoomy!
- C. Zamboni plowing straight through your living room.
- D. A red Toyota Camry.

## **10. How long have you been divorced?**

- A. It hurts all over!
- B. Oh where have the days gone!
- C. 4 years. She took all my baseball cards, put them in her car, and pushed it into the Grand Canyon. We were perfect together.
- D. If I was ever married, where would I find the time to spend 9 hours a day in Dunn Bros?



**A**  
You're Old Lemon Balls, leader of nesting rodents, resident of shrubs and hollow logs, the voice you hear at night. The voice that wails into the wind. You cannot be killed.

**B**  
You're Crusty Knuckles. You push people into traffic, you've never seen a human being cry, and your knees are basically just silly putty at this point. You are crafty and cannot be trusted.

**C**  
You're Mango Patango, the coldest iceman this side of the I-94. You pang, you mang, and psmang. You really are a renaissance man in the worst way possible. There is nothing redeemable about you.

**D**  
You're Nicky Boy, and you're just happy to be one of the fellas. You've got it all figured out but no one would ever know, and that's what it's all about.

B R R R R R !

## 18 reasons why the cold might be more painful to you than others!

- \* You're weak.
- \* Probably just the result of bad breeding. Or good breeding but for somewhere else.
- \* You haven't achieved a certain level of maturity - like us.
- \* You're a pathetic little baby, and everyone else is an adult - and you know it.
- \* You think that maybe your jacket is too light, but it's probably fine, numbnuts.
- \* You lack willpower, remember those cavities you had? You can't even commit to brushing your friggin' teeth. Does mommy need to help remind you?
- \* You're probably just sad about how few friends you have.
- \* You're a nincompoop. Hey fellas, check out this kid. He's an idiot.
- \* You're not strong as a person. You realize that there are five year olds who stay out in the cold longer than you do everyday? You are actually wearing three layers of clothing. That's like five times the amount of material that those five year olds wear, dum dum.
- \* But those five year olds are smaller than I am. I require more material because I'm an adult.
- \* Exactly, genius, you're an adult so you should start acting like one. You ate cake for lunch three days in a row. Do you actually need mommy to tell you to eat healthy?
- \* You're not being very helpful. I am trying the best I can.
- \* Do you even know what GRE stands for?
- \* General... Requiremen--Required... Uh... Exam?
- \* I'm embarrassed for you. I'm embarrassed for your parents. Everyone here hates you.
- \* Okay. I really don't need this right now. I'm really stressed out with schoolwork.
- \* Yeah, good idea. Walk away, dumbass! And don't tell your mom about what I said or I'll wail on you at during lunch tomorrow!
- \* Reason #18: Your body isn't getting the right nutrients! Let those red blood cells flow! B12 supplements are a quick and easy remedy for Vitamin-Deficiency Anemia (VDA), which affects at least 6 out of 10 Americans every winter season.

# Café Mac on Fourth Iteration of Sloppy Joes

It is dark and warm. Suddenly white light cracks. Where am I? Who am I? Is Café Mac serving up Sloppy Joes again!?!? Oh boy, oh golly gee, don't you know I just love the smell of Café Mac's award-nominated minced meat sandwiches wafting all through campus, even down to the Weyerhaeuser dungeons. Two days in a row they've served it no less. I mean woah, did I pick the right school or what!

I enter the cafeteria, following the smell of mashed animal. They must be close. But wait! The grill only has crumbled veggie burgers and pasty corn casseroles. How could that be? My stomach growls in anticipation and all I can do is snort away my sorrows— The scent hits me again. I know I smell it this time for sure.

My feet glide over to North Side where I double take: SLOPPY JOE PIZZA. Is my mind deceiving me? Could it really be? But how is it possible? It is 2018, yes, but the technology to turn sloppy joes into pizza should still be years away. I glow with pride for my school and their delicious food options. I don't want this day to end.

It is tomorrow when I emerge from my burrow on to the Kagin lawn. I slept through breakfast but the stream of students funneling towards our lord and savior, Ruth Stricker Dayton Campus Center, tells me that lunchtime is now. I am there scouring the isles and again my nose alerts me to its presence. But the grill bears no fruit nor the pizza station. Perhaps it was a dream after all. A beautiful, fleeting dre—I see it! There, near the composed salad and bell peppers, it sits like a culinary oasis. SLOPPY JOE PIZZA SALAD. Thank you God. You are smiling down on this blessed campus. Surely they cannot top this meal.

Again I awake to a buzzing campus. But who has time for classes when the world is so full of adventure. Instead I call up BriRo and we trade some Cabbage Patch Kids to middle-schoolers down the street for a whole joint of marijuana-weed. Then we got high and now the hunger pangs at my side. Dinner. I have waited so long. But I can't walk into Café Mac because I don't want this sloppy joe wetdream to end. I don't know if I could go on without it.

BriRo hits his juul and then stares into the fire. "You must leave me now, Freya. There will be a full moon tonight."

I know where I must go.

The students bustle by in their oversized coats but my mission is singular. This time I avoid the pizza station and grill. I pass by the composed salads. I know where I will find it and indeed it is there, on the South Side, between spicy chicken quesadillas and an evil seitan-lentil dish. SLOPPY JOE PIZZA SALAD CURRY. I orgasm as the world goes dark.

# THE HEGEMONOCLE

Self Starter • Entrepreneur • Dynamic Worker • Hog • The best decision you'll ever make

## EXPERIENCE:

- Published humor magazine at least two times
- Burrowed at least 3 secret tunnels through campus
- Editor-in-Chief of The Mac Weekly and Chanter
- Never been banned for singing in a classroom



- Seen 1.5 of 3 Lord of the Rings movies
- Macalester College:
  - Enrolled: 2009
  - Expected Graduation: soon-ish
- Competitive Liberal Arts Education
- Walked in the CDC, once. It was fine.
- Proficient in piano

## SKILLS:

- An upbeat and slightly weird personality
- Journalistic Integrity
- Dashing good looks
- Digging
- Climbing?
- Publishing in a timely fashion

*References available upon request,  
but honestly none of them are that great*

THE HEGE  
GETS A JOB

