



ResTech's Anti-YouTube™ Plot Foiled; Videos Exposed

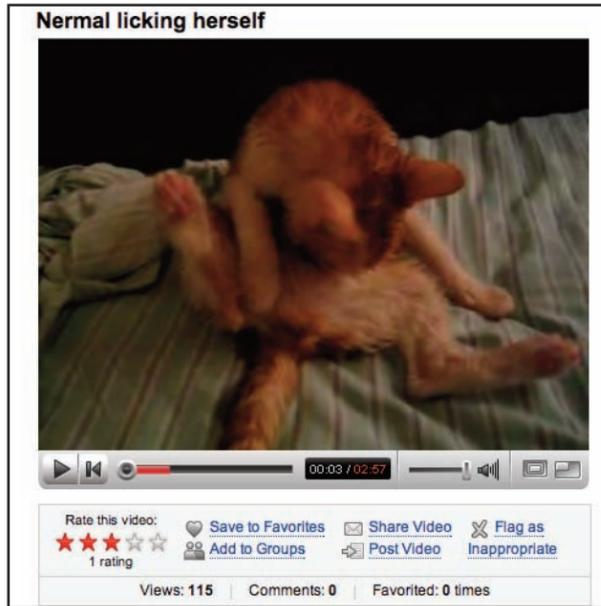
In late January, thousands of students were driven to insanity and several others to suicidal rage when they discovered that ResTech abducted massive amounts of bandwidth away from online flash media, resulting in sites like YouTube and EbaumsWorld taking days, years and even decades to load only seconds of fantastic, time consuming footage. While students were left with no videos, no hope, and consequently, no future, the internet and phone service providers fled the campus in cahoots, leaving behind a tragic scene of chaos, and some Ethernet wires.

"I don't understand," said Johnny Walnuts, a freshman in the School of Engineering. "If I want to watch a cat lick its anus instead of doing my Chemistry homework, then I should be able to watch a cat lick its god damn anus." Johnny is one of many high-caliber students from our university who gets his daily fuel and motivation from such groundbreaking content on the web, and without it has felt depressed, and Amish. Rather than improving the collective work ethic, many students like Johnny actually got less work done because they resorted to watching longer, shittier B-films on stolen cable. Remarked Benny Badoozi, a junior in the School of Architecture, "If I have to watch *Blue Streak* one more time on TBS, I am going to break into Martin Lawrence's house and steal his children."

After 14 days of pain, struggle, and unappreciated shenanigans, ResTech finally restored the bandwidth to its original level and apologized to the WashU community via a mixture of AIM Smiley faces on their storefront window. But, while students hailed the return of flash based media, many were left scratching their heads at the lack of an explanation for the debacle. "I think I deserve to know why I have to memorize all the lyrics to Dick in a Box again," commented freshman Sammy "The Tuna" Schlamatto.

When asked about the situation, ResTech was less than forthcoming with details related to the decision. "Uh... I don't know what you're talking about," commented ResTech's head coordinator Jim Freckle as his eyes nervously shifted back and forth. "Maybe one of our student-workers shorted things out while talking to his Internet girlfriend. I can't say I am angry at him - she looks a lot like Heidi Klum. Way to go, Josh!"

But another reliable source deeply embedded within the ResTech family had something else to say in the form of a sworn affidavit: "On January 24th, ResTech was hosting their weekly *Star Wars* Marathon night, which is usually attended by "techies" young and old. Things were going smoothy, as the crowd was glued to *Episode III: Revenge of the Sith* while they quietly solved Rubik's Cubes behind their backs and



One the many fine cinematic moments ResTech deprived students of--Nermal the Cat licks herself. snickered about the latest World of Warcraft gossip. But halfway into the film, people got up and started socializing with each other about weird things like baseball and marijuana. Freckle was outraged that the group had turned their backs on Lucas, so he searched for answers, and got them when he found an empty container of Baja Bob's 10-proof Pina Colada mix™ in the trash can. But before he could take action, it was too late, and he joined the rest of us as we ripped off our green, button-down polo shirts and started licking each other's arms and hands. I hope that nobody had any cuts or bruises."

According to another anonymous source, the scene intensified as several techies ran quickly around the room with their arms out to their sides, bending and weaving to simulate airplane fighter jets. The fun also spread outside the group's headquarters, as WUPD reported having to restrain a student and a 35-year old man who were loudly singing "The Imperial March" and square dancing in front of Wohl Center. When the officers traced them back to the scene of the debauchery, they immediately gave everyone some Aquafina and cookies, and calmed them down. "We couldn't arrest any of them," the cops would later say; "our breathalyzers found nothing, and we honestly felt sorry for them: *Revenge of the Sith* sucked." The officers were unaware that one of the techies had taken his Canon Powershot A520 and filmed the entire episode, subsequently posting it on Youtube that same night. After being confronted with the situation, Freckle explained his actions. "If WashU students were to see this disturbing footage, they would flip a Jimmy and go bonkers. We wanted to hide it until the craze had passed so that nobody would know about it, you know? I wanted to be the problem solver. I wanted to be the HERO. But in a world amongst mortals, I tried to play God, and I failed. Cursed be my name, and I shall pass through the fiery depths of Hell."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 2

STOCK MARKET FORECAST

Burdensome loans with a chance of disappearing inheritance

Buried WUnderground:

Romance blooms during fraternity rush

Temporary parking lot mistaken for Lexus dealership



Dakota Fanning's Hounddog Raped at Box Office

Peyton Manning Ditches Super Bowl MVP Ceremony to Film 1-800-EMPIRE Commercial

24 Hour Relay for Life to Combine with Subway Lunch-line



Society Pages: Kate Moss Spotted at Party in Eliot

Daniel Radcliffe to star in Mr. Hands bio-pic *Equus*

Disaffected Sophomore Laments Latest Party Was "On the Hook."

Washington University sophomore Joel Schneiderman expected a killer time Friday night - a suite party whose invite list included members of 2 fraternities, 6 sororities, and all 54 acapella groups - but has since reported that the party was firmly "on the hook," according to a Facebook post left Tuesday on the wall of his best friend Philip Kolin.

"Last year all it took was beer pong or quarters, but we just can't seem to raise the bar to that next notch. We were left with this awkward, stale party. Nothing we tried worked," party-goer Harvey Multani related. It was not a lack of trying that led to the failure this weekend. Fuck the Dealer, Circle of Death, and even Asshole could not light the flame of libation. "There we were, staring each other in the face with cards all over the table. I was so depressed. It was all I could do to keep drinking."

A lack of party utility is becoming a common symptom among WashU sophomores, leading many to deem unsatisfying visits to Fraternity Row or multiple trips to Washington Avenue club 1014 on weeknights "the sophomore slump." Like many others, sophomore

Jill Sanders blames the declining social satisfaction on a loss of novelty. "Freshman year it was great, I got to experience all of the party things that I missed while I was studying on weekends in high school: getting drunk, going out with the girls, bukkake." At an Ivy-League caliber school like WashU, expectedly, others take a more academic approach. "It's the simple economic concept of diminishing marginal return," added Economics minor Bill Caporella. "It's like eating at Bear's Den, the first few days of it are great, but after a year of eating fattening food served to you by people who hate their jobs, you want some variety. Or at least a fucking Taco Bell."

There seems to be no answers at this time. Joel and others can now only wait until someone makes a breakthrough to end the streak of low quality parties. "I hope someone comes up with something fast. It's getting scary. All we do now is sit on the couch drinking and watch TV. I feel like I'm 45 already. Where are all the awesome memories to look back on when I am 45? It can't be over already. It just can't."



A photo tagged on Facebook the morning after the party.

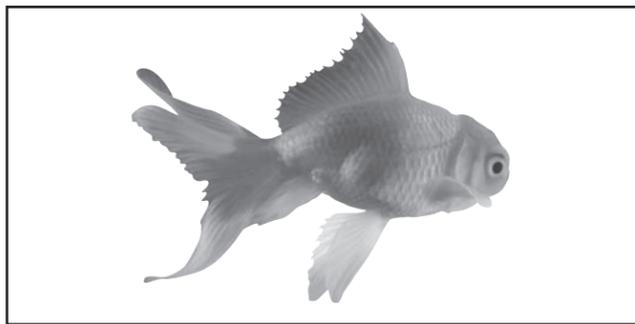
Goldfish Increases Memory to Six Seconds with Help of Herbal Supplement

Local recluse Pat Richardson announced Tuesday from his empty studio apartment that his pet Goldfish (*Carassius auratus*), Gerald, had managed to increase his memory by 50% thanks to an herbal supplement discovered in an email. TXSS-MDE15, the product advertised in the email, claims that it can "INCR3ASE UR MEMORY - ALL NATRUL PILZ."

"We knew this was an offer we couldn't pass up" said Pat Richardson, nervously logging into his myspace.com account to confirm new friends. "I immediately forwarded the benevolent offerer of this miracle drug, 01bb932d.0fe13750@startpuntwoning.nl, the small amount of requisite information: two credit card numbers, a scan of my social security card, my Paypal ID, and a certified birth certificate. It was the best decision I've ever made."

Richardson became concerned about Gerald's short recollection after skimming a Wikipedia article on Goldfish while alone Friday night. According to the article, the common notion that Goldfish have only a 3 second memory "has been proven completely true by former X-Files star David Duchovny." The article states that the short duration of memory creates an internal dichotomy in the fish, as they have strong associative learning capabilities and social learning skills, but an inability to remember what they have learned. "It's the same frustration faced by Alzheimer's patients," asserted Dr. Calvin Taylor of the Missouri Memory Institute. "Except goldfish are generally much cuter, and spend less time playing Backgammon."

"I'll be the first to admit that Pat has really put a lot of time into my care," said Gerald from his plastic castle home. "Probably too



"Gerald at Rest", a lovingly painted portrait by Patrick Richardson.

much." Gerald admits that he was initially skeptical of using the memory supplement. "I mean, why would I want to mess with the body that God gave me?" he said. "At first, I wasn't sure the benefits would outweigh the risks, but.... What are you doing here? Who are you? Get the fuck out of here. No, I don't know you, I've never seen before you in my life. This castle is mine, pal, I don't care who you are or what you write for, get the fuck out of my castle, and don't touch the treasure chest with the bubble releaser."

After the success of the supplements with Gerald, Pat is taking internet offers more seriously. "I just sent my bank account info to King Mkejwkljah of Kenya, I'm going to have my Pontiac Aztek paid off in no time."

ResTech's Anti-YouTube™ Plot Foiled

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

A month after the early semester surprise, things seemed to have cooled down, and students remain at ease with the Danforth Campus internet network. Commented Mickey Maducci, a sophomore in the School of Art, "I'm just glad that King Bandwidth is back on his throne, you know what I'm sayin? Cuz I can't tolerate that shit again, nuh uh." With students like Mickey feeling happy again, and the campus thriving, ResTech can certainly feel more comfortable - at least for now. "All I know is that I've learned a very important lesson," added Freckle. "When you take YouTube away from a bunch of 18-23 year olds, you're playing with fire." And that's never a good thing, unless you're the guy who swallows it at the circus.

WUnderground is a satirical newspaper and should be taken about as seriously as Aqua Teen Hunger Force Advertising. The quotes and events reported in this paper are completely fictitious... at least to our knowledge. Any resemblance to persons living, ailing, or dead is completely intentional.

Dennis Mickley,
Commander In Chief
Tommy Honton,
Chief of Police
Arjun Muthusubramanian,
Chief Import
Bill Brasky
Fire Chief
Elizabeth Romaner,
Chief of Making Shit Pretty
Tyler Greene,
Master Chief

Chiefs of Staff:
Brian Bloomer
Aleya Broadway
Jeremy Carroll
Joshua Delman
Scott Drattell
Barry Hubris
Jared Lerner
Joshua Malina
Jesse Markowitz
Danny McCullough
Ethan Stern
Nora Tane

We are actively recruiting new chiefs. If you would like to write, edit, doodle, edit, spelcheck, or engage in Belegarth combat, email us at wundergr@su.wustl.edu and join our Facebook group!

POINT COUNTER POINT

Campus Security

Enough is Enough

Harold Bigguns, Junior

I understand the need for heightened security on campus, I really do. But sometimes you just gotta wonder if we've taken it too far. I know that the Myers attack was a serious issue, and if I didn't know, then the 12 consecutive StudLife articles provided ample information. Lets face it, StudLife considers the attack to be of the same caliber as Sept. 11th - and while it may be insensitive for me to disagree, at the very least, I'd prefer to be treated like a victim, rather than an Afgani or Iraqi or Irani or whoever the hell attacked us back then.

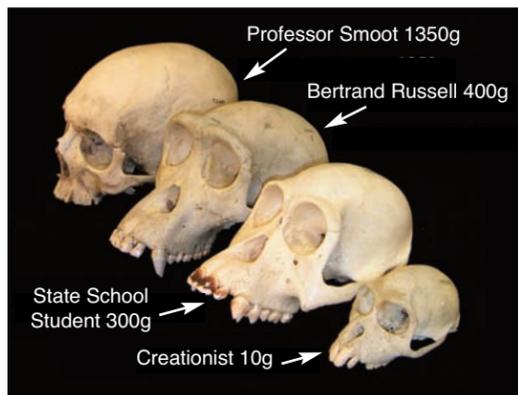


Here's an example. The other day, I was walking up to my room on the Forty when a B&D guard stopped me and asked to see some ID. I had left my card in my room, and before I could say "Patriot Act", a second guard popped out from behind a trash can and blackjacked me on the back of the head. I was then taken to what they called the "Askin' Chamber" where they performed a "routine search" for over three hours! And it wouldn't have been nearly as bad, except one of them kept complementing my eyes and telling me I was special. At the end of the day, they left my limp, beaten, walletless body in the dumpster behind Bear's Den.

I don't want campus security to go back where it was. I'm just asking Student Life to stop running articles about campus security. If you need proof that its time to relax then you can look at the lump on my head and the B&D guard's number that he wrote on a napkin for me. A date with Ted is so not worth the loss of my rights ... or is it?

Human Evolution Professor Struck Down by God

In Anthropology 101, divine retribution was an abrupt addition to the daily curriculum. In a class discussing the cytogenic trends and homologous nature of the Bonobo New World Monkey, Professor Rick Smoot was promptly incinerated by a lightning bolt from the heavens. The students, displaying a stunning lack of kinship traits, failed to make any attempt to preserve their tribe leader, and began a mass exodus towards the classroom exits.



Smoot's final handout

The aim of the course was providing a coherent, linear progression of human evolution from the Ramapithecus fossil, the 5.5 million year old common ancestor of apes and humans, to the modern Homo sapiens. Smoot, however, was known for occasionally straying from the course syllabus to expand on his own views.

Dwight Yanofsky, a front-row witness to the event, said, "Smoot was really rubbing it in God's face all class, saying Noah's Ark was ridiculous, and that all miracles and supernatural events were easily explainable with empirical analysis. He called religion an 'archaic worldview', and God a 'personification for the scientifically ignorant'. I guess that was a mistake." He also added, "Pascal's Wager is looking pretty good right about now."

The divine retribution has forced many students to reconsider their belief system. Jay Feldman, a professed former agnostic, had his non-belief shaken to its unstable foundation. "I've never been into the whole God thing. Generally, it seems to involve some sort of commitment to charity, and I'm a business major. But now, I'm thinking about converting to Christianity, or maybe Islam, which seems to be the hot new thing. I hear that group worship is great for networking."

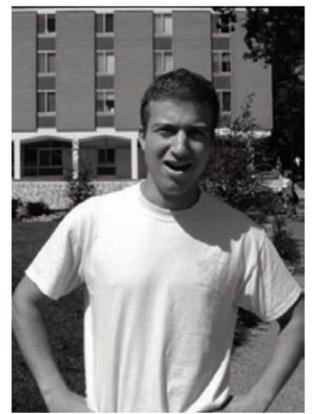
Professor Smoot's course has been removed from the WashU curriculum, and been replaced by "Well That About Wraps it Up for Evolution" - a new, wildly popular course focusing on Intelligent Design.

Charles Darwin, deceased, was unavailable for comment.

Is Enough Enough?

Dick Schenck, Sophomore

Despite the recent efforts on behalf of the administration to beef up security, there are still more holes in the university's policy than in my fear-soiled sheets. Just the other day, I approached the dorms outfitted in what could have been the trappings of a common criminal; clad in only my Washington University sweatshirt, sweatpants, my clear plastic laminated ID lanyard, holding only my student transcript and birth certificate. I was stopped just ONCE by B&D guards and asked to identify myself following a cavity search. ONLY ONCE. I ask you, gentle readers, is once enough to allow an affluent-looking, non-descript white male to be identified by a man who he's only met 12 or 13 times over the course of the last 2 days? Does that man know him? Does he know whether his intentions are good or bad? Does he know that his fears of butterflies and lollipops have drenched him in his own piss more times than he cares to recount? NO. Does he know that typing that sentence has so damaged his fragile psyche that he's called all four of his therapists to talk about it at length? NO. Sure, he may know the contents of his rectum, and that he lives in the building, and that he has business being there, but he doesn't know what he thinks! He could be thinking criminalistic thoughts about stealing, or pilfering, or slowly plotting to enslave the indigenous race! What I'm proposing isn't radical - it's necessary. All students would feel safer knowing that after having gone through two finger-print scans, a retinal scan, and a fertility test that they are living in a secure community. Sure, B&D is a start, but we need a more invasive, scarring and potentially life-threatening system to deter the criminals in our midst. Like the great junior senator from Wisconsin, Joe McCarthy said, "Fear is a dish best served in the skulls of our...God, this whiskey is good." So, I pose this challenge to you, university. Either scare us, brow-beat us and make us fear the institution's power structure, or don't even try.



WUNDERGROUND SUDUKU!!!

Sudoku rules are extremely easy: Fill all empty squares so that the numbers 1 to 2 appear once in each row and column.

1	

1	2
2	1

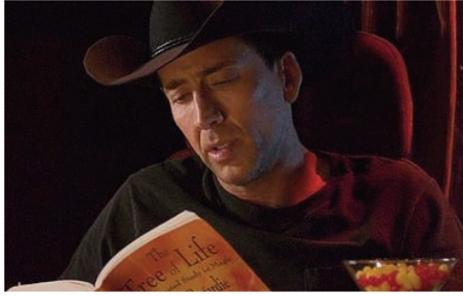
Answer

The Depressingly Bitter Critic Reviews

Ghost Rider

With every half-assed comic book character and his super-powered dog riding on the spandex lined coat-tails of legitimate superheroes like Spider-Man (*Spider-Man*), Wolverine (*X-Men*), and Mariah Carey (*Glitter*) and getting his or her own movie, it was only a matter of time before the scraping arm of Hollywood finally hit the bottom of the idea barrel. That day arrived when Mark Steven Johnson sauntered his untalented-self into Sony's offices and agreed to "write" and "direct" the feature film adaptation of the trippiest thing out of the 1970s next to LSD, Ghost Rider.

Loosely based off the convoluted comic book, *Ghost Rider* tells the tale of a flaming (not in that way although he kind of is) leather-clad skeleton that rides a motorcycle and, as anyone might naturally associate with such a creature, fights bad guys. In the film, the character of Ghost Rider comes into being when young stuntman Johnny Blaze (Matt Long doing his best Nicolas Cage impression) unwittingly gets his soul sold to a botox-laden Peter Fonda aka the Devil. When things go horribly wrong, Blaze is forced to dramatically leave behind his carny-lifestyle, abandon the love of his life, and grow up to become a famous stuntman who can't die, played by Oscar winner Nicolas Cage in his best role since *8MM*... wait... no... *Rumble Fish*... hang on... maybe *Fire Birds*... no... *The Ant Bully*.... okay, okay... *The Wicker Man*. After forty minutes of exposition with dialogue more stilted than a 10-foot midget, Johnny Blaze unwittingly transforms into a servant of the Devil, blows some [stuff] up, rekindles the romance with his old flame Roxanne Simpson (Eva "It's-a-good-thing-I'm-hot-because-I-can't-act-to-save-my-life" Mendez), fights some bad CGI and that neighbor from *American Beauty*, and uh... actually that's about it.



Nicolas Cage ponders what ridiculous name will ruin his second child's life.

Clocking in at six minutes shy of two hours and a record nine on the so-bad-it-hurts scale, it's evident that all but a handful of the \$120 million budget actually went to the "script," which I imagine resembles a Denny's placemat scribbled with gems like, "then for no reason he fights a helicopter." Horrible dialogue and laughable effects aside, what *Ghost Rider* ultimately fails to do is create characters that have more depth than a piece of cardboard or my ex-wife's new husband. In the end, Johnson mistakes melodramatic, clichéd villains for conflict, unexplained quirks - e.g., a stuntman with fondness for jelly-beans and the Carpenters (I'm not making this up) - for character depth, and meaningless action for content. This film is poised to become one of Cage's biggest hits, the only explanation for which is the American public ingesting lead paint chips at an unprecedented rate. It's evident that, with what is passed off as entertainment these days, it won't be long before an hour of flashing lights and shiny things will win Best Picture at the Oscars. That, or *Ghost Rider 2*. Either way, I hope I'll be dead by then.

Director: Mark Steven Johnson
 Cast: Nicolas Cage, Eva Mendez, Peter Fonda
 Rated: PG-13
 Running Time: 114 minutes
 Rating: 1/5 Dirty Glasses Half-Filled With Cheap Vodka



Top 10 ... Wild Rumors

1. OJ Simpson not performing at Wild (but if he was, he'd open with "Killing me Softly")
2. Paris Hilton to play skin flute
3. Trey Anastasio chosen in jam-band three-peat
4. K-Fed offered to open for free, Team 31 politely declined
5. Jennifer Hudson refused, found working with Team 31 abusive and traumatizing
6. Obama to Ba-rack out
7. Wild cancelled as Wrighton takes it with him to Harvard
8. Eastern European dorm-cleaning staff band to play hit single "Inferior Potassium"
9. Norah Jones to be off heazy

What do you think?

As the world experiences the highest winter temperatures in history, Scientists in Paris have released a 21 page report that purports an unequivocal link between humans and global warming. What do you think?



Bill Nye
Science Guy

"It's really quite simple, anyone can create global warming at home. All you need is what we have here on the lab table: baking soda, scotch tape, a yard stick, and a balloon."



An Iceberg
Demise of Titanic,
Lettuce Spokesperson

"It's fabulous! I'm losing weight faster than Keira Knightley!"



Isaiah Washington
Actor, Bigot

"Man made global warming is simply a fag of science. Wait! Shit, shit, shit. I need this job.... Please don't print that. Please."



Mr. Freeze
Governor

"OH NO! I'M FUCKED!"



Terrance Goodhue
Bon Appétit
Representative

"Now that we don't have to buy our 'employees' coats anymore, burritos will cost only \$11.99."