

The Charger *Slant*

News from a different angle

December, 2010

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Student Voice

What are your Christmas plans?

Jamaal S., senior, says: Oh man, you have no idea! I'm gonna cozy up with my sweet girlfriend. Can you believe our anniversary is Christmas Day? Yeah, heck, you can just call me Santa Claus... and boy, am I ready to stuff some stockings, you know what I mean?

Ana L., senior, says: So, this is kind of rough... usually I just spend the holidays with J., my sweet beau, but things haven't been working out lately. I guess he's going to be alone on Christmas day, which is also our anniversary, weird huh? But he'll be okay; I'll leave a Playboy and some Vaseline in his stocking.

Xiao-Xiao U., sophomore, says: Everyone is talking about the holiday spirit now. Gifts and feasts and cheer. But I know better than to waste my time on these things. My Christmas gift to my parents is going to be a *perfect score* on my SATs. And if I do that, my parents' gift will be a day off from studying!

Corbin T., junior, says: Not gonna lie, it's going to be sick. Me and my friends from the neighborhood, man we're ready for the snow, we got sleds and toboggans and stuff, and I've been practicing my snowball making with ice from that stand down the street that's been selling ice-cold Slushees since July.

Artists' Corner

My Hero

By A. Sics

Puff out that chest, man!
You earned it, rippling and strong.
Shiny whistle dangling between those peccs,
Stopwatch just beneath,
Clocking all my reps.

So what if you've got a gut?
In NCAA you busted a nut,
Showing up those cocky ballers
On the court. Those were your glory days,
And in your memory lives every single play...

...Down the court you fly,
Sweat in your eyes, players at your sides, trying
To take that Spalding back.
The scoreboard's there, your dreams in the air –
Game point. And it's a three.
Go home buddy, winners know how to play D....

Okay, Coach, here I come around the track.
Sprinting – panting – I fall, exhausted.
Go fetch an ice pack, try not to throw out your back.

Charger Theater rules!

Watch their stuff,
It's good.

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skeptical chauffeur, a clever masquerade could mean the difference between a ride in the mothership's crew quarters, or in its prisoner hold.

Use diplomacy. Think of relationships. Alien invaders are a bit like boyfriends, because they're all after just one thing. (For aliens, that's enslavement of our species.) However, as with the occasional maybe-he's-gay-type boy, some planetary conquerors aren't quite so selfish, and don't merely want to dominate your civilization. See, these are the ones you take advantage of. Find out what the aliens really desire – be it reactor-grade plutonium, time-travel technology, or a lifetime supply of Steven Spielberg fruit snacks – and do what any smart girlfriend would do with a needy boy: manipulate them. Once you have the aliens on their knees, begging for the last component of that flux capacitor you promised them, take control! Commandeer their starship and abandon them for a new alien species that suits *your* tastes.

Become the Pope... or the Dalai Lama, or the President, or even Kanye West. You don't think that the aliens will simply wipe out everyone when they arrive, do you? Of course not; they will save the real characters in any defeated civilization, and keep them around to put up in a museum or something. Polish off that Obama impression and you may well find yourself on the pages of a Martian history textbook someday.

What's more unfortunate – tragic, even – than the general state of cluelessness about aliens is the fact that some people flat out *don't believe* they exist. These are the same boneheaded skeptics who haven't begun stocking up on canned goods for 2012. As we reasonable people know, there *must* be aliens out there, just waiting to devour every last earthling they can get their hands on. What does it matter if we haven't seen them face-to-face? (They probably don't even have faces, come to think of it.) Anyone who believes in the divine forces of the universe responsible for bringing us into existence must also realize that the universe – all six-thousand acres of it – is *much* too big for just one intelligent race.

The doubters hide behind their “lack of evidence” and “empirical studies.” But all the research in the world won't do them much good once the ray guns start blazing.

The caper of the slippery sleuth

This detective leaves one case unsolved...

By J. Bouti, editor-in-chief, November 27, 2010

This past Thursday, Thanksgiving dinner was to be served to a host of homeless at the Our Lady of the Strip soup kitchen, with doors opening at seven o'clock sharp. By a quarter 'til, a throng of impoverished and hungry diners-to-be had strung itself several blocks down Las Vegas Boulevard. The scents of fresh cranberry sauce, steaming mashed potatoes, and warm pumpkin pies wafted tantalizingly up and down the strip. But something was amiss – what was lacking? To the wayward souls standing in the cold, whiffing the wondrous yet incomplete aroma, the answer was soon clear. They smelled no turkey.

Cue Detective X, on the scene in a flash. The moment the murmurs erupted in the crowd (“Where's the bird?”) this inscrutable inspector, this secretive Sherlock, had already sprung into action. Up a flight of stairs, across rooftops, down a rickety fire escape he (or she) dashed, chasing down the fowl gone afoul by power of scent alone, like a hound after a desperate fugitive. Tires screeched, glass shattered; a gunshot rang out! What had become of our holiday hero?

Police arrived on the scene to find a stolen Mr. Goody's Ice Cream truck crashed into a telephone pole. Its driver had been handcuffed to the steering wheel and – lo and behold – in the back seat were twenty magnificent Thanksgiving turkeys, still piping hot! As the main course was returned to the kitchen amid a roar of cheers from the famished crowd, one question lingered: who saved the feast?

Curiously, spectacular incidents just like this one have been on the rise lately. Last week an extremely precious and dazzling gem, the Bloodstone, having been stolen a year prior, was returned to the local Museum of Precious and Dazzling Gems in mint condition. Its finder left with it only a handwritten note: “Dear sirs, please lock the display case next time.” Furthermore, the number of reported missing cats, dogs, and pet platypi in our city declined sixty percent in the last month alone.

Could all these events be connected? Could this savior of stuffing, this bringer of Bloodstones, this protector of platypi all be the same singular private eye?

Whoever is behind the series of good deeds ought be applauded, no? This journalist thinks so. But there are some among our townspeople who feel otherwise. “It is a sham! It is a scandal! It is a disgrace!” barks Chief Shermer of the Clark County Police Department across the fine mahogany desk over which I interview him. “This sort of vigilante work brings nothing but trouble. Think of what will become of our proud town when madcap detectives go to and fro solving cases without discretion. Who will file official reports? Who will send evidence to our world-famous Crime Lab? Chrissakes, we just spent sixty thousand dollars of department funding on a top-of-the-line DNA analytotron. Someone has got to actually use the DNA analytotron, dammit!”

The public, however, seem to rather admire Detective X and his or her daring exploits. “By God, if it wasn’t for this gallant gumshoe, I woulda’ never seen ole’ Platynum again!” exclaims former (and current) platypus owner Joe Meeker, a resident of Summerlin, whose 14-year-old Nevadan platypus was inexplicably returned to his doorstep a mere two days before Thanksgiving. “And I just know it was those doggone platypus poachers who done kidnapped him, meaning to sell his hide and all. But that strange detective-man managed to put all of them behind bars too!”

Ironically, the mystery of this elusive snoop seems to have drawn the interest of Las Vegas’s legitimate investigative community. Tips as to Detective X’s identity and background have had the police department’s phones ringing off the hooks; “Wanted” posters have been seen offering rewards of up to \$500,000 for the turning-in of this arcane agent. A slew of amateur sleuths have taken to cracking the case themselves, in pursuit of money – or merely glory.

Perhaps the real mystery here, quite appropriate to the season, is: why not merely accept the goodness of others, and pass the generosity on? Detective X must no doubt feel like Tiny Tim in a town full of Scrooges, greedy to see kindness put behind bars. Alas, some mysteries will never be solved.

Eager to see the case closed on Detective X? Report any sightings or tips to the Clark County Department of Detective Detainment at (702)-799-5800.

“Down-to-earth?” Not quite. What you have to fear from extra-terrestrials

By R. Wanda, staff writer, November 22, 2010

It’s too bad that the closest most of us have come to a real-life alien encounter is watching a flickering late-night showing of *The Brother from Another Planet*. We all know that what we see in the movies is nothing like real life – but what we don’t know is, where does *E.T.* meet *reality*? And, how do we prepare ourselves for when our “friends” from outer space really do “phone home” – *for reinforcements!*?

To tell you the truth, many of the more popular portrayals of aliens in cinema are just downright laughable. The tentacled, slithering monstrosities in flying saucers that we usually picture are obviously not realistic in the least. Here’s one glaring problem, for instance: how do they eat? Their slimy, fingerless arms would make them unable to handle even basic cutlery. For such nonsensical, imaginary Spocks, conquering our puny planet would be no picnic.

Real aliens, indeed, would be much more biologically advanced. Consider, if you would, why we human beings are able to rule our planet; what scientific advantage have we over the rest of creation? The answer is – you guessed it – opposable thumbs. Based on this conclusion, we can logically deduce that any aliens capable of subduing us would possess even more advanced features. Like, opposable *fingers*. Readers, are your minds boggled? Mine are.

Now, enough technical talk. You all know what aliens will look like, and what they will be capable of. It’s time for you to learn:

What to do when aliens attack.

Assume disguise. If you’ve ever attempted going incognito at a high-society cocktail party, you should know very well that a good disguise is the best way to avoid being thrown out the side door of a stretch limousine doing fifty on the freeway. Although outer-space soldiers will probably be no easier to fool than a