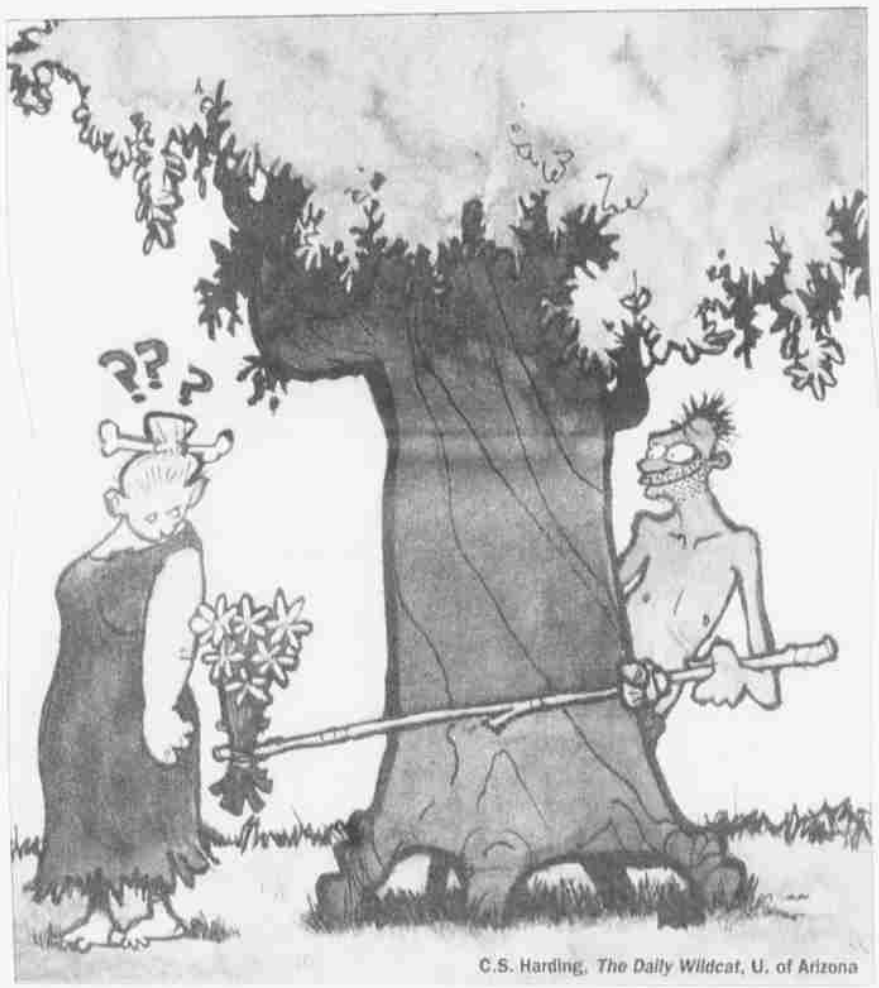
Gettin' Some

It's springtime — and love, as they say, is in the air. Spring is nature's way of getting everyone laid. Sorry, but there's no pretty ways about this. If you're not captured in a glamorous image of seduction and lust by, say, next Friday — forget about it. You're hopeless.

Fear not, [illegible] — it [illegible] on your. I'd spend springtime like any other season: sitting in my room with fuzzy edition Dungeonkeeper books and a bottle of Old Smuggler. After hours, when my primal urges [illegible] to pure the wild and unleash fiercely within my own species.

We must, as well, resign ourselves and get this over with. It was all inevitable. We can make this as painless as possible.



C.S. Harding, *The Daily Wildcat*, U. of Arizona

Step One — Preparation

First off, let's establish this — love is just a way to make lust seem noble. Flowers, romance, next-day phone calls — these are simply necessary evils. The sooner we all accept this, the happier we shall be. So forget about preserving any sort of dignity or honor in this process.

The initial step to surviving mating season is to maximize your appeal. This is enormously subjective, so you should just go with your instincts. There are a few basic guidelines:

- Hygiene is important. The fewer communicable diseases you carry, the more likely someone will choose to get naked with you.
- Looks like entry. Impending inheritance, embellished social standing, straight-faced lies concerning the dimensions of certain body parts — all these enhance desirability.
- Be sure to lay out and fearlessly display the attractive bold colors of your plumage.

Step Two — The Approach

Honestly, in a perfect world, would-be the next prince regarding sex. This is not a perfect world — most people still insist on immorality and problems. Except that boys just kind-of-like.

And so you must be crafty — some **DO**s and **DON'T**s:

DO — blush easily, act innocent, emulate an [illegible]

DON'T — lunge, leer, shriek, grunt, touch yourself, beg

DO — show up for a date well-groomed and presentable

DON'T — show up drunk, naked and glazed in Wesson oil

DEFINITELY DON'T — bring out The Comp

Step Three — The Deed

Man, I don't know what to tell you. You're on your own — all rules and guidelines tend to go out the window once the blinds are drawn. Now you're in a wild and unknown world of primitive instincts, raging testosterone, slippery [illegible] and life's Grand Luck. If you can make [illegible] of it, the [illegible] — WHEN it shows.

Step Four — The Denouement

[illegible]

Dawn.

■ *Grant McDonald*

BlahBlahBlah

Cutting Room Floor

The word on publishing is hard and cruel — a narrow wilderness of [illegible] [illegible] are [illegible] — a Mad editor [illegible]

[illegible] *Magazine* [illegible] your *friends*. We're not like the [illegible]. You can trust us. Still, there is a limit to what we can do. Over the course of this admirable year, we've had a number of quality stories we haven't been able to publish due to our strength of time and space. So we thought we'd give you a little credit to all the stories you didn't read this year in *U Magazine*.

In August, we were set to run a scorching exposé on the movement to legalize marijuana. We ran out of space. In October, we had three students report on the most stimulating activities available — bowling, Bacchanalian taverns and warehouse clubs. We ran out of time. There were stories written on student game show winners, on eating chicken, on athletes who chose to stay in school instead of going pro, on the special circumstances of nontraditional students. We even almost ran profiles on Quentin Tarantino (who blew us off), Tom Hanks (whose people blew us off), the Beastie Boys (who were very nice) and the elusive Shannon Faulkner, the first female student at the Citadel.

Alas, sometimes we're thwarted. We want to extend our thanks and regrets to all the fine student writers and artists who worked on these stories that never were. When you shed this mortal coil, at the Gates, St. Peter will hand you your manuscript and you shall be vindicated. We'll be looking up with pride — from the Ninth Circle of Editors With Empty Promises.

Leftfield — **Steve McNutt, *The Bucknellian*, Bucknell U.**