

By Sam Jenkins  
STAFF WRITER

"It's gonna be bigger than Africa," said Vice President for Enrollment Services Randy Doss. "This is my time to shine."

Doss has single-handedly organized the construction of a mega-dome over the

foot-  
ball  
field.

"This is my idea," said Doss. "And yes, it will rule."

Construction will get underway over summer break. The dome, when finished, will hold 30,000 people and be totally air-conditioned.

"Brrrr!" said Doss. "Chilly-willies."

The dome will also have a jumbotron. Apparently that's a thing that keeps score and has a screen on it (duh). More amenities include: bathrooms, a couple windows, and concession stands.

"I'm gonna pee in that bathroom every day!" said Doss. "I'm gonna live in that dome! BOOM, baby!!!"

The dome has been a long time coming in the plans for Guilford's ever growing sports ... thing. Many people have noticed that there

seems to be more and more athletes coming in every year. This is no mistake.

"We are trying to build the ultimate sports teams," said Athletic Director Tom Palombo. "Part of this includes segregating athletically involved students from non-athletes. We don't want any distractions for our sluggers and sluggettes."

"The dome will be the pinochle of our take-over," said Nick Black, the head coach of men's baseball. "And we are so totally gonna get some chicks in that motha' once the ribbon is cut. BOOM, baby!!!"

This take-over worries many students and faculty members alike.

"The goat entrails in the parking lot say that the locals want us

the hell out of there," said Robert Duncan, associate professor of political science.

"I'm worried that Guilford is becoming more and more generic every year," said senior John Button. "Before long we're just going to be another pathetic no-name liberal arts school trying to improve its athletic standings to appeal to more affluent parents."

"Shut up, hippy!" yelled a passing athlete with two blondes under his arms. "We are legend!"

Other students, and even some faculty members, are worried that this dome is a poor usage of funds.

"I was really hoping that they were going to turn the sidewalks

into a lazy-river type of thing," said Visiting Writing Instructor Rod Spellman. "You know, like at Six Flags?"

The exact cost of the dome is \$40 billion.

"That's a lot of potatoes!" said junior John Sabo. "BOOM, baby!!!"

The large amount of funds can be mainly chalked up to the increase in parking tickets. Ron Stowe and his staff have been working around the clock putting citations on beat-up Hondas and clapped-out Toyotas over the past few semesters in hopes of having the project underway by 2010. They came up with the funds a year early.

"Last year we had three murders, 27 riots, and over 50 laptops stolen from Milner alone," said Public Safety Director Ron Stowe as he lit up a gigantic Cuban cigar. "But we sure wrote up a lot of parking tickets. Hell, we made three grand just last week—now how are you gonna argue with figures like that?"

So, we can look forward to watching our football games indoors now. Here at the Guilfordian we'd like to thank everyone who was responsible for this wonderful addition, even you, Randy Doss.

"Bomb-diggy-bomb-da-bang-da-bang-diggy-diggy!" said Doss. "I'm gonna be like Kid Rock in that crazy SOB! Peace!"

## Beer Pong team wins at Final Four

By Ian Young  
STAFF WRITER

"OH, MOTHERF---ER," yells Guilford's All-ODBPC (Old Dominion Beer Pong Conference) player Henry Wells as he inserts his index and pointer finger into the warm comfort of his beer pong cup, pulling his two fingers back out of the cup and straight into his mouth to suck the luscious nectar off his dripping digits, and then back into the cup for another stir. Welcome to the Beer Pong "Final Four."

Guilford, Elon, University of North Carolina Greensboro (UNCG) and the University of Miami (Fla.) all showed up ready to play. Two rounds of cutthroat single-elimination chaos.

The location was top secret for obvious reasons. Two official-size "Pong a Long" tables were set up for the teams. Cups were supplied, but it was asked that you bring your own water cup for sanitary reasons.

"I'm the best beer pong player at this

school (Guilford)," said freshman Imir "Smuckers" Paz – a Guilford beer pong player wanna-be.

When asked "why?" the young Paz proceeded to take off all his clothes and run around naked, yelling, "I am the best, I am the best, I am the BEST!"

Paz was quickly escorted out of the crowd.

"These kids are complete idiots, I can't believe they waste their time with this crap!" said Guilford's beer pong coach Aaron Fetrow after downing his fourteenth beer of the night. "Sometimes I really hate the students at this school; no respect, just no bleeping respect."

When asked how he felt his team was doing, Fetrow smashed his beer bottle on the ground and quickly retorted, "They're throwing their whole chance of winning down the drain, can't you see that!?"

Fetrow did not seem to realize that Guilford had already beaten UNCG and were waiting for the Elon and Miami match to finish.

"Elbows, ELBOWS!" screamed the Miami team, which had a reputation for being stingy about the rules.

Elon was quickly eliminated by the Miami Hurricanes; one death cup shot and they were goners.

Finally, it was down to Miami and Guilford. Miami came firing; two quick cups made.

"The goat entrails in the parking lot say that the locals want us the hell out of there," said Robert Duncan, associate professor of political science.

"Balls back, baby!" one of the Miami players yelled. "I'm gonna put my balls in your mom's cup later tonight."

The crowd was roaring, and wet balls were flying. It was truly morose. Guilford quickly found themselves down one cup to three.

"Power I," yelled Fetrow. "For the love of God, GET A POWER II!"

The Guilford player who was referred to only as "The Kid" shook his head at his coach, took the ball out of the water cup and blew on it softly. He pointed at the lone cup

in front.

"Island." The Kid murmured.

He let the ball fly. The crowd stared as the ball flew through the air. The ball landed in the cup, spinning around inside. The Miami player stuck his two fingers into the cup and pulled the ball without a splash. It was a clean finger.

After a cheeky double bounce shot that was quickly swatted away, Guilford found themselves with the balls and three cups left. The Kid gave the ball a toss, and Wells quickly sent off a stealthy bounce. The Kid's shot went in first, with Wells' bounce quickly following; it barely made it over the lip of the cup, rolling in.

"Guilford wins!" announced play-by-play commentator Bryan Jones. The crowd erupted. It was pure magic. They had done it; the tournament was over.

When asked how the victorious Quaker team felt after the win, The Kid merely said in a soft spoken voice, "I feel good; damn good." Wells nodded.