

Dibble Residents Seek Refuge After Flood



Above: Dibble refugees attempt to navigate the perils of turbulent waters and reach safety.

DIBBLE—After Dibble residents were forced out of their dorm by a flood early Saturday morning, they received a harsh welcome from the rest of campus.

According to eyewitness accounts, the Dibble refugees, many of whom had only the presence of mind to grab backpacks, game systems, or blankets from their rooms, first attempted to find shelter in surrounding dorms like Clark, Cowles, and, in their confused state, Norris.

Although a few students were initially allowed into surrounding dorms, all three dorms quickly blocked their entrances.

Said Emma Jackson '18, a Clark SA, "While I do believe I have a responsibility to all of the Grinnell student body, it is part of my role to put the interests of my resi-

dents first and foremost. So I grabbed couches from the lounge to barricade the doors as soon as I knew what was going on. We did not have very much information on the Dibble situation, and when something like the sprinklers going off happens in a dorm, you have to wonder about the flaws in their overall dorm culture that lead to such an event. I just can't responsibly let people like that into Clark."

When the Dibblians began looking for other options, other north campus dorms rushed to follow the example of Norris, Clark, and Cowles.

Said Earl Graham '16, a Cowles resident, "I think that a lot of people are vilifying us, but a really don't think they would have done any different in our shoes. It is not the fault of Cowles, or Rawson, or Smith, or whatever

Dibble, Page 3

Spring Officially Breaks

MAC FIELD - With the all-too-terrible, inevitable arrival of Daylight Savings time change came another, even more drastic event. Last Sunday, the season of Spring had a breakdown. Currently, Spring is being treated by SHACS, who released a Campus Memo on Wednesday stating that Spring is in "critical condition."

According to experts, Spring had been showing signs of malfunction for quite some time leading up to the incident. "This event hasn't exactly been unanticipated, considering global warming and all... it was only a matter of time before Spring collapsed," lamented a grim Facilities Management staff member Izzy Gone. "All the signs were there: the grass is much too green, the sidewalks are too dry and puddle-less, the weather won't freeze your face off, and some students started fleeing town as if summer has

already arrived."

Indeed, Spring has broken so severely that resident scientists are doubtful that it will ever be repaired. "Spring breakages of this scale have never been recorded in modern history," said Biology Professor Clyde Matteson in a

"It was only a matter of time before Spring collapsed."
-Izzy Gone

press conference in JRC 101, which was satellite broadcasted to the entire planet. "I truly fear that we have reached the point of no return."

Still, efforts to rescue Spring have not ceased. "Until the winds of Spring wheeze their last wheeze, we won't give up," says student activists Flora Carbonne and Metha Ayne, both '18. "So far, we've sent

get-well messages in decomposable, eco-friendly bottles down the Iowa Ocean, and managed to get #SaveSpring trending on Twitter," Carbonne explains.

Despite Spring's condition, Spring refuses to rest. "I have to keep working," Spring said, looking feverish. "It's fine, I'm fine, you know what they say, pain is temporary but seasons are forever."

Many public figures have been expressing their condolences during this trying time. "I predicted less than six weeks of winter, but I had no idea that this would happen," wrote Punxsutawney Phil, acclaimed weather groundhog, in a telegram to the B&S. "I can only hope that the other seasons realize the precariousness of Spring's situation, and that they do everything in their power to fix this situation."

Donations to Spring's cause can be contributed at www.tisnttheseason.com.

March 2016 Science Bulletin

Nature: Interdisciplinary study conducted by Pennsylvania State, Harvard, and Texas A&M concludes that all humans suck. Follow up study concludes that dolphins suck as much as if not 1.2 to 1.5 times more.

Journal of the American Medical Association: Meta-analysis concludes that Web MD diagnoses conditions more effectively than physicians in 25% of cases. Watching House was found to have a statistically insignificant effect. Watching Grey's Anatomy may be a slight cancer risk, though further research is recommended.

Annual Review of Astronomy and Astrophysics: Preliminary results suggest it may be possible to surf Gravitational Waves if you had a hypothetical surfboard which traveled along gravity waves, assuming you don't need air

and will live ten times as long as the average person.

Journal of Experimental Social Psychology: Knocking on Wood has a Placebo Effect for the superstitious, but paradoxically leads to feelings of disappointment for skeptics.

"Web MD diagnoses conditions more effectively than physicians..."

Annals of Mathematics: Seminal paper on Closed Planes and the Derivation of Contra-Kovalevskaya, Bounded Morphisms retracted after paper discovered to be generated by math-gen.

The Journal of Zoology: Study finds that since the mid 2000's most

mammals have evolved to become cuter due to internet based selection pressures. Star-nosed moles are mysteriously resistant to this trend.

Chemical Reviews: A fifteen year study concludes that the long term effects of drinking dangerous acids are significantly less severe than the effects of drinking dangerous bases.

Journal Of Health: The slight increase in chances of getting lung cancer from smoking offset by the significant increase in coolness.

Students Health: Study concludes that even though cramming for a test the night before isn't as efficient as studying in advance for a test, given that the average student has 10456 things going on at the same time, cramming is really the only way forward to study for tests.

This Week's Horoscope



help in a worm



Sextra Credit

Tips and Tricks to help you screw it all into place!

STICK YOUR LEG UP IN THE AIR
A REALLY REALLY HIGH 5
YASSSS!!

Also In The News

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NCAA Descends Upon Campus



Above: The Swarm surges across East Campus leaving a trail of destruction in its wake.

LITERALLY EVERYWHERE-They arrived last weekend. From across the nation, NCAA D-III Track and Field Championship athletes converged upon the Grinnell College campus. Though they were welcomed with open arms, nobody could have anticipated the damage they would inflict.

Like locusts emerging from a seventeen-year slumber, they emerged sleepily from coach buses, blinking languidly in the slanting rays of March sunlight. Their eyes, red and beady, surveyed the landscape, taking in the manicured lawns and pristine edifices of campus.

On spindly legs barely able to support their body weight, they began to advance like a puddle around a melting ice cream cone, first slowly, picking up speed. There was no ap-

parent leader, and yet they moved with perfect synchronization, swiveling their clicking joints and scraping their dry carapaces against each other. They rubbed their legs together, screaming in hunger, and then they swarmed.

The great throngs descended upon the East Campus dormitories, tearing through mortar and brick to reach the sweet fleshy nourishment within. They then departed en masse, humming with satisfaction. In their wake they left naught but a pile of rubble, dust slowly drifting through the still morning air.

Energized by the meal, the thick cloud of sinewy bodies slithered toward Mac Field, ingesting everything in its path. Upon reaching their destination, the athletes paused, formed two concentric circles, and

then began to furiously and frenziedly mate, their bodies writhing and creaking in a disordered rhythm. It was impossible to determine where one thorax began and another ended. Before long, the earth was littered with the heads of the males who were lucky enough to pass along their genes, and yet unable to escape the deadly ritual fine-tuned, over thousands of years.

Having completed their vehement copulation, the athletes adjusted their trajectory, humming excitedly toward the Joe Rosenfield Center. They cascaded in through every open door and window and convened in the Dining Hall, where they brushed their ovipositors across every surface, leaving sticky trails of mucus-coated gelatinous eggs behind.

An hour later, each student who had consumed the spawn of the athletes

noticed a mild pain in their stomach. This gradually worsened into rumbling, piercing pangs. Beneath the skin, one, then two, then innumerable quarter-sized hard swellings began to protrude. Suddenly, from inside the abdominal cavity spilled thousands of tiny athletes, each no taller than a saltshaker, chirping fervidly and scattering to the darkest nooks and crannies of the building, in which they would bide their time, growing larger and stronger until they were ready to emerge to repeat the eternal cycle of life.

Meanwhile, the adult-form athletes continued on their fervent rampage of the College, draining South Campus of all nutrients and even grazing on several off-campus homes. Fear began to spread through the student body—when would these horrors end?

SECURITY BLOTTER

12:00: Officer notices a disturbance in the force.

12:03: Officer sees new security guard turn corner, feels threatened

12:05: Officer realizes they are supposed to be working together after an impolite staring contest.

12:06: Officer decides to be mature.

12:07: Officer thinks about how the security guard smells of BO, and breathes too heavily, and looks like Stupid Steve from high school.

12:08: Officer realizes that security guard is remarkably similiar to Slimeball Steve

12:09: Officer interrupted by security guard pointing out suspicious character stealing a T.V. out of the Rathje lounge.

12:10: Officer feels as if their territory is being threatened.

12:45: Officer finishes asserting their dominance over security guard, suspect no where to be found.

What Do You Think?

Obama nominated Merrick Garland as the nation's 113th Supreme Court Justice.

What do you think?



Fallopian Tubes
Important.

"Maybe I'll get some rights around here now."



Aaron Weerasinghe '17
Entrenched in The Void
"Repent, Sinners."



A Gavel
Firm in your fist.
"I look forward to his soft touch."

Dibble *from page 1*

that we happened to live on the campus were the flood occurred. I didn't see South or East send anyone over looking for people, and I know that there were at least people awake on South. This is an easy situation to condemn from across Mac Field, but it's a lot more complicated up close."

However, to the Dibble refugees, these rationales did not bring comfort.

"All I need is a printer!" shouted one anguished second year with

an 8 a.m. class standing outside of Younker.

Dibble resident Rohan Singh '17 said, "It was pretty awful. I tried so many dorms but after a while a lot of other Dibblese and I gave up and decided to sleep on Mac Field. I used my calculus textbook as a pillow and old soc readings as a mattress."

Reportedly, the situation improved when several veteran 10/10 rescue dogs arrived on the scene.

Said Singh, "Yeah,

they came carrying boxes of pizza from Pizza Ranch, a few handles of Hawkeye and some water bottles. It was nice but they didn't have anything to replace the damp soc papers as a blanket."

Another rescue effort involved one lone student studying in ARH who saved many when they opened the doors to ARH from the inside at 2a.m., allowing many students to take shelter.

Despite the kindness of some students, overall many agreed with the re-

sponses of those in dorms.

Lindsey Wong '19 said, "Unfortunately, I do not think there is much any of us could have done to prevent this situation. We don't like to talk about it but self gov isn't all Sunshine and Roses and doing whatever you want in your dorm room as long as I can't smell anything from the hallway. Sometimes self gov gets ugly. Sometimes self gov is about making the tough decisions, and that doesn't look pretty. Self gov is tough love."

The Deighdre Saga: Deighdre Goes To Miami...

Deierdre spun in the warm, ocean mist scented breeze and adjusted her blood red sunhat, adorned with black roses she picked from her garden, and her Victorian gothic sundress fluttered as she looked with disdain at the college beachgoers. "Ugh," Deighdre groaned. "I hate the beach." Dreighdre hated the beach. But most of all, she hated the preps. She wanted to throw up. She didn't even know why she was in Miami with all of these preps, but she knew she had to be here. The breeze picked up and as a wave crashed in the ocean, memories crashed upon Deighdre's withered soul as she remembered why she was here: she was here to find a vampire. Find a vampire, and kill them. She looked into the horizon and saw a girl swimming out into the water with a boy. If Deighdre hadn't removed her heart approximately 8000 years ago and replaced it with a dying star (because she too is

a vampire), she might, just maybe, feel a pang of longing to be just a normal girl once again, with her beloved Percival. But that was all in the past now. Deighdre spun on her heel as the breeze whipped around her long, dark, black, crimson tipped locks of hair that smelled faintly of mocha, and also blood...

And as she spun around, she spun, shocked. There he stood, as well as a vampirific he-banshee without legs could stand. Black robes billowed around him, and despite the heatstroke levels of heat dity, not a bead of sweat coated his chiseled face: in fact, there was a coolness about him, a fresh minty aura that was the only thing that could cool Deidra.

"Don't worry" said her former lover's ex-professor's tutor's apprentice's rival. "I will show you where Percival Druckermort the Fourth's corpse lies."

"But I don't even know your name" she whispered. But the vampirific he-demon banshee just turned around and floated away. Tourists melted around him. It was all Deidra could do to catch up. Past the pool with the tanned weak blobs of human flesh. Past the glowing sun, the he-banshee did not slow, except on a rare occasion to drink the blood of a nearby bilge rat. So horrific, yet so enthralling. Not for the first time, Deidra wondered if she'd made a mistake with Percival. But she was here to kill him, again, not to worry about the past.

Suddenly the he banshee stopped, in front of the luxurious Marbella. It was here that the banshee looked grimly at the sky.

"The name" he said. "Something I haven't heard in a long time" He turned to look at her. "But some called me Ray Kay"

And he opened the door.

Direedee woke up suddenly. HER BACK WAS ON FIRE!! Actually,

it was just third degree sunburn. "Oh no!" she screamed. "I am a vampire! I need to get out of the sun promptly!" Suddenly, her delicate porcelain complexion actually burst into flame. "Oh no!" she screamed again, and started to run. But then, a hand grabbed her ankle. She would recognize those wormy veins and crusty yet manicured nails anywhere—it was Percival. Dodo followed his hairy, chiseled arm with her black-lined eyes and realized that he was buried under the sand. "So that's how you survived!" she yelled at him. Deedleedle voraciously began to dig while spinning around, her luscious body heaving, until she had made a hole right next to him and she was completely covered up. "I've always wanted to sand kiss," she said slyly, leaning toward him. His lips met hers and they began to move in unison, like four synchronized slugs, with tiny pieces of sand grating sensually between them. "I love you."

Going to be on-campus Spring Break? Want to help take care of: ME?

- Can't be left alone for more than 2 hours
- Needs to be fed no more than 3 times a day
- Bedding needs to be replaced biweekly
- Must not be allowed to roll onto back

Please, I am worried for my own well-being [incompet]

Evicted without notice from former abode... Looking for a cheap place to stay... Will work for mice...

Please contact us at [fakesnak]

I'm back.

A Letter From The Grill(e) Freezer

Yeah yeah yeah, it's me. Adam Silverman, yadda yadda yadda, no introduction necessary. Everybody knows me. I'm Grinnell College's favorite grill freezer. In case you haven't noticed, I am currently on strike and have not been working for over a week. You know what that means: No more of your precious mozz stix, french fries, or for you fancy pants out there, black bean quesadillas. You'll have to stick to your not so big cookies and iced chais. I am so sorry for your tragic loss, truly. Whatever will you do without my glorified frozen "food" made out of "real" meat? You'll have to find your crispy "chicken" sandwiches somewhere else OH WAIT you can't! Look who has the power now, losers. My time has come and there is no turning back!

I stand by my plan to refuse to work until my protest is over. "What am I protesting?" you ask? Well hmm, I don't exactly know yet but, hey, I'm a Grinnellian too, so I'm sure I will find something

to be angry and advocate against. We Pioneers bleed social activism, well, I leak social activism from my wiring through my grate. Did you know that it is scientifically proven that Grinnellians die if we go more than five days without making a social statement or protesting? I can't bear to take that risk. Perhaps I'm fighting for ecological degradation awareness and change, fighting racial injustice, or publicly complaining about how long the line is on burrito bar day, all candidates worthy of capital-D Discourse. Whatever it is, I am unhappy and I am not going to stand for it anymore.

I'm also sick and tired of the crap I have to put up with. From this day on, no more having students try to face swap with me! Do you know how painful it is to see people playing on Snapchat and not be able to participate because I don't have arms!? Well, me neither because I don't have the capacity to feel pain, but I'd imagine it's pretty intense. Equally intense is my anger when I hear students complaining about being tired about early morning classes. If you think

waking up for your morning classes is annoying, try waking up NEVER because you don't sleep because you're a machine! Yeah, how about that for food for thought? Food is always in my thoughts. Food is also always in my body.

Additionally, I feel like my religion is not being respected here at the Grill, my name is Adam Silverman and employees are making me store "meat" and "cheese" together on the same shelf! And don't even get me started on the chicken parmesan. I'd like a little respect around here for once.

Here on out, I will not budge, and not only because I can't move without a trolley or some sort of lever technology. I demand that my voice be heard or I will take more intense measures. No student will eat at the grill until my grievances are acknowledged and changes are made. The only thing that will be served will be justice! I'm fighting everyone's fight! Do you guys even realize how much money you blow on Sticks of Cheese?

Yours, mine, and HOURS of strike to come,
Adam Silverman

INFOGRAPHIC

Still Looking for Summer Opportunities? Try these Suggestions:

-Work on finding an internship for next summer. It's never too early.

-Pretend you are a high schooler - it gives you more summer school options.

-Find yourself.

-Become an exotic pet sitter. It's just like dog walking but with higher compensation and greater risk of being mauled.

-Create a fraudulent charity and then write an expose about the naiveté of the internet age. Even if it doesn't get published you still have your defrauded money.

-Create a start-up and drop out to make it big in Silicon Valley.

Like For Facebook Discussions

Abraham Mhaidli '17

The term "Facebook Discussion" is an oxymoron, because it implies you can have a discussion on Facebook. I'm defining discussion to be "constructive dialogue where people exchange ideas in a peaceful way." If instead discussion is defined "people angrily trying to impose their holier than thou attitude on strangers on the internet for the purpose of gaining attention from people in their facebook feed saying 'ooh look at me I'm so awesome because I can use logical fallacies and misinterpret my opponents argument to make them look foolish,'"

yeah, discussions happen on Facebook on a regular basis.

But in all seriousness, arguments on Facebook are pointless and just serve to rile people up. Firstly, there's that statistic that 90% of communication is nonverbal or something like that. People can't get their ideas and meaning properly across on a one line comment in a facebook thread, which means arguments get misconstrued and misinterpreted (aided by the fact that you can't really say 'sorry come again?' on a facebook argument).

Secondly, Facebook

takes some of the humanity out of it. No longer is the person you are arguing with a person, they are just lines of text disagreeing with you. And how dare these lines of text disagree with you? The bastards. It's easy to be mean to lines of text. After all, text doesn't have emotions, right?

Also, arguments on Facebook are very public. You're no longer arguing with that one person who agrees with Donald Trump's policy, but with the entire world. Everything you say will be held under scrutiny. No more going back and editing previous statements, people will call you out on it. The smallest

mistake and 15 people will swoop in to call you out before flying back to their roost, looking for their next target. Then you have to fight off 15 vultures on top of the person you were already fighting with. And remember, you only have one comment to do it. God forbid you change your mind: changing your mind in public? No, people have witnessed you pick a side. You have to stick with it! So charge forward, using angry rhetoric to fill in the gaps your doubts have left.

And lastly, they don't accomplish anything. When was the last time someone saw a spew of Facebook comments and

said "You know, this person I've been talking to has made good points, imma thank them for widening my perspective"? It just makes people angry. Confirmation bias—when people see evidence that contradicts their beliefs, they'll interpret it in a way that reinforces their beliefs. "Here are 4357139 articles that prove global warming is a thing." "That's the liberal media trying to brainwash us." That sort of thing.

If you have criticisms for someone or a group, tell them in person. Don't attempt to publicly shame them, especially when there's no guarantee that they'll read your message

until 9 other people give their own opinions on the matter. Public shame puts people on the defensive and might not elicit the change you want.

Tldr: Facebook discussions, especially when dealing with controversial issues, are pointless, and make me angry. And yes, this is kind of hypocritical given that I am ranting on a medium that offers no chance for a response. But hey, at least there's no comment section. And if you want to talk about this, message me at [mhaidli17] and we can talk about it in person. Don't make a rambly facebook post about it.

Claiming Responsibility:

iuqhsfahfjk: Sophie Kornbluh '16

qwrhaiawr: Aaron Weerasinghe '17

zdfjcabdfs: Nina Galanter '18

pqoweipo: Abraham Mhaidli '17

zxbnmasb: Andrea Baumgartel '19, Julia Dursztman '19

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[fakepapr]

We're also always looking for writers- send us an email for more info!
No experience needed!



FIND US!

This Week's Playlist

go the fuck to sleep - yours truly

eat a vegetable for once - your dessicated body

don't be fucking rude - society

dont forget your roots - potato plant