

Assignment

magazine

February 2010
issue 2

CREATE THE SCHOOL SPIRIT

FOR A MADE-UP COLLEGE

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Assignment Magazine collects the work generated by a group of contributors assigned a challenge every month. The only rule for completion of the assignment is that the final product fit on a single standard-sized sheet of paper. Contributors take turns generating the assignments. Each work is © by individual contributor.

Contributors:

**Kyle Bethea
Steph Cook
Matt Cunningham
Jorin Garguilo
Dan Gordon
Mary Winn Heider
John Heider
Clayton Margeson**

**George McAuliffe
Scott Morehead
Adal Rifai
Sadieh Rifai
Louie Saunders
Julia Weiss
Rob White**

compiled by Jorin Garguilo
contact us at am@buoyfish.com

This month's assignment, assigned by Adal Rifai:

**CREATE THE SCHOOL SPIRIT
FOR A MADE-UP COLLEGE**

The Alcatraz Institute for Higher Learning

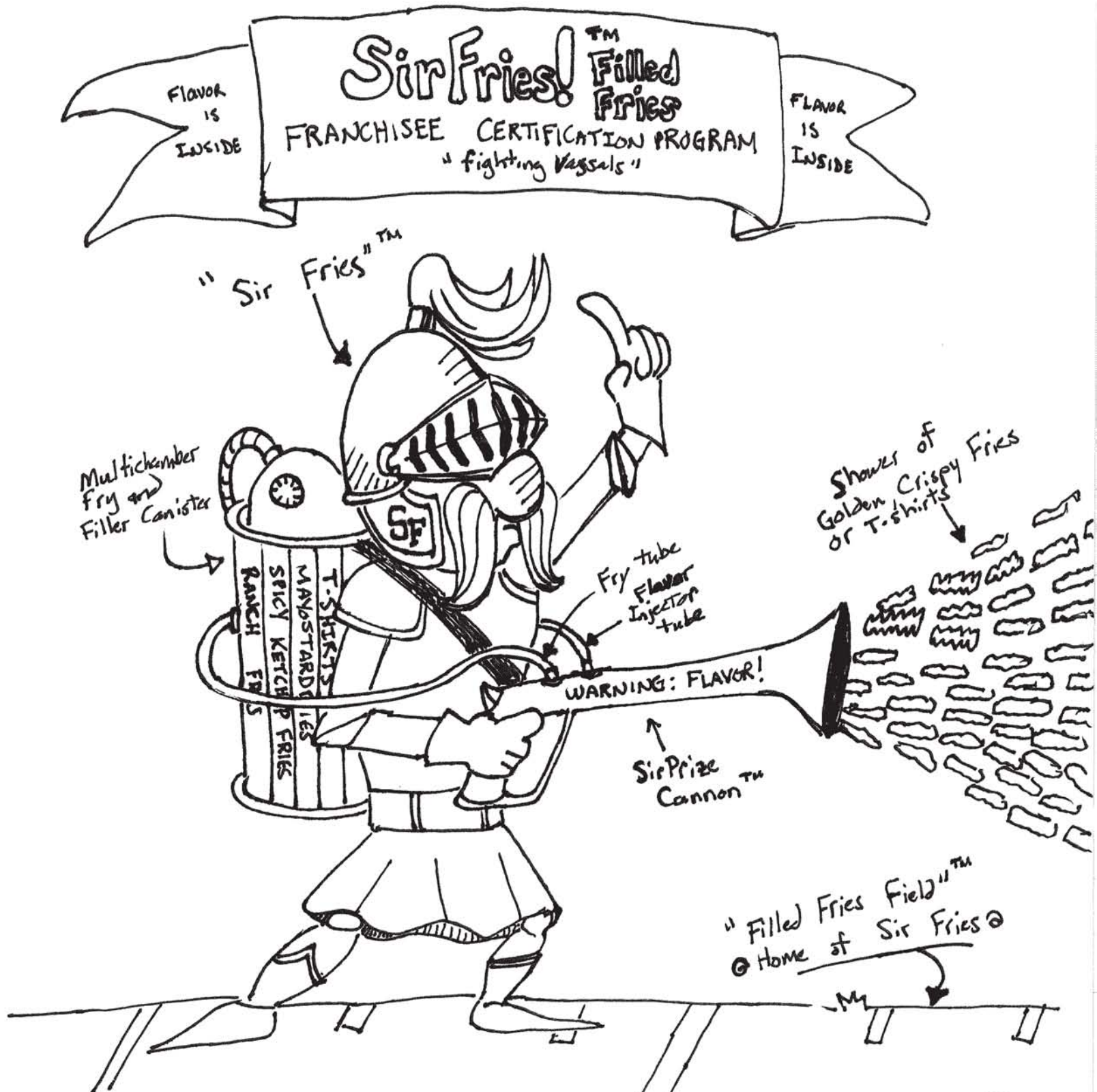
Welcome to the Alcatraz Institute for Higher Learning! We hope you've enjoyed your first, louse-free night in our maximum security dormitories and are ready to strike out in a career path of your choosing, be it in the fields of laundry, highway clean up, or license plate manufacturing. But first, I'd like to introduce myself; I'm the Alcatraz Inmate, going stir crazy with school spirit!

Now, you probably think our big, burly football players are pretty intimidating when they come up behind you in the communal showers, but they just want to invite you to the biggest event of the year: Break Out! Just before Fall Break, when you're confined to the central yard while we sweep the dorms for contraband, we'll be facing our biggest rivals, Shawshank Tech in a football game sure to help stop that night crying for at least one evening. The Longest Yard football stadium will be packed with alumni, so be sure to get your ticket early.

And don't forget: attendance is mandatory. So, if you don't want a week in the hole with just your thoughts of life back home, get yourself out there for some good, old-fashioned fun.

That's all from me, but look out for more updates in the coming months. And don't worry about that tunnel, I'll keep it between us.

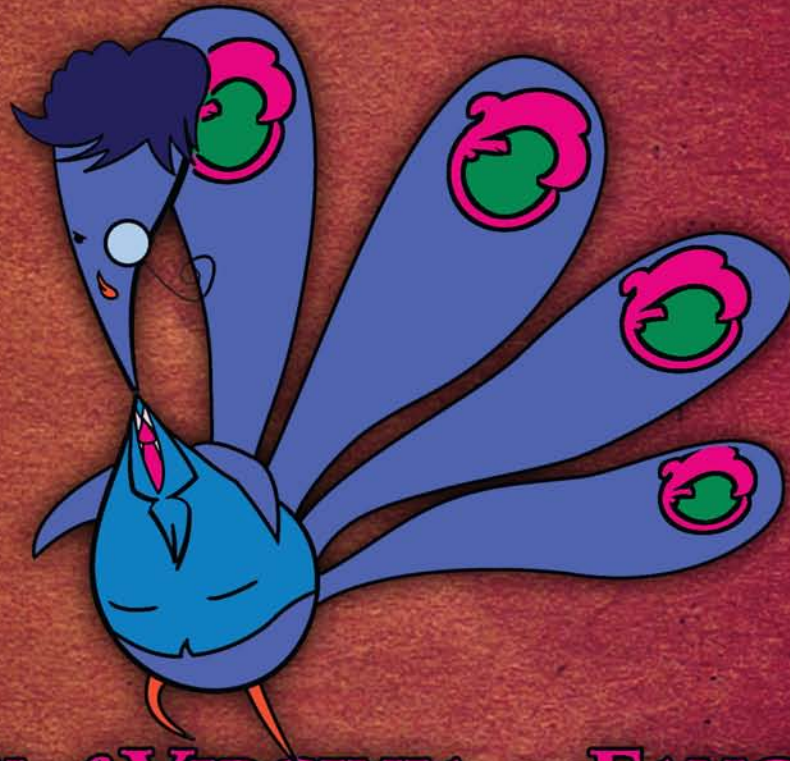
Enjoy your time at the Alcatraz Institute for Higher Learning, where we're building productive members of society with the best tool of all: fun!



♪ Sir-FRIES!™ Sir-FRIES!™ -- TO THEE WE PLEDGE OUR TITHE! ♪
 AND PLEDGE TO THEE OUR LOY-AL-TY ♪
 BY TEN-DER OF OUR ROY-AL-TY ♪
 SIR-FRIES!™ SIR-FRIES!™ FLAVORS INSIDE THEE DIS-GUISE!

Fight song of
 certified SirFries!™ franchisees





UNIVERSITY *of* VIRGINIA *at* FANCY GAP



*FINE ARTS
NINE CARTS
filled to the brim
with lace & satin
YEAH!*

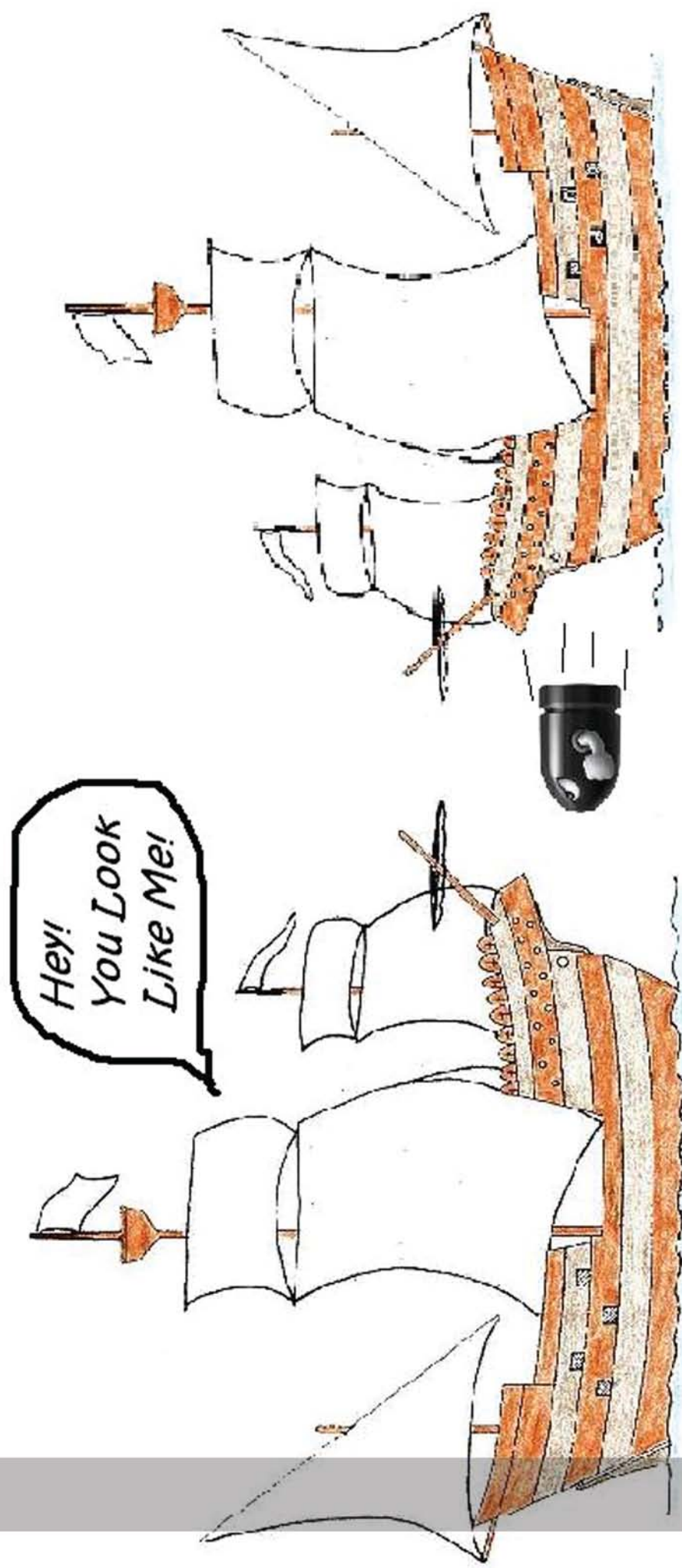
*FANCY GAP! FANCY GAP!
Sooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
Fine!*

(repeat)

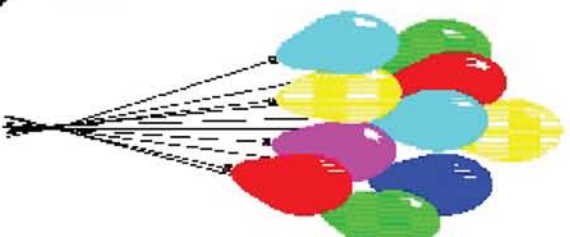
STATE UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN ALABAMA

The Fighting Relationships

Dan Gordon



Go Cobblers Go!!!



Rest In Peace Max & Jean



Your'e song will always carry us

The Dan Marino University



Dear Rob White,

We received thousands of applications and reviewed them all thoroughly. It is with great pride that we send this letter to congratulate you on your acceptance to The Dan Marino University. We were most impressed with your essay: *Me and 13*. We weren't sure if those were real tear drops on the pages or if they were added for effect, but we can assure you that a few of our own were added to those pages as well.

The Dan Marino University, which is located adjacent to Dan Marino's house in suburban Miami, is a small school that's focused on giving you a high quality education to put you on a path for future success! In addition to offering a wide variety of academic programs, you will have access to highlights, photos, and old interviews with Dan Marino in our state of the art Dan Marino Museum and Library. At DMU, you are almost as important to us as Dan Marino, and we think that says a lot.

Life at DMU is what you make of it. You will experience great weather, be close to the beach, nightlife, shopping and...oh yeah, you will live next door to Dan Marino. The four year bachelor's degree that you receive from DMU will not only impress friends and family, but will also provide you with access to our top notch alumni relations networking group. The group, led by Richmond Webb, will break through this tough employment market and give you the pocket time that you deserve to find a job that's right for you! Once you've lined it up, we'll get your resume to them with a lightning fast release, to get you started on the career of your dreams.

These next four years are important ones and we hope that you choose to spend them with us (next to Dan Marino). One thing is for sure, you won't have any regrets when, on graduation day, Dan picks up your diploma (which is wrapped around a football), and says "congratulations, now go deep".

If you have any questions please don't hesitate to contact us.

Sincerely,

John Offerdahl

John Offerdahl

Dean of The Dan Marino University

P.S. Please enjoy the enclosed Dan Marino Jersey, we're sure you already have one, but you can never have enough.

"This place is haunted, you know."

"Shut up, Tommy. You're pullin' our legs." Sean wasn't buying it for a second.

"No way, man. It's true. This house was built on a—"

"Indian burial ground?" Dan was laughing.

"Oh eat me, Dan. It was built over the remains of some college... which was built on an Indian burial ground."

"Prove it!" Dan ordered.

"Alright I will!"

Tommy peeled back the wallpaper on his bedroom wall to expose the burned image of a dog – a west highland terrier - with a book in one hand (this dog had hands, not paws) and a football in the other. It wasn't like the image was there and then got burned, rather the image was made of char.

"It just showed up one night – the first night we lived here." "Yeah right. You made that... and that's why they put up the sailboats." Sean and Dan laughed. "Shut up, Dan! I like boats! And I didn't do it. You jerks wanna hear the story or not!"

Sean and Dan apologized. The night had taken a turn for the boring when the conversation switched focus from their classmates' summer boob growth to ghost stories. All the standards had come out and golden arms and dead babysitters stop being scary after a while. But Tommy seemed convinced on the quality of his story and Sean and Dan were desperate for him to deliver.

"It was the first night we were here. I didn't have a bed yet and it was too cold downstairs so I stayed up here on an old cot. And it was dark, real dark. And all of a sudden it smelled like leaves, like fall, you know? Like crunchy leaves mixed with the library. Like... the gross part of the library where it just smells old and weird."

"Hey, I like that smell!" "You fag." "YOU are!"

"ANYway – so I'm just layin' there, and it smells like that and like all a sudden I start hearing these drums, like parade drums and stuff. And I start getting scared 'cause it's night time and- and there's drum sounds in my room. And that's when the trumpets and stuff and flutes and whatever start playing and it got so loud I thought my ears were gonna explode. And these voices started chanting 'Fight fight, Westies! Win the game! Bring honor to our Wesite name! Westies tried and Westies tue! Westies pride! Go Teal and Blue!' And that's when that picture of the dog burns itself on my wall."

Sean and Dan looked at the terrier on the wall, he had a fierce snarl and his ears poked out of a teal and blue tam o'shanter. The dog was more intimidating than it had any right to be.

So I stand up. Well I couldn't move or yell or anything for a second, but then I stand up and I run out to the hall. And I'm naked, buck naked in the hallway—"

"Sean likes that part."

"Shut up, Dan! I'm not a fag!"

"So I'm standing there naked and this guy's next to me sayin' I gotta make the run if I wanna have the fun and I don't know what it means, but then they started chanting more weird stuff about kappas or something. And it's like... I don't want to let them down for some reason and so I run down the hallway and at the end of the hallway's this girl. She's real hot - got brown hair and a sweater on and she smells real good. And like, she's hotter than Katie even and Katie's real hot. And she says, "you're a Westie now! Your blood runs teal and blue!" And she was about to kiss me, but then she disappeared and I was in this room with a ton of desks and stuff and this old man was there, and I don't know why, but something in my brain said "Uh oh, not Doc Boyle. He's the toughest on campus."

"What the hell does that mean?"

"I don't know, but he was real scary. Makes my skin crawl. Sometimes I – well... sometimes when I'm doing homework or stuff, he shows up. He just stands there and watches me."

"Bologna." "Yeah I bet you like bologna." "I'm not a fag, Dan! Shut the hell up!" "Shut up you guys! This is for real!"

The boys started to fight – Domino's and MTN DEW were flying, as were fists and threats. Tommy started to sense something familiar.

"Stop! Stop it! Smell that? Smell that right now? Books! Old moldy books, and—"

A sharp whistle blew, the westie on the wall started to glow, teal and blue. The Edward Donald Malcolm College Westies fight song boomed. The walls disappeared to expose a stadium, just beyond which a gazebo stands – for some reason the boys were fully aware that if they ever wanted to pin their steady girl; that would be the place to do it.

They stood, frozen and stunned as the spirit of the EDMC and the Fighting Westies flurried around them. Teal and Blue banners danced overhead and bagpipes could be heard in the distance. Worries of dean's lists and what would be on the midterm started to flood the boys' brains.

"F-f-fa-," Dan attempted.

"Shu-shut uhh..." Sean tried, too.

A ghostly teal-and-blue-kilted pipe and drum corps, The Westie Windbaggers, emerged from behind a hill. Sean, Dan and Tommy were lost in a sea of pom-poms and banners as "Scotland the Brave" grew louder and louder.

It disappeared faster than it had come, and they were left alone in an empty darkness with only one other creature – lit by an unseen moon.

The terrier was at least 7 feet tall, if not 20, and he wore a teal and blue kilt. Dan didn't even think about calling him a fag. The Westie crushed a Dorito under his cleat – the sound echoed as the dog looked each boy in the eye. Not a single word was spoken but the power of Westie pride spoke for itself. The spirit of the Edward Donald Malcolm College Westies is one that cannot be broken, and it shall live on forever on the hallowed site of its once glorious walls.

The next morning at breakfast, the boys were quiet. Tommy thought it must have been a dream, but in his head – or was it his heart – he could hear clear as day:

Oh Edward Donald Malcom, to you

Beloved father we'll e'er be true

Alma Mater

Sons and Daughters

Till time does end

We'll never falter

In our love for you.

Sing bright and bold and proud, lest ye

You do not love our honored Westie

Forever we are for you

Forever Teal and Blue

By Scott

Scott Morehead

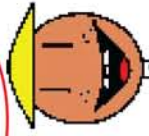
GO 'CB's!!!
HEYYYYYY!



We're
gonna KILL YOU
you guys at
STATE!!!



You have
forgotten
your heritage
MOST
DISHONORABLE!



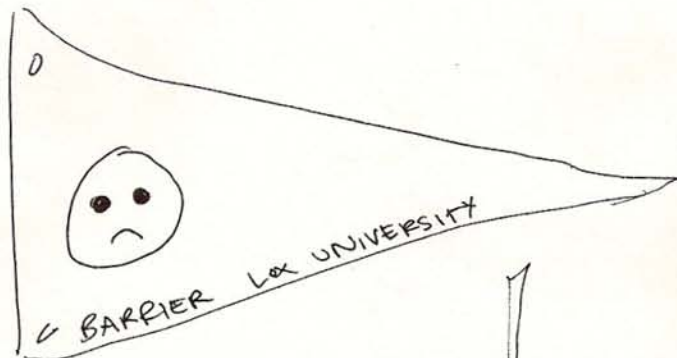
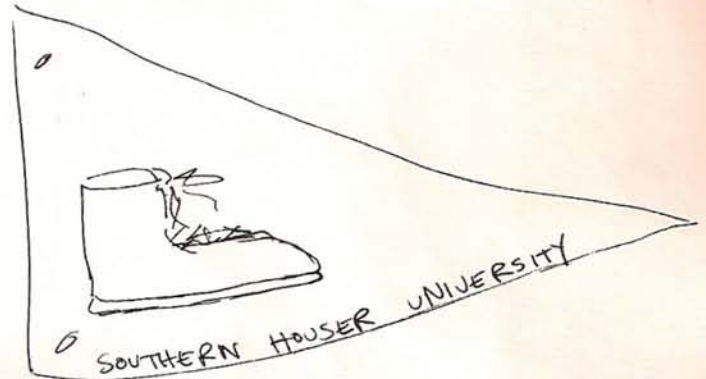
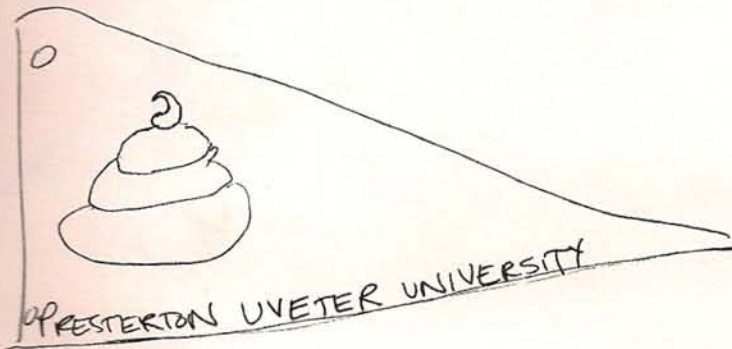
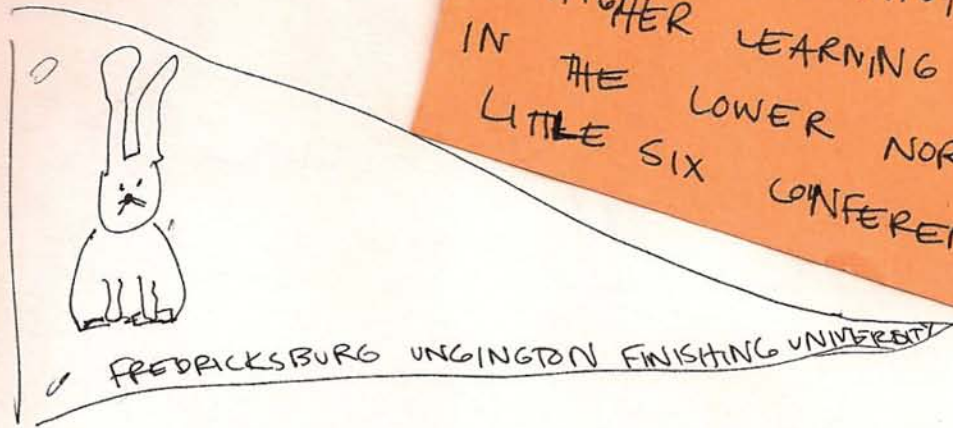
PUSSIES!!!

HISS! BOO!





INSTITUTIONS OF
HIGHER LEARNING REPRESENTED
IN THE LOWER NORTH CENTRAL
LITTLE SIX CONFERENCE 2009-2010



FOLINGTIAN UNIVERSITY



ATTISON CANARINE HOSPITALITY
UNIVERSITY



Mutiny University



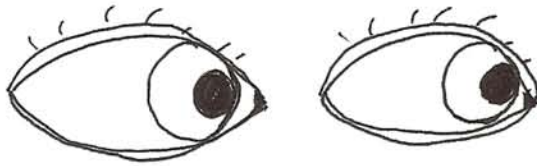
Inspiring You to overthrow the coup.

By Sadieh Rifai



MAVIS STATE COLLEGE

Mascot:



The Floating Pair of Eyes

Fight Song:

Oh Mavis State we look out for you
We peer out to the skies

Oh Mavis State we never blink
As we shout our victory cries!

Our sports teams may not always win
But we try more than anyone tries
And if we work real hard and stay alert
We'll pull off a surprise!

We are the Mavis State
We are the Mavis State
We are the Mavis State

Floating Pair of Eyes!



