**Happy Tree Friends**

**By Eldon Stegall**

Contribution Writer

Before the slaughter begins, one fact about Happy Tree Friends must be made clear. At Tech, where flash movies are shown over the campus more often than birds, and “WTF, mate?” has long been a part of the vernacular, animated shorts featuring the Happy Tree Friends (previously referred to as HTF) are far from new, and their new DVD, Overkill, is more of the same, not that that’s necessarily a bad thing.

Seniors fondly remember the first time they saw “Eye Candy” or “Spin Fun Know Y’?” in freshman dorms with a laugh and a grimace. How could it be otherwise for a series that seems to combine the best parts of kindergarten animation, tongue-in-cheek innocence and more gore than your average Sam Raimi movie?

It seems that, despite all attempts at good taste and the maintenance of social norms, HTF has amassed quite a following, and, though it fails completely to stimulate on any kind of intellectual level, its morbid humor appeals to anyone who ever drove deep into the forest.

Whether you share this fascination with dismemberment or not, HTF is probably worth checking out. Their website, http://www.happytreefriends.com, gives you a sampling of the wonderful gore that these twisted minds came up with. Be warned, though, this stuff is not for the faint of heart and murder in his eyes.

The writers were wise enough to see that dialogue detracts from the fun of pure, unadulterated violence, so the extent of communication is childlike babbling. However, in order to fulfill their commitment to some modicum of actual truth, they have provided helpful quips such as “Smiles are always free!” and “Don’t forget to Foss!” at the end of each episode, following the credits that are almost as lengthy as the film itself.

Despite its notable setbacks, Happy Tree Friends is refreshing in the kind of intellectual level, its morbid humor appeals to anyone who ever drove deep into the forest. It must be granted that the likeliest of all their adventures, goes wrong in an epically violent sort of way.

The Happy Tree Friends go for a lovely wagon ride, which, like all of their situations, is more universally recognizable than most world leaders, it doesn’t have the potential to do better. It doesn’t seem like she’s really trying to stand out or make a statement. She is just doing what she knows she can do: write well and sing simple, pretty songs. In this CD, she’s playing it safe.

The Happy Tree Friends遇难, such as Cud the bunny, Nutty, the raccoon, sugar-addicted squirrel, and Flippy, the bear has long been a part of the vernacular.

**Prettyman plays okay**

**By Margaret Ricks**

Contribution Writer

Tristan Prettyman’s debut CD, twentythree, is in an average CD. It has beautiful vocals, well-written lyrics and good music. There isn’t any doubt that Tristan Prettyman is talented. She writes, sings and plays all of the songs on her CD. Still, it’s hard to rave about twentythree. She goes for a real, original sound, and she succeeds fairly well. Her music captures everyday emotions in an appealing way. But is the album really all that original? Not so much.

**Every Time rocks Masquerade**

**By Jennifer Allen**

Contribution Writer

Heaven or Hell? You have 10 seconds to choose which section of the club to go to before the guy behind you has a comprehension test because you’re indecisive.

This was the option that the Masquerade was offering for music fans on Friday night. Heaven was hosting Every Time I Die, while Hell had Spill Canvas.

My trip started off in Hell with the Spill Canvas tour while waiting for the so-called main act of Every Time I Die. The first band to play in Hell was a band from Maryland called Thin Dark Line. The music was not bad, but what really made the show was the personality of the lead singer Bryan.

He enjoyed the crowd wonderfully and made them part of the show. Since they were the opener they didn’t play for long, but what they did play definitely had feeling behind it.

These guys are going to go places, perhaps not the best idea to have a campfire in your wooden tree house, or hang your head outside of the window of the school bus and plays the modern counterpart to the old-style fairy tales of the Brothers Grimm, which showed naughty children just what happened if they wandered too deep into the forest.

It must be granted that the likelyhood of actually encountering any of the situations that the Friends encounter is not high by any measure, but for entertainment’s sake, it’s more of a stretch of the imagination than, say, talking meatballs, fries or shakes.

There are few more culturally universal symbols than cartoons, and the creators of HTF are just the newest couple of guys to realize it.

In a world where Mickey Mouse is more universally recognizable than most world leaders, it doesn’t make sense to have the show costs $20 to get in the door, and are into any of these bands, the doors open at 7 p.m. and the music starts at 8 p.m.

Coldplay coming to Philips Arena

On Wednesday, Sept. 28, Coldplay will be playing a show at Philips Arena with guest Rilo Kiley. Tickets cost from $38 to $61 and the show starts at 7:30 p.m. Come on by and maybe you can get a good look at Gwyneth Paltrow looking on from the wings you sad little fanboys, you.
Journey is better than 3/4ths of modern music.
Vegetarians are idiots. Although I guess they drive down the price of meat for those of us with some sense.
the stingerette won't take me to the cheeta anymore! BOOO
It should be legal to punch hippies and metrosexuals in the stomach.
and after they are punched they must say “Thanks, I needed that!”
The girls will put their breasts away for the winter soon. What am I supposed to stare at in class now?
Max needs to lose some weight, this is getting ridiculous.
Get well soon Reggie, we need you!
IN YOUR FACE PARKING OFFICE! got my $50 ticket reduced to $10.
Of course that’s $10 more than I’d like to pay, but that’s $40 parking doesn’t get.
And I’m probably going to take revenge on some of the parking deck gates.
Alcohol is part of college life, stop fighting it and accept it.
You should be allowed to kick sunnys whenever you feel like it. They don’t dent, no harm no foul.
No dudes in the flag corps this year, we almost look like a respectable southern school.
Can I have my diploma already?
The stinger route should go wherever I want it to.
The last panel of slivers were all mine. I AM THE SLIVER KING!
You know, you can communi- cate more effectively with Sea Monkeys than you can with some of these professors.
The girl next to me takes a lot of notes, I write a lot of slivers.
Don’t you love that time of the semester when all of your profs conspire to have a test at the same time?
SHABADO
CS makes me want to get drunk every night.
If you have a bike, RIDE IT! If you don’t, I will!
but this time there wasn’t. The place was packed with people there to see Every Time I Die. They weren’t just any old fans either. They were the die-hard fans that cheered madly when the band’s banner was raised five minutes before the band even came on.

After the band took the stage, all hell broke loose in Heaven.

The crowd was the most amazing part. They were singing along to every word. There were points where the singer was inaudible because of all the people singing around me.

While the same part of the crowd was near the back where I was, all the action was up front where bodies were flying left and right. You would be watching the band and suddenly some random person would be launched from the middle of the crowd. Most made it to crowd surfing, but there were also the unfortunate few who you just saw go up and then back down.

Every Time I Die was amazing as well. The stage set-up made one feel even more attached to the music. The lights were awesome, going from red to green and back to red. The band was all over the stage, getting close to the crowd and having them sing into the microphone.

While Every Time I Die put on a great show, I got a little hot, so when the set was over I gladly traded in my wings for horns and a tail to catch the end of Spill Canvas. All in all it was a great show, two bands were all over the stage, getting close to the crowd and having them sing into the microphone.

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Friends from page 17

take a genius to realize that merchandising is where the money is. And thus comes the call to review HTF in preparation for the release of Overkill.

The set includes episodes not released on the website, as well as special features like interaction with the characters via “Smoochies” and holiday-specific shorts. While the episodes released on the web will probably satisfy the curious investigator, if one simply cannot quench one’s bloodlust, the box set makes it easy to continue discovering more ways for cute, furry animals to die.

Though hardly a collection of great art to be appreciated through the ages, Happy Tree Friends is a must-see for fans of either expertly done flash animations or just expertly rendered cute little bunnies having their faces ripped off by other cute little animals of all stripes.

Tristan from page 17

safe. She sums it up herself perfectly on her blog saying, “It wasn’t supposed to be something amazing and ground-breaking, it wasn’t a birth or a death but more like something in between. I don’t think it sucks.”

All told, it’s a solid album, but she isn’t going to make a name for herself just by beating the bell-curve.

Tristan Prettyman will be at the Variety Playhouse on Sept. 7.

Bad Boys of Comedy in Atlanta

The Bad Boys of Comedy tour is making its stop in Atlanta tonight at the Civic Center. Featuring comedians Malik, Ronnie Jordan, Will E. Robo, Chris Thomas and Howie Bell, the tour is bringing the hit HBO comedy series to the live stage. The show starts at 8 p.m. and ticket prices range from $35 to $50.

Brit brothers to bicker at HiFi

Everyone’s favorite angry brother band, Oasis, will be playing at HiFi Buys Amphitheatre on Tues., Sept. 27 at 7 p.m. Come see the brothers Gallagher as they play songs from their latest album. General admission tickets cost $25 and assigned seating costs between $34.50 and $49.50.

Come to the student pubs weekly photo staff meetings.

Thursdays @ 7:00
Student Services
Building Room 137
Free pizza and drinks

No experience necessary—don’t forget your camera!
Two Bits Man ponders how to get off campus without a car, whores out his math skills, refuses to brave MARTA

It’s been awhile since I’ve been a freshman, so to be honest, I don’t know if this policy even still exists, but when I was a young and naive, they wouldn’t let first quarter (yeah, I said quarter, not semester, just to give you an idea of my age) freshmen park on campus. So, I’m assuming that’s still true.

By now, the sly 18-year-olds among you must be desperately looking for ways to get off campus. After all, there are only so many Freshman Experience functions that the Stinger can take you to before you go mad.

So, with that in mind, I want to help you discover clever ways to enjoy life off campus.

By now, you’ve probably tried using MARTA, but you’ve found that it’s both easier and much less likely to result in your own untimely demise to sell your personal belongings in order to pay for a cab. So, you need to think about ways to make your personal belongings desirable to the riffraff around town. Consider advertising techniques popularized by eBay.

That underwear that you outgrew isn’t old. It’s vintage. Nevermind the fact that your girlfriend told you she’s leaving if you don’t get rid of them. Personally, I suggest that you put them on the dynamic duo of eBay and Craigslist, because you need to market as well as you can.

If taking a cab is not your style or if you just don’t have anything that anyone in their right mind would actually want to buy, another clever means of transport is Atlanta’s hitch-hiking.

Conventional wisdom has always suggested that you want to be kind to your would-be driver, failing that, kill them and dump their body in a shallow grave. Whatever works for you.

Some people offer to split the cost of gasoline with their benefactor, but in these tough times, the gas to get from Tech to Kroger will cost you about $93, an arm, a leg, a fireborn son and any number of other cliches indicating a very great price. So screw that.

Personally, I suggest you get yourself a nice piece of corrugated cardboard and a Sharpie and write, “Will do integral calculus for $20.” Ideally, a friendly suburban housewife in a luxury SUV will stop on the corner and say, “You know, I have always wanted to calculate the volume of a paraboloid. Could you help?” Also part of the ideal outcome is when the housewife turns out to be desperately in need of companionship and the whole affair culminates in a letter to Penthouse beginning with “I never thought this could ever happen to me.”

Another trick you may try is making friends with upperclassmen. In high school, the idea of a freshman talking to a senior was wholly preposterous, but at Tech, it happens all the time.

There’s always someone who neglected to take a freshman class they needed when they were a freshman. For me, that class was Biology II. Somehow, I let it slip through years of co-oging and double-majoring, and by the time I took it, I was more than a quarter of a century old.

To really add a surreal aspect to my experience, my lab partner was a freshman who had skipped a grade in high school. I had some grey hairs, and she was too young to shop at Insersction.

But the point stands. Had she needed a lift somewhere, I would have provided it, because that’s what friendly upperclassmen do, and then I would have been the object of the ‘Pirate staff’s statutory rape jokes. I swear, you interview for one engineering position at a sex toy manufacturer, and you’re marked for life.

Of course, this is an engineering school. There’s no need to even use a car if you don’t want to.

If you post to a newsgroup here, you should be able to borrow someone’s nuclear powered skateboard. Just be sure to wear your lead trousers, because they might just come in handy when you want to sire the child who leads the resistance against our nuclear powered skateboard overlords.

The Two Bits Man, for one, is planning on fathering the next John Connor some day, but I never had to worry about my trousers, because I used the next idea.

If you have that not-so-shiny, not-so-new car that your parents gave you when you turned sixteen, you can always park it at the hotel down the street. If you think that the rate Tech charges folks to park is extortion, you should try parking at the hotel down the street.

I think it would probably have been cheaper to just rent a car whenever I needed to go somewhere, but I loved that car—well, I loved that car until I was stranded on North Avenue and had to let gravity roll it backwards 50 feet at a time until I rolled it onto GSU’s campus housing, but I digress.

I loved that car the same way every superhero loves his arch-nemesis.

In short, if you’re a freshman, there are lots of good ways to get away from campus, but no matter what, you need to get away from time to time.

If you don’t, you’ll actually start to think that Brittain is how food should taste, and no one deserves to have that diseased worldview forced upon them.

Until next time, this is the Two Bits Man hoping that you have an escape plan in action.