Shinedown rocks Hi-Fi Buys, Southern style

By Craig Tabita
Contributing Writer

Shinedown rocked the Hi-Fi Buys Amphitheater on Wednesday, Aug. 30, opening for Rob Zombie and Godsmack.

The night featured three solid acts who all share in common the heavy rock music they play, and it provided the unusual opportunity for concert-goers to see three successful rock acts, all at different stages of a rock band career.

Shinedown is a young band, fresh off their second album, 2005’s Us And Them. Despite their huge success on the radio and the charts, particularly with the single “Save Me” which reached number one on the Billboard rock charts, Shinedown is still looking to become a household name like the way the other two acts in this show have.

“We’ve had seven singles on the radio, Eightnow,” said Barry Kerch, Shinedown’s drummer. “I can still go into a mall, and when we walk into a mall together, they say ‘We want Shinedown to be their fourth record to go platinum like each one before it and will likely be their fourth record to go platinum in the near future.”

Kerch, with an undertone of self-deprecation, explained why the band was on the tour.

“Godsmack, for some unknown reason, is a fan of ours. We love it. They said ‘We want Shinedown to be the other band on this tour’ and God forbid we be the ones to deny that to those guys,” Kerch said.

Godsmack broke through in 1998 with their self-titled album and hasn’t looked back since then.

Their fourth album, 2006’s IV, has been tremendously successful like each one before it and will likely be their fourth record to go platinum in the near future.

For the finale, singer Brent Smith left the stage and headed straight for the rock music.

Shinedown ended their performance with the mashup “Save Me.” For the finale, singer Brent Smith left the stage and headed straight for the grassy fields, far away from the stage.

“I think this one’s a little more stripped down. A little more straight ahead rock, not as many overdubs, and a little more classic rock style,” Kerch said.

Shinedown ended their performance with the mashup “Save Me.” For the finale, singer Brent Smith left the stage and headed straight for the grassy fields, far away from the stage. With a wave of screams following his path as he made his way through the crowd and hundreds of cell phones snapping pictures. It’s all about putting on a show. All these kids pay so much money to see a rock show. You gotta give them everything you have, night after night. If I’m sick or not in the mood, I still have to give it, because to some it’s the first time they’ve seen our show. I might have just got in a fight with my wife, or my mortgage is late, or all these other things, but I still have to go out there and kill it,” Kerch said.

Scottie Mayfield visits campus

By Jonathan Saethang
Contributing Writer

The dining halls at Tech are usually crowded around the lunch and dinner rush, as droves of hungry students pile into the halls for a satisfying meal. The dinner at Woodruff on last Wednesday, Aug. 30, however, experienced a special “treat.” Not only did students receive free Mayfield ice cream, but they also were able to shake hands with the man behind the brand – Scottie Mayfield, himself.

Tech students buzzed with excitement and enthusiasm at the prospect of meeting Mayfield, and countless students brought posters for Mayfield to autograph. One enthusiastic freshman, Nathaniel Welch, even brought a one-quart jug of Mayfield milk for Mayfield to sign. Smiles and laughter filled the room as Scottie shook hands and posed for photographs.

Mayfield, the president of Mayfield Dairy Farms, paid his Alma mater a visit to celebrate the arrival of Mayfield’s dipped ice creams in Woodruff Dining Hall. Apparently, a simple invitation from Todd Schram, the director of Operations at GT Dining, was all it took for Mayfield to stop by Tech to meet and greet the students.

Mayfield graduated from Georgia Tech in 1973 with a degree in Management. He originally came to Tech to play football, but the family business was always in him. “I started working on the farm when I was eleven years old,” Mayfield said.

After graduation, he returned to Tennessee where he started working in the factory. He ascended the ranks and eventually assumed leadership of the company that he holds to this day.

The highly popular Mayfield company had humble beginnings. “My grandfather started the business in 1912 with just 45 cows,” Mayfield said. “The milk was cooled in spring water and delivered to the locals.”

Now, 84 years later, Mayfield Dairy serves nine states and manufactures a wide array of premium-quality dairy products.

Innovation seems to be one of the cornerstones of Mayfield’s success. “Our customers have changed a lot over the years,” Mayfield noted. “They are very demanding, and they should be. We are always striving to make products that meet and exceed our customers’ expectations.”

A strong and well-managed workforce is another aspect of the
King of Fighters Neowave provides thrifty thrills

By Nathan Garcia
Contributing Writer

King Of Fighters Neowave (KOF) for the Xbox harks back to the days when Capcom’s Street Fighter II was popular. Dropping quarters into the machine to challenge other people in virtual fisticuffs was the high point for the afternoons of many. While SNK Playmore’s take on the fighting game, the Art Of Fighting series which later became the King Of Fighters (KOF) series, hasn’t enjoyed the same success as Capcom, it still has its own dedicated fan base. The next game in the series, KOF Neowave, should please those loyal fans while continuing to provide a good time for casual gamers.

Neowave’s gameplay modes are standard. Most come from the team-and-single-character fight modes against the computer or a human player. There is also an "endless" mode where you can fight a ceaseless string of computer-controlled characters until your health meter expires. While the reward is minimal, performing well in endless mode unlocks high-resolution character pictures, available in the gallery.

The wide range of characters helps keep the game fresh. The game offers over 24 distinct fighters, each having his own unique fighting style; none seems to have a large advantage over another. This makes the player rely more on skill than a sure-fire move. It is even possible to edit the colors of the characters to a scheme of your liking.

One welcome feature... is the Xbox Live function which allows you to fight anyone from anywhere in the world. The wide range of characters helps keep the game fresh. The game offers over 24 distinct fighters, each having his own unique fighting style; none seems to have a large advantage over another. This makes the player rely more on skill than a sure-fire move. It is even possible to edit the colors of the characters to a scheme of your liking.

The game offers over 24 distinct fighters, each having his own unique fighting style; none seems to have a large advantage over another. This makes the player rely more on skill than a sure-fire move. It is even possible to edit the colors of the characters to a scheme of your liking.

The game’s music isn’t very noteworthy; it would’ve been nice if they had taken advantage of the custom soundtrack feature. Another somewhat disappointing feature is the lack of any post-game victory quotes or a real story. Part of the charm of the KOF games are the sometimes cheesy and often humorous choice of words the translators put in the game. There is nothing like “You are just a bunch of fool!” or “Argh! Is this the end... of lovable Igniz?”, when you are playing the game. Overall, however, for a $20 game, this is worth every penny. If you enjoy exploring every facet of fighting games or just want a fun pick-up-and-play title, check out King of Fighters Neowave.
Dreadheads documentary follows alternative lifestyle

By Craig Tabita
Contributing Writer

Dreadheads: Portrait of a Subculture documents a society of nomadic music fans who can be found following the tours of bands like the Grateful Dead, Phish and Widespread Panic, their uniting thread being the medusa-like coifs worn by all. The beginning of the film is spent introducing the viewer to the overall concept behind dreadlocks. To the uninformed, dreadlocks are the matted, nappy ropes of hair that eventually develop in those who give up all forms of traditional hair care, or alternatively in those who enlist the aid of substances like beeswax to speed up the process. According to the film, to wear dreadlocks is to embrace nature and individual freedom while rejecting the complacency of living the life and following the arbitrary rules that corporate America has carved out.

The decision to grow dreadlocks is not driven by a desire to be fashionable; their sprouting follows a complete change in lifestyle for their bearer. This new lifestyle manifests itself not just as a philosophical transformation but as a complete physical one, as well; dreadlocks just happen to be the aspect first noticed. Besides the individualist attitude, the hair and the overall lack of personal hygiene, the dreadheads have even more in common. One, of course, is their heavy use of innocents ranging from alcohol and marijuana to LSD and inhalants. Another is their relentless praise of the late Grateful Dead front-man Jerry Garcia, which is reminiscent of fans admiring a legendary musician, but rather of born-again Christians referring to their Savior; deceased friends and family are not dead, but “with Jerry”, and many enthusiastically cite the music and memory of Garcia or the Grateful Dead as the single, most influential inspiration and guiding light in their lives.

Beyond that, the dreadheads appear to fall into two separate categories. There are the zoned-out, apathetic types who seem to have ended up as dreadheads by a process of elimination. Those who believe in the stereotypical irresponsible, lazy hippie will feel vindicated hearing from people who claim to have climbed aboard the metaphorical headlight bus for no better reason than that they were too lazy to keep combing their hair and that it just kind of happened on its own. A second, surprisingly extensive group is formed by those who are as eccentric as the first, but who have perfectly intelligent reasons for adopting a way of life that many outsiders write off as ridiculous. This film is worth seeing just for the entertainment value the first group provides, but the movie’s deeper meaning is developed by this second group when they reflect on who they are and the choices they have made that separate them from the rest of us. For me, this was best exemplified by a short clip from a woman who explained how the “energy” from her dreadlocks created a personal aura for her that made her a stronger and better person. She said all that was necessary for this to be true was that she sincerely believed in it, and it would work. As a student of the scientific method, I am well aware that the only aura given off by those dreadlocks is the type that makes me glad that I was seeing her hair and not smelling it, yet I recognize that there is great truth to what she said.

If life is about being happy, accomplishing your goals, and spending time with people you love, then a lot of these people are as much, if not more successful than most at Tech are now (and may ever be). It would certainly be ill-advised for most to drop everything and become dreadheads. But beyond observing the behavior of some carefree music fans, there is much to be learned by watching this documentary, including recognizing and pursuing one’s inner concept of truth, and not getting hung up on what seems to be the proper, safe, and accepted way to go about things. But surely it must be possible to do all this while also maintaining a neat and clean head of hair.

Dreadheads is available for purchase from www.dreadheads.com, and the documentary will be shown Thursday, Sept. 14, at 7 p.m. at Garden Hills Cinema in Midtown. Following the film will be a question and answer session with producer and co-director Steve Helburn and co-director Flournoy Holmes.
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Audioslave spices up signature sound

By Kenneth Baskett
Senior Staff Writer

When I first heard that Chris Cornell of Soundgarden fame would be teaming up with Rage Against the Machine's (RATM) Tom Morello, Tim Commerford and Brad Wilk, I expected it to be great. Combining one of the best vocalists of the last two decades with a band as unique and instantly recognizable as RATM had to be a recipe for success, right? Despite the negative reviews that Audioslave's first album received, I loved it. I think it is one of the best rock records ever. But just I couldn't get into the new, positive Audioslave on Out of Exile, the band's second album. With the band's newest release, Revelations, they depart from the happy-go-lucky songs at Out of Exile and showcase a funkier sound with politically infused lyrics.

Cornell's voice is stronger and more soulful than ever, and Tom Morello is showing us once again that he is one of the best guitarists in contemporary rock music. But beyond the two standout sections of the band, Commerford and Wilk have both stepped up their game, making them one of the best rhythm sections around.

So, with the band at all-time high, one question remains: did their pop success on Out of Exile make them soft? Thankfully, the answer is no. Listening to this record is like eating a Double Stuf Oreo for the first time: it's got the same old ingredients, but they just taste better this time.

Listening to this record is like eating a Double Stuf Oreo for the first time: it's got the same old ingredients, but they just taste better this time. Jewel of the Summertime is one of Audioslave's heaviest tracks to date and has one of the coolest bass lines ever.

Morello plays the guitar like only he can on the title track, moving from a right hip-hop riff to a pop-friendly chorus to a great solo (one of many on the album). The first single, "Original Fire," has a great 70's vibe to it, reminiscent of the Doobie Brothers or Grand Funk Railroad.

But despite these creative musical detours, the band has not given up their mainstream appeal. "One and the Same" is one of manyradio-friendly tracks with a very singable chorus: "Just like blood and rain, love and pain are one in the same."

In the past, Cornell has shied away from singing political rants for fear of becoming the "new Zack de la Rocha." It seems his confidence as the singer of Audioslave has solidified, apparent in the inclusion of several political songs on Revelations. One of the most overt of these is "Wide Awake," in which Cornell sings, "You can look a hurricane right in the eye / Twelve hundred people dead or left / divine / Hurricane Katrina."

This is, without a doubt, the best Audioslave record yet and possibly one of the best albums of the year. While not necessarily forging any new ground, the group has perfected the Audioslave sound. Whether it's Cornell's power-ful vocals, Morello's signature guitar sound or the amazing songwriting on behalf of the entire group, any music fan should pick this one up.

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Mayfield company to which he attributes his successes.

"As the management, our goal is to maintain quality standards," Mayfield said. "We have a lot of very dedicated people that really enjoy making and serving great products."

Angie Melhorn, Food Services Sales Manager of Mayfield Dairy Farms, can attest to the high-quality products that Mayfield produces. "I believe we have the best milk and ice cream," Melhorn said. "In fact, that's what I missed most after moving away from home—Mayfield milk."

Mayfield's employees also expressed a great sense of loyalty to the company. "I've been with Mayfield for fifteen years," said Harold House, the Mayfield Dairy Farm's Tech sales representative. "I enjoy working for Mayfield... Scottie is really a great person to his employees."

Although it may seem effortless to the constantly smiling Mayfield, running such a large business is no easy task. "There is so much competition for good employees these days," Mayfield said. "But it's an ongoing positive challenge to serve our customers."

As an alumus, Mayfield shares a special connection with the Tech student body.

"The ability to analyze situations and find solutions was valuable to me in my career," Mayfield said, commenting on the value of his Tech education. "Academics at Tech are incredible. I hope that the students here realize what an awesome school they're attending."

Mayfield also offered a helpful piece of advice for current students.

"Have a sense of balance... don't do too much of anything," he said. "Take your education seriously, but have fun too."

The success of Mayfield Dairy Farms is certainly inspiring, for it is built on passion and a drive to produce nothing but the highest quality products.

Even though Mayfield is always on the lookout for new flavored products, he has clearly not forgotten where he started. "I am so plain. I love vanilla," Mayfield said.

Perhaps his taste might seem a bit old-fashioned, but that, of course, is Scottie Mayfield.

Aileen Li also contributed to this article.

Price and participation may vary. © 2006 McDonald's
Let’s talk about that greater of all college traditions (no, I don’t mean Two Bits Man’s hip parties with scores of beautiful women and a plethora of fine liquors). I mean the road trip.

This mythical experience, immortalized in such movies as National Lampoon’s Vacation, Easy Rider, and the infinitely inferior Road Trip, is supposed to be the pinnacle of college life. For weeks, you’ll just you and a bunch of buddies, a classic convertible, the open road and the wind blowing your hair. That’s the way it’s supposed to work. And I suppose it does work that way, in the MOVIES. Real college road trips are, shall we say, a bit less picturesque.

And I would know, as this summer I traveled all the way across our impressively large country. By car. Not by airplane. And you know why? Not only are airplane tickets ridiculously expensive, the regulations require me to be strip-searched, interrogated and wrapped in a straitjacket for the duration of my flight to ensure that I do not become “a terrorist threat.” And they’ll even throw away my shampoo!

I started with the expectation that my road trip would be legendary. Truly, the road trip that would make all other road trips run home to their mommies. We threw our bags into the cherry-red 1965 Mustang convertible...wait. Sorry, I confused myself with the movies again. We actually threw our bags into a blue (except for the rusty spots) 1982 Oldsmobile Cutlass. One of my companions took the front “driving shift.” I settled, the best I could, into the backseat, which smelled vaguely of ancient french fries and grassclippings, and we headed west.

The problem with the majority of the United States is that it’s impossible, interminably, insanely flat (Two Bits Man rocked his verbal SAT, and that quiz in senior year on alliteration). Seriously, from here to the Rocky Mountains, everything is flat. I couldn’t tell the states apart. Given that, I propose we combine them (Two Bits Man’s hip parties) into a single state. That state, “Flatagonia.” I suggest its state motto be “What ain’t corn is beans.”

Approximately 45 minutes into our trip across Flatagonia, all of my whiny compatriots were “tiiiiiiiiired. Flatagonia, all of my whiny compatriots were “tiiiiiiiiired.” So I reluctantly found myself behind the wheel of what could possibly be the world’s most janktastic car. Ever.

At some point I became delirious from traveling on land so flat that I couldn’t tell I was moving. (If this confuses you, please refer to Newton’s first law.) Then I passed the sign that would become my obsession for the next two hours: “Museum of Nebraska Art, next left.”

Note: it did not say “Nebraska Museum of Art.” So here I am, driving through a lot of corn as my partners in crime are sleeping peacefully, pondering exactly Nebraska art might be. How would it be different from, say, Kansas art or South Dakota art? Is it art about Nebraska, art created by Nebraskans or any art created within state boundaries? And how interesting could Nebraska art possibly be? I mean, Nebraska is one of those vaguely rectangular states in the middle of the country and it has exactly two cities, that Omaha isn’t completely rockin’ place**.

Even though we missed the Museum of Nebraska Art (which I deeply regret), we managed to stop by Aunt Lois’s Diner.

Note: it did not say “Nebraska Diner.” Becca-Sue from Omaha, feel free to keep in touch.***

I highly recommend this fine establishment, should you ever find yourself in Middlesnowhere, Nebraska. Once we got out of the boring states, aka Flatagonia, the road trip got a little better, though it did not live up to my expectations of the college road trip.

For example, I did not assist a helpless, beautiful and buxom farm girl who was stranded on the side of the road. I did not visit such novelties as the world’s largest ball of twine or the world’s largest frying pan. The heat that I was driving wasn’t stolen, nor were there any improbable chase scenes to recover it. And at no time did we inhale illegal substances. (Which is unfortunate, as I now remember the whole trip in vivid detail.)

I guess I shouldn’t be surprised. Nothing in college lives up to expectations anyway (except for my talents in this column and with the ladies, of course). In conclusion, if you want to go somewhere, suck it up and take an airplane.***

“My deepest and most sincere apologies to the residents of Nebraska and/or the fine artists of Nebraska.”

** Becca-Sue from Omaha, feel free to keep in touch.

*** I’m not sure to pack anything that might have once resembled a liquid.

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So my wife and I are preparing for childbirth.

When I say, "my wife and I," of course, mean "my wife." She will be the most directly involved.

On behalf of all men, I just want to take a moment here to get down on my knees and thank whoever invented our current biological system, under which the woman's job is to have the baby somehow go from the inside of her body to the outside of her body, in clear violation of every known law of physics, and the man's job is to stand around looking supportive and periodically, no matter what is actually happening to the woman, say, in an upbeat and perky voice, "You're doing great!"

My wife thinks the only fair system would be if, every time the woman had a contraction, she got to hit her husband on the body part of her choice with a ball-peen hammer. Of course, she is kidding. But only because her contractions have not yet started.

We've been going to Childbirth Classes, which involve sitting in a classroom filled with expectant couples and a mounting sense of dread.

The teacher usually starts with a scientific discussion of childbirth, in which she shows us various diagrams and models to give us an idea of what will be happening when the Big Moment arrives. In my opinion, the most informative way to do this would be to hold up a bowling ball and a drinking straw, and say: "Basically, THIS has to go through THIS. Ha ha!"

But our teacher keeps it fairly technical. After a while, we're starting to feel confident about this childbirth thing.

"OK, all that has to happen is the cervix has to dilate to 10 centimeters! How hard can that be? I wonder what a cervix is? Also, a centimeter.

So we're pondering these abstract questions and maybe thinking about what we're going to have for dinner later when suddenly, with no warning, the teacher turns out the lights and shows a horror movie.

Oh, it starts out innocently enough: There's a nice couple consisting of a woman who is pregnant and a supportive-looking man who generally has a beard. They seem happy, but you just know she's going to go into labor.

"You want to stop her. It's exactly like those scary movies where the heroine goes down into the basement, and you want to shout, "DON'T GO DOWN INTO THE BASEMENT!" except in the childbirth class you want to shout, "DON'T GO INTO LABOR!"

But she always does go into labor. It seems to last a LOT longer than necessary. Hours turn into days, and still she is in labor. Outside her window, the seasons change. Her doctor grows old and gray and is eventually replaced by a new doctor, and STILL this poor woman is in labor.

Her husband keeps telling her she's doing great, but you can tell from her expression that he's very lucky she doesn't have a ball-peen hammer. Eventually she becomes so deranged that she apparently does not even notice that there is a cameraperson shooting extreme close-up footage of...OK, let's just say that it is not her most flattering angle.

When the woman gets to approximately her 15th year of labor, she begins making noises that you rarely hear outside of nature documentaries, and her husband edges back a little bit in case she gets her hands on a scalpel. The movie now becomes very explicit, causing the entire childbirth class to gasp in amazement, all of us hunched up and involuntarily protecting as many of our body parts as possible.

I use this time to practice my squinting, which is the most important thing the husband learns in childbirth class. I use a special Lamaze squinting technique that enables me to prevent virtually all rays of light from penetrating my eyeballs.

When the woman in the movie makes a noise identical to what you'd hear if a live yak went through a garlic press, I unsquint just enough to see it happen, the Blessed Event, the timeless miracle that makes the whole thing worthwhile: an alien bursting out of the woman's chest cavity.

"No, seriously, what happens is that the woman has a baby, via a process that makes what happened in "Alien" look like an episode of "Teletubbies." Then our childbirth-class teacher turns the lights on, and the pregnant women all turn to face their husbands and the women all have the same facial expression, which says: "This is NOT Fair." Our husbands respond by smiling supportively and patting their arms in a reassuring manner.

Because we're sure they're going to do great.

(This classic Dave Barry column was originally published on Jan. 23, 2000.)
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**HER BODY LANGUAGE SAYS SHE'S THINKING ABOUT IT.**

**HONEY...I'VE GAINED 2 MORE POUNDS: WHO SHOULD I GUESS?**

**PER YOUR SUGGESTION, I ASKED OUR CUSTOMER TO VOLUNTARILY PAY US MORE MONEY TO COVER OUR BIDDING ERROR.**

**IT MIGHT SURPRISE YOU TO LEARN THAT OUR CUSTOMER DOESN'T LIKE THAT IDEA.**

**YOU PROBABLY MADE IT SOUND LIKE A BAD THING.**

**OUR SALES GUY VASTLY UNDERBID A JOB. NOW IT'S MY PROJECT TO INSTALL THE SYSTEM IN A WAY THAT'S PROFITABLE.**

**BLAME YOUR CUSTOMER FOR UNDERSPECIFYING THE FEATURES THEN CHARGE HER THROUGH THE NOSE FOR CHANGE ORDERS.**

**THREE MILLION DOLLARS FOR AN ELECTRICAL PLUG?**

**THE BASE MODEL USES A POTATO BATTERY.**

**THAT KITCHEN HORN KEPT MY LEFT TURN SIGNAL ON FOR THE LAST 5 MILES MORE...**

**I WANT EMPLOYEES WHO ARE PASSIONATE!**

**GIVE ME THIS JOB OR SO HELP ME GOD, I WILL CUT OFF MY EAR!**

**AND I'M A PEOPLE PERSON.**

**MY NEW STRATEGY IS TO HIRE PASSIONATE PEOPLE INSTEAD OF SMART ONES.**

**I CURSE THE AIR CONDITIONING SYSTEM THAT BLOWS SUCH A COLD WIND!**

**I CAN ALREADY FEEL OUR STOCK PRICE GOING UP.**

**TARZAN IN HIS GOLDEN YEARS...**