The Stall Journal bites the big one

If there is one thing that has been consistently brought to the attention of The Stall Journal editorial staff over the years, it is that we suck. Hard. Whether in class, in our rooms or on the Internet, we cannot escape the criticism of Rider University's on-campus crusaders for interesting reading. To be honest, I had long despised these individuals. As Opinion Editor, I couldn't bear to be rejected by these highly-respected and incredibly intelligent members of our Rider community. However, after re-examining several of the key arguments in favor of this very newspaper's rampant crappiness, I have actually come to agree with them.

Over the years, this publication has attempted to deliver informative, well-written stories to the students of Rider. This is a horrible goal, as the purpose of any college newspaper is solely to entertain. College students simply don't have the brain power necessary to comprehend complex sentences such as, “Anwar Robinson has made it to the next round of American Idol.” Not only that, but can we really expect students to understand anything so early in the morning immediately following “Thirsty Thursday?” To help correct this problem, I have taken the liberty of preparing a piece of writing that is both entertaining and comprehensible to the average college student:

Knock knock.
Who's there?
Poo.
Poo who?
Poo pee. Ha, ha, ha! I made a funny...

Another problem with this very newspaper is that of typos. The entire publication is riddled with at least two spelling errors per week. Two! That is simply unacceptable. You see, most people in this world are perfect. They never make mistakes, especially in such a trivial area as spelling. As such, we lowly journalists should strive to attain the lofty, god-like status enjoyed by our peers. The only way to bring this about, however, would be a one-month, all expenses paid trip to Tibet for the entire Stall Journal editorial staff. There we would be able to meditate on our suckiness, realize the error of our ways and become gods ourselves. So, to all of the enlightened Rider students out there, please make a donation to our Vaca...er, Self-Betterment Fund. Keep the dream alive!

Finally, our photography staff is sub-par at best. Who wants to look at pictures of buildings and old guys in suits standing behind podiums? Definitely not me, and I think the vast majority of the Rider community would agree. What we need is a one-month, all expenses paid trip to Tibet for the entire Stall Journal editorial staff. There we would be able to meditate on our suckiness, realize the error of our ways and become gods ourselves. So, to all of the enlightened Rider students out there, please make a donation to our Vaca...er, Self-Betterment Fund. Keep the dream alive!

In conclusion, The Stall Journal sucks. I am ashamed to be a part of it. If you don't like it, well, I don't like your face. WOOT!