Editorial: S.W.I.N.E. at Rider

Well, this is something interesting. Rider security has created a new unit and has added a number of experts to its ranks. The purpose of the new unit is to get a hold on Rider’s ever-increasing drug problem. In this time of political unrest, cruise missiles, bunker busters and global terrorism, Rider feels that the war on drugs should be escalated as well. After all, why should these offenses be allowed to slip by the wayside?

The new crack team is specially trained to recognize various forms of drugs and drug paraphernalia. Most of the new security officers have been selected from the best of the best of mall security, rent-a-cop agencies and those guys that walk around wearing SECURITY written on the back of their shirts.

The officers have been outfitted with stun guns that administer 20,000 volts of electricity that will put a stop to any crazed, doped-up lunatic that they might encounter on Rider’s dangerous battlefield of a campus. They have also been issued police grade Mace that is a mixture of pepper spray and tear gas. The officers have been instructed to detect the odor of dope, they will systematically stuff things in the area. If anything strikes them as strange or odd, they are then instructed to notify the LDAP to come and shake the blinded, convulsing offenders, who are screaming in pain from their shattered shins, and toss them into the paddy wagon. All of the offenders’ worldly possessions will then be seized, whether they pertain to the incident or not, and held indefinitely for inspection at the Rider security office.

Upon Rider’s unveiling of their new team of specialists, code-named, S.W.I.N.E. (Swift Walloping In the Name of Education) many students began to protest outside of the Student Center and the Moore Library with signs bearing slogans such as “They’ve come to take our herb” and “Can’t we live in fast, strange ways.” However, this is something the new team of specialists, code-named, S.W.I.N.E. is expected to handle.

A good cloud of Mace is the only weapon in the war on drugs and gather the crazed beasts that prowl so many of our cities and suburbs. Sure, some of their tactics and methods may seem brutal and excessive but there is a damn good reason for it. The leader of the S.W.I.N.E. was quoted as saying, “These evil dope-mongers live in fast, strange times, and we must deal with them in fast, strange ways.”

This weekly editorial expresses the majority opinion of The Rider. Nudes editorial board and was written in the midst of an 80-hour coke binge by some guy off the street.

Quote of the Week: “POOP!” —Beavis

Blind Children With Power Tools:

I stumbled upon No Pants Day while visiting in a small town outside London one year. The people gloomed as if being without pants gave them a sense of liberation. I couldn’t believe such a thing had not caught on or even been heard of in America. I mentioned it to a few people and was shunned for it. No Pants Day has become as widely celebrated as Christmas and New Years, except in America. Harris and friends are now determined to change that.

“We’ve always had people laughing at us April 2nd because no one understood it, but now we’re out to spread the word and hopefully capture more followers on this exciting day,” says DiBartoll, sporting his spiffy Scooby Doo boxers. The pants boycott origins’ are back to the ancient days of Greece. The main cause was a story written by Sophocles about a goat that ate all his masters’ pants. Without pants, the man was forced to improvise a new outfit, which, in turn, made him the most attractive guy in town. Jelous of one man getting all the ladies, other men began to improvise outfits without pants. Pants were eventually omitted from the general dress code, and toga became the new thing.

Not wearing pants for a day has more advantages than just a sense of liberation. Designer underwear are taking it upon themselves to spread the word of a new almost worldwide phenomenon – No Pants Day.

The S.W.I.N.E. nab another dope-friend. They really know how to deal with those awful bastards don’t they? The suspect in this photo is a Cluck-U deliveryman; he vanished. Shouting heinous war cries and smearing themselves in pork fat as they zapped each other with their cattle prods and laughed vivaciously. We all must support Rider’s newest weapon in the war on drugs and gather behind them in a swarming herd. Learn their war cries, their call-signs such as NARC-MAN and SNAKE-ASS, and treat them with the undying respect they deserve. We mustn’t allow ourselves to degenerate into the dope-crazed beasts that prow so many of our cities and suburbs.

The Rider News

The Rider Nudes