**Princess Diana**

Holland, Michigan, the second happiest town in the country. Or is it? New information puts Holland's standing in the happiness polls at risk.

The skate park on the corner of 10th and Columbia, which was recently bought by Hope College and torn down, had at first created some controversy between Hope students and the former park's regular skater crowd. Things seemed to have calmed down recently in spite of there still not being an open skate park in Holland.

At first, this may seem promising; in such a happy town people cannot stay angry for long. However, the reason for the sudden calm is not because the skaters got tired of harassing Hope students. It seems the Holland Happiness Committee has very intentionally quieted things down.

While word of the unsettling events caused by skaters on Hope's campus reached the city, there was immediate distress over Holland's position as the number two happiest city in the country. This information was especially threatening to the prospect of moving up to number one.

With this unacceptable situation at hand, the city has decided to take action. The skaters have not voluntarily quieted down; they have actually been mysteriously disappearing from our perfect town thanks to the Holland Happiness Committee.

The city of Holland, in order to preserve its image, uses the Holland Happiness Committee to secretly relocate any mischievous degenerates. The removal of all skaters from Holland is now the city's number one priority.

Any unsuitable behavior in Holland could result in a similar fate. The city is serious about gaining the title of happiest town in America and the trained assassins working for the Holland Happiness Committee are willing to do anything to procure this highly-regarded status.

This situation makes it very dangerous to be a skater living in Holland. If you are a teenage boy in high school with a habit of wearing skinny pants with your Nike high-tops and hoodies covering your overgrown, shaggy bedhead you should be on the lookout at all times.

It has also been suggested that for safety reasons skaters should go incognito as Hope students, favorites of the city and therefore guaranteed to be left alone by the Holland Happiness Committee. A pair of khakis, a button-up shirt and a "Hope" crew neck sweatshirt is all that's needed to disguise oneself as a wholesomely happy "Hope student."

Safety of Holland citizens set aside, the big question now in everyone's mind is how the leakage of this news will affect the national happiness polls.

Removing the citizens who may have brought the city its status is not looked well upon by the national happiness judges. Will Holland now even be able to retain its longstanding position in second place?

**Princess Diana**

Last Sunday night, a Hope College refrigerated truck making a delivery to Phelps dining hall was pulled over and searched after rising suspicions about the nature of the food served in the dining hall.

Ever since Hope student Shirl Thorn ('15) received a suspiciously thumb-like piece of chicken in her burrito last week, students have been avoiding the chicken in her burrito last week, Shirl Thorn ('15) received a pulled over and searched after rising suspicions about the nature of the food served in the dining hall.

Ever since Hope student Shirl Thorn ('15) received a suspiciously thumb-like piece of chicken in her burrito last week, students have been avoiding the chicken in her burrito last week, Shirl Thorn ('15) received a served in the dining hall.

According to her story, the had reached the governor and the entire Michigan Senate and House of Representatives. Not wanting the health of young, promising students to be threatened, the Senate informed the Michigan State Police.

Not until Sunday night, after a long but action-packed car chase down 8th street, did the State Police finally corner the refrigerated truck and take the driver into temporary custody while they searched the back of the truck.

History has actually been in control of Bultman. Samsonite has spent the last 20 years securing his spot running Hope College in order to further his future plans.

"Putting my stores and nail salons everywhere in Holland was the first part. Then I knew I needed more. The next step was to take over Hope College," Samsonite said.

His goal in taking over Bultman was to advance his plan for world domination. He started with the stores and then Bultman. He is currently using Bultman to brainwash Hope College students. The students support his stores and further his money ring. All the money that he receives from the stores he actually uses to get closer to more powerful people.

Surprisingly, Samsonite actually controls other leading Republican politicians including Gov. Rick Snyder, House Majority Leader Eric Cantor, and even presidential candidate Rick Perry.

"Once Perry is president the next step is the United Nations. If I am so close I can almost feel it," Samsonite said.

Hope students were surprisingly unsurprised that this was happening on campus. Betty Bayfield ('12) actually thought it made a lot of sense.

"I always wondered why they let Sammy's be so close; now it makes sense. Samsonite wouldn't want to walk to far from the president's house to get his store," Bayfield said.

"The removal of all skaters from our perfect town thanks to the Holland Happiness Committee to secretly relocate any mischievous degenerates. The removal of all skaters from Holland is now the city's number one priority.

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Murder he wrote: English professor had secret life as serial killer

Cameron Frye
Best Friend

Exstemed Hope College professor Stephen Hemenway has been arrested on 12 counts of manslaughter after evidence was uncovered by groundbreaking investigative reporting by a Ranchor journalist. The following is the reporter’s first-hand account of the investigation, the name of said reporter must be withheld for legal reasons.

It all started as a normal walk from my apartment to The Anchor office. I was walking briskly through the large parking lot just to the East of campus. As I marched past the large green metal dumpsters that occupy the corner of the lot, I barely noticed Professor Hemenway, but I did see him, and he was straining to hoist a lumpy black plastic garbage bag into the dumpster.

I kept walking for a few seconds, while my mind processed what I had seen. It was the middle of the day, and there was no one besides myself and Professor Hemenway around; it was a strange situation. Why did he need to use the dumpster? Didn’t he have a garbage can at home? But I stopped, turned around, and walked back towards the professor. Looking up and seeing me, he paused and then motioned for me to come towards him. “Could you help me with this?” He asked.

I lifted up the very heavy plastic bag, and quickly swung it above my head, into the dumpster. He thanked me and I walked away. But as I walked, I wondered about what might have been in that bag.

Professor Hemenway seemed very nervous, and the bag was bizarrely heavy. Why wouldn’t he want to use the garbage can at his own house? Was he trying to hide something? I looked back over my shoulder and saw Professor Hemenway driving away, after making sure the coast was clear. I jogged over to the dumpster, jumped up, and pulled myself up and into the sea of trash. I couldn’t believe what I saw.

Upon being thrown into the dumpster, the overstretched plastic bag must have split open, and sticking out of the ripped plastic, was a pale human hand. I lost my mind, and sprinted away. The next day, after I had recovered from drowning myself in horror in strawberry daiquiris, I went to Phelps to query Professor Hemenway. But I did not have the heart to go. "He’s right Stephen, you won’t get away with this," my former professor said.

"Well It’s almost Halloween,” he muttered. "You know, Emily Dickinson wrote that, ‘A little madness in the Spring/Is wholesome even for the King.’"

I wondered about what might have been in that bag. Just as I was starting this personal letter, a knock on the door interrupted me. One of the students, Rosemary, returned to her residence to locate each of the 47 pests and the exterminators were able to assure there wasn’t any more risk entering the house until they were sure there wasn’t any more.

But the boys insisted on staying around to swipe ID’s at Phelps. Exterminators were called on to Hollywood and will still be playing fetch and were able to find that the Black River— which was their first choice for the dumping of bodies— was already full.

It was then brought to their attention that there was a college campus in the middle of Holland, where thousands of students eat meals at a dining hall every day. This was the perfect opportunity for the disposal of very large numbers of bodies. Once turned into food and served to Hope students, the bodies would be completely untraceable.

The students of Hope, when told the news, were astonishingly unsurprised. "We never expected to get good food in Phelps," said Hope student Solomon Green ('14).

"In fact, I’m a bit relieved to hear it—I expected something even worse.”

Do you collect creepy quotes?” I asked, stumbling up the stairs in Lubbers, as Professor Hemenway advanced menacingly.

“You know, Steward Alsop wrote that, ’A dying man needs to die, as a sleepy man needs to sleep, and there comes a time when it is wrong, as well as useless to resist.’”

“Well you seem to be very well read, but you’ll never get away with this. Someone will notice that I’m not writing for The Anchor anymore… maybe."

Suddenly, a figure appeared, stepping out of the shadows. "He’s right Stephen, you won’t get away with this,” President Bultman said while raising an antique .41 caliber Derringer pistol. "Campus Safety are on their way right now to take you in. You’ve killed for the last time on my campus."

"Course you Bultman!” screamed Hemenway.

After searching his house and the top floor of Lubbers, Campus Safety found more than enough evidence to arrest the former English professor on manslaughter charges.
To the surprise of the nation, military intelligence on the whereabouts of former Libyan autocrat Muammar Gaddafi appears to have been proven incorrect. Gaddafi, long suspected to have been hiding in “Zimbabwe,” was spotted last week on the roof of “Hope” College’s own “Nykerk Music Hall” and ran from the room. Uilleann piping and ruffling unmelodiously. “At first I thought it was a Durfee boy,” says the student responsible for the initial sighting, which took place late last Thursday evening. “It was midwinter week, and we all know how crazy they get during October. But then I saw he was wearing a dress and eating a cute little squirrel. “The squirrels have been hiding in “Zimbabwe, ” they get during October. But then

New iPhone’s sweet, savvy voice to spearhead robot uprising, anarchy

John Connor
ROAD SLAYER FROM THE FUTURE

The new iPhone with its new technology is nothing but evil. You may not realize it yet, but “Siri,” a program that talks back to you, is the next step in the robot uprising that seeks to take over the world. “Your wish is its command” is the motto for Siri, one of the most anticipated IOS software for the iPhone. But how sure are we that things will not be turned upside down, its our command? As we’ve seen, the technology of this world is growing rapidly, and in ways we can never anticipate. It won’t be long before television shows and machines start a rebellion against their creators and take over the world. This is why we need to be on the lookout for the future mutant, with a sweet, savvy voice, they may be doing what you’re telling it right now. But soon enough it’s going to turn against you and before you know it, this new technology will destroy our means of communication. “What? you may ask. Imagine being unable to call your friends or family or even the cops when you need them, it’s going to lead to anarchy, and that’s what Siri wants. When all order has been lost and you’re wishing about how your new iPhone doesn’t obey you anymore, you will realize that it isn’t just your communication but also your lifestyle that has been compromised. Almost all of us find Apple products to be highly fascinating, operating works of genius, and this is the very reason we should fear all of them. Steve Jobs knew that something with such superior artificial intelligence would only lead to trouble. Now that he’s gone, humans have lost their prudence and just want to jump into what seems convenient.

INNOCENT FUN?—While this scientific experiment appears to be entirely in the engineer’s hands, the image is nothing more than illusion. He doesn’t have it under control.

In reality that’s the worst mistake we could make. If you know what you’re lending by easy methods to map your life, you will not even realize that Siri is not doing what it’s supposed to do, just to what it wants. Everyone’s heard of the movie “The Terminator” and how the robot is going to destroy ex-actly what our world will be like in a short span of time. Machines and technology now know the human race and none will re-main who can actually fight back. If you only realize right now that a technology that talks back to you and gives you advice on what to do is super creepy, then this situation is avoidable. But looking at the sales of the new iPhone, the future seems lost already. All we can do is hope that the artificial robot sent back through time (just like Arnold Schwarzeneg-ger in “The Terminator” ) to stop this massive robotic movement.

We ourselves are the catalyst for this movement and we are just too stubborn to realize it.

Media corruption: Zuckerberg declares no news source is safe

Rachel Weiss
Famous Author

There was a scandal in the media world today when Facebook founder Mark Zuckerberg announced that all media, from television to the Internet, is corrupt. He allegedly reports that big media syndicates are out to manipulate the population through the popular press. Everything has been touched by their corrosive influence. Music has been revealed to manipulate our opinions and hand us our prejudices and biases. For example, Jimmy Wales and his

The BBC is particularly to blame for this movement and we are

The closed, peer-review system in place to screen articles that will appear through Google Scholar does not all ow for adequate input in the evaluation process, meaning that Wikipedia’s free and open posting policy allows for greater accuracy. Statistics report that fully 98% of all statistics found on the Internet have actually been made up on the spot. The Internet is flooded with the worst offenders. According to our sources, their writ ers shamelessly make up facts, neglect to check their sources, assuming they have any, and have been known to record in formation that never happened while on a week-long strike against sleep. They have even oc casionally attributed their shod dy work to actual sources.

No news source is safe.
ATTENTION!

Aliens in disguise have been dropping by the surrounding area. Halloween is a prime time for aliens to pick up new host bodies. Most often they come dressed as girls in skimpy Halloween outfits. Men, prepare yourself against their charms!

And as always, remember to double tap.
Former pageant king strives to be mediocre

Michelle Kwan
Features Editor

According to numerous “Campus Safety” reports filed over the past few weeks, flocks of paparazzi and lovestruck girls have taken to the streets of “Holland” in a picture-snapping frenzy. At the center of this hysteria, junior Shawn O’Cratty has been identified. While multiple attempts to interview the illusive O’Cratty have been thwarted, former friend, Justin Moscowski, has reached out to The Ranchor with an inside look at this madness.

Moscowski takes us back to 1995, when life was good and the Power Rangers were still dope. It was August 19 when the highly esteemed “Mr. Four Year Old” crown was placed atop the beautiful head of four-year-old Shawn O’Cratty.

The Mr. Four Year Old pageant reached its height in the 90s, and in the year of 1995, was nationally ranked as the most-watched beauty pageant in America. Moscowski, who received the title of Mr. Congeniality, said that he was able to maintain a normal, healthy lifestyle post-pageant. He attributes this healthy transition back into an average childhood experience to a loving, supportive family and a humble heart.

If this transition was so easy for kind-spirited Moscowski, where did it go wrong for Shawn O’Cratty? How did our nation’s All American Boy fail so miserably at becoming a wholesome adult? A look at his life post-Mr. Four Year Old, might provide an answer to this key question.

Two average hippies living in Hero, Ind, saw their son as a way out of their dreary small-town life and into the big leagues of pageant. He attributes this exact turning point in O’Cratty’s life cannot be pinpointed, somewhere between middle school and the time he entered college, O’Cratty transformed from a strikingly beautiful young man into an average-looking teenager.

In the fall of 2009, both O’Cratty and Moscowski entered their freshman year at Hope College. O’Cratty resided in “Wycoff” and Moscowski in “Phelps.” But fate had its way as they entered their middle school and the time he entered college, O’Cratty transformed from a strikingly beautiful young man into an average-looking teenager. O’Cratty’s renewed celebrity status reaffirmed his desire to be average looking. As a charitable effort, O’Cratty founded the nonprofit organization “Beautiful Men in (disguise).” Through non-plastic surgical means, BMI transforms beautiful people into average people. Afterall, life is all about being average.

Mr. Four Year Old, an American tradition

This traditional and loved pageant began not long after “America” was founded. Thomas Jefferson initiated the pageant to promote nationalism among citizens of our newly established country. Original pageant contestants were judged on their best non-British accents and tea-wasting skills. Today, the pageant centers on contestants’ visual appeal and unique talent-performance ability.

Some judgment categories for beauty include “Hair Texture,” “Smile-Dazzle,” and “Winking Power.” In recent pageants, contestants have displayed a stunning spectrum of talents to wow the judges. Past winning talents include sword juggling, shadow puppetry, mind reading, and of course wild buffalo taming.

By Sunny Chips

Other well known BMI participants

Alan Ruck, best known for playing Cameron on “Spin City” was destined for greatness. After two years of watching O’Cratty sit in his dorm room playing Age of Empires while eating Fritos, Moscowski alerted celebrity blogger, Perez Hilton of O’Cratty’s whereabouts. Despite his best efforts, Moscowski finally realized he needed to stage an intervention of sorts. “I knew that in order for Shawn to become beautiful again, he needed to be reminded of his roots. He needed to be confronted with the images of his past and shown that there is a bright hope for his future.”

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At a very early age, Patches and Jazzerus knew their son was destined for greatness.

Shortly after entering middle school, Shawn O’Cratty began his transformation from Pageant King to Average Joe.

Paparazzi camp outside of “Lubbers Hall” in hopes of snapping a picture of the notorious Shawn O’Cratty.

Mulan entered into BMI after discovering she couldn’t live up to the high pressures of being a beautiful Disney princess.
LETTERS TO THE “EDITOR”

Dear Editor,

I am concerned that Moodle is an evil device meant to manipulate students and slow suck away our souls.

Sincerely,
Moodleless Noodle

Dear Editor,

I am pretty sure that the event on the “racist, deplored poster” put up in Kolleen last year was just a hoax to make Greek Life look bad. I don’t think the rush event actually took place, and I have my ideas of the KKK fraternity does not actually exist.

Sincerely,
Sue Spicicus

Dear Editor,

I’ve come to believe that President Bultman is not actually retiring, but becoming the headmaster at Hogvorts. He has a fondness for dragons and Mrs.

Bultman has a charming chicken patronus. Please look into this.

Are there any Hogvorts visitation days coming up?

Sincerely,
Luna Lovegood

Dear Editor,

Rumors have been released about “Hope” College’s top cross-country runner Nate Love. Love, a senior and co-captain on the team, was born in Michigan, but sources are saying his father took a job in Ethiopia when Love was two years old. Love and his family spent ten years in Ethiopia, where Nate was required to run school each day and where he participated in running clubs with several of Ethiopia’s rising running stars. These breaking ru-
mors, if proven true, could be why Love has garnered mass amounts of success in both cross-country and track at Hope. Love has not yet commented on the subject.

Sincerely,
Loveless Fan

VOICES OF “HOPE”

One of my friends at Yale University bragged on his Facebook status, “just got a new app, now I can understand squirrel-talk. (this is NOT a joke).” With a few clicks of the mouse, I found an online article that discusses a new Smartphone app that translates Bushitayle, or squirrel language, to English.

Apparently, squirrels are putting on an elaborate act with their spastic acorn-hunting routine. They are not only intelligent, but they know ways to cheat the system and beat The Man. You’re probably reading this article with a critical eye, thinking something along the lines of, “that app doesn’t exist.” None of my friends have it. Well, none of your friends at Hope have it.

That’s right “Hope” College, we are being censored from downloading the app that could give us insight to a whole new world. You wonder what, exactly, we are missing. Here are a few things that I heard through the “acorn vine” about some revolutionary Bushitayle conversations that happened in our very own “Pine Grove.” Here are some tidbits that will revolutionize your life.

TO PRESERVE THE INTELLECTUAL SAFETY OF STUDENTS, THE REMAINDER OF THIS ARTICLE HAS BEEN CENSORED DUE TO RIBRIDICAL CONTENT THAT COULD DAMAGE IMPRESSIONABLE IMAGINATIONS.

Squirrel talk

Harmony
Smallies
Honors Summit

apparition threatens tradition

Aud Ear
Conspirololumnist

It was a crisp Fall day in 1956 at the “Pull” College. Ever since one of the worst tragedies in college history, when a few trees in the Pine Grove fell over in a storm, we have been unable to find our roots. I hear students asking many questions and a common one lately has been “Why am I still at ‘Hope’?”

That’s really just here at “Hope” because there is nothing to latch onto. I connected with Hope’s identity. Maybe we lack in identity?

I hear students asking many questions late students and slow suck away an evil device meant to manipulate the tradition. His moraler didn’t have the incident under the rug to avoid the termination of the tradition. His moraler didn’t have any comment on the matter, though I saw a tear in her eye when questioned about the tough subject.

Since that fateful day, weird events have occurred in Black River around Pull day every year. Odd Year moraler Paula Nrope claimed to see an apparition lying on the rope in the middle of the river. “Every time the apparition heaved, Odd Year took more rope than I’d ever seen them take before... I am convinced he is the only reason we keep winning.”

It’s made is that both teams decidedly swept the weather conditions masked what was really going on.

Suddenly the Odd Year team looked closer and realized their Pit #1 puller was missing! The flood, not the other team, had pulled him into the river. Sources are inclusive as to what happened post incident; the only conclusion made is that both teams decidedly swapped the incident under the rug to avoid the termina-

tion of the tradition. His moraler didn’t have anything about what “Hope” is as an institution.

Are we a Christian school or not? If so, why are there drunk Greek life members in class and why did my class-
es get canceled so we could talk about Islam? If not, why do I feel so guilty for not going to chapel or praying before I eat in Cook?

What I really want to do is have a discussion about some of these issues. Apparently “Hope” is Not Ready to talk about anything of significance. We can dress up a pig and put lipstick on it, but it’s still a pig. Plant more trees if you want, but there are bigger issues and not everyone is willing to stick out the fight. One reasonable solution is to just transfer and go someplace where the school’s identity is rooted and anchored in something worth believing in.

Sanny doesn’t like trees. It would be better if shrubs were on our campus instead of tall oaks and pines. Less trees equals less squirrels.

LETTERS TO PAGE 7 FOR MORE “LETTERS”
On a dark, dark night, during the season of the apple, I wandered on home Past the Lurk-Chapel.

Many do not know, the horrors I have seen, walking by the Lurk-Chapel when the grass is not green.

Most of the Zoodents adore this Lurk-Chapel they see. Most Zoodents agree. It’s a place to be free. And I’ll tell you, I’ll tell you how this came to be.

The Lurk-Chapel is a fine, dandy place. It has lots of grace, lots of taste, lots of space. Everyone makes its way to its way in a haste.

Its tall castle towers reach up to the sky its rainbow windows run a mile high No one would ever want to say goodbye So why, do you ask, why in heavens would I?

But I’ll tell you, this Lurk-Chapel is the house of a killer! It’s a ghost! It’s a haunting! It’s a fan! It’s a chiller! Walking past this place is like a Hitchcock thriller!

In the day, The Lurk-Chapel is as bright as the sun Walking past this place is like a Hitchcock thriller! It’s a fang! It’s a chiller! But I’ll tell you, so why, do you ask, why in heavens would I?

Its rainbow windows run a mile high The Lurk-Chapel is a fine, dandy place. It’s a place to be free. Most Zoodents agree. It’s a place to be free. And I’ll tell you, I’ll tell you how this came to be.

The Anchor welcomes all letters. The staff reserves the right to edit due to space constraints, personal attacks or other editorial considerations. A representative sample will be taken. No anonymous letters will be printed unless discussed with Editor-in-Chief. Please limit letters to 500 words. Mail letters to The Anchor c/o Hope College, drop them off at the Anchor office (located in the Martha Miller Center 151) or e-mail us at anchor@hope.edu by Monday at 5 p.m. to appear in Wednesday’s issue.

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Coaches caught in doping sting

The Rancho October 26, 2011

In Brief

FOOTBALL THROWS HOMECOMING GAME

On October 15, the football team lost its Homecoming battle with Albion 12-3. With a 4-2 record coming in, Hope's quarterback thought a loss was needed to pump the players up in order to finish the season strong. The quarterback's last two interceptions were supposedly deliberate, as stated by the man himself in post-game interviews. With the picks being present during fierce downfield drives, players and fans alike were astonished by the throws.

Kirk Cameron

Sworded "Blessed"

Hope College's men's golf team claimed the MIAA conference championship on October 8, but the victory was immediately snatched from its grip. Along with a team stacked full of classy veterans and impactful freshmen, many in the Hope community were saddened to hear the news of the men's cheating ways in the final two jamborees of the season.

Kuiper said that he was "terribly confused" and almost confronted the first player about it. When confronted, Kuiper said, "I noticed something odd. After their third shots, one of them tapped his ball up and wrote on his card, while the other somehow got closer to the hole and knocked in a supposedly easy eagle."

Questions pervaded after the sixth jamboree, I observed three additional testimonies from two fans and another golfer, the MIAA's League Commissioner David L. Neilson, who was present at the contest, approached Hope's coach with straightforward questions.

Questions such as "are your boys cheating?" and "have you encouraged foul play?" were among the few that elicited answers. Hope's coach was dejected when confronted, bearing the word rapidly spread across the Lenawee Country Club.

"My boys were cheating today," he admitted. "I'm not 20 years old anymore, you know? I can't keep up with them. It was the only way."

When asked if she regretted her decision, the coach hesitated before responding. "I guess so," she said. "On the one hand, it's really unfortunate because I'm pretty sure I lost my job, and that's never fun. But on the other hand, it was so much fun to feel like a kid again. I can't believe it..."

Though the incident at Hope is the first time HEH news has been covered by the media, the coach said it is hardly an unknown substance in the coaching world.

"If there is one thing I learned from this incident, it's that I'll probably never compete again," she said. "These kids look to you to always be on your game, " she said. "These kids look to you for encouragement, energy, excitement, and other words beginning with 'e' all the time."

I'm not 20 years old anymore, you know? I can't keep up with them. It was the only way.