

IHTIMES

26 May 2006 The Head Turner in the Newspaper World

AND NOW, THE END IS NEAR...

And so we face, the final fire alarm.

Events late on Saturday certainly rounded off the year.

Residents were faced with a power cut, three false fire alarms, loud music and the comedy of an obnoxious resident shouting at staff.

Events started at 7pm with a power cut to flats in the Lansdowne Terrace, caused by a problem outside IH.

Engineers from EDF Energy finally restored power at 3am.

Events however escalated at 11.45pm when a manual call point (the red fire alarm boxes) was deliberately activated.

No fire was found but the fire brigade attended.

Over the next hour a further two manual call points were deliberately activated leading to the alarms sounding and the

arrival of the fire brigade.

Each time residents began to evacuate the hall.

Eventually the Metropolitan Police were called to attend the situation and a resident was spoken to by the officers.

The situation was not helped by a particular resident who complained loudly and abusively about events, antagonising both staff and the emergency services.

Loud music that could be heard throughout the hall only served to inflame the situation further.

A resident faces severe disciplinary action following the events of that evening.

The Warden has asked residents to remember that abuse of the fire alarm system is a **criminal** offense.

IH EXAM EXCUSES

Looking for plausible excuses for poor exam performance? Then look no further than our compilation of intercollegiate excuses.

Birkbeck: I didn't deserve a mark of 0, but it was the lowest mark they could give me.

Imperial - I tried to miss an exam claiming extreme sexual exhaustion, but was promptly told I could write with my other hand.

UCL stats student: Will I fail? Probably...

RVC - How do canaries with no teeth pass exams? Because they are bound to succeed!!

INSIDE!

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Exam Excuses

HALL NEWS

New Study Room

A new study room has opened on the third floor central wing, located between 3C17 and 3C18. The room, which has a window! is for silent study only.

IH Cinema

The club hopes that the new IH cinema setup in the DVD room will be operational from x...

Squash Court

The squash court will remain closed for the foreseeable future. Costs to replace the disintegrating ceiling could exceed £8,000.

New Barman

IH's new barman X would like to encourage everybody with exam problems to take solace in a pint of X, £1.25, exam special!

SALSA

Mondays

8.30pm

IH BAR



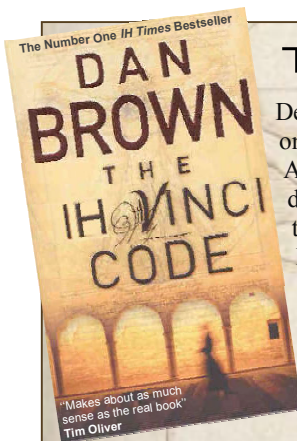
BASKETBALL

Saturdays

5pm

ULU





THE IH VINCI CODE

Derrick Chong, IH vice Warden, receives an urgent late-night call while on duty in the hall: Kenny the night receptionist has been found murdered. Alongside the body are a series of baffling mail slips that nobody can decipher. Chong and a gifted French resident, Auri Legrez, are stunned to learn that the mail in question may contain a secret of ancient origins. Kenny, a high ranking member of a secret society named the Priory of the Third Floor West Wing, may have sacrificed his life to keep secret the location of a vastly important student secret hidden for centuries and thought lost in the IH mail. It appears that the clandestine sect, the IH Guild of Assassins armed with bananas and a copious amount of elastic bands, has now made its move to uncover this lost secret. Mere steps ahead of the security guards and the nerdy competition, the

mystery leads Legrez and Chong on a breathless flight through the dining hall, atrium and even outside on a death defying Club trip to the Chelsea Flower Show. Unless Chong and Legrez can decipher the mail slips and quickly identify the resident the mail was intended for, the Priory's secret - and a stunning historical truth - will be lost forever.

Cherry Hooker's Amazon.com review: IH resident, Dan Brown, has created a page-turning thriller that also provides an amazing interpretation of IH student life. Brown's hero and heroine embark on a lofty and intriguing exploration of some of IH student culture's greatest mysteries - from the nature of the IH mail system to what the club actually do to spend £20,000 in a year. This lucid thriller marries the gusto of an international murder mystery with a collection of fascinating esoterica culled from 2,000 years of International Hall student history. Once the clues are deciphered they reveal that the Warden is in fact a distant descendant of Lord Lucan; that the hall contains remnants of both the Lost City of Atlantis and Camelot; that a study bedroom in the North Wing contains a wardrobe that is a gateway to the magical kingdom of Namia; that Tutankhamen is actually buried under the Squash Court; and that Elvis works in the canteen. It's a shame it's all a load of made up bollocks which makes about as much sense as the real book.



This week I finally pinned down my man, IH's resident Serbian hunk, Vladimir. I've had my eye on him since he started as a senior member 3 years ago.

Cherry: I hear you were a tad frustrated with the fire alarms on Saturday night.

Vlad: If this was my hometown in Serbia we'd hunt the culprits down, beat them to a pulp and drag them through the streets.

Cherry: I've seen you strut your

Cherry Hooker *Agony Aunt Extraordinaire*



stuff as a mover and a shaker when it's Salsa night in the bar.

Vlad: Hah, so you like salsa hey? Please, don't mention it Cherry, when I return to Serbia I face 10 years hard labour for crimes against masculinity.

Cherry: I noticed in the handbook that you're IH's resident fitness instructor. Do you do one-on-one sessions?

Vlad: I do regular one-on-one sessions, mostly with women. Join the back of the queue.

Cherry: Is there anything you'd like to say to the residents of IH?

Vlad: Hey ladies, what's happening, you think I'm sexy hah?