Announcements

Adams LCR @ 8:00 p.m.

10/2: BAASIC 2010 @ MIT from 9:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m.
To Register: www.baasic.org/register.html

10/2: 90s Dance @ Pfoho from 10:00 p.m. - 2:00 a.m.

IMS This Week:
9/27: A Volley Ball vs. Cabot @ QRAC @ 8:00 p.m.
9/28: Ultimate Frisbee vs. Eliot @ 9:00 p.m.
9/29: Ultimate Frisbee vs. Currier @ 8:00 p.m.
9/30: Flag Football vs. Currier @ 8:30 p.m.

Random Facts

http://isawyouharvard.com

Submit to the Hare Today
In order to submit to the Hare Today, please shoot an e-mail to news@leverett.harvard.edu with suggestions by 11 pm on Saturday for inclusion in next week's edition.

Person of the Week
Ramsey Lafayette
5th year senior
Psychology Concentrator

How does it feel to be on Hare Today?
It feels great. Like winning the Nobel Prize in literature.

What was the craziest thing that happened to you this week?
I was in my celestial navigation class, and this guy had six well sharpened knives on his person. That was kinda crazy. Plus hand sanitizer to clean the blade of blood and fingerprints.

What do you do outside of schoolwork?
I like to go to the gym and wax the philosophical. Tell obscene jokes. Wait, that’s not right. Say obscene things. Hmm, no. I don’t know how to put it, but it’s something I do enjoy. Improv comedy, that’s what it’s called (Oooohhhh! Burned!). And drink beer, I guess.

Do you do improv comedy here at Harvard?
No, but I did take an Improv comedy class in the North End. It consisted of college-age guys saying sexually charged things at 40yr-old women.

That’s gotta be pretty awkward.
I’m reminded of... have you heard of the cougar dating site? I’m applying for it right now. Most progressive dating website I’ve ever seen. I did a project on online dating sophomore year, but then... it got too real.

Tell me your most memorable moment on the football field.
There was one of the good brawls we had in practice. There was blood all over a number of different players and we just kept on practicing. That’s my most memorable one. But in a game, it was probably sacking the Princeton quarterback.

Given the choices of Harry Potter, Pokemon, and Lord of the Rings, which world would you want to come to life?
Lord of the Rings. The ents would be fantastic.

Why ents?
They’re so wise.

You wake up for class, but a zombie apocalypse is underway. How would you defend our glorious House?
Sawed-off shotgun.

You have one of those?!
Under my bed.

<3 Lev Love <3
**Riddle: Ten Pirates and Their Gold**

**Answer to Last Week’s Riddle:** Bruce will end up borrowing one of Tom’s cigarette butts to make his 10th cigarette. He returns the resulting cigarette butt to Tom’s pile so that Tom won’t find anything missing.

**This Week’s:** Ten pirates find a buried treasure of 100 pieces of gold. The pirates have a strict ranking in their group: Pirate 1 is the lead pirate, Pirate 2 is second-in-command, Pirate 3 is the third most powerful pirate, and so on.

Based on this ranking, the pirates decide on a system to determine how to split up the 100 pieces of gold. The lead pirate (Pirate 1) will propose a way to divvy it up. Then all the pirates (including the lead pirate) will vote on that proposal. If 50% or more of the pirates agree on the system, then that is how the gold will be divvied up. However, if less than 50% of the pirates vote for the proposal, then the lead pirate will be killed. The next most powerful pirate will then become the lead pirate, and they’ll restart the process (Pirate 2 will suggest a way to divvy up the gold and it will be voted on by the rest of the pirates). This will keep going on until finally a proposal is agreed upon.

All of the pirates are very smart and very greedy. Each pirate will vote against a proposal if they know that they would end up with more gold if that proposal were to fail. A pirate also will never vote for a proposal that gives him 0 pieces of gold.

You are Pirate 1. You must come up with a proposal that will give you as much gold as possible, without getting yourself killed. Keep in mind that the rest of the pirates all know that if your proposal fails, then Pirate 2 will succeed at coming up with a plan that benefits him the most while not getting him killed.

**What’s your proposal?**

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**Dumblechief**

Dumblechief didn’t really know what to do. He felt kind of sorry for this awkward Potter fellow, but he couldn’t take his eyes of the blue ink below the kid’s knees. Seeing his eyes, Potter knew exactly what he was staring at.

“Got caught in a flood” he started off. “Spent three days walking through the water trying to find somewhere to eat.”

Dumblechief didn’t know what to make of this, he vaguely remembered reading a tale about another boy that had a weather-related tattoo or something similar but he couldn’t quite remember where.

“My apologies Larry, it just seemed so peculiar. I had to ask.” The two started off towards pHayer to locate their rooms. When he was just a few steps from the door, a young girl caught Dumblechief’s eyes like no other girl ever had before.

The majestic woman seemed to glide towards them, as if she had perfected walking and gravity was thus no longer an opponent to her. This young lady was none other than Coachmione Ranger, the child star from all the hit movies the boys had watched growing up. Dumblechief’s heart skipped a beat much the same way as it had the first time he had seen two particles collide. How was he ever going to work up the courage to talk to her?

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**Totally and Completely Random**

Hair and nails do not continue to grow for a short time after one dies. What actually happens is the following; usually, the skin loses moisture and begins to shrink. As a result, hair and nails appear to push further out of the skin, when in reality, they had been there all along.

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**Hair and Nails**

So I’m sitting at my computer, crushing a protein shake (obviously), trying to figure out which beach I’m going to wreak havoc on during Spring Break when I hear my roommate yell something out. I sauntered out to the common room, not wanting to seem like I cared too much (typical bro-behavior) when I see a Red Sox jersey lying there…on OUR coach.

None of us are Sox fans, it’s in our blood that we hate them, in fact—kid I knew in high school once had to do laps after practice because he wore red socks to school one day. But I digress.

How this jersey ended up in our room is a complete mystery to us, and we are not particularly happy about it. We’re not sure whether it was planted there by one of our (supposed) friends, left behind by a girl making a quick getaway, or thrown there by one of Crappelbon’s wild pitches. If it is yours, PLEASE come take it back, we don’t want to have to call HAZMAT to come extract it from our room. Email me with questions people, I’ve got a slow week. That is all.

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