LAW SCHOOL LIFE
YOU KNOW, WE REALLY DO MORE THAN JUST DRINK COFFEE AT LAW REVIEW . . .

NO, NO, NO . . . YOU DON'T COME TO THIS LAW SCHOOL IF YOU WANT TO GET A REAL LEGAL JOB!!

HOFSTRA LAW REVIEW COUCH POTATOES
FIND YOUR OWN TABLE . . . THIS ONE IS MINE!

BUD LITE? NAH! THIS IS COOR'S LITE

I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ANY MORE ABOUT CONTRACTS!!!

YEAH, WE ONLY LOST 5 MILLION ON THAT CASE!
NOW TAKE BRETT . . . HE IS A TYPICAL LAW STUDENT AND HE NEVER STUDIES!

DON'T YOU THINK PROF. HICKEY IS CUTE?

YOU TOWED MY WHAT?
THERE ARE NO EXPRESS OR IMPLIED WARRANTIES OF DIGESTIBILITY!!!

IS THIS WHAT THEY MEAN BY THE "CLEAN HANDS" DOCTRINE???

DAVIS . . . FROM THE CORNER . . . SWISH!!!

SO, I THREW THIS BOMB THROUGH THE DEAN'S WINDOW, AND . . . BOOM!
THE DILEMMA?

WHO NEEDS DRUGS! I GET HIGH ON CONFLICTS OF LAW

A NEW WING FOR PROFESSOR MAHON'S OFFICE

WOW!!! ED'S IS HAVING A SALE ON GILBERT'S
STUDENTS WHO ARE SURPRISED TO GET THEIR GRADES BACK IN LESS THAN 5 MONTHS
HMMM . . . MAYBE I CAN FIND A JOB IN AMERICAN SAMOA!

NO I WASN'T READING CASENOTES!

EXCITED UTTERANCE!!!

LAUGHING HEIRS!!!
JURY NULLIFICATION?

NO . . . NOT ANOTHER 8:00 MAKEUP CLASS!!!
"I CAN'T GET NO NEW YORK PRACTICE"

CO-CONSPIRITOR OF BLACKIE TOY!

SELLING TICKETS FOR THE MOVIE ENTITLED "1 L: VOYAGE TO THE PLANET OF THE LEGAL WRITING INSTRUCTORS," STARRING ROGER WRITING INSTRUCTOR AND INTRODUCING PENLOPE PARADIGM; WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY RICHARD NUEMANN! RATED 4 (NG)
PROF. CARL MAYER READY TO BATTLE THE CORPORATE GIANTS

HMMMM... MAYBE WE BETTER SETTLE

THE SCREEN SAYS "TRANSFER TO MEDICAL SCHOOL WHILE YOU STILL CAN."
RES IPSA LOQUITOR
BY Michael Colavecchio

BACK TO THE LAW SCHOOL?

The other day, Doc Brown, a good friend, approached me with his new invention, a time machine. He needed a car, though, to create the energy that would be needed to move in time. My 1977 Chevy Nova proved to be the perfect, he explained, because the popped up trunk created an inverse wind resistance that was essential to time travel. Because I didn’t have a job yet, I told him I’d sell the car for $75 ($10 over book value) but that I would need use of the car for the rest of the semester. He agreed on the condition that he could work on the car when I was not using it. I agreed because, you know, $75 is $75. He worked on the car every night while I slept. Yesterday, while on my way to school, I noticed that Doc Brown had installed a new radio (or so I thought). I turned the radio on, but nothing happened. Suddenly, I felt myself falling helplessly. For about five minutes this continued, until the car and I came to a screeching halt. I must have passed out at that time, because about an hour later I awoke to find myself on the side of the road, my 77 Nova filled with smoke. Not knowing what had happened, I figured that I must have been dizzy or had some sort of fainting spell. Relieved that I did not have an accident, I drove to the local store to get a cup of coffee and to rest for a few minutes. When I got to the store, I was surprised to see that they had changed the whole shopping center around. Just a week earlier, it had been the old way. I guess they got their construction company to work a little faster than Hofstra could. I picked up a newspaper at the store, and read the back page. It read “Rangers Win First Cup In 70 years.” What did they mean seventy years? It has only been fifty. I opened the paper to the front and the headline read “Lawyer Decides Not to Jump Off Ledge After Rangers Win Cup.” I read the article, which said that Lawrence Hyman, 45, threatened to jump off the ledge on the 72nd floor of the Empire State Building if the Rangers did not win the Cup. Fortunately, they were playing the Islanders, who were kind enough to lose the game on purpose to save the distraught Hyman. I wondered if Larry Hyman had a father that was a lawyer, and whether this article was about him. The picture in the paper looked kind of like an older Larry. As I looked closer at the paper, I realized that it said April 1, 2010. What was this, some kind of April Fools joke or something? I quickly raced to my car to look at that radio.
When I got to the car, I saw a piece of paper on the floor under the radio. I picked it up and read it. “Mike — Don’t touch this radio, it is a time travelling device. Thanks, Doc B.” Just my luck, graduation is only a couple of days away and I find myself two decades away. Scared as hell, I starting running back toward the store when another car almost hit me. The driver stopped to see if I was alright, and I couldn’t believe my eyes. It was Howie Talmud, but he didn’t seem to recognize me. I asked him where he was heading, and he told me that he was the Editor-in-Chief of the Hofstra Law Review, and that he was heading to the Law School. I asked if I could bum a ride, and be obliged. When we got to Hofstra, I thanked Howie and said goodbye. As I fought my way through the crowds at the front door (they were from the class of 2003, waiting for Professor Agata to post his grades), I decided to walk upstairs, and I went toward Dean Bob’s office. The door was closed, but it said “Senior Assistant Dean.” I figured I’d pop in and tell Dean Douglas about what had happened, and to see if he knew how to get me back to 1990. When I opened the door, however, I was surprised to find Senior Assistant Dean David Weissman behind the desk. Shocked, I shut the door and ran into the next office, THE PLACEMENT OFFICE! I saw quite a few people who had graduated with me in the office, but they were all gray and wrinkled. I saw Brian Briones. He was telling Robyn Brilliant that his parents were getting upset that he still had not found a job and wanted him out of the house. Robyn cried that because she had been unable to find employment in the twenty years since she graduated, she would soon have to stop throwing parties at expensive New York City clubs. Life sucks! It killed me. I couldn’t stand to watch the pain that they were going through. With all of their problems, I couldn’t ask them for help with mine.

I then headed to the Conscience office. I figured that if I couldn’t find anyone to help me get back to 1990, at least I could sell my story. When I arrived at the Conscience office, the door was open, but there was no one there. I noticed a stack of newspapers and started to read them. They were Consciences from the past 15 years. The headlines read as follows: April 1994 — “Graduation To Be Held On Jewish Holiday: Provost Says It Wil Not Happen Again” . . . April 1995 — “New York Repeals CPLR” . . . September 1997 — “Hofstra Installs CPLR Course” . . . October 1997 “Former Student Colavecchio Named Man Of Year: Former Professors Not Surprised” . . . November 1998 — “Student Sues School After His Grade Point Average Was Miscalculated: School Claims That Person In Charge Of Grade Computations Forgot To Carry The One” . . . December 1998 — “Registrar’s
Office Gets Electronic Calculators, Computers Said To Be On The Way’’ . . . December 1998 — “Construction Of New Building To House Library Near Completion” . . . April 1999 — “Graduation To Be Held On Jewish Holiday: Provost Says It Wil Not Happen Again.” . . . September 1999 — “Student Finds Job” . . . October 1999 — “Law School Faces Reality: Professors Assign Emmanuels and Gilberts, Placement Office Accepts Listings for Local Fast Food Chain” . . . January 2000 — “New Record Set As Three Copy Machines In Library Were Working Simultaneously” . . . October 2000 — “Law School Community Faces Tragedy: For the First Time In Three Years, The Student Who Got A Job and the Student Who Passed the Bar Were Not The Same Person’’ . . . September 2002 — “Hofstra Law Proud To Announce That Three Of The Students In The Entering Class Are From Outside Of The S.U.N.Y. System” . . . April 2003 — “Graduation To Be Held On Jewish Holiday: Provost Says It Wil Not Happen Again’’ . . . October 2004 — “Fraud Uncovered: Gorman Received Large Amounts Of Money From Hofstra In Late 1980s” . . . April 2005 — “Dean Stuart Rabinowitz Resigns After Being Offered Role As Stuart Markowitz In New L.A. Law Movie’’ . . . October 2005 — “Phi Alpha Delta Changes Name To Beta Alpha Delta’’ . . . January 2007 — “H.U. Builds Seven Story Garage To Impound All Cars Parked Illegally In Parking Lot” . . . April 2007 — “Graduation To Be Held On Jewish Holiday: Provost Says It Wil Not Happen Again’’ . . . January 2009 — “Wypyski Becomes Dean.” That was the last paper, but it gave me a good idea. I’d go see Dean Wyp. Maybe he could help me get home. When I got to Wyp’s office, I was told that I’d have to make an appointment to see him. Mad as hell, I left the Law School and took a cab back to my car. I got in and played the radio again, and then drove as fast I could. Within a few minutes, I was repeating the ride I had taken earlier in the day. I went to the local store and bought a newspaper. It said May 1, 1990. Thank God, I’m home. I still don’t have a job. There is no place to park at school. The Rangers still have not won a cup. But there was one difference. Now I know what the School of Law has in store for the future. I’m staying the hell away from there. I then went to my bookie, put down $75 that the Rangers would not win the cup, and drove quickly to Roy Rogers. I had to get there before 3 o’clock. My pay gets docked if I’m late . . .