

Duke Girl Writes A "Senior Thesis" On The Various Duke Athletes She Bedded During College

September 30, 2010



Karen Owen is the brunette on the left.

A 2010 Duke graduate named Karen Owen sent her "unofficial senior thesis" as a PowerPoint file titled "An education beyond the classroom: excelling in the realm of horizontal academics" to three friends and did not intend for it to go further than that. But one of those friends forwarded it on and it went viral on the internet. "Fuck List" is the likely name of the original PPT file. It is a quite involved ranking of the dozen or so sex partners that she had while she was in college (person A was hilarious, B was tiny, C was energetic ... etc.). The overall experience that she had with each of her partners is rated on a scale from 1 to 10.

When the news media reached Karen after the file made the national news (weekday evening network news, no kidding), she stated that she never intended to spread the information on the net and she apologized to the people she had named in the "thesis." All of the men named were Duke athletes (lacrosse, baseball, tennis, etc.) Keep in mind that the Duke Lacrosse team had a run-in with the national news media a while back that was entirely not the fault of the team members (well, almost entirely not ...).

She said "I regret it with all my heart. I would never intentionally hurt the people that are mentioned" in it.

The folks at jezebel.com spoke with Karen and there is a little bit more info at this web page:
<http://jezebel.com/5652114/college-girls-power-point-fuck-list-goes-viral>

The PPT file has been reproduced below as closely as reasonably possible. The original PPT file seems to be rather hard to find on the internet. What is below is not an exact copy ... but it is quite close.

Sorry Karen. This is going to be around for the foreseeable future. At least your last name isn't Lewinsky.

<http://boston.barstoolsports.com/hot-gallery/viral-email-of-the-day-duke-chick-supposedly-makes-power-point-presentation-on-every-athlete-she-banged/>

<http://deadspin.com/5652280/the-full-duke-university-fuck-list-thesis-from-a-former-female-student/gallery/>

http://campusgossip.com/detail_blog_view.html?blogId=282

<http://www.oncampusdrama.com/pg/blog/DudleyDawson/read/16766/duke-girl-makes-senior-thesis-on-all-athletes-she-has-banged>

An education beyond the classroom: excelling in the realm of horizontal academics

Karen F. Owen

Senior Honors Thesis
Duke University

Submitted to the Department of Late-Night Entertainment
in partial fulfillment of the requirements for a
Degree in Tempestuous Frolicing (D.T.F.)

May, 2010

Background

Senior year and college in general often bring about certain situations that result in certain situations that result in the seeking of so-called "**sex**." Until now, no studies have succeeded in developing a methodology for quantifying and ranking these so-called horizontal academics. In this study, we used data from four years at Duke University to create evaluation criteria for such encounters and applied these criteria to the evaluated Subjects, hopefully allowing for future maximization of enjoyment of such procedures.

Subject 1: Tony McDevitt



- I evaluated Tony on my 19th birthday, (9/23/08) – We met at Shooters through Ryan McFadyen and he bought me many, many beers. After the final song, he invited me back to his house to "hang out." Needless to say, this was my first introduction into the glorious, alpha-male dominated world of Duke Lacrosse hookups. After some actual "hanging out" (during which I was asked which laxer I found the most attractive, to which I replied Bo Carrington, upon which I was informed of his lack of, um, largesse), it was back to his bedroom, which sported a lovely king sized bed.
- **Memorable moments:** standing outside of Shooters, surrounded by Tony and a few friends (Nick O'Hara, Mike Catalino, etc): "She's so hot; guys, isn't she so hot?" [nods and murmurs of assent] "Her breasts...they're just exquisite. So exquisite." Being asked to name the lacrosse player I thought was the hottest to a room of other lacrosse players, including the one I was about to hook up with. Actually replying honestly to the question.
- **Pros:** He is enormous. Like...I was actually rendered speechless. After a freshman year of frat star-sizing, I wasn't really even sure what to do with the situation at hand (erm, mouth?). Additionally, he had just broken up with his girlfriend of three years and was a grad student, so experience was on his side. And he used it.
- **Cons:** He does not have all that exciting of a personality. It was over too quickly. I was probably a little awkward, and didn't really know how to move or what to do. And it was a tad bit painful...
- **Raw Score:** 4/10

Subject 2: David Goulet



- This tennis star was assessed before junior year spring break in March of 2009. After many long looks exchanged between us on the path to and from Wilson Gymnasium, he finally approached at Shooters II and asked for a dance before suggesting that we exit the premises. It was on the cab ride back that I discovered he was rude, Canadian, and spoke mostly in French. Needless to say, the warning flags were waving furiously, yet, in the interest of my research and out of a perverse curiosity, I decided to continue towards his apartment.
- **Memorable moments:** None. He was terrible, did not even bother to kiss me more than a few seconds, and finished in about five minutes, after which he simply walked out of the room and did not return.
- **Pros:** He was at least a successful athlete, and was fairly lengthy; he had a good body.
- **Cons:** Absolutely everything else about him and the situation as a whole. Also, I accidentally left my favorite pair of earrings from South Africa. When I texted him this fact, he responded with "I will leave them outside of the building for you."
- **Raw Score:** 1/10. Seriously.

Subject 3: Ben Grisz



- My introduction to this Subject, baseball player uno, came on Halloween of 2009, after two months of acting like a mature, responsible adult. I blame it on the Freddy Krueger claw, and by that I mean my increasing need to collect more data to complete my honors thesis. I chatted with the subject throughout the night, he bought me shots, and at closing song he grabbed my shoulders, pushed me against a wall and asked if I wanted to "get out of this place." Finding myself overwhelmingly attracted to this athletic, intelligent sophomore, and suddenly anxious to stop being a mature person, I agreed and we went back to my place.
- **Memorable moments:** I could not walk the next day. Could. Not. Walk. In all the best ways, of course. Also, I sent my roommate the following sexile text: "don't come backk brousght boy backk SEX!!!!!" Whenever I went to the bathroom, I arrayed myself in a zebra-print snuggie. At one point, post-hookup, he was literally just running his hands up and down, all over me. When I asked, laughing, what he was doing, he replied, in a deep post-sex voice, "Shh...I'm just trying to explore this body..."
- **Pros:** Did I mention I could not walk the next day? He was very, very well equipped. And he knew how to use his hardware. And the aggression was unbelievable. Additionally, we had a lot of things in common, and the conversations preceding and following hookup sessions were extremely enjoyable
- **Cons:** He snored. I was completely unprepared for said encounter (as mentioned, I had actually made a serious, and successful, attempt to halt my data collection and behave in a manner more fitting of a responsible adult). As a result, I felt a little self conscious about my state of affairs, and enjoyed the experience a little less than I would have, had I been completely lacking inhibitions per usual.
- **Raw Score:** 8/10

- My next encounter with said subject was the day before classes started in 2010. I walked into Shooters and immediately noticed his rather imposing presence at the bar. Ten minutes later, we were hailing a cab back to his dorm room and I enjoyed a walk of shame (and by shame I mean glory) past ambitiously academic students the next day.
- The next time, we saw each other at a Wednesday night Shooters and spoke a few times, but did not leave together, preferring to actually enjoy our night out for a change. After returning to our respective abodes, we texted a few times and then he called to ask me if I would like to "hang out." Eager for some early-morning delight, I went to pick him up and we hooked up on my neighbor's pull-out couch. I drove him back afterwards, as he had an early morning practice to attend.
- **The final time (May 5), I was in line at Shooters and he came walking (staggering?) out to use his phone. Needless to say, after several minutes of conversation I did not even bother paying my \$5 entrance fee. At his suggestion that we "do it somewhere new" (and my immediate suggestion that such a place be the library), we made our way to a Perkins library stairwell (for additional research purposes, this event took place during finals week, when the library was flooded with studious creatures) and proceeded to hook up for approximately one hour, without getting caught. After, we went back to his dorm for rounds 2 and 3 (the Gardens was considered, but rejected due to the temperature outdoors).
- **Memorable moments:** Taking a breathalyzer with his roommate. Hooking up on the stairs of the packed library. High fiving him while giving him a blow job in the library, because "this is fucking awesome!" "You can use me to fulfill your graduation requirements any fucking time." Trying positions I had never heard of. Being unable to

walk time and time again. The formation of the greatest quote of all time: "I fail to see how a tee shirt is going to ameliorate this blow job..." The third time, he said that he might have trouble finishing, as he was "a little drunk." I assured him that I would be able to help him escape such a potentially painful dilemma. After a little initial difficulty, DMX's "Ruff Ryder Anthem" came on his iPhone as an alarm, and, fueled by its sheer glory, we got the job done by the end of the song. Amazing.

- **Pros:** Aside from his impressive size, amazing ability to keep it up, and incredible stamina, Subject 3 was extremely creative and always eager to engage in hookup sessions in new locations and positions, some of which were familiar to me and some of which seemed ingeniously innovative. Even apart from my research, I am similarly inclined, resulting in hookups that were extremely pleasurable and highly educational, daring and exciting, and never, ever boring.
- **Cons:** Did I mention the snoring? In fact, it was best realized when he and his roommate were both sleeping. The degree of synchronization was incredible.
- **Raw Score:** 9/10

- **On the advice of a close friend, and my own sentiments, I feel that the fourth and final hookup with Subject 3 deserves a bit more attention. As she put it, "I mean fucking in the library IS your entire thesis!" The perfect combination of sex and academics, it represented the climactic culmination of my entire research project. As previously mentioned, we left Shooters before I even went inside of the bar—I was craving physical contact that evening, and wanted another specimen or two (or three) from this aggressive stud. We got in the cab and went back to West Campus; I should probably say that the cab driver got a money and a show. We got out and paid, and he turned to me with this look in his eyes and said "Let' do this somewhere different this time...somewhere crazy." I instantly thought of the library (keep in mind this was the middle of finals weeks at 1:00 AM), and so after a quick McDonalds run to help us sober up a bit, we headed that way (we were both stumbling a little, and I was wearing a low cut orange tank, a short skirt, and gold heels – clearly not my typical study outfit). We walked in and I asked where we should try this; he replied simply "I'm following you...you lead the way."
- Emboldened by the few number of visible people on 1st floor Perkins, I suggested we take the elevator up to the fourth floor, and find some isolated stacks. On the brief journey up we hooked up very briefly; his hands were all over me and I considered pressing the emergency stop button and just going for it there. We got off in the middle of the most packed floor I had ever seen, so I immediately grabbed his hand and made for the nearest exit stairwell, avoiding the stares of millions of students, with both of us laughing at the sheer ridiculousness of it. I made for a stairwell I knew led to the staff's work area, and thus one very unlikely to be used by students. It was empty; I led him down a few stairs, but we only made it one level before he grabbed my shoulders, pushed me hard against a wall on the landing, and started kissing me. We were both extremely turned on already, just from the anticipation of illicitly fucking in a crowded library, and both of our hands were in rapid-fire motion, all over each other. In other words, it wasn't long before we had moved on to the R-rated activities. One of my favorite things about Subject 3 has always been the creativity and the variation in positions. Even here in the library stairwell, with my shirt pulled down, my skirt pushed up and the possibility of someone walking in on us an extremely real one, we managed to improvise and appraise different angles and poses. The

stairs and railings allowed for positions we had never been able to try before. The lighting was harsh, giving us both the sense that we were starring in a cheap porno (indeed, it really was a miracle that nobody walked in on us), which quite frankly added to the eroticism of the entire sequence. Neither of us bothered to be particularly quiet or gentle (something which definitely resulted in a lot of bruises on me the next day); indeed, we let go of all our inhibitions and just enjoyed the fuck and each other's bodies. The newness of the location made even the most basic acts such as blow jobs, for example, ten times hotter (or so he told me).

- After we were both exhausted, bruised, drenched, and satisfied, we reclothed and continued down the stairs to head back to his dorm room. On the way out, we walked past Joe Tkac (lacrosse), who took one look at me, said "Oh heyyy, Karen...what are you up to tonight?" and died laughing (both of us looked like we had just clearly engaged in 'extracurricular' activities) and several other people we knew, a source of great amusement for myself and the Subject. The entire walk back to his dorm was the foreplay for our next hookup (he may or may not have had my panties in his pocket). His hands were all over me, and we kept having to stop in little corners or staircases because we both wanted each other so badly we almost couldn't wait. The absurd steamy passion of the last hookup, combined with the anticipation for the next made that the most erotic walk of my life. Literally the second we entered his room and shut the door our clothes were off and my clothes were torn off and, as popular culture puts it, he morphed into Mr. Flintstone and made that Bedrock.
- **Memorable Moments:** I mean, we fucked in a Duke University library during fucking finals week.
- **Pros:** Everything. Ev-er-y-thing.
- **Cons:** None.
- **Raw Score:** 10/10

Subject 4: Jeremy Gould



- My second introduction to the baseball team came towards the end of junior year, on a night during which my research, in the interest of scientific accuracy, should probably have been halted. In other words, I was but a shot away from what is referred to as a 'black-out' state. Apparently, Subject 4 and I spoke by the bar and he suggested I go watch porn with him on his large screen television at the Belmont. Also apparently, this suggestion functioned as a grade-A pick-up line for me.
- **Memorable moments:** Actually watching porn, along with Mike Seander and several other people whose names and faces I do not recall. Jeremy stressing the importance of the clitoris, asking me "So, Karen, how long does it take you to cum?", and pointing out to the room that I had "quite the nice rack, huh guys?"
- **Pros:** Gould is quite an amusing character, as I would find out my senior year in much greater detail. He was also at least somewhat aggressive and what I remember was pretty fun.
- **Cons:** He really is not very big, and is unfortunately not a grower. Also, he had severe initial difficulties in keeping it up, resulting in my being exhausted earlier than is typical in such phases of my research
- **Raw Score:** 4/10

Subject 5: Stephen Coyle



- Much like my assessment of Subject 4, in the name of solid scientific research, my process of data collection should have been halted during my time spent with Subject 5, as I completely blacked out for the first and last time of my academic career. The last thing I am able to recall was standing on the curb outside of Shooters, frantically calling everyone I knew, but to no avail—I was completely alone. I remember hearing a voice telling me to get into a waiting cab, and I blindly obeyed. I woke up the next day with absolutely no idea as to where I might be. A quick appraisal of my surroundings told me that I was at least on Central Campus (aka not in the bed of a local Durhamite). I slowly turned my face towards the still figure prone beside me, dreading what I might see...and almost burst out laughing with relief and amusement. Although I was lying next to someone whom I had never found particularly attractive, I had somehow, in my black out state, still managed to crawl into bed with a Duke athlete. Furthermore, judging from our unclothed condition it was fairly obvious that we had done more than merely pass out.
- **Memorable moments:** From the actual hookup, none. However, after he woke up shortly after me, I actually stayed, chatted, and watched SportsCenter for almost an hour before walking back to my apartment. I actually amazed myself with how chill and relaxed I managed to be, despite having no recollection of going home with or hooking up with this man.
- **Pros:** I have no idea. However, judging from certain strategically positioned bruises which I later discovered in the shower, he was fairly aggressive. And, according to the degree of elevation of the blankets covering his morning happiness, he was also quite sizeable. Score.
- **Cons:** Not actually remembering the data collection process.
- **Raw Score:** 3/10

Subject 6: Alex Hassan



- This Subject, baseball number three, was evaluated in late November of 2009. Now, I will preface any dialogue by mentioning that I had first noticed said Subject during my freshman year, and had quickly learned his name and sport. He stood at six feet four inches and possessing a beautiful body and incredible confidence—how could I not notice such a fine specimen of manhood? However, my chances at collecting his data seemed doomed when he was drafted by the Boston Red Sox and exited the university after his junior year. So, you can imagine my delight when he visited Duke and struck up a rather flirtatious conversation at Shooters. Adding a measure of class to my research, we ended up hooking up on Subject 4's couch.
- **Memorable moments:** This directly quoted dirty talk: "Mmm tell me about how much you like big, black cocks." "But, I've never even hooked up with a black man!" "Oh... well, just pretend like you have." "Umm ok...I like big, black...cocks?" "God, that's sooo fucking sexy." Also, we hooked up on Subject 4's couch. 4 lay sleeping ten feet away in his bedroom.
- **Pros:** His body was, in fact, even more beautiful than I could have possibly imagined. His take on dirty talk was intensely amusing.
- **Cons:** Have you ever opened up a beautifully wrapped present on Christmas morning? Did you carefully peel back the layers of tissue paper and eagerly shake out its contents, excited beyond belief with the anticipation of seeing your dream gift? And then did you ever feel your smile plummet to the floor, and had to force every fiber of your being to appear excited as you thanked your grandpa for the single practical pair of coarse, grey wool socks now lying in your lap? If so, you might be able to appreciate and comprehend my emotions as I seductively eased down his striped boxers to unveil . . . Wait . . . Was that his dick? No, it couldn't possibly be. But yes. Yes it was. That gorgeous, perfect body of his was supporting a penile structure so disproportionately small that I had to take several deep breaths and force a smile before commencing the hookup session, lying every few minutes (when asked) about how he was "the biggest I had ever seen." Also he came pretty damn quickly.
- **Raw Score:** 3/10

Subject 7: Jake Lemmerman



- My first encounter with this Subject, an individual who was to become among my favorite people at Duke (and a source of endless entertainment) came in late January, soon after I had decided to stop being a real person. It happened on a glorious Shooters night (a night that at the time was absurd, but would soon fade into the 'normal night' category). Ali and I had held one of our infamous, exclusive pregames, and then headed to Shooters. Our night started with a wonderful sing-a-long with Joe Pak and some soccer players, and also featured an epic rap battle between Christia Ibeagha and me, on the Shooters d-floor to Lil' Wayne's 'Drop the World'. Ali and whipped out blowpops towards the end of the night, and were approached by Seander, Gould, and an individual I did not know, but immediately recognized as good looking. At some point, he stole my lollipop and put it in his own mouth, shooting me a wink in the process. We abandoned the baseball players and left with some Delta Sigs to go back to their section in Edens. There, I discussed HotNewHipHop.com with a soccer player, we took shots of Puerto Rican Rum, Ali flirted with a man with a child, and we posed with D-Sigs and Rockstar, because "we need pictures with us, hot girls, and Rockstar." Seander had been calling all night, but Ali, being Ali, had not picked up. Finally, bored with the frat stars, I offered to call him back on her phone (he somehow immediately knew it was me and not Ali), and he told us to come over to Belmont 13000; we called a cab. When we got there, we chilled on a couch and watched/joked about porn for a while, then Ali and Mike left, leaving me with Subject 4 and 7 and an uneasy feeling that an attempted double-team was on the way. The Subject went to the bathroom, leaving me with 4 (who had been spitting weak, yet amusing game all evening), who immediately relocated to sit next to me on the couch, where 7 had been sitting. Luckily, 7 came back soon, 4 went to the bathroom, and I received verbal confirmation that a double team would NOT happen. 4 came in and informed me "I'm going to sleep now...if you want to join me." Needless to say, I did NOT follow. 7 asked me what I wanted to do and I responded with a look that clearly expressed my desires. We hooked up, reclothed, and chatted a few minutes waiting for Mike and Ali to come back.

- **Memorable moments:** Hooking up on Subject 4's couch, as he lay sleeping ten feet away. The quote: "I just want to come all over you." The Subject successfully (and accidentally) marking his territory with reproductive fluid on the couch, in the exact spot that Seander sat upon his reentry (to much general amusement). His dirty talk (his voice is actually incredibly sexy). The randomness of the entire encounter.
- **Pros:** His body is really, really good. He is quite well endowed and was really aggressively talented. His hair is incredible. Great sense of humor.
- **Cons:** It was my first real "quickie" (the first of many with this subject). Fun, and has its place, but I do prefer longer sessions.
- **Raw Score:** 8/10

After that session began a long string of Jakob hookups, separated by periods of intense sexting, something which fully deserves its own slide.

- The sexts would commence on a typical Tuesday night (starting usually around 5:30pm):
J: "what are you up to?"
K: "just got out of the shower, you?"
J: "without me?"
[13 mins later]
J: "so..."
[13 mins later]
J: "...?"
- After my second hookup with Subject 8, whom he knew fairly well and saw me leaving Shooters with:
"so did you both fuck him?"
"3some?"
"tell me about it...need details"
"what did you do? be more descriptive"
"so you both want my D?"
- "Send a nude pic"
- "What up..."
- "How was that 3some." [Me: not a threesome] "So, just a solo fuck?"
- "You showered? Without me?"
- "Can I come on your face?"

- "Can I come in your mouth?"
- "So, how bad do you want my D right now?"
- "Can I come on your chest?"
- "But I want you now. Come over now." (about 3am, after I texted him I was chilling in ET)
- "I want to fuck you so badly right now :)" [me: "even though I clearly just hooked up with someone else?"] "well that's why we're not...but I really want to fuck you right now."
[Yes, he actually used an emoticon]
- "How do I rank on your fuck list?"
- "You gonna suck my D?"
- "You gonna take it all?"
- "How was that fuck sess?"
- "Well first I'd fuck all ya'll..." [in response to me asking him how he would actually handle three girls at once]

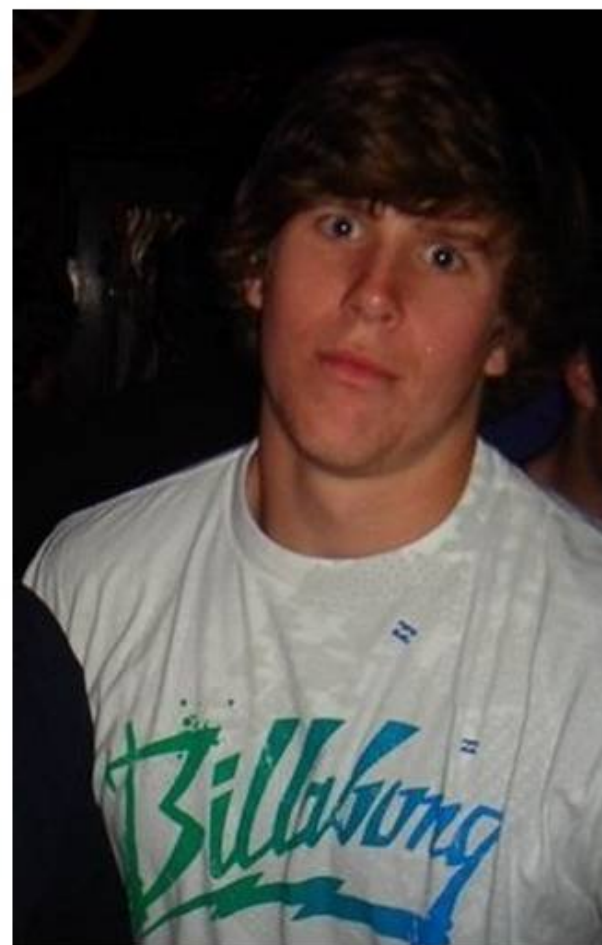
Each time, after 13 minutes, to the dot, if I had not yet responded he would send me the following text:

- "... ?"

- My second hookup with Subject 7 was an entirely new experience for me: a 100% sober booty call. After days of constant sexting, his roommate was finally asleep at a reasonable hour and he texted me to come over. I had anticipated such a moment being awkward, weird, or simply not sexy—I was mistaken. I drove over to his apartment (406 Oregon Apartment H) and he was waiting for me at the door. It was an intense quickie, and I honestly felt drunk (hormones?) for most of it. Again, it was extremely entertaining, and I left right after it ended (as would become the custom with this subject – neither of us ever spent the night, nor was there any cuddling. It was always simply sexting, sex, and goodbyes, which soon became a routine I anticipated and enjoyed, due especially to the complete lack of clinginess or drama associated with it). The next few were all drunken hookups, and started with either me or him texting the other some inappropriate jargon. He was, for example, the only individual who I would feel perfectly at ease sending a 4 AM sext, or sending him messages such as "Birthday Sex??" [to which he replied "Duh...where you at?"]. He was the definition of a whore, and the only time he wanted to hook up when we were both out, was when I completely ignored him the entire time and flirted with other guys. He'd get a little jealous, and start grabbing my ass whenever I walked by, pretending that it was not him each time. I caught on to this game fairly quickly, and began using it to my own advantage, ignoring him on purpose on evenings I wanted to have the option of doing a little more research on him. Additionally, he had a knack for sexting me/wanting me when I had gone elsewhere to collect data from other Subjects; he'd text for hours trying to persuade me (and likely many other girls on his "list") to go "fuck me" instead. Once, he called (a very unusual move for him) at 4:30am, as I lay on the futon of Subject 4, his teammate. After I explained simply that I was in Edens, we disconnected and I immediately received the text: "I'd really like to fuck you right now J." We sexted for almost 30 minutes that night (class, class, class). The next day, inevitably, he asked me how my "fuck sess" was. The last few times we hooked up were all sober, all quickies, and all a lot of fun.

- **Memorable moments:** Hooking up sober; the repeated ass grabs; late night phone calls and how sexy his voice was; sober hookups; the endless sexting; his mastery of the ellipses, his whorish ways; discovering sisterhood with Talia Schwartz, actually feeling extremely depressed (emotional? Gasp.) after we concluded our last session and I said goodbye. The way he referred to his dick as "my D", always with a capital letter. His endless quotes: "Damn, you don't have a gag reflex, do you." "Damn, you have a nice pair on you. I like that." "Get me wet." "Solid study break!" "I mean, we just went at it, so it's gonna be a little warmer than normal in here." "My girl...what up?"
- **Pros:** He was SO entertaining, so clutch for a needed research opportunity, so well equipped, so funny, so good looking, and such a loveable whore that I actually found myself missing him quite a lot after our final hookup, despite the fact that our relationship had been just about as NSA as they get
- **Cons:** Quickies, while a ton of fun, don't fully satisfy everyone involved. Also, playing the you-only-want-me-when-you-think-you-can't-have-me game got a little annoying.
- **Raw Score:** 7.5/10 for the hookups. As an individual, however, he entertained me and my friends to the point where I will raise that score to an 8.5/10.

Subject 8: Sean Brady



- My very first encounter with Subject 8 actually came on Halloween during my sophomore year, at Shooters. I was walking through the club, focused on reaching the far bar, when someone grabbed onto my arm and pulled me over. I looked up, surprised to see the man who was to become Subject 5 holding onto my forearm. "Hey, come here. My friend wants to talk to you." I looked over and saw 8 staring intently at me. 5 walked off, and we began to chat a little. When I asked him why he pulled me over, he replied with "Well, I saw you walking and I just thought you had the most beautiful body I had ever seen. When I told my friend, he grabbed you. Wanna dance?" Of course, I did...not only was he incredibly attractive, but at that point in my academic career I was quite insecure, and while I never reached the point of engaging in physical activity with people I found unattractive, I still was more susceptible to compliments than I currently am. Furthermore, he was completely sober, which made me believe his lines even more. We danced for a few songs, and he was extremely aggressive, moving his hands ALL over me. When I commented on it, he replied "Well, don't you like it?" I did, and so it continued. He asked me to come back to his friend's dorm room (as his roommate was sleeping), and so I did. We ended up in the cold on a balcony. Needless to say, real physical intimacy was not going to happen there, and so I did my best to keep him happy in other ways. However, the cold air and his sheer size had me not at my best game, and we soon took an awkward bus ride back to West Campus. Soon after that, he began dating some girl and I didn't think much about him until my senior year.
- **Memorable moments:** His sober quote at Shooters. Hooking up on an Epworth balcony. Two other people looking for a quiet place walking in during it. We then all chatted for approximately ten minutes before they left.
- **Pros:** He was really attractive, bold, and enormous.
- **Cons:** I was not on my A-game, and we didn't end up doing all that much.
- **Raw Score:** 3/10 (** Not included in total score avg., as this was not a legit hookup. **)

- The next time I actually bumped into Subject 8 was at He's Not on February 24th. We were both pretty drunk, so I can't actually recall how we started talking. But, not five minutes after we reinitiated contact, he was introducing me to my own friends: "This is my wife. We have four children, but one of them is half-black because she had an affair with a black man. Don't worry, it's just because we wanted a running back in the family." (although, I kept insisting that he was going to be an NBA star instead...our one spousal argument). Needless to say, it was determined fairly early on in the night that I was going to be going home with him. After He's Not ended, we all went to Time Out Restaurant. The Subject, however, had to deal with some officers who had pulled over an ADPhi pledge for speeding and discovered an open beverage in the vehicle, a black SUV which belonged to Subject 8. After Time Out, when he was still talking to the officers, I went back to the car to discuss with my friends what to do. I had just decided to wait with the Subject, and was reaching into the car to grab my Northface when I heard "Karen! Wait!" and looked up to find the Subject sprinting towards me. "Don't go; this is almost worked out. Come home with me." I assured him of my intention to do so, and went back to his car, which we loaded with lacrosse players before leaving. I sat next to Eddie Loftus and chatted with him while listening to the intense argument between soon-to-be Subject 11 and Mike Manley. Finally we reached Erwin Terrace 22. We hooked up for a while, then he showed me a documentary of the gang. The Bra Boys who essentially raised him in Maroubra Beach, Australia (did I mention that he was Australian?). After an emotional run through his childhood, we returned to the research a few more times. And again in the morning.
- **Memorable moments:** Him telling EVERYONE, including his friends, that we were married with children. Deciding that Christian Ibeagha was the father of my black child. Discovering his Australian accent (that became much stronger when he drank). Dancing to Bedrock with Eddie in the back of his SUV. Hearing his life story, watching him get a little emotional, helping him feel better. Hearing dirty talk with an Australian accent. The way he referred to his hardware as 'that dick'. For example, some direct quotes: "Ride that dick. Mmm, come on that dick! You like that dick? Take that dick!"
- **Pros:** He was huge. And Australian. And a professional surfer sponsored by Billabong. And Australian. And hilarious.
- **Cons:** A little too much information for a hookup.
- **Raw Score:** 9/10

- The final period of data collection on Subject 8 took place the Wednesday before spring break, post-Shooters. I had been looking forward to a repeat session, seeing as I could barely walk after the last one, and therefore was quite pleased to walk in and see him at the bar. He was SO entertaining that night. Having been suspended from Duke for academic violations, he had decided to take the rest of the semester and go play lacrosse in London; he planned to leave that Friday. Needless to say, I was not letting this chance get away. The entire evening was spent laughing and joking with people, mostly at his antics. The Subject had a minimum of three drinks with him at all times, and when questioned as to his state of sobriety, responded without fail, in an Australian accent, with "No, I have to drink all of them! Doctor's orders." He also would randomly drop into a surfing stance and sway for a while, before getting up and dancing away. He literally pranced around for the entire night. At the close, he grabbed me and informed me that, as he was leaving Duke, we needed to go a little crazy. Happy to oblige, I consented to go back to Erwin Terrace with him yet again.
- **Memorable moments:** Him being pulled aside and questioned by Subject 7 and Mike Seander, and my subsequent text sent from Subject 7 reading "So, how was that threesome? Or was it a solo fuck." The Subject's quotes: "You gotta chahhge hahhd all the time when you hit those waves!" "Doctor's orders!" "We're just a couple of good looking people, looking to have a good time, is all!" Him remembering that we had been married. Us arguing about whether or not our half-black son would be an NFL or NBA star. Again, the 'that dick' lingo. Getting him Nosh to-go the morning after.
- **Pros:** Words cannot describe how much fun this Subject was to evaluate. His accent made every word that came out of his mouth a turn-on. He was both very well equipped and very good at using said equipment. I would marry this kid, no joke. Did I mention that he had an Australian accent yet?
- **Cons:** I would have loved a morning hookup, but he was actually incapable of functioning in the morning.
- **Raw Score:** 8.5/10

Subject 9: Will McKee



- My initial sighting of Subject 9 came on Valentine's Day, when I was in the library writing two papers. He, Slater Hurst, and Michael Hutching sat down at my table (the Subject first politely asked if they could join), and immediately launched into an entertaining conversation regarding Hutch breaking up with his girlfriend, Emily Ackerman, via phone that day. That along with a snoring Asian man (regarding which myself and the Subject shared several laughs and speculation as to what could have caused his exhaustion) made for an extremely entertaining library session, and, feeling overwhelmingly attracted to the humor, size, and appearance of the Subject, I vowed to become better acquainted with him. After a brief period of reconnaissance, I discovered him to be a transfer, and the twin brother of a senior lacrosse player, Parker McKee. I did not have a chance to further speak with the Subject until the Sunday right before Spring Break ended, when the entire team was at He's Not in Chapel Hill. Attempting to initiate conversation has never been my strong point, but with the help of a friend, I decided to hand him ten dollars and ask him if he would mind buying my friend and I a beer, seeing as he was so far ahead of us in the line. That approach proved the perfect ice breaker, and we talked in groups on and off for the night. After finding out I was "Valentine's Day girl", he doubled over from laughter and dragged Slater and Hutch over to reintroduce me. We talked further and I made it clear, through eye contact and strategic physical contact, that I wished to collect more information from him later on that night. Apparently, as I walked away from him (I hate clinging to guys all night), he turned to my friend and said "Pretty sure I get to fuck her later on tonight." After He's Not, we all piled into an SUV and headed back to Partners, Sam Spillane repeatedly requesting threesomes with myself and Ali. We hung out for a short time with Slater, Parker, and Hutch before retiring to the Subject's room and king-sized bed. There commenced what would soon become the single most embarrassing night (and subsequent few days) of my life thus far. We were enjoying ourselves immensely when

suddenly the Subject asked, "Um, are you on your period or something?" Now, I was in no way SUPPOSED to be, but when I looked down and saw the state of his sheets, I had no choice but to admit, cheeks burning with humiliation, that it had started early. He was nice enough to finish the hookup, but it was not pleasant for either of us. After he finished, he showered and disappeared, leaving me mortified by his sheets and duvet, all of which, of course, had originally been all-white.

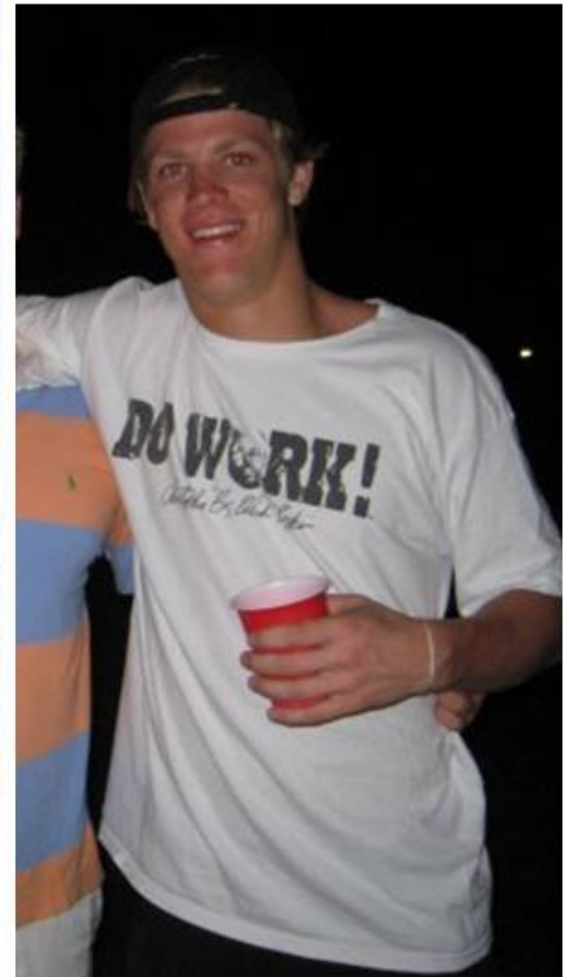
- **Memorable moments:** Valentine's Day and laughing with him over Asians and breakups. For the first time ever, getting my period during the middle of a hookup and not noticing at all (oh alcohol, what a blessed curse you are). Bleeding all over his sheets. Dying of embarrassment.
- **Pros:** He was very, very talented and very well equipped. He had a great sense of humor, was ridiculously good looking, had a great body, and some fucking powerful fingers.
- **Cons:** I bled all over his bed and had my first real walk (cab ride) of shame
- **Raw Score:** 7/10. He was amazing, but the shame was not.

- Ever since the humiliation of hookup number one, I had seen Subject 9 out and, while we had acknowledged one another, it was clearly awkward. Obviously, other lacrosse players knew about the incident and still were completely relaxed and fun around me, but I hardly blame him for not knowing how to act around me after I singlehandedly destroyed his thread counts. Nevertheless, I could feel him watching me at times, especially when I laughed, joked with, and fooled around with his teammates at Shooters and He's Not time and time again. While not actively seeking another encounter, I had always wanted the chance to redeem myself more than I could by not being visibly embarrassed to be around him. My chance came on the Saturday before I graduated, May 15, and the story perhaps rivals Tucker Maxx for its scandal and ridiculousness. I had seen him, once again, at Shooters, and had felt him watching me more than normal, probably because every single one of his teammates, from the freshmen (Billy Conners, Josh Offit, Jake Tripucka, David Lawson, Eddie Loftus) to the sophomores (Rob Rotanz, Scot Meyer), juniors (Tom Montelli, Mike Manley, Zach Howell), seniors (Terrence Molinari) and graduates (Ryan McFadyen) grabbed/licked/tickled me and flirted and joked with me. At the time, however, I was more interested in a repeat with Subject 12. Everyone went back to Partner's apartment for an extremely fun late night, and I did get my repeat with 12, both in his bedroom and in his shower. As I waited for a cab home outside of his apartment, a door opened from an adjacent apartment and Subject 9 walked out, headed for his car to grab something. He saw me standing there and did a 180 towards me. We talked for a few minutes and he got closer and closer to me; soon his enormous presence was almost irresistible. I'm not sure who suggested the next step, but before I knew it we were searching for an empty SUV (he had two underclassmen sleeping on his floor) in which I could further my research and redeem myself. We ended up in the first long seat of Sam Solie's red SUV, where we talked for a little longer before commencing the data collection process.

After the most violent, aggressive, steamy research I have ever conducted, we separated, leaving behind a vehicle with windows fogged with passion.

- **Memorable moments:** Hooking up in Sam Solie's car at 4:30am, after I had hooked up with his teammate. Him COMPLETELY taking control, throwing me around like I weighed nothing, dominating me, grabbing my hair, switching positions rapidly. His repeated references to my chest (I'm talking every 2 minutes or so), which he thoroughly enjoyed, more so than any other Subject ever has. His catonic state while and after I atoned for my past faults: "You're fucking amazing at that...oh my god, you do it so fucking well." His conversation: "You gotta give this 110%...my sheets didn't have that chance, you know." "You like it when I take charge, don't you?" His absolute aggressiveness, incredible good looks, indecently sized package ("You're lucky I'm not standing right now, or it would be two inches longer.") and spontaneity. The fact that he literally possessed the ability to turn me on more with one hand than most of the Subjects possessed in their entire being.
- **Pros:** Everything. Seriously. This was the most violent sex I had ever had, in a good way, and I was turned on to a degree that I had never really experienced. Also he is fucking hot.
- **Cons:** Nothing, except the post-hookup realization that hooking up in someone else's SUV was a tad sketchy, and that hooking up with the Subject five minutes after my rendez-vous with Subject 12 was a tad whorish. But, it was my last night of college and I in no way regret leaving him on a very, very good note, nor do I regret my redemption.
- **Raw Score:** 12/10

Subject 10: Tucker Virtue



- I first officially "met" the Subject my sophomore year at Shooters, where I had dragged my extremely science-minded friend Kristin Knouse to celebrate her 20th birthday around April 5th 2008. After an extremely fun night on the D-Floor, we were near the exit hanging out when we starting talking to a few lacrosse players and were invited to come late night with them at the lacrosse house. As I had been there before and had simply lovely time, we agreed and went back, taking a cab with the Subject. On the way back, well, it might as well have been a threesome, as the Subject alternated drunken makeout sessions between the two of us, much to the cab drivers delight and/or chagrin. After we got back to the house, Kristin made her introductory rounds and I sat on the Subject's lap, at his urging. Next thing I knew, his dick was out of his pants and in his hands, as though it were the most normal thing in the world (as I would find out two years later, this was in fact extremely normal) and he had requested dome. Rather taken aback, I compromised by engaging in a little more making out (compromising my standard practice of never practicing PDA) and then told him that we should cab back to my dorm room for a little more privacy. We headed back and engaged in a partial hookup. In other words, he owed me a favor or two by the end of the night, although I wasn't exactly ignored.
- **Memorable moments:** Looking down at him and seeing his dick out in front of about 14 other people. Him going to the bathroom (fully nude) in the middle of our hookup and accidentally going back into the wrong room. Him flipping on the light and standing, fully nude, by the bed of the girl next door to me. Her intense confusion and surprise, made known to me the next morning ("Karen, you'll never believe what happened to me...I woke up and there was this dude, fully naked, standing by my bed!")
- **Pros:** He was so vastly ridiculous that I enjoyed myself despite the partial hookup. I and Kristin got some fantastic stories for the grandkids.
- **Cons:** There was no legitimate opportunity to collect data on the Subject.
- **Raw Score:** 3.5/10 (**Not included in total score average, as was not a legit hookup.**)

- As previously discussed, I had known Subject 10 since I was a sophomore and he was a freshman, and had already collected some specimens from him, without officially including him in my data. Contact was reinitiated during various outings during my senior year, as I was given multiple views of his hardware in public and was subjected to several attempts to engage in a full-scale PDA festival. It wasn't until we were celebrating our NCAA Championship victory in basketball (April 5), however, that my data collection began. I was standing outside of Shooters, sober, with Liz, Dan Theodorides, and the Subject. Upon being informed of our mutual enjoyment of my research topic, we hopped into a cab to pursue it a little more at Ninth Street Commons. Immediately after an amazingly fun hookup, Tom Montelli walked in the door and told us to put our clothes back on, as we were "gonna go steal signs and shit...because we won a fucking national championship!" We walked (staggered?) up their street, climbed a Fire House staircase, and then returned to their house, where after an unsuccessful Jimmy Johns call and a long conversation with Montelli, I returned to the Subject's room for round 2, and snuck out early in the morning.
- **Memorable moments:** The Subject, dropping his pants whipping his dick out on countless occasions: "Look...it's touching your leg for free right now!" Tom's quote: "I tell all the girls, like 'hey girls! Suck.My.Dick.' and their all like 'okaaayyy [high-pitched voice]!' and then I'm all like 'No, wait...I have a giirrrrrllfrieeeennnd!" The Subject's ridiculous noises of enjoyment. The Subject's quote: "You are a pro. You are a goddamn, fucking PRO! That's pretty much all I can say right now."
- **Pros:** Incredibly, incredibly fun hookup and I am not even entirely sure why. The Subject himself is just incredibly entertaining, and was pretty damned skilled, as well as packing some rather decently sized hardware (although I had seen it multiple times before this, he was definately a grower).
- **Cons:** Decent body, but definitely skinnier than I preferred. I felt badly about leaving in the middle of the night, but as I found out, it worked out better this way on the whole. Also, I would have liked him to last a bit longer.
- **Raw Score:** 8/10

- A week or so after said encounter, I ran into the Subject at Shooters. After I went up to him and apologized for leaving in the middle of the night, he fist-bumped me, held up his hand for a high-five and replied "Nah, that was AWESOME! Girls are usually so clingy and shit; I fucking hate that shit," and then asked for my number, promising to "hit me up" sometime soon. I went on my merry way, developing my research topic amongst various other individuals. On LDOC, after Shooters, I and two friends were on our way to Joe Tkac's and Brandon Allen's (and Subject 8's) Erwin Terrace 22 apartment when I received a text: "late night?" I informed him as to my destination, and he replied that he was already there; I told him I'd see him soon: "Solid." Well, it appeared as though I was about to amass more specimens on said Subject that evening. When we got there, we all chilled on the couches, smoking a little and watching Brandon Allen, Jimmy O'Reilley, and a few others play Mario Kart Wii, and then all retired to our respective chambers (Read: Subject 8's old room and bed). The hookup ensued, and was just as fun as the first.
- **Memorable moments:** Hooking up with this Subject on the exact same bed as I had used with Subject 8. The quote "How the FUCK are you so good at that?" Again, leaving early-ish the next morning, after the Subject had been put back to sleep with a good morning frolick amidst the sheets and blankets. Hooking up with the subject in the morning wearing Subject 8's Billabong plaid shirt, which I then stole and wore all day (I had regretted not obtaining such a shirt the last time I had seen 8, and so seized upon this opportunity to acquire one). Seeing the subject on the plaza in the evening, both of us wearing the clothing we had last seen one another in (aka he was still wearing a pair of ridiculous swim trunks as he swaggered his way up the BC plaza). Again, it not being awkward at all the next time we saw each other.
- **Pros:** It was just as fun as the first time. This Subject is quite possibly the most ridiculous individual I have ever met in my life.
- **Cons:** Again, wishing he didn't immediately fall asleep and that he lasted a little bit longer.
- **Raw Score:** 7.5/10

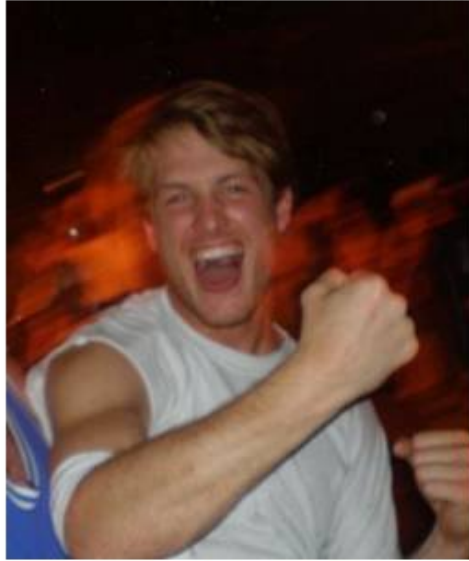
Subject 11: Sam Spillane



- Subject 11 represents what was among the most tramp-esque behavior I exhibited during the course of my research. Merely two days after my escapades with Subject 10, I was at a Wednesday night Shooters. I had chosen to adorn myself that evening in a pair of Superman boxer shorts and high heeled shoes. Needless to say, such an outfit necessitated that I imbibe massive quantities of alcohol and release all inhibitions, flirting madly with every attractive male lucky or unlucky enough to fall in my path. The oddest thing was that I had done little more than greet said Subject throughout the duration of the night, focusing most of my energies on the dance floor (a very unusual strategy for me) and attempting to prevent one David Putman (baseball) from making out with me. At the very end of the evening, I was chatting with a person who would soon be Subject 13 when I was grabbed from behind in a tight bear-hug and told "Come back with me. You look ridiculous and hot right now and I want you." Turning, I was somewhat surprised to see Subject 11 a mere inches from my face. I had always found said Subject to be attractive, and was, per usual, fully willing to appreciate physical contact with attractive members of the opposite sex, so I agreed, still somewhat surprised, to accompany him back to his apartments on Ninth Street Commons. We proceeded to hook up, and I left around 6 o'clock the next morning.
- **Memorable moments:** Agreeing to hook up with the roommate of Subject 10, only two days after the fact. Having to sneak past said Subject's room as he conversed with Subject 11. Seeing a Superman hat on the Subject's dresser ("It's because we're both fucking baller"). Fleeing to a fire department the next morning in search of a cab (the same fire department I had almost broken into two days earlier with Tom Montelli and Subject 10). Being cooked eggs by the firemen. Being offered a ride back to my apartment in the local fire truck.

- **Pros:** His body was, as they say, bangin'. We had a fun talk on the way over to his apartment, and I fully enjoyed the my interactions with the firemen (while wearing an oversized lacrosse fleece, Superman boxers, and high heels).
- **Cons:** While he had girth on his side, the Subject was severely lacking in length. Additionally he was the 'silent' type, and made no noises to indicate pleasure or discontent in any way, although he assured me he was enjoying himself when asked. He finished rather quickly and then immediately passed out. Also, I felt like a prostitute for hooking up with the roommate of a man whose data I had gathered mere days before. I still am not entirely sure why I went back with him—I blame it on the whiskey limes, horniness, and sheer curiosity.
- **Raw Score:** 3/10

Subject 12: Zach Howell



- My introduction to this Subject occurred, surprisingly, neither at Shooters nor at He's Not (as he had had a steady girlfriend for several years, he did not go out as frequently as his teammates, and when he did I had simply not noticed him out). Note: Several days before meeting him, I and several friends had been discussing which men at Duke merited entry into the exclusive 'township' we referred to as Woodcock Pocket; entry was based exclusively on the size of their male appendages. Although none of us had experienced the wonders of this particular Subject, my friend Ali submitted him as a candidate based on an incident when he had randomly whipped his dick out in the middle of working on a class project. We had laughed about it, but I hadn't given it much thought until we were introduced (and then it was all I could think about). Liz, Steph Neissel and I were at the 'Pound (The Compound, site of ADPhi housing—many of the laxers were members of this particular fraternity, and all of them hung out here a lot) [before, briefly, and] after a Saturday night Shooters (May 1st) and were outside, hanging out with Joe Tkac and a few other people when the Subject walked by and was introduced. We chatted in a friendly manner for a few minutes, then I went inside for a little. When I came back outside, the mood suddenly switched to flirtatious, and suddenly we were all in Liz's car going back to Erwin Terrace 22. We got there and danced around in the living room for a while, before retiring to separate bedchambers. We hooked up once that night, and five (yes, five) times the next morning, in Subject 8's old room and bed.
- **Memorable moments:** His line before we went back to ET: "If you beat me at Mario Kart Wii, I just might let you make out with me." His attempts at PDA in the car ride home. Him singing Trey Songz 'Say Aah' to me in its entirety on the car ride. Him grabbing me to dance in the ET living room. Me walking into the bedroom to get my phone and being grabbed by the waist and kissed for a solid five minutes. His quote, as we talked about baseball: "Wow...I thought for a second that you were just a regular

girl, But you're like...a cool girl!" His ridiculous, ridiculously sized dick and accompanying incredible talent. His insistence that I come before him, each time. At one point he looked at me for a while, and when I asked him what was up he replied: "I just think you have a really beautiful body." He was the first guy I have hooked up with that kept an intense level of eye contact throughout the hookup, which honestly brought the entire experience to a level of hotness that I had never before experienced. His talented hands. His goodnight line: "Maybe, if I get really lucky, you'll wake me up with a kiss in the morning." The next morning, although hung-over, when I told him I could leave with my friend then or stay a while, he looked at me and said "Stay...I'm exhausted but I want to fuck you again." His incredible stamina; after a five minute break in between morning sessions he would look over at me and ask "Do you want to do it again?" Him refusing to allow me to leave before noon (although I did not exactly try all that hard to escape). Around 11:30 I mentioned that I was getting hungry and he peeked at me, only his eyes visible above the blanket and said "Oh. Well...are you horny? Any chance you want to fuck again?" Of course, I did. I have never had the opportunity to conduct that much research in one session with a Subject.

- **Pros:** Did you READ the above? This was, quite honestly, the most amazing sex I had ever had. The eye contact, the creativity of positions, the size of his dick, the intensity, his blue eyes, how into my body he was, his talent, how important it was to him that I got off as well, his hair (I like to grab onto something, too), and how he wouldn't let me leave in the morning, regardless of the fact that I probably looked like hell at that point, and especially so in the harshness of the morning light, as there were no curtains
- **Cons:** None. Absolutely none. It was amazing. I kind of love that bed in ET 22...
- **Raw Score:** 12/10

- Ever since the absurd gloriousness of the first segment of research with Subject 12, I had been hoping beyond hope to engage in a second (foolishly, and as befits my non-clingy modus operandi, I did not ask for nor give a number; I also decline to facebook friend him, as I had never before done so with a Subject, deeming it stalkerish and clingy). I saw him out briefly at Devines the Tuesday after, but since we had only just seen each other (and I was still recovering from the first session), I did not even approach him, only making sure that he saw me in passing (my reward: a nice, long stare, which I felt out of the corner of my eye as I chatted with Alex Lazarides, Elderidge Nichols, Ali and Liz). The next time I saw him out was at Shooters on the Saturday before graduation, one of the most fun nights of my life (Shooters was off the hook, and I noticed nobody but the lacrosse team and Ali). I did not spend much time with him there, but Ali conveniently "introduced us", and he laughed, told her we already knew one another, hugged me, and we chatted for a little. He told us that we should come back to his Partners Apartment complex to late night with him and the team; the word threesome was thrown out a few times (but then again, I can't think of a single person that night who did not ask Ali and me to do one, as "it's the last night of college!") After an extremely entertaining late night, in which I was picked up and twirled around by half of the guys on the team, he came up to me and said "So, that's my room. I'm going into my room now. Join me when you want to." Well...I wasn't about to keep him in too much suspense, so after making sure Ali was all right, I snuck on in. Soon after my entrance, someone Montelli, I believe), put Biggie on the speakers, and we hooked up to amazing old-school lyrics. Every few minutes he would start rapping to me, and I found myself turned on even more by this hot, skilled man who could know as many rap lyrics as I myself did. After our first hook up, he turned and asked me if I wanted to "take a shower." I had ALWAYS shied away from his particular hookup venue, as I felt as though it would make me look terrible (false, as demonstrated by a later repeat with

Subject 9) and expose my flaws (false, it hides them even better). However, in the spirit of Senior year (also I had had an entire beer poured on my head by the Subject earlier in the late-night), I agreed. It was amazingly sexy, with little water drops falling all around us as we improvised standing positions and just enjoyed the newness of the location and experience. Afterwards, we chilled in his bed for a while before I left to cab home for a few hours of sleep (well, at least to try and cab home...)

- **Memorable moments:** Him rapping Biggie to me (so.fucking.hot). Hooking up in a room with doors that did not lock. Fucking in the shower. His size/hair/hands/amazing talents/insistence on my coming first. Having Subject 5, his roommate, walk into the room. Leaving and walking right by said Subject's room and saying goodbye to him.
- **Pros:** Amazing hookup. Again.
- **Cons:** I would have liked to have hooked up many more time than two, but he was tired and I needed to graduate the next day. Having Subject 5 walk in was a little awkward, also. It wasn't quite as much fun as the first time.
- **Raw Score:** 8.5/10

Subject 13: Tyler Rice



- Subject 13 represents a somewhat unusual case, simply because I met and conversed with him multiple times before physical contact was actually initiated. I had seen him around for quite some time, usually at Wednesday night Shooters, and finally spoke to him when he "accidentally" bumped into my friend and I, then turned in mock concern to "apologize." We exchanged numbers, and texted back and forth several times (once, he texted repeatedly asking to hang out while I was with Subject 12). It wasn't until the Friday I finished my finals that we hung out at Alivia's and things got more physical. We left the bar with his roommate and Liz, and drove around in search of weed. After a fruitless hunt for 4 Loko, we went to Onslo's house, where we smoked hookah with some Sigma Nus, before heading over to Kappa Sig house, where we enjoyed a finely rolled blunt before all going back to his place in West Village where we ultimately (and completely silently, as Liz was on the couch) hooked up. The second time came when I was somehow awake and eager to do some research at 4:00 in the morning. I texted the Subject, and drove over to West Village, where, as his roommates' families were in the apartment, I consented to rendez-vous in his BMW. The experience was completely old-school, and reminded me of high school only hardly PG-rated.
- **Memorable moments:** Sitting outside his locked apartment for over an hour, Cookout spread around us, before realizing that if we had only knocked, his roommate would have opened the door for us. Hearing his neighbor's violent S&M sex: "Whip me HARDER!! AHFFFH! Spank me, ohhhhhhhh harderrrrr!!!!" Hooking up in total silence. Waking up the next morning to discover that Liz was in the ER, to where he kindly drove me. As for the second time, I mean, we hooked up in his beamer.
- **Pros:** Although not as big as I had become used to, Subject 13 knew how to work his equipment quite well. The complete silence, and the weed, somehow added to the excitement. The post hookup and morning-after conversations were amazing. The Subject was, in a word, chill.
- **Cons:** Not really many, except that we didn't get to hookup in the morning, as I needed to get to the ER. The beamer was a little tricky, but lots of fun.
- **Raw Score:** 7/10

Evaluation Process

The subject's **Raw Scores** were based on an, admittedly subjective, range of criteria that I had established long before commencing my research project:

- **Physical Attractiveness**: points were awarded or deducted based on the Subjects' height, body build (muscle mass and definition), jaw-line, quality/texture/cut of hair, facial structure, penile structures, and eyes/eyebrows
- **Size**: points were determined based on the length and girth of the Subjects' hardware
- **Talent**: points were awarded or deducted based on how well the Subjects utilized their hands, mouths, and equipment (this category is strictly separate from **Size**)
- **Creativity**: points were given if the Subject showed a willingness to go beyond the standard research positions and/or locations (and a knowledge of how to operate once said position was at hand)
- **Aggressiveness**: points were given if the Subject displayed aggressive behavior and an alpha-male mentality of assuming control of the given situation; points were deducted if they simply lay there and did not act assertively
- **Entertainment**: points were given for extremely amusing actions, great personalities, quotes, sexts, good sense of humor, or simply dirty talk, and were removed if no noises of enjoyment or talk of any kind was present - in other words, how entertained I was
- **Athletic Ability**: points were awarded if the Subject regularly performed exceptionally well on the diamond or field

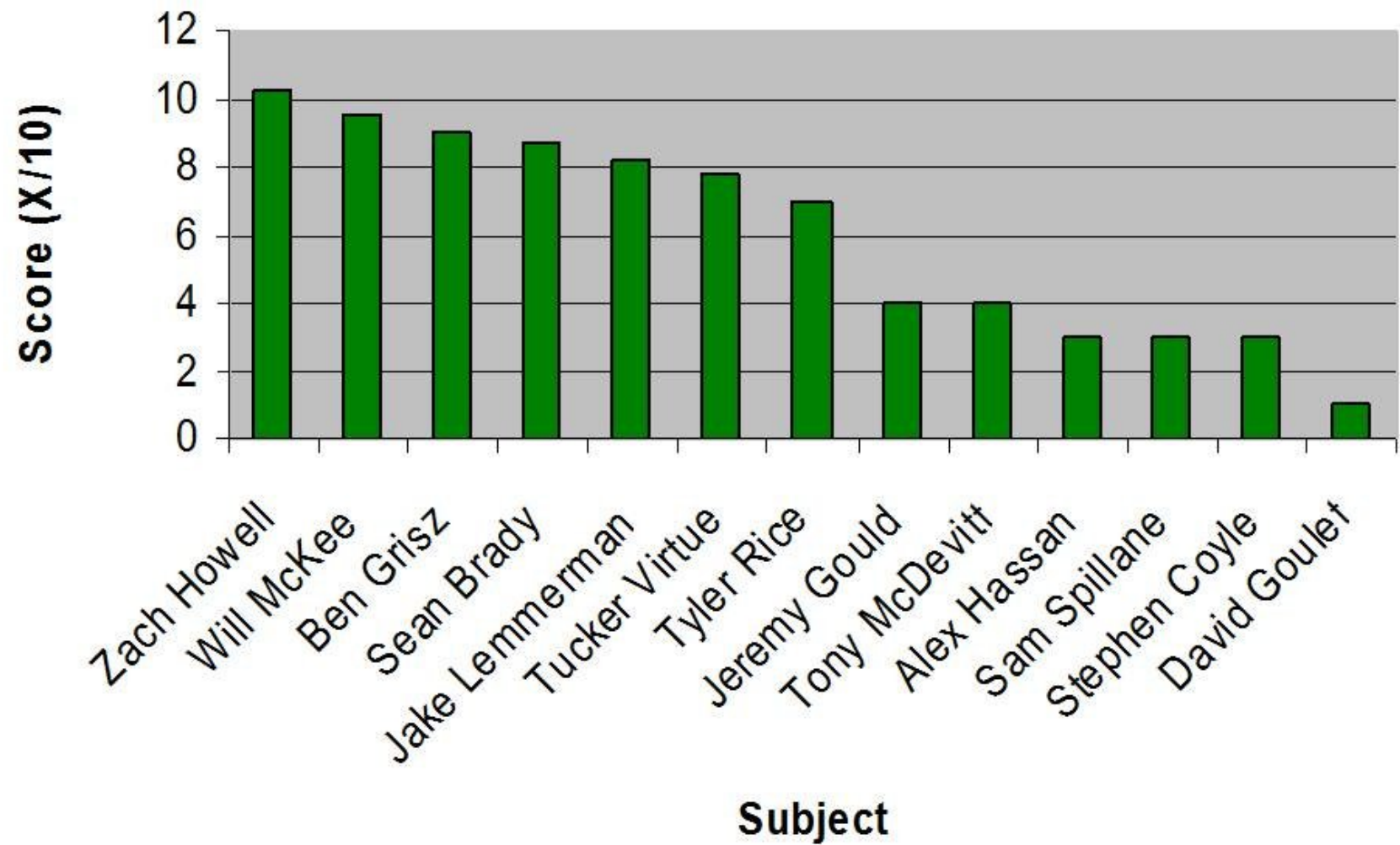
Bonus: Bonus points were given for extraneous factors, such as the presence of an Australian accent and/or professional surfing skills. Points were deducted for rudeness or being Canadian.

The Official Fuck List

Rank	Subject	Score (from 1 to 10+)
1	Zach Howell	10.25
2	Will McKee	9.5
3	Ben Griscz	9
4	Sean Brady	8.75
5	Jake Lemmerman	8.25
6	Tucker Virtue	7.75
7	Tyler Rice	7
8	Jeremy Gould	4 *
9	Tony McDevitt	4 *
10	Alex Hassan	3 *
11	Sam Spillane	3 *
12	Stephen Coyle	3 *
13	David Goulet	1

* Where the scores were tied, rank was awarded for looks, body type, creativity, and most importantly, my level of entertainment.

The Official Fuck List



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