

Point Number One: Several Knit-Wits have, in fact, been proven sentient. This includes Susan Zell, the self-avowed Champion of Lust.

Point Number Two: It has been established that sentient beings must procreate with other sentient beings. Thus, it can be established that every sentient being in this room who is seeing someone is, in fact, seeing someone else sentient or at least in the process of becoming sentient. The latter counts; it's just like how many physically mature males go out with females who are currently passing through adolescence. There are occasional exceptions, such as Qian and Evan or Jillian and the PVC piping, but these are, I think, the unnatural perversions that prove the rule.

Point Number Three: We must take into account Setlow's Law, a well-proven principle that states that any institution that consists of only one sex of a sexually dimorphic species will go psycho and weird. Examples include the Stanford Prison Experiment, Bryn Mawr College, the Swarthmore men's rugby team, that island in Lord of the Flies, last year's SWIL Presidency, Arthur and Greg's freshman quad, and all those movies where the Amazon women from the Moon wear silver bikinis and blow shit up. Now, some of these examples might be more extreme than others, and extraneous factors like being beaten by sadistic guards, having to take the Italian shot, black shot, Latino shot and pussy who doesn't come to practice shot all in one night, or being Arthur might also be contributing factors, but in general we can see the pattern.

Point Number Four: The Knit-Wits are the only group on campus that arm themselves with deadly weapons, except for the now-defunct Swarthmore Riflery Association. The fact that all the males on campus have not had their genitals stabbed through with those wicked steel rods of theirs and then trapped in intricately knit wool cages means that they must, at some deep conceptual level, have an outlet for their forbidden sexual energies.

Point Number Five: When we examine the Knit-Wits yearbook photo, we find that there is only one possible person who fulfills this description. That's right, as the pen is mightier than the sword, so yours truly, Phoenix reporter par excellence, wields his computer keyboard to subdue the gleaming needles of the fiery femmes fatales of the Knit-Wits organization.

[Pause for interruption from Andrew Brown]

Unfortunately, as the pen is mightier than the sword, so the pen must be mightier than the girly hand. I will demonstrate that my manly manos shall overcome Lord Girlyhands. May the best alleged man win!

[Pause for arm-wrestling with Andrew Brown; if Alex wins, read on, if not, skip to end.]

Very well. As you can see, it is vital that I be declared sentient so that I can then be available for procreation with Knit-Wits. As you know, Knit-Wits are functionally immortal, or else they would have no evolutionary reason to waste potentially years of their lives knitting scarves no one will wear. Thus, without me they will have no desire

to reproduce, and the Knit-Wit community will become insular and corrupt, like the Time Lords. As an evolved being, I must further Knit-Wit evolution, and forcibly inject my superior, masculine, evolved genes into the Knit-Wit gene pool!

[pause for arm-wrestling with Greg; if Alex wins, read on; if not, skip to end.]

Yes! Now that I have proven my masculinity by besting the girliest of girlhands and the Swissest of Robinson families, I shall challenge all comers to behold that my pulsating masculinity is superior to even the most masculine of SWILlies! I challenge the original Grotesque Man of SWIL, El Presidente Grande!

[pause for arm-wrestling with Jillian; if Alex wins, read on; if not, skip to end.]

Can no one defeat me? Mwahaha! I shall open my challenge to all comers! All goers! All latecomers and earlycomers and silent comers!

[pause for arm-wrestling with everybody; if Alex wins, I'll be surprised; if not, skip to end.]

[This is the end that we skip to.]

Well, since my arm hurts enough that it feels like it has already fallen off, it would be only fair to match physical reality to conceptual reality by dismembering me in the flesh.

[end with dismemberment ceremony]