

CORNELL LUNATIC

FALL 2009 / HUMOR MAGAZINE / FREE



THE TERROR!
THE CHAOS!
THE GENERAL
FLU-LIKE SYMPTOMS!

BEWARE!

THE

SWINE FLU!!



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(Congratulations to Adam Woodward for finding the Lunatic's secret buried treasure from last issue! He has since gone on to lead a rich, fulfilling life.)

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A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Aah! Oh, you scared me. I didn't see you come in. I was just putting the finishing touches on this...

THE HORROR ISSUE of the Cornell Lunatic. As soon as I can attract a lightning bolt, I should have enough energy to bring it to life! We should've invested in some of that Kindle technology that allows print to stay on the page without any extra electricity. But then you'd be locked into that format, and you wouldn't be able to transfer your Lunatic to a different device... forget it.

I know what you're thinking now: "there's nothing spookier than Amazon.com's business practices! What could possibly be in the rest of this magazine?" Well, we struggled with that problem too (why do you think we led with a Kindle joke?), but it turns out that the world is full of terrifying things. For example, did you know that when you fall asleep, spiders crawl into your mouth and eat your brain? It's not true, but I bet you didn't know it! And also, did you know that a shadowy figure is studying your every move and painstakingly sculpting a voodoo doll shaped like you, to be used in a vaguely defined nefarious scheme? This one is true, but only because I put a lot of work into it. Finally, greenhouse emissions caused by human activity are inducing a buildup of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere, which will ultimately lead to severe climate change and an environmental catastrophe.

So, get in the spirit of Halloween! Read this magazine! It's the only way to break the curse that's been tormenting your family for generations.

Eerily,
BEN STRAUSS

Editor in Chief

END OF THE WORLD 2035



...THE END OF THE WII CALENDAR

The world as we know it is in for dramatic, perhaps even apocalyptic changes. Many speculate on when this will occur, but strong evidence suggests it will happen at the end of December 2035. Why 2035? Simple. The Nintendo Wii calendar ends precisely at 2035. The smartest engineers in the world, the people who brought you Super Mario Bros. 3, Punch-Out!!, The Legend of Zelda, and Tetris, have predicted the world will end in 2035.



They have conveyed this information through their latest console, the Nintendo Wii, which after the year 2035 simply resets, implying that there will be no video games or perhaps life in the years following 2035. Many people, including the ancient Mayans and John Cusack, have proposed that a cataclysmic or transformative event will occur in the year 2012. However, the Nintendo empire is much more advanced, and the Wii calendar much more accurate, than anything created by Mayans - who have yet to release a single hit video game. All skeptics are encouraged to immediately verify this on their consoles at home. In the meantime, the rest of the world will be preparing for 2035.

BEN STRAUSS'S HORROR



After the zombie apocalypse, I don't think anyone believed that things would ever return to the way they used to be. The accidental release of the Solanum virus precipitated a crisis that promised to irrevocably alter our lives, if not snuff them out altogether. When the zombie hordes first descended upon us, there was a lot of panicking and running for our lives. Murders were committed by both sides. It wasn't pleasant. But amazingly, the crisis passed. We got over our irrational fears and began rebuilding our society, and things did return to some semblance of normalcy. Of course, now there's a bunch of zombies hanging around.

We tried killing the zombies, but that became tough for two reasons. First of all, have you ever tried to kill a zombie? Never mind the fact that they are already dead, you also have to get close enough to destroy their brain without getting bitten. Second of all, once zombies started getting elected to Congress and passing laws forbidding zombie murder, the more violent among us ran out of options. We were forced to accept them as part of our lives, our jobs, and our carpool rotations. But the "You're Not Allowed To Kill Zombies Anymore" Act didn't come without some compromises on the part of the zombies as well. Starting with: hygiene.

The main zombie material, rotting flesh, doesn't exactly lead to the most pleasant smells in the world. But actually, that

HORRIBLE PUN OF THE MONTH



can be masked with a simple spritz of “Eau de the opposite of rotting flesh” perfume. Surprisingly, the biggest hygiene problem zombies faced was something far more sinister: tooth decay. An all-brains diet causes all sorts of issues, including tartar buildup, gum disease, and the worst cases of halitosis you'll ever experience. Dentists across the country found themselves stymied; their zombie patients refused to eat anything other than brains, and they also resisted proper oral hygiene on the grounds that “toothbrushes don't taste like brains.” Seemingly, it was a problem without a solution, until one enterprising dentist from Minnesota came up with a brilliant idea. “If they're only going to eat brains, why not use those brains to clean their teeth as well? There's a lot of stringy parts in the brain that could be used for floss!” he said.

Unfortunately, just as Einstein came to regret the research that led to the creation of the atomic bomb, so did this dentist regret his solution to the zombie tooth problem. Humans became far more cavalier about zombies killing people and cleaning their teeth with the brains, just because everyone was so glad to be rid of the horrible smell of zombie breath. Upon seeing a zombie pounce and feast on an innocent man in a grocery store, one cynical bystander commented, “Yeah, it sucks that that guy died, but you know what they say-

“One man's floss is another man's brain!”

Blockbuster movies and hit TV shows can spark new interest in once-obscure career options: Indiana Jones inspired a new generation of archaeologists, CSI led to a nationwide fascination with forensic science, and all the buzz about Warner Bros.' upcoming film adaptation of Stephen King's *The Apiarist* is currently awakening legions of fans to the joys of beekeeping. If you ask Roger Farett, of the Borough of Ledgewood Specialized Haunting Investigations Team, or BLSHIT, what inspires him, he'll gladly tell you: Ghostbusters.

Farett first got the idea for BLSHIT after watching the hit comedy, which features Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, Rick Moranis, and Ernie Hudson as four spirit hunters defending New York City from demons, marshmallow monsters, and Sigourney Weaver. "I was intrigued," recounts Farett, "I had no idea a job like that existed." Farett did his research and discovered that there were no paranormal investigations teams in the vicinity of his hometown of Ledgewood,

PA. In response to this glaring need, Farett and his friend Barry Harson pooled their funds and founded BLSHIT.

"We were a riot," reports Harson, "We bought vacuum cleaners, duct-taped flashlights to the sides, and ran around the neighborhood scaring the crap out of chipmunks." BLSHIT no longer uses these pretend apparatuses, of course. Now they've got a van full of ghost-hunting equipment including infrared cameras, recording equipment, supernatural reference manuals, and Pac-Man power pellets. BLSHIT has built up quite a name for itself, particularly after the "Old Barn Creaky Door" incident of 2005.

"There was a barn on the edge of town—totally creepy—and every night the owner would hear creak-

ing inside it," recounts Farett. "We consecrated the door hinges with holy oil, and voila! No more ghosts." The "fame pile" of BLSHIT hasn't reached its peak yet, though. This summer their new show, "An Hour of BLSHIT," will premiere on SciFi, er, SyFy, however you spell it, starring Farett, Harson, and a girl character. I was invited to follow BLSHIT for the filming of one of their upcoming episodes, investigating an allegedly haunted house in Brampton, Maine.

We reach the house at about two in the afternoon. Harson and the girl character begin unloading BLSHIT's equipment as Farett and I interview the owner, a 61-year-old retired schoolteacher named Rose DeFry. "I hear noises at night coming from the attic," she explains, "Moaning, weeping. It sounds like a little girl crying."

"Oh yeah," responds Farett, "I can totally sense that. There's definitely a presence in this house. We'll wait until nightfall and see what we can find."

"Why wait until nightfall?" asks DeFry, "The sun is out now. It'll be very dark then, and I'll be trying to sleep."

Farett seems offended. "Excuse me, Ms. Defry," he snaps,



"But do you have a degree in ghostology?"

"Do you?" she rebuts.

"Clearly you don't!" Farett laughs. "Leave this to the professionals." DeFry shrugs and walks away as we return to the van.

That night, the three ghost hunters begin their filming. "It's too dark," laments the girl character, carrying a flashlight. "Why did we wait for nighttime?"

"Harson," Farett whispers as we tiptoe through a hallway, "Is the infrared camera picking anything up?"

"No, pretty calm," Harson responds, "We should try- HOLY SHIT!"

"What?!?!" Farett frantically asks, rushing to view the infrared sensor viewport.

"That radiator is giving off tons of infrared radiation!" Harson explains. "It's haunted!"

"GHOST!" Farett shouts to the radiator at the end of the hallway, "WHAT IS YOUR NAME? WHAT DO YOU WANT?"

"Guys," I feel the need to interject, "Radiators give off heat. That's normal."

"No kidding," Harson whispers as Farett continues interrogating the fixture, "But does it give off infrared energy?"

"I think that's the same thing," I respond.

Farett turns around. "Dude, ghosts don't give off heat. If heat is infrared energy, why would we use an infrared camera in ghost hunting? COME OUT, GHOST!"

"I don't know," I answer, "Why?" No one hears me.

Farett shouts at the radiator for a good ten minutes more before Harson suggests that the infrared camera may be set to heat mode instead. Dismayed at the loss of their favorite piece of science, the team elects to climb up to the attic where the sounds allegedly come from. The girl character states that she is staying downstairs because she thinks this is stupid. Farett and Harson tell her it's okay that she's scared before continuing.

"All right," Farett announces when we reach the top, "We can't trust the infrared sensor, so I'm going to turn this audio recorder on. I need silence. Just wait for the sounds." We stand in the dark and wait.

Nothing happens for fifteen minutes.

"You guys hear anything?" Farett whispers.



"No," I respond. I hear Farett turn around.

"What was that?"

"What?"

"There it was again!"

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Guys, the ghost is talking to us!"

"What do you hear?"

"It just asked me what I hear!"

"It just—oh. Farett, that's me."

"Who are you?"

"The reporter who came with you. From the Lunatic."

"You're a ghost?"

"No. You're not talking to a ghost."

"How can I be so sure?"

"Do you feel this?" I grab Farett's arm.

"HARSON IT TOUCHED ME!" Farett screams.

"Hostile phenomena! Emergency maneuvers!" Harson shouts, and whacks me in the jaw with the infrared camera. "In the name of God I banish thee to the spirit world!" Holy water is splashed onto my face.

"OW!" I scream, "What the hell, guys?" I am bleeding.

"You all right, kid?" Harson asks. "It got you."

"YOU got me!" I shout. "There was no ghost!"

"Not anymore," Farett proudly responds, "Come on, let's get you fixed up."

The next morning Farett explains to Ms. DeFry that the spirit in her home has been removed. "We never got a clear glimpse of the

thing," he tells the camera, "and I can't say we have any proof it was actually there. But I feel that it was there, and as any scientist will tell you, that's all that matters. We did a great job." The van is packed and the team leaves.

"So that's what we do," Farett says to me at our closing interview, as I nurse a bandaged cheek. "We go where nobody else will—"

"Into normal people's attics?" I ask.

"Yeah, where no one else will, and we get the job done. I assure you, there is now no spirit residing in that house."

"I agree," I say to Farett, and we shake hands before I depart.

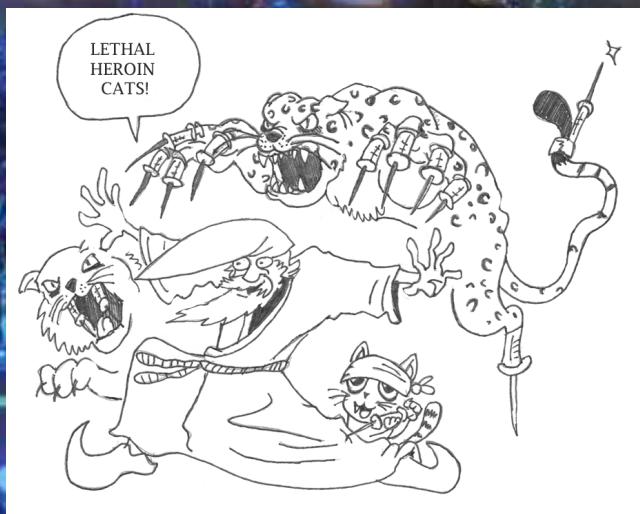
Look out for the show this fall, and know that wherever claims of paranormal activity are made, BLSHIT will be there.



ANAGRAM GENERATOR:



=



POORLY WRITTEN JOKES APPEARING ON HALLOWEEN CANDY WRAPPERS

What's a skeleton's favorite kind of key?

The key to a chest full of human organs for consumption.

What is a ghost's favorite fruit?

Irrelevant. They have no sensation of taste. And it's certainly not something juvenile like "booberry."

Why was the skeleton afraid all the time?

Because he had no guts! Also he was abused as a child.

What do you call a wolf who keeps asking about its location?

A lost wolf.

What kind of witch do you eat for lunch?

One that has been properly burned at the stake.

Knock knock!

- Who's there?

Boo!

- Boo who?

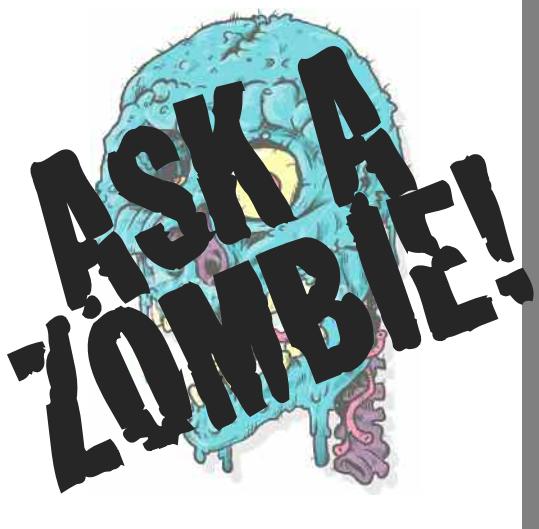
Boo! I am a ghost and everyone I once loved is dead.

BLACK HISTORY MOTHRA

Barack Obama is our first black president!

His people couldn't even vote a century ago!

He has fulfilled the dream of America for all minorities!



The syndicated advice column, "Ask a Zombie," is written by Dr. Uri "The Perforated" Undead, and appears in the monthly publication of "Death and Bile," "Zombies!," "The Wall Street Burial," and "Feeder's Digest."

Dr. Undead says to his readers, "As I sink deeper into the sad abyss of lifelessness, I have become more and more removed from the human condition. Although some ungrateful blood-sacks say that this has made my advice impertinent and irrelevant, I believe that this dissociation provides me with a unique perspective on people's problems. A state of hopeless despair is the essence of being a Zombie. Constantly experiencing this state allows me to more clearly see the essence of eating a human. I mean, being a human." If you want Dr. Undead's advice, please send us a letter including your name and address, a short description of your problem, and a sample of your brain-matter.

Dear Dr. Undead,
My mother has been recently diagnosed with a malignant brain tumor. Her health has been failing for many years now, and I fear that her passing is nearing. I want her to sign a living will, but she refuses. How can I convince her to do this?

Dear Unoedipal Death,
The passing of a loved one can be a most joyous occasions if handled with respect and dignity. Feasting on the brains of your mother's fresh corpse is a beautiful celebration of her life – you came into this world feeding off of her, and so too will she depart you. You have to remember that she would want you to enjoy of her grey matter. Talk to her about this and I'm sure she'll realize that she wants to ensure that you receive ownership of her corpse. Of course, if the tumor is on her occipital or parietal lobe, you are sore out-of-luck, as the tastiest parts of the brain will be ruined. In this case, you should rip off her head and feed off her still-beating heart. It's what any filial child should do.

Dear Dr. Undead,
I've been dating my boyfriend for about 3 years now. I really like him, but I can't seem to get into his head. What should I do to get him to open up?

Dear Starved-for-Intimacy,
Getting past the human skull presents one of the most unique and difficult challenges of life. But you have to remember that the act of eating brains should be fun, so get creative and don't get frustrated! For beginners, I always suggest the use of blunt force in order to facilitate the

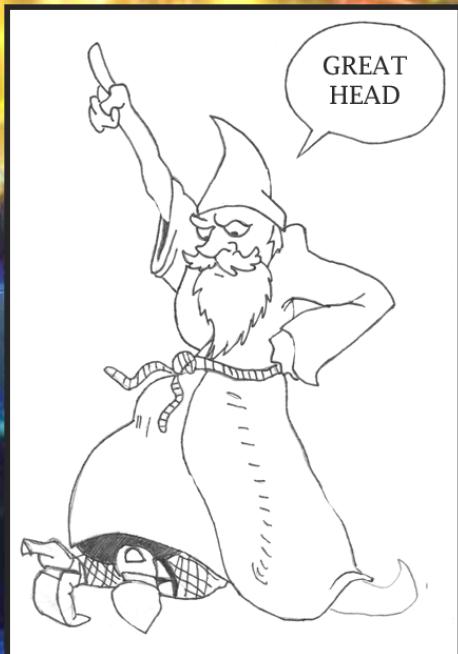
skull-bashing. As you become more experienced, you can get creative: use kitchen utensils, furniture, surgical equipment, or even your own hands if you are in a ferociously undead mood. Just remember: an intact brain is a happy brain - we don't want any disgusting bits of corpus callosum mixed in with our neural feast.

Dear Dr. Undead,
My husband loves good food, but he thinks I'm a bad cook. He will only eat his mother's food! I've tried taking cooking lessons, but I think he is just stubborn. What can I do to get him to eat my food?
Dear When-it-Brains Hors D'oeuvres,
Offering your brains to a loved one for a feast is one of the most generous acts possible. If your husband doesn't like your cooked brain, then he probably isn't the one for you. It sounds like you need to sit down with him and give him an ultimatum: either he eats your brains or you're out of there. Of course, you also want to wow him with a good recipe. Try this classic recipe for Fresh Flesh Jambalaya:

Ingredients:
1 brain (use your own for a personal touch!)
5 pounds mixed organs.
1 freshly disemboweled animal (use your favorite).
3 eggs.

Recipe:
Mix all ingredients and enjoy while still warm. Kill all humans in sight and feast on the flesh of the innocent.

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Leprechaun gets his GED.

Leprechaun at the DMV.

Leprechaun completes the 12th step.

Leprechaun applies for dental insurance.

Leprechaun opens a Roth IRA retirement account.



H1N2

11

N

2

These days, it seems like you can't even sneeze without a movie sequel ensuing, not to mention a bunch of dirty looks from everyone around you. H1N2 continues the trend of unnecessary sequels, to mostly unsatisfactory results.

The movie starts off with a race of hyper-advanced pigs coming to Earth in giant pig-shaped blimps. It's never explained how they traveled through space in blimps, but really, why are you worrying about that when you could be wondering why they built spacecraft shaped like their own bodies? The leaders of the pig invasion initially want to establish peaceful relations with humankind, which leads to a bunch of incredibly boring scenes of period drama featuring pigs in suits eating dinner with 1910s-era dignitaries. (Did I forget to mention that this movie shifts time periods every twenty minutes with no explanation? Towards the end of the film there's even a ludicrous sequence where the pigs go back in time four billion years and it is heavily implied the genesis of life on Earth is caused by them.) Eventually these scenes come to an end, and everyone stops being reminded of Animal Farm, when a catastrophe occurs. The pigs are accidentally served bacon at an official diplomatic function and are so incensed (this leads to an egregious "these pigs are as smoked as the bacon they ate!" pun by the movie's token "complete idiot" character) that they swear to destroy the human race. They send in their shock troops, the War Thogs, and from here the film suddenly jumps in both

time and genre to become a World War II movie. In a creative decision guaranteed to offend, however, the Allies actually team up with the Nazis to fight the pigs. The imagery here is absolutely awful, from the swastika made of bacon to the shots of pigs being shoved into ovens and then cooked to perfection. The Jews don't escape unscathed either; one allegedly orthodox character proclaims in a Southern accent (why?), "I reckon there ain't much that'd git me to break kosher, but sure as shootin', these dang pigs have gone and done it!" before tearing into a pork chop. Finally the atomic bomb is dropped on the pigs (by Hitler, of course, because why not) and everyone enjoys ham sandwiches for the next six months.

But of course, we're now only 90 minutes through this 350 minute film, and so we know some other ham-handed (yeah) twist has gotta happen. Predictably, there are some surviving pigs that have been horribly mutated by the radiation and who escape into the sewer system to learn martial arts. They name themselves Descartes, Pascal, Montesquieu, and Rousseau after the Enlightenment-era philosophers and fight other similarly irradiated creatures. I can only assume that this part of the movie is set in the 1980s, based on the excruciating clothing, music, and slang that's on display. After the deadly serious mood of the previous segment of the movie, the light-hearted humor of this part is jarring – for example, we're supposed to laugh when the pigs obsess over pepperoni pizza,

The Swining

but that's just a little weird, right? Anyway, eventually the four pigs become dark and brooding (we must have transitioned to the '90s at this point) and move into a hotel to torment a writer and his family. They slowly drive the writer insane – his wife finds a sheet of paper on which he has repeatedly written "All work and no bacon makes Jack a hungry boy" – and the movie becomes a psychological thriller. This all comes to a head in a scene where the wife is running through the hotel, only to see a pig in a tuxedo (brought back from the beginning of the movie? Who knows) and a pig in a bear costume, just standing there, looking at her.

We never find out what happens to these people, though, because we cut to the present day, where the pigs have summoned a spacecraft full of refugees to Earth. The ship lands in South Africa and the refugee pigs are quickly forced into a camp which is known only as District Swine. A government employee is ordered to get the pigs to relocate to District Ten (where did "Ten" come from? "Ten" does not follow "Swine" in any sequence), but he accidentally gets sprayed with a chemical that starts turning him into a pig. There's an extremely disgusting scene where a Nigerian warlord tries to eat the character's arm, which by this point just looks like a long strip of bacon. But he escapes, and a sci-fi action movie erupts. Somehow the pigs get a hold of these giant tripod-like machines and stomp on everything. The military does its best to fight back, but it's no use. In the end, what kills the pigs is – a virus?! What?! Isn't that the weapon the pigs themselves used in the original movie, H1N1? As you can see, this movie makes less sense than a pig playing the drums. I only use this analogy because during the inevitable post-credits sequence, plastic guitars are actually handed out to members of the audience so they can control four pigs playing music onstage. This sequence was mysteriously subtitled "The Pigs: Rock Band."

So, what's the final assessment? I was going to say that this movie was just poorly timed, and if it had come out earlier, it would have been more palatable. But let's not kid ourselves. The only answer to the question "when should this movie have come out?" is: when swine flu.

Score: Swine out of Ten (no, not really, I just thought that pun had not been used enough yet. The actual score is five straw men out of five.)





VAN HELSING MEETS COUNT VON COUNT



"Can you tell me how to get, how to get to Castle von Count?" I asked the old woman on the side of the road. I was in the rolling hills of Transylvania, following a lead I had gotten back on the Street. I, renowned paranormal hunter Abraham van Helsing, had been chasing down the few remaining vampires across the world, and this was the first trail I'd been actively pursuing in a while. After months of research, I'd narrowed the target's location to this poor agricultural region, and today my blood was pumping at the thought of going in for my first kill in years.

The old woman looked up at me, wide-eyed. She muttered something in Romanian and turned away. "Ma'am!" I shouted after her. "Count! Von Count!" I didn't know much of the local language other than the dirty words, and had to make do with proper nouns and hand gestures. The woman turned around, glared at me, and pointed behind me. I turned, and saw a small castle up on a nearby hill. Thunder and lightning crashed as soon as it came into my field of vision, though it was an otherwise sunny day. Castle von Count lay before me, just as I had once seen it depicted in an old children's book of wives' tales

during my research. I thanked the old woman as best as I could communicate and marched toward the ominous structure.

I reached the castle in about an hour's time. Each time I had glanced at the place along my way thunder and lightning had again spontaneously appeared, and after a while I had abandoned looking at it all together. When I finally reached it in the evening, I was surprised at how large it loomed before me. The structure was absolutely ancient, and its walls were cracked and overgrown with moss. On the front door, iron numbers "123" were nailed to the rotting wood. A metal knocker shaped like a bat was affixed to the door as well; I knocked and waited.

Fifteen seconds later I knocked again. I tried again once more after that, but there was no response. Alas, I thought, the castle was vacant, the trail would not end here. I was about to force the door open to explore inside when I heard footsteps on the other side of the door. Faintly I heard an old man's voice: "Twenty-sewen...twenty-eight...twenty-nine..." I put my

ear to the door, curious and cautious. "Thirty...thirty-one...thirty-two! Thirty-two steps, just like every time! Ah ah ah!" The door suddenly opened, and I jumped back so as not to fall forward.

A short little man, no more than half my height, stood in the doorway. "Can I help you?" he asked, in a thick Transylvanian accent.

"I'm looking for the Count," I replied to who I assumed was a servant of the vampire, "Count von Count. I am a traveler looking for a place to stay the night." This was my usual alibi; vampires are typically willing to take in solitary travelers, for obvious reasons.

"I am the Count," responded the little man, "Come in! I'm sorry I took so long to reach the door- I had to count the steps." The door was opened, and I laid my eyes on Count von Count for the first time. His skin—just as the legends had told—was

"On the front door, iron numbers "123" were nailed to the rotting wood."

the sickening purple hue of dead flesh. Two beady, unblinking eyes seemed to pop out of his head at the base of his hideously large nose. A pair of similarly engorged ears protruded from his elliptical cranium, which was adorned with a

mat of black hair and a goatee. He wore a black cape, typical of the Romanian vampire families, and a monocle on his left eye. Out of his mouth stuck two shining white fangs. There was no doubt about it: I was dealing with one of Satan's bloodsucking minions.

"Thank you, Count," I answered as I stepped into the gloomy castle. "It's been days since I slept inside." He slammed the wooden door behind me.

"How many?" he asked.

"Hmm?" Was he onto me already? I clutched a crucifix under my cloak.

"How many days?" he asked again. "I simply must know!"

"Oh, uh, three days," I responded.

"Three days!" he exclaimed with glee, throwing his hands into the air, "Wonderful!" He walked with a strange bobbing movement over to a torch on the wall. "Follow me, good man! Ve vill sit in ze parlor! Count how many steps it takes to get there with me! Vun...two...three..." I followed the Count down a hallway as his counting echoed through the castle. By the light of the torch, I saw that the hall was lined with shelves, on each of which were meticulously organized piles of objects. Here was a stack of six apples, aligned perfectly into a triangle; across the way were three vases of flowers perfectly spaced on another shelf. These strange shelves seemed to line the entire interior of the castle, each arranged according to perfect symmetry.

"Twenty-nine, thirty, thirty-

vun, thirty-two! Thirty-two again! Isn't it wonderful, friend, how ze numbers never change?" We turned into a small room, lined with bookshelves, with chairs and tables set about. "Please, sit down! There are six, SIX tables to choose from, ah ah ah!"

I sat down. "Thank you, Count, you're very kind."

"Can I get you some tea, traveler?"

"Yes, please," I responded, not falling for his hospitality, "Two sugars."

"Two! Two sugars it is! Ah ah ah!" The Count left the room momentarily before returning with two cups for us. He set them down on the table and sat in a chair next to me. "So, my good man, vat brings you to this country?"

I had no intention of drinking the tea or anything he might have slipped into it. It was time to confront the vampire. "Well," I began to explain, grabbing my crucifix, "I'm a missionary. See?" I held the cross in his direction and waited for him to wince in fear of it.

The Count was unfazed. "I see," he responded, "Four points. Perfect right angles. A mathematical masterpiece, ah ah ah!" He grabbed the cross without hesitation. "Like a plus sign!"

"Yes," I uttered, concerned. Could the legends have been false? A true vam-

pire would have begun shrieking at the sight of the holy relic.

"You know," the Count said, giving me back the crucifix,

"I was walking around this afternoon, when I saw the most wonderful thing..."

"Wait," I interrupted, "You were out during the day?" That was impossible.

"Of course!

Every day I walk three, THREE miles in the afternoon. Exercise, as well as a balanced diet of fruits and vegetables, is very important. Anyway, I vas walking along, counting ze trees, ven I encountered a flock of geese. Oh, the counting I got done! If I remember correctly, there were sewenteen of them! Imagine that! And they kept fluttering around, they vere so hard to count! Vhat a joy!" He sipped some tea.

I was very confused. I grabbed a string of garlic out of my pack and waved it in his face. "Does this do anything for you? Fresh garlic?"

"There are vun, two, three, four, FIVE cloves!" he noticed.

"Yes."

"That's all I care about."

Then it was settled. Count von Count was no vampire, just a senile old man with a harmless hobby. "Why?"

I put the garlic and the crucifix away. "This has all been a silly misunderstanding of mine, Count," I confessed, "I had heard a rumor that you were a vampire, and I had come

"Three days!" he exclaimed with glee, throwing his hands into the air, "Wonderful!" He walked with a strange bobbing movement over to a torch on the wall. "Follow me, good man! Ve vill sit in ze parlor!"

to investigate."

"Who told you that?" the Count asked, intrigued.

"A little bird told me—well, a large bird, actually. I'm a monster hunter, you see, and there are legends claiming that your family is a clan of vampires."

The Count chuckled. "Of course, I have heard these stories, friend," he responded, "There are no monsters here. You vant monsters? Have you heard about the little red guy, or the obnoxious one in the trash?"

"I've got a few leads I'm looking into," I answered.

"How about ze freak vith the cookies?"

"I'm truly embarrassed, Count," I said, standing up, "I'm terribly sorry. I really should be going."

"No trouble at all, friend," he responded, "Company is always appreciated." I stood up and walked out of the room,

back into the hallway lined with shelves. As I paced back toward the castle, I stopped to admire a shelf supporting a perfectly arranged collection of seashells. I counted them: nine, all arranged perfectly. I picked one up to admire it, a beautiful white conch—

Pain erupted through my neck as I felt the Count's vice-like jaw latch onto my vein. "Silly man!" his muffled voice declared as I struggled against his astonishing strength, "I have lived for nine THOUSAND years, and no human do-gooder has ever managed to destroy me!" He released my neck and I fell to the ground, my strength completely sapped by his sudden assault. "You are my five hundred and sewenty-first—yes, five hundred and sewenty-first—victim! No one escapes the wrath of Count von Count!"

I managed to find my crucifix and thrust it toward him, groaning as I struggled. "It

does nothing!" he laughed, "Not even I can quantify ze magnitude of my power!" The last thing I remember of that day is his heinous laughter: "Ah ah ah ah!"

It has been sixty-seven, yes SIXTY-SEVEN days since my conversion. The Count and I live in his castle together, stealing various items from countryside homes and organizing them into his grand collection of meticulously counted odds and ends. When we have nothing new to count, we count the entire collection over again to make sure nothing is missing. My conversion has opened my eyes to new, previously unimagined pleasures: the joy of simple arithmetic, the ecstasy of quantification, and the sheer brilliance of the whole numbers. I would write further, but I must go: Master tells me that a herd of deer has stopped to feed in our garden, and I simply must know how many there are.

Basic Witchcraft Recipes

Just combine the ingredients to get a magical result!

2 girls + 1 cup = Tea party gone completely wrong

Sperm in a cup + Bank withdrawal = Baby

Mexicans + Infectious disease + A touch of racism = Swine flu

Kama Sutra + Cub Scout troop + Visit to nursing home = Giant granny boy knot

Asshole + Mouth = Kanye West

Welfare + Shopping mall + A touch of racism = Air Jordans

Radiation + Toothbrush = Extremely lame superhero

Wikipedia + Google + Quickly approaching deadline = High school term paper

Subject + Predicate = Complete sentence

Albert Einstein + Joe Francis = Girls gone relatively wild

2 Shots of vodka + 2 Cups of chicken grease + 8 Cartons of whole milk + 2 Krispy Kreme donuts + 8 Cheese puffs + Spam = Authentic Mississippi appetizer

Dr. Undead has mysteriously gone missing, but we have found a suitable replacement – someone with an equal level of compassion, wisdom, and enthusiasm for brains.

DR. HANNIBAL LECTER.



Dear Mr. Hannibal,

My husband "Jack" and I recently celebrated our 20-year anniversary. But last night I looked at his cell phone and noticed that he has been getting calls from a woman named "Betty." Should I be concerned that he is cheating on me? I don't think that Jack would do this, just because we've been happily married this whole time and we have 2 children. But I'm still concerned. What do you think?

Sincerely,

Confused

Dear Confused,

After your husband leaves you, I'm going to come over and scalp you. I'm going to chop up your body and eat you slowly over the course of several days. And no one will catch me because there will be no evidence. It's the perfect crime.

Dear Dr. Lecter,

I've been having trouble sleeping over the past two weeks. I wake up in the middle of the night sweating and then I'm unable to get back to sleep. I've tried sleeping pills and other medications, but they don't help. It might be all the stress that I've been suffering from at work, but stress has never affected me this badly before. How do you recommend that I get back to my normal sleeping habits?

Sincerely, Sleepless in Seattle

Dear Sleepless,

You better not be able to sleep. Because you know that I'm right outside, waiting for you to fall asleep. And once you do, I'll climb through your window and stab you. You'll start to get lightheaded, then drowsy. Yes, it'll be like slipping into a warm bath. You won't fight it. Life is like a game, but every game must have its ending. I do wish we could chat longer, but I'm having an old friend for dinner...

Dear Dr. Hannibal,

I'm so excited to be writing you! Long time reader, first time writer. I have a relationship question. There's this guy that I really like, but I don't know if he likes me back. Like, he'll invite me to hang out with him and stuff, but he won't make the first move. Do you think I should move the relationship along by being more aggressive? Or should I just wait on him?

From, Friend or more?

Dear Friend,

What is your father, dear? Is he a coal miner? Does he stink of the lamp? You know how quickly the boys found you... all those tedious sticky fumbling in the backseats of cars... while you could only dream of getting out. Tell me, have the lambs stopped screaming? You still wake up sometimes, don't you? You wake up in the dark and hear the screaming of the lambs.



BILLY MAYS

SAW TAPE BLOOPERS

Hello everyone. As we know, Saw VI is in theatres now and I'm anxious to see if it fulfills my expectations. As an Asian Cornell Lunatic writer and Saw fan, I have dug deep into the Saw archives and obtained some of Jigsaw's cassette tapes that were rendered useless for obvious reasons. Here are a few.

1. Kanye West Interrupts

Hello Nicolas,

At the time of your birth, your mother gave her life to grant you yours. Your father also gave up so many years of his life to give you so many advantages. Despite these sacrifices, you have used your position of privilege to tear down the achievements of others for your own benefit. I now put you in a position to--

Now, Jigsaw, I'm really happy for you and I'm a let you finish, but Michael Jackson had one of the best cassette tapes of all time. Of all time!

(static)

2. Chinese Take Out

Hello Miss Wang,

For years you have cursed the fact that you are a person of Asian decent. You hate it so much that you left your parents, your blood, those who gave you life, those who provided you with so many advantages. You've been running all your life. Well now I give you the option to stop running.

Right now, your neck is bleeding. The only way to escape death is to release yourself from the chains that bind you and get immediate medical attention. You have approximately 3 minutes before you bleed to death. To release the chains, you must lift the lever, and the two metal plates on the device will forever bind your feet. This will certainly keep you from running. It is ironic, that you must become another Asian woman with bound feet in order to save your life. Make your choice. Live or die.

I just wanted to know if you wanted to have some extra pancakes with the moo gu gai pan.

Oh....Yes. And some extra duck sauce for the dumplings would be nice too, please. If you don't mind. I like your shoes. Are those Nikes?

(static)

3. Trapped in the Retainer

Hello Sally,

While most people go through their lives talking to lovers and friends, you have used your voice to promote hate for others. Your ignorance and small-mindedness will not go unpunished. The device attached to your head is also attached to your mouth and your larynx. Because of your small-mindedness, I thought it appropriate for you to watch your own skull being compressed. If you want to save your mind, you must silence your voice. The human jaw can apply up to 200 pounds of pressure. Your tongue is linked to a pressure gauge. When 180 pounds of pressure have been applied, your larynx or voice box will be crushed, but the compressor on your skull will fall off. But hurry, when the big hand on the clock reaches 2, your skull will be crushed. Make your choice. Live or Die.

You know this is just a retainer.

Oh. Wait, what are you doing in my house then?

Would you like to buy some Girl Scout cookies?

(static)

4. Omarion

Hello Omarion,

For too long you've been keeping others from reaching their true potential. You've overshadowed those who crave two seconds in the spotlight just for your own selfish desires. Absence of light has and will always be darkness. As you are already aware, you're in a dark room. To truly see what you're doing, you need light. The switch on your right will light the chair you're strapped to on fire. Let it burn. It's now your job to melt the large block of ice before you burn to death. If you decide not to turn on the light, there will be an ice box where your heart used to be. Let it burn.

Usher, that's you isn't it?

No it isn't.

(static)

5. When Family Gets in the Way of Business

Hello Mitchell,

The Vikings were known for raping and pillaging. Their thirst for pleasure took over their senses, making them revert to a state of barbarism. Your

thirst is no different. I want to play a game.

Hey granddad, I'm microwaving some ice to make water. How much aluminum foil do I need?

Damn it boy!

6. Poke and a Smile

Hello Nipsey,

You are an educated man and have been able to succeed throughout your entire life. Despite claiming good intentions you have abused your power and now your electrical devices are used, not to power people's cars, but to torture people. I now want to play a little game with you. In the tub next to your head is chromerge, 50% sulfuric acid, 49% chromic acid, and 1% water. To remove the chains that bind you, you'll need to transfer 100 ml of chromerge from the two gallon tub into the volumetric flask. But, hurry up, because I've attached your body to your fuel cell stack and the resistance is decreasing rapidly. Electricity will be coursing through your veins like the blood of those whose lives you took away. And I'm sure you know what happens as the resistance decreases.

Make your choice, live or die.

Hey granddad, can't we just poke him with the cattle prod?

7. Let's Be Quite Frank

Hello Frank,

For twenty-eight years you have never cared about anybody but yourself. Your selfishness has led you to blame others for mistakes you've made. You've never been able to put yourself in other's shoes, see what they see, feel what they feel, hear what they hear, smell what they smell, or taste what they taste. For each of the five senses, there are five chains attached to the corresponding vital organs in your body. One key will unlock the five chains, but there is a catch. It is attached to the end of one of the chains. You must sacrifice at least one sense in order to save the last four. Oh yes, there will be blood. They say when one sense is cut off, the others become stronger. Will you become stronger through the pain?

Hey junior, you seen the keys to the Chrysler?

Left 'em on the table next to that dude.

Oh Lawd! Hey Frank, don't do nuthin' yet.

8. R. Kelly needs to be Trapped in a Closet.

Hello Michael,

For twenty-two years, your wife has stayed loyal to you despite your scandalous affairs. Instead of being grateful, last week, you decided to lay your hands upon her. I give you the opportunity to...

Hey, I'm making a tape here.

So am I.

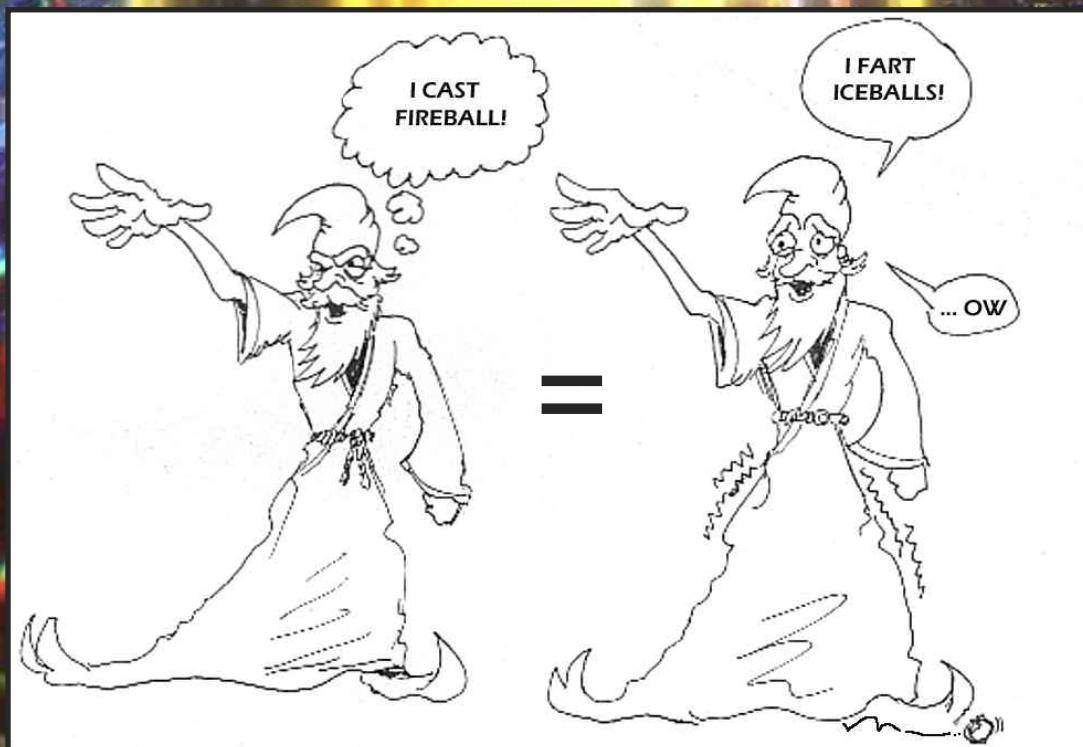
R. Kelly, why are you climbing that ladder? Is there a leak in the ceiling?

No, but I got to take a leak.

Oh shit, what the fuck man? You're getting it on my tape. Use a toilet! Is Radio Shack still open?

(static)

ANAGRAM GENERATOR:



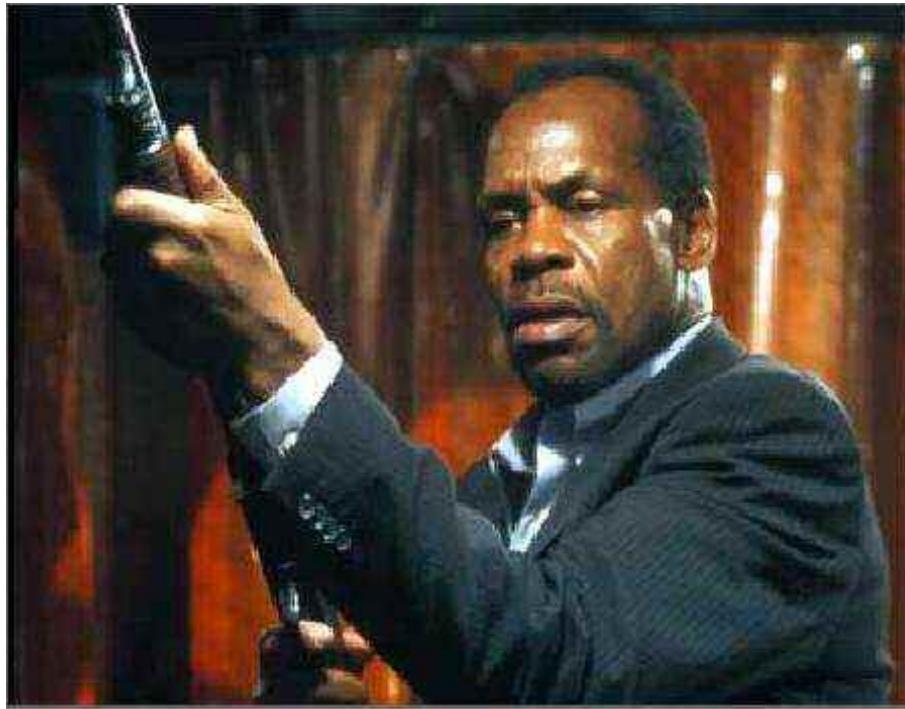
When one translates the dialogue from the following horror movie scenes from English to Chinese and then back to English, the movies seem to take on a whole new meaning. (yelling) DO NOT WANT!!!!

From *Friday the 13th* (the new one with Willa Ford (she's hot!))



Oh my God ~~Shoes~~ Is that a stalker?

From *Saw* (the first one)



Riggs! I'm getting too old for this ****

From *Halloween* (the new one directed by Rob Zombie)



Please step away from the vehicle sir!

From *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* (one of them, I was too lazy to find out which one.)



Can I borrow some gasoline for my chain saw?



So, what are you going to do this Halloween? Go out trick-or-treating? Dress up as a mop? Go to a party and drink some orange liquids? Admit it, these activities are boring already! We need some new Halloween traditions. I've come up with some. Feel free to do them every year for the rest of your life.

Taco Party! Have a bunch of friends over and eat tacos. You can make the tacos yourself or get them from a restaurant. Either way, the tacos will contain razor blades and poison. Well, technically they don't have to, but then it's not a Halloween tradition. Then you're just freakishly obsessed with tacos.

Stage a funeral on October 24. Someone can dress up as a corpse, you can rent a casket, say the eulogy, and bury them in the park near your house. Return one week later to get a nice Halloween surprise! Spoiler alert: the surprise is that your friend is dead and you will be wanted for murder.

Stop ignoring the voices in your head for a second. Who knows, maybe they're onto something.

I'm not saying Louis Pasteur was wrong, I'm just saying there's room for improvement. See what you can do about pasteurization.

Come up with a list of new Halloween traditions. I tried this one out this year and it worked pretty well. Or did it?

Set the calendar back a few days and be like, "Why is everyone coming to my house for candy? It's not Halloween for three days yet!" Alternatively, if you have godlike control over space and time, you don't have to say that because it actually won't be Halloween for three days yet.

Have a rock-throwing competition. But what you don't tell anyone is, whoever throws the rock the least distance is actually the winner! The winner picks one loser to do his laundry for the next month. Each loser also picks either the winner or another loser to do his laundry for a month. So it's really not much of a competition at all.

Cut down an evergreen tree, bring it into your living room, decorate it with lights and baubles, and put a bunch of presents underneath it for all the members of your family. Then burn it down in front of them while laughing cruelly.

Why do you need to go to everyone's house to get candy when you can just buy a bunch of it from the store? Am I right? Seriously! What's the deal? Start your own candy store and expand to a nationwide chain.

Just take a long walk. Clear your head. Take stock of your life. Do this while performing open-heart surgery. Send me a few bucks. Couldn't hurt.

Get seriously injured, in a way that requires you to completely alter your lifestyle. I'm thinking paralysis, blindness, baldness, something like that. I'm not sure if "what doesn't kill you makes you stronger," but this is a great way to find out!

HALLOWEEN POLITICAL PARTIES

A guide to the candidates in this year's election for Pumpkin King.

PARTY	PLATFORM	LEADER	MOTTO
WITCH	-Fuller moon -Fatter children -Higher broom-to-dustpan ratio	Ann Coultergeist	Double, double, tort and trouble
VAMPIRE	-Hepatitis-C Awareness month -Free dental care -Outlaw <i>Twilight</i> -Kill all humans	Vladamir Putin the Impaler	Suck it
MUMMY	-Softer toilet paper -Preserve our national and tombs -Send the Jews back to Egypt	King Tutenkampaign-financereform	Unwrap the vote
FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER	-Goverment-subsidized body parts -Lower electricity costs -No fat girls -Outlaw fire -More Igors	Joe Bidenstein	Mrrrrr (they're working on the spelling)
GHOST	-Keep proton packs off the street -Small unfinished business loans	The Ghost of Christmas Past	Ooooooohhhhhhhh
REPUBLICAN	-Tax cuts -Fiscal responsibility -Blood libel	We're still looking	Maintaining a 60% non-indictment rate



THE BLAME PAGE

Cover: JGF

2035: RMH

Pun: BDS

BLSHIT: MJC

Zombie celebrities: IRT

Mothra: MJC

Anagrams: BR and JGF

Candy Jokes: MJC

Ask a Zombie!: BR

Leprechaun: RMH

H1N2: BDS

Count von Count: MJC

Recipes: Staff

Hannibal: ABM

Saw: DJW

Translations: DJW

Traditions: BDS

Parties: Staff

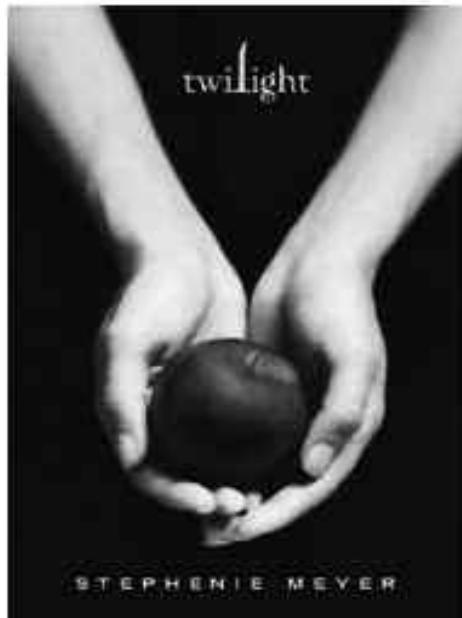
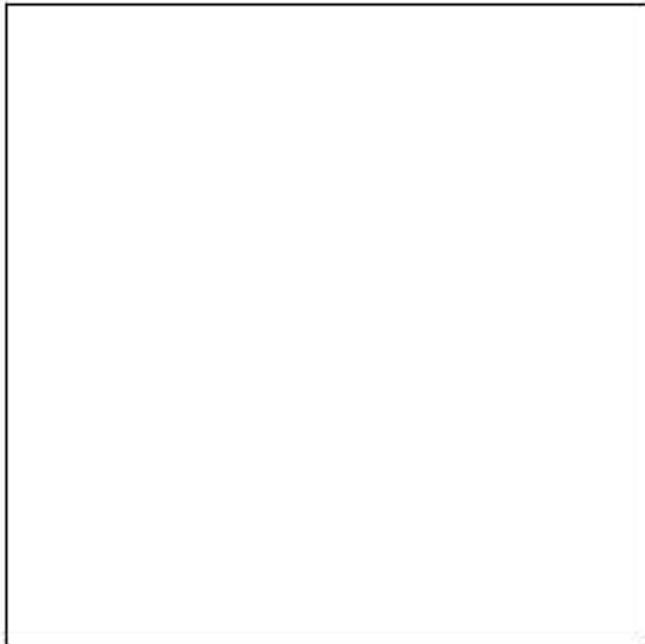
Fun Pages: IRT

Death: IRT

Palindrome: BR

Trick-or-Treating: Staff

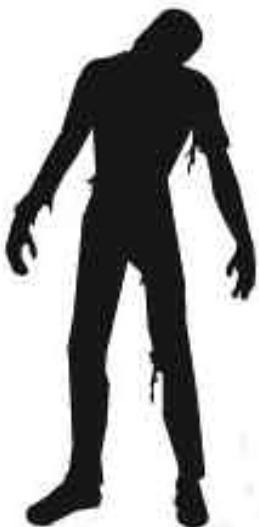
SPOT THE SPECTER:



Help the vampires restore their reputation by defacing this copy of "Twilight." Use markers, scissors, matches – get creative!

ACTIVITY: BE A ZOMBIE!

Earn points by biting strangers and collecting their brains. For more fun, compete against a friend.

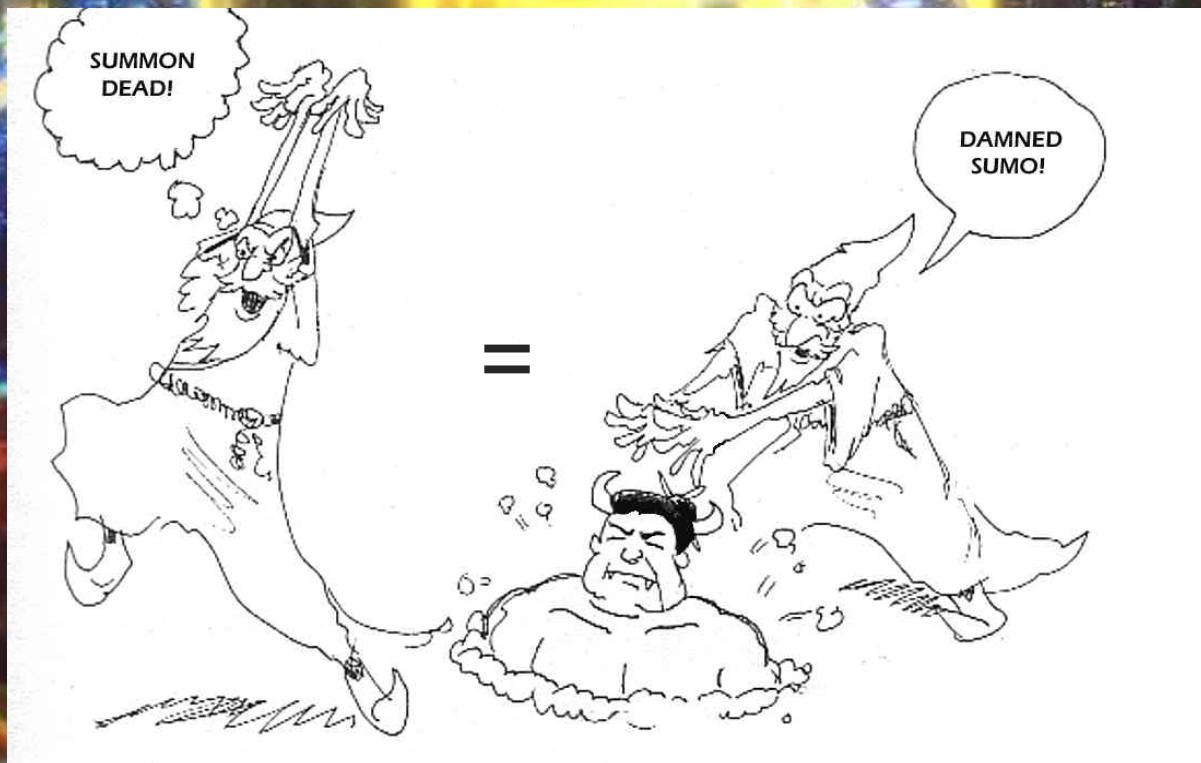


ART SPOTLIGHT



BLACK HISTORY MOTHRA

ANAGRAM GENERATOR:



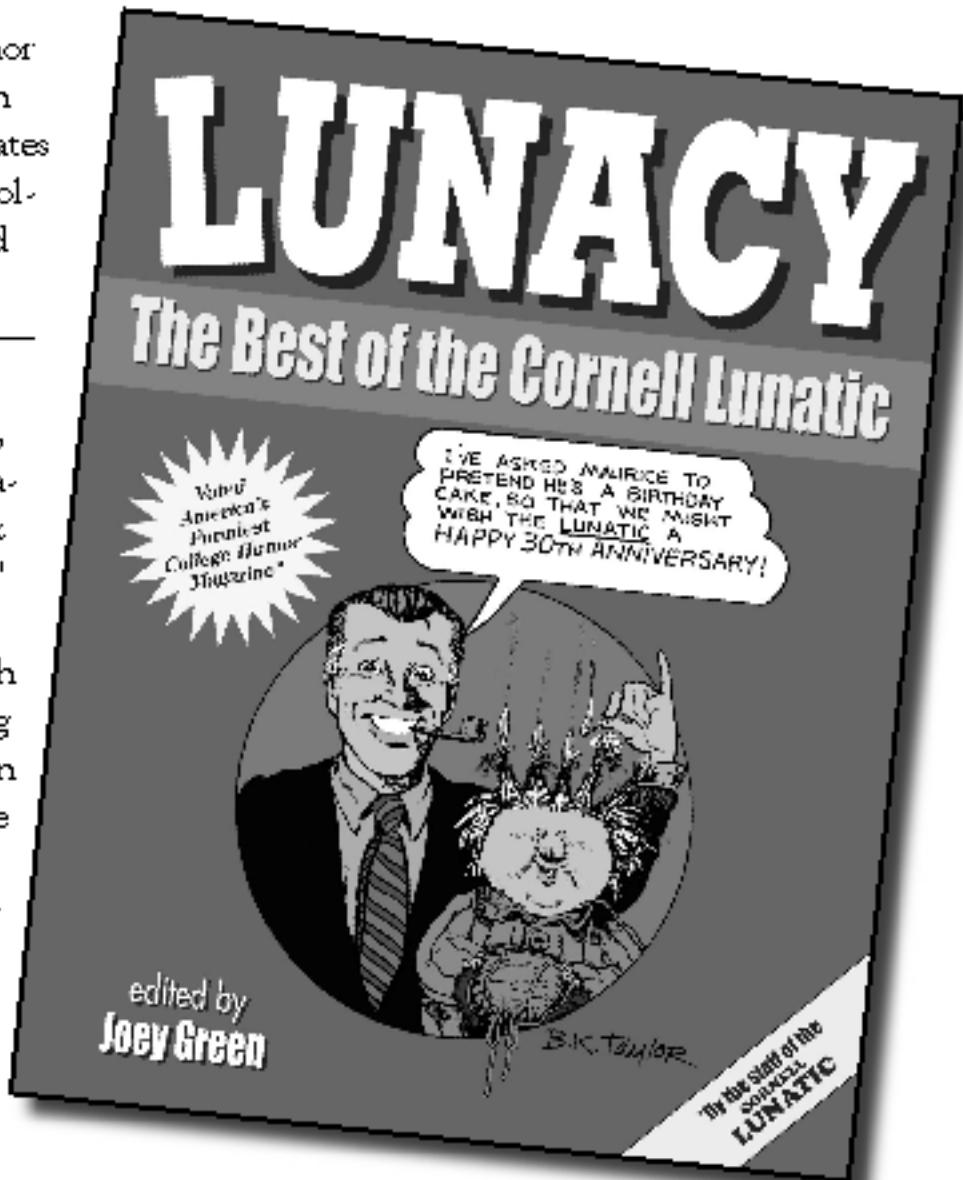
The Palindromic Poem

Hell? Eh...
Hell acts alone.
Fill a rut, animal!
Lack sad?
Nah - sad damnation.
Evils live.
Is not one vile? I'd die.
"Sire, we rip men apart"
Set a DNA - man is a sad one.
We nod, as a sin.
A mandate's trap, an empire we rise.
I'd die: live not on - sin.
O! I tan.
Mad dash, and ask, call:
Am I natural?
Life? NO!
Last call.
Eh...

Things you least want to get while
trick-or-treating:
used syringes
used Snickers
AIDS
A punch in the crotch
Blood Gushers
Chocolate allergy
Swedish fish heads
Swedish meatballs
Chocolate-covered foreskins
H1N1
WGW's
Hundred Bland
Buttered Fingers
Identity theft
SAT Reading section
The latest issue of O magazine
WMDS

The funniest book since *The Brothers Karamazov.*

Voted the funniest college humor magazine in America by its own staff, the Cornell Lunatic celebrates its 30th anniversary with this collection of comedy—jamb-packed with sardonic wit, sophomoric irreverence, and scathing satire—that will delight at least seven people on the planet earth. Yes, the hottest college humor magazine at the university *Newsweek* magazine calls "the hottest Ivy" now has the hottest book in Happy Town. With articles such as "The World's Worst Opening Pick-up Lines," "Procrastination Made Easy," "Everything You've Always Wanted to Know About Bowling," "Choose Your Own Obsessive-Compulsive Disorder Adventure," and "The Clone Order Form," this 224-page book is clearly the finest use of paper and ink in the known universe. Plus, you'll receive a free sales receipt with every purchase. Roget's Thesaurus says: "Brilliant, scintillating, sparkling, sprightly, keen."



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