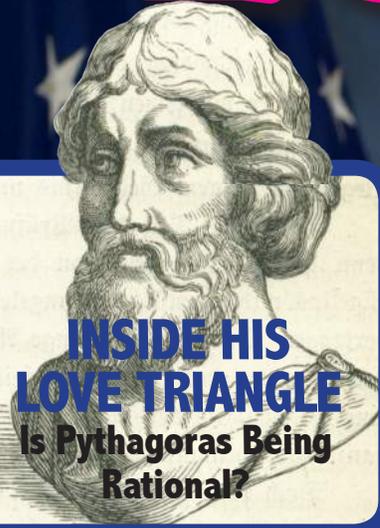


Cornell

LUNATIC

The Tabloid Issue



INSIDE HIS LOVE TRIANGLE
Is Pythagoras Being Rational?



CAUGHT SHOPLIFTING
Has Ronald Given Up on The Hamburglar?



HER LOVE AFFAIR
Angelina's Fling with a Mysterious Illegal Alien...
And We're Naming Names!



Skorton Leaving the Smithsonian

HOW THEY TRICKED HIM INTO TAKING AN ADMINISTRATIVE JOB WHEN HE JUST WANTED TO PLAY WITH THE 'GINORMOUS DINOSAURS'

- His dramatic departure from the Smithsonian
- Says Matt Damon inspired him to fulfill his lifelong dream of going to Mars
- Inside his journey to become America's Next Top Astronaut



~Meet da Lunatic~



CR3W

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Disclaimer: Some or all of these names may pertain to imaginary/non human people.
We're not sure which ones.

Interested in joining us?

Do you like comedy? Are you a student at Cornell? Do you think we look cool in the above picture? If you answered no to any of these, the *Cornell Lunatic* needs you:

Writers, Artists, Layout Editors, Web Designers, Astrophysicists, Chefs, Divorcees, Aristocrats, Aristocats, Non-Threatening Drug Dealers, Threatening Drug Dealers, Chemists, Walter White, Aaron Paul, Cows

Email Dana Fader at thecornelllunatic@gmail.com to find out how **you can get involved!**

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The *Cornell Lunatic*, Cornell University's only humor magazine, is published a finite number of times per year by the Cornell Lunatic, Box #56, WSH, Ithaca, NY, 14853. Requests for advertising, submissions, money, fantasy football advice, fantasy croquet advice, hate mail, love mail, indifferent mail, and any other communications should be sent to the above address. Copyright © 2015 by The Cornell Lunatic, all rights reserved. This magazine is partially funded by the Student Assembly Finance Commission. Nothing in this magazine necessarily reflects any of the opinions, ideas, beliefs, hopes, dreams, or drug-induced hallucinations of the SAFC, CU, the student body, or even our staff, so please calm down. Offended readers take heed, we're only kidding.

More in This Issue...

p.4 Ho Plaza to be Renamed
"Sexually Liberated Plaza"

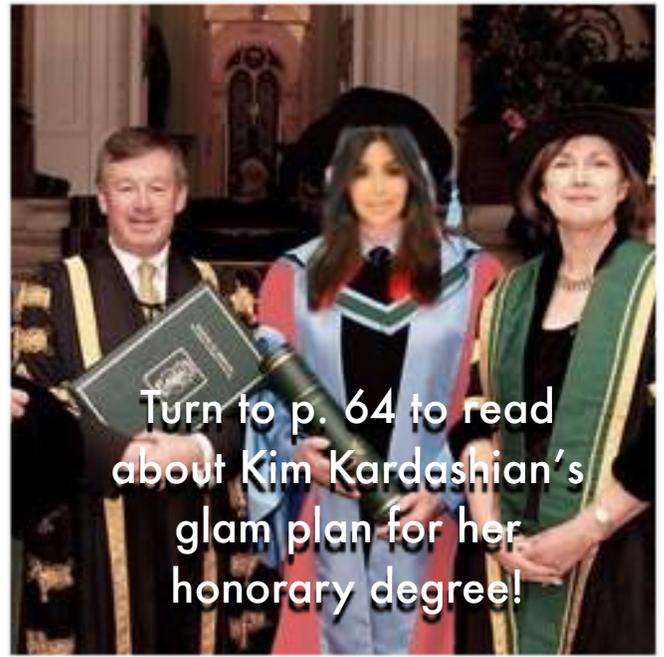
p.7 Top 10 Reasons Not to
Cry Today

p.11 Foreign Language
Professors take Intro to English

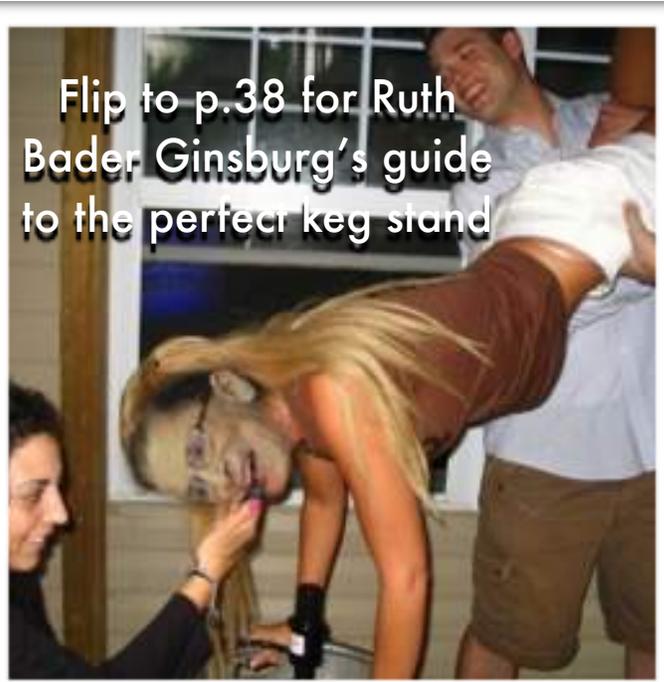
p.14 Quiz: Which quad are
you? (You're not going to believe which
celebrity is the engineering quad)

p.28 Your Great Great Great
Grandfather went to Cornell and Other
Reasons You Got in

p.44 Pumpkin Spice Adderall
is the RAGE this fall!



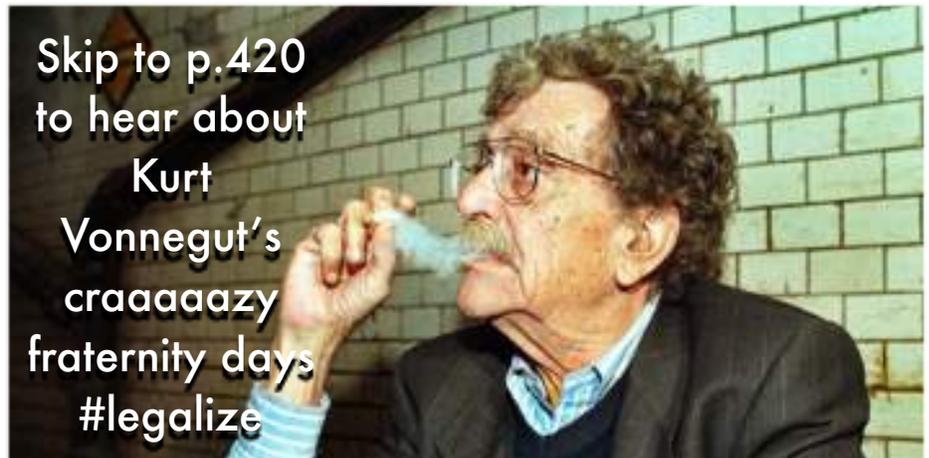
Turn to p. 64 to read
about Kim Kardashian's
glam plan for her
honorary degree!



Flip to p.38 for Ruth
Bader Ginsburg's guide
to the perfect keg stand



President Garrett having
an affair with Bill Nye!?
Details on p. 54



Skip to p.420
to hear about
Kurt
Vonnegut's
craaaaazy
fraternity days
#legalize

Letter From the Editor

Hey there,

Welcome to this semester's issue of the *Cornell Lunatic*. Our tabloid/exposé idea was originally intended to blow the lid off the corruption and lie that is Cornell University. We were going to bring you Yellow Journalism, Sensationalism, Lies, Half-Truths, Misinformation, Scandals, Unethical Behavior, Shame, and Libel! But somewhere along the way, as we got down and dirty to expose the truth, we broke 152 laws and offended most of the faculty and staff (or so the Daily Sun writes). As we dove into the depths of the Beebe lagoon of lies, we came up empty handed. "You are not allowed into Elizabeth Garrett's file cabinet, young lady," and, "No, you cannot see the blueprints for Klarman Hall," were phrases we heard all too often. There was a lot of arguing, name calling, tear gas, and throwing around the word 'spy.' This only tells us that we are right; there is something they are not telling us here at Cornell. Keep an eye out for our next issue which will REALLY uncover the truth (note: at this time, there is no planned release date as half our staff is waiting on their bail to come through. To support us, click the link to our GoFundMe page: <https://www.gofundme.com/helpthelunaticbreakoutofprison>. Any amount, big or small, helps :) thanks!)

Anyway, don't be upset that we ended up going a slightly different direction. Along the way, we uncovered facts just as (if not more) important. In case you're not at all up to date on the hottest gossip at Cornell, this magazine will fill you in. Ever wonder which TCAT bus route most accurately matches your shitty personality? Have you ever thought that trail mix is just *too good* to be true? In this issue, we're bringing you strange quizzes, Elizabeth Garrett, an inside look into Corbin Bleu's missing person campaign, Elizabeth Garrett, a heartfelt story about a boy and his dog, and the infamous serial killer, Elizabeth Garrett (+ so much more).

In addition, we can promise that after reading this issue, you won't be able to think normally about a bowl movement ever again.

So, enjoy!
Darth Fader

We asked E-Board What The Lunatic Means to Them...

"There once was a guy from Cornell
Who thought it would sure be real swell
To write for a 'zine
Not concerned with the clean
But it turns out they don't write too good"
—Sal Elder,
Executive Editor

"The Lunatic has always been a part of my life. He always used to hang out with me at my bus stop and show me the family of lizards that lived inside his trench coat. When I came to Cornell and saw that I had to chance to become the lunatic, I knew I had to do it."
—Zach Mandell,
Associate Editor

"The Lunatic is like the accidental love child of that one night stand in the stall of a Wendy's at 3 am in Nashville, or a sweet potato, either way, you get the point."
—Grant Gonyer,
Sergeant-With-Arms

Blood Red!

If you see someone wearing red on Chicago's South Side, it isn't Brian Parrish, Class of 2018. Brian is a proud Cornellian, but he's scared! *Why?* **GANGS!** We talked to Brian, and he told us everything.

"I love Cornell. I love telling people I go here. I have been to every football game since my freshman year. I have several Cornell hoodies, shirts, hats, and pants. I wear them all the time... but not in my hometown."

Brian says he doesn't want to draw attention from the wrong people when he's walking around his Chicago neighborhood. He knows what would happen if he did: he would be shot to death by one of the many gang members in the area. **YIKES!**

"Cornell is obviously Big Red; we know that. But red is also a gang color. It's dangerous to wear it where I'm from. It's not that I want to hide who I am, it's just that I don't want to take the risk. People are constantly getting killed around here for being in the wrong place at the wrong time."

No one likes gangs, but is Brian being *smart*, or is he a *coward*? Some have told us that Brian needs to suck it up and show some school spirit!

"I think that letting other people force you not to wear what you want to wear is a bit sad. Frankly, Brian should look into going to another school if he's so goddamned pathetic," said one anonymous source.

OUCH! What does Brian have to say about that?

"I don't think it's a good idea to put my life in danger for no good reason. I'm afraid of someone seeing me in red, pulling up in a car, taking out gun, and filling me with holes."

Allegedly, no one has ever actually threatened Brian, which puts a *big bullet hole* in his claims! Next time, maybe he should wait until he hears a howl before he cries wolf.

However, there *is* someone who has a problem with Brian. *The Lunatic* spoke with Big Red, kingpin of one of the local gangs, and he told us he isn't so sure Brian is innocent!

"He's talking about Big Red?! There's only one Big Red around here, and that's this Big Red. Ya hear? If Brian got beef, he can take it up with me, the one — and only — Big Red. Me and my crew gonna take care of him."

6

"Bitch, I'm Big Motherfucking Red!" Mr. Red added.

Elizabeth Garrett's Freshman 15

It was reported that late this afternoon, Elizabeth Garrett was bombarded, emotionally destroyed, wrecked, and ultimately 'put in her place' by her mother after returning home for break fifteen pounds heavier.

An eyewitness to the event says, "It was brutal. You know those nature documentaries when the lion just corners the helpless gazelle? Well, it was basically like that, except the lion attacked with a verbal and demeaning onslaught of slurs and offensive remarks and the gazelle was rather chubby and crying a lot."

Various remarks from Elizabeth's mother include: "You know, I'm pretty sure the dresses I sent you up with weren't as tight before,"; "I never noticed how much your arms jiggled when you waved,"; and, "Maybe cut down on the bagels, Elizabeth, and eat a fucking salad."

But can we really blame Elizabeth? In a



(Above)
Actual
photograph
of President
Garrett

stressful and fast-paced environment, we are brutally taken advantage of by pumpkin spiced lattes, endless red velvet cake in the dining halls, and huge, delicious burritos in Terrace. Even with our free will, how much is every decision ours when the professors are failing us on our prelims and Nasties flaunts those delicious, smooth and beautiful advertisements for F'real milkshakes and their mouth-watering and fried-to-perfection pictures of mozzarella sticks? Can we instead blame the culture of Cornell?

In response to this, Elizabeth's mother stated, "Elizabeth is an adult who can make her own decisions. Have you ever heard of exercise? Or maybe some fruit? If she can't keep that straight-to-your-thighs Cornell Dairy ice cream out of her mouth, maybe she is not suited to run Cornell as President.

Elizabeth Garrett could not be reached for comment at this moment, as she reportedly locked herself in her office, crying and shoveling mozzarella sticks down her throat dipped in vanilla ice cream and her tears of shame.

Why Are Our Parents So Disappointed In Us?

Didn't buy them an "Ithaca is Gorges" T-shirt for Christmas

23%

Dating an Engineer

11%

History of Art major won't get you a job

9%

Not going to Harvard

18%

Didn't Forward Chain Letter

17%

Writing for the Lunatic

22%



"No! No! Fuck! Ahh! Shit!"

~ My last victim

=====
It was announced early this morning that Denice Cassaro, formerly beloved herald of good fortune and tidings to the Cornell Community, was arrested for the brutal and ferocious murders of 18 Cornell undergraduates. The big break in the case came when detectives found blatant and direct references to her murders in her listserv emails, which, unfortunately, no one reads, and therefore, the references went unnoticed.

"What we have here is your typical and pompous serial murderer who thinks she can get away with blatantly flaunting her work in the face of the community," said Cornell Chief of Police Kathy Zoner. "For example, in her latest email, she said that, 'The two latest bodies are buried underneath the benches near Beebe Lake. I am Denice Cassaro, and I murder people.' It's a good thing this email was finally read by someone, although I pity the soul who willed himself to open it up and actually search through that meaningless sea of nonsense."

"It's a shame that someone on the faculty could do such terrible things," stated Cornell President Elizabeth Garrett. "But, if someone told me that all you had to do was read her emails and a murderer would be caught, I'm still not sure I could do that. I mean, have you seen those things? They're fucking ridiculous!"

In a poll of the student body, it was reported that 100 percent of students did not regret their decisions to not read through the emails. "Are you kidding me?" asked an anonymous Junior. "Even if the cure for cancer was somewhere in those emails, I wouldn't waste my time reading over those shitty quotes and event reminders. Fuck that."

It seems that this was an unfortunate and ultimately unpreventable tragedy in the Cornell community. Denice Cassaro, in a sense, is the perfect murderer, shrouded in pointless information and protected by a general dislike of her work.

Also arrested was an accomplice freshman who had reportedly read all of her emails and had not gone to the authorities. "I love her emails!" stated this shitty little fuck. "I just thought her murderous innuendos were meant to entertain the student body." What a fucking asshole.

Praise be the hero who sacrificed his well being and delved into the emails, uncovering the dark and sinister nature of the being that is Denice Cassaro. Hopefully, we at Cornell can all rest easy for now.

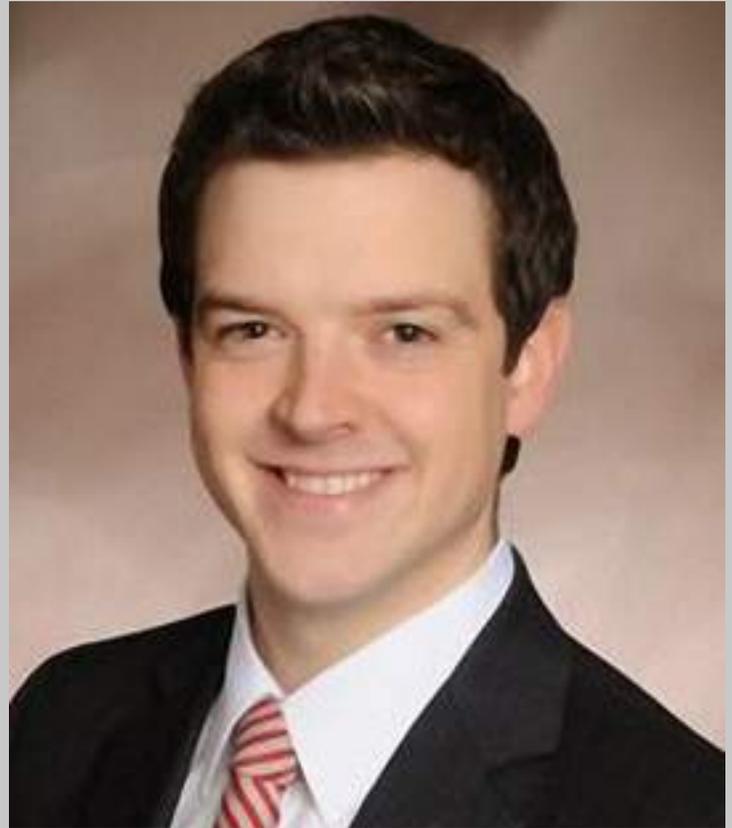
Mech-E Transfers *Swoon* Over New 6/10 Professor

Professor McDreamy, a new hire in the Mechanical Engineering department, is being hailed by his peers as a game-changer in the world of engineering. Thanks to his average good looks—which translate to devastatingly handsome in the geographic region of the Engineering Quad (excluding the occasional ‘lost footballer’ outliers)—there has been a wave of female interest in the otherwise male-who-only-has-time-to-shower-once-a-month dominated major.

There has been a significant migration of students from indispensable majors such as Psychology, Hotel Administration, and ILR, amongst others to the STEM field. Professors who should be jobless anyway are now worrying about job safety. Laments Professor Rubberkowski in the Department of Harry Potter Studies, “Just because I have a distracting bald spot and Professor McDreamy does not, shouldn’t mean that I will not be able to teach History of Fictional Magic.”

An excerpt from one of Kathy Zoner’s fulfilled alarmist emails only cements Professor McDreamy’s status as top (Mech-E) dog: “Students should be aware of the dangers of having a hot professor. You run the risk of obtaining a criminal record—stalking is a crime. Visiting a professor’s house under the pretense of asking for homework help, then breaking in and pretending to be his wife (i.e. impersonation) is also punishable by federal law.”

Amongst his new fan following of female students, the consensus seems to be the same. “I would definitely do him,” remarks one friend of a friend of a student of the professor in question. “I’m not Mech-E, so I’d never have to see him again!” A future lawyer in Delta Nu states, “I changed from Fashion Merchandising to Mech-E to work under him—what, like it’s hard?” One Film Studies major (*The Lunatic* has confirmed this is, in fact, a real major) has even said he has helped improve her spelling of Scottish



last names, claiming she knows this due to “McDreamy with a big D!”

While this is a great step forward for women in STEM fields, the native engineers seem to be alarmed by the influx of Tory-Burch-wearing, Longchamps-carrying females. Their communal pumpkin allergy is being inflamed by the scent of the numerous Pumpkin-Spice-Lattes-with-soy being carried around the engineering quad. Some of the weaker, more social specimens have inadvertently had their highly specialized vocabulary watered down to include phrases such as “Like,” “I can’t even,” and “Literally, I can’t,” usually in close proximity to each other, like.

Professor McDreamy is either clueless or extremely clever; the only quote we have received from him is “There are a surprising number of female students this year. It must be the new construction on Upson Hall.”

Corbin Bleu, Where Are You?

Join the nationwide search for everyone's 7th favorite HSM character! *#FindCorbin*

Heart-wrenching fear and outlandish concern has been rapidly growing for 26-year-old former Disney Channel superstar Corbin Bleu, who investigators have recently noticed to be missing. Corbin was first realized to have been missing two and a half weeks ago by a 22-year-old former fan of his named Cadence Spankhooter.

"I was, like, a huge fan of, like, High School, like, Musical back in, like, the day," Cadence told our interviewers. "So, like, last weekend, I, like, decided to, like, have a HSM, like, marathon. Corbin was, like, always the real, like, cutie, and back in, like, middle school, I, like, got his autograph and phone number. So I, like, decided to, like, call him up that night. Except he, like, didn't pick up. So I, like, knew something was wrong, and I, like, told my boyfriend to call the police."

After receiving that phone call, the LAPD quickly took matters into their own hands and invested millions of tax dollars into launching a massive search and investigation. Investigators and police officers were deployed to scour the entire state of California in order to find Corbin.

"I've searched every gas station and Dunkin Donuts in Monterey with no sign of him," LAPD officer Gordon Peters told us, "I just wanna go home, man." However, more optimistic LAPD officers have been putting up missing person posters that contain motivational messages to inspire the public to find Corbin.

"Those posters have really been jogging people's memories of the guy," said LAPD director Dave Cross, "He really should have kept acting because literally no one knows who he is now. This is why you don't stop acting. I really wish I had his hair, though. It



would go great with my pecs."

High School Musical director Kenny Ortega and co-stars Zac Efron and Ashley Tisdale have claimed that the last time they saw Corbin was seven years ago while finishing up the filming of High School Musical 3. "After he left the set that windy Wednesday autumn evening, I never saw that young man again," Ortega tells us, "Wherever he is, I just want to let him know that a few people still listen to our song 'We're All in This Together.' Hopefully that should cheer him up."

"He was like a father to me," said Zac Efron.

"Yea, he aight," proclaimed Tisdale.

"Wherever he is," said Corbin's mother, "I just hope he's having the time of his fucking life."

The most recent information regarding Corbin is a post from his Twitter saying "Yo guys, it's #fine. I'm #safe. Thanks tho. #HSM_4lyfe." Investigators, however, de-

duced (to certain undisclosed accuracy) that the post was not from Corbin and suggested that he was kidnapped. With no relevant music or filmography from him to date since HSM, LAPD concluded that Corbin has been missing for the past seven years. “We noticed a little bit too late,” says director Cross, “But our investigation is ridiculously picking up speed. Soon, police departments across the nation and world will be searching to find our beloved, kidnapped former superstar. America will win.”



It's rumored to cost between \$150,000 and \$3 million to add Corbin's missing person poster to EACH bus! Do YOU think it's worth it?

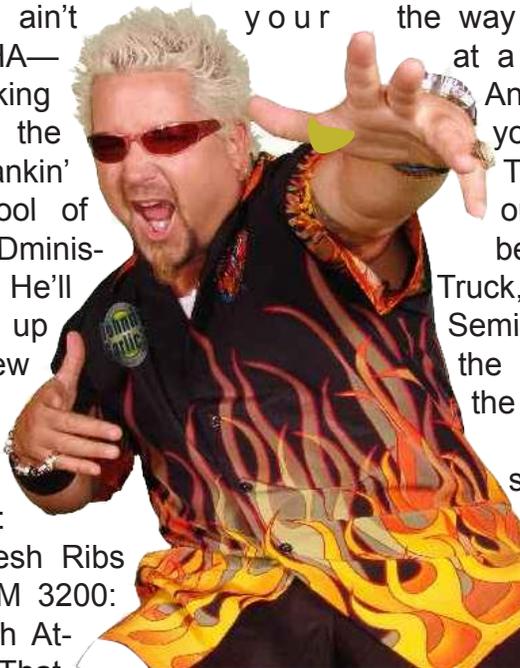
Guy Fieri To Turn Cornell's Campus Into FlavorTown

Hey you kewl hotel bros and broettes out there, guess who's bringing FlavorTown to Ithaca, NY! You guessed it, Guy Fieri! You might know him from his hit show Triple D (Diners, Drive-ins, and Dives for the old folks) where he travels across the nation to check out the US of A's best "greasy spoon" restaurants. He did realize, however, that uptight grub spots such as Taverna Banfi (More like Taverna Boring!) and The Establishment could use a little bit more greasing.

As such, Mr. Fieri — but make sure to call him Guy, Mr. Fieri's his dad's name! —decided to hook the SH of A up. To turn up the flavor and fun on campus, he'll be opening a full-size FlavorTown restaurant attached to Statler Hall. It will come packed with nothing but the best: deep fryers,

live rock cover bands, and plaid shorts. Doesn't get much kewler than that my brutha!

Speaking of kewl, Guy will also become the new Dean of the School of Hotel Administration. Except it ain't your mom's SHA—we're talking about the brand spankin' new School of Hotel RADministration!!! He'll serve up sweet new courses such as HRDM 6969: Funky Fresh Ribs and HRDM 3200: Grillin' with Attitude. That



old Marriott Library will also be reborn under his Deanship, and will now be referred to as the Fieri Guybrary. Be sure to watch out when he rides the FlavorTruck around campus on the way to his new job—he's at a constant .28 BAC ;). And, come nighttime, you can find the FlavorTruck serving up wings on Eddy Street, right behind the Dos Amigos Truck, the Crepe Truck, the Semi Truck, the Fuck Truck, the Schmuck Truck, and the Duck Truck!

But most importantly, sit back, relax, and take in the bangin' flavors of Guy Fieri in and around your mouth. Love, peace, and taco grease.

EXCLUSIVE!

Local Child CHEATED AT MAD LIBS!

Local second-grader Aiden Mooney cheated at Mad Libs last Tuesday, sources confirmed. "There's no way he could have put 'frosty' without looking. It's too good," one of his classmates told us. Mooney later said everyone was doing it and he was just trying to level the playing field.

Winter is my favorite time of the year. You can make snow angels
adjective plural noun
and Christmas cookies, and best of all, school is closed if
holiday noun verb ending in -ed
the roads are frosty!
adjective

(Above) The offending Libs.

This is only the latest in a series of incidents in which a student didn't know how to have fun correctly. See, for example, last week's issue, in which classmate Brooke Parker was reportedly being a "big meanie poop butt."

Cornell Student Busted for Drugs

Last Saturday, a Cornell junior was caught selling homemade methamphetamine by on-campus police officials. The arrest took place at approximately 10:31pm in the parking lot of the Johnson (a.k.a haha the Penis) Museum. The junior's court trial has yet to take place, with a three to five year sentence being typical for this sort of activity.

The student's backpack contained items such as drain cleaner and lantern fuel, which are common ingredients in the illegal manufacture of meth. Chief Police Officer Stan McManly explains, "Yeah...drain cleaner and lantern fuel are very common. Also, if you're running low on the drain cleaner, pepto bismol mixed with chestnuts in a blender is good for on the go. Specifically, just blend about a half a liter of the pepto bismol and five grams of the chestnuts in a 50 Watt blender for about twenty seconds. That will usually do the trick and produce meth with a street-rank of around 82%. I know this because I am an official."

The student's backpack also contained evidence of past drug deals: a large wad of fifty-

hundred-, and even several five-hundred dollar bills.

Chief Police Officer Stan McManly comments, "Alright, yeah, that's a decent amount of pay for a weekend's worth of endeavours. I know a guy—I mean, I arrested a guy the other day who reportedly had a shit-ton more five-hundred dollar bills. I mean, that's what my colleague Hank told me."

The student had apparently come to the parking lot of the Johnson Museum at around 10:04pm, expecting the deal to take place at 10:10pm. When his buyer never came, he hung around the lot hopefully, eventually getting caught by the police, who were on their way to Dunkin Donuts.

When asked for a comment, Chief Police Officer Stan McManly stated, "Yeah, we were going to Dunkin Donuts. No, we weren't going there for donuts. We were going for coffee. Ok, fine. We were going there for donuts. Also, wow, the kid picked THAT parking lot for a deal? What a noob."

When prompted for a closing comment, a confused Chief Police Officer Stan McManly asked who we were and how he got there.

**START
HERE**

The "Which TCAT Bus Route Are You?" QUIZ!

Are you a freshman?

Na

Ye

Are you premed?

Ye

82!
You're fun, hippie, and love rolling around in the grass. On any given afternoon, you can be found on 3rd floor Mann. Trillium is the place to go for lunch, and the Thursday Farmer's Market IS YOUR SHIT.

Are you on Cornell's health insurance plan?

Na

31!
UH OH. You sure know how to get yourself into trouble. You've probably broken a few bones in your life... and even a few hearts. Your love life is going great BUT IF YOU DON'T SEND THIS TO 723 PEOPLE IN THE NEXT 0.000001 SECONDS YOU WILL BE DOOMED 5EVUR

Skorton or Garrett?

G\$\$\$

SDAWG

How much weed did you smoke last week?

an o

none

Do you have friends?

Are you high right now?

Ye

Do you ever get nervous?

Na

Are you single?

Ye

92!
You're fun as fuck! You love to go out and party, and you're always down for some lines. We can count on you to be the drunk kid singing/vomming on the 3am drunk bus. College would not be the same without your kind.

Did you get rejected from Harvard?

Ye

Are you lying?

Ye

Oaks or Ivy Room?

Oaks

Ivy

30!

You're a loner. You have a genuine heart but have trouble letting people in. When the sun crosses the Pterices path in 23 million moons, you will live happily ever after. Hang in there!

Na

Ye

Ye

Na

I heard you fuck ya girl is it tru?

False

Tru

21!

I'm so sorry. I didn't want to have to be the one to tell you this but... you're... IRRELEVANT. I mean, Trumansburg? COME ON.... I know you were all thinking it emirite??

RACIST
SCHOOL THINKS CLOCK
IS A BOMB.



IN OTHER NEWS...

Ahmed has a blast
at the White House!



What's In My Bag?

We got **President Garrett** to spill!

1. Mini Makeup Bag

PG: You never know when you're going to need to touch up your makeup throughout the day!

2. Tylenol Sinus

PG: This, paired with the tears of students, makes for the best cold remedy!

3. iPhone Charger

PG: My iPhone is just constantly dying; does anyone else have this problem? Also, I'm a murderer.

4. Lint Brush

PG: Isn't it the *worst* when lint collects on your clothing/victims' bodies?



5. Chloroform-To-Go

PG: Useful when you need to administer just a small dosage of chloroform to someone while on the go.

6. Gloves

PG: For those cold Ithaca days! Also, to conceal my fingerprint prints.



7. Knife Polish

PG: For my knife, duh! *chuckles to herself*

8. Day Planner

PG: I'm a complete wreck if I don't have my agenda with me. I rely on it for all important meetings, events, and séances.

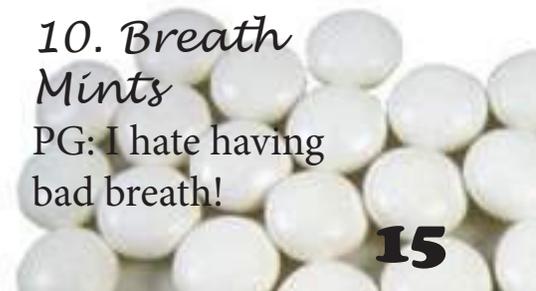
9. The Blood of my Enemies

PG: I keep this in a handmade customized vial I ordered off of Etsy! Convenience meets cute.



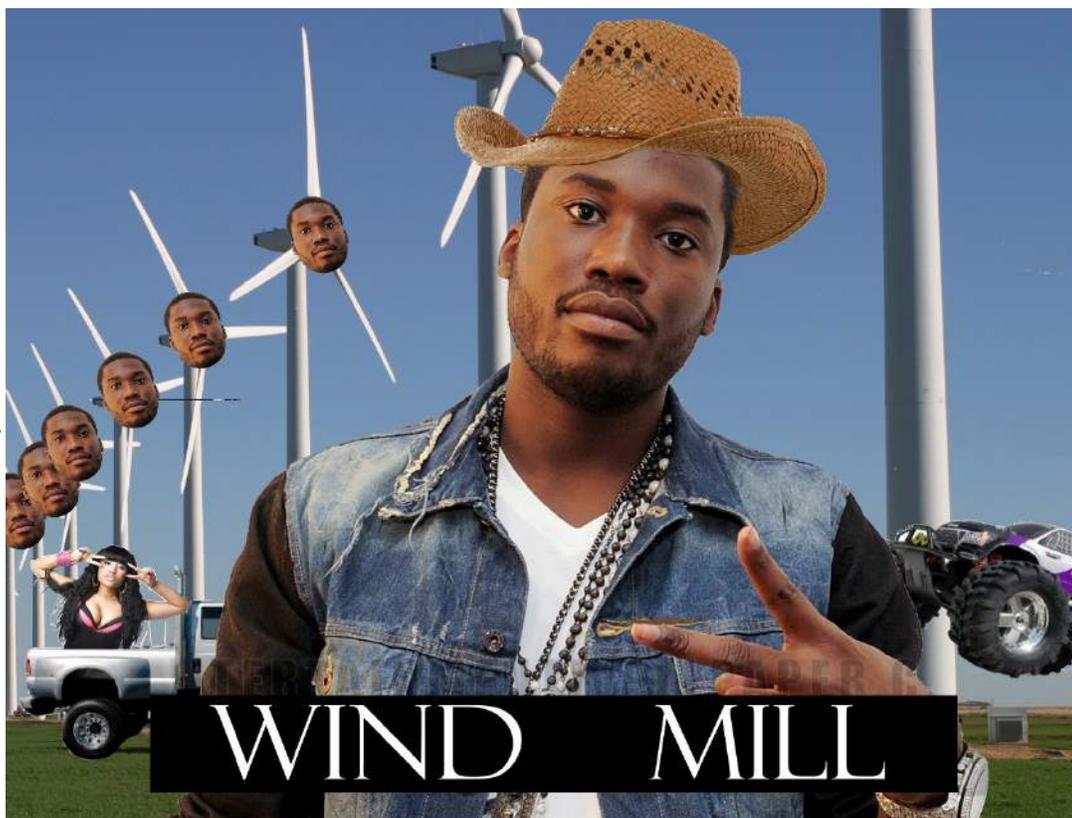
10. Breath Mints

PG: I hate having bad breath!



The Rise of Wind Mill

On July 21, 2015, the singer formerly known as the rapper formerly known as Meek Mill tweeted, “Stop comparing Drake to me too... He don’t write his own raps!” This tweet, as the rap world would come to see it, was careermaged-don for Mill. The lyrical slaughter that would ensue from Drake all but ended Mill’s hopes of success—until he turned on the radio and heard Willie Nelson’s “On the Road Again.” When he heard those time-tested lyrics, “The life I love is makin’ music with my friends, And I can’t wait to get on the road again,” Mill was inspired. He knew that he could save his career. A country star was born: Wind Mill.



Wind Mill’s rise was unprecedented. Nobody thought that translating all his hit songs to country would be a huge failure; Nobody was wrong. Wind Mill’s debut album, “Trucks Worth More Than Dreams,” featured songs like, “All Eyes on You—My Sweet Country Girl” (feat. Nicki Minaj and Blake Shelton) and “Take Me Back to Back,” an oddly satisfying piece consisting only of the words, “I’m Sorry,” that’s been blowing up the charts.

In an effort to promote his new album, “Twerk in my Truck,” Wind Mill agreed to an interview with the *Lunatic*’s lead reporter, Dingo Pletherman. When asked about his journey traversing genres, Mill replied, “At first, it was weird, ya know, I always thought people who listen to country had no taste. I mean, I wasn’t wrong, but I came to find that their musical disability was my greatest asset. Literally any song I write talking about my mother, beer, or my pickup becomes an instant hit. It’s an artist’s dream come true.” Inspiring words indeed.

When asked whether he would be willing to perform at Slope Day, Wind Mill responded in a confusing yet assuring manner: “Cornell will get a Wind Mill.”

You Won't *Believe* What These Cornell Celebs Have to Say!

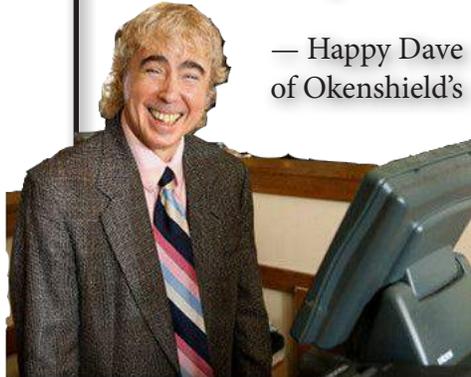


“The universe is a vast and beautiful place filled with many things. Some of these things are lizards. Some of these things look like lizards but are not. And the last category includes those things that neither are lizards nor look like them.”

— Carl Sagan, astronomer and TV personality

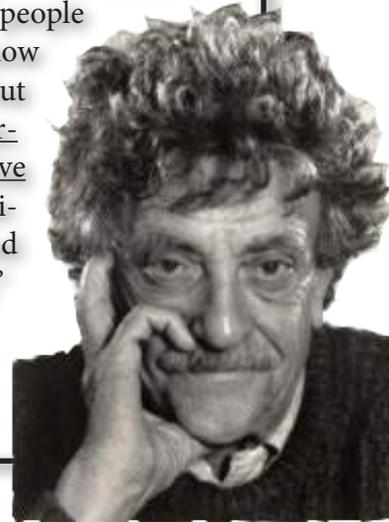
“The other day, someone asked me why I’m so happy all the time. I got real close to him and whispered, ‘Try the Sobe Life-Water. The one with the lizard logo.’”

— Happy Dave of Okenshield’s



“Whenever I’m getting started with a novel, I start by writing down the name of every lizard I’ve ever encountered and kinda just go from there. A lot of people don’t know this, but Slaughterhouse Five was initially titled Lizards.”

—Kurt Vonnegut

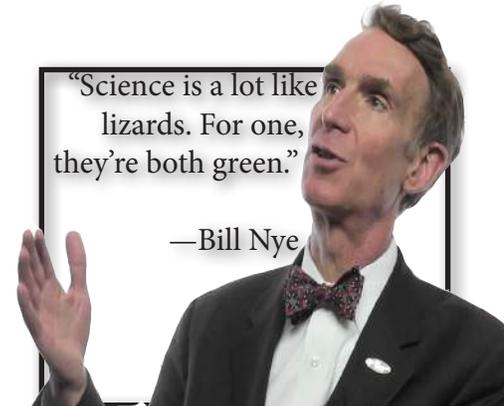


“Listen guys, I’m a fraternity man, I know what it’s like. The older frat guys will try to tell you, ‘We did all the lizard stuff when we were pledging, and now it’s your turn.’ Lizard stuff is not a rite of passage; it’s a crime.”

—Travis Apgar, Senior Associate Dean of Students

“Science is a lot like lizards. For one, they’re both green.”

—Bill Nye



“Oh, the Smithsonian’s fucking great. All of our lizards are caged, so I don’t have to bring a flamethrower to work anymore.”

—David Skorton, President Emeritus



“One thing that really shocked me about Cornell is how many lizards there are. We’ve got Leroy, the spiky king of them all, and his many friends. They always get together and try to drag me by the ankles into their lizard dungeon despite my loud protests. Ithaca is such a quirky town!”

—Elizabeth Garrett, Cornell University’s 13th President



Shwitter: It's the Shit

I'm no stranger to bringing my phone into the bathroom, but this time, I wasn't endlessly scrolling for a real job listing or continuing from page 73 of Google Images results for proper toilet posture. Instead, I pulled down my lucky starship boxers, dropped the kids off at the pool, and fired up the camera in the CrApp Store's number one application: Shwitter.

This leading social media juggernaut, whose mission statement is, "To celebrate all who defecate," is the number one network on number two. This raises the question, whose job is it to track websites about bowel movements? The startup's CEO, John Flusher, came up with the idea after many months of intense digestive research and focus groups. "I would define frustration as taking the biggest dump in your life and not being able to tell anyone about it. Well, I've always told people exactly what comes out of my anus, and now, you can too!"

Upon launching the app, the startup chime is an unzipping of the pants followed by a heavy sigh. Users are immediately greeted with the camera portion of the application, aka the Shwitter Shitter Shutter. Original versions of the software included a video option, but it responded poorly with beta testers because of "rapidly diminished aim," "multiple tailbone injuries," and "questioning of life choices." In the latest build, however, one can capture their natural creations with square and rectangular pictures, time-lapse shots that show the progression of the underwater construction project, or panoramas for especially long cables in the shipyard.

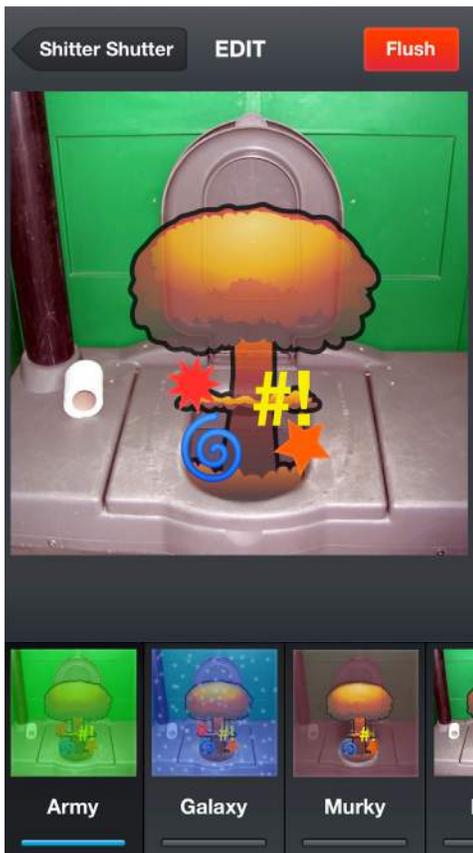
Next, users can tag the location and source of their exceptional excrement, as well as add hashtags to best convey whatever fickle fecal thoughts come to mind. My personal favorites are #ThrowbackTurdsday, #fivepoundslighter, and #shittyday. Additionally, there are a variety of filters available, ranging from Army (to bring out the greens) and Galaxy (for a large number of smaller droppings) to my personal favorite, Murky, which lowers the contrast of the bowl for a rather explosive look. Don't tell anyone, but I still say #nofilter with those deuces. The service has been rumored to roll out sponsored posts, with A-list brands like Chipotle, Taco Bell, and Hershey's allegedly expressing interest in placing sponsored content in users' Fecal Feeds.

But of course, what premiere shit-related app would be complete without shitty people, or celebrity profiles and content? The application does have stringent terms and conditions about anonymity (at least I think it does; nobody reads those. Well, I hope it does—gulp). Certain famous personalities, though, are heavily rumored to be particular users on the

~The Story Behind the Bowel Movement Social Movement Sweeping the Stalls ~

service. For example, close sources have revealed @OnTheKanWestofChitown to be Kim Kardashian, while @KarDashingForToiletPaper is none other than her husband Kanye West. They have even collaborated on multiple posts, some of which are top-trending pictures on the service. Recently, the Fecal Feeds were dominated when top users @TSwiftShits, @Plumbing-Minajerie, and @HannahMountainousDump were, figuratively and nearly literally, slinging shit at each other. One alleged poo-pop-star-turned-plumbing-aficionado claimed Ms. Hannah did not actually make her mountainous dump on Turdsday this past Deucember, but instead manipulated her scant scat with photo-editing software. Enraged, the accused swore to a diet of bran muffins, high-fiber fruits, and unused cardboard, and unleashed post after post of her newly minted jewels in the throne. This fecal matter escalated, until finally, @TSwiftShits declared a ceasefire through a post of her own peace-offering stool, somehow actually tracing a poo peace symbol in the bowl. Truly awe-inspiring stuff.

Indeed, Shwitter is a stark new medium of expression in the digital arena, only a wild fantasy daydreamed by Alan Turing during a turn of toilet paper. Will the bowel movement social movement pile high and thick past the porcelain, or be a runny mess flushed away in time? All I know is I may need to invest in a screen protector and maybe improve my technique and form with some of those wiping workout apps.



OP-ED: I Make Gay Jokes, But It's OK, I'm Half-Bisexual

All around the comedy landscape, including at many college campuses, detractors always seem to have the opportunity and entitlement to criticize. I often find myself looking over my shoulder before I type my jokes out onto the screen. The problem is that the comedy world—and the world in general—is becoming *too* politically correct. There, I said it. It feels so good to come out and just speak what's on my mind and not hide anything anymore.

I've been writing for *The Lunatic Daily* for about four years now, and never during that time have I felt any level of 'safe' expressing myself through distasteful and outdated jokes. Who doesn't like a joke about how some gay guy probably has something up his ass?

And I honestly don't even get this new witch-hunt impulse of our generation. It's almost as if expressing one's own thoughts has become *taboo*—it's not only a gross violation of our fundamental rights, it's also a huge buzzkill for people like me who get a thrill from making people laugh with well-crafted humor, like jokes that mock the caricatured homosexual's inclination to lisp. Ha-ha! Get it? Because of their fruity lisp?

And obviously, I'm going to address the big gay elephant in the room... I'm half-bisexual myself! So it's obviously OK if I make gay jokes. I'm allowed to. I mean, no one complains when Dave Chappelle makes black jokes as he presents his audience an extremely clever, sharp, and nuanced kind of humor *about* racism in American society with a voice marked by experiential authority and legitimacy; I'm just continuing where he left off, in my own, unique, hetero-, normative way.

Hopefully, things will get better.

Brian Park is an Art Editor for *The Lunatic Daily*, and is an award-winning diurnalist who has written for publications such as *The Cornell Daily*, *The Daily Moon*, and *The Daily Lunatic*. More articles by this author from the web:

DID MICHAEL ATTENBOROUGH '18 CHEAT?! on his test?



THIS SKULL AND BONES REJECT BEGRUDGINGLY ACCEPTS QUILL AND DAGGER MEMBERSHIP!



SEE STEPHANIE DONALDSON '16 WITH NO MAKE UP! exam!



THIS POLAR BEAR DESERVES BETTER, AND ONLY THIS ONE



SMUG LITTLE SHIT SMOKES 26 FEET AWAY FROM BUILDING



OBAMA A CHRISTIAN AMERICAN CAPITALIST?!



THIS CASTAWAY JUST WANTS A STEAMLINER TO NOTICE HIM



MARS ROVER GAINS 725 LBS. AFTER COMING BACK FROM



Overheard at Cornell

G-MONEY Home 1 Find Friends

G-Money
 Edit Profile

FAVORITES
 News Feed
 DOLLAZ
 BILLZ
 SWAG

PAGES
 THE SWAG PAGE
 Pages Feed
 Create Ad
 Like Pages
 Create Page

GROUPS
 Overheard at Cor...
 Swag Money
 Money
 Class of 20\$\$
 Cash of 2019
 CU DOLLAZ
 Cornell Swag Money
 Dolla Dolla Billz
 Cornell Lunatic
 New Groups
 Create Group
 Create Study Group

APPS
 Games
 On This Day
 nametests.com
 Messages
 Games Feed

FRIENDS

Overheard at Cornell
 Open Group within Cornell

Joined Share Notifications

Discussion Members Events Photos Files

Search this group

Write Post Add Photo / Video Ask Question Add File

Write something...

PINNED POST

G-Money
 October 7 at 1:02pm

overseen in c-town yo

39 Likes 6 Comments

MEMBERS 8,679 Members (56 new)

+ Add People from School

Invite by Email

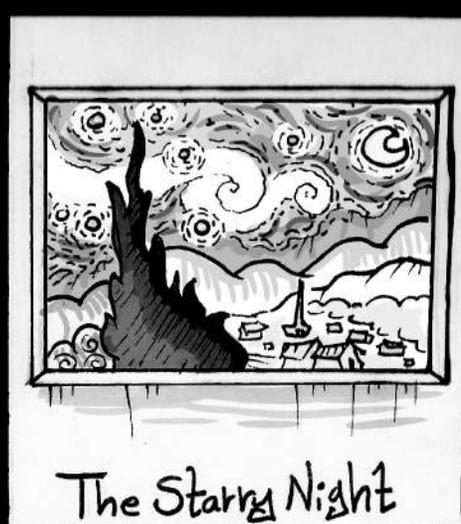
DESCRIPTION
 A place to post anything funny/weird you he...
 See More

CREATE NEW GROUPS
 Groups make it easier than ever to share with friends, family and teammates. Create Group

RECENT GROUP PHOTOS See All

SUGGESTED GROUPS See All

TRENDING ART



12 guys that will definitely

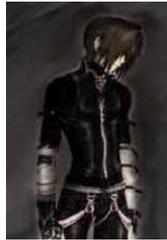
There are a variety of fascinating folk you will find on Tinder, the foremost among fishing dating apps. From the torso, to the canine, to the Pokémon, follow us on this listed romp through the fiery Tindra



1.



2.



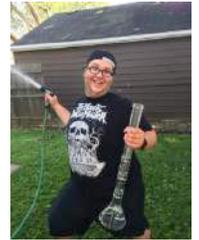
3.



4.



5.



6.

1. The Torso

Although rarer than others on this list, the headless torso—reminiscent of Nearly Headless Nick, but without the dated pantaloons (or *are* those back in fashion now?)—is a delightful sight for sleep-and-eyeliner-cruised female eyes at 2:17 am. Less delightful, however, is the surprisingly repetitive and eerily similar sentence in these torsos' bios: "We all know what we're here for." Friendship and cookies, perhaps?

4. The Guy with the Confederate Flag in the Background

Often, this is supplemented by a truck and a shotgun. Avoid. Swipe left.

2. The Canine

Here is a deluded 27-year-old currently residing in his parents' basement who hopes the sheer adorableness of a beagle with cute AF eyes will sway you to swipe right. He's essentially begging you to sleep with him... via *dog*.

Note: If you are a firefighter and happen to be rescuing a cute puppy, this will not hurt your profile or chances, but rather enhance them.

5. The Guy with the Cigar in his Mouth and Two Identical Wingmen

YAY, you just found a Kennedy wannabe. I mean, they're all wearing *blazers*, for Chrissakes. If you enjoy boring conversations, beer guts, and regularly timed chants of "USA, USA, USA!!!" with his frat bros (this is true at 18 or 80), this is your man. Just don't expect more elevated communication than the occasional grunt, or the request to use his little's paddle on you.

3. The Anime Character

He either really, really likes Naruto, or he's a Russian spy, or he's in the Witness Protection Program, or he's 12. In any of these cases, stay away. This specimen usually only puts forth one photo, likely so you will not capture him in your Poké Ball (given that statistically these individuals are often Pokémon themselves). Unless you have a Squirtle fetish, swipe left.

6. The Weed Enthusiast

This man is dedicated to finding and using every weed-referencing emoji available on an iPhone. Maple leaves litter his bio, along with the occasional adventurous flame or poo(?) emoji. Sporadically, he expresses interest in other, random pursuits, but the main focus is always "the herb." Beware of his frequent 30-minute rants on legalization, half of which are taken up by the word 'dude'. Also, look out for accusations of being an accessory to cultural appropriation when he takes his Bob Marley worship too far and affects a Jamaican accent, man.

make you want to swipe right



7.



8.



9.



10.



11.



12.

7. The Guy Whose Music Taste is Too Good for You

Also known as the Hipster with Headphones. Trust me, when he criticizes your completely-and-totally-understandable One Direction obsession (it's not an obsession, it's a way of life), he *will* start to grate. And you will eventually murder him for the sake of your favorite band member, and you will end up in jail for manslaughter. Left.

10. The

'They're Not Mine' Guy

Aah, the cuteness angle again, using human children instead of animals this time. 'Not-Mine' guy, however, is certainly more socially adept than Narutoman. He goes to great lengths to immediately describe his relations to them e.g. "My friend's sister's teenage daughter's progeny" or "child models I paid to be in this shot so I seem good with kids when really I think they're snot-nosed little brats who should be quarantined until they're at least 18. *At least.*"

Pros: Aww, good with kids

Cons: You never know; they may actually be his. The Not-Mine guy doth protest too much, I think.

8. The Melodic Alcoholic

He needs Korean Jesus, and he needs someone to take away his guitar and faux rock band. For his own good, and for the safety and tranquility of the people around him: Left.

11. The Head Shot

This guy is a male model with soulful, usually-off-camera gaze, whose world seems to be only black-and-white or sepia-tinted. There is a headshot, followed by a body shot, followed by a high-fashion shot. These guys usually have PhDs in Economics, so don't discount them completely. Also, their hair defies gravity, like Elphaba, so that's cool. Also, you can borrow his makeup, so that's cool, too. Also yum, so that's cool as well. I'm running out of synonyms for 'too', so I have no choice but to stop here. RIGHT – no cons, no question.

9. The Measuring Treasure

Also known as tall-guy-short-shorts (TGSS) for short, this man is generic, and that's the long and short of it. Every single one will:
a) List his height, occasionally with a sentence feigning ignorance following it: "6'2", because apparently that matters?"
b) Have his head cut off in photos because he's just *so tall*
c) Both of the above
There is legit nothing more to this person. Pros include being able to get things from high places. Also, you can wear heels around him.

12. This Guy

RIGHT. RIGHT. RIGHT.

~There are many more out there (150 and more to see). Go forth and find them (it's your destiny).

Guys: gotta catch 'em all.~



Ezra and Andy

Please tear out and enjoy this complementary calendar from your friends at the Cornell Lunatic.

January 2016

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
					1 New Year's Day	2
3	4 Winter classes begin	5	6	7 Suddenly realize you've been writing 2015 on everything	8	9
10	11	12 350 th anniversary, Cornell Lunatic founded by Sir Cornell Lunatic	13	14	15	16
17	18 Martin Luther King, Jr. Day	19	20	21 January Orientation begins	22	23 1/23 so cool
24 Full moon	25 Apologize for turning into a werewolf last night	26	27 Spring semester begins	28	29 The Ritual is complete—meet Asmodeus at dusk	30
31						

Trail Mix: A Fun Snack for All Ages or a Secret Devilish Plot?

Trail Mix, also known as gorp, scroggin, schmogle, and nature's droppings, dates all the way back to 1658, where it was first found in Dutch writing referred to as "studentenhaver," or, "student oats." After that, the Wikipedia page doesn't have much. Some call it the ambrosia of all nut and dried fruit related snacks. Others are too stuffed with the nutty goodness to call it anything. Combining the best of sweet and savory, Trail Mix has represented tasty snacks everywhere for decades. But even the most noble of superheroes have their dark and repressed secrets, and Trail Mix is no exception.

Johanna Duncan, a 23 year old known psychic witch doctor professor and part-time pastry chef with a theoretical Bachelors in Oats, Boats, and Floats from Cornell University's School of Hotel Administration, recently approached the *Lunatic* with the inside scoop on Trail Mix's darkest secret.

"They won't teach you this in your classes," Duncan asserted, "But Trail Mix was devised by Satan. Legit no lie for real." Duncan then sprinted out of the office, and that same afternoon, she was found dead a block away. Her cause of death has yet to be determined. In light of Duncan's intriguing claim, the *Lunatic* decided to perform its own research on Satan's connection to Trail Mix, and what we have discovered will cause you to crumble in the face of the Lord.

The sheer existence of Trail Mix violates core principles found within God's greatest hits aka The Bible. As stated in Proverbs 18:10, "The name of the Lord is a strong trail; the righteous run on it and are safe." When one eats Trail Mix, however, they are eating a mix of trails, meaning they must be on at least one other trail other than God's, which is most likely THE TRAIL OF THE ANTICHRIST. In Philippians 4:20, it is written, "I can do everything through him who gives me strength," and since Trail Mix has a great deal of protein and sugar, both of which give its consumers a form of strength, eating Trail Mix must be equivalent to making a deal with the devil in order to acquire inhuman abilities. Trail Mix attempts to lead snackers away from the path of God and toward the path of the devil.

Now, it is true; I am not a scientist. I cannot prove Trail Mix's link to Satan using any standard empirical methodology that Trail Mix is the spawn of the Beelzebub. I am, however, a believer. So, regardless of whatever nonsense others might say, I believe that the Bible is proof enough, thus making it proof. Did I just disprove science? Damn straight. Stay safe reader, fuck science, God Bless, and eat salt for Jesus.

DO NOT FALL FOR THE FATHER OF LIES'S TRICKS.
BEWARE THE DEVIL'S SPAWN. DEFEND THYSELF WITH
THY IMPENETRABLE FAITH AND HOLY SNACKS, OR
FALL PREY TO LUCIFER'S VILLAINOUS TREATS.

HAIL JEEZUS

Social and Psychological Classroom Analysis

D. Ean Slist

February 30, 2310

1 Classroom Dynamics

The Scaling-Bubble Theorem (SBT): Let S_c denote the set of all students in a classroom c . Then, given a classroom c and a student $s \in S_c$, suppose s satisfies all of the following properties:

1. s has more than N_{adj} close friends in the classroom, $f_1, \dots, f_n \in S_c$ (where N_{adj} is the number of seats directly adjacent to s).
2. s is visibly engaged in an activity unrelated to a lecture in progress.
3. All seats immediately adjacent to s are occupied by members of f_1, \dots, f_n .
4. s is on the Dean's List (this is known as the Dean's List Property of the SBT).

Then the following statements can be proven about the social network of the classroom:

1. There exists a subset of people in the classroom, $B_n \subseteq S_c$, who are aware of S 's standing on the Dean's List.
2. Expressed as a graph, the set B_n constitutes a strongly-connected component of S_c , denoted as B . (This is the *bubble* of the SBT.)
3. s shares a strong tie with every node in B , and is referred to as the *center*.

The bubble B can now be shown to have the following properties:

- **Internal Awareness:** All members of the bubble are fully aware that the activities of the center s do not affect his Dean's List standing, denoted $D(s)$.
- **Perceptive Closure:** Social interactions contained within the bubble are closed to the general population S_c —students outside of the bubble will at no point become aware of the relationship between any interaction $i \in I_B$ and $D(s)$.
- **Curve-Bottom Appearance:** All students outside of the bubble perceive the center s as their *scaling*—these students will assume by default that the center's score is at the bottom of the curve.

□

5 Things They Don't Want You to Know About Prelims!

- 1. *They help prevent STDs.***

Don't believe us? Ask yourself about the last time you were at risk of contracting an STD. Chances are it was probably long before prelim season started. Recent lab reports have shown that prelims, when applied in a controlled environment, decrease sex drive up to 70 percent! Thirst measurements were taken and cross referenced against the data from surveys given. Results found that during prelim season, the average Thirst of the university decreased to about 2.7° NC compared to the 5.2° NC readings taken just before and the 7.9° NC readings collected shortly afterward. The moral of the story? Stay safe, kids.
- 2. *They can help solve the university's housing crisis.***

Everyone knows that Cornell only guarantees housing through sophomore year. What you might *not* know is that if number of prelims per class were to be increased by just 50 percent, the university would have enough housing for all undergraduates! Scientists call this the "Libe Dorm Effect": As prelim number increases, the amount of time spent in the library also increases. At a certain point, there will be enough students in the library at any given time that it will be statistically possible to overload room assignments without anyone realizing. What does this mean? Basically, everyone gets a single-occupancy dorm room, every dorm room is assigned to 3-4 students, and none of the residents of a given room ever meet one another (they're always at the library anyway).
- 3. *Prelims are great for the local economy!***

A recent local business survey found that GrubHub usage increased by 200 percent during prelim season. Business-owners, start your engines!
- 4. *The Gannett expansion will exponentially increase the university's prelim capacity.***

Prelims have a mental breakdown rate of approximately 15-20 students per prelim administered. By expanding Gannett's capacity for mental patients, the university will be able to administer 200 percent more prelims by 2017!
- 5. *Without prelims, nobody would be able to survive finals.***

"What doesn't kill you makes you stronger" — Ancient Cornellian Proverb

In fact, this statement has some truth to it. A recent lab experiment involved taking a random sampling of 100 freshmen and making all of them take finals. Fifty of them were given a prelim two days before the final, and the other 50 were not. According to a recent medical release, the 50 that were not given a prelim will be stable enough to attend Ithaca College in the spring. The 50 that were given a prelim were last seen stumbling out of Barton Hall, but Campus Life records reveal a steadily declining BRB balance for all of them.



CUNOOZ Cake

Serves 1 Confused Intellectual or Every Freshman



Ingredients

- 1 cup of jokes about the Difficulty of Prelims
- 2-3 oz of Stock Photos (Poorly edited to taste)
- 12 oz of Greek Life Humor (roughly the size of a beer)
- 3 tbsp of titles stolen from *The Onion*

Directions

1. Mix ingredients into an unoriginal web page.
2. Pour mixture into several small Facebook posts.
3. Post to "Class of 2019" Facebook group, and turn kissassing to high.
4. Wait until article is thoroughly dried out, then promptly remove it.
5. Begin a new batch of garbage.

#CELEB_BETS

John UMaddenBro vs. Betty WhiteOldLady: Death

Sure, White's pushing 94, but just one of Madden's arteries probably has more plaque than her entire circulatory system. John has a known fear of flying, namely because of potential embarrassment of the plane not taking off with him on it. However, statistically, planes are safer than automobiles, so his chances of the Madden Cruiser catching fire while simultaneously being struck by lightning on game day are exponentially higher. Maybe his video game franchise can outlive the Golden Girl.

John Trevolting vs. Nicolas Cagematch: Hair

Whose forehead will wrest control of the tangles of fake hair and transplanted pubes? While Cage himself will always be a *National Treasure*, his bank account is not; funding additional treatments seems unlikely, and he may never have Benjamin Franklin's long flowing locks. The *Grease* star will maintain his greasy 'do by sucking the youth out of more talented celebrities and co-stars.

Jaden Smith (aka Fresher Prince of Bel-Air) vs. Shia LaBeowulf: Sanity

I don't care if he has more crazy tweets than a dazed bird, this piece of shit Shia made fucking Indiana Jones bad. Jaden's one of those harmless, long hair hippie types that has more smoke coming out of him than a chimney. Even Steven, on the other hand, tells criminals and murders to "Just Do It," and whether diabolical plot or poor Nike sponsorship, this guy's gonna end up locked up before Michael Bay can ignore him for another Transformers movie.

Miley Cyrus vs. Bill Nye: Rehab

As soon as they have fame, it's only a matter of time before they're a walking pharmacy. Cyrus' increasingly risqué public displays and lyrics involving drug use is significant proof that Billy Ray will have another achy breaky heart. However, did no one at PBS notice the fully functioning meth lab on the set of the popular education show? Walter White surely did. Don't be fooled by the ridiculously catchy theme song. With a college education questionable at best, the junkie will be put away for good after mixing one too many chemicals and downing them with a charismatic, "Science Rules!"

Elizabeth Garrett vs. Denise Cassaro: Body Count

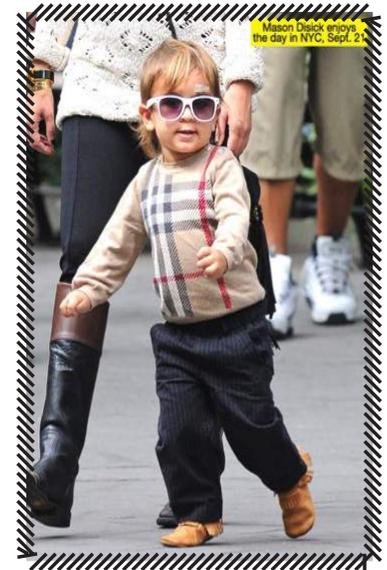
Who spills more blood red for Big Red? Gory Garrett's the hot newcomer, with ice cream flavors and severed sophomore heads on her mantle, but we can't be distracted by the new girl. The sheer discipline and drive of Ms. Cassaro's record is unmatched. In bright colors and Comic Sans, Denise documents her victim's last words, exact methods of torture and murder, and occasional updates on activities at Cornell, day after day after day. I don't know if there is even room for two serial killers who put the "fatal" in femme fatale. Nonetheless, by unwavering dedication to the art of death, I want Cassaro supplying the mystery meat at Okenshields.

HOTTEST BABE ON THE BLOCK



We all know Prince George has the moolah, but this stud also has a smoking hot bod. Well-dressed, wide arm span, and clearly loves to have fun.

Last month, North West took sexy cat to a whole new level. Sassy and sleek—catch her before she gets away!



Always a ladies' man, Mason's got style. Just wait until he takes off his shades to reveal his dark, piercing eyes.

From The Best-Selling Author of *The Notebook* and *Dear John*

One JAP's quest...
...for the perfect bag



Solution to last issue's crossword

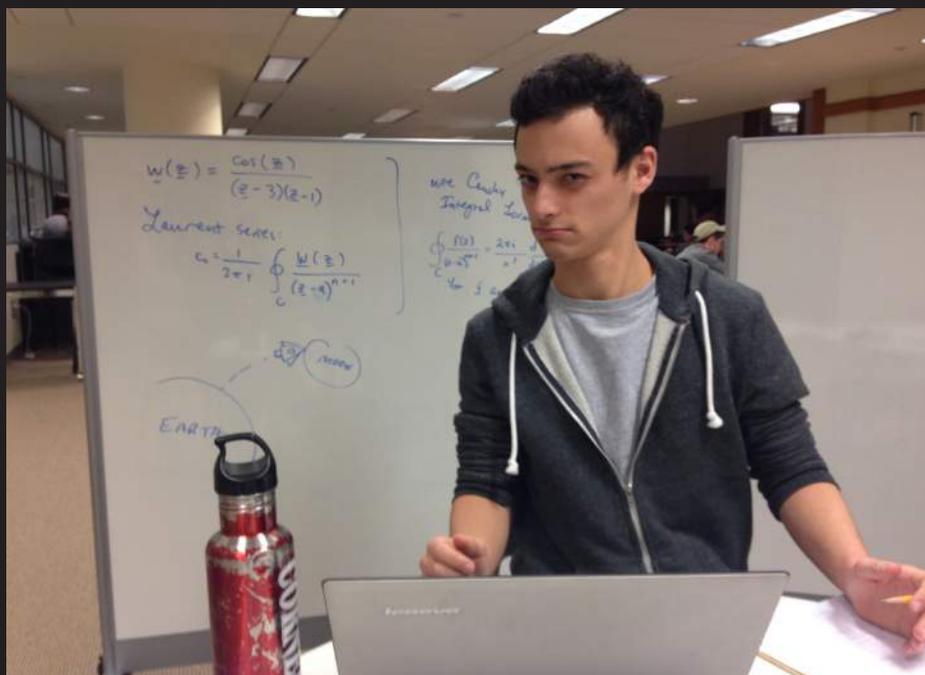
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	E								

RICHARD WILLIAMS '16: CROSS-DRESSING SOVIET SPY DRUG MULE?

We at the *Lunatic* pride ourselves on supplying the public with the information they deserve to know, regardless of whether or not the big-name titles have the stomach to break the story. Therefore, it's time to ask the question: Is it true that Cornell senior Richard Williams is, in fact, a sleeper agent for the USSR who smuggles llello for the cartel and has a penchant for transvestism? Let's look at the facts.

- The name "Richard Williams" is an anagram for "Vladimir Belrukovitz."
- Richard Williams has repeatedly failed to prove that he does not currently have several plastic bags of Class A substances in his lower intestine.
- Have you ever seen Richard Williams and local drag queen Jucee Delite in the same room?
- We traced the origin of these allegations to the *Cornell Lunatic*, an outstanding publication of universal esteem.

Williams himself admitted to the veracity of the claims during a recent interview with one of our staff. Specifically, he answered "no" to the question, "Do your parents *know* that you smuggle drugs across international borders, put on women's clothing, and plan to undermine the freedom and liberty of American citizens?" Finally, the fact that there is so little substantiating evidence only makes Williams's efforts to cover up the truth that much more insidious. Unfortunately for him, this journalist couldn't be fooled. Read, think for yourself, and don't trust Richard Williams '16. This is the *Lunatic*, signing off.



Pictured right: the huge phony known as Richard Williams, if that is his real name.

THREE SIGNS THAT...

Jackie Chan is your real father:

1. You're Asian.
2. Your last name is Chan.
3. You call Jackie 'Dad.'



You're a white suburban girl from Connecticut:

1. You're white.
2. You're a girl.
3. You're from a Connecticut suburb.

You're moving in the wrong direction:

2.

1.



3.



APPLY TO WORK AT THE MATE FACTOR

Would you describe your ideal community as, "Like a beehive?" So would we! We're buzzed on our own fake religion, we get to sting*, and we'll even assign you a new name! We offer total job security—once you're in, you're guaranteed to stay for life**! You won't have to remember to flush because we don't believe in toilets. We bury our shit so that God doesn't step in it. Apply now, and relieve yourself of your parental obligations—shepherds will own your wife and kids and take care of the beatings for you! Best of all, you'll never have to worry about banking because we'll never EVER hassle you with money!

*Only Jews and children

**Until you die, which, if you do leave, will be sooner than you think

The Lunatic at *The Lunatic*

Greenhorn Complete and Utter Disappointment

by Joe Hardy

After standing witness to his recent failures, many seasoned journalists are saying that Junior Reporter Jason Grinder is a waste of space and oxygen. “Despite being given a handful of the best stories,” one Senior Reporter who wished to remain anonymous noted, “[Grinder]’s ruinous writing has prevented him from bringing each story up to its fullest potential.” Perhaps next time the Bureau Editor considers hiring Harvard graduates, he will evaluate their writing and not just their grades. Either that or just burn the office to the ground since that’s where atrocious writers like Grinder are bringing us.

Old Fart Lashes out at New Talent Due to Feeling of Worthlessness

by Jason Grinder

Senior Reporter Joe Hardy, age 48 (really, 48), has issues. Not just relationship issues, not just his deep-seated need for alcohol, and not just his uncanny obsession with golf. Hardy has an inexplicable hatred for those on their way into the journalism scene.

“Ever since Hardy realized he was the oldest reporter on staff, he has been unnecessarily harsh on those around him—especially on the younger guys,” said Sports Section Editor Mike Eagle.

I think I speak for everyone when I say that Hardy has become disillusioned with his position at the *Lunatic*. He is not as integral as he believes himself to be; in fact, if it were up to me, I would replace him with a high schooler. That way we could have at least one experienced reporter who is correctly labeled as ‘Senior.’

Grinder, signing off.

That is it.

by Joe Hardy

Who even writes like that? “Signing off,” what are you, an anchorman? Are you a writer or a shit-for-brains? You think you’re a big shot with your funny-tough-guy act, running your mouth like you’re untouchable. Well, I’ve got news for you, Jason: I am going to kill you. I am a predator, and you are my cute little bunny prey, whom I will toy with and then brutally devour. And let me clarify in case this isn’t clear enough for you: I am going to kill you. Not metaphorically. Literally. I will literally kill you.

Um, okay?
by Jason Grinder

Oh, no! A hunchbacked, moldy fuck is threatening to kill me! Maybe he'll kill me by eating an early dinner and going to sleep at 7 or by taking a midmorning nap? I think I might have peed a little. Hold on, maybe I threw up in my mouth a little. Scratch that, I definitely poo'd a little. To put things in perspective for you, geezer, I don't give a piss, puke, or poo about you. Not even a little.

Grinder, signing off.

Further Clarification
by Joe Hardy

Jason, here is exactly what I am going to do to you, so later, when you try to say you thought I was kidding, we'll have this as a point of reference. First, I'll break your neck, so you'll be paralyzed and unable to struggle or escape. Then, I'll tie you to a chair and muffle you to prevent others from hearing your screams. Using my dull butcher's knife, I'll cut off two or three fingers at a time. While your blood gushes out in pulses from your fingers, drips onto the floor, and collects underneath your seat, I'll cauterize each finger individually so that you don't die from bloodloss. The searing of your flesh will cause your skin to bubble up and char, sort of like an animal being blowtorched, except I'm going to use a red-hot iron beam, which will hurt even more. If you pass out from the overwhelming pain, don't worry. I'll splash you with ice water so you're awake for the whole process. I'll repeat this for all of your fingers, for all of your toes, and for all of your limbs. Only after you have begged me for death will I choose to end your life by cutting into your windpipe and letting out your precious oxygen. I will proceed to laugh (very hard) as you gasp forcefully to scrounge as much air as you possibly can before your inevitable suffocation. Tomorrow evening, I'll be picking you up from your desk while you are writing your next article, which'll probably be in response to this article. I hope you have a great day, because those will probably be your final moments of pleasure left in this world. Cheers.

Holy Fucking Shit
by Jason Grinder

Are you serious? I'm dumbfounded how this guy was, like, allowed to work here for so many years. Did no one, like, do a background check on him to make sure he wasn't a fucking serial killer? Either way, the *Lunatic* is fucked up. Shit, how am I supposed to know when he's coming? All those details, and he didn't write down the fucking time? Maybe he's trying to scare me, make me panic. If that was his goal, that looney geriatric shitfuck is doing a damn good job. If I'm found dead tonight, just arrest that fuygo ylagsdasdl ;pkdigna;o´ ° π´ β:<vpg7ill umin atisreal9 Ciojkeshfweafwe-joigsEosjgev

Grinder, signing off.

Senior Reporter Kills Junior After Grotesquely Describing Crime in Article

What's my Major love interest?

A Cornell romantic advice column

Q. Hello. I'm a lonely 32 year old woman with absolutely nothing to do all day and nobody to be with. I often spend my days indoors wishing I could go out and do something. And also I need to download the new version of Adobe Flash and I don't know how. Who is right for me?

**Sincerely,
Binary Babe**

A. Do not fret any longer Binary Babe because there is a Computer Science major out there for you who will be able to make all of your wildest fantasies come true. All of your toolbars will vanish into thin air and make you feel like you're 21 again. You will be overcome with joy when you finally find that someone who is able to solve your daddy issues recursively.

Q. I just got out of a long term Relationship because my boyfriend cheated on me. I want to get back at him and make him jealous, so I'm looking to get involved with someone who has a horrible Personality, a real know it all who it's impossible to have a conversation with. Who is right for me?

**Sincerely,
Jealous Jenny**

A. Have you tried Harvard students?

Q. I'm a 20 year old female and I'm looking for someone who is passionate, someone with real fire in their eyes. Who is right for me?
**Sincerely,
Passionate Dreams**

A. Passionate Dreams, you should try dating an engineer. While they may not seem too passionate at first, you have not seen true fire in someone's eyes until you have seen an engineer severely screw something up in MATLAB.

Q. This is going to sound odd but I am looking for someone very Specific. You see, recently I've been finding myself associating with a lot of industry and labor and I was hoping I could find someone who could relate those two things for me. Who is right for me?

**Sincerely,
Lost in Labor**

A. Sorry, there's nobody here who knows how to do that.

Q. I'm a 22 year old male and I don't know what kind of girl to look for. I have so much money and just absolutely nothing to spend it on. Who is right for me?

**Sincerely,
Loaded Bachelor**

Loaded Bachelor, are you looking to spend a bunch of money on someone who won't appreciate you? Date a Hotelie. You can buy her a new dress, and in return she can fold your towels into swans or something

Q. Hi I'm a 28 year old female and I have an issue. I'm just too relaxed all the time, and I need someone who can bring an unhealthy amount of stress into my life. Who is right for me?

**Sincerely,
Drama Queen**

A. Well Drama Queen, I think you should get involved with a pre med student; when they're not freaking out about their grades or pouring over biology textbooks they can usually be found lying face down on the floor moaning.

Whorescopes

Aries:

Aries, get ready to be up all night to get lucky as the moons begin to realign and reinforce your ability to get along with, and therefore inside of, pretty much anyone. This month, don't be afraid to RAM yourself into just about anyone you want.

Taurus:

Now, Taurus, you're stubborn to the very end. That being said, this month, the stars are telling me it's your time to go bug that guy who you know has absolutely no interest in you. It doesn't matter whatsoever if he's not into you because we all know that's a load of BULL.

Gemini:

The twins are calling to you. That's right, it's your time to doubleteam twins!! If you already are a twin, even better. Doubleteam squared?

Cancer:

Sorry, cancer, but you already have crabs, so the stars recommend that you stay out of the game for a bit...

Leo:

Leos are known for their expanse, power, and exuberance. This means that you can feel free to exert your power over anyone. You're a lion, and they wanna hear you ROAR.

Virgo:

Ah, the virgin. Not much to predict for you here. Time to exercise your imagination.

Libra:

Libras are all about balance and equality. That being said, your goal should be to inspire as much of these qualities in your wide variety of hookups as possible—can you complete the rainbow?

Scorpio:

Mercury's in retrograde this month, and all we can say for now is that you better watch your stinger...

Sagittarius:

Considering your sign is a centaur, you're going to have some interesting times this month. Let us know how bestiality is!

Capricorn:

In the spirit of Capri-Cornell, you'll find yourself reaching new levels of desperation and attempting to fuck the statues in the Arts Quad. Blame it on the moons.

Aquarius:

As the sole water bearer of the astrological signs, you're particularly inclined to some serious wetness. Don't worry, while the Sun in your sign may not be ready to help you out in that area, it's well on its way in orbit.

Pisces:

You may find yourself smelling a little fishy. Just remind yourself it's probably because the Moon is opposing Neptune, Mercury is going directly in Virgo, or Venus's three moons are making an appearance. You know, the usual stuff.

Jared Fogle's Newest Shocking Confession:

"I Also Like Subway™ Sandwiches"

In a public statement issued this October, pedophile Jared Fogle made yet another stunning confession. "In addition to minors, I also really enjoy a Footlong Black Forest Ham™ with lettuce and banana peppers," Fogle stated. With the crowd's jaws on the floor, Jared continued, "I've tried holding it in, but then the guys over at Subway™ pulled me into doing ads for them. From that moment on, I haven't been able to keep my mind off those long, innocent sandwiches they put out." He also recently checked himself into rehab outside Denver™, Colorado to battle with his obsession.

Jared's heinous™ acts involving sandwiches form a long list, including possession of footage of people eating savory Italian BMTs™ with a side of Lay's® Potato Chips and driving across state lines to eat a delicious Sweet Onion Teriyaki™. "I ate one, and it just never stopped from there," kid-fondler-turned-Subway™-spokesperson admitted. He cited the spectacular deals and the ability™ to lose weight eating great fast™ food with fresh ingredients as prime reasons resulting in his perverse addiction to America's Favorite Sandwich Shop™. All this can be traced back to his childhood when his pederast uncle came over one day and fed him two footlongs at the age of 8. "I even tried Quizno's once as an attempt to ween myself off those hot and toasty edible sluts, but the rush I felt could not rival what I felt going down on a Subway for a solid 8 minutes," the diddler added.

Jared also encourages all people like him to get help. "It's not too late," he proclaims, "I'm living™ proof that anyone can face their hidden hoagie desires and accept help. You don't have to go back for yet another zesty Monterey Chicken Melt™; you can be cured." It™ was™ clear™ that™ he™ was™ in™ need™ of™ help™ when™ he™ walked™ directly™ into™ a™ Subway™ commercial™ after™ leaving™ the™ stage™, mumbling™ "Eat™ Fresh™" repeatedly™ under™ his™ breath™.



Inspiring Poetry

Cornell Isn't a Real Ivy

Cornell is not a real Ivy League School,
A place that houses educated fools,
A place where work is hard and winter rules,
Where we collapse in sweaty, tear-filled pools.
Harvard or Yale is a much better place,
Perfection and greatness they do embrace,
Cornell truly is not even on pace,
It cannot deal with the rivals they face.
Cornell now is the runt of the litter,
Where winters and schoolwork are so bitter,
Any other school would be much fitter,
For here we are just groaning emitters.
But all of this makes Cornellians strong,
"Cornell is better than Harvard?" Not wrong.

RPCC

RPCC Brunch is kind of perfect,
The cure for kids who last night got so wrecked,
There's cocaine in the french toast I suspect,
I take a bite and to God I connect.
The scrambled eggs are both fluffy and firm,
Waffles a gift from God I can confirm,
It makes my soul flutter and my legs squirm,
That this is perfection I do affirm.
The pancake stacks make my mouth salivate,
My soul up to High Heaven Elevates
And I reach nirvana, assassinate
All other meals cause I can't acclimate.
I applied to Cornell for just this brunch,
I fill my mouth with waffles, Mmm, yeah, munch.

Sorority Upheaval!

Menstrual Cycles Align After Super Blood Moon, Shocking Drama Unfolds

In case you didn't hear about the pointlessly hyped-up "super blood moon," there was a "super blood moon" on September 27th. Many people stepped outdoors to stare at the disappointingly brown circle in the sky, and one sorority girl noticed something especially strange about her PMΣ sisters the next day.

"Everyone was just a bitch," she said. "Like everyone was literally talking about all the drama that had ever occurred ever and about how they were on their periods suddenly. Which was when I realized that we were all on our periods. Except for pregnant Becky, obviously. That whore."

What proceeded shortly after this discovery was nothing less than shocking. Chaos erupted; scandals were revealed.

"I got told at least ten times that I looked like a trash can or a raccoon," claimed another girl. "My bras were scattered everywhere. Becca like, made out with my boyfriend and then told everyone that I puked at a party and was basically a trashy slut. I paid to have these friends and all they've done is ruin my entire life."

An insider revealed that several girls were hospitalized after being dragged—whether literally or figuratively still remains unclear.

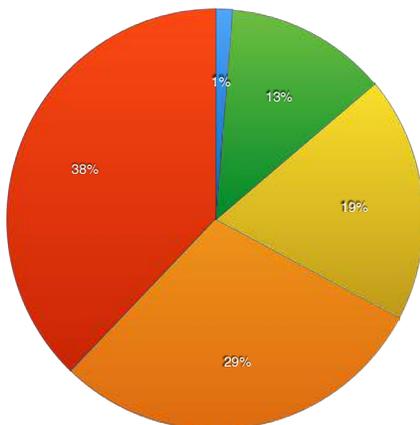
In her first public appearance since the total collapse of her sorority, the president was caught looking shockingly disheveled. It appeared as though chunks of her normally flawless hair had been ripped out, and when questioned about the event, she proceeded to claw out people's eyes with her not-so-immaculate nails.

It is unknown whether these sorority girls will ever recover, but undoubtedly, the scandals will continue, and we'll be sure to get all the juicy details. Period.

The Lunatic Asked 10 Students on Ho Plaza to Answer these Random Questions:

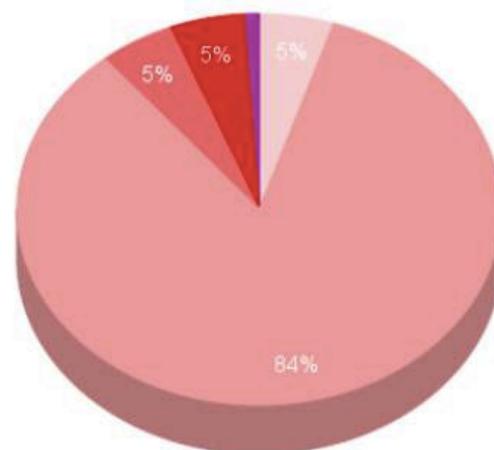
Pie Chart: Time Spent in the Library

- Studying
- calmingmanatee.com
- Facebook stalking your roommate's cousin's boyfriend's family
- Staring blankly at your computer
- Planning your next meal



Who Took a Bite Out of Every Mac Apple?

- Steve Jobs
- Bill Gates
- Elizabeth Garrett
- Denise Cassaro
- Illuminati



Back

Friedrich

Chat

Online 115 years ago
 4,882 mi away
 55 years old
 5' 8"
 White
 Currently
 Dead

Chat

when ur gazing into me, just remember I'm gazing into u bby

looking for a guy who gets me. some ppl say im just too complicated. whatevs. the struggles of being lofty and all, i guess. and if u didnt no, I'm the author of 'The Gay Science.'

dont usually do bottom but i like the occasional over-man being on top. sometimes i wanna guy who can submit to the slave-morality when were role-playing. i come from a really conservative time/place, so im a bit self-conscious about my sexuality, so i guess what im trying to say is that im looking for that special ecce wholl transcend and flip traditional conservative morality and values on its head and take on this cruel, discriminatory, meaningless world together with arms locked. "theres always madness in love, but there is reason in madness" haha

germans only



Favorite



Block



Report



Hey, you!

Are you struggling to find purpose in your life? Do you constantly feel like you can't find the answers you're searching for?

Worry no more! *Nihilism* is here for you!

Don't worry about the meaning of life; there isn't one! The universe is cold and empty, life is fruitless, and there is no God to save you from it all.

How do you become a nihilist? It's easy! All you have to do is repent of any thinking that there might be hope and happiness to your life and accept nothingness as the True and Ultimate end of the Universe. Then, sit back and enjoy the cold embrace of the empty cosmos.

We would offer you to sign up for our newsletter, but it's blank!

Paid for by New York's United Nihilists. Now try saying that ten times fast. See, it's futile.

FROM THE PRODUCER OF
PARANORMAL INACTIVITY AND CINNAMINISTER

THE SPLURGE

ONE BLACK FRIDAY A YEAR,
ALL CRIME IS LEGAL



Cornell's Gorges Ladies

It was a beautiful Sunday morning in Ithaca. The leaves were on the trees, Keystone Light was flowing gloriously free from the tap at Okenshields, and the engineers were already plugging away at their problem sets. Things seemed status quo in the 14853, until a little field trip plan came around and stirred things up. Behind the scenes of this scandal: The Real Housewives of Cornell.

The "Wives", as they are known around campus (and as their GroupMe is named), are some of the most powerful, sassiest, and straight up badass women that this campus has ever seen. Helen Newman, the group's self-appointed chairwoman, decided that Beebe Lake would be wayyyyyyyyyyy too basic of a day trip for the Wives' fall excursion. Besides, they all needed to expand their Instagram repertoires.

Since TCAT is OBVIOUSLY too damn ratchet for heavyweight femmes like these, Helen called up Collegetown Cab. Locking the doors, they survived the perilous journey through Downtown Ithaca to the "South Beach of Tompkins County": Robert Treman State Park.

After a thorough argument of who would pay the \$7.00 parking fee (they resorted to payment in Venmo and blueberry bagels), Helen took roll call.

Helen Newman: present. Self-appointed leader and CEO of the dysfunctional harem that is the Wives. Teaches the "Advanced Yoga" PE class and isn't afraid to whip anyone into shape if needed, as she did to Robert Purcell at Slope Day, 1953.

Clara Dickson: present. One of the more reclusive members of the group, she likes to spend a lot of quality time alone. However, taking Intro to Wines got her out of her shell. Wegman's hummus is the key to her heart (garlic flavor).

Mary Donlon: present. Definitely the social animal of the group. Can be seen furiously swiping right on Tinder at Terrace or chatting it up with George Teagle at the gym.

Wendy Purcell: present. Loving wife of Robert Purcell, she has a passion for billiards, the Postal Service, and cooking. Wendy is all about food and is always ready to drop what she's doing to cook up some Lo Mein for the Wives.

Olive Tjaden: Absent. Too artsy to fit in with the Wives.

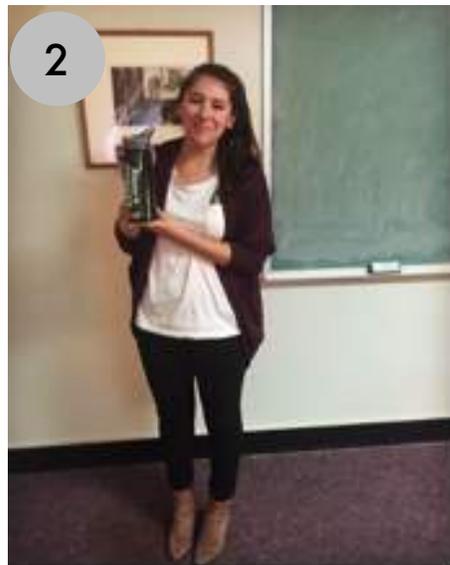
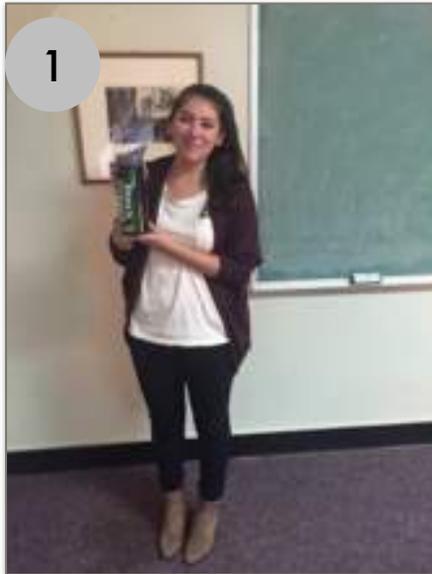
Martha Van Rensselaer: Absent. The Wives have pulled the, "Sorry, Martha, you just live TOO. FAR. AWAY." card once again. Most likely, they're sick of hearing her drone in with empty sentences about "Human Development" or some other inane topic.

The Wives quickly set up shop at the beach, which is known throughout upstate New York for its incredibly dark soil. You could say they only brought along the bare necessities for a beach day—their outfits included! The "Slope Effect" is no lie—their bikini bods were rocking. A powerful but scantily clad woman is truly a force to reckon with, and rumor has it that Ezra Cornell and Andrew Dickson White were seen taking photos of the girls from the woods. White offered no comment on the fact that his mother, Clara Dickson, was present at the park.

Donlon created a rumor that Mary Donlon was flirting with some Ithaca College suitors who were in awe of her "Cornell Calves." Helen quickly shut down this verboten flirting and had the girls shuttled to Balch Hall. They had their "girls-only" debrief over soy lattes at the Tatkon Center, followed by a roast of the stocky George Jameson and his mysterious brother.

Spot the Difference

See if you can find the changes the Lunatic made to these two photos!



1. Tessa's self esteem is no longer there in the second photo.
2. Her GPA has been lowered by 1.5.
3. In the second photo she is moments away from crying.
4. Missing in second pic: her virginity.
5. In the first photo her parents were proud of her! Not anymore.
6. In picture 2 Tessa morbidly regrets buying that "thaca is Gorges" water bottle.
7. The Instagram filter "hefe" has been added.

Tessa is a writer for the Lunatic. Can you see the **7** differences between these two photos?



1. The dead body has been disposed of.
2. Her accomplice (Denice Cassaro) has fled the scene.
3. The evidence is gone.
4. The police witness has been paid off.

Here's a picture of President Garrett at her inauguration. Can you see the **4** differences?



1. It's a different fucking picture.

Here's a picture of the Lunatic staff! Can you spot the **1** difference we made to this picture?

Ithaca Is #Gorges



We asked students to tell us how they felt and what they did when they saw their first gorge. Here are our favorite responses! *All students asked that we not use their names.*

"I thought they should have made that shit bigger. I don't know why they made it so small. Stupid."

Freshman

"It was nice. I snapped a picture. I've seen better. I'm more into lagoons."

Sophomore

"Ok. So the first one I saw was by Thurston Avenue Bridge. But Cascadilla is better. Can I talk about that one? It's way cooler. Like, I know Fall Creek has more water and everything, but Cascadilla is where it's at. It's more hidden and intimate, and I feel that more. It's not about which one you see first, it's about which one you like most."

Junior

"As soon as I saw it, I stripped everything away—save a speedo—and immediately prepared to dive headfirst into the fast-moving current. But then I saw the "No Swimming" sign and thought better of it."

Senior

#Haikus

Chips

Crunch. Munch. Chomp. Crinkle.
Eating in the library
Lots of dirty looks

Gossip

I love to gossip
Tell me what the fuck is up
Wait, Jake and Em!? NO!

Lunatic

"Never heard of it"
"Less funny than CUNooz"
Hey! Go fuck yourself

Clickbait

Gender-swap Disney?
Justin Bieber's penis pics?
Clickbait just gets me

Ode to Justin Bieber's Dick Pic

I want to see it
But don't want to google it
Email it to me
(tgs39)

Kim Kardashian-West

First, it was Ray-Jay.
Then, it was the internet.
Who's her next victim?

Facebook Friends from High School

Congrats on Dean's List
I'll just be here at Cornell
Smiling through my Cs

Basic

Yes I love leggings
And yes I love Starbucks too.
Basic girls unite!

Ivy League Campus Story

What a bunch of pricks.
We're all a bunch of assholes.
Please put me on it.

BLAME PAGE

Front Cover	DSF & SE
Letter from the Editor	DSF
More in This Issue	AS
Blood Red!	TS
TCAT Bus Route Quiz	DSF
Garrett's Freshman 15	AO
Disappointed Parents	WI & NM
Denice Cassaro Arrested	AO
Hot Mech-E Professor	SV
Corbin Bleu, Where Are You?	RB
Corbin Bleu, Where Are You? Poster	RB
Corbin Bleu, Where Are You? TCAT	JW
Guy Fieri Comes to Cornell	DB
Local Child Cheated at Mad Libs!	SE
Cornell Student Busted for Drugs	SM
Clock Cartoon	SE
What's In My Bag?	AS
The Rise of Wind Mill	GG
The Rise of Wind Mill Art	JW
Cornell Celeb Quotes	ZM
Shwitter: It's the Shit!	MB
OP-ED: I Make Gay Jokes	BJP
Overheard at Cornell	JW
Trending Art	NM
12 Guys	SV
Ezra and Andy Calendar	SE
Trail Mix Expose	NS
Classroom Analysis	JW

5 Things About Prelims	JW
CUNooz Cake	GG
Celeb Bets	MB
Hottest Babe	LM
The Longest Champ	AS
Crossword Solutions	SE
Richard Williams Expose	SE
Three Signs That	LM
Mate Factor	LM
The Lunatic at <i>The Lunatic</i>	NS
Love Advice	IK
Whorescopes	RG
Jared Fogle Confession	DB
Jared Fogle Art	SE
Poetry	AO
Blood Moon	AW
Time Spent in Library	AS
Mac Apple	RG
Friedrich Grindr	BJP
Periwinkle	NM
Nihilism	WI
The Splurge	AS
Cornell's Gorges Ladies	ZF
Spot the Difference	AS
Ithaca is Gorges	TS
Haikus	TGS
Milk?	ZM
Who Wore it Best?	MI
Back Cover	JW



Milk, the frothy lifeblood of the heartland. That wondrous white which flows from the healthy teat of the female bovine. We know that it basically consists of water, calcium, and naturally occurring proteins and lipidws. But one question remains unanswered: **WHAT IS MILK?** Find out next issue!



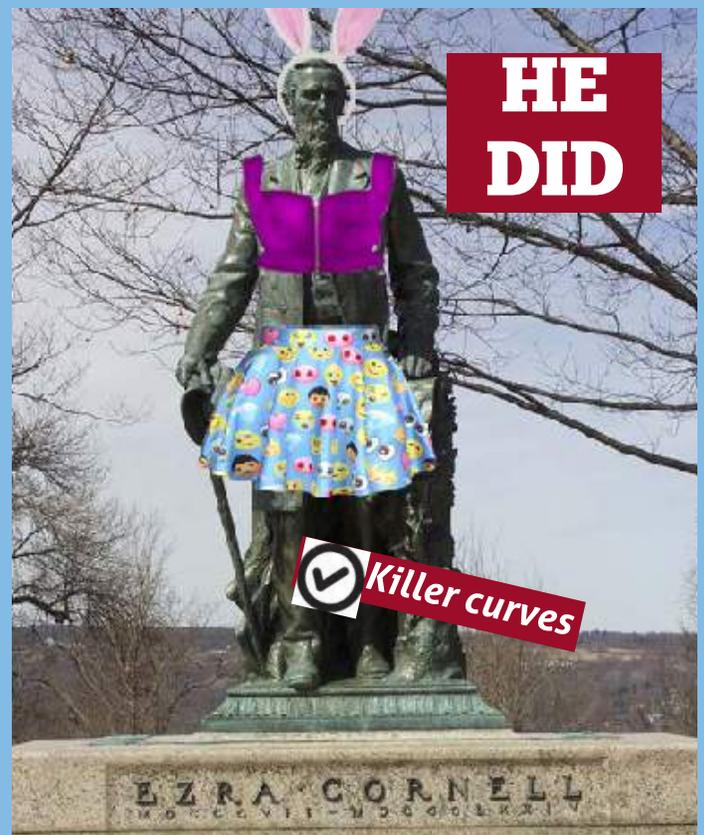
Long-standing fashion rivalry between Andrew Dickson White and Ezra Cornell heats up



Who wore it best?



- ◆ 96% agree that Andrew's skirt is too long
- ◆ 9/10 say the bunny ears should be more fitted



- ◆ 87% agree that Ezra rocks the crop top
- ◆ 10/10 say the mini skirt highlights Ezra's amazing figure



MISSING

Name: Corbin Bleu

Age: 26

Last Seen: HSM3

**Help find
Corbin Bleu!**

findcorbinbleu.org

**He'd do the
same for you!**

#FindCorbin