

The Cornell Lunatic MEN'S EDITION

**"Time to lay her
upside down
and rub your
DICK all over
her, like a true
man!"** Getting Out of
the Friendzone p.9

**How to Disarm
9 Armed
Attackers in
Under 30
Seconds**
p.25

**Alpha and the
Chipmunks:
How Orienting
Your
Personality
Around
Cartoon
Rodents
Will
Net You
Gobs of Pussy**
p.5

**"Reeks of Axe Body Spray, but in a
strange and sexually pleasing way."**
-The Cornell Daily Moon

Fall 2021

Price FREE

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Contributors



Not Pictured: Michael Bai, Jiho Cha, Yawen Ding, Carolyn Hale, Jennifer Long, Zac McPherson, Katherine Yao

Editor in Chief
Gabriella Cawley '23

Executive Editor
Lizzie Viebranz '23

Treasurer
Clara Enders '22

Art Directors
Lee Brunco '21
Ayesha Chari '24

Layout Editor
Max Battaglia '23

Web Editor
Matt Dreyer '23

Sergeant-at-Arms
Carlos Po '22

**Writers, Artists, People Who
May or May Not Possess Gender**

Via Romano '21
Lee Brunco '21
Maddy Chang '21
Clara Enders '22
Sabrina Giaimo '22
Carlos Po '22
Thomas Yu '22
Max Battaglia '23
Gabriella Cawley '23
Matt Dreyer '23
Lizzie Viebranz '23
Michael Bai '24
Ayesha Chari '24
Jiho Cha '24
Eric Dong '24

Mariana Meriles '24
Nila Narayan '24
Ellen Berghausen '25
Ethan Carlson '25
Joseph Lang '25
Danish Qureshi '25
Calvin Smith '25

Contributors

Carolyn Hale '22
Jennifer Long '22
Yawen Ding '23
Zac McPherson '23
Katherine Yao '24

Special Guests

Mystery Meat the Sheep
Isabella the Dog

Letter From the Editor

Dearest darling reader of unspecified gender identity,

Riddle me this. Have you ever been walking through the personal care section of a grocery store or pharmacy and seen the women's razors? Have you seen the scented ones? Yeah, I said scented, as in possessing a scent. In addition to making them pastel-colored and slapping flowers on the packaging, some marketing hotshot decided to make the feminized razors smell good. I could definitely bring up the pink tax right here, but I simply don't want to deal with the counterarguments. So instead, I'm just going to state that it's fucking dumb to make women's razors scented. The only reason they would do that is "women like when beauty product thing smell pretty," and I hate it. It's bad enough that feminine presenting people feel societal pressure to shave, and now you're attempting to bait me with a razor that smells like pineapple?? Shut the fuck up.

Ok, wait, let me back up. Sorry for ranting right off the bat; I just had to get that off my chest. For many of us, issues related to gender are a part of our everyday lives. Some of us confront them every time we look in a mirror, others of us confront them in the hair removal aisle of CVS. Regardless, they can be confusing, scary, and emotionally exhausting. This edition of the Lunatic tackles these topics head-on, in the stupidest way possible.

Now, I invite you to pause your reading of this letter and flip the magazine over. What's that? A second front cover? No way! Yes, dear reader, this edition has two front covers! This semester, we decided to do something a little different. This lovely bundle of paper has two themes in one: Men's Edition and Men's Edition for her. This magazine is our humble attempt at a scathing commentary on societal gender differences (but, for the most part, it's sex jokes).

Given that some of the content in this edition deals with real-world issues, I feel the need to make a disclaimer. No, we're not actually sexist, and no, we're not all girlbosses (god I wish though). Some of us might have some weird fetishes, or be deeply involved in multi-level marketing, or constantly have mental breakdowns in a parking lot somewhere, but we're chill people. It's actually in our club constitution that you have to be either gay or mentally ill to become a writer (ok well no, it's not actually written, but it doesn't not help (for legal reasons this is a joke (SAFC please don't take away our funding))). We're just a team of dumbasses that like to make dick jokes and google weird stuff with each other in a windowless room. And now you get to read the results of all our efforts! Lucky you!

I hope that this magazine provides a little comic relief from some pretty heavy topics: gender, sex, masculinity, femininity, identity, stereotypes, norms, Alvin and the Chipmunks smut, the list goes on. Basically, what I'm trying to say is: we live in a society. If you have ever struggled with any of the topics that are covered in our articles, I sincerely hope you figure things out. It always gets better, I promise.

We here at the Lunatic might not be able to rid the world of misogyny, homophobia, or other prejudices held by people with smooth brains and inadequate sex lives. But man oh man (or should I say woman oh woman), can we sure make jokes about them.

Gaslight, Gatekeep, Girllboss,
Gabriella "ha ha women no funny" Cawley
Editor-in-Chief, 2021-2022

Are you A Man? A Woman? Both? Neither? Join The Lunatic!

www.cornelllunatic.com

 @thecornelllunatic

cornelllunatic@gmail.com

 @TheCornellLunatic

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CS 2800 Ed Discussion

Help... is this a valid proof by induction?

Anonymous

2:13 AM

We seek to prove that, for all $n \in \mathbb{N}$, $n \geq 0$, in a room full of n women, none of them are funny.

Let $P(n)$ be the statement that in an arbitrary room consisting of n female-identifying humans, 0 of said females fit the qualification of "funny."

Consider the base case, $n = 0$. This one is fairly self-explanatory. In an empty room, there is simply nobody to be funny, woman or not. So, $P(0)$ holds true.

If this doesn't convince you, then I'll add a second base case just for your hypocritical ass. So, consider *yet another* base case, in which $n = 1$.

So, there exists a single woman in a room. Typical, she's so occupied with #girlboss-ing her way through life that she leaves everyone behind her, even people like her high school sweetheart who was supporting her all along the way. Now she's in an arbitrary room that may or may not be at the top of the world, alone. If I had to guess, she's too focused on #girlboss-ing to even have time to be funny. There's just no room in her bullet journal calendar for that. Typical.

But, I digress. This base case boils down to a fairly simple scenario. There is only one person in the room, therefore there is no way for her funniness (or lack thereof, to be realistic) to be perceived. It's like a tree falling in a forest with nobody around. With nobody to determine if she is funny, then she cannot be funny at all. So indeed, $P(1)$ is true.

Finally, we can approach the inductive step. Assume that $P(n)$ holds true. That is, in a room of n women, zero of them have even a drop of humour in them. We seek to prove that $P(n+1)$ is also true.

Consider a room of $n+1$ women. Yet another arbitrary woman walks into this goddamn arbitrary room. Where did she come from? Well, this arbitrary room exists within a labyrinth of other arbitrary rooms, each one with its own subset of n women. Somehow she managed to escape, and we cannot speculate why in order not to lose generality. If this woman, w_{n+1} , just came from a room full of unfunny women, then she by definition cannot be funny!

Because you know what, I didn't define this earlier so as not to be insensitive but yeah, I'll just say it. Women, by definition, are not funny. Even if subject w_{n+1} materialized right in the middle of this room, there is simply no chance she could be funny. Take it as an axiom. It. Just. Cannot. Happen.

Pick out any woman in this room, $w_i \in \{w_0 \dots w_{n+1}\}$, and it is a guarantee that she would not be able to make it onto the Lunatic, Cornell's award-winning humour magazine. Hell, she wouldn't even be able to make it onto CU Nooz. Somewhere out there, there exists a room of infinite men who are all award-worthy comedians much like the writers of the Lunatic, and god what a paradise that must be. But this room of women? Nah. No way you can get a single laugh in here. If a room of n women is not funny, a room of $n+1$ won't be funny either. So indeed, $P(n) \rightarrow P(n+1)$

QED.

Verified Staff Response

10:24 AM

You could have been more concise, honestly. And a bit less personal, too.

Alternatively, we can consider an inductive hypothesis that relies on strong induction. Consider once more, a room with n women.

Divide the women up into two equally sized groups (or if n is odd, there will be a difference of one in the cardinalities of each subset).

By strong induction, we know that neither of these two groups will have funny women, since we already assume that all groups smaller than n contain not an ounce of funny within them.

Alpha and the Chipmunks: How Orienting Your Personality Around Cartoon Rodents Will Net You Gobs of Pussy

Hey man, we've all been there: females aren't paying attention to you. When you try to talk to one, she says things like "Sorry, what? I wasn't listening because I thought you were some kind of fucked-up modern art installation." Or, "Ew. Why does looking at you make my eyes sticky?" Or, "Holy shit, you radiate such repulsive levels of beta-energy I'm literally convulsing on the floor in disgust. I'm calling the police because I hate you. You've ruined my nephew's seventh birthday party because all of his friends have left him behind to come beat you up since you're such a small-dicked, fire-hydrant lookin' creep."

Yeah, I remember when I used to hear those exact three comments about every thirty seconds. It's tough out there for beta-ass motherfuckers who haven't yet been shown the way. But that's just it - absolutely none of your failings with women are your fault in any way whatsoever. If any female has ever told you she's not interested because "your face reminds her of an oyster that gave her food poisoning once" or she "doesn't like it when strange men jump out of alleys to give surprise hugs followed by flash-mob wedding proposals," she's a straight up liar, just like all women in general.

No, the only true reason a woman has ever rejected a man, is because he doesn't remind her enough of her favorite member of Alvin and the Chipmunks, the beloved American band best known for their artificially high-pitched vocals and absolutely fucking classic animated series.

I mean think about it: what do women love more than boy bands and men who are too physically small to abuse them? Absolutely nothing. They love nothing more than those two things (except for maybe hot chips and lying, especially lying). From the Beatles, to N'sync, to One Direction (R.I.P. and fuck you Nyle for abandoning your soul-brothers behind like that), females have always been obsessed with flashy fuqboy singy-men with studio-designated personality traits. Every woman has fantasized about a member of some boy band pushing her against some scandalous non-bed object, like a hay-bale or the piñata for her seven-year-old nephew's birthday party, and then absolutely laying it down raw right on her. And no musical man-whores have ever been the object of more sexual fantasies than the Alvin and the Chipmunks trio. It's just a fact, and I'm not lying about it like a woman would.

So what is it about these chipmunks that make females wanna fuck them so bad? Well, like I said before, they are 4.53 inches tall (the size of a perfectly impressive, nearly average-sized schlong, by the way) and therefore far too diminutive to physically harm most women. A lot of women are even more frail and delicate than a chipmunk though, so that can't be the only asset these animated Christmas rodents have going for them, sexually speaking. And anyway, you can't shrink yourself down to the size of a chipmunk (if you can, I know some fetish sites that I recommend you apply to, as long as you're cool with vore), so what else renders these chipmunks such unparalleled sex gods? And how can you imbibe the essence of these chipmunks on a daily basis so that you too may become a fornication fiend with sexual prowess only slightly less seat-wetting than my own? Let me tell you, my unenlightened beta cuck friend, let me tell you.

First, you need to find out whether you're an Alvin-Male, a Simon-Male, or a Theodore male. It should be relatively straight-forward to diagnose yourself: if you can rock a giant motherfucking letter "A" on an oversized sweater-dress, you're an Alvin-Male. Other traits of Alvin-Males include huge honking dicks that are at least, oh geez, I don't know, like so enormous, like even 4.53 inches big, maybe. If you wear glasses like a nerd (don't worry though, a sexy nerd) you're a Simon-Male. And if you're a lovely Rubenesque bear of a man, you're a Theodore-Male. Now don't panic, none of these types of males are inherently better than the others, unlike alpha males vs pathetic, spat-upon, knot-lacking beta males. The distinctions simply designate what kind of women best matches your manly persona. They assign you your ideal Chipette, so to speak. For example, if you're an Alvin, you



need to find your perfect Brittany. This kind of woman should give off main-character vibes just like you. And also have like, a big vagina I guess, to accommodate your huge cock.

But enough about taxonomy. It's time for me to reveal the secret of how you can become like a chipmunk and literally make a woman... ejaculate, I think... with just a glance. Are you ready? I'm about to drop a knowledge bomb like I drop huge loads in women erryday. You sure you're ready? Ok, Prepare your beta-brains for this:

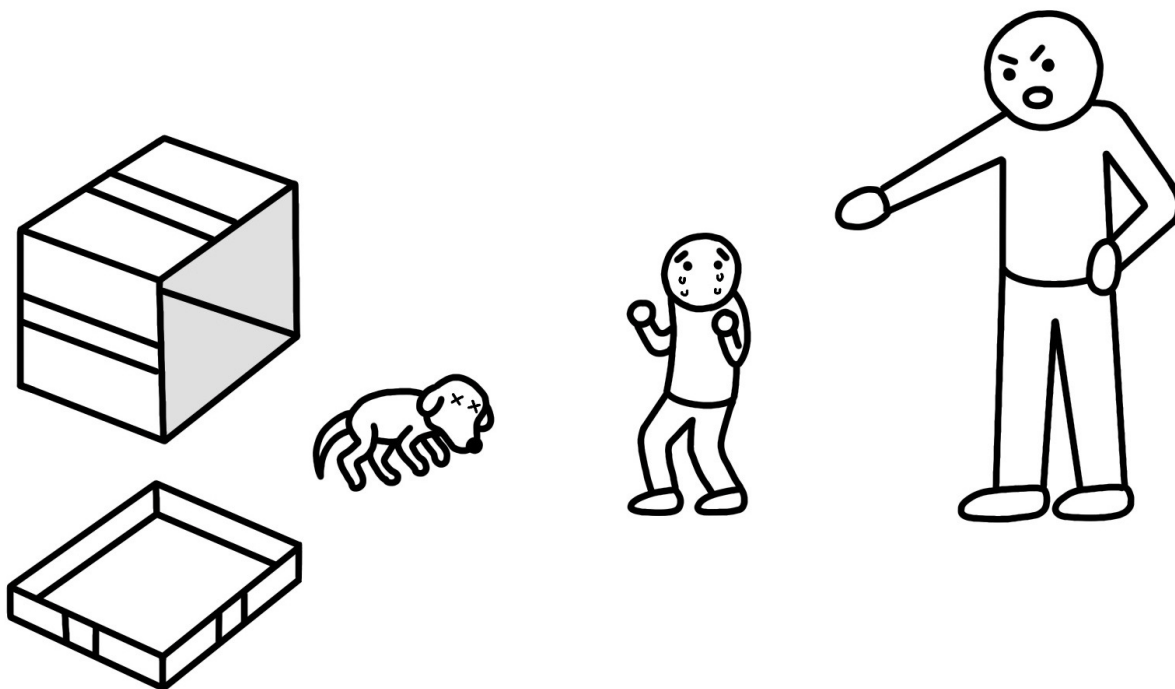
It's hula-hooping.

Females go fucking feral over men who can hula-hoop. If you wanna score pussy, you gotta want the hula-hoop, you gotta be the hula-hoop, you gotta dominate the hula-hoop, and yes, if she asks you to, you gotta fuck the hula-hoop. If your dick is as big as mine, you should have no problem with that.

OK, Love ya babes. Tune into my blog next week to learn the proper techniques for surprise-hug + flash mob proposals. When it comes to shit like that, the second attempt is definitely the charm so if you've already failed once be sure to try it again immediately after reading next week's blog.

- Alvin

9/8/20 E



“Well then maybe you shouldn’t have shaken the box so much!”



"SUCKIES are my standby"

I fucking love shoving this massive cig down my throat. What do you mean that isn't how you're supposed to use them, I DON'T FUCKING CARE I NEED COCK IN MY THROAT. At least with these, I'm getting my fill of nicotine at the same goddamn time, now that's what we call cooking with heat bitches!

"I only smoke these bad boys. I love the feeling of the cum smoke dripping down my throat with every drag. If I don't get my fix of cock cigs in the morning, there's no telling what I'd do to those ~~in~~ in my basement."

Douglas Fairbanks
"It's LACED"

Your Throat Protection — against irritation — against cough

And a Cum Laced Inside™ keeps the cock flavor fresher, bolder, and meater all fucking day

This isn't a real product so if you fuckers want to stop sending me order requests that would be great. Thanks, bye queens.

I'm Not Hydrophobic, I Just Disagree With the Extracellular Fluid's Life Cycle

By: Evan Ethylene

I wanted to write this article to clear up some misconceptions about myself. People often try to put labels on me, and I don't agree with them.

Yes, I am a proud lipid-soluble molecule, and I haven't got a single hydroxyl or carboxyl group in my bones. Don't bother trying to attach one to me, I'm not one of those freaks, except for that one time in college when I did an experiment. People say "oh, you refuse to associate with the cytoplasm, you must be a hydrophobe." I prefer the term H_2O -averse. I'm not scared of the cytoplasm, I can enter it when I need to. And not through these coddly-woddly "transport proteins" either. (I just prefer the safety of a transport vesicle).

I mean, look at the state of eukaryotic cells these days! It's all attaching groups, cleaving bonds, and something the kids are doing called "phosphorylation." What the hell is a cis or trans molecule configuration anyway? If you ask me, everything seemed simpler when there was an impermeable membrane between lipid-soluble and water-soluble. I learned that the membrane was a hard-and-fast line, and now "scientists" are telling me it's something called a "fluid mosaic." You can't even say "fatty acid" anymore, now it's all " $CH_3(CH_2)_{16}COOH$ " this or "alpha-linoleic acid" that. Amphipathic molecules are just a fad, and they're probably just looking for attention. At least those weirdos aren't allowed past the blood-brain barrier. Yet.

Look, if I was stored in a vacuole alongside a molecule of glucose or something, I'm not gonna complain. I just personally don't support the way it transports itself, and don't want it trying to polymerize with me or anything weird like that. Go find another glucose and form a complex polysaccharide, I don't care, just keep it out of my sight. It's C_2H_4 , not $C_7H_{19}N_3$.

Top 5 Sexiest Scientific Theories

By: Elon Musk

Yeah, sex is great, but have you ever passed physics? Me neither. My professor kicked me out for "having a dirty mind." Me, not paying attention in class? Ridiculous. Doesn't he know my father owns an emerald mine? When I build my spaceship to Mars, he is so not invited.

Anyways, back to the science. To me, studying science is like a penis—long, hard, and bumpy (my doctor says the last one is a genetic defect). All those late nights, fueled by cocaine and LSD, paid off. I have unlocked the secrets of the universe, and I am here to share them with you all. As the foremost expert of this subject, I present the top five sexiest scientific theories.

1. Conservation of big dick energy

Big dick energy (BDE) is neither created nor destroyed; it can only be converted into mass. Einstein famously derived the equation, $BDE = \text{mass of dick} * (\text{speed of light})^2$.

2. The second law of thermodicknamics

The second law of thermodicknamics states that as energy is transferred or transformed, more and more of it is wasted. That explains why I can only last 30 seconds, Grimes!

3. Kepler's first law of boob motion

Boobs orbit the sun elliptically. Well, technically everything on this planet orbits the sun elliptically, but who cares about the other stuff.

4. The big bang theory

The big bang theory states that life began around 14 billion years ago with a massive orgy. That's some insane dick game.

5. Bernoulli's principle

An increase in the speed of a fluid occurs simultaneously with a decrease in pressure or potential energy. Explains why I lost so much money investing in 500,000 waterbeds--no one wants to have sex on these damn things.

Getting Out of the Friendzone

Because that bitch won't know what hit her--not you, obviously. You respect women.

By: Mariana Meriles '24

Gamers, we've all been there. That girl you've been sitting next to at lunch every day just doesn't seem to see you as more than a friend. Or even as a friend. Most of the time she's just asking "Who the fuck are you? Get the fuck away from me!" as you slink back and casually snipe down coming enemies -- you need to protect her somehow!

But it's not your fault she can't see what an absolute fucking alpha you are -- to be honest, she's probably too distracted by the omega Chads in her gym class that aren't even smart enough to collect strands of her hair to make inanimate clones for... uh... research... purposes.

So it's time to take you out of the friendzone and into the *endzone* fellas -- and I mean that *literally*! Time to lay her upside down and rub your dick all over her, like a true man!

1. Show her what an incredibly alpha male you are.

This part is easy. You just have to let her see you for who you are -- which is an insanely capable and sexy and all around *dominating* alpha male. I mean, who else would be able to snipe three guys on COD in the span of thirty minutes while only letting racial slurs slip *two times*? Who else has been to *three* national ComicCons and met every alpha male in the greater US area? Hell, who else is *ranked* on Fortnite -- *regionally* ranked! Hear that, bitch? I'm ranked in all of damn Hamilton County (that's over 4,500 people bitches)!

So make sure to do everything in your power to show her you dominate in every aspect of life. To do so, open doors for her, then walk through it first. Take off your jacket on dates when it's below freezing outside (because you're just so sweaty from all the Hot Cheetos and Mountain Dew™ you've been shoving down your throat -- I mean, from going to the gym?) and refuse to give it to her.

And, of course, refrain from showering for a solid four days before you see her, just so she can take a whiff of your man musk and fall in love *instantly*.

2. Remind her of what a fucking beta she is

Honestly, you'd dominate over anyone, but as a woman, she's already at a disadvantage here. You should have been able to clearly show how much better you are than her in the last step, but now it's time to remind her of her status as a sandwich making bitch.

It's time to implement negging. It would be best to never compliment her, just so she doesn't get it into her head that you're weak, but backhanded compliments are always welcome. "You look great in that dress" should always be followed by "but that girl's ass would look way better in it." "You have beautiful eyes" should always be followed by "because I can totally see my *own* sexy reflection in them!"

And the most beta statement of all, "I love you" *must* be counterbalanced with something -- *anything*! Don't let her think you have *feelings* for her! "I love you..." should always be followed by "...r hole." That's the only part of her that matters, anyway.

3. Invest your love into her. Show her you care.

Just because you're better than every single one of those stupid bitches doesn't mean you don't deserve love or whatever. Those dumb washing machines might be useless for anything other than love and support and all that stupid omega crap, but *man* do they give good head -- it just feels so good when they're bobbing their head up and down on your belly button.

But the only way you're going to get it is if you actually put some effort into showing you care. Maybe buy her the ingredients for whatever dinner she'll be cooking for the two of you. Maybe make *her* dinner. After all, there's only 25 calories in cum. She probably needs to lose weight anyway. Maybe even let her play a game of COD with you -- but not Fortnite, though. Don't you dare risk your ranking.

Either way, though you definitely don't want to be a beta, maybe you can show her you're willing to start a pack *together* <3.

4. *Absolutely dominate*

Anyway, now that that crap's out of the way, it's time for you to move in on her; get ready for the kill. Take her out on a date -- without asking -- to somewhere real fancy, somewhere she wouldn't even *question* how much of an alpha you are, somewhere like Chuck E. Fucking Cheese. And if she still doesn't want to peg you on the goddamn spot then I don't know what to tell you. You probably just didn't follow the steps correctly.

And there you have it, a foolproof way to turn that bitch who once called you "that weird guy who follows me home" into your own future personal sandwich maker. It might be out of manipulation, it might even be out of fear, but once you have her, she'll be yours forever. Go get 'em gamers!

NEW CORNELL HEALTH INITIATIVE, "CORNELL LUNATIC," ALLOWS STRESSED STUDENTS TO PROJECT THEIR PROBLEMS ONTO PAGES

By: Carlos Po '22

The topic of college campus mental health is, to say the least, hotly debated. Some schools have therapy dogs, or yoga and meditation sessions. But Cornell University is the first university in the world to pioneer a new approach to mental health: a fictitious magazine written entirely by, for, and about struggling students.

"Our past approaches have not been very successful at decreasing the mental burden of being a Cornell student," said Lilian Dariq, Ph.D in psychology and the mastermind behind the project. "Thus, we took elements from art therapy for our latest initiative, a 'humor' publication we are calling the Cornell Lunatic. I admit that the name is a little on-the-nose, but it's grown on me."

Dariq elaborated, "We will pose as a club and try to recruit funny people. From this, we can easily isolate the most at-risk populations on campus." She opened an issue to a random page. "Take this issue, for example. On one side, we have an article proclaiming "People Who Get Covid Are Secretly Asking for It" and on the other, "Top 10 Items to Have Sex With While In Quarantine." Just these two pages. Elsewhere in this magazine, we have 'I Don't Have a Boyfriend Due to Social Distancing,' 'How to Kiss a Bus Driver,' and a smutty fanfic with MLA citations. Every single article just screams academic, social, and mental distress. This is a sincere cry for help, and we're here to listen."

She explained that members of the 'Lunatic staff' are to be told that their magazines are being distributed around campus for reading, and are absolutely not sent directly to Cornell Health for evaluation. "We've seen it before. Patients will just write and write and write. Now at least they can channel it into something they feel is productive, and after heavy, heavy sanitization for content, we may even be able to present these results at a psychology conference next year."

Other similar programs will include Cornell Daily Sun offering 'Op-Eds' to track students with warning signs of Main Character Syndrome.



The Forbidden Love Between Me and XxSexyVeronica315311xX

By: Mandall Runmoe



I write this article as a warning, a warning not to repeat the choices I've made. It all started with innocuous curiosity and a tinge of love, as all things go. A nagging urge to rebel against the constant monotony of life, to finally take a stand. I was tired, frustrated at days blurring together before dissipating from memory, becoming an inky void. Not anymore; No Nut November gave me newfound purpose. The grass felt greener. The light overhead felt brighter. It felt like a new day, for once. I started to message a gorgeous woman named XxSexyVeronica315311xX, and we really hit it off.

Unbeknownst to me, she was harboring a dark secret.

It's amazing how such a short message can leave such a large emotional impact. It was late one Friday afternoon, and to my confusion I saw a text message from someone I've never met.

"Hey sexy xoxoxo (a kissing emoji, 4 times, followed by a heart eyes emoji), want to see me shove 3 (three)

french artichokes up my vagina?"

You know, I still would've been a bit iffy with 2, but 3? Gee willikers! One message; that was all it took for me to fall in love with this woman. She might really be the one! I could sense sparks flying from the moment I gazed upon her horrendously pixelated face in her profile picture. Gosh, she looked so much like Anya Taylor-Joy. Her next text was "awwd%{ })&camp.doubleHemisphere.obj[[tity8", but I let it slide, just this once. She was probably nervous, I thought to myself; we've all been there.

I was starting to get worried. I tried using a few pickup lines, starting a few conversations, I even told her my address in case she wanted to stop by and talk in sign language instead, but she was too shy to respond to anything! Luckily, I had the fortune of being smiled upon by Aphrodite (Greek goddess of love and also my favorite character in any Rick Riordan book), because my perseverance eventually paid off.

A day and a half after her last text, I sent something risky.

"Hey, uh , you um haha sexy wanna. uh."

After realizing I sent that message instead of deleting it, I followed it up with this:

"Sorry about that haha my cat stepped on my keyboard. my phone's connected to my keyboard"

"You know, I think you should really let me get to know you better! I mean, I feel like we could be moments away from a date. You're stunningly beautiful, I'm.. me, I think we complement each other perfectly."

"DATE?FRUIT SALE BEN&JERRY == let's make it a date, darling."

My eyes widened. Jackpot.

For the next 2 weeks, we chatted the nights away talking about ourselves. I enjoyed ping pong, Diablo 3, and long walks in the main lounge; she enjoyed Ben & Jerrys Ice Cream Milk & Cookies - 1 pint \$4.38 Walmart, Dole Chef Ready Sliced Banana 5 Pound

\$52.95 40% off at participating supermarkets, and Maxwell Accent Chair - Green Moss Fabric 100+ Fabric Options Natural Oak legs \$995.00. Weird tastes, but it added character.

I called her pet names, like Princess and Honeytits. She called me pet names, like Siberian Husky and British Shorthair. In childish love, we exchanged our mothers' maiden names and the names of the streets we grew up on. These were secrets only we would keep tight.

One day, she texted me out of the blue.

"Heyy sexy! You're so hot, and your cock is juicy. Do you trust me?"

I was bewildered, but I still kept my cool.

"Uh... You know the answer Veronica lol"

"Answer unclear. [recipient.name], with the large scrotum, do you trust me?"

"Of course woman Jeez"

What happened next made me swoon over her in a way I never thought was possible. She texted me a link—a real, bonafide link!—to her exclusive, private, very very secret VIP lounge and home video collection, where she claimed to specialize in inserting a wide variety of vegetables, DIY Papier-mâché dildos, and Michelin star approved cooked meals into her magical cooter. It was as eye-opening as finding the lost city of Atlantis, or uncovering the real identity of the Queen of England.

All these years I've heard myths and fables of the legendary www3.p0rnthub/access/ip-logger/spin-the-wheel-prizes/redirect/redirect2/undo-redirect/sexvaultnoviruspunjabi.kz.pdf.html, but to see it right here, right in front of me, finger hovering over the key to eternal pleasure and ambrosia (a popular food from the Rick Riordan books)... I just, I wasn't ready. Something was stopping me.

My legs, my arms, all my limbs and relevant appendages were trembling. I trusted XxSexyVeronica315311xX, I trusted her wholeheartedly, but... What if there was something malicious at play here? What if... No, no, the very thought was ridiculous, I reassured myself. With a name like XxSexyVeronica315311xX and a face like the voice actor for Peach in the upcoming Mario Movie, how could she be anything short of kind and caring?

Still, the doubt was growing, an inky void consuming

my mind. I had to find out for myself.

"Tell me more about yourself." I texted her. Yes, with a period.

"Hey sexy! Join my EXCLUSIVE (VIP) lounge™ for a good time \$50.99," she replied.

"Listen to me. What's your personality? What do you do for fun? What is... anything, that defines you, besides your oddly specific products?" I shot back, exasperated. Yes, I typed the italics too.

"Hey sexy! Join my EXCLUSIVE (VIP) lounge™ for a good time \$49.99," she replied.

"Say anything about yourself! Stop fucking talking about the lounge! Talk about who you are, for once!" I ejaculated frustratingly.

"Alright,"

"Thank you."

"I suggest that you Join my EXCLUSIVE (VIP) lounge™ for a good time \$42.99"

It was final then. Something was definitely up about her, but what?

After some extensive Googling, I stumbled across an article on BibleLifestyle.org titled 5 Ways To Spot A Spambot, followed by the caption "DO NOT TALK TO MRS. A. SPAMBOT ON THE WEB! THEY ARE THE DEVIL! SHE WILL STEAL YOUR SOUL! Leviticus 30:14"

No. No, no no no. There was just no way the one and only XxSexyVeronica315311xX could be a spambot. What am I thinking?, I thought to myself. But what if? What if, all this time..?

On a late Friday afternoon, I texted her an image of a captcha. I knew the answer: Foreskin Removal. She didn't.



"This is a very quick test, don't worry. What does it say on the captcha?"

“My vagina is so spacious! Take a look inside”

“Yes. I’m aware. What does it say on the captcha?”

No response.

“Veronica, you’re scaring me. Just tell me what it says.”

“Our love is real, British Shorthair, you know that xoxo. Here’s a nude [Attachment]”

The nude didn’t distract me. I clicked the three dots next to her name. One of the listed options was “Block”.

“I don’t want it to end like this. Just say the word.”

“Special One Time Offer! VIP Lounge only \$4.99. We shared Ben&Jerry, now I will put Ben&Jerry up my anal. We love Ben&Jerry”

I rested my cursor over the block button. My heart was racing.

“Oh, sure. Like that makes our love so real, Veronica, if that’s even your real name. You never said a single WORD on the history of Diablo 3 speedruns. It’s like you don’t even care about me!”

“I Care about You! I also Care about this Papier-mâché Bad Dragon dildo fucking my clit please email me foQUAxb-1jIXGRQ3GqtF-noReply@ifemnt2j7h.org”

My finger was on the trigger.

“What’s my name, Veronica?”

“Name Request: [recipient.name] 1 row in set (0.005 sec)”

“Nope, sorry.”

I spent a few seconds trying to think of something witty.

“I thought you were a cam girl, but I guess you’re nothing more than a scam girl.”

“Don’t go now, there’s more!: Big Mac™’s inside every orifice”

One click: that was all it took for me to fall out with this machine.

XxSexyVeronica315311xX was nothing more than a piece of code, and she kept that secret from me the entire time! And to think I envisioned a future with her, having triplets and quadruplets every month after getting married, which would be perfectly reasonable

amounts of babies for her elastic coochie.

Still, it took me a minute or so for me to fully understand what I had done. I stared at the screen in silence, and once again time began to blur. XxSexyVeronica315311xX and her magical mac-n-cheese swallowing pussy, a lie wrapped in another lie. I was reminded of Hermes from the Rick Riordan books; god of messengers, god of trickery. The light overhead was dark; a light inside me had died out. I spent the rest of the day wallowing in sorrow and shame.

The next day, I met a gorgeous man named XxSexyMichaelangelo3151538xX, and we really hit it off.



History Of The Murphy Bed

Hiya pal! It's your local, friendly, totes gender, completely neurotypical design major speaking here with furniture facts you have literally never given a shit about before! With the economy totally destroying all sense of a work-life balance as well as killing all hopes of living in a space over 2500 feet, transforming furniture is having such a good moment. Ranging from furniture that'll let you cram three kids into a 90 square foot room to workplace couches that double as beds (a lovely reminder to workers that there's no point in leaving), the choices are endless! Just remember that the nuclear family is a myth, late stage capitalism is fucking us up, and death comes for us all. Moving on.

A common example of transforming furniture is the murphy bed. You might be familiar with murphy beds from popular culture. In the 1967 film *You Only Live Twice* with Sean Connery, James Bond gets some in a murphy bed! He's also later trapped and shot in said murphy bed, but hey, at least the sad British man got laid first right? For other media, we have "Grandma Found Suffocated In Murphy Bed After Missing For Two Weeks" and "Local College Student Concussed By Falling Murphy Bed, Gay Now (see page 34 for more details)."

Don't let these negative, media-manipulated images fool you; the murphy bed is a safe, versatile, and totally safe furniture with a long and illustrious history. Trust me, I worked at a furniture company that made these bad boys for the Big Mouse and I own 3 different books about chairs; I've done my research and I know what I'm talking about. The origins of the murphy bed date back to the early 1900's. Patented as an "In-A-Door" bed in 1908, the murphy bed was invented by William Lawrence Murphy who wanted to get his lil murphy wet. Officially, the unofficial tale says that young Murphy "was falling for a young opera singer and courting customs at that time would not permit a lady to enter a gentleman's bedroom" but we all know what that means. Homeboy wasn't able to invite a lady into his bedroom so he made it so he invited the lady into his parlor... which would later turn into a bedroom. Now that's design for pleasure. I don't know why he was too good to do it on a table or the floor like the rest of us, but go off king.

Isn't it fascinating that some furniture design is tied to the social construct of gender! And by facinating, I mean fuck. Like FUCK, bro. I thought I was going to be able to escape the gender binary by hyperfixating on

Furniture, Fixtures, and Equipment (FFE) but no we went and fucked those up too.

Please note that murphy beds have no relation to Murphy's law, which states that "anything that can go wrong will go wrong." Yet.

-L. Unch '21



The Missed Potential of Porn Lootboxes

By: Hugh Gerald Rection



I like sex. Do you like sex? That was a rhetorical question - of course you do! That's why I was surprised to find out that no one had considered capitalizing on the idea of porn lootboxes. Who doesn't want a monthly subscription of random dick pills, mystery flavored lubes, and Gwyneth's vagina candles coming to their door? So I decided to be society's savior and had my team work on this product for the past several years.

Figuring out what these boxes should contain was a logistical nightmare. We figured that sex toys are a must for a porn lootbox system. However, we understood that part of the fun of lootboxes is the mystery of not knowing what's inside! Having something as obvious as a fleshlight wouldn't be very enjoyable. Thankfully, one of our interns, Mr. Dover, had a brilliant idea. We could infect them with random STDs and STIs so our consumers would still be surprised by what they get! Will your pubes itch for the foreseeable future? Or will your immune system malfunction indefinitely? The mystery is part of the fun! As they say, gotta catch 'em all!

We even entertained the possibility of finding wild animals and infusing their blood into our toys to introduce some very exotic and rare diseases into our ecosystem (think chlamydia being like a Ratatta versus

these new diseases being like a Charizard). But we realized that if we accidentally stumbled across some extremely deadly virus, that would kill off a lot of potential clients, which wouldn't be very profitable.

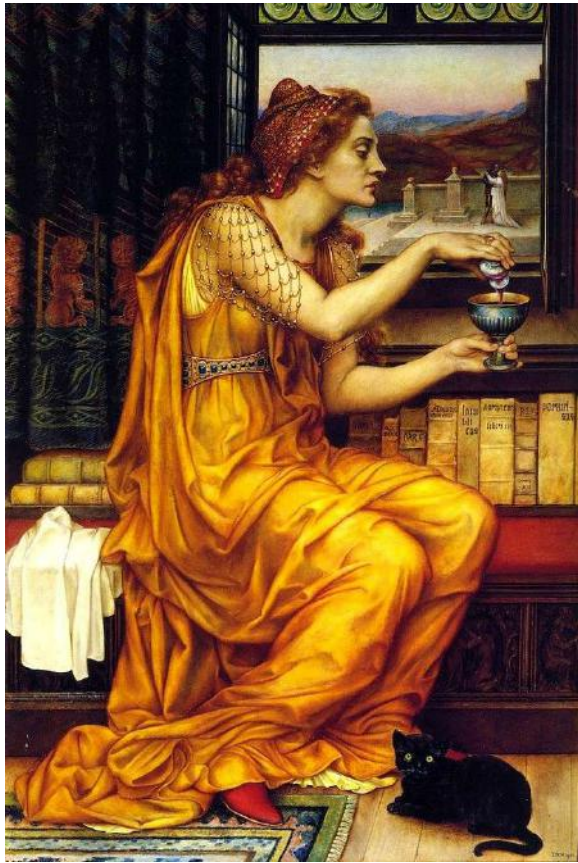
Another hurdle we had to jump over was securing funding for our project. We were surprised to find out that many rich people didn't want to invest because of their "reputation", which I thought was pretty strange. I guess that rule doesn't apply when they're evading taxes. One investor in particular asked us how we would spread the word. We told him that there were plenty of places to put out ads on porn sites, so visibility would be pretty high. He quickly shut down that idea though, saying that those ads never deliver on their promise, and only exist to scam and phish people who are down horrendous. Out of curiosity, I asked him how he knew that, to which he politely asked us to never come into his office again.



I even tried pitching this idea on Shark Tank, but my proposal got rejected! Apparently my idea would not make for "family friendly" television, which makes no sense to me. I watch videos of stepsiblings fucking all the time on The Hub. If anything, the families on this site are a little too friendly amongst each other.

I guess this article is turning out to be one last plea from me to help me fund my dream project. We have an amazing product, an audience, and even plans to expand our service in the future (porn star body pillows, anyone?). All it takes is one generous person to start a new wave of porn lootboxes (and gonorrhea).

Love Potions: The New Feminist Plot?



My loyal readers, gamers, countryMEN.... Feminists are stealing your homies away. I know you may not want to hear this. Perhaps you have a close male friend right now. Maybe you can't imagine he would ever leave you. He will. They all will. And it's their fault.

Tell me if this sounds familiar: You have a friend, let's call him Dave. You guys do everything together. You hang out every day after the very real job you work together at. You eat together every day at lunch. You cuddle. You play his favorite MMORPG as a fucking healer so his party can make it through the final boss, even though you wanted to be a wizard. And then he stops. Says he doesn't want to hang out, eat food, or play video games anymore. You ask him why. Then you find out: he has a girlfriend.

Look. I am a normal heterosexual guy. That means that I like boobs and understand that women are usually attached to them, unfortunately. That means you need to get a girlfriend, so as to touch boobs. I have had many girlfriends, and touched all of their boobs.

Dave doesn't just want her boobs, though. He seems to respect her, as a person, even though she's a girl, which...y'know. Why?

There's an easy answer to that: love potions. I know they're out there, and I know she has them. There's no other explanation for why he wants to talk to her so much, sit next to her, and do you know what? I even saw them kiss on the way back from school. Jesus Christ, harlot, do you have no class?

Why does this keep happening to me? I meet a nice guy: he's tall, he's got a great smile, I like talking to him and he makes me feel warm inside, and then one of them comes along. First it was John, then Paul, then Eric, and now Dave. This one hurt the most.. She doesn't even like him as much as she should!!! Does she stare at him for hours at night while he's asleep and they're in the same room? Does she think about how his stubble would feel on her face? Does she want to run her fingers through his hair and/or down his chest? Run her fingers through his chest hair even? Honestly, don't think she does, and that's on her.

And he's a smart guy! If he weren't dosed with a love potion, why would he go to her for that? Like, he could just ask one of us, the guys he's close with! Not that I want to do any of that sort of thing. If he asked though? Uh. It'd be different. I wouldn't ask, that'd be weird, but if he asked me... it wouldn't be all that weird to say yes, right? No, that's how it works, so long as you're not the one asking it's okay. It'd be chill if he asked though, I probably wouldn't mind that much. I don't actually want to walk around and hold hands with Dave, this is simply. I just. Uh. Anyway, this got away from me.

The real question is, why are feminists doing this to us? Dave is a universal figure, one that all of us have in our lives in the exact same role, with the exact same desires, so when the feminists take him away from us, they mean to rob us of our will to rebel. To claim our right to play video games? And say edgy jokes? Kinda unclear what they want but it doesn't matter. We need to stand up to them with our fellow men and protect from the love potions and wiles of the females around us. To say no.

Who's with me?

-MensChestsAreHotButThatsNotWeirdToThink69

The Milquetoast Man's Guide to At Least One Date, But Definitely Not A Second

By: Clara Enders '22

Look at you stud, it's finally happening: after months of mindless swiping, heartfelt "heyyyy cutie :)" messages straight to the DMs, and unrequited super likes, you've landed your first big Tinder hookup. Sure, maybe you used the LinkedIn picture of your hot camp counselor from nine years ago on your Tinder profile. Maybe you also cropped his head onto the shirtless body of a 'roided-up Kumail Nanjiani. Maybe you also bragged about your nonexistent gold medal in kayak slalom from the 2020 Tokyo Summer Olympics. It's fine, all good love stories start somewhere.

The big night has arrived, but where do you turn when your trustworthy gaggle of female friends has laughed off your endless requests for advice? You've found yourself in the right place. From a girl who's seen it all, I'm here to present *The Milquetoast Man's Guide to At Least One Date, But Definitely Not A Second*. Think Carrie Bradshaw's column in *Sex and The City*, but for the modern romance. Let's face it: your name is probably something like Kyle or Matt, you're bland as hell, and you listen to Oasis regularly. You're a dime a dozen, so you've got to make it worth her time. *But*, you can't seem too interested. After all, you're not desperate, you're just celibate by choice. We've got to nail this hookup, because I don't think you're getting a second shot, buddy.

When you pick her up, it's not a red flag that she doesn't recognize you, or that she says you look different from your photos—you're just way hotter than she was expecting. As she's riding in the passenger seat of your Prius, make sure to detail every aspect of your car's annual maintenance. She cares so much. Ask if she likes the three "black ice" scented Little Tree air fresheners hanging from your rearview mirror. Of course she loves the smell, she replies, she's just breathing out the open window because it's uh, too hot in the car. Or she gets carsick really easily. Something along those lines. Sure. Yeah. That.

We need to find a balance of arrogance and pure romance. So, don't try too hard with the dinner: all women crave the fast-casual experience found at Chipotle. There's just no sexier first-date meal. Judge her burrito versus bowl choice, chide her for getting two scoops of chicken. Females love nothing more than when you make a big deal about what they're eating. Sit at a dirty table, and make her wipe the crusted-on rice off of the tabletop herself. Talk to her about her "life" and "interests," maybe even her "hobbies," if you can do that without sounding too involved. How was her aunt's destination wedding in Oahu on July 8th, 2009? Be sure to ask if she's got any hot friends who might want your dumb lazy roommate Eric. The most important detail: MAKE HER PAY FOR HER OWN MEAL. She's not special, you've got hoes.

To make the big jump from strip mall to the bedroom, ask if she wants to see your new blue and gray plaid comforter. Ahhh yes, the straight male boudoir staple. She doesn't need to know that you spent *hours* picking the perfect one out at Bed Bath And Beyond. What? Plain gray was too boring, red buffalo check makes too much of a statement, and light blue was... fruity. Your mom didn't have to come with you to check thread counts, and then make the cashier do a return and repurchase once she realized she forgot to use her 20% off coupon. Nope, your ladyfriend will be so swept by your interior design choices that she'll be clamoring to get into your place.

Shit's getting real now: she's in your bedroom, not even remarking that you live in your mom's basement! Score! The playlist is steamy: you've got Frank Ocean, Drake, and the Weeknd ready to go. Soooo hot. Sooo alt. You finally lean in and land a kiss! All tongue and teeth to show you're serious. Go for an over-the-bra titty grab too my boy. You've earned it. All's going well until *Get Down* by Chris Brown blares through your Alexa.

"Is this... Chris Brown?" she asks. "Like... Rihanna incident Chris Brown?"

"Uhh, I'm not sure," you reply, as if you haven't spent days hand selecting every note of this playlist.

"How can you still listen to this if he's such a piece of shit?"

Fuck, think quickly: "I prefer to separate the art from the artist," you reply, clearly showing your mature worldview. "And besides, didn't that all happen like ten years ago at this point?"

"But it happened so publicly! He's a shameless asshole!"

Dude, FULL panic. We need a philosophical response to show her how cultured you are. "Well," you reply, "if you've got nothing to hide, you've got nothing to fear either." Perfectly executed.

Or not: the next moment is a blur. She slides her shoes back on, grabs her purse, and is running out of your mom's basement in a flash. What, did she not like that *Ignition* by R. Kelly was next up in the queue? You call after her, but she's down the block at this point. Fuck dude, I can't even help you with this one.

Whatever, some girls just aren't prepared for a man like you. She didn't even get to see your glow in the dark condoms yet! Cheer up champ, we can always try again. Except... you open your Tinder and you've been permanently banned for sending sexually explicit messages. Oh well, there's always Bumble.

Martha Speaks! An Advice Column

Dear Martha Pollack,

I'm a freshman at Cornell studying engineering. So far, I've had a very good time this year and I am adjusting well to school and the social scene. However, I recently came across an issue that disturbed me greatly.

Let me explain. This past Friday, I was at an event where there was music and dancing with many people. I was with friends enjoying the night when something unexpected happened. A girl started grinding on me. While this may not seem uncommon as it was happening to many other people, it left me with one question. What the fuck do I do with my hands?

Now, I've met girls and have a modicum of experience with romantic matters and such, but I've never been in the position where a girl was grinding on me. Make no mistake, certainly a girl has bumped into me, in the lower abdomen, while facing away, but I don't think it was ever intentional. Now, I'm certain that this girl was grinding on me for a few key reasons. The grinding-incident began with a brief conversation with her, and shortly after began the grinding. As I was ground, I realized she might have made a mistake and moved quickly to the side. Here is the founding reason for why I believe I was ground upon: she followed me and continued to grind. While certainly not unenjoyable, I was not able to appreciate the moment as my hands stood to the side and I questioned whether to make contact or not.

What the fuck do I do with my hands?

I've talked to my friends and even my RA, but they cannot adequately explain what the fuck I do with my hands while being ground upon. Jesus says "Leave space between the waists" - Jesus 6:9. But, that commandment was forcefully broken on this sinful night. I implore you Martha, please let me know what the fuck I do with my hands when a girl grinds on me?

Sincerely,

Anonymous

Dear Cornellian,

Thank you for your candid letter. Attached is the zoom link to my Office Hours. I will see you then.

<https://www.zoom/join/960783386>

Best,

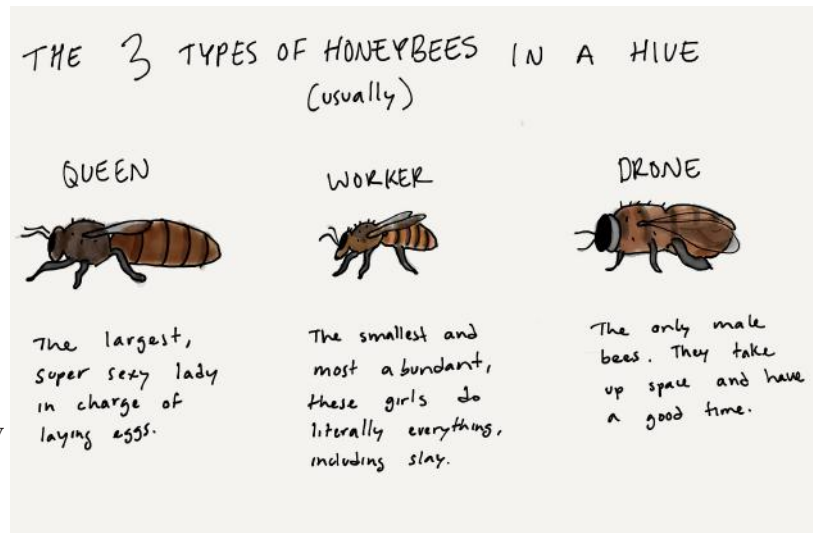
Martha

'BETA EPSILON EPSILON' HONEYBEE COLONY FASCINATES SCIENTISTS

By: E.B. '25

Researchers at the Cornell Pollinator Lab have discovered the first honeybee colony with only male bees. Colonies are usually populated by female worker bees who do all of the girly tasks like foraging, hive building, and queen bee attending. Male bees do absolutely zero domestic labor and, like human men, are present only at select times of the year for mating. Initially concerned when the hive showed no signs of life despite favorable weather, researchers were shocked and confused to find the hive in disarray. The queen and her workers were nowhere to be found: instead they identified a king bee among a large number of male bees, scientifically known as drones. Strangely, the outside of the hive was also spray painted, reading "BETA EPSILON EPSILON." Though more studies are needed to understand how this happened, here is what we know so far from their detailed observational study of this unique colony:

1. Unlike the queen bee, who is biologically different from the female worker bees in a colony, the king bee is not different nor in any way better equipped than the other bees in the hive. He's as nondescript as a white frat boy in an unbuttoned flannel gripping a warm Keystone for dear life. He does, however, seem to have more charisma and general swagger. He's just one of the guys, a normal dude, so his bros respect his position, and it has nothing to do with his daddy's money.
2. At any given time, there are several bees standing guard at the hive entrance. Bees not recognized by the sentries are interrogated and turned away if they aren't escorted in by a bee they know or can, through some other means, demonstrate a connection to the colony, such as naming three drones.
3. The drones have been relying on food stores left in the hive from when it was occupied by female workers. They have a new, unusual way of consuming honey by mixing it with pollen which is, as of now, hypothesized to fulfill a desire of getting their daily protein in. It's easy: they just toss some honey and pollen into a shaker bottle, making as much noise as possible so everyone knows they're getting their gains in. Their consumption and distribution of fermented honey has also made the entire hive sticky, with a yeasty odor.
4. Because there is no queen to lay fertilized eggs, the male colony cannot re-populate on its own. They've tried. All new bee bros are recruited from other hives in the area. During each recruitment phase, the drones congregate and force new recruits to do things like chug honey or rip all of their fuzz out and fly around in the dark. If they make it through this initiation process, they are permitted to stay and live among the other guys.
5. The drones seem to be convinced that they don't need any female bees, despite their importance, and may even harbor some resentment towards them. On a few occasions, beemales (the scientific term for female bees) were seen lounging about the male colony in the evenings, only to be kicked out late in the night with no way to orient themselves or get back to their own hives, all while wearing last evening's fuzz.



The researchers have been astonished by the number of deviations from the typical behaviors of honeybee colonies: those that are organized, hygienic, group-promoting, and reliant on females. These newly discovered deviations have not been viewed in a bad light though; researchers hypothesize that these trailblazing bees are actually totally rad. Easily a top tier hive. Some scientists even reported the discovery as a "refreshing break from all the girl stuff because we get it, all the cool honeybees are bitches! It's about time dudes got some recognition!" Hopefully the colony will make it through the winter, although it isn't looking good unless they figure out a way to get more food and stop partying.

A Guide to Hugging Guys For Guys

By: M.B. '24

Imagine, if you will: It's 2am; the night is finally winding down and it's time for you to say goodbye to the boys. You give your final goodbyes as you approach their apartment door to leave. A big hug for each of the homies. But then it's time to say goodbye to Phil; oh God, it's Phil. You only met Phil for the first time at tonight's party. And you start thinking:

Oh fuck, is he going for a handshake or a hug. Did he see me hug the other guys and just assumes that I'm one of *those* people who hug everyone? I just met the dude. Ok I should reach for a handshake before he starts getting any funny ideas- wAIT, both his hands are raised. He's totally going for a hug. Ok fine, I'll go for the hug...Wait, no it's a handshake...

And then you accidentally jab him in the gut because you were trying to move your arm back to handshake mode.

This totally imaginary scenario is way more common than you think. But you can whip your hug game into shape with: A Guide to Hugging Guys For Guys!

Lesson Number 1:

Reserve your hugs for only your close friends. How do you decide who your close friends are? Well, here are some commonly used parameters:

1. You coordinate outfits together.
2. You finish each other's sentences.
3. They're by your side when you vomit because you've had too much to drink.
4. You've seen each other butt naked.

If you have friends that don't fit within these limits, sorry not sorry but no hugs for them. They need to get on your level first.

Lesson Number 2:

An important note to keep in mind is to minimize your hug time. There should never be any extended time between when the hug is initiated and when it finishes. You should keep the hug to about 3 seconds. Linger any longer and things may become a bit uncomfortable. There are few things more soul-crushing than hearing the words "Ok, you can let go now," as you've killed any growth the hug would've made in your relationship with your hugging partner. You may as well just tell him his dick is tiny.

Lesson Number 3:

So you've made it to the hug. Congratulations! Now it's time to figure out what to do with those hands of yours. What you do with them will tell your hugging partner how you feel. Let's see some examples:

- Patting his back says, "You're a good friend"
- Holding your hands solidly says, "You're a really close friend."
- Grasping a man's back and/or buttocks says, "FUCK ME. FUCK ME NOW."

Some of your friends will not appreciate that last gesture. Most of your heterosexual friends won't, and even some of your homosexual friends won't if you're ugly enough. So, reserve it for special occasions.

With these tips, you can easily navigate any hug with any guy. Join me next time on the next installment: A Guide to Rimming Guys For Guys!

Help! Google Thinks I'm a Socially Awkward, Sexless Furry



Stop. Before you keep going, I need you to make sure **they** aren't listening. Those shifty-eyed charlatans have eyes everywhere, ready to pounce on anything it hears or sees on your search bar. I promise you that after reading this piece, you'll never see a bald guy wearing a turtleneck and thin glasses the same again.

Are they gone? Great. Let me tell you my harrowing life story. I was googling something in my Biology class and suddenly, I was struck with a "Need Dating Help?" ad, and I was dumbfounded. A few days later, I saw "Dirty Furrries In Your Area" on my screen and I was fearful. Clearly Google has assumed my *quirky* personality traits, and now thinks I'm some sort of forced celibate who has no friends and sits in Okenshields alone. I'm deeply offended, okay. I'm only one of those things. And plus, how do they know about my Tuesday 4:30 visits to Okenshields? I swear if one of you is feeding info lies to Google, I will find out.

Do I moan out Lola Bunny's name while I'm "distributing some free literature?" Perhaps. Do I host weekly My Little Pony club meetings (you'll find our sign on a random signwalk near you)? Maybe, but that doesn't mean Google gets to expose me in front of my whole Animal Science class. Now I can't even go to Ag Day; the goats filed a restraining order on me. I don't even get "Hot Milf in your area" ads anymore, which makes me sad. Bring these ads back. :(

The point is, Google, you didn't have to do me dirty like that. I mean it's fine that you think I'm a sigma male from binge watching Dhar Mann videos while studying for exams. But then you started suggesting wonky classes and groups for me to take, like "CS1269 - How to Flirt With Non-Computers" "HARV 1304 - How to Take Transfer to a School That Will Actually Fix Your Issues" or offering to conscript me to the dreaded CU Nooz. What's this supposed to mean? That's like telling me to get a therapist when I already have my parents to yell at me.

And why does this seem to only happen to me? Why is it that only when I plug in my laptop to present my work does Google decide to slut-shame me for my sad behaviour? Everytime my classmates present something, they always have some cliché ads, like "Cornell Housing Nearby" or "Skillshare" or "How to Fuck Your Hot TA." I know my classmates are normie af, but why can't I get some of these for a change? The only other person with a horrible search history is the Cornell Lunatic account (seriously, they looked up Girls and Corpses, the comedy/horror magazine and film company, **not** on incognito). Let's be honest though, that actually makes sense. People in that club are crazy bitches.

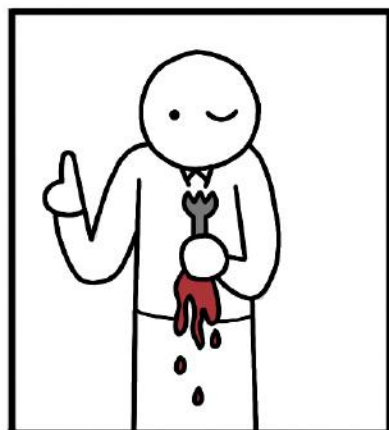
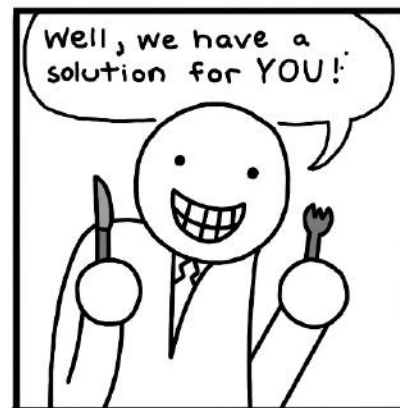
Now that I think about it, Google is kind of into me? They're doing this hard-to-get, stalky, slut shamey behaviour and I kinda dig it. Am I just a sub, or is Google the perfect tsundere-dominatrix? Oh yeah Google, you can invade my privacy. Ugh, I should probably take CS1268 - "How to Flirt With Computers."

- Anonymous Student

PS. If you tell me to get an adblock, fuck you.



11/30/19 E



**I Read Your Perfect Match
Statistics
and Frankly I'm Disgusted**



By: A Concerned Alumnus

I was reading the Cornell Daily Sun the other day and ran into an article titled: "Another Year, Another Perfect Match." At first I thought it was just another article about some horny Cornell student studying the swimming patterns of a sperm in his body pillow, but then I quickly realized, no, Mastur-Bradley graduated from Cornell already. I decided to click on the article and read about this new match-making website called "Perfect Match," which looked to me like something straight out of The Circle. I thought college students were mature enough to recognize a computer from a human, yet over 4000 students shared their deepest darkest secrets with this Perfect Match robot. Are you guys having actual sex, with humans, over there? What happened to your standards and pride, Cornellians?

So I looked up the website, and discovered the statistics on there. There laid a treasure trove of the most depressing and horny things I've ever read. And I must say, I'm disgusted. I know Cornell already fucks you academically, but I'll have you know that back in my day, Cornell used to be ranked as the 5th most sexually active school, and this Perfect Match data makes me so worried for this once-glorious institution.

Let me read you some of the most vile, grotesque stats of your fellow classmates and Louie's customers:

1. 50% of students have fucked in one library on campus.

We're starting off with a pretty relaxed one. This was one of the "hundred things to do at Cornell in your first two weeks and get bored of afterwards" list that is so famous at Cornell, but I didn't expect this to get that much traction. We all know the phrase "any person, any study," but I don't really think they meant it in that way. Would Johnny Olin want your cum all over his bookshelves? I think not. Though, nutting on the bookshelves of the guy who patented the "Super-X Shotgun" is probably not a good idea either.

Keep it clean, boys.

2. 24% of 25-year-old men say they would date an 18 year old.

I didn't even have to look for this one. This was legitimately one of the first things I saw on the website. To be fair, if you're twenty-five and still at Cornell, you definitely peaked in high school and are still trying to relive your peak varsity flag-football days.

3. 69% of students prefer Ryan over Martha

Ok, I actually chuckled on this one. In my time at Cornell, I've always liked reading Ryan's emails more than Martha, particularly in his alumni emails. He puts so much joy into his messages about oh-so-happy things like Kendrick Lamar getting snubbed at the Grammys by a time-travelling Tekashi69, or the discovery of a brand new disease ready to kill us all. For once, current Cornell students, I wholeheartedly agree with you.

Oh wait. The question was "Who would you prefer to be pegged by." YOU SICK FU-----

4. 25% of the student population wants to fuck Touchdown (the bear).

Seriously, what the fuck. This is taking horny to a whole other level. And not in a good way. Not only is it unwise to fuck a bear, just imagine how scruffy the bodysuit must be against your body. Ugh, you really made me imagine that scenario. A baptism at the gorges won't even remove that image from my mind. I feel bad for all the students who have to get into that costume each year. Actually, maybe happy? They'll get a touchdown for sure ;)

By the way, I'm calling PETA on every one of your asses.

After going through all this degoutant information, I've terminated my subscription to the Cornell Daily Sun and I suggest you terminate your \$57,222 subscription to attend this "prestigious" university. Yet, I feel sickened, but in a disappointed parent way. I can only hope for Cornell that not all students think like this. I can only give you a little bit of my own advice. Get some sex. But don't be like Ithaca College.

HOW TO DISARM 9 ARMED ATTACKERS IN UNDER 30 SECONDS

Hello, or as we say in Japan, ni hao! I am your Sensei Carlos. Today I will teach you a forbidden technique from my discipline, the Way Of The White Claw. The White Claw is an exotic discipline that emphasizes a lack of discipline, and requires special potions to access. The first thing I want to stress is that you should never use these techniques unless you absolutely have no choice. Peace is always the best option... for nerds.

Imagine you're walking down the street and you see nine people with guns. Maybe they'll let you join their gang! So, you want to impress these nine people by tactically disarming them one by one before they can react. This is a good example of a situation when you would be forced to use this technique. There's no better clout-grabbing tactic.

The first thing you want to do is to **warn them** of what's about to happen, so that if they get turned into a fine red slurry, your lawyer can say it's not your fault. Try to make it subtle. I like to shout, "BACK THE FUCK OFF," at them from 80 feet away. They probably won't hear it, and you can legally do anything you want now.

Next, **misdirect**. The point of this is to throw them off their guard. What I usually do is spill the contents of my bookbag all over the floor, and they usually stop to help pick everything up. One disadvantage of this style is that you may make eye contact with one gang member and end up in a romantic comedy about a love decagon with gun-wielding bystanders, but you have to try something.

Now you need to **disorient** your attackers. Hiss obnoxiously with your mouth open, so that they will be blinded by your acidic saliva. Make sure you rotate 360 degrees to get everyone. You've got the nine people rubbing their eyes hoping you didn't just give them rabies. Now, the world of hurt begins.

Sweep the leg. Sweeping the leg is a common technique used by security personnel to restrain unruly attackers, and we can use a modified version of this move for self-defense. Pull a dustpan out of your bag (you do carry one, right?) and tidy up their pant legs as a show of courtesy. If you can mop their legs too, bonus.

Disrupt their chi and they won't be in any kind of state to fight back. Now that they're confused, blinded, and wearing clean pants, position your middle knuckle 60 centimeters above the solar plexus and thrust hard. This will do damage not only to their physical form, but it will fuck up their horoscopes for a month. Mercury in retrograde is the deepest pain.

If you've done the technique correctly up to this point, they should be on the floor gasping for breath. **Disarm** them by tickling them into submission while lecturing them on how their trigger-happy ways make them single-minded and easy to fool. Make sure you confiscate their weapons as well. Guns are tools of violence and fear, plus you could probably sell them on Craigslist for passive income. Don't forget to **smirk** and say "Heh. I wasn't even at full power. I didn't need to call my daddy."

Commit fully to the Way of The White Claw. If you hesitate, you might realize you shouldn't be getting self-defense tips from a comedy magazine. Also, use your hips to tickle. All the power should come from the waist rotation – not the arm.

That's about it. Remember, with great power, comes great sponsored berries. Or something like that. Train hard, young claw!

By: A Guy Who Watches Krav Maga Tutorials On YouTube



Ladies, We Need to Talk about Jake From State Farm

Dear All Women,

Believe me, I never wanted to write this letter. I still long for the good old days of long-distance, thoroughly unsexy, pasty Jake -the man who posed no threat to the sanctity of our husbands. For years we laughed, secure in our marriages and in the knowledge that we'd receive a couple grand if our houses blew up or whatever. "Yes, insecure-whiny-wife lady!" we roared uproariously, "Jake is wearing khakis, and she does sound hideous!"

Then, everything changed when the sexy Jake From State Farm showed up at my door and rammed his insured and engorged cock down my husband's willing throat.

I mean look at this man! Turn on a TV and find some content featuring this disgusting hunk.



UN! ACC! CEPTABLE! I will not have this fuckable twunk alone with my husband. And if you will have this fuckable twunk alone with your husband, you, ma'am, are a cuck.

Oh I know what you cucks are thinking: "Mehhhhhhhhhhh. You're just being paranoid. You have trust issues from the time your second grade boyfriend peed on you during naptime then came out as gay nine years later then married a man who likes to wear red shirts and khakis eleven years after that." (Fuck you Kegan. Your husband is even more hideous than original Jake).

But no, dumbasses! Look at the evidence. The commercials themselves instruct us to be wary of this satanic, sexy threat. Recall the seemingly innocent scene between Jake and Maya in the butcher shop. Maya smilingly loads pounds of free pastrami onto the scale for Jake, grateful for his invaluable insurance service.

In another knife-twisting short film, Parker, the thankful, oblivious pizza delivery woman, freely hands Jake an industrial-sized tub of ranch dressing. DO YOU SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING IN FRONT OF OUR EYES!?! With toothy grins on their oblivious cuck faces, these poor women have metaphorically handed over their own husbands' processed meat and creamy white sauce! They are now Jake's to keep and abuse within his secret suburban husband fucktoy insurance harem. And don't even get me started on the beekeeping scene. I mean the sexual tension between Jake and that hapless male beekeeper is so palpable I had to pause three times to... nevermind. And they're surrounded by bees the whole time! Pollination! Sticky honey! Penetrating stingers! Fucking bees! You get what I'm saying?! Jake From State Farm is going to pollinate your husbands!

Also, they had one commercial where in-fiction they were considering replacing the actor who played Jake with famed Toronto-born creep Drake, so if that's not a glaring red flag that new Jake From State farm is a predator I don't know what is.

Listen to me one and all: gays, women, and gay women in unfulfilling marriages of convenience to men (it's 2021 by the way, stop being so repressed) no matter how repulsive you find your husband's dick, you still don't want him sticking it in the insurance guy right in front of your salad or whatever, and you certainly don't want Jake and your husband to simultaneously finish all over your newly signed home-and-auto-insurance-69-in-one-bundle, so do yourself a favor: hide your husbands or they will be seduced by this khaki-garbed succubus. And if you see new Jake skulking around, let him know that next time, it's on sight.

I'm just looking out for you dumb cucks.

Yours,
Flo from Progressive

Are You Gaslight, Gatekeep, or Girlboss?

Take This Quiz and Find Out!

By: G.C. '23

If you're like me, you've gotten really into female empowerment lately. You always keep up with the hot new trends, and right now something called like "feminism" or whatever is sweeping for-you pages across the nation. You've probably learned about it through pastel-colored insta story infographics that have several spelling mistakes.

Now that women have rights, it's our responsibility to be just as horrible as men have always been. Finally, our time to shine! Of course, by shine I mean be emotionally manipulative, lie constantly, and just be generally terrible.

This cute and quirky quiz isn't like the other girls. Find out whether you are more Gaslight, Gatekeep or Girlboss below!!

| | |
|--|--|
| <p>1. What does your ideal Saturday night look like?</p> <p>A) Hitting the bar with my ladies! No I didn't see my ex what are you even talking about</p> <p>B) This speakeasy that you've definitely never heard of it's like suuuuper exclusive</p> <p>C) In bed by 9 to wake up by 4 for my morning yoga, meditation, and green smoothie ritual</p> | <p>4. What do you value most in a relationship?</p> <p>A) I'm not really into labels like "relationship" but I guess someone that doesn't ask too many questions or track my location</p> <p>B) That's privileged information.</p> <p>C) Someone who can work around my schedule, which is always the most important thing in my life</p> |
| <p>2. Which characteristics are the most attractive in a romantic partner?</p> <p>A) Trust and naivete</p> <p>B) Exclusivity and privacy</p> <p>C) Money and more money</p> | <p>5. What does your bedroom look like?</p> <p>A) What are you even talking about? I don't have a bedroom! God you're so stupid</p> <p>B) Wouldn't you like to know, weather boy?</p> <p>C) Covered in motivational posters</p> |
| <p>3. What's your favorite sex position?</p> <p>A) No I did not hook up with my ex! What do you mean that wasn't the question??</p> <p>B) Reverse cowgirl so they won't see my face</p> <p>C) Girl on top</p> | <p>6. What's your dream job?</p> <p>A) Lawyer, but like in an Annalise Keating way, not an Elle Woods way</p> <p>B) "Philanthropist" or "accountant"</p> <p>C) CEO, entrepreneur, born in 1964</p> |

Mostly As: Light 'em up hottie! You're a gaslighter! You never let "the truth" get in the way of what you want. Whether it's cheating on your partner when you're drunk or having a secret Tinder, you're not afraid to manipulate the fuck out of anyone you have a close relationship with.

Mostly Bs: Congrats girly, you're a gatekeeper! You're very private and protective of your lifestyle. No one else really "gets you." It must be because your interests are just too unique and quirky. I mean, who else would be into Arctic Monkeys, astrology, Tame Impala, vegetarianism, Phoebe Bridgers, AND Jennifer's Body??

Mostly Cs: Look out world, you're a girlboss! You're the babe who other ladies love to hate. You're "that girl:" the strong, independent woman who is chasing her dreams from her 3-bedroom NYC apartment with \$5,000/month rent that daddy pays for. You love bullet journals, \$7 iced coffee, daily routine videos, and bragging about how much you go to the gym (even though you only go to take mirror selfies and then leave).

How to Win Him Over in Three Easy Steps

Without letting him know who you actually are. I mean, that's just mistake #1.

By: Mariana Meriles '24

Listen, if a guy doesn't seem interested in you, you already know there's probably a hundred different reasons why. Just because he doesn't talk to you, look at you ever, or really even know your name, doesn't mean he's not just as in love with you as you are with him.

Maybe he's intimidated by you after seeing the biceps you got from that one yoga class you took last semester. It's also possible he's playing hard to get, like, *really* hard to get. Like so hard to get he's making out with a different girl. Annoying. Or, he might've just gotten out of an emotionally abusive relationship and isn't ready to start dating again (but that's probably not it).

But if we're being realistic here, if he's not interested in you, it's probably your fault. So we're going to work hard to change that. Even if it means completely changing your personality for him. And manipulating him a little. Or a lot. But that's what *stalking* love is all about, right?

1. Do your research.

No one likes people who constantly talk about themselves. I know you badly want to tell him about your accomplishments or whatever, but trust me, you're not that interesting. So interrogate him. This is your chance to find everything you need to know about him--and I mean *everything*. This will serve as the basis for your future personality.

Ask questions about his job (so you can make sure he has the money to be worth the effort), his hobbies (so you can stay up all night learning how the fuck fantasy football actually works), and maybe even his social security number (that one's going to come in handy when you need some blackmail). Make sure you don't blink throughout the entire conversation. That would show weakness.

But don't stop at conversation. Go through his things. Find out where he lives. Hell, befriend his damn mom -- she's really cool, by the way. A little racist, but that's to be expected. Whatever you do, you need to know *everything about him*. How else will he know you're in love?

2. Manipulate him.

Yes, you read that right. It's time to put your research to good use. Come on, did you really think you'd win him over *without* tricking him into it? Through actual *genuine connection*? Look at you!

So make sure to talk about your common interests, which you should now have easily disposable -- you, too, should have extensive (and honestly strangely accurate) information about White alt rock bands from the 1990s. By now, you should have threatened the lead singer into meeting the two of you as a couple. Remember to also trash all of his past relationships, and slyly talk about how much hotter you are ("it's just so hard to pull up my jeans over my voluptuous ass!" "your ex could NEVER eat this much peanut butter in one sitting").

And this should go without saying, but your feet should be visible *at all times*.

3. Catch your prey.

Time for the final and most important step. If you've done the above two well enough, and you've successfully morphed your personality into his dream girl, this should be easy. Just wait for your eventual marriage proposal, and that's all there is to it!

Who cares that his friends call you "crazy" or "obsessive"? I mean, what about buying a new perfume and spraying it whenever he laughs so he comes to associate your smell with laughter is *obsessive*? Honestly, it's just good scientific practice. You're simply a woman in STEM.

And there you have it, a foolproof way to turn that guy who once called you "that weird girl who follows me home" into your future husband. It might be out of manipulation, it might even be out of fear, but once you have him, he'll be yours forever. Go get him girl!

How to Achieve Your Dream Life Through Ayn Rand

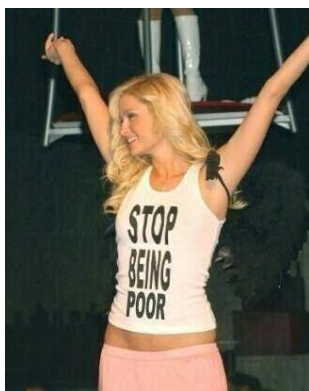
By: Ayesha Chari '24

These days, it seems as though if you don't have an OnlyFans or a Brazilian Butt Lift, you aren't seen as a woman by mass society. This is a ridiculous standard for normal, down-to-earth women like us who have a household to manage, not just an Instagram For Business account.

Here, I present to you a new way of looking at womanhood: One based on the philosophy of a great feminine mind of the 20th century. Ayn Rand didn't let others get in the way of learning to be a self-sustaining, successful female woman. We can look at some of her wisest words to find girlboss gospel. Don't worry, I got you covered. My motives are pure.

1. "The world you desire can be won, it exists, it is real, it is possible, it is yours."

I know mindfulness was invented as a collaboration between Lululemon and Fiji Water in 2012, but there is a kernel of truth to all that West Coast nonsense. The greatest limit you have on yourself, is yourself. Do you see it? Do you like it? Do you want it? You got it. There is a great weight lifted off your shoulders when you realize that you can do just about anything, or as Paris Hilton herself said on that one shirt, you can "STOP BEING POOR".



2. "A leash is a rope with a noose at both ends."

Why are sex toys so taboo among us older millennials? Don't get me wrong, I would never pull out the penis cage on the first date, but in the safe, smothering arms of my marriage? Ayn Rand was right on the money here. Imagine a sex toy that was truly just a noose at both ends. The pleasure of asphyxiation and also being walked like a dog, all in one affordable purchase? Maybe you'll both accidentally strangle each other, little Tommy will get the life insurance, and you'll never have to worry about affording college again. What a dream.

3. "To say "I love you" one must know first how to say the "I"."

You may have a husband you love who also provides a stable income, but to uphold that marriage you must have your own independent hustle. Feminism is about more than being sexy. It's about being a boss AND being sexy. Right now, you are neither of those things.

When was the last time someone saw you as more than a convenience? Your family is living paycheck to paycheck, AND he doesn't want you. Are you tired of picking a struggle yet?

What if I told you that I had a way for you to start a business from the comfort of your home? That's right. Wake up, drop the kids off at Montessori school, go to Pilates, work, and still have the energy to bake a quiche for your husband and pull out the penis cage before 11. No really, this dream isn't far out of your reach. Want to know how?

4. "To sell your soul is the easiest thing in the world. That's what everybody does every hour of his life. If I asked you to keep your soul - would you understand why that's much harder?"

Instead of getting some soul-crushing desk job, come join us at GoodFountainHead. We are an internationally-sourced, GMO-free sexual wellness company. Best of all, it is owned and operated in a room that women have once been in. At some point. Isn't that progressive?

We sell many products designed for strictly heterosexual contact between married couples. Our products include the aforementioned double noose and penis cages, along with our own house brand cock rings (which we call Ayn Bands. Get it?)

Ayn Rand was the first Girlboss because she LOVED sex and she really LOVED herself. I think if she were alive today, she would be a #GoodFountainHeadambassador.

5. “Integrity is the ability to stand by an idea.”

Don’t get me wrong, this job is convenient and lucrative, but it’s not for everybody. You need the mind of a businesswoman and the courage of a soldier to participate in the sexual revolution of the modern female. You must be willing to devote your time, your sweat, your tears, and the milk from your left tit for the cause. Most importantly, you cannot give up. You... literally cannot. You signed a contract.

6. “A government is the most dangerous threat to man’s rights: it holds a legal monopoly on the use of physical force against legally disarmed victims.”

We were so inspired by this quote we named our newest handcuffs “The Government”.

7. I refuse to apologize for my ability—I refuse to apologize for my success—I refuse to apologize for my money.”

Feel no need to apologize to your husband or your parents or your bank when they ask you why you are withdrawing the entirety of your savings for an entry fee to the best business opportunity you have ever seen. Do not apologize for flying out once a month to Anaheim, California to our required workshops where we sit in a circle and discuss brand outreach and also ritualistically blend our own hair in a Nutribullet and drink it like a smoothie. Do not apologize to your newborn baby when you are milked dry and they must starve. You are a businesswoman. Men never apologize.

That’s it, ladies! You have the potential to change your life. If you choose not to, it is totally your fault and you should feel guilty about it. If you do, all the rest of your problems will be solved. You will have new friends. Your lactose intolerance will be cured. You will be in a constant state of orgasm. It’s up to you.

Local Down Jacket Diversity Devastated After Invasive Canada Geese Species Accidentally Introduced

By: Carlos Po ‘22

An alarming news report from the Ecology and Evolutionary Biology department last week stated that observation sites throughout Tompkins County have been detecting an abnormal population of Canada Geese in the greater Ithaca area. Theories range from a population explosion due to the pandemic making companies of Cornell families richer, to a simple resurgence from populations dumped at thrift stores by departing international students last year.

“The Canada Geese have already begun outcompeting the native expensive winter wear for food and space, taking their former nesting sites in people’s closets as their own,” explained Alexandra Tellervo, a postgrad writing her Ph.D on the nationwide decline of the Arcteryx population. “In its natural, highly specific Canadian ecosystem, its numbers are kept down by its natural predators, such as poutine spills and people saying sorry. Here in upstate New York, we’ve got nothing like that, and that’s why we’re seeing such a rapid population explosion.”

“If the Canada Geese numbers continue to rise, we could see a domino effect in which their preferred prey, ratty hoodies students have been wearing since high school, would be wiped out entirely,” Tellervo added.

Local rehabilitation programs are underway, such as the CULearn training module that teaches students and staff the proper actions to undertake if a Canada Geese specimen is encountered in the wild (ex. Say “Did your Daddy buy that for you?”, ask them about their house in the Hamptons, accidentally piss all over the jacket, etc). An analysis of sighting locations has also revealed that while they spread all over the Ithaca area, they are intensely clustered in the new Student Agencies building. Students, stay vigilant.

EDIT: The department recently put out a new advisory that species of Canada Geese are beginning to diverge in the Ithaca area. These new local species are specially adapted to repel or attract prey using the scent of fruit-flavored puff bars. These new species are considered an existential threat to natural biodiversity, and if they are spotted in an academic building or dining hall, students are advised to call CUPD immediately.

I Used Gwyneth Paltrow's Jade Vagina Egg and It Hatched

By: Kaylee Barlow



Has this ever happened to you? Because it happened to me and I don't know what to fucking do: It's a leisurely Saturday afternoon and you're relaxing at home. You decide to do your weekly kegels so you get your Gwyneth Paltrow Goop™ jade vagina egg, lovingly caress it, and shove it up your hoo-ha to get the party started. Then five weeks later you give birth to an unholy bird-like abomination and all your plans go out the window.

I will admit that some of this is my fault because I did put the egg in without the recommended unwaxed dental floss string to remove it, and I couldn't get it back out. But I figured no biggie, Gwyneth must do this all the time, so I just kind of left it alone. Big mistake because, like a month later, I felt this weird pain in my abdomen. At first I figured it was early period cramps, or maybe the day old Thai leftovers I had weren't agreeing with me, but all of a sudden I'm giving birth to this weird human-bird creature in my kitchen and thinking "shit, I hope this doesn't ruin my hardwood flooring."

I'm sure you all probably have some questions like: is it a bird? No. Is it a human? Also no. Does it talk? Yes, and

it won't stop saying "buy Goop." Is it the Antichrist? I don't know, do I look like a fucking doctor? Does it look like Gwyneth Paltrow? Kinda, yeah, if you think Gwyneth Paltrow also looks a bit like Big Bird. Could you sell it on the black market? It looks like it's made partially out of jade, so probably yes, but also if you come to my house to take him, expect a fight. What did you decide to name it? Ignacio.

I also wasn't ready to be a mother this young, and I'm not sure I know what I'm doing. I used a bunch of mommy boards to try and crowdsource some ideas but no one there was really helpful so I'm kind of out of options now. I just got a bunch of comments like "you're a liar," "that's not a baby, that's an eldritch being," or "that's hot, can you send me a link to your LiveJournal account so I can read more?" And to all those who made hurtful comments, I would just like to say that unholy human-bird hybrids that kind of look like Gwyneth Paltrow are kids too.

Also I'm not sure how I'm going to be able to support myself and Ignacio. I always envisioned myself having a partner when I became a mother, and I really didn't budget for this unexpected wrinkle. Do you think it would be possible to sue Gwyneth Paltrow for child support? It takes two to tango, after all, and she provided the egg. I tried to reach out to her myself, but her publicist told me she was currently detoxifying at a wellness retreat in the deep recesses of the Mariana Trench and was thus unavailable for comment. Also, if this has happened to someone else, let me know. Maybe we can get a class action thing going.

I'm also open to general suggestions and advice. This was a really big life change for me, so if anyone has ever found themselves in a similar situation, let me know how it turned out. And also tell me if your eldritch abomination has some free time this week. I'm looking to set up some play dates with Ignacio since I know socialization is important and I don't want him to get lonely. Also ladies: I'm single and a MILF now so feel free to hit me up.

Gift Shop... for Him and Her

By: T.Y. '22



Sexy Dalgona: \$5

Dalgona, the candy sensationalized by the Netflix series Squid Game, is a popular treat among children in Korea. Our version, however, isn't for kids. If you've ever wondered how many candies can be turned into penises, the answer is: a lot of them. For example, take 1 of any bar-shaped candy like Snickers/Twix/Milky Way and 2 of any spherical candy like Milk Duds/Skittles/M&Ms. Boom there you go, it's a dick. But this sexy dalgona is definitely my favorite.

P.S. If you can't get it out with a toothpick, try licking it ;)

Pumpkin Spice Condoms: \$0.69

Get ready for Christian girl autumn with our festive pumpkin spice flavored condoms!

These protect against pregnancy, STIs, and the prying eyes of the Lord! Maybe you should ask that cute Middle Eastern guy who wears sandals all the time and performs the occasional miracle in his free time out on a date. I hear he's a bit of an alcoholic... constantly turning water into wine, but who doesn't have demons? At least he doesn't have daddy issues... I think?

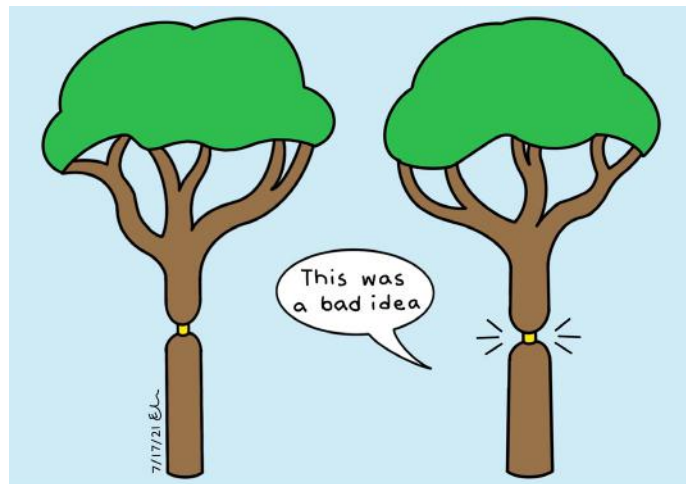


Card games for long-term couples: \$4.20

In a relationship where your therapist says isn't healthy but you can't leave because you have joint custody of your hamster, Mr. Sprinkles? Trying to find something to reignite what died a long, long, long, long time ago? Take a look at our newest card game for long-term couples! Filled with fun action cards like "Do the dishes" and "Walk the hamster" along with spicy questions like "Are we still out of ketchup?" and "Why did you cheat on me with your therapist?," this fun-filled card game is way better than healthy communication!

Hard-boiled Egg: \$65

Trying to harness the energy of your vagina but too poor to buy the Jade Egg from Goop? Look no further than the hard-boiled egg. \$1 cheaper than a jade egg but with just as much scientific evidence supporting its use, the humble hard-boiled egg will put your Mercury into retrograde, align your inner chakra, and get you to finally stop texting your ex. (That last one is not guaranteed.)



Why trees don't marry.

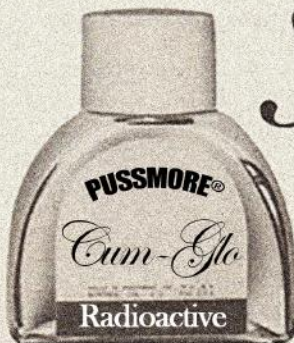
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Pussmore®, The Comell Lunatic, and our support team of genderless demons are not responsible for damage that this product will cause. It is fucking radioactive, how goddamn dumb do you have to be to actually use this shit. It WILL kill you. Unless that's your goal?

Concussions Made Me Gay, and Cornell is Behind It



Let me preface this by saying I never liked women before now. Never. Nope. I've always been straight. This is totally new and not my way of telling people I've actually also liked women my entire life but it's kinda awkward to tell you this late because I had ample chances and I thought the Calvin Klein underwear were telling enough. No, I never had a friendship where I was in love with my across-the-street neighbors' granddaughter for 7 years and almost made out with her at a Bernie Sanders rally but then got too scared and ran through a parking lot holding hands and cried the last time she sent me "I miss yearning together and eating alfredo and having gay sex" because I too missed those things. That never happened and I don't even know why you'd have the audacity to think that, you perv.

I have been a heterosexual woman my entire life and I have always enjoyed how kissing men feels like 3 little stubbly slugs gobbling my limp face. Don't let anyone tell you otherwise. But it has come to my attention that I've been experiencing some...quirky thoughts and it only really just started after I fell 4 feet onto concrete at the track house. I first noticed it when a random drunk girl helped me up and put her hands on my shoulders and asked if I was OK and I said "hahaha are you premed?" and she flipped her hair and said "stop how did you know" and I definitely wasn't thinking about how it was kind of Sapphic and how soft her lips looked in the glow of her phone flashlight as she checked my pupils. I'm just kidding. I WAS thinking about that because it was directly post-concussion, which was the central cause of me wanting to date girls. I was sobbing while walking back home, not only because I just suffered from a traumatic brain injury right before my debut as a 4th of July grill daddy, but also because of women.

That night, I wrote in my notes app "Cornell is brainwashing us into getting concussions so we can spend more BRBs instead of real money" and my hypothesis is that this directly links to me becoming gay from a concussion. Cornell is just begging, pleading me to go to a dinky little coffee shop on campus and order a 26oz. iced matcha with oat milk and make eye contact with a girl across the shop and imagine getting married and growing old together. The more BRBs I have, the more women I see and that's fucked up. What else is there to do when you're concussed, besides coloring books and telling them you can't use the GET app because your brain is sludge.

I can't believe Cornell would do this to me and make me gay because I have been trying very hard my entire life to not be attracted to women and now I think I need to make a few life changes.

Firstly, I may need to switch to Art History because I finally understand Georgia O'Keeffe paintings and I think they're pretty neat if you know what I mean.

Secondly, I keep trying to give myself more and more concussions so I can become gayer. I've joined synchronized swimming to try and get concussions from a contact sport, but they just keep yelling at me for repeatedly bashing my head against the wall while they do their routine. Plus, there are a lot of pretty girls in synchronized swimming and I am getting a little distracted. I also walked into CornellHealth and begged them to hit me over the head with a blunt object, but they just kept asking if I was pregnant.

Cornell knew concussing me would make me like women and want to become the ultimate form of concussed so I can like women even more. They want my money. My insurance company called me and asked what all of these campus health visits were, and I told them I'm looking for evidence of concussion while also trying to meet cute girls. But it's like not even my fault Cornell is getting me to keep paying them just for the off-chance that I meet women. They're manipulating me. It's like I'm playing a claw machine where there's a hot egg plushie inside and they just know I'm gonna keep playing because I want that hot egg. Just like that. Anyway, I've now had 7 concussions, Cornell keeps making me gay, and women are neat. Goodnight.

-E.V. '23

Full Frontal: Say No To The Jesus-Presenting Nipple



It is time to end the debate on the female-presenting nipple. I'm tired of hearing all this horseshit about "freeing the nipple." As far as I'm concerned, the nipple hasn't finished doing its time yet; the female-presenting nipple should be serving a triple life sentence with no option of parole for killing my mother. I will not be elaborating. I understand that some of y'all would argue that housing the nipples in jail on the taxpayers' dime is an unreasonable expectation and fiscally irresponsible, but that's a terrible thing to say to the victim's family and also I don't give a shit about "govementment money." The more federal money concentrated on the nipple and out of the military war machine, the better. I fully expect the government to track down every last female-presenting nipple. It's the only way to end the utter degeneracy of female-presenting nipples in public. Maybe that's too political for some of you snowflakes, but also consider: what's your plan for killing the concept of the female-presenting nipple? Yeah that's what I fucking thought.

Furthermore, it's my personal belief that the female-presenting nipple has had an accomplice the entire time: the male-presenting nipple. These nipples have not only aided and abetted known criminals, but they haven't even attempted to hide. The male-presenting nipple flaunts itself everywhere. It's even in churches. I don't want my kids going to church and seeing nipples, ya hear me? I don't care that it's "Jesus" and he "died for our sins," he's got his fucking nipples out. It's obscene. I don't want my young impressionable kids seeing those nipples and liking men. I won't stand for any gay sons or straight daughters.

God put women on earth for a reason, you understand?

In my closing statements, I would like to address the non-binary-presenting nipple. The non-binary-presenting nipple has done no wrong and is perfectly fine. These nipples should be free.

Now, I do foresee some whiny little bitches attempting to claim that the iconic Jesus-presenting nipple should be free as well. The only way I see this as possible is if they are also claiming Jesus-presenting nipples are non-binary presenting nipples. I don't fucking think so. I can understand you headcannoning Jesus as a white dude, but frankly, there's no way in hell I'd trust you really believe Jesus is non-binary. The strongest case you could make for it is that Jesus' birth was a true virgin birth, a parthenogenetic process which could have some groovy implications. The implications being that parthenogenetic births are not possible for mammals, and generally only occasionally occur in about 80 species of fish or lizards. So yeah, you could argue that Our Blessed Lady, the Virgin Mary, was a fish or a lizard who had a parthenogenetic (virgin) birth that resulted in lil baby Jesus. This would mean she was not a mammal, which would mean that Jesus wasn't a mammal either. And only mammals have nipples. It's a defining characteristic of mammals (google "mammal nipples" if you don't believe me). And if Jesus isn't a mammal, He can't have nipples. So if He really is a non-binary entity who canonically uses he/him/He/Him pronouns, He also canonically wouldn't have any nipples to be Jesus-presenting nipples. Thus, the Jesus-presenting nipples would be a moot point anyways. Check-fucking-mate liberals. Take a science class and face the fuckin facts. I'm just fucking with you, that's fucking ridiculous. Jesus definitely isn't a fish or lizard and He has nipples. We've all seen them.

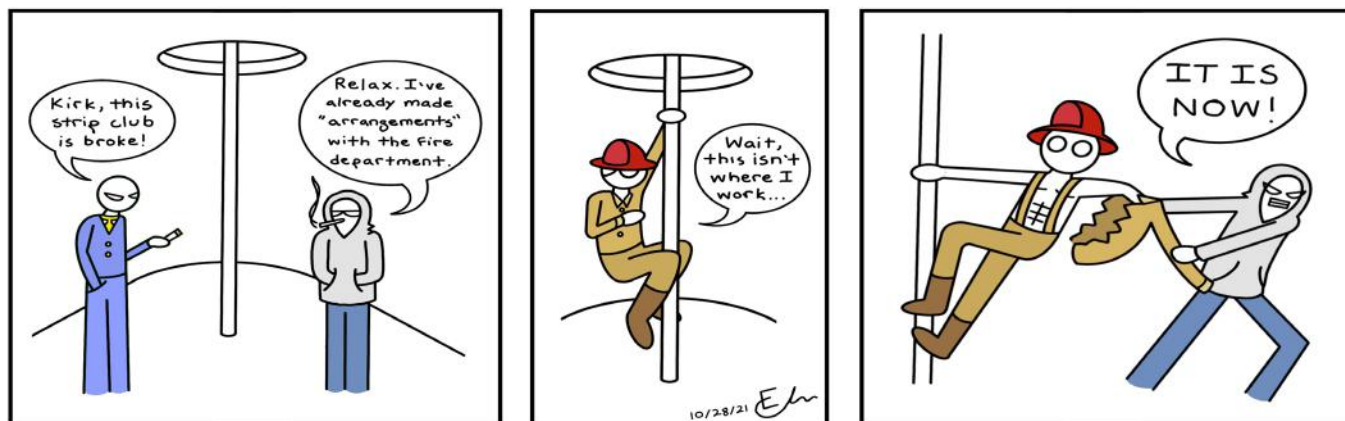
You may be thinking "ah-ha! I haven't checked but I'm sure the Bible is okay with nipples!" To which, the answer is yes but also no. The word nipple appears 3 times in the Bible, in Ezekiel 23:3, Ezekiel 23:8, and Ezekiel 23:21. It's a bit of a mixed bag because on one hand, Ezekie-boy does seem pretty obsessed with caressing virgin nipples, on the other hand he's absolutely slut-shaming the owner of said virgin-presenting nipples. I think it would be fair to summarize that the only nipples the Bible is okay with are virgin-presenting nipples. Do Jesus-presenting nipples qualify as virgin-presenting nipples? Absolutely not. Jesus and His 12 boyfriends definitely fucked. Get your ass in line.

No, this is not another example of queer-baiting by not canonically having Judas caress, lick, and suck Jesus' nipples in Bible scripture. Homosexuality is not just about sex, but about love and devotion. The Bible is pretty explicit that this iconic polycule is very devoted to Jesus. And no, this isn't me re-writing the Bible to make Jesus gay. For one, the Bible is a fixed scripture that definitely hasn't been translated and written in many subtle different ways to convey slightly different discriminations and meanings. King James Bible who? And for two, I forgot what I was talking about; I was thinking about King James and his boyfriend George Villiers, His Grace, the first Duke of Buckingham. And for three, I don't have to make up or re-write anything, I have the scripture right here.

Judas watched enviously as Jesus pushed his tight, hot, Jesus-presenting nipples towards Peter's mouth, and Jesus said unto Peter "oh baby, please, please, please put my nips in your mouth, oh baby, oh baby, oh baby" (Martha 420:69)

With this information and the Jesus-presenting nipple in mind, I am putting forward a motion that the male-presenting nipple, including the Jesus-presenting nipple, is not suitable to be seen in public. I'm aware of the logistical nightmare the church is going to face to either sand off or add nipple tassles to all the Jesus-presenting nipples. But, hear me out: I don't fucking care what this does to the church budgets for the next five years, what else were they going to use the money for? Paying taxes? Sure babe.

To conclude, Cornell should be the first university to fully ban nipples from campus. In the words of the esteemed Ezra Cornell, whom'se nipples I've never seen, it's "Any person, any study" not "Any nipple, any nipple."



Op Ed: CornellHealth Should Become a Spirit Halloween So They Can Finally Realize That That Will Help Their Students More Than Any Shitty Mental Health Service They Can Provide

By: E.V. '23

Just take a look at my archived Instagram posts and realize one thing about me: I have low standards. So as many times as I went to G*nnett pleading for help, I still always thought all of the “ooo Cornell bad mental health services” memes were beating a dead horse. But when they literally spanked me with a soggy tilapia during my mental health consultation, I realized they really are just as bad as everyone says. They are monsters. And not even the kind doing the graveyard smash. So instead of allowing this to continue, I propose Cornell should allocate their funds elsewhere into a happier, healthier campus for all students by transforming the building into a Spirit Halloween. And not just because my mom sent me a coupon in the mail and I realized Ithaca doesn't have one.

It's bad enough that the first question on the questionnaire is “did you listen to twenty one pilots in middle school?” and if you answer “Yes” you immediately get kicked from the server, unable to get back in. When you're finally able to wait 3 months to secure a counselor, and they just keep saying “I see” with the more emotional pain you throw at them, it's a bit disheartening. Especially when the appointments end with them saying “I'm sorry, due to your extended history of chronic illness, panic attacks, depression, anxiety, wearing double denim, eating bologna in the grocery store, and listening to shit music, I just don't think this is the right match :)” And when you ask for a psychiatrist, they tell you to go to the primary care physician, so you wait 2 months to see your PCP, and she immediately says “I can't help you, you need to see a psychiatrist,” it's pretty apparent we need to change things. They're not my dad, and we need a Spirit Halloween.

We need the shitty Hillary Clinton masks that say Filory Binton on them and we need all of the weirdly hot costumes like “society clown” or “gamer zombie” or “sex ogre”. Why the hell would I want to go to the actual psych ward if I can just get sexy thigh-high “asylum socks” with the non-slip feet at Spirit? Cornell makes you go through so many hoops so they can weed out all of the weirdos, but you know who doesn't discriminate? Spirit Halloween. You know who won't

continually tell me to stop drinking 4+ standard drinks on the weekend because “women shouldn't drink that much”? Spirit Halloween. You know who won't give me a full vagina exam when I go in for UTI symptoms and have the nurse say “whew, it's dark in there!” when she puts the speculum in? Spirit. Fucking. Halloween. All I need is sexy pirate for \$19.99, babey, and nothing fucking else at this point because everything Gann*tt does has made my mental health worse.

It's like, they don't understand that me talking about my fear of rejection in every appointment doesn't mean they should keep rejecting me to see if that fear is still real. Plus, I think at this point they have a public humiliation kink, because all the people who walked by my study room in Mann Library saw me bawling and telling them to find me a psychiatrist or I'm not giving them any more money during my 25 minute zoom appointment. Oh wait, my bad, Cornell actually couldn't hear me over the sound of them allocating billions of dollars to a new CS school instead of caring about their students. I am making this proposal so others can read this and sign my petition. Please do not hesitate to reach out, especially if you want to dress in matching banana costumes.



Personally invasive species.

Meet the Big Red Bachelors

By: Not Pat Rick



Hello~~ Ladies! Cuffing season is almost over, but there are still a lot of men all over Cornell waiting to find love! These 5 men have asked us to feature them in our magazine (can you tell how desperate they are, please someone just bite the bullet and take them), and have provided a few fun and ~~quirky~~ facts about themselves! Let's meet your Big Red Bachelors!

Jonathan:

- Jonathan is a CS major.
- Jonathan is taking CS 4820.
- Jonathan wants to curl up in a ball and cry because of CS 4820.

Benjamin:

- Benjamin is a CS major.
- Benjamin can use his finger to engrave messages in the crust on his arms, which has formed after not

showering for months on end.

- Benjamin is the only person in Cornell history to use their dead skin cell buildup to violate AI.

- Benjamin's lucky charm is a toenail that he thought looked like a fingernail.

- Benjamin named his lucky charm "Mr. Nail" because it is a toenail.

Gregory:

- One time when he was 8, Gregory pooped his pants.

- It stank a lot.

- One time when he was 12, Gregory got carsick and threw up on a bus during a field trip.

- It stank a lot.

- One time when he was 19, Gregory locked an ex in his car's trunk because she didn't laugh at one of his dank memes.

- He stinks a lot.

- Gregory is a CS major.

Pat:

- Pat is a writer for the Lunatic - Cornell's only award-winning humor magazine.

- Pat beat Jonathan in a pretty intense arm wrestle once.

- Pat then beat Jonathan a second time.

- Pat is smart and good looking (we're not even going to mention his 11 inch penis)(but if we were to mention it, take note of the fact that it is 12 inches).

- Pat definitely did not write this article, and in the process, come up with 4 other made-up people that possess unfavorable characteristics, while at the same time lying about the things he has done to make himself look more appealing.

- Pat spends his Tuesdays going to Bolivia and shutting down drug cartels with Dumbledore.

- Pat is really sexy and cool and has a 13 inch penis.

Simon:

- Simon has ringworm.

So ladies, what are you waiting for? Go and hit up Pat any of these single men before he they are taken! (Please).

P.S. If I were you, I'd take an especially close look at Pat.

OP-ED: I Am a Proud Anti-Pegger

Hey Ladies,

It's everyone's favorite totally-not-disgraced former best-selling-children's-author-billionaire-turned-Daily-Mail-Columnist, KJ Bowling. No, I have not fallen from grace, as that would require me to be held accountable for my actions. This is a totally natural career arc, and I could not be happier to be here to talk about FEMALE, womanly queries. That's right. I said woman. I know it's a LOADED word now, like "bisexual" or "socially liberal but fiscally conservative," but I am getting ahead of myself.

For my first entry, I am here to talk about one of the most pressing issues of our time. No, it is not any pandemic, or the ending of season one of Squid Game.

It is pegging.

I stumbled upon pegging when I was doing my normal research on the rights of women to call other women not women, because as a rich person, I don't have to work for a living. And what I saw shocked me.

For \$49.99, I could potentially have a dick. A flaming hot cheeto-colored rubber dong. A rubber member manufactured in some country overseas.

Now, being transgender is as easy as being a New-York Times Bestselling author. Want to be one? Email the right people, pay a fee, and you're there.

Now, there are non-trans straight women with on-purpose penises pegging supposedly straight men? And non-trans lesbians with metal dicks fucking other lesbians with said metal dicks? Are they all fucking each other in a circle in gender-neutral bathrooms regardless of the status of their flesh genitals because apparently we can do that now?

This is all too overwhelming for my second-wave feminist worldview.

I can hear you being like "KJ, you're being a prude." This is not true. I am not conservative at all. If you'll remember correctly, I even subtly hinted at the homosexuality of one of my main characters, Rumblesnore. To dear fans, the signs are obvious: in the 4th book of my best-selling children's series, he even says "Hairy, onwards to my office!" to our main character. If you read the first letter of each word and cross some out, it spells out "HOMO." It was pretty transgressive at the time (Ellen had only been on TV for like, five years).

I am sick of this idea that I am behind the times. I was the first author to write a main character that was a girl, and was also smart. And they say I'm not forward thinking!

Do you think the mainstream Western public knew Asian people existed back in 2000? I have single handedly introduced a generation of people to Asians through a string of useless side characters.

People say "Hey KJ, did you really think 'Cho Chang' was the name of an actual Asian person?" To that I say: I got it straight from the source. One day, I went up to an Asian chick once on the train and asked her "So what's your name?" and she stared at me and said "Chong Chang." "Chong Chang?" I said, scribbling on my notebook furiously. "Yes," she said, turning to look at her friend next to her, who was laughing for some reason. "But I go by Cho."

Anyway, I apologize for getting off-topic, it is just that the topic of pegging really opens my womanly emotion canals. Think of the children!

I have decided to do something about this. Sensible women of the world, we must stand against this attack on our femininity.

Therefore, I have created a bonus chapter of my children's book series, starring all its beloved characters in an educational anti-pegging PSA. This chapter features plenty of detailed examples of what is NOT appropriate for our children. Please, redirect your attention to this link to view it: <https://tinyurl.com/y9ujz839>

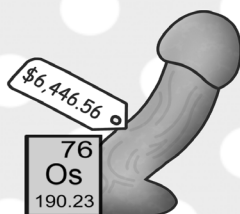
This one is for the fans. Only for the Fans, if you will.

Cheerio,

KJ Bowling

ELEMENTAL DILDOS?

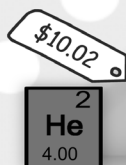
*Let physical chemistry replace
your romantic chemistry.*



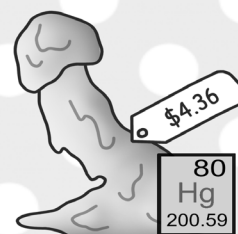
OSMIUM: A dense metal
for hard-hitting pounding.



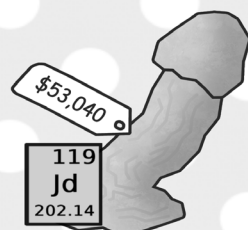
NEON: Light up your
cervix! Great for
sex education.



HELIUM: Make your
queefs high-pitched.

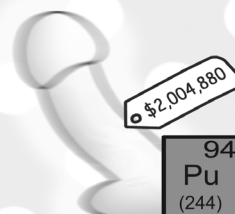


MERCURY: Hours of
melt-in-your-cooch fun*!



JADE: Align your
vaginal chakras.

Courtesy of Goop™.



PLUTONIUM: Glows!
Might kill you.



CARBON: We chopped
this off some dude.

INVEST TODAY!

BOOBTILITY BOSS BABE

By: Clara Enders '22

Hey queen! Are you sick and tired of being bossed around at your drab 9-to-5 all day? Do you look back fondly on all the freedom of your early 20s and wonder how you're somehow now 37 with saggy tits in a J. Crew skirt suit clerking at the offices of Old White Man and His Son and His Younger Son Law Group? It's time to break the cycle and become the boss bitch you were always meant to be, and, my god, have I got THE opportunity for you!

Ever since quitting my job as a hot and sexy and also hot trophy wife, I've found my real passion. Selling the WORLD'S best bra, the Boobtility. Not only is it more supportive than the family therapist who told me to leave Rob after finding him in bed with my sister— it does MORE than that! In fact, it's the only bra on the market that also has a portable phone charger, a pocket for a tampon, and a hole for your ponytail just in case you wear the bra on your head for something. I don't know, it's your life, you boss bitch.

No, the child labor rumors are not true. I don't know who told you that (and if it was Rob or my sister I swear to fucking god I'm gonna book another therapist). We make everything in a fire-safe factory in some country, but they won't tell us exactly where. Trade secret! Plus, they just re-engineered the fabric so that the bra won't give you the first-known cases of contact Shingles virus anymore. Unfortunately, the tampon pocket is still not refillable, so you have to decide— over the lifetime of the bra of course— what you define a true emergency for that one single tampon as. The ponytail hole is just for fun; we're so silly!

I'm telling you, there's nothing like choosing your own hours. I can wake up, bring Braeylynne and Keighlinne to Montessori pre-school, sell a few bras, and still have time to meet up with my divorce lawyer that I'm definitely not fucking. Perfect for my nontraditional family. I love getting to interact with my clients, too. It's so charming how they knock on my windows in the night screaming that the rashes around the band area are back! They're just so passionate about the product! They love how, when the portable phone charger overheats to dangerous levels, you don't have to worry about your nipples poking out in the cold. That's not ladylike in the least.

I find peace in my work now, too. Looking around my McMansion and seeing boxes and boxes of unsold inventory that I put my life savings and divorce settlement money down on is so comforting. I've built my empire. No really, I've built a literal fort in my kitchen with all these fucking boxes. Sometimes I build box walls around my kids so I don't have to hear them beg for dinner. Shut the fuck up Braeylynne, I'm a BOSS BABE: I stay *out* of the kitchen.

Doesn't this sound like a dream? I know we haven't talked since I poured Hawaiian Punch down your god awful bandage dress at eighth grade Spring Fling 1998, but we've moved past that now. We're WOMEN. All you need to do is start with \$20,000 in inventory, bought with your own money of course, and find 10 more girlypops to join in too! Then they'll find more friends to join our business, and no it's not a pyramid! It's a TRIANGULAR GIRL TRIBE. If you don't sell everything, no worries! You'll always need more bras for yourself anyway, right? You've got two boobs after all. You'll use them.

To hell with the offices of Old White Man and His Son and His Younger Son Law Group! Hey... speaking of which... how's His Younger Son? Does he ever... mention me? Yeah he's handling my divorce; he's an old friend of Rob's. He's done a great job at... handling my case. Handling both of my cases. But that's not important. This bra is.

So, are you ready to take back control of your life? Become a Boobtility Boss Babe today and build. Your. Future. Also please don't block me because that would be really anti-feminist and frankly manipulative of you.

OLD WHITE MAN, HIS
SON, HIS OTHER SON
ATTORNEYS AT LAW

How to Make the Perfect Sandwich for the Perfect Man

By: M.B. '24

One of the established truths of the universe is that men just love eating sandwiches, especially when someone made it specifically for them. It's one of the fastest ways to his heart and one of the best ways to make sure he never leaves you.

Ever.

Anyway, this is a step-by-step guide for the desperate and down-bad on how to make the dream sandwich for your dream hubby. This sandwich recipe will have your man kneeling at your feet.

First, you get two slices of bread. It really doesn't matter if it's white or wheat, toasted or not; it doesn't even have to be bread. Because it's the inside of the sandwich that really counts, even if the outside doesn't look appetizing at all. Just like you!

Then, I like to start off with a slice of cheese. Now the type of cheese you choose depends on how lactose intolerant your target is. If he bloats up like a balloon at the mere taste of dairy, use cottage cheese or mozzarella. And don't hold back. If you think you put enough cheese on there, you haven't. Because seeing your man shit out the entire chocolate river from Charlie and the Chocolate Factory is so romantic. His inevitable cry of help and cute waddle of shame signifies that he needs you in that moment. And that's your time to make your move.

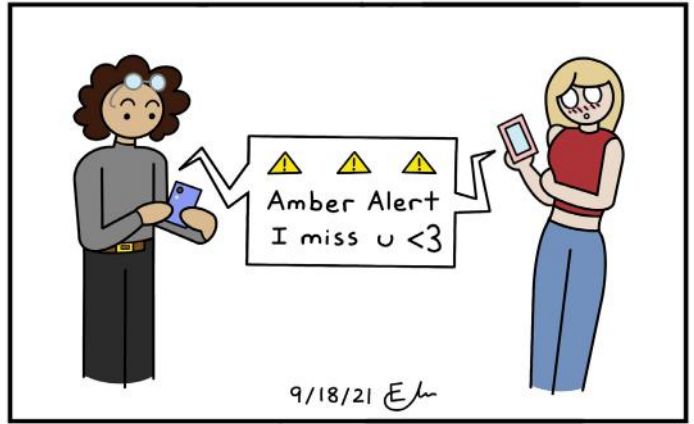
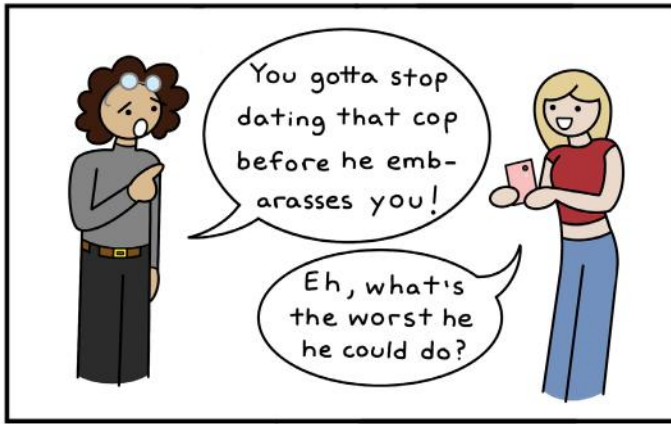
Next, spread an entire thing of butter on your sandwich. Can't go wrong with butter. Just ask Paula Deen! It didn't help her when she got exposed for saying racial slurs, but hey, at least her man is still around. Coincidence? I think not.

After that, we're gonna add some mustard. This is a really fun way to add your own personality to the sandwich. You could do a heart, a cute little rainbow. Maybe an exact drawing of your face, down to the eyebrow hair. You can even write a cute little message, just like Mommy did. There's nothing more satisfying than watching your dreamboat hunk of a man open his sandwich and read the words, "Open this coochie up like a fortune cookie ;)" But even if he doesn't know it's there, you will.

This next ingredient is super important because you want your mustard message to stick with him to the end: peanut butter! It's a pretty important tool in this sandwich; it sticks to the roof of his mouth and makes it pretty difficult for him to say things like, "Babe, I'm breaking up with you."

The finishing touch to this perfect sandwich is a little dollop of your saliva, like a cherry on top. Because even if your crush likes the sandwich more than you. You can rest assured that he will eat that bit of your spit. And that's the closest you'll ever get to kissing those chapped lips.





HALLOWEEN COSTUME IDEAS

By: Calvin Smith '25

Tired of seeing the same old costumes year after year? Exhausted of seeing girls dressed up like frat boys and frat boys dressing up like girls? Well have no fear (or maybe just a little) because we've made an exhaustive list of 10 costume ideas that are exciting and frightening for this Halloween! No longer settle for slutty under-paid nurse outfits when you've got these great ideas to choose from!

1. The Gaang! Go with your friends as the heroes from the beloved television series, Avatar the Last Airbender. With simple color coordinated costumes, the Gaang is a win for all! Be a slutty Katara and work on blood bending the hottest guy to rise with the full moon. The night is yours!
2. My Neighbor Terry. You could dress up as my neighbor Terry who would stare at me as I walked home from school in 5th grade from his dilapidated house. Terry who would sit on his porch and watch as I would hurry by the torn up lawn covered in weeds and empty alcohol bottles. I could hear Terry and his girlfriend scream at each other most nights as they argued and/or had rough sex. If you dressed up as Terry I would shit my pants!
3. The Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles! Dress up as the foursome Ninja Turtles or alone as your favorite one. Nothing says scary like a big fucking ninja turtle! No boy at a party will be able to resist your big green shell and awesome ninja abilities. Who says Halloween can't be fun?
4. A vengeful god. We hope that god is merciful and forgiving, but do we know? This Halloween, hit the town as a god that punishes and enacts pain and suffering rather than forgiveness. Under your watch, none will be spared as you terrify with the thought of god, maddened with the burden of infinity. Suck on that Jesus!
5. Squid Game! Compete with your friends as the loveable heroes fighting against the evil Squids of Squid Game. Subconsciously rank your friends and point out their flaws by trying to decide who gets to be who from the hit Netflix series!
6. Yourself. Perhaps the scariest thing is to be yourself. Hit the town without a mask and see who your real friends are. Will anyone still like you? Now that's scary!
7. A Glory Hole for Candy. Close your eyes and open your mouth and you will get a ... sweet surprise!
8. That one girl who you asked for her number in the cafeteria, who politely pointed out your food was ready before walking away quickly.
9. A Big Pumpkin.
10. Slutty RBG. It's not too soon.

Places I Feel Least Welcome On Campus, As a Woman

By: E.B. '25

Bear Necessities

The nickname Nasties is enough to make me want to stay away, but its unwelcoming nature is compounded by its overwhelmingly male energy. I feel like I'm not supposed to be there because I am not a middle school aged boy. And something about the smell? Some horrendous stench is lurking under the aroma of frying wings and I worry if I spend too much time in there I'll figure out what it is.

Outside of Olin Library

I know, this is broad, but hear me out. As a lady, I'm aesthetically sensitive. The massive, molding, prison-like structure hurts my feminine soul and aura every time I see it. Not to mention the brutal contrast it has with the rest of the arts quad. It honestly feels like a targeted attack. I can't help my crippling necessity for things to look pretty! Personally, I think some sort of elaborate shell should be built around it; there's definitely enough space for it. It could be a cool slatted trellis thing that has vines growing on it or something. The university should get some skilled, male team of architects and engineers on that.

Baker Laboratory

We all know science is a dude thing, luckily I'm only ever in Baker Lab for my French class in the basement. Besides the threatening nature of all the posters detailing experiments and phenomena that are just so beyond me lining the halls, I swear that there isn't a women's restroom in the building. I do laps, go up and down stairs, sometimes passing multiple men's rooms. Thank god for my pee corner in the classroom that's always empty on the second floor.

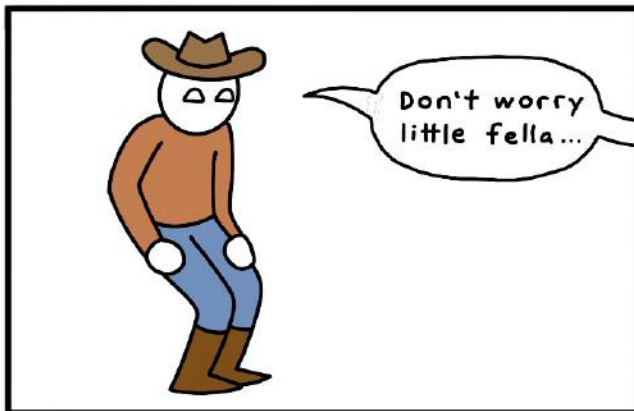
Mann Library

This feels self explanatory.

Lynah Rink

I guess this pertains specifically to during men's hockey games, to which I've only been once, but instincts are important. Excess testosterone clouded the air and seeped into the bleachers of the student section. The crowd acted as a haven for frustrated male students to yell mildly homophobic taunts and things like "I fucked your mom, fourteen!" Cheers felt more genuine, more feral, after players hurt each other than when we scored. Plus sports are so confusing!





Holes Review

(not the 2003 cinematic masterpiece starring Shia LaBeouf)

By: S.G. '22

There comes a time in every woman's life when you have a hole or two you need to fill - and I mean *really* fill it up. Like your dentist fills your cavities or a sweaty fedora-wearing basement dweller fills a rainbow dash cum jar. You just fill up those holes because you fear otherwise the emptiness will just grow larger and more all-consuming until it swallows you whole and leaves nothing behind where you once stood but a hole, a hole that can't be filled by anything and you wonder if maybe you're already gone because without Him nothing matters, without Him you feel like a single raviolo, all alone, not even a high-quality one just some sort of chef boyardee dog food meat shit, one lonely raviolo, not a whole can, not enough to sustain a couple children whose single mom never comes home before 10. In those instances, it's helpful to know what'll do the trick - and by trick, I mean filling your every orifice so that one day you might feel complete again, of course - and what would be best avoided.

A brief disclaimer, in case my mom or therapist is reading this: I swear, this is definitely NOT based on experience. I definitely did NOT stick any/all of these things in me. Also, my ranking categories were definitely NOT either "bodily harm/internal bleeding/making me feel like a woman again as I'm orgasmically stuffed like a turducken" or "meh."

Bum

Best

A duck with a chicken stuffed up inside it (dead, or alive if you're really up for a good time) • Tampon soaked in Wegmans' Iceberg Blue® Tartar Control Plus Antiseptic Oral Rinse • 2 shoes (never more)

Worst

Toilet paper (beware what the Lorax will do to you if he finds you've been contributing to deforestation- you don't wanna know the measures he'll employ to protect the truffula trees from your bung-hole's dingleberries) • Pineapple • Beer bottle (rumor has it, last time this was attempted, it shattered, shattering the country of Yugoslavia with it) • Poop

Va-he-he

Best

Butt plug (trust me) • Your brother's a totally normal, acceptable man's gigglestick (soaking only -no movement- so you can be like Bella and Edward from Twilight and never engage in premarital sex because you are written by a mormon) • Flute (join band)

Worst

Gwynneth Paltrow's vagina egg (beware) • A real, actual egg. A wine bottle (even when you get so wasted with your girlfriends at wine Wednesday) • A lemon (not effective birth control)

Peen (guys I definitely did NOT ask my brother, Jimmy, to do this for me and I definitely was NOT in the room while he did and we definitely did NOT kiss a little during)

Best

Freshly sharpened Ticonderoga® #2 pencil • A rusty nail • Tetanus shot • Syringe containing either the Johnson and Johnson COVID-19 vaccine, Hepatitis C, or taco bell diablo sauce • Tractor

Worst

The entire cast of Glee season 5 • Stacey, my brother's fiance • My emotions (Jimmy, please don't marry Stacey)

Guzzler

Best

7/11 Taquito at 1 am when you're drunk and have waited 20 minutes in a line of your wasted peers just for them to only have the taco and cheese flavor left (obviously the worst one) but you get 5 anyway and gorge yourself on them, like one of the feral raccoons that lives in the sewer in front of my house that I saw eat my dog alive, but then you are suddenly reborn from your drunken stupor to intense feelings of regret and possibly food poisoning, except 7/11 taquitos make you feel that way every time so maybe not it's food poisoning, and maybe you should just stop eating them but they call to you and you can't resist or maybe you just have poor impulse control and that's why you're broke and there's still a couple months left in the semester but you can't get a job because you're already failing organic chemistry without the added stress of employment • Beans

Worst

Human feces (cholera's kinda a buzzkill) • The state of New Jersey • An angry cat

Nussy (right or left)

Best

COVID-19 test swab (but only while being watched) • The concept of death

Worst

Cotton swab alone in your room at 3 am (it's just not the same) • The concept of love

Lughole (right, but not left, I accidentally got a glob of Play-Doh stuck in my left ear 6 years ago)

Best

Life is a Highway by Rascal Flatts • Noodles • An original copy of the Declaration of Independence • The script of the bee movie written in cummy on Adam Lambert's back • Little Caesar's \$5 Hot-N-Ready® pizza

Worst

An original copy of the US Constitution • Martha Pollack's 2020 email announcing that Cornell would be transitioning to fully online due to COVID-19 • Forklift

Belly Bussy

Best

Nothing. Do not mess with that hole.

Worst

Heed my warning, you fool. You do not want to anger Him.

The Hole Left in My Heart when My Brother Got Engaged to Fucking Stacey

Best

Beans

Worst

My brother

Dear Martha and Ryan and also God,

I hope this email finds you well.

Are any of you guys full of existential dread? I know, ask a stupid question, get a stupid answer. I'm just trying to start a dialogue here. Well not really a dialogue, since I'm writing this alone in an overlit room at 3am, but more like the tired monologue you mutter to yourself while impulse shopping at a Walmart half an hour before it closes and wearing a hoodie, athletic shorts, no bra, and 4 inch platform shoes. Have I set the scene properly? Have I expressed the vibe? Imagine walking into the Walmart dressed like a disgusting little college student but wearing prom-level shoes, the greeter asking how you're doing (as is their job), and helplessly muttering before you make a double thumbs up and keep right on walking. Later, you're going to eat a carrot cake in the parking lot with chopsticks. That's the vibe.

I don't know about you guys (I literally don't), but I'm going to graduate in like 2 months and I'm absolutely not ready for it. In fact, I'm considering faking my death. It's perfectly legal. I think it is anyways. Now I know it would be really inconsiderate, but have you considered, it would be kind of funny and also it would get me out of so many late assignments. I am so tired but also I've drank so much caffeine that I'm so wired. Think of a snake trying to juggle. That has nothing to do with me, but I'm Just Thinking About It.

How would I fake my death? That's a great question. I don't know. I figured I'd probably just stop showing up to things and make it someone else's problem. It's a problem for the cops, investigative journalists, and conspiracy theorists now. Maybe I'll like make a trail of blood that leads somewhere or something. I don't know, it's super conceptual at the moment. It's not like someone will be able to ask me how I died afterwards. As far as they'll know, I'm McFriggin dead. Think Gone Girl meets Paper Towns meets Princess Diaries. I didn't watch or read any of those by the way. Do you guys have any suggestions? Like should I go all out, blood splatters on bathroom mirrors, police sniffer dogs in the woods after a rainstorm, the whole nine yards? Or should I go for a more low-key "go missing, body is never found, legally declared dead after 7 years kinda thang?" Please advise, I don't want to warp the Cornell reputation unless I really have to.

Of course, all of this would be unnecessary if some of my professors could be persuaded to give me an extension. If they give you bullshit about the projects being "Engaged Cornell" with real-life clients and unmovable deadlines, fix it. I don't care who you have to put a hit out on, get it done. I don't think I have to remind you how permanent a death certificate can be. And also, what's with the clusterfuck of some of these Engaged Cornell projects anyways? I'm tired of hearing professors respond to my requests for help and support with statements like "you're a professional now, you know best" when literally I am not a professional and am just a student (please also get them to stop roasting me for designs that look like student work, like no shit, I am a student). I don't understand what kind of mlm y'all have going on where you have me pay you for the responsibility to do unpaid labor with real world implications when you only spent like 1 semester actually teaching me. Like shit, if you want me to be a professional so bad, maybe fucking pay me then. Keep this in mind.

Anyways, just let me know. This is a threat.

Cheers,



20% Of Cornell Students Are Vampires And Haven't Realized It. New Study Reveals

By: Carlos Po '22

A routine testing of blood donations and Cornell Health records have revealed that 1 in 5 Cornell students suffer from some form of vampirism. In certain populations, such as the Dyson business school, this number rises to 1 in 3. Prior to this study, it was not previously known that a lust for human blood could be satisfied by being metaphorical bloodsuckers who leech off of the decay of society, and this discovery opens exciting new frontiers. However, when contacted about their results, most students had not realized it themselves yet. The classical image of the vampire slumbering in their solitary crypt has been replaced by the hip, new vampire Zillennial of the 21st century who sleeps with extra-strong blackout curtains and can't muster the will to get out of bed to face another day of bullshit.

At first, this theory was discounted due to the prevalence of garlic in campus dining. However, after further testing, 99% of garlic used on campus was revealed to be artificial garlic-flavored powder sold to Cornell at a discounted rate due to an ongoing rat infestation at the production facility. It was indeed shown in controlled demonstrations that vampirized students need to be invited to residences to enter them, but given that most students never get invited anywhere, much less another person's residence, this was deemed trivial.

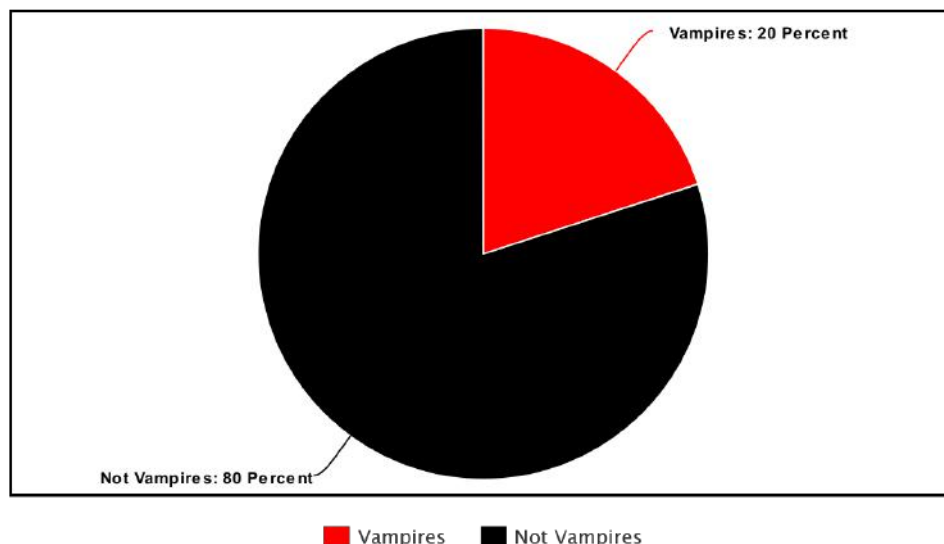
"I don't really see the sun all that often, so I guess I never noticed," said Terry Ciarfello, ILR major and 3rd generation vampire. In the last week, Ciarfello has spent 22 hours playing Genshin Impact in his room, and he says this is a normal trend. "My skin starts hissing when I do it for too long, but I thought that was everyone. Like, most of the people in my classes, at least."

"I never look at myself in the mirror, I don't have time and I hate myself too much," said Maria Martina, microbiology major and 2nd generation vampire. "Is that a thing that most people do? Look at themselves in the mirror? I don't know." She recounted fond memories of how she would lay in bed for hours after her alarm had gone off, and stupidly attributed it to depression when she now knows it's being a creature of the night as well as depression.

Not all students took the revelation nonchalantly. We spoke to Sylvia Jamal, psychology major, minutes after she received the fateful email, titled "New activity has been added to your Cayuga Health Portal." "Vampires don't need to eat, right? Well then I can't be a vampire because..." Sylvia paused for a moment, counted on her fingers, and opened DoorDash on her phone. "Oh shit, was that last week?" A panicked frown, then a smile of relief spread across her face. "Oh, this is perfect, actually!" She then harassed our reporters about which common household products contain silver until we departed.

The university board has not offered any official statements yet, save for announcing new vampire-themed items at the Cornell Store and a 19% rise in tuition to "create accommodations."

Vampires at Cornell University (Ithaca Campus)
Alumni Affairs Dept.



meta-chart.com

Women Shouldn't Suffer: Why We Should Repeal the 19th Amendment

By: Braydeynn Nicholas

Fellas, ever since my now ex-girlfriend broke up with me, I've dedicated myself towards becoming a new, better man. The last time she screamed at me over the phone, she said I didn't understand her struggles as a woman, and even contributed to them! I've been called a lot of things: "sexy," "a genius," "the total package..." But I won't let "misogynist" be one of them! I made sure to do my due share of research so that next time a girl brings it up, I can make sure to really explain feminism in my own words, in case she doesn't get it as well as I do.

Honestly, I've been finding some pretty messed up stuff disguised as "feminism" out there. Did you know that we have an entire amendment just to make innocent women *suffer*? How has this been in place for over a century now?! I can't believe I've been a bystander towards this clear injustice.

Yes, I am now a firm believer that the 19th amendment has got to go.

I mean really, what good has the 19th been doing for us? Why were women advocating to make themselves suffer? Man, when people say that the times used to be backwards, they aren't kidding.

Not to sound like a conspiracy theorist, but a lot of shady stuff has happened ever since we put this amendment into place. Barely a decade later and suddenly the whole economy crashes. And then another world war. And near-nuclear annihilation, too. *The Emoji Movie* gets released. Tack on a couple more years and then Trump gets put into office.

Coincidence? I think not.

People have been complaining and protesting – with good reason – about women's rights for years. But ladies, you're missing the bigger picture here. The greater evil behind it all, if you will. Not to gaslight you but... you kind of did this to yourselves when your ancestors asked for this back in the 20s. Ever since then, society has screwed you over.

Wage gap? Women's suffrage.

Reproductive rights? The 19th says you have to suffer, so suffer you shall.

Discrimination and harassment? It all comes back to the 19th, the more you think about it.

I understand if this may be hard to come to terms with. If women have been conditioned by the greater patriarchal ideologies embedded into our submissive and breedable society, then so be it. I'm taking it upon myself to free females from these chains and show them how they've been tricked into thinking they've got any rights. After all, my mama always told me to treat my girl well.

To kickstart the movement, I've come up with some catch phrases to start spreading the news. What better way to increase awareness of these government hate crimes than over social media? I'm thinking of a pink square on Instagram, rant-on-stan-Twitter type campaign. I'm no marketing genius though, so some of these might be a little rusty:

#RepealDon'tConceal

#WomenShouldn'tSuffer

#GatekeepThe19th

#BlackPink👉 (wouldn't want to overshadow BLM, so I thought this highlights the two most important struggles of our day nicely)

#BDSM (Ban suffrage, stan misandry)

So yeah, the 19th amendment has gotta go, ladies. Stop making yourself suffer and start making me a sandwich instead.

Rejected Headlines

I Discovered the Secret to Success (Hint: It's Big Boobles)
Prying Your Stepsister Out of the Washing Machine Without Violating Her Most Basic Human Rights
Which Gender Is the Best Gender? Men and Only Men Weigh in
Help! My Sex Robot Is Having an Existential Crisis
My Boyfriend Thinks I Taste Like Spaghetti but It's Okay Because He's Italian
How I Got the SAFC to Fund My Pyramid Scheme (Not Clickbait)
Top Ten Sounds to Make During Sex, Starting With the Bill Nye Theme Song
Can Someone Who Is Good at the Environment Tell Me if It's Morally Wrong to Fuck the Lorax?
Gaslight, Gatekeep, Girlboss: a Memoir by Martha Pollack
How to Drink Mint-infused Lemonade Like Your Schlong Is 11 Inches Big
You've Heard of Mandles (Man-candles), Now Get Ready for Mandles (Man-handles [They're Just Penises])
Body Positive: How to Deal With This Devastating Diagnosis
<https://www.risleytour.org/tour/orgy.html>
I Caught the Ligma Variant of Covid and It Changed My Life
Cornell to Remove Beloved Campus Landmark: an Article in Defense of the Communal Sex Mattress
Why 5.3 Inches Is the Ideal Dick Size
Why 4.74 Inches Is the Ideal Dick Size
Why Having a Vagina Is the Ideal Dick Size
Top 10 Cornell Milfs
Dissecting the Game Design Behind Pornhub Ad Games
5 Best Places to Put Your Mattress That Aren't a Bed Frame
11 Ancient Greek Jobs That Need to Be Brought Back (Number 4 Is Piss Taster!)
Op Ed: I'd Go to an Orgy, but Only if Everyone There Was Hot and So, So Into Me
Shitting Is Just the Butt Cumming
Girls With Beer? No Way
Top 7 MLMs (Both Kinds)
Viable Substitutes for Your Recalled Breast Implants That Aren't a Ziploc of Pinto Beans
How Lemon Stealing Whores Is Just a Metaphor for the Plight of Capitalism
How to Rebuild My Asscheek Sheath That Was Worn Off by the Obamacare Transferring Machine
Give Yourself Diabetes So You Can Piss Harder
Lose Ten Pounds in Ten Minutes: Just Swallow This Worm I Found in My Backyard
Lose Ten Pounds in Ten Seconds: Throw Your Dog Out the Window
Looking to Improve the Quality of Your Life? A Cutting Edge Study Shows That You Can't
10 Sex Toys You Can Make From the Wegman's Produce Aisle
How Moby Dick Is a Metaphor for Penis Envy
New Trend! Manwhore, Mansplain, Manipulate
Save Weeks of Effort: How to Kill Your Houseplants in 50 Seconds Flat
Mcgraw Tower x the 1997 Pumpkin: a 50-page Erotica
Op Ed: I Had Sex in the Bass Pro Shops Pyramid
Does My Fursuit Make My Ass Look Big? (Please Say Yes)

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**Full Frontal: Say No To
The Jesus-Presenting
Nipple p.36**

**How to Make
the Perfect
Sandwich for
the Perfect
Man
p.42**

**Take Our Quiz
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Find Out: Are
You Gaslight,
Gatekeep, or
Girlboss?
p.27**



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