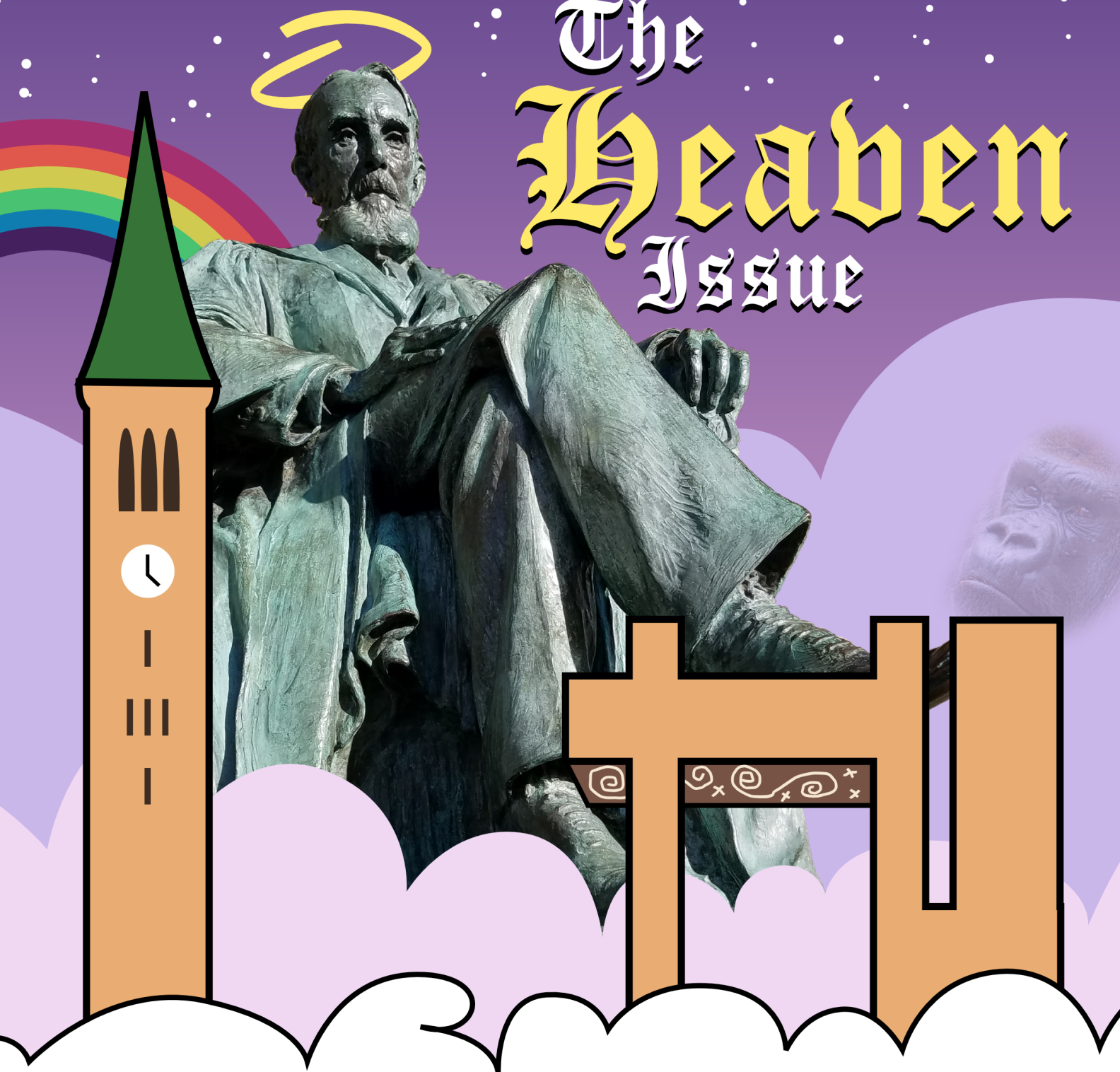


Campus Humor Magazine • Fall 2016 • Free

CORNELL LUNATIC

The
Heaven
Issue



LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Ladies, Gentleman, Citrus Fruits, and Everything In Between,

I welcome you sincerely to this semester's edition of *The Cornell Lunatic: The Heaven Hell Issue*. I think we can all agree that 2016 was a real Heaven/Hell kinda year.

Let's see, on the Heaven side, the Chicago Cubs won the World Series for the first time in over a century (curse of the goat my keister!) On the Hell side, well, let's be honest – everything else. We elected a wrinkly racist orange, we lost something we never knew we had (dicks out.), and David Bowie did some weird shit before he died that freaked everyone the fuck out. But in spite of this, we at the Lunatic are still here.

You may not know who we are, you may never have heard of us, but that's OK - cause we know where you live. We've been going strong for 40 years and every semester we dredge up the best and the worst that Cornell has to offer, roll it up in a glossy wrapper, and serve it up to you: the people of Cornell. But we couldn't do it alone.

I'd like to give a shout out to the SAFC for teaching us a lesson in bureaucracy. Without you, I would never understand the beauty of a having my entire budget rest in the hands of people who can't legally rent a car. You taught me to get creative with my money. You showed me that people should never get too comfortable – cause you never know when you'll get boned on a technicality. Thank you, SAFC, for being a bastion of the bylaws, vague as they may be, for always adhering to your guidelines, and for putting precedent before people. You truly are the heroes we don't deserve.

I'd like to thank Joey Green, the founder of the Lunatic, for guiding me through the transition to Editor, for slaving still after 40 years to help the magazine he loves, and for showing me that comedy is a lifelong and rewarding journey. I'd also like to thank Professor Isaac Kramnick, our Advisor, for helping me to navigate a – in his own words – “Kafkaesque bureaucracy”. Mostly I'd like to thank you, the reader. Without you, we'd have no purpose. You're the reason we don't feel like plastic bags, floating through the wind, just wanting to start again. Cause Baby, you're a firework.

We at the *Lunatic* hope you enjoy this ride, whether it's your highway to hell or your stairway to heaven, we poured our shriveled hearts and damned souls into this and I think it's one of our best yet.

Yours Truly,

Grant “Hey, aren't you that guy?... No? Huh” Gonyer

Angels, DEVILS, Writers, Artists, Hobos

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**Writers, Artists, Layout Editors, Web Designers, Astrophysicists, Chefs,
Divorcees, Aristocrats, Aristocats, Non-Threatening Drug Dealers, Threatening
Drug Dealers, Bridesmaids**

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

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Judgement Day

A man suddenly appears in the rear of a dimly lit cinema. Before him, a bearded man sits serenely in one of the velvet seats squarely in the middle of the theatre. His feet are propped up upon the handicap bar.

"Take a seat"

"What...what's going on?"

"You're dead, Jeremy."

"I mean, yeah, I get that. Who are you?"

"I'm Jesus, Jeremy."

"Oh shit."

"Excuse me?"

"I mean...Why am I here? Is this heaven?"

"No, you simple fool. Does this look like heaven to you?"

"Well—"

"Heaven is awesome as shit, bro. This is something different. Now, please, take a seat."

Jeremy apprehensively takes a seat next to Jesus.

"Jeremy, do you know what we're going to do today?"

"Yes? I mean, no?"

"Jeremy, we're going to watch your entire life on this screen."

"Wait, what?"

"I feel as though I was very clear. We're going to sit here, and your life is going to be projected—"

"No, no, I get that part, but isn't that just a Muslim thing?"

"What, so you shouldn't do something just because it's a 'Muslim thing?'"

"What?"

"That's fucked up, man. Be accepting of your neighbors. I don't fuxx with this islamophobic shit."

"Jesus Christ, that's not what I meant."

"Pardon?"

"This is...this is really not how I imagined this going down."

"You're really chatty aren't you, buddy? Put these on."

Jesus hands Jeremy a pair of Real-D 3D™ glasses.

es, still delicately secured in their pristine blue wrapper.

"It's in 3-D?"

"Jeremy, I'm literally Jesus Christ. You really didn't think I'd skimp out and pull some 2-D nonsense, did you?"

"I just...since you're Jesus and all, couldn't you just, I don't know, make us experience this in 3D without the glasses?"

"Jeremy, no offense, but you're really being a little bitch right now. Can you just chill out and get through this with me?"

"Sorry, sorry. I'm ready."

"Thank you. Let's start. Popcorn?"

"Sure, thanks."

Jesus balances the popcorn on the armrest between them. They both reach inside, and their hands lightly brush against each other.

"Uh, sorry."

Jesus lets out a prolonged sigh.

[muttering] "Some are harder to love than others."

"Did you say something?"

"What? Nothing. I said, uh, 'summers are dry above all others.'"

"Is that Proverbs?"

"Sure. Whatever. Okay, let's get started. Mo!"

Jesus turns around to face the film room in the back of the theatre.

"Mo! Roll the tapes!"

The two put on their Real-D 3D™ Glasses. The lights dim. On the screen, a boy is being born. Just as Jeremy's mother is about to die of post-partum complications, the sweet melody of the iOS Marimba ringtone emerges from inside the theatre.

"Shit shit shit shit. My bad, Jeremy. My bad."

Dear _____ ('19),



Congratulations, you've been accepted to Heaven! This is quite the feat; this year, we accepted 0.01% of the millions of people who died. Now, here are a few items you should know before you settle in:

1. You will be requested to abandon any opinions you have, no matter what their nature may be. In Heaven, we have a strict policy that everyone must get along with each other. There may be no conflicts here whatsoever, and what is the ultimate cause of conflict? Beliefs.
2. To aid in the fulfillment of the first item, Heaven is going to ask that you please make do any knowledge that you may have gained while you were alive. This is for the well-being of our heavenly community: our administrators here in Heaven have determined that restricting information is the optimal way of keeping opinions from developing.
3. We are asking that you please rid yourself of any unique qualities (i.e your personality, your appearance) and/or personal belongings. We don't want any sinful feelings like jealousy breaking out!

We look forward to seeing you at check-in, where you will be given a singular white robe to wear for the rest of your existence.

Signed,

Stan

Stan
Dean of Admissions
Heaven





Dear Diary,

I saw an act of his ~~hotness~~ holiness again today. It started out as a completely normal day. I met up with my archangel buds Raphael and Gabriel in Starbucks, where we were just chatting about very normal everyday things up here in Heaven. The weather, all of the celebrity scandals involving Jesus or his disciples, the usual stuff. Then, all of a sudden, he descended into the building.

Traveling in on a fantastical beam of light, he cut right to the front of the line. Because it was Starbucks, there were like literally hundreds of angels in line, but he ignored them in such a particularly ~~crotch moistening~~ elegant way. Then he grabbed his crotch, turned, and gently whispered to the others in line, "Power move, fuckers." As I ~~sized up his tight, shapely ass~~ observed the fact that his butt was peeking out the underside of his robe, the barista whipped up his usual order: a grande dark roast with a morning bun, ~~hot like his ass~~. Just looking at him makes me want ~~him~~ to introduce myself to him and ask ~~him out~~ about the role he has played throughout the ages overseeing the Earth and its inhabitants. I've heard some pretty bad things about him, though. My friend Mary said that he treated her like shit when they hooked up a long time ago (I think he totally got her pregnant, but when I asked her she said she didn't want to talk about it), and Jenny said that when she was talking to him at Jesus's birthday party (so jealous that she got invited to that btw), his hot stuff tried to impress her by starting tornados and hurricanes and doing other dumb shit on Earth by ~~helicoptering his dick~~. Although she thought he was kind of being an asshole, Jenny did note however that it was as big, bright and circular as the sun.

These thoughts don't make me a fallen angel, right? I mean, It's not like I ~~crave him~~ am interested in him, it's just that I ~~crave him~~ want to meet him and see for myself ~~how big his dick is~~ what kind of person the father of man is. Does he have a big ~~dick~~ personality like so many people seem to suggest? How ~~good is he in bed~~ does he handle the pressure of maintaining a planet such as Earth? Maybe if I just give Jenny a call, she can get me set up with him so I can ~~bang him~~ meet him.

Sincerely,
A Totally Not-Fallen Angel

Jimmy
"This burrito is good but it could use some hot sauce."

Timmy
"You want some?"

Jimmy
"You know what, I'm gonna leave it as is. I don't need to alter this burrito's characteristics just to please my palate. Who am I to play God?"

WHO AM I TO PLAY GOD?

Andy
*"I'm totally fucked for this econ
prelim."*

Randy
"You gonna study?"

Andy
"Nah, who am I to play God?"

Ronnie
"Bro, you want some sunscreen?"

Donnie
"Nah I'm good."

Ronnie
*"It's like a million degrees. You're
gonna get hella fried, bro."*

Donnie
*"Who am I to play God, man? I'm
gonna let it happen."*

Coach
*"God dammit, Wilson, you just lost us the game. You didn't even try to make that save. Might as well
get a sack of lard to play goalie if you're just gonna stand there."*

Goalie
*"Coach, the trajectory of the ball was headed straight for the back of the net. I could have dove and
stopped it, ...but who am I to play God?"*

Jesus Cartoon Deconstructed

Title - "You heard of Jesus. You heard of Black Jesus. But how about these reincarnations?"

Frame 1 - "Japanese Jesus"

Scene: Japanese Jesus on a mountain with
all his followers handing out sushi fish
and rice to hundreds of people.

Frame 2 - "Nazi Jesus"

Scene: Jesus, with a shrug.
Dialogue: Jesus saying, "What
can I say? Like Hitler, I'm no
longer Jewish."

Frame 3 - "Vampire Jesus"

Scene: Castle with Vampire Jesus and
a young girl
Dialogue: Girl - Are you sure this will
send me to heaven?
Jesus - Of course. You drink my blood
all the time; now, it's my turn.

Frame 4 - "Snoop Dogg"

Scene: Snoop Dogg in robes with a
book called "The Book of Blazin"
Dialogue: Snoop Dogg saying, "For
God so loved the world, he sent the
motherfucking D-O-double-G"

What Does The
'Lantern Man'
See This Year?

Here We Rip Off MAD Again With Another...

Looney Fold-In

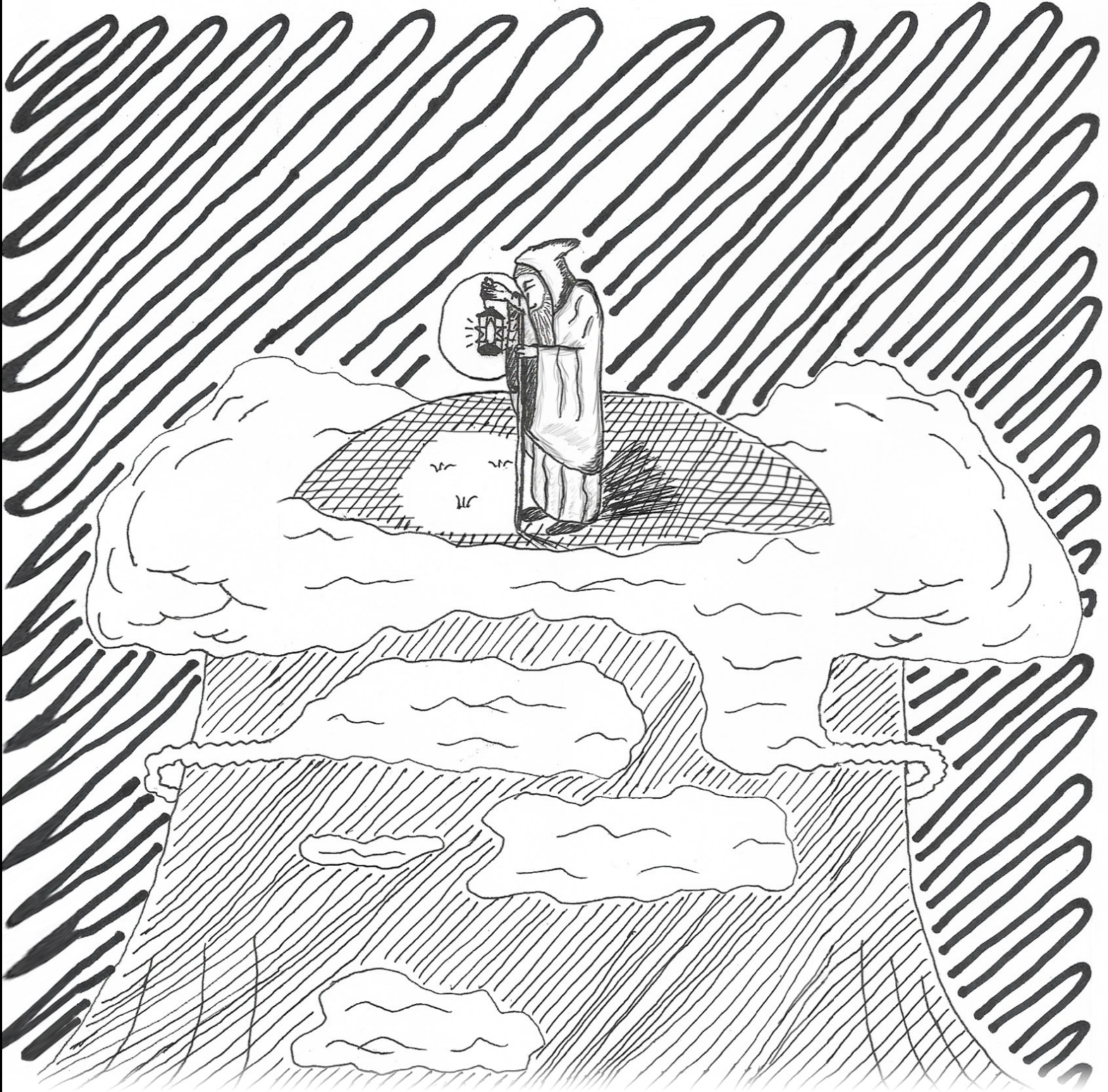
Led Zeppelin's famous depiction of "The Hermit" from the Tarot Deck represents the light of reason in a world of darkness. What does he think of the presidential election this year?



Fold Page Over Left



Fold Back So That A Meets B



DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE COLD AND BLAND AS TAPIOCA-
LYING ABOUT EMAILS OVER MOTHER'S CORPSE
TWEETING IDIOT VOIDS REPUBLICAN WARRANTY
SIXTY-YEAR-OLD FOX VIEWERS APPROVE OF PRETEEN

To: BigG@Gmail.com

Subject: New Dress Code

As the newly appointed Associate Manager of Heaven, I believe that now is a good time to discuss some potential reforms. After having compiled the universally demanded changes to the code of conduct for angel activities, I believe we should start with the first item on the following list:

- New Dress Code
- Revival of dinosaurs for recreational use
- Tax reduction for the upper class
- Auto-euthanization of the uglies
- Localized website/server for lecture notes
- Some form of Pseudo-communism (like the thing that Stalin had going)

Heaven is in need of a new dress code. In approximately 9000 BCE (in human terms), it was mandated that Angels under the Organization of Heaven will wear the following attire when attending to the needs of humanity and Adonai our God:

- Navy blue or black dress pants
- Fitted suit with name tag that has "Heaven" logo and last name and year died/joined
- Button down shirt
- Black or brown dress shoes with corresponding belt
- Clip-on necktie
- A big, angelic smile

While this sounds good in theory, it seems that this comprehensive list has been completely ignored for the past myriad years. In order to get to the bottom of this, I had one of my subordinates distribute a survey amongst the general populace. This was the result:

Survey (I could probably make a fake survey or something):

Why don't you abide by the dress code?

It's too formal (82%)

Too formal (10%)

I prefer casual clothes (7%)

Other (.999999 %)

I'm not gay (1 total jackass)

Based on these results, our company seems to foster unprecedented levels of homophobia. Now, I did as protocol suggested and had the guys in security hunt this bigot down and bless the crap out of him with heavy, blunt objects. However, my subordinates are idiots and used the extremely secure and impenetrable www.aol.com to host the survey. These survey results have now been logged in AOL's database and despite our best efforts from our North Korean hackers, we have been unable to gain access to their servers and destroy this incriminating evidence. Should these results be either discovered or released to the public, this could be a PR disaster. As a company representing the highest authority of Heaven, we are supposed to be completely free of all such un-PC negativity.

Therefore, I believe our best course of actions should be to make amendments to the dress code as soon as possible so we can please the people and potentially make them overlook these nasty survey results. So, I propose the following changes:

- Any color dress pants with the words "Reserved for the Lord" printed above the buttohole
- Neon green color shirt with gender/birth gender/kin printed on the front
- Instead of suit, a fashionable jacket that depicts some sort of gathering involving marijuana on the back
- Uncomfortably bright white Converse
- No more necktie
- A smaller smile, but now with exactly one eyebrow raised at all times

These changes should be "less gay" and more casual as the staff desired. Furthermore, I think it would be in the company's best interest to do something with the community of Earth sometime soon. Perhaps we could make a second Elton John. That would definitely please many of the LGBTQIA± groups up in Heaven. Let me know what you think, and please call I miss you daddy.

Love,
Jesus

Is the movie “Annie” Attempting to Promote a Pagan World-View and Subvert American Family values?

By Professor Paul Enis

Journal of Movieology and Super Good Analysis, Issue 6, Vol. 9 pages 4-20

The short answer to that question is yes. The slightly longer answer to that question is most definitely. But, in case you're not already convinced, let us conduct an in depth case study in which we demonstrate that the message Annie sends to our children is that capitalism is evil and that Biblical lessons can be utterly disregarded.

Joseph Stalin. Communism. Socialist State. You would have to be as blind as a hawk to not see the connection between these things and Annie. Annie is an attempt by the Communists to shape the young minds of Americans in order to promote their cause. One of the main characters in Annie is Daddy Warbucks. Does that sound a little suspicious? Daddy--Father--Founding Fathers. Okay, but what about Warbucks? “War Bucks”--A war on money, a war on capitalism. Could the creators of Annie have been attempting to foment a communist revolution in the United States? And if so, why? Now that the connection between the communist state and Annie is clearly and undeniably established we can look to the underlying reasons why such a philosophy is so dangerous. Karl Marx, a man who confessed to being a pagan worshipper of the occult, founded communism on the belief that it was okay to not be a good person and therefore a christian. Karl Marx once said “Religion is the opium of the masses.” Now let me tell you, having done both religion and opium I know that they are born from the same thing - retards. So you have to ask yourself, if the creators of Annie revere Karl Marx as a saint, are there other pieces of irrefutable evidence contained within Annie that might indicate a malicious attempt to harm the American family? Did you ever have a nagging feeling in your gut while listening to “It’s a hard-knock life” that the ghost of Vladimir Lenin was attempting to sodomize you with his amoral beliefs? If so, I think I have an explanation, for there’s a couple of things to point out here. First, girls have taken the respectable blue-collar jobs of cleaning an orphanage that should have gone to hardworking americans. Second, notice how the girl’s lament having to work, saying “oh woe is me”. This is the classic sloth attitude displayed by communists and despicable persons in general. I mean could this be more on-the-nose? Yes (I know it’s hard to believe), the movie takes place in 1933, a year in which Stalin was conducting his great purges. Huh, that’s odd, it appears as though we’ve come full circle. Quad Erat Fucking Demonstratum.

Fact: Annie was released in theaters on 6/18/1982, exactly 175 days after Christmas. $1+7+5=13$, the number of disciples at the last Supper. Is this a celebration of the murder of Christ? I should certainly hope not, but I’m afraid it’s undeniably the case. Could the creators have been motivated by anti-christian forces? Only you can decide. To answer this, we have to look no further than the esteemed professor, Philip Ian Tubes. Dr. Tubes writes “I liked the movie...only...a little[...] orphan...ages... are things that...[Jesus] wanted...Social[ism]...is not...good.” Since we have already successfully proved that socialism is pretty much the same as giving the devil a blow job, we can infer that Professor tubes clearly meant that he had discovered a connection between Annie and the devil. Unfortunately, Professor Tubes died under very strange circumstances. I’m not saying that it was by the pagans, but there is significant evidence to indicate that it was by heretical pagans. Another fact: Two of Annie’s closest companions are Sandy (her dog/motif for worshipping false idols) and Grace. Huh, that’s curious, S and G. Almost, like.... Sodom and Gomorrah. Yes, the two biblical cities that burned after numerous sins. Why would Columbia Pictures be glorifying sinners? Only you can decide.

1 My Asshole. Not, in that I made this up, but in that this was written in blood on the furred up scroll of parchment paper I shat out. I don’t even remember eating any scrolls! If that isn’t a sign of divine will than I don’t know what is. (Just to be clear, I’m not saying that I didn’t eat any paper, I’m just saying that I don’t remember eating any. I’ve had some rough nights. That reminds me, Bath Salts plus Codeine equals no bueno.)

2 Ibid. I shat out a second scroll which said this.

3 Made you look

4 I know this, you know this, everybody knows this

5 Not the animal

6 [redacted]

7 You should decide yes

8 Don’t ever question the integrity of me or my sources again or I’ll break your fucking legs.

9 If you’re reading this, you’re asking for your legs to be broken

10 [redacted]

11 This is pretty self-explanatory I think

Straight Female Heaven

There you are, a ninety-nine-point-nine-recurring-percent straight female sitting in Olin at 1:43 am on a Wednesday (yes, wearing pink, of course, or you couldn't sit anywhere with anyone), getting texts from drunk friends about fishbowls ("How do I get so drunk at fishbowls? Srs question rn" Note: must ask Sharon how she has such good syntax whilst allegedly inebriated.). You try to fire back with "Oh there's this totes hot guy who I swear is about to propose sitting right next to me and OH MY GOD is that a key to one of his numerous private jets I spy next to his ID card? #3668237. No it's not weird that I know that, fiancés should know that about each other." But you know the truth. No such male individual exists. About to turn back to your essay, you realize you could simply daydream about what heaven would look like for you instead!

- 24/7 male strip club with Channing, Joe M, Matt Bomer (more like Matt Boner, wink wink) and the other generic abs with faces slapped on whose names you cannot quite recall.
- Calorie-free chocolate. SoulCycle is a cult, ok? That's why I don't go. Or exercise. Ever.
- Cheese. Ideally fondue. And a fire, of course, so JBiebs can come and threaten to be your boyfriend while you enjoy joyous gooeyness. It's written in the gospel (Book of Bieber, Boyfriend, 6: "Chillin' by the fire while we eatin' fondue").
- Lots of wine. Lots and lots of wine. Because, obviously, that is what women do, in a nutshell: We drink, and we know things.
- Constant reruns of chick flicks, because who doesn't love to hate Katherine Heigl? Oh, you? Well you're a statistical anomaly!
- Lots of blankets. And cats. Also, the two don't have to be mutually exclusive, you know. Cat hair blankies are so in right now.

Instead, here you are, waking up to the sad inhabitants of Libe at 2 AM. Your own personal hell.

JAMES P. VAN DYKE

James P. Van Dyke, with a minor in Psych wanted to be an actor.
He dreamed every night of his name up in lights and audience roaring with laughter.
So he moved to L.A. and got started that day scrubbing dishes and floors at a diner.
And ignoring the fact that his acting was crap, his scrubbing could not have been finer.

James P. Van Dyke, with a minor in Psych waited from Winter to Fall.
But no agent, he found, after looking around, would return even one of his calls.
Having sought wealth and fame he had reaped only pain,
his dream all but withered and gone.
Not food, love, or drink, nor the couch of a shrink could give him the will to go on.

James P. Van Dyke, with a minor in Psych answered the phone every night to talk to no other but dear loving mother and try not to put up a fight.
"James," she would say, in her matronly way,

"You're a failure who's run out of luck.
No one will hire a talentless liar.
You're not an actor—give up!"

James P. Van Dyke, with a minor in Psych would be dead with a shell in his brain were it not for a pill to resolve any illness in sunshine, in fog, or in rain.
An antidepressant for gods and for peasants, for children and wombats and bears.
It's easy to throw back your woes with a Prozac and live without worries or cares.

James P. Van Dyke, with a minor in Psych got a phone call from Pfizer one day.
"We wondered if you would be willing to do a testimonial sometime in May."
So he went to rehearsal for the Prozac commercial, which aired on T.V. soon thereafter.
But his face turned pale green when it said on the screen,
"JAMES IS NOT AN ACTOR."

Movie Review: Two Stars for Lord of the Jews: The Fellowship of the God, The Two Gods, and Return of the God, the Condensed Trilogy of Abrahamic Theology.

This year, you're better off taking your kids to see James Franco and Jonah Hill dick it out in Sausage Party then waste your money on Michael Bay's nine-hour bible saga. Here I will relate my experience watching the trilogy.

First, when I paid for my ticket to The Fellowship of the God, the teenager in the ticket office had the balls to leaf through my wallet, throwing out two condoms and my Moe's Liquor Saving Club Card. When I roared at him in indignation, he helplessly apologized, saying that the sinful items were not allowed to profane the theater. Chafing from the incident, I briskly walked to take my seat. Throughout the first installment, the God protagonist is thoroughly unrelatable. One minute he is a kind and reserved elderly man, and the next minute he is smiting his worthless creations in a cataclysm of rage. The most memorable moment occurs when Abraham gets Isaac to pull over in North Jersey before telling Rocco to rub him out, leave the gun, and take the cannoli. After relieving myself during the intermission, I found that the film had unapologetically skipped all the way from Joshua to Maccabees. The second part focused on the trivial politics of the Israelites before ending with a Michael Bay addition: the opening of the Ark of the Covenant. It was a completely out-of-place Raiders ripoff, but watching the Nazi's faces melt into bloody gore made me forget that I wasted the previous two and a half hours.

Before I had any time to recover, I was funneled into The Two Gods showing. Set during the Roman Occupation of Judea, the sequel seemed to follow a more coherent storyline. I'll admit it was cringe-worthy to watch Joe believe the first excuse from his pregnant wife, who had not yet given him any action. But from there, the Jesus character goes on many wild escapades across ancient Palestine. He parties it up at the Wedding of Cana before eventually running into trouble with the law. As was completely predictable, Judas Iscariot, the thirteenth disciple, reveals his treachery with a steamy homo-erotic scene referred to as the "kiss of death." Part II concludes with Jesus and the rest of the Roman prisoners singing "Always Look on the Bright Side of Life" as they gruesomely bleed out on their respective crucifix.

Had I known that the second part of the trilogy triggered the Dark Ages, Crusades, and Inquisitions, I would not have been so excited to see the epic conclusion Return of the God. The story begins with a



Poster image for the third film, Lord of the Jews: Return of the God

warlord seeing a vision in a cave, subjecting the audience to an overwhelming psychedelic visual sequence. He then goes on to brutally conquer and subjugate the Arab world and found a religion of peace. The movie has stunning CGI effects such as The Splitting of the Moon scene.

The three part series concludes with a heart-racing catharsis: the Messianic Apocalypse. One glaring problem is that Michael Bay was too chicken to figure out which groups are saved and which are damned, so any specifics are lost to the graphic explosion-filled carnage. Overall, I would not recommend this series unless you are a glutton for punishment or looking to end a romantic experience. If you find the plotline dubious, the explanation is that you are a vile apostate. By the time you're two hours in, you'll wish you were burning at the stake!

Pornell: Dicked in Dickson

A Tale of Discovery in Ithaca

Young Andy White couldn't believe what he was about to do. Clutching a sweatshirt around his shoulders, he rushed hurriedly through the windswept snow towards Dickson, where he was going to meet his new "friend" Ezra. They'd been talking for a while on, uh, a certain app the author would certainly not know anything about and finally decided they should quit the talk and get some action. Andy was from a small buttoned-up rural town in Upstate New York where he could never really express how much he liked cock. He even had to pretend to like girls, and went to prom with one and held hands with her! GROSS! COOTIES!!! YUCK!!!!!! But tonight, he was gonna fuck Ezra harder than an 8am chem prelim.

He casually slid into Dickson, hornier than a porcupine at whatever the porcupine equivalent of the Playboy mansion is. After spending a good 15 minutes looking for his gentleman caller's room (honestly who the fuck designed Dickson, an epileptic sea rhinoceros?), he was at the place. He tepidly knocked on the door, more nervous than an altar boy on the priest's birthday. Ezra answered in nothing but a pair of tight boxer briefs, and he was every bit as beautiful as Andy had imagined, from his nimble toes all the way up to his perfectly coiled manbun. Andy entered, and they sat down on Ezra's bed. Their lips touched, and before long Ezra had shoved his Alaskan Bull Worm down Andy's throat, and boy, it was big, scary, and pink. But as their tongues mashed together like a couple of sloppy joes in a tilt-a-whirl, Andy noticed a couple things on Ezra's desk. There was a Mazda key, which meant Ezra probably owned a Mazda. He also theorized that it would obviously be a Big Red Mazda, as a tribute to his glorious alma mater. Then, a realization. The manbun. The red Mazda. He also saw a large knife with dried blood on it, and that was kind of a tip-off. Could this be the man who had been terrorizing campus for the past two months?

Andy broke off the kiss and asked worriedly, "Wait a minute, are you the stabber?"

"Oh no!" Shouted Ezra, with his boner deflating faster than the Hindenburg after its captain dropped a piping hot mixtape, "You know my horrible secret! Now you must die!" He plunged the knife into his lover in exactly the way he had hoped to do with penis, and the life drained from Andy. He, however, was happy. He was dying exactly the way he had wanted to: Covered in blood, and with a throbbing erection.

Andy faded from consciousness and entered into the light. God of course quickly rejected him as a dicksucking heathen, so he was banished to an eternity in Hell. First thing he knew; he was in his bed in Donlon. Walking out into the hall, nothing was different. Everything and everyone was just where it had been. That's when a crippling epiphany hit like a bus Lindsay Lohan just pushed the popular girl in front of. Cornell was hell. His life didn't change at all, for his life, with problem sets, papers, and prelims couldn't possibly get any worse. Only now, there was no escape. He screamed, but it was in vain, and no one would hear his cry for help, and no one would come to grant him mercy.

The Lord of Lies converses with the Lord of Truth.



1. Hellivator 2. Confused Atheists 3. Unhappy Satan
6. Jesus and Buddha playing Hacky Sack 7. The One True God 8. Satan's
10. Satan and Hades' friendship bracelet 11. Tour Group
16. Demon Games 17. Suffering 18. Eternal Conga Line 19. Anuk



For our beloved reader: See if you can spot all 20!

1. The Bouncer 2. The Bouncer 3. The Bouncer 4. The River Sticks 5. Misplaced Valkyrie
 6. An Angel who turned too hard 7. The Bouncer 8. The Bouncer 9. Valhalla being told to behave
 10. The Bouncer 11. The Bouncer 12. Cornell 13. Masochist 14. The Bouncer 15. Pagan Idol
 16. The Bouncer 17. The Bouncer 18. The Bouncer 19. The Bouncer 20. Charon's sick boat decals

FINDING HELL IN YOUR OWN HOME: A SHORT STORY

“God, look at that son-of-a-bitch, mayonnaise-loving sack of shit,” Sydney remarked through the pane of her bedroom window. Down below on the back deck, Sydney’s dad had just finished grilling burgers for their summertime barbecue. Sliding the meat pucks onto a plate, he proceeded to squirt copious amounts of mayonnaise onto the stack, followed by slathering more onto all the buns. As Sydney observed from above, she wished for the umpteenth time for an escape from the Hell of her parent’s house and their excessive mayonnaise addiction. The only thing she hated more than that condiment was possibly her parents themselves.

She recalled a moment at the dinner table a few nights ago. Dinner was lasagna, commonly made using ricotta cheese, uncommonly made using mayonnaise. Sydney poked at the oily slice sitting on her plate, wishing for a way to ignite the plate and escape through the back window while

her family fought the flames. She refused to eat anything prepared with mayonnaise, which made it hard for her to eat very much at all at home. Due to her lack of proper equipment to make such an escape, Sydney simply glared at her parents sitting across the table. They were pulled from the pages of a Land’s End catalogue, complete with monogrammed canvas tote bags, monogrammed backpacks, monogrammed luggage sets, and matching monogrammed bowling shirts (for family game night). “Can I get my ass monogrammed?” She had asked when they mentioned their new monogrammed mug set. “Now honey, we don’t say ‘ass’ at the dinner table, unless we are talking about your mother’s – am I right, honey?” Her dad laughed heartily and elbowed his wife seated beside him who stared straight down at her plate, holding back her angry fists. Classic Dad joke.

Back in Sydney’s room, the hormonal teen slid open her closet door to reach for her yellow

Shawshank Punishment

Many people don’t know this, but Hell is really more like a standard prison where you simply wait out your time for eternity with occasional eternal torture sessions. The following is a transaction between a few of the inmates overheard by one of the demon guards:

“Yo, new kid, what’s your name?” asked Baby Blue, walking over from his side of the rec area to harass the new boy.

He looked over to Baby Blue, “They call me Little Johnny.”

“Pleasure to meet you Johnny, what you in here for?”

“I was sent down here cause I kicked my mother too much.”

“Damn, that’s savage man. I drank too much.”

“Oh bro, that ain’t your fault.” Johnny put a sympathetic hand on his shoulder.

“That’s your mother’s fault, you should be up

**“I should have said
no to the beers, but
they just kept coming
down that umbilical
cord”**

in heaven.”

At this point, Giggles overheard their conversation and walked over.

“That’s nothing babies, I murdered my twin. Strangled him.”

Johnny looked visibly shaken by this. “Jesus man, that’s cold blooded.”

“Yea, the po-po eventually got me.” Giggles looked down sadly.

Their conversation was broken up when a

flip-flops so she could join her Dad outside. She got down on her knees to scour the mess of her shoes on the floor, looking for her sandals. As she moved towards the left corner of the closet, her hand brushed against cool, wet plastic. She pulled her hand to an inch away from her eyes to observe what she had touched. White, thick, oily liquid caked her fingers. Turning to the left to observe the item whose chilled exterior graced her hand, she came face-to-face with a pyramid composed of gallon-sized condiment jars. All of them were mayonnaise. "Dear sweet mother of Christ..." she trailed off as she imagined her hand shriveling into a raisin at the touch of the spread. Who would store these jars in a teenage girl's closet?

Suddenly, her father barged into the room and found his daughter clutching her hand in terror mid hyperventilation on the floor. "What's wrong, sweetheart?" He quipped under his fluffy gray mustache. He didn't wait for her response, as she continued to stare at her hand in utter despair, wondering if the contact between her and the mayonnaise would cause her hand to disintegrate.

Glancing into the closet, Sydney's father observed several gallon-sized containers of mayonnaise, one of which seemed to be cracked and leaking. "Oh look! You've found my Hellmann's! I must have forgotten I placed them here. Good thing you found them, too - the pickles for the burgers were feeling a little dry." He scooped up the broken container and sensually ran a finger along the jar's breach. Licking his finger, he grinned happily. Distracted by the oozing container, he left his reeling daughter on the floor of her bedroom to return to his grill. "Fuck you, dad." Sydney muttered. "Fuck you and your devilish love of Hellmann's."



newcomer suddenly dropped onto their table. Baby Blue jumped back from the table.

"Oh shit, we gotta greenskin. What's your name?"

"I didn't have a name, and where am I?"

"You're in Hell pal." Giggles said.

"That can't be, I haven't done anything."

"Sure pal, sure."

"No seriously, I literally couldn't have done anything to deserve being sent down here."

Baby Blue pulled the new kid aside.

"How did you die, maybe that had something to do with it."

"I was medically executed, I was scheduled for release in nine months but they simply couldn't afford to keep me so I they had me killed." The new kid looked down, the gravity of his situation setting in.

"I guess I'm here now."

"Oh the authorities got you. Yea I was dodging coat hangers for a month before they called in Planned Parenthood." Johnny said.

"Damn, I couldn't 'cause my twins body was taking up all the room in the womb."

The new kid looked visibly disturbed.

"You killed your twin???"

"Yea, strangled him with his own umbilical cord, little bitch kept hogging all the food."

The new kid was absolutely shocked at this point.

"That's horrible, maybe you do deserve to be down here."

"Of course we do, we are bad kids, who were in complete control of our actions and should be treated like an actual adult or child."

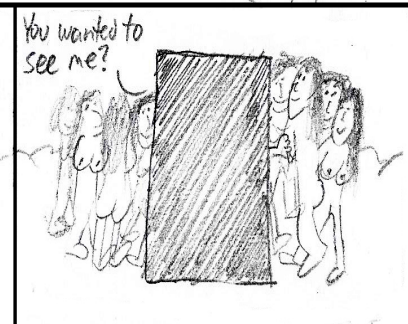
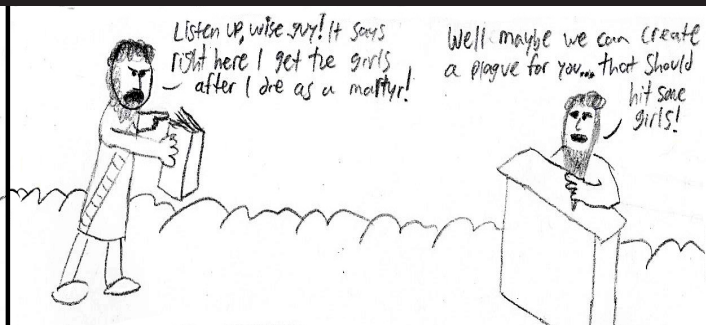
"Yea, in hindsight, I probably shouldn't have been kicking so much in the womb, I was just impatient." Johnny confessed

"And I should have said no to the beers, but they just kept coming down that umbilical cord."

The new kid looked around guiltily. "I suppose I shouldn't have been masturbating so much."

The crowd erupted into laughter. "We knew you deserved to be down here! Now come on, lunch is over, we can't be late to our eternal torture."

Courteous neighbors always keep domestic violence to a minimum volume.



A Confession About Confessions

I have a confession: I can't get enough of confessions. Whenever I murder, rape, or jaywalk, I get all tingly just thinking about that upcoming admittance of sin in the back of church. In fact, I've increased my sins to encompass all Ten Commandments, just to diversify my sessions and keep things interesting. Being a sinfully skilled sinner, I've been around the pew aisles a few times. While the cardboard communication snack always tastes the same, I've never met two priests who were scarred by my sins in the same way. Below are some of my most memorable encounters of my confession... my sacra-mementos if you will. Sweet, that's the third sinfully bad pun this week. But I remember these like they were yesterday...

After a particularly refreshing school bus kidnapping, I walk into St. Taint's with blood on my shirt and a smile on my face. I'm directed to the back, where Father Jack patiently awaits, nestled behind the usual divider. As soon I launch into how I strangled my neighbor's kitten, I notice the priest sit up, his breathing noticeably quicker. Wouldn't be the first time I shocked one of these old coots into cardiac arrest, I think. After informing him on my latest research for my beastiality erotica, the pious priest is practically panting, the divider rattling and shaking. I pause to make sure he's ok, but he sputters, "K-keep going, my son". But at the mention of handing out Jesus condoms, Father Jack suddenly exclaims "Margaret Thatcher's cervix!" and a warm, sticky substance hits the divider with a satisfyingly, sinful smack.

I guess it was Father Jack's off day.

After Father Jack and I both finished, I still needed to finish telling my sins for the week. Thankfully, Our Gravy of Gourdes was also offering

confession nearby. Sometimes I miss seeing the sheer horror in their eyes, so I sat face to face with a younger looking priest, fresh out of molestation training in Italy. I continued with my new additions to my robotic pornography collection and my recent interest in chemical ignition, but as soon as I mention the orphanage arson, he interjected, "Have you tried lighting up inner city orphanages? They're older buildings, more likely to be made of dry wood". Now, I have seen nearly every wrinkly jowled priest from here to Vatican City, but never has anyone taken the time to try and help improve my craft! This fresh-faced father pointed out some improvements to my goat mutilation process, and even offered to show me his tax embezzlement process after the midday mass. This is what I've been sacra-missing!

But just this past week, I had one of the most unusual encounters in all my confessing years, over at Church of Mary UMadeline. I go behind the divider this time, kneeling down and rehearsing the lines to my victim's final pleas, when I hear someone just outside the room say, "...and then switch labels with the rat poison, or you'll be the third altar boy I show my balls to this week!". Immediately after, a priest enters the area and upon seeing me says, "Lucifer's libido, I forgot I have another little shit sinner to deal with".

My mouth hangs slightly open as this holy asshole hocks a loogie and putters over to his chair, scratching his robes in ways that leave nothing to the imagination. Upon sitting down for a moment, he snaps, "You got something in your Catholic cockhole? Out with it, I've got things to meet and nuns to do, if you know what I mean."

My excitement rising, I simply have to ask him. "Do you...enjoy sinning too?"

He laughs and says, "Mary's

bloody hymen, I do! In this racket of a religion, you tell me I can be absolved for ALL of my sins whenever? You can just call me Sin-derella!"

"I've always thought the same thing!" I exclaim. "Just think of all the possibilities, all of the limitless ways to express our natural inclination to choose wrong!"

"Don't get hard on me, son, I only have one Viagra left for CCD later. So what does my fellow sin enthusiast have for me?"

Giddy and eager to share, I start pulling from my personal favorites to impress this deacon of sin. Blowing the pope on Good Friday, performing a lesbian abortion on a stack of Bibles, being late to Sunday mass: all of the most proud and cherished highlights of my career. But he didn't even bat an eyelash!

"You've been behaving yourself this week. You should know better than that, young man."

"But I - yes, Father," I say with my eyes on the floor, trying hard not to get teary, ashamed of what I had done.

"All of us face these wrong tendencies to behave every single day. Even Jesus was tempted to do good. We are all human and it happens. I am going to absolve you of your lack of sin, but I want you to promise me you'll try to work harder and avoid these good deeds. Your penance is giving a small child a large, unstable ice cream cone on a hot, summer day, ensuring the scoops will fall off the cone and break his little shitty heart."

"Of course, Father, thank you. I strive to one day be as faithful as you", I tell him as I head out, imbued with fresh vigor and spirit to do no good again.

"Of course", the priest says smiling lightly. "Oh, and also for your penance, three Hail Mary's!"

The Nine Circles of Donald Trump's Hell



First Circle - A Bunch of Taco Trucks

Welcome to the First Circle of Trump's Hell, where all the non-registered voters go. Feel free to grab lunch from one of the taco trucks, they're on every corner. Gosh, I wish there was a truck here which sold boring white people food.

Second Circle - ISIS

I bet you weren't expecting to find ISIS Headquarters in the mind of Donald Trump. Be careful, I heard there are immigrants here.

Third Circle - Illegal Immigrants

Speaking of immigrants, there seem to be a lot of illegals in the Third Circle of Trump's Hell. Rumor has it they're pouring in from the Second Circle any which way they can: via car, plane, riding on Mike Pence's back, etc. My goodness they're pouring in by the hundreds, no--thousands! Thousands every second! Perhaps we should build a wall?

Fourth Circle - Taxes

Vote for Donald Trump and you will not have to pay any taxes.*

Fifth Circle - The Gays

Ugh, how did the gays get here? Go back to fairyland you homosexual heathens! Marriage should begin with a man and a woman and end in a divorce.

Sixth Circle - The Blacks

This caption was removed for being too offensive

Seventh Circle - A Lepo

I'm not sure what a Lepo is, but it's here. And it has basically fallen. Wait--is a Lepo kind of like Russia?

Eighth Circle - Moral Conscience

Hang on tight, we're almost in the final circle of Hell. We ask that you please abandon any morality, humility, compassion, ethics, level-headedness, and personal belongings in the designated bins.

Ninth Circle - The Center of Trump's Hell

Congratulations you awful, politically-challenged human being, you made it to the center of Trump's Hell, where Satan herself lives. I wonder who that could be.

Alternatively, one could go to Heaven and be greeted by Jesus Christ (aka Donald Trump), son of God (aka Donald Trump)

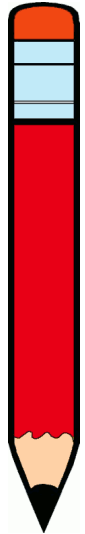
*As long as you're in the .01%, of course

STUDY HACKS:

These are proven to raise GPA by at least 0.25!!!



- Until now, you've probably been taught to use your highlighter sparingly, highlighting only a few of the most crucial phrases in each paragraph. This is stupid. You should highlight the entire passage so that you remember every single word, and not just a select few.
- Sometimes it makes sense to convert math problems into real life situations. For example, take the simple problem $144 = x^2$. Find the value of x . Here, you might visualize 144 pizza slices, divided equally into 12 boxes. And from there, imagine that each of the pizza slices are taken out of their boxes and replaced with oranges. To find how many oranges are in each box, simply take the square root of the number 144, and now you have the value of x . See: math can be fun!
- Instead of orally ingesting Adderall, snort that shit
- Transfer to Brown University

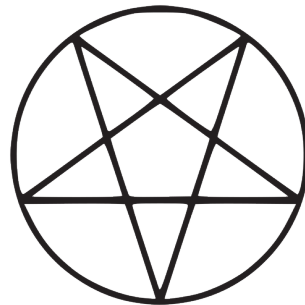


CU Nooz Comes So Goddamn Close to Being Original

ITHACA, NY - Cornell University's CU Nooz, calling itself the school's "only satirical news site," makes a truly heartwarming effort to be creative. "It's endearing to see these young comedians putting in such an earnest effort to do something that's their own. But at the same time it just breaks your heart to see them utterly fail," says Prof. Jimmy James, Government. "Their tone, format, general concept, heck, even their slogan... is all entirely derivative of The Onion."

On the positive side, since the average Cornellian devotes more brain space to studying computer science than to appreciating quality humor, unoriginality does not prevent the CU Nooz from being popular. "I love CU Nooz," says Freddy Frederick '20. "I love it cause I love The Onion, and it's just like The Onion but just about Cornell stuff which is like genius! It even has CU NoozFeed, which is exactly like Clickhole, a sister publication of The Onion! Totally hilarious stuff!" There exist other humor publications on campus, but they are less popular because they lack the audacity to blatantly steal their concept from a pre-existing national publication. "The Lu-

natic? What's that? Never heard of it. Is it like The Onion? The Onion's funny and that's why I like it. I think all jokes should be fake news headlines 'cause those are the ones I can understand," says Frederick '20. "The cool thing about fake news headlines is 'cause they sound real but they're not which totally messes with me." Just goes to show you: who needs originality? CU Nooz staff members will likely take issue to this article's mimicry of their tone, which they believe to be their own invention. If only they could see the irony, but maybe that's too much to ask of a satire publication.



The newest CU Nooz logo

Sources Report Purgatory is "Just Okay"

Heaven and Hell certainly draw much attention nowadays. Granted, fire and brimstone and angles and pearly gates all inspire conversation, but what about Purgatory? It would seem everyone has forgotten about this small community of wonderful dead folks. For this reason, I decided to do research in order to tell the world of this forgotten place.

Over the course of two months, I conducted multiple interviews with residents of Purgatory via Ouija, and this is what they had to say.

The first soul who visited me was former dental assistant Martha Wijkowski. According to Martha: "Purgatory is alright. For the most part we spend our days attoning. Then, on Tuesdays we play bingo followed by Scrabble on Wednesdays. Every now and then there are rumors that Jesus is going to be in town, but he usually never

shows.... and we might not be as glamorous as those snobs in Heaven, but we sure are more honest and hardworking."

After more searching, I came into contact with another spirit, this one of the former dentist Harold Lemon. When asked about Purgatory, Harold responded, "It's okay here. It's usually about 70 to 75 degrees in the summer and then down to about 30 in the winter. There's air conditioning and central heating in most buildings though, which is nice. Overall, it's a good place to raise a family so long as they don't mind all the atonement. Some people think it's hip to be in Heaven or Hell, but I'm pretty content with my afterlife right hete. Sorry, that was a typo. Don't put that in the interview. Yes you are. I can see you typing it right now."

The final soul I interviewed was former orthodontist David Abernathy. David gave me some wonderful insight

into Purgatory. He explained, "I mean we all secretly fantasize about being like those famous spirits in Heaven and Hell, but honestly who needs all of that attention? And so we may not have the same level of privilege as they do, but it helps keep us down to Earth... or... well Purgatory I guess. That is something that upsets me though. Nobody ever says Purgatory. It's always, "This is like Heaven!" or "What the Hell?" Can't we get a saying? Just once I'd like to hear someone say "That's so Purgatory" or something. You know what I'm saying. Other than that, I don't really have many complaints. Who can complain about living in a 2,600 square foot house with your average-looking wife and unwinding on a Tuesday with a nice bag of Purgatory Brand Salted Snack Treats while watching the sports game after your daily attoning?" ■



Hell's Hottest DJ



In the fiery depths of hell, we like to get down like it's our last day on Earth. So, when we decide to hit the clubs on a Saturday night, we expect the place to be lit. But if you want your night to really reduce you to ashes, you have to go see MC Inferno, hell's hottest DJ.

Ever since MC Inferno made his way onto the club scene, he has been the ultimate crowd pleaser. Demons are lining up down the street to see this young MC play a set. If Inferno is playing a club, you can best believe the place is gonna be on fire, probably because he will literally set it on fire on account of him being a flame elemental.

Inferno comes from humble roots. In life, he was an arsonist. Now, as part of an ironic punishment, he now must burn alive for all eternity.

Don't think that an eternity of pain will stop this hot talent though. Our young MC has dominated the top 40 charts ever since the release of his new EP "This Album is Fire". The EP includes songs "The Searing Pain I Feel is Unbearable" and "I'm Sorry I Burned My Wife and Children".

Everyone who knows Inferno will tell you he's the coolest and hottest DJ/producer that's on fire right now. Apparently he's a really chill dude and totally hot. Not to mention all the parties he throws are lit because he never runs out of kerosene.

According to basic thermodynamics, he should have cooled down by now, but with his second album about to go triple brimstone, who's to say how much hotter this young MC is gonna get?



MC Inferno performing a super hot set at the Scorch night club

25 Reasons Why Santa Claus Is in Hell!

1. Elf Enslavement
2. Elvan experimentation and creation of the orcs
3. Reindeer Enslavement
4. Eating Rudolph that time he got stranded in the South Pole
5. Bad Christmas songs
6. Bad Lifetime Christmas movies
7. Breaking and Entering
8. Gluttony
9. Luring children into his sleigh with candy
10. Bribing children
11. Throwing lumps of coal at children
12. Capitalizing the "f" in Father Christmas
13. Plagiarizing Christianity
14. Plagiarizing the beard of Jesus
15. The destruction of the North Pole's ecosystem
16. Poaching narwhals
17. Helping Wall Street exploit Christmas
18. Encouraging kids to be materialistic little shits
19. Encouraging parents to encourage their kids to be materialistic little shits
20. Satanic witchcraft
21. Alcoholism; drinking and driving; getting white-girl wasted
22. Spreading false information about Jesus's birthday
23. His big gay love for Jack Frost
24. Cheating on Mrs. Claus with Jack Frost
25. That time he ran over Grandma

Useful How To's!

How to come out to your parents as gay

- Find the right time and place
- Try to stay calm and collected
- Be prepared to answer questions they might have

How to come out to your nephew as a pedophile

- Explain in terms he can understand
- Remember that this may come as a surprise
- Remind him you still love him no matter what

Overheard in Hell

Overheard in Fry's Electronics: "Yes, we have plenty of Galaxy Note 7's"

Overheard in Fry's Electronics: "No, the hellfire is not quite as hot as the Galaxy Note 7's"

Overheard in Fry's Electronics: "Yes, we do offer a free case with purchase of a Galaxy Note 7"

Overheard in Fry's Electronics: "No, the free case isn't heatproof"

Overheard in Fry's Electronics: "Ow"

Overheard in the cafeteria: "I'm so tired of barbecue."

Overheard near Satan's office: "I can't feel my face when I'm with you."

Overseen near the cafeteria: empty ice dispenser with zero chill

Overheard in the depths of Hell: "Ow."

Overheard in the waiting room: "OMG guys, it's Nickelback!"

Overseen on Satan's computer:



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Helvetica

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

For other uses, see [Helvetica \(disambiguation\)](#).

Helvetica is a widely used [sans-serif typeface](#) developed in Hell by [Satan](#) with input from sinners.

Excerpt from the Satan's autobiography

Now as I discussed in the last chapter, Dante had a lot of things correct in his inspector's report. However, he neglected to point out our specialist division. You see certain individuals required special attention because the common tortures of Hell simply couldn't accommodate them. I'll give you an example, one individual, upon arrival in here, was in extreme denial. We told him he was in Hell and he wouldn't believe us. You see, in 2011 he was murdered by a girl for grabbing some of her pussy. He thought he could get away with it because he was a celebrity but this twelve year old proved far too strong for his tiny hands. When he got here though, he kept telling us it wasn't Hell, that he was far too good for Hell, he was the best person he knew and that no one knew people better than he knew people, no one. We asked him if was being serious and he went on a 20 minute rant about ISIS. We had no idea what he was talking about, and his answer had nothing to do with the question. And if I'm being totally honest, he was kinda creepy. Like I know it's hell and all, but we aren't weirdos. I'd be having a conversation with Stalin for instance and he would just kinda linger behind us, standing there. So yeah, he had to go. So we put him back on Earth, and made him a presidential candidate. Now I know what you're thinking, how is that a punishment? But think about it: He's one of the most scrutinized people in history now, and he's being totally embarrassed on a public stage. He still had some friends like Sean Hannity, though (Seriously, Hannity is a fan, just call Hannity.) so we needed a second part to this punishment. That's why we increased the size of his asshole so that, oh I don't know, like a hypothetically Russian hand could fit all the way up there and work him like a puppet. I can't imagine it being too comfortable. Furthermore, we removed his memory, so he can't even remember what he has said or tweeted. This memory removal had a small side effect of giving him minor tics, so he suddenly spouts random words and phrases while other people are talking. It was an accident, but most of the time I take credit for the idea as well.

Tweets of the DAMNED



Dingo Pletherman
@dingomyberries



Follow

Really wishing I hadn't coveted my neighbor's wife rn

← Reply ↻ Retweet ★ Favorite ... More

3:20 PM · 11 Nov 16 · Embed this Tweet



Charon
@FerrymanOfDaStyx



Following

Styx has risen three inches in the last two years. End #Hell_Warming

← Reply ↻ Retweet ★ Favorite ... More

3:11 PM · 24 Jan 14 · Embed this Tweet



Judas Iscariot
@JuGotToBeKiddingMe



Follow

definitely worth those 30 pieces of silver

← Reply ↻ Retweet ★ Favorite ... More

3:29 PM · 11 Jan 33 · Embed this Tweet



Goliath
@ArnoldAdmirer44



Follow

Ready to lose @David ????

← Reply ↻ Retweet ★ Favorite ... More

3:38 PM · 11 Nov 16 · Embed this Tweet



Leonidus Tinkle
@canyoudothedamnedcan



Follow

@Dante just cut me off in traffic. That guy can go to hell

← Reply ↻ Retweet ★ Favorite ... More

2:51 PM · 12 Mar 16 · Embed this Tweet

LETTER FROM HELL

(with apologies to Allan Sherman)

Tune: Hello Muddah, Hello Fadduh

Hello Mary, Hello Fadduh
Here I am in the pit of lava
Guess my pastor was no liar
And my testicles are currently on fire.

Charon brought me 'cross that river
Then he stabbed me in the liver
You remember Richard Davis
They took a bowling ball and stuck it up his anus.

Holy Mary, Loving Jesus,
How they flay us, how they cleave us
Let me come up if you love me
Just forget about those gays that kissed and hugged me.

Wait a minute, here's a dementor
To promote me to a tormenter
My own pitchfork, my own lair
Father Jesus, kindly disregard this prayer.



WHY ME?

Unfold, gates of ebony - I am here,
a fragile soul, to light forever shut
because they judged, unfairly, I was queer,
and yet I never took it in the butt

but gave, and isn't giving what God loves?
I've marveled at his works of grand design,
and thus to honor glory up above
I've killed for crack for that shit is divine.

A thousand suns have rose, and hung, then fell,
and all the while I have been deprived
of happiness, so on God's works I dwell,
stick cacti in my butt to feel alive.

Thou shalt not kill, but also Praise the Lord,
and praising must mean honoring your soul,

so I praise God, for instance, when I'm bored,
I slaughter babies when I go for strolls.

Why me? I scream to darkness all about
and curse my goodness; it was all in vain,
like all those times I lied 'bout pulling out
and all those fetuses flushed down the drain.

Why me? I ask a God who's never there,
why me? Is suffering a kind of gift?
I ate all of those puppy hearts, I swear!
Their bones are somewhere in the sea, adrift.

A pool of water shows me what I am,
a man of goodness true amongst the shades,
Why me? I had the goods to not be damned,
like heart, and courage in the face of AIDS.

Yes, you are dead. Yes, your body is right now just beginning to rot in an overpriced box of wood that screwed over your child's college funds while your wife is making out with your father and brother at the same time. And yes, you are right now reading something in Comic Sans. With that, welcome to Purgatory!

Hi, my name is Angelina Jolie, the guardian of Purgatory. In Purgatory, our main job is to help figure out where the hell you will spend the rest of your life. However, we are still backlogged right now due to the people dead from watching all of Jersey Shore. So if you can please fill out this application, that would help:

1. Name:		
2. Cause of Death:		
3. Did you die in a cool way?	Yes	No
4. Could your death be shown on America's Funniest Home Videos?	Yes	No
5. Do you believe in God?	Yes	No
6. But really, though?	Yes	No
7. What if I told you he looked like a giant pink dinosaur with Mickey Mouse ears?	Yes	No
8. Would you be disappointed if God looks like the description in question 7? Because heaven might not be for you...	Yes	No
9. Number of kids:		
10. Number of kids you killed:		
11. Number of kids you killed who deserved it (i.e. 5 - 12 year olds):		
12. Number of times you wore a Speedo:		
13. Number of times you wore a Speedo ironically:		
14. Number of times you wore a Speedo ironically but ended up secretly liking the feeling of a tight hug on your junk:		
15. Number of times you masturbated in another person's room:		
16. Number of times you masturbated in the kitchen:		
17. Number of times you masturbated in the communal shower:		
18. Did you lie about your answers in 15-17?	Yes	No
19. As of your death, are you caught up with all of Game of Thrones?	Yes	No
20. Do you use pronouns like zhe or zher?	Yes	No
21. Did you ever say that a racist joke isn't funny when in reality, it is hilarious?	Yes	No
22. Have you ever met the love of your life online and gave him/her your credit card number because he/she really needs money in order to finally reach his/her full potential of becoming a bumper sticker salesman?	Yes	No
23. Do you have tattoos?	Yes	No
24. Number of tattoos right above your butt crack:		
25. Number of people you had sex with who had a tattoo described in question 23:		
26. Number of times you called someone other than your father "Daddy":		
27. Number of times you honestly considered "incest=wincest":		
28. Do you enjoy reading this application in this font?	Yes	No
29. Do you like clowns?	Yes	No
30. Ever drank Diet Pepsi?	Yes	No

Thank you for your time! While you are waiting, feel free to explore Purgatory. We have luke-warm swimming pools, almost-rainy skies, and the beautiful view of the border-suburbs of Detroit. You will hear of our decision whenever God returns from his vacation blazing it up in Amsterdam.

REJECTED ARTICLES

SATAN SENTENCES HIS 40 EX-WIVES TO ETERNAL DAMNATION, GETS HIGH FIVE FROM HENRY VIII.

THE PRESIDENT OF HELL OBLITERATES IGNORANT MUSICAL SNOBS: "FRANKLY, THE FACT THAT MANY SINNERS OF HELL CAN'T STAND TO APPRECIATE VAMPIRE WEEKEND FOR THEIR MUSICAL ACCOMPLISHMENTS IS UNACCEPTABLE."

HELL LIBERAL ARTS MAJORS TAKE STAND AGAINST ELITIST HELL STEM MAJORS: "AT LEAST WHILE WE'RE TRAPPED HERE IN AN ENDLESS CYCLE OF SUFFERING WE MAY ENTERTAIN OURSELVES BY EXPLORING AND MAINTAINING COGNIZANCE OF THE INNER WORKINGS OF OUR MINDS, YOU BUTTHOLES."

"I AM NOT A MUSIC FESTIVAL," BURNING MAN CLAIMS

FORMER GENERAL WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN CORRECTS STATEMENTS MADE DURING LIFE, "WAR IS NOT HELL, IDIOTS. ONE IS A PLACE, THE OTHER IS AN IMPOSED STATE OF ARMED CONFLICT. DON'T QUOTE ME ON THAT DUMB SHIT."

THE RESULTS ARE IN! WHO DO YOU THINK SHOULD JOIN US IN HELL? BILL GATES, THE FOUNDER OF THEODYSSEYONLINE, YOUR BEST FRIEND, AND MORE!

DUMB DEAD GUY THINKS GOD LISTENS TO HIS PLEAS FOR FORGIVENESS, "OH GOD I'M SO SORRY THAT I KILLED MY MOM, SHE WAS BEING A BITCH I SWEAR. I'LL BE GOOD, PLEASE LET ME INTO HEAVEN!"

"PLEASE STOP SENDING THE IGNORANT TO HELL WITH US...THEY REALLY RUIN THE EXPERIENCE," HELL'S LGBTQ COMMUNITY PLEADS

"PLEASE STOP SENDING THE IGNORANT TO HELL WITH US...THEY REALLY RUIN THE EXPERIENCE," HELL'S BDSM COMMUNITY PLEADS

SINNER GIVEN KEY TO THE CITY FOR RECORD SETTING FEAT OF PUBLIC MASTURBATION

"PLEASE STOP SENDING THE JEWS TO HELL WITH US...THEY REALLY RUIN THE EXPERIENCE," HELL'S NEO-NAZI COMMUNITY PLEADS

BLAME PAGE

Heaven Cover	SE	Lord of the Jews	EA
Letter From the Editor	GG	Dicked in Dickson	AF
Judgement Day	PM	Lords Cartoon	NM
Heaven Acceptance	SM	Confessions	MB
America's Last Supper	EA	Neighbor Cartoon	SE
Diary of a Fallen Angel	NS	Virgins Cartoon	EA
Who am I to Play God	ZM	9 Circles of Donald Trump's Hell	SM
Jesus Cartoon	WR	Purgatory	IK
Heaven's New Guns	LR	Hell's Hottest DJ	IK
Philanthropy	ZM	Study Hacks	ZM
Who Art in Heaven	MB	CUNooz	ZM
Obituary	SV	Satan's Autobiography	LR
Loony Fold-In	EA	Tweets of the Damned	SE
New Dress Code	NS	25 Reasons	CC
Annie	JW	Useful How Tos	SE
Straight Female Heaven	SV	Overheard in Hell	JW
James P. Van Dyke	SE	Questionnaire	WR
Search and Find	NM	Letter from Hell	SE
Finding Hell in Your Own Home	SS	Why Me	AO
Shawshank Punishment	LR	Rejected Articles	DP
		Nude Nugs No More	GH

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CORNELL LUNATIC

The
Hell
Issue

