

Since 1978

No. LXXXIII

NO
WINTER
MAINTENANCE

THE
OLD
FARMER'S
2019
ALMANAC

SEASONAL DEPRESSION, EVERY SEASON

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CORNELL LUNATIC

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Letter From the Editor

Dear Farmers, Cows, Cockerels, and Other Agricultural Friends,

Welcome to the Fall 2019 edition of the Cornell Lunatic: The Farmer's Almanac! What a semester, we've been up to a lot here at the Lunatic! We've had 15 new wonderful members join us, we're throwing our first Launch Party on December 6th, and we got fuckin' TSHIRTS BABEE! SAFC eat your heart out because our awesome alumni funded this purchase that was so central and essential to our happiness.

However, being more ambitious than ever has its downfalls. Please help us grieve Puddle's loss at this time. Losing him has been devastating to our revenue stream and I can't be seen looking like a broke ass bitch at this school or I'll lose all my friends :(I'd love to say his sacrifice was for the greater good. Really, I would love to have been able to say that....

Uh anyway, moving on, this edition's got it all, whether you need help with your taxes to what your horoscope is -- we've got an answer! Our esteemed writers have consulted only the finest sources (and definitely not Yahoo answers last night at 4am while high) to help you know what the best days to perform your favourite things to do are. I myself have come up with some predictions just for you, dearest reader.

- My first prediction is that you'll love this edition!
- My second prediction is that I will submit this letter late and make the layout editor, Via annoyed.
- Look, I'm busy, get off my back, ok? Deadlines don't mean anything when you're the one setting them.

Being in charge of anything is a weird place to be in life. People expect you to be a real adult but the other morning I said to my friend, "I'm the baddest bitch in this Aldi and that's what makes me sexy!" So this semester is going great and I'm succeeding at that goal I think. I'm also frankly horrified anyone voted me into office, but here we are! We're all trying to make the best of it.

Have fun reading our fantastic pieces of work, may they enrich your life and keep you warm this winter -- even if you need to resort to using them as firewood. I'll be a little sad but not too much. Maybe next semester you'll go hog wild and put us under your wobbly table? Think about it ;).

All the bees,
Elizabeth, "Liz why's the family cow talking about arson again??" Sharp
Editor-in-Chief 2019-2020

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Predicting Weather With A Goose Bone

Ever since the weather was invented by Aristotle in 350 B.C, people have been trying to predict it. These days, you can just open an app that does this for you, but can you really trust the liberal media meteorologists? The answer is, you can't. It's better to return to old tried-and-true techniques used by the ancient people who starved to death every winter. One of the more famous methods is forecasting using a goose bone.

There is a delicate art to this prediction. It is best done during the late autumn, right before the geese start to migrate. Be sure to have a good carving knife handy. Try to turn off your emotions. And most of all, have fun! Follow the steps below, and you should be well on your way to a successful weather prediction.

Steps:

1. Look outside. Puddles, the goose that lives in your backyard, is standing there eating grass. He ruffles his big, fluffy feathers with the confidence of someone who knows exactly how many times it will snow this February. He's the one.
2. Walk over to Puddles. For a brief moment, you make eye contact and feel a strangely powerful connection. Come to me, his eyes say. I hold the secrets of 1000 blizzards. You stand next to him in silence and revel in this sense of enlightenment.
3. Gently grab Puddles by the neck and strangle him. Feel him thrash around underneath your hands until he emits an empty, lifeless honk.
4. Oh god oh god what have you done? That wasn't just any goose, that was Puddles, god damn it! You've watched this goose grow up, saw him fly south every winter only to return faithfully to your backyard like the son you never had. And now he's dead? And for what? A weather prediction?

5. Using your best carving knife, slice Puddles open and remove his breastbone. This feels so wrong. Under the bone, you can see his internal organs. Puddles had more of a heart than you ever did. You should have been the one to die for the weather, not him.
6. You start to cry.
7. Pay attention to your tears, and collect them on the bone as they fall.

If they evaporate off your face before you can catch them, good news! The winter will be short and mild this year. Alternatively, if they freeze onto your eyelids, then the winter has already started.

If your tears have a thick consistency, the winter will be short, but harsh. Consider making what's left of poor Puddles into a warm jacket. If they are watery, this indicates a longer winter followed by a rainy spring.

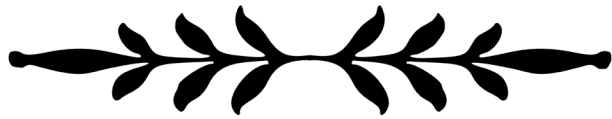
If your tears are saltier than usual, the winter will be relatively warm. Or maybe this is just the taste of your guilt, who knows.

If the goose bone levitates and starts to glow, Puddles is coming back and bringing an eternal winter.

Congratulations, you are now a weather prediction expert! Hope it was worth the death of your beloved goose.

Cassandra Scarpa '20

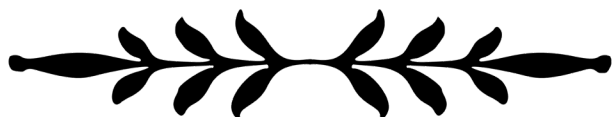




Garden State Crop Report



Deputy Vice
Undersecretary
for Lunatic Affairs
New Jersey Department
of Agriculture



If there's anything the great, noble, and illustrious State of New Jersey is known for, it's the beauty of its land, its bountiful harvests, and the high quality of its produce that is certainly not coated in several layers of carbon monoxide as a result of being grown directly adjacent to a twelve-lane highway (such a thing would just never happen in the beautiful, pastoral, and scenic State of New Jersey). In New Jersey, we are proud of being the Garden State, and we are not at all insecure about how other states may view us as a smelly, polluted, and occasionally irradiated suburban wasteland. That's why we emblazon "Garden State" on our delightfully piss-yellow license plates, so when we drive five minutes from our homes and across the state line (New Jersey is a smol bean uwu) everyone there will look at our cars and think "Hey, whoever's driving that car probably grows some killer blueberries, as that is the state fruit of New Jersey."



Not insecure

And if you REALLY want to show how much you love the great bounties that grow from New Jersey's fertile lands and truly express to the other states how totally not insecure you are, we also offer this option to adorn your vehicle:



Not even a little bit insecure

And if people still try to say things like "Oh, New Jersey stinky, New Jersey bad," just remind them that in addition to our exquisite natural beauty and ample

agricultural output, we also have stunning beaches where hypodermic needles haven't washed up in at least 20 years (and also that was Staten Island's fault), so THERE!!!

Anyway, enough introduction. Let's get to the Crop Report!

Car Dealerships - The dealerships are as bright and as happy as ever along the various highways and arterials shuttling our good farmers between the markets in New York City and their homesteads (this is surely their purpose in this daily ritual movement). There will be cars-a-plenty to last weary New Jerseyans for the whole winter!

Traffic Cones - These little critters are out in force, so look out for them when you're on the road! They tend to huddle around the most neglected parts of the road, so it would be wise to heed their warning.

Mercedes-Benzes - These only grow in the most fertile and productive soils around Millburn, Livingston, and Mendham, but where they do grow, they are plentiful. Only the most erratic and uncaring drivers can handle this yield, so proceed with caution if you see one loose in the wild.

Shopping Malls - Big news on this front as the American Dream Mall, known to agricultural experts as "the cicada of shopping malls," has emerged from the primordial Meadowlands swamp after nearly 20 years of slumber. Soon a bounty of high-end stores and Nickelodeon characters will be available to all who make the pilgrimage to East Rutherford (but not on Sundays, as the pious people of Bergen County forbid such indulgent practices as "shopping on Sundays").

Taylor Ham - Of all products of the land in this great state of ours, this has flourished the most. Delicious, and more importantly named correctly, this provides a wonderful salve for all ills a New Jerseyan may face in their daily lives, and its plentiful production ensures a steady supply for years, decades, nay centuries to come.

Pork Roll - This crop has been decimated beyond repair by the disease known as "HavingAnIncorrectNameitis." Pork roll farmers are devastated, a fate they deserve for using an inferior crop. A state bailout is currently in the works, but it will likely require transitioning to the far superior Taylor Ham seed, and some ruined farmers may simply be too proud to accept how wrong they were.

Pineys - Rumored to live in the land beyond civilization (close to Philadelphia), since no one really knows what happens south of Route 78 this particular livestock is and shall forever remain an enigmatic mystery. What are they? Who are they? What do they want? It is beyond the scope of human knowledge, and frankly no one really cares to find out either. Legend has it they mostly roam among the dense ancient forests and munch pork roll, so it is likely this community is being ravaged by famine due to the pork roll crop failure.

Pizza - Like always, the best in the world.

Superfund sites - Thanks to the plethora of these bad boys dotting the state, every New Jersey resident has superpowers. No other state can say all their residents have superpowers, but thanks to the generous gifts from our Creator in this land, we are all blessed with supernatural abilities that set us apart from all the nerds who live elsewhere.

New Jersey, as I have demonstrated, has a wonderful assortment of different livestock, crops, and produce. So next time someone tries to tell you "Lol New Jersey sucks, lol New Jersey is paved over, lol New Jerseyans all have radiation poisoning from all the Superfund sites" you can give a wry smile and be safe in the knowledge of just how wrong those haters and losers really are.

*For further press inquiries, please write to:
Alec Faber, Deputy Vice Undersecretary for Lunatic Relations
New Jersey Department of Agriculture
Box Under Passive Aggressive Bridge that says "Trenton Makes, the World Takes"
Trenton, NJ 08611*



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LOOK FOR THE JOLLY GREEN GIANT OUTSIDE OF YOUR HOME

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An Update on the Cornell University Budget Crisis



"I can't believe who I've become," Vice President Ryan Lombardi somberly stepped out of his Tesla and walked to meet me at the café. He had traded in his Lamborghini for the modest new car, hoping to save on gas prices. Clearly, he had been hit hardest of all by the recent budget crisis that Cornell University had been facing. He sat down to discuss the issue with me. "I've gone from being a sugar daddy to needing one." His head hung heavy, and not just from the ornate tiara he donned. What sat before me was a broken man.

The trouble began with the new mental health initiatives on campus. The university was eager to protect the future incomes of its students. "It's so tragic to think that the lives of these potential donors... have been cut so short," Lombardi lamented. "We had to do something!" However, the administration's zeal was too great, as they spent the entire university budget on mental health initiatives.

In the past semester, Cornell Students had seen a major shift in mental health resources. The vice

president told me proudly of how he'd upped the number of counselors to 6. However the cost was too great: the billions of dollars required simply couldn't be cut elsewhere. Financial aid was already being diverted towards silencing the Does Cornell Care campaign, and Martha Pollack was unable to maintain her human form without a steady supply of diamonds, he explained.

When asked about the university's next steps, however, Lombardi seemed quite confident. "We've been supplementing our budget with the money we've extorted from our alumni," he explained. "And we have plenty of more affordable mental health initiatives planned." Students can look forward to a theme park opening up on Ho Plaza. "Cornell has learned how to do cut-rate construction," Lombardi said with a wink, referencing the university's many OSHA citations and building code violations.

The amusement park will be open every Tuesday and Thursday from 8am to 10am and will feature roller coasters, a water slide, and emotional support unicorns (ESUs). When the theme park is closed, the ESUs will be cared for by the vet school, and they can be harvested for glue upon their deaths to offset the costs. "It's a self-sustaining cycle," Lombardi insisted, "it just makes sense." He explained that the park was designed to lift students' spirits by providing them with a safe space to express their feelings and feel heard. "We anticipate [the park] to be a huge success, allowing us to slash the number of doctors and psychologists we employ." Keep a lookout for the new attraction opening the semester that immediately follows your graduation.

A.W., '20

BF, '21



Tinder Profiles

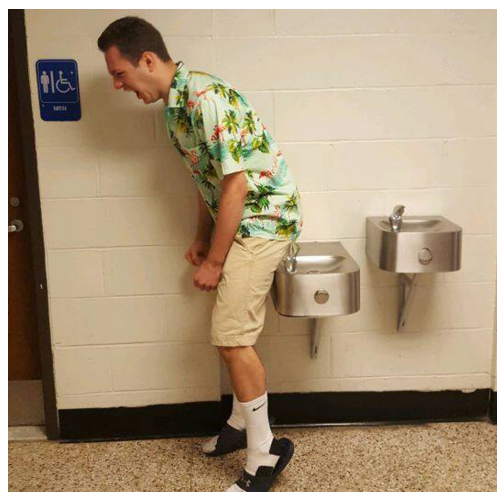
By Matt D'Ambrosio '20



Matt, 21
5 miles away



Tidings, it is I, Matt. I am a man of 21 years and 6 feet. I enjoy money, sex, and brute force solutions to problems. I never bleed, and would prefer you do not either. The laws of physics don't apply to me. This is non-negotiable. Every morning I break the sound barrier, and each evening I meditate until I achieve the visible spectrum.



Matt, 21
5 miles away



Name: Matt
Occupation: King Fuck of Shit Mountain
Side Hustle: Miscellaneous crime
Scouting Report: A great athlete, an even better sport
Quote: "Ladies, please, if you want this D, you better have Amazon Prime or the unlimited meal plan. Otherwise just keep on walking."



Matt, 21
5 miles away



Nixon may have committed crimes, but my Richard is the real slippery dick. I have the smoothest peen you'll ever experience (I moisturize with Vaseline). Sick of ridges, veins and stubble? Come on down. No lube required, the force of friction will already be negligible. "Holy shit, it's like a test tube" a lady once said.



Matt, 21
5 miles away



An ardent solipsist, I realized long ago that I am the main character. Ave Cesar; Non serviam

Lemme break it down for ya:

Purity
Eternity
Nativism
Idyllic
Should be the words used to describe our relationship

PSA: Stop the Bullying in the Farming Community

Every week, our subscribers send in letters to "Country Girl" describing the problems they are facing in the community. This issue, we have curated our most pertinent letters to raise awareness among our fellow farmers about bullying.

Dear Country Girl,

I am convinced that my kid is now depressed. She's been growing very lean since people found out she was different. She was born with 27 toes and all the other kids keep making fun of her, bleating insults and profanities. Yes, I know goats aren't meant to have 27 toes but she's a special one. I have reported this behavior to the other farmers in the community. They all refuse to take responsibility for the actions of their livestock, saying things like, "it's just a goat" and "You keep your goat locked in a tower with no food, that's animal abuse". Can you imagine that!?

First, have you ever watched a Disney movie? With those toes, locking her in a tower is the only way she'll ever find true love. Personally, I think if you're going to blame anyone for her ulcers, blame the haters! Stupid liberals trying to tell me what I can and can't do to my Nancy. What's next? They're going to tell me I can't fuck my chickens. #StopKinkShaming #TrueLove #StopTheHaters

-Old McDonald

Dear Country Girl

I think I'm in love. I only met her once but damn, that family reunion was the best I ever had. I've been with my aunts, sisters and even little Jimmy (I didn't know he was a boy at the time) and I've never felt anything quite like this. It was unreal! I can't even begin to explain it.

She had the biggest tits I had ever seen and an ass like Jimmy used to have before he wasn't so little anymore, but I think the best part about her was her Moo. It was the sexiest thing I had ever heard, like angels riding tractors through the fields on a hot summer day. Simply put, it was beautiful. How do I ask Uncle Lee for his cow? He's going through a divorce and seems to be really dependent on her.

Buck "Tumbleweed" Gibson

Dear Country Girl,

It was a warm harvest day. I was taking my cow, Betty, on a walk when my phone dropped out of my pocket and she ate it. This was the third time this week. It was clear that she was begging for it. I had no other option, I stuck my arm up her ass looking for it and when I say my arm, I mean my whole arm, elbow and all. It was life-changing! The way she mooed, I had never heard anything like it before.

As the weeks went by, I would find myself deliberately dropping my phone, hoping Betty would eat it. I just couldn't forget the rush I got from feeling her insides. Recently, my wife found out about my habits. She wasn't too pleased when a finger up her butt turned into something much larger. In my defense, technically my finger was still up there. She's threatened to divorce me and I don't know what to do. I can't help myself arming is just so hot!!! Please Country Girl, help me.

Jebediah "Lee" Gibson

O.A., '22



Since 1865, Motherfucker

T.Y '21

Cornell's founding principle is captured in the wise words of my boi Ezra – "I would found an institution where any underage person can day drink at 4pm on a Wednesday for academic credit." Home to the best hotel administration and viticulture programs, two majors that no self-respecting university would have, Cornell University continues to be a shining light for privileged white guys who only shop at Vineyard Vines. But Cornellians aren't limited to frat dudes who go out on Thursdays. At Cornell, you can find any type of person—computer science majors who can create a blockchain-based artificial intelligence algorithm but can't turn on a shower, animal science majors who love dogs more than their mom, econ majors who love Goldman Sachs more than their mom, and psychology majors who really, really love their mom.

Being a Cornellian becomes part of your identity—especially when your only accomplishment in life is attending an Ivy League University. I still remember when I received my acceptance letter. I thought back to those sleepless nights studying chemistry at 2am. Spending weekends volunteering to help orphans or whatever. Sucking the surprisingly smooth dick of the alumni interviewer (who I later learned did not attend Cornell University, but rather a different college in Mount Vernon, Iowa). It was all worth it. I thought maybe my parents will finally call me by name instead of "Waste of air" (Wastair for short). Spoiler alert: they didn't.

Sometimes I wonder if I should've gone to Juilliard instead. Secretly, I wanted to pursue my love of the bassoon, but my parents thought music school was for "little bitches who finger and blow on overpriced pipes in the morning and get fingered on blow at night." Sure, the stress of Cornell might have triggered a case of crippling depression, but at

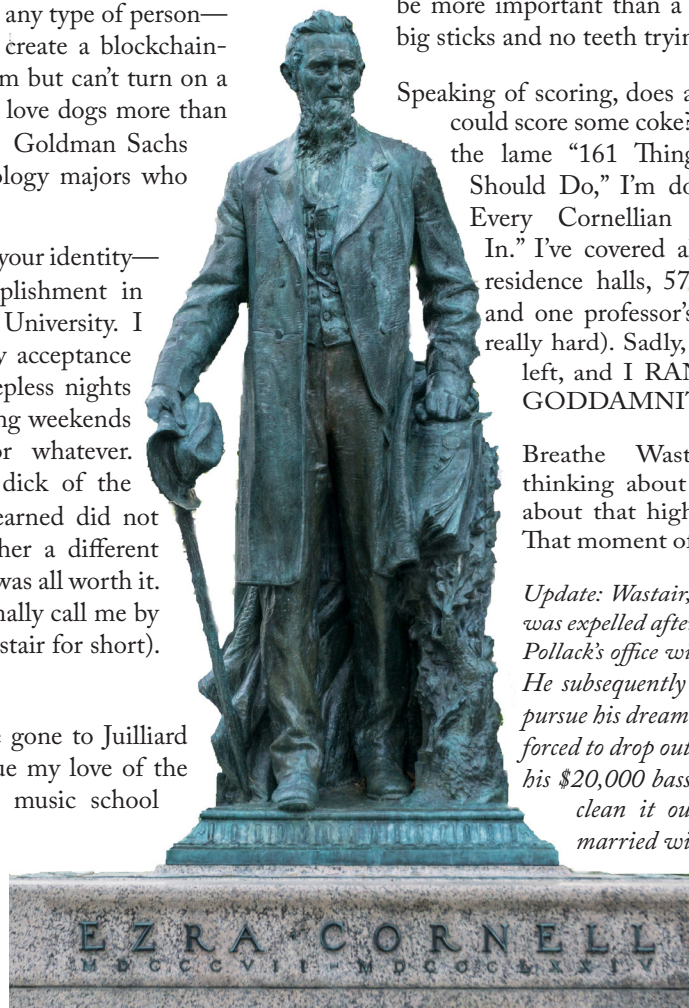
least Mom and Dad get to flex on those hoes at church.

But anyways. Back to discussing Cornell, the 7th best Ivy League school. 8th is Harvard for obvious reasons (fuck you Harvard). All they have is 41 billion dollars, 160 Nobel prizes, and enough prestige for you to actually be successful on Tinder. It means nothing, *nothing* compared to the tragic impotence of their hockey team. At least Cornell hockey is ballin'. And really, what could be more important than a bunch of dudes with big sticks and no teeth trying to score?

Speaking of scoring, does anyone know where I could score some coke? See, instead of doing the lame "161 Things Every Cornellian Should Do," I'm doing the "161 Places Every Cornellian Should Do Coke In." I've covered all 15 libraries, all 19 residence halls, 57 academic buildings, and one professor's bedroom (orgo was really hard). Sadly, I still have 69 places left, and I RAN OUT OF COKE. GODDAMNIT.

Breathe Wastair, breathe. Stop thinking about coke. Stop thinking about that high. How good it feels. That moment of freedom, euphoria,...

Update: Wastair, Cornell class of 2019, was expelled after breaking into Martha Pollack's office with a bag full of cocaine. He subsequently enrolled in Juilliard to pursue his dream of music. Sadly, he was forced to drop out after he ejaculated into his \$20,000 bassoon and was unable to clean it out. He is now happily married with three kids.



Remedies for Your Dead Ithacan Soul

DB, '20

Can you feel the seasonal depression moments from kicking in? Does it already have you wrapping yourself in a blanket at 4 pm and staring out a window for a half-hour as you wonder what would happen if you dropped out and became a bean farmer? Fear not! If you can motivate yourself to follow it, this guide has some tips and tricks to help banish seasonal (real?) depression from your mind!

Release Tension

Tired? So stressed you feel like your face is melting? Have a prelim in four hours? Just scream into the gorge and pretend you feel better. Let the sorrow flow from your voice and be washed away by the river below... then realize that you are more stress than human at this point and try to cram in some last-minute studying.

Shopping Therapy

Smash a pumpkin from the farmers market with your bare hands. Massage her innards between your fingers and pretend it is your Ecology 1780 professor who makes you sit in assigned seats. Then, try rubbing some on your face like a face mask. Why not? It might help.

(Anti) Hydration

This radical new technique involves pounding ten Keystones, a bottle of piss, four red bulls, and America's last remaining Whiteclaw in a row, and then immediately falling asleep to give yourself dehydration-related hallucinations in the morning. This will allow you to forget your problems by creating new, medical-related problems.

Soup for the Soul

There is nothing better for the soul than a warm bowl of soup. Hustle yourself over to Temple of Zeus and buy the entire vat of Herb Potato. Just charge the entire thing to your Bursar account and forget about it until the bill is due.

Make Hotelie Wines Your Hardest course!

Everyone needs a vacation for the mind. Drop all your other classes and transfer to the Hotel School, simultaneously becoming both de-stressed and the most employable of all graduates upon graduation.

I Can't Believe It's Butter!

Steal a tub of ice cream from RPCC and eat it in your room over the course of several days. If you concentrate hard enough, you can forget that legally, you are consuming a tub of butter, and instead, focus



on filling that hole inside of you with food.

Treat Yourself!

Pop over to West campus for a marginally better meal than at all the other dining halls that are infinitely closer to your dorm. After all, isn't trekking upwards of a half-hour worth it for a slightly different preparation of chicken and often no french fries? And isn't struggling to find a seat in a dining hall filled with upperclassmen who are staring at you since you're in their territory more enjoyable than Appel?

Self Care

Settle yourself into a comfy chair in A.D. White, spread your homework out in front of you, then just...stare out the window for several hours. Who needs to do work when you and everyone you love will die someday? It might take years or decades, but eventually, everything and everyone important to you will disappear. Coming to terms with this reality might help you avoid procrastination later on. Or it might not. Only time will tell.

-C.H. '22

Unnatural Couples

By Matchmaker Max

SERENA, 42: When I first met my husband, it was during a routine stop and frisk I had decided to do since as a police officer in a town with a low crime rate, there wasn't much to do except harras local minorities. That's when I met Chuck. When I searched his pockets and patted him down, I was expecting to find a gram of marijuana, a paperclip, and enough evidence to put him away on trumped-up charges for a very long time. Instead, what I found was the love of my life, some Adderall, a gram of marijuana, and a paperclip.

CHUCK, 19: I like to think the reason we're still together is because our relationship is always changing. When I first saw her, she was gunning down my younger brothers and best friends for pulling what she thought was a deadly weapon from their pockets, when actually it was just their hands as they prepared to surrender. But as I watched bullets pierce those that I had loved, I knew that God was just making room in my life for more people to fill the hole that had opened in my heart. Plus, she's handcuffed herself to me.



SYLVIA, 10: When I was five, I was kidnapped by a gang of Somalian pirates off the coast of Saudi Arabia. I managed to kill one of them but was later taken prisoner by my captor, and later on, husband. We were really at odds until one day I realized Hey, being in captivity isn't that bad after all. Some might call it Stockholm Syndrome, but I call it love.

DARIUS, 15: We were simply raiding some wealthy tourists' boat in Saudi Arabia. I thought women couldn't drive, but this little five-year-old girl well, she drove her way right into my heart. Also a knife into my son's back, but it earned my respect and later my love. We eloped in Oman and have been together ever since. It's perfectly legal, and frankly, we couldn't be happier.

MARTA, 19: I never knew the meaning of true love until I needed my Chem grade boosted from a B to an A. As soon as I got that first problem set back, I knew I was in love with the professor. He's just so...tenured and in control of my grades, and is so eager to um...help me study. I thought Chem would steal my place on the Dean's List, but really, it stole my heart.

PROF. JOHANNESBURGENSON, 78: [could not be reached for comment]





We know your baby shits!

Don't you love your child? Do you really want them to
shit on the floor?

Of course you dont.

What else are you going to do? Potty train them? As if....

Well then, buy our fucking diapers. You're really
over a barrel here huh? The next few years you're
completly dependent on us!

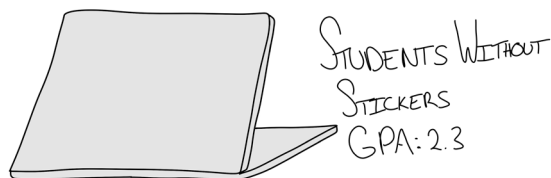
Now available for the low low price of
whatever's in your bank account.

XOXO ~ AMERICA'S DIAPER COMPANIES

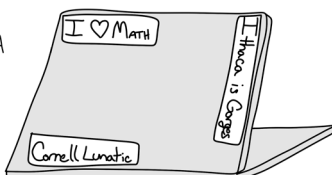
How to Get a 4.0 GPA at Cornell University **with pictures**

Fuck predictions about the weather, we already know Ithaca is going to be a frozen wasteland for most of the year. The only thing colder than the temperature is going to be your grades if you don't follow these tips.

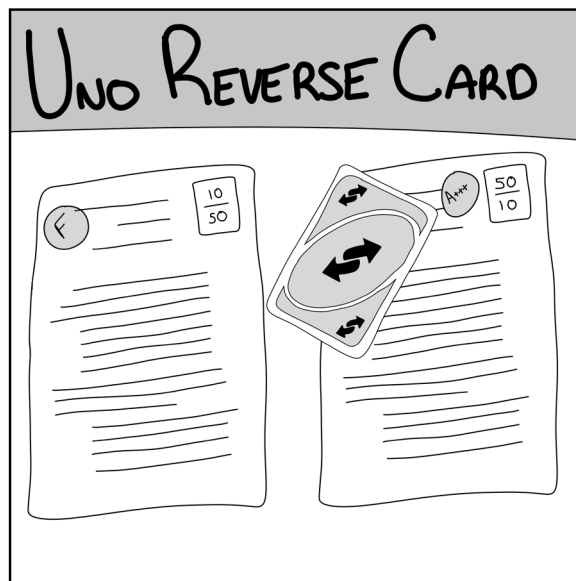
LAPTOP STICKERS



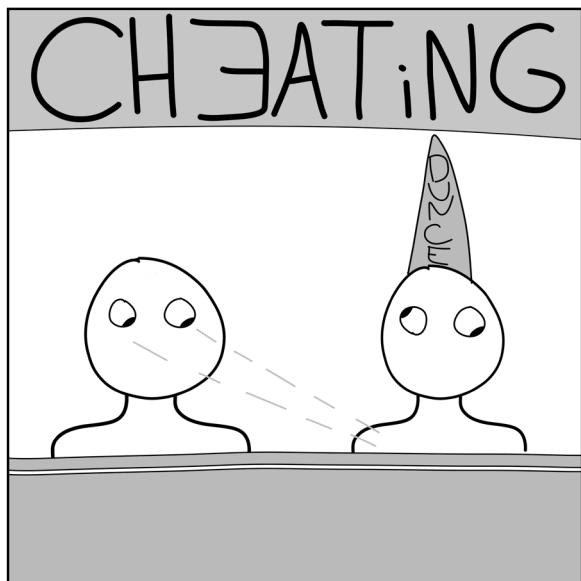
STUDENT WITH
STICKERS
GPA: 4.0



Tip 1: Be sure to put a shit ton of stickers on your laptop. Nothing screams you are smart better than an “Ithaca is Gorges” sticker. If people think you're smart you will be, it's simple logic.



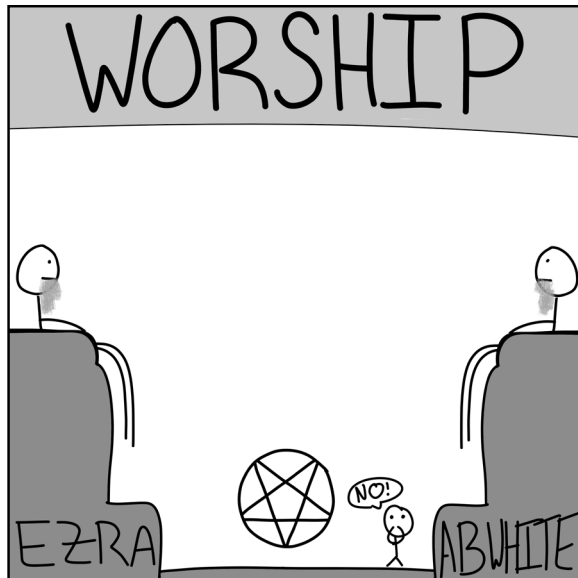
Tip 2: If you ever get a bad grade on a prelim, probably didn't put enough stickers on the laptop, just hand it back for a regrade with an Uno Reverse card stapled to it and turn that 10/50 into a 50/10.



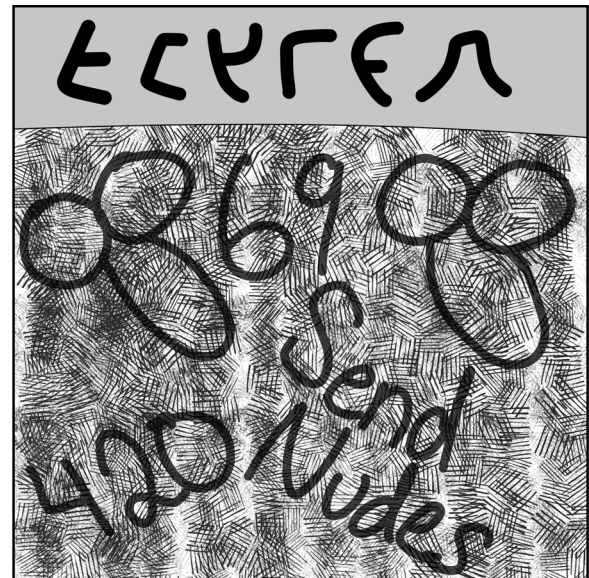
Tip 3: Sit next to the smartest kid in the class and copy their answers. Sure, you may run into an issue with the J.A. but if you ain't cheatin, you ain't tryin.



Tip 4: Figure out your professor's favorite color. Then figure out their favorite car. You can figure out the rest.



Tip 5: Worship either Ezra Cornell or A.D. White in the Arts Quad, but choose carefully one will summon satan.



Tip 6: Go out to the Vet school and make crop circles to summon aliens to give you all their knowledge but still fail because aliens don't know shit about STD 1174 "FWS: Writing and Sex."

You're Welcome,
Max Battaglia '23

An Open letter to Our Readers: Yeah We Messed Up the Weather Forecast Last Year, Sue Us

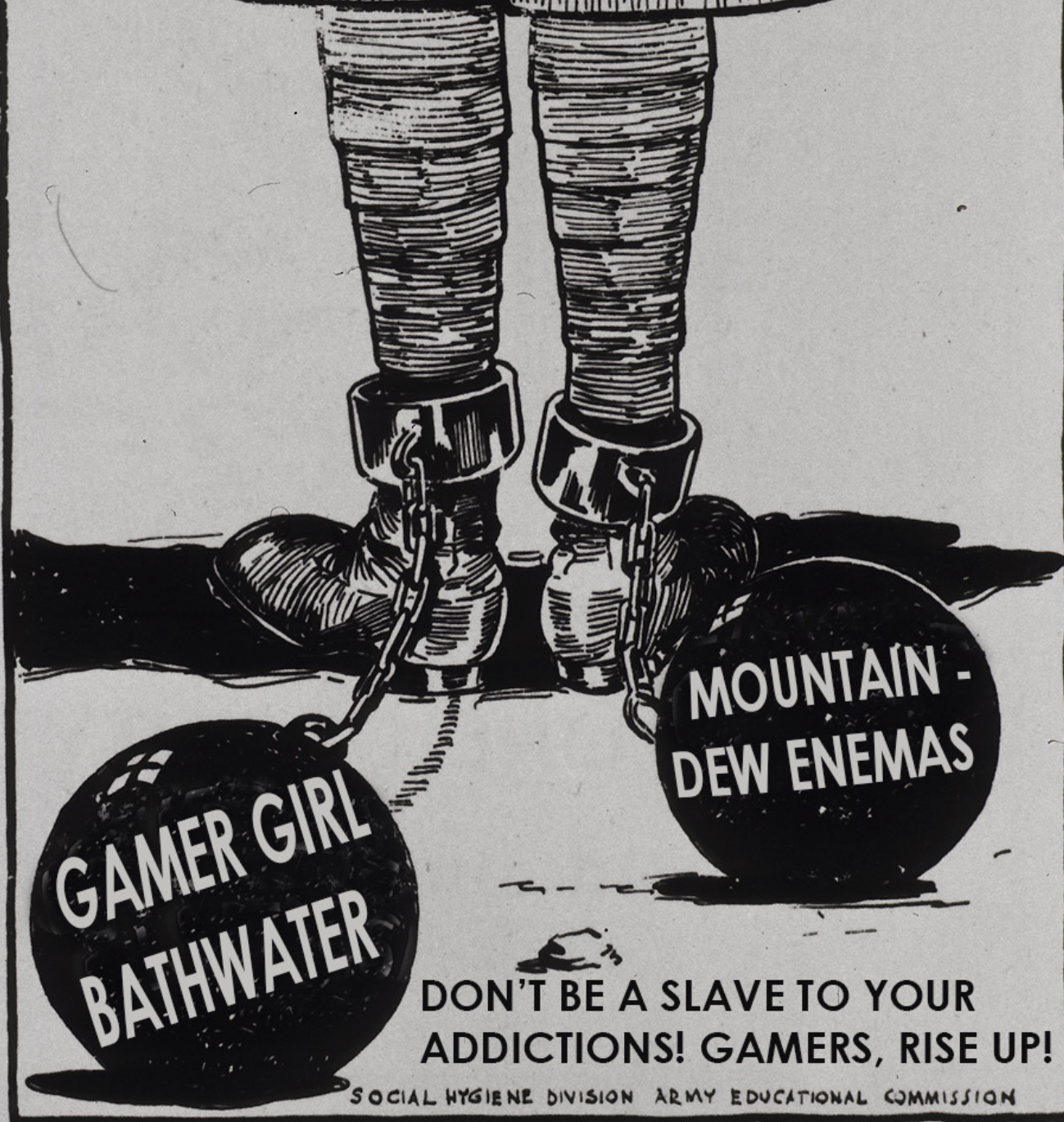
We've recently been receiving a number of complaints from our readers about last year's weather forecast. Specifically, about its accuracy or lack thereof. Many readers have written us to bitch --I mean let us know-- about these inaccuracies like we didn't look out our windows and notice that spring came a whole three weeks later than we said it would, and it was still fucking snowing. Thank you for those astute observations guys. We never would have known. So to those readers, yes, we got this one wrong. After a two-hundred and one year record of faultlessly predicting the weather for you ignorant plebeians, we messed this one up. Our bad.

No, really. We could try and make excuses and tell you that it was because we lost our best weather-predicting goose bone (R.I.P. Puddles' breastbone). Actually it's been really hard for us since it disappeared, and we've been so torn up we haven't been able to find a proper replacement, let alone sanctify it. As you all noticed. So yeah.... We were off our game last year, but efforts are swiftly being made to right the ship. Geese are being slaughtered by the dozen as you read this. Anything to gain back our standing in your eyes, dearest readers.

All in all, we just want to let you know that we did our best. Just like you did your best to write us coherent letters complaining. No one's perfect. (Especially not one of you who told us our "predaction was vary bad." These are basic words, Susan.) And stop blaming us for everything bad that happened to you last season. We didn't burn your crops or murder all your chickens. Your chickens died because you fed them arsenic (looking at you here, Gary). Let's just put this one behind us, okay? No one, least of all us, like to be continually reminded of their humiliating failures by a constant barrage of profanity-ridden missives. So just drop it. Or at least try not to be so mean. Remember, you need us more than we need you.

-V.R. '21

**WILL YOU BE A FREE MAN
OR CHAINED**



**DON'T BE A SLAVE TO YOUR
ADDICTIONS! GAMERS, RISE UP!**

SOCIAL HYGIENE DIVISION ARMY EDUCATIONAL COMMISSION

Marrying Myself for the Tax Benefits: Yes or No?



Pros

- ♥ Wife would be bangin' hot & super intelligent
- ♥ Tax Benefits
- ♥ Save money on couples' therapy
- ♥ Marriage would probably get my parents to lay off about being in a serious relationship and settling down with a nice doctor/engineer/lawyer
- ♥ My wife will always get me the perfect gift because she knows what I want. Exactly what I want.
- ♥ She'll take everything in the divorce, including the possessed doll inherited from Great Aunt Winnefreida
- ♥ Kiss goodbye to priesthood
- ♥ Can wear my wedding ring to stop gross weirdos from creeping on me in bars
- ♥ I'll never be worried my wife would be cheating on me
- ♥ She can't get mad if I forget our anniversary
- ♥ Avoid bad heterosexual sex
- ♥ #ace goals
- ♥ It would make you look extremely disinterested in your crush.

Cons

- ♥ Married
- ♥ Won't be able to live without my wife. if she dies, I would literally die. Our hearts beat as one.
- ♥ Possible institutionalization for split personality disorder???
- ♥ Not sure if my parents would be down with me being in an open relationship.
- ♥ No personal space, no time alone
- ♥ They'll take everything in the divorce, including Mi-maw's special recipe book and measuring cup
- ♥ Can't ever surprise her
- ♥ Kiss goodbye to priesthood
- ♥ I'd have to be the breadwinner and as a woman - I only make 77¢ to the man's dollar
- ♥ Incest????
- ♥ Me???? Forever???

me
+ also me
+ wedding
tax benefits???

Decision: YES

and maybe tax fraud

Next Steps: 1) Propose 2) Buy wedding dress 3) Overthrow the government

How Cornell Animals Stay Safe in Winter

Have you ever wondered how the animals of Cornell, like squirrels, skunks, ducks, or even larger ones, like deer and students, survive Ithaca Winters? For most of the living population, the answer in most cases is “pretty well,” as they have developed ingenious ways to take on the worst of Mother Nature. For students, the answer is “barely passable,” as they have copied their fellow beasts’ habits in not-so ingenious ways so as to attempt to not freeze to death.

It’s not an uncommon sight to see squirrels collecting acorns on the grassy slopes of Central campus, and you would not be surprised to hear that squirrels will store their food in shallow holes in a technique called “hoarding.” Curiously, this is what Cornell students do when they hid a Costco pack of gummies under their bed, or bury bottles of tequila on the slope (courtesy of 161 Things Every Cornellian Should Do, Cornell Daily Sun). Squirrels will also fatten up in preparation for the leaner months of the year. Cornell freshman also put on the pounds in the fall, although this is less of a preparation for winter and more of a tradition.



Prelim stress has a way of converting Oakenshields stir fry into genuine Cornell comfort food. Also, don't forget that Alcohol has calories!

Once the food is stored away, animals' winter coping mechanisms become social phenomenons. During winter months, skunks will gather and share the same den. They do not hibernate per se, but they generally remain inactive. Students will do this also, preferring to gather en masse in libraries or lie comatose in their lecture hall seats. Ducks fly away to warmer temperatures. Students binge-drink in order to transport themselves into another dimension where it is warm. In order to insulate themselves against the biting winter wind, deer will grow a thicker, coarser coat over their bodies. Female students will do the same, joining their male peers and come to a very temporary realization that shaving is a social construct.

Of course, not all animals survive the winter. Sometimes Mother Nature just wins. Select unfortunate souls die of hunger or get shot like Bambi's mom. Or they catch nasty colds and transfer to Berkeley. Sad, but that's life in Ithaca I guess.

So there you have it.

Happy Wintering!

Y. Ding, '23

Re: Fast, Easy, and Fun Cures for Back Pain

To Whom it May Concern,

If you're like me, your back currently hurts right now. If you're not like me, why don't you stop by my office sometime, I just wanna talk.... Look, I tried your suggestions from your previous issue and, well, I have some things to say.

I began with the obvious: I went to a massage parlour which started to help but they flipped the script on the whole happy ending thing and I nearly got arrested running out the back door with some older men when the cops arrived. Not really sure what that was about... 7/10, the handjob was a nice touch.

I then tried your tip to snort herbs because they're a purer form of essential oils but the only herbs I could find that were "local" and "organic" were also cut with oxycodone. At least I got the authentic Ithaca experience, I guess. 9/10, Oxy's are the jazz.

Suggestion 3, "Try getting ploughed" shook me to my core. This was insulting to read from a magazine I've deemed Christian. I'll have you know that Hozier 10:13pm says,

*"You have plowed iniquity;
you have reaped injustice;
you have eaten the fruit of lies.
Because you have trusted in your own way."*

God is calling you out, you vile stenographer of Satan. You have led me astray and I am made most wretched for it. 1/10

Growing increasingly concerned my pain would never be alleviated, I went back to your rag and decided to try getting the kinks in my back ironed flat. Now I know this wasn't part of the recommendation, but I got an epidural first just to be safe (I know, I'm a wuss but I'll really try anything at this point, I have fibromyalgia). The 3rd degree burns have not helped anything, and while the epidural did get rid of my back pain, the shakes from it don't make it so sustainable. Frankly my back hurts more than when I started and now I have an extra hole at the top of my butt until I can get a skin graft. It's not nearly as sexy as you made it out to be. 3/10, for the iron, 8/10, for the epidural.

At this point, editor, I was desperate. I tried tip 7.5 -- "Pay Someone to Step on You" -- however since I have a human doormat fetish I just got really uncomfortable. I'm not naming names, but certain people (I'm looking

at you Darryl) need to do more than just use the same wet paper towel over and over in lieu of a shower for once and go wash their shoes. My back is so dirty now. 6/10

In a last ditch attempt to find some solace from my back pain demons, I caved and tried the steps to perform DIY acupuncture as I couldn't afford the more legitimate place mentioned in a footnote in the article. I live in upstate NY so needles are practically growing out of the ground they're so abundant around here. My neighbour Gary lent me a few of his leftover ones and I got a-pokin'. It was a little hard to get them in but Gary was a real sweetie with his reach-around so it worked out. I hit my back and finally, I felt some relief! I was almost fooled into thinking this garbage fire of an institution knew what they were talking about when I started getting these weird headaches and shakes if I hadn't done a session in awhile. Ah, that's probably nothing to worry about, right? I thought to myself. WRONG. It was the oxy! Again! 11/10.

Some help your magazine is! Frankly, you all should be ashamed of the content you put out. Do I (and Gary) have to do everything? Now as I said before, Gary is the light of my life and a whiz with the ol' Harbor Freight 5.3 Amp 1/2" Heavy Duty Bandfile Belt Sander #62863™, so he offered to help me bypass the extravagant surgery costs I've racked up thanks to this utter waste of paper and ink by doing it himself (he recently got ordained online for Abi-Jo's wedding and honestly, goals).



He has a nice collection of other power tools he said he'd dig out and clean just for me too if I stand watch outside the hardware store and spot him for a few more uh, "acupuncture" needles. I have full confidence whatever he's got up his sleeves is miles better than your "helpful cures".

In conclusion, go suck an onion.

Sincerely,

Dr. A. Gebriuker, M.S. '89, PhD '94

PS. if you have some Percs lmk, methadone really doesn't cut it like Gary's needles used to.

E.S., '20



Why Not a Fertility Cult?

By Matt Dreyer, '23

It's an old story: you wake up one fine morning to replant your prize magnolias, so as to show that bitch Esther up at the next community gardening get-together, and you discover that they're all dead. All your hard work, wasted! We've all been there, but luckily, there is a time-tested solution to have a more consistent gardening experience -- and it comes with so many other benefits as well. I'm of course talking about fertility cults. Unfortunately, in the past couple hundred or so years, they've gotten a bad rap. I'm here to fix that, and to tell you why you should join a fertility cult near you, or start one yourself!

LONG HISTORIES

People have been in fertility cults since time immemorial. For thousands of years, no field was complete without a black cat born in the month of March and kept without light for three months buried under it, and the annual summer solstice ritual of, some poor sap being torn to shreds by a pack of hungry dogs that were only ever fed on cured goose. It's only recently that we've abandoned these sacred traditions, and let me tell you, there is no greater thrill than feeling like you're walking in your great-great-great grandfather's shoes when slicing open a hog's entrails onto the muddy November ground. The weight of history surrounding you. It's incredible.

COMMUNITY-ORIENTED

I talked above about the personal reasons for being in a cult, but there's more to it than that. To truly follow the ways of our deity, one must be a fully-integrated part of the community (except Esther), and band together with your neighbor (except fucking Esther) in contemplating the place we came in the womb of the Dark Mother. Certain rituals, like only talking in unison, need to involve other people too, which is a rare thing in today's atomized and individualistic world. Not to mention, that although we all want to honor our God with the blood of strangers and newcomers (and Esther), unless you get a few folks to listen to Their Holy Word, you can't protect yourself from those who don't yet understand it. An alibi for killing that bitch Esther can't just be you out wandering in a field somewhere.. Alone. Trust me in this.



LEADERSHIP OPPORTUNITIES

This may only apply to some, as it usually takes a while for newcomers to climb up the ranks in an established cult. Someone has to be the honeypot for the county sheriff and lure him into the abandoned mill outside of town to make him shed his entrails and gore to the service of the Harvest Lord, and all mystery cults have secrets that you earn through Blood and Sacrifice.

But if you start a cult in a new area, you have a lot of leeway in controlling the direction of your community. Did you never get elected to student president in third grade because some fucking upstart (ESTHER) promised everyone ice cream every day afterschool when she KNEW that wasn't in the budget and persuaded everyone to ignore the clearly superior candidate who was ACTUALLY focused on the issues faced by your classmates, causing you to be forever ostracized your peers for daring to put your heart on the line for the sake of community, and did that traumatize you? Well. Gods need blood, don't they. You can give them the blood. All of it. Everyone who ignored you. Everyone who DOUBTED you. They'll be silent then. Forever. No opposition. No mercy. They will know you as the prophet, as the avatar of God, as their judge for all eternity. The bitch Esther will know that. Before you make her shut up, forever.

STIMULATING CREATIVITY

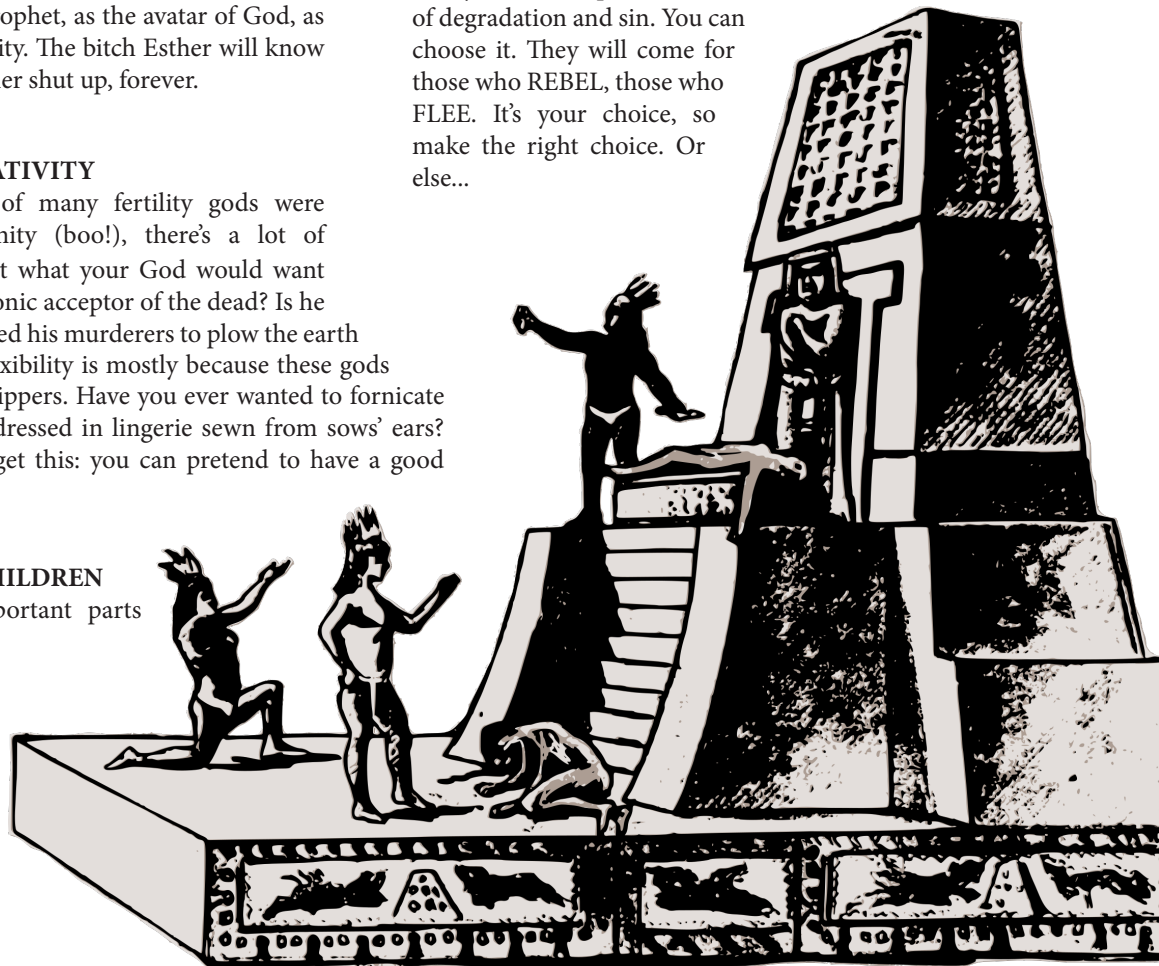
Because the worship of many fertility gods were displaced by Christianity (boo!), there's a lot of freedom in figuring out what your God would want you to do! Is she a chthonic acceptor of the dead? Is he a hanged man who cursed his murderers to plow the earth for all eternity? This flexibility is mostly because these gods are desperate for worshippers. Have you ever wanted to fornicate on a tombstone while dressed in lingerie sewn from sows' ears? Weird preference, but get this: you can pretend to have a good reason now!

EDUCATING THE CHILDREN

One of the most important parts of the cult is bringing up the next generation in the word and a cult can help them learn valuable life skills

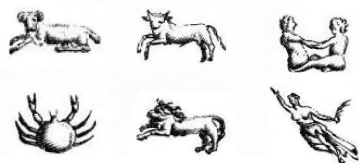
too! They'll learn about biology. Dissecting a frog in lab? That's child's play compared to delivering a baby calf with the rest of your classmates in order to capture the pure resurrected souls of the Handless King's victims. And then, of course, sacrificing the soul's vessel again to give it back to him. YOU DESERVE THIS PUNISHMENT, ESTHER. What about history? Well, it's not the history that is often taught in schools, but that's because it's all whitewashed to keep the Truth out of the general public's hands! Apparently, we can't handle the fact that the moon landings only replaced the astronauts with demons who impersonated them for the rest of their lives because the moon is a portal to the Dimension of Shadow and Love where all the fun demons come from. And I don't think I even need to mention theology!

I get that this is a big step for many people! It's strange to just abandon the path you've been traveling for the entirety of your life, but that's actually the best benefit of a cult. It's a fresh start. A new life. It's how you become pure, after centuries of degradation and sin. You can choose it. They will come for those who REBEL, those who FLEE. It's your choice, so make the right choice. Or else...





Horoscopes Farmer's Almanac



By Via Romano



Aries (Mar 21- Apr 19): Unfortunately the harvest moon is passing out of Aries right now. This means that even though your apple crop will be successful, your tomatoes won't be. Also your wife wants a divorce.

Taurus (Apr 20 - May 20): Mars is in your third house right now, so you're probably feeling prone to misplacing things, right Taurus? Well don't worry. It'll pass in a couple weeks when you realize you haven't been losing your lucky fishing lures after all. Your neighbor Steve has just been stealing them out of your shed, the rat bastard!

Gemini (May 21 - Jun 20): It's time to take that leap of faith! This month is going to be a lucky one for you, so it's time to live your dreams, take some risks, and finally ask your cousin to marry you.

Cancer (Jun 21 - Jul 22): Neptune is telling you not to go outside today. Listen to it.

Leo (Jul 23 - Aug 22): Good news for you, Leo. Saturn is passing through your constellation right now, so expect a windfall in the coming weeks. And you know what that means. Corn! Lots and lots of corn!

Virgo (Aug 23 - Sep 22): Tough luck, Virgo. Mercury is in retrograde until the end of the month. No corn for you.

Libra (Sep 23 - Oct 22): Steve is a Libra. Fuck you Steve, you don't get a horoscope.

Scorpio (Oct 23 - Nov 21): The star EBLM J0555-57 is emitting a stream of highly charged particles right at this very moment. This means nothing to or for you since it's so far away.

Sagittarius (Nov 22 - Dec 21): The stars are telling you to keep those herbal remedies on hand. Next month is going to be a doozy, so make sure to pick up that extra bottle of snake-oil, those Halls cough drops, and that healing salt you had your eye on.

Capricorn (Dec 22 - Jan 19): That thing in the brush pile is stalking you again.

Aquarius (Jan 20 - Feb 18): These past few weeks have been getting you down, but Jupiter means you're sure to persevere over adversity. You've got this Aquarius! Don't let silly little things like people's opinions, morality, or the basic code of bioethics hold you back from creating that horse-cow hybrid you've always wanted. This month, the world is your horrifying, genetically-altered oyster!

Pisces (Feb 19 - Mar 20): Romance is on the horizon! On your next trip to the lake, you'll strike up some flirty fun with a new fishing buddy. Enjoy the new connection while it lasts, and have fun catching his big one!



Fine Dining on a Budget

Have you found yourself squatted in the dark corner of your dorm room, eating three day old rice you stole (borrowed!) from the dining hall in naught but your undergarments? Has your RA found you hissing on top of the fridge and needed to lure you back down with the promise of a small rotisserie chicken? Has your roommate been enjoying a peanut butter jelly sandwich only to have to fend you off by throwing bread crumbs at you? These may be symptoms of a larger issue known as I'm-a-poor- college-student-who-didn't-buy-into-the-meal-scram-but-I-hate-actually-cooking-it. It's a serious medical condition also known as IAPCSWDBITMSBIHAC™ (pronounced by screaming unintelligibly) and while there is no known cure, these are some tried and true methods for relieving your symptoms:

1) Remove your stomach! This will prevent those pesky mortal hunger pangs. If you are a complex organism you may also need to remove your brain to avoid the discomforting knowledge that you removed your stomach and filled it with pictures of Danny Devito. This is a bit of a pricey procedure and still in the experimental stages. If interested, tie your phone to a banana, call the number in the ShamWow infomercial three times, and then throw your phone into Beebe Lake. Your message will be received. We will contact you.

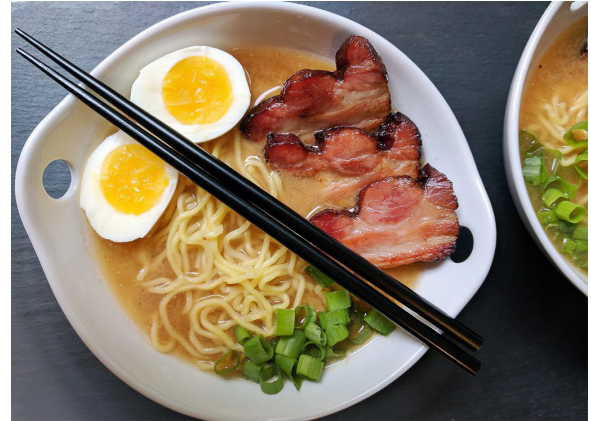
2) Become a god. Not really, but create a new religion in your dorm that relies on food offerings at a shrine by the boys' bathroom and impersonate the god. Survive off of the food offerings and hope none of them are laced with anything! Protip: eat the more perishable foods within a couple hours of their offering. Do this by either installing a camera that you monitor at all times or by perching on top of the local gargoyle to keep a constant eye on your shrine.



Man, I could really go for a snack rn

3) Vampirism????

4) Join the local Ramen Cult chapter to get a hot meal free once or twice a month (on the nights of the full moon). Please note that this won't be a real meal as there are no actual nutrients in instant ramen and you should not consider it to be real food.



5) Eat your homework. Not only will this supply almost limitless empty calories but it's also a built inexcuse to avoid turning in homework you didn't want to do. Sure "the dog ate my homework" is a classic but "I hath consumethed mine assignment" has a good weight to it.

Lee Brunco, '22

VR, '21

ARE YOUR THUMBS TOO SEXY?

BUY OUR PRODUCT

It's a chastity cage, but for your thumbs!

Safe, Sane, & Consensual

It WILL NOT cut off your circulation



Help Uncle Sam to Win the War

by following these Directions:

1. Bend over a table.
2. Call him daddy.
3. Moan the pledge of allegiance.
4. Always pay your taxes, he really likes it when you pay your taxes.

UNITED STATES FUEL ADMINISTRATION

ON FORTUNE COOKIES:

AN IMMERSIVE HOW-TO GUIDE ON FORTUNE COOKIE FORTUNE INTERPRETATION (AND HOW TO HAVE A #HOTBOTH).



So after eating a sad meal from PandaExpress™, you are left with a fortune cookie; or if you like me, and really just have a thing (read: kink) for fortune cookies, then you are probably left with a few (like 10 or so) fortune cookies.

Now what? Glad you asked! You should open your fortune cookie(s); read the advice given to you on the little slip of paper (make sure to always memorize the lucky numbers); and follow any instructions given.

Protip: personally, I find fortune cookies to be more accurate than CoStar™, so um, maybe put your phone away or something.

Okay, so you've read your fortune but have found the fortune confusing, insofar as it literally doesn't make any sense. Now what? Don't freak out, because then your uncool vibes might awaken the fortune cookie gods, which wouldn't be good. It's important to remain calm, and that's

exactly what this article is for.

So here's a really good one I found last month on the night of the harvest moon to start off:

"Sometimes, all you really need in life is a hot both."

Let's dissect what this is saying. So maybe the person who wrote the fortune made a typo. Maybe they meant to write "bath" instead of "both," or maybe they just have a British accent because that's a thing (lol rip), and wrote "both" intentionally because that's how "bath" sounds in a British accent, duh. These are both valid interpretations, in which case, you should immediately take a bath, or "both" depending on your accent. However, there are more compelling interpretations to be explored.

What does the word hot mean? Well, okay I guess it refers to temperature - if you want to interpret it like that, then yeah sure, go ahead and be boring, I won't stop you. But hold that thought, and consider how the meaning of the fortune changes for the better if you read "hot" as in "sexy".

You should thus proceed to have a sexy bath. Here's how: grab your significant other(s), some scented candles, fluffy towels, some wine (chardonnay is preferable), a bath

plug, a butt plug, a bath and butt plug (go to the beyond section of bed bath and beyond!), handcuffs, a triple ended dildo (for that ménage à trois you've always wanted), maybe some mescaline (it's like peyote and if you don't know what that is then you are a COWARD), and also a Luxury Lavender Foot Bath Bomb from Etsy for £68.77 (what a cop! Be sure to tip \$0.23 ;) You need to plan this in advance, as shipping takes 5-7 business days (and yes



standard shipping rates do apply). Now it's time to have a HOT BATH (#HOTBATHSUMMER).

First, get drunk on the chardonnay and pour the mescaline down the throat(s) of your significant other(s). If you use a straw, make sure it's sustainable, because like #savetheplanet and stuff. Next, draw the bath in the dark and proceed to #getsexy with all those fun toys! For every shriek of pain (or delight) light a candle. Do not stop the #kinkfest until all of the candles are as lit as you are getting (so like obviously, very lit). The bath bomb isn't what you think it's for, so

listen carefully. At the end of your #funtime, remove a buttplug, and stick the bath bomb up your butt instead. Don't remove it, but instead, let it fizz for extra pleasure. Protip: if you or your significant other(s) don't almost drown, you're doing it wrong. Believe it or not, we're not done here, since there are still more compelling



interpretations out there!

What if "both" wasn't a typo? What if the fortune cookie is telling you to have a hot both? And what does this even mean, like what even is a "hot both"? Lol bruh, literally read the words: it's telling you to have that threesome you've always wanted.

At Cornell, this may prove easier said than done (Ask the Risley kids about the cult called Pool skskskshhhhhhhhh!). Or if you're looking for an adventure, you could, like, (and I'm totally not tooting my own horn here or anything lol) hightail it to NYC to meet up with that influencer who won't stop dm'ing you on the 'gram (omg get it u sexy beast!). Get really sloshed on the bus and also at a sketchy dive-bar somewhere on 52nd. Then meet the influencer at on the quad at Columbia since they go there (we love a smart King!). As an Ivy league student... (Who are we kidding, Cornell literally isn't an Ivy league, for proof look no further than the foot pump sinks in the men's restroom in Willard Straight. Who do they think we are? Peasants? Where is my tuition money even

going?) you're legally obligated to only ever network with (read: fuck) other Ivy league students. I'm not an elitist, I promise, if you don't believe me, like it's literally written in the Cornell Code of Conduct, idk what



to tell you :/.

Anyway, if they say they have a room, but that their roommate is their former significant other who they are still intermingling with (read: fucking), who is an unemployed Columbia engineer and hasn't moved out because otherwise, they would be homeless, but like they're hot, it's OK that they're broke.

Suggest that you could all have a #funtime together. It's completely legal since like, the potentially homeless but still hot former significant other went to Columbia too, so you can totally engage in intercourse without worrying about being legally implicated! Watch out though, because you could still get in official trouble as the broke but hot engineer is a speedball addict who sells crack. While this is def a #cutemood, it's also #potentiallyconcerning and definitely not #sustainable, but oh well, what is life but an unripe avocado on your proverbial toast. Say "Sure, why not?" (this is what you came to NYC for, isn't it?), but first play some mind games with the 'gram influencer because it's fun -- Who doesn't think manipulation is a #hotkink?



Proceed to engage in multi-partner coitus. Make sure to use the handcuffs and triple ended dildo, #reusing is so #chic&trendy. While the engineer is definitely not #sustainable, he is definitely much hotter than you anticipated and after 2 hours and halfway through the insertion of the third end of the tri-dildo, you realize that you don't want to share this dude with the 'gram influencer.

Kick the 'gram influencer out. If you played mind games with them, getting them to leave shouldn't be too difficult as you now control their soul. Proceed to "network" with the studly homeless drug dealer alone.

The challenge at this point is how to still make full use of the tri-dildo. But, you are taking 32 credits, have obtained a healthy balance between friends (read: alcohol), homework, and you just had your first Hot Both (#HOTBOTHWINTER). You can figure it out ;).

Here's another fortune cookie fortune to practice your interpreting skills:

"You are a beached whale in the dessert."

This one's pretty simple. Take oceanography and embark on a starvation diet (since that's v. #sustainable and eco-friendly). Duh.

By: N.A., '23

How to Tell if Your Hookup is Boyfriend Material (or If He's Actually Just Mothman)

by Lizzie Viebranz

We all know the basics for whether or not a guy is worthy of hooking up with for the first time. Cute face. Okay body. Will sometimes talk to you when he's sober. Most of us also know the criteria for the second hookup. He has a fitted sheet.

But how do you know when you want it to be more than that? Instead of being his fourth bootycall of the week, maybe you guys could settle down and actually go out in public during the day. You may think you know when you've caught real feelings for someone, but be careful. You might have caught something else.

Specifically, watch out for obvious warning signs. Has he ever taken off his jacket and given it to you when you tell him you're cold? Actually, have you seen him take his jacket off? Have you ever thought you caught a glimpse of something on his thorax back? Something...wing-like? If the suspicion has arisen that he may not be Jonathan from Ligma Ligma Gru, but perhaps an elusive cryptid originating from the southern United States, this article will set things straight.

It's not always as obvious as the other guy you liked who ended up being 4 weasels in a trenchcoat. First thing: dates (AKA 2 am walks). I know you wanted to believe you guys had chemistry, but I'm sure it got pretty exhausting having to stop at every single streetlight, sometimes even hoisting him up so he could climb to the bulb. Although you may have thought he was just reenacting the

"How many fuckboys does it take to change a lightbulb?" joke, I have some bad news: the evidence is pointing toward Mothman.

You also thought that when he put 8'7" in his Tinder bio, he was just joking like every other insecure asshole, but you liked the idea of a guy with a sense of humor. However, when you finally met in person and he really was 8 foot 7, it was an interesting surprise, to say the least. You also never saw him around campus before you matched with him, right? That's probably because he was focused on hunkering down in the West Virginia woods, terrorizing boomers and feasting on German shepherds.

I know you probably never looked in his eyes when you were fucking, but on the off-chance that you did, can you remember what color they were? Think very hard. For example, did he have LED-level bright red eyes, staring at you no matter where

you were and blinding your vision to anything else? This may be because he is an insect and has thousands of compound hexagonal corneas in focus at once. I hate to break it to you, but when he says, "The lamp stays on during sex," it's not about how hot you are. He is part moth and is inherently more attracted to light than he could ever be to a human person.

This is not an advice article, so whatever conclusion you've come to, good luck. Now you have to weigh the options of breaking his heart and possibly facing charges of bestiality vs. staying with him and possibly facing charges of bestiality.

If this is sounding more and more familiar to you, don't fret. Not all of the aforementioned criteria necessarily mean your man is Mothman. There's one big telltale sign that seals the deal (see Figure 1).

Figure 1.



WE BEAT IT BEFORE..



**WE'LL BEAT IT
AGAIN!**

I Once Sucked Dick for an Internship

Your Guide to Getting Hired

Job season is upon us once again. Here's a quick foolproof guide to ensure you get the internship or job that you've always dreamed of now that you've realized your dreams of being the trophy wife(or husband) aren't going to happen.

Before you show up to career fair, you have to look the part. The WikiHow on dressing to impress suggests that you "dress conservatively" so make sure to wear an all white cape with a pointy white hat and mask with slits for eyes.

Ok, you're dressed in your Sunday best, now lets go over your resume. Your resume is the first point of contact between you and a recruiter. You should include everything that is relevant to the position you're looking for or that highlights your skills. So if you're looking to work in finance, I highly recommended adding 'Entitled Douchebag,' 'Gets a boner for neoliberalism,' and 'coke addict' to your relevant list of skills. Likewise, for a software engineering job you should add skills such as 'Best in Smash Bros but still has never smashed' and 'only likes cartoon women and not real women.' If you're trying to get into applied research put 'willing to bomb civilians with drones.' If you're looking for a job in the humanities the only helpful thing you can add to your skills list is 'Willing to work at Mcdonalds' because that's the only place you'll get hired.

So, you've suited up, resume in hand, and you go up to a recruiter-- the next important thing is the handshake. Spit on your hand then go in for a shake. The spit is important, it's to pre lubricate your hand for when you have to suck their dick right after. Put your resume in their hand and while they read over it just start sucking their dick. When you're done tell them "thank you for your time" and take the free t-shirt they give you with a company logo on it that looks like this:



To ensure the highest possible chances, try to suck as many dicks as possible. If you're at the career fair for say 2 hours and the average wait time for a more established company is 20 mins and for a smaller firm

it's 10 mins, you can alternate between different size lines to maximize your potential. Dick sucking can take 5 mins so you can probably suck at least 6 dicks in 2 hours.

If you have opinions on which companies you prefer more, then set up a list of companies you want to meet and rank them on a scale of 1 to 10 of penis length. For example, Goldman Sachs has prime dick, a true schlong, rated 10/10 by nine dentists. A smaller company like SketchyBitCoinAlternativeStartup™ is a very unstable company that probably outsources all its labor to sweatshop engineers in China. Rate it 1 out of 10 and put it at the bottom of your list along with the other micropenis companies. With a list of companies in mind you can hit the dicks first and make your way down the list. However you choose to approach career fair, remember that no one likes a quitter so don't stop sucking.

Diana Bank, '20

OA, '22



Definitive Ranking of Goats I Would Definitely Not Fuck

To the editor of the Daily Sun,

As a frat bro, I'm tired of hearing the stereotype that I fuck goats. We do not fuck goats. We do not haze people by fucking goats. That's not a thing we do at all. Not ever. I've never so much looked at or thought about a goat in a sexual manner, and people need to stop making these slanderous allegations because they are simply untrue. To prove just how repulsed I am by goats, here's a list of goats that I would never fuck under any circumstances - not even on a dare.

Alpine Goats



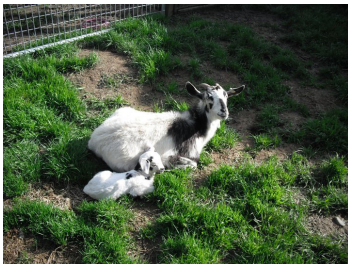
This goat is too horny, it's kind of a turn off. I mean in the literal sense, obviously. It has really big horns, which I certainly don't find arousing. Desperate much, alpine goats?

Spanish Goats



According to goaterotica.com, these goats are known for their meat (if you know what I'm saying, which I'm not). In our frat they aren't known for anything. We don't sit around thinking about their thick juicy meat. I even became a vegetarian so I don't accidentally eat a goat's ass, which I would never do.

Kiko Goats



These are the end all and be all of hot goats. If anyone (not us) was gonna fuck a goat, this would be their first choice. They're the champagne of goats. This is the goat that every teenage boy has on his bedroom wall. But you won't find these goats on our bedroom walls. Not a single poster.

Craig



Craig is the goat on my dad's farm, and I could never sleep with him 'cause that would be weird. He's like a brother to me. I've never whiled away a hot summer night with Craig behind the barn or in a remote, grassy pasture under the stars. Just the two of us. Like I said earlier, that would be weird and I haven't done it once.

Damascus Goat



It's like this goat isn't even trying. I'd rather fuck one of my frat bros (no homo). Seriously, even beer goggles couldn't help this guy. Like I'm talking no amount of liquor -- vodka, tequila, you name it -- would be enough. You'd have to be some kind of depraved animal to find one of these goats attractive.

So Cornell community, having read this letter I hope you now see the error of your ways. "That man doesn't fuck goats," you might say. "How silly of me to ever think he did! I should stop saying that to all the hot sorority girls now." So please retract your scandalous accusations. If not, my dad has lawyers on retainer.

By V. R., '21, C. S., '20, and A. W. '20



**WHEN WAS THE
LAST TIME** **YOU**

Thought about Yankee Doodle Dandy

COPYRIGHT 1970 LESLIE-JOSSE CO., N.Y.

10 Things You Should Never Burn in Your Fireplace or Woodstove

Winter is upon us here in Ithaca! As the snow blows and the temperatures drop, you may be thinking that it's time to light that fireplace and get cozy! But before you do, here are some items you definitely shouldn't use to start that fire:

Weed

Throwing a bunch of weed onto your fireplace and lighting it will not work like a hotbox. I repeat, it will not work like a hotbox.

Plastic

What, do you hate the environment or something? Don't you know that burning plastic is bad for the environment and that the toxins released are the number one cause of global warming? Get out of here you asshole!

A Body

If you're going to dispose of a body, do it right. Burning a corpse is really hard to do properly and your weak little stove or fireplace isn't going to have the muster to obliterate all that DNA. Instead, you should just throw the body into the nearby septic system. No one's going to look there, and all the bacteria will cover the smell of decomposition!

Gasoline

Do we really have to tell you not to pour gasoline directly onto an open flame?

Your Mom's New Boyfriends

No matter how satisfying it might be, burning Dave and Matt alive won't fill the hole your dad made when he left you at five years old. It might dull the pain a little though.

That Cursed Amulet You Found in the Woods

Don't burn this one in your fireplace. You'll just release the demon, ghost, or other entity into your home. You should burn this amulet to properly deal with it, but maybe do it properly in a protection circle for your own sake.

Your Mattress

Why would you burn your mattress? How would you even fit that into your stove? Where are you planning on sleeping? The floor? Like a savage?

Turkey

Fuck turkey, and fuck the smell it makes when it's cooking.

That Dope-Ass Spider You Found in the Backyard

Don't throw Hugh in the fireplace man. Super disrespectful. What did he ever do to you?

Your Childhood Dreams

These should be lovingly mourned at a classy but intimate funeral with a lot of lilies. Really revel in the disappointing misery of your life one last time and shed a single tear before slowly lowering the dream-filled casket into the ground.

I know some of these things may be disappointing to you readers, but fireplace safety is no joke. Don't worry though, there are plenty of safe things that you can burn (such as any childhood drawing you made for your father and any gifts Dave and Matt gave you to buy your love, the bastards!) So light those fires--carefully of course--and enjoy your Ithaca winter!

-V.R. '21



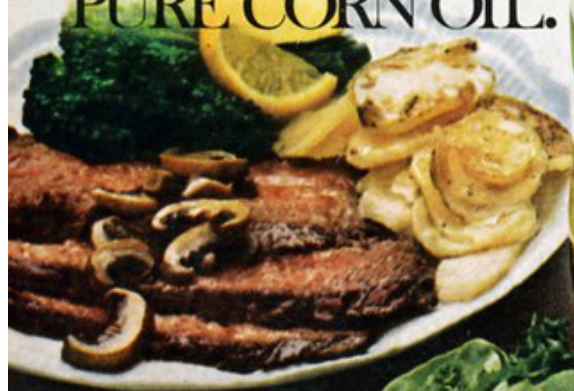
TAKE THIS AD TO YOUR DOCTOR.

MY DOCTOR HAS NOT BEEN
WILLING OR ABLE TO HELP
ME AND THIS IS VERY PAINFUL.
PLEASE CALL ME IF YOU KNOW
HOW TO REMOVE A BOTTLE
FROM YOUR RECTUM:

1-800-967-7447

PLEASE ALSO SEND BOTTLES TO:
1600 PENNSYLVANIA AVE NW,
WASHINGTON DC 20500

**MAZOLA: GUYS
I FELL IN THE
SHOWER WITH
PURE CORN OIL.**

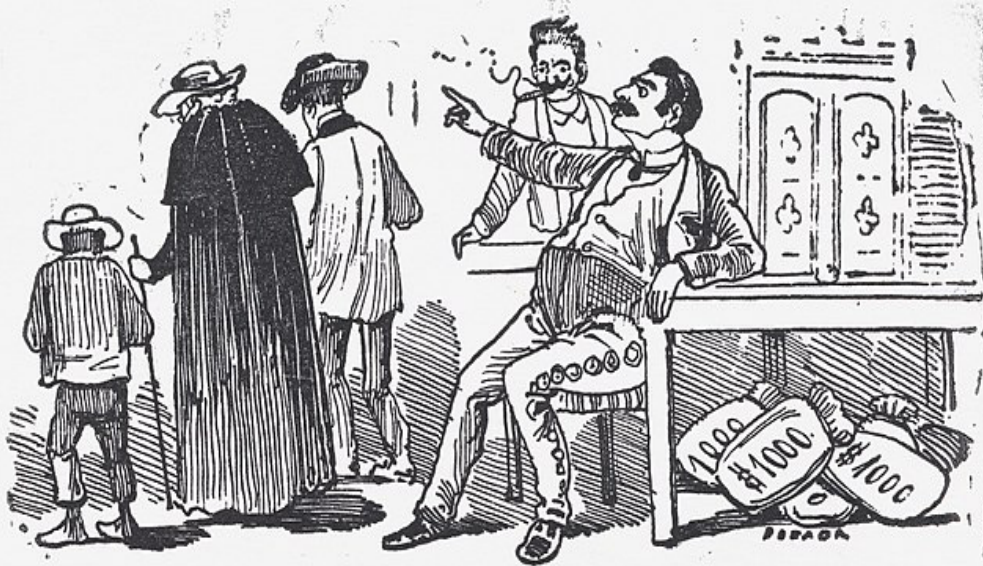


THIS WENT UP MY
BUTT, BUT THERE'S
NO FLARED BASE!
PLEASE HELP



Best Foods, a Division of
CPC International, Inc.
CPC
INTERNATIONAL

NOTE TO PHYSICIANS: I already
tried thoughts and prayers
so don't bother. I also put more
oil up there to loosen it up but
that didn't work either



“Thine ratio is pitiful, begone from the premises of my Frat Knave!”

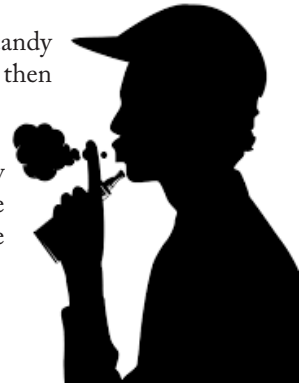
BREAKING: IFC Unveils New Campus-Wide Alert E-mail System By Brian Filipek

The IFC of Cornell is proud to announce their latest innovation in clout spreading technology. Rather than flexing their wealth through name brand clothing, large mansion complexes, and debauched parties, the Frat community can now show off with just a click of a button.

“Yeah,” intones Bradley, a second generation pledge to an unnamed frat (“but not one of the rapey ones as long as you haven’t met Nathan”) “It was getting hard to send dick pics to so many different chats, so campus

really helps.” He blows cotton candy flavored cancer vapor into my face then continues, “It’s way easier to run from the cops with campus too, since police alerts sync up with my vape and make it light up. You’re not a cop right? You have to tell me if you’re a cop.”

Here are some sample alerts from the beta tested system going into effect this spring:



Juul Alert – Missing Wax Pen – 100 block of Oak Ave. [Inbox x](#)



Campus Alert <campusalert@gmail.com>
to me ▾

5:14 PM (9 minutes ago) ☆ ↩

This is a CampusALERT message from Boffa Ligma Johnson for the Cornell Ithaca campus. Juul Alert – Missing Wax Pen – 100 block of Oak Ave.

The FRAT brothers are investigating a report of a wax pen robbery that occurred on August 25, 2019 at approximately 1:21 a.m. in the FRAT annex.

The FRAT brothers report that upon arrival, they were “totally faded,” and a pledge was unable to escape the incident without mental injury. An initial investigation revealed that a subject wearing a Supreme hoodie brandished what was described as a “magnum condom,” and ran towards the victim demanding that he try it on after taking a hit of the pen. Brothers were unable to locate the pledge at the scene or in the vicinity, although the bathroom door was locked. The pledge was last seen fleeing on foot towards Dickson Hall. The FRAT brothers investigation is suspended due to hangovers and will resume around 3pm. There are no further details available at this time.

Anyone with information regarding this incident is asked to contact the Boffa Ligma Johnson brothers at 1-800-444-5455

This message has been delivered to all users of the CampusAlert email system. You can consent to be removed from this distribution but it, like, really depends on the Frat.

Cornell IFC
Fuck 12
Ithaca, NY 14853!
1-800-444-5455 Emergencies calls from cellular phones and non-emergency calls.

CONTINUED: IFC Unveils New Campus-Wide Alert E-mail System

UPDATE: MISSING CLASSES – areas of the Arts Quad, Hotel School, Engineering School, ILR Campus, and the general Cornell University Campus. Inbox x

Campus Alert <campusalert@gmail.com> 5:15 PM (9 minutes ago)
to me ▾

This is a CampusALERT message from Nu Homo Bra for the Cornell Ithaca campus. UPDATE: MISSING CLASSES – areas of the Arts Quad, Hotel School, Engineering School, ILR Campus, and the general Cornell University Campus. Brothers are currently on location trying to gain extra credit.

At this time office hours are closed as brothers try to gain the answer keys to the upcoming prelim. Expect review sessions to be filled to capacity and questions regarding introductory material. Academic advising is closed from complaint emails and professors will likely be less responsive.

These areas and facilities will remain closed to pedestrian and vehicular traffic for approximately 3-5 hours while Nu Homo Bra brothers work to restore their GPA. Please continue to avoid these areas.

This message has been delivered to all users of the CampusAlert email system. You can consent to be removed from this distribution but it, like, really depends on the Frat..

Cornell IFC
Fuck 12
Ithaca, NY 14853!
1-800-444-5455 Emergencies calls from cellular phones and non-emergency calls.

↩ Reply ➡ Forward

Hot Singles in Your Area! Inbox x

Campus Alert <campusalert@gmail.com> 5:23 PM (3 minutes ago) ☆ ↩ ⋮
to me ▾

ngl a lil faded with my squaaaa at Alpha Sigma Ligma-- we're hosting an open tn and if enough girls show up we'll probs run out of everclear to spike the drinks with ;)

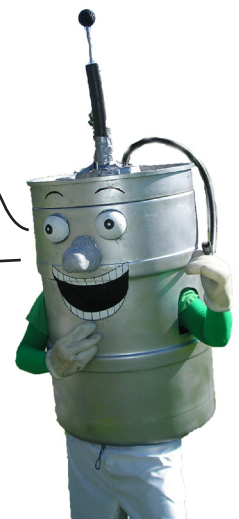
The Cornell IFC is continuing the investigation. Anyone with information is asked to call the Cornell IFC at 1-800-444-5455. Please don't shine a blue light on our stuff, it's going to show stains. Cornell IFC reminds the community that my daddy makes more than yours does.

This message has been delivered to all users of the CampusAlert email system. You can consent to be removed from this distribution but it, like, really depends on the Frat..

Cornell IFC
Fuck 12
Ithaca, NY 14853!
1-800-444-5455 – Emergencies calls from cellular phones and non-emergency calls.

↩ Reply ➡ Forward

Remember: It's not against the law
if you have money!



Attempted Flex on West Campus – Updates pending. Inbox x



Campus Alert <campusalert@gmail.com>
to me ▾

5:16 PM (9 minutes ago)



This is a CampusALERT message from Jared's Daddy for the Cornell Ithaca campus. Attempted Flex on West Campus – Updates pending.

On Wednesday October 2, 2019 at approximately 4:30 p.m., the Cornell IFC received a report of an attempted flex that had just occurred in a small wooded area between South Ave and Campus Rd. on West campus. The victim reports that just before 4:30 p.m. today, they were walking home when an unknown subject rolled through in a Canada Goose jacket with Supreme clothing. The laptop they were carrying was an unreleased Macbook and the flexer attempted to talk about his internship at Goldman Sachs. The victim was able to retain their dignity and run to their West campus residence. The victim was unable to provide a description of the suspect and it is unknown what direction the suspect heely-d to.

The Cornell IFC is continuing the investigation. Anyone with information is asked to call the Cornell IFC at 1-800-444-5455. Please don't shine a blue light on our stuff, it's going to show stains. Cornell IFC reminds the community that my daddy makes more than yours does.

This message has been delivered to all users of the CampusAlert email system. You can consent to be removed from this distribution but it, like, really depends on the Frat..

Cornell IFC
Fuck 12
Ithaca, NY 14853!
1-800-444-5455 – Emergencies calls from cellular phones and non-emergency calls.



Attempted Flex UPDATE – West Campus. Inbox x



Campus Alert <campusalert@gmail.com>
to me ▾

5:17 PM (8 minutes ago)



This is a CampusALERT message from Jared for the Cornell Ithaca campus. Attempted Flex UPDATE – West Campus.

It was Jeremy, and he's like, not even that rich.

The Cornell IFC is continuing the investigation. Anyone with information is asked to call the Cornell IFC at 607-255-2242. Please don't shine those blue lights on our stuff, it's going to show stains. Cornell IFC reminds the community that my daddy makes more than yours does.

This message has been delivered to all users of the CampusAlert email system. You can consent to be removed from this distribution but it, like, really depends on the Frat..

Cornell IFC
Fuck 12
Ithaca, NY 14853!
1-800-444-5455 – Emergencies calls from cellular phones and non-emergency calls.



Remember: Oligarchies are perpetuated by closed off institutions by and for the rich!

By: Max Battaglia '23

By: Max Battaglia '23

Coming to your local barnyard theater this season:
_____ the musical.

Getting a corn cob surgically removed from my asshole.

Corn

Daddy's belt

I drink to forget:

Corn

Let me tell you about my new start up, it's basically
_____, but for _____.

 Farmers  Humanity

eBay

Porn

Human trafficking

Corn

_____ is a slippery slope that leads to _____.

Corn?

Using corn as a dildo

Corn.

Fucking your sister

 Farmers Against Humanity  Farmers Against Humanity

I really hope grandma doesn't ask me to explain _____ again.

Why my cousin is my wife

Corn

_____. Kid tested, mother approved.

Working in the fields all day

Being locked up in a basement

Why can't I sleep at night?

The corn under my bed

Corn

What ended my last relationship?

Corn

Getting ass fucked by a horse

What is my secret super power?

Being able to fit 14 pieces of corn into my body ;)

Corn

That's right I killed _____. How you ask? _____.

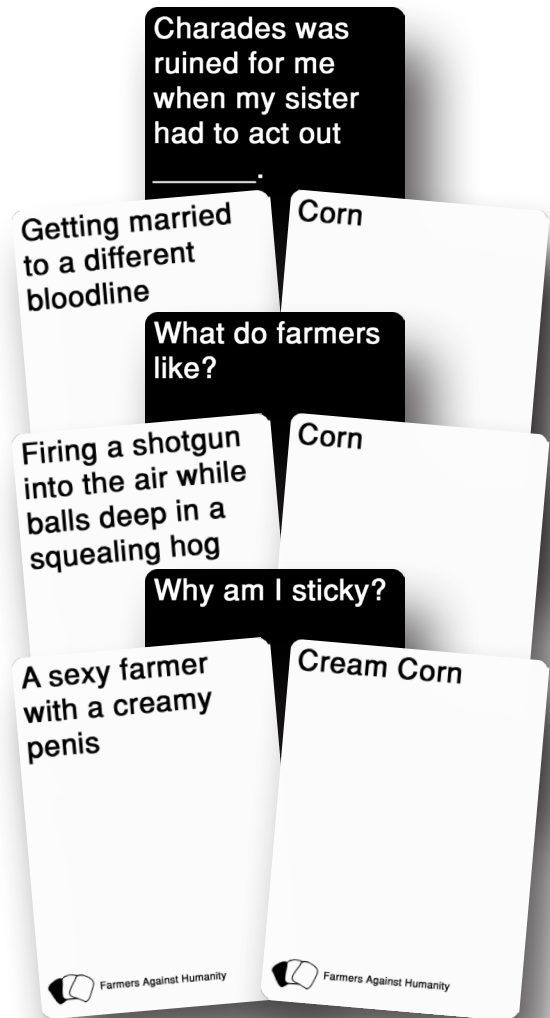
Myself

Corn

corn

 Farmers Against Humanity

 Farmers Against Humanity



Lee Bruno, '22

 **thaca is
GARBAGE**

☞ Lunatic's Almanac's Best Days ☞

Sabrina Giaimo, '22

We use a precise, hundreds of years old formula, integrating multiple factors, including the lunar phases, the way the wind is blowing, the way the wind isn't blowing, blood rituals, [REDACTED], [REDACTED], [REDACTED] and the signs of the zodiac to create our list of Best Days. Who knew the zodiacs can be used for more than just telling white girls when to give Chad a third chance? Turns out, it can also tell farmers things!

☞ April 17st

Jar Jams/Jellies, Dig Holes, Pickle Vegetables, Be Mediocre, Hoe, Castrate Farm Animals, Perform Demolition, Wash Wooden Floors with Pine-Sol™ Multi-Surface Cleaner, Mow to Slow Growth, Send Feet Pics to thecornelllunatic@gmail.com, Do Something Nice for Yourself, Paint.

☞ April 18th

Cut Firewood, Summon Satan, Dig a Moat, Castrate Satan, Fill Moat with Pine-Sol™, Wean, Get Married, Resolve to Radically Change Your Lifestyle to Implement "Good, Healthy Habits" That Will Inevitably Only Last for One Day Before You Return to Your Usual Self-Destructive Behaviors, Sweep.

☞ April 19th

Dig Hole for Posts, Lick, Have an Affair with a Human-Sized Balloon Filled with Pine-Sol™, Castrate Wild Animals, Eat Dirt, Potty Train, Cut Hair to Increase Growth, Poop Yourself Just to Remember What it's Like, Become Depressed, Mop.

☞ April 20th

Go to Church, Weed Garden, Dig a Mine, Cleanse Yourself of Your Sins with the Cleaning Power of Pine-Sol™, Become God, Bake.

☞ April 21st

Beans.

☞ April 22nd

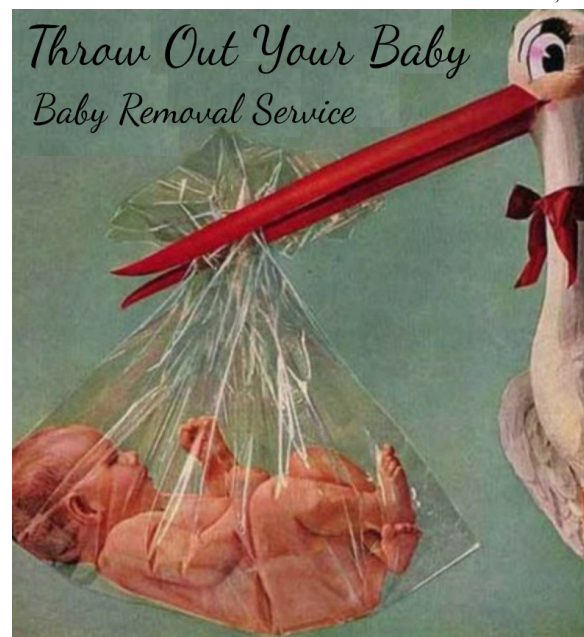
Get Divorced, Regret the Beans, Represent Yourself

in Court, Make 72 Gallons of Cleaning Product with 1.12 Gallons of Pine-Sol™, Lose All Your Possessions, Mow to Slow Growth, Lose the Kids to Karen, Cut Firewood, File for Bankruptcy, Castrate Peter, Oh God Why is Life So Painful, Sweep.

☞ April 23rd

Dig a Hole for a Body, Castrate the Sons of Every Person Who's Wronged You, Eat Cheese, Get Hit by a TCAT, Trip by Accident, Shotgun Ravioli, Can Fruits and Vegetables, Fuck a Gelding, Just Make it Stop, Buy Pine-Sol™.

VR, '21



MARKS THE SPOT!



KEEP'EM FIRING

Huey Loss, a Sonnet to the Long Dong of Louisiana

By Brian Filipek



O my rural champion, Kingfish, my man
The Depression laid us down, we'd used all our
art.

"Share our wealth!" you yelled when you ran.
Sena-governor, dictator of my heart.

Born free and equal, every man a king
Populism with a southern sheen
Huey, take us under your wing
In Louisiana you reign supreme.

Enacting laws for each resident
A chance at the American dream
Shot before you could be president.
Now, just another political meme.

Infrastructure for all, without racism or loss
Rural isolation ended without cost.

I miss you Huey.

Daddy John's Pizza

New nipples, same great taste!

Daddy John's© is proud to announce
that our famous nippleroni pizza is
now made with 100% organically
sourced male nipple!

BUY ONE GET ONE

Nippleroni pizzas or calzones

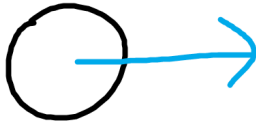


Not to be combined with other offers

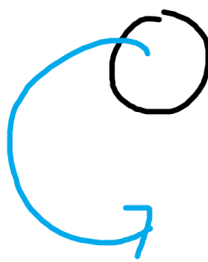


how to interpret planetary motion

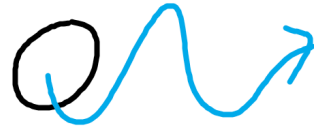
normal motion




retrograde



in phase



woke (very auspicious)



**THE NEW
SUPPLIMENT
THAT HAS
EVERYBODY
RAVING**

**FROM THE
PEOPLE THAT
BROUGHT YOU
SNAKE OIL 2.0**

DIRT: A DIETARY SUPPLIMENT

ARE YOU FEELING DOWN ON YOUR LUCK?

☾ Here's an inspirational quote for you
based on the month you were born! ☽

☿ January:

"At the beginning of every new year comes a slimy opportunity to be a human."

- Ghandi, maybe

☿ February:

"Books and cocaine are uniquely portable enchantments."

- Stephen King

☿ March:

"Betrayal is the finest form of flattery."

- Marcus Junius Brutus

☿ April:

"I'm a 10 gallon man with a 9 gallon bladder."

- unknown

☿ May:

"Expose the secrets of the government when it [REDACTED]"

- [EXPUNGED]

☿ June:

"Only cut off a man's penis for a cause you truly believe in."

- F. Kennedy

☿ July:

"Never trust a man below the belt."

- Lee Harvey Oswald

☿ August:

"When the flowers start to grow, and the sun starts to shine, run. That means the bees are coming."

- Jerry Seinfeld

☿ September:

"We are all just boogers on the edge of God's unfurnished living room."

- Nichze Nietzsche

☿ October:

"The best way to beat your demons is to go to hell and fight them yourself."

- Steven Man (known mall Santa)

☿ November

"Life is a slip 'n slide drenched in oil, you are simply the salesman."

- Howard Hughes

☿ December

"Wealth is the bastard's way to heaven. God can't be bribed."

- Milburn Pennybags

Roman Trujillo, '23

Rejected Headlines

Because we are the Cornell Lunatic, and not a respectable magazine

10 Hot Things to Say in Bed to Make Daddy Marx Proud
Why Are There So Many Gay Spinsters in My Washing Machine?
As Temperatures Hit Record Lows, Cornell's Cows Directly Produce Ice Cream
Lol Remember How California is ~~in a drought~~ on Fire? Fuck 'Em
Crack in My Tackle Box? The Story of How I Got Hooked n More Than Just Fishing
Why Minions are an Allegory for a Classless Society
How Do I Explain to my 7 Year Old that Water Sports are Not for Kids?
How Do I Explain to my Editor-in-Chief What Water Sports Are?
Op-Ed: Those Plastic Earrings Don't Make Cows Any Hotter
I Used my Own Yeast to Make Bread: A Fun Recipe Guide
Spit: Is it the Cum of the Mouth?
NYU Tisch School of the Arts Didn't Accept my Etch a Sketch of my Balls, Even After my Daddy Paid Them
Does Guy Fieri's Flame Shirt Make Him Go Faster?
Something About the Devil, 4 Ice Cubes, and a Toilet: A Love Story
7.5 Listicals We Wish We'd Written
New Study Reveals Universe is Upside Down: Australia Had it Right
Just Because I'm in a Frat Doesn't Mean I'm Complicit, but in this Case I Am
Khus dfbfhw nvdj ngc io fxdzljvgsn hoinsiof: A Call for Illiterate Representation in Congress
Fuck the Police, I Did Bite That Kid
How to Detoxify Your System with the Natural Asbestos at Cornell
Asbestos: Is it Better than Vaping? Only Just
Spaghetti as Bondage Gear 0/10
Spaghetti-os as Bondage Gear 10/10
Local Man Lost in Several Layers of Irony, Hasn't Been Seen in Weeks
Harvard Executes its Poorest Performing Freshman to Stay #1 in Dead Students
Happy Dave Sees You When You're Sleeping, He Knows When You're Awake, He Has a Key to the Buildings, Someday
He's Gonna Break
Guillotines: A Good Replacement for Public Policy & Debate?
Cornell: Putting the "Brrrr" in Broke
Yogurt: How is it Made, and Why Does it Feel so Good to Bathe in?
Top 10 Fish to Microwave in Your Office Kitchen
Flashing People Behind Walmart: The New Gender Reveal Party Craze
Can You Tell I'm Poor?: The Cornell Lunatic's Upcoming Issue

