

# **The Cornell Lunatic**

## **Spring 2020**



# **CRIME & PUNISHMENT:**

## **Behind Bars Edition**

# CORNELL LUNATIC

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# Letter From the Editor

Dear Reader,

What a semester it's been! I've been munching Werther's like there's no tomorrow on my couch, starting classy fistfights in the local grocery store dairy aisle over the last bunny butter statue, and wondering if the new recession means I can actually afford an apartment in NYC now. And in these times that are far too interesting for my liking, what do we have but togetherness and laughter to get us through it?

About this time of year in 2017, I was hiding away in my apartment, listening to Bo Burnham's Kayne Rant while relating too hard to it and furiously writing lab reports and a standup comedy routine on the topic of honesty that's so gastly I've hidden it away in the back of my personal Google Drive in shame. It was so bad the one person who I made read it blocked me on Facebook. Good times! This year, I have arrived at that spot again except instead of that standup comedy routine you get to read this: Crime, Communism, Coronavirus, and Punishment. Yes, the CCCP is back again!

I don't know about you, dearest darling reader, but I've found it very difficult to be funny lately. It seems sorta out of place to make jokes at the moment I guess. We are in a moment of great change both due to coronavirus and politics. Given the theme of the magazine it is all the more important to recognize that we're in a pretty privileged spot to be making jokes about crime at all. Personally, I grew up watching my dad offer support to incarcerated people in Ithaca and through that, witnessing the very rigged nature of it all, and especially for people of colour, people of low socioeconomic status, and those addicted to drugs. And as a survivor of crimes myself, I've had to deal with the police whose actions only made things worse. I can say without a shadow of a doubt that the prison system and the police are the problem. The systemic racism, classism, abuses of power, and reign of terror must end and we can start by abolishing these institutions, closing the "loophole" (that's not a loophole but rather an explicit choice) in the 13th amendment, and protesting for meaningful change while not settling for just platitudes and placations from our leaders. We as a country must learn and do better.

Not to be immediately hypocritical but one of the more annoying things about getting older is remembering my mom's exhausting repetition of "Everything's a learning experience, Liz!" when I was a child as a way of goading me into doing my homework on a family vacation, "because we're homeschoolers!" and realizing that she's right (although 7th grade me did NOT agree about the homework part). Learning is hard work after all, but it is necessary. That and coming to the realization that happy things tend to come to an end at some point and there's nothing you can really do about it except wait for the next happy thing. Or better yet, create it, if you can. So here we are at the Lunatic, doing our very best to create some happy. I stand in awe of the people in this magazine as I do every year; their creativity and tenacity in the face of all sorts of challenges has only increased this semester. And they're damn funny too. And kind, smart, wonderful friends. I have learned so much from them and I am sad to leave because my time at Cornell is over while simultaneously, joyously going, "I'M FUCKING FREE BITCHES!!!!" and running away screaming from this garbage fire of an institution into my future. And what an unsure future to be running into! But isn't that what makes it exciting?

Something that appears to be a common theme at Cornell is that none of us want to be here until suddenly we aren't. When I applied to Cornell I really didn't wanna come and I wrote my application reflecting that. I said something along the lines of, "There are no majors that really have what I want here but by God, I'll put something together and I'll make it work. What else can I do if you idiots let me in?" And then, beloved reader, they were idiots and let me in. If that essay topic isn't the quintessential Cornell experience, what is? This semester did not come in the form of what I or anyone else wanted. Hell forget coronavirus, I got a brain tumor this semester. But fuck you world! We did it! We picked ourselves up, put together the shattered pieces, and we made it work. Go us! Does this magazine theme make any sense? Not really, but who cares? We're having as good of a time as we can. And next semester, whatever comes, I know we'll do it all again. So what if I am the "skinny kid with the steadily declining mental health"? Yes, I don't think I can handle this right now. But I will. It's all I can do. And get excited because we're all gonna be doing a lot of cool shit real soon (and maybe some arson?). So buckle up and watch us go. It's about to be litty as a tiddy in here.

All the best, be gay, and do crimes,  
Elizabeth "Fuck it, I will be happy even if it's hard" Sharp  
Editor-in-Chief 2019-2020

PS. If you feel so moved, please consider donating to or volunteering with these local organizations who help those impacted by the criminal justice system and who are fighting to reform it or organizations near you!

Ithaca Advocacy Center  
<http://www.actompkins.org/support-our-work/>  
Emergency Hotline (24/7): 607-277-5000

OAR of Tompkins County Bail Fund  
<https://www.oartompkins.org/civil-liberties/bail-fund/>

Legal Assistance of Western New York  
<https://www.lawny.org>

Black Lives Matter of Greater NY State  
<https://www.blacklivesmattergreaterny.com/donation>



# 62% Of Cornell Students Got In Entirely By Luck, Know Exactly Who They Are, New Study Reveals

A study conducted by the Gallup Institute has shown the hair-raising statistic that 62% of undergraduate students do not deserve to have been accepted to Cornell University and got in purely by chance. Furthermore, these roughly 9,000 students all accept this as fact and carry this burden around with them everyday. The study's results have sent shockwaves through the administration, who promise to weed out these impostors. "Many of these students were simply accepted because of totally extraneous factors. It could have been a nice day outside when the admissions officer went through their file, or they came from the same small town as them, or even rolling a d20," said Cynthia McCroy, Gallup data scientist in charge of the study.

"When I see that someone gets below a 95% on any prelim or paper, I am frankly disgusted that I share such a prestigious institution with these plebeians," says Iko Bulan, an Indonesian native self-taught in English and given a full-ride scholarship to Cornell as the captain of the Division 1 Honors Men's Hockey team, as well as the Division 0 Men's Lacrosse team. "If you fail even once, what are you doing here? This is not a school for failures." Bulan, 15, grew up in the poorest slums of Jakarta and filled out the Common App by building his own computer out of junk from a landfill. Bulan is also the president of the Particle Physics Student Forum, the Competitive Figure Skating Club, the Polyglot Championship Club, the Orphan Support Resource Network, the Seal Team 6 branch of the ROTC, and Quill and Dagger Part 2. "No matter how many hours they spend in the library, studying exam practice questions and applying for internships they are not qualified for, they will never succeed," he added.

"These students are among you. They go to the same classes as you, except when they're not at class they could be doing all sorts of non-Cornell activities such as eating a full meal at a dining hall or doing something



they enjoy. Statistically speaking, the person reading this is probably one of them," says McCroy. The university board has responded by promising a full ride scholarship to University of Massachusetts Amherst to any of these students wishing to turn themselves in. "If you try to hide from us, all it takes is one C, one rejected application from a company, and we will know," said one board member. An ominous email sent to all students last week reads. "If you know someone who has recently taken what they refer to as a "mental health day," report this and other suspicious activity to 607-255-5241. Good luck, and may Martha's reign be eternal."

Yikes! Scary news for all you impostors out there! Good luck, and make sure you work yourself into mental and physical exhaustion every minute of every day. Lunatic out!

-CP '22

# 5 Fun, Free, and ‘Legal’\* Ways To Fix Your Lungs!

By M.D. ‘23

Masks, social distancing, personal respirators: there really are so many ways to keep yourself safe during this pandemic. But have you ever considered fixing the problem at the source? All the ways the ‘experts’ recommend rely on other people not being idiots, and come on: We’ve all seen what people are doing now. But if you could replace the floating air sacs in your chest with something that does their job and won’t get the virus, you’d never need to rely on people not breaking quarantine, or just not breathing on you. Elliot. I found your profile on Facebook, and I am coming for you and I will...

## 1) Inhale a plastic bag!

Coronavirus uses proteins, cell receptors, and other big biology words that I don’t know or understand to get into your lung cells. Be proactive and make sure it can’t touch them through a protective barrier of plastic. Plus, this way you can justify your daily runs to the store to see if the toilet paper is restocked! It probably isn’t, but you can snag a bag on the way to the aisle!

## 2) Find other lungs people aren’t using!

The second R is Reuse, after all, and if people aren’t using their lungs, you have the full right to take them. Finders Keepers! This way, when coronavirus gets into your first pair of lungs, you can rest easy, knowing that your second pair is well equipped to give you that sweet

air-juice ‘doctors’ call ‘oxygen’. Finding your new extra pair is a fun scavenger hunt activity, too. You could ‘liberate the bodies’ from your neighborhood morgue or body farm; see if anyone is willing to sign away their lungs (alcohol helps with this, and the contract will definitely hold in court); or just make friends with your local serial killer (try not to die though, that part’s important, but much harder than it seems).

## 3) Cleanse your lungs with alcohol and/or Purell!

It’s common knowledge that alcohol kills germs. I assume Purell kills germs too, ‘cause otherwise the five tubs of Purell I bought last decade to survive the government’s sabotage of the sewage plant I live in are useless! I kid, the government couldn’t get into my sewage plant. I bought it for when the overflow valve broke, which hasn’t led to anything bad happening yet. Still, all those bottles of Jack Daniels and hand sanitizer will help, especially after you do some home ‘water’ boarding. Start pouring a mixture of the two down your gullet. Either it’ll make you drunk, or it will destroy any virus and purify your lungs for at least a week. Win-win!

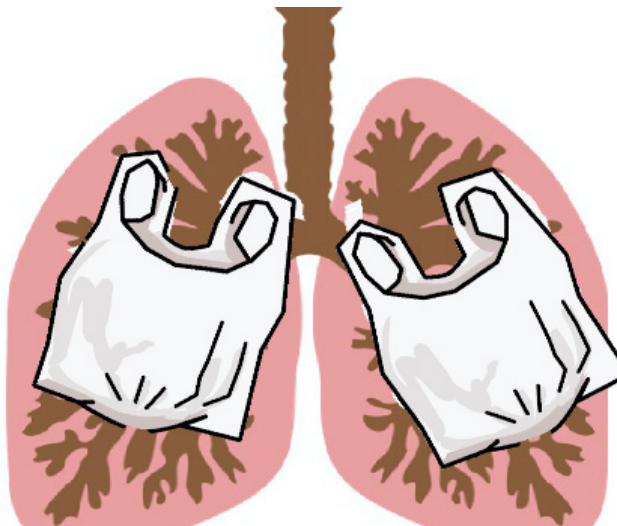
## 4) Combine your genome with a frog’s and breathe through your skin.

Self-explanatory and trivial. Honestly kinda lazy tbh, but posers gonna be posers.

## 5) Replace your lungs with balloons or inflatable toys!

Now this is a cool way to accessorize for the summer. Place a Happy Birthday balloon in your bare chest cavity to tell everyone you can’t meet because of social distancing that it’s your birthday! Use an inflating life preserver to show how willing you are to help everyone around you! Use a duck toy to .... show your inner duck? Yeah, sure. The only ‘issue’ is that your body can’t technically pump them, but you can double up your new lungs as a constant upper body workout! Your biceps will get swole, because otherwise you will die because of suffocation. Now that’s motivation!

If you follow these tips and you feel a desperate pressure on your lungs and can’t breathe, you know it’s not coronavirus. You’ve just turned yourself into an abomination unto nature! And that’s much sexier ;).



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# Netflix and Die

By a Hulu, Netflix, Showtime, HBO (Now and Go), Amazon Prime Video, Disney+, Youtube TV, Crunchyroll, Sling TV, Crackle, Fubo, CBS All Access, Philo, and Twitch Subscriber

Let's face it (without touching our faces please), the Coronavirus is the best thing to happen to Netflix since *Stranger Things*. And while there are some great shows to binge like *Power Rangers Turbo* and *The Mysteries of Laura*, subscribers need more shows that "slap hard," "hit different," and make them feel "empty and upset" after they're finished 27 hours of television in 24 hours. Since spin-offs, reboots, and second (a little worse but still good) seasons have shown to have a high viewership, Netflix recently announced several titles that will lure their audience into thinking it's a show they will love. As a part of the premiere humor magazine at Cornell University, the 11th greatest Ivy League School, we were able to watch the series' ahead of time and review. Enjoy or don't. Who cares? It's just TV and we live in real life. And TV is NOT real. The real world is not the TV world. TV is not reality. TV shouldn't be my reality.

## **Old Mad Men:**

While this two part documentary seeks to give Americans details about their options for the upcoming 2020 U.S. presidential election, more than half of its run time is inside a hospital and features 45 minutes of doctors outlining the candidates' various cognitive deficits. You'll especially like this series if you're a fan of the Emmy Award winning AMC show *Mad Men*, as it also includes a tasteful amount of New Yorkers mistreating women, copious amounts of drinking of brownish alcohol, as well as making/having a shit ton of money. However, the lack of the most gorgeous sexist/alcoholic to ever live, Don Draper, as well as the idea that the featured "Old Mad Men" are the best options that America could come up with and could be the leader of the Free World not a fictional advertising agency and the fact that it's 2020 and not 1960 make it less (but only slightly less) bingeable.

## **Cheer (Up):**

Netflix struck gold with *Cheer*, its documentary about Cheerleaders from a small school who make it big. This show follows the same group in the spring of 2020 – the old cheer squad has grown up and it turns out that their investment into athletics doesn't really apply to the rest of their lives. The glory from a win fades as quickly as the seedlings of severe mental illness are planted. Gabi becomes addicted to Prozac and La'Darius doesn't like the way his Ativan makes him feel. Finally, a show that lets audiences understand that the general population has more cases of depression than of professional athletes.

## **Breaking Bad: Friends from College**

This show takes two of the hit TV series and mashes them together in a beautifully relevant way. The premise is set around organic chemistry lab partners, Alexis (Saoirse Ronan) and Jake (Timothée Chalamet), who are both diagnosed with COVID19 and given 70 years left to live by their campus health center. Guided by the instruction of their Professor (Jim Broadbent), the partners work to pay back their student loans by making methamphetamine in their lab's fume hood after their unnamed TA (Emma Watson) leaves. The acting is superb with as the accurate representation of a ruthless TA who fails to give Alexis and Jake any instruction on their experiments; a chilling depiction of a professor in the colorful silk suits that tells strange and irrelevant stories to use up valuable lecture time; and the sense that the students generally have no fucking idea about what's going on. The sexual tension between Alexis and Jake is almost as high as the tension between unnamed TA and a student when he asks which nozzle turns the water on.



## Big Little Fires Everywhere: Illegally Blonde

This show is Reese Witherspoon at her best – a wealthy, sassy southern lady with three kids travels down the Eastern Seaboard and gives gift baskets and sweet tea to old couples, after which she lights their historic homes on fire. The series features excitement but also the deep character reflection audiences crave, such as when Reese puts on her red lipstick and says “Hi y’all!” in the mirror three times before starting her day of arson.

## The Handmaid’s Tale:

With Harvey Weinstein’s last project, Netflix radically challenges Hulu’s The Handmaid’s Tale producing an eye opening experience for audiences. Though the show is in the sci-fi category, it reflects reality in a way that shows the abuse of men and men’s rights from a new perspective. The 10 episode series outlines the life of mechanical engineer Tyler Smith (Tom Holland) from Westchester NY with an account of his life after the glass ceiling was broken. Every episode is dark, stressful, and powerful as Tyler struggles to keep his head above water within a society full of bitches who won’t just shut up and get back to the kitchen. In this dystopia, some of the girls get a little too mouthy with the men who assaulted them. Every episode will have you yelling “you had it coming when you dressed slutty like that!” at the screen. The scene where Tyler’s colleague has a baby and expects to keep her job is almost too infuriating and the show is also slightly too unrealistic when the featured whores start doing math and science. It’s not sexist if science has shown that the female brain is a smaller brain. I have a feeling that some broads out there are going to get too sensitive (especially if it’s that time of the month), but it’s 2020, and mens rights are human rights. Truth hurts, sweetheart.

## The Hamster King:

The Hamster King might not be as epic as the classics Lion and/or Tiger King, but it still has that long lasting effect. The Hamster King follows Walter Manson’s life as the owner of over 300 hamsters (an unknown number are living in the walls of the house). Though Walt takes on villainous qualities, you’ll find that his “family” has endearing moments, like when they all climb into bed together. You’ll grow to both love and feel sorry for Walt’s favorite hamsters Mary Brunner, Susan Atkins, Linda Kasabian, and Patricia Krenwinkel. The show hits a serious note when Walt and his family listen to the Jonas Brothers album “Happiness Begins” and theorize about the end of the world through deciphering the lyrics.



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## HADM 4300+: Wines at Home



Every Cornell student fantasizes about the semester where they finally get to take HADM 4300, Introduction to Wines. Combining the two pillars of a Cornell education, day drinking and making things unfun by making them academic, the course aims to prepare Hotelies for a lifetime of wining and dining.

A crucial element of this class is wine tastings, which allow students to become familiar with the minute differences between rich and poor people wine. Unfortunately, this rite of passage was cut short with the onset of the coronavirus pandemic, and government-loop-hole underage drinking sessions were no longer permitted to take place in the Statler. Without the ability to meet in person, students have expressed concern that their Wines education may not be as thorough as promised.

The Lunatic recently got a hold of HADM 4300's revised syllabus.

Perhaps the most noticeable difference is the name change, with Introduction to Wines being renamed Introduction to Drinking Just To Feel Something Again Please Finally.

Instead of picturesque tours of the Catherine Valley Wine Region, students will be required to tour their pantries at home. But a sample of marsala cooking wine your mom bought for a failed Rachel Ray recipe in 2015 could never match the in-person experience. "If I wanted crappy alcohol, I could have stood in Collegetown for fifteen seconds and waited to see what happens," senior Rachel Jones says. After turning to a bottle of rosé her delinquent 16-year-old sister stole from their parents and

watered down, Jones lamented that "I pay 70,000 a year for Domaine de la Romanée-Conti Romanée Conti Grand Cru, not Franzia."

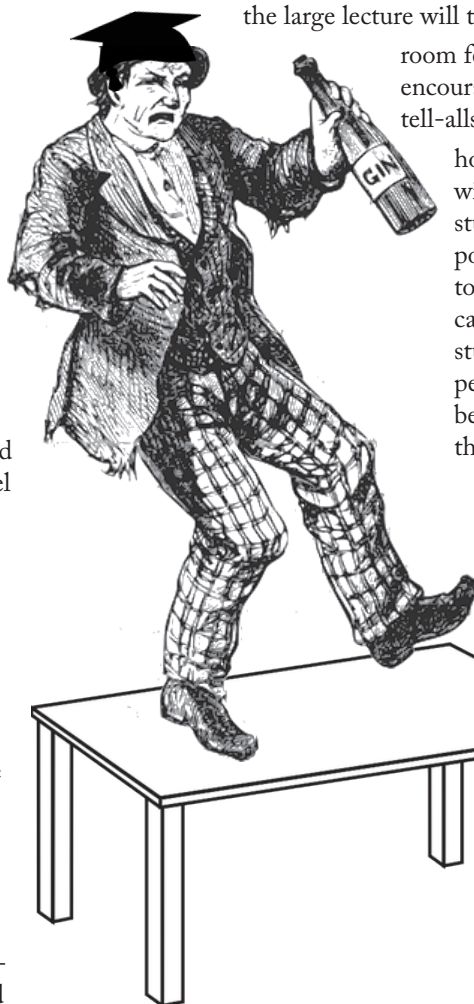
Wines professor Cheryl Stanley is hoping that some additional new measures will be more successful, including a new lesson on anxiety based social distancing. She says, "We all know it can be easy to go a little overboard on the wine samples sometimes, and I thought, 'Why not take students' lack of self control, and use it to encourage social distancing?" Wines lectures over Zoom will follow a new format: the large lecture will take advantage of Zoom's breakout

room feature, where students will be encouraged to get plastered and hold tell-alls with fellow students. Stanley is

hoping these drunken confessions will be enough to embarrass students for a long time, to the point where they may never want to be seen in person on the Cornell campus ever again. "The more students that are embarrassed into perpetual social distancing, the better chance we have of flattening the curve," Stanley observes.

Students will be able to receive bonus points for dancing on their parents' dining room tables, crying over a high school ex, or flashing their TA.

-Clara Enders '22



# COVID-19 Update: Cornell Adopts New Social Distancing Policy

Dear Cornellians,

I know this last month has been an adjustment for all of us, myself included. We have all had to deal with inconveniences due to new social distancing regulations and come to terms with the brutal loss of meal plan and housing revenue they created. And like all of you, I'm getting desperate for human interaction. So desperate. Playing bridge just isn't cutting it anymore.

But I want you all to know that Cornell hasn't undertaken these measures lightly. We thought the video Vice President Ryan Lombardi and I released of us singing "Imagine" with the staff made that clear. So just to reiterate, Cornell remains committed--as it always has--to keeping our reputation (and all of you) safe. And as of today, we are announcing an additional measure for security. After consultation with the Tompkins County Health Department, it has been decided that all groups of one or more have been temporarily banned to improve social distancing protocols.

I know that this new policy may be a lot to process, especially with everything that has been happening these last few weeks, but the university strongly urges all students to follow these new guidelines. As of

today, any person found within six feet of themselves will be in violation of social distancing orders and will be disciplined accordingly.

It is unclear whether the discipline for this new policy will be fine based only, or if violators could be subject to arrest, but it is clear that the Ithaca police will be enforcing this order. The Health Department has issued a list of ways people might comply with this order. The list includes suggestions such as taking psychedelics and projecting into the astral plane, hardcore dissociation, or transferring part of your consciousness and body mass to an alternate dimension.

Cornell appreciates your ongoing commitment to following social distancing guidelines at this time. We know that many of you are doing your best to comply with these policies, and the students who are not will be receiving a very strongly worded letter from Vice President Ryan Lombardi. Stay safe, stay well, and as always, consider buying a mini meal plan.

Sincerely,  
Martha E. Pollack  
President

-V.R. '21



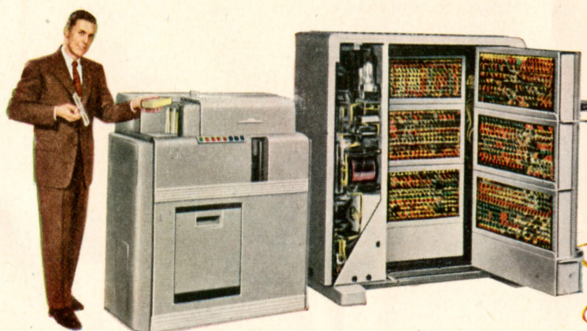




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# OP-ED That “Siren” You Saw at the Party was Just My Asian Glow

By P.C. Latorre

Dear Editor,

I am hereby turning in my notepad and pen. Three months ago, you assigned me to write about how nobody knows what the hell is up with the Siren, the name given to the bright, red light everyone keeps seeing at parties. As a freshman, I am grateful for the huge opportunity you gave me. It is with a heavy heart, however, I write that not only do I know what the Siren is made of, but that I am what the Siren is made of. Let me explain.

Like many other Cornellians, I first heard about the Siren during 2019’s O-Week. I’m no class traitor, but I do admit I, like many others, was skeptical of what the freshman witnesses had seen. Don’t tell my mom, because the only alcohol she expects me to drink until I’m legal is the literal blood of Christ, but I went to the exact same parties each witness did and did not see the Siren they described. When I interviewed Vice President Ryan Lombardi about the sightings, he simply said “Aww, I think it’s so cute the freshmen have so much school pride that they’re seeing Big Red when intoxicated.”

I figured there wasn’t really anything to the Siren, but my crippling fear of disappointing others scared me from asking to be given another assignment. I tried to come up with logical explanations. Maybe the supposed “shit” in the Okenshields stir fry was actually a hallucinogen. Maybe the Human Development department was doing its own take on the Stanford Prison Experiment. Maybe Martha decided to arm the Cayuga’s Watchers. But speculations would never give me a real answer. That could only be found by going to more parties and investigating.

As I kept going to parties, the sightings continued. Of course, no matter how hard I looked, I never actually

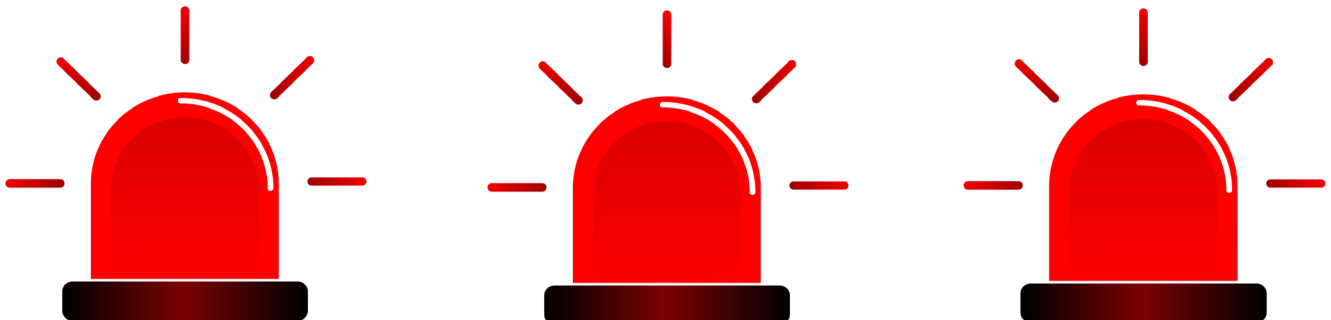
saw anything. I tried to interview people while I was there, but more often than not I was greeted with wide eyes, double takes, and pointed fingers. I just assumed they were shocked to turn around and see a 4’11 girl instead of a normal sized human. One time a drunk guy made eye contact with me then yelled, “DA POLICE!” The fear in his voice made me start running, and soon everyone was running. People ran especially fast when they looked behind them and saw me. A part of me wondered if it was racism, but I concluded it was probably just mutual fear of being arrested.

Three months of naivety ended when my roommate pulled out a bottle of Smirnoff to celebrate dropping out of Chem 2070. One shot in and my roommate looked at me and laughed.

“Philly, your Asian glow makes you so red! Police siren red, even.”

Siren?! I thought to myself. I sprinted out the door and pushed through boys walk-of-shaming to get to the Balch girls’ bathroom. I looked in the mirror and saw myself for what I truly was: the Siren. The puzzle pieces started clicking. Every weird look, every scream of da police! was really meant for me. I cursed myself for being afraid to go to the bathroom alone. Perhaps then I could’ve realized that the whole time I was searching for answers that I was the answer all along.

I can’t keep being a journalist until I move on from this shocking revelation. I also have to make amends for adding to the White man’s burden for causing trouble with my Asian glow. I write this knowing it’s probably too late for forgiveness, but with the hope that the Siren is nothing to fear (because let’s be real despite 3 sips of alcohol being enough to put me out for the night I’m not gonna stop going out).



# The Crimiest Crimes to Commit at Cornell

By Via Romano

Everyone knows that the average Cornell student has the opportunity to commit at least six crimes a day. From your zombie-like commute to your 9:00 AM classes to the mindless drudgery of flipping through a textbook reading, every moment of your day is rife with the opportunity to commit crimes. In fact, there's a one in eight chance you're actively committing a crime as you read this magazine right now. But how do you distinguish the hardcore Cornell criminals from the garden variety ones? To help you out, we here at the Lunatic have done some research and figured out the six crimes most likely to make Martha cry:

## Stealing Printer Paper

This is a terrible crime to commit. Yes, the university could definitely afford to make printing free for all its students, and yes four other Ivy League schools offer free printing credits of some sort, but paper costs money, dammit! Four out of the five Cornell administrators we talked to mentioned stolen printer paper as a top problem at Cornell, so don't take any or you will single handedly destroy Cornell's entire budget.

## Taking Free Coffee Refills from Libe

Yes, it's tempting to take the empty cup of coffee you already purchased and just refill it, but remember that every time you do, you cheat Cornell out of a very necessary fifty cents of revenue. So get back in line, pay for your refills like a good student, and don't commit the crime of cheating our university out of its hard earned money. Remember guys, nickel and diming you is how Cornell shows it cares.

## Mainlining caffeine after 8:00 PM

This one is a crime against yourself. Take a deep breath and put the Red Bull down. CUPD is on the way with some melatonin. Don't you care at all about your sleep cycle?

## Stabbing Someone

We've all been tempted to do this one, right guys?

## Taking a 'No Winter Maintenance' Sign

Do you really want to be responsible for the misery

and physical suffering of your fellow students? When Nick from accounting falls down the slope at 3:00 AM and breaks his leg (again) it will be all your fault. If only he'd had a sign to let him know that some paths might possibly be icy. In Ithaca. In the dead of winter. This is clearly all your fault, and you should be held financially responsible, not Cornell.

## Bringing Coke into Cornell

And by Coke, we obviously mean the soda. Don't you know this is a Pepsi campus? You Monster™. How dare you offend our corporate overlords who so generously slap their names on our auditoriums and allow Cornell to profit off of their products? This crime is not for the faint of heart. Only the truly deviant criminals on campus would make the radical statement of drinking Coke.

So there you have it. These are the worst possible crimes you could commit as a Cornell student and nothing you do could ever top them. Ever. Academic dishonesty? Don't know her.

We here at the Lunatic have been informed that we can't officially endorse any of these nefarious activities—crimes are bad, don't do crimes kids—but FYI, the biggest crime is not being a slave to the capitalist system, so if you go forth and prosper, make sure to do it at Cornell's expense. Remember, there's no such thing as ethical consumption!

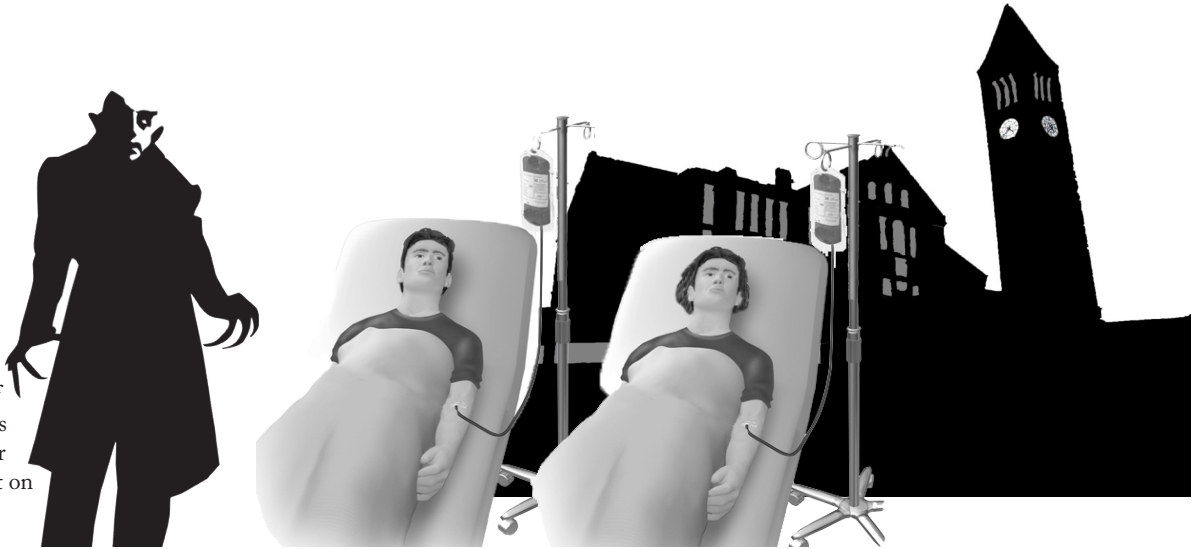


**POLICE NOTICE**



**DON'T COMMIT  
CRIME**

\*Artist's rendition of the count, as he has never been caught on camera.



## Cornell Red Cross Representative Count Mannfred Alucard Von Batstein Holds 15th Blood Drive in a Single Semester

By Carlos Po

The Lunatic is pleased to bring good news for anyone in need of a blood transfusion. Count Mannfred Alucard Von Batstein, a visiting hematology professor and Red Cross Liaison, is setting an amazing precedent for what it means to be a humanitarian. He has recently organized the school's 15th blood drive within 3 months, and requested an interview from Cornell's foremost humor publication. Unfortunately, no reporters from the Daily Sun were available, so in their place, I, a hapless intern of the Cornell Lunatic, was sent instead. After Von Batstein successfully obtained over 200 gallons of all types of blood just last week, we at the Lunatic couldn't resist the opportunity to find out whether heroes are born, or made.

Mr. Von Batstein requested to meet in his office, which was entirely shaded by special curtains. He sat behind his desk with the wise demeanor of a soul who has lived centuries. "What would you like to know about I, Count Mannfred Alucard Von Batstein?" he said, graciously extending his hand. "By all means, come as close as you'd like."

"Tell our readers about yourself, Mr. Von Batstein," I asked, a classic softball question allowing him to take it in any direction he pleases.

"I was born in 1831, a small village in Romania. You probably haven't heard of it." He wistfully turned towards a painting of a castle overlooking a misty cliff, placing his hand on it and tracing it with the long, sharp nail of his finger. "It was there I learned that humans are like cattle, waiting to be led to the grinder. Wealth? Fame? In time, everything crumbles to dust. You squabble over the most petty things. Most of you, that is." He then transferred his gaze to a portrait by his bookshelf of a young woman. "Oh, Kudelia. They took you far too soon," he said mournfully.

"189 years old and you don't look a day over 110, sir. So, Mr. Von Batstein, what's your reason for all this charity? What gets you out of bed in the morning?" I asked, hoping to uncover more of his mysterious psyche.

"In the morning?" Mr. Von Batstein looked confused. "Oh, right."

"I take it you're more of a night person, Mr. Von Batstein?"

"Yes, you could think of it like that." He cleared his throat. "I believe that helping others is truly the greatest high," he replied. "Charity, forming clans, is what keeps you humans alive, after all. Without each other to rely on, who knows?" Mr. Von Batstein proceeded to chuckle heartily. "Let me just say that I care deeply for this community and their blood. Their delicious, red, blood."

Von Batstein has also requested a ban on garlic and garlic-related items in all dining halls for public health reasons, and actively seeks to extend Daylight Savings Time within the city to two hours instead of one to allow farmers even more time to sleep. He even has sent out several campus-wide emails offering internship positions open to all undergraduates. While unpaid, Mr. Von Batstein instead offers "unimaginable power" to applicants, which can really be the edge in such a competitive job market. Though he's still new on campus, I think I speak on behalf of the entire city when I say that the work of Mr. Von Batstein is already immortal.

# Quarantine Cooking

By Yawen Ding

The Lunatic has a long and storied relationship with food, from its first published recipe “7 Ways to Freeze Your Eggs” to its enthusiastic endorsement of Kanye West’s little-known cookbook, *Yeezy Weezy Feed Me*. In that spirit, here are some quarantine recipes!

## Quarantine Qocktail\*

*What a classic! Health and vice in one throat- burning, artificially orange-flavored shot.*



### Ingredients:

- 1-10 1000mg packets Emergen-C Super Orange Vitamin C fizzy drink mix
- Enough tequila to drown a small mouse
- Small mouse-flavored tequila
- A pretty glass

### Instructions:

Pour your fizzy drink mix powder onto a plate and spread it out. Wet the edges of your glass and dip it into the powder to create a ring around your lip. Then grab a dollar bill and snort the leftover powder. If you have a sensitive nose, you can just pour the leftover powder into a tumbler, along with the rest of your packets. If you don’t have a tumbler, try a ziplock bag. Then add ice and tequila and shake it like corona is over and you are finally emerging from your den-hole. Then remember that the pandemic is ongoing and be sad again. It’s ok, you have alcohol now.

Once your ‘tail is shook, pour your finished qocktail into your prepared glass. Depending on the amount of vitamin C mix you added, the texture may range from dissolved crystals to crunchy crystals. This is perfectly normal and healthy either way.

Enjoy.

*\*as seen in memes*

## Sourdough

*As pretentious as it gets.*



### Ingredients:

- Hand-ground, hand-shoveled whole-grain grade A+ flour
- Sourdough Starter
- Fluoride-enriched water
- Salt from the Caspian Sea

### Instructions:

While Beethoven’s Piano Sonata No.14 in C# minor plays gently in the background, place all ingredients gently in a bowl and knead using the technique you perfected at the culinary school of go fuck yourself. When the dough is silky and smoother than a 1000-thread count Egyptian cotton bed sheet, turn it onto a board and gently massage it with oils. For added flavor, light a candle nearby or burn some incense.

Speak to your dough in a French accent so it grows up cultured – of course, you were probably doing that already.

When you leave the dough to rise, make sure to prop up a copy of Friedrich Nietzsche’s *On the Genealogy of Morality* nearby so it can read and absorb additional culture.

When the dough has matured and graduated summa cum loaf from Harv(est Grain Bread)ard University (can I get a what-what for grade yeast-flation??), shape the dough into lapdog-sized loaves and score the bread with your rose-gold kitchen knife. Then bake in your clay wood-fired oven. Afterward, don’t forget to take the perfect crumb shot as you slice your warm sourdough on your white marble countertop.

Savor with a \$4 smear of Wegmans Butter Boy butter.

## Quarantine Ramen

*Ramen but even sadder*



No instructions needed; just reminding you that this is always an option. No shame.

If you are feeling adventurous, add an egg! What a shef.



## Squirrel Meat

*Hey, maybe you're taking this apocalypse thing a bit too far.*



### Ingredients:

- Carrots
- Potatoes
- Celery
- A squirrel

- Red bell pepper
- Salt and pepper to taste

### Instructions:

In the absence of Costo pork, grab a Duke #110 Body-Grip Animal Trap, put on sturdy boots, and go traipsing around your mowed lawn like your ancestors. Squirrel meat is sweet, delicate, and lean, making it perfect for the average quarantine quouch potato. Once you've caught your squirrel and the twitching has mostly stopped, give it a name. No, not "Dinner." Don't be crass. Something like "Andrew; y'know make it nice. Skin your new friend to the best of your ability. (There's probably a tutorial on youtube you

can watch.) Save the floofy tail to hold and stroke whenever you are feeling anxious. Then just chuck your freshly prepared carcass into a slow cooker with all of the vegetables and come back in two hours.

Season to taste, then serve in a shallow bowl, and top with parsley. While you eat, contemplate what you just did and what it says about you.

~

And that wraps up this edition of Quarantine Qooking. Come back for the Lunatic's next food op-ed, I Want the Dining Hall Employees to Temperature Probe Me like I'm an Old Chicken Leg.

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# NEW CRIMES

Hear ye hear ye, by decree of the horrible little goblins in my brain, I announce new crimes.

### *Crime Number 1*

Upon pain of high death it is illegal to be mean to me.

### *Crime Number 2*

Socks labeled with the day of the week cannot be worn on any day other than the labeled day. Wearing socks at midnight and it turning into a different day is not a valid excuse. Should this occur you will lose your feet privileges.

### *Crime Number 3*

Sending this emoji: 🍌 ???? What the fuck is it? What does it mean? Give me your phone.

### *Crime Number 4*

Writing like a Tumblr post in 2013. It's bad, it's nasty, and I'm guilty of this. Shoot me, please, put me out of my misery uwu.

### *Crime Number 5*

Going on a 15 day murder spree. This might be illegal

already, according to my lawyer friend, a judge, some jury members, and at least 4 cops. Still, it's always good to have a reminder. Supposedly the punishment is "life in prison" and "eternal damnation".

### *Crime Number 6*

Did you know you didn't have my number? It's a crime, really.

### *Crime Number 7*

Having more than 10 fingers, if some of them aren't yours. Don't be greedy. Note that "possession" does not count as being "yours" if they came from someone else, especially if they didn't want you to have them.

### *Crime Number 8*

Being horny. I don't like this. Please refrain from being horny within 6 feet of me. Just stay home.

### *Crime Number 9*

Just spitballing here but I think it should be illegal to profit off a global pandemic.

-Lee Brunco '22

# I Don't Have a Boyfriend Due to Social Distancing (And No Other Reason)

By: Alec Faber, QUEERANTINE QUEERASPENDENT



*Pictured: Not me, because I am practicing safe social distancing*

This time of Corona has hit gay men such as myself especially hard, as we've had to put away Grindr, log off Tinder, and adhere to social distancing guidelines so as to prevent the spread of this deadly disease. I've been doing my part in these difficult times by declining to participate in casual sex or romantic relationships with other gay men. And that, I cannot stress this enough, is the only reason. I assure you, dear reader, that in normal circumstances I have a long line of hot muscled men with 8-pack abs and fat cocks lining up at my doorstep waiting for their turn to have me rock their world, but in these uncertain times of social distancing, I must unfortunately decline.

Some would accuse me of not having a boyfriend because of my, and I quote, "wretched personality" or because I'm "a fucking weirdo." They've told me ludicrous things like "Alec, why can't you look me in the eye when we're having a conversation," or "Alec we're at a social gathering, no one wants to hear about the development of the Cross-Bronx Expressway," or "Alec stop name-dropping Weimar-era German political parties you're scaring the hoes." The mere thought that these things would make it difficult to approach or develop a rapport with me is laughable on its face, and frankly I find the idea that people would be scared of the mention of the Deutschnationale Volkspartei to be preposterous. Besides, if I didn't talk about those things, I wouldn't talk at all, because I don't know about anything else, and what would be my odds of getting laid then? In any case the point is moot, because according to the Center for Disease Control if I get a boyfriend, I might die. Again, the

sole reason I do not have a boyfriend now is because I do not wish to die at this time.

And yet others tell me that men do not want to date me because, even if I did convince one to retire to my chamber with me, they would "see my stacks of maps and atlases" and subsequently "think [I'm] a weird hoarder and leave." Once again this idea is completely ridiculous because any man would be very impressed by my collection of maps and atlases built through my travels in Rome, Warsaw, Dublin, and Cleveland. Rather than think I'm a "weird hoarder" and "leave", they'd join me as we travelled all over the world from the comfort of my room through my extensive collection, but as I have already made clear this is currently inadvisable due to the current widespread transmission of a deadly disease, which is the only reason I'm not doing it literally right now.

The list goes on, with some even going so far as to suggest that as a gay man who knows how to drive an automobile but not how to pump gas as a result of my New Jersey upbringing, I am isolated from both gays who can operate an automobile and the much larger group of gays who cannot. But such phony explanations are not pertinent now in these turbulent times, as social distancing prevents me from having a romantic partnership, and, I must insist, that is currently the only barrier to me doing so. Once this quarantine is over, it's also over for you hoes.

*Alec Faber is the Lunatic's Queerantime Queeraspendent and author of the upcoming book:*

*"Queering the Quarantine: How Social Distancing Distances me From Dick"*

# REVIEW: LOVE IS BLIND: PARTNERS IN CRIME

By Clara Enders '22

If the fear of even having to see another person's face is what keeps you out of the dating game, Netflix has the perfect solution for you. Love Is Blind, a reality dating show, has couples date in "pods," which is very appropriate for these bizarre people Netflix managed to dig up for this masterpiece. Viewers get to see deep conversations such as one girl discussing her \$700 of debt on her Sephora credit card or a couple forming a life-long connection over "Italian beef." Netflix has proven to America that love is blind, but is justice blind too?

To answer this age-old question, Netflix has gifted us with a second season: Love Is Blind: Partners in Crime. Held at Tazewell County, Illinois' Federal Correctional Institution Pekin, we're promised medium security and maximum heat. Instead of taxpayer-funded pods, dates take place in inmate's cells, and we have to wait 20 to life for that face-to-face reveal.

Contestants leave no holds barred as Amy "Bag Secured" Miller talks about how she embezzled money from a summer camp for , or swoon when Pete "Ankles" Smith comforts her with the story of his failed armed robbery attempt of a Papa John's pizza delivery truck. Perhaps the most heartwarming moment this season is when Agnes Thomas cries into her glass of prison wine after being dumped by Wrench Carmichael, a reminder that we can all feel lonely even when we're surrounded by 1,276 of our fellow inmates and closest friends. Worse, she has no way of removing her DIY stick-and-poke that says "A & T 4evr." Participants on the original series enjoyed a romantic tropical getaway, but our inmates get to bond over dreamy dates like crafting shivs out of toothbrushes and rebelling against the prison labor system.

Partners In Crime restores our faith in true love by proving that it's always cuffing season, one way or another.

# A Short Selection Of Quarantine Haikus

By CH '22

eat. Eat. eat. eat. eat.  
Eat. Eat. eat. eat. eat. Eat. Eat.  
eat. Eat. Eat. eat. eat.

I can't tolerate  
Anyone in my house now  
Except for my cat.

Thanks to CNN,  
I am Cuomo-sexual.  
Not mad about it.

Times are very hard,  
We, the corporation, are here.  
Buy a Toyota.

Missing sticky floors  
In the poorly lit basement  
Of my favorite frat.

Productivity?  
What, in this economy?  
Never heard of her.

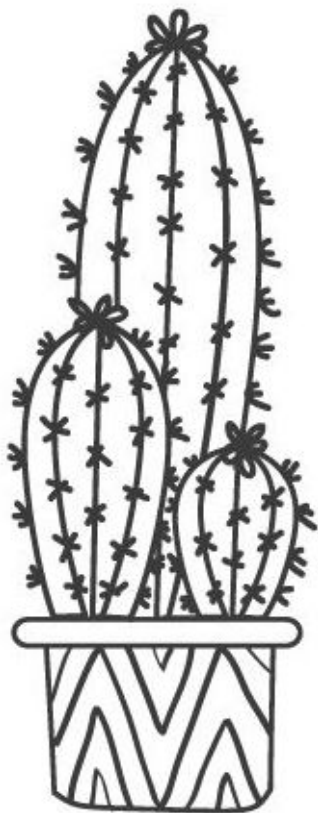
Tried to leave my house,  
Ran into my high school ex.  
Fuck you, universe.

Laying on the floor.  
That's it, that's the whole Haiku.  
That's all we do now.

A true tragedy:  
I get no stimulus check  
"You're a dependant".



## Whistleblower Reveals Class Cancellation Was Orchestrated To Allow School Leadership To Take Student's Free Stuff



By Carlos Po



Hold on to your comfy armchairs at home, folks, because this one's gonna get your blood boiling. An anonymous source from the university board claims that the recent class cancellation was due entirely to the board members' desire to claim items for themselves that students in on-campus housing would have to leave behind. The scheme, as outlined in a collaborative google doc, would announce the cancellation of class very suddenly after stating it would continue for another week, to force students to leave campus as soon as possible. Students living far away from Ithaca would have no choice but to abandon certain items in order to fit all of their essentials, like clothes, empty bottles of Advil, and books, into their bags on such short notice. "The international students are super rich, do you think they give a shit if they have to leave an extension cord or something", reads a text in the leaked group messenger chat consisting of Cornell board members called "free shit lets go boys". Another reads "If anyone finds any coat hangers pls tell me, I need more".

This is seemingly corroborated by numerous reports of middle-aged men and women entering residence halls unaccompanied and pushing shopping carts. Eyewitnesses say these people, dressed in business casual attire, located areas where student items were being left behind and filled their carts with kettles, plastic shelving, boxes of granola, and mostly legally prescribed benzodiazepines (that have been approved by all proper pharmaceutical channels) and some other odd item? Like Magnums or something lol before exiting the building quickly. A student claims that a woman resembling Rebecca Sparrow of Cornell Career Services picked up his TV as soon as he left it in the pile, and now his Netflix account has begun to frequently record activity when he is not using it. "Maybe I forgot to log out. Apparently somebody with my account is halfway through some show called Hunter x Hunter," he says.

"Personally, I find these rumors ridiculous. My duty is to this school, and this school alone," said Ryan Lombardi, Vice President of Student Life. "And yes, these 23 potted succulents are mine, that I bought personally, at a succulent store."





# We Statements

By Chad Trotsky We

Good comrades, do not allow yourself to fall into the selfish talons of free enterprise lurking at every corner. Capitalist relationship advice manifestos are constantly trying to brainwash the feeble minded into using “I-statements,” as if they are any different from “you-statements.” Both promote the idea that individuals matter. They don’t. There is only we. It is for this reason that we would like to introduce we to the newest way to be a woke comrade: “we-statements.”

## Nyet!

Not: I have seasonal depression...

Not: I spilled beans on myself watching Cars 2 in theaters...

Not: I’m a little piss baby...

Not: I took a bath in orbeez...

Not: I think they’re inside me...

Not: They got in my holes...

Not: I’m rolling on the ground smothered by my blue cheese boyfriend...

Not: I accidentally unmuted myself shitting over Zoom...

Not: I’m afraid if I don’t succeed my parents won’t love me...

Not: I jerked off during a prelim...

Not: Yes I piss while playing video games...

Not: I just had sex with your girlfriend...

## Da!

We have seasonal depression

We spilled beans on ourselves watching Cars 2 in theaters

We’re little piss comrades

We took a bath in orbeez

We think they’re inside us

We got in our holes

We’re rolling on the ground smothered by our blue cheese comrade

We accidentally unmuted ourselves shitting over Zoom

We’re afraid if we don’t succeed in proletarian revolution our parents won’t love us

We jerked off during a prelim

Oui, we wee playing wii

We just had sex with our girlfriend... hahaha, srly bruh, hahaah :)



# My 7 Step Plan for Kissing a TCAT Driver

By E.V.

Ever since coming to Cornell, I've been on a journey of self-discovery. That's what college is all about, right? Making new friends, joining clubs, finding a professional job, seducing a driver for Tompkins Consolidated Area Transit, etc. I don't know about anyone else, but being a shy gal, that last one has proven very difficult for me. I've found myself wondering: does it just come to everyone else naturally? So, for anyone else facing the same hardship I am, I've narrowed it down to a six step plan. Not necessarily for how to sleep with one, but just for kissing, which is much more refined (although, I think we all know which usually comes first ;))) So, lo and behold, here is the 7 step plan for kissing a TCAT driver.

**1. Play games.** You don't want to seem desperate by ANY means. This is Cornell University after all! Totally not a school for desperate students who just wanted the prestige of going to an Ivy League, so you c a n n o t come off as needy. Play it cool. Get on the bus, look around, and just walk off (make sure your ass looks FAT). This will surely get the driver to look at you. Maybe they'll even give you that double glance back, hehe. But alas, we also have to look at reality: once this goes on for too long, they'll stop looking at the clap of your cheeks and just get annoyed because "this is the fifth time you've stepped on and off the bus at this stop today; you need to make a decision or else I will be required to shoot you on the spot" and other sweet things like that.

**2. Attach yourself to the bike rails on the front of the bus.** You've gotta keep their attention. You can use anything: a belt, some handcuffs, various sticky substances; just stay there long enough for them to come out and pry you off. Of course, you have to play hard to get, but eventually let them remove you from the exterior of the vehicle. Don't worry about how long it takes – it wouldn't be the first time a TCAT is 15 minutes late to a stop.



**3. Talk.** Ok, you have to take this very intricately and delicately. Bitches love sweet talk. I recommend starting off with a joke about “getting railed” while pointing one finger gun at the driver and one at the bike rail. Continue with nothing else, there is no other content that needs to be expressed.

**4. Actually get on the bus.** Perhaps the most difficult step. As in a difficult literal step. Who the fuck put the bus stops at the slushiest places on campus? If I wanted moist feet I would just text my ex from high school. Anyway, after getting your toes wet (bonus if the driver likes that...?), you’ll make it onto the bus. Even better if you’re taking the 90 on a Tuesday at 11:13 P.M. because it’s pretty empty. Yeah, this bus may be the “speed-to-collegetown-to-spend-the-night-with-a-random-ECE-who-doesn’t-even-have-towels-in-his-bathroom-what-the-fuck-why-do-i-continue-returning-to-his-house” bus, but don’t even worry about it. Your heart is in the right place and it’s all a part of the process. TCAT drivers love driving horny college students at random hours on weekdays. Keep your eyes on the prize, baby.

**5. Propose.** We all know there’s no kissing before marriage. It’s the law. You wouldn’t want to break that. Stay on the bus crying until they agree to take you to the Cornell mall. Buy a ring from Spencer’s (make sure it’s the right kind of ring). Take the same bus back (if it’s not the same driver, don’t worry, it doesn’t really matter) and as they come back from their poop break, that’s your time to shine. Get down on one knee and pop the question. If they say no, don’t worry about it, you don’t have to push the issue. There are 57 still-available TCAT drivers, 34 will probably also say no and I can’t speak for the remaining 23 yet.

**6. Be patient.** I know you want to suck face with your new spouse, but they can’t kiss you while they’re driving. At this point, they’re probably on the verge of unemployment if they’re late to any more stops, and if they get fired, that means they’re no longer a TCAT driver and this was all pointless. What I’m saying is, while you are legally allowed to give them road head since you’re married, you have to wait until they’re stopped again to smooch.

**7. Kiss!!** Alright. I know what you’re thinking: ‘I never thought my life would get to this point...it’s a dream

come true!’ I promise you’re not dreaming, this is as real as the time I got so stoned that I shit my pants (definitely NOT on a TCAT if that’s what you’re thinking). When they’re finally at the mall again, before they exit the bus, take ‘em aside, look them in the eyes, and get the fattest, sexiest smooch you’ve ever experienced. It’ll feel like 2 luscious slugs against your lips. The driver will probably walk away after, either out of pure lust or the fact that if they don’t get a break, they will literally shit everywhere (but not on the TCAT because who in their right mind would ever do that hahahahahahahahaha). Regardless, if the driver doesn’t return in 15 minutes you’re actually legally allowed to leave. I recommend getting out of there ASAP because you shouldn’t be seen in public with someone after you get intimate with them, at least that’s what 3 of my exes have told me.

There you have it! 7 steps for a fulfilling college experience. Make your escape, rinse, and repeat!

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## More Quarantine Haikus

I stole quite a bit  
Of my parents alcohol  
But it’s out now. Fuck.

I think my mother  
Is going to lock the firdge.  
I should stop eating.

Stare out the window  
Go for a three hour walk  
Why am I alive?

I did not realize  
How dumb my professors are  
Until they tried Zoom.

All I did today  
Was watch some Rick and Morty  
And get kinda high

-CH ‘22



Are You Tired of  
Being Nice?



PURE  
MARMALADE

Don't You just want to go ape shitt?



# Felony Horoscopes

By GC '23



Have you ever wondered what deep, dark, hedonistic, illegal desires are buried in your naughty, naughty psyche? Ever thought about what your astrological sign says about your ability to take another man's life, or to slip through the fingers of those tricky bitches at the IRS? Take a gander at your felony horoscope to find out!!

## **Aquarius (January 20 – February 18): Vandalism on Federal Property**

Aquarians are progressive, temperamental people that love fighting for humanitarian causes. They would not scoff at spray painting Meat Is Murder on the steps of the Capitol building or tagging Abe Lincoln's memorial with #BLM. Ruled by Uranus (heh anus), Aquarians can be impulsive and aggressive, but also have a visionary quality. These are exactly the attributes needed to cover the entire Washington Monument with a groundbreaking mural of female-presenting nipples.

## **Pisces (February 19 – March 20): Manufacture, Sale, or Distribution of Illegal Drugs**

Pisces are the most chill people you know. These dudes just want to escape reality and vibe out for a bit you know? If the world has you down, a Pisces will totally be there for you... with their newest product (it's

a downer with a smooth edge it's super easy to ride off trust me you'll love it just give it a chance come on dude I really need this I have a lot of product to push in the next month or I'm in deep shit with my supplier).

## **Aries (March 21 – April 19): Arson**

Every neurotic, divorced, middle-aged firefighter with a debilitating hero complex is an Aries. Confident, energetic, and always looking for competition, an Aries will make damn sure the whole town knows exactly who it was who put out those fires. Who cares if a couple of people burn to death? It's a small price to pay for fame.

## **Taurus (April 20 – May 20): Fraud**

Tauruses are practical, simple people. They like things a certain way. They like their house, their nuclear family, their stable banking job. They enjoy the simple

pleasures of life. Fishing; playing football; paying off their entire mortgage with a fishy wire transfer from somewhere in the Caymans completely unrelated to the massive cash deposits they have been hiding from their wife in an account that she doesn't know about; playing poker with friends; golfing, etc.

**Gemini (May 21 – June 20): Treason**

Two-faced motherfuckers.

**Cancer (June 21 – July 22): Kidnapping**

Cancers care so, so, so much about everyone. They love having friends and are always looking for more. They wish everyone in the whole wide world could be their friend. In particular, that eight-year-old boy over by the swing set looks lonely. I bet he would love to be my new best friend. I bet he would love to help look for a lost puppy inside a windowless white van. :) :) :

**Leo (July 23 – August 22): Grand Theft Auto**

Every Leo can be described by the following: bold, aggressive, and wants to fuck cars.

**Virgo (August 23 – September 22): Murder**

Virgos are neat, detail-oriented people. They are meticulous planners and live life methodically. They do not like deviating from their plans. They. Will. Not. Like. It. If. You. Mess. Up. Their. Plans. They are very clean people and very knowledgeable of nearby dump sites. No one will ever find the body.



**Libra (September 23 – October 22): Forgery**

Libras are fair. They are fond of expensive material things, but would never be so undiplomatic as to buy or steal priceless art that belongs in a museum. But... they might like beautiful expensive things enough to make their own. An exact replica of an authentic 1930s Nazi Dildo perhaps? Adam Sandler's signature could also be pretty dope to DIY.

**Scorpio (October 23 – November 21): Tax Evasion**

Yoshisaur Munchakoopas, Yoshi for short, first appeared in the SNES game Super Mario World, which was released on November 21, 1990. Yoshi is a Scorpio. In the Wii game Fortune Street, when a new tax office is built, Yoshi is the only character in the game that specifically requests to be exempt from paying taxes. Yoshi does not pay his taxes. Yoshi, a Scorpio, is a tax evader. The End.

**Sagittarius (November 22 – December 21): Aggravated Assault**

Sagittariuses are a hot-headed fire sign. They are impatient, undiplomatic, and don't like being constrained. They may not always show it, but if you get them riled up, they can and will cut a bitch.

**Capricorn (December 22 – January 19): Blackmail**

Capricorns are named Vinnie. They are very respectful, love tradition, and think nothing is more important than family. They are also savagely unforgiving. As much as they love their family, they are not afraid to threaten yours. Watch yourself. Boss expects the money by tomorrow.



# TOP 10 ITEMS

## To Have Sex With While in Quarantine

We're all in a bit of a dry spell, so if you need to find something new to stick your dick in, no worries! The Lunatic has got you covered.

1

Couch cushions

2

Body pillow



3

The ghosts in your house as long as you're certain they're not your dead relatives

4

Toilet paper roll (too soon?)

5

Yeast!

6

The bong, after you secretly rip it in hopes your parents don't notice

7

Your sourdough before you put in the oven

8

The oven



9

Your sourdough after you take it out of the oven

10

Beans?



And remember, during any type of intercourse, the CDC recommends you always wear protection, including condoms, a face mask, a penis mask, etc. Enjoy!



# Opinion: People Who Get Coronavirus Are Secretly Asking For It

---



by  
My Dad

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So there's been a bit of a hysteria lately over this new disease called coronavirus. But how bad is it? Are all of the people who have it as unhappy to be infected as they claim? We here at the Lunatic have the inside scoop. For example, did you know that most of these so-called coronavirus "victims" are having a merry old time in quarantine, watching Netflix and sleeping? Some of them even touched their face a few times a day. If you ask me, it kind of seems like they wanted to get the virus themselves. Everyone's thinking it, we're just the only ones with the guts to say the truth.

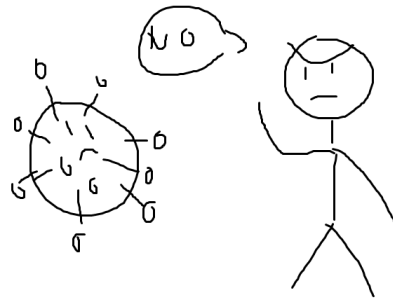
If you've taken even one basic biology class, you'd know that the body contains something called the "immune system". Ever heard of it? It stops pathogens from invading your body. So the body has ways to shut down the virus if someone really didn't want it. What does that say about these patients? I'll let you form your own conclusions.

And how many of them even have the coronavirus anyway? I know there are a lot of alleged victims out there, claiming that they've been "infected" with the virus, but there's no way they're all telling the truth. Sure, some of them have tested positive, but in most cases – like 95% of them – these people probably

have something milder like a flu or cold, and are just exaggerating. I mean do they really expect us to believe that out of all these patients, none of them are just making it up for attention?

Look, no one is denying that contracting coronavirus is a horrible injustice. But, I mean, if you go out and interact with people while exposing your arms, legs, face, and mucous membranes, some of the blame has gotta be on you. After all, it's a virus, and it's just following its biological programming to want to infect you. But you? You should be smarter than that.

Remember, if you don't want to get infected with the coronavirus, just say no. The virus legally cannot enter your body without your consent, so your mere denial should be enough to stop it in its tracks. If you get the virus after saying no, maybe you just didn't make yourself clear enough. The virus might not have known that you really meant "no" when you said it. And that's not its fault.





# Animal Crossing to Animal Farm: The Definitive Guide on How to Cast Off Your Chains and Overthrow Tom Nook

By Brian Filipek

"Class warfare is no laughing matter, one has to cackle in order to provide maximum entertainment value to the masses."

-Karl Marx, probably

Tom Nook may appear to be a benevolent landlord, offering interest free loans and mortgages over indeterminate periods. But I don't like him. So here's why he's actually a bad man. There is a nigh feudalistic level of inequity that is plaguing the Animal Crossing world. From turnip merchants to the Abel cousins, from Isabelle to Blathers, these hard working folks have been continuously exploited by Nook Corp, an institution with more clout than Mayor Tortimer's increasingly sidelined government. Nook's seemingly 'benevolent' behaviors are classic dictatorial moves: empowering one class of citizen, namely the player, in order to allow for maximal domination over the entire Animal Crossing system. Why do you think the player is allowed tax breaks and debt free housing as well as perks for their labors that other animals could only dream of?

## So, what's the DIY recipe for communism?

By the end of the game most players live in mansions, while most animals still live in one room shanty-towns. It's a product of the concentration of wealth allowed by one T. Nook who only cares for the loyalty of his chief enforcers, the players. Yes fellow gamers, we really do live in a society, even on pen island. The time is fast approaching to strive for a more equitable world. No more profiteering off the labors of those less fortunate, no more torturing innocents with net thwacks or cliffside fences around their properties. The winds of change are rising, will you rise with them? If

you read this far then congratulations! You can pretty much tell people you've read Das Kapital or the Communist Manifesto, just swap out Blathers with burgher or something old sounding and you should be good.

So, what's the DIY recipe for communism?

1. Set the town anthem to C -break -G -A -B -break -E -break -A - break G -F -G -break -C -break. Play it over and over until Isabelle not only finds Государственный гимн Советского Союза familiar, but recites it from heart.

2. Hold an emergency plenary meeting of the island assembly in order to create a new constitution, but be sure to take a radical enough position to inspire a walk out.

3. Establish emergency powers under the articles of the new island constitution

4. Find the DIY recipe for a Guillotine.

5. Seize control of the travel agencies and the island intercom.

6. Broadcast to the general public that this is a lawful takeover and not to be alarmed.

7. Appoint Isabelle as the head of the commissariat of public safety, everyone needs a good number 2.

Expel all of the undesirable class traitors and islanders

you don't like. Some like Gulliver may wash up on shore of other islands, this is a powerful message.

8. Collectivize Nook Corp and distribute the wealth across the island fairly.

9. Have a public trial of all of the landlords and price gougers of the island, use the DIY recipe for the Guillotine after you establish a guilty verdict.

10. Create a republic of virtue / fuck around and abuse your power.

11. Find out that we are but animals, and virtue is illusive to those on this earth. Then execute Blathers, your closest confidante, for counterrevolutionary activities.

12. Crack down on freedom of press.

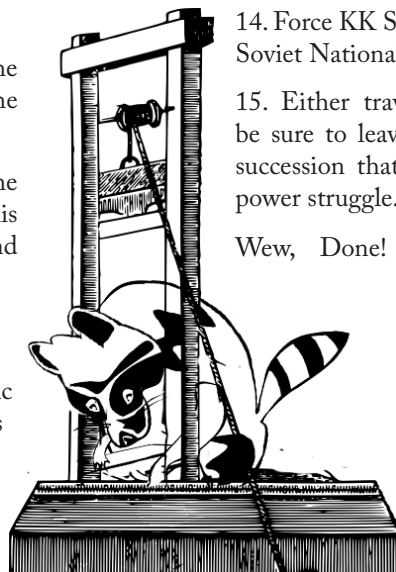
13. Send those unwilling to stomach the revolution to the neighboring Tarantula island, they will work the Tarantula mines for the good of the realm.

14. Force KK Slider to only perform the Soviet National Anthem every day.

15. Either travel away or perish, but be sure to leave unestablished lines of succession that will inevitably cause a power struggle.

Wew, Done! Revolution complete, congrats! Now rich kids will wear your face on a T-shirt unironically a few years down the line.

BONUS: Liberate other islands in the name of Freedom and get a super fun UN sanction!



Pictured: Tom Nook facing destiny.

# Things That I Have Determined To Be Social Constructs Through Quarantine

By E.V.

This is a comprehensive list of the things that I have realized actually do not exist outside of our societal hive mind, and will thus cease to exist post-corona.

## SOCIAL CONSTRUCT 1.

**Time:** We been knew. Idk now you can schedule the 4pm dick flattening for any point in the day so I'm not complaining

## SOCIAL CONSTRUCT 2.

**Money:** What the fuck is an economy

## SOCIAL CONSTRUCT 3.

**Alcoholism:** If time isn't real, then every day is last Thursday's darty. Drink your heart out babe.



## SOCIAL CONSTRUCT 4.

**Wiping my ass:** Obviously if we're surviving without toilet paper, I never even fucking had to wipe my ass in the first place. This is ridiculous. I could've put so much more energy into other things, like being horny.

## SOCIAL CONSTRUCT 5.

**Not being horny:** Please have intercourse with me

## SOCIAL CONSTRUCT 6.

**Any of the people I fucked in high school:** I've been home for months now and none of them have replied to my texts. It definitely means they don't exist and NOT that I'm stinky.

## SOCIAL CONSTRUCT 7.

**Women:** I have not interacted with another woman in two years. I would say I miss them so fucking much but women don't exist so I won't say that. In other news, I am now a confirmed heterosexual and my mom doesn't hate me anymore! I think I'm supposed to watch Marriage Story now or maybe The Bachelor, and probably say sentences like "not that there's anything wrong with that" and "geez oh man, Pilot Pete sure has me sweating!"

## SOCIAL CONSTRUCT 8.

**Me:** Through extensive zoom-induced hypnotic dissociation (zissociation), I have reached self-actualization. I am proud to say that I've surpassed any sense of being and I will no longer be perceived. Also women aren't real so I didn't really have any other options.

## SOCIAL CONSTRUCT 9.

**Lead paint being poisonous:** hjkhkjah fhhasf

## SOCIAL CONSTRUCT 10.

**Hot singles in your area!:** This one may come as a surprise to many but due to social distancing I have come to the conclusion that these ads are a lie

## SOCIAL CONSTRUCT 11.

**Me having enormous tits, a fat pussy, and a perfect ass:** JUST KIDDING! This is actually an objective fact confirmed by many credible sources plus some dude named Kyle and it is decidedly NOT a social construct.

# The Daily Sun Can, and Probably Wants to, Suck My Ass

## An Expository Essay with MLA Citations

By now I think most Cornellians are familiar with the iconic, the brazen, the sometimes-questionably-titled Cornell Daily Sun biweekly column that incites seething anger from sexually repressed alumni and enthusiastic approval from Dave, Class of 1973, on Facebook. I am of course referring to the beloved Sex on Thursday. Featuring classy articles such as “Anilingus for Picky Eaters,” “Free the Foot,” and “Spit Sisters,” the Sun takes a risk in allowing such graphic content to be associated with its high and mighty name.

The Sun, obviously, is not a perfect organization. One of its flaws happens to be that it’s full of giant fucking hypocrites. They allow “Makeup, Thongs and Implants” to be published alongside “Girl Scout Cookie Booths Spring Up on Campus as Annual Tradition Returns.” They think it is a-ok to put “I Don’t Know How to Give a Handjob and at This Point I’m Too Afraid to Ask” at the same level of importance as “Cornell Research Group Explores Potential of Machine Learning in Medicine.” But theY REFUSE TO PUBLISH MY EQUALLY EXPLICIT MARTHA POLLACK X RYAN LOMBARDI FANFICTION.

I spent hours pouring over Martha’s and Ryan’s Wikipedia pages, professional profiles, and emails to the student body to learn their personalities. I took a deep dive into how they talk, how they interact, who they really are. I dedicated my time, my thoughts, my blood, sweat, and other salty fluids to my Art and this is how I am repaid?? When I sent my final product to the Sun to be published, I received an insultingly short response about how my piece was “not approved for publication” and “frankly, horrifying to read.”

### I. Was. Furious.

I made sure to contact every member of the E-Board whose email I could find to try and have an open discussion about why I was rejected. Instead, I received more of the same. “You are disgusting,” or “Please see a therapist,” or “Actually I thought it was pretty hot but I got outvoted.”

I am simply baffled at how they will publish an article that contains the sentence “‘I want your cock in me so bad,’ I moaned” (Blonde, I’ll Touch You, 2019) but will not publish an article that contains the sentence “‘I want your cock in me so bad, Vice President for Student & Campus Life Ryan Lombardi,’ Martha E. Pollack, the fourteenth president of Cornell University moaned.” (I swear to god that’s a real quote, I can’t make this shit up)

It is perfectly fine for some anonymous author to admit that she “would beg him to ‘Please, please, fuck me harder’” (Blonde, I’ll Touch You, 2019) but I’m not allowed to say that “Martha would beg him to ‘Please, please, service my body like you serve the student body.’” Go right ahead and say “[Spontaneous vaginal bleeding is] a small price to pay to get raw-dogged” (Read, Makeup, Thongs and Implants, 2019) but “\$70,000 a year for tuition is a small price to pay to get raw-dogged by Cornell University” is strictly forbidden. Everyone gave a big ole thumbs up to “the briny taste of semen in my throat” (Blonde, The Big O, 2019) but not “Lombardi’s girthy array of programs and services designed to support students and the campus community provided by the Division of Student and Campus Life slid down Martha’s gullet.” No One Found Any Issues With “He eased down my leggings, kissed my neck, and finally, finally, touched me where I wanted. ‘I love how your pussy is so wet for me,’ he half-growled in my ear” (Blonde, I’ll Touch You, 2019). THAT QUOTE IS LITERALLY STOLEN FROM MY WATTPAD WHAT THE FUCK.

If you care about artistic integrity, freedom of speech, or are just ~invested~ in this issue, use this link to find my full original, uncensored piece of writing as well as resources on fighting censorship in the media. Fuck the Man ;) <https://tinyurl.com/y9ujz839>

-Spencer Roxbury ‘23

(See next page for references)



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*This is where I'd put my feature from the Daily Sun. If I had one...*

"I want your cock in me so bad, Vice President for Student & Campus Life Ryan Lombardi,' Martha E. Pollack, the fourteenth president of Cornell University moaned."



| SOT: Martha and Ryan-A Love Story

# The Font Matters and If You Disagree I'll Fucking Find You



Look, graphic design is my passion and I always want to help a bitch out so I've compiled some font tips for sending cute messages to the girl you're stalking or to the family of the boy you've got locked in your closet.

**Comic Sans:** This font choice is dyslexia friendly and says that in your heart you still care. You're a nice guy/gal. Sure you may have murdered a few people (allegedly) but you're not an ableist shithead. Pros: will project the soul of every child who went to school in the past 15 years in the state of fight-or-flight. Cons: will also remind them of their first grade teacher.

**Chiller:** This one's just a classic—and a romantic font. I used it for my first valentines cards. According to my old design professor, drawbacks include coming off as unoriginal and uninspired, but he's dead now due to 100% natural and legal causes, so his opinion doesn't matter.

**Helvetica:** Strong. Bold. Girthy. Flexible. There's a reason every single designer nuts over this font, and that's because it's just that good. This is the font that will say "not only am I a wildly unstable and deeply flawed individual, but I also have a great respect for typographical history and those who came before me."

**The Hell Font:** This tip I'm ashamed of. It's an invention not of my own creation but found from the deepest darkest depths of the worst part of the internet. Colloquially referred to as "Times New Bastard" this font can be created by making every seventh letter jarringly sans-serif while using a serif base font. Ultimately it doesn't matter what font you pick, the juxtaposition of the serifs with the san-serif, the old with the new, the traditional with the contemporary, will launch any sane person into a state of anxiety and paranoia. If you want to push someone over the edge, this is the way to do it. This "font" is the design equivalent of just going fucking feral, the chainsaw of fonts. If Helvetica says "I respect my craft", Times

New Bastard says "Bro I'll fuck you up. I'll fucking shit on your whole life."

That's really it my dude. A good designer only needs a few go to fonts. Choices make people miserable after all—that's why I only feed the girl in my basement one type of soup. However if you insist on being a lawless degenerate I have a few cautionary remarks.

Stay away from Papyrus. I say this as a comrade-in-arms and not as someone who is traumatized by their vice principal sneaking up on them and saying "Mmm Papyrus! Now that's a sexy font!" while they were in the sixth grade.

Do not use Wingdings 1. Or Wingdings 2. Or Wingdings 3. It's just not professional. They can't drop off the money or arrive for a date on time if they don't fucking know where you're going to be.

As much as you might have the urge to google "top kidnapper fonts" to get a unique newspaper font, resist! Not only are you creating a traceable digital trail, but have you no morals as a visual artisté? If you truly lust for the kidnapper newspaper aesthetic, put in the work and make the collage by hand. Be careful with this sort of time commitment though, not everyone appreciates receiving a meticulously and lovingly curated message detailing the deaths of their loved ones.

And buddy? Don't use emojis. If you have to resort to such low forms of communication, you've already failed. Just turn yourself in.

-Lee Brunco '22

# Local Families Hold Gender Reveal Parties

Clara Enders '22

RYE, NEW YORK— In this mini-apocalypse, few things are as anticipated as the rare trip to the grocery store. There's something thrilling about having to wait to be let inside, clutching your cart with your gloved hands like a contestant on Guy Fieri's Guy's Grocery Games. Once inside, however, shoppers are often disappointed with empty shelves, and a lack of essential goods. With bread in such short supply, some have opted to make their own, before realizing yeast is more rare than your motivation to do work this semester.

Thankfully, there's a solution: sourdough bread. As it matures, the sourdough starter becomes the world's most boring pet. But with so many people craving any ounce of interaction with another technically living object, they'll take what they can get.

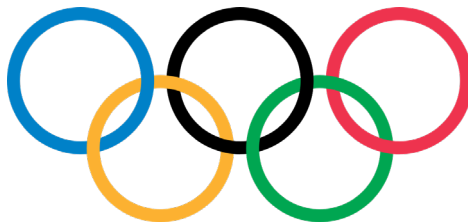
The niche internet sourdough community likes to name their pet starters with clever bread-related puns—think Doughvid-19 and Breadly Cooper. However, as

quarantine insanity drags on, some are welcoming their humanized starters into their families with sourdough starter gender reveal parties.

"I am so excited to announce that I have a bun in the oven — literally!" wrote one suburban mom on Facebook. She revealed her happy news by slicing into a pink loaf of sourdough, and revealing its name: Doughly Parton. Her baby registry is at Sur La Table, and she's asked for serrated knives to tend to her newborn.

Another happy family welcomed their new addition home with a classic, artsy Instagram post showing a letterboard with "bready or not, here I come!" written on it. Their starter, Jesus, shocked everyone by taking a full three days for a loaf to finally rise. They report that their starter tastes best in hot cross buns.

Yeast may be hard to come by, and we'll have to wait at least nine months for the real quarantine baby boom. But for now, one thing is for sure: sourdough is certainly on the rise.



## NOTICE: CHANGES TO THE RULEBOOK OF THE SUMMER OLYMPICS

The Men's 4x100M Medley Relay: Each team must race separately, and only one person will be allowed in the pool at once. There's no more water, and the pool will now be filled with Bath and Body Works glitter and microplastic hand sanitizer.

The 100M Dash will no longer start with a referee sounding a gunshot. Instead, the referee coughs, and everyone runs away as fast as humanly possible just to get away from him.

Gymnasts are no longer allowed to use their hands during the uneven bars events, but anything else from the neck—down is fair game.

Wrestling involves too much close contact, so opponents must stand six feet apart and explain what they would do to each other instead of actually doing it.

During baseball, all players must wear a baseball glove on each hand at all times, no matter what position they are playing.

BMX Cycling usually takes place on a hilly course, but we have flattened all the curves so it's just a level course.

—Clara Enders '22

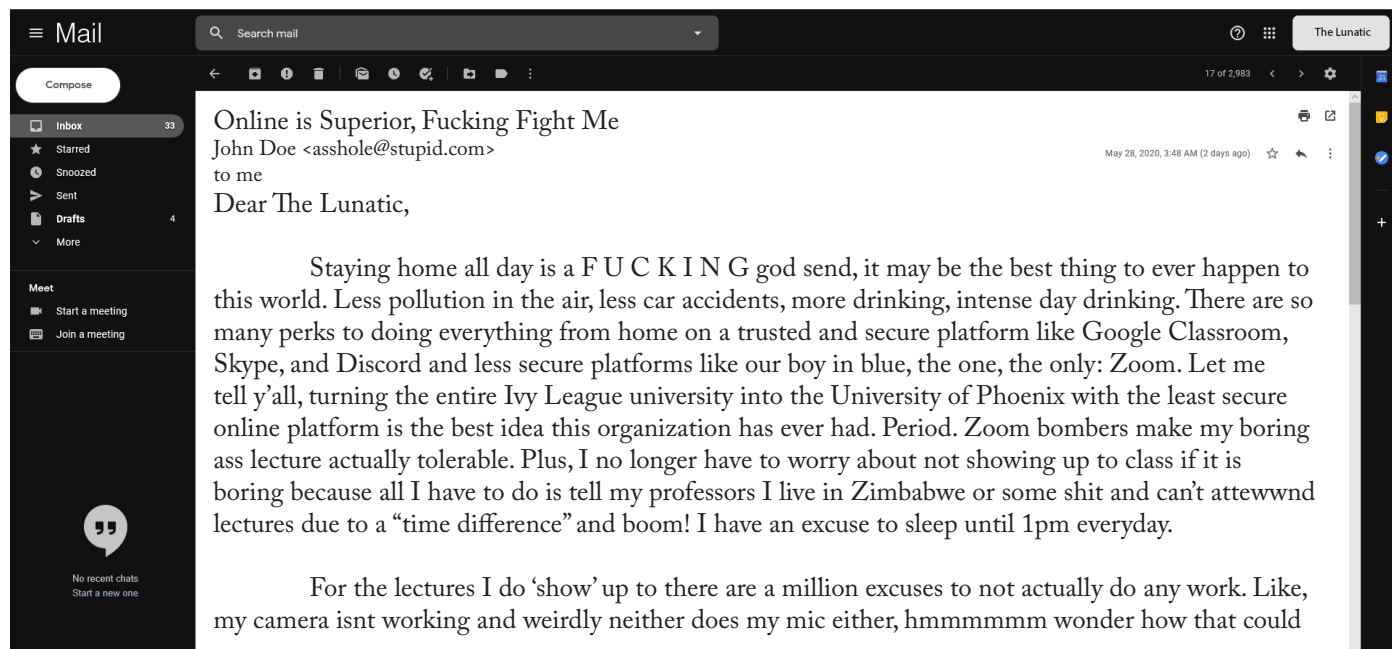
“The *Alma Mater*, but it’s being played on campus, but its really quiet because you’re really far away at home crying at a window, while it rains a bit, and you miss your friends but you thought it would be fun because **YAY!** the semester ended early but turns out it just made you realize how depressed you were and now there’s way more school work to do and you can’t even leave your fucking house and your mental health is spiraling quickly into the black abyss and every day feeling like a thousand fucking goddamn years but you have no one to talk to and your bitch of a parent is just day drinking all day and doesn’t want to put up with your bullshit breakdowns”

Far above Cayuga's waters,  
With its waves of blue,  
Stands our noble Alma Mater,  
Glorious to view.  
Lift the , speed it onward,  
Loud her praises tell;  
Hail to thee, our Alma Mater!  
Hail, all hail, Cornell!  
Far above the busy humming  
Of the bustling town,  
Reared against the arch of heaven,  
Looks she proudly down.  
Lift the , speed it onward,  
Loud her praises tell;  
Hail to thee, our Alma Mater!  
Hail, all hail, Cornell!

By Max Battaglia '23

## Online is Superior, Fucking Fight Me

Recently, The Cornell Lunatic has been getting a lot of spam emails from this guy who has no idea what the actual fuck he is talking about, so we thought we would share his message for the world to see!





Mail

Search mail

Compose

Inbox33

Starred

Snoozed

Sent

Drafts4

More

Meet

Start a meeting

Join a meeting

No recent chats  
Start a new one

Online is Superior, Fucking Fight Me

John Doe <asshole@stupid.com>

May 28, 2020, 3:48 AM (2 days ago)

to me

work. Like, my camera isnt working and weirdly neither does my mic either, hmmmmmm wonder how that could happen; I'm definitely not up in my bathroom jerking off to midget furry porn while surrounded by my throne of toilet paper.


Okay, okay, I do go to some of my classes and by some I mean one, and the only reason is because the T.A. for my discussion encouraged us to bring something to make discussion more comfortable like our pets or stuffed animals. As an example, this guy deadass pulled out a half empty bottle of red wine and said, "This is how I'm getting through the rest of the semester," and took a swig from the bottle. So I decided to follow suit and actually go to lecture this week to try out his idea, because after all, it makes sense that lecture would be more tolerable if you were plastered the whole time. Spoiler alert: I tried it and I got kicked out because apparently my professor did NOT like it when I drunkenly decided to go up to my bathroom to jerk off to midget furry porn while surrounded by my throne of toilet paper and didn't turn my camera off. Fucking bitch, didn't enjoy the free cam show (view more on my onlyfans.com page ;) She honestly was probably just jealous about how much toilet paper I had anyway. I mean it isn't my fault that my T.A. suggested that I day drink in class, I was so shit-faced I don't even remember doing the deed. Such a shame I don't remember what probably was a fantastic nut.

It's fine though that's all blown over now that was like 2 or 3 days or weeks ago, I don't really know at this point. And I learned my lesson -- no more leaving my camera on while I jerk off in my bathroom, that's only for my onlyfans.com account (new content every Mon, Wed, Fri) Fuck that reminds me what day is it? Hell, what year is it? It doesn't fucking matter anyway its not like anything important is going on at all, I'll post new content eventually. I honestly don't know if I don't know what day it is because I've been shitfaced all day er day or because I've fallen so deeply into a depression that time and life are completely meaningless now.

I guess my point is with all this is that online is the way to go and it should remain like this for all eternity. And I'm not just saying that because I'm making 60k with my Onlyfans account jerking off in my bathroom, I'm saying that because I care. I care about my fans and they need their content. I don't give a flying F U C K about anyone else, especially not those whining fucking college bitches who want to go back to campus ot get their tuition money back.

Sincerely,  
A Guy Who Has No Idea What They Are Talking About

P.S. Please enjoy this complimentary photo from my onlyfans.com page. Pay to remove the black bar ;)



Reply

Forward



By Brian Filipek

**1. Oh no! There's a heretic preaching in your demesne! What do you do?**

- A. Burn the Heretic.
- B. Burn all Heretics.
- C. Defenestrate the Catholics.
- D. Declare war on literally everyone in Europe.

**2. What is your opinion on taxes?**

- A. Pro, as long as 10% goes to the Pope...
- B. Fiscally conservative but liberal on burning all heretics.
- C. Only the highest taxes for our most serene republic!
- D. Taxes are important so that we can kill 1/5 of the population of Germany in an enormous multi-decade long war over who's headcanon magic man is better.

**3. What's your coat of arms?**

- A. Something Holy, like a cross.
- B. It's gotta have every pattern I can think of on it.
- C. Who cares?
- D. IDK make it something cool like an eagle or a lion.

**4. UH OH!!! It looks like someone saw a comet in the sky! Clearly God is trying to send a message. What do you do?**

- A. Declare war on literally everyone in Europe.
- B. Declare war on literally everyone in Europe.
- C. Declare war on literally everyone in Europe.
- D. Declare war on literally everyone in Europe.

**5. What is the wind speed velocity of a laden swallow?**

- A. I don't get this joke.
- B. A little less than 10 m/s depending on the weight of the load.
- C. African or European?
- D. I will stab you if you make me do math.

**6. How do you feel about partitioning Poland?**

- A. Fine, as long as it goes to the Teutonic Order.
- B. Sounds difficult, I'd rather just screw my cousin.
- C. I'm against attacking someone unless I feel like it.
- D. Feeling cute idk might fuck around and deny an entire ethnic group their right to self determination for a few centuries. ^\_^

### 7. Where should the next crusade be?










- A. The Holy Land!
- B. Iberia!
- C. Let's just burn down Constantinople and call it a day.
- D. If the Pope so much as sighs I will start a Pan-European war with 8 million fatalities.

### 8. Best plague cure?

- A. Prayer, but only when I do it.
- B. Lets just burn some witches or bodies or something.
- C. Quarantine & Chill.
- D. Endless wars.

### 9. Who will you elect if the emperor dies?

- A. A Hapsburg.
- B. Someone of House von Hapsburg probably.
- C. Let's get freaky with it: Von Wittelsbach.
- D. How about we go to war over it?

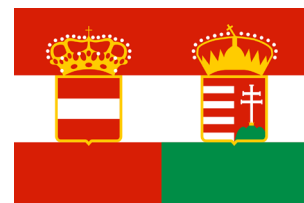
 <h2>A's</h2> <h3>Trier</h3> <p>It's been a long time since you were relevant but gosh darn if that won't stop you from burning some people at the stake. You were voted in your class as most likely to support the Antipope. You enjoy long walks on the beach, Pina Coladas (But only in moderation!), and self flagellation.</p>	 <h2>B's</h2> <h3>The Palatinate</h3> <p>You used to be some hot shit, but tbh everyone's pretty over it. You're still invited to all of the parties and synods but you don't really have anyone to talk to besides Bavaria. You're the dad at the BBQ that talks about taxes. Whenever you wonder how you got here it always goes back to the big game in highschool where you didn't make that catch.</p>	 <h2>C's</h2> <h3>The Hanseatic League</h3> <p>You're pretty hip and like to flaunt it. You pretend to do the imperialism thing but really you're more interested in making some coin then oppressing minorities, so all of your Dutch and English friends tend to look down on you. Chin up, at least your crimes won't be remembered.</p>
 <h2>D's</h2> <h3>Brandenburg</h3> <p>Shit-starter extraordinaire. The kind of guy that ends a magic trick by punching someone in the face. People tend to underestimate you, which makes it far more satisfying when they all go bankrupt trying to ruin you. Maybe half your people are dead, but you really showed them, huh?</p>	 <h2>A&amp;B</h2> <h3>Bavaria</h3> <p>Used to be a tryhard, now pretty laid back. Centuries of inbreeding have led your face to be contorted in an eternally smug expression. Although your cousin-wife swears it's endearing, you sometimes wonder if things could have been different.</p>	 <h2>A&amp;C</h2> <h3>Switzerland</h3> <p>The weird kid in school who you think isn't doing shit but actually has a 5.0 GPA.</p>
 <h2>B&amp;C</h2> <h3>Any Free Imperial City (Probably Ulm Though)</h3> <p>Kind of a meme but pretty cool if you get to know them. That guy who begrudgingly does most of the work in a group project and doesn't even snub the other members on credit.</p>	 <h2>B&amp;D</h2> <h3>Saxony</h3> <p>You joined Brandenburg's gang awhile ago and you feel a little in over your head. You just wanted to make a bit of coin and defenestrate some priests, but now a quarter of everyone is dead and you kinda just wish you could go back to paying a bit of shakedown money to Austria.</p>	 <h2>C&amp;D</h2> <h3>Bohemia</h3> <p>Lets goooooooo! The eternal wildcard, will he join Austria or Brandenburg? Hussite or Catholic? What fashionable radical revolution is he wearing, velvet? Lets go kill some Germans and pretend it was their idea.</p>



## A&D

### Austria

Good job Metternich, you really showed those dumb liberals huh?



# Quarantine Bingo!

*Forget your worries! Play our little game! Pretend the world isn't on fire!*

Sacrifice your body and soul for our lord and savior: the DOW Jones	Tell yourself you are going to get in shape, instead gain 9 pounds and cry	Wake up four hours after your Zoom lecture, regret nothing	Invest in a pyramid scheme (wait sorry "multi-level marketing business")	Find love over text, be unable to act on it for the foreseeable future
Spy on your neighbors having sex to remember what it is	Nap for 73 hours, be legally declared dead, wake up having seen god	Start exhibiting very strange symptoms, ignore them, it's probably nothing	Download Tik-Tok, fight with a 14-year-old and develop body issues	Fear for your life while grocery shopping for a singular can of beans
Finally start that long-ass book you feel obligated to read for some reason	Cave and post sexy sourdough crumb shots on OnlyFans	Free! (unlike you, you are a prisoner in your own home)	Succumb to deeply troubling, genetically predetermined alcoholism	Develop an incurable face mask fetish
Be medically isolated by threat of (ironically) public execution	Spiral into a deep, dark existential depression	Snort Emergen-C, smoke oregano, desperately fend off withdrawal	Start a meaningless new hobby, like crochet or some other bullshit	Recognize that the hobby is meaningless, sob for a while, burn your yarn
Do a goddamn puzzle	Cut your own bangs or dye your hair, regret it deeply and immediately	Watch TV until your eyes glaze over and your brain loses oxygen	Resist the urge to commit a felony while trapped with your family	Play Animal Crossing, pretend it drowns out the constant drone of horrific news



# The Secret to Overcoming Quarantine

By CH '22

Leaving Cornell so abruptly has caused many of us to lose an integral piece of our identity, as we can no longer define ourselves as Libe coffee-loving gremlins who don't leave the library for days. As such, I have come to the conclusion that I need something else to fill that void in my heart, lest I return to campus in the fall totally devoid of any personality traits.

Being at home for so long has caused many of us to tackle this challenge in different ways. Some of my peers are reading books, others are starting new hobbies, and others still are starting fights worthy of changing the will over who has to unpack the dishwasher. However, since I am a big-brained intellectual Ivy-league student, I have decided to take this opportunity to get in touch with my culture.



My ancestors were brutal Viking warriors; the epitome of virility. If you don't know what this term means (I'm looking at you, members of Alpha Delta and all engineering students), good specimens to consider are Benedict Cumberbatch, Mr. Clean, and Ryan Lombardi. I like to think that I still have that same dominant and aggressive blood running through my veins, especially when I use my power to claw the last roll of toilet paper away from a Karen at the grocery store. They were fierce hunters, utilizing the same skill set I do when I sneak down from my room at 3 am on a Wednesday to eat a can of soup from the back of my pantry without even heating it up. In the modern era, the classic Viking warrior has been replaced with the equally formidable Finn. Hailing from the same ancestral home as myself, I feel a certain kinship with them and my mother country, and have devoted my time in quarantine to emulating them in all their glory.

Finnish people are some of the happiest people on the planet. Using my extensive, Cornell-honed research skills, I google-searched why this might be the case. Within moments, I had the answer within my grasp: Kalsarikännit. Roughly translated, it means "getting drunk in your underwear with no intention of going out." (This is a real word.)

When this discovery lit up my computer screen, I knew exactly what I had to do. In order to truly be immersed in my culture and return to campus as a changed person, I have decided to throw myself into this honored tradition with great vigor. After all, as Cornell has taught me, there is nothing that can compare to primary sources and hands-on learning. While the rest of you have been doing puzzles and playing family games of Yahtzee!, I have carried the torch of a true Cornell scholar by doing research that has the added bonus of getting me wildly drunk.

Of course, to be a true scholar, I have had to pursue multiple aspects of Finnish culture besides just getting alcohol poisoning. Well-known for their use of saunas, Finns love to sit in a boiling room filled with steam as a replacement for physical contact. As I am running rather low on physical contact as well, I decided to try this by hotboxing my bathroom with steam. As I lay in the bathtub letting the hot water roll off me, I realized that if you zone out hard enough, the steam allows you to time-clip and forget that you are trapped in the Bad Place, as the most fun years of your life are metaphorically washed down the drain.

To top off my research, I've decided to take quarantining to the extreme by fully just refusing to acknowledge the existence of the sun. Finnish winters are long and hard, with the sun only appearing for a few hours every day. So, I've decided to reverse-cycle and become nocturnal to truly feel what every Finn feels deep into the month of December. After all, if I can't go outside anyway, I might as well pretend everything outside of the walls of my house is a giant black void. This experience has yielded mixed results; I have made friends with a family of raccoons that often gather in my yard around two am, but I have failed to attend quite a few of my Ivy University of Phoenix classes.

This experience has taught me quite a few things. For one, your parents will give you odd looks if you start wearing the plastic Viking helmet from six Halloweens ago around the house. For another, I really am not sure why the Finns are some of the happiest people on Earth. However, as I lay on my couch last night, conducting yet another experiment and calculating that I had 5 and a half hours before my 10:10 Zoom lecture, I finally came to my epiphany and the foundation for my thesis: the Finns have known for years that quarantine actually isn't such a bad thing, as long as you can't remember it's happening.



# The 14(0000) Days of Quarantine

On the first day of quarantine,  
corona gave to me:  
Insufficient Pee-Pee-Eee

On the second day of quarantine,  
corona gave to me:  
Two Cuomo bro's and  
Insufficient Pee-Pee-Eee

On the third day of quarantine,  
corona gave to me:  
Three minor breakdowns  
Two Cuomo bro's and  
Insufficient Pee-Pee-Eee

On the fourth day of quarantine,  
corona gave to me:  
Four Netflix specials  
Three minor breakdowns  
Two Cuomo bro's and  
Insufficient Pee-Pee-Eee

On the fifth day of quarantine,  
corona gave to me:  
Five wipeless dumps!  
Four Netflix specials  
Three minor breakdowns  
Two Cuomo bro's and  
Insufficient Pee-Pee-Eee

On the sixth day of quarantine,  
corona gave to me:  
Six feet of distance  
Five wipeless dumps!  
Four Netflix specials  
Three minor breakdowns  
Two Cuomo bro's and  
Insufficient Pee-Pee-Eee

On the seventh day of quarantine,  
corona gave to me:  
Seven Quarantinis  
Six feet of distance  
Five wipeless dumps!  
Four Netflix specials  
Three minor breakdowns  
Two Cuomo bro's and  
Insufficient Pee-Pee-Eee

On the eighth day of quarantine,  
corona gave to me:

Eight Tom Nook's loaning  
Seven Quarantinis  
Six feet of distance  
Five wipeless dumps!  
Four Netflix specials  
Three minor breakdowns  
Two Cuomo bro's and  
Insufficient Pee-Pee-Eee

On the ninth day of quarantine,  
corona gave to me:  
Nine Karen's shopping  
Eight Tom Nook's loaning  
Seven Quarantinis  
Six feet of distance  
Five wipeless dumps!  
Four Netflix specials  
Three minor breakdowns  
Two Cuomo bro's and  
Insufficient Pee-Pee-Eee

On the tenth day of quarantine,  
corona gave to me:  
Ten frat bois piping  
Nine Karen's shopping  
Eight Tom Nook's loaning  
Seven Quarantinis  
Six feet of distance  
Five wipeless dumps!  
Four Netflix specials  
Three minor breakdowns  
Two Cuomo bro's and  
Insufficient Pee-Pee-Eee

On the eleventh day of quarantine,  
corona gave to me:  
Eleven scary headlines!  
Ten frat bois piping  
Nine Karen's shopping  
Eight Tom Nook's loaning  
Seven Quarantinis  
Six feet of distance  
Five wipeless dumps!  
Four Netflix specials  
Three minor breakdowns  
Two Cuomo bro's and  
Insufficient Pee-Pee-Eee

On the twelfth day of quarantine,  
corona gave to me:

Twelve landlords weeping  
Eleven scary headlines!  
Ten frat bois piping  
Nine Karen's shopping  
Eight Tom Nook's loaning  
Seven Quarantinis  
Six feet of distance  
Five wipeless dumps!  
Four Netflix specials  
Three minor breakdowns  
Two Cuomo bro's and  
Insufficient Pee-Pee-Eee

On the thirteenth day of quarantine,  
corona gave to me:  
Thirteen boys a baking  
Twelve landlords weeping  
Eleven scary headlines!  
Ten frat bois piping  
Nine Karen's shopping  
Eight Tom Nook's loaning  
Seven Quarantinis  
Six feet of distance  
Five wipeless dumps!  
Four Netflix specials  
Three minor breakdowns  
Two Cuomo bro's and  
Insufficient Pee-Pee-Eee

On the fourteenth day of quarantine,  
corona gave to me:  
Fourteen packs of face masks  
Thirteen boys a baking  
Twelve landlords weeping  
Eleven scary headlines!  
Ten frat bois piping  
Nine Karen's shopping  
Eight Tom Nook's loaning  
Seven Quarantinis  
Six feet of distance  
Five wipeless dumps  
Four Netflix specials  
Three minor breakdowns  
Two Cuomo bro's and  
Insufficient Pee-Pee-Eee (and also a  
positive test!)

-Yawen Ding '23

# Rejected Headlines

If Chuck Schumer Can Spend Nearly 10k on Cheesecake, Why Can't I Spend My Leftover Campaign Contributions on a Yacht?

Op-Ed: I Have Second Amendment Rights and No Damn Virus Will Keep Me From Dying in the Golden Corral Buffet

Best Shapes To Illuminate Empty Hotel Room Windows With as a Big Fuck You to the Homeless

Reader Poll: Which Cuomo Brother is More Sexually Appealing? The Answer May Surprise You! (Its Neither Of Them)

Headlines from the Future: 2022: Cornell has the Nerve, the Audacity, the Unmitigated Gall, to Send Alum Letter Asking for Donation After the Events of Spring 2020

Going On A Safari To Find Where The Anti-Vaxers Went During Corona

Cellino and Barnes Injury Attorneys Have No More Workplace Injury Cases During Work From Home (WFH)

Confessions of a Ceiling Fan Fetishist: Onlyfans Ain't What it Used to Be

I'm A Professional No Matter How Much I Love Throwing It Back

Inspiring: One Woman's Journey to Make Her Bowels Accept Lactose

I Swallowed Gywenyth Paltrow's Jade Vagina Egg and Now I'm Pregnant

Capitalism 2: Ok It Didn't Go so Well in 2020 but Hear Me Out: We Make No Changes and Just Do the Exact Same Thing Again

You Bleached Your Asshole? I Bleached My Whole Internal Digestive System

Martha Releases 30 Min Krumping Video in Response to Questions About Fall Opening

Coronavirus Core Workout: Crying in Bed

Beyoncé Was Right. Sometimes You Need to Beat the Shit Out of Stuff With a Baseball Bat While Being Very Sexy. Like, I Get It Now.

I Am So Angry All The Time, And You Expect Me To Do What??

OP:ED Why I Would Send Someone a Pic of My Naked Ass for 10K

OP:ED Why I Would Send Someone a Pic of My Naked Ass for 5 cents

OP:ED You Guys are Getting Paid to Send Pics of Your Naked Ass?

OP:ED You Guys Have Asses?

OP:ED You Guys?

Does My Fursuit Count as PPE?

Sad Tatkon Events See Participation Plummet from 1 Person to 0

I Don't Like That I Can't Go to a Movie During Quarantine Even Though I Wasn't Gonna Go Anyway

Should We Arrest All of the People with 2020 Vision for Treason?

Pornhub: Finally an Internship that's Honest about the Dick Sucking Component

How To Have Fun In Quarantine (AKA Piercing My Asscheeks For The Hell Of It)

Not that I'm Projecting but Picking Up Your Child from College is Non-essential Travel

I Watched a TedX Talk While High and Now I'm Basically a Scientist

Joe Biden Campaign Hunts for Fragrant VP to Sniff

Coronavirus is Too Mainstream, So I Have Decided To Contract Cholera Instead

Contracted Corona? This Season's Trendiest Home Remedies That Won't Work

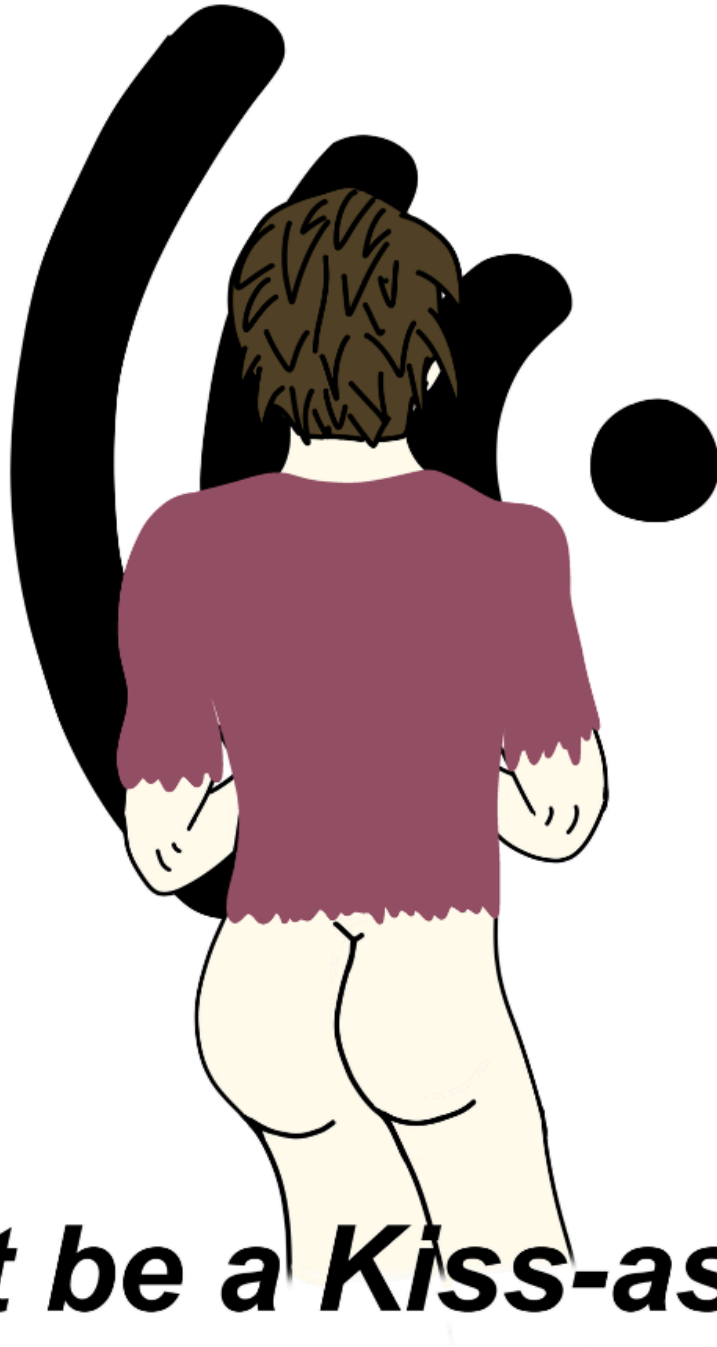
Are You a Person? Do You Continue to Exist in Human Form at this Time? Why?

The Inherent Eroticism of Jason Derulo Saying His Own Name to Himself Before Bed

CLICKBAIT! Yeah! It's Clickbait, But Do You Really Have Anything Better To Be Doing? We Know You Don't Want To Do Your Work

# **The Cornell Lunatic**

## **Spring 2020**



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The Lunatic!***

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