

Fall 2020

Price FREE

# CORNELL LUNATIC



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# Letter From the Editor

Dear Reader,

Welcome to 2020, Act II.

Just kidding. After all, that is what we do here at the Lunatic. Although, it is hardly comforting that this January, like January of 2020, also features a narrowly avoided war, rising Covid rates, and impeachment proceedings for our first orange president. Someone should notify Jeff Bezos that he forgot to reset the simulation properly, this storyline is kind of overplayed.

Over the course of the past 4,758 days of this semester, containing approximately 7 minutes focused on mental health and 3 million nose swabs, seemingly this entire campus has been consumed by Zoom fatigue, anxiety surrounding grocery store excursions, and a crushing amount of work. Despite these “unprecedented times,” my google calendar still managed to look like a patchwork quilt of deadlines, classes, and meetings.

To top it all off, every media outlet on the planet convinced me that 2021 would magically ‘be better’. I think the wires must have gotten crossed somewhere, unless they were referring to the first major win for Melania Trump’s ‘#BeBest’ campaign in the form of Trump’s ban from Twitter.

And yet, here we are. Only, we have now entered the dark portion of the timeline (yes, a deadly pandemic somehow got worse). Tiger King, whipped coffee, and that one gif of Timothy Chalamet dancing on TikTok has been replaced with knockoff Duck Dynasty extras literally trying to stage a coup. Cornell somehow managed to fit two finals period and zero study weeks into one semester. I can’t even go on my daily walks around my neighborhood during the four hours of daylight that I am awake because I am from Boston, aka Frigid Wasteland that is Good At Football Sometimes, and I will literally turn into an icicle if I even look outside.

These points bring me to the sappy section of this letter. In these “unprecedented times,” which have unfortunately become increasingly “precedented,” I would just like to remind you, dearest reader, that everything isn’t normal. No matter how many hands of bridge Martha offers to play with us, the world kinda sucks right now and it is okay to be affected by it. God knows I spent half of the semester only leaving my room to scuttle into the kitchen to make mac and cheese.

As the semester came to a close with the solemn submission of my last final exam from my childhood bedroom, I couldn’t help but ask myself for the thousandth time in the past nine months; “what the #@%&”. So, we here at the Lunatic staff have elected to metaphorically (or perhaps physically, you don’t what kinds of things the engineers have come up with over at Day Hall) vacate planet Earth for the duration of this issue (In all seriousness, if you do know of anyone who can get me a space shuttle ticket off of this floating garbage dump, hit me up. Frankly, even if I do have to become an indentured servant on Elon Musk’s Mars colony, I want out).

From all of us here at the Lunatic, we hope our most recent issue provides our dear readers with a single molecule of serotonin. Or, at the very least, we hope that it disturbs and confuses you to a level where you are temporarily distracted from the abject hell in which we are clearly trapped.

Sincerest Regards,

Carolyn “I know my eye bags make me look like a vampire, but I promise I’m just exhausted from this entire year” Hale

Editor-in-Chief 2020-2021



# How to Successfully Manifest: A Quarantine Guide

By E.V. (‘23)

Quarantine has increased a lot of our spirituality. At least it did for me; I went from “sometimes thinks about going to hell” to “actively sinning just to feel something.” Regardless, we’ve all been pretty lonely, so here are some steps to using your spirituality to manifest that special someone into your life!

What is manifestation, you ask? It’s the same as prayer, but for liberals who use “clean eating” as a way to body shame their friends. I learned this technique from some white girl on youtube who definitely made like 15 cultures her identity and stripped them of their origin but it’s all about the good vibes :)

## **Increase Your Vibrational Frequency**

They say “everything is energy.” Turns out that when they say “vibrational,” they are not talking about sex toys. You’ll have to find something to increase this energy that doesn’t involve an orifice. I recommend doing something to bring you strength, like **OVERPOWERING YOUR DAD** or pulling a Bezos and reaping everyone around you of their autonomy and self-worth.

## **Channel Genuine Desire**

You need to have clarity and accept that desire. So yeah, go ask that girl for foot pics!



## **Send Them Well Wishes**

This is about the person you are manifesting. I, for one, have been thinking about my math TA. What I’d send would be wishes such as “God, you’re so sexy when you do derivatives” and “I am in love with you and I want you to father my children.” Some may consider these “completely inappropriate answers on a final exam,” but I just see it as another part of the manifestation process.

## **Ask the Universe What You Want**

You untrustworthy bitch, obviously you don’t know what you want so you need to have some unfortunate third party tell you how to think. That third party being a 13.8 billion year old massive entity devoid of all feeling. No, no, not your mom. The literal universe.

## **Let Go; Needy Is Creepy**

When it comes to manifesting, less is more. Hear it from me: if you send a guy 400 sobbing voicemails asking why he doesn’t want you anymore, your heart will be broken and you’ll be featured in some really hurtful interludes on his Soundcloud. Instead, don’t talk to him, and instead talk to the universe <3. You have to close your eyes and say, “I accept that he is not in my life anymore. But I’ll show you my boobies if you make him want me again!” Or, y’know, something like that. I don’t speak from experience.

Hopefully this tutorial has taught you about the wonders of manifesting. As long as you follow these five steps, that person will be in your life soon thanks to the spiritual guidance of the universe.

# SUPREME LEADER POLLACK IS PICKLE MARTHA IN EARTH 2's HOTTEST SHOW:

## RYAN and MARTHA



Follow a hot and steamy love story from the creators of “Star Wars: Return of the Pollack” and cult classic “Stand By Martha” in their new project: Ryan and Martha. Follow along as young Ryan Lombardi [Paul Rudd] embarks on a quest to get himself off. That horny bastard is willing to try just about anything. He might even turn his beloved partner in [sex] crime\*, Martha, into a pickle! Will he insert her into one (or multiple) of his orifices? Find out this spring on Disney+ Earth 2\*\* edition!

### Check out what these citizens of Earth 2 are saying:

“Fun and exciting for the whole family”  
- *BuzzFeed*

“Great [unofficial] sequel to last year’s infamous fanfic!”  
- *The Lunatic*

“Unexpectedly and graphically sexual, but I had fun with it”  
- *Myself*

“The actors drive a compelling story and leave you wanting more in the next season”  
- *WSJ*

“I finished watching this series wanting one thing: A Pickle Martha Dildo\*\*\*”  
- *Myself*

“9/10 I came nine times; not as many as Fortnite Season 2”  
- *IGN*

When asked by members of The Lunatic, Ryan Lombardi and Martha Pollack of Earth 1 have refused to comment on the matter. They also refuse to admit how distraught they are that their doppelgangers are famous television stars while they run a 2nd rate Ivy.

\*Disclaimer: The Lunatic does not endorse sex crimes of any kind, on any planet

\*\*Earth 2 subscription and interdimensional travel may be required

\*\*\*No plans are currently being made to produce such an item, unless consumer demand exists ;) Survey to indicate interest here: <https://tinyurl.com/y9ujz839>

By: Mac Banbury '23

# How to Flirt with the *Hottie* Doing Your Covid Test

S. Roxbury '23

During these *uNpReCeDeNtEd* times, it can be very difficult to meet potential romantic partners. Large Social Gatherings™ are obviously off limits if you're not an asshole. The apps are a gamble because who knows where those people have been. Seducing strangers out in the wild is risky, because it's much easier to hide a busted face under a mask.

But what social interaction is guaranteed twice per week, covid-friendly, and Martha Pollack approved? That's right folks, we're talking about getting tested! No, for corona not chlamydia. Here are some tips for bagging that cutie who keeps making sexy eyes at you through their face shield.

- 1 Pick your testing site carefully. I prefer Sage Chapel because thinking about God watching kinda gets me going.
- 2 Walk up to their station with confidence, the kind of swagger that says "yeah, I'm ready to insert an object into two of my orifices."
- 3 When they ask for your NetId, say "I lost mine, can I have yours?" with a smirk. They won't really be able to see it with your mask covering your mouth, but they'll get the idea.
- 4 When they ask you to confirm your birthday, act a little offended and say "well it's a bit rude to ask my age so early on; let's get to know each other better first." If they insist, shave off a couple years (as long as you'd still be legal) (unless you think they'd be into that).
- 5 They're probably going to ask whether you have done this before. Play coy, you don't want them to know your ~Virgin Nostrils~ have been penetrated by dozens of swabs. Tell them, "my nose hymen is fully intact thank you very much."
- 6 When the swab hits the back of your nose, moan. Loudly. Like you mean it. While making eye contact. They might look away, but don't be discouraged. They're probably just embarrassed by how turned on they are.
- 7 Don't swab and tell. It's tacky and will probably hurt your chances of landing a second testing appointment. Or you'll get reported to the CCCT for indecent (covid) exposure.

I hope you have better luck than I did! Happy hunting!<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>These tips may or may not have resulted in the author being banned from four separate testing sites. Use them at your own risk.

Specially designed "Penis Swab" still in beta testing. Use at your own risk. *The Lunatic* is not liable for any nussy damage that may or may not occur.



# 10 Step Skincare Routine That Will Replace Your Therapist!

By Megan Rochlin '22

## 1. Cleanser:

Start off your routine by cleaning your face. Put a dime sized amount of cleanser between your hands to foam and rub into your skin. Clean the rest of your house while you are at it! Everything shall be clean! Wipe down the doorknobs, soak your phone in bleach, toss your mail into the fire. Toss in the picture that you and your ex took last Christmas! You do not need that negativity today!

## 2. Wine:

Drink a bottle of wine out of a venti starbucks cup. You are being so good to yourself today.

## 3. Exfoliate:

Remember that you were trying to do your skin care routine. Put out fire. Vigorously scrub your skin. Remember that one time in the 6th grade when you read a poem you wrote about your crush to the whole class. Scrub harder.

## 4. Toner:

Gently pat the toner into your face. Your phone rings. It is your boss; he is asking you where you have been. You have not been online or answered any calls or emails for 3 days. Tell your boss that they have the wrong number and that you are not home and that frankly, you are taking a self-care day, and that they are not being very understanding right now. Hang up the phone.

## 5. Essence:

No one knows what this step does, least of all you.

## 6. Treatment:

Treat yourself for making it this far with a second bottle of wine.

## 7. Face Mask:

Did you know you can make a soothing and all-natural face mask using only ingredients you have on hand? You look in your fridge and realize you cannot

remember the last time you went to the grocery store; you have not left your house in weeks. Mix a tangerine, leftover guacamole, and artificially flavored maple syrup in a small bowl. Eat it! Why not? There's skin inside your mouth, right?



## 8. Eye Cream Wine:

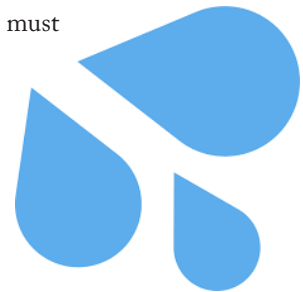
Drink thorb bottle of wine.

## 9. Moisturizer:

Your moisturized self is your best self. Apply layer after layer of moisturizer until you shine as bright as your potential once did. Your 8th grade English teacher told you that you had the potential to become a writer, maybe you should look into that? But first, you must moisturize. Apply more moisturizer! Apply it all over your body. YOU MUST BE MOIST.

## 10. Sunscreen:

The most important step of any skincare routine. Others may be ravished by time, but nothing, not your childhood trauma, not even the sun herself can hurt you. You are eternal. You are pale. Congratulate yourself for your commitment to self-care by drinking fourth bottle of wine and crying while eating a bag of frozen Uncrustables.





# How to Rob a 7-Eleven While Maintaining Covid-19 Precautions

By Via Romano

Let's face it guys, times have been tough during the never-ending quarantine. Americans across the nation are unemployed, stuck at home, and watching season three of a terrible Netflix reality show because we've already watched all the good stuff. So if you're looking for money, entertainment, or just an excuse to get out of the house, here's how to rob your local 7-Eleven while maintaining crucial social-distancing measures:

## **Don't Put on Your Mask, You Already Have It On**

If you're a responsible person, you're already wearing a mask before you walk into the 7-Eleven. So just swap out the standard robbery mask for a face mask (or staple one over your ski mask—your choice) and you're good to go. Bonus: no one will suspect you for wearing a mask inside because everyone should be doing it. The element of surprise is on your side here, you socially-conscious citizen!

## **Tell Everyone to Hit the Ground... Six Feet Apart**

Yes you want to make sure your robbery goes to plan, but don't be a dick to the innocent bystanders in the store. Make sure your hostages are spaced six feet apart to reduce the risk of transmission while you systematically rob them of all their valuables and petty cash. After all, you wouldn't want to punish someone for just being in the wrong place at the wrong time.

## **Liberate the Alcohol and Coffee**

Ok, so this one's not really about maintaining precautions per se, but you're going to need all that alcohol and caffeine to get you through the next inevitable quarantine and there's no time to stock up like the present! Pack your duffle bag full of as much 4-Loko and pumpkin-spice flavored coffee as it can carry. Maybe loot the store for toilet paper while you're at it too. You never know when the next societal collapse will be!

## **Sanitize All Money Before Bagging It**

You're probably already wearing gloves so you don't get any germs on your hands and don't leave any

fingerprints at the crime scene, but you should be extra careful with the cold hard cash you're handling. Scientists say that coronavirus can live on money for a while, so have the cashier sanitize their hands, and spray that shit down with Lysol before you consider touching anything the cashier hands you. Also, make sure to be nice to the cashier, maybe even cut them in on your profits. Front line workers are the backbone of this country, and they're really struggling right now.

## **GTFO**

Jail isn't socially distanced, so make sure you get out of there before the cops come. Grab your duffle bag full of loot, and escape in a contact-free manner by using the handy door opener you packed specifically for this purpose. No sense in getting COVID during the last part of the robbery. Make a clean break for it in both senses of the word.

These tips should help you get that cash (and precious quarantine liquor) without getting caught by the cops or the coronavirus. Happy robbing to you all, and as always, stay safe out there!



# Trump Explains Rejection of Extra Pfizer Vaccines; Promises “Trickle-Down Immunity” for Americans

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The country waited with bated breath for Friday’s press conference, in which he explained why his administration passed on the opportunity to buy extra doses of Pfizer’s coronavirus vaccine. Inspired by his celebrity-president predecessor Ronald Reagan, Mr. Trump announced a new policy of trickle-down immunity for the U.S.

“This is a big deal for America,” the President announced. “Loser countries are paying for everyone to get vaccinated. We are saving big money, and we will be the first country to reach our vaccination goals.”

When asked what prompted the switch from supply side to trickle-down vaccination, Trump told reporters, “Other countries are trying to get the US to pay for all the vaccines. They’re trying to scam us. Why shouldn’t they pay too? We’re going to have some big vaccines. They’re great vaccines. We’re going to make China pay for the vaccines.”

President Xi Jinping announced Tuesday that China would not be paying to vaccinate Americans.

Without the additional doses the US has secured only 100 million vaccines from Pfizer: enough to immunize 50 million Americans in theory, as two doses are required to be effective. Mr. Trump promises to streamline the vaccinations by targeting one percent of the population.

“The media is telling us people need to receive two doses for the vaccine to be effective. But we want big immunity. So we’re going to give the top one percent of Americans thirty vaccines each, and they’ll spread their extra immunity around to everyone else.”

The question remains as to who will be the first to receive the trickle-down effects. Will it be the elderly, the immunocompromised? The White House has not released an official comment on the matter, but sources close to the President tell The Lunatic that the family of Mr. Trump, and other close allies such as Rudy Juliani and Michael Flynn will be high on the list.

The president also worries that other countries will compromise the United States’s vaccination campaign. The New York Times reports that Mr. Trump plans “to issue an executive order proclaiming that other nations will not get any part of the United States’ vaccine supply until Americans have been inoculated.”

At her recent press conference, House Majority leader Nancy Pelosi responded, “Nobody said we were going to do that.”

Dr. Fauci could not be reached for comment on the President’s new policy. His office has released footage of the National Institute of Health director lying face down on his desk, sobbing quietly.

By: Sam Weiler ‘24

## “But we want BIG immunity”

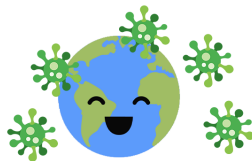


President Donald Trump  
45<sup>TH</sup> President of the United States

# OTHER EARTHS



WORLD WHERE JEB BUSH  
WINS THE ELECTION



WORLDWIDE PLAGUE  
(OH WAIT THAT'S US)



CLIMATE CRISIS  
HAS BEEN SOLVED



EVERYTHING'S ON FIRE!  
(WAIT, THAT'S US AGAIN)



CORNELL DECLARED TOP  
IVY LEAGUE SCHOOL  
(ALSO US)



WORLD WHERE THE DOGS  
HAVE TAKEN OVER

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## Playing Red Light/Green Light with the Provost

I vividly remember the last time I played that evil game. It was an average fifth grade recess period, and being the full of life 10 year old that I was, I gleefully joined when it was announced that a game of Red Light/Green Light was starting.

By Zac McPherson '23

I quickly realized how awful the game was: not only would I watch my fellow competitors take a few extra steps at the call of red or move a little too fast during yellow, but I was also a chubby child and could not move quickly when green was called. So admittedly, I was just bad at the game, but that didn't matter. I hated it.

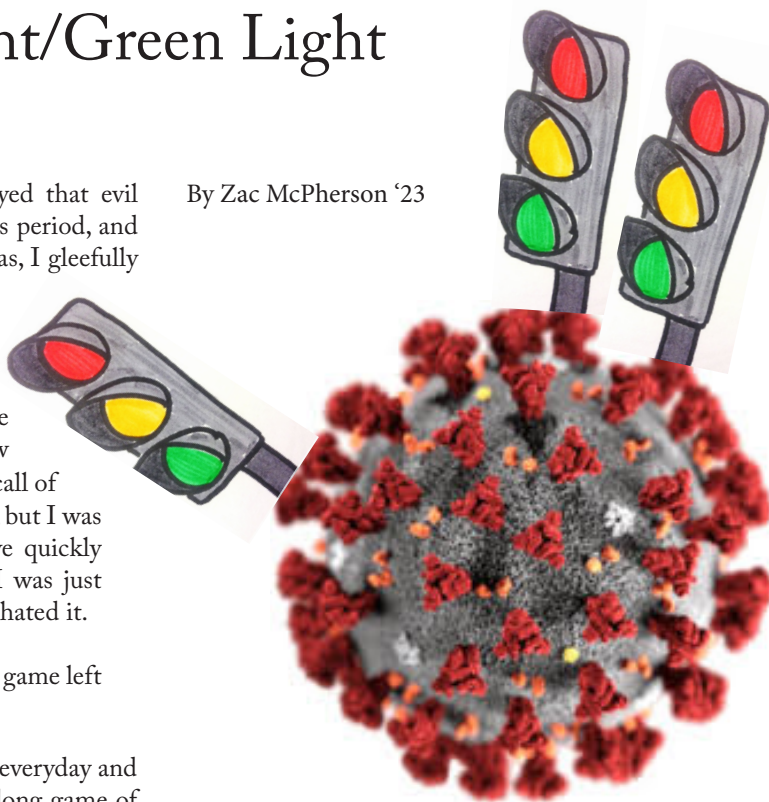
But, who cares? This was just a childhood game left in the distant past.... right?

Wrong. I wake up in my Ithaca twin bed everyday and see the Provost has spawned a semester long game of Red Light/Green Light.

If the Provost calls Green Light, then we continue with the "new normal," which could mean 'act like there isn't a pandemic if you are on North'. If the Provost calls Red Light, then we all get sent home. I would be willing to bet that the same people who cheated in Red Light/Green Light back in fifth grade are the same ones deciding to super spread on a Tuesday

night at a Ctown party. All I know is that I hope I am sprinting fast enough during this Green Light.

Life has become a never ending game of Red Light/Green Light. The stakes are as high as the contagion, and we are all sprinting like it's Green Light.





# Cornell Spring 2021 Reopening Plan

by A.C '24

Dearest Cornellians,

It is because of our moral superiority as Cornellians that we were able to contain the spread of COVID-19 this fall. It was not our isolated campus, compassionate student body, or large endowment. No, we are the Big Red, and we are just simply Built Different. I am so proud of each and every one of you for proving what I did not know all along, but hoped to Fucking God would be true. I had full—and completely misplaced—confidence in our student body to protect Cornell's reputation as a world class institution.

And, as always, I was right.

Continuing our efforts to contain the spread of COVID-19 here in Ithaca, I am proud to present Cornell's spring reopening plan: **A condensed, one-day semester.**

The Coronavirus is spread wherever students gather. Therefore, we must minimize campus activities including frat parties, student athlete orgies, and Zoom meetings where students respectfully ask for police disarmament. To prevent these disruptive events, we have packed a whole three months of the college experience into one exciting, eventful, and enriching day of learning.

Students will arrive on campus at exactly 12 P.M. on their date of arrival, and depart by 12 P.M. the following day. Because out-of-state students are only spending 24 hours on Cornell's campus, there will not be a quarantine period for us to not pay for. The day the semester occurs will be announced at least 1 hour in advance to allow for travel plans to be made.

We have quite a few challenges ahead of us as we begin this special semester. One example: we have had trouble adjusting our beloved clock tower to fit the modified schedule, so students and staff will hear non stop ringing during their classes, study hours, and nap times. Special earmuffs will be supplied to muffle this noise.

We appreciate the patience of our students and the involuntary resilience of our Tompkins County neighbors as we go forth and iron out these kinks as a community.

May we soon look out at these blessed Cayuga waters together.

Kisses,

Martha E. Pollack  
President

## FREQUENTLY ASKED QUESTIONS

*Will there be any breaks allotted for students to relax during the semester?*

We truly care so much about the mental health of our students. To prove it, we have allocated special "wellness minutes" into our schedule: students will be able to take this minute to breathe in and out once or twice before an exam, or maybe pee if you are very quick. We believe this will alleviate any and all fatigue or anxiety students may experience during these stressful times.





### *How will we monitor student/community spread of COVID-19 during the spring semester?*

All students will be required to complete a Minute Check once a minute throughout the semester. This Minute Check will be one simple question: Do you have COVID-19? You must check yes or no. Remember, this is an essential part of our plan to keep our community safe. If your roommate contracts the coronavirus, know it is probably because you did not submit your Minute Check on time.

### *Does this plan follow New York State COVID-19 guidelines?*

We created this semester schedule fully intending to adhere to New York state guidelines throughout. We were in correspondence with Governor Andrew Cuomo in an attempt to get him to relax his travel policies, but he has not responded to our recent contacts. We think he may have blocked us.

Governor Cuomo, if you are reading this, please email us back.

### *Due to the semester's condensed nature, will student tuition be reduced?*

No.

(In fact, click below to donate to Martha's personal bank account, because you haven't paid enough already!)

**DONATE HERE!**

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## How One Family Regained Their Spark in the Wake of Tragedy

### *All of Your Burning Questions About the 2020 California Fires Answered*

by Kate Schrage '22 and Nila Narayan '24

*NEW YORK CITY, 2035: A Lunatic clipping imported from the future, following the life of the child whose conception and subsequent gender reveal party sparked the September 2020 California wildfires, ultimately engulfing more than 20,000 acres along the west coast of the country in flames. The fires started when the expectant family encountered issues with a pyrotechnic machine to be used in the big reveal.*

Recently, Cornell Lunatic reporters secured an exclusive interview with the young Ash Berns, breaking the 15-year silence from the Berns family after their literal dumpster fire of a gender reveal party fifteen years ago.

The family has lived in New York City ever since the

incident. "We figured that the concrete jungle would be a more suitable home for them," said the Mayor. "It would take some serious skill to burn down the Bronx (again)."

But, things have not been all sunshine and rainbows for this family (partially their fault, as the CDC continues to report ash residue in the air over a decade later). Few have it as rough as the Berns' eldest child.

"I've never even lit a candle... nobody lets me hold the sparklers on the Fourth of July, either. I mean come on, I'm not some kind of ticking time bomb!" said Ash Berns, currently suspended from school after an unfortunately timed joke about "getting lit" sent the NYFD into a frenzy.

“The worst part is,” Berns revealed to our reporters. “I’m not even gender-conforming. It was bad enough being the kid whose parents burned down the state of California, but to tell them it was all for nothing? They can’t even get the deposit back on those blue fireworks.”

According to mother Hope Berns, “It was definitely a shock at first, but I wasn’t going to fan the fire; they got mad when I tried that last time. This really made me realize how wrong my approach had been all those years ago.”

“I was so tone-deaf,” said Berns of her party. “I knew that blue was a bad omen—I should have opted for seafoam or mint. My therapist had told me that jinxing gender identity so blatantly would curse our vibe. I should have listened.”

When asked about alternative methods of publicizing her pregnancy to friends and family, however, Hope Berns seemed at a loss. “A phone call? To my loved ones? No, I hadn’t actually considered that before,” she claimed, in response to suggestions from our reporters.

Following the fifteenth anniversary of the fires widespread across the coast, the Berns family has unveiled their new organization supporting the intersection of wildfire and heterocisnormative practice prevention: For Baby, Don’t Bern<sup>1</sup>.



*Pictured Above: Ideas for an inoffensive, non-herterocisnormative baby rave!*

“Our foundation seeks to help expecting couples conceptualize safe and effective ways of announcing their pregnancies, particularly in ways that do not

impose gender identity on the fetus,” said Ash Berns. “We specialize in scripting phone calls to condescending mother-in-laws, and in choosing the shade of yellow for the inside of reveal cakes; Marigold is a popular choice these days. Nobody will even notice you evaded the point of the gender reveal in the first place!”

Hope Berns claims that the family pledges to donate 50% of all funds raised to the production of gender-neutral-toned cake batter, gunpowder-free firecrackers, and confetti cannons, with hopes to partner with Pantone in the future and release 100 gender-nonspecific shade names such as “Future KidzBop Star,” “Teacher’s Pet,” and “Art Hoe.”



*Pictured Above: Paint swatches from Bern’s partnership with Pantone.*

Hope Berns concluded, “We’re doing our part to prevent mishaps like ours from happening again in the future. By virtue of setting an example, I’m pleased to take this publication as an unconventional way of announcing my current miraculous and unplanned pregnancy. To our gender-nonspecific angel to be born in January 2036: We can’t wait to meet you, Humanity Berns!

<sup>1</sup>Not politically affiliated

# Cornell To Distribute Vaccines Through Dairy Bar Shakes

On Monday, The Cornell Board of Trustees announced their plans for distributing the long-awaited COVID-19 vaccines across campus through the use of the Cornell Dairy Bar. On-campus food science researchers have created a version of the vaccine that blends seamlessly into dairy-based drinks, and will incorporate them into two new flavours of ice cream shake.

The shakes, named “Pfruity Pfizer” and “A-StrawberryZeneca”, will debut at the Dairy Bar in January. The shakes will be offered with up to five free espresso shots. For an additional surcharge, Dairy Bar staff can also pour the liquid vaccine into a different shake of your choice, although early testers report the

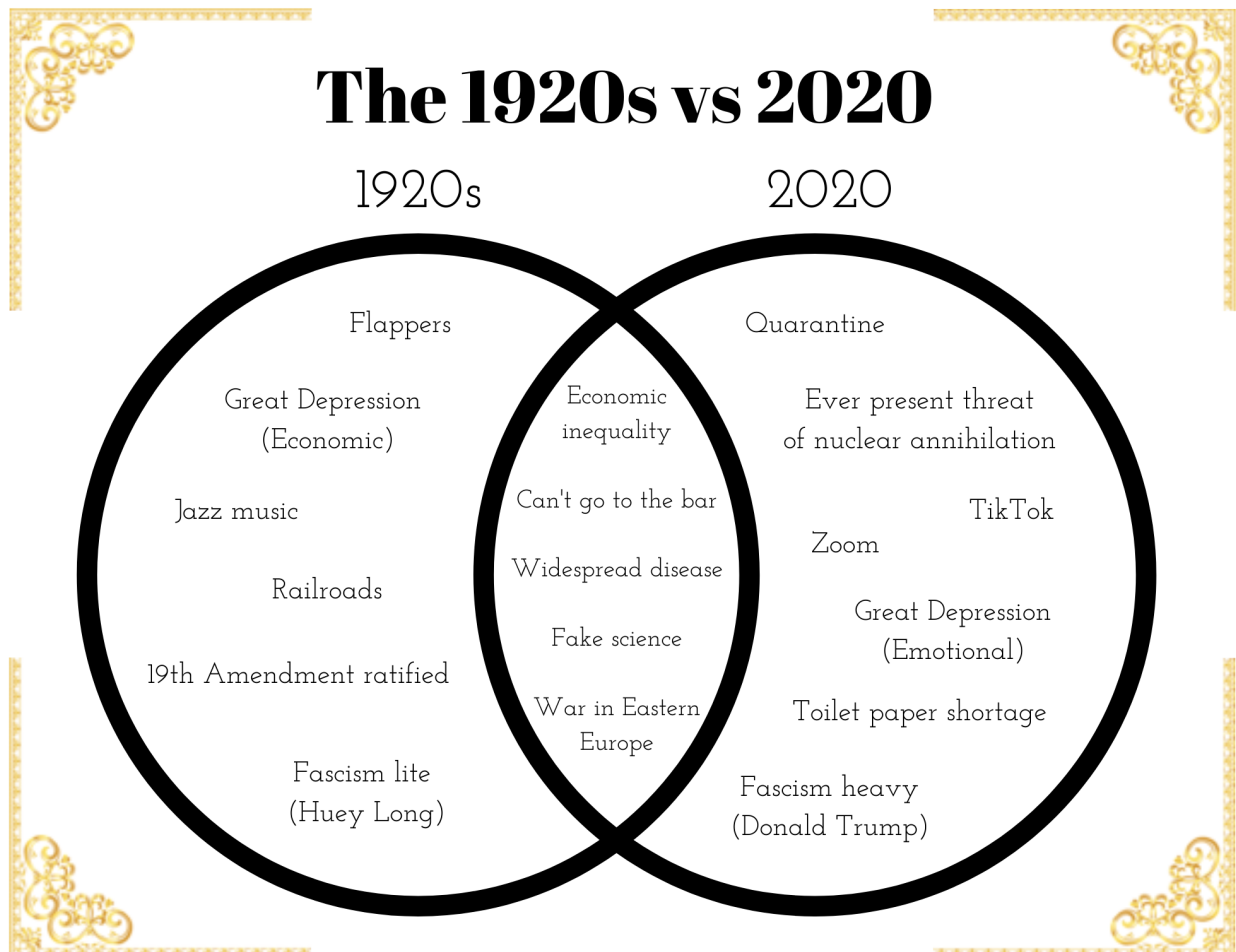
flavour is “overpowering” and “too minty.”

“It may not seem like it, but a lot of students are still widdle babies who are scared of needles, so this is in fact the most practical option,” claims Public Health professor Raquel Mateu.

“I don’t think they can serve it with almond milk, so I probably won’t take it,” says junior Ani Marcelyn. “Dairy is actually super bad for you.”

To compensate for the additional expenses, administration has discussed raising tuition.

-C.P. ‘22



# PRESIDENT JEB! (2016-????)

BY THOMAS YU '21

On November 9, 2016, newspapers reported: “Jeb Bush Wins Presidency, Finally Gets The Clap.” Jeb, while not the first white man to use his family connections to get a job he didn’t deserve, was (probably) the first to win a presidential election by boning swing voters. Jeb’s magnum dong went door-to-door in Pennsylvania, Michigan, Florida, and other key states, convincing women (and men, and nonbinary people) to vote for him. Jeb didn’t care about your gender identity—only your voter registration location. Using his raw sexual magnetism, he became the first write-in candidate to become president, beating Hilary Clinton and Donald Trump by 69 points. Clinton did not sleep with voters, and the voters that Trump slept with fled the country in disgust, leaving them unable to vote. Jeb’s historic victory, however, did come at a price—mega gonorrhea, a rare and incurable form of gonorrhea. He had everything he ever wanted, but he couldn’t get his penis to stop burning when he peed.

Below, a list of headlines during Jeb’s time as president.

**January 20, 2017:** Jeb Bush Inaugurated as President, Largest Crowd Ever. He wanted to answer the question, “What happens when you put all of your sexual partners in one room?” An orgy, obviously.

**January 27:** Jeb Bush Signs Travel Ban from Countries That Don’t Allow Premarital Sex. No hoes, no citizenship.

**May 17:** Robert Mueller Leads Investigation into Jeb for Possible Ties with Russia. Jeb admits to sending the occasional dick pic to Putin but denies all allegations of collusion.

**August 15:** Jeb Says, “Very Fine People on Both Sides” In Response to Violent #freethenipple Protests. Jeb is definitely a boob man.

**June 12, 2018:** Jeb and Kim Jong Un Meet in Singapore. Jeb reportedly says, “Nice dick bro, but could you chill with the nukes? Less nukes, more nudes.”

**July 25, 2019:** Sources Report Jeb Asked Ukraine to Investigate Joe Biden. He explains, “I just wanted to know how he got his own Cornell Dairy Ice Cream flavor. Martha wouldn’t answer my calls, so Ukraine was my next best option.”

**December 18:** Jeb Charged with Impeachment for Ukraine Scandal. In an effort to avoid impeachment, Jeb offers to sleep with all 535 members of Congress. Only seven refuse.

**March 23, 2020:** Jeb Declares National Emergency in Response to COVID19 Pandemic. Maskless orgies are now prohibited by law.

**September 26:** Jeb Nominates Amy Coney Barrett to the Supreme Court.

Jeb’s affair with Barrett exposed. Scandal erupts. Nomination denied.

**September 27:** NYT Reports Jeb Paid \$420 in Taxes in 2017. Jeb when asked for comment: “lol blaze it.”

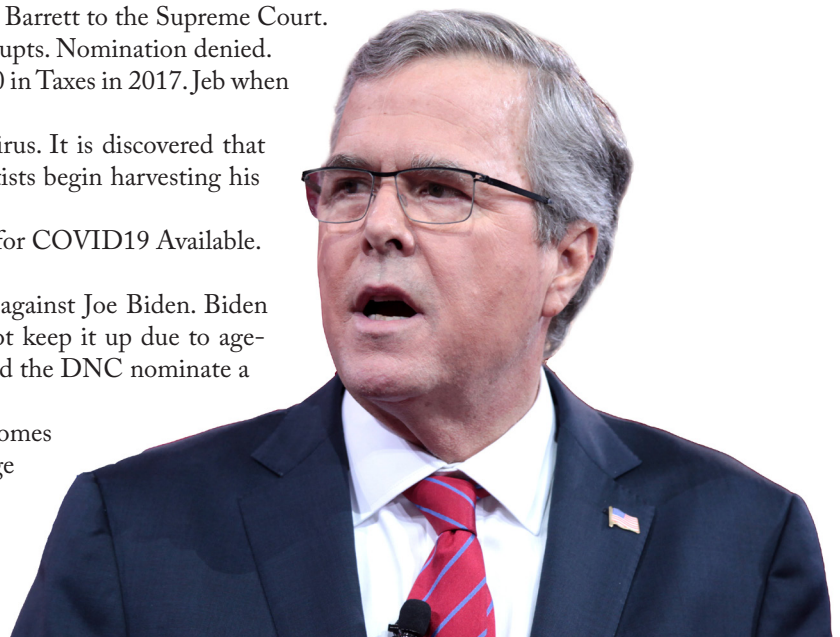
**October 5:** Jeb Tests Positive for Coronavirus. It is discovered that mega gonorrhea provides immunity. Scientists begin harvesting his sperm for research purposes.

**October 28:** New Semen-derived Vaccine for COVID19 Available. Lmao bye covid.

**November 3:** Jeb Bush Wins Re-election against Joe Biden. Biden attempted Jeb’s 2016 strategy but could not keep it up due to age-related erectile dysfunction. Why exactly did the DNC nominate a really, really old dude?

**November 3, 2024:** Jeb Seizes Power, Becomes President for Life. His dad still loves George more.

**June 5, 2050:** Jeb Becomes Master of the Universe. It still burns when he pees.





# The Search for Cornell's Next Star Alum

By Clara Enders



Cornell's motto of "any person, any study," has brought a wide range of students to Ithaca ever since 1865. Taking advantage of engaging coursework and a self-congratulating alumni network, many of these students have gone on to lead successful careers. The main two we've really cared about over the last decade or so have been Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg and Dr. Anthony Fauci. Fauci's only been relevant for about nine months, so he's just barely included. Ginsburg's untimely ascendancy to the judge bench in the sky – combined with the fact that the mask-under-the-nose crowd at the grocery store seems to think the pandemic is over – means that Cornell is quickly losing some of its social clout. So, I've researched a few new alumni to become go-to talking points of Cornelian circle jerks everywhere.

## 1. Thorstein Bunde Veblen:

In 1891, Thor left his family to come to Cornell, escaping the city life to recover from a bout of Malaria. All it took was one year with the gluttons of grandeur at Cornell for him to subscribe to anti-capitalist theory and transfer over to UChicago. Ironically, his best-know book, *The Theory of the Leisure Class*, coined the term "conspicuous consumption" to describe those who spend money on luxury goods to display economic power. We will not be seeing the ghost of Veblen in neither Canada nor Golden Goose apparel any time soon.

## 2. Freeman Dyson:

Do you feel inferior getting an econ degree in Arts and Sciences because there's no way you could have gotten into Dyson? When someone asks what college you're in, respond by saying you're into Dyson, and they'll never know you're talking about your obsession with the British mathematician and Cornell alum,

even if it doesn't directly answer their question. Dyson studied under professor Hans Bethe from 1947 to 1948, becoming a professor in 1951. His hallmark theory is the "Dyson Tree," a hypothetical genetically-engineered plant capable of growing on a comet, which could create self-sustaining human habitats in the outer solar system. Space colonization, as if studying at a land-grant institution wasn't enough manifest destiny for you. Enjoy working this one into conversations with your nerd friends from high school physics, even though I'm pretty sure this is just a plan for ayahuasca farms for aliens. My professors think my papers need more evidence?

## 3. Janet Reno:

Before we had Elizabeth Holmes and Hilary Clinton, we had this equally thrilling #girlboss. Reno had an exotic high school career in Germany, and enrolled at Cornell in 1956. Although she was a chemistry major, Reno was the Attorney General appointment by President Bill Clinton. In the case of the Atlanta Olympics bombing, she leaked a suspect name to the media, leading to the public shaming of an innocent man. She may have been a Democrat, but exudes serious Cornell Republicans energy.

## 4. J. Tim Vanini:

Impress friends, family, and younger kids from your neighborhood whose parents make them ask you questions about Cornell with this deep-dive. Dr. Vanini is a turfgrass scientist, who holds a patent for topdressing crumb rubber on natural turfgrass systems. Sick! He is published in journals like *Crop Science*, *Applied Turfgrass Science*, and the *Golf Course Superintendent*. Literally I am at the edge of my seat. He may not be as well-known as some of these other alumni, but he's definitely on the up-and-up, even if it feels like watching grass grow.

## Honorable mention: Ann Coulter:

When you wonder if the time, financial burden, and tears expended on your Cornell degree was really worth it, just remember you have the same educational pedigree as this bigoted she-devil.

It may be a while before we see any of these faces monetized for merch at the Cornell store, but in good time you'll be eager to let the world know you attended the same institution as these distinguished alums.

# I Would Give My Left Foot to Never Ever Hear These Absolutely Cursed Words and Phrases Ever the Fuck Again

By G.C. '23

Remember kids, when life hands you a bad hand of bridge,  
throw the cards in the air and go sob in the shower.

- |   |                                     |
|---|-------------------------------------|
| -Covid-19   | -Can y'all see my screen?           |
| -Coronavirus  | -Turn your video on                 |
| -Pandemic   | -Hybrid modality                    |
| -Lockdown   | -Distance learning-asynchronous     |
| -Quarantine   | -Academic integrity violation       |
| -Social distancing  | -This prelim is not open book       |
| -Six feet apart   | -I hope this email finds you well   |
| -New normal   | -No study spaces available          |
| -Code yellow  | -GET app                            |
| -Spike  | -You have a new canvas notification |
| -Flatten the curve  | -Student assembly (lol)             |
| -Herd immunity  | -MAGA (ha ha get fucked)            |
| -99% survival rate  | -Electoral college                  |
| -Return to normalcy                                       | -Blue Pennsylvania                  |
| -New daily case record                                    | -Stop the Steal                     |
| -Yellow zone  | -Nussy                              |
| -Everything is not ok                                     | -Daily check                        |
| -Unprecedented  | -Nasal swab                         |
| -Your financial aid will be available as soon as possible | -Have you been tested before?       |
| -New activity added to your MyCayugaHealth portal         | -Booking confirmed                  |
| -Z**m   | -Shit I forgot my mask              |
| -Screenshare  | -Shit I forgot my hand sanitizer    |
| -Breakout rooms   | -Shit I forgot my will to live      |
| -Waiting rooms  | -Cover your goddamn nose            |
| -You're muted   | -When this is all over              |
| -Can you hear me?   | -Hindsight is 20/20                 |

# Where To Meet People When Distance Is All You Can Do

Dear Luna,

Social distancing has gotten pretty old, and so have all of The Lunatic's jokes about it. But you know what else has gotten old?? Being single. I thought college was gonna be about scooping babes, pulling thots, getting hoes, anything other than academics really. But now I'm stuck in my dorm on West taking online classes and not even getting my dick sucked while doing it???? Please help me. I just want to meet a quarantine cutie to look at longingly from 6 feet away this Valentine's Day. Well, I guess I can do that whenever, but I want them to look at me longingly too so it isn't creepy! Do you have any advice besides the classic dating apps??

-Single Pringle

Dear Single Pringle,

Well, let me tell you. We here at the Lunatic are masters of love, but we still know how it feels to have a bit of a dry spell. Legend has it, writing for this magazine actually returned most of our virginities to us! Anyways, below are some great places to look for The One.

## Cornell University Perfect Match

You already know this software is the best out there. You take a personality test and lie about everything, you still get matched with 3 people who have absolutely no social media presence, and you exit out disappointed and sad that your crush didn't write your Netid back. Maybe he just didn't know my Netid?? Maybe he didn't remember to do Perfect Match??? I'm sure he liked me back and I wasn't just another hookup. He probably just forgot that the Crush function even existed. He's really busy, you know. And like he left me read 24 minutes ago but his text probably just didn't send through I think. What do you think, Single Pringle?? Oh wait sorry I'm supposed to be the one giving advice, my bad.

## Farmersonly.com

Hey wait that was two Lunatic issues ago.

## Being an Essential Worker

I highly recommend getting an on-campus job if you want to meet the love of your life. For example, it was the beginning of my shift at an unnamed coffee shop that rhymes with Musty's and an old hookup and his girlfriend came by. Then I got so shocked I spilled

milk everywhere while he watched, and then my voice quivered and said "s-skim milk cappuccino." But you know what, if he hadn't had a girlfriend, and me and him hadn't hooked up before, and if he didn't resent me for being taller than him, I really think that could've been a nice meet-cute. Just some food for thought.\*

## Cornell Rec Center Virtual Events

If you want to pay \$200 for the off-chance that you'll find a gf while sweaty and gross, but you don't want to enter the realm of prostitutes during a pandemic, this is the way to go.

## Just Saying Fuck It And Going To A Super Spreader Event

There's nothing that says "I'm a good person you want to be with" than just blatantly ignoring all of the guidelines and literally killing people by going to a frat party. It's so sexy. If all else fails, this may be what you have to resort to. Have fun, and don't wear a mask! How will people see your DSLs<sup>1</sup> if you have a piece of cloth over them??

Hopefully some of this advice helped, and if not, my netid is erv26 so you can write me as your crush for Perfect Match ;) please

xoxo Luna

\*totally not based on a true story

<sup>1</sup>Dick Sucking Lips

-By E.V. '23



# Diagnostic Report on the Newly Discovered Alternate Reality: The Earth 17

By S.G. ‘22

Never in my years of surveying alternate realities have I struggled so to maintain my scientific approach in assessing and documenting a planet. In the most professional language I can manage, oh god. Ohio. It’s all Ohio. Literally, everything on The Earth 17 is just Ohio. Besides a few small islands (which are also a part of Ohio) in Lake Erie Ocean, there is just one primary body of land on The Earth 17 and it is called The Ohio (Fig 1). In fact, when interviewed, the inhabitants seemed to be unable to even comprehend the existence of any other states— only Ohio. Literally. They still have 50 states, they’re just: Ohio, Ohio, OHio, Ohio, Ohigho, Ohio, Ohio, Ohio, oHIo, Ohio, Ohio... Beans—which I have been informed is still pronounced Ohio. They just got really into bean



jokes for some reason. The cause and full breadth of this trend is still inconclusive.

On the subject of this reality’s semantic idiosyncrasies, the residents always refer to themselves as THE Earth 17. Leaving out the THE is actually a crime punishable with up to death. In fact, there is only one crime they view as more despicable, and that is saying the forbidden word: michigan. This law and the former seem to stem from The Ohio’s obsession with college football.

Indeed, college football seems to have morphed into a sort of religion. This culminates with “The Big Game” every year: a ritual in which those found guilty of speaking the forbidden word are stripped, tied up,

and left in the middle of the Shoe (The Ohio State University [tOSU] stadium and most holy place of worship for the Ohioans). They are then sacrificed to Brutus Buckeye and their skin is used to make that year’s footballs. Go Bucks!

The immense importance placed on college athletics has left no place in their society for professional sports. Indeed, upon investigation, the normal track for athletes after college is just straight into heroin. When one ex-star athlete was asked his opinions on this fate, he simply responded “ope, well we all do our part for society,” before jabbing a needle into his arm, letting out one really long, visceral meow (which sounded vaguely like tOSU alma mater mixed with Twenty One Pilot’s Blurry Face) muttering “the cycle is complete,” and scampering away on all fours.

Ex-athletes do indeed actually make up an important component of The Ohio’s economy, helping fuel one of the nation’s staple industries: opioids. In fact, behind only corn, suburbs, and crippling depression, it is their fourth largest export— to themselves, of course, because again, there is only Ohio.

As for this reality’s tourism potential, it does contain a sort of version of all of the attractions that are popular from Earth 1. There is the obvious parallel of England’s Stonehenge to the field of giant corn statues in Dublin, Ohio. In addition, it is truly a humbling experience casting your eyes upon the bulging muscles





of the Arnold Schwarzenegger statue, colloquially referred to as “the Statue of Liberty,” as it was gifted to Columbus by Cleveland after the Revohiolutionary War.

Despite these sites, I must strongly recommend against establishing any sort of tourist attraction out of this earth, as even just visiting The Ohio is extremely dangerous. There is no leaving The Ohio. You may think you’re just taking a job there for a few years to get yourself on your feet, but The Ohio has already

taken a hold of you. Even I was almost lulled in, getting dangerous thoughts, like “I could live closer to my family” and “there are good schools”... I don’t even want kids. But once you enter Ohio, it is very unlikely you will ever return.

Overall, I would label this dimension as uninhabitable and would urge the council to consider it for immediate destruction, as it is inhumane to allow its residents to continue living in that reality and its existence poses a danger to us all.

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# How to Pad Your Resume with Your Depressed Corona Activities

Brian Filipek ‘21

These days, when I’m not listening to the dystopian hum of doomsayers broadcasting into my home, I sit back and think “g’dang economy! We need more of it!” In these unforstrangertain times™ it may appear all but impossible to build a resume in the face of a global depression. But fear dear reader, for it is the depression within that can combat the depression without! Here are some tips to weaponize those spicy spicy feelings into resume fodder. Nothing says employable like “I’m Mcfucking depressed.”

1. Stayed in bed 15 hours a day? Congrats you just oversaw an expensive comfort device in order to maximize client satisfaction.

2. Day drinking alone? You’ve just shown how much of a team player you are by doing pro bono quality assurance product testing for a multinational brand in your personal office!

3. Doomscrolling and vagueposting? You just surveyed pertinent political, economic, and social trends in order to build a personal-

brand media strategy.

4. Rioting? Cooperatively participated in team building exercises. Your resume will look extra good if you can put a dollar amount on the shit you stole.

5. Watching too much Netflix? Nope! You were analyzing heuristic data management techniques to build an optimal algorithm for entertainment systems. Next refer to your parents as senior project managers and your home as a complex. Doing this can really up your references from zero to one since your dad called you “stupid” and said, “this would never work.” But

negativity is really just an opportunity, and when that interview rolls around you’ll find a prime opportunity to bring up the story of how you dealt with a difficult senior project manager.

If you follow all of these steps and get a job, please contact me. I’ll apply too.



I think this speaks for itself ➤ Inbox x



**The desk of L.B.** <verysexytimetravelingcarrierpigeonfamiliar@cornell.edu>  
to Martha E. Pollock

1:51 AM

Mine esteemed Professor, of the highest order, most gracious commander,

I pray this letter finds thee well.

I moste regretfully write on this dreary day that I found trouble in the midst of submitting mine assignment on Ye Olde Canvasse last nyte. I may perchance hath found myself to be in 14th century Europe. I hath been lead to believe that time simply be not real, and bring forth my findings so that thou might peruse them.

The first pointe of evidence I present is that the plague doth run rampant through the streets. For surely such pestilence would hath been cured or some manner to better containe and treat were it to appear in the year, say, 2020 anno domini, amen. I believe there to be a wretchede curse upon the lande and there be many rats that roam the streets. I mine-self hath been afflicted by dumbe bitche disease, which I hath been told is incurable but we shall try the leeches for the next sennight anyhow. My horoscope sayeth that mine humors are misaligned, though that cannae be true as I am still fucking hilarious. Anywhoeth, I surely shall perish.

I have also been plagued with visions, which I believe to be divine revelation. It was moste certainly not a sleep deprived hallucination. Unfortunately, me flatmates believeth that I am possessed by daemons as a resulte. A prophette wanders the flat moaning and screaming ONE TIME and suddenly they have "lain with Satan" and "head a covene of witches" and "haven't paid rent in weeks." To be faire, while possibly true or possibly not true, the witchery hardly be my faulte. All my female friends be attempting witchcraft these days. Not I, of course, but it's simply the times.

The only upside of the havoc that wrecks the lande is that there be no legale drinking age and I am free to drowne my sorrowes. My parents are brewing beer in the cellar, though I suspecte I shall die or be married off before the the nexte batche finishes. I can only hope that Our Lorde and Savior Fauci blesse me with enough tyme to reache mine lyfe dream of dying by the ripe olde age of 16.

Please burne this letter upon reception, for though I cannae read or write and I hath dictated this to my locale priest, I fear I may be accused of witchcraft and consorting with the devil. I implore thee, burne this letter- not me! Should I not be burned as a witch, I shall get the assignment to thee promptly.

Many blessings upon thee and thy family.  
Your wretchede creature,  
Goody Brunco (cornell id: 4206969)



**The Honorable President Martha E. Pollack**  
to the desk of L.B.

No

Martha  
Sent from my iPhone.

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# TURNING THE FROGS GAY WAS MERELY THE FIRST STEP



BY A  
CONCERNED  
REPUBLICAN

---

I write this today with regret in my heart because I have recently become aware of the real plot by Democrats to destroy our country and commit voter fraud on a scale never before seen. Turning the frogs gay was only the first step. If only we'd listened to Alex Jones when he warned us. If we'd just paid attention to that mighty titan of truth, our nation wouldn't be in the situation we are now. Because they're not just turning the frickin' frogs gay anymore. They're making the dogs Democrats.

Now, I know on its own, this claim might not seem incredibly destructive, but this goes all the way up to the top. I was filling out my ballot for President Trump (absentee, of course, not mail in—that's full of fraud), and I left it on the table for a minute while I went to get a Sharpie to sign my name with. When I got back, my dog had eaten half of my ballot, and torn the other half to shreds. Since my dog has been brainwashed and turned into a Democrat, I'm pretty sure this counts as an official act of voter suppression and should be reported as fraud.

Not only did my dog deliberately and maliciously eat my ballot, but there's been a startling change in her behavior over the last year. She has recently started running out of the room whenever President Trump comes on the TV, and she's started barking and growling at the 'Best of Trump's Rallies' mixtape I have playing on loop 24/7 at my house. I believe this means the DNC has been putting chemicals into my house's well water to make my dog a Democrat and brainwash her into eating my vote for Trump.

Who knows how many other Trump-loving dog owners have fallen victim to the same nefarious scheme I have? This plan—which has gone undetected for years—may have been the thing that swung the 2020 election. I hope that someone sees this article and forwards my discovery to Mr. Rudy Giuliani, as I can think of no one more trustworthy or better-equipped to handle the discovery I've made. To Democrats and dogs everywhere—we'll see you in court. Good luck; you're going to need it.

# LEAKED-2020 Post Credit Scenes

By Carlos Po '22

*The Lunatic's highly secretive quadruple agents embedded in the US government have managed to fax us this classified document. It depicts the script for this year's post-credits scene, a treat for the most dedicated fans. The scene seems to set up larger elements of the Ivy Cinematic Universe (ICU), but nothing has been confirmed by Congress, the White House, or Martha Pollack as of this moment. Any loremasters out there with fan theories about how the next year's gonna play out? Let us know in the comments!*

INT.ADMIN BUILDING-DAY

MARTHA POLLACK enters her office, looking around the hallway anxiously. She flips a sign on her door reading 'IN CALL, DO NOT DISTURB.' She then locks her door, clears out some space on her desk, and places a small round device on it. The device projects a hologram of a cloaked figure who she begins to speak with.

**MARTHA**

Master! I apologize for the delay, I came from a meeting on Greek life. This is the perfect time to evict all those wretched organizations from my school. What do you require?

**CLOAKED FIGURE**

I simply wanted to commend you. You have once again proven to be one of my most capable servants, Martha. You've successfully managed the virus, while other universities fell to it easily or chose to flee.

**MARTHA**

Thank you, Master. It was your advance warnings that allowed us to prepare. What are your next set of orders?

**CLOAKED FIGURE**

Do not act hastily, Martha. We cannot allow for the slightest interruption.

**MARTHA**

I understand.

**CLOAKED FIGURE**

What are the statuses of the others?

**MARTHA**

Penn, Harvard, Princeton and Columbia went virtual. Yale, Dartmouth and Brown have staggered student returns. Only Cornell accepted its whole student body at once.

**CLOAKED FIGURE**

Excellent. It seems it is now time to begin the second phase. What is the progress on EXARION?

**MARTHA**

EXARION is almost complete, Master. It can generate a flood able to wash away a ten-hectare field overnight. We've begun setting up locations in California, Nebraska, Illinois, and Kansas.

**CLOAKED FIGURE**

And our special hornets?

**MARTHA**

Working their way through the bee population as we speak.



**CLOAKED FIGURE**

All according to plan. With their precious farms damaged, they will have no choice but to beg Cornell's best and brightest professors to fix them. Our alum will be at the forefront of the country once more. The others will mock us no longer.

**MARTHA**

Yes, no longer. Have we lit the flame?

**CLOAKED FIGURE**

Indeed we have. The flame that will burn them all to ashes.

**MARTHA**

You've done quite well at establishing yourself as a reliable scientist, Master. I know they will do as you ask.

**CLOAKED FIGURE**

They will have no choice. None can challenge us on our mastery of agriculture. Now, unfortunately I must take my leave. I have to make a public appearance. For the glory of Cornell.

**MARTHA**

For the glory of Cornell, Master. Or, have you been going by something else lately?

**CLOAKED FIGURE**

You have a good ear, Martha. Call me...

The cloaked figure removes his hood to reveal the face of Dr. ANTHONY FAUCI.

**ANTHONY FAUCI**

Doctor.

CUT TO BLACK

**TITLE CARD: "Martha Pollack will return in Cornell 2: Sins of the Land-Grant Universities".**

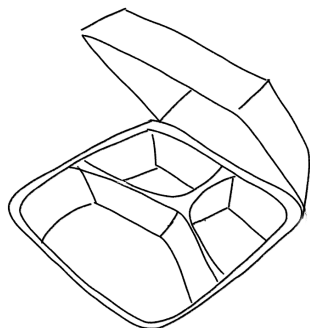


# The Objective Cornell Dining Hall Food Tier List [Fall '20 Edition]

As unprofessional chefs and semi-professional eaters, we felt qualified enough to rank the foods offered by Cornell Dining in a comprehensive tier list.

Special commentary from yours truly on select foods is also provided beyond the first page. Please note that these rankings are relative and that the foods are not ranked within individual tiers. But let's be real, we would rather clog our arteries with food from Nasties than order from the dining hall 90% of the time. If you disagree with our choices, you're just simply wrong. We can't all have taste.

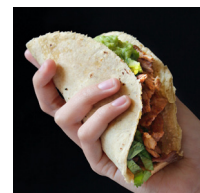
A Study by Michael Bai '24 and Nila Narayan '24



*Pictured: Police sketch of Cornell Dining's "Styrofoam Container of Doom," wanted for containing such atrocities as the weekly taco dinners. Also, for singlehandedly increasing our trash output tenfold.*

S		<i>Top Row: Mac n' Cheese, Tater Tots, Harvest Dinner (incl. Apple Cider), Wedge Fries, Guacamole, Donuts</i>
		<i>Bottom Row: Tater Tots, Chicken n' Waffles, Puerto Rican Pork, Risley Tostadas, Chocolate Milk</i>
A		<i>Top Row: Chicken Tendies, Grilled Cheese, Pineapple, Sweet/Tangy Pulled Pork, Hash-browns, Vegan Burrito</i>
		<i>Bottom Row: Sweet Potato Fries, French Toast STICKS, Fettucine Alfredo, Crispy Potatoes, Passionfruit Juice</i>
B		<i>Top Row: Sweet n' Sour Chicken, M a r i a n a Pasta, French Fries, Broccoli, C a n t a l o u p e, Lasagna, Chicken</i>
		<i>Bottom Row: Breakfast Ham, Chicken Adobo, Pork, Cuban Chicken, Raisin Cookies, Muffins</i>
C		<i>Top Row: Grilled Ham Burgers, Sesame Tofu, Sweet Potatoes, Vegan Tenders, Vegetables</i>
		<i>Bottom Row: Vegetable M e l a n g e, Scrambled Eggs, Risley Bruschetta, P a n c a k e s, Sausage</i>
D		<i>Top Row: Seasonal Vegetables, Sheet Pizza, Squash, Sloppy Joes, Pesto Chicken</i>
		<i>Bottom Row: Wilted Chard, Tso's General Chicken, French Toast, Vegan M e a t l e s s C h i c k e n, Jasmine Rice</i>
E		<i>Top Row: Brown Rice Pilaf, Zucchini and Tomatoes</i>
		<i>Bottom Row: Market Fresh Fish, Chicken Cacciatore</i>
F		<i>Top Row: Plain Yogurt, Asian Noodle Salad</i>
		<i>Bottom Row: That-One-Time-They-Tried-Indoan-Food, Risley Banana Brownie</i>

## THE NO-NO TIER



Taco Tuesdays



## **S-TIER**

### **MAC AND CHEESE**

If you don't think the mac n' cheese is one of, if not the, best items of Cornell Dining, either you're lactose intolerant or you need new taste buds. Or you're vegan. And we don't trust all three of them, so stay back. **5/5 MARTHA'S**

### **HARVEST DINNER (INCL. APPLE CIDER)**

Stepping into Appel and seeing the fake pumpkins and leaves decorating the serving line is a magical experience, like your first COVID test. And the hot apple cider is a convincing but fleeting distraction from the fact that you are going to die alone. **5/5 MARTHA'S**

### **PUERTO RICAN PORK**

Memorable for being the least dry pork here. We would make Puerto Rico the 51st state for this pork. **4.5/5 MARTHA'S**

### **GUACAMOLE**

Risley guacamole is a shining star amongst dining halls everywhere. We're surprised Risley hasn't collapsed carrying the weight of Taco Tuesdays. **5/5 MARTHA'S**

### **RISLEY DINING TOSTADAS**

Somewhere in the hellscape of Taco Tuesdays lies a golden staircase crafter by Risley Dining's Garry himself. He is literally the nicest Cornell employee we've interacted with. The best part about Tuesdays. **4.5/5 MARTHA'S**

### **CHOCOLATE MILK (AN APPEL DELICACY)**

If there's anything that can make us forgo the 1-minute walk to RPCC in favor of the five-minute trek to Appel, it's the chocolate milk. Long

live the choccy milk. **5/5 MARTHA'S**

## **A TIER**

### **GRILLED CHEESE**

It's very hard to mess up grilled cheese, and lo and behold, Cornell didn't mess it up. We're impressed. **4/5 MARTHA'S**

### **PINEAPPLE**

Pineapple is a hardcore fruit. It has enzymes that can actually digest proteins in your body. The ultimate "No u". **4/5 MARTHA'S**

### **VEGAN BURRITO**

They made a big brain move with this one. Since we can't really see what's inside it, we can't involuntarily recoil away in disgust. We see you, Cornell. **4/5 MARTHA'S**

### **SWEET POTATO FRIES**

Everyone's favorite Cornell Dining enigma. Often promised, rarely seen. A pleasant surprise to add to any meal. **3.5/5 MARTHA'S**

### **FRENCH TOAST STICKS**

NOT to be confused with the French Toast. This was infinitely more French and less toasty. Extra points for having true flavor. **QUATRE/5 MARTHA'S**

### **GUAVA AND PASSIONFRUIT JUICE**

Somewhere out there are hundreds of empty Caprisun wrappers. You ain't slick, Cornell Dining. But we're certainly not complaining. **4/5 MARTHA'S**

## **B TIER**

### **SWEET AND SOUR CHICKEN**

Knowing that American dining establishments usually serve the most americanized Chinese food in existence, we reckon we should've been more offended. It's not bad,

but we'd rather order take out. **3/5 MARTHA'S**

### **MARINARA PASTA**

It's Ol' Reliable. Soild. Consistent. Dependable. None of which can describe our grades this semester. **3.5/5 MARTHA'S**

### **FRENCH FRIES**

Inexplicably paired with the Asian food. It's like an all-you-can-eat Chinese buffet serving garlic bread (speaking from personal experience). But we still order the french fries anyway; sue us. **3.5/5 MARTHA'S**

### **CANTALOUPE**

Cornell does cantaloupe well. But don't go calling it an "assorted fruit cup" if there's only melon and cantaloupe inside 70% of the time. Any stats majors out there that can back it up? **3/5 MARTHA'S**

### **CARIBBEAN JERK CHICKEN**

The chicken is drier than a Zoom breakout room, but the mango salsa is the saving grace here. **3/5 MARTHA'S**

### **OATMEAL RAISIN COOKIES**

We're convinced that oatmeal raisin cookies were invented just to dupe people into thinking they're about to eat chocolate chip cookies. It's not bad, per se, but between every bite, we both can't help but think, "I really wish this was a chocolate chip cookie right now." **3/5 MARTHA'S**

## **CTIER**

### **CHAR-GRILLED HAMBURGER**

The hamburgers seem to always be served deconstructed, making the actual eating an arduous task. Maybe it's just a hipster thing? You can get

Tobasco if you ask nicely, which is always a plus. 2.5/5 **MARTHA'S**

#### **SESAME TOFU**

The Sweet and Sour Chicken's bland counterpart, always forgotten in favor of its more popular sibling. Basically the Noah Cyrus of the duo. 2/5 **MARTHA'S**

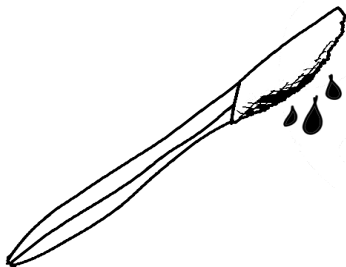
#### **VEGETABLE MELANGE**

You know how Play-doh is "fun to play with, not to eat?" We'd describe Melange the same way. Fun to say, not to eat. A solid backup vegetable when you realize all you've had is Nasties for the last week. 2.5/5 **MARTHA'S**

#### **SCRAMBLED EGGS**

We wish we could have said these were hard to \*beat\* but we simply can't. We never knew you could mess up scrambled eggs. There's what, two steps to making it? 2.5/5 **MARTHA'S**

#### **D TIER**



*Pictured: Police sketch of a bloodied plastic knife, found outside of RPCC. Campus Police saw a dramatic increase in stabbings this semester as a result of such widely available weaponry, provided with every meal. We the authors each have personal utensil stockpiles in our dorms. Next time somebody walks in drunk after a Thirsty Thursday at Donlon and tries to pass out on the floor, we will be ready.*

*Pictured Below: A group of recent campus arrivals sit on Rawlings Green, or as many refer to it, "That-Grassy-Part-Outside-Of-Appel" (because who \*actually\* remembers the name??) They are about to eat lunch, Monday's weekly treat of assorted "Asian" food along with a few haphazardly placed french fries that somehow made it into this supposedly ethnic meal. For now, they live in ignorance of how quickly this meal will grow boring. Ah, memories.*



#### **SEASONAL VEGETABLES**

Here's a question for you: is it \*really\* fair to call it "seasonal vegetables" if the semester only lasted for one season? Sounds like false advertising to us. 1.5/5 **MARTHA'S**

#### **SHEET PIZZA**

We love how they often call it SiCiLiAn sheet pizza, as if naming it that would add a "cultural" flair. But it's the same pizza you get from a middle school cafeteria. \*Shudders\* 1/5 **MARTHA'S**

#### **FRENCH TOAST**

Not to be confused with french toast sticks, this triangular toast is so \*blah\* you're forgetting that you're eating it. Kind of like listening to a Nav album. 1.5/5 **MARTHA'S**

#### **JASMINE RICE**

Every Asian grandma is rolling in her grave right now. We get that jasmine rice is less sticky than its counterparts, but eating this is like eating a bean bag. 2/5 **MARTHA'S**

#### **ETIER**

##### **MARKET FRESH FISH**

The premise of market fresh fish is

that the fish was available and caught near of time of serving. A shame that they all taste dry, grey, and, dare we say, frozen? 1/5 **MARTHA'S**

#### **FTIER**

##### **ASIAN NOODLE SALAD**

Like most of the F tier, some found it forgettable, others wish they could forget it. 1/5 **MARTHAS**

##### **THAT-ONE-TIME-THEY-TRIED-INDIAN-FOOD**

There's a reason why they only did this once. We'll spare the details. ???/5 **MARTHA'S**

#### **THE NO-NO TIER**

##### **TACO TUESDAY**

Cornell has ruined tacos for us forever. You will understand our point when you vomit in a dorm bathroom ten minutes after eating them. It came to the point where we actively skipped dinner on Tuesdays. It literally harmed our health, the completely opposite of what food should be doing. -5/5 **MARTHA'S**  
(PLEASE SEND HELP)



# DEAR RUTHLESS:

## An Update for my Devoted Readers

By M.D. '23

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From the Desk of Miss Ruthless,

To all my loyal readers, I would like to apologize for not replying to the many letters, emails, and telepathic screams of pain directed at me during the last months of 2020. As turbulent and terrifying as this year has been for all of you, I too experienced loss and struggle, and I just didn't feel stable and empathetic enough to offer you all the advice that you deserve to hear. I don't like to bring up my personal life in these columns, but my dear third-favorite husband Richard fell victim to the flesh wranglers. We're still trying to find the mangled abomination that now houses shreds of the Rich's old consciousness, but we lost it in the Foggy-And-Desolate-Waste-That-Once-Was-Called-South-Dakota. If anyone has any leads on where to find it, we would deeply appreciate it. Our sources say that it goes by [REDACTED].

With the backlog that I have, I thought it would be terrible of me to only answer a few and leave the rest

of you to flounder. Thankfully, I noticed some common trends in your troubles, and I'll try and address them in all the generality I can. Even if you didn't write to me, I hope you can take some comfort in knowing that you're not alone in this.

Back in the first week of September, only three weeks after my last column, the alligator-crocodile hybrids broke free from the Florida Containment Zone. Surprisingly, the worst casualties, aside from the poor souls in East Alabama, may our Divine Cyber Celestial Mother have pity on them, were relationships. Like Alex, who stopped trusting her girlfriend after she abandoned her post on the guard towers over the Acidified Hudson River, and Larry, who believed that his wife was cheating on him with one of the sentient alligators that moved into their compound, all of us took out our pain on the ones closest to us, and that isn't okay.

It feels hypocritical of me to recommend this, since I'm not the best at practicing my own advice, but it helps to see things from our partners' points of view. Alex, maybe Whitney felt like you weren't appreciating her ration card organizational methods, and that's why she left her post! Larry, maybe Gina felt sympathy for the poor newly sentient reptile who never asked to be born into this terrible year. I know I can sympathize with him! I ask you all to be charitable to your partners in this coming year. I know it's hard, but when your limited food stores run out and the fields are irradiated from the Xarlactex superweapons pointed at the Earth, the emaciated corpse of your lover might be the only source of calories you have to last out the eternal winter for a few more days.

Back in the second week of September, OH GOD OH FUCK WHO LEFT THE PORTAL TO THE SOUL FLAYER DIMENSION OPEN OH GOD OH FUCK THROW THE INTERN IN AND RUN FOR YOUR FUCKING -----

# How To Hustle Your Way Through The Pandemic, From a Guy Who Watched Wolf Of Wall Street Twice and Thinks Jordan Belfort Is Someone To Aspire To

Carlos Po '22

There are two kinds of people in this world: doers and do-nots. If over a million deaths worldwide, erosion of trust in government, and widespread mental issues starts smelling like serious money to you, then you might be a doer. Here are some tips to leave those do-nots in the dust. If you do these while cutting back on your Netflix, avocado toast, and heating, maybe you'll get a head start on those student loans and can make your daddy a bit prouder of you.

-Find a doctor or nurse costume (preferably a sexy one) and go into a bank. People will start clapping for you, and while they are clapping you can rob the bank.

-Trademark a few pieces of melancholic piano music and get round-the-clock royalties from advertising agencies.

-Make a single-question questionnaire that asks the reader if they have COVID. Include only one option, "yes I do." Congratulations, you have invented a simple, cheap, non-invasive COVID test that has a 100% detection rate. Profit.

-Whenever you see an article about landlords evicting tenants during the pandemic, go into the comments and defend landlords online until one takes pity on you and gives you some property.

-For a fee, advertise a customer's Soundcloud and/or OnlyFans account at local protests and rallies. (If you have a megaphone, people will even treat you like you're important!)

-Blood with COVID antibodies is worth a premium, but don't bother contracting the virus yourself. Instead, trick a family member or friend into thinking they have COVID, and when the placebo effect makes antibodies, extract it from them.

-Water down a bottle of rubbing alcohol until it's twice its original volume. You now have 2 bottles of rubbing alcohol. Crash the market with infinite alcohol.

-Create a new Twitter account and make thousands of celebrity death predictions for the upcoming year. If one comes true, post it on Reddit. Fill the rest of the Twitter account with ads for hentai games.

-Buy a lot of toilet paper and hand sanitizer, then contract COVID and walk through crowded areas until local officials start panicking and release an official statement.

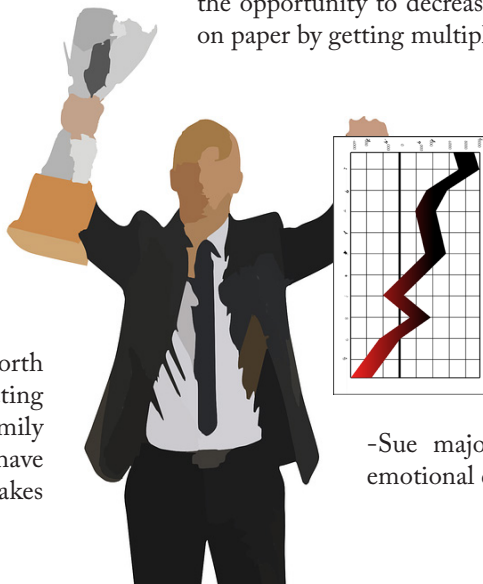
-Can you knit, sew, or duct tape? Face masks are quickly becoming part of a standard outfit, but has anyone thought about making ear and eye masks to protect from the more dangerous virus, the pandemic of FEAR?

-Take a short position on Pfizer stock. Either the vaccine works and everyone wins, or you make a ton of money and win.

-If you do not have COVID, offer local governments the opportunity to decrease the area's positivity rate on paper by getting multiple tests per day.

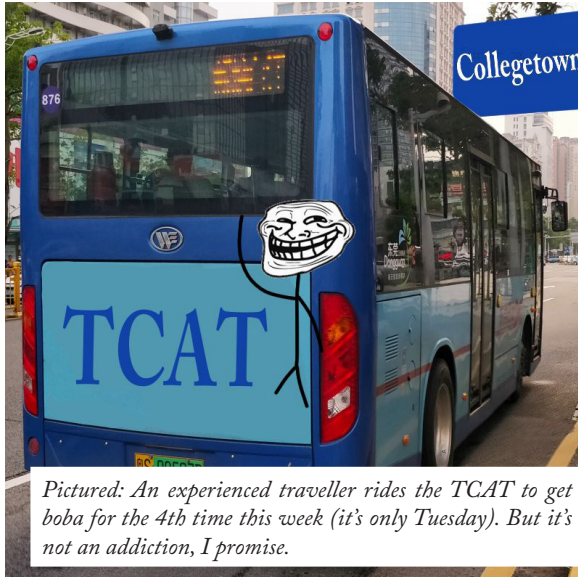
-Business owners, this one's for you! Make customers sign a form upon entry 'for contact tracing,' but include text in fine print that legally entitles you to the full contents of their wallet!

-Sue major news organizations for emotional damage.



# LimeBike Protection Officers Are NOT Your Friend

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There's been a great deal of controversy lately regarding the rights of LimeBikes. Namely, if you try to use, touch, look at, or think about a LimeBike without paying for it, how long should you go to jail for? Of course, everyone has different opinions on this, but I feel something needs to be said. You might know a LimeBike trooper personally. Maybe someone in your family. I'm sure they're great people. But don't be fooled. They are not your friends. They are class traitors, and their only goal is to uphold an unjust system.

Maybe some of them went into the LimeBike Protection Force with the intention of making the world safer for ride-sharing vehicles, but at a certain point, you have to wonder whether they take some glee in what they do. Why else would they do things like leave LimeBikes right out in the open and wait to entrap hapless students? Science says that humans share approximately 84 percent of their genome with pigs. I wonder, is that number the same for LimeBike troopers?

When any big decision is made these days, you ought to get into the habit of thinking, "who stands to profit from this?" LimeBikes are no exception. For those of us not willing to be suckling at the teat of TCAT, the only decision for members of the hardworking proletariat now is to trudge through snow, sleet, and hail to get to our classes, or buy a car and suckle at the teat of Big Oil instead.

And even if they can't steal your money, they'll steal your time. The minutes add up quickly. The extra time one could get by taking a LimeBike instead of walking could be used to discuss class topics with peers, shoddily finish last night's homework, write test answers on a piece of paper and hide it in your jacket, or even just assume the fetal position for a few seconds and hope the bad things go away. With LimeBikes out of the picture, academic stratification will only intensify. That 0.1 GPA difference could spell the difference between landing that CEO position on LinkedIn.

Make no mistake, this is blatant class warfare. More social safety nets are being phased out by the administration, one by one until they can have a complete monopoly on your life. Someday in the future, you might wake up in your Cornell© dorm room decorated with Cornell© pennants, drink coffee out of your Cornell© mug, and eat Cornell© ice cream for breakfast because it's been a tough night of studying for your Cornell© exams.

So, what are my recommendations? Here are some easy ways to get around while sticking it to the establishment.

Get really good at using heellies. If you live on West Campus, you can get back to your dorm from class in half the time while using half the energy. Don't wear a helmet, extra weight will slow you down.

The TCAT drivers have a blind spot in their vision from the driver's seat, and that blind spot is right above the tailpipe at the back of the bus. If you can cling onto the bus from there, you should be able to ride the bus free of charge.

Fill a few plastic bags with dirt and stones. Attach them to your belt and wear them whenever you're not in class. Going to your dining hall? Studying in the library or common room? Sleeping? You should be wearing them. When it's time to go to class, take them off your belt and leave them in your room. You should notice the difference right away. You'll also save on a gym pass!

Carpool.

And that concludes my dialectical manifesto. Stay strong, workers.

-Carlos Po '22

# I Ran a 5K Each Day This Semester and This Is How I Found Myself

By K.Y. ('24)

**Who says September is too late to achieve your New Year's Resolutions?** There has not been a single year where I have fully committed to my goal of gaining rock hard abs—like those of Dwayne “The Rock” Johnson, if you will. That all changes this semester: every day from now until December 21, I will run a 5K. I will track my progress here to keep myself accountable and to hopefully inspire my grandma who stalks my Facebook feed to take part with me.

## Day One:

Woke up at 4:20 AM to squeeze in my first run of my 5K-A-Day challenge before I had to Zoom to class. Why so early, you might ask? Well, the run itself took like 45 minutes, but then I needed five more hours to post about it on literally every account of social media I have. This includes but is not limited to Facebook, LinkedIn, CUontheHill, the Intro to Philosophy Canvas discussion page, Piazza, JSTOR, GreekRank, and Chegg. I'm honestly super optimistic about the rest of this challenge. Could not be more motivated to come out of this school year from Hell fitter and faster than ever before. 🍌💪

#NewSemesterNewMe#quarantine  
#cardio #pumped #glowup

## Day Two:

Yesterday, I slept in my gym clothes, running shoes, and mask so I would have #NoExcuses. Not to flex or anything, but I checked the mirror after I got back and was blown away by my physical progress. After sucking in my stomach to the point of hearing colors, I think I glimpsed one whole ab. But that

might have been a hallucination brought on by the dizziness. In any case, time to start my diet of salad, protein powder, and misery to maximize them gains.

## Day Three:

Not really sure what happened, but one minute I was on my usual route around West Campus and the next minute I was outside of Starbucks, wallet empty, no cash, and the entire display case worth of pastries in front of me. I accidentally—**ACCIDENTALLY**—ended up consuming all of said pastries. Did I mention this was a complete accident? **#IDeserveACheatDay.** Sue me, I was running on not a latte sleep.

#NewSemesterNewMe has been postponed to tomorrow.

## Day Four:

Bounced out of bed with a pep in my step this morning. Took a picture of the workout drip for the gram. Fell back asleep. I missed the TCAT and ended up sprinting to Uris before remembering that all of my classes are, in fact, entirely online. As any Cornellian knows, running up The Hill™ is the equivalent of running 3 marathons in a row, so I've exceeded any and all expectations.

#CornellCalves

## Day Five:

Climbed up and down the stairs multiple times today. Like, 2 whole times because the elevator wasn't working. I asked my floor mate, Stacy, who was walking with me while blasting music from her





phone, “does this count as a 5K?” She replied, and I quote, “yeah, it’s a Tuesday.” Y’all heard it here first folks: according to Stacy, who definitely, totally, 100% heard my question correctly, today is a Tuesday, and I ran a 5K.

### Day Six:

Woke up from my mid-afternoon nap at 11:58 PM to go running. Thought about giving up and going back to sleep but you know what? I pulled my ass out of bed and outside into the frigid air to start my trek around the block. Did I want to quit every step of the way? Hell yes. Did I let myself succumb to temptation? Hell no. Do you want to know why? Because the grind 🏠 in this house 🏠 never ❌ stops 🕒 . After a good, long while I checked my watch again: 12:02 AM. I’d been so focused on respecting the grind that I didn’t even notice that the clock had struck midnight and we were already into day 7 of this challenge. In one fell swoop, I knocked out two whole days of 5K work. The gods of time management and running bow to me.

### Day Seven:

See above.

### Day Eight Nine Ten

### Eleven Seventeen

### Twenty-One Twenty-Five

### Thirty-Two:

\*Shows up to philosophy lecture once\*

I mean, does anything in life really matter? According to my mother’s father’s grandchild, “Human Thought” is a hoax invented by the same losers who came up with this “time” phenomenon.



Thus, my “challenge” for self-betterment is a product of the human brain and doesn’t actually exist either. We are all tiny dots clinging to a floating space rock and no amount of exercise, hydration, or sleep is going to change that.

### Day Thirty-Three (Allegedly):

Time is an illusion born from human thought. Spent the “day” trying to dissociate into a vegetable. Because I have concluded that my new life’s purpose is to turn into a piece of produce, I now decree that to eat anything remotely resembling a vegetable is to commit cannibalism.

My mama didn’t raise no immoralist, so I will now be subsisting solely on coffee and Skittles. No, I will not be taking any questions at this time.

### Day Thirty-Four (but Who’s Counting?):

I don’t wanna talk about it.

#IDeserveACheatLifetime

#IfALifetimeWasEvenReal

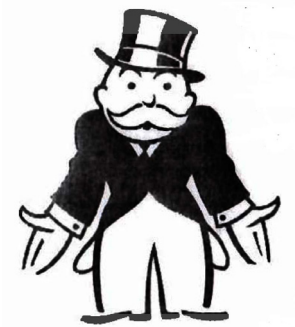
### Day ?????:

#NewSemesterNewMe has been postponed to next year.

# Three Unsolicited Opinions On COVID Vaccination

by C.P. ('22)

## I'm Not Taking The Vaccine, But You Fuckers Better - from Todd Llywelyn



So, it seems the vaccine for COVID-19 is dropping soon. Finally things can go back to normal, exactly as they were! What could be better? However, sacrifices must be made and risks must be taken. It's your civic duty to take the vaccine. Notice how I said "your" and not "our". I heard after taking it, I might be passed out on the couch for a few days, which is somxwething I definitely do not regularly do. I'm not getting the vaccine until 2058, when we're all absolutely certain that people who take it cannot die of anything at all.

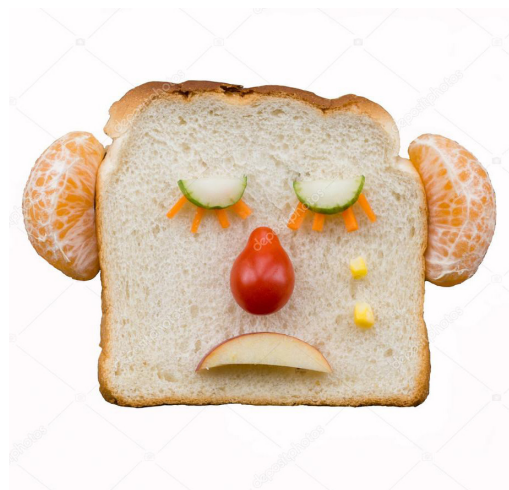
Look, here's a little term you might not have heard of, "herd immunity". Do you know what that means? It means a lot of people (the 'herd') have to take the vaccine as soon as possible, so that my unvaccinated self (the 'shepherd') can benefit without any of the risks. The people serving me at the dining halls better take it. My Uber drivers better take it. I'm just not going to take it so I can prove to everyone else that herd immunity works.

I'm not saying I'm gonna be stupid. I'll wear a mask if said mask is cool enough. I'll keep getting tested before, during, and after every birthday, rager, birthday rager, or senior citizen potluck I go to. But if everyone works together, maybe I can finally go back to living my best life!

## I Am Taking It Solely On The Miniscule Chance It Will Kill Me - from Greta Folani

Todd, I disagree, but I understand your position. I also want to pivot from pandemic-related anxiety to a more vanilla anxiety. However, if I may respectfully add, I think you're too worried about possible long-term complications. In my opinion, there isn't anything to worry about.

Most probably, you take it, and after the side effects and all the doses, you'll be doing a good deed by helping to keep the public safe. And, on the extreme off chance PfiModer-Zenica decided to cut corners and a biochemist was having a bad day when they put together that particular batch, and you just happen to have the rare ASDF1234 gene or something, maybe you'll just fall apart instantly, like in a LEGO video game. Either way, you win!



Like, what is it with you antivaxxers? What do you want to do, open and close the same apps and websites every day? Show up to and leave crowded bars alone on Saturday nights? You get to feel good about yourself and potentially not have to worry about financial aid or landlords ever again!

And let's take it a step further! Who knows what substances might have dangerous interactions with the vaccine? It's up to us students to help science find the answer. After I get my first dose, I'm going to down an entire bottle of Captain Morgan. Hey, statistical analyses don't work unless you have lots and lots of data points. If you're gonna be feeling shit anyway, might as well be feeling like shit, am I right? Maybe I'll sniff some petrol, too. Can the vaccine protect you from the bumpers of TCAT buses?

I plan to be first in line when it rolls out. Always remember, a good deed for a selfish reason is still a good deed.

## Honestly, I'm a Dirty Slut For Vaccines - from Roshan Elchin

Greta, I like where you're going and I agree completely, so I just wanted to throw my perspective into the mix. This is, of course, for the common good and all that, but I also think it's kind of exciting. How cool is it to be receiving a vaccine for a disease that barely existed a year ago? I cannot wait until I am sitting on that plastic chair and someone ties a rubber tube around my arm, telling me "take a deep breath". Hooooooly shit. It's gonna be fucking amazing.



Just imagine going home with that little mark on your arm. It's all I'm gonna be thinking about until my next dose. I'm actually gonna try to have another nurse take a video of myself getting the vaccine so I can watch it again and again every night.

I hope I can try every single vaccine from every single country, all at the same time if possible. When I think about letting that rock-solid needle penetrate my soft, supple skin, I need to change my boxers. I watch the news with a box of tissues. American, Russian, Chinese, even German vaccines, words cannot express how much I want all of them inside me right fucking now. I hope they swab me, I like a little foreplay. The first time I took a PCR test, my

nose hurt, but ever since then I've bought a box of Q-Tips and have been destroying my nussy every night, and sometimes the neighbors have to check on me to make sure I'm not being murdered next door.



I was gonna talk more about the scientific and societal implications of this vaccine, but I don't think I can do that properly right now. Sorry everyone, but I need to go watch IV insertion compilations. Be safe and have fun!



# 5-Year-Old Architecture Prodigy's Design Added to North Campus Residential Expansion: Another Example of Nepotism in the Ivy League?

By Alex Arbital Jacoby,  
Javed Jokhai, and Sam Weiler

Cornell University is absolutely thrilled to welcome its sudden influx of students from Earth 2—in accordance with new diversity and inclusion policy—but this spike in population has forced the administration to undergo last-minute amendments to the North Campus Residential Expansion. This board decision went unchallenged for weeks until word spread of increasing troubles at the construction site. Here at the Lunatic, we know best that haste often comes at the cost of quality, so we decided to investigate just what went on with those shady, shady architects.

Our first interview with construction manager Bob Bilder yielded practically no leads. At the time, Bilder could not speak to us, for he was too preoccupied filing OSHA reports for his several injured workmen—most of whom had superglued their hands together. However, he did let us examine the blueprints for the dormitory-to-be, pictured below. Our only lead from this was the architect's signature on the bottom left corner, "Jackson, age 5."



Just who was this mysterious architect, "Jackson, age 5?" We headed over Milstein Hall to check if any faculty knew of his work, but before we could enter, we were met by a sea of dyed hair and septum piercings: a mob of AAP students.<sup>1</sup> Interviews with the crowd revealed that their hostility came from none other than Jackson,

age 5, who is apparently the newest, youngest prodigy in Cornell's esteemed architecture program, and coincidentally, the son of Benjamin Dinero (B. Arch, '87). One of these rallying students told our reporter, "Why should this alumni's toddler get preferential treatment over a student like me?! I haven't slept in weeks over my last assignment! I'm already sick of my job, and I haven't even entered the workforce!"

But before we trust the word of some sleep-deprived artists, we decided to confirm this news with Mr. Dinero himself. In response to these allegations, Dinero defended his son's work, saying, "Jacksy shows an innate understanding of form and its relation to negative imagery. His work is the type that you look at and think, 'Is there even a building here?' And what is architecture if not the ability to create a space for oneself?"

Soon after, we managed to get Jackson himself on the phone for an exclusive interview. When asked about his passion for architecture, he stated, "I like buildings cuz they're on the inside and out." Quickly removing the phone from Jackson, Mr. Dinero concluded the call with, "Look, you're at college, you're here for a diverse experience. Some people think infants shouldn't be constructing dormitories; others do. Diversity of thought. The buildings were added to host new people, so I think we should all be inclusive and just let my little boy make his drawings, alright?"

Since this call, construction of Jackson's dormitory has ceased in accordance with the several OSHA violations reported by Mr. Bilder but will start up as soon as the crew manages to unscrew the cap for their adhesive remover.

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*1 Adjacent to this protest was a counter-protest of CALS students, who assembled in favor of this dorm's sustainable building materials: wet soil and popsicle sticks, as per Jackson's instruction.*



# Things I'll Do Once COVID Packs Its Bags (Along with an Amazing Cheese Sauce Recipe)

By Antonia Fauci



## Lick All of the Walls

It's been so long since I've tasted those asylum-like walls of Baker 200. Can't wait for my tongue to slide my tongue all the way down the Terrace Salad Bar's glass sheet barrier thing. Maybe the most exciting thing will be to lick those strange and confusing—but somewhat historical—paintings in Willard Straight once again.

## Play Saliva Pong

Gonna gather up some friends, or maybe just some people on the street, spend 2 hours spitting into 20 cups, and play some good ole' pong. We're back! Never wash my hands again - I've almost forgotten what it feels like to leave the bathroom and have that extra minute to spare.

## Give a Proper Greeting

Elbow bumps or waves from six feet away do not a greeting make. Before March 2020, new acquaintances got up close and personal, invaded personal bubbles left and right, and inappropriately touched each other's bodies without consent. Yes, there were some awkward moments when a new friend would go for a hug, not a handshake, or when they wouldn't lean in for a kiss on the mouth, but it was a more exciting way of life.

## Eat Green Foods

The recommended avoidance of green foods has taken a toll on my nutrition. Scurvy is real.

## Make a Cheese Sauce

It's truly so easy and so delicious. Please enjoy my special cheese sauce recipe (this isn't a joke, it's actually really good. Take it or leave it, readers.)

### *The Cheese Sauce that Makes You Feel Like You're Being Airlifted to Heaven in a Coffin Made Out of Labradoodle Puppy Fur:*

- Melt butter (2 tablespoons) in a medium saucepan over medium heat
- Add flour (2 tablespoons) and stir
- Whisk the butter and flour mixture until it is bubbly (about 1 minute)
- Add whole milk (1 cup) and turn up the heat to medium-high
- Whisk constantly until mixture is thickened (about 5 minutes)
- Take off heat and add, salt and pepper (to taste) and shredded cheese (sharp cheddar recommended, 1.5 cups)
- Stir the cheese until melted
- Enjoy with any item—preferably edible, but honestly, put the cheese sauce on your pencil and you've got a crunchy snack.

## Go Swimming in the Gorges

As you all know, Cornell has to suspend gorge access for students because of COVID-19 risk. Once Rona leaves, we can all dip our toes in the gorges and hopefully get sucked under the rocks.

## Talk to my Brother

Once COVID is over, maybe my brother will let me speak to him. Then maybe I can have my family back.

## Get a Facelift

Let's just say that the stress has taken a toll on this ole' biddy's face.



# Rejected Headlines

Elon Musk Tweets Doge Meme – Causes Tesla Stock to Skyrocket

I Got Absolutely Raped By the Unmerciful Dick of 2020 and all I Got Was This Lousy T-Shirt

Your Nussy and You: How to Prep Your Perky Nostrils for Penetration

Ryan Uncut: A Day in the Life of Cornell's Favorite Dild

New Report Shows that 5 Million Sourdough Starters Have Gone Bad Since March 2020

Related News: Why Do I Have Six Loaves of Bread Baked for Me By a Strange Man?

Joe Biden Tells America to Get Lit: Drunk Driving Declassified as a Felony

New Data from My Zoom Physics Class Suggests That 90% of Students Have Literally Never Seen a Cat Before

How to Tell if He's Ghosting You, or Just Taking a Really Really Long Nap

Luck or Prophecy? Cornell Lunatic Accidentally Writes Scarily Real Headlines Predicting Events That Occur Months Later

I am the Chuck-E Cheese Whistleblower: Ask Me Anything

Astrophysicists Confirm that Mercury Has Been in Retrograde for Two Years

ILR Students Storm the Wines Auditorium in Protest Over Social Distancing Guidelines – Martha Pollack: "Go Home, We Love You, You are Very Special"

Martha Pollack Impeached Over Statler Riots

Students Assembly Debates Constitutionality of Impeaching Martha: Lombardi Refuses To Testify

Top Five Books to Pretend You Read Over Quarantine

Three Quarantine Hobbies to Develop Instead of Having a Personality

Cornell Hockey Wins NCAA Brick-Breaker Tournament

That Time My Grandma with Dementia Accidentally Swatted Herself After Drinking 80 Year Old Homemade Wine: This Is Not A Joke

Local Area Woman One Year Behind on Quarantine Just Watched the First Episode of Tiger King

How to Step up and Own the Workplace as a Woman, but, Like, Quietly

Local Bisexual Leans into the Werid New Obsession with Frogs and Recieves Nothing But Frog-Themed Gifts for the Next Year

Lunatic Mag Locks Writer In Willard Straight as a Singular Person Content Farm (Sorry Carlos)

Cornell Student Who Got Blackout Drunk for All of 2020 Very Confused by What's Happening

How to Give Yourself a Quarantine Dye Job That Says "I'm Mentally Stable"

Cornell Physicist Determines the Velocity You Would Need To Die From Falling Off the Clock Tower

Cornell Moves to Impale Violators of the Behavioral Compact on Clocktower Spire as a Warning to Others

Secret Lives of the Chimes Masters: A Look at Living In the Clocktower

OP ED: The Daily Check Should At Least Ask Me How I'm Doing Before Hitting Me With All These Invasive Questions

# PRAISE FOR “EARTH II”



*10/10, a real horror  
show*  
*-Buzzfeed*

*Writers went overboard  
with the disasters. A bit  
unbelievable.*  
*-Rotten Tomatoes*

*Glad we aren't living  
through that timeline!*  
*-Metacritic*

*Oof.*  
*-The Lunatic*

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