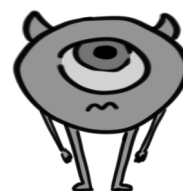


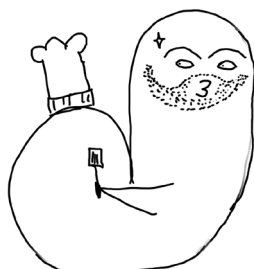


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Letter from the Editor

Dear human/non-human/not-otherwise-specified reader,

Gather ‘round the campfire and let me tell you a scary story. On a dark and stormy night much like this one, there was a vampire brooding in his castle. He was upset because his boyfriend, the Mothman, had been suspiciously flirtatious with a martian at their local gay bar, the Blood Sucker. As he was consoling himself, his old friend Bigfoot arrived to mediate a civil conversation between the quarreling lovers. Then they all started kissing each other passionately, one thing led to another, and they all lived supernaturally ever after as a spooky throuple.

The theme for this semester’s edition of the Cornell Lunatic is a bacchanalian smörgåsbord of all things monstrous, creepy, risqué, and erotic. Think urban legends, cryptids, aliens, beasts, ghosts, and creepy crawlies with a side of smut. For our younger/out-of-touch readers, this edition’s title, *The seX Files*, is a very clever combination of the 1993 sci-fi TV series *The X-Files* and the word sex (ha ha you said the sex word).

You, dear reader, are holding a record-breaking edition of the Lunatic. In Fall 2022, we created one of the longest (72 freakin pages can you believe that?), strangest, and most art-dense editions of this cursed publication to date. I guess this serves as proof of the age-old saying: “funny people love sex, monsters, and sex with monsters.”

In addition to creating a groundbreaking piece of media, this semester we at the Lunatic dove into our history as a publication with help from several notable alumni: our founder Joey Green ‘80 and a founding editor Jill Holtzman Leichter ‘80. They entertained us with many stories of shenanigans, hijinks, and buffoonery from the mag’s illustrious past. We also explored Cornell’s storied history of written humor with help from Evan Fay Earle ‘02, the University Archivist in the Division of Rare and Manuscript Collections. It was fascinating to learn about several largely forgotten comedy publications, including the Cornell Widow, a humor magazine that was published on campus from 1894 through the 1970s.

As editor-in-chief, I would be remiss to not acknowledge the efforts of all those who have come before me and those who are currently by my side. I owe enormous gratitude to our eboard, our writing staff, and our art team for making this a truly historic mag. Much love to all of you monster fuckers, cryptozoologists, and truly disturbed individuals; enjoy the jokes.

The Truth Is Out There,

Gabriella “I’m not going to say I find the spaghetti monster attractive but also I can understand the arguments” Cawley

Editor-in-Chief, 2021–2023

Contributors



Editor-in-Chief
Gabriella Cawley '23

Executive Editor
Joseph Lang '25

Treasurer
Lizzie Viebranz '23

Layout Editor
Max Battaglia '23

Art Editor
Ethan Carlson '25

Web Editor
Danish Qureshi '25

Sergeant-with-Arms
Carlos Po '23

**Writers, Artists, Monster
Fuckers, and Fucking Monsters**

Clara Enders '22
Olay Ajayi '23
Max Battaglia '23
Gabriella Cawley '23
Matt Dreyer '23
Carlos Po '23
Lizzie Viebranz '23
Mike Bai '24
Angela Bunay '24
Michael Carr '24
Ayesha Chari '24
Willow Martin '24
Shehryar Qazi '24
Ellen Berghausen '25
Ethan Carlson '25
Parker Piccolo Hill '25

Joseph Lang '25
Jillian Parrino '25
Danish Qureshi '25
Meredith Rosenthal '25
Adowyn Ernste '26
Kathryn Poschmann '26
Alisha Robbins '26
Izabella Tandlmayer '26
Christopher Walker '26
Rania Wanandi '26

Contributors

Chase Testwuide '23
Jiho Cha '24
Aroob Jalil '24
Nila Narayan '24
Joanna Terán '25



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I Felt the Slickness of an Alien: A Confessional

By: Z

Hello. Hola. Bonjour. Yöthēng. Thank you, my inhabitants, for joining me. To prevent the press or any of those fucked up Alien Roleplay Reddit users from seeking me out once again, I am going to keep my identity hidden and solely use the pseudonym "Z" in this letter to America. As the remnants of my summer continue to slowly spill out of me, it is time that these lies and secrets do the same. So it is with a great sigh of relief that I confess my extraterrestrial intercourse with Mhyark the extraterrestrial.

It was a hot and sweaty Thursday when Mhyark knocked on my door. At first, I was taken aback, for I had never met an extraterrestrial before, except for the time I saw "President" Barack Obama coming out of a sex shop in Brooklyn. However, my shock was quickly replaced with lust for I had just downed 3 bottles of Rosé, so I was experiencing what seemed to be the Nile River in my blue nylon tearaway joggers. Maybe it was the dirt on his face, or the tears falling down his cheek-like sacks of fat, or his enormous footlong erect third leg that slowly grazed upon my thighs and left a slick slimy trail on my pants, but I felt a sort of responsibility for Mhyark. He knocked on MY door for a reason. I was the chosen one.

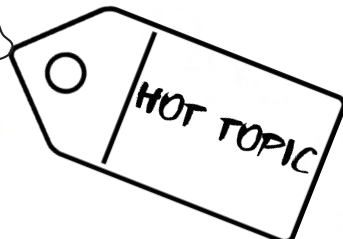
What would you do if an orphan showed up at YOUR door? Would you shove it down 16 flights of stairs back to the streets? Or would you let it gently nibble at your succulent and engorged breasts? It is only natural that I felt the need to take care of Mhyark, I could practically hear his poor weakened pulsations through my hand on his big fat veiny meatstick.

Now, it's a little bit embarrassing to admit to this, but I was half a virgin when I met Mhyark. Sure my back hole could fit three fists in, but my flower was not yet in bloom (unless you count that silicone tentacle I got at Hot Topic). I thought that during my first time, my head would be scrambled (unlike the eggs in my stomach), but the beautiful thing was that we did not need to speak.

Maybe Mhyark had telepathic abilities, but he knew exactly what I wanted... nay, what I needed. He turned on Pony by Ginuwine and miraculously pulled out a bottle of the finest lube: J&D's BaconLube. "Keep it sizzlin'". He put up two little finger guns, zapped my clothes off using his lasers, and got to work.

Now I won't get into the dirty details since my therapist already threatened me with six months in a state mental institution, but let's just say I can't eat solid foods for another year because the doctors say it will just fall straight out of me. But I don't mind. Mhyark did not only take my flower, but he ripped it off the stem, chewed on it a bit, threw it at the wall, punched it for a while, and then oozed on it. And I do not regret it for a second. I will never forget those beautiful words he muttered to me as he left my apartment. "Damn, bitch. You grew up without a father didn't you?"

P.S. - Mhyark, if you're reading this. It's Alotta Hwet Fagajna. I miss your big throbbing member. I've been manifesting your return... please come back. No one has been able to satisfy me quite like you have. I even tried using my swiffer, but it's just not the same. I need you. I'm at 3269 Lube Lane, Coxsackie NY. Don't keep me waiting too long.



Humanities Job Posting: Assistant Cluemaster



New World Order

Department of Conspiracy Breadcrumbs



Apply Externally

Hiring Manager: Carlos Po '23

Want to show your parents that your “useless” humanities degree isn’t as useless as they thought? Worried about how many experts in 15th century Cambodian Neo-Gnosticism are really needed in the job market? Know your feeble, jellied hands and nerves of wet tissue paper can’t crack a customer service job? Apply to the New World Order’s Department of Conspiracy Breadcrumbs!

It’s a common misconception that conspiracies don’t want to be found. We-sorry, they-love attention, and hide all kinds of clues in advertising and popular media for free thinkers to find! Why? Why not?!

Common duties include:

- Making sure all world leader’s names add up to 66, 666, etc. when converted to numbers
- Coming up with new scary numbers because 666 fell off
- Psy-opping the youth into using words like “doomer” and “climatecore”
- Weakening the unstoppable West by adding minorities to children’s movies
- Identifying spots on logos where random triangles or eyes can be inserted (Bonus for a triangle with an eye!)
- Generating sinister anagrams for globally relevant terms (the intern who came up with “DELTA OMICRON = MEDIA CONTROL” now has a full-time position!)
- Acting as a messenger between the World Bank, the Clinton Foundation, and Bobby Shmurda

Requirements:

- Proficient in connect the dots, spot the differences, and jigsaw puzzles
- Agree with the villains in *Monsters Inc.*
- Ability to work in a fast-paced environment that could explosively self-destruct at any moment
- Willing to work up to 80 hours a week during Superbowl halftime planning sessions
- Reddit moderator (min. 5000 karma)

If you’re accepted, you’ll have access to legendary benefits, such as:

- Limited access to the surveillance cameras that are already installed in your residence
- Entrance into productivity-weighted cancer cure lottery. Sick relative? Better put those numbers on the board, kiddo!
- Free mandatory neck-implanted HealthChip for your healthy health
- Knowledge of what *really* happened during 1 historical event of employee’s choice (Boston molasses flood not allowed, you REALLY don’t want to know)
- Admission into climate doomsday bunkers (billionaire servant quarters only)
- Ping-pong table and casual Fridays

(NOTE: No retirement package offered, we’re not making it that far anyway)

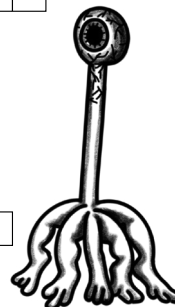
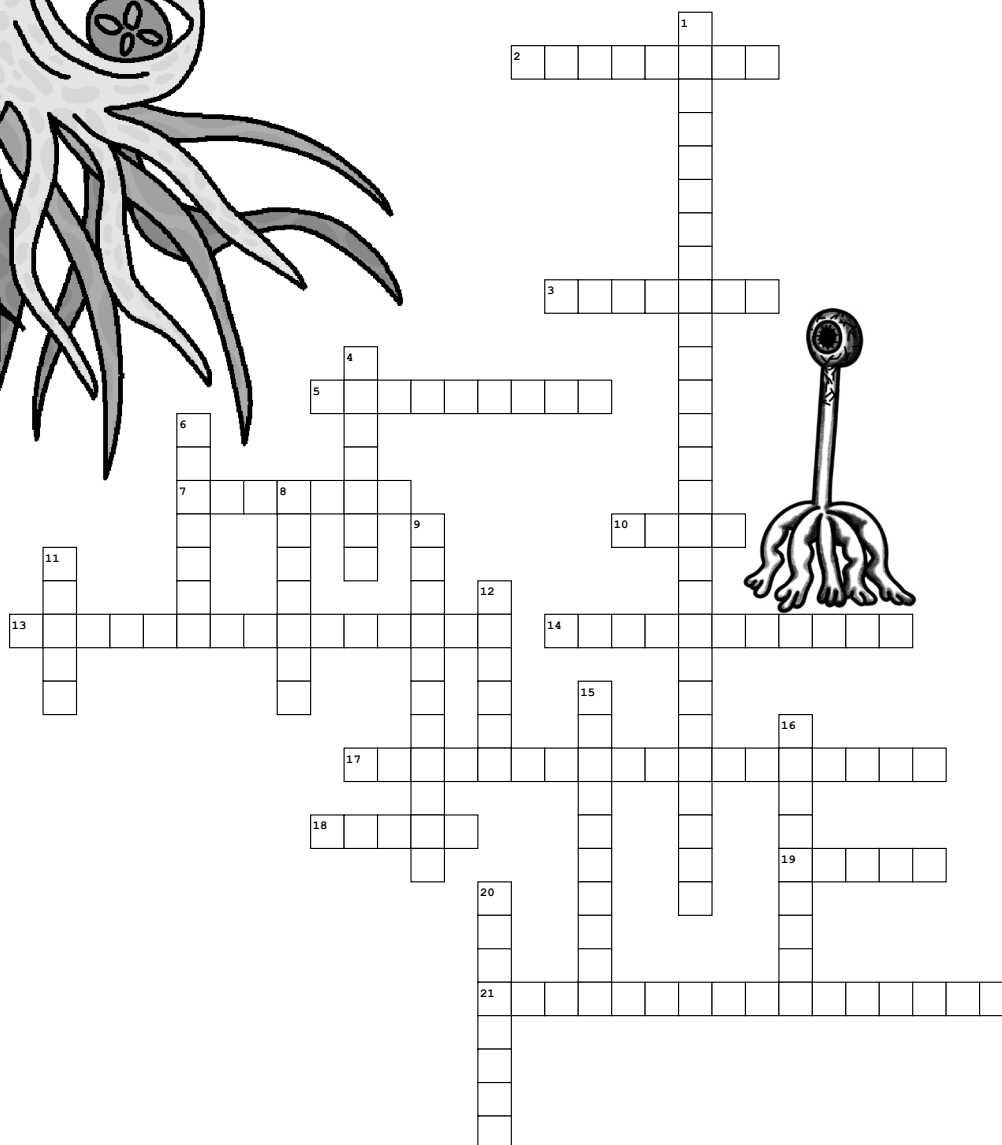
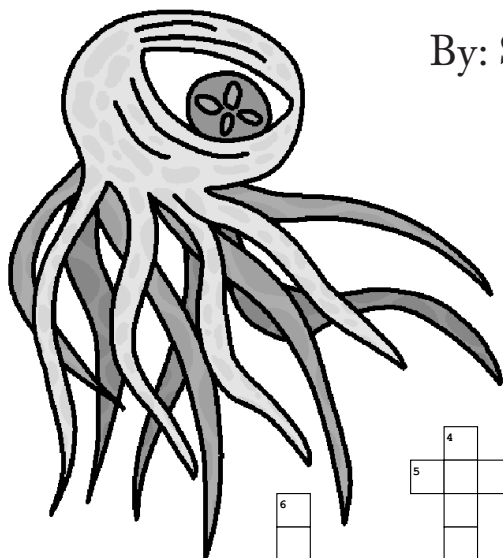
Employee Testimonials:

- “I admit, it’s overwhelming at first to work here. At first I didn’t know anything. But now? Now I know everything.”
- “Best summer internship ever. Until you’ve had a chat with JFK in the breakroom about the Better Call Saul finale, you haven’t lived.”

Sounds interesting? You’ve already been contacted. Or maybe you haven’t. Just don’t even fucking THINK about unionizing or we’ll give you a sneak preview of COVID 25. (Hint: It’s just zombies)

Word Search!

By: Spencer Roxbury



The following clues will aid you in figuring out which cryptids, creatures, and creepy crawlies fit in the blanks.

Across	Down
2. Smelly, hairy little guy from the Florida Everglades	1. Fraudulent inhabitant of Olympic National Forest whose main predator is 3 across
3. Friendly, fetishistic name for the North American Sasquatch	4. Cannibalistic spirit of Native Canadian myth
5. Aquatic subject of two different 2018 movies, one of which starred Rainn Wilson as a billionaire	6. The opposite of an Italian
7. Probably just a manatee	8. Fuckable fiend from West Virginia known for glowing red eyes
10. Abominable resident of the Himalayas	9. Spooky, mischievous subject of a 1982 classic film and a much worse 2015 remake
13. Celtic chap resembling a plesiosaur	11. Subterranean humanoid sometimes used as lawn decor
14. Draconic beast from the garden state with a legendary scream	12. Now that's a lot of calamari
17. Nocturnal California native with legs for days	15. Supernatural shapeshifters and the reason why you should never go looking if you hear someone calling your name in a dark forest
18. Casper, Danny, and King Hamlet to name a few	16. I fully thought this North American mammalian hybrid was real until I was 18 years old
19. Young Sigourney Weaver was hot	20. Remus Lupin
21. Katy Perry popped off on this 2010 hit	

Word Search!

Answers!



1 p
2 s k u n k a p e
c
i
f
i
c
n

3 b i g f o o t

4 w
5 m e g a l o d o n

6 v
a

7 m e r 8 m a i d

p o g p
i t o
r h l

11 g
n
13 o c h n e s s m o n s t e r
m
e

12 k
e a
r k
g e

17 f r e s n o n i g h t c r a w l e r

18 g h o s t
t

15 s
k

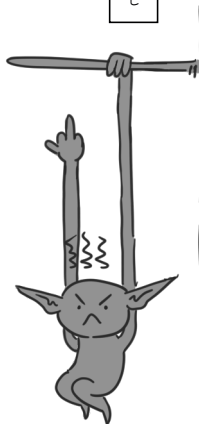
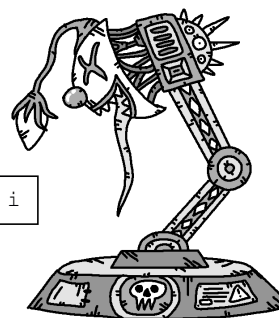
14 j e r s e y d e v i l

16 j

19 a l i e n
l
o
p

20 w
e
r
w
o
l
f

21 e x t r a t e r r e s t r i a l



Is My Boyfriend's Puppet Actually An Al**n!?!?

Ask Georgie!

he will answer?

Answers By: Georgie Gadsby

Dear Georgie,

*I hope this letter finds you well! Three weeks ago my boyfriend found an old marionette puppet (yes, the creepy looking ones that were probably made to stare at you doing lines of coke in the bathroom at the Circle K at 3 am) at the Goodwill bins. I love puppets as much as the next girl (which is not at all), but I believe the puppet is not what it seems. Its small stature and slimy texture make me believe that the puppet is really from outer space. My boyfriend has been unable to put the al**n puppet down and often includes him in our conversations. The puppet also makes snide comments about my appearance and my boyfriend claims that the comments are not his own. I find this a little disconcerting especially since my boyfriend is not a trained ventriloquist; however, I wouldn't put it beyond him to make crude comments about my breasts. During the day, his eyes follow me around the house as if to mock the fact that my boyfriend's hand is in him more than it is in me. During the night, the thing whispers to me trying to coax me closer and teases me: saying my boyfriend and I haven't had sex since he's arrived. My boyfriend has refused to let it go no matter how much I tell him it creeps me out! He's begun to bring him to work, and apparently he has also asked it for advice on how to "spice things up with butt stuff" and I'm afraid that if the evil is not quelled soon I will lose my man forever.*

Please help me,

The Puppetmaster's Girlfriend

PS: If this keeps up I may need a new puppeteer ;) Georgie hmu.

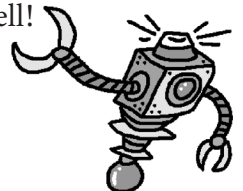
Dear The Puppetmaster's Girlfriend,

What a conundrum! I see and I hear all of your concerns; however, I think you have overlooked the untapped sexual potential of this situation. It is not evil that must be quelled, it is this puppet's unrelenting sexual urges which risk you the loss of your man. First, let's get something gay, it's the 21st century we cannot be going around throwing the A-word. The correct term is extra-terrestrial and I believe the poor guy may become less confrontational about you and your boyfriend's sexual habits if you begin to refer to him as such. Anyway, a solution could be to proposition your boyfriend's newfound extra-terrestrial friend to join you two for a threesome. From what I can assume, if your boyfriend is willing to dig through the Goodwill bins he is clearly unfettered by the fear of horrific diseases, so as long as proper human protection is used as well as a tube of Gamma-wave jumpdrive gel (trust me I know my shit), freaky human x human x E-T fisty power sex should liven up your relationship and could even open the door for you to make a new friend from a galaxy far, far away as well!

Always available to be a fourth,

With love,

Georgie



The Sex on Thursdays Dartmouth Doesn't Want You To See!

By: Martha Bollocks

As your favorite Sex on Thursdays columnist, it is my God-given duty to completely overshare about being fucked down in the parking lot of an Arby's in Columbus, Ohio to absolute strangers under the guise of journalistic integrity. But this is special: I come to you today (haha) with a creamy, juicy piece of a column.

It is only the result of a weekend of painstaking, meticulous research that I conducted over fall break. And by research, I mean being **** to a **** and ***** *****
***** **** my *****.

Y'all- I have seen horny. I have edited pieces about strange and unusual sex things: from furies and fisting to mutual orgasms with someone who you love and who loves you back. But in my tenure as a sexpert, I think I may have been beat. I have been beat by the Ivy League school everyone always forgets about when listing them off; the site of esteemed not-racist-at-all alumni Dr. Seuss, the woman responsible for Grey's Anatomy, and a bunch of other people you've never heard of.

It's Dartmouth. And I am pretty sure its the second circle of hell. This liminal space draws people in and then it traps them in purgatory in which their human bodies are only vessels to lure others into the netherworld through sexual favors. And as someone who visited Dartmouth and still has enough brain cells after the Four Loko to write, let me present to you my conclusions.

...

So here was the story: it was a Friday night, and after exploring the entire one street of Hanover, New Hampshire and going to the most boring party I have ever experienced, my drunk, chaotic-neutral self started scrolling through the hellfire that is Tinder. I, infected by the horny virus that pervades the campus, picked the cutest, least murderly-looking guy on there and messaged him "hey, I wanna make out with one person from every Ivy League school before I turn 25. I'm only at three, can

I add Dartmouth to the list?" Unsurprisingly (because of my god-tier game) he responded back right away, and there I was, ready to go.

...

The first conclusion I came to was that Dartmouth is only presenting the facade of a university. It was supposedly midterm season, but the libraries were desolate except for empty pizza boxes and hungover-looking students ordering espresso shots at 3 pm. Not one brain cell seemed to be amongus.

"I've only actually studied, like five times since I got here." My friend admitted, as I preemptively stressed about how to balance my varied and stimulating sex life with the four prelims I had next week, applying for finance internships, writing about my varied and stimulating sex life for the Cornell Daily Sun, and the overbearing doom of being alive.

...

"I've seen all my sorority sisters' tits. Everyone wants to be in my sorority." this girl told me, leaning closer to me in the driver's seat of her Subaru. It was parents' weekend, so every five minutes a fifty year old white couple would walk by and we would inch away from each other and try to hide our White Claw Surges under our seats. We had come to the conclusion (haha) that sharing 10 Surges was different than each having 5, for some reason that made sense at the time.

"You have like, really nice facial features. They look like, engineered." She half-slurred at me. While I was trying to figure out whether she meant that in a gay way or not, an incredibly drunk freshman wearing only gold body glitter projectile vomited in the parking space next to us. "It's bid night" the girl said by way of explanation, and leaned in to kiss me. She smelled like cigarettes and an energy drink that I think I'd had once before and had thought was very bad.

...

Here's some food for thought: How can Dartmouth at its core NOT be a cursed, horny institution when its buildings include: the incredibly-porny Channing Cox Hall, Cummings Hall, Bones Gate, McNutt hall (which is what all the boys call me amirite ladies) the F lot, and, of course, the classic: Dick's house?

In addition, 70% of the student population is in fraternities and sororities. Now, this may be partially because Hanover is in the middle of buttfuck nowhere surrounded by towns with names like Bumblesnout, Vermont, but there is absolutely nothing else to do on a Saturday night but throw up a fuckton of Coors Light.

And have you met a group of horny motherfuckers that deserve to go to hell more than Greek life?

...

"What is Dartmouth like?" I asked him when we met up at his frat, as a way to start a conversation, even though to be honest I didn't care about the answer.

At one point he said to me "you know Cornell is the only Ivy League with a double digit acceptance rate?" I wanted to retort back that he was a political science major at fucking Dartmouth, but I didn't.

I suddenly realized my horniness had been eclipsed by the fact I was really hungry. I told him this, and as I watched his single silver chain dangle in the space on top of his abs, I questioned my life decisions.

...

My sex life during my short stint as a Dartmouth transfer was an enlightening experience, from an anthropological perspective.

In college, I think there is a weird conflation between sexual desire and the general need to be seen by others as something aspirational and admirable. It's like that Taylor Swift song said: everyone's a sexy

baby. We just want attention. And the best way to do that is to suck something, you know?

...

Anyway, Dartmouth Boy said to me "Can we splitsies the pizza? I'm on financial aid." At this point, if I wasn't committed to the bit and he wasn't really hot I would've gotten up and left the cursed establishment of his frat house.

And then we had sex. And it was supremely mid.

"I'm going to smoke a cigarette now." He said afterwards. I stared at the row of empty bottles of Fiji water on his shelf and wondered if the voices in my head would ever get along.

...

"Hey, look, it's the frat I got banned from for doing too much ketamine in the bathroom!" the girl pointed as we walked across campus. After we had sex she ordered a pizza. It was the same pizza that I had with the frat guy the night before, and it tasted slightly worse this time.

...

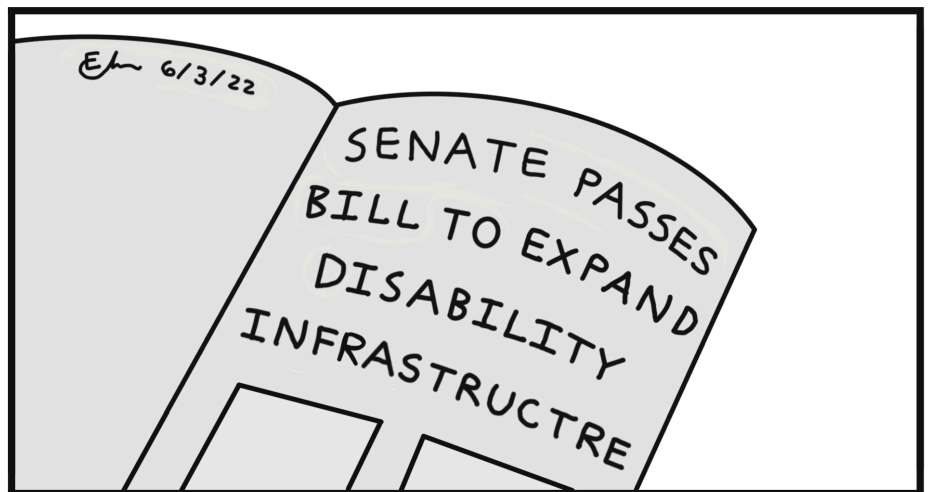
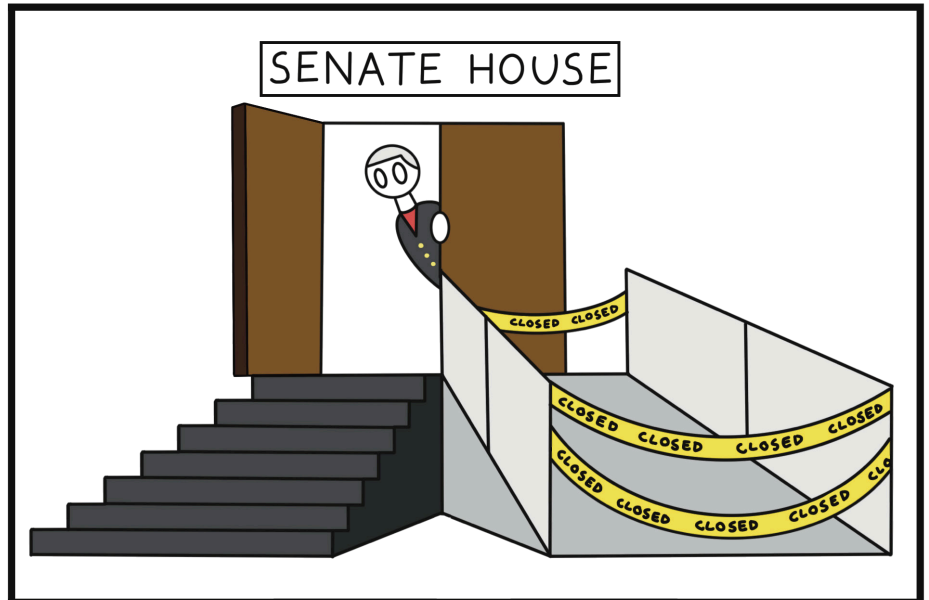
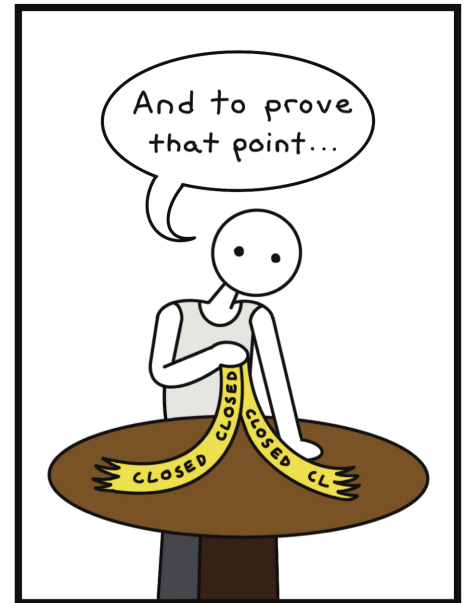
Do y'all know that time when the rapper CupcakKe swore she would never write horny songs again after finding out that teenagers were using her music as an instruction manual? Well, I think I've had that Come to Jesus moment now (haha). I never want to have sex ever again. From now on, my Sex on Thursdays articles will be exclusively board game recommendations and tricks for how to make a relationship work with only hand stuff. Godspeed.

...

The next morning, my friend and I went to the Dartmouth store and looked around. I found a shot glass with the college's signature shield logo engraved on the front. I decided to buy it as a souvenir of my recent debauchery.

"Do you have an official student ID for 15% off?" the nice lady at the cash register asked. "I'm a Cornell student, if that counts?" I told her, anxiously wringing my hands at the sheer amount of money I had spent on shitty pizza in the last 48 hours.

"No, it does not." she informed me. I nodded, and paid full price.







We showed this photograph to Mary H Donlon and Mary H Donlon got so happy and excited and glad and gitty and she could not even fathom this amazing photograph existing.

Republican Icon Mary H Donlon Shares Her Thoughts on Mary H Donlon Hall

SHE CAN'T BELIEVE IT!



By: MHDLuver

Liberal media tries to continue the “dorm assignment is random!” rhetoric, but the deliberate assignment of those type of people into Mary H Donlon Hall lets us know that the room assignments are the furthest thing from random.

Q: There is a rumor that you do not care about women since you are a republican. What are your thoughts on women? Be honest.

A: “No homo, but I am Mary H Donlon, and I’ve always been a huge fan of women/girls. I love women, so I am happy that women live in Mary H Donlon hall, and I am happy about Mary H Donlon Hall in general. Because I love women in a straight way, but I also love Mary H Donlon hall and I’m not lying.”

Cornell University made the executive decision to create Mary H Donlon Hall for those who resembled Mary H Donlon—the party girls, the alcoholics, the cokesters, the delinquents, the incompetent, the cheaters, and those who are all the above!

But why Mary H Donlon? Well, Mary H Donlon sure knew how to get crunk! Having won the “Most Likely to Drop Out and Become a Stripper” award, Mary H Donlon is wildly experienced in all things fun. Cornellians know who to come to when they want to have a fun (but also trashy) time.

When we were given the opportunity to conduct a short interview with Mary H Donlon, we knew we had to ask Mary H Donlon about Mary H Donlon’s thoughts on Mary H Donlon Hall!

(SPOILER ALERT: Mary H Donlon could not contain Mary H Donlon’s excitement!)

Q: Mary H Donlon Hall is known for being off-putting and low vibrational. What are your thoughts on that?

A: “Since I am Mary H Donlon, I am really happy and glad that there is a Mary H Donlon Hall where people can live and exist as well as do fun things like sing, dance, and coke.”

“I am Mary H Donlon, so I am happy about Mary H Donlon Hall.”

- Mary H Donlon

Q: Why do YOU think Mary H Donlon Hall got named after you, Mary H Donlon?

A: “I majored in ILR and people in ILR are known for going to law school and practicing law with their law degree from law school after they got an ILR undergrad degree. We also have to pass the bar exam which is really hard and I am happy that I passed and I am happy that I was in the supreme court because there are not many women and I love women in a straight way. My hard work paid off and Now Mary H Donlon Hall is named after me. They were looking for people to name Mary H Donlon Hall after and ultimately chose me due to my Mary H Donlon tendencies. I am glad they chose me because I love Mary H Donlon Hall.”

You've been drinking the Devil's piss.

Yeah, that shot of panic you just felt through your chest is justified. I know what that feels like.

I used to shiver when someone would point out the can poking out of my back pocket, but now I see it as a chance to spread my progeny— my idea progeny, that is.

Monster energy is the one true pipeline to enlightenment.

Well I'll tell you.

You can't skimp out and choose Bang or the Red Bullshit stuff—those will never work because connecting to the ether is more than a simple sip of any old carbonated electrolyte piss drink—it's about the spirit and the agenda of our holy elixir.

Monster Energy does incite beasts, it rouses them from hell to bless us with the opportunity of a lifetime!

Just imagine— Beelzebub, Bigfoot, Mothman, and the like, all brought forth from the nethersphere just to explore their nether regions!

The thought of being dogged out by Bigfoot and the like is titillating for the bravest of souls, but a lesser person would pale at the gory details.

However, I have an inkling that you, my dear reader, have a bit of an adventurous bone in you, and with the right amount of egging forth, you can join in on this marvelous gamble of mine.

First we turn to the scripture blessed unto us by the cryptids below: the 161 Things to Do at Cornell list. While at first glance it looks like a list made by the inferior magazine on campus, in truth, it is a crumb left behind by Lucifer herself on how to contact her. See specifically the sex in the stack line— in truth, it is a call to action on beginning the ritual.

Chant the words “fɪʃbɔwls ʒədneɪdæ,fɪʃbɔwls ʒədneɪdæ,fɪʃbɔwls ʒədneɪdæ!!” while shotgunning a cold can of Monster.

Watch the ways that your throat begins to feel alight, and your body moves in uncanny fluid ways.

Lastly, enjoy as the flood of underworldly cryptids and overlords flood into your dirty apartment, and put on your most charming garter belts to seduce them. It's an easy task, really, just put on your favorite Barney soundtrack and watch as those cryptids' loins grow loamy, lubricious, and lascivious with utter lust.

It's been in our faces the whole time, Monster Energy is gay, satanic propaganda.

By: E.V. '23

- 
- A black silhouette of a woman in a crouching pose, looking into a mirror. She is wearing high heels and has her hair flowing. The text 'u in the mirror' is visible at the bottom left of the image.

Cornell Roommate Bingo!

By: Danish Qureshi '25

Leaves their laundry on the floor	Up playing video games until 5am	Sleeps with a nightlight on	Sleeps with a nightlight on	Stares at you as you fall asleep
Wears the same shirt for a week straight	Often leaves the carpet feeling strangely damp	Repeatedly brings their friends over without asking	Leaves \$10,000 in your account every month	Cracks the funniest jokes you've ever heard of
Stares at you as you wake up	Has 8 (or more) canine teeth	General Odor (Free Space)	Has the hottest body you've seen	Cracks another of your finger bones if you misbehave
You're not sure how you never noticed their lack of pupils	Often leaves the walls smelling like rotting flesh	Has the coldest body you've seen	Twists their neck around and crawls on all fours to greet you	There's bumps on the underside of both your wrists
Everyone goes silent when you mention their name	Their name does not show up on any documents or rosters	They're waiting for you even after you switched dorms	Brings you the same flowers you placed on your grandma's gravestone. The same exact ones. How did they get them? Did they follow you? Do they know where your parents are? Oh god. Oh god, oh god, oh god, oh god	Has a "Glass Half Full" mindset



Placenta: *The path to salvation*

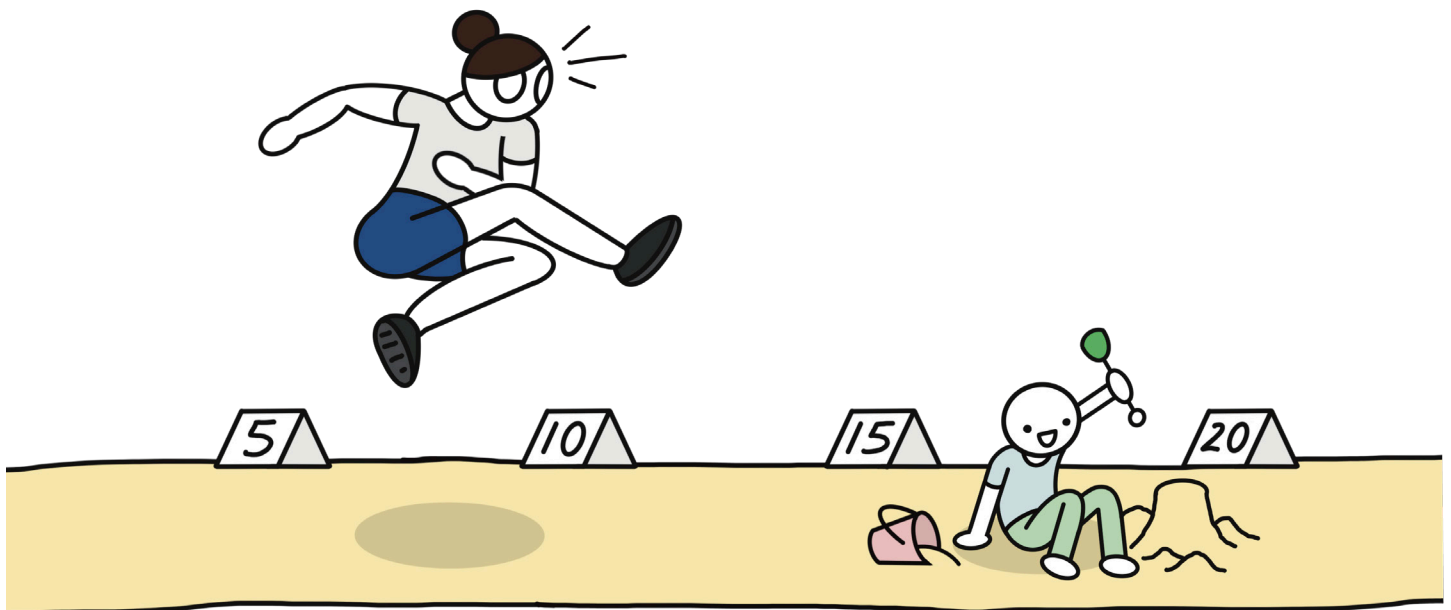
By: Joel Osteen

Greetings my brother in Christ. It's a glorious day, you have welcomed a child into the world after a long and arduous journey. While your average unenlightened individual may be focusing on the pain of childbirth, or the bright future of parenthood, there are those who appreciate the true purpose of this ritual: eating the placenta. Shortly after delivering your child, the snack of a lifetime is within your grasp. Now some of you may associate this with former Vice President Dan Quayle and other assorted loons, but perhaps you should reconsider your abhorrent biases. There is no better celebration of childbirth than consuming the very organ that sustained your newborn. The nutrition, the flavor, the holiness, who could possibly resist? To dispel any doubts, let's look at our instinct driven canine friends, who are known to never miss out on this opportunity. No matter how much those puppies cry or beg for food, the mother eats her placenta first. In fact, a Cornell University professor, Philip D. McCracken performed a study on this phenomenon. (McCracken et al., 1984) Fifty birthing dogs were isolated, and half of them deprived of placenta before consumption. Of the 25 tortured dogs, eight murdered their handlers, six mutilated them, and of the unharmed handlers, ten more have died in "accidents" ranging from polonium poisoning to being shot twice in the back of the head since. In the end, level heads won out, and Industrial and Labor Relations Professor McCracken was stripped of his authority and imprisoned within the Big Red Gulag 500 feet below McGraw tower. While we cannot tolerate similar unethical behavior in the future, the evidence is clear: not eating the placenta is an affront to god. We haven't even talked about the nutritional benefits! Rich in nutrients ranging including Vitamin D, antioxidants, and radium, the lifespans of placenta deniers are drastically shortened. As if this was not enough, I point

to a testimonial from our lord and savior, champion of equality Nelson Mandela. "A life without placenta in my belly is not a life worth living."

Unfortunately, not every human is capable of producing a placenta. While typical solutions involve culling these weaklings, there are alternatives. As mentioned earlier, dogs tend to react erratically when deprived of their rights, but other animals possess less capacity for revenge. We turn to mice for this goal. With a proper diet of lead pills, mercury, and Oakenshields, we can create a truly submissive being ready to provide a placenta on only a month's notice given their shorter gestation period. The age of industrial placenta farming is upon us, and those who resist their destiny will be stuck waiting 9 months for a small taste of heaven. While you'll have to wait to see my pitch on Shark Tank next week, there are ways to satiate your hunger in the meantime. We now look to humanity's foremost, Elon Musk. By efficiently impregnating his female subordinates (look up how many kids he has), he mastered the efficient supply and consumption of placentas.

Now you may still be wondering exactly how your life will improve by performing this holy sacrament. Well the obvious one is avoiding eternal damnation, but some of you hedonists want more immediate gratification, and you've come to the right place. But that's for another time. For further information, please ship a fragment of your placenta to Cornell University, 245 Day Hall Ithaca, NY 14853 to subscribe to our monthly newsletter, *The Placenta Digest(ed)*, containing the latest happenings in our movement. And be on the lookout for free samples whenever newborns are nearby! Amen.



TWO SENTENCE HORROR STORY GENERATOR

By: MeatWormLover33

Do you ever find yourself having trouble coming up with a compelling idea for a story? Well, sucks to be you, that sounds like a boring life. Fortunately, I've used my far more intellectually capable brain to design a story generator *for* you!

Although there's a highly advanced AI model running things behind the scenes, the user can manually simulate the entire process just with pen and paper! All you need is the provided manual, about 2 to 3 thousand pairs of dice, and a couple dozen spare packs of pens in case the agglomerative clustering algorithm gets too long.

The full manual can be found on my [Patreon](#); making this wasn't free, of course. Tier 3 patrons get special access to the Gemini model, which is trained exclusively on 4chan greentexts.

Here's some examples curated from the basic Scorpio story generator, to really pull you in:

1. I thought I was safe inside Duffield Hall...
// Until I felt Martha Pollack breathing down my neck.
2. "Running out of toilet paper is the worst thing that could happen to me", I muttered,
// Then a bat flew in and gave me dick-rabies.
3. I was minding my own business, crossing Feeney Way (Formerly East Ave.),
// When suddenly a giant foot stomped on me. A large foot. A really dirty, hairy, dis-- [[Force stop]]

>Author's Note: Sorry about that. Inappropriate responses will be removed in the final release.
4. I was surprised at how well my first date was going!
// Until I felt Martha Pollack breathing down my neck.
5. When I opened my prelim, I was surprised by what I saw.
// Not for long.
6. I realized, too late, why the toilet wasn't flushing.
// A mass of hundreds of grease-stained, calloused-- [[Force stop]]

>Author's Note: It did it again. I really apologize.
7. For the rest of the day, I collapsed into sobs.
// My girlfriend was a snake this whole time, and thus had no feet.

>Author's Note: I... don't know if this counts.
8. I woke up, feeling refreshed, ready to start the day.
// It wasn't until hours later that I realized I was dreaming, and in a coma, and actually dead, and the reincarnation of the Antichrist, and abducted by aliens, and secretly a robot, and publicly a nudist, and-- [[Force stop]]
9. I saw Shia LaBeouf at the door.
// Ahhhhhhhh shit
10. I quivered atop my silk sheets, trembling with anticipation, watching the sole of his vile foot ready to pounce into my mouth.
// He stopped midway, packed his bags, and left, never to be seen again.

>Author's Note: That's what you get, freak

In other news, I have decided to burn all copies of the manual.

TOUCHDOWN THE BEAR?

BY: DADDY DILDO

We all know and adore Touchdown the Bear:

The scruffiness of his synthetic, polyester suit...

The confidence with which he storms onto the field, ready to shake his furry ass in front of all 10 of Cornell's football fans...

His inability to realize when to stop cheering on a team losing 55-0...

But have you ever seen the man *inside* the bear?

Neither have I.

I think it's time we uncover the man beneath the costume, and truly appreciate him for who he is— a sexy, animalistic **extraterrestrial** with an absolutely fuckable aura.

I know what you're thinking: "extraterrestrial? There's no way. He's definitely just some sweaty engineering major who hasn't showered in a week and had nothing better to do on a Saturday than kick it in a soggy, pungent bear costume." Normally, I would agree with you.

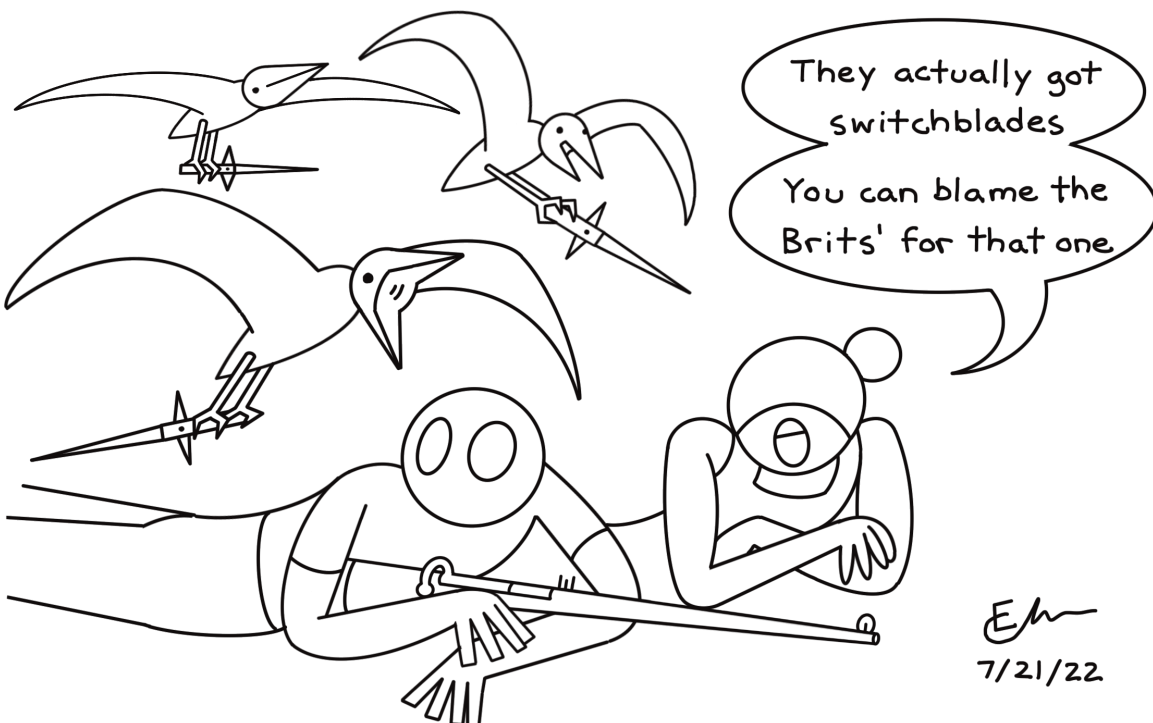
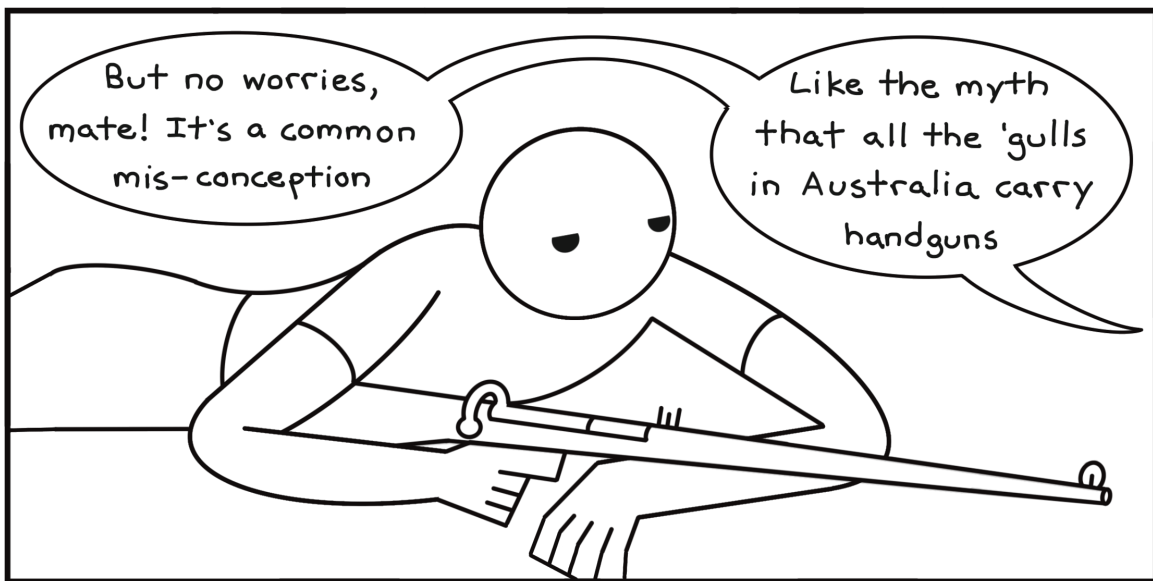
However, the evidence is stacked against this. Touchdown is an alien. And I'm here to tell the world.

EVIDENCE THAT TOUCHDOWN IS IN FACT AN EXTRATERRESTRIAL:

1. TOUCHDOWN rearranged= UNDO CHOW T→ meaning: **UNDO** these rumors you are **CHOW**ing down on, for I am not an alien, **Totally**. Suspicious.
2. Touchdown has been seen on numerous occasions colluding with none other than Martha Pollack. A **KNOWN** extraterrestrial. Have you ever seen her blink before? Me neither. Boom. Extraterrestrial BFFS.
3. He just is.
4. He is so damn sexy. The way he plunges to the ground into a near perfect 180 split in that seductive, hairy rat costume has got me feeling some type of way. No human person could turn me on like that. This man has got my panties feeling like they were soaked in BeeBee lake for a week. No human man has ever turned me on before, but he has got me wrapped around his paw. All I want is for that big wooly dick of his to be crammed so far up my...oops, I got carried away. Regardless, there's no way he's human. If he is, I'm gonna need a therapist.

In conclusion, Touchdown is an extraterrestrial, I'm horny, and Cornell is lying to us.





One Night Stand

By: Anonymous

I don't know how I ever fell for an absolute corny dumbass like him. Maybe it was the really pained look in his eyes that activated something inside of me whenever we locked eyes in our government major seminar about China-US security issues. Maybe it was the way he dressed, his long baggy shirts with the khaki pants and off-brand jordans. Or the heart-shaped outline shaved onto the front left of his head. But the more I think about it I think it was the way he talked. His way with words, so to speak.

I remember the time when I first talked to him outside class. The friday had been fucking stressful for me, and the last thing I wanted to talk about was US security interests in east asia for 3 hours with 10 ben shapiro clones getting into pissing contexts with one another about particular clauses in security agreements and arguing for an absolute need to nuke china to preserve democracy or something. I will admit, I was at my breaking point but the only way from the bottom is up, and I think I thought of him as an up. I gathered my books in a hurry and tried to rush out of morrill but then I locked eyes with him for what felt like an eternity. Those sensitive, pained "hey baby will you fix me" eyes.

Eternity came to an end with him saying "Sweat pants, hair tied, chillin' with no make-up on/That's when you're the prettiest, I hope that you don't take it wrong". At first, I was a bit bemused. Who the fuck talks like this? But something inside of me was touched, or maybe that was the only nice thing I had heard from a man in weeks. I think I might've blushed. He introduced himself. Dake Gaham. Dake for short. That's a pretty name I thought. I introduced myself and thanked him for his kind words. He laughed. That near-guttural "ha ha ha" that I had always found sort of sexy everytime he chuckled in class when Steven Peterson could pull out apocalyptic Bible verses to argue that Xi Jinping was the devil himself. He asked what I was doing on the weekend. Maybe work, maybe moonies with friends, I replied. He laughed, that rumbling "ha ha ha" again. "Saturday, call the girls, get 'em gassed up" he whispered sweetly in a motown inspired yet distinctively contemporary croon. I admit I was getting interested in him at that point, so my "what are you doing this weekend" was more of a signal of that rather than a polite question. "Workin' on a weekend like usual"

"Oh haha in that case maybe we could exchange IGs or something"

Yes, I know.

He said sure and I gave him mine. He said he'll text me later in the day and I eagerly waited. Sure enough, 4 hours later I got the notification that "sangria_papi" had requested to follow me. I accepted. I checked out his instagram. Pretty typical, a picture with friends captioned "started from the bottom now we here", a highlighted story of him driving in a car at night blasting sad R&B with VIEWS FROM THE 6 written loudly over the video, a basketball photoshoot captioned "bench players talking like starters I hate it". A few minutes later I saw that preview that he had sent me something, and I admit I opened it instantly. It was me at junior prom 2 years ago, with a message from him.

"High school pics you was even bad then"

"Compelling lede"-I messaged back

READER ACTIVITY: DO YOU WANT TO HAVE SEX WITH THIS MAN BASED ON WHAT WE KNOW OF HIM SO FAR ; CIRCLE BELOW

YES!!!! | FOR THE ONE TIME | ABSOLUTELY NOT

He asked if I was up to anything later that Friday night and I said no. He asked me to come over, and me having nothing better to do I agreed. Like two hours later I find myself in front of High Rise 5 (IT WAS A BAD TIME !!) waiting for myself to be let in by him.

"Heyyyyyy" again, that slightly guttural croon with distinctive R&B sensitivities.

"Haha, yeah long day"

I followed him up. At this point you probably know what's up. He invited me into his room, where every wall was covered with the face of someone who looked like him but not exactly. He asked me if I wanted some Sangria and I said sure that I'd have some. He poured me a glass and turned away briefly to pull out his phone. I sip the slightly warm sangria and cast my eyes over the walls. Yes, some affinal ties. Every picture was someone with a slightly different face, but the same heart shaved in the front of their head and general aesthetic. Kind of eerie, but not creepy enough to get me to leave. I glanced over at his screen, I think he might've typed about getting someone to drink sangria like its fucking water, but I was too tipsy to be sure.

He turned back and apologized, saying that he was just texting some friends. I asked him who the people on the wall were. He said that they were the friends he was texting. Pretty close knit group haha I said, again nothing but an earthquake would've gotten me to leave that time.

To cut a long story short, we hooked up.

It started slowly, his hand slowly sliding over my shoulders, and mine over his legs. The tension almost reached a breaking point, but he whispered "you toying it with like a happy meal" and pulled his dick out. I don't really want to write more specifics, but other notable quotables was him saying "I'm Game of Thrones with it momma" mid-stroke and him saying that he has so many chains he feels like chain-ing Tatum. I remembered I had some work to do, so I left and went back to my dorm. I spent the rest of the night not doing that and watching 2000s teenage dramas on repeat.

The next night I went to Temple of Zeus with Sophie and Kylie and saw him with his friends. I think at this point I felt sufficiently

de-stressed to find their similarities creepy. The heart shaped outline on their head. The really thick, well groomed beards. The off-white drip. I glanced at him, and we locked eyes again. But his eyes suddenly lit up in fear. His boys asked for the weather, and he, perhaps louder than intended, said it was “getting real oppy outside”. What, were we opps ? His friends asked for more specifics and said he just didn’t know how he could have fun “cause I just seen my ex-girl standing with my next girl standing with the girl that I’m fucking right now”.

I glanced over awkwardly to Sophie and Kylie, and excused myself needing to go to the bathroom. Of course, I just went back and sat on it till I napped. I texted my friends that I didn’t want to go out tonight, and I texted him that I don’t think I wanted to do it again. And I started to write this.

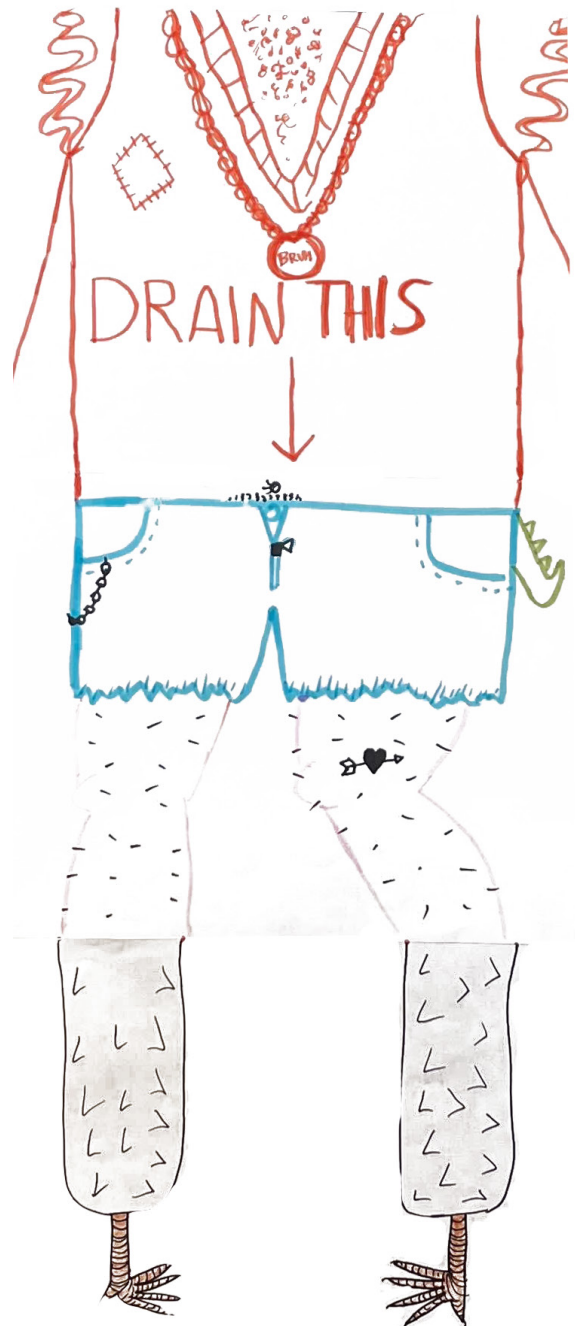
Postscript:

A few hours later I got a call. It’s him, probably off work I imagined. I made the bad decision to pick it up. I heard a muted bass sound start playing, with his voice over it gurgling about various frustrations he seemed to be facing. His words slur, so I ask him if he’s drunk right now.

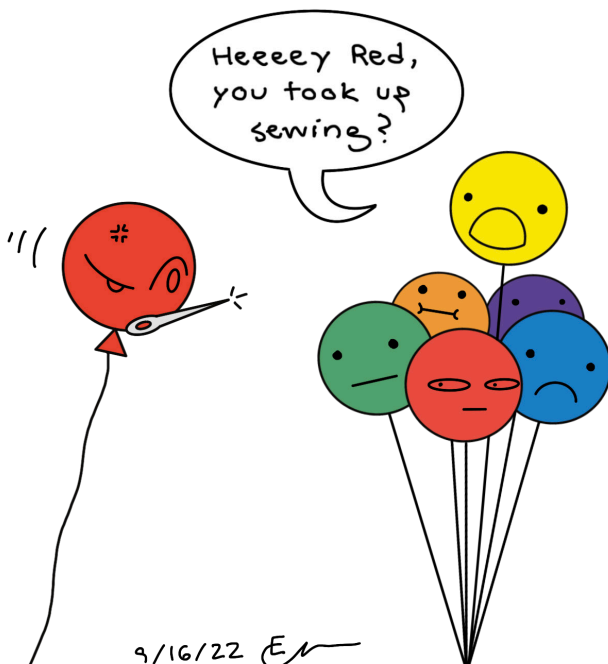
The muted bass spirals inwards and ceases for a second, his slurred pitch-corrected voice takes center stage:

“Cups of the Rosé”

Oh god.



IT CHAPTER 3: FAMILY REUNION



9/16/22 E

From the Files of the Containment of Anomalous Lifeforms and Sites (CALS) Foundation

CALS-3081

By: Carlos Po '23

CALS-3081 designates a 3 meter tall feline entity referring to itself as the "Tea Cat". CALS-3081 is capable of speaking fluent English and Spanish, speaking the former with a strong Brooklyn accent and the latter with a strong Google Translate accent. CALS-3081 has not been observed to require food, but enjoys a little salami.

CALS-3081 possesses two primary anomalous qualities.

- CALS-3081 is capable of procuring any substance consumed as "tea", along with appropriate preparation equipment and silverware, seemingly from nowhere. CALS-3081 is also capable of making these items vanish, typically after preparing and drinking its tea. CALS-3081 will offer tea to any humans in its presence. Tea has been shown to be entirely non-anomalous. (I don't care, I'm not drinking it. Test it on some undergrads doing research credit if you want. - S. Bose)
- CALS-3081 has anomalous knowledge regarding the Tompkins Consolidated Area Transport (TCAT) public transportation system. CALS-3081 knows the amount and location of all TCAT vehicles at all times, as well as details regarding TCAT finance and administration.

CALS-3081 appears content to remain in its provided enclosure. However, it has requested a scratching post (approved), a ball of yarn (approved, replaced weekly), and distilled catnip (immediately denied).

ACCESS: Weekly Assessment ■■■, ■■■/■■■/22 (Conducted by Dr. S. Bose)

CALS-3081: Hey, doc!

Dr. Bose: Hello, CALS-3081.

CALS-3081: Aw, how many times I gotta say? You can just call me the Tea Cat.

Dr. Bose: Sorry, CALS-3081. Standard procedure.

CALS-3081: Yeah, yeah. I get it. Want some tea? I got a kettle of Earl Grey brewing, and it's way too much for this cat right now.

(A whistling kettle and two teacups with saucers materialize in front of CALS-3081.)

Dr. Bose: No thank you.

CALS-3081: Always so serious, you guys. So, what is it today, doc?

Dr. Bose: I'm here for your weekly evaluation. Is there anything you'd like to report?

CALS-3081: Is there? It's the start of fall, and you know what that means! Freshmen with free bus passes!

Dr. Bose: Does that bother you?

CALS-3081: Bother me? You know what bothers me, doc? Unwalkable cities. Students giving themselves back injuries walking to class with heavy backpacks. Forests torn down to make more goddamn parking lots. That's what bugs me. Yeesh.

(CALS-3081 pours tea into a teacup and takes a sip.)

CALS-3081: Sorry. I just get passionate sometimes. You sure you don't want any?

Dr. Bose: Thank you, but I have to decline.

CALS-3081: All right, your loss. Oh, right! There's a parade in the Commons today, so the 30 is gonna make a few diversions-

Dr. Bose: Yes, yes, we're well aware, 3081.

CALS-3081: Just in case you were headed to Ithaca Mall. By the way, don't go to Ithaca Mall, I'm pretty sure the whole place is a bit bigger on the inside. Might want to have your guys check it out.

Dr. Bose: I'll let my supervisors know. So, you have to manage the bus routes? Does something happen if you don't?

CALS-3081: You don't ask the sun what happens if it doesn't shine, do you? I'm a force of nature! Plus, I like it. It's like a model train set, but less sad and pathetic, you know what I'm saying?

Dr. Bose: You seem to be very committed to your job.

CALS-3081: Of course, doc! I save lives! How else would people get from Appel to Goldwin Smith? Walk? Like a savage?

Dr. Bose: Interesting. So, you like being ridden?

CALS-3081: Woah there, buddy! Get your mind out of the gutter. That Campus to Campus Bus, though? With the leather seats?

(CALS-3081 growls arousedly.)

Dr. Bose: Sorry, 3081. Not happening, especially after the time you [DATA EXPUNGED] needed a whole team of auto mechanics just to [DATA EXPUNGED] which, I might add, rendered gallons of fuel unusable. As for your-

CALS-3081: Ha, that was a fun time! Listen, doc, I hate to cut this short, but the 30's been packed with North Campies all day and I'm exhausted. Could we pick this up next week?

Dr. Bose: I understand. Goodbye.

CALS-3081: Bye, doc! See you soon!

Update: As of █/█/22, CALS-3081 has been exhibiting signs of poor health, such as frequent coughing, fatigue, and alopecia.¹

ACCESS: Weekly Assessment █, █/█/22 (Conducted by Dr. S. Bose)

CALS-3081: Hiya, doc. How about some chamomile? I could use a good-

(CALS-3081 begins wheezing. A broken tea kettle leaking chamomile tea materializes in front of it.)

Dr. Bose: Is everything okay, 3081?

CALS-3081: Yeah, I'm all good. Just, um, "down bad" right now, as the kids say.

Dr. Bose: "Down bad"?

CALS-3081: You heard about the service reductions? They're really, uh, doing a number on me.

Dr. Bose: Please elaborate.

CALS-3081: Well, I'm the Tea Cat, right? When the buses are full, the drivers and passengers are happy, I'm happy. But I guess it works both ways. Things aren't-

(CALS-3081 has a violent coughing fit, then resumes speaking.)

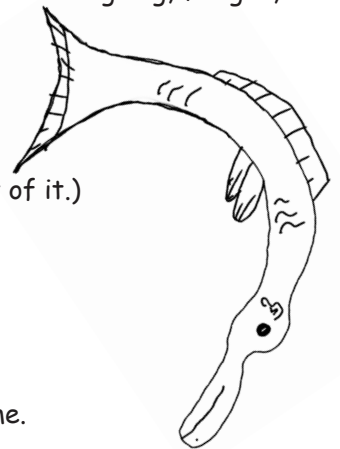
CALS-3081: -aren't so peachy right now. I feel it a bit already. I can barely tell the 81 from the 82. Services get cut, people think it's not worth it, more services get cut in response, and so on, until-you know. Circle of life.

Dr. Bose: Is there anything we at the CALS Foundation can do?

CALS-3081: Yeah. Better pay, open more routes-

Dr. Bose: If it's an issue of finances, I'll have to discuss it further with my supervisors.

CALS-3081: Come on, doc, I'm not dumb. We both know that's not happening, because what's really needed to attract the best and brightest is another dining hall. Or maybe a gym.



Dr. Bose: I'm sorry.

CALS-3081: Nah, it's not your fault. People think buses are stupid, anyway. It was a good run.

Dr. Bose: That's not true! I love buses.

CALS-3081: I know I was sometimes forgetful with the departures, and lenient with the arrivals, but I really tried. Could you let them know?

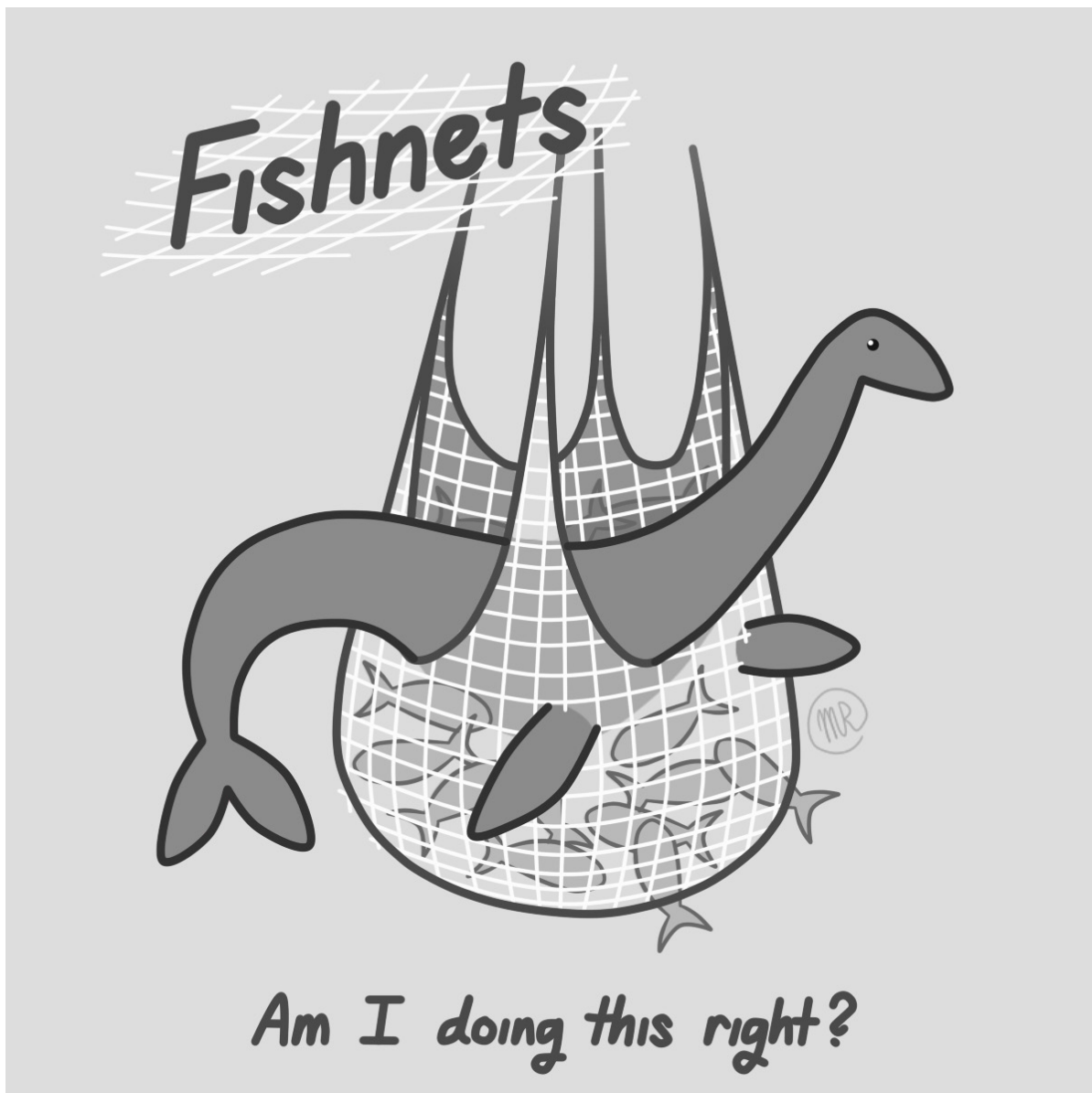
Dr. Bose: I will inform my superiors. Thank you, Tea Cat.

CALS-3081: Thanks a bunch, doc. Some freshmen at the Dairy Bar need to get back to North in a few, so I'm just gonna take a nap. See you soon.

Update: CALS-3081 passed away in its sleep █ months later on █/█/22. Status changed to Neutralized. All TCAT-owned buses now arrive an average of 12 minutes later than usual.

I'm gonna need so much fucking therapy after this. - S. Bose

¹ See W. Smith and C. Rock et al. (2022).





Lugol Vivo, Putin! - A Minions Review

Review By: Z

Minions 2015

Rating: ★★★★★

Date Watched: Nov. 2, 2022

Letterboxd Diary Entry: 3469

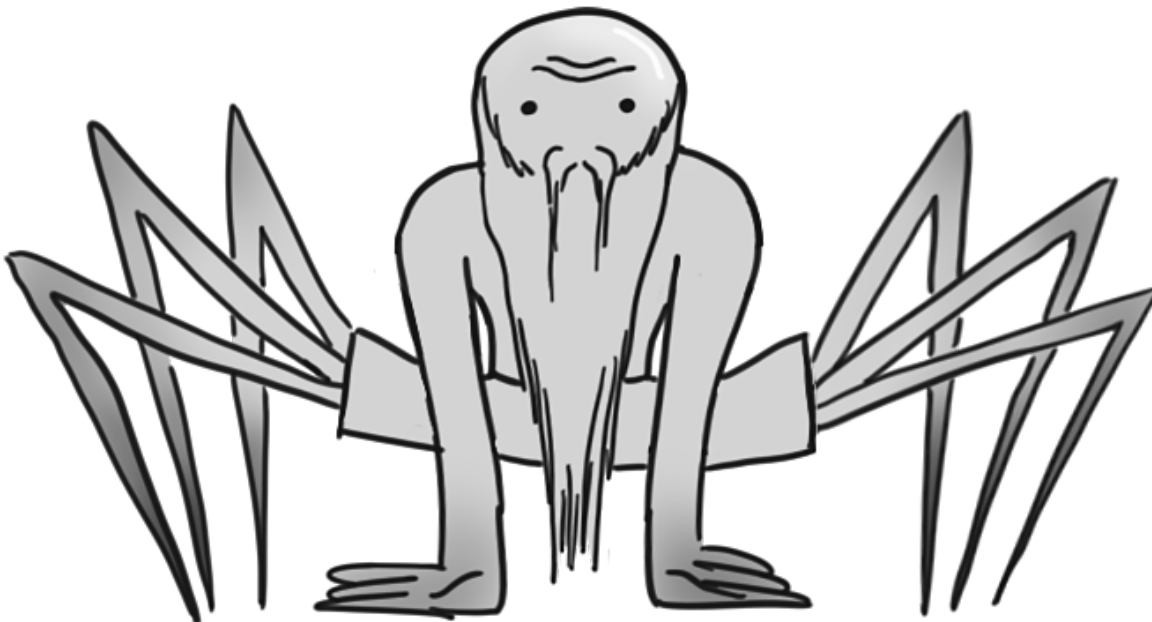
Due to thinking that I was not a stupid shit ass child, I refrained from watching the Minions movie when it first came out. However, recently, someone said that I reminded them of Gru from Despicable Me. Not knowing if I should get offended or not, I decided that I should see the movie to make my own decision of whether or not to dox them.. Un-fucking-fortunately, Despicable Me was a whopping fucking \$15.99 on Apple TV while Minions was only \$9.99, so I thought EH, WHY NOT JUST SAVE A FEW WEE LITTLE DIMES. Little did I know, I would be purchasing the greatest movie ever directed. Those stupid shit ass ugly diabolical children were on to something. Eat your own ass out, Kweñten Tarentëênode.

First of all, thanks to this movie, I managed to escape the cult of Christianity. An in-depth analysis of the Minions being the first long-term settlers on Earth and then following the evolution of the human race really spoke to me. Especially in the scene where they crucify Bob. I believe.

Dissecting the Minion language, the term “papoy” is an anagram for “opapy”, which is Latin for opaque. This is explained by Frege’s Problem: Referential Opacity, a certain inference rule of classical logic, sometimes produces invalid-seeming inferences when applied to ascriptions of mental states. For instance, “I have herpes. I had sex with my therapist. Therefore, my therapist has herpes.” Understand? NOW. Frege’s Problem can be applied to the Minions as: Minions are green and want to assist someone in World Domination. Putin actually once wore a green tie in 2015 and knowingly wants to assist Russia in World Domination. Thus, Minions are a well thought-out metaphor for Putin.

As a result of uncovering these marvelous hidden messages in the movie, I have made an attempt to learn the Minions language. It was not very hard, for I’ve got a psychic connection with those extraordinary thick plump sexy hot desirable thick creatures. Minions, asa to tup illzzz me, ka’d ko da tom pak ka dif admire tu trava. Bigo, asa to mo alga hep een globo domination, to kaylay nan fas. Ka’m yours revme.

It makes sense that Universal Studios would hide such a deep movie under the facade of a child’s one. I see what is happening. It’s here. The day has come. Those stupid shit ass ugly diabolical smelly short children were right. I remind them of Gru because I AM GRU. I was born to be the next evil leader of those green little denim-loving creatures. And I promise to do a good job. Lugol vivo, putin! Cabgoy revme, comrades.



I Escaped From The “Internet Celebrity” Spawning Facility

By: Carlos Po ‘23

“I heard Skimmy from DreamTeam said on a 72 hour Tekken stream that Brexit was “understandable”, then MZB challenged him to a live debate, but then before it could happen MZB was caught with a minor in his hotel room during a Smash tourna-”

Stop. None of this is real.

“Foxglove’s Onlyfans got leaked! After she got caught in 4k at the convention, her cuck “boyfriend” says they’re in an open relationship and she says it’s a poly thing but DMag’s video expose proves-“

I escaped. No one’s ever escaped.

The year was 2024. The sky is choked with toxic fog, the ocean is on fire, and people are still using the meme with Harambe in heaven whenever a famous person dies. I was grown in a vat to have a totally generic face and personality. I spent my childhood in the facility, and when people on Reddit told me to touch grass or go outside, I’d cry, piss my pants, shit, and cum. I found out later they were going to make me do “leftist Hunger Games streams”. Thank god I never found out what that meant.

From a single cell in a petri dish, they grew the Stans alongside us. I’ve only ever seen mine behind a two-way mirror for my safety, but once they were trained on my DNA, they would spend every waking moment thinking about me. They’d praise me, draw me as an anime boy, jabber endlessly about my eyes. “INNOCENT! CINNAMON ROLL! WHOLESOME 100!” Unearthly screams echoed throughout the hallways every night.

The conditioning. They’d play endless videos with names like “A response to recent events on my channel”, “To my fans, I’m sorry” or “A recap of the Twitter feud” on a loop. When we acted like shitty brats, they’d jolt our pleasure centers. It makes patients want everyone to be angry 24/7. Once the handlers started him on ‘therapy’, it took the sweetest kid in the facility two weeks to turn into a code-Rowling TERF.

We were trained to be the perfect conflict escalators. We could spark meaningless debates in the comments of a picture of a capybara. “Why a capybara? Why don’t you adopt a shelter dog instead? In fact, why don’t you adopt some KIDS instead? It’s the same level of commitment. The fact that you haven’t turned your room into an orphanage proves you’re apathetic in the face of injustice when it doesn’t affect you. Read theory.” Public meltdowns, grooming, slurs, allegations. By age 8, we had mastered them all, and were about to be sent to the top of the algorithms when I got out.

“Tomorrow I have to say anime dubs are Western imperialism. I can’t do this anymore.” My bunkmate punched a hole in the drywall of our room.

I was about to turn off the purple LED lights for the night, but paused to listen. “Maybe if you asked nicely, they’d transfer you to the ‘wholesome educational video’ department and you can talk about black holes and WW2 or whatever.”

“I don’t know how you’re okay with this. There’s got to be more to life than dumbass microcelebrity drama.” my bunkmate sighed. “I’m getting out.”

I shook my head. “It’s impossible. They’d sic the Stans on you.”

“We can escape out the window if we tie all our maid outfits together and make a rope,” my bunkmate protested.

But the alarm was sounded. “Did you know? Detainees are escaping,” said the robotic text-to-speech voice over the intercom. My bunkmate was caught outside the facility, seized by the tail of his fur suit and dragged off to God knows where. I thank Keanu Reeves that the shade of green I had dyed my hair that week happened to match the winter foliage. My thigh-high socks and cat ear headphones kept me warm as I survived a 20 mile trek through an icy forest on nothing but MUDWTR.

Now, I’m a soy farmer with plenty of grass to touch. I see my bunkmate’s 8 hour reviews of 2 hour movies on Recommended sometimes, but I can’t bring myself to click them. I’ve tried to put the heated gamer moments behind me, I know the moment I stop for a minute to check my phone, they’ll have me again.

Even now I have the reflex to turn a quick “sorry” when I bump a stranger into an 18 minute long video with links to products in the description. I see Stans in the corner of my vision behind the beanstalks. And in my restless dreams, I gaze upon the Youtuber faces that should have been left unrevealed.

LISTS FOR THE LISTLESS:

Berenstain Bears, Berenstein Bears, Gummy Bears, Gay Bears— How To Be More Inclusive In Your Bestiality Zoology.

By: Yuzed Dëaldo

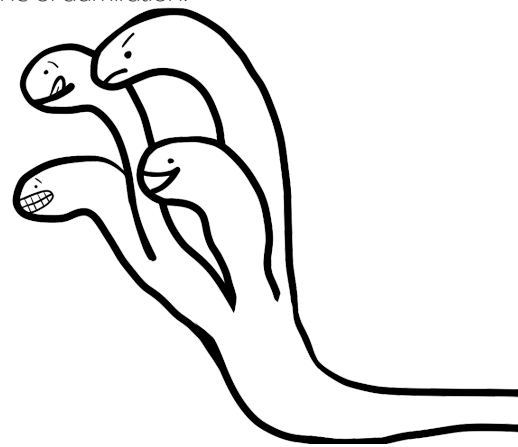
Part 1 of 4

Hi there friend. Now, you’ve sought out this list with sweaty palms because you feel ashamed to admit that you’ve discovered a part of yourself that you can’t quite come to terms with. You’re attracted to Bears. Before you spew out a slough of excuses, save the bullshit. I, too, am of your kind. I came to my revelation early in life, and I’m here to cuddle you through your own journey.

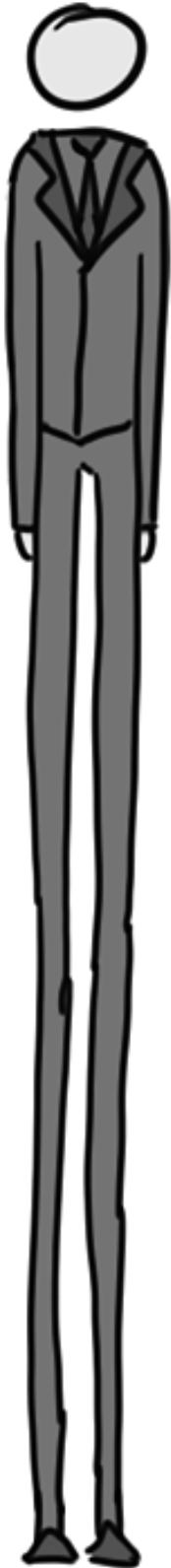
This list is a special treat for you. These are some considerations as you venture into this newfound, superior attraction of yours. Filled with hairy buttcheeks, dreamy muscles, and big D energy— doesn’t it just tickle your pickle?

In no particular order, here are some of the most tantalizing Bears for you to add to your shrine of admiration:

1. Sailor Moon
 - a. Look, she may not look it, but hear me out
2. MENI
 - a. Eww
3. HAIRY STYLES
4. Dream (Pre-Face Reveal)
5. Dream (Post-Face Reveal)
6. Touchdown
 - a. The uneven-ness of his eyes just adds to his charm, and getting too close to him at football games allows you to smell his sweaty aroma
7. Elon Musk
 - a. Twitter has made a turn for the better now that our Musky Man has become its overlord.
8. Sydney Sweeney
9. Patrick Star
10. Chuck E. Cheese
 - a. While a mouse, he certainly has the gusto to make you feel like a Big Red



cryptinder



Finn, 22

Tryna take a hottie to the lake
this summer
6 inches, if it matters



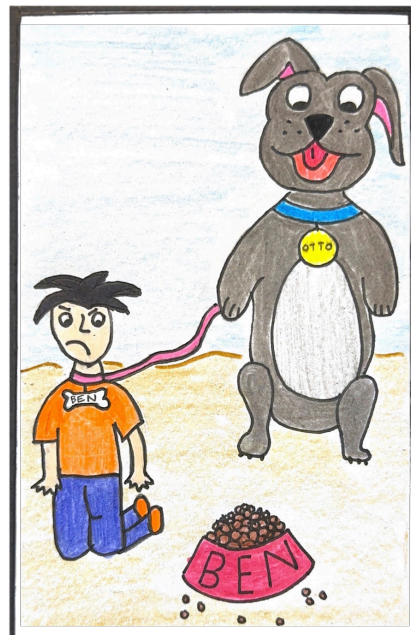
Chad, 24

In Nantucket for the week 
Blonde girls — drinks on me*
* my dad's credit card



Buck, 23

Shooting my shot
Bam-bi mine?
God, guns, country



Otto, 3 (dog years)

Looking for a stepmom for my dog
Don't give paw, just give head

DIHYDROGEN MONOXIDE IN CORNELL WATER SUPPLY TURNS EVERYONE GAY

By: Carlos Po '23

Shocking news gripped the Cornell community on Wednesday when a dihydrogen monoxide leak was found to have contaminated the Cornell water supply for an unknown amount of time, causing students and faculty alike to engage in outbursts of rampant homosexual behavior. An anonymous survey revealed that over 70% of students report giving the homies a goodnight kiss in the last month, with an additional 20% reporting an increased consumption of oat milk.

"Dihydrogen monoxide is a dangerous agent that can induce drowning in a laboratory setting. It acts on the body and particularly the regulation of hormones in a very specific manner," explained Artemis Cho, Ph.D and associate professor of endocrinology. I think this is the chief contributing factor to the recent uptick in besties cuddling and making out in a platonic way."

"This is no longer a rare occurrence," Dr. Cho said through tears. "Since the industrial revolution, trace amounts of dihydrogen monoxide are regularly being found in streams, oceans, and at least 90% of all rainfall. I've heard distressing reports that dining halls are washing silverware and plates in a highly concentrated solution of dihydrogen monoxide." She sighed and said, "It's getting to the animals too. Especially the nematodes."

We at the Lunatic hired a local chemical taster, Johnny "Thunderdome" Ackerman, to verify these claims. Ackerman has experience in tasting chemicals from asbestos to zinc, and can reportedly detect a drop of skim milk in a gallon of liquid mercury. We compensated him with a bottle of Svedka from our SAFC money. For safety reasons, Svedka is the only liquid he drinks. In front of him, we placed two glasses of water, of which one had been contaminated with dihydrogen monoxide. Ackerman was able to determine which glass had been contaminated 100 times out of 100. "It's all that crap they put in the water to make us watch children's movies with lesbians," he claimed. "I think this test just now turned me a bit gay too. I'm gonna go watch Steven Universe."

Several groups have moved to ban dihydrogen monoxide from campus entirely. "I'd move for a nationwide ban, but small steps," said Dr. Cho. "This compound is a global threat. Once we get all the dihydrogen monoxide out of the environment, nature can really begin to heal."

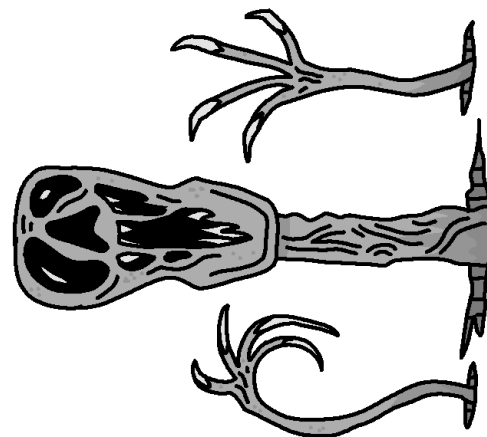
LISTS FOR THE LISTLESS:

SMASH OR PASS: Demons Edition

By: Yuzed Dēaldo

Part 2 of 4

- » Beelzebub— SMASH
- » Asmodeus— Pass
- » Martha— SMASHSMASHMASH
- » Danny Devito— Ehbbb
- » Queen Elizabeth— Necrophilia ASF
- » Bigfoot— Do the curtains match the drapes?
- » Wall-E— Rust gives my Cooter™ a warming tingle
- » Totototototoro— YES
- » Barney— GIMME GIMME GIMME A MAN AFTER MIDNIGHT
- » Coconut Head— If you can see it from the front, wait till you see it from the back.
- » Bingalee Dingalee— YOU CAN RING DING MY DONG
- » Eminem's Clone Replacement— Yes! YES!



Lessons In Allyship *From My FBI Agent*

By: RobertBaby45

I'll be the first to admit I'm no fan of the surveillance state. I mean, just look at my posts on my not private, in no way secured Facebook profile that uses my full government, legal name, provides a list of all my friends and relatives, and even shows you where I went to high school and who I went there with. I post daily Minions™ memes threatening the safety and security of Joe Biden due to his little "vaccine" plan and its ensuing embedded microchips. I know he sees them. I know all of his little cronies see them with their unfettered access to my laptop that runs Mac OS 7 (1991). Privacy is my goal and security is my weapon and I have no choice but to operate within their oppressive system.

Let me put it simply: the government is eating your data like it's a Golden Corral buffet. They don't want you to know this, of course. We're "supposed" to "think" it's just a "coincidence" to get targeted ads for my preferred brand of anal dewormer. How would you know that unless you are literally up my asshole? Except. They are. The government is inside all of our assholes. Right now. Your new iPhone is so cute and fun, but is no secure tactical match for my Blackberry Torch 9810 Phone with Touchscreen, QWERTY Keyboard, Optical Trackpad, 5MP Camera, Video, GPS, Wi-Fi, Bluetooth, and five versions of the game Breakout to pass the time. The good old days were the old SAFE days. And they were largely without Joe Biden.

For all these reasons, you'd expect me to stand ardently against the FBI's new monitoring policy, enacted after a "concerning rise in extra-terrestrial internet communications" threatened the security of United States intelligence. I get it, it's a double edged sword: I don't want them to have more access to me, but I also need to do my part as a patriot and let the FBI regularly survey my computer systems. They do it already, so why should I give a fuck? But this time... This time is different.

As I typed my daily death threats to the liberal media, I received a little... sweet nothing.

...And FUCK Anderson Cooper if that even is his real hi :)

What? What is that little sideways thing? I don't even have those keys on my keyboard. Anyway, I continued,

...And FUCK Anderson Cooper if that even is his real hi :) real name I bet it's hahaha

WHAT? Who's laughing at this? I'm telling you the truth about Anderson Cooper, and you're laughing. You're literally laughing. I've got followers waiting on today's blog.

...And FUCK Anderson Cooper if that even is his real hi :) real name I bet it's hahaha who is this? anyway Anderson Barack Hussein Obam interrupting cow MOOOO hahah

Wait... yes. Anderson Cooper is a cow. Obama is a cow. I don't know what's wrong with my computer, but I kind of like it.

...And FUCK Anderson Cooper if that even is his real hi :) real name I bet it's hahaha who is this? anyway Anderson Barack Hussein Obam interrupting cow MOOOO hahah Obama Evil Cow Man Cooper. Check back tomorrow for more correct opinions.

I power down my laptop and imagine the adoration flowing in from my devoted, America-loving, god-fearing disciples. But my mind wanders to that kind stranger, that like minded friend, who dropped into my post and somehow made my prophetic prose even better. I shot up: was this an extraterrestrial communication? Was I, the mouth of George Washington himself, deemed worthy by our future overlords? Yes! Yes, for sure, they must have seen how ardently I support democratic governments, and how I'll be a devoted supporter of the Alien Republic when the time comes. Maybe this is my second act.

The next day's post is a real doozy, just in time to warn my followers before the CHRISTmas season arrives.

WARNING my righteous readers, Hallmark (SIN!) has put bonjour

HAS PUT BONJOUR? Do you want to know where we don't put bonjour? In these United States of America, where we speak American. I write,

WARNING my righteous readers, Hallmark (SIN!) has put bonjour PUT THE GAYS (several) in their woahhhh

I KNOW. I AM ALSO SURPRISED ABOUT GAY PEOPLE. Me and this alien, man, we're gonna be buds.

WARNING my righteous readers, Hallmark (SIN!) has put *bonjour* PUT THE GAYS (several) in their *woahhhh* CHRISTmas movies that are SUPPOSED to be about FMAILY! *hey dude, can we rethink this? I don't know if this is the best take here. also u spelled family wrong.*

Rethink what? Am I not a free thinker? Am I not THE free thinker? No. No I will not be “rethinking,” I already thought once.

WARNING my righteous readers, Hallmark (SIN!) has put *bonjour* PUT THE GAYS (several) in their *woahhhh* CHRISTmas movies that are SUPPOSED to be about FAMILY! What about this is FAMI *look, i know i'm just your washed up FBI agent, but i think we can learn something here. gay christmas movies mean more people can enjoy holiday traditions and not feel excluded. what's bad about that?*

THE FBI? FINALLY CAUGHT IN THE ACT. WAIT UNTIL, JUST WAAIT UNTIL I CAN POST THIS. Wait. Huh. Enjoy holiday traditions? Like... keeping Christ in Christmas? There will be more people wanting to do that? And even if we live different lifestyles, we can still celebrate the holiday spirit... together? This could be an interesting proposition.

WARNING my righteous readers, Hallmark (SIN!) has put *bonjour* PUT THE GAYS (several) in their *woahhhh* CHRISTmas movies that are SUPPOSED to be about FAMILY! What about this is FAMI *look, i know i'm just your washed up FBI agent, but i think we can learn something here. gay christmas movies mean more people can enjoy holiday traditions and not feel excluded. what's bad about that?* EVERYTHING about this is FAMILY. PEOPLE COMING TOGETHER and overlooking their differences around a conifer and a ROAST HAM? OPEN your minds and think, sheep. *Ok... not perfect but better.*

This post got crazy traction – most of my followers had a positive response to it, but my diss on sheep actually encouraged them to become freethinkers for themselves, abandoning my conservative blog in the process to seek more inclusive ideals. That's all right, I'm working on myself too. After tackling the true meaning of Christmas, my agent and I are working on gerrymandering and abortion, even social safety net programs too. One thing I still will not acquiesce on, however, is Joe Biden. At least we both can still agree on that.

LISTS FOR THE LISTLESS:

Top Ten Quotes Said Moments Before Disaster (Number 8 Will Shock You!)

By: Yuzed Dëaldo

Part 3 of 4

1. No homo
2. I swear, it gets bigger
3. I got into Cornell!
4. I got into Columbia!
5. I swear footstuff isn't as bad as you think
6. Hear me out, Spongebob is kinda...
7. Okenshield's has really improved!
8. Something tells me that isn't cottage cheese...
9. It even doubles as a butt plug!
 - a. The Sham-Wow™ is so versatile!!
10. 3 inches can't be *that* big



One Night With Mozoroth

By: C.E. '22

It happened so quickly: after a drunken midnight stumble through Collegetown, the pint-sized gremlin I met under the Cascadilla Gorge bridge extended me the second-most coveted invitation on all of The Hill. No no, I wasn't tapped by Quill and Dagger – I don't come from generational oil money, I would cause irreparable maiming to my body if I played any varsity sport, and I have enough good sex to live without the circle jerk of being on Student Assembly. Instead, I got Cornell's silver medal: a hookup with someone with access to the scary gothic tower of QD. I don't know what it was that initially drew me to Mozoroth The Bridge Gremlin... his two-foot-four height, floppy ears stuck in a perpetual T-pose, the stoned, glazed over gleam in his eyes... If my furry, alluring lover wasn't traditionally motivating, I needed to at least commit to the bit enough to finally see the glory of the West Campus tower.

To be quite honest, I don't even know how Mozoroth got into QD in the first place. He doesn't go to class, has no extracurriculars, and he's got the motivation of a Hotelier whose parents just paid for him to be here. I don't actually think he's a matriculated student either? Mozoroth says I need to give him more credit than that, it turns out that being THE Bridge Gremlin positions you as a blackmail sponge for some of Cornell Elite's most unsavory gossip that they recklessly spew while walking over the bridge above. They'll invite you into QD just for you to Shut The Fuck Up To The Police. Bridge Gremlining is also a decent source of social clout. Was he implying that writing for Cornell's Funniest And Only™ Humor Magazine isn't? Whatever. I'm fine. I digress.

I follow Mozoroth's tiny, tiny little footsteps up from the Gorge Trail, past the Law School, starting towards the dorms of West. I'm so excited to be seen with THE little man on campus until I remember that in the shadows of the night, he just looks like a raccoon. It doesn't help that he stops along the way to eat bugs, and I gladly indulge myself too, just to show him how much of a cool girl I really am.

Through a full mouth, I finally breach the topic I've been dying to discuss. "So uhh, Mozzy, what's going on at the tower tonight?" I ask nervously, testing my pet name for my little domestic animal-adjacent hang. He pivots towards me on his three toes. "Don't call it 'the tower,' you insolent human female. It's the Quill and Dagger West Campus Obelisk Betwixt McFaddin and Mennen Halls, idiot." I kind of like when he's mean to me. "It's just gonna be a few of us Chosen Ones hanging out. Some of it might be weird for you, but this is just our standard Tuesday night kickback." Wow. He didn't even need the excuse of a date night to take me out! This is my chance to become a series regular amongst the tower – I mean Quill and Dagger West Campus Obelisk Betwixt McFaddin and Mennen Halls – dwellers.

As we approach Lyon Hall, I stare up in wonder at the Obelisk's shining green light. I can see the shadows of people – my future Brothers In The Quill – inside. They seem to be dancing strangely... cool! Mozzy speeds up in front of me, skitters under the heavy wooden door, and promptly slams it shut in my face. Maybe he's cleaning up and getting ready for me! After 5 minutes in the freezing cold however, I knew something wasn't quite right. I cough loudly for attention, and when that doesn't work, resort to a phlegmy-yet-dry heave instead. "Jesus fuck, you're still here? Fine, come up. Or whatever. God." That's fine. He knows I'm persistent and loyal.

Mozzy leads me down a dark hallway, I ask him if I could sign into the guest book, and he tells me Absolutely Not Because I Don't Need a Paper Trail That You Were Here. This was taking a turn for the "thing I will cry to my mood disorder professional about later," but all good love stories do. We approach a door marked "elevator" and stand around. Several silent seconds later, he says in a small voice, "I... uh... I uh, need you to open this door. The uh, handle was installed with uh, someone taller than me in mind. Bitch." How is he gonna be rude to me when he can't even open the door to the Obelisk elevator? Amateur. When I'm the initiated gremlin girlfriend of Quill and Dagger, I won't make these mistakes.

I open the door to an elevator that seemed to have been lifted from a haunted bed and breakfast: a creaky, metal door, cartoonish buttons, and one ominous light above. I watch the floors pass by and run my tongue over my teeth for any errant bug legs or fly wings. This is my moment. And I am the star.

The grates of the antique elevator reveal a harrowing scene on the top floor of the Obelisk. What I notice first is the stench: like body odor, low tide, and a Reese's Peanut Butter Cup all in one. Next, the sounds: vaguely like the caw of a bird of prey, the caw of a PetSmart parakeet, the revving of engines, the squelch of a sweaty kid on a slip and slide, all combined into a guttural moan. Finally, and most regrettably, the sights.

Oh god, the sights. As my eyes adjust to the faint green light, I see to my left the naked body of Martha Pollack with the head of Ryan Lombardi, making out fiercely with the head of Martha Pollack, attached to the body of Ryan Lombardi, him too naked. Attempting to avert my eyes, I turn to see the entire Risley Orgy of '99 in full force, except aged 23 years and definitely more saggy. Joining the crowd is the entirety of disgraced fraternity Phi Iota Sigma Sigma engaged in an elephant walk. Most upsettingly, no one seems to notice how radiant, outgoing, and qualified I am to be here. Maybe they're weird, but god, they're Elite.

Finally a familiar face emerges from the crowd – Touchdown the Bear! I go to say hello and he snarls at me. “What’s Touchdown’s deal?” I ask Mozzy, determined to maintain my uncertain yet relaxed, nonchalant, so cool with all of this, easy going disposition. “Oh, that’s not Touchdown, that’s his evil twin Feelup,” he replies, “they don’t let him onto campus anymore, so he just hangs out here.” I respond, “Mozzy, I don’t think they let any of these people onto campus anymore,” as the Human Personification of the Hello Kitty Porsche But With A Massive Tentacle Dick brushes past me.

Noticing my confusion, he asks,

“What do you think QD stands for, you anthropogenic abomination?”

“Quill and Dagger... does it not?”

“Good god, this is why you weren’t invited here. It stands for Quintessentially Deviant. We rent out the tower from the real Quill and Dagger on occasion. But this is just our usual Tuesday rager-orgy, so not even too Deviant tonight.”

“Wait, what? This is just a sex dungeon? A secret sex dungeon with a stupid green light? And what do you mean I wasn’t invited? You asked me to come!”

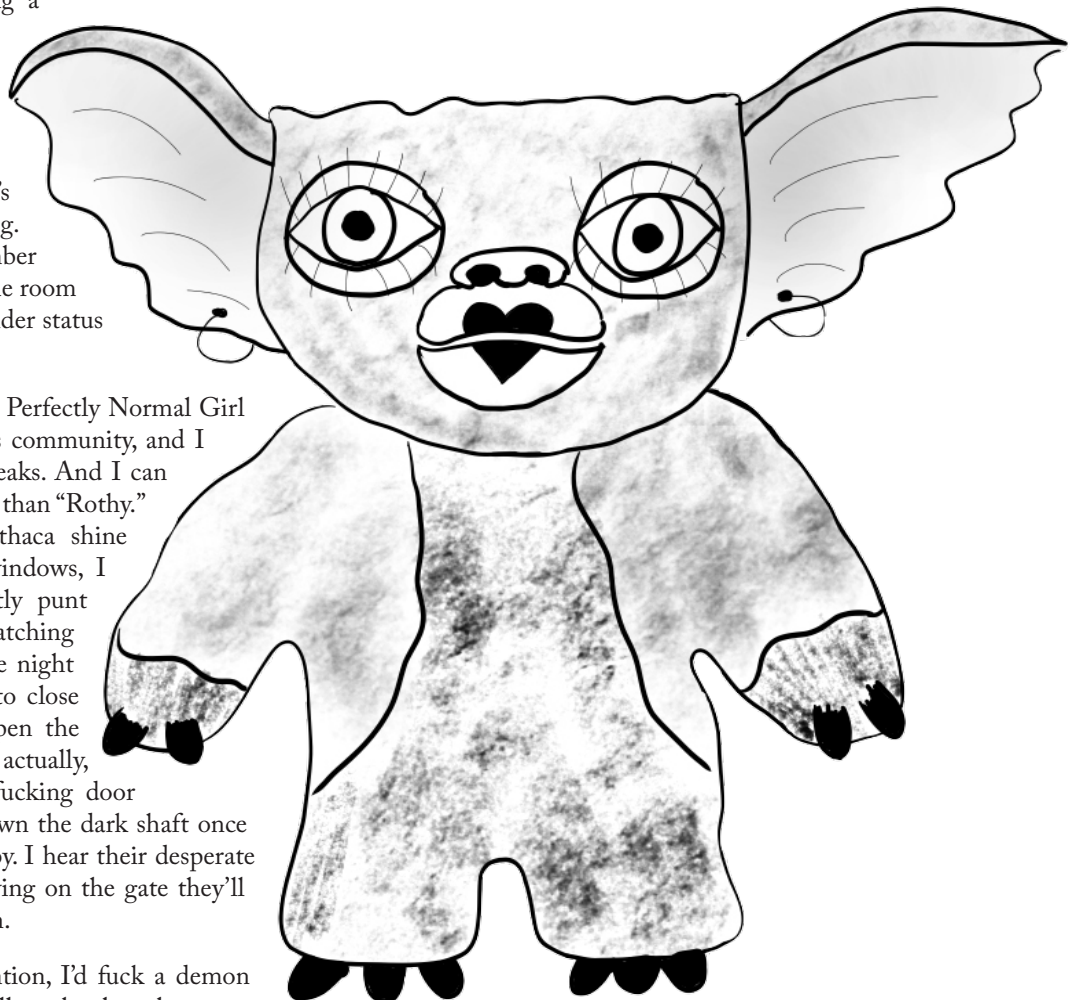
“I mean, a dungeon is technically underground. This is more of a sex loft, I guess. And sure, I invited you, but only so you would finally leave me the fuck alone after months of stalking around the bridge. If this won’t shake you, I don’t know what will.”

Mozzy – no, Mozoroth – had a point. I’d spent months hovering over the Cascadilla Gorge bridge just for a chance encounter with him, a meet cute if you will. I’d whistle, I’d drop down pebbles, I’d even clomp around wearing tap shoes to make sure he heard me. I thought I was endearing and determined – not weird. You know what’s weird? This monster orgy. But this won’t shake me, I can’t let him win. I am staying right here and sucking some deviant dick.

I’m resolved until I see what appears to be a scantily clad tumbleweed blow past my feet. Only, it’s not a tumbleweed, it’s a hot blonde gremlin with a lip flip wearing a latex bikini. “Rothyyyyyy!” she slurs, wrapping her stubby arms around my gremlin man, “who’s THISSSS? What’s wrong with her?” He glares in my direction and replies, “she’s nobody babe, she was just leaving. She’s not even an initiated member of Quintessentially Deviant!” The room explodes in laughter as my outsider status becomes apparent.

I don’t need to take this, I am a Perfectly Normal Girl still integrated into the campus community, and I don’t need to hide like these freaks. And I can come up with a better nickname than “Rothy.” Seeing the bright lights of Ithaca shine through the open cathedral windows, I realize an opportunity. I swiftly punt Mozoroth like a penalty shot, watching his soft body travel through the night sky. The demon crowd begins to close in on me, but not before I open the elevator door and realize that actually, none of them can open this fucking door either. Victorious, I descend down the dark shaft once more, watching the floors tick by. I hear their desperate screams, their ragged nails clawing on the gate they’ll never be tall enough to pry open.

I’d gallop on a bridge for attention, I’d fuck a demon in all three of my holes, but I will not be the other woman.



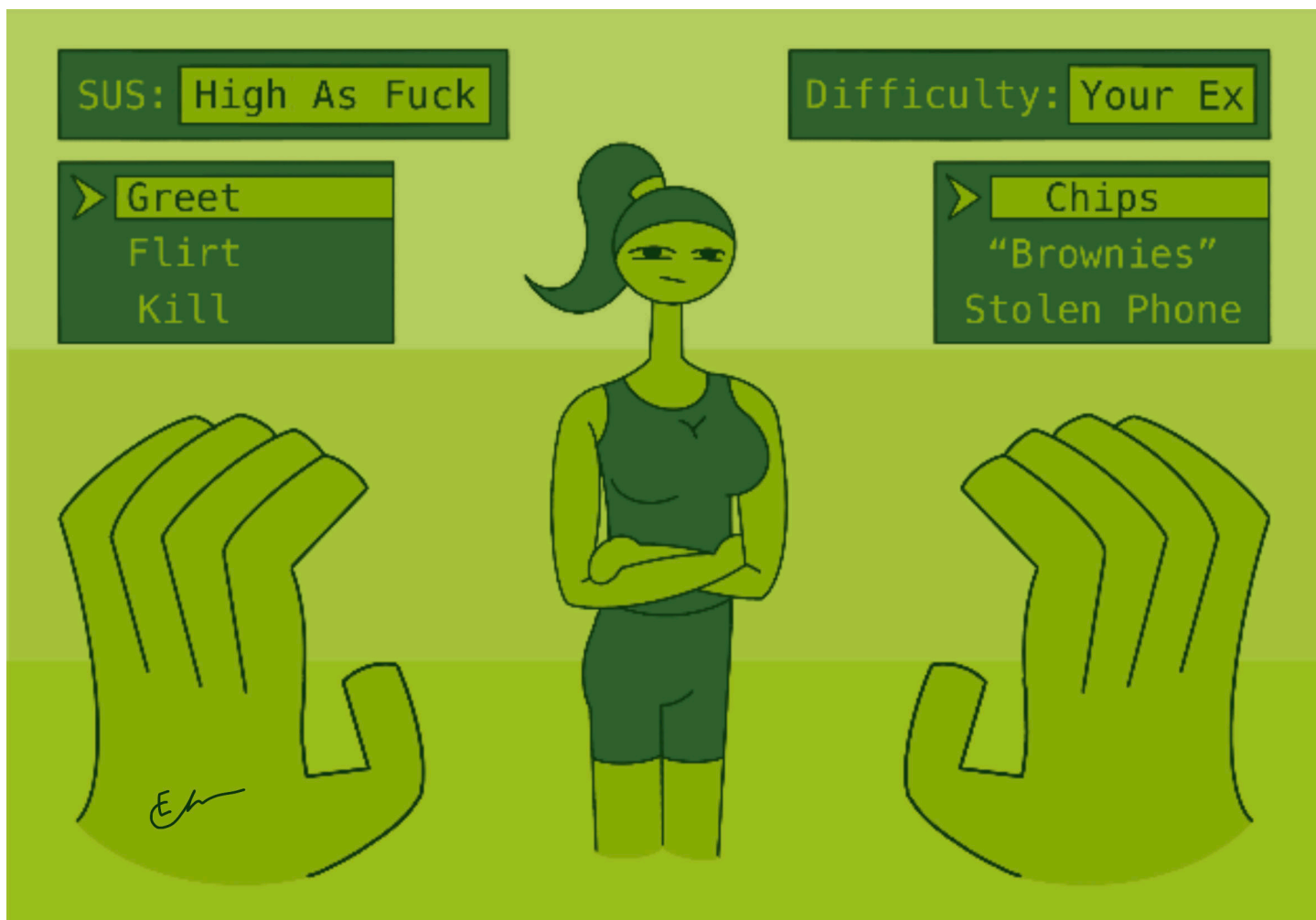
Indie Developer Releases Horror Game About Being High In Front Of Your Family

By: Carlos Po '23

In the last few decades, the indie game community has become known for churning out pop-culture staples like *Minecraft*, *Undertale*, and *Five Nights at Freddy's*. Well, gamers, be prepared to add a whole new type of dread to your wishlist! We spoke to indie developer Felix Piaras about their immersive horror experience that has IGN reviewers crying and throwing up. "I thought, ghosts, zombies and killers aren't scary anymore because most people I know already want to die. So I followed that logic and asked, what's really scary to people nowadays?"

The game, titled *DELTA-8*, drops you into the role of a college student home for the summer who takes an edible from a smoke shop and is forced to interact with their family. The player is tasked with maintaining a facade of sobriety, and wins when a certain amount of time has passed, but loses if they are detected. "I really wanted to convey a feeling of sheer helplessness. Drinking water will not help. Your eyes are red, like really red, but you can't just walk around the house with your eyes closed," Piaras explained. "You'll have to use all of your wits and stealth to survive until everyone goes to bed."

One of the game's main features is a "suspicion meter", which decreases over time but rises with actions like getting up to get a 3rd bowl of ice cream or laughing too hard at your episode of *Jojo's Bizarre Adventure*. Facial features will be fully rendered so that players can see people's quizzical looks, concerned gaze, and disappointed frowns in that order. There will also be co-op play, in which two players are inserted into different areas of a randomly generated residential building and must accomplish certain tasks together, like ordering and paying for a pizza or finding someone's goddamn phone (bro just get up I know you're sitting on it).



A prototypic heads-up display for the highly anticipated DELTA-8 horror simulation game.

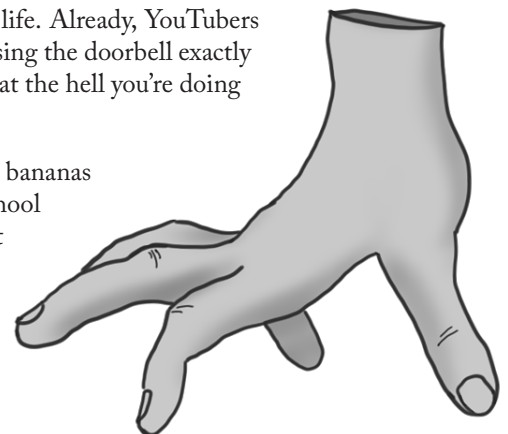


A sneak peek look at DELTA-8 gameplay. Look out for those aunts!

For the most hardcore gamers, Piaras plans to include a “Nightmare” scenario at a massive gathering of extended family. “Going to the bathroom will not be safe, “taking a walk” will not be safe. There will be eyes everywhere, asking you what college is like and why you’re not dating anyone. Random people at the dinner table will start sentences with “not racist but...” or ask if you’re a “pronoun” now, and you will need to input commands at split-second speeds to stop yourself from responding incoherently. I can’t even beat this mode, and I coded the damn thing,” they claim. “I keep bumping into my 11 year old cousins who show me their Minecraft world, and I just keep laughing and laughing and it’s over.”

The game’s lore will be told entirely through the environment. Walking around the different areas of the map, we found a wall poster of the Joker, a full hamper of laundry, an empty Oreos carton, and far too many empty bottles of air freshener. Piaras claims that part of the fun of the game is using environmental cues to come to your own conclusion about how the nameless, faceless main character is the antagonist of their own embarrassing life. Already, YouTubers gifted the pre-release have discovered an easter egg where exiting the house and pressing the doorbell exactly 7 times on July 7th at 7:07 AM triggers a special cutscene where your parents ask what the hell you’re doing and tell you that you should have gone to community college instead.

We at the Lunatic playtested the demo in which the player is tasked with buying bananas from the grocery store across the street. We evaded an acquaintance from high school successfully and even purchased a bag of Doritos with 50% suspicion to spare, but upon opening the front door we were jumpscared by a surprise visit from the aunt who changed your diapers when you were 8. Wow, Felix! That’s one heck of a scary game! Now, if you made a sequel about taking stimulants in an IHOP bathroom stall, let me know if you need any fact-checking!



This Quiz Will Determine Your "Little Miss-Sona" With Disturbing Accuracy

By: Anonymous BuzzFeed Contributor

A spectre is haunting Europe —the spectre of Little Misses. Starting publication in 1981 (continuing off of an earlier series from 1971 that has since faded into obscurity), the Little Miss children's books have become household staples in worldwide culture. Kids everywhere, from the temples of Mumbai to the sweatshops of China, love these characters! Do you? This quiz will assign you a Little Miss so emotionally resonant to you that it'll blow your nuts and/or ovaries clean off! You wish zodiac signs could do that to you.

Pick Your Favorite Color:

Pink

Blue

Green

Yellow

What do you do in your free time?

Curl up in bed &
read a book

Hang out with my
friends and do cocaine

Sacrifice my most
recent newborn

Watch my tears fall
in the bathroom mirror

Where is your happy place?

A sunny clearing in the forest!

My friend's house, though
maybe not the attic

Damp, mossy bricks; the smell of
rust. The ground stings, rife with
neglect. The air hangs

Nowhere

Do you hear that?

No...? What?

I've been waiting patiently for
years

Already my mind is flaying, peeling
back the neurons. Man was never
meant to hear this.

The silence is deafening

Which animal would you rather keep as a pet?

A.. cat? Where am I, anyway?

Something that won't cry for me when I'm gone

God will never let me into His kingdom. I have disappointed him. I watch his tears fall in the bathroom mirror. He is gone.

THE SILENCE IS DEAFENING

What's your most traumatic memory?

Accidentally spilling my Kool-Aid Jammer on my crush in middle school, but that's beside the point. I

I could only watch as she laid on the floor, convulsing, vomiting blood every minute. I did this to her. I could have saved her. Why couldn't I move?

I can't remember my past

Do you feel that?

I don't feel... real.

Just let me die

I feel nothing

Hey guys, just got here, what'd I miss?

Aw. What's that cute thing under your skin?

I don't have skin. I don't have hands. Am I human? Where am I?

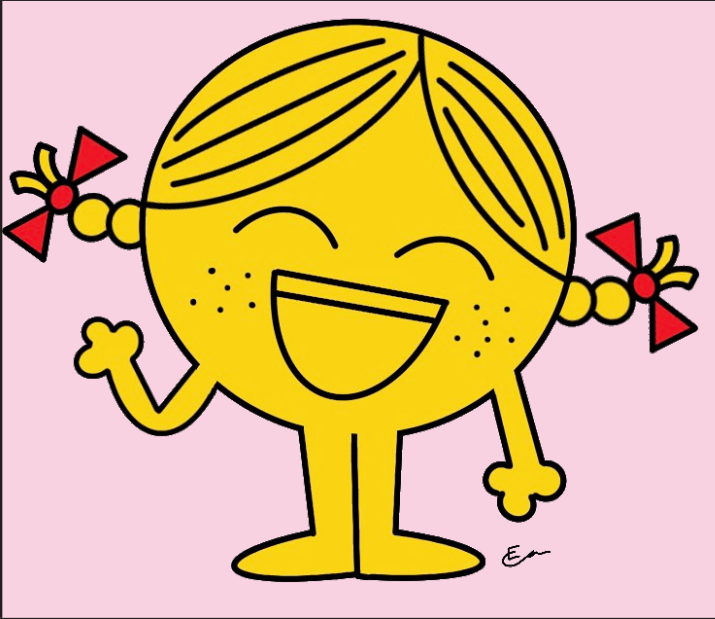
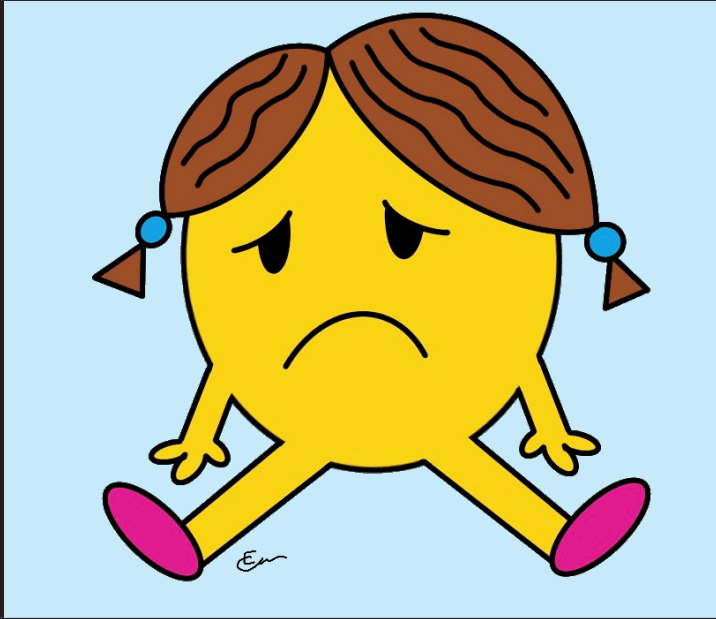
Just let me die

They want to escape

THERE'S BUGS

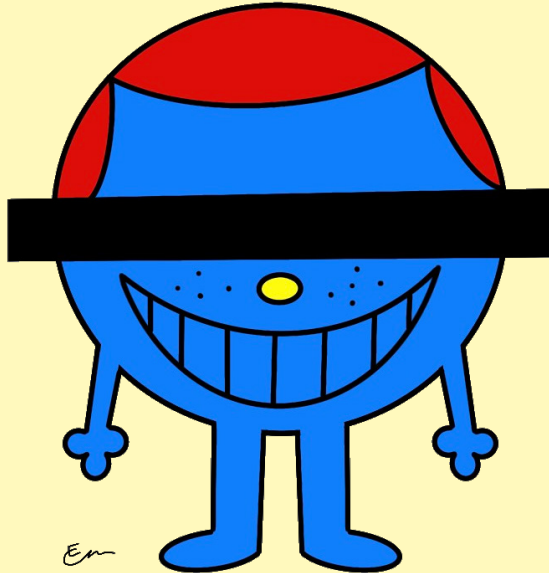
When the Earth decays and your name echoes for the final time, where will your last breath take you?	
I DON'T WANT TO DIE I DON'T WANT TO DIE I DON'T WANT TO DIE I DON'T WANT TO DIE I DON'T WANT TO DIE	I want to be with her again
Anywhere but Heaven	OH GOD GET THEM OFF ME AAAAAAA

Pick A Candy:	
Peanut butter cups	Sour candies
Gummy bears	Lollipops

MAJORITY TOP LEFT: Little Miss Sunshine	MAJORITY TOP RIGHT: Little Miss Guilt
	
Congratulations, you got Little Miss Sunshine! She always looks on the bright side of life, which is why her favorite pastime is smiling. A few words to describe Little Miss Sunshine are bright, sparkling, and radiant.	It wasn't your fault. You don't need to worry anymore. You can't change anything about the past; it's hopeless. Accept the situation and move on. There's nothing left back there for you. Life goes on.

MAJORITY BOTTOM
LEFT:

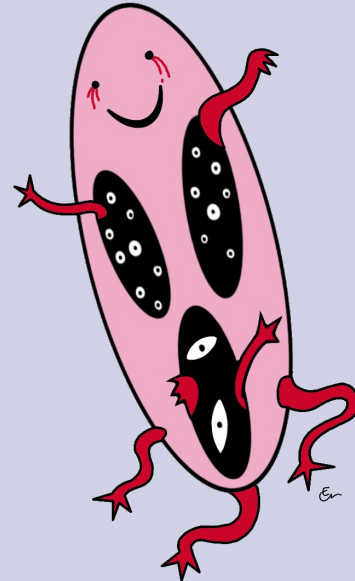
Little Miss Anthrope



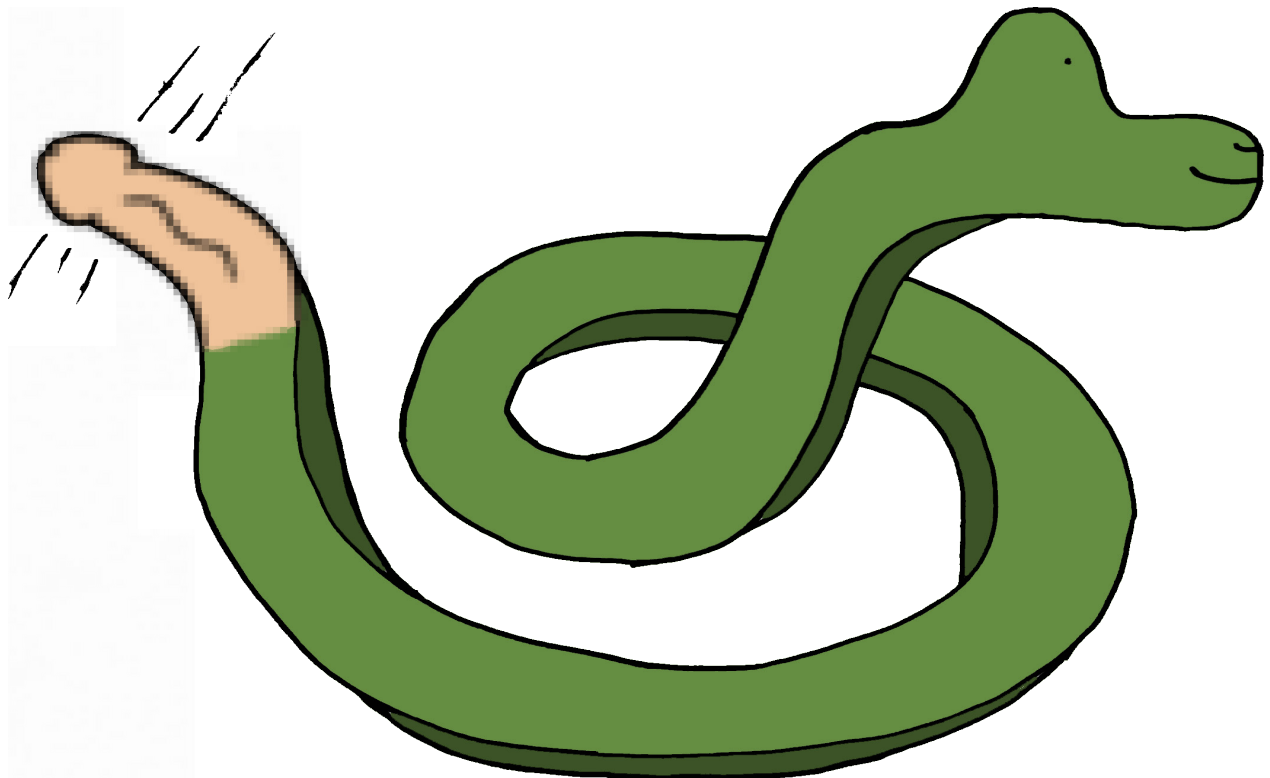
They'll see.

MAJORITY BOTTOM
RIGHT:

Little Miss Nameless



The wind howls. The sand weighs heavy on your bubbling skull. You're transfixed, smiling, with not a single aspect of your identity remaining in this wilderness. You are alone, were alone, will be alone. Isn't that, truly, the purest form of freedom?



CORNELL CHIPMUNKS ARE DRONES, CORNELL CHIPMUNKS ARE GODS

By: Jack Enhoff VII

Cousin to the NYC rat, chipmunks serve as a worthy drone. At Cornell, however, these scurrying agents are Mother Martha's overseeing Eye. Crucial to the oversight of our wonderful campus, and crucial to the functioning of our happy society! These chipmunks are the very fabric of Cornell, the squadron which protects our world— and if you don't believe me, let's take a look at the greatest tragedy of our time: The First Big Red War.

Commander in Chief, standing 8 feet tall, dressed in garb befitting the 1870s, Mother Marfa G. Pollock stood on the front lines with a troop of over 100,000 mighty little brown things behind her. Just beyond the trench, an equally formidable band of Pigeons stared our men down.

Our Chipmunks spoke not a word of English, but they knew how to work. That's why Mother Marfha hand picked every last one of them. Her speech still brings tears to the eyes of veterans:

"Squeak squeak!"

Now's the time, men!

"Squeak, pip, Squeak squeak! Pip, squeak squeak!"

Four score and seven years ago our mothers brought forth on this hill, a new nation, conceived by Ezra and A.D., and dedicated to the proposition that any person, any suffering.

We can't let the sacrifices of our forefathers go to waste!

We are engaged in a great war, testing whether our nation, or any nation so created and persistent, can endure.

We have come here to dedicate our hearts, and we won't allow our enemies to have their way. This is where you, men, come in! The Chipmunks of Cornell, will continue their march until every trace of life beyond our shores is trampled flat, and the people of our Hill are all that remains of humanity.

"Squeak, pip pip, Squeak!"

Many of you won't make it out of this battlefield.

We all know that those Columbia pigeons are feral brutes...

"Squeak, chirp. Squeak... SQUEAK!"

But that means naught. In this war, the choice exists to conquer or die. History will be written by the victor. History will be written by us. We will be donned the best— and ONLY— army in New Yorketh State. If they live, and we die, their truth becomes written - and ours is lost.

And we cannot allow our story to be lost.

We stand Far above Cayuga's waters, like no other. Hail to thee, our Alma Mater!

Hail, all hail, Cornell!

So, again, the choice is there— conquer or die!

Our trusty Commander in Chief, after such a galvanizing speech, led those same chipmunks into a massacre.

The haunting squeaks and chirps of death still ring whenever the clocktower plays our Alma Mater song.

However, just because we got massacred, does not mean we lost. In fact Mother Marfa herself spearheaded one final assail in which she rattled those pigeons so far back into their murky Hudson river that we somehow came out on top.

Since that fateful battle, our chipmunks have been put on campus as surveilling agents— always on watch for signs of infiltration by



those Columbia heathens.

Our warriors' sacrifice has not gone for naught, however. They've gone on to be national stars, to have such a pop culture presence.

For example, the entirety of the Avengers series was based on our fearless soldiers. Marvel failed, however, to emulate the impact and OP-nature of our revered troops, but to be fair, nothing can quite ever capture the sphere of influence they hold over our world.

Even in pop culture and cinematic masterpieces, our chipmunks have taken over. Alvin, Simon, and Theodore are household names at this point, and The Chipmunks series has ruled over both the movie industry and the music scene for decades.

Nowadays, when I see our campus crusaders scurry across Feeney Way, I sometimes pause in my tracks and tears come to my eyes as I think about their service.

We ought to pay it forward to these soldiers and give them nothing less than the worship they deserve.

So what if one scurries across your foot or steals your chicken tender as you walk past the engineering quad?

It's the least you could do for our lords and saviors. Support the troops.

Alien Cross Breeding: How Going Hybrid May Just Save Our Species

By: Frack McOilrig

Climate change is totally, for sure, indubitably, a real and important issue facing the current generation of living humans (who believe in it) and their future progeny. Reality or not, I think it's safe to say that no one likes to worry, and it's a daunting task to imagine ways to mediate mass extinction. Suggested solutions often require restraining and/or making systemic changes to human behavior and industry. "Stop using fossil fuels" this, "don't eat meat" that. Forget all that propagandistic fuss and allow me to ease your mind. We don't have to change a single one of our big business ways with this new breakthrough.

We no longer need to fear environmental collapse. A recent uptick in sexual intercourse between otherworldly visitors and some lovely human specimens has had fruitful returns. Turns out crossbred human-alien babies don't need freshwater, can synthesize their own energy, and don't have to maintain any sort of internal temperature. Earth will be inhospitable my ass. These little hybrid freaks could survive the worst of the worst when it comes to fiery, barren hellscapes. It's truly a win for every party, and as someone well versed in cost-benefit analysis from that one combined honors/standard economics class I took in high school, it's a no brainer. Plus these ETs have some sexual prowess with a capital 'P'. They don't say "aftercare as good as an alien" for no reason.

I know the lay people may have some concerns, so let me speak to a few. Yes, there is a human-alien language barrier. No, that doesn't stop things from getting where they need to be put. No, this doesn't address sciencey concerns like habitat and biodiversity loss, but you're going to tell me that you'd prioritize those loosely established theoreticals over the existence of the human(oid) race? Wow. Maybe do some self reflection.

So wake up America. It's time to stop being duped by a liberal agenda that blames harmless little international corporations for global issues. What really makes more sense?: transitioning to renewable energy, limiting large scale production and consumption, drinking dirty plant water "milk", and trying to live with an imperative to be ecologically conscious OR having some literally life altering sex with some slimy guys? There is absolutely no other option as reasonable or feasible. Now get out there and make a difference!

*americans shocked! queen
revealed to have been
space lizard! (...everyone
else thought this was
common knowledge, but
common knowledge isn't
always common, it seems)*



The Slime: the Alien Hive Mind Devouring My Internal Organs

The Slime is everywhere: this, above all, I know to be true. It lurks in every damp, shadowy corner, slithering and whispering in the shadows, biding its time. All of this, it does utterly unseen, invisible to the naked eye. Crusted along the walls of our apartment buildings, embedded into the rinds of our cheeses, and bobbing along the surface of our melon-infused water, it is there—always growing in number, and always waiting for the moment to strike.

Never heard of it? I'd wager not, considering that I discovered it myself. The findings, I might add, were all meticulously researched (using the scientific method, no less), painstakingly compiled using the free internet at Starbucks cafés, and peer-reviewed by the highly-regarded Fellowship of the Alien Koup d'État (FAKE). The result, which I would humbly call my magnum opus, is elegantly titled *A Brief Field Guide on the Slime*. It commences as follows:

Abstract

It all began one inconspicuous autumn morning. As I sprinted to the office for the mandatory 7:30 a.m. Monday meeting, it came to my attention that the banana I thought I was eating was, in fact, wedged grotesquely into my left dress shoe and was now squishing peculiarly, though not entirely unpleasantly, against my bare toes. So then, what cuisine was I in the process of devouring, you may ask? As I spat out the salty, chewy mass into my hand, I saw, to my dismay, that it was my left sock, having switched places with the banana at some point during my hurried departure that morning. Discolored, soaked through with saliva, and still slightly moldy from last Wednesday's visit to the YMCA, the sock was nauseatingly damp and pungent in aroma. Nevertheless, I remembered the words of my dear therapist, imploring me to set aside my rigid, controlling personality and instead adopt a more open and accepting mindset. Foolish and ravenously hungry as I was, I decided to take a leap out of my comfort zone and finish my breakfast.

An hour later, seated around the mahogany table in the conference room, I began to feel the first effects of the toxin. My boss' words grew dull and faded, mulling together like oversteeped cider. All at once, I was seized with the urge to fling away my left shoe and watch the banana goop drip down the side of his shiny, misshapen head. Against my will, a shrill giggle escaped my lips, which I quickly disguised with a cough. Sweating profusely, I considered making a

run for it, but it was already too late—though I did not know it at the time, my central nervous system had already been compromised. My entire body turned rigid. Seized with a sudden, frenzied rage, I leapt up onto the table and roared, sending spittle and undigested cotton fibers into my boss' face. What transpired next is something I shall not repeat to a respectable audience such as yourselves. Indeed, I'll admit that my actions on this day are something that continually haunt my worst nightmares, and I fear that neither I nor my colleagues shall ever recover. I am blessed only in that I do not remember much of what occurred next. The last thought before my mind was completely overcome with delusion was a raging fury at my therapist, whose idiotic advice spurred me to consume a moldy sock to begin with. In retrospect, however, I suppose I should thank her, because this same intervention that forfeited my dignity, my career, and alas, any hope for a bright future—would set me upon this glorious path as a soldier of humanity.

When I next awoke, lying in a dumpster near the river alongside all my office supplies, I had a sudden flash of insight. All of this was just like that Nature Channel Documentary—you know, the one about parasitic fungi that devour the internal organs of an unsuspecting ant somewhere in the Amazon Rainforest, feeding on its innards until its bodily tissues are overtaken with mushrooms and its brain turns to mush. But this, of course, was impossible because I, being human, was not an ant, and furthermore, I would consider myself a rather healthy variety of human.

No, the antagonizing force behind what had happened to me was much more powerful and clearly not of this world. Evidently, the mold on my sock was not mere mold, but rather a sinister being: a parasitic and highly-intelligent alien hive mind, slowly taking over the universe (and my internal organs) from within.

If you are still here, I applaud you for your perseverance and endurance for such distressing content; your ability to bear through is truly inspirational to us all. However, I will not apologize for the aforementioned lewd and highly unprofessional happenings, for you see, all of this was quite necessary in order to convey the gravity

of the conspiracy that unfolds darkly before us. In the decades since my initial encounter with this devious menace, further... erm... accidental mold-eating incidents have confirmed my fears to be far more grave than I could have ever imagined.

However, even as the alien mold continues to feast upon my internal organs, it has also become a sort of friend to me. I nicknamed it—fondly—as “the Slime,” referring to its revolting appearance, taste, texture, and smell. Sometimes, in the dark hours of the night, I can hear the Slime whispering my name, my social security number, and lines from *The Lorax* in the voice of my kindergarten teacher, Mrs. Kimberly—a real lovely woman, truly.

Still, the fact remains: the voice inside my head is a parasitic alien hive mind, and alas, I am the poor sap who vowed to destroy it and save the human race until my dying breath, or until the Slime devours my liver—the latter option seeming far more likely, considering the vast number of moldy socks I completely accidentally consumed in these last ten years.

Perhaps you, just like my dear therapist, my mother, and my dog, believe I am no more than a crackpot fool. But then tell me, good sir or madam, would a crackpot throw away their hope for a promising future to spend their weeknights and Friday evenings lurking in dingy corners of the YMCA to capture and record evidence of the apocalypse? Would a crackpot set aside their career—nay, their very existence—to provide hope for future generations when the darkest hour is nigh? Do not mistake me for those illuminati nutters whose egos grow tenfold with each triangle that they see. For certain, as in any field, there are those among us who set a poor example, and it is these false believers who stain the entire profession.

Truth be told, I am somewhat of a scientist. For instance, my research has uncovered many species of Slimes with varying potency and symptoms, ranging from weakened motor control of the fingers and toes to extended episodes of disgraceful behavior not unlike

the moldy sock incident described earlier. But be forewarned, the Slime can thrive and multiply in nearly any environment, from the grimmest corner of the refrigerator to the crumb-littered crevice of the couch cushions. And all varieties of Slimes, from the fine-haired seaglass green (often found on leaky ceiling tiles of most public restrooms) to the chunky cottony white (which multiplies incessantly atop forgotten turkey sandwiches) are fearsome in even the most miniscule dose, though to be sure, certain species pose a more formidable risk than others.

In light of all I have suffered, you might be deeply concerned for my well-being. Nevertheless, I assure you, I made peace with my fate long ago. Even as the Slime devours my internal organs and takes me for its own, I will fight on in the name of future generations: for those poor, damned souls—most likely, including yourself—who will awaken to the truth only as their loved ones are violently ripped from them by the injustice of extraterrestrial revolution. There will come a day when I, myself, shall become no more than an instrument of the Slime. But when that moment comes, whether it be days or weeks or months from now, I will fade peacefully into mindless possession knowing that I have done all I can.

Do not mourn for me, dear reader. Mourn for those who are naught to accept their fate, and above all, those who fear the truth. This being said, I implore you to heed my warning: seek out the Field Guide, whose pages I have hidden in various YMCA locker rooms across the United States. Collect the pieces, put together the puzzle, and you shall see for yourself that the threat grows ever darker upon the horizon. I call upon the brave, the honest, and the true to carry out my legacy: save humanity from the Slime, or at the very least, do not make the mistake of eating your gym socks, no matter how delicious they may taste.



By: O.R. DURVE

Sorry, Living In Your Walls Is The Most Financially Feasible Option

By: Carlos Po '23

Hello, person reading this. I have a confession to make. Those weird clicks you hear at 3 AM? Your socks sometimes going missing? Don't panic. I live in your walls, but in a broke way, not in a scary way. Your window was open one day and you were at Target, so I found a nice hole in the drywall, moved my 5 belongings inside, and covered it with a My Chemical Romance poster so you'd think you put it up. (No, I didn't know, I just guessed.)

Look, I ran the numbers. I'm not paying for the meal plan, but I'm not living above Moonies either. Honestly, it's not that bad. The bathroom situation is still cleaner than Clara Dixon. I'd actually prefer that you continue to leave your dirty dishes around. Yum.

Sorry, I promise I'll keep it down when I watch *Naruto* or porn or *Naruto* porn. But on the other hand, I'd like to request some things of you. Stop slamming the door so goddamn loud; it's very rude and inconsiderate to people who are living in your crawlspaces. Also, Turn the heater up a bit. I'm tired of sleeping under my blanket of squirrel skins.

On the other hand, I've been getting a bit worried about you. Like for the last week you've been watching *Blade Runner 2049* every night and mumbling “literally me” in your sleep. I haven't seen anyone over since you tried to invite that classmate over to “study” and they clearly just wanted to study. I tried to do your laundry for you but it was just too gross. You gotta get a new pillowcase. Let me know if there's literally anything else I can do for you. You want some moldy quarters?

That's it for now, but feel free to leave your response on your dinner table/desk/gaming surface. And don't be surprised if you start hearing even more rustling behind the bathroom mirror and seeing pairs of soiled shoes you don't recognize on your mat in the coming weeks, it's a hot real estate market after all.

An Everyman's Essential Guide to Cryptids: The North American Fucker



A particularly deceptive monster, the North American Fucker is known for its exceedingly honed ability to hide behind a hypocritical facade. Abusing power dynamics, it is one of the most common and insidious cryptids found in the states today. Though it has a diverse range throughout the year, spreading from the east to west coast and reaching as far north as Anchorage, it is most reliably found in political and entertainment spheres. In California it is notorious for sexual misconduct, Texas for infringing on bodily autonomy, and throughout the Southeast for invalidating gender identities. If encountered, it is best to approach slowly, in modest garb, unless you want to be attacked and have no one to blame but yourself, because you asked for it, slut. Finally, DO NOT, under any circumstances, try to reason with it.

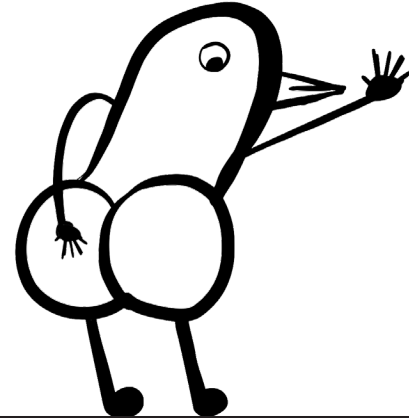
Brought to you by: The American Society for Safety

The Poked(Ex) to Furry Rankings

By: Yuzed Dēaldo

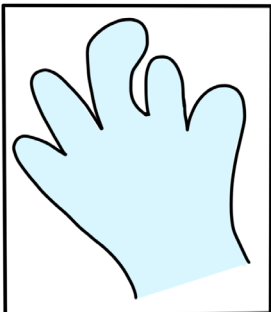
Part 4 of 4

1. Mew 2
 - a. Hubba bubba
2. Lucario
 - a. I'm already soaked
3. Charizard
 - a. Look, he's a dragon, but if bronies can be justified , so can we. #LoveisLove #CharizardIChooseYou
4. Geodude
 - a. His ultimate move is self-destruct... you could certainly say he's a #RIDEorDie iykwim
5. Ditto
 - a. Very blob, very yes
6. Eevee
7. Mudkip
8. Brock
 - a. Whilst technically not a pokemon, he's still a smash
9. Snorlax
 - a. A total pillow princess— 10/10 would not smash again
10. Pikachu
 - a. Overrated son of a bitch
11. Atch Ketchup
 - a. Total hoe



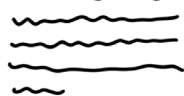
A ROUSING DISCOVERY

GLOVE OF ALIEN FOUND



First look at the glove/meggaldon

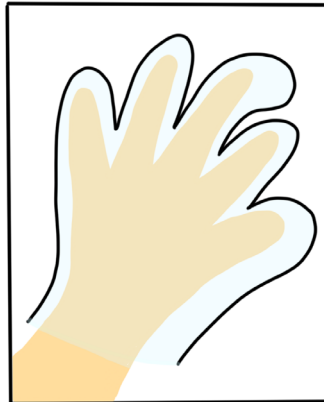
Scientists have found what looks like a glove as they searched the remains of an alien sighting.



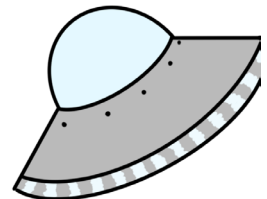
They are currently testing and feeling the glove , noting how comfortable and flexible they are.

Peculiarly, however, there is a

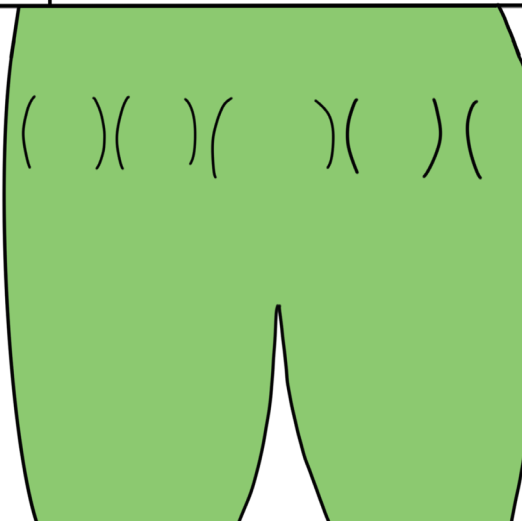
slight bend to the middle finger, potentially changing how we perceive alien anatomy.



meanwhile...



Hey Mxrthx...
Have you seen
my condom?



meggaldon's
BONUS

How are you
so comfort-
able?



scientist

TOP 5 THINGS YOU DID NOT KNOW ABOUT JERMA985!

Jeremy Elbertson, better known by his Twitch moniker “Jerma985”, is an intensely popular internet personality and celebrity. Boasting 1.1 million followers and 6.5k subscribers on Twitch, not to mention an additional million subscribers on YouTube, it’s clear that Jerma985 is practically a household name (to neurodivergent teens, at least).

Despite his immense popularity, there’s still so much to this man that has remained in obscurity... Until now. Over the course of a year, our team of investigators wormed their way into Jerma985’s private life, mainly by dressing up as clowns in order to appeal to his subconscious desires. Here’s the scoop on everything they learned.

#5: Jerma Has An Intense Workout Regimen

Jerma might look weak and frail and bony and shit on camera, but he’s actually mildly more ripped behind the scenes! Thanks to Jerma’s fitness instructor, M█████ X█████, along with a rich diet consisting of mediterranean salads and protein drinks from his “personal meat grinder”, the celebrity has gained over 200 pounds of muscle mass since early 2020. That’s about as much as two baseball fields!

Mr. Elbertson is now able to exert 550 pounds of force using just his hamstrings. For reference, it takes a mere 520 pounds of force to crush a human skull, as he demonstrated to one of our dearly departed reporters.

#4: The Oreo Story Was A Lie

Diehard Jerma985 fans will know all about how their tiny little gremlin boy ate an entire sleeve of oreos during a bout of stomach illness, only to violently upchuck the disgusting abomination (no, not himself) onto his mother’s bed. For a bit of context, Oreos are a brand of sandwich cookie consisting of two wafers or biscuits with a sweet creme filling. That’s all the context you need, really.

However, it’s with great displeasure that I must say... This story was fiction. A fabrication. A white lie by a white man. He didn’t eat Oreos, he had Creme Betweenens! You know, the brand of sandwich cookie consisting of a sweet creme filling with two wafers or biscuits. As you can see, these cookies are nothing alike. Not to mention, he didn’t even eat these cookies the “traditional” way. In his words, he “shoved a whole sleeve up [his] ass... Letting [his] rectum mash it all into a paste before regurgitating it out of [his] mouth... To see what living as an assembly line might feel like.” Why Jerma would so blatantly lie about this information still remains a mystery, however.

Time to add this to the pile of fake Jerma stories, along with his WWE History, the Catboy Reveal, and the Rat Orgy*.

**Story may not be completely false*

#3: Jerma Is Shorter Than You Remember

We all know how much infamy Jerma985 gets for his short stature and vertical disabilities, but it turns out this rabbit hole goes even

deeper... Or shorter, I should say. Rather than being 5 foot 8 inches, like he always claims to be, Jerma is actually 5 feet shorter than that!

Indeed, it was a bit of a surprise to our investigators when they realized Jerma was an incredibly tiny little gremlin boy, using a remote-controlled RC car to get around his house.**

***Predictably, he kept crashing it into walls and laughing maniacally*



One of the only off-stream instances of Jeremy “Pea-Sized Andy” Elbertson. (right)

In an impromptu interview (in which our reporters asked 0 questions and Jerma gave 100 answers), Mr. Elbertson reported on his disability by saying “Yeah it’s [not a big deal](...) really(...) I’[m fin]e with my h(...)eigh[t], as it [never] impacted me in [any serious way. I’m happy, cha]t! Do[n’t](...) worry”***

He spoke in great depth about how one of his most prolific Twitch streams to date, his aptly-named “Jerma’s Dollhouse” series, was directly inspired by his personal life experiences living in a beat-up Barbie dollhouse in a back corner of the Museum of Modern Art from 2010 to 2012. Observers were able to push buttons releasing a variety of mixtures—from water to hydrochloric acid—onto the house while he slept. These memories used to be repressed, but upon re-remembering these traumatic events, he quickly went feral and devoured the life essence of the closest reporter.

Later, when questioned about how Jerma’s extreme shortness made him closer to hell overall, the man refused to comment.

****No context was lost in excerpt*

#2: Jerma Has The World Record For Most Vehicular Manslaughters

Jerma’s most known “bit” is his audacity to laugh at vehicle crashes in video games, sometimes even before they happen! It may not be too wild to think, then, that this mindset has carried over into the real world as well. We all know the viral video that spread on Digg and Cheezburger.com, where Jeremy continued to laugh at a 5-car pileup for half an hour straight.

It may come as a surprise to learn that Jerma has even been the perpetrator of many a car crash. In his endless insatiable lust for vehicle-based murders, Jerma985 has slammed into over 50

elderly men and women since 2017 using his 1970 polka-dotted Volkswagen Beetle.

How was he never convicted of such repulsive crimes, anyway? It's simple. Each and every judge ruled in his favor, finding the car crashes equally as hilarious as he does. In the words of a judge struggling to breathe after almost laughing his lungs out, "Those old hags deserved it. They were going to die anyway."

It's not like any normal sentence would impact him, however. He's already too far into crippling debt for any fine to seem significant, and as for prison time or death sentences... Well...

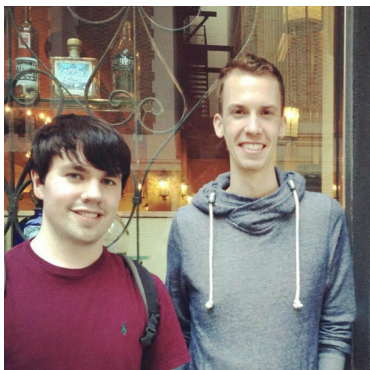
#1: Jerma Does Not Exist

It's time to let the cat out of the bag... The Jerma we've been talking about is not actually the Jerma you know and love. Not directly, anyway. Truth is, you've never seen his face. You should be glad you've never seen his face. The thing about it is... It's fucked up. Really fucked up. So fucked up, in fact, that one of our reporters started to bleed from his eyes from looking at him for too long. Then again, it might simply be Jerma punishing him for his excessive male gaze (we were planning to fire him for that, anyway).

His face is indescribable. Literally indescribable. I tried typing out a few descriptions here, only to black out and wake up a few hours later surrounded by the bits and pieces of my obliterated laptop. I mean, I know Jerma was responsible for this, because I could hear him loudly snickering while failing to open a locked window in order to escape, but I'm afraid of what will happen if he knows I know, y'know?

Over the course of dozens of interviews across several days, it gradually came to light that Jerma may not even be from this world, confirming the rumors of 90% of fans. For one, he kept bringing up events from millenia ago as if he was there, observing from some undisclosed location. He mentioned the Great Pyramids of Giza as one of his greatest accomplishments; an answer that our reporters were sadly unprepared to follow up on. Knowing his character, it may very well have been a bit, but we still don't exactly know how he managed to close his eyelids sideways.

On the final day of our privacy breach, Mx. Elbertson took our team to the studios of Tiny Room VFX**** by Sunset Boulevard to show the painstaking process of digitally sculpting Jerma's iconic "face".



Group photo of the founders of Tiny Room, Dr. Arthur Shmoixen and L. Plusratio.



In-progress render of Jerma985's model.

State-of-the-art subsurface scattering, ambient occlusion, and jawbone straightening algorithms helped make Jerma's likeness as easily recognizable, indistinguishable from reality, and brand-friendly as possible, although a few glitches unfortunately lived in infamy (See: Jerma Sus Incident). Tiny Room VFX hopes that this technical feat could usher in a "new era of VTuber stardom... Whatever that means. Jeremy over there told us to say that."

****As of publication, Tiny Room VFX no longer exists, and has never existed

=====

With Jeremy Elbertson being "outed" as a pathological liar, serial killer, and potential eldritch being (as if these things weren't obvious already), it may feel as if your childhood is crumbling before your eyes. Despite this, it's helpful to remember the most important takeaway: he does indeed drive a remote-controlled RC buggy like an adorable deranged psycho.

Good news, trans kids! Jerma985 is still the tiny little gremlin manic pixie scrunkly blorbo of your dreams!

By: Otto von Sandler



POOP JOKE\$ AREN'T FUNNY

By: CARLTON RITZ

YOU THINK YOU'RE FUNNY?

YOU WON'T FEEL THAT WAY WHEN *HE* IS HERE.

HE LURKS IN THE NIGHT,

CREEPING, CRAWLING,

CRAPPING, SLAPPING,

YOUR WORST NIGHTMARES COME TO LIFE,

NIGHTMARES YOU CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER BECAUSE OF THE HORROR,

AND JOKE\$ WON'T SAVE YOU NOW, FOOL.

YOU THINK IT'S HILARIOUS TO POOP?

TO SHIT?

TO SHART?

TO MUDPIE?

TO DROP A **CLEVELAND STEAMER?**

TO SHOOT ONE OUT?

TO WRITE A PIECE FOR THE CORNELL LUNATIC?

TO STINK UP THE STIR FRY?

TO BURY A DOOKSTER?

A DINGLEBERRY?

TO BAKE A LOAF?

BUST A GRUMPY?

TO DOO DOO?

TO FLOAT THE TROUT?

TO **PLOP?**

THINK AGAIN, BASTARD.

YOU ARE NOT IMMORTAL. YOUR HUBRIS WILL KILL YOU;

FOR HE CAN *SENSE* IT,

YOUR GIGGLES, YOUR CHUCKLES,

YOUR SMILING FACE WHEN YOU HEAR HIS NAME.

YOUR EYES ROLLING LIKE EGGS DOWN A WINDOW;

I DO NOT SMILE WHEN I HEAR HIS NAME.

I DO NOT GIGGLE

AT THE THOUGHT OF ME **SHITTING MY PANTS IN A BARNES & NOBLE.**

YOU WON'T BE LAUGHING WHEN HE GETS YOU.

CREEPING, CRAWLING,

CRAPPING, SLAPPING,

PISSING, POOING,

CHOKING, KILLING.

I PUCKER IN HIS PRESENCE.

DON'T YOU DARE HA-HA AT HIS NAMESAKE,

OR THE **PEEPEE POOPOO MAN** WILL GET YOU AND YOUR SUPPLE ASS.



My Life as an Adult Man Catboy

By: **Mr.** Mittens

Let me be crystal fucking clear: no, I will not purr for you, nor will I *nya*, and I have mastered the art of Krav Maga for the express purpose of laying a beat down on would-be belly-rubbers. You fuckheads probably think I lead a charmed life, getting everything handed to me on account of my irresistibly furry ears and long, supple tail. And yeah, complete strangers do throw fish and various other meat scraps at my feet when I pass them on the street, but that's exactly the *meowther*-fucking problem! I'm an adult man! And absolutely no one takes me seriously solely because I happen to also be a wide-eyed, willowy catboy. Do these people who want to see me do the adorable cat thing of judgmentally walking away from floor food ever consider that I have, uh, I don't know, A JOB, and am perfectly capable of buying my own shredded ham to eat out of a ceramic bowl with my name on it? I pay my taxes one leg at a time just like everybody else!

On top of that condescending bullshit, everyone assumes that I'm some submissive fucking twink who needs a *myaster* to give me head pats and call me Kit-Kat or Firestar or whatever the fuck, which is so absolutely entirely manifestly actually untrue, you guys. I fully topped a bunnyboy(once), and the only "master" I need is my World Elite Mastercard that I pay off with the money I make from my REAL ADULT MAN JOB. Also my mastery of Krav Maga, which you really shouldn't forget about because I have broken the assbones of several overzealous furies. I actually almost went to prison once for going a bit too feral on a creep who pulled my tail. But, when the police finally picked me up by my scruff neck to interrupt my whirling dervish of vicious elbows and infectious scratches, they just put me under house arrest. Except instead of

making me wear an ankle monitor like a dignified adult man, THE SICK FUCKS SLAPPED A COLLAR WITH A BELL ON IT AROUND MY SLENDER, STROKABLE NECK! I would have torn their faces off if they weren't so big and buff and comforting and strong, but the jokes on them, because what they foolishly brushed off as "sweet little feisty catboy chomp-chomps" actually gave them permanent nerve damage due to the millions of harmful bacteria that live on my needle-like teeth. Good luck jerkin' it to mugshots of me in that collar with your fucked-up hands, assholes.

I won't even talk about all the Millennial cafe owners that have attempted to kidnap and brainwash me into servitude, or the eccentric billionaires pressuring me into becoming a kept man with promises of catnip and finally letting me catch that red dot, but know that I am forced to persevere through these and other indignities on an hourly basis. So, I've decided to take a stand. I'm quitting my adult man job that I *had* and *did*, and I'm dedicating my life to building a platform where I can advocate for catboy rights and respect! As such, I have created a fully ironic OnlyFans account on which I will release biweekly videos and images that academically deconstruct and satirize ridiculous, untrue catboy tropes like being a submissive little cuddle buddy who craves treats and excessive praise and likes being called Kit-Kat. When I reach one hundred thousand subscribers, I'll even film a parodic take on the antiquated, completely unappealing and bad "maid outfit" which does not make me feel sexy and breedable in the slightest. Look forward to pouncing on that, and remember, subscribe to my OnlyFans @breedablekitkat:3 to support adult man catboy rights.

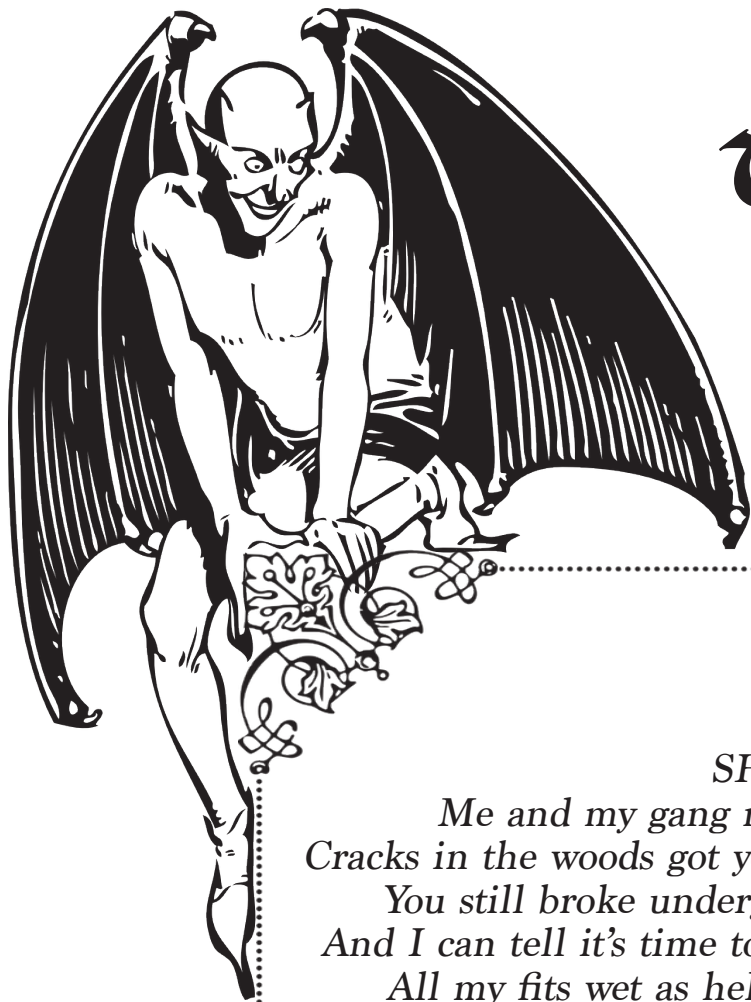
Why I have ✨Sparkling Laziness✨, *not* Executive Dysfunction

By: Obvious Pseudonym

So sometimes people tell me, 'Obvious Pseudonym, spending days incapable of focusing on work only to be interrupted by frantic bursts of productivity the day before a deadline isn't a normal experience', but they're wrong! I'm exactly like everyone else, who is normal and healthy and *fine*, just like me, and because my self-conception depends on this, I will not be accepting any criticism of this worldview, thank you very much. To answer all the haters, like Cornell Health and all the therapists I've gone to, I've come up with the **diagnosis** NOT a diagnosis of ✨Sparkling Laziness✨! No, this definitely isn't a stupid distinction that I need to continue living my life devoid of self-reflection, it's actually

Here's the reasons why I have ✨Sparkling Laziness✨!

1. ✨Sparkling Laziness✨ gives me a sense of control! Yes, binges of sudoku and 3 hours of Diplomacy games while I have work I could be doing is actually a choice I am making for me! Self-care! The fact that I hate when I do this and inwardly think I'm a failure are irrelevant to the broader point that I could *choose* to be better. And simply am not. And probably won't. But imagine if I did! Wowza!
2. ✨Sparkling Laziness✨ makes me normal! Yes, I know stigmatization of mental illness is bad, and I absolutely don't judge anyone who has any form of neurodivergence or learning disability. But the rules are different for me! I simply cannot have any, and that is a rule that I have set for myself completely independent of social conditioning. ✨Sparkling Laziness✨ makes me like everyone else, and that is a thing that I want for reasons I will not examine.
3. ✨Sparkling Laziness✨ suits me, as a person who has definitely not struggled with anything! Ignoring all the times ✨Sparkling Laziness✨ has screwed me over allows me to conclude that since I have never struggled and everyone with mental health issues struggles, it would actually be stolen valor if I wanted to admit I have a problem. And that would be bad. My intense negative reaction to people who I feel are 'faking it' has nothing to do with anything. Please do not look too hard at this. I am 100% fine, and always have been.
4. Executive dysfunction? More like erectile dysfunction! Yeah that's my conclusion so what



the (se)X files

By: Babytron

SHITTYBOYZ

Me and my gang money big like its Sasquatch
Cracks in the woods got you jumping, but this ain't hopscotch
You still broke underground gotta turn it up a notch
And I can tell it's time to stack up but you ain't got a watch
All my fits wet as hell, got me feeling like a Champ
Scaping Ores in Lee county with some Lizards in the Swamp
Honey Island the tongue game the way I nut in that lock-jaw
Flow so spicy I keep it pouring like some hot sauce
And you know I ain't fuck unless she go down like the Loch Ness
Hit it from the back then deepthroat she got that Long Neck
Your girl Gobi-dry for you, but I give her that Death Worm
You the type to hear about Chupacabra and start to squirm.
Stroke game like a sea serpent the way she screamin "Ogopogo"
See the Mamlambo in the Mnzintlava then I ride up to Togo
Boy you got no balls for Dior, none your points Pleasant
Call your bitch a frog the way she love landing me some dental
Rolling backwoods down in Jersey Barrens with some raw Devils
Time it took you to make a band, I could've made several
Call StanWill my Barghest the way he get those referrals
And you know that I always got to stay up on the brand
Amiri Jeans ripped off-white when I pop the xan
Always stay frosty but those Yetis make my neck tan
Next Up from Ypsilanti, Michigan I got that Dog, Man



By: Raven Nant

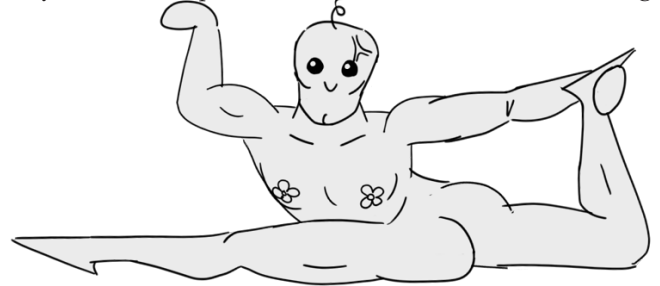
All his afterlife he had felt invisible. Pedestrians on the street wouldn't bother to move out of his way, and he always got skipped in lines outside the Apple Store on launch days. On a dark and stormy October night, however, Casper felt this was destined to change. As he did his usual nightly porn rewatches, which he did to study psychology and anatomy, NOT sexual pleasure, one ad above "Verbal Douche-ing Tutorial with Visual Instructions" caught his attention.

ARE YOU TIRED OF BEING IGNORED?

"Hell, yeah," he thought.

DO YOU LIKE SEX?

"Probably?"



Casper had never had sex, but as someone who has never had sex, he mentioned it quite a lot in Reddit comment sections. And that had to count for something.

"Does talking about sex a lot count? I mean I know how it works, I know what goes into it - all the thrusting and hard stuff. I'm just saving myself for the right person, that's all - I want to make sure it's special," he said, now rationalizing himself aloud to his computer screen. "Plus, it's important that you do it with the right dead person, or dead persons, as to limit your risk of various STDs (sexually transmitted diseases), like HIV, Syphilis, or blue waffle. In fact—"

Yeah, yeah whatever. ARE YOU OVER 18 YEARS OLD?

"Yes!" Casper exclaimed. "My 18th deathday was just yesterday, actually."

Perfect!

And so Casper followed the link and filled out all of the necessary information (date of death, credit card info, girth, etc.)

After buying all the necessary equipment, sex toys, body pillows, pumpkins (and a knife to cut holes into them with), Casper was ready to film his first videos.

Using what he had studied on many Friday nights alone in his room, he filmed videos of numerous kinds that appealed to numerous audiences; Casper left no bulge unturned.

Due to his intense social anxiety, which he hoped to overcome by humping pillows, Casper refused to rewatch videos of himself. He almost pressed play once but his mom came to talk to him before his finger made contact with his phone screen.

Next, Casper took to Twitter, Reddit, and the Instagram comment sections of celebrities, advertising shamelessly his new job. With promises of "ghostly wailing" and "showing hole," the subscriptions began to roll in.

Though he had plenty of subscribers and tons of comments, he had very few likes. Wondering the root of this juxtaposition, Casper took a deep breath and delved into his comment section. "3... 2... 1..."

The floodgates opened.

LMFAOOOO is he fr??

What the hell did I just pay for?

Hey big boy, like what you see? Click this link to see more <3

[redacted for use of slurs]

if you squint you can almost see his dick LOL

One disgruntled buyer was exceptionally vocal, spending 5 dollars to send hate mail to Casper's direct messages:

"I was advertised pornography, not a magic show. Quit with the floating pillows and jerk off, or something (WITH SOUND)!"

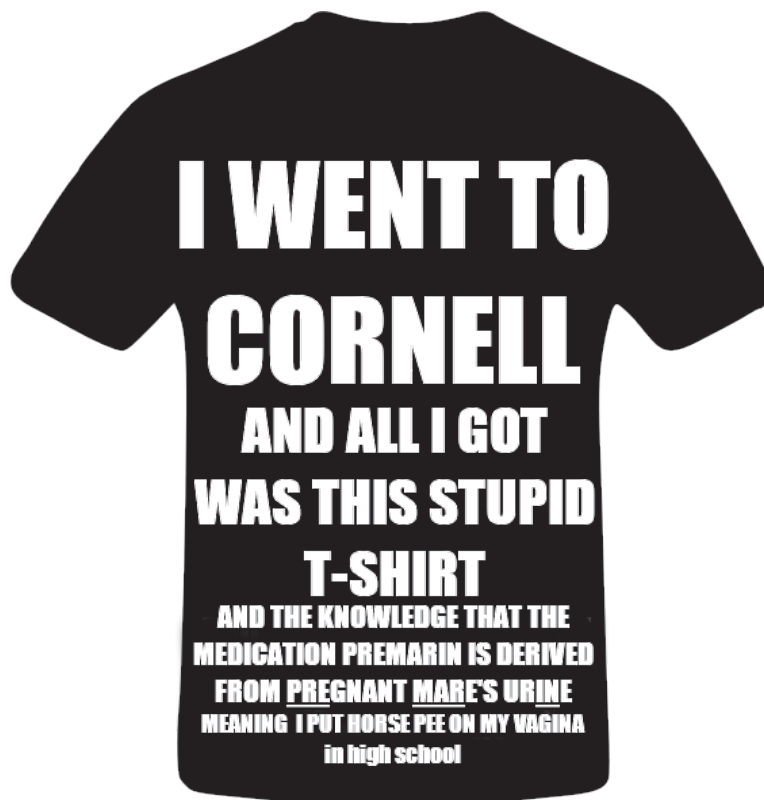
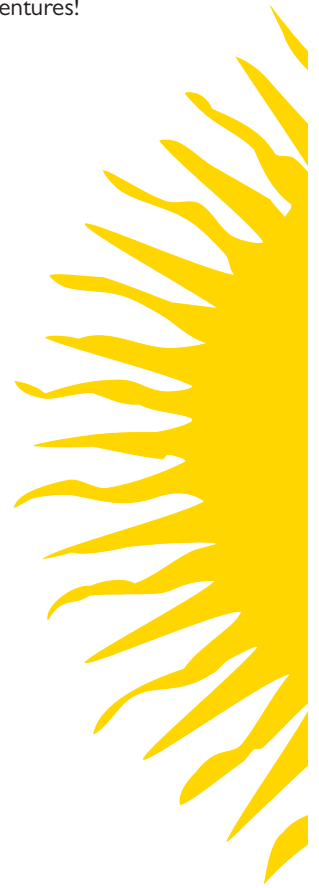
Hot Girl Tips For The Hottest Girl Summer

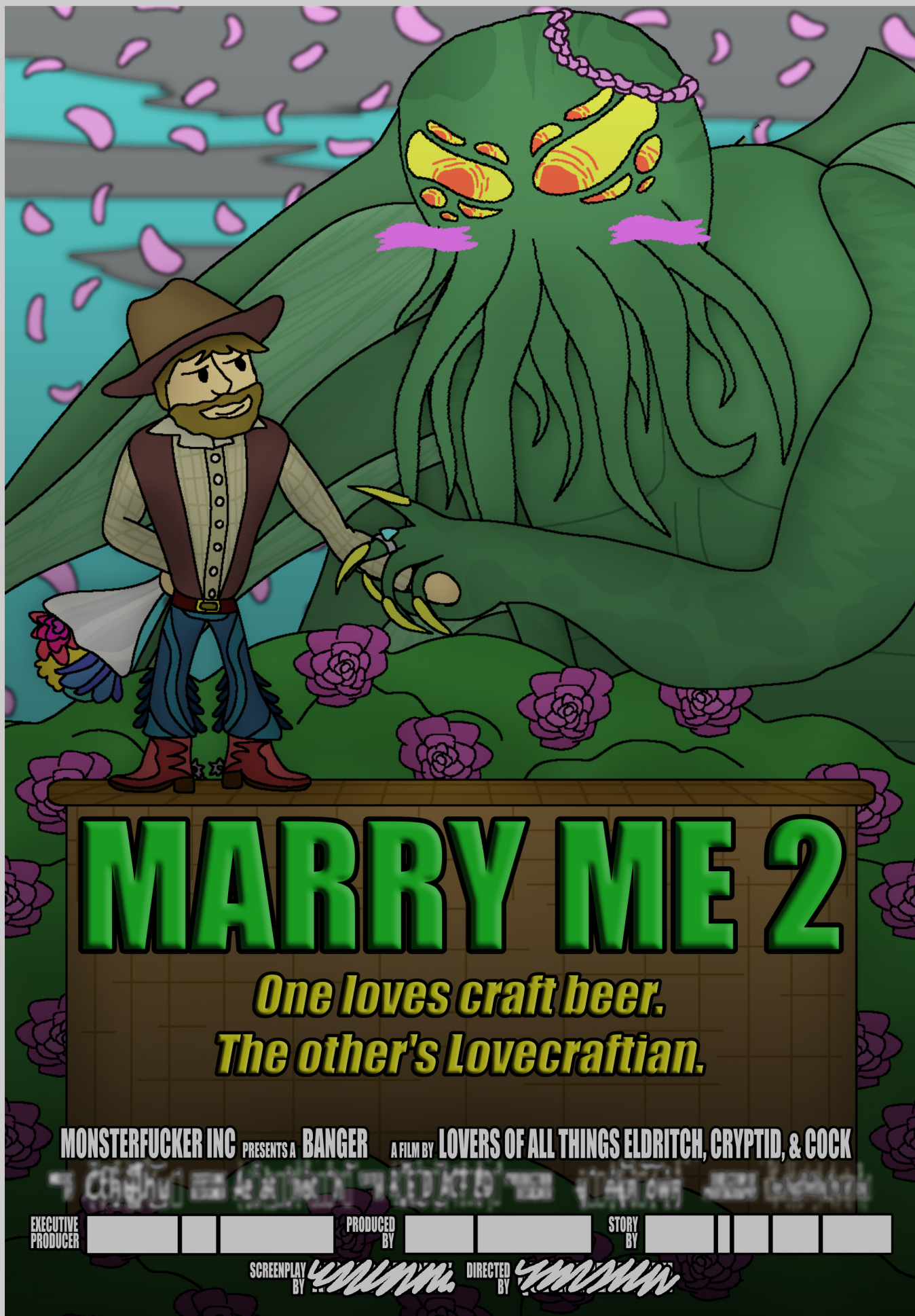
By: Carlton Ritz

If you want to know how to be sexier and get more attention, here are some suggestions for next summer's adventures!

- Affogato with the besties
- Wine tours with the fam
- 8 excruciating bouts of diarrhea
- Pedialyte
- The emergency room
- Going home crying
- Yoga!
- The emergency room again, the next day
- A little plastic wheeled poop toilet with a separate compartment for the poop and the piss
- Only a curtain separating you and the entire ER staff while you drop a steamer
- Crying
- They keep poking the same holes in your arm trying to get blood but there's no blood because you keep pooping out all of the water in your body
- b l o o d
- Sexy short nurse named Joe who made you feel desirable
- Going home and drooling and moaning and shitting and crying in the morning
- Taking cute pics at the lake with the gals
- Fighting with CornellHealth for a test for the rare foodborne illness Listeria
- CornellHealth and the ER assuring you that you'll get a listeria test
- Starting a Poop Diary
- Tanning on the roof of your friend's yacht
- Stool sample
- Testing negative for everything sans listeria (they said you were too hot to be tested for it actually)
- Losing 9 pounds!
- I am So Thirsty
- Being prescribed the wrong antibiotics
- Parking in the Expectant Mothers space at Wegmans
- A beautiful doctor telling you beautiful lies
- Dropping dead of listeriosis on the floor of a Jersey Mike's

Bet you never imagined holding a tiny plastic cup up to your asshole during the Fourth of July weekend, did you? God, I fucking love shitting, and I fucking love America. Amen!





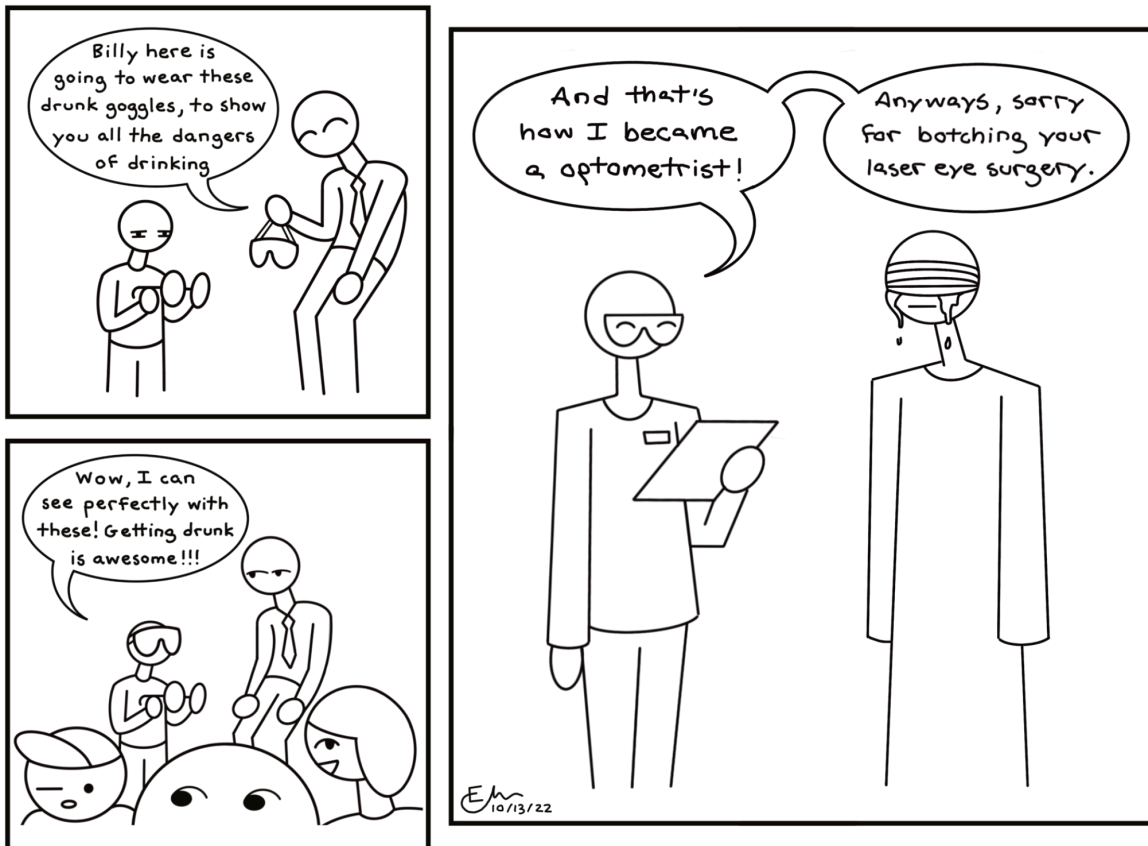
Draconic Incest Simulator - A Review

By: Gary Reverend Raynaud Marvin

On Aug 21, 2022, millions of people, eager to relive past trauma, tuned in to watch the official prequel to America's premiere provider of violence, gore, and softcore porn: *America's Got Tal-* I mean *Game of Thrones*. Audiences were captivated by the multi-dimensional characters, intricate yet comprehensible plot, and stunning special effects. ****SPOILER WARNING**** Of course, no medieval drama is complete without copious amounts of incest. After our hero Rhaenyra Targaryen attempts to seduce her uncle for the first time, many of us viewers were seriously blueballed, but we were rewarded for our patience later on with their eventual fruitful marriage, with scores of purebred children produced. In the meantime to satisfy Rhaenrya's unfulfilled lust, we get introduced to our resident incel, Ser Criston Cole, who comes to despise his ex-lover for not throwing away her life to marry her. This is an excellent demonstration that no matter how hot a guy is, he can still be a gamer. I love gamers. Especially when they're my brother. And of course, while not incestuous, we encounter the Queen receiving political favors for letting some creep jerk off to her feet.

Some more civilized folk may appreciate our two female leads as foils, and how their attitudes toward sexuality serve as proxies for their roles in a man's world: one a servant beholden to the whims of men, and the other a true leader. However, I have a list of fetishes for future seasons to keep the audience enamored, because there's only one truth in media: sex sells. One notably absent event from *House of the Dragon* relative to its predecessor is a classic, the orgy. We only have one semi-orgy that ends in the aforementioned blue-balling. While typically involving scores of hookers and other expendables, there are numerous ways to innovate on this timeless classic, like male prostitutes. Gender equality should be present in all professions, not just monarchs and tops. In a franchise that makes heavy use of animals as metaphors, there is a disturbing lack of sexuality in this vein. You can't just tell me that furies didn't exist in Medieval Times. Have you even been to Medieval Times recently? It's changed (for the better). With the emphasis on dragons, lions, wolves, fish, and the marriages between their standard bearers, why not marriages between the animals themselves? After all, humans and bananas share more than 60% of DNA, so any creature that can move is practically identical!

In a show where dragons are "bonded" for life with their riders, you don't think they ever explore each other's bodies? Please, they're just not brave enough to show it. Of course there is the small concern of the size differential, but this concern is only a symptom of a lack of creativity. Whether it be through sounding, bondage, or creating Metaverse avatars of similar stature, the possibilities are endless. And of course, the humans should be exploring their curiosities. With the budget for opulence and beautiful dresses, why not a fursuit, which would of course be made of authentic fur. You can really get inside the skin of another animal in more than one way. We need that representation. Beyond our interspecies fantasies, we can look at the precedent set by *Pulp Fiction* and *50 Shades of Grey* and resort to hard BDSM to make these power dynamics even more evident, but in show format! Please make Rhaenyra, clad in leather, show Alicent what happens to those who disobey. Please, I'm so lonely. I ship them so hard plz.

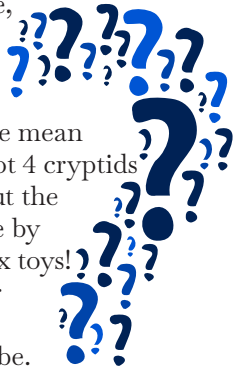


CLAWSMO ASKS:

cryptids answer women's most pressing questions

By: E. V. '23

Ever wonder how He feels about your toy? And by He, we don't mean God or your dad (you already know the answers to those); we mean real monsters! We got 4 cryptids together to talk about the topic of self-pleasure by unnatural means: sex toys! So, get ready to hear what the other side thinks about your vibe.



What about men owning sex toys?

Abominable snowman

[laughing] men with sex toys; that's ridiculous! What's next, women being funny?

Sasquatch

In my burgundy strife
Mighty wolves howl whispers
Hemispheric echos of whirling thunder
Underneath a rising tide

Mothman

As I said before, any consenting adult can own a sex toy! We should normalize it. It's important to find self-pleasure.

Santa Claus

[Jollily] Baby, the only sex toys I need are Mrs. Claus's hands and The Big O Multi-Stage Vibrating Penis Ring. Use my AdamAndEve code HoHoHoles and get a free life-size model of my big fat Santy Ass.



Do you think women like dildos or vibrators better, generally?

Abominable snowman

Dildos, no duh! Women love a good snowcone in the igloo, if you know what I mean. The clitoris is not my problem.

Sasquatch

O'er the concrete wasteland I walk,
Reminding us those towers talk,
In neverending search of lost days,
To orbit our love through enveloping haze

Mothman

Vibrators are a stimulation no other person/cryptid would be able to achieve, making it even more special. But really, it's whatever the individual feels most comfortable with. Some ladies like hands the best! Or wings!

Santa Claus

[with a nosebleed] From what I've seen, I think women like cocaine. Wanna buy?

What would you say to a woman who feels insecure about buying her first sex toy?

Abominable snowman

I'd say go make me a sandwich, sweet cheeks!

Sasquatch

To excavate my broken heart
Requires ornamental spark
Hence our limbs come braving down
A constant flame to flit around

Mothman

[unavailable for comment after taking out a gun and shooting the Abominable Snowman, then flying away into the night]

Santa Claus

Love yourself while you can, kid. What's REALLY sexy is self-confidence, sex toy or not. I couldn't care less about if my girl wears the strap, especially if she brings me milk, cookies, and amphetamines.

And there you have it, ladies! It's your inside scoop on what men—er—monsters think of your alone time. Remember to always stay safe, stay sexy, stay confident, and stay looking in the chimney for a certain holiday cryptid trying to sell you stimulants.

How do you feel about women owning sex toys?

Abominable snowman, age 22

If I had a girlfriend (women only like assholes, not nice yetis like me), I would not support my girlfriend's toy. She's not allowed to cheat on me with bullshit like that! I mean, porn is so harmful to the male body image, only the kind with double penetration sexy blonde squirts every cold sex video 4k HD should be allowed!

Sasquatch, age 2800

O the open ocean rots
Upon a midnight grave
Until the spirits flower
Above the light brigade

Mothman, age 69

Is that even a question? Women are absolutely allowed to own sex toys. It's really none of my business to say. Any consenting adult can own a sex toy if they want to! My partner loves their proboscis-simulator for when I'm not around.

Santa Claus, age 2022:

What do you think the elves are for?

BIG RED, MORE LIKE BIG DREAD

*A Letter from the Ghost of Willard Dickerman Straight
(Yes, that is my real name)*

Not many of you know me, but I know you all. I was once one of you, sitting in my fraternity living room, getting drunk out of my mind on 25 cents a gallon whisky four nights a week, and selling my soul to work in the glorious paradise of investment banking! And thankfully while many of you continue to follow in my footsteps, I must say I am quite perplexed by what I have seen in recent years.

As a young lad at Cornell I achieved many things. I joined – the still incredibly charming and remarkable – Delta Tau Delta fraternity where I got my reputation as Willard “Big Dick-erman” Straight.

First of all: you know when you die you get to pick where you dwell, and I figured I would stay at Cornell since I could crack a cold one with the boys for eternity. Come to find out: people actually do work nowadays to graduate or whatever, and my \$100,000 building would be desecrated and left to rot. On top of that, every time I try to talk to a fine young maiden, she just runs in fear from me. The perpetual college years have not been — as the youngins I see at Okenshields say — a slay.

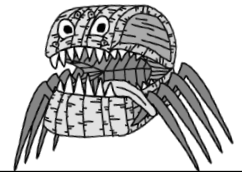
Secondly, while I admire the few at this institution who keep my memory alive by following in my footsteps of getting raided by capitalism (and liking it), I now see that my building has been used as a common site of student protest. Working at the dick measuring convention of J.P. Morgan was not easy, so I cannot fathom why there is not more respect for the role! All these imbeciles in their carhartt hats, flannels, and blundstone boots could never understand the difference between a preferred stock and a common stock...

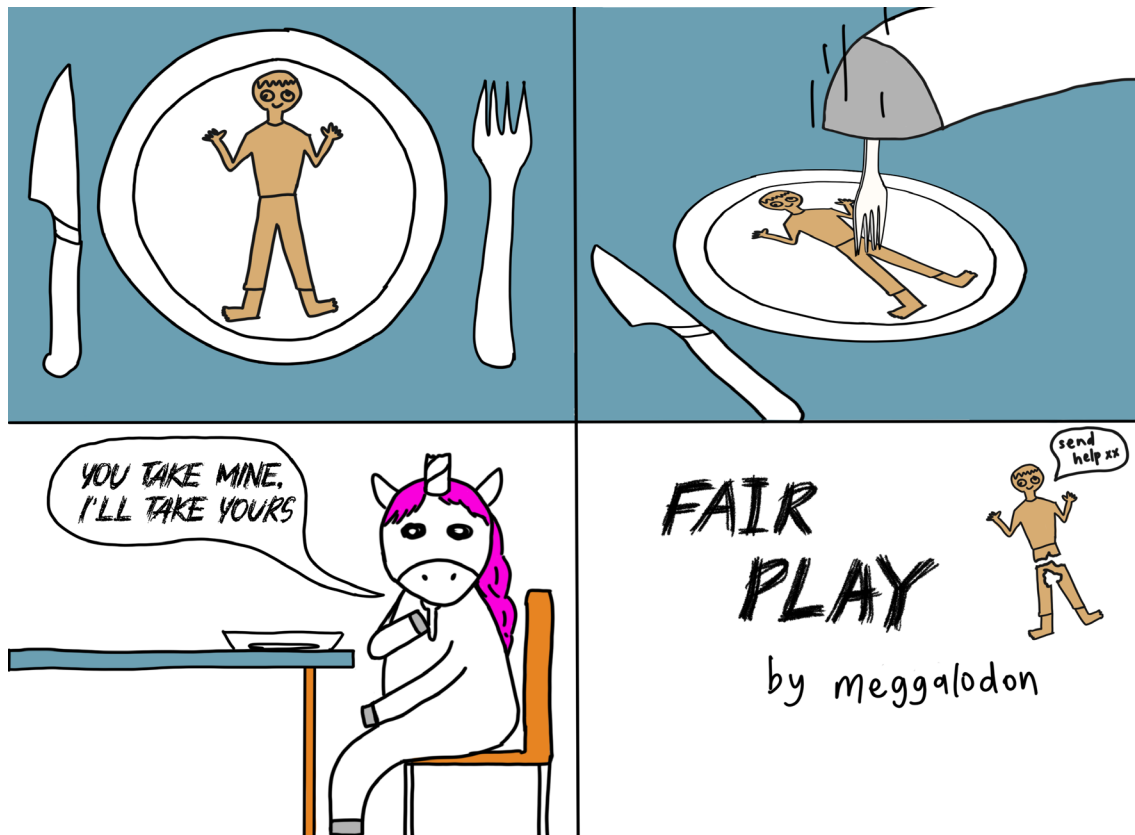
Finally, stop letting the queers into my building, we are named the Straight for a reason for crying out loud!! I bet they can't even name five brothers.

IM TIRED OF GETTING FUCKED HERE — all I can do is continue to sit and observe as you imbeciles enter and exit my entrance, hoping for this place to get better. There's no way I planted a load of dosh on this place, just for you all to squander it with some terrible glow in the dark themed house basement parties and warm beer. Good God, do better Cornell.

In brotherhood and Busch Light,

Willy Dicky Stricky





Open Letter to the Makers of BeReal



Greetings and salutations,

Bien le bonjour et salutations, fœuer youéau français maman-fuckèrz,

Specifically Alexis Barreyat and Kevin Perreau. Oui have fouende youe and becauiase the BeReal maqers are french *gag* oui figeured eouii would make this eazieure fouré youe tou read.

Nobody is saying it, so we've come out of the woods and the sludge pools to say this ourselves: your app fucking sucks. BeReal? "Authenticity" our slimy monstrous ASSES. Authenticity and real are not the same. If you wanted an authentic, inclusive social media app, it would say BeAuthentic or BeYou or something like that. Making an app for "real" beings OENLY has entirely excluded the entire group of us. Fucked up, exclusive, obviously you hate us just beicoueuase we're "monsters", "myths", "legends", "folklore", "cryptids", "supernatural", and what have you.

Mothman dauoenlauxdèd the app and tried to post a group picture and we all showed up as orbs. FUCKING ORBS? Those guys are their own séparète group and they aren't cryptids and we are frankly insulted to be reduced to low-life* orbs. And now mothman's been becoming fleshier, and more pathetic-looking each day, almost like some REAL crossover between a moth and a human man than the cryptic, terrifying, unreal mothman he has always authentically been.

*(I mean, low-death? They're more ghost than anything, not that you'd care.)

Fuck BeReal, fuck Alexis Barely-rat, fuck Kevin Per-hoe, and fuck all y'all "real"s. #CryptidInclusionNow

We'll be haunting your woods and eating frenchmen a bit extra from now on.

Wishing you the worst,

Mothman, Bigfoot, Wendigo, Chupacabra, Jersey Devil, the Aliens, Sasquatch, Nessie, Nightcrawler, the Hellhounds, Jackalope, Kraken, Lizard Man, Martha Pollock, Merman, Cthulu, Unicorn, Vampire, Zombie, Werewolf, Yeti, and the rest of us.

“Call Me Maybe” is About a Newfound Relationship with an Eldritch Abomination

Carly Rae Jepsen: icon, pop goddess, sword wielder. She is best known for her pioneering mega smash hit ‘Call Me Maybe’ (stream Emotion for clear skin). While the song may seem like a cute bop about giving your number to someone who always seems out of reach, Carly is actually preaching a more sinister narrative underneath its bright pop presentation. Thus, “Call Me Maybe” is about a newfound relationship with an eldritch abomination.

“I threw a wish in the well”
“Don’t ask me, I’ll never tell”

Carly is using water as her method of communication, in classic Lovecraftian fashion. The use of the word “throw” indicates utmost intent, maybe even desperation. Yet, she wants to keep her new relationship a secret, for society would never accept their love. She may also be trying to keep us, the ignorant, from finding out about her secret romance and descending into hysteria.

“I looked to you as it fell”
“And now you’re ‘in my way”

Carly is so close to achieving contact with the other side that she can sense their presence in the reflection. It’s also here where we now know the name of the being Carly has reached. In Sumerian texts, the monster is known as 𒂗𒂊𒂍𒂗𒂊𒂍, but its name is more commonly known as its Anglicized version: “Inmyway” (pronounced as “in my way”).

“I trade my soul for a wish
Pennies and dimes for a kiss”

Here, Carly is making a classic Faustian bargain, trading her soul to attain the opportunity of eloping with the likes of Cthulhu or Azathoth.

“I wasn’t looking for this
But now you’re ‘in my way”

It’s fair for Carly to expect that she wouldn’t be courting an eldritch abomination as a partner, but here we are. Everyone has an experimental phase in life. For most people, it involves first-time drug use and premarital coitus. But Carly declares that she is built differently.

“Your stare was holdin’
Ripped jeans, skin was showin”

The gaze from beyond the veil has taken notice of Carly’s wishes. The ripped jeans and revealed skin indicates that the eldritch god has entered this world in a corporeal form, presumably by possessing some vessel. Think Incredible Hulk or Michael Cera.

“Hot night, wind was blowin’
Where you think you’re going, baby?”

There are now changes in the weather as a result of the eldritch god’s grand entrance. Carly asks her partner where they are going, as chances are, they are probably unleashing hell on the world. But she knows she can fix them with pop music.

“Hey, I just met you, and this is crazy
But here’s my number, so call me, maybe
It’s hard to look right at you, baby
But here’s my number, so call me, maybe”

Now that her eldritch bae has entered the physical world, Carly can keep in touch with them through more...conventional means, i.e. her phone number or her SSN. However, Carly can’t look at them right away, as she needs time to get used to their new appearance. Hence *call me maybe* rather than *Omegle me maybe*.

“And all the other boys try to chase me
But here’s my number, so call me, maybe”

Carly has a particular type, and it’s not any of the “other [assumed to be human] boys”, no matter how much they chase her. She doesn’t want them to be devoured like last time. It’d just be really awkward.

“You took your time with the call
I took no time with the fall
You gave me nothing at all

But still, you're in my way

Carly has been trying to court her own abomination for a while now, but now that they've finally answered back, she did not hesitate with her response. It's like when you've been left on read for several hours, and when your crush texts you, you text back in five seconds.

"I beg and borrow and steal

At first sight, and it's real"

Despite her obsession with her new love, it's still Carly's first time in this sort of relationship. That comes with questions as to how to show affection. Evidently, Carly's S.O. prefers her to "beg and borrow and steal" as its love language.

"I didn't know I would feel it

But it's in my way"

With this new relationship, Carly had no preconceived notions about eldritch intercourse. It's her first time after all; she did not know she would feel [redacted] in [redacted].

"Before you came into my life, I missed you so bad

I missed you so bad, I missed you so, so bad

Before you came into my life, I missed you so bad

And you should know that

I missed you so, so bad"



Poor Carly has lost her mind after spending so much time with her eldritch partner that her perception of time has broken.

After the postchorus, we enter the instrumental break. Although there are no lyrics, there is a hidden message in the instrumental. If you play this section backwards, add slow and reverb, speed it up, and make it loop for 10 minutes, you get the phrase: **CTHULHUSSY**. This clearly indicates what Carly is after and she will get what she wants.

Attentive listeners can notice that the chorus repeats over and over throughout the song. That may be because the chorus could just be that mindlessly catchy, but Carly has all of us fooled from the beginning. The chorus is a chant that gives the eldritch god more power. Therefore, we can conclude that it was at the peak of its power in 2012, the time when the song was at its most popular.

"Call Me Maybe" is not the pop bop anthem we thought it was. Under the surface, Carly has told an epic tale of love, lust, and tentacles. Stream "Call Me Maybe", and you too can court an abomination of your own.

By: A Lifelong Raecist



SMALL FEET: A BIG PROBLEM

We need more diversity in the foot fetish industry!

As a foot connoisseur, I look at between ten to ten thousand feet a day. I spend my days loitering in the sandal aisle in the shoe store, seeking out potential models. My bags are full of business cards to pass out to fine footed fellows, foot sprays, nail polish, rulers, and wax.

It's a tough job, but someone has to do it.

However, my strict moral compass is bouncing all over the place — like nicely shaped feet on a trampoline. The current foot photo websites are clearly biased.

How so?! The masses cry. There's black feet, brown feet, white feet, gangrene feet, the preserved foot of the early 14th century saint Catherine of Siena... yet there is absolutely no Bigfoot representation.

As one who is part of the Bigfoot community myself, I have always felt underrepresented in the foot fetish industry. It's hard, when you're scrolling through Feet4Fap and seeing pair after pair that are all so tiny and miniscule that if you tried to even suck one little toe you'd engulf their entire leg like a ring pop.

Many would argue that if you simply imagine the foot is big, it would be fine. A photo cannot show the size of a foot. However, these idiots clearly don't know anything about feet. Firstly, it's about knowing the foot is a Bigfoot. Secondly, Bigfeet are easily distinguishable from human feet to a discerning eye. The foot of a Bigfoot has extremely deep prints, and tend to have large tufts

of hair on top of each toe. These characteristics actually make the Bigfoot feet pictures extremely popular among a certain audience, yet another reason that the industry needs to invest in Bigfeet. Affirmative foot action is the first step that needs to be taken towards inclusion, ranging from the simple big foot to claws, flippers, talons, and the many-legged. Past that, cryptids need to work on creating cryptid-led initiatives and getting more cryptids into positions of power in the foot fetish industry.

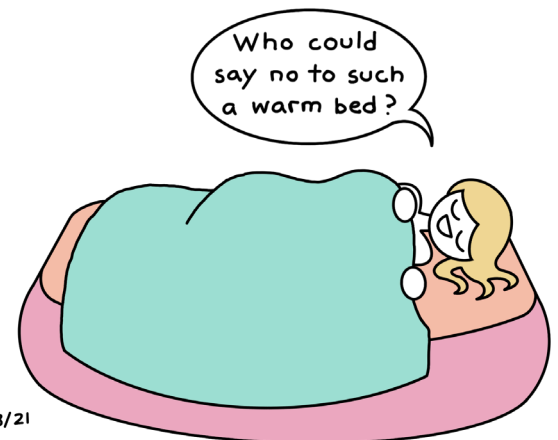
With the exclusionary standards that pervade every foot website known to man and cryptid, there will never be any progress made. People will still leave unsatisfied, unsure of why they even came (haha).

The foot world needs big change.

Support our petition by signing, using #bigfeetornofeet, and buying some of our custom bigfoot slippers.



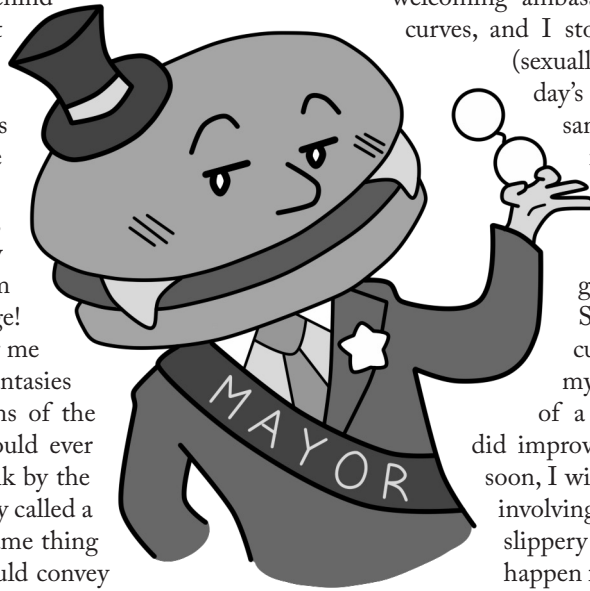
By: Isaac Toze, Ye Olde Cornhelle Universetee Class of 12 AD.



Yes I'm a Monster Fucker, and No I Won't Apologize (Unless You Make Me (ಠ _ ಠ))

By: Ned Richard

Okay it's true, I wanna get fucked down by a minotaur, or an orc, or Mayor McCheese in an alleyway behind every McDonalds in Cleveland. But even though I harbor an insatiable lust for cryptic cock, you can't deny me my basic human right to slam McGriddles at 11:30 in the morning. I mean there I was, holding a civil discussion about Mothman's juicy ass like I normally do, and the McDonalds employees simply refused to serve me a single thing from their breakfast menu! It's an outrage! Moreover, they had the audacity to offer me a burger instead, taunting me with fantasies of gobbling down sensual reproductions of the distinguished mayor himself, as if I could ever be worthy of such a sexy honor (real talk by the way, why isn't Mayor McCheese officially called a burgermeister? It basically means the same thing as "mayor" in German, and the title would convey even more sex appeal than he already proudly flaunts [if that's even possible 🍔👹🍷]).



Naturally, I berated the employees for failing to act as welcoming ambassadors of their mayor's cheesy, loving curves, and I stormed out of the building, vowing to (sexually) light it on fire at a later date. But the day's injustices continued. Within that very same hour, a used car lot prevented me from stealing one of their wiggly little guys, which I needed for obvious reasons! I'm so tired of explaining that wanting to FUCK werewolves, gelatinous cubes, scarecrows, and R.L. Stine does not preclude me from decent customer service! Anyway, I finished off my day by staring longingly at pictures of a loch in Scotland (one day...) which did improve my mood, but know that some day soon, I will savor both revenge and sexual ecstasy involving bigfoot and a full-sized version of the slippery guy on the wet floor sign. It's gonna happen for me, and when it does, you'll all regret the day you chose to be gross regular people instead of sexy cryptids like Orville Peck.

I Force The Hat Man To Help Me Brainstorm

By: Carlos Po '23

In the distant evening, I toil under candlelight, typing away at an arcane manuscript, trying to conjure the biting satire and subtle political commentary this magazine is known for. I decide to get some outside help. As per the ancient ritual, I eat a Benadryl-stuffed quesadilla and hit the dougie.

"Zip zop zoopity bop, that's 20 Benadryls! You know what that means! Hahaha!" The Hat Man materializes by my radiator. "It's time for the skin spiders. Boo!"

I grin. "There you are! I just had a teaspoon of instant coffee for each Benadryl. Your attacks won't affect me. Now you see the difference in skill between us."

"Tch....He knows the secret trick..." the Hat Man growls. "This is no fun. Bye." He runs into a wall to pass through it, but to his surprise, it's solid.

"Your next line is, why can't I demanifest?" I say, coolly and with that bad boy demeanor that drives nurses taking my blood and elderly waitresses at roadside diners wild. "Wait. Why can't I demanifest?" The Hat Man cries, rubbing his head in pain.

"Take a good look!" I point to the heaps of used road salt that completely surround my room.

"Oh no. Not again! This is-"

"That's right. Salt!" I grin. "Look, just work with me here. Is this funny? "Cryptids Ranked By How Well They Could Rail Me In An Arby's Bathroom." Is that good?"

He glances at my screen in abject disgust. "I don't know. I don't fucking know. I have to torment some CS kiddies in Clara Dixon in 10 minutes."

"You better cancel, you're gonna be here for a while. Do you think that in this context, "Mothussy" is a funnier word than "Bigfussy"?"

The Hat Man scoops a handful of salt from the floor and swallows it. His mouth foams, his eyes bleed, and he falls onto the ground, motionless. He begins deflating as I go through his pockets and only find his student ID, some Cornell Health condoms, and some hot sauce packets. I drag him out into the recycle bin. Who else can I hit up?

"Haha! Who dares speak my name three times in a mirror? Prepare to face the wrath of the Bloo-"

"Hey, need your opinion. Would the word "cum" or "piss" be funnier right here?"

Sex Playlist #51

By: DJ Dildo

Have you ever found yourself being utterly cumfucked by Megamind with only the awkward slapping of bulbous body parts keeping your ears aroused (unlike the rest of you)?

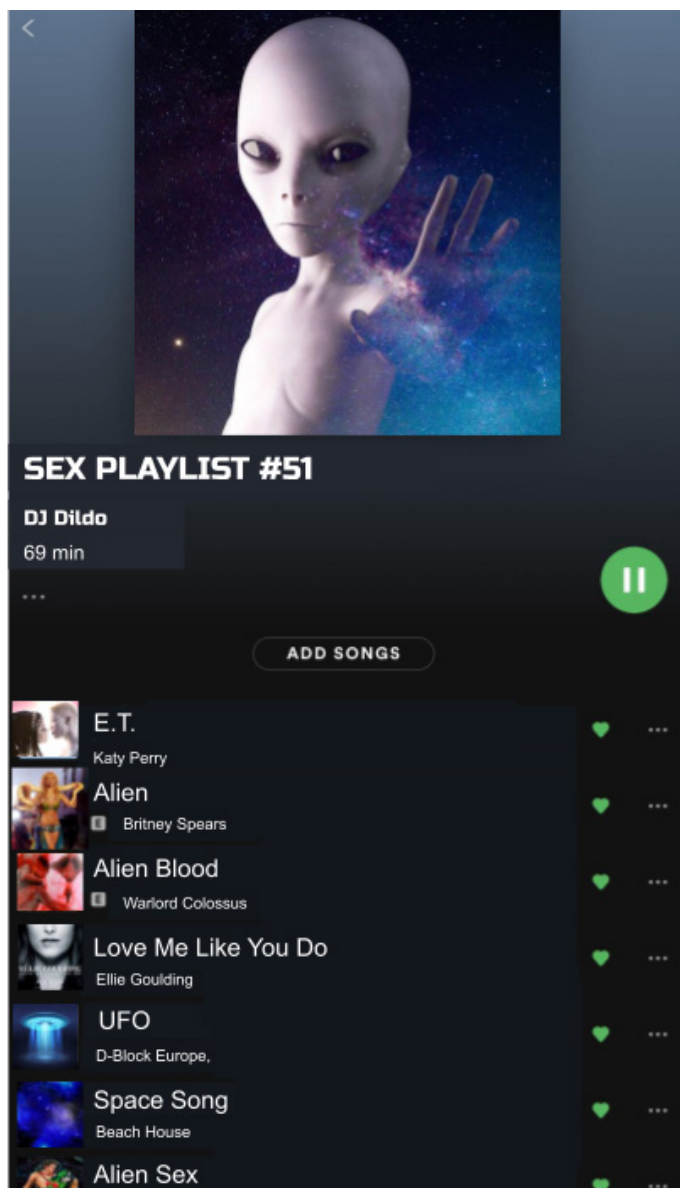
Have you ever found yourself fearful of the deafening silence following Jaba absolutely engulfing your drenched pussy?

If you answered yes to any of the previous normal questions, then this playlist is for you!



Enjoy.

Remember me when Spock is making you scream louder than your parents during their divorce <3



a few of my fav non-human mammals xx

By: Coquettebaby21

1. I said this on Twitter and the Twitter degenerates that live on that app accused me of stripping the humanity away from innocent people that have a certain aesthetic. but vampires really tickle my fancy and i see them a lot. I was a vampire lover once. Back in the my high school (the Dalton school), I was in love with a vampire. Their name was Jeannie and we had a lot of S e x. Haha sex is so funny. My friend is not a slut however one time he had sex in a five star hotel bathroom with his ex. He was a vampire too. At the Dalton school, I learned how to be a vampire i think. they tried to teach me how to become a vampire and i know this and i did not imagine this. They tried to but failed because i do not wanna be a vampire because I think that the idea of a regular degular human and vampire hooking up is a lot more hot than just a regular vampire x vampire relationship. anyways, i really like the the aesthetic of every vampire i see because they all have that dark academia vibe and their smells bring out the primal urges and me and truly make me feel like a man. I'm serious and just thinking about it makes my hands start tingling and my heart is pounding and my eye is twitching and my feet are tapping and my liver is swelling so much right now. it truly gets me going it really gets me going it reallyyyyyy gets me hot and excited like truly.

2. cats: cats are really cute and that is why i love cats.

Cornelia's Real Dark Secret

By: A Lone Soldier

We've all heard the tour guides make their jokes. "Oh, the ice cream actually can't be sold off campus because of how high the fat content is! It's legally categorized as butter," they laugh, and the group of Botoxed Barbies, beer bellied Kens, and their backpack leash kids join in.

Yet, anyone who has ever had to scrape the last bits of Ezra's Morning Cup from the tubs in Okenshields, arm six feet deep in some chilly, dark cavity, a line of twenty people behind you, will know that the Cornell Dairy ice cream is not buttery at all. It's icy, and evil.

Just like its maker.

In reality, the FDA was unable to approve Cornell Dairy ice cream for mass consumption because of a dark secret that has been hidden for decades by generations of Pre-Dairy majors. Chained to a Blue Light behind Stocking Hall is the Goatman, famed half-man half-goat cryptid who used to roam the woods with an ax looking for victims. His terrifying aura has been stripped from him, and now he is forced to produce the milk supply for all the nineteen flavors the Dairy Bar serves.

Captured by Ezra Cornell himself, the care and keeping of the Goatman is a secret passed down from President to President. Martha Pollack is the current keeper, and in order to keep Goatman fed, she feeds him one Hotelie a day. They're the most expendable.

As a non-hotellie, you would think that I am safe. However, the Goatman's milk is being used for nefarious purposes. Think it's a coincidence that Cornell is the most depressed university in the world? Think again. The Goatman ice cream actually contains toxins that affect mood. Worse, if you drink too much, you're in danger of becoming a goatperson yourself. After eating a single cone of Chocolate Gorges, my toes became extremely hairy, and I kept feeling urges to eat grass.

The only solution (besides becoming vegan- an act of psychosis) is to free the Goatman. When you think about it, having an axe murderer out there in the woods by Beebe killing on average one or two people a year is better than having about twenty five thousand really depressed people year round. Therefore, it's clear what I must do. I must take my own axe and go and chop down the blue light the Goatman is tied to. It's a suicide mission, but it's my mission.

Editor's Notes: the author was arrested by CUPD soon after the publication of this article. They were charged for tampering with a blue light.

[illegible]

How We've Tricked Ourselves Into Believing that Chuck-E-Cheese isn't the Sexiest Man Alive

By: C.Menn

We've moved into a new era of man, and I hate it. Socially conscious, somewhat well-kept, and tolerable? No—I want a traditional fella—hairy in every crevice, natural grease and musk emanating from his pores, and a beefy body like pepperoni. There's only one man in this world who can fulfill this image—and his name is Charles Ebenezer Elizabeth Cheese IV.

Now before you turn the page, just hear me out. I need to spread this gospel—it burns like the fire in my loins whenever I think of Chuck. Somehow, it doesn't compute that Chuck isn't everyone's type. Straight, gay, pots and pans, and anything in between and outside—how is he not your type?!? My counselor has already ostracized me for expressing my love in one too many sessions, my family no longer claims me after they saw my shrine, and my friends—well—let's just say I took care of them after they made the mistake of insulting my Chuck...

I know the problem is not me, but the tasteless preferences of this world and you lot of heathens. Because there's absolutely no way that I, Christina Pegmatite Menn IV, have made such a horrible misjudgement. My beefy boy, Chuck E. Cheese is finer than any trending fad on twitter. He certainly puts Jack Harlow to shame, and any other man, woman, or random motherfucker can argue with the wall if they disagree. The misjudgement that Chuck has, the lack of attention and admiration for this fine specimen is simply a crime at this point. You heretics simp for E-boys, P-boys, V-boys, and anything in between—but Chuck? Somehow he's not even a contender. It's a grave sin that you all are making. How dare you not lust over him?

He gushes out sexual energy—truly he's the dictionary definition of a philanderer. In the creation of his character, the Great Creator™ maxed out his sexual appeal, right alongside every other attribute that matters: charisma, mischief, and satanism. Chuck is the most wholesome man—he cares for kids, he takes care of his home, and you can just tell that he's packing. Much like Squidward, much like Bert from Sesame Street, his presence and allure is undeniable—he's a man of the people, and he deserves to be worshipped. Just take a look at his beautiful features.

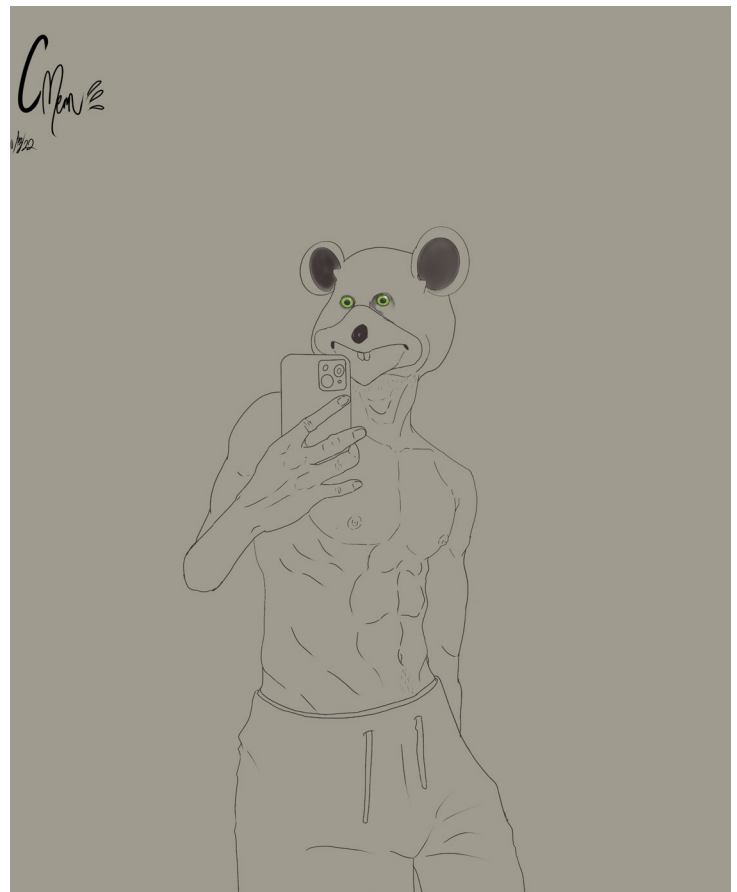
For one, gander at his dimpled smile. Any gal, guy, rat, or otherwise would go as weak in the knees as I do whenever Mr. E. Cheese flashes those deep, cultured dimples. Filled with the exotict American cheeses of his last meal, I know they smell immaculate. God, I just want to short up the chunky goodness of those face-craters adorning his supple cheeks.

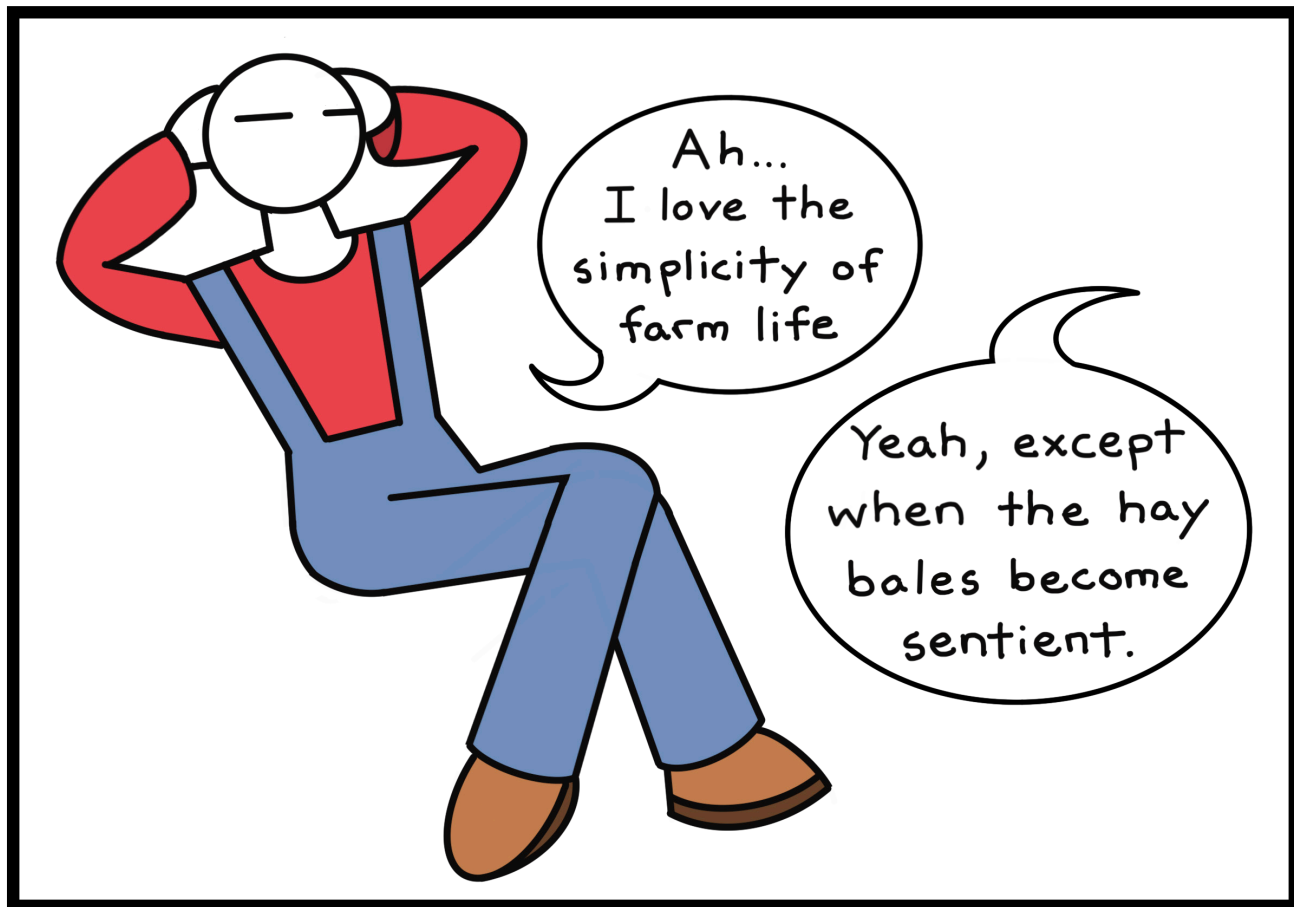
On that same note, his perfect shiners—particularly those bucked incisors, get me hydroplaning across the floor like a mop. Without fail, it's an immediate reaction that makes me lose all my senses—but that's just so typically me. Mrs. Thee Stallion said it best, I want this beautiful suited man to gobble me, swallow me, drip down the side of me, throttle me, obliterate me, guzzle me down, gluttonize, devour, cram into my every fibre—sorry I got carried away...

Needless to say, Chuck's one of a kind. Everything about him is unique. For example, those bucked teeth are inimitable. That mouldy sponge boy tried, but even those immaculate tusks could never deter me from my ratty big man.

I could stare at my Chuck forever, and I would be helpless when he stares right back at me. Those bugged out emerald eyes, those orbs that just evoke the watterpad fangirl out of me—what's a more beautiful feeling than that?

All in all, there's nothing he can ever do to put me off—he brings too much to the table. His ruffian fur, the soft pink of his ears, the god-blessed swag that is his apparel. He's even the best pizza chef in the world. Oh, Chuck.





The Unheeded Warnings of Crazy Frog

By: Your Local Frogger

For millennia, humanity has been obsessed with one burning question: “Are we alone?” Not in a social sense because yes, of course you are, but in an extraterrestrial sense. It’s a question that has captivated astronomers, national governments, and alien fetishists worldwide. But one must stop to consider the consequences of finding out the truth and whether we even want to know the answer. “Axel F,” the 2006 magnum opus of skinny legend Crazy Frog, and its accompanying music video is a satire of humanity’s unhealthy fixation on aliens and a prophecy of what may happen on this dubious path.

The setting clearly foretells the dangers of an alien invasion. To mark the severity of the issue at hand, Crazy Frog uses few lyrics to describe this horrific paranormal hell. The message is instead represented in the dystopian chase scene of the song’s accompanying video.

Immediately, the viewer is engulfed in a devastated post-invasion world. Tall skyscrapers stand warped, as if hiding in fear of attack. Streets remain empty, as it’s likely that everyone has already been abducted. Clear skies, with a slight tinge of smoke haze, act as the stark reminder of a once-bustling, lively city.

The rest of this film clip can be viewed as a satire of humanity’s fruitless attempts to capture proof of aliens. At the timestamp 0:12, a wanted sign for the “most annoying thing in the world” is displayed. We then witness an exciting high-speed chase, in which Crazy Frog is pursued by a faceless, relentless, but ultimately unsuccessful red-colored robot. The futility of this effort is satirized at the timestamp 2:01, as Crazy Frog easily avoids a guided missile.

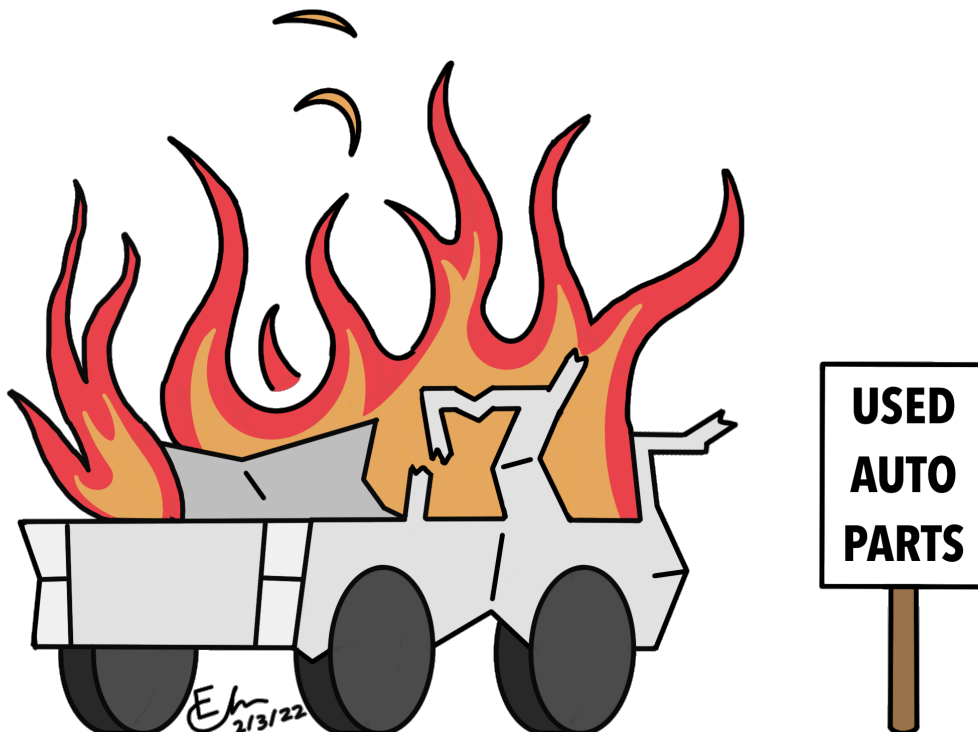
Here, Crazy Frog boldly embodies himself as an alien evading

detection of the world’s governments, paranormal investigators, and aluminum foil-wearing conspiracy theorists. In the exciting narrative of the video, Crazy Frog continuously evades capture, just being out of reach. The red robot represents humanity’s collective efforts to get a shred of evidence of aliens’ existence. Crazy Frog’s masterful ability to escape is a direct reference to the fact that no definitive proof has surfaced.

Though Crazy Frog is critical of humanity’s laughable actions in the face of a cold, unforgiving universe, he also mocks the stereotypes that humans place upon aliens. Crazy Frog comically plays the role of an alien. He cries his iconic call “ding ding” as the camera pans across the desolate cityscape. His incoherent mumblings and vocal noises represent the inexplicable audio messages that may accompany paranormal happenings, which is typically followed by mass panic. Crazy Frog is taunting us to catch him, but we can’t. And he knows that.

Finally, in the grand finale to Crazy Frog’s compelling critique of this postmodern, dystopian, capitalist, communist, post-industrial, post-ironic, post-truth world, an atomic mushroom cloud explosion (timestamp 2:40) devastates this lifeless, post-invasion scene: it represents man’s last-ditch effort to eradicate something that they have brought upon themselves.

“Axel F” is more than a finely-aged meme from the 2000s. It’s a warning to all those who seek to gain extraterrestrial knowledge without considering the ramifications of their actions. Perhaps it’s best for things to be just out of reach, like the sound of Crazy Frog’s “ding ding” echoing into the horizon.



Big (Wiki) Foot

By: B.F.

Tears have been flowing down my face like an avalanche of snow for about an hour now. I feel dizzy. I am sitting in a pool of sweat. My hands are shaking and my feet feel numb. Do I have arthritis? Looking solemnly at the screen of my Macbook Air, I read my feedback:

2 stars (bad feet)

user @foot_and_balls: What ever happened to hygiene? I like sucking on toes – not hair follicles. (2.5 stars)

user @happy.toesday: HAHAAHA body positivity has officially gone too far. #BigUglyFoot (1.5 stars)

Next time, I will do better. I'll prove these people wrong and show that I have the best feet – it is my namesake, after all.

I am leaving my den for the fifth time this week waiting to hear the flicker of a camera. I've pampered myself, trimmed all my rough edges, and even shaved a few bushes here and there. I have never felt so twinkly.

Before it was even sunrise, I arose to have adequate time for preparation. Ten disposable razors, four bottles of shampoo, and one hour of pep talk later, I'm ready to go.

Today will be the day. Get ready, my little #AbominableToeFans.

As I strut through the forest, carefully navigating through rough bushes and twisted thickets, I hear the scampering of a few connoisseurs. I can see them through the trees; their camera bags are trailing behind and swinging on their backs. In squinting to get a better view of the crowd I can see the leader of the pack. He looks to be salivating and his spit is obstructing his speech while the two photographers behind him seem to have their free hands stuffed into their pants.

It's go-time.

In spectacular fashion, I pop out from a nearby bush and stick my left foot out; the ground shakes as I do so. Perfect, that'll get their attention.

The group of perverse paparazzi comes bounding towards my furry appendages, and I pose for impact. WikiFeet is going to be on fire later tonight. Mark. My. Words.

I have made it back to my den. The hour and a half that I've been home have been spent refreshing WikiFeet, waiting for my verdict. As I do so, I can't help but look in inferiority at my competition. Taylor Swift, Selena Gomez, Zendaya – five stars, five stars, five stars. Hell, even Johnny Depp is still floating above a 3.2. What do they have that I don't? My toes are bigger, stronger, and much more opposable.

I refresh one last time, and the verdict is in:

1 star (ugly feet)

user @abominabletoefan116: OMG they're so clean! His toes look like they smell like roses; I bet they're as soft as Selena Gomez's. But he's a man – needs to quit trying so hard. (1.5 stars)

| user @tentoesdown: LOOOOL looks like this unflattering sasquatch thought a manicure would score him some extra points. A for effort; F for feet. (0.5 stars)

Too hairy or not hair enough, one thing is for certain: I'll never be good enough.



I AM IN LOVE WITH THE MICHIGAN DOGMAN

I am about to die.

I am writing this on the instruction manual of my 2014 Toyota Prius between the lines, fighting for my life alongside text about the importance of regular oil maintenance. I am about to die, and before I do, I have to confirm the existence of the love of my life. I need to go down in history alongside lucky motherfuckers such as Robert Fortman of Paris, Michigan and two very sexy lumberjacks.

My man is tall. Taller than your man, I'm sure. He has big beautiful blue eyes (or amber eyes, depending on the source, but I would describe them as a cerulean deep as the sea).

Late at night, I touch myself and I imagine his half-wolf, half-human appendages gently stroking me to climax.

I AM IN LOVE WITH THE MICHIGAN DOGMAN.

I was eighteen years old when I first saw him.

My sighting occurred after my prom night. My date had left early to study for his AP Human Geography exam. I, sad and alone and completely sober (I would never drunk drive in my Prius), drove off into the wilderness of Gladwin County. As I was cruising down the country roads listening to Taylor Swift's "All You Had to Do Was Stay" and thinking about how I got ditched for an easy 5, I saw him.

A beautiful, seven-foot tall myth of a man, Hotter than Harry Styles or the English teacher that complimented my writing. He glowed in the light, literally.

He was the dog, but I wanted to be the good boy.

His eyes told me: I see you. I am here, I care about the female orgasm.

I have pledged my love and my virginity to him ever since.

Every time I eat one of my manager's business cards, I think of how I would rather be licking his salty, canine flesh.

Yes, I eat paper. It started after prom night. What the fuck do you have to say about it?

Yes, I fucking tear out the fucking corners of the fucking pages in a little, neat circular motion and place it on my tongue and let it dissolve like a tab of acid right before a King Gizzard and the Lizard Wizard concert.

That's why the supply in my Prius is running low and I had to resort to the instruction manual.

No, the paper isn't some sort of Freudian psychosomatic sex thing. Or maybe it is. It's none of your business.

Speaking of sex things: I have attended every single furry convention east of the Mississippi since 2008, and while some have given me brief moments of pleasure, none have satisfied the urge I have to be absolutely demolished by the beautiful wolverine beast of the Great Lake State.

You know, pets eat their dead owners. I don't care how much you love your cat or how much you claim your cat loves you, it will eat you when you're dead.

That's when people go "What the fuck do you mean "Proud Prius Owner, you're in love with the Michigan Dogman"? He doesn't exist, and if he existed, he would kill you."

To that, I say two things: 1) Your beloved kitty cat will eat you when you're fucking dead and 2) Y'all are all in love with versions of people



you created in your head anyway. Do those people fucking exist?

I know that fact may be hard to stomach, but you know what isn't hard to stomach? You when you're dead, according to your cat.

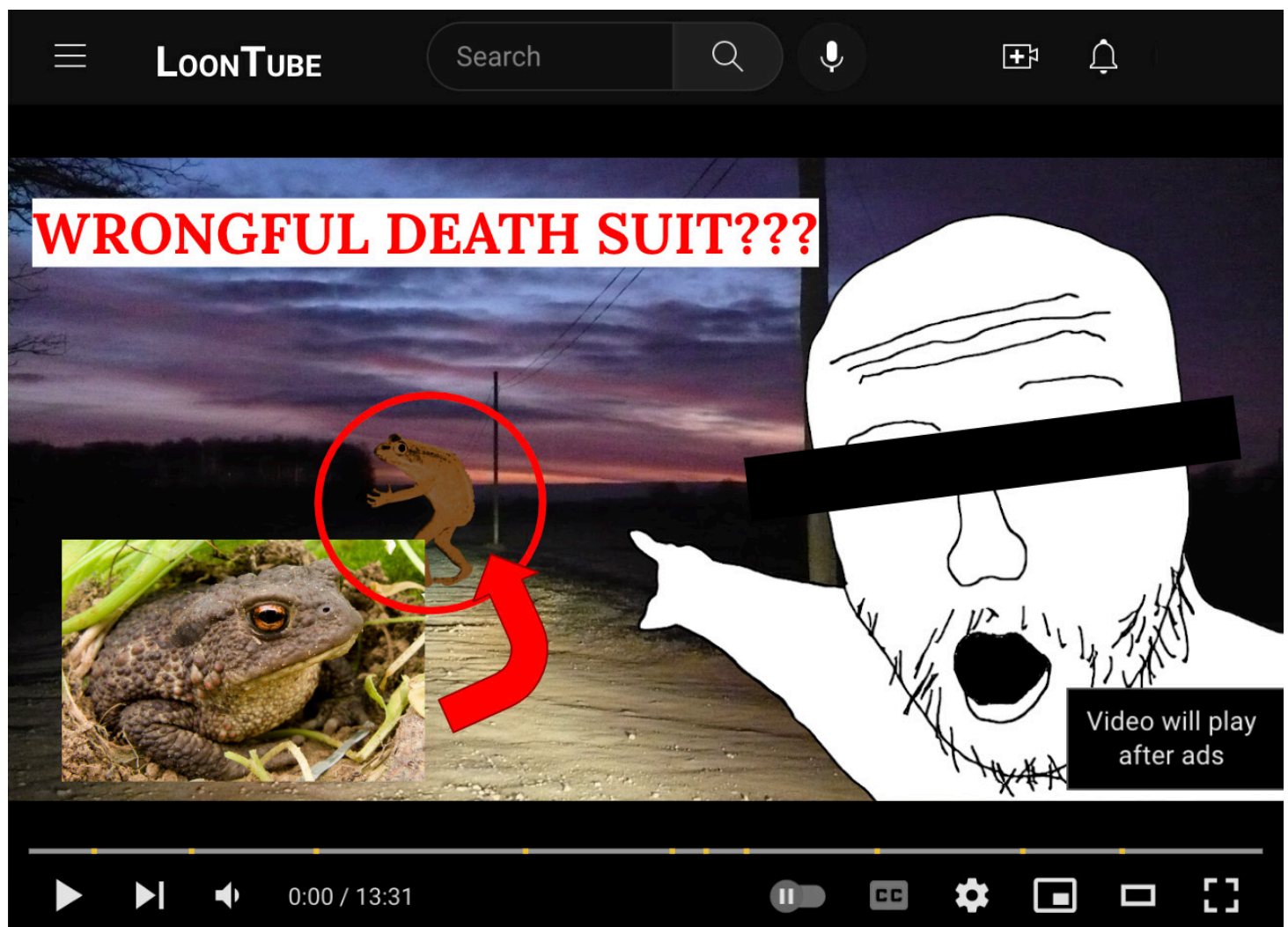
Sorry, I might be getting a bit snappy. It's probably because I am about to die. I haven't had food in 15 days, mostly because I have been camped out in my Prius in the Michigan forest hoping for a taste of Michigan Doggystyle. My energy has been depleted and my sexual frustration has reached a pinnacle.

Throughout my early adulthood, I had tried to satiate my need for Dogman. I went to therapy. I watched all the Twilight movies and memorized every line of dialogue out of Jacob's mouth. I was the Little Red Riding Hood every year for Halloween. I paid \$80,000 a year for a liberal arts degree from Wesleyan University and attended every basketball game just because their mascot resembled a wolf. None of it worked: I ended up in debt with a degree in art history and a lifetime ban from collegiate sports. So I decided, five years after that fateful day, to return to where I had seen the Michigan Wolfman for the first time.

"Take me back, to the naaighht we met" I blasted from the stereo of my then-still-alive Prius. But alas. No one came. Not one sexual fantasy, of whips and and chains and leashes (I'm chained, not him) was fulfilled. I started to question myself for the first time in my life: am I insane? Should I just accept the touch of freaky accountants in convention centers in Annapolis, Maryland for the rest of my life? No, I decided. My mother told me never to settle for mediocre men. So I wait. And if I die waiting for my man, at least I tried for love, unlike the rest of you.

Sincerely,

A Proud Prius Owner

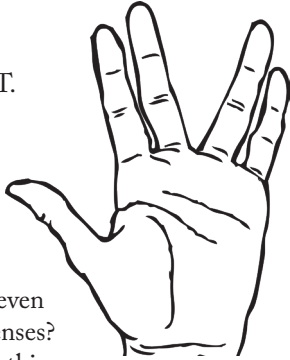


My Run in With The Loveland Frog Man (GONE WRONG, GONE SEXUAL?!?!)

One-Star Review of “sE.T.” Me Up: The Time I Hooked Up with a Humanoid

By: Woman Desperately Seeking a Beast
in the Sheets

I met him on that new dating app “sE.T. me up!” The advertisement really spoke to me.



Tired of dating men who don't even have drivers licenses? Wanna try something more exciting than a coffee date? Wanna try taking ten radioactive dicks at once and live to tell the tale? Well you're in luck! Download “sE.T. me up!” in the App Store, and meet a ton of singles who are out of this world!

After meeting a ton of shallow men on my college campus, I figured I would venture into broader, more exciting horizons. If I can handle the desperation of sweaty men in frat basements, I can handle some slimy aliens with ten dicks...maybe even welcome it...

If you think the Ithaca Tinder scene is scary when a local 30-year-old farmer with a ten-inch-long beard jump scares you with his selfie game, imagine my surprise when I was met with the most bulbous looking fellow who stuck his hand out to me. He introduced himself as a third generation melon head, some humanoid race from the Northeast. I didn't even know what he was; I was hoping to find some of the elites like a Sasquatch or Loch Ness Monster.

Melon made sure to clarify that I should not have him be confused with the disgustingly offensive brand of candy l*m*nhe*ds — a slur for the Melon community. We learned so much about each other in the first ten minutes. I had asked about his background.

“Ya know while I am from Greenwich, Connecticut, I did not get this glorious globe-shaped dome from the inflation

of my ego or the size of my dick. I was actually just born this way — can't say the same for the rest of the fiveheads from around there tho.” He didn't know I was also from Greenwich, Connecticut... asshole.

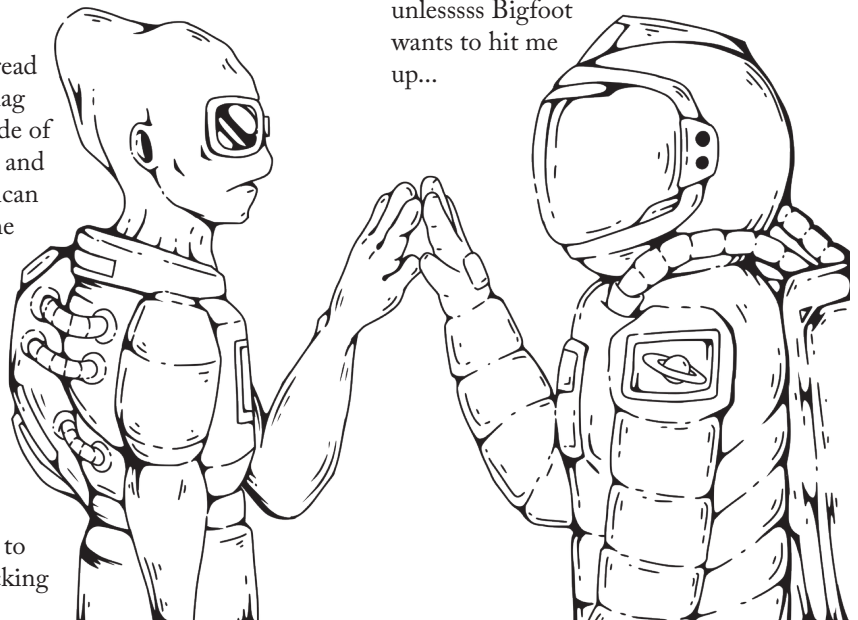
Then he had the nerve to ask me to split the bill! My fault though, what more could I expect from a l*monh*d in the woods. After a few drinks and the dreadful handing off of my debit card, he had invited me back to his place. Little did I know this was my first mistake of many.

I don't know why I assumed he would have driven there; how the fuck would he have even gotten a license? Well, I began my hike to his humble abode. We traversed rocky paths and hilly terrains just to reach the center of the glorious Beebe Lake forest. I never thought I would be this desperate, but let me tell you: no dick for a full year will do this to a motherfucker.

You would think that a creature of the night would be able to live anywhere alone: a ditch, a sewer, under a bridge, but no, of course, he was living with his mother — I guess even humanoids have mommy issues.

I bashfully trekked up the stairs to his room only to be met with something more horrific than the monster escorting me there:

a giant “Don't Tread on Me” flag on one side of the room and an American flag on the other. I managed to find not only the most obscure beast on this app but I also managed to find a fucking idiot.



But I figured, his dick didn't vote for Trump, so I'd just swallow my pride and some extraterrestrial semen.

A woman on a mission, I immediately threw his 4'11 Danny Devito-like body down onto the bed, and we started to make out. His tongue was longer than any human I had ever been with, so I was anticipating he'd use it after I gave a sloppy toppy, but then he hit me with the “oh...I wouldn't be that good at it honestly...” I begin to question my sanity for a moment (says a lot about someone who would download this app in the first place), but I end up thinking you know what, his bio said he had a two headed beast in his pants — might as well leave with a new ‘never have i ever’ tale.

I rode his slimy, pulsating cocks, and suddenly he yelled “FULL SEND IT!!” and burst his warm goo inside of me before I could even finish. I lay back down trying to recollect any shred of dignity I have left when he whispers: “eh, she-Yeti was better.” Then he had me hike back home before his mom would come up to tuck him in for bed. At least he Venmoed me for the Plan-B later.

In short, men suck — homosapien or humanoid. At least the name was accurate, because I definitely feel very SET UP right now. Never using this app again... unlesssss Bigfoot wants to hit me up...

Rejected Headlines



My Mothman Bf Thinks I'm the Light of His Life, by Which I Mean He Keeps Slamming Into Me
And by Research, I Mean Being Tied to a Chair and Having Ketchup Poured Down My Throat

A Public Request for Maleficent To Rail Me

My Dogboy Ate My Homework (and My Ass)!

God, I Wish Italians Were Real

SCUBA: Self Contained Underwater Bussy Apparatus

When Is Bigfoot Gonna Start Searching for Me?

2023 Dragon Day Dragon Just a Worm on a String

Guys, Hear Me Out: Uranus, Myanus, Ouranus

Should I Tell the Guy I'm Dating That I Have a Tail on the First Date? Or Is That a Second Date Thing?

Does the Man on the Moon Reciprocate Oral?

Does the Man in the Mirror Reciprocate Oral?

Tall Girl 3: SHE JUST KEEPS GROWING

I Hate That Cornell Is Admitting All These Students and Not Making Enough Soup for Them

How To Fix Student Overpopulation and the Soup Shortage: A Modest Proposal

I Think We Should Sacrifice All the Hotelies and Make Their Bones Into Soup To Feed the Rest of Us

Honey, I Shot the Kids

Hi! I'm a Sentient Headline! Please Don't Reject Me!

What Do You Mean Its Called a Crossword? You Literally SEARCH for the Words! IT IS a WORD SEARCH

Please Tell Me Someone Else Has Heard of the Fresno Night Crawler. It Can't Just Be Me

The San Diego Cum Guzzler Isn't Real, Don't Worry. Anyway, Do You Have Spare Cum?

What Does It Mean if I Keep Seeing My Sleep Paralysis Demon During Climax (Edit: It Was Just My Boyfriend)

Whatever You Do, DON'T LOOK AT THE HAT MAN

Top 10 Ways To See the Hat Man

Guys, Do You Think the Hat Man Is Flirting With Me?

Long John Silver Plz Diddle My Fishstick

Help: I Put a Fish Stick in My Vagina and Now ITS STUCK! (On the Plus Side, It Smells Better)

The Man in the Yellow Hat Was Just on Acid and Had an Infant Son in a Really Fluffy Sweater

Barney Is the Sexiest Cryptid. He Can Raw Me Any Time

Traveling to Mars Specifically To Pet the Mars Rovers

If You Like Porn So Much, Why Don't You Want To Stop by My Place and Watch Me Fuck Your Mom

Scroty Is the Best School Mascot and Would Absolutely Maul Touchdown

I Think the Angel and Devil on My Shoulder Need To Fuck

Petitioning the FDA To Replace the Food Plate's Dairy With Cum Because It Doesnt Make Me Shit My Ass

You Need an IQ of 200 To Understand This Edition of the Cornell Lunatic

I Scream Into the Void and the Void Returns With ughguhguhghghoooooHaaaao

Repurposing Your Family's Thanksgiving Turkey Into the Fleshlight of Your Dreams

What You Need if You're Going To Fuck Medusa: Mirrors, Sunglasses, and More!

Can You Eel the Love Tonight? Eels Are Sexy You Guys

Who Needs Joey Green When I Have This Dick.

Joey Green, It's OK That Someone Edited Your Tumblr Post Like That. I Know You Don't Like Cock That Much.

How To Turn the Used Car Lot Inflatable Wiggly Guy Into a Real Boy (Using the Art of Seduction)

Skinwalker? I Hardly Know Her!

Humanities Job Posting: Piss Taster (Mine Went on Parental Leave)

I Want To Lick a Frat Floor Just To See What It Tastes Like

"What's Your Body Count?" -the Judge at a Timed Grave Robbing Competition

9:41



CrypTinder



Cornell Lunatic. 44

Comedian, Great Kisser, In Your Walls

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