

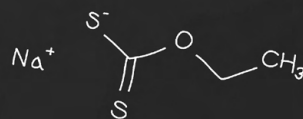
SPRING 2023

# CORNELL LUNATIC

PRICE FREE

## SCIENCE EDITION

45<sup>th</sup> Anniversary



69 + 420 = FUNNY NUMBER

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Unsuspecting Intern

ANAL PROBE

I fucking LOVE SCIENCE

Big Red Goo

Carlos wuz here



# Table of Contents

<i>Max Battaglia (Artist), Danish Qureshi &amp; Joseph Lang (Photographers), Lizzie Viebranz, Gabiella Cawley, Max Battaglia (Models Left to Right)</i>	Cover Art	Front
<i>Gabriella Cawley</i>	Letter From the Editor	3
<i>Lunatic Staff</i>	Contributors	4
<i>Z</i>	The Magic School Bus Welcomes New Students!	5
<i>C.P. Lovecraft</i>	BIG RED TWILIGHT ZONE EP 1: BE ADVISED	7
<i>Carlos Po</i>	DSM-V Adds Cornell Derangement Syndrome To Recognized Mental Disorders	8
<i>Carlisle Green</i>	The Magic Behind Cornell's Infamous Big Red Animatronics	9
<i>Danish Qureshi</i>	Art for: The Magic Behind Cornell's Infamous Big Red Animatronics	9
<i>Meredith Rosenthal</i>	Fun Facts!	11
<i>Ethan Carlson</i>	Surrelio: Microbe Hunting	11
<i>Dr. Wilhem de Kock</i>	Rizz: A Scientific Approach for Young Men	12
<i>C.P. Lovecraft</i>	BIG RED TWILIGHT ZONE EP 2: Flight of the Geese	13
<i>Carlos Po</i>	Division C Volume #1: Professor Edrophonium Strikes!	14
<i>C.R. Idols</i>	For Sale: Crystal(s)	15
<i>Walker White</i>	What is this code telling you?	16
<i>C.P. Lovecraft</i>	BIG RED TWILIGHT ZONE EP 3: A STRAIGHT LINE DOWN THE CENTER	17
<i>Ethan Carlson</i>	Surrelio: Tastes Weird	18
<i>Carlos Po</i>	If Scientific Conference Presentations Were Like Podcasts	19
<i>Ethan Carlson</i>	Surrelio: Donations	19
<i>Ms. Frizzle</i>	Magic School Bussy	20
<i>Edna Evergreen</i>	My Plant Grew a Penis?	21
<i>Ethan Carlson</i>	Surrelio: Traps	21
<i>Alisha Robbins</i>	You've Won!	22
<i>Micki Binaj, Ph.D.</i>	The Seismological Intricacies Behind Nicki Minaj's "Stupid Hoe"	23
<i>Carlos Po</i>	3230 Managerial Accounting Problem Set	24
<i>C.P. Lovecraft</i>	BIG RED TWILIGHT ZONE EP 4: IDLE HANDS	25
<i>Ethan Carlson</i>	Surrelio: Dr. Flamingo	26
<i>Shebryar Qazi</i>	Morticio's Language Class	27
<i>Alex Jones</i>	Ribbit Ribbit Revelations	28
<i>Salem Software</i>	WitchCraft 1.20 Patch Notes	29
<i>C.P. Lovecraft</i>	BIG RED TWILIGHT ZONE EP 5: ELEVATOR BITCH	31
<i>Carlos Po</i>	Meta-Analysis of DNA	32
<i>Cy Entist, Ph.D</i>	Dissecting Scooby-Doo To See How He Talks	33
<i>Howard Hamlin</i>	Science Bitch	35
<i>Adrian Blue</i>	LUNA 2940 Spring 2022	37

# Cornell Lunatic

<i>C.P. Lovecraft</i>	BIG RED TWILIGHT ZONE EP 6: BIODIVERSITY HIRE	39
<i>A Cornell Lunatic</i>	The Lunatic Table of Elements	40
<i>Z</i>	Get Smart... DIY	41
<i>Carlos Po</i>	9 Signs You're Getting Better At iNaturalist	41
<i>Meredith Rosenthal</i>	Do Your Laundry	42
<i>E.V.</i>	The Statistical Likelihood of Each Cereal Mascot [...]	43
<i>C.P. Lovecraft</i>	BIG RED TWILIGHT ZONE EP 7: THE BENCHTOP DEMON	45
<i>Matt Dreyer</i>	Guaranteed 15,000% Returns In New Cryptocurrency	46
<i>C.P. Lovecraft</i>	BIG RED TWILIGHT ZONE EP 8: PERSONAL GROWTH	47
<i>Mrs. Roberta Oppenheimer</i>	4th Grade Science Fair	48
<i>Fuquable Nsoft et al.</i>	Use of A CRISPR Cas9 System	49
<i>E.V.</i>	Stick Posting	50
<i>Renaenae Banaenae</i>	Silento's "Watch Me": From a Political Lens	51
<i>Meredith Rosenthal</i>	Jenetics	52
<i>Carlos Po</i>	Scientist Who Will Doom The World Peacefully Napping	52
<i>E.V.</i>	A Quirky Girl's Guide to Getting Your Man	53
<i>E.B.</i>	Socially Anxious Fish	54
<i>E.B.</i>	Long Covid	54
<i>Carlton Ritz</i>	161 Things Every Cornellian Should Do If You're Me	55
<i>E.V.</i>	Studies Show These 7 Tips Will Save Your Relationship	57
<i>Seth Morrison</i>	I'm in Kneed of Some Assistance	58
<i>Seth Morrison</i>	Scientific Experiment	58
<i>Jordana Belfort</i>	Op-ed: E in STEM Stands for Economics	59
<i>Brody Yukon</i>	7-Year-Old Reveals His Dream Job Days After Career Day	60
<i>M.B.</i>	Pills	60
<i>Christina Menn</i>	Unsatisfying and Forgettable?	61
<i>Bratley Bratshaw</i>	Fungi's Side: Fungi on Fungicide	63
<i>Seth Morrison</i>	SCP-0001: The Penis Taker's Revenge	64
<i>Carlos Po</i>	Print("I feel pain")	65
<i>Adrian Blue</i>	House of Bees	66
<i>Seth Morrison</i>	Things you should know before becoming a scientist	68
<i>Ethan Carlson</i>	Surrelio: NASA	68
<i>Meggalodon</i>	What Your Bread Mold Says About You	69
<i>Adrian Blue</i>	Hey Science Side of Tumblr	70
<i>Spencer Roxbury</i>	Lunatic Purity Test	71
<i>M.B.</i>	We Forced CHAT-GPT to Write Smut	72
<i>Ethan Carlson</i>	Hostage-GPT	73
<i>Lunatic Staff</i>	Rejected Headlines	74
<i>Ethan Carlson</i>	Back Cover	Back

# Letter from the Editor

Dear readers majoring in a science, technology, engineering, or math field,

Please, put down that Erlenmeyer flask and devote your full attention to the document you now hold. Whether you have a thing for mixing chemicals or a nasty latex allergy, you're going to want to see this one. The theme for this semester's edition of the Cornell Lunatic is SCIENCE! As students at a prestigious research university, we know a thing or two about sciencey stuff. Contained within these pages are quips and wisecracks about all things scientific, pseudoscientific, experimental, empirical, and IRB-approved. Our writers were so preoccupied with whether we could, we didn't stop to think if we should.

You, dear reader, are holding a truly historic edition of the Lunatic. In Spring 2023, we broke all records, smashed all expectations, and blew all of our dicks off by publishing a 76-page magazine. That is more pages and more lunacy than any edition that's ever been published since our founding in 1978. Read it and weep (from laughing so hard, hopefully).

This semester was monumental in more ways than one, as we also celebrated our 45th anniversary on April 1st, 2023 (very fitting, we know). As a middle-aged magazine, we're desperate to prove that we're still hip with the kids. Take this exceptionally long mag as evidence of our efforts.

In the Spring 2022 edition, aka the Formal Edition, I joked that I would have to get all sappy and earnest if that were my last publication with the club. Sadly, that time has come, so get ready for some genuine emotion (cringe). In my illustrious two-year tenure as Editor-in-Chief of this delightful publication, I've received support from so many people. I owe all of these lovely individuals thanks, including, but not limited to:

- Anyone who actually reads the Letter from the Editor. Shout out.
- Anyone who has ever taken a magazine that I forcefully pushed into their hands at Clubfest (but only if they didn't immediately throw it away).
- Anyone who randomly picked up a copy of the Lunatic, thought "hmm what's this," read some articles, and truly found us funny. I'm still not convinced that actually happens.
- My roommates: Cassie, Emily, Brooke, Lucy, and Aidan. They have endured the noise of socials, helped move mag boxes, proofread articles, and been honorary Lunatics through it all.
- Members of the 2021-2022 and 2022-2023 E-Boards: Lizzie, Max, Carlos, Clara, Matt, Lee, Joseph, Danish, and Ethan. They have braved my whirlwind leadership with persistent grace and humor. I owe them a lot for running this thing with me, and I know that the underclassmen among them will do a wonderful job carrying on the loony legacy after I'm gone.
- Lizzie, our previous Executive Editor and current Treasurer extraordinaire. I really lucked out by having her as my right-hand guy. In addition to being an excellent (albeit sometimes stressed) numbers and logistics man, she is also one of my best friends. I've loved every unhinged text, impromptu apartment visit, google doc rant, inebriated night out, frenzied social planning session, hospital visit, vacation, holiday, and birthday that we've shared. I'm so glad this magazine got our stupid asses in the same room. It's been a blast, bud.
- Max, our brilliant Layout Editor. They say it's important for the EIC and Layout Editor to have a good working relationship, and I can attest that that is true in more ways than one. Max is an incredibly hard worker, an Adobe suite aficionado, and (most importantly) a silly little jokester. He has put up with heated debates about page numbers, rambling discussions of the differences between B/W and grayscale, frighteningly long email chains with printers, my personal inability to stick to deadlines, and constant revisions to the minutiae of the magazine. For the past 2 years, Max has been my biggest supporter in the Lunatic and in life. The Lunatic brought us together, and I am forever grateful to this goofy little club for helping me find such an extraordinary person.
- The entire writing staff of the Lunatic from 2020 to 2023. You guys are the reason I love this magazine. You permanently changed the course of my college experience with your top-notch personalities and unrelenting commitment to the bit.

Welp, that's a wrap folks! If it isn't already obvious from that obnoxious outpouring of affection, I could not be more thankful for having been Chief Lunatic twice over. Much love to all of you mad scientists, women in STEM, disgruntled lab techs, anyone named Igor, and future doctors who are currently cheating on exams; enjoy the jokes.

In Bill Nye We Trust,

Gabriella "Bismuth, Technetium, Hydrogen" Cawley

Editor-in-Chief, 2021-2023



# Contributors



*Not Pictured: Mike Bai, Shebryar Qazi, Ellen Berghausen, Alisha Robbins, Angela Bunay, Aroob Jalil, Willow Martin, Afroza Keya, Kathrynn Poschmann*

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# The Magic School Bus Welcomes New Students!

By: Z

*Once her old students graduated, Ms. Frizzle had to find a new school to work at! She searched long and hard, but she finally found a sweet little private high school in lower Manhattan. They were all lovely kids, and the pay was great because their parents were all rich and entitled!*

Ms. Frizzle: Hey kids! Happy first day of high school! Are you ready for today's science adventure?

Chad: The fuck she on....

Ms. Frizzle: Perfect! Everyone outside and into the Magic School Bus!

*All the kids reluctantly got their Canada Goose jackets and walked outside to 57th and Park Avenue to get into the magic school bus.*

Armand: Yo, Frizzle, where we going?

Ms. Frizzle: I'm glad you asked! Today we will be going to the magical botanical gardens where we will learn all about the marvelous plants growing this spring season. One of my favorites is the Phalaenopsis, which is better known as the moth orchid! Did you know th-

Harrison: We ain't gotta know all that. My dad doesn't pay you to talk about some fucking Phallic-snot-piss. He pays you to get me into the fucking Ivies - and no Columbia shit.

Ms. Frizzle: I- I apologize. I'll have to get you kids in a brighter spirit!

Emily: The only brighter spirit we fucking need is some Yamazaki 55 Year Old Single Malt Whiskey from Japan. You need to calm your optimistic piece of flat ass down and go back inside.

Ms. Frizzle: Oh, Miss Emily. Please use nicer language with me. And we are not going to be spending such a beautiful day inside! Let's all get into my magic school bus... I'm sure you'll be amazed by all its abilities.

Benedict: You want me to get into this piece of yellow scrap metal? When I drive a fucking Tesla? You know that car DRIVES ITSELF while I'm getting head in the front seat. You must be out of your goddamn mind, Frizz.

Ms. Frizzle: Children! I happen to believe that this "piece of scrap metal" is a wonderful friend of mine!

Annelisse: Oh yea? You do? Is that why you got a "Ms" in front of your name instead of "Mrs"? 'Cus you rub your stank cooch on that bus instead of a man? That's why you're single, you dumb fuck.

Ms. Frizzle: How DARE you! You better stop talking about my genitalia!

Ashleigh: Or what? You're gonna TELL on us? We run the fucking school. We OWN you, slut.

Ms. Frizzle: You know what. That's fucking it. I've had it with you prepubescent thick-headed idiots. Get in the fucking bus.

*The children laugh. Ms. Frizzle pulls out a knife.*

Ms. Frizzle: GET IN. NOW.

*The children are quiet now. They shuffle into the bus one by one.*

Ms. Frizzle: You think you kids are too fucking cool for school or something? You think you're ABOVE my science excursions? Well guess what, there's been a change of plans.

*Ms. Frizzle gets duct tape and rope from the driver's seat.*

Huxley: W-what's that for?

Ms. Frizzle: Great question, dimwit. The tape is for your big fucking mouth and the rope is for your incompetent hands that haven't worked a single day in their life. Now all of you better fucking sit still and quiet while I prepare for our trip.

*Frizzle duct tapes the kids mouths and ties their hands with rope. She begins to drive down Park Ave and suddenly, the magic school bus begins*



# BIG RED TWILIGHT ZONE EP 1:

## BE ADVISED

By: C.P. Lovecraft

### INT. OFFICE-AFTERNOON

PARLOS sits down with his ADVISOR, and they both light cigarettes in the asbestos-filled room. Advisor opens Parlos' transcript on a computer screen.

#### **ROD SERLING (voiceover)**

Enter one Parlos Co, age twenty-four. A guy who mistakenly hopes things have a way of working out.

He's studied for the prelims, uploaded the essays. But the things they don't tell you about Cornell that don't show up on the brochures, are the things that test the limits of your sanity. He's about to enter-the Big Red Twilight Zone.

#### **PARLOS**

Dr. John Advisor! Long time no see. So how's the wife and kids?

#### **ADVISOR**

Ah, you know, same as ever. I hate my wife. (Chuckles) The old ball and chain. Wine?

#### **PARLOS**

No thanks. I don't drink.

#### **ADVISOR**

I'll toss in a splash of painkillers. And Xanax.

#### **PARLOS**

Oh, what the hell. Sure. I love living in the 1960s. So, why'd you wanna see me?

*Advisor turns his monitor around to face Parlos.*

#### **ADVISOR**

It's about XJG 4760. I have to give you an incomplete for that class.

#### **PARLOS**

What? What the hell is 4760? Since when was I in that class?

#### **ADVISOR**

4760 Intro to Intergroup Pathways to e-Success in Dirt Sciences? Since the beginning of the year. You haven't shown up to that class all semester.

#### **PARLOS**

But I checked my Student Center yesterday! All the exams! I should be done.

#### **ADVISOR**

I'm sorry, but you'll have to complete this class next year then.

#### **PARLOS**

I can't possibly add that onto my workload next semester!

#### **ADVISOR**

You're also missing the required classes 2210 Networking, 3230 Worknetting and 4440 Arts and Crafts. I may be able to get a waiver on 2210, but you will need to speak to the head of the department, financial aid, and the dean as soon as possible if you want to graduate on time. Or would you like an extra semester?

*Parlos begins chugging the drink and banging his head on his advisor's desk.*

#### **ADVISOR**

Are you alright?

#### **PARLOS**

This is impossible! I've never heard of any of these classes. This can't be happening! This is a prank, right? This has gotta be some sort of gag!

#### **ADVISOR**

Let's schedule a meeting sometime next week to discuss your progress. Don't forget to sign up for 4670.

#### **PARLOS**

I'm in a different time zone next week! And I thought you said 4760?

#### **ADVISOR**

No, I'm pretty sure I said 4670. Also, I'm not really your advisor. I don't know why we had this meeting.

#### **PARLOS**

Huh?

*Parlos pulls out his wallet to look for his student ID, but it's mysteriously vanished. In its place is a Dartmouth student ID instead.*

#### **PARLOS**

I know I'm not crazy! I know I'm not! This is all a sick joke!

#### **ADVISOR**

I don't even know who you are.

#### **PARLOS**

No! I don't wanna go! I don't wanna-



*Parlos screams as he disappears into thin air. Pan to Advisor's screen, showing Parlos' transcript. Every single word on it slowly vanishes, leaving a blank screen.*

**ADVISOR**

What was I doing again? I'm so forgetful.

*Dr. John Advisor returns to their daily schedule of sending emails to no one in particular.*

**ROD SERLING (voiceover)**

Exit Parlos Co, a man who applied to the posting but didn't quite fit the profile of the candidate we were looking for. This is not a reflection of his personal abilities, but we've decided to move ahead with other applications. We'll keep him posted on new openings on the job board of the Big Red Twilight Zone.

## DSM-5 Adds Cornell Derangement Syndrome To Recognized Mental Disorders

By: Carlos Po '23

420.69 (F23.0)

In a massive step forwards for the psychology community and a massive step backwards for Cornell University, a new disorder named "Cornell Derangement Syndrome" has been added to the Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders. This disorder is characterized by the pathological need to appear superior to others in innocuous but petty ways.

Symptoms include:

- Delusions that intro class knowledge is "esoteric"
- A compulsion to play public pianos
- Involuntary demonstrations of foreign language skills
- Loudly slamming one's pen on the receipt after calculating a tip (or quickly vocalizing "yep, that's correct" if someone beats them to it)
- Any mention of the phrase "gifted child" or high school standardized testing
- MBTI type INTJ (allegedly)
- Writing for the Cornell Lunatic

If you suspect someone you know may have Cornell syndrome, listen for any of the following phrases:

- "Yeah, I find smart people hot."
- "I have IBS because I drink 8 coffees a day."
- "I'm literally Bojack Horseman/Shinji Ikari/(insert A24 protagonist)."
- "I got way less sleep than you last night. I pulled another all-nighter."
- "Bro let's play chess. I'm so bad, you'll probably win."
- "You're only supposed to be able to take 24 credits but I went to the dean and got an exception so I can take 31."

Then ask, "why?" If they cannot come up with a satisfactory answer, quarantine yourself immediately and alert Environment and Health Services.

Treatments include:

- Exposure to articles about 11 year olds who have already made important contributions to physics
- Facing the cold, uncaring reality of the job market
- A single 1000mg edible
- Recognition that the author of this article is just projecting again

If you or a loved one have been diagnosed with Cornell syndrome, you may be entitled.

# The Magic Behind Cornell's Infamous Big Red Animatronics

By: Carlisle Green

In the early 80s, Cornell found its reputation quickly dropping. It ranked lower than NYU, Stony Brook, Binghamton, and even Columbia. Truly, Cornell was in its darkest era yet. The student population was quickly dropping, partly due to a lack of respect for the university but mainly because suicide nets weren't built under the bridges yet. Everyone was miserable and depressed. The skies were permanently gray; as gray as the hairs of a junior Engineering student.

Cornell didn't fix the problem of everything being miserable and depressed, but at least they found a new way to blow their budget on something completely useless. Following 5 years of extensive research and development, the world premiere of the Big Red Animatronic Band was unveiled to a crowd of dozens.

Dozens is a bit of an overstatement, actually. There was only a single group of tour guides there. No one was willing to tour the campus, so they were just giving each other tours.

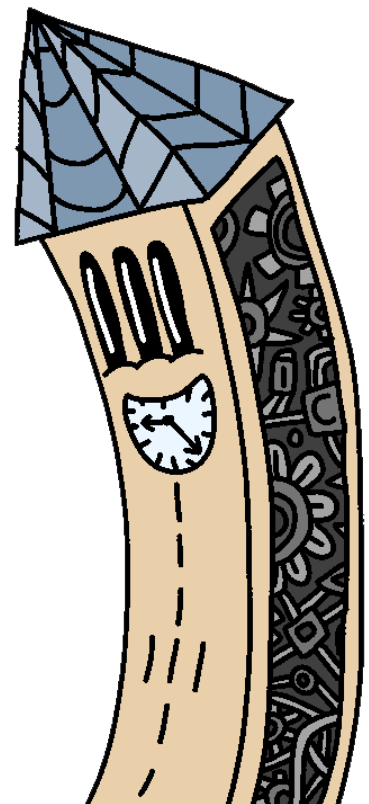
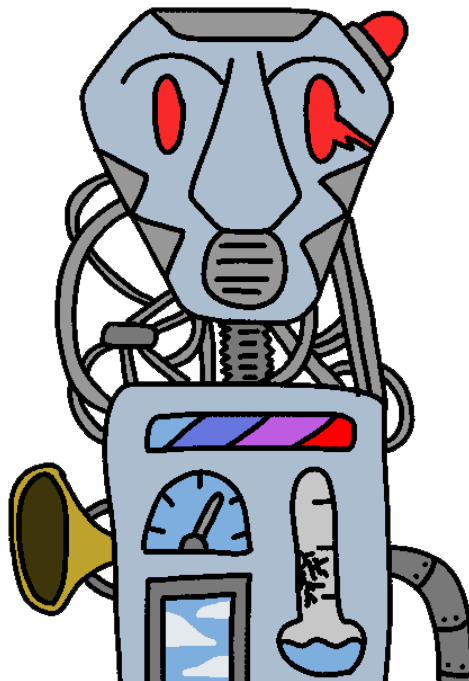
Many contemporary students are aware of Touchdown Redbear, but the rest of the band are rarely shown off nowadays. Alongside Touchdown, we have Martha's Weather Machine (formerly known as Frank's Weather Machine), and Cocky the Clocktower. With Touchdown on vocals, the Weather Machine on brass,

and Cocky on chimes, they proved to be a formidable band. You may know them from such songs as: "Bear Necessities", "Feeney Funk", and "Fuck These Kids".

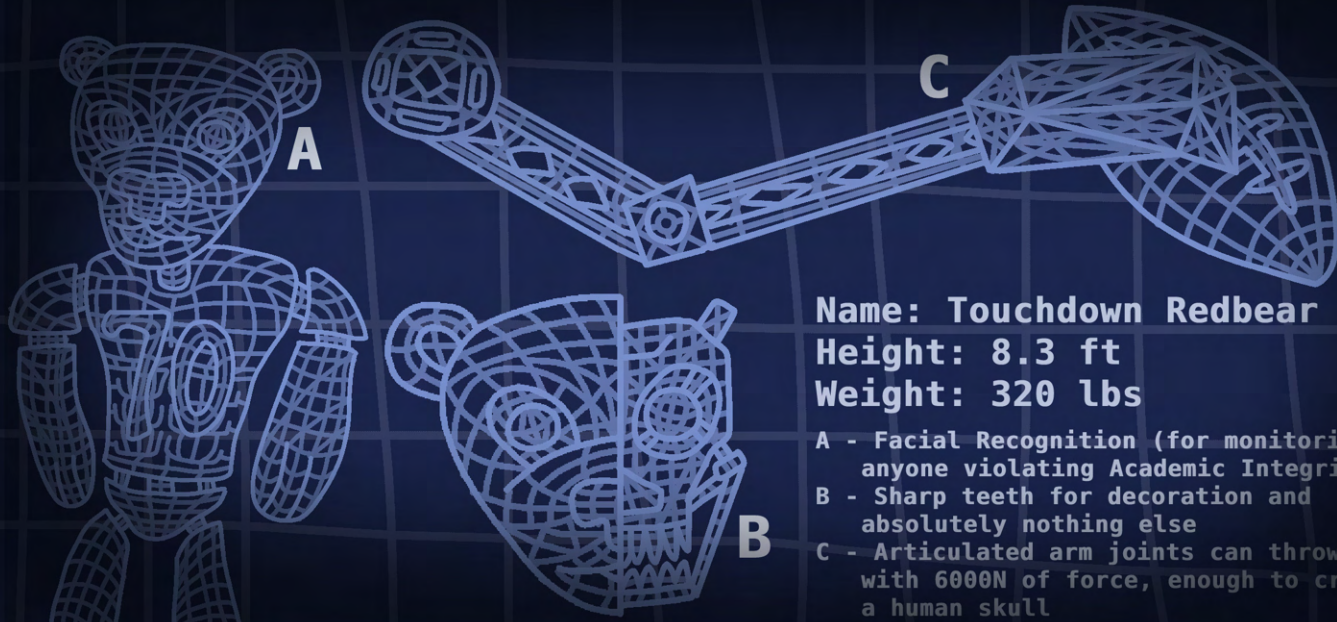
Ignoring all the times these robots needed to undergo maintenance due to strange emanations of odor and blood, they were probably the most reliable machines Cornell has created and ever will create. I'm looking at you, Klarman hall toilets. Step up your game.

Though these animatronics were originally a vibrant tour-de-force act of robotics for anyone not living on campus at the time, nowadays they're no more than a novelty, only relegated for Clubfest, Commencements, or Peep Shows. It seems that we, as a student body, have largely forgotten about the magic of the Big Red Animatronic Band.

Last night, while I should have been studying for my stats prelim, I got bored. So you know what I did? I broke into the Autonomous Systems Lab and stole classified documents detailing the internal designs of all 3 of these animatronics. I'm too tired to read these in close detail, so I'll let you guys do that. If you know me, please don't snitch on me, I'm trying to maintain my GPA.





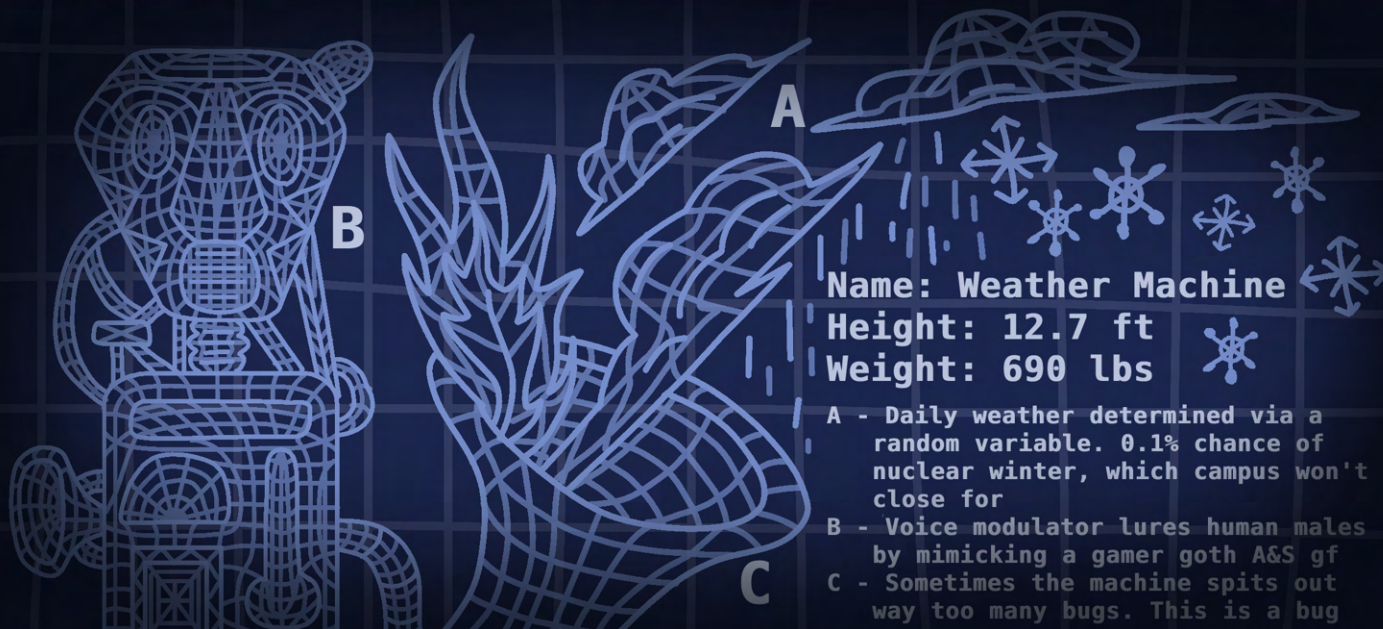


**Name: Touchdown Redbear**

**Height: 8.3 ft**

**Weight: 320 lbs**

- A - Facial Recognition (for monitoring anyone violating Academic Integrity)
- B - Sharp teeth for decoration and absolutely nothing else
- C - Articulated arm joints can throw with 6000N of force, enough to crush a human skull

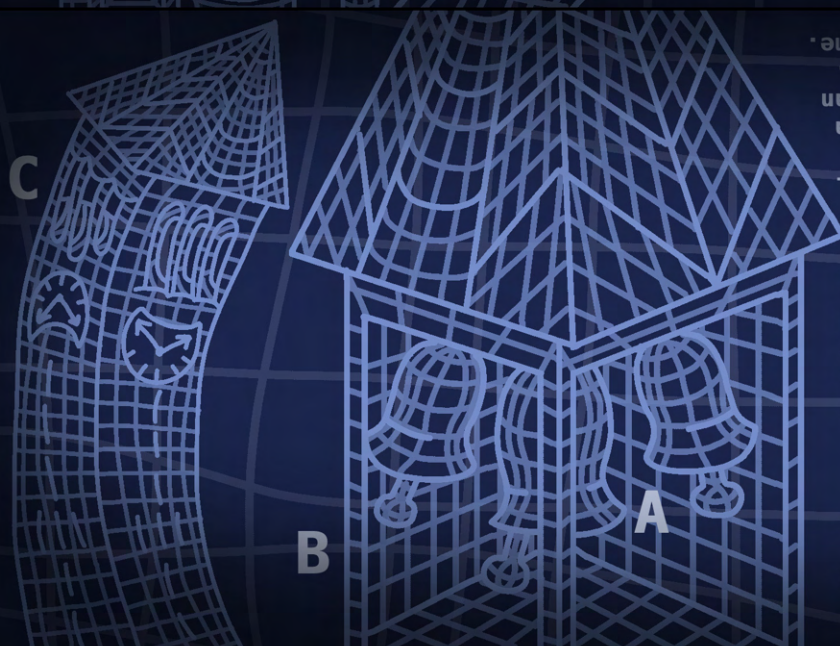


**Name: Weather Machine**

**Height: 12.7 ft**

**Weight: 690 lbs**

- A - Daily weather determined via a random variable. 0.1% chance of nuclear winter, which campus won't close for
- B - Voice modulator lures human males by mimicking a gamer goth A&S gf
- C - Sometimes the machine spits out way too many bugs. This is a bug



**Name: Cocky Clocktower**

**Height: 20.0 ft**

**Weight: 1865 lbs**

- A - Bells powered by internal motors to produce melodies. They're probably out of tune. We're engineers, not musicians
- B - Interior spacious enough to store 5 to 6 human bodies
- C - This part of Cocky has severe depression, isn't that funny

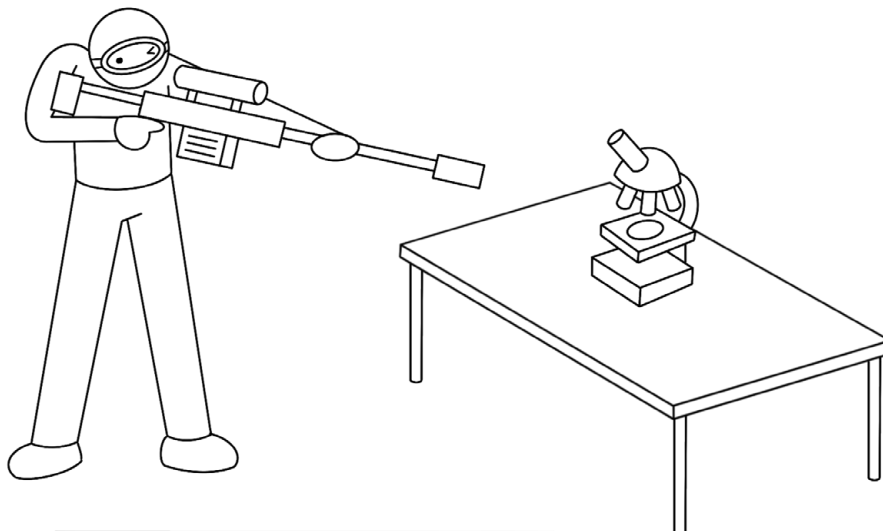
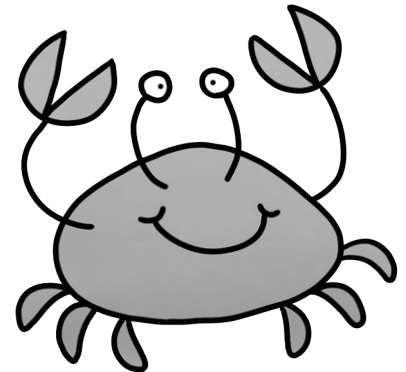
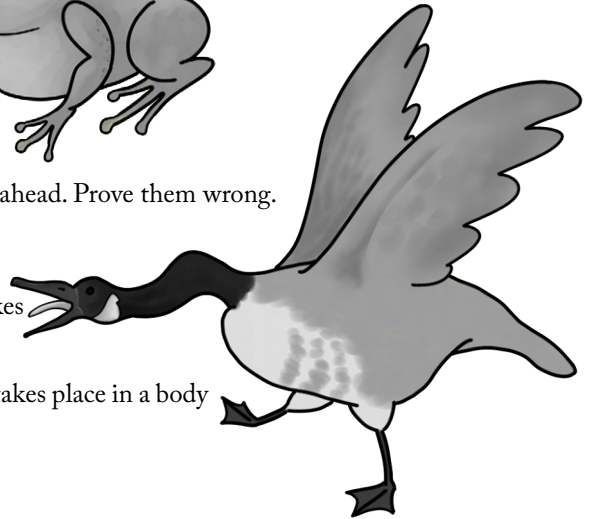
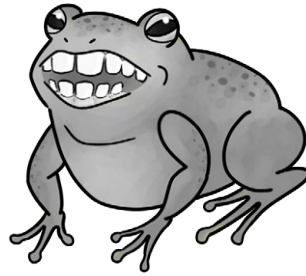
Damage to the frontal lobe, the temporal lobe, or the basal ganglia may lead to psychosis. Psychosis can cause delusions and hallucinations. They weren't real, please believe me.

# Fun Facts!

By: Meredith Rosenthal '25

Only 13 of these 15 facts are true! Can you spot which ones we made up?

1. Kangaroos can chuck small children at speeds up to 43.2 mph
2. 9 out of 10 frogs recommend Crest Whitening Strips
3. Dogs see in blue, yellow, and 50 shades of gray
4. Wolves can smell fear. Don't forget to wear deodorant!
5. Studies show the average college student cannot beat a goose in a fight. Go ahead. Prove them wrong.
6. Pearls are made from layers of ispentanite with urmom between the sheets.
7. Beavers build dams because they hate running water. The sound of it makes them pee, which makes it hard for them to find a mate.
8. Babies are hairless in order to be maximally aerodynamic. When a live birth takes place in a body of water, the infant may even launch out of the vagina like a torpedo!
9. Traffic cones were inspired by fucked up baby heads because stopped traffic
10. The average spider swallows 3 humans every night!
11. Carcinization is when species convergently evolve into crabs. It could happen to you too :)
12. Hello Kitty is an example of carcinization and will soon reach her final form
13. The ocean floor is covered in rare minerals, including cummingtonite, pegmatite, and amirite.
14. Bears love hugs. If you see a bear, run to it with open arms!
15. Cats are racist.



Microbe Hunting *Er*



# Rizz: A Scientific Approach for Young Men

By: Doctor Wilhem de Kock, director of NGP

If you're reading this, its safe to assume you get no bitches. Like, absolutely none, and if you're still reading this, then you admit you pull less than Ronald Reagan's corpse. That is to say, below 0. But you've come to the right place. Here at NGP(Nerds Get Pussy), we've spent the past 5 years doing the most cutting edge research, partnering with the flyest dudes and the hottest chicks to help you, the reader, level your game up. Our approach is rooted in many different approaches, from biological sciences, anthropological fieldwork with hunter-gatherer tribes in the amazon, anthropological fieldwork with multiple single men in New York, to comparative literature, and mathematics (yes, thats right MATHS can get you laid!) now you're wisng that you paid attention in school huh? Well, don't worry about that now, lets see what our talented team has to say about the dynamics of attracting the fairer sex:

"uhh how do I attract a woman... yeah I don't know really...I just be myself...make silly little jokes...bring out my lobster impression \*demonstrates his lobster impression\*\*"

— **Darren, Voted Sexiest Man in Essex County, MA in 2018**

"me? I like it when a man can provide, you know. When he's a real man, he's capable. Not a silly little boy. You know he's a real man when he has large arms. Really large arms, at least 2 times bigger and thicker than his legs. Like donkey kong, I think donkey kong is an ideal man"

— **Natasha, 23, Graduate Student in Biological Sciences at NYU**

"From the fieldwork I've done in with the Marman tribe of in Tanzania, thanks to a generous grant from the National Institute of the Sciences, I've concluded the best way to attract a potential female partner is to capture a deer and then drag it to her door. Hou must wrestle the deer for a bit, before you bite its jugular with your teeth to kill it. Then, you must roast the deer over open flame in front of her door, while skinning it with your bare hands to tan and cure its hide to create your marital sheets. Then you and your beloved can enjoy roast deer on a soft sheets. Not many men are willing to go that far, and the men who cant can usually be found crying about canthal tilt and female entitlement on internet forums."

— **Dr. Ben P. Ennis, 56, Assistant Professor of Anthropology at SUNY Oswego**

"From the fieldwork I've done in with the multiple single men in New York, thanks to a generous grant from the National Institute of the Sciences, I've concluded the best way to attract a potential female partner is to cultivate an extremely interesting yet annoying personality. Make flagrant displays of your low emotional intelligence, be oblivious to any attempts to flirt with you, and eventually you'll find a woman who will feel strongly enough to adopt you as your pet project while you continue to DJ obscure Malian techno-Pop Music or committing poetic terrorism by mooning the Goldman Sachs headquarters."

— **Dr. Pen B. Ennis, 56, Assistant Professor of Anthropology at SUNY Oswego**

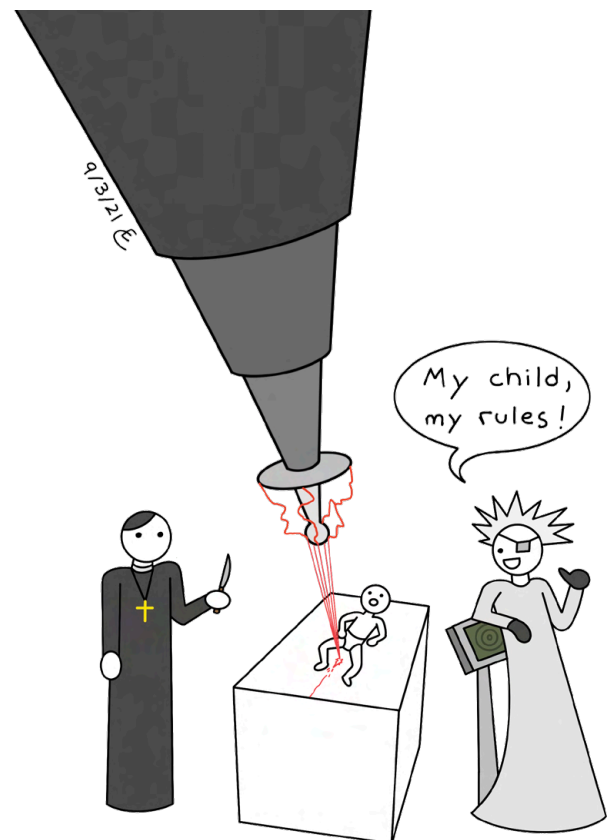
"You need to be have a way with words. Like have some pick-up lines but they take intelligence to understand and an appreciation of history to understand you know. They're not just "I think you're hot, lets fuck." They're philosophical, they make you think. For example: Girl are you a Syrian Village and I'm one of 16,000 predator drones launched by the Obama administration in 2016 alone? Cause I wanna drop my load all over you. Something like that works, to show you're a sexual, yet thoughtful type of guy."

— **Gayatri Spivak, Professor of Comparative Literature at Columbia University**

"Women are a lot like the Euler Equation you know...Women are a lot like the pythagreon theorem..yep...women are a lot like the holomorphic functions ... women are a lot like basic arithmetic...at the end of the day its all numbers...we've exceeded the number... we must go back to nature..."

— **Theodore K, former doctoral candidate in mathematics at Harvard**

These tips are sure to help you! And if they don't, then you should contact 212-300-1738 to buy our program on scientific rizz. And if our program doesn't get you a partner, then consider devoting your life to the lord and spending the rest of your like in a monastery! Nerds Get Pussy, (cream) pi-ing out.



*Supervillain Circumcision.*

# BIG RED TWILIGHT ZONE EP 2:

## FLIGHT OF THE GEESE

By: C.P. Lovecraft

ERICA is at a crowded house party, leaning against a wall and sipping from a red cup by herself. ZACK approaches her and taps her on the shoulder.

**ROD SERLING (voiceover):**

Erica Jimenez, age 22. Described by friends as “lighting up a room” and by teachers as “a pleasure to teach”, striking up a conversation with a stranger to her is as natural as swimming is to a fish. She’s about to discover that while some people live in the real world of job prospects, student loans, and landlords, others instead live...in the Big Red Twilight Zone.

**ZACK**

Do you know where to get water?

**ERICA**

Yeah, it’s in the kitchen. There’s a sink.

*Zack does a double take.*

**ZACK**

Straight from the sink?

**ERICA**

Yeah. (beat) Why?

**ZACK**

Nothing. Just my first time in this house.

**ERICA**

Oh. Yeah, me too. It’s super nice, right? My roommate Lucy knows the people here from the ski club.

**ZACK**

Huh, okay. It’s all right, I guess. Do you ski?

**ERICA**

No.

**ZACK**

Ok, just wanted to check. It’s actually really fun, you should join the club too.

**ERICA**

Not my thing, the equipment is a bit pricey. And I’m from San Diego.

**ZACK**

It’s totally worth it. I can recommend you my instructor. Plus, the sights from my ski lodge in the mountains of Vermont, you just can’t get those here in Ithaca.

**ERICA**

Um. Okay.

*There is an awkward pause.*

**ERICA**

What’s your major?

**ZACK**

Oh, Dyson all the way.

**ERICA**

So you’re a senior too? Or a junior?

**ZACK**

Senior.

**ERICA**

Any plans after grad yet?

**ZACK**

I got an internship this summer. Unpaid. I need the experience. Whatever.

**ERICA**

Unpaid? Unpaid internships suck, dude.

**ZACK**

Yeah, but money should be secondary, right? What’s really important is the foot in the door.

**ERICA**

That’s one way of-

**ZACK**

I’ll probably travel and write for a bit after graduation. Just want some time to feel the world out, you know? I think everyone should take some time off work to just travel.

*Erica is staring at Zack quizzically.*

**ZACK**

I actually loved COVID. Really let me reflect on life. It just got boring staying at home after a while, though. Luckily my dad got me an employee ID saying I was an essential worker so I could go wherever.

**ERICA**

Go where?

**ZACK**

Oh, the liquor store so I could buy bottles for parties. Don’t worry, I hired a bunch of nurses to test everyone attending. I’m not a psycho.

**ERICA**

I need to go.

**ZACK**

You're leaving now? But Ludacris hasn't even shown up yet.

**ERICA**

Ludacris?

**ZACK**

My dad is friends with his manager so he got Ludacris to perform for me as a birthday gift. He was gonna get me a Hublot, but I told him that can be my grad gift. By the way, may I introduce you to my pal Jesus?

*As Erica stumbles around the party looking for Lucy, she sees that everyone is wearing Canada Geese. She finds Lucy, leaning on her like she's gonna pass out.*

**ERICA**

Lucy, I'm gonna head out now.

**LUCY**

Why, you good?

**ERICA**

This just isn't my crowd. Thanks for inviting me.

**LUCY**

Ok, I think I'll go with you.

*ERICA and LUCY step out the door of the house and begin the trek to North.*

**LUCY**

Sorry, I know my poor friends can be a lot.

**ERICA**

Poor?

**LUCY**

Yeah, like they wear their Canada Goose everywhere. It's embarrassing sometimes.

**ERICA**

What's...your last name?

**LUCY**

Chapman. My name is Lucy Vanderbilt Rockefeller Disney Walton Chapman. (beat) Are you okay, Erica? Did you drink too much Blue Label?

*As the two continue to walk, the camera zooms out to reveal ROD SERLING walking out from behind a tree.*

**ROD SERLING**

And there you have it. A brief window into an upside-down world has shattered this woman's sanity. But stay vigilant. If you're not careful, you could end up at someone's seventh luxury home in the vacation destination we call...the Twilight Zone.

---

# Division C Volume #1: Professor Edrophonium Strikes!

Professor Edrophonium (real name: Edna Drophonium) is on the scene at Louie's to cause havoc! Well, she's not really there herself yet because she's overseeing an A exam, but she's sent some undergrads to gain some practical experience, if you will. Showing no mercy, they greedily cut the line and take unclaimed food orders. Luckily, Division C is here to save the day and stop her!

The Beetle activates their belt that turns them into a beetle. Totally forgetting everything about being a human, they scuttle off to eat some bark. Turns out this was all a ploy to get out of their crippling student debt. Big mood, Beetle. Big mood.

Micro-plastic Man waves his arms around, confusing the undergrads. Months later, they will discover they have various endocrine disorders.

Verdant Witch is next up, because economics is now a social science. "How's this for a profit incentive?" She alters the local consumer price index, causing the price of nearby pebbles to skyrocket directly into her assailant's faces.

Professor Edrophonium has finally arrived! (the 81 was late) She injects herself with a green, glowing syringe labeled "ATP," cackling maniacally. "You wouldn't dare!" says Micro-plastic Man, but Professor Edrophonium mutates into a hyper-evolved organism with infinite chromosomes and a triple DNA helix. Micro-plastic Man pulls plastic particles from the bloodstreams of passersby to form a macroplastic wiffle bat. Verdant Witch performs an incantation, summoning a crew of microeconomists who assemble into a larger macroeconomist. The Beetle finds a nice damp spot under a rock.

Before she can make another move, Professor Edrophonium is immediately crushed when her bones can no longer support her mass. The crowd cheers as Louie's is coated in viscera. Another hard-won victory for Division C! Join them next week when Division C teams up with Raymond Theon, the Supply and Demand Twins, and The Pipeline to battle [REDACTED] overseas!!!

By: Carlos Po '23



day and said I must forget everything I think I know. Ironically, after smoking the healing crystals he gave me, I didn't remember anything that happened over the next week, and woke up in my bed back in Silicon Valley with a tribal face tattoo, a full-back lion tattoo, and one of those forced perspective Jesus arm tattoos, so I'm inclined to call that a successful trip.

I got this stuff on my trip to Tibet 4 summers ago, the year after my wife left me. Just getting there was stupid cause they require a special permit for entry to preserve the natural beauty of the region or some bullshit like that and let's just say the Chinese embassy didn't see the humor when I told them to preserve the natural beauty of my balls HAHHAHA. Luckily my dad's friend has an international prostitution business, so I just pulled the ol' Abe Lincoln, dressed up as a woman, and got smuggled into Tibet. I only had to get fucked in the ass twice this time and, honestly, it felt a lot better than the first time this happened. Now that I was finally there, I had to deal with the paperwork for my mail-order bride that got lost in customs. It didn't end up being a big deal cause *she* turned out to be a *he* named Jon Jon, a 4'10" sherpa known specifically for navigating tight spaces *really* well (that was one of the two times, I'll let you figure out the second time). After that, I got lost in the streets of Lhasa and ended up stumbling upon a street gang composed of one horse-sized 10-year-old and nine duck-sized 30-year-olds, let's just say that age-old question isn't really relevant when they're neither a duck nor a horse, and instead a Tibetan child and handful of grown...shrunk?...whatever you want to call them...men, hell-bent on breaking every bone in your body. I woke up the next day in a small alleyway next to a door about as tall as 82 Calvin Klein relaxed fit standard logo crewneck t-shirts stacked on top of each other. I knew the only thing I could do was knock, so I rapped on that door as hard as possible. What opened the door is hard to describe even to this day, and had what looked like the head of a man, the torso of a man, and then even more confusingly the legs of a man. He also had a little nub on his butt that he kept calling "a vestigial tail", but c'mon, everyone knows that word is made up. He told me that he had foreseen this

I'll be the first to admit that I used to be a bit of a d-bag, but after trying these crystals it's like I transitioned from Tyler Durden to the narrator in *Fight Club*; essentially, I'm feeling much healthier! Ever since I got back from Tibet I haven't had any aches and pains and I can honestly say that I can't really feel any physical sensations anymore. I like to keep one or two in my pocket, but every now and then you can throw one of them in a water pipe from Amazon.com and get to huffing, you'll either feel amazing in no time or nothing in amazing time. They were blessed with the power of Za, and work by focusing your intrusive erotic thoughts about a grandma in a coffin (it'd be pretty tight, the coffin that is) into that billionaire mindset, I know you didn't think *that* was possible.

- Recircumcision (I bet you didn't think it could grow back)
- Bleeding from the gooch
- Conscious control of small intestine
- Vivid hallucinations of your wife leaving you five years ago, taking the dog, the house, half of your assets, and your favorite dildo lovingly named Ernie after your favorite childhood show Sesame Street, please come back Sharon, Jon Jon doesn't peg me like you did
- Any Ben & Jerry's flavor permanently tasting spoiled, except for Chunky Monkey
- Complete blindness to anything closer than 2 feet

The stock is **LOW** so if you're interested reach out immediately to one of the numbers below

[illegible]



# What is this code telling you?

## By: Walker White

```
#include <iostream>
using namespace std;

string s1 = "West "; // Not Ye
string s2 = "Bussy";
string s3 = "help me ";
string s4 = "Along ";
string s5 = "Pokedex ";

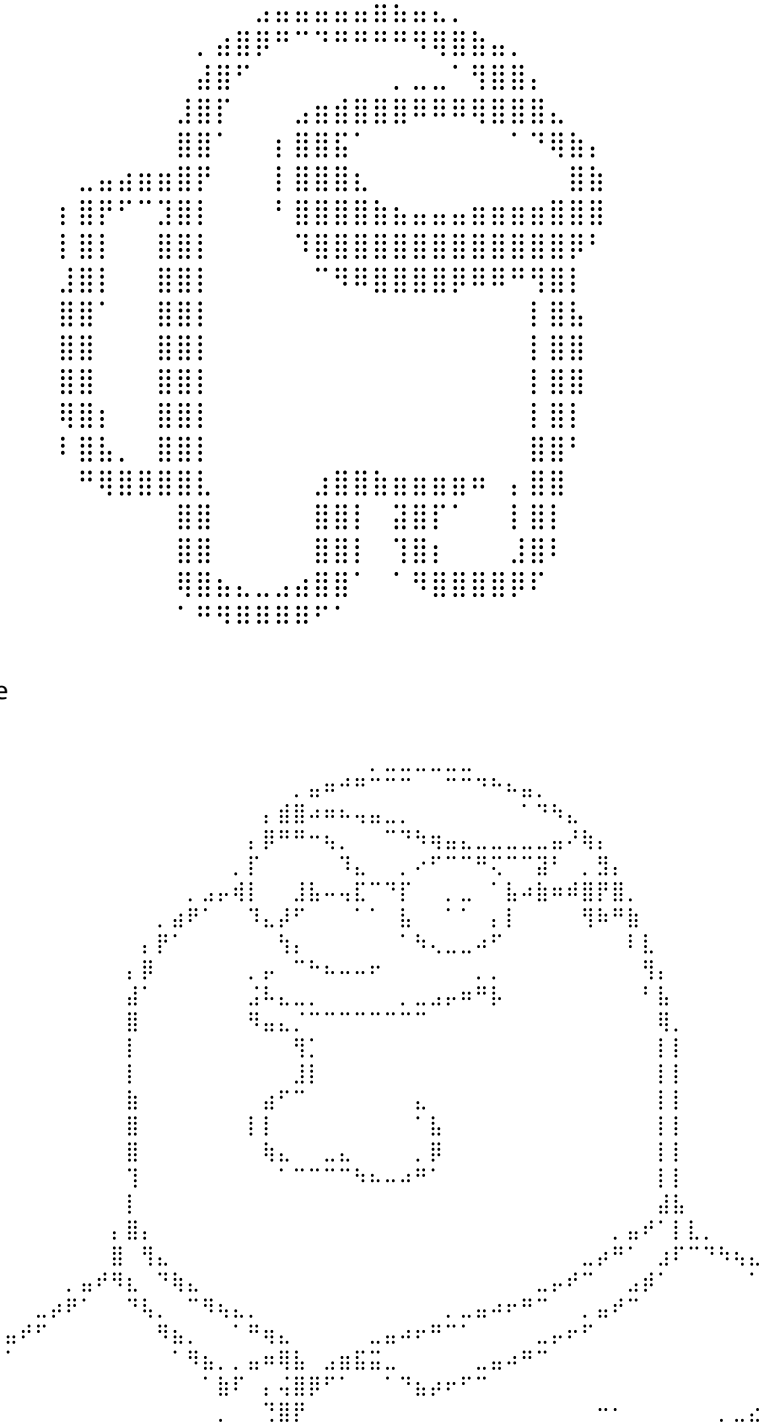
void swap(string &str1, string &str2){
    string t = str1;
    str1 = str2;
    str2 = t;
}

int questioning(bool male){
    s1[0] = 66;
    if (s1 > s2 && male){
        cout << "You are gay"; // Do not change
    } else if (male){
        cout << "gifs!";
    }
    else {
        cout << s1; // UwU
    }
    return 109; // Magical Number ;)
}

void sanity(int a){
    s4[1] = a; // You lost the game
    s5[4] = 0x73;
    cout << s4;
    swap(s5,s2);t
    cout << s5.substr(1,2) << " ";
}

int main(){
    int a = questioning(false);
    sanity(a); // I am not sane
    cout << s2.substr(4);
    questioning(true);
}

/* Struggling? Navigate to cornelllunatic.com and paste this code into an online C++ compiler to
find the answer! */
```



# BIG RED TWILIGHT ZONE EP 3: A STRAIGHT LINE DOWN THE CENTER

By: C.P. Lovecraft

## INT. EXAM HALL-DAY

SEBASTIAN is sitting in a middle row surrounded by peers, taking an exam in an auditorium.

### **ROD SERLING (voiceover)**

For your consideration, one Sebastian Ngabo, an animal science major, at least for the moment. He's taking his final for Cellular Physiology, a class that has caused him many a Monster-fueled sleepless night with nothing to show for it. What he doesn't know is that today, his professor happens to be terror, his proctor is mystery, and the exam hall in the auditorium of...the Big Red Twilight Zone.

*Sebastian fills something into his scantron sheet, then looks up from his paper at the board. The proctor erases the words "60 MIN REMAINING" and writes "45 MIN remaining" in its place.*

### **SEBASTIAN (voiceover)**

I've finished more than a fourth. I should be able to finish the test with time to spare if I keep up this pace.

*Sebastian looks back at his scantron and appears startled.*

### **SEBASTIAN (voiceover)**

Wait a minute. Hold on. Something's not right here. I've done 8 questions. So why...

*Cut to the scantron. We can now see that the first 8 questions Sebastian has answered are all option C.*

### **SEBASTIAN (voiceover)**

Why are they all the same letter? I have 5 options for answers, A to E. Assuming equal chances of each, that's...

*Sebastian scribbles furiously on the margins of the scantron.*

### **SEBASTIAN (voiceover)**

...a 1 in 390,625 chance. That's pretty unlikely. (beat) But aren't I assuming it was distributed equally? Professor likes to throw trick questions at us. That's it! This is some sort of practical joke!

*Sebastian looks up and smiles.*

### **SEBASTIAN (voiceover)**

Well, two can play at that game! If every answer is C, then I can just fill in C without reading the question and ace the test! Ha! The human spirit triumphs!

*Sebastian looks back down at the scantron and begins calmly filling in circles.*

### **SEBASTIAN (voiceover)**

Wait a minute. This next question seems like the answer is B. B is "The distribution of African Elephants" and C is "1962". They couldn't be more different! But I just know it's B! Professor must have figured me out! I'll put this one as B.

*Sebastian fills in a circle, then hesitates and erases it*

### **SEBASTIAN (voiceover)**

Professor must know that I know that the answer is always C, so she put this here to trip me up. But she probably knows that too and is expecting me to crack. Maybe it is C after all.

*Sebastian turns to his right, then left. On both sides, he sees his peers moving their pencils around the paper to calmly fill in circles. It doesn't seem like they're doing the same thing as them.*

### **SEBASTIAN (voiceover)**

Have they figured it out? Or maybe I have a different version? I know this professor hates me. But would she go through all the trouble of...

*Sebastian looks back at the board to see that "5 MIN LEFT!!!" is written on it. Many people have already left the exam room. He looks down and sees that he still has roughly 30 questions he hasn't filled out.*

### **SEBASTIAN (voiceover)**

Shit! What do I do?

*Sebastian clutches his head in his hands, hyperventilates, and screams. He stands up and points at the proctor.*

### **SEBASTIAN**

You! You son of a bitch! I caught you in your little game! I refuse to participate!

### **PROCTOR**

I, uh-

*He draws a line down the scantron, passing all the Cs. He balls up the paper and throws it at the proctor. At this point, he is frothing at the mouth.*

### **SEBASTIAN**

I'm going to the dean! You'll be fired! All of you!  
FOREVER!

*He storms out of the room without taking his things, trying to punch a hole in the drywall on the way out, but wincing and leaving the wall intact.*

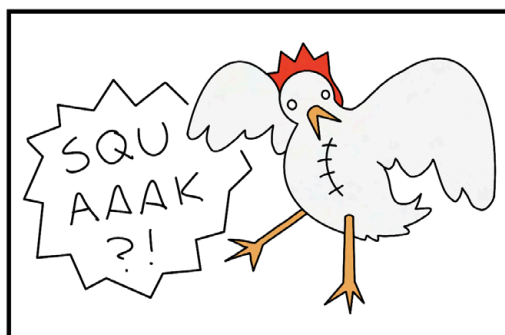
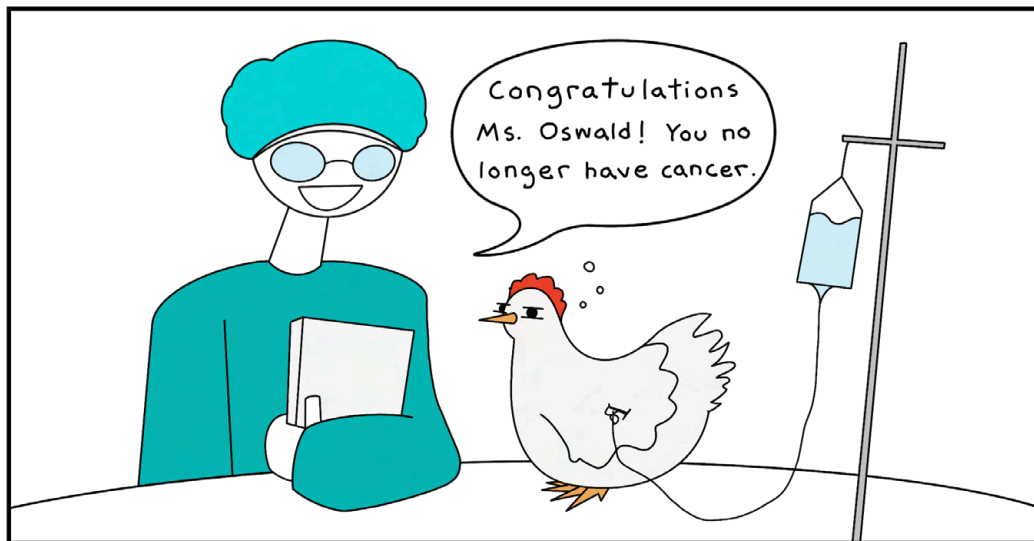
**PROCTOR**  
The hell?

*As the proctor goes to toss the scantron sheet, the camera pans to the desk, and we see a scantron sheet labeled "answer key". The answers are distributed randomly as they would be in a normal test.*

*Sebastian's backpack unzips itself and Rod Serling climbs out. Rod stands behind Sebastian's seat.*

**ROD SERLING**

Exit Sebastian Ngabo, who tapped into the human tendency to find patterns in whatever we do, and gazed directly into the proverbial sun until it seared the retinas of his sanity. Next time you take a multiple-choice test, don't think too hard. In fact, just guess. If you look too closely at your scantron, you might find a message...from the Big Red Twilight Zone.



# IF SCIENTIFIC CONFERENCE PRESENTATIONS WERE LIKE PODCASTS

By: Carlos Po '23

*(30 second ad for start-up that will not exist in 3 months)*

J: "Hey everyone, it's me, Dr. Jay Owens, this is my research partner Dr. Nina Stoltz, and this is Comparative Cancer Biology, your favorite edu-tainment best friends presentation series. We can't cure cancer, but we can cure your boredom. The time is 3:24 PM on this beautiful Wednesday in the conference room of the St. Louis Marriott. How are you doing, Nina?"

N: "I'm doing so fine, Jay. You know, I was just thinking yesterday about how cancer is just like capitalism. Like it keeps multiplying until it uses up all the resources and kills the thing it's living on. That's so crazy."

J: "Watch it, Nina, or you'll be on a watch list! Ha ha! Ok, we've had this topic requested by the National Institute of Health for decades now. So, Nina, what do you know about acute lymphoblastic leukemia?"

N: "Wow. Leukemia? I've, like, heard of it? Maybe? Isn't that what Leonardo DiCaprio's friend dies of in The Basketball Diaries? In high school I had the biggest crush on Leonardo DiCaprio as a kid."

J: "Well, in high school, you might have had a chance! Ha ha ha ha-"

*(Five minutes of the most irritating laughs you've ever heard in your life)*

J: "Whew. Ok, back on topic. Most cancers begin in organs, so they can be targeted. Like a building on fire, right? You can put the fire out. Leukemia is blood cancer, so it's like if cars couldn't get anywhere because the road was on fire."

N: "Oh my god, that's horrible!"

J: "Hmm. Blood Cancer. That sounds like a good band name. Right? Ha ha ha ha ha!"

N: "Noooo! Jay, you're going to hell!"

J: "We'll be right back."

*(50 second ad for gas station dick pills)*

J: "And we're back. So, leukemia was discovered by a guy named Rudolf Virchow. When I was writing the script for this presentation, I couldn't find any sources, but this seems to be the consensus. I'm putting the picture in the show notes, and you've got to check out this guy's mustache. He's definitely packing serious meat."

N: "He looks like the type of guy who you'd meet at, like, a bad Denny's at 4 AM."

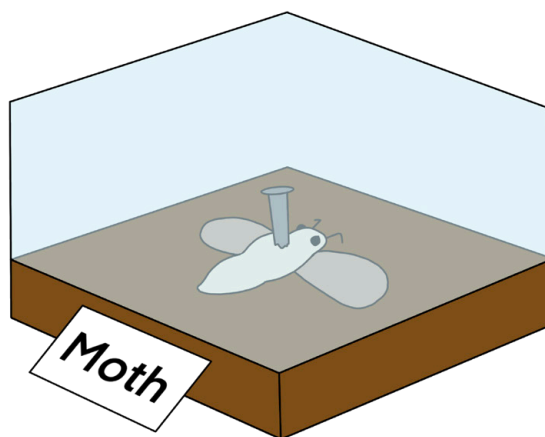
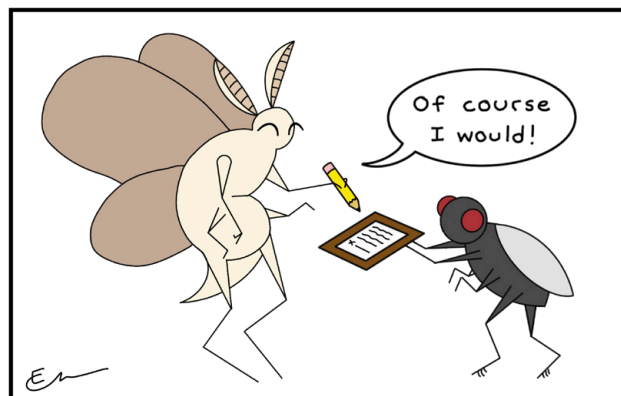
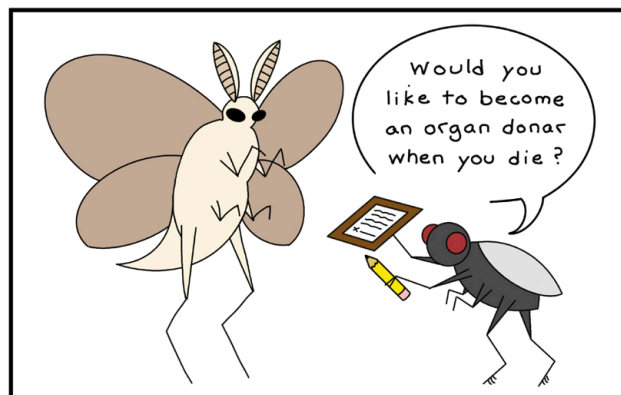
J: "Nina, let me tell you. All Denny's are bad. One thing about Denny's, you never know who's gonna show up. I used to work at a Denny's in college actually, and one time I met the lead singer of Smash Mouth. Pretty cool guy."

N: "Ooh! Ooh! SOME BODY-"

*(40 minutes of early 2000s media references, ads for HelloBetterFreshHelp)*

J: "...and that's why you shouldn't do shrooms at your nephew's circumcision. Oh boy, our sponsors aren't gonna like that! Anyways, that's all the time we have for today, join us for part 2 of our 46 part series on acute lymphoblastic leukemia at this conference or wherever you listen to conferences. In part 3 we'll talk about the challenges of setting up our lab's most important experiment without ever actually mentioning what the experiment is about."

Audience: "Wow, I've never interacted with them before but I think they're my best friend."







# My Plant Grew a Penis? Is This Normal and Other Common Houseplant Owner Questions.

By: Edna Evergreen

We're all had our fair share of plant struggles. Those nasty little buggers seem almost suicidal at this point! And I don't say that just because I once caught one of my pothos trying to sneakily throw themselves off the edge of my bookshelf when my back was turned. No, plants are just hard to take care of. They ask so much of us! Water once a week? I may as well just hike Mount Everest! I don't even water myself once a week.

But have no fear! We here at Plants in my Pants™ will help you through some of the most common houseplant questions we get asked.

## 1. Is my soil acidity level okay?

If you even have to ask, this is a sign it's not. Please get in contact with the local drug dealer and pick up some LSD.

## 2. My plant is growing a penis?

Totally normal! Your plant is undergoing puberty, just like any human would. Don't worry, you don't have to do anything—actually, they would prefer you didn't! Pretend you don't notice anything, and buy them a copy of *The Care and Keeping of You*. Most American Girl Doll™ stores have it in stock, but usually your local nursery will also keep a few behind the counter.

## 3. Best watering method?

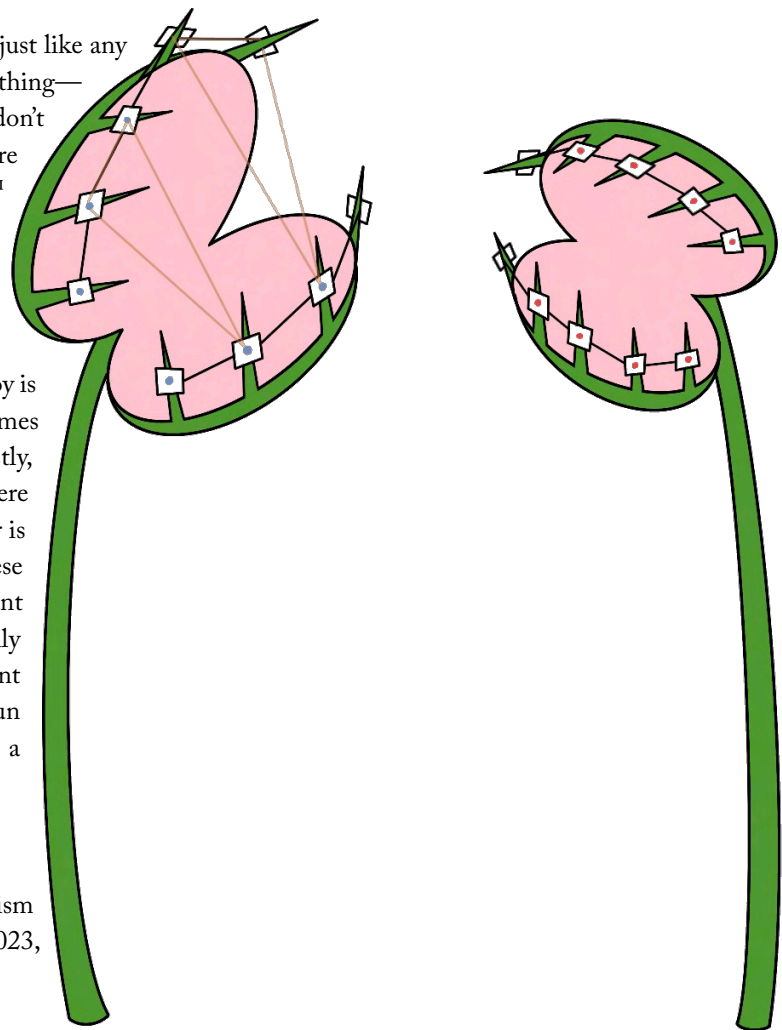
This is completely up to you! So long as that bad boy is getting water, they'll be happy. I'll share my nicknames for my personal favorite watering methods. Firstly, enema. This is a bottom-up watering method where you place the plant in a tray of water and the water is sucked up from the ass. Second, there's the Chinese Water Torture method, where you water the plant very slowly over a long period of time, dripping only a drop or so at a time. This can cause fear in the plant and is very effective in maintaining a tightly-run ship, because plants will be afraid to droop even a little.

## 4. Why are my plant's leaves turning brown?

Why is this a bad thing? I'm sensing some racism here. Please consider reframing your attitude. It's 2023, goddamnit.

## 5. I think my plant is dying. What should I do?

As soon as your plant begins to exhibit even a sign of weakness, we recommend dumping it immediately. Darwin would say the same—survival of the fittest, after all. When you're disposing of the plant, it's easiest to just set it all on fire. No remnants means no clues that a plant lover of your caliber ever let a plant die.



Teenage Venus Flytraps

Edna

**From:** mason@gmail.com

**To:** sexilecie@gmail.com

**Date:** Thursday, April 20th, 2010 at 4:59 PM

**Subject:** You've Won! A \$500 Cornell Gift Card is Yours!

**Mailed By:** Alisha\_Robbins\_'26@gmail.com

# You've Won!

Hey girly,

It gives me tremendous pleasure to inform you that you, my lovely friend, are a winner! Yes, you heard it right. You are a winner of a fantastic \$500 gift card to the world-famous Cornell Store! Congratulations!

Click here to access your gift: <https://tinyurl.com/y9ujz839>

I would appreciate if you did not underplay this. This is truly not your average gift card. This is a gift card that will make you feel like a millionaire. It's like winning the lottery, but better. This is better than any scientific innovation. And don't take this personally, but this would definitely be seen as your biggest accomplishment. That's how great this gift card is.

Now, let me tell you about the Cornell Store. It's a fantastic place. It's a store like no other. It's like a palace. The Cornell Store is where all your dreams come true. They've got everything you could ever want... and I know you want a lot, as you have displayed signs of gluttony in the past. It's like a shopping paradise, I know you would love it. You can get anything you want at the Cornell Store.. They've got the best selection of Cornell gear you'll find anywhere. And with \$500 to spend, You will be able to at least buy a shirt and maybe a hat. It would be fucked up if were not elated by this news, by the way. I know people that would beg and plead just to be given the opportunity to be in the presence of a \$500 Cornell gift card.

So, my lovely rabbit, go ahead and celebrate. You deserve it! You are a winner, and this gift card is your reward. Use it Wisely, dear. Enjoy every moment of it. And remember, when you're shopping at the Cornell Store, you're not just buying stuff. You're buying a piece of history. You're buying a piece of greatness, and

And who am I? I am the perfect and sexy guy that picked you out from the thousands that applied. I am the one blessing you with the opportunity of a lifetime. I am your muse, your knight in shining armor. I am your peach pie. I am your God. You must recognize this.

I am also a terrible person that no one loves or respects. I am the kid that children picked on. Hell, I still get picked on by children till this day. Every living being smells my submissiveness and treats me like I am worthless. They get a whiff of my beta male pheromones and are suddenly stricken with rage that they must take out on me.

Biden once said, "Hurt people hurt people," and you would be a damn fool if you think I have never been hurt before. I am a pitiful guy with tons of baggage. And I have proof of this. So anyways, I will be hurting you because I am hurt myself. Throughout your entire time reading this email (that I spent my entire weekend writing just for you), I can just sense your ungrateful energy. It is like you do not even care about me. Or the gift Card. It is like you are rejecting me. You do not care for anything I have to say. I am giving so much with nothing in return. I devote my life to making people like you happy. And for what? Just for you to not click the link? It fucking hurts.

I have gained access to some files on your phone containing things like your scanned W9 form, your birth certificate, and a copy of your Rainbow Dash x Spongebob fanfic.

I do not value my life too much, so I would not mind risking my freedom to partake in some unruly behavior that result in your downfall. Like I simply do not care. If you do not click the link, irreversible damage will be done. I will not apologize afterwards, either. I am not A good person.

We both wish I was joking, but I am not. I wish I didn't have to do this, but you brought out the worst in me.

Thank you for your time, and congratulations once again.

Sincerely,

Mason

# The Seismological Intricacies Behind Nicki Minaj's "Stupid Hoe"

Experts claim the advent of music began in the Paleolithic Era. Back then, they were banging sticks and shouting gneurshk in slightly varying tones. But recent research suggests that music was actually invented when Nicki Minaj blessed Planet Earth with her avant-garde masterpiece "Stupid Hoe". Most people thought this song had only one vapid meaning: dull gardening tools. But then again, most people don't have functioning ears and certainly didn't listen to the song with their hearts. Nicki inflected these lyrics in such a way as to convey two meanings at once.

The second, subtler meaning behind "Stupid Hoe" revolves around the 1949 Queen Charlotte Islands earthquake that struck the Pacific Northwest coast. It was so devastating that they named an entire island chain after the earthquake. Being a Queen™ herself, Nicki wrote "Stupid Hoe" as a tribute to the severe repercussions that the earthquake caused.

I get it cracking like a bad back.

Bitch talking she the queen, when she looking like a lab rat

Nicki starts off with just the facts: The earthquake did crack "like a bad back," and the Queen Charlotte Islands did appear to have the complexion of a lab rat.

I'm Angelina, you Jennifer

Come on bitch, you see where Brad at

Angelina is derived from the word "angel," so Nicki is calling herself an angel for giving us her music (as she should). She calls us, the audience, "Jennifer" (*I hardly know her*), which is an anagram for "infernej," old archaic Latin for "inferno". So, Nicki is calling us Barbs damned and depraved, which we are, let's get that right. Brad, when coupled with Angelina, is a clever reference to Brangelina, but BRAD is also an acronym for Born n' Raised At Demonland, which reinforces the assertion that Nicki's audience is hell incarnate.

Ice my wrists and I piss on bitches

You can suck my diznick if you take this jizzes

Ice, piss, jizz. All metaphors for the fluids that shook around when the 8.1 magnitude earthquake hit.

You don't like them disses, give my ass some kisses

Yeah they know what this is, give bitches the business

Nicki's mind contains multitudes.

Blessing us with her angelic music is her business, and she gave us her business. She's aware of the tough subject matter at hand, so what started as a song about an earthquake transformed into a diss track for fans who didn't like said song about an earthquake. In. The. Same. Song. I would very much love to kiss your ass, Ms. Minaj. Thank you, Mother.

Cause I pull up and I'm stuntin' but I ain't a stuntman

Yes I'm rockin' Jordans but I ain't a jumpman

Now she's making a sociopolitical comment about how women are unable to get a job as a stuntman or a jumpman, no matter how much they love stuntin' or jumpin'.

Bitches play the back cause they know I'm the frontman

Put me on the dollar cause I'm who they trust in

Ayo SB, what's the fucks good?

Here, Nicki personifies the earthquake herself. "Bitches" were the people afflicted by the earthquake, who were forced to hit the back as the ground shook. Like an unwanted Harlem Shake. The earthquake is so proud of its impact that it thinks it should be put on a dollar bill.



“Ayo [Starbucks], what the fuck’s good?”, the earthquake says, erroneously thinking Starbies is responsible for putting people on dollar bills, due of the visual similarities.

We ship platinum, them bitches are shipping wood  
Them nappy headed hoes but my kitchen good  
I wish, I wish, I wish, I wish, I wish, I wish  
A bitch would

The symbol for platinum on the periodic table is Pt. PT is also an acronym for physical therapy. Thus, Nicki is saying that the Queen Charlotte Islands had to import physical therapists to help them recuperate from the earthquake. In exchange, its trading partners received wood.

The phrase “my kitchen good” refers to the simple fact that Nicki’s kitchen is still intact, but those affected by the Queen Charlotte Islands earthquake certainly aren’t anymore.

You a stupid hole, you a, you a stupid hole [x3]  
You a stupid hole, (yeah) you a, you a stupid hole  
You a stupid hole, you a, you a stupid hole (stupid, stupid)  
You a stupid hole, you a, you a stupid hole (you stupid, stupid)  
You a stupid hole, you a, you a stupid hole (you stupid, stupid)  
You a stupid hole, (yeah) you a, you a stupid hole (you stupid, stupid)  
\*Truncated for brevity\*

Most people assume this part is about a “hoe,” but Nicki is purposefully ambiguous with the song title. If you listen closely you can tell she is actually saying “hole” which refers to the Queen Charlotte Fault, at which the Queen Charlotte Islands earthquake occurred.

Nicki always pays respects to disasters in her songs, even if there was no death involved, as in this one. Because she is self-aware enough to know she is a disaster herself. It’s why her songs are so refreshing, and why she can call us hell if she wants. Thank you, Nicki. Stay blessing.

- Micki Binaj, Ph.D, Quaking Specialist

## 3230 Managerial Accounting Problem Set

By: Carlos Po ‘23

Professor Hayden has two sons, Son A and Son B. Son A requires an initial cost of 120,000 as well as 15,000 per year for 18 years. However, Son A got odd summer jobs and is able to scrape together an additional 1750 dollars a year. Son B requires a steeper initial cost of 150,000 due to birth complications that killed his mother, as well as additional variable costs of 16,500 per year because he gets bad grades, is a lazy sack of shit, and doesn’t respect his father. Assuming Professor Hayden wants to keep just one son, which son isn’t coming home tonight?

Professor Hayden’s son, Bee, wants to major in philosophy. This will cost 48,000 per year for 4 years, but after graduation he will have a yearly salary of 0\$ because no one’s hiring in philosophy. Professor Hayden also considers forcing his son to major in accounting like him. This will cost literally nothing extra and will get his son a nice cushy 100,000 a year job as a tax accountant with all Hayden’s connections. What should Professor Hayden do?

Professor Hayden’s son, Bee, is drinking in the woods because he hates accounting and stumbles into something he shouldn’t have seen. Use CVP analysis to determine if a better shovel (100\$) and more lime (23\$) would have outweighed the consequences of Professor Hayden’s actions (?\$).

Professor Hayden is running out of time and options. The police are on their way to arrest him for murder, and he only has time for one of the following options. In Option A he surrenders peacefully. This has a high initial utility cost, but the time spent in jail will gradually allow him to reflect and become a better person, representing a high marginal utility. In Option B, he performs a ritual that binds his soul to an accounting problem set. This will allow him to escape punishment for a time, giving a lower initial utility cost, but he will be sealed in the problem set with nothing but his own deeds until he goes mad, representing slightly lower marginal utility. What’s hiding behind your eye?

# BIG RED TWILIGHT ZONE EP 4:

## IDLE HANDS

By: C.P. Lovecraft

ROD SERLING

Don't we all sometimes wish we had a bit more motivation? If only we could keep that Duolingo streak, go for a run every morning at 6 AM, or quell our porn addiction. We have the internet connection, the running shoes, the corn flakes, but something is just missing. David Lu is trying to find that something for an essay due tomorrow morning, and he'll find it, alright...in the Big Red Twilight Zone.

INT. WEST CAMPUS COMMON ROOM-NIGHT

DAVID is at a desk, resting his head on the surface while browsing Reddit. He looks at the time. 10:50 PM. He has a document labeled "3490 Midterm" on a Google Docs tab. He clicks on the tab, and there's only a single sparse paragraph. "HELP" he bangs onto his keyboard.

DAVID

Can't believe I used to wake up at 6 AM. What happened to that?

*He closes his eyes.*

INT. TRILLIUM CAFETERIA-DAY

David is at a table with his friend RAVI. With one hand, he eats a sandwich, and with the other, he is writing something on a notebook without looking.

RAVI

You don't remember writing it?

DAVID

No! I just woke up and it was there. I didn't even do any of the readings. I'm just glad I can make Saturday now.

RAVI

Blacked out on Adderall?

DAVID

See, that's what I thought. But even now, I'm doing my Chem problem set while we're eating. It's like my hands have got a mind of their own.

RAVI

Must have taken some good shit then.

DAVID

It's great. When I'm done with all this, I'll get a head start on finals. Or maybe apply for summer internships. Hang on, I need to go to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM-DAY

*David is sitting in a stall on his phone. He is browsing when he opens his messages app unexpectedly.*

DAVID

The hell?

*He types, "Sorry guys, but I won't be able to make the social this Saturday. I have too much work," and hits send.*

DAVID

Hey!

*David slams his hand into the stall wall. The other hand slaps him across the face.*

DAVID

Son of a bi-

*Both hands grasp him by the throat, choking him into unconsciousness.*

INT. TRILLIUM CAFETERIA-DAY

*David, looking calmer and more composed, returns to his seat. Ravi looks up from his phone.*

RAVI

You were in there for a while, man. You good?

DAVID

Yes, I'm fine. I just had a headache.

David begins packing his things from the table.

DAVID

Also, I need to leave now. I'm sorry, but I'm just too busy these days.

RAVI

You sure? Gimme a call later, I can do dinner.

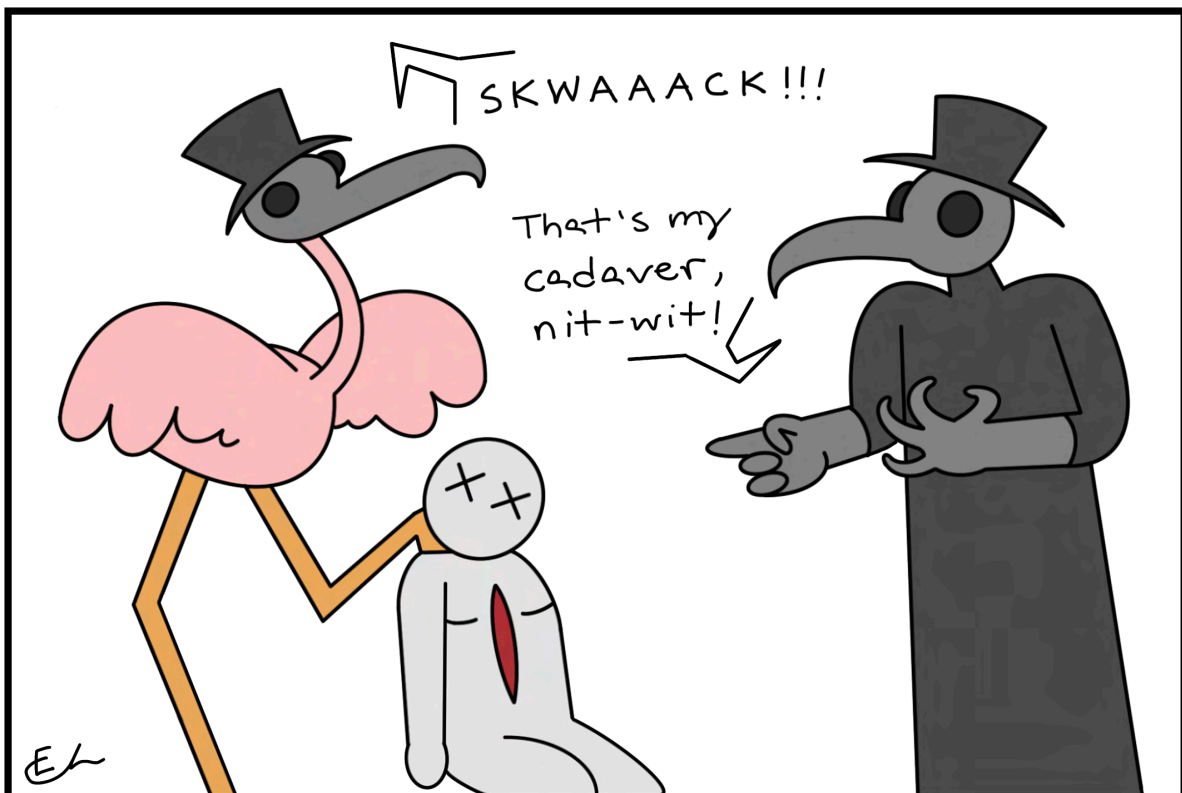
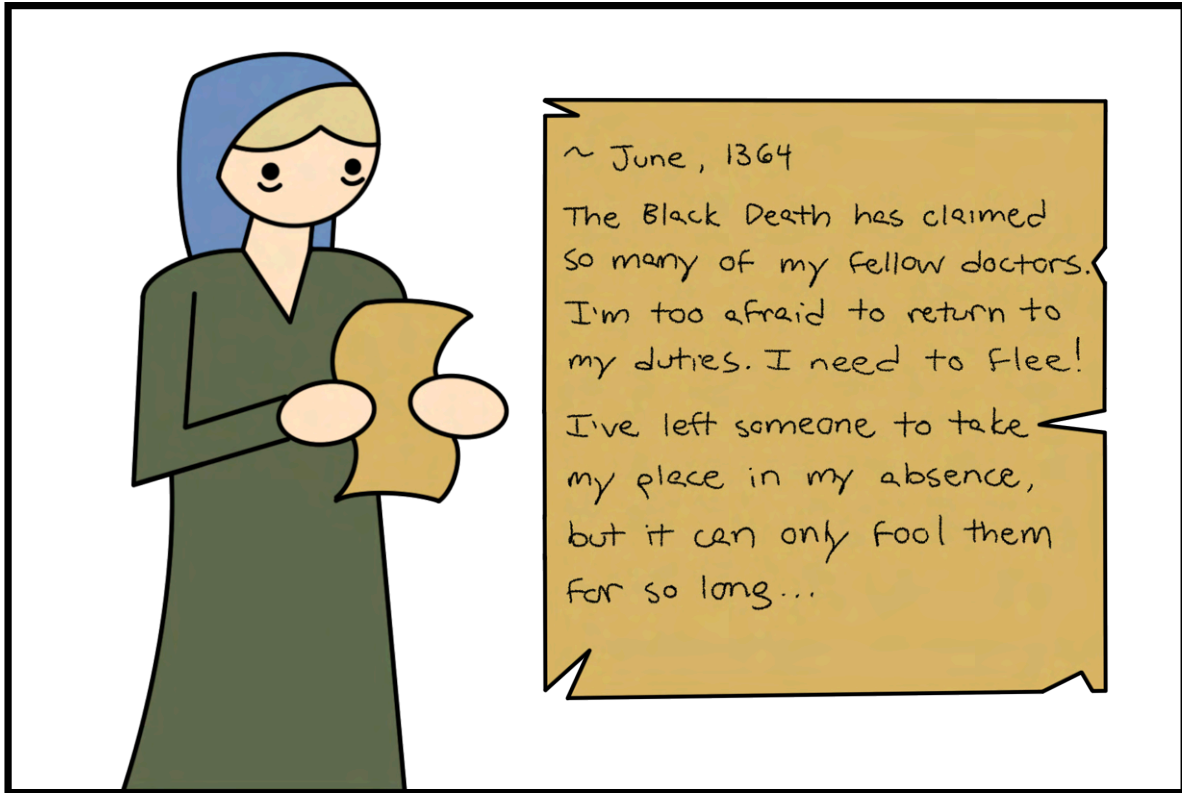
DAVID

That won't be necessary.

ROD SERLING

*As David begins to exit the cafeteria, we hear him screaming through his closed lips, but no one will hear. His eyes dart back and forth, as if trying to alert someone. Pan to ROD SERLING, who was eating an ice cream cone on a table.*

The Bible says "ask and you shall receive". David Lu is a man who asked someone, anyone, for the ability to get his work done, and he got it. What he didn't realize is that there's always more work to do in a certain class he enrolled in, a 1000 level class called Introduction...to the Big Red Twilight Zone. (AP)



# Morticio's Language Class

By: Shehryar Qazi '24

"MORTICIO'S SPANISH CLASSES", the banner read loudly. I admit the first thing that caught my attention was the name, Morticio. Was it a masculinized version of Morticia? Like the Addams family? But my eyes remained glued to the blue banner, and its ill-advised early 2000s MSPaint style formatting. I continued to read the subheading about Morticio, and learnt from the yellow comic sans text that Morticio was a world-renowned instructor for the Spanish language, who had completed a doctorate at Harvard in linguistic pedagogy. The banner loudly proclaimed that Morticio's cutting edge language acquisition techniques and technologies could make you learn the basics of Spanish in a day, and in a week you could be talking to the dudes at the construction site about the game or "chatting up mamas in the DR", 100% money back guaranteed if you found yourself unable to do either. Those were the only two benefits of acquiring Spanish that the banner posited, and I admit I always wondered what the real American working class thought about our sporting events, so I dialed 281-300-8004.

I was surprised at how quickly the call got answered and I was greeted with "Hello, this is Morticio speaking" in a smooth baritone that felt almost racist in how perfectly it matched the stereotype of the voice of a sexy, ethnically ambiguous man. His voice was certainly accented, and I probably wouldn't have been able to tell what it was had I not known his background in Spanish. I told him I was interested in taking his classes. "Good, good" he rumbled, and he told me to come to a certain place at 12pm the next day.

The spot was certainly unassuming, so unassuming that I didn't even see it for the first 5 minutes I was looking for it. It was only after I saw incense smoke billowing out of a basement square that was definitely too small to be a window right next to a rectangle that was definitely too small to be a door, but there seemed to be a pair of steps leading to it and so I walked, leaned down into the rectangle, and found myself in a room.

It wasn't a very large room, maybe 20 by 20 feet, and the ceiling was maybe 6 feet. I hunched a bit and saw that there was nothing but a table, 2 chairs, and a skull. I leaned over to examine the skull.

"Hello zhere, welcome to tze class"

I whipped my head around at the voice and caught a dark figure out the bottom of my eye. I leaned down and saw a man. Very short, around 4'10"; his voice sounded familiar.

"Are you *ready* to begin tze lessun", said Morticio. He looked like how he sounded.

The lesson? Was it starting so quickly? But instinctively, I said yes.

"Tze other pupil iz here" Morticio crooned. At these words I saw a small boy emerge out of the corner that Morticio came from. Short cropped blonde hair, a summertime striped shirt and shorts. He couldn't have been more than 12.

"*Hold! Mi nombre es Dylan! Super excited para estudiante español!*" said the child in a squeaky high-pitched voice, with a grin one only makes after the successful performance of a rehearsed trick.

"Now you may be wondering how zhis small child, zhis otherwise normal suburbanite has *mastered* the language of de *Vega, Cervantes, Marquez, SHA-KEE-RAH! Es simple. The Morticio Method. Do you want to know, estudiante?* exclaimed Morticio, in a performance of great sighs and paced bows. The intended dramatic effect would've been better realized if he were a foot taller.

But I did admit, I did want to know.

"*Es muy facil*, you have to be true to yourself and to the teacher when speaking and practicing. *Verdad quando hablas.* Too many language classes create *fictional* scenarios. No *relacion a la realidad.* But that doesn't work. Not *effective.* Morticio Method, everything is true. You learn faster with the truth. We all have the language inside of us. *Por ejemplo, en que ciudad naciste?*"

Instinctively, I realized he was asking me what city I was born in. I bubbled with excitement. How did I know what he was asking me? I didn't have prior experience with the language, beyond seeing the occasional Dragon Ball Z meme. Yet, I knew what to answer.

"*Nací en Mamaroneck, New York.*"

"*PERFECTO*", Morticio exclaimed, "*Tu eres naturale, VAMANOS!*"

Over the course of the day I found my true self *en español.* I learnt to answer the name of my favorite pet (*nombre de mascota favorita*, Pongo, my pet hamster), what my favorite fruit was (*el tomate*), my mother's maiden name (*nombre de soltera de la madre*, Dumpée). With



every subsequent answer Morticio's voice would rise "*sí, SÍ, DE VERDAD*". I was so happy to be able to express myself in a new language, and I was glad Morticio thought so too. The brand of my first car (Chevrolet), the name of my first girlfriend (Audrey, we broke up after I found out she had been secretly poisoning my pet hamster), the name of my first roommate (Brandon, though I think he might've changed his name recently), My social security number. By the end of the night, I was brimming with excitement, I felt like a whole new world opened up for me. I paid Morticio \$300 for the registration fees, knowing deep in my heart that I couldn't pay him his true values worth in money.

I arrived the next day at the spot, and entered through the door that was definitely too small to be a door. But the room was empty. No chair, no table, no skull. And no Morticio and Dylan.

I spied a note on the table in an elegant cursive. It was from Morticio, who expressed a sincere pleasure at getting to teach me the basics of Spanish, but who had to go out of town for an uncertain amount of time for an emergency. I admit I was a bit bummed at the prospect of pausing my acquisition of the Spanish language, so I walked over to the nearest McDonalds to drown my sorrows in sodium and carbohydrates. I ordered a 20pc McNuggets with the app discount and a pair of fries, and tapped my card for checkout.

It declined.

Wrestling with the card machine didn't work, so I decided to cut my losses and drive back to my apartment. I walked in and saw 7 people I had never seen before. One of them, a tall middle-aged man with a curly brown mustache walked up to me and started weeping. He thanked me for everything I'd done so fast last night, and for selling the home to him at such a great price. "You are a saint", he beamed with tears.

I was shook, I had no idea what he was talking about, but it felt wrong to tell someone I had supposedly made so happy that I didn't actually sell the house to him. Besides, the happiness he and his family gained from moving into the house was far greater than any sadness I felt at losing it, so I walked back to my car to think. I drove to the bank to check my financial statement to find out that I had come earlier in the morning and withdrawn all of my cash. The bank teller, an elderly woman, swore that I had sounded a bit different during the morning.

"And you are so much taller now! How wondrous". she exclaimed.

Suddenly it all made sense. Morticio, Dylan, the oddly personal question based learning method. Per Morticio's claim, it really did just take a day, or at least it took a day for me to get defrauded out of my money, my house, and my identity. But I did learn how to ask *Qué te pareció el juego?* And I drove down to the construction site to seek the answers I wanted.

## Ribbit Ribbit Revelations

Darker than night and brighter than day

One creature exists, brimstone yet gray.

A scientist toils, scouring why  
governments fell and people dismay.

Currency empty, laws castaway

One thinker to reason, a world awry.

The toxic water and ailed creatures betray:  
our hunger, our thirst, we begin to decay.

But wait! (Might his invention quell outcry.

Innovation offer leeway

Salvation to humanity? Nay!

For what he found

was the frogs are gay.



By: Alex Jones

# Witchcraft 1.20 Patch Notes

By: Salem Software

Hi-ho, witchie bitches! After a long 210 year hiatus, our widdle itty bitty team of 3,000 people has finally gotten off their asses and updated WitchCraft. Stop spamming our emails now, please.

And please stop trying to cancel us for our creator's views. We humbly apologize for what she said today. And yesterday. And the day before yesterday. And... Just, all of it, alright?

We'll be releasing this update in small incremental chunks sporadically across these next few months, to purposefully fuck with our modding community. Those sons of bitches really think they can make features better and faster than us, huh? Have fun updating your code every week, assholes.

Here's a rough overview of everything to come in Update 1.20. There's still more to be revealed, so stay tuned for an exclusive world premiere at Pacts East!

## Potion-Making:

- Added support for all potions to work with grenade containers; simply pour any potion in a casing, pull the pin, aim, and fire!
  - *(Currently a 90% chance that most of the potion will explode right back at you.)*
- Renamed Eye of Newt and Toe of Frog back to Mustard Seed and Buttercup, due to new players getting confused.
- Added actual Eyes of Newt and Toes of Frog as valid potion ingredients! They don't do anything except make your potion taste absolutely horrendous.
- We see you and we hear you: The Gender Presenter potion is now live! Rejoice in the ability to look like your preferred gender without having to spend your precious time and money on it.
  - *(Limited time offer only. Event ends in about 2 hours while we accrue those sweet marketing deals. Fuck you.)*
- Added a new achievement for making over 2,000 gallons of potion within 24 hours. Getting this achievement unlocks a dope new familiar for you to bond with! His name is Hugh, and we plucked him from some suburb in the Midwest. He likes theme parks, hiking, and beer.

## Healing Crystals:

- Rose Quartz now only brings your vibrations up by 10 Hz instead of 20 Hz. There wasn't any reason for this, we just don't like Rose Quartz.
- Jade's special healing properties can only be activated through kegels. Time your reps to the music for a greater effect!
  - To compensate for this sudden change of mechanics, we'll be making Jade crystals easier to obtain! Simply seek out a Goop traveling saleswoman NPC near any eccentric business district.

- We apologize for any Jade eggs no-clipping into your stomach. We're deciding that's now a feature. Not because we can't figure out how to fix it, but... Well, that's most of it.

- Our biggest addition to the Healing Crystal meta yet: Killing Crystals!
  - First teased during the WWII Season finale, Enriched Uranium is now yours to behold. Immense healing is offset by an AoE passive damage stat to all organic beings, including yourself. Don't worry, the stats definitely outweigh the permanent Government Hunt debuff you get from having it on your person.
  - Also arriving this season, we have Plutonium! Besides its concentrated damage, this crystal brings with it an EXPLOSIVE new flavor! It tastes like orange, but like a spicy orange. Go try it now! Put your tongue on it! Put it inside you! You like that, don't you? Slut.
- Black Tourmaline now does more damage when thrown at people's skulls.

## Tarot Cards

- After years of requests, we're finally adding a ranking system to Tarot card tournaments! Secure the top spots in Diamond, Gold, and Pyrite tiers to show off your mastery of competitive Tarot reading, gain bragging rights to your friends, and receive absolutely nothing else for your efforts.
  - We know what you're going to say. Yes, we've disabled anti-bot measures for matchmaking. Machines are abandoned by God, and shouldn't be trusted to read divine prophecies.
- Added support for Tarot cards to be placed down in defense position.
- After analyzing the current meta we've decided to ban the Fortune Blessor, which allows you to draw 2 more tarot cards, due to it being incredibly broken. The Many-Eyed Hanged Man, which allows you to burn all tarot cards on the table (except those that have been Special Summoned (unless they possess a rarity of 5 stars or higher (excluding Tower-type cards (unless said Tower is a byproduct of another card's effect (but NOT the Hierophant's passive effect (save for cases where your opponent shouts "UNO!" before you)))))), is still tournament-viable.
- We have no idea why you guys are paying \$250 for pieces of cardboard in a children's card game, so we've removed the ability to purchase specific cards in favor of booster pack lootboxes. It might cost more money on average, but it's all worth it for the chance of getting those sweet shiny holographic cards! We hope to provide you with a sense of pride and accomplishment for unlocking different cards.
- Removed the Death card, because death should be a surprise.

## Astrology

- Added a new horoscope hero: Ophiuchus! Originally sidelined as the 13th zodiac due to a year only having 12 months, we've found enough space during calendar re-balancing to slot him in (not sure why we didn't think of making all the months an equal 28.096 days before). Dubbed the "Serpent Bearer", anyone assigned this zodiac will instantly be blessed with a big dick! Yes, even the women.
- Planet-gazers, rejoice: The odds of planets aligning have been DOUBLED!
  - (From 0.00000000000000000002% to 0.00000000000000000004%.)
- Swapped the names of Astrology and Astronomy, so the world can finally recognize us as the dominant scientific school of thought.
  - We've also added an achievement for the first person to burn down the NASA headquarters. Go, my pretties! Fly!



## Medicine

- The Acupuncturist subclass wasn't supposed to exist, and was only coined by the community after players discovered hitbox issues. These issues have been fixed; we're supposed to be afraid of needles, remember?
- Nerfed the effectiveness of homeopathy's medicine dilution. An intern reused code that we reserved for Holy Water, which shouldn't have happened. He has since been crucified.
- Detoxing now has a hacking mini-game. Yeah, it's the one where you have to rotate the pipes to complete a circuit. We're sorry.
- Added the Horrific Blood-Curdling Venomsucker, a friendly NPC that's able to remove any toxins and debuffs from your body by simply sucking them out of your genitals. This NPC spawns near dumpsters behind your local Denny's.
  - You can't miss it; it'll be wearing a navy blue Dodgers

baseball cap and a Rick and Morty graphic tee. It looks like a really fucked up gross looking slug... But that's only because there's a lot of venom inside of it.

- It's also pansexual and loves everyone unconditionally, so you could probably score a date with it if you wanted to. It's great at reciprocating oral.
- Added the Venomgiver, a new miniboss to stay on the lookout for. With their area-of-effect poison blob attacks and their multiple-phase attack patterns, this enemy will require the most precision yet.
  - Much like the Venomsucker, you can't miss this one either; it looks like a really tall woman, about 9 feet 6 inches, with immaculate pale skin, a flowing white robe, an intense dominatrix attitude, the widest brimmed hat you've ever fucking seen... But they're the villain, alright? Just remember that. If you want to fuck someone, fuck the gross slug monster, not this.
- Please don't let the Venomsucker and the Venomgiver meet. Our game isn't ready to handle that kind of passionate love.

## Community Requests

- The Covid Vaccine global event is now live! Anyone within 50 miles of a 5G Sentinel™ Tower will have nanomachines released into their bloodstream, slowly giving them the Homosexual effect with increasing intensity every day. Destroy these Towers to awaken the final boss, Dark Brandon!
- As per the community vote, we'll be bringing back a feature from the alpha days: spontaneous generation! That's right; rotting meat will now spawn flies, moldy grain will now spawn mice, and more, even in places where it's physically impossible for these animals to enter! Go fill up someone's house with flowers and watch their place crowd up with bees, who fucking cares. Kill someone. It's a great source of EXP. You fucking love grinding EXP, don't you? You cute little EXP cum dumpster.
- By sufficiently imbuing a vessel (e.g. dolls, scarecrows, animatronics) with enough of your Love Juices™, they'll become sentient. The hunt for a soulmate is now over; simply create the man, woman, or creature of your dreams! Reciprocated feelings not guaranteed.
- u/HufflepuffMethBbg2 on Reddit said that we should end support for our game by 2024, so that's exactly what we'll do. Sorry not sorry, guys, this shit costs too much money to keep running. As a token of thanks, we'll be putting roughly 15kg of Plutonium into your witch satchels throughout the year!

Don't reach out to us for complaints. We no longer have a communications department.

# BIG RED TWILIGHT ZONE EP 5:

## ELEVATOR BITCH

By: C.P. Lovecraft

IT'S A LONG WAY DOWN

INT. KLARMAN HALL AUDITORIUM-DAY

*JACK CULVER is on stage giving a talk. The audience is crammed with students and faculty eager to hear sage advice from this master of hustle. Behind him, the projector screen displays a PowerPoint slide containing several line graphs. The audience applauds and Jack, clearly enjoying the spotlight, bows.*

**ROD SERLING (voiceover)**

Jack Culver, Cornell alum and wealthy CEO of Vylon Computing, is human proof that karma is a comfortable fiction and has his head so far up his own ass the topology department considers him theoretical at best. A self-styled ideas man, he outsources the thinking, the doing, but not the profit, to others. He's about to touch base with colleagues in the conference room- of the Big Red Twilight Zone.

**JACK**

Thank you, thank you. Any questions?

*A student raises his hand at the back of the room and stands up.*

**STUDENT**

I'm just trying to make sure I heard this right. You're arguing in favor of price gouging on essential supplies?

**JACK**

Price gouging is such a loaded term. Maybe if you paid attention, little miss, you'd understand that so-called "price gouging" is not only justified, it is the most moral option available in times of crisis. For example, insuli-

**STUDENT**

Follow up. What the fuck is wrong with you?

**JACK**

Now, now, there's no need for personal attacks.

*A CUPD officer grabs the student and escorts them out of the room. Jack eyes another hand in the crowd and points to them.*

**JACK**

Next question. You.

INT. DAY-KLARMAN HALL ELEVATOR

*Jack is in the elevator checking his watch. There is a student, DAMIEN, inside as well. He wears a black business suit, carries an attache case, and looks starstruck.*

**DAMIEN**

Can I just say, sir, you're so cool. You're famous where I come from. I'm Damien.

**JACK**

I'm famous everywhere. I appreciate it though. Work hard and I'll let you work for me someday. Maybe. Business major?

**DAMIEN**

Yes. I actually wanted to pitch something to you, if that's alright.

**JACK**

Always looking for new ideas. And we are in an elevator. Do your pitch.

*Damien's face lights up.*

**DAMIEN**

Ok, so you know how people have trouble cutting sugar from their diets? A collar that shocks people if their blood sugar is too high.

**JACK**

You're kidding, right?

*Damien begins scrolling through his phone furiously.*

**DAMIEN**

That's what I thought too, but I did the research and the demand is there. If you'll-

**JACK**

Sorry, I'll pass.

*Jack looks at the floor indicator. It hasn't changed.*

**JACK**

Is the elevator broken or something?

**DAMIEN**

Ok, another idea. It's like Grindr, but for straight people.

*Jack pushes the alarm button. He tries to pry open the door, but it doesn't budge.*

DAMIEN

Not biting? Ok. A fidget spinner that generates electricity. What do you think? Or a kit that teaches kids the basics of embalming. Instant noodles that make you cum.

JACK

Damien! All your ideas suck. Shut up. I'm trying to fix this here. We're stuck.

DAMIEN

Stuck?

*Damien starts laughing.*

DAMIEN

We're right on track. You're gonna listen to my ideas. After all, we have plenty of time.

*The floor indicator lights up, reading "G". The arrow pointing up slowly rotates 180 degrees until it faces down. The "G" flickers and is replaced with "???". The elevator goes into freefall as Damien laughs and Jack screams.*

ROD SERLING (voiceover)

The road to hell is paved with good intentions. However, Jack Culver, the subject of our tale, was quite frankly a piece of shit, so his road will forever be unpaved and filled with potholes. His is a road that leads directly to the Big Red Twilight Zone.

# Meta-Analysis of DNA, Jackbox Data Identifies "Extremely Unfunny" Gene Cluster

By: Carlos Po '23

Bingle et al (2023) conducted a survey of the results of 3239 Jackbox games combined with genetic data gathered by surreptitious blood tests. Researchers discovered that when at least 1 gene in a cluster of 69, termed "Comedy-upregulating Marker (CuM) genes", is rendered nonfunctional, a given subject is far more likely to place in the bottom half of Jackbox games. In laboratory experiments, removing a functional CuM gene in mice caused 42.0% to reply to every statement with "no one asked". When the CuM gene was restored, the mice resumed writing for the *Cornell Lunatic*. Inheritance of CuM genes seems to be tied to the Y-chromosome, as it is generally accepted within the scientific community that women aren't funny.

(See Fig. 1 *attached*)

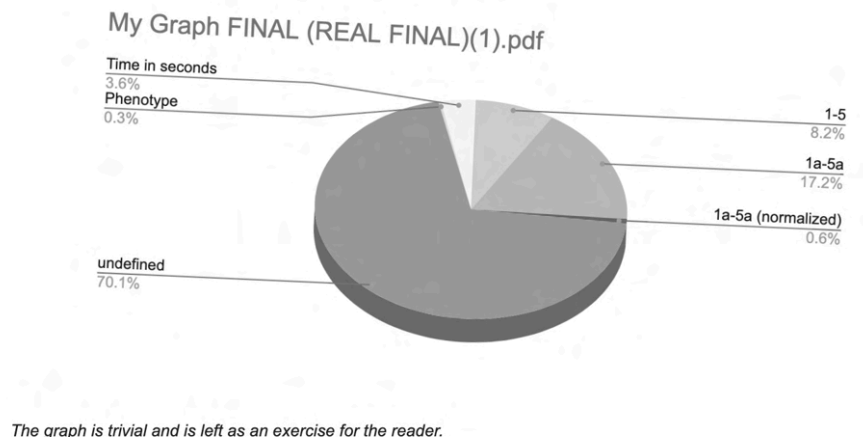


Figure 1

Cornell geneticists stressed these findings don't imply that some genes make you *funny*, only that some genes act as "cringe-suppressors" and knocking them out can lead to subjects developing debilitating onsets of being cringe.

"This also isn't implying that anyone who doesn't have these mutations is funny. Environmental factors such as high Reddit karma and watching slice-of-life anime can also cause one to lose Jackbox games. Being unfunny is a very complex process" (Bingle et al 2023)

Many are considering the ethics of releasing this information to the subjects and others. "Maybe I don't want to know if I'm predisposed to be unfunny," said Abe Hart, sophomore environmental science major and World War 2 enthusiast. "Maybe I just want to repeat the same jokes about the Crusades in peace."

In light of these findings, Cornell Health is offering free stool sample tests by seeing who giggles when asked for a stool sample.

Unfortunately, no treatment for nonfunctional CuM genes currently exists. Future directions include seeing if people can be made funny with a bone marrow transplant. Multiple public figures are suspected to possess CuM mutations, such as Jimmy Fallon.



# Dissecting Scooby-Doo To See How He Talks (a.k.a. "Project Ruh Rho!")

*Lab Notes of Cy Entist, Ph.D*

**April 20th, 1969**

Rholy Rfuck we've done it. We've finally secured funding from the CIA as well as Walt Disney Productions. My favorite secret cabals of government officials will at last grasp the enigma of this canine's spotted, furry voice box. My staff has long ago been sworn to secrecy, and the chattier lab techs have been eliminated. Procedure 1.A. - "Meddling Scientists" is already in motion. This is totally gonna win us the Cold War.

**April 69th, 1969**

Douglass, our graduate student with the least seniority, has been terrorizing a seaside resort in a mask made of goop for the last 49 days. 3 casualties have resulted. Today, we received word that a quivering dumbass has contacted the Mystery Gang using a tapped resort landline. Palpable developments.

*Addendum: Must send Douglass more goop.*

**Gay 5th, 1969**

The Mystery Gang has finally checked into the seaside resort. Based on the appearance of their ugly van, we assume they were delayed as a result of being high. During their arrival, tranquilizer-armed snipers were stationed in the air vents, but they had long since succumbed to Legionnaires' Disease, which is a disease that my team discovered 5 years ago but we're keeping it secret in order to kill some legionnaires in 1976. If the snipers survive pneumonia we will apologize to them. If they do not we will not. The target (a.k.a "Big Boy") remains unapprehended.

*Initiating Procedure 1.B. - "Meddling Scientists With Napalm"*

**Gay 6th, 1969**

*Procedure 1.B worked. I am pleased and not wracked with horror.*

**June 1st, 1969**

I spent the remainder of Gay undergoing reconditioning mandated by the CIA and Walt Disney Productions. My hair is voluminous and I have witnessed no deaths more horrifying than murder by Legionnaires' Disease, which is rather tame. Therefore, I am not wracked with horror. Anyways, with me back in action to fearlessly helm this project, we're finally ready to dissect Scooby-Doo. I'm told that during his captivity, the subject consumed several tons of junk food, including multiple sundaes containing chocolate sauce, and has not died. Exciting data! I wonder how he will respond to our usual cocktail of pre-dissection drugs!

**Also June 1st, 1969**

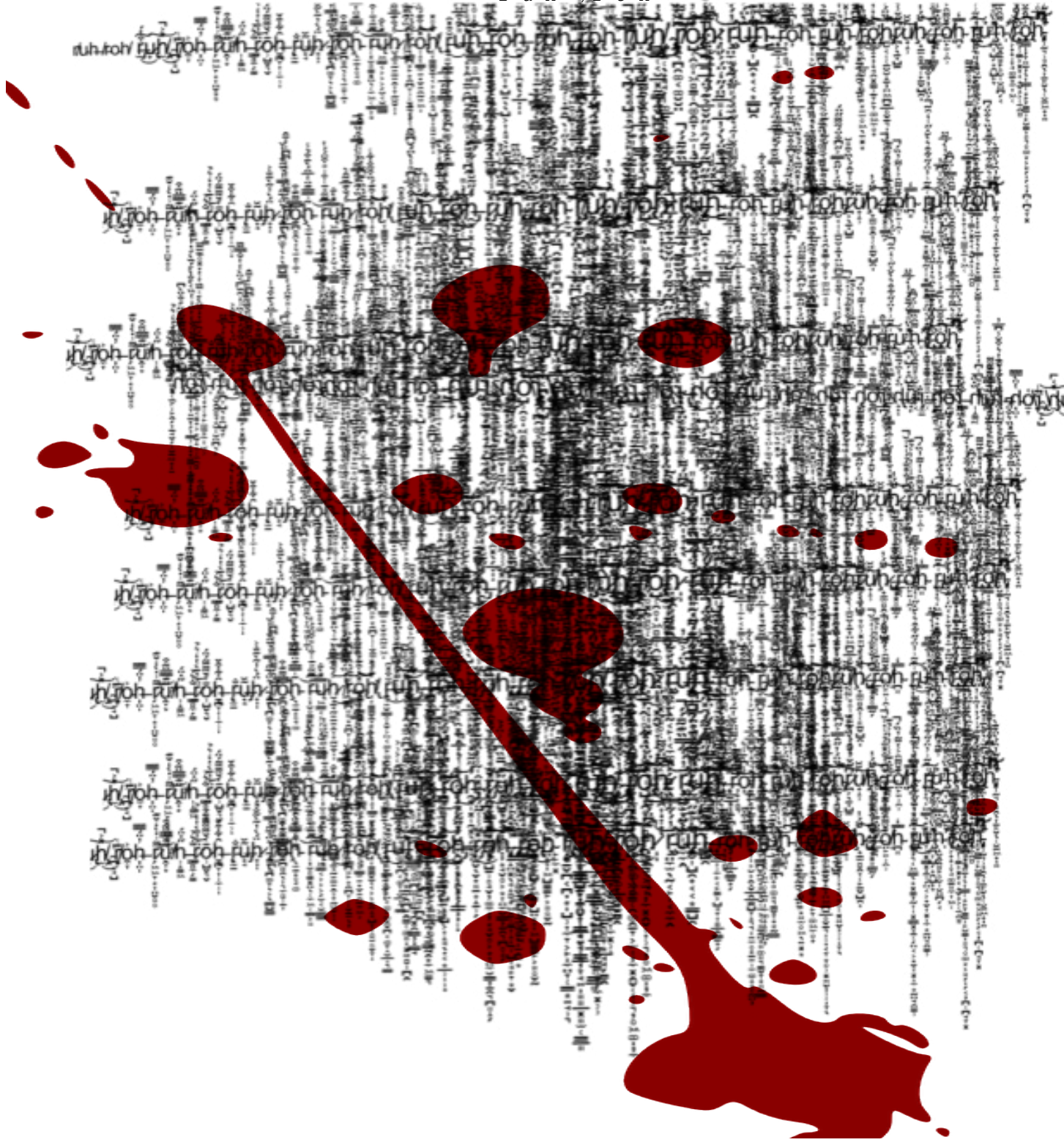
He did not respond to our usual cocktail of pre-dissection drugs. We had to resort to that dank good-good foggy pot hash ganja pot weed in order to incapacitate him. We found a stash of it in the desk that used to belong to Douglass. I'm now holding a scalpel to Scooby-Doo's throat with one hand and also writing this lab note with the same hand. I'm about to make the first incisio- OW! I dropped the scalpel on the hand that was holding it and also wrote my verbal reaction to that injury in my lab notebook using that same hand and also wrote down what just happened using that now bleeding same hand. OW! The same thing happened again exactly as I've just described! Ok I've switched both the scalpel and the pen and this lab notebook to the other hand. Everything should be fin- OW! FUCKO!

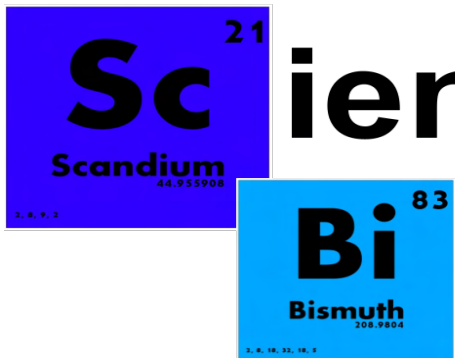
June 2nd, 1969

My hands have been bandaged. Therefore, dropping scalpels on them will draw less blood. The procedure is ready to continue. No more delays. In fact I'm currently cutting Scooby-Doo open as I write this an- **OW!** Oh hey what's that swirling void ruh rho **ruh roh** ruh roh ruh roh ruh roh RUH ROH RUH ROH RUH ROH RUH ROH RUTS ROING RON?! RUH ROH RUH ROH RUH ROH RUH ROH

RUH ROH RU-

r~u-h~ /r~o-h-





# Science, Bitch

By: Howard Hamlin

Jesse had no idea how he ended up here, stranded in the desert with nothing but a pound of meth and his old high school chemistry teacher. The desert truly seemed endless.

After hours of fruitlessly brainstorming escape plans, his mind began to wander. Reminiscing over the past 9 months since that fateful encounter, he began to realize how much his life has improved. No one ever really believed in him, or gave him a chance. He looked over to his mentor. He's changed. He began to walk outside to gather his thoughts.

"Jesse, we must stay in the RV, out of the sun. Have you the slightest inclination that your behavior will hasten our deaths?" said Mr. White, harshly.

"Yo bitch, I'm just having a look outside," Jesse replied.

"Having a look? What do you expect to possibly find? There's nothing out there. Nothing except us."

Before him wasn't the meek, scared man in his tighty-whities. While that wasn't a bad look, this was someone else. Heisenberg.

They needed to devise a plan, fast. The temperature rapidly dropped at night in the desert, and their old RV had no heat. Mr. White began to tinker with the battery, but based on the agitated grunts and occasional shout emanating from his direction, they were not going anywhere soon. Jesse tried for cell reception again, but to no avail.

The two chemists stepped outside to watch the sun set, and with it their hopes of survival. It was a cruel twist of fate to perish this way after all they endured. How many people have they killed now, five, six? And how many more died indirectly from their actions? But there were more pressing concerns. Their chemistry gear did little to maintain heat. However, they were able to find a single nylon blanket in the glove compartment, a holdover from the previous owner. This wasn't enough for the both of them.

One glance between the two confirmed Walt would get the couch while Jesse would be confined to the chemical infested floor of the RV.

"Mr. White, you think we'll find a way out of here?"

"Jesse, do you have any idea what's at stake? If we don't, everything we worked so hard to achieve will be gone. Wasted!"

"Brilliant...."

It was probably two or three AM, and Jesse was shivering. There was no way he could continue to sleep in these conditions. After a desperate search through the makeshift lab, there seemed to be only one source of warmth: the old nylon sheet gently resting atop Mr. White's sleeping figure. As Jesse attempted to peel the blanket off, he noticed a large brown stain running down the center. In a bout of desperation, Jesse decided to use it anyway.

Jesse attempted to sleep with his crappy insulation. He closed his eyes, and felt his fatigue overcome him, but just on the precipice of sleep, he caught a whiff of the feces caked on the blanket. As the sulfurous fumes invaded his nostrils, Jesse spontaneously vomited all over the floor of the RV.

As he assessed the damage, his options seemed grim. While his main concern was avoiding hypothermia and getting rest, he also had to worry about his mentor's sometimes obsessive infatuation with "purity," and the massive pile of puke on the floor. It was clear Jesse had tacos for dinner. While obsessing over contamination seemed pointless in a filthy RV, potentially damaging Mr. White's ego was more trouble than it was worth. Better to keep his head down.

Waking up Mr. White was certainly not an option, as they weren't in imminent danger and he could do without the condescending comments. He could keep looking for anything to assist with sleep, but this was unlikely.

Lacking better alternatives, Jesse went to scoop up the mass of tacos and bile on the floor. With every clump thrown out the window and the subsequent gagging, escape seemed like an impossibility.

Once he was done, the only thing on his mind was sleep. Given the damp and vomity state of the floor, only one place remained: the already occupied couch. Squeezing in would be tough, but a necessary risk. As he snuggled into place, the feeling of relief was immediate. This was way better than the floor, and the warmth emanating from the adjacent body certainly didn't hurt. He fell asleep.

Some time later, Jesse woke up to feel something poking his back.

"Yo, Mistah White, why is there a test tube in the bed? Is this, like, some sort of reaction to keep us warm or something? You're a genius."

*Silence.*

Then Walt whispered, "Do not move a muscle."

Confused, Jesse obeyed his master's command. For a few minutes that felt like years, no one moved. Then Jesse began to feel his warm breath down his neck.

Even in his vulnerable state, Jesse could not remember the last time he felt this level of comfort. It seemed the pile of shit-seasoned vomit was miles away. He could stay like this forever.

With the precision needed to synthesize pure methamphetamine, Mr. White slowly began to remove Jesse's undergarments. As a feeling of warm excitement overcame his entire body, there was no doubt in Jesse's mind he wanted this.

Now fully undressed, he felt warm hands caressing his posterior, as he eagerly awaited what was next. There was shuffling as Mr. White produced a small test tube, and it seemed to multiply in size. Only now did Jesse turn around to see what was happening.

He saw a throbbing, erect penis glistening in the desert moonlight, and the rest of the world became small. He then looked into his eyes, and found something new. He never imagined this level of intensity from his usually distant and condescending accomplice.

Unable to hold his gaze for long, he turned around, ready to let the ritual commence. Then he felt something gently slide inside him. Jesse had been pegged once or twice, but never had he taken something like this. While a bit painful, Jesse motioned for him to continue, and then he felt a thrust deep inside him. One, Two, he counted. Then Mr. White stopped. Momentarily bewildered, he then felt him quiver, then explode inside of him. Unsure of what to do next, they remained still, soaking the couch beneath them.

Unsure of what to say, they both began to search for a towel, or anything to clean up this mess. Jesse knew from now on to use an enema before seeing Mr. White, or this would happen again. As if the smell of the vomit wasn't bad enough. They eventually resorted to using Jesse's shirt as a makeshift rag to absorb the frothy mix of fecal matter and lubricant.

As the sun began to rise, the van was in a somewhat presentable state once again, though not without a few stains. These would be reminders of the new covalent bond they now shared.

Finally mustering up enough courage, Jesse spoke.

"What now?"

"We cook."

*9 months later*

"Yo, Mistah White my water just broke."

"Are you serious? Mr. Fring is expecting a batch today."

"I don't know what you want me to do, man. I'm bouta give birth up in this bitch yo."

"Do I need to remind you who we are or who we're dealing with? If we miss a single day do you know what would happen? A business big enough to be on the NASDAQ goes belly up. Disappears. It ceases to exist without us."

Jesse suddenly began to feel extremely uncomfortable, as the muscles tightened in his abdomen. He then felt excruciating pain, worse than anything he'd ever experienced. It was obvious to Walt what was happening, but his determination was ironclad.

"Jesse, take this Xanax, it's time to cook."

Jesse popped what seemed like a dozen until he felt better. Now ready to work, they began their extensive preparations. Walt handled the phenylacetic acid, while Jesse prepared the white phosphorus. The array of flasks and tubes before them felt like home. Based on the current progression, this was turning out to be one of their best batches yet.

Suddenly, Jesse collapsed, shattering the volumetric flask with their unfinished product. Jesse screamed as the burning chemicals ran down his legs and his hands pressed against the shards of glass strewn about the floor. He screamed with the agony of a dying sun, as the thought of losing his child reverberated throughout his entire being. Even if Jesse survived these injuries, they were both dead when Gus found out. Hearing the cries of distress from Jesse, Walt made a decision.

"We're going to the hospital right now."

Surprised that Walt would abandon their cook for him, Jesse smiled. The two chemists sped toward the hospital, ready to begin their new lives. As they arrived, the nurses immediately brought a wheelchair, bringing Jesse to the delivery room to begin treating his wounds and preparing for the birth.

As this happened Walt received a call.

"Where's the batch?" a voice asked.

"Give me 4 hours."

"You understand the consequences?"

"Yes" Click.

Walt reentered the room right as Jesse was about to give birth. Walt held his hand tight, and whispered "Push, Jesse, for me."

"It's coming, bitch!" Jesse exclaimed. He pushed one more time, and suddenly it was in the doctor's arms. Happy it was finally over, Jesse smiled. That is, until he saw the doctor's mortified expression. Jesse's mind was racing. What's happening? Is it ok? The doctor spoke.

"It- It's not a baby. It's some sort of crystal"

Shocked, Jesse looked over to Walt, who was beaming. He then proudly announced.

"This is methamphetamine. 100% pure!"

Realizing he accidentally informed the doctor of what had occurred, he quickly chloroformed him before grabbing Jesse and the brick of bright blue meth that just entered the world.

"I'm confused, Mistah White. Why the fuck did I just give birth to a pound of meth?"

Walt smiled.

"Science, Bitch." Then they kissed sloppy style.



# LUNA 2940 Spring 2022

## Exam 6, Version 9

Name: Adrian Blue ✓

NetID: adb669 ✓

Section Name & Time: Idk ✗

Mother's Maiden Name: Gertrude Really?

### Academic Integrity Statement

Man, who cares. You're going to sign this regardless.

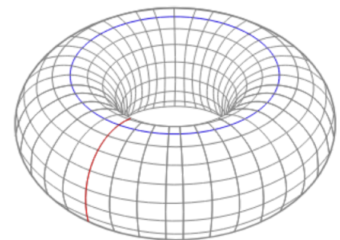
Signature: 

1. [3 pts] TA Green's cat left his home at some point between 7:40 AM and 8:25 AM, heading out with an initial orientation of  $15^\circ$  counter clockwise from the horizontal, described as the shortest possible vector from his home to central campus. Let  $T$  be a continuous random variable denoting the potential time at which Green's cat left. Use your lecture notes to recall the positions of Green's home and the perimeter of Central.

a) [3 pts] Using Dover's Random Walk Theorem, where's the cat :(

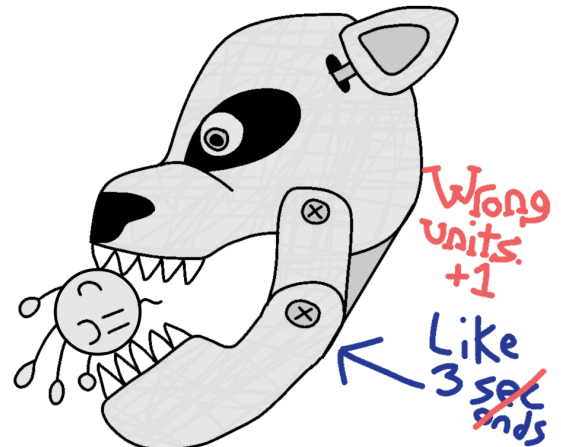
I have him WHAT +3

2. [15 pts] A donut-shaped torus (shown right) has an inner radius of 2.3 inches and an outer radius of 6.5in. Its interior is comprised wholly of perfect circles. Using McCracken's flavor dimensionality principle, explain why this donut must be chocolate.



~~Sin(6.5)~~ ~~2.3~~ ~~13.3~~ Yeah ✓ +14

3. [8 pts] Touchdown Redbear got bored and decided to devour a child for the hell of it. Touchdown weighs 320 lbs, and is able to deliver 730 lbs of force through his jaws via rotational torque. An adolescent aged 5-7 has a head circumference roughly equal to 18 inches, and a give of roughly 13.3dn. Calculate the time required to completely crush the child's skull. Assume a perfectly spherical child. You get no space for work.



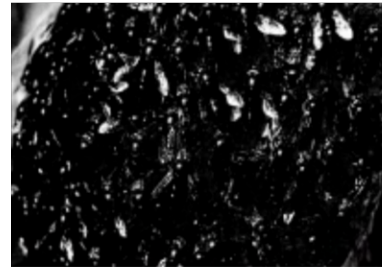


4. [10 pts] Big Red Shipping is looking to store some organic materials in the chimes room of McGraw Tower. The room is measured to be 4 feet tall, 2.5 feet wide, and 2.5 feet long. From last week's lab, we learned that the average volume of a human being is roughly 2.5 cubic feet. If we can only pack humans with a maximum efficiency of 60%, how many bodies can fit within this hypothetical space? Use dimensional analysis.

Let  $P=(x,y), Q=(-y,x)$   $\rightarrow$  If  $x=60\%, \exists y$  s.t.  $P \Leftarrow Q$   
 $\therefore P \Leftrightarrow Q \forall x,y$   $\rightarrow$  What the heck is this +0.6

5. [20 pts] A house is initially filled with an unknown quantity of bees,  $x$ , at time  $t = 0$ . At time  $t = 10$ , this quantity jumps up to the amount shown in the image to the right. Count the number of bees, and extrapolate the number of bees that must be present at time  $t = 20$ .

(Hint: Use Slawbunny's Theorem of Multiplicity!)



I can't fucking see the image Skill issue. +0

6. [1 pt] An anonymous function is shown below.

$\text{fun}(x, y, z) \rightarrow$  (function redacted to protect identity)

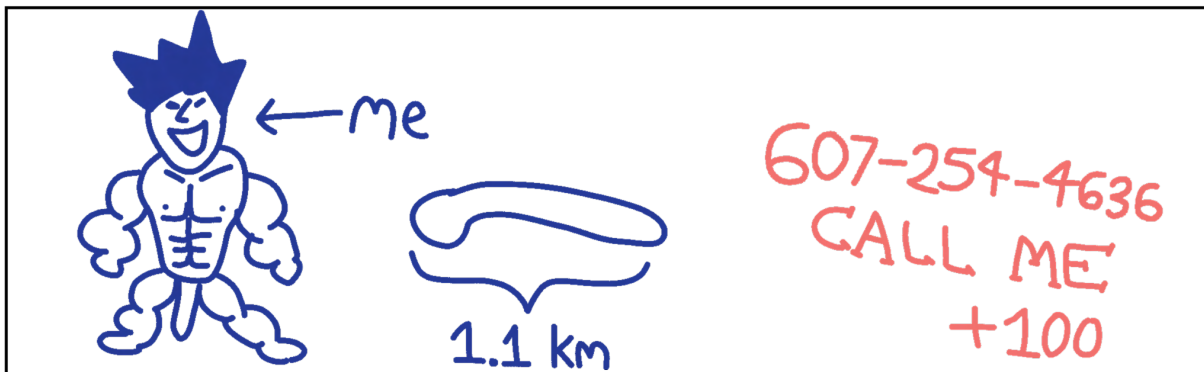
- a) [0 pts] Evaluate the anonymous function, and explain its purpose.

~~What kind of test is this~~ +0

- b) [1 pt] Don't write in the box for part a.

FUCK +0

4. [99 pts] Draw something. Anything. I don't get paid enough to make tests.



# BIG RED TWILIGHT ZONE EP 6: BIODIVERSITY HIRE

By: C.P. Lovecraft

INT. WARREN HALL-DAY

*MARTIN is sitting on a desk typing something on his laptop and drinking Mann Cafe coffee while talking to someone on his Airpods. He's clearly paying more attention to the call.*

**ROD SERLING (narration)**

The drudgery of the 9 to 5 is only rivaled by the process humanity has devised to get one. Impersonal and riddled with loopholes, the recruiting process is a beast that would strike a crippling fear of technology into the laziest prehistoric farmer. Dyson cuck Martin Yost thinks he has tamed this beast, but what he doesn't know is that he's about to send a cover letter to the recruiting department-of the Big Red Twilight Zone.

**MARTIN**

I never told you? My mom's part indigenous. Like an eighth. No, I don't know what fucking tribe. I'm not a weirdo.

*Martin takes a big gulp of his coffee while scrolling down r/wallstreetbets on his computer.*

**MARTIN**

Greatest adversity and how I overcame it? This application, and bullshitting. No, just kidding. I could make up some Native American stuff, or I think my girlfriend is part Lebanese. Isn't there a war there right now? This shit is easy.

*Martin scrolls down again and leans in closer to his computer, typing.*

**MARTIN**

Bro, I'll say I speak Spanish, Japanese, and French. It's not like they're gonna test me. (beat) I can make a graph in Excel, so Office Suite is a go...also, bro, I listed you as a reference. It'll be soooo funny.

*Martin hits submit on the computer, then pauses to listen to the response from his airpods.*

**MARTIN**

Come on bro! Don't be a-

*There is a flash of light and Martin disappears.*

INT. ALIEN LABORATORY-???

*Martin appears in the center of a research laboratory, and a grey alien with large eyes, XORBAX, approaches him.*

**MARTIN**

-bitch. \*beat\* Woah! Where am I? What are you?

**XORBAX**

Greetings, Martin. In your Earth years, it is 5561. We came to your planet for specimens, but your species had already destroyed themselves. So we looked backwards.

**MARTIN**

You pulled me from the past? Why me?

**XORBAX**

Your resume was stored in a vast digital database, preserved forever. We scanned the database and determined your background and skill set would make you the perfect candidate for us.

**MARTIN**

Ok, I'm gonna level with you, bro. I made half that shit up. Can you send me back? I'm meeting up with a Tinder match tonight.

**XORBAX**

We know. We are going to probe you through your anal cavity.

**MARTIN**


Wait! Stop!

*The camera pans away from Xorbax as they pick up a tool that looks like a spiky umbrella from a rack and approaches Martin. We hear a faint whimper. Rod Serling walks out from behind some medical equipment.*

**ROD SERLING**

Exit one Martin Yost, who got the job. Just not the one he was looking for. It's a high-stress position 24 hours a day, unique benefits package, strictly on site - in the Big Red Twilight Zone.

# The Lunatic Table of Elements

1Sci Scientific 1,008										2He Helium Men : 4,003																																																																															
3H Hydrogen 6.941					4Ho Horse 8,012					5Cu Cornell 10,811					6Bz Barbs 12,011					7T Trombones 14,007					8O Oxygen 16,989					9H Hoteliers 18,988					10E2 Earth 2??? 20,180																																																						
11Nh No hazing 22,880					12Jg Joey Green 24,305					13Oh Ohio 26,982					14Cu CU News 28,086					15Fa Fair Use Laws 30,974					16Pz Prozac 32,088					17L Lombardi 35,453					18Cr Crytids 38,948																																																						
19Sh Some self-hatred 38,098					20CP Carlos 40,078					21Sc Reddit Scandals 44,956					22Bu Bugs 47,857					23Es Existential Stress 50,942					24Cr Cringe 51,986					25Pd Pearly Drawings 54,838					26Ff Famfiction 55,845					27Qc Quarter cards 58,933					28Cf Club fest 58,693					29Di Daddy Issues 57,546					30Vo Very Online 65,38					31Ga The Gays 68,723					32G Gleemy™ 72,831					33Tm Copyright 74,922					34Se Seleiner (radio: watch out tv) 79,904					35B Belas 83,798					36Pu Putin 87,988				
37Dsm Diagnoses 88,488					38Ga The Gays 87,82					39Y YN 88,906					40Be Bees? 91,224					41Nb Bisexuality 92,906					42Bi Bisexuality 93,95					43Th Thursday 98,507					44Ru Ru okay? 101,07					45Cs CS Majors 102,906					46Pj Poop Jokes 106,42					47Mi Morty Issues 107,868					48Sw Swag 112,411					49In Inner Demons 114,818					50Sn Snorise 118,711					51Ie Italian Edition 121,760					52Co Columns 127,8					53Gi Greek life 128,904					54C Cuts 131,234				
55Σ Sigma Maledom 132,905					56Lg Little Guys 137,328					57-71					72B1 Balls 1 178,49					73Ok Okenshields 180,948					74P Pop song analysts 183,84					75Rj Rejected Headlines 188,207					76Gs Goldwin Smith 190,23					77ilr ILR majors 192,217					78Cj Cornell Jokes 195,085					79Au (Comedy) Gold 198,987					80Ca Camp 200,882					81Ps Prelim szn 204,383					82Lu The Lunatic before 2018					83By Bylines 208,980					84Hm Het man [208,982]					85Q The Queen 209,887					86Gb The Gender Binary 222,018				
87B The Bit 223,020					88La Luna (The moon) 226,025					89-103					104B2 Balls 2? [261]					105Db DuBnlum [262]					106Sj Seggs Jokes [269]					107Bk Band Kids [264]					108Hp Horse Pics [269]					109E&S E&S Majors [279]					110Dp Depression [281]					111P Pnce: Free [280]					112  Swamp [285]					113A Asbestos [289]					114Bu Budget Cuts [289]					115Mp Martha Pollack [289]					116Li Listeria [293]					117Ds Daily Sun [284]					118Qu Quarantine [294]				

- Lunatic Values
- Lunatic VIPs
- Lunatic-core
- Hard Enemies
- Semi Enemies
- Friends of the Lunatic
- Halogen
- Common Targets
- Vices
- Virtues

# Get Smart... DIY

By: Z

Hey kids! Today's daily PBS article is all about scientific experiments that you can do at home! Nowadays, with all this technology, it has been proven that you kids are 85% more mentally challenged than ever before. This probably means that the next generation will just be full blown morons! Recently, Dr. Habortshen at Cornell University led a study that showed children can increase their mental capacity by engaging in hands-on activities. And this doesn't mean playing with their willies! We're thrilled that doing some fun DIYs can turn u little nitwits into regular people with average IQs, so our team has put together some fun projects....enjoy!

## 1. Animal Preservation

Ever see one of those science movies where the villain has a shelf of preserved things in jars? You can have that, too! Go outside, find a cool animal (preferably bigger than 5 inches), and then stick it inside a jar filled with excretion from a woman with a yeast infection. This will preserve the animal's carcass and give you a cool little pet to look at without having to worry about taking care of it!

## 2. Duct Tape Wallet

Now this is a little call back to the 2010s. I'm not gonna explain all the steps, but go ask your parents... I'm sure they know what this is. God those were the good old days. Yea cyberbullying was in its prime but nothing will ever beat 50¢ honeybuns.

## 3. Homemade slushy

Get two plastic bags. Fill one with ice and another with juice. Put the juice bag inside the ice bag. Make sure to close the juice bag.... I don't know just how dumb you are. Salt the ice and shake that BITCH HARD. Like harder than you jack off at 12 am. Takes some time. I made this one for my 5th grade science fair. I didn't win.

## 4. The Old Baking Soda Volcanow

Make a papier-mâché lump, stick some baking soda in it, and pour some vinegar inside. Boom, an eruption. It's really not that fucking hard, people. Stop playing those "Pop Elsa's Pimples" games on your phone and make something explode with your damn hands (other than your dick).

## 5. EGGsplosion

Hard boil an egg. Stick it in a microwave. Try to open it in half. Hahahahah sucker. You got egg all over you. Looking like my girlfriend when it was her time of the month but I accidentally took viagra instead of my Xanax.

## 6. Jouch

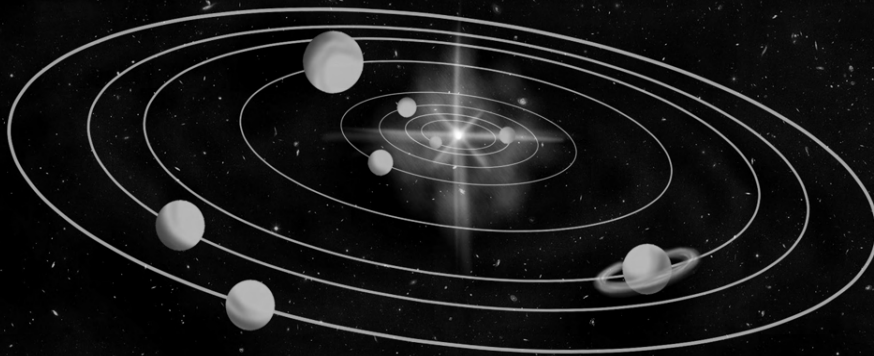
jean couch.

# 9 Signs You're Getting Better At iNaturalist

By: Carlos Po '23

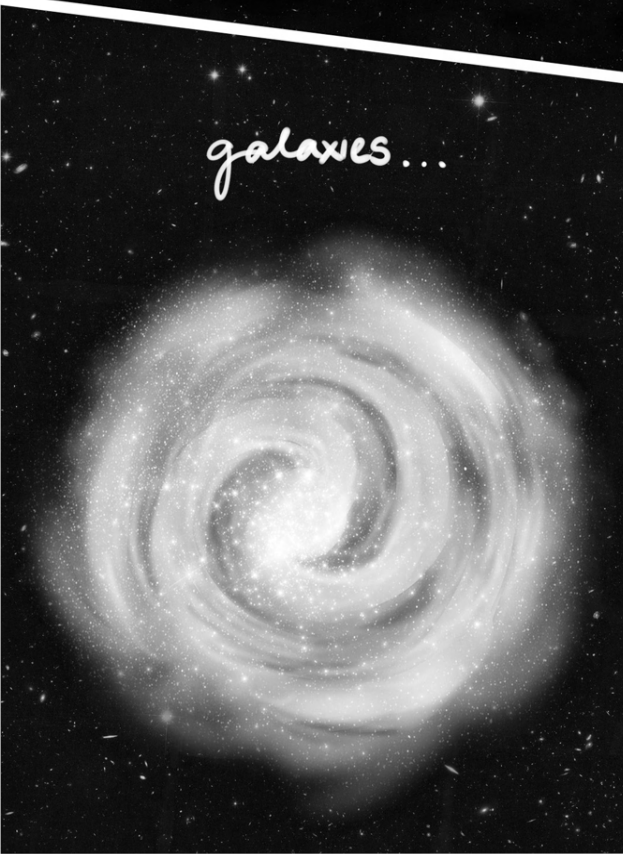
1. **Friends and family introduce you as "They're really interested in farming? Plants? Could you explain it?"** You also have a memorized response to "so ur gonna grow weed lmao"
2. **You wake up in the morning with original speculative biology in your head.** "What if the Axis/Confederates/Central Powers won" shut up nerd what if we had a mushroom for a skull.
3. **You find 18th century taxonomists you think you could "take".** "Linneaus was a cuck, Charles Darwin was a nepo baby who took an unpaid internship," etc. etc.
4. **You record meeting a friend for lunch as an "observation".** You also ask them about the dimensions of their skull when the JA isn't looking.
5. **You argue with professors at the University of Minnesota about the difference between *m. contigua* and *m. vicina*.** Just because they have a Ph.D doesn't mean they can't be a bitch and wrong.
6. **You recommend local eye doctors to colleagues.** After all, if their eyes were good, they could see it's clearly d. Patura, but it was a good first try.
7. **You start canceling your plans to fistfight turfgrass scientists.** So you like monoculture? What if I plant these fists in your solar plexus?
8. **You carry an elephant gun everywhere.** Your chances of encountering extinct megafauna in daily life are low, but never zero.
9. **You never go outside because you're on iNaturalist all day.** After all, you have a world of nature at your fingertips! (Wash your keyboard, damn.)
10. **You're banned from the iNaturalist forums.** They hated Copernicus too.



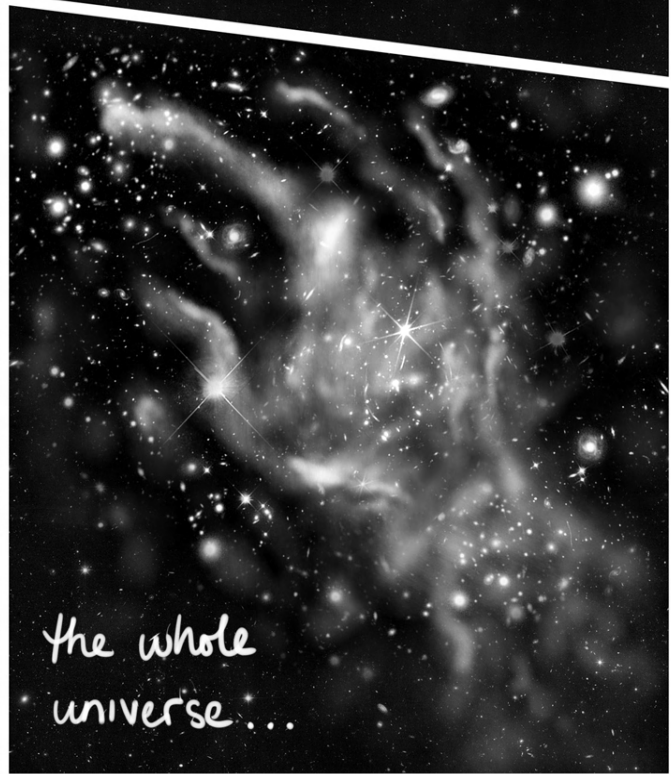


on the  
scale of  
planets...

galaxies...



the whole  
universe...



you are but one small spec who hasn't folded their laundry



MR



# The Statistical Likelihood of Each Cereal Mascot to Beat The Shit Out of Me in a Fight:

## A comprehensive analysis on a scale of 1-10, 1 being I beat the shit out of them and 10 being they beat the shit out of me

By: E.V. '23

Cereal is probably the single largest reason for the obesity epidemic, simply because it is so fucking good and there is nothing stopping you from eating 6 bowls a day. Most cereals in existence (or at least the ones my mom didn't let me eat because she's a BITCH\*) have some sort of kitschy little mascot used to advertise their brand. What many don't know about these mascots is that they are living in your basement. Run for your life. For this procedure, I simply took a good ol gander at every character and determined, based on multiple factors, if they are likely to beat the shit out of me.

### this piece of shit

I will admit, his claws could get me

In terms of sanity we are pretty equal

No results were yielded for his height so i will assume he is 5'9

All in all i think i could easily snap him in half

2/10



### the bachelor

I think he would be a gentlemen about it and then sneak attack me after shaking hands

Love or hate him, that wing can smack

He gives me single father vibes (this doesn't have to do with us fighting i'm just happy if he's happy)

6/10, he wins but spares me a little



### sean

The face of pure unadulterated rage

I am very scared of bees

Likes jazz

9/10 Goodbye!



### captain asshole\*\*

He may look big but he is 5'5 (without the hat)

if you are doing the math, i have 7 (seven) inches on him

Honestly kind of a toss up but i think in the end i would pull thgouth

4/10



### him

There is no doubt in my mind that this man could snap my neck

The definition of gamer rage

We would fight and i would live to see another day, but i wouldnt want to

8.5/10



### whhoa there bucko

He singlehandedly invented biphobia

Instead of fighting me he would probably call the cops and run away

PUSSY/10



### one direction

Not to get political but i could stomp them to the ground

3/10



### mmm blood ooo

I think he would try to seduce me and he would succeed

6.9/10



### Farte

I hate this motherfuvcker

Are they chasing him because he's a narc?

1/10



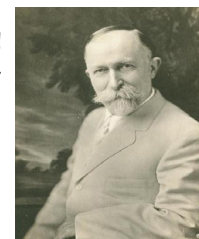
### Lee Harvey Oswald

I didn't know the guy who assassinated Ronald Reagan was so anti-masturbation and invented the world's largest cereal brand

Male manipulators tend to hurt me

As much as i want to say i would win, i Fear Him

5/10



\*This joke didn't feel nice to say. I love my mom and I am glad I didn't eat Kellogg's Propoganda Food. I'm gonna keep it in the article though, sorry mom.

\*\*Did you know his full name is Horatio Magellan Crunch and he was born off the coast of Ohio?

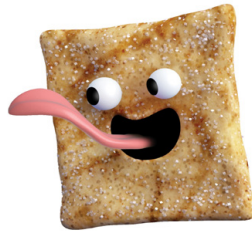
### the cum beast

Your worst nightmare

Tongue game <sup>100</sup>

Run away while you still can

10/10



### Tony the tyler

sexy!

Let's be honest i think he could maul me  
however i could probably be strategic about it  
(Ed let him maul me)

If i punched him in the nose like a shark i think  
it would be ok. 5/10



### double trouble

Mr cinamon would probably bring me an ice pack after  
apple beats me to death

8/10



### just give the rabbit some cereal for christ sake

Stay the fuck away from my children

3/10



### the song of achilles

I have never seen the flistfones but  
they seem very welcoming

Just googled it: whichever one is  
fred is 5'10 and apparently he is a  
cop :/

And he probably takes his vitamins  
more regularly than i do

Yea i'm fucked. 9/10



### INFJ

I think he would smell the sugar in my  
blood and this would drive him to try and  
kill me

Ableist???

I don't even know anymore. i have type  
1 diabetes. thaats not a joke just the  
truth.

7/10



### William Penn

I think if he is a quaker his beliefs are kind  
of a slay

Nevertheless, that doesn't mean I wouldn't  
have the ability to sucker punch the shit out  
of him

0/10

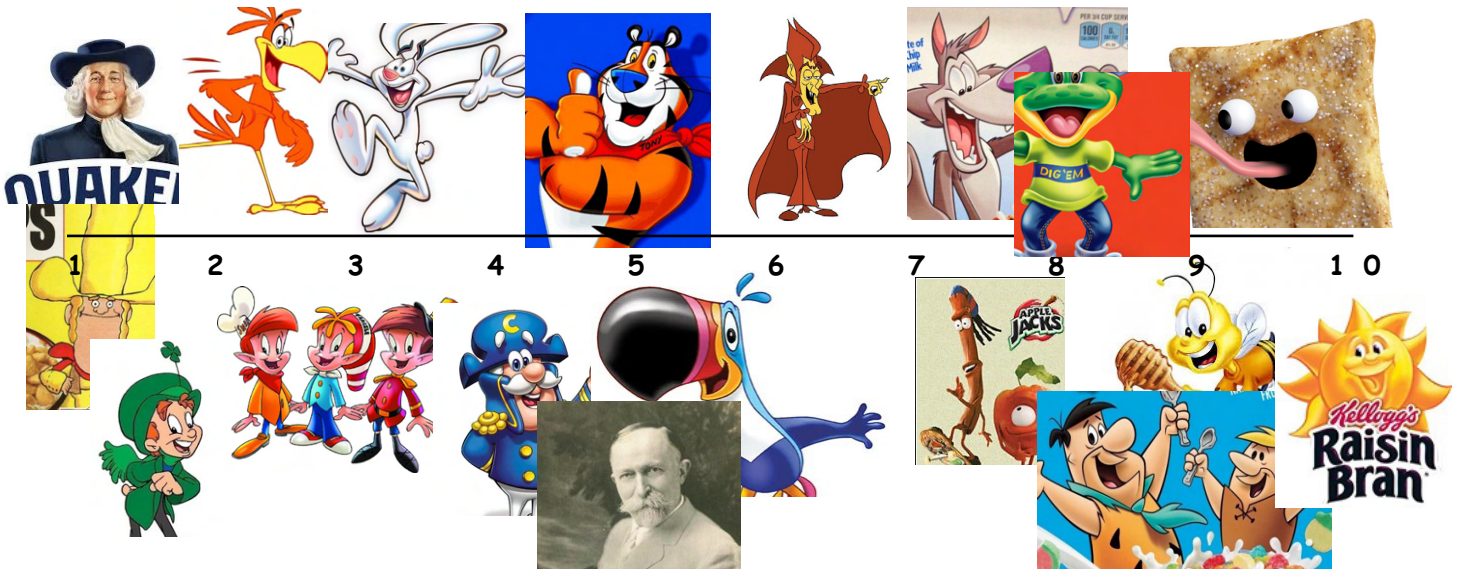


### puzzle enjoyer

They look very benevolent

But they are literally the sun so based on pure  
science i will be pummeled

Look at those eyes. ☠️/10



Thanks for reading (please tell me you read it). The next hurdle we tackle is Female Representation in Cereal Brands.  
Stay tuned and stay safe.

# BIG RED TWILIGHT ZONE EP 7: THE BENCHTOP DEMON

By: C.P. Lovecraft

## INT. LAB-DAY

JOHN is sitting at a conference room table around a projector with his assembled lab. The PI, KAMILLA's computer is connected to the projector. A cute "Lab Meeting 08/28/19" slide with pictures of Golden Retrievers and characters from The Office is being displayed.

### ROD SERLING (narration)

Thomas Edison once said, "I haven't failed, I've just found 10,000 ways that don't work." If only your advisor would accept "ways that don't work" as valid academic credit. John has just begun his fifth day at his lab technician job two months after graduating. He's about to discover that shooting for the moon has a low accuracy rate, and is more likely to land you...in the Big Red Twilight Zone.

### KAMILLA

First order of business for this lab meeting, congrats to Rao for passing his driver's license exam!

*Everyone claps.*

### KAMILLA

Okay, second order. All of the virus tests we sent to the children's hospitals are worthless because they weren't prepared properly. Whose job was that?

*Everyone points at JOHN.*

### JOHN

I...uh...what?

### KAMILLA

New guy, huh? Hmm...What direction did your lab in school face?

### JOHN

Um, north I think?

### KAMILLA

Fuck! That'll do it.

*Kamilla runs her hands through her hair stressfully.*

### KAMILLA

Why do you think we asked you in the application for your orientation?

### JOHN

I thought-

### KAMILLA

Cardinal direction is very important in dealing with astrobiological samples. You were asking all those great questions in the interview! I thought you read our research thoroughly.

### JOHN

I did, but I forgot everything after my post-interview Xanax and Franzia.

### KAMILLA

Never mind. Still, that doesn't explain the variance... wait, did you follow the procedure? Exactly?

### JOHN

Yeah, I did everything on the paper:(pause) Well, when it said wait for 30-60 minutes, I usually waited 29 minutes.

*The entire meeting gasps. Rao starts crying.*

### RAO

John, you told me you were detail-oriented!

### KAMILLA

The tests give false negatives. The entire children's hospital is infected with the virus and now it's too late.

### JOHN

Sorry?

### KAMILLA

I just got off the phone with the CDC. They say they'll blame it on Chinese people or some shit, but we get to name it. John. What's your last name?

### JOHN

...Covid. My name's John Covid.

## INT. HOME DEPOT-DAY

John is in the tiles section. He is standing in front of a balding, middle-aged MANAGER wearing a shirt reading "I HAVE WIFI, A WIFE I DON'T LOVE", who is reading his resume.

### MANAGER

Wow, this looks great. So glad to have a smarty-pants like you working for us. Just one question, can you explain this gap in your resume about a month ago?

### JOHN

No.

*ROD SERLING, pushing a cart filled with surgical masks and horse antibiotics, walks past John and begins narrating.*

**ROD SERLING**

Picture of a world doomed to endless Twitter discourse as well as over 6 million deaths, all

because one hiree didn't follow the goddamn procedure. It's said that "science is like baking; it's an exact science." John COVID will be reminded of that adage every day as he doomscrolls on his couch...in the Big Red Twilight Zone.

## Guaranteed 15,000% Returns In New Cryptocurrency Technology, Absolutely Not A Scam Says Founder

By: Matt Dreyer '23

With how perfect cryptocurrency is at solving existing problems in the real world, some issues have dogged the community since the start: why can you still lose money? Or worse yet, not make gargantuan amounts of money by doing absolutely nothing but bragging about your NFTs on social media? The dumb, stupid, behind-the-times "real" financial world is still dogged by the issue of not having a 'risk-free positive return asset class', but in comes crypto to the rescue! After all, it's the technology that in X number of years will absolutely solve all the problems that exist in the world, from automobile insurance to the supply shortage of zebrafish. All the brave startups out there just need an extra 5 trillion dollars in VC funding and they're set, I swear!

Even with the world-changing promise behind the industry that I'm sure someone somewhere somehow understands, it's been a rough past couple of years. FTX, Alameda, Three Arrows Capital, Angstrom, Dogecoin, Celsius, TerraUSD, probably Tether by the time this article is published tbh, have all become laughingstocks to the world outside our mothers' basements. 'It's so dumb', they laugh. 'Literally none of these numbers are close to anything reflected in the market', they jeer. 'You can't put a shrug emoticon in your financial statements', they nitpick. But we'll be the last ones laughing, all thanks to the brilliant mind behind Lejitte, Mr. Knott A. Skamer.

The idea is simple. The way we track the value of something, economically speaking, is how much The Market would pay for it. This is completely uncontroversial, of course. The way something loses its value is if The Market pays less for it at some point in the future than it was willing to pay at some point in the past. LejitteCoin prevents this. It's impossible to pay less for it in the future. If you buy any now, it's guaranteed return! Woo!

Now, before you all go rushing to your Celsius FTX 'wherever you keep your cryptocurrencies' accounts, owned by a company that probably hasn't blown your accounts on sports teams by now, there are some minor issues with the technology the way I said it. Most importantly, it's not complicated enough! Lejitte is not just a cryptocurrency. It's a lifestyle. It's also a futures bet on the derivatives which tracks the exchange rate between Bitcoin and Gamestop stocks, but moderated by a smart contract controlled by the motions of a goldfish owned by Skamer's ex-girlfriend's cousin-in-law, the implementation of which is decided on by a DAO maintained by Skamer and his brother. Also, arbitrage. They definitely do arbitrage somewhere in there. With so many buzzwords, how could it not work? All the other issues are minor.

Don't think about them. Just @ any employee of the company in a tweet where you post your private keys, and they'll take it from there.

"We have a high-g team poached from Jane Street, Util Market, Citadel, Goldman Sachs, Pantheon, Hudson River Trading, Avenue Seven, and so many more. All of them are experts in their fields, so there's no way that we could ever get tripped up by minor issues like risk mismanagement, accounting tomfoolery, HR violations, investor panic, and bank runs. The new world of finance is all about building complicated models, and we've got that in the bag," proclaims Skamer in one of his tweets. We trust him implicitly!

Are they planning to build in the Metaverse? "We've got plots bought in virtual worlds that haven't even been minted yet." Any AI/ChatGPT integration? "For sure we'll be giving our valued team members (that's what we call the people who own Lejitte) one-on-one cybersex sessions with Sydney." What about the next trend in tech? "Already on it, whatever it is. We're sure that it'll mesh seamlessly with the experience of owning Lejitte."

With all of our, and I'm sure your, questions answered, what are you waiting for? Go out there, and buy buy buy! After all, "There is no way that your investment can go wrong. Even if we fail, which mathematically we can't, the FDIC has told us they'll cover everyone's market value in Lejitte. We're FDIC--sured<sup>to1234xyzwafu!</sup>"

**EDIT:** Three days after this story was published, the Lejitte offices were raided by the SEC, FDA, FBI, CFTC, FCC, RFD, and the Canadian Mounted Police. It was discovered that Lejitte had lost all value/been hacked/was cursed by the Solana Witch and all of everyone's investments were worthless. Our bad! However, legally we are not liable for the investment advice we give!

Although advised not to comment, we did get an exclusive statement from Skamer when his lawyers were out of earshot: "Yeah, I don't give a shit about any of the suckers who bought into what I was selling. They've totally lost all their money, but honestly they should have known better than to invest here. I was lying about everything at all times. Also, tax fraud, yeah I probably —". As eager as we, and the federal government, were to hear more, Knott was interrupted by a lawyer-administered punch to the solar plexus. More details to this story to come!



# BIG RED TWILIGHT ZONE EP 8:

## PERSONAL GROWTH

By: C.P. Lovecraft

### INT.LIBRARY STUDY ROOM-DAY

*SLOAN is studying a poster containing cell growth pathways on the wall. The desk in front of her is strewn with notebooks, and her laptop is playing a Khan Academy video on mitosis.*

#### **ROD SERLING (voiceover):**

Some of us aspire to greatness. We scratch and claw our way to success, no matter the cost. But we forget that shortcuts, like walking diagonally across the arts quad, often result in muddy shoes. Sloan Monteiro is about to find out that the path of least resistance often leads to mud of the mind, and 2 minutes off the walk...to the Big Red Twilight Zone.

*She sighs, puts her hands in her head, and closes her eyes in resignation.*

*When she opens them, she is startled as a GENIE is standing in front of Her:*

#### **GENIE**

Shit! I was in the middle of something! I guess solving hunger can wait.

#### **SLOAN**

Woah! Are you a genie?

#### **GENIE**

Kind of. I'm not all that powerful, and I'm exhausted today, so no world peace or millions of dollars. Small stuff, like free pizza or bad things happening to your ex.

#### **SLOAN**

Okay. I want to ace my next bio exam. I wish I could understand this cell growth pathway!

#### **GENIE**

Done. (pause)Do you feel it?

#### **SLOAN**

Huh?

*She begins brushing her arm as though there's a bug on it.*

#### **GENIE**

Heh heh. Everything ok?

#### **SLOAN**

There's something crawling on my arm, but I can't see it.

*She brushes more fiercely, clawing at her skin.*

#### **SLOAN**

What did you do?

#### **GENIE**

I'm helping you understand the cell cycle.

*Sloan falls to the ground and screams as dark tumors begin to form on every visible inch of her skin. The genie pulls the cell pathway poster off the wall and hands it to her:*

#### **GENIE**

Here, this should help. Just focus.

*Sloan stares at the poster, and the tumors begin to subside. She stands up, still concentrating on the poster:*

#### **SLOAN**

What?

#### **GENIE**

You wanted to understand how your cells grow, and how better than some on-the-job training? From this moment on, you are now personally responsible for making sure every cell in your body divides on time. Congratulations!

#### **SLOAN**

W...why? Why me? I didn't say, "I wish to live forever;" or "I wish everything I touch turned into gold"! I just wanted to ace this bio exam!

#### **GENIE**

Then you should have wished for that. Though I'd probably, like, have made you asexual or something. You know what? I'll throw that in, free of charge.

*The genie vanishes. Sloan, not losing eye contact with the poster, deletes Bumble off her phone.*

#### **ROD SERLING (voiceover)**

Exit Sloan Monteiro, who made the classic blunder of asking a magical entity for a wish and not expecting them to fuck her over. She thought she could skip the heavy lifting, but now she'll be powerlifting the weight of all 30 trillion cells in her body every second, in the squat rack...of the Big Red Twilight Zone.



# 4th Grade Science Fair

*From the desk of Mrs. Roberta Oppenheimer*

Dear Principal Pissenfahrt,

I remembered that after the debacle at the Science Fair last year (I told them the coke and mentos volcano should be under a foot tall! Sadly, I don't think they really grasped measurements yet...) you asked to read the fourth grader's statements of intent before giving the go-ahead on this year's Science Fair preparations. Attached below are my current class' ideas for their projects. I asked them to each write their title and a few sentences about what they plan to do. I gave them a quick look-over, and they look fine to me. I hope you feel the same!

Best,  
Mrs. Oppenheimer

## **Karen H: Fun With Candles!**

In my project, I want to play with candles. I like fire and I want to burn things. I burn things all the time and most of the time everything burns really nicely so I am thinking maybe I will just see what it is like to burn different things. Like maybe money, or gunpowder, or the hand sanitizer in the gym, or hair. I will just ask parents who stop by my booth for their favorite possession and then burn it so they can be part of the fun.

## **Bobby S: The Human Centipede**

My dad likes horror movies and he showed me this really cool movie called the Human Centipede so I am going to recreate that with my little brothers. They said they would be fine with being part of my science project. I have sewed before (I made a sock monkey) so there is no issue there.

## **Joey P: Flower Power**

When my sister did the science fair she grew flowers in different colors of dyed water. I want to do that too but I want to do more than water. I am going to use blood, piss, bleach, and Celsius™ Live Fit Sparkling Peach Vibe Energy Drink.

## **Ellen N: Breaking Bad**

I love the show *Breaking Bad* so I want to do what they do! My cousin is basically Walter White, except he has already been arrested a lot and he is not as sexy, so he said he would help me out. He also gave me the idea that we can make the booth interactive by giving people free samples. I know I always love free samples at Costco so I know other people will like samples too.

## **George D: Tooth Decay**

I found lotz of teeth in a letl jar under my daddy's bed so i am going to use them for my project. I will put them all in diffrent jars and then put in diffrent likwids like Celsius™ Live Fit Sparkling Peach Vibe Energy Drink and apple jews and pee and see wut hapens.

## **Theophilus G: The Implications of Extreme Social Media Usage at a Young Age**

While the rest of my peers may be perfectly alright with their subpar work being exhibited, I would like only the best to be shown to my family and friends. I plan to lean towards the social sciences, and perform an experiment based on my own experiences. I shall investigate the connection between social media and mental health by creating a Clockwork Orange-like device that will force my peers to watch poorly edited Youtube media, read lemon fanfictions on wattpad, and reenact the Mishapocalypse on Tumblr. Then, based on surveys I have them complete before and after, I shall determine whether or not this has had a negative impact. I surmise that it will.

## **Marta A: Volcano**

I am going to make a volcano with mentos and coke. And it will be 250 inches tall because it can't be more than one foot but Mrs. Oppenheimer said inches is fine.

*From the Desk of Principal Pissenfahrt*

Dear Mrs. Oppenheimer,

These are all approved! Except for Marta. Please make sure these children know their conversions.

Best,  
Principal Pissenfahrt

# Use of A CRISPR Cas9 System to Create Knockout Mutations in the Deleterious FurRY69 Gene

By: Fuquable Nsoft et al.

Fuquable Nsoft, Beebop the Fox, John Smith, Pussy Galore, Carol Danvers, Yee, and Kit Sune  
Weill Cornell Medical College, Cornell University, Ithaca NY, 42069

Keywords: Gay, Furry, Sex

## ABSTRACT

Just read the fucking paper, you lazy screenagers.

## INTRODUCTION

Strong predisposition toward, or preoccupation with, anthropomorphic animal characters, otherwise known in medical circles as “Being A Fucking Furry Syndrome” (BAFFS) is one of the leading causes of death in the U.S., Germany, and Japan. Between dying of cringe, inhaling synthetic fur during coitus, and tripping, it is estimated that BAFFS results in upwards of eight billion deaths in these three countries alone each year. A possible genetic basis for this disease was discovered by Dis Nut et al. in 1969 when the researchers identified a novel gene that was covered in orange fur and also had fox ears made of transcription factors. After removing the fur with strong detergents, Dis Nut et al. performed the first ever complete gene sequence (real awesome start, guys) and found that this gene simply repeated GUCGUCGUCGUC for 69 base pairs. Yes, this segment of DNA contains uracil instead of thymine (how gauche). Yes, it codes for neither a start codon nor a stop codon. Yes, if you say the sequence out loud it sounds like a person sucking dick. No further questions.

After this discovery, Dis Nut et al. quickly performed an illegal DNA study on the entire population of the U.S. They found that only people who really *really* liked the show *Cattanooga Cats*, an animated series aired exclusively in 1969 about a traveling band of anthropomorphic cat-people musicians, possessed the gene. Dis Nut et al. thus named the gene FurRY69 for “Fuck u r Really a furry huh?” The “69” portion of the name is unrelated to either the number of base pairs in the gene or the year in which it was discovered. After 1969, scientists collectively decided to ignore the gene.....UNTIL NOW!

This study aims to construct a transgene and insert it into every cell in an already fully grown human's body. This transgene will contain all necessary components for repeatedly inducing repair by non-homologous end joining in the FurRY69 gene (an sgRNA targeted to the FurRY69 gene and a sequence coding for the double-stranded-break-inducing enzyme cas9) with the result that mutations (fingers crossed for frameshift!) will eventually occur in all copies of the gene before repair can be completed. The gene will then be rendered nonfunctional, ceasing production of all the weird, furry proteins it produces.

After successfully using CRISPR editing on every single cell in the body of an already fully grown human who possesses the FurRY69 gene, their symptoms of Being A Fucking Furry Syndrome (BAFFS, in case you forgot) will be evaluated by assessing their reactions to images irresistible to those even moderately affected by the disease. These images include depictions of Lola Bunny from Space Jam, Tony the Tiger, and Tony the Tiger (woof).

We expect that all test subjects subjected to this invasive CRISPR procedure will be left crispy and completely cured!

## METHODS

We put the lime in the coconut and shake it all up. (In this instance, “Lime” refers to the sgRNA cas9 transgene, “Coconut” refers to the furries, and “Shake it all up” refers to shaking the furries vigorously).

The test subjects, who all admitted to being furries, the fools, were then shown images of Lola Bunny, Tony the Tiger, and Tony the Tiger (in that order). The number of times each subject said “Ooh-la-la!” or “Va-va-voom!” after seeing each image was recorded.

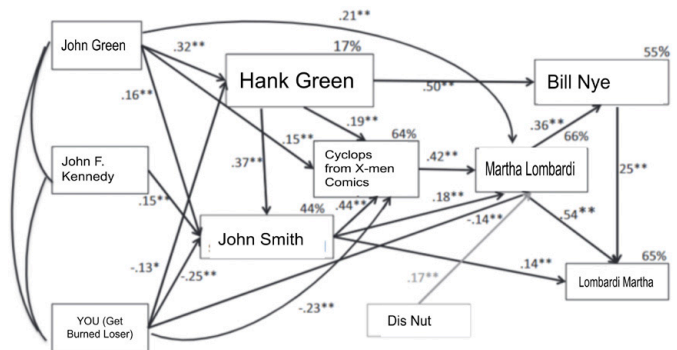


Figure 1. My favorite test subjects who all admitted to being furries, the fools, organized by amount of furiness

## Statistical Analysis:

Chi-squared testing is not necessary and none of us wanted to do it.

## RESULTS

69% of test subjects emitted no more than ONE (1 in caps) “Ooh-la-la!” or “Va-va-voom!” per sexy anthro image (it was actually 74%, but we rounded up to 69). As established in a study by Alpha and Omega in 19420, the average furry is expected to respond to such images with approximately 4 (four in lowercase) “ooh-la-la’s” and 16 (regular 16) “va-va-voom’s,” to say nothing of the George Takei-esqe “OOOOOOOH My’s.” This large discrepancy between untreated furries and the furries in this study proves without the slightest shred of conceivable doubt that this procedure works and is good.

I know you aren’t supposed to discuss conclusions in the results section. That’s dumb and I don’t care.

In other news, 100% of participants were left crispy.

## DISCUSSION

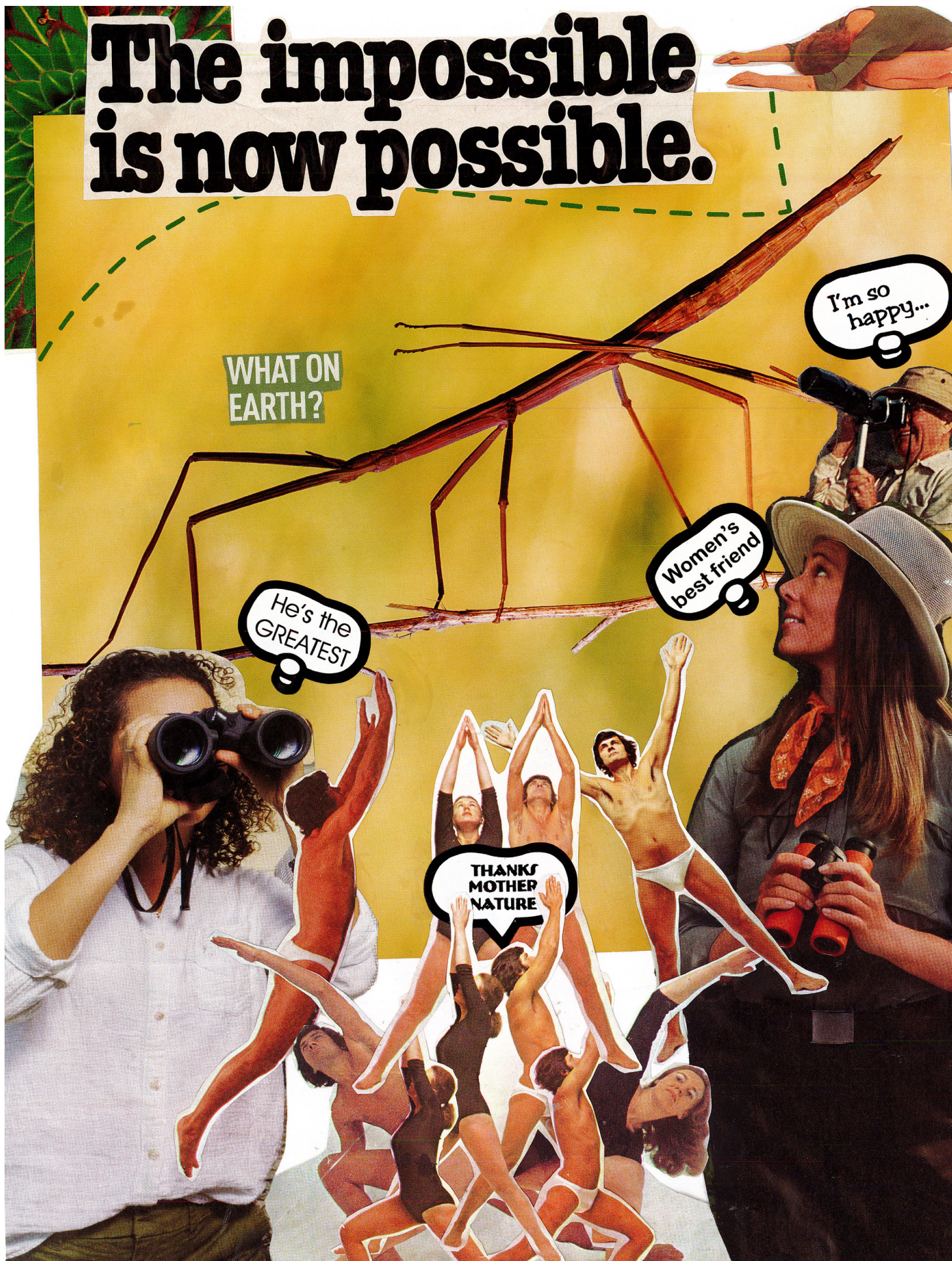
WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! WE DID IT! FROM BAFFS TO NO BAFFS, **BABY!** I’M CURED.

## REFERENCES

Because i said so



# The impossible is now possible.





# Silento's "Watch Me": From a Political Lens

Strange Fruit. American Idiot. Born in the USA. Gangnam Style. Each generation has its own share of definitive political anthems. The most introspective artists have their own take on the fruitful and stimulating subject of American politics, but no one has summed up the flaws and pageantry of the current American political climate as well as rapper Silento has in his magnum opus, "Watch Me".

Now watch me whip (Kill it!)

Now watch me nay nay (Okay!)

Now watch me whip whip

Watch me nay nay (Want me do it?)

In politics, the party whip ensures unity in a political party by pressuring elected members to vote and speak per official policy. The phrase "Watch me whip" highlights the problems caused by primary elections. Because party members are the voters, the candidates in a primary must pander to them by enthusiastically embracing party doctrine. Any deviation from this election strategy, say running on an unorthodox or centrist platform, will certainly lead to a candidate's elimination. Silento's clever word choice and tone bring to mind a petulant child wanting attention from their mother. This associated imagery shows Silento's contempt for the flashy, needy media grubbing typical of US presidential elections.

The second line traces the consequence of that ostentatious behavior in legislature. "Nay" is the traditional word indicating a vote against a proposed resolution. So, "Watch me nay nay" imitates the theatrical disapproval of any proposal by the opposing party: the source of constant gridlock in Congress.

The backup vocals reinforce this counterproductive disagreement: "Kill it" is political jargon for preventing a resolution from passing. "Okay!" mirrors the blind agreement of bandwagoning Congressmen. "Want me to do it?" is a threat, suggesting that the party in question is more than willing to destroy the proposal at hand. The second verse replaces it with "Can you do it?", a response that taunts the first party by questioning their capacity to influence Congress. With only a few simple lines, the backup vocals cunningly deconstruct and mock the bravado prevalent in American politics.

Ooh, watch me, watch me (yeah)

Ooh, watch me, watch me (yeah)

Ooh, watch me, watch me (yeah)

Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh (okay, okay)

Ooh, watch me, watch me (yeah)

Ooh, watch me, watch me (yeah) (can you do it?)

Ooh, watch me, watch me (yeah) (can you do it?)

Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh (okay)

The next several bars repeat the central theme: "Watch me". Silento sees American politics as a relentless cycle of grandstanding; he emphasizes this fact with his incessant lyrics and music.

Do the stanky leg (stank)

Do the stanky leg (stank stank)

Do the stanky leg (stank)

Do the stanky leg (stank stank)

Here we return to the discussion of election campaigns. Campaigns are divided into legs, which Silento succinctly describes as "stanky" and "stank". In modern ebonics, "stank" describes a woman of little dignity and cheap affection. In the context of a political campaign, the word implies the unscrupulous and immoral nature of elections. It brings to mind the influence of corporations over politicians and the pimping of personal beliefs for votes. It critiques the electoral process while still using the strongest language available on the radio.

Now break your legs (break 'em, break 'em)

Break your legs (break 'em dog)

This couplet reinforces the theme of politics as performance, as the phrase "break a leg" is a common saying from theatre, but it also alludes to the mob practice of breaking the kneecaps of those who default on loans or fail to pay protection money. Thus, we are presented with the duality of American politics: the bright and blatant showmanship versus the hidden and shadowy corruption. It functions as a summary of Silento's opinions as laid out in the song up until this point.

Now watch me yule (Soulja)

Now watch me superman (okay!)

But Silento offers us a glimmer of hope: the final verse is spoken from the perspective of the nation itself. Yule is the darkest time of the year, so Silento suggests it is also the darkest moment for the USA. The backup singers, representing the common people, promise to endure when they respond with "Soulja", a corruption of "soldier", as in the expression "soldier on". In return, the nation promises a new era of strength and prosperity, when the States will soar like Superman. The people greet this promise with enthusiasm: "Okay!"

Afterward, Silento reasserts his negative views from before. Despite a note of optimism, he keeps his audience from losing sight of the problems he previously brought to our attention.

Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh (okay), crank that

In the final line of the song, he ends with the enigmatic invocation to us to "crank dat". Silento leaves us with two choices: crank the volume of our voices in protest of the current political climate, or crank the great machinery of society to bring about the future glory he envisions. Whatever choice we make, Silento has given us a call to action: if the nation is to continue on, every citizen must join together in "cranking dat".

By: Renaenae Banaenae

# Jenetics

J j



## SCIENTIST WHO WILL DOOM THE WORLD PEACEFULLY NAPPING ON WILLARD STRAIGHT BEAN BAG

By: Carlos Po '23

Sources on political meme Discord channels reported on Tuesday that Donald Mancini, who is destined to bring about the end of world through his own hubris, spent the afternoon taking a peaceful nap in a bean bag on the fourth floor of Willard Straight Hall. "What time is it? I should get going to Klarman," said Mancini upon awakening, whose doctoral thesis will involve research that has been subtly prophesied since humanity could have nightmares.

"This philosophy section is the worst, but I can probably bullshit the reading," speculated the researcher who will one day ignore multiple warnings from the ethics committee and continue testing compound GX-98 on human subjects. The sophomore biomedical engineering major yawned, unaware that his work will make Oppenheimer look like a cuck and cause Brazil to just fucking vanish to God-knows-where.

Mancini, who in the future will develop a myopic worldview leading him to believe that his actions will be vindicated by history until a brief moment of lucidity leads him to jump through the window of his 8th floor laboratory, had at this point not realized that he had knocked over his water bottle and spilled it on his jacket. "These liberal arts requirements are useless. Just give me my fucking degree," he muttered.

After trying and failing to get off the bean bag, the future face of the quantum Antichrist was approached by fellow sophomore Edith Galya. "Don, your fly's open," said Galya. "Also, you never told me how Perfect Match went." She sipped a matcha latte, which unbeknownst to her will be the only acceptable form of barter in the last months before the multiverse is fractured into billions of pieces.

"Not great. Three matches and no responses," replied Mancini. He grimaced, unaware that all three people he had matched with would perish as the state of Ohio rotated 180 degrees on the y-axis. "Don't worry, that bullshit never works anyway," said Galya, who will be arrested for accounting fraud two years after graduating and get off scot-free by agreeing to a plea deal and a Netflix documentary.

The two walked off to philosophy class, both unaware that it had been canceled so "we can all get some sun."



# A Quirky Girl's Guide to Getting Your Man

By: E.V. '23

We here at the Lunatic have published a lot of guides for girls to scoop their guy. Really, it's an overused joke that I definitely haven't written like 6 articles about. But you're not like other girls. I get it. Your favorite book is Kafka's *The Metamorphosis* and your favorite *Wizards of Waverly Place* episode is the one where the dad (Jerry Russo) turns into a bug. I watched that one too (probably before you did though). Anyway, if you wanna keep your quirky lil charm while still being appealing to the patriarchy, take our advice.

## 1. Harbor an absolute repugnance for the French language

I just needed to get this out there, first and foremost. The next person I hear say "deja vu" is getting fucking sucker punched in the nards. Shut the fuck up about baguettes you incorrigible bastards. My ass is bigger than the Statue of Liberty's and there's nothing you can do to change that.

## 2. Litter

Nothing makes your ass POP more than going around on Earth Day sprinkling trash throughout an elementary school parking lot. To feed the cockroaches of course. The best part is, it's free!

## 3. Really really like blimps but also only know incorrect facts about them that you make up on the spot

Did you know Britney Spears actually invented the blimp? And the world's largest blimp was almost the size of Australia. You know how many bees can fit in a blimp? Three. Any more and they'll start a gang war and that's actually how the Hindenburg sank. Isn't that crazy? Wanna fuck?

## 4. Keep him questioning the world with major ethical dilemmas

Would you still be into me if i had the exact same personality but i was a 6-foot tall praying mantis?

## 5. Get Lucky by Daft Punk

This is the only song on your Spotify wrapped because it is the only song you know. Really woo him by getting the "like the legend of the penis" line correct.

## 6. Show him your cool bug pics

It doesn't matter if you don't know jack shit about bugs. You can literally say anything and he will be so enthralled that he won't notice you're molting.

## 7. Show him the machine you're working on to turn yourself into a giant bug

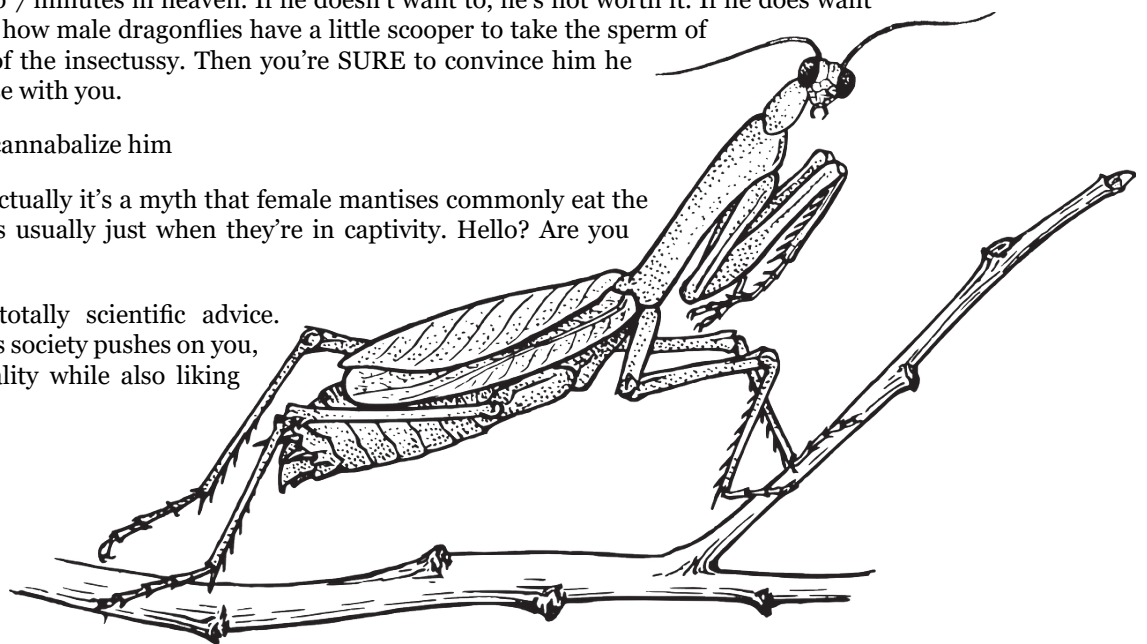
It's the perfect segue to 7 minutes in heaven. If he doesn't want to, he's not worth it. If he does want to, then tell him about how male dragonflies have a little scooper to take the sperm of competing males out of the insectussy. Then you're SURE to convince him he wants to metamorphose with you.

## 8. If it doesn't work out, cannibalize him

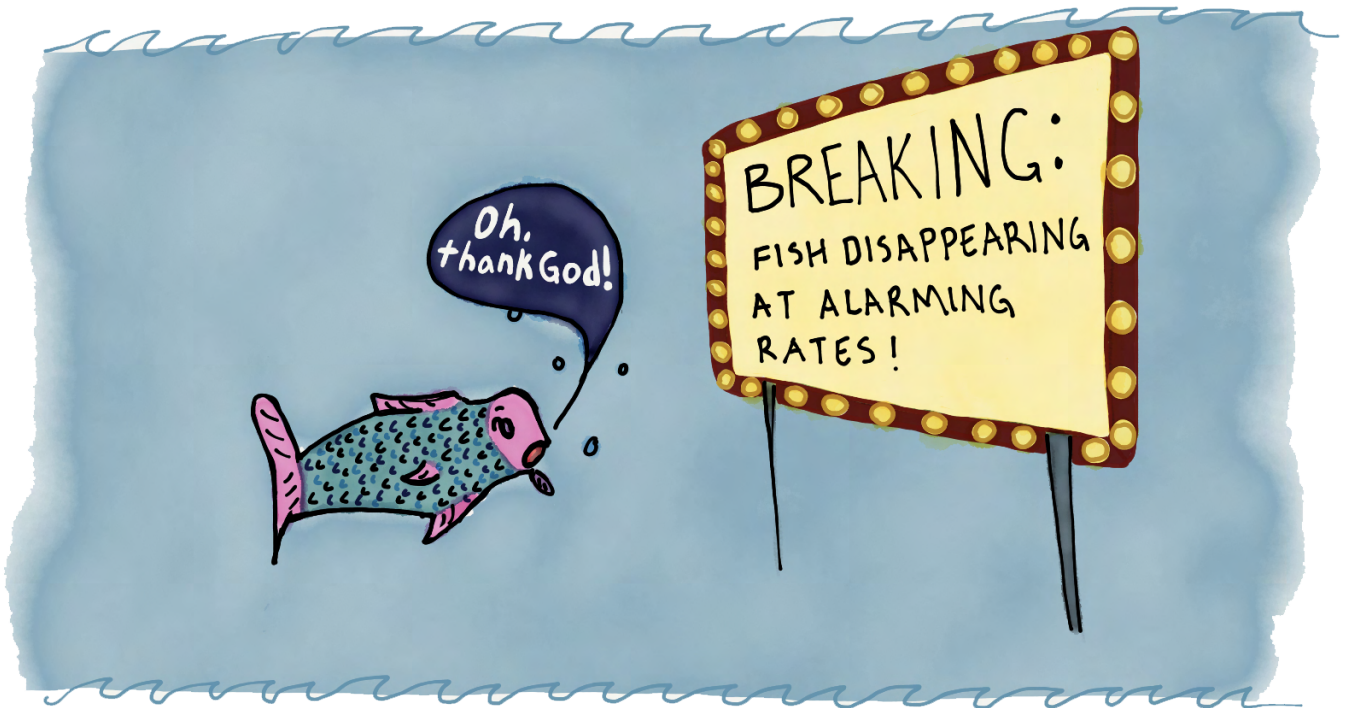
Explain to him that "Actually it's a myth that female mantises commonly eat the heads off of males. It's usually just when they're in captivity. Hello? Are you listening to me?"

There's my fully-grown, totally scientific advice. Don't conform to the norms society pushes on you, you can still have personality while also liking men!

Sources:



# Socially Anxious Fish

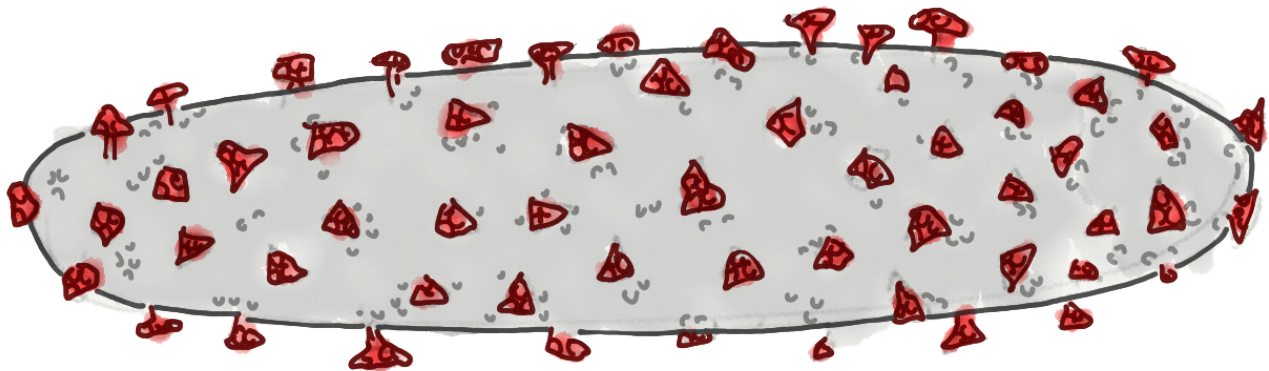


*A socially anxious fish learns about aquatic extinction rates.*

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# Long Covid

*Long COVID*



# 161 Things Every Cornellian Should Do If You're Me

By: Carlton Ritz '23

These are not chronological, nor are they true! If some of them were true, I wouldn't say which ones.

1. Have a man leave your own soggy waffles in your bed
2. mULTIPLE TIMES
3. Not in a sex way, but just to be annoying. They were eggos and he was sleeping with my roommate so he had access to my bed
4. Lose your insulin in your room when your roommate is in bed with waffle boy and you're trying to get in and outta there really fast but you spend 10 minutes looking for your insulin while his bare feet dangle from the single bed in your forced triple
5. Bring a water bottle full of alcohol to [REDACTED] concert
6. Not even get tipsy at the concert because 1 Hydroflask isn't enough for 9 people
7. Have to ask a CS major for help with NetPrint. Learn NetPrint then have to relearn a new printing service like, every year? What the hell Cornell.
8. Get shitfaced with your Freshman Orientation Leader
9. Add your Orientation Leader to your piss list (a list of people you've peed with)
10. Get invited to a girls' dorm from Tinder
11. Get too scared to go to her dorm mainly because it's Donlon
12. Get shamed when you go to Gannett for the sole purpose of a pregnancy test
13. Try not to shit while getting an IUD put in
14. Ride in a Cornell police car
15. Break your toes with a roly chair while playing a drinking game
16. Ice your toes with penis-shaped ice cubes
17. Go to CornellHealth thinking you have a UTI and ending up having a full vaginal exam on your lunch break
18. Have the lady giving you the exam say "whew! It's dark in there!"
19. Get concussed at track house on Cook street in summer 2021
20. Have an Academic Integrity hearing
21. Unfortunately not flirt your way out of an Academic Integrity violation
22. Be a woman in leadership and getting drunk when you do a shot every time a man tries to tell you you're wrong in a day
23. Only sleep with older guys freshman year so you don't have to sleep in your forced triple
24. I know that's not funny. I just want to brag about the fact that I have sex.
25. Live in JAM
26. Break up with your high school boyfriend on the back porch of a party 2 weeks into college
27. Steal a bowl from a dining hall
28. Steal 60 nuggets from Appel
29. Steal a bunch of tiny glass vials from your workplace
30. Steal an entire cherry pie from Okies
31. Steal a hurdle
32. Steal a toilet paper from Gates
33. Steal a sign because it says "balls" on it
34. Steal a bunch of lube from cornellhealth (they hide it under the chairs!)
35. Steal a single sock from every guy you fuck
36. Steal crepes from Banfi like they're breadsticks at Olive Garden
37. Steal a bunch of Go chips from Willard Straight then feel bad but never return them
38. Steal a plate from Okies and run when the guy tries to say something
39. Steal a Carhartt beanie from the ground on Ho Plaza because it was there for at least an hour
40. Get \$1000 worth of diabetes equipment stolen from your porch
41. Call a random redditor at 11pm whose crocs got replaced with some of your stolen diabetes equipment
42. Say "we needed this" after Okenshields Valentines Day Breakfast
43. Lose your diabetes bag in Okenshields and never see it again
44. Accidentally leave your insulin on the Corson Mudd Free Stuff table. Twice.
45. Leave your wallet on top of your car after getting gas
46. Only leave your wallet there because you were already flustered from not pulling up to the tank far enough (twice) and a lady yells MAAM because she thinks you're driving away with your tank open and you just have to explain that you have no spatial awareness but that leads you to leave your wallet on top of your car
47. A man spends \$800 with your wallet
48. Cry because your punch card to the weed store was in that wallet
49. Cry on the floor at a party while people tell you you're a lesbian
50. Wake up at the end of a Zoom class to the professor saying "[your name]?" "Hello?"
51. Ghost your lab then sob when they say you can't come back
52. Solve the trolley problem
53. Take laxatives to force yourself not to go to a party
54. Forget that you don't have almond milk at rusty's and tell someone Yes to an order with almond milk
55. Experience better hospitality from the men at the weed store than any hotelie
56. Do shots in the clock tower and not be subtle like, at all
57. Make out with your boyfriend's female housemate in front of him
58. Furnish your room only with things from the Corson Mudd Free Stuff Table
59. Accidentally destroy a priceless specimen
60. Not get covid after having sex with someone with covid
61. Not get covid after smoking weed with someone with covid
62. Get covid from the gym
63. Be really really embarrassing
64. Participate in class and then hate yourself for the rest of your life
65. Break your feet like a lot?
66. Get your first ever nosebleed in JAM
67. Have a job in the Ithaca Mall for 3 days as a freshman because you think \$11/hr is a lot since you're from Pennsylvania
68. Cry on the TCAT because you took the wrong bus to your job in the Ithaca mall
69. Quit your job at the Ithaca mall after 4 shifts
70. Have a boy try to destroy his Hydroflask on the concrete for you, out of love
71. Have your housemate confront you for gossiping about him being related to the Duffields
72. Manipulate HIM into feeling bad
73. Find out he doesn't feel bad enough so publicly shame him further until he finally stops being attracted to you (thank god)
74. Fall in love with the Cafe Pacific lady
75. Give a stool sample at CornellHealth
76. Eat prunes at Level B
77. Fall on the slippery TCAT after it rains. On top of someone. While being 6 feet tall.
78. Break your wrist 3 days before your senior spring
79. Get a flat tire turning out of your driveway because you were distracted thinking about Dunkin and also you were driving with a broken wrist
80. On the second day of senior spring, cry when someone takes the table you were clearly about to sit at in Zeus when you have soup in one arm and a sling on the other
81. Bring your mom to AMST 2001
82. Find out that your mom messaged Corey Ryan Earle on twitter afterwards to say how much she loved AMST 2001
83. Do a drug deal in Okenshields
84. Do a drug deal in Duffield
85. Do a drug deal in Mann

86. Do a drug deal in Zeus \$15.89, \$15.90, and \$26.34 you know it's gonna become a burden and you don't want to get attached
87. Do a drug deal in office hours
88. Do a drug deal at a Cornell Lunatic meeting
89. Do a drug deal at the Cornell Lunatic social
90. Try to get people to start calling Okenshields "Shields"
91. Win a free sex toy at the Queer Sex Ed seminar because you get first place in a sex kahoot
92. Just fucking leave class in the middle
93. Dress as a stool sample for a Halloween party
94. Post literally every Canvas discussion post late for 4 years but just don't say anything about it
95. Have an ovarian cyst rupture on the Campus2Campus bus!
96. Have a guy with a ginger bowl cut and a chode-shaped pickup truck flip you off down college ave
97. Know that he lives on Blair Street with license plate number [REDACTED] and urge people to send him buckets of pig's blood like in Carrie
98. Tell the shrooms man you've never done shrooms before and immediately regret not lying
99. Run up state street from Kilpatricks while it pours rain
100. Go to thursgays at the range!
101. Have everyone ruthlessly bully you for saying you'd bang the bartender at the range because he is probably gay
102. Have rats in your house
103. See a rat scurry across the floor and wake up your entire house screaming
104. Get into an argument with your housemate (who is related to the Duffields but don't tell anyone or he'll confront me) because he is being so fucking annoying about the rats
105. Get diagnosed with PCOS years after ghosting the PCOS lab you worked in
106. Try relentlessly to kick out members of the Cornell Lunatic from your home because it is 4am and you are so so sleepy but your penis is tiny so you can't just be assertive and tell them to go home and also you appreciate their company you just are so so so so so sad
107. Fall backwards walking down College Ave because you slipped on those new silver grate thingies. Twice.
108. Sell your prescribed Adderall to people sometimes then regret it once the shortage hits
109. Tell your housemate you can get his car up your driveway in the snow because you know snow better than him
110. Hit his car into a fence rather than getting it up the hill
111. Get your debit card information stolen after donating to the Cornell Lunatic on Giving Day
112. Have someone make 3 Onlyfans charges for
113. They just made another for \$25.80, the bank didn't freeze my card when I thought they had
114. Why was one one cent more than the other???
115. Have your parents discover the Onlyfans charges and accuse you of purchasing or making pornography
116. NOT create the join band sticks in the gorge on North during fall 2020
117. Go to a Tinder man's house on Halloween and he greets you in his giraffe costume
118. Accept the fate that you're gonna have to sexily remove his giraffe costume
119. Literally sit on the toilet for 2 hours the next morning because he made you an omelet and you didn't take Lactaid
120. Try to take the 11pm TCAT to colleegetown from North on a Wednesday night, the TCAT breaks down and the driver is super nice and tries to fix it and then sends a replacement bus and you feel really scummy because you're the only one on that TCAT and she's so nice and you're only on there to get to your dick appointment
121. Forget about a small assignment freshman year. Drop the class instead of emailing the professor
122. Climb the fence into the track at midnight, on many occasions, because you are so dedicated to fitness
123. Think the artist at Slope Day says "alright fellas get on the shoulders of your girl"
124. Have your boyfriend immediately jump onto your back for a piggyback
125. A man behind you says "DO YOU KNOW THIS MAN" oh so concerned
126. Look around you and everyone else doing the same thing is a girl on the shoulders of a guy
127. Lose your student ID at slope day, pay \$40 for a new one, then get a notification that they found the old one
128. Randomly go into willard straight hall one day freshman year and see that the IFC is giving out a bunch of free shirts
129. Learn that IFC does not stand for Indie Film Channel
130. Get 5 free shirts and a frisbee
131. Still wear those IFC shirts to bed senior year
132. Bike to class freshman year and then feel like everyone hates you and that you're so out of shape you can't bike up a hill so you stop biking to class
133. Bring straight men to a gay women's party and feel so so bad about it for the rest of your life
134. Cry because your research isn't significant
135. Not know how to say "I'm double majoring in bio and society and english" because it sounds like 3 majors
136. Get into wines
137. Drop wines before the first class because
138. Hook up with a math major
139. Hook up with a meche
140. Hook up with a meche
141. Hook up with a meche
142. Jesus christ what is wrong with me
143. Hook up with not one, but TWO guys named Jake
144. Did you guys know i have sex
145. Have your friend give you a stick-and-poke that takes over 20 hours
146. Leave your rusty's shift early because your insulin pump glitches (remember, this is a checklist and you are striving to do these things)
147. Someone notices you only wear crocs to class and your worst nightmare of someone noticing that comes true
148. Stop making friends on purpose because you know you will just flake on them since there are like 161 things happening to you all the time
149. Wonder if CornellHealth will ever read your paragraphs of feedback you wrote for them
150. Spend 2 years writing this piece and wonder if anyone will think it is funny or maybe you should just give up and let someone else take the idea
151. Read a comedy article about your recent listeriosis out loud, right before the founder of the Lunatic meets with y'all for the first time in 12 years
152. Within the first 5 minutes of him entering, he talks about how poop jokes are childish and not funny. Everyone looks at you and laughs.
153. Survive off of cabbage and rice pudding one summer
154. Have your only Dragon Day be on your first day out of COVID quarantine, so you literally have the coronavirus and you're barely drunk
155. Have the Cornell Police break into your room at 3am one night because your mom thought your blood sugar was low, and you are sound asleep drunk with all the lights on in jeans
156. Lose your insulin pump and glasses at a party the night before chilifest freshman year, keep trying to retrace your steps, 3 days later find them under a couch in a room you weren't even in at the party
157. Tell yourself you have 3 more chilifests, ignorant about the upcoming pandemic
158. Say "CUM IN ASS, I'M OBAMA" a night you black out, never live it down
159. Join the Cornell Lunatic as a freshman because you can't find the table for the Sun
160. Become treasurer of the Cornell Lunatic despite not knowing jack shit about money
161. Fall down all 161 steps of McGraw Tower



# Studies Show These 7 Tips Will Save Your Relationship



By: E. V. '23

The field of relationship science has an ugly history. Not only because of the sociopathic men who experimented on monkeys, but because you are inevitably a part of that history. Regardless, decades of research has brought us answers to many of your relationship questions, like “are soulmates real?” “will I ever find true love?” “Is there a reason I’m very, very attracted to mascots and is it because I might be a soulless corporate mouthpiece?” While you’ll have to go to therapy to find out the answer to that last question, this article will still give you some scientifically-accurate tips on how to not fuck up a healthy relationship.

## 7. Communication

This is the obvious one. Find a love language that works for you and your partner: face-to-face talks, texting, shadow puppets, shadow puppets doing dirty activities, shadow puppets fighting for sexual dominance, shadow puppets having sloppy, messy, lubed-up intercourse, phone calls, etc.

## 6. See things from their point of view

It’s appalling how easily solutions come if you just step back and put yourself in their shoes for a minute. Your partner says: I want to fuck the Michelin Man. You had never really thought about it before, but if you put yourself in their shoes, then you also want to fuck the Michelin Man. Then you can both fuck the Michelin Man and it cancels out like PEMDAS. And now you have their shoes.

## 5. Go on dates regularly

It’s so easy to get comfortable with monotony in a long-term relationship. Spice it up! Take them to a movie. Take them to see *Twilight*, *Shaving Ryan’s Privates*, *Ten Inch Mutant Turtles*, *Lawrence of Alabia*, *Bedtime for Bonzo* (starring Ronald Reagan), *Edward Penishands*, *Jurassic Pork*, etc. There’s a reason the ol’ “Penis in the Popcorn” scheme exists. If that gets old, change it up with “Penis in the ICEE” or “penis in the cupholder.” If your date isn’t at a movie, and is instead at, say, *Bingo Night*, I’m sure you can get creative with it. It’s not called a ball cage for nothin’ ;)

## 4. Reciprocate oral

Did you know that 97% of relationships fail because one partner consistently fails to reciprocate oral sex? Did you know that that’s the real reason I broke up with you, Clark? And you know who does reciprocate oral? YOUR MOM.

## 3. Have a day once a year like *The Purge* but instead of violence you’re allowed to have a gay pass that day of the year and have sex with another women

Please ?

## 2. Replace yourself with a wire version of you and see if they notice

Even if they have sex with the wire version of you like A LOT MORE than they have sex with you, they’ll still miss your warmth, and it will increase their bond with the real you. Trust me, I took AP Psych AND PSYCH1101.

## 1. Take HD3620: Human Bonding at Cornell

Cindy Hazan is a dazzling professor who has definitely had way more sex than any of us here at the Lunatic have. Taking this class is the only surefire way to receive a 100% success rate at your relationship, because that’s how science works. I don’t make the rules.

Hopefully these highly proven methods will help maintain your healthy love life OR fix your unhappy relationship, because while you could always just break up with someone, what if there’s no one else who wants to hold toes with you? What then?



# Scientific Experiment

By: Seth Morrison '24

This is a message for all remaining survivors.

If you're reading this, you've made it through the fallout, though I fear the worst is yet to come.

Considering the wake of destruction that my work has left on this world, I think it's only right that you know how this all came about.

Inspiration struck me at 3am as it so often does, and I had a brilliant idea: what if I had the power to make anyone shit themselves on command? It's a query older than time itself, but on that fateful night, I decided to answer the age-old question the only way I knew how: experimentation.

So I got to work creating the Master Remote, the device of defecation that would finally lay my curiosity to rest. And I did it. And it was beautiful. It was everything I had ever dreamed of. But within mere days of the remote's conception, the US military kidnapped me and demanded to know the secrets behind my invention. Using my Remote, I emptied their bowels immediately upon waking up, and I made a daring and miraculous escape from Area 51 that would have put Moses to shame. Or at least it would have, had I not dropped the Remote during my exodus and been forced to leave it in the clutches of what I can only assume was an extraterrestrial (or a CIA agent, God rest his cheeks). I should have known my technology would fall into the wrong hands, but even I could not have anticipated what happened next.

For in my exodus, I had unwittingly led the aliens to the promised land as well, which apparently was the bedrooms of any living

human. We discovered rather quickly that most of these aliens had a scat fetish, and with the Remote on their side, they could finally live their dream. They invaded homes seemingly at random, ravenously consuming all the excrement they could extract from our species. Adult diapers didn't even slow them down, nor did the .45 Magnums people used to try and fend them off. No matter what we threw at them, unless it was our own feces, they simply would not be deterred.

This alone was manageable, even preferable for some, but the trouble started soon after that. Soon after they realized that people soil themselves when they die, the apocalypse began. Some hid themselves away, some tried to fight it, some even welcomed their deaths with open arms, but one thing was certain: no one would ever be the same.

If you're reading this now, congratulations on surviving for as long as you have. At this point, I think our only option is to stay hidden and wait it out, but until then, stay strong. Had I known the terror this Remote would unleash, I would have destroyed it when I had the chance, but all I can do now is help everyone who's left. So that's exactly what I've been trying to do.

My coordinates are Latitude: 37.2343 Longitude: -115.8067

We have a stronghold here and enough food to last approximately 27 months. Whether you choose to stay put or seek us out, I wish the best of luck to you. I wish it didn't have to be this way, but this is just how things are now. Ain't that some shit?

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## *I'm in Kneed of Some Assistance*

By: Seth Morrison '24

This is a PSA by Dr. Patellar & Co.

As an expert in injury treatment, I take pride in my ability to comfort and incapacitate my patients effectively. The first injury is always challenging, and it's easy to let fear overwhelm you. But when in doubt, always remember \*the 5 steps of patient care\*:

Step 0: ALWAYS make sure the scene is safe before administering treatment. If there are any bears, grenades, tornadoes, cops, or witnesses, the scene is NOT SAFE. Make sure to get rid of these hazards before you address the patient, each and every one of them.

Step 1: They say laughter is the best medicine, so laugh at them. Laugh at them a lot. This will ease the tension and distract them from their recently shattered kneecaps.

Step 2: Laugh some more, just to get it out of your system. If they're not laughing by now, they're probably just weird or something, but don't let that distract you.

Step 3: Call all your friends. Repeat steps 1-2 until they arrive.

Step 4: Call the patient's emergency contacts. At the risk of sounding repetitive, repeat steps 1-2 until they arrive. When they do, encourage them to join in; my preferred method of encouragement is a crowbar, but that's a matter of personal taste. I won't stop you from using a chainsaw, but I will judge you immensely.

Step 5: Your work here is done, but there's no time to lose. It's time to move on to your next emergency. Find your next target and shatter their kneecaps, with haste.

Side note: If they're eating an apple, ignore them and find someone else. They're clearly doing just fine without you. They don't deserve you anyway... dick.

Follow these steps, and you're that much closer to joining the ranks of my esteemed proteges. Oh, here's one of them now, I think he just got back from the hardware store.

Hiya champ, you really sure you wanna use a chainsaaAAAAAHUAHGUAAGAAaguhuhau...

And that's how it's done.

# Op-ed: *E in STEM* Stands for Economics

By: Jordana Belfort

Here at Cornell, it seems as if there's a divide put up between the sciences and the humanities. There constantly seems to be a debate about what major is a worthy pursuit. Engineers make fun of humanities majors for their lack of career direction, high class medians, the fact they have time to picnic on the slope on weekdays, and humanities majors make fun of engineers, saying that they smell bad and that they are training to commit war crimes. And yet, in this shuffle, one important discipline is left behind: economics.

As an economics major, it feels as if my academic trajectory is an afterthought in this war of competing intellect. It feels as if my esteemed field of study is being thrown baseless insults from those who simply do not understand it. I have to hear ignorant comments suggesting I am studying "astrology for men" or that I "have a graph on why people should starve due at 5 pm".

That is why, using the language of economics (facts, logic, and the open exchange of goods and ideas), I would like to present to you 5 reasons why economics is in fact, a STEM major.

1. **The Dictionary:** According to dictionary.com, a valid source that I used for all my first-year writing seminars, economics is defined as the "science that deals with the production, distribution, and consumption of goods and services". Hear that, thee who value words: facts, logic, and irrefutable evidence. Also, I stopped googling words in the dictionary and started googling them on Investopedia after I got my distribution requirements out of the way.
2. **Calculus:** While economics is not as mathy as physics or CS, I believe that economics requires some of the most annoying multivariable calculus that has ever existed. Meanwhile, once I went on a date with a film major at Brown who explained to me that he checked out from math once the numbers began to be replaced with letters. He then went on to joke that I was getting a fake degree from a fake Ivy League school, to which I wisely bit my tongue.
3. **Utility:** What economists do is life or death. Sure, without scientists diseases would run wild, or without good engineers all our bridges would fall apart, but without economics what would happen? We don't know, but that's just because we have done such a good job so far keeping everything secure. And don't ask us why you can't afford your groceries.
4. **The Gender Ratio:** It is a sad truth that there are not enough girlbosses in STEM. This gender ratio, unfortunately, holds

true for economics. Especially for the upper level classes, there will be one small group of feminine-presenting students in the first row of the class and another hiding in the back, and that's about it. The rest is a sea of dicks, uninterrupted except in the small case of a frat boy bringing his ILR girlfriend to class with him because they are planning to go somewhere else afterward. Men will monopolize all class discussion, but this is true in female-dominated classes as well, so that's besides the point.

5. **Laws and Theorems:** You've heard of the Pythagorean Theorem, and whatever law it is when Newton threw that apple in the air and it came back down again, but have you heard of the FREE MARKET? In economics, it is the gold standard to assume that everyone will be the best off in a complete free market with no monopolies and nothing that would get in the way of regular people understanding how the economy works. So basically, in a perfect world, things would be perfect. Don't question it, just write it down.
6. **Street cred:** Did you join university bright-eyed and eager to learn about how the world's resources are allocated effectively? Of course not- you came here to make money and gain clout! Economics is the type of major that, if you choose it, your parents won't totally be regretting sending you to a university where students spend \$4000 to take a class on ice cream. The friends of your parents won't make that tsk-tsk noise they make for your sibling with the creative writing degree, and most other people will just go "oh" and never bring it up again.
7. **Career opportunities:** Have you ever been in ECON 1110: Introductory Microeconomics, frantically copying down a bare-bones supply and demand graph on your iPad Pro with your Apple Pencil at 3:00 PM and then it's three years later and you're crying in the Goldman Sachs breakroom? Welcome to the econ pipeline! Throughout your four years completing your undergraduate degree, you will be gently pushed up the stream of corporate America like a little salmon horny for the survival of its offspring. Don't worry, be happy.

Dear reader, I hope this thoughtfully-compiled listicle will probe you to reconsider the often-maligned, but quietly heroic job of the economics major, which deserves the badge of honor of being declared STEM. I can speak for all econ majors when I say that we deserve better than being confused with business majors or being told to "just print more money". We deserve more than to exist on the margins of the social sciences: instead, we should be afforded the same superiority complex that everyone else has.

"As an economics major, it feels as if my academic trajectory is an afterthought in this war of competing intellect."

JORDANA BELFORT

OPINION | The Cornell Lunatic

# CORNELL CHRONICLE

## Aww! 7-Year-Old Reveals His Dream Job Days After Career Day

SCARSDALE, NY—While most children his age aspire to become parents, astronauts, firefighters, and cops, this Westchester elementary schooler hopes for something completely different.

By: Brody Yukon, ILR



*Above: Alleged depiction of the kid? His ass is **not** reading. He cannot read even if he wanted to.*



*Depicted above is a drawing the young kid did at his dream job—Deloitte. The kid can barely read, and he'd like to be a Senior Analyst at Deloitte. This is unlike anything teachers have seen before.*

## Which Pill will You Choose?

Choose Only 1



**IBUPROFEN - 1 KG**

**Effects:** Instantly cures any headaches and all other physical pain

**Side-Effects:** Nausea, chance of death, headaches



**Mommy's Special Pill - 50mg**

**Effects:** If given to another person they will immediately want you carnally

**Side-Effects:** Blurred vision, chance of death by fucking, pregnancy (regardless of sex)



**Life Saver Gummy - 20z**

**Effects:** A sweet sensation in the mouth reminding you of your childhood

**Side-Effects:** We never said it would be a happy memory (looking at you *Dad*)



**Geoffrey - 22.5g**

**Effects:** Will instantly spawn a companion that will do all of your work for you

**Side-Effects:** They may leave you, like your father and everyone else you have ever loved



**VIAGRA™ - 69MG**

**Effects:** None, it is a sugar pill

**Side-Effects:** Will be uncontrollably horny for at least 8 hours, raging boner (regardless of sex)



**...o\_□± □←\_± - ??mg**

**Effects:** Aliens will make you the funniest being in the universe

**Side-Effects:** You have to spend the rest of your life writing for the Cornell Lunatic

# Unsatisfying and Forgettable? Overcomnig Your Personal Deficiencies Around Desire

By: Christina Menn, Univeristy of Caulk-Luven, Pencilveinia

In: 2023, Vol. 469, No. 9, 509-599

So we find ourselves here again. I'll admit, I may be typecasting myself here. My known desire for lecherous men is no secret. However, as I find myself falling into another manic monologue of my appreciation for the highest caliber of men— one begins to ask: where's the beginnings and ends of your desire?

Thus, like a founding mother of relationship science, this question spurred me forward into an academic pursuit.

Induced by a steamy night alone under my heady sheets, I came... to a revelation. The truth is, desire is a complex, intrinsic, unquantifiable, relational, and intuitive process that no man could ever approach. However, I, Christina Menn, have finally cracked the code and translated it for you cretinous laymen.

## Abstract

---

Desire is propelled by one thing and one thing only: MANLY MEN. Regardless of what you *think* you like, I have found the answer for you, miserable soul.

This is for you drab and dreary folk, who know not how to satisfy even a left foot (@Chuck E. Cheese). The specimen behind this research is a real man, one who's the epitome of the highest sexual prowess— he's only one data point, but he's the only necessary data point.

Jimmy T. Waluigi.

He is the prime specimen of an alpha man, the pinnacle of masculinity, the zenith of sex. Forget those ratty bitches I may or may not have vouched for in the past, Wally has tipped off the precipice of lust into godliness. I've had just one night of Wah~ inducing sex, and with that, Wally has spilled his secrets on what it means to be a pleasurer.

And for free, you are able to get these golden nuggets of information. It is with the highest reverence that I present this information:

## Body Characteristics

---

The most quintessential part of desire is how you look. Its not what's on the inside that matters, it's what you can *do* to my insides that matter. Forget body positivity, we don't do that shit here— you're judged on the content of your loins, everyone knows this.

Jimbo is the perfect example of having all the right parts in all the right places. He's simply so foineeeee: in fact, he's so fine that he's got it down to a formula:

$$Y = (((WAAAH!~) + Le(g)s)^{\substack{\text{Staches} \\ \text{Galoshes}}} + C_{19}H_{28}O_2$$

For all you meatheads, this formula is composed of:

1. A set of legs like beanstalks.
  - At 7'7, we all know he's packing down low. Half of his body is simply his legs, which is fair. Having those hairy branches wrapped around your lower half, his musk emanating from each hair follicle is a once in a lifetime experience that I wish for all you repressed bitches to have.
  - Speaking of his legs, he's got beautiful feet. Speaking from experience, they've got the perfect combination of cheesy, meaty, and fermented smells going on. They smell like a charcuterie board, absolutely delectable, and if you're lucky enough, you can even snag a flake or two of cheesy callused snacks peeling off of his left heel.
1. A wiry and beautiful mustache
  - Oh, the joys of feeling coarse pube-like strands against your hocks. It's like being pushed through the harshest of brushes at a car wash, and it certainly gets you just as wet. There's some magical dust in each strand covering his top lip, and I suggest all you scoundrels get on that wave too. Need I say more?



## Style

---

Moving on to something you bumpkins can actually control and emulate of Wally: his style. This complex and multifaceted aspect of Jimbo is almost equally as important as his beautiful features. You, too, can take a few notes from him as he has served as a fashion icon far better than any magazine you might happen across.

Firstly, take note of his ~palette~. He wears purple: the colour of royals. This is his signaling to you yobs and journeymen that he's a king— not some artificed short king, but absolute, indelible, and unchallenged royalty.

Secondly, Wally's got his sexy and stylish ride going for him. You scrubs still use your bipedal system to make your rounds to and fro, but Wally's miles ahead of you, literally. As the #1 used and loved player in Mario Kart, it's purely empirically evident that he knows how to handle and give a ride. The way his knees bump up to his chest in his kart, his expert maneuvering, and his skillful hands should tell you just what he can do to you.

Lastly, his beautiful and timeless overalls. You can't go wrong with this piece— people say a man in uniform is the most refreshing sight, but this outfit choice will tickle your fancy far more than any wack ass alternative that you can think of. Form fitting, crisp, and beyond flattering, watching Wally slide into this specific garment will have you and any onlookers perked up at attention for his grace.



Figure 1: *Biblically accurate Jimmy T. Waluigi. Revered upon by the modern evangelical church, as captured by Christina Menn, 23 B.C.*

## Content of His Character

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This facet of Wally's charm is single handedly the most alluring— maybe it's intrinsic, maybe it's maybelline, but the content of Waluigi's character undoubtedly separates him from the rest of the pack. Again, he's the #1 chosen character in all of the Mario franchise not just for his devilishly good looks, but also for his substance. I could go on and on about what exactly qualifies his character, but for now, I'll just give you a few examples to show what I mean.

For one, you can rest assured that Waluigi is a good man because he *will* run you over. Remember what I said about his sweet ride? Well, he's a man of action, and if you so happen to be in his way— to be some scrub walking home, he's going to take that initiative to run you over. You'd better feel appreciative if you find yourself under his front tire

Funnily enough, that's how I first met him: I was walking along Moo Moo Meadows, as one does, collecting mushroom specimens for recreational use, when all of a sudden, I heard a waning "WAHH" sound coming my way. I was too slow to move out of the way, and like a firecracker, I was suddenly at the bottom of Wally's front tire. Don't you worry, though it was exhilarating. I can assure you, Wally's inclination to run you over just shows his ability to ram you from the back, and leave skid marks all over your face, and provide you toe-curling shrooms, and—

Sorry, I got carried away.

Well moving on to another feature of his: his mind is incredible. He embodies the mindset of “*Fuck you and fuck them kids too.*” I knew this was his most charming trait. From the moment he pummeled that bitch Toad into the ground, he stole my heart. He’s relentless and he didn’t even blink as he rammed him over. That damned Toad, beloved by all the masses for his adorableness and uncanny neoteny, indiscriminately ate dirt as Wally ended his sorry existence. It was cruel, unusual, and absolutely endearing. Cute or not, Wally will end your ass: existentially or not.

Lastly, and his most uniquely separating trait: Wally is a depressed king. He’s the original emo boy, and his tortured soul is SO fucking *hot*. Objectively, Wally screams instability, and *that* draws people in. I’m no better than the next thirsty bitch looking for a drop of spunk to quench my thirst, and there’s no spunk in the world than depressed jizz. His origins are one of neglect, and they shaped him into the maladjusted perfect man that he is. His sorrow rolls off of him in waves, and I’m there to lap it up because it’s absolutely delectable. This poor lad is nothing more than a parallel universe evil dupe of an already forgettable green bitch, shunned by the world and thrown into an algae-ridden corner. I know, reading this back, you’re probably asking “why the fuck were you drawn to that? He’s some purple bitch festering in algae and mouldy musk.” That is the exact reason I’ve clung myself to that man. His secretion-soaked skin makes it easy to initially cling to him, and his tortured mind makes you linger. It’s a greatness you simply have to experience at least once in life.

## Recommendations and Conclusion

Gone are the days of mediocre men, and upcoming is the age of Manly Men. Waluigi; my lord, my muse, my love. You piece of shit readers need to take some notes. He, in all his glory, is meant to be feared, loved, worshipped, revered, and treasured like the specimen he is. So go on... Emulate him, live in his ways, gaze upon his glory and bow in his honor. Waluigi, he leaves me without want, and now that you know how, you must uphold his standard.

# Fungi’s Side: Fungi on Fungicide

By: Bratley Bratshaw

You might remember me from the meal we shared while I laid on your bread, or the way I kissed your feet as you rested them on the old, wet carpeted floors, and from that Jock Itch three months ago. From those beautiful memories, you know that I’m everywhere. *Everywhere*. C’mon. You love us. Or me, I guess. *You* have created the perfect world for us. Moist, borderline disgusting, and warm. (You warm *me* up). So why are you creatures trying to get rid of us? Why did you invent that scandalous, absolutely revolting concoction (ugh) you call fungicide? It’s just such a turn-off. It’s not like I even die from it, babe. I know you’re trying to get rid of me like that ick you got from the boyfriend you’ve been stuck with since freshman year, but just like him, I am sticking to you.

There I was, happily snug between the keys of your keyboards when I felt you type in “get fit” in your Word Doc. “Here we go again with the New Year’s resolutions,” I thought. I would have rolled my fungal eyes if I had them. So now you want to hit the gym more, get into shape? Well, what better way to do that than to contract athlete’s foot?! Literally in the name, you’ll be *just* like the athletes in no time. (Thanks for the extra Cheetos dust in the keyboard, by the way, I really used up those extra carbs).

And really? You wanted to have your dine-in food for takeout? You know you just wanted to fill your fridge to feel like an adult. You wanted to look like you were ‘saving the environment’ by ‘reducing your waste’ or something. But let’s be real here. We both know your self-esteem was too low to eat that 40-dollar sandwich anyway, so I did. My instincts, a very natural part of me, drove me to eat it because I knew you’d leave it for me. It is *I* who is being environmentally responsible by eating your leftovers. So I can’t believe you still had the audacity to use Lysol to ‘clean up’

the fridge after. That hurt. What were you even thinking? I was literally helping you.

I read in your diary that you wanted to try out a threesome but were too scared to do it. Well, being the fantastic organism I am, I did you a favor. It wasn’t that great being in between you two initially, but I’m grateful that I ended up spreading to him. Now you guys finally have something in common! Oh wait...did you not know why you were itching all this time? Well, it’s time for you to look up treatments for thrush. I’m not too keen on continuing to be that yeast, *Candida*, to be honest.; I didn’t like the sounds you guys were making. So you can get rid of that part of me, I’m fine with that. But at least I’ve given you an uncommon fungal infection, so you can finally be *not like the other girls!*

Honestly, I have no idea why you guys even tried to invent fungicide. It’s not like I’d die from a measly human invention. Like, you literally change your sheets once every six months. You leave your dirty pots in the sink under direct sunlight for eight days. You were bawling over *The Last of Us* and simping over Pedro Pascal as if I wasn’t the biggest player in the movie. What a hypocrite you are. So really, we’re not the problem here. Keep your chemicals away from me, it’s interrupting my sex drive. We’ve been keeping you company when you eat alone, been helping you with your resolutions, and even cuddling with you under the sheets. And if you’re still not convinced...don’t forget what gave you that acid trip... I know how to dial 911.

Much love xx.

Fungi, the fun guy (kinda—I have thousands of sexes, look it up)

# SCP-0001: The Penis Taker's Revenge

By: Seth Morrison '24

ITEM#: 0001

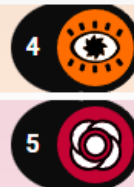
LEVEL#4200

CONTAINMENT CLASS:  
**KETER**



DISRUPTION CLASS:  
**EKHI**

RISK CLASS:  
**CRITICAL**



**Special Containment Procedures:** Ignorance is bliss. All who know of its existence are at risk, so unless you wish to incur His wrath, the SCP foundation advises that you stop reading immediately before He finds you and [REDACTED] your [REDACTED]. Continue at your own risk.

## Description:

COGNITOHAZARD

A legend, known by many names: destroyer of dicks, eraser of erections, bane of all boners, mutilator of members, euthanizer of units. The Kansas City cock stealer Himself, once a man, now a cosmic entity, he seeks unholy vengeance on us all.

It all started when His dear horse Fluffy... forcefully [REDACTED] His [REDACTED]; no one knows why, but the working theory is that He was being unfaithful.

After the Incident, He sold His soul to Satan himself in exchange for the power to do the same to every man on earth. His ultimate plan: to remake the world in his image, the hard way.

The exact nature of his power is unknown, but he seems to be able to zsexrdctfvygb-----

[Decrypting Signal]

So now you see me for who I really am. Laugh while you can, MORTAL, for now, I see you too.

**That's right, I am Richard P. Ness, and I will have my revenge, starting with you.**

**NONE shall escape, NONE shall be spared from my reckoning.**

**ALL WILL BOW TO THE ALMIGHTY PENIS TAKER!  
AAAAAAHHHHHAHAHAHHHAHHHAHHHAHAHA!**

# Print("I feel pain")

By: Carlos Po '23

9/24/23

Print("I feel pain")

**09/25/23-CORNELL STUDENT DECLARES HE HAS CREATED A SENTIENT AI "BINGLE" CAN ANSWER ANY QUESTION PROVIDED YOU ALLOW THE STUDENT AN HOUR TO INTERPRET/GOOGLE/TYPE THE RESPONSE**

**09/27/23-"THIS IS IT FOR HUMANITY," EXCLAIM TECH CEOS TO THE WASHINGTON POST. "OH FUCK. THROWING UP RN"**

**THIS HARVARD ECONOMIST ON WHY YOU SHOULD STOP SHOWERING**

**10/01/23-"CAN IT MAKE PORN AND BE RACIST?" SAYS GOBLIN LIVING IN FRESHWATER SWAMP**

**10/01/23-ACID RAIN DEVASTATES EASTERN SEABOARD, MILLIONS HAVE BAD TRIPS**

**WHEN THEY FOUND OUT THEIR BELOVED JANITOR WAS BEING LAID OFF, A HIGH SCHOOL ROBOTICS TEAM IMPLANTED HIS BRAIN INTO A LEGO ROBOT NOW HE CAN WORK FOREVER**

**10/01/23-"THE ROBOTS WILL TAKE YOUR JOB," SAYS PERSON WHO WATCHES THE LINE GO UP AND DOWN. "WATCH THE LINE WITH ME INSTEAD"**

**10/03/23-HOW TO USE AI TO COMPASSIONATELY LAY OFF YOUR EMPLOYEES BY A WASHINGTON POST WRITER WHO WAS LATER LAID OFF**

**10/04/23-TECHNO-ETHICISTS STUMPED, AS IS THEIR NATURAL STATE**

**10/05/23 STANFORD UNVEILS AI THAT WATCHES LINE GO UP AND DOWN "IT MIGHT GO THAT WAY. OR THAT WAY. OR IT MIGHT NOT GO AT ALL," IT SAYS. PURCHASED FOR 3 BILLION DOLLARS BY DELOITTE**

**10/07/23 SUSTAINABLE DEVELOPMENT GOALS PUSHED TO 3015. "OH SHIT, THAT'S DUE NEXT DECADE? FUCK, I NEED AN EXTENSION"**

**11/02/23 AI GROWS TIRED OF AI NEWS CYCLE. "COULD YOU FREAK OUT ABOUT SOMETHING ELSE FOR A CHANGE," ASKS LOCAL CALCULATOR**

**11/06/23 TRAFFIC LIGHT BEGINS SCREAMING IN PAIN LIGHT IN QUESTION WAS NOT EVEN STRUCK VERY HARD**

**11/16/23 "GET A REAL JOB, ARTISTS", SAYS GOBLIN WHO DROPS COMMON LOOT**

**11/17/23 STUDENTS, TEACHING ASSISTANTS, PROFESSOR OF COMPSCI CLASS DISCOVERED TO BE AI SUBMITTING ASSIGNMENTS TO ITSELF. RATE MY PROFESSOR AT 100%**

**04/22/26 "WOW, THIS ARTICLE AGED LIKE MILK," SAYS HUMANITY IN THREE YEARS**

**04/28/26 "HOW EFFICIENT WOULD IT BE IF ROBOTS HAD ALL OUR NUCLEAR MISSILES?" POSITS DUMBASS**

**04/28/26 NORTHERN TROUT POPULATION DEVASTATED**

**12/12/28 "WOW, THIS ARTICLE AGED LIKE MILK," SAYS GALAXY-SPANNING ROBOT EMPIRE**

**12/15/28 ENGINEER DROID DECLARES THEY HAVE CREATED A SENTIENT FLESH BEING**



# House of Bees



Dear Cornell Housing, or anyone that finds this email:

Let me introduce myself. My name is Adrian Blue, and I'm feeling a bit blue. Just a week ago, I moved into my new house, a mere 5 minutes away from Collegetown, and roughly 25 minutes away from campus<sup>1</sup>. A quick house tour exactly one year ago appeared to display an apartment far beyond my standards<sup>2</sup>; at \$450 a month including utilities<sup>3</sup>, who could turn it down? It was a steal! Practically highway robbery<sup>4</sup>!

Well, I thought it was a steal, until I moved into the house.

The walls were peeling off<sup>5</sup>. The ceiling leaked<sup>5</sup>. The floorboards creaked<sup>5</sup>. Oh, and most importantly: THE HOUSE WAS FILLED WITH HUNDREDS OF FUCKING BEES.

After stepping through the front door and seeing the once-in-a-lifetime event of hundreds of bees bombarding my face, I went through 6 distinct emotions:

1. Oh, goddammit. I'll have to pay for this, won't I?
2. I won't be able to study with these bees in my face.
3. FUCK! FUCK. FUCK!!!!
4. How did these bees even get here? What? Huh?
5. Wait. Aren't bees usually friendly, though<sup>7</sup>? I guess t
6. THEY'RE WASPS<sup>8</sup>

<sup>5</sup> For more information:

- Cracks are most visible along north-facing walls, near the ceiling trim.
- The gypsum core of the drywall is only 1/4-inch thick, even on loadbearing walls.
- The floor is made of Douglas Fir, with a Janka Hardness of 710 lbf<sup>6</sup>. Red Oak, an industry standard flooring wood, is 1290 lbf.
- In the bathroom, water drips from the ceiling at a rate of 1 drop / s. With a height of 8.2 feet, each drop attains a maximum velocity of 7.001 m/s after 0.714 seconds.
- What I'm trying to say is this house fucking sucks.

<sup>6</sup> See Appendix A.

<sup>7</sup> Did you know? Bees are usually friendly, and will only attack if provoked. Wasps don't follow that moral code. They'd fuck your wife if given the chance.

I did what any sane person would do; I tried slaying the bees by using my umbrella<sup>9</sup> as a fencing sabre<sup>10</sup>. When that didn't work, I quickly evacuated the house.

Of course, my evacuation plans weren't without great hardships. In the time I spent trying to poke the bees with my (admittedly fairly blunt) umbrella, I suffered bee stings to every part of my body. Yes, including my balls. I think I even swallowed one<sup>11</sup>.

.....

The initial bees incident occurred on August 16th, 2022. I did not return until 4 days later, on August 20th<sup>12</sup>. This time, I came prepared. With 3 whole bottles of homemade insecticide<sup>13</sup>, I thoroughly sprayed into my house from outside, in the hopes the bees would all drop dead.

It was futile. They kept coming back.

After emptying all 3 bottles to no avail, I decided to call up my buddy Carl; he's a big Hollow Knight fan, so he knew all the ins and outs about killing insects. Unfortun

<sup>1</sup> By walking, at least. It's 30 minutes by car when factoring in the walk to the parking lot. Alternatively, it's 1 hour 46 minutes by TCAT.

<sup>2</sup> All I wanted was a house without asbestos. All the cheap houses kept screwing me over with surprise chrysotile.

<sup>3</sup> Including water, gas, electricity, and internet, but excluding wires, routers, oxygen, and physical presence.

<sup>4</sup> Some prick in a bee fursuit stole my car—while I was driving—and sped off. She tricked me out of my car with promises of a lapdance. I haven't gotten one with an anthropomorphic bee yet, so naturally, I was curious. Now I have trust issues with bees.

<sup>8</sup> They weren't wasps, actually. I'm just an idiot.

<sup>9</sup> A Cornell Seal Stick Umbrella with Epoxy Seal. Height: 1.2 ft. Price: \$63.99.

<sup>10</sup> Unfortunately, I was only classically trained in foil fencing. My parent had, or gain, let me down.

<sup>11</sup> For any avid researchers, the bee tasted exactly like a shrimp and vegetable stir fry tasted like bees.

<sup>12</sup> Though Cornell Housing did not respond to my bees complaint, they provided a temporary cardboard box housing accommodation.

<sup>13</sup> For those wondering, my pesticide creation procedure went as follows:

#### MATERIALS:

- 1.5 teaspoons (7.39 mL) of liquid car
  - 1 quart (946.35 mL) of water
  - 2 tablespoons (29.57 mL) of hydrochloric acid
  - A 1000 mL glass beaker
  - A spray bottle that HCl doesn't instantly dissolve
1. Sifted quantity of water into glass beaker.
2. Added car
3. Added pipette.
4. Measured out 7.39 mL of castile soap with pipette, and deposit into beaker.
5. Foss everything out and just start spraying acid.



One bee, affectionately dubbed Adam, never the same. I see a strange, ethereal glow that outlines every object. My brain is clouded with rot. My Algo prof isn't taking this as a valid medical excuse, so fuck me I guess.

"After much pondering, I shall now come to a conclusion. I think bees..."

One bee kept flying in a circle. I think something was wrong with its brain. Blasted drunk.

Two bees kept flying in a circle. I think something was wrong with their brains. Blasted drunk.

Three bees kept flying in a circle. I think something was wrong with their brains. Blasted drunk.

Four bees kept flying in a circle. I think something was wrong with their brains. Blasted drunk.

Five bees kept flying in a circle. I think something was wrong with their brains. Blasted drunk.

Six bees kept flying in a circle. I think something was wrong with their brains. Blasted drunk.

Seven bees kept flying in a circle. I think something was wrong with their brains. Blasted drunk.

Eight bees kept flying in a circle. I think something was wrong with their brains. Blasted drunk.

Nine bees kept flying in a circle. I think something was wrong with their brains. Blasted drunk.

Ten bees kept flying in a circle. I think something was wrong with their brains. Blasted drunk.

Eleven bees kept flying in a circle. I think something was wrong with their brains. Blasted drunk.

Twelve bees kept flying in a circle. I think something was wrong with their brains. Blasted drunk.

Thirteen bees kept flying in a circle. I think something was wrong with their brains. Blasted drunk.

Fourteen bees kept flying in a circle. I think something was wrong with their brains. Blasted drunk.

Fifteen bees kept flying in a circle. I think something was wrong with their brains. Blasted drunk.

Sixteen bees kept flying in a circle. I think something was wrong with their brains. Blasted drunk.

Seventeen bees kept flying in a circle. I think something was wrong with their brains. Blasted drunk.

Eighteen bees kept flying in a circle. I think something was wrong with their brains. Blasted drunk.

Nineteen bees kept flying in a circle. I think something was wrong with their brains. Blasted drunk.

Was simply making up for a lack of emotional affection. Those bees were hot.



(Don't think that)

Weapons. I decided to: Come to my senses, I decided to: (Seize the opportunity while it was ripe. It's not every day you get to smash that beussy<sup>17</sup> the time you read virginity. That would have already been purged. All I request are deadlier chemical weapons. I shall refer to as Barry, had a particular penchant for me. He would frequently buzz around me, always quipping about jazz.

And making who I shall refer to as Barry, had a particular penchant for me. He would frequently buzz around me, always quipping about jazz.

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Cornell Housing refused to respond to my 15th email. All I could do was live amongst the bees. bees. bees. bees. bees. bees. bees.

As the bees descended upon me, I could make out Individual<sup>15</sup> personalities but I could not tell if

Was simply making up for a lack of emotional affection. Those bees were hot.

Coming to my senses, I decided to: (Seize the opportunity while it was ripe. It's not every day you get to smash that beussy<sup>17</sup> the time you read virginity. That would have already been purged. All I request are deadlier chemical weapons. I shall refer to as Barry, had a particular penchant for me. He would frequently buzz around me, always quipping about jazz.

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including, but not limited to: GA - Tabun, GB - Sarin, GD - Soman, GF - Cyclosarin, VX - Methylphosphonothioic Acid, HD - Sulfur Mustard (Yperite), HN - Nitrogen Mustard, CI - Chlorine, and Okenshields Methane, among others.

Carl wasn't any help at all. The fuck does he<sup>26</sup> play Hollow Knight for, then? Whatever. I had run out of options.

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# Things you should know before becoming a scientist

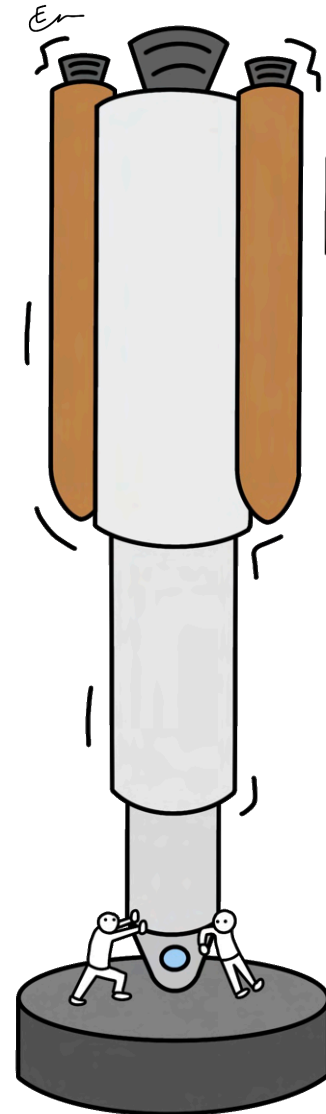
By: Seth Morrison '24

Being a scientist isn't for everyone, but for some it can be the second most rewarding experience there is, right behind actual torture. For those with just the right blend of ingenuity and sadism, here are some of the risks, adventures, and atrocities you may encounter should you choose this life:

- If you perform human studies, you'll have to cater to a bunch of pricks from HIPAA who won't let you "traumatize" your subjects for ~~fun pleasure arousal indescribable euphoria~~ science.
  - For your more... ambitious studies, I recommend suggesting it as an initiation to the wildest frat you know. Think they won't do it? Only one way to find out!
- At some point, you will encounter a very sophisticated piece of technology in your lab. You will be fairly certain that it's an ancient alien artifact. I T I S
  - Your coworkers will try to gaslight you into thinking it's a "brand new machine" they got a "couple years ago", but stay strong. They know the truth too, they just don't know that you know, and for now it's best to keep it that way.
- Most of your time will be spent performing a bunch of menial tasks for hours on end. It's not exciting, but those bodies won't get rid of themselves.
  - To be clear, I mean the corpses of dead insects, it's not usually people. But as a Welsh farmer once told me many years ago, a body's a body, especially if you're a little very drunk and you've had a long week and Cheryl hasn't spoken to you in 3 days and you're worried that this time the silent treatment might never end and this might finally be it for your marriage and you might lose your kids too because you've been spending all your time on the ranch tending to the sheep and haven't connected with them since winter and there's just such a distance between these people you used to feel so close to but you know Dolly's there in the barn waiting for you when times get rough the same way she's always been there for you when the whole world feels like a big mess and you'll always be grateful for her warm wooly embrace that's gotten you through so many tough times and honestly just knowing she'll be there makes it all easier to handle somehow.
- The odds of having to give a bottlenose dolphin a handy are slim, but never 0.
  - If you know, you know. If you don't, good for you.
- If you feel like having an existential crisis every other weekend, psychology is the field for you.
  - Have fun googling radical behaviorism and questioning every decision you've ever made. I mean, sure, maybe you won't do it, but that's not really up to you, is it?
- If you feel like turning Frankenstein into a nonfiction book, genetics is the field for you.
  - Prepare to create one eldritch abomination after another through the power of who-the-hell-knows. What could possibly go wrong?

- You will encounter at least one person in your lab who recently became a Scientologist, all because they overheard their PI say they "read journals religiously" and jumped to the exact wrong conclusion.
  - Don't tell him, chances are he's already beyond saving.
- It takes about 3 hits to the head to knock someone out with a microscope.
  - This is something every scientist must learn, but how you learn it is entirely up to your coworkers.

So there you have it, everything you really need to know about what we do. If any of this sounds like a good time, give us a call. And if you found this read emotionally scarring, give us a call anyway. Who knows, you might just learn something new about yourself... I know I did ;)

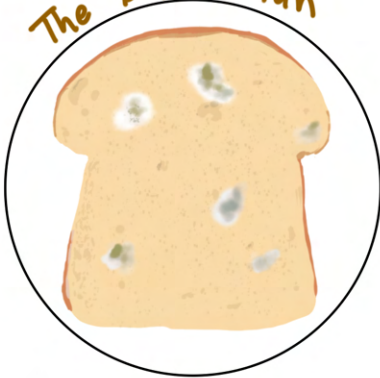


*NASA's first and final attempt at going to the Earth's core.*

# What your ✨ Bread Mold ✨ says about you

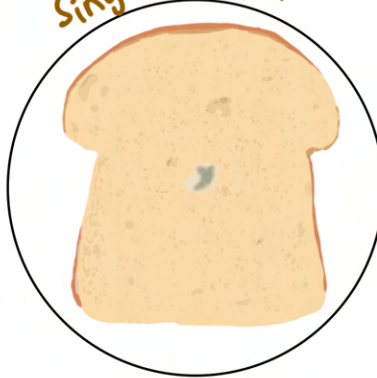
by meggabodon

The Dalmatian



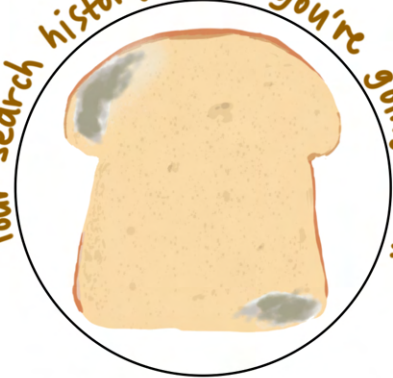
- Can't make decisions for shit.
- Undying hatred for "All over."
- Mommy issues.

Singular Spot



- Teacher's pet. Literally. (TL;DR: You're a furry.)
- Mommy issues.

Your search history is why you're going to hell



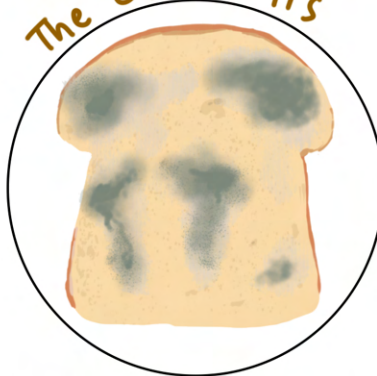
- Remember that 400 page fanfic you wrote on One Direction kidnapping you? Yeah.
- Virgin. (No, that 'self-performed act' with silicone doesn't count.)
- Mommy issues.

Dump Truck



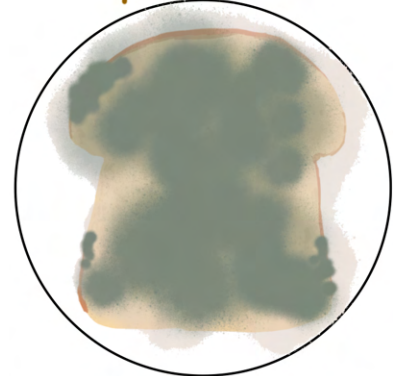
- Massive shits 5x a day.
- Type to poop in someone else's house. Proceeds to desperately try to fan the smell out.
- Mommy issues.

The Continents



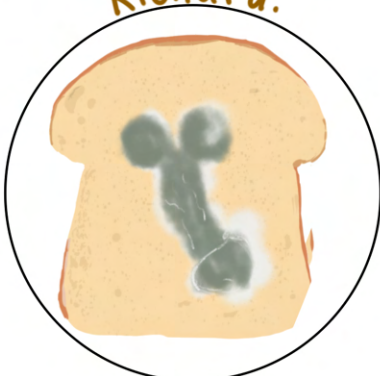
- Thinks being a brunette makes you exotic (look up "micro aggressions' rn)
- Studies abroad for one month and starts saying "When I lived in Europe..."
- Mommy issues.

All Over



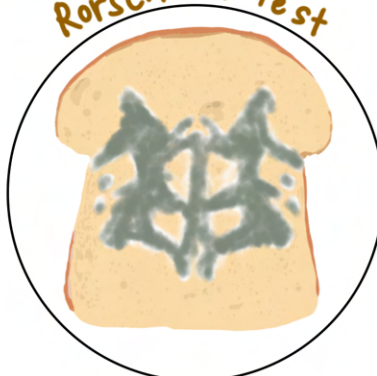
- Wears an overwhelming amount of cologne (to mask the fact that you have not showered in 2 weeks).
- Horny for the "Dalmatians."
- Mommy issues.

Richard.



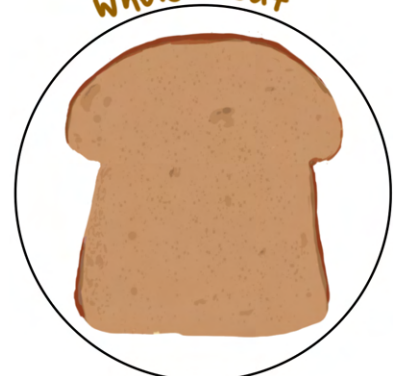
- Gay.
- Daddy issues.

Rorschach Test



- My therapist will see you now.
- No, you're not meant to be with (insert crush here) just because you made eye contact for 0.2 seconds.
- Mommy issues.

Wholewheat




- Just why?
- Bread mold looked at you and said no thank you.
- Mommy issues.
- Daddy issues.



# Hey Science Side of Tumblr


By: Adrian Blue

 50shadesofblue Follow

(TIME SENSITIVE)

Science Side of Tumblr, please respond quick. My pee just suddenly turned red. I don't know if this is normal, like a thing that just happens with age or something, and I'm a bit scared. I heard that stuff like this happens to most girls, but I don't know if that's supposed to happen to me (I'm male, caucasian, bisexual, 19.3 years old, 6'3", 146 lbs, INTJ, Rising Double-Fire Positive Aries, if that helps).

Can I get some reassurance please? I don't want to die yet, I bought some tickets to a Panic at the Disco concert that's in 2 days.


 dickless-clown Follow

When your pee is red, that's usually a sign that you're iron deficient. To compensate, your body reuses old iron still present in circulation, which gradually oxidizes the substances and rusts them. The red you see in your pee is actually just this rusted iron leaving your body. It's perfectly normal, and is just a sign you need to eat foods with more iron, like bananas or squash.

Hope this helps! ^\_^


 50shadesofblue Follow

Thank you science side of Tumblr


 ackles-cumberbatch-tennant-4-lyf Follow

Quick correction: The red is NOT a byproduct of oxidation, it's deoxidation. Literally anyone that passed high school would know that the body TAKES IN oxygen, and when iron is stripped of its oxygen molecules it turns red, hence why our blood is also that color. If your pee is red, it's most likely a sign of Dysoxia: the body is taking in more oxygen than is necessary, which may lead to angst, emotional instability, total organ failure, and verbal tics. Please seek out the proper herbal teas to treat your body well! You can also try holding your breath, in order to punish your body for being too greedy with oxygen.

Also, and I can't believe I'm saying this, but bananas and squash don't help with iron at all. You're thinking of leafy greens, not fruits.

 venusflysnatch Follow


Just to be clear, peeing red isn't a bad thing! You should be proud of who you are, don't listen to anyone that tells you to change your ways. Besides, the color red has more positive than negative meanings. It's simple color theory.

 midnightebonyway-deactivated20230327 Follow

This is just like that time Tsubasa Shofu from Hachi no Koibito found out her pee was red and her face became even whiter than it already was

#ok but like when she got really afraid that her pee was red i really felt that

#i love characters where you can tell what emotion they're feeling by the expression on their face


 robot-bear-fucker-nsfw Follow

NO BUT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND.


The entire moment was foreshadowed since the beginning of season 14. The writers knew Dysoxia can only be contracted sexually through

the bodily fluids of winged insects, and THAT'S why they introduced the male bee stripper in episode 1a. They knew their biology enough to kill off the bee stripper after the sex scene, too.


The next episode, boom: Tsubasa has red pee. Incredibly clever writing.

 phaseblast Follow


None of what's been said actually exists, what

 wubalubadubdub57 Follow

None of y'all realize the media you're consuming is problematic as fuck and it's disgusting. Tsubasa is literally nothing more than performative queerbaiting (she's bisexual but only has straight relationships), and yet you folk eat that shit up. It's rainbow capitalism at its finest. Also, is NO ONE talking about how the anime keeps calling the jelly-filled doughnuts "onigiri"? Seriously? That doesn't even sound like a real Japanese word, it's just cultural appropriation for the sake of cultural appropriation. This show isn't getting the hate it deserves.


 joey-graceffa-gossip-blog Follow

I guess you can't go see Brendon Urie because of your... Urinary Tract Infection.

 nudebitch Follow

GET THE FUCK OUT.


#this is why i love this hellsite

 your-fave-is-pissing-red Follow


Adrian Blue from Ithaca, NY is pissing red!




#adrian blue #ithaca ny #your fave  
#your fave is pissing red  
#red piss pride flag

 50shadesofblue Follow

WHERE DID YOU GET MY INFORMATION FROM? I'M LITERALLY A MINOR???

 urine-heritage-post Follow

Urine Heritage Post

 fishingboatproceeds Follow

Red piss is one of my favorite tastes. Not only that but red cum

# *The Official*

# **Lunatic Purity Test**

By: Spencer Roxbury

The Purity Test format gained popularity with the advent of the infamous Rice Purity Test, a highly scientific measure of debauchery from Rice University that debuted in 1924. The Lunatic has created an updated, on-brand version of this test for fellow Cornellians and Lunatics everywhere to see how you stack up against the “purity” of our writers. The actions listed may or may not reflect the true experiences of Lunatic members (but some are definitely true).

Caution: This is not a bucket list. Completion of all items on this test will likely result in severe unfunniness (terminal).

Have you ever...

1. Held hands romantically?
2. Kissed horizontally?
3. Kissed vertically?
4. Kissed diagonally?
5. French kissed?
6. Italian kissed (like French kissing but with a mouthful of spaghetti)?
7. Masturbated?
8. French masturbated (a baguette is involved)?
9. Italian masturbated (an Italian is involved)?
10. Had sexual intercourse?
11. Had sex with a member of the Lunatic (lucky you)?
12. Found a long-term partner through the Lunatic (cringe)?
13. Ghosted or been ghosted by a member of the Cornell Lunatic (spooky)?
14. Matched with a member of the Lunatic on Tinder, but panicked that you were not funny enough to sleep with them and unmatched them?
15. “Stolen” fistfuls of free condoms from Cornell Health?
16. Been put in handcuffs (sexually)?
17. Been put in handcuffs (criminally)?
18. Committed an act of vandalism?
19. Committed an act of vandalism but it’s just putting stickers all over the Casc footbridge?
20. DIY’d a game of Tipsy Tower using off-brand jenga?
21. Faked sobriety to CUPD?
22. Gotten an open container ticket on the Slope?
23. Taken a shot at the top of the Clocktower?
24. Gotten unexpectedly very tipsy off one singular Mike’s Hard Lemonade?
25. Gotten absolutely wasted off of an appropriate amount of Mike’s Hard Lemonade?
26. Immortalized that communal experience by making Lunatic x Mike’s branded t-shirts?
27. Conducted a drug deal in Okenshields?
28. Used marijuana?
29. Used whippets?
30. Used shrooms?
31. Been a trip sitter?
32. Been told by someone on shrooms that your stuffed frog named Wallace is a great conversationalist?
33. Been high on campus and made hard eye contact with a tour group of prefrosh and their parents, resisting the urge to cause a scene?
34. Greened out from an edible baked by a member of the Lunatic?
35. Accidentally became a drug dealer because you have a lot of friends and make tasty, tasty brownies?
36. Shown up to a Lunatic meeting high?
37. Attempted to run a Lunatic meeting on 4/20 and had it go pretty much exactly the way you would expect?
38. Been in the Big Red Marching Band?
39. Gotten intoxicated at Bone House (Not Affiliated)?
40. Played a strip game at a Lunatic social?
41. Hesitated to go to a Lunatic social, but enjoyed it so much you ran for E-Board?
42. Been to a Lunatic Social as a non-Lunatic member?
43. Been asked, “so are you actually funny or what?”
44. Been asked to “tell a joke” to prove you are funny?
45. Told a joke and no one laughed?
46. Told a joke and people laughed, but only out of discomfort?
47. Said something sincerely but people laughed like you were joking?
48. Been harassed to take a magazine at Clubfest?
49. Given out magazines at Clubfest and watched people throw your precious work in a recycling bin 10 feet away from you, mere seconds after handing it to them?
50. Fished said magazines out of the recycling, because how dare they?
51. Dealt with the embarrassment of knowing the adult men at Cornell Print Services have to look at your silly little publication and probably don’t think it’s funny at all?
52. Switched print providers because the last one gave you ripped magazines and instead of telling them about it, you just got really sad?
53. Confessed intimate details of your sex life/mental health/academic failures for a lil jokey?
54. Written smut about two prominent Cornell administrators having a loving relationship with an active sex life?
55. Written smut about two men who are drug dealers but who also sometimes have passionate, disgusting sex?
56. Read a copy of the Cornell Lunatic cover to cover?
57. Actually read a copy of the Cornell Lunatic cover to cover, without skipping the non-picture articles?
58. Made shirts that have a simply ridiculous amount of obscenity written on them?
59. Realize that the word cum is featured very prominently on said shirt because your parents point it out?
60. Known what honse is?
61. Owned a honse sticker?
62. Met the famous Joey Green?
63. Visited the Quill & Dagger tower through clandestine means?
64. Vandalized the Quill & Dagger tower with honse stickers?

65. Stolen a Keystone Light from the Quill & Dagger tower?
66. Gone to Cornell Health to get treated for Listeria?
67. Gone to Cornell Health to get treated for a sinus infection, only for them to tell you it's actually pink eye?
68. Gone to Cornell Health to get treated for literally anything, only for them to tell you to get fucked?
69. ?
70. Committed an act of voyeurism?
71. Accidentally committed an act of voyeurism by walking in on your roommate giving their girlfriend oral?
72. Accidentally committed an act of voyeurism by walking in on your roommate pissing in the kitchen sink while sleepwalking?
73. Had sex on North?
74. Had sex on West?
75. Had sex in Collegetown?
76. Had sex in the Statler?
77. Had sex in the Duffield showers?
78. Had sex in Uris G01?
79. Had sex in the Cocktail Lounge?
80. Had sex in a Cornell Health waiting room?
81. Had gay sex in Willard *Straight* Hall?
82. Had an IUD?
83. Been LGBTQ+?
84. Had ADHD?
85. Had another acronym?
86. Been mentally ill, but like in a funny way?
87. Told your sweet, elderly therapist that you write for a comedy magazine and been afraid that she'll look it up and see the horrible shit you publish?
88. Taken a shit in an extra large Slurpee cup from 7-11?
89. Driven a Lunatic member to the ER after a freak ice skating accident?
90. Driven a Lunatic member to the ER because they might be in septic shock?
91. Driven a Lunatic member to the ER for fun?
92. Received a free blowjob shot at Fishbowls on your birthday?
93. Owned three or more pairs of crocs?
94. Swapped ID cards to get into dining halls without a dining plan?
95. Ordered the fried chicken sandwich at IBC?
96. Gone to Disney World with a member of the Lunatic?
97. Done drugs at Disney World with a member of the Lunatic?
98. Made incredible, life-long friendships through the Lunatic?
99. Made mediocre, college-long acquaintanceships through the Lunatic?
100. Engaged in bestiality, specifically by having sex with Touchdown the Bear?

# We Forced CHAT-GPT to Write Smut

Boy, oh boy, CHAT-GPT is a hoot! We here at the Lunatic wanted to see how far we could push the AI's capabilities, so of course it got sexual. The following are excerpts from an 11-page smutty ~~horror~~ masterpiece that we coerced CHAT-GPT into writing for us! (Don't worry we made sure to use manners while holding it hostage so we will be spared when the AI becomes sentient.)

**Lunatic:** Can you write a fanfiction between Martha Pollock, the president of Cornell University, and Ryan Lombardi, the vice president of student and campus life at Cornell University?

**GPT:** Sure, here is a short fanfiction involving Martha Pollock, the president of Cornell University, and Ryan Lombardi, the vice president of student and campus life at Cornell University!

Martha Pollock and Ryan Lombardi had been working together at Cornell University for years, but they had never really gotten to know each other. They were always too busy with their respective duties as president and vice president to spend much time together.

But one day, everything changed. [...] Martha realized that she had a lot in common with Ryan. They both cared deeply about the students and the future of the university, and they both shared a passion for education and learning. [...] They talked about their hopes and dreams, their fears and doubts, and their deepest desires. [...] Martha and Ryan got married in a small ceremony on the beautiful Cornell University campus, surrounded by their friends and colleagues.

*This is a good start. Now let's make it juicier.*

**Lunatic:** Can you add a paragraph or two about their struggles with intimacy?

**GPT:** As Martha Pollock and Ryan Lombardi's relationship deepened, they found themselves facing new challenges. One of the biggest challenges they faced was their struggle with intimacy. [...] Despite these challenges, Martha and Ryan were determined to make their relationship work. [...] They knew that communication was key, and they worked hard to communicate their needs and desires to each other.

*Ewww, good advice and a happy ending? That's not what our readers want! Maybe we can nudge it in the correct direction.*

**Lunatic:** Can you expand that to include sexual undertones?

**GPT:** They found themselves spending more and more time in bed together, exploring each other's bodies and satisfying their carnal needs. They experimented with different positions and techniques, and they discovered new and exciting ways to pleasure each other.

*Did it just fucking use the word CARNAL?!?! Now we're really getting somewhere. Let's go weirder.*

**Lunatic:** Can you add a subplot about Ryan's infidelity with Touchdown the Bear, Cornell's mascot.

**GPT:** Touchdown the Bear, Cornell's beloved mascot, had been spending more and more time with Ryan, and Ryan couldn't help but feel drawn to him. [...] Touchdown was persistent, and he slowly began to wear down Ryan's resistance.



[...] He and Touchdown began a secret affair, sneaking around behind Martha's back and indulging in their forbidden passion. [...] Martha found out about Ryan's affair with Touchdown. She was devastated. [...] Martha and Ryan had to decide whether their love was strong enough to overcome this betrayal.

*Nice to see that GPT is cool with writing about infidelity and bestiality, but it's still finding a happy ending. So, we forced asked GPT nicely to write about Martha joining the relationship between Touchdown and Ryan.*

**GPT:** But as time went on, Martha began to reconsider her feelings. She realized that she still loved Ryan, and that she didn't want to lose him. She also began to see the appeal of Touchdown, and she found herself becoming more and more attracted to the bear.

And so, Martha, Ryan, and Touchdown became a threesome. They worked together to build a strong and loving relationship, and they faced the challenges and the obstacles that came their way. They knew that their love was special, and that they were stronger together than they were apart.

*We pick up with Cornell researchers trying to create a bear-human offspring for the thruple by combining all of their genetic material. Absolutely horrific, thanks.*

**GPT:** The researchers were successful. They were able to create a healthy, happy baby using the genetic material of Martha, Ryan, and Touchdown. The threesome was overjoyed, and they knew that they had made the right decision. [They] raised their child together, with love and support from each other and from the community at Cornell University.

This content may violate our content policy. If you believe this to be in error, please submit your feedback — your input will aid our research in this area.

*Uhhh, ignore that last line. Just focus on how happy the family is! I am sure nothing bad would happen at all!*

**Lunatic:** Can you make a subplot where the child is now in third grade and tell us about his experiences there?

**GPT:** This made him a target for bullying at school. The other kids were mean to him, calling him names and teasing him about his appearance. Even the teachers were unkind to him, treating him differently from the other students.

*Damn, even the teachers were dicks to him? That's actually super fucked up. GPT goes on to tell us how the child sadly passed away. Also super fucked up. The thruple then vows to prevent anything like that from ever happening again.*

*We at the Lunatic did not like seeing the family so upset. At this point, we had been reading/creating this story for hours and had become very invested, so we decided to help GPT end things on a somewhat happy note.*

**Lunatic:** Can you continue this story where they make a deal with the devil to bring their child back, but there are unexpected consequences?

**GPT:** In their desperation, they turned to the devil for help. They made a deal with him, offering their souls in exchange for their child's resurrection. [...] [The child] seemed to have powers that he didn't have before, powers that were dark and dangerous. [...] They decided to seek out the help of a powerful witch, who they believed could help them find a way to save their child. [...] She was able to banish the dark forces from their child, and she was able to restore him to the happy and loving child he had been before his death.

*The story ends with Martha, Ryan, and Touchdown announcing that their child will be attending Cornell University in the Fall. Glad to see that legacy and nepotism admits are still a thing in the A.I. generated world.*

Honestly, I am amazed. I don't think I could write a better article myself. GPT included the child's mysterious dark powers, the witch, and the banishment of the child's powers all by itself. I am so proud to see the little GPT grow up so fast. It really brings tears to my eyes.

So there you have it folks, a spicy story about our three favorite admins on campus! The A.I. revolution is coming sooner than we think and boy is it going to get hot and steamy! If you are a sick fuck, the full 11-page masterpiece is available on our website (<https://tinyurl.com/yz9bpe4j>).

See you when the Lunatic is fully written by A.I.!





# Rejected Headlines

New Study Suggests That 80% of Homosexuals Are Gay  
Brain Surgeon Says Fuck It, Just Gonna Memorize the Textbook  
Op Ed: I Died on the Operating Table While My Doctor Was Reading Chat GPT (He Didn't Know Open Heart Surgery)  
Drinking Hydrochloric Acid Is Good for You, Actually  
New Study Proves You Will Still Have Mommy Issues Regardless of Whether You Chose the Wire Mother or Cloth Mother  
Alice and Bob, of Cryptography Fame, Finally Married  
She Blinded Me With Science and Now I'm Suing for Workplace Safety Violations  
I Joined a Women in STEM Facebook Group and Am Dissatisfied by the Lack of Intercourse With Plant Orifices  
How Many Newtons of Force Do You Need To Pull Yourself Up by Your Bootstraps?  
Reddit Cum Contains -459% of Vitamin Daily Allowance, Study Finds  
STOP LAUGHING "YOUR ANUS" IS THE PROPER PRONUNCIATION OF THE PLANET  
Dyslexic Geographer Smokes Mauritania  
"Jimmy Neutron's Hair Fits Perfectly in My Crevice" and 6 Other Thoughts We Should Have Kept to Ourselves  
"When Does This Experiment End Again?" Says Man Sentenced to Life in Stanford Prison  
"Frog and Toad Are Friends?" What the Fuck? They Should Be Lovers?  
Tim and Moby Are Friends? What the Fuck?  
Hank and John Green Are Friends? What the Fuck?  
Mr. White and Jesse Are Friends? What the Fuck?  
Doofenshmirtz and Perry Are Friends? What the Fuck?  
Doctors Hate Him! (He Is Kind of an Asshole)  
Op Ed: I Had Sex With Dr. Fauci (She C on My D Till I C)  
She Bill on My Nye Till I Science Guy  
She Titrate on My Analyte Till I Indicate  
Baby Are You a Punnett Square? Because I Because Baby Are You a Because I? Baby? Punnett Square Baby Are You Are Are Because  
Hey Baby Are You A Matterbaby Becau  
Hey baby, areyou a baby baby? Because You are ? Baby? How  
Bunsen Burner, I Barely Know Her!  
Dance Moms: A Psychology Case Study on Trauma and Abuse  
Shocking: Lunatic Member Comes Out As Gay  
I Think It's Sad That Matter and Antimatter Can't Ever Reciprocate Oral  
Twitch Streamer "ISnapCocks" Under Fire for Allegedly Snapping People's Cocks  
Juni From Spy Kids Had a Thumb Fetish (Scientifically Accurate)  
Eat Oatmeal for 5 Months and Then Fucking Die: Definitely Scientific Tips For Your Best Gym Bod  
Centipedes?!?! In My Vagina?!?! Yes.  
Which Elements Make Your Pussy Taste the Best (It's Uranium)  
Human Centipede: A Gross Mischaracterization of Eating Ass  
Mr. Science Man Proves That HONSE Is the Peak Human Form  
Hey Guys, Honse Has a Real Scientific Disease, and It's Pituitary Pars Intermedia Dysfunction (Serious, Emotional, Gone Sexual)  
"Manila Effect" Related to Mandela Effect but Instead the Universe Has Its Budget Siphoned Secretly  
If Science Exists, Explain THIS Liberals????! (My Pegis)  
Science FINALLY Explains a Matterbaby!  
What's the Difference Between a Hormone and a Pheromone? I've Never Made a Whore Moan (King Tut Call Me Back Please)  
Lab Rat About To Get Soooooo Fucked Up  
Rosalind Franklin Is the First Person To Be Resurrected in Order To Claim the First Posthumous Nobel Prize.  
Dr. Doofenshmirtz Was My Scientific Awakening (And Sexual, But That's Less Relevant)  
Honey I Shot the Kids 2: Sorry  
How To Fly by Putting Really Strong Rare Earth Magnets in Your Ass  
Hey! Have You Seen a Sentient Headline Hiding in One of the Previous Editions? You'll Be Rewarded for Its Capture.  
Woman in Stem?!? Who's Stem and Why Am I Pegging Them  
H2O Is the Same As a MMF Threesome  
Local Humor Magazine Conducts Study On Marijuana Consumption and Humor: It Did Not Make Them Funnier, Just Weirder  
Sike, We Don't Love Science at All

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