



The Relationship Issue

Cornell Lunatic

Fall 2010

Free
Humor Magazine

LOVE

OW!

S T A F F

Editors-in-Chief:

Ben Strauss '11

Marc Campasano '11

Executive Editor:

Mark Fischer '10

Associate Editor:

Ben Reich '11

Sergeant-at-Arms:

Doug Kim '13

Art Editor:

John Flanagan '12

Layout Editor:

Meaghan McSorley '13

Business Manager:

Elliot Mandel '12

Staff/Writers:

Roselle Bajet '14

Matt Bonta '13

Chris Boyer '14

Leela Chantrelle '14

Margaret Fleming '14

Rob Hovden grad

Rachel Karcher '14

Billy Kurinskas '14

Regine Mechulan '11

Joe Salamon '11

Ian Taylor '12

Ghosts of Christmas Past:

Dan Samorodnitsky '10

David Watts '10

Are you interested in comedy?

Do you lack even the most basic sense of human dignity?

Are you desperate for attention?

The Cornell Lunatic Needs:

Writers, Artists, Layout Editors, Web Designers, Astrophysicists, Alcoholics, Cat Hair (and Dander) Allergy Sufferers, Divorcees, Aristocrats, Aristocats, Non-Threatening Drug Dealers

Email us at thecornelllunatic@gmail.com to find out how *you* can get involved!

The Cornell Lunatic:

Laughter Guaranteed or Your Tuition Refunded in Full!



The Cornell Lunatic

Campus Humor Magazine

Founded 1978

Owned and Published by the Cornell Lunatic at Cornell Univer-

- 4. Editor Letter**
- 5. Relationship Quiz**
- 6. Do's and Don'ts**
- 6. Israel to Build Fences around Pretty Much Everything**
- 7. Safety First!**
- 8. Anthr 3790: Abnormal Relationship Structures**
- 9. Drugstore Clerk wonders what position you will be using with those rubbers**
- 10. Somewhat Relevant Haikus**
- 12. The Break-up Chart**
- 13. Frat**
- 14. Snapped**
- 15. Beard-a-boo**
- 16. Are you a sexual Deviant?**
- 17. New ACME Contraceptives!**
- 18. Soap Opera Advice**
- 20. The Legend of Captain D's Nuts**
- 22. Nocturnal Emissions**
- 24. Young Indie Fellow Secretly Realizes that Ironic PhD in Applied Microeconomic Theory & Public Finance is Quite Marketable**
- 25, The Only Relationship Flow Chart You'll Ever Need**
- 26. The Menstruation Whisperer**
- 27. Important Public Service Announcements**
- 28. Pathetic Living**
- 29. On the Origin of Feces**
- 29. Pissing Don't's**
- 30. Loveless**
- 31. Rwanda**
- 32. Blame Page**

The Cornell Lunatic, Cornell University's only humor magazine, is published a finite number of times per year by the Cornell Lunatic, Box #56, WSH, Ithaca, NY, 14853. Requests for advertising, submissions, money, fantasy football advice, fantasy croquet advice, hate mail, love mail, indifferent mail, and any other communications should be sent to the above address. Copyright © 2010 by The Cornell Lunatic, all rights reserved. This magazine is partially funded by the Student Assembly Finance Commission. Nothing in this magazine necessarily reflects any of the opinions, ideas, beliefs, hopes, dreams, or drug-induced hallucinations of the SAFC, CU, the student body, or even our staff, so please calm the fuck down. Offended readers take heed, we're only kidding.

COPY OF A CURIOUS
LOVE LETTER
FROM A GENTLEMAN TO A LADY.

Dear readers,

Will you marry me?

No?

Will you do my taxes?

Start an online cotton candy business with me?

Produce my screenplay starring Michael Cera and Jesse Eisenberg as two perfectly-matched cops who grow to hate each other by the end of the movie?

Check my testicles for lumps?

Help me with my math homework?

Go to junior prom with me?

Testify against me in court for soliciting sex from a high schooler?

Finish taking my order already?

No? None of these?

All right, will you reluctantly accept this collection of paper from a weirdo on Ho Plaza just to get him to stop yelling at you, pretend to read about half a sentence, and then leave it on a bench, because you don't want to throw it away, that would just be a waste, and plus someone else might want to read it, and you don't want to carry it around all day, you're a busy person with a full schedule that didn't include an entry for "read an obnoxious and borderline racist magazine" last time you checked, and who do these people think they are, anyway, and –

Yes? You will?

Ah, now we're talking!

See, relationships are tricky! It's tough to know exactly which kind you're in. But it's worth the effort to figure it out, because once you know, everything functions much more smoothly. For example, I hate Marc Campasano. And he hates me too. Here, I'll put him on for a second: "I hate Ben Strauss." See? But because we know that we're in a hate-hate relationship, we also have a measure of respect for each other. "It's true, I admire Ben at the same time that I want to see his guts sucked out through a drinking straw." Same to you, Marc! Ha ha. Asshole.

But be careful. All relationships have to end some time. And you want to make sure they end on your terms. For example, the real Marc Campasano is locked in a basement seventy-five miles from here, with no hope of ever escaping and spoiling my plan to... publish an issue of the Cornell Lunatic about relationships. That man is just antisocial, I swear.

Thanks for reading!

Ben Strauss and Ben Strauss's impersonation of Marc Campasano

fun stuff relationship quiz what's your type?

sex

more
sex

1 Where do you like to meet people?

- a) The playground
- b) The womb
- c) In your heart
- d) Gardening Club
- e) A den full of bears

2 What do you like to talk about with him?

- a) Candy
- b) That crazy thing Mom said last night
- c) His Dad
- d) Dirty talk
- e) Salmon, berries, hibernating

3 What's your ideal date?

- a) Drive-in movie in an unmarked white van
- b) Trip to Grandma's house
- c) Long walks on the beach
- d) Mud wrestling
- e) Fish dinner and a 6 month nap

4 What feature do you look for the most?

- a) Willing to try new things
- b) Having a lot in common
- c) Sexy scars
- d) Nurturing
- e) Pelt quality

5 What's your favorite sexual position?

- a) Gagged and bound
- b) Siamese
- c) On your knees
- d) Wheelbarrow
- e) King of the Forest

Results:

- If you answered mostly (a), you're into little kids. Or you're a little kid who's into pedophiles.
- If you answered mostly (b), you should date your twin brother.
- If you answered mostly (c), you're into Jesus, your personal Lord and Savior.
- If you answered mostly (d), you're into dirt.
- If you answered mostly (e), you like bears.

Israel To Build Fences Around Pretty Much Everything

Hopes to emulate Cornell's success in deterring suicides

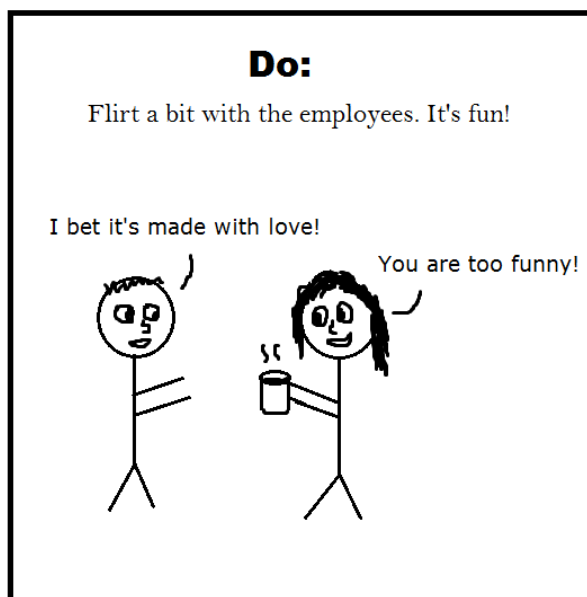
Cornell University's decision to erect fences around its bridges at the end of the spring 2010 semester continues to cause controversy. Critics say the fences detract from Ithaca's natural beauty and are nothing more than a token and ultimately meaningless gesture toward preventing suicides, while proponents point to the lack of suicides since the fences have gone up. Today, the university achieved some measure of vindication, as its approach has been adopted by the nation of Israel. In a televised address, Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu declared, "As a country plagued by a much higher than average number of suicides per capita, we are always looking for creative ways to stop people from taking their lives. With the brilliant idea of constructing of chain-link fences around its most suicide-prone areas, Cornell University has once again shown why it is the 12th to 40th best university in the world. Well, top 75, anyway. They're all right. They're no MIT or Harvard, that's for sure. You can bet those guys would've come up with a really great solution, like with quarks or something. But they don't live in the chasm capital of the world."

After a self-satisfied giggle, Netanyahu continued, "Israel's equivalents of Cornell's gorges are our public areas, such as buses, restaurants, and marketplaces. For whatever reason, the vast majority of suicides in our country take place in settings such as these. So, we're gonna fence 'em in."

Public health officials endorsed Israel's plan, saying that "it's really about deterrence. If even a slight obstacle is placed in the way of a potential suicide victim, it can stop them from engaging in such self-destructive behavior."

Encouragingly, even Palestinians have supported the plan. "Anything that keeps Israelis enclosed in a tight space is fine with us." Perhaps we are entering a new, suicide-free age of peace and prosperity.

Starbucks Barista Relationship

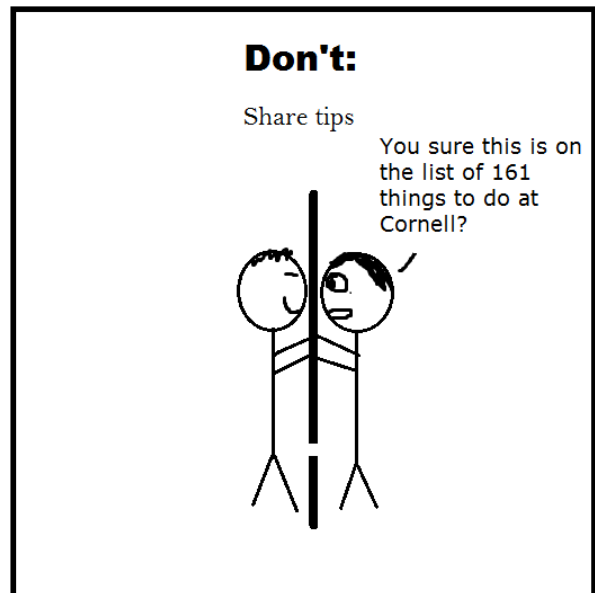
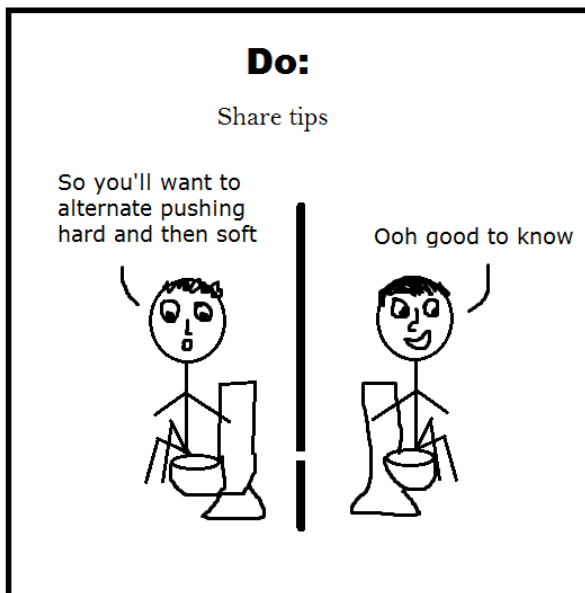


DEPRESSION IS AFFLICTING MORE AND MORE COLLEGE STUDENTS EVERY DAY, AND CORNELL HAS MADE THE MOST OBVIOUS AND RIDICULOUS CHANGES POSSIBLE TO PREVENT STUDENTS FROM PURPOSELY INFLECTING HARM ON THEMSELVES. BUT STUPIDITY IS ALSO ON THE RISE IN OUR STUDENT BODY, AND THE ADMINISTRATION IS COMMITTED TO AVOIDING BLAME IN THE CASE OF A LAWSUIT. THEREFORE, THE CORNELL SAFETY COUNCIL HAS COME UP WITH THE FOLLOWING RECOMMENDATIONS:

- BEEBE LAKE WILL BE FENCED IN TO PREVENT DROWNING
- THE POINT OF MCGRAW TOWER WILL BE FILED DOWN
- HOT SAUCE WILL BE REPLACED WITH LUKEWARM SAUCE IN ALL DINING HALLS
- THE ENTIRE CAMPUS WILL BE COVERED IN BUBBLE-WRAP
- SAFETY GOGGLES MUST WEAR SAFETY GOGGLES AT ALL TIMES
- CONDOMS ARE REQUIRED DURING ANY SUICIDE ATTEMPT
- THE BASE JUMPING / SKYDIVING CLUB IS NO LONGER ALLOWED TO PRACTICE IN THE GORGES
- THE MACHINE GUN CLUB WILL NOT RECEIVE FUNDING THIS YEAR
- ALL MANHOLES WILL BE COVERED WITH CEMENT TO PREVENT SEWERCIDE
- BARBEQUES ARE FORBIDDEN TO PREVENT SKEWERCIDE
- BAD PUNS ARE OUTLAWED TO PREVENT HOMICIDE

SAFETY FIRST!

Person In The Stall Next To You Relationship





ANTHR 3790: Abnormal Relationship Structures

Oedipus Complex: Son attracted to mother.

Elektra Complex: Daughter attracted to father.

Icarus Complex: Pilot attracted to sun.

Cronus Complex: Father eats children.

Freudian Complex: Attraction to people who believe this sort of bullshit.

Really Complex Complex: Father attracted to daughter who is in turn attracted to her crossdressing uncle, whose affections are split amongst his three wives and a gay lover who has a kneecap fetish.

Monopolygamy: A societal structure in which a man may marry an additional wife each time he passes GO.

Thermonuclear Family: Household structure banned by a 1987 UN resolution.

Triskaidekaphilia: Attraction to the number 13.

Necromancerphilia: A dark wizard's attraction to the zombie hordes he commands.

Philaphilia: Attraction to Philadelphians.

Business Casual Sex: Sexual encounter where each participant wears a collared button-down shirt and dress pants with a belt. Jeans okay on Fridays.

Friends with Health Benefits: Casual acquaintances who help each other pay insurance bills.

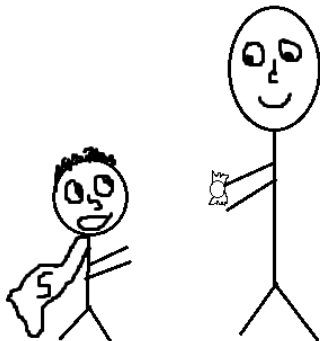
Hummosexual: Attraction to chickpeas. Also known as pitaphilia.



Halloween Relationship

Do:

Give sugar to little kids



Don't:

Get sugar from little kids



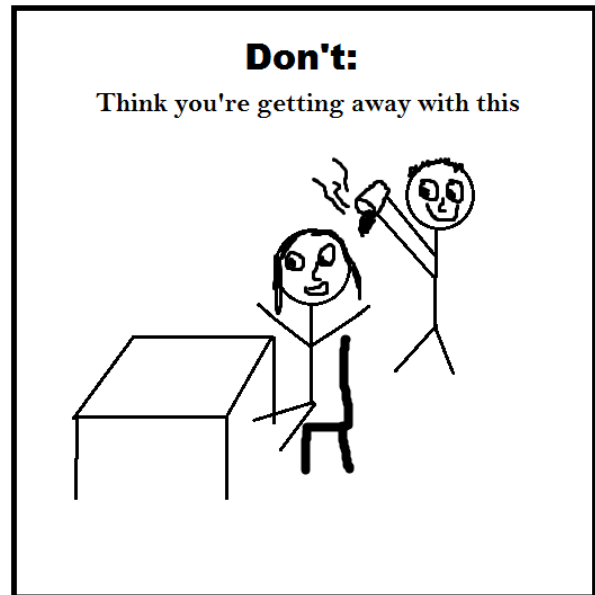
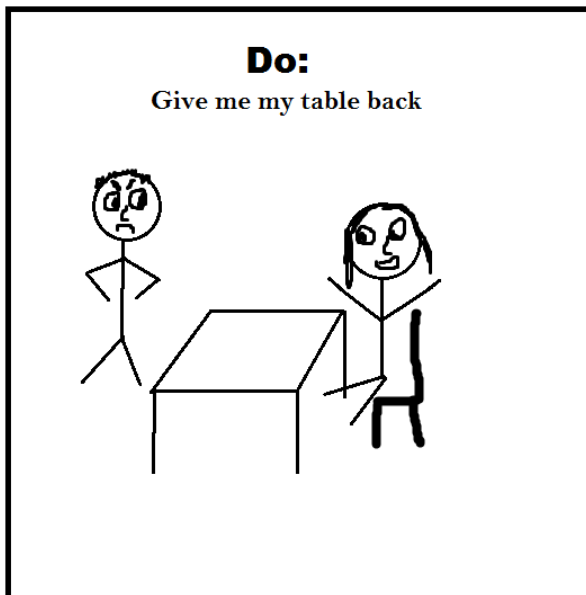


I REALIZE THAT I RING UP HUNDREDS OF CUSTOMERS EVERY WEEK AND SELL DOZENS OF PACKAGES OF CONDOMS EVERYDAY, BUT ONE CUSTOMER IN PARTICULAR STICKS OUT IN MY MIND, NAMELY YOU. GRANTED I ONLY BARELY PAY ATTENTION AS I HALF-HEARTEDLY SLING YOUR OBJECTS ACROSS THE SCANNER, BUT FOR SOME REASON, MY ATTENTION WAS PIQUED BY YOUR PHROPHYLACTIC PURCHASE. I USUALLY I DON'T EVEN NOTICE IF SOMEONE IS PURCHASING SUGAR-FREE CANDY OR A PADDED TOILET SEAT, BUT SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR FORCED-CASUAL Demeanor AND FURTIVE EYE CONTACT MADE ME THINK TWICE ABOUT THE MANNER IN WHICH YOU WOULD BE USING YOUR ANTI-PREGNANCY PRODUCTS. I KEPT THINKING, WHAT IS THIS LOSER GOING TO GET UP TO WITH THESE LITTLE GUYS, BUT THEN AN IMAGE OF YOU, SWEATY AND SHIRTLESS, MOUNTING SOME THOROUGHLY UNIMPRESSED MEDIOCRE LOOKING GERMAN EXCHANGE STUDENT LIKE AN OVERZEALOUS GREYHOUND, KEPT POPPING UP IN MY MIND AND I COULDN'T BEAT IT BACK. I BEGAN SILENTLY JUDGING YOU, IMAGINING THE AUDACITY WITH WHICH YOU DARE TO PURCHASE SUCH DISGUSTING ITEMS FROM MY SHOP.

I ACTED COMPLETELY COOL ABOUT THE WHOLE THING, SO YOU WOULD NEVER HAVE PICKED UP ON IT, BUT I WAS THOROUGHLY DISGUSTED BY THE EXPERIENCE OF SELLING YOU CONDOMS AND RIGHT AFTER YOU LEFT, I LAUGHED ABOUT IT AND MOCKED YOU WITH THE OTHER CUSTOMERS WHO WERE STANDING BEHIND YOU IN LINE, INCLUDING THAT CUTE GIRL AND THE OLD DIRTY MAN YOU SAW REPEATEDLY TESTING HIS BLOOD PRESSURE WITH THE FREE MACHINE AND GLEANING SOME KIND OF SICK PLEASURE FROM IT. WE ALL SAT AROUND AND HAD A JOLLY GOOD LAUGH ABOUT IT.

DRUGSTORE CLERK WONDERERS WHAT POSITION YOU WILL BE USING WITH THOSE RUBBERS

Girl Who Took My Table in Libe Cafe Relationship



Somewhat Relevant Haikus

"I call no skeetsies!"

"No fair! I'm about to nut!"

"Too bad. Plug that shit."

"throw that shit in me!"

"you fucking love that shit,
bitch!"

"hell yeah, doo-doo girl!"

"yeah girl, honk for me"

"like a pig or a demon?"

"do both, demon first."

"Girl use my body"

"You aren't porous enough."

"So poke some holes then."

"Talk dirty to me."

"I'm gonna fuck you apart!"

"No, talk about shit."

"Where's the gunpowder?"

"We finished it, remember?"

"Oh yeah, I lack limbs."

i can't even swim

how does she expect me to
dive in her asshole?

get me the pliers

so that i can crack my dick
and fuck you crooked

i drop bombs on chests
and shoot rockets up heinies
love's a battlefield

once i told a girl,

"i'm the lord of excrement!
girl, i'll make you smell!"

so many objects
can fit in orifices
of human bodies

"Hey girl, can you swim?"

"No, but I can float in shit."

"OK, we're good then."

"How big is her dick?"
"Fucking enormous, for
real."
"Aw yeah girl! That's ill!"

"It's irrelevant.
I touched her dick twenty
times.
I'm still gonna die"

All I want is to
Drink blood, suck dick,
and eat shit.
So what's the big deal?

"Suck your own dog's
dick."

"Please, can I suck his
dog's dick?"

"Oh, I suppose so."

"Hey girl, where's Fido?"

"Fido ain't been around
here."

"Tell him to call me."

"Are we near an inn?
I need to restore my
health."

"Woof. Suck my dog-
dick."

"Why don't you have
friends?"

"I'm terrible to behold."

"Oh, yes, that is true."

the smell of an ass
is not representative
of its vast beauty

"Where did you come
from?"

"Dude, can't you tell
from my horns?"

"I'm drawing a blank."

the doctor touched me
we were in an alleyway
he's not a doctor

THE BREAK-UP CHART

Type of Relationship	Cause of Break-up	What to Say	What to Avoid	Where to go from here
Significant other	Unanticipated Child	"It's not you, it's you two."	Maury	Child Return Office
Satellite Provider	Static	"I'm contractually obligated to inform you 12 weeks prior to my dissatisfaction with your product."	Low-earth orbit-- it would be totally awkward	DC++
Distant Facebook friend	Incessant Poking	Nothing. They can't hear you over the Internet.	Actual, real life, adult problems	Myspace
Monopoly	Theodore Roosevelt	"I just feel like you're anti-trust."	Unions	Overseas/Directly to Jail
AA Sponsor	Franzia	"Yourrrrrrrrrre the worrrshstr"	People who love you	AAA
Barista	The soy skim latte with half caf was not organically own in a third world country	"Cappuseeyoulater!"	Hipsters	Dunkin' Donuts
Kit Kat Bars	Hunger	"Give me a break."	Heat	Gym
Mathematical	1/0	"Gauss damn it!"	Engineers	Liberal arts degree
Taxi Driver	Arrival at your Destination	"Keep the change."	Leaving your bag in the car	The sidewalk

What's the deal with FRATS?

Φ ρ α τ

Fraternity leaders are up in arms about the changes to the Cornell Greek system announced by university officials. The policy was designed to crack down on drinking and alcohol-related incidents, particularly among freshmen. Greek leaders claim that the move is a power grab by the university that infringes on the principle of self-government for the Interfraternity Council (IFC). "It's an unprecedented intervention," remarked Kirby Polwaski '11, president of Epsilon Megatron Comiccon, "I've never heard of anyone ever staging an intervention to deal with drinking problems. Who does that?"

I was curious about how the administration viewed the Greek situation, so I spoke to professor Argos Katholopolous, professor of Aristotelian studies in the Classics department. He explained that I had a poor understanding of what "Greek system" actually meant, and referred me to the Dean of Students office where they actually handle these things. I found Dean Kent Hubbell '69 arguing with fraternity leaders when I walked in.

"You need to treat us like proper fraternity men! You're

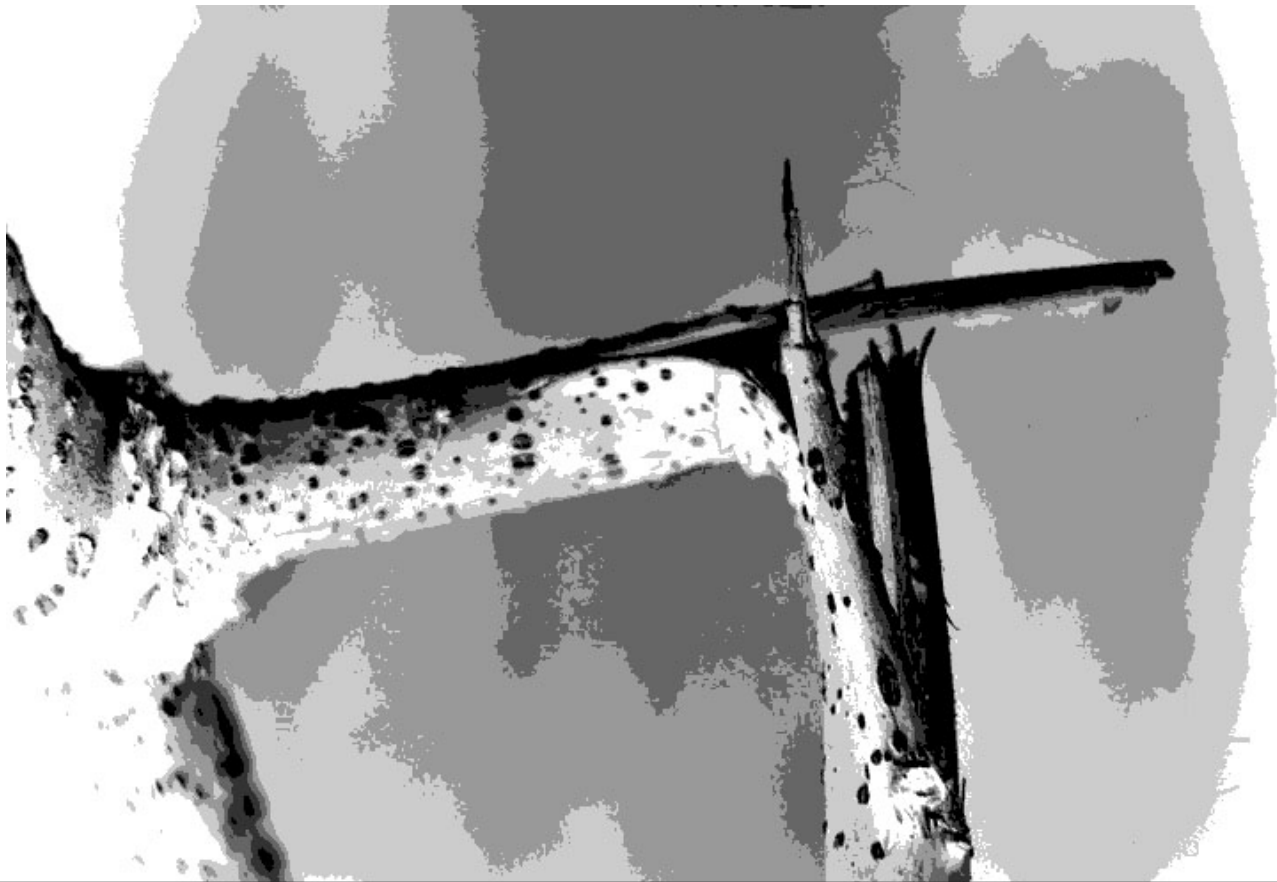
treating us like we're immature animals." shouted John Floom '11 of Zeta Beta Theta. Floom then downed a Keystone Lite, smashed the can into his head, and howled like a wolf with his fraternity brothers. "It's simple, man: self government. If we want to force pledges to smear feces on their faces, run them naked through the Synchrotron, and them paddle them senseless with frozen meats--as responsible adults--then that's none of the university's business." Mr. Hubbell tried to interject, but the boys continued stating their case before storming out of the office in a flurry of high-fives, totally ironic ass-pats, and in-jokes.

"We respect them, we really do," said Hubbell, "They're fine young men." He then paused, slowly smiled, and suddenly burst out laughing "Who am I kidding?" he said, slapping his desk as he chuckled, "We hate those bastards. They're literally the worst part of my job. Help me destroy them."

That night some friends and I attended a party held at

Feta Gouda Bleu, the dairy frat for the Ag school. The FGB motto, on a crest above their door, is "Honor, Intelligence, Integrity." The theme of the party was "pimps n' bitches." I sat down with treasurer Darryl Angwert '11 to talk about the situation. "You can't just change fraternity culture like that," he said, "We're brothers. A family. Bros before rules, man. And before hos." He high-fived a passing brother, who vomited all over me. As I attempted to clean myself, Angwert continued. "We're preparing our brothers for the real world, with lives full of wonder and misogyny. I mean mystery. That's what I meant to say. These are life lessons!" Darryl was pulled away from our conversation: someone had passed out and had to be put outside where they wouldn't take up floorspace.

In a sternly-worded letter, left on President Skorton's porch stapled to a bag of poo, the fraternities of Cornell University again stated their case for further autonomy and self-governance. "Much like you certainly feel about the contents of this bag, we're tired of this bullshit," they wrote. "Please respect our maturity and honor, as a fellow Cornell man. Also, there's a naked pledge tied up in your basement. Let him out, he's been there long enough." Have the fraternities made a convincing case? Only time will tell. But probably not.



SNAPPED.

I have a friend—let’s call him Floyd—who once snapped his cock in half like a dry twig. The whole thing happened before my eyes, and it rendered me a very special damage from which I have yet to recover. The pop of his corpora cavernosa will forever echo in my mind, every thought tainted with dicks. It was pretty bad for him too.

We were thirteen years old, at summer camp when it happened, old enough to understand the gravity of the situation and young enough to find it hilarious. Perfect timing. Nighttime was always the most fun because you could run around unsupervised, causing all sorts of ruckus. I was taking a shit as Floyd brandished his erect penis at me, chanting, “Look! Look! I have a nose in my pants!” Then the snap. It bounced off the walls and we fell silent.

The incident forced me to reevaluate some of my core values. As I sat before my friend, who was writhing in pain and smashing his head against the rusty pipes under the sink, I couldn’t help but laugh. I was sick with laughter. It might have been the strangest, most unexpected, funniest thing I’d ever witnessed, but at what cost? Blood dripped down his forehead into his eyebrows and I was still cracking up.

To fully understand what happened that night, some background knowledge of Floyd is necessary. As a boy, he would wake up each morning with an erection. Morning-wood. But you couldn’t call it morning-wood because it lasted all day. He used to run strange because of it; one arm pumping furiously and the other stretching his shirt over his wang-bulge. Girls used to flee him in genuine terror.

Also, to have an idea, you need to know that Floyd barked and grunted not unlike a dog. I don't quite know how else to describe it; his sentences were punctuated with bursts of feral energy. I wonder if it had anything to do with his forever-boner.

Combine these two features, and you get one of the stranger human beings to limp across God's Earth.

"Bark! Ibrokemydick, bark!" he cried.

The other boys came running in to investigate. They found Floyd, clutching his dong and doing himself all types of violence in a blind fury. He was completely incapable of explaining the situation, barking and screaming uncontrollably. I had to press the sides of the stall to stay upright, I was laughing so hard. We were both pretty useless in that moment, and it was a moment that one of us really needed to clarify. Desperate, we resorted to sign language.

"His dick fell off?"

"You ripped his dick off?"

"He ripped his own dick off?"

"A third person ripped off everyone's dick?"

I don't know where he got that idea.

"He broke his dick!"

We nodded.

"HE BROKE HIS DICK!!!" they cheered.

"Bark!" barked Floyd.

And there was jubilation, a circle of boys celebrating the suffering of one of their own. Floyd rolled around on the tiles, never letting go of his loins. Did we help him? Nope. Could we even really do anything about it? Certainly. We failed. His pain was too impossible, too completely absurd, and we just had to laugh and howl.

But hey, it cured his forever-boner.

BEARD-A-BOO!



ARE YOU A SEXUAL DEVIANT?

Do you become aroused at strange, sometimes confusing times? Are you on five year or longer “cold streak” that began when your girlfriend refused to take a shit on your chest? Do your deepest desires make your own bile rise? Are you into your sister?

If you answered “yes” to any of the above questions, it looks like you may or may not be (but definitely are) a sexual deviant. Let that settle in for a moment. Cry if you have to – you are now a pathetic pervert that has to live on the fringes of society. You should get used to spending a lot of time by yourself and your computer – the Internet if chock-full (and cock-full) of videos of the disgusting and demeaning shit that only appeals to the embarrassingly small percentage of the population that includes you. I recommend mastering the art of quickly erasing your browser history – some of the stuff you're into might be illegal in some, or every state. Still crying? Good! You should get used to the kind of soul-shattering loneliness that is only experienced by your particular flavor of freak. Done crying? Great! Now that you've accepted your new (and pathetic) identity, you should look into which branch of sexual deviancy you want to pursue.

PEDOPHILIA

Although other sexual deviants may look down upon pedophiles, you should be proud of yourself – pedophilia is truly the pinnacle of fetishes. Your disregard for the welfare of your lover truly exemplifies the kind of broken psyche that sexual deviants strive for. If you're going to be a deviant, you might as well go all out and molest children! As the saying goes “If you're gonna get wet, you might as well go skinny dipping with children” – I mean “you might as well go swimming.” If you're going to pursue a life as a sexual misfit, you might as well go proverbial-balls-to-the-walls and choose the most reprehensible flavor of sexual deviancy possible. And the best part? Penetrating this seemingly closed group will be as easy as stealing candy from a baby's asshole.

BDSM

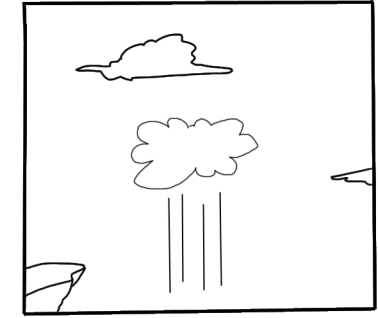
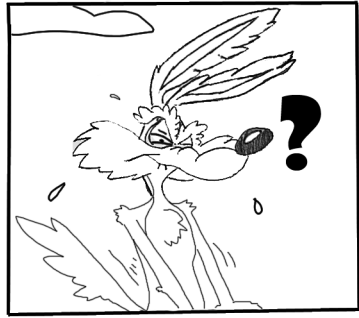
Are you a worthless maggot? Does the very sight of leather fill you with an insatiable desire to be asphyxiated? Maybe you derive twisted orgasmic pleasure from whipping and bruising your loved ones. Well then bondage-dominance-sadism-masochism may be for you! If you choose to delve into BDSM, you have your work cut out for you. You'll need a whole new set of equipment: whips, chains, gags, switches, boxing gloves, katanas, a guillotine, and a big ol' bucket of Mexican tap water. If some of those items didn't seem to make sense to you then you have some research to do.

Most importantly, you're going to need a new persona, including a brand new name! Here, you have two basic choices – submissive or dominating. If you're going to be on the biting, beating and bruising end of the equation, try out some of these templates: “The Gaper-Maker”, “The Paramount Mounter” or “The Persuasive Penetrator”. If you're going to be on the bloody side of the bull-whip that is BDSM, you may want to try out names like “The Atrocious Worm”, “The Maggotiest Weakling” or “The Vile Excrement”. But remember to get creative – I can't tell you how many times I've had to whip people whose name is a synonym of “Pathetic” followed by an insect.

COPROPHILIA

Coprophilia (the deriving of sexual pleasure from feces) is truly the crown jewel of sexual deviancy. Our very biology forces us to abhor interacting with our own shit. If you are able to overcome this natural compulsion to avoid excrement, then you will open your life to a beautiful, exciting form of sex. However disgusting it might sound, scat-fucking and other acts that reside in the great intersection of excrement and reproduction are not as rare as you might think. In fact, new studies from respectable scientific journals show that up to 100% of adults have participated in some form of coprophilia. So get with the times and go eat your filth while masturbating!

New ACME Contraceptive Devices!



Wile E Coyote is utilizing the latest in ACME brand contraceptives: a rocket. Starting off with the first panel, we find Wile E enjoying a healthy round of sexual intercourse with his mysterious mistress. We can tell by his initial expression that this is all just routine for him (while he never seems to catch the Roadrunner, at least we know he's able to get his hands on some ass with little effort.)

The rocket is an extreme take on the act of "pulling out", defined by urban dictionary as: "to leave a parking lot with your penis, or to pull out your vehicle from a vagina." In this instance, Wile E plans to eject his car from the lady's vagina before he commits himself to a life of unending pain and misery. Starting with the second panel, Wile E starts up the rocket by striking a match against his partner's right buttock and lights the fuse. As he waits for the rocket to propel him, we see that something is amiss. Either the rocket is taking too long or Wile E cannot hold back his load. Fortunately for the reader it is both. (Please take the time to enjoy the succession of hilarious facial expressions, for it took much time, effort and research to correctly depict an anthropomorphic coyote having an orgasm, including 3 or so total hours of me drawing myself masturbate in front of a mirror.) In the 6th panel we find that our poor friend has done the deed, much to the chagrin of his partner. Has yet another ACME product failed horribly?



Yes. But before our friend signs his life away, the rocket ignites and violently ejects him into the sky, ejaculation trailing behind him. He explodes in the distance in a brilliant display of black and white, leaving his mysterious whore behind the magical gift of life which she will most likely eat anyway. THE END.

Hey there! I'm Bradley Chandler Handsomeson, the main character from the popular soap opera *Oh No, Not Another Plot Twist*. When I'm not busy wooing the ladies or denying that I'm the father of their children, I like to help out the average Joe with relationship tips. Check out these responses to questions from my dozens and dozens of fans! Though I may be fictional, I promise my advice can help in the real world—I mean, is TV all that different from reality?

Dear Bradley,

There's this girl in my anthro class who's really cute, but I think she already has a boyfriend. Do I have a shot or is this a lost cause?

Thanks.

Daydreamer in Ithaca

Dear Daydreamer,

Of course you have a chance. If you want to get the attention of someone who might be “distracted” by the competition, I suggest you somehow injure yourself in a way she might feel guilty about. Run in front of her car on a busy street, and she'll be obligated to visit you in a really tense scene at the hospital. As she gazes at your gauze-wrapped face, she'll realize that behind all those painkillers lies a man—a troubled, emotional, protective man—and fall for you immediately. See ONNAPT episode 3-16.

As for the other guy, kill him. Kill him dead. Dump him in a lake somewhere and claim that you tried to save him. They won't figure it out for another six seasons, when he'll return in a wheelchair claiming you're the culprit, but by then you'll be several girls down and won't even recall the whole incident.

Dear Melancholy,

It sounds like your social group is going through a very special episode in your lives. The laughter may be less frequent, the discussions may be more emotional, and the music may be more dramatic. Don't worry though: I'm sure that if you band together, confront your friend about his or her addiction, and promise to see through this together, you'll be back to high-flying hilarity in no time. Have a celebrity guest star visit your home to accelerate the healing process, and maybe sing a song together. Remember: crippling drug addiction CAN be solved by love and song alone. In 22 minutes.

Dear Bradley,

Normally my life is a lighthearted experience of hilarious misunderstandings and sticky situations. My motley group of good-looking individuals from various ethnic and economic backgrounds is always getting into wacky trouble at our high school, household, and/or apartment complex. This week however, we discovered that one of the most prominent characters in our group has a crippling heroin addiction, and the whole situation has cast a somber pall on our happy-go-lucky lifestyle. What's the deal?

*Looking for help,
Melancholy in Manhattan*

A very special message from: Bradley

Dear Confused,

Your husband has been replaced by his evil twin. I can't explain why without more information. Are you fairly wealthy? Did you date someone who looked just like your husband long ago, and then leave him emotionally distraught? Your evil brother-in-law may have assumed your husband's identity for any of these reasons. Your husband is probably still alive, but may be somewhere in captivity.

Don't call the twin out immediately! Nobody will believe you, and you may be putting your own life in danger. If you want to save your husband, you're going to have to seduce his twin until he trusts you enough to reveal his identity and reveal a clue to your husband's location. Trust me, I've done this like five times. Then, once you've got your husband and his twin in the room together, have a few questions prepared that only your husband will know so that you can identify the real one and the imposter. Most importantly, **DO NOT LET THE TWIN TOUCH YOU**. You're inevitably going to get pregnant in some episode, and if there's any suspicion that it's the twin's baby things are going to get really awkward.

Also, make sure your husband wasn't the evil twin all along.

Doubly concerned,
Bradley

Dear Bradley,

My husband has been acting strange lately. Yesterday he was three hours late coming home from work and wouldn't say why, and today he shouted at me when I complimented his matching shirt and tie. Also, he has grown a handlebar moustache and goatee, practically overnight. What's happened to my husband, and how can I salvage our relationship?

Awaiting your response,
Confused in Cortland

Dear Bradley,

My significant other and I have been together for a while now and normally don't have any issues. Obviously like any normal couple we've had our ups and downs, but it's never been as bad as it is now. Much of the time we spend together is a lot of fun, but recently it feels like my partner has been getting sick of me. I try to do new and exciting things but this just seems to make him get even sicker. I'm at a total loss. Sometimes at the peaks of our relationship we like to get a picture taken together to remember the good times. Yet now, each new picture shows my man looking more and more ill. I guess I've also been noticing how he's been treating me, only visiting for small amounts of time for just the fun stuff and then leaving as soon as he came. I'm an emotional wreck, hopefully you can give me some solid advice.

Sincerely,

Up and Down in Arlington

Dear Up and Down,

Are you a roller coaster?
Because I don't give advice to roller coasters.

Putting you back on track,
Bradley

The Legend of Captain D's Nuts

You ever heard this “deez nuts” joke?

Hey man, have you ever eaten Captain D's?

Yeah, I have.

Captain D's nuts!

Like Long John Silver's, Captain D's, the famous fast food chain, is not just famous for their catfish and seafood, they are also famous for their hush puppies, often referred to as Captain D's Nuts. In fact, Captain D's executives claim that their company invented hush puppies, the tasty deep fried treat that is responsible for Mississippi's being the fattest state in the nation for the sixth straight year in a row.

Few people know the history behind the invention of hush puppies, so I hope the following history will be an educational experience.

The year was 1313. Exploiting white women had just been invented by a famous scientist at Oxford University. Because there was no internet porn, TV, DDR, Playstation, or black dildos, white folks were bored, so they started building ships to go exploring. At first, they were like Dora the Explorer. Without mapquest, OnStar, or GPS systems, they traveled all across the world, helping animals and teaching Spanish. They lived in harmony with all animals considered dangerous today: lions, tigers, bears, sharks, snakes, wolves, and anything furry with teeth that attacks crazy white folks in zoos.



But, sho nuff, after a while, the harmonious relationship with the animals devolved into a Bobby and Whitney kind of relationship. The explorers fucked the monkeys to create AIDS. They also captured many animals and forced them to learn how to speak their language. Some animals resisted their masters' attempts to break their spirit and eradicate their genuine animal language and culture. Unfortunately some, like Lassie, the dog, who learned to not only talk to white people, but also to drive better than Asians, tried to please white folks by accepting their inferior position.

The rebellious animals called Lassie and other talking animals Uncle Tom Cats.

monster. Captain D's crew was not only frustrated, but also famished.

After fucking with the animals, the explorers started taking stuff and people. Of course, when they started taking stuff and making money, thieves began wanting to steal the "already-once-stolen goods" from the explorers.

They had eaten everything on the ship, including the cheap Roman noodles. They deep-fried the captain's parrot and they even ate all of their clothes. The nude pirates had only two things left on the ship and those were the Captain's loyal dogs, Lassie and Pussie. Captain D kept his crew at bay by saying that only Asians ate dogs. The crew was slightly afraid of reinforcing stereotypes, but they were getting so desperate that they planned to steal the dogs and eat them anyway.

The thieves on the ocean were of course known as pirates. One of the most famous group of pirates was led by Captain D. He was famous for leading the first all Asian pirate crew. The Chinese invented gun powder around 850 A.D. and were the first people to put gold on their teeth. Some of these gold toothed alchemists who made gun powder had taken sea-faring weapons to a whole nether level when they found a way to use gun powder to fire cannons. Captain D recognized the potential of the Chinese weaponry and decided to have an all Chinese crew, provided they could pass an English proficiency test. While black and Latino gang members have made drive-by shootings famous in recent times, it was actually the Chinese who did the first drive-by shootings with their cannons. The first drive-by shootings with cannons were recorded in 900 A.D., but the first successful drive by shooting was completed in 906 A.D. It turns out from 900-906 A.D., the Chinese found that shooting the cannon released lots of dark smoke, dust, and excess gun powder into the air. To shield their eyes from these irritating air pollutants, the Chinese cannonshooters would cover both of their eyes with eye patches. As a result, they could not see what they were shooting at and rarely hit the desired target. Luckily, in 906, goggles were invented by Dr. Wong, the first Asian man to ever wear eye glasses. Who knew the one eye patch would become such a fashion essential for pirates that would stand the test of time?

After the Captain got wind of this operation, he broke wind. Then he decided to fake the dog's death like 2pac. So he got two large dog-sized rocks and threw them over board while the ship's look out was watching the ocean. He then told his crew that his faithful dogs had walked the plank and like R. Kelly, they thought they believed they could fly, so they jumped overboard (urinating on an under-aged ocean in the process).

He then hid the dogs from the crew, everyday praying to Poseidon, god of the sea that they would not find them. The dogs were noisy and Captain D found that the only way to silence them was to let them lick on his nuts. Eventually Lassie licked Pussie, they began to like and lick each other, and Pussie had puppies, who were also silenced by licking Captain D's nuts. The whole dog family, all these mother lickers spent their days licking the Captain's nuts. The Captain held his dick upwards as the puppies licked on his balls. Still hiding the dogs from his Asian crew, he would quietly whisper to them, "Hush, puppies."

Captain D and his crew set out on a mission to find a possibly mythical island made of gold, known as the "G-Spot." Despite many tries, the Asians could not find the G-Spot. Some current explorers still claim finding the "G-Spot" is like finding Bin Laden dry humping the Loch Ness



Captain D's nuts also came in handy when it came to catching fish. One morning, Captain D was sitting on the plank. As he sat on the wood, he accidentally dipped his morning wood into the ocean and the fish swarmed his nuts. Pulling his package from the ocean, he had caught three fish on each ball. Over time, this technique for catching fish was perfected when the captain started wearing his fish net thong bikini bottoms. Fishermen often told sea monster stories to keep each other from dipping their junk into the ocean, but Captain D didn't believe that he needed to protect his junk from sea monsters or sub-terrain demons (abbreviated STDs).

Unfortunately, Captain D died by dipping his hush puppies into piranha-infested waters without wearing his fishnet condom. (tear)

Fun fact: Gun shots weren't the only shots that landed in the ocean. Cum shots, from Captain D's nuts fell into the ocean and some desperate female fish, whose biological time clocks were ticking, decided to allow the Captain's sperm to fertilize their eggs. That's right, a man, interbreeding with the fish created creatures that were half man and a half fish: mermaids and mermen.

To honor the Captain's death, Captain D's fast food restaurant provides hush puppies with each order and also provides dipping sauce, filled with a non-detectable amount of human semen. Today, anyone with 75 cents may feast upon the Captain's nuts, also known as hush puppies.



Nocturnal Emissions

Wet dreams, or nocturnal emissions, are a common occurrence among adolescent boys aged 12-17, though they can occur throughout a man's life. In the past decade, the rate of these spontaneous orgasms has exploded. Now, approximately 11 in 12 males experience at least one nocturnal emission in their lifetime, and of this group, the average rate of emission is 0.65 per week. Scientists estimate that 36,000 gallons of semen per year are produced as a result of wet dreams.

The causes of this growth were unclear until lately, though there were a few prevailing theories. Many scientists argued that rising global temperatures were increasing the production of semen worldwide, and thus the rate of nocturnal emissions. Others cited the increasing influence of anti-masturbatory groups like the Catholic Church and the Ghostbusters. Still others attributed it to the sexy and invasive War on Terror.

In a recent breakthrough, scientists confirmed the Medieval theory. As it turns out, each nocturnal emission occurs when a female demon, or a succubus, violates the sleeper. This has sent shockwaves throughout the

scientific and religious communities, and may have lasting ramifications on public policy. Here at the Lunatic, we want to make sure you are prepared to face any demon that tries to tease the jism out of your sleeping wiener.

Cut off your wiener.

Succubi are motivated by a variety of factors, but their means to the end is always the same, and it always involves a penis. It follows that removal of the penis should render the succubus unable to prey on the souls of men. This tactic has generated much controversy, since idle succubi tend to pursue careers in Human Resource Management and Event Planning, intensifying and broadening the scope of their destructive urges. Nonetheless, it is the prevailing defense.

In an ironic twist, world governments are considering a policy of “de-sterilization” for unfavorable societal groups, intending to contain succubus activity to specific locations. For example, the European Union has established a trial program to clothe, feed, and educate vagrants so that they might be more appealing to horny demons. Participants also receive professional makeovers, hormone therapy, and training in Latin dance. This program, tentatively named FUCKABUM, has been met with general praise.

On the flip side, male world leaders are protecting themselves and key government employees by lopping off their cocks. The penises have been donated to soup kitchens, Salvation Armies, and other charitable organizations, and so far, few have been returned. As of the publication of this article, about sixteen tons of severed dicks have been served to the needy worldwide. Needless to say, this policy has done wonders for the hot dog bun industry.

Cut off all wieners.

Critics of forced de-sterilization argue that the only thorough solution to the succubus problem is the elimination of all penises. As long as there are targets for the succubi, they will continue to haunt our dreams and stain our sheets, and there will be no absolute refuge. Radical vigilante groups are springing up throughout the Midwestern United States, severing penises by cover of night. One such group, known only as Bye-Bye Little Guy, claims to currently possess every schlong in the state of Nebraska. Local authorities had no comment, but did have conspicuous bloodstains at the crotch.

Surely, global emasculation is a remote possibility at the moment, though it does raise some larger philosophical questions: Is the abolition of nocturnal emissions worth the probable end of the human race? Is it worse to be repeatedly taken advantage of by a wily demon, or to live a dickless existence? What, if anything, is a penis? A tube for urine and semen, or something much more? Or less?

The Lunatic does not purport to answer these questions for you. Only an educated populace can be trusted to make the difficult decisions that truly make us human, whether masculine, feminine, or neuter. So keep your minds open, hearts full, and blades close. And beware virile and sexy men, because they are almost certainly homeless.



Young Indie Fellow Secretly Realizes that Ironic PhD in Applied Microeconomic Theory & Public Finance is Quite Marketable

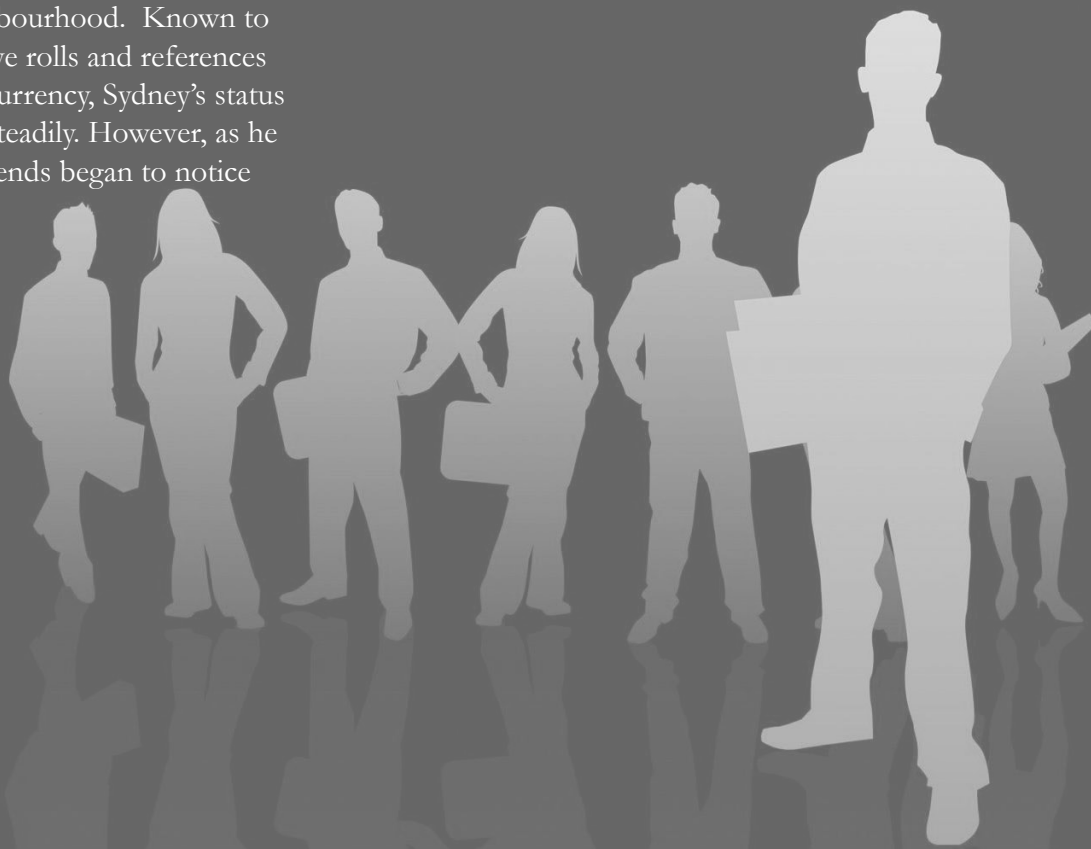
In an ironic twist of fate, Philadelphia hipster Logan Sydney is covertly finding his post-graduate research at the University of Pennsylvania's Wharton School, both intellectually rewarding and professionally promising.

Having spent years in fierce rivalry with his peers competing ruthlessly to live in the grungiest apartments, wear the most visually alarming cardigan & raw denim combo, and sport the most outlandish mustache, Sydney needed an edge to get ahead in 'the rat race.' "I had spent years making my life subtly more difficult, riding a fixed gear bicycle in the snow, drinking in dangerously criminal areas of the city, and endlessly grinding coffee for myself and my unemployed vegan roommates, so I figured, what's more quaintly annoying and ironically difficult than patient, intense, dedicated graduate level study?"

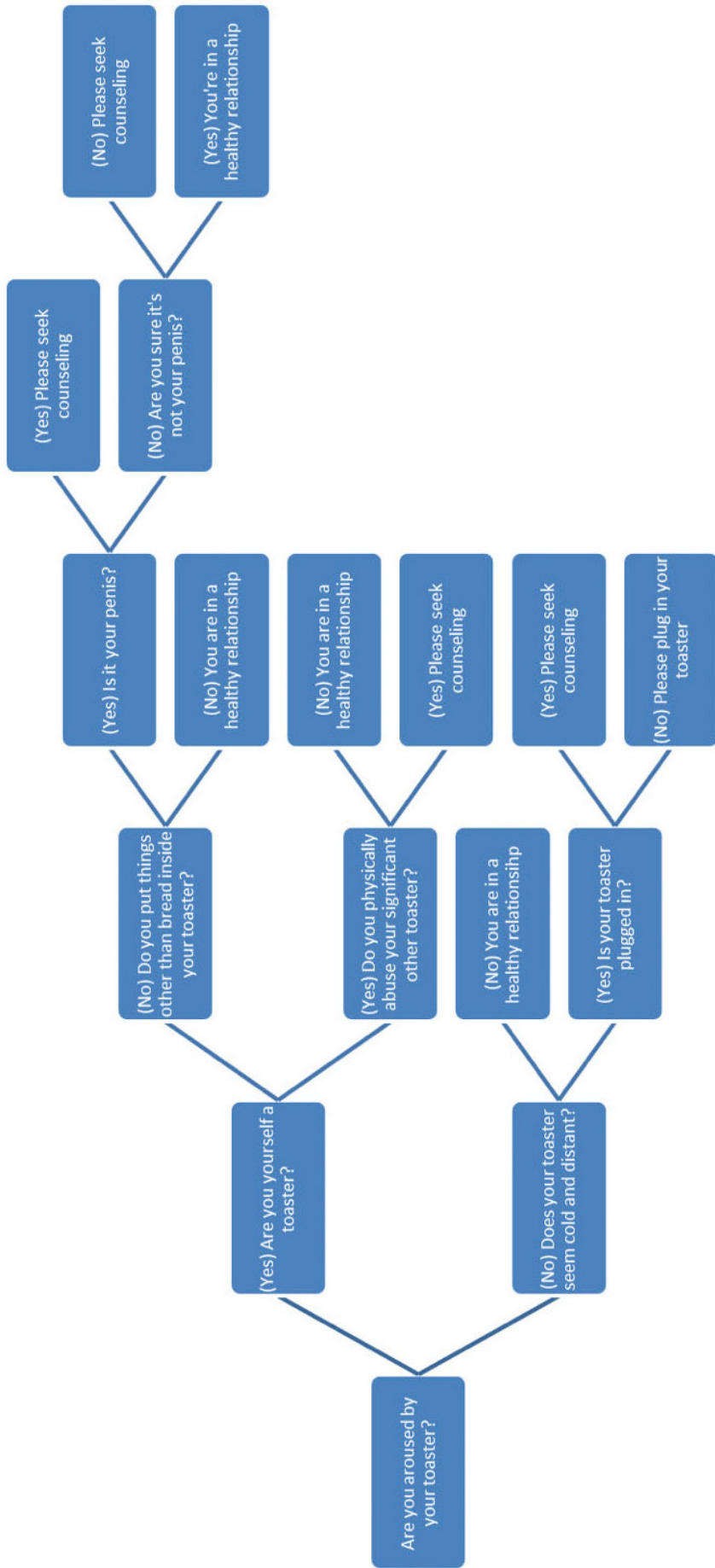
Beginning with a PhD in 17th Century Anglican Ecclesiastical Politics, Sydney then began studying the markets at the prestigious Wharton School. For the first few years Sydney could often be overheard explaining advanced behavioral finance theory in a sarcastic tone to groups of slender young hipsters at the tattoo shop in his neighbourhood. Known to punctuate his speeches with eye rolls and references to the ethereal nature of fiat currency, Sydney's status in the Indie community rose steadily. However, as he advanced in his studies, his friends began to notice changes in his behavior.

One day he came out of his room freshly shaven and sporting a smart but reasonably priced worsted wool suit from the clearance rack at Joey Banks. He nervously approached one of his roommates and blurted out, "Look at how ridiculous this is! HA! Like anyone would ever wear these professional and attractive looking garments!" Sydney was rarely seen without a suit from then on. He began listening regularly to Bloomberg Radio Podcasts and reading copies of the Journal and the Economist stuffed inside copies of the Communist Manifesto. "I caught Logan masturbating to the Robb Report the other day, dude. It was fucking weird." reports one of his roommates.

When asked for comments on this issue, Sydney admitted plans to kick up the irony in his life, "I'm really thinking of taking this to the next level, you know, putting my academic knowledge to work in a lucrative position at an international financial consulting firm, totally ironically, you know? Like who would even do that? You know, who would actually spend years networking and preparing well defined career goals and then utilizing industry contacts to leverage themselves into highly compensated job opportunities?"



The Only Relationship Flow Chart You'll Ever Need





The Menstruation Whisperer

He wore a chocolate brown cowboy hat covering his shoulder length hair. I called him because Judy had been acting strangely of late – at first she was just a little short with me but lately she had become a whirlwind dervish of destruction without prejudice. Everything, furniture, the contents of the fridge, my sensibilities, the phone bill, was at her mercy, mere toys to be tossed aside in her swath. I had managed to lock her in the hall bathroom. Every few seconds the door shook on its hinges and I could hear crazed, ape-like screaming from inside. I had called her best friend Stephanie for help, to try and negotiate...something, I wasn't quite sure what, through the door. But she wouldn't do. I needed an expert.

"Stand back son," he said as he prepared to open the bathroom door. He flung it wide and Judy came at him with animal strength, shrieking like something from the deepest recesses of the most remote jungle. She wrestled and bit him with savage abandon, but he eventually gained the upper hand, pinning her arms behind her and putting his knee into the small of her back.

Stephanie was watching from the doorway, biting her lip. Her voice had a concerned whine to it. "Ohhh, is she okay?"

He briefly cast a withering gaze, but ignored the question. "She's a beaut! Got some real fire in this one!" He her wrists together with a stout rope but kept her pinned. He reached into a pouch on his belt, pulled out a handful of oats and held it to Judy's mouth. Incapacitated, she munched with her eyes lazily unfocused as he stroked her hair. "Real good sheen to her coat. You ever think about doing some shows with her?"

“Yeah she used to do pageants when she was young but I think she’s past that now, just out to stud these days.”

He looked me up and down with a mocking eye. “Yeah, she’ll get some pretty good foals one way or another.”

“So what’s the matter with her?”

By now he’d fitted Judy with a feedbag which she was eating out of with closed eyes, and Stephanie had left the room after ardently waiting for a response to her question. He stood up and wiped blood from a cut he’d sustained in the fracas. “Well, sure looks to me like it’s that time of the month.”

“Shit.”

“Yeah you’re in for a rough few days. Better stock up on Chunky Monkey and shotgun pellets; she’s in a bad way.”

“Thanks for your he—” A crash from the other room interrupted me. We rushed over to see Stephanie holding a vase above her head; teeth bared, her eyes bloodshot, almost bulging out of her skull.

“Jesus! They’re cycling together! Lord have mercy!” Behind us, a loud crack and another roar came. Judy rumbled in, the twisted fibers of rope still hanging from one wrist. “We’re in a spot here son! Where’s your shotgun?” Judy and Stephanie began to pound their chests in unison, calling and responding in their brutal, cacophonous language.

I grabbed him by the collar. “What are they saying?!”

“Don’t be a fool man, nobody knows their tongue! Better men than you have tried!” Slowly, as if savoring a long undue feast, each of them sauntered towards us, an unknowable savagery in their eyes. This looked like the end...

*Stay tuned for the next thrilling installment of... **The Menstruation Whisperer!***

IMPORTANT PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENTS:

Recently, I learned that a dear friend of mine was part of a growing epidemic of young people whose impulsive drunken decisions will haunt them for the rest of their lives. This is his story. After a Friday night out on the town, my dear friend awoke to find out that he and a young lady had a few too many drinks and foolishly acted on their animal urges to send away for, carefully complete, obtain supplementary references for, affix a background check to, proofread and send via registered mail the myriad forms necessary to adopt an overseas orphan. In exchange for one drunken night of administrative document-based pleasure, he has now changed the course of his life and may have to withdraw from his mail order art course. Now, my dear friend has two HIV positive children from underage Thai prostitutes; the adopted one and one that he coincidentally fathered on vacation last year.

Let this be a lesson to all you dapper young men ablaze with hormones. Get vasectomies if your parents didn’t get you fixed already and don’t keep stamps around the house when you are drinking.

Next week: We chronicle a gang of agricultural workers that call themselves artificial inseminators who get thousands of cows pregnant each year and then abandon them in barns. The only way to stop them is for shotgun totting farmers to force them at gun point to marry each cow.



Pathetic Living

*A lifestyle column writing by an expert
on the sad, lonely life we live in
every daaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaayyyy!!
MOMMMMMMMYYYYYY!!*



Last time we covered strategies for staring at boobies in public when caught without sunglasses. Today, we're going to talk about a situation I'm sure all my readers have had nightmares about:

You're standing in the peanut butter aisle. There's an 18oz jar, 28oz carton, and a monstrous 60oz behemoth. Compare the unit prices and what you already know: you're saving \$.02 per ounce of peanut butter with the 60oz drum! Mother always said to buy in bulk; God what a woman.

But wait, before you plop that barrel of peanut butter into your cart and trundle over to the Doritos aisle to see if there are any new flavors out this week, consider the pretty girl working the register you've been exchanging eye contact with for the past several years. You've confirmed she's desperately in love with you (only someone in the deepest throes of passion would continuously look you in the eye like that). How is it going to look when you stride confidently up to her checkout, assertively meet her longing gaze, and slam that giant tub of peanut butter down on the belt? Like you're a man who has it all together? No, you're going to look like the kind of guy who sits in front of the flickering TV on Friday nights in a soiled pair of tightie-whities, who pours strawberry jelly into his 60 ounces of peanut butter, mixes it up and eats it with a spoon. The fact that she's correct is irrelevant, unless she's into that sort of thing, in which case you should propose to her with that ring you bought at K-Mart that you carry in your pocket at all times. Promise to share everything you have with her, including your bunker to protect you from the inevitable Zerg invasion, to show her you're serious.

But in the vast majority of cases you're going to look like the creepy loser you really are. You need to maintain the air of innocuousness that keeps you from collapsing into a puddle of tears every time you see two or more people sitting at a table eating a meal together. Consider downgrading from the 60oz to the 28oz – at 28oz, your obsession with food pastes will fly under the radar, and who knows, maybe you'll find the nerve to pull off, right there in the grocery store, that lick-food-seductively-off-your-finger move you should have been practicing in front of the mirror for the past few months. That amount is still enough to keep you in cankles and back rolls for a few days, but if those lost ounces can't be done without, you can always stop at the gas station you buy girlie mags and t-shirts from.

This may even be optimal, seeing as it gives you the opportunity to mix chunky and smooth for a delightful combination I like to call "smunky style." Before long (a few years tops), Checkout Girl will be eating smunky style right out of your hand.

Next week: Designing the perfect centerpiece for your Magic: The Gathering tournament.

Online: My recipe for a scrumptious peanut butter and jelly in-the-tub mix. It took me 17 years to calibrate the ratio.

ON THE ORIGIN OF FECES



The Don'ts of interacting with the guy pissing in the urinal next to you

We realize that the generally accepted format is Do's & Don't's for these sorts of cliched little magazine lists, but frankly there are more Don't's than Do's in this situation

- 1) Make prolonged eye contact.
- 2) If he is texting while pissing, ask him if he is using his cameraphone to take pictures.
- 3) Ask him if he would be willing to take a picture of you.
- 4) Ask if he could take one with your phone and one with his phone that he texts to you later.
- 5) Ask for a taste.
- 6) Ask him if he takes Valtrex or a generic equivalent.
- 7) Ask if he is Jewish or his parents just wanted him to fit in.
- 8) Ask if he can tell you if a lump seems malignant (not even if he appears to be a doctor)
- 9) Ask him if he likes finely sliced mushrooms as a burger topping.
- 10) Commiserate with him about how hard it is to piss with an erection.



Loveless

Recently my friends, I was consumed by an overwhelming wave of despair, one which I'd like to call heartbreak. It is a creature which holds no mercy on a man's heart. It is truly a Moby Dick no Ahab can conquer in this realm of reality. This is my sad and pitiful tale.

My ex-girlfriend, Gloria, was the love of my life. For the two years we were together I was genuinely happy. She was the yin to my yang, the delicious grilled cheesed sandwich to my tomato soup, the peanut butter to my jelly. Gloria was a real health guru and an outdoorsy-type girl. She always had a bag of mixed nuts and berries, ate lots of fish, you know, she was into that type of au-naturelle new age hippie crap. From time to time she also slept outside because it felt refreshing. However, it was the summer after senior year of high school that things started to get rocky.

We started fighting more over really petty things; not putting the toilet seat down, not returning texts fast enough, stupid meaningless shit like that. In order to reconcile our differences and salvage our relationship I suggested a nice trip down to the beach (the New Jersey brand) for some relaxation and fun. After an hour on the turnpike we arrived at Seaside Heights and out of the blue she brought up those terrible, piercing words.

"We need to talk."

Oh fuck. "What do you mean?"

"I think we should see other people."

FUCK. "Huh? I don't understand..."

"This relationship just isn't working out Doug, we've just been really passive-aggressive to each other these past weeks. I'm so frustrated with you that I

bearly have time for myself anymore. So please, if you want to save our friendship, we should just move on and stop seeing each other."

At first, a slew of emotions hit me: rage, depression, regret, blame. I felt betrayed, my heart torn out and beaten senseless by the Gestapo. I was going to cry right then and there when the brick of reality hit me in the face. Gloria was a bear disguised as a human. For two years I had been dating a two ton grizzly bear. I should have recognized the signs; the excess pubic hair, the over-enthusiasm for honey, the long sessions of winter sleep. The bear and I locked eyes as I weighed my options. Either I try to outrun the bear, or fight it to the death. Regardless of my actions, I was guaranteed to be mauled. From the depths of its cold heart, the bear let out a roar which shattered the foundations of the boardwalk and as it began to take its first steps I knew I had to run. I darted down what was left of the boardwalk as fast as I can, zipping through the crowds of parents, children, and senior citizens alike. The bear showed no mercy as it barreled through in pursuit, tearing asunder victim after victim with its claws, tossing aside children like ragdolls. I heard sirens, but I knew better than to stop. The cops had no idea what they were up against.

"Stop right there you bear!" an officer screamed, "This is a no bear zone!"

As if that was going to stop the bear's fury. The bear simply ran through the police officer's car as if it were made of origami, emerging from the wreckage with a freshly torn arm. The police officer provided enough distraction and time for me to turn around and examine the carnage. It was a grizzly scene; blood,

entrails, and rubble replaced the day's initial scene of bikini-clad sluts, laughter, and sunshine. I knew I had to make a stand against the bear. I went into a fisherman's shack and grabbed a harpoon and went back outside to make my last stand against the bear.

"Hey you! Yes you there! The one with the fur and bits of human on you! Stop that!"

The grizzly bear's ears perked up as it locked eyes with me. Before it could make a move I pierced the bear between its eyes and a river of blood trickled out of its skull. Even as the life was draining out of its body, the bear proceeded to stammer towards me. Bloodlust was still in its eyes, but within moments death had finally claimed the bear.

That day many innocent lives were lost to that great evil. To this day I still fear the bear will come from the depths of Hades and chase me once more. I can no longer live the life of a normal human. I am always in constant fear that the rustling in the bush or the low murmur in the woods is the bear. I alone must carry the burdens of once loving a bear. I will never love again.

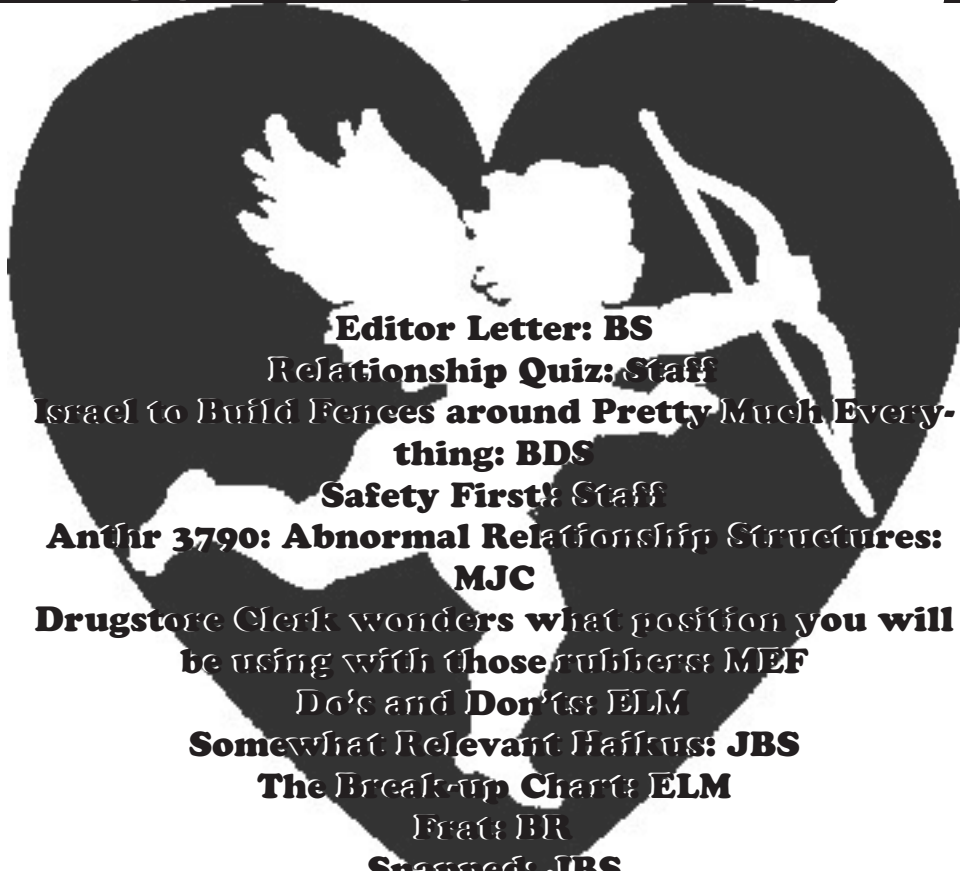
Loveless: By Bear

Awr. Awr rawr raw rawr awr awr. Rawwww-
wwwr rawr rawr rawr rawrr. Rawr. Rawwwwr. Raw.
Rawwwwr. RAWR. GRRR RAWWR BEAR GRYLLS.
RAWR. RAWWR RAW. RAWR.



IT'S HORRIFIC AND UNETHICAL – TO BE FORCED TO WRITE AN ESSAY ON THE RWANDAN CIVIL WAR. MY TEACHER HAS DECLARED WAR ON FREE TIME AND TOTALLY RAPED MY WEEKEND. IF I HAVE TO TELL BOBBY AND SUZY THAT I CAN'T MAKE IT TO THE BIG GAME IT WOULD BE THE WORST THING THAT HAS EVER HAPPENED TO ANYONE...EVER. A CRIME AGAINST HUMANITY. IF SOMEONE CAN UNDERSTAND MY PAIN, THEN PLEASE - PLEASE SEND AID. I WON'T LIVE THROUGH THE NIGHT WITHOUT HEINEKEN AND HOTPOCKETS. AIRLIFT THEM IN IF YOU HAVE TO. THE BIGGEST TRAGEDY IS THE LENGTH OF THE RWANDAN GENOCIDE ARTICLE ON WIKIPEDIA. I'D RATHER HAVE MY ARM CHOPPED OFF WITH A MACHETE THAN HAVE TO READ THE WHOLE THING. WHY CAN'T RWANDA BE MORE LIKE AMERICA? HAD THEY FREED THEIR SLAVES A LONG TIME AGO LIKE WE DID, THEY COULD HAVE FORGONE CIVIL WAR. I MEAN, GET WITH IT. AND NOT HAVING READ THE COURSE TEXT, IT'S AS THOUGH I AM ILLITERATE – I WISH THE RADIO COULD TELL ME WHAT TO DO. INSTEAD, I'M FORCED TO DECIPHER WHAT A HUTU AND A TUTSI IS. MY SPELL CHECK IS DEFENSELESS AGAINST THE HUTU. EVEN WITH DOUBLE SPACING, I WON'T BE ABLE TO SURVIVE TWELVE PAGES. IS THAT LENGTH REQUIREMENT EVEN PERMITTED UNDER THE GENEVA CONVENTIONS? WITH LESS THAN ONE HUNDRED WORDS TYPED, I'M GOING TO HAVE TO CONFINED MYSELF IN MY DORM LIKE IT'S SOME SORT OF FILTHY PRISON CAMP. CAN'T WE COME TO SOME SORT OF AGREEMENT? WHERE IS DON CHEADLE?

Blame Page



Editor Letter: BS
Relationship Quiz: Staff
Israel to Build Fences around Pretty Much Every-
thing: BDS
Safety First: Staff
Anthr 3790: Abnormal Relationship Structures:
MJC
Drugstore Clerk wonders what position you will
be using with those rubbers: MEF
Do's and Don'ts: ELM
Somewhat Relevant Haikus: JBS
The Break-up Chart: ELM
Frats: BR
Snapped: JBS
Beard-a-boo: MEF and RMH
Are you a Sexual Deviant?: BR
New ACME Contraceptives!: JGF
Soap Opera Advice: MJC
The Legend of Captain D's Nuts 20
Nocturnal Emissions 22
Young Indie Fellow Secretly Realizes that Ironic
PhD in Applied Microeconomic Theory & Public
Finance is Quite Marketable: MEF
The Only Relationship Flow Chart You'll Ever
Need: DDK
The Legend of Captain D's Nuts: DJW
Nocturnal Emissions: JBS
Pathetic Living: DS
On the Origin of Feces: RMH
Pissing Don'ts: MEF
The Menstruation Whisperer: DS
Important Public Service Announcements: MEF
Loveless: DDK
Rwanda: RMH

The Cornell Lunatic is an independent student organization located at Cornell University, produced and is responsible for the content of this publication. This publication was not reviewed or approved by, nor does it necessarily express or reflect the policies or opinions of, Cornell University or its designated representatives.