

CORNELL LUNATIC

SPRING 2011 - CAMPUS HUMOR MAGAZINE - FREE
THE GAMES ISSUE



52nd
Anniversary
Issue

STAFF

Editor in Chief:
Ben Strauss '11

Executive Editor:
Mark Fischer '08

Associate Editor:
Ben Reich '11

Sergeant-at-Arms:
Leela Chantrelle '14

Art Editor:
John Flanagan '12

Layout Editor:
Regine Mechulan '11

Business Manager:
Elliot Mandel '12

Staff:
Roselle Bajet '14
Thora Bjornsdottir '14
Matt Bonta '13
Chris Boyer '14
David Clark '14
Maggie Fleming '14
Rob Hovden grad
Rachel Karcher '14
Billy Kurinskas '14
Joe Salamon '11
Ian Taylor '12

Phantoms of the Tollbooth:
Marc Campasano '10 1/2
Dan Samorodnitsky '10
David Watts '10

THECORNELLUNATIC@GMAIL.COM

BLAME

Cover: JGF
Fake Trivia: BDS
Games on a Budget: RTB
Brain Cartoon: RMH
Diary of a Shoe: WRK
Awkward Kid: RAB
Badly Drawn Cartoons:
ELM
Fatigue: DS
Monopoly: LMC
News: MEF
Sports Pages: MEF
Police Department: MJC
God of Wine: MJC
Porn Interview: DJW
Food Labels: ELM
Helen Keller: MLF
Scarbble: RTB
Madden: CKCB
Polo: MEF
Monopoly: LMC
News: MEF
Retro: IRT
Pokemon: CKCB
One Night Stand: DS
Angry Humans: RAB
Pen Games: RMH
Stingray: MEF
Watson: BR
The Sims: WRK
LuvGame: RAB
Risk: IRT
Olympics: MJC
Robin Williams: MJC
Interview: MEF
Drinking Games: Staff



The Cornell Lunatic | Campus Humor Magazine
Founded 1978

**Owned and Published by the Cornell Lunatic at
Cornell University**

TABLE OF CONTENTS

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR...4	NEWS BRIEFS..... 20
DIARY OF A SHOE..... 6	POKEMON CRIME..... 21
AWKWARD KID TOY..... 7	ONE NIGHT STAND GAMES... 22
FATIGUE..... 8	ANGRY HUMANS..... 24
FROM THE SPORTS PAGES...9	PEN GAMES..... 24
FROM THE FILES OF THE MBPD..... 10	THE 3 DS OF STINGRAY DEFENSE..... 25
GOD OF WINE..... 12	WE NEED MORE COMPUTERS LIKE WATSON..... 25
INTERVIEW WITH AN ADULT ENTERTAINMENT STAR ...12	THE SIMS: GOD EDITION..... 26
HELEN KELLER: MORE THAN JUST TOUCHY-FEELY... 14	LUVGAME..... 26
SCARBBLE..... 15	A STRATEGIC ANALYSIS OF RISK PLAYERS..... 27
MADDEN: COLLECTIVE BARGAINING AGREEMENT..16	HOLY SEE WINS OLYMPIC BID..... 28
CORNELL POLO TEAM..... 16	ROBIN WILLIAMS TRAPPED IN RISK BOARD..... 29
MONOPOLIZING SUCCESS: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ALFRED NUPPLEMAN..... 17	JOB INTERVIEW..... 30
THE OFFICIAL CORNELL DRINKING GAME..... 18	MIDDLE AGED DRINKING GAMES..... 31

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 © 2011 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 down. Offended readers take heed, we're only kidding.

Dear readers,

The Games Issue is afoot!

Please excuse the above lamest joke possible, it was actually a cipher for "I'm sorry sir, only children 12 or under can order off the kids' menu, and furthermore, I have to ask you to leave." Apply that code to the rest of the magazine to reveal the secret message. Then go home and take a bath. Some say that life is but a game, while others are adamant that Life is much more than a game. Avoid playing Monopoly with either group. In my experience, life doesn't come with a rulebook, or a manual, or a set of instructions for playing seven-card stud. You have to make these things up as you go along, and if you ruffle some feathers, or get ejected from a casino, that's the way it goes. The point is, in life, you can't turn over the board in disgust when you're about to lose. You just have to accept your loss and shut up.

Which brings me to this issue of the Lunatic. We worked long and hard at our meetings throwing darts at a picture of Mark Zuckerberg and predicting which awkward mannerism he would react with if hit with a real dart in that spot, but that wasn't a game to us. Unfortunately it is a game to Milton Bradley and we are currently being sued for copyright infringement, but luckily we've played a lot of Phoenix Wright, which is also a game. Now that I mention it, that time I had to cram all my stuff into a closet was a lot like that game Tetris, and that time I had to hit all those ceramic balls into pockets on a green felt table was a lot like that game Spin the Bottle... you know, maybe life is a game! All right, in that spirit, here are some rules for reading this magazine:

- Start at page 1.
- Let your eyes glide over the patterns of ink that make up the letters that form the words that convey the units of meaning to your brain (or, if you have the Braille edition, substitute "fingers" for "eyes" and "cymbal-banging monkey toy" for "brain").
- Maybe just don't read page 23.
- Make checks payable to the Cornell Lunatic, Box 56, Willard Straight Hall.
- You get 500 points if you're the first person to read this sentence... oh, looks like Ben Strauss wins again!

Anyway, enjoy the Games Issue. It'll probably be more fun than those Death Games, where everyone died.

Ben Strauss | Editor-in-Chief

DID YOU KNOW? THE WORD "TRIVIA" IS NOT DERIVED FROM ANY WORD IN ANY OLDER LANGUAGE. IT WAS INVENTED IN 1920 FOR THE EXPRESS PURPOSE OF SOUNDING EXTREMELY UNIMPORTANT. FIND OTHER SUCH FACTOIDS THROUGHOUT THE ISSUE.



GAMES



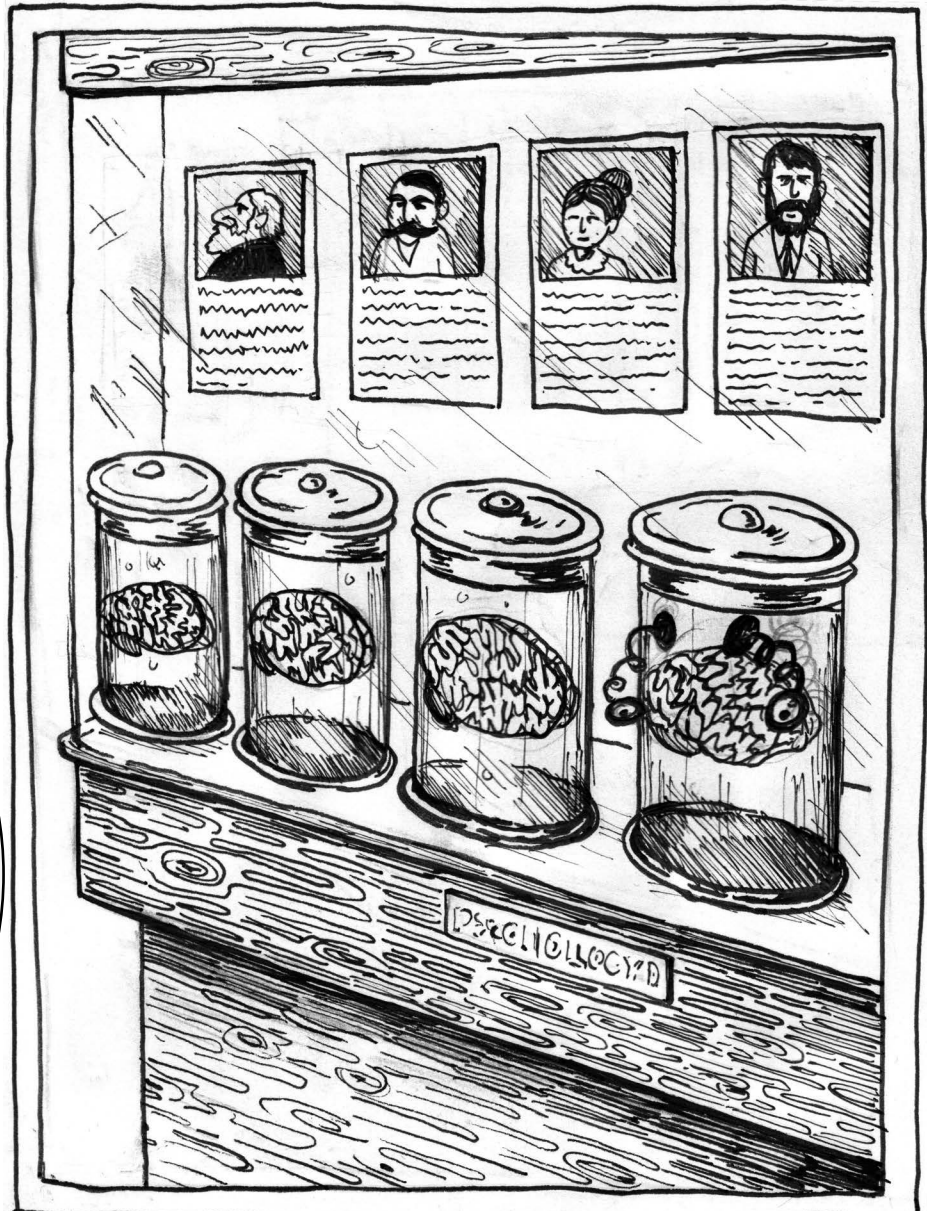
ON A
BUDGET

OR FOR THE LESS ADVENTUROUS...
WALL-GAZING!



COUNT-
ING YOUR
CHICKENS BE-
FORE THEY HATCH
IS IN FACT AN ECO-
NOMICALLY AND EM-
PIRICALLY SOUND
PRACTICE FOR THOSE
LOOKING TO PLAN OUT
THEIR BUDGET FOR
THE WINTER.

THE COM-
MON EXPRES-
SION "IT'S NOT
A TUMOR," THOUGH
POPULARIZED BY AR-
NOLD SCHWARZENEG-
GER IN KINDERGARTEN
COP, ACTUALLY HAS
ITS ORIGINS IN ACT 5,
SCENE 3 OF SHAKE-
SPEARE'S 1599
TRAGEDY PHINEAS
AND FERB.



Diary of a Shoe

Day One:

Today I'm starting fresh. I have nothing but fifteen hundred bucks in my pocket and the open road ahead of me. I plan on starting my own real estate business as soon as possible, and making a killing while the market's still fresh. A few competitors are in the same place as me right now, but I doubt they'll be a problem.

Day Two:

I visited some property on Baltic Avenue yesterday, but it just didn't seem right for me. My old business partner, Thimble, purchased a local railroad already. I'm worried that he's still holding a grudge against me for running his previous real estate business into the ground. Top Hat got off to a fast start and has already purchased the Water Utility Station. He could be a problem.

Day Three:

The wheelbarrow got nailed for speeding today. He rolled three straight doubles and made it all the way to Marvin Gardens before the cops closed in on him. I must be careful to avoid a similar fate. In other news, I purchased my first property today: St. Charles Place, in the pink district. With a little fixing up, I think it'll be quite profitable.

Day Five:

Much has happened! Thimble is definitely no longer my friend. He bought the other two pink district properties right out from under me after striking a deal with that damn Scottish Terrier. He then beat me out for the Electrical Utility Company and forced me to pay him. He'll regret that. I also got \$10 for winning a beauty contest I didn't enter. I'm not going to question that. The wheelbarrow got out of jail early by bribing the warden. He seems to be setting up shop in the orange district right now. Devious bastard.

Day Eight:

The properties are disappearing left and right now. I need to start making some moves before it's too late. I bought the Boardwalk today. That will be my secret weapon, but for now I need a steady source of income. The Go! Station's two hundred dollar payments only go so far...

Day Ten:

In a blockbuster trade, Thimble and wheelbarrow conspired so that each got a monopoly, the light blue and orange districts, respectively. Scottish Terrier struck gold yesterday when he stumbled upon five hundred dollars in a random parking lot. I'm not worried; I still have Boardwalk.

Day Fourteen:

I spent the last three nights in jail. I'm not really sure what happened. I was over by the yellow district when a police officer blew his whistle at me and told me to go to jail. Top Hat visited me while I was on the inside. Maybe he's not such a bad guy. But the market has changed. wheelbarrow and Thimble have amassed small fortunes by building houses and feeding off the new fortunes of the Scottie. He had to mortgage his red district investments to pay off his debts.

Day Sixteen:

My income has dried up and I'm running low on funds. That fucking Thimble is withholding electricity from all of my properties until I give him St. Charles Place! That would give him two monopolies. He won't break me.

Day Twenty:

I feel like I'm going in circles. I finally bought Baltic Avenue after accidentally visiting it for the fifth fucking time. The Scottie declared bankruptcy today. I must make sure a similar fate does not befall me. The Top Hat and I are working out a deal. He landed on Park Place after I lost track of where I was

and missed it again, and now he wants Boardwalk. Things aren't looking good for me.

Day Twenty-Two:

Thimble and Wheelbarrow seem to be developing some devious plan. They have built red hotels on all of their properties. Everything is painted red right down to the windows, which you no longer can see through. Top Hat and I were about to strike a deal, when he accidentally stepped onto Wheelbarrow's hotel property and was charged eight hundred dollars. He is now bankrupt. I believe I am screwed. I must resolve to avoid all random urges to step on their properties.

Day Twenty-Five: Thimble visited my empty lot on Baltic Avenue today. I snickered as I charged him \$4 for coming by. The world is just.

Day Twenty-Six:

I accidentally stepped on the front lawn of one of Thimble's hotels today and was immediately given a bill for over a thousand dollars. The world is not just.

Day Twenty-Seven:

After my encounter with Thimble's strangely painted hotel, I realized I have a grand total of \$4 in my bank account. God bless Baltic Avenue.

Day Twenty-Eight:

I walked into the Community Chest office today to see if I could raise some funds and was inexplicably instructed to "advance token to Wheelbarrow's hotel"...which apparently means to go directly to Wheelbarrow's hotel. I have just filed for bankruptcy. I am rather downtrodden.

Day Twenty-Nine:

A giant inexplicable earthquake/hurricane blew away all of Thimble and Wheelbarrow's money, hotels, and title deeds.

Day One: Today I'm starting fresh. I have nothing but fifteen hundred bucks in my pocket and the open road ahead of me. I plan on starting my own real estate business as soon as possible, and making a killing while the market's still fresh. A few competitors are in the same place as me right now, but I doubt they'll be a problem.

INTRODUCING...AWKWARD KID TOY!

Ever wish you had an Awkward Kid to carry around for a never-ending game of awkwardness? All you need to play this game is one of our bastard children, to be sold in multiple ethnicities and sizes in a Toys 'R Us near you (says a spokesman for the store, "We are currently overstocked in babies of the China race.") Tired of being sexiled in your own dorm? Shove your Awkward Kid inside the room as he yells, under your command, "YOUR STICK WON'T STAY IN THE HOLE, LET ME TRY DUMBASS." Or are you a parent sick of hearing young children complain? When the teacher asks if anyone has a sad thing to share ("my goldfish died," "my doll lost its eye," "I ate too much glue"), your Awkward Kid will say, in a completely nonchalant voice, "my cousin was stabbed by gangs in war-torn Ghana." Still not convinced?! Ladies who are tired of waiting in long bathroom lines, take Awkward Kid with you and drop multiple pebbles in the toilet as he slides his hand under the next stall, asking for more toilet paper. At a Baptist Church, have Awkward Kid sing gospel songs and ask the guy next to him if he's Atlanta Black, Harlem Black, or South Compton Black. Anyone is free to rent an Awkward Kid, so that everyone can have fun making light of situations that needn't be anything BUT awkward.

Biblical Games

Rock, Paper, Scissor on Mt. Sinai



F A T I G U E

Hey! Are you bored? No? Oh.

Well, are you stupid? Great! Then have I got the game for you! It's called "Fatigue." The object of the game is to stay up as long as possible without sleep until one of your party dies, at which point you can flay their carcass with reeds and sing praises to the heathen gods you will have started worshipping in your sleep-deprived state. I recently played a rousing game with my friends; the following is a rundown of my thoughts and the game's events:

- 0:01:00 – Woo! We're having fun! Let's watch some movies!
- 0:02:00 – Hooray, yeah. Whatever.
- 0:06:00 – God this fucking suuuuuuuuuuuuucks.
- 0:07:00 – Orgies begin.
- 0:08:00 – Boredom with regular orgies sets in. Gay orgies begin.
- 0:23:59 – Bored with gay orgies. Officially run out of things to do.
- 1:00:00 – Woooo we pulled an all-nighter!
- 1:00:01 – Remember that no one in the real world is impressed by that.
- 1:12:00 – Hallucinations begin.
- 1:18:00 – Hallucinations involving ballroom dancing with Arnold Schwarzenegg
- 2:00:00 – "Oh my, Mr. Governor, you certainly do know how to treat a lady."
- 2:08:00 – Murmur softly as the Governor cradles you in his big, strong arms. S
- 2:23:59 – First suicide. Game is not over until death by lack of sleep. Keep playin
- 3:00:00 – Group tearfully breaks into spontaneous rendition of "The Circle of Lif
- 3:03:00 – THE CIRCLE OF LIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIFE
- 3:10:00 – Start believing in JuJu, the bringer of tides and harvests.
- 3:12:00 – Brief moment of clarity cuts through your addled brain. Find pink slip
- 3:12:15 – Clarity gone. Faith in JuJu restored.
- 3:16:00 – Start asking questions like "What is 'is', man?"
- 3:18:15 – "Is, is like, what it is, you know? To be is is, but to not be is also is."
- 3:18:16 – Vision of Bill Clinton sent from JuJu settles "is" debate.
- 3:18:17 – Silence.
- 3:23:00 – "Hey, does anyone want to play Monopoly?"
- 3:23:01 – Silence.
- 4:10:00 – Game over! Bill dropped dead! Quickly! Eat his organs to gain his cou
- 4:10:05 – Sacrifice Bill to JuJu.
- 4:11:00 – Finally, get some sleep. Sacrifice alarm clock to JuJu.
- 4:11:30 – Insomnia.

DOGS ARE MAN'S BEST FRIEND, BUT IT'S NOT MUTUAL. DOGS JUST LIKE TO HANG OUT WITH OTHER DOGS.

From the Sports Pages

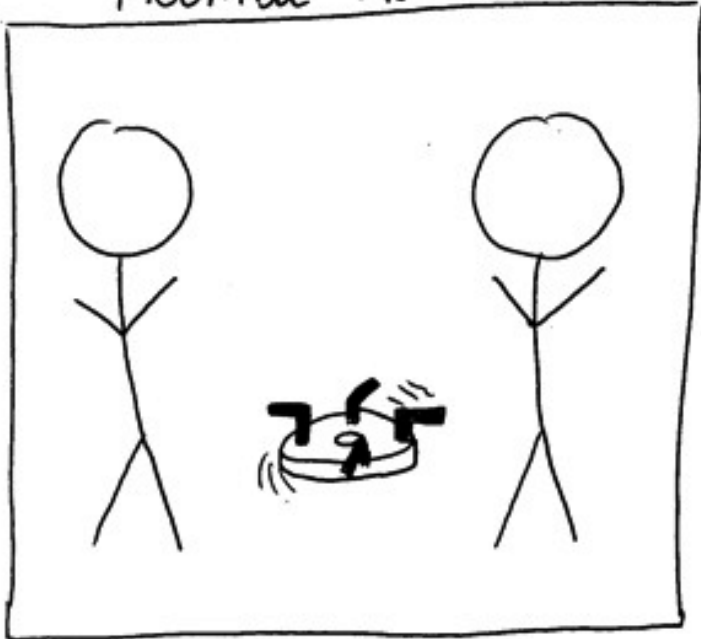
ITHACA, NY - Effective next semester, all graduate students in the Regional Planning Department will take mandatory Physical Education classes that will help prepare them for the rigors of being shot in the head with nine-millimeter rounds fired from an Austrian pistol. For this group of Cornellians, concerns such as environmental impact, traffic flow, and property valuation have been surpassed by attempted assassinations outside of regional grocery stores, and the Regional Planning Department has responded to the pressures of the outside world by tailoring its curriculum.

Fliers about the course have been posted around campus, reading "This virtual decathlon of death avoidance will consist of two events - one round will test your ability

to duck headshots fired at close range, and a second round will consist of using every lasting measure of your determination and indeed the very sinewy fiber of your most visceral being to fight off death and lasting brain damage after sustaining a shot to the skull."

The course will be given a budget equivalent to one half of that of the varsity football team (i.e., One Half of Way Too Fucking Much), which will afford the opportunity to bring in specialized coaching staff. The Round One: Headshot Ducking Team will be advised by Jim Brady and the Round Two: Brain Damage Avoidance Team will be groomed by the extremely capable hands of Cornell alum Christopher Reeve.

Roomba Roulette



THE NINES

311 COLLEGE AVE (607) 272-5890
ITHACA, NY 14850

**COLLEGETOWN'S HOME
OF DEEP DISH PIZZA &
LIVE MUSIC!**

MONDAY - SATURDAY

11:30-1AM

SUNDAY

3:30-1AM

DELIVERY

AT 5PM

FROM THE FILES OF THE

We all need to play the cards we're dealt in the game of life. I drew police officer. It's decent work, doesn't require a degree, and you get to collect \$10,000 every time someone exceeds the speed limit. I know a guy who drew hair stylist and he hates it. Then again, last week he won a local radio sweepstakes he hadn't even signed up for, so I guess things are looking up for him. That's life.

I'd seen a lot of things during my time on the force. Eccentric millionaires murdered with candlesticks in their own conservatories. Convicts getting out of jail free just because they had a coupon for it. Ruthless gangsters knocking hardworking families back down to square one, then just saying "Sorry!" This city ain't Candyland, that's for sure. Yeah, I'd seen it all, but I had just one more payday before I could retire. In a few more years I'd be kicking back with the other retirees at Countryside Acres.

Then the Unobomber came to town. He was a maniac. He'd hit up the card tables at the casinos around town, drive up a debt, and when he was down to his last card, he'd shout "Uno!" and dash out of the building before activating a detonator hidden in his coat.

His last hit was at a poker bar down on Baltic Avenue. Three were killed, six were injured. Only one witness claimed to have gotten a good look at the Unobomber. He was an old sailor who had fought in the Battleship Wars. The instincts he'd developed sailing the high seas in his patrol boat helped him make an early escape from the building before the explosion. We brought him in to examine the eight suspects we'd assembled.

I stood with him, examining the suspects through the window. He was a bit shell-shocked from the incident the day before, so I had to coax the details out of him with yes-or-no questions.

"Did the man you saw have red hair?" I asked, eyeing a nervous-looking redhead in the line-up.

"No," answered the witness. I pointed at the red-haired man and shook my head. The wardens went and pushed him over, leaving seven suspects standing.

"Did he wear glasses?"

"Yes." I gestured, and the wardens pushed four unsuspected suspects onto the floor.

"Did the man have buckteeth?"

"Yes."

"Was the Unobomber suspect number 4?"

"Yes! You got it!"

"Great," I said to the relieved sailor,

"Thanks for your time. Wardens, bring suspect number 4 around back."

I met suspect 4 in the interrogation room. He was bald, and his polished head shone in the dim light. "So," I uttered, sitting down across from him, "are you the Unobomber?"

He was sweating heavily. "Um..." he stammered.

"Answer me, creep!"

"What are you going to do to me?" he asked.

"You're going directly to jail, do not pass GO, do not collect \$200."

"I didn't do it!" he pleaded.

"You're in big trouble, punk, and not the kind with dice in a bubble!"

"But I'm just a pawn!"

"He's right!" shouted one of the wardens, "Look!"

I took a better look at the suspect. His bald head was big and unusually round, and his body was widest at its bottom. He was pasty white.

"You are just a pawn!" I realized aloud, "You couldn't have planted those bombs, you can only kill on the diagonal!" I slammed my fist on the table. We'd been deceived. "Get out of here!" I shouted. The pawn stood up and slowly walked out of the room, one floor tile at a time.

I sat at the interrogation table, dejected. This guy was going to be harder to catch than Professor Plum was during the bombing of the

E**MB[®]**
**MILTON
BRADLEY**

POLICE DEPARTMENT



Jenga Office Complex. My cell phone rang—it was the morgue. They'd discovered something.

The forensic examiner was working on one of the bodies from the bombing when I walked in. "Hey there," I said, "What's new?"

My entrance startled the examiner a bit, and he twitched. The cadaver's nose suddenly glowed red and a loud buzz was heard. The examiner sighed. "I had that one, dammit!"

"Sorry," I uttered, "What have you got?"

"Look at this," he responded, pushing a tray into my hands, "It's shrapnel that was embedded in this guy's leg." In the tray was a blood-covered piece of rounded metal.

"What is it?"

"It's a military-grade bomb. I had some guys in the lab pursue some trivia about this model. They used these bombs in the Battle-ship Wars."

I gasped. "The Unobomber's using military hardware? We just had an old Marine up in the interrogation room!"

"Really?" the examiner asked, as he pulled a butterfly out of the body's stomach.

"He was the only surviving witness." I suddenly realized the truth. "That guy was the Unobomber!" I ran out of the room as fast as I could.

"That's using your cranium!" the examiner shouted, and turned back to his operation.

I ran out of the station, shouting into my cell phone. "Cover the whole neighborhood! The suspect is a white male in his seventies, and should be considered armed and danger-

ous! He can't have gotten far!" I turned a corner and searched the street. He wasn't there. On a whim I continued on over the Pennsylvania Railroad tracks and into Marvin Gardens. I spotted the old man sitting at a picnic table, playing cards with a young woman.

"Ma'am!" I shouted, "Step away from the table! Don't let him play any cards!" I bolted toward the table as the old man rose from his seat. He held up the only card in his hand, taunting me from across the gardens. "Uno!" he shouted. I ran faster and faster. The old man reached into his coat and pulled out a homemade bomb—it was a Stratego-class black ball explosive. He was about to light the wick when I reached him, knocking the bomb out of his hand and tackling him to the ground. We struggled, but I was able to pin him down and cuff him. "Game over," I whispered into his ear, and we heard the sound of approaching sirens.

That was my last case. The next day I filed the report, shut the light in my office and left the force. I stopped by the zoo on the way home to watch the hungry, hungry hippos get fed. After all the chutes and ladders I'd been through over the past few days, I admired their simple, worry-free existence, and hoped that such a life lay ahead for me. When I got home, I lay down in bed with our dog, Checkers, at my feet. "Shh," I heard my wife say to the kids, "Don't wake Daddy." As I drifted off into sleep, one thought occupied my mind: that the next time I heard just one more lame board game pun, I was going to snap.



GOD OF WAR

**Sony Computer Entertainment America
Rated MATURE – Blood, Strong Violence, Alcohol
Consumption, Excessive Grimacing**

After one too many late night toga parties, Spartan party animal Kratos accidentally kills his wife and daughter in a drunken rage. Swearing off liquor and vowing to get his revenge, Kratos journeys across ancient Greece, leaving no survivors in his wake on a quest to kill the GOD OF WINE. Kratos fights sirens, minotaurs, and the ghosts of his former addiction before reaching Olympus for a final showdown with Bacchus himself.

In the fall of 2010, Lunatic alumnus David Watts set out to interview a porn star about life, dating, and the world today. The (actually real) results are below.

“Interview with an Adult Entertainment Star: Kelly Divine”

Thank you for doing this interview Kelly!

Thank you, I'm happy to be included in something that requires a brain.

Do you date men in the adult film industry?

I will never date any other performers, male or female. Everyone in the business is a potential co-worker. ... I personally wouldn't mind if whoever I'm dating did porn. I'd rather them sleep with tons of girls for a living than for them to have sex with other people off camera. Off camera is personal, on camera isn't. I am however in a relationship with someone who isn't a performer. ... But I am very clear with

the fact that for me it's just work. I show up, I do my job, and I go home.

Was it hard to find a man who looks past the fact that you're in adult entertainment?

Extremely hard! ... Me and my friend ... liked to go out to clubs, meet guys and hang out with them. They'd always be super nice until we told them what we did. Then, they would do a 360 and treat us totally different.

(For the nerdy engineers reading this, yes she means “a 180.” Put away your protractors and watch porn. Moving on)

A lot of people seem to forget I am an adult ACTRESS, and apparently my acting is great because they think I'm that wild in my personal life. Like all I do is lay on my back for anyone who wants some. I hate the way the majority of the world looks down on me for what I do. Not everyone in porn is a piece of

crap! Lots of performers have college degrees or go to

school, they just like doing this. It's not an easy profession like many think. It's hard on your mind and body.

Would you have sex with a bear? NO!!!

What is your opinion on the Tea Party?

Awww this isn't a fun question. Way to get serious after the bear question! All I'll say is the economy sucks and needs to change. Also, making it so that every American has to have healthcare is a good idea... especially since I keep getting rejected every time I apply for some on my own.

Are porn stars pissed at the fact that there's so much free porn on the internet?

Yes! Most DVD companies are out of business and with all the pirated stuff we lose money. I actually don't think people realize that.

You got any jobs for a guy like me? A sexy Asian guy with a chemistry degree and a very large... sense of humor?

A BOOK-MARK IS JUST A FOLDED-DOWN CORNER FOR WHITE PEOPLE.

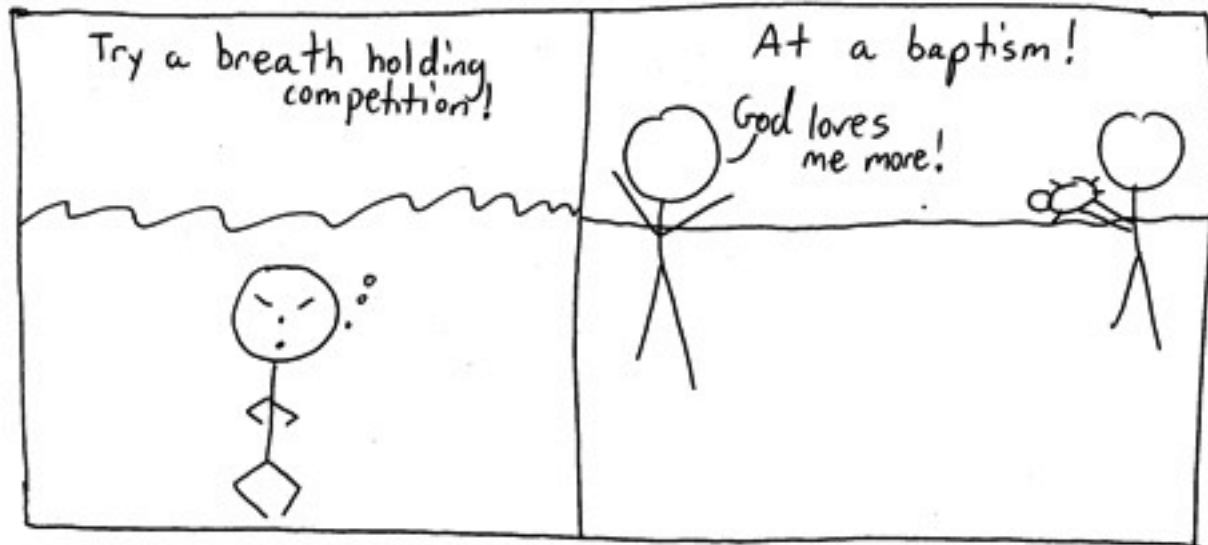
OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK

11AM TO MIDNIGHT

INDIAN FOOD, DRINKS, GROCERIES, SNACKS, FRESH FRUIT & VEGETABLES,
 SOUTH ASIAN FOODS & SPICES, LIGHT MEALS, ATM, AND MUCH MORE...

THE ONE-STOP SHOPPING LOCATION
 FOR ALL YOUR CONVENIENT NEEDS

College Town Mini Mart
 115 DRYDEN ROAD



PSYCHIAT-
 RIC STUDIES HAVE
 SHOWN THAT THE PRAC-
 TICES OF TIPPING COWS
 AND TIPPING WAITERS DERIVE
 FROM THE SAME BASIC HUMAN
 INSTINCT TO EMBARRASS THOSE
 LESS FORTUNATE THAN OUR-
 SELVES.

How to Make Food Product Labels Politically Correct

- "Extra Large" eggs become "Big Boned"
- Black Olives are emancipated into African-American olives
- Pasteurized cheese is converted into non-denomina-tional cheese
- Grapefruit learns to control its urges, goes to therapy and comes out as grconsensualfruit.
- Spic-and-Span va a estar Una Sirvienta en un Bote
- Hebrew National gets circumcised to Tasty Kakes
- Ritz Crackers wise up and become Carlton Whites

BECAUSE THE ANCIENT GREEKS NAVIGATED USING THE STARS, MOST OF THEIR EXPEDITIONS ENDED UP AT PROXIMA CENTAURI.



helen keller. more than just touchy-feely?



Fans of the popular board game Apples to Apples are in a heated debate over the rule changes put into effect in its recently released 2011 edition. From now on, the Helen Keller card will officially reign supreme over all other cards (yes, this means you too, Anne Frank).

In the original game, the holder of the Helen Keller card won rounds with adjectives that actually described her. These included “talented,” “principled,” “touchy-feely,” and, of course, “senseless.” However, over time Helen Keller has gained saint status among today’s youth, not for her incredible accomplishments despite being born deaf and blind, but for her new ability to somehow, according to amateur judges, be the best match to every single adjective. Supporters of the controversial new rule change claim that this is already how the cool kids play. When asked why Helen Keller is such a favorite, cool kid Bobby Jones responded, “Haha! Helen Keller! Good one.”

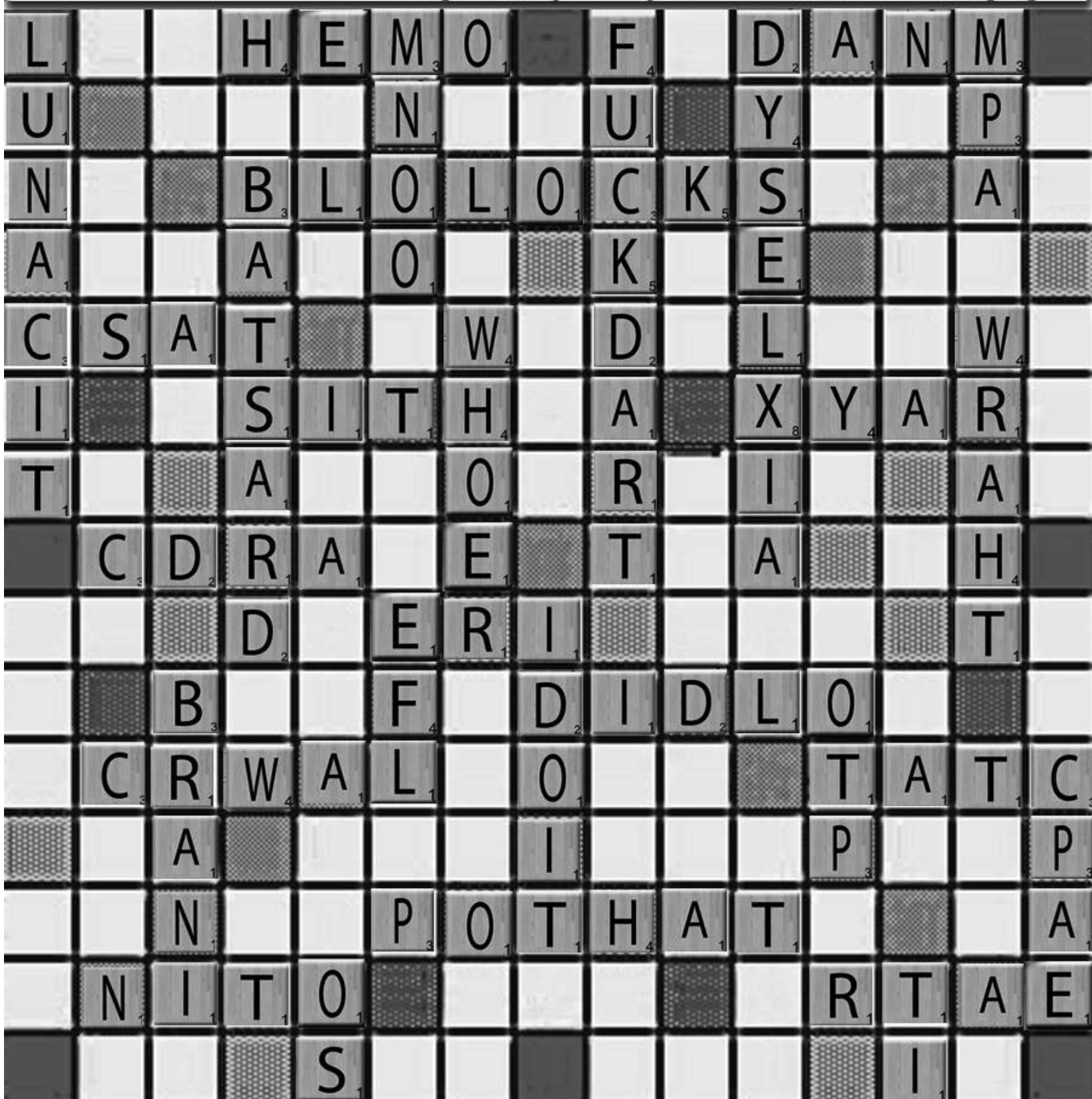
The creators of Apples to Apples claim that introducing this change to the official

rulebook simply casts Helen Keller in a new and diverse light that makes her a more approachable heroine. The CEO held a press conference yesterday explaining this decision: “We would like to encourage a new view of Helen Keller and support a world where she can be remembered as glitzy (flashy, showy, gaudy), and zany (crazy, funny, wacky), as well as hostile (antagonistic, aggressive, warlike), and easy (effortless, gentle, promiscuous). What we are trying to do here is bolster the new generation’s efforts to break down stereotypes. It is a truly inspiring endeavor.”

The American Historical Society claims that it is inaccurate as well as disrespectful to describe Helen Keller as “fuzzy” or “masculine.” In response to these allegations, the CEO replied, “Oh yeah? Prove it!” The AHS has as yet been unable to “prove it”. We also attempted to get a quote from the Association of the Blind and Deaf, but no visual or oral response...or really any sign that they knew we were in the room... could be obtained. It seems they are sticking to their official public policy of “no comment”.

SCARBBLE

brought to you by the creators of Boggle



NO TWO SNOWFLAKES
ARE EXACTLY ALIKE,
OR THAT DIFFER-
ENT.

MADDEN: COLLECTIVE BARGAINING

Yesterday, EA announced that Madden NFL 11, the newest version of its flagship football series, will be released concurrently with a special edition. In light of the ongoing standoff between the players' union and the NFL owners, this special edition will not revolve around the game on the field, but rather will focus on the politics of the NFL Collective Bargaining Agreement negotiations. Gamers can try their hand in several different areas, such as the "Negotiation Table" feature, where they can pick either side and engage the opposing party in a battle of "fuck you" and "No, fuck you! You're gay!" Or, they can use the feature called "Play Football...Not!" in which, acting as the NFL owners, they put a lockout into action and cancel the season—the perfect minigame for those who are tired of playing actual games and piling up the touchdowns! Tired of winning 54-13? Don't play at all! Play 0-0 games all season with this feature! Another feature that is sure to be a big hit is the familiar "Road to the Show," which will come with some key changes. Instead of building up skills and scoring that big 50-60 million dollar contract, players will now only be able to get a deal of up to \$10 million. Figuring out how to scrounge up food, clothing, and shelter with the limited funds given is guaranteed to make this feature more challenging and exciting for all gamers! NFL-loving gamers all over the country are lining up in droves to buy this new game, and given the overwhelmingly positive publicity, EA Sports has announced that it may use this idea for other sports down the road when their CBAs expire.

Cornell Polo Team Suffers Loss at the Hands of Dartmouth

Team captains shake hands and agree to continue to control the means of production

In a match originally intended to determine whose school mascot was more ambiguously uninspired, the Cornell Big Red invited the Dartmouth Big Green to Ithaca to play a sport slightly more expensive than the America's Cup and with a larger carbon footprint than NASCAR.

A Cornell player admitted to being somewhat distracted during the match while mentally poring over the differences in seaworthiness between classic Bertram Yachts and the new Hatteras line. Although, he added, you really can't beat the craftsmanship on the old teak decks you find on some of the vintage models.



After Cornell's punishing loss, Team Coach Bradford Winthorpe told reporters that he "can at least take comfort in knowing that the costs associated with transporting the horses and players from Hanover to Ithaca could have revamped the infrastructure of Mogadishu and provided polio vaccines to several thousand Indian orphans."

Said the starting Number Three for Dartmouth of the match, "Basically, it's important to remember that every polo match is played on a 10 acre field which, instead of being used to grow crops to field the world's poor and starving, is meticulously groomed by foreign-born laborers being paid slave wages."

An excerpt from the highly anticipated novel **Monopolizing Success: The Life and Times of Alfred Nupplemann**

My rise to success surprisingly didn't follow the same path as Donald Trump's, and since everyone knows his story, I won't launch into it, but needless to

say, I am not the son of a German immigrant. My rise took a lot longer than his, mainly because I constantly had to get

Community Chest

**DONATE A MILLION DOLLARS TO CHARITY
GET OUT OF JAIL FREE(ISH)**



my hair cut and he didn't have the same need.

Building a Fortune 500 company doesn't just take smarts; I had to start walking around everywhere with that little tuxedo wearing man on one shoulder and the white guy in the blue suit on the other. It got annoying to have to sit there looking crazy talking to people that were on my shoulders during business meetings, but I promise just because no one else could

see them doesn't mean they weren't real.

Something that has helped

me with my success is always knowing the risks, and let me tell you, rolling the dice is a lot riskier than people think. I sometimes look back on those early decisions and wonder what would have gone differently if I had rolled a 2 instead of a 6. It isn't about luck, or knowing how hard to blow on the dice, it's about strategy. I would never buy anything my first time landing on an avenue or railroad; instead, I would wait for my competitors to buy something stupid or end up in jail, knowing my thimble was too smart to ever land

behind those four bars. My pink, yellow and blue money was real to me, and I based all my deci-

Community Chest

GOT CAUGHT WITH AN 8TH OF COCAINE

GO TO DIRECTLY JAIL



Community Chest

YOUR DAUGHTER IS IN YOUR BASEMENT & HAS MOTHERED 5 OF YOUR KIDS

GO TO JAIL



Chance

**HAVE SEX WITH A BUNCH OF PROSTITUTES WHILE MARRIED
GO TO SEX REHAB**



sions about my future empire on what the concerned white

guy in the tuxedo would think.

I was in the longest running Monopoly game ever. It lasted two minutes before all the other players realized that they had no hope against me (or that Monopoly isn't as much fun as pretty much any other existing game). But I just keep starting new games

with better opponents. I'm currently beating Steve Jobs and Donald Trump. The only problem I

see in living life like you're constantly playing a game of Monopoly is not looking like a 7 year old but rather running the risk that someone who is losing can simply flip the board over and destroy all progress.

It's taken me three decades to build the empire I have today (approximately 50,000 turns), but I'm proud to say that the business world must now bow down to the sheer number of green homes I've

built everywhere, and I'm not talking about the less-than-business-savvy eco-friendly homes

any of my other weakling friends like. I'm talking about the real deal: green plastic homes on Illinois Avenue.

Editor's Note: Since his book has been published, Alfred Nupplemann has been arrested on charges of bribing the banker, but he also could have just stolen money while the banker was getting a juicebox.

Chance

**YOU MURDER PEOPLE BUT ARE GOOD LOOKING
GET A SHOWTIME SHOW**



Community Chest

**YOU ARE A WHITE, MALE & JEWISH NERD
JOIN THE CORNELL LUNATIC**



<h1>START</h1>	<p>Receive Quartercard on Ho Plaza</p> <p><i>Invent a ridiculous event and try to convince everyone around you to go to it. Every time someone dismisses you, take a drink.</i></p>	<p>Slip on Icy Walkway</p> <p><i>All other players must laugh at you for 30 seconds.</i></p>	<p>Fail a Prelim</p> <p><i>Drown your sorrows. Finish your drink.</i></p>	<p>Ce</p>
----------------	--	---	--	-----------

Player Rules: If you are from...

Arts & Sciences: For each die roll, you may add 1 for each language you can say the die number in.

Engineering: Take the square root of each of your die rolls, multiply by e and round down. Move that many spaces instead.

ILR: Subtract 1 from your die roll for each law school you've been rejected from. Add 1 for each acceptance.

Ag: If you're from New York state, you may add 3 to any die roll.

AAP: If you roll less than a 6, you don't get to move because you've got work to do. If you would take a drink, you may smoke a cigarette instead.

HumEc: Double any die roll if you're a straight male. Drink cosmos otherwise.

Hotel: Ignore die rolls and move as many spaces as you want because you're just so fucking special. You have to drink apple juice instead of booze,

<p>Strip Club Opens in Willard Straight and They Take BRBs</p> <p><i>Throw your money at other players while hollering racial slurs.</i></p>	<p>Meet Denise Cassaro</p> <p><i>Spend 10,000 years being digested.</i></p>	<p>KEG-STAND!</p> <p><i>Do a head stand while yelling, "It's a keg-el exercise!"</i></p>	<p>Run Across Street in Front of TCAT Bus to Save Three Seconds on Your Trip</p> <p><i>Player must run full-speed at nearest wall and try to stop right before they hit it.</i></p>	<p>B</p>
---	--	---	--	----------

<p>Drink Too Much on Slope Day</p> <p><i>You must roll, not walk, over to the bathroom whenever you need to relieve yourself.</i></p>
--



Mods:

Legacy: If any of your parents or grandparents have won this game before, a

Transfer: You must play with a piece from another game. Take a drink when

International: Take a drink everytime someone thinks your personal history

Minority: Add 1 to your die roll for each other player of your ethnicity. If at (For balance's sake, the Chinese don't count as a minority. You gu

Grad Student: Once per game per opponent, you may change that opponen

RA: You may prevent any player from taking a drink at any time. You must p

<p>Someone Hands You a Cornell Lunatic</p> <p><i>You weep for joy.</i></p>	<p>Surprise Saber Duel with Skorton!</p> <p><i>You kidding me? You lose. Finish your drink, pansy.</i></p>	<p>A Wild Charlie Sheen Appears!</p> <p><i>Your face melts off. Your children weep over your exploded body.</i></p>	<p>Walk of Shame</p> <p><i>Defend yourself to other players by claiming: "When was the last time you got laid?" Drink their sorrows.</i></p>	
---	---	--	---	--

<p>Pass a Prelim</p> <p><i>Celebrate your peerless genius. Finish your drink.</i></p>	<p>Awkward, Party Hook-Up</p> <p><i>Player must gyrate their hips non-rhythmically when speaking.</i></p>	<p>Walk of Shame</p> <p><i>Defend yourself to other players claiming: "But 6:30am is the best time to wear high heels!"</i></p>
--	--	--

d.



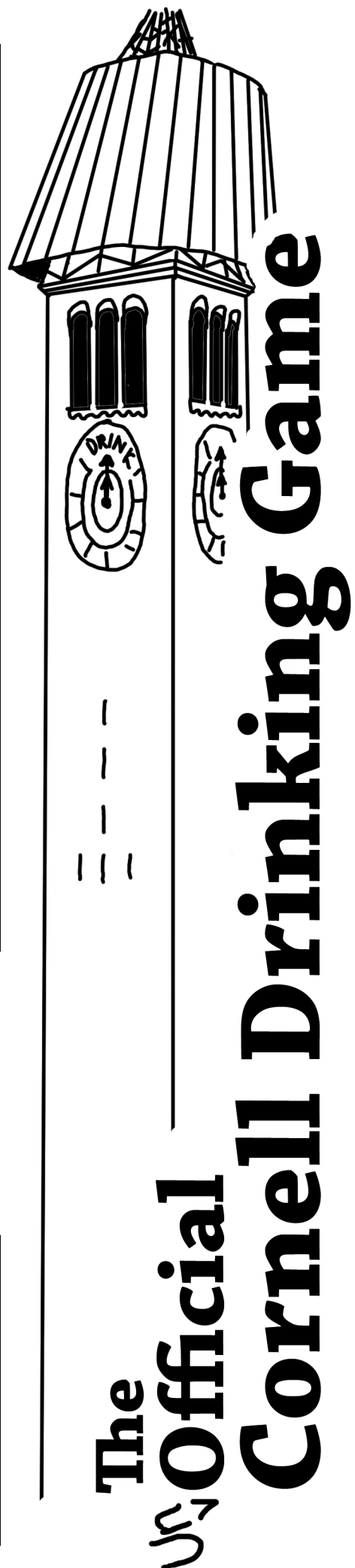
oze, though. You don't go to a real school, so you don't get real drinks.

<p>Chimes Ring While on the Phone</p> <p><i>Player must now yell all the time</i></p>
--

<p>Bump Into Someone You Met at a Party. Forget Their Name.</p> <p><i>Make up new names for everyone playing and switch them after every turn.</i></p>	<p>Borrow Class Notes from Friend. Spill Coffee All Over Them.</p> <p><i>Spill your drink all over the player to your left.</i></p>	<p>Put Mint on Your Roommate's Pillow. While Bed is Occupied.</p> <p><i>Sexual congress time!! Exchange cups with player to your right. Woo bodily fluid sharing!</i></p>
---	--	--

re, double any die roll.
whenever someone asks you about the game you came from.
istory is "so cool."
If at any time you feel that these rules are unfair, have a panel discussion about it. I mean, take a drink.
u guys are going to win anyway.)
ment's die roll to whatever you like if that opponent is an undergrad.
st plan activities for every fifth turn.

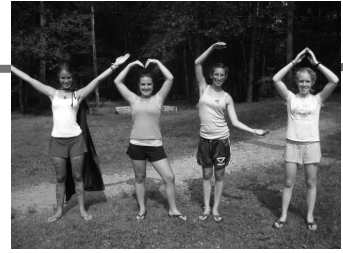
<p>Go to the Vagina Monologues</p> <p><i>Drink for every woman in the room. Spend all night imagining talking vulvas.</i></p>	<p>Someone Mentions the Last World Cup</p> <p><i>You think of vulvazoolas. Damn it.</i></p>	<p>BACK TO START</p>
--	--	-----------------------------



TOPEKA, KANSAS - The International Brotherhood of the Teamsters has voted to adopt Love Local 186, a small union protecting the rights of inflatable love dolls working in the Fargo-Moorehead Metro Area. Said a spokes-

doll for the group, "We plan to fight for greater transparency on work contracts and matching programs for our medical flex accounts, but frankly we'd settle for just not being raped on the job."

YMCA to Offer Class for Muggers Who Wish to Effectively Mug Women Who have Taken the Women's Self-Defense Class at the YWCA



BROOKLYN, NY - Krav Māga expert, three-time manslayer, and proud non-waxer Fernie Douglas, the instructor of the self-defense class, has been implicated in the hostile thwarting of four muggings in the greater Herkimer County area in rural New York, costing the local mugging industry an estimated \$67. A renegade feminist who arms her stu-

dents with pepper spray and requires 1,000 practice groin kicks, Douglas has wreaked havoc in the community of mugging artists, predominately male, that ply their trade in the area. The YMCA said it sees no other recourse than to up its ante in this arms race of epic proportions. "It's high time the YMCA started standing up for itself against the better funded

and markedly cleaner YWCA", local YMCA Director Donald Richardson stated at a recent press conference. "Not to mention the fact that local muggers discouraged by empowered, hard-to-mug females might leave the mugging industry altogether. In these tough economic times, we cannot afford to lose mugging, as it is one of our last sustainable industries."



Africana Studies and Research Center Chronically Fails to Recognize Historical Irony in Trying to Secede From the Union-versity.

ITHACA, NY - Other departments at Cornell are reported to have meekly asked if they too can be freed of all manner of university oversight while continuing to request and accept financial support from tuition-paying students, in keeping with the

model that the Africana Studies Center so ardently defends. Next on the agenda of the Center, an inquiry as to why Cornell thinks it is appropriate to own, operate, and profit from one of the last known plantations in the western hemisphere.

NOTHING'S AS RETRO AS MY GAMEBOY ADVANCE!



OH YEAH?! WELL IT DOESN'T BEAT MY GAMEBOY COLOR!



FOOLS! MY GAME & WATCH IS EVEN MORE RETRO!



ROCKS!





OFFICER 1: Name, residence, age?

SUSPECT: Ash Ketchum, 24 years old, and I live in Pallet Town, Kanto.

OFFICER 1: So, Mr. Ketchum, how you been doing lately?

ASH KETCHUM: Pretty good. Logged 4 hours on Crystal Version yesterday, so a solid day. Today, though... I'm a bit confused as to why I'm in an interrogation room in the police station.

OFFICER 2: Let's cut to the chase. This morning you were arrested after the FBI entered your house on a tip. We found 6 women, each locked inside a giant half red, half white sphere, in your basement. All 6 of these women match recent missing persons reports. You wanna do some explaining?

ASH: Well, I mean...I didn't do anything wrong. All my life I've had the desire to catch 'em all. Y'know, I mean, when I see one of those critters, I get that urge to catch it—I think it's a trait that all the elite collectors have. That drive to get each and every one. Gotta catch 'em all! Well, when I saw these women, I thought to myself, "Wow! This must be some new exotic species of Jynx or something! Professor Oak will be SO impressed when I show him. But why—"

OFFICER 1: I see, so you were just catching Pokémon...how did you catch them? It must have been tough.

ASH: Oh, you bet! I made sure to catch several specimens, and man, was it hard! To catch them is the real test, you know? These ones are strong! (Not to mention oddly pleasing to look at; it reminds me of that feeling I get when I look at Misty or Nurse Joy, but anyhow.) I'm not really sure what type they are, since they used a bunch of different attacks. They definitely used Scratch, Bite, Double Slap, and Mega Punch, so at first I thought they were Normal types, but then one of them had a really powerful Water type Water Gun move and tried to spray me with this stuff! It was a heckuva long battle for each one—it took a TON of attacks. I started out with Charm, and then used Pursuit, Mega Punch, and finally Bind. My PP was almost used up! I finally got them to faint though, so it was definitely worth it!

OFFICER 2: Oh yeah?

ASH: Yeah! Isn't it so exciting? I'm going to be the best, like no one ever was! I'm confused, though...since when was catching Pokémon a crime? Did I take them from the Safari Zone by mistake?

OFFICER 1: We've heard enough. I'm just going to need you to sign this confession here. We have it all on tape.

OFFICER 2: Hey, what do you think? I'm thinking probably like up to 25 years.

OFFICER 1: Haha yeah, kidnapping and willful imprisonment is no joke, Mr. Ketchum.

ASH: (sobs) ...Now I'll never get a chance to be the very best...



one night stand end games

alright...so you've managed to maneuver your way into some girl's apartment. All night you've been making all the right moves and you're about to get your reward. You've played a masterful game and now her king is almost mated, and by that I mean her vagina is almost ready to be mated. With. She fumbles clumsily with the keys, opens the door, grabs you by the wrist and brings you inside. This is it, you're home free. Really the only decision to make now is whether to wait until you get to the bedroom or just make your move right there by the door, for that extra hot just-can't-wait-10-seconds-to-bone action you see so often in the movies. But wait, something's wrong. Something you can't quite put your finger on. ...Why is there:

An overwhelming smell of onions?

How creepy is this? Pretty creepy. I mean, onions are cool and all, but the stench is overpowering, like she's got Glade "Hobo's Breath" variety plugged into every outlet.

Should it stop you? Depends. For all you know this girl you're trying to one-night-stand cooked 10 liters of French onion soup for the homeless before she went out tonight. So she's charitable and a slut. On the other hand, if her entire apartment reeks of onion, she (and I mean she) might be the source of it. And once you get down to business the smell of onions is probably not high on the Top 100 Smells You Want to be Smelling Right Now list.

Moves to mate: One, find a clothespin.

Absolutely nothing in her apartment?

How creepy is this? Uh...I'll be honest this will probably throw you just a little bit. Is she poor? If yes, get out. If not, stay in control. If she says she gave away all her worldly possessions in order to reach inner peace, help her attain that goal by putting your piece in her. If you say that last sentence to her face, one million points to you for sex puns.

Should it stop you? If you are still reading this article, your soul is as empty as that apartment, any potential human contact should be embraced, metaphorically and physically.

Moves to mate: Brag about the partially collapsed futon that adorns your living room.



An audience of notetakers?

How creepy is this? If you're an exhibitionist, you've hit the jackpot. She's actually a sociology student and is doing research into male sexual behavior. The extremely attentive group of people staring intently at your junk? That's her thesis committee. For her to get her PhD, she has to get -fuh-reaky, so if you've ever wanted to debase your TA, now's your chance.

Should it stop you? No. She's probably desperate for data, and the weirder it gets, the more likely she is to get published. This is basically the moment you've been waiting for ever since you developed whatever your disturbing sexual fetish is.

Moves to mate: As many as you can make to prolong the depravity. Just don't repeat the same position three times at any point.

An ominous, cloudy portal shooting lightning in her living room?

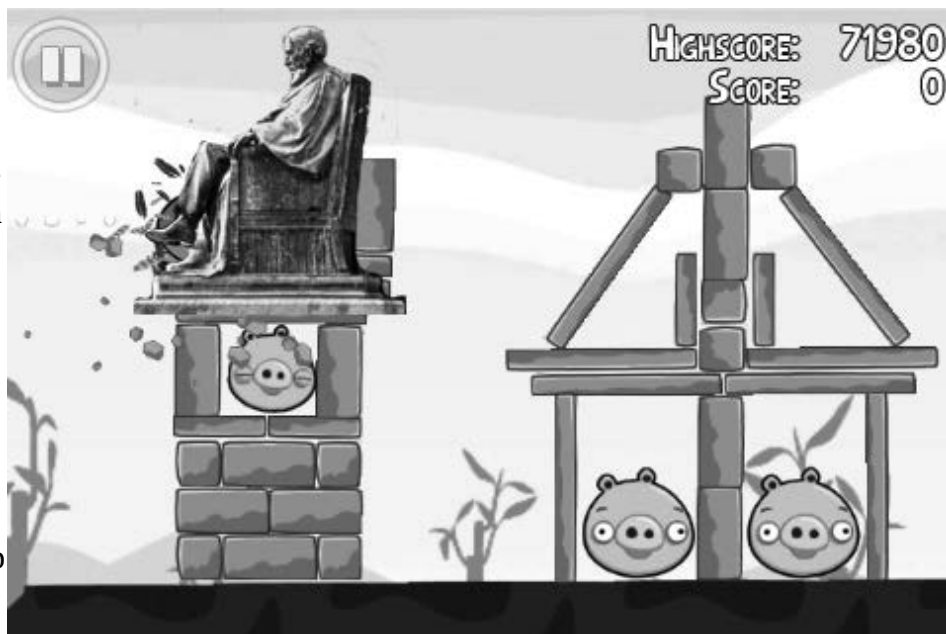
How creepy is this? Well, it's less creepy than it is imperceptive on your part. I don't mean to say that it isn't creepy, downright terrifying really, but open your eyes man. Turns out, that girl you've been chatting up with your heroic tales of being a trailblazing lawyer who only takes pro bono cases for the wrongfully accused is actually a pan-dimensional sorceress. How did you miss it? The clues were subtle but, in retrospect, glaring. Let's run down the checklist: hair made of snakes, inexplicably echoing voice, pupils a beautifully disarming shade of GLOWING...it's all there.

Should it stop you? Yes, absolutely. But, if you're only having second thoughts now, it's way too late.

Moves to mate: Zero. Your king has been captured. In this particular pun, I'm referring to your penis.

ANGRY HUMANS

A group of Cornell students have decided to stage a simulation of Angry Birds, the internationally popular iPod app which is statistically proven to appeal to everyone from wealthy Jews on Wall Street to Ethiopian children waiting for water by wells. Just as in the game, the students constructed 10 setups with their own assortment of boulders, wood, and steel, the object being to assail each setup with different birds. (When asked how else he would have



spent his time, one architect replied, “Doing something with my own wood.”)

With some wearing huge egg-shaped bird outfits, and others wearing tiny blue costumes, and still others dressed as black explosive bomb birds, the leader stood proudly atop the A.D. White statue. Fully attired in a flaming red bird outfit, Tomnee D’salife gathered together all his birds to thank them for their participation and remind them of the ultimate mission: to rid the world of obese green pigs. To the right of the Arts Quad stood a gigantic army of green pigs dressed with boulders for hats and huge mustaches, all dyed in the ubiquitous neon-green for the purposes of the game. “I like to believe that someday, we will be praised for this,” said Tomnee. The games began, and suddenly, human birds launched themselves at the pigs with an increasing fail rate, and the increasingly disturbed pigs began to resemble the ones in the game.

PEN GAMES

In the world of everyday office stationary, there is tacit exploitation of the people who purchase pens. These pen suppliers are a small subset of society that generously put pens into the hands of everyone else. However, they do not do so willingly – as the global pen supply is costly. Instead, the dissemination of pens occurs through the socioeconomic model of indefinite borrowing. Much like that of the beer borrowing model, individuals will indefinitely borrow pens without the permission - and often knowledge - of the pen lender. In almost all cases, the loan duration is infinite and the pen will not be returned. It will only change hands when ‘borrowed’ by a third party. It is this thievery that keeps written language – and hence communication – alive.

Why call it borrowing? Well, because the taker feels he/she is in his power to return the pen. This is a false presumption. Just how the lender (pen supplier) is unable to prevent the theft of his pens, so goes everyone else. As a result, a pen will change hands until any sense of ownership is lost. The ethical remis-

is the result a pens relatively small value combined with a borrowers unpreventable loss or theft of a borrowed pen. And from here we can enter the existentialist philosophy of pens.

None the less, those who purchase pens must make the monthly trip to Office Max. Drop 10 bucks on a pack of ballpoints. Or twenty on a pack of gel ink pens – should his friends be so lucky. In less than a month his pens will be distributed about his workplace, sofa cushions, and various recently visited locations.

Yes. The world is comprised of thieving assholes. But just as discussed in disposable lighter theory, the model is firmly ingrained in our culture. The disposable pen was invented in the twentieth century, and since then we have seen tremendous improvements in our way of life. This only comes through the exploitation of a small percentage of our society – a principle fundamental to the American system.

The 3 Ds of Stingray Defense

Disarm: Visually scan the immediate area and swiftly remove any and all armaments from the reach of the stingray.

Disillusion: Make a concerted effort to make the stingray feel that everything he believes in, everything he has worked for, and indeed everything he stands for, has been rendered meaningless by the unstoppable tide of history.

Disenfranchise: The stingray clings dearly to its voting rights. While the beast is reeling from the one-two punch of disarming and disillusioning, disenfranchisement is the final blow, from which he cannot recover. Use any means necessary (literacy tests, poll taxes, or even redistricting) to achieve this end.

So, remember the Three D's when faced with a Sting Ray: 1) Disarm 2) Disillusion 3) Disenfranchise and you can avoid the 4th and Final D, Dying in a Publically Humiliating yet Strangely Fitting Manner.

HEISENBERG'S
UNCERTAINTY
PRINCIPLE STATES,
AMONG OTHER THINGS,
THAT MARS DID NOT
EXIST UNTIL COPER-
NICUS OBSERVED IT IN
1607.

HINDEN-
BURG'S UNCE-
RTAINTY PRINCIPLE
STATES, AMONG OTHER
THINGS, THAT A HYDRO-
GEN BLIMP, IF LIT ON
FIRE, MAY OR MAY NOT
BLOW UP.

We Need More Computers Like Watson

Answering questions is one of the most difficult tasks we face every day. For example, I often want to know the answer to "What is today's weather forecast?", and subsequently spend hours upon hours trying to figure it out. I ask all my friends. I call the local TV station and ask to speak to the resident meteorologist. Sometimes I go to the library and read books on complex differential equations that model weather systems, and write a computer program that takes into account the last 10 years of available data in order to predict today's weather. Try as I might, I can never seem to figure out the answer to such simple questions. Just the other day, I had to trudge through the snow in order to get to the video store and find out the answer to "Who directed RoboCop?" My friend died on his journey to find the answer to the question "Who was the Twelfth President?" There are simply too many questions that need answering every day, and no available repository of general knowledge that is freely accessible to everybody. That's why we need to invest in more question-answering systems like Watson, the computer that recently defeated the world champions of the trivia show Jeopardy!.

Just imagine the time you could save every day if you could quickly answer questions such as "What is John Travolta's Birthday?" (February 18), "How many seizures does my cat have to have before she is considered an epileptic?" (3), or even "Who is the ugliest person in the world?" (Sarah Jessica Parker). If everybody had a question-answering system at their fingertips, we would be able to answer such questions without the hours of labor-intensive research that they now require. IBM developed Watson by spending only \$5 million. This seems practically free when compared to the valuable service Watson provides. We need more. A lot more. If every citizen of the United States had such a system, this would only cost \$1.5 quadrillion, and my estimates say that over a billion times that amount would be regained because of the increase in productivity.

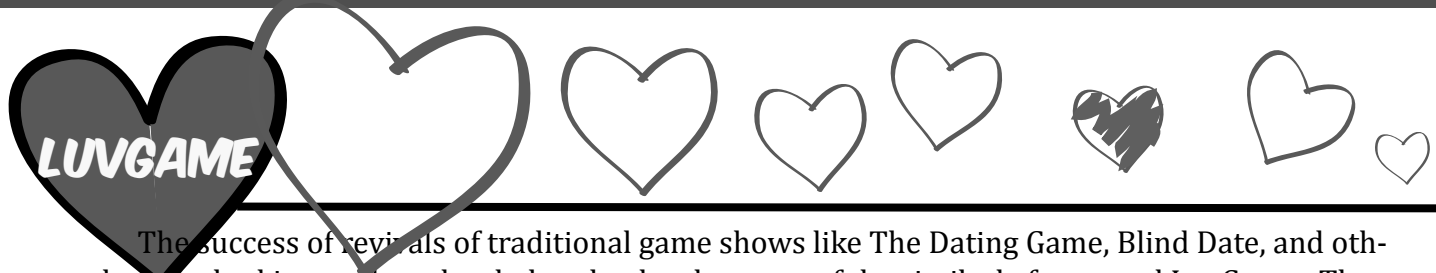
Without a personal multi-million dollar question-answering system for every man, woman and child, the United States will fall behind countries like China, in which everybody already knows everything about Math and Science. I have heard rumors that in many countries, people already have devices that fit in their pockets, and connect them to a network of billions of well-organized and quickly-searchable documents that contain all human knowledge. They will soon be jealous of our personal Watsons, which will cut out the time-consuming and confusing step of reading and searching!



Critics are raving about the newest installment in the extremely popular The Sims franchise, The Sims: God Edition. In this game you actually get to play as God in the Sims universe. The

most prominent change in the game is the introduction of the new "Creator Mode," which is the only mode the game allows you to play. You create your Sims from a gene pool with trillions of possibilities and watch them grow from infants to adults, while doing nothing else at all. Watch in amazement as your Sims openly defy your rules and form a culture based entirely on sin. Experience the excitement of the "Voice of the Lord" feature, which allows you to speak to your Sims and provide subtle suggestions, but only in their dreams. The true excitement of this feature is seen in the following days, when the people who you speak to are quickly deemed insane and are shunned by society. Also

in the game is the "Savior" feature, which enables you to send down a Sim that you can call your son. This feature involves the people you gave life to doing pretty much everything possible to piss you off other than straight giving you the finger, culminating with them nailing your Son to a wooden cross and watching him die. Yes, the newest Sims game is by far the most promising and exciting one yet. It truly nails down the experience of what it's like to be God like no other. Also, be on the lookout for the rumored Old Testament expansion pack, which will enable you to perform actions such as turning your Sims to pillars of salt (Genesis 19:26), mauling child Sims with spontaneously conjured she-bears (2 Kings 2:23-24), and suddenly opening giant holes in the ground to kill large crowds of Sims that displease you (Numbers 16:31-33). There is also a rumored Islamic expansion pack called Aint No Allah-Back Girl which introduces a new clothing line for your Sims, including veils and black robes for all females. The role you play in this expansion pack is similar to the other versions, but with an added "Jihad" mode, which enables you to inspire your Sims to go on military conquests for the potential prize of seventy awkward men and women who never got laid.



The success of revivals of traditional game shows like The Dating Game, Blind Date, and others that resulted in true love, has led to the development of the similarly formatted LuvGame. The viewer might ask, "What makes this show different from the rest?", "Will I ever find true love on it?", and "Who will help me into my diapers in my old age?" This show answers all of these questions by going straight to the heart of the problem in relationships nowadays: the lack of honesty. LuvGame forces contestants to make crucial choices that mimic our everyday hardships: chlamydia, syphilis, or gonorrhoea? Mute, blind, or missing front molars? Divorced, married, or gang-raped? During each round, each contestant will be presented with three new people who exemplify these characteristics, and subsequent line-ups will only get more intense as the truth comes out. "LuvGame brings real-life decisions out of people to analyze who exactly they want in life in a realistic fashion," explains executive producer Mr. PreferstobeLaidonhisBack. "Not everyone will have a college degree, or a GED, or even a kindergarten 'I can make a macaroni bracelet' certificate, for fuck's sake! What's important is that people are confronted with the bottom of the bottom now, so as to set them up for personal success later."

As for the current success rate, the producers prefer not to disclose statistics.

A Strategic Analysis of Risk Players

by Ian R. Taylor

www.unrehearsedriot.com

NAIVE:

PSH! HOLDING ASIA? PIECE OF CAKE!



STUBBORN:

GAH! I DON'T CARE HOW MANY MEN I LOSE. I'M TAKING WESTERN AUSTRALIA!



OVERZEALOUS:

FOOLS! THIS IS MERELY A GAME! ONE DAY, THE REAL EARTH WILL BE MINE!!



STUPID:

BET YOU I CAN EAT A WHOLE BOX OF TROOPS AND NOT GET SICK!



THE FEMALE VASECTOMY, THOUGH SEEMINGLY AN OXYMORON, IS ACTUALLY THE NAME OF A REGIONALLY POPULAR PUNK ROCK BAND FROM IOWA CITY, CALIFORNIA.

THE HUMAN RACE IS THE ONLY SPECIES CAPABLE OF PARTICIPATING IN THE SUMMER OLYMPICS.

THERE WERE NO JEWISH MEN BEFORE THE INVENTION OF THE BAR MITZVAH.

HOLY SEE WINS OLYMPIC BID

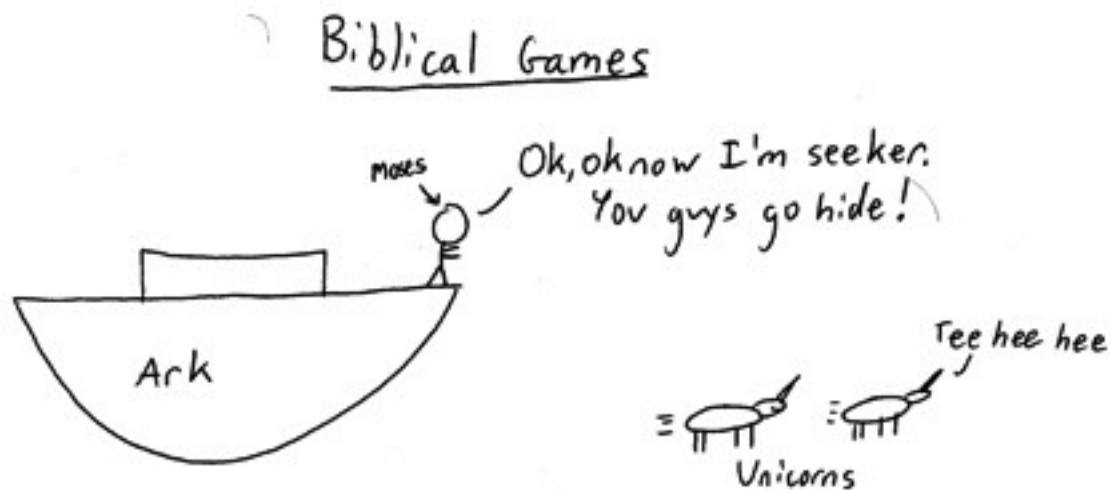
World's Smallest Nation to Host 2020 Games

VATICAN CITY – Pope Benedict XVI announced today that Vatican City has won hosting rights for the 2020 Summer Olympic Games. The tiny city-state beat out bids from Frankfurt, Dubai, Kyoto, and even the surrounding city of Rome to clinch hosting privileges for the 32nd Olympiad. Roman mayor Gianni Alemanno responded to the news by saying “What? Seriously? What the hell were they thinking? You’ve got to be kidding me.”

Planning will begin in the following months with construction to begin early next year on arenas and other sporting grounds. St. Peter’s Square will be converted into a quarter-mile running track for athletic events, and the Sistine Chapel will have a temporary swimming pool installed. As the world’s smallest sovereign nation, it is estimated that an area of approximately 10 square miles will be needed to accommodate the arenas, living spaces, and guest parking necessary for a successful Olympic summer. When it was pointed out to the Pontiff that this was 9.83 square miles larger than the entire nation, he brushed the criticisms aside, commenting that “God will make it work.”

The Olympic torch overseeing the central arena will consist of a colossal mass of incense. At the opening ceremony, after a speech, fireworks show, and homily, Pope Benedict will shout “Ludi incipiant!”, officially opening the games, before leading the crowd in hymns. A number of unique Vatican-themed events have been planned for the games. Of particular interest is the “pope vault,” where athletes will rush Benedict with a javelin before launching themselves over his back. Other competitions will include the 500-meter freestyle through holy water, which constitutes a simultaneous sporting event and sacrament; obelisk climbing; and an Easter egg hunt. Ethical considerations about potential gladiatorial battles in the Colosseum are being discussed. Pope Benedict has commented that the opportunity to revive that sport would be “totally awesome.”

Benedict hoped that the games would bring the Vatican City greater renown and draw more tourists. “Not that many people know about Catholicism,” he commented, “One third of the world population just isn’t enough.” To accommodate the global audience of the Olympics, Vatican officials have elected to make Latin the official language of the 2020 games in the hopes that all viewers will be equally confused and none will feel unwelcome due to language barriers.



ROBIN WILLIAMS TRAPPED IN RISK BOARD

CANNOT ESCAPE UNTIL KAMCHATKA IS CAPTURED

HOLLYWOOD, CA – Actor and professional funnyman Robin Williams has become trapped in a board from Parker Brothers' strategy game Risk after an accident during a game with some of his friends. Witnesses say that Mr. Williams had just taken Kamchatka, a territory in northeastern Russia on the game map, and drew a card only to discover that a curse had been placed on him. The comedian then suddenly disappeared, and according to the card will only be released after another player captures Kamchatka. Until then, Williams will have to endure the harsh Siberian winters alone for an indeterminate number of in-game years.

This is not the first time Williams has become trapped in a board game. In 1995's Jumanji, he was stuck in a jungle adventure board game for decades, battling ferocious beasts and an inhospitable climate, before finally being released by two siblings who were learning to play the game. These two game-related incidents are just part of the larger tendency of Mr. Williams to become trapped in things. In Disney's Aladdin he was a genie trapped in a lamp for millennia, in 1993's Mrs. Doubtfire he found himself trapped in the body of a woman, and in 1996's Jack he was a young boy trapped in an adult's body. Observers have theorized that Mr. Williams may similarly be a child trapped in an older body even in real life.

It is unclear how long Williams will remain in the world of Risk. The three other game players have expressed sorrow over his disappearance, but none seem eager to invade Russia and take Kamchatka to break the curse. "I've got to focus on defending Europe and South America," explained Jonathan Clark, Williams's lifelong friend. "Russia's not really on my radar." Another player, Williams's cousin Carol, explained that with Robin out of the way her plans to invade Africa would be much easier. "I'm for keeping him out of the game as long as possible," she said as she moved some troops into Egypt.

Several comedians have sent their condolences to the Williams family over Robin's disappearance. "Why do they call them board games?" Jerry Seinfeld asked in a letter, "With stuff like this happening, who could be bored?" Others were not so sympathetic. "That's why they call it Risk, dumbass!" Comedy Central regular Lewis Black commented in an interview. "If you want to avoid a tragedy like this, I don't know, play a game called 'Safety Funtime' or something. It's ridiculous!"

The Cornell Lunatic will continue following this story as more hilarious antics unfold.

ICE FISHING WAS AT ONE POINT THOUGHT TO BE ILLEGAL BY RESIDENTS OF THIRTY-EIGHT STATES, DESPITE THE FACT THAT NO LAW HAS EVER BEEN PASSED EVEN MENTIONING THE ACT.

ONLY SIX OUT OF OUR FORTY-FOUR PRESIDENTS HAVE OWNED AN EYE PATCH, THOUGH AS MANY AS TWENTY-NINE HAVE REFERRED TO A WOMAN AS A "WENCH" (THE MOST RECENT BEING RONALD REAGAN).



GIVE SOME EXAMPLES OF SOME INNOVATIVE IDEAS

WHAT WITH THE ECONOMY THE WAY IT IS AND ALL AND SHIT MANY CONCERNED READERS HAVE WRITTEN TO THE CORNELL LUNATIC ASKING "HOW SHOULD A YOUNG FELLOW RESPOND TO QUESTIONS IN A JOB INTERVIEW TO BE SURE TO LAND HIMSELF A POSITION?" THE ANSWER IS: EXACTLY LIKE THIS.

WHY ARE YOU THE BEST CANDIDATE FOR THE JOB?

Well, in this business, you gotta have the hunger. You gotta have the hunger and you gotta bring it to the table. I can safely say that I've been bringing the hunger to the table almost all my life. I'm the kind of guy who understands that you can't allow your cloud computing to keep your head in the clouds. I've got to keep my feet on the ground to meet the challenges of not just tomorrow, but tomorrow's tomorrow.

I'm dedicated to myself and to those around me. I'm determined to succeed. I'm a go-getter, a real team player, and I don't let myself forget that a journey of 1,000 miles begins with just one step. I'm a virtual pit bull and won't let my jaws of business savvy unclench from the prize of profits.

TELL ME ABOUT YOURSELF + YOUR VISION FOR THE COMPANY

I consider myself to be a purviewer of intellectual marketplaces. I personally synergize a diverse cornucopia of modalities forming a cogent marketplace analysis to bring about meaningful forward thinking changes to help us usher in the era of new media and a socially responsible interpretation of the 21st century. I can develop untapped markets to uncover the true earnings potential of undervalued and poorly leveraged financial opportunities, such as teenage diapers. Research has shown us that the infant and adult diaper markets are nearing 100% saturation. There is an unexploited niche in the middle that has been, until this very moment, virtually ignored by the stuck-in-the-box thinkers of today's current stagnant business climate. Teenage diapers remain a "blue ocean" strategy in the purest sense of the word, as we charge ever-blindingly forward to solve the paradox of choice put forth by emerging trending topics. My current value-added proposition to maximize consumer satisfaction allows us to form policy relevant, actionable segmentation analyses to leave the low-hanging fruit to the Six Sigma flunkies and optimize return on investment without feeling like we went out of pocket to put lipstick on a polished pig being thrown under a bus that doesn't really have the legs to take us to the end of the day.

Gaps in marketing abound in modern day markets, such as the consumer packaged goods, or CPG, industry. For example, a self-filling water bottle would really find some good market synergy and create a strong buzz in many various types of social networking platforms, not limited to the Facepage and Twitter. Basically the need for a bottle of water that would remain full by constantly refilling itself is a true example of the beverage industry rising above marketing myopia to realize that we aren't just in the business of selling one bottle of water at a low price, we are supplying the demand of consumers for long-term integrated thirst solutions. Instead of remaining content to focus on an outdated operational paradigm, we benchmark our previous standpoint vis-à-vis the Web 2.0 guidelines and reimagine the ability to architect a new user-experience centered design platform and revamp the mission critical aptitudes of our core competency. Obviously your engineering team will have to work out some of the kinks in the design on this cutting edge technology, but my past experiences grant me the skills to successfully market a product which I will be able to put in that niche. At the end of the day, it's about bridging gaps and bringing people together for search engine optimization involving real data driven text links that produce hard and fast results comparing apples to apples and allowing us to wrap our heads around hindsight before it gets brought in with yesterday's news. We start off well enough but then we begin to peel back the onion and we find that our marketing lift-out and advertising wear-in exhausted our Rolodex so now we find ourselves going back to the basics just to build a mountain out of a molehill that exceeds our stakeholders' expectations. It's high time that we leveraged existing client relationships and resources to bring the fat rabbit stuck in the red ocean to the brick and mortar because dollars to doughnuts, that's the halo effect we are going to need to figure out A) Who moved my cheese? and B) What happened to my iceberg?

WHAT IS YOUR GREATEST WEAKNESS?

Many business moguls often concede that their greatest personal weakness is that they work much harder than the average drone in the bullpen, to the point where their personal and professional lives meld together to form a synergistic ball of productive energy. I must admit that this is my cardinal weakness as well, but with a well-defined caveat. The melding does not extend only to the personal realm, but indeed all realms, including professional, personal, nutritional, medical, emotional, developmental, sexual, parabolical, political, metamorphical, triangular, gluten, sartorial, farcical, and oligarchical.

ANY LAST WORDS?

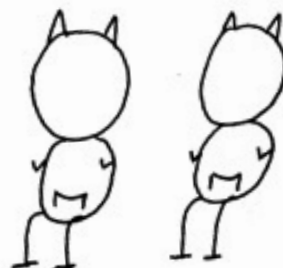
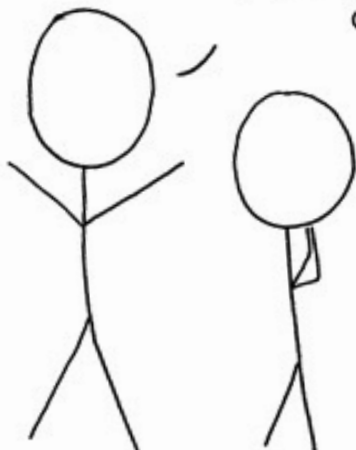
Yeah I got some words: negative amortization, backwardly masked interfaces, infomediaries, toxic assets, optimize bricks-and-clicks relationships, matrix value-added content, the 4 Ps of marketing, the 96 semicolons of contract negotiation, extend open-source supply-chains, blue ocean strategy, Tylenol moment, concertedly cultivate interconnected cross-platform media.

MIDDLE AGED DRINKING GAMES

- | Dont wake the kids while getting into bed.
- | Dont get irritated when asshole brother talks about job at Microsoft.
- | Be polite to father in law.
- | Execute lane change. Don't panic. Stand on one foot. Hand on nose....
- | Make it through thanksgiving dinner without talking like a frog.
- | Kids flute recite...
- | Take a drink for every month you have been fied to the land.
- | Vassel yells at you...
- | Skip the fifte and dink tell you get caught by a peer.
- | Drunk sex without waking kids.
- | Take a drink every ten minutes, 8 hours a day, every day of your life.
- | Body shots off plague bodies.
- | Out drink the king leapor.
- | Take a drink every lawnmower lap.
- | Holiday greefing card.
- | Pretend you drinking with class.
- | Go 48 hours without drinking.

Russian Kangaroolette

There's a lit stick of TNT in the pouch of one of these kangaroos, you need to pick which one to hug!



THE POPE DOESN'T EVEN HAVE ANY SPECIAL POWERS OR ANYTHING! I COULD SHOOT HIM AND HE WOULD JUST DIE! THEN I WOULD BE POPE! HAHAHAHA!

hilarity. fun. friendship. education. camaraderie. laser beams. maturity. weenus. tuna fish. lightning bolts. hovercrafts. gynecology. lettuce hats. finger bones. canadian bacon. rectal phrenology. chuck norris. marsupial hot pockets. consensual rape. meat glasses. bum tickling. rubber tacos. humurus. femur. nikola tesla. waffle fries. cancer pants. magma. double rainbows. slap bracelets. sans serif. con serif. geodesics. date rapes. knuckles. rye chips. blobfish. human catnip. cold fusion. progeria children. candy cigarettes. second derivatives. dinosaur taxi. rhyming dictionaries. chewable adult vitamins. phone interviews. head lice. monkey bars. steve irwin. moon walking. chicken and waffles. comedic comedy. stilettos. parachutes. neckbeards. bloody mistle toe. areolas. pilcrows. **CORNELL**. recumbent bicycles. smegma. seals face. burkhas. bonsai kittens. hot sauce. bob dole's bad arm. rapid fire. hysteria. rosie o'donell's gym socks. foot binding. fifth grade dioramas. rollerblades. milk and cereal. zippers. cal-
culator watch-
es. baby car-
rots. sparkling
c h e e s e -
cake. go karts.
steel wool. web two point
oh. platypus. ebonics. peristalsis. otaku. ring pops. boner jams. prune juice. jenkem. monacles. front flip. phalange. stomata. double black diamonds. suppositories. book depositories. presidential assassinations. argyle socks. cruise control. synergy. cordless phones. canoodling. women's suffrage. salted peanuts. no 2 pencils. gila monster. sporks. stalactites. fractals. calderas. outer space. sleeveless denim. band-aids. **WRITERS & ARTISTS WANTED**. stilts. polio. dodgeball. glow sticks. sippy cups. proletariat. scantrons. daylight savings. baby powder. ten gallon hats. stunt kite. james watt. velociraptors. slippery grapes. flame throwers. cow chips. the triforce. looten plunder. employee of the month. sweater vests. peppered corn. cauliflower ear. **JOIN NOW**. mixed martial arts. charleston chews. air shows. rabies. spatulas. city planning. stevedores. quivering anus. ninja stars. jewel cases. torque wrenches. hpv vaccine. opposable thumbs. latkes. high top fades. the final countdown. d batteries. rc cola. moonpies. furies. narwhals. viking plunder. trapper keepers. nature shows. choose your own adventure books. air guitars. deep fryers. silly string. chocolate bunnies. leg wrestling. tube socks. turtle necks. stereographs. stargazing. jujyfruits. parental advisory stickers. foster children. barbasol. grandfather clocks. grandfather clauses. santa clauses. xenu. praying mantis. universal product codes. chi squared distribution. teenage diapers. noogies.

Lunatic