

DUNBARS



grand theft auto

LEVEL **B**



Cornell Lunatic

Spring 2013- Campus Humor Magazine - Free



Letter From the Editor

This letter is going to be a test. To those of you who actually read this magazine, CONGRATS, you've already passed! To everyone else who will flip randomly through these pages, just know that if you use this paper as drugs, you will get a bad headache. Have you ever done bad drugs? Like snorted a piece of paper? ITS THE WORST. It feels like that girls facial expression after she did the cinnamon test, that's stupid, everyone knows how that ends. As for the slow decay of our society, rest assured that Ithaca is ahead of the curve. Staples like CTP and CTB have started foregoing any front and are now just selling drugs out of the stores. Smoker's choice, is a choice which is bad enough. The places we once called apartments or "homes" are jokes, because you should all know it isn't normal for there to be chipmunks in your wall. In addition, if any of you guys still have wild ocelots roaming your closets, please do report them to someone else. I can only hope that you guys fight against the power, but mainly fight to maintain power and internet in places that are highly frequented, which should be a given but we live in Ithaca so it's not. Whatever, see if I care if you get a headache from the drugs that are printed in this magazine.

Stay Strong, Snort On!
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Disclaimer: Some or all of these names may pertain to imaginary/non human people. We're not sure which ones.

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PAM "CRUEL" JOHNSTON

ITHACUS "MAD DOG" RENTAL

PAT "SCARFACE" O'CONNOR

SLUMLORDS OPEN TENEMENTS

Hypothetical scenario: you're a Collegetown slumlord. You own tracts of land like fucking Jefferson Davis, only your slaves are predominantly White or Asian and pick intellectual cotton, and your land is actually a collection of adjacent meth labs turned student housing. What do you do? You and the four* other people who own every house occupied by all Cornell seniors and juniors already charge exorbitant rent for properties which, as I write this, are literally falling apart. Not "literally" in the sense that sorority girls with lousy high school educations use it, but in the literal sense of the word. Last week I actually saw a picture on my actual Facebook of the house I'm actually moving into next year that literally had a refrigerator size hole in the ceiling. Have you ever heard of a refrigerator size hole appearing in a normal, not collegetown house overnight?

So you continue to charge Manhattan-esque rents to students who already pay \$40,000 a year to listen to the wisdom of some old men with incomprehensible accents who have yet to switch from Netscape to AOL 3.0. Not much changes in the world of renting to a steady base of people who need to rent your house if they want employment in the near future.

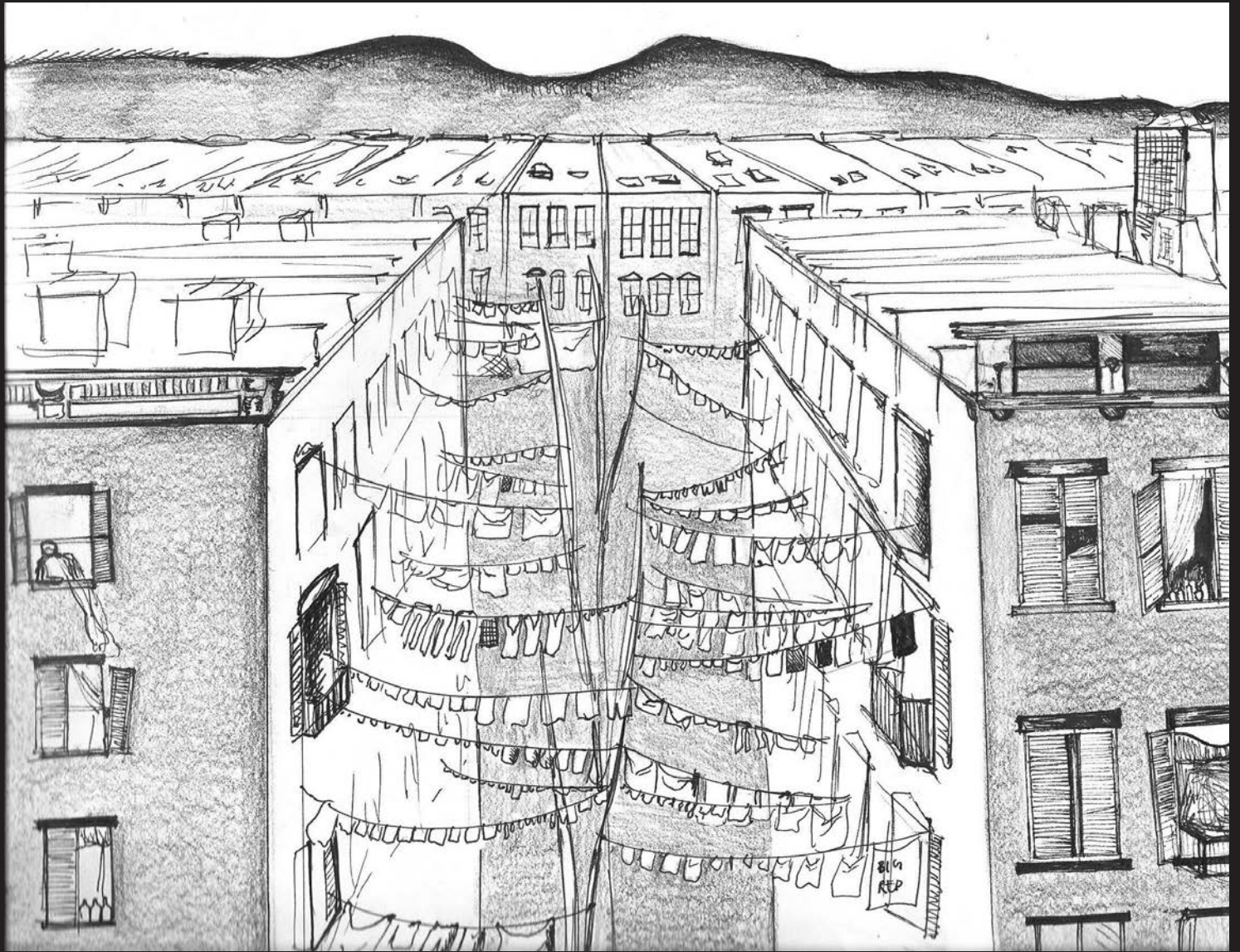
BUT WAIT! Something magical appears on the horizon! It seems as though the big University was upset by the prospect of a hypothetical enormous lawsuit regarding a potential death of a stu-

dent that far exceeds any decent actuary's value of a human life. As a result, those clever brainy-types up on the hill have decided to get rid of the Greek system in a slow, Machiavellian, drawn out, unofficial sort of way.

How convenient for you! All those fratstars and sororstitutes live in houses that charge far less in rent than whatever you know they can pay. They may need a little help from government approved loan sharks to do it, but they totally can, and this spike in demand is right around the corner! The problem with Collegetown is how sparsely populated it is. It might be more populous than any city in the western world a few hundred years ago, but there's so much wasted space. Porches. Lawns. Streets. Trees. What this town needs is an honest to God slummy tenement. Dignity? Fuck that.

These kids voluntarily drink PBR. I'm talking LBJ great society shit. Giant rectangles of brick and crushed dreams. Much better use of space, and you would naturally continue to charge \$1,600 each month for such a high quality establishment. Until the building literally sogs into the ground a few years after completion. These kids can get structural integrity when they've earned it.

*It might be five, but I think one of the owners is just an alias created by a different landlord for tax evasion.





Cornell University Confessions

4,166 likes - 2,771 talking about this

👍 Like

Message



Community

Cornell University Confessions!

All Posts are 100% Anonymous! To submit an anonymous survey click on the link below and fill out the form <http://ufess.com/temp/index.php/universities/cuconfessions>



👍 4,166

About - Suggest an Edit

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Cornell University Confessions
11 minutes ago

#5361

It's hard keeping up my image of being so badass all the time. Sometimes I just want to take a break from all the mindless torturing and actually get to know my victims before I kill them. Is that too much to ask?

Like - Comment - Share



Prezzy Dave Skorton This can only be @Ninja Assassin. You pussy.

8 minutes ago via mobile - Like



Cornell University Confessions
2 hours ago

#5359

I lost my virginity to the Big Red Bear

Like - Comment - Share



Touchdown The Bear Fuck you, I'm a virgin.

1 hour ago - Like



Serial Rapist Haha, not for long.

1 hour ago via mobile - Like

14 Friends

Like Cornell University Confessions



Cornell University Confessions
47 minutes ago

#5360

Sometimes I just want to throw my pimp into the gorge.

Like - Comment - Share



Indian Drug Lord Hit me up.

32 minutes ago - Like



Sexy Escort 11 YOU ARE MY PIMP

25 minutes ago - Like



Sexy Escort 11 wait. shit.

24 minutes ago - Like



Sexy Escort 11 lol was totally kidding

24 minutes ago - Like



How to Tell If Your Roommate is a “Lady of the Night”

Some topics, like who gets to keep the mini-fridge at the end of the semester or prostitution, are too sensitive to bring up without disturbing the delicate peace you’ve managed to maintain with your cohabitant. Nevertheless, if she is a prostitute, you’ll probably want to know. Here’s how to tell if the girl you call your roommate is a Call girl, Commercial Pleasure Worker, Courtesan Escort, Fille de Joie, Full-body Masseuse, Lady of Negotiable Affections or just a Lady of the Night:

- Does she smell of cheap perfume?
- Does she return at odd hours of the night?
- Does she carry around large wads of dollar bills?
- Does she come back sweating?
- Does she have a large supply of condoms?
- Does she like to wear thigh-high boots with hotpants?
- Have you seen her on street corners before?
- Have you ever seen her leaning in to speak to drivers of cars?
- Does she wear gaudy, short dresses out at night even in the middle of winter?
- Have you ever returned to her making love to a man you don’t recognize?
- Does she ever not make time for you?
- Does she, on any occasion, leave without telling/inviting you?
- Does she answer “No” when asked if she’s ever been a prostitute?
- Does she still say “No” when you ask if she’s sure?
- Does she get mad when you ask her such things?
- Does she ever say “you’re too clingy?”
- Does she tell you to stop asking so many questions?
- Does she get weirded out by the fact that you’re always awake until she returns?
- Does she not like it when you get in bed with her? (This is especially important because she only takes paying customers)
- Does she leave you to do things like “brush her teeth” and “go to the bathroom?” (These both are commonly-accepted codes for selling the sex)
- Does she fill with you rage as you write this list?
- Does she say “Maybe you’re the one with the problem?”
- Do you love her anyway?



The Underground Railroad of Shame



As old as Cornell University itself, the Underground Railroad of Shame (URoS, pronounced like the library's name) ran continuously until 1964. According to one estimate, the URoS helped upwards of 100,000 disheveled young women return home on Sunday mornings.

An ad hoc network of independent sorority members and gay best friends, the URoS wasn't a formal organization. Every girl just knew the next girl and would pass their bedraggled ward on until she got home to Balch Hall or the Kappa house from whatever decrepit annex she found herself in that morning. Some participants would move the girls unseen, some would help them look for lost keys or socks or whatever, and some helped cover up hickeys.

Some readers refuse to believe such an incredulous story: how, you ask, can one really expect you to believe that so many women who hadn't even gotten lucky themselves would get up early enough on a Friday, Saturday, or Sunday morning to restore these other, luckier women their dignity? I will concede it sounds unlikely, but I ask you to consider the possibility.

Put yourself in their shoes. You arise in the morning, head pounding and mouth dry, to unusual surroundings. You're not at home, safe in your own bed, but rather huddling for warmth on a strange futon next to a man who's stolen all the

blankets. You're not wearing any clothes, or maybe just your brassiere and underwear. You pull your clothes back on, the same gown and heels from the night before. In the bathroom you look in the mirror and see unkempt hair and a hickey. Hoping he used protection, unsure of where you or your keys are, hungry, dehydrated, and tired, you're not sure where to start. Maybe you feel like celebrating your success with someone or maybe you feel even lonelier for having hooked up with that man in that bed over there. Either way, you need to talk someone. But where do you turn?

Then you remember hearing about the URoS. The something something of something. Your head is fuzzy. So you walk out of the house and ask a girl about it. She gives you directions to another house farther up Eddy where another girl gives you coffee and aspirin. She directs you to an apartment where a girl fixes your bra strap that's sticking out and gives you her ex-boyfriend's hoodie to wear home. The next girl covers up the hickey and listens to you bitch about how guys never give you the respect you deserve.

By the time you get home you're warm and comforted. They've returned you your poise or commiserated or high-fived you and given you tips for next time. Wouldn't you feel the need to return the favor the first chance you got?

And so it was, until 1964, when the free love movement ruined everything. And that was that.

THE CORNELL LUNATIC CARTOON CAPTION CONTEST

AND THE WINNER IS ...

"I have a Bachelor's in psych, an M.D., and an Uzi. If I say I'm going to buy an island in New York City and build a college on it, I fucking do it."



Laundromat Takes Obvious Next Step to Casino

Sketchy local Laundromat "Club Sudz" has been undergoing slight changes as a result of new management's decision to take full advantage of the burgeoning Collegetown night life (a direct effect of the area's steadily increasing drug problem). The transition began after the manager realized the business would be more profitable if instead of providing laundry services in exchange for money, he could just keep the quarters the patrons stuck into the washers and dryers. Three rolls of duct tape later and Club Sudz offers a variety of slot machines as well as blackjack tables which the manager tastefully modeled after the folding tables that had filled the room before

them. Luckily for the manager, who prides himself on extreme cost efficiency, the Laundromat "Club Sudz" only required one of the words on the sign to be replaced in order to prepare for the grand opening. The newly christened "Casino Sudz" is sure to be a hit. For those die hard laundry fans, the manager has assured us the changes are only surface deep and that there's still plenty of laundering going on behind the scenes. Like any good Laundromat, this Casino's atmosphere remains somewhere between Purgatory and Hell, and, if nothing else, you're still just as likely to be missing a sock by the time you leave.



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tinder

Les Femmes Fatales de Tinder: Horny Males Beware

A Cornell junior was recently found dead in his car in the Eddygate parking lot with multiple stab wounds, love stains and an embarrassing rigor mortis boner. Most telling, however, was the large "NOPE" in a box etched into his forehead, reminiscent of those you (or your friend, your ex, that kid you went to high school with, or several 40-somethings named "Maryellen") will see when frequenting the popular iPhone application Tinder. This is the fifth body in two weeks to turn up in this fashion, leading investigators to believe that a woman—or women—using the app is behind this string of murders.

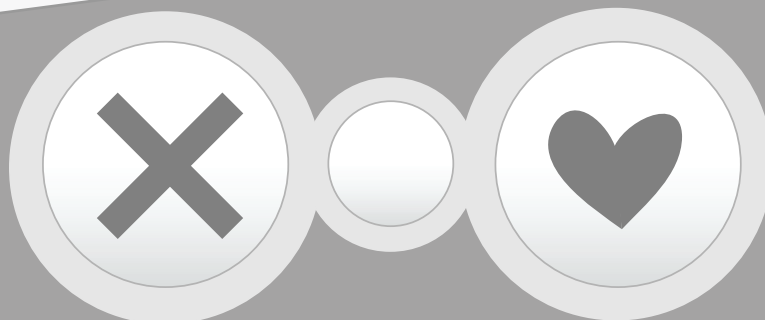
Described as "the straight Grindr," "the laziest dating site ever," "the exact place you DO NOT want to find your significant other," and "the best and worst app I have downloaded and will ever download," Tinder is "Hot or Not With Friends" for your iPhone, creating matches between those who "Hot" each other. Matched persons can then chat with each other, where they can immediately taint their image of themselves to their potential mate.

Guys typically start such conversations, unless the girl is one of the perpetrators of these horrendous crimes. According to an anonymous tip from a "Shmavid Shmorton," a self-proclaimed Tinder addict, these murder-

esses' M.O. is simple: "Like" everyone. From there, they will message all who come up as matches in an attempt to meet up in a secluded area. No one has lived to tell the tale past that point, so one must merely exercise caution when using the app.

People have begun to wonder what all these murders are about, especially seeing as the forcible touching emails seemed to suffice for Collegetown crime. The leading theory states that these women are driven by pure boredom. They find 1 A.M. much too early a time to end their night, and create some fun of their own. Where food and casual sex fail to satisfy, casual Tinder murdersex shines as the best option. Who doesn't want to kill someone when bars close on you so early?

Kathy Zoner and President Skorton are currently preparing mass emails to send to the students to keep them aware of this danger to them, and recommending using extreme caution with Tinder. When asked for comment, men already using app said that the homicides didn't really deter them at all. To them, the risk of not living ever again pales in comparison to scoring some college poon with conversations started in Econ lectures, Trillium, or on the toilet.



CTB BROTHER Secret Menu

The Medusa

YOU'LL TURN TO
STONE

Lulu Bell

SHE'LL SERENADE YOU

The Riviera

LUXURY CRUISE

Sweet Rachel

GIRL NEXT DOOR

BIG Buck

SPECIFY IF YOU'D LIKE
TO PAY BIG BUCKS FOR A
CLASSY LADY OR FOR BIG
BUCK HIMSELF

Eggs Christina

SHE'LL MAKE YOU
BREAKFAST AFTER

Italian Summer

SHE'S EUROPEAN

Lindsey

SORORSTITUTE

Varna Vegan

SHE'S ALL
NATURAL

Jonah's Jive

FOR A FEE, HE'LL
JIVE WITH YOU

CLASSIFIED

For Sale

CRACK - High quality, goes down smooth, from Onondaga.
(607) 724-8376

VAGINAL CONDOM - Unused, water-resistant, latex-allergin friendly, semi-permeable.
(613) 533-1273

HAIR DYE - Orange, long-lasting, highly toxic, not vegan friendly or biodegradable.
(952) 672-8811

BEADS - Anal.
(607) 617-6617

SMALL CHILD - 14 years old, of good stock, on Boyton Middle School honor roll.
(53) 524-5331

Want to Buy

SLICE - 90% crack, 10% toothpaste. Pretty much just crack. Toothpaste should be clinical strength & approved by ADA.
(551) 873-8228

SEX - Anal.
(607) 772-5633

FOUR LOKO - Pre-2010 ban, any flavor as long as it tastes awful.
(354) 644-9428

PILOT LICENSE - Needs to be good for at least 5 years, must have no prior terrorist record.
(515) 556-8921

BEADS - For a friendship bracelet. Beads that come with a friend are a plus!

14 (762) 477-9292

Personals

HULKING, VIOLENT GIANT OF A MAN, very athletic with high pain tolerance. Hobbies include stalking the streets doing odd jobs and the occasional murder. Looking for a woman who is A-OK with excessive violence and has brown hair.
(843) 777-9235

MALE PRIVATE EYE TURNED VIGILANTE, and an escaped convict. Hobbies include starting a mob war to avenge a murdered prostitute. Looking for a women with long legs and nondescript facial features.
(672) 892-9919

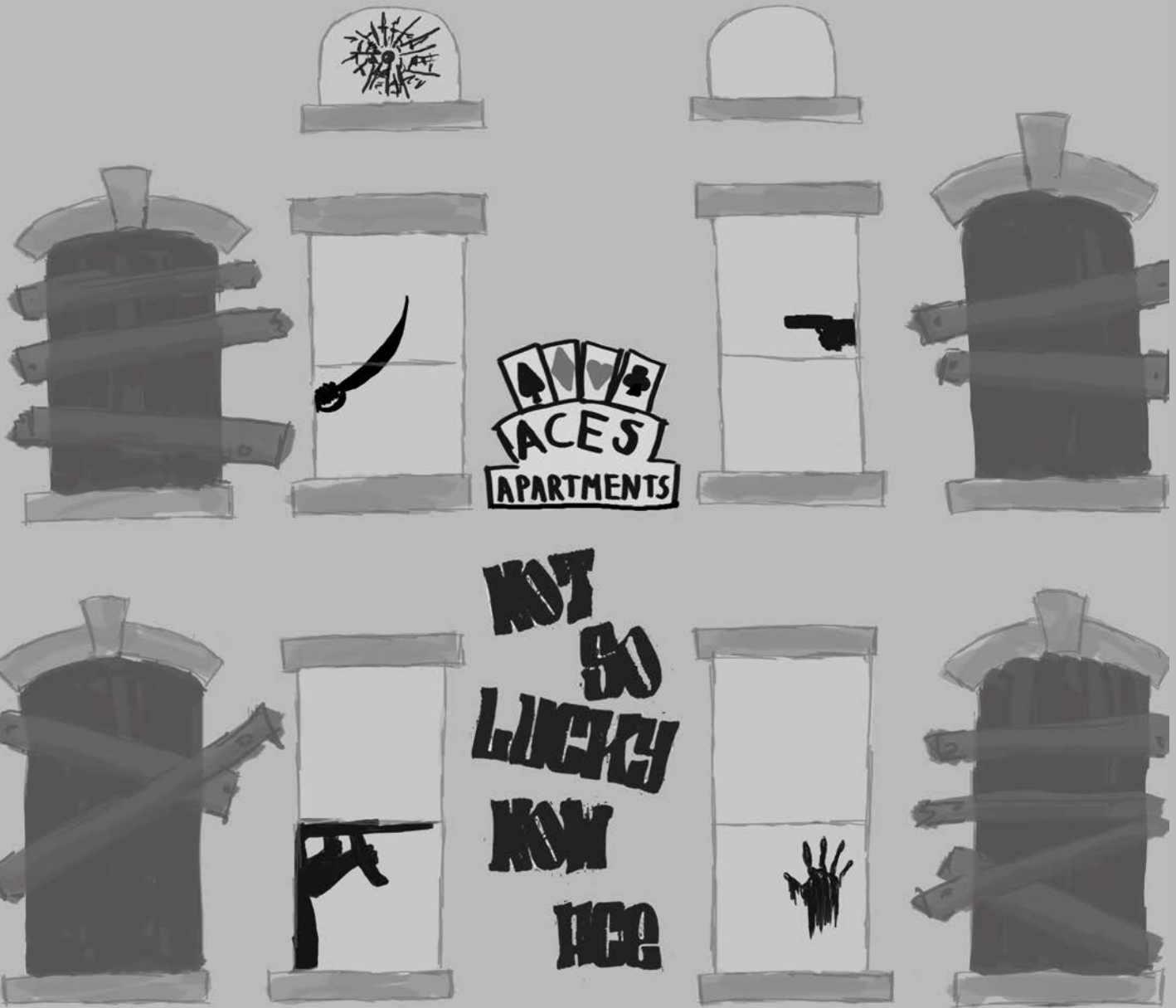
ANGELIC EROTIC DANCER WHO IS VERY quiet and an avid bookworm. When not being pursued by sex offenders, enjoys late 19th century Russian classics. Looking for a man with similar taste in sleazy, desperate professions and Dostoevsky.
(537) 821-9239

HIGHLY SKILLED, INCREDIBLY DANGEROUS silent assassin seeks man to spend time roller blading with. Can't emphasize "silent" enough. Literally never speaks. Ever. Super into cats and also sadomasochism.
(607) 638-8262

Want to place an ad?

Email: thecornellunatic@gmail.com

Can you please take the gun fight outside? We're 7 bullet holes away from losing our security deposit!



Lease Agreement

- I. Please no more than 20 bullet holes in walls at once
- II. Ashtrays illegal. Just use the carpet.
- III. Any gun fights **MUST BE** sound-tracked by "California Love" by Tupac
- IV. Any fruit needs to be cleared by customs before being brought into the complex.
- V. All Mexican (Read: **NOT** Irish) Standoffs must be reported to the University Police.

Collegetown Noir



The sky was black, the air a biting cold, the shards of an empty bottle of Jack glinting on the sidewalk, and the For Lease sign dangling ominously from the storefront. My visit here was strictly business. It was Saturday night, and Collegetown looked like its usual post-apocalyptic self. Stepping around crushed Keystone cans and discarded Solo cups, I moved over to the grimy window of the abandoned shop. Time was, you would see dozens of drunken freshman line up out here for bland, greasy pizza. They were just here for cheap thrills and coarse, embarrassing hookups. You can't taste pizza when you're drunk. Looking at the window, I saw handprints and a streak of sticky André. The handprint was small, but I just needed to see the rancid peach André to know a sorority girl was here. There was no blood, but that doesn't mean nothing happened. Not murder, no. Something much, much worse. The report came into my cMail inbox this morning around ten. My stomach bunched up and my throat got tight like my body knew what was coming before my eyes even saw it. The sender was `crime_alert`, all lower case with an underscore like the police are too busy enforcing the law to customize their automated alert system. Knowing Collegetown, they probably are.

The report said our perp, a 5'4" bald Asian male the Sun's named "The Monk," was out again last night. His forcible touching spree had been going on for weeks and a despairing pall had settled on the Collegetown community. Some say The Monk's not one serial forcible toucher, but a whole series of sick-minded copycats who got the idea they could go around grabbing other students' butts with impunity. I'm here to let them know they can't.

A beautiful woman of about 20, obviously a student, sidled up to me as I looked around the corner for more clues of what went down last night. Her breath smelled like José Cuervo and her mouth was slightly open, like she had done a couple too many shots of it. A charm bracelet with three silver triangles dangled from her wrist.

"Are you The Monk?" she said, looking me in the eye. Hers were dull with intoxication, but I could still see the fear in them. "If not, you've gotta look after me 'till I can find my friends. I can't get forcible touched! Not now! I have a neuro prelim on Monday!" I felt bad for the girl, but I didn't want to get side-tracked. Clues were calling my name and I had to move fast if I wanted to end The Monk's reign of terror. I told the Tri-Delt woman I was busy.

“What if he’s here? What am I supposed to do!” she said. It wasn’t a question. The poor girl was scared to death. Normally I would have sent her to CTB where there were always plenty of people around, but I’ve got a soft spot for gorgeous women who need my help. Debating whether to let her hang around, I realized I could kill two birds with one stone and use her as bait. I know that’s a sick and twisted way of seeing things, but it would be for the greater good if I could haul The Monk in.

I told her she should wait right here and I would go get her a skim caramel mocha split quad shot with whip and Splenda from Starbucks across the street. I ran across, ducked inside the franchise, and watched through the window, ready to sprint if The Monk arrived.

The girl looked around, obviously still terrified. She clutched her black handbag, pulled her dress down on her thighs, and fixed its straps on her shoulder. She tapped her foot for a minute, and she must have decided I wasn’t coming back because she turned and ran toward campus.

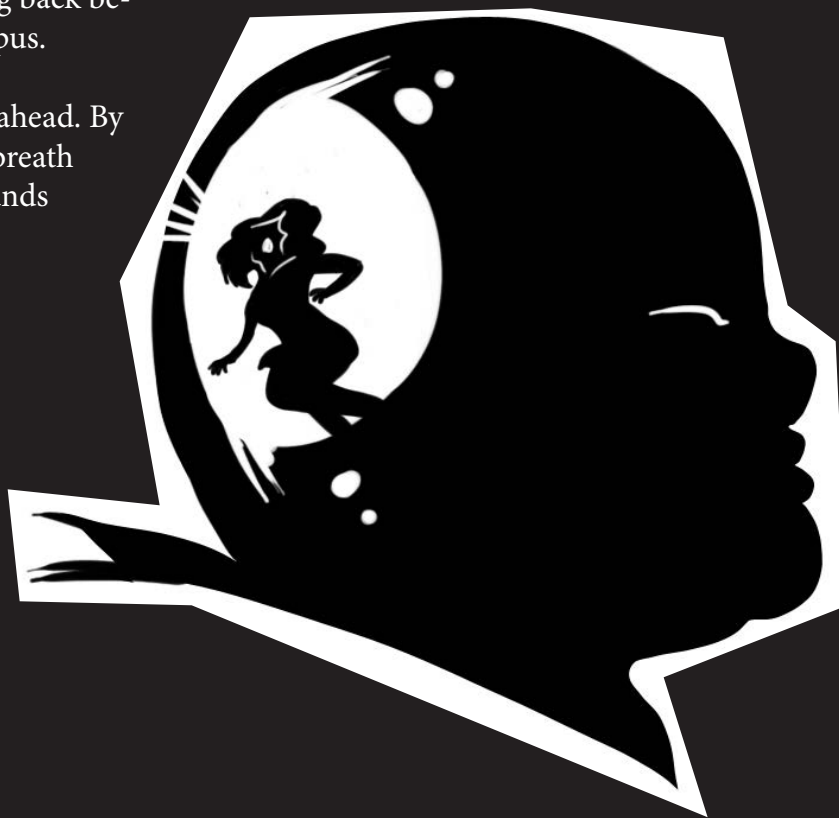
I ran out after her but she was too far ahead. By the time I got to Ruloff’s I was out of breath and had to stop. Bent over with my hands on my knees, sucking the cold air into my burning lungs, I heard a scream from across the street. My head shot up and I saw a bald Asian head reflect the red and green of the 7 Eleven sign. Not waiting to get my breath back, I bolted across the street, ignoring the taxi cab and TCAT bus that were honking at me. The Monk heard the horns blaring and sprinted off even harder.

I screamed into the night to stop him, that The Monk had struck again, but nobody listened. Nobody’s got time for any problems but their own in this beer-soaked sewer of a neighborhood. My target ran up the hill to campus on the Law School side of the street. The construction was

still going on so he would have to cross Central or head to West. I doubted he lived on West because most students on West are sick of Collegetown parties by this time so I bet on him crossing the street to head to North. I realized my mistake too late. He wasn’t going to parties here. He was just grabbing women’s’ butts. He was a loner, a freak. Of course he was going to West. He turned behind the Law School, grazed by a drunken guy peeing on its walls, and was gone like that.

Next time I would have the advantage. I had learned he was ballsy and lived on West. I had learned drunken sorority girls were fickle. Next time I would be ready.

TO BE CONTINUED





FRAT SUPPLY STORE TO OPEN

AM graduates know to buy low, sell high, and use microeconomics to extort the shit out of the little people whenever possible. It comes from this sense of duty to the almighty dollar that Fratty's, a fraternity social event supply store, is opening in the old Schwartz Center.

"All of us here at Cornell, including undergrads, are here to support the US News rank improving goals of the university, including increasing the endowment. Unfortunately, the Schwartz was not earning the revenue we were hoping for. People just aren't into performing art anymore," remarked Provost Kent Fuchs, one of the university's top sub committee task force vice-presidentish overseers, who was pretty straight with The Lunatic. "We want to rob you, and if you guys want to buy an excess of ping pong balls at a convenient location at some ungodly hour, we'll be happy to charge you for that convenience.



The store, which will sell pledge paddles, neon sunglasses and all seven university-approved adult beverages, expects the majority of their business to come from orders of pong balls and solo cups, which will be sold in increments of 2,000. The store has already began an extensive marketing campaign, distributing pinnies to students on the Ag Quad and scaring hippie protesters off Ho Plaza with lacrosse sticks. The Lunatic was also able to speak with Mark Francis, Vice President of Some Bullshit You Wouldn't Believe Gets a Huge Fucking Budget, who is overseeing the establishment. "First off, we're not opening before noon. Mornings just aren't frat. We're also right in the middle of campus, in case you can't find any pledges to drive you but the party's too sweet to let it end."

Vice President Francis then cut open a crate of Sperrys, which are also to be sold in bulk. "Since the university owns most sorority houses, we were planning a program to confiscate their composites, and sell them to the fraternities at a high markup. The frats would then display them during recruitment week, to demonstrate ability to commit petty crimes and willingness to steal from their defenseless female friends."

As of press time, the store was deemed "GDI" by the Greek community, primarily due to its treacherous affiliation with the most anti-Greek administration in Cornell history.



NASTIES



BLUE LIGHT

ESCORT SERVICE

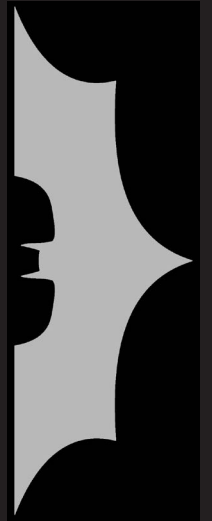
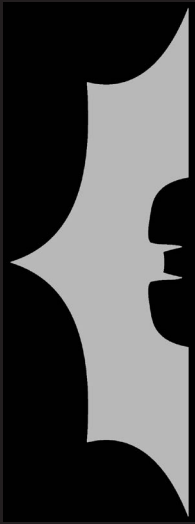
Heroin Apples

B/B
B/B

HADM

BATMAN

in Ithaca



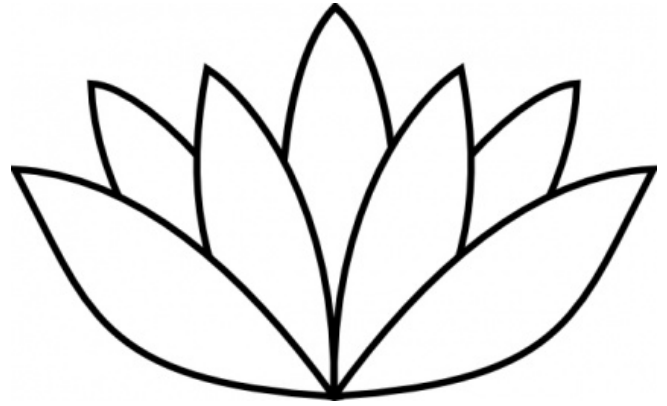
I DIDN'T NEED TO BE IN ITHACA LONG TO KNOW IT WAS JUST AS BAD AS GOTHAM.

Standing on the precipice of the clock tower, I survey the dark city. It's riddled with crime and corruption, especially in the slums of Collegetown. Hardened crooks crossing the street without respect for the crosswalk or for the officers who enforce it. Gangsters rolling blunts in dark alleys and the backs of TCATs. War criminals yelling at pledges to remember when their fraternity was founded in dingy basements. Ex-cons sledding on the slope. Fatties taking more than one piece of dessert from dining halls. And perhaps worst of all, the criminally insane who open the emergency exit door in the Cocktail Lounge. *SOME MEN JUST WANT TO WATCH THE WORLD BURN.* But I believe I can purge Ithaca of its entrenched evil. The City of Ithaca will no longer abide gangsters and thugs, jaywalkers and violators of Cornell's campus code of conduct.

I stepped off the edge and glided through the night, cape billowing behind me. It was a dismal darkness. The gorge rivers had run high, swollen with rain and their mouths blocked by the latest snows. Hail pattered down as I made my way along the rooftops, pausing only in my way to leap down and subdue a drunken fool pissing on the walls of the Law School. He'll wake up in the morning with a set of broken bones and a newfound appreciation for the law. But I had bigger fish to fry. Sources told me a couple was fornicating in the shadowy alcoves of the Carpenter Library stacks. It's this kind of seedy decadence I swore to stop. I swung through the large window of the library, spraying glass everywhere. In the chaos that followed, I pursued the untreatable maniac and his morally bankrupt partner. The woman went down, unsurprisingly, with my lasso wrapping around her ankles, while the guy made a run for it. The hoodlum didn't make it far, unsurprisingly considering his pants were still around his ankles. The batarangs brought him down like a sack of bricks. The girl reached into her handbag for her pepper spray, but a few well-placed punches and kicks leave them both down for the count. *JUSTICE.*

AS I DROVE AWAY ALONG THE GORGE PATH TO THE BATCAVE, THE BAT SIGNAL SHONE IN THE DARK NIGHT SKY. I MAY NOT BE THE HERO THIS CITY NEEDS, BUT I'M THE HERO IT DESERVES. ACTUALLY, NOT THAT EITHER.

POLICE RAID UNCOVERS SQUIRREL FIGHTING RING IN LOCAL YOGA STUDIO



Just last week, the Ithaca police force uncovered one of the biggest underground squirrel fighting rings in local history. Running out of the seemingly inconspicuous "Lotus Seed Yoga," the club pitted trained squirrels against each other in a furry and brutal battle for the amusement of big-name Cornell mafiosos.

The squirrels, bearing cruel nicknames like "Macho Man Squirrely Savage," "Junkyard Squirrel," and "Squirullah the Butcher" were barred from speaking out about their abuse by a bizarre set

of rules that their owners refused to stop quoting. "The first rule of squirrel fight club is that you do not talk about squirrel fight club," insisted a promoter as he was dragged from the yoga studio in chains.

Further investigation by the police revealed that the word "Lotus" is actually an acronym for Lovers Of Trained Underground Squirrels. Unfortunately, the love of the fight club's enthusiasts rarely extended beyond the profits that their rodent brawls took in. Over \$80,000 worth of electronic BRBs were recovered from the decadent studio, along with an estimated \$3000 in acorns, harnesses, and "Ithaca is Squirrels" t-shirts.

"We'd always thought that there was something strange about that yoga place," commented a neighbor. "But we never thought it would be something like this. We thought all the primal late-night cheering was coming from drunk guys with a fetish for girls in yoga pants."

The Cornell Squirrel Club has already launched an initiative to find homes for the dozens of abused squirrels that are currently in police custody. However, several representatives have expressed concern that the task will be very difficult. "The squirrels around Collegetown have always had a bad reputation for being cheeky with students, and bloodthirstiness doesn't do much to help that" a female member commented sadly. "All these creatures need is love, but potential owners are terrified of being nibbled to death."



Reject Articles

Best place to Pee in Collegetown (Everywhere)

How to Get Laid When You're a Prostitute

Why you should not be a drug dealer

Where to Put your hammer? A guide to Cargo Pants

Tattoo Parlor that Does Haircuts now also does Abortions

Wegmans Cannibal Section has Recently Run Dry Because people aren't killing each other

Poop now or Forever Hold Your Peace

Sin City Touchdown



Blame Page

Slumlords - **Thomas Pagani** with art by **Marina Nikolau**

Cornell Confessions - **Deeya Bajaj**

Lady of the Night - **Daniel Borko**

Underground Railroad - **Daniel Lewis**

Caption Contest - Art by **Jenny Guan**, Caption by **Daniel Lewis**

Laundromat - **Maggie Fleming**

Sin City Collegetown - **Aaron Stolicker**

Tinder - **Dan Borko**

CTBrothel - Art by **Thora Bjornsdottir**

Classifieds - **Daniel Lewis**

Aces - Art by **Thora Bjornsdottir**, Text by **Leela Chantrelle**

Collegetown Noir - **Daniel Lewis**

Frat Supply Store - **Thomas Pagani**

Nasties - **Manuela Rios**

Batman in Ithaca - **Chris Boyer**

Squirrels - **Ryan Larkin**

Sin City Touchdown - Art by **Tammie Siews**





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