



The Cornell Lunatic

THE DADDY ISSUE



"I'm gonna make you a burger you can't refuse."

Table of Contents

This Table.....	1
Letter from the Editor.....	2
A Sonnet, A Poem.....	3
Gold Digger, Dank Kids' Names, Ted Cruz is my Dad.....	4
Handyman: A Plan to Become a Less Useless Dad.....	5
My Father the Horse.....	6
Communist Revolution Sweeps Globe After "Young Sheldon" Premiere.....	7
Legacy.....	9
The Daddy Cinematic Universe.....	10
TV's Hottest: Dad Edition.....	11
Leaked Script for Nerf's Latest Commercial.....	13
How to Get THE Dad Bod.....	15
Scoutmaster's Spot.....	16
Tying the knot at Cornell, from a Freshman POV.....	17
The Best Dinner of Our Lives.....	18
Diaries of a College Student.....	19
How Not to Screw Up Your Kid(Too badly), White People.....	20
Another Stalker Arrested, Top Trending #adulting Tweets.....	21
Rejected Headlines, Bio Woes.....	22
Daddy Advice from a Real Dad.....	23
Twin Brothers Separated as One is Sent to Space.....	24
How to disown your kid without alienating your friends and neighbors!.....	25
Should Laptops be Banned From Classrooms?.....	26
So your daddy left? Wonder why?.....	27
The Dos and Don'ts of Parenting, The D Train is My Daddy.....	28
Checking In.....	29
Phrases I Had to Google to Help With an Emergency Home Birth.....	30
How to Get Away With Patricide.....	31
Poems.....	32
Dad Diary.....	33
6 Signs You're Becoming Your Father, Welcome to the World Son.....	34
Jesus Rap.....	35
How to Get A Conell Sugar Daddy.....	36
Shit My Dad Says, Fatherly Advice.....	37
Obituaries, The Pledge of Allegiance to Daddy, Daddy Issues.....	38

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 © 2017 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.

Letter from the Editor

Welcome Dads, Daddy's and Daddio's to the acclaimed Fall 2017 Issue of the Cornell Lunatic: The Dad(dy) Issue. The past months have been filled with disseminations that reveal the most grotesque and indefensible acts committed by some of Hollywood's funniest people. What better way to defend yourself from these villains than to call upon your Dad/Sugar Dad. Thus, we have chosen to dedicate our Fall 2017 magazine to those honorable patrons who take care of their Babies/Sugar Babies without exploiting them.

For the past few months, I worked with some of Cornell's brightest and deranged writers and artists to whip together this bad-boy edgefest of a magazine, and I couldn't be prouder of what we've accomplished. To all of our new writers and artists: y'all've been fantastic, and I have a sneaking suspicion that y'all're plotting my death. To our returning friends and family: y'all could be a little bit more fantastic, and I suspect y'all're also plotting my death. But what the heck, homicide aside, I'll always love you guys.

Without further ado, I now present to you: the Four Questions (of the Lunatic even though it's not Passover). Don't worry, this isn't racist because I'm Asian.

Why is this magazine different from all other magazines?

In all other magazines, they eat leavened bread and make jokes, and in this magazine, we only make jokes.

In all other magazines, they use good English,

and in this magazine, we only use a bastardized form of the language that is barely intelligible.

In all other magazines, they make well documented points that make their readers think, and in this magazine, we basically gargle bleach until our readers giggle.

In all other magazines, their readers read while sitting or reclining, and our readers write for the magazine.

"Uh, Nathan what was the point of doing a Four Questions style joke, it's not even Passover yet."

"Ugh, Nathan You're so stupid, this doesn't even sound like the real Four Questions."

"Nah Nah Nah, Nathan. This should have just been a separate article, you loser."

Bite me, fight me, or just politely bugger off.

You may read this magazine, and think, "Goddamn, these guys are a bunch of maniacs (although truthfully you mean Lunatic). This shit makes no sense," and that's okay. If we can put a smile on your face and a smile in your pocket with our stupid jokes, then by my standards we've succeeded as a magazine. Because at the end of things, all we want is for you to be happy. So read away. Flip through a few pages. Slam dunk this magazine into a trash can. Do whatever makes you happy. And if we're lucky, we'll have played a part in the smile you have on and the smile you saved for later.

Now, go! Laughter and Happiness Awaits.

Sincerely,

Nathan Spring

Editor-in-Chief 17-18

Staff

Editor in Chief

Nathan Spring '19

Executive Editor

Rachel Goffin '19

Business Manager

Wilbert Ren '20

Art Director

Elizabeth Sharp '20

Sargent-with-Arms

Alec Faber '20

Layout Editor

Ian Kranz '19

Web Editor

Pegah Moradi '19

Writers, Artists, Future Dads

Grant Gonyer '18

Zach Mandell '18

Tessa Schneider '18

Sage Magee '18

Timnah Zimet '18

Matthew Bell '19

Matthew Barker '19

Shaina Verma '19

Rajiv Kommareddy '19

Evan Adler '20

Luke Righetti '20

Matthew D'ambrosio '20

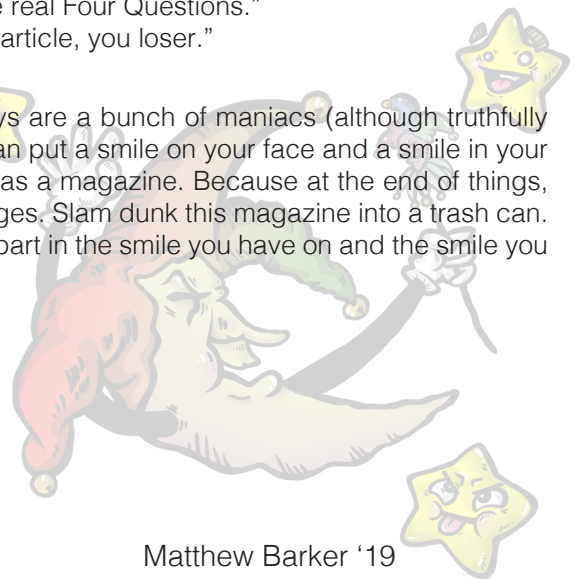
Via Romano '21

MacKenzie Harnett '21

Kshama Sridevi Malavalli '21

Jacob Protono '21

Kathleen Xu '21





A SONNET: WHAT EVERY DAD THINKS WHEN HE HAS A BABY GIRL

I hope she doesn't grow up to be hot,
Not 'cause I don't want frat guys to tow her,
But as she buds, I will see her a lot,
The thing is what if I get a boner?
Shared bathrooms will be a fucking nightmare,
Halloween's a hell that'll surely happen,
From witch to bunny to sexy white hare,
Dear Lord I can't become Woody Allen.
One day when she's grown, I might watch some porn,
To my dismay guess who's on my session?
There's that sexy body my wife had borne,
To jack or jack not that is the question.
I pray the gods above can grant this boon:
She never leaves the puberty cocoon.

-WILBERT REN '20

A POEM: WHAT EVERY DAD THINKS WHEN HE HAS A NEWBORN SON

Don't leave him at the schoolyard,
Don't leave him at the store,
Don't leave him at the house with those neighbors next door,
Don't leave him with his coach,
Don't leave him at Macy's,
And don't leave him on Broadway next to Kevin Spacey.

-WILBERT REN '20



Mackenzie Harnett '21

Dank Kid's Names

Can't think of a name for your kids? Use this free list of dank ass names. Just make sure your wife is still under the influence of her Epidural injection!

Boy's Names

Javin
Rucker
Ladle
Ghandi
Krunch
Fat Hands
Jeeves

Girl's Names

Porki
Jandy
Wallaminka
Crystal Beth
Peristroykenlala
Fat Legs
Jeeves

Ted Cruz is my Dad

Being Ted Cruz's son is pretty weird. He's a good dad and all, but every day when he comes home from work he asks me and my brothers, "Have you whittled your father a walking stick?" And when I tell him no, he loses it. Don't get me wrong, he's a very gentle man and he never targets his outrage at me. But everytime, he runs circles around the living room for about three minutes and then sits in silence with a glass of ice water at

the kitchen table. Once he catches his breath, he says, "That's OK, son. I know you're busy with school work and social life and all, and whittling a walking stick for your father may not be high on your list of priorities. Totally understandable for a boy your age. But I sure as hell wish I had a freshly whittled walking stick with which I could swiftly stroll around the neighborhood, that's all."

Zach Mandel '18

Handyman



A Plan to Become a Less Useless Dad!

So, it happened again. Your son/daughter/strange numbered child with superpowers done went and broke another one of their bikes/trikes/unikes/pentikes, and now they need you to fix it. But let's be honest, you didn't want to be a dad. You don't know anything about being a dad. You still think a 401k is a TV resolution. Well, don't worry, you're life's not about to get any shittier than it already is! The experts at the Lunatic have got your back.

Step 1: Duct Tape

If this isn't in your tool shed already, get your rookie ass to the ACE hardware. This is your bread and butter. If it can't be fixed with Duct Tape, it's just a social construct. (HINT: Telling your shitty kid their bike is a social construct won't cut it. Let's face it, they're smart. They get it from their mother.)

Step 2: WD - 40

Honestly, nobody knows what this does anymore, but all the commercials say you need it. Go get yourself a can, and if you're ever unsure of how to fix something, just spray some of this shit on it and hope for

the best. Maybe it's glue. Maybe it's lube. Either way, you should definitely hit a few huffs before going back to your miserable life.

Step 3: Pliers

Cause sometimes, Craig, your little baby hands just aren't enough to handle those heavy duty twisty jobs. You're gonna need this to take the wheels off little michael's now-busted octocycle.

Step 4: A hammer

Great for putting in nails, taking out nails, dealing with disrespectful kids, getting dents out of metal, and slipping through belt loops! A mallet is a good secondary buy, for when you need to be a little more gentle.

Step 5: A Bottle of Jack Daniels

Let's face it, Craig, your kids ain't going anywhere anytime soon. So when you inevitably fuck up their bike worse, you're gonna want a way to deal with their incessant whining and crushing disappointment. Fucking ingrates.

Grant '18

My Father the Horse

Many people think it absurd that my father, Daniel, is a horse. Alas, they are the true absurdities in this flavorless world, for my Papà is as much a father to me as a seahorse is to his son or as Brian Williams is to his beloved daughtress, Allison. Papà, won't you show them the boundlessness of your love? Nay, for he has said "neigh." Perhaps he is simply not in the mood. I understand, Papà. My father is a quiet man of the horsen form, and what he lacks in bombasticity he recoups in love. Oh dear! It appears my father, Daniel, is now erect. Someone, bring the buckets! Thank you, Charlene. Please give your warm greetings to my sister, Charlene, who provides the water buckets for cooling down my father, Daniel. Charlene was not birthed from my father's seed, for she is a bastard child. She came of life moments before my mother was sent into the sand dunes to atone for her sinning. Alas, Daniel does not love Charlene, for she is the demon of lust. Now that you have corrected father, be gone Charlene! And take the devil's blood with you, for you are no sister of mine! Heed my call later, though, when I require your bucket to help both feed and relax our father. Er, my father.

PM '19





Communist Revolution Sweeps Globe After “Young Sheldon” Premiere

WALL STREET, NEW YORK (A.P.) - The now-ironically named Wall Street is littered with the corpses of Goldman Sachs executives who were put to the wall and dealt swift, severe, inflexible justice for their decades of criminal exploitation of the common people of this world. Similar scenes of justice have played out in financial oppression centers from Bay Street in Toronto to the City of London to the Tokyo Stock Exchange to the notorious row of banking behemoths on Main Street in Salinas, California. Street battles continue to rage through Washington D.C., where the imperialist US military beast is desperately gasping its last breaths and the decadent trappings of the old government lay in ruins, but they have proven no match for the righteous force of the people. The United States of America is dead, and the Glorious American People’s Republic has risen in its place to serve as a beacon of Proletarian power, freedom, and democracy.

So what has driven this dramatic turnabout? For the longest time it looked as if the capitalist machine would churn on unstoppably until it had consumed all of our planet’s resources and left humanity in ruin. However, it appears that the CBS sitcom “Young Sheldon” was the

final straw that turned the tide in favor of popular liberation. It appears the show was so awful, grating, and unwanted that the mere fact that it found its way to the airwaves was enough to indict the world’s entire economic system in the eyes of America’s masses and spur them to take up arms against their oppressors. We donned our gray mariner’s caps and hammer-and-sickle patches and took to the streets to get an up-close-and-personal look at the revolutionaries who seized the very beating heart of American capitalism. We spoke to one man who seemed to be the ringleader of the revolt. He gave his name as simply “John Ellis!”, and politely asked us to clap for him at the end of each statement. His mouth was covered with a black bandana, and he proudly wore the McKinsey & Company CEO’s scalp on his belt loop.

Reporter: So you seem like a bland and rather unassuming man, what sparked you to come here and tear down the institutions of the world’s most powerful country?

John Ellis!: Well, I was sitting on the couch watching TV with my Mexican wife in my compound in Coral Gables, Florida, and after the news this show came on called “Young Sheldon”. I wasn’t quite sure

what to make of it at first so I kept watching out of a morbid curiosity, and after a few minutes I realized it was a spinoff of that Big Bang show where everyone makes fun of the autistic guy who's always screaming "Bangladesh!" or something. I had heard that that awful show had finally, mercifully been put to death, but now it had been revived in an even more depraved form. When I heard that nasally little child scream over the dinner table "Maternal unit, please pass the sodium chloride. Bosnia and Herzegovina!" that's when I

knew capitalism had to be stopped. Any economic system that would allow this to be forced upon the masses must be unjust and must be destroyed.

R: So what did you do to foment the revolution?

JE!: Well after that I got on the first flight to New York City, and I found my plane was filled with

all kinds of people who had just watched Young Sheldon and who, having come to the same realization as me, were also determined to dismantle capitalism. We landed in New York and found mobs of revolutionaries already choking the streets demanding an end to the whole rotten system, they all having seen Young Sheldon as well. I turned to my comrades on the plane, said "Please revolt," and we donned our bandanas and set off to defeat Young Sheldon, and save the future from Older Sheldon!

John Ellis! then abruptly cut off our interview, saying he had to get to Washington, DC to storm the White House, or as he put it, "take what should have been [his] were it not for [his] idiot brother or the idiot voters of South Carolina." After talking with John Ellis!, we ventured down into a disused

subway tunnel, where a group of sniveling CBS executives were cowering for their lives. We interviewed them about their situation:

Reporter: So I suppose my main question is, why? Why would you do this? Surely you must have known that this would end capitalism as we know it, and more importantly end your own privileged positions.

Sniveling, Cowardly CBS Exec: Come on, it was what the people wanted! The

kids loved it, the dumb science in it made them feel smart, the boys really loved feeling smarter than that dumb Penelope broad or whatever. Hehe, does she even Schrodinger? And when the autistic one shouts "Zimbabwe!" that really brought the house down! We promise we thought we were doing good! Please don't kill us!

"Any economic system that would allow this to be forced upon the masses must be unjust and must be destroyed"

We had heard enough counter-revolutionary drivel from the sniveling, cowardly CBS execs, so we then ratted their locations out to the new Committee for the Elimination of Big Bang Theory Thought so that they, like their masters on Wall Street, could meet swift, severe, and inflexible justice. This reporter is confident that from the chaos of revolution, a new world will emerge, a world free of Sheldon, young or old, and a world free of the tyranny of the Bourgeoisie. And so, let this rallying cry be heard around the world: Long live the revolution! Long live the Proletariat! Death to Sheldon!

Glorious People's Commissar

Vlad L Bolshevik '17

Legacy

It has become a Cornell tradition to make fun of legacy students, claiming they're not worthy to be at the university because their acceptance was only due to their family name. Anybody who knows Mackenzie Lichtmore-Cox will know that her catchphrase is "Ugh this work is too hard, I only got into Cornell because my daddy went here, he's kind of a big deal around here." She never really elaborated past that because nobody ever cared to ask.

I tracked down her supposed best friend, Emily, to see if she could provide any kind of details about what makes her father so important.

"I'm not all that sure. I know she lives in a really big house by a lake, so I would assume that her dad is in a somewhat



lucrative profession. I think she mentioned once that he's a pharmacist or something? Sorry, I can't be too sure on the details. She told me all this directly after she shotgunned a Four Loko and puked on my porch, so she wasn't exactly coherent." Out of curiosity, I decided to rifle through her files to see the types of donations and impact her lineage has made on the school.

What I found was shocking. Nobody with her last name has ever been enrolled as a student here and she was clearly the first member of her family to even attend college, as stated on her application. Had she been lying this whole time? Is she smarter than she has let on? Desperate for answers, I broke into her apartment to get to the bottom of the matter. After assuring her that I am in fact not a burglar but merely an intrusive reporter, I finally got her to answer my burning questions.

"No no, my father is a retired coke dealer. I'm talking about my daddy who I met on Tinder who buys me things in exchange for sex. I think his name is Frank? John? Not completely sure. Anyway, he went here like 30 years ago, and when I

was applying to college he told me that he could get me in here. Apparently, he anonymously threatened to mail anthrax to all the admissions officers' families if they didn't let me in, so here I am!"

Rajiv Kommareddy '19

The Daddy Cinematic Universe

The cinematic universe is one of the hottest Hollywood trends, next to reboots of prequel sequels and sexually assaulting other actors. We've seen epic fantasy sagas brought to life, superheroes and villains battling for the universe, and ten installments in the Hairy Mothers and Daughters pornographic franchise. But the real heroes are the father figures, and the Daddy Cinematic Universe does not disappoint! Founded by Father Nott Washaton, this collection of films explores fatherhood with a tight, overarching plot coupled with grand thematic elements like family, growing up, and full frontal nudity. Here is the ultimate guide to the genre-breaking, timeline-shifting, old man oeuvre of the cinema!

Daddy Day Care (2003)

Action, Horror

Three-time Razzie winner Eddie Murphy has simply had it with these kids! Watch as a collection of meticulously culturally diverse ragamuffins drag Murphy into the basement and beat him with bags of pennies! Guess where the bag of nickels is in the poster?

Daddy's Home 2 (2017)

Sci-Fi, Comedy

After a time-traveling, fourth-wall-breaking stint, our daddies are back, and this time... they brought their daddies... AGAIN! With the Rogaine running low, and no culturally diverse kiddos to assault private parts, these men have to get creative to make it to Thanksgiving on time!

Adam Sandler Big Daddy (1999)

Based on a true story, Drama, Suspense

They've been waiting at the door for hours... but the abortion clinic won't shove Timmy Twerp back in his mommy's twat! Watch the untold, incredibly true story of this inspiring protest. Featuring John C. Calhoun, Biz Markie, and the Spice Girl you can't remember.

Daddy Day Camp (2007)

Torture, Romance

After some minor plastic surgery and major loss of talent, Eddie M. is back in the hit sequel! This time, the kids are in a military camp and the interrogation room has been left unlocked. Our hero's unlikely alliance and sex scene with Marlon Brando simply cannot be missed.

Daddy (Last Year)

Screwball Comedy

Finally, the gritty reboot that set a new tone for the Academy-ignored franchise! Jack Black has never been sexier, as he teaches even more diverse schoolchildren how to write on blackboards in an inner-city school system. A light-hearted romp with a family-friendly message.

Who's Your Daddy UNRATED (2004)

Christian, R&B/Soul

All of the world-building and meticulously interwoven plot lines finally reveal themselves in epic proportions. Eddie Murphy returns to the series and bares all in his most dazzling performance yet as Cheerleader #5. Also, say a tearful goodbye to your sanity when the movie starts.

Matt Barker '19



TV's Hottest: Dad Edition

Homer Simpson

The Simpsons

Score of 10

Who else would this start with? 620 episodes of alcoholism, jeopardizing the family's safety and lively hood, but also lots of slapstick humor! He's only got 3 hairs but holy cow they've stayed put for 28 years and every woman knows there's nothing sexier than consistent mediocrity. While I sure don't get it, a lovely lady who wears a halter dress and kitten heels every damn day does, and I trust marge's authority thank you very much.

3

Ricky Ricardo

I Love Lucy

He sings, he jokes, he puts Lucy in her place and perpetually crushes her truest dream of being a performer (but like, in a loving kinda way), and he has a delicious Cuban accent. A little baby faced but that's alright. Anyone married to Lucy has to be a kid at heart anyway: wholesome, memorable, boundary-breaking and like, totally cute!

8

Uncle Phil

The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air

Score of 10

Yes he's a flabby chunky chub chubster. Yes he's uptight. Yes he's balding, but brother got dough so automatic 4 to start. And dammit if that man didn't have the snappiest close cropped salt and pepper beard in TV history. While he did have a short temper with that lil' rascal Will, he sure was patient when his wife came back one season with full facial reconstruction and skin lightening surgery. Bless his heart.

6

Captain Kirk

Star Trek

I know what you're thinking, ain't no babies on the NCC-1701 USS Enterprise, do I mean George Samuel Kirk Sr, Kirk's father? No, no I don't. You see the way kirk looks at Yeoman, or Uhura, or any alien with tits or tit- like torso protrusions? You seen his sly smile? That man fucks. There are at least hundreds if not tens of thousands of little bi-racial babies all over the galaxy, created in steamy steamy prime directive violation. Charismatic leader, twinkling eyes, always wearing shirts that are ever-so- slightly too short. He's a low budget knockoff of hot Marlon Brando and sci-fi's original heartthrob.

9

Raymundo Rocket

Rocket Power

Retired surfer, active participant in the local grass economy; stoner dads, gotta love 'em. He rocked the lazy stubble and that inexplicably ubiquitous yearly 2000s bucket hat. He does however have the figure and complexion of an orange creamsicle and a voice that can only, be described as Christian Bale's batman with lungs full of helium.

7

Hal

Malcom in the Middle

...I respect his commitment to wearing tighty whities in so many episodes.

6

Cliff Huxtable

The Cosby Show

REDACTED

Sage Magee '18

Leaked Script for Nerf's Latest Commercial

by Luke Righetti

<A couple kids are out playing with nerf guns in a commercial. Ducking behind cover and shooting each other and having fun.>

Narrator (Voice-Over):

This is Nerf! The new Nerf Seeker series of rifles is out. Never before has the world of Nerf changed so dramatically.

Kid 1:

Yea! This so much fun.

Kid 2:

It's Nerf or Nothing man!

<A scientist walks and hands the kids new guns. Kids keep playing with them>

Narrator:

Take your Nerf game to the next level with Hawkstrike and Omegablaster, the first guns of our new Nerf War Seeker series. The only dart launching technology on the market capable of firing 30m with pinpoint accuracy.

Kids:

No Way!

Scientist:

There was a need for a revolutionary new dart technology to change the game. So our science depart ran extensive tests and computer simulations to deliver a dart so accurate it seems like it seeks out its targets.

<Scientist walks off>

Narrator:

But for those who want to knock their game to the next level, we are introducing our brand new experimental line, Nerf Jihad series.

<Kids suddenly stop playing>

Kid 3:

What?

<Scientist comes back>

Scientist:

After years of research in the Middle East we have developed a new way to experience Nerf sure to get your adrenaline pumping.

<An ISIS member pops out of one of the items the kids were using for cover with a Nerf gun and starts shooting the kids. The kids run around in terror, trying to shoot back still though.>

Narrator:

With Nerf Jihad, you can wage war on infidels and sow terror in the hearts of the heretics with the same fun and goofiness you've come to expect from Nerf. The new TerrorAttack can be mounted in the back of any Toyota truck for those kids who want to chase down their enemies. But if driving isn't your thing, sit back and watch them blow up with the revolutionary IEDart.

<One of the kids running around from the ISIS dude suddenly blows up in an explosion of darts>

Scientist:

But what if they just aren't getting the message.

Narrator:

Sounds like you need to take it to the NEXT level -

Kids:

There is another level?

Narrator:

-with Nerf Jihad's innovative take on viral marketing.

<Two more ISIS members walk out holding Nerf swords, also carrying a hostage with a bag on his head. The kids all look in horror.>

Narrator:

Why don't you show that infidel the power of the Dart-chete.

<They hit the captive on the neck with the foam sword, he falls down, the members proceed to chase the kids. The kids have stopped trying to shoot back at all and are just running and hiding.>

Narrator:

But fret not champions of peace, because our scientists have been hard at work on the next level of our Nerf Jihad line.

Kid 1:

For the love of god no more levels!!

<One kid comes running across being chase by two Dart-chete holding ISIS people>

Narrator:

Perfect for the age of smartphones, millenials will love the Peacekeeper drone darts.

Scientist:

Surgically remove your enemies from the battlefield with one of the most sophisticated drones on the market. Capable of facial recognition!

<The sound of a drone precedes its sudden appearance and all the kids and ISIS terrorists look up in terror. There is a huge explosion off screen>

Kid 3:

Oh my god, the school which doubled as a children's hospital was over there.

<Explosions everywhere, people are running around>

Scientist:

I am become death, the destroyer of worlds.

Narrator:

With this new found power, the war on terror has never been easier, or more fun! Just remember, it's not Nerf or Nothing, it's Allah or Nothing.



How to Get *THE* Dad Bod

The hottest look of the season continues to be the timeless Dad Bod. You want it. We want it. It's the Dad Bod, and this is how you get it.

- 1.** Give up. Nothing says “I played varsity football in high school” quite like the sedentary lifestyle of a 40 year old man trapped in corporate America.
- 2.** Keep those guns polished. We all know what guns I’m talking about. Daily beer can crushing will ensure you keep your six-pack in the right place.
- 3.** Reserve a specific section of the couch for yourself. If your children don’t feel a rebellious rush of adrenaline when they sit in your seat, you need to exact more authority.
- 4.** Balance unconscious children on your shoulders. Not only will this give you the strong, square shoulders necessary to complete the look, but it’s also useful for carrying your ungrateful child around Disney World.
- 5.** Accessorize! It’s obvious that this patented look is not complete without the essentials -- sandals, tube socks, cargo shorts, and a dad hat that subtly adds sex appeal.
- 6.** Manage your hair. Head hair should be neat, clean, paternal. Body hair should be wild, messy, fraternal.
- 7.** Finally, it is most important to beat your kids. Some quick lashes with the belt every once in a while ensures a toned, yet malleable upper body that is pivotal to the complete look.

Scoutmaster's Spot

with Scoutmaster Bay Shen



The Boy Scouts of America sent shockwaves through the country by announcing the decision to allow girls to join Cub Scouts, with plans to do the same in Boy Scouts. In fact, people have been losing their neckerchiefs at some of our recent “controversial” announcements making the rounds in the news cycle. Our organization’s press releases reach a lot of eyes and ears, as well as mouths and noses.

I want to share my two cents on this observation in this week’s Scoutmaster Spot, which is not about my bald spot as I’ve seen mentioned in the comments! Namely... what if the Boy Scouts of America strategically used controversial press releases for some free advertising?

“Scoutmistress Position Coming in 2019; Girl Scout Cookies with Rat Poison Recalled.”

With the dominatrix undertones, this one really stirred the pot at MSNBC and PTA meetings. But seriously, those sash-wearing, cookie-peddling little twits have had the edge selling scout-sold-snacks for far too long. Our gourmet Trail’s End popcorn is just as fattening, addictive, and overpriced as their product. But hardly anyone knows!

“Abortion Requirement Suggested for First Aid Badge at National Council; New White Cheddar Snack Packs Announced!”

I wanted to mention the “Coat Hanger” technique in the subtitle, but council was very insistent that we save the real sensationalism for our interviews so we can pitch the popcorn in the same sentence. “That’s correct, we have scouts insert metal hangers so the fetus gets hooked... like our customers will on our new cheddar-based popcorn flavors! With all the flavor and none of the mess, our snack packs serve up Scouting spirit in one easy, breezy serving size.”

“Square Lashing Now Required for Tenderfoot Rank; Satanic Ritual History Badge now Required for Eagle Scouts.”

This headline is actually completely true. We had a lot of great feedback on our centennial Scouting Heritage badge, and felt a badge centered around celebrating the glories of Lucifer was the logical next step. I can’t wait to be a counselor for this one, and try the new Devil’s Delight Triple Chocolate popcorn package. This collector’s tin is a sin!

Matt Barker ‘19

Tying the knot at Cornell, from a Freshman POV

Kshama Sridevi Malavalli '21

“So, I know you guys may not want to go to <insert mandatory orientation event here>, but I did meet my boyfriend of three years there...”, said every RA in Cornell’s history, trying to convince freshmen to attend their nth mandatory orientation event.

I recently had my first shift working as a University representative at the Cornell Annual Fund. An alum '74 made a generous gift to the university in honor of her daughter and son-in-law who met in the Blue Room at Carpenter Hall when on the job.

What boggles my mind is this: how do you get to know a person, let alone enough to fall in love with and marry them, when you aren’t even seated next to the same person every day?

I cannot believe how a senior can be President of her club, an academic scholar, member of 3 other clubs, an athlete, an intern at a prestigious firm over the summer, and handle two part-time jobs during the semester. I’ll admit, I might be exaggerating a bit - my head’s a muddle with all the achievements I hear about and observe daily. And this does sound like more than one individual rolled up together - but as a freshman, it is confounding how someone gets

from Point A (clueless; during freshman semester) to Point B (appears to know what’s going on; maybe decides to marry someone). Doing all of this in addition to maintaining a romantic relationship with a significant other? My mind is officially blown.

I posed this question of ‘How do you think this just happened?’ to my roommate. Her answer? ‘It’s most definitely the parties.’

It’s not every day that you hear that someone met their future spouse at a fraternity (or a Donlon dorm) party. It doesn’t seem to usually go: ‘I saw you at a frat party, we danced on the table together, and the rest is history.’ So, to all those potential soul mates who I met at events during O-week, whose numbers are punched into my phone, whose faces I saw by moonlight (O-leader meetings), I wish us all the best in re-discovering each other and the community we’re part of. In the great tradition of freshmen past, we can only hope that things work out, as everyone assures us they do. Definitely be ready to reserve rooms at Sage or Statler to tie that knot your senior year.

Good luck to becoming great daddies in the future, ya’ll!





The Best Dinner of Our Lives

I know it's unconventional for a dad to eat the placenta, but hey, unconventional is my middle name! Yep, that's me, John Jacob Jingle-unconventional-heimer Schmidt!

When we made up our minds that in order to connect with our beautiful new bundle of joy, we had to eat their goo bundle to and absorb their precious nutrients, we started researching what would become the most important organic meal of our lives. We read all the usual blogs and mags: Crunchy Moms, Alternative Medicine Digest, Herbs for Health, The National Inquirer, Cat Fancy—you know the list. But, what we found was that there's not much about how to actually get a placenta. This is one of many overlooked ways being an adoptive parent is challenging, and society just doesn't understand our new age needs.

Exhausted from our womb-fruitless hunt, my partner Gabe took the night off and just vegged out on the sofa. Wouldn't you know it, our favorite date night movie, *Coming to America*, was on. When Eddie Murphy and Arsenio Hall are standing over an atlas pondering the mouth of the river Nile for broads who are both smart and hot, the dialogue changed as we were hearing it. "But where can we find a woman with grace, elegance, taste and culture who has both kept her placenta in pristine condition and will part ways with it for a humble gay couple with no slime sack of their own?" Then it hit us like a ton of unregulated homeopathic vitamin supplements!

We rushed for our phones, frantically swiping around Google Maps, and there it was. Just like Edd and Arse, we looked at each other and said in unison the land we knew we had to go to: "Placentia!"

No, no, that's not the magical land of our dreams, filled with fleshy fluid balloons and whimsical vines made of fresh, gummy umbilical chords. Placentia is a real town in Southern California we rode through once on the way to a Birkenstocks convention with our Cycling for Recyclables charity. Surely there placenta isn't a freaky word that makes people's skin crawl like they just accidentally touched one. Placentia, CA must be a wondrous world of tolerance!

We sat down with our energy pyramid, health crystals and upcycled lava lamps and got to work. We find this is the best way to trick our web browsers into not knowing we're checking out flights on both Kayak and Expedia. Corporate skills can't get us, we know the all-natural secrets!

It took a lot of calls to women's health centers and delivery rooms, but after a few days a wonderful elderly nurse told us in a hushed tone "your answer lies with BMW". At which we were appalled, who does she think we are driving a vehicle powered by DEAD ANCIENT ANCESTORS?! But it turned out she actually said "BMWS" that's the biomedical waste station for the county. Well, a few more calls and a lot of bribes later we were in business.

The nice men at the waste station—who agreed with us that privacy contracts and HIPAA are totally overrated in this spying culture we live in—helped find several women who were all scheduled to deliver soon. The women didn't sell them to us; they just threw it away. Well, the joke's on them. We know the truth! You can't truly bond with your baby unless you both know what their recent organ-home tastes like.

We wanted to be sure our actual living child, our baby girl Sediment, felt a connection to the placenta too. After all, we're really doing this for her. We want her to know we want to be good parents and symbolically consume some other kid's goo nest by definitely imagining it's hers.

In the end we took our precious leftover human meat glob back to our little BnB and made a simple meal, cooked with love. And lots of garlic. People joke that every meat actually just tastes like chicken, which this did at first. But really it tasted more like that rough sour sensation you feel when you accidentally chomp down on your own tongue. If you were recently eating garlic. I never thought I'd recognize the taste, but it really was quite human in flavor! That and garlic favor. This baby must've been quite a healthy birth because the placenta was huge! In fact we had quite a bit left over. We made little Hors D'oeuvres and shared them with the other guests, telling them it was pâté. Of course, that will remain our little secret. ;)

Sage Magee '18



Diaries of a College Student

My name is Rebecca. I was a college student for 4 years. I had never done anything like that before, and honestly I did not expect to ever do it. However, when I got out of high school, I thought it might be a fun thing to try. A friend of mine recommended the Common App site to me. I just thought to myself, “Maybe I’ll go to amazing places, have crazy parties, do awesome things.” I’m from a small town so the idea of college was incredible to me. It wasn’t long before my email inbox was full of colleges sending me letters and offering me tours of their huge, beautiful campuses. One college even sent me a personal gift basket with fruit and soap. Before choosing a college, I visited eight different campuses. They were so old, especially the ones who were on the east coast. Like, I was 18 at the time, but some of these colleges were 100 years old or more. I dismissed two of the colleges right away, but continued visiting and thinking about the other six. They flew me out to their campuses, gave me tickets to their sports games, let me sit inside their humongous lecture halls. They even offered me avenues to fund my startup ideas, put me up in their nicest dorms, and gave me hundreds of dollars of school clothing. They would even offer to contribute to my college tuition and give me scholarships.

The offers were incredibly tempting. I was looking at tens of thousands of dollars of student debt

otherwise, and more before I would graduate. The one issue is that sometimes when I visit these colleges there is a blatant expectation for me to perform. Like they expect me to be all famous after I graduate and donate money. The funny thing is I went to the college that didn’t feel this way, and now I donate lots of money to them.

Sometimes they can be very pushy too. One college offered to fly me all the way out to them. It was a long way, I live in Kansas and they wanted to fly me all the way to Boston. I said I wasn’t interested in committing to anything the first time I visited. They said that was fine, that they just wanted to show me around, give me a tour. I could be like pilgrim exploring new lands. I said ok, but when I got there they shoved papers in my face. Told me I could have a dorm over the Charles River. They were incredibly pushy. Even saying I could start up next semester in the spring even though I was just a junior. They just wouldn’t take no for an answer. I left early and haven’t heard from them since.

All-in-all, I have loved my experience as a prospective college student and actual student. I don’t think all the free gifts and scholarships impacted my decisions. I only chose the college I genuinely would have liked and would have given me the absolute best opportunities after college. That’s why I chose ASU.

Luke Righetti, ‘20



ARIZONA STATE UNIVERSITY

How Not To Screw Up Your Kid (Too Badly)

Kathleen Xu, '21

1. Avoid touching your kid ever. They are fragile beings with soft skulls and the tendency to suddenly die. If you absolutely have to hold your baby, put on oven mitts and refrain from punting it like a football when it starts to cry.
2. Don't expect your child to be a mirror image of you. Instead, expect them to be a better version of you, and use them as a vehicle to fulfill the dreams that you never achieved. They owe you their existence after all.
3. Validate their feelings. You may not understand why your kid suddenly decided that he's a dog trapped inside a boy, but it's important that you don't make fun of their newfound identity. Try to be understanding when they start drinking out of the toilet bowl.
4. Protect them. The world is a scary place, and you have to make sure your precious angel is alright. Install cameras in their room, monitor their computer, and follow them on their way to school. Make sure your child knows that they are never alone.
5. Be emotional with them. Let them know that it's okay to express sadness as long as it's on the inside and show them how to rage to the heavens when they're angry. And if they have any problems, tell them Mom is always willing to listen.
6. Sacrifice family time to provide for your family. So what if you're never at their dance recitals or soccer games? Who do they think pays for all those activities?
7. Introduce alcohol early. They're going to need it.

Timnah Zimet, '18

WHITE PEOPLE



Shosh by Timnah Zimet



Another Stalker Arrested Top Trending #adulthood Tweets

Police have arrested yet another girl outside Christian Grey's home for stalking and being generally obnoxious. The young lady, aged 20, is the twenty-fifth random person to be arrested for stalking Mr. Grey in the past three months. Unlike the others, this young woman did not beg Mr. Grey to force them to do math homework, scream at him for leaving behind a broken family, or attempt to decapitate him. Instead, she camped out in front of his front lawn and read Goodnight Moon into a microphone all night. It's clear that all these disturbed people have deep-seated father-figure issues, but why are they all targeting Mr. Grey who, as far as anyone knows, has no connection to any of them whatsoever? "It's fucking weird," Mr. Grey said, leaning back to take a swig of his beer. The motion causes his white undershirt to ride up his beer belly. "I've never had any brats, so I don't know why so many of them are calling me Daddy and asking me to spank them in bed. Then they get mad when I insist upon wholesome missionary sex in front of my life-sized Jesus statue." I suggested that he change his name to something more indicative of his beliefs to avoid further confusion. "My name's Christian. How do you get more obvious than that?" Mr. Grey grouched. Later, I headed down to the police station to ask the officers why they thought these people were targeting Mr. Grey. "It's his obsession with his grill," one detective cries. "It's the way he looks at you like you're a worthless disappointment," another added. "It's disgusting how anyone with the slightest issue with their dad comes flocking to him," the Sheriff rants. "Don't they know they need to suck it up and suppress the trauma like everyone else?" The Deputy Chief, apparently the only who grew up in a loving, stable family life, ushered the officers away and asked me to leave. I personally hope all these daddy issues get resolved. But in the meantime, it appears the mayor has just been arrested for stalking.

—Kathleen Xu, '21

 **Mr Dingo Pletherman**
@Dinglemyberries Follow

Went potty all by myself! #FlyingSolo
[#adulthood](#)

9:17 AM - 3 June 2017

 **FBGM**
@BankBankBank Follow

Just went to Target and bought the entire
candy section. #sweettooth #adulthood

2:48 AM - 6 October 2017

 **Papa Smurf**
@BlueDaddy Follow

Filed my tax returns! #comeatmeIRS
[#adulthood](#)

11:59 PM - 15 April 17 · Embed this Tweet

 **Mommy**
@PTAgirl Follow

Tipped 15% at brunch. #MimosaMonday
[#adulthood](#)

11:20 AM - 20 May 16 · Embed this Tweet

 **Brad**
@NiceGuy69 Follow

Went to Bed Bath and Beyond. Bought a
tablecloth and some scented candles.
[#adulthood](#)

4:47 PM - 6 November 2017

 **Casey Anthony**
@CaseyAnthony Follow

Finally murdered the people in my life that
have been bogging me down. At the age
where I take my problems into my own
hands! [#adulthood](#)

11:32 AM - 19 June 2011

REJECTED HEADLINES

My Dad is Pregnant with My Mom's Baby, and I'm the Father?

Local Dad Kills Large Bat With Baseball Bat, Now Claims He's the "Batman"

Modern Bible Translation Genesis 4:9: "Am I my Daddy's keeper?" By Millennial Scholars
Outrages Wives Worldwide

Burning Man Becomes a Burning Daddy: The Hottest Daddy-Daughter Couple of the Century?

"Trump is not My Daddy" Says Everyone Including Trump's Biological Children

Cat's in the Cradle and the Siiiiilver Feet, Little Girl Green and Daddy cin the Sheets

Daddy Appreciation Digest's Daddy of the Year: R. Kelly

Ithacan Domino's Delivery Man Allegedly Fathers Hundreds of Illegitimate Pizza Children
After Fucking Every Slice of Medium Pepperoni Pizza For One Week

Award Winning Cornell Daily Sun Investigation Uncovers Dark Cornell Exam Conspiracy
Dubbed "Daddygate" Finds First, Second and Elusive yet Fiery Third Round Prelims are my
Dad

Daddy this. Daddy that. Daddy pat. Who is this Daddy? Don't they mean Dad?

Dad this. Dad that. Dad pat. Who is this Dad? Don't they mean Daddy?

This. That. Pat. Who is Ass? Don't they mean Ass?

Nathan Spring '19

Bio Woes



Featured Alumni



Clinton Festa '01

Clinton Festa '01 joined the Lunatic as a sophomore with his roommate Alan Noah '01. Originally a cartoonist, Clinton joined when he noticed the magazine was using mostly clip art (yes, the internet existed back then... barely). During his time as a Lunatic, he began to write more and eventually became the Circulation Editor when he showed up late for a meeting. If you ask him what he studied, he's pretty sure he majored in Animal Science. After college, he got into aviation. Clinton is the author of *Ancient Canada* and *The Enchanted Harp*, available on Amazon. He also organizes a small charity for prisons called Sentences Book Donations, found on Facebook and Goodreads.

Daddy Advice From A Real Dad

By Clinton Festa

1. My kids eat six bowls of Cinnamon Toast Crunch a day, and they can run circles around your sugar-free kids. And around most Olympic athletes. For like ten minutes.
2. As a younger man, I scoffed at Jalapeño Cheetos. Now I understand the point of spicy snacks. They're for dads who don't want to share with their kids.
3. Yesterday I had to explain to my seven-year old daughter how Selena died. Thanks Google homepage.
4. My kids force me to buy anything that has a character they know on the box. So great, now I have 14 containers of Elmo-strength laxative.
5. Even if there is a series of light switches to get them to the bathroom, you may still have to escort your child to the potty. Some kids are afraid of the dark, but most of the ones I know are afraid of the dim.
6. The apple can fall very far from the tree. My eight-year old son is a British loyalist.
7. They're two 'til they're four, and if you know what that means, you've smuggled your three-year old into Disney World.
8. I'm offering a \$10,000 reward to anyone who can explain daylight savings time to my children.
9. In *Jaws*, a kid gets eaten by a great white shark in shallow water. And it's rated PG. Don't ask what happens in *Ghostbusters*.
10. "Where do babies come from, Daddy?" "Why are you asking me; is Alexa broken?"
11. CSI would vomit if they ever had to dust my car windows for fingerprints.
12. The thirstiest child in the world—and they all claim to be—will not finish an 8 oz. bottle of water.
13. If you're even considering suicide, do yourself a favor and avoid the Kidzbox SiriusXM channel.
14. Society wants me to stick around and raise my kids. Biology has said, "Stay up late and eat as much ice cream as you want. I'm done with you. Die whenever."
15. If not all of these make sense, it's because I'm a dad. They don't have to make sense, and we don't have time to argue about them. For the fifteenth time, get your shoes on. You're going to miss the bus.

Twin Brothers Separated as One is Sent to Space



Identical twin brothers Otis “Skip” Miller and Owen “Flip” Miller knew when they signed up for NASA’s Twin Study Project that one of them would be going to space while the other one stayed on Earth. They knew the training would be intense, the hours long, and the diet full of dried strawberry ice cream. What they didn’t anticipate was the emotional toll it would take on their body image.

“You just don’t expect a professional organization like NASA to tolerate body shaming,” said Skip.

“Yeah, I guess they’re still stuck in 1969,” added brother Flip.

The Twin Study Project is a real thing, and Cornell is somehow involved. “We’re looking at the effect of gene expression in space, so we can collect data and compare it to the guy who lost the coin flip,” said a scientist but not Bill Nye.

Brother Flip explained, “I was the lucky one who got to go to outer space, but I actually lost the coin flip. The PR department at NASA thought it would be too confusing for the public if Flip lost the coin flip and Skip didn’t skip the mission.”

“It’s not rocket surgery,” sighed Skip.

“Oh, you’re just jealous,” smiled Flip. “Yeah, well, you missed awards season.” “We’ve dealt with bullies our whole lives,” explained Flip, getting serious. “When you’re twins, you get made fun of more than you’d think.”

“Whenever Flip and I would do something dumb, our dad would cite us as evidence that the moon landing was faked,” said Skip, “because of our membership in the human race. Funny story – that’s how we got interested in space travel.”

So when they saw NASA’s ad on **monster.com**, the two were there in one simultaneous heartbeat.

“We just had to pick up the pieces and go from there. Revenge was on the way.”

At first, both brothers were trained and prepared for space travel. They underwent rigorous classroom and simulator training, like learning what all the buttons do.

They practiced peeing into a Ziploc bag. But it was the day in the g-forces chamber that changed everything.

“Five g’s is a lot,” explained Flip through sobs. “And we still had more to go. That’s when...”

“It’s okay,” whispered Skip. “Our trainer saw us struggling and told us that five pounds of body weight will feel like 25 pounds at a gravitational force of 5.0. So he said, ‘If you were to only lose five pounds, you’d be able to handle the load factor better.’”

“I still remember that evil grin on his face, like he was helping us,” sniffed Flip.

“We skipped the pool the next day. He had no right to say that to us and then judge us in our wet suits.” The Miller brothers complained to the Human Resources department and were assigned to a new trainer.

“We just had to pick up the pieces and go from there. Revenge was on the way.”

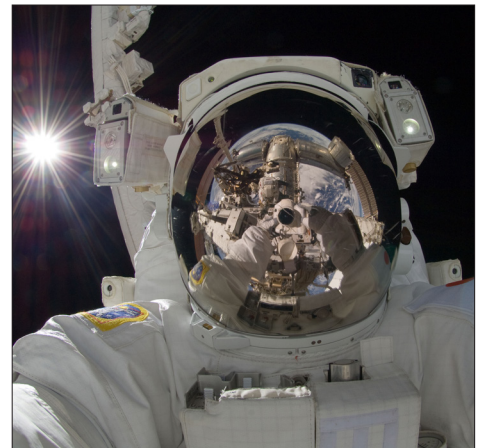
Finally, the day came for Flip to launch into outer space.

“Once I reached the International Space Station, I got my phone out, snapped some killer selfies in my space suit, and posted them on Facebook. I’m pretty sure the whole world saw those images.”

“He looked so good in the space suit,” smiled Skip.

Flip looks back with no regrets. Although he gained all of the weight right back the moment he returned to Earth, for one special moment, he felt weightless. “Five pounds don’t mean nothin’ when you have confidence. And are free of the earth’s gravitational pull.”

-Clinton Festa ‘01



How to disown your kid without alienating your friends and neighbors!

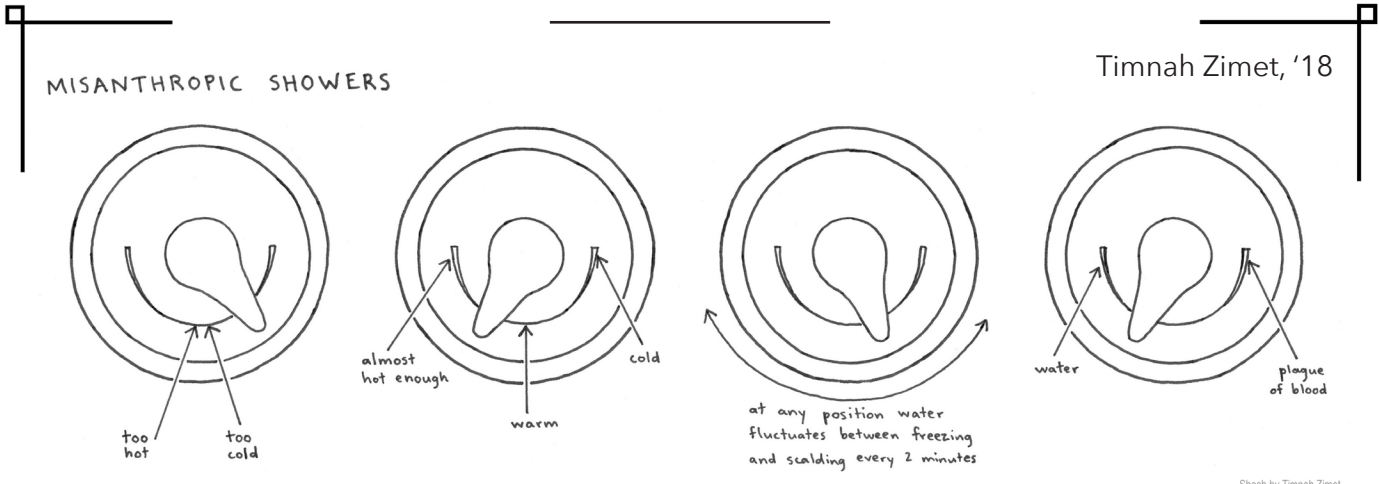
By Shaina Verma, '19

The stigma surrounding getting rid of dumbass kids when you realize you never liked them or they aren't as much of a gift as everyone tried to convince you they were, Margaret, is unfortunately alive and well in today's world. This is the world we live in. Or is it? Or is that something the government is lying to us about, like the importance of STOP signs? Whatever. I'm here to help you transition from sad, prostitute-free family man to a hella happy single-and-ready-to-mingle-emancipated-pringle with damsels dripping from his arms. Now you can have young girls call you daddy unironically – yum! Only if you buy my DVD and book, only \$19.99 a month for 1738 months! Here's a little sample to encourage you to throw singles at me, like at the strip club you could be at right now if you give me your credit card details, zip code, and social security number. Oh, fuck, it's 2017, give me your PIN as well.



Anyways, onto the tips (just the tips – you gotta pay for the rest).

1. Keep his Xbox – he doesn't deserve it and there's no point in buying a new one.
2. Remember, don't blame yourself. It's THE KID'S FAULT – it's not on you. You are God, he's just Jesus. There's a reason that guy died.
3. Get a wolf tail butt plug – this way, you can explain that you are a different species if anyone asks you how you could disown your child!
4. Remember, also, that it's not that you're disowning the child, as much as being freed from him. Focus on the freedom. You are pro-freedom, not anti-decency.
5. Have a party! Make a ceremony out of it. Take the child (chloroformed, of course – you don't want to attract attention or have it struggle) out to the boondocks, with the bees and the birds. Place it in a little wooden craft that will probably sink in like 3 minutes, and then gently whisper 'Be free' into the wind as you shove it viciously into the fast-flowing river.
6. Buy a lambo - this has nothing to do with anything, but it'll shore up your masculinity, advertise your gay porn business, and allow you to zoom away from naysayers.



Shosh by Timnah Zimet

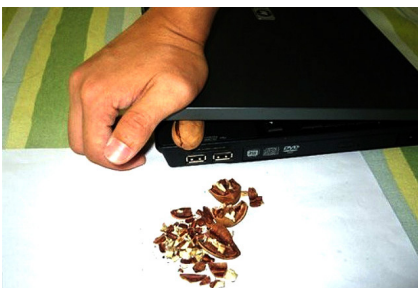
Should Laptops be Banned from Classrooms?

In the evident absence of significant issues to discuss, students and faculty debate whether or not students should be allowed to use laptops during class.

Every day, people are murdered, children die of starvation, and the life on Earth moves closer to extinction, but is it a good idea for students to be allowed to use their laptops during class?

Most students claim that laptops, tablets, and smartphones facilitate learning, allowing them to access course documents and take notes more effectively. On the other hand, there is much evidence that laptops only serve to distract students.

It is quite obvious that laptops in the classroom can be an aid. For example, students may crack open large walnuts between the screen and the keyboard. Most students, surprisingly, do not even bring their walnuts to class. Then what do students do on



Proper classroom laptop usage

their laptops during class? Every student is different; some students choose to browse Facebook and others browse Reddit. Can this really be having a negative effect on students' learning experiences? Intuition suggests that these

students know nothing because they are on their laptops too much during class. Most evidence, however, shows that students go on their laptops in class because they know nothing to begin with. Research also indicates a strong correlation between inability to maintain focus and frequent laptop use.

In a recent study on attention span, the study was not completed because the researchers had too short of attention spans.

Some would say that, with a general lack of focus among the population, laptops are a serious distraction in learning environments, akin to giving your nephew a kazoo in church and expecting him to be quiet. Some would also say that dinosaurs lived six thousand years ago.

Professors, in attempts to compromise, have asked students with laptops to sit only in the back of the classroom as a form of voluntary segregation. However, despite their being in the back of the room, professors can still hear students bitching and complaining about not being able to use their laptops without restrictions.

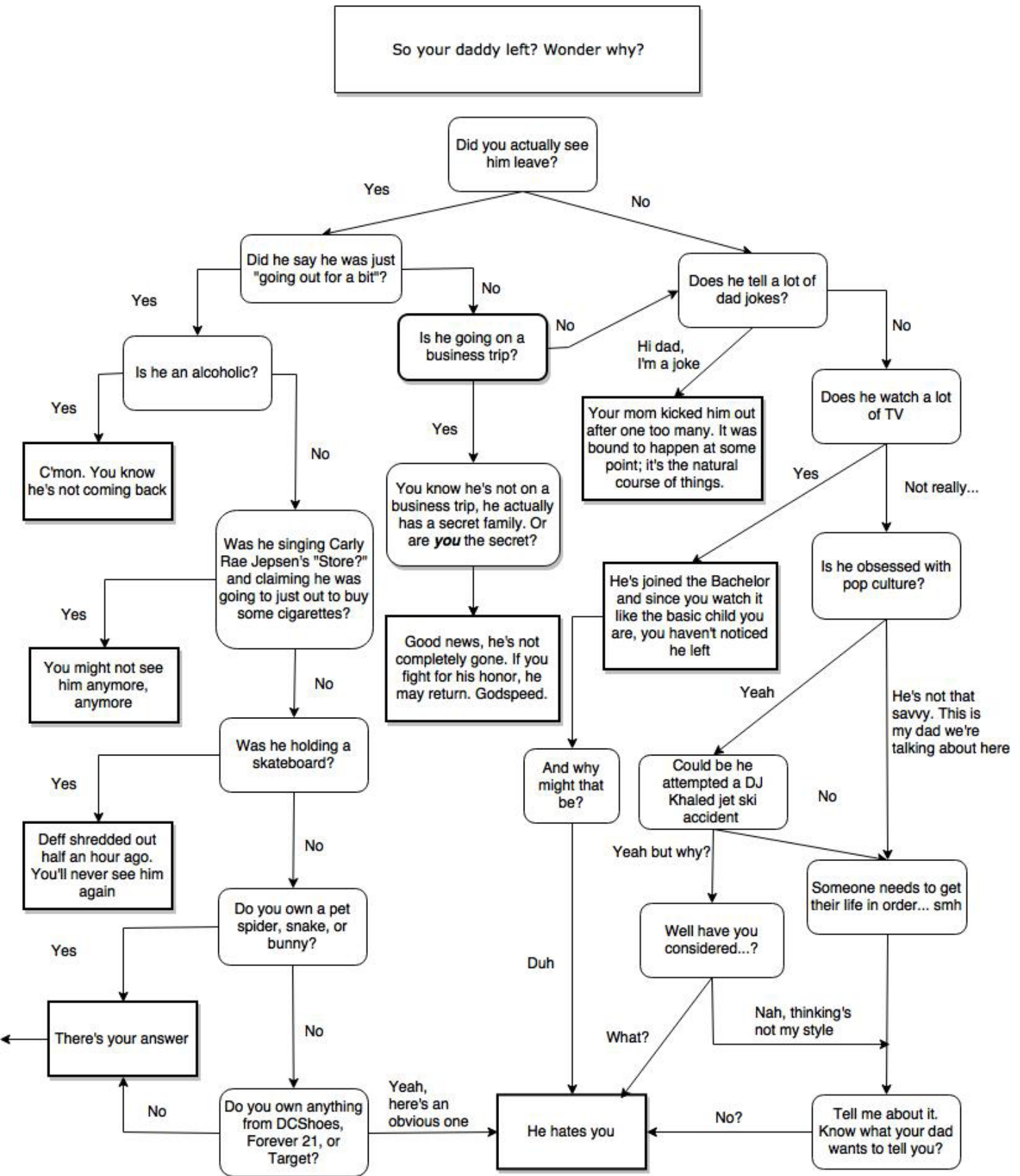


Children losing brain cells

Another issue which presents itself is "second hand" laptop use: where students trying to pay attention are distracted by other students using laptops. These students are the true victims because the only thing sadder than browsing Facebook is watching someone you don't know browse Facebook.

This is not to say that the instructors are not, in part, responsible for laptop misuse in class. Lectures are often too thrilling and emotionally moving for students that they need to distract themselves from the sensory overload that comes with gripping lectures on subjects like Introductory Calculus or Accounting.

With no clear place to lay the blame, we have no choice but to hold Bill Gates responsible for having discovered the Internet, not that any of it will matter when the robots take over and our laptops start taking us to class and crack walnuts with our heads.



Elizabeth Sharp '20

The Dos and Don'ts of Parenting

Congratulations on the baby! You and your spouse are probably enamored with your little one and are discovering the joys of parenthood which include being woken up every hour on the hour, having vomit stains on all of your shirts, and learning which cry means hunger, which one means poop explosion, and which one has no cause whatsoever. To help you adjust to the new presence in your life, here are some tips for successful parenting.

Getting Baby to Sleep

Do: Stick to a strict nap schedule so baby gets used to sleeping on a schedule. Play white noise in the background and sing baby a lullaby.

Don't: Tell your little one that there is a monster that lives underneath the crib and gobbles up babies who cry or call for their mommy and daddy in the middle of the night.

Changing Baby

Do: Make sure to use a changing mat and have extra diapers handy. Baby wipes and diaper ointment are must-haves.

Don't: High-five your spouse after every successful diaper change and spike your little shit-monster like a football in celebration.

Going Out with Baby

Do: Make sure your bag is fully stocked with the essentials and that you bring extra diapers, bottles, and a portable crib if you're going over to someone's house for a length of time.

Don't: Use baby's stroller as a battering ram to mow down slow moving pedestrians and clear a path for yourself down the street.

Feeding Baby

Do: Stick with breast milk and formula until your darling is ready for solid food. Also, feed baby as needed rather than sticking to a schedule. Your little one will let you know if he or she is hungry.

Don't: Crush up your Xanax and mix it into the baby formula so the whole house can finally get a good night's sleep.

Bathing Baby

Do: Bathe baby a few times a week in the kitchen sink, or in a small plastic baby tub. Make sure the water isn't too warm and use soap sparingly or you'll dry your beloved's sensitive skin out.

Don't: Strip that little demon down, lather it with soap, and adjust your garden hose to "spray jet" so you can hose it down in the backyard.

Bonding with Baby

Do: Schedule play time with your baby and make sure you're initiating skin-to-skin contact with your little one. Parents, science says you can't hold your baby too much!

Don't: Take that slimy little scamp to a dive bar and tell him or her about all the ways your parents failed you over a few shots of vodka, then drunkenly promise him or her that you'll be a better parent than your father ever was.

Via Romano '21

The D Train is My Daddy

Ever since I was a boy I've dreamed of being dominated by a big, thick, D Train. I took the subway with my father when I was eleven, and once I saw that hulking D train screech down the tracks, I knew I wanted that D inside me all the way down Sixth Avenue; hell, it can ride me all the way to Coney Island if it would please my daddy.

Alec Faber '20



Checking In

Are you having trouble communicating with your daughter while she's at college? Do you feel like she's pushing you off the line as soon as she picks up the phone? Are you looking to spice up your chats with more substance? Well look no further, because all your worries will be resolved and more.

Let's face it, you're spending \$60,000 per year so that your daughter can go out and abuse drugs and alcohol on a daily basis, have sex with strangers, and do a mediocre job on her schoolwork, all while pretending to still be the sweet little angel you raised for 18 years. You want her to know that this is normal for a college kid, but she usually will not willingly share this side of her life with you. Sometimes it's worth it to press the information out of her by clever conversational means. Next time you call her, don't even say hello: Start the conversation by saying "I know what you did." 90% of the time, your child will confess to something you never would have suspected them of, like smoking meth with a townie next to Beebe Lake, where you can then inform her of your Xanax addiction, reinforcing your connection with your daughter.

A classic mundane conversation between parents and college children is recapping the things that they've eaten that particular day. Imagine your daughter has gone on a tangent about the salad she ate for lunch, this is the golden opportunity to segway the conversation, like this:

"Ranch dressing huh? I've always preferred Italian myself. How many dicks have you sucked this week, Britney?"

Remember, if you catch her off-guard, she's more likely to tell you the truth, and she will slowly become more comfortable sharing things with you.



Relating to your children on their level goes a long way. It's always important to stay on top of cultural references to give them the illusion that you're a friend and not just their intrusive dad. Feel free to spice up your conversations with a rap lyric or two. Try something along the lines of:

"Yeah, I've just been in my room all day doing homework. I have a prelim coming up that I'm nervous about."

"The ting goes skrrrahh, pap, pap, ka-ka-ka. Skibiki-pap-pap, and a pu-pu-pudrrrr-boom. Skya, du-du-ku-ku-dun-dun. Poom, poom, you dun know."

Your kid will undoubtedly respect you and likely tell all her friends about her cool, hip, and understanding dad. Along a similar vein, when texting your daughter, it is CRUCIAL that you send her the proper emojis. For example, if you want her to eat healthy, don't be afraid to send her the eggplant and peach emojis in the middle of the night to ensure that she will wake up to a text reminding her to get her daily servings of fruits and vegetables.

Teenage girls love it when a guy is spontaneous, and what is more spontaneous

than a surprise visit from their dad at college? If you really want to up the ante, find out her weekend plans and nonchalantly run into her at a social event. Keep in mind that you don't want to seem like you're trying too hard. First, find a couple girls off Tinder to help your ratio so you can actually get into a frat party hosted by the guy you found out your daughter is hooking up with. Once you're in, have a few drinks and enjoy yourself. If you're lucky enough, you will spot your daughter, but you DO NOT want

to embarrass her. Tap her on the shoulder and try out a cool phrase, like "What's up, skank? Who's your daddy?" She'll never see it coming.

If you follow these tips, you'll soon be able to gather much more insight into what your daughter's college life is like, and finally be able to prove to your bitch ex-wife that you're the favorite parent.

Rajiv Kommareddy '19

Phrases I Had to Google to Help With an Emergency Home Birth

- How to deliver a baby in a trailer park jacuzzi?
- What does placenta goo feel like?
- If I get placenta goo on my dong, can I get penis pregnant?
- Are they both supposed to be screaming?
- Is it ok if the person delivering the baby also screams?
- Should you wash your hands before delivering a baby?
- How to cut the cord?
- How to cut the cord not the helicopter parent kind but like actual weird skin rope that starts in a vajayjay and is attached to a babys stomach
- Are newborbns supposed to be ugly?
- Are newborn babies actually aliens?
- Can you put the baby back in if it looks like its not done yet?
- Adoption agencies near me

Sage Magee '18



MacKenzie Harnett '21

How to Get Away With Patricide

After living 18 long years under the tyranny of your caring, loving father, it's time to kill that stupid SOB. Here are a few of our favorite ways you can go about it WITHOUT pleading of insanity and/or becoming a prison shower sextoy.

WARNING: The following methods assume that you have basic knowledge of Forensic Science, gun safety and local police activity. Kill your father at your own risk.

THE GRIMEY GUILLOTINE

First, set up a small plate of your father's favorite food. Just out of sight above the plate, rig a simple pulley system with a sharp, long blade attached to the pulley. Hide just around the corner and hold tightly onto the rope at the end of the pulley. Then, when he leans down with his disgusting snout to slobber all over his favorite meal, drop the blade. He will be immediately decapitated. Fathers are inherently piggy-ish, so they will be irresistibly charmed upon the mere sight of their favorite snack. When the police arrive, tell them that you mistook your father for a "pig-like intruder." Alas, because all police officers are also fathers i.e pig-ish, they will not notice or derive any incriminating meaning from your bloodsoaked grin. If for

some reason the officers see through your ploy, you can easily get away with cold-blooded murder on a plea of self-defense (see *People of the State of California v. Martha Stewart*).

Although effective and risk-free, this method causes a particularly painless death. You can, however, use a much duller blade to transform death by decapitation into death by blood loss through a gash in the neck. This will lower the overall kill probability, but depending on your carpentry skills, this is a potential improvement.

THE RECALLED REMINGTON

For those of you who were forced by your fathers' to watch 60 Minutes every Sunday while he ignored the program altogether, you may recall the episode in which they discuss the issues with the Remington Model 700, one of the most (if not the most) popular hunting rifles in the country. Under colder temperatures, the trigger can spontaneously go off and fire the weapon. Although it is tragic that the Remington Arms Company has refused to acknowledge this flaw in any of their public statements despite replacing millions of triggers for free, this opens up a bunch of possibilities for father slaying.

If you have the gun, simply load it and remind your father that he hasn't had work for the past 10 years, and that your mother is the real breadwinner of the house. The destruction of confidence and emasculation will induce suicidal ideation; however, because your father is a pussy, he will never go through with it. That is why, when he reaches for the gun and nearly attempts suicide with his favorite hunting rifle, lower the temperature in the room and *BLAMO* you have a seemingly honest suicide from your father. Cops are plain stupid and uneducated, so they would never suspect it was really a flaw in the rifle. Plus, there's no way they watched that 60 Minutes special. If you don't already have this gun, keep dropping signs to your parents that you're interested in hunting. In an attempt to establish closeness, your father will be forced to buy under researched hunting equipment.

This method is fairly labor intensive and somewhat conditional, but it's most likely to be extremely painful. After all, there's no way your father is competent enough to successfully blow his brains out. He'll probably end up shooting himself in the wrong place, bleeding out slowly and painfully. If you have

the patience to work at this method, the results definitely satisfy. If time is a constraint, perhaps THE "ACCIDENTAL" GUILLOTINE is more up your alley.

THE RELIGIOUS

REDEMPTION (Editor's Pick)

Do you believe in a higher power? Turns out you don't have to. Simply join a church, synagogue, Buddhist temple or any other religious group, and you too can call upon your Lord to wreak havoc on your enemies. A simple prayer should be sufficient to wield a power greater than man to destroy the shrill man who has ruined your brief but meaningful life. Be sure to be specific in your prayer, however, as Gods tend to work in mysterious ways without clear instructions. You don't really need to explain much

to the cops. Due to their teeny tiny daddy brains, all cops are religious men by nature. Thus, once you explain that it was "God" or "Buddha" that killed your father, the investigation will end there, leaving you free to go.

This method in this author's opinion is the best way to go when assassinating Daddy. There's nothing quite like temporarily capturing and using the power of the heavens. Plus, you make your father's death as painful as possible. As long as you join a religious group and NOT a cult, this method is guaranteed to work. If you need help choosing the best religion, check out the article in this magazine's previous issue, "Religions v.s. Cults: There's Probably a Difference." The only downside to this method

is that you may find it difficult to leave the religious group you join once you have done the deed. In the most extreme circumstances, faking one's death will be a complicated but surefire way to exit the group without persecution. Just be sure to cease all contact with friends and loved ones from your former life, otherwise religious leaders will be able to locate you with their vast social media presence.

These are just a few of our favorite methods. What are YOUR favorite methods? Try leaving a comment below. Go on.

Oh wait, this is in print you fucking scag. Read a book.

Nathan Spring '19

Poems

Yeah We're One of Those Families

Father stretch my hands, my legs, my neck,
my back,
My, ow ow Ow
It ain't a beautiful morning when I go to the studio
With him, all I can feel is my muscle fibres crying out
'Cause I got no power, power
We're vegan and I get no protein, just high all the time
I wanna feel liberated from my father and his yoga tendencies
I lied to young Metro last week so I'd be put out of my miseries
Tell me here, who can relate to my back pain?

The war of 42069

My father and his before him fought in terrible wars
WW2 and Vietnam just to name a few
And I hear their battle stories and scars
Medals and flags adorn our walls
I wonder what tales I will pass down
Perhaps the great history of the vape-off I won last week.

Enid Tuttlebee '83



Dad Diary

Dad Diary, Entry #461

Captain's Blog, Stardate:
20170901

I have some sad news. Yes, even sadder than when the lawn mower broke down last week (RIP my dear Johnny). I was merely asserting my authority as head of the household by reading through my daughter's cellular phone, as you know I do on a daily basis. She recently changed her passcode to "6969", but that was easy to crack, as I know my love of Bryan Adams' songs has rubbed off on her. But it was what I discovered on this fire-starting application, Tinder, that is the source of my woes.

My daughter, my sweet Tiffani with an "i", is sending messages to middle-aged men, asking them to be her "daddy". Now, I'm not up-to-date on modern vernacular or social trends, but I know what this means – she is looking for another father because I have failed at my job. In some way, I have fallen short in my parental duties and she feels she has to look elsewhere for a suitable father figure.

When I first saw this Tinder app on her phone, I naturally assumed she was impressed by my fire-making abilities—

thanks to our month-long family camping trips every year— and wanted to learn for herself. But why didn't she ask me, instead of talking to complete strangers, to teach her how to "handle their wood"? It just doesn't make sense. I've done everything I should as a father! I was always there for her emotionally. Well, unless she ever got emotional about it, then I would just leave and go to the bar. I have my own problems; I don't need hers, too. Plus there was usually a game on, so I had to watch that. But that's not the point, I'm a great father.

But maybe it was me. I know I may come off as confident, or "a cocky f***ing a**hole who banged his g**damn wife" according to our next-door neighbor Steve, but I'm actually very sensitive. I should make more father-daughter bonding time: take her on more camping trips, or to a good ol' baseball game. Or maybe a strip club! I think she'd love that, based on her Tinder profile pictures. Or perhaps I should become more dominant, really show her who's boss. I think she might like that, seeing as one of her messages read, "Tie me down and choke me, daddy." It seems like I've given her too much freedom and she wants to feel more restricted.

These are all great ideas - I know I'm a genius - but I'm not sure any of them will work. My dad always said "Go big, or go home", before he went big and never came home. I don't know what to do—I am at my wits' end. I can barely focus on the Sunday football games or make terrible jokes to waitresses at dinner. It even takes more than one beer to knock me out every night while I lie awake on the couch. But desperate times call for desperate measures: Diary, I've decided to go undercover. Yes, I know what happened last time. No, I don't care that I ruined her 21st birthday. No matter, after 3 hours of trying to connect the app to Facebook, I have finally completed my Tinder profile. My bio is "Large logs start the biggest fires. #sizematters #fatherwood Let's heat things up, baby girl.", which is pretty great, if I do say so myself. I think it could really light a new spark in our relationship. I can't wait to see the look on my daughter's face when she finds me on Tinder, and finally realizes that I have what it takes to be her daddy. I only pray that my son does not follow in her path. But I have no need to fear—the only new application on his phone is a meat-grinding app.

Matthew Bell '19

6 Signs You're Becoming Your Father

1. You feel this strong urge to grab the head of the man standing next to you in the elevator and give him a noogie. You always hated it when your father used to do it to you, but now that you're older you're starting to see the appeal.

2. You've been slowly losing the ability to do any of the cleaning and cooking around the house. It's not that you couldn't do it if you tried, but it just seems so much less important now. And besides, you have your wife to take care of it. What else is she doing with her day while you're out working to provide for this family?

3. You've begun the process of turning the den into a man cave for you and your bros to crash in. Your wife complains, but you remind her that since she's not letting you go to the bar with your guys as often that she doesn't get a say. You need one place to hang out that's sacred to men.

4. You start to wish your son would try harder at sports. Maybe you're expecting too much from him, but you played football when you were his age and you were good, so he must have gotten some of your genes.



When Timmy tells you he doesn't like football and also that she is a girl, brush him off. Organized sports build character.

5. You have a strong urge to lay back, put your feet on the table, and turn the game on. You ask your wife to bring you another beer and, when she mumbles something about your drinking, sigh passive aggressively before getting it yourself. How hard is it for her to get you one damn beer?

6. You look into the mirror before bed one night and realize you have your father's eyes. Cry in horror at what you've become.

Via Romano '21



Welcome to the World Son

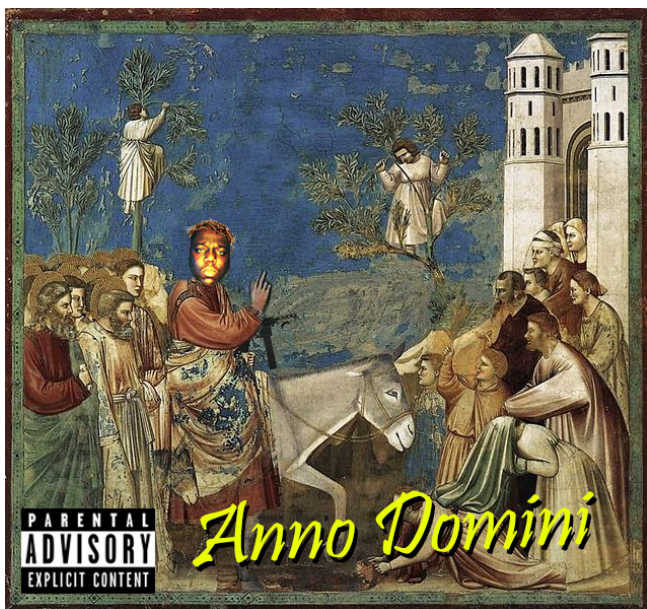
Welcome to the world son.

Your mother gave birth just minutes ago and after seeing you for a split second I knew I was so overwhelmed I had to write down my thoughts and feelings of this very special moment so some day, when you grow up. I can share this with you.

To begin, I hope the crust of the placenta goo on my hands flakes off by the time you read this. It was absolutely magical to see your mother's hoo-ha so big I could fit both hands inside, like trying to get all the giblets out of the turkey, all to help pull you out and into this beautiful world.

Sage Magee '18

Jesus Rap



<<Cornell Lunatic Productions>> Guess who's
back motherfuckaaaaaaaaaaaaas!
A.D. J.C. comin' down to rep Galilee
Burn you eight days like a motherfucking
Maccabee
It's a fallacy, hypocrisy like a Pharisee
You know apostasy is worse than the Sadducees
These prophets just actin' tryna get a reaction
I'm going through the whole passion, got Mel Gib
reenactin'
I'm O.G. no doubt that's "Original God"
Left wing king ain't no supply side mod
Like a Red Scare don't care about property
I be undercharging customers for carpentry
And I'm lookin' bout as fly as Dracula
So I'm pickin up hoes down in Magdala
And I swear to god I ain't no faygeleh
But I get kinda confused by the labia
Hold up just let me reword
Because I wanna assert
The second coming just occurred
When I made your girl squirt

[Hook]

Take me to the city Cause I'm ridin on that ass
Open up the gates Let me show you where it's at
Nailed up in Golgotha with some other young
thugs

And now every Sunday bitches suckin' down my
blood

Yeah ATM whippin ass when you changin' some
cash

I'll be exorcising demons just to handle a rash
TNT "The New Testament" super fly

No ED I got bitches watchin while I rise

And even though I rose I gotta crown of thorns

I'll give you leprosy if you see some unkosher
porn

Yee-ah! I'll melt your tears and then motherfuckin
walk across

While I'm turning it to wine and schlepping round
this motherfuckin cross

Daaaaaam Jesus don't play oy vey

Droppin' sins like Enola Gay

Little boy you're an S.O.B. I'm an S.O.G.

Spreadin' word like profits from the T.P.P.

I'll cut you in half the way I'm slashin' regulations

Slinging that hash and kicking ass like

Revelations

I'm prophecising end times just ask a Babylonian

Slay a motherfucker like Mattathias the

Hasmonean

Imma reform the shit outta this bitch like

Hezekiah

Don't approve of flamers but I'm still spitting that
fire

Diaper crease like David Gries that means I'll
never retire

So reach in your CD and get fleeced by the
Messiah

[Hook]

Curing the blind, these motherfuckers be brailin

I'm taking shots from my goblet because these
bitches be grailin

No my career ain't on Trellis because I rhyme like
Catullus

Preaching love to my brothers but I'm inciting
them zealots

My flow's antique, I rhyme in Aramaic and Greek

Blessed are the meek so turn the other cheek

When I slap you with the back of my hand

Kingdom of God aboutta be in this land
Never die John 316, goin' 360
No-scoping with my PPD
I pack clips like I'm Herod Antips
Turning up at the wedding of Cana-bis!
Macking from Judea to the land of Kush
Milk and honey ain't got nothing less you live in
kibbutz
Roman rule ain't got no precedents
Red Sea pedestrians versus equestrians
Your boy's supa hot but hell is even hotter
I called Saul Paul and plus I'm Luke's father
And I gotta stigmata like the art on Searing Blood
My death is more cool and iconic than Rosebud
Last Suppa I be purgin' my disciples like Stalin

But Judas up in here tryinna get some silver
talents
Convicted felon showing up on time for the trial
But the prosecutors were both Jews and Gentiles
Got some nails in my wrists and a spear in my
guts
And I'm making it rain blood bile and pus
Then make the sky go black like Imma conjure
some cheap tricks
And put this religion on the world's greatest hits
So make sure you tell your Sultan Rajah
Caliph or Czar
That I'm the real king, Jesus Christ Imma
Superstar

Evan Adler '20

How to Get A Conell Sugar Daddy

What do all college kids have in common? Our love for money and sex. Wouldn't it be great to combine the two? Now you can! It's time to put yourself on the market and get a sugar daddy. Being a sugar baby is a life altering experience. You will now be able to afford all of the finer things in life such as the luxurious Cup Noodles rather than the poor man's brick ramen. The only thing your daddy will want in return is sex. It's a win-win!

There are many sources out there to potentially snag a sugar daddy such as apps, websites, or leaving your phone number in a bathroom stall. However, the best sugar daddies are all local. Cornell full professors make an annual wage of over \$200,000. In order to seduce one, start slow. Head into office hours with a baseball and glove and get them to play catch with you, as all dads should. After some back and forth, some pitching and catching, propose that he gives you money in exchange for sex but not in a prostitution way.

If you're not into the whole "daddy on campus" scene, as it can be really embarrassing to have your daddy nag you during class, search the alumni network. Cornell alumni are typically wealthy, but not wealthy or noteworthy enough to actually be famous or recognized. This is perfect,

as both you and your daddy won't have to worry about the press finding out. Once you find a suitable daddy on either LinkedIn, Handshake or at one of the many Cornell sanctioned networking events, reach out to him. Alumni love talking with current students about how Cornell has changed from a cold, challenging school back in the old days into a slightly warmer, challenging school.

Don't worry if you're an underage freshman and cannot legally consent to being a sugar baby. It's actually much more convenient for minors! Just contact your local adoption agency and go about emancipating yourself from your parents back home and get the papers necessary to be adopted. Once you have the required documentation, go out and get your daddy, and show him how willing you are for them to be the only dad in your life. There's nothing more special than a legally binding agreement between sugar daddy and baby.

Pros: Money, sex, paternal love that your real father neglected to give you throughout your childhood

Cons: None

Jacob Protono '21

Shit My Dad Says

“No, son, you can’t take a “gap year” after college. I too would love to leave your mom for a year and bang some hookers in Amsterdam and sleep on trains and “find myself” and shit.”

“Oh, you got a job as a search-engine-optimization strategist? That’s cute.”

“Son, can you grab me a Budweiser out of the fridge? Last time I asked your mom to do that, she went on a feminist rant about how she’s not on this Earth to “serve me.” But you’re not an entitled little cunt so you’ll do your dad a simple favor, isn’t that right son? Thanks.”

Zach Mandell ‘18

Fatherly Advice

If you accidentally let a fart slip out in public, it’s better to double down and make it seem intentional.

Ladies don’t want you to take them to the movies, they want you to break into a trampoline warehouse with them, pour lube all over the trampolines and freakin bounce.

Learn how to dance, like real dance. Charleston, jitterbug, Irish step...just don’t contribute to today’s dance floors’ competitive blue balls.

Men who wear leather in public are alpha males. Men who wear leather in private belong to alpha males.

Showing a wide breadth of knowledge of wine will get you laid out. Showing a wide breadth of knowledge of mixed drinks will get you laid.

Remember, whether your favorite sports team wins or loses, you didn’t accomplish anything. The rest of your night will be the exact same as if you had watched Friends Don’t watch Friends.

Don’t watch NBC - I didn’t raise my son to be a libtard cuck!

Never feel down because you are fat. Men aren’t fat. Men are husky. Women are fat.

Matthew D’Ambrosio ‘20

Obituaries

Ithaca, NY—My father, Brian Cox's love for me died on November 4, 2017, when I decided that I didn't want to play baseball anymore. He played shortstop growing up, and doctors said the stress of hearing that I wouldn't be following in his footsteps any longer was just too much. His love for me will be succeeded by that of my younger brother, Jim, with whom dad was playing catch in the front yard this morning. Rest in piece dad's love, your absence will be felt for the rest of my life.

Oswego, NY— Austin Gunderson Sr., the richest man in Oswego county with a net worth of \$85,000, was 75 when he died last Thursday under mysterious circumstances. Mr. Gunderson's body was discovered at the foot of the stairs by Isabella Wainscott, his 22 year old girlfriend and sole beneficiary of Mr. Gunderson's will. Ms. Wainscot assured us that she was "very broken up about the whole thing" as she draped a stole Mr. Gunderson had bought for her across her shoulders. When asked if she had any idea as to what happened, she shrugged and said: "Maybe he fell. He was old. Old people fall." Mr. Gunderson will be missed by his family, friends, and most of all by Ms. Isabella Wainscott.

Cortland, NY—On October 21, Dat Ass was murdered at the tender age of 21 when she was brutally and completely demolished in the middle of the night. There is one person of interest in the case; witnesses next door heard the victim screaming "harder, daddy!" around the time Dat Ass was murdered. The suspect is still at large, so if you have information about this case please contact the Cortland police. Dat Ass is survived by her sister Dat Pussy who is currently under police protection.

Via Romano '21

Daddy Issues

-My brunette wants dinner at the same restaurant my blonde works at as a waitress.

-My dominatrix just asked me if we could spend tonight talking instead.

-My wife just asked me where our daughters old Halloween costumes went.

-I accidentally gave Jamie-Lynn a new Xbox, and my son, Jaime, a pair of handcuffs.

-I just told my wife I didn't have anymore left in me. We hadn't had sex in weeks.

-I can't remember the difference between my side bitch, my bottom bitch, my main bitch, and my wife.

-My wife just asked why my ass looks sunburnt.

-I killed a man to join Sons of Anarchy to explain to my wife why I owned so much leather.

-My wife just asked me how she got cold sores if neither of us had an STD.

-Me and the cashier at Kay's Jewelers are on a first name basis.

-I can no longer afford jewelry for my wife.

-I can no longer afford tuition for my kids.

-My side-bitch surprised me at work the same day my wife did. They did not agree this called for a threesome.

Luke Righetti '20

The Pledge of Allegiance to Daddy

I pledge allegiance to my Dad of the United States of America, and to the republic for which he stands, one harem under God, indivisible, with liberty and justice for his hoes.

Nathan Spring '19

← [Attachments] [Info] [Trash] Move to Inbox [Dropdown] More ▾ 7 of 394 < > [Settings]

Wilbert Ren Nov 13 (4 days ago) ☆ [Dropdown]

to president ▾

Dear President Pollack,

My name is Wilbert Ren, and I am the business manager of the Cornell Lunatic. Our fall 2017 issue is soon going to be printed out and distributed, but we were wondering if we can use your face for our cover image. This image is not meant to be mocking, but just a funny way to say hello to Cornell and its community. If you can allow us to use your image, can you please let us know? Thanks so much.

Sincerely,

Wilbert Ren
Cornell University - Class of 2020
Mechanical Engineering Major
Film Minor

Joel Martin Malina Nov 14 (3 days ago) ☆ [Dropdown]

to me, Office ▾

Dear Wilbert,

President Pollack asked me to reply on her behalf to your email from yesterday to thank you for your invitation to have her appear on the cover of the Cornell Lunatic. We must respectfully decline the offer. I wish you all the best in developing your fall issue. Thank you again for reaching out.

Best regards,

Joel

Used to getting rejected? Join the Lunatic.
thecornelllunatic@gmail.com