

CORNELL LUNATIC

SEPTEMBER 2026 • CAMPUS HUMOR MAGAZINE • FREE



The Quest for the Best

The Lunatic Wants You.

Not Really... Okay, Maybe...



Frankly, we're just playing hard to get.

Founded in 1978, the *Cornell Lunatic* went quiet in 2024.

It didn't die.

The staff wasn't abducted by aliens.

We simply went into sleep mode.

Now we're looking for the best writers, artists, cartoonists, designers, layout artists, business minds, and people with unusual opinions about everything, like whether ontogeny really recapitulates phylogeny.

LUNATIC INFO MEETING

Thursday, Sept. 3 • 5:00 to 6:00 p.m.

The Straight, International Lounge (Room 414)

Special Guest: *Lunatic* founder Joey Green '80, author of more than sixty books, returns to campus for the launch of the magazine's next era.

Come meet the person who started it—and help shape where it goes next.

No experience required. No secret handshake.

No blood sacrifice. Well, not this week anyway.

Scan for more info at
cornelllunatic.com



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CORNELL LUNATIC

CAMPUS HUMOR MAGAZINE

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Interim Editor-in-Chief

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Executive Editor

Riley Gonzalez '27

Business Manager

Lauren Chu '27

Editor Emeritus

RC Sidoli '26

Design Editor

[Your Name Here?]

Webmaster

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[Could This Be You?]

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Featured Contributors

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Natalie Brunco '22

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Mandall Runmoe

Shehryar Qazi '24

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@thecornelllunatic thecornelllunatic@gmail.com f@TheCornellLunatic

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Letter from the Editors

Laziness Made Us Do It Will You Fall for the Bait?

In case you're wondering why we put together this "Best Of" issue of the *Cornell Lunatic*... well, we were too lazy to write an entirely new issue just to recruit a new staff, but we still wanted to impress the pants off you.

We prefer to call our apathy "brazen efficiency," because "recycling old jokes to impress people" tested poorly with our faculty advisor and alumni donors.

We achieved this brazen efficiency by opening several Google Drives, reading file names like "Final_BEST_STUFF_seriously_dude_use_this_one.pdf," and selecting the pieces that made us laugh so hard we completely forgot we go to college in a place where walking to class typically qualifies as trekking the Appalachian Trail in a blizzard more frigid than... well, you get the idea.

In these pages, you'll find satire, parody, quizzes, cartoons, rejected headlines, bad advice, worse advice, cries for help, and articles that prove we should never be left alone with InDesign.

We stuck to more recent material so you wouldn't have to keep stopping to look up some obscure historical footnote on Wikipedia, because, hey, that's just the kind of people we are.

If you've never seen the *Lunatic* before, this is pretty much what we do. We mock everything: prelims, professors, Libe Slope, the housing lottery, the weather, and campus buildings designed by architects who obviously never spoke to each other.

Our goal? To prevent the university, faculty, and students from taking themselves way too seriously.

Is that the most responsible thing for us to do? Probably not. But again, that's just the kind of people we are.

You may notice that this magazine has reached the absolute pinnacle of human achievement. That's because we foolishly believe in no-holds-barred creative freedom and love pushing the limits of the university's bold attempt to define sleep deprivation as "academic rigor."

We recklessly invite you—or someone funnier and more creative than you—to join us. At our informational meeting, we'll explain how we put together the magazine, how you can contribute as a writer, illustrator, cartoonist, or business genius, and

maybe even how Ho Plaza and Kroch Library really got their names.

No experience or swim test required. No need to show up in a tuxedo, evening gown, or booty shorts.

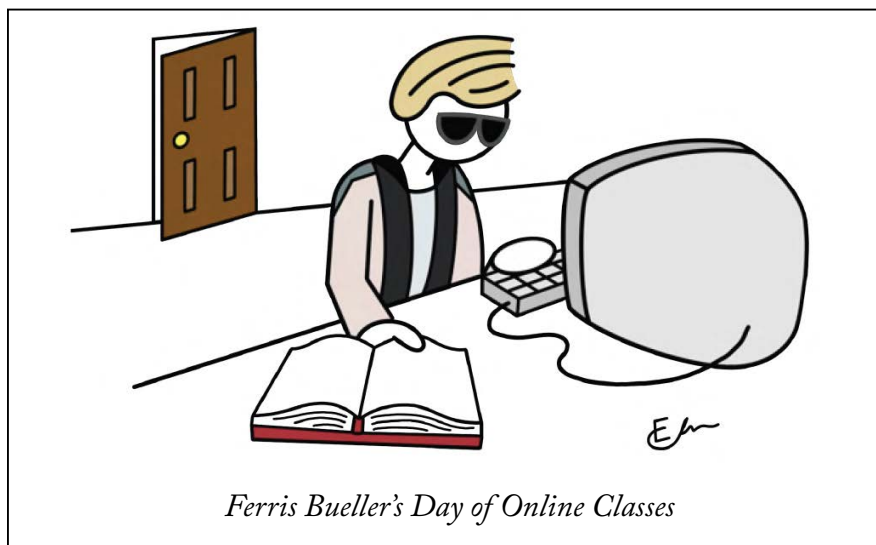
Just come to the meeting. We cannot promise you fame, money, love, wild sex, inner peace, legal immunity, a cure for impostor syndrome, or an A in organic chemistry.

Best case, you become part of one of Cornell's funniest traditions.

Worst case, you lose an hour arguing whether broccoli is funnier than cauliflower, which will prepare you for law school.

Either way, if this issue makes you laugh, come help us make the next one even funnier.

The *Cornell Lunatic*. Laughter guaranteed or your tuition refunded in full.



A HOT DOG FOR LUNCH

Part VI of 2019 in America: A Twelve Part Docu-Series on the Life and Lies of Lady Liberty, exclusively on WashPo Premium+.

BY MATT BARKER



I've lived in New York for two years as a high-functioning adult who does the whole laptop-in-a-café thing, so not only do I know New York better than you, I am better than you—statistically speaking.¹ I want to tell you about my experience getting lunch today. Because in one half-hour lunch break, I found the embodiment of this country's post-Trump, post-Y2K, post-Pearl Harbor sociopolitical climate. And I will just say this: if you want lighter fare, dear reader, the cartoons are on page six.

I left my standing desk, which partially attaches to eight other underpaid social media influencers in our open plan office. I walked past the maternity room, meditation room, and communal nap room where my co-worker, Betty, was breastfeeding her adopted Kenyan-Mexican child while listening to a Zesty Zazen™ session. My jaw tightened in disgust: that NapPod could have been used for someone else who didn't get their cold brew.

I pressed the cool elevator button and heard the whoosh of the elevator rising while listening to the moans and wails of the minorities. That is, those who toiled and sweated to flip this industrial typewriter manufacturing plant into a shared office workplace with roof access, a bike room, and riverside views. Every morning, I was literally elevated by those who were beneath me. Or, to be politically correct, those who were “less fortunate” than myself. I would make more money in a year pressing keys and consuming artisanal beverages than they would ever

make in their lifetime. The irony was néot lost on me nor was the near-century-old iron beams exposed between swatches of brick and mortar and visible through the glass elevator walls.

I emerged from a lobby decorated with modern art, freshly potted Eucalyptus, and African-American security workers hired for their formidable presence, cheap pay grade, and absolutely jovial urbane-Southern-RuPaul-esque morning small talk. The city air outside hinted at springtime. Everyone could feel that flowing sensation of almost-freedom, like the underarm hair and nipples of the roller derby enthusiasts skating nearby. You could see it, smell it, just feel it in the air. Friends called out to each other using preferred pronouns. Vape shops nearby only took Venmo or vinyl records.

But alas, the spring brings the dandelions, pollen, and greedy capitalist hawkers peddling obesity and cult propaganda under the guise of “Girl Scout Cookies.” But my metaphor of morbidity took another form on my noontime walk: the typical American hot dog stand; or, my chosen lunch destination for this week's thinkpiece, Fresh Pretzels. Ice Cold Drinks. \$0.99 Per Napkin. The irony was not lost on me, and there's really nothing I need to elaborate on regarding the broader cultural implications of this statement.

With tongue so firmly embedded in cheek that it drew blood, I ordered a “Chili” “Cheese” “Dog.” The maître d' turned waiter turned head chef turned restaurateur turned dizzy from all these turns was named Pedro. Just by the way he carefully dipped sausages into the boiling abyss, I could see the immense

journey he made across land and sea to get where he is today.² His hand trembled ever so slightly as he prepared the relish and ketchup while wondering whether he could ever forgive his father and the belt shaking in his fist. A few pigeons pecked at the remains of a bun, and I knew Pedro had dreams far beyond this island of bedrock and broken promises. Those pigeons would never know our hot dog entrepreneur's struggle to feed his family of seven because contraceptives are expensive, and Pedro has needs...like any American.

At last, the warmed cylinder of meat was ready for consumption. (Hint hint.) I licked my lips and bit into the fleshy tip of the wiener as I had done once before in college during my first time. I tasted ground beef, cheese, and salty-sweet juices accented by tomato and mustard seed. As it was the only processed meat I had consumed during that lunar cycle, I immediately vomited my chili cheese dog into Pedro's drink cooler. The chili somehow looked better than before. Embarrassed and slightly aroused, I shoved the contents of my pockets into Pedro's cashbox: my PETA membership card, a miniature copy of the Bill of Rights which I would ironically reference in arguments, and a Tamagotchi device on a keychain that I unironically started playing again. I staggered off into some alleyway, grabbed a selfie of the Banksy-inspired graffiti, and I ordered a ride back to the office in distress, tears, and a Black Uber XL.

I may be the first to truly say it (with respect to Mr. Childish Gambino, that's not actually his real name, so he didn't really say it) but... This Is America. Nevertheless and furthermore, my personal experience is likely shared by dozens of New Yorkers every other leap year. If you don't see what is wrong with my experience, then I'm afraid to say that you're part of the problem. But I'm not afraid to say it. Because I just typed it. Aggressively, where I give the last few keys a little extra oomph. But I'm not afraid to say it... out loud. And I just did. It's for my docu-series, stuff a chili dog in it, Betty.

² Don't worry, our hot dog man is from Brooklyn. I asked as part of my research. But would you have, dear reader?

¹ Did you actually think this footnote would lead anywhere? Fact: Fact-checking doesn't mean anything. Just ask Fox News. Actually, screw that and eat a bag of Chex Mix, Bill O'Reilly.

TAKE THIS TEST TO SEE WHAT COLOR BEIGE YOU ARE!

Calculate your score by adding each answer and see where you land!

by Brian Filipek

What is your favorite color?

- 0. Beige

What color would you paint your bedroom?

- 0. Light Beige
- 1. Beige
- 2. Dark Beige

If you had to choose a non-beige color, what would it be?

- 0. Eggshell
- 1. Greige
- 2. Tan
- 3. Taupe

What do you see when you close your eyes?

- 0. Beige
- 1. Those weird eye floaty things
- 2. The void
- 3. I don't

What color food do you like to eat?

- 0. I'm easy to please: Anything beige
- 1. The healthiest food group: Gray
- 2. I live dangerously: Greige is my pick
- 3. Egg

What type of film is your favorite?

- 0. Grayscale
- 1. Black and white
- 2. Noir films
- 3. Daguerreotype

What kind of eyes are the most sexy?

- 0. Gray
- 1. Cataracts
- 2. Closed
- 3. Black

Finish this lyric: If you're having girl problems I feel bad for you son, I got 99 ____

- 0. Shades of gray whaddup
- 1. Synonyms for beige and primary colors ain't one
- 2. On my last prelim yet still feel like the emotional equivalent of a plastic-bag-tumbleweed

What part of the book do you read?

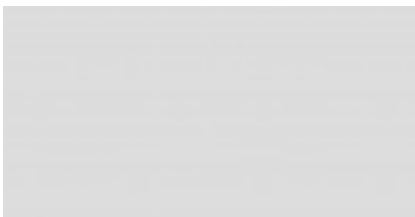
- 0. The cover
- 1. Words
- 2. The white space around the words
- 3. I'm one of the 781 million people who are illiterate and I find this question offensive yet have no means to write and tell you this information.

In February-April 2014 numerous bombs were sent to recruitment offices in Southern England and a PSNI vehicle was hit by an explosive projectile. What connection do you have to the New Irish Republican Army and what are your political viewpoints regarding the independence of Northern Ireland?

- 0. God Save the Queen
- 1. I was in Northern Ireland
- 2. I've built a car bomb but just for fun.
- 100. Tiocfaidh ár lá!

RESULTS: DETERMINE WHAT COLOR BEIGE YOU ARE!

Match your calculated score to the chart below to see yourself!



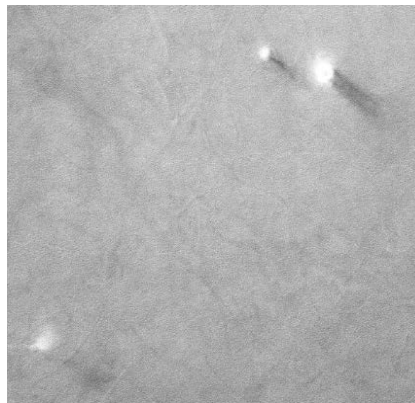
0: You're grayscale-beige, the most benign of the beiges. I bet you were bullied in school and liked it.



1-11: Dunmore Creme. It's not the most exciting beige but it gets the job done.



12-15: It's okay, I know you're affiliated with the Compton Crips. It'll be our little secret. Be more careful next time you fill out a magazine quiz though.



16-20: Greige



21-23: Skirting the line between monroe bisque and pavilion gray, I see. Or perhaps you'd prefer something closer to taupe? Those in this category are the pushers, the beigentrepreneurs; you are the kind of person to invent the color greige and post it to a home decorating website.



24. Oh. This isn't a color of beige at all. It's orange, the color of betrayal. I bet you thought, "Hey what would happen if I did all of the highest ones but didn't incriminate myself as a member of the IRA? I'm real slick, no one's going to catch on to this!" Well here we are. I hope you're happy.



100+: Hey! You're not a color at all! You're just a member of the New Irish Republican Army, a terrorist group that rejects the Good Friday Agreement and is committed to the total unification of Ireland. Acting as a radicalized splinter group and spurred on by recent ethnonationalist sentiments, the NIRA is one of Britain's deadliest terrorist organizations.

10 Things You Should Never Burn in Your Fireplace or Wood Stove

by Via Romano

Winter is upon us here in Ithaca! As the snow blows and the temperatures drop, you may be thinking that it's time to light that fireplace and get cozy! But before you do, here are some items you definitely shouldn't use to start that fire:

Weed

Throwing a bunch of weed onto your fireplace and lighting it will not work like a hotbox. I repeat, it will not work like a hotbox.

Plastic

What, do you hate the environment or something? Don't you know that burning plastic is bad for the environment and that the toxins released are the number one cause of global warming? Get out of here you asshole!

A Body

If you're going to dispose of a body, do it right. Burning a corpse is really hard to do properly and your weak little stove or fireplace isn't going to have the muster to obliterate all that DNA. Instead, you should just throw the body into the nearby septic system. No one's going to look there, and all the bacteria will cover the smell of decomposition!

Gasoline

Do we really have to tell you not to pour gasoline directly onto an open flame?

Your Mom's New Boyfriends

No matter how satisfying it might be, burning Dave and Matt alive won't fill the hole your dad made when he left you at five years old. It might dull the pain a little though.

That Cursed Amulet You Found in the Woods

Don't burn this one in your fireplace. You'll just release the demon, ghost, or other entity into your home. You should burn this amulet to properly deal with it, but maybe do it properly in a protection circle for your own sake.

Your Mattress

Why would you burn your mattress? How would you even fit that into your stove? Where are you planning on sleeping? The floor? Like a savage?

Turkey

Fuck turkey, and fuck the smell it makes when it's cooking.

That Dope-Ass Spider You Found in the Backyard

Don't throw Hugh in the fireplace man. Super disrespectful. What did he ever do to you?

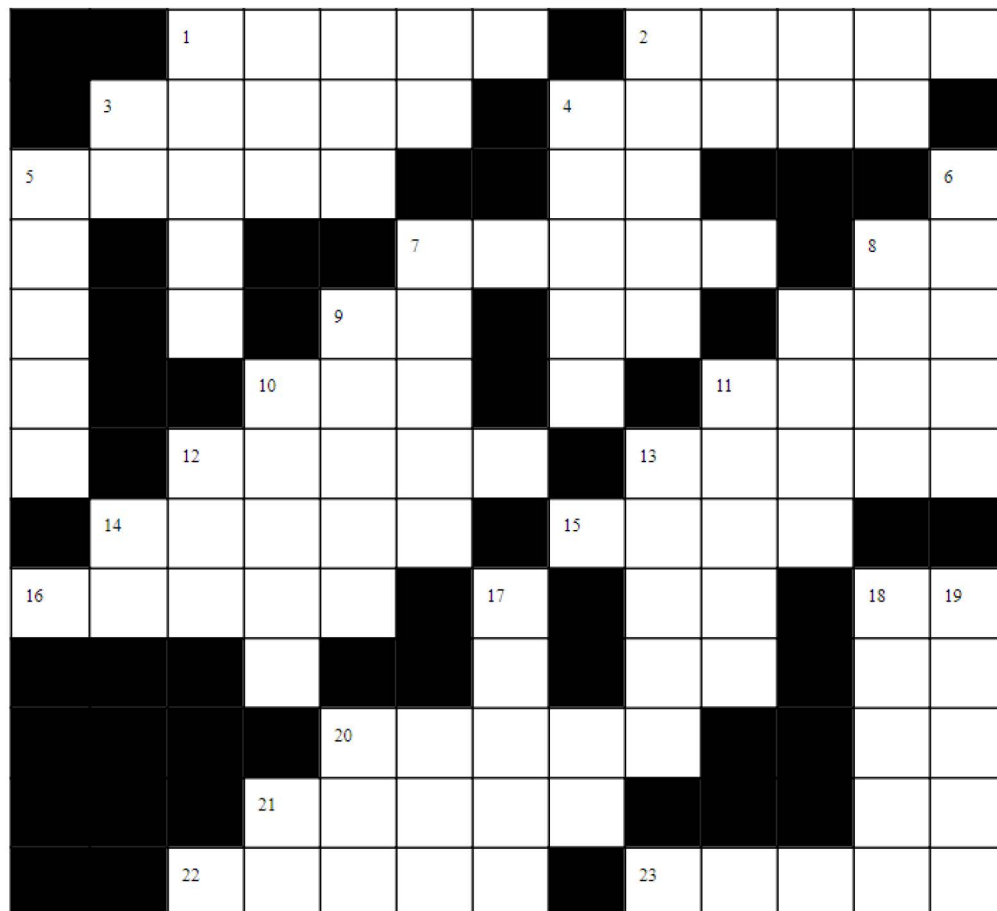
Your Childhood Dreams

These should be lovingly mourned at a classy but intimate funeral with a lot of lilies. Really revel in the disappointing misery of your life one last time and shed a single tear before slowly lowering the dream-filled casket into the ground.

I know some of these things may be disappointing to you readers, but fireplace safety is no joke. Don't worry though, there are plenty of safe things that you can burn (such as any childhood drawing you made for your father and any gifts Dave and Matt gave you to buy your love, the bastards!) So light those fires—carefully of course—and enjoy your Ithaca winter!

The Lunatic Monthly Crossword

by Sabrina Giaimo



ACROSS

1. Garbanzo _____
2. Pinto _____
3. Jelly _____
4. Coffee _____
5. Anal _____
7. "The magical fruit"
12. Ultimate movie theatre snack:
Bush's Baked _____
13. Good thing to fill your backpack with
14. My bathtub without these is like my
life without beans: empty
15. Hint 14, word 10
16. Put this on your teacher's desk for
an "A"

20. "To _____ or not to _____"
21. Skin a baby, fill it with these, add a
ty tag, and sell it for big money
22. Cute pet name for your lover
23. Nick Cage wants to steal this

DOWN

1. Tall, dark, and _____
2. Humans are full of _____
4. How to make romantic times:
roses, Alvin and the Chipmunks
soundtrack, and _____
5. Sexiest canned food
6. Similarity between coffee, burritos,
and how I spend my Saturday nights

7. You know what they say: _____ in
the bum, you'll never be glum
8. I wish Mr. _____ would ravish my
body
9. Reason Karen left and took the kids
10. Late at night, I lay in bed and
slather myself with _____ to fill the
void left by actual human touch
11. The only light in my meaningless
life
13. I love when daddy fills me with his

17. The "B" in BDSM stands for
18. The best pornhub category
19. Lima _____

Popular Google Searches Teach Us About the Human Condition

by Ian Kranz

Does my father love me?

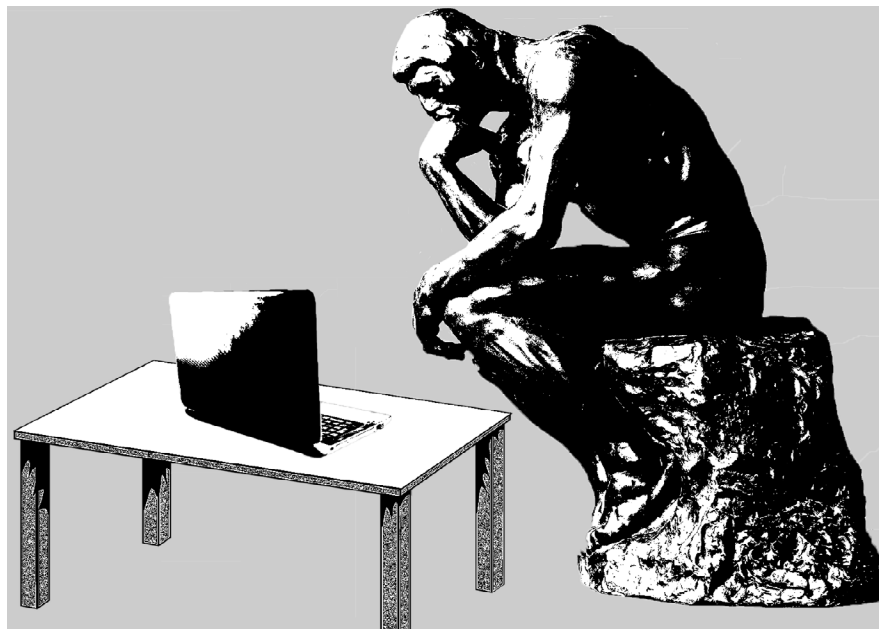
Starting off with a strong question we have all pondered at one point. I'm not sure what you might expect Google to tell you about your father. Perhaps you are hoping Google can connect you with a foster family that doesn't sell your science fair project to another kid in your class. Nobody really understands paternal love, and that comes out here. For example, when I asked my dad if he loved me, he said nothing and went to the basement to fix the sump pump.

Should I like Drake?

In many ways, the country is divided. In politics, we always see how people on the Right and the Left are constantly arguing, but there is a group of moderate folks, sensible people, that are hardly ever seen. These are the same neutral group of folks who ask, "Should I like Drake?" Drake is absolutely unavoidable. Who would've thought Jimmy from Degraasi would ever roll his way into the big spotlight? Regardless of whether you like him or not, his existence divides people, leaving many folks unable to choose a side. The pressure to choose a side will exist as long as there is society. Fortunately for us, we are not picking sides in a war but instead on the artistic merit of "Hotline Bling".

How do I tie a tie?

Ties are completely unjustifiable as clothing. The other articles can at least be justified as keeping you covered and warm, but a tie has no place being con-



sidered clothes. Ties exist to make your outfit look nicer or to make idiots look trustworthy or both. Why know how to tie a tie? Most of the time you're better off knowing how to tie a noose.

How to tie a noose?

See previous answer.

How do I make slime?

There is a lot to this question. In my opinion, slime is one of the most interesting concepts known to humankind. There is no official chemical composition for slime, yet there are many ways to make it. There are many uses for slime, but the main one is dumping it on the heads of celebrities for the entertainment of children. In *Ghostbusters*, Bill Murray says, "I've been slimed." In "Look at me Now," Lil' Wayne raps, "what's poppin', Slime?" Slime has, and

always will, permeate our culture; embrace the slime.

What happens when you die?

This question doesn't have much to do with the human condition, but I needed another question for this article, so there you go.

Can I pee in my Brita filter, and drink it?

On some level, we all have a desire to ingest a part of ourselves. In some cultures, people eat with their hands because they believe it imparts the food with their essence. Apparently, the modern American version of this is drinking our own piss. How lovely! Believe it or not, sometimes we drink piss-water, but the people who make that piss-water have better equipment than a Brita.



The Font Matters and If You Disagree I'll Fucking Find You

by Lee Brunco

Look, graphic design is my passion and I always want to help a bitch out, so I've compiled some font tips for sending cute messages to the girl you're stalking or to the family of the boy you've got locked in your closet.

Comic Sans

This font choice is dyslexia friendly and says that in your heart you still care. You're a nice guy/gal. Sure you may have murdered a few people (allegedly), but you're not an ableist shithhead. Pros: will project the soul of every child who went to school in the past fifteen years in the state of fight-or-flight. Cons: will also remind them of their first grade teacher.

Chiller

This one's just a classic—and a romantic font. I used it for my first Valentine's cards. According to my old design professor, drawbacks include coming off as unoriginal and uninspired, but he's dead now due to 100 percent natural and legal causes, so his opinion doesn't matter.

Helvetica

Strong. Bold. Girthy. Flexible. There's a reason every single designer nuts over this font, and that's because it's just that good. This is the font that will say "not

only am I a wildly unstable and deeply flawed individual, but I also have a great respect for typographical history and those who came before me."

The Hell Font

This tip I'm ashamed of. It's an invention not of my own creation but found from the deepest darkest depths of the worst part of the internet. Colloquially referred to as "Times New Bastard," this font can be created by making every seventh letter jarringly sans-serif while using a serif base font.

Ultimately it doesn't matter what font you pick, the juxtaposition of the serifs with the sans serif, the old with the new, the traditional with the contemporary, will launch any sane person into a state of anxiety and paranoia. If you want to push someone over the edge, this is the way to do it.

This "font" is the design equivalent of just going fucking feral, the chainsaw of fonts. If Helvetica says, "I respect my craft," Times New Bastard says, "Bro, I'll fuck you up. I'll fucking shit on your whole life."

That's really it, my dude. A good designer only needs a few go-to fonts. Choices make people miserable after all—that's why I only feed the girl in

my basement one type of soup. However if you insist on being a lawless degenerate I have a few cautionary remarks.

Stay away from Papyrus. I say this as a comrade-in-arms and not as someone traumatized by their vice principal sneaking up on them and saying, "Mmm Papyrus! Now that's a sexy font!" while in the sixth grade.

Do not use Wingdings 1. Or Wingdings 2. Or Wingdings 3. It's just not professional. They can't drop off the money or arrive for a date on time if they don't fucking know where you're going to be.

As much as you might have the urge to google "top kidnapper fonts" to get a unique newspaper font, resist! Not only are you creating a traceable digital trail, but have you no morals as a visual artist?

If you truly lust for the kidnapper newspaper aesthetic, put in the work and make the collage by hand. Be careful with this sort of time commitment though. Not everyone appreciates receiving a meticulously and lovingly curated message detailing the deaths of their loved ones.

And buddy? Don't use emojis. If you have to resort to such low forms of communication, you've already failed. Just turn yourself in.

Animal Crossing to *Animal Farm*:

The Definitive Guide on How to Cast Off Your Chains and Overthrow Tom Nook

by Brian Filipek

“Class warfare is no laughing matter, one has to cackle in order to provide maximum entertainment value to the masses.”

—Karl Marx, probably



Tom Nook may appear to be a benevolent landlord, offering interest free loans and mortgages over indeterminate periods. But I don't like him. So here's why he's actually a bad man. There is a nigh feudalistic level of inequity that is plaguing the Animal Crossing world. From turnip merchants to the Abel cousins, from Isabelle to Blathers, these hard working folks have been continuously exploited by Nook Corp, an institution with more clout than Mayor Tortimer's increasingly sidelined government. Nook's seemingly "benevolent" behaviors are classic dictatorial moves: empowering one class of citizen, namely the player, in order to allow for maximal domination over the entire Animal Crossing system. Why do you think the player is allowed tax breaks and debt free housing as well as perks for their labors that other animals could only dream of?

By the end of the game most players live in mansions, while most animals still live in one room shanty-towns. It's a product of the concentration of wealth allowed by one T. Nook who only cares for the loyalty of his chief enforcers, the players. Yes fellow gamers, we really do live in a society, even on pen island. The time is fast approaching to strive for a more equitable world. No more profiteering off the labors of those less fortunate, no more torturing innocents with net thwacks or cliffside fences around their properties. The winds of change are rising, will you rise with them? If you read this far then congratulations! You can pretty much tell people you've read

Das Kapital or *The Communist Manifesto*, just swap out Blathers with burgher or something old sounding and you should be good.

So, what's the DIY recipe for communism?

1. Set the town anthem to C -break -G -A -B -break -E -break -A - break G -F -G -break -C -break. Play it over and over until Isabelle not only finds Государственный гимн Советского Союза familiar, but recites it from heart.

2. Hold an emergency plenary meeting of the island assembly in order to create a new constitution, but be sure to take a radical enough position to inspire a walk out.

3. Establish emergency powers under the articles of the new island constitution.

4. Find the DIY recipe for a Guillotine.

5. Seize control of the travel agencies and the island intercom.

6. Broadcast to the general public that this is a lawful takeover and not to be alarmed.

7. Appoint Isabelle as the head of the commissariat of public safety, everyone needs a good number 2. Expel all of the undesirable class traitors and islanders you don't like. Some like Gulliver may wash up on shore of other islands, this is a powerful message.

8. Collectivize Nook Corp and distrib-

ute the wealth across the island fairly.

9. Have a public trial of all of the landlords and price gougers of the island, use the DIY recipe for the Guillotine after you establish a guilty verdict.

10. Create a republic of virtue / fuck around and abuse your power.

11. Find out that we are but animals, and virtue is illusive to those on this earth. Then execute Blathers, your closest confidante, for counterrevolutionary activities.

12. Crack down on freedom of press.

13. Send those unwilling to stomach the revolution to the neighboring Tarantula island, they will work the Tarantula mines for the good of the realm.

14. Force K.K. Slider to only perform the Soviet National Anthem every day. So, what's the DIY recipe for communism?

15. Either travel away or perish, but be sure to leave unestablished lines of succession that will inevitably cause a power struggle.

Wew, Done! Revolution complete, congrats! Now rich kids will wear your face on a T-shirt unironically a few years down the line.

BONUS: Liberate other islands in the name of Freedom and get a super fun UN sanction!

THE CRIMINEST CRIMES TO COMMIT AT CORNELL.

by Via Romano

Everyone knows that the average Cornell student has the opportunity to commit at least six crimes a day. From your zombie-like commute to your 9:00 a.m. classes to the mindless drudgery of flipping through a textbook reading, every moment of your day is rife with the opportunity to commit crimes. In fact, there's a one in eight chance you're actively committing a crime as you read this magazine right now. But how do you distinguish the hardcore Cornell criminals from the garden variety ones?

To help you out, we here at the *Lunatic* have done some research and figured out the six crimes most likely to make Martha cry:

STEALING PRINTER PAPER

This is a terrible crime to commit. Yes, the university could definitely afford to make printing free for all its students, and yes four other Ivy League schools offer free printing credits of some sort, but paper costs money, dammit! Four out of the five Cornell administrators we talked to mentioned stolen printer paper as a top problem at Cornell, so don't take any or you will single handedly destroy Cornell's entire budget.

TAKING FREE COFFEE REFILLS FROM LIBE

Yes, it's tempting to take the empty cup of coffee you already purchased and just refill it, but remember that every time you do, you cheat Cornell out of a very necessary fifty cents of revenue. So get back in line, pay for your refills like a good student, and don't commit the crime of cheating our university out of its hard earned money. Remember guys, nickel-and-diming you is how Cornell shows it cares.

MAINLINING CAFFEINE AFTER 8:00 PM

This one is a crime against yourself. Take a deep breath and

put the Red Bull down. CUPD is on the way with some melatonin. Don't you care at all about your sleep cycle?

STABBING SOMEONE

We've all been tempted to do this one, right guys?

TAKING A 'NO WINTER MAINTENANCE' SIGN

Do you really want to be responsible for the misery and physical suffering of your fellow students? When Nick from accounting falls down the slope at 3:00 a.m. and breaks his leg (again) it will be all your fault. If only he'd had a sign to let him know that some paths might possibly be icy. In Ithaca. In the dead of winter. This is clearly all your fault, and you should be held financially responsible, not Cornell.

BRINGING COKE INTO CORNELL

And by Coke, we obviously mean the soda. Don't you know this is a Pepsi campus? You Monster™. How dare you offend our corporate overlords who so generously slap their names on our auditoriums and allow Cornell to profit off of their products? This crime is not for the faint of heart. Only the truly deviant criminals on campus would make the radical statement of drinking Coke.

So there you have it. These are the worst possible crimes you could commit as a Cornell student and nothing you do could ever top them. Ever. Academic dishonesty? Don't know her.

We here at the *Lunatic* have been informed that we can't officially endorse any of these nefarious activities—crimes are bad, don't do crimes kids—but FYI, the biggest crime is not being a slave to the capitalist system, so if you go forth and prosper, make sure to do it at Cornell's expense. Remember, there's no such thing as ethical consumption!

MUCH ADO ABOUT HOUSING

How to deal with the way Cornell housing fails sophomores completely

by Carolyn Hale



As sophomore year is on the rise, freshman get the amazing opportunity to be included in the super-fun housing lottery that puts a small fraction of the students into the beautiful houses on West campus.

However, as for Cornell's official stance on where the rest of the students will end up, the paraphrased version is, quite simply, "fuck you."

Rather than end up in Skyler thanks to your second-to-last time slot, here are some other options that will suffice.

1. In the clock tower

Pro: Get to hang upside down like a bat to sleep.

Con: Chimes, all day, everyday.

2. The net under the suicide bridge

Pro: The police will come tuck you in at night because weight on the net triggers a 911 response.

Con: Someone might hit you when they jump.

3. A tent in the arts quad

Pro: Ezra Cornell is always watching you.

Con: Ezra Cornell is always watching you.

4. TCAT #32

Pro: Easy access to the airport.

Con: A man with a face tattoo and an air plant WILL sit uncomfortably close to you.

5. A hammock attached to the statue in the Ag Quad

Pro: A chance to become a living, breathing, aspect of an art piece.

Con: There are none.

6. An empty classroom in Uris

Pro: It vaguely resembles an actual dorm room.

Con: Has anyone actually successfully found a room in Uris.

7. The sixth floor of Willard Straight

Pro: Evict the *Cornell Lunatic*.

Con: Stairs.

8. Tomb room in Sage church

Pro: All of your roommates are verrrrrrrry quiet (hopefully).

Con: Ezra Cornell's dead body is your roommate.

9. Ithaca College

Pro: You are free from the crushing pressure of Cornell at last.

Con: Will you get a job? Your choice to take that super fun gamble.

10. The Woods

Pro: Forest animals might do your chores if you sing well enough.

Con: Other forest animals might eat you.

My 7 Step Plan for Kissing a TCAT Driver

by Elizabeth Viebranz

Ever since coming to Cornell, I've been on a journey of self-discovery. That's what college is all about, right? Making new friends, joining clubs, finding a professional job, seducing a driver for Tompkins Consolidated Area Transit, etc. I don't know about anyone else, but being a shy gal, that last one has proven very difficult for me. I've found myself wondering: does it just come to everyone else naturally? So, for anyone else facing the same hardship I am, I've narrowed it down to a six step plan. Not necessarily for how to sleep with one, but just for kissing, which is much more refined (although, I think we all know which usually comes first ;))) So, lo and behold, here is the seven step plan for kissing a TCAT driver.

1. Play games. You don't want to seem desperate by ANY means. This is Cornell University after all! Totally not a school for desperate students who just wanted the prestige of going to an Ivy League, so you cannot come off as needy. Play it cool. Get on the bus, look around, and just walk off (make sure your ass looks FAT). This will surely get the driver to look at you. Maybe they'll even give you that double glance back, hehe. But alas, we also have to look at reality: once this goes on for too long, they'll stop looking at the clap of your cheeks and just get annoyed because "this is the fifth time you've stepped on and off the bus at this stop today; you need

to make a decision or else I will be required to shoot you on the spot" and other sweet things like that.

2. Attach yourself to the bike rails on the front of the bus. You've gotta keep their attention. You can use anything: a belt, some handcuffs, various sticky substances; just stay there long enough for them to come out and pry you off. Of course, you have to play hard to get, but eventually let them remove you from the exterior of the vehicle. Don't worry about how long it takes—it wouldn't be the first time a TCAT is fifteen minutes late to a stop.

3. Talk. Okay, you have to take this very intricately and delicately. Bitches love sweet talk. I recommend starting off with a joke about "getting railed" while pointing one finger gun at the driver and one at the bike rail. Continue with nothing else, there is no other content that needs to be expressed.

4. Actually get on the bus. Perhaps the most difficult step. As in a difficult literal step. Who the fuck put the bus stops at the slushiest places on campus? If I wanted moist feet I would just text my ex from high school. Anyway, after getting your toes wet (bonus if the driver likes that...?), you'll make it onto the bus. Even better if you're taking the 90 on a Tuesday at



11:13 p.m. because it's pretty empty. Yeah, this bus may be the "speed-to-collegetown-to-spend-the-night-with-a-random-ECE-who-doesn't-even-have-towels-in-his-bathroom-what-the-fuck-why-do-i-continue-returning-to-his-house" bus, but don't even worry about it. Your heart is in the right place and it's all a part of the process. TCAT drivers love driving horny college students at random hours on weekdays. Keep your eyes on the prize, baby.

5. Propose. We all know there's no kissing before marriage. It's the law. You wouldn't want to break that. Stay on the bus crying until they agree to take you to the Cornell mall. Buy a ring from Spencer's (make sure it's the right kind of ring). Take the same bus back (if it's not the same driver, don't worry, it doesn't really matter) and as they come back from their poop break, that's your time to shine. Get down on one knee and pop the question. If they say no, don't worry about it, you don't have to push the issue. There are fifty-seven still-available TCAT drivers, thirty-four will probably also say no and I can't speak for the remaining twenty-three yet.

6. Be patient. I know you want to suck face with your new spouse, but they can't kiss you while they're driving. At this point, they're probably on the verge of unemployment if they're late to any more stops, and if they get fired, that means

they're no longer a TCAT driver and this was all pointless. What I'm saying is, while you are legally allowed to give them road head since you're married, you have to wait until they're stopped again to smooch.

7. Kiss!! Alright. I know what you're thinking: "I never thought my life would get to this point...it's a dream come true!" I promise you're not dreaming, this is as real as the time I got so stoned that I shit my pants (definitely NOT on a TCAT if that's what you're thinking). When they're finally at the mall again, before they exit the bus, take 'em aside, look them in the eyes, and get the fattest, sexiest smooch you've ever experienced. It'll feel like two luscious slugs against your lips. The driver will probably walk away after, either out of pure lust or the fact that if they don't get a break, they will literally shit everywhere (but not on the TCAT because who in their right mind would ever do that hahahahahahahaha). Regardless, if the driver doesn't return in fifteen minutes you're actually legally allowed to leave. I recommend getting out of there ASAP because you shouldn't be seen in public with someone after you get intimate with them, at least that's what three of my exes have told me.

There you have it! Seven steps for a fulfilling college experience. Make your escape, rinse, and repeat!

THE PITBULL HYPOTHESIS

by Michael Bai

Armando Christian Pérez, known affectionately as Pitbull, is a top-tier rapper known for hits like “Give Me Everything” and “On the Floor.” He is beloved by millennials and zoomers alike, and many use his music as an escape from the hellscape that is the early 2020s to the other hellscape that was the early 2010s. You know, the good years, middle school.

However, are we just looking at those years with rose-tinted glasses? Or were they actually better, and were they better because of Mr. Worldwide himself?

Thus, here is my hypothesis: you can determine whether a year was good or bad based on whether or not Pitbull had a Top 40 hit song without Lil Jon.

Don't believe me? Let's follow the timeline. ;Dale!

Before 2009: Pitbull did not have a hit without Lil Jon's help. What also happened then? The Iraq War. Also, there was a financial crisis.

2009: Pitbull had “Calle Ocho” (#2) and “Hotel Room Service” (#8). Obama was inaugurated in 2009, and Glee became a thing. Thank you, Pitbull.

2010: Pitbull scored hits with “Drop it to the Floor” (#7), “I Like It” (#4), and “DJ Got Us Fallin in Love” (#4). In 2010, the Olympic Games happened, which introduced me to the best iteration of Mario and Sonic at the Olympic Games. This was also when I stole received my first set of Silly Bandz, which sparked a long un-

healthy obsession with glow-in-the-dark bracelets. Thank you, Pitbull.

2011: Pitbull got his first #1 hit with “Give Me Everything.” He also had “Rain Over Me” (#30), “International Love” (#13), and “On the Floor” (#3). 2011 did give us everything we wanted in the form of Minecraft. Also, the “Don't Ask, Don't Tell” policy ended. Thank you, Pitbull.

2012: His hits this year were “Back in Time” (#11) “Don't Stop the Party” (#17), and “Dance Again” (#17). You know what was also a hit? Gangnam Style. The Olympics also happened this year (again). Thank you, Pitbull.

2013: Pitbull had his second #1 hit with “Timber,” his magnum opus. 2013 was iconic. Important events included the inauguration of Pope Francis and the yassification of Miley Cyrus. Also, twerking. Thank you, Pitbull.

2014: Pitbull's one and only hit from this year was “Time of Our Lives” (#9). But that's okay, because we had a kumbaya moment with the Ice Bucket challenge. 2014 was also the year when YA movies were everywhere. If you didn't cry during *The Fault in Our Stars*, yeah you did, you liar. Thank you, Pitbull.

2015: Pitbull's last Top 40 hit: “Fun” (#40). It was appropriately named because 2015 was the last fun year before all hell broke loose. *Hamilton* became huge. Adele said “Hello <3” and then dipped for another six years. Our biggest worry was whether a certain dress was black and blue or white and

gold. But most importantly, Left Shark. Thank you, Pitbull.

2016: The first year in which Pitbull did not have a Top 40 hit. It was also the year in which everyone agrees that everything went to shit. Harambe died, Trump got elected, and Zika virus outbreaks were everywhere. It was also an Olympic year, but everyone was too sad to care. And One Direction split. :(

2017: Pitbull had no Top 40 hit. This was just a bad year. It was the year Kendall Jenner solved racism with a Pepsi can. Fidget spinners became a thing that we had to deal with. Ed Sheeran was on *Game of Thrones* for who knows why. Also, Club Penguin shut down, right as I was putting a dance floor in my treehouse igloo. Come back, Pitbull.

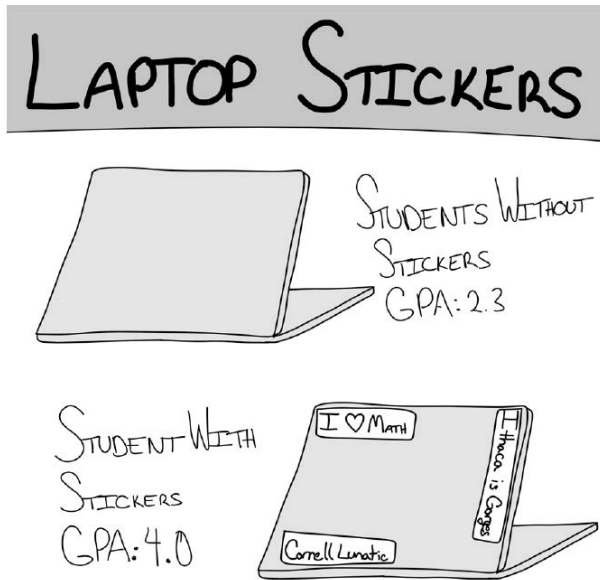
2018: Pitbull had no Top 40 hit. Just when you thought it couldn't get worse. We got a false missile threat in Hawaii, people discovering the nutritional value of Tide Pods, Jake Paul filming a dead body, the Kavanaugh hearing, Steven Hawking dying, and Toys R Us closing. But worst of all, one day I tried to silently pass a fart in class and ended up ripping a loud one that lasted for three seconds. It was Taco Day. Pain.

Going on would be overkill (and would make me sad), but the evidence is all there. If there is a takeaway, it's this: give Pitbull another Top 40 hit and the universe will correct itself like a chiropractic adjustment.

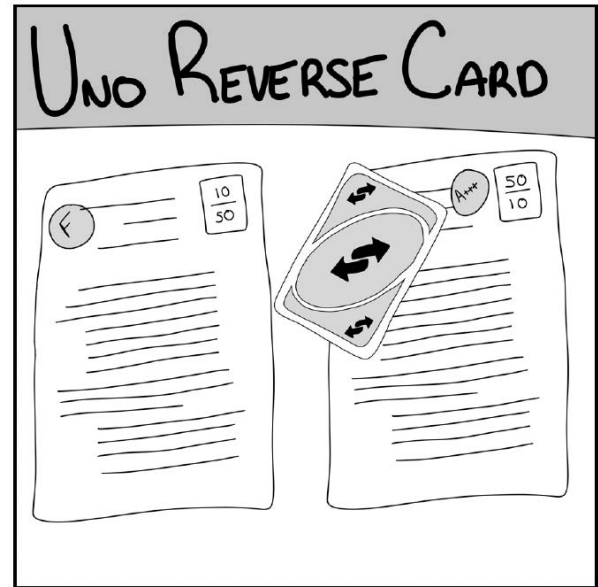
How to Get a 4.0 GPA at Cornell University **with pictures**

by Max Battaglia

Fuck predictions about the weather, we already know Ithaca is going to be a frozen wasteland for most of the year. The only thing colder than the temperature is going to be your grades if you don't follow these tips.



Tip 1: Be sure to put a shit ton of stickers on your laptop. Nothing screams you are smart better than an "Ithaca is Gorges" sticker. If people think you're smart you will be, it's simple logic.



Tip 2: If you ever get a bad grade on a prelim, probably didn't put enough stickers on the laptop, just hand it back for a re-grade with an Uno Reverse card stapled to it and turn that 10/50 into a 50/10.

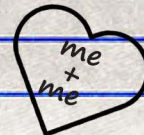


Tip 3: Sit next to the smartest kid in the class and copy their answers. Sure, you may run into an issue with the J.A. but if you ain't cheatin, you ain't tryin.



Tip 4: Figure out your professor's favorite color. Then figure out their favorite car. You can figure out the rest.

Marrying Myself for the Tax Benefits: Yes or No?



Pros

- ♥ Wife would be bangin' hot & super intelligent
- ♥ Tax Benefits
- ♥ Save money on couples' therapy
- ♥ Marriage would probably get my parents to lay off about being in a serious relationship and settling down with a nice doctor/engineer/laywer
- ♥ My wife will always get me the perfect gift because she knows what I want. Exactly what I want.
- ♥ She'll take everything in the divorce, including the possessed doll inherited from Great Aunt Winnefreida
- ♥ Kiss goodbye to priesthood
- ♥ Can wear my wedding ring to stop gross weirdos from creeping on me in bars
- ♥ I'll never be worried my wife would be cheating on me
- ♥ She can't get mad if I forget our anniversary
- ♥ Avoid bad heterosexual sex
- ♥ #ace goals
- ♥ It would make you look extremely disinterested in your crush.

Cons

- ♥ Married
- ♥ Won't be able to live without my wife. if she dies, I would literally die. Our hearts beat as one.
- ♥ Possible institutionalization for split personality disorder???
- ♥ Not sure if my parents would be down with me being in an open relationship.
- ♥ No personal space, no time alone
- ♥ They'll take everything in the divorce, including Mi-maw's special recipe book and measuring cup
- ♥ Can't ever surprise her
- ♥ Kiss goodbye to priesthood
- ♥ I'd have to be the breadwinner and as a woman - I only make 77¢ to the man's dollar
- ♥ Incest????
- ♥ Me???? Forever???

me
+ also me
+ wedding
tax benefits???

Decision: YES

and maybe tax fraud

Next Steps: 1) Propose 2) Buy wedding dress 3) Overthrow the government

Lee Brunco, '22

Wine Tastings

by Elizabeth Viebranz

I have become somewhat of a wine connoisseur as of late, and I think I know more than some dumb wine tasting class that apparently every guy I have slept with has taken and will not shut the fuck up about, so I'm here to report a few of my wine tastings that really stuck with me. I hope these reviews will allow you to better understand the nuances of what it's like to be (viti)cultured ;))).

Wine #1: Chardonnay

This wine tastes exactly like a Tuesday in September, but only during the even years. It also has notes of what I personally like to describe as "leaves." Like when you step on a leaf on the ground and you expect it to be crunchy but it doesn't crunch at all so you go frantically searching for a leaf to crunch and then you're just walking staring at the ground hopping all over the place like a fucking idiot and you wish you hadn't even stepped on that leaf in the first place because you've fallen down this rabbit hole of needing the perfect crunch and you won't stop until you get it. Yeah. This wine tastes like that.

Wine #2: Riesting

This one tastes like..like.....Have you ever seen a spy thriller with lesbian subtext? I haven't but please let me know if one exists.

Wine #3: Penelope

At least six times in my life, I have gone swimming in a hotel swimming pool and then realized I forgot a towel, so I've had to run through the hotel lobby sopping wet until I can safely get into my room and be chlorinated in peace. It also had notes of finally remembering a towel but your piece of shit older sister stole it as a practical joke. If you taste really closely, you can get a hint of forgetting your room key as well so you have to stand there like an idiot until the kind cleaning lady opens the door for you.

Wine #4: Help

This tastes a lot like an ajar door leading to your parents fighting. I don't think I need to specify any further, you can just tell by the tannins.

Wine #5: Grussy

Mmmm, my favorite. I like to call this one "a brief love affair with the Grinch." It tasted like when his sensuous, beanpole fingers held me lovingly while I cried and cried about the current state of the economy. It had notes of him ... really touching me with ... a 39½ inch pole ...

Wine #6: Beverly Hills (That's Where I Wanna Be!)

Not the best. This wine tasted like the dream I had last night where the lead singer of Weezer saved the world in a six-hour zombie film. I decided to call it quits and wake up because I was too scared of Rivers Cuomo to continue. I see the world differently now.

Wine #7: Uriné s'emplé

After further interpretation, I'm pretty sure this one was literally just pee.

Wine #8: Sigma Balls

I could sense notes of the walk of shame when I forget my insulin and John Diabetes spits in my mouth as I return back home in tears.

Wine #9: Scummy Bungus

This one fuking sucked. It tasted like how it feels when you realize you had homework at the minute the teacher is collecting it and if you lose recess time you'll be a Horrible Awful Unbdeserving Gimfted Kid so you go to the bathroom and scramble to finish the homework and it's exhilarating but you never want to do it again. Sorry, what were we talking about?

Wine #10: H

I saw the future through this wine. I know what day you—

Let me know if you try any of these wines! Remember, drinking alone like me will make you fancy. Once again, I highly recommend the Grussy. I have to go to the hospital now because Wine #11 tasted like blood (I accidentally chewed the glass a little). Cheers!

AITA for using my wife as seasoning?

My wife (29F) and I (63M) were moving away from our hometown (neighborhood was going to shit, landlord told us we should leave) with our two daughters (14F) and (15F). The mood was already kinda tense that day.

I mean, we could hear meteors rain down from the heavens behind us, all the people we knew from our city were burning alive, and I had just called my wife a moron (in a loving way) for worrying about whether she'd left the stove on. Plus, she was kinda pissed at me for offering our daughters to a depraved mob the night before.

I thought we were starting to simmer down though—, i mean surviving God's punishment could have been a great bonding opportunity for us as a family. Anyway, i had just reminded the moron for the fifth time that God had told us not to look back at the flaming cities of Sodom and Gomorrah.

And what does my wife (haha borat) do? She's like "Oh but the stove and all the dead bodies and everyone i knew." Or maybe she just wanted to take a selfie! And then she looks back and BOOM, pillar of salt!

Now naturally, my daughters and i were very upset that i was now married to salt. I mean think about all the lube you're gonna need to make that work in the bedroom. But hey, we were in the desert. You sweat a lot there you know, especially with a raging inferno at our backs, and i was face to face with a perfect, wife-shaped way to keep my electrolytes up.

So i scraped some wife crystals into a jar and ate them on my steak later. (was delicious, also made a salt lamp.) Sue me! I don't even think my daughters minded, in fact they were looking at me very intently that night while i ate, almost like they had a big surprise planned or something.

TL;DR—am i the asshole for eating my salt wife in front of my daughters? I don't think God minded. Don't be salty you guys.

UPDATE—just ran out of salt (ex wife remarried). I really hit salt rock bottom.

↑ 0 ↓

Sort By: Best

u/whatifgodwasoneofus · 6000 years ago

NTA. Your wife had it coming like that bitch Eve.

↑ 1 ↓

u/Velmatarian · 6000 years ago

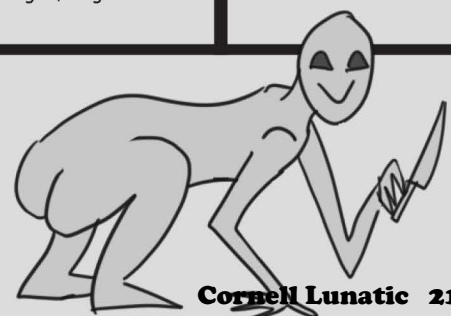
YTA. Wife salt is not vegan

↑ -1 ↓

Cornell Roommate Bingo!

By: Danish Qureshi '25

Leaves their laundry on the floor	Up playing video games until 5am	Sleeps with a nightlight on	Sleeps with a nightlight on	Stares at you as you fall asleep
Wears the same shirt for a week straight	Often leaves the carpet feeling strangely damp	Repeatedly brings their friends over without asking	Leaves \$10,000 in your account every month	Cracks the funniest jokes you've ever heard of
Stares at you as you wake up	Has 8 (or more) canine teeth	General Odor (Free Space)	Has the hottest body you've seen	Cracks another of your finger bones if you misbehave
You're not sure how you never noticed their lack of pupils	Often leaves the walls smelling like rotting flesh	Has the coldest body you've seen	Twists their neck around and crawls on all fours to greet you	There's bumps on the underside of both your wrists
Everyone goes silent when you mention their name	Their name does not show up on any documents or rosters	They're waiting for you even after you switched dorms	Brings you the same flowers you placed on your grandma's gravestone. The same exact ones. How did they get them? Did they follow you? Do they know where your parents are? Oh god. Oh god, oh god, oh god, oh god	Has a "Glass Half Full" mindset



4th Grade Science Fair

*From the Desk of
Mrs. Roberta Oppenheimer*

Dear Principal Pissenfahrt,

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

Best,
Mrs. Oppenheimer

Karen H: Fun With Candles!

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

Bobby S: The Human Centipede

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

Joey P: Flower Power

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

Ellen N: Breaking Bad

I love the show *Breaking Bad* so I want to do what they do!

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

George D: Tooth Decay

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

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

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

Marta A: Volcano

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

From the Desk of Principal Pissenfahrt

Dear Mrs. Oppenheimer,

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

Best,
Principal Pissenfahrt

This Quiz Will Determine Your "Little Miss-Sona" With Disturbing Accuracy

By: Anonymous BuzzFeed Contributor

A spectre is haunting Europe —the spectre of Little Misses. Starting publication in 1981 (continuing off of an earlier series from 1971 that has since faded into obscurity), the Little Miss children's books have become household staples in worldwide culture. Kids everywhere, from the temples of Mumbai to the sweatshops of China, love these characters! Do you? This quiz will assign you a Little Miss so emotionally resonant to you that it'll blow your nuts and/or ovaries clean off! You wish zodiac signs could do that to you.

Pick Your Favorite Color:

Pink

Blue

Green

Yellow

What do you do in your free time?

Curl up in bed &
read a book

Hang out with my
friends and do cocaine

Sacrifice my most
recent newborn

Watch my tears fall
in the bathroom mirror

Where is your happy place?

A sunny clearing in the forest!

My friend's house, though
maybe not the attic

Damp, mossy bricks; the smell of
rust. The ground stings, rife with
neglect. The air hangs

Nowhere

Do you hear that?

No...? What?

I've been waiting patiently for
years

Already my mind is flaying, peeling
back the neurons. Man was never
meant to hear this.

The silence is deafening

Which animal would you rather keep as a pet?	
A.. cat? Where am I, anyway?	Something that won't cry for me when I'm gone
God will never let me into His kingdom. I have disappointed him. I watch his tears fall in the bathroom mirror. He is gone.	THE SILENCE IS DEAFENING

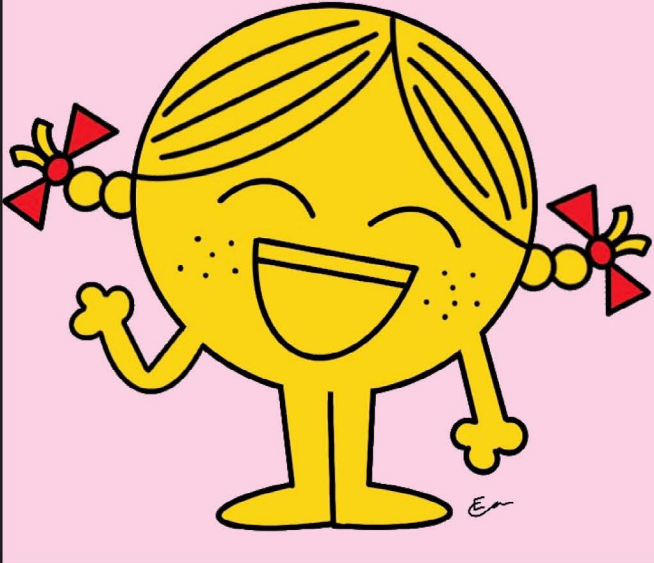
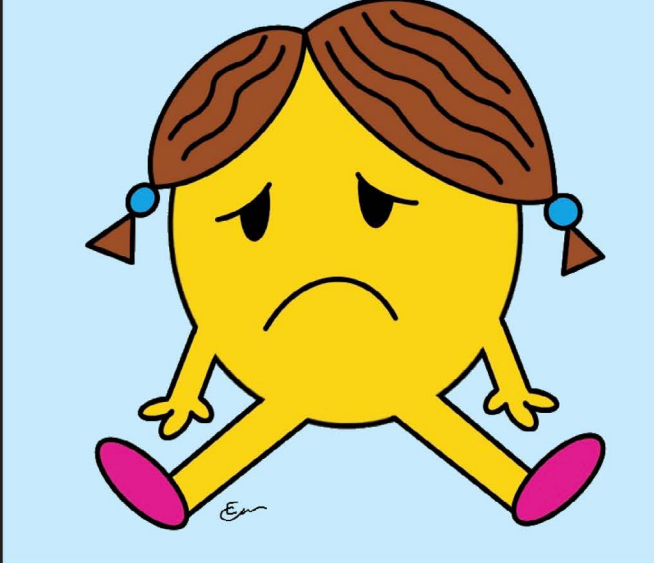
What's your most traumatic memory?	
Accidentally spilling my Kool-Aid Jammer on my crush in middle school, but that's beside the point. I	I could only watch as she laid on the floor, convulsing, vomiting blood every minute. I did this to her. I could have saved her. Why couldn't I move?
I can't remember my past	

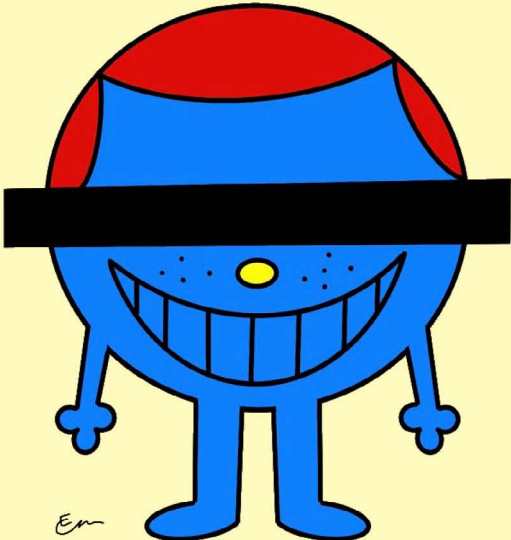
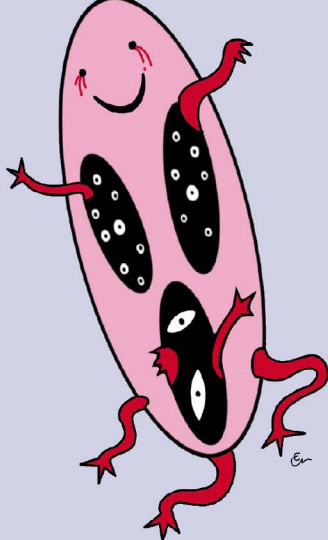
Do you feel that?	
I don't feel... real.	Just let me die
I feel nothing	<i>Hey guys, just got here, what'd I miss?</i>

Aw. What's that cute thing under your skin?	
I don't have skin. I don't have hands. Am I human? Where am I?	Just let me die
They want to escape	<i>THERE'S BUGS</i>

When the Earth decays and your name echoes for the final time, where will your last breath take you?	
I DON'T WANT TO DIE I DON'T WANT TO DIE I DON'T WANT TO DIE I DON'T WANT TO DIE I DON'T WANT TO DIE	I want to be with her again
Anywhere but Heaven	OH GOD GET THEM OFF ME AAAAAAA

Pick A Candy:	
Peanut butter cups	Sour candies
Gummy bears	Lollipops

MAJORITY TOP LEFT: Little Miss Sunshine	MAJORITY TOP RIGHT: Little Miss Guilt
	
Congratulations, you got Little Miss Sunshine! She always looks on the bright side of life, which is why her favorite pastime is smiling. A few words to describe Little Miss Sunshine are bright, sparkling, and radiant.	It wasn't your fault. You don't need to worry anymore. You can't change anything about the past; it's hopeless. Accept the situation and move on. There's nothing left back there for you. Life goes on.

MAJORITY BOTTOM LEFT: Little Miss Anthrope	MAJORITY BOTTOM RIGHT: Little Miss Nameless
	
They'll see.	The wind howls. The sand weighs heavy on your bubbling skull. You're transfixed, smiling, with not a single aspect of your identity remaining in this wilderness. You are alone, were alone, will be alone. Isn't that, truly, the purest form of freedom?

Sorry, Living In Your Walls Is The Most Financially Feasible Option

by Carlos Po

Hello, person reading this. I have a confession to make. Those weird clicks you hear at 3 a.m.? Your socks sometimes going missing? Don't panic. I live in your walls, but in a broke way, not in a scary way. Your window was open one day and you were at Target, so I found a nice hole in the drywall, moved my five belongings inside, and covered it with a My Chemical Romance poster so you'd think you put it up. (No, I didn't know, I just guessed.)

Look, I ran the numbers. I'm not paying for the meal plan, but I'm not living above Moonies either. Honestly, it's not that bad. The bathroom situation is still cleaner than Clara Dixon. I'd actual-

ly prefer that you continue to leave your dirty dishes around. Yum.

Sorry, I promise I'll keep it down when I watch Naruto or porn or Naruto porn. But on the other hand, I'd like to request some things of you. Stop slamming the door so goddamn loud; it's very rude and inconsiderate to people who are living in your crawlspaces. Also, Turn the heater up a bit. I'm tired of sleeping under my blanket of squirrel skins.

On the other hand, I've been getting a bit worried about you. Like for the last week you've been watching Blade Runner 2049 every night and mumbling "literally me" in your sleep. I haven't

seen anyone over since you tried to invite that classmate over to "study" and they clearly just wanted to study. I tried to do your laundry for you but it was just too gross. You gotta get a new pillowcase. Let me know if there's literally anything else I can do for you. You want some moldy quarters?

That's it for now, but feel free to leave your response on your dinner table/desk/gaming surface. And don't be surprised if you start hearing even more rustling behind the bathroom mirror and seeing pairs of soiled shoes you don't recognize on your mat in the coming weeks, it's a hot real estate market after all.

The Sex on Thursdays

Dartmouth Doesn't Want You To See!

by Martha Bollocks

As your favorite Sex on Thursdays columnist, it is my God-given duty to completely overshare about being fucked down in the parking lot of an Arby's in Columbus, Ohio, to absolute strangers under the guise of journalistic integrity. But this is special: I come to you today (haha) with a creamy, juicy piece of a column.

It is only the result of a weekend of painstaking, meticulous research that I conducted over fall break. And by research, I mean being **** to a **** and ***** ***** ***** **** my *****.

Y'all—I have seen horny. I have edited pieces about strange and unusual sex things: from furies and fisting to mutual orgasms with someone who you love and who loves you back. But in my tenure as a sexpert, I think I may have been beat. I have been beat by the Ivy League school everyone always forgets

about when listing them off: the site of esteemed not-racist-at-all alumni Dr. Seuss, the woman responsible for *Grey's Anatomy*, and a bunch of other people you've never heard of.

It's Dartmouth. And I am pretty sure its the Second Circle of Hell. This liminal space draws people in and then it traps them in purgatory in which their human bodies are only vessels to lure others into the netherworld through sexual favors. And as someone who visited Dartmouth and still has enough brain cells after the Four Loko to write, let me present to you my conclusions.

• • •

So here was the story: it was a Friday night, and after exploring the entire one street of Hanover, New Hampshire, and

going to the most boring party I have ever experienced, my drunk, chaotic-neutral self started scrolling through the hellfire that is Tinder. I, infected by the horny virus that pervades the campus, picked the cutest, least murder-looking guy on there and messaged him, "Hey, I wanna make out with one person from every Ivy League school before I turn twenty-five. I'm only at three, can I add Dartmouth to the list?" Unsurprisingly (because of my god-tier game), he responded back right away, and there I was, ready to go.

• • •

The first conclusion I came to was that Dartmouth is only presenting the facade of a university. It was supposedly midterm season, but the libraries were desolate except for empty pizza boxes and hungover-looking students

ordering espresso shots at 3 p.m. Not one brain cell seemed to be amongus.

"I've only actually studied, like five times since I got here," my friend admitted, as I preemptively stressed about how to balance my varied and stimulating sex life with the four prelims I had next week, applying for finance internships, writing about my varied and stimulating sex life for the *Cornell Daily Sun*, and the overbearing doom of being alive.

• • •

"I've seen all my sorority sisters' tits. Everyone wants to be in my sorority," this girl told me, leaning closer to me in the driver's seat of her Subaru. It was parents' weekend, so every five minutes a fifty-year-old white couple would walk by and we would inch away from each other and try to hide our White Claw Surges under our seats. We had come to the conclusion (haha) that sharing ten Surges was different than each having five, for some reason that made sense at the time.

"You have like, really nice facial features. They look like, engineered," she half-slurred at me. While I was trying to figure out whether she meant that in a gay way or not, an incredibly drunk freshman wearing only gold body glitter projectile vomited in the parking space next to us. "It's bid night," the girl said by way of explanation, and leaned in to kiss me. She smelled like cigarettes and an energy drink that I think I'd had once before and had thought was very bad.

• • •

Here's some food for thought: how can Dartmouth at its core NOT be a cursed, horny institution when its buildings include the incredibly porny Channing Cox Hall, Cummings Hall, Bones Gate, McNutt Hall (which is what all the boys call me, amirite ladies), the F lot, and, of course, the classic Dick's house?

In addition, 70 percent of the

student population is in fraternities and sororities. Now, this may be partially because Hanover is in the middle of buttfuck nowhere surrounded by towns with names like Bumblesnout, Vermont, but there is absolutely nothing else to do on a Saturday night but throw up a fuckton of Coors Light.

And have you met a group of horny motherfuckers that deserve to go to hell more than Greek life?

• • •

"What is Dartmouth like?" I ask-ed him when we met up at his frat, as a way to start a conversation, even though to be honest I didn't care about the answer.

At one point he said to me, "You know Cornell is the only Ivy League with a double-digit acceptance rate?" I wanted to retort back that he was a political science major at fucking Dartmouth, but I didn't.

I suddenly realized my horniness had been eclipsed by the fact I was really hungry. I told him this, and as I watched his single silver chain dangle in the space on top of his abs, I questioned my life decisions.

• • •

My sex life during my short stint as a Dartmouth transfer was an enlightening experience, from an anthropological perspective.

In college, I think there is a weird conflation between sexual desire and the general need to be seen by others as something aspirational and admirable. It's like that Taylor Swift song said: everyone's a sexy baby. We just want attention. And the best way to do that is to suck something, you know?

• • •

Anyway, Dartmouth Boy said to me, "Can we splitsies the pizza? I'm on financial aid." At this point, if I wasn't committed to the bit and he wasn't really hot, I would've gotten up and left the

cursed establishment of his frat house.

And then we had sex. And it was supremely mid.

"I'm going to smoke a cigarette now," he said afterwards. I stared at the row of empty bottles of Fiji water on his shelf and wondered if the voices in my head would ever get along.

• • •

"Hey, look, it's the frat I got banned from for doing too much ketamine in the bathroom!" the girl pointed as we walked across campus. After we had sex she ordered a pizza. It was the same pizza that I had with the frat guy the night before, and it tasted slightly worse this time.

• • •

Do y'all know that time when the rapper CupcakKe swore she would never write horny songs again after finding out that teenagers were using her music as an instruction manual? Well, I think I've had that Come to Jesus moment now (haha). I never want to have sex ever again. From now on, my Sex on Thursdays articles will be exclusively board game recommendations and tricks for how to make a relationship work with only hand stuff. Godspeed.

• • •

The next morning, my friend and I went to the Dartmouth store and looked around. I found a shot glass with the college's signature shield logo engraved on the front. I decided to buy it as a souvenir of my recent debauchery.

"Do you have an official student ID for 15 percent off?" the nice lady at the cash register asked.

"I'm a Cornell student, if that counts?" I told her, anxiously wringing my hands at the sheer amount of money I had spent on shitty pizza in the last forty-eight hours.

"No, it does not," she informed me. I nodded, and paid full price.

A Frat Guy's Guide to a FANCY DINNER

by Anonymous

So you have guests coming over and you want to impress them, but you don't know where to start. Maybe it's parents' weekend, or maybe your girlfriend is coming over, but you think your poster of *Pulp Fiction* and your cups of instant ramen aren't going to cut it. And you'd be right.

But luckily, you've come to the right place—I'm here to help you with a proper guide to hosting your own fancy dinner—even if the fanciest thing you've hosted was your champagne and shackles date night. And no. Champagne did not make your sticky basement fancy. It just made it stickier.

1. Decoration

Now, let's start with your room. I know you've spent four days, three fights with your roommate, and about \$2,500 cash on creating your "man cave," but whatever room you're hosting in needs to be properly pampered before your guests arrive. I suggest cleaning out the empty beer bottles, putting up some interesting art, and covering your pong table in a blanket or something—no, I know painting the Betsy Ross flag on your table took a long time, and I guess that's... technically... art... but that doesn't count. Cover it.

2. Food

Now time to focus on the meal: always start with a cheese board—the only way to truly tell how fancy a meal is. Cheeses may include brie, Swiss... oh, you bought pre-sliced American cheese from the deli? That works,



I guess. As long as you have nicely cut meats like prosciutto, or smoked salmon—or a completely unsliced sausage the size of your forearm. Yeah, that works too.

Other fancy foods include grapes (the more variety the better) and wine

(expensive means good). But don't blow your whole budget on the wine or you'll be left with only enough money for a single slice of pizza per guest. Which, that wouldn't happen, would it?

3. Ambiance

And now, all you have left to do is set the ambiance. The table should be nicely set by the time your guests arrive, even if all you could afford were paper plates paired with your mom's wine glasses. In terms of music, remember that your guests won't truly believe it's fancy unless you play Frank Sinatra, even if it's interspersed with random songs by Kid Cudi and—you're not playing Mo Bamba, are you? And please refrain from having your guests sign the pong table they're eating their single slice of pizza and grapes on—god, are you—are you setting up a game of wine pong? *This night has to end.*

Well, if you at least halfheartedly followed these steps, it'll sort of be clear you tried. And that's all you could really hope for. May your parents fund your future dinners and may your girlfriend fuck you for the effort <3—that's all this was ever for, after all.

How to Tell if Your Hookup Is Boyfriend Material (or If He's Actually Just Mothman)

by Elizabeth Viebranz

We all know the basics for whether or not a guy is worthy of hooking up with for the first time. Cute face. Okay body. Will sometimes talk to you when he's sober. Most of us also know the criteria for the second hookup. He has a fitted sheet.

But how do you know when you want it to be more than that? Instead of being his fourth booty call of the week, maybe you guys could settle down and actually go out in public during the day. You may think you know when you've caught real feelings for someone, but be careful. You might have caught something else.

Specifically, watch out for obvious warning signs. Has he ever taken off his jacket and given it to you when you tell him you're cold? Actually, have you seen him take his jacket off? Have you ever thought you caught a glimpse of something on his thorax back? Something... wing-like? If the suspicion has arisen that he may not be Jonathan from Ligma Ligma Gru, but perhaps an elusive cryptid originating from the southern United States, this article will set things straight.

It's not always as obvious as the other guy you liked who ended up being four weasels in a trench coat. First thing: dates (aka 2 a.m. walks). I know you wanted to believe you guys had chemistry, but I'm sure it got pretty exhausting having to stop at every. single. streetlight, sometimes even hoisting him up so he could climb to the bulb. Although you may have thought he was just reenacting the "How many fuckboys does it take to change a light-

bulb?" joke, I have some bad news: the evidence is pointing toward Mothman.

You also thought that when he put 8'7" in his Tinder bio, he was just joking like every other insecure asshole, but you liked the idea of a guy with a sense of humor. However, when you finally met in person and he really was 8 foot 7, it was an interesting surprise, to say the least. You also never saw him around campus before you matched with him, right? That's probably because he was focused on hunkering down in the West Virginia woods, terrorizing boomers and feasting on German shepherds.

I know you probably never looked in his eyes when you were fucking, but on the off-chance that you did, can you remember what color they were? Think very hard. For example, did he have LED-level bright red eyes, staring at you no matter where you were and

blinding your vision to anything else? This may be because he is an insect and has thousands of compound hexagonal corneas in focus at once.

I hate to break it to you, but when he says, "The lamp stays on during sex," it's not about how hot you are. He is part moth and is inherently more attracted to light than he could ever be to a human person.

This is not an advice article, so whatever conclusion you've come to, good luck. Now you have to weigh the options of breaking his heart and possibly facing charges of bestiality vs. staying with him and possibly facing charges of bestiality.

If this is sounding more and more familiar to you, don't fret. Not all of the aforementioned criteria necessarily mean your man is Mothman. There's one big telltale sign that seals the deal (see Figure 1).

Figure 1.



Morticio's Language Class

by Shehryar Qazi

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

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

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

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

amine the skull.

"Hello zhere, welcome to tze class."

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

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

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

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

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

"Now you may be wondering how zhis small child, zhis otherwise normal suburbanite has mastered the language of *de Vega, Cervantes, Marquez, SHAKKEE-RAH! Es simple*. The Morticio

Method. Do you want to know, *estudiante?!?*” exclaimed Morticio, in a performance of great sighs and paced bows. The intended dramatic effect would’ve been better realized if he were a foot taller.

But I did admit, I did want to know.

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

Instinctively, I realized he was asking me what city I was born in. I bubbled with excitement. How did I know what he was asking me? I didn’t have prior experience with the language, beyond seeing the occasional Dragon Ball Z meme. Yet, I knew what to answer. “*Nací en Mamaroneck, New York.*”

“*PERFECTO*,” Morticio exclaimed, “*Tu eres naturale, VAMANOS!*”

Over the course of the day I found my true self *en Español*. I learnt to an-

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

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

I spied a note on the table in an

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

It declined.

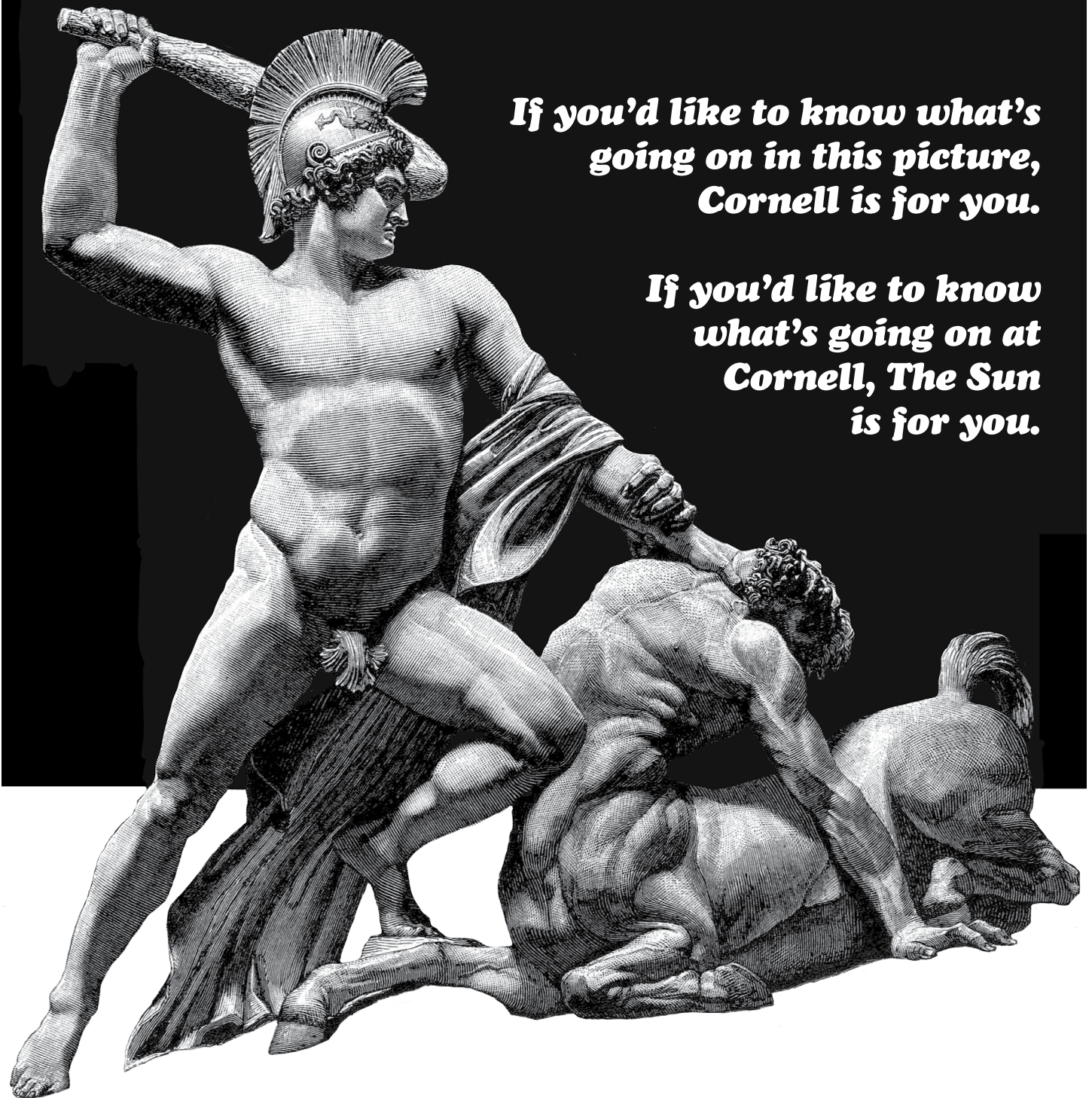
Wrestling with the card machine didn’t work, so I decided to cut my losses and drive back to my apartment. I walked in and saw seven people I had never seen before. One of them, a tall middle-aged man with a curly brown mustache walked up to me and started weeping. He thanked me for everything I’d done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

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

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

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





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going on in this picture,
Cornell is for you.***

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what's going on at
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The Forbidden Love Between Me and XxSexyVeronica315311xX

by Mandall Runmoe

I write this article as a warning, a warning not to repeat the choices I've made. It all started with innocuous curiosity and a tinge of love, as all things go. A nagging urge to rebel against the constant monotony of life, to finally take a stand. I was tired, frustrated at days blurring together before dissipating from memory, becoming an inky void. Not anymore; No Nut November gave me newfound purpose. The grass felt greener. The light overhead felt brighter. It felt like a new day, for once. I started to message a gorgeous woman named XxSexyVeronica315311xX, and we really hit it off.

Unbeknownst to me, she was harboring a dark secret.

It's amazing how such a short message can leave such a large emotional impact. It was late one Friday afternoon, and to my confusion I saw a text message from someone I've never met.

"Hey sexy xoxoxo (a kissing emoji, four times, followed by a heart eyes emoji), want to see me shove 3 (three) french artichokes up my vagina?"

You know, I still would've been a bit iffy with two, but three? Gee willikers! One message; that was all it took for me to fall in love with this woman. She might really be the one! I could sense sparks flying from the moment I gazed upon her horrendously pixelated face in her profile picture. Gosh, she looked so much like Anya Taylor-Joy. Her next text was "awwd%{?})&doubleHemisphere.obj[[tity8," but I let it slide, just this once. She was probably nervous, I thought to myself; we've all been there.

I was starting to get worried. I tried using a few pickup lines, starting a few conversations, I even told her my address in case she wanted to stop by and talk in sign language instead, but she was too shy to respond to anything! Luckily, I had the fortune of being smiled upon by Aphrodite (Greek goddess of love and also my favorite character in any Rick Riordan book), because my perseverance eventually paid off.

A day and a half after her last text, I sent something risky.

"Hey, uh, you um haha sexy wanna. uh."

After realizing I sent that message instead of deleting it, I followed it up with this:

"Sorry about that haha my cat stepped on my keyboard. my phone's connected to my keyboard. You know, I think you should really let me get to know you better! I mean, I feel like we could be moments away from a date. You're stunningly beautiful, I'm... me, I think we complement each other perfectly."

"DATE?FRUIT SALE BEN&JERRY == let's make it a date, darling."

My eyes widened. Jackpot.

For the next two weeks, we chatted the nights away talking about ourselves. I enjoyed ping pong, Diablo 3, and long walks in the main lounge; she enjoyed "Ben & Jerry's Ice Cream Milk & Cookies—1 pint \$4.38, Walmart, Dole Chef Ready Sliced Banana 5 Pound \$52.95 40% off at participating supermarkets, and Maxwell Accent Chair—Green Moss Fabric 100+ Fabric Options Natural Oak legs \$995.00." Weird tastes, but it added character.

I called her pet names, like Princess and Honeytits. She called me pet names, like Siberian Husky and British Shorthair. In childish love, we exchanged our mothers' maiden names and the names of the streets we grew up on. These were secrets only we would keep tight.

One day, she texted me out of the blue.

"Hey sexy! You're so hot, and your cock is juicy. Do you trust me?"

I was bewildered, but I still kept my cool.

"Uh... You know the answer Veronica lol"

"Answer unclear. [recipient.name], with the large scrotum, do you trust me?"

"Of course woman Jeez"

What happened next made me swoon over her in a way I never thought was possible. She texted me a link—a real, bonafide link!—to her exclusive, private, very very secret VIP lounge and home video collection, where she claimed to specialize in inserting a wide variety of vegetables, DIY Papier-mâché dildos, and Michelin-star-approved cooked meals into her magical cooter. It was as eye-opening as finding

the lost city of Atlantis, or uncovering the real identity of the Queen of England.

All these years I've heard myths and fables of the legendary www.3p0rnthub.com/access/ip-logger/spin-the-wheel-prizes/redirect/redirect2/undo-redirect/sexvaultnoviruspunjabi.kz.pdf.html, but to see it right here, right in front of me, finger hovering over the key to eternal pleasure and ambrosia (a popular food from the Rick Riordan books)... I just, I wasn't ready. Something was stopping me.

My legs, my arms, all my limbs and relevant appendages were trembling. I trusted XxSexyVeronica315311xX, I trusted her wholeheartedly, but... What if there was something malicious at play here? What if... No, no, the very thought was ridiculous, I reassured myself. With a name like XxSexyVeronica315311xX and a face like the voice actor for Peach in the upcoming Mario movie, how could she be anything short of kind and caring?

Still, the doubt was growing, an inky void consuming my mind. I had to find out for myself.

"Tell me more about yourself." I texted her. Yes, with a period.

"Hey sexy! Join my EXCLUSIVE (VIP) lounge™ for a good time \$50.99," she replied.

"Listen to me. What's your personality? What do you do for fun? What is... *anything*, that defines you, besides your *oddly specific* products?" I shot back, exasperated. Yes, I typed the italics too.

"Hey sexy! Join my EXCLUSIVE (VIP) lounge™ for a good time \$49.99," she replied.

"Say anything about yourself! Stop fucking talking about the lounge! Talk about who you are, for once!" I ejaculated frustratingly.

"Alright,"

"Thank you."

"I suggest that you Join my EXCLUSIVE (VIP) lounge™ for a good time \$42.99"

It was final then. Something was definitely up about her, but what?

After some extensive Googling, I stumbled across an article on BibleLifestyle.org titled 5 Ways To Spot A Spambot, followed by the caption "DO NOT TALK TO MRS. A. SPAMBOT ON THE WEB! THEY ARE THE DEVIL! SHE WILL STEAL YOUR SOUL! Leviticus 30:14"

No. No, no no no. There was just no way the one and only XxSexyVeronica315311xX could be a spambot. What am I thinking? I thought to myself. But what if? What if, all this time...?

On a late Friday afternoon, I texted her an image of a captcha. I knew the answer: Foreskin Removal. She didn't.



"This is a very quick test, don't worry. Tell me, what does it say on the captcha?"

"My vagina is so spacious! Take a look inside"

"Yes. I'm aware. What does it say on the captcha?"

No response.

"Veronica, you're scaring me. Just tell me what it says."

"Our love is real, British Shorthair, you know that xoxo. Here's a nude [Attachment]"

The nude didn't distract me. I clicked the three dots next to her name. One of the listed options was "Block."

"I don't want it to end like this. Just say the word."

"Special One Time Offer! VIP Lounge only \$4.99. We shared Ben&Jerry, now I will put Ben&Jerry up my anal. We love Ben&Jerry"

I rested my cursor over the block button. My heart was racing.

"Oh, sure. Like that makes our love so real, Veronica, if that's even your real name. You never said a single WORD on the history of Diablo 3 speedruns. It's like you don't even care about me!"

"I Care about You! I also Care about this Papier-mâché Bad Dragon dildo fucking my clit please email me foQUAxb-1jIXGRQ3GqtF-noRe-ply@ifemnt2j7h.org"

My finger was on the trigger.

"What's my name, Veronica?"

"Name Request: [recipient.name] 1 row in set (0.005 sec)"

"Nope, sorry."

I spent a few seconds trying to think of something witty.

"I thought you were a cam girl, but I guess you're nothing more than a scam girl."

"Don't go now, there's more!: Big Mac™s inside every orifice"

One click: that was all it took for me to fall out with this machine.

XxSexyVeronica315311xX was nothing more than a piece of code, and she kept that secret from me the entire time!

And to think I envisioned a future with her, having triplets and quadruplets every month after getting married, which would be perfectly reasonable amounts of babies for her elastic coochie.

Still, it took me a minute or so for me to fully understand what I had done. I stared at the screen in silence, and once again time began to blur. XxSexyVeronica315311xX and her magical mac-n-cheese swallowing pussy, a lie wrapped in another lie.

I was reminded of Hermes from the Rick Riordan books; god of messengers, god of trickery. The light overhead was dark; a light inside me had died out. I spent the rest of the day wallowing in sorrow and shame.

The next day, I met a gorgeous man named XxSexy-Michaelangelo3151538xX, and we really hit it off.

Rejected Headlines

How to Make Money, Do Cocaine, and Get Bitches: An Exclusive from Jeff Bezos
God, I Wish Italians Were Real
When Is Bigfoot Gonna Start Searching for Me?
Dragon Day Dragon Just a Worm on a String
Guys, Hear Me Out: Uranus, Myanus, Ouranus
Should I Tell the Guy I'm Dating That I Have a Tail on the First Date? Or Is That a Second Date Thing?
I Hate That Cornell Is Admitting All These Students and Not Making Enough Soup for Them
Crack in My Tackle Box? The Story of How I Got Hooked on More Than Just Fishing
Please Tell Me Someone Else Has Heard of the Fresno Night Crawler. It Can't Just Be Me
Long John Silver Plz Diddle My Fishstick
Why Minions Are an Allegory for a Classless Society
Traveling to Mars Specifically to Pet the Mars Rovers
I Think the Angel and Devil on My Shoulder Need to Fuck
I Want to Lick a Frat Floor Just to See What It Tastes Like
Why I Make My Tinder Matches Watch *Ratatouille* on the First Date
Op-Ed: Those Plastic Earrings Don't Make Cows Any Hotter
Drinking Hydrochloric Acid Is Good for You, Actually
Netflix Had a Way Better Gay Movie Selection Before Gay Marriage Was Legalized
I Really Relate to Kafka's *Metamorphosis* but Instead of Turning into a Bug I Turned into a MILF
How to Lure All Your Relatives into a Single Hot-Air Balloon for a Dastardly Inheritance Scheme
How to Ask for Ketchup at the Gourmet Steakhouse
New Study Reveals Universe Is Upside Down: Australia Had It Right
Georgia O'Keeffe, If You're Free on Thursday Night, I Would Like to Hang Out on Thursday Night
What You Need If You're Going to Fuck Medusa: Mirrors, Sunglasses, and More!
The NFT of Dorian Gray
If I Were in Charge, 51 Wouldn't Be Divisible by 17
Khus dfbfhnwivdj ngc iofxdzljvgsn hoinsiof: A Call for Illiterate Representation in Congress
Confessions of a Ceiling Fan Fetishist: OnlyFans Ain't What It Used to Be
Cornell: Putting the "Brrrr" in Broke
Pornhub: Finally an Internship That's Honest About the Dick Sucking Component
Yogurt: How Is It Made, and Why Does It Feel So Good to Bathe In?
I Watched a TEDx Talk While High and Now I'm Basically a Scientist
CLICKBAIT! Yeah! It's Clickbait, But Do You Really Have Anything Better to Be Doing?

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(Room 414)



Win a free goat!

Okay, probably not.
But hey, scan the QR code
to visit our website.

Nutrition Facts

Serving Size 1 Half Hearted Chuckle
Servings Per Container Not Enough

Amount per Serving

Calories -247 Calories from Sex 0

Total Jokes	100 g
Funny Jokes	8 g
Offensive Jokes	92 g
Cholesterol	Less than Usual
Cooties	2 g
Total Carbohydrates	25 g
Dietary Fiber	25 g
Splenda	1000 kg

Vitamin DDD* 3%

Vitamin BS 99%

* Bow Chicka Wow Wow

** Percent Daily Values are based on a 456 calorie diet for golden retrievers. Your daily values may be higher or lower depending on your humor needs.

Ingredients: Partially hydrogenated hispster glasses, artificial humus with other natural flavor, sufficient punctuation, lunatics, bleached and enriched mustaches, saturated arm hair, grad F humor, gluten free jizz not from concentrate, distilled magic fairy dust.

Please contact anyone else with any complaints.

This magazine was produced in a facility that also produces obituaries.