

CORNELL LUNATIC

SPRING 2009 / HUMOR MAGAZINE / FREE

32 *thrilling* pages of
MYTHS, HEROES
& TALL-TALES

LET'S ADD A LITTLE SMASH
TO THAT 'STACHE!

NO¢



BUMBLING
BLITZKRIEG,
C.L.!

Also
THE LUNATIC'S
YOUNG ALLY
BUCKY

THE LEGENDARY ISSUE

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The Cornell Lunatic

Campus Humor Magazine

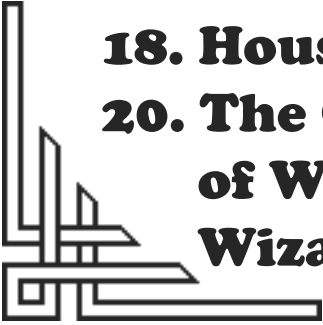

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A LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

Hello, readers, and welcome to the Legendary Issue! It is certified by us, Marc and Ben, as the best full issue of the Cornell Lunatic ever created by us. And it certainly wasn't easy to make – we had to brave robot zombies, vampire zombies, werewolf robots, and werewolf tigers en route to the center of a volcano, and that was just to get to our meeting place! We've considered relocating, but the current Legendary Financial Situation has left our monetary resources in a less than Legendary state.

Do you think that's enough uses of the word "Legendary," Marc? Uh, maybe we should put a few more in there. After all, the National Association for the Advancement of the Word "Legendary" has been putting a lot of pressure on us recently, and they've got a pretty powerful lobby in Congress.

Anyway, this issue definitely has something for everyone. Whether you like myths, legends, epics, superheroics, tall tales, fables, folklore, sagas, or puns, you'll definitely be able to find at least one of those in here. And if you can't, we'll refund your entire college tuition! However, this offer is actually just an urban legend. You shouldn't perpetuate those, Ben. Listen, Marc, I'll do what I want. Do I have to come over there? Why don't we settle this in the ring? I'M GONNA KILL YOU!

The Cornell Lunatic: instigator of Legendary Blood Feuds Between Co-Editors-In-Chief since 1978, at the earliest. We'll see you in the arena.

Legendarily Yours,
Marc Campasano and Ben Strauss

Ben Strauss's **HORRIBLE** pun of the month!

The current recession has everyone tightening their belts, and Cornell University is no exception. Looking at their increasingly limited sources of funding, the People Who Decide This Sort of Thing at Cornell have decided to auction off an academic building to anyone who would buy it. After a long discussion, they have settled upon Morrill Hall as the best option – it's fairly old but still has an elegant appearance, and it's not used by that many students or faculty. The preparations for the auction were all complete when, suddenly, a new source of funding opened up. It seemed that a certain philanthropist had given a large fraction of his personal fortune to Cornell (he wasn't an alumnus, he just liked the name "Cornell"). This new influx of cash was almost enough to render the sale of Morrill Hall unnecessary, but not quite. "Well," thought the aforementioned People, "maybe we can still sell one floor of it." This plan was put into action, and the auction proceeded with buyers bidding on the third floor. Astonishingly, the auction was won by Wal-Mart, which planned to remodel the third floor into an on-campus big-box store, barely one minute away from the already existing on-campus big-box store, the Cornell Store. This promised to siphon revenue away from Cornell, worsening the already dire financial situation. "What have we done?" cried the Deciders. "We really should have paid more attention to who was participating in this auction! Because now –
The story of the Morrill is a level in Retail!"

The nine figures gathered together in their secret underground lair. They were an elite group, with membership extended only to the most worthy, and lasting a lifetime. They had seen things no human eyes had witnessed, and they exercised powers far beyond those of mortal man. When Earth is threatened, we can always count on them to thoughtfully weigh both sides of the argument before coming to a carefully considered conclusion. They are...

THE SUPREME COURT JUSTICE LEAGUE!



John Paul “Lieutenant America” Stevens- a former Super Soldier from World War II, he was preserved in a bag of frozen peas until he was discovered floating in the Arctic Ocean and thawed out last week!



Antonin “Mr. Lizard” Scalia- covered in bulletproof scales and able to regenerate any part of his body, he doesn't use either of these powers and is instead extremely unpleasant to be around!



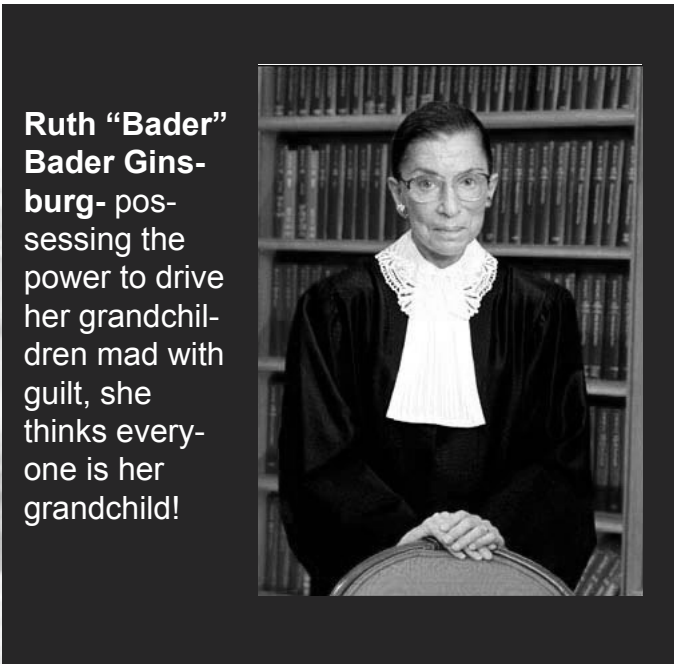
Clarence “The Tank Engine” Thomas-able to telepathically communicate with tanks, he is nevertheless unable to drive one!

Anthony “Wonderful Woman” Kennedy- equipped with a Taser of Truth and a translucent helicopter, he attracts attention mostly for his transvestitism!

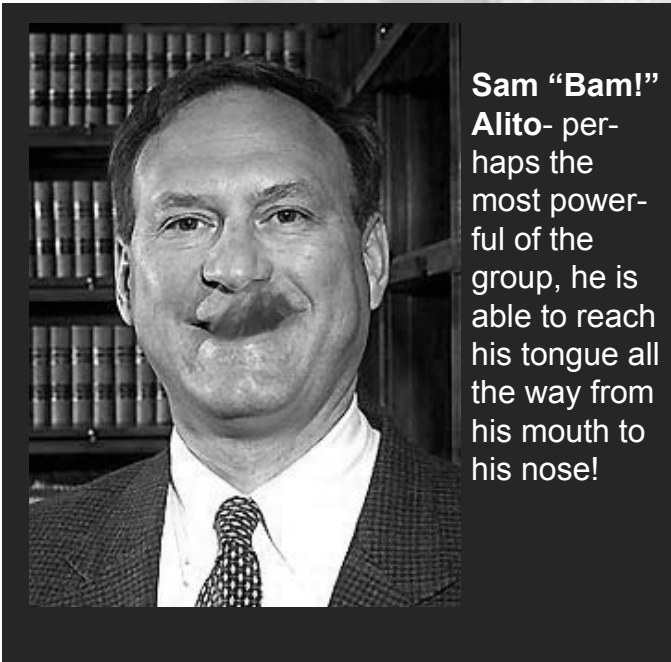




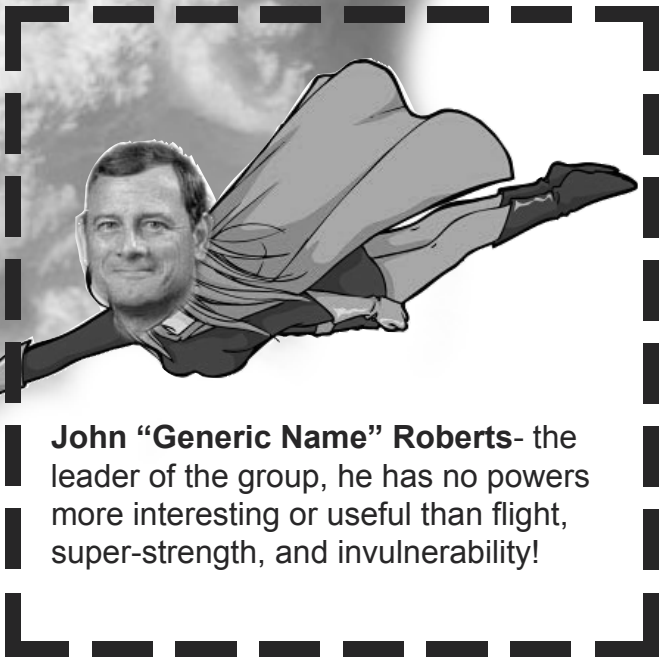
Stephen “Low Fat” Breyer- announcing his presence with the distinctive jingle of his ice cream truck/mobile weapons platform, he simultaneously dispenses hot fudge sundaes and hot lead to his enemies!



Ruth “Bader” Bader Ginsburg- possessing the power to drive her grandchildren mad with guilt, she thinks everyone is her grandchild!



Sam “Bam!” Alito- perhaps the most powerful of the group, he is able to reach his tongue all the way from his mouth to his nose!



John “Generic Name” Roberts- the leader of the group, he has no powers more interesting or useful than flight, super-strength, and invulnerability!

Thor “The Thunder God” Odinson- possessing the power to kill anyone who speaks the name “David Souter,” he mostly relies on his hammer Mjolnir, and his four law clerks, to get anything done these days!



AFTER STRIKING A HEROIC POSE...

...while their staff photographer captured their likenesses, secret identities, and powers, the SCJL slowly and laboriously settled themselves back into their seats. Their combined age of 4500 years (although most of that came from Thor) made it difficult to move about quickly anymore.

Conversation was taking a little too long to die down, and Generic Name was getting impatient. He tried passive-aggressively folding his arms and looking stern, but it was to no avail. Finally, turning to The Thunder God sitting next to him, he asked, "Hey, Thor, can I borrow Mjolnir for a second?" The Thunder God replied, "Aye, but be careful, for as it is said, whosoever holds this hammer, if he be worthy, shall possess the power of..." "Yeah, I know," Generic Name interrupted, hoping to avoid more delays caused by everyone reciting their name loudly, as he knew would happen if he let The Thunder God continue. He hefted the mighty hammer above the table and shouted, "I call this meeting to ORDER!", bringing it down with a resounding BANG, which appeared in block letters above the table. Lightning flashed outside and everyone was silent at once.

"Thank you," Generic Name continued. "Now, it has come to my attention that--"

But before he could finish, the viewscreen flickered to life behind them. "I, Lex Luthor, have kidnapped Marbury and Madison and am holding them in a prison cell in Rhode Island!"

"Man, I was just about to say all that," muttered Generic Name.

"Without them, there is no judicial review, the source of all your power! You're helpless! And to ensure your demise, I have hooked them up to a machine which sucks away their life force! They'll be dead within seconds! Well, not quite that quickly. Life force sucking isn't that easy. But, you know, pretty soon! Uh, Luthor out!" The image on the viewscreen faded away.

"Oh no! What are we going to do! How will we ever get to Rhode Island in a vaguely-defined length of time?" cried Bader.

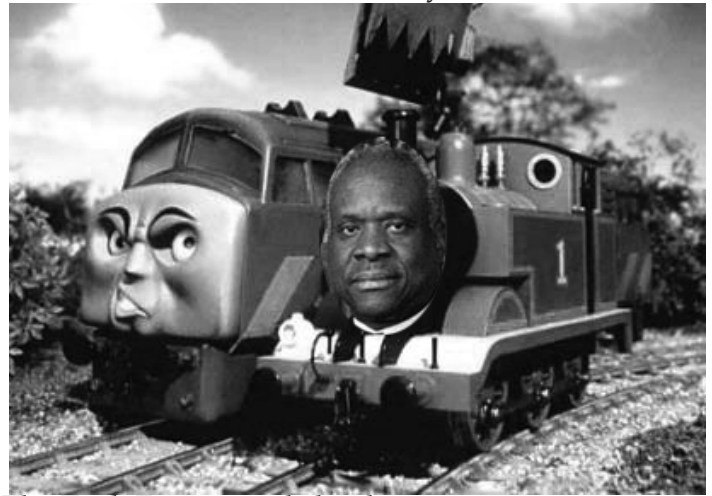
"Shut up! Just shut your mouth!" shouted Mr. Lizard. The tension in the room only made his presence that much more unbearable.

"Everybody just calm down," commanded Lieutenant America. "I've been through worse, back in the war."

"Oh my god, I am so sick of hearing about the war!" flounced Wonderful Woman. "Can't you talk about anything else?"

"This isn't important right now!" Generic Name broke in. "We've got to figure out a way to get there!"

"Wellll... we could always take the train,"



The Tank Engine said slowly.

"What train goes from D.C. to Rhode Island in less than the time before there's nothing left of Marbury and Madison but a memory?"

In answer to his question, an Amtrak Silver Star burst through the wall of the cave. "Hi, Mister Clarence!" it said in an excessively goofy voice. "Good to see you," The Tank Engine replied. But not everyone was so happy. "That was my favorite wall," Low Fat said mournfully. "There's no time for this! Let's go!" everyone else shouted in chorus. The nine majestic heroes rushed onto the train and readied themselves for takeoff. Unfortunately, trains can't fly, and more importantly, no one was driving.

"Thomas! Get up there!" said everyone in chorus. "What, I don't know how to drive this thing," protested The Tank Engine. "Wait- I do!" said Lieutenant America. "But-how? It must have been something I learned back in the war..." Wavy lines appeared in his vision as he flashed back to a dark and foreboding afternoon (it was very cloudy that day) in April of 1945. It was the waning days

of the war, and Lieutenant America, as usual, was busy attending a top secret briefing. On this particular day, he was fighting the war against slumber as he sat slouched in a classroom desk. At the front of the room, an instructor droned on about... something or other... Lieutenant America was getting sleepy... "Stevens!" a harsh voice broke into his daydream. "You can't have a dream inside your dream sequence! Now listen up! It's imperative that you know how to operate this new experimental train that the government is developing! It's about the only job you'll be able to get, anyway..."

"Whoa, seen about enough of that!" Lieutenant America said hurriedly as the wavy lines disappeared. Everyone was staring at him. "The point is, buckle your seatbelts, because I'm about to drive this train!" He usually had a better catchphrase than that, but he was a little rattled. In any event, the train took off into the sky and the heroes were on their way to Rhode Island.

Half an hour out of D.C., the train chugged to a halt. Only Lieutenant America's quick reflexes, and the automatic landing sequence, saved it from becoming a smoking crater. "Aw peas, we're out of gas," the very manly war hero driver said. "What are we going to do now?" "I know what to do," Bam! said enthusiastically. He always felt so useless on missions that he was glad he had something to contribute. "Thor, summon some lightning and charge up the motor! Thank God this train is a hybrid!"

"I think you mean 'thank god,' with a lowercase g. I'm just one god among many," The Thunder God corrected. "How can you hear uppercase in my voice?" Bam! said. But The Thunder God wasn't listening. Whirling his hammer around swiftly, he chanted the mystical incantation that would bring lightning down from the heavens. However, nothing happened. "Dammit, I always forget how this works," he muttered. Taking out his cell phone, he dialed his office. "C'mon, pick up already..." he said as the phone rang.

"Justice Thor's office, can I help you?" said

his secretary on the other end of the line.

"Hey Diane, it's Thor, can you transfer me to Moshe?"

"Sure thing, just one second." A few seconds later, The Thunder God's law clerk Moshe Feinberg came on the line. "How's it going, sir?" Moshe said.

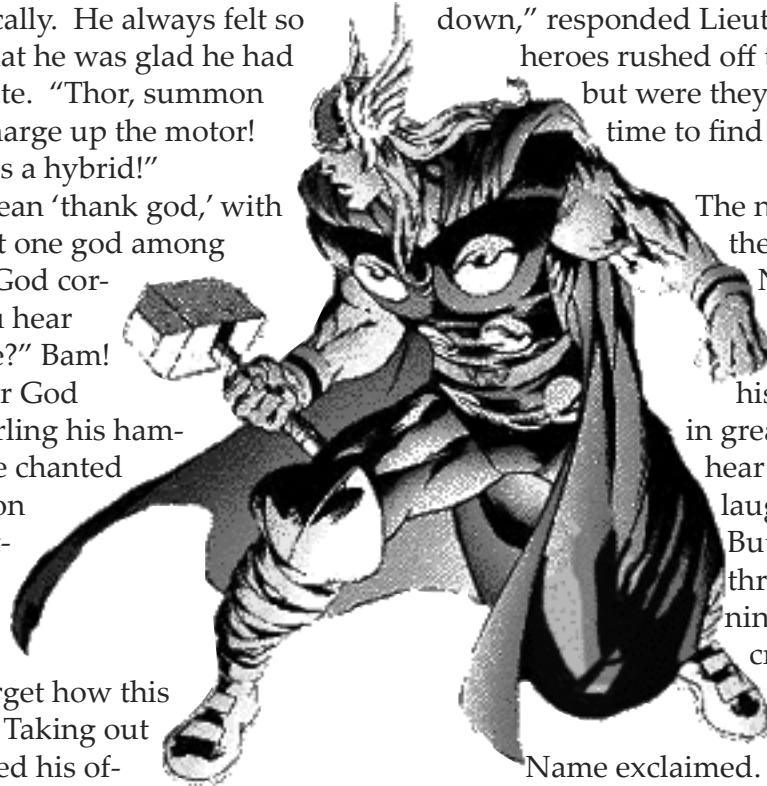
"Hey, pretty good. I was just trying to summon some lightning, and it didn't work. What am I supposed to say again?"

"Oh no, you don't need to say anything, just sort of whirl around Mjolnir and then bring it down sharply."

"Ohhh right, now I remember. Thanks a million."

"No problem." Moshe hung up the phone. "@#%\$ing idiot," he said to himself. "What the hell happened to Souter?" The next day, Moshe woke up with a horse head in his bed. "Morning, Seabiscuit, did you sleep well-" he began, but before he could say anything further, he was struck and killed by a lightning bolt.

Back in the present, the train was once again hurtling along through the sky. "My sensors indicate that Luthor's base is that building there!" said Low Fat, who was not a robot. "I'm bringing her down," responded Lieutenant America. The nine heroes rushed off the train and into the base- but were they too late? Tune in next time to find out!



The next time, one second after the previous time:

No, they weren't too late! Luthor stood laughing maniacally, looking down on his two prisoners, who were in great pain due to having to hear Luthor's really annoying laugh for the past two hours. But Luthor's laugh died in his throat as he was accosted by nine somewhat competent crime fighters.

"Give up, Luthor! You have no chance!" Generic Name exclaimed.

"Oh, but I do! You see, it is futile to attack me - the damage is already done! The life force sucking machine (patent pending) is already at

work – and there’s no stopping it! You’re doomed!”

“I don’t believe that – there must be a way to turn it off,” Wonderful Woman said. “If I can just use my Taser of Truth on him, I’ll force him to reveal his lies. But he’s too elusive!”

“I can help,” said Low Fat. He rummaged through the freezer of his ice cream truck and pulled out an ice cream cone grenade. “This’ll do the trick!” The explosive sailed through the air and landed in Luthor’s hands, but failed to explode. “What’s going on? It must have been a dud! Dang!”

Luthor looked unperturbed as he began licking the delicious confection. All seemed lost, when Bader sprang into action.

“So these are calories that you need?” she whined. “And you never get any exercise! You just sit in that room and make evil plans all day. Is this a good way to live a life? Would it kill you to eat a salad? You know there are people who would kill for an ice cream cone like that, but to you, it’s nothing. Not to mention, you didn’t even think to offer any to me, of course. Why should you? I’m just your grandmother. Well? What do you have to say for yourself?”

The existential crisis that Luthor was undergoing was on the verge of overwhelming him. He was about to give up and become a doctor when his iron will reasserted itself. “No! I won’t do it! I hated Med School!” he shouted. He was about to activate his death laser when Wonderful Woman, having used the delay to sneak up behind him, pulled out his Taser of Truth and turned it on Luthor.

“Hey! Refrain from operating that tasing device on me, Your Honor!” Luthor screamed. But it was too late. Or was it? To find out, tune in – oh, just tune in right now. The Taser was doing its work. “You’re right, I did lie about the machine. You can turn it off just by pressing that button on the side. Also, now that I told you the truth, you have to tell me something: are you a man or a woman?” he said sotto voce to Wonderful Woman.

“I’ll never tell – until you tell me why there’s a giant iron block in front of the button.”

“Oh yeah, I forgot to tell you about that. Yeah, I don’t see you moving that any time soon.”

“Don’t be so sure,” intoned Generic Name. “My boring powers can do it.” But when he tried to move the block, he found that he was too nervous to do it with Luthor sitting there watching. The

way his beady eyes followed your every move, just daring you to make a mistake so he could laugh and make fun of you – it was too much. “I- I can’t do it!” cried Generic Name. “Luthor has to leave!”

“What, so you can defeat my evil plan? I ain’t leaving,” Luthor said mockingly.

Mr. Lizard slithered (metaphorically) up next to him. “Mr. Luthor, have I ever told you my views about strict Constitutionalism? It’s liberals like yourself that are tearing this country apart!”

“Oh my God I think his breath is the worst part,” said Luthor as he ran out of the building. With Luthor gone, Generic Name was able to lift the block and was about to press the button when –

In the excitement, The Tank Engine let his concentration slip for just one second, and the train crashed into the building, trapping everyone under huge piles of rubble. Even more discouragingly, Marbury and Madison were just about out of life force, and that meant that everyone’s power was beginning to sap away. All seemed lost.

Generic Name used his remaining power to lift his head up and look around. “Alito! Wake up, man! Come on, snap out of it!”

Bam! stirred from unconsciousness. He tried to move around, but every part of his body was trapped. Someone was shouting his name. “Hey! You’re awake! Look – the button is right in front of your nose!”

He moved his eyes downward, and indeed, there it was, a giant red button mere millimeters from his nose. But his head was completely immobile! There was nothing he could do! Unless –

He moistened his lips and readied his tongue for the most arduous workout it had ever undergone. He could feel his power diminishing by the second, so it was now or never. His tongue shot out of his mouth and stretched to its limit, but it was still too far from the button! He marshaled all the strength he had remaining, gave one final push – and made contact.

In the weeks to come, the medals and accolades would overflow Bam!’s tiny apartment. But despite the press’s best efforts to get an interview with him, he only ever had one thing to say. It was a clip that was played over and over on television – he walks up to the podium, adjusts the microphone, clears his throat, and says, “That tasted terrible.”

BUFFALO
buffalo

BUFFALO
buffalo

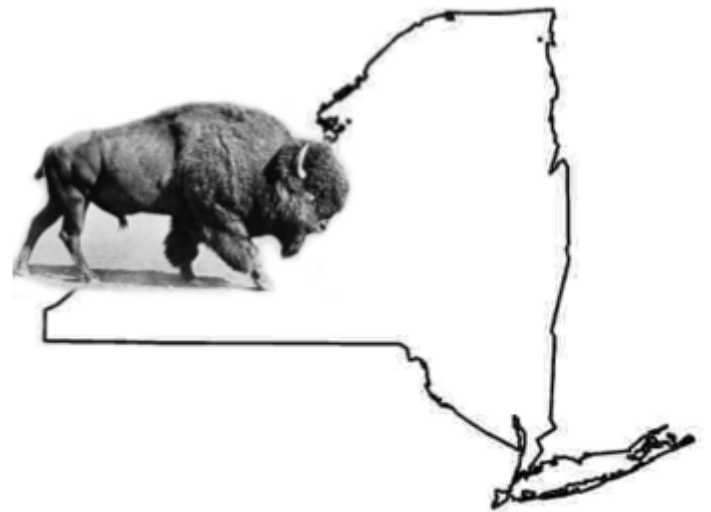
Buffalo
buffalo

BUFFALO
buffalo

BUFFALO
buffalo

The origins of the buffalo from Buffalo NY that bully other buffalo from Buffalo NY who then in turn also bully Buffalo buffalo are unknown. The first known document recording the existence of these legendary creatures appeared in 1992. The existence of Buffalo buffalo is contested. Some say the story of Buffalo buffalo was a rumor

perpetuated by the self righteous inter-web community, others say Buffalo



buffalo once prospered but their unnecessary aggression led to their demise. Creationists say the incredible complexity of the grammatically correct sentence formed by their existence could only have been designed by an intelligent god.

However if they did exist, we know that they were self inflicting assholes.

Ever since Herman Garamet uttered his first words, his family knew there was something odd about him. When his father affectionately asked the baby, "Can you say 'papa'", Herman immediately responded by asking, "Saucy papaya, no?" Suddenly, a pool of papaya sauce appeared under his father's feet. The Garamet family never spoke of this incident, and it remained a secret for years.

It all came rushing back when Herman was in elementary school. One day during recess, a friend of Herman's ran up to him, touched his arm and exclaimed "Tag! You're it!" Herman, yet unaware of his mystical power, replied "I tear yo' gut!" and his friend's entrails were suddenly scattered across the school yard.

Herman remained horribly guilt ridden for year over this incident. After years of psychotherapy (or "hasty prophecy" as Herman jokingly referred to it), Herman decided to dedicate his life to "defeating true evil" (or "I utter 'life - avenged!'", as Herman so often proclaimed after overpowering some evil-doer). Honing his powerful anagramming magic, Herman Garamet became....

THE ANAGRAMMER!

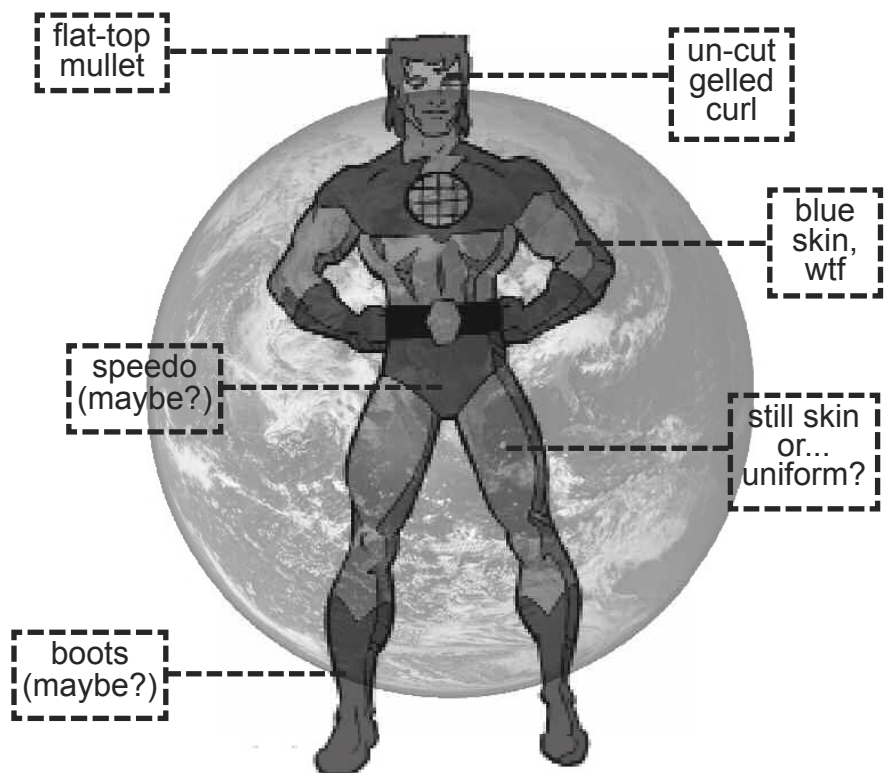
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HERO FOR THE AGES

Remember the golden years, when if celebrities wanted to become involved in the environment, they would pledge their voice to a character on the defining cartoon of the generation? For those of you who don't know what I'm talking about, "**Captain Planet and the Planetees**" debuted with such celebrity backing as Whoopi Goldberg, Meg Ryan, Jeff Goldblum, Martin Sheen, Sting (!?), and last but not least, Tim Curry (um, you know, the hotel manager from Home Alone 2: Lost in New York. Seriously, you need to get out more). The driving force behind the absurdity of the show was the eco-villains. Most of the time their goal was to spill trash all over the planet, or something even more extreme, like sucking all the oxygen out of the rain forests so Looten Plunder can sell it after polluting the rest of the globe. The rest of the show is pretty standard. The Planetees combine their powers and summon Captain Planet to get them

out of a jam, all the while delivering an eco-friendly message. There is however a second message, which his a little more subtle. A message which discourages miscegenation, or the mixing of races. When the Planetees, a diverse group representing many of the world's continents, powers combine, they create the most disgusting character in cartoon history, Captain Planet. The guy looks like shit. His green hair and flattop mullet is accented by a

retarded uncut, gelled curl across his forehead. To make him more ridiculous his skin is blue and his uniform is ambiguously revealing. That is, it is hard to say weather he is wearing a suit that is perfectly matched to his skin tone, or he is wearing a speedo with gloves and boots. The message of Captain Planet: If you start mixing races, you will end up with a blue and green, mullet-headed retard.



After reading the reviews of “The Watchmen,” the answer to the story’s underlying question is becoming abundantly clear. “Who watches ‘The Watchmen’?” Nobody. The characters of Alan Moore’s classic comic are apparently too complex and multilayered to be appreciated by the average viewer (not you guys – you guys are sophisticated!). In order to adapt the acclaimed graphic novel to a more main-stream screenplay, we here at the Lunatic have been hard at work at reworking the characters. We are proud to present the new and improved cast of:



THE BOTCHEDMEN

Dusk Pigeon



This masked vigilante uses a pigeon-themed style of combat to get the job done. He is known to be highly effective in defeating statues and cars parked under trees. His trademarked head bob strikes fear into the hearts of villains across the world. His only weakness: breadcrumbs.

The Observational Comedian

Growing up, The Observational Comedian was told that a stereotypical nebbishy Jew like himself could not be a superhero. Everybody told him: “Be a doctor, or a lawyer!” After years of training and perseverance, he finally proved himself by developing a new and advanced method to fight crime – by performing an observational humor comedy routine. The Observational Comedian is known to boldly confront criminals and point out the

subtle ironies of their actions in a dry and ironic tone until they are doubled over in laughter, at which point they are easily detained by the local police. He usually leaves the premises after proudly proclaiming his trademarked slogan: “It’s funny because it’s true!”

At the beginning of “The Botchedmen”, The Observational Comedian is dramatically tossed out of a high-rise window. So dedicated is he to his love of observational humor that on his slow-motion fall to the ground he screams “What’s the deal with being throw out the windooooo...” SPLAT.

Ozzymandius Osbourne

In a strange and misguided attempt to save the planet, this masked-vigilante/rock-star is creating a genetically altered mega-dove mutant, so that he can bite its head



off live in concert at this year's Ozzfest. When asked how exactly this would save humanity, Ozzymandius replied by mumbling incoherently for a couple of minutes and then passing out in a pool of his own vomit.



Escher

The mysterious origins of Escher's mask, with its constantly shifting blots that form optical illusions, remain an area of contentious debate. Some contend that the mask is an old napkin, once used to blot the oil off a particularly grimy piece of pizza. Others are sure that the mask is nothing more than skid-marks on an old pair of underwear belonging to some remarkable hobo. Others still posit that there is no mask at all, and that Escher is just really, really ugly. What's for sure is that the mask is a powerful tool in hindering evil-doers. Escher's technique is to arrive at the scene of the crime and baffle the criminals into submission using the perplexing optical illusions on his mask. Last week, Escher stopped two particularly heinous criminals by simply staring at them. They were overheard exclaiming:

"Woah! Is that an old lady, or a young woman?"

"I don't know, man. And look over there! The top line looks longer than the bottom one, but I have a sneaking suspicion that they are actually of the same length."

"Oh man – look at that! It looks as if those monks can walk up

that one flight of stairs indefinitely!"

"There are so many different ways to see each situation. Maybe we have to reexamine what we're doing with our lives, and start functioning as a healthy and productive part of society."

They surrendered to Escher shortly thereafter.

Polyester Poltergeist

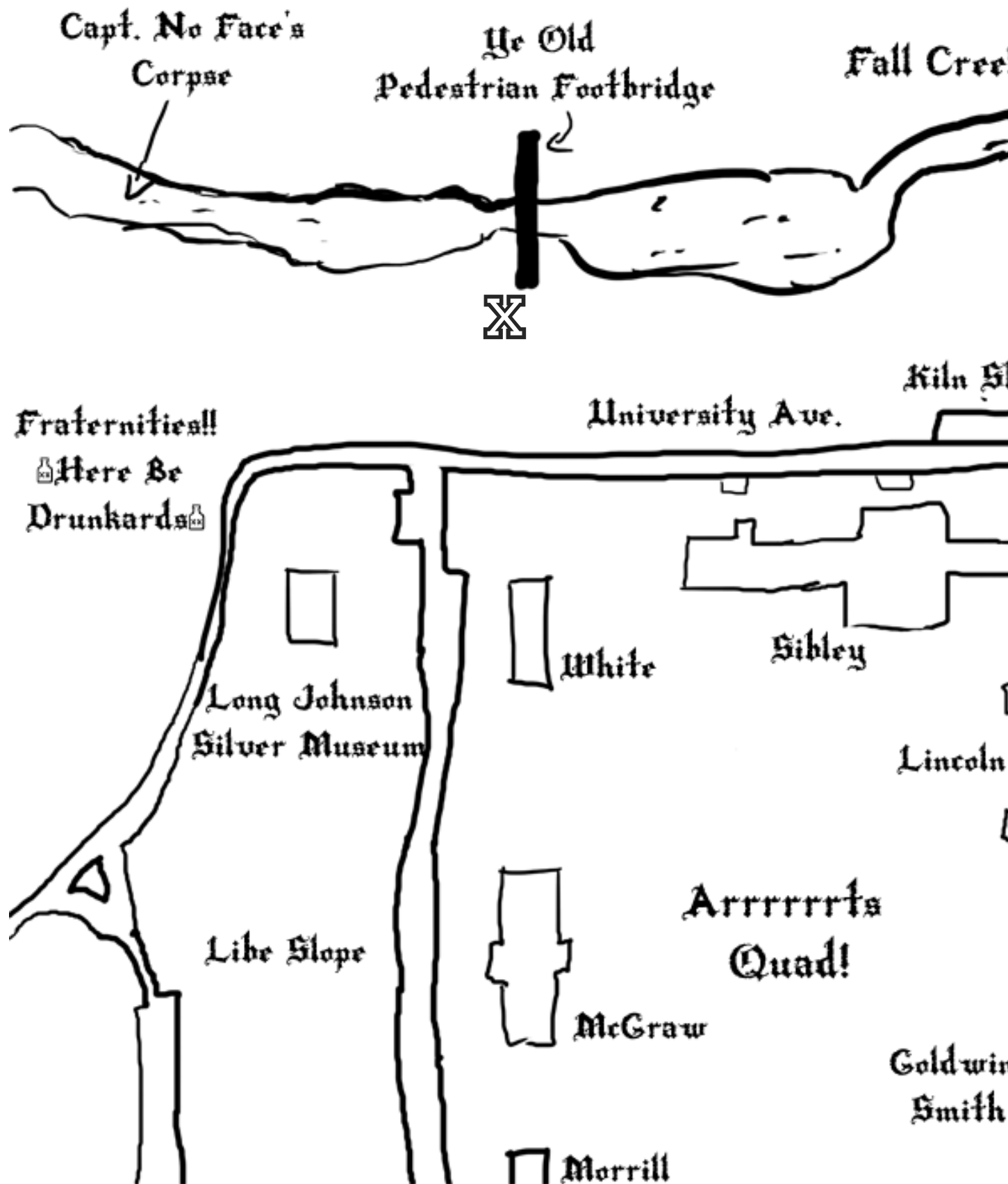
The Polyester Poltergeist is daughter of the famous masked vigilante, The Spandex Spectre, who is daughter to the Rayon Wrath. Coming from a long line of sexy masked heroines, The Polyester Poltergeist is eager to prove herself by seducing most of the other Botchedmen (a secret family technique).

Doctor Staten Island

Nobody could have predicted what was to happen to Jon Lobsterman after he accidentally stepped into the Intrinsic Field Improver. Certainly, nobody expected that he would transform into a blue, naked dude with no particularly impressive powers. Although his superhero skills may be lacking, Doctor Staten Island remains the pride of the blue-person community of the world. The Doctor Staten Island action figure was a top seller on Smurf Christmas. Also, he has been commissioned to perform a tour with the

Blue Man Group next fall.

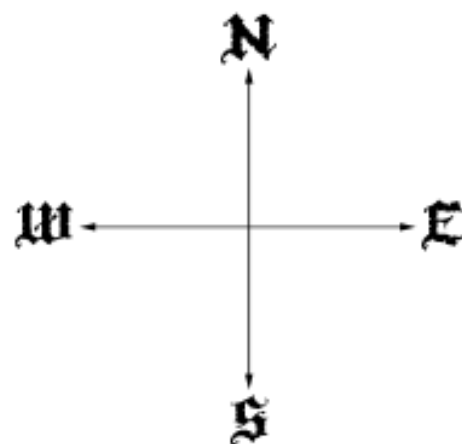




A vast Ye, Scurvy Cornellian Dogs!
This be the long lost treasure map of Capt. No Face! Ages ago, believing himself to be somewhere in the Caribbean, he buried his entire horde of treasure on campus...before blindly walking into a gorge. Legend has it that his treasure is still here, waiting to be found!

Legendary Legend:

SERIOUSLY, DO YOU NEED A LEGEND? IT'S A FREAKING MAP OF CORNELL!



Note: There really is treasure here! If you are bold enough to find it, send an email to thecornelllunatic@gmail.com, and we'll print your name in the next issue.

Good Luck!

After being fired from Princeton-Plainsboro Teaching Hospital for unprofessional conduct, Dr. Gregory House was hired by a respected university in upstate New York to work at their healthcare center. This is a snippet of one day with

H O U S E M.D.

@ gannett

Dr. Gregory House sat at his desk, clutching a red stress ball in one hand while the other scratched at his scruffy, unshaven cheek. He was bored with this job, and craved the exciting, urgent atmosphere he had left behind at the hospital. The sound of the clock tower chimes emanating through the hills and gorges reverberated in his ears, exacerbating the slight headache he seemed to always have.

House's office door open, and his assistant Melanie walked into the room. "We've got someone for you," she announced.

"Did you give 'em an STD pamphlet?" House responded, spinning in his chair toward Melanie.

"That's not what he's here for," she responded.

"Poor guy," House answered, "What have we got?"

"Sophomore cut his face in a fall. No big deal."

"We'll see. Bring him in." As Melanie walked out into the waiting room, Dr. House grabbed his cane and pushed himself up out of his chair, grunting. He was tired of getting up and putting pressure on his bad leg for stupid kids with stapled fingers and mono. This had better be good.

Melanie returned with a tall, shaggy-haired boy in a puffy jacket, holding a towel-wrapped ice pack to his forehead. "Hi," he muttered, "I'm Tim."

"Slow down, pal," House barked, "Tell me everything."

"Um..." Tim sat down, "Well, uh, I was walking across west- "

"West what?" House questioned.

"Uh, west campus. Anyway, I was walking and- "

"And what? Get to the point! Aren't you supposed to be smart?"

Tim continued, "I slipped on some ice and hit my head." He stopped talking.

There was a brief moment of silence as House stared at Tim, squinting at him analytically. "You expect me to believe that?" House laughed. Melanie, watching, rolled her eyes.

"Yes?" Tim answered.

House sighed, shaking his head. "Show me the wound." Tim slowly removed the bundle he was holding from his forehead. An ugly red gash was there, mostly done bleeding, but still quite unsanitary. "Hmm," House hummed to himself. He began limping around the room, pacing pensively. "Something is clearly wrong with your head."

Melanie sat down next to Tim. This was going to be another one of those sessions. "Yeah, dude. I knew that," Tim laughed, reapplying the ice pack.

House shot a contemptuous glare at Tim. "I'll make the snide comments here, junior." He resumed pacing. "Tell me, has anyone in your family ever had cancer?"

"Dude, what has that got to do with anything?" asked Tim.

"Just answer!"

"Yeah, man, my grandma had some lung cancer. Calm down."

House sighed again, throwing his hands into the air. "Kid, I thought I told you to tell me everything before!"

"How is that relevant?" Tim protested.

House limped back to his patient. "If you didn't want professional help, why'd you come to a doctor?" he snapped. Tim was speechless.

Melanie spoke up. "House, I really don't think-



"We're going to need a CAT scan," House said before she could finish.

"We don't have the equipment for that, House!" Melanie pointed out.

"Doesn't this place have a veterinarians' school?" House asked, "They must have something we can run slip-n'-slide over here through."

"He doesn't need a CAT scan," Melanie challenged. House rolled his eyes.

"Fine," he uttered, "No CAT scan. Just let him die." He began limping around the room once more before suddenly stopping.

Turning back to Tim, he commanded, "Show me it again." Tim took off the ice pack once more.

House examined the wound closely, then extended a finger and poked the area, pressing hard into it.

"OW!" Tim shouted, slapping the doctor's hand away. "What the hell'd you do that for?"

"I wanted to see if there was still pain," House explained.

"Dude, you could have asked!" whined Tim.

"You would have lied." House resumed pacing, stopping every now and then to glance at Tim's wound. After a few minutes of silent contemplation, House chuckled to himself.

"What's up?" questioned Tim.

"Of course! Cranio-epidermal abrasion," House answered.

"What?" Tim blurted out.

"Remember when you fell on the ice?"

"Duh."

"Well, the impact with the ground ruptured your skin, releasing some of the blood stored in your body. That's what caused the bleeding. The pain comes from the nerve signals typically associated with that sort of trauma. Classic warning signs of cranio-epidermal abrasion. You've got a big scratch on your head, that's all. Melanie, bandage the kid up and give him some painkillers. You're gonna be fine."

"Dude, seriously, what the hell?" Tim stammered, "That took you five minutes to figure out?"

"Five minutes," House repeated at Tim, "That might have taken other doctors hours. You would have been dead by then." Tim was speechless.

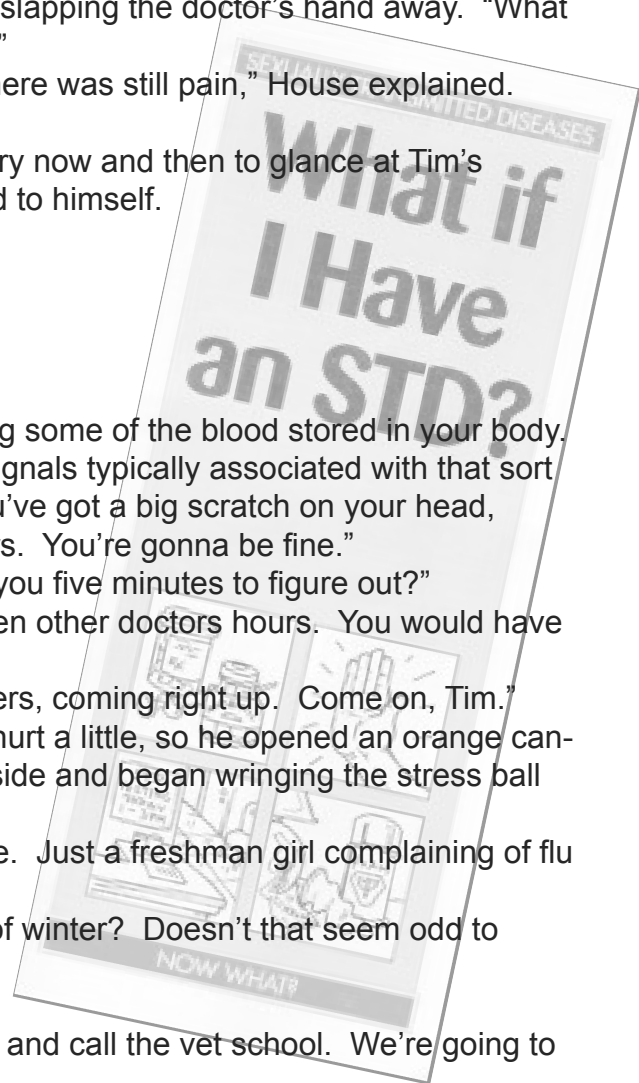
Melanie shook her head in disbelief. "Bandages and painkillers, coming right up. Come on, Tim." They left the room, and House sat back in his swivel chair. His leg hurt a little, so he opened an orange canister on his desk and popped a Vicodin. He tossed his cane to the side and began wringing the stress ball again.

Melanie reentered the room. "Another one to see you, House. Just a freshman girl complaining of flu symptoms, no big deal."

House perked up, intrigued. "Flu symptoms? In the middle of winter? Doesn't that seem odd to you?" He grabbed his cane and stood again.

"No, not at all," Melanie answered.

House sighed. "That's why I'm the doctor here. Send her in, and call the vet school. We're going to need that CAT scan."



The Cornell School of

Any person, any study. These are the words we know so well, written into every pamphlet the university prints, every email we receive about school budgetary concerns, every other opinion piece in pretty much all of the student publications. Are we living up to it here at Cornell? My colleagues, I promise you that we are attending to that ideal to a greater extent than you could ever imagine. Read on.

My suspicions about what I am about to divulge began as I was perusing the campus map in my agenda book, using a ruler and compass to figure out the fastest route between my classes (I find that I can usually shave an average of 37.9 seconds off my initially chosen, unoptimized path). As I was measuring the angles of each pathway intersection in the arts quad for later computation, I noticed a building that had never been of any consequence to me before: Olive Tjaden Hall. I noted that I had never had a class in this building, never seen any event advertised as being held in it, and that none of my acquaintances had ever mentioned it. Curious but focused on my angles, I continued with my measurements.

I paused once again when I noticed a small building, merely marked "FORGE," across the street from Tjaden. This seemed odd to me- what was a forge doing in the middle of Cornell? Was there a blacksmithing major I was unaware of? Perhaps alchemy?

Suddenly, it became clear to me that my conjectures were spot-on.

The seven colleges of Cornell are a motley gang, but it's always disorienting to see an arranged listing of the seven of them. Being a prime number, there's no way to arrange seven insignia in a symmetrical or aesthetically pleasing way. It always seems as if an eighth member of the bunch is absent.

That eighth member is the Cornell School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Consider the evidence:

-Earlier this semester, the "abandoned hydroelectrics lab" in the gorge collapsed. Student access to the lab has always been prohibited. Now, when a restricted area where nobody is supposed to be is suddenly destroyed, which story seems more likely: 1) spontaneous collapse, or 2) magical misfire?

-The above-mentioned Olive Tjaden Hall. Whenever I encounter someone with a name that starts with "Tj," I assume that they are either Scandinavian or Elvish, and I don't believe in the former.

-The Forge. Its location on the edge of the gorge makes it convenient for the cliff-dwelling dwarves who live there, which I have seen. Once. It was foggy. But still

-The central campus dining hall Okenshield's takes its name from a character from *The Hobbit*, thus proving the veracity of that novel and its relevance to our campus. Speaking of which...

-Dragon Day. Seriously, Cornell?

Witchcraft and Wizardry

I immediately emailed President Skorton demanding an explanation of the university cover-up and threatening to go public with my findings. He replied by faking naivete, saying that he found my "joke article for that humor magazine" very amusing. I pressed him again, making it clear that I was serious. He responded that there was no such school and that he hoped that the matter was thus cleared up. I replied that it most certainly was not, and have not heard from him again, save for a single email titled "Please leave me alone" sent to me after several dozen follow-up inquisitions.

I was relating this story to my friends in the Libe Café when a strange boy, who wishes to remain anonymous, walked up to me claiming to be a Potions major in the School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. For a fee of one dollar per minute, he offered an interview about the facts of the school. Finding this price more than reasonable for the chance to break the story of a lifetime, I consented and we met later that week. Here are the facts, straight from that aspiring wizard's mouth, about Cornell's most secretive college:

-The School's first dean was Jasper Brittleleaf Cornell, Ezra Cornell's little-known adopted wizard brother. Ezra was only persuaded to allow the School to be incorporated after Jasper hexed him with full-body baldness.

-The School's quad—referred to as the "mag quad" by those in the know—can only be reached by closing one's eyes and muttering a confidential incantation as one walks through Balch Arch.

-Minority issues are a more contentious topic among the witches and wizards than in the other seven schools. A controversial Troll Cultural Center was recently opened in Olive Tjaden Hall, and the pixie-language-only Pi'ri'pfri'j dormitory was recently closed due to lack of interest.

-The charitable but often-grouchy hunchback that performs the McGraw Tower chimes concerts offers résumé critiques in his belltower office every Thursday.

-Mallot Hall is actually named after Balthasar Ironbane Mallot, a dwarfish numerologist who once solved a riddle that was the key to a curse set on Ho Plaza that caused anyone passing through to vomit uncontrollably.

-According to a prophecy uttered by Helmsley Copperquill '34 upon his graduation, whoever pulls the cane out of the statue of Ezra Cornell's hand on the arts quad will be king of England.

-Dragon Day used to be a whole lot cooler.

After collecting these fascinating factoids (and many more), I paid the wizard student his \$96 we went our separate ways. I encountered the boy a few days later on Ho Plaza—he was wearing a stylish new jacket—and inquired as to how the magic school was doing. He walked away laughing, and I immediately realized my error; how foolish of me to bring up the School in a public space!

I am more willing to expose the truth about the School of Witchcraft and Wizardry than my magically-inclined friend. This article is only the beginning; after hours and hours of interviews and hundreds of dollars of investment in their undertaking, I will soon publish a comprehensive document of my findings. The facts of "Any person, any study" will be exposed to the light of day!



MAILBOXES

▶ Inbox

▶ Sent

▶ Trash

▼ REMINDERS

▶ To Do

▼ CORNELL MAIL

- ▶ a:
- ▶ Deleted Messages
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- ▶ study abroad
- ▶ Trash

From: President David Skirtoff <skirtoff@cornell.edu>
To: undisclosed-recipients;;
Date: April 1, 2009 12:57:36 PM EDT
Subject: The Current Financial Crisis

To the Cornellians Whom It May Concern:

Hello and good evening from David Skirtoff, your President. I speak to you live from my office as the economy worsens around the world and at home. I'm sure you can see in my face the sadness and sense of responsibility that I feel at this moment... I'm sorry? We're not live? Well, I guess I didn't need to be so worried about screwing up my lines... What? We're not even on television? Then what are all those cameras for? No, I did not tell you to install them- oh, that's right, PATRIOT Act. Let's start over.

I'm delivering this radio address today to inform you of the measures Cornell plans to take in this current climate of economic instability- what's wrong? No radio either? You're right, I don't even have a microphone.

Hi, you're listening to the David Skirtoff podcast, recorded live in the- oh, right, no microphone. CORNELL TO INSTITUTE MASSIVE CUTBACKS STOP. YOU ARE ALL FIRED STOP. What? Then why the hell did I learn Morse code? Forget it, I'll just send an email.

I write to update you on the state of our university as the economy worsens around the world and at home. Before I get into the details, I just want to stress one point: we are in no way hemorrhaging money and on the verge of being bought by Mail Boxes Etc. Our dealings with Bernie Madoff have definitely not driven me to the brink of despair as my personal savings vanish, as though they never existed. The seeming transformation of the global markets into a bizarre netherworld where every rule that I assumed governed the behavior of people, places, and things has been revealed to be a sadistic joke has not shaken my belief in humanity, or myself, or God. No, it is business as usual here at Cornell.

I met with the Board of Trustees last week to discuss our plans to cash out all our remaining assets and flee to Aruba in the dead of night, but we ultimately rejected this plan as unfeasible in light of the fact that our remaining assets would barely fund a drive to the Commons. Therefore, we instead agreed to the following initiatives:

1. The board has authorized the sale of up to 50 percent of the buildings on campus to Wal-Mart. These new "big box classrooms" would combine the valuable real-life experience of earning minimum wage with the useless Government-major experience of debating the superiority of capitalism to communism.
2. The board has also agreed to reduce endowment spending by 100 percent until we can raise additional funds, perhaps by holding a shirtless car wash.

These actions are to be taken in addition to those already reported to you in earlier communications, including: pausing construction through June 30, 3011; reducing the budgets of all departments across the university, especially the Budget Office; selling all your children into slavery; tapping reserves (uncommitted fund balances) (i.e., requisitioning contingency fiscal alternatives to synergize with our current "broke-ass" state) to pay down existing lines of credit (and coke); and growing the size of the Class of 2013 by approximately 100 million students.

I would also like to take this moment to condemn the violence that has tainted our campus of late. Reports of seniors attacking freshman for their lunch money and sophomores biting juniors for no reason at all have flooded my office recently, and I would just like to say that class warfare has no place in the Cornell community. There need not be conflict between people with different graduation dates – unless one of them still has a bunch of money somehow. Then I'd say you're pretty justified in doing whatever is necessary to ensure the reins of control lie in the hands of the Proletariat.

Finally, I appreciate the more than -1 suggestions that have been submitted to help set Cornell on a better course, and I am proud to say that the following have been formally adopted and will be put into action very soon:

1. We will be raising tuition by 4000 percent.

These are challenging times, and there is no denying that sacrifices will have to be made. However, I am confident that you will rise to the occasion and make them. Now, my computer is about to run out of power, and I need the electricity to run my dialysis machine, so I bid you goodnight and good luck in this exciting new chapter in Cornell's history. Sleep well, for tomorrow new challenges await, and you will need your rest for the post-apocalyptic nuclear hellscape that will greet you outside your dorm room, to which the cold embrace of death will seem infinitely preferable.

Love,

David J. Skirtoff

Sent from an undisclosed location on my Blackberry Curve.

up close and personal with...

THE CASTRATOS



Such contrioersial lyrics include:

“To the window, to the wall/ till the sweat drop down my ”

One of Cornell's great legends has remained a mystery for quite some time. The legend of **the Castratos**, the only a cappella group on campus in which all the members are castrated. The group is said to be led by Lon Li Hwang, a half white, half Asian guy from Mississippi. What makes most people skeptical of this legend is the idea that there could possibly be any students at Cornell from Mississippi.

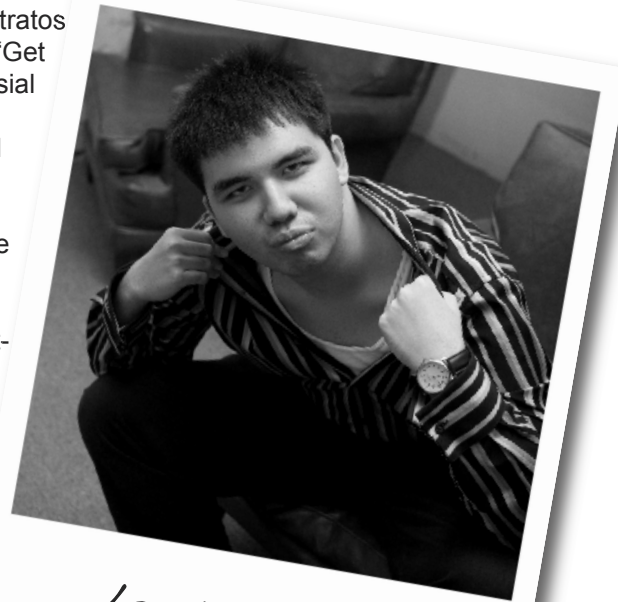
While all of the Castratos have gained fame, Lon Li Hwang, has clearly emerged as the most talented and most highly-acclaimed. He is the most prolific writer for the Castratos, cranking out such hits as “Coach, I Don't Need a Cup,” “Girl, Put Down that Jar,” “Let's Leave the Lights off,” “Hittin' the High Notes,” and “Ballin' in my Speedo.”

Lon Li Hwang came under heat when he released his more controversial album entitled *Baritone Bitches*. In this album, he and the other Castratos breathe some new hip hop influence into their work with their version of “Get Low” by Ying Yang Twins and Lil' Jon and the Eastside Boys. Controversial lyrics involve the following:

Going solo, Lon Li Hwang claims took a lot of balls, which he did not have. As a result, he decided to return to the Castratos. Lon Li Hwang's approval rating especially dropped after he cut loose the quote “dead weight from his spotlight.” He lost many Asian fans after putting out such singles as his one reggae hit, “Asian Man Do My Homework,” his Billy Joel “We Didn't Start the Fire” parody titled “Everything is Made in China,” “Sirent Night” from his Christmas album, and performed a full version of Michael Jackson's “Don't Stop Til Get Enough” like the Chinese guy in the bar in *Rush Hour 2*. It was a tough time for Hwang, after putting up with the hate mail, the law suits, the complaints, and losing his endorsements from *Viagra* and *Cialis*.

Update!

Despite these problems, Lon Li Hwang and Castratos are now back together, breaking new musical barriers and the ice above Cayuga's waters with their high pitched voices and chest hair. The group has remained relatively secretive, but a few pictures have been obtained thanks to the hard work of the Cornell Lunatic reporter David Watts.



Lon Li Hwang

meet the guys!



Justin Nutso Kass

Justin Nutso Kass is another highly regarded member of the Castratos. While it is rumored, that he has a drinking problem, only a few know the true story. According to Lon Li Hwang, Nutso was baptized in an alcohol bath in a corrupt Southern church, and hence broke the Guinness World Record for being the first three day old person to consume Guinness beer. It is also rumored that his initiation for membership in the Castratos occurred when his circumcision went wrong.

Church has certainly been a major influence on his life. While spending his first prison sentence, he kept a Bible close to his heart and an extra large piece of the true cross between his legs.

After leaving prison for the last time, Lonely Hwang helped Nutso get cleaned up and Nutso got a gig working on the hit Southern sitcom "Oh Lawd, Did you put the Pig Feet in That Jar?" His acting career dwindled however, after starring in such films as Broke Ass Mountain and Snatch the Sack. His biggest hit with the Castratos has got to be "Don't Drop the Soap." He's always on time for meetings and I hear his timing is pretty fantastic in bed. In fact, he's never cumming prematurely.



Eric Ball's got an interesting story. Most kids lose something on prom night and Eric (previously Erica) certainly lost something. On the brighter side Eric became a male track star the next day when he ran the quarter mile in less than 10 seconds. When asked how he gained so much speed so quickly, he claimed that he had dropped a few pounds.

Eric didn't lose his marbles over the prom night incident. In fact, he certainly gained enough money from the lawsuit to come to Cornell. Despite this victory for transsexuals everywhere, Eric did not gain enough money to cum again. While Eric is very busy as a Cornell biology major, he always makes time for himself. On any given weekend, one can see Eric on the Arts Quad throwing a Frisbee, sipping a soda, and making frequent trips to the decorative ping pong ball store.



Eric Ball

Lance D'Sacco has got the wrench and the pliers. He's been asked many times whether it is safe for the organization to remove genitalia without proper anesthesia. He responds by saying that morphine and large doses of codeine can be used to ease the pain. He's been known to dabble in morphine and other stuff (crack) for recreational use. After doing drugs for many years, he ran out of options and miserably tried to make money through inventions. One of his most famous failed inventions was the Pubik Cube.

He's cleaned up after going to rehab where he ran into Amy Winehouse. While in rehab, he wrote several castratos songs including "I Feel So Empty (Because I Have No Balls)." But, don't let this initiator's newfound love for music fool you, he's still gangsta. Jehova's witness may have to go to the witness protection program after messing with this bad mutha *****.



Lance D'Sacco



Victor Van Deferens

Victor Van Deferens is the newest member of the Castratos. Old school is where he specializes. He is mostly influenced by Little Richard, Michael Jackson, the Beach Boys, Isaac Hayes, the Temptations, and Shawn Wayans. He has emerged as one of the most talented new recruits. His work has led to the production of the smash hit, "Quit Playing Games with Yourself."

His high backing vocals on "Don't Want Them Back" have dazzled audiences for the past year. Despite his great potential, he sometimes regrets having taken that extra drink at the party. He also has confirmed that Lance's lie that the jar is only filled with used peach seeds and not his seed. He plays R. Kelly's "If I Could Turn Back the Hands of Time," and tries to control himself when these mood swings occur. The loss of testosterone has caused these mood swings and therefore makes him susceptible to premature manly menopause.

Castratos Anthem

Far above Cayuga's waters, in the classroom halls
 We stand and sing to Cornell's glory, sans the weight of balls
 Throughout the streets of Ithaca we sing, we croon, we warble
 The townies revel in our mirth and say we've lost our marbles
 Across the quads, upon the stage, we perform every day
 Always happy, always cheery, though not exactly gay
 The ladies rush us every show, running from the stands
 They love us and adore our group, but hey, let's just be friends
 A band of ever-bachelors, together yet alone
 Full of voice and talent yet lacking testosterone
 So sing on fair Castratos, bring music to us all
 When it comes to mirth and song we've really dropped the ball

LEGENDS ON THE HILL

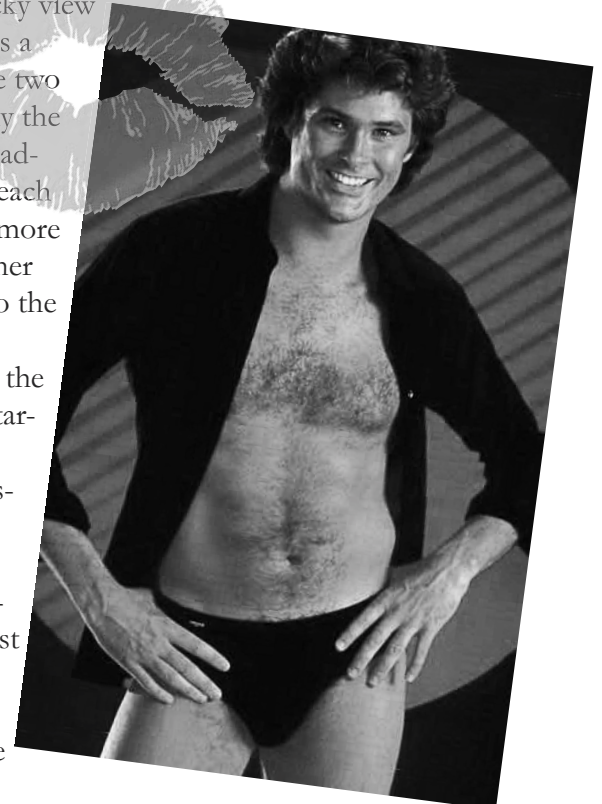


- The entire first graduating class consisted only of Ezra Cornell's illegitimate children
- Andrew Dickson White's nickname was "White Dick" due to his penchant for wearing trousers to the beach
- Every leap year at midnight the statues of A.D. White and E. Cornell walk across the quad and make passionate love
- On Valentine's Day at midnight if a virgin walks across the quad, the statues rape him/her (in poor taste?)
- If you jump off a bridge 10 times, the 11th one is free
- Dragon Day started in 1906 when a dragon ran through the quad and killed everyone
- The original alma mater of Cornell was just an air raid siren and everybody ran around panicking every day at noon
- When aliens invade, the Synchotron (sp?) will rise from the ground and defend us
- Willard Straight Hall was originally called Willard Gay Hall until another layer is added to this joke
- Ezra Cornell was a powerful necromancer
- Ithaca College is a hoax
- The Loch Beebe monster is just a large otter that sometimes watches girls sleep in Collegetown
- Cornell's old mascot, the Big Red Bear, escaped in 1919 and now lives in a cave where it has grown to enormous size. Cornell faculty must feed it a steady diet of Architecture students
- When Ezra Cornell died, his penis was planted on Libe Slope where it has grown into the Clock Tower. The "I" was added later to appease parents
- Sage Hall does not subscribe to any religion; the truth is that it is the site of the local Scientology chapter
- Cornell University was founded on A Very Special Episode of "Blossom"



Seymour the Legendary Paunch

Under a fig tree in a city that rests ten kilometers east of Dublin a young paunch by the name of Seymour was abandoned by his parents shortly after birth. The feeble paunch fended for himself in those early years surviving off of the figs and grass that surrounded him. He lived a tough childhood filled with days of stomach churning labor but no time to play with the other paunches his age. This experience steeled him to the outside world. As the paunch grew a little larger it walked itself into the seedy under belly of downtown Dublin and found work as a barkeep in the wrong part of town. There, Seymour took a liking to the free flowing Irish spirits and began to swell even more as each day passed. One morning Seymour awoke from a drunken daze only to find himself covered in bacon grease, bacon bits and the familiar but unwelcomed order of a piss following an overindulgence of swine parts. Realizing that he needed to clean his life up the paunch turned to acting and began to attend acting classes in the city. There he met an upstart and enthusiastic young man named Phillip. The two were not fast friends. Instead there was a period of tension where Seymour felt Phillip's happy go lucky view of the world was naive and juvenile, Phillip also felt that the paunch was a meanie and had a bad personality. One day during an acting exercise the two were paired together and the teacher commented on the fact that if only the two of them could settle their differences they could become the most admired acting duo of their generation. The two began to get along with each other and eventually grew into one another. As they became more and more entangled with each other they decided to legally fuse themselves together into one glorious union. They legally changed the name of this union to the catchy Phillip Seymour. However, since the combined names contained what is traditionally considered to be two first names they chose to add the surname of one of their acting idols, Hasselhoff, and go off to mega stardom in Hollywood as Phillip Seymour Hasselhoff. After their first film however, they were contacted by a lawyer ordering Phillip Seymour Hasselhoff to cease and desist using the name Hasselhoff as David has a copyright on the last name in regards to anything produced in Hollywood. Disappointed the boys decided to go with a similar yet clearly inferior last name, Hoffman. The duo went on to become one of the most amazing acting duos in recent memory. Though rumors have surfaced that Seymour is not happy with the disproportionate attention that Phillip has been receiving in the Hollywood community and the two are contemplating a divorce.





THE BLAME PAGE

Cover: JGF

Editorial: MJC

Pun: BDS

Supreme Court: BDS

Anagramer: BR

Buffalo: RMH

Hero: RMH

Botched Men: BR

Legendairy: RLM

Map: IRT

House: MJC

Witchcraft: MJC

Email: BDS

The Castratos: DJW & Staff

Legends: Staff

Hoffman Paunch: NVS

Hidden Nipple: NVS

Fun Pages: MJC

ADVENTURERS' MATH PUZZLE!!

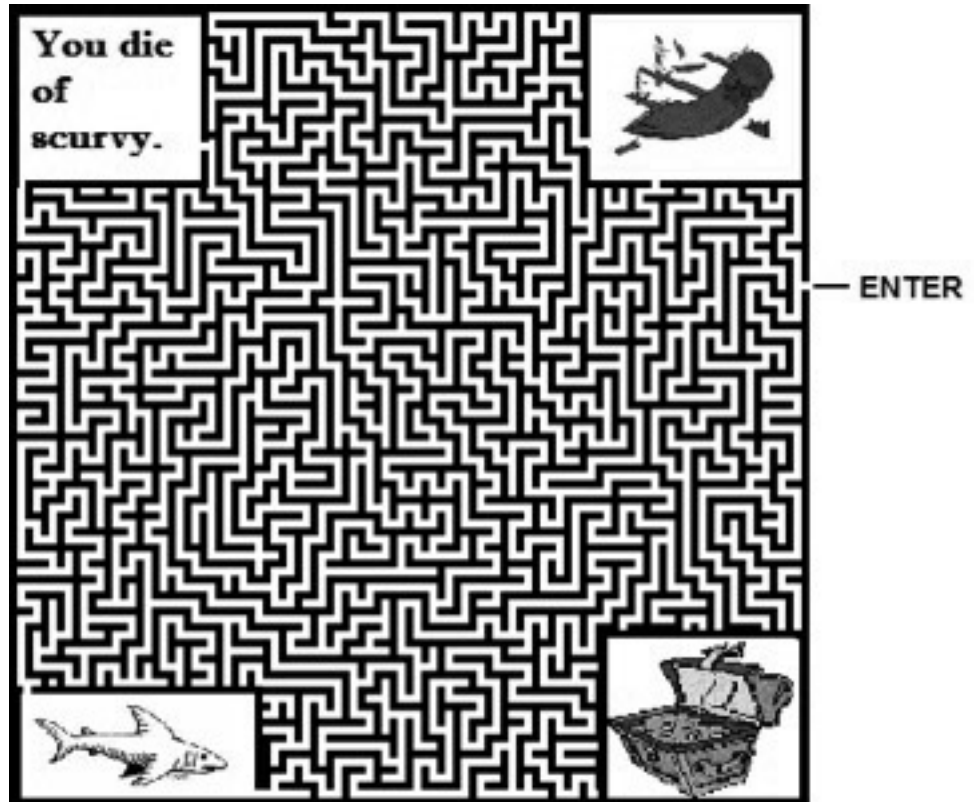
Aldor Grizzlybane has a +3 Ringlet of Phoenix Rage equipped and casts Level 8 Magma Bolt at Hyrox Zephyrlord, who is enchanted with a Level 3 Shroud of Twilight.

- 1) How much damage does Hyrox receive? As a Class 9 Bard, does he survive the blow?
- 2) How many other friends do these adventurers have?



PIRATE MAZE!

Live the exciting life of a seafaring pirate and search for buried treasure!



GREEK MYTHOLOGY MADLIB!

Write your own Greek legend!

One day, Zeus had sex with a ___(profession)___ and a baby was born soon after, named ___name that sounds like an STD___. The child had the ability to ___(verb)___ enormous ___(plural noun)_____. ___(goddess)___ got jealous and turned the talented youth into a(n) ___(organism or body of water)_____. This is why ___(natural phenomenon)___ happens.

Legend of the Hidden Nipple

By The Venerable Guru O'Sullivan

Practitioners of the ancient wisdom of eastern philosophy have directed their meditative focus on that spot which is believed to be the ultimate center of consciousness. The Third Eye, located between the eyes and eyebrows of individuals is the seat of the Sublime Truths of the world and meditation upon this region elicits the universality of human experience. The Third Eye, for all the knowledge and potential it holds is unfortunately not accessible to all practitioners who seek it. Specifically, those with the disfigurement of a unibrow do not possess a third eye at all. This ultimately means those with unibrows, also known as unibrites, cannot achieve the ultimate happiness in this world. Ancient sages often appeased the unibrites by fabricating stories about the unibrow being a sacred protector of the third eye, a bridge between reality and the ethereal

world. This explanation however, is a fabrication, a deception, the unibrow is actually a devastating form of spiritual retardation. The unibrow actually signifies the lack of a third eye and subsequently a severe handicap to the extent of spiritual enlightenment one may attain. Unibrites, have largely been kept knowingly in the dark by religious leaders who felt these people were a nuisance and had no true opportunity of understanding the sublime truths of life. Unibrites will forever remain as the nocturnal bat, relegated to an existence void of the blissful light of enlightenment.

However, all hope is not lost. While those without the third eye to meditate upon will never fully understand the sublime state of enlightenment there is another object of concentration by which a directed meditation could lead to an adequate spiritual experience. This mystical meditative object is known as the Third Nipple. To meditate upon the Third Nipple one must focus their attention upon the

manifestation of the Third Nipple which contrary to expectation actually occurs in the heel of the right foot. The Third Nipple is the seat of the ultimate understanding of simple mental and spiritual cognition. By meditating upon the Third Nipple unibrites now have the hope of understanding some of the simplest truths of life. For example, questions such as why is there air, why is the sky blue and why is it so hard to find a nice member of the opposite gender to settle down with can all be answered through intense concentrated meditation upon the Third Nipple. In the larger scheme of the world the knowledge achieved through intense meditation on the third nipple does lack the power of any truly authentic revelations of spiritual substance, but meditation upon the Third Nipple can in some cases lead to a mildly satisfying life for those who already live the desolate existence of having a unibrow. Though it is clear that Third Nipple meditation can lead to some semblance of spiritual understanding it cannot be more clearly stated that meditation on the Third Nipple will never be more enlightening nor will it uncover the same depth of human experience as meditation on the third eye. After all the unibrow is largely a punishment for the individual's stupidity in their past lives. Meditation on the third nipple is merely a coping mechanism by which an individual may hope to eventually lessen the suffering and ridicule brought on by their unibrow.

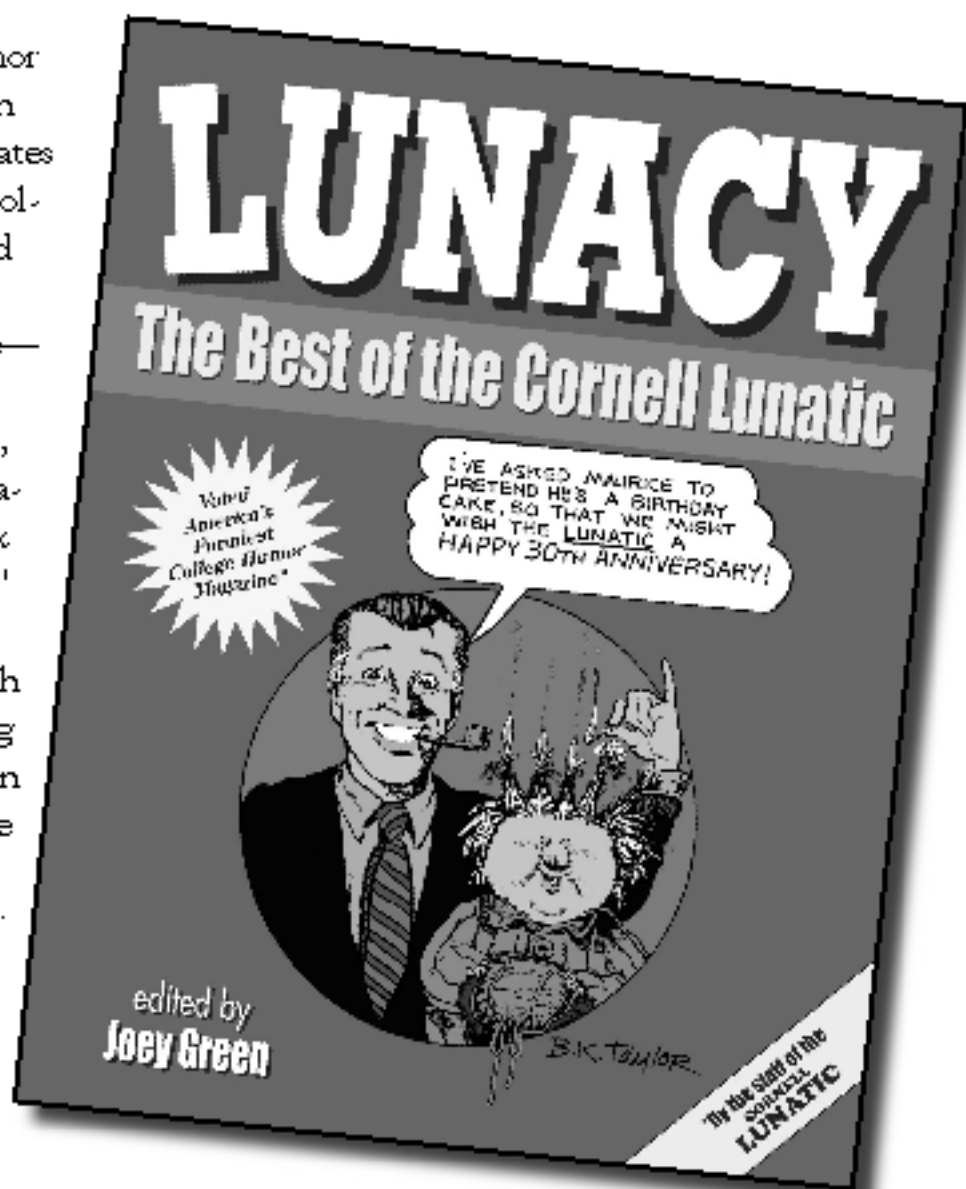


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