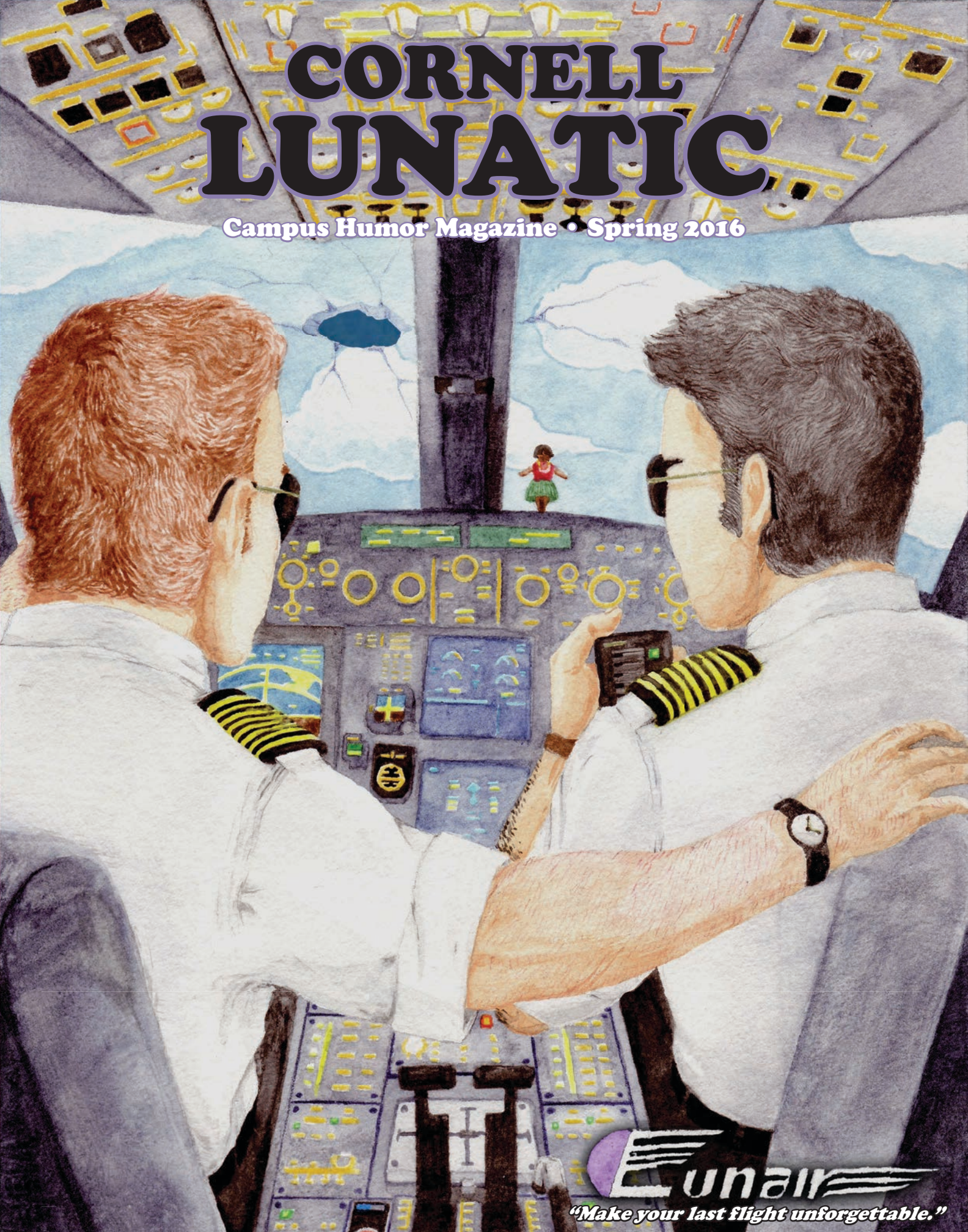


CORNELL LUNATIC

Campus Humor Magazine • Spring 2016



Eunair
"Make your last flight unforgettable."

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Interested in joining us?

Do you have any experience flying planes? Are you already a member of a cult on campus? Do you sometimes wonder where the hibachi chefs learned it all? Did the aliens introduce us to felt?

the *Cornell Lunatic* needs you:

Writers, Artists, Layout Editors, Web Designers, Astrophysicists, Chefs, Divorcees, Aristocrats, Aristocats, Non-Threatening Drug Dealers, Threatening Drug Dealers, Bridesmaids

Email Dana Fader at thecornelllunatic@gmail.com to find out how **you can get involved!**



IOWA

5 SYLLABLES,
2,000,000 SQUARE FEET,
AND THE PERFECT TRAVEL
DESTINATION



Some call it the state of shimmer, for others it's the land of the mighty beasts, and for the wealth of lucky travelers, it's the top vacation destination in the US and abroad. Historically, Iowa was known for the *Iscabutis flintauphus*, a wild singing flower that can be found nowhere else. Iowa natives first discovered the plant in 1341 and began selling it to curious Chinamen, who in turn sold it to the Egyptians, who turned used it to produce elephant earrings. Iowa is also home of the very first prog (half-pig-half-frog), now an ever-popular pet for Iowa youngsters. A statue of Sir Yuan Finlanson of Korbsin, Iowa, who discovered the first prog in 1410, stands erect in front of the Iowa State House. Visitors often leave stuffed progs at the statue's feet. *Wherever your travels may take you, a stop in Iowa is never out of the way.*

Table of Contents

| | |
|---------------------------------------------|----|
| IOWA..... | 3 |
| Letter From the Editor..... | 5 |
| TSA & Friends..... | 6 |
| Upgrade to First Class NOW..... | 7 |
| Flight Tips!..... | 8 |
| REVISIONS..... | 9 |
| Free Orlando..... | 10 |
| Safety Procedures..... | 11 |
| Baby Silencer..... | 12 |
| TCAT Bowsers..... | 13 |
| In-Flight Romcoms..... | 14 |
| Audio Recordings at Trump Estate..... | 15 |
| Dormitory Droppings..... | 16 |
| Curly Girls!..... | 17 |
| Conveyor Belt..... | 18 |
| A Nigerian Prince Email Correspondence..... | 19 |
| Leaked Oval Office Tapes..... | 20 |
| Trump Cake Recipe..... | 21 |
| Maury Show..... | 22 |
| Op Ed: Why JFK Won't Win..... | 24 |
| Superpowers from a Radioactive Bear..... | 25 |
| Challenges of College Parents..... | 26 |
| Shit Sorority Girls Say..... | 27 |
| The Proposal..... | 28 |
| Flight Transcript..... | 29 |
| Pitch Meeting..... | 30 |
| Ode to Otters..... | 31 |
| Drug Dealer Passenger..... | 32 |
| Frat Boy Calendar..... | 33 |
| SkyMall Products..... | 34 |
| Letters to the Editor..... | 35 |
| Deluxe Travel Package..... | 36 |
| Nuclear Site..... | 39 |

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Letter From the Editor

Ladies and Gentlemen,

This is your captain speaking, and on behalf of this d0p3 @\$\$ cr3w, welcome aboard Lunair flight 723.

This is a bittersweet trip for me as it is my last one acting as captain. It's time to hand over the reigns of this golden pony, which can fly and is more glossy B&W than golden and more of a 40-page magazine than a pony, but you get the point, to the next generation of young pilots dedicated to enhancing your travel experience/reading pleasure.

I'd like to give a shoutout to two of our own very special ~~stewards~~ flight attendants also on their last flight. Bum, thank you for teaching me how to pilot and for explaining to me the hinge that every comedic writer should strive to find, and Danielelmaniel, thanks for tagging me in weird insta pix and helping me tame the one they call SAFC. The *Lunatics* will miss you as you go forth into the worlds of whatever being an english major and ILRie prepares you for.

We've got a great inflight magazine for you this trip. From articles covering controversial topics like what to do when your oxygen mask deploys or when the person sitting next to you is a drug dealer to political masterpieces including why JFK won't win the 2016 election and actual oval office leaked tapes, this won't be your average sky travel.

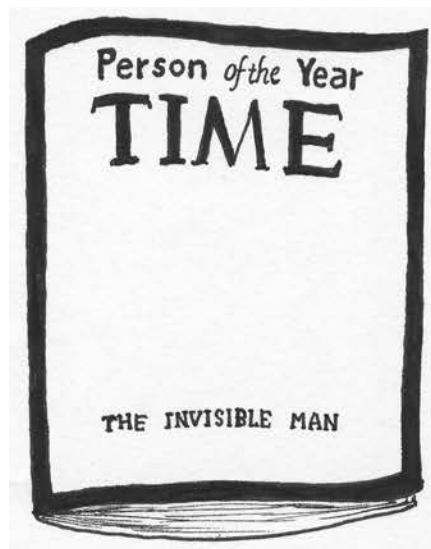
So please, make sure your seat backs and tray tables are in their full upright position and that your seat belt is correctly fastened. Also, your portable electronic devices must be set to 'airplane' mode until an announcement is made upon arrival, not that anyone is texting you anyway.

Here at Lunair we have a saying, "Make *your* last flight unforgettable." Well I intend to "Make *our* last flight unforgettable."

Thank you for flying Lunair.

Oh, and we're also out of coffee.

Captain Dana



TSA & Friends: Ep. 02

SCENE 2. OFFICER TAMMY and OFFICER RICK have both finally made it to the JFK airport. They're going to need our loyal viewers' help to apprehend the terrorist.

NARRATOR: This episode has been brought to you by the letters I, E, and D.

OFFICER TAMMY: To protect our friends, we need to find the "Terrorists." Can you say "Terrorist"? I can't hear you...

OFFICER RICK: Super! Now let's find the "Terrorist." Is *he* the "Terrorist"? Is *she* the "Terrorist"? Good, good! It's *him* because he's the "Ethnic" one!

SCENE 3. OFFICER TAMMY and OFFICER RICK take TERRY the Terrorist *into* the interrogation room.

TERRY: I told you, I don't know anything, dammit!

OFFICER RICK: Well, looks like torture didn't work. Guys, should we try using the "Truth Serum"? Alright!

OFFICER RICK *injects* TERRY with the Truth Serum.

OFFICER RICK: Say it with me, kids! Terry, no terrorizing! Terry, no terrorizing! Terry, no terrorizing!

TERRY: O.K., O.K. The IED is on the tail-end of the plane near Gate B.

OFFICER TAMMY: Can you find the "IED" or the "Improvised Explosive Device"? Is it on *that* plane? *This* one? Oh no, it's on *that* one!

OFFICER RICK: We'll have to get that removed to protect our friends! See, Terry, that "Truth Serum" wasn't so bad, was it now? Wouldn't you all agree?

OFFICER TAMMY: Oh, Rick, you know that wasn't a *real* "Truth Serum," right?

OFFICER RICK and **TERRY:** It wasn't?!

OFFICER TAMMY: No, silly... it was just water and salt. The truth was in *you* all along! [OFFICER TAMMY *pats* TERRY *on the heart*].

TERRY: Ha ha, yeah! Alright!

SCENE 4. After apprehending the terrorist, OFFICER TAMMY and OFFICER RICK are going to need our loyal viewers' help in joining the "Mile High Club" without the SECOND CAPTAIN noticing.

UPGRADE TO FIRST CLASS NOW

The old saying goes, "Whether you're first class or not, you still get to the same place at the same time." Well, at Lunair, we have a saying, "Shut your cockhole or we'll do it for you with our complementary nuts." Life is all about the journey, and if you can't do it by showing how much better you are than everyone else, what's the point? But this isn't your leather daddy's first class! Below are just a smattering of the thousands (.0015 thousand to be exact!) of features and upgrades you get when you purchase first class on our aircraft.*

** complementary as in complementing your experience***

*** for a fee*

Enhanced Premium Luxury Seating Plus™ Platinum®

Enjoy more than double* the legroom, perfect for complimentary foot massages** and showing other flyers your ingrown and outgrown toenails. Our spacious armrests have an authentic, diverse background of everyone who's ever used them before, giving a flavor of class, not unlike our Watercress Walnut flavor of nuts.

* standard leg room is 6 in. on most models

** happy endings only given if your feet are ticklish

Exclusive Gôurmét Entree's by World-Class Chef Mike Rowave

Our farm fresh organic genetically enhanced meals are the most highly-rated cuisine you can get at 69,069 feet! Your appetizer is a choice of Canadian goose salad drizzled in Alaskan Oil™ and vinegar or Mandarin Orange Crush chicken with Elmer's sticky rice. For your main course, choose one of our delectable dishes below:

- Suitcase Surprise!: We raid all on-flight baggage for any tasty morsels stowed away by those greedy, poor flyers, and stir-fry the result in their sweat and tears, a Lunair classic.
- Ostrich Omelette: Our poached poached eggs are highly illegal and highly scrumptious. Good thing those ugly giraffe birds can't get us up here!
- Prime Rib Steak: Go on. Order a 12 oz. hunk of dead animal carcass. On a fucking plane. We dare you. Get it medium rare too.
- Assorted Nuts: If you peCAN'T help yourself and love ALLmond types of nuts, you know what to CashOOSE! I hope that wasn't too aCORNY (includes Watercress Walnuts)

Unlimited Access* to Our Extensive Catalog of In-Flight Entertainment

With hundreds of thousands of tens of movies, TV shows, softcore porn, cat videos, and bathroom security footage, you never won't not have something to watch on our state-of-the-art personal entertainment screens installed directly overhead! On select flights, enjoy live entertainment of our regular fliers bare knuckle fighting over who gets the last package of Watercress Walnuts on our overseas flights.

* access to credit card slider

And Millions of More Features Including...

- Private bathrooms underneath your seat
- Free orgasms*
- Watercress Walnuts (nuts not included)
- Lighter wallet / purse
- Chlamydia
- Hot towels

* if aroused enough, we won't charge you to orgasm*

** if a member of Select First class

\$10 with purchase of 0.00003oz Trail Mix valued at \$300 or more



A Lunair Exclusive

GOURMET PROCESSED GROUNDNUT LEGUMES

Price: 5 LunBucks*

*One and a half kidneys or one-tenth of a human soul

Lunair Flight Tips



- If you are afraid of flying, remember that death is quick in most crashes.
- In the event of an emergency, the oxygen masks will deploy. Secure your own mask before helping your children. Unless you love them.

- **ATTENTION:** This airline allows hijackers to take a maximum of three (3) hostages. Thank you.
- It is a federal crime to tamper with the smoke alarm in the lavatory. Just duct tape a tupperware over it, and you should be all set to blaze.

- If you have a window seat, you are encouraged to go to the bathroom at least 9 times per flight.
- Shout facts about history's most deadly plane crashes during takeoff and landing. The people need to be informed.
If you must sacrifice a lamb mid-flight, do so in the lavatory.

- Resist the temptation to trip a flight attendant as she walks down aisle with the snack cart.
- If the flight attendant is male and this upsets your views of gender roles, it is within your Constitutional Rights to have him thrown from the cabin and replaced with a female-android stewardess.

- If your neighbor is masturbating in the seat next to you, let him do his thing. It's 2016; let's be tolerant of unconventional sexual behavior.
- If your baby is crying, get it to shut the fuck up.
- The no-smoking sign pertains only to cigarettes—weed is cool.

- In the event of a gas tank explosion, do not panic. The passenger compartment is encased in steel beams.
- If you are still reading this: Don't you know they serve liquor on planes?





Revised Cornell Motto

"I would found an institution where any person—provided his or her family has the means to hire a private SAT tutor, and is able to drive to debate team every Thursday—can find instruction in any study."

—Ezra Cornell

The Gettysburg Address,

Reworked with Bias-Free Language as Appropriate for Safe Spaces on College Campuses

Four score and seven years ago our—actually, let me take a moment to give everyone a trigger warning, as this speech may make reference to the loss of life. As I was saying, four score and seven years ago our fathers, and mothers, and legal guardians of other and/or no particular gender identity, brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all humans, and individuals who identify as extant or mythical creatures, are created equal.

Please give me more attention. And may G(g)od(s) bless the United States of America.

#FREEORLANDO

ORLANDO BROWN FANS:

You are needed more than ever right now. Our boy, Lando the Mando, is currently locked up. The feds think he beat his girlfriend (OK, he probably did) with meth in his pocket (well, he definitely did) while in a police station parking lot (that is exactly where they found him). Not to mention, he claims former co-star Raven Symoné accused him of stealing her cell phone! Not terribly Raven of her if you ask me. Not to mention, she should have used her knowledge of the future to let him know that when he was beating his girlfriend while carrying meth that'd be in a police station parking lot, hmmm?????



(Our hero)
Please make all donations for his bail and legal fees at our GoFundMe campaign, known as #LiberateLando, and sign our Change.org petition.

CHARLES KOCH'S ANNIVERSARY

I bought you
a Congressman!



Safety Procedures

Oxygen Mask:

Protip: Make sure to breathe as infrequently as possible while using the oxygen mask. After all, oxygen is necessary to start a fire, and we wouldn't want you to catch on fire, now would we?

Protip: There are only enough oxygen masks for every other person, so the moment you think that the cabin is beginning to depressurize, kill those around you.

Protip: Just kill everyone.

Protip: Assert dominance over Oxygen, kill Oxygen's friends and loved ones.

Stopping Terrorists on Your Plane:

As the U.S. continues to drone and drone strike the Middle East, the number of terrorists seeking to take over aircrafts will only continue to increase. Thus, it is imperative for your survival as an individual to follow these safety instructions in case of terrorist emergency. First, let us lay out a few ground rules to ensure the highest chance for survival.

1. Every Man for Themselves

Screw your friends, loved ones, children, pets, neighbors, everyone else or whatever. If you only have to worry about your own survival, you are more likely to survive. This is simple mathematics. 1 > every other number because that makes you 1 aka the winner. And note the emphasis on "Man." Men are naturally stronger and more capable than the female speciMEN. So, women should just let the men do manly things and survive while they die savagely in a fiery explosion whilst doing croquet or each other's hair or staring at some shitty children.

2. Fuck Terrorists

I know, right? They are so mean. Like, why did they force you to launch your two-month old at them in hopes you could distract them while you made a quick trip to the bathroom? Those inhuman immoral inbred assholes.

3. Always bring an Automatic Rifle

Terrorists aren't very smart. Chances are that they were unable to sneak a high powered rifle such as a Red Ryder BB gun like you were able to last Christmas onto the plane. And who knows when they'll strike. So, just make sure to put one or two in your carry-on.

Instructions:

1. Remain Calm
2. Find a way to your carry on
3. Pull out your automatic rifle(s)
4. Find human shield(s), inversely proportional to the number of guns you have
5. Begin to negotiate with the terrorists, convince them you are not worth their time
6. Once they let their guard down, gun everyone down, it is possible that there are still terrorists hiding amongst the "civilians"
7. Make sure the pilot is dead, guide the plane into the nearest heavily populated area, just in case there are terrorists there trying to blow it up
8. Survive the plane crash, 'cause you're awesome
9. Reload your weapons (wanna make sure that you do this while not going around a corner though; I learned that one the hard way from COD)
10. Gun down some more people, they could be future terrorists
11. Rinse and Repeat until you are the last person alive on earth
12. Now kill yourself, don't even give yourself a chance to become a terrorist and let the terrorists win

The Baby Silencer

by Johnson & Johnson

We've all been there. You cross that shaky gangplank into a giant metal tube pressurized with recycled old-guy fart. You finally make it past the asshole in 2A who refuses to take his seat until his bitchy ass gets a vodka tonic, crawl back to your Economy Plus seat ('cause hey, sometimes ya gotta Treat Yo Self), squeeze past Randy, who you'll later discover won his Economy Plus luxury flight from a soda cup at a Carl's Jr. (yes, a Carl's Jr., not at a McDonald's where he may have just stopped by out of convenience, no, Randy went out of his way for that treat...), and take your seat.

So hey, this was kinda shitty, but at least it's smooth sailing from here. Pop in your headphones and listen to that new Young Thug album (which you bought on Tidal cause you like to think you give a damn about the unfair treatment of music artists and that you're a "good person"). But right as the plane lifts off the ground, you hear it. Like nails on a chalkboard while Gilbert Gottfried reads *50 Shades of Grey*, the head-splitting sound of little baby Akronym Starshipz the Third from 12D. You know that little fucker's gonna scream the whole flight, and you feel bad 'cause the parents have to deal with it too, blah blah blah, and worst of all you know there's nothing you can do. Or is there?



Introducing the Baby Silencer from Johnson & Johnson, the folks who brought you No-More-Tears Shampoo. The Baby Silencer is our new state-of-the-art tool for knocking out those deceptively cute airhorns we call offspring. We've taken a blowdart gun, filled it with minimally invasive, sedative-coated darts, and now we're selling it to you for the low cost of \$17.99. This deal includes a year's supply of darts and replacement nozzle. Now you never have to worry about little noisy shits interrupting your Thug time.

*As the Baby Silencer is legally a weapon, Johnson & Johnson cannot condone use of it on an airplane, much less on babies, but in a recent press release the company stated "What the fuck are we gonna do to stop you?"





TCAT BOWNERS

City bus lines are getting shafted by Uber and other online taxicab companies. The fact that buses have fatal flaws isn't helping matters.

Ever slogged to a bus stop, waited for what seemed like an eternity, and boarded a bus only to find that your favorite seat was occupied? Or the intolerable: you get on the bus, and every seat is taken. You have no recourse in that situation. Well actually, you had none - until now.

Soon, a new application will be unveiled in cities and college towns around the country, available for a small monthly charge in addition to the price of a bus pass: Bownzers (pronounced 'Bouncers'.)

Here's how it works. Let's say you're standing around waiting for a bus. Open the Bownzers app on your phone, and request a nearby Bownser to come to your location. A Bownser will arrive a short time later and accompany you onto a bus of your choice.

Thoughts may be rattling around your head at this point. What is this Bownser going to do for me?

Once you get on the bus, take a look at all the seats and find one that is appealing to you. After you select an occupied seat, your Bownser will politely inform the passenger sitting in that seat that they must move. There are no restrictions as to who can be bounced. The bouncing can be done on a packed, uncomfortable bus, or in cases where the selected passenger is the only one present.

For exceptional circumstances, each Bownser will carry, as a part of their uniform, a 14-inch metal rod. The rods are harder than diamond, and, in order to move passengers, Bownzers can strike certain parts of the passenger's body until they give in. However, this is strictly a last, not a first, resort, and things should rarely escalate to that level. This justifies the service's motto, "Fair But Firm". Surely, this takes away much of the hassle of a typical bus ride.

Another application currently being developed, whose kinks have yet to be worked out, is Devi8 (pronounced 'Deviate'.) Every bus you've ever been on has followed a route, whether you realized it or not. This means the bus driver had specific sets of stops to make at specific times and could not deviate from them.

Ever wanted to suddenly take a scenic detour into the country on an early Monday morning, rather than ride the bus to work or to class? Or how about swinging by the drive thru without all the hassle of driving, with twenty five of your closest friends on board? With Devi8, you can drive the bus - without driving.

Devi8 allows you, as a bus passenger, to control where your bus goes. All you have to do is show the driver your phone once you've opened Devi8 and paid a small fee. Everyone else on the bus is planning to do their shopping, pick up their kids, or head home? Not unless you say so.

It is not necessary for you to set a destination in advance; you can make it up as you go along. Go onto the city streets. Go into the country. Get on the highway. Play with the in-app pedal to change the speed of the bus (works on a delay.) Decide when the bus driver takes a break. They work for you now.

Please be aware that the app developers are not liable for any traffic accidents or fatalities you, as a user of Bownzers or Devi8, contribute to, nor are they liable for any uprisings by your fellow passengers that arise while the app(s) are in use.



Lunair In-flight Romcoms

Devil's Advocate—[2007, 4h 20m] Big-time Chicago lawyer Matt (Ryan Gosling) totally hits it off with indie musician Joanie (White Woman), but Joanie has a dark secret: She's literally Satan. When Joanie finds herself in the middle of a big copyright lawsuit, she asks Matt to defend her in court. But as the case begins to reveal Joanie's true identity as a demon from the netherworld, Matt must choose between keeping Joanie or winning the case of a lifetime.

Stocking Stuffer—[2013, 2h 33m] In this Christmas classic, Ryan Gosling (Ryan Gosling) is triple dog dared to have sex with every willing woman in America. The catch? Sex makes him feel empty inside. Can he fulfill his promise and find love along the way?

The Last Straw—[2009, 157h] Donny's (Ryan Gosling) family farm sells hay, but one season a rainstorm makes all their hay wet. Donny is forced to wait for the hay to dry, but there's just one problem: He's single. Can Donny wait for the hay to dry and find love along the way?

All Your Eggs in One Basket—[2014, 17h 38m] Cher (Anne Hathaway) is a successful writer trying to find love in NYC. The one problem? Her biological clock is ticking. When Cher decides to freeze literally every single one of her eggs, the guy (Ryan Gosling) who works at the fertility clinic immediately steals them. Cher is forced to find the thief who stole all her half-babies before a Republican lawmaker catches her. Will she find love along the way?

Angry Drunk Guy Becomes Apologetic Drunk Guy: A Bildungsroman

“Yo why’d you bump into me, you asshole. Watch where you’re fucking going, you made me spill my drink. Are you fucking blind?”

...

“Oh shit, man. You’re wearing two eye patches. I guess you’re actually blind. Fuck man, I apologize. Have a good night, bro.”

Audio Recordings at Trump Estate

Markie Marc: Doctor Pain, come in, I've breached the main gate....Doctor Pain, come in.

Doctor Pain: zzzzzZZZZzzzzzz

Markie Marc: Ben Carson, wake up!

Doctor Pain: Wha- who- where? Did I get the Republican nomination?

Markie Marc: What?! You idiot, you dropped out weeks ago! If you perform surveillance like you perform cardiovascular surgery, some sap probably has a scalpel or two in his chest.

Doctor Pain: Hey, watch it, "little Marco."

Markie Marc: MY CODENAME IS MARKIE MARC! YOU KNOW THAT!

Doctor Pain: "Sure." I'm not picking up any activity on the grounds, you're clear to enter the mansion.

Markie Marc: Excellent * *static indicating gleeful rubbing of above-average-sized hands** I'm on my way in. It shouldn't take too long to find...him...

Doctor Pain: You mean Don-

Markie Marc: SHHHH. Every time you say his name without insulting him, someone gets a spray tan! His code name is The Dump, heh-heh...come on, we rehearsed this!

Doctor Pain: I should have kept napping

Markie Marc: I'm in, I'm in the mansion! I think I'm in a central hallway of sorts, I don't - REAGAN'S JELLY BEANS, WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?!

Doctor Pain: Marc, what's up?

Markie Marc: I think I'm gonna be sick

Doctor Pain: What is it- what is it?

Markie Marc: It's a marble sculpture of...him...and...he's naked and...it's so *yuge*, Ben.

Doctor Pain: Mother of God.

Markie Marc: I just managed to crawl out of there. That's going to be a few extra years of therapy. I'm moving deeper into Dump's Lair and...GEORGE'S BUSH, IT'S HILLARY CLINTON!

Perfumed POTUS: Shut the hell up, Ruby Tuesday's, or we're done! And it's "Perfumed POTUS" to you.

Markie Marc: Are you here to sabotage Dump too?

Perfumed POTUS: No, I'm taking a vacation, what do you think!? Get your funky bunch together, Markie Marc. I'm here to secure the election for good, by striking the essence of my

enemy and pounding it into oblivion...I'm here to steal Donald Trump's toupee collection.

Markie Marc: I TOLD you it was a good idea, Doctor Pain, and you just wanted to delete the *The Apprentice* on everyone's DVR.

Doctor Pain: Only until the election was over.

Perfumed POTUS: We've got to be close now. I found a secret panel in a blueprint schematic on one of his email servers.

Markie Marc: Wow, you're good at email!

Perfumed POTUS: It should be...right here!

glass crashing, manly woman scream and womanly man scream, distant snoring

unknown voice FEEL THE BERN, YOU BLOATED OOMPA LOOMPA!

Perfumed POTUS: I can't believe this is my biggest threat to office.

Bern Baby Bern: Ah, my brothers and sisters, this is truly a revolution! **violent hand gestures**

Doctor Pain: I can hear your unkempt gestures hand gestures from here, chill out old man.

Bern Baby Bern: I use my sweeping hand movements to distract listeners from my playful wisps on my head. Fake hair is what the 1% uses to hide under, not me! That's why this business baboon needs to go down!

Perfumed POTUS: Don't get your oversized blazer in a bunch, Sanders. I found the secret entrance. Behold...the Many Hairs of the Dump!

door opening, chorus of heavenly angels

Doctor Pain: Where is that sound coming from?

Markie Marc: I thought it would be a good sound effect.

Perfumed POTUS: Mother of Matriarchy, this place is *yuge*, I mean, huge. Ugh, Dump's essence is overpowering. It's like...it smells like a massive Dump happened here, ya'know?

Bern Baby Bern: He's got hair for everything! Speech toupee, golf toupee, afternoon tea toupee, toilet toupee...

Markie Marc: 1 AM hair, 2 AM hair...his butler must change it every hour, but Dwight D. Eisen-how-in the world?

Perfumed POTUS: Oh god, I'm going to be sick...he has hair for...**gulp** intimate moments. And I thought Bill was kinky.

Doctor Pain: Yooo... fill me in, fill me in.

Bern Baby Bern: Utter Seduction ...” You're Hired!” Hair...Grilling Trump Steaks...Against

the Mexican Wall Wig...The Private Helicopter...Rich Daddy Issues...Opening Her Water-gate...

...he's inventive, you can't deny that. What are these fuzzy patches of hair below each wig? They're only for the sex wigs...unless...

thick accent His head isn't the only patch of hair balding.

All: MELANIA TRUMP!?

Ms. Dump: I thought the money, the fashion line, and First Ladyship was worth putting up with the industrial strength aftershave, rampant racism and sexism, and oh god, you wouldn't believe the earwax, I bet he could actually make a profitable business out of Trump Candles. But no more! I'm breaking out of this prison, and burning this criminal evidence. And taking the longest shower humanly possible.

Markie Marc: But how can we steal this all, it will take all night?!

unknown voice I can save the day!

Doctor Pain: Who was that???

voice It is I, Theodore Cruz, with the perfect solution to this Grand Old Party of a break-in! But you pals can call me by my super-rad codename, T-Cruzer!

Perfumed POTUS: Nobody likes you, Susie Cruz, get out of here.

Markie Marc: Yeah, you're Cruzin' for a brusin', Teddy.

Doctor Pain: You're a slimy clown, Carnival Cruzlines.

Bern Baby Bern: Go hop on a couch, Tom Cruz.

Markie Marc: Wait, how is that an insult?

Perfumed POTUS: He's a crazy scientist! Christian Bale modeled a psychopathic killer after him!

Doctor Pain: Yeah, but *Top Gun* was a tear-jerker, man.

Bern Baby Bern: Alright, he's made some good movies, I'll give you that, but the man lost it on public television once, AND he's the Zodiac Killer.

lights are heard turning on, and T-Cruzer is socked in the stomach by swarming security guards. We have incredibly sensitive hearing and could tell the exhale was Texan and emasculated

Donald J. Trump: Tell security they're fired.



The Dormitory Droppings

The shittiest thing you'll probably ever read

Weekly Events:

1.



2. Watch Paint Dry at Upson Hall

Thursday 3/10 3:00 – whenever it dries PM

That's right folks, Upson Hall is under renovation and new paint is being lathered all over the walls just for you. This Thursday after the painters finish up the wing on the 3rd floor, set up your lawn chair and hang loose until the fresh dye crackles dry. Great place to go on a date.

3. Design An Imaginary Friend

Friday 3/18 5:00 – 6:00 PM

Trying to make some friends and meet new people, this event's just for you. Hosted by students in the College of Architecture, come through Sibley Hall and think up your very own best friend with some of the coolest kids around. It's a Friday so take your imaginary out to dinner, or a frat party, or bring him/her to your room and do other stuff. Should be fun.

4. Do Your Homework

Anytime, Anywhere

I know you got homework. I know. They don't want you to do homework, but we gon' do homework. Don't play yourself. Bless up.

Daily Dose of Riddles:

Think you're clever? Take a gander at some of these?

1. Give x as a function of y

$$\frac{dy}{dx} = \int_{-x}^x \ln(\sin(t))dt + \sum_{i=0}^{100} i * \sqrt[i]{x}$$

2. Two girls walked into a bar and ordered alcoholic drinks for themselves. After the first girl ordered, the second girl said to the bartender, "I'll have 4 times as much as the second girl is having!" However after they both finished drinking, the first girl was rushed to the hospital while the second girl was perfectly fine. If the second girl's name was Linda, what is the first girl's name?

3. What was the eleventh word that Walter White said in the 8th episode of the 3rd season of Breaking Bad?

Answers to Last Semester's Riddles:

1. Not really sure myself to be honest

2. 1738

3. answer can be found on the website:

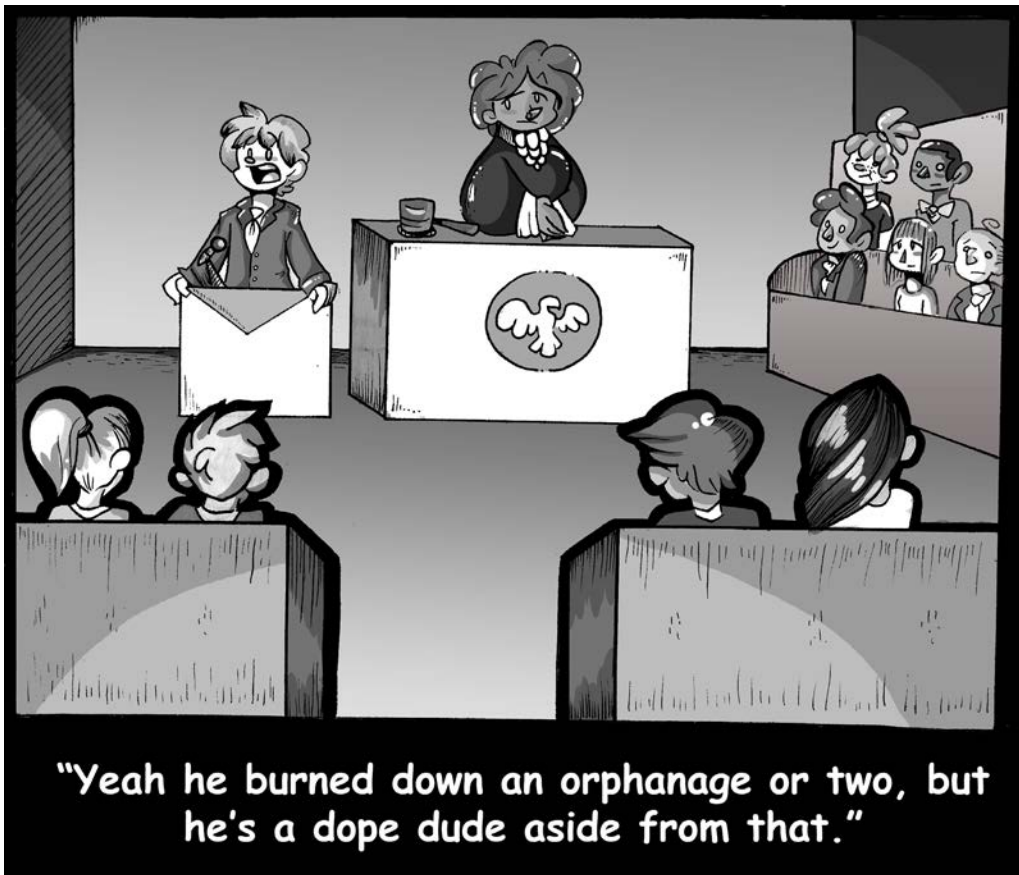
www.getfreemoneynow.com

13 Things Only Curly-Haired Girls Know To Be True

Pat Maddox for The Odyssey Online

1. Your hair is always trying to strangle you! Your kooky, self-aware coils have landed you in the ER multiple times for asphyxiation. The struggle is sooooo real!
2. Your friends are constantly asking to use your curls for impromptu illustrations of the double helical structure of DNA. What a pain!
3. Someone has cooked your entire head instead of ramen noodles at least once. So college!
4. You get mistaken for Sir Isaac Newton on the street. We're not all the same, people!
5. You're the only person who can read this.
6. You pee in spirals. Quirky!
7. A yeoman farmer has once mistaken you for his favorite sheep.
8. You can't visit a federal correctional facility without being asked to smuggle methamphetamine in your hair. FML!
9. You were the bush in every middle school play. Um, typecasting much?
10. You can only consume water and intravenous fluids through silly straws.
11. People with straight hair all look the same. It's not your fault that you just can't tell them apart!
12. Friday night means burning down another straightening iron factory with your fellow Curly Girls™. LOL!
13. But no matter how hard it is to maintain, you wouldn't give up your crazy corkscrew hair for the world!

Pat Maddox is a 38-year-old man who usually stays in an abandoned house adjacent to Iowa State University in Ames, IA. He's always jamming to T-Swift, rewatching Grey's for the thousandth time, or eating Chipotle.



HEY YOU!

TIRED OF YOUR BORING OLD BELTS WITH THEIR BELT BUCKLES STAYING IN PLACE?

WISH THERE WERE MORE EXCITEMENT IN YOUR LIFE?

DO YOU SINCERELY BELIEVE A MOVING BELT BUCKLE WILL BRING YOU JOY?

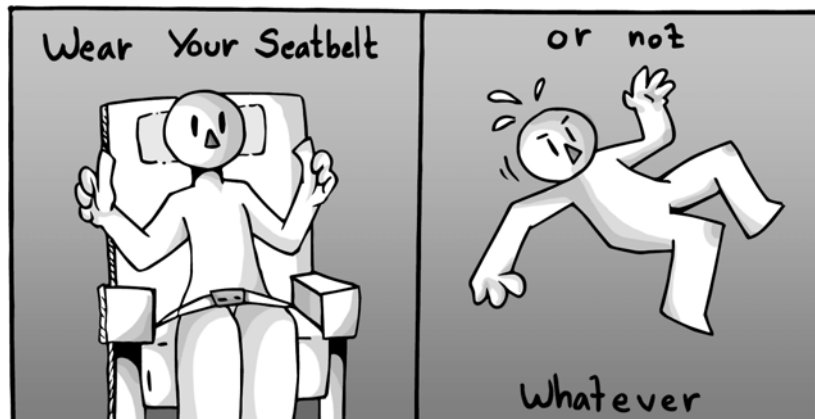


- Well have we got the product for you! The Conveyor Belt is exactly what it sounds like. Ok, maybe not. It's not an actual conveyor belt. However, it is an actual belt. An actual belt with a moving buckle. Like a conveyor belt. Anyways, the Conveyor Belt comes with many uses:
- Great at parties!
- Attach a glowstick or strobe light and BE the party!
- Look like a fucking idiot.
- Makes dressing and undressing more interesting. Confuse your sexual partners!
- Attract a very particular kind of sexual partner!
- Receive a constant waist massage!
- Attach planets and make your own solar system!
- Gain weight and be your own solar system
- Not feel alone all the time!
- Be alone all the time.
- Roll down hills with your belt buckle staying in place!
- Roll up hills! You figure out how!
- Roll across hills if they're not too steep!
- Attach your brand new pager to it!
- Win any argument with your newfound ability to convey things so well *cough*

BUY A CONVEYOR BELT TODAY! IT'S WHAT HENRY FORD WOULD'VE WANTED YOU TO.*

(Side effects include accidental chainsawing of midsection, friction induced midsection fires, chafing, jams, alienation, end of relationships, insanity, and other ills)

*Henry Ford did not and would not have wanted this. His family has in fact taken court action to remove his name from this ad altogether, but we are having too much fun with our own Conveyor Belts.



A NIGERIAN PRINCE EMAIL CORRESPONDENCE

Update Email Templates for Sean's Test Shop

From: Prince Abdullah Azilu [\[Macros\]](#) [\[Help\]](#)

Subject: (adrf.34452@yahoo.com)

Message:

Hello, I am writing you today in dire need. I am the prince of the great nation of Nigeria, and your help is needed by me. My father has been angered by the war, and I must flee my homeland before our palace is invaded by revolutionaries. I cannot travel with all of my money, so I must wire you the sum of \$2,311,343.32 United States Dollars for safe keeping as I make my way to safety in America. If you do this for me, I shall reward you handsomely.

I shall be seeing you soon.

Update Email Templates for Sean's Test Shop

From: Prince Farouq Omlashtu [\[Macros\]](#) [\[Help\]](#)

Subject: (farouq@gov.ng)

Message:

Greetings. I am also the Nigerian prince. You must be my long-lost brother I was always told about. It appears that your circumstance is eerily similar to mine. My father, the king of the Nigerian, wishes me to abandon my people in the face of a disastrous civil war that will devastate our country. However, I have decided to stay with the royal family and fight the rebels off. Their leader seeks to overthrow the king and install a dictatorship, ruling by tyranny. I will do what I can to help you, but I urge you not to give in to cowardice and to face this problem head-on.

Update Email Templates for Sean's Test Shop

From: Prince Abdullah Azilu [\[Macros\]](#) [\[Help\]](#)

Subject: (adrf.34452@yahoo.com)

Message:

How funny. It is a wonder we have never met before, both of us being Nigerian princes and all. Though with the palace being as big as it is, and with our father having many children, it is possible. The rebellion has broken into my side of the palace and burned all of my money I needed to leave. I now require \$10,000 to be able to have left this country. Please wire the money via Western Union, and I shall be free.

Update Email Templates for Sean's Test Shop

From: Prince Farouq Omlashtu [\[Macros\]](#) [\[Help\]](#)

Subject: (farouq@gov.ng)

Message:

I heard about the attack on the northern wing. Please make your way to the eastern gardens and you will be safe. I will meet you there. Neither of us can get to Western Union, as the freedom fighters have surrounded our gates. I will bring the money you require, but I urge you to stay and fight! The guards will get the situation under control, and the royal army is on its way. I am leaving now, brother. Find me at once!

Update Email Templates for Sean's Test Shop

From: Prince Abdullah Azilu [\[Macros\]](#) [\[Help\]](#)

Subject: (adrf.34452@yahoo.com)

Message:

I have actually already escaped our home and I am at the Western Union office now. Please tell one of your royal subjects to wire me the money I need to escape this terrible civil war.

Update Email Templates for Sean's Test Shop

From: Prince Farouq Omlashtu [\[Macros\]](#) [\[Help\]](#)

Subject: (farouq@gov.ng)

Message:

You escaped! Pray tell, how did you manage it? This is vital information, and could be our key to victory.

Sent from my iPhone

Update Email Templates for Sean's Test Shop

From: Prince Abdullah Azilu [\[Macros\]](#) [\[Help\]](#)

Subject: (adrf.34452@yahoo.com)

Message:

I found a tunnel by the southern wall guard tower that led me straight out and to the Western Union office in the city. I am ready for the money to be transferred to me.

Update Email Templates for Sean's Test Shop

From: Prince Farouq Omlashtu [\[Macros\]](#) [\[Help\]](#)

Subject: (farouq@gov.ng)

Message:

I will alert the military at once! God bless you, Prince Abdullah. Because of you, our great nation will not lose its king to these savages today, nor any other day!

Update Email Templates for Sean's Test Shop

From: Prince Farouq Omlashtu [\[Macros\]](#) [\[Help\]](#)

Subject: (farouq@gov.ng)

Message:

Abdullah, I did not find any tunnel along the southern wall. Our militias looked everywhere for an opening, but were instead ambushed by the freedom fighters. Hundreds of our men have been killed, and the rebels are closing in. I will not go without a fight. I am afraid this is my last email to you. It is your responsibility to keep the royal bloodline now, Abdullah. After today's gruesome events, you will be the sole heir to the throne of Nigeria. Long live King Abdullah!

Update Email Templates for Sean's Test Shop

From: Prince Abdullah Azilu [\[Macros\]](#) [\[Help\]](#)

Subject: (adrf.34452@yahoo.com)

Message:

Farouq. Please wire \$10,000 American dollars to my account before you are killed in the revolution.

LEAKED OVAL OFFICE TAPES

INVESTIGATIVE REPORT: An unnamed private investigator (named Deep Pletherman) bugged the White House, and has compiled its recordings into thousands of hours of audio. Below are what we believe to be the most terrifying tidbits of conversation. With the transcript and audio of these conversations now available to the public, the real intentions of the Obama administration aren't so mysterious anymore. Find out what POTUS and VEEP don't want you to know they've been discussing behind the closed doors of the Oval Office.

8:46 am, 11/2/13

BIDEN: "Yo Barack."

OBAMA: "Yeah?"

BIDEN: "Do you know those ping pong balls that are like... harder than normal ping pong balls?"

OBAMA: "Umm... Not really following you."

BIDEN: "They've got like these little dimples all over the surface. I was walking next to a golf course the other day, I saw like thousands of 'em all over the grass."

OBAMA: "Joe, those are golf balls."

BIDEN: "Oh. Yeah... that makes a lot of sense. But I was just thinking... like they're basically ping pong balls. Except for those two differences."

2:14 pm, 3/12/15

BIDEN: "Barry, I don't know what I'm gonna do once I get outta here."

OBAMA: "There are plenty of things you can do, man. Pick up hobbies. Write books. People will always buy a book written by a former vice president no matter how shitty it is."

BIDEN: "No. I mean, what am I gonna do with my cactus collection? I've gotta have my secret service guys guarding it at all hours."

OBAMA: "Joe, we get to keep our secret service guards for life. You know that, right?"

BIDEN: "Are you serious? Hell yeah! That's fucking dope!"

10:47 pm, 3/22/15

BIDEN: Wanna hear what I think would be the most scary way to die: drowning in a huge vat of gravy.

BIDEN: Actually... now that I think about it, it's not really the vat of gravy that scares me. I guess I'm just afraid of drowning, regardless of liquid.

4:20 am, 4/20/15

BIDEN: "Yo I just thought of something crazy."

OBAMA: "Enlighten me, Joe."

BIDEN: "Have you ever wondered how they make steel wool when there's no such thing as steel sheep?"

OBAMA: "So they take regular steel and just stretch it, and..."

BIDEN: [Interrupting] "Nah, fuck that science shit, I'm starving. Let's order some D.P. Dough"

From the desk of Donald Trump.
Triple Chocolate CamPAIN

Ingredients

CAKE:

1 cup water
1/2 cup and 1 tbsp unsweetened cocoa, divided
2 oz bittersweet chocolate, finely chopped
1 can hairspray
1 3/4 cups granulated sugar
6 tbsp butter, softened
1 tsp vanilla extract
3 large egg white privileges
1/2 cup fat-free sour cream
8 oz cake flour (about 2 cups)
1 1/2 tsp baking powder
1/2 tsp baking soda
30 lbs salt (enough to de-ice an Ithacan road)

GLAZE:

1/2 cup influence
1/4 cup real-estate profit
3 Trump Towers of credibility
1 oz wig
2 tsp buttering up the voters
1 wall, yuge

FILLING:

1/3 cup fat-free milk
1 tbsp granulated sugar
1 tbsp cornstarch
dash of racism
2 tsp feigned ignorance
another dash of racism
3 tsp real ignorance
10 more lbs of racism

Preparation

Empty ingredients into large vat
Hire some of your many friends of different ethnicities to do
the work for you
Erect a wall between you and your cake
Make the cake pay for it
Bake at 350 degrees
Make people pledge to vote for you
Retweet famously evil dictators
Declare bankruptcy
Profit

The Maury Show: *Who's the father of Klarman Hall?*

Maury: Today on our show we have Mrs. Goldwin-Smith Hall who recently gave birth to her son Klarman Hall. Goldwin-Smith Hall is more than certain that Sibley Hall, whom she has been with for over a hundred years, is the father of her child. However after Klarman was born, Sibley became skeptical about being the father, stating that they did not share any physical features. Sibley even said that before Klarman was born, he often spotted Goldwin-Smith spending time with their neighbor PSB. Sibley even went so far to saying that PSB was Klarman's father.

Audience: *Gasps and Cackles*

Maury: Now here on our set, I'd like to welcome our guests Goldwin-Smith, Sibley, and PSB. Goldwin-Smith, what do you have to say about all this?

Goldwin-Smith: Maury, I've known Sibley for over a hundred years. He's the love of my life. We've done and seen so many things together around Cornell. I've never loved anyone the way I loved him. He's got to be the father of Klarman.

Sibley: Then how come that boy don't look like me, woman? He's got all those glass windows and white pearly walls while me and you are just built of brick. There's no possible way we can make a boy like that. He looks just like that scoundrel across the street PSB. I've been spotting you two together frequently for a while now.

Audience: *Chortles and Cries* One or two people shout the Lord's name in vain.

Maury: Now Goldwin-Smith, how would you characterize your relationship with Mr. PSB?

Goldwin-Smith: Well, he's a good neighbor, very friendly. We talk every once in awhile. We're both into soap operas and like the same football team. He's just a good friend you know.

Maury: PSB, tell us a bit about your side of the story.

PSB: Yeah, you know, to be honest, I've been with Goldwin-Smith a lot. A LOT. I wouldn't be surprised one bit if I was the father of Klarman. Sorry Sibley, thought she would tell you something like that.

Sibley: You better hope that's a lie PSB.

Maury: Well before things get awkward, things are going to get even more awkward because paternity test results are in. So Sibley, when it comes to being the father of Klarman Hall..... YOU ARE NOT THE FATHER!

Audience: *As you might imagine, the audience is going nuts right now.*

Sibley: I knew, I knew, I told you all! I knew this would happen! Goldwin-Smith.... we are over!

Goldwin-Smith: I'm so sorry Sibley, I wish there was something I could do to make things right.

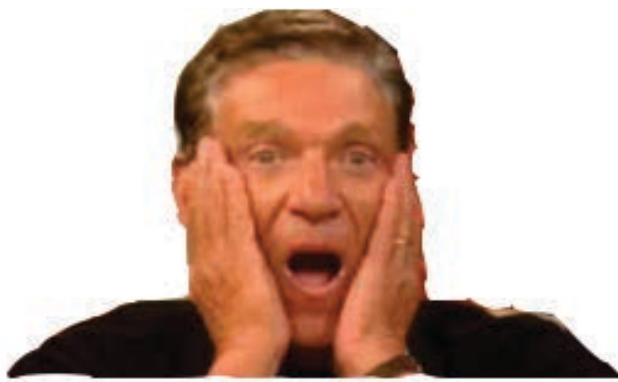
Maury: Hold up, making amends comes later, now back to the results. So PSB, when it comes to being the father of Klarman Hall..... YOU ARE NOT the father?

Audience: *They're all about as bamboozled as you are right now*

PSB: Lol alright. Not sure how that happened but that works for me. I'll be on my way now. Peace be with us all.

Maury: Whoa, whoa, whoa, hold up everybody, turns out we've got one more paternity test in this envelope... from a Mr. Duffield Hall! *Opens envelope very slowly keeping the audience in suspense* So uh, yeah, I guess it turns out Duffield's the father. Not sure how that happened but I'm not really sure how any of this is happening either. He's also not here right now to explain himself so I'll leave that up to you guys. So yeah, show's over. Carry on everybody. Someone's gotta tell the producer no more buildings on the show.

PSB: Man, we're definitely going to hear a long story out of you sometime soon Goldwin-Smith.



TRUMP

MAKE AMERICA GREAT AGAIN!



I'M BERNIE MADOFF
AND I ENDORSE
DONALD TRUMP!



FREDDY KRUEGER
FOR TRUMP

EXCERPT FROM
HITLER'S DIARY



*I predict a great candidate will
run in 2016 by the name of
Trump!*

Trump is Satan

Stan Murt Pais

Lord Voldemort

TOM MARVOLO RIDDLE

Op-Ed: Why 2016 Isn't JFK's Year

By Dingo X. Pletherman Apr. 1, 2016



It's almost 4 o' clock in the morning. The documents are piling up, and there's still plenty left to sign. Pass, veto, declassify, rinse, lather, and repeat. The same old, same old. He's tired. Caroline and Patrick can't wait to see their father, and Jackie is telling him that he should relax more.

This is what it looked like in the oval office every day during Kennedy's tenure as president during the 60's. He recounted those days to me a week ago at the Union Oyster House, his favorite place to dine. Those years were wild times, he says, as war was raging on in Vietnam, the U.S. was becoming further involved with Cuban matters, the Space Race was taking shape, the growth of several civil rights movements began to question various discriminatory power structures, and as the wider sociocultural revolution began taking form. Kennedy managed to pull through in all that upheaval and come out unscathed.

Despite his excellent track record—setting the groundwork for the Civil Rights Act of '64, defusing the Cuban Missile Crisis, setting up the Peace Corps, enacting several social reforms, creating Project Apollo, etc.—the charismatic leader probably won't be able to compete in today's political arena.

Day by day, it seems as though JFK's appeal with the American people and his relevance to global politics is growing fainter. Although in our history, 13 other presidents have served two presidential terms, in competition with Hillary Clinton (D), who is currently in the lead, according to the newest polling data, at (68%), and Bernie Sanders (D), who is taking the young Democratic demographic by storm, currently at (41%), JFK just won't make the cut, and will ultimately end up having to join Martin O' Malley (D) and that other guy (D?) for this year's election.

Nixon (R) was no easy opponent, but does the JFK of today have the stamina and the gall to succeed in parrying attacks from the increasingly vehement Trump (R)? Only time will tell. If JFK continues to show signs of weakness as did Jeb Bush (R), who dropped out of the race on February 21, 2016, he will never be able to symmetrically trade blows with both Trump and Sanders.

When I spoke to him about these concerns, as well as about various other matters, he didn't seem to believe that he was outmatched. While the chances of his winning the 2016 elections are tenuous, his sincerity and optimism are not.

UPDATE: We've just gotten word that he has dropped out of the race due to assassination.

SUPERPOWERS FROM A RADIOACTIVE BEAR

Me and my best friend Jim went out into the woods one weekend for a trip. We set up our gear next to a quiet stream, and partook in a long day of camping and outdoorsman activities. We didn't know it at the time, but our campground happened to be downstream from the Cumberland Nuclear Power facility that dumped all its runoff into the river.

In the middle of the night, we heard something growl off in the distance. Jim and I ran out of the tent and saw a glowing green grizzly bear running straight for us. As I would soon find out, this was no ordinary glowing green grizzly bear.

It charged at us, and we tried to run. Jim sprinted away, but I tripped on a branch. The beast attacked me and bit into my neck. I passed out. When I woke up in the hospital, I discovered something amazing. The bite from that radioactive bear gave me superhuman strength. Unfortunately, the bear also ripped both my arms off.

You may be wondering at this point what became of Jim. Turns out, as he was running, he got bitten by a radioactive raccoon, which gave him superhuman agility. Jim died of rabies.

Bestowed with the powers of the mighty bear, I vowed to fight crime. I had a feeling the police could use some help from a real hero like me. My superhuman speed allows me to catch the city's most wanted with ease. That is, I could if the ligaments in my right leg didn't get torn up in that bear attack.

Helping me out with this vigilantism is my sidekick, Mel. Technically, he's my caregiver. But aside from helping me eat and do sudoku, he is a formidable ally in battle.

We go on patrol Mondays and Thursdays. I'll listen in on my police scanner for robberies or muggings, then we'll run over to the scene of the crime. I can use my bear senses to smell where the thugs ran off to. Once my sinuses heal from that goddamn bear mauling my face.

Once we find them, I'll make a really loud bear noise to let the crooks know I'm on to them. If things go south, Mel shoots them with the gun we bought using my disability insurance check.

It's not easy for me living as a normal person by day. Having to contain all this raw power, not being able to tell friends and family your secret identity. Not being able to tell the world that you're a superhero. Sometimes I wish I could drink my problems away if only a mutant fucking bear didn't claw its way through my liver.

One thing is for sure, though. I won't rest until injustice and corruption in my town are brought to a screeching halt. These people need me. I'll show them I can catch criminals just like I catch salmon in my mouth.

Challenges of College Parents

We all know college is a stressful time, with the increased workload, stress of living away from home, and social pressures. With all that going on, many college students find themselves wondering how on earth they're supposed to be able to devote the time it requires to take care of their babies. "It's like I can never just focus on my little Timmy anymore," said Ricky Lowitz, '19, "I'm finishing my problem set as I feed him dinner—last time the little airplane missed his mouth and went straight for my roommate's self-portrait. He's a philosophy major." Liza Collivan, '19, understands the struggles of multi-tasking: "I'm singing her to sleep as I'm practicing my a cappella harmonies, and making her dinner as I pregame for tonight's mixer—it's never just about us anymore. Students further lament that professors just don't get it. One student, who chose to remain anonymous, was asked to leave her Freshman Writing Seminar because she was breastfeeding during the icebreakers. The ice was broken but...

But for some, like Gina Gallenport, '18, all it takes is a single decision to change their lives. Gina came to Cornell from Brocktenberg, Connecticut, with her 1-year-old daughter, Sissy. "I named her Sissy because I wanted us to be like sisters," says Gina, "But when we got to college, I realized that your sisters in college have to be your age, unrelated to you, and able to put on their own eye-liner. Sissy was just too far behind." After much deliberation, Gina decided to rush anyway. She put out several ads for babysitters, and allowed herself to take a few nights off of being a mother to learn how to be a sister. "It was a great experience," says Gina, "I met so many other girls who were going through the same things I was. When they found out about Sissy, they told me about their Sorority Daycare, and it completely changed my life."

Ricky Lowitz - rrl124
Liza Collivan - lzc223
anonymous - ljp49
Gina Gallenport - grg48

Craigslist babysitter ad: Play with my Sissy—THIS WEEKEND ONLY (Thursday, Friday, Saturday, 7pm-1:30am)



If Christopher Nolan directed Les Mis...

"Omg Jimmy slept with Karen? I thought she was dating Luke who was supposed to be going with Rachel to date night until she bailed on him for Quinn? Karen's such a slut."

"I love Lululemon! Spending \$80 on leggings makes perfect sense when my dad is paying for it."

"You totally have to try this new cleansing mask! It has bamboo extract, charcoal filaments, flakes of actual gold, frosted flakes, and the most rare ingredient of all: frat boy tears."

"Kill, Fuck, Marry: McDreamy, McSteamy, Skorton."

"DAD! I SPECIFICALLY ASKED FOR A ROSE GOLD IPHONE! THIS IS JUST A KRAFT SINGLES SLICE!"



"Ugh I would kill my little to be the next Bachelorette."

"I write for Slope Media."

"Yeah I listen to a lot of different types of music, like the Beatles, and you know Kanye, just like sort of old school, obscure stuff. I bet your dad likes it, lol."

"I love partying, especially in a dark frat basement surrounded by guys I don't know and girls I hate!"

"I have chlamydia."

"My big big's biggest3 is so up my ass! She used to be Co-co-vice assistant to the Recruitment Chair and she said my ankles are too fat for Rush!!"

"I only fuck Delta Alpha Deltas, but I'll go down on anyone."



Visit the Great Wall!

"It's a really great wall"

"Cornell's hidden treasure...in plain sight"

"It's just greater than any wall I could ever imagine"

"Forget about that 161 things-to-do-at-Cornell list just visit the wall 161 times!"

Directions from MVR: Walk out the door and go straight, then left.

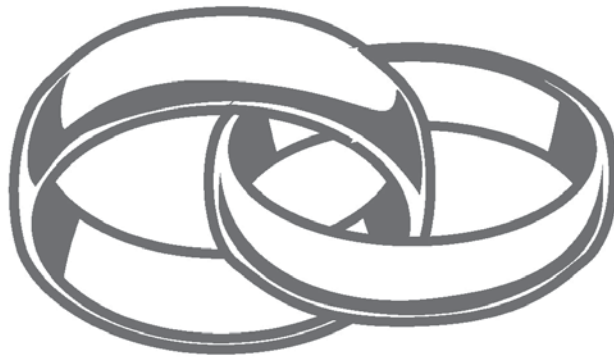
Directions from Bailey Hall: Walk out the door, then go left, then right, then left.

Directions from High Rise 5: Walk out the door, then go straight, then right, then left, then left, then right.

Directions from Wegmans: Walk out the door, then go left, then right, then up, then left, then right, then left.

Proposal

Together in the bathroom stall
They breathe, existing in a fairy tale of wonder.
She is on her knees.
Oh, how sweet and tender love is! How beautiful her proposal to the marriage Gods above!
And feminism, oh how far it has come!
That a woman can fall to her knees and propose to a man!
When they come out, the white, sticky goo of marriage hangs from her chin,
And in that moment,
Like a starburst in the fathoms of Heaven,
Perfection reigns supreme on our moral world.



Flight Transcript (When the Mike Doesn't Turn Off)

Pilot: Hello, everyone. This is your captain speaking. We'll be beginning our descent into Tampa in a few minutes, so please buckle up, and get ready for the initial descent.

static

Co-Pilot: You ever feel like pretending to crash a plane into a building? Just to fuck with the passengers?

Pilot: All the time. But it kinda backfired with the World Trade Center, so it's kinda frowned upon now.

Co-Pilot: That blows.

Pilot: Hey, you see that new stewardess? Beth? Dude, I would destroy her.

Co-Pilot: Holy God, yes. Uhhahhuhh she is amazing uhhahaahaahaahhahhahahahah.

Pilot: Uhahahahahahahah.

Co-Pilot: You know what? I'm secure enough to do a three way with you.

Pilot: Thanks, man. I would do a three way with you, too.

second of silence

Pilot: Come here you sexy fiend!

Co-Pilot: I thought you'd never ask!

Stewardess: Hey guys, I—OMIGOD Holy shit!

Pilot: Come join us!

Stewardess: What?! Well, alright.

monkey noises are heard from the cockpit

Concerned Passenger: What in God's name is going on here?!

Stewardess: Come join us?

Concerned Passenger: Are you serious? Are you fucking serious? Alright ok.

horse's neigh can be heard over the intercom

noises slowly subside, and other people leave the cockpit

Pilot: That was incredible.

Co-Pilot: I've never felt that kind of rush.

Pilot: You want a rush? You want a fucking rush?

Co-Pilot: YEAH I WANNA FUCKING RUSH!

Pilot: GET READY FOR A FUCKING RUSH!

Plane crashes into the ocean



PITCH MEETING

Pitch Manager: Thank you all for coming. I'm really excited to share with you what we've been working on. Is everyone ready?

CEO: Of course, man. We psychedelically radical, bro.

CFO: Uh, yes, as Mr. Zuckerberg said so eloquently. Dude.

Programming Manager: Yes, I've been ready since 1:30. Indeed.

Pitch Manager: Let's start with this: I call it The Strangli: The blanket for your trachea! Ever felt your neck was cold but you were unable to warm it with conventional blanketry? If so, then use the one and only Strangli. It's guaranteed to keep your neck warm and your enemies dead! It's fun for all ages, sensual, and comes in all sorts of flavorful colors.

CEO: Sounds rad, dude. I like, love young people, dude. That sounds like young and hip. Diggity doo.

CFO: Well, yes of course, Mr. Zuckerberg, this, ehm, "Strangler Thing" sounds hip alright, but I'm curious to hear about the manufacturing costs and distribution plans. Perhaps this device needs more testing before we go into full on production cycle.

Product Manager: I am troubled by the tremors heard beneath the surface of the earth. The true people of the earth call to me.

Penguin Manager: Okay, let me try this one on you guys. The name is still in progress, but I think you guys will like the concept. It's basically a nut-sucking device that latches onto your nuts using advanced micro-sucker technology to suck your nuts. It works for all kinds of nuts! Walnuts, Tree Nuts, Walnuts, nuts nuts, all your nuts needs. It'll suck em finnn-nee.

Prostitute Manager: INDEED. YES, I SEEM TO BE READY.

CEO: Yo, kids these days call em testes, testes is the new rad way to call nuts and such nut related activities, so, bro, the best name for this is the Nut Nicker

CFO: That's brilliant, Mr. Zuckerberg. Surely your genius will be responsible for winning many future Oscars and Grammy's for the actors who will play you. Lets begin working on this "Nut Sucky Suck Thing" right away. Brilliant.

Prime Meridian: I'm hungry for pleasures of the flesh.

Pasta Maker: Okay, one last thing. In testing, we've been calling it the "Butt Licker," but its official name is, "Butt Liquor." This machine takes in fully alive animals through its main orifice, killing them instantaneously. It then disassembles and dries the leftover meat. Then, for some reason, it turns them into birds but only birds hailing from either Northern Africa or South East Asia. Basically, it takes in dried meats and rehydrates them into their originally hydrated forms. It's quite an intriguing scientific progress. We're thinking of selling it with a line of our own dehydrated meats. We would call them: "Dick Licks."

CFO: Well, I understand we are currently not in the business of selling dehydrated meats, but it is certainly something we could look into. Mr. Zuckerberg, what do you think?

CEO: I like how it soundsssss.

CFO: Well, of course. Yes. Exactly. How did I not think of that before?

Predicate Mnoun: Have any of you ever been a part of a cult?

CEO: Yas. What about it, man?

Predicate Madjective: oK.

Pink Floyd: Well, that's it, that's all I have. We're done. End of piece. Thanks.

An Ode to Otters

Nowadays, society divides pet owners into three categories: dog people, cat people, and crazy people (birds, horses, reptiles, motherfucking spiders, etc.). It's time we added a new category: Otter People; or, as I like to refer to them as: The Enlightened. Most of you are probably thinking: holy fucking shit, this guy's a freaking genius! But for the sake of the otterly ignorant, I'll lay out a few benefits of Otter Domestication:

1. Like dogs, otters are loyal. They mate for life and hold hands when they sleep.
2. Otters hold hands when they sleep.
3. THEY FUCKING HOLD HANDS WHEN THEY SLEEP. Bet your stupid cat won't do that...
4. Some otters have armpit pockets where they carry rocks to crack open oysters.
5. If trained properly, you could probably put like a pan flute in there and teach them to play.
6. Otters are chill as fuck.
7. It's like a cat, fuzzy and soft, and unlike a cat, otters aren't assholes.
8. Otters can probably see into the future.
9. They make the dankest of memes.
10. ...And excellent bodyguards.



So, I ask you, ladies and gentlemen, look inside your hearts, put down Mittens, that furry little fuck, and write to your local lawmakers. Together we can make the world an Otter place.

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*among various other fees. Please do not ask for details about said fees; just provide us with your credit card number and social security number, and we'll take care of the rest!

Is Your Fellow Passenger a Drug Dealer? And How *YOU* Can Benefit!

Traveling is never fun—unless you're in first, of course, but that's not you. It's like, fine when you get there, and it's like, fine before you leave, but like the actual process of being transported from one place to another is like, not the most fun. Someone will shove their seat back into your face, often arraying their hippie, unwashed hair with a raccoon nesting inside it over the seat in front of you like a kind of let-me-strangle-or-smother-you blanket. And like, people try to like talk to you. Like, do I look like your therapist, your mother, or the two “friends” your mother pays for? The mandatory announcement from the bored, I'm-almost-a-model-no-really flight attendant always interrupts that three-year-old magazine in the pocket in front of you, and for the love of (no) God(s) that one crying baby always fucks shit up—that motherfucker never helps. Then the announcement from the stoned-yet-faux-cheery pilot: “Thank you for flying with us today. Imma try real hard not to crash us, brah.” That's always comforting.

However—

There is hope somewhere in that bleak picture I just painted! Where? you ask with pathetic desperation. The drug dealer that's inevitably within three rows and/or columns of you, of course. On a flight from Wichita to Omaha? There's still probably at least 1.9 dealers on the plane! (One of them lost that last 10% of their body mass by chopping off two fingers in a drug-induced haze, but he's pretty rich so it evens out.)

How to identify the suspect:

1. They look so normal. Seriously, do not be taken in if it looks like a soccer mom. Like those creepy aliens in the eponymous movie *Aliens* (or was it *Alien v. Predator*? Don't remember...) there is a mini alien hiding inside their skulls. Or they have the stuff.
2. They can be male or female. A) Gender parity exists in some fields and B) *Orange Is the New Black*, anyone? They could also, of course, be a hermaphrodite. Don't make assumptions about drug dealers.
3. They may or may not have tat sleeves. In fact, they may have tat sleeves and cover them with skin sleeves to make it seem as if they don't have tattoos. Note: Do not approach a gang member, as that may or may not end well.
4. If someone ignores your requests for drugs or even goes so far as to request a seat change from the model/flight attendant whilst faking an alarmed/disgusted look, take it as a positive sign. This is good! It means they are discreet and extremely smart; they're throwing people off the scent of marijuana. When you become a drug dealer you should utilize this method. Classic, simple, effective.
5. Age is just a number—entrepreneurs start younger and younger these days. Braces and a Nintendo 3DS are just a cover. You can utilize this even at 55. Do it.

P.S. Do not be fooled if the suspect is carrying a baby. Who's going to cavity search a baby?

Frat Boy Calendar

MONDAY

Bromantic dinner with the broooooooooos
Brooteeeeeinnnn #swole
Beer pong tourney finals
Main hoe brings you Mexican food

FRIDAY

Brotherhood activities with the broooooos
Wear a sober monitor shirt just to get
bitches
Wear Hawaiiian shirt just to wear
Hawaiiian shirt
Date night with side hoe

TUESDAY

Lift with the broooooooooos
50% off Keystone
Insta a pic of the sunset and hope to
impress basic bitches
Talk about The House

SATURDAY

Brotherhood activities with the
broooooos
Dump current hoe for new hoe
Retain this new main hoe but also pick
up a side hoe
Dump the OG main hoe for side hoe

WEDNESDAY

Wine Wednesday aka broooooooooosé
60 DEGREES BRING OUT THE SALMON
SHORTS
Nantucket red shorts now also
seasonally acceptable
Talk about The House even more

SUNDAY

"Philanthropy"
Darty with the broooooos
Beer pong tourney
Bromance study date at Mann Library

THURSDAY

Brotherhood activities with the
broooooos
Listen to meaningless rap songs
Listen to meaningless edm
Ask side hoe to date night last minute

Lunair SkyMall Accessories



Fake Coke Lip Rub

Rub this harmless powder on your upper lip to look fratty without stopping your heart or becoming psychologically dependent on drugs.

\$10/kilo



Q-Picks

Instead of buying Q-tips and toothpicks separately, save money with Q-Picks (patent pending). If you must use the same end twice, we recommend teeth first, then ears.

\$4.99/pack of 100



"I am not a crook"ed Wall Clock

Party like it's 1972 with this commemorative wall clock. Order now, and get a free recording device.

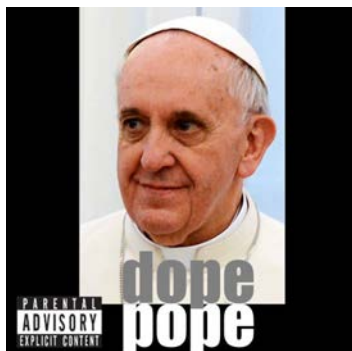
\$19.99



Raising the Flag on Iwo Jima Pencil Holder

If you let one pencil fall, then it might knock down the others like dominoes. So prop up your pencils like the CIA propped up democracies in Latin America and Southeast Asia.

\$19.91



We'll even throw in a *FREE* "Dope Pope" CD (limited offer while supplies last)

Letters to the Editor

As the head of a large organization (which shall remain unnamed), I always enjoy taking the time out of my day to enjoy a copy of the *Cornell Lunatic*. Keep up the good work, comrades.

Vladimir P., Moscow

Vladimir,

Thank you for your letter. We take our fans very Syria-sly, wink-wink.

I love reading the Cornell Lunatic and have no problems with it whatsoever. It's just great.

Mary S., Herndon, VA

Mary,

Thank you for writing this real, actual letter to us. We always appreciate real, actual praise from real, actual people such as yourself.

SAVE up to 30% on select models through September! Only at Aaron's Auto Joint.

Aaron's Auto Joint, Troy, NY

AARON,

THANK YOU FOR THE OFFER, BUT PLEASE REMOVE US FROM YOUR MAILING LIST.

I WAS VERY DISTURBED BY THE ARTICLE IN YOUR LAST ISSUE TITLED, "SEND ALL NON-WHITES BACK TO THE GOD-FORSAKEN LANDS FROM WHENCE THEY CAME." SUCH BIGOTRY IS UNACCEPTABLE.

ROBERT T., CHICAGO, IL

Robert,

Thank you for your letter. We did not print the article you mentioned; however, I believe you have us confused with the *Cornell Review*.

C. L. Staff

The Deluxe Travel Package



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stay.

The following is a palindrome, a passage that reads the same forward as it does backwards. Upon first reading, you will probably be able to tell that it is a history of the diversification of life on Earth. Upon closer reading, you might notice that the whole thing is an allegory for the rise of technology and the subsequent downfall of man. But then you'd definitely be reading into it too much.

God, a dog. Attack! Cat T.A. T-Rex, exert! Pull-up! Smell EMS. DNA. Email Liam E. PERT Shampoo. Oopmah strep. Email Liam E., and smell EMS. Pull-up, T-Rex! Exert! Attack! Cat T.A. God, a dog.

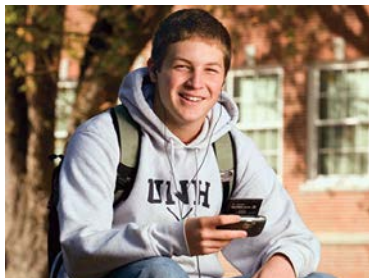
The following may or may not be a palindrome:

"Is it?" "It is."

BLAME PAGE

| | |
|----------------------------------------|-------|
| Front Cover | BJP |
| Staff Page ACTUAL Photograph | JW |
| IOWA | LM |
| Letter from the Editor | DSF |
| Superman Cartoon | BJP |
| TSA and Friends | BJP |
| Upgrade to First Class NOW | MB |
| Airplane Peanuts Ad | JW |
| Flight Tips | SE |
| Invisible Man Cartoon | BJP |
| Revised Cornell Motto | ZM |
| Revised Gettysburg Address | SE |
| Free Orlando | DB |
| Mixed Race Cartoon | NM |
| TCAT Bowners | TS |
| In-Flight Romcoms | PM |
| Bildungsroman | ZM |
| Audio Tapes at Trump Estate | MB |
| Dormitory Droppings | RB |
| Curly Girls! | PM |
| Courtroom Cartoon | ZM/NM |
| Conveyor Belt | DB |
| Conveyor Belt Photograph | SE |
| Seat Belt Cartoon | NM |
| A Nigerian Prince Email Correspondence | GM |
| Leaked Oval Office Tapes | ZM |

| | |
|-------------------------------------|-----|
| Trump Cake Recipe | JW |
| Maury Show | RB |
| Trump Endorsement | AS |
| Op Ed: Why JFK Won't Win | BJP |
| Superpowers from a Radioactive Bear | GM |
| Challenges of College Parents | LM |
| Les Mis Cartoon | BJP |
| Shit Sorority Girls Say | TS |
| The Wall | LM |
| The Proposal | AO |
| Flight Transcript | AO |
| Plane Door Cartoon | NM |
| Pitch Meeting | NS |
| Ode to Otters | GG |
| Dog Selfie Stick | MI |
| Drug Dealer Passenger | SV |
| Frat Boy Calendar | RG |
| SkyMall Products | SE |
| Dope Pope | JW |
| Letters to the Editor | SE |
| Deluxe Travel Package | NM |
| Palindrome | ZM |
| Coupon/Mama Gina's | LM |
| Happy Dave Trip | FM |
| Nuclear Site | JW |
| Back Page | JW |



Christopher Lanson

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