



# Editor's Note

## From the "Et Cetera Issue Competition" Winner, Foluso Bolaji

I'd like to start off by saying it all started when I was born. As soon as the doctor c-sectioned me out, the universe had pre-ordained me to write about my crippling issues that haven't even happened yet. I might not have the coolest kicks or knew what Grindr was until a few days ago, but at least I've got humor. And if I can make one person breathe out their nose harder than usual just once, I've done my job. If not, at least I know I'll be snorting at my own dumb jokes for an hour minimum (I think watching stan Twitter memes on YouTube broke my humor, but whatever).

Humor may be subjective but we can all for the most part laugh at our own pain. And who knew all those failed ALEKS questions would fuel me to have something to laugh about! So remember: the next time you fail something (you're at Case... you will at some point), that soon you'll look back and laugh.

I'd also like to thank the exec members and the editors at *the Athenian* for giving me what would have landed in my vent file. Enjoy biatch! <3

- Foluso Bolaji

Thank you to everyone who participated in this issue and made summer a success for *the Athenian*!

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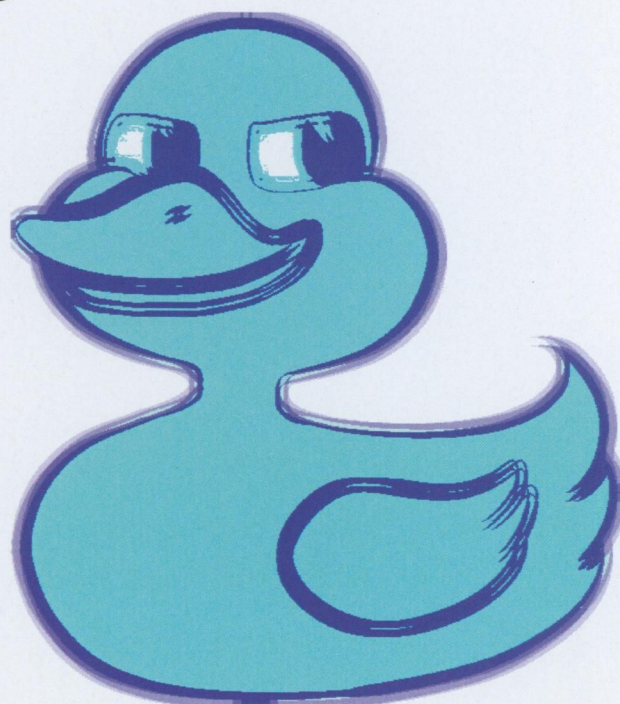
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Instagram followers,  
too!  
(btw: @CWRUAthenian)

**Issue 128**  
**Summer 2022**





# Tips and Tricks for Dealing with CWRU-Induced Stress

Foluso Bolaji

## Stress tip #1

### **Breathe**

It is always important to take deep breaths and meditate whenever you feel even a little stressed out. Your heart rate quickens and your palms get sweaty, mom's spaghetti, so take a moment to breathe and relax. Remember that this is only the beginning of a never-ending cycle that will only end in death. Stress averted!

## Stress tip #2

### **Take a walk**

Taking a walk can calm your nerves. This method can allow you to clear your mind and pretend that you are not about to fail chemistry again. So take the time to step outside your dorm, apartment, or lecture hall to see the beautiful construction sites, overpriced mediocre sushi places, and the mentally unstable chasing people in wheelchairs that make this university our home. Stress averted!

## Stress tip #3

### **Hack into the system to change the due date of the assignment**

We all know that breathing and walking can only do so much—I mean, we do that every day—and that unfinished paper is not going to write itself. You sure as hell are not going to write it either, so the next step, naturally, would be to hack into Canvas and extend the due date. For this operation, you will need a friend who is a computer science major. If you do not have one, you can always pay someone (CaseCash will do). Find a discreet location to perform this operation (perhaps Mitchell's). Allow your computer science pal to fiddle around on Canvas until they admit they have no idea what they are doing and spend the next few hours watching YouTube tutorials to figure it out. They will then right click, select "Inspect," and change the due date—until you refresh your page. Then bam! Your due date is not changed and you ask for your money back. You then order caramel and cookie dough ice cream in a waffle cone with the money you got back. Stress averted!

## Stress tip #4

### **Gaslight your professor into believing they never taught you the material**

You will go through many topics in a

**How you'll look while having 3 past due assignments and an exam the next day**



single unit, and it is easy for professors to miss things or leave certain topics out when teaching. Many professors are old, so if you are fortunate enough to have an elderly professor, this is your chance to exploit that for personal gain. For this to work, everyone has to be in on it. If you are not socially awkward to the point of avoiding others, reach out to the people in your class. Let them know that they can get out of an assignment by simply saying they were never taught the material. Hopefully the majority of the class is lazy like you and they will agree to the plan. So the next time you are in class, tell your professor that you cannot do the assignment due to their negligence in teaching it to you. With the class in support, you are well on your way to gaslight your professor to get the outcome you want. Stress averted!

## Stress tip #5

### **Gaslight yourself into doing fine on that exam**

Occasionally you realize you do not have time to do any of the above because your exam is in less than four hours and you are too lazy to take initiative. In this case, it is time to emotionally manipulate yourself into believing you will do great. Do not mind the fact that you barely touched your reading assignments and rarely paid attention in class. This is your time to believe in yourself! Maybe, somehow, you were able to retain enough information to help you through this exam. So calm down, relax, and finish that episode of HunterxHunter, because you got this in the

bag. Stress averted!

Got a professor who, instead of getting laid, lays you with another homework assignment? Maybe you did not study for the upcoming "Nemo" fish dissection? Do not worry, with these tips you will still have a sh\*t ton of work to do but at least you will not contemplate switching your major for the third time.

bag. Stress averted!

## Stress tip #6

### **Google**

Our friend, our savior, and the only thing that understands you when you're in need of quick answers: Google. We've all used it (and God knows you would have failed last semester without it), so get back to that assignment and fire up Chrome. You will finish it right before 11:59 p.m., daddy's got you. Stress averted!

## Stress tip #7

### **Accept your fate & do better next time**

So here we are, you have done it now, you really have done it. There really is not much of a choice at this point, but like your diet plan, there comes a time where we need to acknowledge you failed and try again later. Even if that next time is just a repeat of last time, it is the fact you have not screwed up yet that matters—the hope and belief that you will get your sh\*t together for the next assignment/quiz/exam. That is the fuel that keeps us going. The beacon of light that keeps shining. The voice in your head telling you "No! I will not drop out, not with all the student loans I am racking up, hell no! I will do better." And you will. Probably. Maybe. Stress averted!

*\*We are not responsible for you having a nervous breakdown if these tips do not work. In the case that this happens, please go through the steps again because, like your dad always says, you are probably doing it wrong.*



# Hitchcock Roaches Win Hershey PA Annual Soup Cook-Off: Exclusive Interview with Leader of Group, Arnold the Roach

Edie Barlin

**So why did you decide to enter the competition?**

It was actually Bon Appetit's idea! They wanted the hefty publicity boost for winning the cook-off, so they asked us for help. Over the millions of years we have survived, not including the millions by which we will outlive humans, we picked up a few good recipes along the way. In exchange for one bowl of soup, all my roach buds and I were promised free scraps of food to keep us eating for the summertime. Right now, without any students leaving food in the fridge weeks past expiration, we're struggling to find food. As for me personally, I'm bored being unable to scare students by chilling in the bathrooms, so I thought it would be nice to have a hobby.

**Respectfully, you don't have hands. How did you do things like cut vegetables?**

Well, us roaches can support up to 900 times our body weight, so we can hold a knife taped on our backs quite comfortably. Then, we find some sort of ledge and jump on the produce. Hopefully the knife will hit the vegetable, and bada-bing, bada-boom—

there's a cut. It's pretty speedy if you have 20 roaches all doing this at the same time. Of course, over the week we do lose a few to decapitations but we take 'em to UH Roach Division and they're fine.

## UH Roach Division?

Yeah! Roaches can survive a week without their head, so once the weekend comes, we round up the headless ones and head on over to the UH Roach Division. There's a dermatologist, Anita Vacatione, who never works weekends, so we just take her desk. Our surgeon is the top in the nation at putting the heads back on roaches. I know what you're thinking. "But how do you remove all traces of you being there?" That's what pre-med roaches are there for, baby! For the sake of volunteering hours, we can make them do as much manual labor as we want.

## Why Make A Gazpacho?

The intent was actually to do a nice tomato soup, but Jerry was on to something special. Jerry the Roach was helping cut tomatoes when he jumped too far and fell right in the soup. We all started scrambling—is he okay? Can we serve the soup with Jerry

in it? If we hide him under a bay leaf who will notice? Then a few minutes later, Jerry popped up and started swimming! Turns out us roaches can hold our breath for 40 minutes. Then Jerry got an idea and figured out a way to stir the soup: just swim around with the heat off. Of course, you gotta stir tomato soup with the heat on, but not a gazpacho!

**When you entered the competition not only did you win, but no judges got sick. How did that happen?**

First things first, the notion that roaches spread bacteria is a harmful stereotype. But... in this case we did spread a lot of bacteria in the soup. So, I hit up my girl Edna the Roach. Edna lives in the Morley Chemistry building. There's all sorts of fun abandoned stuff in there; beakers, orange peels, unregulated radiation guns, you know. Edna hooked us up with the radiation gun so we could zap the food with it. We play by the rules of the RFDA (Roach Food and Drug Administration), which takes into account that we can absorb *hella* radiation. Under those laws, we get radium food baby! As for how we won, it was made with love.

# Sally the Salad Robot replaced with Abby the Affection robot in TVUC

Sofia Lemberg

In response to the uproar caused by the shutdown of Sally the Salad Robot, CWRU has introduced a new machine for community members to try. Abby the Affection robot, located in Tinkham Veale University Center, is a prototype designed in cooperation with Sears [think]box to provide affection to customers at accessible prices. It will be available to students beginning early September.

An anonymous university-wide poll indicated that the majority of students, along with a handful of faculty and staff, do not know how to initiate appropriate social interactions. This leads to frequent isolation and trouble communicating with peers. An anonymous engineering student comment-

ed, "I always hear about people finding the love of their life in college, but whenever I talk about my overloaded schedule or how hard my major is, no one seems to respond. I thought this was how you talk to other students."

Another student, who indicated they were pre-med, stated they felt stressed more often than happy: "I can't find anyone else who knows what it's like to be a premed. It's hard to be better than everyone else."

Abby the Affection robot was created with the well-being of CWRU community members in mind, in an attempt to mitigate the lack of social interaction many people face. It will have many products available

for purchase, including "Forehead Kiss," "Pat on the Back," and "Words of Encouragement" such as "I'm proud of ya, son" ranging from one to five dollars. Abby also accepts CaseCash.

With the health and safety of the CWRU in mind, think[box] designers have installed a self-cleaning mechanism to reduce the risk of exposure to COVID, herpes, and the flu. However, customers have mixed feelings regarding Abby "ejaculating" cleaning fluid. Students taking PSCL 101 are encouraged to interview people who use the robot and get their opinions on the robot's functionality, effectiveness, and the relationships they have with their parents.



# Eric Kaler establishes "Task Force to Figure Out Who is Behind the cwru\_squirrels, cwrubunnies and cwrufirmations Instagram Accounts"; says it will help him sleep at night knowing who runs them

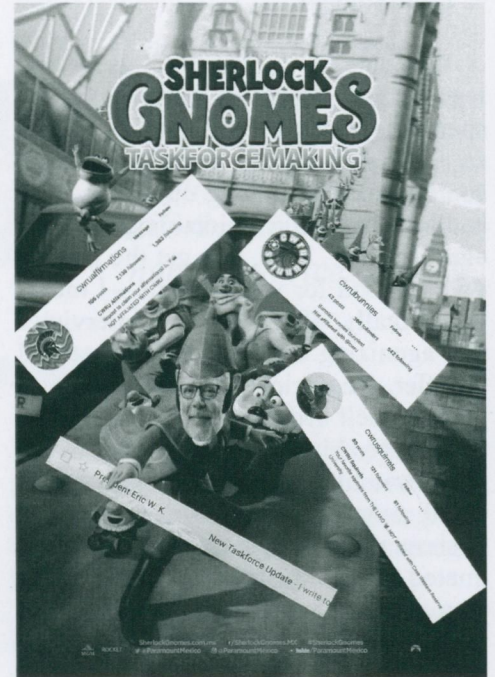
Elon Slut

**BREAKING:** After successfully establishing the Reproductive Health Task Force (pro-choice king!) President Kaler has some new priorities. According to sources close to the president, his wife, Karen, discovered the cwru\_squirrels, cwrubunnies, and cwrufirmations accounts while scrolling through Instagram. Despite claiming no affiliation with the university, Kaler has declared his intention to "do something" about the accounts and their administrators.

Neither of the Kaler's have been able to sleep since finding out the accounts existed. *The Athenian* has gotten word that their insomnia will persist until they locate the owners of the accounts. "I fear this will begin to interfere with my work for the university," said Kaler in a call to his general practitioner,

"and I cannot let that happen. If I'm not at my best, how can I lead these task forces?" Kaler has established the *Be A Detective, Like Sherlock Holmes, Task Force*, with himself and Detective Sergeant Daniel Schemmel leading it.

When approached for comment, Kaler explained that the task force will "identify key questions and concerns" and "support our entire campus community," and that he believes they will find the culprits. He added that "we provide guidance regarding access to...expressive activities." *The Athenian* will post updates with any further news we receive on this topic. In the meantime, we hope President Kaler gets to have his beauty rest, and that his wife does not feel excluded by not having been appointed to the task force.



Pink n' Periwinkle

## New Student Quiz!

Rowan Talmadge

Are you an incoming freshman? A transfer student? Been living under a rock for the past two years and finally stepping on campus? Do you wonder how well you'll fit in here at CWRU? Take this quiz and find out how much you have in common with the rest of the CWRU population.

1. Spartie: Smash / Pass
2. Kaler: Smash / Pass
3. Babs: Smash / Pass
4. Daddy Drew: Smash / Pass
5. Sal Khan (from Khan Academy): Smash / Pass
6. The Ugly Statue: Smash / Pass
7. The Phallic Quad Statue: Smash / Pass
8. Crawford Hall: Smash / Pass
9. Your Orientation Leader (OL): Smash / Pass
10. Your freshman intro class SI: Smash / Pass
11. The smell of the Adelbert Bridge: Smash / Pass
12. Med school admissions counsel:

Smash / Pass

13. Bernie: Smash / Pass
14. Lou Stark: Smash / Pass
15. The Athenian: Smash / Pass
16. Whoever keeps submitting missed connections about how horny they are: Smash / Pass
17. CampusGroups: Smash / Pass
18. YikYak: Smash / Pass
19. The crushing weight of your unattainable expectations for yourself: Smash / Pass
20. That one gay RA in your building: Smash / Pass
21. The COVID-19 tests that scrape the depths of your nussy: Smash / Pass
22. The room numbering system in Nord Hall: Smash / Pass
23. The Elephant Stairs: Smash / Pass
24. A dorm air conditioner: Smash / Pass
25. Twin XL bed: Smash / Pass
26. The Greenlink: Smash / Pass
27. The freshman dorm weed dealers:

Smash / Pass

28. The soup pots in Grab-It: Smash / Pass
29. Caffeine pills: Smash / Pass
30. A lack of executive function: Smash / Pass
31. A fake ADHD diagnosis to get Ad-derall that turned out not to be fake after all: Smash / Pass
32. Brita pitcher: Smash / Pass
33. Clark Tower shower floors: Smash / Pass
34. Double rooms as an upperclassman: Smash / Pass
35. Rainbow LED light strips: Smash / Pass
36. The shitty mandala tapestry you bought off of Amazon: Smash / Pass
37. Dunkin': Smash / Pass
38. Euclid Ave Starbucks: Smash / Pass
39. Village Starbucks: Smash / Pass
40. An iPad: Smash / Pass

\*If you don't know who any of these people are, you're too young.



# How to Survive the Existential Dread You Inevitably Experience at Your Internship: A Letter

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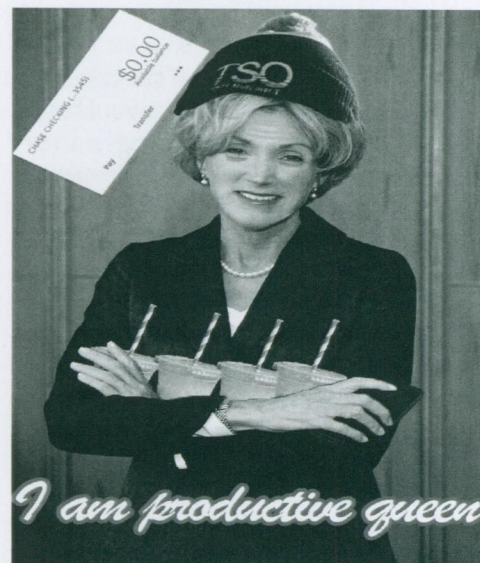
Dear Student,

Welcome to Summer! ...as a college student. We know the drill. You've spent the past semester trying to get an internship for the summer. (YOUR summer to spend being outside, active, and healthy, while maintaining your social life, and...well, you get the gist.) It will be good for your resume—I mean, you. Finally, after weeks of interviews and agonizing silence, you've received an offer. One orientation later and you find yourself drifting away in a cubicle, the deathly blue screen reflected in the gold rims of your eyeglasses, wondering if your supervisor will ever bother to show up. You had a whole list of animated television shows you were more than willing to watch instead of enduring through this lazy, 9-to-5 corporate bullshi—

Anyway. You start to wonder, *Is this worth it? Has anything been worth it? Worth the time, the effort? Will I wilt away at a desk like this, a corporate robot with a single framed picture of a*

*cat, a spouse and a baby to make up for everything else?* And it is worth it! Rest assured, your third paycheck will echo this fact of cope-reate life very well. Sure, you could be broke and traveling the world. You could be having adventures and living life to the fullest everyday. You could take your favorite sibling and join the circus and live the Found Family Trope™. And sure, of course you could waste away in your room instead of a cubicle, playing video games and watching Pixar animated shorts. But where's the fun in that when you could be rotting away in a cubicle with asbestos sprinkling from the ceiling tile near your desk, and breathing in that familiar smell of mildew in the building lobby?

Deep inside, you know this is good for your parents' ability to boast about their child's accomplishments—I mean, this is good for you and your future. After all, there's no time like the present to put a few more buzzwords on a piece of paper that won't matter once you retire. What are you waiting for? Keep waking up at the crack of dawn, keep going to



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work at 7 a.m., and come back at 6 p.m. when absolutely nothing could stop you from watching *Gravity F*—oh. Right. What's for dinner?

I'm not projecting. At all.

Love,  
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## Sophomores asked to sleep in academic buildings as incoming student population soars

Sofia Lemberg

According to CWRU's 2021 First-Year Student Profile, the university received more than 33,000 first-year applications, 10,000 of whom they accepted. Out of the pool of accepted applicants, 1,600 students enrolled in the class of 2025, making it CWRU's largest freshman class by a margin of 300 students compared to the class of 2024. (Class statistics for the class of 2026 have not been released at the time of writing.)

Despite this dramatic rise in the undergraduate population, CWRU lacks the on-campus housing facilities to sustain its growing numbers. "We acknowledge that this may worry some people, but we ask that students and faculty alike look at the bright side," wrote University Housing in an email to the campus community. "Between admitting more students and rais-

ing the price of tuition annually, CWRU has demonstrated its desire to expand and develop its students' potential via financial means. This includes providing university administration staff with Rolls Royces and putting extra condiment options in the dining halls. Until more residence halls can be built, a temporary housing system has been developed. Upperclassmen—specifically sophomores—intending to live on campus will reside in academic buildings until enough residence halls have been built." When investigative reporters of *The Athenian* asked when they expected the projects to be complete, University Housing only sent a bill with room and board costs of the relevant students with heavy red underlines to indicate the exorbitant cost of living on campus for the semester.

In preparation for the fall semester, CWRU

staff have hired extra RAs to supervise the common spaces of Bingham, Nord, and Sears, where the most students are expected to reside along with their belongings. Couches in Bingham and Sears will be available for nightly reservations on a first-come, first-serve basis, and staff will arrange chairs in Nord to form platforms for sleeping. Students living in academic buildings will have exclusive access to Grab-It options in Sears after 3 p.m. with their dining plan. However, they must remove their personal belongings from 7 a.m. to 9 p.m. everyday to allow for regular academic use of the common spaces. Failure to do so will result in fines from the university.

Room and board charges will remain the same despite the change in available housing. Students are encouraged to contact University Housing with questions or concerns.



# "A liberal arts degree? Don't you want a real job?" Gloats business management student

Whether Hedd

CLEVELAND—Following the start of classes this past week, Weatherhead student and regional pissing contest champion Glenn Dickweed spent his Monday wondering why a person would study any of the many social science and liberal arts programs available to students at CWRU. Dickweed reached out to *The Athenian* in a personal letter to the editor.

"You see, it's a simple matter of supply and demand," the business management undergraduate explained. "Businesses have demand for my unique management skills, and so they are willing to pay me more for my expertise. The fact of the matter is that no one from any other background could do this sort of thing. We're talking about some really complicated, high-entry stuff here."

In his LinkedIn profile, which he printed and attached to the letter, Dickweed boasted a Microsoft Office certification and listed a single semester of internship experience



*Local man boasts essential societal function of white-collar middle management to peers majoring in education, human services programs*

with the firm Dickweed & Johnson, LLC (no relation). It is these qualifications, Dickweed explained, that make him a unique candidate to comment on the usefulness of liberal arts in the job market.

As he continued in his letter, "I mean, mostly I don't get it. How could I be the only one to have figured out how this sys-

tem works? These other programs just don't give you the same skills or purpose. How else do these students expect to change the world if not by becoming middle management?"

At the end of this semester, Dickweed will be entering the workforce as a senior consultant at the age of 22.

## Kaler: Informal Address to the Class of 2026

*The following article consists of a letter submitted to The Athenian by President Eric Kaler, who asked that it be published in its unadulterated entirety as an address to the student body.*

Eric Kaler

To the Case Western Reserve University community,

In writing to you today, I hope to address the freshmen of the class of 2026 as they transition to the next chapter of their lives. Our administrative staff strives to create a welcoming atmosphere on campus, and understands the kinds of challenges our new students may face in the coming semester. However, I also hope that the advice I share with you here can resonate with any returning students who find they need to hear it.

At first, you may encounter difficulty forging the meaningful connections you may see some of your peers making. I understand that this can be frustrating, but rest assured: all this means is that there is something fundamentally wrong with you, and you are a dislikeable person. The only hope left for you is to replace your personality with casual drug abuse. Maybe try making small talk with people in your classes to find a welcoming group of friends. Or don't. No skin

off my ass.

Furthermore, don't be deceived by what you may see on your peers' social media. In this day and age, a person's online presence may not tell the full story. They may seem more successful than you when they post their accomplishments, or happier than you when they post about their vacations. The truth is, everyone is actually much happier than you and they deserve it. Especially the couples. I know because sometimes I like to wander around in the dormitories and watch them through the windows. I've seen things. But at the end of the day, walking around campus and meeting new people is a great way to get to know your fellow students.

But they don't know you, Eric. And they don't like you, Eric. They don't want you around them. Oh God, they don't stop. Something's wrong. Why do they keep getting louder. They won't go away, leave me alone get out GET OUT of my hEad. Please, I've tried so hard GET OUT GET OUT OF MY hEAD THEY WON'T GO

AWAY they won't leave me alone. Why, WHY ARE WE HERE? OH GOD, THE WALLS ARE CLOSING IN. THEY'RE GETTING CLOSER. I'M TRAPPED. IT'S TOO LATE FOR ME I CAN'T GO BACK ANYMORE. This body is a vessel NIGHTMARE NIGHTMARE EFFECTORIS CONAMEN OMNES QUARENDI FORMAS HAURIT COGNITIO ACTIVA CREATIX ET CONTINUA PROMOTIO CULTURAE CIVIUM GLOBALIS

I'm sorry. I don't know what came over me. A final word of advice, kids (and don't tell my wife, Karen, that I'm telling you this): you can catch a lot of flies with honey, but you can catch a lot more honeys being fly.

Kale Salad out. Good night, and big balls.

Eric Kaler (he/they)  
President  
Case Western Reserve University  
Events Coordinator  
Toyotathon 2007



# The time Tomlinson Subway messed up my order... on my birthday

Surya Meiyappan

On Monday, Jan. 31, 2022, I was sitting in the balcony of Strosacker Auditorium listening to none other than James Bader lecture about the history of DNA. Like all Mondays, the day dragged on forever—I was extremely tired (which was no one's fault except for my own), however one thing was keeping me going: knowing that the instant class ended at 2:00 p.m. I would be able to go to Tomlinson and receive a scrumptious Footlong from the Subway in the basement. Just minutes prior, I had opened up the Grubhub app on my phone and placed my order—italian herbs and cheese, roasted chicken, pepper jack cheese, toasted, bell peppers, cucumbers, jalapeños, lettuce, olives, onion, tomatoes, southwest chipotle sauce, two chocolate chip cookies, and a cup which I would eventually fill with precisely 3/7 pink lemonade and 4/7 sparkling water. You know I have to get all the toppings when they're free (except banana peppers, those are gross). Given that it was my birthday, I felt entitled to a flawless meal. In the order request section, I had included "today is my birthday please make my order correctly. Thank you!" so the employee who would be preparing my lunch knew about the importance of the meal at hand. I knew the person who made my meal had read my special request, because on my receipt, I saw the handwritten message "Happy Birthday" (thank you, I appreciate it).

The journey from Tomlinson to the Juniper Residential Community was one of epic proportions and comparable to that of The Odyssey. Although I endured single digit temperatures, hurricane force winds, rogue drivers on Adelbert (seriously, I almost got flattened by a Greenlink when I had right of way), and frozen hands, I knew that these temporary pains were nothing compared to the eternal happiness that I would receive the second I took a bite out of my mouth-watering sandwich assembly. The only thing that kept me going was that orgasmic feeling I knew I would experience while consuming the perfection that was my Subway sandwich.

Due to my irresponsibility with rationing out my portable meal swipes, Jolly Scholar swipes, and CaseCash, I was enslaved to the meals served at Leutner Commons the weekend before. The instant I entered my room, I sprinted to the bathroom to wash my hands with soap and water (because I don't slack for

hygiene), and grabbed my Subway bag. My Footlong was wrapped in such a convoluted manner that it seemed like it was welded shut. I investigated the packaging for five minutes trying to figure out how to open it. At that point, my hunger and desire to absolutely devour my Footlong sandwich got the best of me. I tore at the paper wrapping in such an animalistic fashion that if my roommate was there, he would definitely have thought I was on LSD. The paper was a mess and bread crumbs were all over my recently sanitized desk, but I would let nothing get in the way between me and my sandwich.

Finally! The time I had long been waiting for was here. I saw my footlong sandwich sitting right before my eyes. Hallelujah! Tears of joy filled my eyes as I grabbed half of the sandwich and took a healthy bite out of it. It was at that very moment my happiness—like Cleveland's industry in the late 2000s—came crashing down.

I realized that my sandwich had no chicken! I could not comprehend how that had happened. Did the employee just forget to include chicken in my Footlong sandwich (we all make mistakes, but how did they forget to include the main and only source of protein)? That was still only one of the many problems with my lunch. After careful analysis of my sandwich, I realized that the pepper jack cheese, olives, jalapeños, and the chipotle southwest sauce were missing, and my sandwich was not toasted. At that point, I was worried that I grabbed someone else's lunch—but no, I saw my name proudly presented on the receipt. This was my lunch. At that point, it was too late for me to go out and get another, so instead, I sat at my desk and ate my vegetable sandwich in disappointment. I had hoped to receive some fine dining on my birthday but instead all I had gotten was, let's be real, a salad wedged between bread. I silently wept at my desk as I felt my soul leave my body, knowing that I had just used a precious and valuable portable swipe on something equivalent to A SALAD AND BREAD.

Did the employees even look at my receipt? Or did they throw together whatever they wanted just to mess with me? There is no way that many things could be left off my order. I came to the conclusion that there was no way all of these mistakes could have been

due to human error (I hope, at least. I have lots of respect for people who work in food service). All of a sudden, my disappointment turned into pure rage. I realized that I had been lied to! I was tricked! Scammed! Subway lied to me on Grubhub! They listed ingredients which THEY DID NOT HAVE IN STOCK. This error gave me a sense of false hope and excitement. As I was modifying my Footlong sandwich on Grubhub, I could visualize it in all of its glory. However unbeknownst to my knowledge, none of that was happening. All of my hopes and dreams were crushed by my sad excuse of a lunch. This leads me to give an announcement to not just Subway but all vendors on Grubhub: for the love of the United States, IF YOU DO NOT HAVE CERTAIN INGREDIENTS IN STOCK, TAKE THEM OFF THE MENU. DO NOT LIST INGREDIENTS THAT YOU DO NOT HAVE IN GRUBHUB. PEOPLE WILL ORDER THEM AND THEN BE VERY DISAPPOINTED WHEN THEY DON'T RECEIVE WHAT THEY ORDERED. Overwhelmed with sorrow, I grabbed half of my sandwich in my hand and reached up crying to the gods, all while screaming a quote from Othello into the void of my dorm room.

At that point, I had just decided to accept what had happened and moved on with my day. I climbed into bed and cried myself to sleep until it was time to go to Millis Schmitt Auditorium, where I would listen to Benjamin Sturtz teach chemistry.

I decided that after that total disaster, I would never eat from Tomlinson Subway again. Predictably, the following Friday, I caved in to my impulses and decided to give Subway ONE more chance with my order. And I am happy to say that Subway executed my order flawlessly. Thus, I guess they can consider themselves forgiven. I love you Subway.

And yes, for those of you wondering, my birthday did get much better after lunch. My friends in my dorm gave me wonderful and extremely thoughtful gifts and even baked me a delicious chocolate cake (although the orange frosting was somewhat questionable). But you know, it's the thought that counts.

By the way, I'm considering getting a Footlong Subway themed tattoo to get those free Subway sandwiches for life. Please send any design ideas my way.



# Are You Mr. Right for CWRU's Hottest Bachelor?

Sara Ramaiah

In an exclusive interview with *The Athenian's* lifestyle columnists, the anonymous bachelor spilled all of his do's and don'ts, turn-ons and turn-offs, and smash or passes. He's had enough of the frat scene and has decided it's time to find his Mr. Right—or his Mrs. Right, ladies. We've compiled a questionnaire for you, our loyal and lonely readers, to determine if this is the right man for you. If it's a Marriage Pact made in heaven, all you have to do is send a message to your mystery man through CWRU Missed Connections and pray it isn't swept away by the tide of messages from other lonely nerds. Without further ado: Would He Date You?

## 1. What is your idea of a fun night out?

a. I don't really go out and party. I spend my evenings at the gym because the grind doesn't stop.

b. I'd rather stay in and play video games, to be honest.

c. Easy, a bar crawl. My weekends are Thirsty Thursday, F\*\*\*ed up Friday, and Sh\*t-faced Saturday. The bouncers know me by name and I'm in credit card debt because of the cost of my burgeoning alcoholism.

## 2. What is your favorite meal?

a. Ever since I got off of the meal plan, I've been making these salads with all farm fresh ingredients and they're actually really good. Did you know CWRU has a farm?

b. Whatever they serve at the dining hall. Food is food, I'm not one for cooking anyhow.

c. OK hear me out, you take one of those Kraft Mac And Cheese cups and nuke it like normal, but instead of water you use a can of Pabst Blue Ribbon beer. Then, refrigerate it for two days. Crumble up some hot cheetos over top and eat it cold. It's perfect if you're, uh, in the right "mind-set."

## 3. When do you usually go to bed?

a. I'm always in bed by 10:30 p.m., no exceptions. I've slept from 11 p.m.-7 a.m. every day since I was 12 years old, except for when I was on the rowing team and slept from 8 p.m.-4 a.m. I'm very serious about my zzzzzzh-hnggNNH-pB-WHhhh time.

b. Probably around 3 a.m.? I sleep until noon, but I have all afternoon classes so it's fine. Well, except for my one 9 a.m. lecture, but no one goes to that anyway. It's nice to be up and able to do things when no one else is awake, there's a certain privacy to the middle of the night.

c. I mostly operate off of naps. So I go to lecture, sleep there, but I'm still absorbing all of the knowledge by osmosis, you know like in that one

episode of *Dexter's Laboratory*? Yeah, so it varies.

## 4. Do you have a lot of friends?

a. Nah, I'm more of the loner type, to be honest. Friends slow you down, you know. They're always asking questions like "Who's that guy following you?" and "Oh my God, does he have a knife?" and I'm not gonna let that get in the way of my love life.

b. A few. We play Valorant and Super Smash Bros., mostly. Sometimes Minecraft.

c. I have friends everywhere I go. I know people in every frat, every sports team, every sorority. That's basically everyone who goes here. What? What do you mean there are people who don't party at Case?

## 5. Do you live alone?

a. Yeah, I have a cute apartment to myself out near Coventry. It's pretty small and a bit far from campus, but it's enough for me. Come to think of it, I don't even talk to my neighbors. It's a good thing my walls are completely soundproof.

b. Nah, I just have one roommate. They're a morning person though, so we don't see each other much. They don't care what I do as long as I pay rent.

c. I'm actually living in Greek Housing right now, so I live with a whole bunch of other people.

## 6. Do you drink a lot? How about drugs?

a. Oh no, I don't drink at all and I've never done drugs. That stuff is poison, you know. I don't need to be intoxicated to have a good time. My liver is in absolutely mint condition. My heart too. Actually, I'd say all of my organs are in tip-top shape.

b. Yeah, me and my buddies will drink and smoke a bit on a Friday night, but that's about it. I mean, it's fun, but I'm not a huge party person, so I don't go crazy.

c. What are you, a cop?

## 7. Do you have a full sized bathtub? Like big enough to take an ice bath in, maybe?

a. I have a huge clawfoot tub. There's totally room to take a nice long soak, maybe even room for two. I heard it does wonders for preserving... youth.

b. I have one of those shower/tub combos, so it's kinda small. It's totally stain resistant though. I cut myself shaving in there once and the blood just came right off like nothing ever happened. Easy cleaning.

c. No, I don't take baths, weirdo.

## 8. Do you have any infectious diseases or chronic illnesses that might affect the health or integrity of your tissues and organs?

a. I've been wearing N-95s since before it was

cool. I got a cold once when I was 11 years old, and the shame of that haunts me to this day. I've never gotten COVID-19, and I've never even thought about holding hands with someone because people have cooties and I'm above that. I am a pristine specimen.

b. Only if you count being a gamer B)

c. I collect STDs like they're girl scout badges. I don't believe in vaccines either, my body's natural immune system is strong enough to fight anything off. As far as I'm concerned, "terminal" is just a place at the airport.

## 9. What's your blood type?

a. O negative. I've been donating blood since I was 16 years old, and the Red Cross calls me a super donor or something because my blood is so valuable.

b. A positive I think? I've never had a surgery or anything so it's never come up.

c. ABHIV+.

## 10. Did you know that you left your door unlocked? Oh no, don't bother checking it.

If you answered mostly A's, then you and our bachelor are a perfect match! He loves a person with a healthy lifestyle and can't wait to take you out. Expect a knock on your door in the middle of the night for your Mr. Right. He will show up with everything he needs for the perfect date. He'll make you his favorite meal, complete with some fava beans and a nice Chianti.

If you answered mostly B's, then you'd make a great friend for our bachelor, but you're not really his type. Hey, since you're probably going to be up late with no plans anyway, why don't you reach out? This mystery man, whose anonymity we are being paid to protect, is always one for spur of the moment I a.m. walks around campus. He might also need you to help him clean up his apartment afterwards, and who couldn't use a little spring cleaning? He'll probably invite you to be a part of his side hustle, and as long as you keep quiet about who where it came from, you could get a chunk of the profits. You have completed your bloodborne pathogen safety training, right?

If you answered mostly C's, then Mr. Right is your Mr. Wrong. Maybe you'll have better luck elsewhere though. You should talk to the person who answered mostly B's, they could afford to liven up a bit. Our bachelor prefers a quiet night in, away from the prying eyes of your friends (especially the ones that would notice you missing) so it's not going to work out. Have you considered cleaning up a bit? Maybe if the cirrhosis hasn't taken hold yet, you still stand a chance with the man of your nightmares.



# Princess Leia Gives Fellow Disney Princesses Blasters, Respective Movies Now 10 Minutes Long

Edie Barlin

During the most recent Annual Disney Princess Convention, reports state that Princess Leia radicalized the rest of the princesses and gave them access to the Star Wars universe to obtain blasters, X-wing fighters, Jizz, and alcohol.

Leia, although technically having become a Disney Princess in 2012, was never recognized by the Disney Princess brand. Despite Mickey Mouse promising that she would be in promotional material with her fellow Princesses Cinderella and Snow White, Mickey later stated that he was altering the deal. When Leia asked Mickey why it was altered, he told her to not choke on her aspirations, and that her lack of faith in The Mouse was disturbing.

After that meeting, Leia realized that Mickey was no help. If she couldn't join the princesses, then she had to convince the princesses to join her against Mickey. Leia marched into the princess convention, supplying Rebel artillery to the other Princesses to protect them against their villains and the tyrannical Mickey. The Empire was difficult enough to defeat with weapons, how did Mickey think the Princesses could defeat evils as old as time with nothing but a friendship? The princesses gleefully accepted the protection Leia brought them.

While the princesses enjoyed their new power, some movie viewers did not. The whole point of the Disney Princess movies was to keep children entertained for one and a half hours while their parents

got work done. Now parents could barely send an email before the movie was over, as the princesses kept annihilating their villains halfway through the first act.

One parent complains:

"I loved the movie *Pocahontas* because it had the message that love is so powerful it can bridge language barriers. In this new version, we never get that message because John Smith and Pocahontas don't even meet! The second an English ship shows up on the horizon, Pocahontas grabs a E-11 blaster rifle and sinks the ship! I guess it's a good thing since the movie *Pocahontas* doesn't die of smallpox like the real-life one does. Now if I want the same message, I need to show my kids *The Bee Movie*. True love between someone who speaks English and one who speaks Bee is the same thing, right?"

Another parent joins in:

"I was watching *Mulan* with my kids when the Huns came on screen. Instead of Mulan scrambling to fight them off, she makes a gesture and summons X-WING FIGHTERS AND SLAUGHTERS ALL OF THE HUNS. Now my kids think that X-Wing Fighters were a real weapon in Imperial China. I don't know if my kids noticed this, but in the corner of a screen, a TIE Fighter that looked like it had Mickey Mouse in it started shooting at the X-Wings. Due to the fact it was way outnumbered, the TIE Fighter was shot out of the sky straight away. The Huns died, the movie ended, and my kids

will be reading A LOT of history books. Thanks, Leia."

A final recount of the new ending of *The Little Mermaid*:

"My husband and I got really drunk a few nights ago and decided to watch *The Little Mermaid* without our kids. I'm happy we did. The movie was normal until right before the fight with Ursula. Ariel took a shot of some liquor and grabbed a lightsaber to get ready for battle. Suddenly, the scene paused, and out came Mickey Mouse with his own saber, telling Ariel how "Sleepy Walt Disney is not as forgiving as I am" and "There is no escape, don't make me destroy you." He did not seem happy that Ariel was going to end her movie on her terms.

Then, as Mickey approached, Ariel yelled out, "Darth, blow up my planet! Do it now! It's the only way to save me!" Then out of nowhere, Darth Vader and some half-fish half-Vader creature came and swooped up Ariel! A looming Death Star slowly rose in the sky in the background. There was an explosion and the credits rolled."

Recent reports speculate that Ariel got a little confused and became friends with the Empire instead of the Rebels. Specifically, she became an extra good friend of Darth Vader, potentially mothering a Darth Fish.

This story is still developing. If you have any reports of Mickey fighting his princesses, please email [stopmickey-fromkillingtheprincesses@gmail.com](mailto:stopmickey-fromkillingtheprincesses@gmail.com).

## Summer Plans

Christina Duan

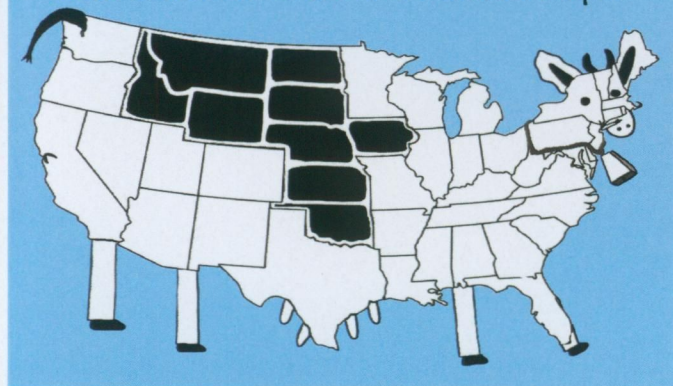






Edie Barlin

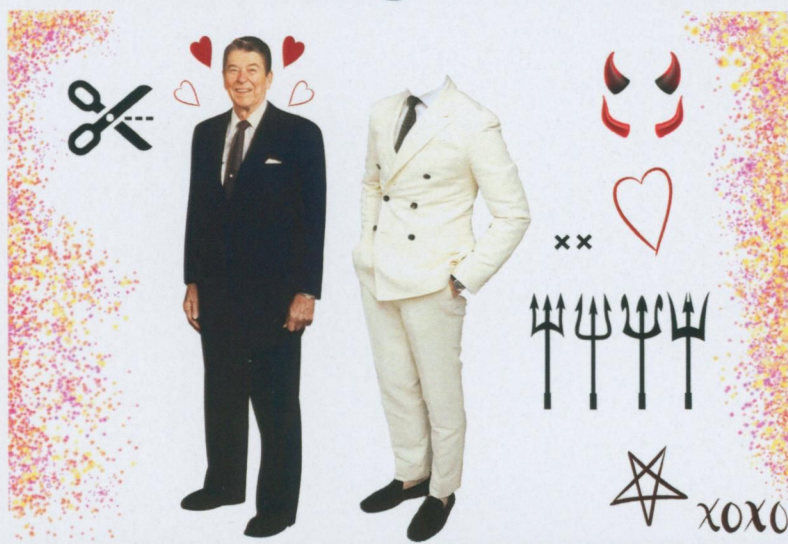
The 39 States that Matter, and the Nine that Have More Cows than People



Sara Ramaiah



## My Bestie Presi: Ronald Reagan Edition



Sara Ramaiah

## Certified Boy Lover Out Now!

DRAKE's debut album, which some have already called a certified hood classic, is out now on SoundCloud. **Scan here!**





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