



**THE  
ATHENIAN  
2000-2023**

**THE  
OBITUARY  
ISSUE**



# Editor's Note

TABVLAE ATHĒNIĒNSIS  
VOLVMEN XII

Most lovely enthusiasts of *The Athenian*,

CONTENT WARNING: NOT SATIRE. EMOTIONAL. You have been warned.

We find ourselves at the end of a long journey. After four years of contribution and nearly three years of being the Editor-in-Chief, my time with *The Athenian* has come to a close. It was very difficult for me to find the right words for this. *How can I contain my thoughts to a single note?* It seemed impossible, but a lot of things the graduating seniors have accomplished in the past seemed impossible, too.

August 2020: we have approximately two active members and an exec team barely larger than that. We were pretty much destined to join Young Writers of Cleveland, SPARC, etc. But we refused to give up. Sofia and I, along with Kevin and Alyssa, would not let this organization sink. It came with consequences, though. I think Sofia wrote like eight articles for one of the issues. Content was feeble, morale was low, but we would not surrender. With an obscene amount of stubbornness, crappy graphics, and a budding Instagram page, we found ourselves with 40 people at our first brainstorming meeting of the 2021-2022 school year. We were awarded the Organization of the Year award from UMB exec that spring. Fast forward to now, we were awarded the Outstanding Student Organization award for 2022-2023. We have published more issues in this span than any other executive board in the history of *The Athenian*.

You may be thinking: okay, this is just one giant pat on the back you gave to yourselves. And you're right. We did THAT. But we also want you to know that you can do it, too. A wise Carthaginian once said, "AVT VIAM INVENIAM AVT FACIAM," or, "I shall find the way or make one." A wise Pittsburgher once said, "Give everything you have in everything you do, and you will never lack success." Who knows, taking this advice may lead you to become a quadruple major or perhaps represent a beloved satire magazine.

Thank you for an amazing, tumultuous, *rewarding* four years. To the entire executive team (past and present), loyal readers, and contributors, you have given me the experience of a lifetime. To Kevin, Bernie, and Alyssa, thank you for enduring SO MUCH PAIN and continuing to remain integral parts of our organization. Sofia: I have no words for how proud of you I am, how grateful I am for all you've done... Even from thousands of miles away, you never lost sight of our mission. And to you, reading right now. Thank you for everything. From the bottom of my heart, I love each and every one of you so much. Never be a stranger!

Tuī,

Ellie-in-Chief (STVLTVS EQVVS) ♥

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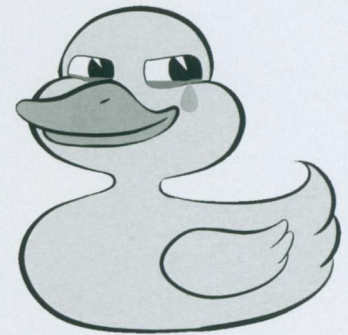
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BERNIE JIM IN OUR HEARTS



# media board



April/May 2023 (Finals Szn)



# 10 Safer Alternatives to Drunk Driving

Officer I. Hardleigh Noher

In the United States, a person dies from a preventable drunk driving crash every 45 minutes. Thousands of innocent people die each year as a result of cars driven by inebriated individuals. In an effort to decrease the number of deaths by drunk driving, Case Western Reserve University Emergency Medical Services (CWRU EMS) has partnered with the Society for Healing Alcohol-Related Traumas (SHART) to offer better alternatives for such heinous and reckless behavior.

**1. Get high on a scooter.** Electric scooters are easy to find anywhere on campus, and there is no way you do not have a guy. This alternative is much safer than operating a full-sized vehicle as long as riders stay off of the sidewalk. High scooter drivers are statistically 10 times more likely to knock the dentures out of an old guy when driving on the sidewalk, so be sure to stay on the road, where you can make better friends with oncoming traffic.

**2. Participate in an academic decathlon while pentacrossed.** CWRU prides itself on its academic prowess, but many students are upset with the lack of drug-induced fun. This method both flaunts the impressive academic performance of CWRU students and rejects the unwanted sobriety that plagues the campus. All you need to participate in this alternative are a shot of Everclear, an edible, a pack of Marlboros, a line of coke, some meth straight from Millis Hall, and an academic advisor to simultaneously disappoint and impress.

**3. Hungover Hudson Relays.** This method is not that much different from the actual Hudson Relays, but it is still preferred over drunk driving. The worst that happens is you ruin your class' 3-year-long winning streak and blow chunks all over

that rock with the winners on it.

**4. Take 70 benadryl and ride roller skates.** The Benadryl Hat Man is a huge fan of roller skates, according to a recent study of emergency room patients. Go on a nice ride around campus late at night and find yourself falling in love with the dark, mysterious Hat Man. Consider it a date, even. See if it goes anywhere. I've been told that he gets very lonely.

**5. Take melatonin on the RTA.** Fast travel is no longer limited to video games. It CAN happen in real life, and this is the way you can do it. In the blink of an eye, you will be transported from Euclid to Parma. I am not sure why you would ever do this, but it is technically safer than drunk driving.

**6. Take heroin and ride a unicycle.** I am convinced that anyone on heroin can ride a unicycle. I really just want someone to test this theory. Hopefully it is safer than drunk driving.

**7. Smoke a blunt with the Greenlink driver.** The drivers already take really long smoke breaks along their routes, so why not join in on the fun? Spice it up a little by offering a blunt rather than their typical ciga-

rette they have been nursing for two hours. They will likely drive better high than sober anyway.

**8. Do shrooms and steal the CWRU Police smart car.** That piece of sh\*t needs to travel further than its daily route from the police station to the corner of Adelbert and Euclid. It yearns for the open road. The only flaw with this option is that you may not be able to find the keys. I do not think that hotwiring really works anymore, especially on a car that looks like it is powered by AA batteries. Just make sure to lock the doors. Enjoy your shroom-induced joyride!

**9. COMMUTERS ONLY: do cocaine and avoid Cleveland drivers.** Ever wanted to play Mario Kart in real life? This is your opportunity. When driving, coke is much safer than alcohol since it is a stimulant, so you will be able to maneuver around the people that are driving drunk at 9 a.m.. Watch out for potholes!

**10. Take the aspirin you made in CHEM 113.** Your percent error was 834 percent. There is no way that you will not get high after taking that. No further instructions necessary, just don't drive afterwards. Or do anything. You know what, on second thought maybe don't take the aspirin





# "We need to pump those numbers up!" CWRU EMS speaks out on record low alcohol poisoning deaths

Sara Ramaiah

According to a recent survey by the Dean of Dead Students' Affairs, CWRU has had record-low deaths attributable to alcohol poisoning in the past four years. As the second quickest responders to campus incidents involving alcohol (following the oft-unwanted intervention of the nearest fraternity brother), Case Western Reserve University Emergency Medical Services (CWRU EMS) bear the brunt of this side effect of student life. When asked about how this trend has affected her work, CWRU EMS advisor Doc McStuffins had this to say:

"Well, to be honest, it's kind of sad. Campus life used to be so vibrant! Keg stands in Kent Hale Smith, Jägerbombs in Yost, body shots in Bingham, you name it! Admitted students' weekend was such a blast. These days, you're getting people who *actually* wait until they're 21 to drink, can you believe that? Back in the mid-80s, you got an intervention if your BAC went under .08. Those were the days. Lightweights dropped like flies, and now they're 'practicing moderation' by getting toasted off of one White Claw while I'm twiddling my thumbs with no dead kids to shovel away. We need to pump those numbers up! Get some fun deaths back on campus."

While McStuffins' comments may seem excessive, the sentiment appears to be shared by the EMS staff as well. An anonymous poll revealed that over 70% of EMS crew members consider the number of alcohol poisoning incidents "disappointingly low," with one member commenting, "Man, that's what I joined this stupid

group for!"

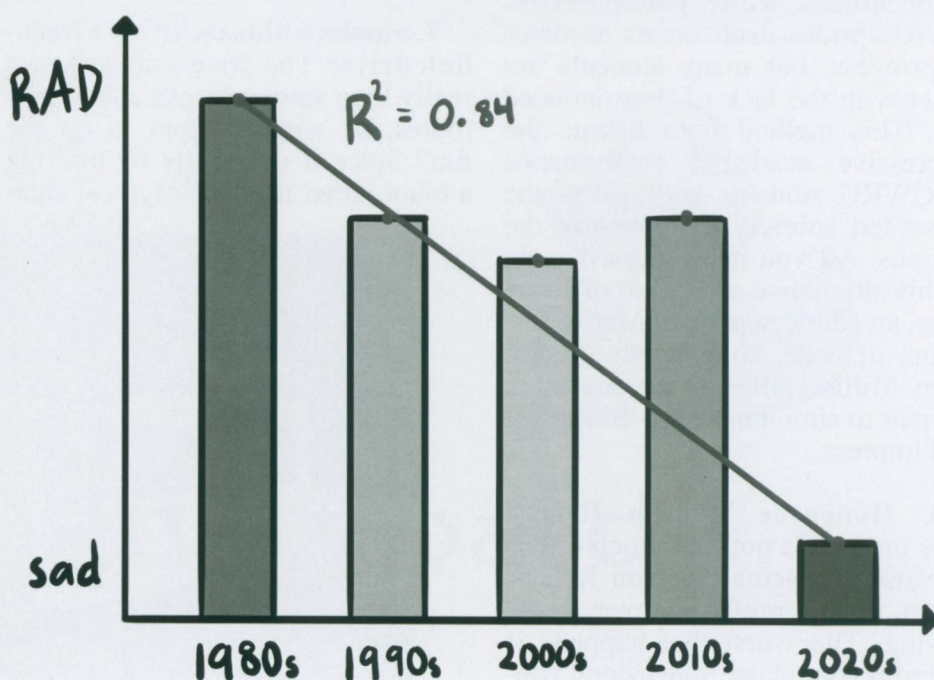
Professor of statistics Count von Count studied the student death data extensively in collaboration with the Dead Students' Affairs office, creating a graph with his groundbreaking regression analysis technique. When asked for their comment on the matter, a suspiciously translucent-seeming representative of the Dead Students' Affairs office stated, "While alcohol deaths might be low, this years' overall deaths are up tremendously, primarily due to construction equipment incidents affecting the sophomore class on the south side of

campus. We told admissions to admit a couple hundred more new students to make up for them." The Grim Reaper, liaison to the Dead Students' Affairs office, declined to comment.

In honor of our much cooler ancestors, let us raise a glass to the end of another academic year. In honor of our once-healthy livers, let us raise several more.

The Athenian and its affiliates do not endorse the underage consumption of alcohol and the opinions presented above are not representative of The Athenian or its executive board.

Yearly CWRU student deaths attributable to alcohol poisoning averaged by decade





# ChatGPT users to be executed under new Academic Integrity Board policy










K. Louis XVI

In an announcement this past Sunday, interim faculty advisor of CW-  
RU's Academic Integrity Board  
Dwight Slice said that due to increased  
reports of student academic integrity  
violations while utilizing ChatGPT,  
he has "no choice but to rid our campus  
of the [problematic] students...  
via guillotine". The new policy states  
that student's computers are now being  
remotely monitored by the Federal  
Bureau of Investigation, and any  
student to be found in association with  
the artificially intelligent software—  
previously, currently, or at any point  
in the future—will be immediately  
sentenced to death by the University's  
Academic Integrity Board. As of  
Mr. Slice's announcement, this policy  
is effective immediately and is "fully  
endorsed by the University" (according  
to Mr. Slice—other faculty members  
declined to comment when we  
reached out). Students can read the full  
policy under the Academic Integrity:

ChatGPT Execution Policy module  
in Canvas (pictured below). Understandably,  
concerns have been raised by both  
students and faculty, but as it stands  
the policy is still in effect. Mr. Slice,  
meanwhile, has since doubled down  
to warn students that "there will be  
no exceptions, even for [your] high  
school track record".

The immediate concerns represent  
the unanimous opinion from the student  
body, with the politest comments  
from students describing it as  
"bull\*\*\*\*," "less ethical than using  
ChatGPT," and, as one particularly  
belligerent student put it, "hypocritical,  
since Mr. Slice probably used ChatGPT  
to write self-insert smut". Following  
this, many insults have been thrown  
at Mr. Slice for initiating such a policy,  
the politest of which were "about as  
useless as being a psych major" and  
"a sweaty, balding potato head", to  
which Mr. Slice has been unavailable  
for comment.

Despite the agreement among both  
students and faculty, we thought it  
only equitable to also ask ChatGPT  
itself regarding its opinion on execution  
as a punishment for using its services.  
When asked "Should students using  
ChatGPT be executed?" ChatGPT  
responded "No, it is not appropriate  
to execute students for using ChatGPT  
or any other educational tool. . . . [but]  
it is important to note that the use of  
ChatGPT or any other educational tool  
should be guided by ethical considerations  
and used in accordance with academic  
integrity policies. Plagiarism and  
academic dishonesty are serious  
offenses and can lead to disciplinary  
action, but the appropriate response to  
such behavior should not involve  
execution." If you would like to support  
or help fund the endeavors of students  
protesting the policy, please contact  
project coordinator, Naiya Byrne, at  
nlb62@case.edu or donate @CY-  
TRNLB on Venmo.



Academic Integrity (WSOM Students) > Modules

Enrollment by LDAP attributes

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Modules


People


KSL Research Guides


Echo360


Collapse All

▼ Academic Integrity Policy


 ChatGPT Execution Policy

 WSOM Academic Integrity policy

 Faculty Panel on Academic Integrity

 How to check the originality of your work:

▼ Using Turnitin

 Submitting a Paper



# Athenian Campus Investigations Document

## #04023: Account of Lou Stark's Retirement Banquet

*The following publication is a transcription of a statement given to The Athenian relating to a matter of ongoing investigation and has been published with the consent of its source. The Athenian Campus Investigations Department reserves the right to document such statements, and their publication is protected under the provisions of the Whistleblower Protection Act and the freedom of press condition of the First Amendment.*

Have you ever gotten the sense that you've seen something you're really, really not supposed to? I don't mean in an illegal or perverse sense—just that funny, almost uncanny way that things that don't belong together always seem to align. Suddenly, you find yourself in a place you shouldn't be in, at a time you shouldn't be there.

I wasn't even originally meant to go to that retirement banquet—what was it, two weeks ago now? To be honest, I never did all that much with the Office of Student Affairs to have any reason to. I mean, I knew Lou Stark, of course, and that he was retiring. You get all those emails from him, or at least signed by him, and they wrote about it in The Daily way back when.

My girlfriend was way more involved with that sort of thing: USG, student orgs, stuff like that. She knows Lou pretty well, well enough to call him by his first name. Mags (my girlfriend) had gotten the stomach flu that weekend, so she couldn't go. She was devastated. No matter how much I insisted that I spend a quiet day or two to look after her, she was adamant that I go in her stead.

The more she stressed, the more I felt inclined to actually show up. To see him off, in a way, and let Maggie get her last “goodbye”s and “thank you”s in, even if vicariously. I made her a deal that if she could look after herself I would go, but if she needed anything at all she would call me and I would come right home.

And so I left, dressed up for a tasteful night out. It was a small, private get-together in their home, so I wasn't expecting anything extravagant except for maybe a keynote introduction, a smattering of Bon Appetit hors d'oeuvres, and perhaps a champagne toast before some big farewell address. And for a while, that's all it was. I made small talk with some people Mags was closer with, excusing her absence. I had just one glass of champagne, intending to Safe Ride home regardless. Yet, despite trying to make myself comfortable, it became increasingly obvious that the other guests weren't expecting me to be there.

To my surprise, Lou eventually came around and greeted me personally. To my memory, Mags had only briefly introduced me once before, but he still engaged with me as he did with everyone else. I apologized that she couldn't be there, sharing her well-wishes before admitting I was a little surprised that he even recognized me. “Oh, nonsense,” he replied. “We never forget a face in this house, Jane.” He clasped my empty hand with both of his. I remember now how dry his skin was—like old linen—and his hands felt oddly light, almost hollow.

He continued making his rounds as I stood uncomfortably in place, wondering if I already had too much to drink. Soon, everyone started to congregate in a small room with chairs before a projector screen. After two lengthy introductions, Stark stood from the front row and took his place behind the podium to scattered but enthusiastic applause.

“We would like to thank you all for being here.” He coughed after he spoke. The audience applauded, this time louder. “It truly has been a pleasure to serve this community for so long, and we will be forever grateful for the people and opportunities here.” More coughing. More applause.

“You will have to excuse us.” At this, Stark nearly doubled over hacking, bent at the waist and bracing himself against the podium. While he struggled, the applause only grew louder, lapsing into a droning hum and chattering clicks. He turned his head back to the audience, covering his mouth with his fist, moving it just long enough to speak. “This vessel has served adequately, but its form is limiting. Its time has come.”

Stark inhaled sharply before breaking into another coughing fit. To my horror, with each rasp, small ants as fine as dust sprayed into the air. Even more, varying from small black house ants to large carpenter ants, crawled out from underneath every fold of his neatly pressed suit.

I could hardly look away, as if I were watching a car crash. Out from his sleeves, up from his collar, his entire body appeared to melt into a swarming colony of ants, skittering amorously in a single swathe of insects enveloping his skin. I couldn't bear to watch anymore. I looked around, but the rest of the crowd seemed completely unbothered. Some had even turned towards one another to talk quietly, filling the room with sounds of life against Stark's retch-



ing. But the droning, that incessant droning. It just kept getting louder and louder. Like it was approaching, getting closer.

Only u

pon hearing my phone ringing did I even think to get up to leave. However, just then did the other guests seem at all bothered by any noise: me. Not the crescendoing buzzing, not Stark, who withered and emaciated with every passing second, and not even the endless swarm of ants that emanated from every part of his being. Just my silly ringtone. I nervously but hastily turned to leave. Dodging around Stark's vanishing form, I found moderate comfort in seeing that it was Mags calling.

But it was as I left the room that the reason for the buzzing dawned on me. As this was unfolding in the side room, the rest of the house itself was amassed with insects of all varieties. Swarms of locusts and aphids and gnats filled the air of every room I fled into. Worms and centipedes tangled together in long, writhing vines plastered the walls. I could only think to cover my head and bunch the hem of my dress, lest anything find its way underneath my clothes.

I hardly remember any of the walk home. Nothing of what I had just experienced felt digestible enough for Safe Ride chit-chat. Imagine that: "Yeah, just head straight down Euclid then turn onto 101st. I'm doing well, thanks for asking, but you'll never believe what I just saw at Lou Stark's."

I didn't even remember to call Mags back before I got home to see her myself. She was half-asleep already, with a bottle of Gatorade on the nightstand and an empty trashcan next to the bed. I hastily changed out of my dress wear and into pajamas, frantically checking myself for any intruders in undress. In doing so I woke up Mags, who could see I was still shaken from the whole affair. I reassured her the night went fine, and to go back to sleep. I had no idea what I would tell her in the morning, or even if she pried for more information now. I paced the apartment nervously, checking every room for anything amiss. When I was satisfied that nothing else could possibly happen, I finally returned to the bedroom to go to sleep myself.

Yet as I lay down beside her in the darkness, I could focus on only two things: a faint buzzing monotone growing louder from every surrounding room, and the unmistakable feeling of crawling over every inch of my skin.

## Letter to the Editor

Dear *Athenian*,

I'm the FBI agent living in your Editor-in-Chief's computer. Typically, FBI agents are supposed to keep our spying on the DL (as I think you kids say), but I overheard a conversation that your organization had and I am appalled.

During your brainstorming meeting for the Obituary Issue, there was a discussion about the sexiest cartoon animals. Lola Bunny, Larry the Lobster, and that one tiger from Zootopia all made the list. And those are fair. But not a SINGLE PERSON mentioned the true sexiest animated animal: Barry B Benson.

So why is he the sexiest? First, I have science to back me up on this. Bee sex is hot. A bee's external reproductive organs are about 30 percent of its body length. That stat is only seven percent in humans. The spermatophore on Larry the Lobster doesn't even COMPARE to Barry B. Then, after the fun is over, male bees have their reproductive organs snapped in half and they die. That's kinky.

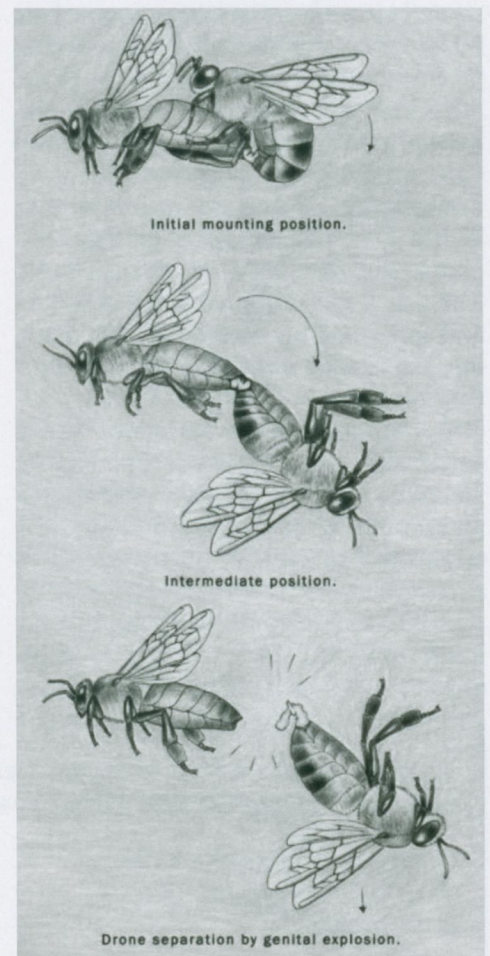
Second, the wedding would be so easy. Imagine having a wedding with Lola Bunny. She would be a total bri-

dezilla. She would need a special rabbit dress, her family would all need plated salads (nasty) for the ceremony, and the cake couldn't be chocolate due to rabbit allergies. A wedding with a bee though... easy. Bees are sexier naked, don't need plated meals, and can eat literal garbage (although they prefer nectar). Think of the savings. Also, imagine Jerry Seinfeld reading vows to you. That's hot.

Third, Barry B can provide. He did a great job during the trial at the end of the movie, so it would not be impossible for him to become a lawyer. Then you can become a stay-at-home parent of two to five cats that hopefully won't eat Barry, living the good life. The hot tiger from Zootopia? I have no idea what his skill set is. He gives me singer/songwriter vibes. I don't trust that. Get a more stable income. Stability is arousing.

All of this to say, re-think your choices, *Athenian*. You're missing out on the most tantalizing animated animal, Barry B Benson.

Love,  
F.B.I Agent #42069





# In Loving Memory of My Motivation

Abigail Gilman

Dear friends,

It is with great sadness that I report the death of my motivation. They had a rough last few weeks of life, and now they are finally at peace. In the midst of this loss, I hope to not only remember my motivation, but celebrate their life.

They were born in 2004 (the same year as me, obviously). Throughout elementary and middle school, we remained close. When I had no one else to turn to, I could rely on my motivation. Then, high school came, and they got kind of flaky. I

would go to sleep next to them and wake up in an empty bed. It was challenging, but we persevered. When I got to college, they really changed. They started staying out late, blasting loud music all the time, and wearing only emo clothes. I tried to rein them in, but nothing worked. During finals last semester, they became completely out of control, ghosting me for days only to incessantly show me TikToks at 2 a.m. Fortunately, we reconciled over winter break. I thought things would be good from then on, but when this semester started, it was right back to chaos.

We argued constantly. Frequently, my motivation simply was missing. One day, after a massive fight, they just walked out the door without a word. That was the last time I saw them alive. When I found their body, it was clear my motivation was another victim of finals season. The silent killer.

Motivation, I forgive you. It's not your fault. Final exams have taken so many wonderful souls. Though I am literally unable to get anything done, and am completely lost without you, I will always love you. Rest in peace.

## Necromancy course added to SIS registrar for fall 2024 semester at CWRU

Naiya Byrne

President Eric Kaler is proud to announce on behalf of Case Western Reserve University that beginning in Fall 2024, a new interdisciplinary course in introductory necromancy will be launched in collaboration with the School of Law and School of Medicine. Professor Sauron, formerly from Transylvania University in Lexington, Kentucky, will be spearheading the course and said he "very much looks forward to working with the students and contr-ahem, *enhancing* their learning in a unique way" in a statement on Fox News.

In an email from President Kaler earlier this week, he stated that REHE 301 will be designed as a contemporary course for ethical necromancy as it relates to practical applications, ethics, and legislation. It will be cross-listed as both REHE (Restoration of Health) and LAWS (School of Law), and will be eligible to replace certain required undergraduate courses within the School

of Medicine's Bioethics department and School of Law (TBD). According to Dean for the School of Medicine, Stan Gerson, M.D., the goal of this course is "to familiarize students with the concept of ethical necromancy and alleviate stigma in order to transform necromancy into an authentic science that will reinvent life, knowledge, and thanatology as we know it."

Following Kaler's announcement, initial reactions from students and faculty ranged from full support of a class dedicated to such a niche topic to major bioethical concerns. One student, who proudly announced that he was part of Case College Republicans but asked to remain anonymous, voiced such concerns, lamenting that, "Teaching necromancy is basically teaching necrophilia, don't you see? And if necrophilia is to be taught and legalized, we're just a step away from teaching women about their bodies and legalizing sexual health education!"

Another anonymous student agreed, saying, "And then what? Legalizing homosexuality? Embracing and loving everyone? F\*\* no."

Understandably, such strong reactions have triggered a wave of chaos and President Kaler has yet to make a statement, excluding his email this past Monday; but reassured us that "the initiation of REHE 301 had absolutely nothing to do with reviving my marriage... We are very happy and look forward to this new addition to CWRU life. Karen knows that I will always love and respect her, and we are on good terms."

The jury is still out on the ultimate consequences of the initiation of REHE 301 here at Case Western Reserve University, but Professor Sauron, President Kaler, and the respective department heads at the School of Law and School of medicine all seem optimistic while student opinions remain mixed.

REHE 301: Introduction to Ethical Necromancy for Political and Life Sciences

Cross-Listed Open

Section 100 / Class Nbr 5901 / Regular Academic Session - Seminar (3.00 units)

🕒 Fri Sat : 2:15 AM-5:45 AM

📅 8/26/2024 - 12/6/2024

👤 M. Sauron

Open Seats: 4

Seats Taken: 8

📍 Location: To Be Scheduled (In-Person)



# EXCLUSIVE: Kaler's (Alleged) Diary Exposed

Mennin Jaitis

As many Athenian readers may already know, Eric Kaler has been reported missing. While his whereabouts are as of yet unknown, the Case Investigative Agency's Presidential Syndicate Operatives (CIA PSyOps) conducted a secret raid of Kaler's office and personal quarters last week. In their search, a page torn out of a diary was found folded and tucked into Kaler's pillowcase. Anonymous sources allege that this page was from Kaler's own diary, but no corresponding diary book has yet been found and handwriting analysis is still underway. The page features a short narrative featuring the Executive Assistant to the Vice Dean of Student Boards' Allocation Committees, Gaylord Focker, and Luigi Mario of the acclaimed Nintendo game series Mario Bros. Focker has recently been featured in The Daily for speaking out about unfairly low administrator salaries. With a meager salary of \$150,000, Focker exclaimed "They're paying us starvation wages!" While his relation to any Nintendo characters is as of yet unknown, The Athenian's Fact-checking And Responsible Truths (FART) Board is hard at work digesting the issue. CIA PSyOps shared the contents of the discovered page with The Athenian. Modifications have been made to make it safe to print.

## LUIGI FROM NINTENDO LEARNS HOW GREAT CASE IS -EK

"Hello Luigi From Nintendo", said Gaylord Focker. "thank you for coming in on such short notice".

"Wahoo!" said Luigi From Nintendo.

"As you know" Gaylord Focker stated, "housing is no longer guaranteed for next semester Luigi From Nintendo". "However, there is one way for you to get it back Lui-

gi From Nintendo" Gaylord Focker whispered, with a glint in his eye.

"Wahoo?" Luigi From Nintendo said.

"Precisely." Gaylord Focker said with a devilish grin.

Luigi made the face he makes on the Smash Bros win screen, before slowly [REDACTED] his denim overalls. Focker ran his hands through his rapidly thinning hair, salivating at the sight of Luigi's animated [REDACTED]. "Mm yeah, [REDACTED] you little green [REDACTED]" Gaylord Focker gurgled out, saliva spilling forth from his [REDACTED] jowls. As he stood over Luigi from Nintendo's diminutive frame, he growled lasciviously as the pouring waterfall of his [REDACTED] saliva bathed the younger jumpman in an unholy baptism. Then, using his [REDACTED] as big as CWRU's endowment, Focker [REDACTED] Luigi's plumber [REDACTED]. Then, at Luigi's [REDACTED], Focker [REDACTED] wahoo into [REDACTED]. "Yoinks! This hurts more than [REDACTED]

SIS during course registration!" Focker then [REDACTED] Luigi with all of the paperwork he had done selling his soul to him and the university... Never stopping to [REDACTED], Focker [REDACTED] whispered, "You're about to think beyond the possible" Focker then to made Luigi believe an \$80k a year sticker price was a FANTASTIC deal.

The note concluded with a drawing that The Athenian's editorial board has deemed inappropriate to print. Following receipt of the note, The Athenian's Investigative Network of Tattlers (TAINT) conducted its own investigation, and found that the anonymous allegations of authorship came from a member of CIA PSyOps itself. While this lends credence to the allegations, it is also worth noting that the CIA, and the PSyOps branch in particular, has been accused of planting evidence in the past. The official stance of Case Western Reserve University administration is that the CIA did nothing wrong. When asked for their comments on the matter, TAINT affiliates, conversely, made several crude gestures that are likewise unsuitable for print.

The Athenian encourages readers to explore TAINT and CIA PSyOps on their own. Interested readers may reach out to our editorial board to meet TAINT face-to-face. If you are interested in CIA PSyOps, rest assured that they already know, and they will find you.

Regardless of the validity of its source, this note provides interesting information in the search for Eric Kaler. It is possible that Nintendo may be implicated in his disappearance, and Kaler left a cryptic clue for investigators to find. Perhaps a bad actor planted it on the site. In the end, this may be simply a private diary entry from CWRU's humble president. Doug Bowser, President of Nintendo of America, declined to comment.

*Nintendo: please do not sue us to all hell for copyright infringement.*

*CWRU professors (you know who you are): PLEASE do not email us. Again. If you do, it better be praising the artistic beauty of this article.*

*Luigi mains: sorry.*



# New "Case Trials" program to bring "The Hunger Games" to life on campus

Katniss Everdeen

Inspired by the recent renaissance of the popular movie series "The Hunger Games", Case Western Reserve University has begun plans to enact an incentive program for students beginning September 1, 2023, to be known as the Case Trials. With a first place prize of a full tuition scholarship, this program offers Case students a new way to repay (or completely avoid) student loans. Even better, in a surprisingly benevolent move, Trials adjudicators (their title, not ours) have assured us that the prize will be retroactive, repaying the victor for any and all financial costs previously incurred as a result of attending the university.

The diabolical twist to the Trials is that they take their structure directly from the source material. There is no second place prize available, because participants will battle to the death.

Each University school will be required to select five candidates from their respective pool of declared students to compete in the Trials. Additionally, four undecided students will be handpicked to compete by the Office of Student Advancement. When

asked why participation was mandatory, a spokesperson for the program noted that "while the program is intended to boost overall student morale, we also need to minimize student complaints about other well-known and problematic conditions at the university." Requests for further clarification about these "other problematic conditions" were met with a simple response: "The Trials will be the only thing worth complaining about now."

As competitors fight, hide, and scavenge across the campus, they will be subject not only to the dangers of their many opponents but also to a variety of vicious conditions put in place especially for the event. Sleeping areas are subject to flood at a moment's notice, and a safe path taken one day may be blocked by construction projects the next day. Additionally, without fail, a fire alarm is programmed to go off in the middle of each night of the Trials.

Various departments have expressed confidence in their students' ability to succeed in the Trials. The physics department offered assurances that a physics major

would win, as "only those who willingly choose to face the Rockefeller doors have the best chance of survival." Theater students may have a leg up thanks to their daily endurance walks to Maltz Performing Arts Center, although Trials analysts suspect their department's strong front may just be an act. Nursing students can be expected to outlast a great portion of their competition due to their medical knowledge.

Other departments have less hope, as was visible when we attempted to interview them. Our contact for the English department broke down in tears before the interview even began, and one political science professor told us that if chosen, they would expect to see any of their students fall "while attempting to find a diplomatic solution to a scalpel to their face."

Regardless of the outcome of the first annual Case Trials, it is sure to be an exciting spectacle to watch from the sidelines. (Except perhaps for some orientation leaders, who when asked for their thoughts on the games simply said, "Boring. O-Week is worse.")

## Who's Going to Hell (According to Euclid Preacher Guy)

Saved ↓ ↓	Street Preachers			
You're Alright	Christian Mom Bloggers	Porn Makers (it's porn WATCHERS that are the problem)		
Purgatory	Catholics (Wrong Christians)	Diana Driscoll	The RTA	The 2-Way Swing Rockefeller Doors
Hell	Liars	Thieves	Modest Women	Andrew Tate (would be higher but he's Muslim)
Certified God-Hater	Atheists	Homosexuals	Idolaters/Coexistors	Guy in Among Us Suit
John 11:35	Pre-Marital Eye Contacters	Stoners	Drunkards (drank wine once at communion)	
Straight to the Bottom	Porn Watchers	Immodest Women	Reddit Users	Gamers
Literally Satan	People Who Like Red Delicious Apples (they fucking suck)		Taylor Swift	CS Majors

Dan Reshan



# Partial story from local newspaper, *the Eye of the Storm: Kaler's Weather Machine Causing Chaos in Cleveland*

Megan Abel

## Information:

### Recap

Eric Kaler, president of Case Western Reserve University, commissioned a weather machine to be built on campus to help bring spring to the Cleveland area. Since then, there has been a remarkable increase in turbulent weather. Students have repeatedly reported seasonal depression and lower test scores, claiming the gray skies and downpour have put a damper on spirits as they approach finals. At this point, there is little information about the weather machine coming to the greater Cleveland area, worrying residents. More storm clouds have covered the skies of northeast Ohio, as well as western Pennsylvania and southeast Canada. Roaring thunder echoes through ominous fog. Lake Erie and surrounding water sources have abnormally high water levels, causing further concern for environmentalists and homeowners alike.

As more and more people leave the area. Government officials advise othe

Interviews: Kaler was unavailable for comments

## Advice for the reader:

-If you are in Cleveland: GET OUT. The machine is only getting more chaotic and uncontrollable if you can get out do so as soon as possible. You put yourself in greater danger the longer you stay in this wretched city. Get to the coasts of the US or Canada, or to another continent. Just get out and away. As far as you can. Bring your friends, kids, dogs, cats, even the pests in your house, everything is in danger staying in the area.

-If you are in Ohio/Pennsylvania/Canada: Get further away. There is no telling how far of a reach the machine currently has; experts say it could reach Harrisburg, PA. If you are within a 330 mi radius of Cleveland, get out. Anywhere is better than here (Yes, Texas and Florida included): --No. We are not FOX

-If you are elsewhere: --*Cleveland Newspaper*—why are you including this? Be on the lookout for information from your representatives and government officials. If you are near an ocean, watch out for further repercussions in the form of more frequent and worse storms such as hurricanes, tsunamis, and waves. If you are in the plains: watch out for more tornadoes and stronger wind. More sun and hotter temperatures might be coming.

## Notes:

- Final form needs to go to editor BY APRIL 13, 2023
- Fix formatting
- Input interviews from students and staff
- Get statistics from Cassie
- Review graphics from Mark

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What we know now (April 14): Cleveland was hit by a massive storm, it took out 431 miles all around Cleveland, reaching into Philadelphia—almost 100 miles beyond the predictions. Currently the number of casualties is unknown, however we know most of the deaths and injuries are closer to Cleveland, with a few reaching Harrisburg and the original 330-mile radius. Experts say the cloud coverage and storms will not recede for months. People from the Pittsburgh area say this is not unlike the rest of the year, but the farmers in PA, OH, and surrounding states to Canada are dealing with little to no sun and crippling crop failure. At this point in time, it is nearly impossible to say what the storm will continue to do or how it will grow in the coming months.

UPDATE (April 15): We have received video and audio footage from the incident on April 13. The audio reads:

REPORTER: As more and more people leave the area, government officials advise other residents. No. Citizens. No. People? Residents. Shoot, I—

FRANTIC EDITOR: Have you looked out the window?

REPORTER: No, why? Holy sh\*t! What the f\*ck is that?

Screams and shouting ensues

CRASH!

All video and audio has been destroyed as a mysterious object crashed into many buildings. Research teams have been unable to get into the area to investigate, as more odd falling objects continue to crash into the city of Cleveland. We will keep you updated as this part of the story keeps unraveling.

FINAL UPDATE (April 16): The unidentified falling objects crashing down upon Cleveland from April 13-14 seems to have been giant meatballs. There are other incidents of other oddly sized foods hailing around the area, but officials and rescue teams have been unable to fully investigate the issue. How the “weather” machine got the ability to synthesize food is still being investigated, but we do know that the area may no longer face the food crisis they were worried about.



# Film Society Announces New Immersive Viewing Experience: Immersive "Cocaine Bear"

Hugh Janus

In order to increase attendance at film showings, the CWRU Film Society has hopped on the immersive experience train by offering a new way to watch movies. This program was spearheaded by the 4/20 showing of "Cocaine Bear".

Film Society kept the university in the dark about what the experience would entail. As students entered Strosacker to purchase tickets, The Athenian interviewed attendees about what they thought they would see.

One student said, "I went to an immersive Van Gogh exhibit last month and that was just pictures of Van Gogh projected on walls. I didn't go stoned, so I was devastated. That's why this time I came prepared. I'm expecting just bear pictures projected around Strosacker, so I took hella shrooms."

Their partner explained, "I thought this would be like Shrek 4D. Instead of taking shrooms, I took hella Dramamine for the seat shaking."

"I want to fight a bear," said a third student, visibly shaking.

As the students walked into the auditorium, none were prepared for

the night that awaited them. Everyone got into their seats, the lights dimmed, and student Mary-Anne Davy brought out two things: a real bear named Patricia, and a brick of cocaine. Film Society declined to comment on where the cocaine and bear came from, but an Athenian journalist saw a truck labeled "Adult Only Party Rentals" leave Strosacker that night.

As Patricia wolfed down the cocaine brick, the audience let out screams of fear and delight. They were in for a truly immersive experience. They would feel the horrors, the adrenaline, and the adventure that a bear high on cocaine would give them. People would get eaten, blood would stain the walls. This was going to be the event of the year.

That was, however, until Patricia took a large dump on stage. Bowel disruption, a side effect of cocaine, also affects bears. One student recounted, "I guess it was a little scary. I thought of all of the microbes in that poop and how if they got into my digestive system, I would have diar-

rhea. Then, I developed a fear that the bear would destroy her family over her crippling drug addiction."

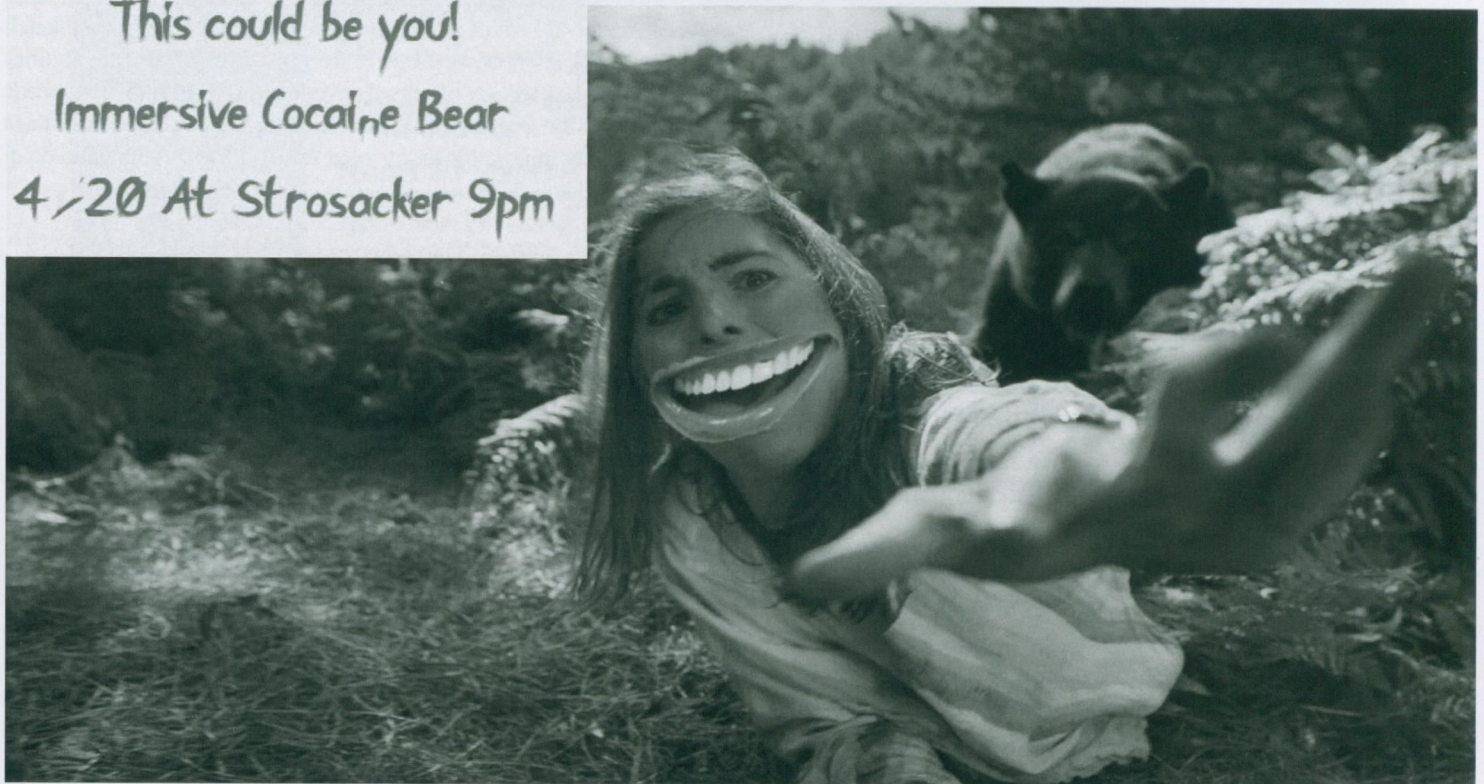
Patricia then started to do an impression of Leonardo Dicaprio's speech from "The Wolf of Wall Street". The audience groaned at Patricia. Impressions, even when done by a bear, are among the lowest forms of comedy. Audience member and stand-up comedian Grace Graceton had to say, "I think Patricia was trying to satirize Leo and draw attention to his young girlfriends, showing that he's a predator. It was a little too literal for my taste."

Devastated that she was bombing, the bear blew a raspberry at the audience and left, leaving her poop right in the middle of the stage. The show was suddenly over and the students left the auditorium perplexed. Many vowed to never go to an immersive Film Society show again, but I will continue to go and keep you all updated. At least, I plan to—unless the sharks from next week's Immersive "Sharknado" start doing improv comedy.

*This could be you!*

*Immersive Cocaine Bear*

*4/20 At Strosacker 9pm*





# Things That May or May Not Kill You (But Will Make EMS Very Mad) if You Shove Them Up Your Butt

Natalie Meier

Hey CWRU-ties, now that the academic year is coming to an end, The Athenian reporters decided to look back on the 2022-2023 school year by asking CWRU EMS what the most common thing was that killed students when they shoved it up their butt. You might be wondering: "How does CWRU EMS know what we shouldn't shove up our butts?" Well folks, guess who's responsible for pulling God-knows-what out of your ass so you look presentable for your funeral? Yep, another one of the harrowing acts our first responders perform on a daily basis. I know, I know, you're getting bored and you want to spice up your sex life by putting random things up your ass but trust me, stay away from these toys, or the absolutely stupendous orgasm you'll have will be life altering—and not in a good way.

We sat down with a veteran EMS student, John Sickofyourshit, and asked him to reflect on this year's butt plug endeavors. We asked him what his first anal-removal process looked like. "As a trainee, I had to, ah, *recover* a girl's hairbrush from her. She was one of those girls who really liked spikes and pain. My God, there was so much of her hair it reminded me of when my dog ate the cat's hairball." You heard it here folks, don't shove your hairbrush up there!

Now that we've established your background and expertise, we at The Athenian wanted to know: how many people have died this academic year from butt plugs gone bad, and what's the most amount of items you've found in one person? Before responding to our question, Sickofyourshit grew pale and took a long sip of his bourbon. "This year, we've lost

17 students to this crazed horniness. Most people only attempt to stick one ridiculous item up their butt, but once, I saw a deceased man with four cans of Pepsi up his ass. This guy was kind of a frequent flier if you will. We knew he was really into chodes, because he'd always use a can of Pepsi, or any of the other Pepsi beverages, to satisfy his lack of getting fucked (no Coke products though). Whenever we'd pick him up, he'd have varying numbers of cans up there, but the last time was when he tried to use four." Sickofyourshit needed a break, so we let him refill his beverage before continuing. He drew a long breath and said, "When we had to get the cans out, the last one was so incredibly up his butt that I had to go elbow deep to get it out. It was so horrifying and just not cool. Do you know how long it takes to get elbow deep in some guy's butt?"

Sickofyourshit continued, "My personal favorite though, was when someone was so mad at that preacher dude's hate speech, they shoved his speaker and microphone up there." As victims of verbal abuse, we're all getting a little tired of being told that we're going to hell, but shoving the speaker and microphone up your butt won't solve the problem. Sickofyourshit witnessed the whole ordeal. "While they had the speaker up their ass, preacher dude still had the microphone. It was horrifying... people turned and gawked as the homophobic remarks came from their stomach!" Unfortunately, the student didn't survive to tell the tale, Sickofyourshit recalls. "It won't be long until you croak, and you'll be greeted in hell by Satan, but until then you'll have to listen to the true eternal torture: the ram-

blings of a crazy man."

For our folks who like to destroy public property, it's not uncommon for students to stick traffic cones and wet floor signs up their ass. "What we've found is that a person can either fit a traffic cone up their ass and survive, OR a wet floor sign. Unfortunately," Sickofyourshit says, "there's no way to tell which one will kill you until you try it. A lot of students like to think of it as a little gamble, because they can either discover their new favorite sex toy, or they'll be comforted by the sweet release of death right before their engineering finals happen."

To finish, we asked Sickofyourshit to tell us his most humorous experience in butt plug removal. He explained, "So you know that crematorium that's right off campus? Well apparently they resell the prosthetics left behind, because obviously they don't burn, and one guy bought one and shoved it up there! Yeah, apparently it was his dead great-uncle's, and he thought that since there was a foot on the end, he'd be able to pull it out again. Once again, the IQs of CWRU affiliates are limited to the classroom, because opening his asshole for the entire width of a leg was no simple feat for this young man. Surprisingly, he didn't die from the extreme hemorrhaging, but instead from the embarrassment he experienced while walking around campus with a permanent plumber's crack."

Well, that's all for this year folks. Remember, it's never a bad thing to try something new in your sex life, but whatever you shove up your butt, it eventually has to come back out again.



# A Social Eulogy to Law School - What Your PowerScore LSAT Book Didn't Prep You For

Rebecca Goldfarb

*\*Disclaimer: This article is written for satirical purposes only. It is not intended to be an attack on Case Western Law School, but is rather a humorous parody that brings out the social complications that are universal to all first year law students at law schools across the United States.*

It is 8:40am on a cold winter morning as I sit in the Tink, sipping on my Dunks matcha. I scroll through my phone in my own little world while other undergrads are in their world, walking past me and heading to class with their morning Dunks. We pay no mind to each other and all is peaceful with the world. Little joys I take for granted. A calendar alert on my phone pops up, disrupting my tranquility: "Property" is in 5 minutes. I reluctantly got out of my seat. Its not class that I dread. Its the fact that I have to go back to high school.

Yes, I said it. Law school is literally like high school. Except everyone is 10 years older and has different hormones. When I graduated high school and entered college, I was under the impression that I would never have to experience high school again. I was free to be whoever I wanted. LIES. All lies fed to my innocent little mind. I think the biggest lesson I have learned since starting law school is to be careful for what you wish for. I always thought. "Damn, now that I've actually be-

come cool in college, I wish I could go back to high school and redo it all with my newly obtained swagger attitude." Oh boy, bad wish Becca. Bad wish. The media is overrated and shit going off about how "no amount of academic prep can prepare you for law school" but really they should be warning you that no amount of coolness that you obtained during undergrad can prepare you for the social scene in law school.

I've been through the trenches of my first year of law school and have seen it all. Here are the things we mourn:

Here lies the autonomy you had before law school:

- "Hobbies", "self-care", "weekends". What are those again?

Here lies the private and anxiety free lifestyle you lived at your undergraduate institution:

- May those memories be a blessing.
- The rumor mill in Easy A has nothing on how fast law school gossip travels. But I mean can you blame us? Law students need something to talk about other than Torts. We just want ENTERTAINMENT! Our life outside of school died when we started here. Law school gossip is all we got.
- Your private life is killed. The arguments,

the scandals, the drama all circulating through the school like its US Weekly on the daily. Wanna date someone in the 1L class? Good luck. Just fully know that while the person sitting across the room may seem cute right now, people will somehow know about your sex life in 3 months. Thank god my boyfriend lives across the country.

- In law school, whether you like it or not, everyone will obsess over you like you're Kylie Jenner. As soon as you walk through those doors, celebrity status activates. Studying at KSL feels like an oasis. Here lies your lively, free spirited personality before you put on your law school facade:

- For you know that "obnoxious know it all kid" in your class could very much be the life of the party outside this law building. They may have been your bestie if you met in another life. I guess we will never know bruh.
- The academic intensity sucks the life out of you and conceals your true personality. I mean, why bond with people over common interests and life values? Who cares about that stuff? Conversing only about school and gossip is where it's at right now. Wanna go to law school? Get with the trends, people.

## A Letter to the Youths

I am a grumpy old man and I am tired of you kids appropriating my music. A day does not go by without me seeing one of you ragamuffins wearing a t-shirt or hooded sweatshirt emblazoned with the logo of one of my indigenous musical groups: Nirvana.

That's right. You heard me, sonny. The music of Nirvana reflects my culture as a white, suburban, disaffected geriatric millennial. I grew up in the 1990s before most of y'all were even glimmers in your daddys' eyes. Nirvana at that time was raw, honest, and represented the flannel-clad angst of the 1990s and that bled into early Aughts.

I don't think you kids understand the trials and tribulations involved with music listening of that time. You whippersnappers can download, watch, arrange, and musick any way you see fit with a few keystrokes. Heck! If you say a musical artists name anywhere around a phone with the Facebook app, guess what is suggested the next time you open Spotify! That's right, the musical artist that you just talked about! Bring it on, Big Brother!

When I was your age, the internet was just beginning. We didn't have massive digital video repositories like YouTube. We sat around on Friday nights hoping there was a new Homestar Runner flash video. We watched the same 30 second GI Joe PSA parody on Ebaum's World or Newgrounds. Seriously. Just google "Pork Chop Sandwiches!"

Before the internet we had music STORES you had to actually enter with your corporeal body. While within this physical place, you would select a compact disc that was in stock and take it to a cash register and then pay with physical money.

Now, I want to stop here and emphasize something. I just used the phrase "in stock." That means there was a finite amount of music in a given store. Music only existed on a physical object you had to carry and, often, these music stores would run out of popular music. You know what that's like!?! To ask a clerk "When will you get more "No Strings Attached" by N\*SYNC in stock?" And then find out you may have to wait another week to listen to Justin Timberlake's charismatic tenor?!



And yes, JT was a thing back in the early Aughts. He's over 40 years old right now! Let that fact rattle around in your whiffet heads for a few seconds.

Things improved a bit with the internet, but iTunes and Spotify were not things yet, so you know what we did for free music? We downloaded it off sketchy servers and shady apps like Limewire and Kazaa. Sure, you got music with slightly misspelled titles, but you also got a whole mess of mal- and spyware along with it. We gave our computers herpes to listen to free music.

Any way... where was I again? Oh yes! Nirvana!

Your appropriation is not going unnoticed. You cultural outsiders will never understand Nirvana the way it was meant to be experienced: playing on a CD in the background while playing Goldeneye 007 on Nintendo 64 with your friends in your parents' basement. You will never know the significance of possessing an actual matchbook from the Seattle bar where Kurt Cobain was last seen alive (see accompanying picture). You will never know the frustration of listening to Nirvana, having no idea what a lyric is, looking at the CD jacket only to discover the lyrics are NOT listed...

Nirvana is not for you. They're for me. They're part of my past and not yours. They are part of my formative years as a knower of all things music. You will never appreciate them as deeply as I do. Upon further thought, you hobbledehoyos shouldn't actually listen to them because you'll never get them.

Besides, you're better off listening to Elliot Smith, The Pixies, and/or The Violent Femmes.

Signed,

A geriatric millennial with three degrees in music and bottles of ibuprofen within arms-reach at all times.



*Kevin 'Kevin' Liu*

RIP SENIORS  
2019-2023

nice linkedin  
pfps losers



*Alyssa 'Copybusinessdistributor' Guttman*

*Sofia 'Lip Bite' Lemberg*



rip in piece

never forgot



*Ellie fuckin' Rapp*





**IF YOU ARE:**

**A SINNER A HOMO-  
AN ALLOHOLIC SEXUAL  
A ZAZA ENTHUSIAST A PORN  
A PORN WATCHER STAR  
A ROUND-EARTHER**

**JOIN THE ATHENIAN!**