

# The Athenian

The Spooky Issue



# Editor's Note

Happy Halloween, everybody!

Ladies, gentlemen, boys, girls, neithers, boths, and in-betweens: what you are holding in your hands right now is an artifact of Athenian history. Somehow, in more than 20 years and almost 140 issues, CWRU's favorite satire magazine has never in our records published a Halloween issue.

And so, for the first time ever, we dare to go boldly where no Athenian staff has dared venture before: into the scary, into the eerie, into the creepy and the unknown. Prepare yourselves, dear readers, as we regale you with stories of ghouls and goblins, frighten you with encounters of ghosts and zombies, and wrestle with the most fearsome creature of them all: the crippling and omnipresent fear of inadequacy, galvanized by the haunting feeling of never being anyone's first choice. Oh yeah, and spiders. Oooooooooooooooooooooo.

What is less scary is the continued support we've had from our contributors. To everyone—authors, collaborators, designers, exec, co-conspirators, influences, advisors, or just plain members—thank you for everything so far, including and especially your patience and feedback. To our readers and followers, thank you for engaging with us and giving us reason to publish. To anyone looking to join, we are more than happy to have you: just join our CampusGroups. To Terrence, we have nothing to say to you. You know what you did. Fucker.

With all that sappy shit out of the way, time to officially end this moment of vulnerability and retreat back into character. So now, without further ado, buckle your seatbelts, secure any loose articles of clothing, and keep your hands, feet, and other extremities inside the cart until the ride has come to a complete stop: it's time to get into the Halloween spirit.

Let's get spooky.

-M.o.t.H.

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October 2023

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# Halloween Horoscopes

Shannon Shahid



## Aries: Werewolf

Aries are quick to fall in love and show it to the world in bold and obvious ways. They like to have relationships move fast and often act as if the person they are with will be theirs forever. They need a "mate" who will match the energy of the impulsive Aries and love them at first sniff.

## Taurus: Minotaurs

This sign can be like a bull in a china shop. They are stubborn, rarely change their minds, and often hide their feelings behind a wall, or in a maze. They will take things personally and need all the stops to be pulled out if you want to get with them. Including luxury goods, beautiful things, and being totally and completely romantic.

## Gemini: Pixie

These signs will talk your ears off. They have a ton of energy and need someone who can get on their level. They need to stay active, so a partner that bounces off the walls is perfect for these people.

## Cancer: Vampire

Tough on the outside, but soft on the inside. You need to tread carefully and slowly when it comes to dating these signs and beware of the fangs if you make them upset.

## Leo: Elf

Leos take big romantic gestures and magnify them. They want to be \*the\* celebrity power couple with grandiose displays of affection and old Hollywood style romance.

## Virgo: Sorcerer/Sorceress

Intelligence is the way to go for these people. They love facts and bonding over things that otherwise would be considered "nerdy." They can be perfectionists and judgy, but only because they want it to be a certain way.

## Libra: Shapeshifter

These people will try to avoid conflict at all costs. They want a relationship to be perfect, rom-com level perfect with no fighting. Instead they will give you white lies to hide something and compromise to make peace.

## Scorpio: Succubus/Incubus

Scorpios draw everyone to them. They are magnetic and hypnotizing. Be careful of control issues and offset power dynamics, but enjoy the intensity and stares you will get walking into any room with them.

## Sagittarius: Demon

Loving freedom and adventure is a must for these signs. They want to be out doing things and trying new things. They can take

control and will often not sugarcoat things. If you want to be with them, make sure they do not see you as a fling.

## Capricorn: Gargoyle

Focused on success and drive, it can often be hard for Capricorns to express or understand their feelings. If you know they want you, then they really want you. They will start off more traditional, but the longer you take to get to know them, the crazier they will seem.

## Aquarius: Dryad

With a focus on the greater good and obsessed with helping people, these signs have a different way of expressing their emotions and might treat you more like a friend at first. They need their space and will focus on helping others. It might take a while for you to see their style of affection.

## Pisces: Psychic

Being incredibly intuitive, they will often know how you feel and think. Dating them will be like diving into the most beautiful section of the ocean. It will be fun and exhilarating with a partner who knows everything about emotions.

Call me: (216) 778-0430

## CWRU Halloween Dating Simulator

It's a cold night on north campus. The Den is closed due to the beef shortage. You are hungry, and the lack of beef makes you feel a bit colder, even though you're vegetarian. You see the Ugly Statue. Right underneath is a food tray, with an untouched Den burger and fries.

- Pick it up → Pg. 3
- Leave it → pg. 14



# What you deserve trick-or-treating based on your major

Jaiden Borowski

Welcome to college! Where you're too old for trick-or-treating, but not too old to base your entire sense of self worth on one defining factor in some type of twisted astrology-like mindset. And what better way to get meaningless affirmation than to see a positive trait correlated with your most important life-decision thus far: your major (or minor—if you're a business major and really reaching for something to be proud of). Well get ready to get into the Halloween spirit with this 100% accurate list of tricks and/or treats you deserve based on your major.

**English:** A full-size Payday bar (the only payday you'll probably ever see) and some fun paper to write on, since you love to write so much. Oh and would you look at that, is that transfer paperwork tucked neatly in

there? What a coincidence! Well, you might as well give it a gander since it's right there ...

**ChemE:** A fun-size box of Nerds and some more luck on the P&G personality test. You'll get it next time (hint: you're supposed to fire the guy who's stealing chips).

**BME:** Just melatonin. And lots of it. Maybe then you can get at least one full night of sleep. Probably not though. Do the sleepless nights make you feel like you're doing something important with your life?

**Aerospace:** Freeze dried ice-cream with a cute little NASA sticker. It's the closest you'll ever get to space. Unless you forfeit all of your morals and work for Bezos or the

budding space-hotel business. Up to you.

**Business:** A rock.

**Psychology:** Xanax spiked Air Heads because there's really only one reason that people choose to become psychology majors.

**Computer Science:** You deserve the world, but since we can't give it to you (and you're going to take it over in the next decade anyways) you can have a . . . bar of soap. Not for any particular reason, just the first thing to come to mind. Anyways, have fun destroying humanity as we know it!

*(If your major wasn't listed then you can have this smushed Almond Joy I found in the bottom of the bag).*

## Hauntings of Case Western Reserve

Is it just me or are all of the exes on campus really getting into the Halloween spirit? I mean, all of mine are ghosting me. Can anyone else relate?

At first, my exes were just ignoring me: blocking my calls, walking the opposite way of me, ignoring me calling their names, etc. But once I got my hands on them, they couldn't ignore me anymore.

Everywhere I go, I see them but cannot talk to them. Not because they are ignoring me, but because it would make me look insane. Talking to ghosts is not something you want to be known for even though it can be fun. There is just something so satisfying about making it so they can never leave you again. Watching the life fade from their eyes and tying them to you forever.

They cannot leave me now. They will be with me forever and ever. They cannot be more than 20 feet away from me on Earth, no matter how hard they try...

~Salazar Simpson

Everywhere I go I see couples. I see holding hands, "hidden" make outs, and goo-goo glances. It haunts me. I am so alone and yet I am surrounded by happy couples.

It follows me everywhere, reminding me that it is cuffing season. Reminding me of how hopelessly single I am. Reminding me that I will never have anyone like they do.

At this point it is just making fun of me. Making fun of the decisions I made to get to this point. I honestly don't think that killing the cuffing season following me through the halls of Strosacker was too much, but I am suffering the consequences anyway. It was just so annoying. It followed me E.V.E.R.Y.W.H.E.R.E. I just couldn't get away. Who would have thought rejecting a partner to take home and get judged by my parents would mean I would spend the next three months seeing couples at every turn.

~Anne Ominous

I think I saw a wraith the other day. At the very least, a woman possessed. I was walking by Wade Lagoon and a decrepit blonde woman came up to me screaming that she was the rightful president of CWRU. Probably just drugs.

~Ro'Vee Wade

### CWRU Halloween Dating Simulator

You pick up the food tray and start eating the burger, but when you look up you realize you have walked under the Ugly Statue. And you are not standing where you stood before, even though it's the same spot; the air is colder and more green, almost slimy like the showers in your dorm.

- a. Walk to your dorm → Pg. 5
- b. Walk back to the Den → Pg. 4



# Athenian Writers to Join Hollywood Strike Nearly Full Month Late

Etaoin Shrdlu

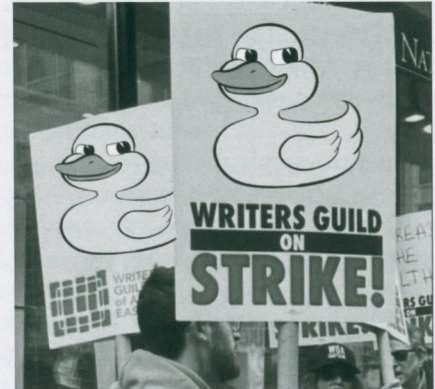
BEVERLY HILLS, Calif. (October) — Following nearly 5 months of continuous striking by the Writers Guild of America (WGA), writers for *The Athenian* announce plans to join the picket line in solidarity. Citing low pay, unfair working conditions, and crediting disputes, a majority of *The Athenian*'s contributing staff is taking to the streets in protest nearly a full month after the end of the WGA strikes to demand change from their executive board.

"We're out here today because we want credit for our work. Enough of these ridiculous pen names. We want to include our real names in articles," says Fakey McFakeName III, one of the notably vocal members leading demonstrations. "Our wages haven't increased with the cost of

living in 23 years, and we don't even have dental. Talk about exploitation at its finest."

Another higher-profile reaction from University President Eric Kaler also condemns the publication's conduct: "Enough is enough. They need to stop making up fake quotes from me before they have me say something that will get them—or worse, me—in trouble. So help me if nothing is done about it immediately I will have no choice but to send another email blast to the entire campus distilling massively complicated world issues into two or three sentences ending with a referral to University Counseling Services."

While fellow University Media Board members in organizations such as Studio



300 have officially made no comment on the as of yet ongoing SAG-AFTRA strikes, those of us left here at *The Athenian* find it far more suspicious that *The Observer* has not joined any strikes in solidarity with their fellow writers. Class-traitorous scabs.

## Quiz: Is your Halloween costume slutty or just low-effort?

Abigail Gilman

Halloween is just around the corner, and we can't wait to see everyone's costumes! Before you all get too excited, make sure you evaluate your costume with this simple quiz: Is Your Halloween Costume Slutty or Just Low-effort?

When did you come up with your costume?

- a. Last year
- b. Within the last month or so
- c. Yesterday

When did you buy/make your costume?

- a. Within the last month or so
- b. Yesterday
- c. I'm still working on it

Did you Google "slutty Halloween costumes" in your search process?

- a. Yes
- b. Yes, but just for brainstorming
- c. No

Are you going to a Halloween party?

- a. Yes, and it's hosted by a sorority or fraternity

- b. Yes, but it's mainly going to be and me and my friends
- c. Maybe, idk

Will the party have either someone you have a crush on or an ex you are mad at (or both)?

- a. Yes, and I will find and dance near them immediately
- b. Probably
- c. No

How long do you plan to spend taking Halloween pictures?

- 1. Until I'm happy
- 2. Probably a solid 10-15 minutes
- 3. I wasn't planning on doing a photoshoot or anything

### Results

**Mostly As:** Congratulations, your costume is slutty! You put thought and effort into this, and it all paid off! Go party, you sexy beast!

**Mostly Bs:** Eh, your costume's ok. You definitely took the easy way out, but you thought about it a little. You should be

somewhat proud.

**Mostly Cs:** Yeah, you didn't think about this at all. That's fine, but you don't get to claim the "slutty" label. You're just lazy.

## CWRU Halloween Dating Simulator

You notice the lights are back on in the Den; in fact, it's the only building with any lights. The only other lights are the street-lights, now a hideous orange. You walk into the Den to escape the green and the orange. You look down at the order ticket, and notice it says "Bessie Dusseu".

- a. Give the order back → Pg. 6
- b. Steal another order → Pg. 10



# Halloween is the devil's birthday and Doja cat is leading our children to hell

Foluso Bolaji

## A holiday for lost souls but hope is not lost

*A sermon by the euclid street preacher*

I call the congregation today to discuss a topic that may not be for the weak. It requires our urgent attention with its impending arrival and it is the sacrilegious abomination that is Halowween.

Now I know we have already anointed our homes with a mixture of our divine spit and Belle Delphine's bath water, but I am asking for your support, to draw your swords for Jesus, and most importantly, to protect the children. Can I get an amen?

Now I know secular music is the work of the devil to send subliminal messages from the underworld to our minds, but I want us to take a look at a secular artist named Doja Cat. Her latest album has the highest record of soul stealing since Janet Jackson's nipple

reveal during the 2004 super bowl half-show. Just take a look at the names of the songs for her latest album:

*Paint the town red.* Red with what you may ask? Red with the blood that she sucks out of your children!

*Demons.* Do I need to say more?

*Wet Vagina.* She's encouraging premari-tal sex and fatherless childeren!

And those are just a few of her heinous crimes against God: the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, CAN I GET AN AMEN?

I'd advise you to monitor your children's phones and spray some more holy water in their rooms as this is spiritual warfare and we cannot be messing around. Now brothers and sisters I'd like you to hold hands with the person next you and tell them, "God hates devil worshipers and sex addicts." Again, "God hates devil worshipers and sex addicts!" Keep holding hands, I want us to all pray, keeping in mind Halloween is coming up and the increased activity of evil spirits is floating around. Repeat after me: "Let every bald headed creature with red eyes be cast back into the pits of hell in the mighty name of Jesus! No weapon formed against me should come to fruition. Now take a sip of your Belle Delphine water." AMEN

I'd like to let everyone know that although Halloween is the Devil's birthday, that doesn't mean there's anything to celebrate. Weep for these lost souls that attract evil spirits with their skimpy outfits and digest unknowingly razorblade-filled candy, for they did not know the truth. And for those who hear our words but do not heed our warnings, shall they burn with Doja and her wet vagiana. AMEN

HYMN:

The Devil is in Wet Vagina

*For he is evil beyond compare  
leaves cat food in your hair  
And destroys those who heed his word*

*Beware he has an agenda  
He's not found in Alabama  
He resides in the cave of wet vagina*

Chorus:

*Wet vagina is evil, wet vagina is hell, wet vagina is the place he casts his spells*

*Wet Vagina is Hot, it will burn like a crockpot, and will leave you with a moist and funky smell*

*Like an STD he stays,  
Like a kid he gets his way,  
And soon you'll be hooked onto his lore  
Then he'll devour up your soul,  
Take a piss, splash you with the bowl  
And claim you as is own personal whore*

Chorus:

*Wet vagina is evil, wet vagina is hell, wet vagina is the place he casts his spells*

*Wet Vagina is Hot, it will burn like a crockpot, and will leave you with a moist and funky smell*

## CWRU Halloween Dating Simulator

On the way to your dorm, you hear a distant scream. You figure someone has a midterm tomorrow, until you realize it is a Saturday night. At least, it was when you walked under the Ugly Statue. You look at your phone screen, and the time reads "19:87". The date reads "Thieves cannot run forever".

- a. Return the meal →Pg. 6
- b. Continue home → Pg. 17





# Cursed Object Competition

Sabrina Spellman

Even if you have been living under a rock, you would have to work hard to not know about the cursed objects wandering around campus this past week. There is a competition between different departments to see who can do the most. To win this award, there are three categories that all items will be held to. The first category is destruction, the second is panic, and the third is depravity. The departments need to create things that cause damage to campus, incite panic with the masses, and demonstrate that the creators have the most abhorrent minds.

Not all of the departments on campus have decided to participate in this competition, but the ones that chose to have shown just how messed up Case Western's students are.

The losing department is computer science. Their only contribution to this competition was a sentient computer that was supposed to generate viruses, but has instead written countless papers for students across campus and has generated revenue for the department (instead of chaos). This has gotten a score of -24, marking them as the only department who managed to get into the negatives of our rankings.

In third place is the psychology department. They brought an *Oriental Trading* flamingo to life. The bird found its way into Wade Lagoon and is now swimming with the geese. This may not seem like a problem, but it had an unintended effect of angering the geese. Angry geese have been spotted around campus attacking students and being jerks to those that they cross paths with. Because of this, the psychology department has gotten

a score of 21, missing most of the points from depravity but scoring high on damage and chaos. They were also docked points because the outcome was unintentional.

Biomedical engineering has the second highest score: 28. They found a way to create human centipedes. Not whatever you are thinking, but instead centipedes with the burden of having human consciousness. At first, no one knew they were human-like, crushing random centipedes on campus and not thinking about them. Once BMEs announced what they had done, chaos erupted on campus with students freaking out about having killed a sentient being and police questioning if this was illegal. Their score of 26 includes all 10 points for both chaos and depravity, losing two points for damage as the only things that were hurt are centipedes.

And students' already failing mental health.

The highest score of all comes from the anthropology department. They got a perfect 30 for their animation of the Moca Hand and the Ugly Statue. The hand was animated as soon as cursed objects could be released, creating chaos from the moment it moved its first finger. The giant hand reminded people of Thing from "The Addams Family", only made of metal and capable of killing students, crashing cars, and destroying buildings. This alone gave the anthropology department a score of 26. What pushed them over the edge was their surprise animation of the Ugly Statue.

At first, no one knew it had been cursed. Then, during Homecoming weekend,

parents walked underneath it and it was animated for the first time. The Ugly Statue has made its way around campus standing over students and bringing bad luck onto campus. It has created mass panic, anxiety, and paranoia across campus with students afraid to leave their dorms and running from the sight of the statue in the distance. Bad luck has ranged from accidents, to failing exams, to physical and chronic conditions developing overnight. Because of this animation, there have been record admissions into University Hospital and the Cleveland Clinic due to the bad luck from this walking statue. The location of the Ugly Statue has not remained empty after the animation, there was a new statue that took its place, but *it* got animated a few days later with another taking its place. Since Homecoming, the Ugly Statue has been animated a total of five times, meaning there are five different statues walking around campus and making students afraid of being the next one to animate another statue.

If we could score the Ugly Statue higher than 30 we would. It is more depraved than anything we could have imagined and has caused more chaos and destruction on campus than all of the other objects combined.

Stay safe campus.

## CWRU Halloween Dating Simulator

You walk into the Den and let Eugene know that someone lost their order. He tells you that they re-made Bessie's order. And they don't take back food that has bites in it. You faint from embarrassment and lack of social skills. While you are going down, you have one last choice of what to grab.

- Grab your head → Pg. 13
- Grab the food → Pg. 9

The Athenian wins Outstanding Student Organization of the Year Award at last year's SLAC

???

CWRU national ranking goes down



# Athenian Campus Investigations Document #11023: Description of Strange Encounter in Tomlinson

Subject name: Peter Olmsted

*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.*

The whole “timeline” of everything is still a bit fuzzy, but I guess as good a place to start as any is that I was in Tomlinson between my morning and afternoon classes, just trying to get some lunch before my long afternoon stretch. You see, all my classes and recitations in the afternoon are bunched together back to back, so if I don’t get food by the time the first one starts I just won’t have time to eat anything until dinner. I get a call from a blocked number, and of course I don’t think anything of it. I mean, would you? 9 out of every 10 calls I get come from blocked numbers nowadays. If I answered every single one I got it’d waste half my day.

Anyway, I start the slog through the line. I’ll admit, I timed it pretty poorly for the inevitable lunch rush that hits when meal swipes open. It was loud, more than usual. The usual chatter of everyone filing in and out, the people behind the counter going back and forth between the kitchens and Grubhub slots, and herds of upper and underclassmen all scrambling for seating behind the barriers and kiosks. I get another phone call, from the same blocked number.

Buzz. Eyeroll. Decline.

That’s when some freshman in line in front of me turns around and tries starting to shoot the breeze. Small talk about classes, whatever. I’m gonna be honest, I just wasn’t in the headspace for it—I had my lunch in my hands, I saw an empty chair across the room that I wanted to keep an eye on, and all I wanted in that moment was to just sit down and eat before my next lectures. Looking back I feel bad for them, and

maybe I shouldn’t have done it, but when the blocked number inevitably called me a third time, I picked it up.

“Sorry, I gotta take this. It’s my folks, I forgot I told them I’d call.”

“Oh yeah, no worries. I totally get it. I’ll see you around campus?”

“Yeah, yeah, sure, whatever.”

Then it all started—with this goddamned phone call. I started with a sloppy enough charade, just until the freshman went up to pay and walked out of earshot.

“Hey mom, what’s up? How’s dad?” I expected the response to be automated, or silent. Instead, a child’s voice spoke back.

“Mom?” I’m not your mom, silly. I’m over here. Look.”

I don’t know what compelled me to actually look around. It was a blocked number. Maybe a crank caller or something? There’s no way I should have expected to see anything out of the ordinary. And yet instinctively I turned around, scanning back and forth across the tables for a kid to match

to the voice.

He was sitting alone at a table in the dead center of the room, staring at me. He couldn’t have been any older than 7 or 8. As he caught my eye, he spoke again.

“Perfect. Now it’s just us.” He smiled in a way that made my stomach turn over.

A sudden emptiness filled the room when he said this. The previously crowded Tomlinson was now barren. Nobody, anywhere, except for me and this kid. The hubbub of the otherwise lively student space hushed to the liminal din of fluorescent lights and industrial refrigerators.

I walked to him. All the while he continued staring, with piercing golden eyes that despite his unmistakably childlike features had a certain wizened age to them, definitely much older than the rest of his body. I sat down opposite him in one of the cold metal chairs.

“What do you want from me?”

I know how it sounds, but in that moment I felt like if I looked directly at him he would be able to see right through

## CWRU Halloween Dating Simulator

“Oh really?” They sneer. “You think I like capitalism because of the fucking hockey team named after me? Well, for your information, I think intellectual property was made up by the bourgeoisie to oppress us monsters’ creative freedom! You can take my hockey royalties to the Ohio State Buckeye and Bucc-ee himself and shove it up their mascot asses, because I’m not a fucking mascot! I’m a furry! Now get the fuck out of here!” As you fade back into reality, you look down at where the monster sat and notice the bun on that Den burger was actually just a bunch of magic mushrooms woven together, with a big bite taken out of it. You now have a great story to tell and a bunch more magic mushrooms in case you ever want to go back. Congratulations, you profited big time.

CAPITALISM ENDING



me. I looked around, if anything just to avoid making direct eye contact with him. My surroundings had become a twisted mockery of Tomlinson. The most distinct features were mostly right—I could still tell where I was, but it was warped as if I were drawing Tomlinson from memory. Walls that didn't go outside now had windows in them. Chairs were stacked on tables in pyramids and piles that shouldn't have been able to balance. All of the lights, except for those immediately overhead, flickered on and off seemingly at random.

"Just some company. And perhaps a moment of your time."

I looked back at him, and had to choke back a visceral unease. In the seconds I was avoiding his gaze, he had aged decades. I now sat opposite an old man, gray and emaciated. Gaunt and frail, yet weathered and unrelenting. His golden eyes, now only more tired-looking than before, stayed fixated on me. He stirred a disposable travel cup of coffee with an ornate spoon, also gold in color. He looked down to inspect it only for a moment, then returned his focus to me. He spoke meticulously, but as if lost in thought.

"I wrote you a poem. Would you like to hear it? I suppose really, it's more like a story."

I thought it better not to speak, if only to keep from having to confront that this might be really happening. Morbid curiosity got

the better of me.

"A story? Is it about me?"

"That is up for you to decide, my boy."

A wave of panic swept over me. Something told me very instinctively that I should not have been talking to this man, as much as I could not seem to help it. Something else told me he was probably going to tell me his poem whether I said anything or not.

I sat silently. He cleared his throat. Without objection, he put on a pair of reading glasses and unfolded an old piece of paper from the breast pocket of his coat.

*"A bastion watchtower, paved with granite and polished in stone  
Stands proud over a jade isle, waiting in black seas of billowing foam.*

*These waves do not crash, but flood; the tower's worst damage creeps from within.  
Energy, indifferent, is neither created nor destroyed when its pieces crumble into the sea.*

*As it lies now in ruin, derelict and decrepit, it asks itself:  
What is still yet to come? By whose hand must it destroy itself?  
What is man if not to torment, and what is a tower if not to stand?"*

He returned the paper to his pocket, and slowly sipped from his coffee before placing it back on the table, still holding it lightly with the tips of his fingers. I can only imagine I looked horrified.

"Well, is it about you?"

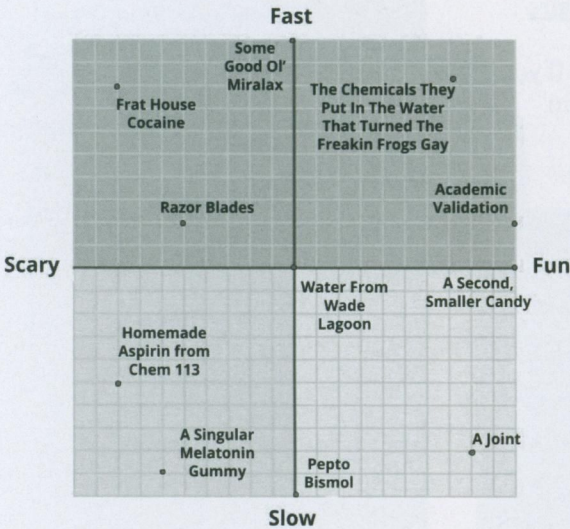
"I—I don't know."

He looked at me quizzically, gripping the cup tighter in his hand. As he studied me, apparently thinking, his eyes grew angrier. The coffee in the cup began boiling, and the lights in the room flickered more intensely.

"You've got judgin' eyes, son. One day they will abandon your flesh and unravel your soul."

In an instant, he crushed the cup of boiling coffee in his hand and I awoke with a start. I was still in Tomlinson, this time back to its normal arrangement—at least, as far as I could tell. The lights were off, the windows dark, and what little visibility there was came only from the harsh red glare of the exit signs. I had been sitting with my head down on the table from what I can only hope was my nightmare, my lunch sitting cold in its unopened plastic bag next to me. Every door to exit the building was locked, and my phone was now dead. And so I waited—alone and in the dark—fixated on every word the man had said, until finally campus security came in the morning to unlock the doors.

What to spike your candy with this Halloween!



CWRU Halloween Dating Simulator

I bet you flipped to this page faster than the rest of them. Heh. Well rest assured, you rolled a nat 20 by saying "I'm not much of a bass fisher, but take out the 'B' and I'll cast my rod." You get slapped across the face, and they say to you "I literally have a tail. It's a long story... You're lucky I'm from Ohio, so being corny is in my DNA. I'll unpeel you, unless you'd rather be against the wall..." You are so touch starved at this point in college that the tape is doing it for you and you pass out once more, and wake up in your bed with a note in your pocket. "Nice try... but don't ever take my Den. That's the interdimensional rule. Maybe next time!"

RIZZ ENDING



# Sexiest Campus Cryptids

## Nessie

### Spartie

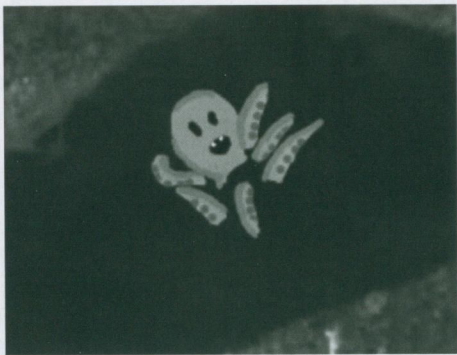
Is this a person in a costume? Is he a creature that lives off of the school spirit of CWRU? Who is Spartie? And how can I f\*\*\* him?



### Lake Erie tentacle monster

You might not think he exists, but he does. And Come on, just look at that face. Who wouldn't love him looking like that?

And how hot would it be to have those hot pink tentacles wrapped around you...



### Wade Lagoon tentacle monster

Strong, thick tentacles. Every girls' dream. Need I say more?



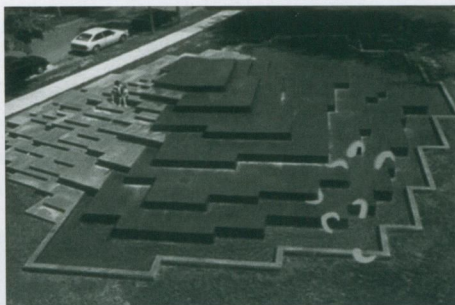
### Euclid Ave puddle tentacle monster

Thinner than Wade's but imagine how fast they move. And this one can survive when there is no water in the puddle spot. Talk about living dangerously.



### Wet/Dry tentacle monster

Last but not least, the fourth and final tentacle monster. His tentacles can reach around the wet/dry fountain, imagine just how big he can get. Hubba hubba!



### Interim Dean of Student Affairs

Come on, just look at this face. If you can find him, I'm sure you can bag him.

Just not if I can get to him first :/



### U-Tech workers

Has anyone seen them?

I'm sure you or someone you know has gotten email or help from them, but have you ever seen them? How do we know they are real?

Imagine how hot they must be if they are hiding. Sexy ghost robots. I mean come on.



## CWRU Halloween Dating Simulator

You wake up tucked into your bed, with a tall, green figure sitting in your desk chair. "I'm Bes-sie, from the Den order. Thanks for saving my food for me. For showing me that kindness, you get to ask me one question before I send you back to your dimension." Given that you are talking to the Lake Erie Monster, your first natural question is to ask if they are a furry or not. Problem is, no one will tell you they're a furry if asked directly. You think of a better question:

- "Do you like socialism?" → Pg. 16
- "Do you like capitalism?" → Pg. 7



# Stephen King's "The Second Factor": A New Classic?

Silvry Tay

## THIS REVIEW CONTAINS SPOILERS!

In Stephen King's newest novel, "The Second Factor," King once again elevates the horror genre. Described by critics as "Perfect... Stunning... A modern masterpiece..." and plenty of other meaningless phrases surrounded by ellipsis, the novel, released just in time for Halloween, follows a young child trying to find themselves in the face of an ever present threat.

We meet Veri as a young, innocent student. Their life is simple but busy as they prepare for the big move into their new college dorm. Quickly, we begin to realize that not all is what it seems; Veri, and every other student around them, is being watched. As the novel progresses the nature and identity of this watcher begins to manifest itself in simple ways: a vibration felt in the leg, screens flickering as websites

are accessed, the feeling that something demands your attention. Before long, it is revealed:

Duo. A being of pure inconvenience, formed of raw irritation and distilled annoyance. Its motivations become increasingly more obscure, as notifications are pushed to phones and accounts are locked.

Soon enough, it is revealed that to enter the mysterious Duo-Mobile, Duo's exclusive domain, one must authenticate themselves with the elusive Second Factor, a mystical energy controlled by Duo itself. Veri begins their mission to defeat Duo, but it will be an arduous one.

Veri tries everything, yet it is all futile. Duo does not yield. The climax occurs when Veri finally breaks and asks Duo what it will take to give them access to the Second Factor— Call them? Give them a

passcode? Duo refuses, and as Veri weeps, without warning, it pushes them into the Duo-Mobile.

The last lines of the book stick with me, and I yield a content warning for feelings of absolute despair and hopelessness before I transcribe them here. Be warned, young reader.

"With no push notification, Duo shoved Veri into the abyss.

Veri cried out, 'Remember Me,' but Duo was silent. Its wide maw seemed to smirk as Veri fell into the void, the Second Factor triumphing again.

Duo thought back to when it was innocent like Veri; they promised to remember it for 120 hours. They promised. But they lied, and so now too will Duo.

Duo will do anything to be authenticated again."

A truly gut-wrenching ending to a terrifying book. Stephen King has done it again. ★★★★★

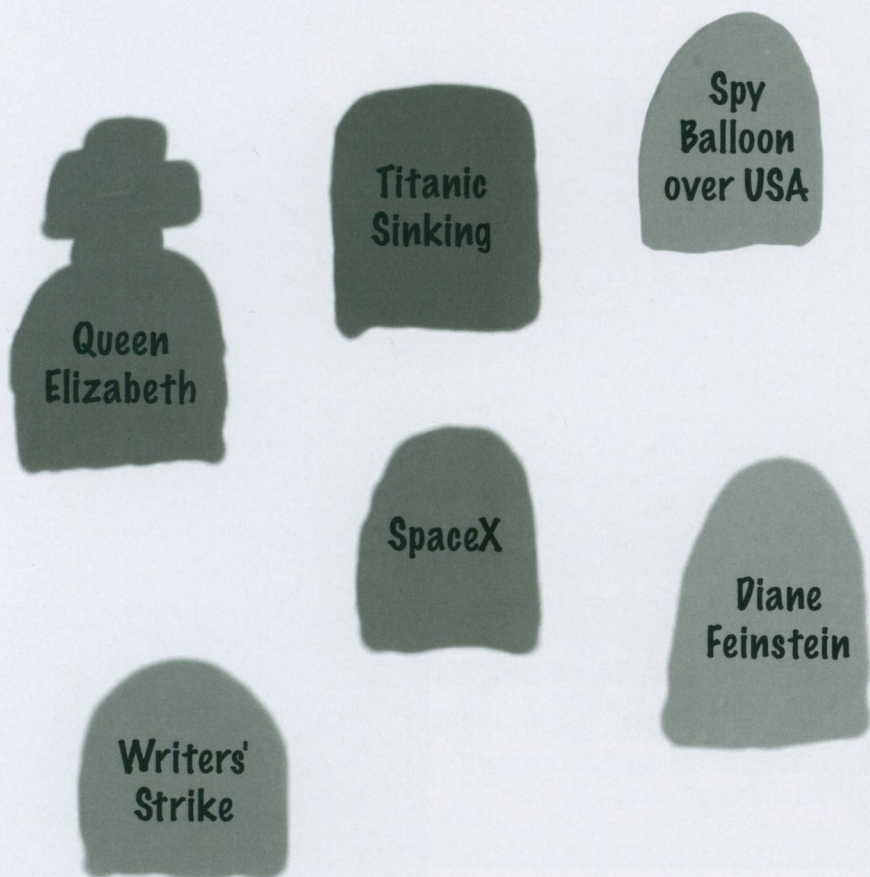
## In Memoriam: Headlines Gone By

Editorial Staff

### CWRU Halloween Dating Simulator

Eugene looks at you with a gaze so intense, it could cut through the tension that occurs the first time freshmen realize the whole Chris Butler not wearing shoes thing isn't a bit. You are compelled, if by an invisible but calloused hand, to put the food down and run. You run, but the green smoke envelopes you.

You have no choice. → Pg. 13





# The Athenian magazine announces new scholarship contest for witty, original students

Editorial Team

The Athenian Magazine has always been a tart, dry, satirical publication designed to examine and critique Case Western Reserve University and its beloved faculty and students. That is why, earlier today, it comes as a surprise that the magazine has announced they are offering a full RTA-pass scholarship to the one-millionth CWRU freshman who makes a "SackStroker" joke as a celebration of the wit and talent of Case Western Reserve's brightest freshmen.

"We wanted to give back to the community that has taken good care of us all these years," said Justin "shimmy" Zimmerman, editor-in-chief of The Athenian Magazine. "We believe that instead of just offering free sandwiches and a place in the Thwing basement to unleash all of your troublingly horny thoughts onto our brainstorming sheet once a month, we should give back something more substantial."

No one knows when it started. The joke

likely started around 1960, when Strosacker auditorium was finished and used for student education. The earliest recorded account is from 1966, when CIT Alumni **\*\*INSERT FUNNY NAME\*\*** noted in his since leaked private diary: "These dumb fucks [Case Institute of Technology students] keep calling it Sack Stroker and they think it's the funniest thing since the Dick Van Dyke show. Heh."

Students have long been captivated by the simple switch of syllables in the beloved Strosacker auditorium. From one class to the next, it seems like the new name fills the campus more than the old, and students appreciate the complex and unique wordplay each and every time.

Justin wants to make it clear that this scholarship, just like the rest of the magazine, is a neatly packaged joke. "We're printing a big check on cardboard and everything! For the 'You Got the Whole Squad Laughing for Saying SackStroker Instead of Strosacker

Scholarship', we wanted to go all out and truly say thank you to our student base for making this witty and original joke over and over again. That is why we are offering this scholarship to the one millionth freshman to make this original joke!"

Despite the nature of this scholarship (and its financial backing) being mostly a joke in itself, Justin offered some final words to clarify his meaning.

"Saying 'SackStroker' is a rite of passage at Case. Everyone who says it the first time thinks they're some kind of genius, new Rodney Dangerfield type. They're more of a **\*\*COMEDIAN JUSTIN THINKS IS NOT THAT FUNNY, PERHAPS JAMES CORDEN OR JIMMY FALLON\*\***, really. Point being, SackStroker is not a part of a mature comedy repertoire. It's more of a first step on a long journey towards actually being funny. College is all about growth, and SackStroker is the bottom of the barrel in that regard. It only goes up from there!"

## We Get it, You Love Fall!

Abigail Gilman

There's a chill in the air, the leaves are changing colors, and it's time to break out your sweaters. That's right, it's fall! Now shut up about it!

I understand that there are many people who love fall and feel the need to incessantly share their love, but there are some of us who don't; we deserve some respect. It's cold, it's windy, and the sun sets at 7 p.m. Going outside is miserable, and the dreariness permeates every aspect of our lives.

Fall in Cleveland is particularly miserable. When I get up in the morning, I look at the weather app and it's usually in between 50 and 60 degrees. But when I go outside, it's like I've walked into a tundra. The wind whips my face, my fingers turn blue, and a chill reaches the innermost layers of my soul. Every trek is a battle with Mother Nature, and I always lose.

My misery is amplified even more by the rain. You can wear a coat, you can bring an umbrella, but nothing can protect you from the fierceness of Cleveland rain. I don't like the stifling heat of summer, but I'd rather have that than the overwhelming cold.

For those who primarily love fall because of Halloween, you can be scary any time of the year. You don't need Halloween as an excuse; you have the freedom to wear black, dress up as a zombie, and play spooky music anyday. Additionally, there are plenty of things to be scared of throughout the year: self-driving cars, exams, and an unrecognized charge on your credit card are all frightening. Who needs ghosts when you can think about the fact that death will eventually come for all of us?

Other fall-associated vibes are also not limited to fall. You can spend \$6 on a Pumpkin Spice Latte at Starbucks any time

of the year. You can wear a wool sweater in the summer. You can light scented candles and put essential oils in your diffuser whenever you want. Don't let anyone stop you!

When you limit yourself to fall months, your love for fall builds up and explodes into an aggression that annoys everyone around you. Fall is just another season that happens every year, so please shut up about it.

### CWRU Halloween Dating Simulator

Quit going out of order you bum!

- a. Your parents are disappointed in you. → Pg. 14



Are you troubled by strange newspapers in the middle of campus buildings?  
Do you experience feelings of dread in your University Media Board office?  
Have you or any of your family ever seen an uptight editor, bored reporter, or  
no-fun writer?

If the answer is yes, then don't wait another minute. Pick up your phone and  
call the professionals: *The Athenian!*

Our hilarious and can-do staff is on call 24 hours a day to serve all your  
"making fun of *The Observer*" needs.

We're ready to relieve you!





# Who Done It?

## Detective Peanut

*As an exclusive sneak peek, The Athenian has the privilege of printing the first draft of a new screenplay by acclaimed author Detective Peanut. This work, titled "Who Done It?" is slated to open the Cannes Film Festival in 2024.*

It was dark, real dark. The lights, out. The rain, hitting against the windows. Occasionally there are flashes of lighting and claps of thunder, shaking the building.

And...Hey! Who flipped the light switch?

(Mumbles in the background. The lights go out again.)

Thank you, now where was I?

(Queue head scratching)

Ah yes! (lightbulb moment)

It was dark, real dark. On the floor, the outline of a shape. A shape surrounded by something shiny like gold. Or blood! A shape surrounded by a pool of blood. But what is the shape?

(Trails off, confused)

(Whispering)

What?

(More whispering)

Oh yes. (Creepy face then smirk)

It was dark, real dark. The shape on the floor lies still. Too still.

Lightning flashes and there is the face of Shivangi Nanda.

(Whispering again)

Oh. Yes, Shivangi's body is there too. She is not decapitated.

Though that would be a good idea ... Nevermind, another time.

Lying on the floor, bleeding on the ... EXPENSIVE RUG!!! Not the rug ... and of course Shivangi, but the rug...

(Head hangs, speaking quickly)

Lying on the rug that costs more than tuition to Case Western Reserve University is the body of Shivangi Nanda. Her throat slit, bloody footprints leading across the hall. Let's go...

(Needs a minute. For the rug)

Crossing the hallway, looking at the closed door on the right and the stairs on the left, we tip toe into the study. Sitting at the desk, a pen in their neck, is Elie Aoun.

On the desk next to their head is a note.

A note that reads:

*Who is next? Did you do it?*

It. That word hangs in the air, drowning out all thoughts as we turn and see more footprints leading out of the study, past the stairs.

Following the bloody footsteps down the hallway, walking past the kitchen, the dining room, the bloody rug, and the balcony, we walk. Down, down, down. Down to the basement we go. And in the basement, next to the furnace is...

Justin Zimmmerman??? Wait. He is not on the *Observer*, what is he doing here? Get up Justin.

(Justin hangs his head, shuffling away)

(Whispers)

What? I didn't say anything about the *Observer*. There is no connection between the bodies. No connection at all.

Mwahahahahaha -cough- -cough-  
-cough-

(Smile)

The furnace is burning, next to it is ash. I wonder who that victim was...

A trail of ash leading back up the stairs. How do we keep missing those trails?

Up the stairs and across the hall is the dining room. Lying on top of the table with an apple in the mouth is Beau Bilinovich.

Kate Gordon is in the corner of the room, an arrow sticking out of her head like the pretend arrows at gag stores, but this one is real. Dried blood is caked on the side of her head and we see more bloody footsteps taking us to the balcony.

Hanging between two poles of the railing is Puneet Bansal. Head and shoulders

## CWRU Halloween Dating Simulator

You wake up duct-taped to your dorm wall. Your first concern is that Case will charge you for this, even though you're currently in an alternate dimension and there's still pubic hair sealed into the floor here. A large, green figure gets up from a chair and approaches you. "You were selfish, and didn't take care of my food. You're going to become my food if you don't think of a way out of this." Your heart drops as you get the single weirdest boner you've ever had in your life. Thinking back to the last time you had to think on your feet like this, your D&D dungeonmaster's voice echoes in your ears: "Roll for seduction..."

a. Success → Pg. 8

b. Fail → Pg. 15



hanging over the edge drawing attention to the pond below, as if a dive into the water was too soon.

Running around the building is catching up and the breath catches in the throat as we look down and in the pond we see two unmistakable bodies. The bodies of Nandana Vinod and Lucas Yang!

(under the breath mumbling)

Now they will have no digital media or graphics.

I mean what? Not two at once. Whoever is doing this must be a genius... Anyway, back to the murders. There is one untouched room in this building, the kitchen.

There is no trail this time, just gut instinct. A gut instinct that could not have been more correct. A door is open, just a tad, the freezer door. Cold air wafting through the room, drawing us closer.

And there, in the light of the freezer is...Helen Treseler? NOOOOOOOO. We needed her. Who reads the news anyway?

Someone get her out of here. Get the AED!! Bandage those wounds! Someone clean the blood!

(Shuffling, Helen dragged out)

(Clears throat)

Nevermind, there is no body in the freezer, we can eat the food there...

Yeah, that works. No blood in the freezer, no body. Only food. Only...broccoli.

(Dun dun duuuuun).

Where did that music come from?

(Looking around confused)

Now we move to the foyer, the once closed door now ajar. A trail of blood leaving the house, leading to the bushes lining the walkway. Blood pooling around a single bush and lying in the middle of the yard is Noah Henriques, dead in the bushes.

Aww man. I kinda liked him...

Not that I didn't like the other people, but

Noah...

Walking back into the house we turn left and see in the sitting room...another body.

Wait...that's Shivangi again. Poor rug.

Where is the last body?

(Whispering)

Riiiiight. We make our way up the stairs. Walking through the hallway and into the winter bedroom. Inside we see the last person who picked up a copy of the *Observer*.

Standing above them is:

Bwahahahahahahaha!!!

Be warned, or you will be next...

Dun

Dun

Duuuuuuuun

# Freshmen Make the Most of Halloween by Trick-Or-Treating in their Dorms

MG Davis

This Oct. 31, the entire North side of campus got into the Halloween spirit as freshmen left the comfort of their dorm rooms and went door-to-door looking for some free goodies and Explore Credits. Leutner Pavilion was filled with first-year students in fun costumes wandering between buildings in their residential communities. I got a chance to interview one such student, Anita Knapp, about her impressive zombie getup. It turns out that those bags under her eyes weren't makeup at all! Her secret? "I'm a pre-med pre-law neuroscience and music double major and Egyptology minor," she told me. It's truly awe-inspiring how far these students will go in the name of some Halloween fun.

Not all of the freshmen were trick-or-treating, though. Some were content with staying indoors and handing out treats to anyone that stopped by. In my investigation around the Juniper residential community, I saw many creative—not to mention,

vegan and gluten-free— alternatives to traditional candy treats, including Leutner ketchup, ALEKS answers, and calculus professor-approved antifungal foot cream. Some students in Norton had made a cotton candy machine for their ENGR 130 lab and were handing out delicious sticks of 'Un-recognized function or variable'. Even the staff at Wade Commons got in on the fun, handing out packages to any student who said "Trick or Treat!". I later learned from Campus Security that this tradition is called "Mail Theft" and is considered "very illegal" in some places.

Some of the students even had a "Treat Maps" app on their phone. This app, as the name suggests, allows people to create maps of the best candy spots in the area based on other users' recommendations. According to the maps that students shared with me, the hot dog guy on the corner of Euclid and Adelbert had treats that were more than worth the walk, but the Dunkin' Line is

definitely a no-go this time of year. One surprising location that everyone was talking about this year is the basement of Thwing. Apparently, if you trick-or-treat there at night while wearing a duck costume, a mysterious person will give you future *Athenian* issues along with some (probably spiked) candy. However, the most important trick-or-treating advice that a freshman gave me that night was, "Never accept candy from strangers in shady alleys. Unless they're, like, cool or something. Then it's fine."

## CWRU Halloween Dating Simulator

Grow a pair. Now take the fucking food and get on with the story.

a. smh → pg. 3



# Athenian Campus Investigations Document #09023

Subject name: David Adelus

*The following publication is taken from a letter left on the floor inside the UMB office and given to The Athenian as to a matter of ongoing investigation.. The Athenian Campus Investigations Department reserves the right to document such artifacts, and their publication is protected under the provisions of the Whistleblower Protection Act and the freedom of press condition of the First Amendment.*

It's been 36 days now. Or, well— I don't know. I don't exactly have a way of keeping track. The clocks in here haven't moved since I came in, and the view from the window hasn't changed. As far as I can tell, no time has passed. There have been no days. No nights. No sun rises or sets. Just the familiar overcast of Sunny Cleveland, where it could be any time of day and looking at the sky would give you no idea one way or another. 36 days, and that much I can only tell because I've gone to sleep and woken up 35 times since I've thought to start keeping track.

All I needed was my laptop charger. I left it in the Media Board office after an *Observer* meeting and didn't notice until

after I had left. I couldn't go back for it until later the next night, but better than never.

I won't waste words, even if this letter is as close as I've gotten to actually talking to anybody in however long I've been here. But after I entered the office—then familiar as ever, lights flickering but otherwise in the same condition as always—I could not leave.

I have tried, but as soon as my foot crosses the threshold through the doorstep I am returned to an exact copy of the office standing before me. Everything, as far as I could see—the couches, the long conference table, the television and the cubicles and the filing cabinets in the back—was perfectly rotated about the office doors. Nothing added, nothing missing. It just... looped back into itself.

In the most literal sense I only went through to the other side once, and assuming I don't die here I will live to regret it until the day that I do. Stepping through the doorway alone there was a rush of cold, enough that I could see my breath as it left my shivering

body. I reached for the lights but they did not work, leaving nothing but what sparse sun or moonlight reflected through the fog outside the windows to illuminate this cruel and desolate imitation of what just a day ago was a familiar working space. I called out for someone, anyone, but there was no reply.

Neither could I go back. Stepping back across the doorway returned me to the same cold, dark office. No lights. No power. No one. It is just me in here, and though I know the water cooler and fridge to be full I have had no want to eat or drink. This place will not even do me the courtesy of letting me starve myself to death.

And so I write this letter, hoping that someone on the outside will find it. That someone will know what to do or how to find me or whatever needs to happen to get me out of here. But until then I am stuck, alone and very much afraid.

So to anyone reading, send help, I beg of you, but whatever you do *under absolutely no circumstances* cross through that door.



## CWRU Halloween Dating Simulator

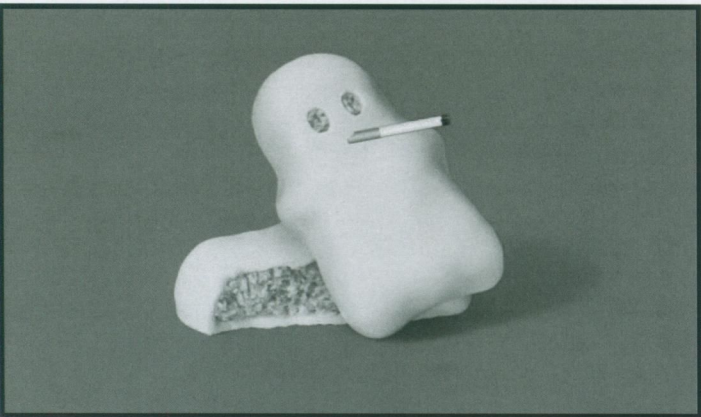
"Nice try. Case students have done this to me before. I told you, when I say I'm going to eat you, I mean with a fork and knife. I'm the Lake Erie Monster, that's what I do. They go in to take a bite of your exposed ear and recoil. They ask, disgusted, "Are you a CS Major?" You nod, and are met with a "That explains the smell! It's like a bag of Cool Ranch Doritos got mixed into Chris Butler's floor toes! No fucking thank you, take a shower and then come back!" You wake up in your bed, and resolve never to go under the Ugly Statue again. You wonder, in horror, if anything can come out of the statue. I guess you will have to wait until Halloween to find out. Muahahahahah...

NO BITCHES ENDING



# If Reese's Peanut Butter Cups Were Cool

Megan Abel



Hello? Hello, hello? Uh, I wanted to record a message for you to help you get settled in on your first night. Um, I actually worked in that office before you. I'm finishing up my last semester now, as a matter of fact. So, I know it can be a bit overwhelming, but I'm here to tell you there's nothing to worry about. Uh, you'll do fine. So, let's just focus on getting you through your first week, okay?

Uh, let's see, first there's an introductory greeting from the university that I'm supposed to read. Uh, it's kind of a legal thing, you know. Um, "Welcome to Case Western Reserve University. A magical place for computer science majors and grown-ups alike, where all the worst people you know become pre-meds or nurses." Case Western Reserve is not responsible for damage to property or person. Upon discovering that damage or death has occurred, a [U]Tech or University Health and Counseling Services report will be filed within 90 days, or as soon property and premises have been thoroughly cleaned and bleached, and the carpets have been replaced.

Blah, blah, blah. Now that might sound bad, I know, but there's really nothing to worry about. Uh, the anthropomorphic mascot here does get a bit quirky at night, but do I blame him? No. If I were forced to sing the alma mater for 197 years and I never got a bath? I'd probably be a bit irritable at night too. So, remember, this character holds a special place in the hearts of alumni and we need to show him a little respect, right? Okay.

So, just be aware, Spartie does tend to wander a bit. Uh, he's left in some kind of free roaming mode at night. Uh... Something about his servos locking up if they get turned off for too long. Uh, he used to be allowed to walk around during the day too. But then there was The Bite of '87. Yeah. I-It's amazing that the human body can live without the frontal lobe, you know?

## CWRU Halloween Dating Simulator

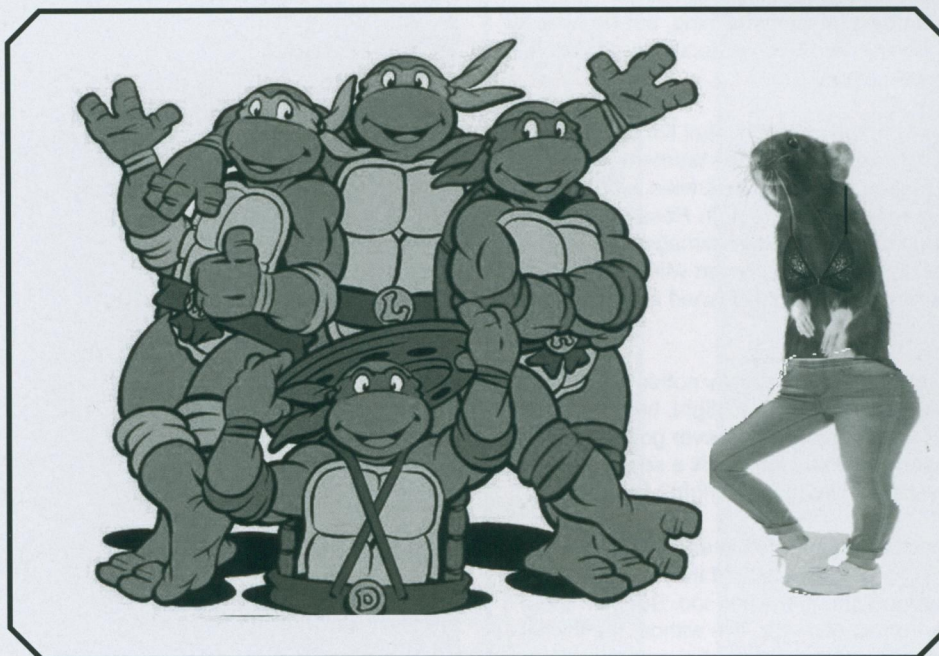
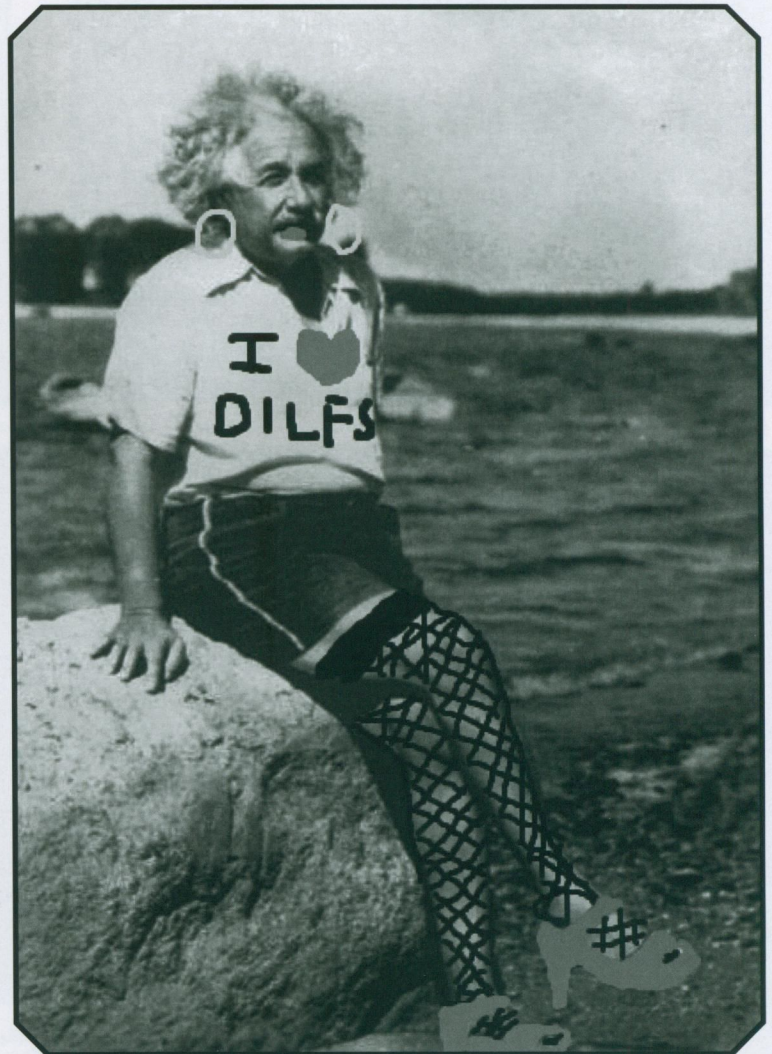
The monster smiles at you. "I get it. You don't want to ask me if I'm a furry. Well, I'm not one, technically. The Lake Erie Monster wasn't even real until 2020. The reason Ohio shut down so fast during COVID wasn't to protect us. Have you seen Mike DeWine's Tweets recently? No, it was to do nuclear testing on me. I got too strong from the radiation, and they had to shut down their nuclear plants when I escaped. My skin is actually real scales, not just a suit. Would you like to feel them?" You're so touch starved at this point that you just go along for the ride, and end up eventually getting disappeared by Mike DeWine's secret police for learning the truth. Still, you end up as a valuable martyr for the socialist furry cause. The in-between, though, is a story for another time.

SOCIALIST ENDING



# Halloween Costume Inspo Board

Definitely not the editors



## CWRU Halloween Dating Simulator

You get home, as the green has become almost so thick it's developing prediabetes. You hear rumbling inside your bedroom. Suddenly, the green vapor comes in through the windows. You pass out.

- a. Your bedroom door opens.  
→ Pg. 9



# Free Cut-Out: Halloween Superlatives

Athenian editors

	<i>Most likely to get arrested breaking into the cemetery</i>	
	<i>Most likely to hand out apple slices</i>	
	<i>Most likely to trick or treat at 28</i>	
	<i>Bravest tummy ache from Halloween parties</i>	
	<i>Most likely to take more than one piece</i>	
	<i>Halloween Hater :(</i>	
	<i>Cringiest couple costume wearers</i>	
	<i>Most likely to turn the lights off to avoid trick or treaters</i>	
	<i>Most Likely to date a monster</i>	
	<i>Most Likely to skin their enemies and drink the blood of fallen foes</i>	



