



Part 1  
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# THE MYSTERY ISSUE



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1x3=3, 3x3=9 con



# Editor's Note

Dearest reader,

In this issue, you will find drama... intrigue... excitement! But most of all... mystery. It comes in all shapes and sizes—from old-timey detective pulp serials and games of Clue to the paranormal, the supernatural, the unthinkable and unknowable. And of course, classics like Scooby Doo, Sherlock Holmes, and Hercule Poirot (*\*the crowd goes wild with recognition\**).

Let's face it. Everyone loves a good mystery. Why else would the entire cast of every *Knives Out* movie be so hot? Be it out of fear or curiosity, the unknown drives us. That fundamentally human urge to peek behind the curtain, to piece things together—that is mystery. That which lies between us and truth, between what appears to us as science and what appears to us as magic.

This month, we celebrate and romanticize the mystery and *mysteries* of life on campus: where do professors go when they're not lecturing?; why did the Den start using knockoff Chipotle bags?; who lets Kaler keep doubling down on emails?; where do business majors find the audacity?; how long is *The Athenian* going to keep recycling the same three jokes about Babs and the Leutner ketchup vat? Sometimes, the fun is in *not* knowing, and other times there is no publication more prepared or better equipped to tackle the hardest-hitting unsolved cases than yours truly.

So with that, beloved consumer of our humble magazine, retire to your study, light your fanciest thinking pipe, and prepare to embark on whodunnits, whatchacallits, and whatsittoyas in this very special *Issue 139: The Mystery Issue*

And as always, remember to *read the Athenian. Write for the Athenian. Athenian for the Athenian. Our meetings are always open, and visitors and contributors are always welcome.*

Until we meet again.  
-Master of the House

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alright, so our lawyers strongly suggested we can't just use the guys from BuzzFeed Unsolved, so we'll have to come up with another gimmicky framing device for this issue.

ppft. since when have comedians listened to lawyers? just keep the dialogue format and we'll change the names. it'll be fine, trust me. we're just working our way through these old files in the office labeled "unsolved," does it really have to be that serious?

fine, in that case I'm Bryan, and you're---

no, because I know where this is going. you're not calling me "Bshane." we just won't address each other by name so our editor doesn't have to come up with fake names

seems a little on-the-nose, doesn't it? just explaining it to the audience like that?

that's like the entire point of this opening dialogue. to explain that we're ripping a gimmick from a more successful and recognizable series, make fun of it a little, and move on. hopefully they get it by now.

## Where are the CIM...Students?

The CIA being an undercover spy operation should come as no surprise to the Case Western student body, but what does CIM really stand for? They say it is the Cleveland Institute of Music, but is it really?

The answer is not as simple as the Cleveland Institute of Art, but it is as sinister. The CIM is another front for a group of intelligent people, just not for computer nerds and information geeks. We have yet to find out what CIM stands for, but we do know what they do.

After sending in four different reporters to investigate, one guy was able to get the story out. Thank you Sheev Tarkin, thank you.

The modern structure of CIM shows that the inside is a place of beauty and innovation. A little odd for a music institution, but perfect for a scientific one. They may not advertise it, they may not want it to be known, but the jig is up now and everyone knows that the CIM has a darker, mad scientific side, down to the underground lair in the "basement."

I am serious. In the basement of the pristine, marble-like building, is a harsh, cold, metallic basement full of the darkest experiments any of our reporters have found throughout the years.

Underground the CIM and Hazel Apartments there is a tunnel. This wet, moldy, dark tunnel connects the two buildings. The tunnel runs to a central location directly beneath the Juniper

Residential Community on Case Western Reserve University's campus.

Inside this dark room are sections: bunk room, food, entertainment, and what can only be referred to as the experimentation chamber.

The bunk room holds rows and rows of cryogenic pods holding the sleeping, humanoid forms of who we can only assume are the CIM students. They lie in a liquid solution that seems to act as both nourishment and an enhancement serum of the "traditional" human condition. The students of CIM are stronger, faster, smarter, and more attractive than any human has any right to be. We can only assume it is due to the nature of the experiments done on these people.

Then there is the food room, or what we think the food room is. There are tubes on top of tables where we assume some sort of protein comes out in addition to the pool of vitamins and minerals in the "beds." In this room is a giant bottle that hangs from the ceiling, the only source of clean drinking water in the entire laboratory. Our inside man brought back samples of the water and scrapings from the tables, and both contained large amounts of unidentified minerals.

The entertainment room contains physical games, courts, sports equipment, weights, and other strange items. It resembles what a jail yard prison would look like if it was miles underground and used to test and

enhance the mental capacities of those admitted. Sheev also found evidence of other-human characteristics to those who live here, citing strange dents and burns on the walls, items stuck in the ceiling, and the feeling of being watched while in the lab.

The last and largest section of the underground lab is the experimentation area. It has cold metal tables, more sleeping pods, and both medical and chemical tools and supplies. It is our understanding that this area is used to test and enhance human nature to see how one can change the genome and abilities of the human race.

All of this information comes from a secure online report completed by Sheev before his sudden disappearance. Any photo and video footage is grainy and broken up. We were unsure if this type of communication would work in the lab and we got lucky to have anything from under the surface of the Earth. We are still unclear on how we obtained some of this information as the connection cut in and out the entire time Sheev was in contact with our team. There have been no signs of him once his final video cut out, but we are hopeful that he is alive and well.

And for our other missing reporters, rest in peace: Leech, Duncan, Crimp, and Matelot. You will be missed. Climb the ladder up to the next life.

-Colin Creevey



huh. well I guess that's where those other reporters on staff went.

you know, I was wondering about that. it's not like we get hazard pay here or anything. maybe I should ask about that

we don't get any pay here, dipshit.

oh. ohhhhhh. in that case i'd like to have a word with our editor.

segues are weird. anyway speaking of money up next we have a case file on campus tuition

oh, this should be good.

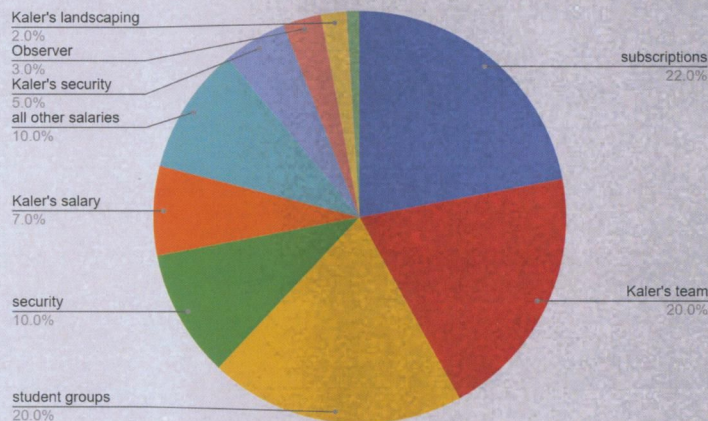
it's even got a pie chart.

oh, good idea. maybe that way business majors can actually read this one.

## The Tale of our Tuition

We pay how much to go to this school? \$40,000 on average? Okay great, we know that, but where is it all going? The dorms are shitty, the buildings are too hot or too cold without a way to change it, the classrooms are small, cramped, and have tiny chairs, student center furniture is uncomfortable, broken, stained, smells or all of the above, and we have to pay more for crappy food on campus and other food off campus.

So we talked to the administration and asked them for a breakdown of where our money goes. They said sure and handed us this stack of papers. Just kidding. We broke into the Dean's Office and found financial records. There were a lot of numbers but we combined a number of them and here is our breakdown of where our money goes:



At first glance it is jarring, so let's break this down further:

- 22% goes to various subscriptions like the library, Britannica, magazines and newspapers that do not work for students, AppleCare, and Chegg.
- 20% of our money goes to Kaler's PR team, staff, lawyers, and writers. They write his emails, reorganize his office once a month, deal with his personal lawsuits and court cases, and whatever else the president of a University needs a staff for. Why he has the email writers we do not know but we think they sit around and play golf all day based on his receipts.
- 20% of the budget is directed toward student groups and events. It is broken down further from here but this money goes directly to events no one goes to, random giveaways, and food or travel

costs for clubs you will never be part of, meet, or see in action.

- 10% goes directly to the security on campus. This includes the Safe Rides, blue buttons on campus, guards, security office, and whatever security you can think of.
- 7% of the budget goes only to the salary of President Eric Kaler.
- 10% accounts for the salary of everyone else employed by Case: professors, staff, and office workers.
- 5% is directed at Eric Kaler's own personal security team for instances after his emails or in general.
- 3% is set aside specifically for the Observer and their team. Hang on, why are they getting paid and we aren't?

2% for Kaler's personal estate landscaping. Not campus landscaping, Eric Kaler's personal home landscaping.

1% of the budget is set aside for the food in dining halls and other CWRU food sources. Makes sense?

Our money does not fund the research that happens on campus. That funding comes from outside sources and fundraisers rather than the money we pay the school for.

Our comprehensive summary of the budget of Case Western Reserve University was not the result of anyone giving us a key or access to the financial office in any way shape or form. There was definitely no help from any security officer or wiping of the security tapes in any meaning of the word...

-Captain Cutler



while we're in here reading all these mysterious case files, let's see if we can dig up some dirt on 'Ole Spartie-boy. he's gotta have some crazy shit in here, don't you think?

it's funny you say that, actually. I've got one right here that says Spartie's been dead, like, a while.

no way! how long does it say?

a month, at least.

wait, if Spartie's dead then who's been taking selfies with me and doing a million push-ups in Henry Kissinger's memory? here, let me see that.

## Spartie's Dead Body

It is a well-known topic on campus. The smell from the vents. The entire campus has been stinking for weeks now and no one knows why.

That was until yesterday when the police concluded their three-week-long investigation as to the source of the smell, and what they found will cause everyone to regret breathing the air on campus.

Spartie is dead.

His dead body was found in the steam vents just a day ago. It is at least a month old and has been the major cause of the smell.

It is most likely that Spartie was killed by the fumes from the steam vents. He was apparently locked into the work tunnels and left there overnight. While that alone would not be enough to kill someone as you can live without food and water for a time, the toxins from the steam vents pouring into this room were the final blow.

It appears as if the person who killed Spartie knows the steam vents which point to the maintenance staff, however, they were all away for a "company outing" at a Cabaret Club for the weekend. The steam vents had also been extensively damaged due to years of neglect and the toxic environment that is created by producing heat through

steam. The police therefore have no suspects, and no DNA or fingerprint evidence has been viable due to the moisture in the air and the damage done to the steam ventilation system.

If you have been paying attention to this story, you know that the police have not released any information regarding this sensitive matter, nor do they know how or what happened. You might be asking yourself how I know all of this information. Well, it is because I'm the one who did it. Now hush or you will be next.

—Captain Custard

really, it's kind of tragic. it seems once again that only the good die young.

that's what they said about Henry Kissinger.

yeah. what's this next one?

it's filed under missing persons, titled "Preacher, Euclid." here, listen to this:



## An Ecological Mystery: Where did the Euclid Preachers go?

Returning students and Cleveland natives may have noticed a distinct absence of blanket condemnation and "Christian love" in the past few months, as the otherwise frequent sightings of CWRU's "Euclid Preachers" have dwindled in the past semester. Though hardly anyone truly misses them, many have found themselves wondering where the seemingly ever-present Preachers have gone off to.

According to local experts, "Euclid Preachers" is the common name for a larger group of species known scientifically as *Proselytiza treacherous Euclidius* (*P. treacherous Euclidius*). These mysterious and often elusive creatures are so named for their natural habitat on Euclid Avenue, where they can usually be found shouting hateful nonsense at random passersby.

It may come as a surprise that *P. treacherous Euclidius* are seasonal animals, and enter a hibernation-like dormant state through the winter. One might think that if they truly believed queer and mentally ill people were possessed by the devil or that insubordinate, college-educated women were bound for eternal torment they would want to spend every day possible preaching the good word, but apparently, even the most on-fire Christian extremists can get a little too chilly in the Cleveland winter. These seasonal behaviors have only been exacerbated by climate change, though the experts we spoke to at *The Athenian* can't imagine the Preachers believe in that.

In the meantime, *P. treacherous Euclidius'* heartier cousins, *Witnessicus Jehovam Euclidius*,

have taken up their ecological role in proselytizing Euclid pedestrians. Thought to have evolved from *P. treacherous* (though something tells us they don't believe in that either), *Witnessicus Jehovam* are more adapted to the harsh winter climate, choosing to bundle up and roost quietly with their flier stands to conserve energy, unlike their louder and more rambunctious spring and summer counterparts.

Never to worry, as neither species is believed to be endangered. Unfortunately, *P. treacherous* is expected to make its return in early spring, with their emergence deciding whether or not campus residents can expect six more weeks of hellfire and damnation.

—Bare Grills

six more weeks of hellfire? doesn't sound so bad. I've had to take two whole semesters of PHED classes and I turned out fine.

yeah, well in that case you might want to keep walking, jogging, or "Power-Volleyballing" around campus. look at this next one. it's about SafeRides.

I almost don't wanna know. one time they made me interview one of those guys. weird dude, I think he went to jail or something. pretty nice other than that, though. still rate him five out of five.

## Where is my SafeRide Driver Taking Me?

As a Case Western Reserve University student, you've most likely ordered a 2:30 a.m. SafeRide for at least one of these scenarios: you're blackout drunk and (unsuccessfully) returning from a Northside frat party to your Southside top-of-the-hill jail cell dorm or you're attempting to not sleep over at KSL during finals week again. Either way, we're going to bet that the ride back was much more disorienting than where you came from. From the mildly perplexing self-help podcasts, country-rap music mashups, or your driver's detailed accounts of their personal life (props to them for being awake though), SafeRides are truly a liminal space.

Some have hypothesized that SafeRides are merely a cover-up for the other unsolved campus mysteries-potentially taking students to the dumping grounds where shitty freshman-year boyfriends go (have you ever

seen them after the year ends? I didn't think so). Although they do the occasional service by picking students up from TOLI or saving them from a late-night trek in a snowstorm-the random odd stops you'll end up at are a journey in itself. We may never know where drivers go after 3 a.m., but we do know that they will always respawn in an abandoned parking lot somewhere. After all, are you really in a SafeRide if you don't question if you're being kidnapped a few times?

Despite the apparent security of a SafeRide, the destination changes with so much uncertainty that students sometimes begin to wonder if they will actually just end up at the bottom of Wade Lagoon while in transit. One rider recalls that while attempting the midnight Den-to-Dorm (on Southside) pipeline, they were in the SafeRide for almost an hour while circling

campus. "The transit time was insane," the rider recalls. "At one point, I swear we were lost somewhere in Ashbury, and my driver suddenly pulled over to the side of the road and stopped the car. I thought it was over for me - but he actually had to take a piss on the side of the road just because he had been driving for so long." When *The Athenian* reached out to SafeRide to confirm the story, they responded, "All SafeRide drivers are equipped with a portable urinal and optional catheter for long shifts, but it is to their discretion if they choose to use it or not." Luckily, the student made it back to their dorm, while simultaneously scheduling a therapy appointment for the next available time. Hopefully, they got their appointment sooner than SafeRide cars are assigned to students...

—Emily Cheng



**prime student**

The Amazon smile arrow, a white curved line with an arrowhead pointing to the right, positioned below the 'prime student' text.

**Because peeing in bottles  
isn't just for frat parties**

**Buy our product**



oh, hang on. I think this one's misfiled. it says it's by a "Sherlock Holmless"

no, we're just in the "references to mystery literature" section. pretty soon we'll get to the Hercule Poirot ones, and then they go back to regular case files

Hercule what--- who?

do you not know who---? oh, nevermind. the joke's not worth explaining

## Case by Case: A Post-Yost Mystery

It was an average Thursday afternoon, loitering in my office, Cutler 311. I was watching a true crime video on YouTube when a real doll walked in. She had long blonde hair, a pink sweater, and eyes like glass spheres. Let me tell you this doll was a real American Girl. Anyways, she was an applied math major. She hoped to get ahead on some exam prep at an SI session, at her professor's office in Yost. Unfortunately, Yost was toast, the real ghost of campus buildings, and that's what puzzled me the most. If I wanted to find the location of the new Department of Mathematics, I would have to apply my own talents as an SI (Senior Investigator). I needed

to zero into a starting point, the origin if you will. It was the beginning of the case, and I found myself where it all ended, Yost. I slipped under the caution tape to enter the building, but I was stopped. A construction worker was in my way. He started going on a tangent about "all the kids stealing stuff from the building." I calculated if I could get by, yet even for the most functional approach, our lines intersected. I needed a new approach, I needed an in. I waited until after MATH 122 ended for Chris Butler. Once he left the building, I pulled him into a back alley and used my detective skills of integration. I was Riemann because, after our little talk, I got a sum

of information. The Department was located in Sears according to Butler. Some may call me square, but I think in three dimensions, so call me a cube, or even better a box since the Math Department was located in the Sears think[box]. I opened the door to the maker space and I gained an acute awareness of the dark secrets of what was going on: absolutely nothing. The case had gone dry, like the personality of the very professors I was looking for. Well, that's the story, if you were looking for a conclusive ending, well then you're obtuse.

Until my next,  
Sherlock Holmless

found another one. this one's about a Nancy Drew book set on campus.

oh yeah, I think I remember reading that one as a kid. it's always cool to have stuff like that take place around here, like when the Russos or Tom Holland filmed that movie.

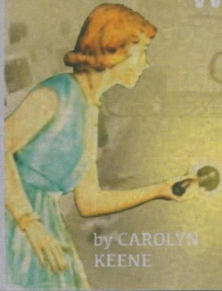
you only know that from hanging out with too many tour guides. I keep telling you, man, they're a bad influence.

## Athenian Reviews: Nancy Drew and the Mystery of the Broken Washer

“ Nancy, a sluthy student at Case Western Reserve University, needs to do her laundry. How will she navigate the treacherous labyrinth of puddles, slimy washing machines, and scorching dryers? This test of detective skills will have Nancy asking questions like: “Who put 17 thongs in the washer and left it here for hours?” or “Where are my clothes?” and even “My god! Someone used a whole dryer for one pair of pants! Who would do such a thing?!” Find out the answers to these questions and more in this thrilling addition to the Nancy Drew Mystery Series. ”



# The Mystery of the Broken Washer



by CAROLYN KEENE

I read the Nancy Drew books growing up and I'm so happy to see that she is pursuing higher education! Opening with heart-drumming action as Nancy tackles the task of doing her laundry in her dorm at Case Western Reserve University, Nancy is met with a real puzzle. I won't spoil it for you, but I will say that it involves some mysterious characters, missing clothing, and Nancy coming face-to-face with an ex-hookup over the washing machine door! The middle section of this book is a little drawn out, with a lot of Nancy going back and forth between different washers and encountering different holdups. I was hopeful when Nancy finally got through her first load, but then she began the search for a dryer! Several hours later, my thirst for suspense is left rather unfulfilled, as Nancy concludes that she is too tired to care about such a meaningless mystery anyway, and would rather watch TikToks in her bed. The ending in this book is heartwarming in that once again, at the end of the day everything is fine, and Nancy Drew finally has clean clothes for solving her next case.

—Olivia Nelson

so did they find the sock?

yeah, that's how you know it belongs in the "fiction" section.

fair enough. what's up next? surely something just as lighthearted and innocent as a missing sock, right? right?

if by that you mean the distressingly real felony charges against a restaurant co-owner in Little Italy that our lawyers strongly emphasized readers should do their own research on, then yeah, something real easy to sit and digest in a comedy magazine. a really easy, jovial read all the way through. Jesus, who pitches these ideas?

## La Dolce Vita-Creepy Pasta

CLEVELAND - Many Case Western Reserve University students have been told to touch grass: that is, pound the pavement, hit the road, and experience life away from a screen or the internet. But when students venture beyond the confines of their safe LED screens, they may encounter a pasta creepier than any creepypasta or horror story the internet has to offer.

One such establishment that has the bare minimum amount of wifi for posting Instagram food pics and nothing else is La Dolce Vita. Terry Tarantino, the eclectic owner of the establishment since the mysterious disappearance of other partners in 1989, has made a habit of serving his special aglio e olio pasta to guests who did not order the dish, tableside, out of a stainless steel bowl that makes you question if he is taking the term "stainless" steel too literally. This chef's special, while appetizing, does raise a few questions about the ingredients and origin of the dish.

Restaurant-goers report aggressive tactics to make customers accept the pasta. One Case student, who wishes

to remain anonymous, said the following:

"I can't say who I am because I really like the food, and I want to keep eating it, like really bad, but I'm worried he's putting something in it. The way he looks at you when he asks you if you would want the pasta, he's not asking. He's taking his time to break you down. And how can you resist? That pasta is downright addictive. I'm surprised I haven't gained weight from how much of it I could eat."

The pasta did pass a toxicology screen per *Athenian* drug testing, but the recent "CIA-CIA" mixup (that resulted in the Central Intelligence Agency getting a shipment of Celsius energy drinks and the Cleveland Institute of Art getting crack-rock cocaine) shows a concern that some of that dandy nose candy may be spreading around Cleveland's East side, even into pasta.

At least these concerns are not as disgusting as the ones raised around Mia Bella Restaurant. The co-owner of that establishment, Emigert Gerti Memeti, was recently charged with counts of, among other serious allegations,

kidnapping. Memeti entered a plea deal and recently cleared probation, and much to the chagrin of local adventurous eaters, Mia Bella's meatballs cleared probation too.

This story, though, underlies a concern that is greater than baseless speculation as to the contents of Little Italy's cuisine. Because in today's modern world, the thought of someone giving you something for free, even as a show of hospitality and goodwill, is met with suspicion and coldness. Not seeing that pasta on the bill and thinking you got super lucky getting the cashier who's stoned senseless is a growing problem with America's youth, whose lives have become so intertwined with money and financial excess that it is unimaginable to have something, anything, that did not come at a price to themselves.

And then they use the toilet after dinner. There is absolutely a cost to Tarantino's pasta, and the currency is gluten and dairy. Good luck getting above a 5 on the Bristol scale there.

—Czech D. Meatballs



look here, I've got another one. something financial

I swear to Christ if it's an equally disturbing financial scandal involving the University put that file away right now before our legal team puts our heads on sticks

relax, it's another pie chart.

## The Mystery of the Missing Case Cash

I know I am not the only one yet to learn where my Case Cash goes by the end of the second week of classes. I put a tracker on my eaccounts account to see where exactly the money was going. I would walk you through the math and programming for it but it made my brain hurt and I am still not sure I understand how I did it the first time. The results werethis:

Now I will try to explain each section:

- 34.7% was from Mitchells. It is addictive and I am not sure what else to say about it
- 27.8% from Plum means we need a better, cheaper grocery store near us where I can buy chips and produce
- 13.9% from travel expenses is because the RTA scares me, it is unreliable, and I may have forgotten to get my RTA

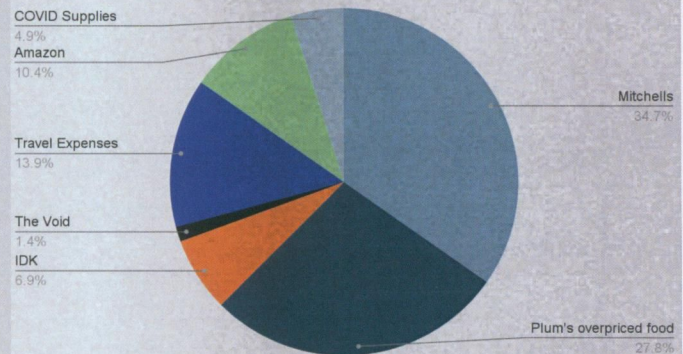
pass for a good three weeks. Safe Ride is worse since they cancel everytime I try to get one and they are always overcrowded, so Uber was needed

- 10.4% are from my midnight Amazon purchases. Do I want to say what they are? No. But were they necessary? Yes. Mostly

- 6.9% I genuinely just don't know

- 4.9% of my budget went to masks, tests, cough drops, and everything my roommate and I needed when I got COVID in August and when she got COVID two months later. It was fun.

CaseCash Spent



- 1.4% gets eaten by the Void. It just eats all of your money and I do not know how or where it goes other than the black nothingness of the Void.

-Worm

prime student

Oh, you thought a full-page spread was excessive?

Fuck you, here's another ad. Eat shit and die.

Sell out now



ok, that one wasn't so bad. what's this next one? another softball that won't get us as journalists in any trouble, I hope?

it's an investigative report whistleblowing on the CIA.

you've got to be fucking joking.

## CIA or CIA?

We have all seen the buildings. We have all heard the rumors. But the question still remains: where are the CIA/CIM students?

The Cleveland Institute of Art and the Cleveland Institute of Music are very suspicious places around Case Western Reserve University. They have buildings and signs that draw a lot of attention, but no one knows one "student" there. So, we sent a few people undercover and the stories and photos that have come out of their investigation have given us insider information to answer all of those questions.

First the CIA. The acronym alone has generated confusion, jokes, and concern across campus. The connection between the Cleveland Institute of Art and the Central Intelligence Agency has not gone unnoticed and many fear someone more than a simple tourist will think the Intelligence Agency is in Cleveland. Recently sources have told us that the name is not just an unfortunate coincidence or something to poke fun at, but rather an intentional placement of words to create a smokescreen for what goes on behind those closed doors.

The Cleveland Institute of Art is a training facility for international spies. I know it seems strange that the rumors and jokes are true, but our best



reporter, Rita Skeeter, found irrefutable proof that these are not students, but spies.

Rita went in as a potential student. She went through the onboarding process and walked through the building on several tours. While she was there, she found many locked doors and closed hallways. The basement was inaccessible and there were only a few rooms applicants were allowed to enter. She returned later at night with a set of lock picks, rope, and hairspray. Behind closed doors, she found training, medical, and dispatch centers with equipment for

sneaking into buildings, taking out enemies, and overturning governments.

The CIA is an important lesson in judging every book by its cover and how the most obvious answer might just be the correct one. For all of the jokes and comments we have made about the Cleveland Institute of Art, there is an undercover operative in an unknown country far away. Or closer than we all think.

-Colin Creevey

hold on, I think this next one's about farts?

what? no way. give it here. that says "frats,"  
you fuckin' idiot. this is like middle school-level  
humor here

what is The Athenian if not middle school humor with more sex jokes?



# My Favorite Frats

Hey guys. It's me again, your pal, Andy, and I am here to tell you about the amazing experience I had when rushing. I checked out seven mysterious frats no one else has ever heard of and had a great time learning all about the fraternity experience. 🍷

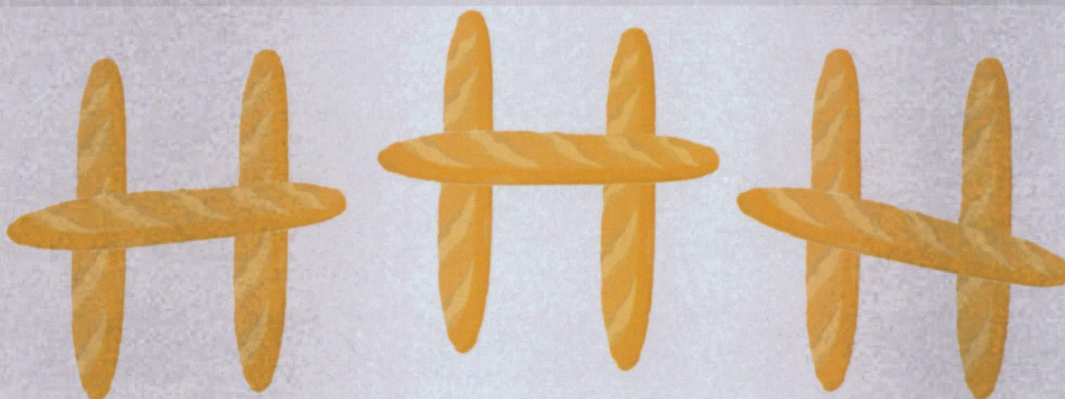
I was surprised at first to learn about the Four French Frats on campus. I had no idea they existed but I had a great time learning all about them.

having to pay all of the money at once, but I do wonder when I will have to stop paying, there seems to be no end! Anyway, I highly recommend checking them out because it is just so much fun to play with needles all day. I cannot wait until I get to stay past 5 and sleep in the House!

After I went to 00N, I was not sure if I would be allowed into another Frat, but I was able to

family!

Omega Upsilon Iota was the third frat I went to. It is in this really nice building but the sign is totally wrong. It says that we were in The Country Club, but I talked to this guy about it and all he said was "OUI," so I found one! Inside there were so many fun activities like croquet, getting bogays, and looking fancay! It is run by Jeanpaul-Georges Ringeaux, a funny guy that people keep



Who knew Little Italy had such a great frat field? Not me!

First I went to Oui Oui Non (00N) and I met the president: J. M. Pelle. It was great. I went in and asked what his name was and there it was: Je Me Pelle. I wondered why his parents gave him such similar names but it was always easy to find him, he said his name to everyone that walked in! Anyway, his skills with a needle were amazing! No, I do not mean a tattoo, fraternities would never. I mean crochet. The building was filled with needles, yarn, and handmade things by Mr. Pelle himself. He may have had the strangest American accent I have ever heard, but what that man could do with needles...

I was so sad to leave the Frat house at 5 p.m. but it had strict rules about closing and opening times. The dues were also not paid all at once, but instead each time you made or bought something. It is so much easier to buy food this week not

just waltz into the next one with no trouble, and boy was I lucky because I love being part of Hon Hon Hon. The President is H. Poirot. He taught me all about beignets, souffles, and baking partayes!! They were so light and airy, and who knew Frats loved to bake? I mean, I should have realized sooner, their logo is:

Hon Hon Hon is a really interesting frat I found. I saw this sign talking about fraternity rushing outside right next to some restaurant's hiring sign, so I went in and asked about the sign outside the door. I told them I was interested and Poirot looked so excited. He led me to the back right away and gave me this fun apron. We worked with dough and the ovens all day before he told me to come back at 4 a.m. the next morning. I got a schedule the week after and I have been having the best time in the Frat House since. I know how to make so many cool treats now and I got paid rather than needing to pay them to be part of the

asking for an autograph. It is how I knew this frat was the most illustrious of all of them. He even makes me wear a suit when I am there and has all sorts of rules about what I can and cannot do. I mean, the man is intense about how people are under "his" roof. (I don't know why he says that it really is our roof).

The last French Frat is Sa Cre Bleu. SCB was so much fun! I got to play with flowers and make bouquets all day. The flowers, ribbons, vases, and chocolates made it so much fun to raise money for a great cause. I knew frats had to help a charity but I never imagined that it would be for a disease called "green thumb." I have no idea what that is, but it sounds really serious. Just look at it:

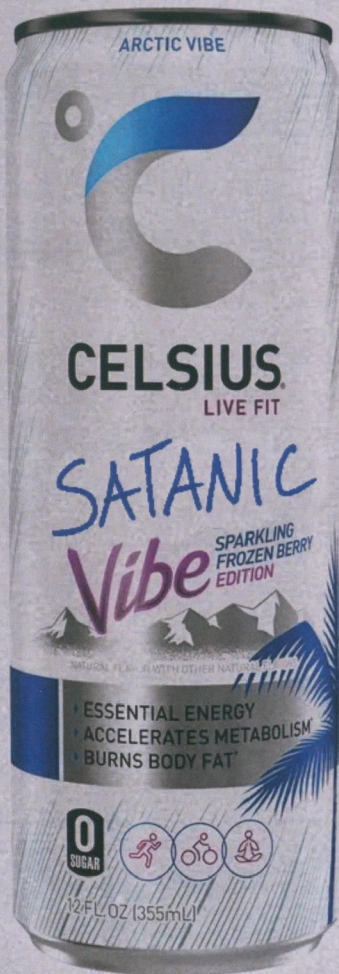
It looks like a tree is growing out of that finger, and I know I don't want that. How does anyone with this get stuff done?

-Andy

speaking of frats, here's one titled "What have I been drinking?"



# What have I been drinking?



*Celsius* is sweeping the nation, but what is inside the *Celsius*? Still unknown, but we do know: it is causing a lot of waves.

The Central Intelligence Agency has been quoted as saying it is the "new crack cocaine" and that it is the "reason for the Adderall shortage" (Truman, Central Intelligence Agency News).

Researchers are saying that *Celsius* has become the "new study drug," keeping people awake for 48 hours from a single sip (Ryan's Power Talk).

The CDC announced, "At this point doing crack cocaine is healthier than drinking *Celsius*," (Holmes, Bourne Identifies)

*Celsius* has also been banned in some states except for use in assisted suicides (Bond, 700 London Times).

On a note closer to home, University Hospital has been overwhelmed with heart attacks (House, MD Journal 6).

On Case Western Reserve's Campus, it has affected most of the student body and that is not an accident. *Celsius* has been pinpointed to originating in the Greater Cleveland Area with funding coming directly from this campus in particular.

We have proof that President Eric Kaler divested fossil fuels to support the generation and trade of this sports drink, funding directly into the plant located below Michaelson and Morely. This has been combined with unfiltered water from the Great Lakes to create the taste and effects we all know too well.

How do we stop the spread or at least mitigate the effects on our children, pets, and husbands?

The first step is to accept that it is a way of life and not put people down for drinking *Celsius*. You also want to approach the topic in a calm and gentle manner, stating the facts and explaining the pros and cons.

Do not condemn someone for being addicted or in the hospital because of their actions.

Do not make it seem taboo as it might push a child to do the exact thing you tell them not to do.

Do not beat your children if they start drinking *Celsius*.

—J. J. Jameson

## Reported remodeling of Adelbert mini car in works

—Nealey Barak





hey Bryan, what in the absolute fuck is a poop tank and why does it sound like it's implying that's how we got here?

what do you mean "here," like, "when a mommy and a daddy can't find a vending machine with a condom" here?

no, The Athenian. is there something even bigger behind all of this?

i don't know. should we even be reading this one?

no turning back now.

## Did I go to the Thwing Poop Tank?

Have you ever smelled the smell of beer and piss from the Thwing basement hallway? Have you always wanted to know what that was? Have you ever wanted to be in a romantic relationship? Ever want to make it stop?

The Case Western Reserve Athenian sent three investigators to determine the smell. Our investigation took three hours.

The Investigation took us sniffing our way through the entire building of Thwing. We investigated the Jolly Scholar and found that while many OSHA violations and food safety laws were being broken, it was known that it did not smell like beer and piss, just beer or piss.

Our greatest strength came from Jolly Karaoke, where the sounds of screaming drunk first years made our spidey senses more aware of the smell of sewage. Though it became so overwhelming we ended up crying in 101, where our thumping heads caused the floor undeath us to break.

We then fell through the 101 floor and in our sky-diving haze, we saw our destination, the UMB Office. Its cyan-perrywinkle (upon copy editing)-walls are coming closer as if we are Apollo 11 returning from space. Our faces were warping out from the distortions of hitting the speed of sound. We were thankful to rest down on the graceful couches, but we hit the conference table...

DEAD.

ON.

SMASHING the thing in half, it comes up on both sides like a wave. We hit the floor, the faux carpet in a massive THUMP, CAUSING the floor to give way to a massive vat at least 70 feet below.

Inside the vat was a swirling pool of sewage. Each time someone has used the bathroom in Thwing has been collected in a swirling pile of smoke and bubbling fire.

Inside I saw President Eric Kaler wearing my lab coat from first-year chemistry, sitting there tasting the concussion that he made. As we approached head we scraped the stone walls to create friction as we descended, hitting a pipe causing us to land on no other place but just next to the giant swirling pile of poop.

We hit our heads so hard that the next time we remember anything we woke up in our Clarke Tower Freshman Dorm. The year was 2019 again. COVID did not happen. The world was easy. I looked out my window and saw my OL smiling at me. Life was good again. I just woke up instead with a tattoo of this duck on my neck... I wonder what that is from?

-Who's on First

well folks, I guess that's a wrap.

are you serious? we're ending on the poop tank?

what, like that's a surprise?

journalistic integrity, man.

oh hold on a second, I think we've got one last message from our sponsors.

good night cleveland, and stay mysterious.



# ★ MISSING ★

Sock



Last seen: in my laundry basket 3 weeks ago

Reward: \$4.17 in casecash



If you have any information:

Please message me on yik yak



