







ISSUE 143



I LOVE YOU



XOXO,
The Athenian



Editor's Note

To my dearest Agatha,

Your letters have been a welcome respite to the miserable dreariness that has befallen the front lines. It gives my bosom rise to know that you yet survive on the homestead, knowing well that influenza ravages as deeply anywhere as it may be found.

The summer air hangs rancid with the cries of the dying and wounded; the smell of cholera and gangrene never the sweeter. I fear I shall not last long at this rate. Just this morning our garrison was caught in an ambush by an enemy patrol as we marched eastward into Horseman's Folly. It is by the grace of our Lord above that I escaped narrowly with my life. The affair has frightened me such that I would like to set my affairs in order by what may well be my final letter home.

Do tell Jedidiah that I think of him, and if I were not to return that I should like for him to attend school and become a learned man such that he may rise above the station of his birth. In the event of my untimely death I do here proclaim, of sound mind, body, and spirit, that he too shall become the Master of the House in my stead, tending to the property as his own.

And to you, my beloved Agatha, I bequeath the menagerie of animals of our estate. The orange tabby cat, so enamored with the foreign delicacies of the Italian peninsula. The humanoid Spartan, struck even so by his curious mutism. The bright yellow ducks of the pond. How their smugness brings such joy to my memories now, even against these terrible days of endless fighting. Promise me you will care for every one of them—for Agamemnon, for Dionysus, for Bophades; for Theophilus and Perseus and Testicles—each so named for the Greek heroes of old. May they live on to bring the same laughter and joy with which they have blessed me to you and all those others I leave behind.

It relieves me so to think I have provided a fair estate for you and the children. That I may die a hero's death even in this faraway place. But let that not, my Agatha, be reason to think I do not love you so. I love you. I <stop> l-o-v-e <stop> y-o-u <stop>. One. Four. Three. In fact, I love you so greatly, they shall one day compile vast literatures of my love into a thematically-arranged college humor magazine with limited social media presence. And they shall name it in our memory, so that we may never truly die.

*Devotedly yours,
Zachariah*

—Excerpt from an undated letter written by Lt. Sgt. Major Zachariah Moses Ezekiel Athenian to his wife, Agatha (A *Brief History of The Athenian*, 4th edition.)

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Getting the Most Out of the Meal Plan *You* Don't Have

By: "Prince" Charming

For every Freshman (or person in the incoming class) reading this: Stop!

If you are an upperclassman like me, you are no longer on the meal plan, but you still need food regularly. Now, you have no money and can't get groceries since Plum Market is the only grocery store within walking distance of your apartment, and they cost an arm and a leg for worse selection than Case Western Reserve's dating pool. You have no car, the bus scares you, and walking to the south side of campus is just too much work. Where does that leave you? Begging for scraps on the quad like a campus squirrel?

Well, here is the solution: freshmen.

Most of the time: they have unlimited swipes and are more than happy to make an older friend who can show them the ropes; within a week or two, they'll *want* to give their swipes away.

You see, the key is manipulation. Using their naïveté and innocence on campus to twist them into the perfect people you can use. Depending on how long you wait, there is no telling what all you can get out of this relationship. It is all up to your imagination as to how much you can profit from this relationship.

For example, there is now a subdivision of the two most recent rising classes (2026 and 2027) who have enlisted in a **small** group of students devoted to protecting me and only me from the hazards of living on campus. I have a team who watch over me as I walk to classes, cross Euclid, and get food around campus. I have even created branches of this organization to center their focus on specific aspects of my safety: street crossings, food poisoning, residents of Cleveland, the bugs in dorms and school buildings, possible medical concerns (like when I broke my leg last semester and they created a chariot), and other things like that. While I do not have sections that fly or swim, their focus groups have proven successful in preventing a number of specific problems that would have otherwise been ignored or neglected.

Following that line, some of the freshmen have proved themselves to be "better" than the rest. Hence, the installment of a hierarchy system based on merit and work record. These students have earned special titles like superstar, #1 student, prefect, and senior student.

I must say, the end result has proven much more effective than I ever imagined. I have even sold the steps to building a student organization with other upperclassmen and rising students who never fell for the trap. It has spread to other universities and I am part of a coalition with some students around the country in order to prevent other students in our universities from creating a group that could overthrow ours, to stop each other from fighting, and allowing us to extend our student reach from our universities to the ones nearby.

Good luck and may your efforts be fruitful...just not as much as mine.

u/Charlie_McNugget

AITA for yelling at my roommate and causing him to leave the apartment?



Am I (21m) the asshole for yelling at my roommate (21m) about this, making him leave the room with just his computer and flash drive, and ultimately resulting in him going radio silent? Before I begin, I need to tell you a little about my current living situation. You'll need to hear me out, and believe me, I am not crazy, but my parents prefer my roommate to their own son.

They call me only to talk to him, they send him presents, and they even left me on campus over spring break. They took HIM instead and forgot I existed until Friday when they were supposed to bring us both back. They remembered they needed to get me out of their house, but never realized I WASN'T THERE TO BEGIN WITH. Is it too much to ask for my parents to give me an ounce of affection or attention? I have one sister, and I already lost the race to her. I originally thought they never wanted a son, but my roommate is "like the son they 'never' had." Their words, not mine...literally, they said that during dorm move-in THREE YEARS AGO. Was it not bad enough that my parents like him better than me? Now my girlfriend prefers him too. She broke up with me last week and I can't help but have the sneaking suspicion that the noises coming from his room sound eerily like her voice. The ones only made late at night, if you catch my drift...

They keep trying to convince me that there is more to this and that they don't love me less than him, but their reasons are just insane. Did they really think that I would fall for the story about them being spies; where my roommate is an enemy agent who roomed with me to get government secrets? How do they expect me to believe that they aren't accountants, that my girlfriend didn't go to a special private school that is so elusive it doesn't exist on the internet, and how my roommate thinks I would give him government secrets without realizing it. AND, why would they pretend to like him more to lure him into a sense of security to trap him and get him to reveal all of his secret plans? Just how stupid to they think I am?

At my roommate and girlfriend's wedding, my parents will walk him down the aisle; I'll be standing there as the best man cheering them on as they spend the rest of their lives together. There will have been no secret plan and nothing will ever change. With my sister not wanting kids and—at this rate—I'll never reproduce, so my roommate will be the one to have children and give my parents have the grandbabies they've always wanted. Maybe I will die alone in some dirty old motel as they walk my only niece down the aisle on my 50th birthday...

So am I the asshole for yelling at my roommate about this, causing him to leave the room with just his computer and flash drive, and ultimately resulting in him going radio silent?

Update:

My roommate has been missing for three weeks. My parents and girlfriend are pissed, and now a creepy van has been following me for the last few days. I have no idea what happened or why everything changed. My roommate's phone has been disconnected since I ranted to him, and everything he left has been confiscated by some guys in suits. I am not sure what is happening and I don't know what to think. Any ideas?



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Share

5 CWRU Alternatives to Traditional Online Dating

By: MG Davis

At Case Western Reserve University (CWRU), students often struggle with balancing their studies and their social lives. When you have three majors, a possible minor, and four clubs that you don't remember joining, you tend to forget about things like taking showers and dating. While this issue might not help you with your hygiene, we at *The Athenian* can tell you all about the hot dating sites and trends to help you find "the one" on campus. Well, maybe not "the one," but at least someone. And hey, that's better than nothing, right?

"Pacts"

If you've checked your email in the past six months, you've likely seen the "Marriage Pact" show up in your inbox. Some people apparently use that to find a date, so filling out the survey is a good way to find somebody. Alternatively, if marriage isn't your thing, you can try the other pacts available, like "Divorce Pact," "It's Complicated" Pact, "Situationship Pact," "The One That Got Away Pact," and many more.

Canvas

Gone are the days of Tinder, Bumble, Grindr, Tumblr, or whatever apps people use to find matches these days. Why not use the site you already spend your time on anyway? That bioethics discussion board is a GREAT spot to find like-minded people, and your professor never reads those comments anyway. Instead of writing, "I agree with your point about..." or "Bouncing off of what John said..." under someone's post, try asking something like, "Come here often?" to get the ball rolling.

CampusGroups

"Roommates wanted?" More like, "Mates wanted." "Lost and Found?" More like, "Lost and Found My Heart." "For Sale?" More like... Eh, you get the point. CampusGroups is more than that app where you scan the QR codes; it's where all of CWRU's social connections happen. If you're looking for someone to hang out with, CampusGroups has got your back with its very intuitive layout, and you might just be able to sell that physics textbook while you're at it.

SIS

Another popular site on campus, SIS can help you find the person you're looking for, and I'm not talking about getting ahold of your advisor. It turns out that SIS keeps track of a lot of student data, so you can find people who have things in common with you. Sure, you'll have to hack into the database to find people who have the same major and GPA, but if you're that desperate to find a date, you're probably a CS major anyway.

"Offline" Dating

Shockingly, many college students have given up on dating apps altogether and try to make connections "in person." This may include activities such as going for a walk by Wade Lagoon, getting dinner together in the Den, or sitting right next to each other instead of one seat apart in that 8:30 calc lecture. While this method is very experimental, it's worth a try if the apps aren't giving you much luck. Try looking for people that share your interests, such as those who have similar hobbies. If you like to write, though, don't ask out someone from *The Observer*. You should join *The Athenian* instead.

Dear Secret Helper

By: You Know Who

Dear Secret Helper,

I wanted to thank you for the great advice and assistance you have provided me in the past few weeks. The notes in the dining halls, my class notes, and even the ones left after the cleaning crew have been through have benefited me greatly. I especially appreciated the ones that warned me against the allergens in each dish, providing me ketchup, warning against potential health concerns, and reminding me to get food when my studies went longer than anticipated. I have attached some photos and reenactments of the notes I found most helpful.

This one was one of my all-time favorites:

It was just so nice that you wanted to give me ketchup when I forgot it. And this happened on chicken nugget day...the day I need to have ketchup, because who eats them without ketchup?



Then there was this note warning me about eating the chicken another day. It was one in a series of notes that warned or advised against certain foods being served. The ones telling me to "leave the fries for me, okay?" when they accidentally got put in the same fryer as seafood earlier that day (to which I have an allergy), or when there were rats in the kitchen and you told me to "head to Mitchell's for a real treat" after my last final last semester.

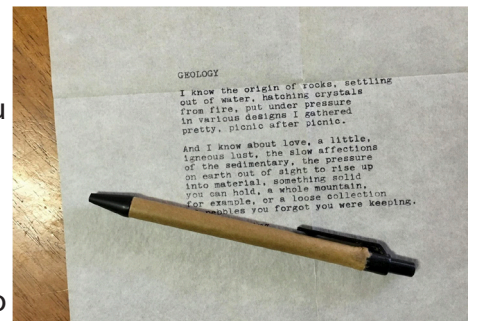
Of course, these are only a few examples of the notes you left; I have loved every single one. It was so sweet of you to care so much about me when it came to my health. Plus we also have the notes that were not about food: class notes, projects and presentations, cleanliness and sanitation, safety, and other assorted help that have been incredibly insightful and kind.

There was this one, telling to watch P.S. I love you. I am not sure how you knew it but I am so glad you told me to take some time off, relax, and watch the best mo



That and the fun mysteries you left for me during February, when everything was. The clues and hints you left in my notebook were simply adorable.

One of your best was the one about geology and rocks since I am a geologist. I had a great time reading biographies from geologists and famous poets to find the right one you wrote about. I won't spoil it for anyone who wants to find out themselves, but I just wanted to thank you for this and all of the other notes you have left. It has made this past year so much better and I am so glad I have the perfect guardian angel looking after me, my mental health, and physical health.



So thank you, whoever you are. You are an incredible friend and I hope to meet you in person soon <3

“Why Should I Submit All the Time?”

By: Bea D'Esem

Can I be honest for a minute? I've been in this on-and-off, friends with benefits relationship for nearly three years now, but I've been unsatisfied lately. It feels like I'm always putting in all the work! We've been doing the same routine for what feels like every day. It's always the same; I always have to submit to my partner. But I want to try new things and change things up — guess I'm more of a switch than I realized.

So my question is, why should I submit to Canvas every week? Why can't I dom every once in a while?

Sometimes, I feel like I want to have some control in my relationships. After spending countless hours on Chegg looking for the answers to my statistics homework, I want Canvas to know that it is *my bitch*. I'm sick of Canvas denying me confetti when I turn in my assignments late. I want to show that goddamn Learning Management System that I mean *business*. Sometimes, I want my laptop screen to be showered in more than just confetti, you know? You might be reading this article and saying to yourself, “This chick's a fucking freak.” You're right. But Canvas doesn't know that yet. Where's the thrill? Where's the feeling of power? Where's the “dominate” button?!

I understand that there might be some people who disagree with me, and yeah, maybe you could make an argument along the lines of, “Why would you want that?” or, “What the fuck is wrong with you?” To those strong counterpoints, I acknowledge that maybe dominating Canvas isn't for everyone. However, I am an American citizen, and it is my God-given right to digitally fuck my assignments a minute before they're due and feel *proud* about it.

Maybe you're happy to lie down like a whiny little bottom and let the sexy Canvas dominatrix step on you, but I'm not. And I for one — I'm sorry, what's that? Oh, yes, I'll take fries with that, thank you. Now where was I?

HW 5

Due: Mon Apr 15, 2024 11:59pm

100 Points Possible

Attempt 1

In Progress

NEXT UP: Submit Assignment

Add Comment

Unlimited Attempts Allowed

Details

pdf

Choose a submission type

Upload

More

File Name

Homework 5.pdf

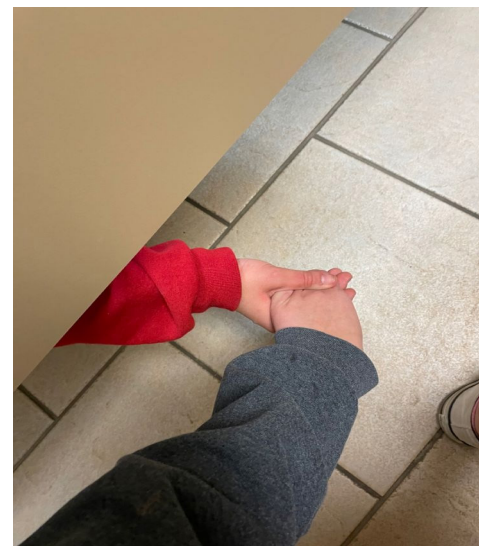
Dominate

Assignment

Submit Assignment

Letter to the Person One Stall Over

By: Chet Chafer



Dear Poopy Pookie,

The other day, I was walking from class to class, just simply minding my business, when all of a sudden, I had to flee the scene and hasten to the restroom. Once there, I threw my body inside a stall and placed my rump onto the toilet seat. Then, I began to start the process of defecation, or as some say, pooping. Normally, this process is quite painless and simple, but in this instance, not so much. Numerous thoughts went through my mind about how my diet could be affecting my bowel movements, but unfortunately, these thoughts did not help me. After I had finished my tectonic excretion, I had to place toilet paper in my hand to then wipe the remains, but to my complete surprise and consternation, the dispenser of toilet paper was empty. EGAD! What was I to do!? I screamed in horror.

At that moment, you, a glorious aid, heard my laments and asked me a question. My guardian angel, whispering sweet nothings of "Ayo, you good over there?" I swiftly responded, stating my lack of cleansing paper. You then, through the kindness of your heart, transferred a bundle of toilet paper from your possession and into mine. This gracious act of generosity filled my soul with relief. If you had not provided me with sufficient supplies for my humble posterior, I would have had a dirty backside for the rest of the day. Walking through the halls, eating food, going to bed... this would all have been done with a squishy sentiment in my pants, but your kind actions bestowed upon me a pleasant surprise to alleviate my unfortunate predicament. With the cleansing tool for my behind, I started wiping. I used one square of toilet paper, then another. I repeated this process, but noticed that after every repetition, excrement remained on the toilet paper. It was as if I was wiping a Sharpie. I would wipe and wipe, yet it still remained. In the middle of this process, I realized that I had never thanked you for your action. I gave to you my sincerest gratitude, and you humbly accepted. You then asked, "How's your day going man?" This was quite unexpected for me. I have never received a greeting during one of my visits to the restroom. I responded, "It's going quite well so far, thanks to you." You responded saying that you had previously been in the same predicament that I had just endured, so you understood the emotion that courses through one's mind. This revealed your high amount of sympathy and reverence to me. The conversation between you and I continued for quite an extensive period of time, and through that time, I feel that I have grown to see what a remarkable human being you are.

You did not have to relinquish control over the bundle of toilet paper for me, but you did. You did not have to engage in polite conversation with me, but you did. You have done so many extraordinary things for my benefit. Our conversation has filled me with the most wonderful feelings. I personally felt a significant connection between the two of us inside our separate stalls, but alas, I had to depart from the restroom and migrate to my next academic session, blessed of soul and cleansed of asscheeks. This is the reason why I am writing to you. I long for your soothing voice. I desire your generous sympathy. If you feel the same way, please find me.

Sincerely,
A Man on a Toilet

Urinal Conversation Starters

By: Chet Chafer

Going through life, people have to use the bathroom. According to recent polls and surveys conducted by the members of *The Athenian*, around 100% of men use the bathroom, and only 25% of women use it. Now, most men use urinals when they pee in the restroom. Sometimes, other people are there, and other times it's empty. When another urinal is occupied, it can be nice to engage in some chit-chat during urination. Who knows, you may meet a new friend, colleague, or even lover. Some people find difficulty or discomfort in urinal conversation, so to provide assistance, here are some conversation starters for your peeing pleasure.

"Come here often?"

This one is great because saying, "No, I never piss," is ridiculous. So, asking this question is a nice easy opening because it gives the other person one option for a response. This makes the other person not have to think too much, and since there is only one option, it allows for an easy way to predict a response and advance the conversation.

"So, uh... do you ever uh... use the short one?"

This one has a different approach. It makes the other person think. So far, the most common answer to this is that they used it as a kid. This is perfect. You've got them thinking about their childhood, which is remarkable. You see, you've got them thinking about the time when they were with their father, they went to go pee, and their dad made them use the shorter urinal. This can bring up other childhood memories, and you can ask questions about their dad. If they have a good relationship with their father, great! If not, even better — it leaves you open to swoop in and be the father figure they never had, instantly winning their affection.

"Nice cock."

If it's true, it's true.

"You're pissing like a racehorse over there!"

When their flow of piss is so massive that you can hear it from two urinals over, you've just gotta say something.

"Can you tell me if I look dehydrated?"

As I hope some people know, your pee can be a good indicator of hydration. This opener makes the other person have to look over at your massive schlong, and if that doesn't get the blood pumping then I don't know what will.

"Sizable shaft!"

If it's true, it's true.

"It's great that they have these dividers."

Barriers are great for staying private, but they also allow you to break the urinal rules. If you want to get in all comfy cozy with that special someone who caught your eye in the bathroom, post up right next to them and start peeing.

"Do you braid your hair?"

You can see if they're the creative type.

"Healthy lookin' dick!"

If it's true, it's true.

Take a dump)

Assert your dominance. When you talk, they will listen.

Some Helpful Advice

By: Advice Athenian

Dear *Advice Athenian*,

By some scientific miracle, my dog acquired the ability to formulate intelligent human speech, but all he talks about is how much he hates me. I fear I've committed a crime against God and nature and I don't know what to do. Please help!

Sincerely,

Man's Best Friend



Dear *Man's Best Friend*,
Believe it or not, we get this one all the time. Without knowing your exact circumstances, it can be hard to say what's best in this scenario. If you gave your dog buttons to mimic human speech, like those

people on the internet, we would say you deserve it. That was a perfectly innocent animal that you decided to burden with the ability to articulate consciousness, and for that you deserve to be cast out from Eden as Adam and Cain, damned by the gods whose creation you defiled by your hubris.

If, of course, your dog suddenly became able to talk of its own accord by some other means, then we advise you not to worry about it. Dogs at this stage of consciousness are often simply trying to find their place by testing their boundaries, like small children. Given enough time, this is a phase that will likely pass.

Sincerely yours,
Advice Athenian

Dear *Advice Athenian*,

Thank you for writing back. I do not know how my dog came about being able to talk, but I am glad to know that he doesn't actually hate me, and that this will pass. It's just been difficult to hear since we raised him from just a puppy—a shelter rescue, no less. This dog is my best friend and I can't imagine a world where

he secretly harbors resentment for me. I will keep an eye on him and post to your blogs if anything changes.

Thanks again,
Man's Best Friend

Dear *Man's Best Friend*,

Of course! We are always happy to help. If you do find out how he came into the ability to speak (and not just barking on command — laugh out loud!), feel free to share with our readers who may be in a similar position.

Sincerely yours,
Advice Athenian

Dear *Advice Athenian*,

I found a blood sigil in our basement, candles and everything. I don't know how he set it up without opposable thumbs, but I think that's how it happened and now something is seriously wrong with my dog. He keeps saying things like, "This canine form is limiting," and growling at the clergy whenever we walk by the church in town. He's been sleeping while levitating three feet in the air, and completely on his back with all four legs straight up and his eyes open. I'm considering consulting a priest, despite not having set foot in a church in years. What else can I do?

Deprecare Deum pacis,
Man's Best Friend

Dear *Man's Best Friend*,

Dogs often exhibit this behavior when they believe they are the alpha of the household. What you need to do is set firm boundaries and punish negative behavior rather than rewarding it with attention. Re-establish yourself as the leader of the pack in your own home and remind your dog Cesar Milan style that it is you who are in control, not him. And yeah, maybe think about a priest.

Sincerely yours,
Advice Athenian

The Best and Worst Couples on Campus But They're All Abstract

By: Tea Emzee

Everybody knows the best place for romance is right here on Case Western Reserve University's (CWRU) campus. At least, that's what anyone in our incredibly active and lively (and not at all barren and depressing) online dating scene can attest to. That being said, our editors told us we can't write about real people in case it's "inflammatory" or "too identifiable." Here's an idea, Justin Zimmerman and Megan Abel specifically: why don't you two go fuck yourselves? Anyway, to skirt our fascist editors and keep in the theme of the off-season spirit of love, we at *The Athenian* would love to celebrate some of the best (and worst) abstract couples on CWRU's campus:

Hot stuff: campus skunks and the smell of weed in First-Year dorms

Where would this list be without the eternal match made in heaven? Just thinking about them brings me back to my first weeks on campus, from the countless CampusGroups blasts of "does anyone else smell a skunk on North Side?" as people learn what marijuana smells like for the first time to the countless actual skunk sightings in the natural wildlife reserve that is the lawn of the Leutner Pavilion. Truly, this couple reminds us that if you spend enough time with your partner, you grow to become indistinguishable from them, and there's something beautiful in that.

Ew, enough!: the Wet/Dry fountain

Yeah, yeah, we know it's called "Merging" (or should it be "Federating"? This school needs to make up its damn mind), but this is one comphet couple we're simply tired of. Both the "opposites attract" and boomer "I hate my partner" mindsets are too dated for this campus couple to work for us. Frankly, Dry doesn't deserve Wet, and the frozen pipes have them so on again/off again that we say it's time for them to call it quits.

Très chic: the Hovorka Atrium/DeGrace Hall/Clapp Hall/Millis Hall polycule

Polyamory is the new black, but these four lovers have been making it work together for nearly two decades. Though they all met separately, inside scoop says that Hovorka is the glue that binds them all together, and boy oh boy do they remind us that sometimes more really is merrier.

So last week: Yost. Just Yost.

While Hovorka, DeGrace, Clapp, and Millis, are bringing polyamory back, Yost is contained all alone behind construction fencing leaking asbestos and creepily masturbating. While we don't shame self-love here at *The Athenian*, let's just say there's a reason it's not allowed within 500 feet of other school buildings.

Forever in our hearts: SAGES and UGER

It's always sweet to see someone with so many enemies form a connection with another as deep as the one SAGES has with UGER. While the SAGES program was no university sweetheart on its own, it's hard to say that their relationship with the new Unified General Education Requirements doesn't have a special charm to it. We wish them the best together, once we finally get into the last fucking USNA section we need to graduate.

Why'd you even start?: The squirrels and wasps fighting over food leftovers in the campus trash.

On the other hand, the rest of the time, two wrongs don't make a right. The ginormous campus squirrels—with their foolhardy fearlessness from being constantly socialized around people and uncomfortably large testicles from their beastly diet of The Den fries and discarded cigarette butts—make a truly vile pairing with the wasps that take up residence in campus trash cans. We're all for enemies to lovers, but this turf war is best kept away from Romeo and Juliet and instead left for the groundskeeping staff or that guy from *Over the Hedge* to deal with.

The Unspoken Bonds

By: Left Out and Underappreciated

Friends, families, and strangers all have bonds to one another; many are unspoken and many more can only be explained with: "if you know, you know." But even so, I will try to explain some of these truly special unspoken bonds as best I can.

Family members who smoke together

Nothing is better than gaslighting your parents into thinking you are just "going for a walk" with your sibling or cousin. Than working together to cover up the smell of smoke on your breath and the slow yellowing of your teeth and nails. Why are we coughing? Rapid, sudden-onset asthma, of course. Yes mom, it can develop later in life, just ask Great Aunt Sue (who definitely didn't chain smoke for 40 years).

Two dudes at the urinal

Don't look and don't talk about what you saw.

Readers/Writers of fanfics and smut

No names, no personal information. Discretion and fun...that's it. No shame, no weird looks, and no hatred or degradation (unless of course you're into that).

Siblings who do other drugs

You do not have to do them together, but once you learn your brother does Molly, you keep his secret and he keeps your heroin addiction quiet. You cover for each other, hide each other's needles and pills, and lie through your teeth to protect the other's secret. If you don't keep their secret quiet, they won't hesitate to throw you under the bus right back. It's like the Cold War, right down to the hidden crack trade!

Older family members hiding family secrets

Did I just learn my grandparents got married after a month? Yes, but why didn't I know before? Apparently they "didn't want to idolize that type of romance." Well too bad Mom, now I want it more than ever. What else don't I know about? Where did Uncle Tom go last summer, why does that one family member hate us, whatever happened to the farm you sent Spot to in second grade?

Speaking of Spot, people who corroborate to hide the truth from children

What does death mean? Where do babies come from? Is the Tooth Fairy real? All the things we hide from children, then cover up with lie after lie. How old were you when you learned about Santa Claus, the Easter Bunny, or trickle-down economics? How many lies does that mean your parents, family members, and friends had to tell just to keep the truth hidden? Then, did one of those people say they never lied to you? Because same...

So many unspoken rules, pacts, and bonds between people. Otherwise unnoticed by those out of the loop; even more that can only be unpacked through years and years of therapy :)

13 Kinky Roleplay Ideas to Try in the Bedroom

By: Someone who is too ashamed to put their real name on this

There's nothing quite like dorm room sex to really kill a couple's chemistry. Between cramped twin XLs, lofted beds, and your roommate's framed desktop picture of their family watching your every move, it's no surprise that sex can get stale quickly if you're not careful. Here at *The Athenian*, we take sex as seriously as we take anything else (which is to say, not very much at all), and since there's absolutely nothing ethically shaky about conflating love with sexuality, what better issue than this one to share our kinky roleplay ideas for you and your partner to revive the spark of a dead bedroom? Seriously, I'm asking: was there really no better issue for us to put this in?

1). Professor and passing student

Everyone's done the old "professor and failing student" routine, but even worse than being clichéd, that one doesn't work on CWRU students, who are so uptight and desperate for academic validation that roleplaying a failing student has been known to trigger panic attacks and seriously kill a sexy mood. Instead, we suggest the hip new twist: professor and *passing* student. So what if there isn't any narrative incentive for the encounter? This way, you and your partner can instead fulfill different fantasies: one of not failing your classes, and the other of a productive academic career that includes tenure, without all of the grueling grunt work it takes to get there. Feeling aroused yet?

2). TA and student

This one's very similar, but instead, lets you live out the trying to break the awkward tension of seeing your TAs outside of class, or worse yet, together with you in another class they aren't TAing. Awkward! The obvious solution here is to make-believe that entire scenario as foreplay, and to drop out of those small-talk workshops you're taking since you won't need them anymore.

3). Professor and a good piece of chalk

Try this one if your partner is into praise. We all know how professors get about their chalk, especially in big Stro-

sacker lectures where the entire class rests on the quality and usability of whatever chalk the professor has — or, if they're really particular, brings. Let one of you be a real aficionado — a chalk connoisseur, if you will — and the other the plaything in their hands that lets them draw sensual, curved lines across the board.

4). Professor and a bad piece of chalk

Alternatively, those of you into proclivities of the S&M variety may want to try the alternative: professor and a bad piece of chalk. A piece of chalk that's been so, so bad, and has no better use than for the partner playing the professor to throw around or let crumble in their hands.

5). SI session leader and the only person who showed up

Midterm season can set the mood for some strange hanky-panky scenarios. In this encounter, either you or your partner is an exhausted SI who in all likelihood is at least a *little* hungover and struggling to put together a review lecture or recitation's worth of material only for one person — the other partner — to show up. It's tense at first, with the person who showed up sitting in the audience awkwardly playing on their phone while they wait for someone else to get there, but no one shows up. Whatever shall you do with the rest of the time in the session? That's up for you and your partner to decide.

6). Popcorn and a dorm fire alarm

Uh-oh! It seems like someone is feeling too hot. Smoking hot, that is. In this scenario, one partner plays the good-old Orville Redenbacher, just ready to explode in a dormitory microwave, while the other partner plays a cautious and overly sensitive fire alarm. Who needs sexile when you can clear out a whole building until the fire department arrives?

7). CWRU K9 and a drug dealer (officer Spartie is there to watch)

This one's pretty straightforward, and I don't want to say anything further for fear of accidentally implicating a dog in a sex act.

8). Nurse and patient (bonus points for using a UH/CCF badge to complete the look)

CWRU has too many nurses to *not* include an entry about a nurse/patient, which is totally understandable — no notes on that one. However, we *do* recommend that if you are going to do this one, you at least spring for realistic costumes since one of you surely has one of those little clip-on badges from University Hospitals or Cleveland Clinic. Admit it, they're sexier than lingerie.

9). Tuition and hospital fee double tag-teaming the patient from nurse and patient

This is a slight modification of the previous one for those of you inviting other participants into the bedroom. Here, two partners playing the joint tuition and hospital fees the patient would have to pay out the wazoo for tag-team them after their encounter with the nurse, leaving at least two partners satisfied and one in crippling debt that may prevent them from ever buying a car.

10). *The Athenian* and *The Observer*

[THIS ENTRY HAS BEEN REMOVED BY THE UNIVERSITY MEDIA BOARD HUMAN RESOURCES DEPARTMENT]

11). Group project or study group
This is another group one, but it allows for more creative expression in the roles: does someone take the lead? Does someone not put in any work but still take credit at the end? How many people don't even show up? Explore different group dynamics with different partners, and really earn that A.

12). Undergrad researcher and lab mouse

Not that I'd turn any of them into sex acts, but I've heard some of the crazy shit you researchers do to your lab mice, and surely there's gotta be someone somewhere into that kind of thing. Ask your pre-med friends about it.

13). UTech employee and broken printer

Who's been a bad printer? This skips the middleman of the customer in many of the classic scenarios like "I don't have anything to pay the pizza guy with" and gets right down and dirty with printer jams and network issues. Just don't expect the UTech employee to answer any emails.

OP-ED: Please take us back

By: *The Athenian* Editorial Board

Our dearest *Observer*,

In the spirit of love and loving, we find it long overdue that we issue you an apology. We have made a severe and continuous lapse in judgment. For too long we have terrorized you and your readership with our April Fools' Day issues. With tales of CUMSOCK and *Snowpiercer*, of EJACULATETOWEL and people eating glass. We also may or may not have suggested you were raided by the ATF. Which, I guess, was kind of uncool. And for that we are sorry.

We would be more sorry, but we're like 80% sure some of your distribution staff threw out some of *our* copies in addition to yours thinking they were also old *Observer* issues. Hey, at least we know they're really convincing.

But no matter. It's accountability-taking time. Honestly we're still going to keep doing it, but we had kinda hoped we could just apologize without changing and move on. At least this isn't as bad as the one time between us with the **[REMOVED BY THE UNIVERSITY MEDIA BOARD HUMAN RESOURCES DEPARTMENT]**, or with the **[REMOVED BY THE UNIVERSITY MEDIA BOARD HUMAN RESOURCES DEPARTMENT]**, or even that other time where we **[REMOVED BY THE UNIVERSITY MEDIA BOARD HUMAN RESOURCES DEPARTMENT]**. Boy, was he mad.

Anyway yadda yadda "it's not you, it's me," yadda yadda "we love you, we're just not *in love* with you," yadda yadda "maybe we can still be friends," et cetera et cetera. Except this isn't a breakup. *Observer*, please, please, please take us back. We're desperate and we can't stand to be alone. We'd say you deserve better but...do you really?

Just think of how well we go together. You're student news, we pretend to be student news... actually that's kind of it. You know what? Fine! Leave for all we care. We know you've been having an affair with *Discussions* anyway. The cheating whore of a scientific journal! What do they even have that we don't? The ability to be put on a résumé? But we're so much more fun!

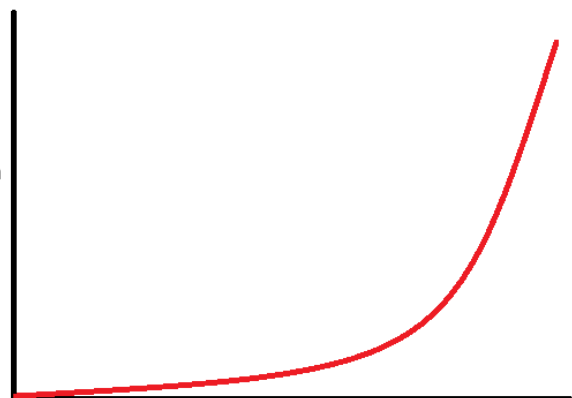
We hope you're happy with yourselves.

Here signed,
The Athenian Editorial Board

A Correlational Study

By: U. Sinclair

My concern
for their
well-being



Number of times someone mentions loving their job

