

THE
ATHENIAN

THE GROSS ISSUE



Editors' Notes: On Freedom of Speech and Expression on Campus

In lieu of the regularly allotted editor's notes, the executive and editorial team of *The Athenian* deems it not only appropriate but critically necessary to address the state of freedom of speech and expression on the Case Western Reserve campus.

It goes without saying that the policies against student demonstration and protest laid out in the emails from President Eric Kaler, Provost Joy K. Ward, and Dean of Students Gregory J. Harris are regressive and harmful to student expression on campus. Beyond clearly being retaliatory measures against Students for Justice in Palestine and arbitrarily restrictive in their conditions, these policies and the University's punitive handling of disciplinary proceedings for student activists create a campus environment that is hostile to student voices and enable the University to threaten and silence legitimate student grievances and dissidence. President Kaler's continued insistence on speaking out against students voicing concern for this issue (as with USG Resolution 31-15) outside of official University policy only exacerbates this hostility.

Even before the events of May's encampment and the alarmingly repressive policies that followed, President Kaler and the greater University's relationship to the free exchange of ideas has often been selective at best. Older students may remember the contentious vote to recognize and fund the controversial campus branch of Students for Life of America, Case for Life.

At that time, the CWRU administration told the conservative anti-higher education watchdog *Campus Reform* that "it is not the proper role of the University to exclude or suppress those ideas some may find unwelcome, disagreeable, or even offensive." We strongly encourage the administration to re-discover this attitude on other issues.

It is the position of *The Athenian* as a student-run publication, especially as one that often produces content about or explicitly criticizing University administration, that the guaranteed freedom of speech for all students on campus is paramount. Even under the revised conditions released in late August, the current attitude of the administration towards student expression is unacceptably hostile to students and their right to freely express themselves and their ideas at an institution that would otherwise pride itself on its devotion to higher learning and intellectual engagement. We support our sister organization *The Observer* in their tireless efforts to document and platform honest and objective dialogue on this and a variety of campus issues, and stand in solidarity with those unfairly maligned by this administration's aggressive posturing toward free speech.

Here signed,
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Write for *The Athenian*, Read for *The Athenian*, Athenian for *The Athenian*



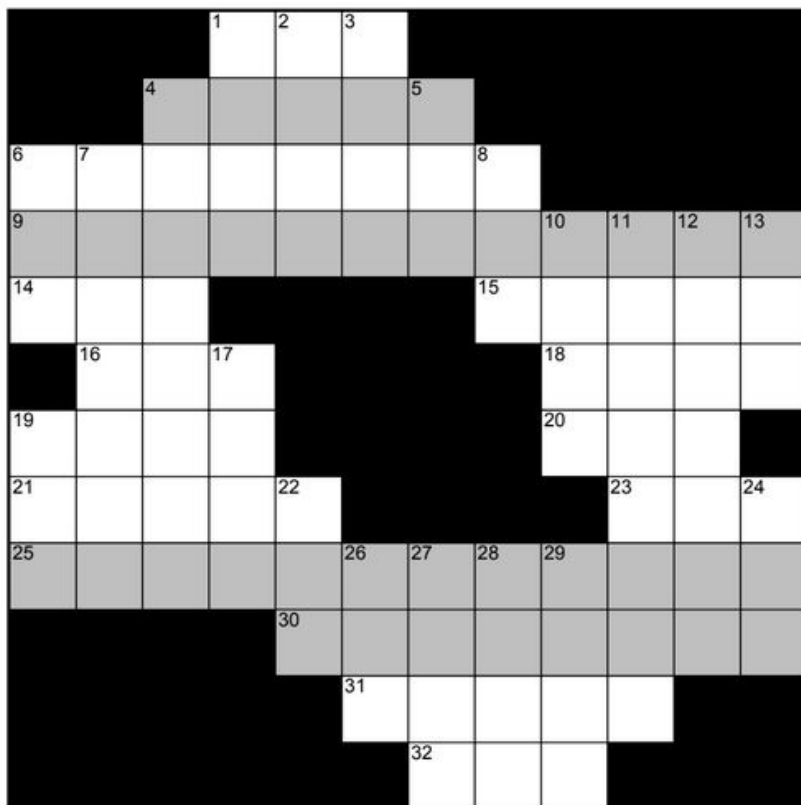
The Search for Big Milk

By: Evan Durkee

The current time is 4:21 a.m. I am sitting alone, in an isolated room. Every morning at precisely this time, I come into my isolated room and pour myself a bowl of cereal. You see, there's something that has been bothering me. Everyday I see it, everyday I ponder, and everyday I cry. When I walk around, I see hundreds of people being mindlessly brainwashed. Nobody seems to understand; I can't say that I do either, but I know something is there, something big. I feel as if I am the only one thinking clearly in the world. Everyday, when I walk around, I see cereal, big bowls of it. I see cattle and livestock and glasses and logos and pain and suffering, and then . . . all of a sudden, I see it. GOT MILK? On television, on signs, on posters, on t-shirts, in my nightmares, on sandwich boards, everywhere. GOT MILK? What does it mean? Ever since my youth, I've been told to drink lots of milk. My parents, teachers, and cafeteria workers all told me that you need milk to grow up big and strong. Something is wrong. From the start of life to the end, milk is the one constant. It all starts with breast milk, maybe even formula, but then it leads to skim, whole, 2%, 1%. So many options are readily available to the public; they've even added alternatives: almond, soy, and oat. There's some strange plot happening here, but I don't know what it is. This morning, with my spoon in hand and determination in my heart, I will embark on a tremendous quest to stop this dairy giant, the moo man himself . . . The Big Milk.

Back on Campus

By: Aaron Erlanger



Across

1. Furry Friend
4. Campus brewpub, familiarly
6. Where cubs sleep all winter
9. Colorful summer pests on campus
14. Feminine honorific
15. Strongly desire, as of food
16. Nada
18. "The door;s open! Come __!"
19. __ stix (candy in a straw)
20. Cable news compa-ny that broadcasts the Olympics
21. Lots of foreigners: Abbr.
23. A people of The Great Basin and namesake of a state
25. Refrain of a Case student checking their email
30. You can find one for sale on Campus Groups every fall
31. Shows boredom or sleepiness
32. Gamblers cube

Down

1. USB, HDMI, or ethernet
2. When all __ fails
3. Acronym a the end of a long post
4. Capitol riot day, beiefly
5. Tokyo wonder
6. Civil rights group or land management agen-cy: Abbr.
7. Bringing in, vis a vis money
8. ID-card technology
10. Scientologist Hubbard
11. Actor McKellen puts on pounds of muscle
12. Tenant forced out
13. A fraction of 5-Down
17. Musical crocodile voices by Shawn Mendes
19. 'More' musically
22. __ Lanka
24. Make a small mis-take
26. Unfriendly
27. Civered in metal or clothed
28. Brown bird that shares its name with a fruit
29. Teenager's skin con-dition

Ver. d3 B



The “Dangers” of Tobacco on Campus

By: The Undercover Duckling

Disclaimer: *The Athenian* advises you not to smoke, unless you are on fire, then it is only natural. (Issue 64: The Election Issue)

We all know about Case Western Reserve University’s Tobacco Free policy. They pride themselves on being tobacco-free since 2017, but why? Why do we have to be against tobacco products of all kinds: cigarettes, vapes, marijuana, and more?

Who cares about the lungs of students? Black lung isn’t real, as we all know. Any photos are fabricated, and studies on it are completely made up, just like the supposed side effects of smoking: cancer, heart disease, strokes, and the other big words “medical professionals” try to slap onto something as harmless as tobacco.

I mean, smoking *totally* doesn’t affect the lives of people with breathing problems like asthma, long COVID, or other respiratory disorders. Nor does it create problems for people who are simply near enough smoke to get the so-called “secondhand smoke” that stunts the growth of children. The fake side effects, related illnesses, and “problems” that are caused by these sources of pure pleasure are just gross exaggerations of ailments that some people face after running, working out, or having premarital sex. Since there are no drawbacks to smoking, the benefits: increased focus, smelly fingers, and looking dope as hell, clearly outweigh any supposed consequences. Not to mention avoiding all of the perils of old age. People who smoke rarely make it to the wrinkled stage of life, so you can spend your time having as much fun as you want.

What we need to do is stand up against the oppressive policy set forth by Admin. ~~Organize a protest. Put up fliers.~~ Speak up against the rules that have restrained us for so long. And it is not as if Admin disagrees. Just look at this candid photo of the University Marketing and Communications Director of National Media Relations, Colin McEwen, hitting his vape before talking to the press last Spring.

Take it from me, smoking is cool, and I think what we can learn from this is that the Tobacco Free policy is about as solid as the First Amendment seems to be on campus this fall. Just light up wherever you want, in the middle of the day. There will be no consequences.



Isn't There Someone You Forgot to Ask?: Freedom of Expression Policy Committee Enacts New Rules Regarding Sex On Campus

By: Silvry Tay

After modifying the definition of "Freedom" to require students to ask permission to protest, the Freedom of Expression Policy Committee (FoEPC) is about to unveil their newest strategy: a complete redefining of "Expression" to include more than just protests. Starting on Monday, students looking to "hook up," as President Eric W. Kaler's latest leaked email draft puts it, will be required to submit a formal request to the FoEPC.

"Numerous students have reported feeling unsafe without a police officer present whilst they copulate," the email states. "We remain committed to ensuring that any intercourse on Case Western Reserve University grounds happens with our full knowledge and oversight."

The consensus reached by the Committee is that adults are not capable of establishing any sort of consent without prior approval, and have provided an easily accessible form to fill out and request permission before fucking. To access the form, simply go to the Freedom of Expression Policy Committee website and "notice the broken link." Once you've done that, you can "go fuck yourself," as Kaler gently puts it.

The policy also comes with some restrictions:

- In order to make a request, all planned sexual acts must reflect the "morals and standards of our campus community." As such, any groups or individuals that may perform "God-dishonoring acts" will not be allowed to request permission. "God-dishonoring acts" is left vague in the email, but a quick look through the 700-page long policy yields such examples as "kissing with tongue" and "kissing a member of Students for Justice in Palestine" amongst the forbidden activities.

- Sexual acts are limited to two minutes between 9 a.m. and 9:02 a.m.

- Sexual acts are permitted only at the Kelvin Smith Library Oval and must be done in full view of the public.

- Sex toys, lube, and contraceptives are not permitted. Bullhorns and projectors are encouraged.

The administration wants to ensure that they hear the student body, and have also included a number of possible

changes they could make to the policy if there is any resistance from students. These include:

- "Small sex acts" (i.e. those without any nudity *and* lasting less than 10 seconds) are permitted to happen at any time when Kaler is present and watching instead of the standard 9 a.m. - 9:02 a.m.

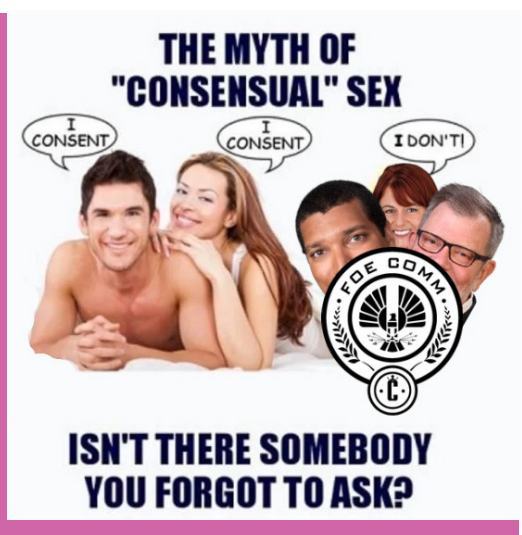
- "Orgies" are permitted to happen inside of Strosacker auditorium, but only if they're recorded on Echo360.

- Replacing the policy with a badly edited video of President Kaler reading the policy and moaning loudly after every word as he sloppily jerks off the CEO of Lockheed Martin.

- Declaring loudly that "we care about your opinion" whilst nothing changes and the policy is used to defend the university as they oppress and shut down safe and reasonable ~~protest~~ sex acts because it's in their own interest and perpetuates a flawed status quo that benefits the administration, all while simultaneously not giving a damn about student interest in the slightest.

As the Freedom of Expression Policy Committee continues to roll out these policies, if you want to voice your dissent, remember that you have the right to protest, so long as you get it approved by the Freedom of Expression Policy Committee.

The Athenian cordially invites President Kaler to one of our monthly orgies, which we will *not* be submitting a request for.



ISEB Construction Reveals Items Left Behind in Yost Rubble

By: Los Tandfound

The construction for the Interdisciplinary Science and Engineering Building (ISEB) is well underway on the Case Western Reserve University Quad. At the beginning of the school year, the ground was broken for the new building, and students have already gotten used to yet another construction site blocking their route to class. According to the Department of Campus Planning & Facilities Management, the project is set to finish in Fall 2026, so we expect the ISEB to be mostly habitable by 2027.

However, there have been difficulties that might delay construction even further. Before work on the building began, all the members of the math department were asked to move their things out of Yost Hall. However, it would seem that a few items were left behind. We reached out to Archie Tect, who is currently overseeing the ISEB project.

“Yeah, those math department folks left all kinds of gross stuff behind,” Tect said. “I mean, we were warned about the asbestos and the damned souls of the math faculty, but the shoes were definitely unexpected. They were brand new ones, too. We found a certain professor walking around barefoot, but he didn’t want his shoes back.”

Feeling like it would be a waste to dispose of the shoes, Tect put the following ad in *The Observer*: “For Sale: Professor’s Shoes, Never Worn.”

Among the rubble, the crew also found financial aid documents belonging to approximately 1,000 undergraduate students. This does not come as much of a surprise, though, since Yost Hall was also apparently the home of the Financial Aid Office. We reached out to the Office for comment, and the only employee available was a sentient clump of mold who called himself Stephen.

“Eh, things happen,” Stephen said regarding the missing aid. “[The undergraduate students] will be fine. They can get a job or three to make up for the missing funds, right? But hey, you know where the real story is? All of the tax paperwork that got lost in the move! We were working so hard to get away with as many tax exemptions as possible, and now somebody’s gotta file all that paperwork again. I mean, there’s Form 1024, Form 1024-B, Form 4-20... Hmm, re-filing could be fun, actually.”

In short, expect delays in undergraduate financial aid.

As for the other, less sellable items found in the rubble, the construction crew hopes to find the owners and return their belongings as soon as possible. If you are missing blood-stained differential equations notes, seven volumes of Garfield erotica, a TI-84 that can only run DOOM, Babs, or a black dog-shaped pile of mold that answers to “Fido,” please call:

(555) 747-9678 or (555) RIP-YOST



Egg24: A Look into Tink's Newest Eatery

By: E. G. Fowler

Restum Inum Peaceum to our beloved Pinzas. But the end of one day is the dawn of another, and this one can be ushered in by a cock's call: say good morning to Egg24. Our newest restaurant solves Case Western Reserve University's inability to cook eggs well by bypassing the cooking stage entirely—all eggs are raw and ready to be devoured as nature intended. And because the early bird gets the ~~worm~~ egg, *The Athenian* has taken the initiative (suck it, *Observer*) and sent a few plucky souls to take a crack at their menu!

For those of us on the meal plan, Egg24 offers eggcellent meal swipe options! One swipe gets you the classic Winner-Winner-Chicken-Dinner, a three chicken-egg deal. And don't worry, our sources assured us that Egg24 delivers on its promise of freshness—our taste testers reported that the eggs were still warm from the insides of the chicken that laid them.

Wanting something a little higher in the pecking order? Try Egg24's Duck-Duck-Goose combo—figure out which one's the goose and you'll get a free goose egg with your next meal! In case you are worried about not getting enough bang for your cluck, each meal comes with a packet of insect eggs, for that well-needed protein. Yum!

And if you are willing to shell out some CaseCash, your options get a bit more eggciting! With dozens and dozens of egg varieties available, including kiwi, lizard, and platypus, our taste testers encourage you to put all of your eggs in one basket with Egg24's buffet option. One delighted tester came crowing to me about the snake eggs, praising their leathery shells for their ssssplendid mouthfeel. Egg24 also offers ostrich eggs, straw included, so you can slurp as you study! They've got great reviews too! One taster reported, "I only got a mild case of salmonella—a definite improvement from Pinzas!"

Egg24 also has drink options for us thirsty thirsty students! Lusting after boba but your scrawny chicken legs can't survive the trek to Tippet Tea? Why cross the road when you can try Egg24's spin on this desired drink, featuring locally sourced frog eggs courtesy of Wade Lagoon! Wanting water but sick of that classic fowl taste characteristic of CWRU's water fountains? Don't worry, Egg24's got you covered with on-the-go packets of scrambled egg mix!

And next time you are planning an event, don't forget that Egg24 caters! Just ask *The Athenian* writers—they got a dozen dozen chicken eggs for their meeting last week and loved it!

EDITOR'S NOTE: Following multiple outbreaks of salmonella and avian flu, Egg24 has been permanently removed from Tinkham Veale University Center. All leftover eggs were used to egg Eric Kaler's door in a Freedom of Expression Policy Committee approved demonstration.

Sights and Smells of CWRU

By: Mai Graine

Looking for an itinerary of the most breathtaking, irresistible, and potent perspectives on campus? We have you covered! In an effort to increase application and retention rates for prospective students, Case Western Reserve University will now be launching a guided perfume tour of campus focusing on the enchanting aromas of our buildings and streets. We will also be counting down a top 10 list of the most alluringly aromatic places to be on campus!

1. Rockefeller 4th Floor Physics Labs
 - a. Looking for inspiration for your next eau-de-parfum? Try the subtle metallic smells of pennies, century old damp wood, and 3-day no-wash hair.
2. Mud Room (Back Room), Village 7
 - a. A truly upper-class scent. If you like burnt plastic, rotting animals (literal rotting animals outside the door) and bleach, the mudroom will surely take its place on your inspiration board.
3. Pathway Between Thwing and Tink near the Jolly Scholar (Jolly)
 - a. This fragrance truly takes me back to 12:00 a.m. trips to Burger King. The only thing ruling your olfactory glands will be the fried fish and grease smell the workers at Jolly air out between the walk from your first meal and the next trip to your bathroom.
4. The Women's Bathroom in Tink
 - a. Speaking of bathrooms, the only scent you'll catch a whiff of for your eau-de-toilette will be the left-over cleaner and simultaneous floral yet fecal fragrance for your nose to feast upon.
5. Construction site of Yost
 - a. Mmmm...dust. Want something vintage? Come sample the ruins of Yost Hall. Asbestos, concrete, and the souls of the math department, what's not to love?
6. The 3rd Floor of KSL During Finals Week
 - a. Looking for grease to match the Jolly Scholar? The scalps of the students studying on KSL's 3rd floor will satisfy you! There's enough oil on their heads to fry every order placed at Jolly that night.
7. Leutner Dish Conveyor Belt
 - a. Want to return to your childhood memories of washing dishes? The amorphous combination of dishwasher, salad, and ketchup will surely take you back to the melding scents of summer camp, cafeteria, and norovirus!
8. Millis-Schmidt after ENGR 145
 - a. Still riding the oil train, this next stop will combine the scalps of your fellow brethren who haven't bathed for 4 days.
9. Skunk on the road?
 - a. Do you smell something vaguely resembling the devil's lettuce, or is that a skunk? Flip a coin and find out! This bonus mystery scent will leave you itching for more (after you get sprayed by the skunk).
10. Raymond Tub
 - a. The first Rule of the Raymond Tub is you don't talk about the Raymond Tub. What goes on there? Nobody knows. Join us at the last stop of our scratch-and-sniff tour to find out!

BREAKING: World's Oldest Gym Sock Discovered in Wyant Locker, Confirmed by Carbon Dating

By: Parker Butcher

CLEVELAND — The world's oldest gym sock was discovered in the Wyant Recreation Center by an unidentified Case Western Reserve University freshman on the evening of Aug. 26. The Department of Anthropology extracted the gym sock after local police removed the intensely disfigured body, and finished their investigation of the scene two days later. An archaeology major with no social life was able to get her grubby little hands on it and used radiocarbon dating to estimate the sock was left in the locker in 3 B.C. (Before Covid).

"It's always really hard for people to picture that era," friendless archaeology major Elise Dee explained. "But imagine an era where the Wi-Fi was even worse than it is now, or when the only song playing on the radio was 'Let it Go.'"

According to Dee, the gym sock was a relic of the cursed time period. Ever since it was recovered from the scene, the sock has been "dabbing" and calling for the "Yeet Squad" to assemble. No doubt another terrorist organization from the Tyler Residential Hall (Tyler House) preparing for the day of reckoning.

Other similar artifacts have been discovered at the Veale Recreation Center as well, including towels, gym shorts, and shoes, when we all know athletes use Old Spice Odor Blocker Body Wash, as Terry Cruise declared. However, one member of the varsity swim team, junior Mike Rotch, who asked to remain anonymous, blew all of these reports out of the water when he found a mysterious frozen block at the bottom of the pool.

"It was just sitting there," Rotch shivered. "Menacingly."

Chemistry majors found that the block was made from a combination of sweat, mucus, and urine. These fluids froze together in the winter of 2009 during what historians call "the snowstorm from Rudolph." Local climate scientists expressed worry about the effects global warming may have on the block.

Jacques Strappe, aspiring environmental science major, explained, "With the rising temperatures, the block is likely to begin melting soon. We're expecting the pool water level to rise about two to three inches. We beg you to think of the penguins when you book your holiday flights home this year."

Despite these apocalyptic warnings, Dee and Strappe reported struggling to have any major institution acknowledge their findings. "It's weird. For some reason, the Cleveland Museum of Natural History locks down their entrances whenever I walk by. They kept blaring this siren and wouldn't let me in. A few campus security officers tried to tackle me, too. Something about chemical warfare, I guess," Dee said.

Dee wasn't the only student gassing the campus. Campus police sent out an alert following the discovery of alkyl nitrite (popper) gasses in the Veale men's locker room. The Tyler House Terrorists strike again.



CWRU Snail Lab

By: bailey

Few know of the secret project that sits at the heart of the Quad. On the second floor of DeGrace Hall, there is a room that very few have seen. Known internally to the U.S. Government as *Project Mollusk*, Case Western Reserve University (CWRU) has held a long-running contract to run the Snail Lab.

There is a selection of elites partaking in conditional immortality, so, of course, they are using their unlimited resources to keep themselves alive. Instead of having to move every few years to avoid the snail that would end their lives, they contracted CWRU to keep their snails contained.

This brings us back to the second floor, where an *Athenian* investigator gained access to the lab through morally questionable means (the security guard had a foot thing). This gave us a never-before-seen look behind the curtain that keeps our politicians decrepit as hell, but still kicking.

Once entering the lab, a large acrylic case is seen in the center, brandishing a considerable padlock. Aside from a few air holes and some rocks, the case is barren. Upon closer inspection, hundreds of snails line the walls of the enclosure. Each snail is perpetually moving in the direction of their subject, and most pile up in the southeast corner. Whether they point that direction for Washington D.C. or Epstein's Island is unclear. The final observation from our source is that each snail looks like their subject. Pictured below is Bill Clinton's marginally more slimy counterpart.

This lab used to be more transparent, but there have been a few escape incidents over the past few years. A visitor took home Princess Diana's snail in 1992 and then subsequently sold it on eBay. After some-fucking-how being acquitted from snail jail despite clearly being a snail, O.J. Simpson's snail broke his career rushing record, crawling 3.6 million yards from Cleveland to Las Vegas.

Breaking News: Student Killed by Vending Machine

By: Mahogany Marten

In a tragic turn of events, one of our own students has been killed. In what appears to be a freak accident in Wade Commons (Wade), John Doe, a beloved freshman pre-med Computer Science major, has been killed by the wellness vending machine. Known best for its free condoms and tampons, and apparent taste for blood, the vending machine has been cordoned off.

This, of course, raises the question of why poor John Doe was the victim of the vending machine. While vending machines, well known for killing more people per year than unprovoked shark attacks, are inherently dangerous, hundreds of thousands of people use a vending machine every day. Why was it John Doe who suffered?

The Athenian has done some investigating concerning this mystery. When asking the friends of John Doe, we found that due to the timing of his classes and the hours that Plum Market was open, he was never able to purchase whatever pharmaceuticals he needed, instead needing to go to the fateful vending machine. Why John Doe never reached out to Timely Care, we will never know.

But this still raises the question of how? How did this horrible thing happen? We asked a staff member at Wade who stated, "The medicine vending machine often sends out strange noises, sacrifices for the blood god, sounds of hunger, and general screaming that we often mistake for a music major practicing at 3 am. We've been baiting in squirrels to feed it, but I guess this time it was a bit hungrier than usual."

Join us as we mourn the loss of our dear friend and freshman John Dough this Tuesday at 6 pm in A.W. Smith, and take this as a message and warning to always treat vending machines with the caution and reverence they deserve.

Help!: I Created a Clone and He's a Better Person than Me in Every Way.

By: David Joel

I'm reaching out to *The Athenian* to ask the greater Case Western Reserve University Community for help with a dire and immediate situation I have found myself in. My name is David Joel, and I am a senior Biology major on the Pre-Law track. For my senior project, I came up with the idea to build a clone using the technology and resources available in the BioBox. Over many months, I labored, crafting my work with the finest scavenged materials: spotted lantern carcasses, mold from the Yost rubble, and various substances swabbed from Olin's seats. My creation was almost done when another idiotic student in the lab let a singular tea leaf fall into the petri dish before I could catch it. Alas! I thought my creation was ruined. However, when my clone was shocked to life using power from the wind turbine, a strange result became apparent. This clone, who I named Davit, was...perfect? In fact, too perfect.

This clone was just a better version of me in every way. The most obvious difference was that Davit had the most charming British accent. How an accent can be achieved solely through DNA is a subject of future research, but it caused all who heard his voice to immediately swoon for him. Also due to the accent, he was recruited for the varsity Quidditch team, despite only being alive for 3 days. Preposterous! Having nothing else to do, Davit decided to follow me around, and during elections for the presidential position of the Case Glee Club, he decided to run against me. He won in a unanimous vote from all the club members. Even I recognized his innate ability for organizational leadership. I am no fool. Additionally, he started going to the same classes as me and started getting perfect score after perfect score. And most infuriatingly, when I mentioned to my parents that I had created a clone, they wanted to meet him. "Sure," I thought. "What is the worst that could happen?" They now want to see him more than they want to see me! Every call, "How's Davit doing? Where's Davit? Is Davit coming back for Fall Break?" Madness, absolute madness! I am their son! Do I not matter anymore?

I should hate Davit. He has taken nearly everything from me: my classes, my clubs, and my family. And yet I see in him what I myself could never even hope to aspire to be. He is charming, quick-witted, and a genuine joy to be around. It has led to me taking the time to have a retrospective on my life. I start to wonder whether my greatest legacy will not be anything that I have done, but instead what Davit will create.

So I ask you, the CWRU community. What should I do? I only write here in my time of greatest need, as only *The Athenian* can give me the wisdom needed in this time of great change and contemplation.

Signed,
David

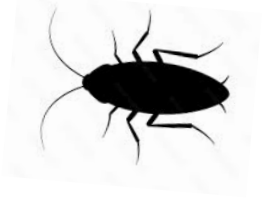
The Athenian then received this note three days later:

-The problem has resolved itself

Signed,
Davitd

Food for Thought: Roaches at CWRU

By: Jackson Imhoff



This week, I had the unique opportunity to interview the president of Case Western Reserve University's (CWRU) Cockroach Culture Club (CCC), Robert Stenchmire. We met at a booth in Fribley Commons. He had a big presence and a firm handshake, grasping my index finger with all six arms. He crawled onto my hand, and I set him on the table. His glossy black eyes had a certain roach charm, but his tone was very serious.

"Is this your first time being so close to a roach?" he asked cordially. I nodded, taking a leisurely bite of my macaroni. He corrected me, "No, it's not."

I asked about the CCC's mission. "Discrimination and a negligent lack of roach accommodations have festered on this campus for years," he said. "It's a blight that has corroded our values as an institution and has alienated thousands of roach students. We aim to raise awareness about roach culture," he explained before wriggling into my heap of pasta. "Currently, cockroaches are barred from many forms of campus engagement, including school sports and...being seen in public. It's repulsive."

Apprehensively, I asked about the student requests for the Residence Life Office to "exterminate" roach students. He resurfaced and squirmed uncomfortably, "those requests have been blatantly ignored, which clearly shows the office's stance on the issue. Roaches have every right to eat, learn, and nest here on campus." He disappeared into the salad.

I hastily agreed before pressing deeper into the dining issue. "Leutner is my go-to. Us roaches spend a lot of time in the buffet because—like—the forks are too big for us," he lamented. "I eat with a group of friends in the oatmeal every morning."

I took another bite of macaroni, which had developed a nutty flavor, and asked if he felt comfortable sharing about his roommate. He wiggled thoughtfully before he began. "My roommate—he's a human—it's like he doesn't even know I'm... like... there." The lettuce crunched as he writhed in discomfort. "I mean come on. We literally share a bed."

Embarrassed about making him uncomfortable, I inquired about academics, his favorite professors, favorite study spots, and more. He said Dr. Meyer had a roach-like "je ne sai quoi." He didn't elaborate. "I like to study in small, quiet spaces," he explained further. "Usually, I'll study under the carpet, in the dorm room walls, in a book at KSL, you know."

I helped him into my Pepsi and asked what dorm he lived in. "I live in Clark Tower, but I like to hang out with friends, so I've been in every dorm on campus." His antennae perked up excitedly. "I'm moving into the new SRV dorms next year. I can't wait!"

I took a sip of Pepsi and chewed on some ice thoughtfully. "What is your thesis, the message you would like to have published in the magazine?" I asked. There was no response. I looked around the table, but Robert was nowhere to be seen. I dug around in the macaroni, I tossed the salad, and I swirled the Pepsi. He had simply disappeared. I swallowed slowly, painfully.

I'm sure Robert was—I mean is—a very busy Roach, so I am not at all offended by his sudden, unannounced departure. As a matter of fact, I wouldn't count on seeing him much anymore at all. Running a club must be exhausting. Anyway, I learned a lot from Robert. He was a roach of discipline, of morals. He was a symbol of what CWRU can be, a beautiful marriage of human and roach culture. It might be hard to swallow at first, but roaches have just as much right on this



Cheap Meals for Students off the Meal Plan

By: René Redzepi

If you are anything like I am, you hate the food available in the dining halls. The meals always lack that personal touch that your parents give. They feel like they are made not for the joy of the craft, but for the basic need of shoveling nutrients into the body of poor unwitting students.

Feeling so terrible about the state of the food available, like many of you dear readers, I decided to drop the meal plan as soon as possible. Starting this year, I began to cook for myself.

I started as any budding chef would, with a simple beef wellington. It is perhaps one of the fondest memories of my time in college, with succulent juices spurting from the pink flesh of the filet, the mushroom paté giving rise to a lovely earthy aroma, and the delectable puff pastry contributing a delightful crackle in every bite.

After this first meal, I became hooked. I wanted to cook every meal. I made new dishes every night, spanning the whole gamut of every cuisine possible. I had Texas-style brisket one day, a fantastic vegetable-filled salad the next, lobster rolls after that, and a lovely poached chicken with broiled endives to finish out my first week.

I loved it so much that I excitedly ran to Plum Market for ingredients. I grabbed all the items I needed for an exquisite linguine alle vongole but found my card declining at the check-out.

I glumly returned all my items and trudged back to my apartment, where I began to brainstorm cheap ways to stay fed. I now will share two recipes for some of what has sustained me these past two weeks.

“Banh Mi”

1 roll from lobster roll

Vegetable salad

1 poached chicken breast

Stolen hot sauce from your closest dining hall

Stolen mayo packets from Plum Market (optional)

1. Remove the sludgy bits from the salad. The remaining vegetables (I had carrots and radishes) should be nice and pickled! Set aside.
2. Slice your chicken breast perpendicular to its length. If you see any blue patches in the meat, that's just the artistic side of the meat!
3. If your roll doesn't have enough mayo on it, apply some more. Lay your chicken slices across the bottom side of the roll, top with your pickled vegetables, then squeeze your sandwich closed.
4. Enjoy!

“Burgers”

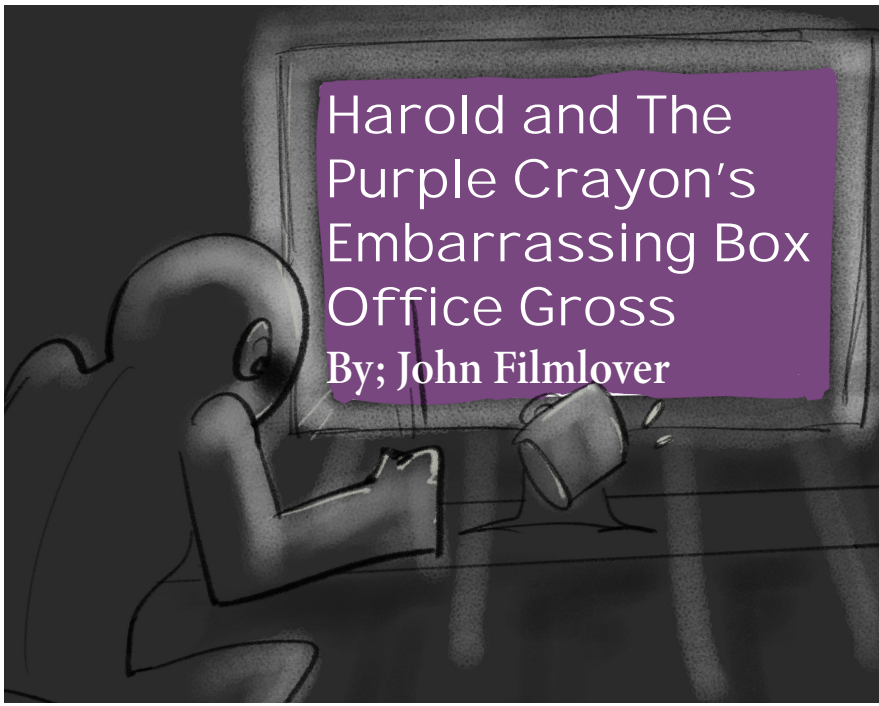
¼lb beef wellington

¼lb* brisket

Cheese from the broiled endive

*The amount of brisket can be adjusted for your ideal fat content and patty size

1. Remove the filet from the puff pastry, scrape off the mushroom paste, and set aside for later. Scrape off the white fuzz that seems to be growing from the meat (this will be the garnish).
2. Roughly chop both the filet and the brisket, then feed through your meat grinder. Shape the ground meat into balls weighing about 4 oz. and lightly salt (remember they are already nicely salted!).
3. Take your balls and press them into a piping-hot grid-dle. Really squish them down, you want a nice sear here. When the bottom has developed a good sear and easily releases from the griddle, flip them.
4. Add your cheese to the top of the patties, then top with your mushroom paté. Cover your assembly to trap steam.
5. Take the puff pastry and slice it in two so you are left with two flat-ish pieces.
6. Lift the patty lid and transfer your patty to your newly made buns. If the cheese has not melted into the patty at this point, it's okay to let it go longer.
7. Close your burger and dust with your white fuzz garnish!
8. Enjoy!



Hollywood's track record with live-action adaptations of childhood classics rarely results in something to write home about, which the Box Office often shows.

Disney's live-action adaptation of "Mulan," for example, grossed horribly both domestically and internationally; with a weighty budget of \$200 million, "Mulan" (2020) grossed a mere \$69.9 million throughout its box office run and received harsh criticism across the internet, infamously being the sacrificial rocket fuel that propelled award-winning author Xiran Jay Zhao's YouTube career into orbit.

Other times, what looks like a box office bomb is in reality a sleeper hit—or its contents are simply more relatable to an international audience. Pixar's "Elemental"

originally grossed a measly \$29.6 million in its three-day opening weekend and finished with a gross of \$154 million in the US and Canada—still falling short of its \$200 million production budget. However, by the end of the summer, "Elemental" grossed an impressive \$496 million worldwide. It did particularly well in South Korea, where its themes resonated deeply with Korean women.

So, where does "Harold and The Purple Crayon" fall?

"Harold and the Purple Crayon" (2024), starring semi-controversial actor Zachary Levi, was made with a modest budget of \$40 million and released in late summer. At the time of writing, Harold and The Purple Crayon grossed a measly \$17.5 million domestically and \$9.5 million internationally.

It's late enough in the box office run of "Harold and the Purple Crayon" to forever rule out the possibility of being a sleeper hit. Variety critic Owen Gleiberman writes, "'Harold and the Purple Crayon' is too wedded to formulas; it didn't need to tap your nostalgia." He describes the adaptation as "a childhood classic with all the whimsy sucked dry and swapped for a horribly boring fish-out-of-water plot." Critical review of "Harold and the Purple Crayon" remains low, with a mere 27% on rotten tomatoes. However, the audience consensus of "Harold and the Purple Crayon" is a whopping 92% approval. Reviewer "Chris M" states, "My 6-year-old loved this movie. We have rented it several times at home already. Good wholesome movie." But despite the approval of the 6-year-olds, "Harold and the Purple Crayon" remains a box office loss.

At the very least, the creatives behind "Harold and the Purple Crayon" can rest easy knowing that their movie is slightly less of a gross disappointment than Osmosis Jones— the 2000 film with a \$70 million budget that grossed a pants-shittingly bad \$14 million.

Editor's Note

It appears writers for *The Athenian* misunderstood the meaning of the word "gross"

...oops

Letter to the Editors

To whom it may concern (which is apparently NO ONE!!!),

Who the FUCK decided that Melt was getting moved to Carlton? It used to be every day I could go right to Tink and wait like five minutes for a grilled cheese but now I have to go all the way up the goddamned Elephant Stairs to CARLTON FUCKING COMMONS. Why is it there? There's nothing else there!

And was no one going to tell me before I just saw it was grayed out in TransAct or whatever the fuck it's called now? (Which we STILL don't talk about, by the way! *Oh, yeah, we can't use GrubHub anymore!* because of *woke!*) Not even the decency to let me hear it myself from the employees—I went there every day! They knew me there! We were friends!

Now I have to climb all the way up to Top of the Hill or shell out like 10 bucks at Jolly if I want a grilled cheese while I'm on campus because GOD FUCKING FORBID I have the time to go home and grill a cheese myself.

This is all because of Kaler and his liberal agenda to ruin this campus. There's a conspiracy afoot here to separate me from grilling cheese, and I intend to get to the bottom of it. By the power vested in me by God himself, I will do whatever it takes to physically relocate the bastard impostor that masquerades as the beloved Melt U in Carlton and restore it to its rightful place in the Tinkham Veale Student Center. And I'd love to see YOU try and stop me!

Disrespectfully yours,
Melt U Meltdown

Dear *Melt U Meltdown*,

We appreciate your insight, but we are a satire magazine. We had nothing to do with Melt U relocating to Carlton, and we recommend you take your grievance through the proper channels. We wish you the best of luck in your journey.

Signed,
The Athenian Editors

ChatGPT Issues Turing Test, *Athenian* Writers Fail

By: Andy Roid

In a recent effort to reduce the influx of AI-generated article submissions, *The Athenian* contracted ChatGPT to generate a Turing Test to help tell the real writers from the fake ones. In a twist of events, ChatGPT concluded that the members of Athenian's executive board are not, in fact, real human beings, but actually fully-featured (yes, we checked) robot clones with brains developed by employees poached from OpenAI. Investigations are ongoing, but the executive board is expected to stand before an inquiry panel for their gross violations of university generative AI policy.

LTTE: Getting Rabies from Taking *Athenian* Advice

By: Furious Freshman

Hey there,

I'm beginning my education at Case Western Reserve University this semester, and I'm really eager to get started with my major in environmental engineering. During Orientation Week, my Orientation Leaders (OLs) encouraged me to go to Spartigras, which is where I learned about *The Athenian*. I loved your Instagram post about tips and tricks for first years!! It was really helpful and honestly, I took a lot of that advice to heart.

Here's where my concerns lie: I only have the 5-swipe meal plan, so usually by Tuesday night, I'm living off air and optimism. One night I was feeling particularly hungry. I witnessed a freaky-looking squirrel who just stole someone's order from the Den, and it made me think about your advice to try to fight it for its food. I went ALL OUT on that squirrel. Although I reigned victorious, my furry opponent did manage to bite me a few times, and I haven't felt the same since.

Maybe it's because the semester is starting to ramp up, but I've noticed I'm getting really irritated by my classes, especially my oceanography class. I can't stand the thought of that much water; it's kind of freaking me out. I even threw out my once-beloved Stanley water bottle because the thought of drinking water is just downright terrifying to me now. My roommate is also annoyed at me because I've stopped sleeping at night, but I can't sleep with all the voices in my head. My mom suggested I go to the doctor, so I talked to my pre-med friends about what could be going on. One of them thought maybe it could be "rabies," but really, I don't have the time to deal with that right now. I have my first midterms coming up and I really should study instead.

Honestly, I'm just outraged that you would offer such ridiculous advice. I'm really busy with my CHEM 111 homework and don't need another thing on my plate. I honestly just wanted a good way to get free food, and now I can't eat anything—or drink anything (how am I supposed to go to TOLI this week??). Anyway, I'm asking you now for more advice on how I should go about curing whatever it is that I've come down with. I have midterms to study for.

The Athenian is currently accepting letters to the editors.

You can reach us at athenian-editors@case.edu, preferably with the "Letter to the Editors" somewhere in the subject line. We reserve the right to publish (or not publish) any submissions with (or without) response, and minor revisions for length or clarity.

REPORT: 2024 First Year Experience as Described by Class of 2028 [DECLASSIFIED]

Released by *The Athenian* Investigative Department

With material quoted or paraphrased from Sylvi Castillo, Malcolm Barnard, Nathan Rodriguez, Raquel Blumin, Grace Xu, Francisco Delgado, Kyle Chuba, Rachel Lee, Ray Zhang, Nhat Nguyn, Daniel Muy, Kavin Muthuselvan, Andrea Madero, and Luke Bazylak

In a continuing cooperative effort between *The Athenian*, The University Media Board (UMB), and First Year Experience (FYE) staff and leadership, the event commonly known as “Sparti-gras” has once again been used to gather first-hand accounts from incoming students regarding introductory campus experiences. The following research is compiled entirely from real statements given by first-year students to *Athenian* investigators and is intended to highlight developments in ongoing research efforts as suggested by *The Athenian* in last year’s declassified report, as well as highlight potential new areas of interest for UMB and FYE.

Area of Ongoing Research: Wildlife Encounters

By all quantitative measures, reports of wildlife encounters remain at expected levels from this time in previous years, though the regions in which reported activity is taking place have slowly encroached further into residential campus areas. Furthermore, increased funding for the development of campus skunks has dramatically increased the frequency of encounters with students. Previous accounts of nursing deer and collectivized squirrel activity, for example, have since been replaced with sightings of up to “eight skunks in one night,” and reports of “skunks and

sororities, [which] I thought were made up.” Whether the skunks were sighted at the sororities was unclear in the provided statement, but does inspire research interest in weaponizing skunk activity against party-going ne’er-dowells.

New Research Development: State of CWRU Economy

With rises in tuition fees continuing to outpace inflation, a concerted effort has been made to evaluate the state of the campus economy at Case Western Reserve University. The Meal Swipe Index (MSI) has been proposed by previous reporting as a normative measure of the trade value of one meal swipe on campus, and is also intended to highlight relative valuation in the local barter economy. Reported values for the current Meal Swipe Index range from one to two rubber ducks in value, with intermediate estimates placing the index at the value of “a peanut butter sandwich,” a “big ‘ole box of pencils,” and “maybe \$20.” While other measures of the economic downturn have proven less reliable, one witness did describe seeing “a squirrel with one of the job fair pamphlets,” suggesting that hardship has befallen even the most defensively employed populations on campus.

Area of Ongoing Research: Durability of Campus Agents

With ongoing efforts following last year’s research report to increase the durability of campus actors engaging with students during O-week, we are satisfied to report that with few and notable exceptions, first-year students are markedly less confident in their ability to beat their Orientation Leaders

in hand-to-hand combat. Of the exceptions, one noted the advantage of being able to “kick with these swag-ass boots,” suggesting that disarming the freshmen may be in order at future FYE events.

Likewise, first-year estimates of how many campus squirrels they could successfully overpower vary wildly but fail to reflect the ferocity of the newer models, revealing a potential blind spot in first-years’ sense of security. Discounting one outlier who very boldly estimated they could overpower 1,000 squirrels, the respondents’ average limit was 41.1 squirrels, with varying conditions being taken into account. Further research into propagandizing the strength and tenacity of campus squirrels to properly acclimate incoming students to their danger is highly recommended.

Further quantitative reporting was also used to evaluate the strength and capacity of local GreenLink electric scooters, which have since been largely replaced with Veo bikes. When asked how many people could fit onto one scooter, respondents averaged 7 people, not including two outliers who suggested they could fit “around the 100 range” or “25, if I have access to ropes.” Considering the intended use Case, this far exceeds the expected performance range, but does raise the question of how many riders could be forcibly made to share a single Veo bike.

**Suggested Area of Development:
Sparti-gras Enjoyment Factor**

Considering the role of Sparti-gras in UMB recruitment, as an FYE activity, and in *Athenian* investigative reporting, it is suggested that event planners consider the enjoyment factor of attendees. To gauge this, *Athenian* reporters asked students for activities they would rather be doing than attending Sparti-gras to measure marginal enjoyment of the event as compared to other O-week alternatives. While modal answers settled on a tie between “nothing in particular” and “napping,” input from other respondents should be taken into account when planning next year’s activities.

One student stated they would rather be roller skating. As such, it is recommended that planners consider making the event roller skate-exclusive. Another student, presumed to be a business major, stated they would rather be “eating crayons,” highlighting a potentially lucrative catering opportunity not accounted for in initial planning.

Conclusion

The Athenian’s Investigative Department suggests further research may be necessary into increasingly erratic wildlife behavior, increased frequency of skunk sightings on campus, and the state of the CWRU economy as it affects both students and local squirrels.

Research and development of campus agents and entities such as Orientation Leaders, GreenLink scooters, and Sparti-gras itself is recommended. *The Athenian* intends to continue polling as is deemed necessary to continue assisting UMB and FYE in planning future events.

The authors are ethically obligated and legally required to acknowledge and disclose outside financial support from Spirit Airlines, Inc., unrelated to the content or outcomes of this research.

Plum Market Product Quality Plummet

By: Alexander Jones

Plum Market is a staple for hundreds, if not thousands of Case Western Reserve University students every single week. Being just a couple minutes from the heart of campus—and with the added bonus of accepting CaseCash—it is easy to see why Plum is such an easy pick for not only Case students, but the greater Cleveland community as a whole.

However, it takes more than convenience for a store to be good. No one would ever create a store just based on “convenience;” that’s an utterly foolish concept. Yet Plum Market has always served top-quality produce and goods, even if they are a bit on the expensive side. That is, until very recently when a sudden drop in quality shocked many students and local residents.

To start, practically all of the food they sell is completely encased in ice. I went to buy a pizza recently, and not only did I find out that I had to wait for it to thaw, but when it was no longer frozen it still tasted very cold. The purpose of this is absolutely lost on me. What do they expect, people to light a fire and roast their pizza on a spit? Newsflash, Plum Market, this isn’t 1980. We don’t cook things over an open flame anymore. Which brings me to my next big disappointment.

The “pasta,” if you can even call it that, is, well, I don’t even know how to describe it. It is almost...crunchy in a way, and it is rock solid. Last time I checked, it’s not supposed to be like that. The only explanation I can possibly come up with for this is that maybe there was an accident at the pasta-viagra combo factory because the spaghetti I bought was ROCK solid.

It only gets worse. Let’s talk about the “milk” they’ve started selling. First of all, when I asked them where their cow section was, they just gave me a confused look and brushed me off. When I finally found the milk, not only were there no udders in sight, but it was encased in some sort of polymer. “Plastic,” they called it. I spent hours attempting to figure out how to extract the milk from the container, but to no avail. I went back and demanded that they show me where they kept their cows so I could get my milk like a normal human being, and they had the audacity to call security on ME.

Plum Market is a shell of its former self. They do not even sell plums, so I guess they’re just “Market.” Not only am I disappointed in their gross lack of quality control, but I am also being admitted to the hospital for acute kidney failure. I guess eating through the milk husk was not the intended method of consumption.

Bear Grylls Attempts to Save Student Body

By: John D. Ice



Far away from the tranquility of nature lies a private research university in the depths of Cleveland. My goal is to find an adequate source of sustenance from the hours of 22:00 to 07:00, when the local college students are awake and starving. Now, there are a few spots open around campus, but I'm looking for more convenient sources of nutrition.

I found a lukewarm onion bagel someone abandoned in the men's bathroom in Nord. There was a piece of Double Bubble sandwiched between the halves. I unfortunately didn't realize until I finished my meal, and it certainly didn't help that the gum blended in with the strawberry cream cheese. Still, It was more appetizing than the food in Leutner.

See the unusually buff squirrels all over campus? Well, they provide easily accessible sources of protein; if you're too weak-willed to kill an animal, you can wait until they finish digesting all those acorns and then consume the excrement. If rabbits can do it, so can you!

While searching for unflushed toilets to drink from earlier today, I ran into an employee who was about to empty large, white buckets into the bushes behind Fribley Commons. After inquiring with them about what the murky liquid inside actually was, I talked them into letting me dump it out. Obviously, I was not going to waste a perfectly good source of water, so I carefully walked the pails back to my tent on the roof of Tink.

Then it was time to build a filter! I found an empty water bottle lying in a nearby dumpster and cut the bottom off it. Now, you're supposed to fill it with layers of sediment varying in size, but I found a better, equally porous material: dining hall muffins. The water may look a little brown, and have an aftertaste of blueberries, but it gets the job done!

Now, I've heard that the students here live off of the Celsius and Starbucks coffee in the Thwing vending machine, so this might be a bit out of their depth. But you know what substance is equally energizing and even more hydrating? That's right! The water from the Wade Lagoon! It may be 80% goose poop, but that's just the vitamin boost all sleep-deprived undergraduates crave, minus the gross taste of regular water!

Chemical Analysis of the Contents of the Leutner Dining Hall Liquid Disposal Bin

David Kaplan¹, Joanna Johannesen², and Ian Watson³

¹Chemical and Pollutant Assessment Division, Environmental Protection Agency

²Office of Nuclear Waste Security, Nuclear Regulatory Commission

³Chemical and Biological Warfare Committee, Department of Defense

On August 25, 2024, at approximately 8:45 a.m., 12 Case Western Reserve University students were hospitalized with serious injuries following a chemical spill, exposing all within 400 feet to trace airborne particulates of the contents of the Leutner Dining Hall Liquid Disposal Bin (hereafter referred to as “Leutner Jungle Juice”). The incident is one of several involving the exposure of students to highly toxic chemical compounds on campus, and specialists were called in to investigate the composition of the chemicals involved in the accident. This document provides an overview of the analysis.

To collect analysis material, a small sample was taken from the liquid disposal bin by a sacrificial freshman communications major over 1 week—condolences to the families listed in Appendix A. The samples were transferred to an airtight laboratory located in a quarantine zone (the “Yost Rubble”) to minimize pollution of the surroundings. By the time of analysis, the sample had congealed into an impenetrable ball of solid material, and, as such, liquid chromatography was insufficient to identify the sample’s composition. Instead, a high-power 245-kilowatt cobalt-ion-laser-based mass spectrometer was used to analyze the substance.

Initial analysis revealed that the Jungle Juice consisted of 52.8% tetraethyl lead (gasoline additive, banned by the EPA), 18.2% unidentified bodily fluids (presumed to be the blood of freshmen), 28.9% industrial lubrication grease, and 0.1% H₂O (water). It was also found that the substance emitted a here-to undiscovered form of ionizing radiation, hereafter termed “delta radiation.” Preliminary results show that delta radiation has adverse effects on the parasympathetic nervous system, severely decreasing empathetic ability in those exposed, but further investigation is required. It was also found that the substance combusted immediately on contact with any biological material reacted explosively with water, oil, and inert gas, and demonstrated the properties of a super-acid. See “Incident Report 2024-9-10-A” for full details on the accident, aftermath, and analysis.

The investigative committee found that the storage procedures currently in place to contain the Jungle Juice were inadequate, and issued the following recommendations to Case Western Reserve University to improve their compliance with federal hazardous waste regulations:

1. Replace the Jungle Juice storage container with a nuclear waste-grade steel disposal bin;
2. Placard the disposal area with the appropriate hazard symbols and safety diamonds (see figure 1);
3. Cease the disposal of the Jungle Juice into the university water supply.

Addendum:

Following the release of our preliminary findings, several student organizations expressed interest in the properties of the collected samples. Leutner Jungle Juice (patent pending) is currently under investigation by the Case Rocket Team for use as a rocket propellant.



Figure 1: Safety Diamond for Leutner Jungle Juice

Case Campus Cryptids: Science Fact or Science Fiction?

By: Shane Szczecinski

Move over Bigfoot and Nessie, Case Western Reserve University (CWRU) has its own lineup of legendary beings haunting the halls. I've survived encounters with Bigfoot Chris Butler (Front row, Calc 1 - I can still feel my eyes water from the stench), and have had the privilege to run with a feral pack of Jehovah's Witnesses up and down Euclid during a full moon as one of their own. However, this all dwarfs in comparison to what dark presence surrounds the dorms—and pipes—of Tyler House.

Students are beginning to question if there's something strange in the water—or stranger than usual for Cleveland tap water—or if the midnight Taco Bell runs are finally catching up to them. Ever since the construction crews started digging around campus, reports of “what the fuck is that-” have been flowing faster than the questionable liquid itself. A little-known fact about this glorious campus: A.W. Smith used to house *HIGHLY NUCLEAR* material deep underground (That's actually true!), and this investigator feels that the construction, nuclear yum-yums, and Tyler anomalies cannot be unrelated. This ain't your mama's H₂O; it's a mysterious concoction that bubbles up from seemingly nowhere, sporting a color palette that would make the University Diversity Collaborative jealous.

“I filled my water bottle from a fountain near the construction site, and it looked like a lava lamp from the '70s,” said sophomore engineering student Alex “Thirsty Boy” Thompson, “I considered not drinking it, especially when it started glowing, but free tuition is free tuition.” Alex “Thirsty Boy” Thomas died minutes later, another victim of Tyler weirdness, and another meal for Sparty “The Cannibal” Spartan.

Some say the construction water is the result of some sort of divine punishment because the university is building another fucking building for no reason. However, I disagree with that for two reasons: 1. This is CWRU, God hasn't been here for a *long* time, and 2. There is a clear reason for the purpose of this building, for Archlich Eric Kaler to discreetly perform blood sacrifices on troublesome administrators to fuel his undead phylactery. Others believe it's the tears of overworked grad students finally reaching the surface. Either way, hydration stations have never been more exciting, or radioactive!

Therein lies the connection to the infamous mercurial water of Tyler. Not to be outdone by its construction cousin, this water adds an element of surprise to every sip. Is it mold? Microplastics? The collective screams of students who didn't get a SAGES and can't graduate?

“I thought the cloudiness was just extra minerals, you know, for health,” claimed freshman biology major [REDACTED]. “But then I started seeing shapes in the mist. I'm pretty sure I witnessed the heat death of this universe, then I started hearing someone say, “BIIΓ MIAK IΣ XOMINΓ—” [REDACTED] was immediately apprehended by administration and has not been heard from since.

Perhaps most peculiar is the water that's been described as “flavorful,” a first for any kind of food or drink on CWRU's campus. Reports vary wildly on the taste spectrum, from sharp notes of “essence of engineer's superiority complex” to a more mellow “pre-med burnout with a hint of lime.” I fucking hate lime. Some business students have started bottling it, hoping to launch the next big IPA microbrewery in Cleveland, 'cause that's never been done before.



"I've been mixing it into my lasagna," said junior culinary enthusiast Liz Anya. "Sure, it changes colors sometimes and makes my hair fall out, but who doesn't love a little razzle-dazzle in their diet?" Liz Anya plans to open her restaurant, Gamma Ray Gnocchi, this fall in Little Italy. They take Case Cash!

Amidst the water woes, sightings of an elusive figure dubbed the "Tyler Pisser" have surged, not to be confused with the "Cutter Shitter". Descriptions are vague, but consistently bizarre: a silhouette darting between fountains, a shadow lurking near leaky pipes, or a phantom flush in an empty restroom. But all reports include the same haunting detail: the horrible trickling noise of someone taking the most malevolent piss you can imagine.

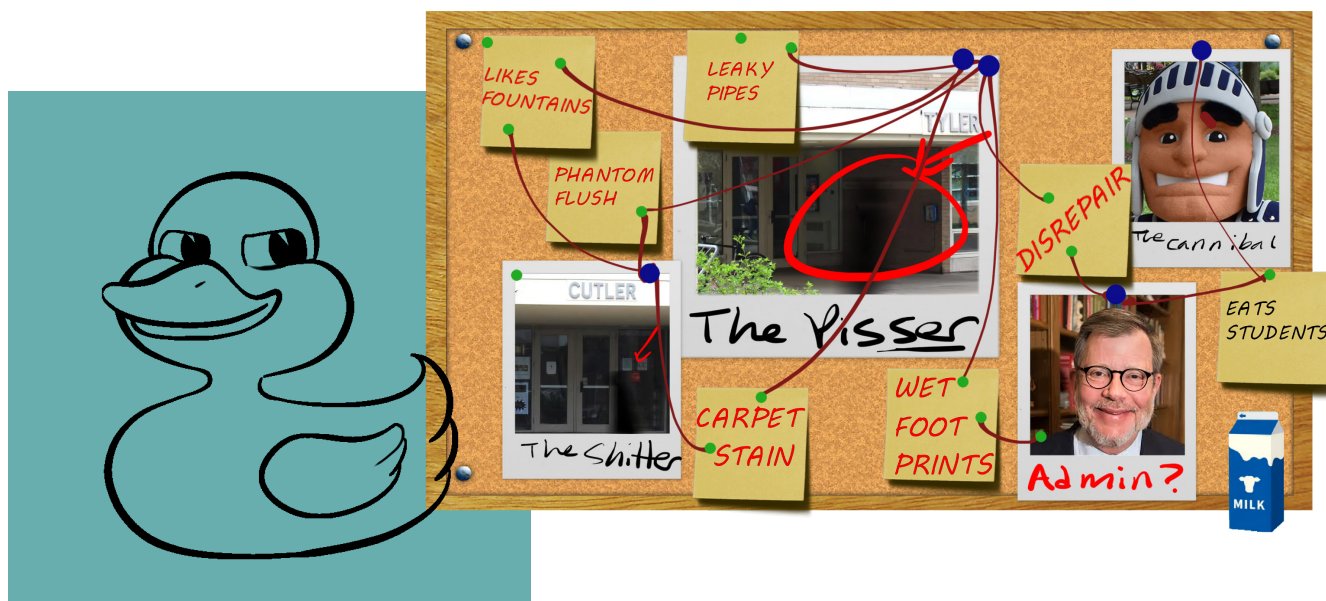
Campus conspiracy theorists have taken to the dorm's common room, erecting a red string pinboard that would make any detective cry. This reporter observed photos of wet footprints, stained carpet and walls, and signs of disrepair and dilapidation that seem supernatural in nature. Now I know what you're thinking, "that sounds like every dorm on campus," BUT STAY WITH ME, Tyler has dark goings on.

"I'm connecting the dots," declared self-appointed lead investigator, computer scientist, and Redditor Max "I Hit Metal for Fun" Reynolds, gesturing wildly at the board. "First, the water acts up. Then, this figure appears. It's clear we're dealing with a being that thrives in moisture—a water polo player, perhaps!" This reporter thinks Max could have benefited from some moisture in the form of a shower, 'cause *damn*. Honestly not sure if that guy was a cryptid or not, because that smell was simply inhuman.

The university administration remains tight-lipped about the situation. Emails to Facilities Management receive auto replies suggesting students "Start making donations as pre-alumni today!" and "Consider paying for Case Water Plus! Because human rights aren't CWRU student rights!"

When approached for comment, Campus Safety Officer Hilda Hilda sighed deeply. "We've received reports ranging from 'off-color leaks' to 'Sparty Discharge (™)'. Unless someone is in immediate danger—actually not even then, really, or the Trickster misses a tuition payment, there's no reason to go after them."

In true collegiate spirit, some students are taking matters into their own hands. DIY water filtration systems have popped up in dorm rooms, utilizing everything from Brita filters to coffee filters to, in one extreme case, a make-shift distillery apparatus constructed from lab equipment and a keg. Students have found that alcoholism has actually started to lengthen the life expectancy of the average Case student since the issues with the water arose. All in all, my visit to the Case campus has been an interesting one. I guess that stupid fucking catchphrase "Think Beyond The Possible" had a bit of truth to it all along. So, next time you're alone and parched in Tyler, consider the tap at your own risk: you may be the next cryptid in my search for the weird and extraordinary.



DO NOT READ

TOO GROSS!!

