

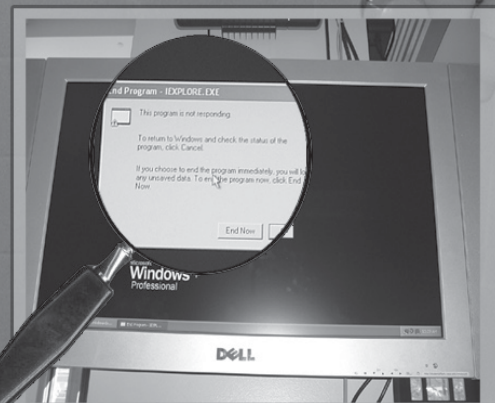
Is campus security enough? Do we need TWO cameras per bathroom? Poll results on page 12.

Toilet card swipes, safe shit, or an invitation to burglars? Page 7



DO A BARREL ROLL!

A lesson well learned: disaster results when security analyst ignored at Cleveland airport, full story page 94



New flatscreens in residential houses help keep security tight! page 13

ATHENIAN



the security magazine you can trust

Issue 23

October 2005

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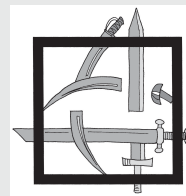
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Proud member of the Case Media Board since forever.



The Athenian

“When people are laughing, they’re generally not killing one another”

–Alan Alda

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A MESSAGE FROM THE EDITOR

Boring First-Issue Piece Explaining How We Function

Ugh.. hello?. Sorry for being late, our alarm clock usually wakes us up by early September. We spent a night drinking with the *Engineering and Science Review* and we've just woken up naked next to the Film Society. *The Retrospect* is passed out in the bathroom, and the *Case Reserve Review* left with some guy named Julio.

So that's why *The Athenian* hasn't released anything until now. Sorry.

Basically thrice a semester, we'll print an issue comprised of things that you already have seen/known but with profanity added. For example, you may have noticed that the idea of having two different cards to gain access to the Village at 115 is dumb; somewhere in this issue, we'll tell you that it is "fucking retarded."

The Athenian is a semi-anonymous publication. Instead of having authors' names at the beginning of each article, they are found at the beginning of this issue. So if someone wrote an article about how liberal arts are dumb, you would have to kill everyone whose name appears on the previous page (for future reference, I probably wrote that).

Our organization has an open membership; anyone can contribute anything they want any time we print an issue. We have had contributions from students, faculty, and staff. President Hundert regularly sends contributions, but most of them are too profane and vulgar even for our tastes. Our e-mail address is athenian@cwru.edu.

We are still in need of a faculty advisor. Ms. Medley is the advisor for Case Mediaboard, and is more of a temporary solution to our advisor problem. Once again send an e-mail to athenian@cwru.edu if interested.

Well I told you it would be boring. Next issue, I'm sure I'll write about things like baby-fueled puppy-smashing machines and automatic chainsaw cannons. But for now you must wait.

The Athenian's Mission Statement

The Athenian is committed to enhancing the values of the community. With this outlook, we plan to integrate for the benefit of the learning society integrity diversity community integration society community diversity.



A snapshot of our recent staff meeting

CASE SHOWS MIND CONTROLLING EFFECTS OF LOGO AS CLEVELAND INDIANS FLOUNDER.

As most people in the city of Cleveland know, the Indians are on the brink of making it to the playoffs and by the time this gets printed, they may be in the playoffs. If you don't know this, pick up the *Observer* and try to find something about this buried in the extensive sports section. For those not in the know, the *Observer* is the weekly publication that's about 14 pages of sports, 6 pages of mindless drivel, and maybe half a page of respectable journalism. However, what the *Observer* won't tell you is that Case is plotting the downfall of the Indians and ultimately wants global domination.

...6 pages of
mindless drivel...

After watching every Indians game on television, it became clear how Case was the "Trojan Horse" (Spartan Horse, if you will) to the Indians. Sure, it seemed like a fantastic idea when the university agreed to let the Indians work out at Veale. In return for the athletic facilities, Case asked for a simple advertisement at Jacobs Field behind the home plate (and probably a big wad of cash that went to that gay-ass sidewalk). But that reciprocation would ultimately lead to one of the worst decisions in Indians history.

Indians pitchers have a 158.78 Earned Run Average whenever the Case ad is behind home plate. Apparently the disconnectedness of the administration to the students, or whatever the hell that is supposed to mean, perplexes the Indians, and it's not just the pitchers either. Batters are averaging a measly .069 as the Case ad laughs in their face. *The Plain Dealer*, the *Observer*—nobody is blowing this story into the open because they're all afraid of what Case will do to them.

President Hundert is seriously trying to devastate anyone in his path. It's no wonder that the Vice Presidential debates were held here last year. It was to bring a national audience to Case where the mind-controlling logo could be exploited. The Indians' poor performance, Republicans getting re-elected, development of Weapons of Mass Destruction—they're all demonstrations of the apocalyptic power held by Case.

Big brother is watching us too. Hence everything in the new dorms is card activated. And that new International Center for Ethics and Excellence, that's totally a front for something. Case students have been quite excellent without that center and this is certainly the last place on earth you'll find ethics. So what is it really going to be? This writer believes it's either the new nerve center for tracking all students like Orwell's *1984*, or perhaps it's some sort of evil laboratory where President Hundert will threaten the United Nations with his sharks with lasers attached to them. As students, our only hope is that Hundert goes with the latter and succeeds in world domination so our degrees become globally-renowned rather than Ohio-renowned.

**Big Brother is
watching us too.**

BY YOUR POWERS COMBINED...

World hero from the early 90's Captain Planet is now making a comeback with a new environment protection project. Mr. Planet became frustrated after his last attempt made him a celebrity, but failed to help clean the earth. "It's been difficult for me to really know how to react to something like that. Being a celebrity is the last thing that I want, but I suppose it's one of the only ways to really make a difference." His new campaign, "Don't Think I Won't Break Your Sorry Ass," or "DTHIBSA" (pronounced de-thib-sah) uses both his celebrity status and his unique abilities to promote wellbeing for the earth in general. When asked to summarize his project, he had this to say, "Hrm... I'm largely trying to keep this project a surprise. I feel that media hype is all well and good for movies, or business ventures, but this is more of a project of love. If I had to make one statement about DTHIBSA, I think it would be this, though: Listen up, folks. I'm through dicking around here. I see you littering, I'll fucking kill you."

Mr. Planet's announcement has been met with a mixture of curiosity and abject terror from both general populace and elected officials. Senior Physicist of MIT fame Ryan Colsher had this to say when posed with the question of whether Mr. Planet ability to 'fucking kill' us all was exaggerated, "Jesus. He like totally controls the elements. I mean Swamp Thing only controls trees and shit, and look at him. We're totally screwed. I mean... god-damn." Certainly words for thought.

Neither Dr. Blight nor Hoggish Greedly (the only surviving adversaries of the hero in question) were available for comment, but it is rumored that they have no plans to cease manufacture of their most popular products, razed forests and burning wildlife.



Captain Planet spreads the good word

PONDERING THE ETHICS OF CONSENSUAL RELATIONSHIPS

During June of this summer, Case students and faculty received an email outlining the Consensual Relationships Policy here at the university. The complete policy can be found at <http://www.case.edu/finadmin/humres/policies/I-10.html> for those who are interested, but in a nutshell, the policy says that it is unethical to be romantically or sexually entangled with those responsible for evaluating one's performance. This is intended to avoid the practice of sexual nepotism.

However, one is forced to suspect that this policy was originally proposed, not by someone concerned with ethical grading practices, but by some student who was just plain bad at sex. He

...the policy fails to mention anything about the ethics of bestiality.

or she probably attempted to exchange sexual favors for academic ones at some point, but was sufficiently bad in bed that his or her grades were actually lowered. The enraged student immediately went to the administrators and threatened to sleep with them, unless the policy was amended to its current state. Thus the rest of us are punished, prevented from using our doubtless vast sexual prowesses to raise our grades. Curse you, nameless student, curse you forever.

As a side note, the policy fails to mention anything about the ethics of bestiality. Is it ethical for lab animals to exchange sexual favors for preferential feeding or other special treatment? May a PI ethically sleep with a lab animal to ensure that it will return a favorable research result in a given study? And if so, must this arrangement be noted in subsequent publications? Obviously, the policy is incomplete as it stands now. But we will likely have to wait for someone to be really bad at animal sex before this will change. Oh, well.

NASA PLANS \$108 BILLION MISSION TO RETURN TO MOON, FORGOT TO TURN OFF LIGHTS ON LUNAR ROVER IN 1971

NASA has recently announced its plan to return to the Moon by 2018, in a mission that would cost \$108 Billion. The goal of said mission is to finally turn off the lights on the lunar rover which were left on back when it was last parked in 1971 before the battery dies out. "Well, we just got back from the last lunar landing when we realized that we forgot to turn off the lights on the rover", said a NASA spokesperson. "In these days of dwindling budgets we can't afford to call a tow truck if that battery dies so we need to go back up there and turn the lights off." NASA would not confirm if the real reason for the return to the moon is because astronaut Eugene Cernan left a gallon of open milk in the rover and if they don't remove that milk before it spoils the smell would be impossible to remove.

Something funny could have gone here.
Instead, there is white space. Send
submissions to athenian@case.edu

GRIME MINER

Once upon a time, there was a magical kingdom called Gefflin. As most kingdoms do, it had a king. This particular king had a daughter, and her name was Fellisa. She was a beautiful and virtuous maiden, but all was not well within the kingdom.

Fellisa's father had once banished an evil witch, who had sworn revenge. After 20 years of bitterness, she managed to steal the princess away, and forced her to work in the grime mines under the craggy peaks of the Nazradel mountains. For years and years, she was forced to work, the toil slowly draining from her the beauty that she once had, but she knew that someday, she would escape and return to her loving father.

When the time for escape came, she broke for the surface, and ran as fast as she was able. The witch's Grofflings chased her miles, chanting "GROFF GROFF GROFF! Back to work you'll go!" but the princess was able to hide in the trunk of a hollowed oak on the outskirts of her father's kingdom. As she returned, she thought of the lovely things that she would do and say to everyone she had not appreciated properly before the ordeal.

When she got back to the palace, she begged the guards to let her see the king, but they could not recognize her as the young girl she once was. She had become old before her time, and had a hump on her back from the labors in low tunnels. Eventually she begged so hard and so desperately that they threw up their hands; if the hag wanted to see the king that badly, then so help her for wasting his time.

As she approached the king's throne, he stared down at her, and wondered where he had seen this strangely familiar but completely ugly face before. She fell at his feet and sobbed how thankful that she was to be back in the castle finally, surrounded by people who loved her. And as she embraced the king, he saw through the dirt and the filth to what she truly was. A grime miner. He had her put to death immediately, and went back to amusing his younger daughter.

THE END.

This is what white space looks like. It haunts our dreams and devours our souls. It is evil. Help us destroy the white space by sending us funny things. You, gentle readers are our only hope. Don't let the white space consume us all.

athenian@case.edu

THE ATHENIAN IN TIME: JANUARY/FEBRUARY 2003

Why can't ZBT fix their fucking sidewalk? I think this every time I walk past the so-called "Powerhouse of Excellence." There is no doubt they are a powerhouse, they have about 200 brothers crammed 4 and 5 at a time into rooms made for 2 and sleep on beds nailed to the walls. On a tour of the ZBT house back in my less-wise freshman days when I had yet to realize that Greek life is the devil incarnate, I was told the story of how two brothers were dicking around (read: being blatantly homosexual) and they accidentally crashed through a wall into a small cavern behind the wall. Then I was told that this crevice was where some lucky brother now slept. WHAT KIND OF STORY IS THAT??!! Are they proud of the fact that they can make extra space by being stupid?

Back to the real point of this article, fix your goddamn sidewalk douche-bags. There are eight hundred of you mother fuckers, just go outside one afternoon and one third of you bang your thick skull against the old sidewalk till it breaks up into smaller pieces. Another third can carry the pieces away and the rest of you can mix the new concrete and pour it. There you go, all done. Then people wouldn't have to walk through your beautiful unused volleyball court to get around the huge-ass puddles in front of your "Excellent" house.

Look! As of this semester, they fixed their fucking sidewalk! Jesus!

DRUGS

MY ANTI... OH WAIT...

SHUTTLE TO LAUNCH IN 'SAFE' MODE

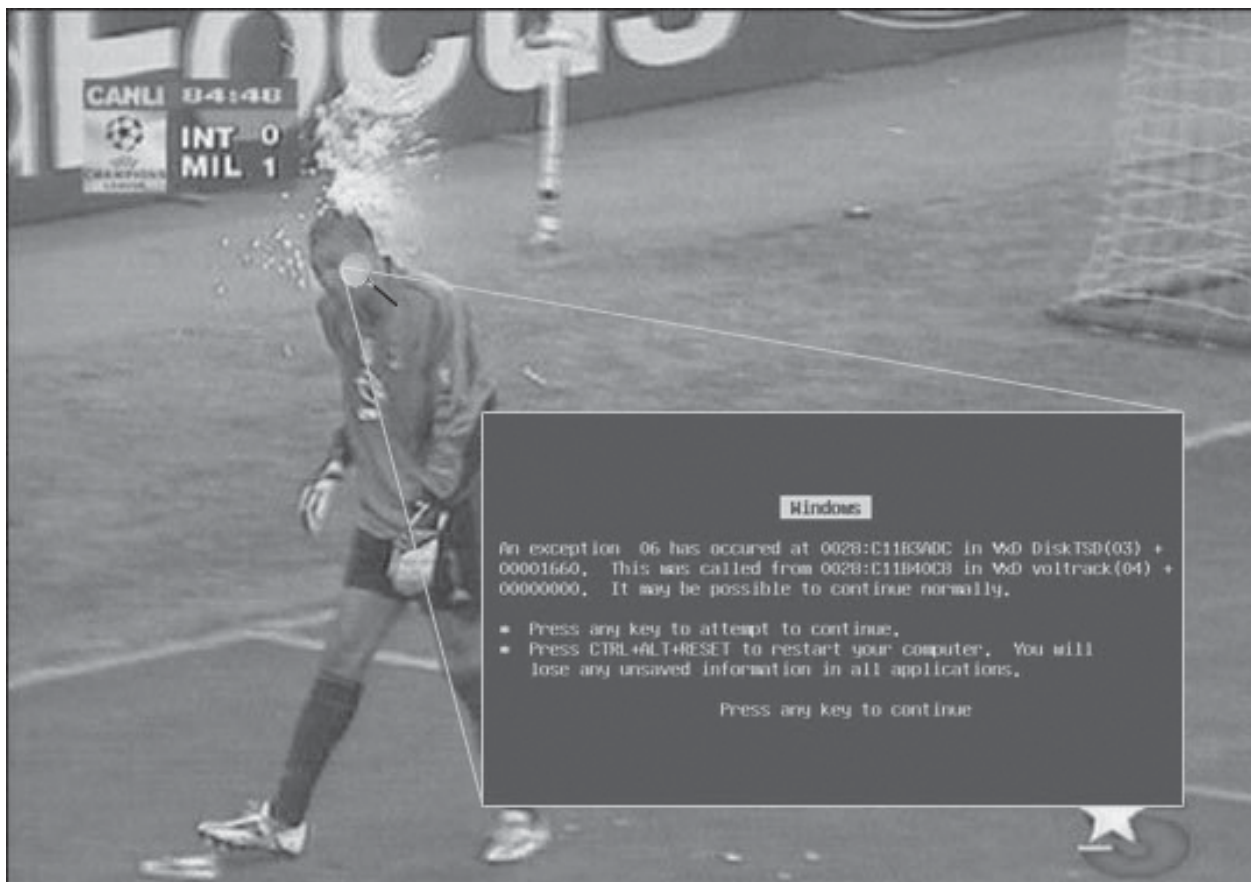
(Cape Cadaver, Some Sunshine Mainly Hurricanes State- PI Wire) NASA officials at the Kennedy Space Center, frustrated at the latest setbacks in their recently-released version of the Space Shuttle, have announced that their next attempt will be with the Shuttle in 'safe' mode. "We want everything to be as safe as possible," said NASA spokeswoman Shirley Ugest. "By turning off all nonessential systems we will minimize any annoying or embarrassing hang-ups in the startup process."

NASA has been frequently criticized by detractors over trying to do extremely complex things that are not completely foolproof and without complete assured safety of everyone involved. It is the agency's belief that by launching in safe mode they will eliminate these critics, as no one pays attention to the times the launch is successful.

In order to launch in 'safe' mode, all the Shuttle systems will first be shut down. Then when they are started up again, the Shuttle is told to START>RUN, then to enter 'stsconfig' and say 'OK', followed by "SAFEBOOT, MINIMAL, OK, RESTART."

There will be a few drawbacks to 'safe' mode launch, said Ugest: "Many systems won't run in safe mode, and there will be no access to the Internet." The astronauts will also only see in sixteen colors when looking out the window, she added.

Not everyone was happy with the new turn of events, however. "If NASA starts being successful everyone will start realizing that the space program is cheap change compared to the rest of the excessive spending by the federal government," explained Mr. Rich Shaw, head of the Federal Committee for Superfluous Purposes. "After all, everyone gets so caught up about the funding for the "unsuccessful" space program that they completely forget how much we've already spent in places like Iraq!" When asked to elaborate, Shaw had no comment.



The kind of error message we need to see more of

THE TOP TEN OF THE TOP TEN

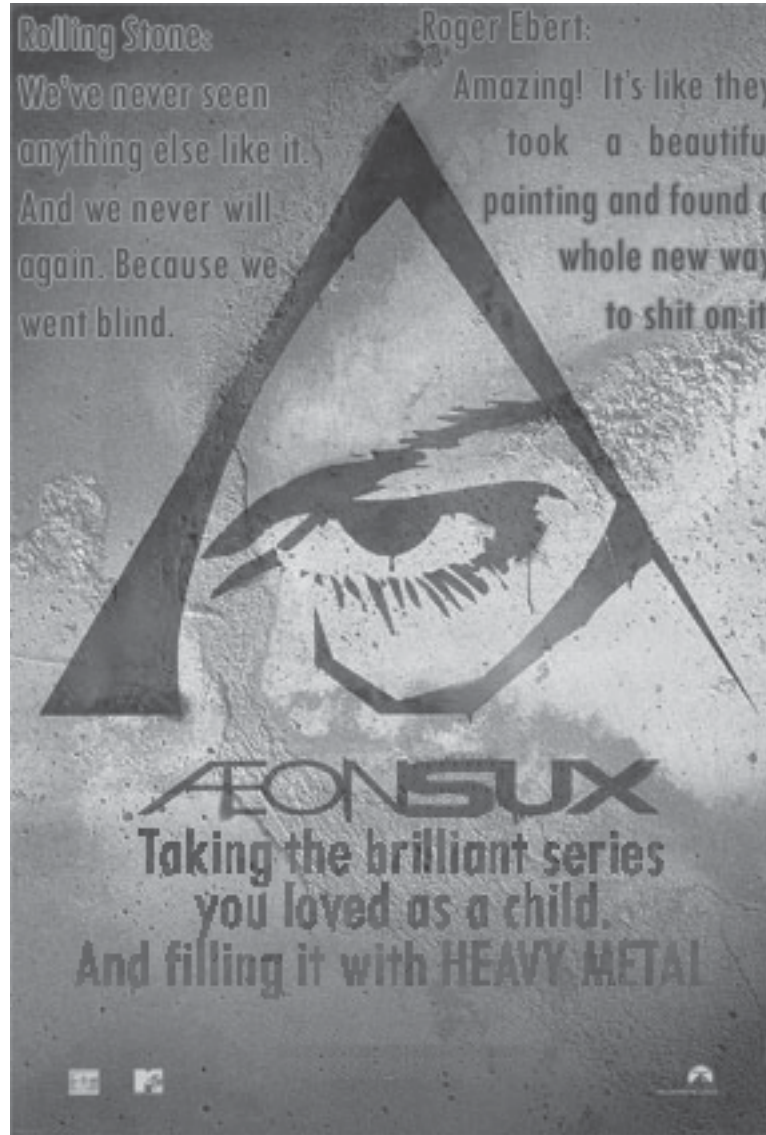
Those of you who have followed the Athenian over the last few years will know that lists are perhaps the most overused cop-out format for articles printed here. If you are new to reading the Athenian, good for you, and you'll know what I mean in a few issues. With this in mind, I have decided to compile a top ten list of top ten lists that would be fun to see in this magazine, but which we are, presumably, too lazy to write.

1. Ten student organizations that we all wish we were in.
2. Ten best excuses when caught plagiarizing.
3. Ten good ways to use all those USG and UPB fliers.
4. Ten fun things to glue to the ceiling.
5. Ten ways to sleep with your professor without violating the Consensual Relationships Policy.
6. Ten uses for a freshman's three-day-old left kidney.
7. Ten ways to write the number ten ten times.
8. Ten reasons to memorize the entire dictionary. In Portuguese.
9. Ten cool things to do with hydrofluoric acid and a parakeet.
10. Ten top ten lists that would be fun to see in this magazine, but which we are, presumably, too lazy to write.



The gigantic floating head of David Letterman says, "JayWalk your sorry ass to a gun store and send that big-chinned son of a bitch to hell."

NOW SHOWING AT STROSACKER!!!



-Wizards of the West Side-



BUSH VOWS TO RENEW “WAR ON POVERTY”

In a press conference today, President George W. Bush announced that the Federal Government would redouble its efforts to eradicate poverty in the United States.

“We saw very clearly in New Orleans that poverty can cost lives. Over a thousand people have died so far because they weren’t rich like me. I just watched all these poor people dying, and I thought ‘Why have I not noticed this before? We have to do something!’ Poverty kills people. Poverty is a form of terrorism, and America does not support terror.”

As Phase One of his plan, Bush has recalled all the Louisiana National Guard from Iraq to man the front in this new war. “The poor people may outnumber us, but we have superior training and technology,” said Col. Reggie Hesselbach of the 103rd Louisiana Reserves. “Our mission here is clear: any person living below the poverty line is part of the problem, and must be eliminated. Poverty is just like homosexuality: it has no place here in America, and it *will* be dealt with severely.”

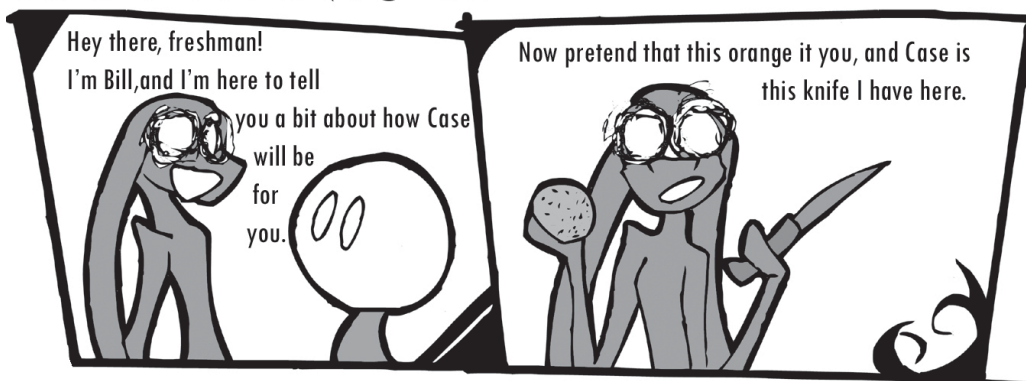
A controversial memo from the White House designates any person living in poverty as an “enemy combatant” and gives military commanders broad authority in “neutralizing the threat to America.” The memo suggests that civilian authorities employ advanced profiling techniques to identify potential poor people, advising police to be “especially suspicious of dark-skinned and foreign peoples.”

Anyone suspected of impecunious tendencies is to be relocated to “poverty-relief plant-stations,” which are being set up in states like Mississippi and Alabama to accept the waves of hurricane refugees. At these plant-stations, refugees and others identified as potentially poor will be given the opportunity to perform unskilled labor such as cotton-picking or tobacco-harvesting in exchange for a cot and a small amount of food. The memo also suggests that, due to the simplistic worldview and limited understanding of many of the workers, supervisors at these plant-stations should not hesitate to “use force to whip workers into shape.”

Responding to criticism from such groups as Amnesty International and the NAACP, Bush said, “We cannot be deterred from our purpose by these radical liberals. Many of America’s Founding Fathers gave work to poor black people; I don’t see what all this fuss is about. America needs to stop these liberal activist judges from handing out rights not explicitly outlined in the Constitution. This is a time when middle- and upper-class Americans need to put aside their partisan politics and unite against our common enemy: poverty and the people who perpetuate it.”

**“Poverty is just like
homosexuality: it has
no place here in
America, and it will be
dealt with severely.”**

HAPPYPANTS BILL



TRY FEMA®!!!

Are you one of millions of people that suffer from the following?

- Excessive wind and rain
- Congested evacuations
- Broken levees
- Housing Shortages

If so, then try FEMA®*! FEMA®, the only agency that promises **fast, fast, fast** relief for refugees/ displaced persons/ people who happen to not be able to go home for weather-related reasons who we are in no way biased against because of their socio-economic status!! We have already had millions of people turn to FEMA®, and many of whom can say they've had actual results!

Unlike other relief agencies you may hear about, FEMA® provides you with a unique blend of inaction, confusion, finger-pointing, direct appeals to God, denial, and incompetence that **GUARANTEE** to relieve your natural disaster problems as well as **NOTHING!!!** Recent research in a controlled setting showed that FEMA® reduced excessive leakage in **FOUR WEEKS** whereas doing nothing would have taken a full **MONTH!!**

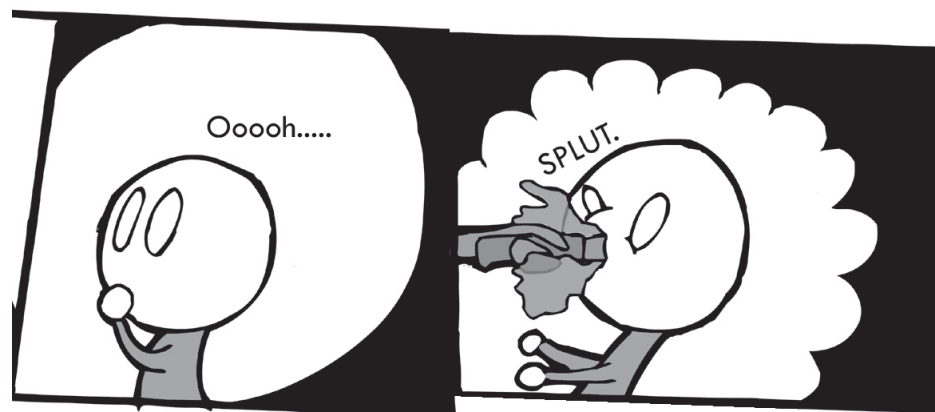
So the next time disaster strikes and you've lost all your worldly possessions, try FEMA®! After all, what have you got to lose?

*(Not affiliated with the American Arabian Horse Association. Well, not anymore.)

C. MONSTER PUBLICLY ANNOUNCES SUPPORT FOR DIABETES RESEARCH

After decades of a decadent lifestyle and sugar abuse, Cookie Monster of Sesame Street fame has come forward and pledged his support for the Foundation for Adult Diabetes cause. To no one's surprise, Mr. monster was himself diagnosed with the disease after having put more sugar through his system than a troupe of fat Dutch boys. After his announcement, Mr. Monster went on to say that he retracted his previous philosophical catchphrase "Me want cookies" with another, more appropriate one; "Cookies are a sometimes food."

...fat Dutch boys...



**NATIONAL SECURITY CLASSIFICATION: TOP SECRET. LEVEL 5 CLEAR-
ANCE ONLY.**

**HOMELAND SECURITY DEPOSITION: CAPTIVE ENEMY COMBATANT,
ALIAS “BOB” (AMERICAN NATIONAL,
SPECIES: TAMIASCIURUS HUDSONICUS); TAKEN 31 JULY 2005,
0200-0400.**

***TESTIMONY OBTAINED UNDER COERCION**

My name is Bob. I stand about ten inches on my hind legs, not including a seven inch tail that is, if I may say so myself, luxuriously bushy. I have nut caches in strategic locations across campus, a shrill cackle that frightens small humans, a mean arm, and intellectual powers that far outstrip the rest of my species, or at least the ones that inhabit my scrounging and hoarding grounds. I’ve achieved control of the local food supplies, and an effective, extremely profitable monopoly in acorn gambling. Being a squirrel of ambition, however, I aspire to nothing less than the complete subjugation of the human creatures that inhabit this area. My plan involves three components, based on my astute division of the enemy into the categories of “university personnel,” “students,” and “tourists.”

I anticipate that following the fall of university infrastructure, students and tourists will easily defeated. Students, absorbed in “books” and “computers,” invest almost no time that I can see in the collection or defense of food stores. They are easy targets, especially in the summer, when they wear floppy shoes that leave their toes exposed. I imagine that roasted student toe will make a succulent addition to my culinary repertoire. Tourists tend to view my fearless guerilla activities as harmless “antics,” laughing when I pelt them with acorns, and finding it “cute” that I will boldly approach their unsecured food, willingly surrendering their lunches. Little do they realize that the covert nature of my training exercises cleverly conceals the vast scope of my campaign, or that I have acquired an insatiable taste for Cool Ranch Doritos and Rice Crispy Treats.

First, though, I must defeat the institution I have code-named “The Man.” This is not so simple, as “The Man” possesses seemingly infinite resources, including a brutal, secretive strike force known as “Plant Services.” Armed with mowers, rakes, shovels, access to a local nursery, and even the occasional backhoe, Plant Services presents a considerable, although not insurmountable, challenge to my domination of the region through wanton destruction of nut caches, destruction of natural camouflage in the name of “tidiness,” and the systematic seasonal alteration of flowerbeds and associated flora. Last year, a devastating surprise attack on their part resulted in the destruction of the best nut-tree on the North Quad. I suspect that in this, and other similar

**“The Man” possesses
seemingly infinite
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as “Plant Services.”**

incidents, Plant Services has enlisted the aid of various mercenary agencies available through the exchange of rather acidic tasting rectangular gray-green leaves. Tourists almost never offer me these leaves.

Most squirrels are – I hate to admit this, but there’s no easy way around it – just plain stupid. They never think ahead of the next nut. Sure, they hoard, but that’s our instinct. They have no greater plans. I alone realize that we must reclaim the campus into a dictatorship – er, *republic* for and by squirrels. At this rate, by squirrel. Me. Bob.

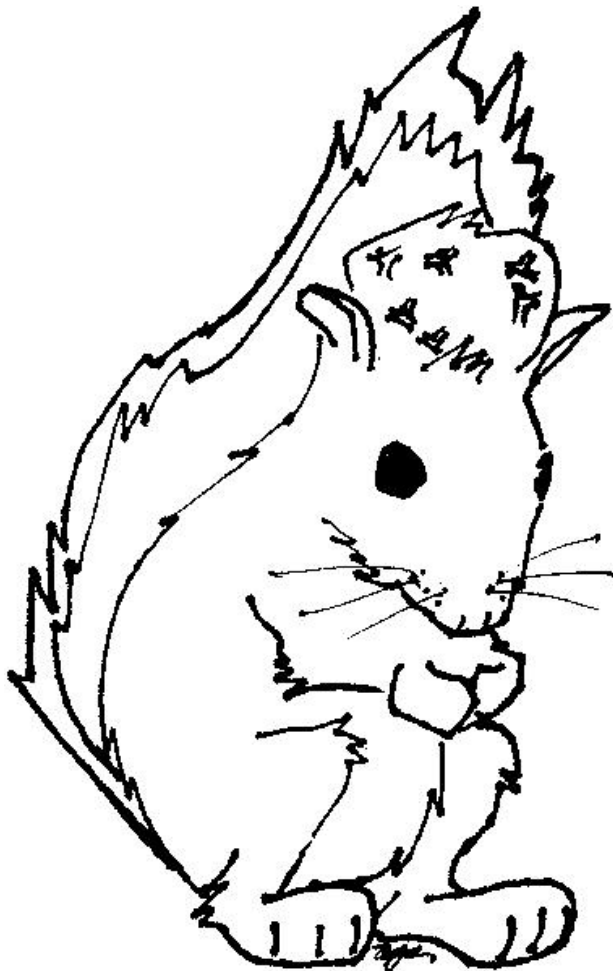
[INTERROGATOR’S NOTE: AT THIS POINT, SUBJECT PROCEEDED TO RANT FOR FULLY ONE HOUR ON THE SO-CALLED “RIGHTS” OF SQUIRRELS. DUE TO THEIR HIGHLY SUBVERSIVE, DISTURBING NATURE, THESE PORTIONS OF THE INTERVIEW HAVE BEEN EXCISED.]

Last week, I made my first major move against the enemy. My objective was the acquisition of a large backhoe, with which I would attack the heavily guarded headquarters of Plant Services. I spent weeks planning the execution of this mission. Initially attempting to match the enemy in squirrel-power, I spent several weeks engaged in inflammatory speech-making at my most popular acorn gambling halls, trying to gain recruits. As I have mentioned, however, the average squirrel has the brainpower and ambition of the average McDonald’s-toting tourist, and I soon resolved to work alone. It became obvious that I would have to obtain a large amount of the gray-green leaves, and then make contact with a purveyor of heavy machinery.

On the morning of July 23, I pelted a small tourist boy with acorns, chattering noisily. Predictably, he and his parents became amused, and then agitated when I began screeching aggressively.

The term “rabid” was mentioned, but I ignored the slur in service of my greater objective, which I soon achieved. After throwing nuts at a non-existent diversionary target, I charged the woman’s purse, knocking it down, clutching her “wallet” in my sharp, delightfully yellow incisors, and breaking for the cover of a glen Plant Services had neglected to mow recently.

When the tourists had fled, no doubt marveling at the ingenuity of the local fauna, I emptied the wallet of the gray-green leaves, dumping the remainder, including a number of small, round shiny objects, in the lair of a local magpie whose services I might one day wish to acquire. To make contact with the machinery company, it was necessary for me to reach their offices. I had tailed Plant Services vehicles on a few of their earlier missions of iniquity, but decided that my destination was best reached under the auspices of a less threatening university entity. I tucked the leaves in one of my spacious cheek-pouches and hid myself in the undercarriage of a deceptively named “Protective Services” vehicle. A lesser squirrel would have feared Protective Services, but all my research indicated that this organization was a clumsy decoy de-



continued on next page . . .

Continued from previous page

signed to hide the real power of Plant Services.

[EXPLETIVE DELETED]

When I arrived at my destination, "Moe's Heavy Equipment Rental," I slipped into the establishment behind a mild-mannered but undoubtedly sadistic suburbanite in Dockers and pastel polo. The place reeked of motor grease. When I reached the counter, I artfully arranged the leaves I had procured so painstakingly on the counter, requesting the largest backhoe available. Following the example of my enemies, I casually mentioned some pesky oak trees that were impeding the maintenance of a

decent tan. I suspect that Moe's employees are somehow related to squirrels, because they barely blinked, taking the money without a background check or inquiring into my license status. Really, I think you should consider prosecuting them for sheer stupidity. Exuberant with the unexpected ease with which I had achieved the first half of my mission, I piloted my weapon back toward campus, and the headquarters of those [EXPLETIVE DELETED] at Plant Services.

[EXPLETIVE DELETED]

To this day, I don't know who ratted me out. I suspect my cousin Vinny, though. That squirrel had been eying my prime acorn gambling parlors for months, and he would be naïve enough to believe the empty promises of the evil goons at Plant Services. I know he can't help it, being a stupid squirrel, but it hurts, man – it hurts!

[EXPLETIVE DELETED]

[SUBJECT TAKES MOMENT TO COLLECT SELF; REQUIRES SEVERAL ELECTROSHOCKS TO CONTINUE COOPERATION.]

I was crossing Lee Road when they pulled me over. The car read "Cleveland Heights Police Department," which must be a covert branch of Plant Services. They rattled off some ridiculous charges involving speed limit violation, operating a vehicle without a license, and "what kind of crazy squirrel is this?"

[EXPLETIVE DELETED]

I'll tell you what kind: a smooth, foxy squirrel like Bob!

They soon realized that they were dealing with a situation way beyond their provincial jurisdiction, however, and it was only moments before the black choppers arrived. I was blindfolded, shackled, and unceremoniously hauled before this military tribunal. In fact, I want to file a complaint. I've sat on enough windowsills and watched enough "Law and Order" to know that this is [EXPLETIVE DELETED]. I want a lawyer! What about my rights?! This is a sham, you hear me!

[SUBJECT BECAME VIOLENT AND HAD TO BE SUBDUED. IN THE INTEREST OF SECURITY, DEPOSITION DELAYED UNTIL SUBJECT CAN BE PROPERLY CONTROLLED.]

ARTICLES WE ARE TOO STUPID TO WRITE

Statistics Department Replaced With Graphing Calculator

Local Criminal Takes Bite Out of McGruff At Local Chinese Restaurant

White Blood Cells Obliterate Black Plague; NAACP Outraged

Scotty Joins Enterprise's Skeleton Crew

Family Weekend Offers Glimpse Of Case: Parents Pull All Nighter To Do 6 Hours Of Statics Homework, A P2 Lab, And A SAGES Paper.

Baker Walkway Still a Gigantic "1"

WHERE COLUMBUS DIDN'T GO

In my first few weeks, as a freshman at Case Western, I've come to realize the true, deeper meaning of life. It's not philanthropy or economy, it's not improving yourself or dominating at sports, no, hell no, it's girls. I've come to this reasoning in light of the fact that I haven't found any here.

Back in Kentucky I took them for granted, I would have to put on boots, kick open the door, and wade through piles of broads. Here I look high, I look low, I look under chairs, behind refrigerators, in cellars and Strosacker, but alas, there's no sign, no feminine foot print, occasionally a tampon.

You guys out there may believe that what you see are the maidens of lusty Ol' Venus, but don't be fooled, don't be cuckolded, they're in fact unflinching, unfeeling statues. Stone fucking cold. Oh, you can muster your courage and try to hablar ingles with one of those fanged gargoyles, but the candy apple lips you see are a lie, a lie upon granite, a lie upon a hollow tomb.

You rap your knuckles on the sepulcher and what do you hear? "An echo," you say. "There must be something inside." So you get your chisel and delicately tap off her concrete garb, but dagnabbit, it's bed rock underneath. "Yeah," you say, "this can be cracked. I just need to call up my friend Bob the Builder." After a couple of hundred beers he's wasted enough to think lending you his jackhammer is actually a good idea. In parting, in his drunken stupor, he tell you to stay safe, use protection, wear a hard hat.

Right! Now you're ready! You rev up that jackhammer, you get 'er primed, you make such a commotion the whole school turns up to find out what the dealio is, you've got an audience.

The moment of supreme truth has crash landed. You take your tool and ram it upside that mother. You're going like a maniac, chips of rock are flying left and right, the crowds going wild, and you're a screaming crazy man, a philosopher, an explorer, a regular Aristotle.

And it's all over in two seconds, two filthy seconds of adrenaline rushing excitement. You break inside, you throw off your hat and tool, get your spotlight, and take a gander inside. After clearing out the crocodiles, bear traps, bats, snakes, and cobwebs, in the inner, most recess of the chest cavity, resting in the spot where any normal human's heart would be, you find an old, shrunken, shriveled prune.

APOCALYPSE OCCURS IN VIRTUAL WORLDS LAB, BILLIONS OF VIRTUAL PEOPLE PRESUMED VIRTUALLY DEAD

Billions of virtual people living in the virtual world of the Virtual Worlds Lab have been presumed virtually dead following a series of apocalyptic events caused near total destruction of virtually existent realities. Authorities are searching for suspects in this virtually cataclysmic event. The virtual public is warned that this virtual act of destruction may be the beginning of a reign of terror upon any surviving virtual communities.

Initial reports have indicated that what appeared to be an initial divide by zero error compounded into a vortex of absolute destruction which spread from virtual world to virtual world. The billions of virtual inhabitants across these virtual worlds were rendered virtually dead as the very virtual essence of the virtual world vanished under the virtual error.

Virtual authorities are advising the virtual public to be on the virtual lookout for two virtual suspects believed to be virtually under-caffeinated virtual computer science students. They are believed to be armed with virtual knowledge that allows them to create virtual weapons of mass virtual destruction on virtual whim.

ATHENIAN'S GUIDE TO THE UNDOING ALL OF REALITY

In this day and age people get depressed and when people get depressed they think of ways to undo all of reality so that all that exists does not. The problem comes from developing effective methods to perform the undoing of reality effectively. Not to worry poor soul! We here at the Athenian have come up with a number of suggestions to cause total and utter destruction of the universe! To help you along, we have rated each method in two categories: feasibility and enjoyment. Feasibility refers to the overall potential to actually accomplish that particular method. Enjoyment refers to the amount of 'fireworks' and general flashiness of the method. After all, who says that undoing existence must be drab?

Method 1: Convince everyone that they in Fact Do Not Exist

Quite simple go around to everyone with conscious thought and convince them that they do not exist and are merely imagining that they exist. Or they are really jellyfishes or something dreaming and a giant boot is about to step on them. With so many media delivery mechanisms available for use this method seems possible. However, it practical testing of this theory has found that the typical response to being told that one does not exist is a short explicative profane word followed by departure of the subject. Also getting reality to end by making everyone not think they really exist is fairly dull in the end.

Feasibility: 4/10

Enjoyment: 2/10

Method 2: Giant Black Hole of Doom

This method basically involves making a very, very big black hole to do whatever black holes do to reality. If it is even possible to make a very, very big black hole. We recommend finding some physics majors and bugging them until they reveal all of their secret equations on the matter. If this fails, what you need to do is forget the black hole part and build a giant gravity eating machine. Bonus points and considerable enjoyment factor if you power this machine by billions of hamsters.

Feasibility: $(3+4j)/10$

Enjoyment: $(e^n)/10$

Method 3: Millions of Monkeys Pounding on Millions of Typewriters

If millions of monkeys pounding on millions of typewriters will eventually produce Shakespeare, we can then conclude that millions of monkeys pounding on millions of typewriters will produce a comprehensive and easy to understand guide to the undoing of all of reality. Or random letters and numbers smeared across a very large amount of paper. In the process, you will need to invade every banana producing country and force them to produce even more bananas to feed your monkey typewriter army. Plus with that many banana peels you can have hours of fun setting up banana traps on slippery floors. Fun for all involved!

Feasibility: MONKEYS!/10

Enjoyment: BANANAS!/10

Method 4: Replace Schrödinger's Cat with a Pie

Take Schrödinger's Cat. Place it in the box. Remove it from the box when people are not observing it. Put a yummy pie in the box in place of the cat. Ask people if Schrödinger's Cat is alive or dead. When they observe the cat they will instead find a pie. Watch as their heads explode. Repeat. Eventually, ask the universe. Watch as the universe's head explodes. Laugh merrily and eat your delicious, delicious pie. Hurray for delicious, delicious pie. We recommend avoiding destroying the ice cream part of reality so that you can eat delicious, delicious ice cream with your delicious, delicious pie.

Feasibility: Meow?

Enjoyment: Yummy!

**Hurray for
delicious,
delicious pie.**

If you have any comments about the methodology here or wish to add a method we overlooked, please send us commentary via the contact address presented near the beginning of this literary magazine. Once again, we here at the Athenian wish you the best of luck in your future undoing the future!

CLASS DESCRIPTIONS FOR SAGES COURSES

With the "awesome" record number of incoming freshmen this year, the College of Arts and Sciences is scrambling to find professors to teach SAGES classes. Here are a few of the last-minute additions:

Thinking About the Social World: How to Succeed in Liberal Arts

Students in this class will learn the essentials for success in liberal arts classes. Topics covered include mindlessly agreeing with classmates during discussion, passing off summaries of what you read last night as meaningful participation, and convincing your professor that you care about the subject. How to Succeed in Liberal Arts is cross-listed as every other SAGES course.

The Life of the Mind: Terri Schiavo

This course emphasizes the lack of critical thinking involved with current events, the news media, and politics. Frequent guest lectures form the basis of student learning. Highlights include "The Art of Television Diagnoses" by Bill Frist, "She Died for a Noble Cause" by George W. Bush, and "George W. Bush is in a Persistent Vegetative State" by Michael Moore. This course will adopt a lenient grading scale; anyone with half a brain will receive an A.

Senior Capstone: Your College Career

Students in Your College Career will be required to write a dissertation chronicling their academic pursuits at Case. Students will start with their freshman year aspirations to earn two Bachelor of Science degrees while taking pre-medical classes. Then comes the sophomore year switch to a Bachelor of Science in Biomedical Engineering and the subsequent decision to turn away from medicine. Junior year brings a change to a Bachelor of Arts in Biology, then the narrative will wrap up with the student earning a Psychology degree.

Descansa En Paz
Ignacio "Doc Oc" Ocasio
1952-2005



*You made Introductory Chemistry hilarious;
it is a shame you could not have worked your
magic with The Athenian.*

You will be missed.

-The Athenian Staff