

November 2005 Issue 24

NATIONAL ATHENOGRAPHIC

HUNTING &
KILLING ISSUE

**ANNOYING
ANIMALS** Can we kill
them all?



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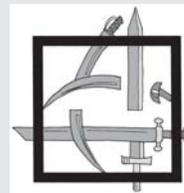
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Proud member of the Case Media Board since forever.



The Athenian

“A person without a sense of humor is like a wagon without springs, jolted by every pebble in the road.”

—Henry Ward Beecher

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This Is Not Going to Be About Anything

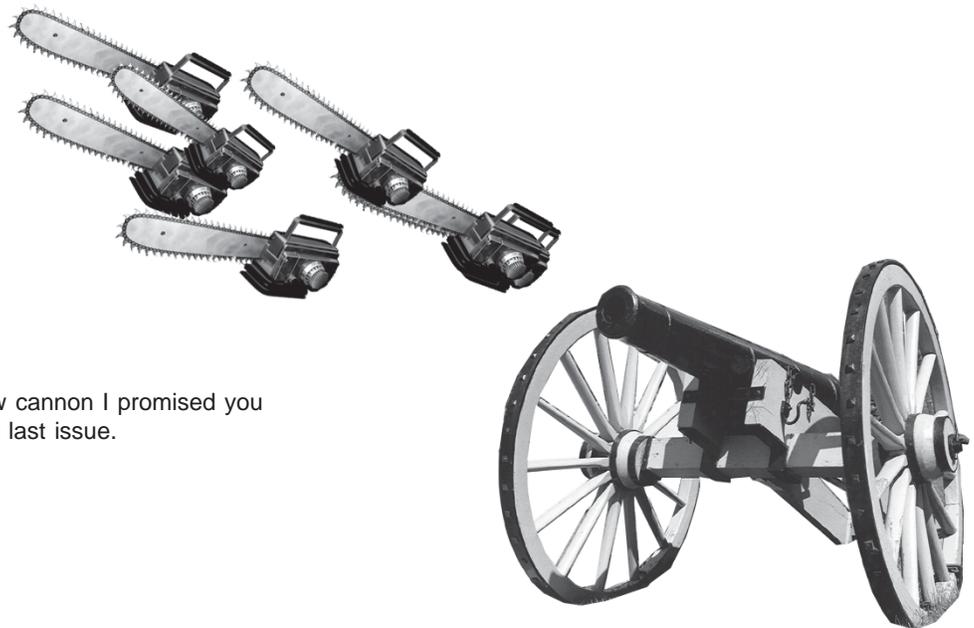
It turns out that driving three hundred miles for a med school interview in the middle of midterms week does quite a bit to destroy your mind.

So the White Sox won the World Series. As a life-time resident of Cleveland, I can say that I hate Chicago. Not because of our sports rivalries; rather Clevelanders in general are naturally good at hating. We hate Canada because they suck. We hate Pittsburgh because hey, *we're* the dirtiest town ever; don't even try to compete with us. We hate the South, and we hate southern Ohio. Anything outside Cuyahoga County is pretty much a member of the Confederacy.

Steroid scandals have rocked the world of Major League Baseball. In my opinion, we should encourage the use of steroids. The only thing better than a gigantic, muscular affront to God hitting home runs every at-bat is two teams of gigantic, muscular affronts to God participating in a bench-clearing batfight.

Recently the Wright State School of Medicine changed its name to the Boonshoft School of Medicine because some guy with a really odd last name donated \$28 million to the school. Right after I make my first \$28 million, I'm going to change my last name to "Douchebag" and donate the money to a business school.

I hope this was as much of a learning experience for you as it was for me. I'll try not to smoke as much crack as I usually do when writing these things in the future. Or maybe I'll smoke more crack.



And there's the chainsaw cannon I promised you guys in the last issue.

Ohwwhuv#wr#wkh#Hglwru

Dear Athenian,

Last year, I wrote to you with a plea for support for the most misunderstood population on campus, the squirrels. This year, I write you once more in a time of great uncertainty and fear.

In your last issue, the squirrel community was both saddened and heartbroken to learn of the arrest of one of our most glorious leaders, Bob the squirrel. We believe that the confinement of squirrels as enemy combatants is in violation of national animal rights treaties and a travesty against nature. Our sources have leaked to us that captured squirrel's are subject to long periods of confinement in small cages filled with dangerously pointy woodchips where they are forced to drink out of metal tubes attached to small upside-down water bottles. This kind of treatment must stop!

We have captured one of your men known as "Fat Surfer" and transported him to an undisclosed location. It has become clear to us that he must be one of your great leaders after you foolishly glorified his image on flags and banners. We suggest that "The Man" release Bob before the Fat Surfer's head is bitten off, buried for the winter, and forgotten.

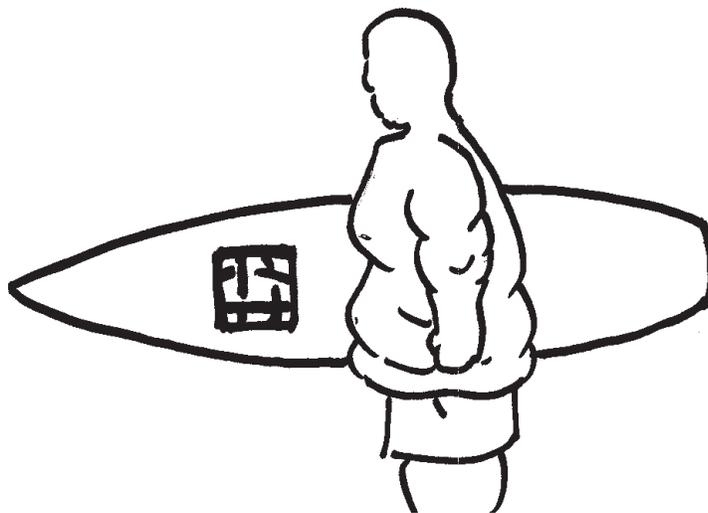
*Sincerely,
Sadie Squirrel*

Dear Ms. Squirrel,

While I feel a certain degree of compassion for the squirrel population on campus, I am more overcome by apathy. Squirrels aren't people; they aren't even midgets. Chipmunks fly further when you golf them, and raccoons make a more amusing "squish" when you drop them off of buildings. I say if you want to make peace with humans on campus, stop throwing acorns at us when we walk under your nests.

I believe that your story of the Fat Surfer's capture is a hoax; here is an actual photograph of the Fat Surfer taken two days after we received your letter:

Signed,
Athenian



[Dear awesomest humor magazine ever,]

In your "Guide to Undoing All of Reality" [from the previous issue], you forgot one method [of total destruction] that I can think of...

The infamous time travel paradox. Basically, you go faster than the speed of light, which means you're going back in time. Or just use a flux capacitor and a DeLorean for added style points... Go back a few thousand years, change some historically significant event such that the world would no longer exist in the present. Of course then you wouldn't be able to exist either, so you couldn't have changed the past...which means the world wasn't destroyed, you do exist and thus did change the past... The end result is an infinite loop of indeterminate reality, and reality as we know it is destroyed. A bonus to this method is that you're left with that warm tingly sensation of paradoxical half-existence across all time...at least until the universe implodes or something. [Editor's note: smiley emoticon removed] Have a nice day!

There are several more fun and exciting methods to destroy the world, reality, the universe, and space-time in general... but to find out more you'll need to buy my book, "42! Ways to End the World for Fun and Profit," soon to be released in hardcover, paperback, and a simplified pocket version for easy portability.

Jonny Hall

Mr. Hall,

Do you know how much effort is needed to create 1.21 jigga-watts of power? Those kind of resources are prohibitive to most people.

We look forward to your upcoming book, provided it's fireproof, waterproof, and able to withstand an attack from zombie Douglas Adams when he tries to eat your brain for copyright infringement.

[smiley emoticon]

The Editor

Policies Regarding Letters to the Editor

The Athenian strongly encourages members of the campus community to send letters to the editor. However, we reserve the right to edit your letter in any way we see fit, in ways including (but not limited to) editing spelling and grammatical errors, changing correct spelling and grammar to make it seem like the writer is an idiot, changing the letter into a madlib, forwarding it to the Office of the President and Provost, setting it on fire, or changing its main ideas. All letters received will appear in the next issue.

Wzr#Fdpsxv#Jurxsv#Fkdqjh#Qdph#Wr#Ilw#Lq1

The Software Center and the Athenian have recently changed their names because they don't make witty acronyms like SAgES (Students Against Everything Stupid), ACES (Another Crappy Educational System), or WiSER (Wookies in Space Eating Rutabagas). The Software Center has changed its name to Auxiliary Reinforcing Material Pertaining to Informational Technology Services or ARMPITS. Their website has been changed and Perceptis believes this is a great idea, yet again proving that Perceptis has its head placed squarely up its ass. Perceptis's ass declined to comment.

The Athenian has also changed its name to the Organization Being Silly, Erroneous, Very Comical, And Nerdy for Students Under Case's Kingly Tyranny or the OBSErVerCANSUCKiT.

The entire Athenian staff, now the OBSErVerCANSUCKiT staff, approved of this name change at their last meeting immediately after figuring out how to put the Phallic Fountain into the front doors of the KH Smith building and laughing like schoolchildren.

WRUW, UPB, and USG are campus groups who desperately need help making themselves a real acronym. WRUW is willing to have someone come up with a different name or put words to WRUW and, as a prize, are offering tickets to Supagroup. In fact they'd offer a prize to any student who could tell them what frequency WRUW operates on. UPB was busy doing absolutely nothing, but declined to comment worrying that it will require effort. USG put it up to a vote with the 4 representatives there for the night and they decided that "USG" really was a word. I hate those morons.



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At a recent physics conference somewhere, various high-end, nose-in-the-air-type physicists showed off their most recent developments in the field of extra-dimension theory. This conference, being the largest of its kind in recent memory, also had a much stronger gravitational field than any of its kind in recent memory. Hot-shot Dr. Guy from MIT kindly made sense of his new theory: "Well, at first, I just wanted to come to this conference for the food, but then I realized that I had to present something. So I just kind of made up some math, and based my new number of necessary dimensions on the number of people in attendance, which is sufficiently big and bewildering." Following his talk, Dr. Guy noticed that most attendees were sufficiently bewildered, and considered it a success.

Among those at the conference was CWRU's very own Dr. Alsoguy. He thinks Dr. Guy's theory is just another fad, soon to fade away, like classical mechanics. "Well, it's really just a bunch of crap," claimed Dr. Alsoguy. Mathematicians don't seem to care, either.

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The NAACP released a statement today demanding that the astronomical community change the names of “black holes” to “holes of color.”

“We feel the use of the word ‘black’ strongly narrows the message of the name,” the statement said. “We recommend the term ‘holes of color’ be used instead because it will embrace celestial objects of all hues. Unless they’re white, of course.”

Reactions from the astronomical community have been mixed. “I think it would be great to add another layer of complexity to the random stuff astronomers do already,” explained Dr. Bode Titus. “I mean we are forever using random units and names that no one has a clue about already. Why not add another layer of randomness to the many archaic ones in place that are definitely not needed?”

Other astronomers, however, have already dismissed the request due to perplexity in why the demand is there in the first place. “They’re called black holes because no light can escape from them. That’s why they’re black,” stated Dr. Hertzprung Russel on behalf of the American Astronomical Society. “I mean I guess we could call them holes of color but they’re going to be black no matter what you call them.”

“This is exactly the kind of response we’d expect from the Establishment,” retorted the Reverend Jesse Jackson on behalf of the NAACP. “Yet again a field dominated by old white guys is using a dismissive put-down to oppress the blacks by saying they can never

break free of the negative connotations that these words have. Why, I wouldn’t be surprised if those astronomers called those holes far worse things behind their backs and were secretly getting their grant money from the KKK. No wonder the Bush administration is increasing money for NASA! I bet they were paid off to get that hurricane to hit New Orleans.”



**This man is behind you.
He has been following you.
For years.
Every time you stumble,
he gets one step closer.
Every time you fail, he
gains ground.
Eventually . . .**

He will catch you.

Once upon a time in a far distant land, there lived a very mighty, powerful king. This king had a name and everything, but because this is in fairy tale format, he will simply be known to us as “the King.” Please do not confuse him with Elvis. The king had not had a pleasant life. You see, the King had left all of his land to the next king, which left our king with nothing. He tried to steal the crown from the king, his brother, but that proved futile. However, the king was then killed in battle, and so our king became the King.

The King turned out to be a terrible, twisted individual. There’s also the distinct possibility that he was a warlock, but primary sources from this time period are limited. The King did many terrible things to his people such as increasing the taxes and battling a key religious figure, who for the purposes of our story shall be referred to as a wizard. The wizard cast a spell on the whole of the Far Distant Land that made all the villagefolk unable to marry or be christened. This frightened them because if they were to die without being christened, they would clearly burn in the fiery pits of hell.

One day, the King finally confronted the wizard. “You have got to stop casting my bloody villagers into Hell,” he declared forcefully. “Who am I going to tax if they’re all damned?”

The wizard was busy shoving someone over the craggy precipice and into the lapping inferno, but once he flicked a pauper into the flames, he was able to address the ruler’s concerns.

Uhmhfwhg#Vfkrro#Vslulw#Vljqv

Spectrum: The Opposing Team Is Gay
Spartan Tappers: When The Football Team Loses, They Kick Our Asses First
Case Juggling Club: When The Football Team Wins, They Kick *Our* Asses First
RHA: Turn In Your Goddamn Room Inventories

“I do not ask for much,” he replied in a humble manner. “Go ye forth and bring me an apology—“

“Hark! An apology!” The king chortled merrily at the news. Apologies abound in the Far Distant Land in higher numbers than golden dragon claws or holy relics, so the king reached into his pocket and dusted off the best apology he could find. “I’m sorry.”

The wizard was not amused by this sudden interruption. “*And* I would like to name the Archbishop of Canterbury.”

The King was incredulous. “But I’m the king!” he shrieked.

“Yeah, and I’m the po...uh, powerful wizard.”

The King was not eager to give any of his power to anybody else, and this dispute over the Archbishop of Canterbury was what caused the wizard to lose his composure and start excommunicating people in the first place.

Just as the two opposing powers are charging up their light sabers for a very excellent action sequence, a man in a ridiculous green outfit rides in on a fine steed. “Greetings,” he said, bowing and sweeping off his equally ridiculous hat. “My name is Robin Hood. I rob from the rich and give to the poor. Would you mind telling me your average gross annual income?”

The king clenched his fists in a rage. Robin Hood had been a fond supporter of the king, as in the king’s brother, and always hated the king, our current king. The king, our king, happened to hate Robin Hood because his views of economic equality and the role of government in aiding the poor were bloody communist at worst and socialist at best. Who did this progressive think he

was, anyway?

The powerful wizard was likewise frustrated by the presence of Robin Hood. You see, tithes were very, very fruitful in Ye Olden Day, so if one were going to distribute funds to the poor, and the poor just so happened to often be part of a repressed religious minority forced to pay taxes to the state church regardless of faith, it followed that one should rob those collecting the taxes. "Who does he think he is?" the wizard asked.

"Apparently he thinks he's Robin Hood," the King retorted with a smirk.

"Tell you what. Do you want to banish him from the domain forever, or shall I simply send his soul to the Flaming Pit for an eternal holiday?"

The King's sneering smile only grew. "Why don't we just do both?"

"Sounds good to me, mate."

So Robin Hood was sent to The New World, where he could only steal corn from the locals and distribute it to the squirrels. Thus the King and the wizard made up, and the peasants rejoiced because they were no longer damned. Still, the wizard had no problem saying that he would support any person who attempted to murder our dear, precious King. Unfortunately, most of the heroes were out kissing sleeping women or sleeping with women or just looking for some dragon to slay, so on the beast lived.

That is, until one day a group of very wise men got together and decided that hey, maybe this King guy wasn't such a great dude after all. Since God didn't like them for so many years, maybe He could be the tiniest bit wrong about picking this family to handle the crown. After all, the King had thought nothing of killing his own nephew.

"What can we do?" asked one baron as he readied his battle axe with a slight smile on his face. Surely the blade was sharp enough to split a hair in half, and it was also capable of slicing a king into even smaller bits.

"We can stage a mutiny!" another cried in gleeful response. His eyes shone with the excitement. It was hardly every day that the monarchy got what was coming to it. Besides, regicide sounded tasty.

"I think I have an even better idea," declared the eldest of the lot. His name was Merlin, and he was considered eccentric by most of his peers. However, his age was regarded with the appropriate amount of esteem, and so when he spoke, everyone listened. He spaketh thus:

"What we need to do is hide the king in an abandoned cabin in the woods until he comes to his senses. It'll have to be a tricky place, so none of our property will do. We need to find a sorceress and bid her to cooperate with our acquiescent mission. She shall not refuse us, and within hours of being stripped from his velvet and ermine, the king will see things our way."

A roar of laughter trumpeted the nobles' response to such a ridiculous offer. Merlin reddened beneath his great white beard and gave a most hearty shrug.

"Fine then. If you think I am foolish, so be it. Why don't we just write up a whiny list of petty demands that work in our best interest and then corner the king, forcing him to sign this constitution of sorts into law? That way we can introduce more bureaucracy instead of a powerful monarchy, and all of the corruption shall lie at our feet."

There was silence before a resounding "Aye!" cropped up from all the men. If anyone should have the power and corruption, they reasoned, surely it should be the class that had the money to spend on said corruption. And so it was decided that they would immediately set to work on a list

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Malaysians are not bad Asians.

Continued on next page

Continued from previous page

of firm but fair demands to put forth to the king.

Of course, this was taking place in Ye Olden Times, so no demands could be met without a warring faction on hand. The lords brought together the Knights of the Round Table—or, you know, whomever was on hand to handle this delicate situation—and marched on London. The King did not like this much, but since this was a bit of a revolt, he was powerless as he emphatically cried, “I order you to halt!”

Merlin brought forth a piece of parchment and thrust it before the King. “Read `em and weep,” he commanded as he flopped down the document. As previously stated, he was a strange individual. He produced a quill pen and handed it to his superior.

And so Merlin’s magic made it so that the King was no longer a God amongst men. Instead, he was mortal and had to succumb to the law just like any other mortal.

The following year, the King died.

THE END

Rqh# Dwkhqldq# PhpehuŪv# Dsrørj |

Dear all five of the Athenian readers,

It has come to my attention that some of my recent actions have offended you. While I am normally indifferent to trivial things (such as other people’s thoughts and feelings), the recent attempts on my life have made me think differently. Since I don’t know which one of you bastards has it out for me, I will just apologize to everyone I can think of:

Toni: I’ll pay you tomorrow.

Steve: I didn’t mean to forget that appointment.

The editor: I’ll submit something if you stop trying to run me over.

To that psychopathic jackass that sent a letter to the Observer last month: I was one of those people studying in the library on Saturday.

PETA: I thought baby seal fur coats would be a hit at your convention.

To everyone that heard my last drunken rant on politics, religion, and minorities: I think it speaks for itself.

Your mom: Don’t worry, she knows why.

While I am at it, here are some other things I regret.

Making hobos fight for stale bread.

Letting children play “war” in minefields.

Selling one of my best friends into slavery.

Having sex in other people’s beds without them knowing it.

Sending unbalanced scales to Weight Watchers.

Renaming all my demented porn files to suggest hot lesbian action.

Altering gas station signs to suggest \$1 a gallon.

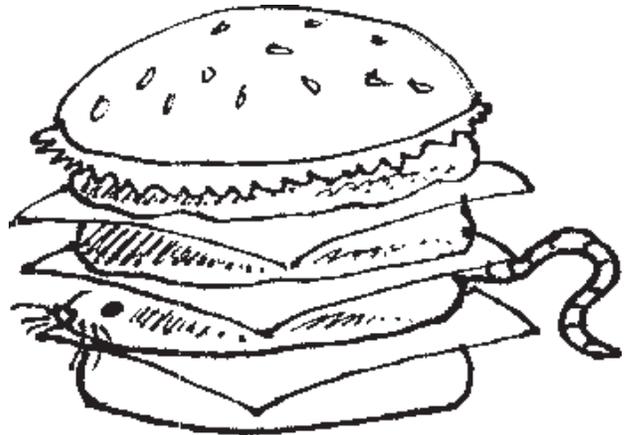
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To Whom It May Concern:

We are sincerely concerned about the quality of the food and food service available at the dining commons on the Case Western Reserve University campus. In particular, we are concerned with the Leutner commons. The food is too good.

We represent a comedy magazine on the Case campus published several times each semester. Historically, food service has been a source of considerable inspiration for our satirical writings. We therefore feel threatened by the recent improvement in food quality. Jokes about the percent dog by weight of hamburgers and about the use of old pancakes in place of certain adhesives are no longer viable sources of humor. But the impact of eliminating emulsified squash bakes and floppy French fries runs deeper than just a loss of jokes on our part. These things are no longer influential common experiences for those who eat in the commons. An import part of our campus community, indeed our campus identity, has been lost along with those gummy tofu nuggets.

We offer our aid in addressing this issue. The strengthening of the campus community through common suffering is very important to us. Therefore, we propose that the gristle content of all burgers ought to be tripled as soon as possible. Some bits of aluminum foil could be added as well, if variety were desired. All pizza slices should be explicitly dipped in grease prior to serving. Unidentifiable and over-fried fish should be served more often, and should likewise be grease-steeped. And most importantly, milk machines should be kept disconcertingly warm at all times.



These are, of course, but a few of the disimprovements that would be easy to make in order to reestablish the vitality of the campus community. We are currently adrift. We have no common enemy on which to focus our frustrations. You, the food service, were once that enemy. You could be again, but not if you keep up your current behavior. You are not yet perfect (and thank goodness for that), but we, the students, are fast running out of viable complaints to launch against your lunch. We know that being an enemy is not always easy, but it is necessary for the solidarity of the campus community. Do not think of yourselves. Think of the children. We know you will make the right choice.

Thanks you for your consideration,
The Athenian

White space killed my family. And my dog. And my girlfriend. And my teddybear.
Help me avenge them.
Destroy the white space.
Please.

Submit to athenian@case.edu

Riilfldo# Dwkhqldq# Plggoh0ri0wkh0Lvvxh# IXQSDJH\$\$\$
(Guaranteed fun. Or we start kicking puppies.)

Fill in the blank funtime!!! This works just like MADLibs, except for the part where MADLibs is copyrighted, so we can't call it that. Forget I ever mentioned it. Just fill in the blanks with the indicated types of words. It's more fun the more creative you are, so go nuts. And by nuts, I mean crazy, wild, fanatical, extreme, and over-enthusiastic. Abuse that thesaurus like it was a(n) _____(thing you would abuse).

Last Monday (at) _____(time of day), I woke up, got out of the _____(piece of furniture) I was sleeping in and ate some _____(food) for breakfast. Then I looked at the _____(object) and realized that I was _____(adverb) late for my _____(class that you take) class. I flew into action! I dressed so quickly that I nearly forgot to put on my _____(article of clothing). I didn't have the time to _____(hygiene-related verb) or even to _____(verb). I was just lucky that I remembered to _____(verb you do to a pet) my _____(animal) before I left. Minutes later I was dashing down the street on my _____(noun). Despite getting waylaid by a(n) _____(occupation) when I failed to _____(verb) at an intersection, I got to class just in time for the _____(adjective) exam at the end. Thank goodness!

That was fun, right? Share your story with all your friends. Now do it again with this story .

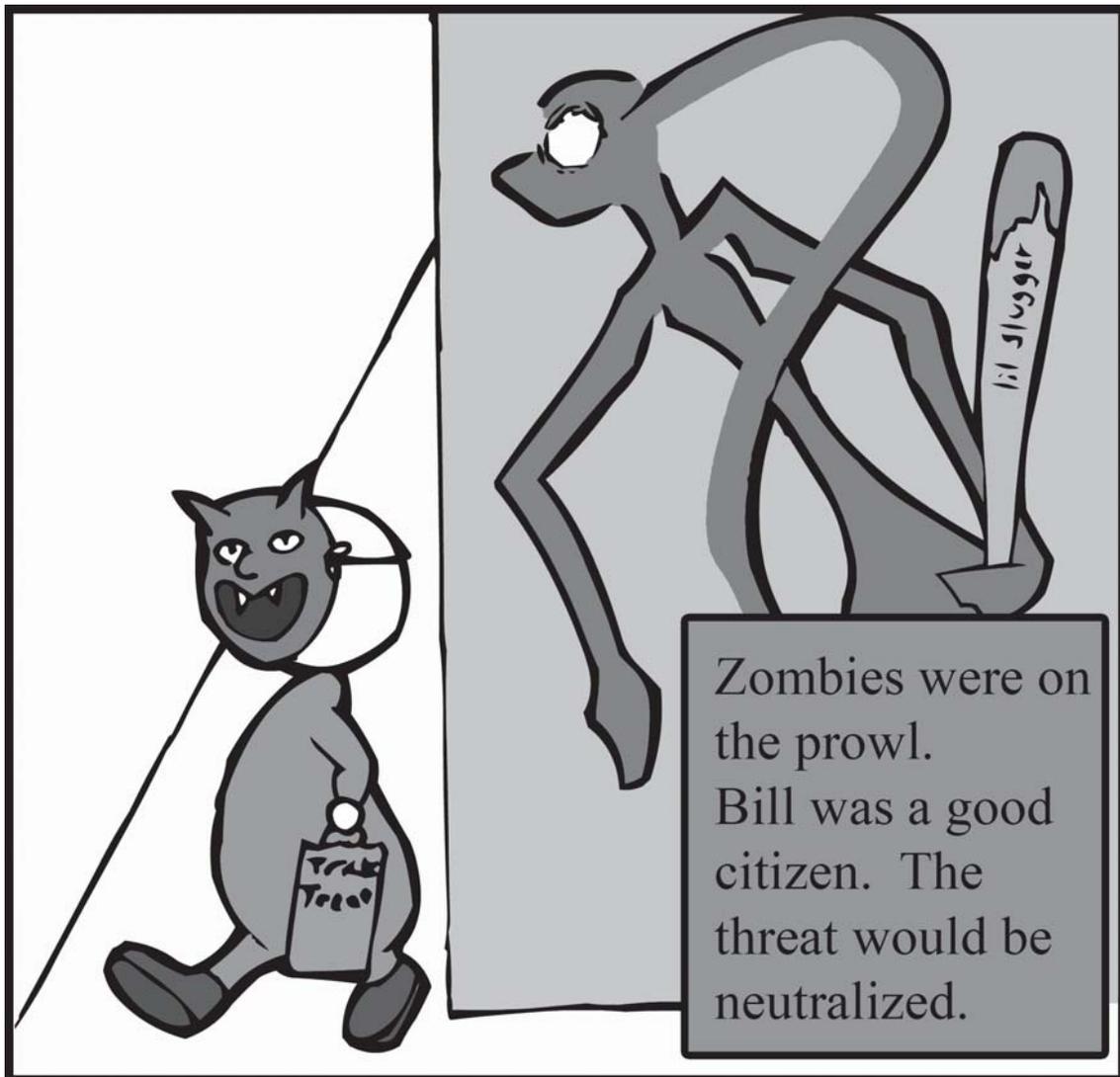
Last Monday (at) _____(scatological time of day), I woke up, got out of the _____(scatological piece of furniture)I was sleeping in and ate some _____(scatological food) for breakfast. Then I looked at the _____(scatological object) and realized that I was _____(scatological adverb) late for my _____(scatological class that you take) class. I flew into action! I dressed so quickly that I nearly forgot to put on my _____(scatological article of clothing). I didn't have the time to _____(scatological hygiene-related verb) or even to _____(scatological verb). I was just lucky that I remembered to _____(scatological verb you do to a pet) my _____(scatological animal) before I left. Minutes later I was dashing down the street on my _____(scatological noun). Despite getting waylaid by a(n) _____(scatological occupation) when I failed to _____(scatological verb) at an intersection, I got to class just in time for the _____(scatological adjective) exam at the end. Thank goodness!

If both of your stories ended up being about the same, you should probably seek some psychiatric help soon. I mean, what kind of sick wacko would think of putting _____(scatological phrase used in your story) in an innocent story about waking up late for class. Jeez. You're messed up. That's just gross.

Klgghq# Slfwxuh# Wlph\$\$\$



Find the following animals in the picture above: walrus, chimpazee, orange, granite, and muffin.



Marcy Dammelkompf closed her issue of *The Athenian* in disgust and threw it at the floor.

“My God, that was so unfunny. I was told this school had some weirdos in it, but I didn’t realize they all wrote for that piece of crap excuse for humor,” she said to herself.

She sat up in bed and looked around her room.

“I hate these new dorms! They were supposedly just built but already I have doors locking when I want them to be open, stains in the carpet, and there is poop where the lights should be.”

“Maybe you should submit a maintenance request or shut the fuck up.”

“Who said that?!” she yelled. There was no one in her room and her door was closed.

“Over here” said the bowler hat on the dresser.

“Ned the Sentient Bowler Hat?! What are you doing here? I thought our adventures had ended long ago!”

“Ah, but that is where you are mistaken, dear Marcy. Our adventures have just begun. It seems that Dr. Chaos is loose and we’re the only bitch-and-hat-adventure-duo left. It’s up to us to put an end once and for all to him.” Ned explained as he hinted to clues for how the rest of the story would go.

“But I’m so old Ned, I don’t even know if I remember how to dance anymore!” whined Marcy like the little bitch she is.

“You won’t need dancing skills where we’re going!”

“Where are we going?” asked Marcy like a little boy in the passenger seat of stranger’s car.

“A Dance-Off....oh yeaaaaah. Let’s go back to the secret hideout, Marcy!”

Marcy put Ned on her head, spun three times, and said those magical words that transport them back to their secret hideout.

“But Mommy! I want three ponies!” and before she knew it, they were there. It was just as she had remembered it. The pretty pink test tubes were lined up on the pretty pink counters while the cages of pretty pink rabbits were lined up on the opposite wall. One of the cages was opened from the back and pretty pink rabbit was pulled out by its hind legs and its pretty pink insides were opened up with a stainless steel scalpel all over the pretty pink washbasin.

“Hernandez!” Marcy barked at the Mexican lab assistant slicing open the bunnies. “How are we coming on the testing?”

FdqŪw# Vwd | #DzdnhB# Wu | # d# Odwh0Q1 j kw
Vwxg | # Mdp\$

The Late-Night Study Jam is a hypercaffeinated beverage which will help you stay up and study for those pesky exams.

Directions:

- 1) Go to Starbucks and get a Venti Café Mocha.
- 2) Go to the Convenience Store in House 3 and buy a 20-ounce Pepsi.
- 3) Drink half the Café Mocha and half the Pepsi.
- 4) Pour the Pepsi into the cup containing the Café Mocha.
- 5) Let it congeal in the fridge for a few minutes (thus creating the “Jam” part of the “Late-Night Study Jam.”).
- 6) Consume and marvel at how you have enough caffeine in your system to explode a buffalo!

“Very nicely, Miss Marcy.” Hernandez replied in his stereotypical British accent. “However, I was wondering if I could maybe have a vacation? I’ve been working everyday for the past 6 years.”

“No! Now show me what you have in the vein of dancing magical shoes. I’ve got a dance competition coming up and we’ve got to win.”

Hernandez led Marcy and Ned to the back of the laboratory. He sat down at a computer desk and began typing furiously. His fingers became a blur of flesh and mustard as they flew over the keys.

“Sorry”, he apologized, “I had hot dogs for lunch.”

He hit the enter key and a giant machine began whirring to life. The ceiling opened up and a robotic arm came down, carrying two dazzling shoes. The shoes were magnificent. They were silvery and lovely and adverbly reflective and seemed to be moving even while just sitting still.

“Perfect,” said Marcy, the way that greedy businessmen do when they see a product before it’s been tested and is therefore destined to fail.

As she grabbed for the shoes, Hernandez grabbed her arm.

“Miss Marcy, please. You have to understand, these shoes are based upon the writings and calculations of the great break-dancer Sir So-Fly McDanceypants. They’ve never been tested in a real-world setting and could prove fatal.”

“You don’t understand, Hernandez. I’ve gotta dance. I just gotta.” And with that she was gone once again. Marcy opened her eyes to find herself in an abandoned warehouse filled with screaming 40-year old men in business suits. It was now or never. She was face-to-face with Dr. Chaos.

“ARE YOU READY TO DAAAAAAANCE?!” screamed a stereotypical cattle-auctioneer.

Dr. Chaos nodded towards the elaborate DJ’s booth that towered above the dance floor. Marcy nodded in that general direction as well.

What followed was the most amazing display of footwork and athleticism that the world had ever seen. Dance moves were poppin left and right like nobody’s bidness. It was off the chain to say the least. When it came to be Marcy’s turn she did a split and somehow both of her legs snapped off. The shoes continued dancing, quite poorly, as one might expect Corky from “Life Goes On” to dance when prompted to by his older classmates, not realizing that they are in fact laughing at him and not with him. As Marcy lay bleeding to death, she smiled. “At least I saved a bunch of money by switching to Geico.”

And there you have it: the story of footwear that aspired to be more and failed horribly.

Look, more white space.
You know what you must do.

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MMORPG (Em-Em-Oh-Ar-Pe-Ge): n. Acronym, now is usage as a proper word in gaming slang. Stands for Massive Multi-player Online Role-Playing Game.

Some guys in my dorm are into this. What is a MMORPG?

That's a loaded question, I mean, if you want to be strictly technical, it's a computer game in which the elements of the game can be manipulated simultaneously and observably by multiple players. But this approach barely does enough credit to the now-fatally-classified commie scientists who labored so hard to create such a game.

Project Milkyway was developed as a method to quell dissatisfied populations. The game consisted of a number of lights that could be turned off and on via a terminal. There were multiple terminals from which the lights would accept commands. The game presented the players with constantly expanded fractal patterns they had to replicate with the lights. When the player completed a pattern, a little yellow light would turn on by him or her. The amount of lights they had, the players were told, represented their relative intelligence.

In project Milkyway we can see the basic elements of any MMORPG: complications of repetitive patterns, indirect competition, and rewards given significance by the player's ego.

The exact results of Milkyway's test run are unknown. The game had been introduced to a small village by the Baltic Sea. During a game session, a more successful player had suggested to another that, as the better man, he should have access to that player's standard-issue children's food and mother. As the survivors; know anonymously nestled in the game industry, recall, "Only dust and skeletons remain... God would only let dust and skeletons remain."

That sounds horrible. Why do people play these things?

Looking at what a MMORPG, it is natural for one to wonder, "What drives people to play? Wouldn't the frustration drive them away?"

To stop something because it frustrates you is a very animal response. Humans are not purely animalistic and sometimes lack an animal's common sense. This is proven by atom bombs, hard drugs, and secular Latin. In a random selection of people and if the selection is large enough, there will be the bozo who thinks that acting based on patterns is bad. Take a group of, say, a thousand people. Stick each of them in a room and tell them that they'll get a treat if they stay. Then, every hour, on the hour, have someone come in and give them a cattle-prod enema. There will be one subject who remains because he's convinced the next doctor will apologize for his treatment and give him delicious, delicious ice cream.

A comparison to the definition of insanity can and should be made. Often.

They don't look miserable, though. How do you account for that?

It's true, many MMORPGers display symptoms at joy and excitement. But as any competent witch doctor will tell you, mania and spasms can also be a sign at the "bad mojo men" removing a "soul" from a "body". This is inconclusive evidence, but the presence of multiple possibilities should be accounted for. Tests are currently underway to measure the transparency of reflections and hollowness of laughter in MMORPGers.

What is this I've heard about players trading "fake money"?

Almost all major MMORPGers run on subscriptions. MMORPGers, after playing for a while, will realize just how much money they've given to the company that runs the game. To simply stop and delete Glithletungue Firesnout, level 60 arcanite transmuter, is admitting that a fool and his money are soon parted. The only way to feel validated is to amass a large amount at the in-game currency, creating the simulated sensation of wealth. The irony of this being that if one ever leaves the game, all this wealth becomes so much junk data. So to maintain perceived success, more

money must be fed into the game subscription and the cycle continues.

In this respect, little Chinese kids may be smarter than us all. Paid by obsessed adults to “farm” money while they must work the kid turns fake-world money into real-world candy. It’s a lifestyle I respect.

What about people who start relationships through these games?

It’s a scary thought, but people do establish relationships, both friendly and otherwise, though these games. This is simply the effect of finding kindred spirits in a shared activity. It’s no different from meeting people at baseball practice or work or an old-fashioned harlot stoning. And it’s a hopeful sign for the players, because it shows that they can stop grinding mobs (slang for repetitively killing innocent animals) to send someone a pleasantly worded chat message.

However, pretending you’re in a real romantic relationship this way can be trying. You have to wank off a lot. I mean, in epic proportions. I suggest watching any MMORPGers you know for signs of high liquid consumption.

What can we do to stop these games?

Stop them? Are you crazy? If they stepped away from their computers, we’d have to interact with these douchebags!

_____ is an expert in activities he’s never tried from the University of Asking For My Credentials Counts As Harassment.

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I have a story for you. It’s one full of sadness, disappointment, and terror that you will believe only because it has happened to you, or it will in the very near future.

It’s 8 o’clock on Case Western campus and a little freshman has to make 16 copies for a class (a horrible one at that) and she wracks her very mind of where to go. Then a moment of epiphany: to Wade of course! She attends one of the foremost universities of science and technology; there must be a printer there! Of course the little freshman has forgotten that the copy gods hate her and that her life must be made miserable due to the fact that she had an Office Space printer-beating moment three years before.

So she naively approaches the front desk, doe-eyes watering with deadline madness and asks slowly of what she should do. The bored upperclassman tells her plainly that the printers are down. The girl scarcely holds in her terror and revulsion as she considers the trek to the library after dark. She is forced to weigh the value of her own life vs. a late paper grade, because as we all know, the gun battles on campus after dark are a deterrent for many.

“Is there any other way to get these printed?” the girl asks desperately. Amazingly there is a printer in the hall! It’s coin-operated!

Smiling at her good luck, she runs over and puts a dollar into the machine, puts the paper on the printer, and presses the large green button that signals to all another paper with the same stuff on it will come out the side. But no, the printer is inoperable as it was the first copier ever made! She screams an animal roar and beats the copier into a bloody pulp! Her clothes ripped, hands bloodied, and eyes wild she subsequently runs around campus screaming obscenities at random passers (several are now in counseling) and making it known to the world that even a tuition rate of nearly 30,000 smackers cannot buy a decent copier for Northside.

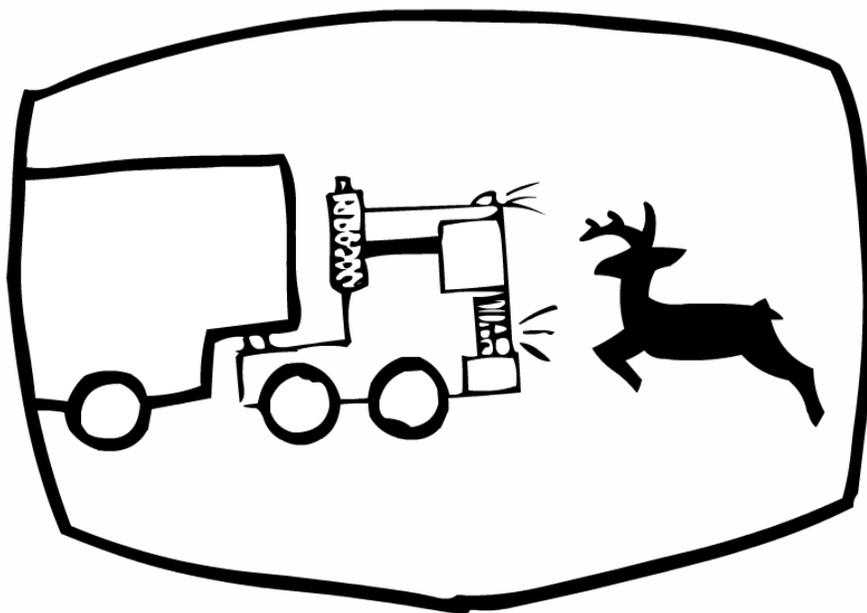
Later the girl would join a Buddhist community and renounce her violent ways by turning to prayer and fasting. She never finishes her degree but generously leaves a stick and a leaf to help with Case’s continuing financial problems, earmarking it for the copying concerns of future generations.

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“Theeeyyy’re heeeerrre.” This was the sentiment expressed by Heather O’Rourke as paranormal activity started happening in her 4 person suite. It began a week ago when during a nasty thunderstorm, Samantha Wilson, one of Heather’s suitemates, was sucked into a closet and now lives in the television. The following day, another one of her suitemates, Dana Barrett, was held down by some hands that came out of a chair and pulled her into the fridge. Dana now searches for someone by the name of “Keymaster” to have intercourse with in her nice double bed and become a demonic dog of Gozer. Also looking for some action is Heather’s last suitemate, Burke Dennings. However Burke will probably be rough in bed as she seems to be sadistic and vomiting split pea soup. On top of all of this there have been a series of murders around E 118th involving knives, claws, chainsaws, and pickaxes. Not strange enough you say? All of the suspects were described as being WHITE. So what is the cause of these paranormal events? We here at the Athenian put our best reporter on news no one gives a crap about on this story right away.

Careful observation showed that all of this activity occurred within the Village at 115 area so we sat down with President Hundert to discuss what could be causing this. Mr. Hundert muttered something about brains and lurched at us in an awkward fashion. It was clear that President Hundert was crazy from syphilis, so we decided to speak with the contractor in charge of building the dorms.

“It was one of the more unusual construction projects we’ve done,” remarked contractor Dennis McLean. “It all started when we found coffins dating back to the late 1800’s. Knowing we could make a quick buck, we sold the whole lot of em, skeletons included, to the new Indiana Jones movie. Then as we got deeper we found Indian bones believed to be from the French and Indian wars. We carefully used our hydraulic Mega Shovel to place them into dump trucks and then tossed them all into Lake Erie. After all that, it was a pretty normal build.” It was clear to us that this was a pretty trite ending that everybody saw coming, but I bet nobody knew that President Hundert has syphilis.



JOHN DEERE

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1. You can't ski. People actually try to debate me on this one, but save your breath as downhill skiing will forever be superior to cross-country.
2. You can't sled, so while #1 is sad #2 is just tragic. Honestly now, what do kids in Ohio do on snow days? (I know someone from Ohio who went sledding off a manmade dirt pile during winter break last year and thought it was the coolest thing ever. I'm not even going to begin explaining why that's wrong.)
3. You can be attacked from anywhere. A serious problem.
4. You can't build a good fort because there's no uphill advantage.
5. The most notable landmarks are the surrounding buildings. The lack of navigational aids is evil.
6. The seeing is bad because the atmosphere is thicker due to the low elevation.
7. No one will ever build an observatory in Ohio.
8. Everyone thinks the bump on Case's Southside is a mountain, though it is, at best, a gradual incline.
9. In the winter Clevelanders are so bad at driving they frequently skid on the Southside bump. If they learned to drive anywhere else in the country we would not be having this problem.
10. There are no inclines in general, which is the coolest form of public transportation ever.
11. People in Ohio don't know what an incline is, which is another tragedy altogether. (No it is not the thing blocks slide on in physics problems!!!)
12. The cities and towns have grid layouts so if you get lost it's your own fault. This is in contrast to places like Pittsburgh, where you can live all your life and still never know where you are.
13. Anything flat means no exciting geologic activity. Bo-ring.
14. In the event of the Great Flood Ohio will be the first to go. You just think Lake Erie is your friend...
15. Biking in Ohio ruins you for biking anywhere else in the known universe.
16. People in Ohio aren't even aware that the aforelisted are problems, and instead will pretend the state does have elevation changes within it to help their denial.
17. They defend their statement "Ohio's not flat!" by comparing themselves to Kansas. You know you have problems when you start doing that.

As many of you know by now, the world is run largely on the movement of “money” between one or more entities. This “money” also known as “currency” is vital to the existence of numerous individuals. This is largely because we are an unenlightened species that has not founded a “federation” of “planets” that has moved beyond the need for “money” because of well...some reason. Either way, unless you live in a communist utopia, in order for the modern human to obtain their needs, such as plasma screen TVs, cars designed to go four times the legal speed limit, and houses equipped with state of the art climate control systems, you must first find a way to obtain said “money.”

There are several ways to obtain “money.” The easiest is to take it from places that stockpile “money” commonly known as “banks.” These “banks” exist by exploiting on the movement of “money.” However, these “banks” refuse to simply give you this “money.” They insist that if you take “money” from them you must take it in the form of a “loan.” A “loan” is a legal contract where you take some amount of “money” on the condition that you provide them the exact amount of “money” in addition to “interest.” “Interest” are things such as your first born child, five pounds of flesh, your soul, a small developing nation, a field of cabbage, plutonium, and so on. In addition, “banks” require that in order to be given a “loan” they first “approve” you. To be “approved” you must satisfy the “bank” as an entity sexually as well as prove that you currently have the amount of “money” that you desire to obtain. In addition, the “bank” will demand that you present “collateral” so that they do not take a risk in giving you a “loan.” “Collateral” are things such as your first born child, five pounds of flesh, your soul, a small developing nation, a field of cabbage, plutonium, and so on. Going by what the “bank” wants is clearly inefficient and as any “economist” (voodoo witchdoctors, who are “money” experts that fly using rocket boots) can tell you the best thing ever is efficiency (hence the reason why we use Carnot engines in our go-go horseless carriages). Therefore, the best thing to do is to take “money” from the “bank” without a “loan.” You must be careful when doing this. There are many people who want this “money” for themselves. The biggest person is one called “The Man.” What “The Man” wants is to take everyone’s “money” for themselves. “The Man” then swims in a big swimming pool of “money” while giggling menacingly. However everyone wants to keep their “money.” So “The Man” wrote on pieces of paper “laws.” “Laws” are decrees written in a “language” called Demonese which is known only to those who carry out the will of “demons.” “Demons” are foul beasts who enjoy nothing better then to play billiards with souls. The ones who carry out their will are known as “lawyers.” These “lawyers” help “The Man” find ways to get your “money.” In return, “lawyers” get to make “money” based on the fact that they are the only ones who can read “Demonese” and as such are the only ones who can tell non-“lawyers” what “laws” mean. Based on these “lawyers” we learn that taking a bank’s “money” without asking is “illegal.” “Illegal” means that “The Man” becomes very unhappy if you try to do whatever is “illegal.” “The Man” possess a vast amount of things known as “guns,” “grenades,” “tanks,” and “nukes.” Whenever you make “The Man” unhappy, “The Man” will decide to use these things to make you give “The Man” more money. As such, in order to just take the “bank’s” “money” you must somehow obtain more “guns,” “grenades,” “tanks,” and “nukes” then “The Man” has. This will be very difficult. As such, you must first realize which of these are most important. While “guns” and “grenades” are very useful, possession of “tanks” and “nukes” will be greatly useful in stopping “The Man” from taking money that you want. Therefore, to take “money” from the “bank” you must obtain a “tank” and fill it with “nukes” and demand that “banks” give you their money or “else.” The problem is that a “tank” and “nukes” both require “money.” As a result, you are stuck in a dilemma.

So you lack the “money” to obtain a “tank” and “nukes” in order to take “money” from the “bank” and stop “The Man” from stopping you from taking the “money” that they want. There are many methods to do this, such as hitting people with cricket bats, but most are considered “illegal.” So in order to obtain this “money” you need to obtain a “job.” A “job” is a result of being alive where you agree to do stuff that when you take six shots of hard liquor and do the magic eye trick on your “degree” you are qualified to do. There are three positions that you might have in this “job.” These are “manager,” “technical,” and “monkey.” In the “monkey” position your job is to do some repetitive task that a “monkey” could do better than you. You will obtain either a very large or very small amount of “money,” depending on how nice of a suit you wear. You will soon be fired and “outsourced” (the process of giving your “job” to someone who speaks Foreignese and will take less “money”) because a “manager” saw all of his “manager” friends doing it and didn’t want to be left out of the fun. In the “technical” position your job is to comprehend the secrets of the universe and then use these secrets to build “widgets,” all in the expected time of negative 3 months. You will obtain a decent amount of “money” depending on which secrets you understand. You will soon be fired and “outsourced” (the process of giving your “job” to someone who speaks foreignese and will take less “money”) because a “manager” saw all of his “manager” friends doing it and didn’t want to be left out of the fun. In the “manager” position your job is to yell at “monkeys” and “technicals,” “outsource” them, and then go play golf. You will receive the most “money” in this “job.” You will soon be fired and “outsourced” (the process of giving your “job” to someone who speaks foreignese and will take less “money”) because another “manager” saw all of his “manager” friends doing it and didn’t want to be left out of the fun, in which case it is kind of your fault. “Jobs” are offered by “corporations.” “Corporations” tell “The Man” that they don’t have “money,” so “The Man” leaves them alone. In reality “corporations” do not have “money” as all of their “money” is possessed by those who have the “job” “Greedy Bastard.” You are not allowed to have this “job.” In addition, most of this “money” is really in the form of “assets.” “Assets” are things that are not “money” that “corporations” claim is money to make them feel better about themselves. “Assets” values are determined by picking numbers out of hats and throwing darts at dart boards. This task is accomplished by “monkeys” who call themselves “accountants.” “Accountants” historically have been in league with “Greedy Bastards” so they are not “outsourced.” So it is a waste of time to take “money” from a “corporation” outside of a “job.”

Once you have your “job” you will eventually obtain enough “money” to get a “tank” and “nukes.” You can then go to the “bank” and take all of their “money.” You then use your “tank” and “nukes” to stop “The Man” from taking your “money.” Once you have done this you are able to obtain your needs. Enjoy your new house with state of the art climate control system.



Fdvh#Sodqv#wr#Uhrshq#Wrs#ri#wkh#Kloo#iru#Qh{w#\hdu

In a dramatic turn from their previous “No student left un-fucked-over” policy from the past year, Case’s Housing Office has announced that, to cope with rising enrollment numbers and current housing shortages, they will reopen the dorms on the top of the hill on Southside next year.

“I mean, they’re still livable,” a representative from Housing said. “You just have to watch out for the crumbling concrete. And don’t put too much weight on the floors.”

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H{shulhqfh

I prepared for this test expecting it to be like bashing my head against a brick wall. When I started to test, and my head made contact with the wall, I discovered that it was not hard and bricklike, but rather, soft and squishy. “This is a nice, easy test,” I thought, until I discovered that imbedded within the soft and squishy test, there were in fact, straight razors. Damn.

This comes in spite of the buildings being scheduled for demolition last summer due to their poor condition. “‘Condemned’ is such a strong word. We prefer to just say ‘Caution: dorm,’” the representative said.

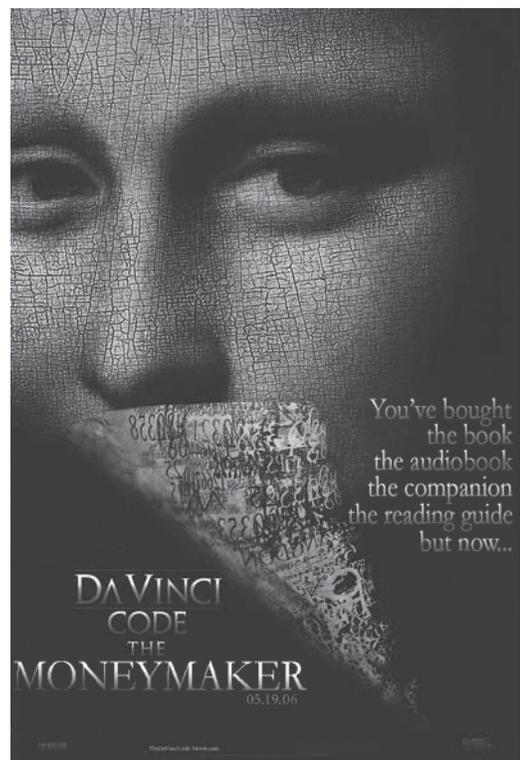
The decision to open Top of the Hill was made in response to record-high enrollment of new freshmen, which is expected to continue over the coming years. While the situation has caused many administrative headaches, it has quite clearly helped the school by increasing the attendance at football games.

“We also have the opportunity to be more selective,” the Admissions Office said. “Now we’ll be able to pick more ‘drunken idiots’ that are able to make this school more appealing to everybody, especially in MTV ratings. Also, more powerful learning and stuff.”

Last year, dorms at the bottom of the hill were u n e x -

pectedly opened again to accommodate a housing shortage for upperclassmen. This was done as reluctantly as humanly possible, as the openings were not announced until well after the housing lottery left hundreds without prospect for the coming year. In addition, no plans were made to keep Fribley, the Southside dining hall, open, with the investment of millions into putting mini-kitchens into each suite seen as a more appealing alternative. However, when freshmen had to be housed there also, Case decided to keep Fribley open anyway.

“We don’t like to think of it as spending millions needlessly when it would have been much easier to admit our mistakes early and plan for the worst. We prefer to think of it as... well, it’s not like we killed anyone,” Housing said.



Can you do better than this?

Then come write for us.

Can you do worse than this?

Then come write for us.

Submit articles to:
athenian@case.edu

SUBMIT!!!



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Following extensive evaluation of the Case student body, Case has determined that the most effective way to convey lecture material occurring on Fridays, especially Friday afternoons is to subliminally encode said material into the Observer's weekly crossword. It is estimated that by covertly inserting lectures from over eighty classes, overall retention and absorption rates of critical material will increase at over 348 percent over current retention rates, following data normalization via the removal of pre-med students from analysis. Case will begin full implementation of this plan after analysis of potential long term health effects of absorption of information from considerable number of unrelated classes for each student, and the resulting potential for Spontaneous Violent Cranial Detonation Syndrome (SVCDS).