

# Athenian

February 2006 Issue 26



## Inside:

*Binary walkway compiled. 14 errors - pg 1000101*

*Knee Length Petticoats, the New Ankle Length- pg 14*

*Kids Time with Jesus -pg 0 AD*

## St. Valentine's Day

Celebrate it like it was meant to be!

## Articles by:

Christopher Ahn  
Nick Callahan  
Asta Gerbec  
Casey Hicks  
Scott Milinovich  
Sam Rivier  
Joe Schinaman  
Phillip Seitzer  
James Stafford  
Chris Williams

## With Graphics by:

Quinn Daniels  
Draque  
Joe Schinaman



Proud member of the Case Media Board since forever.



# *The Athenian*

"Always end the name of your child with a vowel, so that when you yell the name will carry."

—Bill Cosby

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## Officers and Other Notables

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**Layout:**  
Christopher Williams

## Message From the Editor

### New Years' Resolutions from the Athenian Staff

Expand meth lab to include Ecstasy production line.  
–Quinn Daniels

.sdrawkcab ffuts gnitirw pots oT – Christopher Williams

This year, I will gradually detach myself from all dependency upon Leutner through the sheer power of my cleavage. –Casey

I resolve to pour some sugar on it. –Dee Snyder

I will further misuse my power over the rest of *The Athenian* staff. Making them write NewYears resolutions is a good start, but by the end of my tenure I want them feeding me grapes and hurting each other my own amusement. Also, I've had writers' block for about two and a half years, and I think i should do something about it. –Scott Milinovich

I will try to keep my diabeetis in check. –Wilford Brimley

I will try not to end up in on COPS. –James Stafford

“This year when I see a beaker in chem lab marked “50M HCl” I will believe that it really IS 50M HCl. I will not have to double check by sticking my finger into it.” –Yvette “Nine-Fingered” Cendes

So many guys, so little time... I resolve to make more time. –Yvette “Nine-Boyfriended” Cendes



## Athenian Policies

- 1) We love to get letters to the editor. Every time we don't get a letter to the editor, we golf a kitten. The current record is a 3-foot splat on a window on the second floor of Bingham. We golf from the top of Clarke Tower.
- 2) *The Athenian* is a semi-anonymous publication. This means that we get to punch puppies for no good reason.
- 3) *The Athenian* survives on contributions from people in the campus community. Any writings or graphics will be considered. Furthermore, if you know how to make our hamster cannon more accurate, we're all ears.

## **OMG I hate nerds**

Kim Janson, Contributing Columnist

Being an English major, I clearly have more logical thoughts and better writing than anybody else at this school, so I feel I can comment on the state of "the stereotypical Case student" at our soliloquious institution.

If there is one thing I hate, it's the people who fit that stereotype: they're nerds. They stay in their rooms all day, never going out except for class, playing video games all the time, and never talking to anybody.

I mean, it's like they're all over the campus and outside all the time, always skipping class because it's too easy, in the cafeteria when they should be playing video games, and talking about it to me all the time!

And nerds are always complaining about we cool people, calling us "drunken idiots" and yelling at us when we throw couches out the window, even though it's totally awesome because it falls and hits the ground. I swear I saw a nerd kill a puppy. Not in a cool way, though, like the guy with hampster, because he was drunk and that's okay, but in an evil nerd way.

But now, thankfully, it looks like the nerds are all gone. I mean, this week I went to a nightclub, a Case basketball game, a smoky bar, and this one guy's bedroom for coffee, and I didn't see a single nerd!

And without nerds, the leadership is becoming stronger. We had an awesome Homecoming this year with like all my sorority sisters showing up and three other sororities and a sport team. It's like everybody on campus had Homecoming spirit that day!

UPB is now able to put actually good bands on at the Spot. Like this one last night had three guitars, and they played them like all the way through the song. I couldn't really hear what they were singing, but I bet it was good because it had lots of guitar.

Case is better off without these nerds, but it's still has the nerdiness embedded inside within. I have friends who are chemistry majors and one who's even an engineer, which are people I would have never imagined associating with before.

I'm starting to become a little more like the stereotypical Case student, too, and it's okay because now it's slightly cooler. Last night, I managed to solve a math problem and then actually talked about it with my friends. It was great, because I realized that other people sometimes have math classes also, and that Calc 1 really is like the hardest subject ever!

I killed a nerd and buried him in the back yard; it's okay because I was soooooo drunk.

## **On Masturbation**

On Friday, the twenty-seventh day in the month of Janus, in the year of this blessed common era two-thousand-and-six, the *Case Western Reserve Observer* published an advice column advocating the habitual use of recreational masturbation. No one has been lynched for this yet. I am disappointed in you all.

I, of course, didn't catch wind of this until nearly two weeks ago. My wine-country study is a far spit from the sunny shores of Lake Erie. I was enjoying an early morning julip before my usually work of answering letters and going over recent news bits for something to comment on, when Bill burst through the door, waving a document with all the tell-tale signs of student publication. My faithful assistant was in an absolute tither about this rag, which had just been shipped to us by air

mail. Not only in the package had been the *Observer* issue in question, but a letter from a concerned student. A regular reader of my column when he lived out here in Villington, he hoped that I could shed some of my characteristic good sense on the morally-challenged student body of Case West.

I got right to work. That is, to say, after marveling that someone with a name as beautiful as "Love Goddess" would saddle themselves with an ugly title like Parvati. I didn't even bother with contacting the *Observer* offices; all available evidence said their brains were rotten with Lucifer and Che Guervera. Instead, I keyed up the offices of the Case media board and ask which of their publications would truly appreciate a bona fide column from a respected doctor of social commentary. They immediately, even enthusiastically, directed me to the magazine you now hold in your hands.

And that is why this special piece is running in *The Athenian*, free of my usual charge. I hope you appreciate the journalistic energy I'm expending on your behalf and try to restrain your knee-jerk liberal banalities. As Bill is all-too-happy to note, it takes nearly twice as many milligrams of dart frog venom to get a column out of me nowadays. I have expenses to consider, you ungrateful fucks. If only for my Cancun accounts, try and keep an open ear and heart. I'm only going to say this as long as I can legally make your listen.

There is a reason masturbation is called self-abuse.

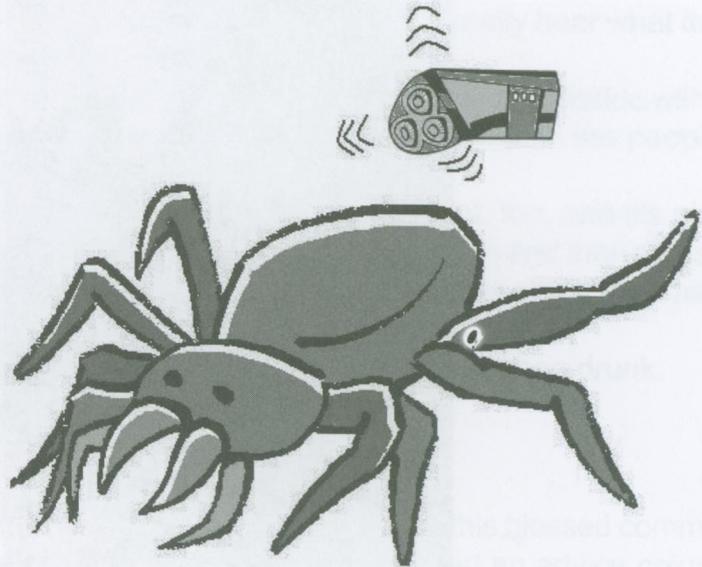


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## Spring SAGES Met With Ambivalence By Students, Faculty, And The Homeless

The spring semester has begun, and exciting new classes, labs, and research projects in all departments are getting into full swing. The SAGES program is no exception, offering its new set of University Seminars for spring. These spring SAGES classes however are radically different from those in the SAGES first seminar, and students and faculty alike have mixed feelings about them. But first, perhaps a little background is necessary for those not in the SAGES program. SAGES, an acronym for "Shaving Arachnids, Gaining Exceptional Sweaters," is the brainchild of President Hundert, introduced to enrich and enliven Case's curriculum and bring together students from diverse areas of interest within the school. "The 'Shaving Arachnids, Gaining Exceptional Sweaters' program is totally unique to the Case Western Reserve University campus," President Hundert stated in a recent press conference. "It gives students an opportunity to give back to the Greater Cleveland community and gain real world experience. There are a lot of enormous, woolly spiders out there on the streets that simply have no way to shave themselves, and a lot of homeless people that need that wool to stay warm. It really just makes sense."

The President is of course referring to rare and majestic Cuyahoga Arctic Woolly Tarantula, a particularly enormous breed of spider native only to Northern Ohio. Ohioans have enjoyed the companionship of these gentle giants ever since the region has been inhabited by the first settlers, who domesticated the affectionate beasts to replace the oxen on their covered wagons. But years of habitat loss, overharvesting, and climate change have driven the noble spiders to near extinction. "Reckless hunting and urban sprawl have definitely affected the Cuyahoga Arctic Woolly Tarantula's numbers negatively," commented Dr. Melvin "Eugene" Percival, a Case biology professor whose research focuses on the spiders, "but the real threat is global warming. The spiders have so many layers of dense, matted fur that even a shift of a couple degrees up in average temperature can seriously affect their metabolic processes." Humans however still feel the biting wind of the Cleveland area's so called "Lake Effect." It also stands that Cleveland's poverty level remains at a staggering 87%. All of these factors, combined with record energy costs, makes keeping everyone warm in a city of 480,000 people, an overwhelming majority of which who are homeless, no easy task.



This is where the SAGES program tries to 'bridge the gap,' by eliminating English courses and forcing students to shave mammoth-sized tarantulas for hours a day to fulfill graduation requirements. The displaced Liberal Arts faculty members then spin the harvested wool into finished apparel.

Some students are hesitant to embrace the program. "I came to Case to be alone and do

math problems in complete darkness, not to shave some goddamn spiders," complains freshman BME student Ferguson "Melvin" Eugene. There is also some dissent amongst the faculty, as many previously tenured professors have been reduced to working for slave wages in the sweatshops below The Village parking complex. Even the homeless feel jilted. Many of the recipients of the sweaters have already voiced a variety of complaints, such as receiving rashes from the course texture of tarantula fur, and being bitten by the hundreds of thousands of venomous hatchling spiders, whose egg sacs get caught in the dense wool.

"As with any new project, there are a few kinks that will be ironed out with time," said President Hundert in defense of the SAGES program. "I've already reallocated some of the Adelbert Bridge Reconstruction funding to the Engineering school's development of the Arachno-Gin and the Tarantu-Loom, which are expected to reduce both itchiness and number of spiderlings per sweater dramatically. That way, everyone wins"

But will these be enough to keep the SAGES program from being a dismal failure? Only time will tell. But until then, stay warm and stay shaving.

## **THE SMART KIDZ AND WINOZ ZOO FIELD TRIPZZZ!!!!**

Allow us, for a moment, to contemplate the plight of the panda bear in captivity. This sad and marketable face eyes the group (us, because we are at the zoo... you did not know that? Perhaps you are illiterate) in a lonely manner, with eyes which conjure images of the bamboo forest after it has been razed and compacted into brown, soulful orbs. The intelligent among us will immediately recognize a unique presence surrounding this magnificent example of the plant kingdom, mainly the way it scratches "I am a man in a panda suit" into its chest while rocking back and forth incessantly. This remarkable ability not only is indicative of complete sentience but also of this panda's amazing grasp of philosophy. The less intelligent (but let's not make fun of you retards, clods, all of you...) will immediately recognize that you have also been rocking back and forth incessantly, and have been since we picked you up off the side of the road, brain-dead from years of alcoholic homelessness – clods, all of you... Don't drool on my shirt. I don't have any money, you know, and I won't pay you to go away.

But I digress. This panda was fabricated from parts whose origins are debated; the evolutionary camp believes the parts were made in a bomb calorimeter heated to womb temperature for millions of years; the "intelligent design" camp believes Ford made them; the semicolon camp agrees that the semicolon is the best way to put two related sentences together without use of the word "but," "and," or "furthermore." I notice that some among you look confused, three of you because you don't understand why I am talking about punctuation, and the others because you are homeless, illiterate, and I beat you up

Before you could make it to the polls to axe the bill which funded me to pick you up by the lapels at the sewage drains and shove you into a short bus for a trip to a zoo five hundred miles away. For those others, we are leaving you here because nobody wants you.

The reason I speak of punctuation is because I am sure that some of you will take my prejudice against the homeless as ignorance of sociological conditions and possession of extreme asshole. My response to this is that if you were a "semicolon," and the homeless were "and," "but," or "furthermore," between two related sentences, wouldn't you want to relocate "and," "but," or "furthermore" five hundred miles away from your taxpaying suburb? I know I would. I perceive

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that some of you are about to open your mouths to attempt to refute my flawless argument... look at the panda, all of you! The poster child of the World Wildlife Fund is about to... remove its own head forcibly? With a popping noise? And a man's head under it instead of spurting blood and organic tubing?

The panda is not only sentient and philosophical, but has mastered the magical art of body part transmutation! Join me in pagan worship of this satanic being!

[white space]

## A Valentine's Day Tale

New Vocabulary:



Leutner Dining Hall



locally grown food



President Hundert

Tuesday was a very special day for  , a student at



was



by himself in



, thinking about

$$\oint_{\gamma} \frac{u^{2-1}}{e^u - 1} du$$

and



He was



because



was

out of



and didn't have any



, but he was

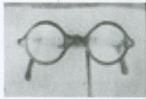


because  had plenty of . After  finished

, he  towards the , but accidentally

 into , also a student at .  looked

up at , and instantly fell in .  adjusted his

 and said to , "  

".  replied, "oh,  worry

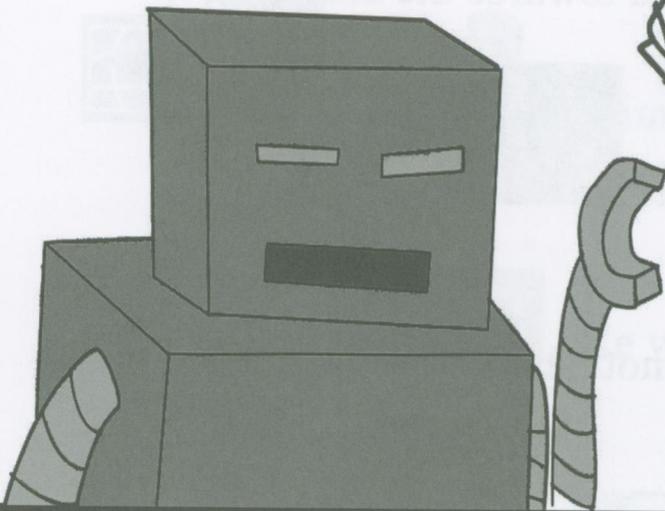
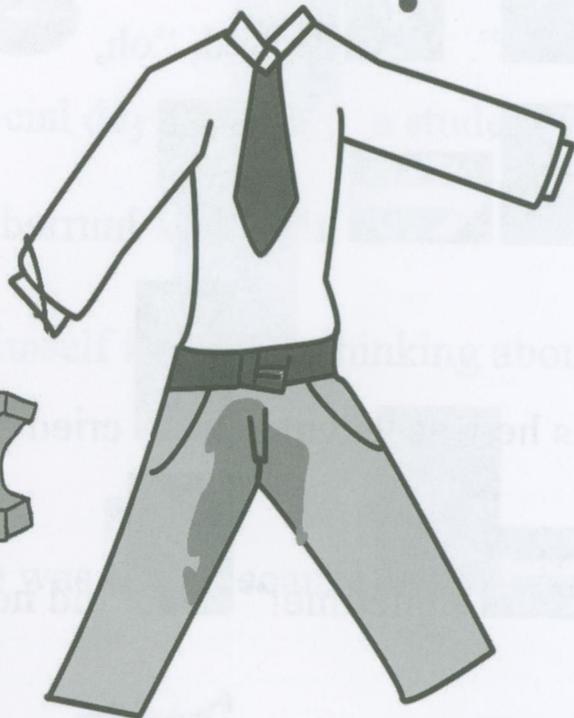
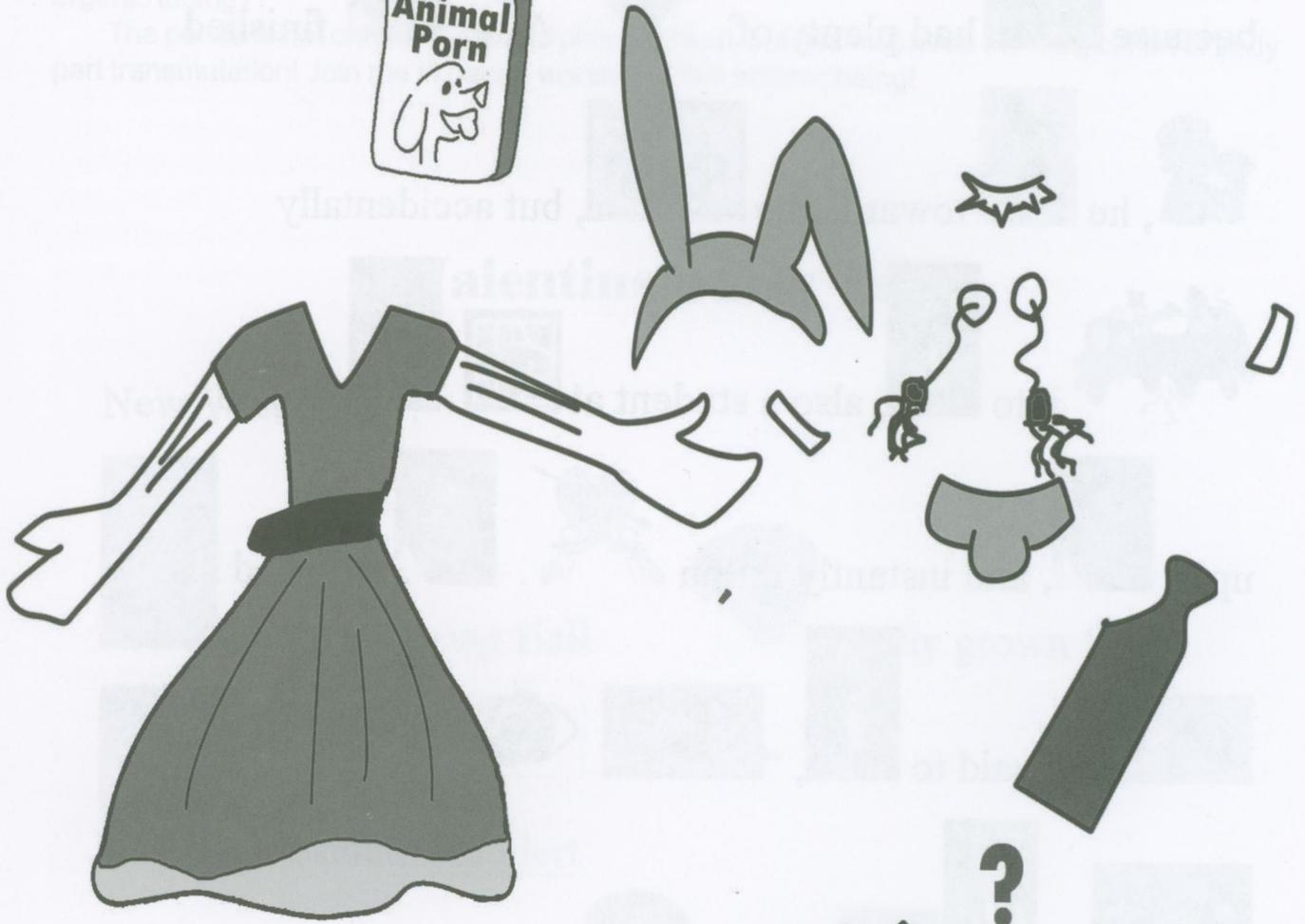
  it!"  hurried towards the ,

but as he was leaving.  cried "! Let's go

 sometime!"  did not hear her, as he hurried on

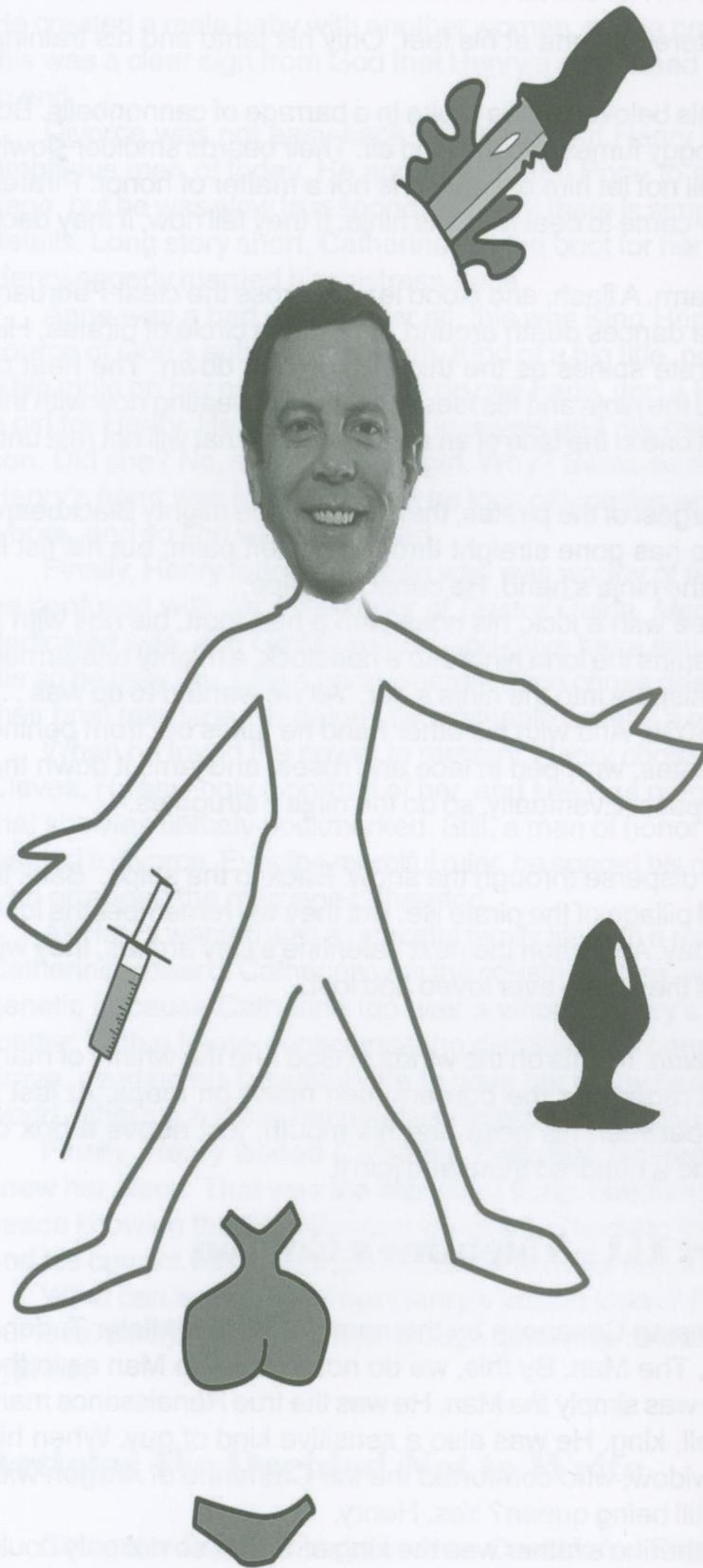
for a day full of not , , and .

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# Help Hundert Get Dressed!

President Hundert is getting ready for a big day of raising tuition and building walkways. You need to help him get dressed in appropriate attire. Without getting an adult's help, cut the paper clothes out with an exacto knife (go as fast as you can! pretend it's a race!) and paste them onto President Hundert. Bonus points if you can figure out what the robot is for. **HINT:** if you get the robot right, don't let mommy and daddy see your doll.



## **Ninjas vs. Pirates vs. Saint Valentine**

A lone ninja. Blood covers the shattered katana at his feet. Only his tanto and his training remain to save him from the pirates.

He killed two dozen of them before his beloved blade broke in a barrage of cannonballs. But countless pirates still live and breathe groggy fumes into the cold air. Their beards smolder slowly as they surround the lone ninja. They will not let him escape. It is not a matter of honor. Pirates have no honor. It is a matter of fear. They came to deal with this ninja. If they fail now, if they back down, they will all die.

A blur, and the tanto slices a sword-arm. A flash, and blood leaps across the clear February sky. Snow begins to fall as the lone ninja dances death around the closing circle of pirates. His kicks break pirate ribs, pirate skulls, pirate spines as the thick flakes drift down. The heat of battle turns the snow to a fine mist around the ninja and his foes. Even he is sweating now with the exertion. His skill is absolute, but he is but one in the face of an army. An army that will not rest until its grim purpose is complete.

The tanto sticks in something. The largest of the pirates, their captain, the mighty Blackbeard himself has come to the front. The tanto has gone straight through his left palm, but his fist is closed tight. Tight on the tanto. Tight on the ninja's hand. He cannot escape.

The ninja shatters Blackbeard's knee with a kick, his nose with a headbutt, his ribs with a punch, but the pirate does not let go. He spins the lone ninja into a headlock, a mighty one-armed bear hug. He pulls the ninja close. He whispers into the ninja's ear, "All we wanted to do was . . . WISH YOU A HAPPY VALENTINE'S DAY!!!" And with his other hand he takes out from behind his back a great, beautiful box of chocolates, wrapped in lace and roses, and jams it down the ninja's throat. He holds it there. Minutes pass. Eventually, so do the ninja's struggles.

The pirates are silent for a moment.

Then, their purpose complete, they disperse through the snow. Back to the ships. Back to the pubs. Back to the humdrum rape and pillage of the pirate life. But they will remember the lone ninja, and what he sacrificed for the holiday. And when the next Valentine's Day arrives, they will do it all again, in memory of all the ninjas they have ever loved and lost.

Epilogue: A snowflake falls from heaven. It drifts on the winds of God and the whims of man. It soars above states and cites without regard for the borders men make on maps. At last it comes to rest. It falls on a ninja, rests between his nose and his mouth, just above a box of chocolate and roses. It does not melt. And a hundred thousand join it.

## **History for Engineers, Part III – Valentine's Edition**

Once upon a time, there was a stunning Casanova by the name of Henry (Mister Tudor if you're nasty). Henry was, in two words, The Man. By this, we do not mean The Man as in the colloquial "Damn the Man;" rather, Henry was simply *the* Man. He was the true Renaissance man: athlete, musician, poet, author, and, well, king. He was also a sensitive kind of guy. When his brother died and left his young bride a widow, who comforted the fair Catherine of Aragon with sweet, sweet lovin' and the promise of still being queen? Yes, Henry.

But alas, his woman was uppity. Catherine's father was the king of Spain, so not only could she nag him, but she could nag him in Spanish. This is not a handy thing to do to a king. He was busy doing important kingdom business like promoting propagandist fairy tales, banning the gay

sex, and trying to make some male babies. Alack, Catherine's womb was simply not a cooperative vessel because God doth ordained that she should not produce a male heir for the poor king. He created a male baby with another woman, so the problem was Catherine, not Henry. Clearly this was a clear sign from God that Henry's good deed was misplaced, and the marriage ought to end.

Divorce was not easy back in the day, but Henry was a pioneer and a role model for the ambitious men of today. He appealed to the Pope to do the right thing and get rid of the marriage, but he was slow to respond. Anyway, there is simply too much marriage to cover to get into details. Long story short, Catherine got the boot for her faulty ovaries/childrearing abilities, and Henry eagerly married his mistress Anne.

Anne was a bad move. After all, this was King Henry, who was newly declared as the only source of God's authority on Earth. Kind of a big title, no? And who does he marry? A chick with a big mole on her neck, six fingers on one hand, and a tooth that stuck out. She too gave birth to a girl for Henry. He showered her in jewels and adoration, and all she had to do was pop out a son. Did she? No, she just had a girl. Why? Because she was cursed by God, that's why. Poor Henry's heart was just so big that he took pity on the wrong people. She was also an ungrateful whore, and so she was beheaded.

Finally, Henry found a woman who was worthy of his sacred sperm—Jane Seymour (not to be confused with Jane Seymour of *Doctor Quinn, Medicine Woman* fame). Jane was a good, dedicated wife, and God liked her. God gave her a son, but with this son came a test: she must die so he may live. Like a good woman, Jane chose death. He may have lost his wife, but during their brief marriage, he gained two valuable assets: a male heir and Wales.

When he found the power to remarry, Henry chose a lovely little girl by the name of Anne of Cleves. He saw only a portrait of her, and she was gorgeous. However, when they met, he saw that she was fiercely pockmarked. Still, a man of honor to the end, Henry married her and soon wanted a divorce. Ever the merciful ruler, he spared his queen's life... though he did have the man who arranged the marriage beheaded.

All Henry wanted was a peaceful family life with a rowdy group of sons. What he got next was Catherine Howard. Catherine was the cousin of Anne, wife number two. Sluttiness must have been genetic because Catherine too was a whore. Henry's poor old heart could barely handle the matter. With a heavy conscience, he dismissed her and sentenced her to death. Henry was so brave, sending his beautiful wife to have her pretty head cut off to show his kingdom—nay, *the world*—that such loose behavior would not be tolerated.

Finally, Henry wooed Catherine Parr. She bickered with him about religion a lot, but she knew her place. That was the important thing: obedience from one of his wives. He could die in peace knowing that his offensive wives were burning in hell, the good one had gone to Heaven, and his current wife would get someone to make him a sandwich.

What can be learned from Henry's lesson today? Perhaps we should not be so liberal with our love. Busty, lusty wenches, though quite nice to look at, will only spawn rumors that you had syphilis.

## **Articles We Decided Not to Write**

Computer Science Lectures Now Considered Prescription Sedatives

Man Refuses to Give Up Bus Seat for Pregnant Woman, Sets Off Civil Rights Battle

Bestiality: Disgusting Fetish or Convenient Way to Warm Up Extremities?

## **Fashion Forward: Obesity**

IRS Ruling 202-19 states that obesity is an accepted disease, and all treatment of this disease can be written off taxes as a medical deduction. Sweet! With over ten lobbyist organizations in Washington, entire fashion chains dedicated to it, and celebrities being celebrated for “eating a sandwich”, obesity is in!

This trend is finally being recognized in the general populace. As usual, stars like Star Jones, Kirstie Alley, and Jennifer Lopez’s ass were exploring this new style long before me and you. Even mainstream clothing stores are catching the portly bug.

In view of the expanding waistlines of the majority of the country, clothing companies are changing their marketing strategy. This included the stores focusing on the younger 13 to 25 target group including Aeropostale, American Eagle, and GAP. Aeropostale and American Eagle are changing their butterfly and eagle logos to the cheeseburger and the extra large fry respectively. GAP is making a more drastic approach by changing its acronym to Gigantic Assed Pride.

In a statement, GAP proclaimed the move was to “bring pride and a new level of acceptance to the big-boned set of consumers.” When questioned as to why the word big-boned was used in such a statement, a spokesperson said, “Well GAP understands that it isn’t the person’s fault, but an evolutionary fluke that creates these larger individuals through their genetic structure. Its scientific fact\*\*”.

When questioned as the change in perception the President of Fashion commented that lingerie kingpin Victoria’s Secret would be firing their skinny supermodels and rehiring a new batch of plus size models to sell their spring line tentatively titled *Very Sexy?*

How will the national weight loss chains deal with the new idea of coveting one’s larger physical form? Jenny Craig and Krispy Kreme are teaming up to start a new weight gain + control plan. Both teams will coach people to get into their desired form. The Kreme team will deal with skinny people who want to give extra shape to their form, while the Craig team will help those wanting to keep their larger forms in style. Weight Watchers is simply shutting down as it has been bought out by the new line of Hardee’s that will only serve meals that are over 3000 calories, which means there will be no change to the regular menu.

So this Valentine’s Day, don’t buy your sweetheart flowers or jewelry. Buy her a couch, or a TV, or a computer. These things will defiantly help her get in shape for the New Year.

## **Articles We Are Too Concise to Write**

Binary Walkway Suddenly Crashes

Five Students Attempt to Use Walkway; Turn Blue and Die.

When Questioned, Hundert Throws Money in Air; Escapes During Confusion.

Expected Reboot Date for Walkway: Sometime Before Graduation.

White space is like dark matter. It doesn’t have to exist. Or maybe it does. Maybe white space keeps the whole issue from flying apart into nothingness. But I doubt it. So submit articles to the Athenian via [athenian@case.edu](mailto:athenian@case.edu) and hasten the death of the universe.

## When in Doubt, Baseball Bat.

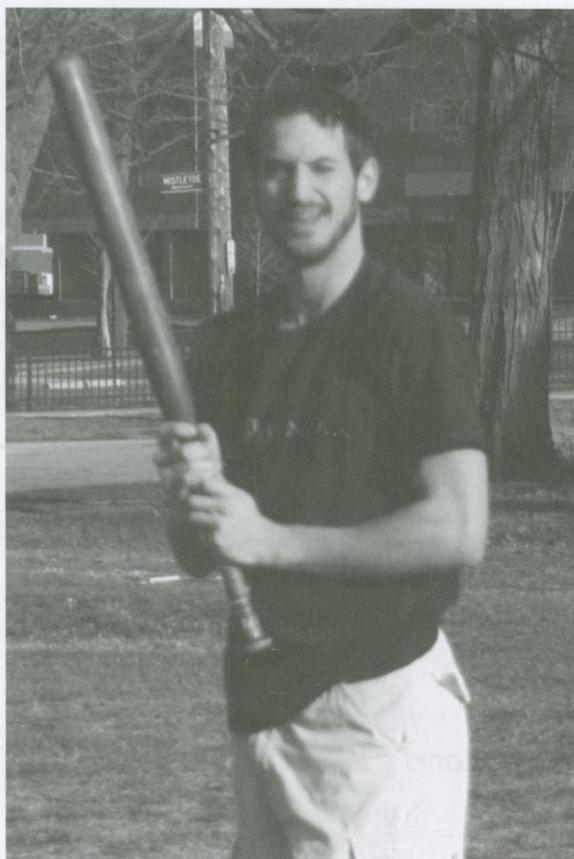
*If your professor has an ugly hat  
If you don't like where your classmate sat  
If you don't know what to do 'bout 'dat  
When in doubt, Baseball Bat*

*If some stupid jerk called you fat  
Or gave you an indecent pat  
Show him how it is, and Stat!  
When in doubt, Baseball Bat*

*If someone changed the thermostat  
If no one thought to feed the cat  
If an emptor didn't caveat  
When in doubt, Baseball Bat*

*If you don't like this or that  
If something's buzzing like a gnat  
If Lil' Johnny don't know where it's at  
When in doubt, Baseball Bat*

Note: The Athenian does not condone the exclusive use of violence to solve problems. Except when it's funny. Then we think it rocks.



Clearly, we have found an idiot with a bat. He knows how to solve his problems.

## Dear Diary

December 22, 2005, 7:13 pm

Dear Diary,

Woo hoo! It's winter break! I just finished my last final and in a few hours, I'm going home for Christmas. Considering how things went last winter break (lying around the house, eating too much, watching too much TV, sleeping all day), I've devised a handy list of goals to shoot for this year. This year, I'm definitely going to

- 1.) Lose Weight
- 2.) Read "War and Peace"
- 3.) Run in the mornings, every day
- 4.) Finally get my car fixed!
- 5.) Get a head start on classes for next semester – skim through each textbook, read the first chapter, something like that.

With that on my plate, this is going to be my most productive Christmas ever!

December 25, 2005, 4:25 pm

Dear Diary,

Well, the last few days sure went by quickly. I figured that since it was so close to Christmas anyway, why not have some fun, and then put the nose to the grindstone? Besides, who wants to eat healthy on Christmas Eve or think about next semester right now? I'd say I'm in good shape to meet all of my goals at this point.

**Weight = +2 lbs**

Pages Read = 0

Days Run = 0

Car = broken

Next Semester = nothing done

December 27, 2005, 3:35 am

Dear Diary,

Okay, so maybe I haven't been exactly attending to my goals, quite yet. Before I left Case, I downloaded all nine seasons of "South Park" on my laptop, and couldn't pass up the opportunity to watch, like, 58 episodes in the last 2 days. That silly Eric Cartman! And Kenny, poor Kenny dies in EVERY episode! Oh, and since I stayed up so late watching South Park, I failed to get up early the next day for running. Oh well, still have plenty of time left in this break.

One more problem – I've temporarily put on a little weight, thanks to all of the yummy delicious leftovers from Christmas. My weight will probably go down again, though, once all the leftovers have been consumed.

Hey, one thing's for sure – it's better to be home than at school!

Weight = +5 lbs

Pages Read = 0

Days Run = 0

Car = broken

Next Semester = nothing done

December 29, 2005, 1:30 pm

Dear Diary,

:Yawn:: I just woke up, like, 15 minutes ago. Boy am I tired. The last few days, I've been trying to get up earlier, to squeeze in some early-morning running into my busy schedule. I'm proud to report that I started reading "War and Peace", but it's not quite as interesting as I had hoped. And it's 1100 pages long. So, I'd really better stop watching South Park and playing Video games (I've been addicted to "Resident Evil 4" lately). I've been sleeping a lot, too. And eating too much.

**Weight = +9 lbs**

Pages Read = 4

Days Run = 0

Car = broken

Next Semester = nothing done

December 30, 2005, 11:48 pm

Dear Diary,

Okay, I am really mad at myself. I just can't make myself get up early and I'm eating like a pig. And War and Peace sucks. Goddammit. I have nothing else to say.

**Weight = +10 lbs**

Pages Read = 7

Days Run = 0

Car = broken

Next Semester = nothing done

January 1, 2006, 6:50 am

Dear Diary,

I just got back from a crazy New Year's Eve party! Live music and tons of people and it was amazingly sweet! I'm really tired but I'm going to go running in a second. I really think that this year, I'll be able to meet all of those goals that I made for myself. I mean, who wants to try to actually do productive things the week after Christmas? They all should have been New Year's Resolutions anyway.

**Weight = +10 lbs**

Pages Read = 11

Days Run = 1

Car = broken

Next Semester = nothing done

January 1, 2006, 11:36 pm

Dear Diary,

Funny, right after I typed up that last entry, I fell asleep. So "Days Run" should still equal 0.

Weight = +10 lbs

Pages Read = 11

Days Run = 0

Car = broken

Next Semester = nothing done

Continued on next page

Continued from previous page

January 2, 2006, 4:00 pm

Dear Diary,

I had a dream that I woke up at 9:00 am, had a quick breakfast, did a 3-mile run around the neighborhood, got back, took a shower, read 200 pages of "War and Peace", called the body shop and worked out the details for fixing my car, ordered my stats textbook for next semester, and lost 15 pounds. When I woke up, it was 11:00 am. I made myself read a page of War and Peace before falling back asleep. I woke up again at 2:30 pm and watched some South Park.

[[Dream]]	Actual
Weight = [[-5 lbs]]	+11 lbs
Pages Read = [[211]]	12
Days Run = [[1]]	0
Car = [[on the way to fixed]]	broken
Next Semester = [[bought book]]	nothing done

January 4, 2006, 1:57 am

Dear Diary,

I had the most productive day ever! I woke up at about 2:00 today, and I made myself get out there and run around a little. It felt good, but I definitely realized how out of shape I am. I made it about half a mile before I got really winded and walked back to my house. I called up the body-shop place about my car, but they put me on hold, and I never actually got through to anyone. I read a whole chapter of War and Peace, putting me solidly in the page 20 – page 30 category. I didn't do anything yet for school, but I'll probably do something tomorrow. I think if I can keep up the good work with days like today, I'll be in great shape to meet my goals. I think I deserve a reward, so, I'm probably going to play Resident Evil 4 for maybe 15 minutes, then get back to work.

**Weight = +11 lbs**

Pages Read = 25

Days Run = 1

Car = called body shop, will call back later

**Next Semester = nothing done**

January 4, 2006, 6:20 am

Dear Diary

I just played Resident Evil 4 for 4 hours and now I'm going to sleep

January 8, 2006, 3:00 pm

Dear Diary,

It's been a couple days since I've written in this thing, and I'm starting to think I might not exactly reach all of my goals this break. So, in order to increase morale, I'm going to slightly adjust the goals to be a little more obtainable. Instead of running every day, My new goal will be to run 10 of the days. If I run today and every day remaining in break, along with the one day I ran, I can still meet my goal. War and Peace is going well in terms of pages read, but I have no idea what's going on. I'd write more but I want to go watch "GhostBusters" on comedy central

Weight = +12 lbs  
Pages Read = 63  
Days Run = 1  
Car = called body shop, will call back later  
Next Semester = nothing done

*January 10, 2006, 4:57 am*

Dear Diary,  
Oh shit I don't have very many days left

Weight = +13 lbs  
Pages Read = 63  
Days Run = 1  
Car = called body shop, will call back later  
Next Semester = nothing done

*January 16, 2006, 12:45 pm*

Dear Diary,

Today is the last day of break, I'm leaving to go back to school in a few hours. I kind of lost my will at the end there, but at least I had a few good days there and I accomplished some stuff. Maybe next year, I'll be even more successful.

#### **Final Accomplishments**

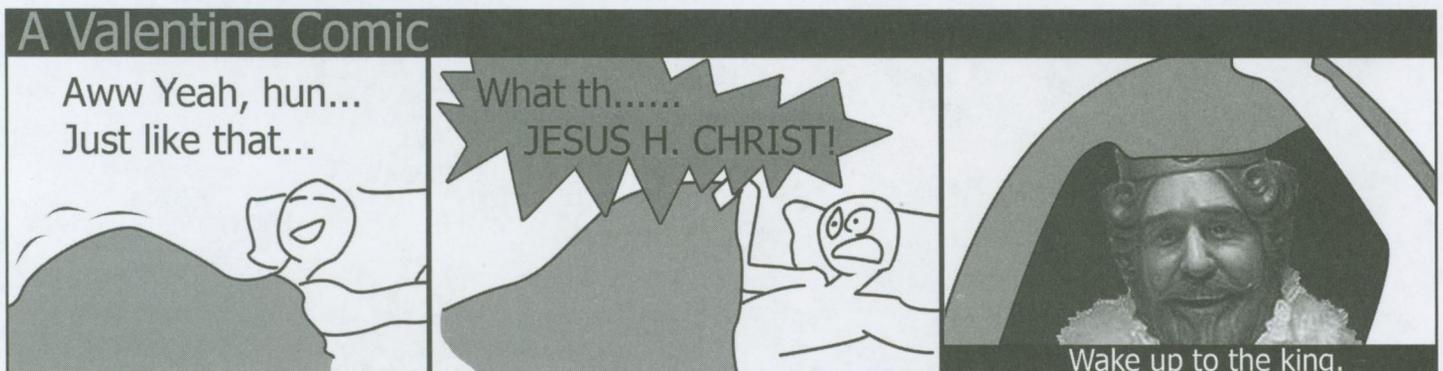
**Weight = +16 lbs**  
**Pages Read = 63**  
**Days Run = 1**  
**Car = called body shop once**  
**Next Semester = thought about it a little**

## **Articles I'm Too Lazy to Write**

Bush To Congress: 'STOP CLAPPING, SIT THE FUCK DOWN, AND LET ME FINISH MY GODDAMN SPEECH!'

Republicans to Bush: \*Clap\*Clap\*Clap\*Stand\*Clap\*Clap\*Clap\*Clap\*Clap\*Clap\*Clap\*

Democrats to Bush: \*Sit Silently And Show Visible Hatred Because He's Pro-Life





Our methods of writing suck.  
Come help us do better.  
For the love of God.

Submit to [athenian@case.edu](mailto:athenian@case.edu)

Many animals were harmed during the writing of the Athenian.  
Screw you PETA.