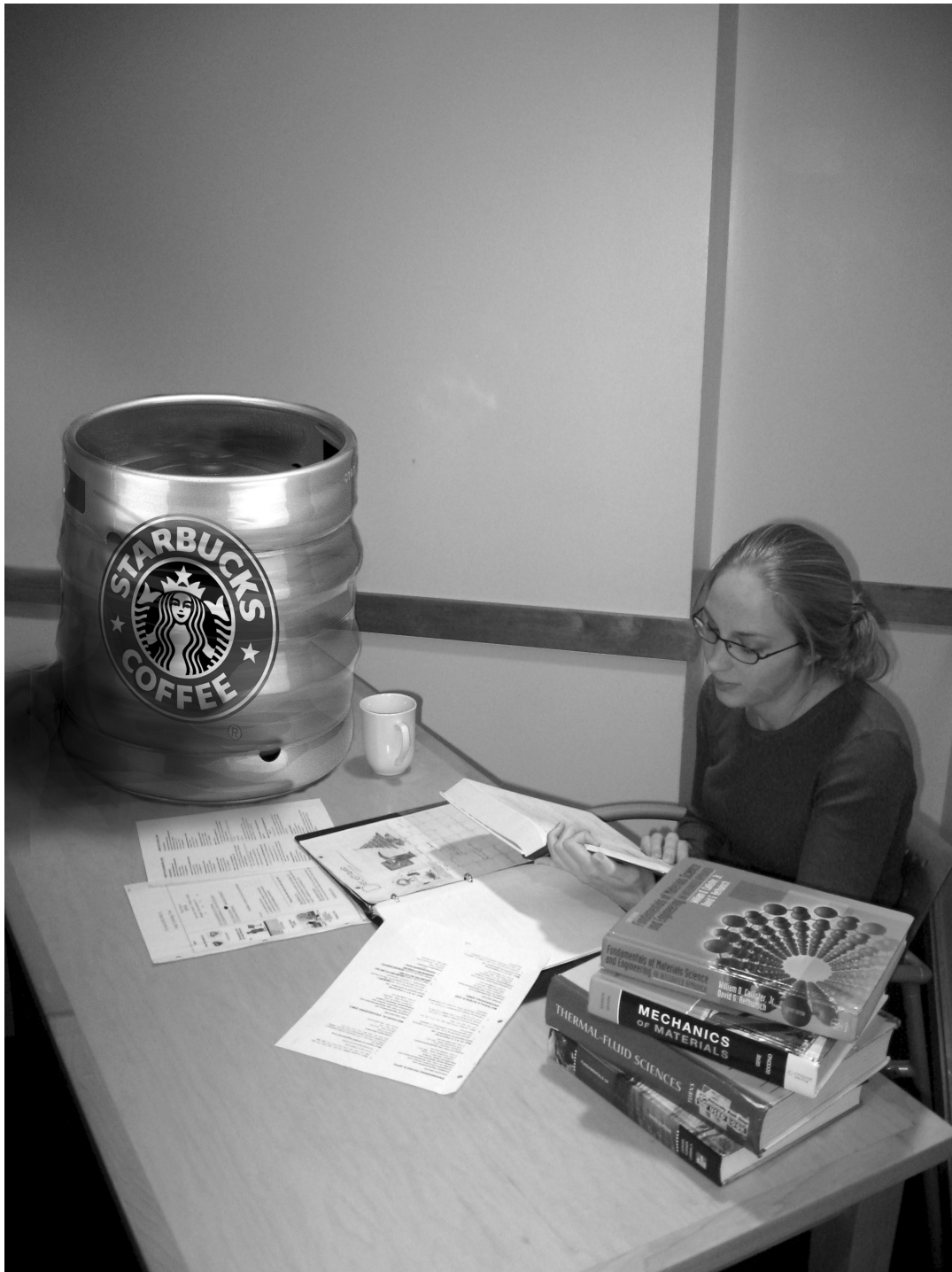


THE ATHENIAN

ISSUE #47

CWRU's student humor magazine, est. 2000



The Finals Week Issue



The Athenian

"You like me because I'm a scoundrel. There aren't enough scoundrels in your life." - Han Solo, summing up our mission statement.

ON THE WEB:

<http://studentaffairs.case.edu/groups/mediaboard/members.html>
(someday we'll have our own site)

EMAIL: athenian@case.edu

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Proud member of the Case Media Board since Hundert.

From The Editor
Howdy fellas,

I've always been a fan of rare memorabilia, and I enjoy reading about people paying huge prices for such items. The famous 1909 Honus Wagner baseball card was recently sold for \$2.8 million dollars, making it the most expensive baseball card in history. A Gutenberg Bible was sold in 1978 for \$2.2 million. Fewer than 100 copies of Action Comics #1 (the first appearance of Superman) are known to exist, and experts estimate its value (in near-mint condition) at nearly a million dollars. Makes you wish you'd kept your Beanie Babies, eh?

But none of those compares to the monumental sale in which I recently took part as a third-party arbiter: the sale of a mint-condition copy of *The Athenian*, issue #1, for \$17.5 million. I had to fly to Montenegro to meet with the seller, a wealthy American entrepreneur who asked me to give his name as "Mr. Joshua." I

was requested by the purchaser, a European nobleman (whose hospitality during the week I was his guest was wonderful), to appraise the issue and check for flaws. As one might expect about such a sought-after collector's item, there are hundreds of fake copies of the rare issue floating around, and this gentleman wanted to ensure that he wasn't being duped. After hours of painstaking analysis, I was able to confirm to the best of my professional knowledge that the issue was indeed authentic and in exceptional condition, and the deal went as planned.

The origins of this august publication are shrouded in mystery, and electronic copies of the first nine issues of *The Athenian* are unavailable. I'm sure in a hundred years, though, after nuclear war has ravaged America, the issue you are holding in your (recently washed, I hope) hands will be a valuable collector's item as well. Handle with care.

-- The Editor



PAUL HAY, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Athenian Guidelines

1) *The Athenian* is a semi-anonymous publication. Contributors' names are printed on page 2, but aren't necessarily connected to any particular article. This is to preserve a lack of integrity for the staff.

2) *The Athenian* has won as many Nobel Prizes for Literature as Mark Twain, Leo Tolstoy, Jorge Luis Borges, Vladimir Nabokov, W.H. Auden, Robert Frost, Henrik Ibsen, Marcel Proust, and James Joyce combined.

3) Any submissions/questions/comments/pyramid schemes/court summons can be sent to athenian@case.edu. Any submissions can/might/will be altered as needed.

Congrats to **Stephanie Ohtola**, who won the \$50 prize for best submission for Issue #46!

Universe Implodes as Dumbass Divides by Zero

In what is being called the most cataclysmic event in all of modern history, at approximately 9:45 AM on November 4th, at least one dumbass in Math 121 divided by zero. As he did so, a tear in the fabric of the universe appeared near his calculator; the tear rapidly expanded until the universe was ripped completely apart and imploded in on itself.

Sources report that the tear occurred somewhere between the fifth and seventh rows of the classroom, shortly after Chris Butler, the professor in charge of the class, urged students to never divide by zero "because then the whole universe will come to an end, and I've got plans for the weekend." Authorities have several leads as to the identity of the dumbass or, potentially, dumbasses, but say they have no solid evidence yet. The investigation will likely take some time, as the implosion of the universe destroyed any evidence that might conclusively identify any suspects.

Miraculously, no one was killed during the incident, a surprising detail in light of the fact that the whole universe was destroyed. One student in the same classroom suffered lacerations on her leg as the tear in the universe engulfed her but is expected to make a full recovery. Another student suffered a nervous breakdown as the universe began to rip apart, though authorities suspect that this was in connection to a chemistry test scheduled for the next period and was not related to the destruction of the universe.

Officials are trying to determine what the best course of action from here is. Researchers assigned to investigate the matter have reached three possible conclusions. Some researchers say that superglue would get the universe back together in short order. Others believe that repairing the universe is the mythical one-thousandth-and-first use for duct tape. Still others insist that neither of these solutions is practical and that the only





A potential solution. Experts predict that we would need more than one roll.

realistic thing to do is to get an entirely new universe. However, Wolfgang von Schoiten-lubber, professor of astrophysics at Yale and lead proponent of the new universe theory, had no comment when asked where exactly a new universe could be gotten. When asked the same question, another proponent of this plan, obviously dazed and confused by the question, replied simply "Um...I don't know... maybe we can check the phone book for a nearby universe store? There's gotta be one somewhere around here."

Washington has been debating what to do since the issue first appeared. Republicans favor a duct tape strategy that will include tax breaks for any duct tape manufacturers willing to get in on the process. Democrats insist that the Republican's plan is unfair to the poor and minorities and favor the superglue plan. Both parties have rejected the new universe plan out of hand as being too practical.

One official was quoted as saying "In any case, that stupid kid is going to cost the universe a lot of taxpayer dollars." No estimate was provided as to when we can expect the universe to be back up and running as normal, but as the issue concerns the whole of space and time, it will likely be awhile.

~NEWSFLASH!~

Freshmen Students Discover That Alcohol Prevents Swine Flu

CWRU students living in the Hitchcock dormitory recently stumbled upon the medical discovery of the year: swine flu can be prevented by excessive alcohol consumption.

"I feel like a genius, man," slurred Riley Porter, a psychology major who first noted the connection between binge-drinking and staying flu-free. "This guy....this guy is the greatest...." He sort of trailed off.

Although their findings are controversial and not universally accepted, the students insist that the particular strain of swine flu on campus cannot survive in an environment where copious amounts of Natty Lite are constantly in one's bodily system. While other students on their floors and even in their suites have come down with the flu, these quaffers have stayed totally healthy.

"I've never felt better," insisted business major Kyle Morrow. "Last night, I polished off half a bottle of Grey Goose before playing a few games of beer pong with my R.A., then after I puked a couple times in the girls' shower I had a celebratory 4-pack of Great Lakes Christmas Ale. When I woke up the next morning after blacking out, I had neither a fever nor a runny nose nor a sore throat. Heavy drinking is the key to good health."

Morrow's roommate Kurt Young, whose arm was in a sling from falling down the stairs after doing "Edward Forty-hands," concurred. "I don't want to get sick with the swine flu, so I'm drinking as much as possible this winter. I mean, I'm just concerned about my health, and I want to take whatever steps are necessary to ensure that I stay healthy."

In lieu of flu vaccine shots, Porter maintained that the best thing to inject into your body is a bottle of Jack Daniels. Despite the lack of support from medical experts, many freshmen are experimenting with Porter's approach themselves.

The Athenian's Helpful Tips for Finals Week

Writing a Final Paper:

1. Visit scholar.google.com
2. Type in a topic that interests you.
3. Use Google Scholar to find lots and lots of information on the topic. Ideally, this should take somewhere between two and five hours.
4. As you're ready to begin writing, decide that your topic doesn't really fit the prompt given to you. Scrap it and start over.
5. Repeat steps 1-4 until certifiably insane.
6. Use your insanity as an excuse to not have to write the paper.

Taking a Big Exam:

1. Studies show that a good night's sleep is better than cramming. Therefore, you should sleep 20 hours before the test and avoid anything even remotely akin to studying.
2. Employ an advanced cheating technique known as "telepathy."
3. When writing an essay, no matter how much you've written or how much time you have left, finish in the middle of a sentence and quickly scribble "ran out of time" in the margin.

Doing a Group Project:

1. Keep finding excuses not to meet with the rest of your group (e.g., diarrhea, a relative in the hospital, a swollen "vestigial artery," etc.)
2. Buy everyone in your group a six-pack. They'll forgive you.

SUPPORT CWRU'S MEDIA BOARD!



"Art is what separates us from the lower animals. You ever see an ox paint?"

CWRU: Plasticizing the Second Amendment

As per university policy, students may not keep or bear arms on campus, giving in to the communist spirit that keeps our community safe. However, as true Americans, many students cannot go without discharging some sort of firearm for a protracted period of time. Waving a hand to true patriotism, the university has loosened some policy regarding the carrying of weaponry around campus.

“Safety is our prime concern, and this campus is home to numerous biological experiments. It’s best to be prepared,” responded the security office, when asked about the new campus policy allowing students to carry Non-lethal Extraordinarily Replicated Firearms (or NERFs). “Should there be an outbreak, be it of zombie nature or otherwise, students will know how to respond in an effective and appropriate fashion.”

Quite visibly, many students are gung-ho about the initiative, gathering at various campus centers to be issued a weapon and armband, signifying their higher social status as a gun-toting member of this American community. Others sign up to receive head bands, signaling their suicidal job as volunteer targets. As a target, the volunteer is to mimic best the behaviors of a failed biological experiment: slow-thinking, incredibly violent, and popping the collar. When shot, they must bleed in the exact same fashion, or in the case of headshots, accurately represent the splattering of brain and gore to the victorious cry of “Boom! Headshot!”

Those in training are encouraged to obey all the rules of surviving a campus-limited apocalypse, the most popular being the “double tap¹,” ensuring the reanimated corpse has

been finished off. Other popular rules include learning how to reload on the run, purifying water, and being extremely paranoid at all times².

Unfortunately, although the university has furthered the American cause of spreading democracy with firearms, they have done everything possible to pander to anti-freedomists claiming the policy is “ridiculous.” In a total cop-out, the guns cannot look like real guns, sound like real guns, or even have testicles like real guns.

“Look, the scenario is real enough. GPAs are dropping and students are caring more about shooting each other than the futility of trying to succeed in their classes,” responded one pinko-commie bastard. His vile comrade added, “If we put guns in the hands of more students, things might get out of control.” Another had the nerve to say, “This is stupid – zombies aren’t real, and neither is that terrorist threat in the White House³.”

Despite opposition, many brave and patriotic volunteers continue to sally forth, doing their American duty, exercising their right to carry a firearm. Even though it is currently limited here on campus, with many detractors claiming “it’s for the students’ safety,” everyone should be carrying a NERF at all times, in all places, and with all people. The terrorist threat is as real as the communist and socialist threats and cannot be discounted. With the blessings of national rifle enthusiasts, students should continue forth with their patriot games.

1. Note: students are encouraged to apply the “double tap” rule when dropping a number 2 in the public bathrooms on campus.

2. This is just good practice in general.

3. People, we can’t be this naïve!

How the Pinch Stole Media Board's Christmas



Every CWRU down in CWRUville
Liked Media Board a lot
But the Pinch,
Who lived deep in Thwing Center,
Did NOT!

The Pinch hated Media Board, he hated each group.
Don't ask why, no one knows. Was his head full of poop?
Was his heart full of brambles? His brain not wired right?
Or, most likely of all, was his wallet too tight?

So the Pinch sat in Thwing nearly blowing his fuse,
As the Media Board kept making stuff for the CWRUs.
"They've just gone too far!" cried the Pinch with a shout.
"If I had my way, I'd just kick them all out!
How I hate all those movies, and the radio station!
I hate Ignite TV and each print publication!
This school is for science, no place for the arts!
I only like engineering and the smell of my farts!

If the students want fun, I'VE got all events planned:
Lego Parties and Spot Nights with indie rock bands.
What more do they need? All the rest is a waste.
Don't they know in such matters I have the best taste?"

Then he huffed and he sighed, with his lips cruelly twisting,
"I MUST find a way to keep Media Board from existing!"

For he knew that tomorrow the Observer came out
And would tell all the CWRUs down in CWRUville about:
How another (another!) kid quit USG;
Ishtar would be shown by the Film Society;
The Class Officer Collective made their own brand of condom;
And the statues on campus were gone (someone pawned 'em).

Then he got an idea! An awful idea!
The Pinch got a wonderful, awful idea!
"I know just what to do!" The Pinch said with a roar.
Then he popped up his collar and ran out the door.

It was three in the morning, and all were asleep,
Except for a frat house and a couple of creeps.
It was December 5th, and it just started snowing.
(And since it was Cleveland, there was no sign of slowing.)
All the CWRUs went to bed and had wonderful dreams,
Never thinking the Pinch would be up to some schemes.

So the Pinch raided CWRUville for Media Board items.
He brought shredders to shred 'em and gas to ignite 'em.
Every stack of Observers went straight in the trash.
Every copy of Discussions got burned into ash.
He destroyed each Engineering & Science Review.
He ripped up each Retrospect and Athenian, too.
Each Case Reserve Review he flushed down the toilet
With a look on his face that made clear he enjoyed it.
Then WRUW's tapes all got tampered
And the Film Society's projector got smashed with a hammer.

"And NOW," said the Grinch, as he cackled with glee,
"It's time for me to stick it to Ignite TV."
So he crept to the Media Room on Thwing's 3rd floor,
Where all of Ignite TV's equipment is stored,
But just as he unlocked and opened the door,
He heard sawing wood--no! He heard someone snore!
The Pinch froze in horror, for he saw a CWRU!
Little Cindy Lou CWRU, who just turned 22!

That year she was Athenian's editor-in-chief,
And the time she spent working was never that brief:
She planned and ran meetings for all of the staff,
And bought all the food, and tried to make them laugh,
And reviewed each submission for content and style,
Fixing typos and changing real names all the while.
She worked with the printing company for each issue,
Making sure it didn't look like crayon drawings on tissue.

(cont'd from pg. 9)



She ran the PR: flyers, chalking, all that junk.
Overall, she made sure the Athenian never stunk.
For each issue, she worked twenty hours or more.
She was worn out, and that's why she'd begun to snore.
But the Pinch woke her up, and now she was surprised
That the Pinch stood right there with such hate in his eyes.

"Mr. Pinch!" Cindy said, "What are *you* doing here?
I thought you hated art. Have you had too much beer?
This room is for members of Media Board,
Where Ignite TV stores all its equipment hoard.
What are you doing now? You're breaking into their stuff!
I can't let this go further, enough is enough!"

The Pinch angrily turned, with a lens in his hand:
"Get out of the way, you just don't understand!
My dear, I know exactly what's best for the CWRUs--
I've been to more leadership conferences than you!
Please don't be alarmed, I'm not causing strife,
I'm merely enhancing the quality of student life."

So Ignite TV's cameras were taken to Clarke
And thrown off the roof and thus smashed in the dark.
Last of all, the Pinch stole from each Media Board group's budget
(If the numbers ended up not agreeing, he'd fudge it).

"There! I did it!" the Pinch yelled. "I killed Media Board!"
And his cackling resounded from Mandel to Nord.
He'd gotten his vengeance, he'd gotten his way,
He stroked his ego while padding his resumé.

The next morning the CWRUs down in CWRUville arose
Looking out at the campus all covered with snows,
And they sort of felt glum--it was cloudy and cold,
They were worn out and wishing they hadn't enrolled.
So for solace they looked to their Media Board
To amuse them and prevent them from being bored.

But the CWRUs couldn't find any Observers around!
Not a single Athenian anywhere could be found!
Disappeared was Discussions, missing was Retrospect!
No Christmas films were shown--the projector was wrecked!
91.1 had no Christmas songs, just dead air.
No one saw a Case Reserve Review anywhere.
Engineering & Science Reviews were all gone,
And on Channel 14, no programs were on.

How the students did weep! Wailing, gnashing of teeth!
When Greenies drove by, people jumped underneath!
It was worse than a Communist zombie attack;
They'd give ANYTHING to have their Media Board back.

Then the Pinch cried out "Hey!" in the middle of the Quad,
"I don't get it! Your logic must somehow be flawed.
I did you a favor! I saved you some cash!
We have enough now to fund a big button-making bash!
The Media Board's not important, they're really overrated,
And their work certainly shouldn't be compensated."

But the CWRUs all got mad, and one yelled in response:
"Pinch, you suck! You don't know what the student body wants!
Media Board publications keep us going each day.
You're a Shit-Eating Cocksucker, and now you must pay!"

So the students rose up and surrounded the Pinch.
He was smothered by students, he could not move an inch!
And they all gave him wedgies, and they gave him wet willies,
And noogies, and Indian burns, and pink bellies,
Until the Pinch cried and let Media Board spend
A few pennies for salary stipends. THE END!

HAVE A MERRY CHRISTMAS!
WE MEAN IT!

wishing you
champagne wishes
and caviar dreams!

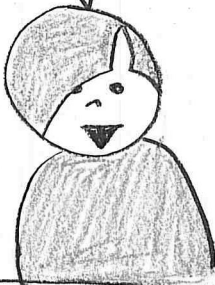


PICK YOUR CLIQUE

So when did you
discover you were
gay? I had a thing
for Brad Pitt.

experimenting
freshman
year.

I like
"Twilight."



We're selling
something
in Nord

Op-Ed

If we don't get any controversy, we make some!

I don't deserve to be treated like a thief just because I am one

By Fast Hands Magoo



Everywhere I go I get treated like a criminal. People shun me, quickly thrust their valuables out of sight whenever I come near, and lock their doors upon my approach. I'm being treated like a thief. It doesn't matter

that I am a thief; I don't deserve to be treated like this.

I don't mean to brag, but I've hit the International Diamond Exchange and made off with the whole collection of diamonds; I was long gone before anyone realized anything was amiss, and they've still not been able to link me to that heist. I've raided banks and emptied the entire contents of the vaults, and no one was any the wiser. And that safe you brag about having doesn't stand a chance. They don't call me "Fast Hands" for nothing.

Do these things make me a bad guy? I don't know. I try not to think too much about things like "morality," it's too depressing. Will I steal something of yours? Yeah, if it's valuable and I get the chance. But that doesn't mean I appreciate or deserve being treated like a thief.

I can't stand hearing people whisper about me. They say bad things about me and continue the abuse of my self-esteem that drove me to a life of crime in the first place. And if they're not doing that, they're bragging about their super powerful security systems, as though they pose any deterrent to me at all. Come on people, cut me a freakin' break!

It's been said that when you assume, you make an ass out of u and me. That is exactly what you people do every time you whisper about me and assume that I'll clean out your

room the minute I get the chance. It is immaterial that your assumption is completely correct – you shouldn't be making it in the first place. By doing so, you continue to perpetuate the vicious cycle that led me to be a thief in the beginning. Heck, if you stopped treating me like dirt, there's even the chance I'd give up my thieving ways and go straight.

No, on second thought, scratch that last idea. Being a thief is just way too much fun and way too profitable to simply walk away. But they've never tied me officially to any crime, so why do you all continue to insist on acting like I'm a convicted felon? All I ask is a little respect. I don't think I'm being unreasonable. A little kindness toward the neighborhood thief goes a long way – he'll remember your kindness next time he's ransacking your dorm room. It won't stop him, but he'll remember it.

I'm glad that I live in a country with a justice system that declares its defendants innocent until proven guilty. I only wish I attended a university where the student body felt the same way.

Editor's note: Fast Hands Magoo was arrested in connection with the heist at the International Diamond Exchange shortly after we received this article and forwarded it on to the FBI. We wish him all the best.

SECRETS OF THE ALPHA BETA GAMMA FRATERNITY

REVEALED!

Part 2 of a 72-part series



THE "CANDLE PASSING": Many sororities have a ritual called a "candle passing," whereby sisters can announce that they have been lavaliered, pearled, or have become engaged. Alpha Beta Gamma has a similar ritual for when a brother has tapped some sweet ass. The brothers sit in a circle and pass around a communal bottle of Jim Beam. Upon receiving the bottle, each brother takes a swig and passes it down to the next guy. Once the bottle reaches the brother who slammed the "frattress," he downs the rest of the bottle and smashes it against the wall, as the other brothers begin loudly chanting "U-S-A! U-S-A!" (The bottle circles the group twice if the brother convinced the girl to let him film it, and three times if the brother had a threesome.)

THE SCHOLARSHIP ROOM: Deep in the bowels of the Alpha Beta Gamma house is a room devoted to the pursuit of academics and scholarly success. It goes largely unused throughout the year. Often, though, during finals week, the brothers will raid the extensive test files collection, which spans 50 years or more at some chapters, and includes answer keys purchased on eBay with money collected from selling ritual paraphernalia to gullible freshmen. Also inside the Scholarship Room is a library composed mostly of stolen textbooks, empty binders, and MAD Magazine back issues.

CELEBRITY ENDORSEMENT



“President Nixon here, inviting you all to submit articles to the *Athenian*. People have got to know whether or not their humor magazine is a crook. Well, it’s not a crook. It’s a rollicking good time. The *Athenian* publishes all sorts of material, from fake news to creative fiction and poetry, from cartoons to PhotoShopped gags. I’ve submitted articles myself from time to time, and like I told David Frost, if the President writes for it, that means it’s not unfunny.

“The *Athenian* has never been a quitter. But to encourage more submissions from the campus student body, the *Athenian* offers a \$50 prize to the best entry of each issue. So step up and send your work to **athenian@case.edu**, and be a part of the fun! Keep campus print media alive, or else you won’t have the *Athenian* to kick around any more!”

Trolling Through the Ages

The practice of going onto internet forums for the sole purpose of stirring up rage and ire is known as “trolling.” However, trolling is not simply a modern behavior. As these examples show, trolls have been present as long as humanity itself:

- 100,000 BCE: Cave paintings are found that depict two groups of people. One group is shown as strong and muscular, while the other group is distorted in such a way as to appear obviously phallus shaped. Some writing is also found beneath the paintings, but since these paintings date to before the invention of written language, it is doubtful if anyone ever understood them--perhaps it is simply an emoticon.

- 3000 BCE: Egyptians develop their written language of hieroglyphics. Unbeknownst to most, the language is actually entirely arbitrary, and not intended to mean anything or be understandable. While the Egyptians were appreciating their Epic LULZ, the Assyrians conquered their nation. This unfortunately occurred before they could propagate their joke, resulting in spending hundreds of years attempting to understand the written language.

- 66 CE: Upset over the Roman occupation, a Jewish man writes “Romans go home!” all over the local governor’s office in Caesaria. Historians believe that this incident triggered the First Jewish-Roman War, and the event inspired a similar scene in the film “Life of Brian.” Meanwhile, in Rome, the Emperor Nero builds a large dedicatory column to himself, which Vespasian (who won the war for the Romans) later as emperor defaced by adding “...is a butthead” next to every instance of Nero’s name.

- 1157 CE: Crusaders attempting to seize Damascus get a tip that the opposite side of the city is less heavily fortified. Upon reaching it, however, they are met not only with heavier fortifications, but a sign that reads “PWNED” in Arabic. Enraged, the Crusaders attack and fail miserably.

- 1337 CE: The house of Vanjou realizes the year number, and begins trolling the entirety of France. After calling dibs on the French throne, they launch England and France into a war that lasts for 116 years. They continue to troll history students today, repeatedly insisting that this is the Hundred Years War.

-1957 CE: Strom Thurmond begins the longest filibuster in history. He successfully speaks about nonsense for 24 consecutive hours. Opponents fall into his trap and give into his desperate calls for attention.

- 1960’s CE: The antiwar movement gets trolled, in one of the more recent instances of organized trolling. All around the country, people begin to express interest in pacifism and the anti war movement, while actively participating in violence. This organized movement sets the pacifism movement back 20 years.

- 2008 CE: Sarah Palin runs for Vice President. This is the most successful instance of trolling on record, as the country has yet to decide if she should be commended as the greatest troll of the decade, or least intelligent politician.

A Conversation

DAVID: And then the shit hit the fan.

DAVID: You get rid of it.

HAROLD: I don't know what that means.

HAROLD: Obviously.

DAVID: Seriously?

DAVID: Obviously. So, you see a fan on the other side of the room, and you think that'll get rid of the shit.

HAROLD: Really. Never heard it.

HAROLD: So I throw it?

DAVID: Huh. But you don't get it? You can't pick out the meaning from context?

DAVID: You throw it. Right into the fan.

HAROLD: Nah. It's kinda gross though.

HAROLD: I would think that would work.

DAVID: Well let me aid in your discovery. Picture a pile of shit.

DAVID: You would. But it doesn't.

HAROLD: Yeah.

HAROLD: It doesn't?

DAVID: And you're stuck holding it.

DAVID: No. It doesn't. The shit hits the fan and—

HAROLD: That's awful.

HAROLD: It gets everywhere.

DAVID: It is. And you want to go on, do stuff with your life, but you can't.

DAVID: Yes it does.

HAROLD: Because I've got a handful of shit?

HAROLD: Shit's all over.

DAVID: Exactly.

DAVID: All over.

HAROLD: But I don't want it.

HAROLD: Because it hit the fan.

DAVID: No you don't.

DAVID: Yes.

HAROLD: So what do I do with it?

HAROLD: Shit hit the fan.

DAVID: True story.



If the U.S. Constitution Were Written Nowadays

James Madison: All right, we've got all our ideas on this whiteboard. I put the vague stuff in green, the stuff they'll change in 100 years in blue, and everything else in black. Hey, someone accidentally erased this Compromise I wrote!

Ben Franklin: Don't worry, three-fifths of it is still there.

George Washington: You should have used permanent marker, like John Hancock did when we brainstormed the Declaration of Independence.

James Madison: So how are we going to start? Some kind of snappy preamble, like..."Four score and seven years ago..."

Robert Morris: Maybe "Ask not what your country can do for you--"

Ben Franklin: Lame.

Robert Morris: Shut up, Franklin, you've got syphilis from all those women you slept with in France.

Ben Franklin: It was in the duty of my country!

James Madison: Guys, guys, calm down. We need to get this thing done.

George Washington: Let's make a PowerPoint, it'll look more professional when we show it to the state conventions.

James Madison: NO, we're writing this out.

Alexander Hamilton: Why don't we just find a constitution template on Microsoft Word?

James Madison: NO!

Robert Morris: Omigosh, you guys, Thomas Jefferson just sent me a text, and he's TRASHED. Come and look at it!

George Washington: Hahaha, awesome!

James Madison: Sigh...

Thoughtful Holiday Gift Ideas

Courtesy of Editor Claus and his merry* elves

Xtreme Inc.'s "Debilitator" Diet Pills - Is your loved one struggling to lose weight? Do you want to send a not-so-subtle hint that you want a divorce? These pills make the perfect gift! They're so effective, they've been banned in Finland and thirteen other countries!

The Elgin Marbles - They make a great conversation piece if you hold cocktail parties.

Gillette Fusion Razor - Not only will it help your loved one get the much smoother shave they've been wanting thanks to its five blades, but it's also the ideal wrist cutting instrument for 4 out of 5 emos! It also includes an indicator strip to let you know when the blades need changing and when it's time to seek therapy!

A year's subscription to *The Athenian* - What could be better for your significant other than a year's subscription to a magazine filled predominantly with cock jokes? Other than the fact you'd be giving your money to a con artist, since the mag is free and we don't offer paid subscriptions.

Fine jewelry - If you think you can afford or steal it, go for it.

A bottle of "La Poubelle Chère" - Two dollar wine in a two hundred dollar bottle! Perfect for letting that special someone know that you're a sucker!

A famous celebrity's brain in a jar - These are all the rage in New York and L.A. Top-of-the-line brains like Andy Warhol's or Carl Sagan's will cost you a fortune, but you can get Sonny Bono's or Anna Nicole Smith's for cheap if you shop around.

Potentially Deadly Exercise Equipment - Not only does it say "You are hideously ugly and I want a divorce" in no uncertain terms, but it might also kill your recipient, allowing you to collect on the insurance money!

Some kinda fancy-pants perfume - French names like "Eau de Meat Processing Plant" are the way to go for this one.

Dan Brown's *The Lost Symbol* - An ideal paperweight, doorstop, or dog's chew toy.

A relaxing trip somewhere nice - No. Just...no.



Editor Claus keeps the elf staff working hard, even during the holidays.

*Merriness of elves may vary.

Merry Christmas to All, and To All A Good Night!



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