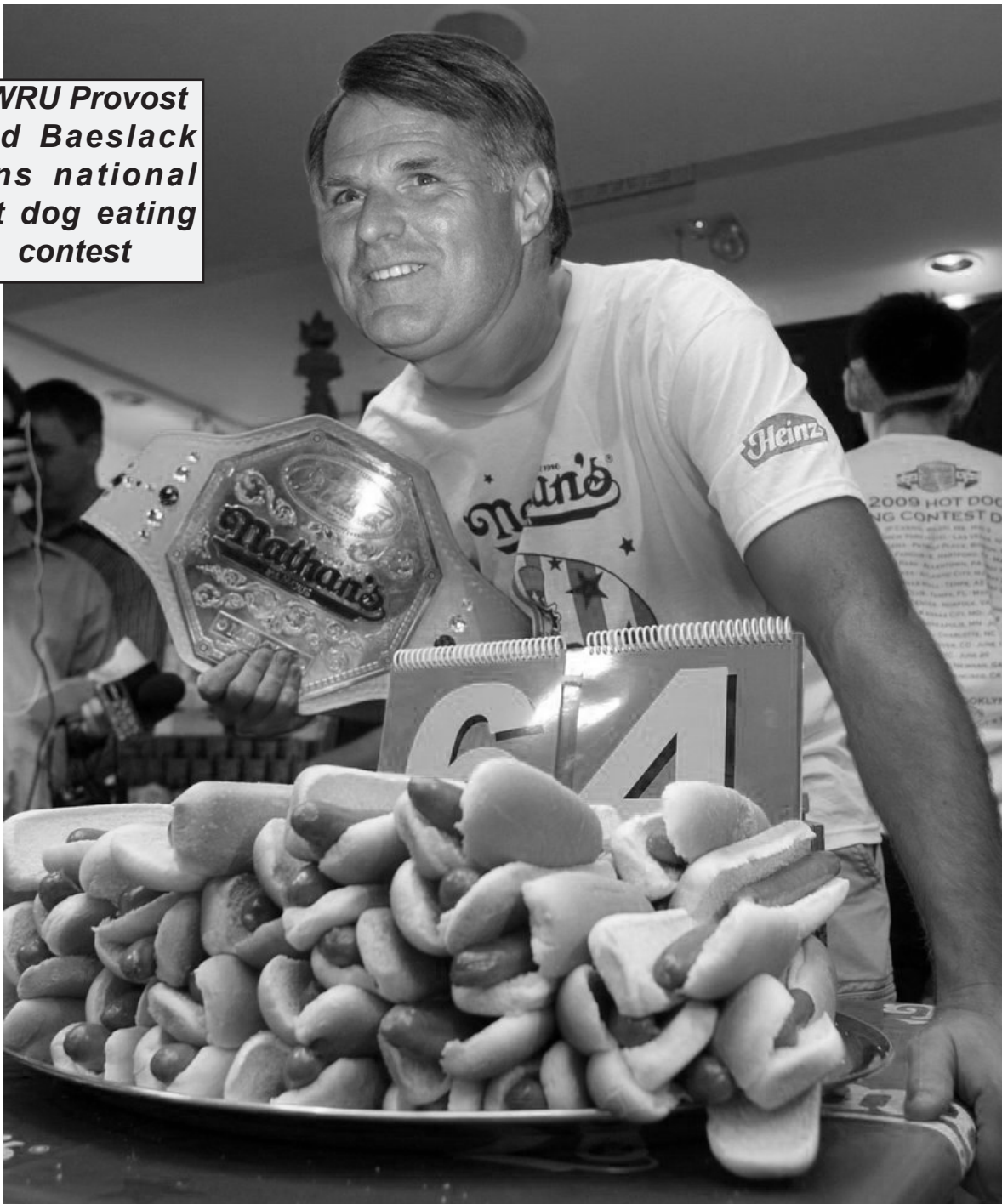


THE ATHENIAN

ISSUE #48

CWRU's student humor magazine, est. 2000

*CWRU Provost
Bud Baeslack
wins national
hot dog eating
contest*



THINK BEYOND THE POSSIBLE!



The Athenian

"I once stole a pornographic book that was printed in Braille. I used to rub the dirty parts." - Woody Allen, avid reader.

ON THE WEB:

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

EMAIL: athenian@case.edu

ISSUE #48
FEBRUARY 2010

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Proud member of the Case Media Board since Hundert.

From The Editor

Howdy fellas,

Getting old is a terrible thing. (I guess getting ugly is even worse, but I wouldn't know anything about that.) One day you and your friends are playing with water balloons in your backyard, and then the next day everyone gets engaged. It comes at you without warning, like a fart in church.

I've heard people say that the benefit of age is the accumulation of wisdom. Clearly, these people did not have birthday parties as cool as I did. Going to Putt-Putt and getting Sno-Cones trumps an appreciation of opera every time. And while the personal liberty that comes with reaching the age of eighteen vastly expands one's opportunities for growth and reflection, I think I'd still much rather sit on the couch eating Spaghetti-O's and watching *Rocko's Modern Life*.

Thankfully, it seems like many men of my generation have broken the shackles of growing up and are voluntarily choosing a life of "extended adolescence." Studies show that kids are staying at home much longer in life--often up til the age of 46, guilt-free--and are less motivated to seek employment or do much more than play World of Warcraft and go tanning. Personally, I'm glad to see that we are forsaking the route of our parents, what with their AMBITION and MOTIVATION and all. Who were they kidding?

I'm proud to say that this magazine endorses a hedonistic, immature lifestyle. If you ever feel like watching CNN, filing a tax return, or shopping for hand towels, please pick up a copy of *The Athenian* immediately and begin reading until the feeling subsides. We're just doing our part to serve you.



PAUL HAY, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

-- The Editor

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* is a class 3 poison and cannot be transported across state lines without expressed written consent of CBS and the National Football League.

3) Any submissions/suggestions/rebuttals/threats/birthday cards can be sent to athenian@case.edu. Any submissions can/might/will be altered as needed.

Congrats to **Jon Backmann**, who won the \$50 prize for best submission for Issue #47!

COC Demands Office Space

The Class Officer Collective has announced that they will be seeking to obtain the Peter B. Lewis Building as their own private office, citing a need to have space for... whatever it is they do.

“We simply can’t function without tables and desks with computers at them. WE CAN’T!!!!!!” said COC-*Athenian* liaison Peter Jordan, foaming at the mouth. “How are we supposed to organize groundbreaking CWRU events like ‘Tacos and Sweat Pants’ if we don’t have a ton of space to hang out and pretend to work?”

Weatherhead officials say that the building is already being used by a ton of people and that they would be forced to do a sloppier job if the COC pushes them out of their abode. “I don’t understand this demand,” says Weatherhead representative Kevin Phickser. “The University Programming Board plans events, and USG represents the students through the government arm. What is it that COC does, exactly, that requires all this space?”

The student body has a mixed opinion about the debate. “Get away from me, I’m not answering your stupid questions,” said Ashley



Luthern, a sophomore chemical engineer. But on the other hand, as senior Matthew Hiznay points out, “What? I have no idea what you are talking about.”

Despite all these intangibles and nuanced statements, one thing remains patently obvious: when you buy a used car, you’re just buying someone else’s problems.

CHOOSE YOUR OWN LEUTNER ADVENTURE

It’s another beautiful evening in the Leutner dining hall. You and your dinner companion are feasting on a fine meal of mystery goulash, brown rice, and whatever else you can scrounge up from the Classics section.

“So I think I figured out how to cheat on my physics midterm,” your companion declares. “I’ll simply write my notes on the inside of my eyelids. No one will ever suspect me of cheating.”

Suddenly, the unthinkable happens: the jukebox begins playing “The Macarena” for the fifth time in a row. You can barely stand it anymore.

If you want to unplug the jukebox, go to page 8. If you think you can tolerate it a little more, go to page 16.

Cleveland Browns To Draft Entire CWRU Roster



In an anticipated move, Cleveland Browns President Mike Holmgren announced plans to draft the entire 2009 roster of the CWRU football team at the NFL draft in April. "This move, while drastic, eliminates most of our problems on the field, especially at the quarterback position," said Holmgren. The team is expected to release everyone on its current roster and force kicker Phil Dawson to retire and become a grocery store clerk in Solon.

Mel Kiper, Jr., ESPN's official NFL draft analyst, called the move unorthodox for a pro team. "Usually you wouldn't expect to find a football team so bad, so embarrassing to both themselves and to the city they represent, that drafting an entire Division III school's football team would be considered an option. Clearly in Cleveland, we've found an exception."

Surprisingly, the announcement by Holmgren has triggered a wave of public approval. "I'm all in favor of this," said Tom Buckler, a retired policeman living in Westlake. "CWRU's football team hasn't lost a regular-season game since 2006. Meanwhile the Browns suck. I'd much rather watch college kids try to beat the Ravens than watch Derek Anderson throw interception after interception."

Even some of the Browns players are

supportive of the move. Special teams all-star Josh Cribbs told the *Athenian*, "This team has had so many clowns that I score most of our points on kickoff returns. Replacing everyone with a team that goes undefeated every year seems like a good idea to me, plus it lets me get my wish and go to a better team for more money. Now get out of my house."

Statistically, Holmgren appears to making a logical choice. The Spartans have scored over 1700 touchdowns in the last four years, and have outscored their opponents by an average of 91 points a game. During the same stretch, the Browns went 7-88, fumbling the ball seven times a game and once forfeiting because tight end Kellen Winslow II was throwing snowballs at the referees. The addition of the CWRU roster will likely improve the Browns in all areas of the game.

As a result of Holmgren's announcement, optimism is running so high in Cleveland that 2011 playoff tickets are already being scalped in the backstreets outside Cleveland Browns Stadium. Also, a large bust of Holmgren, made entirely out of corned beef, was discovered sitting in the Dawg Pound last Monday. Clearly, fans are expecting a lot out of the new Browns team.

SUPPORT CWRU'S MEDIA BOARD!



“There’s more to life than differential equations. Trust us.”

CHOOSE YOUR OWN LEUTNER ADVENTURE

You fix yourself a bowl of rainbow sherbet. It tastes delicious. What demigod invented this food, and why isn't he (or she) memorialized in some lasting monument?

As you sit at your table dining on the tasty confection, your dinner companion brings up a weird topic of conversation.

“So, did you hear about that disaster at the Cleveland Zoo?”

You shake your head.

“Oh yeah, big tragedy. A gas line exploded or something. Three people died. What's worse, most of the animals escaped. This all happened this morning. I saw it on CNN.”

You shrug and go back to the sherbet. That's when you hear the screams. One or two at first, near the door. Then *everyone* in Leutner is going bonkers. You don't understand, and heaving a sigh, you go back to your dessert.

Then from behind you hear a loud roar. Turning, spoon still in mouth, you see a giant golden lion, blood dripping from its jaws and a crazy look in its eye, facing you.

Too scared to run, you immediately begin pissing your pants as the hungry king of the jungle charges at you. Underclassmen scurry out the way as the beast homes in on its prey for the evening.

Despite being mauled by a jungle cat, you declare the day a good day. Sherbet!

EXTREMELY USEFUL ADVICE

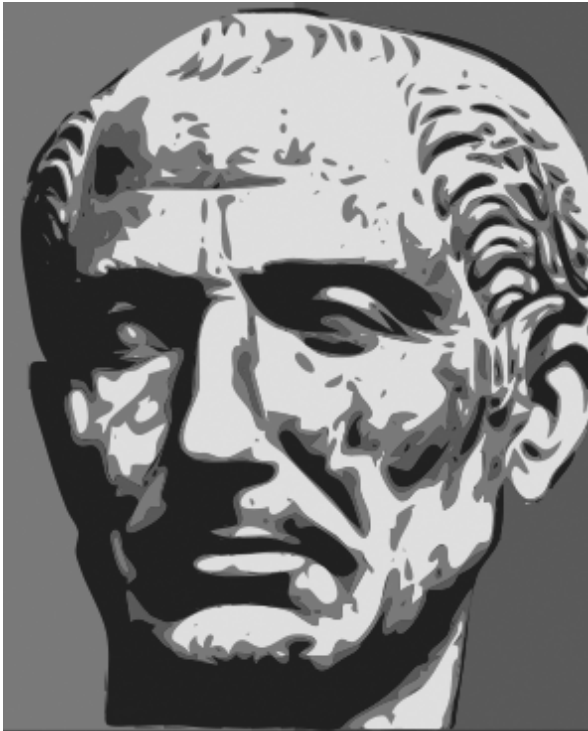
That's about two weeks too late

A Choice Selection of Excuses for Not Having a Date on Valentine's Day

You know how it goes (or maybe you don't): this being Case, you can never seem to get a date for Valentine's Day. But inevitably, there's some jackass who feels compelled to ask you why you don't have one. Below are some excellent excuses that are guaranteed to save you face and send the jerk packing!

- I bet my buddy from home that if I ever got a date, I'd set fire to my own hair. A significant other is just not worth the pain.
- I'm a monk (note: if you are not a monk, pretend you are. If you are a monk, keep being one).
- I downloaded all the porn off the hub before it got shut down and I haven't finished watching it all yet.
- The SEC took away my salary, so we'd have to split the check. It just doesn't seem very romantic.
- It's too hard to find someone around here who shares my taste in Nazi cinema.
- I have to work on a physics lab. (This one is guaranteed to work. Even if you're not in physics. Trust us.)
- My psychiatrist has advised me against leaving the house.
- I'm married to my job.
- The local pimps raised their prices beyond my means.
- The restraining order still hasn't expired.
- I got suckered into joining some cause and I'm not available that night.
- When I was seven, a wise old shaman in my home village prophesied that I would ascend to the empyrean on a February night when the Dogstar was in Aries. After I killed him, I found it hard to get a date anymore.
- I'm not alone! I'll be with the rest of my Warcraft guild!
- I have a World's Strongest Man contest that night.
- The bottle is the only friend I'll ever need!
- I took one look at the Peter B. Lewis Building and promptly went blind. I can't see what my date would look like, and if I end up with someone hideously ugly, that would be even worse than not having a date at all!
- Tommy's Milkshakes is having a special for singles and I just don't want to miss it.
- I haven't been taking my medication and the voices in my head give me enough company.
- I figured I'd wait until the herpes died down.
- I know it's tradition and all to have a date that night, so I'm staying at home alone just to flaunt tradition.
- If dates are so great, why don't you have one? (Exercise caution with this one; it's been known to backfire).
- *Hogan's Heroes* marathon. I gotta have priorities!
- The aliens told me they'd take me to their utopian home planet that night.
- I go to Case. What do you expect?

Ancient Roman Political Advertising



**WE CAN COME
WE CAN SEE
WE CAN CONQUER**



Left: Promotional poster for Julius Caesar in the Pontifex Maximus election of 63 B.C.

Above: Roman eagle brooch pin, 1st cent. B.C. An obligatory fashion accessory when delivering a stump speech or engaging in debate in the Senate during the Republic. Not to wear the brooch pin would put one's patriotism in question.

CHOOSE YOUR OWN LEUTNER ADVENTURE

You stomp over to the jukebox and unplug it. Instantly you are greeted with sarcastic cheers and clapping, along with some ironic boos. You ruefully recall that this school was once called "The World's Most Powerful Learning Environment."

As you walk back to your chair, you become disoriented by a sudden attack of light-headedness (no doubt caused by an accidental sprinkling of asbestos in the Leutner cous-cous tonight). Before you know it, you've stumbled upon a small circular table at which sits a philanthropic organization. Uh-oh.

"Would you like to donate \$5 to support albino illiterate conjoined twins in Guatemala?" a perky freshman girls asks you.

If you want to ignore them and walk by, go to page 14. If you want to acknowledge her and see what happens, go to page 18.



Above: Campaign buttons found in an excavation near the Capitoline Hill; 1st cent. B.C.

Below: Artist's depiction of a common chariot bumper sticker (which reads "Carthago delenda est!") found throughout Italy; 2nd cent. B.C.



NOT PICTURED: Marble frieze of the Gracchi brothers playing touch football on the lawn of the Campus Martius; 2nd cent. B.C.

Reading College Newspapers Potentially Fatal, Say Experts

(AP) - Researchers at the Hundert Institute for Cognitive Necrosis have published findings which suggest that reading college newspapers is directly responsible for rapidly-diminishing brain function among undergraduate students.

An essay printed in the January issue of the research journal *American Neurojellosis* showed an irrefutable link between college newspaper readership and decreased activity among cerebral synapses, which led in almost all cases to the shutdown of various neural centers and certain death. The researchers also noticed that the negative effects were more pronounced for readers of newspapers with anonymously-written "sex and dating" columns.

Dr. John Bendova, one of the credited writers of the essay, said, "The brains of people aged 17 to 24 are particularly fragile, and susceptibility to gray matter dissolution is a constant threat in journalism departments." Bendova also noted that "those who only do the crossword or Sudoku puzzle are still at risk."

All college students are advised to avoid reading their schools' newspapers. If you see a stack of papers in any doorway, you should feel free to burn them or use them as toilet paper (depending on the texture of the newsprint). If you have already developed a dependency on reading campus publications, you are encouraged to start devotedly reading a humor magazine instead.

"It's the *Athenian*. It's dead, Jim."



"I'm a doctor, not a comedian."

Movies that will never get shown at the CWRU Sci-Fi Marathon:

Godzilla vs. Batman

It Came From Under the Sink!

Star Trek XIV: Captain LaForge

The Time Machine of Dr. Frankenstein

Robovelociraptors on the Moon

The Clone Who Came to Dinner

Mission to Uranus

CHOOSE YOUR OWN LEUTNER ADVENTURE

A gangly freshman art student hands you the ice cream scooper with a wink. Thinking nothing of it, you proceed to stack your cone with three big scoops of mint chocolate chip ice cream. Nicely done.

But what you didn't realize was that the freshman had been studying black magic all semester (it's amazing what books you can find in the stacks!). The ice cream scooper was cursed...you can feel your head shrinking with every lick of the cone. Ooh, but it's so tasty.... death is worth it.

CASE

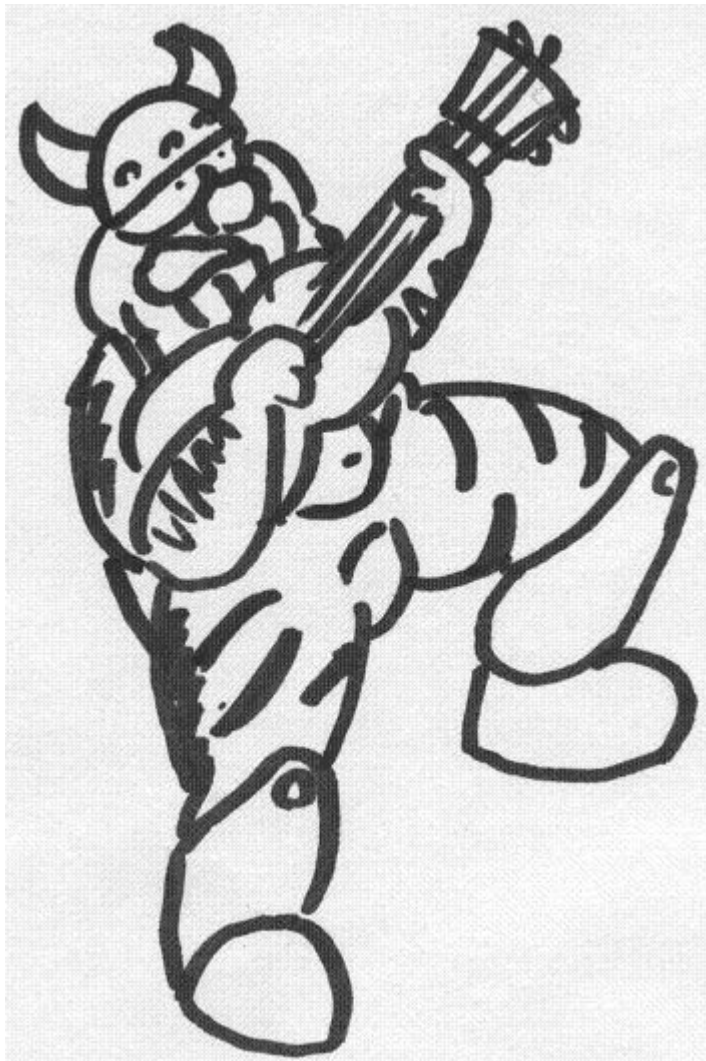
I'm Lovin' It!



When the girl didn't call...

SAMMY HAGAR THE HORRIBLE

“I’m off to raid the island of CABO WABO! Oh, but I can’t sail.....FIFTY FIVE!!!!!!!”



CHOOSE YOUR OWN LEUTNER ADVENTURE

You down three bowls of puffed rice. It feels good to eat such healthy food, in fact it makes you feel superior to everyone else in Leutner, with their cake and whatnot. YOU'RE just too sweet.

Except you forgot that earlier in the day, you lunched on cornmeal-dusted okra. And as we all learned in 10th-grade chemistry class (well, I did anyway), the combination of cornmeal-dusted okra and puffed rice results in a violent release of hydrogen gas--one of the most potent explosions man can create with health foods.

“I have a tummy ache,” you declare, right before your stomach wall bursts open with a rush of wind. Witnesses later say they saw a flash of white light, followed by a loud crack as your bones splintered in the ensuing explosion.

Hey, you know what they say, “you reap what you sow.”

Op-Ed

Keyboard diarrhea at its finest!

When you're schizo like me, you don't need a Valentine's Date



Everyone always thinks that being schizophrenic is a bad thing. As a man who has had the “disease” for the last twelve years or so, I can safely assert that this is not the case. I mean, sure, it has its disadvantages, like believing that the government is sending you secret messages through the TV, or that the mailman can read your thoughts. But it guarantees one thing: I'm never alone on Valentine's Day.

I always have the voices in my head to keep me company on this special day. Unlike an actual significant other, they will never abandon me and they are significantly lower-maintenance. I can also rest assured that they will never cheat on me. I always know right where they are, too – right inside my head. I never have to worry my woman is out at bars hitting on strange men. They never care if I'm flat broke and can't buy them anything. And if I need to talk to them, they're conveniently close by at all times. I don't have to worry about dropped calls or dead phone lines like other couples. Heck, one of them has told me that if I do what she says, she'll give me the secrets of cold fusion! Granted, when they are around me, they tell me to do weird things, but I always assume they're just kidding.

Now, I'll be the first to admit there are some problems with this. For starters, even though they don't care, I always feel obligated to send them a gift, but I can't because they're not physically there (however, this leads to the interesting side effect of leaving the gift for me!). Furthermore, I'm always afraid that one will find out I'm mostly talking to another and get jealous; since they're all in my head

I'm kind of afraid they can talk to each other and find out, and they always know what I'm up to at all times. Also any attempt at intimacy is guaranteed to fall flat, considering that they're not actually physical people. And there are always the people that insist I get treatment just because I'm hearing these voices in the first place. But still, I would have to say that the advantages well outweigh the drawbacks. In fact, I would go so far as to say that anyone who says otherwise is just jealous because the voices don't talk to them!

I don't see why people think hearing voices is a bad thing. After all, it guarantees you never have to be alone, which I know is something that a lot of people fear around Valentine's Day. Now, if you'll excuse me, the voices request that I make them a sandwich.

Editor's Note: Mr. Seymour was forcibly dragged from his home and placed in a mental institution where he can get treatment for his condition. We hope that those voices are able to help him through this difficult time in his life, and we hope that they start talking to us soon. They sound like nice people.

THIS MONTH'S FASHION TIP:

Don't wear ankle socks with boots.

You know who you are.

Top 10 Doomed-to-Fail New Year's Resolutions:

#10 – Commit to a successful revolution to abolish SAGES.

#9 – Stay healthy enough not to get food poisoning from Leutner.

#8 – Limit frat houses fires to one per year.

#7 – Stop emptying residence halls by burning popcorn at 2:07 AM.

#6 – Stop screwing over organizations that actually provide outlets for non-engineers and/or non-douchebags.

#5 – Lose virginity at Case.

#4 – Rediscover individuality after burning all Ugg boots, leggings, and North Face gear.

#3 – Play a version of beer pong that doesn't involve contracting Hepatitis A, B, and/or C.

#2 – Assist in arresting that one guy ("6' male wearing dark sweatshirt") in all the security reports.

#1 – Finish up that transfer application.

CHOOSE YOUR OWN LEUTNER ADVENTURE

With that casual stride you've honed for years, you give the group the ol' cold shoulder and continue on your merry way.

"Hey! Where do you think *you're* going, buster?!" one of them yells.

You've pissed them off. Strange, usually people that run charities are kinder, gentler human beings. Evidently the rules don't apply at CWRU.

You turn around to fight back with a witty retort, but it stops in your mouth. The perky freshman girl is apparently a member of the track team--the track and field team, actually. Because she's currently toting a javelin in her hand, and it looks like she means business.

You run.

It doesn't matter, though, because with a swift thrust, she hurls the javelin straight through your chest. As your life fades away, you mutter to yourself, "Rosebud...."

Sex & Dating Column - February Edition



Okay, it's time for some sex tips. I know this is the time of year where it's chilly outside and classes have just started getting difficult, so it can be tempting to just cuddle up with your significant other (we'll abbreviate that "SOB" from now on) and drink cocoa while watching a movie. Maybe you'll be adventurous and make a snowman or something.

But you shouldn't settle for that. Sex should be exciting. It should be about trying things you're not sure you want and aren't sure your partner likes. Like, for example, teeth. Biting is underappreciated. I mean, licking is something that is advertised in every 2 minute porn clip the internet can conceive of, but biting is at like a measly 30% (number verified by extensive internet research). Seriously, try it.

I mean, there's something to be said for being careful while you're experimenting. Somewhere in the midst of the chains and ropes and knives and fire you might get mildly

distracted and forget that this is a person you're attempting to skin alive. You know, you shouldn't forget that. It can lead to bad romance. Remember – they're people too. Maybe give them a turn behind the cattle prod?

Of course, if you don't have the stable sort of relationship where you can just break out the black leather and file your teeth into points, you might want to try a little gamble. Maybe try out your poker face – play cards for who gets first turn on the rack, that kind of thing.

Anyway, boys and girls, I just wanted to say – next time you're curled up cuddling in front of the fire, splash your cocoa in that SOB's face, then kick his chair into the fire. It's not true love unless they're bleeding out of orifices they didn't know they had.

- *Maggie the Maenad*

Dear Crabby - The Saga Continues

Dear Crabby –

I recently found out my two roommates are sleeping together. This wouldn't be such a problem, but we live in a tiny off campus apartment and it can be rather cramped. Back in the beginning, I was fine with the periodic orgies they'd throw – hell, I'd even join in periodically. But now that they're all cooing and cuddling all over the place, I just don't know what to do with myself. Sign me

CONFUSED

Okay, Confused, what's your deal? I mean, what, you had two hot roommates and didn't expect this? God, please tell me they're bisexual females. You're living the dream, man.

Or are you not a man? Are you jealous that they're all cuddly when you're not? Because seriously? Just throw off some clothing and join them next time. If they used to have orgies they'd probably be fine with it.

In the meantime, just break out the video camera and share the wealth. Case has a forum for this kind of thing, you know.

CHOOSE YOUR OWN LEUTNER ADVENTURE

You grit your teeth and try to enjoy your meal as the dulcet tones of Los Lobos continue. Whoever stocked that jukebox deserves a special section of Hell where even heavy metal fans fear to look.

"I'm thinking about getting a tattoo," your dinner companion tells you.

"Oh yeah? Since when?" you ask.

"Since I started watching Jersey Shore. Finally I found the role models I've been looking for all my life."

"So what tattoo are you going to get?" you inquire. "A vaguely tribal-looking thing on your upper arm? Some sort of Chinese symbol?"

"Better. I'm going to get a collage of every Arnold Schwarzenegger movie poster on my back. Predator, Commando, Total Recall...I'm gonna put Jingle All the Way between my shoulder blades, and End of Days just above my ass."

You're shocked. "How much is this going to cost you?"

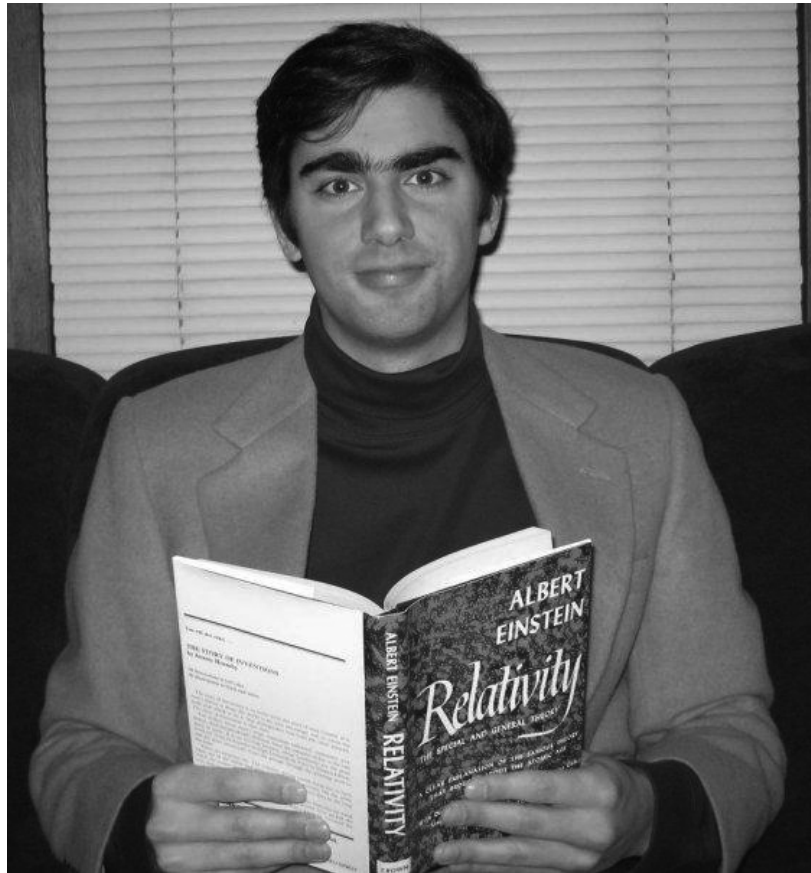
"I dunno. Maybe a few thousand dollars? I'm donating plasma to pay for it."

The Street Noodles aren't cutting it, and the salad bar looks a little soggy. You've eaten burgers and fries throughout most of the month, so they're no longer an option. You figure you'll fill up on cereal, but they're out of Golden Grahams, so really, what's the point?

It's dessert time.

If you want to make an ice cream cone, go to page 10. If you want to fix yourself a bowl of rainbow sherbet, go to page 6. If you think Leutner's fatty ice cream is too unhealthy and would prefer a bowl of puffed rice with soy milk, go to page 12.

CELEBRITY ENDORSEMENT



“Greetings, Earthlings! It is I, astronomer Carl Sagan. I just want to make clear to you the dire importance of your steady readership and contribution to the *Athenian*. If you wish to make a humor magazine from scratch, you must first submit some articles. The student body’s contributions are what makes the magazine so special. So send all your articles, cartoons, and ideas to **athenian@case.edu**. A still more glorious humor magazine awaits, not the *Onion*, but the *Athenian*, a magazine filled with four hundred billion jokes. As we gaze into the night sky and observe the cosmic ballet with wonder, do we not ask ourselves, “How can I write a dirty limerick about this?” Humor calls to us...if we do not destroy ourselves with giggling, we will all one day write for the *Athenian*.”

BREAKING NEWS

(depends on what your definition of “breaking” is)

On Tuesday, January 26, approximately four hundred volunteer workers who have done work for the Center for Civic Engagement and Learning gathered outside the CCEL office to protest the unfair working conditions. Among other things, the volunteers allege that they have not received any payment for their work, despite most of the work being “of a difficult or depressing nature.”

“When they said it was non-profit, I didn’t think it meant non-profit *for me!*” one protester was quoted as saying. “I mean, this is practically slave labor!” Another told us “I thought they meant the *other kind* of non-profit! I wasted a whole Saturday morning for nothing!” The volunteers allege that CCEL lured them in with false claims and at no time were they ever informed that they would not receive any payment for their services.

Alex Hingerdinger, the protest organizer, said when interviewed, “I don’t want anyone to think we’re all greedy schmucks or anything; we simply have the best interests of the organization in mind. This unpaid volunteer labor is very nice, but I don’t think it will ever catch on. By paying its workers, even if it’s not very much, CCEL can ensure a steady stream of people ready and willing to serve the greater good. But I’m not going to lie – the money is nice.”

The heads of CCEL refuse to negotiate with the protesters, arrogantly believing that the protesters should have known that the

work would not involve compensation. “Call us crazy, but we thought that ‘no payment’ was what ‘volunteer’ means. The mere passion of doing something good should be enough to motivate our laborers. None of the other goodwill organizations pay their laborers and they get along just fine!” said one of the overlords of the CCEL offices.

In spite of this refusal to open discussions, several mediators have proposed options for ending the strike. One such mediator has suggested that money from the Student Activities Fund be used to pay the workers; the University Programming Board has already rejected this as a possibility. Another has suggested that TARP money be used to pay wages for CCEL volunteers, but as of press time, the White House has offered no comment on this idea. Still another has proposed that CCEL do fundraising activities to raise money for worker’s wages. CCEL has declined, citing the fact that its workers are much too busy with other projects to be able to do anything of this nature.

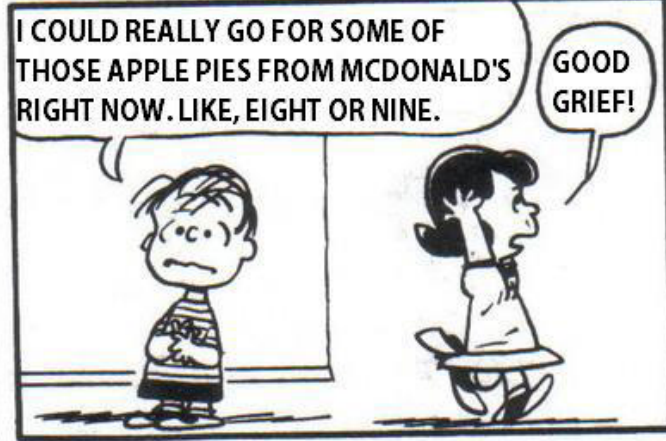
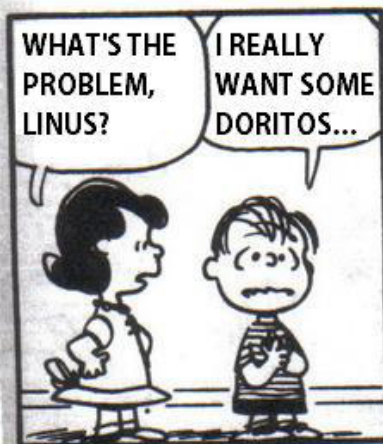
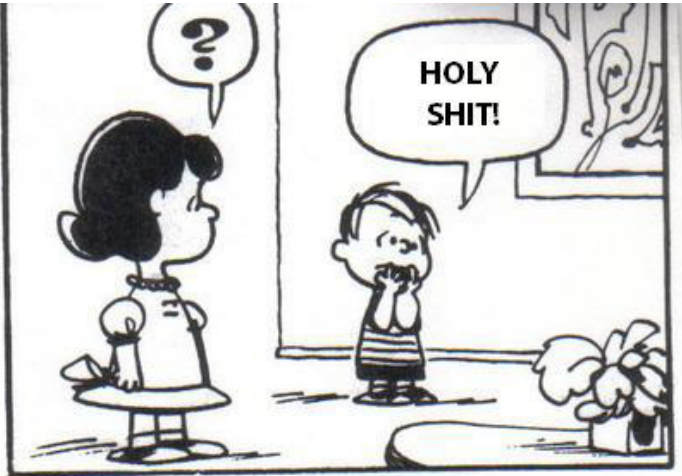
This appears to be a complex issue, and one that most certainly likely drag on for quite some time. The protestors have said that they will not back down until they receive their wages; CCEL has said they will be paying no such wages. It’s come down to a battle of wills, and it remains to be seen who will crack first.

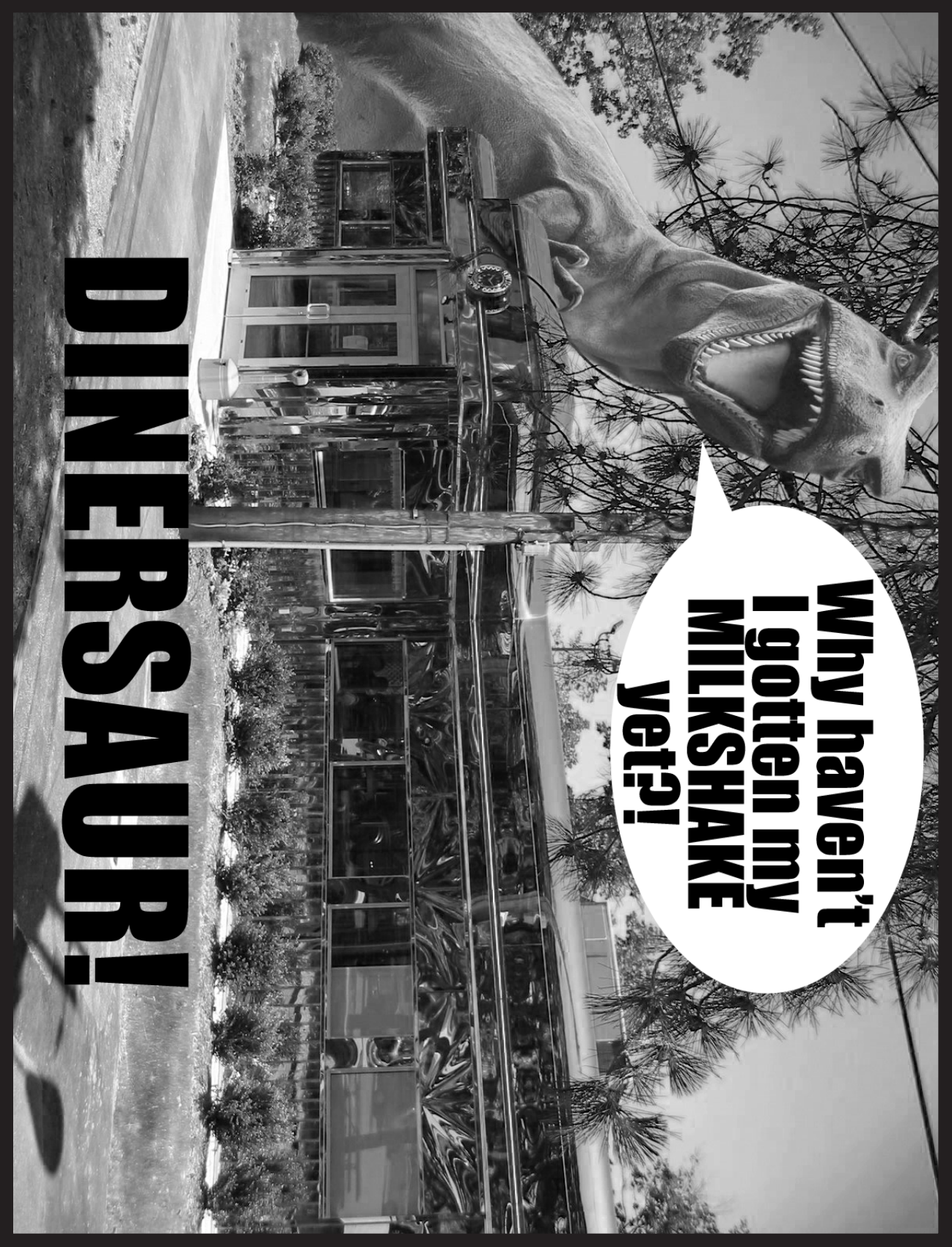
CHOOSE YOUR OWN LEUTNER ADVENTURE

You move in closer. “I’m intrigued,” you say. “What is this organization?”

That’s when the whirlwind starts. Five people all talk at once about the merits of the charitable cause. Meanwhile the biggest kid at the table is rifling through your pants pockets, finally pulling out your Case ID (and thankfully nothing more). As the freshman girl distracts you with pamphlets, everyone else is taking a turn swiping your card on a CaseCash machine.

Bottom line: you just donated all your CaseCash and volunteered your next four Saturday mornings (bright and early at 5am!) to help lick envelopes for the group’s get-the-word-out campaign. Oh well...it’ll look good on a resume, right?





**Why haven't
I gotten my
MILKSHAKE
yet?!**

DINERSAURI!