

With contributions by:
Joe Caldwell
Matt Greenfield
Bart Keys
Vipul Modi
Pete Nalepa
Karthik Raman

Featuring the
'Happy pants Bill'
comics by Draque

And illustrations by:
Aaron McMichael

The Athenian

Issue 5

October 2002

Dear Readers,

Welcome to the second edition of *The Athenian*!

I think a certain amount of self-congratulations is necessary for having made it this far. Even with these two issues, the magazines under my reign now amount to 2/5 of the entire humor magazine output on this campus.

I must write that I'm rather annoyed that we didn't annoy any of you significantly enough to warrant a letter to the editor. The letter that you do see this issue was only obtained after I begged and pleaded with Mr. Bennardo after he contacted me about a non-content-related magazine comment.

Do you guys think that we have a yahoo account for nothing? Every time I checked the yahoo account, my frown would turn upside-down with the eagerness with which I awaited a possible letter, but then the frown turned upside-down again (if you're keeping track, that's a frown turning upside-down twice, i.e., a frown turning into a smile, then reverting to a frown again; incidentally, a frown involves more than twice the number of facial muscles than a smile, thanks a lot, ya' jerk!) when I saw "0 unread messages" flash before my eyes, producing for them the same reaction my ears have when they hear "Complicated" for the 4,205th time since breakfast in Leutner.

I'm also thoroughly disappointed in the lack of response we've produced for our plea for more writers. I did receive one verbal comment that the magazine is misogynistic and testosterone-overloaded, something I more than agree with. The only way to correct this is for you ladies to get involved. Once you have one woman in a group of men, they stop scratching their balls and start thinking with them, which ultimately and ironically causes the men to act more genteel and refined. I hope that a female contributor will have the same civilizing effect on the staff.

I also got verbal reactions from the more artistically-minded amongst our community, who said that having a magazine filled with 80% words was not aesthetically pleasing. As a result, we have much larger illustrations than last time, as well as comics, provided by the Muses and relegated to Aaron McMichael and Draque. But, never fear, we're not turning artsy on you. There's still the plethora of written crap which is our trademark. If you think that the written and drawn crap is bordering on written and drawn shit and is no longer being playfully-bad but rather bad-bad, let me know.

In short, dear reader, I enjoy your status quo company, but I'd like to see you get more involved. Contact cwruathenian@yahoo.com, if only to redress my loneliness. Don't let *The Athenian* slip away into oblivion yet again!

Sincerely,
Matt Greenfield
Editor-in-Chief

ONE CONTRIBUTOR REFLECTS ON HIS APTITUDE FOR HUMOR WRITING

Dude, I'm cranking these things out like they're pieces of shit and my brain is a giant ass.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,

I don't know if the cover photo was taken by one of your staff members (if so, give that man/woman my praise). Even if it was taken by somebody else, I was still impressed that it was chosen by your staff. It is, after all, a great picture. There's a man with an umbrella with no canvas. It's hard to tell whether it's raining or not, but that's hardly important. I imagined it raining.

So here's this chap in the rain. Pulls out his umbrella for some relief. For some reason — God knows why — he hasn't got any canvas on it. That's the whole story of the picture. No caption explaining what's going on — it's clear enough, after all — nothing at all is added to spoil the image of the fellow with his utterly useless umbrella. He's a lot like Charlie Brown — an everyman for whom nothing goes right. We've all been there (figuratively, of course) and we can laugh about it because we were. It's a human story.

After enjoying your front cover, I flipped the "mag" over to peep at the verso side. My amusement stopped there. It wasn't so much the subject matter that bothered me — I'm about as likely to find a man being sat on by an elephant just as funny as a man with a broken brellly, after all. It was the presentation of the whole awful affair.

The bloke in the rain looked like one of your staffers had snapped the shot. I spent a little bit of time scanning the background to see if I could spy a landmark or something to give me a clue. The pachyderm pic, on the other hand, was clearly the work of some midnight "grabber" who'd pulled it off the 'net. There's a couple of frames — badly pixellated, I might add — of some poor blighter with his noggin up an elephant's bum. That's dashed bad luck, that was, but it wasn't funny.

Sincerely,
Matthew Bennardo

Dear Mr. Bennardo,

Terribly sorry 'bout your dissatisfaction with the back cover. Most people responded positively to it, though for some "positively" meant "nervous-breakdownish."

We actually have been receiving muchas comments about the front cover, so let me fill everybody in. That's me on the cover, to paraphrase R.E.M. Many, many thanks to my mom and sister for helping out with it. I had actually planned to do it in the rain, but I couldn't just get my schedule lined up right with myself, the weather, and my photographer buddy.

So, at the very last minute (the Sunday I'm heading up here), I commandeer my mom and sis to help me out. My sister, Abby, actually took the picture, and did a rather good job of it if I do say so myself. My mom is providing the "rain" by hosing me from our porch just to my left. If you notice, only the area immediately surrounding me is wet, the rest of my driveway is untouched. I didn't plan on sticking my tongue out, but it just seemed like a childish thing to do.

Many props also go out to Tim Ridgely, our photo dude, who refined both covers and made the front look especially classy.

I actually had this idea for a while, long before I was given control of this magazine. Last semester, on Easter serendipitously enough (even though it's not a holiday for me, which made it all the more ironic), I found a coverless umbrella and I knew it was my fate to put my

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plans into action.

I'd like to thank you, Mr. Bennardo, for letting me print your comments, and for using so many Cockneyisms. It's about time we showed them Brits who knows their English gooder than all the other people who speak the English. Crikey, who do they think we are? Keep on googleying one for the home team, guv'nor!

Sincerely,
The Editor

REFLECTIONS ON A BUDGET MEETING

Sometime last month, the top Media Board peeps got together to dish out their share of the much-hoarded Students' Activities Fee. Unfortunately, I was one of them. Consequently, I managed to keep our distribution low by fleeing from this site of carnage and greed about halfway through. Before I left, I informed the bigger, more powerful organizations of my security that our budget would remain intact. All I said was, "If you feel like raping the little guy..." And apparently they did. And they did. My fault, as I wrote, for vamoosing the proceedings for the benefit of a little thing called sanity. Although, I was told that I did miss the most interesting part of the meeting: when everybody just stared at each other for 15 minutes.

On the bright side, the infinite boredom which I experienced was alleviated by my artistic/literary pursuits. I drew an abstract illustration of the events of the evening. Needless to write, it was a giant monster with many large, pointy teeth. Like all my art and all art that deserving to be looked at and cherished, it was destroyed/lost by society. Or me, I forget which.

But, the poem which I composed to honor the occasion remains intact, I'm proud to write. A little bit of exposition is necessary: I was sitting in the same corner as Ignite, both of us being aligned with saying/writing "fuck" throughout our publications/television programs.

At this point, Ignite was going through rather dire straits, battling with the other groups to keep its budget, on a line-by-line basis. The poem is a failed attempt to boost the group's morale. During this process, the head of Ignite mentioned that he had to pay his people salaries or else they would be lazy and come to meetings without any shoes on. At this point, I looked under the table and noticed that several persons of the assembly were wearing sandals. This irony is expressed in the first line.

In the end, all the organizations, including Ignite and *The Athenian*, took one for the team by eliminating their knowingly-superfluous funds in order to seem like the nice guy and ultimately get what they really wanted in the first place. But this just means, since all of us were so sacrificing this year, that the big fight will be delayed until next year. Ah, the joys of capitalism. There is talk about reforming the process, however. I think personally that we should screw all group expenditures in lieu of a big money pool à la Scrooge McDuck. But, I guess that's not a feasible argument when people actually read/watch/listen to your group's output. And now, the poem:

Of all the men here wearing their sandals,
No one can e'er compare with the vandals
That sit at this corner of the table,
And make the U.S.S.R. a fable
By igniting and inciting their wrath,
Using only the biting words of math.

QUINTESSENTIALLY UNTITLED

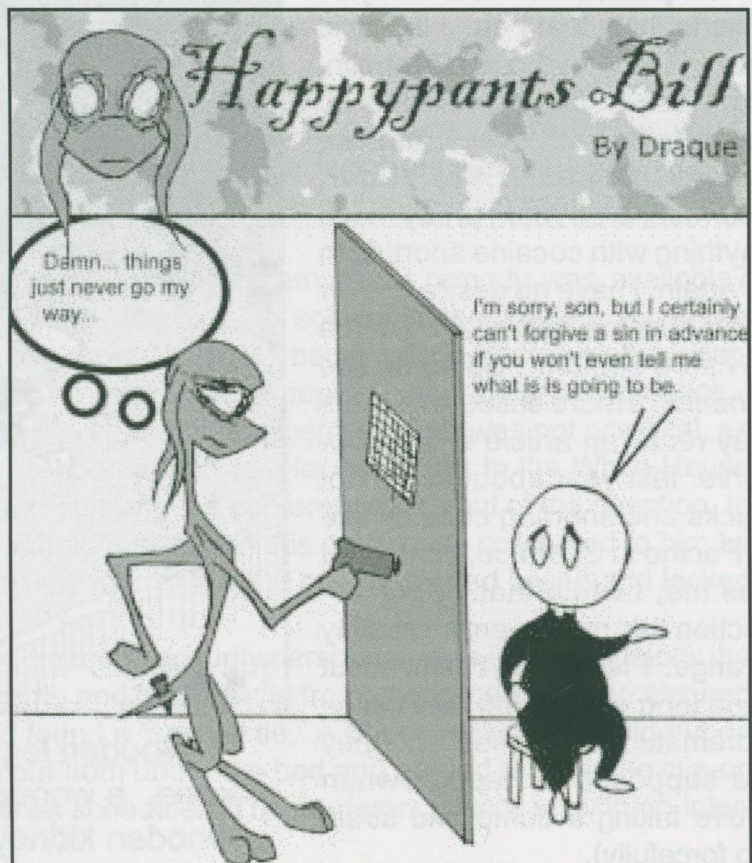
(This blasted article that I had to write as a part of a deal with someone.)

I've always considered myself to be average or sub par at everything. I could name any useful or useless skill and I would usually be equally mediocre. I've got no style, pizzazz, or shazam. I haven't written anything outside of class for about 2 years. 2 years... (as clichéd as this is, I'm actually going into a flashback while writing— tut, tut such unoriginality on my part— oh well, I am an engineer, not a writer):

I sit at a park bench, reading. An associate of mine approaches and sits. We exchange greetings: he insults me for being an engineer; I reciprocate for the history major. I try to ignore the pest as I actually had to do things. He whines and whines about a terrible load he has to bear. I don't think about helping as I hate other people. But he just keeps talking and talking. Then he begins to slip into an obviously fake Cockney accent (How that irks me so! Frankly, I adore the Cockney accent. It is enchanting. However, imitations are just infuriating). I tell him that I need some quiet to do my work. He says that he is waiting for someone to help him carry his load, and that he shall be quiet. However, he then begins screeching like a baboon! The nerve of the pompous buffoon. Passersby frown at us with one eyebrow raised. But would he stop? NO! He refuses to exhibit a shred of common civility. I insist that he desist from such tomfoolery. He glances at me quickly and then calmly explains that he has to practice for a class (which class, if any, is still not clear to me).

I decide that I must get rid of this fellow if I am ever to continue with my classes, goals, life. After asking, begging, pleading, and groveling for him to leave, he finally says he can only leave if someone helps him carry his corn-syrup-covered trunk. "Spending a few minutes helping someone can't hurt," I naively think. I spring up, grab the trunk and dash as far as I can trying not to disturb the contents of the box. I tripped. I sprained an ankle and stubbed a toe. The young rascal skips by and jovially suggests we both carry it. I consent after biting my tongue (literally). So, as we trudge along, my diminutive companion tells "chicken cross the road" jokes (oh, how I loathe those jokes). My heart leaps, however, as I happen to accidentally kick the little bugger. Being the gigantic figure that I am, I take great strides that greatly overpower his, so that (in no time) I am taking steps that generally end with me bashing the other chap in the foot. Before long, he is yelping in pain. The cries force my tongue to

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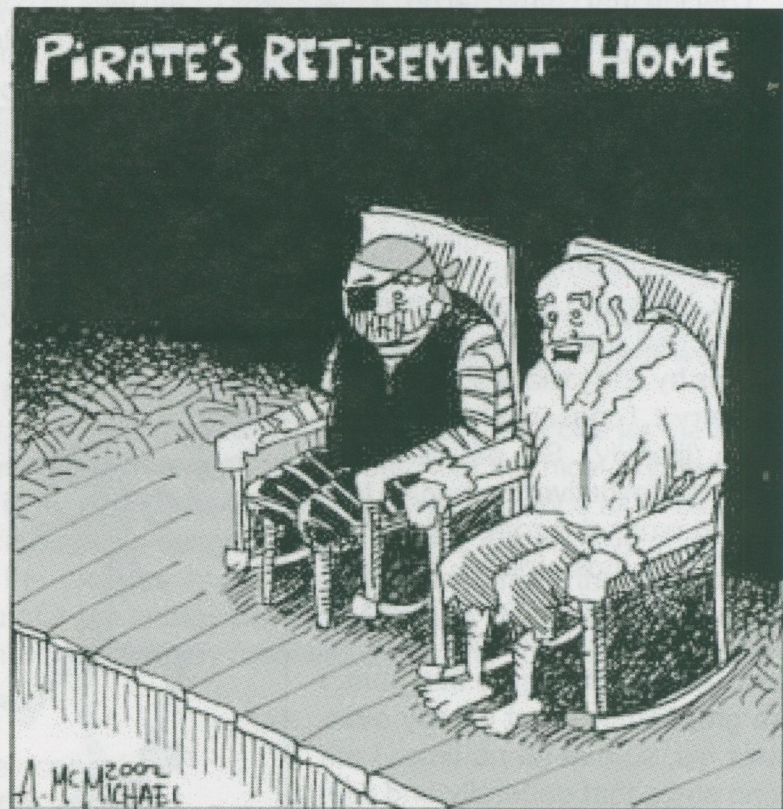
involuntarily contract with each breath. I finally grow tired of this and I take the box all by myself. We slowly reach the delivery point. By this time my fingers are slick from running them through the gel in my hair. Needless to say, I drop the crate. What fell out? What was the mystery prize? What had the world at long last received as a confirmation of that is good and righteous in our strained, stressed, structured lives? What had fallen at my feet as Excalibur fell to the feet of Arthur Pendragon? It was some crummy magazine that asks for terrible pieces of writing from untalented engineers. Fin.

WILD RANDOMIZATIONS

Do you remember a Little Caesar's commercial where these old chefs are trying to create a new kind of pizza sauce, and one of them tastes the sauce and goes BLECCCCHHH!! Then the pizza sauce bubbles and makes a belching sound? No. Yeah, me neither.

What was the most disgusting thing that you saw this week? I bet that I can beat it. While standing in line at Walmart, waiting for the checkout lady to start scanning my stuff, what is she doing? Oh that's right, she's taking her good old time cleaning out her earwax with a pen cap. When she's finished she sets the cap down next to the register, in plain view of all the other customers in line, with a nice wad of ear-boukaki on the cap. Yeah, that's right, I just took a dump on whatever disgusting thing you saw.

Do you lead an ironic lifestyle? I like to think that I do. I like acid rock (Pink Floyd, Led Zeppelin, The Beatles, etc.). Yet I have no desire to do LSD, ever. I also like druggy movies (*Easy Rider*, *Scarface*, *Blow*, etc.) pretty much anything with cocaine snorting in it. Again, I have no desire to ever snort cocaine and give myself a deviated septum. Some of *The Athenian's* more obscure readers may recall an article in *The Observer* last year about doing hot chicks and snorting cocaine like Al Pacino in *Scarface*, yeah, that was me, I wrote that. Upon reflection this may seem incredibly strange. Please don't think about it too long or else you may cause a premature brain aneurism (they are supposed to happen when you're taking a dump and strain too forcefully).



Wooden legs my ass. I got a wooden knee, a wooden hip, two wooden eyes, a wooden kidney, and a splinter in my nose.

PRESIDENT FAILS AT TIE-TYING ATTEMPT

The nation was both shocked and disappointed yesterday afternoon when President George W. Bush unsuccessfully tried to tie his own necktie. The attempt, which happened shortly before a press conference, was not the first on Bush's part. The failed endeavor is the third such event this year for the President.

Witnesses said that things started out well for Bush. He had no trouble distributing the length of the tie correctly. However, trouble soon hit as Bush "went for broke," trying to tie a double-Windsor knot.

Advisors were not happy with Bush's decision. Secretary of State Colin Powell said, "I told him, stick with the single-Windsor. There's no need to try to get fancy this early in the game. Maybe after a few successful attempts, it would be okay to try to take that step, but he just doesn't listen."

Other cabinet members shared Powell's feelings. Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld said, "If he hadn't been so greedy, he probably would have been okay. I know that it's easy to second-guess moves like that, but really, the choice should have been obvious to the President."

Dr. Fred Beaner, who holds a Ph.D. in tie-tying and is regarded by many to be the nation's leading tie expert, stated, "Bush's failure can be attributed to a number of things. Nervousness due to the upcoming conference could have been a factor, as well as some kind of health problem or injury. However, the most probable cause in this specific case is just plain stupid incompetence."

Resulting from the fruitless effort was another problem: What remedy was available? Bush's top aides worked at an overwhelming pace to find a solution to the problem. A number of potential ideas were compiled, the two most appealing being calling Bush's mother, Barbara, to come tie his tie for him, or using a clip-on tie and hoping that nobody would notice.

After careful deliberation, it was decided that calling Bush's mother was not practical, as she was located in Texas. It would have been impossible for her to get to the White House before the press conference started, and delaying the conference was out of the question. In addition, Bush refused to let his mother help him. When this option was presented to him by advisors, he shouted, "No! I don't need my mom's help!" Then he started crying and locked himself inside the Lincoln bedroom.

When Bush refused to come out of the room, security personnel were forced to unlock the door. Aides called his wife, Laura, to come and talk him out from under the bed. She assured Bush that his wardrobe personnel had found a "special tie," a clip-on, which he could put on all by himself. Eventually, Bush came out from under the bed and agreed to wear the clip-on tie. He then held the press conference as scheduled. The conference went on with no interruptions or distractions.



AREA MAN TEMPORARILY LOSES KEYS

Tragedy was narrowly averted yesterday when local resident Bill "Don't Call Me Bill" Schwartz found his car keys after having misplaced them in his home on Euclid Avenue. Fortunately, disaster was avoided when the keys were found between two couch cushions after about fifteen minutes of searching.

CWRU security chief Edward Lohn, who was at the scene, said, "We are all very lucky. This situation could have turned out much worse than it did." Lohn was present at the scene for the duration of the fifteen minute search, which involved officers from three different precincts plus a SWAT team. Added Lohn, "It's a good thing [Schwartz] had the frame of mind to call 3333 as soon as he knew there was a problem. So many times, you'll have guys who try to find keys themselves, and they don't wind up quite as lucky."

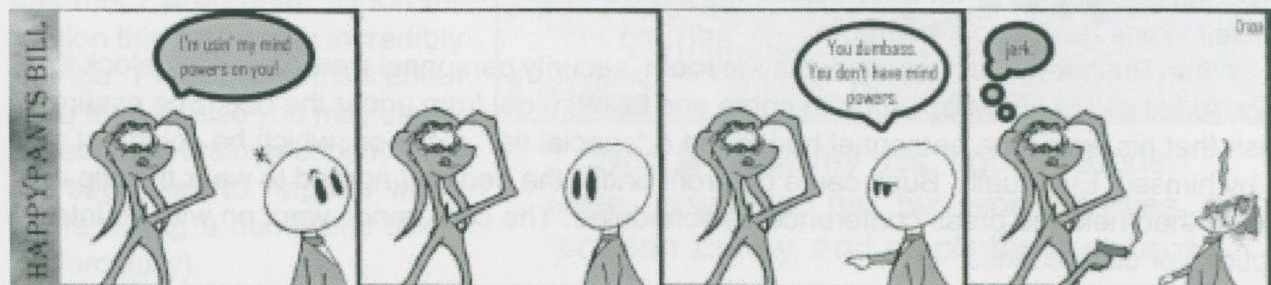
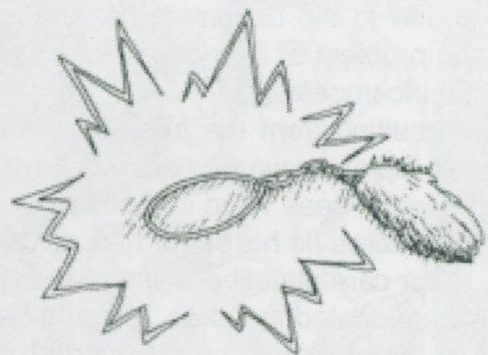
When asked what he was thinking when he noticed he had lost his keys, Schwartz said, "Well, my first thought was call 3333. On all those cop shows they say to call first, don't take it into your own hands. So I did. I'm just very grateful right now that I was able to come out of this incident unscathed. I thank God that I didn't get hurt."

Schwartz was getting ready to leave at about 6:30 PM in order to meet some friends for dinner. He reached for his keys at their normal resting place, a novelty hook with the word "keys" hanging on the wall by the front door. It was then that he noticed they were not there. He quickly called 3333, and emergency personnel arrived at the scene around 6:40 PM.

First, the house was roped off and evacuated. Only police were allowed within one hundred feet of the building. Three search groups were organized, each consisting of police officers and SWAT team members. They entered the house undetected, and found the missing keys, along with thirty-seven cents and two cheese doodles resting between the right and center cushions on the couch under the window in the living room.

Schwartz's friends were at first angered by his missing dinner, but were then relieved to find out that he was not harmed in the incident. Girlfriend Julie Rosenburg, in between sobs, told us, "I'm just so glad he is okay. I love him so much and I don't know what I would have done if something had happened to him."

After his keys were found, Schwartz said he will try to take some measures to make sure that a potential disaster like this does not happen again. "Maybe I'll get one of those beeping key chains, you know, the one where you whistle and it beeps to let you know where your keys are. That would have helped a lot here. Yeah, I'll definitely have to get one of those."

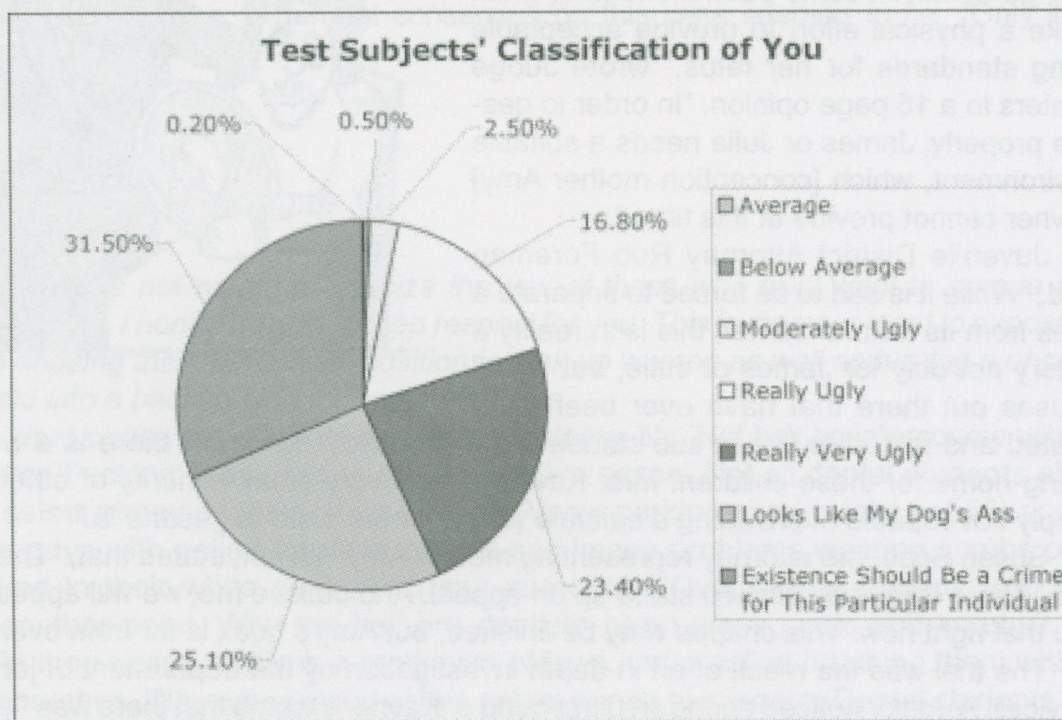


STUDY: YOU ARE NOT ATTRACTIVE

A recent scientific study conducted by the Center for Sexiness Research (CSR) concluded that people do not find you attractive.

The study, which was completed over a period of one year, provides shocking new information concerning the way people think of you sexually. The results of the test may help answer questions that have been on researchers' minds for years, such as "Are you ugly?" or "Why do you never score?"

Approximately 10,000 subjects were used for the test. Each subject was presented with a photograph of you and asked to rate you as "boink me now," "highly attractive," "moderately attractive," "average," "below average," "moderately unattractive," "really ugly," "really very ugly," "looks like my dog's ass," or "existence should be a crime for this particular individual."



Only 3.2% of subjects classified you as moderately unattractive or higher, with your best rating being average. 80% of all subjects labeled you as really very ugly or lower.

The results of this study have a number of implications. The first, and possibly most notable, is that you will most likely not be getting any play in the near future. Actually, make that the future in general. You will never get any. The most action you'll ever see is some naked anime chick beating up a monster made out of excrement and then making out with her female sidekick.

Potential solutions to some problems caused by your ugliness include plastic surgery, getting rich so hot chicks will screw you even if you are ugly, or taking a vow of celibacy and using that as your excuse for not getting any. These solutions are only potential and are not guaranteed to reverse the effects of your rampant unattractiveness.

Don't worry; you can still lead a perfectly normal life being ugly. Masturbation does have its strong points. There's no commitment to obsess over, your hand will never dump you, and you can get it any time, any place. I'm sure you'll be fine, as long as nobody has to see your face again.

ALABAMA FETUS TO BE PLACED IN FOSTER WOMB

Huntsville, Alabama—Three month old fetus James Kavner or Judie Kavner if it's a girl is to be placed in a temporary foster womb, as a result of a judgment entered today by juvenile court judge Stanley P. Winters. The judgment was entered after a long week of argument and testimony from both sides.

"The health and safety of young James or Julie is too much at risk. A mother's love can only go so far. At some point the mother must make a physical effort to provide acceptable living standards for her fetus," wrote Judge Winters in a 15 page opinion. "In order to gestate properly, James or Julie needs a suitable environment, which [conception mother Amy] Kavner cannot provide at this time."

Juvenile District Attorney Rob Foreman said, "While it is sad to be forced to separate a fetus from its natural carrier, this is in reality a victory not only for James or Julie, but for all fetuses out there that have ever been mis-

treated and forced to live in sub-standard housing. Now we know there is a way to find a loving home for these children. Mrs. Kavner, like a very small minority of other parents, is simply not capable of providing a suitable womb for her child to gestate in."

Susan Scott, the attorney representing mother Amy Kavner, stated that, "The verdict is a joke. There is no way this will stand up on appeal. And believe me, we will appeal. I promise you that right now. This chapter may be finished, but Amy's book is far from over."

The trial was the result of an in-depth investigation by the department of job and family services. A doctor noticed during an ultrasound of Kavner's womb that there was "large amount of liquid that seemed to be flowing all over the place." She contacted job and family services, who in turn sent a social worker to visit the womb.

Upon arriving, the social worker found what is considered an "unsuitable living area" for the fetus. Cited in a report filed by job and family services were a number of problems, including a lack of clothing for James/Julie, no sanitary facilities such as a bathroom or shower, dangerously cramped quarters for the child, and old newspapers spread about the floor.

When asked about the report, Kavner replied, "Maybe instead of blaming mothers for the conditions of their wombs, the state should make some kind of effort to improve the conditions. Some kind of womb rehab program or something. As for how the newspapers got there, I have no idea. I don't believe that part of the report to be 100% accurate."

In an official press release, however, Job and family services, stated, "The report is 100% accurate. There is no doubt that the living conditions provided for James/Julie by Mrs. Kavner were unsatisfactory. It was imperative that action be taken, and standard procedures were correctly followed to take that action."

Though viewed as a victory for the child by many, some people, parents and non-parents alike, are concerned that separating a fetus from its mother may result in detrimental effects despite the poor living conditions of the womb. Sufficient research has not been completed at this time to suggest potential results of separation and foster wombs.



Even pending an appeal of the ruling, preparations are being made for the transfer of James/Julie to a temporary foster womb. If a foster womb cannot be found, alternate arrangements will be made to place James/Julie in a group womb until an adoptive family can be found.

A press release from Rob Foreman's office stated that, "Using the slow appeal process to delay the enforcement of the ruling so that Mrs. Kavner may possibly carry the fetus to term is not going to be effective. This case will be expedited in the most expeditious manner possible."

Kavner vowed that she would fight as hard as she could to keep her baby. Her husband, John Kavner, could not be reached for comment. He was at a local bar, throwing down a few beers.

While the opinions of legal and social experts often differ when it comes to sensitive issues such as foster wombs, a general consensus on this case seemed to be, "Only in Alabama."

"QUACK!"

Disclaimer: This is not meant to criticize the few of those who truly want to pursue a career in oral hygiene. I honestly have a deep respect for you. This is merely meant to expose those who are abusing their 'perceived' position to pick up women as well as turning a once respectable field into a backup plan for something else.

You know what pisses me off. Fucking Dental students. No. Not having intercourse with Dental students. 'Fucking' was used in the descriptive sense. Not all dental students either. Just the select phony dentists. If you use the Veale parking garage (aka Lot 53) and you see these guys with gelled hair and overall self-image problems wearing scrubs or parading around in their white coats, you can guarantee it's a Dental student. Which leads me to another point. Why the hell are dentists given white coats and scrubs? I always thought they were just given a model set of jaws and practice brushing them with oversize toothbrushes. Why am I pissed at this select bunch of imposter Dental students? This is why. I've seen the looks they get from hot undergraduate chicks who think that they're looking at a Medical student. Little do they know that they're being conned by an ill-willed oral janitor. This is where I come in. I'm here to expose them for what they are. Charlatans with oversize toothbrushes. And dude. Don't wear your scrubs in the Veale weight room either. That shit doesn't work because I already told the hot chick in the corner with the dumbbells that you fill cavities for your jollies. She doesn't find that too sexy. Damn. Sorry dudes. I just blew your cover. My bad. Shit. Oh wow. They're already flocking towards me. Get these women off of me. They're all over me. I can't breathe. I am drowning in a sea of beautiful women. Ah bliss. Sweet bosomly heaven. Not now honey. Why don't you line up behind all these other hot chicks for that. Plus I need to finish typing this article.

Back to my point. Hey undergrad hottie. You're looking at a counterfeit doctor. A dentist who in his heart never wanted to practice dentistry. Remember that. With that lack of sincerity, how do you know he is going to be faithful to you? Now let's have a little bit of your lovin'. But seriously, if you're in the process of applying to a graduate school such as a medical school or law school, the personal statement is believable. In general, it's 'cause you want to help people. What does a nefarious-backup plan-dentist say? Let me elaborate with a case study:

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Personal Statement

By Massive Tool

Ever since I was a kid, I've loved cleaning teeth. Whether it's my teeth or the homeless bums' teeth, I have a passion for oral hygiene. By cleaning teeth regardless of race, religion, sexual orientation, or personal creed, I believe I am changing the world to a cleaner, whiter, more plaque-resistant society. Ever since the dawn of man, we've been plagued by gingivitis. By cleaning one individual's set of chompers, I am making a however small dent into oral bacterial flora which threaten to take over this planet and colonize it. The true reward would be in itself: the reflection in my eyes comes from a healthy gleaming smile. And so I ask you to give me that opportunity to walk and learn in the hallowed halls of the offshore Caribbean William B. Listerine-Aqua Fresh School of Dentistry.

You get my point though. Now that I've blown their dirty little secret, I want you to do me a favor. When you see such an individual parading around and showing off, yell the word 'quack' at them from the top of your lungs. Use your Total Lung Capacity to do it. By the way... they don't teach Total Lung Capacity in dental school.

WORD OF THE ISSUE

This issue's word is.....

Persefunctory

[Uh-ohhhh! ROOOOGAAH! ROOOOGAAH!
Wee-ow! Wee-ow! Hahahahahaha! ... Ha.]



The Athenian

We're in the neighborhood of *The Onion*; except that we're down the street twelve and a half blocks, down a dark stinky alley, and in a dumpster filled with used syringes and diapers, and three and a half hoboes. Come and visit us sometime, but look out for Jake-Bob, he has a mean set of plastic teeth on 'im.

Officers and Other Notables

Advisor: Mr. Arthur Biagianti

Photo Dude: Tim Ridgely

Illustrator: Aaron McMichael

Layout: Greg Hanneman

Little Sissy Girl Who Wants a Title of Her Own: Bart Keyes

Treasurer: Pete Nalepa

President/Editor-in-Chief:
Matt Greenfield

CASE HOROSCOPES

Aries

Mar 21 - Apr 19

Why are you preparing?
You're always preparing – just go!

Taurus

Apr 20 - May 20

I've got a bad feeling about this...

Gemini

May 21 - June 21

Logic is the beginning of wisdom, not the end.

Cancer

June 22 - July 22

You gotta be a real man to wear tights.

Leo

July 23 - Aug 22

So you see, evil will win, because good is dumb.

Virgo

Aug 23 - Sep 22

When the lightning's crashin' and the thunder's roarin' and the rain's comin' down in sheets as thick as lead - you just stare that storm right in the eye and say, "Gimme your best shot, pal – I can take it."

Libra

Sep 23 - Oct 23

You feel lucky, punk?

Scorpio

Oct 24 - Nov 21

The present danger is ended.

Sagittarius

Nov 22 - Dec 21

Death is but a doorway,
time is but a window.

Capricorn

Dec 22 - Jan 19

I'll be back.

Aquarius

Jan 20 - Feb 18

It's time for your appointment with the Wicker Man.

Pisces

Feb 19 - Mar 20

Look to your sun for a warning.

WONDERPHRASE REVISITED

All right, I'll give you another chance. Believe me, there is actually an intended phrase composed of real words that you can get out of these letters. I'll just give you the letters this time; all you have to do is unscramble them and make them into words. If that weren't enough, I'm giving you the number of letters per word in the same order that the phrase is in, plus synonyms for four of the words.

Word/Letter Sequence in the Wonderphrase:

- 1) 8-letter word—syn.: find
- 2) 8-letter word—syn.: sumptuous
- 3) 9-letter word
- 4) 6-letter word—syn.: within
- 5) 2-letter word
- 6) 6-letter word—syn.: airborne
- 7) 7-letter word
- 8) 8-letter word

The letters:

DSINF AHMSOTM WYADDNNHSEILIIYY
SNCGNSIUVD ERAEEEEERSIUSROSUS

Send in all answer submissions to cwruathenian@yahoo.com; the first person to guess correctly will be featured on the (back) cover of our next issue!

SWAGGY THE SQUIRREL, OR, ONE MAN'S ADVENTURES IN BESTIALITY

Part II: Leaf M.T., alone.

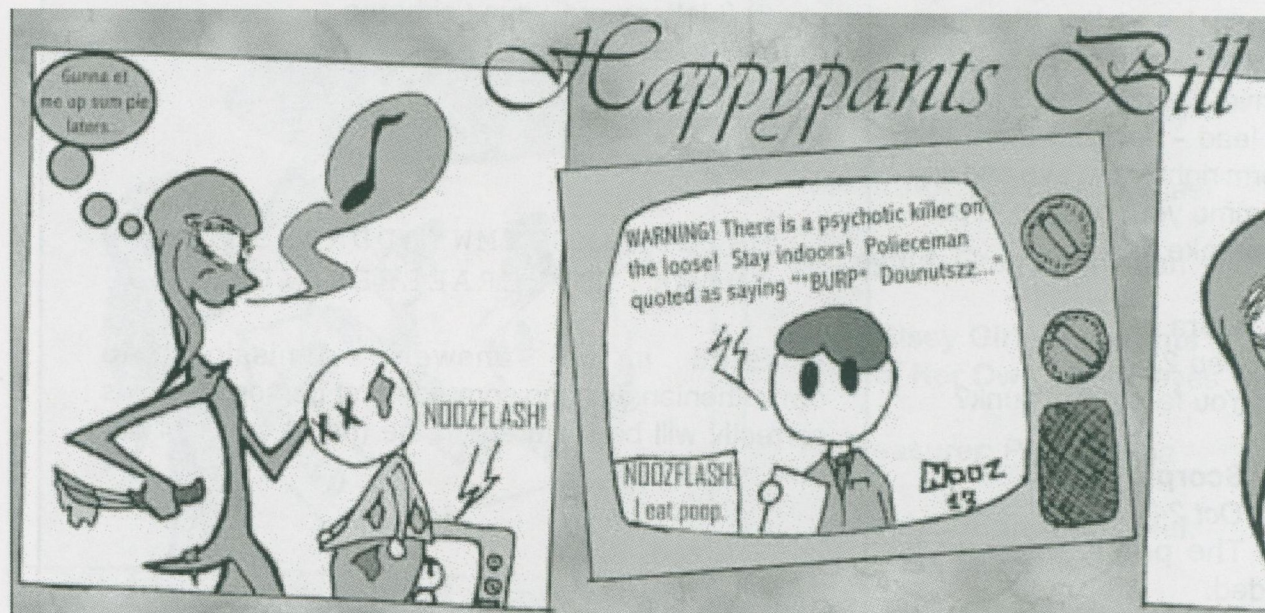
If you remember from our last exciting installment of "Swaggy the Squirrel, or, One Man's Adventures in Bestiality," you'll remember that M.T. proposed to capture Swaggy by masquerading as a giant leaf.

M.T. put his plan into action. Since that may be the only sentence in the history of history to contain both the words "M.T." and "action," I'll repeat it: M.T. put his plan into action. He somehow made a giant leaf from various materials used in the making of a giant leaf, possibly a lot of normal-sized leaves stitched together with the stems of yet other normal-sized leaves. Or maybe he had a make-big machine, like in the second "Honey, I _____ the Kids!" movie, the one where Rick Moranis invents the make-big machine and Rick Moranis's son is made big by the make-big machine and Rick Moranis's other son is trapped inside his brother's pocket with this chick. I haven't seen Rick Moranis in a lot of movies lately. Is he okay? Please, anyone who knows the status of Rick Moranis, contact *The Athenian* at cwruathenian@yahoo.com.

But how M.T. got a giant leaf costume is not important. What is important is that he made the giant leaf costume and was about to use it on this his first squirrel-*raping* attempt.

I think that just about brings us up to speed. Now, M.T. was approaching the unknowing squirrel, who was eating a nut of some sort at the time, about to pounce, when he was noticed by an anti-environmentalist group who happened to be gathered at Mather Quad on that day.

They had been chanting, "Hell no!



We won't throw!" to which they would in a lower tone add, "away," when they caught the sight of this giant walking leaf who had limbs and some ugly face in the center of it.

"Hey, look, it's a giant leaf!" cried one passivist (we can't really call the anti-environmentalists "activists" because, while they do gather actively to protest, they protest about how people should be more lazy).

"Wow, that's got to be the biggest, most independently-moving, ugliest leaf I've ever seen," said another. "Let's beat it up!"

And that's exactly what they did. Even amidst all the shrieks and "@?#!\$!"s, the passivists uncharacteristically continued to kick, bite, and release CFCs on the giant leaf.

During all of this, Swaggy, of course, was having a swell time, chuckling and generally frolicking about. (That a boy, Swaggy!)

The passivists eventually stopped, after they realized that they had expended too many precious calories with which they could be throwing away recyclables *without* separating them first. God bless you, anti-environmentalists!

M.T. eventually regained consciousness, unfortunately, and he then realized he would have to be more crafty and less dressed up as a giant leaf in order to succeed on his sexual quest. But, this did not mean that he did not give up his desire for one particular little squirrel, a one particular little squirrel by the name of Swaggy (he recognized his photo and found out his name on the campus directory).

"Swaggy, beware/for you shall not/swag/ your tail/ere/I shag/or fail./I love Battlebot."

I know that that's really a hell of a lot better than M.T.'s real poetry, but bear in mind that this is fiction.



You wont believe what I dreamed these aliens did to me last night.



While the front cover is funny, I couldn't let that be the only picture we published from the photo shoot. I mean, I look a little like Dubya, so I have to include some other photos. Besides, almost every picture was funny (the people walking by as we shot certainly gave us funny looks anyhow). So here's a few more pics:



Do I look a little like James Bond here? We thought so. In any case, just remember to catch anything thrown up a building to you with style. I claim this ledge in the name of freedom, justice, and the American Way!

PHOTO(S) OF THE ISSUE



What do you see down there, Mr. Flibble? Do you see the helpless masses bowing before my supreme dictatorial powers? Do you see them giving me anything I want? Or is that just an empty square before me? Dammit.



Do you want to go for a ride Mr. Flibble? Do you? HUH? DO YOU?! Yeah, that's what I thought. Eat pavement, sucka! (And yet, I still look sweet.)