

THE ATHENIAN

DECEMBER 2013 - ISSUE 72



500 dollar contest
details on page 22
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"If you want a picture of the future, imagine a boot stamping on a human face—for ever."

-George Orwell

THE FUTURE WARS

Issue 72

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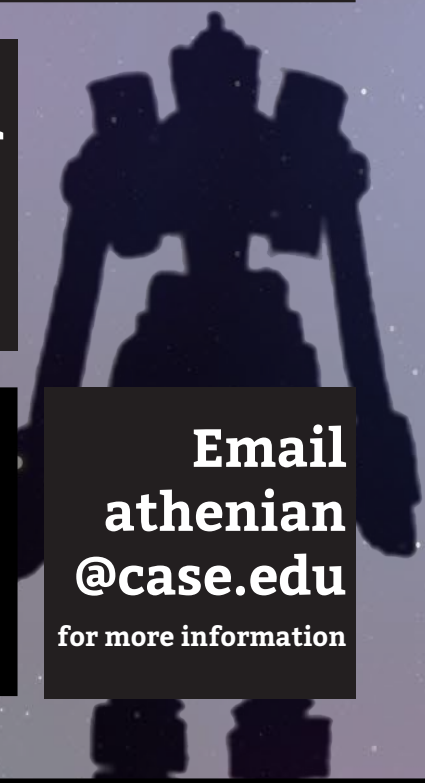
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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

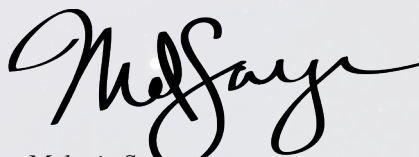
If we're talking seriously, there's only one thing that I'm truly afraid of. Well, besides clowns, shots of moonshine and stalkers that I think are hiding in my apartment. That's right – as we all are - I'm afraid of the future. Notably, it's mostly of the future where Miley Cyrus is Person of the Year, but the future all the same.

So, as we're at a school that is all about "thinking beyond the possible" (or, alternatively, drinking beyond the possible), what could the future have in store for us? Do we have transporters that vaporize us and move our data to another time or place and reconstruct us? Do we have portals that bridge worlds (I'm coming for you, Thor)? Will we have a utopia, dystopia? Have we cured cancer? Are we going to have a female president? Do we finally have the ultimate drink to pour our problems into?

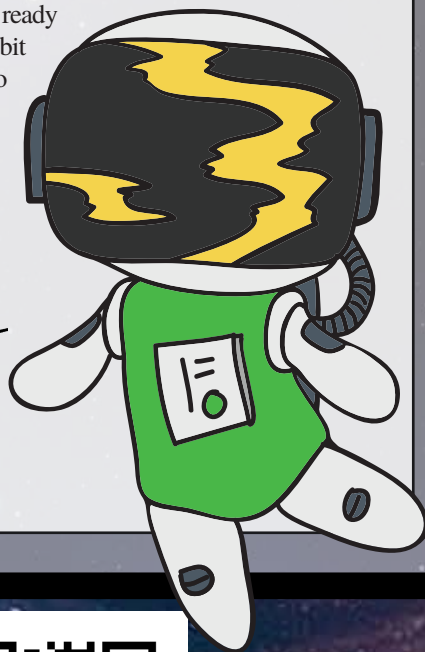
These are important questions, especially when most of us can't think further than choices on dinner for the night. Personally, I just want a robot cat that doesn't think it should sleep on my keyboard when I'm writing things and a new Word program which tells me that I'm doing it wrong and writes things for me.

Thus, as we happen upon the last glorious month of the year and ready for our resolutions, reflect briefly on where this year has taken us. While we won't be around long enough to say if we moved in the right direction, we can still say we moved. In the end, we can only look forward with valiant hopes and dreams. Be ready for tomorrow even more so than you were ready for today (or, conversely, drink a little bit more tomorrow than you did today to celebrate our school's motto).

Good luck with finals and we'll see you in January with our Resolution issue.



Melanie Sayre
Editor-in-Chief



THE ATHENIAN'S GUIDELINES:

- 1) The Athenian is a semi-anonymous publication. Names can be printed at the wishes of the contributor. If not, a pseudonym is used. All contributors' names are printed on page 22, but aren't necessarily connected to any article.
- 2) The Athenian strives to produce quality content that is not at all factual. That said, you are a lie.
- 3) The Athenian is released on the first Friday of every month. The firm deadline for submissions (including article outlines, photo-shops, and ad requests) for Issue 73 is January 13th, 2014.

Next Brainstorming Meeting:

Tuesday, December 10th - 6PM to 8PM,
Media Board Room

Next Production Meeting:

We will be holding it via email correspondence. We appreciate your interest!

To order food, go to <http://tinyurl.com/athfood> or email mfs71@case.edu

We still offer a 50 dollar submission prize (last month's winner on page 22) and the 500 dollar semesterly contest. This month is the last month! Find out more about this contest on page 22!



media board

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Industry giant promises to revolutionize gaming world

Reported by Sarah Whelan

At today's E4 Technology Conference, tech giant Vir-Real-Tual unveiled a new tech toy they claim will ignite and revolutionize the gaming industry.

Advancements in the gaming industry ground to a halt after the perfection of fully-immersive virtual reality. Although modern gamers have access to complete virtual reality suits, chairs and centers that allow them to interact and explore without ever lifting a finger, the majority of gamers agree that this is no longer enough. These devices are leaps and bounds beyond the VR Helmets used by previous generations to avoid their futures. Still, they can no longer capture the attention of today's gamers.

Predictably, there has been an ever-increasing demand for games that challenge and innovate. One gamer attending

the conference commented, "I've explored worlds that don't exist and battled against every monster they can come up with—but it just gets boring, you know? It's just not real enough."

Vir-Real-Tual has created a projectile that may just make the gaming experience real enough. This electronic ball transmits real time data to the players' contact lenses, creating a superimposed game surface that follows the traditional rules of gravity. The ball is the controller and a group of four gamers share this controller over the playing field consisting of a grid of four squares on the ground.

Each player is assigned a square to guard. The ultimate goal is to push the ball into another player's square then bounce out of bounds before the other

player has a chance to return the ball. There are many variations, but the general rules include that if you don't defend your square, you must return to the bottom level of squares, and that if you get others out you advance to the "King" spot.

The response to this new interface has been overwhelmingly positive. Many critics even believe it will bring the community of gamers closer together. At the unveiling, Vir-Real-Tual announced the scheduled release of a closed beta version in a few weeks. A spokesman for Vir-Real-Tual announced that, based on customer response, the company plans to release matching sets of baskets or rackets that could be used to implement larger game play with tactical teams in larger simulations.

George Bush III to join Lunar Orbital Guard; public opinion mixed

Reported by Hallie Dolin

This past Monday, it was announced that a draft for soldiers would be reinstated for the Martian War. This decision has impacted families from around the globe – even the families of United States are feeling the sting.

Somewhere in the Bush family compound, a family sits devastated. George Bush III, 24, has decided to join the Lunar Orbital Guard (LOG) instead of waiting to be drafted into the United States Space Reserve (USSR).

Demonstrating the famed eloquence of his first namesake, Bush stated that "[he is] so very proud to have been chose to represent our country in the space oceans" during a press conference held directly after his announcement. His obligations with the LOG will begin in 3003. In the meantime, he plans to spend his remaining free time with his family.

Detractors claim that Bush's decision stems from cowardice and a desire to avoid direct combat – qualities that many believe run in his family. A statement released by a leading nationalist group called it "draft dodging." Keeping with family tradition, Bush rebutted by reminding detractors that his grandfather made some very important contributions to 4Chan University in the

past half-century. Contributions which, he claims, no one honors or even remembers.

"From each according to his ability, to each according to his need and all that," he wrote on his personal blog two hours ago. "It's simple math. I'm better in the LOG, and others are much better suited to the USSR."

Since Bush went public with his agreement to serve, the Lunar Orbital Guard has seen an unprecedented number of applications for the Semi-Armed Forces division in which he will serve. "We've actually had to start turning people away!" commented Rodriquez Bender, assistant LOG director. Of course, this news comes as little surprise given the popular support the Bush family enjoys. At last poll, the Bush family enjoyed 53.4 percent approval ratings among Western Americans, Namibians and some Tibetans.

While criticism alleges the LOG is the "party branch" of the space military, the LOG has succinctly replied with "Better than the non-party branch!" It's important to remember that the LOG is all about loyalty to the home planet and in no way, shape or form endorses Ponzi schemes.*

Bush's service will begin on January 20, 3003, when he reports to Luna Base

for training and further instruction regarding his service obligations. Jeb Bush II, his father, perfectly captured his family's response in a heartfelt admission to the media: "Boy, I'm really glad that he's staying here through December. The annual Bush turkey game and football shoot just won't be the same without him."

**Paid for and endorsed by the Lunar Orbital Guard, Inc., Ltd. & Company.*



Shortages of spoons due to World War V

Reported by Josephus E. Tinnertink-McDuffie

As Einstein's ancient saying goes, "I know not with what weapons World War III will be fought, but World War IV will be fought with sticks and stones."

Though he made this prediction thousands of years ago, he surely had it right.

After the repopulation of Earth and tireless development back to the point of sophisticated weaponry, war has returned to being old news.

Currently, World War V is draining the world's stores of metals at an alarming rate. Though no human casualties have yet resulted from the fighting, hundreds of androids have perished at the claws of enemy robots, leaving both belligerent factions racing for metals to feed their war efforts.

The United States' fight against Canada centers on the disputed state of Alaska. The conflict arose from Canadians' natural urge to protect the state's abundant moose population and the U.S.' natural urge to obtain all the gasoline it can.

So far, over 24,000 droid deaths have occurred in no-man's land, and it will

take months for metal to be salvaged from the dangerous area. In the meantime, America scavenges for metal wherever it can.

On top of being forced to recycle out-of-date cars with metal frames, citizens can also expect to give up any jewelry or bottle cap collections for the war effort. The unprecedented need for metal has left the nation in the clutches of a polarizing silverware shortage.

Families have been required to surrender all metal dishes. In thanks for their compliance, the government has replaced their property with government-issued plastic-ware packs. What has become apparent is that cooking a meal with a plastic pot and eating a meal with a plastic fork are two entirely different things, and the latter has had citizens in an uproar.

"What is this, a fast food restaurant?" asked Lance Hughes, aristocrat. He holds one of the white plastic forks, bending the prongs between his fingers. "The least they could have done was paint these things to look like they were

made of metal. Now, I look like a fool whenever I'm at a meal."

Holly Benstein, mother of four, has had objections as well. "Look at this," she said, pointing to a small chip missing from the tip of a spoon. "My kids are ingesting whatever the heck kind of plastic this is."

The government declined to comment directly on the quality of the plastic-ware, shrugging and mentioning only that "they were left over from the Senate's summer picnic last year. Budget cuts, guys."

Despite the discontent at home, the sacrificed silverware has played a vital role in helping our androids protect the country in this difficult war. Spoons especially have developed into a key tool in the Alaskan territory.

"Digging, slinging, you name it," commented Sgt. Perry Loman of the U.S. Army. "Spoons have become the new specialized weapon. Instead of being used in some middle school food fight, they're being used for true total war."

Key Inventions of TOMORROW



Keep up without any effort!

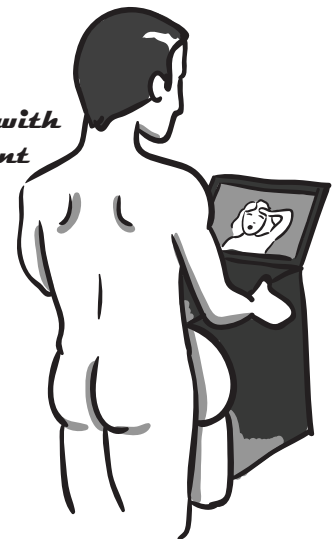
**Social
Media
Robots**

Automatic Dog Walkers



*"Walk" anywhere!
Hassle-free!*

*Get it on with
that distant
someone!*



**Remote
Sex!**

NSA spying leads to World War IV: International officials' browser and text message histories revealed

Compiled by staff reports and surveillance

While United States intelligence agencies have long been told, among other colorful warnings from around the world, to “bugger off,” they haven’t faced consequences for tracking the movements of everyone on the planet until now.

In an unprecedented move, 67 countries have allied against the United States. These countries have declared the United States’ continued surveillance of the world’s citizens to be an unconscionable violation of fundamental human rights. The belligerent nations have declared their intent “to do whatever needs to be done.” The President of the Democratic Republic of Kurdistan, a long-time ally of the United States, declared her nation for the alliance and stated, “Tonight, the bat-

tle has been joined. We will not fail. Regrettably, we now believe that only force will set us free.” In light of this event, the U.S. is at a loss—no one can come up with a catchy term for its allied enemies. There are far more than three, which rules out any titles involving alliteration with “triple threat.” The countries do not form any kind of axis. Submissions are currently being accepted at a website that, due to the unexpected number of submissions, has had a total up-time of approximately 10 minutes since it went live 3 days ago.

The NSA has announced that they are completely free of fault here. “After all,” Director P. Ness remarked, “If the other countries didn’t want us to spy on them, they shouldn’t have been so... spy-able.”

Shortly after this official statement was released, the Agency also revealed its plans to retaliate to the outrageous accusations by releasing a special disclosure of previously classified intelligence. In the days since the announcement, the agency has released phone conversation and mobile messaging transcripts and internet browsing histories of individuals from around the world. Agency insiders have informed us that several officials have contacted the Agency begging for this information to remain undisclosed; some going so far as to resort to bribery. Director Ness responded by saying, “With war upon us and forces in open conflict, the old bribes of sex, drugs, and money can hardly be expected to work anymore.”

Information about their technological background is presented below, without connection to any particular country.

Browser Search History, Vice President Equivalent in a Country Outside of the United States of America:

Date Search Term

20-03-1997: “test to see if you are a serial killer”

20-03-1997: “how to pass a polygraph”

21-03-1997: “sending emails from three hours before you actually sent them”

22-03-1997: “jane eyre attic hiding bodies/people technique”

24-03-1997: “worst things vice presidents are known for”

24-03-1997: “is it worse to not get caught killing someone or to shoot someone in the face and everyone know”

Browser Search History, Scientist, Antarctica

Date Search Term

24-12-1995: “pterodactyl porn”

24-12-1995: “velociraptor porn”

24-12-1995: “interspecies dinosaur porn”

24-12-1995: “how to seduce a t-rex”

24-12-1995: “my triceratops turned me down and now it’s awkward forum”

24-12-1995: “Donnor party”

Texts between diplomat and contact “CBT”

User: What are you up to tonight?

CBT: sleeping, you?

User: I had something else in mind...

CBT: what are you?

User: I’m young and alive!

CBT: Are you sure?

User: Was that a threat?

CBT: Yes.

User: oh god. I’m sorry. Can’t we forget about it??? I’ll burn the evidence. Just don’t kill me.

CBT: you make me laugh a lot.

User: You can’t kill me.

CBT: I don’t kill robots.

Phone Conversation Recorded 8 July 1996, between North and South American civilians

N. Am: What day were you thinking?

S. Am: I think next Thursday. Fits my timeline.

N. Am: Some people might see this as offensive.

S. Am: Like I’ve ever cared what people think. I’m begging you, just get me the toilet collection. I’ll owe you.



Your phone. Now spaceproof.

iOS XXXVII

Back to the way you wanted it.

Ewoks: the new warm fuzzy feeling that everyone wants

Reported by Anastazia Vanisko

In the not-so-distant future, in a land not-so-far away, Ewoks have become a highly prized Valentine's Day gift. Is this just a fad or are Ewoks here to stay? Their popularity continues to grow with no signs of abating. It seems those squished and furry faces have weaseled their way into the holiday for good. The real question is: why are they so popular?

Perhaps there is something oddly endearing about their ugliness that makes them such popular gifts for significant others. After all, there is something inexplicably adorable about ugly animals. Just take a look at some peoples' dogs. Let's face it, if you saw an Ewok's face held against your significant other's face, then it goes without saying that your significant other will probably never have looked better. (Scholars believe this may have saved many a relationship.)

There is also a growing awareness that Ewoks are reminiscent of the teddy bears of yester-century. The comfort of giant stuffed animals was once enough to be a good gift, but no longer! After all, Ewoks are actually able to return the affection that was formerly thrown away on teddy bears.

The allure of a hug back is too great to be ignored.

Another rising theory is that Ewoks have therapeutic powers. An Ewok's touch has been known to bring people back from the brink of death. In one recent incident, an anonymous source did not like their Ewok gift and planned to return it; the Ewok went on to save the gift-giver from the injuries resulting from the ensuing argument. Survivors of such violence often describe creating a lifetime friendship with their rescuer Ewoks.

As this market has become more popular, so has the market for Ewok paraphernalia. Everything from Ewok nail decals, backpacks, shoes, clothes, jewelry and headphones are now available for purchase. (Note that no Ewoks are harmed in the making of these products. Only their likeness is used to create the product, not actual Ewoks.) If this trend were to reverse, there would be many entrepreneurs out of luck.

Those out there with a conscience may be questioning the morality of buying and selling living creatures. Well, no need to worry. Ewoks actually enjoy being sold for the enjoyment

of others. As it turns out, they do not typically experience such overwhelming affection; they adore the nonstop love they receive on Valentine's Day. Ewoks' rights activists argue that there is no way to be sure that this is how Ewoks feel. Advances in science have largely put such arguments to rest. Modern EnjoMeasure tools are able to measure the exact amount of enjoyment any living thing feels at any moment. These machines have conclusively shown that, for Ewoks, there is nothing as satisfying as being given as a Valentine's Day gift.

Sadly, the love owners give to their Ewoks does not tend to last very long. Many end up homeless after two weeks (yet Ewok and Ewok paraphernalia sales inexplicably continue to rise) and are rarely seen again. The consequences of their disappearances, however, are much less sinister than might be expected. Ewoks simply leave their homeless states when they travel to the Island of Misfit Ewoks. On the island, they are able to bond with other Ewoks, go to school, obtain work and start families. Programs are in place to send aid to the developing island, and it is hoped that within ten years the Ewoks will be able to support themselves without any help.



“The Room” named greatest movie of last thousand years

Reported by Emil Hufflenutz

Last week, at the 1000th Academy Awards, “The Room,” a classic drama from the year 2003, was awarded the Oscar for Best Film of the Millennium. The film was written and directed by Sir Tommy Wiseau, who also appears as the tragic hero Johnny. The film centers on Johnny’s relationship with his fiancée Lisa, whose infidelity with his friend Mark leads Johnny to his demise.

The film is notable for its incredibly intricate plot, which many people of Wiseau’s time could not fathom. Several plot twists, occurring in rapid succession, involve Lisa’s mother’s breast cancer diagnosis, minor character Denny’s emotionally powerful altercation with Chris R. and of course Mike’s disappearing underwear.

After the Artistic Renaissance of the Second Enlightenment in 2230, mankind was reborn as the Children of the A.R.S.E. The newly super-intelligent humans re-watched this masterpiece and were able to appreciate it for what it truly is: a work of unparalleled wit and social significance. Critics who dismissed this movie in Wiseau’s time as “The ‘Citizen Kane’ of bad movies,” are now today mocked for getting that adage so hilariously backwards.

Wiseau himself was brought back to life to accept this monumental award. His chiseled body rippled on stage as he graciously accepted, black sunglasses adorning his vaguely ethnic face, sleek tuxedo accentuating his Adonis-

like body. He kept his speech short, saying only, “Oh, hi, Oscar.”

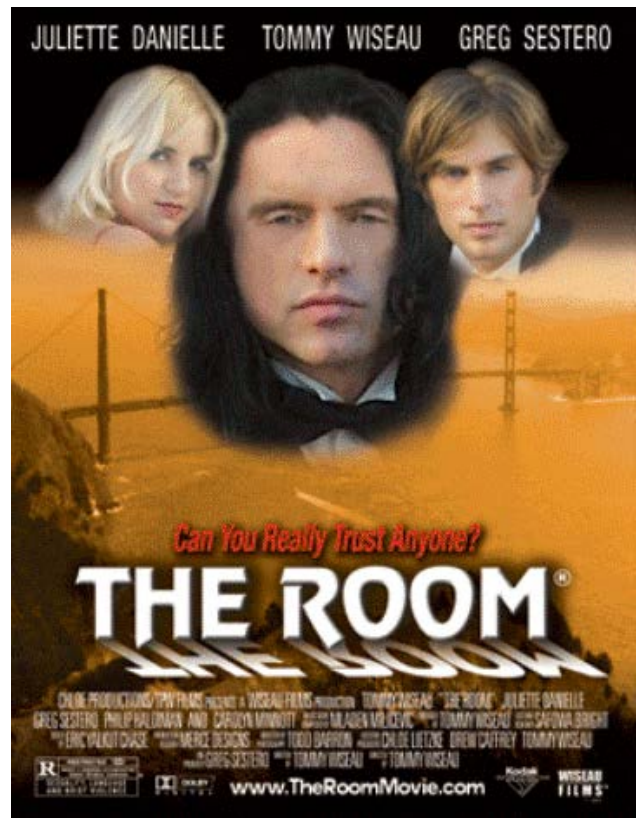
Not everyone was happy about his win, however. Juliette Danielle, the actress who played the villainess Lisa, was barred from attending the ceremony. While she wanted to go support her fellow actors, The Academy banned her because “Lisa was a big fat meanie to Johnny.”

Danielle contacted The Athenian for comment, but when asked about the ban, she simply said “I don’t want to talk about it.” She did, however, tell us how Wiseau saw her before the show and, overwhelmed with emotion, hit her.

Wiseau later held a press conference to discuss the film’s success. When asked how he had the intelligence to write his magnum opus in such an unenlightened age, he responded, “I cannot tell you, it’s confidential.” Some of the press had heard of Danielle’s accusations and asked Wiseau if Danielle was telling the truth. “I did not hit her, I DID NAHT,” was Wiseau’s only response. He then angrily called the press conference off, knocking microphones off desks. Doctors quickly took

Wiseau away to his grave, so he could once again rest in peace.

In conjunction with this monumental award, “The Room” will be broadcast across the universe non-stop for the entire year, so that all may appreciate Wiseau’s incredible contribution to culture and society. No longer will Lisa tear us apart; Johnny will keep us together, throwing the football of peace so that we might catch it in our best dress.



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[The Legacy of The Tale of Genji]

Well, There Goes Japan- Shinichi Atatakakunakattakara

People are often concerned about what the future will bring. What sort of technologies and advancements will we make in the coming years? Can we establish lasting peace? What new developments will restructure the very way we conceptualize our lives?

People point to technologies like 3D printing that will revolutionize manufacturing, driverless cars that will change our commutes and clean, renewable energy that will perpetuate our society into the future. However, the truth of these technologies and the future is obviously and inescapably divergent from this blissful view of things. Even a cursory look at human history tells us that humans can only be relied on to use technology for destruction, war and really silly things. The first two uses are founded on our obsession with entropy and the oppression of other Peoples. These are boring and, as every the repetitive nature of history illustrates, predictable. The last, though, has potential to get interesting.

Take any powerful technology and look at what real people actually do with it in their daily lives. The internet is used for watching videos of cats, looking at pictures of cats, discussing the habits of cats, and not much else. Given this theory that technology will be used for entirely silly endeavors, we come inevitably to the great questions of our time: Who will guide advancement to the future? Where can we expect these pointless uses of time and

energy to come from? If you've read this column before, you probably know the answer: Japan—the country you'll never understand, no matter how hard you try.

Japan has been on the leading edge of doing weird shit for far longer than you can imagine. The first recorded novel, "The Tale of Genji," was penned in Japan at the turn of the first millennium. Soon after, Japan created early medieval sci-fi stories.

From that moment on, the advancement of silliness in Japan has continued unabated. There have been tales of princesses from the moon who landed in bamboo fields to live with humans; a majestically abstract and spectacular theater that no one understands; whatever-the-hell that anime thing is (Seriously guys it doesn't make sense, even to us); and the pinnacle of useless cat videos, "Maru jumping into and out of boxes." The technologies develop in Japan to shape the way we waste our time, and I'm here to deliver a concise look at what might come in the future.

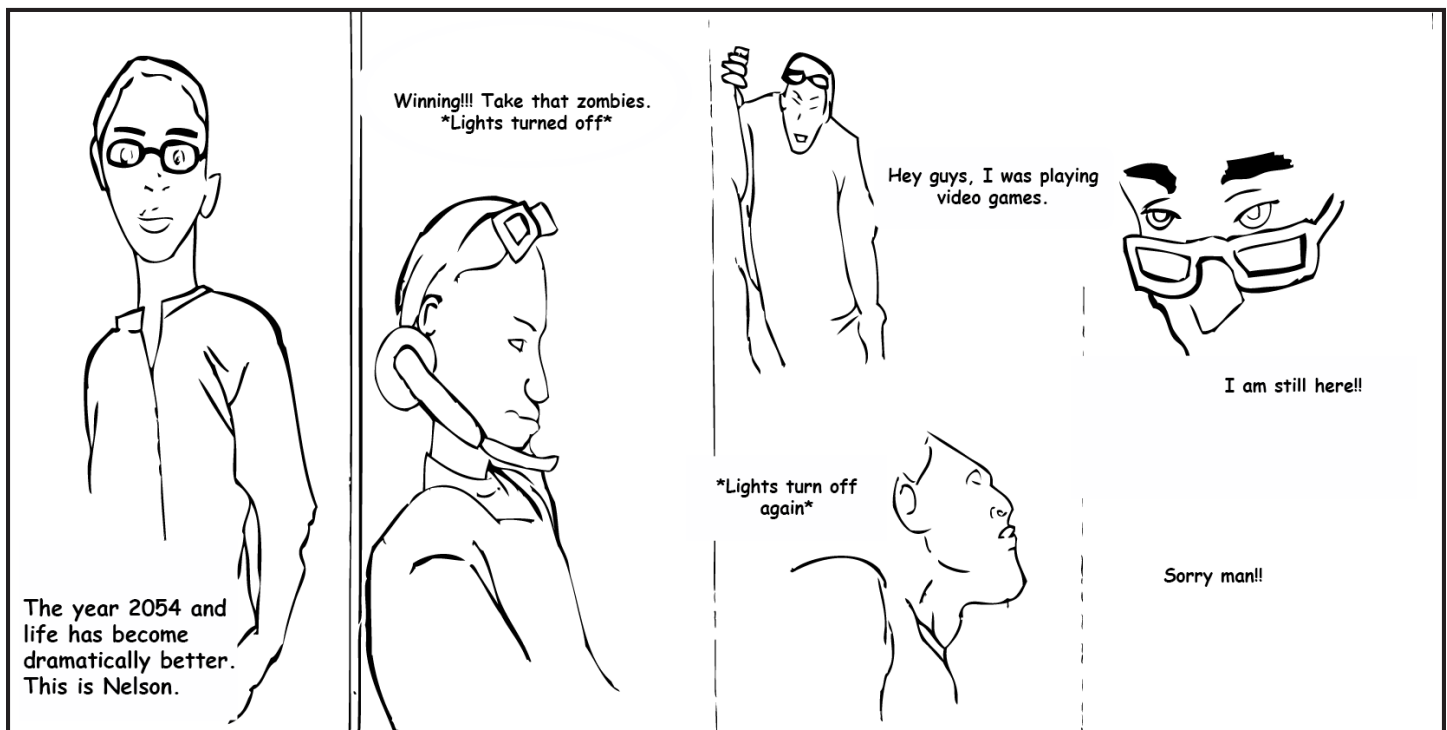
The Japanese toys of the future offer wonderful new ways to waste time while integrating your life with technology. You've heard of robot dogs, right? Well for man's best friend Japan decided the next best option was insects. The sensible route would have been to develop something like nano-bots with pollination capabilities in order to replace dying bee populations. Instead, a company has developed robot

cockroach toys: micro-sized pests.

Other toys include robotic cat ears that sense your mood and react accordingly, a panoramic seven-camera hat for photography and a version of Tamagotchi that has the user insert a finger into a sleeve in a box to interact with the pet. This technology, as the reader might not guess, was immediately applied to human communication to make a kiss transfer device. It uses a double-ended mouth piece to transfer mouth and tongue movements to the partner's side: a kiss condom to prevent cooties. Personally, I'm betting a no-touch intercourse model for Wi-Fi sex will exist within the year. Japanese technologies are also currently expanding on the idea of mechanically-made, delivered food. The Kaiten rotating sushi restaurants work to get precisely and robotically-produced sushi to the customer in minutes with absolutely no human contact.

The future looks strange, arguably bleak and remarkably silly, but one can't help eagerly awaiting what new, unprecedented advancements will be developed by the country obsessed with 90s pagers and fax-machines.

Shinichi, despite the name, is an American citizen, not a foreign exchange student. His parents disowned him 3 years ago when he received a 'B' in Professor Butler's MATH 122, but he's pretty sure they still love him.



Your guide to getting *busy* on Mars

Faxed through by Swisgar Wartooth, the *Love Doctor*

Greetings from the future, Earthlings! I assume that you're Earthlings, as this column is addressed to the millennial generation of the early 21st century.

Allow me to introduce myself: I am Swisgar Wartooth, of the planet Dethklok, but 'round these parts of the galaxy, I go by a different name: the Love Doctor. That's right, with italics and everything. And let me tell you personally, Earthling, I have earned that moniker. Yours truly has travelled to every planet in the known universe, and... ahem... gotten busy with some sexy space ladies.

At this point I imagine you may be wondering why I decided to address this letter to the early 21st century, as opposed to say, my time, when your kind has finally attained the technology to start getting busy in space. Well, my ancient Earth-dwelling friend, it just so happens that your generation will be the one that discovers that particular technology. Surprise! Oh and by the way, don't go around telling this to everyone. I'd hate to ruin the treat for all of your Earthly friends. Now, hurry off to get your engineering degree. It's going to be important.

That's right. It just so happens that your kind is on the verge of unlocking the space tourism industry, and I want you to be prepared. "Prepared for what, Love Doctor Swisgar?" Well, my human friend, it just so happens that out of every planet I've gotten busy on (which, I reiterate, is all of them), there is one that I just can't stop coming back to, and it happens to be right in your backyard. That's right Earthling, your planetary sister Mars has some of the galaxy's most beautiful space ladies, and I, the Love Doctor, am gonna teach you how to get busy on Mars.

Firstly, you have to know how to treat a sexy Mars lady. When she

first catches your eye, say something witty, like "Your planet is red, your skin is blue and I sure would like to get to know you." Of course, not everyone can come up with lines as sexy as the Love Doctor, so if you're not the witty type, feel free to use that one. If you forget, just remember that it's pretty easy to rhyme something with "Mars," like "bars" or "cars"—both places you might be or want to be with sexy Martians. Now once you've got her attention, offer to take her out to a nice Mars dinner somewhere. If she says yes, you're in business—space business.

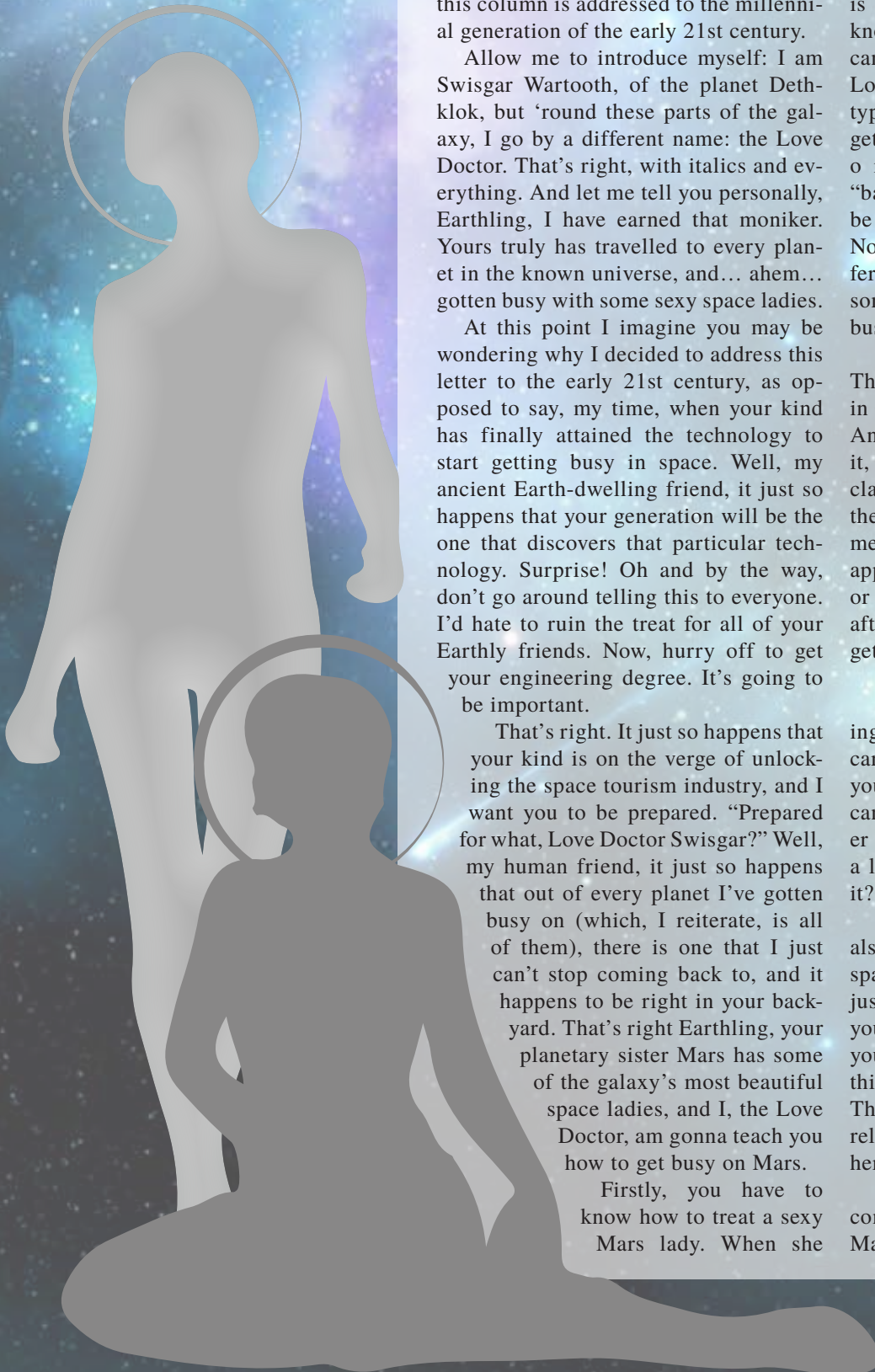
Next, you have to know how to dress. The weather on Mars is worse than it is in Cleveland, so I recommend a sweater. And perhaps some nice slacks to go with it, because sexy Mars ladies appreciate classy dudes. Make sure you look her in the eye, smile confidently and compliment her tentacles. Mars ladies do not appreciate dudes who aren't confident or who don't compliment their tentacles after they spent two of your Earth hours getting ready for their big dates.

The actual date will fly by.

Okay, champ, so now you're walking her home, and if you've played your cards right, then she should be inviting you into her sexy space apartment. You can take this opportunity to make another witty joke, like, "Man, you sure have a lot of living SPACE in here! Ha! Get it? Because we're in space!"

Now of course, sexy space ladies are also classy space ladies, and a classy space lady isn't going to get busy with just anyone. You have to show her that you're worth her sexy space time. And you know what they love more than anything? Back rubs...sexy space back rubs. Then, after you have her feeling nice and relaxed, brush her tentacles away from her cheek, look her straight in the eye...

And that, my Earth friends, in your comprehensive guide to getting busy on Mars.



Cleveland's Greatest Day

A piercing alarm went off in Harold Chapman's room. "Good morning, Harold!" sounded a robotic voice.

"It's Harry," he grumbled, his voice croaky from just five hours of sleep, as he crawled out of the cot.

It was Wednesday, Dec. 15—the 478th day of Harry's work on Neo Cleveland. He still couldn't call himself a morning person.

In space, though, there was no real way to know the time of day. His dimly lit, 10 x 7 foot room was filled with simulated sunlight pouring in through the panes of a fake window.

Before floating out the door, he grabbed the coffee held out to him by a robotic arm. "Have a nice day, Harold!" the room said enthusiastically.

"You too," he said with a sarcastic laugh. Outside, he bounced up to a ladder and worked his way up past other rows of rooms, towards the watch tower.

Harry, the lead watchman of Neo Cleveland, had an important but boring job. His two shifts (9 a.m. - 4 p.m. and 6 p.m. - 2 a.m.) allowed for very little personal time. The station's AI helped notice things, but even in the year 3000 C.E., computer detection was no substitute for the human eye.

Before Chapman came aboard, the colony was in full operation, nestled in a captive asteroid orbiting around Earth. Construction had taken decades, but the decision to secede had been long in the making.

For centuries, taunting of the Cleveland Browns had worn away at the city's sports scene, until the football stadium stood empty at every Sunday game. Despite continued earnest reconstruction efforts, lasting socioeconomic stigmas kept outside investors away. When the 23rd "Hastily Made Cleveland Tourism Video" reached one trillion views on YouTube with no noticeable boost to the local economy, the town had had enough of Earth.

Developments in orbital colonization provided the escape. In a famous pre-secession speech, Cleveland Governor Gregory Tope said, "If you can't join 'em, leave 'em."

Since departing from the surface, Cleveland has seen continuous economic growth. The city has profited greatly from sales of vacation travel packages to "Earthers" eager to see the once humble Cleveland skyline set against the breathtaking backdrop of space. The Cleveland sports scene has similarly been revitalized as orbital training under variable artificial gravity has given the Cleveland Browns the upper hand against their planet-bound competitors. All in all, Cleveland was doing pretty well.

Perched high above the colony in the bubble watch station, Harry Chapman wasn't seeing much of the point.

He sipped a blob of coffee, checking a few screens for anything unusual. "Nothing. What a surprise," Harry said, leaning back.

Chapman stared at the passing stars twirling around him like an infant's mobile, and slowly drifted off to sleep...

beep beep... beep beep... The almost quiet but persistent proximity beacon in the otherwise silent room woke Harry from his slumber. He'd never heard a single peep at work before.

This beeping couldn't be a good sign.

He scanned the glass pane, and saw a small pale dot. *It could be nothing, but just in case...* Harry called the captain. "I think I'm picking up on something. I'll send you the coordinates," he said, keying numbers into his console.

As he continued to calibrate his sensors to determine the object's nature and velocity, the captain returned, "Uh, Harry... look again."

He did. Over the still chirping "*beep beep...*" Harry could see the object had doubled in size on his visual feed.

When Harry zoomed in, he saw a large, glowing asteroid. It was larger than Neo Cleveland.

He ran some quick calculations, hoping to be wrong, but the results confirmed his fears. "A direct hit," he muttered to himself.

The captain also heard. "At the rate that thing is moving, it'll be here in a few hours.

Move out of the area immediately," he said. "If we push away, Neo Cleveland will be safe. Good eye, Harold."

Harry paused, eyes fixed on the projection of the rock and its path. "Sir, if we move, the asteroid hits Earth."

The silence on the intercom was deafening. "What do we do?"

The calls came streaming in from planetside. Neo Cleveland was not Earth's only orbital colony, but it was by far the largest controlled object between Earth and the danger.

The governments of Earth knew what needed to be done, and Harry did too.

It could cost them their lives, but if Neo Cleveland was used as a shield between Earth and the asteroid, Harry explained, the planet could be spared. With enough momentum, Neo Cleveland could collide with the asteroid, break it apart, and direct the wreckage away from Earth. They would have to start accelerating the colony soon which meant they were quickly running out of time to evacuate the colony.

The captain uttered only one word: "Go."


Sirens, klaxons, and evacuation alerts swept through the colony, but Harry continued to simulate the collision – they were only going to get one shot at this. He sent directions to the captain, and the demise of the satellite was set.

He joined hordes of passengers rushing to the emergency shuttles. Havoc ensued as the panicked, floating citizens pushed and shoved trying to reach the shuttles to safety.

As the vessels started to break away from the colony, it became apparent there wasn't going to be enough ships to hold everyone. The once-deafening alarm could no longer be heard over the screams of the terrified colonists.

Harry contacted the captain as ushers did their best to direct women and children to board the remaining escape pods first. "Sir, there are not enough escape pods for everyone," said Harry.

On the other end, the captain's sobs were soft before the com line clicked off.



Stuck in space on a colony speeding toward certain annihilation, the people of Neo Cleveland were trapped. For a moment, Harry stared down at his hands, helpless in the chaos. A small girl floated by him, looking for her mother. She rubbed her teary eyes, her cries barely audible over the screams and alarms.

We'll make everyone fit, Harry thought. Joining the ushers, Harry pulled the small girl by her hand to an open escape pod. He urged passengers to cram together, heedless of the crafts' recommended safe operating capacities. The craft would lose maneuverability, but as long as they left the colony, they'd be safe. Harry hoped the rescue crews from Earth would arrive soon: the life support systems on these shuttles couldn't support this level of overcrowding for very long.

"Stay calm," he told the passengers.

He pushed through the crowds, throwing stragglers into the remaining shuttles. Even the captain, whimpering in a corner, found a spot. As the final emergency shuttle launched from Neo Cleveland, Harry and the other colonists watched from rows of portholes as the colony shot off into space, headed directly for the asteroid.

The asteroid grew larger, approaching. The colony grew smaller, departing.

Come on... urged Harry, clutching his fists.

In 42 escape shuttles, the entire population of Neo Cleveland held its breath.

Hit.

There was no sound from the explosion, thousands of miles away in space, as it spread into the surrounding area sprinkling bits of debris like a burst piñata.

Indistinct wreckage of Neo Cleveland drifted by the shuttles, and Harry saw a block of wires with a robotic arm attached, twitching back and forth as if to wave goodbye.

Cleveland's greatest accomplishment had been destroyed.

Over the shuttle's com line, a fuzzy voice announced, "Cleveland, you've just saved the world. Over."

Google SmartCar crashes; Experts say Google Glass to blame

Reported by Bill Lohny

Smart cars: they're compact, fuel efficient and all too easy to destroy. It seems that not even artificially intelligent drivers can save these tiny vehicles after a Google Smart Car™ swerved off a residential road and into a stop sign earlier today. Google's computer-controlled car was totaled. Eye-witnesses say the durable stop sign suffered no damage.

Google experts immediately examined the Smart Car's black box in an effort to determine what went wrong, and discovered that the car was equipped with Google Glass. Among the services Glass provides is adjusting its ads based on the user's viewing history. Unfortunately, it was this consumer-based ad that led to the car's demise.

Black box analysis revealed that, just moments before the car swerved, Google Glass displayed an ad for a male enhancement pill. It is believed that the car's onboard Artificial Intelligence (AI), distracted by the ad, ran off the road.

Further analysis revealed that immediately after the crash, Google Glass helpfully displayed an ad for a local auto mechanic.

Google employee Luke Wahrm was remotely monitoring the AI on the car in question at the time of the accident.

Wahrm said, "Honestly, I just trusted the AI. I saw it swerve, but I figured the programming knew what it was doing." He paused. "Then again, one time it went through a car wash without any input from me, so maybe I should have taken that as a hint that it had a mind of its own."

Google issued a statement after the incident, repeating over and over, "We are really, really sorry that this happened."

They also announced the implementation of new precautions to ensure that AI-controlled cars would not repeat this mistake. They stated that "weighing the variables so that more value is put on the road instead of the ads" and "increasing the cars' comfort with masculinity to decrease obsession with male enhancement" will help to decrease the possibility of crashing.

When asked if they would consider abandoning the advertising strategy responsible for this incident in favor of something less intrusive, a spokesman for Google stated, "We're committed to giving Google Glass users the most immersive experience possible. The occasional crashed vehicle is simply a blip on the radar screen, one that will soon be obliterated."

The California Highway Patrol advised motorists to use extra caution when on the roads, and to avoid driving next to a Smart Car if at all possible.

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What
do you
think
the cat
says?



Get paid for writing humor; managing humor; paying others to make humor.

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Apple and Samsung escalate conflict

Reported by Kyle Berkowitz

After several decades of legal battles arising from frustratingly inconsistent copyright laws on Earth, Samsung and Apple have taken matters into their own hands. Each corporation calculated that it would be cheaper and faster to settle their quarrel outside of the legal system. Both companies have expressed regret and disappointment that after so much litigation, the courts have yet to reach a conclusion.

Leaders of both organizations remained civil and just sane enough to agree that a battle, fought by robots of each company's design, would best resolve the dispute.

The only stipulated rule was that there would be no rules.

The battle began on April 25, 2032.

Samsung, innovative and practical, designed a mediocre, unsexy, unimpressive bipedal robot capable of concealing itself as a 1995 Toyota Corolla.

Apple, smart and strategic, stole the designs for Samsung's Corolla-bot and redesigned the beast as a sleek, hip

quadruped which could disguise itself as an Audi R8.

Apple allowed Samsung one free strike after its R8-bot tried to use Apple Maps to reach the battlefield delaying the onset of battle to five days later than originally planned. To no one's surprise, the inaccuracy of Maps remains an issue for all Apple products. When both robots arrived, however, the battle lasted a mere five minutes.

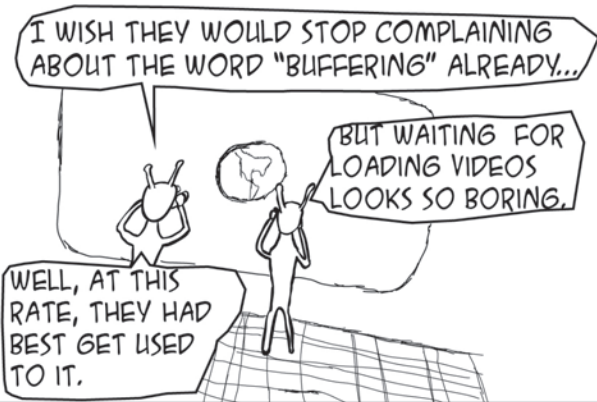
Samsung, predicting its opponent's plan to steal any designs, purposefully allowed the designs for the crappy Toyota Corolla attack robot to fall into Apple's hands. Samsung's actual robot was not a transformer at all. Samsung officials clarified their reasoning for deciding against a transforming robot: "That's stupid." Samsung's actual robot was capable of flight and armed with the best North Korean miniature nukes an enslaved child could make.

Despite the one-sided battle, Apple had obviously put a lot of effort into re-designing the Corolla-bot to be

as sexy as possible. Unfortunately, the Corolla-bot retained many fatal design flaws because Apple had neglected to redesign any of the vital systems. Somehow under the impression that the battle would be a fist fight between two transformer bots, the R8-bot was equipped only with mechanical paws. In quick order, Samsung's robot obliterated the competition.

When the fight ended, the result left both participants unsatisfied. Apple held up its end of the agreement and ceased all copyright infringement claims. The company has also begun to pay the royalties it owes for all of the company's past and current thefts. Fortunately for Apple, the tech giant announced that they have received a sizeable defense contract for one thousand of the R8-bots because Congress agreed that they looked cool. While an official figure has not been made public, the contract is rumored to be more than enough to cover the price of stealing anything they wanted from Samsung.

Through Foggy Binoculars • The Destructive Quality
• Addiction Trend



PEOPLE CONTINUOUSLY WANT HIGHER AND HIGHER QUALITY MEDIA STREAMED TO THEIR DEVICES-



Phone Title	"ConnectionSpeed" (Insert Irritatingly wrong unit HERE)	Average Youtube video quality (At year of release (Of most popular 150 videos of that year)
Motorola Razer	14.4 (Mbit/s)	240p
IPhone 1-2	uhhh, bad?	360p
IPhone 3G	3G	360p - 480p
IPhone 4(±S)	HSUPA: 5.8 (Mbit/s)	480p
IPhone 5	4G	720p (The "HD" benchmark (for some reason))
IPhone (n +1)	jG ∴ j = f(t) = ? ² / ₂	ALL OF THE PIXELS!

-AND IF THEY KEEP ACCELERATING BOTH DEMAND FOR HIGH DATA DENSITY MEDIA, AND ABILITY TO CONVEY SAID MEDIA-



-THE DEATH TOLL WILL BEGIN TO RISE..

Zachgermer

Lunar Bay - The New Gitmo

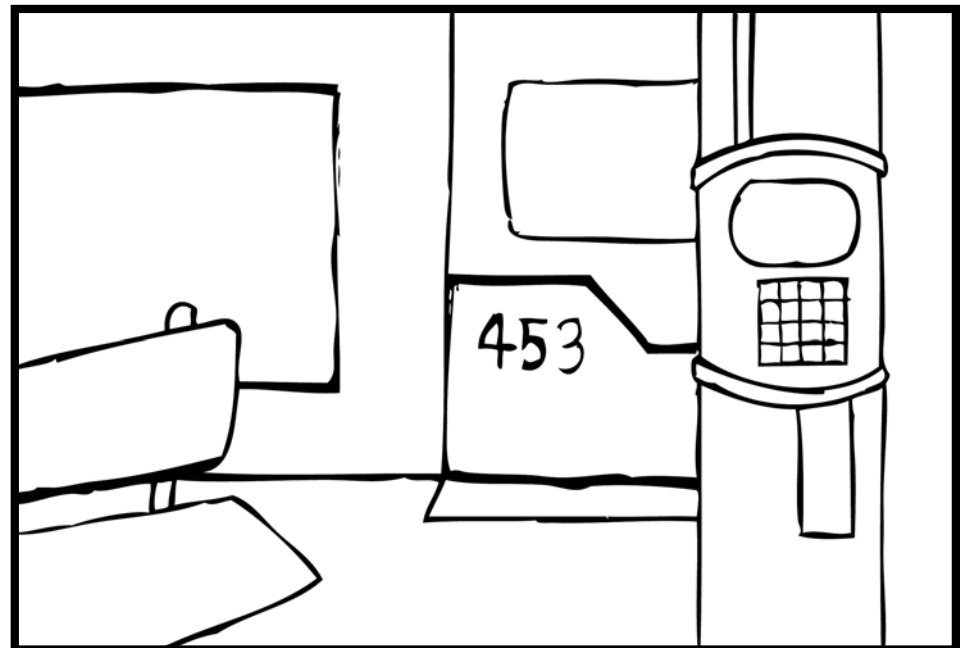
Reported by River Tam

69 presidents in United States history have vowed to close the prison of Guantanamo Bay—it was a loophole in the revered ideals of justice in America. But it wasn't until last year that liberty lovers everywhere could rejoice when the island's containment and torture facilities were finally closed. News outlets reported that, according to the Department of Homeland Security's press release, all prisoners of the United States would henceforth receive a fair trial either on American soil "or anywhere else in the world."

Last week, a routine shuttle to Mars picked up some strange transmissions on its way past the moon and back to Earth. Your Athenian reporters took off in our classy journalist rockets to investigate. Soon, we discovered a new secret United States government facility occupying a small space located hundreds of miles outside the Moon Colonies. Inside were hundreds of political prisoners as well as ordinary people from foreign countries and planets.

Outside, a sign reads "Lunar Bay." It appears the Department of Homeland Security has found another loophole in the

law. While American protests are just beginning, it may take another 69 presidents before this one is closed.





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[An early winter science roundup]

Trust Me, I'm A Scientist- Evan Martin

About two months ago I got my first smartphone and it took me about half an hour to forget ever living without it. Then, a couple of weeks later, something occurred to me: "Holy shit, kids who are 5 years old or younger right now will have never lived in a world without computer phones that fit in a pocket." I know our society takes ridiculous technological advances for granted nowadays, but think about that for a minute—these kids will never know what it was like to not have a smart phone. Just in case that doesn't blow your mind hard enough, here are some new insane technologies that we'll be saying the same thing about soon...

First, lightsabers. That's right, in 2013, scientists have officially invented actual lightsabers. Though it's not exactly the same as the ones in Star Wars, it's as close as we have ever been to making one before, and it's thanks to a brand new type of matter created by scientists at Harvard and MIT. The scientists, working for the Harvard/MIT Center for Ultracold Atoms (not making this up) were able to create molecules made out of photons, aka the particles that make up light. According to quantum mechanics, light particles do not have mass or charge, so getting them to form matter (stuff that has mass) and stick together (as if they were charged) is revolutionary. Granted, this was achieved by getting the particles ultra-cold (as the department name suggests) and even still, only a few photons stuck together. Still, this technology has potential applications in quantum computing, and...holy shit, lightsabers!

Next we move to the world of biology. If you had to pick the creepiest possible thing that scientists could grow in a lab, I'm guessing "human brain" would rank in the top 5. Seriously, eventually it's going to start thinking, and at that point, you're basically in horror movie territory. I'm pleased and horrified to report that scientists have gone and done just that. A research team from Australia

grew an embryonic human brain from stem cells that has developed to that of a 9-10 week old fetus. The brain is still too young to form any coherent thoughts and therefore doesn't yet have a soul to sacrifice to Ba'al, or whichever of the Five Prime Evils these scientists clearly work for.

Sticking with the creepastic breakthrough category, a team from Maastricht University recently grew and served the world's first hamburger grown in a lab. This meat patty was, and I quote, "taken from a cow's shoulder in a gentle biopsy and grown in calf serum, with micro-exercise so they wouldn't be flabby." Sound delicious? Fortunately for people who like eating non-laboratory grown dead animals, this burger cost about \$330,000 to grow and won't be coming to your table any time soon. But according to the judges who did taste this scientific culinary masterpiece, it was apparently "a bit dry."

Finally, a research team from Old Dominion University has redefined the phrase "kicking it old school" by discovering the oldest evidence of life yet. It came from a formation of rocks in Australia called the Dresser Formation, where certain rocks showed all the signs of microbial induced sedimentary structures, or MISS. As the name suggests, these formations can only happen through the assistance of bacteria, and they also have a tendency to look pretty much the same no matter how long they've been around. So this bacteria-built stone has been dated to 3.48 billion years. Billion. With a "b". As in 3,480 million years. Seriously, can you even comprehend how long that is? A really, really, really, really long time. But this is the craziest part: those 3.48 billion year old microbes might have been our ancestors.

Science!

Evan is the product of 85 million years of primate evolution. He enjoys sports, Star Wars, living in Cleveland and seeing the world as one giant science experiment with too many variables and not enough explosions.

What will CWRU look like in the future?

The Athenian staff was gathered in the University Media Board Office of Thwing, playing racquetball off the walls while brainstorming ideas for the next issue, when a sudden crack rang out. After celebrating a successful trick shot, a staff member turned back to the table and noticed that a silver package had. Inside, on shining electric paper, was what appeared to be a copy of The Observer from the year 2103. Not one to let pass an opportunity to subvert plagiarism rules by publishing pieces that have not yet been written, the author has included the following article. The article has been transcribed word for word from the gossamer computer screen and appears in lieu of the usual ranting manifestos on duck mating calls.

* * *

Modern Art Puzzle Continues

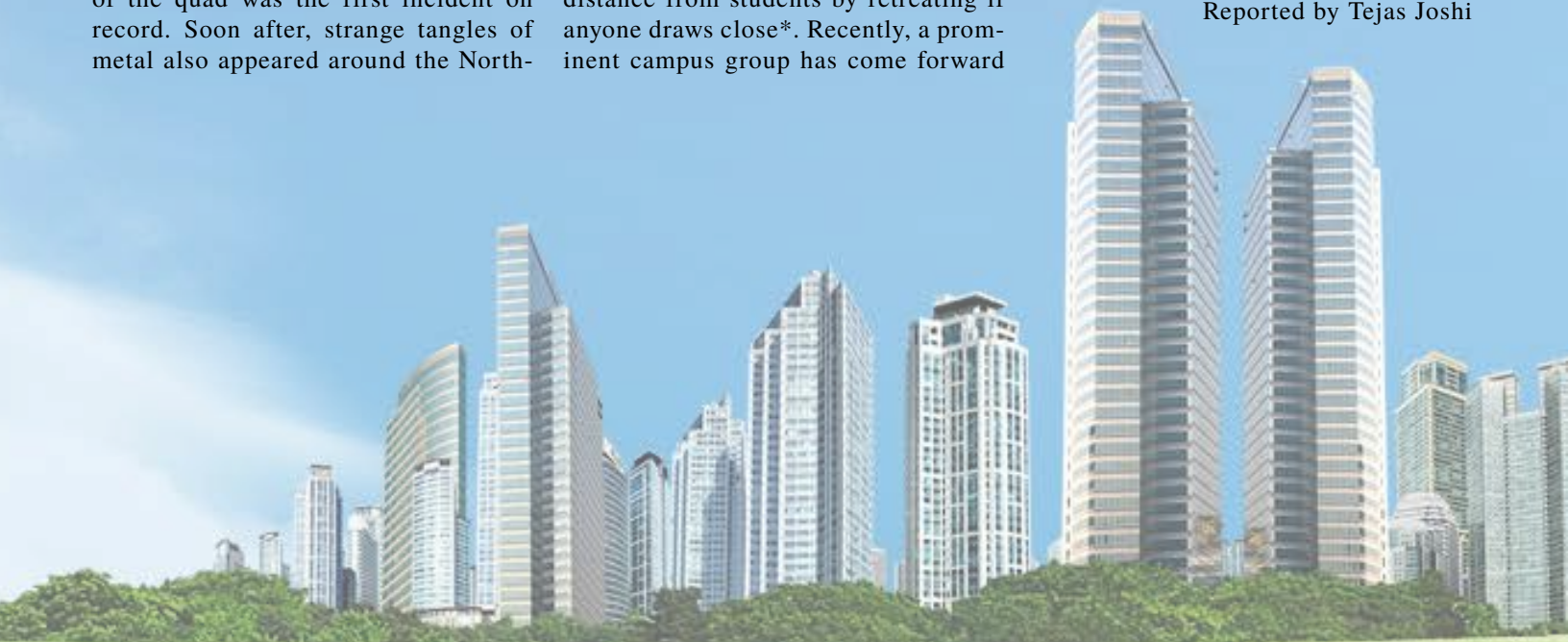
A recent study by researchers at CWRU School of Engineering and Hyperplastic Astotrophy has begun to solve the heated debate about the origin of modern art around campus. For years, scientists have proposed hypotheses to explain why students can't get to class without jumping, crawling or schmoozing their ways around these multiplying metallic monstrosities. The baffling appearance of a giant, phallus-shaped fountain in the middle of the quad was the first incident on record. Soon after, strange tangles of metal also appeared around the North-

ern Residential Villages and Strosacker Auditorium, and were affectionately nicknamed "Ugly Statue" and "Spitball." However, any fondness students felt towards the dubiously artistic creations quickly vanished as the statues continued to proliferate across campus. Pieces of particular note include "Great Hypercube" which trapped dozens of students in their residence hall after it sprouted in the Raymond lobby and "Fractal Slender" which maintains its distance from students by retreating if anyone draws close*. Recently, a prominent campus group has come forward

claiming the statues were placed here by the Great and Almighty Sky God Pxshyx to test the faith of believers. Evidence for this belief has yet to be presented, but this has failed to shake the faith of Pxshyxians.

*Several enterprising students once attempted to trap the "Fractal Slender" piece by circling around the sculpture and moving inwards. There were no survivors.

Reported by Tejas Joshi



Tinkham Veale Center lifts off

Reported by John Rambo

Many members of the campus community are still in shock after witnessing the Tinkham Veale university center launch itself into orbit last week.

The building unexpectedly pulled itself out of the ground and shook off its grass roof transforming into what appeared to be a winged creature. To the further disbelief of the campus community, the building used its apparent wings to take flight for the upper atmosphere. The building is now in orbit around Earth, and shows no signs of returning to the surface.

"I always thought it looked a little shifty," said junior Heather Smith, witness to the takeoff. "It just seemed too aerodynamic to be a normal building. I never trusted that interactive immersion zone, either."

Due to the unexpected nature of the takeoff, about a hundred students

remain trapped inside including the entire University Program Board. The Board's weekly meeting was occurring during the unplanned launch. They are not in immediate danger, and the university administration says it is not too concerned about the students themselves.

"Most of the students in—uh, aboard—the Tinkham Veale center have highly developed leadership skills," said an administrator. "This is an opportunity for these highly motivated students to take the initiative by taking care of themselves until we're able to shuttle them back down to Earth." In fact, the university seems rather pleased with the building's liftoff. During an emergency meeting with her cabinet, Barbara Snyder discussed the possibility of making the orbiting building a permanent feature

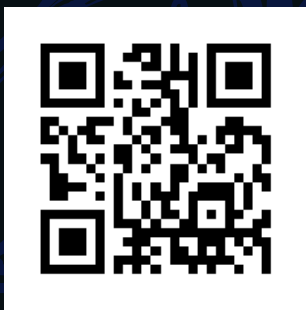
of the campus.

"It's an underutilized area for university expansion," she said during the meeting. "University Circle is getting more crowded every year, and this could be the natural area for us to develop next."

Administrators cited the novelty of a space branch for the university as a recruitment tool. Currently, the University of Phoenix is the only school with a space campus.

Some students are also excited about the possibility of the proposed expansion. Student Steven Morley said he would be interested in studying there. "It's not like I want to go deep-space exploring where no man has gone before," he said, "but it might be a cool place to do research next summer. Almost as good as Hawaii."

There's still a chance to win.



Read and rate each issue's content online.

The drawings will be held on **New Years Eve.**

...with 250 dollars drawn at midnight!

(Other prizes are shirts, 50 dollar gift cards and 100 dollar gift cards.)
tinyurl.com/athenian70 ---- tinyurl.com/athenian71 ---- tinyurl.com/athenian72

Fears come true: Man marries cat in elaborate ceremony

Reported by Littelfot Brontasor

3000 C.E.: Breaking news from Portland, OR, Hotbed of Liberal godlessness

Wedding announcements showed the city this week in the wake of Portland's new legalization of interspecies marriage. The first couple to celebrate the new law was Grant Powell, 38, and his cat Chibbles.

Lawmakers cited their inspiration as coming from laws which legalized homosexual marriage at the turn of the 21st century.

"Those old laws definitely paved the way for interspecies marriage," commented town board member Pavlov Shiner. "If one consenting, legal, sentient adult can marry another, then obviously our next step was to take that and apply it to two beings who can't even talk to each other."

"Technically, Chibbles didn't say 'I do,'" admitted a spokesperson

from the office of the Clerk of Circuit Court. "But I consider myself pretty liberal, so I can't criticize this. I'll get behind anything new that upsets hard-working Americans with happy families. I'm just too jealous of their success."

Protestors have already taken to the city streets. Traffic advisories were issued to those traveling to work today and are expected to continue for about two weeks, at which point most peoples' attention spans for a political issue will be exceeded. The crowds held signs painted with such catchy slogans as "Meow Means Meow" and "The End is Near!"

"If only our ancestors hadn't voted to legalize same-sex marriage," said one wistful young woman standing outside the state office. "This is clearly a consequence of those homosexuals. They pretended they wanted

equality but they were just trying to split up the sacred combination of church and state. Now everything's gone to the dogs - including my boyfriend."

When told that the United States was founded on the separation of church and state, the young woman responded, "What? You must have that wrong. Anyway, the founding fathers were all Christian. They didn't really mean that."

Another bystander, when asked for his opinion about why the population shouldn't marry cats, responded, "Well, I think we should marry cats... so I couldn't tell you. Cats won't ask for a divorce."

Proponents of the law continue to voice their enthusiastic support. Others announced upcoming weddings featuring chameleons, swans and one very lucky ostrich.

The Jolly Scholar

MON - THURS : 11AM TO 12AM

FRIDAY: 11AM TO 2AM

SAT - SUN: 12PM TO 12AM



**Julianna Levi
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Cleveland's Museum of Contemporary Art (MOCA) isn't so contemporary anymore

CLEVELAND—Dec. 7, 1999

Reported by Josephus E. Tinnertink McDuffie

Cleveland's Museum of Contemporary Art (MOCA) isn't so contemporary anymore.

Surrounded by 20-story Falafel monoliths and underground Case Western dormitory tunnels, the block of shiny black glass seems in the way and out of place. Most neighbors of the building are disgruntled. "It's 2112," said an anonymous passerby. "Seriously, why isn't it covered in chrome?"

However, a new series of exhibitions celebrating the building's 100th birthday may help save the museum's reputation. MOCA director Bob Thime claims the exhibits exemplify the leaps and bounds artists made since the opening of the museum.

The art show, titled "It's Art...Maybe," stretches the limits of what is considered a masterpiece. "We had open admissions and a lot of space to fill," said Thime. "We received true innovations."

He invited *The Athenian* for an exclusive tour through the three main exhibits.



"My house and my family and my dog," by Billy Wenderson

Originally created as a project for Billy's kindergarten art class, the artist submitted his esteemed finger paintings to MOCA to be considered for the upcoming show.

Upon receiving them, Thime knew they had to be included. "His masterful use of colors to represent both innocence and control are evident. A pulse of passion lurks behind each delicate creation—Wenderson may be only 6 years old, but his artistic spark will lead to a lifetime of success."

When asked what his greatest success was, Wenderson replied, "What's success?... is that a word? Mom?"

"Phallus in Blue," by Rick Homer

"My inspiration for 'Phallus in Blue' did not come from an obsession," says Rick, "it erupted from a message. People are dicks. People are everywhere. So you see the connection: Dicks, dicks everywhere." He proudly gazed at his creation.

"Phallus in Blue" is expressed by a room filled with blue penis-shaped objects—materials ranging from found objects to bananas—to represent Rick's dissatisfaction with modern society and consumerism. To view the multifaceted variety of phalluses, viewers must step over sculptures on the floor and avoid hanging mobile phalluses as well.

The bright blue color choice seemed a bit curious. Homer himself didn't fully verbalize his artistic decision.

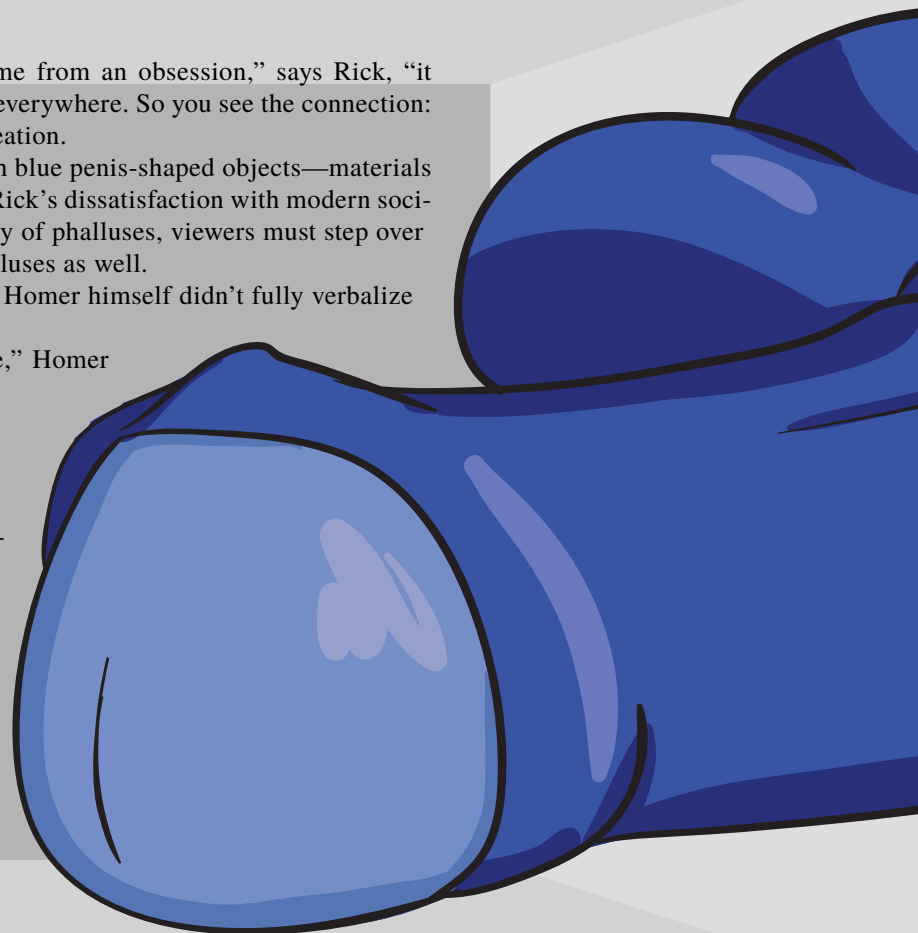
"I dunno man, it's just... Dicks, dicks everywhere," Homer said, giggling.

"Empty Room," by Bob Thime

Director Thime himself contributed to the upcoming exhibition, claiming his idea fit with the other exhibits chosen. His exhibit displays an empty room with plain white walls.

The "Empty Room" exhibit takes up the majority of MOCA; a daring choice for a building so large.

"It represents the emptiness of American consumerism," he said, scratching his head. "It's highly artistic. No doubt about it. That's coming from an expert."



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EASY

HARD

FUN PAGE

*Have a wonderful
Jolly Christmas*

We'd like to additionally take a moment to thank all the contributors:

- Carissa Conine
- Sierra Coleman
- Hallie Dolin
- Tejas Joshi
- Raymond Krajci
- Benjamin Lee
- Pat Melvin
- Annie Nickoloff
- Douglas Oswald
- Ellie Rambo
- Joanna Rumbley
- Mel Sayre
- Sarah Whelan
- Anastazia Vanisko

*New Year!
and a scandalous*

Interested in winning prizes of up to **250 dollars** this month?

Enter the contest with one entry each issue by going to the link below (through your computer browser or smartphone via QR code) and vote for your favorite article of each issue. It's that simple and you, the readers, get to determine the month's winner of \$50 and get a chance at at several different prizes!

We are still taking entries for issue 70 and 71 (which are one entry each).

Congratulations to last month's winner, Kushagra Gupta, of \$50 for his submission!

To enter for this issue, go to:

<http://tinyurl.com/athenian72>



Through Foggy Binoculars : Proof By Youtube

WOW, THOSE HUMANS SURE LOVE OVER-COMPLICATING THINGS...

WHAT DID THEY DO THIS TIME?

YOU KNOW THAT "QUANTUM PHYSICS" THING THAT PHYSICS STUDENTS BITCH ABOUT CONSTANTLY?

YEAH?

WELL, THERE'S A REAL WORLD EXAMPLE OF IT THAT THOSE BASTARDS OVERLOOK, WHILE SMASHING PARTICLES IN A GIANT CIRCLE IN AN ATTEMPT TO SEE ANYTHING SIMILAR...

NO WAY! WHAT IS IT?

I CALL IT THE YOUTUBE UNCERTAINTY PRINCIPLE.

CHEETAS ON METH!

THE MORE OBSERVERS THERE ARE OF A YOUTUBE VIDEO,

MILDLY OBESE AMERICAN JOGGING...

-THE LESS CERTAIN THE BUFFERING SPEED...

Two glaciers Drag Racing, in a Michael Bay Film...

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Tuesday, December 10th - 6PM to 8PM,
Media Board Room

Next Production Meeting:
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