

THE ATHENIAN

FEBRUARY 2014 - ISSUE 73

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to get back at
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gets married!

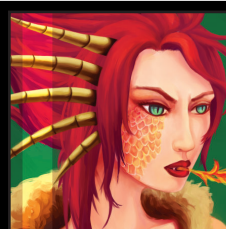
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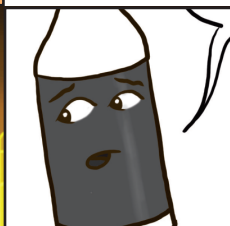


“Dear Baby: Welcome to Dumpsville.
Population: YOU.”
-Homer Simpson



THE BREAKUP ISSUE

Issue 73

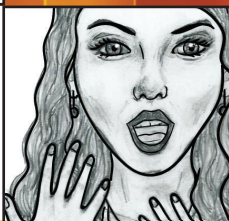


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We met on the Healthline:
A Cleveland love story



LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Normally, in February, the holiday that is most celebrated is Valentine's Day. People go out with a friend or a significant other, they drink a bit too much wine, and they watch a cheesy movie about how society thinks they should feel. If they're not with that special someone? Just another reason to drink, as if we needed the excuse.

That said, we here are at The Athenian are catering this issue to the day after the mushy and gushy. We're writing about the dark and dramatic. The what? The 15th. Singles Awareness Day. The one that makes this month in many instances the "better" Breakup Month. That one day that all mavericks of the world know because all the chocolate suddenly goes on sale.

I'll be the first to admit that I'm always tempted by those signs.

Regardless, while we won't be slaying any dragons this issue, we promise it will be exciting. (Sadly, this Editor-in-Chief hasn't yet received her letter from Hogwarts, hence her current continuing enrollment at Case Western, school of the Math Bender Arts.)

Also, in this lonely, lovely month, I'd like to take a moment to mention that we'd be happy to welcome you into our delightfully eccentric family. It's as easy as showing up for a meeting or shooting me an email. The overachievers and the underachievers can all find a place with us as we're happy to let you try your hand at as much or as little as you think you can handle.

All said and done, we hope you have a great month and we hope you'll stop by and join us in our adventures. Don't get chocolate poisoning!



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 will happily take a drink for every lost and lonely soul on February 15th.
- 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 74 is February 12th, 2014.

Next Brainstorming Meeting:

Friday, February 7th - 2pm to 4pm,
Media Board Room

Next Production Meeting:

Tuesday, February 11th - 6PM to 8PM,
Media Board Room

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

We still offer a 50 dollar submission prize and the 500 dollar semesterly contest. See last semester's winners and last month's content winner on page 22 (as well as more info)!



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Jack Daniels breaks up with Coke

Written by Doug Oswald



It is the college night life scandal of the century: Jack and Coke, the iconic and ubiquitous combination of Coca-Cola Classic and the easy to drink but still serious Jack Daniel's Whiskey, have officially broken off their long-term relationship. Has Coke, depressed from still being excluded from many northern college campuses, returned to her cocaine habits? Does this breakup have anything to do with the reported incident of Jack serving himself as part of a "whiskey sour"?

Speculation as to why the couple broke up and what directions each will be taking permeates the news at every turn, but only The Athenian can bring you the real truth straight from the mouth of a Jolly Scholar bartender that [the author] sort of met once. According to the bartender, who preferred to remain anonymous, Jim Beam (known for his nasty jealousy of Coke's relationship with Jack) reports having seen Jack experimenting with a number of different cocktails. Although the old time rumor of a Jack and lemonade hookup has resurfaced, Jim insists that Jack has been seeing another not a simple mixer, but another lady. It seems that recently the sweet and classy, dark lips of vermouth have been too much for Jack to resist. This 'Jack Martini' with not one but two hard liquors is evidence that Jack trying out new options, but who can blame her—they're both delicious and at a university with as many super-seniors as Case Western, everyone needs a stronger drink.

SOURCE (Support of Undergraduate Research and Creative Endeavors) has always looked to establish healthy levels of alcohol dependence in the young undergraduate population, and through the SOURCE department we were able to secure an exclusive interview with Coke. It seems Coke has indeed been looking to spice up her

life, but swears she's not going back to cocaine, despite widely held expectations. The sweet but crisp carbonated beverage had the following to say: "I felt as though things were getting so predictable. Night after night with the same man became so dull and stale. It felt like all the bubbles were gone."

Asked about the recently published declining order rates, Coke confessed: "We were falling out of style. The frat guys come in and all they drink is beer and shots: I can't get any action anymore. That's when I saw my first Irish car bomb. It was the most magnificent splashing, curdling and chugging of Jameson, Baileys and Guinness. I could just hear my fans chanting 'chug, chug!' and I thought: that's what I've got to do." When asked if she'd thought of returning to her previous relationship with Rum, Coke became visibly frothy and agitated, but refused to comment on her past orders or the rocky breakup.

At press time, SOURCE had just reached Jack and the official report is that he is now changing her name to 'Jackson' and is thinking about spending some time alone with a graduate student who is crying over her thesis. Reports state that the student, in her only weekend outing in the past month, was spotted leaving Giant Eagle with two handles of Jack Daniel's Whiskey and one bottle of ketchup. The student stated that her weekend plans consist of 'drinking enough to making reading my thesis bearable and trying to not cry myself to sleep.'

Jackson was ever sympathetic and reported that he was "just trying to help this poor girl, stuck between the impossible hell of her grad school workload and the unbearably lonely life she lived when sober."

Whether Jackson or the grad student can handle this neat, straight path is yet to be seen.

50 REASONS WHY I'M BREAKING UP WITH YOU

...from a graduating senior

To put it simply, CWRU, things are just not working out. This is my list of why I'm dumping you:

1. Your solution to subzero temperatures is extra Greenies, but you forget to add shuttles to an entire residential village.
2. You don't see the problem with having an exam by the third week/seventh day of class.
3. There is an incredible lack of good tea on campus.
4. Cargo shorts.
5. You think that two sets of 20 problems each isn't excessive for weekly assignments.
6. I should only be up all night partying on weekends, not studying and doing homework.
7. We have a Denny's "All-Nighter" on campus, yet I frequently find myself driving ten minutes to iHOP because Denny's is closed by 2.
8. I've lost track of how many times I've had to reset my campus password this year.
9. It's easier to call myself a guest than get on CaseWireless.
10. I have nine wireless access points in one classroom, yet if I take two steps outside I might as well be leaving the country.
11. Grabbing a small bite on campus shouldn't cost me an average of \$10.
12. There's a gross discrepancy on how much food one meal swipe should be worth. I think the average was 13 dollars, and most of the time it's for a cup of apple juice.
13. Case Secrets' sudden disappearance.
14. We clearly can't agree on how much a dorm room couch is worth.
15. We also can't figure out how much the dorm keys are worth, either.
16. I prefer walking around without the hive mind blocking every sidewalk.
17. I feel like I'm just one of over 5,000 to you. 10,000 if you count the ones that came for a round two of torture.
18. You're way more focused on your faculty than your students.
19. I'm too busy looking at KSL books from 1984 to enjoy the new university center.
20. You ask more of my bank every year, yet don't seem concerned when I'm living off stale bread and the occasional cracker.
21. Finals week is just a fancy way of saying help.
22. \$4.99 vodka is starting to taste good.
23. Pabst Blue Ribbon actually noticed when sales in this area declined.
24. PBR and Natty Light are staples of a Village party.
25. I'm convinced CWRU Alerts' email generator has been stuck on repeat for about two years.
26. Grading curves shouldn't be made out of students' tears.
27. All nearby businesses close right when I need to get out of the house.
28. Somehow it's acceptable to you that I have to ask Access Services for access to a building more than once, and then I suddenly have no access to any buildings at all.
29. There are those awkward as hell frat parties that make me wish we were closer to Ohio University.
30. You designed the elephant stairs for a Sumerian god.
31. We have a LARP club?
32. I think the Bible study group secretly hates me.
33. I use the Euclid Gun Count to keep track of time.
34. The squirrels on campus weigh more than I do.
35. You think watching a professor try to get the projector working is fun.
36. You think that it's acceptable that every professor only knows one font, and it's name is Comic Sans.
37. iClickers.
38. You allowed a Barnes & Noble to exist that has three shelves of literature and sixteen racks of CWRU branding.
39. Freshman wear said CWRU branding.
40. No one has any idea of how Humans vs Zombies should be played.
41. Any Greenie going through the commuter lot is guaranteed to give me vertigo.
42. I wait outside for an hour and Safe Ride won't show up; walk inside to pick up another jacket and they'll leave you behind.
43. Your taste in sculpture makes me think it was designed by a CIA dropout.
44. I shouldn't have to evacuate my bed at 3 a.m. because someone else couldn't cook microwave popcorn.
45. This monthly "Pepsi shortage" is killing me.
46. Your library is open more than any campus restaurant.
47. You actually had a problem with freshman crawling on top of dorm buildings.
48. Every time I see sidewalk chalk, I look for typos... and I'm guaranteed to find one.
49. Google Syria, Kony2012, and Uplifting Post-it® were the strongest forms of activism on campus.
50. Bon Appétit.

**Breaking
News**

IT'S FACEBOOK OFFICIAL!

The Jolly Scholar and Kelvin Smith Library, together since the dark ages, are officially over!

Students are panicking. For updates on the situation, go to cwruthenian.com.

Canada readying to politely leave the continent; USA dismisses any concerns

Reported by Sarah Whelan

“Um, America? Yeah...I decided to leave North America... I hope that’s okay. No hard feelings? Still friends? Okay, sorry about all this, bye.”

“Did you say something, Canada?”

In recently ignored news, many Canadians have emerged from their igloos to renounce their prestigious title as the 51st state and to make their secession from the United States of America official.

After many years of passive-aggressive staring matches and a border maintained by a line of trees, the Republic of Canada has submitted a strongly-worded letter to the White House informing the U.S. of its intentions. In a move that could have earthquake magnitude ramifications and could mess up the world wide tides for months, Canada has decided to (politely) leave North America and go hang out further North with Greenland.

The White House tweeted that how the break-up was handled was very rude,

but they have put on a brave public face indicating that they saw this coming—in fact, if Canada hadn’t left, the White House would have soon ended it themselves. As for the American public no one has seemed to notice anything about this sudden departure and many have ignored it all together, except for momentarily pausing at a slight increase in price of maple syrup. That is, the American public—not including Minnesotans who have finally decided to own up to being part of Canada and joining them in their succession. This ex-state has been affected only by a decrease in medical bills

France responded with a smug look and flippantly remarked, “Of course Canada would leave. What I don’t understand is why it stayed so long. I have tried to convince it to leave for a while now.” This seems to indicate a previous knowledge of the proceedings. The rest of Europe rolled its eyes and ignored the entire

drama. Here in North America, Alaska is feeling lost and alone but has announced it will start to move to finally join the continental U.S.

When asked to comment on why they have elected to end what was thought to be an amicable relationship with the rest of North America, a few Canadians had a things to say. Turns out they were (politely) angry about a few things. Included in their letter of intent, they said their largest complaint was that America claimed all decent Canadian musicians as American musicians but refused to claim Justin Bieber. Summed it up nicely with, “Couldn’t you just take him, eh?”

To say that the rest of North America will miss the hockey-loving country would be an overstatement. It seems as if everyone has written this off as yet another famous attention-seeking ploy of Canada and have refused to acknowledge it.

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[When Life Gives You Eggs...]

Kayla's Worldly Intentions- Kayla DeVault

Valentine's Day seems to render two distinctly different emotions: excitement and dread. If you've got someone and you're anxious for whatever surprises you'll get or give, then you're probably bubbling with excitement for the one day of the year that you might actually feel special. (But, God forbid, if someone were to forget the date...)

Or, on the other hand, maybe you have no one. And here you are, trapped alone in the United States on this dreadful day full of sickeningly red, pink and white hearts, flowers, cards, disgustingly sweet boxes of chocolates, fat cherubs, arrows, advertisements, heart-shaped pizzas, busy restaurants and a take-out menu looming in the corner on your refrigerator. Maybe you had someone and you thought that relationship was going to last until this day. Maybe you never had anyone and don't know what it feels like to celebrate. Well, not everyone has a Valentine's Day full of chocolates, roses and cheesy gifts. I mean, do you really think all those men in countries where they marry dozens of wives are really going to care about some fruitcake holiday? Does anyone even know why it came to be or is it just another Hallmark event?

First, let me present to you a taste of global Valentine's Day experiences: If people celebrate this day at all, they do it in even crazier, stranger ways than the States. People in Wales don't even honor Saint Valentine; they have their own patron of love. In France, a ban had to be put on the old tradition of walking across the street and matching up with random singles, since the rejected women got too rowdy burning photos and other memorabilia of the men who rejected them. In Denmark and Norway, men send out rhymes to women with their names signed as a series of dots instead of letters. If the women can't guess who it is, they owe him an egg at Easter. If they guess it, he owes her an egg. Gotta love them eggs.

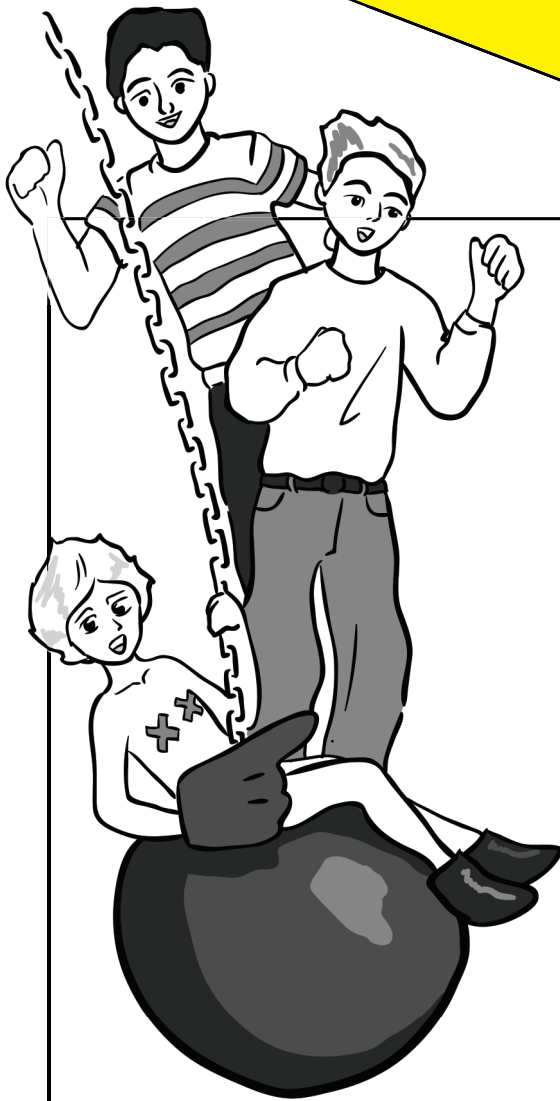
The Asian cultures, though, many of them are even crazier. In Japan, it's said that it's the woman's job to surprise the man—the one time of the year that it's acceptable for affection to be displayed between them. They give out different “levels” of chocolate, like “obligatory” chocolates that basically say “Here ya go, but I don't particularly want to give you this.”

But what really gets me is those South Koreans. They have completely taken the 14th of February to a new level. Not only are there traditions between couples, but they've also created get-togethers for singles at restaurants where they eat black noodles in groups. They have made an event day for every single 14th day of each month. So Black Day, White Day, Kiss Day, Rose Day, Hug Day... Talk about stressful; I'd just accept a heart-shaped pizza to myself and stay in the States.

But maybe that doesn't make you feel any better, knowing how loony the world is. Maybe you're still lonely and you want to be included. Well, my friend, I have a great strategy: Go make your life awesome. I'll tell you how. Create a fake friend on Facebook and add him as your boyfriend. Make him attractive and clearly a good catch. To get guys interested on what they could have, be interesting with this guy, and, for this Valentine's Day, Photoshop pictures of you guys eating tubs of ice cream, heart-shaped pizzas and boxes of chocolates together while cuddling with your cats and watching “The Notebook.” Next year, they'll just be knocking at your door.

I mean, whatever. At least you're not getting (or giving) an egg in this month.

Kayla loves to travel the world alone and experience new things in places that most people avoid like the Plague, all the while dreaming of the day her cats will decide to tag along and go somewhere more interesting than their litter box.



One Direction gone: Mass panic ensues

Reported by Josephus E. Tinnertink-McDuffie

remembered as the tween event of the century, but instead as the biggest onstage pop music disaster.

As the five boys simultaneously engaged in a line of pelvic thrusts, they were oblivious to the fact that headliner Cyrus' concert props were malfunctioning close behind them. As Cyrus waited, nude and ready for her explosive wrecking-ball entrance, the ropes holding the massive prop against the back wall started to fray, and eventually snapped loose from their weak hold.

Cyrus was practicing her trademark tongue movements, when suddenly she lurched forward atop the ball, crashing through to the front stage and directly into singer Harry Styles' still-thrusting body.

Cyrus's screams echoed through the venue as she crashed into the young man, killing him instantly.

The audience immediately erupted.

Many parents pulled their children out of the show, rushing to the emergency exits. Others in attendance were in shock, stuck gaping at the action on stage. Some of the front-row fangirls leaped onto the stage to hold Styles' dead corpse.

But the tragedy was far from over.

Cyrus was still spinning across the stage, knocking into lights and video screens. Flying debris smacked down to crush singers Louis Tomlinson and Liam Payne. Meanwhile, a suddenly-sparked fire was fuelled by Zayne Malik's perfectly-sculpted hair. Niall Horan ran off the stage squealing; he was the only singer to not be injured or killed in the incident.

"I didn't know what to do," he said, trembling, in an interview later. "Death and destruction were everywhere."

Reports stated that once Horan exited the building, he was met with a massive group hug by audience members waiting outside.

Still trapped inside, a screaming Cyrus continued flinging around the stage until the wrecking ball finally snapped down. The singer ran outside, streaking naked through the city. Since the event, Cyrus has not been found.

Across the world, cries of grief have resounded in social media. One of the most shared statuses in the history of Facebook, posted over four billion times, reads:

"u think being a fangirl is easy
u think i wanted this
u think i asked for this
u dont know me
u dont know anything
rip 1D" (sic)

Efforts to help Malik's hair-reconstruction surgery have raised over \$3,000,000,000. A small amount of the money will be used for the actual procedure, while the remainder will be donated to therapy for the whimpering Niall Horan, and whatever is left going towards the hunt for Miley Cyrus.

"I know she didn't mean for anything to go wrong," said Malik. "But really, the whole thing would have been a little less traumatizing if she just had some clothes on. It was a kid's show, I mean really."

"You don't know you're beautiful!"

Pop band One Direction uttered this verse to crowds larger than the population of Cleveland in Cleveland last Tuesday. However, the hit song will never be heard again due to a tragic accident that occurred shortly after the phrase hit the ears of many adoring fans. No one at the time could have expected what was about to happen.

Earlier, things were going as planned. Backstage, headliner Miley Cyrus and opener One Direction chatted about their record-breaking success. Early last year, tickets for the night's concert were sold out within 0.0087 seconds, leaving any deals available on Stubhub. By the time February arrived, even these third-party tickets rose to a cost of over \$945.

Clearly, anticipation only grew for this once-in-a-lifetime concert to be held in Cleveland, Ohio.

Needless to say, it will no longer be



Just Married

Taylor Swift to tie the knot, shocks the nation - Reported by Hallie Dolin

Conor Kennedy. Jake Gyllenhaal. Joe Jonas. John Mayer. Harry Styles. Taylor Lautner. The Swamp Thing. What do all of these unfortunate creatures have in common?

Pop culture aficionados, and anyone who hasn't been living under a rock for the past five years, will know the answer: They've all had the dubious luck of ending up in romantic relationships with musician Taylor Swift. The serial monogamist of 24 years has written a dozen or so songs containing the grisly details of each breakup, and many people have come to believe that her lifestyle is not only deliberate, but permanent.

Those misguided beliefs were abruptly brought to an end this week when Swift announced her engagement, which will culminate in a marriage on May Day – “the most romantic day of the year, apart from Valentine’s,” Swift told *The Athenian*. She plans to hold the wedding at her Nashville estate and to style it after the famous “Twilight” wedding; in her opinion, “that thing was really to die for.”

Fans the world over have already exposed the Internet to numerous Facebook groups and Instagram “squee” photos in support.

Swift has reportedly been in talks with Vera Wang, Karl Lagerfeld and the entire staff of *Vogue* about having her wedding sponsored in return for wearing a custom dress that, she has specified, must be “kickass.” Her official Facebook page has been filled with requests for invites to the wedding, with over fifty million people wishing her good luck or begging for an invitation within the past three days.

Her fiancé, accountant John Doe, has received no such accolades. Dubbed “Giant Dork” by Perez Hilton, Doe has come under fire for his average height, his hair color (brown) and his occupation, which fans and antagonists alike have deemed “a total snooze-fest.” One fan, who goes by the name “TaylorxxSwift-GURL” on most of her major social networking sites, summed the world’s problems with the relationship up in one creatively-written sentence: “shes just so awesome n deservz someone who’s not a BIG DORK sorry, i get sooooo board looking at him, yuck that puts me 2 sleep” (sic).

Detractors of the relationship, and of Taylor Swift as a person, tend to focus on the sudden nature of the engagement and the ease with which Swift has resorted to the use-‘em-and-lose-‘em method in the past when experiencing writer’s block. “I feel sorry for the poor guy, really, I do,” Doe’s fellow nerd Barack Obama tweeted in the wake of Swift’s announcement. “Her career is winding down, and this marriage won’t last if her tendency to purposefully orchestrate break-ups for songs holds true. John, we hardly knew ye.”

Swift has declined to comment on the war of comments raging around her, releasing only one final statement on the matter last night. “I am SO IN LOVE,” she told the blogosphere at a curious hour of the morning. “God, you guys, you don’t even know. I’m just full of butterflies and bigger butterflies. You seriously don’t know.”

Whether or not we know remains to be seen.



Texas is finally done

----- Tensions rising; relationship “unhealthy”

Reported by
Anastazia Vanisko

Unsurprisingly, Texas has once again decided to break away from the Union. According to the state, the Union made too many unfulfilled promises, and Texas is not going to put up with that behavior anymore.

Ever since Texas’s threats of secession two years ago, its relationship with the Union has been rocky.

“There’s no trust. It’s an unhealthy relationship, and it’s time for Texas and the rest of the country to break up once and for all,” said Dallas citizen Bud Johnson. In his opinion, Texas and the United States were better as friends, and their relationship is going nowhere. “It’s time to move on. Maybe see if Mexico will take us back?” he suggested.

Mexico, however, still holds bitter feelings toward Texas. Many of the country’s residents feel that if Mexico were to take Texas back, the state would just walk all over them until it decided to leave again. One prominent fear is that it would demand textbook maps be changed to make it look like Texas had never even left. Yet another fear is the stereotypical Texan accent infecting the Spanish language as the state’s residents cross the border into Mexico.

A Spanish accent with a Texan twang would simply not be pleasant. Furthermore,

would Texans even bother to learn Spanish, or would they insist that all Mexicans learn English? These reasons, among many, are why renewing the relationship between Texas and Mexico seems doomed to fail.

Some Texans are not taking the break up threat too seriously. “Texas and the U.S. have been together since 1845! They were friends before that, too. Each of them knew what they were getting into when the treaty for statehood was ratified,” said resident Gabriella Rodriguez when asked her opinion about the possible break up.

Rodriguez suspects that New Jersey, which solidified its relationship with the country in 1787, may have something to do with it. “You’ve seen those kids on Jersey Shore. With citizens like that running around, Jersey must be receiving a lot of attention from the Union. Probably most of that attention is because of questions asking what on earth is going on over there. But Texas just hasn’t been getting any attention because of it,” she said, and later added, “Give it some time and the whole issue will blow over.”

What Rodriguez fails to take into account is the fact that Texas has a show quite similar to “Jersey Shore.” “Big Tips Texas” features mildly insane people running around doing crazy things that none of the viewers actually care about. Many viewers probably wonder why they are even watching, but remain entertained nonetheless, much like the viewers of its sister show in the east.

Some have speculated that the threat of a break up is simply a desperate grab for attention. After all, something needs to bring Texas to the forefront of America’s focus. It has been supposed that this neediness is another reason the Union and Texas are having troubles. No one likes a clingy state. Another theory is the

lack of little Texas running around. It was decided when the two first got together that there would be the possibility of five new states one day. Yet it is over 150 years later and there is still just Texas. While Texas is always considering creating those five new states, the United States in general discouraged the idea. Clearly, the Union has no regard for how Texas feels about the matter. This has allowed the state to use the possibility mini-Texas as a threat, and so clearly the relationship cannot be healthy.

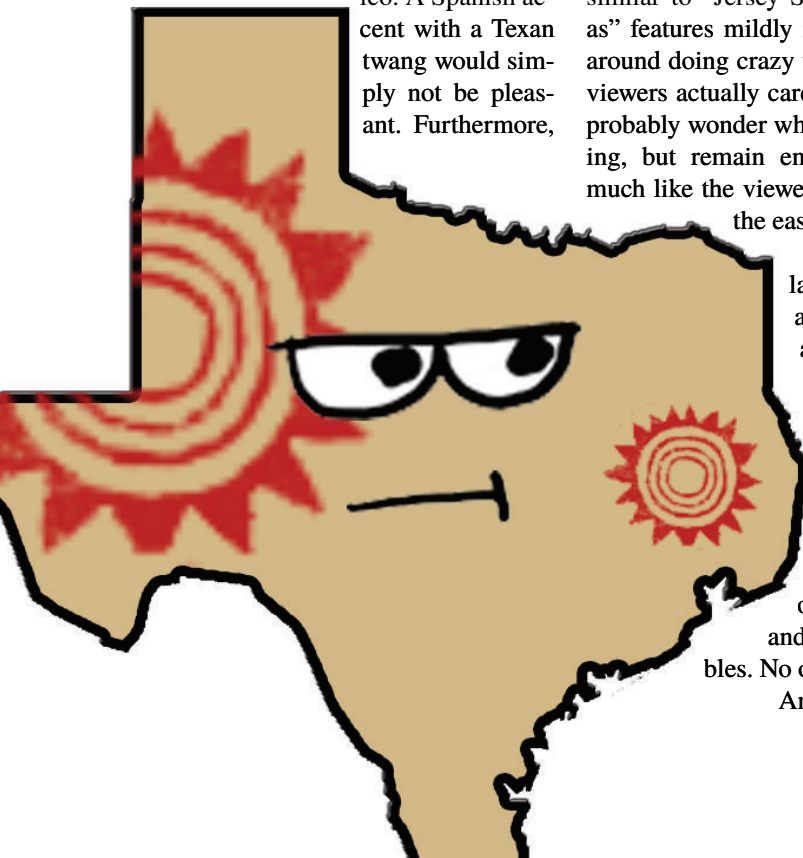
Other states have expressed strong opinions on what is happening between Texas and the rest of the country. The lesser-known states, such as North Dakota, say Texas should just leave already, but since no one cares much about North Dakota, its opinion is not really taken into account. More influential states, like New York, also don’t really care at all.

The high amount of states that just want to get rid of Texas are beginning to influence the southern states, too. Last time this question was brought up, the South chose Texas as its role model and also considered secession. Since then, the South has decided to let Texas go its own way. Finally, the South is showing the rest of the country that it has started making some progress since the civil war.

In the past, Governor Rick Perry has said a few things that suggest Texas does not have enough freedom, and that this may be a reason for the possible separation. For example, “The reason that we fought the (American) Revolution in the 16th century—was to get away from that kind of onerous crown...”

Unfortunately, Texas leaving may take quite a bit opportunity with it, at least according to Governor Perry. He was quoted as saying, “We’re creating more jobs than any other state in the nation... Would you rather live in a state like this, or in a state where guys can marry guys?”

What happens between Texas and Union remains to be seen. Tabloids will be watching with bated breath, both to fill their front covers and to publish more of the highly anticipated Rick Perry quotes.





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Earning the title of "Worst Date Ever"

Written by Kyle Berkowitz

My friend Allie from high school has the most wonderful personality. I absolutely adore her, and so does anybody who is genuine enough to look past her unfortunate physical attributes and takes the time to get to know her. Allie is and may always be the least attractive girl I will ever know. It is absolutely not her fault, obviously. It's genetic. Her parents, short and stocky with acne-scarred faces and thick glasses, are likely the best representation of what Allie will look like in 40 years. She is short, chubby and acne-ridden. Her hair is the least manageable kind of frizzy ginger. However, through all of that, her personality is golden. She's charismatic, clever, funny and compassionate. Her personality in human form would possess all of the jaw-dropping physical attributes that she does not have.

In contrast, Blake Turner was quarterback of our high school football team and captain of the varsity swim team. He was an Adonis. Blake was the epitome of teenage virility. Tall, blonde with bright blue eyes, nothing but muscle, and to top it off he was by all accounts a nice guy. It's so easy for someone like that to be a huge jerk, but somehow he wasn't. Intelligent, funny, nice, good-looking, athletic... The perfect man.

Why, then, would someone like Blake choose to go on a date with someone like her? Allie, always an optimist and blinded by her abundant and unsatisfied hormones, was never phased by this mystery. While everyone else gawked, Blake suggested that they grab supper at a shiny 1950s-style diner, a popular destination for high school dates, on the next Saturday evening. Allie eagerly accepted. She spent the whole day on Saturday managing her messy hair, applying tasteful amounts of cover-up and choosing what she would wear to her first date.

Blake picked her up promptly at 6

p.m. in his father's Mercedes SUV. He was wearing a fitted sky blue button-down which made his eyes become even bluer than humanly possible. His hair was gelled into a sloppy skate-ramp that made him look like he just left an Abercrombie and Fitch modeling session. In short, he was dreamy—and despite her daylong efforts, she still wasn't.

As true Americans, the odd pair finished a nice meal of cheeseburgers, fries and milkshakes. However, their conversation was completely awkward and unnatural. They had nothing in common. No common interests at all. They were both very cordial and friendly, but the date obviously wasn't going anywhere. Socially inept and with nothing left to lose, fully aware that this was her one and only chance at a perfect 10, Allie confronted Blake about his decision to ask her out.

A stressed look came over Blake's face and he looked down at his leftover food as he pulled a hand through his gelled hair. He said, "Honestly, this is all an experiment. My psych teacher assigned us to research whether opposites attract, so I decided to ask a girl on a date who I would never normally ask to see if it went well. You've definitely given me a lot to write about, but I don't think opposites actually attract when it comes to dating and stuff."

What charmer, right? Allie took all of this in, that she was nothing more than an experiment. Her mind raced while this new information tumbled around in her mind, and then she had an idea. She smiled a bit and chuckled to herself before looking Blake in the eye. She said in a soft warm voice, "Well, Blake, the night isn't over just yet. In order for your experiment to be legitimate we have to do everything you would do on a normal date."

He smiled awkwardly, as she winked. The night was just beginning.



REVENGE IS ALWAYS A DISH BEST SERVED COLD.

Whether you're in a committed relationship or you're currently single, you've likely gone through a breakup. Your former significant other seemed like the perfect match when you first met them. Then one day the fog lifted and you saw them for what they really were - a fire-breathing dragon burning your life down around you. While most break ups leave both parties sulking and wanting, others end in a spectacular blowout. So, perhaps if it's coming to that time, some of these examples we found from around the world might inspire you.

Man cooks potato over ex-girlfriend's burning clothes

When Mark Vaughan, a 27-year old man from England, saw his girlfriend kiss another man at a dance club, he was understandably upset. But then, being a complete lunatic, he chose to express his displeasure with his soon-to-be ex-girlfriend by gathering all the contents of her closet (including clothes, 45 pairs of shoes and a clunky laptop), and setting them ablaze in an improvised street-side bonfire.

Having satisfied his drunken angry impulses, he then decided to give into his drunken hungry impulses by attempting to bake a potato over the flames. Police who arrived on the scene described the man as "extremely drunk," while he calmly cooked the most expensive potato in history. When queried over what he was doing, he responded "I'm burning my girlfriend's clothes." Say what you want about the man; at least he's honest.

Woman attempts to sell husband on Ebay

After Paula Osborn, a woman from England discovered that her husband of 26 years had been cheating on her with one of her coworkers, she apparently figured that broken nuptial vows come with the same return policy as a defective tablet from Best Buy. She placed a posting (including a rather unflattering picture) of her husband on eBay, and described him as a "lying, cheating, adulterous wanker." Though, to be fair, she was kind enough to offer free postage to whoever won the right to purchase said unfaithful wanker.

The post went viral and the highest bid reached £500,100. This was despite the fact that Osborn started the bidding at one cent, and even told potential buyers "please dont [sic] bid on him because he's worth sod all." She later took the post down, explaining that "I realized it wasn't the right thing to do. I was just so angry." No word, how-

ever, on how the incident has affected her 97.1 percent positive feedback rating.

Woman eats ex-husband's goldfish after argument

A Houston, Texas (finally, some American insanity) woman took exception to a request from her ex-husband to return some jewelry he had given to her during their marriage. Deciding not to get mad but to get even, she returned the favor by snatching his seven pet gold fish from his apartment during an argument and driving away. The man called the local authorities to report the fish-napping and officers were dispatched to her home in an attempt to retrieve the aquatic creatures.

Arriving at her apartment, an officer asked the woman where the fish in question were. She pointed to the kitchen and declared, "They're in there." Officers headed to the kitchen and found a plate containing, you guessed it, four fried goldfish. Upon being asked the obvious follow question of where the other three fish were, she replied "I already ate those." Under Texas state law, however, the fish were considered community property, as they were purchased when the couple still lived together. As a result, the husband was unable to press charges. His only recourse was to write his congressman a stern letter demanding a law against...illegal consumption of property, perhaps?

Cambodian man saws his family's home in half

A 42 year old Cambodian man named Moeun Sarim had been married to his wife, Vat Navy, for 18 years before they got into a particularly heated argument. So heated, in fact, that talk of a divorce was even brought up. The angry husband, who had recently learned that his wife was having an affair with a younger man in their village, stormed out, only to return with his angry relatives and a hand saw. He then proceed to saw the house in half, as his frantic wife and law enforcement futilely attempted to calm him down. Amazingly, he accomplished the feat despite the house having been built on 10 foot tall stilts.

The man's wife seemed to take the whole incident in stride. "Very strange, but this is what my husband wanted," she said in a media interview. From the tone of her response, you'd almost think that this wasn't the first time a jilted ex-lover of hers solved a lover's quarrel with a handsaw. What did Sarim do with his half of the building? The world may never know.

written by Evan Martin

Six animals whose sex lives make breakups seem pretty okay

With the last of the Christmas decorations taken down everywhere except the most Jesusly of towns, it's easy to get depressed this time of year. Around this time every year, we're reminded of this fact by various news media pointlessly debating which day of the year is scientifically proven to be the most depressing. But whichever arbitrary calendar date this may be, it's pretty much accepted that it's sometime around mid to late January. The joy and cheer of listening to your family members argue over which political party hates America more is now a fading memory, replaced by nothing but brutally frigid air, and the fourth stage of grief from another season of Browns football.

While we don't have any real annual milestones to look forward to until spring comes (which here in Cleveland typically happens an excruciating three and a half months from now), we do have Valentine's Day coming up in just a few short weeks. Unless of course you happen to be single, in which case you'll likely be buying several pounds of the discounted candy on Feb. 15 in a futile attempt to cope with your eternal aloneness. So, for those of you who happen to fall into such a category, I offer you six examples of animals whose sex lives make breakups seem pretty okay. For instance...

6) Mating Plugs

In the world of biology, scientists have a term for animal versions of the controlling douchebag who's always telling his girlfriend which guys she can and can't hang out with. Well, not exactly, but they do have a term for that type of behavior. They call it "passive mate guarding." While you may be thinking of, let's say, a squirrel, because squirrels are funny, violently telling other male squirrels to stay away from his squirrelfriend, that's only part of the story.

This douchebag squirrel, who I'd like you to imagine for the purposes of this narrative is wearing a black leather jacket and sunglasses (because you are now doing exactly that whether

you want to or not), decides to ensure that he becomes his lady friend's baby daddy. And by that, I mean he literally plugs her nether regions up with nasty squirrel goo. You know, so no one else can knock her up. Or at least, to give his potential children a head start in the most important race of their unicellular lives. Oh, and by the way, it's not just squirrels that do this. It's also kangaroos, bees, rats, reptiles, scorpions, spiders, primates and, oddly enough, one species of gay worm... Because either God had a really weird fetish, or acanthocephalan worms have the same sense of humor as the average frat boy from "Animal House."



5) Lady Looks Like A Dude (Hyena)

To humans, it's intuitive that men are the natural hunters of the species. Because, you know, testosterone and stuff. And while it's understandable to think that this is the case for the entire animal kingdom, you may be surprised to learn that female hyenas turn our traditional human gender roles upside down. Females defend territory and hunt, while males just lie around the house, doing nothing but eating, sleeping, having sex and generally living the dream like that.

However, even dumb animals know that biology makes males physically stronger than females. So what's a female hyena to do

if she wants to gain a reproductive advantage over her fellow African canines? Why, grow a giant, fake dong of course!

Wait, what?

Yep, female hyenas actually evolved to have giant, swinging pieces of flesh between their thighs for no reason other than to trick other female hyenas into thinking that she is actually a big, strong he when deciding whether or not to fight over a fresh kill. Damn, maybe these male hyenas aren't living the dream after all. Or, at the very least, they must take a lot of cold showers after their wives come home with a lady boner after a long day's hunt.

4) Barbed Cat Pizzles

That's right. Pizzles. I'm guessing you think that I'm using that term as a silly euphemism, but little do you know, that's actually the scientifically accurate name for a non-human...pizzle. Seriously, that's not a joke. Look it up. Anyways, a lady cat is like that quiet girl that lived down the hall from you freshman year: She likes it rough. How do the male cats satisfy her? Well, they did it by evolving barbs on their pizzles. Seriously. The scientifically accurate term. Google.

The reason for this is twofold. Firstly, a lady cat's internal egg

dispensers don't pull the trigger on giving a new potential baby cat a chance at fertilization unless they're...vigorously encouraged to do so, if you know what I mean. The second reason, however, should make you glad you're not a female feline, be it a lion or a house cat: the pizzle barbs destroys her vagizzle (also the scientifically accurate term, probably), thus rendering her incapable of mating with anyone else, and ensuring baby daddy status for bachelor number one. Yeah, Mother Nature can be a bitch sometimes.

3) Harbor Seal Children vs. Evil Sea Otters

Sea otters have a public reputation for being cute and playful. But when you're not looking, it turns out they exhibit a behavior that has been described by biologists as "completely douchetastic." For you see, male sea otters do not only beat the crap out of females whilst mating with them for no discernable reason. No, if that were their worst offense, then they'd merely be on par with worst males of most other species. Sea otters go above and beyond to a new level of awful, by confusing other species' babies for their own mates.

Harbor seal pups, possibly the cutest baby animals on the plan-

et, are born into the unfortunate circumstance of looking very similar in adult female sea otters, at least in the eyes of dumb, horny male sea otters. So should said horny males encounter a harbor seal pup, they will start beating the crap out of it, like they do to their sea otter lady friends. And then, as they would with their sea otter lady friends, they get the urge to do it with the seals, too.

Whoa, wait, no. If those sea otters weren't so adorable while holding hands and sleeping, they'd be the subject of the season premiere of "Law and Order: Intraspecies Victims Unit."

2) "Parasitic Castration" is Disturbingly Common

Imagine, if you will, that you're a crab, living under the sea and minding your own business. Suddenly, you feel a slight itchiness on the soft tissue of one of your joints; one that vanishes just as soon as it came. "No big deal," you think to yourself. "I am merely a crab, and thus my primitive nervous system cannot possibly comprehend the concept of parasitology, so I remain blissfully ignorant of the horror that awaits me." Oh, you naïve little crustacean.

That momentary sensation you felt on your joint was none other than a *Sacculina* barnacle, and oh boy, does she have plans for you.

Specifically, your balls. This parasitic sea creature takes up residence in your crab manhood, and makes itself at home by releasing hormones that sterilize and feminize you. Next, she invites over her barnacle booty call, and mates with him inside you (shudder), while simultaneously convincing you that you're now a woman crab. She then releases her freshly fertilized eggs from your...pizzle area. And, as a final insult, compels you using literally mind-controlling hormones to care for her eggs as if they were your own. And thus, the circle of life continues. The horrifying, horrifying circle of life.

1) Male flour beetles pull the ol' semen switcheroo

So what could possibly be more emasculating than being turned from a manly man crab into a womanly caring mother type by a barnacle? Meet the flour beetle. Just like with any other animal, competition for mates is fierce, and only the ones who pass their genes on by any means necessary will survive. If you wanted to gain the most despicable advantage possible, what would you do? Round up and murder your enemies so that you're the only male beetle remaining?

But why do that, when you could achieve a similar advantage

while robbing your foe of any and all dignity? But how could you make sure you get every last shred of that sweet, sweet self esteem?

Why, simply sneak up and mix your semen with his. That way, when he gets it on with a sexy lady beetle he met at the bar last night, he ends up shooting your seed into her along with his own. Dear lord, is that even possible? Yes. Yes it is. Astoundingly, this tactic works. Well, not all the time, because which beetle's seed wins the fertilization race is a crap shoot (figuratively and literally).

Holy shit, humans are downright normal when compared to freaks like these. Suddenly, six boxes of half price post-Valentine's Day chocolates and 20 pages of Forever Alone memes doesn't sound so bad, does it?

As this Athenian reporter sat down to take a lunch break in Leutner dining hall in the week before this issue, an impromptu interview of sorts presented itself. (And by interview, we mean a phone call eavesdropping session.) The caller wasn't aware of the avid notes being taken during her phone call, but later noted that she didn't mind us publishing the one-sided conversation, as long as she and her (hopefully still) ex-boyfriend remained anonymous. Thus, here, we present:

A college breakup: Why it was never meant to be

Transcribed by John Rambo

"It just wasn't meant to be."

"...I mean really wasn't meant to be."

"Like we just never clicked, you know?"

"It's not that you're not a nice guy. Maybe you're a little too nice, actually. Not that you should change!"

"It's not you, it's... well, you know the rest."

"We're probably better off as friends. We can be friends, right?"

"That's good to know. I don't want you to be upset."

"Next weekend? The movies with just you? I'm not sure. I think that would be weird."

"Hey, hey, it's okay. I mean, I'll see you around."

"Yeah, just around."

"When I see you, don't do that thing."

"That thing. The thing where you hit on everyone?"

"Yes, hit on all my friends."

"Especially Alexa."

"Of course that bothered me. Why wouldn't that bother me? She's my best friend."

"Stop talking about free love."

"Whatever. Okay, take care of yourself!"

"It's just a thing people say."

"No, not like 'meet me in the bathroom in ten minutes.'"

"Because normal people don't say that."

"You're not abnormal, but you're not... not in a bad way."

"No, this isn't about that weekend at my parents' house."

"They did like you!"

"No, they didn't mind about the van. It was an old car, it's okay that you totaled it. They were probably more upset with the whole cocaine thing anyway."

"It's a weird thing to bring to your girlfriends' parents...."

"Crack is not a good housewarming gift. Neither is meth. I don't think you get it."

"You shouldn't bring drugs to Thanksgiving."

"Wine doesn't count."

"Because alcohol is legal?"

"I don't care if my grandma was polite about it. She's a nice lady."

"What do you mean, you know that? Have you been talking to my grandmother?"

"Who gave you her number?"

"She did not tell you to call her. I really don't believe that."

"Who are you texting?"

"My grandmother doesn't text!"

"Because she's 83! Even 'feisty' 83 year-olds don't text."

"Helen? Since when are you on a first name basis?"

"No. Don't tell her I said hi."

"Because I can tell her myself."

"But I do call. Okay, not as often as I should. Don't make me feel guilty. Ugh, you've always done this."

"Guilt-tripped me! About everything! Like the fish."

"I know he had a name. Charlie the fish, then. Look, I didn't kill him on purpose."

"I didn't always hate him!"

"It's a simple mistake. Soap flakes look a lot like fish food. I'm sure it happens all the time."

"The fish wasn't 'the only one who understood you.'"

"Sorry, I mean Charlie."

"Don't get upset... I'm sorry I brought it up. I'll get you a new goldfish, okay?"

"No, I'm not just trying to replace him. I think it would be good for you to have someone to talk to. Someone other than my grandma."

"Because she's my relative. I think I get her in the breakup."

"You want visiting rights? Every weekend?"

"Okay... that's a little strange, but fine. Oh, and I'd like my microwave back."

"You could've kept Charlie! If he hadn't died."

"What kind of fish do you want, by the way?"

"A filet? As a pet?"

"For dinner? What are you talking about?"

"No. I will not get dinner with you this weekend. Or next weekend. I will not get dinner with you at any time."

"No, not even at a nice restaurant."

"Especially if you pay."

"I'm not being unreasonable! You have to admit, 'dinner' sounds a lot like a date."

"Dinner and a movie sounds even more like a date."

"Well, I know we never did that. We didn't go on dates. Bowling is not a date. Not after the first six times."

"I like bowling. It's fine. I mean I did like bowling, before we went every weekend."

"I know we did more than bowl. Watching you play 'Call of Duty' is also not a date."

"I was just being polite. It's pretty boring, really."

"It's not that you're not good; it's just not entertaining to watch. Not even with your sound effects."

"Hey, I'm just trying to help. With your next relationship, I guess."

"No, my grandmother is not single! She's been married for 60 years! I will not 'put in a good word for you.'"

"Ugh, fine. I'll have her ask her friends."

"You're welcome. Goodbye."

"I won't talk to you later. There is no 'later' for us. Goodbye."

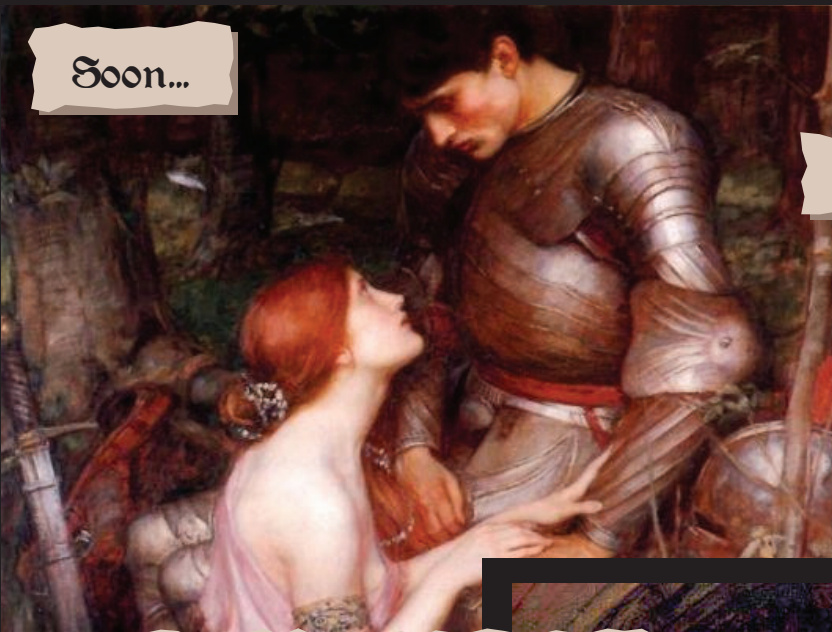
"I'm hanging up now." *click*



Fernando is nice and all,
but a witch has needs...



Drink up, ye girlish lad!



Soon...

Be a Witch:
Make your man a man...
For the moment, anyway.



Ravage me, you hot hunk
of dragon fighting man.



...Best. Sex. Ever.
Too bad he's a newt now.

We're looking for more people to write funny and witty things!
Think you got what it takes? Email mfs71@case.edu!

Werewolves, vampires and angels collide

"Bethy and the Moon Creatures" by Sylvania Plaque | Review by River Tam

With the explosion in popularity of the "Teen Paranormal Romance" shelf at every Barnes & Noble, it was only a matter of time before a true gem emerged from the bunch. This reviewer was thrilled from head to toe to find "Bethy and the Moon Creatures" adorning the shelves.

The novel had several notable strengths. The eponymous Bethy was particularly well-written as relatable for the average American teenage girl—she is passive, nondescript, and often feels isolated, as though her friend group doesn't understand her. This main character is always dependent on someone else in her life—even if it's just for a ride to school. However, the author seems to have understood the importance of including a good message in pop culture. The details of the plot that really carefully outline the foolishness of being self-sufficient don't kick in for several

chapters. This was also a feature, as it left the reader waiting in mounting anticipation for the story to get around to any kind of point.

As mentioned, the key plot revolves around the main character's dependence on her supernatural boyfriend. Their relationship is fraught with tension until approximately three-quarters of the way through the book, where an overly detailed three-way sex scene takes place. It added a certain mature quality to the book—but because of this, I would only recommend for ages 13 and up. This is also the moment where angels enter the story, leading to a late plot development that is, of course, fully resolved by the end and not left dangling to be answered by the end of a trilogy. The angel characters were possibly the weakest point of the novel—they led to too much philosophical musing on the part of the reader. Leaving the reader with ques-

tions about morality should always be avoided.

On the other hand, another of the novel's strong points is the supernatural boyfriend. As a vampire-werewolf hybrid, the character provides all the benefits of both species: stone-cold and covered in fur. While the reader is initially led to believe the male character is uninterested in the protagonist, the author masterfully pulls off a plot twist where he admits to being afraid of her beauty. It is also revealed by the end that Bethy's unique personality (or lack thereof) helped the male become a better person, leaving the novel in a happy, upbeat tone.

All in all, "Bethy and the Moon Creatures" has all the trappings of a great novel—passive protagonist, supernatural magic coming in to save the day just in the nick of time and, of course, bestiality. 5 out of 5 stars.

Jolly Scholar

Mon - Thu: 11am to 12am

Fri: 11am to 2am

Sat - Sun: 12pm to 12am

...The best deal on campus



HIMYM's Ted and Whatsherface heading towards a divorce

"How I Met Your Mother" Season 9 Finale, Episode 24 Sneak "Preview" | Written by Julia Bianco

Many have been eagerly anticipating the last season of How I Met Your Mother (HIMYM) for quite some time. From the beginning in 2005, we have waited impatiently for the feared anticlimactic unmasking of Whatsherface (Cristin Milioti) since day one. At the end of season 8, we got our wish, and the yellow umbrella came down. However, as it turns out, it wasn't completely roses and sandwiches from there on out.

While the gang and audience has viewed Ted's (Josh Radnor) past as being actually pretty funny, in 2030, when Whatsherface hears his entire story for the first time, she isn't as pleased to hear about one bad date after another bad date. It doesn't help that she finds out that "Aunt" Robin didn't have such a friendly past with Ted. Additionally, it doesn't help, either, that she finally discovers that he is from Cleveland; even the fact that it isn't Detroit doesn't help the matter.

Following their explosive blow out over Ted's past, Whatsherface decides to consult a divorce attorney, played by former pop star and current gas station attendant, Justin Bieber. After getting stuck in a fourteen-hour traffic jam on the way to his office, Whatsherface decides that the universe is trying to tell her not to break up with Ted, and she heads home. However, in a surprise turn of events, Ted shows up at the attorney's office and picks up divorce papers, which he stares at longingly while Bieber's "One Less Lonely Girl" ironically plays in the background.

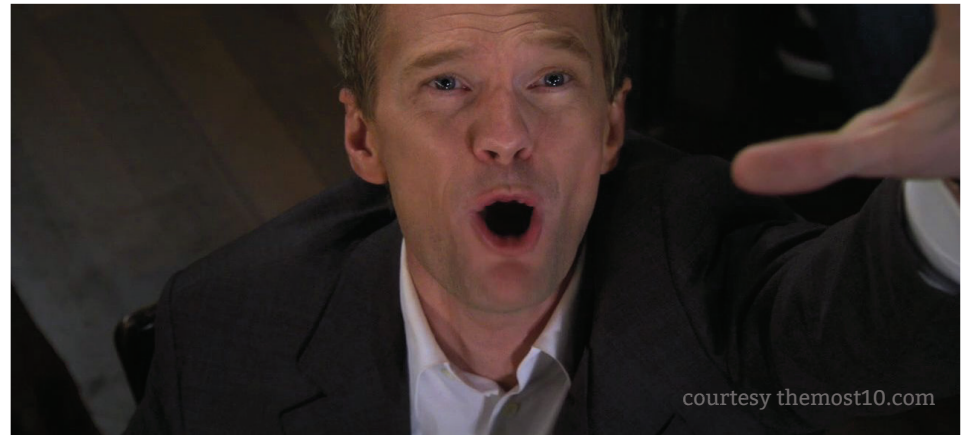
Ted drives to Barney's (Neil Patrick Harris) house to talk to him about the divorce. Barney, who is working to join the brohood following his fifteenth marriage with Robin (Cobie Smulders), tells Ted to stay with Whatsherface, reminding him of how long it took him to find 'the one.' This causes Ted to break down, ending in him crying in Barney's arms about how Robin was the true love of his life, a statement which somehow does not appear to make Barney uncomfortable, despite his 10 year marriage to Robin. Legen – wait for it – dairy?

Elsewhere, Whatsherface heads to Marshall (Jason Segel) and Lily (Alyson Hannigan) to talk about her crumbling marriage. Always quick to dole out bad advice, Marshall and Lily tell her to stick it out with Ted. "You're 54, and you've spent your entire life trying to

find a guy. At this point, you're probably out of luck," says Lily, with a comically exaggerated shrug. Following the obligatory laugh track, Whatsherface hugs Lily and then heads back home, eager to make things work with Ted.

Ted and Whatsherface arrive home at exactly the same time. Whatsherface starts off on an inspirational tearjerker of a speech about how she really wants to make things work between them, while Ted just stares at her blankly. Finally, after Whatsherface declares her eternal love for him, Ted presents her with the divorce papers, and the screen fades to the kids, sitting on the sofa in stunned silence.

While the ending was ultimately depressing and unexpected, we have to give it to the kids. Take one from Lily – it's just another reason to drink, and you've earned it. That said, thank you Linus.



Jealousy: Turning saints into the sea

Written by Marisa Neel

As a recently recovered jealous-aholic, I have some valuable advice to share on how being jealous of others is just a state of mind that can easily be overcome.

...But forget that. Has someone dumped you? Do you just want to make them see what they're missing? Here's how to make them so jealous they'll have green monsters popping out of their ears:

1. First things first, appearance. Hit the gym and get that tone back. Get back into your shaving cycle you ignored when you were in a comfortable relationship.

2. Date their roommate. But, tread carefully here. This is a potential a WWII-type situation.

3. Pretend you don't eat your emotions. Pre-

tend you're fine with the whole situation. Show them by Instagramming your life with sepia filters. #ladieslovesepia

4. Pull a Miley and strip your way to fame.

5. Express that you could have had it all rolling in the deep, and then make bank.

6. Be adventurous and exciting.

7. Don't try those new things if it involves half-shaving your head. You're not Macklemore.

8. For girls: become Zoey Dechanel. Why do guys love hipster nonsense? No one knows. For guys: become a 1970s drifter/look like a Mumford and Son. Why do girls love hipster nonsense? No one knows. But one thing I will say here—don't wear those oversized watches.

It'll look like you stole damn Big Ben.

9. Get all the new electronics. Buy the most recent iPad model. Your significant other will be impressed that you spent exorbitant amounts of money for the same exact thing that you owned, but smaller. Ladies-if you buy an Xbox One, they'll come crawling back like no other.

10. Guys- take up Racecar driving. You won't just make girls jealous. Half the population of the world will want to be you, and the other half will want to be with you.

11. Start listening to more James Taylor; bring out your romantic side. If they have two ears and a soul, they will come running back. If they don't appreciate this, then they are heartless monsters and don't deserve you.

We Met on the HealthLine

A Cleveland love story

Reported by Josephus E. Tinnertink-McDuffie



Have you ever wondered * * * what it would be like to * * * FIND THE ONE?

It began as just another bus ride for Ferdinand Schwitter.

Schwitter was on his way to work at Auntie Anne's in the Tower City food court, as he did every weekday. He took a seat towards the back of the bus, and stuck in a pair of earbuds; it was a long ride from his apartment near Lakeview Road to Tower City, and he liked to block out some of the bus noises around him.

"Music's actually a big passion of mine. I listen to all sorts of music. The Sugarhill Gang, that one 'Cups' song, Jack Johnson... you know, just a good mix of stuff," said Schwitter.

That day, he wore a fedora over frazzled bed-head hair, and a five-o'clock shadow fuzzed his expression. A stained shirt was paired with frayed jeans, and instead of gloves, he wore a small dog sweater on each hand, claiming that they kept him warmer. When he smiled, there was a gap that replaced a tooth on one side, which he believed he had lost at a rowdy pajama party late last year.

However, underneath his quirky exterior was a heart full of unbridled love.

As he stared out the scratched bus window, he watched cars and people alike pass by. White flakes swirled on the side of Euclid, as though the city of Cleveland was a recently shaken snow globe. The bus lumbered near Stokes Boulevard, and while the group of huddled individuals filed onboard, a sight appeared that captured his attention.

"You know that James Blunt song, 'You're Beautiful?'" Schwitter's glassy eyes stared into the distance. "For a moment at least, I

lived that song."

A pale woman stepped onto the bus. She sat down near the doors, pulling down her hood to let tumbles of blond hair fall down to touch the seat behind her. A pair of fuzzy pink earmuffs covered her ears.

As the famous James Blunt song streamed through Schwitter's headphones, the woman whom he described as "the most beautiful woman in da world" sat three rows ahead.

Immediately, Schwitter felt his emotions change. His heart began to beat faster, and he noticed himself wringing his hands. Meanwhile, she rummaged through her purse and then sat silently in her seat.

Outside, Cleveland continued to pass by, but the man in the back of the Healthline saw the world through a new set of eyes.

"When the doors opened at each bus stop, wind would gush in and blow past her. She smelled so nice too, so much better than the Healthline after the morning rush. She must have rubbed a tree-scented car freshener all over herself, like I do before I go out." He sighed, looking down at the ground with a small smile. "We had so much in common."

Soon, he mustered up the courage to scoot further up in the bus, until he sat a row behind the mysterious woman. As James Blunt continued to sing his high-pitched song over Schwitter's headphones, an idea zapped into his mind: "I thought I would serenade her, 'Romeo and Juliet' style," he said.

"Na na na, na," He started to sing in beat with the song, "na na na, na, hey," he sang lightly to the woman seated in front of him.

He continued: "You're beautiful. You're beautiful, it's true."

She glanced over her shoulder to see Schwitter hovering there with a wide

smile, then immediately turned back around, her shoulders stiffened.

For a man who had never fallen in love before, this seemed like a good sign. Throughout his life, Schwitter had only had a few relationships, none of them lasting over a few months. "My past girlfriends, they would just eventually start getting really snippy with me, always telling me that I was kind of creepy," said Schwitter, "but I don't really see it."

As he continued singing, the woman stood up and walked over to the door. Schwitter stopped singing and said to her, "Can I have your number?"

She gave no response and turned away from him. "Can I have it?" he asked, a little more desperate.

Soon, the bus screeched to a halt, and the woman stepped off the Healthline, and out of the man's life.

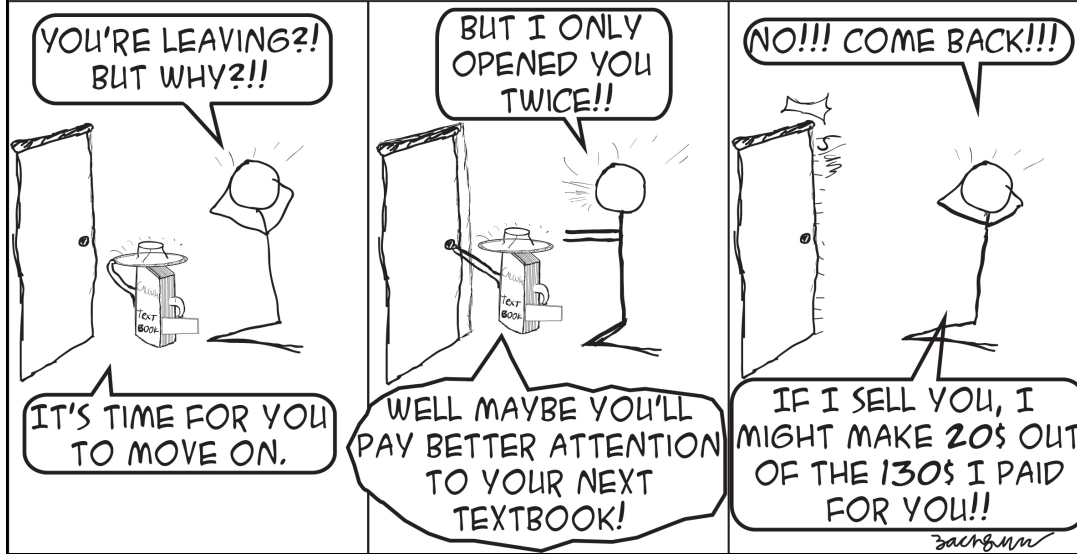
The entire exchange lasted less than five minutes.

"Needless to say, I was lost in the depths of my emotions for a while," he said. "Sometimes I still think about her, glowing in the sunlight by the Healthy's windows." A single tear lingers at the corner of his eye. "I didn't even get her number," he mutters as he brushes it away.

The Athenian searched Cleveland for the existence of the woman Schwitter described. She preferred to remain anonymous in the interview, but noted that the man on the Healthline would certainly never be getting her number or any personal information for that matter.

This fact stunned Schwitter, but he continued to persevere. "Maybe someday, I'll meet a beautiful stranger on the Healthline and I will get her number." He smiles, lifting himself up from the tragedy. "I will get it."

THE HARDBACK BREAK-UP



FUN PAGE

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EASY

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HARD

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