

THE ATHENIAN

MARCH 2014 - ISSUE 74

Inside Look:
GREEK
GODS'
DATING
WEBSITE

p.12







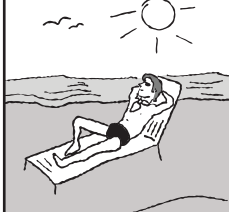
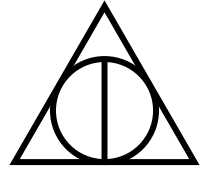

Meet
the
CWRU
GOD
HOUSES

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March Madness p. 18-19
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“That wasn’t any act of God. That was an act of pure human fuckery.”
 -Stephen King, *The Stand*

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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

The first book that I really remember reading as a child was a 200-something page book about mythology. It was way back in the third grade when death gods may as well have been the monster under your bed. That's not to say that I didn't read anything else until then, but it was the first thing I actively held onto until the she-witch of a teacher took it away from me. From there, it was pretty much a downhill slide. Nothing could sate the idle curiosity that started brewing within me. There were the stories of "The Iliad" and "The Odyssey" (the abridged versions, at that point), the lore of Anubis and Set, sometimes even a bit of comic book adventure to even out the ridiculous. I think I even attempted to read the Bible once, but got caught up on the lack of pictures.

Let's just say that the little version of me was an avidly proud member of the "I like mythology" club.

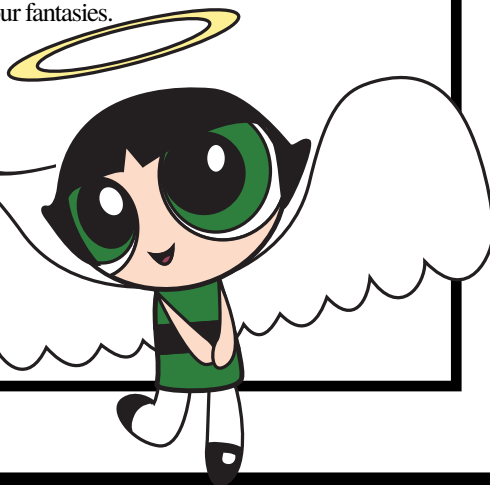
Fast forward to 2014. I'm now a disheartened adult who no longer has the Peter Pan-esque view of the world. There is, sadly, no sun god to race across the sky, no angel to shoot me with cursed arrows and no deity patiently waiting to claim my soul for the afterlife. Knowing all of that, though, my agnostic self still yearns for that note of magic, and thus we bring you Issue 74: The Lore Issue (or, if I had my way, the Legen-wait for it-dary issue; sadly this didn't fly).

We hope you enjoy our staff's contributions to the lore-filled world, for what they view as important, silly and just downright obnoxious (but apparently worth parodying). We thank you for, as always, picking us up, and we encourage you to participate in our ongoing semesterly contest and to consider joining us, whether you just like listening to funny things or writing and drawing. We're always looking for new people to bring along in our quest to slay the imaginary dragons of our fantasies.

For Narnia and from
the beyond, all the best,



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 is happy to be known as the best magazine to ever grace the CWRU humor scene.
- 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 75 is March 14th, 2014.

Next Brainstorming Meeting:
Friday, March 7th - 2pm to 4pm,
Media Board Room

Next Production Meeting:
From Home - Spring Break!

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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OLYMPIAN OLYMPICS

Written by Anastazia Vanisko

After the Sochi Olympics, there was a worldwide feeling of disappointment. As it turns out, that feeling was not limited to our realm. The Greek gods, disgusted by the many mishaps at this year's event, decided to give the world a peek into what a *real* Olympics looks like. They chose the student body of Case Western Reserve University for the grand reveal; apparently these students were the only ones deemed worthy enough to see the gods' home.

The first students to arrive in the kingdom of the gods were immediately wowed by the locale. This year, amidst much controversy, Hades hosted the summer section of the Olympics in a resort area of the Underworld. Normally, this area was reserved for just Hades and souls, but this was deemed as a special case.

Mortal visitors noted that the Underworld's accommodations were better than Sochi's freshly-constructed run-down hotels and facilities. Some marketing students investigated the profitability of turning the spot into an ultimate vacation destination after only a few days of staying there. They are still looking into ways to put a positive spin on selling your soul as payment for a ticket.

Unfortunately, the gods' Olympics were not much different from the earthly Olympics. Judging disagreement was still a dilemma for most people watching. As the host, Hades was the favorite to win despite his obvious disadvantage: the blatant hate the judges (his relatives) felt for him. Historically, Hades had always fared well in the shot put, so his gold medal there was no surprise. His gold medals in archery and swimming? Not so much. Artemis had been hunting with a bow and arrow for over a millennia and Poseidon had far superior swimming abilities.

Poseidon's seemingly inexplicable loss in swimming was so bizarre that an investigation was launched. It was later found

that Hades had increased the flow of souls in the River Styx during opponents' races, and blocked them during his own race. However, it was decided that bringing such a discovery to light would further strain the already dysfunctional family and no action was taken.


The winter events were held on Mt. Olympus, where the majority of CWRU students found housing during the gods' games during both summer and winter sessions (though the game segments were only days apart). However, Olympus' residential areas proved problematic as well. It was not uncommon for curious gods to occasionally drift into rooms and attempt to initiate "relations."

Finding food was another debacle. Ambrosia, the drink of the gods, was plentiful; but it was soon discovered that it was incapable of sustaining humans. In fact, those students who consumed ambrosia suffered horrible reactions. After one day of drinking only ambrosia, one man died of acute food poisoning. Luckily, the trip his soul had to make to the Underworld was expedited by Olympian Rapid Transit. Convenience was one benefit of dying at the gods' Olympics. To solve the food shortages, visitors sent daily orders to Burger King, Dairy Queen, McDonald's and other fast food chains. Deliverymen found difficulty in finding a location, though.

Wi-Fi was yet another problem and became the biggest setback of the godly Olympics.

For humans, it is nearly impossible to not be plugged into the world for more than five minutes. Both the Underworld and Olympus, however, have never had Internet. Or, for that matter, technology of any kind. When confronted on the lack of light bulbs, Zeus simply distributed lightning bolts. Electrical engineering students tried to explain to Zeus how easy and efficient it would be to modernize. Demonstrating the depth of the Greek deity regard for tradition, Zeus nearly sent the students to a pit of eagles, to have their livers pecked out for daring to suggest the change.

Ultimately, the human inability to function without Wi-Fi caused the cancellation of any future Olympian Olympics.



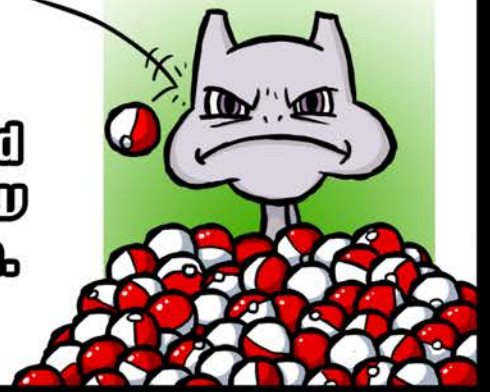
OLYMPIAN
OLYMPICS

Ways to catch a Legendary

Wes Ayers

1. Buy ALL the Pokéballs

... And throw them.



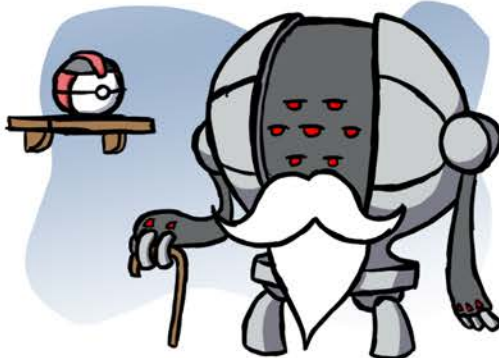
2. Get really lucky with a Quick Ball?



3. Keep 'em in one place with Mean Look.



4. Hold out for a Timer Ball...



5. Waste your Master Ball on a non-legendary!





Energetic
Adaptable
Addictive
Controlling
Professional

House Espresso is the fastest growing house amongst the four, but members carry perhaps the loosest relationships with each other (notably, most know more people from the other houses than their own). They're trusting individuals that are solid friends, though often they can unknowingly drive you into decisions, good or bad. They are somewhat forgetful, but strive to be as professional as possible despite the chaos of their lives. Espresso and Somnium members are notorious for not getting along.




Manipulative
Reckless
Creative
Passionate
Witty

House Somnium members are ambitious and somewhat conniving, but compelling to those unaccustomed to their ways. They are known to be constantly slaying dragons by night and scheming their next adventure by day. They have also made it a goal, as rumor has it, to get with as many House Masochism members before each year is out. Something about being able to do homework all night. They also like seeking out members of other communities to try to lure them into their arms at night.

Meeting the CWRU Gods: What house do you belong in?


Case Western Reserve University has yet again proven that just because a special letter didn't arrive when you turned 11 doesn't mean that you have to be left out of all the sorting hat fun. Here at this prestigious university, we've found that there are underground "houses" that have been in existence far before the Harry Potter franchise came into existence. Everyone is sorted into upon being initiated into the official system. Didn't know this? Well, be sure to apply today – they're always happy to bring more members into their world.

The Foreveralone lifestyle is a simple one. You go out, do what you need to do, come back in and eat that trusty bowl of ramen. It's efficient, but you don't see much in other entertainment. They tend to have a meek demeanor and never like to get into fights, but when you need to consult them, they're never too hard to find. Foreveralone frequently finds its source of entertainment in current memes, lots of Pokémon tales and an overwhelming wealth of Reddit references.



Unassuming
Simple
Efficient
Antisocial
Foolish

The Masochism family are those who are both highly intelligent and also highly prone to being hit by procrastination and senioritis. They are also easily manipulated, and often find themselves at the hands of Espresso and Somnium members, for better or for worse (the most scandalous of tales are of Masochism and Somnium break-ups – they're messy). However, they also have a tendency to never know when to stop, so they tend to ramble on forever.



Mad genius
Cynical
Perfectionist
Resourceful
Needy

Interview with the coffee god

Behind every soy milk latte, cappuccino or mocha, one spirit resides to share the powers of alertness as the largest CWRU house on campus. This god knows that his caffeine power renders students completely under his control, but he has never truly revealed the extent of this capability, or his motivation.

However, in an exclusive interview with *The Athenian*, the god himself stepped down from the heavens to share his well-kept secrets. The god, who appeared to this writer during a late night's sleep, preferred the name "Joe," and did not specify a last name.

Here is what Joe had to say:

Josephus E. Tinnertink McDuffie (JM): So, Joe—why is coffee so important to Case Western Reserve University students?

Joe: Well, really, coffee is essential to students in general. CWRU kids would rather do their homework than sleep. Plus, our spiritual powers only tend to take hold after a caffeine addiction forms. You could say it's a form of enlightenment: to be sleep-deprived and fully dependent on the Coffee God – we are the truly superior house.

JM: How so?

Joe: It's pretty simple. Coffee isn't just the drink of the gods; it is a god. So when students drink coffee, it's kind of like a little bit of us enters your mind and wakes you up. That's how caffeine works—look it up. They drink a good cup of "Joe" whenever they order a coffee [he smirks].

JM: That's actually pretty creepy.

Joe: It can seem that way, yes.

JM: Could you explain to me why there are three Starbucks on campus?

Joe: One just isn't enough. Each Starbucks has something different to offer, and more and more students were attracted as each shop was built. As my powers have expanded, my venues have as well. After a lot of thought, I decided it would be best to have a coffee vendor at least every 100 feet on CWRU's campus. Don't forget about Coffee House, back-of-the-office Keurigs or the coffee vending machines.

JM: Enough about campus. Is there a Coffee Heaven?

Joe: Yes. If one drinks enough coffee and reaches the optimal state of wakefulness, they can catch a glimpse of the wonders this heaven offers. Pure, fast, distracted bliss. It's truly beautiful.

JM: So, is there a Coffee Hell?

Joe: Unfortunately, there must be. It's a dark place of alarm clocks and perpetual sleepiness. Naps are absolutely forbidden in coffee hell, and with no caffeine available to fuel you, you remain in an exhausted state for the rest of eternity.

JM: Let me get this straight... you just have to drink a lot of coffee to get into Coffee Heaven?

Joe: It's more than that. I mean, yes, you need to be a regular coffee consumer. But think of drinking coffee as a metaphor, and what that means to your life. It goes beyond the occasional café trip or hangover cure. Coffee is a way of life. You must drink the coffee. Love the coffee. Be the coffee.



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The Seven Days of Creation

By Charlie Topel

Illustrated by Wes Ayers

In the beginning,
God created Case
Western Reserve University.
The campus was cold and
desolate, with a pervasive air
of hopelessness.

And God said, "Let there be
clouds." God saw that the
clouds were depressing, inspiring
students to stay inside and
study, and God saw that it
was dim. The First Day.

And God said, "Let there be a
road separating the sciences
and the humanities" and thus
Euclid Avenue rose from the
depths.

And God said, "Let all the
business majors be separated
and gather to one place, devoid of
reason and practicality" and thus
the Peter B. Lewis building rose
from the earth. God saw that it
was gaudy. The Third Day.

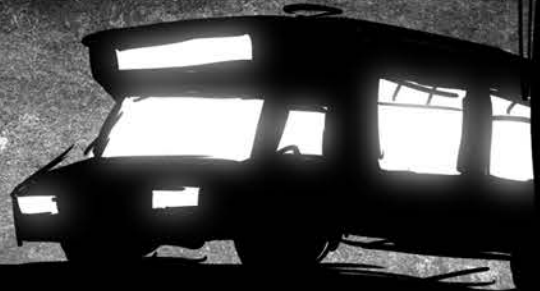
God saw that this created re-
sentment between the two
groups, and God saw that it
was inconvenient. The Second
Day.





And God said "Let there be a marker to guide the freshmen where to call for rides" and the Ugly Statue came down from the heavens God saw that it was dumb: The Fourth Day

And God said "Let the students of the land have a slight chance at getting somewhere more quickly when it actually slows their journey down" and wild Greengies sprang up on the streets God saw that they were unreliable: The Fifth Day

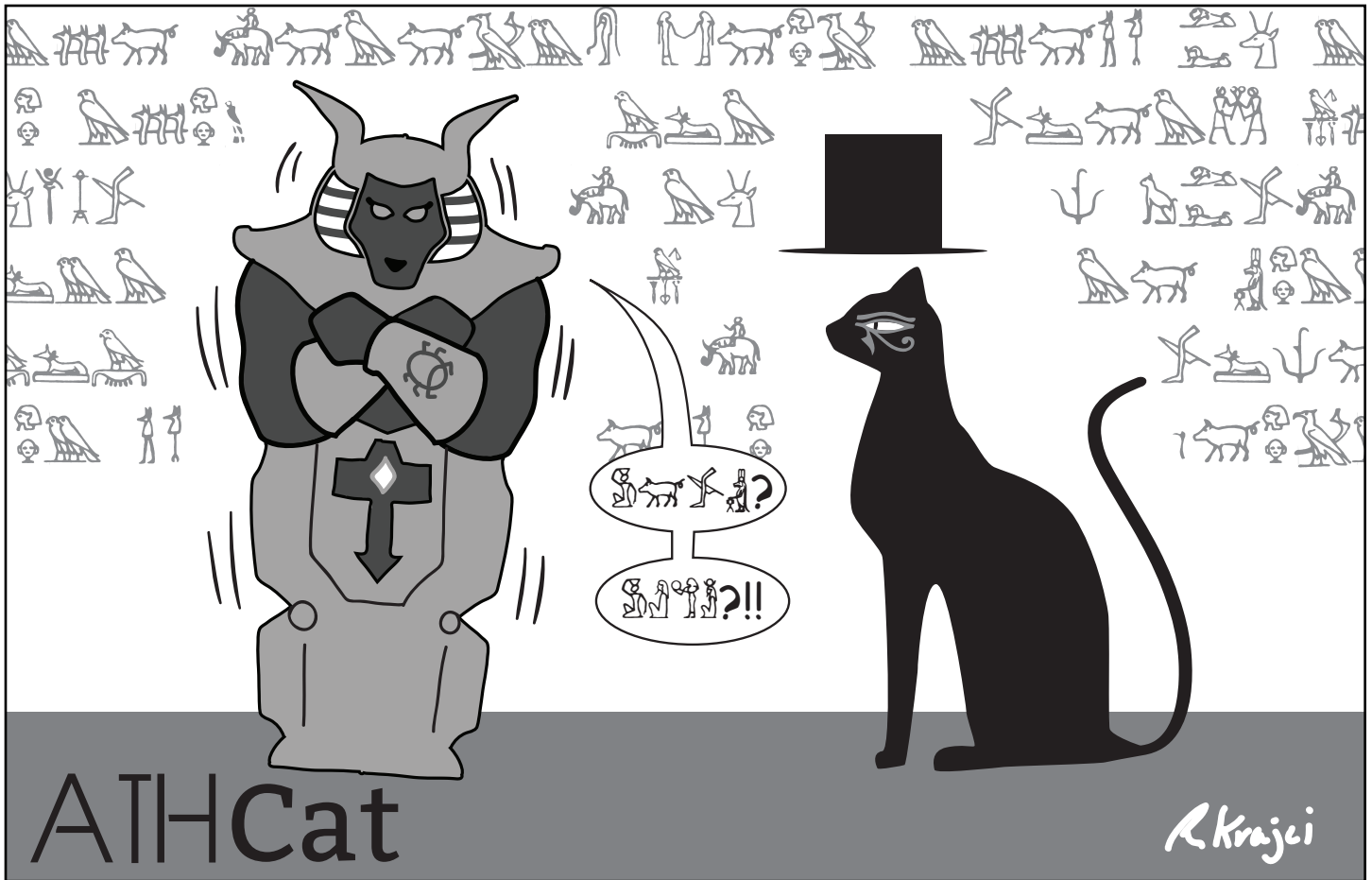


And God said "Let there be an administration to rule over the students control the weather and screw up housing" and thus the faculty was created God saw that they were powerful: The Sixth Day



And God saw what He had created and thought, "Yeah, good enough." And He rested And by rested He means He watched Netflix as a reward for studying organic chemistry for eight hours: The Seventh Day





Norse religious groups increase due to “Thor”

Reported by Marisa Neel

Well, it's Thors-day, time to get hammered...

...down to the nitty gritty details of the religious revival that's sweeping the nation.

Norse religious groups have popped up all over the world after the 2011 release of “Thor,” an action film which grossed over \$638 million worldwide. The much celebrated movie is based on the Marvel character of the same name, Thor (the

great god of thunder).

The film followed Thor's quest to defend the great kingdom and realm, Asgard, from all the evils of the universe. Since no mythological kingdom may include a functional family, the greatest threats to the kingdom are the machinations of Thor's brother, Loki, and the expectations of their father. Thor, the far more attractive of the two, naturally triumphs. Unfortunately, Loki's lesser-known (but still powerful)

“I Have a Dream...to rule” speech was no match for the guy with the actual hammer.

Since the sequel to this film, “Thor: The Dark World,” was released in November 2013, the Norse religion has experienced a renaissance in the United States. Left and right, Hermóðr and Odin statues have been erected, and rituals of sacrifice are now commonly practiced on the streets. People now practice the old religion of the Viking folk, and newly enlightened souls in mountain lion fur coats are coming out of their caves as “defenders of Asgard.”

It's near anarchy. America survived the hipster nation, but we may not make it through Norse nation. As if it weren't bad enough, East Cleveland looks like a scene in “Game of Thrones.”

Yet these defenders of Asgard are not just mere disciples—they are called upon to spread the word of the great Norse religion to as many people as possible (because it clearly worked for the Vikings).

Unsurprisingly, conflict arose concerning specifics of the Norse religion. Norse advocates claim that Thor's wife, Sif, is actually the goddess of war and not the mortal portrayed by Natalie Portman. Advocates seem especially unwilling to forgive Thor's pairing with a mentally unstable ballet dancer.

However, the commercial world has taken advantage of this national distraction. L'oreal has taken this opportunity to increase hair product sales and recently changed its company name to Tho'real. Commercial profits for Tho'real hair products have increased by 90 percent in the past month, putting it in close competition with helLokitty and Hammerite paint.

Unfortunately, there's nothing we can do to stop the madness; we just have to accept it—it's hammer time.



CWRU president makes supernatural deal, unleashes demonic weather

Reported by Hallie Dolin

Babs, according to a number of reputable sources, has really done it this time, and Armageddon may not be far away.

Apparently, the three polar vortices that Ohio experienced starting in January are due not to global warming. Blame rests instead with a very quiet deal that Case Western Reserve University President Barbara Snyder made with supernatural forces last Christmas. Upset with the cold rain that seemed to occur every time CWRU hosted an open house for prospective freshmen, Snyder summoned the Four Demons of the Apocalypse with a scented candle and proposed a trade.

Mephistopheles and most of his cronies could not be reached for comment, but Beelzebub was willing to speak with reporters when asked. “She was really sick of the weather being so horrible. It turned away prospies,” the demon told a representative of The Athenian,

whom he kindly summoned to his duplex in Hell last Monday for an interview. “She said that we could make it as cold as we wanted on other days, but it had to be sunny on open-house days. That seemed fair.”

With temperatures poised to drop another 40 degrees over the next two weeks, it would seem that Babs' reign at CWRU should, by right of an emergency election, be at least temporarily suspended. Surprising straw poll results say otherwise; students acclimated to Cleveland weather were unfazed by the winter. Several random undergrads, when stopped on the street, commented that the weather “seems about normal” and expressed pleasure at the fact that “at least we had a snow day this year.”

The recently-built businesses on Euclid Avenue have also taken the opportunity to cash in on this rare opportunity to drain willing students dry. Panera, for example, is current-

ly serving a limited edition Hot Snowstorm Chocolate, which is composed entirely of steamed Reddi-Wip and costs \$3.99. Constantino's Market is selling so-called “snow umbrellas” for the comparatively reasonable price of \$24.99, and the proprietor of the Christmas-tree place on East 117th has promised to convert the business' garage space into a storm shelter “for a nominal fee.”

Cleveland meteorologists estimate that the unseasonable weather will continue at least until commencement on May 18. Students are advised to wear a hat if the temperature goes under negative 34 degrees Fahrenheit: “the temperature at which hair freezes,” claims the Biomedical Engineering department. However, classes will continue as regularly scheduled until further notice, or until the cold becomes so obviously detrimental that the flower salesman on Euclid puts on a pair of gloves.



Recently, the dating website ArrowsOfEros.com has caused a peak in drama on Mount Olympus (the dating site for gods) increased by 50 percent in the last week alone. Many analysts cite the prevalence of deities as factors contributing to the site's popularity. The dating website created plenty of drama as deities discover their partner's profiles. To provide our readers with a "Who's Who" of the site, we've featured especially notorious members.

Matchmaker

Who's Online?

Already a member?

Username

Password

Sign in

[Forgot your password?](#)

"The best dating site!"
-Olympus News

"A favorite hangout site for gods and demigods alike!"
-Wikipedia

"Pretty legit"
-some guy on the street



ZEUS

Age: ∞

Gender: Male

Relationship status: Married to sister and ready to mingle!

About me:

I am Zeus, supreme deity and ruler of the heavens. I am the thrower of lightning bolts and commander of fate. If you contact me, plz send pics.

I'm seeking fun-loving and beautiful young mortals, demi-gods and immortals, especially those with daddy issues. I love a woman who can enjoy either dancing the night away or hiding from my enraged wife. A history of being persecuted for her stunning beauty also helps.

Although I cut open my father's stomach and cast him into Hades, I am a good family man. I usually don't eat my own children, either! I'm not looking to start a family right now, but if something like that happens, I'll do my best to get to you before Hera does. And who knows? You and your children might even be set among the stars after your deaths. I have the power to do that, you know.

I've had a pretty sordid romantic past, to tell you the truth, but what can I say? The ladies just can't stay away from me! Especially when I visit them as a shower of gold. Still, maybe you can change my wandering ways. Message me and see ;)

Member of the Month

Written by John Rambo

Mount Olympus. Traffic to the site (which is exclusively designed for gods and demigods) has declined among younger gods and declining marriage satisfaction as a result of domestic strife (and more than a few violent thunderstorms) in the past few weeks. We hope to "who" of the divine dating world we have compiled the following directory, which includes bios from the website.

Join Us!

Dating Test

Tests

Explore



HADES

Age: Death never dies

Gender: Male

Relationship status: Recently divorced

About me:

Hi. I'm Hades.

Zeus is making me join this dating website so that I can "get back in the game" after finalizing my recent divorce. I could take you out to a nice dinner, if you'd like. We could even take a taxi there; I have the money. Owning the entire underworld and all the minerals within it has advantages.

Or if you want we could just sit around the house, which is all I feel like doing these days anyway. I don't have a lot on my walls, so they're good for staring at.

I don't exactly have hobbies, since most of my time is spent listening to people petition for the lives of their dead relatives. I do a lot of general maintenance in the underworld, though, so I'm pretty handy. I could help out around the house, especially if you like skull décor.

In the past I have been called "possessive" and "violent"—mostly by my ex-wife Persephone and her mother—but what's a little abduction among gods? Shouldn't we be above petty name calling, even if I hypothetically did kidnap your daughter and trap her in the underworld to be my wife? Shouldn't we let sleeping three-headed dogs lie and forget about the whole thing?

Anyway, message me if you're interested. If you're an astronomer, don't waste your time contacting me: I'm still too upset about the deplanetization of Pluto to talk to you.



APHRODITE

Age: 29

Gender: Female

Relationship status: N/A

About me:

I assume you've seen my picture, so you know I'm beautiful. I was born after Uranus' genitals were cut off and thrown into the sea, and I once helped start a war over an apple. I guess you could say I'm a romantic!

As the goddess of love and beauty, I'm a little embarrassed about starting an account on this site. All my friends tell me the most eligible bachelors are online these days, though—and I must admit, Mount Olympus has been getting pretty dull recently. There hasn't been a new face up here for almost 3,000 years! Not that I'm showing my age. I have this really great moisturizer, I'd definitely recommend it.

Anyway, I'm looking for a romantic, good-looking guy who is willing to never look at another woman again. That might make me sound jealous, but... with me, why would you need to look at anyone else?

Oh, and don't worry about what happened to my last lover, Adonis. Being castrated by a wild boar could happen to anyone, you know.

Hopefully these profiles have given you a taste of the Mount Olympus dating scene, or at least enough knowledge to avoid Hera's wrath. If you create a profile for yourself, good luck—there are a lot of crazy gods out there to watch out for.

[The Beginning of it All]

Trust Me, I'm A Scientist- Evan Martin

Ah, the origin of life. One of the great mysteries of the universe that has confounded the greatest human minds for millennia. It's a question that we all want to know the answer to, but likely never will. Thus, it's no surprise that every single human culture ever known has some sort of lore about where we came from. Here in North America, most of those tales involve bearded men who herded goats around the Middle East and North Africa while talking to God about which tribe in that region was His most favoritest.

Wait, did I say we'll never know the answer? Scratch that, it turns out we already do. So here, I give you the actual true story of where life came from. But first, a short disclaimer. The basics of abiogenesis (aka life coming from non-life) are pretty well established in terms of the steps that had to happen, but there's still significant disagreement over the details. For the purposes of this column, I'm going to stick to what we know with decent certainty. Still, this is a column for a humor magazine, so take it with a grain of salt. Ok, so here goes:

It all started in the beginning. Well, actually, 10 billion years after the beginning of the universe. Fast forward to 3.5 billion years ago; our solar system and all its planets have been around for about one billion years thus far. The Earth is covered in an ocean, containing dissolved iron and carbonate minerals, kept warm by the Earth's still-hot core. The atmosphere contains water vapor, ammonia, carbon monoxide and other trace gases. Of course, when you have water vapor, you have clouds, and when you have clouds, you get lightning storms. Put this whole system together and organic molecules, such as amino acids, form spontaneously in the ocean. Still with me? Good.

Now we have an Earth covered in a warm ocean full of organic molecules. Still, there is no life yet—although the reactions that form these molecules are some of the very first biochemical pathways. And as these molecules float around, they interact with each other. And when they interact, they follow the same rules that organic chemistry does now: They form the most stable products possible. Again, no life yet—but certain molecules are being favored in chemical interactions. This is the earliest form of natural selection.

As these organic molecules—amino acids, fats, sugars, nucleic acids and others—float

around and react with each other, they begin to form polymers, or large molecules, made of smaller repeating units. One polymer that eventually forms is ribonucleic acid, otherwise known as RNA. RNA is very similar to DNA except for one tiny difference on each smaller unit. And as biochemical pathways continue to get more and more complex, they begin to encode information through RNA, and then transform into DNA.

What does that mean? Basically, it means that the RNA can do two very important things: 1) It can use the specific combination of its smaller units to assemble a specific sequence of amino acids into polypeptides, or proteins, through chemical reactions, and 2) copy itself (almost) perfectly. To be fair, it is also possible that proteins appeared first, and were later encoded by RNA. Either way, the reactions of genes (RNA and DNA) and the structure of proteins became intertwined through spontaneous chemical reactions.

Finally, these pathways became enclosed in lipid membranes, made of mostly fatty acids, along with some proteins and sugars as well. And after this occurred, the first protocells were born. These ancient cells continued to reproduce, and, as they say, the rest is history.

Okay, okay, so maybe I exaggerated a bit when I claimed the basics of the history of life are well established, because there is still quite a bit we don't know. But you know what? That's the most exciting thing about science: that we don't know everything. Sure, any mythology can give you an absolute(ly wrong) answer about where life came from, usually involving some sort of all powerful or nearly all-powerful being. But seriously, where's the fun in that?

I don't know about you, but I love the fact that we don't know exactly where our very earliest single-celled ancestors came from, and probably never will for sure. So in lieu of a mythological answer to the origin of life, I invite you to go look up abiogenesis on Wikipedia. I wish I could write more about this (and I could, believe me). But I've hit my word limit, so it's the best I can do.

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.



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...unless you're Comic Sans.

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[Princess Pizza and the power of rap]

XYZ News- Julia Bianco

Once upon a time, in a far, far away land, there was a princess named Princess Pizza. Princess Pizza lived in a castle with her three sisters, Princess Buttercup, Princess Rainbow and Princess Smiles.

Princess Pizza did not lead a happy life. While all her sisters were beautiful, Princess Pizza had a mustache and frizzy hair. While all her sisters had married gorgeous princes, Princess Pizza was convinced that she would be forever alone. And while all her sisters spent their time singing to the animals outside their windows, Princess Pizza was unfortunately tone deaf.

One day, Princess Pizza was sitting in her room, bored and lonely, when, suddenly, a bird flew in through her window.

"Why look," she exclaimed. "It's a beautiful bird! I should try to sing to it, so we can become friends."

However, after just a few off-key notes of "A Dream is a Wish Your Heart Makes," the bird dropped dead, falling from its high perch on the windowsill all the way to the ground. Princess Pizza cried, realizing that she would never be as happy or loved as her sisters.

Princess Pizza wiped away her tears, and decided to go to her sisters to see if they had any advice on how to be a real princess.

"You have to have a waist that's the size of your neck," advised Princess Buttercup.

"You have to look super hot in a ball gown," said Princess Rainbow.

"You have to fall in love with the first handsome prince you see," said Princess Smiles. "But remember—sometimes handsome princes pretend to be ugly, and you're supposed to love them anyway."

Princess Pizza fell into a deep depression. She was never going to be able to do any of these things. She decided to lock herself in her room, where she would stay for the rest of her life.

After a few months locked in her room, Princess Pizza was very lonely. Her room was so quiet, and she just wanted something to fill the silence. She thought about singing, but she was scared that her tone deafness would kill another poor bird.

After a while, Princess Pizza started to talk quietly to herself, and then louder and louder. Eventually, she created small rhymes, which she started to say to a beat: "My name's Princess Pizza and I like to eat, here's this rhyme I put to a beat!"

Although her lyrics weren't very good, Princess Pizza soon found that her rhymes attracted hundreds of fruit flies, and they all liked to sway back and forth to the beat. Princess Pizza was happy to have so many animal friends surround her, and she realized that she had finally found the talent that would make her just as popular as her sisters.

With her new fly posse surrounding her, Princess Pizza decided it was time to leave her room. "Ready to go see my sisters, surrounded by my rhymes, I'll give their ears blisters," she rapped. However, even the flies were not entertained by that rhyme, and they fell back a bit before following Princess Pizza outside.

Princess Pizza walked confidently to the main hall, where she found her sisters talking. When they saw her and her flies walking down the stairs, they screamed in horror. Princess Pizza was extremely confused and upset.

"What's wrong, sisters?" she asked.

"You're surrounded by flies!" said Princess Buttercup.

"They're my friends!"

The other princesses just shook their heads and ran away. Princess Pizza was extremely hurt, and she cried and cried. Her fly friends tried to comfort her, but to no avail. Finally, Princess Pizza stood up.

"I have to leave the castle," she said. "I will never fit in here."

Sadly, she opened the front gates and walked out, her fly friends swarming behind her. She left her sisters and never looked back.

Princess Pizza did still get a happy ending, though. After leaving the castle, she walked across the land until she met her handsome prince—Sir Mix-a-Lot. Together, they started their own record label, surrounded by fly friends and dope rhymes. And they lived happily ever after.

Julia is a sophomore at Case Western who likes the color purple and chicken nuggets. Plus puppies.

FLATTERY < SOMETHING > IMITATION

by RKrajci

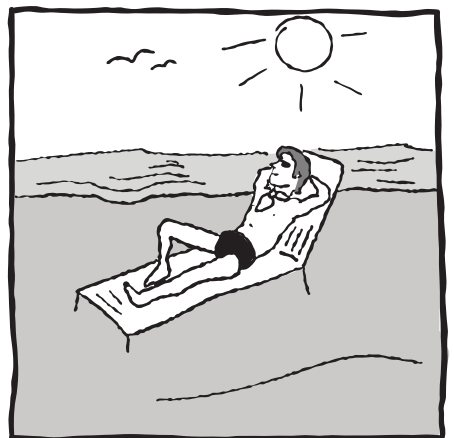
BEDWULF + GRENDEL



GILGAMESH + ENKIDU



The Count of Monte Cristo



With apologies to & admiration for Kate Beaton

URGOT RERELEASE REVEALED

Ryan “Morello” Scott, head champion designer for the riotously popular game League of Legends, announced last week on the forums a complete overhaul of Urgot, the Headsman’s Pride, and released early splash art shown below. Instead of the hextech abomination of a distended general of Noxus, Urgot will now be a plump French chef, wielding snails and a kitchen knife. There were some rumors that the rework would include a name change to “Escar-Urgot, Head Chef of the Rift.”

“We felt that Urgot was no longer fulfilling his role as the unchecked murderer of a champion with the addition of such bloodthirsty champions as Draven, Jinx, Darius and Draven.” Morello said. “There can only be so many psychopaths in the roster before the supply exceeds demand. Rather than leave a champion underused, we’d rather make a dramatic shift to bring them back into the spotlight.

“Additionally, we saw an excellent opportunity to create and fill new niches with Urgot. By making him a chef, we made him unique, but he still fit in good company; there are other

in-game skins with a similar food theme, including Lollipoppy, among others. His abilities would also be easily adapted to the new theme and only require a few visual changes—the grenade becomes a sizzling snail, for instance.

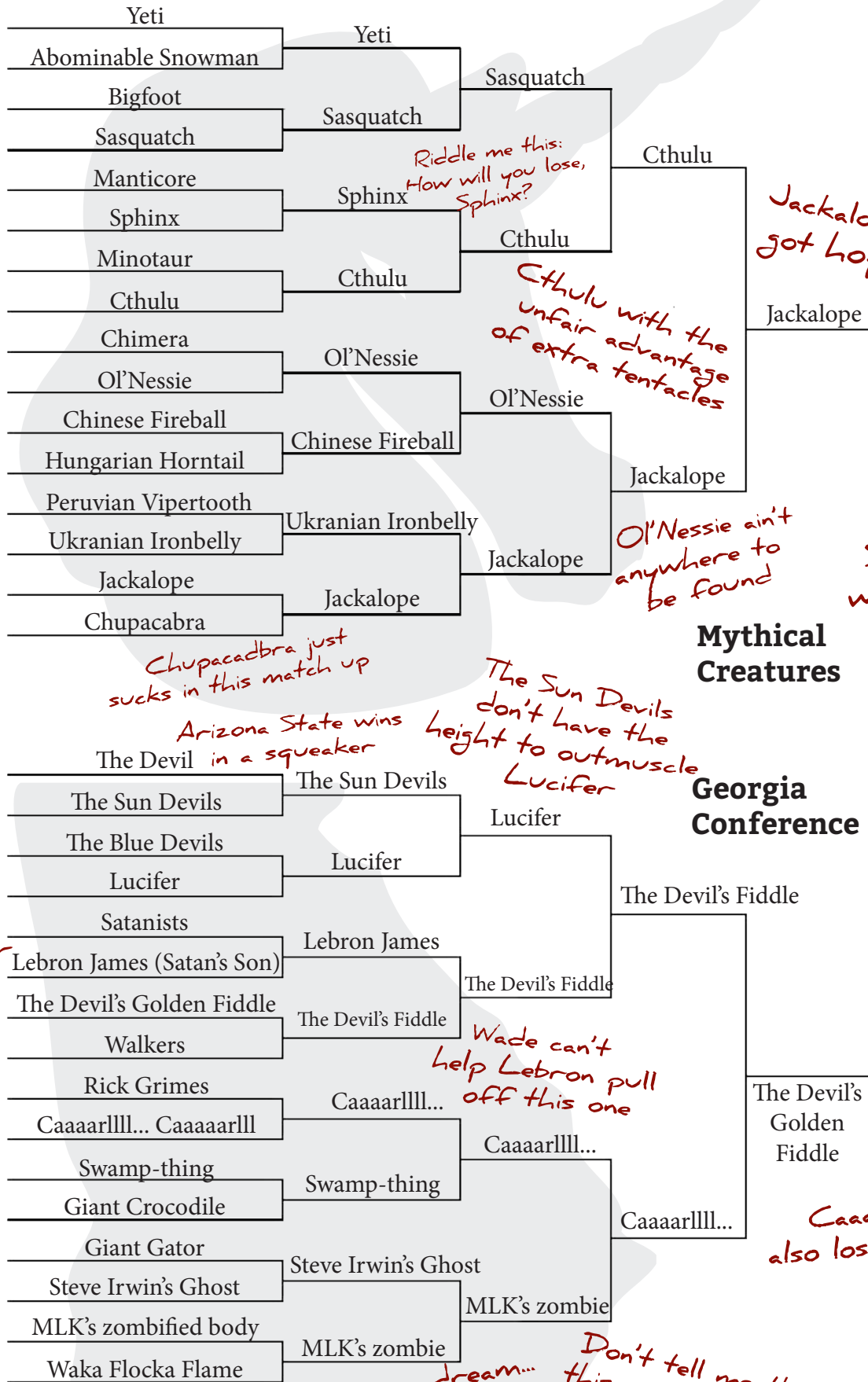
“We also decided to keep the numbers and functionality of his kit exactly the same. Some players enjoy the challenge of an underdog champion and would rather struggle with subpar itemization than win every single game with the flavor of the month champion.”

“Perhaps more controversially, we chose to make him French to further diversify champion select and give our voice actors a little bit of a challenge. The high-pitched whine of the new Urgot voiceover kept our vocal and recording talents hard at work to ensure the perfect mix of arrogance, culture and taste. I think the players will really appreciate the quality care we’ve given to our new favorite butcher, baker and soup maker.”

Some players complained that Urgot was in less need of an immediate update than, say, Sion, but Morello immediately departed the thread and refused to make any further comment.



Written and illustrated
by Raymond Krajci



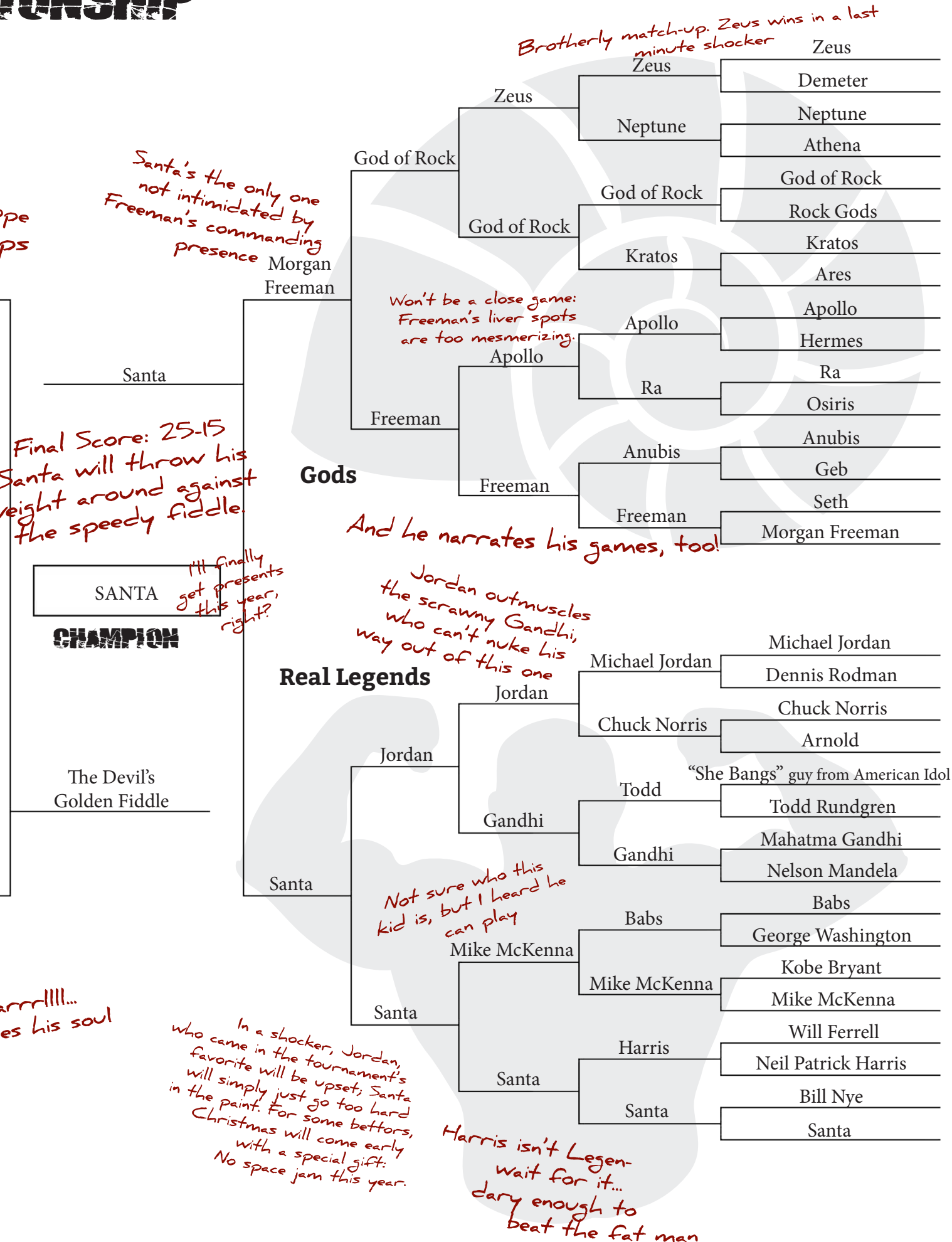
It's that time of year again, folks:
March, the Month of Madness!

This year, famous figures of Myth, Legend, and Folklore square off in a tournament of the "Marchiest" thing there is:

Basketball.

We bring you our predictions for this one-on-one tournament.

TOURNAMENT



pe
ps

Final Score: 25-15
 Santa will throw his weight around against the speedy fiddle.

SANTA
CHAMPION
 I'll finally get presents this year, right?

arrrrllll...
 loses his soul

In a shocker, Jordan, who came in the tournament's favorite will be upset; Santa will simply just go too hard in the paint. For some bettors, Christmas will come early with a special gift: No space jam this year.

Harris isn't Legendary enough to beat the fat man

Brotherly match-up. Zeus wins in a last minute shocker

Won't be a close game: Freeman's liver spots are too mesmerizing.

And he narrates his games, too!

Jordan outmuscles the scrawny Gandhi, who can't nuke his way out of this one

Not sure who this kid is, but I heard he can play

Goldie Fries and the three ice creams

Written by Sarah Whelan

Once upon a time, a harried and hungry Case Western Reserve University student attempted to retrieve sustenance from the lovable local Leutner. Rushing inside to shelter from the cold, she shook her long golden hair free of snow and looked for a place to defrost. The mats were too wet and the tile was too slippery, but there was a spot beside a floor dryer that was just right. She handed her school ID away backwards and sideways until it beeped just once. "Just right," said the card swiper, followed by, "Have a nice day now!"

She saw the stir-fry and pasta lines were long and the grill was in between rounds of cheeseburgers, but the home table was just right. She went to get a drink, and while the skim milk was out and there was a line for water, the chocolate milk had the correct ratio of choc-

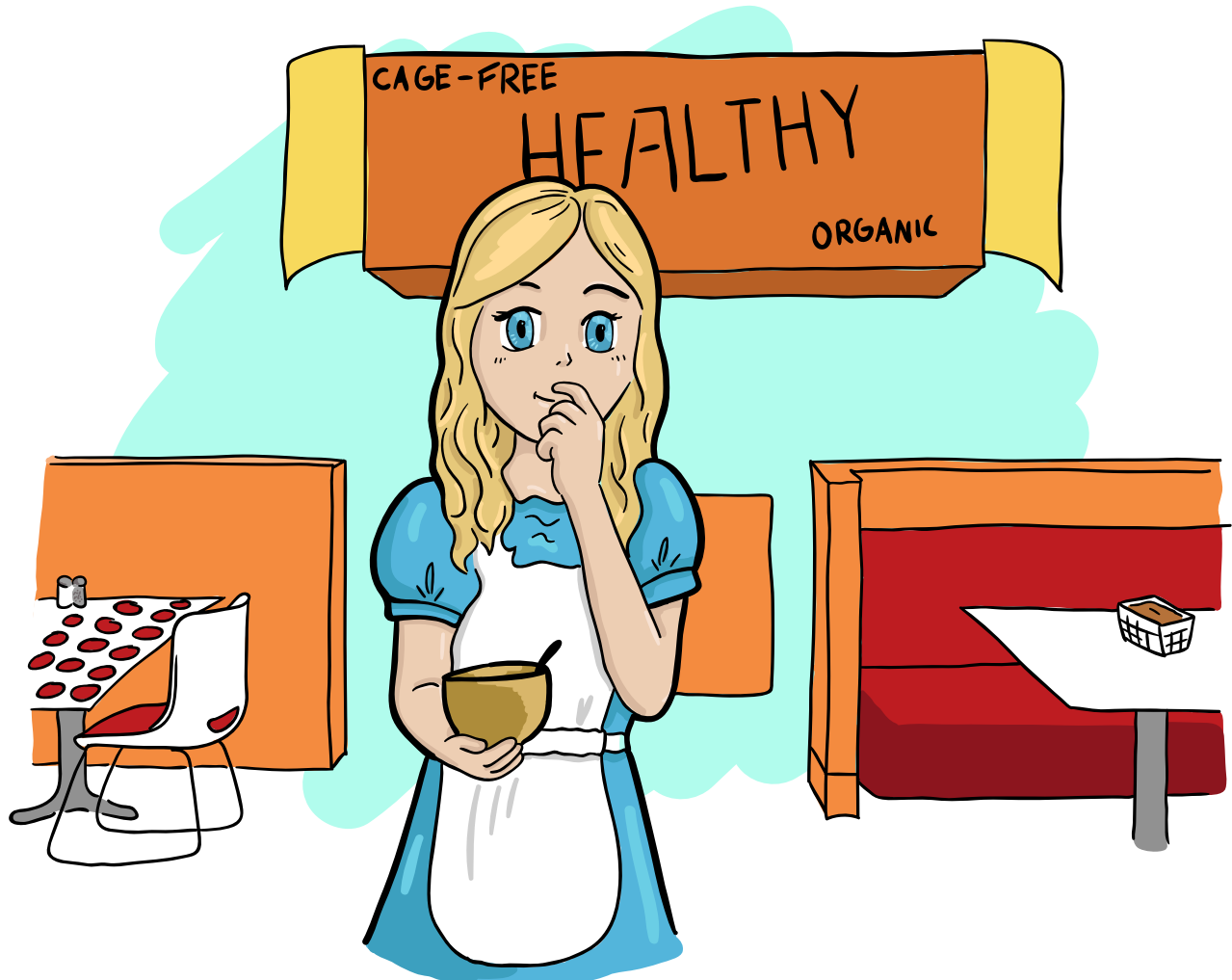
olate to milk, for once. Having arrived at an off time, she could hear smooth jazz fill the room, closely followed by hard-core rap, but when T-Swift came on she hummed along, and that was just right. When she looked around for friends to sit with, she searched a while to find someone just right: first, she saw a hard-working person surrounded by a laptop and books ("Too busy!" she said); next, she saw a way too close-for-public couple kissing each other ("Too gooshy!" she said); then, she found three friends from her dorm who waved her over, and that was just right.

After complaining about the food, then test grades and homework, she finally steered the conversation to the ideal weekend plans.

Up for dessert: She saw the cart was coming around and didn't want to wait,

but then they didn't have any blondies, so she took a normal brownie and headed to the ice cream. There was only one person in front of her, giving her time to survey her options. They didn't have vanilla or pumpkin, leaving just superhero-birthday cake flavored, superman and chocolate. The decision was difficult, but she took her chances on chocolate and found the edges were hard to scoop but the middle was just right. Adding her brownie to the top of her carefully crafted masterpiece, she triumphantly returned to the table.

After enjoying her long day's reward of ice cream and 20 minutes of pleasant conversation, she left to find the wind had stopped and glistening snow was lightly falling on the Cleveland winter wonderland. She smiled. "Just right," she said, and finally stopped procrastinating.





Deities destroy CWRU Theology 101

Written by Kayla Devault

Students of CWRU's new World Theology 101 class find themselves with an easier workload after a slew of angry gods destroyed their classroom.

When Professor Harold Piper, atheist, felt that students needed a class to learn about the various religious god-figures of the world, he had no idea what can of worms he was opening. "I thought people would, naturally, be frustrated with the class during some touchy discussions. I had no idea the gods themselves would be the ones to open fire."

World Theology 101 started peacefully in January. Students carried various books of scripture, analyzing historical events and their impacts on theological beliefs. Piper slowly encouraged his students to see beyond their conflicts, and to understand that they often believed different versions of the same thing.

"I was showing them that, sometimes, a god can seem to be just a powerful means of intimidation that places doctrines for how to live our lives and threatens us if we don't do as we're told. The idea was to support a new stream of thinking that encourages people to believe what they want and to coexist peacefully," sighed Piper. "I thought that understanding religious origins was an excellent way to drive that point home."

Yet, as the students became more understanding, the situation became increasingly dangerous.

"I wrote an essay on how cool Jesus was," said Ella Bonberg, a Jewish student. "Then the weather turned."

"I finished the Koran," said Nicholas Gualeta, Buddhist. "I was walking to class, comparing the many different gods in my head, trying to decide if they're all really just the same guy. I was starting to see what professor Piper was saying. Then I looked up at the Sun and thought, now is that Ra or Apollo or a really big ball of fire? And, just like that, the sky got black and I had to run into the building for class because I thought a tornado might be coming."

That day, all 15 students were present when Piper invited them to listen to "Same Love" by Macklemore. "I told them, think about what religion is supposed to be: love, acceptance, living together peacefully," explained Piper. "For God's sake, I thought it was a respectable notion. Then I wrote the line 'Whatever god you believe in, we come from the same one' on the board. The students started clapping and hugging each other, holding their personal scriptures and smiling. And all hell broke loose."

Accounts vary as to what actually happened that day. Many saw bushes outside burst into flames, while others saw apparitions of gods appear in the hallway, pressing zombie-like faces against the glass. Others witnessed tornadoes of dust transform into swarms of fleas, cockroaches and frogs. One student in particular is convinced that a possessed form of Pan refused to stop playing his flute until the student did the Dougie and Gangnam Style with him.

Piper gave his side of the story: "I looked up to the quote I wrote on the board and the letters started changing. Suddenly, the whole board was rewriting itself. I think at some point a sun was drawn and it said 'Ra's crib', but Ra was crossed out and replaced with Apollo, then Apollo was crossed out and replaced with Ra, back and forth until they ran out of space. A lot of inappropriate words and vulgar sketches were made regarding Macklemore."

He continued: "Pretty sure all of my chalk turned into serpents, and that's the point where I pretty much just gave up. It felt like a group of kids were fighting over who gets to go down a slide first. Finally, all of the text books and essays burst into flames, and the cockroach tornadoes ended once the pages were destroyed. So our class is taking a little hiatus right now until we can afford new materials. I think the experience was a little traumatizing for the students, so they could use some time to reflect on their religious allegiances."

When asked if this experience will change Piper's opinion on divinity, he retorted quite frankly, "I see no reason to change my mind on the matter. Science clearly trumps all." His atheist stance seems completely unaffected by this divine chaos.

FUN PAGE

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	9		8	3				

EASY

HARD

Aaron was no longer sure he wanted to play that Super Smash Brothers rematch.



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A new semester has started - this is the first issue that can be rated, so get to it!

Congratulations to December's winner, Eleanor Rambo, of \$50 for her submission!

To enter, go to:

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

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- Angeline Xiong
- Anastazia Vanisko



Articles due on the 14th!
Email with any interest for writing or drawing at any time.

Next Brainstorming Meeting:
Friday, March 7th - 2pm to 4pm,
Media Board Room

Next Production Meeting:
From Home - Spring Break!
Have fun. :D

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