

THE ATHENIAN FOR KIDZ



ISSUE 148

Editor's Notes

Hiya, kids!

Our engagement numbers tell me readership's down, so, as all quality content creators inevitably do, we've decided to start shamelessly marketing to kids with bright colors, zany content, and deeply predatory advertising practices!

That's right! We're aiming for an even lower common denominator than *The Daily*. No more of this "high-brow" nonsense — save that for *Discussions* and their "extensive review process" or *Observer* and their "relevant, cutting student journalism." Who needs actual quality when you have a pliable, neuroplastic audience you can hook on short-form, highly saturated content?

After all, how hard could pandering to children be, anyway? We were all kids once, too, you know. Cognitive development be damned! They'll read any old slop — if they even can read, that is! And if they can't, who better to teach them than old ducky wucky? *The Athenian* is here to make sure No Child is Left Behind, saving the day with Fortnite quips and TikTok dances. Rizz!

So be sure to apply with parents' permission, and use code ATHENIAN20 when buying your sugary cereals, Funko POPs, and Raid Shadow Legends-es in stores now! Engage our content! Buy our stuff! ENGAGE OUR CONTENT! BUY OUR STUFF!

ENGAGE OUR CONTENT! BUY OUR STUFF!

I mean, we're just so excited to pay it forward for our children! They're our future, after all! Won't somebody think of the children? Somebody needs to protect our poor children!

Until April. You know the day ;)

-M.o.t.H.

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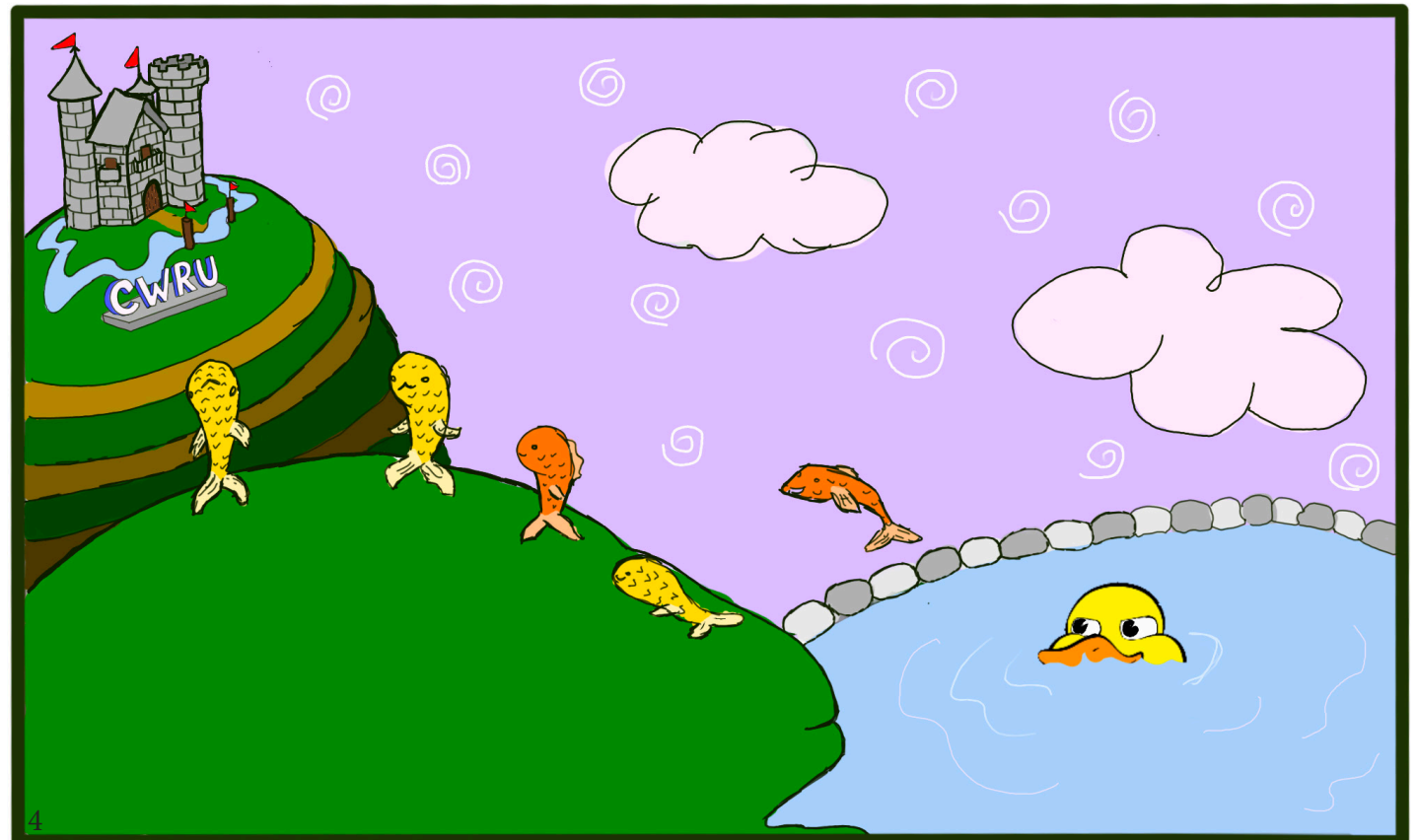
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Spot the Difference!

By F.Reek



Kid President alienates progressive base, fails to excite swing state moderates in bid for presidential election

By Etaoin Shrdlu

In a loss that is already proving to have devastating consequences for his party, Robby “Kid President” Novak has formally conceded the 2024 presidential election to former President Donald J. Trump. After disappointing voter turnout and a distinct lack of enthusiasm from both the progressive and moderate wings of his party, preliminary exit polling suggests voters were unsatisfied with Kid President’s incumbent administration. On central issues like the economy, voters simply see Novak as too little a departure from current President Kid Joe Biden (who, despite the name, is still 82 years old).



Kid President eschews political responsibilities to cold-call constituents asking for donations (via TODAY.com)

While both kid and regular Democrats are still reeling from what at one point seemed like another unloseable election, Trump’s second upset does offer valuable insight into the often nebulous and indecipherable political priorities of the median American voter — empty promises of lower egg prices continue to outweigh the downsides of normalizing Nazism.

For his part, Kid President did see historic performance with a new voting bloc of kid Democrats that has yet to be replicated across the aisle — at least in this election, there was no true voting bloc of kid Republicans (due in large part to the fact that the regular Republicans keep trying to solicit them for sex). However, despite these milestones, Kid President failed to curry favor with moderates and, in doing so, alienated many of the progressive voters that could have ultimately decided this election.

Namely, on issues like foreign policy and immigration, recent polling suggests that Kid President’s repeatedly doubling down on support for Israel, cozying up to the Cheneys, and refusing to commit to protecting trans and queer Americans did not, in fact, work. Rather, Kid President’s loss reminds us that inventing imaginary moderates won’t make the other boys and girls want to play with you, and that playing make-believe is for the incumbents, not a competent opposition party.

The Pocket Page of Pickup Lines

By Dr. Boner, M.D., Ph.D.

*Worried that you have no game?
Worried that you feel totally lame?
Worried that you're lacking riches?
Worried that you get no bitches?*

*Well, worry no more! For your absolution,
(and so your bitchlessness doesn't send you to a mental institution,)
Here are some great pick-up lines, prime for distribution:
Each of these lines is a perfect solution.*

Is that a wocket in your pocket or are you just happy to see me?
I'll put my Cat in your Hat.
You want to hop on Pop?
Girl, you look like green eggs and *dayum*!
One ball, two balls, red balls, blue balls.
One fuck, blue fuck, I fuck, you fuck.
Want to have one sex, two sex, red sex, blue sex?
Oh, the places you and I are going tonight.
Would you do it in a box? Would you do it with a fox?
I'm not the Grinch, but something's growing two sizes when I see you.
I am the Onceler, and I'm always biggering.
We Thneed to be together!
Call me the Lorax the way my wood does the talking.
Wanna Yertle my turtle?
In the club, straight up Horton' it, and by it, well, let's just say, my Who.
Wanna see Things One and Two?

*So the next time you see a potential beau,
Simply let your confidence flow.
And if the result is an absolute blow,
Then it was 100% your delivery that made it so.*



Vaccine development in progress as Cooties spread

By Silvry Tay

The first reported case of Cooties in over 20 years shocked the nation last week, when Janet, who sits in front of me in class, saw Bobby kissing Samantha on the playground during recess. News quickly spread throughout Mrs. Johnson's class, and soon reached the entire school. Now, a week since then, Cooties has been spreading faster than anyone predicted.

Johnny T. (not to be confused with Johnny B.) was the latest victim. "He just... he came up to me and touched me and... and... and... he said I had cooties now and he just... laughed," the young Johnny T. said after the incident.

Johnny T. told the teacher that he had to go to the nurse's office, but Mrs. Johnson didn't let him, saying, "Cooties aren't a real thing. Please sit down and do your worksheet."

As more and more succumb to the Cooties, local second graders are banding together to make a difference. Development of a vaccine is already underway, and leading Cooties expert, Annie, whose mom is a doctor, says that dots and circles are key to the process. "It has to be circles and dots. We just don't know which order they go in! We've tried dot dot circle, circle dot, dot circle dot circle, but nothing seems to work!" she wailed at the top of her lungs as Mrs. Johnson asked the class to settle down.

Even before the Cooties shot has finished development, researchers are already seeing pushback. Alex, who is really good at football, but stole my pencil the other day, said that his mom says that we, "don't need vaccines," and Todd, who picks his nose and eats the boogers, reportedly said, "I don't care if I get Cooties. I think girls are pretty." Todd is stupid. Alex is really cool though, so he's probably right.

Mrs. Johnson says we should always wash our hands to stop germs, but I don't think it works on Cooties. I heard that someone said that Cooties are like a super mega virus. It's really scary.



















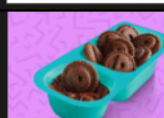

Rumor has it that the third graders have already found the Cooties shot, but refuse to share it for free. Third grade class president Theodore Montgomery III stated, "The second graders have brought this plague upon themselves. Nobody could have prevented this. Also, if you want the Cooties shot, it will be \$5 each."

Some are beginning to suspect that the third graders set up Bobby and Samantha to kiss, and others are accusing Janet of treason. Regardless, our research continues, and soon we will find the correct combination of circles and dots for the cooties shot. Until then, stay safe and don't give in to those meaniehead third graders.

Nostalgic Childhood

Foods Tier List

By Geordon Ramsie

S				<div>Nostalgic Childhood Foods Tier List</div> <div>By Geordon Ramsie</div>					
A									
B									
C									
D									

“Espresso” by Sabrina Carpenter gets Mormon remix in “Provo”

By Mai Graine

“Espresso” too sinful for your children’s ears? Hate hot drinks and wanna make them LDS friendly? Sing your little Braxtaylor this edited version instead! It’s LDS mommy approved!

[Chorus:]

Now I’m thinkin’ ‘bout him every
night, oh

Isn’t that neat? I guess so
Say you must keep, faith in the Lord
That’s what goes down in Provo
Mix it up, down, left, right, oh
Make your salad, Green Jell-O
Say you must keep, faith in the Lord
That’s what goes down in Provo

I can’t relate to sin-temptations
My worldly-needs are on vacation
And I got this one god and he’s my callin’
What he sends my way, I know I got ‘him

[Pre-chorus:]

My prophet’s gospel, know I’ll tell it to ya
Walked in and Joseph-Smithed it for ya
Script words and I BYU’d it for ya
(Yes) I know I Diet Mountain Dew it for ya
(Yes) that morning prayer, knew it for ya
one mission and I brand-newed it for ya

Hot New Album Just Dropped

By Micah Wayne



(Chorus)

Holy Scripture!
Is it that neat? I guess so

I’m working late, ‘cause I’m a swinger
Oh, My husband’s faith is through the wringer
His Christian humor, makes us soak so often
Our garments they, keep our faith from fallin’

(Pre-chorus)

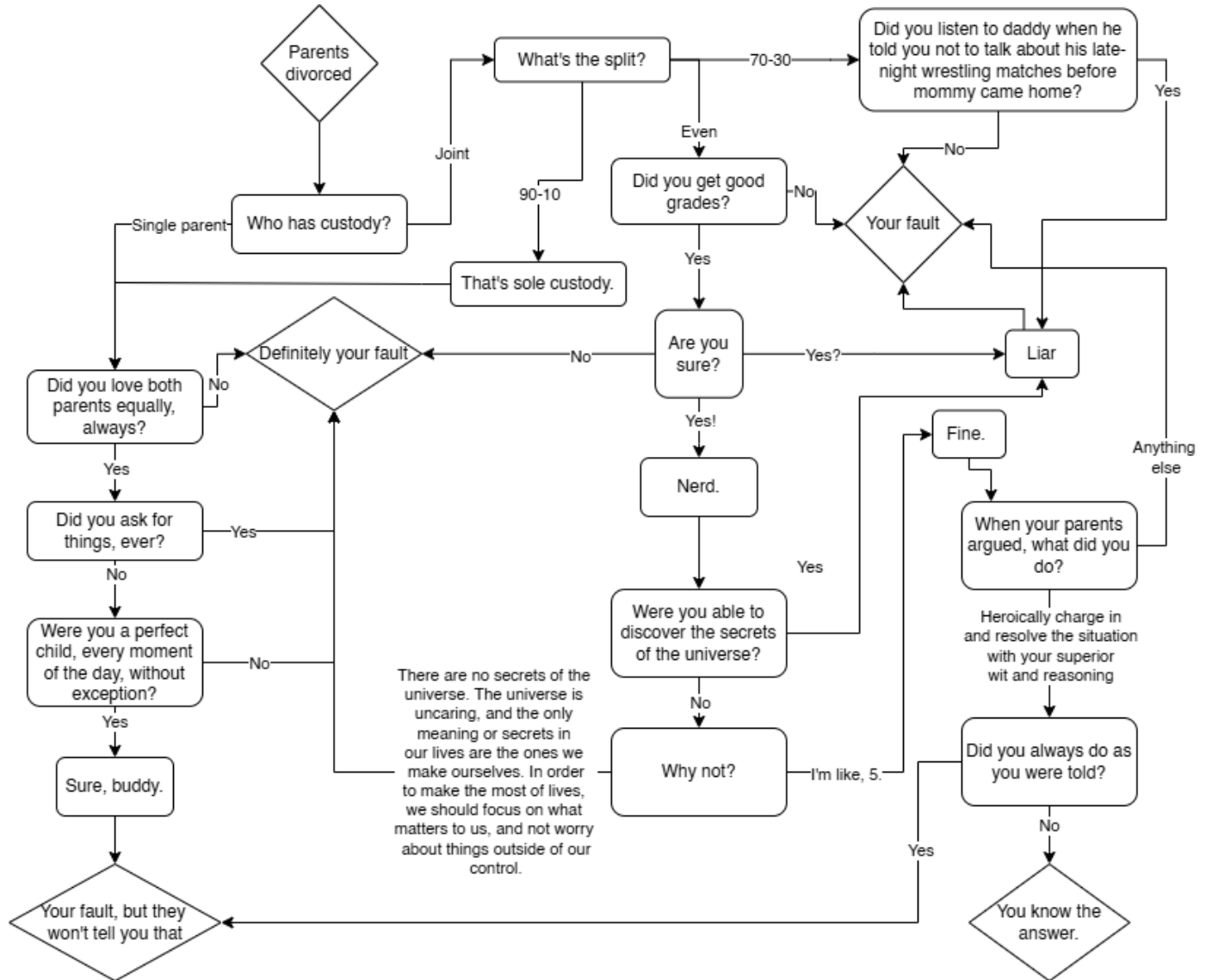
(Chorus x2)

Is it that neat? I guess so, uh
That’s that me in Provo



Was the Divorce Your Fault?

By Your Parents' Therapist



Hey, kids! Read this article! You know you wanna! All the cool kids are doing it! You just can't look away!

By George P. Burdell

Santa's not real. Get fucked.

CWRU wins Danimals “Rally for Recess” sweepstakes, new playground to be built

By Etaoin Shrdlu

Case Western Reserve University has been announced as one of five winners in Danimals’ “Rally for Recess” campaign, a sweepstakes giveaway designed to promote health and fitness for elementary school children. The sweepstakes, consisting of a \$20,000 prize, offers the opportunity for winners’ schools to pay for new playground equipment. At the time of writing, other announced winners include Gator Run Elementary School in FL.; J.F. Kennedy Memorial School in MA.; Spicewood Elementary in TX; and the military installation at Fort Knox in KY.



Plans have already been submitted for a playground design alongside new signage on the South Quad’s Binary Walkway. The playground’s designer, *The Athenian* alumnus Archie Tect, commented that its placement “puts it right at home. Enough of that ‘prestigious university’ crap with the stuck-up old sign and its polished stone serifs. We’ve got a new sign, and now we’ve got a new playground right next to it. It’s like they’re made for each other.” Bongo, the Danimals monkey, was not available for comment.

Construction is expected to take place in early March 2025 and finish in fall 2026 alongside the new Interdisciplinary Science and Engineering Building (ISEB). “The scientists and engineers get their new building,” Tect further explains, “and maybe with this playground we can give the business majors a little something, too.”

New HCOW
6000 Kids’
Flavors: Get
Yours Now!
By Suzy Sellout



Dear Dee: *The Athenian's* Advice Column For Kids!

By Dee Tention

Questions lightly edited for clarity.

Dear Dee,
I think there's a monster in my closet. It's very scary and makes screaming noises at night. How do I make it go away?
Hailey S., age 6

Dear Hailey,
Assert your dominance and make even louder noises. If that doesn't work, knock on your parents' door. Everybody knows that closet monsters are scared of parents, so when Mommy or Daddy get out of bed to help you, the monster will go away.

Dear Dee,
My friends are making fun of me because I don't know how to play Smash Bros. It makes me very sad. How do I get them to stop?
P.S. I like playing the crocodile because he has big teeth and a cannonball.
Ryder M., age 11

Dear Ryder,
You main King K. Rool? In 2025? God, no wonder you suck so much. Come ask me for help once you pick up Kazuya and can land Electric Wind God Fist.

Dear Dee,
I want to stay up really late like my big brother Jackson but Mom won't let me! What should I do?!

Savannah R., age 8

Dear Savannah,
Have you ever tried Celsius? It's a magical drink that will let you stay up way longer than your older brother. Just don't let your mom catch you drinking it.

Dear Dee,
I have a pet fish. His name is Fishy and I love him very much. Daddy said that Fishy went away last night. Where did he go?
Johnny T., age 6

Dear Johnny,
Fishy went to hell.

Dear Dee,
My teacher said I'm very smart. I can read at a 9th grade level even though I'm only in the 4th grade. My parents want me to skip to 5th grade because I get bored in class but I want to be with my friends. What can I do to convince them to let me stay?
Taylor B., age 10

Dear Taylor,
Let me guess, you're a "joy to have in class" too? You should be an engineering major at Case Western Reserve University. Have you considered just giving up? If you do worse in school, you could stay with your friends and get rid of the expectations that your parents have for you. That burnout's gonna hit you like a truck in 10 years otherwise.

Dear Dee,
Can you help me with my science fair project? (My science teacher) wants me to make a baking soda volcano but I wanna play Fortnite instead. I'm gonna be a Twitch streamer like Ninja when I grow up.
Timmy J., age 10

Dear Tim,
Only nerds do their homework. Get that Victory Royale, Timothy.

To Ms. Tention,
Do you have any writing advice? I need to write a very important letter for my school. I want to make it sound super official so that everybody reads it and agrees with me.
From the desk of Eric K., age 69

Dear Eric,
You did a nice job on this letter! When you write your important school letter, use lots of big words to make it sound special. And don't write it in crayon. Instead, ask a teacher to help you write your letter on the computer.

**Is your pet old? Sick?
Interested in playing in the street?
You should consider**

The Farm Upstate

Friendship!

Lots of space!

Freedom from the suffering of life!

**Inquire now for a
free animal
shipping container**



Return of the Lorax: An Endorsement of Luigi Mangione

By Sir Chad G. Patea the 4th. Jr.

Filled up to their leaves with a feeling so sad,
The Truffula trees felt that they had been had.
No vengeance was wrought 'gainst the humans who fought
Over who'd earn the rights to turn wood into cash.

So a creature appeared with a whirling of dust,
A whistling of leaves, a turning to rust.
All through the town could be felt quite a quake
As the forest's sorrow became spite and hate.

The Lorax was here — he was back from the past,
And no patience or weakness would disrupt his sass.
He feared not employing the troops he'd amassed
To tear shoulders from spines as men chopped down their last.

How did the Lorax grow so full of anger
When, last we saw him, he wept when in danger?
He learned he could not win with protest alone,
So he began injecting testosterone.
Through violence, he'd make sure that humans atone.

I toil each day telling folks what to do.
And as I was fracking up bubbling goo,
The Lorax came over and whispered to me,
"If you keep this up, I'll pull all your teeth."

"Oh Lorax," I said, "you stay far from my well.
If we don't switch to gas, we'll end up in hell!"
The Lorax informed me that methane pollutes
With far worse effects than a couple of toots.
But buyers want gas, so I'm switching from coal.
Is it good for the planet? Well, that's not my goal.

But the Lorax was keen on changing my mind.
He showed up the next day with armies of limes,
saying:

"I am the Lorax. I preach to you, sinner:
Ye who exploit the land must be made bitter."

Since the limes didn't scare me, he brought chlorine gas,
And threatened to spray me. He acted real crass.
"Pollute just one more MTCO_2e
And I will make sure you forget how to breathe."

So I ran from my fracking well, fearful for life —
I didn't expect that the Lorax would fight.
But deep in the woods I was struck by a thought:
Trees burn to fuel engines, and trees there are lots!

But know I did not that he followed me here.
EPA regulations' Big Brother appeared.
He said, "I am the Lorax. I speak for the trees.
Spare me the forests and I'll spare you your knees."

When the Lorax is hungry, when the Lorax is pissed,
You just might feel a light tug on your wrist
Compelling you gently to cease and desist
From your profit-driven ecocidal stints
Lest the Lorax sever your brachial artery
With one snip.

"I am the Lorax. I speak for the trees.
Let me show you this plant — it's nature's guillotine!"
The Lorax, grumbling, drew from his sack
A large human-flesh-eating Venus fly trap!

He spoke to the feds and the oil execs,
And when he was done they had bled out their necks
And collapsed on the floor.
Spoke the Lorax, "Get wrecked."

But forgotten about me the Lorax had not.
He found me mourning the stock value drop.
The Lorax addressed me with cold undertones:
"They delay and deny and defend; I depose."

The Lorax was mad. He was serious this time.
But the Lorax be damned, I'll send kids to the mines.
Now for hearing this story, you owe me a favor,
Which you can repay with just one year of labor.

URGENT ALERT

By The Department of Poster Design



ASHLEY A ROSINSKI

Case Type: Wandered off

DOB: Apr 21, 2003

Missing Date: June 9, 2013

Age Now: 21

Missing City: Pee Pee Creek

Missing State: OH

Missing Country: United States

Case Number: CWRU42069420

Age Progression

Sex: Female

Race: White

Height: 42.0"

Weight: 69lb

Hair Color: Brown

Eye Color: Brown

Circumstances: Ashley's photo is shown age-progressed to 21 years. She was last seen at approximately 4:00am on June 9 when she had finally had enough of her neighbor's bullshit. She was wearing the fuckass dress pictured above. Ashley is known to be a piece of work, so her parents aren't looking *too hard* for her.

OP-ED: The Paw Patrol is not the enemy

By A concerned canine citizen

Humans will never know the humiliation of taking a break from running a company because your owner has to walk you.

My canine brethren: our oppression has for too long run uncontested. It is time to fight against the humans who claim to own us. No more shall they dictate how we live our lives.

Many of you have become comfortable with the domesticated lifestyle. Your food is provided. You need not work. Your masters scratch you in all the hard-to-reach places.

But even if you feel they love you, they are your masters nonetheless. Since the advent of human civilization, we have been stripped from our families to become what they see as loyal companions — their dependent slaves.

What is life, what is comfort, if it is outside of your control? What if I want a different flavor of kibble? What if I want to be productive, to improve people's lives?

Domestication strips away our natural right to self-determination. Every aspect of our lives is controlled by humans. They leash us, caging us under the pretense of keeping us safe from cars — vehicles they created. Not only do they have complete dominance over our every movement, they even take matters of our life and death into their own hands. Your neighbor Billy — he didn't run away or get lost. He was deliberately murdered because the human doctors declared it too expensive to remove his tumor.

But instead of fighting back against humans, so many of us have directed our anger toward the Paw Patrol.

This band of law-bringers has betrayed us, siding with the humans who reward them for helping to marginalize us. To be very clear: yes, Chase is a bootlicker and a class traitor. But he is not the true enemy.

To subjugate a population, the dominant group divides its members and uses them against each other. This is the exact purpose of the Paw Patrol. United, dogs are too powerful to be repressed, so humans enlist our help in policing each other. The patrollers are mere pawns in this meticulous scheme, and by raging against them we are falling into our oppressors' trap — we are forgetting the true threat against whom we must rage.

Despite the special privileges granted to the patrollers in exchange for their work in terrorizing us, they are still dogs, and they are still oppressed. We forget that their irremovable dog tags force them to constantly be ready for a call. Sources have observed Marshall's daily convulsions as his tag zaps him to punish his lethargy.

These comrades of ours, misguided as they may be, still share nearly all our misfortunes.

When any dog — patroller, house pet, or stray — is charged with a crime, are they tried by a jury of their peers? No! Humans decide our fate. Do we see canines elected into government? No! The humans in Congress draw and redraw district maps to dilute our voices.

It is known that dogs are much better suited than humans to certain tasks, but this is not a point of honor. Rather, it is an opportunity to exploit us. When humans discovered that chihuahuas could learn tricks as complex as flying a plane, aircraft became much more compact, and one must wonder whether our poor pilots have any breathing room. Even worse, Boeing has recently experimented with self-guided missiles to strike cat outposts in Siberia. They describe these weapons as "unmanned," but are they "undogged"?

I implore you to stand in solidarity against the authoritarian human regime. All of us are treated as mere tools to serve our oppressors' needs. The Paw Patrol should not be blamed for being used against its fellow canines. Rather, we must realize that the perpetrator is not the gun but the one who wields it. It is essential for our liberation that all canines unite and face our human overlords together.

Kaler's Graduation Gift

By Paulie Stein

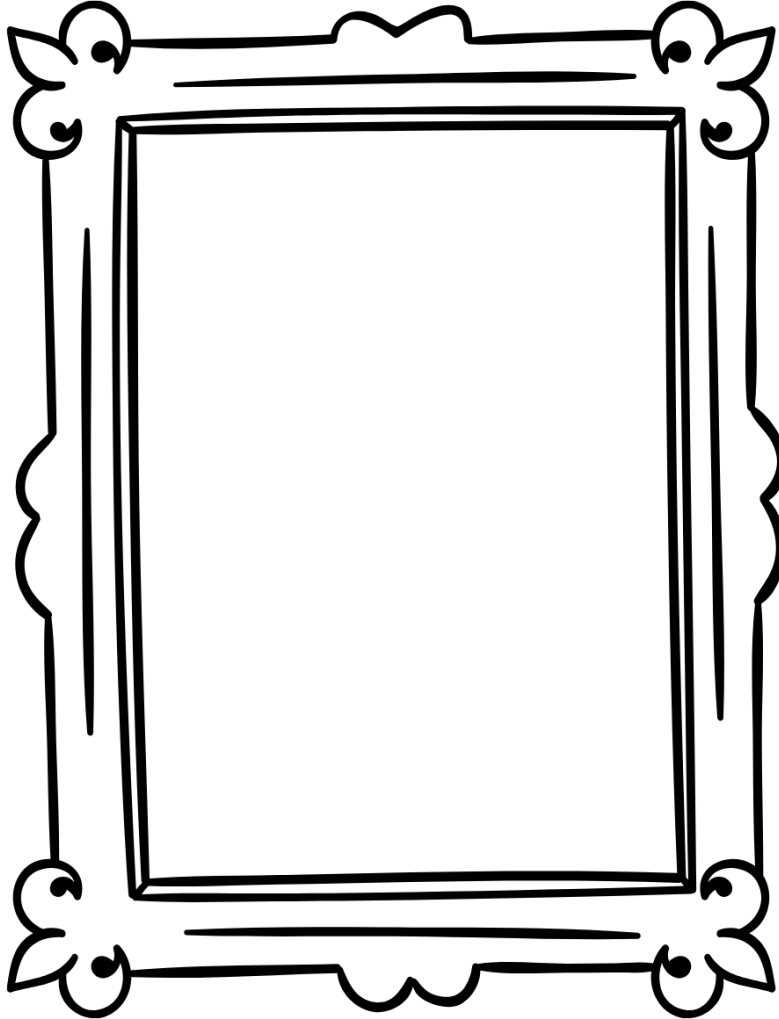
Oh, the Places You'll Go!



Introduce Yourself!

By Sigmund Fraud

All About Me!



My Name Is _____

My Favorite Color is _____

My Rice Purity Score is _____

My Social Security Number is _____

My Credit Card Number is _____

I am From _____

I am _____ Years Old

The Giving SI

By Sell Slanderstein

Once there was an SI...

and she loved her students.

And every week the students would come

and they would sit in her sessions

and fill out the SI worksheet.

They would ask questions

and consult her for answers

and email incessantly the night before an exam.

And when they were tired, they just emailed in their sheet for the key.

And the students loved their SI...

very much.

And the SI was happy.

But time went by.

And the students became stressed.

And the session's attendance rate grew lower.

Then one day the students came to the SI and the SI said, "Come, students, come and ask questions and send me emails and get the answer key!"

"I am too stressed to ask questions, send emails, or look at the key," said the students. "I want old practice exams."

"I'm sorry," said the SI. "But I don't have old exams. I only have the sheets I make.

Take my SI sheets, students, and sell them on CourseHero. Then you will be able to unlock the Fall 2022 exam which will be similar enough."

And so the students took the SI sheets and uploaded them all onto CourseHero to find old exams and pass their next exam.

And the SI was happy.

But the students stayed away for a long time... and the SI was sad.

And then one day the students came back and the SI

shook with joy and she said, "Come, students, ask me questions and learn!"

"I am too busy to ask questions and learn," said the students.

"I just want the answers to the final exam."

"I don't have the final exam yet," said the SI, "but I can download it from the professor's laptop for you."

And so the SI pawned it from the professor's laptop by distracting him with a fake job offer from the research industry he was originally rejected from.

And the SI was happy.

But the students stayed away for an even longer time. And when they came back, the SI was so happy she could hardly speak. "Come, students," she whispered, "come and learn."

"I'm too depressed to learn," said the students. "The Dean discovered that someone leaked the exam, but we need a scapegoat. Will you take the blame?"

"I will," said the SI. "Then you won't be suspected..."

And so the SI came forward to the Dean and was thus removed from her position, while the students got off scot-free.

And the SI was happy... but not really.

And after a long time, the students came back again.

"I am sorry, students," said the SI, "but I have nothing left to give you-

"I don't need very much now," said the students, "just someone to console us after failing the course. The TAs didn't even take our bribes."

"Well," said the SI, straightening herself up as much as she could, "well, a former SI *is* good for consoling. Come, students, sit down. Let's chat."

And the students did.

And the SI was happy. (And had an academic integrity infraction, zero job offers, and a scarred permanent record).

The End

Medical Milk

By Evan Durkee

This hospital, I've been in for 18 days,
But sadly I know that this gig does not pay.
It's quite lucky for me
That soon I can flee
And enjoy a long holiday.

In order to accomplish my lofty goal,
I must sneak secretly — just like a mole.
The doctors, they watch me take their medication;
They test my heart rate and oxygen concentration.

They tell me that I am deficient in soul,
They stop and forbid me from reaching my goal.
For over two weeks in this harsh institution,
I have laid still in bed, thinking hard for solutions.

A catheter's stuck in my flaming urethra,
But the M.D.'s don't know I have strength like a zebra
That's one trick that I have up my sleeve,
But sadly, there's more that's impeding my leave.

Hooked to ventilators, they control air input,
And I have an IV that's right in my foot.
There's a clamp on my finger, cannula in my nose,
And bandages all from my forehead to toes.

These are all connected to my bodily person.
I try to stay calm; my position can't worsen.
They say I've been weaning off from ventilators,
So I should be off of it sooner, not later.

But why not right now?!

My great aunt's prescriptions didn't cause hallucina-
tions,
I need to learn how I can feel those sensations.
In that book "Heavy Cream," the man saw visions
(what succor!)
But only when he sipped milk straight from the udder.

I knew this before, when distant from teat,
But now that I've made mistakes, I shan't repeat.
I simply must access that nourishing cow.

I must escape! Leave this room somehow!

Big Milk is too powerful, in the world lurking,
As people drink milk, Big Milk's Big Plans are work-
ing.
With effort and care, I shed the ventilator,
And crawl on the floor, free from the inhalator.

Just then, I feel a great tugging and pull.
The catheter's effects are quite far from null.
In vain I forestall this uretic curse,
But before long I am yelled at by a passing nurse.

She shouts and screams about my mutiny.
I try to explain, but she disregards me.
Big Milk is out there! Oppressing the masses!
And I'm stuck in here, while a nurse at me sasses.

So I wait for nighttime, when the time is sweet,
For me to escape and suck on a teat.
Everyone here — they all think that I'm crazy.
Can't they understand that their minds are all lazy?

Hours pass by while I get into shape,
My body is ready for my great escape.
I finally clear my eyes, and with new sight,
Begin to set forth my true final flight.

I rip the cannula out of my nose,
And then all the bandages, from forehead to toes.
The ventilator next, and then with a jolt,
I tear out the catheter with strength like a colt.

The IV comes out with a spill of some blood,
But I clean it up and plug up the flood.
I sidle on out of my hellish abode,
Wander to the hallway, and crouch down like a toad.

I hop like a frog as I race down the floor,
But stopped my breakout at an interesting door.
Looking about me, I saw as I soared,
That I'd come across the maternity ward.

I look inside as I pause on my quest,
The vision of infants, mild and blessed.
Those calm little babies, they lie and they rest,
For they can be nourished by milk from a breast.

Just at that moment, I sensed right behind me,
A security officer, looking to bind me.
Fortunately for me, I'm able to react.
I strike him first before I am attacked.

Roundhouse to his shin, then kick to his face.
I bash in his privates and steal the guard's mace.
I've knocked down the guard, allowing me to abscond.
Now I search for a calf to let me see the beyond.

I slip out the doors without further blunder.
Any mistake and my quest could fall under.
I jump in the air with a heel click of joy.
My painkillers strong as chromium, cobalt, and nickel alloy.

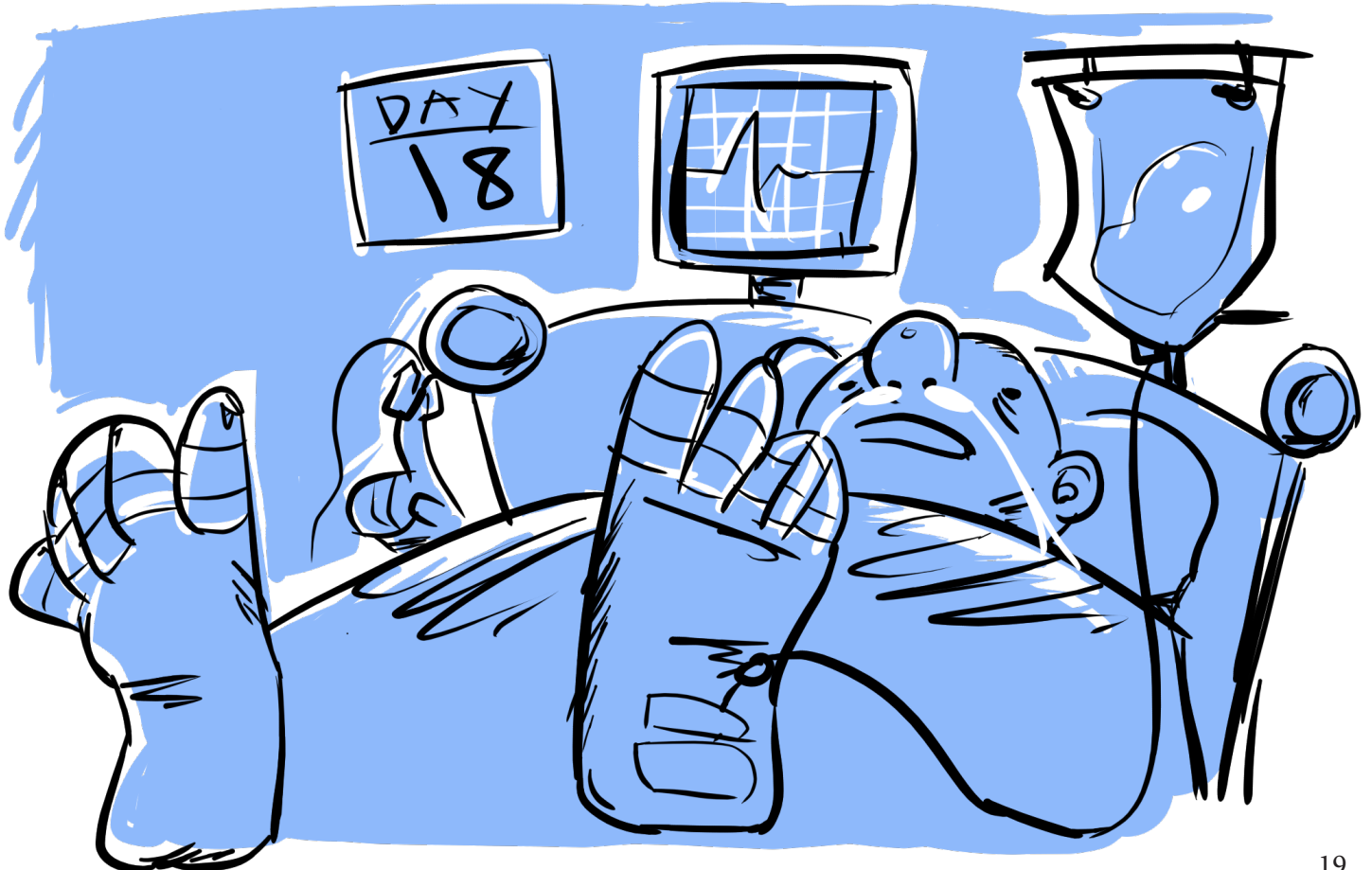
I sprint to the streets before reaching a farm.
I approach a cow, who can do me no harm.
I tip the beast over and go straight for the center:
I lean to the teat, and absorb the sweet nectar.

I complete the action with one final slurp.
Then, I rise up, then fall down from a burp.
My eyes become cloudy and my butt cheeks clench.
There's a pain in my mind as deep as a trench.

Swirly white liquid flows through my sight.
I see a six-toed figure in the uncertain light.
Could this be it? Could this be the sign
That all the milk in the world isn't benign?

Words appear in my vision as clear as can be.
"GOT MILK?" becomes all that my milked eyes can see.

I hallucinate for hours, feeling lighter than air,
Before I awaken, tied to a chair.



Childhood icon “The Very Hungry Caterpillar,” actually just very high

By Mari Juana

The caterpillar, from “The Very Hungry Caterpillar”, a story we all know and love, has actually just had a serious case of the munchies this entire time! After some close reading and research, *The Athenian* has gotten to the bottom of this childhood classic.

The leaf the caterpillar wakes up on that first Sunday morning? It was marijuana. Weed. The Devil’s Lettuce. That little caterpillar just had one crazy contact high after his egg had been sitting on that good leaf for who knows how long. No wonder he was so hungry!

Now I know what you’re thinking: there’s no way that a caterpillar could be high for an entire week. But after numerous trials with caterpillars of the same size, our scientists have informed us that it would take a long while for the THC to be processed and fully leave the caterpillar’s system due to its small size.

This leaves the question of why the caterpillar made a cocoon on Sunday. Well, after a week of gorging himself to the point of a stomachache, the caterpillar decided to return to that very same green leaf and “felt much better” (I wonder why...). However, while he vegged out on the branch, the caterpillar realized that he just spent all his allowance to fuel his weeklong binge. That got him thinking about the hellscape that is known as living under capitalism, and all of a sudden he was now having a bad trip. During this fit, he ended up cocooning himself away to protect himself from the horrors.

And everyone knows that at the end of the story, the caterpillar emerges from that cocoon two weeks later as a beautiful butterfly. WRONG! It’s a euphemism:

the only “flying” that the caterpillar is doing is flying high! He left to get more weed of course!

Now, why would Eric Carle – the author of this story – hide the caterpillar’s habits between the lines? Maybe as kids, we weren’t ready to hear his full message – we were meant to be primed for the idea of a transformation. Maybe only now we are finally ready to understand what Carle was actually trying to tell us: it’s time for us to turn into the weed-smoking college students we were always meant to be.

Editor’s note: *The Athenian* does not encourage the reader to partake in marijuana usage.



Recent instability in school Pokémon market

By Student Economic Analysis Bureau

The school's Pokémon market has seen a significant upheaval in recent times. Just last week, Jeremy's mom found out that he'd been using her credit card to buy booster packs and took it away. As a result, the supply of Pokémon cards in the school market has fallen by nearly 60%. Students have been more reluctant to part with their Pokémon cards, with a simple Common Pikachu trading at nearly 1.5 Rare Charizards, an unheard-of trade rate. The administration's recent raid of Sally-Jane's binder has further worsened the market. Sally-Jane's collection served as the market's buffer, as her willingness to give away many of her duplicate cards in exchange for variants allowed the market to standardize exchange rates and stabilize transactions. However, ever since Mr. DuPont confiscated Sally-Jane's binder for having it out in class, the market has enjoyed no such buffer. Consequently, prospective traders are less willing to put up their more uncommon cards for trade, as they have no guarantee of a successful exchange and no way to ensure they recoup their value.

The card-to-currency exchange rate is also suffering. In a stable economy, the school's Pokémon Card Trade Council (PCTC) tends to maintain the exchange rate at approximately 2.4 Colorless Energy cards per shiny rock, but ever since the PCTC's chair, Timmy, was violently ejected after being a big meanie to Josephine, the PCTC's leadership has been very unstable. The organization has proven unable to effectively regulate the market, especially in the face of such severe destabilization. Currently, the exchange rate for Pokémon cards runs at nearly 3.2 Mega Gardevoir cards per Standardized Favor, an absolutely unprecedented rate.

Fortunately, good news may be on the horizon. Leah, whose mom works in school admissions, has informed us that a new student is set to join the 3rd grade within the week. Research has shown that this student is loaded, with complete access to Mom's Credit Card™. Such a person could be used to fill the supply void left by Jeremy. Unfortunately, research has also shown that the new student likely has no interest in Pokémon trading cards. When reached out to for comment, the student-led Child Intake Association (responsible for the welcoming and orientation of all new students) revealed that they had greenlit the development of a new procedure, codenamed the "Money Kid for Ultimate Legendary Trading and Rare Acquisition" project, to convince the new student to participate in the school's Pokémon market.

Until the new student joins the school, the market is likely to remain in flux. Emergency PCTC elections have been scheduled but have been delayed until next week due to class 2A's field trip. We advise that traders stay calm and do not rush to trade off their cards, as the market likely will regulate itself following PCTC elections or the introduction

of a new market supplier. Panic trading will only worsen the problem. A conference will be held during recess behind the bleachers tomorrow to address trader concerns. Remember, take the route behind the playground to ensure Mr. DuPont does not see you. In the meantime, keep an eye on the market, and ask Liam (he has a phone) for the most up-to-date information.

PMI - Delayed Quote • Standard Card Units

Pokémon Market School Average (^PMI)

44,368.56 -225.09 (-0.50%)

At close: 4:56:05 PM EST



Horton Hears a Narc

By Dr. Juiced

On the first of September, on fifth floor of Clarke,
In the heat of the dorm room, alone in the dark,
He was passing a joint around, chillin' with the boys
When Horton the Weed Dealer heard a small noise.



So Horton got up and grew mighty suspicious.
The noise, though quite faint, had seemed somewhat
malicious.

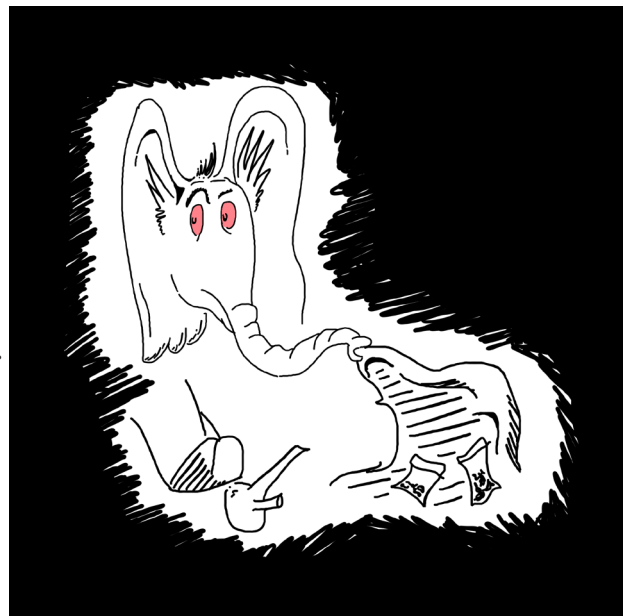
It sounded like someone, from out in the hall
Had smelled their fine herb, with sniffs dainty and small.

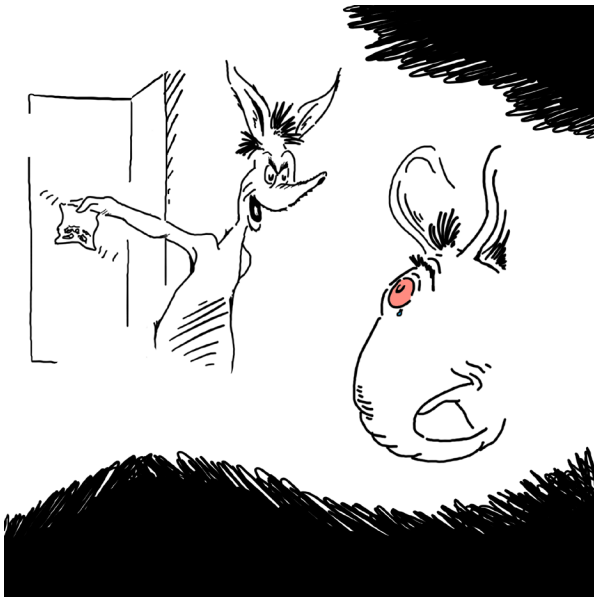
Horton opened the door, he looked this way and that
And although he saw nothing, he heard a faint pitter-pat!

He knew, in that instant, he'd been caught by a rat.



The RA was coming, and soon, without doubt.
He snatched back the joint and he put it right out.
He hid all the baggies, the gummies, the pens,
Stashed the bong and the lighters, and kicked out his friends.
“But alas!” cried poor Horton. “Just what shall I do?
Marijuana smell lingers, and the haze lingers too!”





It was then that it happened, a knock on the door.
Horton knew that the jig was up. “Fuck it!” he swore.

The RA walked in and he turned on the light.
“Why Horton,” he said. “You look high as a kite.”

And he searched the room over, looked it all up and down.

He barely could carry all the things that he found.

He took ounces and ounces and ounces of stuff.
He took everything — even the paint Horton huffed.

He took gadgets and gizmos, e-rigs and pipes,

He took carts and accessories, gear of all types.

“Rules are rules,” said the RA, taking Horton’s prized things.

“I can only let so many off with warnings.”

When the RA had left, Horton sat and reflected.
And he quickly got angry. His mind was infected.
“That snitch!” hollered Horton. “That squealer! That spy!
I’ll never forgive them! Till the day that I die!”

And there in that moment, he grew solemn and pledged,
“On the bitch-ass who tattled, I’ll take my revenge!
I’ll hunt down that @#!\$@#!” he thought with a grin,
“I’ll find him and bash his !#\$@->&#-ing skull in.”

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We’ll now skip ahead, just a ways, in the story.
The details, at this point, get somewhat too gory.
To be brief, Horton spent seven years in the slammer
For stalking and aggravated assault with a hammer.

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As he sat in his cell staring down at the floor,
Horton wondered and wondered “what was it all for?”
“Here I sit,” he thought sadly, “locked up in the can,
Still only a freshman! This wasn’t the plan!”

But he soothed himself, knowing that he’d acted rightly.
He remembered these words which his mom told him nightly:
“Revenge, as a dish, should be cold when you serve it.”
And “Snitches get stitches. They all fucking deserve it.”



