

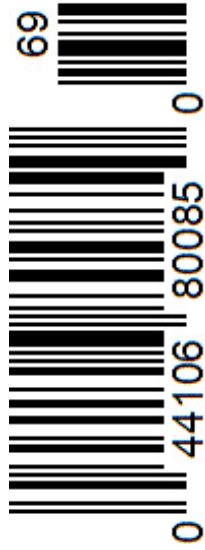


the **ATHENIAN**

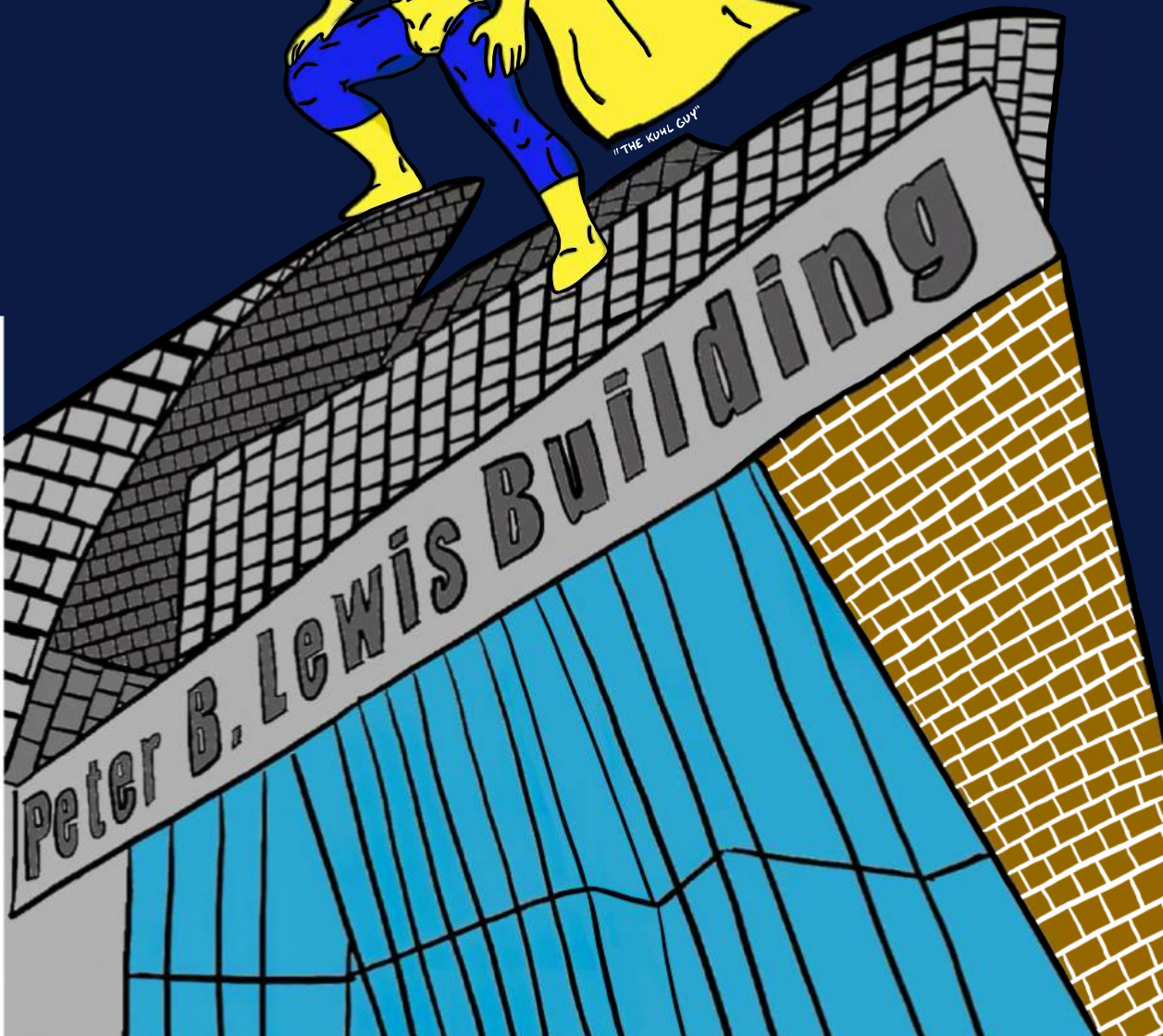
Issue 158: April 2026
The Comic Issue



Parental Advisory
\$4.99 USD
Direct Edition



cwruathenian.org



EDITOR'S NOTE

Alright, this is the last issue of *The Athenian* for the academic year. In our last issue, I made a joke saying that our publication was being shut down. In case you didn't pick up on it, I was communicating straight fabrications. We are going strong. Elections took place a few weeks back, and don't worry, I got reelected. You will be seeing my editor's notes for another year.

Anyway, we are ending the year off with the comic theme. Sometimes, we draw some things. I am an enjoyer of cartoons and comics, so I figured I would go with this as a theme. I'm hoping this will help promote the fact that I like pictures and would like to continue to see them.

With this being the last issue of the year, it has caused me to reflect on how things have gone so far. "The Comic Issue" marks my eighth issue as editor-in-chief, and I am very excited that I get to continue in this role for another eight issues. I've made some mistakes and done well with other things, but I definitely have learned a lot. College is an interesting place with a multitude of events constantly occurring. It can be tough to stay afloat in a sea of uncertainty. Staying tethered in reality can prove troublesome. As we continue down the road of life, it is important to remember one thing, a crucial detail indispensable towards success in this modern world: Read *The Athenian*, Write for *The Athenian*, Athenian for *The Athenian*.

We like graphics too,
Evan Durkee

P.S. If a picture is worth a thousand words, nudes must be very poetic.

university     
media board



@cwruathenian



athenian-editors@case.edu



cwruathenian.org

Editor-in-Chief:
Evan Durkee

Designer:
Ren Hudson

Social Media Manager:
Kai Tibbitts

Managing Editor:
Jake Bridge

Cover Artist:
Cade Kuhlins

Contributors:

Copy Editors:
David Kaplan
Jonah Kerchner
Cade Kuhlins
Arya Srivastava

Business Manager:
Fiona Arado

Anna
Wren Davis
Rowan Fogg
Jenny Fu
Elise Lopez
Wren Penkala
Jeannelle Tellado

Head of Distribution:
Arya Srivastava

Head of Design:
Nealey Barak

Webmaster/Archivist:
David Kaplan

TABLE OF CONTENTS

OP-ED: COVER UP
PG 4

"GARFIELD?"
PG 4

UPBIGRADIATION
PG 5

SPIDERMAN
PG 6

**THE DANGERS OF UNOBSERVED
PARTICLES**
PG 6

POTASSIUM PRISON
PG 8

**NOTES FROM A SNOOPY
THERAPY SESSION**
PG 7

**"PEANUTS" IS A DANGER TO EVERYONE
EVERYWHERE**
PG 10

I II III _
PG 9

**CONSPICUOUSLY FORESHADOWING
HEADLINE**
PG 11

ALTER EGOS: THE SECRETS OF CWRU
PG 12

DUCK TOOLS
PG 13

**A REAL STAND UP GUY: ONE UNIVERSITY
PRESIDENT'S JOURNEY TO GO THE EXTRA SMILE**
PG 14-15

AKCD #2
PG 15

OP-ED: COVER UP

BY SILVRY TAY

We need to talk about Scrooge McDuck. Uncle of the beloved American icon Donald Fauntleroy Duck, “Uncle Scrooge” is known as the “Richest Duck in the world.” His holdings include numerous think-tanks, hedge funds, mines, mills, bags with \$\$\$ written on them, and his famous vault/swimming pool full of gold. Recently, though, he’s come under scrutiny for other reasons — mentions in the Epstein files.

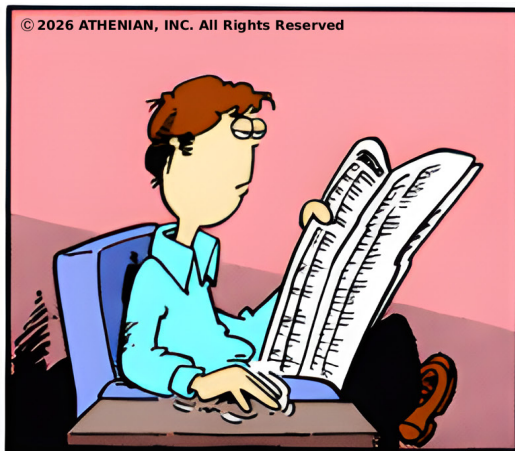
The mentions in the Epstein files are not so much about Uncle Scrooge’s own misconduct — there seems not to be any — so much as how Jeffrey Epstein, Donald Trump, and other billionaire pedophiles interpreted some old cartoons. An email from Trump to Epstein read, “That little duck, that rich duck, you know the one. I love how he doesn’t wear pants, it’s a great thing, not wearing pants, I do it all the time,” to which Epstein responded, “duck penis corkscrew. me penis corkscrew.” Clearly, McDuck’s lack of pants and obscene wealth have spoken to the pedophilic elite.

As individuals, then, we have a moral obligation to stop this outrageous conduct. We know we will never hold the pedophiles accountable, so let us attack the root of the problem:

PUT PANTS ON THE DUCKS!!!

Pantslessness is a long-standing issue for those of us concerned with decency and ethics. One can excuse a shirtless mouse, but ducks without pants lead to impure thoughts. Indeed, every child, upon seeing Donald Duck for the first time, “enters the world of the adult, governed by pure lust, from which there is no return,” per leading child psychologist Sigmund Freud. When a pure, innocent soul, like that of a billionaire, is exposed to an ultra-rich, pantless duck, there is no telling the depths of their fall. Instead of contributing to public welfare via trickle-down economics, they may direct their capital towards private islands, private airplanes, and private human trafficking victims to satiate their duck-induced sexual appetite.

And so, while it may seem that the billionaires are at fault, we need to consider the true causes of their behavior and stop it at the source. In short, Scrooge is not enough. We’ve got to clothe Donald, Huey, Dewey, Louie, and every other member of Clan McDuck. It’s frankly obscene that we have allowed these ducks to go pantsless for so long when their attire has been turning impressionable young billionaires into sexual criminals. If we created a world in which malleable billionaires were not exposed to such awfully suggestive ducks, we might be able to eradicate sex crimes for good.

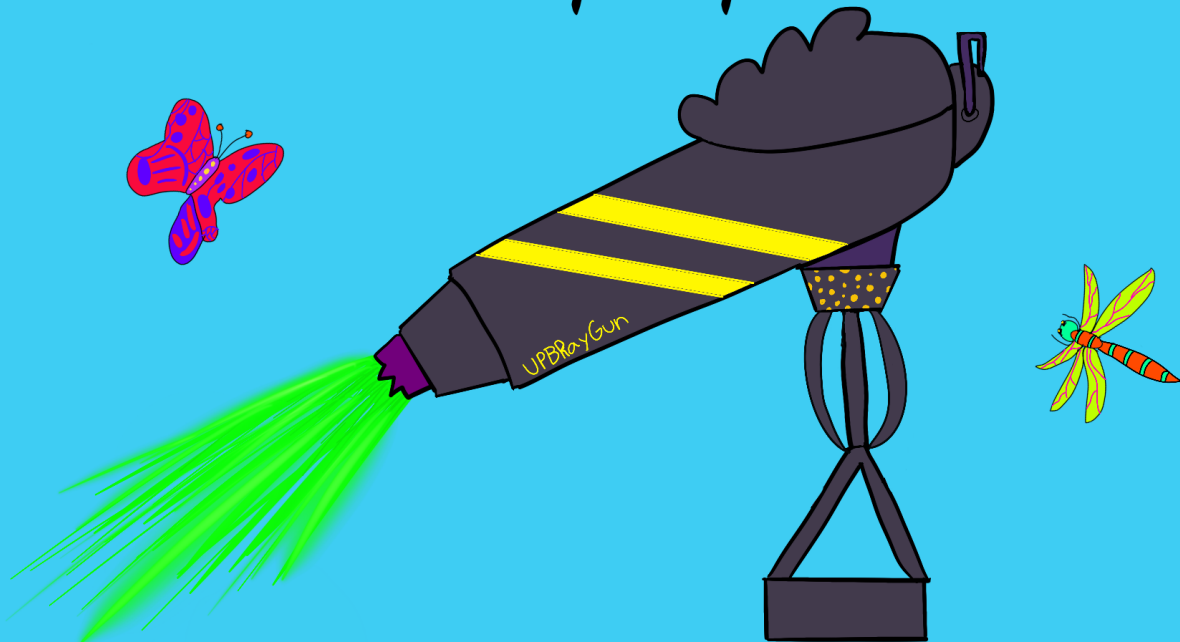


UPB Big Radiation

Accumulated a lot of **UPBoints**?

Tired of having
nothing to spend
them on?

NOW FOR JUST 10,000,000 **UPBOINTS!**



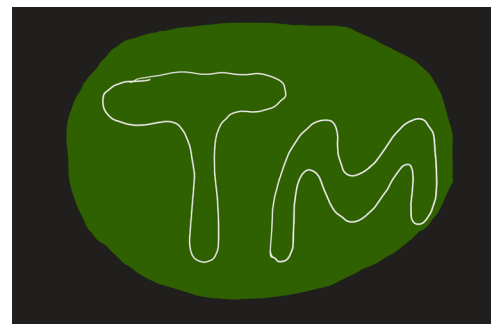
ONE MUTATION OF YOUR CHOICE FROM THE
UPBRAYGUN*

UPB retains no liability for any villainy, cancer, radiation poisoning, or death that may occur.

THE DANGERS OF UNOBSERVED PARTICLES

BY DR. CAINE SEWREH, PH.D., M.D., ESQ., J.D., AS.S., P.E., P.I., C.P.A., R.N.

My name is Caine Sewreh. I am a world-renowned physicist, writer, and professor, and I have several studies and equations named after me. Therefore, when I was approached by Professor Hiram (better known by his alter-ego, Professor Plantain) about the possibility of receiving funding for destroying a particle accelerator, I was quite intrigued. I had only ever done research about the usage of a particle accelerator, never theorized on what it would take to purposefully destroy one.



Professor Plantain demanded to be in the vicinity when the destruction occurred, but there was nothing said about me also being in the vicinity. One could even assume that I would be an essential part of making the explosion happen and would *need* to be in the area. I'm a smart man, I knew what Plaintiff's overall intentions were. He hoped that the excessively high speed collisions caused by the particle accelerator pushed beyond its limits would lead to a new reaction with him at the center, molding him into something better, stronger, and more plaintiff-ier. Unfortunately for him, I was the one who knew where the reaction would form, and I placed myself in that position. After all, I'm the brains behind the operation. I should get the benefits of the experiment.

On the day of, I set up the experiment, positioned myself carefully, and turned on the accelerator. Both PP and I closed our eyes in expectation. That was our undoing.

Without an observer, the particles reacted in unknown ways, and instead of making superpowers, atoms merged, collided, and dangerously interacted. I realized the mistake too late, opening my eyes and trying to halt the reaction, but I was too slow. I was enveloped in the beam. Nothing occurred at first, and Professor Plantain fled the scene quickly. I went back to my lab and tried to test my actions. It was as I had expected, my radiation had gone through the roof. I began to change, roasting everything in my vicinity. The nearby nuclear power plant shut down out of caution, and I continued to change. I may not have a long life, but with my power, I shall be able to do many things.

This is my origin story. The story of the most feared, long-lived supervillain of all. My name will go down in history: a beloved professor, scientist, and radioactive lump.

I...AM...TUMOR MAN!!!



NOTES FROM A SNOOPY THERAPY SESSION

BY MAI GRAINE

Setting: A small, flat-roofed office. A yellow bird sits in a miniature wingback chair, holding a clipboard. A world-famous WWI Flying Ace sits on the edge of a mahogany desk, wearing goggles, a red scarf, and a look of profound thousand-yard stare.

Dr. Woodstock (The Therapist): Under “Reason for Visit,” you wrote: “*The weight of the Western Front and the persistent mechanical failure of my Vickers machine guns.*”

PRIVATE SNOOPY: (A tear welts in his eye) She wept as I climbed back into the cockpit. “Don’t go, mon capitaine!” she cried. But the sky called. It’s a lonely life, Doctor. One day you’re sharing a baguette in Reims, the next you’re eating cold lead over the Somme.

Dr. Woodstock: We’ve discussed this, Snoopy. You were in a backyard in the suburbs. The “French waitress” was the neighbor’s cat looking at you through a fence. The “cold lead” was a hailstone.

PRIVATE SNOOPY: Is that what the High Command told you? They’re trying to discredit me! They want to bury the truth about the Sopwith Camel’s structural instability!

Dr. Woodstock: No one is trying to discredit you. We just need to address why you’ve spent four hours today growling like a 110-horsepower Le Rhône engine. Your owner is very concerned. He says you haven’t touched your dinner because you claim it’s “trench rations.”

PRIVATE SNOOPY: It’s gray. It’s round. It lacks the Vitamin C necessary to prevent scurvy during a long winter campaign. I will not be broken by the quartermaster’s negligence.

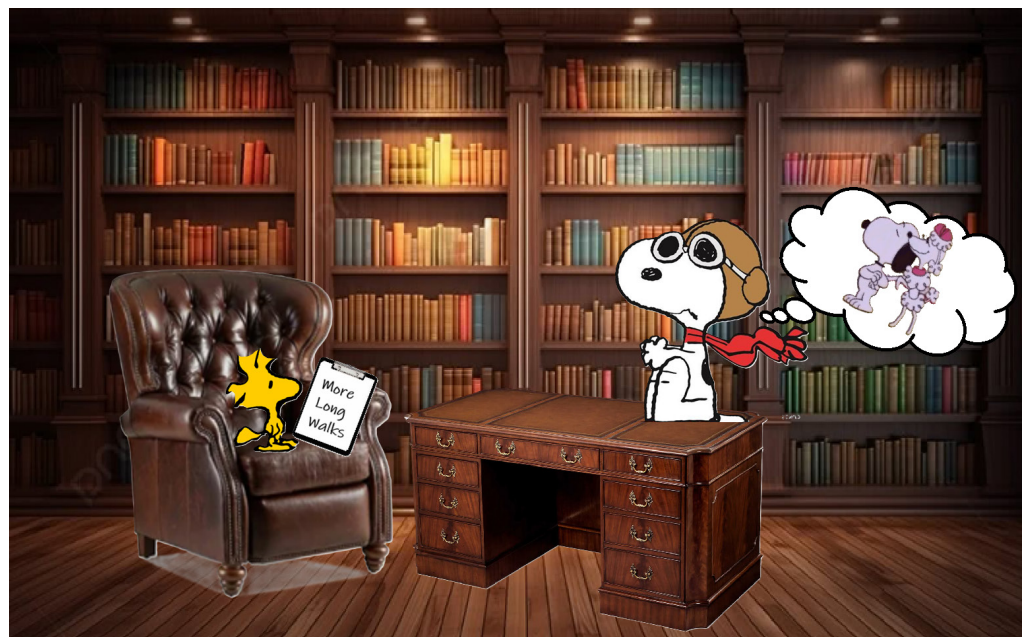
Dr. Woodstock: It’s kibble, Snoopy. High-protein, grain-free kibble. Look at me. You aren’t in 1917. You are a beagle. You are currently sitting on my \$4,000 sofa. Now, let’s talk about the “doghouse.” You told the nurse it was “riddled with bullet holes” and “smoking from a direct hit to the fuel tank.”

PRIVATE SNOOPY: It was a miracle I landed it. I had to glide in with a dead engine while the Baron saluted my bravery from above.

Dr. Woodstock: It was a woodpecker. We saw it on the security camera. You spent forty-five minutes screaming “CURSE YOU, RED BARON!” at a bird that weighs three ounces.

PRIVATE SNOOPY: You don’t get it, Doctor. I see a man who just wants to find his supper dish without having to navigate a minefield of existential dread and unfulfilled flight hours.

Dr. Woodstock: (Writing on his pad) *Delusions of grandeur fueled by a chronic rejection of canine identity.* I’m increasing your dosage of “Long Walks” and recommending a strict ban on scarves.



POTASSIUM PRISON

BY CHET CHAFER

Beau Nerre was once a young boy full of whimsy, but after gunshots made him an orphan, he lived with his grandmother. One day, he ate a radioactive banana, transforming him into BANANA MAN!

Last time we saw Banana Man, he was arrested and thrown into jail for indecent exposure and shoplifting. Banana Man has faced tough battles, including Bowling Ball Barbara, Professor Plantain, and The Abominable Gorilla Cart Boy, but now, can he survive the penal system?

All he wanted to do was get his grandmother, Anita, a birthday gift. Now, he wallows in shame. Anita refused to pay off his bail. Beau went through trial and was found guilty. It's been three days since he arrived in his jail cell. Beau has tried to escape, but all efforts have proven unsuccessful. He went for the classic: steal a spoon and dig a tunnel. He showed some skin as a seduction method to get a guard, Officer Cagney, to give him a poster to cover up the tunnel, but then, his spoon broke.

What else can he do? When it's time to clean himself, Banana Man goes to the showers. Out of all the bars of soap, he gets the radioactive one. He makes sure not to drop it. Beau looks around and sees other radioactive criminals. Guard Rail Gabrielle committed grand theft auto, Corporal Cutlery illegally purchased Cutco brand knives, and Neon Norbert stole a kid's glow stick. Is that what Banana Man has devolved to? Is he now just stuck, isolated in a concrete building because he showed people his dangling banana?! NO! He can fight back! He can redeem himself! Beau Nerre can escape this concrete prison and rejoin the world to fight another day as Banana Man!

Beau spends days crafting ideas. Every time he goes to arts and crafts, every time he sees the lustful Officer Cagney, every time he's on kitchen duty, he steals. He takes, pilfers, and acquires tools in an effort to plan some sort of event. After days and days of planning, Banana Man may have a solid ploy to flee the jail cell.

Banana Man has drawings in hand, detailing his plan to freedom. When the horny guard comes by one night to get a sniff of what he desires, Beau will give him a bit more. Beau will sidle up to the guard and lay a tender smooch on Officer Cagney. Feeling invigorated and craving more, Officer Cagney will most certainly flirt with Beau. Beau must be very delicate about the situation. At this time, Officer Cagney is the only connection between him and the outside of his cell. Laying out more of the plan, Beau will play a little "hard to get." Not too much, but enough to get the blood pumping. Through precise body language and subtle twerking, Beau will get Officer Cagney to lust for a squeeze. Beau will shuffle to and fro, demonstrating his curvy figure. Banana Man learned how to dance from Peacock Persephone. With skillful gyrations and intoxicating hip movements, Officer Cagney will develop such a hankering that he will open the cell to make his own banana split. With the door open, Beau will give another kiss, but without the blockade of the metal bars, this kiss will carry the power of potassium. Officer Cagney will receive such acts of affection, the potassium will overload his system causing hyperkalemia. Officer Cagney will be afflicted with tingling, numbness, heart palpitations, and muscle weakness, rendering him incapacitated. Banana Man will then grab his keys and do some boring shit with his stolen tools to escape the prison.

One perfect night, after weeks of planning, Banana Man is ready to execute his plan as he watches Officer Cagney stroll towards his cell. Banana Man clenches and awaits his opportunity. Officer Cagney walks up.

"Alright, Beau, it's time to leave." remarks Officer Cagney

"What?!" responds Banana Man

"It's been 30 days. Your sentence is over."

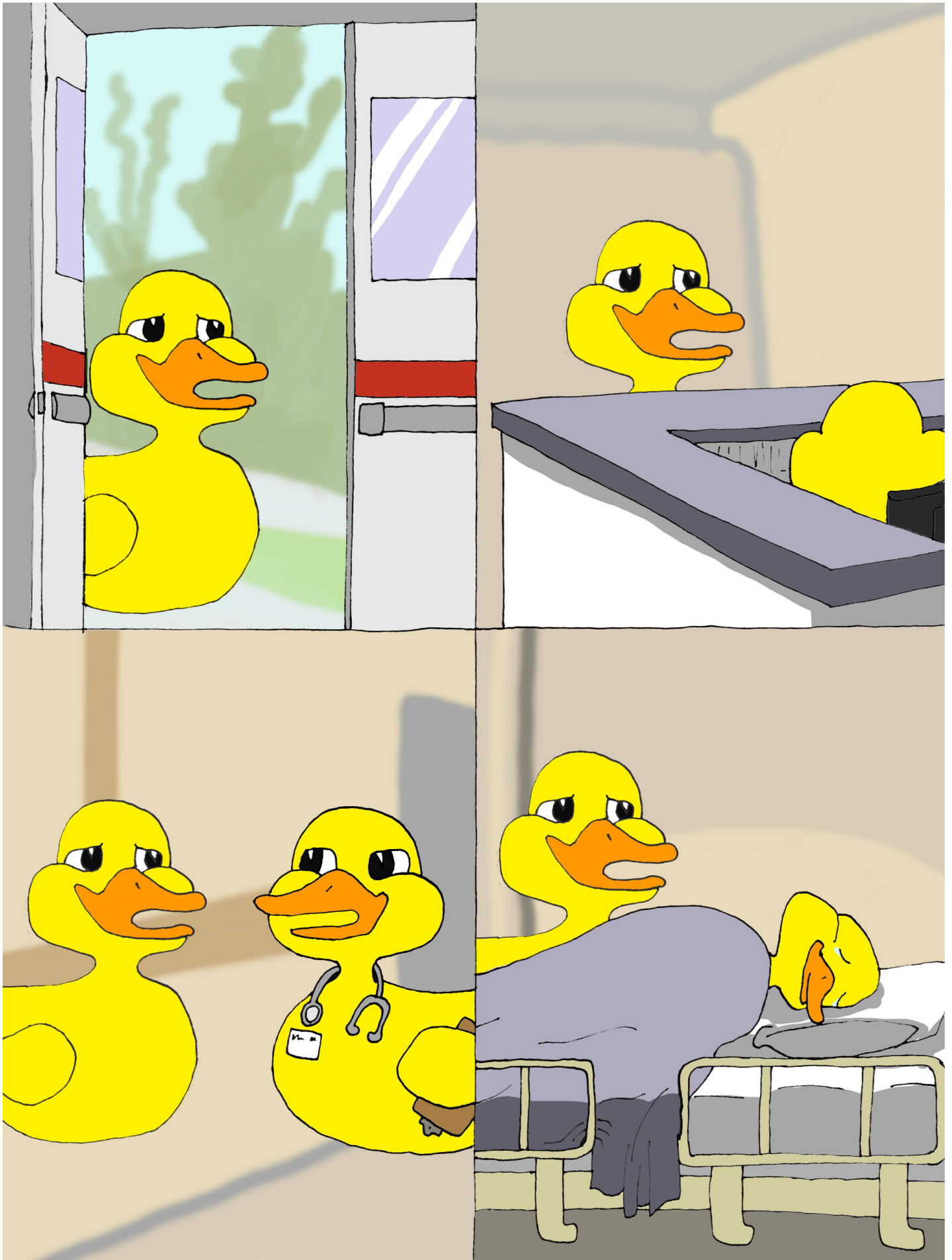
"Oh."

Banana Man pauses for a moment before exiting the cell. Officer Cagney escorts Beau to the exit of the compound. The two stare at each other for a moment. Officer Cagney gives some closing words.

"Sorry it's such a late night discharge. I liked having you around."

Beau Nerre looks out into the open world and sees his grandmother, Anita, there to pick him up. He leaves Officer Cagney to join his grandmother. Officer Cagney stands for a moment with his thoughts, watching Banana Man walk away.

"I hate to see him go, but love to watch him leave."



"PEANUTS" IS A DANGER TO EVERYONE EVERYWHERE

BY DAVID KAPLAN

"Peanuts" is one of the most popular comics ever to be published, and it has reached innumerable readers. This is a problem for many who are not me. The "Peanuts" comics contain several extremely problematic depictions that instill harmful values into young, impressionable readers. In the U.S. alone, more than 30 million people (me not included) have peanut allergies. If they come within 50 feet of a peanut, their throat closes up immediately and without direct medical intervention they will die. Peanut allergies are a serious problem. Those affected have to maintain constant vigilance for the evil and intimidating aura emitted by the offending foods so that they can avoid exposure. And the "Peanuts" comic strip glamorizes this dangerous food.

I, personally, am fortunate enough to lack a peanut allergy, but many others are much less lucky. Even Charles Schulz, creator of the "Peanuts" comic, realized the danger that the name could pose and refused to ever say the comic's title. He understood the danger that romanticizing peanuts posed to the citizens of America. And yet, the peanut epidemic does not stop with the comics. From peanut butter to Mr. Peanut, peanuts are pervasive in our modern society, and it can all be traced back to the comic. I don't have a peanut allergy, but those who do must be in a constant state of fear. Imagine coming inside after a hard day of avoiding peanuts, knowing that your demise is only moments away should you contact the Forbidden Legume, sitting down and opening the Sunday paper, and being flashbanged by the very food you were attempting to avoid. Your throat closes up, you can't breathe, and you die on the floor of your house while Charlie Brown and Snoopy look haughtily on. On behalf of all of those who have peanut allergies (a group I am not part of), I implore the "Peanuts" comic to rename themselves and cease promoting this dangerous food.



Courtesy of Jeannelle T.

IT'S A BIRD! IT'S A PLANE!...WAIT, NO, IT'S ACTUALLY A BIRD... IT'S QUACKMAN!!

BY SUE PARR-POHERS

"It's a bird! It's a plane!...wait, no, it's actually a bird..." said Midwest Surfer Dude, in reaction to *The Athenian Duck's* transformation to the titular superpowered Quackman at the Lake Erie Surf Club this past Monday. According to sources, the beloved mascot of *The Athenian* took a recent visit to the Lake Erie Surf Club, where, after catching waves, he reported "feeling funny," which witnesses state was not taken seriously. "We thought it was a joke!" they said. "*The Athenian Duck* is always funny!"

Scientists are still uncertain about what caused the transformation, although many speculate that it was due to the industrial waste in Lake Erie in tandem with the spring algae blooms. "This is entirely possible from a scientific perspective," said Hip A. Violación, a recently unemployed researcher. "*The Athenian Duck's* polyvinyl chloride-based skin is the perfect intermediate material to facilitate the synthesis of superpowers." Violación concluded by warning the public, saying, "There are so many unknowns. What are his superpowers? Is he conspiring with Professor Plantain? And most importantly, can he still squeak?"

In response to the unprecedented events, the Cleveland City Council held a historic meeting with *The Athenian* to learn more about this potential yellow foe. Although the city council provided no comment on the matter, *The Athenian* has offered a few words, saying, "LOL we don't know what he's up to. Maybe in a bathtub somewhere? We're pretty sure he'll target *The Observer*." When asked to justify their conjecture, they explained, "things have been rough ever since the breakup."

Local law enforcement reports that the location of *The Athenian Duck* is still unknown, but advises civilians to avoid bubble baths and reading newspapers. Stay tuned for more information.

CONSPICUOUSLY FORESHADOWING HEADLINE!

By Sid-Dennis Cohen

In the past 24 hours, there has been a noted rise in conveniently located television sets arbitrarily deciding to display irrelevant global news when turned on. A user will accidentally bump the remote, hold a conversation in front of an activated set, or simply walk past a streetside mom-and-pop television store with hundreds of televisions in the window.

News segments shown in such incidents vary, but many pertain to recent disease outbreaks from labs, sightings of strange creatures, and noted rises in certain crimes. While these seemingly disconnected headlines may seem inconsequential, this trend could actually imply disastrous plot events upcoming in the next 150 minutes of screen time.

To better explain the significance of these events, we've held an interview with noted disaster literature expert and infectious disease volcanologist Dr. Katherine Astrophe.

"In my field, we refer to these sorts of headlines as expository foreshadowing," Dr. Astrophe explained. "They may unfortunately signify impending disaster, of a sort that would absolutely destroy civilization as we know it if not for the brave actions of unlikely heroes."

Dr. Astrophe urges that we post a warning to the general public, listing potential symptoms of being such an unwilling protagonist. "You may encounter signs of unresolved interpersonal conflict, especially in ways potentially metaphorical to the overall disaster," she told us. "Overly meaningful glances into the distance, pauses for orchestral sways, and the narratively naive sense that your problems are the most important thing in the world are all sure ways to tell that you may have a blockbuster on your hands."



Courtesy of Firstname Lastname

Learn the signs. If you've seen a person like this in your life, disconnect yourself from them as silently and unobtrusively as possible before you inherently tie your relationship with them to their character development, leading to your inevitable sudden death or heroic sacrifice.

ALTER EGOS: THE SECRETS OF CWRU

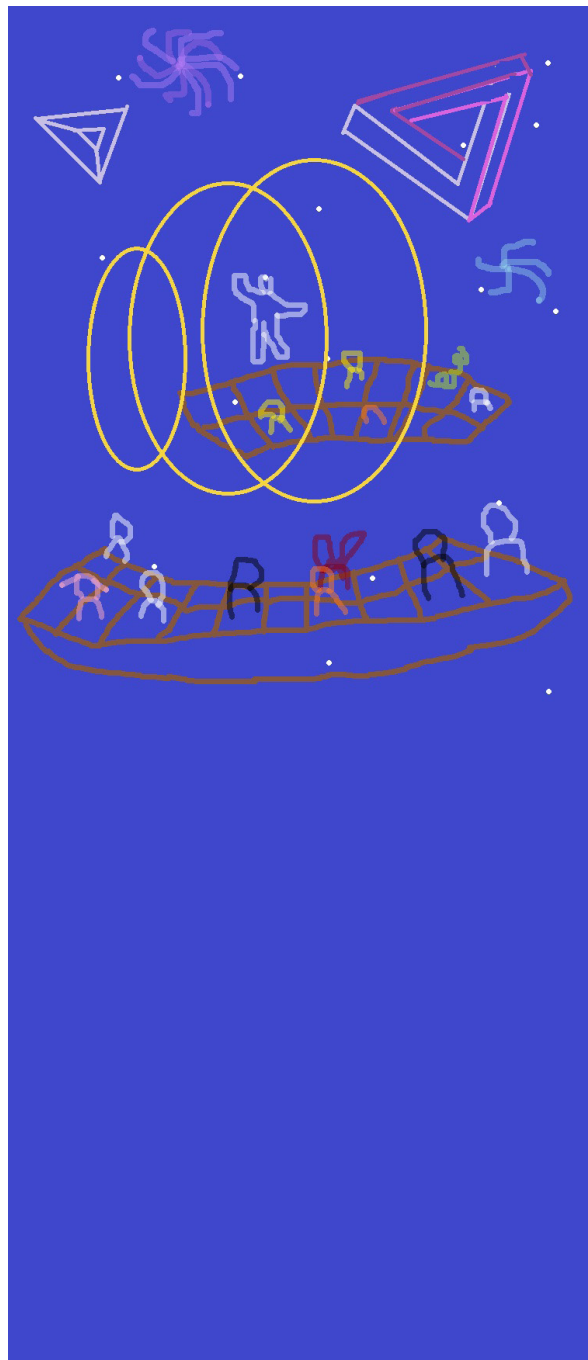
BY VOX PERSONA

Case Western Reserve University (CWRU) is no stranger to strangeness. From Mobile Order never seeming to give an accurate time estimate to mysterious red markings and minus signs appearing on my organic chemistry exams to the case of the missing zebra and the steam tunnel societies, ours is a campus steeped in mysteries and secrets. And many secrets hide behind the most ordinary of masks. In this article, I will unveil some of the most shocking cases of double lives on campus that my expert sleuthing has uncovered.

#3: The iClicker Industrialist. It is well known, or at least soon found out by any student taking Drew Meyer's CHEM 105, that an iClicker is mandatory. The official explanation, that they are required to improve class engagement during lectures, is, of course, a farce. While some have theorized that Professor Meyer has partial ownership in Macmillan Learning, the iClicker manufacturer, the truth is far stranger. The iClicker resale economy is well known to Drew Meyer, for he secretly controls it. Any students who fail or drop his class are tracked down by his team of ninja mice and relieved of their iClickers for resale to freshmen next semester. The things that appear to be students standing outside of class selling iClickers are actually hundreds of ninja rats in Halloween costumes reselling the cursed iClickers of failed students for \$22 without batteries.

#2: The Killer Butler. By day, he teaches MATH 121 and takes off points for not simplifying. By night, he kills. The Killer Butler alter-ego of a certain math professor spends the nights stalking the campus, killing any identical terms on the numerator and denominator and "solving" derivatives. Victims of his crusade of terror include cows and tomatoes, which have been "solved" into hamburgers and salsa respectively; the set of number blocks I left on different levels of a shelf, which were slashed through with chalk to simplify the term; and my first semester GPA, though this was done by his daytime identity.

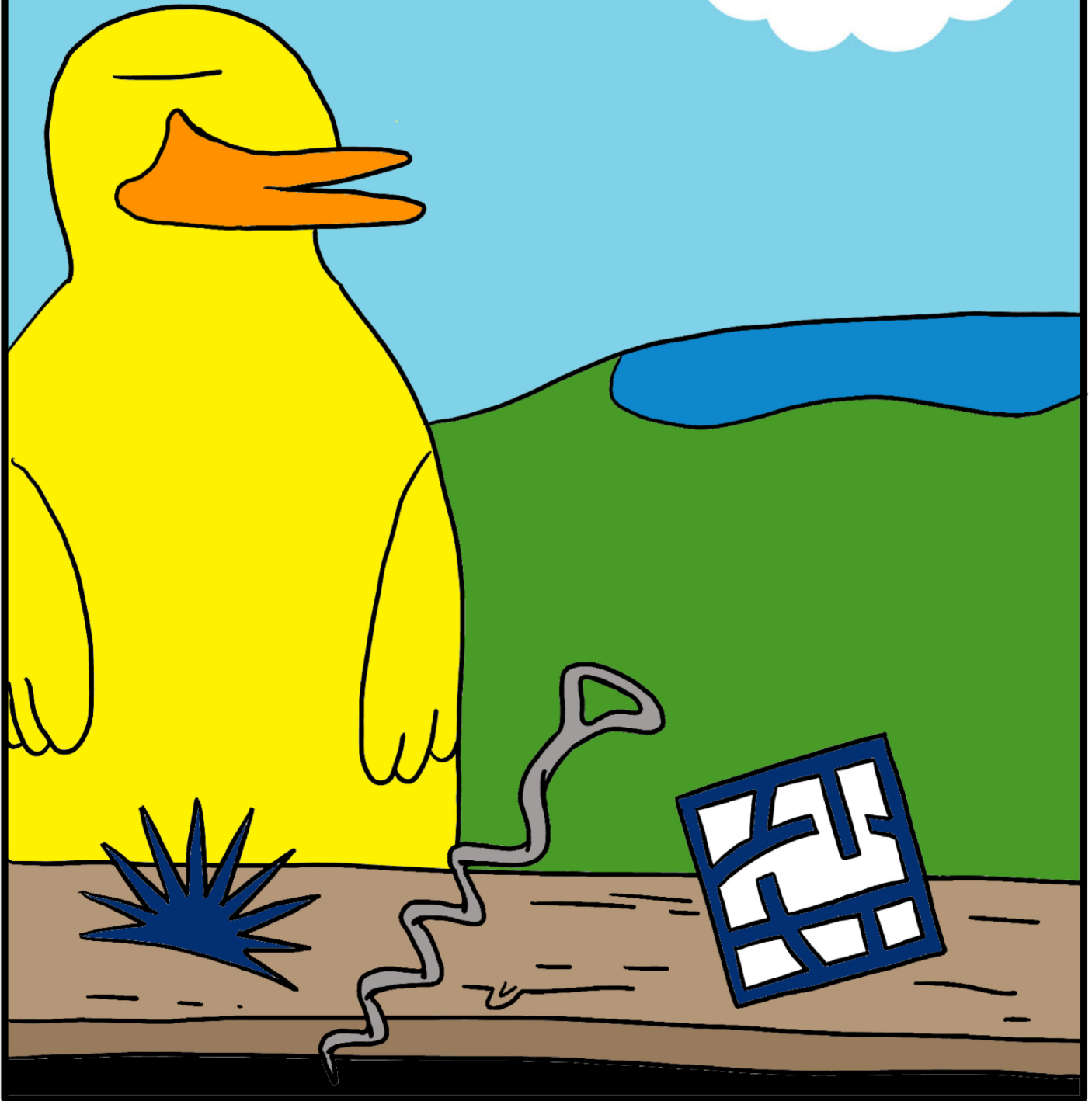
#1: The Metaphysical Congress. Since 1887, every six years on the sixth minute of the sixth hour of the sixth day of the sixth month, a pool of liquid mercury forms at a secret and ever-changing location on campus (last time it was the basement of Rockefeller). Into this pool of mercury step the University's representatives to the Metaphysical Congress.* Beyond this threshold lies the metaphysical congress that decides the laws of physics in all its 23-dimensional glory. What occurs there is sworn to strict secrecy, so the rest of this report should be considered unconfirmed rumors. Word by the Tesseract is that Professor Covault will have the honor of introducing legislation to renew Newton's Second Law as Sir Isaac Newton will still be on sabbatical. This measure is expected to pass nearly unopposed. A small faction is considering repealing the Second Law of Thermodynamics in order to extend the lifespan of the universe. And finally, an even smaller faction is considering relegislating luminiferous aether into reality, with the Cleveland faction vigorously opposed. Of course, being a group of entities outside of time, any decisions by the Congress are retroactively applied throughout all reality, so the results of the vote are already apparent.



Proposal to change the speed of light to 299,800,000 m/s

**The number of representatives fluctuates based on the number of times the Department of Physics has been cited in the last six years, but as the Congress exists outside of time, this includes all future citations the current set of researchers will get, so the number of representatives is very hard to predict.*

The Kuhl Guy



© 2026 Athenian, Inc. All rights reserved

Duck tools

A REAL STAND UP GUY: ONE UNIVERSITY PRESIDENT'S JOURNEY TO GO THE EXTRA SMILE

BY THE KUH L GUY

To the surprise of absolutely nobody, one week ago President Eric W. Kaler sent a campus-wide email that baffled and befuddled nearly all of its readers. But instead of launching a new campus policy to silence Case Western Reserve University (CWRU) students or investing another \$300 million into a new campus building, the email instead announced a radical change in Kaler's personal life.

"Dear former subordinates," the email began. "It is with a heavy heart that I announce my departure from my role as Case Western Reserve University's glorious leader in favor of a much more fulfilling career path." What followed was thirty-two lengthy paragraphs of somber reminiscence upon warm memories, heartfelt thanks to friends and colleagues, and what seemed to be a hastily written and surprisingly violent manifesto. Then, President Kaler finally revealed what his plans for the future were: a life devoted to the craft of stand-up comedy.

Of course, we here at *The Athenian* are huge supporters of the comedic arts, and so we leapt at the chance to speak with President Kaler for an exclusive interview. Our very own Isabella Ronny conducted the following interview:

I. Ronny: Thank you very much for taking the time to sit down with us, President Kaler. I'm sure this is an extremely tumultuous time for you and the rest of CWRU administration.

(Former) Pres. Kaler: Of course, and please, call me Mr. Kaler. I'm not the president anymore after all! Indeed, things are quite hectic over in my office in Adelbert. After I made the announcement of my leaving, the place turned into a madhouse! I suppose I should have given them some advanced warning beforehand.

I: Wait, you didn't tell the other administrators that you were leaving before making your public announcement?

K: No, I really didn't think that far in advance. This was more of a spur-of-the-moment decision, so I didn't quite have the time to warn anyone else. I sort of just woke up that morning and decided it was time for a change of pace. Boy you should have seen the look on [Provost and Executive Vice President] Joy [K. Ward]'s face! She sure was peeved .

I: Interesting. So what exactly is it that led you to make such a life altering decision on a whim?

K: Well, Ms. Ronny, on that fateful day in which I sent out that email, I simply decided that I had had enough. Enough of the endless toils of sitting around at my desk with a functionally unlimited budget. Enough of the nearly endless power and influence. And most certainly enough of the constant disrespect from the students and faculty of this university. As a member of *The Athenian*, you of all people should know what I mean. I've seen the things you people write about me.

[Five minutes of tense and uncomfortable silence]

K: But I digress. No matter what I did, I just couldn't seem to get out of this rut. I even did my favorite thing in the world, infringing on the rights of the student body by suppressing a peaceful protest, but that didn't change a thing. I just felt unfulfilled. Until one day, I decided that I would go see the spring comedian this semester, Atsuko Okatsuka. That was the day that changed everything.

I: Oh yeah! I went to see that show too! She was absolutely hilarious!

K: Oh I wouldn't know anything about that. I haven't been able to laugh or even experience humor since I fell off of a jungle gym and hit my head in the second grade. But seeing the way that the students reacted to Atsuko flipped my world upside down. The way that she was able to completely captivate the audience's attention... it was absolutely marvelous. It reminded me of some of my biggest role models in life, like L. Ron Hubbard, Charles Manson, and Taylor Swift.

I: I see, so that's why you've decided to pursue a life in stand up comedy? To be the center of attention and gain a cult-like following?

K: Of course! What better way to extend my sphere of power and influence than comedy?

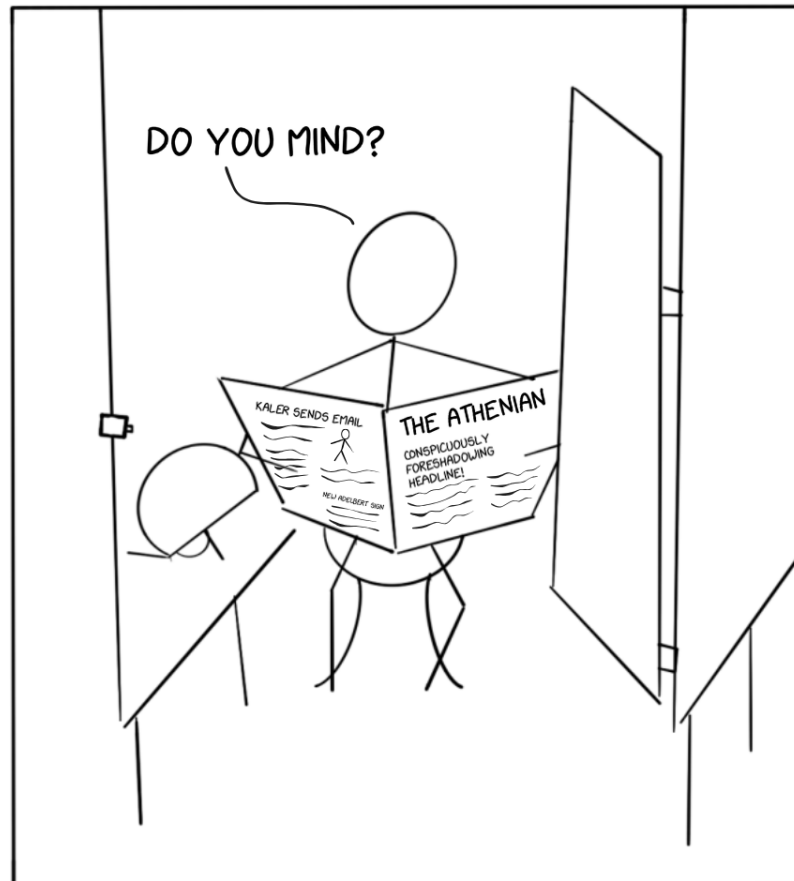
I: Fair enough, that's why I joined *The Athenian* after all. Well, thank you for your time, Pres... err, Mr. Kaler.

Our former president will be launching his first national stand up comedy tour with a set at The Laugh Factory in Los Angeles, California later this year on November 17, 2026, exactly 20 years after absolutely nothing noteworthy happened at the venue. Tickets will go live on CampusGroups soon, so be sure to keep an eye out for more information about the event!

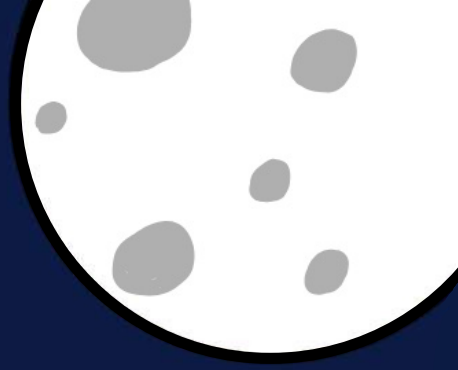


Mr. Kaler getting ready for his big day

Courtesy of AKCD #2



MY HOBBY: SITTING ON THE TOILET
WITH A COPY OF THE ATHENIAN AND
LEAVING THE STALL DOOR UNLOCKED



Previously on:

the ATHENIAN

Funny:

Cringe:

Chopped:

Grip:

Slap:

THE SKILL ISSUE

PLAYER: THE ATHENIAN

ISSUE: 105_MAR_JAN_2026

The Athenian

Tropical Winter Edition

Page 6

The Athenian

Wednesday, April 1, 2025
Issue 107
Est. 2000

NEWS

"One of the top 27 moments in my life" — CWRU President Eric Kaler wins Olympic gold in mental gymnastics

President Eric W. Kaler and his new shiny medal

Despite being several people's favorite to win gold, Kaler's victory in the sport of mental gymnastics is not surprising. Kaler, who served as CWRU's 10th president from 2013 to 2023, has a long history of success in the sport. Kaler's victory in the sport of mental gymnastics is not surprising. Kaler, who served as CWRU's 10th president from 2013 to 2023, has a long history of success in the sport. Kaler's victory in the sport of mental gymnastics is not surprising. Kaler, who served as CWRU's 10th president from 2013 to 2023, has a long history of success in the sport.