



# fools from schools



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# LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

Hey guys, what's up? It's us—the BUCC squad. We're usually too busy class-clownin' it up to devote our energy to a project like this humor anthology, but we were able to spend second periods and Wednesday study halls to put this collection together despite what our guidance counselor told us about "using our time productively." We made this anthology to showcase our funny friends from far away, and there's great humor and satire writing in here by students from schools all across the country. So hope you enjoy, laugh, and don't rat us out to Vice Principal Wilson about the big whoopee cushion prank we're planning for next Monday.

*-Leeron, Ben & Sarah*



# EVERY TIME I FALL IN LOVE WITH SOMEONE, HE TURNS OUT TO BE A MIDSIZE SEDAN

*By Elisheva Goldberg*

We all know dating can be hard; finding the perfect man is a daunting task. It's happened to all of us—he doesn't look like his profile picture, he just wants to be friends, or he doesn't return your calls. But for me, every time I fall in love with someone, he turns out to be a midsize sedan. Whether he's a Honda Civic, a Subaru Impreza, a fucking Kia Optima—I mean you name it, and I've fallen in love with one. But I'm a woman. I have needs. I don't know what it is about me, but it's just every time I find myself being swept off my feet, and just before those three special words leave my lips, I realize that he's a fucking four-door, economically-priced motor vehicle.

One time, I really thought I was in love. It was just after college and I booked us a romantic week-long vacation to Paris. Our final night there, I was ready to tell him how I felt. We were walking along the bank of the Seine, sipping on a velvety Cabernet Sauvignon. The air was warm, the mood was right. The gentle breeze blew in the sweet melody of a distant accordion. The moon was sparkling in my eyes, and as I leaned in for that picture-perfect kiss, I suddenly realized that the moonlight was reflecting off of his side-view mirrors! Imagine my frustration when upon further investigation I found out that all along he was a fucking Toyota Camry. Not again!

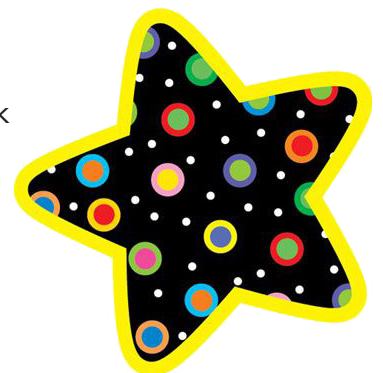
They say all the good men are either taken or gay, but for me, they're usually just one of fucking J.D. Power and Associates' most recent award winners. Throughout the years I've gone through the U.S. News & World Report highest ranked Compact Car, Compact Premium Car, and Midsize Premium Car, just to name a few— and you know I fell hard in love with its best Midsize Sporty Car of 2017, the Ford Mustang (can you blame a girl?).

The hardest part of it all is that I always end up feeling cheated, which makes me ask myself if maybe it's me who has the problem. But then I have to stay strong and remind myself that no, it's not me. Every relationship is a two-way street. It just happens that all of my streets are in sedan-filled suburbia. Seriously though, why can't I just meet a guy who can't comfortably fit a family of four??

Because of all the distress I've put myself through, I've taken it upon myself to provide a list of warning signs so that no other women will have to be led astray by a given year's Consumer Reports.

- If he loves to travel, start to consider the possibility that he may be a car. This one can be misleading because I've found that human men, too, like to travel.
- If he has a very comfortable interior, it might be another sign that he is a car.
- Leather upholstery is a big red flag, though nothing to give up a relationship for. Still, continue to look for other signs.
- If it turns out your man has a four-wheel drive and enough trunk space to fit your skis, definitely consider getting out of the relationship—this proves that he is, in fact, a car, and that your relationship should not move forward. This also goes for if he is a two-wheel drive vehicle.
- Finally, if you ever ever find yourself filling him up with gas, it is time to end the relationship, no matter how in love with him you think you are.

Time and again I've been so blinded by love that I've ignored all of these classic signs; my relationships all progressed until it was just too late. When I eventually found out they were all automobiles, my heart would break in two. Luckily, though, I think I've found the perfect man. He is sweet, he is kind, he is not a car. He treats me right and he's good for the environment. He's reliable, low-maintenance, and always up for an afternoon in the park. There's no way he could be a car since he only has two wheels. I think I've finally found something really special.



# OH NO! MOM JUST WENT LIVE ON FACEBOOK

*By Chelsea West*

**OUTSIDE OF PHILLY. Pa.** -- A notification popped up on many iPhones across the greater Philadelphia area alerting many that Mom just went live on Facebook.

Although Mom has an elementary understanding of the social media platform, she knows how to broadcast her life at the current moment. The seemingly never ending live stream shows Mom's pink wool socks with the occasional glimpse of her green tea. HGTV's Property Brothers can be softly heard in the background.

"Mom does this all the time," explained son Michael. "She accidentally live streams on Facebook and basically all that is visible is the gross carpet in the living room."

Mom still has not figured out that she has been live on Facebook for the past hour. She currently has two viewers: her sister who lives in California and her coworker Patty Smith.

After two hours, Mom finally realized that she has been broadcasting her mediocre life to the world.

"Oh no," said Mom. "I had no idea that I was live on Facebook. Well I hope anyone who tuned in enjoyed it. If you could make a note in your article for those reading to friend me on Facebook, that would be great. I would love to be their friend."

# CHRIS PRATT BRAVELY DOES PRESS TOUR EVEN THOUGH HIS MOVIE WAS TERRIBLE

*By Ryan Hatfield*



**HOLLYWOOD, CA.** - The celebrity Chris Pratt is continuing his press tour for his latest movie, despite it reportedly being horrible.

Chris Pratt is taking a stand in Hollywood, everyone. The press tour for his latest film, 'Jurassic World: Dinosaurioaring Toward Freedom,' is commencing against all the odds and wishes of every person to ever watch a movie.

"I fought against having Chris on the show," said James Corden, a host on late night TV, "Those new Jurassic Park movies are horrendous. Maybe if the dinosaurs sang karaoke in a minivan, it'd be worth watching."

Some would say it was courageous for Pratt to go on TV, even though nobody wanted him there because they would have to see him and hear about his garbage movie. We tried to reach out to him to tell him we didn't want to interview him, but he valiantly gave us an interview we didn't want or ask for.

"We invented all new dinosaurs for this film," said Pratt. "You see them for an astounding forty-five seconds of the film. We're really trying to honor the original film while still taking things in a new fresh direction by making the movies very bad."

Pratt will reportedly begin another round of touring upon completion of his other latest film, 'White Underdogs Who Shoot a Gun'.



# I'M MORE THAN JUST A PRETTY FACE BUT YES, I AM VERY HOT

*by Kellie Hahn*

I'm tired of being looked at solely for my gorgeous body.

People have always said that my beauty is timeless and classic, but many people don't know that I am also incredibly intelligent, philanthropic, heroic, incredible, and gorgeous. Hundreds of thousands of people have complimented me for my deep golden eyes and my perfect button nose (and yes, it's natural), but they never seem to ask me about my doctorate degrees in medicine and international politics.

It's so interesting to me how everyone I talk to notices my bouncy, shiny curls and my perfectly arched eyebrows but no one cares about how I also volunteered for eight years and successfully eradicated homelessness in LA.

Everyone goes crazy over my feminine curves, but no one asks me about how I rescued 3,000 puppies from a puppy mill by adopting them all and keeping them at home with me in my 300,000 square foot mansion for 16 months, slowly placing each one into a happy, healthy home with permanent families. Hmm, that's really interesting.

I can't seem to wrap my head around how I am bombarded for having long, toned legs and perfectly sized and shaped breasts, but I have never gotten so much as one congratulations for the time I debated Ghandi, and won.

I'm so done hearing about how flawless and beautiful I am. I'm ready to hear about the many, many other aspects of me that intoxicate and intimidate others. So, next time you go to comment on one of my instagram selfies, consider complimenting me on my flawless character rather than how perfectly contoured my face is in the pictures I post.

# UNSUPPORTED ANSWERS TO TEN ETERNAL QUESTIONS

*by Jake Marglous*

Q: Which came first, the chicken or the egg?

A: The chicken.

Q: A rock or a hard place?

A: A rock.

Q: If I go back in time and kill my grandmother, will I still exist?

A: No.

Q: Why are we here?

A: Out-of-control simulation.

Q: Four people are tied to a track with a trolley fast approaching. You can pull a lever to redirect the trolley onto another path and kill one person instead. Should you do it?

A: Yes. Levers are fun.

Q: Why did I get that philosophy degree?

A: You thought you could impress girls by mentioning Nietzsche, then by the end of junior year you realized it was too late to complete the requirements for anything else.

Q: Can God make a rock too heavy for him to lift?

A: No.

Q: Do my parents love my brother more?

A: Yes.

Q: Six or one half-dozen?

A: Six.

Q: Would my cat eat me if she could?

A: Yes.

Q: How do you end a list?

A: Try a meta-joke.

# KRAFT FOODS UNDER FIRE AFTER SPILLING 40 MILLION METRIC TONS OF UNREFINED, VELVEETA CHEESE INTO ATLANTIC GULF

*by Nikhil Nayyar*

**BAYOU, LOUISIANA** – “The sheer horror of the scene before me is hard to describe,” starts Jeb Attucks, a local shrimp boat captain. “I don’t know how I am going to survive.”

Around me is a scene filled with the pure savory goodness only Kraft Velveeta cheese can provide and with the deregulated, unfettered capitalism that thrives. Late last Thursday, Kraft’s proprietary Cheese B’ Gone system was extracting the pure, creamy cheese from the Earth’s core when its main pipe burst, releasing untold deliciousness and destruction upon the environment.

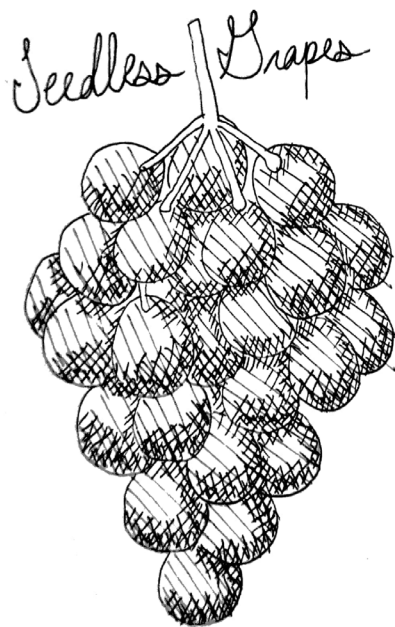
Pelicans are covered in American, crocodiles in Cheddar, shrimp in Vermont white.

“I don’t know who will buy my shrimp now,” remarks Mr. Attucks. “We all know the treat of pure Velveeta cheese, which I might add holds 400% of your daily calcium and trans-fat, is currently being wasted on this seafood.”

No one is completely sure of the effect this monumental disaster will have on the economy. Elon Musk has plans to launch the cheese into space (how original) while Mark Zuckerberg wants to turn the cheese spill into an advertisement for Lizard People.

We do know, however, one business is thrilled with the ecological collapse. Lord Hubert Moneysworth III, VP of money at British Petroleum elucidates, “And you people thought we at BP had fucked up!”

Indeed, we had.



*by Tate Lancaster*

# UNTIL DEATH DO US PART

*by Alise Deveney*

Vern was allergic to peanuts, but she pretended not to remember that when she purchased the Skippy from the supermarket earlier that morning. Rhonda spread a thick layer of peanut butter onto the sandwich. Not thick enough that Vern would notice it, of course.

Rhonda was an old woman with a loud mouth. Throughout her lifetime, she had exercised great politeness. However, at the ripe old age of eighty-five, she realized that manners had never gotten her anywhere. Therefore, Rhonda now made a talent of being unrefined.

She carried the peanut butter and jelly sandwich from the kitchen with the skill of a decrepit waitress. Her thoughts swirled faster than her feet shuffled across the linoleum floor. Accidents happened all the time, especially to folks the same age as her and Vern. No one would dare accuse her of murder. It would be insensitive.

She smiled at the thought of her husband's passing. Rhonda fully intended to enjoy the remainder of her life without Vern. The money from his life insurance policy would certainly cover the cost of a tropical getaway.

Rhonda was mostly excited to see her adult children racked with guilt at the death of their father. Those greedy bastards would regret ever stealing a dime. She almost felt sorry that Vern wouldn't be there to appreciate it. The only thing that the old couple still actually had in common was a deep hatred for their ungrateful offspring.

Vern peered over his newspaper suspiciously as Rhonda entered the room. For a moment, she feared that she had been plotting out loud again.

"Lunch," she said coolly. To her relief, Vern set aside his paper and reached two thin arms toward the plate.

Aging had had quite the opposite effect on Vern as it did on Rhonda. As he grew older, he had less of a desire to speak. Eighty-seven years on Earth had taught him that the planet was crawling with morons and it was best not to engage with any of them, particularly his wife. She was the biggest idiot of all.

Rhonda handed him the plate. She no longer expected displays of gratitude from her husband. Dying was the only courtesy that Vern was still capable of. She determined that the armchair closest to him was the best vantage point for seeing her plan unfold.

Vern raised the sandwich to his mouth. Rhonda held her breath.

He stopped.

"Smells like peanut butter."

"You're losing your senses, old fool."

He peeled back the bread, revealing the peanut butter. "Bah!" he spat. Vern set the sandwich on the table between him and Rhonda.

"Why won't you die, old man!"

"I'm going to outlive you, even if it kills me! And I got vengeance keeping me alive." Vern did not wait for her to answer. He picked up his newspaper and continued reading.

"Let me get you a drink," said Vern. With some effort, he rose from the armchair and hobbled to the kitchen sink.



In his advanced age, Vern had become obsessed with taking revenge on the kids. He planned to recover every cent that they had pinched from his pocket. He wanted to see them penniless. Yet, he would settle for seeing them plagued by sorrow at the death of their mother.

Rhonda sighed and reached for Vern's rejected sandwich. Scheming had worked up her appetite. She took a large bite.

She hardly ever made peanut butter and jelly sandwiches because she hated the way that the peanut butter stuck in her throat.

She tried to cough, but made no sound. Rhonda grabbed wildly at her throat. She would have preferred for Vern to remain occupied with the sports section, but he looked up from his reading and observed his choking wife.

Not wishing to give him the satisfaction of watching her die, Rhonda positioned her fist on her stomach and pushed down hard with her other hand. After one mighty gag, the bit of sandwich sailed from her mouth and landed on the carpet. Rhonda coughed and sputtered.

Once out of earshot from his wife, Vern began to grumble. Rhonda yakking on the living room carpet was another example of why she was the reason that the couple could not own nice things.

Vern added a touch of bleach to the tall glass of ice water he had poured. He garnished the concoction with a striped bendy straw before serving it to his wife.

Rhonda put the straw to her lips. Vern's grip on his walker tightened.

She stopped.

"This drink smells like a goddamn swimming pool!" Rhonda placed the glass next to the sandwich. "They don't put bleach in swimming pools, you dolt," said Vern.

Rhonda ignored him, checked the clock on the wall, and in a commanding voice firmly said, "Shut up, and get your car keys. We're going to be late for church."

Vern grudgingly obliged. As he shuffled out to their old Buick, he considered how folks the same age as him and Rhonda often got into automobile accidents. He also reflected on the defective passenger seat airbags and, for the first time in twelve years, he smiled.



# DO'S AND DONT'S OF THE LATIN AMERICAN COUP

*by Dan Carr*

We've all been there before. You get the covert money, small army of American soldiers, and group of radical right wing revolutionaries needed to topple a democratically elected government, but you forget what to do! It happens to the best of us! Here's a handy guide of how to lead a coup, and have fun doing it!

**DO** Monopolize the cacao industry! Most people only go for the cocaine and forget this crucial step! Cacao is a massive part of the Latin American economy, and if you get that under your government's control, your revolution will be as easy as 1, 2, 3 snorts of cocaine!

**DON'T** Get your countries mixed up! It might seem like an easy thing to avoid, but if you make this mistake, it could be crucial. It's hard to distinguish stable, un-American governments from each other, so really commit the country you're in to memory. Helpful tip: French Guinea ISN'T the same as Guyana!

**DO** Amass copious amounts of cocaine! You may be on a mission, but there's no reason to not have fun doing it! Getting as much cocaine as you can get your hands on will not only help local merchants, but will improve your experience! A lot of vendors will also give you a free sample the first time you buy from them!

**DON'T** Put yourself in harm's way! This may be a war, but you're too valuable to do the fighting! Some people suggest that fighting alongside the soldiers is a great way to build resolve, but remember: they're fighting because they hate the Leftist Democrat as much as you do. And without you, that guy will stay in charge. More importantly, who will snort all that cocaine if you die? Let someone far less essential to the coup, like a farmer or the puppet you plan on installing as dictator, die instead!

**DO** Practice your Spanish! It can be hard communicating with your vast army of soldiers in English, so take this chance to freshen up on the Spanish you forgot in high school! You'll be ordering a burrito from a Taco Bell or telling your hombres to asesinato the Communist putas like a real conquistador in no time!

**DON'T** Think about what you're doing! There are going to be quite a few idle moments when you sit in the war room by yourself. You might think that this is a good time to get lost in thought about the stakes. Don't do that! You don't need that unnecessary stress! Just remember: you're freeing the people from socialism. What more do you need to know? The puppet is a good guy who knows what the country needs: capitalism! Easy peasy! Besides, would the U.S. Government fund something if it wasn't going to turn out okay? Just take it easy and have fun! You have all this cocaine, and OH MAN it's fantastic!

**DO** Holy Shit this cocaine is fucking amazing! I feel like I'm running a marathon and I could just keep going because the world is amazing and I'm flying man I'm flying let's go fight someone right now I don't give a shit we can beat all those fucking leftists man it's hot in here I gotta get this shirt off right fucking now oh hell yeah this feels great someone get a general in here and tell him to suck my dick that would be fucking great SOMEONE FUCKING GET HIM!

**DON'T** Tell the General of the Latin American United Socialist Coalition Army to suck your dick He may seem like a fun, down to Earth guy, but he will kill a vibe quickly, and make you forget how much fun that cocaine is!

Hope these tips were helpful! Check out next week's column: "Which Syrian faction is for you?"

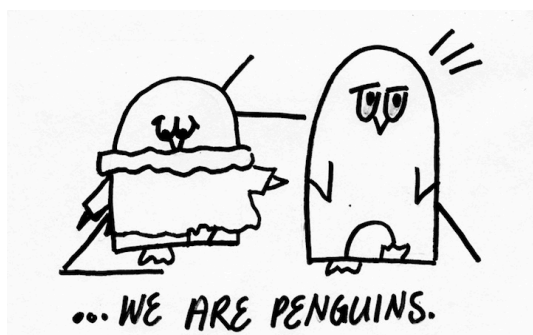
# I HEARD THE VOICE OF GOD AND IT WAS SHRILL AND UNWELCOMING

by Gabby Bianco

Last Friday, the heavens opened, and I heard the voice of God. At least I'm 99% sure it was God. I had woken up on Friday morning with the realization that I had not been to Church in quite some time. A lifetime of church going, and four years of Catholic school have instilled in me just the right amount of Catholic guilt that makes me fret when I miss Church but also allows me to write off "being too tired" as a valid excuse not to go. I knew though that I couldn't make up any excuses when I got a direct sign from God telling me to go. This sign came in the form of me dropping my phone at the gym, but it being saved from hitting the floor and shattering by the chord of my earbuds. I'm just glad that God stopped trying to get people's attention with lightning strikes and locust plagues and switched to potential technological malfunctions.

And so, I left and headed on my pilgrimage down the street to St. Stephen's, ready to be enlightened. When I reached the church, I was a couple minutes late, but I figured God wouldn't care. I mean what was God going to do, judge me? Anyways, I get to the church at approximately 12:14 and I am faced with the problem of not knowing how to get in. There are four different doors on the front of this building and I don't know which is the right one. I am standing there trying to figure this out when I hear, a shrill voice yell, "what are you staring at?" I stop and look around. Is this voice talking to me? Are you there God, it's me Margaret? I mean Gabby? I am still very confused when the voice yells again, "yeah you." I look around again. Yep, this voice is definitely talking to me. I try to find where the voice is coming from but alas, I cannot find a source. I also see that there are people around me who do not seem to have heard anything. Thoroughly shook, I scurry over to my dorm, leaving behind any hopes of making it to church.

When I get to my room, I reflect on the last few minutes. Could that have really been the voice of God? I surely hope not, because it was not very kind. The last thing I want is to be standing at the pearly gates of heaven trying to figure out how to get in and hear God yell, "what are you staring at?" Forget about hoping for eternal peace and happiness, I just want to reach heaven without being berated for being dumb. If I had bet on what would keep me out of heaven, my money would have been on my gluttony, sloth, and lust, but no, my downfall could be the fact that I am incapable of finding an entrance. I guess I better pray that Purgatory has a well marked, automatic door.



TINK AND  
DINK GO  
SHOPPING

by Kaileigh Quinnan

# OP-ED: READING IS FOR NERDS. HA, NERD.

*by Your High School Bully*

Hey you. Yeah, I'm talking to you, nerd. Ha, look at this nerd looking at the words on this paper. Only nerds read. And your reading right now, so you're just a stupid nerd.

Some study conducted by some smarty pants nerd who like studies for fun now shows that, like, 100% of people who read are also totally nerds who don't have friends or anything like that. This study, conducted with extreme accuracy precision, proves once and for all that, by reading this piece, you are a total NERD.

Your mom, the primary researcher on the study, had the following to say about the results. "It really is no surprise," she remarks after we totally did it, "my child didn't really have many friends and spent all their time out of school being just a total dweeb at the library. It really makes me question my ability as a parent."

The same study linked reading to having dumb glasses and being a total geek at sports. You might be wondering if I am a nerd because I wrote this editorial. I didn't even read this as I typed it, just to make sure that I don't turn into a stupid nerd like yourself. My nerd editor proofread this because he knew that being a nerd is terrible and wanted to spare me the stupid life that is being a stupid nerd.

At the time, there is no cure for being a nerd. You're already reading, and you won't stop. So, good luck with your reading, nerd. I'll be picking up all the babes down at the Marriot Inn Bar while you are stuck inside being all alone with your stupid loser books and stuff.

## BODYCAM CAPTURES OFFICER IN THE MIDST OF SCREWING UP HIS SHAKESPEARE MONOLOGUE FOR THE BIG AUDITION

*by Ryan Hatfield*

**COLUMBUS, OH** - The Columbus Police Department recently released dramatic body camera footage revealing an officer screwing up his big monologue. Officer Fred Yardley of Columbus was caught on camera this weekend, killing the Bard. The grotesque footage shows Yardley performing a monologue by Antony from Julius Caesar.

"Let it be known that our officer's actions do not reflect the police department as a whole," said Commissioner McGraw. "Our officers are trained to perform almost any monologue or soliloquy from any Shakespeare play in case of a life-or-death situation."



The clip shows Yardley sweating profusely in his bathroom mirror, stumbling over the words "Friends, Romans, Countrymen," which is the easiest part of the whole monologue. He eventually tries it in several different accents, first British, then Australian, which devolves into gibberish.

Needless to say, the officer will not be allowed back on active duty until he has his lines memorized, and he will certainly not get a role in the Police Department's production of Romeo and Juliet.

# A STUDY OF STALE MEN

*by Emily Sumlin*

Now, I'm not normally one to do this. I know that everyone who is about to say anything mildly controversial normally says that but I'm, like, for real. To this esteemed audience I now present my in-depth, on-site findings of the most odious nature. I risked life, limb, and my own attention span for this data, traveling overseas and somehow still encountering the bland species of my homeland I had desperately been trying to escape. In a different time, I could have written about silly summer escapades or ten trendy tips to avoid existential despair but I chose to write about this. Because it needed addressing. So enjoy, get fussy, or just don't worry about it. Ladies and Gentlemen, I give you... the Stale Man.

To clarify, not all men are stale. This is not an all-encompassing definition. But I have encountered so many with the personality of a wet Triscuit that I can no longer be silent. The Stale Man is often easy to spot. His personality is as khaki as his pants. The colors of his shirts as monotone as his voice. His slang is as outdated as his jokes about the Office. It's been off the air for five years now Stale Man, you no longer have your finger on the pulse of modern civilization. He is, in short, the worst.

And in truth, he is not a man yet. A man would not rock an unruly summer swoosh until his mother forces him to get a haircut, only then to return with a military buzz so severe you'd expect him to be shipping out on the next barge to Siam. A man would not be so overly generous with the facial hair he has given his Bitmoji, putting a full beard where only patchy peach fuzz remains. They are boys masquerading as men, by which I mean they are old enough to drive but too young to rent a car. Seriously, look it up it's like 25. Regardless, all stale men maintain the paradoxical balance of being both extremely insecure and extremely braggadocious. If you spend extended time with one of these creatures you'll hear thrilling tales of the almost all-star baseball season, ruined by a boo-boo on his elbow. Perhaps he'll lament not going to prom with the total babe who had been obsessed with him since seventh grade. If only Kevin R. hadn't asked her first. The Stale Man can often be found describing a 10th grade class where he was a constant prankster, being both sassy AND smart-assy all in one fifty-minute block. But don't worry! He could get away with it because "my teacher like freakin' loved me". That was a great story, Stale Man. Remind me when I need some devil-may-care bad boy to ride off into the sunset with. I'll keep you in mind.

However, it is not hard to see through the bravado the Stale Man uses as his defensive technique. Deep down inside his musty soul shines a glint of a personality, but it requires a thorough excavation to unearth it. The Stale Man fears this glint, afraid of any definitive quality that could separate him from the status quo. He is fearful of being ostracized, set apart, or ridiculed by the voices in his head that convince him that individuality is synonymous with deformity. Despite the jokes, we must pity the Stale Man, for the only thing keeping him from breaking out of his shell, is well... himself. But being a stale man is not a life sentence. Everyone has the capability to change, even someone who's really devoted to sending a snap on their story to individual people. So every time he wears a shirt not emblazoned with his school's logo or goes without saying "lit" for thirty minutes you may begin to hope for more from this stale, stale man. But then you'll ask him his favorite song and he'll say "I don't know...Rap?" and you will fall once again into despair.

Trust in his timing, this a journey through the polo section of Vineyard Vines that he must make alone. When you see him buying jeans at old navy, bragging about drinking black coffee at your local café, or god forbid- trying to talk to you through your earbuds on public transportation, just remember he's got a long way to go. And to all the Stale Men out there who fear it can't be helped I'll say this: Change is only one un-popped collar away.



# ARCHAEOLOGIST DISCOVERS NEW DINOSAUR, THE CLITORIS

*by Chelsea West*

**SANTA FE, N.M.**- After years of research, hypermasculine archaeologist Digory McDougal discovered new dinosaur species, the Clitoris.

For centuries scientists believed that the Clitoris was a mere myth. Stories of the Clitoris were passed down through oral storytelling. Legend has it that the dinosaur would camouflage itself in dark forests. Once her victim was in view, she would attack men, engulfing them whole between her folds.

McDougal's discovery unveiled that this once-thought fictional dinosaur is now fact. "My discovery of the Clitoris was completely unexpected, but this discovery is definitely the climax of my career," said McDougal.

The Clitoris fossils were found in a desert area which was once a wet swamp millions of years ago. This dinosaur in particular perished due to lack of moisture. Some reports indicate McDougal has undermined the discoveries of his female colleague, Anna Cherry, who stated that she has known about the Clitoris for years.

"I've told McDougal plenty of times that if he digs a little more to the left he'd find the Clitoris," said Cherry, "but McDougal assures me that he knows what he's doing and that he's done a lot of digging before."

Scientists are diving head first into Clitoris research in hopes to gain more insight of the creature's life and habits. New reports describe the dinosaur as being small and pink, but do not underestimate its tiny frame because the Clitoris can pack a big punch. The Clitoris belongs to the Saurischian dinosaur family; however, the Clitoris established a new sub-category called Ovarianpods.

McDougal is hopeful that the Clitoris will change the perception of prehistoric dinosaurs and pave the new archaeological discoveries.

"We may never know what else is hidden below earth's surface," says McDougal, "but I believe that a creature much bigger and more daunting than the Clitoris is located right below it."

## NEW GYM MANAGEMENT TO REPLACE FREE WEIGHT SECTION WITH SHAKE WEIGHTS™

*by Velina Georgi & Andrew Mathes*

After the recent acquisition of the George Street Fitness Center by the Kappa Dappity Doo fraternity, the first major change may be implemented within the next week. A representative from KDD spoke to reporters after the initial press release. "Our sponsorship of Shake Weight™ is ushering in a new age for our fitness center...we are trying to take any measure we can to improve the experience at the gym." Unfortunately, all reporters in attendance were too astounded at the spokesman's ability to say "™" aloud to ask for elaboration.

Monday will mark the start of the transition. Over the next two months, all dumbbells and weighted plates will be replaced by Shake Weights™. These will be recycled into classroom desks and chairs, tables, and utensils for City Bistro. The Shake Weights™ will range in size from the standard 5.8lb to the larger 100lb, and include both the classic design and the newly released "Round Two" configuration.

# HOW TO BECOME A SUPREME COURT JUSTICE

*by Sarah Zylberfuden*

Supreme Court Justices have so much power, who wouldn't want to be one? Since a SC justice can stay in office for life, you don't have to worry about disapproval. So if your spouse has a horrible new hairdo, you want to say weird things about a coke can, or you just want to lift weights with Squee without fear of judgment, you have nothing to worry about!

That said, becoming a part of the big bad Supreme Court is no easy endeavor. But, luckily, I've compiled a set of effective tips that have worked for all of the recent SC appointments.

1. Make sure to post on Twitter at least every day.

It's selfish to keep your wise opinions and policy ideas to yourself. It is absolutely necessary that you share your knowledge with everyone else. Also, posting makes a huge difference on policymakers' decisions. So you're making a difference and building on your reputation that will surely get you nominated. With tweets like these, Trump will be sure to notice you!

2. Go to as many keg stands and wild parties as possible.

Your reputation won't matter in the end, so go all out right now! If anything, the president will appreciate that you like to have a good time. So forget about your Chemistry homework and the tiring search for internships, and go to that sketchy frat party on a Monday night.

3. Do not go to college.

An education is pointless. As long as you talk very loudly and use elevated vocabulary to make yourself sound smart, you're all set. Honestly, qualifications like this aren't as important as you might think. Populace can reverberate erudite appellations unescorted by tutelage with a thesaurus.

4. Have at least three kids, preferably girls.

You have to let people know you are a family person. If you have boys, make sure to emphasize that you enjoy hunting and playing ping pong with them in your free time. If you have girls, let the public know that you love women just like you love your girls.

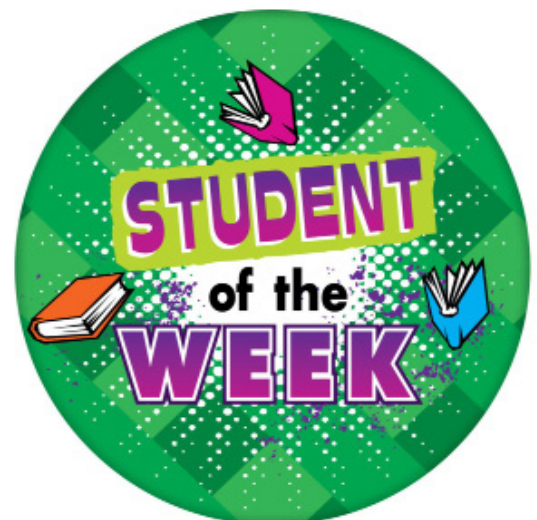
5. Have as many diverse friends as possible.

It is a necessity that people know that even though, say, you do not support gay marriage, you at least have a gay friend. This way, you can tell people that you are not homophobic since you have a gay friend. This is just one example, however. You also need an African American friend, an Asian American friend, and, most importantly, a Hispanic friend.

6. Go to church. A Christian one.

It is a must to have everyone know you are a charitable person, and what better way to do that than by going to church? But it has to be a Christian one, to show that you really have morals.

This is by no means an exhaustive list. However, it is comprehensive enough to get you to be the ultimate Judge Judy!



# CONTRIBUTER BIOS

## **Gabby Bianco, Brown University**

Gabby is a sophomore at Brown and a staff writer at The Rib.

## **Dan Carr, Northeastern University**

Dan Carr is the Editor-in-Chief of Northeastern Times New Roman to the disappointment of his parents, who were hoping that the several hundred thousand dollars would be funneled towards his studies. He currently lives somewhere in your house because he got lost and was too shy to tell anyone.

## **Alise Deveney, Penn State**

Alise Deveney is an undergraduate pursuing a degree in film, with minors in both English and Theatre. Alise is a writer for Phroth, Penn State's century old humor publication.

## **Elisheva Goldberg, Brown University**

Elisheva is a first-year at Brown University and a staff writer at The Rib.

## **Velina Georgi, College of Charleston**

Velina is a sophomore at the College of Charleston and Editor-in-Chief of the Cougar Report.

## **Kellie Hahn, Penn State**

Kellie is a senior at Penn State studying Mathematics and Statistics, the president of Second Floor Stand Up, the president and co-founder of Derby: A Women's Comedy Troupe, and a staff writer for Phroth!

## **Ryan Hatfield, Penn State**

Ryan is a junior at Penn State University. He is a Telecommunications and English major and the Editor-in-chief of Penn State's humor publication, Phroth. He also loves to perform stand-up and improv with Penn State's other comedy organizations.

## **Tate Lancaster, Brown University**

A very manly muppet.

## **Jake Marglous, Brown University**

Jake is a writer for the Brown Jug. In his spare time, he enjoys pretending to read poetry; in his work time, he enjoys browsing the internet.

## **Andrew Mathes, College of Charleston**

Andrew is a sophomore at the College of Charleston and Editor-in-Chief of the Cougar Report.

## **Kaleigh Quinnan, Penn State**

Kaleigh is currently a sophomore at Penn State University Park. She is a double major in Fine Arts and French and just recently started stand up comedy this semester, but have been doing the cartoons for the Daily Collegian since last semester.

## **Nikhil Nayyar, Penn State**

Nikhil is a Junior majoring in Electrical Engineering with a minor in English. In his freetime, he enjoys writing for Phroth, Penn State's satire publication and making unnecessary 4th wall breaks in his biography.

## **Emily Sumlin, University of Virginia**

Emily loves theatre, her hometown of Atlanta, red pandas, gummy worms, and getting out of class early. Despite being ten hours away from home and having .6 points less in her GPA, Emily also adores UVA and has treasured her last three years at Thomas Jefferson's Wonderland of Problematic Legacies.

## **Chelsea West, Penn State**

Chelsea started writing and performing comedy her sophomore year of college and doesn't intend to stop anytime soon. In the future, she hopes to give women and women of color, like herself, a voice and a platform in the comedy community.

## **Sarah Zylberfuden, Brown University**

Sarah is a first-year at Brown interested in studying Cognitive Neuroscience while learning about writing on the side. She is from Waco, Texas, slowly but surely adjusting to the New England winters.