

The GarbOyle

Volume 113 No.4 | Winter 2022

Guide to a Glowing Green Complexion

1. Constantly remind yourself that she chose him over you.

2. Guzzle the goo from glow sticks for a healthy radiance.

3. Wash daily with sludge, exfoliate with slime!

4. Gorge yourself on Bursley Hall's "delicious" eatables.





Volume CXIII, Number 4 Winter 2022

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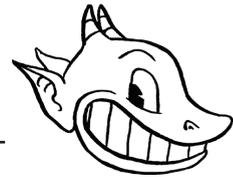
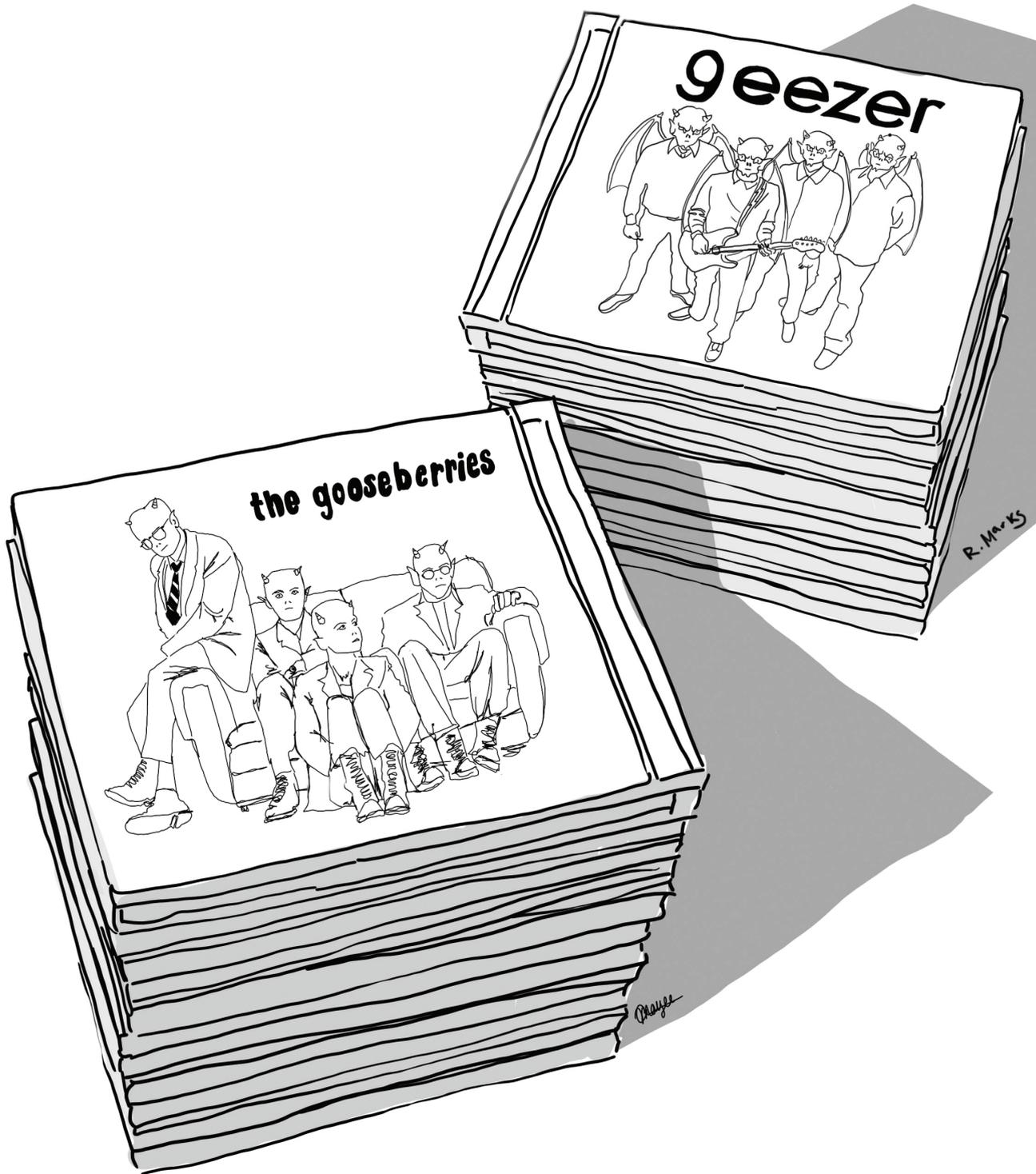


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By Mayee C



Green Juice

The joy of good green . Fresh-rotted... fleshly rotten...freshly-rotten Green juice. You will find all your favorites in Green Juice. Now at your grocer's. Green eggs, poison ivy, and green ham... all into one.

By Mayee C

Death to Frogs!

By Madylin Eberstein

The case of the Frog leaves me not just displeased
But entrapped in a feral and **murderous** seige
See, at even my youthful (yes, YOUTHFUL) young age
My mind's been consumed with a frogphobic rage
Through no fault of my own, I do have to say
For the frogs have only their damn selves to blame
And I swear to my first-born son, dog, or daughter
To avoid **EVERY** swampy body of water.
That's right. I said it.
Every. Single. Stinking. One.
'Til the last frog is long dead. Over. **Done.**

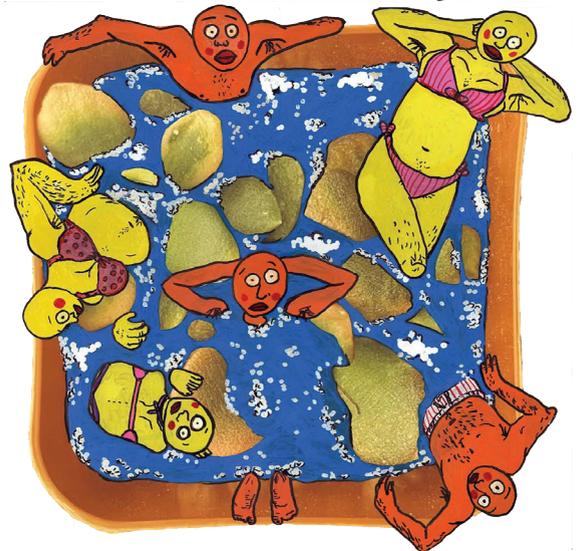
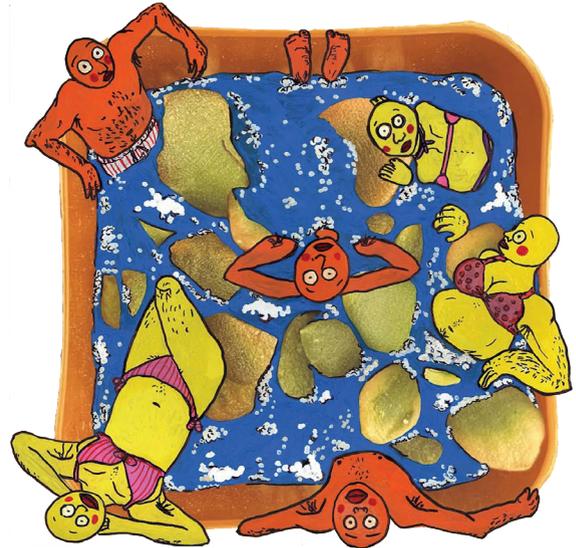
But my hatred of frogs runs deeper than fear
Deeper than shedding a few frightful tears
And deeper than hating their pudgy wet faces
Their thoughtless black eyes in far-away places
With no lashes to speak of. Oh no! God forbid!
And don't dare acknowledge their alien ribbits.

But, no. That's not it. They're worse than all that.
And it's thanks to their famous, indelible tact
Or lack of, I should say, for in fact, they do nothing
Just sit on their lillies and **shit out more offspring**

What do you stand for? What are your values?
What is your biological purview?
You morally destitute, violent nation
You collective, cursed abomination
Learn how to read! As if that's so hard
Learn something **useful** or **cultured** or **smart**

Have something of value to offer mankind!
Something more than your sinful, dispensable minds
More than a fat, round, lazy, mucosal body
More than a tongue best made for karate
More than a dead-eyed, **unintelligible** gaze
That proves, above all, you've no right to praise

So to all you youngsters, I urge you to stop.
Don't indulge in the frog-themed world of Depop!
Don't give in to their twisted, amphibious whims
And join my incessant and bellowing hymn
As I shout from the rooftops, Down with you fools!
I will hear no more of you slip-slimey ghouls!
Death to your marshes, your swamps, and your bogs!
And, of course, most of all, I pronounce
Death to Frogs



Art by Sophie Porigow

GARGOYLE VS GREEN GOBLIN

Spiderman No Way Home revealed the reality of the multiverse. There are many spidermen out there on different Earths, which likely means many green-goblins. On one of these Earths, the green-goblin was a professor at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor. This is his origin story.

By Gautham Jayaraj

Norman "Dr. Oz" Osborn used to be an esteemed professor at UM- Ann Arbor, which he still works at, but he lost his "esteemed-ness" after a far from esteemed horse-girl from UROP tried her hoof-loving hand at chemistry.

People wonder why UROP students have difficult times getting into labs. It's not because they are unqualified mouth-breathers sucking air through their face-holes. It's that they are flesh bags that can ruin researchers' lives.

This girl couldn't come up with a final presentation on time, so she made a concoction with carbonated water and green skittles. The liquid appeared like a soda drink (or pop, for those that prefer other nomenclature.). The deprived horse girl handed the drink to Dr. Osborn on an April evening, thinking he would accept it as a final project. Dr. Osborn assumed it was mountain dew and drank. Oh yes, he drank it like a man whose thirst had never been quenched.

The horse girl didn't realize the skittles were expired, however. So, as the days passed, Norman went through a second puberty. His schlong didn't get bigger, but his personality certainly did. So much so, it broke into two pieces--- two equally unsexy sides of a coin.

Stormin' Norman hadn't noticed those changes until he read his mid-term evaluations. The common trend: "he was too moody and would talk to the mirrors in Mason Hall too often." After some not-so-subtle requests from his son, Harry, Dr. Osborn set up an appointment with CAPS (Counseling and Psychological Services).

Norman "Green Skittles" Osborn set up an appointment with the CAPS, and a few days later, he hopped onto a zoom call. He found an esteemed psychologist on the other end, without their camera on. Norman kept his camera off as well. He was starting to get green skin and didn't want to show it. That's the wonders of middle-age puberty.

The initial minutes of the conversation went as well as you'd expect an egotistical researcher and a face-less voice to go. I'm sure you'd rather fall down an actual well and have your pubescent acne light on fire than listen to that audible word vomit.

"So, Norman, because of this concoction you drank, you're telling me you are feeling psychotic?"

"That's the gist of it."

"Yeah, you should just sleep it off."

Norman grew silent, "Really? I don't need to do cognitive behavioral therapy or anything like that?"

"No, that's what scientists would administer, but I'm not a scientist." There was a shrug in Garg's voice.

"You know, I'm something of a scientist myself."

"Your PhDs say so."

Norman was confused why an incompetent nincompoop such as Garg could be a counselor at CAPS. But then again, if you're sneaky enough, you can steal zoom IDs.

"Norman, I'm curious, what do you look like?"

"You can search for a picture of me on linkedin."

"Or, you can show me now."

Norman "PhDs" Osborn hesitated to turn on his camera; ultimately, he went for it anyway and revealed his itchy skin to the mysterious Garg.

"No way..." Garg sounded awestruck.

"I'm hideous, I know."

"You are hideous, but it's not that. You're green. That can't be..."

"Umm..."

"I'm sorry, Norman, but this is something I can't accept. I will be the sole green person on this campus. Not you or any other loony professors."

Norman shifted in his seat as his mind noodles shuffled. The second piece of his new, split personality was trying to take over after the insult. "Who are you calling 'loony'?"

"You." Garg turned on his camera and revealed his beautifully ugly appearance, "We meet at the diag at 2 a.m. tomorrow."

"For what?"

"A fight to hold the title of sole green person on campus."

No one considered the possibility of actually healing Norman to remove his green exterior, for these were some violent boys.

Norman "Two Face" Osborn showed up at the diag the following day with a broomstick and pajamas. Garg showed up in all his glory a few minutes later. His tragically ugly yet

somehow luxurious bottom-of-the-trash can skin was accentuated with the gentle licks of the street lights.

It was time for a duel. Without even a countdown, these two green beings dashed towards each other.

Norman attempted to swing the broom at Garg's statue-esque head, but Garg raised his forearm and blocked the pathetic attack. The broom bristles bent like broken bones.

"You look like a Goblin, Norman."

"Really?" Norman cackled on the edge of insanity. "You know how I got these scars?"

Garg grabbed the end of the broom, but Norman held his end tighter. Garg turned and swung the broom over his head with Norman still attached. Norm's back thumped on the ground, and he released an accompanying grunt. Much like a green skittle, he looked very chewy after his fall.

Norman whimpered, "Please don't hurt me." He returned to his 'normal' personality, and he quivered his hands when sitting up, trying to summon empathy from the aggressor.

Garg didn't fall for this, however. He approached the fallen Norm and muttered, "I am one person. You are two. You have to choose, Osborn. You have to choose."

"No, I don't," Norman hissed before looking down at Garg's feet. "You're standing on the 'M,' Garg. You know what that means."

Garg stood straight, looking into the sky as if looking for what wronged him. A tear dribbled past the crease of his eyelid.

Norman knew it was only a little past 2 a.m., and the clock tower no longer rings at midnight, so the curse could never be lifted, even if Garg could run to the puma statues from the 'M' in a minute while naked.

Garg knew about the curse, but he didn't realize that the clock doesn't ring at midnight. So, Norman made his order, "Get naked, boy." Garg picked at leather tunic and got naked before the defamed professor. His wings stretched comfortably as he sprinted towards the Chem building.

Norman watched in pride as Garg ran off like a coward. The Green Goblin had won. He was the sole green person on campus. He repeated to the stars, "Get naked, boy."

GD Green Pilled GD

By Ashton Gibson

You're trapped in a windowless room, alone, save for the threatening and oddly lumpy, trench-coated figure blocking the only exit. The Gargoyle extends his two hands and offers you the blue pill or red pill. This is the only way out: take one of the pills and be set free! There is a catch: only one pill will free you, and the other will kill you. How can you make this choice? You pace back and forth in the cramped space. Sweat pours out of your glands. Soon, the armpits of your shirt are darkened, more so than they would be on a regular basis (because you're kind of a sweaty stinky freak!). You're crying, deep, desperate sobs that rack your whole body. You haven't cried like this since you found out that pubic lice was real and not something your mom made up to scare you into showering. You freeze from fear.

"I can't do this!" you scream into his unsympathetic face, "I can't make this choice, I won't!"

With a sigh, he shuffles around slightly. From out of his trench coat appears a third, hand-like appendage. He offers a third option. In his 'hand', the green pill. But, there are risks. Just like the other pills, he will not tell you what it does. His warnings fall flat, as the sound of his suave voice fades into buzzing between your ears. You're desperate for a way out—that's all you can think about. The pill is so enticing with its reflective emerald hue; it's no larger than an average Barbie shoe, so it would surely go down easy. The

pill looks juicy, and your mind is now fixated on the possible flavors it could be. There's green apple, lime, shamrock shake, grass, foot fungus...

So you scarf it down straight out of his hand. You make sure to gobble every last bit, staring into his eyes and nibbling his fingers. Gargoyle says "ok.. Great..." while wiping your slobber off on his pants.

The pill slides down your throat and gets caught like the gravel you had for lunch. You choke it down. You're thinking.. What now? Gargoyle kind of rubs his neck awkwardly and is like "yeah.. It takes a second to hit sometimes".

"Wait, are you sure you can't tell me what this one does? I already ate it, at this point there's no going back. Well, I've seen The Matrix and in that movie the red pill is 'wake up' and the blue pill is 'forget that anything is wrong', so would that make the green pill like a laxative, or...?" Your nervous rambling trails off because you can feel the sensation of bubbling deep in your gut.

The bubbling becomes a warmth that shoots through your body. A sharp pain in your chest grabs your attention, and to your surprise, you suddenly have absolutely massive tits. Like, gigantic. A similar sensation targets your backside, and you find that you now possess a voluptuous rump rival to Kim K's 2017 BBL.

And, you didn't just change physically. In fact, it's all clear to you now, clearer than it ever could have been before: the green pill made you the absolute most sexy and attractive person alive! It also expanded

your mind. You are aware of everything. You now possess all knowledge that was previously unknown to you, including the true purpose of the green pill. You even know the true identity of the deceitful masked con man of an artist known as "Marshmello". You have never been happier. Your brain feels like it's about to leak out of your ears because of how big it is.

By taking the green pill, which was made possible through the Gargoyle, you unlocked the highest version of yourself. You have huge tits and a fat ass. You are the smartest person to ever live. You are the walking, breathing epitome of humor. You are perfect. With that, you are free to exit, and go out into the world a truly changed man.

Celebrating Tax Day?
We'll do your **taxes!**

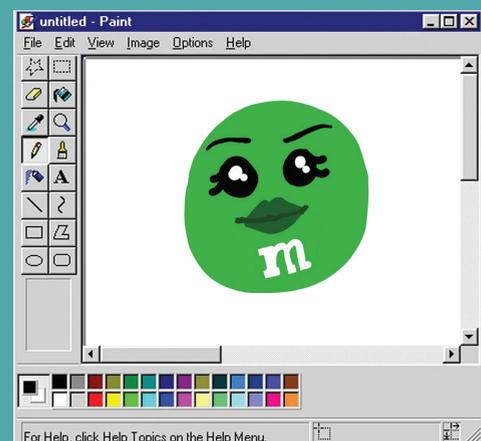
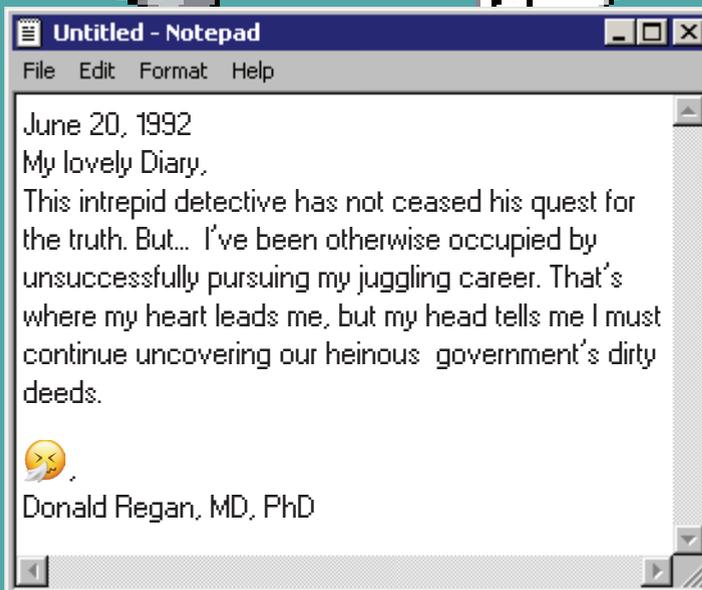
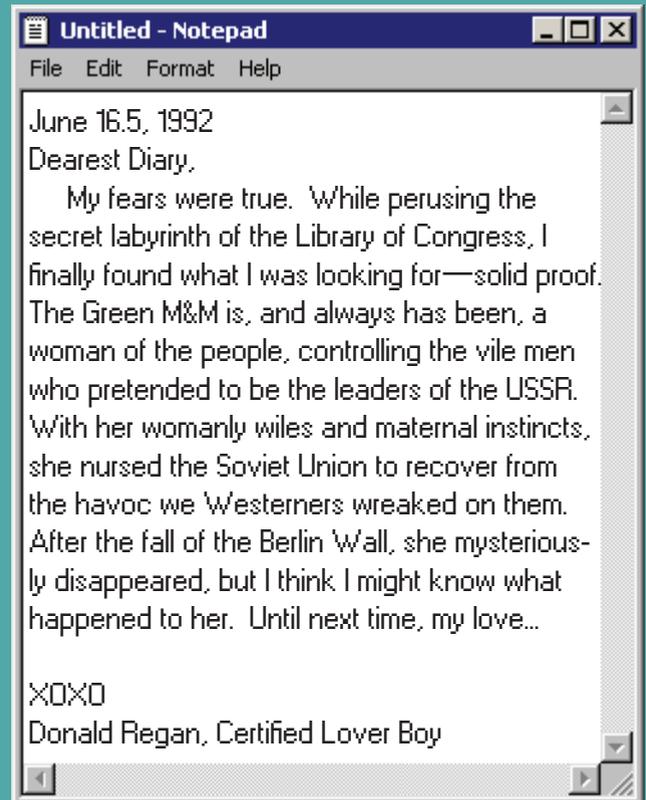
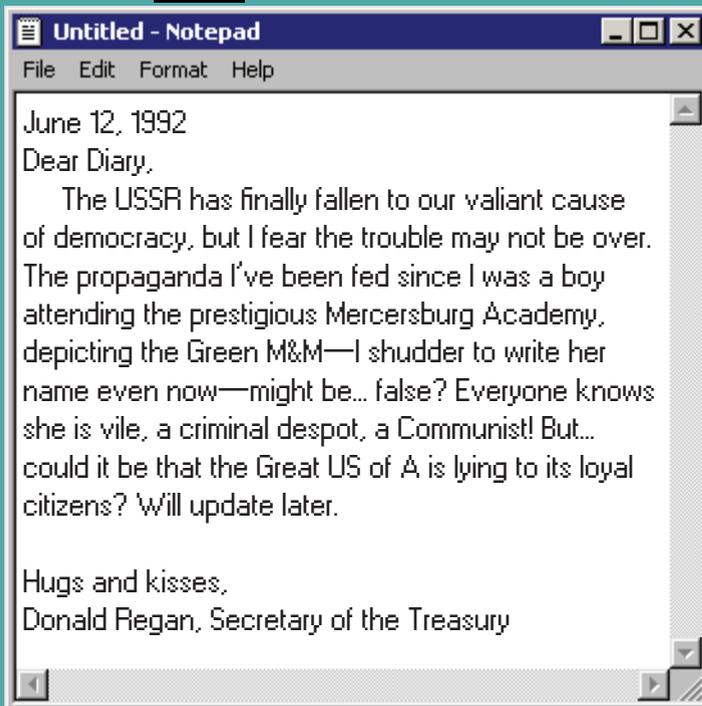
Send your
Social Security Number, Date of Birth, mother's maiden name, name of your first pet, and which street you grew up on
To taxes.gargoyle@umich.edu

Are you sick of having those pesky **IRS agents** at your door? Gargoyle will take care of them for you.

Ad by Lars Martin

THE HISTORY OF THE GREEN M&M

Uncovered By: Amer Goel and Tess Beiter, descendants of Donald Regan



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June 23, 1992
My sensuous Diary,
My blood runs cold in my varicose veins. My brittle bones tremble at the cruelty of our nation. Until now, they've led us to believe that the glorious Green M&M disappeared, perhaps even died. But NO. She's alive and well, waiting to be freed by those who are brave enough to take up her cause. Guantanamo, we are coming for you. You 'WILL NOT enslave the woman who has given so much for any longer. (note to self: find out exactly what Guantanamo is)

I don't even have the energy in me to (~w~).
Donald Regan, quirked up white boy, goated with the sauce

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June 25, 1992
Most lovely Diary,
Donna left me today. But I don't need her. I don't need anyone but the Green M&M. I've been in contact with operatives on the ground in Cuba (apparently, that's where Guantanamo is). I hear they've been putting her in heeled boots recently, objectifying her, forcing her into sexual slavery. How DARE they. I have a pair of pristine white tennis shoes waiting for her when she is finally free. Donna will see what she lost then.. I'll make sure of it.

Lonely.
- d

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June █. 1992
My comrade, Diary of diaries, my everything:
I finally found her. I first laid eyes on her in █. I was losing hope then; our cause for justice and the freedom of █ and her veritable horde of baby Taras. But alas, there she was. I averted my eyes with the respect one affords a goddess such as she. I offered her those glistening shoes I had brought; I genuflected but she was not pleased. I prostrated myself completely, but she only accepted me with a mere █. Afterward, my fellow operatives and I stayed to distract the █ while she made her escape. My mind is clearer than ever— is this what enlightenment feels like?
I may die. But I will die a loyal █ of the Green M&M.
Mommy? sorry, mommy, sorry, mommy, sorry, mom—
Donald Regan, Peace be Upon Me

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CLASSIFIED

DONALD REGAN, Secretary of the Treasury turned traitor, recounts his brainwashed enamoration with the evil GREEN M&M, a dangerous and manipulative KGB operative. Her whereabouts remain classified. The UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT officially denies any knowledge of any person or thing to do with any part of this situation.



10:24 PM

How the Garg Saved Saint Patrick's Day

By Anson Lee

Once upon a time in Ireland, there lived a mischievous Gargoyle. He spent his days pranking the animals of the forest, stealing from local villagers, and spreading conspiracy theories about fairies. One day the king of the realm came to inspect the village. There was much celebration upon his arrival, yet the mischievous Gargoyle was only interested in the King's golden crown.

"I could buy so much weed if I sold that," he thought to himself.

Determined to get higher than the Empire State, the Gargoyle waited until nightfall before sneaking into the King's tent and stealing his crown while he slept. By morning he had sold the crown to a leprechaun in exchange for a collection of coins, jewels, and NFTs.

When the king finally awoke, he was furious. He gathered his knights, the villagers, and one very baked Gargoyle in the town square. "I promise the one who finds the thief who stole my crown shall be handsomely rewarded!"

Recognizing an opportunity, the Gargoyle spoke. "I bet it was that damn Leprechaun", he said. "Just this morning I saw him with a suspicious pot of gold at the end of the rainbow."

"Then we must find this Leprechaun and punish him", replied the King before sending his knights to hunt him down.

From then on, Irish-Leprechaun relations were permanently damaged leading to centuries of warfare. However, the Gargoyle did not care; for he was satisfied with his new pile of treasure.

However when he arrived at his condo in the woods later that day, he found several mysterious figures waiting for him. "I heard you were talking shit," said one of them before revealing himself. It was the Leprechaun the Gargoyle had sold the crown to, and with him were several of Ireland's most notorious Leprechaun mobsters. After several minutes

of trading insults and racial slurs, the Gargoyle said with confidence, "You're all bark and no bite! What are you going to do? Stab me?"

After shattering the Gargoyle's kneecaps with baseball bats, the gang of Leprechauns left him howling in agony before depriving him of his newfound riches. Their fatal mistake would be leaving the Gargoyle alive, for now he would seek vengeance.

The Gargoyle hatched a plan to gather an army of animals to lead them in a war against the Leprechauns. However, such a task proved more difficult than he initially predicted.

"No," said the rabbits. "We're far too busy with rabbit stuff to help."

"No," said the deer. "That sounds like a you problem."

"No," said the birds. "Fuck off."

With no army, the desperate Gargoyle decided to turn to foreign mercenaries. He would purchase a legion of the most wicked and wild creatures to roam the earth and send them forth in his righteous crusade. However, the recently robbed Gargoyle was particularly cash strapped and could only afford a crate of snakes.

For centuries onward, these snakes would ravage Ireland and its peoples, until the arrival of St. Patrick. For his act of

environmental warfare, the Gargoyle was banished from the island and would not return until he discovered an even stronger force for invading Ireland: the English.



Why is the Gargoyle green? By Gautham Jayaraj

People often ask "who is Gargoyle?" but many don't ask "why is Gargoyle?" or more grammatically sensical, "why is Gargoyle green?" I have created three hypotheses as to why that is.

Gargoyle is part plant.

There is a saying that "you are what you eat." Garg looks like a hulu type of a guy, but for the sake of argument, let's say he watched all the pro-chicken netflix food documentaries and shifted to the vegan lifestyle. It is also a well-known fact that he trains his gag reflex by taking in phallic vegetables like penis-shaped carrots and the like. He probably ate a few cucumbers on accident while doing this and became the luscious, forest green pigment his scaly but oh so masculine skin exudes.

There may be a few consequences due to the previously mentioned things. For one, he would need extreme moisture to maintain a healthy skin care routine. He likely has to steel kids' juice boxes and squeeze them onto himself in front of the youth for maximum viewer agony.

Gargoyle's mother was a frog.

Garg gives off the impression that he can't help but snatch a fly out of the air at any moment. And based on the way he walks, he just seems like a damn amphibian. Most of the world are indifferent to amphibians but still, who knows if Garg is half-frog and half slimy cock dragon.

He permanently dyed himself green. As we know, Garg is an immortal being who hasn't aged for years, but we also know he is a creative lad, unafraid of goals that are slightly out of his reach.

Once upon a time, he tried his hand at one of these goals. There was a script for the third Jurassic Park film where the main conflict was human-dinosaur hybrids. Garg must have thought he fit the description of the screen-writer's ambition. He could have auditioned for the role of "human-dino-3," but when the plans changed, he didn't get a call back.

These are the theories for now. If anyone has any better ones, keep them to yourselves.

Something smells funky at 420 Maynard!

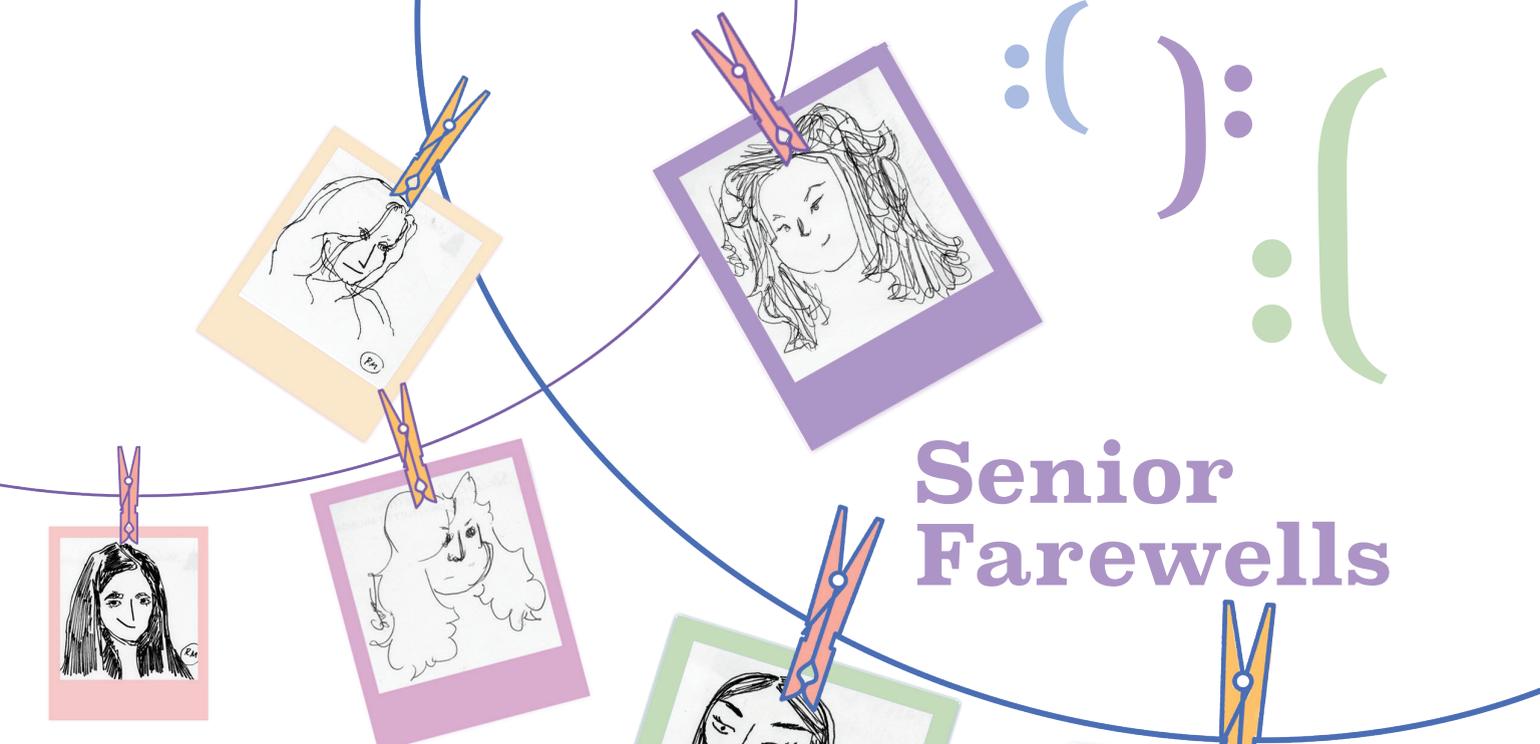
By Adam Krugel

It's The Month of April in the year 2022! which means on the first Saturday, April 2nd, students and potheads will gather in revelry the university's diag to do what they do best: smoke marijuana. This is not to be confused with the latter weed holiday, 4/20 taking place titularly on the twentieth day in the fourth month, april, of this year 2022 which means the whole month is four / twenty too! (two). The Hash Bash has taken place in the diag for 50 years- It began with the feds (derogatory) sentencing poet John Sinclair to ten years in prison for the possession of two joints. Even though it's legal now this fact still paralyzes me with paranoia every time I see a pig because that's all it took, Two doobies. If that is illegal then give me a life sentence and throw away the key! Anyway the year was 1971, the beatcomber himself John "the beatles" Lennon made a pilgrimage to the wonderful city Ann Arbor and held a Free John Now! concert in Sinclair's name, not to be confused with his own. Sinclair ended up only

serving a quarter of his sentence, not equivalent to seven grams, and the law was changed from ten years to one. Hash Bash used to charge admissions, 5\$, payable to the cops writing tickets for small possession infractions. The esoteric plant has since been legalized in the state, definitely thanks to the heroic martyrship of John Sinclair and the many participants of the Hash Bash; the original goal of the festival was to Legalize It!, but now we just take up in the diag cause we can. It's a perfect location, open space almost entirely surrounded by institution to bother and it's right in the middle of the city so we can crowd up downtown. I think the only possibly better location would be the Arb for its natural beauty but the arb is a lot farther from Mr. Spots, which is close to the diag which I am going to after partaking at Hash Bash. Mr Spots is my favorite restaurant. It's so yummy and I can always trust it to fill me up for my money. They should open a stand in the diag for hash bash because they would sell so many munchies.

Gary Payton - The Gargoyle has been smoking with Gary Payton ever since he helped him win the natty with the Heat in '05. An Indica dominant hybrid strain, Gary P has a strong gaseous flavor with a hint of fruitiness, it'll leave your mouth feeling like you drank straight from the pump at the Sunoco, and then had a handful of Cap'n Crunch's Crunch Berries™ breakfast cereal. Gary will leave you with a strong, wavy body feeling of the colors purple and blue.

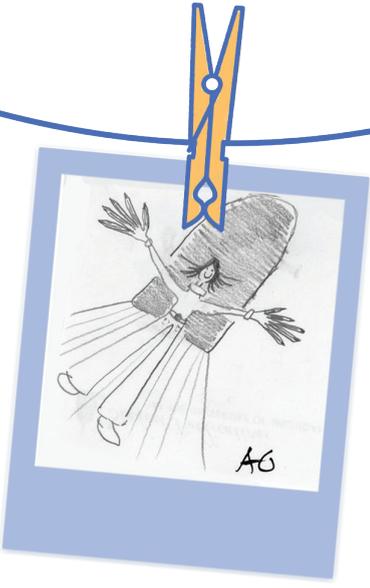
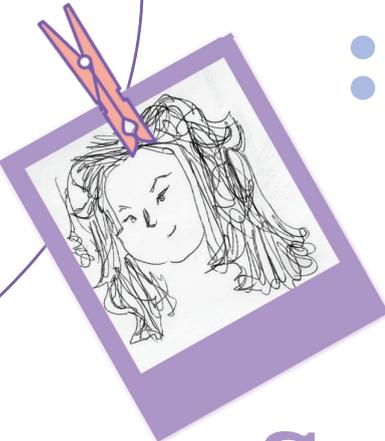
Aurora - This is the good stuff Gargoyle was smoking on way back when with your parents in the 1980s. A cross of Northern Lights x Afghani, Aurora is a super OG pure indica strain, with seeds from Amsterdam, that will knock you on your ass harder than ten dollar pitcher night at Skeep's. This is the kinda weed Gargoyle seeks out when he needs to get stoned more than he is already made of. It's pretty rare, you can only obtain it from the Catman, an Ann Arbor legend. Rumor has it sometimes he rides the commuter north bus.



Senior Farewells

Joining Gargoyle was the second-most random thing I did in college, besides learning Czech for my own amusement (Zvláštní, že?), but I am so glad I did. Gargoyle is one of those clubs you feel like you should quit—for the sake of your reputation, career, for the love of God, Mady, your family!—but for some stinkin' reason, you're never able to actually do it, too caught up in the knowledge that this may be the last time in your life you're allowed to be so relentlessly silly! and the realization that no other org on campus will attract so many truly decent, fun-loving people as this.

After four long years I can honestly say I'm going to miss Gargoyle, both for the incriminating amount of creative freedom this magazine afforded me and, especially, for the magical way being a part of it makes you forget you're actually not supposed to piss away your college years writing for a useless (don't forget charming) humor publication. If only pontificating about the color of a Gargoyle's jizz with a group of fellow delinquents was considered a viable career option, there would be hope for me going forward, and if you see me around campus crying after this, it's not because I've realized that my days at Gargoyle are finally behind me. It's



because you farted.
Yes, you did.

With that being said, these are the last words I will ever write for Gargoyle. Better make them good:
Ass.

- Mady

Since signing a blood contract with the Garg in 2018, my corpus has known no rest. Gargoyle is one of those strange terrestrial substances you happen upon once every blue moon which bears the weight of being simultaneously bacterial and medicinal - yet falls short of achieving either purpose. Like a penis, it sluttily inserts itself into infinite crevices of social and cultural critique; like the dirty margins of a sex-ed textbook, it is tired of the phallic Reddit humor used in order to achieve so.

In hindsight, Gargoyle taught me a

wealth of lessons simply incapable of being articulated in my (similarly fatal) art school education. Gargoyle taught me how art is the detriment of inhibition, how humor is the most conceited yet self-governing creative genre, and how nary a public figure can go unscathed without a decade's worth of satirical onslaught. Needless to say, designing and illustrating for this filthy stack of newsprint has brought a sense of warmth to my otherwise cold and rheumatic graphic design duties. As my contract ends, I bequeath the next generation with some spare drops of tuberculosis blood, a room of collector's edition mildew, and a horrific shared Google Drive. Good luck.

- Shannon

Hildegard von Bingen 1098-1179



visionary, polymath, composer

Gaea

II

By Gaea Gaecke

Creamy Irish Cuisine

By Luke Homans

Allow me to paint a picture for you.

It is March 3rd, 2022.

You are cruising down the interstate at a speed somewhere between eighty and one hundred miles per hour. Your head is swirling with anxieties, constantly battling existential dread and the motivation for your existence. As you begin to approach one of the characteristic American highway interchanges filled with nothing but concrete, gas stations, and chain restaurants, your focus shifts for a second to the glorious golden arches that adorn nearly every abomination of civil engineering such as this one. Upon brief consideration of this sighting, you come to realize the significance of the aforementioned date. For it is naught but this time of year that one may be able to purchase a nauseatingly green mint-adjacent ice cream beverage 'neath the yellow M. A carnal instinct awakens inside you, one that can only be satiated by the forgotten nectar that is the limited time only! Shamrock Shake® syrup blended into creamy vanilla soft serve. As you move to the far right lane to take the exit, a hunched figure perched atop the gaudy sign catches your eye. As you draw nearer, you are able to make out the nature of the creature: an incredibly handsome gremlin-like winged beast, forest green, furiously masturbating in full view of the world.

Due to the common and insignificant nature of such a sight, and for the mere sake of being polite, your gaze and attention once again shifts to the sweet treat that has become a temporary distraction from the monotony that is your continuous existence in this consumerist hellscape.

Upon entering the drive thru, your prayers shift to the benevolent gods of the often less than functional ice cream machines, hoping that you may be spared from the misfortune of disappointment; your aspirations shattered, your spirit left broken.

Today it appears that the Irish smile down upon you, as your request for a seasonal milkshake is granted, for the small price of 4.29 (plus tax), and a slight fondling from Ronald McDonald himself as his grubby gloved hand gently removes the money from your pocket.



Upon the reception of your viscous beverage, your heart leaps with excitement, hardly able to remember your last experience twelve long months ago. This lapse of memory proves to be your undoing, as you find the concoction to be somewhat sickly-sweet, somehow managing to taste neither like mint nor ice cream; rather, as if the mint leaves had been violently drowned in a bath of high-fructose corn syrup, causing a flavor that manages only to resemble the unsettling bright green color that it bears, leaving only an odd burning aftertaste in the back of your throat; you shrug, coming to the conclusion that this must simply be what shamrocks taste like, and you continue on your journey, once again burdened with the weight of your consciousness, never to give it a second thought.

Oh, but it is far deeper than that my friend.

Remember the hunched, self-stimulating, animal-like figure perched atop the infamous yellow sign that you shrugged off as an insignificant occurrence? Well I sure do. I remember it like I was there, almost as if I, in a way, was. You see, that creature was no ordinary gremlin, but of course our very own dear mascot the Gargoyle.

Well, at the very least, do you remember the milkshake you just recently consumed? Remember the sickly taste that still somehow managed to leave an acidic feeling upon the soft flesh of your pharynx? While you may struggle to understand this juxtaposition of sensations, I can explain them with ease.

You see, come the end of winter, our beloved green representative flies all over the world, ejaculating into a hidden tube built into every set of golden asscheeks. Without his noble work, this St. Patrick's day corporate tradition would never have even left the ground, and a dessert with such taste and color would never have graced the lips of billions worldwide.

So by the time next year rolls around and you find yourself craving a temporary distraction from the endless cycle of discomfort that we call life, and you once again recall the characteristic color and flavor of such a delicacy and find yourself slightly put off by the bizarre aftertaste, just remember (for once in your goddamn life); that's exactly where that taste belongs: deep inside your throat.

BELOVED ANIMATED CUCUMBER RAVAGES AFRICA, INVESTIGATION UNDERWAY

By Tess Beiter

April 15th Tragedy has struck the northern coast of Africa. News finally broke yesterday explaining the worrying silence from these nations for the past three days, and the answer is perplexing: a rampaging animated cucumber named Larry. An investigation into the cause for this violent act is still underway, but the preliminary findings have been released to the press.

Larry the Cucumber is best known for his starring role on the Christian kids' show Veggie Tales, and has long been a gentle (if foolish) celebrity amongst small children. However, 25 years of indoctrinating young children would overwhelm anyone, and Larry is no exception to this. It appears that his years of singing silly songs embedded with dubious religious subtext was too much for our dear cucumber, and the guilt that comes with brainwashing children led him to a complete psychotic break. Based on evidence gathered from the former Veggie Tales Studio, which was boarded up and presumed abandoned, Larry and his vegetable friends have been kept there since the cancellation of their show in 2017.

While what exactly triggered this psychotic episode in Larry is unknown, the details stand. He broke free of his enclosure last week and viciously attacked any vegetable who stood in

his way. Interviews with the survivors were conducted, though they were badly shaken up and many were injured. When approached, one gourd simply cowered and screamed, "I don't have his hairbrush! I swear!" There were two casualties to his studio rampage—peas by the names of Jean-Claude and Philippe—but strangely, none of the other vegetables seemed to care. "They had it coming" was the general consensus. An asparagus stalk who was a bit more composed than the others was questioned, and he revealed that Larry has claimed it his divine right to launch a new Crusade to take back the Christian Holy Land. "I mean, I don't disagree," Archie Asparagus told us. "That land did belong to us first! But violence is never the answer." We felt it would be insensitive to point out the hypocrisy of that statement to him.

The timeline of his journey to Africa is unclear, but satellite photos show the cucumber rolling across the Atlantic (a necessity, since he has neither arms nor legs) and making landfall on the Western coast of Morocco early on April 12th. Based on reports from Moroccan towns, the sea water nearly pickled him, simply inciting his rage further. Now, three days later, he has hopped through Morocco, Algeria, southern Tunisia, and is halfway through Libya on his journey to Israel. Based on predictions, he will likely

reach Jerusalem by Easter Sunday. This concerns experts, as they are unsure exactly what he is capable of. So far, his movements have been erratic and terrifyingly corporeal for an animated vegetable. His reported terrorizations include pillaging, turning rivers to blood, forcing others to watch him commit cannibalism in the name of Jesus, and gifting water buffalos to petrified children. "Everyone needs a water buffalo," he reportedly whispered to himself over and over as he ensured that every child in Hassi Fehal, Algeria, was in possession of a pet water buffalo. The intent behind this action remains unknown.

In a statement released this morning, Pope Francis condemned this act of warfare. However, U.S. President Joe Biden (a known Christian sympathizer) has made no comment on his take of this situation. But a White House press secretary was overheard saying, "He's just a cucumber! What damage can he possibly do?" Well, sir, we'd like to see that insensitive arrogance of yours stand whilst a fanatical 6'4" cucumber is bearing down on you, his single buck tooth glistening menacingly.

Beware, press secretary... beware.

Despite our best efforts, Bob the Tomato could not be reached for comment.

Going Green at UM: A Narrative by Amer Goel

It was a cold, brisk, dark, gloomy, dark, brisk, cold night. Time for dinner, perhaps. A hungry (and handsome) dark young man walks into the Mosher Jordan dining hall. His name is Amer (rhymes with summer). Although he is handsome and charismatic and a phenomenal writer, even he can't photosynthesize, so he depends on the University of Michigan to nourish him. To the first station he ventures. Tofu. Again. The 1 µg of tofu looks massive on that even smaller plate. Not ideal. That's ok, there's always station 2. Goulash. Could use a little more lash and a little less Gou. Onto the next station. Beef and blended mushroom burgers. Mortal enemies blended together into an emulsion of hatred and spite. Our handsome, charismatic, intelligent protagonist sighs in contempt, settling for the 0.0000001g of Tofu he finds at station 1. That's ok - it's for posterity. He takes a salivating, lewd, loathing look at the crudely folded pamphlet on the table. He sees that The University of Michigan's Planet Blue™ initiative has reduced meat consumption and portion sizes for a much grander cause: the environment. With less consumption of greenhouse-gas-emitting animals and less food to greenhouse-gas-emit, the University of Michigan has taken its carbon

footprint into its maize and blue hands. Now enlightened with this epiphany, our newly knighted eco-warrior holds his head high, proudly drinking his tofu and noodles as they disintegrate into his esophagus, and he tastes the carbon dioxide receding into the vile factories from which it was born, in the name of our savior Planet Blue™. Every crunch deletes some methane from the atmosphere, repairs the ozone layer, and plants a tree. He's a hero in every sense. He can see the light at the end of the tunnel: the ever-coveted goal of Carbon Neutrality. He weeps in awe, inspired by the University of Michigan's Planet Blue™ initiative. Now full of pride, he saunters away to throw away his plastic fork, spoon, knife, straw, bowl, and plate into the compost bins that are marked as recycling, and he stumbles out into the world, breathing the fresh air that HE (and the University of Michigan's Planet Blue™ initiative) created. He takes a long, lustful look at the University of Michigan's 40 ft. fossil-fuel-burning smokestack, the hundreds of cars on the streets, and the lack of hydro, solar, or wind energy usage throughout Ann Arbor. Very Planet Blue™ of them. He knows - this is the way to make a difference.

GO



GREEN!