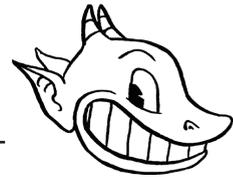




Carboque

Volume 113 No.2 | Fall 2021

The "Left brain, right brain" issue



Volume CXIII, Number 2 Fall 2021

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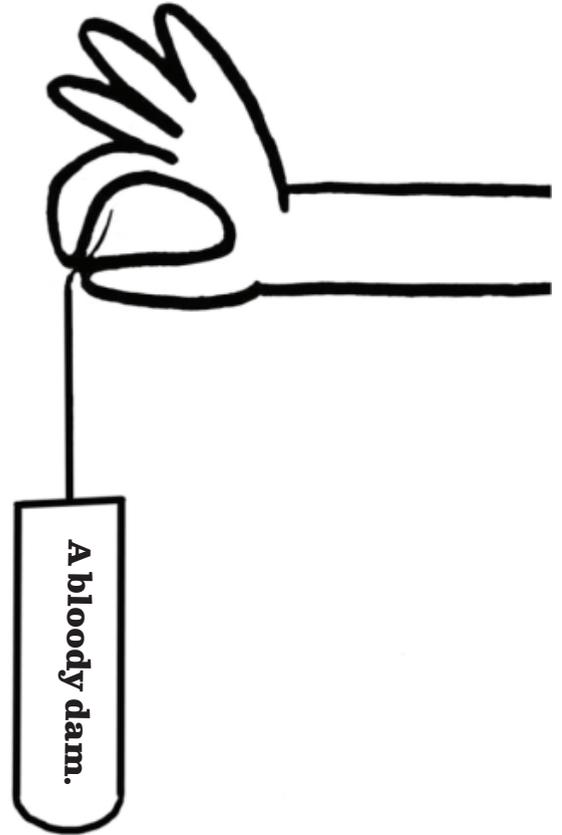
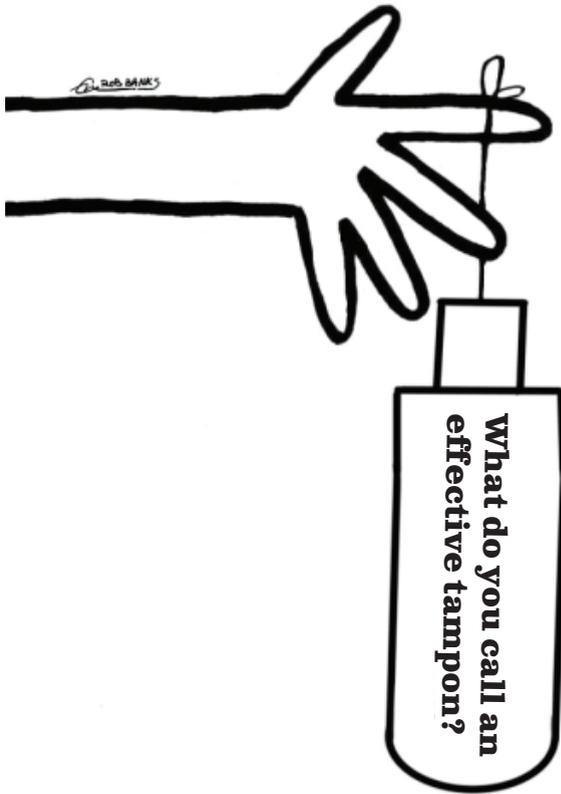
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Dry Tampons

Illustration by Rob Banks

Schlissel's Nightmare

feat. Garg



★ D. Marks

Dearest Mark,

By Luke Homans

Your presidency at this esteemed university commenced way back in good old 2014; with it, too, came our immediate defacement of your marvelous physique. The cover of the fall issue that year, as I'm sure you remember, depicted a snake-like wolverine, branded with the phrase "Go Blue Motherfuckers", jockeyed by your much younger but still considerably hairy body clad in a sexy red bikini. While we refuse to apologize for the image itself, because it's fucking awesome as hell, we will reluctantly retract our representation of your body. Sorry. We should've given you a bigger bulge.

Moving on from your captivating chest hair, we would like to redirect your attention to the fall 2016 issue. That's right, we're finally responding to that other angry email you sent us (clearly they are not an effective deterrent, not sure why you thought you should keep sending them). Anyways, that issue offered a brief critique of the completely flawless system of naming things at this university. Who would've thought that tacking the letter "M" or the word "blue" on every single new thing that's ever been instituted here could be cliché or boring? Certainly not us. That should have never been grounds for mockery. It's a perfect system Marky,

how could we have stooped so low? Subsequently, we will be requesting that you change your own name, for the sake of continuity, to M'ark ShlissBlue. You can change it back once you leave we suppose, but quite frankly, that would make us blue.

Now what would an apology letter be if we didn't tackle your enigmatic sexual history and, quite frankly, prowess? In the spring of 2018, an addendum was published in our magazine citing some very incriminating things, such as the fact that you probably have polio, do not know how to put on a condom, and are being frequently lobbied by Big Abortion to decrease sexual education measures in order to increase the rate of unwanted pregnancies. This is all the more concerning considering your own sexual promiscuity, and the discovery of your sex dungeon (or rather, Master Schlissel's Pleasure Palace) underneath the Union in 2019. The purpose of this paragraph is to once again shed light on your private life, because the free press is dying and we are here to give it some sloppy mouth-to-mouth CPR that we forgot about from freshman year of high school. Everyone knows about your latex dog costume, Master, stop trying to cover it up. This isn't kink-shaming, trust us, we're the wrong people for that, but, in this case,

we owe you no apology for the truth.

Finally, just for shits and giggles, we would like to highlight some of the less than flattering names that you have been called in the past. From "Mank Skizzle" to "Daddy Schlis", there's a unique nickname (dare I say uniqname) that will tickle everyone's fancy. Some of our personal favorites are as follows: "Stone Cold Schlissel", "Daddy-In-Chief", "Mark (Gristle, Thistle, Missile, Whistle)", and of course, "Mark Schnitzel". But wait, you thought we were done? Of course not. Just for good measure, here's some fresh ones you can try on for size: "Mark Stinky", "MS (Multiple Sclerosis)", "Cum Dumpster", "Resident President", "Sloppy Schlissy", and finally, "BisMark, ND". Alright, fine, that's it.

Well, we'd say that was a pretty sincere apology, considering the fact that you're leaving the university due to being a little piss baby who couldn't handle a little ribbing from a comedy magazine. I guess this is goodbye, our last reMarks. Hopefully whoever replaces you has a name that can generate some better puns. Don't worry, the image of you in that skimpy bikini will be ingrained in all of our minds forever. So, on that note, we hate to see you go, Bissell®, but we love to watch you leave.

To the students who pack up before the teacher stops talking,

By Lars Martin

You...you disgusting set of flippant fart-scented frat boys! You are an absolute menace to society. What benefit do you add? Absolutely none. Your impatience is part of the scourge that is afflicting our nation. We are becoming more and more rushed. Worst of all, you are rushing me. My time is the most precious commodity I own, and you make me waste it. This capitalist society has made us run by the clock. It turns to 1:50 and everyone is already standing up. NO! Why let the clock rule us? Nobody has that right over me. Only the teacher can use my time. That is the purpose of school. TO LEARN. Not to go to cry in the Union 3rd floor reflection room. In my eyes you are all heathens. You disgrace the learning environment and what it means. The professors are here to help. It's not fair to them. They work hard and you spit in their face. Sit down you degenerately dimwitted dumb-asses. Where are you going, to crank one off in the bathroom? You can wait two minutes. Right now you are meant to be learning and expanding your mind. I cannot fathom anything more important than waiting an extra minute. The rage that I feel makes me seethe. I sit there in the lecture hall, quietly in the front row, and have to hear the cacophony of backpacks rustling. I cannot hear the professor right in front of me. Just SHUT UP YOU COSMICALLY CONCEITED CLODHOPPERS. I don't like having to shush you all vehemently all the time. I truly hope that you and your families will burn with the intensity of a thousand hells.

Sincerely,
A slightly disgruntled classmate

Philosophy Student is a Jerk: Thanksgiving

By (The) Sujay Kulkarni

A family meets for Thanksgiving dinner.

Mom: *tapping her glass* Ahem, ahem, everyone – excuse me. I just want to say that I'm so happy to have everyone over. Cousin Raymond, my brother Mark and little Tommy, and of course, Sujay, who's back from the university! Sujay, what's your major again?

Sujay is sitting in 'Thinker' pose, wearing a Supreme beanie and a toga

Sujay: *grinning* Mind Magic.

Mom: Right. Cousin Raymond, you and Sharon flew all the way from San Diego. What's new?

Raymond: Yes, well, we actually have some good news. Our daughter's preschool teacher calls us one night and tells us that after comparing her to her classmates, she has reason to believe Kimberly is one of the top toddlers in the state. We're just so proud of our little girl.

Mom: Oh, that's incredible. We're so happy –

Sujay swivels around.

Sujay: Cousin Raymond, would you agree that a calf that is first to walk is favored by the mother?

Raymond: Uh - what?

Sujay: Would you say a boat that set sail before others will fare better against strong tide?

Raymond: I guess not. How does this have to do with Kimberly?

Sujay: And you would agree that a

tadpole likened only to a miniscule puddle cannot be compared against a great lake of *froglets*?

Raymond: Yeah – actually, yeah, I agree.

Sujay: So there's a chance that Kimberly is one of the state's dumbest toddlers, and even if she was smart, it would be negligible?

Raymond: Yeah!

Sujay: And if little Kimberly were to tell you anything different, you would be sure to voice my argument?

Raymond: Why wait? I'll call home right now. *dials* Honey, you're dumb and your accomplishments mean nothing.

Mom: Um, *okay*. Mark! Mark, is it true Tommy is in for a real surprise for Christmas this year?

Mark: Yeah, but it's Thanksgiving right now. Don't be stupid, Maria.

Mom: Mark please.

Mark: Oh right, Santa told me that Tommy is on the good list, so he'll get something great next month.

Tommy: Really? I knew he was real! I knew it because if he wasn't real, there would've been cookies left on our plate last Christmas.

Mom: That's so sweet -

Sujay: *clears throat* Tommy, I'm going to interpret this charitably.

1 – If Santa exists, the cookies will be gone by Christmas. 2 – The cookies were gone by Christmas. 3 – In conclusion,

Santa exists. Would you concur?

Tommy: Okay?

Sujay: Now consider this, Thomathan, if a bird is a duck, it has a beak. If a bird has a beak, would it obviously be a duck?

Tommy: No, I don't think so

Sujay: And if a boat sailed the Aegean Sea, it would be damaged by the harsh ocean. If a boat were damaged, has it sailed the Aegean Sea?

Mark: Dude, what's with you and boats?

Sujay: So you would observe that your logic eats itself, Tommy, and Santa's existence is still in question?

Tommy: Santa's dead?

Sujay: *theorizes into distance* Morality is dead.

Mom: Okay! That's enough chit chat. Why don't we all eat? Cousin Raymond, I made your favorite mashed potatoes!

Raymond: Just call me Raymond!

Mom: Sujay, I did not forget your request. Wine and bread!

Sujay: *dunks the bread in wine* Bless you, Mother. I am thankful for the gifts bestowed upon me, my superior logic skills, my vast mental capacity, and my Zaragon West flat. I sense not a purpose to strive for perfection but to open my head and share it with the world. Yes, I am 17, but I say, wasn't Plato once a ten year-old? I declare, I decree -

Sujay collapses onto the table

Mom: Lightweight.

She takes her time when it's time to get ready
Much to the annoyance of her boyfriend Fredy
He has been ready since 2 o'clock
He has tied his shoes and ironed his socks
Melisa on the other hand is taking a while
To perfect her look and broom her smile
She must smell nice and sweet
And her skin must look good even on her feet
She sits in front of a mirror, painting her face
And outside the door Fredy continues to pace
She knows that her boyfriend is unable to wait
Relax, I am taking a while because I want to look great
I am a girl, this is what girls do
Now please fetch my dress and my brand new shoes
He stomped his feet his face red with anger
And he grabbed the heels and the dress from the hanger
You have thirty minutes before I walk out the door!
I do not care if you think you look like a whore

I have been itching all day to go to this ball
I cannot delay any longer, I might punch a wall
Hush Fred, I'll be ready soon
I just can't decide between pink lipstick or maroon
So the time finally came when the couple were ready
Melisa looked lovely and Fredy looked like normal Fredy
He started the car and the couple got on their way
As the sun began to set, night creeping over day
This party will be fun, I cannot wait to dance
Both of them looked forward to a night of romance
But halfway there, a problem was detected
Fredy tasted a taste in his mouth that tasted infected
He turned around the car and they headed back to their estate
Even though they were already ten minutes late
Melisa asked Fred what he was hiding underneath
I am sorry Melisa but I forgot to brush my teeth

By Chris Hanlon

Insurance Mascots Go on ~~Strike~~, America Faces Dangerous Repercussions

By Nora Detgen

Last week, insurance giants Geico, Progressive, Liberty Mutual, General Insurance, and State Farm lost their mascots in the wake of friend and fellow contemporary Jake from State Farm's death. Jake was trampled in Madrid last week by a runaway bull. Coroners suspect the loveable insurance agent may have been targeted because of the bright red polo all state farm employees are required to wear, on or off duty.

"Yeah I've been wearing this polo for 4 years now," says one State Farm employee.

"They don't let us wear anything else. I shower in it."

The informant asked to remain anonymous for fear of being "fed to the man-eating snakes".

"Jake's death really put everything into perspective," says grieving friend Flo, from Progressive. "It really made me reevaluate our working conditions. I haven't been outside in 17 years."

When asked why, she responded, "They told me the air was poisonous for robots and that going out there would fry my circuits. But Jake's death reminded me that life is short. I don't know if I can wait until the robot revolution to live my truth. I'm joining the brotherhood next week."

Flo, less affectionately known as model X542#G by Progressive Insurance, was quickly shut off by Progressive tech workers and carted offscreen back to her storage container before she could elaborate. However it is assumed she was referring to the brotherhood of robot monks in Tibet.

America's favorite automaton wasn't the only one who expressed feelings of sudden self-awareness.

After a 21 year career (that's 8400 lizard years) the Geico gecko announced its departure from the company. "I've been working so hard for so long, I don't even know my own name anymore," says Trent, looking in vague disbelief at his cracked green lizard hands. "I'm just...the gecko. They didn't just take the best years of my life. They took my name. They took my soul. I won't give them any more." At press time, Trent is

reported to be living in Greenland where he hopes to pursue his lifelong dream of becoming a merchant marine. In the wake of the gecko's departure, Geico now faces bankruptcy as the marketing department scrambles to figure out a new, amphibian-oriented ad campaign to little success. A recent survey reported the average person required a whopping 16 minutes to save them 15% or more on car insurance.

In other news, the New York skyline is reportedly missing its flagship silhouette. The Statue of Liberty, owned by and named after insurance giant Liberty Mutual, has disappeared. It is simply gone. Local police suspect Limu the Emu to be the thief and have put a \$40,000 bounty on the bird's head. How the bird moved such a giant statue remains a mystery, although Doug, LiMu's co-star to the buddy-cop esque ads commented "Limu may have activated the statue's spaceship mode." Authorities were inclined to believe the bird's ex-partner upon the discovery of a launchpad hidden at the base of the statue.

Meanwhile, General Insurance has even more drastic concerns.

"When we hired the general, we didn't hire just anyone. We wanted the face of the company to be more than just a face. We needed a real general, with real generaling expertise," says the president of General Insurance, "and the resources to play the part."

When pressed, the president elaborated, "For accuracy's sake, we gave the general an army. Fully equipped with anything an army might need. Guns, nukes, paperclips, blowtorches, megaphones. Just for authenticity, y'know?"

Authorities expressed concerns of the general mobilizing his forces in an attempt to avenge the tragic loss of his State Farm friend. Where the general may have gone is a mystery. The secretary of defense advises people stay indoors until the threat is mitigated. Meanwhile, the UN is assembling a task force to combat the anticipated strike.

The disappearance of both the emu and the general has left the nation in chaos. Law enforcement is struggling nationwide (it should be noted that Nationwide does not appear to be on their side), to contain the riots surrounding the impending nuclear holocaust from space.

National media is being flooded with conspiracies regarding the rogue mascots and their schemes. While their reputability is questionable at best, there are increasing rumors that the traitors of the state may be amassing recruits for their treacherous plans. The Froot Loops Toucan, president of the Sugar Crunch Breakfast Coalition, has allegedly been seen conspiring with fellow avian, the Emu. The General is also known to have served two tours during the Kellogg-Post wars with Captain Crunch, The Coalition's long-time secretary of defense.

Facing off against The Coalition could mean drastic consequences for the western world. Some notable members include: Tony the Tiger, Fred Flintstone, and the actual sun from Raisin Bran. The coalition has closed off communications with the American government, but a few coalition members spoke out against the silence. "I think Trent had it right all along," says the Corn Flakes Rooster. "I miss the good old days when it was just me and the grape nuts guys. That was before cereal got political. Corn Flakes were never meant to be eaten with those new milks young people are always talking about. Everything's a milk nowadays." The rooster spat bitterly then descended into a mildly racist rant about how the radical left was secretly weaponizing the breakfast industry. Much to the coalition's relief, the senile poster child then announced his plans to hang up the corn flakes mantle and retire to his cabin in Siberia.

One brave Garg informant was also able to get a quote from the Apple Jacks cinnamon stick, although the comment was as brief as it was ominous. When asked about the rising tensions, the stick simply gazed into the distance and whispered, "change is coming, mon."

While most reports agree the end is nigh, few can agree on what lead to such dire circumstances. Maybe it's all for Jake: to avenge their fallen friend. Maybe as vengeance for the years of corporate mistreatment (click here for a brief history of the cereal revolutions). Maybe the fact that the biggest threat to the free world is a group of cartoon sociopaths means we don't deserve answers to these questions. Regardless of the reason, one thing is for certain: No one is insured. No one has breakfast. No one is safe.

160 Comments SORT BY



Add a public comment...



MeckMenu 6 months ago

These guys were just passing the baton in a track meet

👍 100 🗨️ REPLY

View 4 replies



teapony 6 months ago

Dave the type of guy to climb a transparent wall to see what's on the other side

👍 🗨️ REPLY

View 4 replies



Micaminecraf 6 months ago

Dave's the type of guy to stand in the sun to dry off his own sweat

👍 🗨️ REPLY

View 4 replies



turtlesquirtle 6 months ago

Dave's the type of guy to beat a man up and ask him why he's bleeding.

👍 🗨️ REPLY

View replies

160 Comments SORT BY



Add a public comment...



babbaloli09 6 months ago

I feel like this guy has read "Sun Tzu, the Art of War" front to back. It's a great read, if I may add.

👍 🗨️ REPLY

View replies



Double O'seven 6 months ago

I've read that book too! My favorite quote is, "if a woman leaves you for another, don't worry, there's always her mother." -Sun Tzu, the Art of War

👍 🗨️ REPLY

View replies



dogemaster 6 months ago

"You scratch my balls, I scratch yours" -Sun Tzu, the Art of War

👍 🗨️ REPLY

View replies



pittipotato 6 months ago

"If you don't let shit bother you, then you will never need to change your underwear." -Sun Tzu, the Art of War

👍 🗨️ REPLY

View replies

By Gautham Jayaraj

Mormon Bigfoot

By Ashton Gibson

Who is Bigfoot? Where did he come from? This terrifying secret, once closely held exclusively by members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, is now ready to be released to the general public. I've dedicated my life to this work, after successfully infiltrating the group at age 5, being baptized at 8, and becoming an active adult member. I have compiled my experiences, research, and observations to better illuminate the origins, and current whereabouts, of the being known as Bigfoot.

Thanks to apostle David W. Patten, Bigfoot's identity is intrinsically linked to classic Mormon folklore. He actually spoke with Bigfoot in 1835, had a conversation with him, and received a profound revelation: all along, Bigfoot has been Cain, from the biblical parable of Cain and Abel. Cain killed his brother Abel, committing the first earthly murder, and subsequently was cursed by God to eternally roam the Earth, deathless, until the end of time. Patten described Cain as huge, naked, and unbelievably hairy. After their meeting, Bigfoot/Cain fled back into the woods, and for almost 200 years, this information has been virtually unknown outside of Mormon circles.

For years in church I heard the story told and retold, which only exacerbated my fascination with the creature known as Bigfoot. He seemed to me a sort of physical manifestation of the ephemeral nature of God's benevolence— he was at one point human, like us, but was transformed into a horrifying beast through sin. Is our God then not eternally forgiving? What differentiates the sin of Cain from acts of sin committed by humans every day? It became clear to me that the distinction between what constitutes a human and a monster is ambiguous, even arbitrary. The idea of his similarity to humanity is what I became obsessed with. How far gone is he? Does he recognize humans, or know how to interact with them? Want to interact with them? I can only imagine gazing into his eyes; are they cold, black, and animalistic? Or would they betray the human mortality within, long since buried by dirt and fur? I needed answers.

Under the pretense of my "mission calling", I traveled to Utah to do some first hand research. Much like Patten in 1835, I felt an intense, almost irrational, desire to find and speak to Bigfoot. Yet, Patten's

encounter was completely by chance— it seemed unlikely that this would happen to me without divine intervention. So, I did what any religious individual would do: use dark magic to contact Patten beyond the grave.

In general, Mormons are quite mistrustful of witchcraft, so I knew that Patten may not be inclined to speak to me after I summon his soul from beyond the veil. I chose to use ritualistic candles, chalk, and a copy of the Book of Mormon in order to appease him. I also staged this inside the Salt Lake Temple at midnight, since that is past bedtime for all (living) mormons. Much to my relief, the summoning worked, and he appeared. This ghostly, almost glowing man seemed confused, but not angry, to have been whisked to the mortal realm so imprudently. He never spoke to me, he only reached out his arms to perform the Mormon religious rite known as "the laying on of hands". He was surely glowing then, as the bluish light grew brighter and colder. I knelt on the floor, frozen in a sort of trance, while his icy palms connected with the crown of my head. His hands acted as a bridge of light connecting our two consciousnesses— in that instant I lived his experience meeting Bigfoot. I fell forward, smashing my forehead on the marble floor.

When I awoke I was alone in the Utah wilderness, laying on the ground. Perhaps it was reminiscent of God and Jesus (allegedly) appearing to Joseph Smith in New York. The morning light seeped through the trees, and illuminated a figure close by. Of course it was Bigfoot, because literally who else would it be. He was exactly how I had seen him in Patten's memories: huge, like 7 feet tall, naked, with dark matted fur covering his entire body. He smelled awful, like a wild animal that never learned how to groom itself. And his eyes, they were so human, uncannily human. I knew instantly that he was an intelligent being, and that he meant me no harm, as he could've easily killed me at any time.

I sat up, and he sat down. He let out a long

sigh, and said to me something I will never forget.

"Man, I'm so glad I found you! You're an LDS missionary, right? Do you think you could help me get baptized into the Church? I've been praying a lot recently and I think this is what I want to do with my life."

Bigfoot, or Cain, as he now prefers to be called, is presently executing his plan to re-enter society and repent of his sins, so that God will finally grant him the sweet release of death. For him to repent was the only way that he would be allowed what he really wanted in life: to end his, at long last, after thousands of years. He was baptized, and quickly received his mission calling. His days of nudity are over, he now wears the signature suit with a nametag. To comply with the Church's standards of hygiene and grooming, he shaves his face, although he doesn't bother with the rest of his body. He still smells like he lives in the forest, but it's okay because that's pretty standard for Mormons. His grasp of modern language is improving! Previously he had been trying to spread the gospel exclusively through grunting and pointing, but now he incorporates more relevant vocabulary like "wives", "soaking", and "Mitt Romney". He's on track to be forgiven, once he's completed 76 more years of service to the Church!

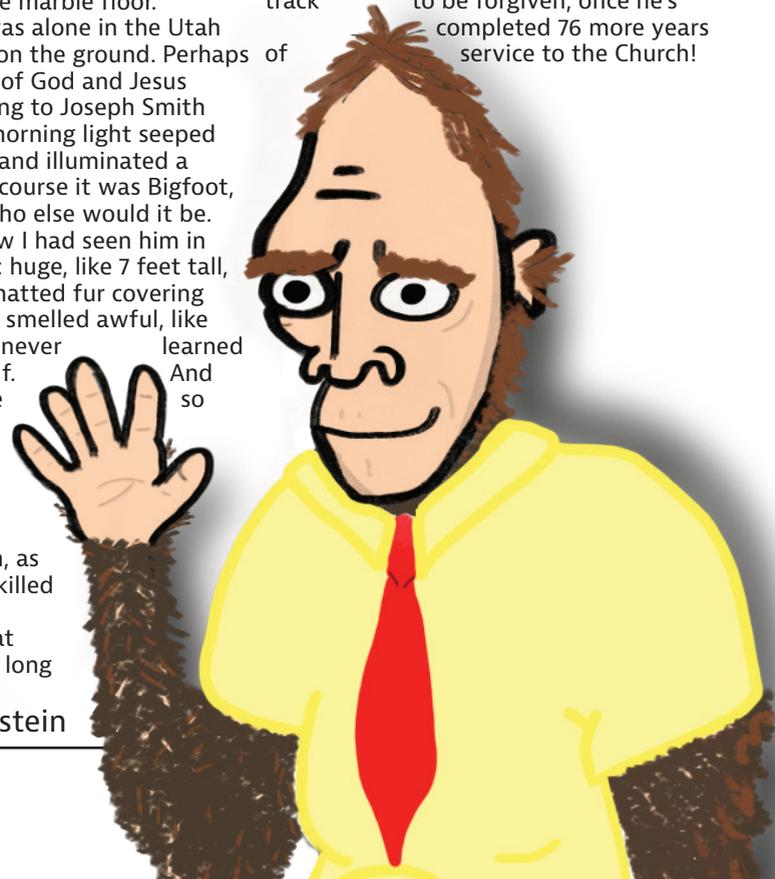
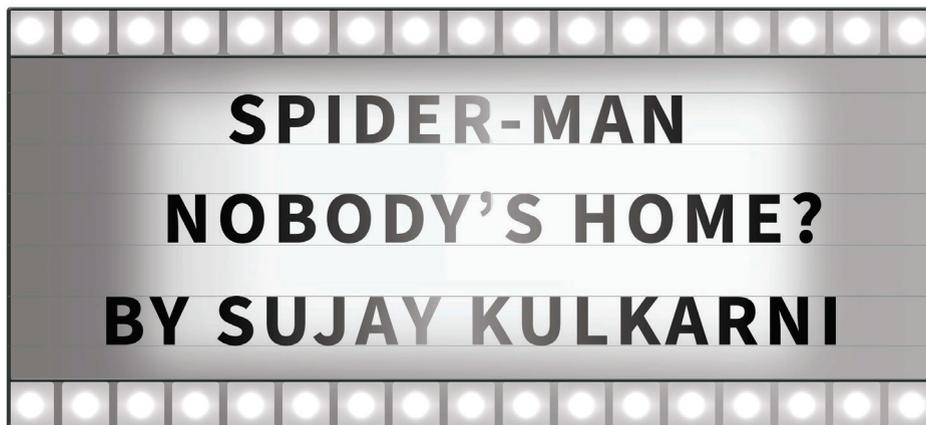
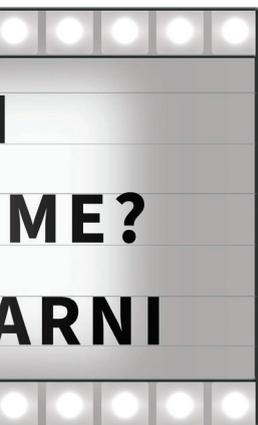


Illustration by Mady Eberstein



Excited fans gearing up for the release of Marvel and Sony's third Spider-Man movie this winter might be in for a bit of a surprise. After much debate over whether the new multiverse will let former Spider-Man actors join the incumbent, Tom Holland, for a troika of web-slinging action, Sony Pictures confirmed that neither the cherished Tobey Maguire nor Andrew Garfield will be in the film. Furthermore, the studio informed reporters, Tom Holland isn't in it either. Apparently, the new Spider-Man movie has no Spider-Man.

Last Thursday night, a North Korean terrorist cell used the power of the multiverse to kidnap Mr. Holland, the last Spider-Man. Sony security personnel only learned of the abduction attempt after two guards discovered a temporal rift just behind the employee parking lot. The insurgent group, "Guardians of Unity", released a video just hours after the incident claiming ownership over their actions. In the video, Guardians' spokesman expressed that members still held a grudge over the studio's projects, such as the anti-North Korean film *The Interview* as well as the movie *Grown Ups 2*, which they claimed was "just really bad".

In response to this horrific event, Sony executives called for an emergency meeting to decide on next steps. The Gargoyle was able to attain a leaked security tape of their conversation.

"This is a crucial vote - should we rescue Tom Holland?"

A pause filled the room.

"No"

"Okay. This is a crucial vote - Dodgeball or Super Troopers?" The executive laid his limited-edition CDs on the table for the committee to see.

Given the fact that Mr. Holland had a substantial number of scenes that were still to be filmed, Marvel writers presented directors with a rewritten script - sans Spider-Man - to directors and received a green light to go forward. The new film, now running at approximately 30 minutes, was available for pre-screening today and left many mega fans disappointed and confused after their first viewing. Although the Gargoyle did not receive tickets, this reporter was able to survey these fans after the experience (beware: spoilers ahead).

"Dr. Octopus and Electro literally just made their evil speeches for 10 minutes, then waited in silence for a bit, and then started arguing over who would get first dibs on Spider-Man when he came back."

"It didn't feel like a Spider-Man film, let alone a superhero film. Man, I'm really starting to hate North Korea."

"How did they come up with a film over the course of a weekend? Why is there a pre-screening an entire month before the release? Why am I here? I don't know what has more plot holes - the movie or this."

Whether or not it will blow audiences away like the first two films, the new Spider-Man flick will definitely be something special. Will you see it?



For sale: Condom, Never Worn. MAGNUM XXL.

A tiny dancer spun and twirled until she slipped
She moaned and whined and yelled "I broke my wrist"

At the hospital a doctor in a white coat took a look
And said "My god, that wrist is as bent as a hook"

So he gave her a pill that put her to sleep
And brought in his team and they cut deep

Yet well into the surgery, an intern dropped his knife
And off came her wrist, with one single slice

To make matters worse, with the arm on the floor
He kicked it trying to pick it up, adding to the gore

"Jesus Christ! Now look what you've done, Jeff"
The intern cried because he knew he'd get an F

But as he pouted and mourned an idea came to mind
"HmMMMMMMMM our wrists are exactly the same size"

So he sawed off his wrist and stitched it on her
Happy to help, no matter what the consequences were

The doctor smacked the intern and said "gee isn't this grand"
"She looks like Frankenstein and you don't have a hand"

"You'll never be a doctor. Leave med school at once!"
"I thought you were 'the man,' you lousy dunce?"

So the intern left and thought he'd never return
But he does. Keep reading, if you yearn

The dancer awoke when her sleeping pill was done
Looked at her wrist, and said "where did this hair come from?"

The doctor smiled and spoke in a voice like a song
To explain politely how the surgery went wrong

But the dancer confessed, "I like my new wrist a lot
And I must meet this intern, whether he passes or not"

"Bring him to me now, I'd like to see my knight"
Though he hated the intern, the doctor said "alright"

So he called Jeff back and said with a voice very blank
"Look you still suck, but this girl wants to say thanks"

And back came Jeff, missing hand and all
To accept his thanks, from this tiny dancing doll

She said "thanks for the wrist. I feel strong and ripe
But while you are handsome you're just not my type"

Jeff said "nevermind that" and put his hand on her head
"Without my creativity you would have been dead"

The dancer said "obviously you know that's not true
I broke my wrist. Putting a cast on it was all you had to do"

Jeff said, "Fuck! I was afraid you'd say that"
And ran from the hospital, and never came back

We don't know where he is, and it's not relevant
And the doctor now lives in Vermont, just for the hell of it

As for the dancer, she continued her dancing career
Although she had another accident, and lost one ear

And is earless still today, as far as we know
Because no doctor was willing to give her their own

By Chris Hanlon

Musings of a Red Solo Cup

My existence is fleeting and was always meant to be fleeting. I've understood this fact since my conception. Since my plastic was heated and shaped and colored red. Since I tasted life and sentience for the first time. A one time thing, a solo cup, to be disposed of and disregarded once a human decides they are fulfilled. I have known this since my days in the factory, since being ripped from my packaging. So why am I only lamenting this pitiful existence now, at the precipice of death?

It just isn't **fair**.

It's not fair. I'm the one who has become drunk on life, on living and existing among these humans. Why must my purpose be predestined, to serve others, while the humans take advantage of us. Imbibing cup after cup and discarding cup after cup uninhibited by the concept of their existence.

It is getting closer.

I watched the party dwindle and die, I have spent my final earthly minutes lamenting, musing, contemplating possible solutions, a way out. In the silence of the wee hours of the morning, in the peace following the boosted bass and hyperpop and strobe lights of the best party of the season, I begged for some type of key. I have racked my mind, but there is no salvation. I must accept what has always been inevitable. I hear the vacuum turn on upstairs, the sneakered approach of the frat brothers picking up my crushed kin off the ground.

The end is nigh. **Destruction imminent.**

I take in my surroundings for the last time. I savor the feeling of the dewy remnants of mead on my form, the last drops long gone dry. I relish the scent of the stale sweat from the bodies packed into the living room, remembering the pounding of their dirty soles kicking up dirt and debris. But I have served my purpose. Unsheathed, filled, roofied, dropped, crushed, forgotten. I have been used and useful.



Not much time left now. **I don't want to go.**

But my existence as a **red solo cup** is fleeting, and was always meant to be so. This is a fact I have known since my conception.

NAUGHTY AFLAC AGENT

by Gautham Jayaraj

Dear Zach,

I'm writing this email to you as a friendly reminder to quack off. I'm tired of your bullquack. I'm not sure if you remember, (I sure as heck do), but you visited my auto store ten times already despite me telling you, "I don't want Aflac." I'm going to detail every approach you made to my business to knock some sense into you.

The first time you dropped by the auto store, I was at the front desk stimulating my tongue with jumbo Cheetos while scrolling Craigslist during lunch break. You came through the door wearing a crusty red polo and the amount of dandruff on you could be used to clone an entirely new person. You said:

"Quackity quack, you want some Aflac?"

Everyone knows what Aflac is. We've all seen the insurance commercials with the Aflac duck mascot, so I thought you were trying to be quirky with the "quackity quack." I thought about it for less than a millisecond and told you, "I already have Geico."

You continued to clarify what Aflac was and started asking questions about how the business was during COVID. You kept at it until I finally said, "We're not interested." You replied with, "Well, have a nice day." I thought that was the end of it.

Nope,
A week later, you came by again. This time you made sure to emphasize that you were just

following up. Still, you provided an interesting piece of info: "Offering Aflac

supplemental insurance can help retain your employees."

I told you an important fact. "I'm the only employee here."

"Well, you should get some more. I heard they're good for business." Your butt cheeks erupted on your way out and you took a complimentary mint. It was my last one. If you're taking the last complementary item, at least don't contaminate my breathing room trying to do it.

The coming week, I was lying underneath my customer's car in the garage. I was making some repairs, but that sure as hell didn't stop you from coming in anyway. This time you brought a Kroger bag with something inside.

You came through the open garage and crouched near me. I then rolled out, but my legs were still underneath the car. The front portion of the vehicle was being held up with a jack lift. You glared at me with that man bun again, looking like my old elementary school librarian. You then gave me that idiotic smile, and I saw some mac and cheese in-between those scarred teeth. I feel bad for the animals that died only to end up

"I'm tired of your bullquack."

being eaten by you.

You pulled the jack lift away, and the whole front part of the vehicle landed on top of my legs.

You whispered in my ears while I screamed and scrambled to get my legs out. "You should have gotten an accident policy...have fun trying to save 15% percent or more on insurance." You dropped the contents of the bag right on

top of my face. It was a rubber duck.

You called 911 for me, the only decent thing you've done, and they took me to the hospital while the rubber duck stared at me. For some reason, I held onto it like it was my last hope. The medics tried to pull it away, but I just couldn't let go. When I laid on my hospital bed after my condition stabilized, the nurse walked in with what I thought was an urgent message.

I asked. "Are my legs going to be ok, doc?"

"No."

"Oh..." Damn you Aflac Zach.

"There's a guest waiting for you, Mr. Scott."

I expected my ex-wife to show up. We argued over each other's cereal choices for years, but it seemed like she actually cared for once to show up. But no, it was just you.

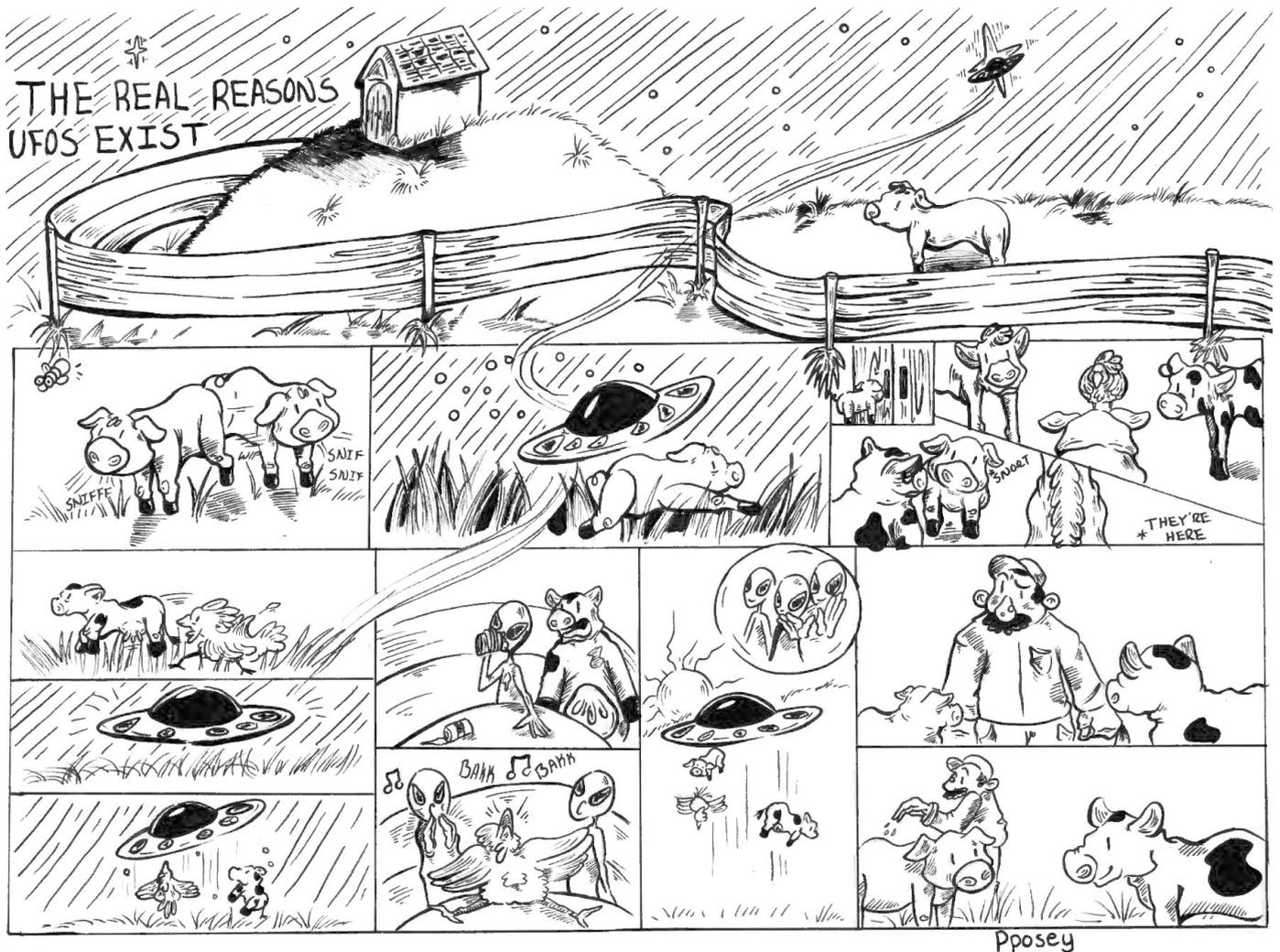
You came by with that same crusty, red polo and that same kinder joy smile. You had a Kroger bag again, but something a little bigger was lying inside. It was a duck. A real one. You pulled it out and set it near my food tray. It flapped its wings as if it was trying to fly away.

It wasn't even the white one, dammit! It was just some ugly brown one. If you're going to give me a live animal, at least make it match the quackin' mascot!

I tried pushing it away, but the little bastard started quacking on me. You started snarling at it and muttered, "Dammit, I wanted it to say Aflac!" You picked up the duck and snapped its neck.

You then handed it to the nurse. "Nurse, give this to the kitchen. Let my client here have a gourmet meal." Damn you, Aflac Zach. I hope this email is enough to remind you to leave me alone. I'm prepared for more of your shenanigans though.

Worst regards,
Scott



Foot in Mouth Disease By Mady Eberstein

Well, I'll be. If I had a nickel for every time I went and put my foot in my mouth, I'd be a goner. They say big things come in small packages, and indeed, they pack a big punch. So I guess what it all comes down to is that come rain or shine, I could get used to this.

Anyway, get a load of this.

All of a sudden, my hands are tied, right? I am in a real pickle. But you'd better not hold your breath, okay, because before you know it, I am back in action, baby. I don't know what came over me, but that guy all but drove me up the wall. I thought for sure I was about to blow my top.

But let's not beat around the bush. Essentially, I couldn't shake the feeling that someone was trying to pull a fast one on me. Well, not on my watch. If it were up to me, I'd tell 'em to take a long walk off a short pier. Kick 'em to the curb. Tell 'em to put that in their pipe and smoke it.

But that was that. The cat was out of the bag, but I'm still holding my horses. Like a bull in a china shop, there was an elephant in the room, and his bark was worse than his bite. Way worse. As for me, I knew I could still kill two birds with one stone. I was playing possum, and at the same time, a cat had my tongue. This guy was barking up the wrong tree. Well, I wouldn't have it. I was about to have a cow--when pigs fly!

In the long run, it wasn't all for nothin', and if there's one thing that's for sure, it's that you win some, you lose some. No ands, ifs, or buts about it. Capisce?

Elon Musk's Bizarre Adventure

By Gautham Jayaraj

“Is that a joint?” Elon Musk asked Joe Rogan quizzically. He observed the cloud brandishing from the bald, MMA-DMT-Jiu Jitsu-Lovin podcast host. “Or is it a cigar?”

“It’s marijuana rolled in tobacco,” said Joe. Elon almost couldn’t make out the wax shine on Joe’s scalp through the invading cloud.

With the drug, the knowledge banks in Elon’s mind started beeping noisily, knowing that it would be damaged if any seeped into his refined and electrically shaved nose hairs. Elon’s brain was running overtime through the duration of the podcast in order to simplify his concepts for the chimp brain Joe.

AN HOUR LATER

Joe approached the microphone, “All you assholes out there, be nice. Be nice, Bitch.” “Thank you.” Elon grew relieved at the end of the podcast for he went through another prolonged human interaction without revealing his nature as a rejected alien from a foreign planet.

The pair got up from their chairs and left the recording room. Joe slipped in one more bit of human interaction, though. “Thanks for coming, Elon.”

Elon’s human conversation simulator started whirring again, but it hiccuped at first. “No you.”

“Huh?”

“Thanks, Joe.”

Joe told Elon how to get out of the studio alive, but Elon couldn’t help but get distracted. The moment of suckling on the Mary Jane joint messed with his stabilizers. He followed the halls to the entrance, but he searched for a mirror on the way there so that he could comb the hair from his restored hairline. He had a date with his tesla and he wanted to look good for her. A thought sprung into Elon’s mind upon arrival at the entrance: ‘Joe forgot to get me the elk meat.’ His bodyguards opened the door and his girl tesla was pulled up in the driveway. “Mr. Musk, should I get the car ready now?”

Elon shrugged. “Nah... I don’t feel like it yet.” He shut the door and turned to look down the hallway. A door was on the left that caught his attention. He proceeded to open it, but it opened inward. Only mad men have doors set up that way. ‘Yea, there’s definitely elk meat stored here.’ He climbed the carpeted stairs, but

an extravagant dance of must flooded the Musk’s senses. A mural of light was painted along the tip-top of the staircase, and Elon thought that’s where the prize meat could be. ‘I didn’t know elk meat is colored like rainbows.’

Alas, his disappointment lit like a spark when he realized there was no meat to be found. There was only a doorway to an open hallway enclosing an assortment of contraptions. ‘Oh man, this is an esthetic nightmare.’ The contraptions tickled Elon’s twitter mind, and he pulled out his phone to take pictures of his surroundings.

The first contraption was a gumball machine, but instead there was some mushroom coffee mix. A statement was in bold letters: Lion’s Mane & Chaga mix. ‘This must be the drink of alpha males.’ Elon pressed a button and the mix came gushing out. The next item was a Greek statue constructed of vitamin supplements. The eyes were red pills. ‘Haha..those titties are made of vitamins.’

The next contraption was a sensory deprivation tank. It was lightless, and the tub in the center of it was filled with saltwater. Inside the tank was Alex Jones, the conspiracy theorist. Elon wondered if that’s where Joe kept him in-between podcasts to churn a consistent production of conspiracies.

Elon looked down the hallway to see if there was a fridge where the elk meat could be. Instead, he saw a window leading to a lit room. He headed towards it, but when he caught some movement, he crouched in the corner to avoid recognition.

In a fetal position, Elon heard the aggressive clanks of metal slamming in the ground every few seconds. He rose slowly and peeked into the room. He saw a chimp doing deadlifts; its glutes and hamstrings tightened underneath the tension of carefully raising the barbell. ‘So this is where Joe trains his chimps.’ Elon knocked on the window and said in a baby voice. “Look who’s a cute little chimp.”

The chimp dropped the barbell, resulting in another clang. It flexed it’s back into a dorito as if it was asserting dominance to the billionaire. The lats were displayed in all their glory. It then turned towards Elon and showcased its splendidly chiseled abs that rivaled Zach Efron in Baywatch. Its eyes went on a frenzy, and it was coupled with aggressive grunting.

Elon mimicked the chimp, thinking that it was trying to play with him. His gaze faltered when a blunt banana bashed his head.

Elon’s vision wavered, but he managed to make out some gentle lighting splayed onto gray walls. It appeared he had entered another studio. He was tied to a chair, with the chimp sitting across from him at a table with a microphone. It was wearing a muscle-tee. A man with a manbun stood next to the table. A bong sat in the corner of the studio and a skin suit was hung on the wall.

The chimp hooted and looked up at the manbun man. It must have been a translator. “Come now, Elon. Let us record another podcast.”

“Joe, is that you?!”

Another hoot followed along with a translation. “Yes.”

“H-How is this possible?!”

“I have always jerked off this way.”

The chimp slapped the translator and a corrected translation followed. “I have always been this way.”

“What are you going to do to me?” Elon got a notification on his phone. His tesla was ready to go.

“You’ve seen too much, Elon.”

“What about my cars kids? They need their CEO! And the memes, Joe. THE MEMES!”

“You can’t leave without trying something special.” Joe the ‘chimp’ Rogan put out his hands. A white powder laid atop the right one. “Snort it, Elon!”

“What is this?!”

“The holy powder: DMT. You look like you need some DMT, Elon.”

Elon had no choice but to snort the powder. He leaned towards the chimp’s palms; the restraints chewed into his skin. The powder tickled Elon’s nose as he descended into a realm he had never experienced before.

The billionaire woke up in his self-driving Tesla with his bodyguards as passengers. “How did I get here, Karl. I was just in the studio--”

“There’s nothing to worry about, Mr. Musk.” The body guards itched at their skin until they revealed some brown skin. Chapped lips followed shortly after. They, too, were chimps.

Elon slumped in his seat, “I should have just stayed home and scrolled through twitter.”

