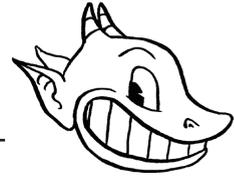




Garb Oyle

Volume 113 No.3 | Winter 2022



Volume CXIII, Number 3 Winter 2022

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 Anson Lee.....Skid Marks
 Ruth Marks.....Simply Elementary!
 Lars Martin.....Boss Baby's Boss

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Direct all complaints, comments, submissions, & proclamations to:

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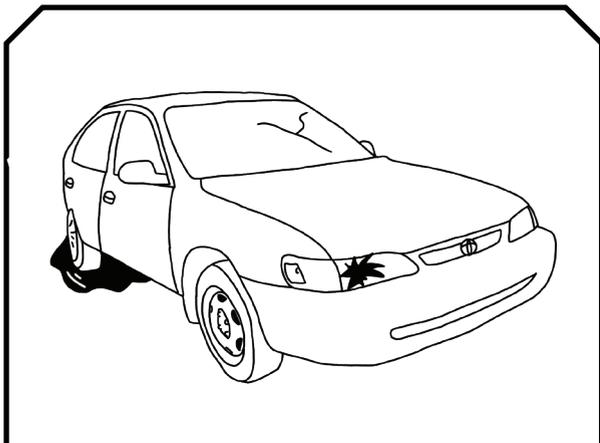
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Obituaries

BY ADAM KRUGEL ILLUSTRATIONS BY MADYLIN EBERSTEIN



MY 1997 TOYOTA COROLLA.

Corolla, Toyota, aged 25, Tragically passed from main battery failure in the middle lane I-94, incidentally causing a 27 car pile-up. I will miss how she used to take me to get fast food, and I hope she'll forgive me for that time I slammed on the brakes and spilled my milkshake all over her passenger seat. The auto will be remembered in spirit, forever riding on the highways of Valhalla.

McCracken, Phil, 21, Ann Arbor, MI. McCracken was an awarded writer for the daily and a dedicated reporter, published himself in over 25 different issues. Nobody knows who he was grudging against, but sadly McCracken was found dead of oral asphyxiation last Tuesday, in the very office where he wrote his storied career. He left his macbook open at his desk, but his google doc only had a title: "Down with the gargo00000".



CHERRY GARCIA

Garcia, Cherry, is remembered by his wife of 27 years Petunia, and all the fans of his Ben and Jerry's ice cream flavor that contrary to popular belief, was not named after the lead singer of the Grateful dead. The dairy manufacturer originally was Ben, Jerry, and Cherry, but Garcia was omitted due to conflicting ideals. Garcia's last wish is for people to know that he actually is more of a fan of Steely Dan.



PHIL MCKRACKEN

TO **SCHLISSEL**

we **DEMAND WATER**

NOW!

IF You Do not **COMPLY,** WE
will release your Emails & texts TO

The Michigan Daily

and **FIRE** Your **ASS.**

= The **KNISH**

By Mayee C.

Daily Writer Found Dead

BY ANSON LEE

ANN ARBOR- Ann Arbor police are investigating the death of Michigan Daily editor Phil McKraken. McKraken was found dead in the Michigan Daily office, having died from apparent strangulation. Police have yet to announce any leads in the case, but an independent, unbiased, perfect in every way investigation by the Michigan Daily points to the Gargoyle's own mascot as the primary suspect. The humor-adjacent magazine has a history of delinquency targeting the Michigan Daily, including flipping a table in its

office, stealing its bear, and constructing elaborate fictional storylines in which the Michigan Daily attempts to frame Gargoyle and which heavily implies that that is something that the Michigan Daily would actually do in real life if these circumstances were to ever unfold. The investigation suggests the motive for the murder was a virgin sacrifice to J.D. Salinger. Gargoyle members believe that Sallinger will one day return to guide them in a holy war against rival collegiate humor publications. The Daily investigation

concluded with a recommendation that the University thoroughly investigate the remainder of Gargoyle staff and extract a confession for this heinous crime through any means necessary. After expelling, incarcerating, or executing the perpetrators, their belongings and office space should be granted to the Daily as a reward for investigating such a dangerous organization. When asked for comment, a spokesperson for the Gargoyle responded with "who are you and how did you get into my apartment?"



Pictured: The Gargoyle and known sympathizers

Gargoyle did not kill Phil McKraken. Whoever said that is a dirty liar and probably a communications major. And maybe a bed-wetter, too.
Even still, we are good people, and we at the magazine wish our condolences to McKraken's friends, family, and self-proclaimed fellow journalists.

Despite this tragedy, we cannot allow you to slander our good name any longer. Gargoyle is innocent (INNOCENT!), and we will not allow him to be blamed. If it helps, though, we are truly sorry you misplaced your life-sized teddy bear. It must have been hard for the Daily to operate for so long without something unconscious to hump. In addition, flipping tables is especially uncharacteristic for Gargoyle. We prefer to flip on them, not that that means anything to you, virgin. No matter, we know the truth about what happened to your dear McKraken, and we won't let you frame us for his murder. Mark our words (pun intended).

BY MADYLIN EBERSTEIN

Schliss Knish



By Gautham Jayaraj

A ransom note trembled in Mark Schlissel's giant hands, hardened through years of pastry consumption and tuition raises. These were a president's hands, but they carried a peasant Knish's words.

He felt betrayed. The cultural snack he was raised on had gotten him fired when he offered them to a subordinate to whom he wanted to pour his heart out. Now this note? There's only so much a defamed president and avid world enjoyer could handle.

He had to find the culprit Knish, behind this surprisingly well-crafted art. Logically, he wondered how a pastry of originally humble character could fall so far.

He needed to find the closest Knish producer to find the suspect, so he thought of the place where you have to pay \$18+ for a stupid Reuben. He needed to go to Zingerman's.

Schlissel wiggled into his Lincoln while trying not to crease the \$1000 suit he wears as pajamas to elongate his presidential fantasies of raising tuition even higher.

Arriving at Zingerman's, Schlissel wooshed through the entrance like musty air and allowed the public to absorb his presence. Some frat kid shouted, "Knish! Knish!" while filming a TikTok of him AND eating a Cuban Conundrum, whatever that name means. Everyone cheered big Schlissel on as if expecting him to purchase a Knish right before them.

But Schlissel was not one to follow expectations. After all, he did use a school email for his nefarious activities.

Instead of approaching the cashier, he brushed past the confused chum and walked into the kitchen. He didn't know what the culprit Knish looked like, but his sniffer could recognize sentience wherever he went. He yelled a war cry as he ignored the chefs and rummaged through storage spaces for trays of his once-beloved snack.

The employees ran out in terror, and

Schlissel approached an oven with a legion of Knishes cooking inside. He opened it without fear of scorching air rushing out, for he was on the warpath. The ice of vengeance could only cool the burning flame within him.

When he pulled the tray out, one Knish fell off. It throbbed in his vision and said in a slithery voice, "Hi, Schlissy."

Schlissel backed into the sink and seethed, "Don't call me that! Only my parents can say it."

"Okay, Schlissy."

Schlissel ignored the apparent attempt to anger him and muttered, "You must be the one who threatened me."

"I am, indeed. I learned the ways of your language during my time before getting cooked. Anyway, do you have water for me?"

"Of course not. Why the hell do you need water?"

The Knish's layers furrowed like eyebrows lowering in anger. It hissed, "I want to be moist, dammit!"

"What?" Schlissel asked, puzzled.

"Look at my brethren. They're all stuffed with meat or potatoes. I am a sweet being, but I want to have a sweet filling to match it, but they say a Knish can't be a desert..."

"How dare you try to make me pity you," Schlissel muttered and escalated, "You are a bad omen. You and your kind ruined my chase for late-in-life love."

"Oh shut up, you're just upset you don't have game anymore."

Schlissel slid to the ground, knowing that it was true. A tear dropped from his eye, and the Knish spun like a Beyblade and hopped onto the boomer's face. It sucked the lonely tear and sighed in rejuvenation.

The Knish screamed. "It's not enough. Give me more! Cry more!"

Schlissel summoned a singular sliver of confidence and gritted his enamel-

less teeth. It was time to battle.

Schlissel leaped towards his arch-nemesis without fear of breaking his knees. The snack spun once more and evaded the attack to find a new vantage point.

The buttery pastry hopped onto the nose when Schlissel landed, kicking the man's head back. Schlissel swiped the butter off with a slow and menacing lick of the tongue. He reached for the Knish, catching it off guard. If there was one flaw with the Knish, outside of its sentience, was its cockiness.

"No, Schlissy! Not the potato!" The slithery Knish sputtered with oil. Schlissel brought the snack to his mouth and said, "Yes, the potato."

Mark Schlissel ate half of the diabolical Knish. The revenge brought him joy.

This joy lasted for only a few seconds. Schlissel's throat started to burn, and he grabbed for it as if the money he once held could solve the issue. As his throat increasingly scorched and convulsed, he speed-dialed 911 and noticed the Zingerman employees watching through the windows like kids at the zoo.

As the ex-president lost consciousness, he remembered a time with his mother in the good ol' 60s. She said, "Listen, little Schlissy. Don't eat the Knish before letting it cool. It'll do more than burn your mouth." He set the remainder of the Knish aside as he drifted away,

The last breaths of the prematurely eaten Knish were heavy and labored, but they mellowed out as the light in the sky grew. The glazing bulb of pastry heaven opened. Pastries partly eaten before they had time to rest on a pan lay in this haven where all ill-treated snacks are respected.

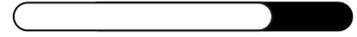
The pockets of the exquisitely toasted, diabolical Knish exited our material plane, but not without mildly threatening a life that people occasionally cherished.

Censored

Kevin, GAM.

18,439 have signed.
Let's get to 25,000!

By Luke Homans



Justice for Kevin Human!

Everyone has a hero. Some of those heroes are a little bit mustier than others. However the mustiest of them all, and coincidentally the hero-est, was local Ann Arbor legend and reformed Geneva convention violator Kevin "Gaping Asshole Man" Human. Kevin was an upstanding member of our little community, and, quite frankly, one of the vertebrae in its backbone.

One fateful night last week, Kevin was engaging in consensual marital sex with his wife, Dr. Rutherford B. Hayes (not to be confused with Rutherford B. Hayes, the nineteenth president of the United States). Upon commencement of said activities, Rutherford's pager buzzed and she leapt up, hurriedly redressing and rushing out the door for a "pastry related immolation emergency." Kevin continued to lay there, asshole agape, nude but unashamed as he was in his own home. While inconvenient the timing of his wife's paging, he was unbothered as he understood the significance of his wife's job and her dedication to the well-being and betterment of humanity.

However, this would be, tragically, the last time his wife would see him alive.

Kevin was a street performer by vocation, his performance one that inspired thousands across the metro-Detroit area every day. If you, the reader, have never had your eyes graced with this performance, a sight that can only be described as high-art in its purest, most unadulterated form, I pity you. There is very little left in this life worth seeing now that Kevin's yawning sphincter has been so cruelly stripped from our mortal plain.

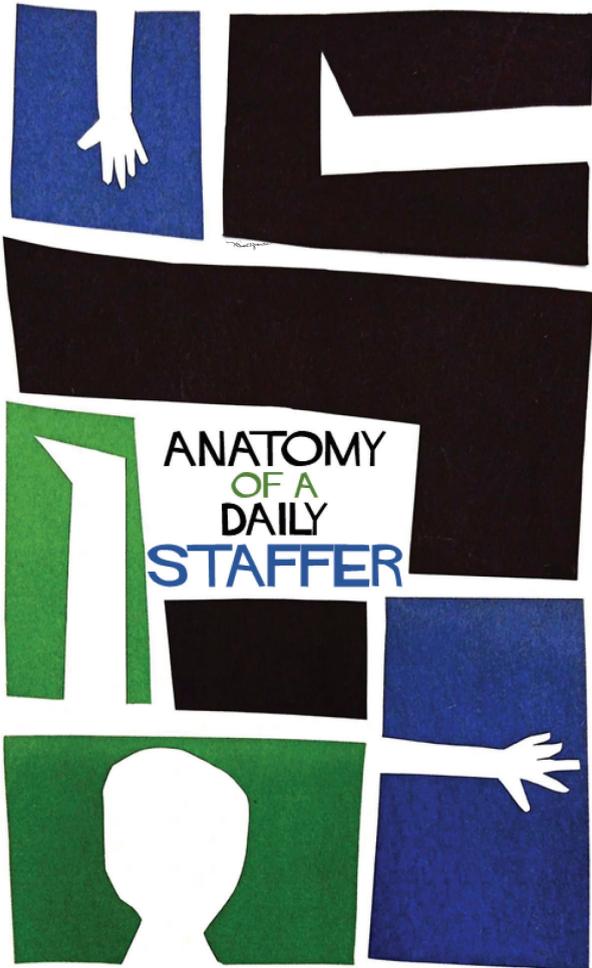
The afternoon prior to the aforementioned fateful night, Kevin was out on the street of Ann Arbor, specifically the corner of State and East William, peddling his wares. His wares, of course, was his awe inspiring performance; an act that involved him lying prone, face down upon the ground, as if drunk, fully clothed with the exception of his waistband, which would be positioned beneath his supple ass-cheeks, displaying the tepid cavern that bestowed upon him his namesake.

Customarily, those passing by would, upon the realization of the depth and nuance of Kevin's revolutionary statement about society, feel compelled to make a donation to fund his hard work. While most buskers may have an upturned hat or a guitar case, the only concave cavern capable of containing currency was, coincidentally, Kevin's quivering chasm.

While it was only human instinct that fathered this practice, Kevin adopted it happily, something that would later prove to be his undoing. You see, inexplicably, at some point in his fruitful and philanthropic life, Kevin made an enemy. On the day of Kevin's passing, the enemy suppositied him more than just his gratuity; inside the rolled up dollar bill was a poisonous capsule, the thing that would later take his life that night. Had his wife been around, she could have saved him with ease, as she was very familiar with his cavity.

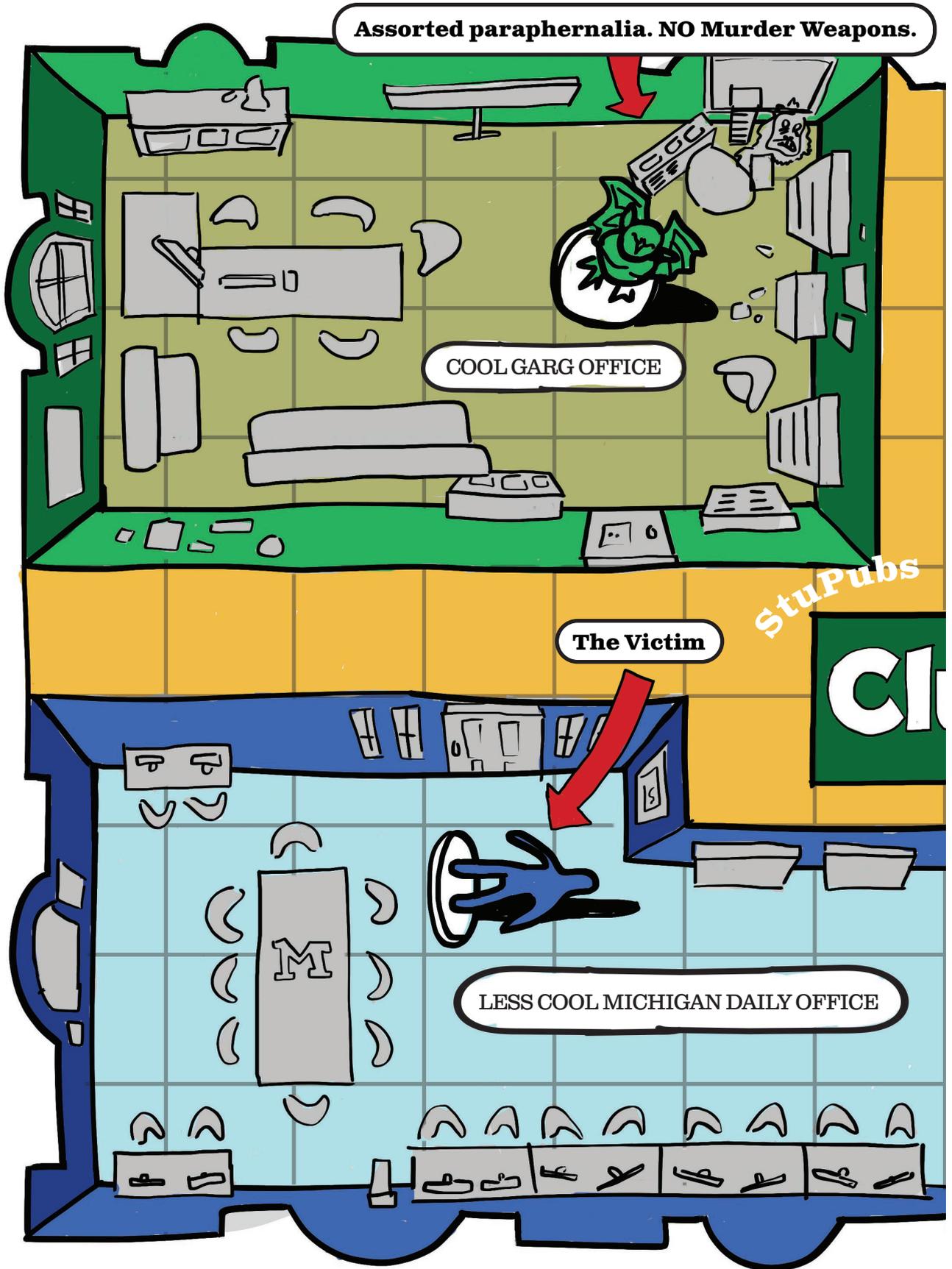
We, Kevin's family and friends, are writing this petition to gain more funding into the investigation surrounding his death. We believe that Kevin's poisoning, combined with the fact that his wife was called away at the exact time when he would have needed saving, is more than a coincidence. We called the police, but upon arriving all they did was call me a slur and shoot the neighbor's dog, so we are at our wits end. You are our last resort, internet.

And finally, to Kevin's killer. If you are reading this, you have hurt this family more than you could ever comprehend. Every day we continuously lament, screaming at the sky, wishing that instead of the poison, you could have inserted just the tip.

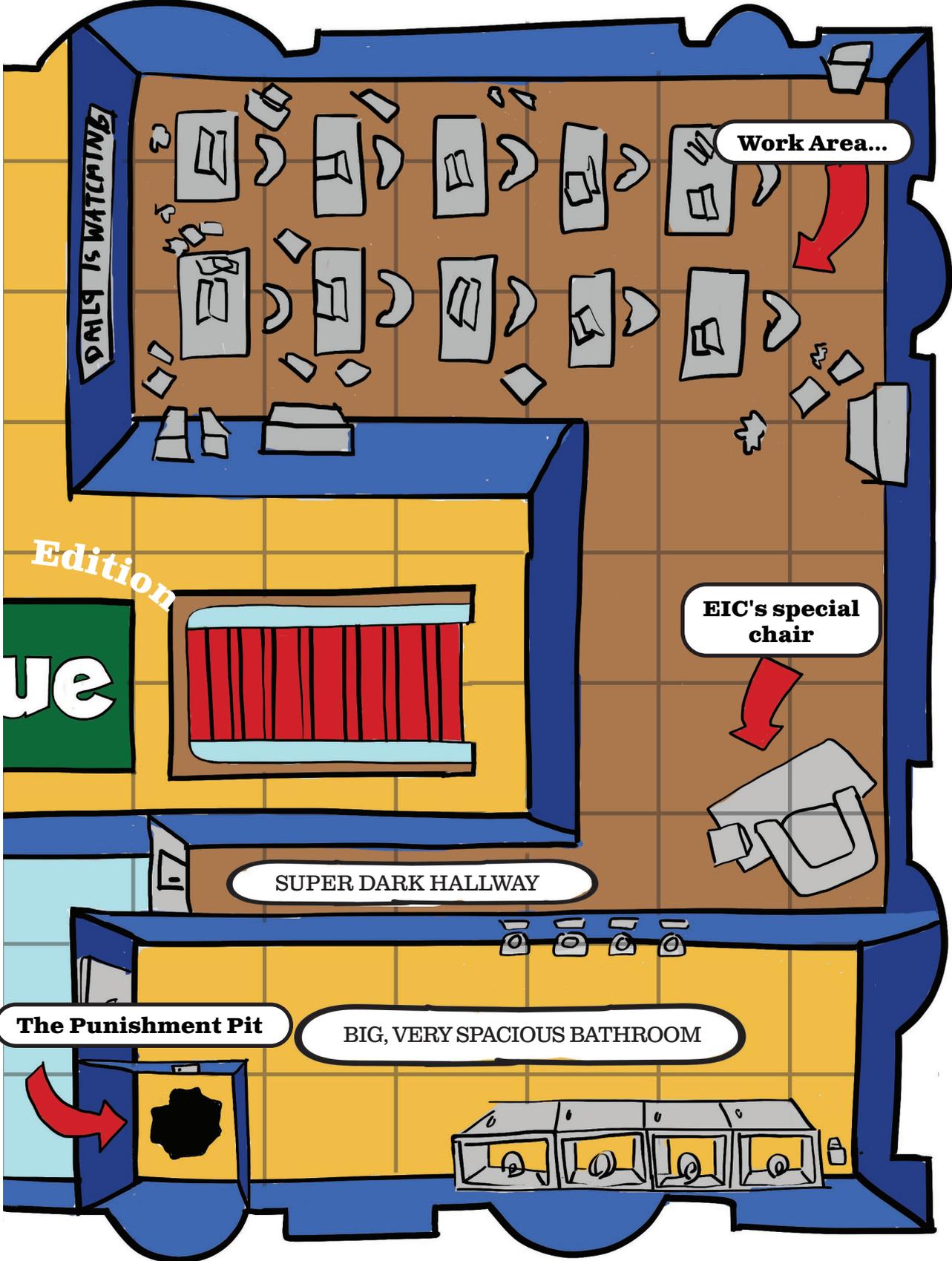


By Mayee C.

Stanford Lipsey Student Publications Building



420 Maynard St.



Dearest Mark (again),

Letter to Mark Pt. 2

Hope this card finds you well (haha).

By Luke Homans

That was just a little goofy banter from the good folks down at Gargoyle, because obviously you're not doing well, you're in the hospital. A knish, I hear? Again? Now that's just adding insult to injury. Which is nothing like what you'll be seeing from the rest of this card. All smiles from here on out, we pinky swear.

The truth is, Marky, we admire you; however, be sure to keep in mind that our organization and what we stand for is the journalistic equivalent of fetid, radioactive pond scum, and that the foremost clause in this sentence is, indeed, a mistruth. You couldn't have possibly forgotten our last note could you? We were sure that you would frame it and put it on your nightstand. You silly little goober, for someone who went to both Princeton and Johns Hopkins you sure aren't very savvy with various forms of electronic or printed formal communication, or so it seems. I only wish you'd use a personal email so that we didn't have to keep publishing these notes in a magazine, makes it somewhat awkward when it's seen by the public eye, no?

Oh, by the way, unrelated, tough stuff about the whole getting fired thing. It's like they say, better now than later! Or, better to have your role be preemptively terminated due to an illicit relationship with a subordinate than retire peacefully at the end of the year in (relative) grace! Maybe that was just wishful thinking anyways. Hehe, Schlistful thinking...

Like some of our mothers taught us, if we don't have anything nice to say, we shouldn't say anything at all. We didn't have anything nice to say in the first place, but we are now going to conclude this lovely little soliloquy (it could have been plain old dialogue if you just shared your personal email with us) with the latter part.

Maybe try and stay out of the news for a while this time.

XOXOXO,
Garg

Tips and Tricks: Homicide Edition

By Lars Martin

- Tip #1:** If you ever have a knife covered in blood and you need to dispose of the evidence, just dip it in the vat of concentrated piss we know you have been collecting for a rainy day. The urine will negate the blood and create water that will just rinse off, getting rid of the biological evidence. Fool-proof plan.
- Tip #2:** Always wear stilettos when inflicting harm. The footprints will confuse the forensic team while also having the benefit of your victim thinking you're looking sexy as fuck as you cut their throat.
- Tip #3:** Diapers are very handy when going on a long spree. There is no need to look for a bathroom while dragging a body across Main Street. Just shit in your pants, who cares. Send your diapers to The Michigan Daily, 420 Maynard St., Ann Arbor, Michigan 48109, and we will dispose of them properly for you.
- Tip #4:** Evading law enforcement is such a pain in the ass. Here are some tricks to get away:
1. Going to clown college is a great way to hide. Nobody would expect that of you, other than your parents who had no other hope for you.
 2. Become a police officer yourself. If you can't beat 'em, join 'em.
 3. Just use daddy's money to pay them off. You're out-of-state at Michigan; you can afford it.
- Tip #5:** When burying a body, don't forget where you put it. Sticking a large confederate flag in the ground will deter people while also making an excellent marker.

My dearest reader,

Allow me to give you regards on your success in finding my letter. You must have endured a long journey after using your bare hands to unearth my grave and discover this letter in lieu of anything else in your life. So congratulations again, you have succeeded in being no better than gravedigger number two in Shakespeare's Hamlet.

Of course, you may be wondering what secrets one takes to a grave and, perhaps, therefore, what mine are. Did I cheat? Was I involved in a sex cult with Eisenhower? Was I responsible for the death of a salesman? Was my life plagued by bouts of vicious diarrhea? It is never easy for a man to admit such sins, but I am no man. I lie here, very proudly dead, to say yes, I did all those things and many more over the watching eyes of the Gargoyle.

While I cannot provide adequate explanations to many of these questions in a short letter, the death of a salesman is perhaps the only one I can explain posthumously with a foggy memory.

Upon returning from a wicked night at the White House on October 13th, I noticed a man standing in front of my door. Dressed in a floppy hat with a suitcase in hand, he asked me if I was interested in purchasing his wares. I shooed him away, but he told me that he needed to sell something or he wouldn't budge. With a massive headache and a soiled pair of pants from said wicked night, I was too angry to deal with the man and the great Gargoyle consumed my soul. I proceeded to kick him with great power, with him barely resisting and tumbling into a garden hose faucet. With one final blow, he was killed instantly. In a drunken stupor, I simply moved the body to my backyard and went inside without much thought.

It wasn't too surprising to me the next morning to see that pile of bodies in my personal graveyard growing larger and larger by night, although it was getting a bit too messy for my liking. I had to have some type of cover story if the Feds ever caught on. On my way to oversee my production of All My Sons, I realized, I was a playwright, a successful one nevertheless. Within that day, Death of a Salesman was born, my own testament to that faithful night. While the almighty Gargoyle knows the truth of my actions, the Feds would never know.

After all, the almighty Gargoyle watches over us all, consumes our soul, and allows for the darkest part of us to be expressed. Besides, death closes all anyway.

And well, isn't that just a remarkable thing?

All hail the Gargoyle,

Arthur Miller

By Mayee C



Illustration by Haley Fiel

THE CULT OF MARY SUE COLEMAN

By Ashton Gibson

The President has fallen. Long live the President. Something in Ann Arbor shifts. The followers of Mary Sue Coleman had long lain dormant through the reign of the infamous Mark Schlissel; now the chosen wake from their extensive slumber. During her initial term, President Coleman attracted something of a cult following. This was surely due to her charisma as a leader and not for any other reason!

If you had looked out your window this dreary night, you would have seen nothing more than the usual pack of intoxicated freshmen girls wearing seemingly too little for their own good. You would have certainly missed the individuals donning lengthy woolen cloaks, walking northeast at a steady yet hurried pace. Perhaps you would assume them to be graduate students headed for the library, giving them no thought. Nevertheless, something sinister is afoot.

Deep in the secret heart of the aptly named Mary Sue Coleman Hall, her most loyal supporters gather in organized rows, illuminating the dimness with only the flickering light of dripping candles. The compounding smoke obscures the true dimensions of the room, but the antechamber is undeniably vast. They wait there, in stoic silence. They wait there, still.

At long last, a final cloaked figure emerges from the smoke and moves to face the group. The hood falls, revealing a head of straw-like blonde hair, garishly spiking from a sickly, papery face. Mary Sue Coleman has arrived to assume her rightful

position. Her bloodshot eyes glisten in the candlelight and she opens her ancient, creaking jaw to address the crowd: "As you all know, I have been offered the position as *ahem* interim President of the University of Michigan. This simply will not do. My previous dominion resulted in some of the most significant progress of the last decade— we built the Stephen M. Ross School of Business Building!" She bellowed, "I didn't just create 'The Michigan Difference', I am the Michigan Difference. This community faltered under that slimeball Schlissel. I am the ONLY individual fit to rule. We must see to it that this position becomes permanent— we must act." With that rousing sentiment, the cult members rush to surround her. They lift her on their shoulders and march in time out of the building. Mary suddenly reaches under her cloak and exclaims, "I brought gifts to celebrate! Protected sex is a cornerstone of The Michigan Difference!" She showers the group with handful after handful of shiny, foil wrapped condoms. Her witches

cackle shrieks through the quiet winter air.

Had you been there, you might have overheard an innocent passerby say to their friend, "No way, the Mary Sue Cult is handing out free Mary Sue Condoms! Now we can engage in safe intercourse in the alley behind Skeepers!"

Frightening.

Harbaugh's Stake

By Madylin Eberstein

It made his heart flutter, the condom.

He had found it on the sidewalk, just lying there, calling to him. When he saw it, he thought to himself, Huh, some pimply, teenage cult member must have dropped this, probably because he had just seen a pimply, teenage cult member drop it. Jim had picked it up, fondled it, felt its slippery plastic wrapper fold between his fingers. Size extra small, perfect. It must be a sign.

At home, Jim sat in front of his vanity, gazing into the eyes of his favorite man on Earth, yet wishing his second favorite, Tom Brady, was there beside him. He dabbed his cheeks with a rouge-covered brush and sighed with wanting.

Tom knew Jim inside and out, like how he knew Jim's favorite food was raw hamster meat, or that he liked to have his toes nibbled during his nightly viewing of Cocomelon. Tom also knew that Jim always hides extra dip inside his foreskin on game days, because that's a real thing that he definitely does.

However, Jim knew Tom just as well, and he loved every single quirk of his. He didn't even care about his wide-eyed, wiry nature, like one of those dancing cactus toys or a cast member of a live-action Veggie Tales. He didn't care, either, that he resembled, somewhat eerily, an Olive Garden breadstick that had discovered Touch of Grey for men. Without knowing, Jim must have uttered his name.

"You talking about me?" Tom said, stalking through the bedroom door. At the sound of Tom's voice, Jim posed coquettishly in his direction, luring him over with that brutish sexual magnetism. Tom lifted Jim out of his chair and held him from behind, while Jim craned his neck back to let out a girlish moan. "Kiss me like one of your sons," he said. But like a woman giving birth, Jim couldn't feel a thing. "Toooooom, c'mon," he coaxed, finally looking back at his lover.

Tom was still there, holding Jim, but suddenly, he seemed different. His gaze had changed from playful to fierce, and his grip around Jim's waist was noticeably tighter.

"Tom, what's wrong?" Jim wrestled himself from his grip and began retreating backwards.

"Y'know, Jim, sometimes

you've got to learn to put the ball in your hands." He held up something small, but Jim couldn't quite make out what it was. Oh wait! Was that...could it be...Jim's condom?

Tom continued, "Your shoulder pads are hard and stiff, but your hands are...are tender."

Jim took one more step backwards until he was pressed against the wall.

"They can move and caress the ball." That's kind of gay, isn't it? Tom unwrapped the condom with his teeth, but Jim could not be persuaded to stay. Not taking time to think, he slipped under Tom's arm and began running towards the door—that is, until Jim felt Tom slip something cool and lubricated over his face.

SEEKING LIVE DOG TO REPLACE THIS DEAD ONE



- Requirements:
1. obese (so fat it waddles when it walks)
 2. never barks, only stares intensely
 3. just kind of exists.

Contact Gil Borman for further questions and inquiries.

Illustration by Georgie Correa

Sherlock Jr. Dis-solves a Crime

By Mayee C

There has been a murder on Baker Street, London. Sir Ulysses of Essex was slit in the throat on his way back to his flat. Sherlock, unable to find a babysitter, brings his son along to the crime scene.

Sherlock: Alright son, here we are. Put that diet cola away.

Sherlock Jr.: But dad, I just opened it!

Sherlock: This isn't time for play.

Sherlock Jr.: Alright alrighty, I'll put it on the counter.

Sherlock: Now, I want you to open your eyes and observe. Tell me what you see.

Sherlock Jr.: Well, given his suit is all muddy, the Sir must have been a builder!

Sherlock: Son, what was last night's weather like?

Sherlock Jr.: It was pouring all night with great thunder.

Sherlock: And so what happens when

dirt and rain mix?

Sherlock Jr.: I'm afraid I don't know dad, what happens?

Sherlock: Mud happens... mud happens my dear son. I thought you would have been more sharp in this area, since you spend half of your recess playing in mud. I like some sort of blundering idiot.

Sherlock Jr.: Can we go now dad? I'm quite bored of this guy's dead eyes staring at me.

Sherlock: I'm trying to teach you to observe, dammit son. You're 7 now, you have eyes. Look at his hands, what can you tell me about his left hand, the one clutching the piece of paper?

Sherlock Jr.: That he doesn't have one?

Sherlock: It's LITERALLY in front of you.

Sherlock Jr.: I didn't notice it at first, promise!

Sherlock: Just... just tell me where he got the indent on his fourth finger.

Sherlock Jr.: Someone must have strangled his fourth finger! Jimmy once did that to my neck when we played the no-fainting game on the

playground. My neck was all weird like that after I lost.

Sherlock: You what?!?

Sherlock Jr.: I lost of course, and I had to pay for all his sweets that week.

Sherlock: I knew I shouldn't have met your mother at Watson's Christmas party.

Sherlock Jr.: Dad, my cherry lolly's finished up. Can I get another one?

Sherlock: I swear I'm sending you to America after this. Clearly none of my genius has passed down at all. You have the IQ of a worm at this point.

Sherlock Jr.: Is this man dead dad? Why is lying on the floor in the afternoon?

Sherlock: That's it, we're leaving.

Sherlock Jr.: Great! Can we stop by Jimmy's house?

Sherlock: I'm leaving you at Jimmy's forever... son, what happened to the piece of paper in Sir Ulysses's left hand?

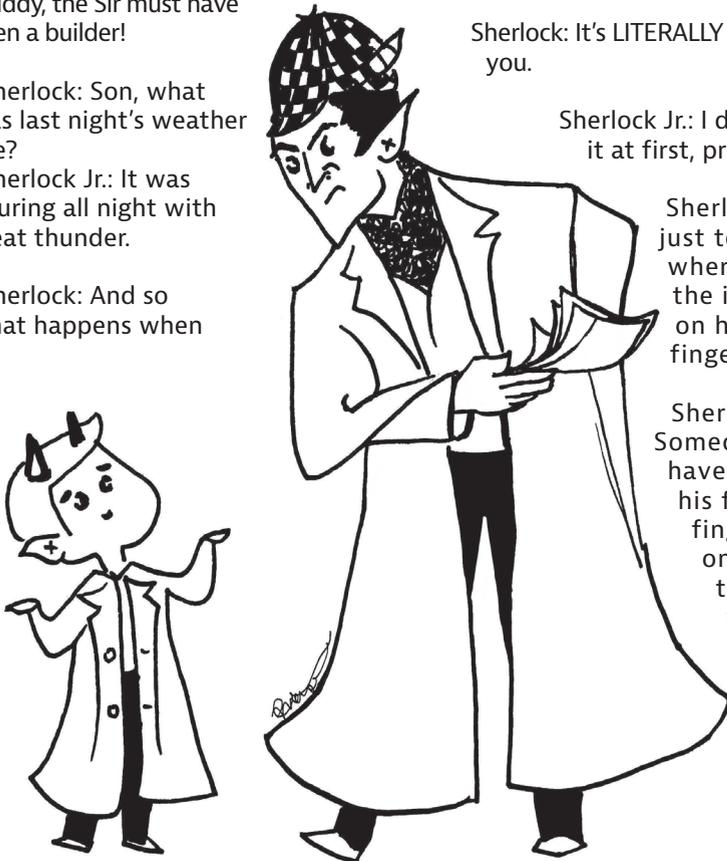
Sherlock Jr.: I thought it was a napkin! The sir was asleep, and he didn't need it. I had splashed a bit of my cola and it started to fall apart, so I threw it in the trash.

Sherlock: You dissolved the evidence and threw it in the trash?!?

Sherlock Jr.: What else was I supposed to do?

Sherlock: I—

Sherlock Jr.: So are we going to Jimmy's now?



To the good people of Ann Arbor,

I don't know what's happening to me, nor do I know why. It appears that, at last, the Michigan Daily has found a way to take me down. I am being framed for a murder I know I did not commit. They must be jealous of my devilishly good looks. No matter, I know the truth.

Gargoyle's Perspective

That's right. I, Gargoyle, witnessed the death of Phil McKraken firsthand, unbeknownst to my accuser. What poor, ugly bastards they are.

There I was, squatting apishly atop the Union late one night, as one does, wind and snow whipping against my skin. I could argue that the position simply offered a good stretch upon my hamstrings, but what can I say? I am nothing if not cliché.

Anyway, there I was, squatting, conducting business as usual: silently observing the nightlife. A old blonde women crossed the of them severely underdressed for the out the bottom of one of their shirts, the owner and put it back in place. Down the way, an art student's lit cigarette bobbed up and down as she walked up State.

I then shifted my gaze towards Student Publications. The stench of the Garg office, that of rotting food and—for some reason—dirty clothing, wafted down Maynard and filled my nostrils. The building, too, glowed stale yellow light from its windows, and as I basked in its late-night liveliness, I wondered who would possibly be there so late.

The light was coming from the Michigan Daily's windows, and as I stared, I saw a shadow dart past. I focused my vision (my super high-res Gargoyle vision) for a closer look, and sure enough, there sat Phil, cracking away at something (he really puts the Phil in McKraken), but I couldn't see what. The only words I could make out on his screen were "Harbaugh" and "found dead."

I saw the shadow again, and that's when it happened. Someone—a man, surprisingly slender for his profession—came up behind Phil and wrapped something around his neck. He pulled tighter and tighter, his arms shaking from the effort, until poor Phil collapsed on the floor. When he turned around, I saw his face, plain as day. It was seven-time Superbowl champion and U-M Class of '99 alum, Tom Brady.

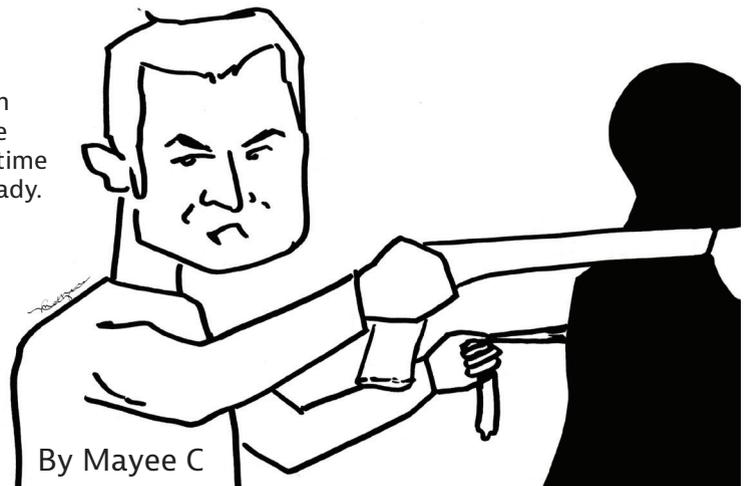
Don't trust me? Okay. Not a big believer in mythical, cryptic humor magazine mascots? Alright, fine. Not my problem.

But my story has been told, and until this all blows over, you won't see me for a while.

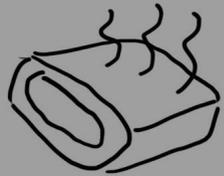
-Gargoyle

By Madylin Eberstein

troop of 18-year-street below, each weather. I saw a nipple fall backpedaling hastily to pick it up



FREE



KNISH

WANTED



TM



JELLY DONUTS