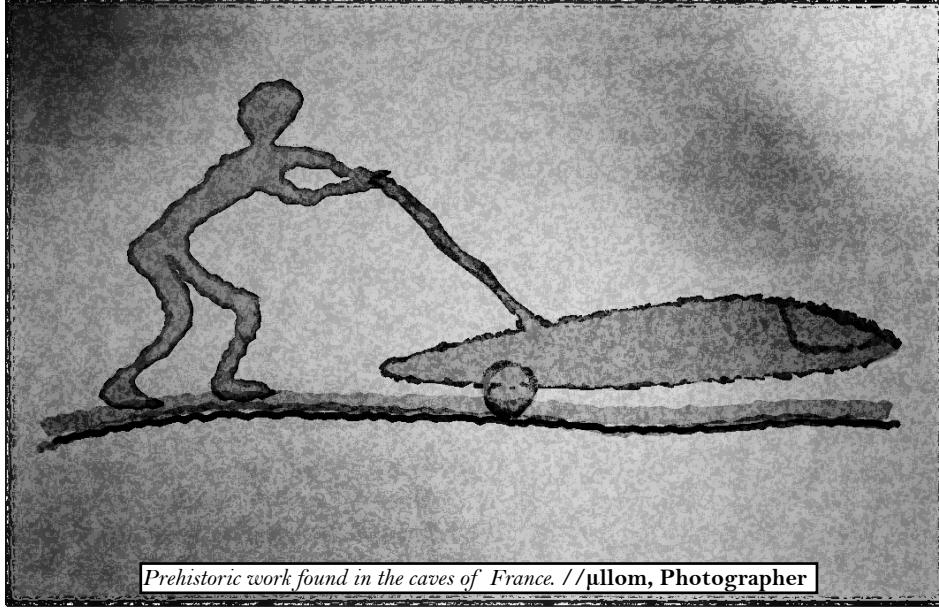


On the origins of buggy



Prehistoric work found in the caves of France. // ulloom, Photographer

"Roan Tysh"

Receiving death threats from buggy alumni

In modern day, it can be difficult to recollect the scrappy origins of the noble sport of Sweepstakes. Informally known as Buggy, this pastime today takes the form of small carbon fiber capsules being pushed along a set route through Schenley Park, steered by students of short stature and tall courage. But it wasn't always this way.

Approximately 2,800 years ago, an odd four-legged creature roamed North America. Fossils indicate it looked somewhat similar to a goat, but with shorter, thicker legs. When standing its height was just above waist height for the average adult human, and when lying down, its large torso would rise to just below the average adult's knees.

These creatures lived in swamps and marshes, particularly in what would become the northeastern United States tens of thousands of years later. In winter they would grow thick fur and occupy caves or the undersides of ledges, and in spring, they would consume grass voraciously. One fascinating behavior of these creatures, documented both through fossilized soil records and extensive cave paintings, was a tendency to graze at the top of steep, muddy hills, waiting for predators to take notice. Once a large carnivore approached, the creature would fling itself into the mud and tuck its legs under its body, allowing it to slide down the hill. The legs of the creatures were carefully evolved to double as runners, akin to a sled or ice skate, minimizing friction (along with their streamlined fur).

Reconstructions of the languages used at the time would suggest the creatures were referred

to as something like "of the bogs". Or as they later came to be called, upon the gentle introduction of European languages to this region of the world, "boggies". It seems that humans in the area that would now be referred to as southwestern Pennsylvania took a particular interest in studying boggies. They soon began constructing artificial environments to exaggerate the distances which they could slide, using wetter mud, predictable routing, and unnaturally steep slopes reinforced with reeds. After hundreds of years of this, the first evidence can be found of a human riding one of these "boggies", and not long after, pushing them uphill with their riders in order to slide further than a single downhill slope permits.

When exactly boggie riding became competitive is unknown, but it was a highly optimized contest by the time it made its way significantly into oral history. This history is now all that remains of this era of Sweepstakes, as boggies were driven to extinction within decades of European arrival. However, artificial boggies had already been constructed for centuries out of timber and furs, and as populations of natural boggies dwindled, technologies like the wheel were introduced, and the industrial revolution brought new materials and techniques, the boggie transformed into the buggy: beasts mechanical in nature, nearly frictionless, hurtling along courses of concrete and asphalt rather than mud and silt. Little of the original sport remains in a physical sense, but the core roles (minus those related to safety) have changed little, and the spirit of innovation and fair competition has persisted to this day, now under the watchful eyes of Carnegie Mellon University.

The Wheel and its effects on our children

Citron

Rounding the bend

It's the latest craze, the vogue, a revolution, and it's rolling off the shelves. If you've lived in ancient society in the last few lunar cycles, you've heard of it: the wheel.

The wheel has transformed our world swiftly; be it agriculture, transportation, cheese, or construction, they've already become integral to every part of our lives. But people are starting to realize that behind the gleaming facade of the wheel lies a sinister consequence: its effect on our own kids.

"It's like I don't even recognize him anymore," says one anonymous mother. "It used to be 'Dinner's ready!' and he would come running and tell me he loved me. Now, it's always 'One more spin, mom!'. Sometimes he doesn't even respond anymore—he's just so engrossed in his wheel, he doesn't even hear me. He's always on that damn wheel. I'd just snap it in two, if it weren't so damn expensive."

Kids across the city-state seem to have fallen in love with the wheel. We interviewed one child we found playing with a wheel by the road to find out just what it is about them that drives kids crazy.

"Well, all my friends had one, and they were having so much fun with it," she said. "So I asked my parents, but they said no. This wheel. It was, uh, just lying here. It's nobody's."

"The wheel is fantastic," she gushed when asked about just what it was that made it so special. "I love putting it on an axle and spinning it around. It's like the fidget spinner, but better. Honestly, though, I could just stare at it all day."

The child's parents appeared at this point in the interview, and though we didn't have any questions for them, they did not hesitate to give their opinions.

"It's my opinion that the wheel is symbolic of everything wrong with kids today," said the father. "When I was her age, we walked between cities. Took us weeks. I lost years of my life walking places. And now she wants to spend those years doing what? Riding the fuckin' wheel? Those were some of the best years of my life. Made me who I am today. We used to make pottery with our hands, and if it was misshapen, goddammit, we got better at it. They don't understand how good they got it. Everything handed to them on a lazy susan."

"Well, you know, I don't hate the wheel," said the mother. "I can see why some people might want the wheel. Just, you know, I don't want my own daughter on it. Have you heard of driving drunk? Apparently all the young people are doing it these days. And, you know, kids on the wheel are more likely to commit violence. I mean, not trying to say anything about wheel kids. I just don't want my daughter associating with... those types. You know?"

The verdict is still out on the wheel. Is it a plague upon our children, stealing our future? Is it a benign gift from the gods? What gods do we even believe in here in ancient Mesopotamia? These are the hard hitting questions that only time will tell.

History's first booth

Alex Werth

Suddenly speaking Spanish

HUNT SPECIAL - Carnegie Mellon University's springtime Carnival brings with it many beloved traditions, perhaps most recognizable of all, Booth, a weeklong mad sprint through constructing marvelously untrustworthy houses. But did you know that the roots of booth trace back to far before CMU's founding? Back before the scientists of our society had invented steel, universities, or Scotsmen, one ancient society was building immense, elaborate towers and tearing them down in a hurry, a practice that has traced its way to our school today. Chasing the roots of CMU's most beloved culture, we come to explore the city of Babylon.

CMU historians argue that Babylon's legendary Tower of Babel, and its rapid unplanned disassembly in the second millennium, represents both the thematic and literal origin of the Booth tradition. Most objectively, CMU historians traced the westward adoption of caffeinated tea and large-scale fermentation in pottery towards its convergence point on the lower Euphrates, which scholars theorize led to Babylon developing the remarkable insanity to begin construction. To this day, a similar concoction powers booth-building CMU students through what are, to a healthy citizen, hallucinogenic levels of sleep deprivation. The further parallels between the structures built both then and now are remarkable, leading our historians to envision that the modern resurgence of Booth in 1914 looked back towards history for inspiration. And despite the theological questions raised by the debatably divine nature of Babylon's first ever teardown, various scholars take the point in stride: "If anyone could so directly affront God with a house alone, it would be a true CMU student." And yet, the Spring Carnival Committee has yet to authorize a booth over two stories tall. Perhaps we have learned, despite ourselves.

Heart not in work, striking Homestead workers declare

A Dead Jellyfish

Lockheed Martin Employee of the Month

After weeks of refusing to stay working at the steel mill past 2 a.m., employees at Homestead Steel Works have finally gone on strike. They are protesting outside the factory, saying that working all day without a lunch break is "unethical." Some complain they have not been home to visit their families in months, hoping to desert their sacred duty to make the billionaire Andrew Carnegie more money. The strikers should rest easy knowing that their hard labor is going into the construction of libraries and museums they will never be able to see.

The Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers (AA) is promising workers a life of luxury and ease that they, unlike Andrew Carnegie, have not earned. Furthermore, the AA is only increasing inequality within the workplace by allowing only skilled workers into their ranks. The AA is forming an exclusive club that allows skilled workers to slack off while their unskilled counterparts are hard

at work supporting the military-industrial complex.

The strike culminated in egregious and shocking acts of violence committed by factory employees. Steelworkers tried to burn Pinkerton agents alive on their barges as they tried to approach the factory to negotiate, and attacked them even after they surrendered. Our hearts go out to the families of the two Pinkerton agents brutally murdered while sailing down the Ohio River on an innocent joyride that happened to pass the site of the strike. Andrew Carnegie defends his decision to implement high-pressure water cannons against the strikers, saying, "We protected ourselves with ingenious technology, just as the poor villagers of yore poured boiling oil down on the marauding Vikings who besieged them."

As we all know, the devil finds work for idle hands of strikers. Discussions are now underway about building a school to institutionalize the grindset and train a new generation of morally upstanding workers to add to the wealth and reputation of Andrew Carnegie.

Sanitation Concerns Raised over Birth in Bethlehem Stable

A Living Jellyfish

Jiggling in consternation

BETHLEHEM, Judea – Locals are shocked that a young Galilean woman named Mary has given birth in a manger. Although many have no qualms about sharing their living spaces with domesticated animals, some are saying that a stable might be a bit too far. Experts confirm that a manger is not a suitable environment for childbirth, referencing the statistic that 6% of women die in childbirth already. Giving birth in an unsanitary stable surrounded by donkeys, cattle, and goats raises the possibility that Mary will contract donkey-borne illnesses such as leptospirosis or brucellosis, increasing her chance of death to 19%. Celsus, an up-and-coming dermatologist from Rome, declares that the best environment for childbirth is "one devoid of disturbances such as braying, mooing, bleating, or indiscriminate hay-munching." Celsus also expresses concern that goats, known to have diverse appetites, will try to bite the infant's hair as it exits the birth canal. The owner of the manger is now facing criticism for allowing a pregnant woman, whose odds of dying were already 35%, to give birth in a stable instead of evicting some less needy guest.

Several magi were also present at the scene, each of them having brought gifts to aid the dangerous birth. One of them, Balthasar, testifies, "I was alerted of this important matter by an angel who gave me a dream to warn me of the poor mother's 47% chance of dying in childbirth." Balthasar presented a gift of frankincense to mask the smell of the animals. Another, Melchior, brought a sizable amount of gold to pay for any medical fees – or, if all else fails, funeral fees – incurred from the risky barnyard birth. Gaspar's present of myrrh should help reduce inflammation in Mary and lower her risk of death to 66%.

Mary's husband, Joseph, was also questioned as to why he did not seek out better lodging for his nine-months-pregnant wife. Joseph, calm in the knowledge that his wife bore the son of God and that such births have only an 85% mortality rate, points out that "the hay was the perfect substance with which to soak up blood without leaving too much of a mess." This reporter is especially worried about the infant's current proximity to the donkey, having been bitten rather painfully by said donkey. Mary was unavailable for comment, suffering from sepsis after having contracted an infection and potentially about to join the ranks of the 99% of women who die in childbirth.

Taste-testing Messiahs

"Roan Tysh"

Gets his protein from the body of Christ

Pretty often now, we'll have these bearded fucks wander into the temple telling us they're the savior we were promised. They like to wash people's feet (a little too much honestly), and go on and on about the true spirit of the holidays, until someone rich bothers to have them strung up in the public square or torn apart by horses.

But first, we always make sure to taste-test the would-be savior. We know, after all, that whoever we accept as our savior, we'll have to taste a little bit of every Sunday for the rest of our lives. A sip of their blood and a little morsel of their body. A waste of good wine and bread, in my opinion, but you've got to get your iron somewhere. Problem is, most of these guys' flesh just tastes awful. So we let them get tortured and killed, and wait for a more flavorful prophet.

This morning, I was invited to a prison carved into a cliffside. Amid the agonized screams and the putrid scent of disease and excrement, we found the cell of one particular man, whose skin was radiant, his hands callused, his face

smugly superior. I took a delicate nibble of his flesh, and found that it tasted delicious. I've never noticed a complexity quite like that. Nor have I had the pleasure of trying such exquisitely textured meat. It had the toughness you would expect from a muscular laborer, but it yielded quickly, and was still juicy. His blood, too, was delicious. The irony note was covered by a subtle basicity and umami, left behind only as an aftertaste, which was complex and thought-provoking.

This man was special, we decided. If billions would be consuming whatever savior we chose, this would be the best choice we would be offered. So, we put a crown of thorns on his head, and hung him from a cross, and hired a servant boy to drag his body out of his tomb three days later and smack it on a cliffside like a rug until there was nothing left but mist. To confirm we had performed the ritual correctly, I sipped wine and took a bite of bread under a stained glass window, and I was immediately struck by the same glorious gustatory experience as I was in the prison. Truly, the glory of God is like no other.