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THE YALE

Feb. 25, 2019

RECORD

THE SPONSORED ISSUE



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**SECRET MENU FTW:
IF YOU GO TO STARBUCKS AND
ORDER AN ARIANA GRANDE, THE
BARISTA WILL TELL YOU TO
FUCK OFF**

Dear Firestone,

I hate to break it to you, but your tires taste like shit. If I wanted to eat a bunch of bland rubber, I would've bought Goodyear or those little chunks they put in astroturf. I expected better from such a well-respected company.

Best,
Roger

**IF LAUGHTER IS THE BEST
MEDICINE, WHY DID I GET KICKED
OUT OF THE BURN WARD FOR
TICKLING PATIENTS?**

Dear Mrs. Butterworth,
I just wanted to thank you so much for being so delicious every morning on my pancakes. Keep doing you, girl.

Love,
Steven

**YOU WIN SOME, YOU LOSE SOME:
THIS KID LOST ALL HIS HAIR, BUT
HE ALSO GREW A TUMOR**

Dear Steven,

That's so sweet of you to say. Out of all my customers, I like you the best.

Love,
Mrs. B

**YOUR AD
CAN'T GO HERE**

CLEARLY THIS SPOT'S TAKEN,
DUMBASS

**BIRD IN THE HAND WORTH 2
IN THE BUSH, .78 EURO, OR 1.1
IRANIAN RIALS, REPORTS US HOUSE
COMMITTEE ON THE STABILIZATION
OF EXCHANGE RATES**

Dear Mrs. Butterworth,

Is there a... Mr. Butterworth in the mix? Just wondering :))

—Steven

**THE NEW NEW DEAL? OBAMA
GOT US OUT OF A BAD RECESSION
WITHOUT CONTRACTING POLIO**

Dear Steve,

Boy you play too much...

—Mrs. B

P.S. nah he's dead :(

MONEY!

CALLING ALL HUMANITY



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...Your Children's Affection!

MONEY!

NOW ACCEPTED MORE PLACES...*EVERYWHERE!*

THE NEW BITCOIN? TRY BITCOIN. WAIT, FUCK.

Dear Yale Varsity Athlete,

If you're so athletic, why do you need that Fancy Scooter to scoot your way around campus?

Sincerely,

A Yale Non-Athlete

"WELL THEY'RE TECHNICALLY
CALLED FILMS, NOT MOVIES,"
REPORTS ASSHOLE

Dear A Yale Non-Athlete,

If you're so smart, why do you need that Big Ol' Book to book your way around campus?

Sincerely,

A Yale Varsity Athlete

VACCINATION FAIL: THE "DOCTOR"
BEHIND THE APPLEBEE'S TOLD ME
HE WAS VACCINATING MY DAUGHTER
FOR MEASLES, BUT NOW SHE HAS
MEASLES AND HIV

Dear The Yale Undergraduate Community,

I hope you all enjoyed that educational skit featuring an athlete and a non-athlete. Let us use this interaction NOT as means to drive us further apart, but as an opportunity to come closer together. I think you'll find that this magical Yale Family has a seat at the table for us all, regardless of race, class, gender, or athletic ability.

Sincerely,

President Salovey

Dearest Mother,

It is the 1800's. That is why I am writing you this letter on parchment rather than shooting you a quick email.

Sincerely,
Your Dearest Son

IN THE NAME OF RADICAL VULNERABILITY, I EXPOSE MY PENIS TO YOU

Dearest Son,

It's too bad about the whole 1800's thing. I wish it were the late 1900's or the early 2000's, because then we could just be shooting each other quick emails rather than writing each other letters on parchment.

Sincerely,
Your Dearest Mother

POT CALLING THE KETTLE BLACK? THE SOCIAL WORKER CALLED ME OUT FOR BEATING MY KIDS WHEN I BEAT HER KIDS EVEN MORE

Dear Brian,

Unfortunately, our committee has turned down your request to host 19 students for Bulldog Days. It's not that we're not concerned about space constraints. It's that we don't approve of your plans to "give them a taste of the Ottoman Empire" by letting the shower run for an hour while you stand naked with the first-years for a "Turkish spa experience."

Best,
Bulldog Days committee

THE NEW BITCOIN? BITCOIN, BUT WITH A LIL' HAT ON IT

Dear Jeff Bezos,

This is David Pecker, CEO of American Media Inc. We have obtained your nude photos, and will publish them in our newspaper, The National Enquirer, unless your newspaper, The Washington Post, stops its reporting on my alleged ties to Saudi Arabia. You have been warned, Mr. Bezos.

From,
David Pecker

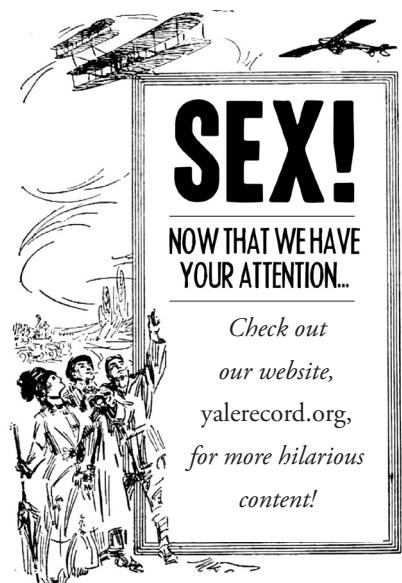
Dear Mr. Pecker,

Thank you for informing me of this matter personally. However, I refuse to capitulate in the face of extortion and blackmail. The public will not be fazed if you release my "below the belt" pictures. In fact, if they see my photos, they will notice a strong resemblance between my penis and my head. The analogy I like to use is that I am Dr. Evil, and my penis

is Mini Me. I have even measured the curvature of my head, and found that it exactly matches the smooth, gentle arc of my penis. Quite remarkable, no? Additionally, if you ask Alexa "Does Jeff Bezos has a twin?" she will respond "Yes. His twin lives two feet beneath him."

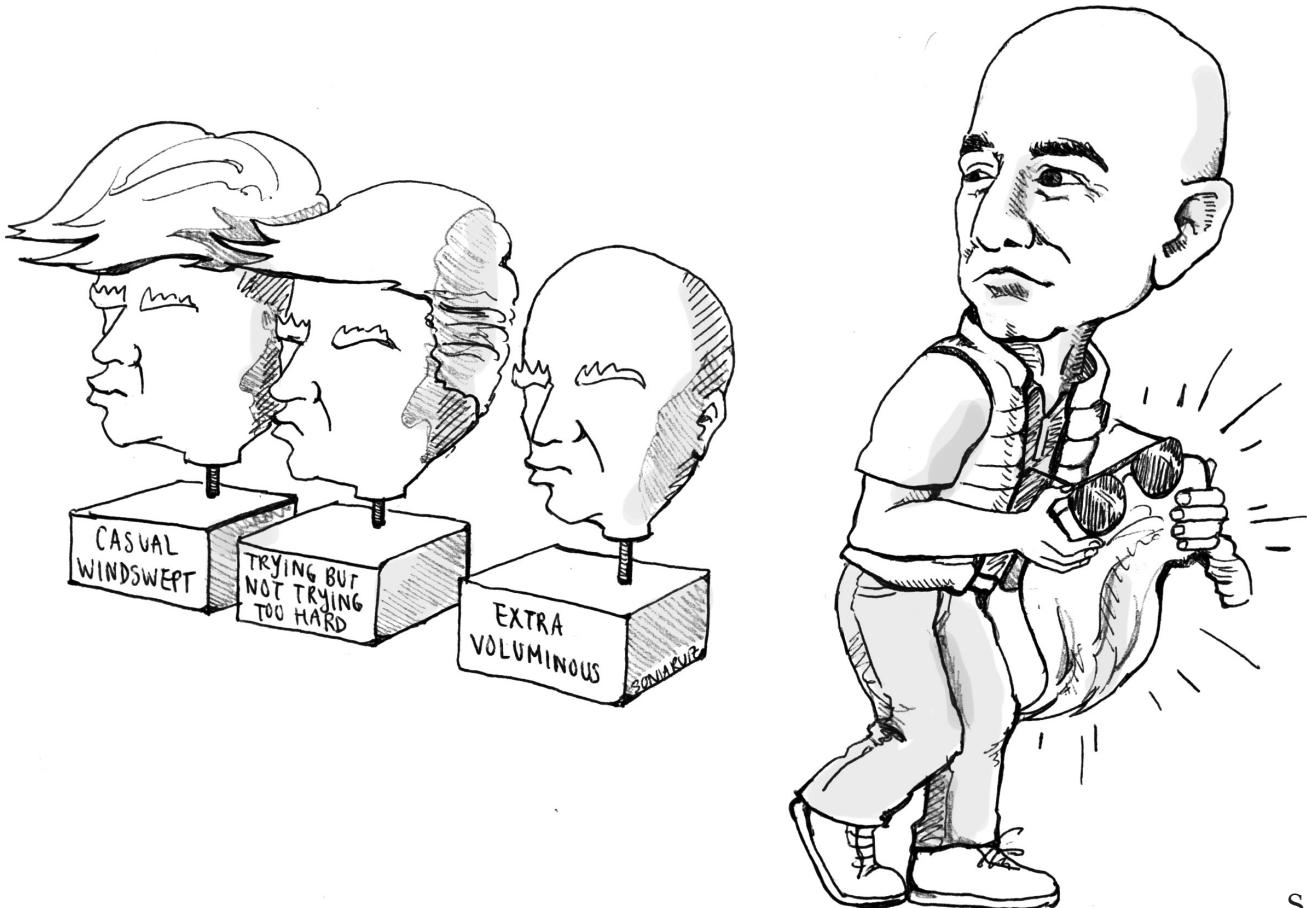
Sincerely,
Jeff Bezos

"IT REALLY DO BE LIKE THAT SOMETIMES," REPORTS FOURTH-GENERATION LEGACY WITH A THOUSAND-DOLLAR WEEKLY ALLOWANCE AND A GUARANTEED INTERNSHIP AT MCKINSEY NEXT SUMMER



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And all our other friends in AA.



—S. Ruiz

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Not valid with any other offer.

Two Large Cheese
Pizza & 1 Lt Soda

\$19.95 + tax

One Coupon per customer.
Not valid with any other offer.

Dear my child's dentist,

I expressly asked you to remove all his teeth, not just the teeth with cavities. Do you know how long I've been waiting for this surgery? I expect a make-up appointment next week. I want my child gumming on my arm by the end of the month.

Sincerely,
Greg

FEMINISM WIN! THIS SECTION ASSHOLE IS A WOMAN

Dear Greg,

Sorry for the misunderstanding. There's no joy like that of a child's freshly neutered gums on sensitive skin. I have your child booked for 4:00 Wednesday.

Best,
Your child's dentist

LOCAL CARTOGRAPHERS ANNOUNCE PLAN TO DISCOVER FRIENDS

Dear Coach,

Can I sit this game out? I have frail bones and crippling gout.

Sincerely,
Tommy

VACCINATION FAIL: THIS KID DIED ANYWAYS, BUT I GUESS THAT'S BECAUSE HE GOT HIT BY A CAR

Dear Tommy,

This is a chess tournament, and you are my star player. You can rest when you die.

Sincerely,
Coach

NEW: Old Spice Men's 5 in 1 Shower Gel

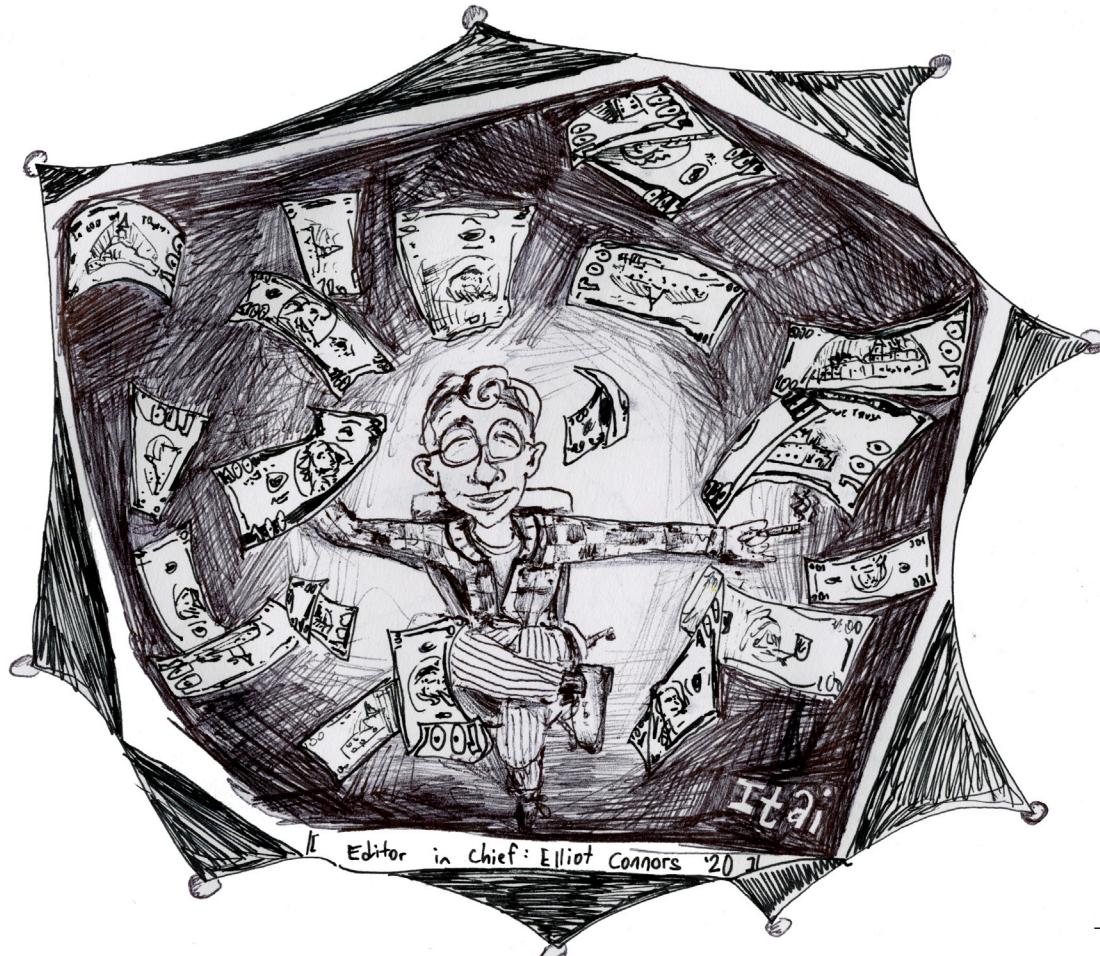
--Shampoo--
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"Great for Normal to Oily Skin!"

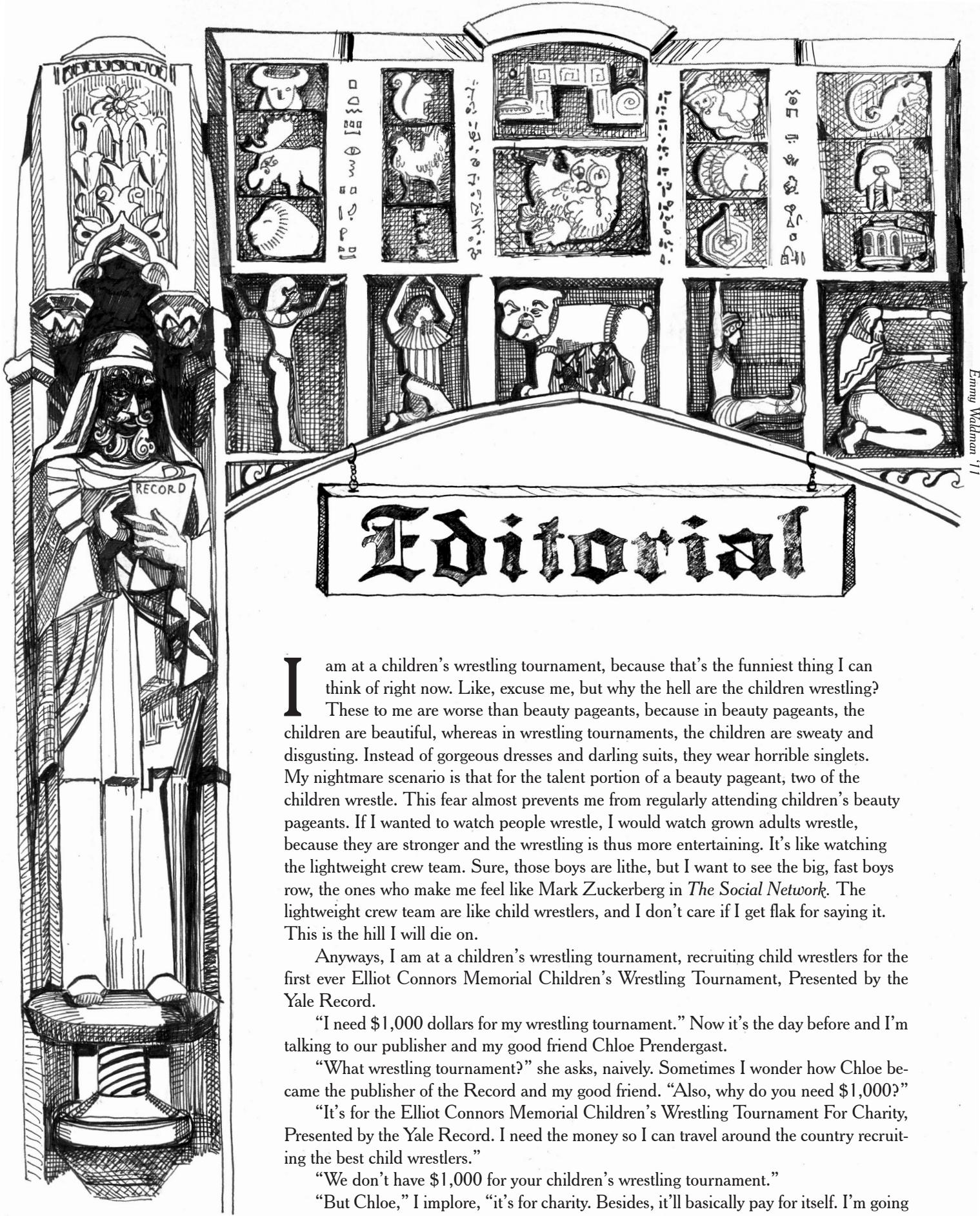
THE POETRY OF THE SEA: OSAMA BIN LADEN'S CORPSE JUST WASHED UP IN TAHITI, AND GET THIS, THE WHOLE THING IS COVERED IN OYSTERS CARRYING TINY PEARLS

Obituary Correction

The Yale Record Editorial Board would like to apologize for an erroneous obituary in a previous issue of the magazine. The issue misreported that legendary stuntman Evil Knievel "died doing what he loved: riding an electric scooter so fast off a children's skateboard ramp that he crashed into the sun." Knievel actually died of a pulmonary embolism.



—I. Almor



I am at a children's wrestling tournament, because that's the funniest thing I can think of right now. Like, excuse me, but why the hell are the children wrestling?

These to me are worse than beauty pageants, because in beauty pageants, the children are beautiful, whereas in wrestling tournaments, the children are sweaty and disgusting. Instead of gorgeous dresses and darling suits, they wear horrible singlets. My nightmare scenario is that for the talent portion of a beauty pageant, two of the children wrestle. This fear almost prevents me from regularly attending children's beauty pageants. If I wanted to watch people wrestle, I would watch grown adults wrestle, because they are stronger and the wrestling is thus more entertaining. It's like watching the lightweight crew team. Sure, those boys are lithe, but I want to see the big, fast boys row, the ones who make me feel like Mark Zuckerberg in *The Social Network*. The lightweight crew team are like child wrestlers, and I don't care if I get flak for saying it. This is the hill I will die on.

Anyways, I am at a children's wrestling tournament, recruiting child wrestlers for the first ever Elliot Connors Memorial Children's Wrestling Tournament, Presented by the Yale Record.

"I need \$1,000 dollars for my wrestling tournament." Now it's the day before and I'm talking to our publisher and my good friend Chloe Prendergast.

"What wrestling tournament?" she asks, naively. Sometimes I wonder how Chloe became the publisher of the Record and my good friend. "Also, why do you need \$1,000?"

"It's for the Elliot Connors Memorial Children's Wrestling Tournament For Charity, Presented by the Yale Record. I need the money so I can travel around the country recruiting the best child wrestlers."

"We don't have \$1,000 for your children's wrestling tournament."

"But Chloe," I implore, "it's for charity. Besides, it'll basically pay for itself. I'm going to monetize it with corporate sponsors."

"Who is going to sponsor a children's wrestling tournament?"

"Amazon. I've already written the ad. 'Amazon proudly sponsors the Elliot Connors Memorial For-Profit Children's Wrestling Academy, Presented by the Yale Record and Amazon. Amazon: Bringing You What You Need, When You Need It. Because Our Business IS Show Business.' All that's going to be superimposed over a picture of Jeff Bezos in a child's singlet stepping on a child wrestler he has defeated, with the referee holding up Bezos's hand to indicate his victory over the child wrestler."

Chloe is unmoved by my emotional pitch. She's all about cold, hard numbers. I try to tell her the academy will train one hundred of America's best child wrestlers for a tournament that will draw a projected fifteen attendees from across the New Haven metropolitan area, but all she cares about is money. Money, money, money. Money, money, money, money, money, money, money. (*Checks word count*). Money, money.

I am PO'ed (pissed off) at Chloe for not understanding my vision: thousands of child wrestlers, glistening with sweat, all vying for a spot in my internationally ranked, incredibly lucrative children's wrestling and manners academy for charity for profit as I crank up the heat in the gym, the sweat now pooling on the mats, it's going to cost a fortune to dry clean them because all of the local dry cleaners refuse to clean my wrestling mats, so I have to bribe the fire chief to let me use the big hoses, but it'll be worth every penny to help these kids reach their goddamned dreams. I am left wondering what part of this vision Chloe doesn't understand, and why she's so afraid to believe in something bigger than herself.

As a last ditch effort, I challenge her to a wrestle for the

cash. To my surprise, she accepts. I defeat her handsomely, for she is a vegan and I am a vegetarian. It is moments like these that make me glad I drink a gallon of milk each day straight from the jug, like my big, fast boys on heavyweight crew do with water; it enables me to stand up for what I believe in. But as I leave with the check, I look back at Chloe, eyes glistening, and realize she let me win. She believed in me all along; she just couldn't say it. It would be political suicide to openly support a children's wrestling tournament in this economy. Then again, you can always find a reason to postpone your dreams, and these kids sure as hell aren't getting any younger.

And so I find myself outside a two-story colonial in the suburbs of Chicago, hand delivering my final invitation to a promising young child wrestler who caught my eye at the tournament because he was much bigger than the other wrestlers and kept blowing a whistle. Standing here, I am reminded of the blissful childhood I missed out on because of my parents' clinical depression, which I have unfortunately inherited, and realize that the mission of my academy goes so far beyond teaching children to wrestle. Our mission is to cure depression. Yes, it's ambitious, and no, I don't think it will be easy. But who ever said running the world's first ever children's wrestling academy for the cure for charity for profit was going to be easy? And of course, we couldn't do it without our generous sponsors. Amazon, we love you baby. You're doing the lord's work.

—E. Connors
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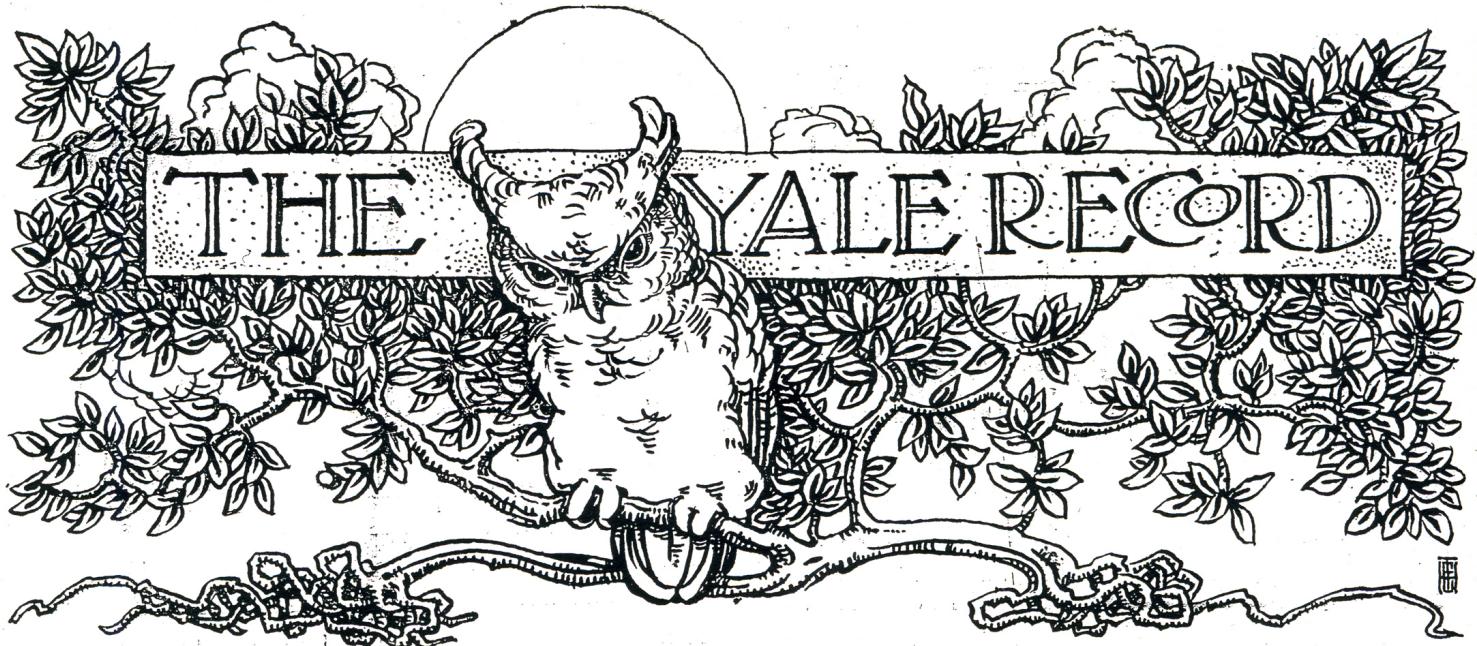
Special thanks to: All of our diamond sponsors, who make our platinum sponsors look poor as hell.

Front Cover: Sonia Ruiz '19, who plugged her own Instagram account on the cover and didn't even pay us. Kind of fucked up.

Back Cover: Itai "Frite/Fry" Almor '20

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WHY I STOPPED EATING ASS AND STARTED EATING EDAMAME (SPONSORED BY EDAMAME)

Hey guys! It's Todd here, from ToddEatsFood. Today, I'm going to talk about something near and dear to my heart: edamame. Edamame is very tasty. About a year ago, my beautiful wife Christina left me for another man. Did she break my heart? Absolutely! Did she take most of my money to pay for our "child's" "college education"? Only if that makes me look sympathetic! But if there's one thing I miss most about Christina, it's the special time we used to spend together, when I ate her ass. When that well ran dry, I knew I needed to find some ass to eat, and quick.

I tried Tinder but got literally zero matches. I emailed Tinder to get to the bottom of things, but a spokeswoman for the company rudely declined my offer to eat the CFO's ass. She also informed me that someone swiped right on me by accident once, but then they paid for premium just to go back and unswipe me. Anyway, I was lonely and needed to get my special time on; that is, until I heard about some magical green beans that are better than ass and meth combined.

There are a few reasons why I think edamame is better than eating ass. For one, when I eat edamame, there's no sound. When Christina and I had our special time, she used to be very loud: too loud in fact. I chomp down on these suckers and it's nothing but silent night. Another thing is I make sure to wash my edamame every single time. Now Christina, she was a beautiful woman, and the only woman I'll ever love, but she did not wash her ass. You just need to rinse off edamame and it's good to go. Also, I can put salt

on my edamame, but Christina never let me put salt on her. I used to be like, "But it's for flavor!" and she would be like, "I'm leaving you for Ed." This was the first warning sign that she was leaving me. Edamame helps farmers, and it has a ton of vitamins and protein! I bet your ass doesn't have any vitamins or protein, though if it does, please contact me immediately. Christina's certainly didn't, which is why I had to give up eating her ass for Lent. I was in the hospital for forty days.

Anyways, I really encourage you to make the switch to something good for you spiritually and physically, namely, those crazy beans called edamame. But Christina, if you're reading this, I would go back to ass in a heartbeat.

—A. Thomas

OTHER USES FOR TOASTERS (SPONSORED BY TOASTERS)

Fork holder

Prop comedy, something along the lines of "If my wife finds out I tried to fuck a toaster, I'm toast!" Then you hold up the toaster and maybe try to fuck it onstage.

Throw it into an enemy trench like a grenade. Hopefully they'll love it so much, they'll just go home.

Fancy brick

Timer for when to take bread out of your other toaster

Transformers Cosplay

So basically, you pull your pants down, sit on the toaster, and wait for the bread to pop up.

—Staff

WHO THE HELL IS DRINKING MR. PIBB? (SPONSORED BY MR. PIBB)

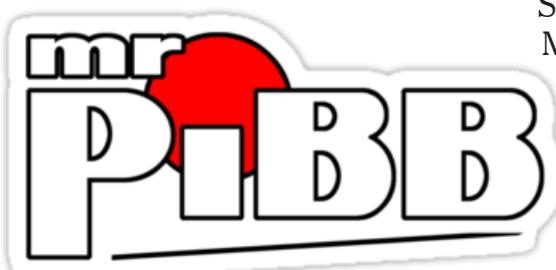
Dear customer (although probably not our customer),

Everyone in the soda industry is rebranding these days: Mountain Dew is now “Game Fuel,” marketed to pre-teens who still have their mom’s debit card information after dropping seventy bucks on making their Fortnite characters hot. La Croix is the soda, or rather, the naturally essenced sparkling water of upper-middle-class white people; people rich enough to own a boat, but not a *boat*, you know? Diet Coke is for moms trying to cut out wine, and Monster is for moms trying to cut out meth. Maybe craziest of all, Sprite has become the black soda all of a sudden. We would have gladly been the black soda, but instead we had to rebrand as “Pibb Xtra,” like some sort of fucked-up energy drink for children. Didn’t notice? That’s okay: neither did 98% of America and 95% of our employees.

Quick question: have you ever even seen a can of Mr. Pibb? We honestly have no idea what they look like—we’ve only ever seen our product in Taco Bell soda fountains, and we have no idea how it got there. Maybe we exist only to give consumers the illusion of variety, when in reality, our spigot is empty. Maybe we’re integral to every ten-year-old’s eight-soda cocktail. We sure as hell don’t sell any of our product. It just shows up places.

This is not an ad for Mr. Pibb. We are just genuinely curious: who the fuck is drinking Mr. Pibb? Are you on drugs? Are you a hostage? Is it being used as a torture device (because if so, not cool)? If you have ever drank or seen anyone drink Mr. Pibb, please report to our headquarters immediately. We don’t want to thank you—we want to study you. Please donate your bodies to us after you die (or before you die, if you aren’t planning on dying soon). In exchange for your service, you will receive a lifetime supply of Mr. Pibb; that is, if we can get Taco Bell to tell us where they’re getting it from.

Sincerely,
Mr. Pibb



—D. McCowin

RED BULL TO PUT MAN IN DEEPEST HOLE

By D. SCHIFRIN

FUSCHL AM SEE, AUSTRIA — On October 14, 2012, Red Bull teamed up with atmospheric scientists to fly Austrian daredevil Felix Baumgartner 37,640 meters into the air for what would soon be considered the highest skydive ever completed. Nearly seven years later, Red Bull will try to recreate the magic of that momentous event by putting Craig Stappman, a 54-year-old insurance broker from Scottsdale, AZ, 37,640 meters into the ground: the world’s deepest hole.

“First, we’ll lower Craig down in a special elevator,” explained Red Bull CEO Dietrich Mateschitz. “Then we’re just going to, you know, leave him down there for a while.” Red Bull anticipates a livestream audience of millions.

“The event will no doubt bolster Red Bull’s image as an energy drink for the audaciously-minded,” said Mateschitz. “We can only imagine what sorts of daring feats Craig will undertake down there, be it pacing or planning what to do with the insurance money if it becomes one of those Thai kid situations.”

When asked how he felt about being lowered into a 100,000-foot abyss for a corporate spectacle, Stappman seemed optimistic. “I’m not doing this for the fame, the posterity, or the chance to redefine what it means for me to hit rock bottom, which I previously considered the morning I woke up naked on the floor of Filthy Frank’s Fuck Factory,” Stappman said. “I’m doing it for all those boys and girls out there whose parents told them they would never have what it takes to be lowered into a hole.”

“When I grow up, I want to be just like Mr. Stappman,” said five-year-old Red Bull enthusiast Susie Prutswell, who, after shotgunning a six-pack of the beverage, proceeded to sprint three laps around her backyard before passing out in one of the “practice holes” she had dug that morning.

Footage from Stappman’s feat will be the centerpiece of the company’s advertising campaign for Red Bull Jr., marketed to three to twelve-year-olds. According to Mateschitz, the product “surprisingly failed as many FDA tests as all of our other products. Wait, forget I said that. Crap. Actually, if you could step into this 37,640 meter elevator for a second...”



—P. Davis

A MESSAGE TO OUR VALUED SUBWAY CUSTOMERS RE: LETTING JARED OFF HIS LEASH (SPONSORED BY SUBWAY)

Please stop asking us to toast your sandwiches. Cold cuts are meant to be cold. If they were meant to be toasted, we would call them hot cuts. But we don't. So stop asking for us to toast them, or we're going to have no choice but to let Jared loose.

There are a couple things we have to go over here. Yes, Jared lost 200 pounds eating our sandwiches. Yes, Jared is an inspiration to men, women, and children everywhere. Yes, Jared has been a bad boy lately. A very bad boy. That's why we've been keeping Jared in Subway Jail for the past three and a half years.

And yes, there are "real" jails that exist to handle people like Jared. But we couldn't let that happen. If Jared were put in a real jail, he would probably die. After spending two decades eating nothing but mayonnaise-free turkey sandwiches, his body is not capable of digesting anything else, especially not prison food (prisons do not Eat Fresh™). The only way to feed him is to pump blended sandwiches directly into his stomach through a tube, and they just don't have this kind of thing at real jails, so we have to do it ourselves.

Don't worry, we aren't being too nice to Jared. We make him wear his comically large jeans from his fat days without a belt so that he has to hold them up with his hands all day. And the pants are very heavy because they are very large, so this is very difficult for him. We photoshopped pictures of Jared to make him uglier and taped them to all the mirrors in the prison, so now he thinks he is ugly. None

of the guards are allowed to call him his favorite nickname, J-Money. They can only use his least favorite nickname, Jare-Bear.

However, we can't only be mean to Jared. We have to make sure he does not have an obesity relapse. We used to take him on walks around the exercise yard every afternoon, but, being the most famous inmate in Subway Jail, Jared got bullied by the other inmates, so now we put him on a leash and take him on walks around the neighborhood outside the jail. We even let him pick out his own leash and he picked out a blue one with paw prints on it. What we don't do is let kids pet Jared. They cry, but we tell them Jared is a service animal and it is rude.

So why is this important? Well, we've been getting a lot of complaints from our regional managers lately about you customers asking for your sandwiches toasted. We've tried everything to get you to stop. We wish it didn't come to this, but we are out of options. We are going to let Jared off his leash.

—H. Rubin



MOUNTAIN DEW DOES NOT SHRINK YOUR BALLS (SPONSORED BY PEPSICO)

Dear PepsiCo Shareholders,

I would like to address recent reports concerning the effect of Mountain Dew products on testicle size. Last week, Snopes.com cited an unsubstantiated study claiming that “regular consumption of Mountain Dew beverage can decrease testicle radius by around 37% (S.D. = 4%) and testicle mass by 84% (S.D. = 65%). The effect is exponential with consumption.”

These unverified claims have led to several lawsuits, including one from a man named Kevin Watkins who claims that as a result of unchecked Mountain Dew consumption, both of his testicles were completely obliterated in a car crash. He claims that had he not drank Mountain Dew for the last thirty years, his testicles would have been “easily robust enough to withstand the impact of a forty-ton eighteen-wheeler.” Watkins is seeking nearly \$700 in medical costs and \$30 million in emotional damages. In addition, among communities with high consumption rates of the beverage, there have been surges in use of the hashtag “#notmyballs,” as well as increased Google traffic for the searches “shrunken balls (hairy pics only),” “Deflategate 2.0,” and “How do I tell where my penis ends and my testicles begin?”

I would like to be the first to deny these allegations. Mountain Dew does not shrink your balls; it merely reduces sperm count. I should know: my 63-year-old husband Raj has not impregnated me in nearly ten years. Population control has always been our first priority here at PepsiCo, not testicular reduction. This is the message we have been trying to send our consumers for the past eighty years, and if we haven’t made that clear, we’re going to need to take a long, hard look in the mirror.

Incidentally, if consumers want to shrink their balls, they should try our delicious Tropicana Medium Pulp Grapefruit Juice®.

Respectfully,
Indra Nooyi
Chairwoman of PepsiCo

—A. Kane



REPORT: JEFF BEZOS IS HOT AS HELL

By B. LAURING

SEATTLE, WA—A report released by Amazon Tuesday confirmed market suspicions that founder Jeff Bezos is “hot as hell.” Amazon spokesman Jay Carney lauded the announcement, claiming that “justice had finally been served.”

“Though many Americans already considered Jeff to be not only the hottest Chief Executive in the Forbes 500, but one of the top five—ten on a bad day—hottest men in the United States, this report confirmed what has long been described among investors as ‘Bezos’s irrefutable sex appeal,’” said Carney.

“I’ve always known that Jeff had ‘it,’ whatever ‘it’ is,” claimed 40-year-old Amazon product manager Kathleen Oakmont, reading from a teleprompter as P.R. officials stood by with a taser. “And it’s not even about his money. I just can’t help but salivate every time I lay my eyes on that delicious little cue ball. Jesus Christ, are you serious??”

According to Amazon officials, Bezos’s star power is widely seen as a unifying force in an increasingly polarized America. Indeed, Seattle residents from a variety of backgrounds have gathered en masse outside of Amazon’s downtown headquarters this week to celebrate Bezos, chanting and holding signs comparing him to ruggedly attractive leaders of yesteryear, like Mussolini and Ahmadinejad.

In light of this response, the company announced that Bezos’s widespread appeal would be leveraged to sell Amazon devices. Customers will soon be able to order an Alexa featuring Bezos’s signature Seattle drawl, with new voice commands tailored to “America’s newest sexual sensation.” For example, if one were to ask, “Alexa, where is the closest bald fetish therapist near me?” Alexa would answer, “Kathleen, there is a therapist 2.64 miles from you. By the way, can you imagine what it would be like to fuck Jeff Bezos.”

At press time, a competing study from Starbucks was touting former Chief Executive Howard Schultz as “Seattle’s only sex symbol.”

STOP SAYING MICKEY MOUSE HAS GONORRHEA (SPONSORED BY DISNEY)

What's up, my name is Bob Iger, and I'm the CEO of Disney, your boss. Normally this is a fun company full of laughs and adventures, but not today. It has recently come to my attention that some of you have been saying that Mickey Mouse has gonorrhea. This is so immature that it is not even funny. The other day in the Disney Cafeteria I heard an intern say to his friends that actually, it hurts when Mickey Mouse pees because he has the clap. And also the other day, which was a different day, my wife, Willow, was watching a Youtube video called "5 Things You Didn't Know About Mickey Mouse" which said that he experiences discharge from his penis. What the fuck? This has never been true. Mickey has always been the picture of health. For anyone who disagrees, I will see you in my office right after this because I am going to fire you. My kids are grown so I don't have to worry about them hearing this shit, but some of you do not have that luxury, which means it is in your best interest to hit this right square in the puss and stop this rumor from spreading any further. It goes without saying that I am too rich to be dealing with this. Well, that was all I wanted to say about this. Have a great day.

My NAME IS
MICKEY AND I
DON'T HAVE...



Gonorrhea

Robert A. Iger

- J. Houston

DESIGN: C. PRENDERGAST
AND S. FORCE

NEW SPOTIFY SUBSCRIPTION PLANS (SPONSORED BY SPOTIFY)



—P. Davis

TREND ALERT! SHITTING YOUR PANTS (SPONSORED BY PAMPERS)

2018 saw the return of many trends millennials vaguely remember from early childhood: scrunchies, butterfly clips, fanny packs. Clearly, nostalgia is hot right now. So we at Pampers ask, what better way to remember your youth than by shitting your pants?

Take a moment and let the memories wash over you. Mom taking off your diaper and gagging at the smell. Mom yelling at Dad for never changing you and always going on “business trips.” Mom going to San Antonio for a vacation with her sisters while Dad hung back, but for some reason your hot babysitter also needed to be there so she and Dad could “help each other out,” except neither of them changed you the entire week. And who could forget your parents’ acrimonious and drawn-out divorce!

Think you’ll never be able to relive those experiences? Well think again, idiot. Introducing Pampers Throwback XL Diapers. Pair them with a Rugrats t-shirt and one of those tiny plastic backpacks for a look that says “I’m a fucking adult. I don’t have time to go to the bathroom!” Just go about your daily life and let your bowels do their thing. It’ll feel like the years right before and after 9/11 in no time. Those were the days.

You can find a five-pack of our new Throwback Diapers at your local Urban Outfitters for just \$49.99. Get ‘em (and shit ‘em) while supplies last!

—K. Walsh

Spotify Foster Family Plan: Every Discover Weekly playlist has one song not quite like the others.

Spotify Divorced Family Plan: You only get to listen to your favorite music every other weekend. On other days, you can listen to white noise to cover up the sound of Dad crying.

Spotify Family Plan(ning): Every time you listen to Marvin Gaye, we’ll send you a complimentary morning-after pill.

Spotify Vintage: Essentially a Blockbuster, but with CD’s.

Spotify Premium Ads: Hate having to listen through a bunch of bullshit music to get to your favorite branded content? Look no further than our “Just the Ads” plan!

Spotify for Students: Only \$4.99 with your purchase of \$200,000’s worth of tuition.

Spotify for Students With Hulu Without Spotify: Just Hulu. Sponsored by Hulu.

Spotify for Graduate Students: Full price. What are you going to do about it: have a hunger strike?

—Staff



—R. Chang



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I AM NOW READY TO SELL OUT
 (SPONSORED BY FORMER SENATOR
 JOSEPH LIEBERMAN)

Hello all. It is I, former U.S. senator from Connecticut and failed Vice Presidential nominee Joseph Lieberman. I am very pleased to announce that after much consideration, I have decided I am now ready to sell out.

I have had a long and distinguished career in politics. I served as the 21st Attorney General of Connecticut from 1983 to 1989. I also served for four terms as senator from Connecticut between 1989 and 2013. In all that time, I refused to endorse any products, for fear that it would compromise my public service. But now that I am retired at the ripe age of 76, the Lieberman gravy train is open and ready for business.

Would you like me to endorse Icy Hot? For the right price, the personal recommendation of one Joe Lieberman is yours. Think of the advertisement possibilities: "I am Joe Lieberman, and I single-handedly got the public option removed from Obamacare in 2010. Please use Icy Hot; I use Icy Hot and I like the way it feels on my withered skin. I, Joe Lieberman, personally recommend it to you."

I do not care the product or its quality. I am ready to tell people to purchase it; but only for a price! I want to be clear—I am in this for the cash, and the cash only. I have served my country faithfully, and now would like to profit off the enormous trust I have built up with the American people. For what citizen, rich or poor, young or old, would not first look to me, Joe Lieberman, for guidance regarding the purchase of consumer goods?

"Please do purchase for yourself a can of Pringles. Crunchy and delicious, I—Joe Lieberman—like the feeling of Pringles on my delicate tongue." This is an example of an ad at which all would certainly swoon; but only for a great payment will I say for you these magic words. I want the "big bucks," please and thank you.



—A. Chase

UBER PARTNERS WITH PLANNED PARENTHOOD TO OFFER ABORTIONS TO WOMEN ON THE GO

By M. SANGHVI

PALO ALTO, CA—Uber CEO Dara Khosrowshahi, in conjunction with Planned Parenthood president Leana Wen, announced Monday a new joint initiative to bring abortions to modern women on the go. The two leaders are "excited to provide this essential right to sassy, modern career gals who have places to be."

"After the countless sexual harassment scandals that have plagued our company in recent years, it's high time we here at Uber show the world we care about ladies and their valuable time," said Khosrowshahi before showing investors a new commercial in which Uber drivers travel through fallopian tubes à la Magic School Bus to run over embryos. "As always, Uber is connecting you with the people, places, and things you love. Or in this case, disconnecting women from the thing they don't love. Oh, and most importantly, protecting our bottom line during this whole Me Too thing."

Wen is excited about the prospect of bringing abortions to underserved areas. "Missouri only has one abortion clinic left. But they have half an Uber driver who splits her time between northern Missouri and Nebraska, so we're hoping to see a fifty percent increase in abortions there."

New Uber "Red" cars are being outfitted with the necessary medical equipment, abortion pills, speculums, and, of course, hand sanitizer. The abortions will be "sort of a DIY situation" at the stoplight of your choosing, with the optional amenity of smalltalk with your mildly nauseated Uber driver. The aborted fetuses will be put in jars and repurposed into mulch for succulents that will be sold on Etsy, as part of Uber's new Sustainability Initiative.

At press time, Lyft was criticizing the move as a publicity stunt, claiming its drivers had been performing free abortions for years.

I'M AN ALLY IN THAT I THINK ALL GIRLS SHOULD KISS

I'm a straight guy, but I consider myself a proud LGBTQ+ ally. I think it's okay for girls to kiss each other, and even more than that, I think it should be encouraged. When I see two girls swapping spit on my computer screen, I don't shame them for sharing their love. They were born that way.

I try not to hold the LGBTQ+ community to a higher standard than the rest of us. I won't fault a lesbian if her T-shirt is wet. In fact, I prefer it. You might be thinking, "Isn't it weird if anyone's T-shirt is wet?" and to that I would reply, "That's a normative judgment." If a lesbian has forgotten her pants at home, I won't make fun of her, because I don't want her to notice her mistake and locate her pants. I also try not to center myself in queer spaces. When I'm in a gay bar, I don't spend a lot of time commenting on how "cute" and "different" it is. Instead, I watch from a safe distance through my Nikon Trailblazer Binoculars.

I also try to be a positive influence on those around me. When girls want me to "answer a question" or "hold the elevator door" or "give them a raise," I'll make them kiss each other to make sure my resources aren't going to someone suffering from internalized homophobia. Just because you are a member of a marginalized group doesn't mean you can't harm other members of your community.

As an ally, I try to hold space for all types of queer women. I support curious friends experimenting with each other. I uplift lesbian stepsisters who better not get caught by their dad. I respect horny masseuses who can't help mixing business with pleasure. I honor the union of babysitters and MILFs. I elevate tiny teens dominated by tall busty redheads. And while we're at it, I recognize teachers-who-are-also-dominatrixes' intersectional identity.

However, I will admit that I still have work to do. This year I went to Pride and was alarmed to discover that some of the women had short hair. This was repulsive to me, and I have to admit I did not want to see them kissing. Luckily, I quickly overcame my prejudice by reminding myself that even short-haired women have breasts. As I subtly touched their lower backs, as I smelled their hair, as I thought about them while riding

home on my Razor scooter, I remembered that one of the most important parts of being an ally is confronting your own existing biases.

I know I am still far from perfect. But I'll keep putting in the work, Googling terms I don't fully grasp like "femdom." And at the end of the day, I believe that all people, regardless of sexual orientation, should be treated with dignity and respect, as long as they're female, thin, horny, and lubed up.

I'm also getting really into self-love.

—W. Caplan



DEPRESSION IS HARD (SPONSORED BY PROZAC)

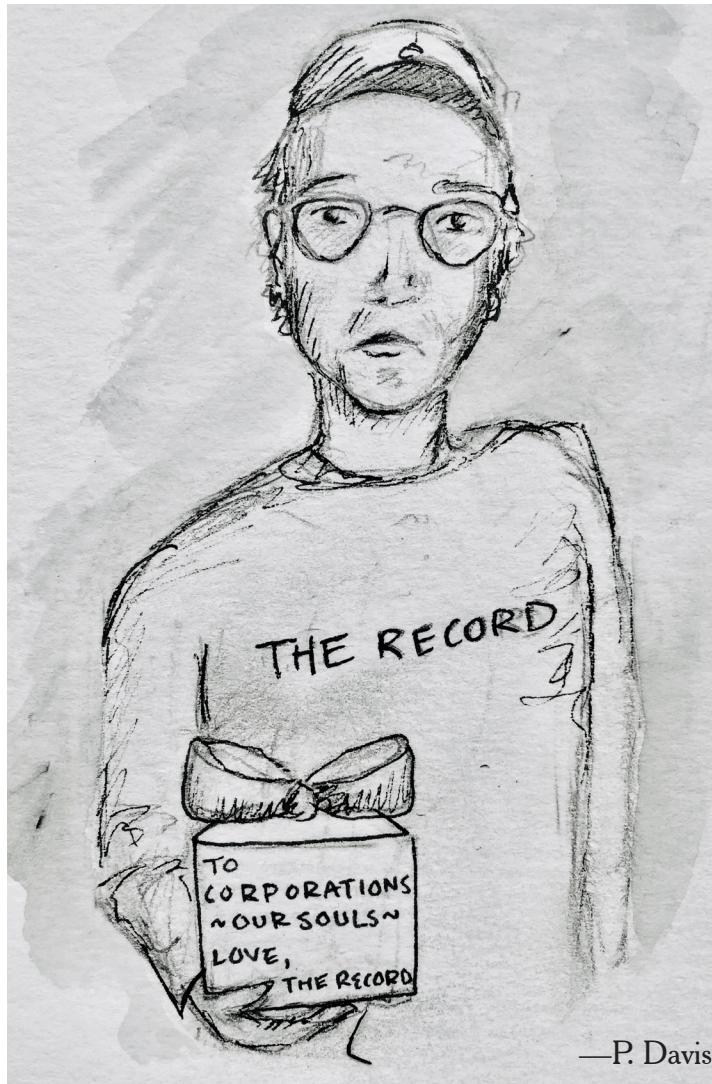
January 30th was Bell Let's Talk Day, a social media campaign sponsored by the telephone provider to promote awareness about mental illness and destigmatize depression. Before this event, I did not realize that depression is stigmatized, and was shocked and horrified to learn that something I have struggled with for much of my life is generally considered uncouth to talk about. However, I soon realized that people only avoid discussing depression because of a fundamental misconception, namely, that you can't get hard on antidepressants. Though decreased sex drive is a common side effect of SSRI's, you can still get hard; you just can't come sometimes. This is why I am proud to announce my new social media campaign, "Depression is Hard," in which I will go into my bedroom on Crown Street and get hard on my Prozac. I will achieve a full-on erection using only my hands (clothes on, of course). No visual pornography, only imagination. To prove that my Prozac is not actually Viagra, I will give one of my pills to an unneutered dog and we will see if it dies. That's right: I'm back on my bullshit. Whether you have any experience with depression, I encourage you to swing by on Saturday, if only for the refreshments. All proceeds will go to the charity that throws Prozac out of floats like candy during parades. Best of all, doctors are saying that if my erection lasts for more than four hours, I will be cured of depression.

—E. Connors

WHAT ACTUALLY MAKES A SUBARU A SUBARU (SPONSORED BY SUBARU)

Loose granola in every crevice
 The “Coexist” bumper sticker
 Loose fermented arugula slaw in every crevice
 Booster seats for Calliope and Xander, who are being raised on a strict diet of Paleo food and adventure
 The “cup holder” that somehow only fits mason jars
 The full Melissa Etheridge Deluxe CD collection, even though Xander broke the CD player in 2012 while exploring his sexuality
 Most of an IKEA toolkit
 The “This Car Climbed Mount Washington” bumper sticker
 Faint echoes of NPR, long after you turn the radio off
 Love (white teens making out with the seats all the way down)

—C. Cohen



REPRESENTATION WIN! CANADA GOOSE JUST SELECTED A HALF-GOOSE MAN AS ITS NEWEST BRAND AMBASSADOR

By C. BACIOCCHO

TORONTO, ON—In a move unthinkable just fifteen short years ago, luxury winter wear brand Canada Goose has named Garry Olstead, who identifies as a “goose-man” and is covered in feathers and has the head of a goose, its newest spokesman. Olstead will become the first part-bird member of Canada Goose’s exclusive cadre of Canadian heroes known as “Goose People.”

“As proud as we’ve been of our previous Goose People spokesmen, like champion Iditarod musher Lance Mackey and endurance Arctic athlete Ray Zahab, they were only goose people in name. We felt it was time to recognize the innumerable contributions real goose people have made to the brand,” said Canada Goose CEO Dani Reiss at a press conference Tuesday. “Canada Goose has killed a shit ton of birds to make our jackets. Now it’s time to make amends.”

With this new face of Canada Goose comes a new brand philosophy. As Reiss explained, “After using real goose down in our parkas for decades, we know that Canada Goose has quite the ethical debt to repay. It’s time for this company to turn a corner. As such, we’re proud to announce we’ll now be making all our jackets with goose-safe, synthetic down, and also outfitting them with leather acoutrements made from human hands and scalps.”

After the comments, Reiss posed for photographs with Olstead, who sported the company’s new half-“goose,” half-human jacket. When asked for comment, Olstead hissed vigorously before kind of just spraying the stage with shit.

At press time, Olstead was giving chase to reporters while unfurling his spined, corkscrew goose penis.

REPORT: VAST MAJORITY OF SAMSUNG GALAXY PHONES DON'T EXPLODE IN POCKET

By A. ZBORNAK

SEOUL, SOUTH KOREA—Responding to widespread criticism of its consumer protection practices, Samsung announced Tuesday the reports of a study definitively concluding that the vast majority of its Galaxy phones do not explode in people's pockets. Samsung has touted the report as proof of its "virtually universal commitment to consumer protection."

"The problem is, you never hear about the hundreds of Samsung products that don't explode," said Samsung CEO Koh Dong Jin, hesitantly holding up a Galaxy phone far away from his body to prove the claim. "You only hear about the one that took someone's leg off, because that's 'good television.' And it's unfair. It's unfair to us, it's unfair to our customers, and, most importantly, it's unfair to our troops fighting overseas, who get their legs blown off by real bombs each and every day. Let it be known that anyone who is against the Samsung Galaxy is also against the troops."

Jin emphasized that his company is "not in the business of manufacturing military-grade weapons." "This report clearly shows that the overwhelming majority of our products are not prone to blow up like frag grenades. Trust me, if we knew how to make frag grenades, we wouldn't be making phones. That's for sure."

When asked if he would apologize for the numerous injuries attributable to malfunctioning Galaxy devices, Jin pointed to the thousands of customers who had been protected by the phone. "Before the Galaxy came out in 2009, we had 9/11. Since it came out, no 9/11. And you're trying to tell me that we've endangered people?"

Ultimately, Jin says, Samsung devices are like snowflakes. "Each device is unique, just like our customers. Some explode. Some don't. People love surprises, and what's the biggest surprise that someone can have? Surprise death by phone explosion, or 'phone boom boom,' as we call it here at Samsung. That's what makes

the Galaxy the most user-friendly phone on the market. I'm paraphrasing the Better Business Bureau here. They definitely said the words 'user' and 'phone.'"

At press time, Jin was asking reporters if "they'd ever even seen a live frag grenade, because I could change that real quick."

LACTOSE INTOLERANT? MORE LIKE BEING A LITTLE BITCH (SPONSORED BY THE CHEESECAKE FACTORY)

Dear "lactose" "intolerant" Cheesecake Factory customer,

I, personally, am not afflicted with what we here at the Cheesecake Factory call "being a little bitch." Every time I eat one of our delicious, creamy cheesecakes, I am reminded that dairy is a god-given gift squandered by people who've been tricked into thinking they're "medically" "intolerant" to "lactose". And sure, maybe I immediately shit my pants after one bite of our Very Cherry Ghirardelli™ Chocolate Cheesecake. Maybe I spend four hours in the bathroom after every meal at the 'Factory. But I don't give a shit (figuratively speaking). And you know why? Because I'm not a little bitch.

How could a delicious feast of our four cheese pasta, Oreo milkshakes, and Reese's Peanut Butter Cup Fudge Ripple Cheesecake possibly cause a person pain? This is a rhetorical question. I know how it can physically cause a person pain. I have had this meal several times. I have fed it to my children several times. I have watched them cry. I have watched them grow stronger before my very eyes.

"But a slice of The Cheesecake Factory's Tiramisu Cheesecake contains twice the recommended daily intake of lactose," is a fact I would know if I was a whiny little prick. No matter how much discomfort our food causes me, I will never surrender to those corporate pigs at Lactaid.

In short, I won't be leaving this Cheesecake Factory until I've tried everything on the menu, and I hope you won't either. It's time we face our fears head on. We can't hide in these stalls forever.

Sincerely,
A cheesecake sommelier

—M. Sanchez

4 PLACES YOU COULD'VE LEFT YOUR KEYS (SPONSORED BY THE ALZHEIMER'S ASSOCIATION)

Your pocket: Check your pocket for your keys! Pretty sure you left your keys in your pocket. I'm almost certain that that's where your keys are at this very moment.

Your pocket: Okay, I understand where you're coming from, but I will add that not 10 minutes ago you said out loud, to no one in particular, "I'll keep these jangly babies in here for safe-keeping, hehehe." You then proceeded to drop your keys into your pocket. So maybe we try that option again? Not saying I don't believe you, just seems like they're probably in your pocket.

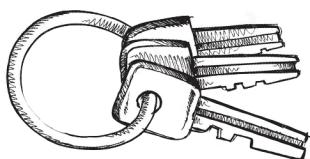
Your jacket pocket: Okay fine, I'll give you the benefit of the doubt. Maybe they're in your jacket and not your pants. Seems unlikely, given you haven't put on your jacket in days, but hell, why not, right? I'm not even going to mention the fact that, legally-speaking, you're not allowed to drive anymore.

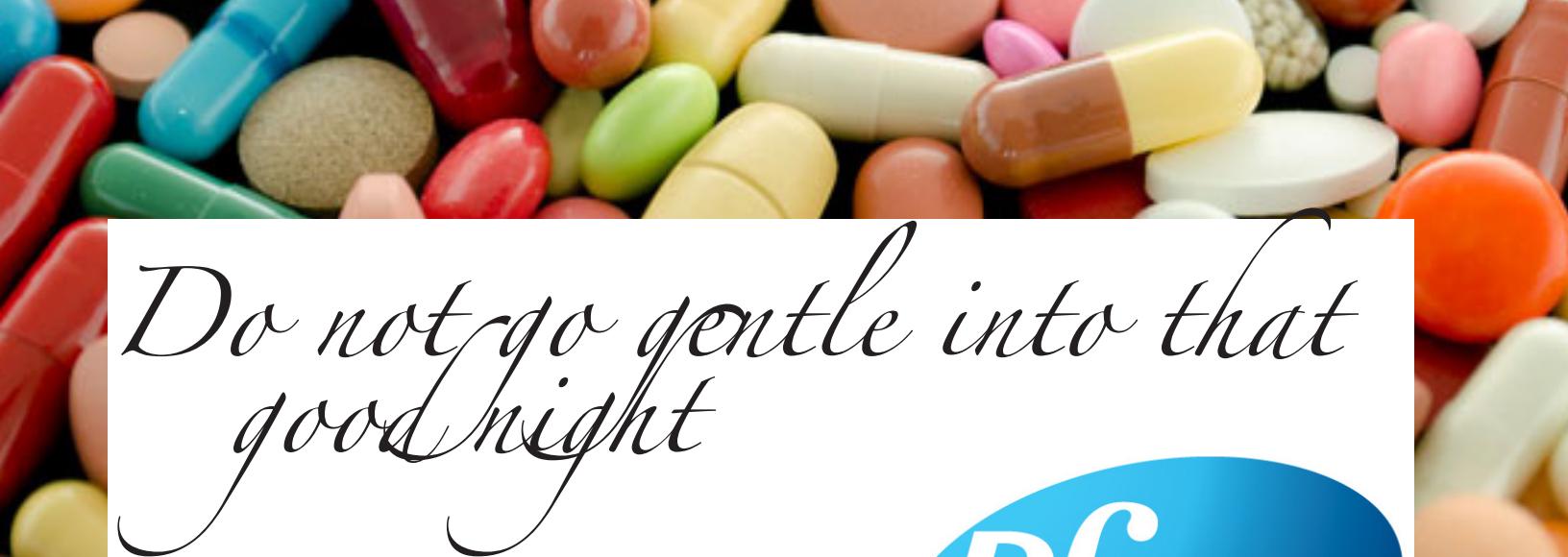
The last time you were behind the wheel you fell asleep, then suddenly jolted upright, hit 90 in a school zone, and yelled "I'm not going back to 'Nam!" Please check your pocket.

Your pocket: Okay, listen buddy. Not trying to be weird, but I can literally see the outline of your keys in your pants pocket. Goddamnit, if you're not going to get those keys then how about I just—holy shit. Are you okay, man? Oh, shit, are you having a heart attack right now? Oh my god, okay, okay, calm down. I'm calling an ambulance right now to take us to the nearest hospital. Wait...you didn't happen to see my phone anywhere, did you?

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Do not go gentle into that good night

brought to you by



Do not go gentle into that good night,
You never get too old to pop a pill;
Medicate, medicate, against the dying of the light.

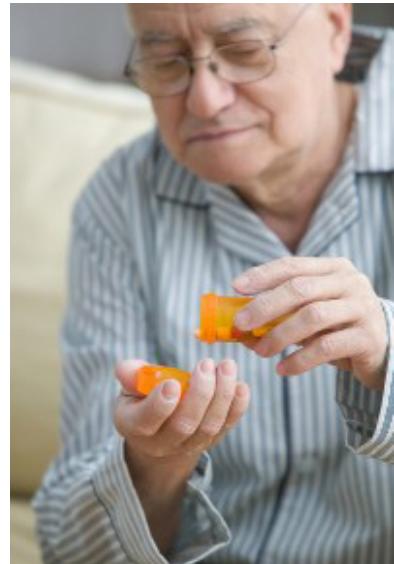
and N. Amsel
Design: E. Connors

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,
You personally should take a shit-ton of Advil;
Do not go gentle into that good night.

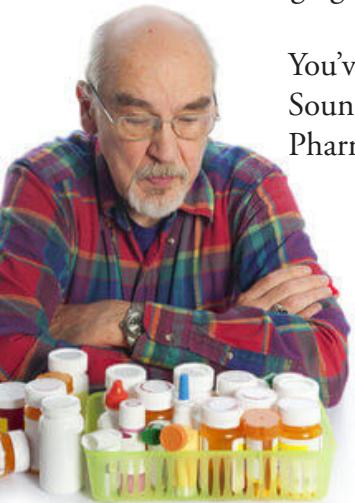
You've lost your hearing and your appetite?
Sounds like time for a refill.
Pharmaceuticals are dyn-o-mite!

Is your heart strong enough for sexual delight?
Only one way to find out! You'll feel just like a power drill,
Thanks to Viagra! (We hold the patent right)

Xalatan, Zoloft, Crestor, and Linsite,
Albuterol, Ativan, Plavix, and Paxil,
Pharmaceuticals are fucking tight!



So don't kick the bucket like some luddite;
Keep your doc prescribing, if you can pay the bill.
Do not go gentle into that good night.
Medicate, medicate, against the dying of the light.



THIS SWEATER DOES NOT HAVE ENOUGH HOLES (SPONSORED BY SWEATERS HOUSE LIMITED)

Hello workers of this establishment. I have an announcement to make regarding the sweater you would like me to purchase. I agree that it is flattering to my curvy shape, and I also agree that its mauve color highlights my bloodshot eyes. However, I admit that I am loath to buy this sweater because it simply does not have enough holes.

You may say, "But this sweater has four holes: one for your neck, two for your hands, and one for the trunk of your broad, sensual body." It is true that my neck requires a hole, and I am thankful for the two holes through which my hands can poke if I need to hold an item or caress a smooth surface, like a marble countertop. But I would counter that the fourth hole is more of an opening than a hole, as it is the entire width of the sweater.

Even counting the waist opening as a fourth hole, four holes is not sufficient. I would like a fifth hole in case I ever need to store a pencil when I am wearing my sweater. I would like a sixth hole so anyone who looks at me can see that my T-Shirt has a graphic of a baby with the caption "Lady Gaga," as this is crucial to my personal brand. I would like a seventh hole to let my navel breathe. And I would like holes eight through sixteen for easy access to all my erogenous zones.

Good sirs and ladies whose duty is to serve customers here at this fine clothing emporium and whose jobs you perform accurately and with speed, you may be shocked to hear about holes eight through sixteen. You might wonder, "How many erogenous zones do you have?" The answer is eight. You might ask, "What are they?" If you asked me that, I would respond that a gentleman never tells, but I'll give you a hint: gills, ass (left), nipple, nipple, neck, ass (right), ear, and one to grow on. You may murmur, "But who will be stimulating so many erogenous zones through your sweater all at once?" The answer, ladies and gentlemen, is the eight employees of this very sweater store.

"Who, me?" Yes, you, sweater people. You think this smolder is something I do for everyone? You think blood has been shooting comically out of my nose because I'm not aroused? Women and men of Sweaters House Limited, I will clarify: I am aroused. I want you each to reach a hand into one of my sweater holes and just kind of rub it around. Then I will introduce you to the rest of my polyamorous cluster. Then we'll have children, but they won't really have parents

— it takes a village to raise a child! Then those children will grow up and watch too much internet pornography. They will fail their standardized tests because they are so busy watching said pornography. Then a seed of darkness will take hold in their sweet little hearts. It will tighten and clutch at their bodies until they move to a city with high windchill. And so the cycle continues.

I brought lube if that's why you're hesitating.

—W. Caplan



—P. Davis

ARBY'S REJECTED SLOGANS (SPONSORED BY ARBY'S)

- "Nobody beats our meats"
- "We beat the competition's meat"
- "Is Arby a man's name or a woman's name?"
- "It is 2019 and we are past gendered fast food. You're cancelled."
- "We have the E. coli"

—H. Rubin

**NEW AND IMPROVED TEN
COMMANDMENTS FOR MILLENIALS
(SPONSORED BY THE
CATHOLIC CHURCH)**

I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of thy Parent's Basement.

Thou shalt have no other gods before me; in other words, we shall be exclusive; except for me; I shall be everyone's God.

Thou shalt not Post of me any Graven Image with the fucking Gingham filter.

Thou shalt not take my Goddamn name in vain lol.

Remember the Sabbath Day; six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the day of self-care and hot yoga.

Honor thy father and thy mother, for they are thy source of Healthcare until thy twenty-sixth Day of Birth.

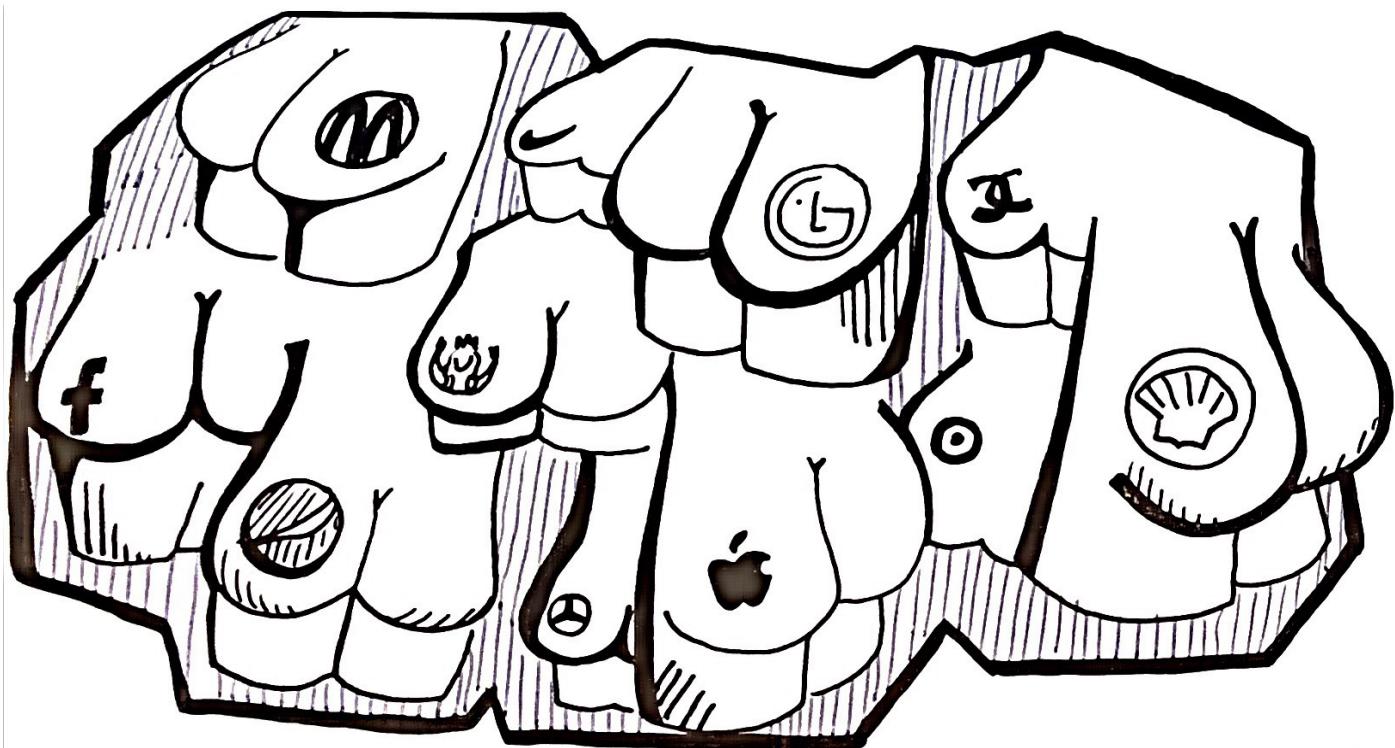
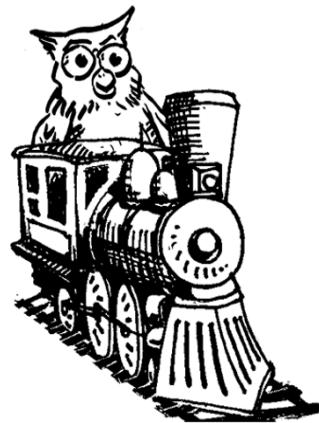
Thou shalt not kill, unless thy foe upholdeth the oppressive Yoke of late stage capitalism, or displayeth a Nazi tattoo in public.

Thou shalt not commit adultery, unless thou art in one of those polyamorous open relationships. Then thou should be good to go.

Thou shalt not rat out thy neighbor, unless thy neighbor lives in the apartment upstairs and is dragging furniture across thy ceiling at three in the morning. Actually, in that case, add thy neighbor to the permissible kill list.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house. Not sure why thou would want to, seeing as everyone in thy apartment complex pretty much lives in the same shitty one-bedroom studio. If anything, thou should be coveting thy Parent's House. At least thy old Basement always had heat.

—C. Cohen



—P. Davis



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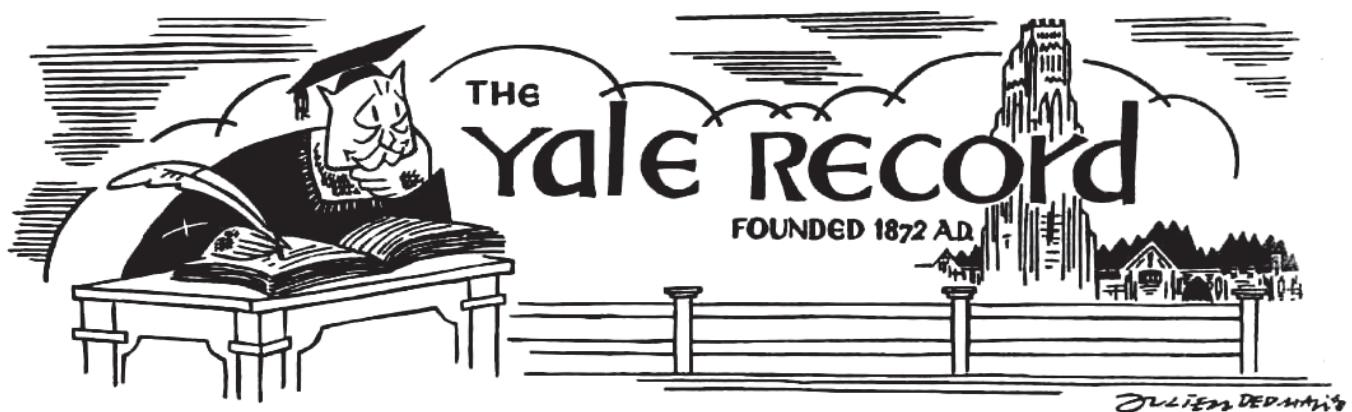
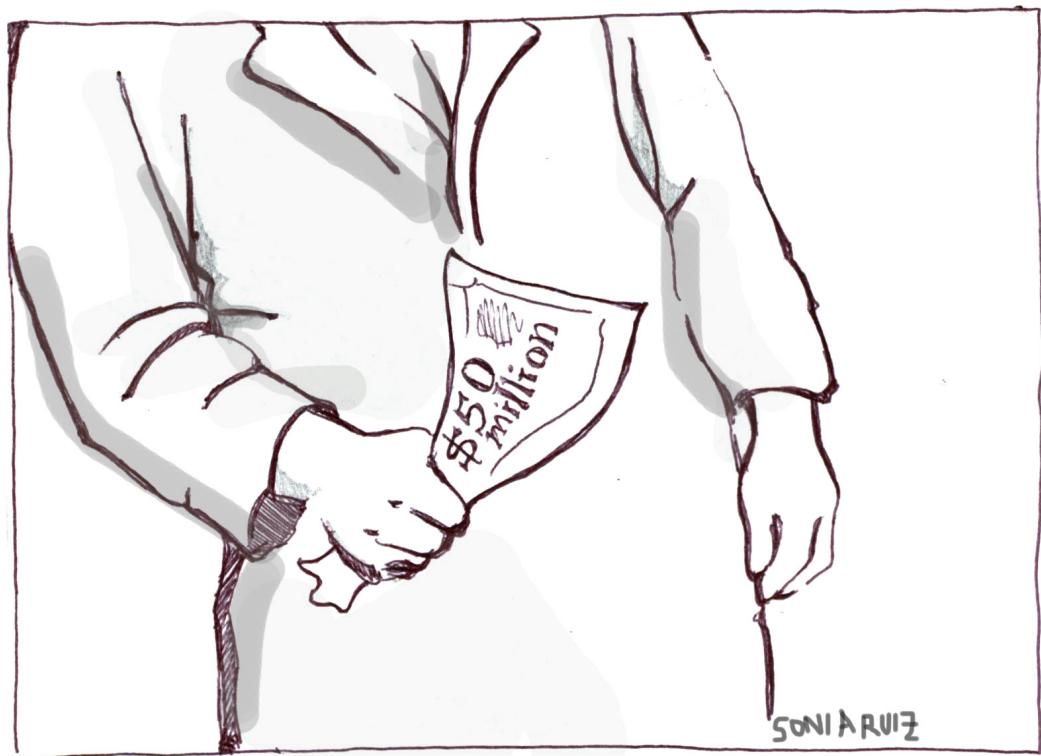
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Who should YOU have voted for in the 2016 Republican primary?*

What is your favorite book?

- GIFTED HANDS
- GIFTED HANDS, SECOND EDITION
- GIFTED HANDS (FOR KINDLE)
- THE BIBLE

Whose hands would you trust with your life?

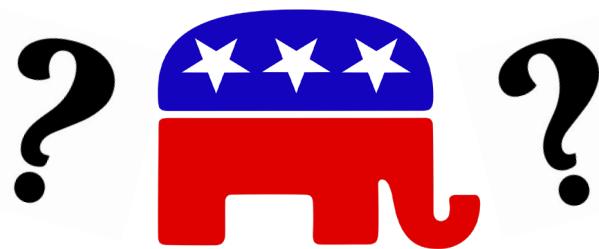
- THE GIFTED HANDS OF A UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN MEDICAL SCHOOL GRADUATE AND FORMER DIRECTOR OF PEDIATRIC NEUROSURGERY AT JOHNS HOPKINS HOSPITAL, INTERNATIONALLY REGARDED AS A PIONEER IN NEUROSURGERY.
- TED CRUZ'S GRUBBY LITTLE FONDLERS.

How do you like your hands?

- GIFTED
- HOLDING A KNIFE

How much sleep do you usually get?

- 12 HOURS
- 14 HOURS
- 16 HOURS
- MEDICALLY SPEAKING, I AM ALWAYS ASLEEP.



What was your most formative experience?

- IN THE 1970's, I ATTEMPTED TO STAB SOMEONE, BUT MY KNIFE GLANCED OFF HIS BELT BUCKLE.
- AS A CHILD, I ONCE TRIED TO HIT MY MOTHER OVER THE HEAD WITH A HAMMER.
- I ONCE CUT A WORM IN HALF, THEN WATCHED THE TWO WORM HALVES WRIGGLE AROUND FOR SEVERAL MINUTES. EVENTUALLY, THE HALVES STOPPED MOVING. I SHROUDED THEM BOTH IN TWIX WRAPPERS AND BURIED THEM IN MY BACKYARD. EVERY NIGHT FOR EIGHT YEARS, THE WORM HALVES VISITED ME IN MY DREAMS. THEY TALKED OF MANY THINGS: CHRISTIAN THEOLOGY, THE HUMAN CONDITION, THE POLITICAL CHALLENGES FACING OUR NATION. THIS IS WHAT INSPIRED ME TO BECOME A SURGEON.

Which conjoined twin are you?

- ONE FOREVER IN THE DEBT OF DR. BEN CARSON
- THE OTHER ONE (ALSO FOREVER IN THE DEBT OF DR. BEN CARSON)

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