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Three News in Brief Articles:

NYPD Stands By Controversial Stop-and-Frisk-and-Let-Them-Die-at-Rikers Policy

NEW YORK, NY—Rebuking calls for reform in the wake of several deaths at New York City’s dilapidated jail complex, Police Commissioner Dermot Shea doubled down Tuesday on his department’s controversial Stop-and-Frisk-and-Let-Them-Die-at-Rikers policy. “This is nothing like stop-and-frisk,” said Shea, explaining how suspects will now be killed at Rikers before they can sue the department. “And when this process is used *legally* — to detain criminals before they’ve been convicted of a crime and to keep them alone in a cell until they die — it can be an extremely effective tool.” Shea went on to cite rising homicide rates as justification for the practice. “It’s not enough to detain alleged murderers before their trials. What if they’re found innocent? We’re just supposed to let these innocent murderers walk free? We have to *murder them before they murder us*. And it’s certainly not enough to only kill *murder* suspects. We have to kill anyone suspected of any crime, and really, anyone poor. Because, as we all know, poverty is a slippery slope to marijuana, and marijuana is a slippery slope to murder.” Ultimately, Shea touted the policy’s success in spite of criticism. “This year alone, we’ve gotten 14 criminals off the street and into the grave.”

Church Collecting Umbrellas Or Some Shit

WILTON, CT—Declaring it the “will of God and all that bullshit,” Pastor Perry Falk announced Sunday that his congregation would be collecting “umbrellas or some shit like that” for their annual donation drive. “Last year it was coats, this year it’s umbrellas or some shit. I don’t know if they’re for homeless people or kids with cancer or whatever. Probably not kids with cancer because they have to stay inside mostly, right? I don’t know. Just check the lobby, there’s gotta be signs.” Asked where congregants should drop off their donations, Falk reported that he “didn’t give a fuck. Just toss them out back or something. There should be people handling this shit. One of the old ladies probably put out a big-ass cardboard box. Use your fucking eyes.” Falk went on to announce that the youth group’s annual service trip would be to “Costa Rica, or some shit like that. Honduras, maybe? They’re all the same,” and that the February bake sale would feature “Helen’s brownies and all that crap. The usual. What the fuck did you guys expect?” At press time, Falk was reluctant to deliver his weekly sermon. “You guys really want to hear the same shit as last time? It’s a 2,000 year-old religion. I’m not going to reinvent the fucking wheel here.”

Teach for America Recruit Can’t Wait to Meet First Black Person

MEMPHIS, TN—Putting the finishing touches on his classroom decorations and lesson plan Monday, Teach for America recruit Daniel Rice reported that he could hardly wait to meet his first Black person. “At the end of the day, I became a teacher for the Black community. So to

finally meet one in real life is just surreal.” Rice, who identifies as Irish, applied to TFA after graduating from Yale, where he “heard there were Black students” but never encountered one in the flesh. “I was a Classics major, so you know, ‘a bunch of honkies,’ as they say. Do they say that?” When TFA offered him the chance to become a high school math teacher in Memphis without any training or certification, Rice knew he couldn’t pass up the opportunity to not only meet a Black person, but to potentially change one’s life forever. “I’ve been preparing for almost a week-and-a-half-now, so I’m as ready as I’ll ever be.” Still, Rice acknowledged his limitations. “I’ve never seen a Black person, let alone saved one from the ‘hood.’ So I’m just trying to ‘stay humble,’ in the words of Mr. Kendrick Lamar.” At press time, Rice was nervously ironing a Kente cloth he had purchased on Amazon.

Listicle:

Everyday Products That Were Actually Invented By Accident

1. Microwave oven: Percy Spencer thought he’d struck gold after inventing a small cabinet to store his loose popcorn packets. Imagine his surprise when he plugged in the machine.
2. Viagra: David Brown wanted to create a drug that would make his penis harder. Little did he know, people across the globe would soon use his product to make their penises harder *for sex*.
3. The Post-It Note: After years of forgetting to invent the Post-It Note, Thomas Edison finally invented the Post-It Note as a way of reminding himself to “invent the Post-It Note.” Unfortunately, he died of dementia shortly thereafter, and the Post-It Note was not re-invented until decades later, when Arthur Fry created a small, adhesive slip of paper reminding himself to “invent the lightbulb.”
4. Penicillin: Originally designed by Bill Gates as a way of injecting Windows 98 into the bloodstream of unsuspecting patriots, Penicillin proved to have ameliorative effects for a wide range of bacterial diseases.
5. Velcro: We don’t want to get into the details, but the CIA came up with this shit at Guantanamo.

Published Piece of Comedy

I’ve been published in [McSweeney’s](#) and won a little [competition](#) judged by Clickhole/Onion writers, but my favorite published piece is my Editor in Chief Letter from the Yale Record’s Flat Earth issue:

Maybe it’s because I’m really smart, but I’ve never believed in any of the “classic” conspiracy theories. I don’t believe in the “Illuminati” or the “New World Order.” I don’t believe JFK’s assassination was meant to be a “harmless prank.” I don’t believe Amelia Earhart just took a little bit longer than people expected to circumnavigate the globe and then when she finally tried

to land she accidentally hit the first tower of the World Trade Center on September 11, 1972. I don't believe that the government covered the crash up by building a second tower to hide the spot where she hit the first one. I don't believe that when they realized they had to make it seem like it was the plan all along to build two towers, some dumbass was like "Let's just call them 'The Twin Towers'!" I don't believe Earhart crashed because she was fighting with her navigator over whether she deserved another pair of Kids' Wings for what was "basically a done deal of a landing." I don't believe George W. Bush planned 9/11 as a way to announce his new national holiday, Welcome Back Amelia Day!, a day celebrating "women's best efforts in STEM," but then blamed it on Al Qaeda when everybody got mad. I don't believe he also sent a plane to hit the Pentagon because he thought it should only have four walls "like every other damn building."

I don't believe the Navy disposed of Osama bin Laden's body in the ocean to inspire a "fear of the sea" among millenials who had "lost touch with the fearsome sea." I don't believe Navy officials ever issued a statement saying "not to be insensitive, but the greatest terrorist of all is the sea. Weird that everyone is only freaking out now even though the sea has been here for as long as any of us here at the Navy can remember." I don't believe that the Navy also said that "wave pools are basically terrorists too" because they "fool people into thinking the sea is their friend." I don't believe the Navy pissed in every wave pool in America to "teach people a lesson."

I don't believe the CIA is keeping bin Laden alive because he's "actually really vulnerable" and they're convinced they "can change him." I don't believe he ever told them that his "relationship with his father was basically like 9/11 every day, except worse."

I don't believe bin Laden faked his death to "build up hype" for a surprise midnight release of his comeback album "Has-Been Laden" nor do I believe NBC is preserving his corpse for the series finale of The Voice so that the moment his daughter, a finalist, nails her last riff, they can spin Blake Shelton's chair around to reveal that her father's corpse has been sitting on Blake's lap and listening the whole time, bringing her to tears. I don't believe this would be the "perfect ending" to a "perfect show," nor do I think it's what "the victims of 9/11 would have wanted." I don't believe that Osama bin Laden's daughter and corpse will then do a follow-up interview on Fallon in which Fallon will forgive Osama bin Laden on behalf of all Americans, especially the troops. I don't believe that Fallon will offer bin Laden's daughter a spot in The Roots to show that "children should not be held accountable for the sins of their father" before looking directly at announcer Steve Higgins. I don't believe that Steve Higgins is Jimmy Fallon's biological father and that he is on the Tonight Show as part of a custody agreement. I don't believe Jimmy will look at Steve and mouth "This could've been us if you'd stuck around." I don't believe the camera will pan to Questlove who will be shaking his head like "I don't get paid enough for this." I don't believe the Roots will play the bin Laden family off with a slow-jam version of the diss track "Saddam Who-ssein?" off the surprising chart-topper "Has-Been Laden."

I don't really believe in love, and not in the trite way that lovelorn teenagers say they don't believe in love. I don't believe I will ever be able to love someone else the way that I love

myself, or at least invest in someone in the way that I am invested in my own success and happiness. I don't believe I will ever quell my anxiety enough to be sustainably okay with where I'm at, and because of that, I don't believe I will ever be able to give myself reliably and fully to someone else. But I also don't believe that what I think now will be what I think forever, and though I don't believe that "hoping" and "believing" are the same, I am trying to be more proactive about turning my hopes into resolutions.

I don't always believe in myself. I don't always believe I'm not the greatest conspiracy of them all, just the product of a lot of people believing in me and talking about me and listing off facts about me to prove that I'm real. I don't believe I have a sense of self beyond accepting what people have told me. But I believe them, and that counts for a lot. I believe in other people. I believe in telling them the things I believe about them so that they can believe it for themselves.

For everything that I don't believe there's something I believe with equal conviction. I don't believe FDR contracted polio as a publicity stunt, but I do believe the wheelchair was a little much. I don't believe in fluoride, but I do believe in Christ, our eternal savior, for His is the kingdom, the power and the glory, now and forever more. I don't believe in my friends, but I do believe in my friends' parents, because they are already successful.

I don't believe in conspiracy theories, but I do believe in the people that believe them, or just enjoy them. We hope you enjoy this issue.