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THE YALE

Nov. 9, 2018

RECORD

the
JUICE
for TEENS
issue



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STUDY FINDS THAT TEEN PREGNANCY RATES DROP OFF DRAMATICALLY AFTER 19

Dear Yale Dining,

You are fantastic! The dining hall always has something for me. Keep doing what you’re doing!

Sincerely,

Kid who lives on spa water and congealed hummus

TYPICAL: JESUS’S PERFECT LIKENESS SHOWED UP IN MY DIARRHEA TEN TIMES IN A ROW BUT THEN WAS NOWHERE TO BE FOUND THE ONE TIME I EXCITEDLY SHIT ALL OVER MY PRIEST’S BEDROOM FLOOR

Dear 4 out of 5 Doctors,

I know we’ve had some disagreements at work recently, but I just wanted to let you guys know that I’m having some people over this weekend to watch the big game. You all should definitely come by!

Sincerely,

1 out of 5 doctors

RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE? THIS CATHOLIC SCHOOL HAD ME ARRESTED AFTER I NAILED 95 LUTHERAN CHILDREN TO THE DOOR

Dear 1 out of 5 Doctors,

Sounds great! See you then!

Sincerely,

4 out of 5 Doctors

MAN WEARING SHORTS DURING WINTER CAN’T FEEL LEGS, EMOTION

“WHERE THE HELL DO YOU GET OFF!?” ASKS TRAIN CONDUCTOR TO SICK FUCK

Dear United Nations,

I am a simple man with simple needs. I have a wife, a family, a nice round ass. But while thinking about my contentedness I realized that there is something I lacked: Kuwait. I would like to conquer Kuwait. I just can’t WAIT to conquer KuWAIT! Get it? Man, I can feel my nice round ass on the seat of the Kuwaiti throne already.

Yours,
Terrence

YOUR AD
CAN’T GO HERE

CLEARLY THIS SPOT’S TAKEN,
DUMBASS

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...A Hat!

...Marmots!

...A Third Home!

...More Money!

...Your Children's Affection!

MONEY!

NOW ACCEPTED MORE PLACES...*EVERYWHERE!*

Dear Tinder,
Please delete my account.
Sincerely,
Al Roker

INTERSECTIONALITY PROVES DAMAGING TO EARLY CHILDHOOD DEVELOPMENT AS KIDS PLAYING IN THE STREET GET HIT BY CARS COMING FROM TWO DIRECTIONS

Dear Mr. Roker,
You have too many matches.
There's nothing we can do, you little sex demon you.

Sincerely,
Tinder Support

WHAT WOULD SADDAM HUSSEIN DO FOR A KLONDIKE BAR? PAID FOR BY UNILEVER AND THE SADDAM HUSSEIN MEMORIAL FUND

Dear Criminal Minds,
We need more true crime content. Our ratings are falling.

Sincerely,
CBS Exec

AL GORE TO START NEW ENVIRONMENTALLY FRIENDLY EROTICA MAGAZINE, "GORE'S GIRTHY EARTHIES"

Dear CBS Exec,
We have your daughter.
Sincerely,
Criminal Minds

PC CULTURE GONE TOO FAR, OR TYPICAL CAMPUS DRAMA: I'VE BEEN MAKING SMALL INCISIONS IN MY ROOMMATE'S ABDOMEN EVERY NIGHT WHILE HE SLEEPS, ULTIMATELY HOPING TO MAKE AN OPENING LARGE ENOUGH FOR MY BELOVED CHILDHOOD DOLL RALPH. MY ROOMMATE AND I WILL PART WAYS AT THE END OF THE YEAR, BUT GOD WILLING, RALPH WILL STAY WITH HIM FOREVER.

Dear Mom,
Ever since you called me "a younger cuter version of the pillsbury doughboy that's also actually a real person" in front of all my friends at that little league game in third grade, I've cried myself to sleep most nights. Why did you name me "a younger cuter version of the pillsbury doughboy that's also actually a real person?"

Respectfully,
Steve

STUDY FINDS STRONG CORRELATION BETWEEN HAVING SON NAMED TREVOR, SCREAMING, "TREVOR IF YOU DON'T COME DOWN HERE BEFORE I COUNT TO THREE, I'M TAKING AWAY YOUR GAMECUBE!"

Dear Steve,
You're adopted, dipshit.
Love,
Mom

Obituary Correction

The Yale Record Editorial Board would like to apologize for an erroneous obituary in a previous issue of the magazine. The editors confused Stephen Hawking with skateboarder Tony Hawk, misidentifying the late theoretical physicist as "X Games champion and founder of the 'Boom Boom HuckJam' BMX freestyle motocross tour."

DRAINING MY LIFE FORCE, SUSTAINING MY SOUL: WHY I MADE FRIENDS WITH MY TAPEWORM INSTEAD OF GETTING IT REMOVED

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

- Shampoo--
- Conditioner--
- Body Wash--
- Lighter Fluid--
- Is Self-Aware And Can Do Your Taxes--

"Great for Normal to Oily Skin!"

Dear Guillaume,

I've tried to fight it, but I'm in love with you, you French bastard. I'm leaving my husband Peter for you.

Sincerely,
Susan

Dear Susan,

I discovered your little secret. How could you? You know very well my favorite Sunday activity is sorting through the community P.O. box.

Sincerely,
Peter

Dear Guillaume,

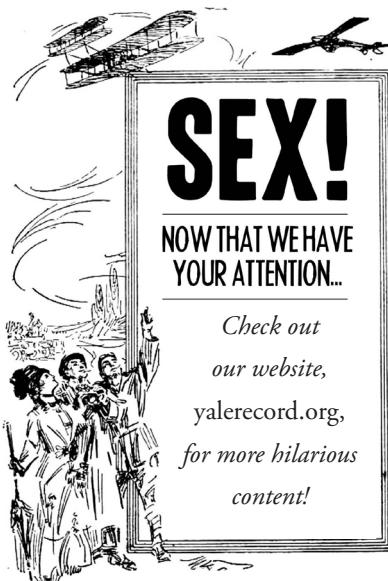
I think she's finally off our scent. I fell in love with you the minute you spoke to me in your sweet mother tongue. Je t'aime toujours.

Sincerely,
Peter

Dear Susan & Peter,

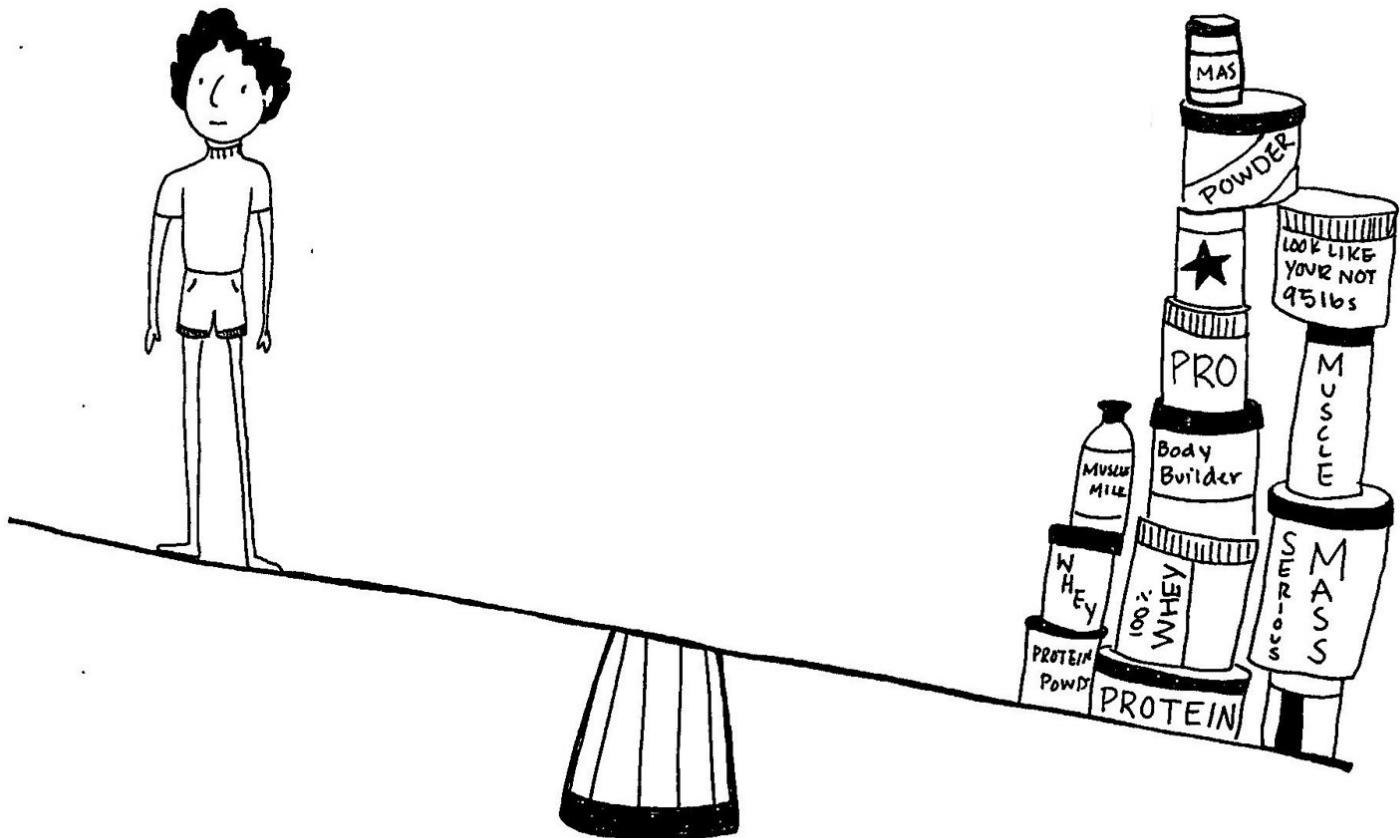
La vie, c'est l'enfer.

Sincerely,
Guillaume



MISSING:

My childhood innocence. Last seen frolicking in a pasture.



—P. Davis

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Pizza & 1 Lt Soda

\$19.95 + tax

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

REPORT: STEP ON A LINE, BREAK YOUR MOTHER'S SPINE

Dear TSA agent,

The collection of human teeth in my pre-checked bag is not mine, especially not all those beautiful molars. In fact I have never seen those teeth before and have no idea how they got in my bag. Frankly, I'm just speculating that they're even in there.

Sincerely,

The Tooth Smuggler

REPORT: STEP OVER THE LINE, BREAK THE INTRICATE NETWORK OF DECEPTION BY WHICH YOU HAVE COERCED YOUR MOTHER'S TRUST

Dear The Tooth Smuggler,
Sounds great! Thanks for checking in and helping me do my job: the job of a TSA agent!

Sincerely,
A TSA agent

LOCAL WHITE STUDENT JOINS BLACK DIASPORA CLUB BECAUSE "WE ALL COME FROM AFRICA"

Dear United Nations,

I noticed that your little "UNESCO" finalized its 2018 shortlist for new World Heritage Sites and am again dismayed to see that my "pleasure garage" was not included.

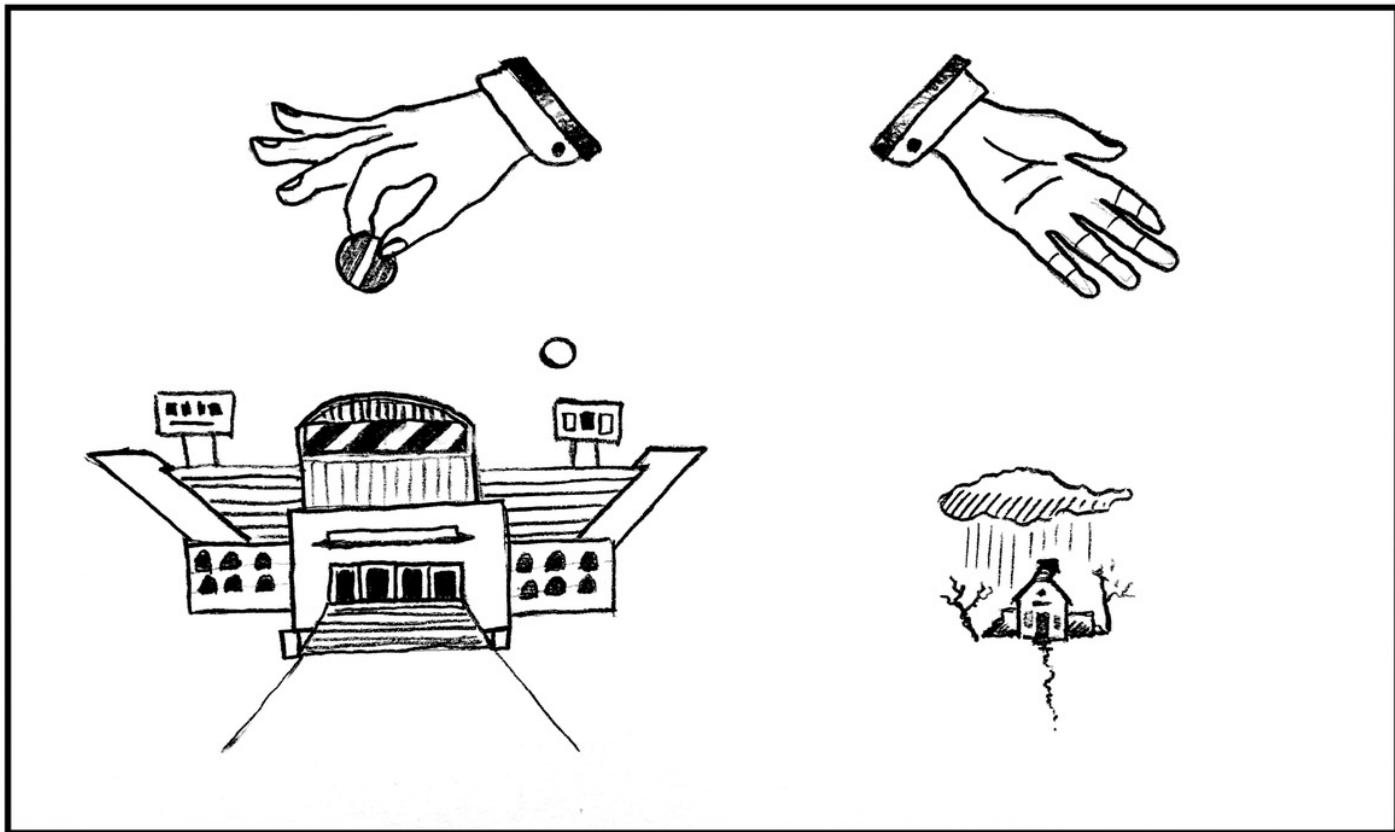
Best,
Dingy Tommy

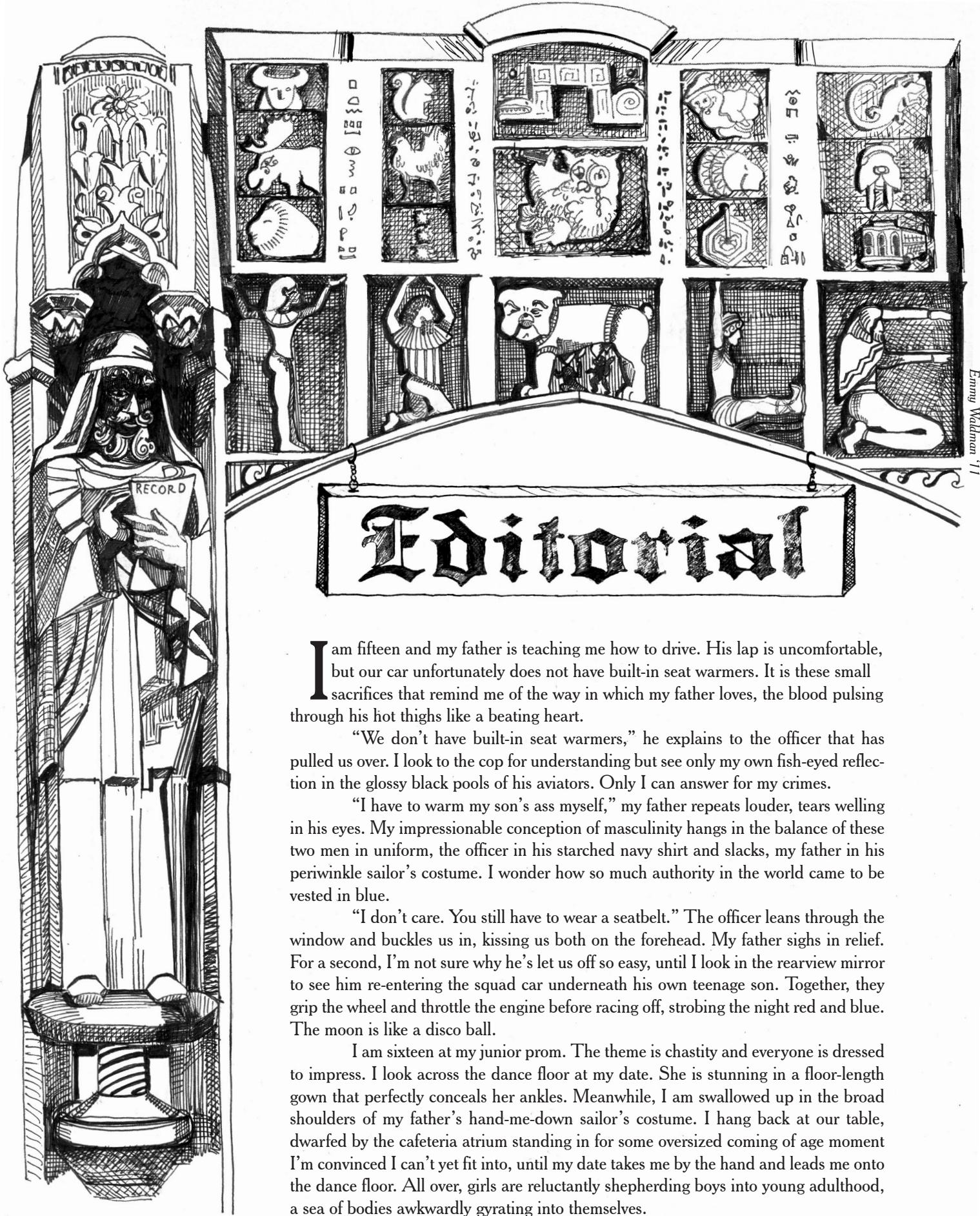
HIDING IN PLAIN SIGHT: FLORIDA MAN DRESSED AS GOGURT IN REFRIGERATOR SECTION HAS BEEN THERE FOR 20 YEARS, HE'S PROBABLY WATCHED YOU GROW UP

Dear "Dingy Tommy,"

Although "Dingy Tommy's Pleasure Garage" met the criteria VII, "to be directly or tangibly associated with events or living traditions of universal significance," we were torn between the original Herculaneum, Missouri location and the much newer, larger "Dingy Tommy's Pleasure Garage and Kidz Korner" family location in Cape Girardeau.

With Regards,
United Nations





Emily Waldman, 11

I am fifteen and my father is teaching me how to drive. His lap is uncomfortable, but our car unfortunately does not have built-in seat warmers. It is these small sacrifices that remind me of the way in which my father loves, the blood pulsing through his hot thighs like a beating heart.

"We don't have built-in seat warmers," he explains to the officer that has pulled us over. I look to the cop for understanding but see only my own fish-eyed reflection in the glossy black pools of his aviators. Only I can answer for my crimes.

"I have to warm my son's ass myself," my father repeats louder, tears welling in his eyes. My impressionable conception of masculinity hangs in the balance of these two men in uniform, the officer in his starched navy shirt and slacks, my father in his periwinkle sailor's costume. I wonder how so much authority in the world came to be vested in blue.

"I don't care. You still have to wear a seatbelt." The officer leans through the window and buckles us in, kissing us both on the forehead. My father sighs in relief. For a second, I'm not sure why he's let us off so easy, until I look in the rearview mirror to see him re-entering the squad car underneath his own teenage son. Together, they grip the wheel and throttle the engine before racing off, strobing the night red and blue. The moon is like a disco ball.

I am sixteen at my junior prom. The theme is chastity and everyone is dressed to impress. I look across the dance floor at my date. She is stunning in a floor-length gown that perfectly conceals her ankles. Meanwhile, I am swallowed up in the broad shoulders of my father's hand-me-down sailor's costume. I hang back at our table, dwarfed by the cafeteria atrium standing in for some oversized coming of age moment I'm convinced I can't yet fit into, until my date takes me by the hand and leads me onto the dance floor. All over, girls are reluctantly shepherding boys into young adulthood, a sea of bodies awkwardly gyrating into themselves.

The music suddenly stops and the principal's voice comes over the loudspeaker. He informs us that the music has stopped because he has an important announcement to make, namely, that the DJ is dead. He informs us that he loved the DJ but now he is dead and there is nothing any of us can do about it. He then informs us that he will now announce the Prom King and Queen. Per executive decision, the Prom King is the fallen DJ, and per a vote of the students, the Prom Queen is my date. Everyone goes silent and looks at us. Though we are at the fringe of the crowd, for a second, it feels like the whole room is slowly turning around us, creaking the way I'd imagined all these bodies would as they twisted for what seemed like the first time. Then, the room breaks loose, everyone screaming and shepherding her to the stage to accept her crown. With the principal's blessing, my date slow dances with the DJ's corpse, her King, and I feel a stabbing pain in my stomach that tells me I've lost something.

I am seventeen and going through my first break up. It feels like a divorce, but not as bad. I am in my therapist's office because sometimes other people have hindsight about the things happening to you right now. His lap is uncomfortable but he insists it is part of the process. He tells me that I have my entire life to find love and mourn its loss, but only so much time left to be a teenager. It's a platitude that I don't mind because it gives me something to hold on to. I think about how both teenagehood and first relationships are probably more about cherishing something fleeting than the thing itself. My therapist breaks the silence to ask if he can give me a vaccine and I again remind him that he is not my pediatrician. He is upset but understanding. He tells me everything will be fine and to take a few deep breaths before I leave to decompress. As I inhale and exhale, I feel tears well un-

expectedly in my eyes and the cool metal of a stethoscope against my back.

I am eighteen when I am diagnosed with scoliosis. The military doctor informs me that this means I cannot join the military and I break down in tears, thinking about all the brave men in uniform that have raised me.

I am nineteen and my father and I are on a road trip. He is sitting on my lap and I am thinking about how things change so gradually sometimes you hardly realize when they've come full circle. This is likely the last extended period of time I'll spend with him and he's taking advantage of it to impart some final lessons about being a man. "Don't take my example. Dress for the job you want, not the one you have," he says, gesturing to his periwinkle sailor's costume. Driving stick, I feel nostalgic for the tangible lessons my father once offered and the feeling of having more to learn from him than to unlearn. I think about how all the gyrating of teenagehood can spin you out of people's orbits, leaving only the tenuous moorings of memory to keep you from drifting away, completely alone.

I am twenty standing naked in my high school cafeteria. It is empty except for me and the DJ. He is stunning in my father's periwinkle sailor's costume, though his ankles are entirely exposed. He rests his hand in the small of my crooked back and I buckle into his broad shoulders. Each flash of the strobe light is like someone taking a picture that will never be developed. In the distance, I hear sirens whir and realize our time is up.

—E. Connors
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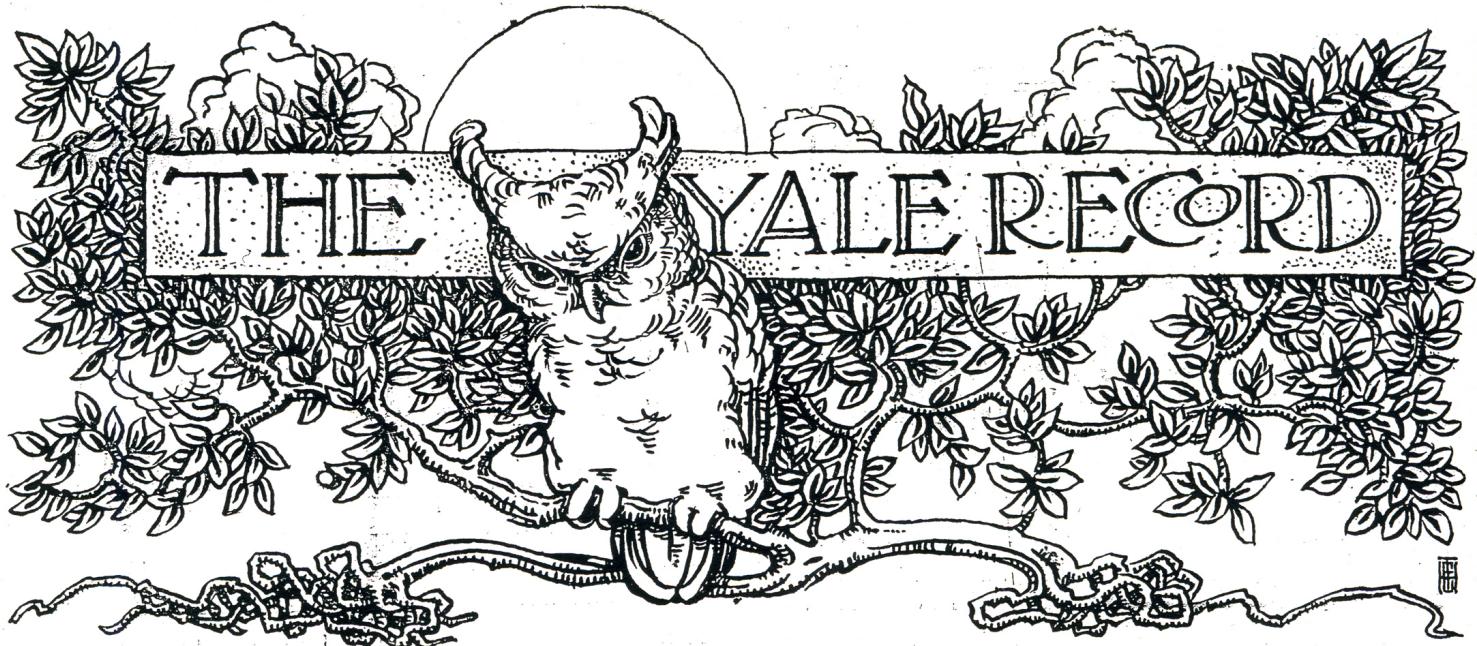
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Special thanks to: Our Lord Almighty, in whose image even teenagers are made. Amen.

Front Cover: Sonia "Front Cover" Ruiz '19, who we like much better than her evil twin sister, Sonia "Back Cover" Ruiz '19.

Back Cover: Sonia "Back Cover" Ruiz '19, who we like much better than her evil twin sister, Sonia "Front Cover" Ruiz '19.



BEST TEEN MOVIES, RANKED BY THEIR CINEMATIC MERIT ALONE

Lady Bird: *Lady Bird* is an instant modern classic, offering a poignant snapshot of modern adolescence and the challenges faced by young women coming of age. The true standouts of this movie are its almost entirely female creative team and cast, and also Timothée Chalamet who absolutely fucking rocked me. So real, so raw, so very much like the grad student to whom I lost my virginity.

10 Things I Hate About You: This modern retelling of *The Taming of the Shrew* accomplishes the rare feat of making Shakespeare accessible to teens. That alone earns it a spot on this list, though I would be remiss not to also mention that one scene where Heath Ledger smokes a cigarette. Jesus fucking Christ. If he were still alive I would ride that like a tractor. By “he,” I mean Heath Ledger, not Jesus Christ. Actually, fuck it, I’d ride them both.

The Breakfast Club: This seminal “high school” movie begs the age-old question, “Fuck, marry, kill: the brain, the athlete, and the criminal?”

Dead Poets’ Society: A film which empowered young people to think independently and follow their dreams, perhaps most memorably in that scene where I realized I wanted to fuck Ethan Hawke. The way he smizes during all that sad shit? O captain, my captain.

Ferris Bueller’s Day Off: Honestly, young Matthew Broderick could get it. Honestly, old Matthew Broderick could get it. Great film.

—M. Blaney

BEFORE THEY WERE FAMOUS: ALL THE PREVIOUS NAMES OF TEEN POP SENSATION “ONE DIRECTION”

Wand Erection: Only diehard 1D fans know that the band was originally a Harry Potter erotica society, formed via the merger of its two predecessor organizations, “The Order of the Penis,” and “The Half-Chub Prince.”

The Five Blokes Who Play and Sing: This name was voted down purely based on semantics. While it’s true that Niall and Harry both play and sing, Louis, Zayn, and Liam are exclusively singers. Louis and Zayn refuse to touch an instrument because it is against their religion, while Liam cannot hold an instrument as he has no bones above the waist. Additionally, while Louis, Niall, Zayn, and Liam are “blokes,” Harry is technically an “ol’ chap.”

The Four Blokes and One Ol’ Chap Who Never Do Murders: This name was abandoned after Zayn’s departure, when the four remaining members of the group brutally murdered their former bandmate to keep their secrets safe.

The Three Blokes and One Ol’ Chap Who Just Did That One Single Murder: Technically correct, but bad for the brand.

The Association for Pet Obesity Prevention: Louis and Niall have said in interviews that no other name fit the band’s unique personality quite like this one. Unfortunately, by the time they thought of it, it had already been trademarked by the Association for Pet Obesity Prevention.

—C. Cohen

FORTNITE DANCES TO DO WHEN YOU GET YOUR FIRST PERIOD

So you just got your period. Mazel tov! Time to update your Facebook status, buy some tampons, and most importantly, flex on your haters. That's right. Here's your go-to guide on what Fortnite dances to do as you walk into first period pre-algebra all mature and fertile as fuck tomorrow:

The Floss: A classic. Connect the dots for your classmates with a few left and right pelvic thrusts.

Finger Guns: One of the OG Fortnite dances. If your rapidly changing pubescent body doesn't impress your peers, your vast Battle Royale prowess surely will.

The Infinite Dab: Think regular dab, but on a loop. Or should I say cycle! In case anyone missed your message in the Snapchat group this morning that said "I'm a menstruating and unstoppable bad bitch," this will reiterate that you are a menstruating and unstoppable bad bitch.

The Pumpernickel: Need I say more?

Brush your shoulders: Casual, yet elegant. "Sure, I just shed my uterine lining for the first time and will continue to do so every lunar month until menopause, enabling me to gestate life like God Herself. But hey, it's really no biggie."

—S. Force

THE RECORD'S CONCERNS ABOUT DOING AN ISSUE BY TEENS FOR TEENS

Teens have too many hormones.

Teens don't know whether or not they're gay.

Teens don't have a lot of money.

Teens don't want to worship God.

Teens only like to read Wuthering Heights.

Teens think they're too cool for Sunday Mass.

Teens think that jizz is funny and we just don't.

Teens think they know everything about everything.

Many teens across the world are illiterate.

Some teens don't even have access to clean drinking water.

Teens think the crucifixion was a laugh riot.

Teens will think we're trying to parent them.

Teens think the Bible is a joke book.

Teens are too busy getting pregnant.

—Staff

PRIVATE SCHOOL STUDENT FLASHES GANG SIGN IN INSTAGRAM PHOTO, AFFIRMING STATUS AS "TRUE G"

BY M. STROBL

LOS ANGELES, CA—Returning from a "real as fuck" trip to Los Angeles with his au pair, 16-year-old Chad Wellington, a student at The Lawrenceville School in Princeton, NJ, affirmed his status as a "True G" Friday by posting a photo of himself making what appears to be a gang sign on a stoop in Brentwood. The photo, captioned "LA streets," has garnered praise from Wellington's white classmates and wealthy classmates alike.

"I always knew he was tough, but I never knew he was so street," explained fellow student Emma-Grace Hawthorne-Slettering, who has lived in a gated community adjacent to the \$50,000-a-year boarding school since birth. "He looks like he just stepped out of an XXXTentacion video. And I love that pink Vineyard Vines long sleeve!"

Wellington's private tutor, John Alton, on the other hand, was not surprised by the post. "I'll go in for a session with Chad sometimes and he'll be lying in bed with his Beats on, which is what he told me all the gangsters wear. He's usually listening to aggressive, street-style rap music like Drake or J. Cole and smoking marijuana cigarettes. 'My God,' I'll think to myself, 'this boy is higher than the thread count of his Egyptian-cotton sheets.'"

"Hell I be the illest motherfucker in this joint," said Chad, gesturing at the other students in his A.P Language and Composition class. "I've seen homies like Kanye front row, man." When asked if he would rather join the Crips or Bloods, Chad expressed a lack of familiarity with either group. "I don't know them fake ass posers. I only got respect for real G's, like Post Malone."

At press time, Wellington was attempting to "dab up" Lawrenceville's only black student, National Honor Society president Mark Fenson, as his au pair stood feet away with a camera.

LISTEN UP, CHILDREN

Listen up, children. This is very important information, and I am only going to say it to you one time. There is nothing “meme” about doing a marijuana. Marijuana is a very deadly substance. If I ever caught my son doing marijuana, I don’t know what I’d do to him. He certainly wouldn’t be feeling very “squad” after I gave him a stern talking-to and a gentle love-spanking.

In all honesty, children, I must candidly admit that back when I was a youth I tried marijuana once. It is the only regret I have in my life. Just thinking about it fills me with shame, but I must share my story with you for educational purposes. Shortly before my high school graduation, I injected 37 grams of pure cannabis straight into my thyroid. It was not a very “yeet” experience because I almost died as well as jeopardized my academic pursuits and disappointed my very respectable parents.

All I can say to all you youths who are considering partaking in the marijuana festivities is that no one can learn when marijuana is “sliding into the DMs” of your brain. You all need to “esketit” yourselves back to school because marijuana might be the gateway to addiction, but education is the gateway to lifelong success.

—H. Rubin



—V. Pavlonis

FORGOTTEN TEEN STARS: WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

Christian Bale: After singing his heart out and seizing the day in the 1992 film adaptation of *Newsies*, Bale tapped his way straight into obscurity. His Academy Award success rate was only 33.3% as of 2015, when he lost to Hollywood’s newest shining star, Mark Rylance.

Jason Bateman: Some of you may vaguely recall Bateman as little, orphaned James Cooper in *Little House on the Prairie* or as bully but good friend Derek on *Silver Spoons*. But what ever happened to that little bowl-cut wonder? Unfortunately Bateman experienced an *Arrested Development* after a series of dud projects, often featuring fellow teen burnout Jason Sudeikis. If only we could go back to his *Teen Wolf Too* days.

Jodie Foster: Do I even need to say it? Jodie Foster’s career has been one long, cringeworthy downslide since her 1972 role as Iris, a twelve-year-old sex worker, in *Taxi Driver*. Like Bale, Foster’s Academy Award success rate is a meager 50%, compared to her 100% success rate of being “totally lame and unimportant for women in media.”

Cory Monteith: Cory has really fallen off the map after abruptly leaving *Glee* in 2013 because he died.

—M. Sanchez

THINGS TO DO WHEN YOU GET STUFFED IN A LOCKER

Practice the rousing slam poem you’ll perform upon release to finally earn the respect of your assailants Bulk up so that the next time they try this, you can seduce them into having sex with you instead

Think about how overcoming this adversity will ultimately empower you to write a mediocre Common App essay

Signal for help by lighting a road flare, or, if a road flare is not available, screaming

Put your assailants in metaphorical boxes as retribution, for example, “dumb jocks” or “bad teachers”

Camp out. This is sure as hell better than algebra!

Evaluate your performance as principal thus far

—K. Mazer

PLEASE HELP: I AM DJ TANNER AND THIS HOUSE IS GETTING TOO DAMN FULL

When my father agreed to let ABC film a TV show based on our lives back when I was a teen, I was reluctant. As the name of the program suggested, our house was pretty much at capacity without an entire film crew. Still, I admired my father and aspired to one day be in his shoes: widowed at a young age with three beautiful children and an even more beautiful, dead spouse. Little did I know I would find myself in his exact same position twenty years later, with one major difference: our house is even fuller now than it was when my widowed father was alive and my mother, his spouse, was still dead.

Everyone from the original series (except for those with excessive contract demands) are back in the house, including my family. Thankfully, my husband is dead. If you thought the house was full before, I have bad news for you: it is even fuller now. I do not know how the producers expect me to pay rent on a three-bedroom house in San Francisco with a veterinarian's salary, especially considering the many malpractice lawsuits I face (I stand by my actions. If humans can survive after selling a kidney, so can dogs.)

I wake up every morning and split our daily Cheerio among the fifty people who now live in my home. The producers keep hiring more and more children claiming the show does not have enough "comic relief." They say they will stop hiring children when my life no longer needs a laugh track to be funny. This is no way for a family to grow up. My youngest child can only speak in catch phrases. My oldest goes through a "very special" incident at least once a week. My middle child keeps acting out. Thankfully, a kindly person of color always steps in to teach him a compelling lesson about compassion. These kindly persons of color are very important, though not quite important enough to become recurring characters.

Netflix has announced the release of *Full-est House* later this year. I hope that my storyline involves me dying so that I may finally be at peace with my husband, who is already dead. With my luck, however, I will probably have to rear fifty more children and continue to be widowed. On the bright side, the producers tell me I will win my malpractice lawsuits, because as they always say, "everyone loves a good comeback story."

—J. Wexler



—R. Chang

HISTORICAL EQUIVALENTS OF JUULING IN THE BATHROOM

Industrial Europe: Breathing in toxic coal fumes as you labor in the mines

Mayan Empire: Doing peyote in the back room of the sacrificial temple

Renaissance Italy: Huffing fresco oil in the Sistine Chapel

Mongol Empire: Huffing fermented yak milk in your yurt

Medieval Europe: Licking bubonic plague victims in the monk's quarters

Feudal Japan: Disrespecting your elders

Roman Empire: Inhaling the smoke of barbarian villages set aflame as the Gauls run in fear from your mighty legions, FOR YOU ARE CAESAR, AND YOU DEMAND TRIBUTE!

Paleolithic Era: Huffing boar shit

Early 2000s: Smoking crack in the teachers' lounge. Kids these days are soft.

—E. Fogarty

KRISSEY'S KWESTION KORNER

Dear Krissy,

I have a crush on this really cute boy named Bryan who sits directly in front of me in my English class. I stare at the back of his head for the 45 minutes every day and dream about how I will bear his children. Based on some phrenological research, I know that the contour of his occipital bone indicates he is equal parts loving and dangerous, which is perfect because I've wanted a father figure ever since my dad accidentally blew himself up with fireworks. Two birds with one stone. The only problem is, I'm invisible to him. How can I get my crush to notice me? Please help me out, Krissy.

Shyly yours,
Wa11fl0wer_gurl

Cheer up, wa11flower_gurl

You're just going through every tween queen's biggest challenge: getting your crush to notice you. Being honest about love in middle school is tough, especially when you keep confusing the fetishes of the various catfishing accounts you run. We've all been there.

In fact, your situation reminds me of my own struggles with love in the so-called "industrial age." One Saturday night, while everyone else was out schmoozing and doing the wobble at Jared Cohen's bar mitzvah party which I was totally invited to but chose not to attend (for me, a boy only becomes a man when he disavows his religion), I was at home watching Marley and Me and thinking about how to get my chemistry lab partner, Kyle, to notice me. About three quarters of the way through the movie, inspiration hit me like a ton of estrogen: guys really love dogs. What better way to grab the attention of your soon-to-be-man than by getting to know your soon-to-be-man's-best friend?

So the next day, while my mom thought I was taking out the trash, I went to my crush's house and killed his dog. Now I know what you're probably thinking, but don't worry: it was completely painless, for me. And it did wonders for my love life! Ever since that day, Kyle hasn't been able to get my name out of his head, according to our mutual therapist. Heck, he had to get a freaking restraining order to keep himself away from me. Suddenly, I was Bonnie and he was Clyde, in the version where instead of Bonnie and Clyde working together to rob and kill random people, Bonnie brutally murders Clyde's dog for attention.

So, you know what you need to do, wa11flower_gurl. Kill his dog.

ttyl-ilysmudekiaeigjcsaenis,
Krissy

P.S. Use a butter knife. It's more cathartic that way.

—R. Salzhauer

Design: C. Cohen

GROWING UP: IT'S HARD TO DO!

Back when I was a tween, all I wanted in this world was to finally be a “big boy.” Sure enough, my wish has been granted, but with one small caveat: being a “big boy” means taking on some big responsibilities. Sure, I get to stay up past 9:30, but now I have to deal with chores, homework, and the fact that every Friday my father comes to Oak Avenue Middle School gym class to wrestle me in front of my peers.

Now, I know what you’re thinking. “What’s your problem, man? Everyone has to deal with the responsibilities of teenhood. Quit whining, shut up, and clean your room.” And you’re right. I should quit whining. I know I’m not the first guy to strip down to a singlet and try to put his 225-pound father in a two-handed choke lift, and I sure as hell won’t be the last.

Still though, teenhood has been tougher than I expected. For example, I have to dedicate every Wednesday and Thursday to losing water weight, since Father refuses to wrestle me unless I fall into the 100-110 pound international junior featherweight class by 2 p.m. on Friday afternoon. The worst part is knowing that Father is never to be bested. Even when I pin him, he accuses me of cheating and asks my gym teacher Coach Freihofer to declare a redo. The truth is, I’ve never defeated Father before. He would never let me, for when I defeat him I will become the Man of the House and take sole possession of the Family Jewel.

By Friday morning, though I’m usually super dehydrated from cutting all that weight and super woozy from sniffing all those markers, I’m mentally and physically prepared for what will probably be the biggest smackdown of my young-adult life.

At 2 p.m. sharp, Father enters the gymnasium in all his glory. My girlfriend Genevieve swoons as he gives big whooping high-fives to his entourage and corner man. I watch Father hide a confident smirk behind his beaked mask as he chest-bumps my best friends Trevor and Cody. Those fucking traitors. They’re smiling now, but they too will soon face this ordeal. As I reluctantly enter the ring, my only consolation is that each smackdown brings me one step closer to manhood.

—C. Cohen

LOOKING TO MEET HOT YOUNG JEWISH SINGLES? TIPS FOR NAVIGATING THE BAR/ BAT MITZVAH HOOKUP SCENE

Whether you’re planning your own blessed birthday bash or playing the token Christian kid from Mordecai’s soccer team who thought kugel was the Jewish word for Jesus, there’s more than one way to come of age at your local Bar or Bat Mitzvah. Here are some tips on how to Cha-Cha-slide into that special someone’s heart:

Dress to impress: No matter how sexy your grandfather was, his hand-me-down suit just isn’t going to cut it for this one. Same goes for your grandmother’s blood diamonds. It’s time to get to dELiA’s or Macy’s for a fresh set of threads.

Loosen up with some beverages: Two or three glasses of Kedem grape juice and you’ll feel like the stuff is coursing through your veins.

Prepare for small talk: It’s important to master some Yiddish colloquialisms so that you don’t feel out of place in conversation. “Mazel tov” means “good fortune” or “congratulations.” “Chutzpah” is a type of braided bread typically reserved for ceremonial occasions. And of course, “B’karov etzlech” means “I want to grind on this dance floor with you ’til the sun comes up or until my mother picks me up at 10:30 pm, whichever comes first.”

Making your move: It’s like you always pictured it. The dance floor has devolved into a Kedem-fueled bacchanal. Suddenly, the poignant opening tones of “I Gotta Feeling” resound through the country club banquet hall. The air is pregnant with sexual frustration. Will.i.am shouts “mazel tov” and you look down to find a pair of hands gripping your hips for dear life. It’s Mordecai. It’s always been Mordecai.

—M. Sanghvi



“SHOPPING PERIOD”

—C. Gorman

DO TEENS THINK PETE DAVIDSON IS HOT? WE DON'T CARE. STREAM SWEETENER ON SPOTIFY, APPLE MUSIC, AND OTHER PLATFORMS TODAY.



As a hard-living middle-aged record executive, I am often asked to inhabit the minds of teenagers to understand just what makes them tick. But if there's one thing I neither know nor give a single flying fuck about, it's whether teens, or as I call them, "the target demographic," think Pete Davidson is "hot." All I care about is whether I can use the tabloid supernova that is his relationship with Ariana Grande to promote Sweetener, available to stream on Spotify and Apple Music, and on vinyl at shop.arianagrande.com.

Listen, I've never purported to know what makes teens "horned up." All I know is that if we say this album has "Big Dick Superpowers" or some shit like that, we're going to be selling copies for a long, long time. So if Pete can help us do that, I don't give a fuck if he imagines his dad dying in 9/11 to keep from busting a load inside his (God is a) woman. In fact, that mental image does not bother me in the slightest. As long as he and Ariana are still dating, I literally couldn't care less about his personal, physical, or spiritual well-being. And if they break up, well, let's just say he could die for all I care. Hey, whatever happened to that Mac guy?

But, come on, what are the odds that they break up? Their relationship is built on a solid foundation: five weeks of intense public scrutiny and personal trauma. It looks like Pete's going to be around for a while in both me and Ari's lives. So even though I couldn't give two shits whether the teens want to "stuff him," I guess I should get used to the sight of those prominently flared nostrils; those long, luxurious limbs and that even longer, more luxurious penis; those sunken eyes, like those of a brooding World War I poet or that kid in middle school who used to crush Monster cans against his head, historical figures I find equally sexy. Look at me, getting aroused. I guess I know what makes teens "horned up" after all.

BEST GATEWAY GATEWAY DRUGS

Hooch de Kombucha: It's hard to predict how your body will respond to alcohol, so before you jump right to drinking a whole beer, try shotgunning 10-12 large bottles of Kombucha in rapid succession. Chase your cocktail with a stick of chalk to bring your blood pH back to normal.

The Gentleman's J: Rolling a proper joint is a high unto itself, and it's never too early to learn! First, fold your rolling paper into a V shape. Now, sprinkle in a fat dose of the good stuff: bits of torn-up rolling papers. Light up and enjoy that sweet, sweet pulp!

The Huffington Dose: Hang around Kyle's house until his little sister's birthday party. Wait for the cake to come out, then, while everyone's distracted, pierce the balloons and huff as much helium as you can get. Next stop? Lithium!

Going off your Ritalin: If it gets you high, it gets you high. Who knew abstaining from drugs could be so cool?

Second-hand Juul: Find a place where you know someone's Juuling, like a high school parking lot or an elementary school parking lot. As soon as you taste mango or cucumber, inhale sharply. Try bringing a handheld vacuum to save some of that "funny gas" for later!

Altoids: These fuckers hit harder than you expect.

Getting back on Ritalin at a higher dose: New prescription? New drug! Be sure to share the wealth with your friends. By "share" we mean "sell" and by "friends" we mean "your rec basketball coach Terry."

Ecstasy: Hey, everybody's got to start somewhere.

—N. Amsel



—N. Abuzalaf

JESUS BEGS MIDDLE SCHOOLERS NOT TO SAVE ROOM FOR HIM

BY L. KINGSLEY

HEAVEN—In a letter sent to Littleton Middle School last Friday with return address "The Domain of the Lord," Jesus Christ begged students not to save room for him at the school's upcoming sixth-grade dance.

"Please, please do not save space for me between your bodies. I will not be in attendance," Jesus wrote. "I emphatically decline your offer to spend my Friday night stymieing three hundred 12-year-olds' sexual awakenings."

"If anyone is interested in a spiritual awakening, though, you know where to find me," he added.

The letter has left Littleton's administration reeling as they scramble to find a new safeguard for students' chastity. "Right now the only thing keeping them at bay is body odor," reported soccer coach Dianne Green. According to parent chaperone Stacy Walsh, "We might have to squeeze in there ourselves as a last resort. I'm just not ready to explain to my daughter what an erection is."

In spite of prayers from Littleton parents and health teachers alike, Jesus has maintained that he would "rather go up on the cross again than get nailed between two horny tweens." Meanwhile, Littleton students have lauded the almighty redeemer for "not being a total cock-block."

At press time, administrators were inquiring about Allah's availability.



Compose

Inbox

Starred

Snoozed

Sent

Drafts

81

So you're 6 months into having your first email address and wondering why you haven't received any messages yet. Well, dumbass, it sounds like you missed a pretty crucial step: checking your inbox! Follow these four simple tips to unlock the full technological power of the late 20th century:

1. First, log in, open your inbox, and, get this, click on "Unread emails." Boom. Photos from your last family reunion before your favorite cousin ran away to pursue a fishmongering career? Check. A crime report about some petty robberies in your neighborhood? What is this, a police state? Spam! Nigerian Prince needs help looking for his family? Tragic. Better mark that as important!
2. Woah, woah, woah, you think you're done? Hold your horses buddy. This is only the second step. What you need to do next is have some damn empathy and reply to the esteemed prince. Out of everyone in the world with an email address, he chose to ask you for help, so you sure as hell better reply.
3. The next step is to actually meet up with the prince since, like he said in his email, it's really a lot easier to talk in person, especially while you're still getting the hang of this whole email thing. So just wait in that alley behind the CVS where he conducts his diplomatic affairs until he gets back from the consulate.
4. Suddenly, a bearded, bare-ass naked man with a fishing rod bursts out of the CVS dumpster. Sweet mother of Jesus: it's your long-lost cousin! Turns out he's been been robbing kids all over town and sending emails to every contact on their phones just to find you. You're not sure why he needed to impersonate a Nigerian Prince, but none of that matters now because you've finally set up your brand new email address. Internet FTW!

D. Hou
design: C. Prendergast

RE: want to meet up?

crownprince47@gmail.com

RE: want to meet up?

Wow! Thank you so much for reaching out to me. It is such a relief to learn that, at least to someone, I am important. I would be happy to meet up with you soon. Let me know a time and a place, and I'll be there.

Best,

Sans Serif ▾ | T T ▾ | B I U A ▾ | E E E E E E E E E E | ▾

Send



LIFE WITH AN EMOTIONAL SUPPORT JUUL

At just 2:30 in the afternoon, Morse college sophomore Chad Lefkowitz found himself yet again enshrouded in a dense cloud of vapor. “This little guy has gotten me through a lot. Isn’t that right Billy JUUL? ‘It sure is, Chad.’” Chad nodded. “He gets it.”

Like many teens, Chad, whose name has been changed from Brad in this article for the sake of anonymity, has recently turned to an emotional support JUUL to cope with the many anxieties of modern adolescence. As Chad put it, “Yeah, sure, anxiety. That’s why I have this,” proudly displaying his newest vaporizer, “JUUL Embiid.”

Crippling anxiety has forced Chad to self-medicate at a variety of inopportune times: in the car, on planes, in movie theaters, on tinder dates, while hanging out at home with friends, as they were lowering his grandmother’s casket, etc. While many in Chad’s life have respected his space during these trying times, others have been less supportive. Chad recalled a time his flight attendant forced him to put his JUUL in the overhead compartment. “What if Billy JUUL died up there? How could United’s corporate image ever recover from something like that?”

Although Chad’s parents disapprove of his clinically unrecognized treatment, the family has reached a harsh but just compromise: Chad doesn’t use his JUUL in the house and in return, his parents send him a \$2,000 allowance each month. Though that may seem like a large sum, in Chad’s words, “you can’t put a price on mental health.”

In spite of support from family and friends, Chad’s long-term outlook is bleak. “I’m definitely gonna have—what was it you called it—oh yeah, anxiety. I’m going to have that for a long time. So yea, if anyone wants to send me pods, I really like mango.” As far as the near future goes, Chad hopes to keep his loved ones close, “probably in my breast pocket, or just in my palm for easy access.” Next year, he plans to move into a communal living wellness facility called Sigma Nu, where he will hopefully find sanctuary among those facing a similar plight.

—D. McCowin

LOCAL TEEN DECLARES LYING ABOUT HER AGE ON PORNHUB “AN ACT OF CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE”

BY D. MEDWAY

WILTON, CT—Paraphrasing Henry David Thoreau as she flipped through slides depicting some “really classic shots,” 15-year-old Mariah Samson, a sophomore at Chester Hills Senior High, argued in a presentation to her A.P. Government class Friday that lying about her age on Pornhub constituted “a modern act of civil disobedience.”

“One has a moral responsibility to disobey unjust laws, especially when those laws prohibit you from watching some truly Grade-A content,” Samson said, flipping to a photoshopped image featuring Thoreau performing oral sex on a stoic Ralph Waldo Emerson.

In the fifteen-minute presentation delivered to a rapt audience, Samson argued that age restrictions on the popular pornography site have “blue-balled justice for years.” To protest such restrictions, Samson has maintained a Pornhub Premium account since the age of 13, cleverly changing her birth year from 2003 to 1903 to evade the site’s strict firewalls.

“You can’t expect the system to change on its own,” declared Samson, describing how she makes a conscious effort to pleasure herself to “primo, high-definition content each and every night. I’m like the Gandhi of horny teens. Although now that I think about it, there are probably horny teens in India too, so I guess Gandhi is the Gandhi of horny teens.”

Samson’s classmate Tyler Boyd affirmed her martyr status among fellow adolescents. “She’s sacrificing her parents’ hard-earned money to instigate change on behalf of all us, not to mention risking serious prison time. She’s like Joan of Arc, but less chaste.”

At press time, Samson was urging her classmates to “contest injustice anywhere as a threat to justice everywhere” and also to “seriously check out ‘Plumber Sucks on Step-Sister’s Toes.’ It’s good stuff.”

AREA TEEN REPORTS HOUSE, LIFE “ABSOLUTE FUCKING NIGHTMARES”

BY C. NADEAU

PLEASANT PRAIRIE, WI—Calling his family a “bunch of fucking psychos,” Pleasant Prairie Middle School student Luke Cameron reported on Tuesday that his home life had devolved into an “absolute fucking nightmare” in the wake of his thirteenth birthday. According to Cameron, his relatives and teachers are pitted against him in an effort to make “eighth grade suck balls.”

“Just look at what happened the other day. I was trying to play Fortnite when my sister [16-year-old Lauren Cameron] came over and coughed up a bunch of yellow jackets everywhere so I couldn’t see the screen,” reported a hospitalized Cameron, temporarily blinded by facial swelling. “She’s always doing shit like this. And there’s not even fucking Fortnite in this dumbass hospital. The only fun I have in here is messing with old man Nichols’ I.V. Isn’t that right old man Nichols? Old man Nichols?”

According to EMT Aaron Davis, Cameron incurred over 150 stings in the incident. “He almost died. We had to give him CPR in the ambulance. I’m surprised he didn’t mention that in the interview.”

While Cameron was “definitely pretty pissed” about the attack, he says it will not prevent him from having “a lit AF last month of 8th grade.” Yet other factors threaten to further alienate him from his family.

“Every night, I wake up to find my parents staring at me from the far corner of my room. Their skin is like wax paper and every time they move a little closer,” he described, his eyes momentarily glazing over. “They’re so fucking annoying. It’s like, privacy? Ever heard of it?”

Still, Cameron says the “absolute cluster-fuck” of his adolescent life thus far has only made him cherish good moments more, like a romantic embrace with classmate Eileen Morris at a recent formal dance.

“Sure, it was kind of weird that she stuck her tongue all the way down my throat so that she could ‘taste that sweet, sweet bile,’ said Cameron, flashing a wry smile. “But who am I to complain about my first french kiss?”

WHAT IS HAPPENING TO MY BODY?

Once, my father told me I was a useless piece of shit. Then, he told me I’d become an even bigger, hornier piece of shit when I hit puberty. I was so happy he was talking to me. It was probably the best birthday of my life.

Sure enough, the changes started seven years later on my thirteenth birthday, right after my friends threw me into an industrial waste bin as a present. The first thing that happened is I got really hairy, like a long-tailed weasel in the winter. It was all over the bottom of my feet and underneath my fingernails and around my genitals. I looked totally different from everyone else, although I guess I never saw their genitals. Then, my fourth nipple fell off. It was scary but I was relieved that I could finally walk around naked in public without the shame of having an abnormal number of nipples.

My left ear grows a few more acres of earwax than my right ear now. It’s like my right ear is the present fertility rate and my left ear is the pre-1950’s fertility rate. Thank the sweet lord Beelzebub that it’s not the other way around. I like my right ear way more than my left one. I’m like King Solomon from the Bible in that one story where God tells him to make loaves and fishes for the entire crowd but he only makes loaves because he’s scared of fish.

Unfortunately, not everything about my changing body is “totally radical.” Losing the same molar every week only for a larger one to grow in its place is incredibly painful. I can smell colors and read Korean proverbs, but never at the same time. But at the end of the day, I know it’s for the best that my innards are being purified like a goat before ritual sacrifice. The worst part is now the ‘rents say they don’t love me to my face instead of just standing outside my bedroom door and yelling about how I’m the reason they hate each other and should probably get a divorce while I’m trying to fall asleep. But I guess that’s just what it means to grow up.

—A. Kane

FUN AND COOL DRINKING GAMES FOR TEENS



Water Pong: Beer Pong, but with a fun twist: legality.

Take a Shot of Water Every Time You Are Not Hydrated: Take one (1) shot of water every time you are not hydrated. The great thing about this game is that you can play it alone at home while your classmates are having sex with each other.

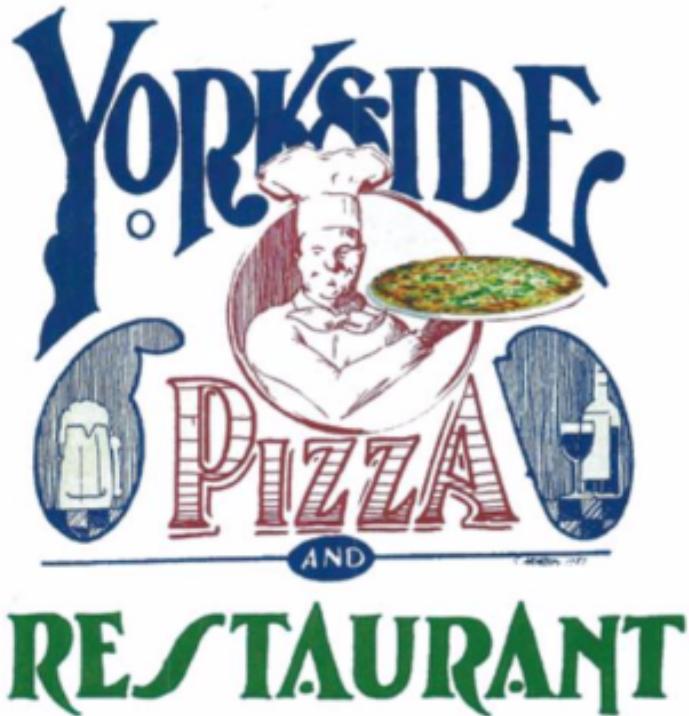
Cheers (H)2(O) the Governor: This game is a fun mental exercise because you have to remember an intricate set of rules as you—actually, we're not going to lie. This game is only fun if you're getting progressively shitfaced, so just wait until you're 21 for this one.

Sober Jenga®: This is almost identical to regular Jenga® except the rule book for Sober Jenga® does not encourage parents to give their children wine before playing if they "want to make things a little more interesting."

Read the Text of the National Minimum Drinking Age Law to Remind Yourselves That Underage Consumption of Alcohol is a Criminal Offense Punishable by up to 6 Months in Prison: Take a sip of water each time you encounter the phrase "underage consumption of alcohol is a criminal offense punishable by up to 6 months in prison."

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 Can I use Proactiv as lube?

—Staff

SIXTEEN AND SCARY

My son is sixteen, and he is scary. He wears vampire teeth around all the time even though they aren't his real teeth. To make matters worse, he wears a horrible cape over his school clothes. Also, another thing that he does is to wear one of those sweatsuits from like the Gap that looks like a skeleton suit. I keep telling him that those are for much younger kids, but he just tells me I'm for idiots. My son is dark. I mean, he's twisted. He likes to hang out at the cemetery at night, unlike me. I usually avoid the cemetery - it gives me the creeps! I hope my son can be saved from this scary fate. I love you Michael!

—J. Houston

REASONS WHY MOM AND DAD'S DIVORCE ISN'T YOUR FAULT

People change and sometimes that means relationships have to end. Just look at Dad and his mistress. They probably weren't even listening that time at dinner when you blurted out "The spark is dead." The divorce couldn't have been about you, seeing as it was the first civil case in the state of New Jersey in which neither parent wanted custody. If you'd known your psychologist might be interested in your mom, you wouldn't have kept telling him how hot she was. Your younger sister Jessica was the accident. If anything, blame her. At the end of the day, it's not your job to be their marriage counselor, which is good because clearly you would suck at it.

—W. Cramer

FUCK JUSTICE. WE SHOP AT LULULEMON NOW.

Listen up, ladies, because I'm only going to say this once. No exceptions. And yes, that includes you Jessica. It's not my fault you dropped your hearing aid in the toilet. I SAID IT'S NOT MY FAULT YOU DROPPED YOUR FUCKING HEARING AID—you know what, just forget it.

I've gathered you here to introduce a new policy, which is that we only shop at Lululemon now. You heard me, right: Lulu-motherfucking-lemon. No more Justice. So say good-bye to sequined, pink unicorn t-shirts, ladies, because unicorns are extinct, pink graphic tees are juvenile, and sequins are whorish. As your benevolent leader, Queen Bitch the Fourth, I'd now like to open the floor to questions. Rachel, you first. Why is Lulu cool, you ask? Lulu is cool because it just effing is, Rachel. Now go take your osteoporosis-laden ass and stuff it into some fucking stretchy pants, you frail-boned bitch.

Morgan, I see you've been trying to get in for a while now. What's the difference between jeggings and Lululemon pants? Is that even a question, Morgan? How about, I don't know, fucking everything? It's questions like these that remind us all you're forty-five and our teacher.

I'll take Cadie, next. No, I promise I'll be nice. I know you've been sensitive ever since you were born a coward. Why are we wearing Yoga pants if we don't do yoga? Huh, that's actually a really great question. I hadn't thought about that. Maybe we shouldn't be wasting money on designer pants. Maybe it doesn't matter what we wear at all; is what I would say if I was a fucking SOCIOPATH. You are going to die alone.

Anyways, that's all I have time for. Just remember, no more Justice. Especially you, Morgan. Menopausal women should not be wearing training bras.

—A. Zbornak



BEST CAPTIONS FOR A BAR MITZVAH PARTY PHOTO

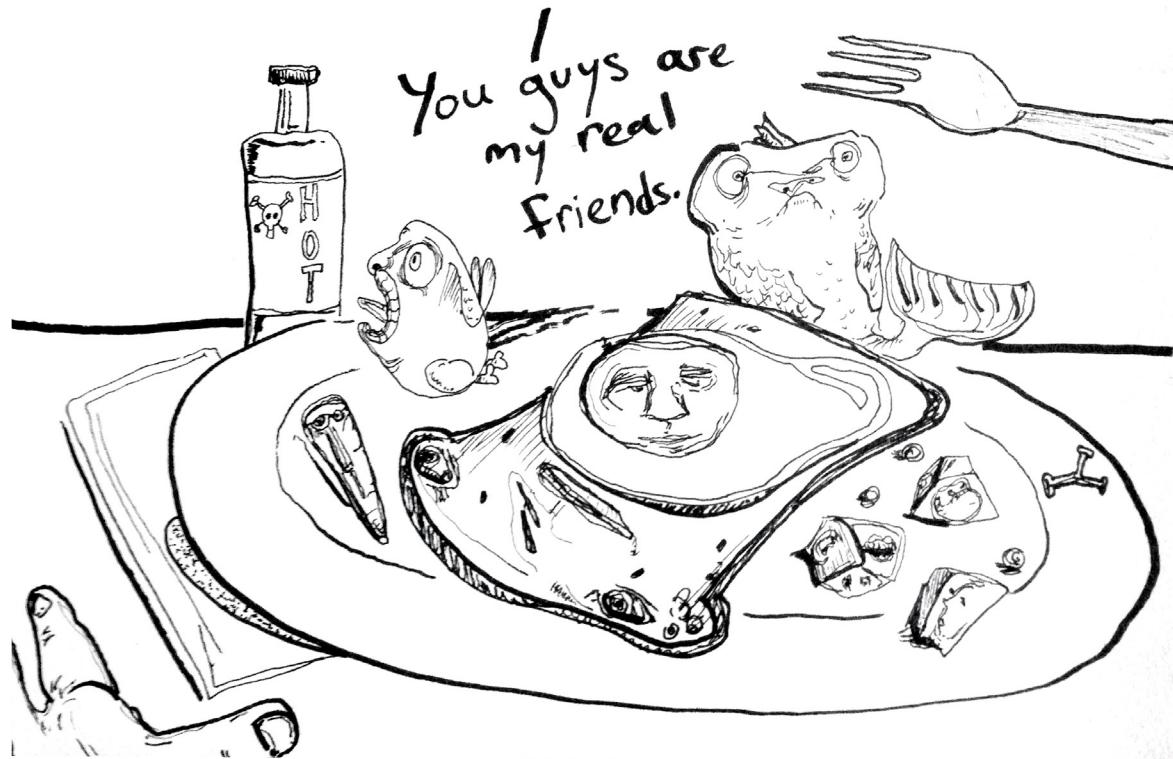
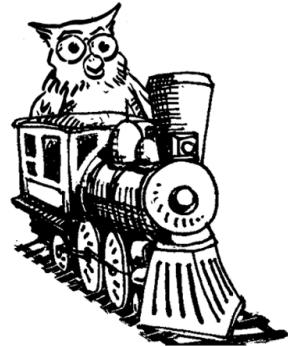
Challah at your boy
 Wish you were here Amy :(
 We came, we saw, we got to second base with Taylor W.
 Fire emoji, face with look of triumph emoji, fire emoji.
 Just found out that Amy is at Tyler P.'s Bar Mitzvah.
 Don't know what that's all about.
 Talmud about it!
 Mom, it's me, can you come pick me up? No
 everything's ok, I just need to go home. An hour?
 No, the costume did not go over well. I'll see you in an hour.
 Torah-p the dance floor with these boyz xD
 Well who the fuck needs Amy when you've got the Lord, right? Fuck I miss her so much.
 Every so often a kid comes along that reminds you why you got into the whole rabbi rat race.
 Congrats Simon. Fire emoji, face with look of triumph emoji, fire emoji.

—G. Wynter

ONLY 90'S KIDS WILL REMEMBER

Football
 When the chubby kid from *Modern Family* got slimed at the Nickelodeon Kids' Choice Awards
 Paul Blart Mall Cop before Vegas corrupted him
 Delaware
 Where you were the moment you learned Steve from *Blue's Clues* died
 Digimon
 Where you were the moment you learned Steve from *Blue's Clues* is actually still alive
 Al Roker, back when he was hot
 Playing outside

—H. Rubin



—I. Almor



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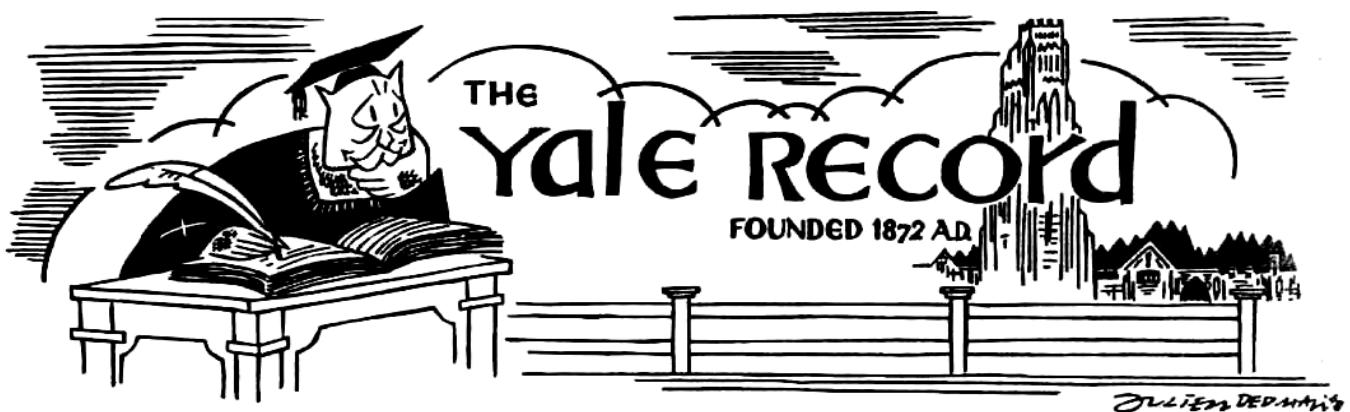
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—R. Chang



ROAD SIGNS: EXPLAINED

Congrats! You, a human adolescent with a prefrontal cortex the size of a Rice Krispie, were just thrust behind the wheel of a 4,000-pound death machine. But don't worry! Just follow this guide and you'll be ready for all the chills and thrills of operating a self-propelled battering ram of steel horror.



- 1.** Similar to a stop sign, but shaped like a triangle.



- 2.** This one is also shaped like a triangle, and it refers to high school, too!



- 3.** The highway. The final frontier. You aren't sure if you're ready for it, but someone's gotta drive Mom to South County for her late-night water aerobics lessons, and it's sure as hell not going to be her bitchy aerobics partner Linda. Besides, once you hit that zesty 65 m.p.h., there's no going back, baby.



- 4.** You're fresh off the highway, going 80 in a residential zone. Branches whiz by; each house is a blur. You are chasing something. Something important.



- 5.** Only as you approach *Back to the Future*-level speeds do you realize just how quickly you've been chasing your own future, always pursuing the next grade, or trend, or exercise program/social environment of successful, mildly classist empty nesters that will take your mother in as one of their own. You can't stand the shame of falling behind, so you numb yourself, charging blindly forward even as people beg you to stop. Traffic cones of self-doubt are flying in every direction as you truck over pedestrians, representing those you've forsaken in your quest to be the best possible version of yourself. Because what if you fall behind? What then?



- 6.** You'd give anything to be a kid again, when you were happy and free and everything made sense; when you could spill peas all over your Baby Einstein Tinker Table and everyone would laugh instead of calling a psychiatrist. But then it hits you: would it really be so bad to slow down for a second and enjoy the moment? You are suddenly filled with a strange warmth you haven't felt since puberty first laid siege on your nubile body. And, for the first time in your adolescent life, a smile begins to creep its way across your—



- 7.** Whoops! If you see this sign, it probably means you crashed and died. Better luck next time!

