

THE SKEWER

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Editorials 02
**"Color Theory;
Why it Sucks"**

Feature 04
**"My Story: The Epic
Tale of Fred the Moose"**

Horoscopes 08
"December Horoscopes"

Shitty Reviews 09
"Curious Savage Review"

“Color Theory: Why it Sucks”

By Yongle

Skewer Head

Tell me, have you ever looked at a color and thought, I really wonder if there is a science behind this. Well guess what, there is. That science is called Color Theory, and I’m here today to explain why it absolutely should not exist, but first a little background.

Color Theory has been around since antiquity (if you don’t know when antiquity was then that’s your own damn fault) and Wikipedia states it to be “the body of practical guidance for color mixing and the visual effects of a specific color combination. Color terminology based on the color wheel and its geometry separates colors into primary color, secondary color, and tertiary color.” Now, while color theory was present in antiquity, It didn’t start to actually become ‘Color Theory’ until about the 18th Century. Wikipedia states that “A formalization of “color theory” began in the 18th century, initially within a partisan controversy over Isaac Newton’s theory of color (*Opticks*, 1704) and the nature of primary colors. From there it developed as an independent artistic tradition with only superficial reference to colorimetry and vision science.”

I could drag on about the history of this useless theory, but there’s no need. For now, let us take a look at the color wheel. You all should remember the color wheel from middle school art class, and if you don’t refer to the picture on page 3

Now the color wheel can be used to create different color schemes with how colors connect with each other. This is called ‘Color Harmony.’ Wikipedia states color harmony as “the property that certain aesthetically pleasing color combinations have. These combinations create pleasing contrasts and consonances that are said to be harmonious. These combinations can be of complementary colors, split-complementary colors, color triads, or analogous colors. Color harmony has been a topic of extensive study throughout history, but only since the Renaissance and the Scientific Revolution has it seen extensive codification. Artists and designers make use of these harmonies in order to achieve certain moods or aesthetics.” Color harmony is seen with a bunch of different combinations which I will highlight below.

Monochromatic - A monochromatic color scheme takes one color and lighter and darker variations of that color but still sticking to the same Hue (we’ll cover what hue is later). Canva states that monochromatic color schemes “Provide a subtle and conservative color combination. This is a versatile color combination that is easy to apply to design projects for a harmonious look.

Complementary - A complementary color scheme is two colors that are directly across from each other on the color wheel. For example, red and green are complementary colors. Canva states that complementary colors “provide a high contrast and high impact color combination – together, these colors will appear brighter and more prominent.”

Analogous - An analogous color scheme takes three colors that are side by side on the color wheel, which canva states that “This color combination is versatile, but can be overwhelming. To balance an analogous color scheme, choose one dominant color, and use the others as accents.”

Triadic - A triadic color scheme is three colors that form a triangle on the color wheel, which canva states “provides a high contrast color scheme, but less so than the complementary color combination — making it more versatile. This combination creates bold, vibrant color palettes.”

Tetradic - A tetradic color scheme are four colors that form a rectangle on the color wheel, which canva states that “Tetradic color schemes are bold and work best if you let one color be dominant, and use the others as accents. The more colors you have in your palette, the more difficult it is to balance.”

After examining all of these color harmonies there is one more thing that we need to look at the color wheel for. Warm and Cool colors. I’ll let Canva explain it “The color wheel can also be divided into warm and cool colors. The warmth or coolness of a color is also known as its color temperature. The color combinations found on a color wheel often have a balance of warm and cool colors. According to color psychology, different color temperatures evoke different feelings. For example, warm colors are said to bring to mind coziness and energy, while cool colors are associated with serenity and isolation. Warm colors are the colors from red through to yellow. These colors are said to bring to mind warmth, like the sun. Cool colors are the colors from blue to green and purple. These colors are said to bring to mind coolness, like water.” Complicated right?

However, Color Theory does not stop with just the color wheel. Let’s dive a little deeper to examine some common values associated with color theory. Hue, Value, and Saturation. Hue is basically the attribute of the color, or the name of the color family. Here’s a more complicated definition - Wikipedia states that “In color theory, hue is one of the main properties (called color appearance parameters) of a color, defined technically in the CIECAM02 model as “the degree to which a stimulus can be described as similar to or different from stimuli that are described as red, orange, yellow, green, blue, violet,”[1] within certain theories of color vision.” Hue is normally expressed by a number on a range from 0-360, with the values at 0 and 360 being the same color of red. From there as the hue increases from 0 the color goes from red, to orange, to yellow, and so on. If you were to decrease the hue from 0, it would go to pink, to violet, to blue, to green, and so on. Next up we have Saturation. The saturation of a color is a number on a scale between 0-100 with the level of saturation basically being how bright the color is. For example a color with the saturation of 0 will always be gray, while increasing from zero will make the color increasingly brighter. Finally, we have value (or light). Value is basically how close the color is to black. Another way that value is often expressed is through another term called light. Light and value are virtually the same with light only differing from value solely with how it is measured. Light is also measured with a range between 0-100 with the only difference being how bright the color is. For example, let us take red. This red has a hue of 360 and a saturation of 100 - meaning it’s pure red. Now if this red had a value of 100 it would not change, and the color would stay the same. However, if this red had a light of 100 then it would be white. Do you see the difference? Here’s a few pictures that explain it a little better than words. Also to make things more complicated, I’ll give you what Wikipedia says on HSL and HSV so you get even more confused. “HSL (for hue, saturation, lightness) and HSV (for hue, saturation, value; also known as HSB, for hue, saturation, brightness) are alternative representations of the RGB color model, designed in the 1970s by computer graphics researchers. In these models, colors of each hue are arranged in a radial slice, around a central axis of neutral colors which ranges from black at the bottom to white at the top.

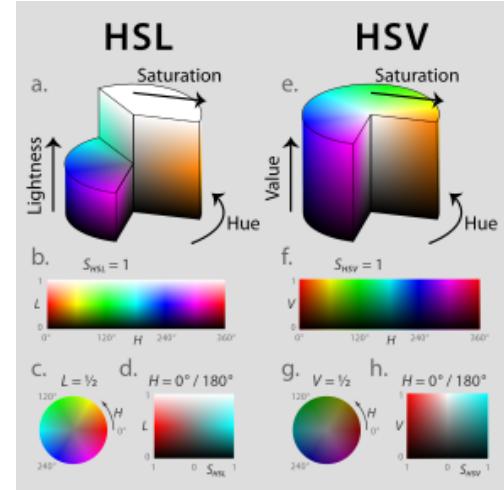
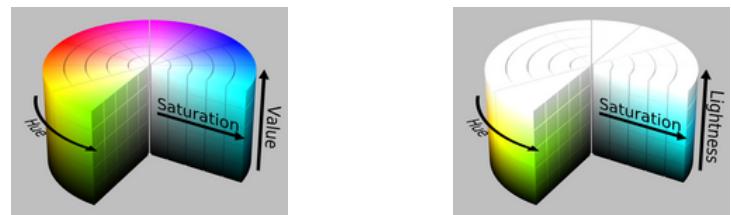
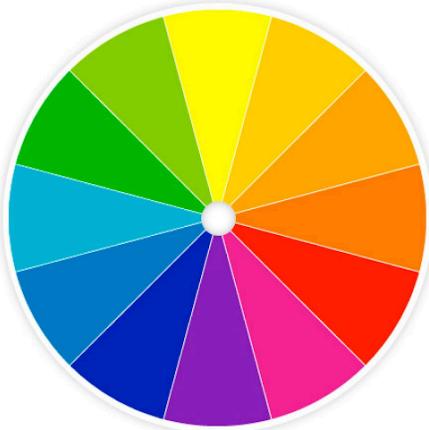
“Color Theory: Why it Sucks”

The HSL representation models the way different paints mix together to create color in the real world, with the lightness dimension resembling the varying amounts of black or white paint in the mixture (e.g. to create "light red", a red pigment can be mixed with white paint; this white paint corresponds to a high "lightness" value in the HSL representation). Fully saturated colors are placed around a circle at a lightness value of 1/2, with a lightness value of 0 or 1 corresponding to fully black or white, respectively.

Meanwhile, the HSV representation models how colors appear under light. The difference between HSL and HSV is that a color with maximum lightness in HSL is pure white, but a color with maximum value/brightness in HSV is analogous to shining a white light on a colored object (e.g. shining a bright white light on a red object causes the object to still appear red, just brighter and more intense, while shining a dim light on a red object causes the object to appear darker and less bright).

The issue with both HSV and HSL is that these approaches do not effectively separate color into their three value components according to human perception of color.[1][2][3] This can be seen when the saturation settings are altered – it is quite easy to notice the difference in perceptual lightness despite the "V" or "L" setting being fixed.”

Now it's time to finally address my argument. For my job as a game developer, color plays a pivotal role in designing many things. Environments, characters, objects, etc. And when I was first faced with these design decisions I scoured the internet for ideas on how to make my designs engaging. I then proceeded to fall into the very deep rabbit hole that is color theory. I learned about everything that I just explained to you about, but it was 10 times more in-depth and confusing. I then had to learn an essential skill called “Hue-Shifting.” Hue-Shifting is taking the HSL values that I explained previously and “shifting” them closer to the natural light (yellow) or the natural dark (purple). I would explain this more in depth, however I've explained enough to you already. My point is that color does not need this long, extremely convoluted, theory to try to explain it. If you are like me and need to select colors for your design, don't use a formula. Use whatever you think looks nice.



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"My Story: The Epic Tale of Fred The Møose"

By Fred the Møose
Co-Head in Training

The date was October 25, 1949. Or, that's what I think it was. I didn't know for sure. Anyways, I woke up in a dark room. There was a man sitting in a chair next to me. He was about 6' 4", 875 pounds, bald, and had a purple beard that reeked of onions and garlic. As my senses returned, I realized that I was chained to the wall. The man with the purple beard, seeing that I regained consciousness, stood up and pulled out a baby alligator. He spoke in Russian, explaining how he worked in a toxic work environment and how the union was going to go on strike. I began to ask him why I was chained to the wall, but he had opened a small door and left the room. Suddenly, thousands of gallons of authentic Vermont maple syrup started to fill the small room!

I should probably give you some context so that you understand the story better. I am a Swedish mœsse, or Alces alces. I was born on August 27, 1921 outside of Rissjö, Sweden. At an early age, I developed a passion for chainsaw-juggling and European history. When I was 4 years old, I came across an old German man who offered me a singular pill that would make me immortal and make all of my dreams come true. I rejected him, knowing not to accept drugs from strangers, and took some M&Ms instead. That night, I had a terrible dream. I dreamt that Aristotle had come back from the dead and was going to replace the world's oxygen with silly putty! When I woke up, I looked up to the stars, and I could understand their messages! I don't remember exactly what they said, but I do remember that Scorpius was going to get a flat tire on their way to work. Ever since then, I have been an astrologist, but my story had just begun.

On January 4th, 1935, I finally decided to leave my home to explore the world. I took a boat from Stockholm to Copenhagen, where I accidentally pushed the Prince's brother's uncle's cousin's brother's sister's mother's grandfather on the fathers side's step cousin three-times-removed's great great great great aunt off a bridge. After fleeing Denmark with my life, I went to Germany. Now, I was expecting a lot of sausages and beer, but I ended up being captured by the SS and locked in an insane asylum until 1944, when I escaped with my fellow prisoners using an old sock, 4 pounds of brown sugar, a fork, and a diseased sewer rat. Once we broke down the door and killed the Nazis with a lead pipe, we managed to escape to Soviet lines. However, we were put "under new management" and sent to a Gulag near Dorozhnyi, USSR.

I remained in that Gulag for 15 years, cutting lumber, drinking expired gazpacho, and blowing up walruses with ballistic missiles. Now we return to the start of this story. As the room began to fill with maple syrup, a noticed a high-pitched noise that sounded like a dying weasel. Suddenly, one of the walls of the room exploded! A group of short people in purple bunny costumes bursted through the hole and shouted an order in Italian. They broke me free from my chains and blindfolded me before shoving me into a lead crate that had the strong odor of raw beans.

About 5 days later, I woke up in a prison cell. There was a pile of newspapers as a bed and a broken toilet with about 50 pounds of turds floating in it. I sat alone in that cell for 3 days, until a Gila Monster named Chuck was put in my cell. Chuck was always sleep deprived and didn't talk much. The only time he ever talked was when I offered him some of my emergency deep fried warthog, when he responded with: "Aw, what the hell man?!" Some people just don't share my tastes. About 3 years later I was finally set free when the secret organization that captured me went bankrupt. Now, tasting freedom for the first time in 17 years, I decided the first thing I would do was to get some bagels.

I went to Luigi's Bagel Emporium in Sicily and ordered 23 1/2 chocolate strawberry flavored bagels. The worker, who's name was Dave, was about 129 years old, 723 pounds, and had two eyepatches, one on his left eye and one on his right elbow. Dave gave me the bagels and told me to have a good day, but was interrupted when gunshots were heard near the front door. "EVERYONE, GET ON THE GROUND!!!" yelled a really skinny guy in a yellow tuxedo, holding a small pistol. Thankfully, Dave had his lucky AK-47 on hand and shot the man in the face 27 times. After the incident, I recruited Dave to join me on my journey. Dave and I went on numerous adventures after that. We stole Joseph Stalin's favorite boxer-briefs, discovered a lost colony of goblins under Gibraltar, and invented a catapult that was capable of breaking the speed of light. Sadly, in 1962, Dave was drafted into the Vietnam War. The last time I had heard from him, he was running away from government agents in Peru after he dodged the draft.

Anyways, I decided to retire from my adventurous ways and start a career in politics. I moved to Huntsville, Alabama in 1965 and ran for mayor in 1968. I ran on the platform of equal rights, free healthcare, and the right to eliminate anyone who says that Almond Joys taste good. I lost my election by 4 votes, but now had national recognition. In 1972, I decided to take my political career to the national stage and challenged incumbent president Richard M. Nixon in the 1972 Presidential Election. I ended up winning 270 electoral votes to 0, but there was some dumb law about how you must be born in the US in order to run for president, so Nixon won. I had the last laugh, though, when I dyed his hair neon pink and forced him to resign.

After my brief run in politics, I started a career in music. I discovered my musical talent one day in 1974 when I was trying to whack a really hairy spider with a rubber mallet, but kept missing and eventually hit a plastic bucket, making a satisfying "THUNK!" noise. I continued to bash on the bucket and realized that my dream was to become a professional drummer. I called up my old buddies, Dave and Chuck, and we started our own band. We called ourselves The Super Awesome Swedish Mustard Cult, with Dave on guitar and vocals, Chuck on bass, and myself on the drums. We created a bunch of great songs such as "Don't Stop Me Now", "Billie Jean", and "Never Gonna Give You Up", and released our first album, Tarm, in 1976. Sadly, we forgot to get copyright protections on our songs, and they were all stolen by other crummy bands and artists. Tarm grossed \$3 in the US, but it grossed a whopping ₦210,084.03 in Iran! Our glory was short lived, however. Dave sadly overdosed on Skittles and died on the toilet on April 1, 1977. Without our lead singer, The Super Awesome Swedish Mustard Cult disbanded days later. Chuck the Gila Monster died in 2004 when he accidentally put a live grenade in his bowl of Corn Flakes.

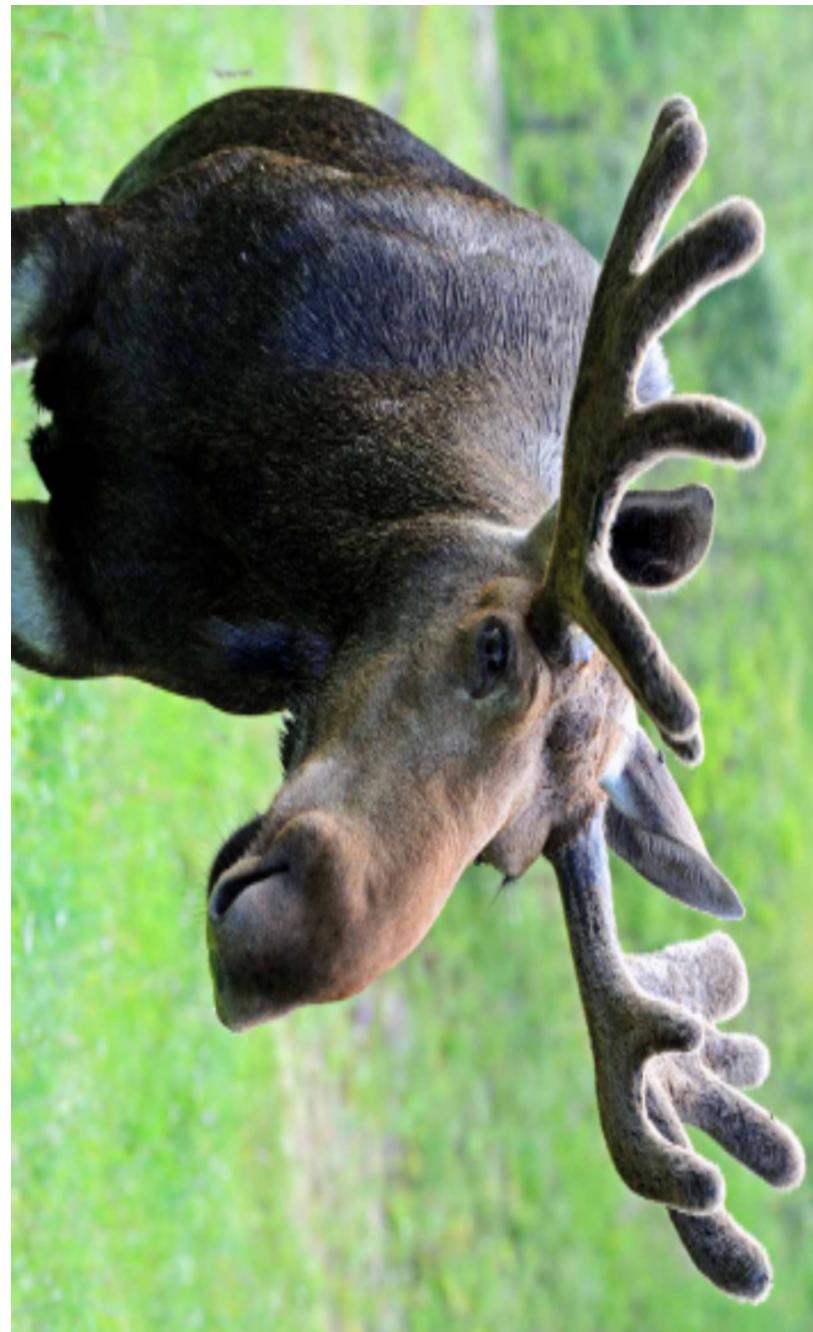
With my musical career cut short, I needed to find a new job. I was dirt poor, 23,958 pounds, and lived in a van down by the river. In June 1978, I interviewed for a job at the local McDonalds. I got the job as a janitor, and after 2 months of hard work and some elbow grease, I became the CEO of the company! By 1979, I had become the majority shareholder of the McDonald's corporation, but I wasn't finished. I bought 25% of some random fruit company called "Grapefruit" or "Apple" or something and by 1992, I was the richest mœsse in the world with a net worth of \$23,935,716,075,420.69 (adjusted for inflation)! In 1993, I sold all of my stocks and retired to a small cabin in Idaho.

"My Story: The Epic Tale of Fred The Møose"

For the next 20 years, I spent my time hunting, fishing, watching football, and gambling. I had become good friends with some locals, and we spent most of our time playing poker. I almost always won, but one day, tragedy struck. We were playing Horse on the town basketball hoop when one of my friends, Kevin, made a bet with me. We bet that if he made a backwards-360-front flip-shot from 5 miles away, I would give him my entire fortune. But if he missed, he had to legally change his name to "Sauerkraut". He completely missed the shot, but I decided to give him mercy and he tried again. What happened next defied all logic. He flipped, did the 360, and launched the ball like a cannonball. It probably would have missed, but it ricocheted off of a passing goose and swished into the basket! I was furious that I lost, but I am a mœse of my word, and gave him all \$23,935,716,075,400.59 (adjusted for inflation) of my money. Tragically in 2014, some random jerk named Elon murdered Kevin with a rubber chicken and stole all of the money. Rumor has it that Elon is still at large to this day.

I lived out the most recent 10 years of my life in the north suburbs of St. Paul, Minnesota. I took up hobbies such as bowling, sculpting, and underwater basket weaving, but I felt that I had still not found my purpose. All of that changed in 2023 when I met Yongle. One day in October 2023, I was getting some sesame chicken at the local Panda Express when a little girl was crying about her fortune in a fortune cookie. It read "You should give to those who are less fortunate." I told her that fortune cookies are bogus and she should not believe it. I then told her that her real fortune was that she would "become obsessed with caviar and never not eat caviar". Horrified, she threw an anvil at me and ran away screaming. But a man at a nearby table overheard the whole encounter. He called me over and asked me if I am a psychic, in which I responded by telling him that I was an astrologist, not a psychic. He told me that his name was Yongle, and that he headed a prestigious newspaper known as The Skewer. He also told me that they were looking for someone to write horoscopes for the paper, and asked me if I wanted to join. I decided that I had nothing to lose and since the New York Times never responded to my interview request, I would join The Skewer.

Ever since that day, I have been a member of this great newspaper and writing articles. I started interpreting the messages in the stars to deliver you all the horoscopes that you love and fear. I have also since been promoted to Chief Writer and Co-head in training. In fact, Yongle has told me that I would be granted the honor of taking over the Skewer if he was to ever be assassinated by the Viewer. Well, that was the complete story of my life. I'm glad to have been granted the opportunity to share this with you guys. Oh yeah, and one last thing: It's pronounced bagel, not bagel.



“What is The Lord of the Rings About?”

“The Lord of the Rings is about Drugs”

By Fred the Møose
Co-Head in Training

J.R.R Tolkien's The Lord of the Rings is a beloved epic that has been read by millions and inspired revolutionary movies years after the book's release. Many themes can be found in The Lord of the Rings, such as messages about war, racism, and love. But I noticed an underlying message that completely shocked me. The Lord of the Rings is actually about drugs and addiction.

Let's start with the obvious evidence. The One Ring is a powerful object that grants the bearer great power and the ability to turn invisible. Sauron, the main villain, searches for the ring in order to return to his power and destroy all that is good in Middle Earth. However, many other people search for the ring as well, knowing it is very powerful. One character who searches for the Ring is Gollum. Gollum was once a normal hobbit, but was unfortunate enough to come into contact with the One Ring. He killed his friend in order to obtain the Ring and was banished from his home as a result. He spent hundreds of years in the caves under the Misty Mountains and slowly went insane and became less and less hobbit-like. He was controlled by the addictive nature of the Ring. Gandalf explains that "He hated it and loved it, as he hated and loved himself. He could not get rid of it. He had no will left in the matter." The Ring is a symbol of addictive drugs such as alcohol, tobacco, and cocaine. Gollum is a symbol of what those drugs can do to people, as the psychological symptoms of addiction to drugs are very similar to what Gollum experiences. Gollum is slowly destroyed by a force that he can not give up, because he is addicted to "the precious".

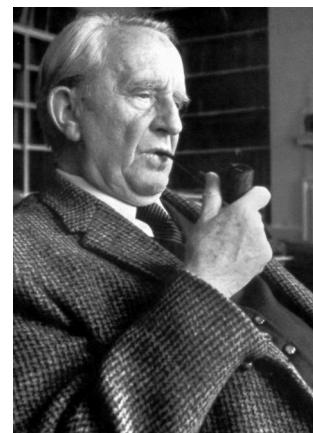
Another thing I noticed in the movies of The Lord of the Rings is the frequent use of scenes containing smoking. Throughout the films, Gandalf, Aragorn, Gimli, and various hobbits are seen smoking multiple times. The plant they smoke, known as pipe-weed in Middle Earth, is similar to tobacco, according to Tolkien. In the films, Gandalf picked up smoking from the hobbits, and was criticized by Saruman, judgmentally saying, "Your love of the Hallyng's leaf has clearly slowed your mind." Gandalf became hooked on pipe-weed and has had a serious smoking problem since then, as he is seen smoking about half the times he is shown on screen.

But while the sound of marijuana in Middle Earth sounds funny, Tolkien confirmed that pipe-weed is tobacco, not weed...OR IS IT? In The Hobbit: An Unexpected Journey, Gandalf gives a panicking Radagast the Brown a puff of his pipe, with pipe-weed in it, and he is immediately calmed down. This shows that pipe-weed has intense calming properties. This is not a primary property of tobacco, but is of marijuana. It shows evidence of this in the quote from the last paragraph of how pipe-weed "clearly slowed" Gandalf's mind. So while Tolkien claimed that pipe-weed is just tobacco, the properties of it shown in the movies show that Tolkien was wrong, or at the very least had different views about it than Peter Jackson did in the movies.

One thing that I wish to point out is that J.R.R. Tolkien was a smoker himself. Tolkien often smoked tobacco from a pipe and it is believed that he added the practice of smoking to Middle Earth because he did it as well. According to Tolkiengateway.net, "J.R.R. Tolkien was an avid pipe smoker. He attributed his addiction to his childhood, when he watched Father Francis Xavier Morgan smoking his pipe in a specific location each time. People who had met Tolkien noticed that a pipe was almost always in his hand or mouth, often making it difficult to understand his speech. In a 1966 interview, Tolkien said: "Every morning I wake up thinking, 'Good, another 24 hours of smoking.'" Tolkien, along with many of his characters, had a serious smoking

problem. Tolkien's addition of Gollum to his story is a symbol of his addiction to tobacco.

Don't get me wrong, The Lord of the Rings has MANY other different themes and topics that J.R.R. Tolkien and Peter Jackson are trying to express. Some are more obvious, like concepts of war, power, good, and evil, but there are many smaller concepts implied such as sexism, racism, and of course, drug addiction.



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“What is The Lord of the Rings About?”

“What The Lord of the Rings is ACTUALLY About”

By 10th Level Shadow Wizard Monkey Sales Associate
Staffreporter

Lord of the Rings is one of, if not the most famous and acclaimed english novel (as all true fans know it is one singular novel that was split up into 3 different books because of paper shortages in post WW1 England) of all time. The multiple complex themes, fascinating worldbuilding, beautiful poetry and iconic characters make it an incredible work, loved worldwide. One thing the Lord of the Rings is NOT about, however, is drugs. The only mention of drugs in the entire series is the Halfling's Leaf in the Shire. Now to talk about things that the Lord of the Rings is actually about.

To begin my analysis, I will begin by discussing the analogy of Christ in the character of Aragorn II, Son of Arathorn, Heir to the throne of Gondor. Aragorn is a Messianic figure in the Lord of the Rings, and this is obvious in the text. His rebirth as the king of Gondor from the ranger strider is a long process, and one that begins once he first takes the sword Anduril, the flame of the west, which was forged and thus reborn from the shards of Narsil, which was the sword that accepted the ultimate sacrifice and was shattered before cutting the ring from Sauron's hand. It is no coincidence that his sword is shaped like a cross, much like the cross that Christ was crucified upon. By taking up his sword (or cross) he is accepting the burden of leadership, much as Christ accepted the burden of the sins of mankind. Just as Christ died and was reborn, so too was Anduril, and Aragorn as well. There is certainly no drug usage in this allegory whatsoever, and to suggest as such is to not only sully J.R.R. Tolkien's wonderful story, but to tarnish the reputation of The Lord, which if I may be frank, is not a good look.

Another Messianic figure in The Lord of the Rings is Gandalf. Gandalf is a wizard, capable of performing magic spells that are almost miraculous. Throughout the story, he performs many such spells, which certainly seem miraculous to the people of middle-earth. He also, much like Christ, dies and returns to vanquish a great evil (the Balrog vs the sin of man). When he returns, he is clad in pure white robes, much like how Christ is depicted wearing much the same upon his ascension into heaven. One major difference between the two is that Gandalf stays and continues to help middle-earth after his resurrection, while Christ does eventually ascend into heaven for all time, until the end of days and the rapture, when it is believed that he will return and sort out the good from the wicked here on Earth, and return with the good into heaven and leave the wicked to decay and fester in the pits of Hell. Also, they both rock kick-ass beards.

In conclusion, The Lord of the Rings is not even a little bit about drugs. If you think so, you are probably definitely on drugs yourself. Thank you for reading.



DECEMBER HOROSCOPES

By Fred the Møose

Resident Psychic & Co-Head in Training

Aquarius: You will develop an unhealthy addiction to honey mustard.

Pisces: The Venezuelan Magician's Union will go on strike and will protest by carving "Sí, se puede" into your bathroom floor.

Aries: You will be drafted into the navy. You will captain a purple submarine, the USS Ryan Reynolds, and blow up 23 walruses that "look suspicious".

Taurus: The IRS is after you. You don't have much time. You can't run. You can't hide. Okay, maybe you can hide in that potted plant. Anyways, plan accordingly when they break down your door with a Ford F-150.

Gemini: You will forget what the dog from Scooby-Doo is called.

Cancer: The next Minecraft mob vote will feature the platypus, pelican, and ender pig. The winner will be whichever one you think is the best role model.

Leo: Joe Biden will nominate you as the 10th Supreme Court Justice! However, Congress will be busy spending 34 years bickering about whether a hot dog is a sandwich or not, so you will be stuck with life in a van down by the river.

Virgo: All of your adversaries will suffer.

Libra: All of your adversaries will make you suffer.

Scorpius: Nothing significant will happen to you.

Sagittarius: A constipated donkey will bite you on the forearm. The infection will spread to your pancreas and liver, but luckily the doctors will save you! In order to pay for treatment, you will have to sell your dog to Mark Zuckerberg.

Capricorn: You will witness an epic rap battle between Jack Black and Edgar Allen Poe. After listening to them drop sick beats and roasts for 4 straight weeks, you will be inspired to write a novel titled Why Baked Beans are a Nuisance.

Curious Savage Review

Reviewed by Skewer Head & Theater Expert

Yongle

The first show of the 2023-2024 season of theater at Mounds View opened this weekend to resounding success. This play was The Curious Savage. The Curious Savage is a comedic play written by John Patrick and is about a woman (Mrs. Savage) whose husband passed and left her with his estate. Her children, who are not biologically hers as her husband had them before marrying her, are corrupted with greed and want the estate for themselves. Mrs. Savage, however, wants to use the money to start a memorial fund, which gives money to people to ‘fund their crazy dreams.’ The setting of the play is in a sanatorium. Housing the characters The Cloisters, who each have a specific flaw. Mrs. Savage gets put in this sanatorium after her children claim that she spends her money without reason, however soon after her children discover that their father had left the entire estate (10 Million Dollars) to Mrs. Savage, who hid the money in untraceable bonds. After discovering this, the children demand to know where Mrs. Savage hid the bonds and Mrs. Savage leads them each on a wild goose chase to see how far their greed will make them go. As Mrs. Savage says, “There are a million things a man won’t do for five dollars, but there aren’t five things a man won’t do for a million.”

Now that I’ve provided a brief synopsis of the play, let us talk about the actual performance. To put it simply, the performance was amazing, the actors did a fantastic job! I want to take a moment to highlight some of the performances that I thought were extraordinary. Firstly, we have Titus Savage, one of Ms. Savage’s children. Luke Baker-Trinity played this role and used his immense talent to bolster the performance. I first witnessed Baker-Trinity’s talent in Little Shop of Horrors. He played Orin Scrivello, D.D.S. as well as the plant, Audrey II. He was easily one of the best performances in the show, and he was only a freshman! I am glad to say that Baker-Trinity had, once again, one of the best performances in the show. Next, we have Fairy May, one of the Cloisters. Eva Manrodt was able to give so much life to Fairy May’s character. The day that I saw the show, there were a few unplanned occurrences. The violin bow broke when Manrodt was trying to get a book off the shelf, and she pulled the phone off the table when trying to give it to another character. In spite of these mistakes, Manrodt was able to contain her laughter and move on with the play. Fairy May was easily one of the most expressive characters in the play. Finally, we have Mrs. Savage herself. This play wouldn’t have been the same without Anja Horsman’s performance. As the lead, she had the entire play on her shoulders and she still did an excellent job. She gave Mrs. Savage so much life and character and the audience could tell she was having a fantastic time on stage. Overall, the performance was fantastic and everyone did a fantastic job. The only thing that I would say is that I felt like Hannibal should’ve had a British accent... But that’s just me... Anyways, I give this performance of the Curious Savage an undisputed 5!

INTERVIEW

I have had the honor to interview Anja Horsman on her experience with the play. Here is that interview

Q. What was your favorite part of the show?

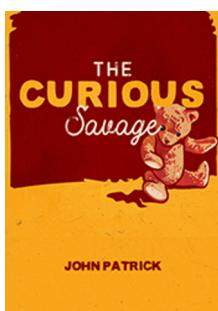
Horsman: “My favorite part was to learn how to have fun with a unique character. I feel like everyone else’s stories were pretty self-explanatory. But Mrs. Savage has a deeper meaning and playing around with that was fun.”

Q. What, if anything, would you say that you learned from this performance?

Horsman: “From this whole show, I’d learned a lot about how much kinder we need to be to each other.”

Q. What would you say to students who are potentially interested in theater?

Horsman: “Theater is a place where you can immediately get connected to a group of people who have the exact same interests as you. So making friends is so rewarding and great.”



FINAL VERDICT:
5/5 - Amazing Play

Plumb Bob Review

Reviewed by Physics & Construction Expert

Aimo Koivunen

Have you ever been a construction worker, and needed to measure vertical distances? You must have looked down with dread, horrified by the task of stacking dozens of yard sticks end to end in the near future. Dreading the task of eyeballing the height of your precious I-beams, you felt resigned to use inferior technology for a very important job. Well have I got the solution for you. The plumb bob. A plumb bob is a string with a weight attached to one end. This is a revolutionary instrument. So simple, yet so effective. Incredibly cheap, and accurate. As stated by a revered physics teacher, "The string always hangs straight down, so the plumb bob is very accurate." The first aspect I will be reviewing is the cost. The plumb bob is incredibly cheap, being just a string and a weight. You can get all sorts of lengths, for any job, at insanely cheap prices. You can also bundle the plumb bob into other tools, such as a precision chalk line reel, which allows you to draw precise lines, using string. One of these tools can go for only \$5-10!!! While a plumb bob is cheap, that does not mean it is useless, and breaks easily. The next thing I will be looking into is the plumb bob's functionality and lifetime. A plumb bob cannot be inaccurate, as it uses the laws of gravity to fall straight down, providing no horizontal interference. As long as a plumb bob's downward path is clear, your measurements will be perfect. It is a string and weight, which means no moving parts, no electricity, no risk of injury unless your construction site's resident idiot wants to get hit in the head with the tiny little bit on the end, and even then the head trauma will be minimal. Given its simple nature and durable components, it requires no maintenance, and can last for decades. Lastly, I will look at how fun it is. It is very fun. It is like a yo-yo, but useful. You can swing it in fun spinny circles around you. You can drop it from very high places and try to hit a target on the ground. You can even fly a kite from it. The only thing it is missing is a sound system to say "Boing! Boing!" to alert the user when it hits the ground, and to have a ton of good laughs over. Due to the endless fun, cheap price, versatile uses, and stellar functionality, I give the plumb bob a 9.5/10.

Young Joni's Review

Reviewed by Foreign Relations Expert & Food Critic

Foreign Correspondent

Ambiance:

Young Joni, located in the vibrant Northeast neighborhood of Minneapolis, welcomes guests with a warm and inviting ambiance. The restaurant's woodland decor coupled with the aroma of wood-fired ovens create an atmosphere that is both trendy and comfortable.

Appetizer:

The wood-fired grill is the heart of Young Joni's kitchen, and it reflects in their appetizers. The Smoked Char Wings are a wonderful choice, combining smokiness with a perfect crisp. The wings are coated in a tasteful glaze that provides a great balance between sweet and savory.

Main Course:

One of the highlights on the menu is the Wood-Grilled Pizza. The "Banh Mi" pizza showcases the chef's creativity, blending Vietnamese flavors with the comforting familiarity of pizza. The thin, blistered crust provides a satisfying crunch, while the toppings, including pork belly and pickled vegetables, deliver a harmonious fusion of textures and tastes.

Dessert:

For a sweet conclusion to the meal, the Salted Honey Pie stands out. This dessert is a testament to Young Joni's commitment to quality ingredients and artisanal craftsmanship. The buttery, flaky crust complements the rich, velvety filling, with just the right touch of salt to enhance the sweetness. It's a delightful way to end the meal on a high note.

Overall Impression:

Young Joni's commitment to wood-fired cooking and inventive flavor combinations makes it a gem in the Minneapolis dining scene. The restaurant's attention to detail, from the thoughtful presentation to the quality of ingredients, ensures a memorable experience for food enthusiasts looking for something beyond the ordinary. All in all, 9/10.

FINAL VERDICT:

9.5/10



FINAL VERDICT:

9/10

YOUNG | joni



Mind Blown Hog Review

Reviewed by Shitpost Expert & Hog Enthusiast

Aimo Koivunen

2 years ago, my life was a mess. I was 800 lbs, had no friends, and was failing all of my classes. I had not seen the sun or left the basement in more than 15 years. I was depressed, with no purpose in my life. My family hated me. To top it all off, I was diagnosed with more than 150 different types of cancer. But then I saw The Hog. My life was drastically changed instantly. I was filled with beautiful joy and purpose. My first action after viewing this perfect creation was to leap outside into the sunshine and lay in my yard, savoring the feel of the grass on my body for the first time in years. I became motivated, and made hundreds of friends in a mere few days, instantly becoming the most popular kid in school. I began to put my all into my studies. My GPA skyrocketed from a horrific 0.43 to a 7.65(unweighted), a GPA that makes the most intelligent and studious scholars green with envy. I began to lose weight, and after a long one and a half weeks of training, I was on course to compete in every single event in the summer olympics next time they roll around, and most likely will win at least 19 gold medals. My family was incredibly proud of the man I had become, and would stand by me in any endeavor I chose to complete perfectly. Even though I had 150 inoperable types of stage 4 cancer, I was happy. The incredible artwork I am writing of had taken away the pain I felt of being forced into a short life, and had made me treasure every moment left on this great green earth. As I went to chemotherapy as a last ditch effort, the doctors found something incredible. All of the cancer had disappeared. Not a single cancer cell left in my body. The Hog of Life had cured me. I celebrated my newfound time by curing every disease ever known. I was accepted into every college and university on the planet, and earned every degree they had. I pioneered new branches of math(99.7% of students surveyed said the new math was "really fun" to learn and we didn't even have to bribe them), science(including but not limited to: time travel, immortality for both people and pets, faster than light travel, and creation of new matter), and the arts(the 1-153 best selling books were all mine from 2022 until now, my paintings sell for an average of a 1.2 billion dollars each, and when asked "Who is the greatest artist of all time?" 83% of responses were me). I started businesses so successful that they crashed the economy by earning too much money. I then fixed the economy, solving world hunger and poverty. I forced the Nobel institution to start giving out weekly prizes, as I was discovering too much. I learned every language for the fun of it, and ran for President of the world. I won with just over 98% of the vote. I am the current holder of roughly 67% of all world records. I brought the dinosaurs back, without causing an ecological disaster. I have solved any and every problem that could be thought of, and even some that hadn't. A few short months later and dragon ball z fanatics theorized I could beat Goku with just one finger. Now, 2 years after I discovered these perfectly placed pixels God has resigned, and given the position of All Powerful Ruler of Eternity to me. None of this would have been possible without you-know-what. Without the artwork from the gods, I would be a nobody. The Great Boar gave me the motivation to change my life, and the strength and intelligence to make the world perfect. The one downside of the 200th anniversary Hog show is that I cannot visit any of the hundreds of art museums that I created in a cultural revolution. After viewing The Hog-Tron any other work of art is too simple and boring, created by mere mortals to be enjoyed by mortals. It is like visiting kindergarten math class after learning advanced calculus. You can never go back, and will never want to. Hoggidy Hog Hog changes your entire outlook on life. It makes the collective work of Picasso, Da Vinci, Van Gogh, and even our esteemed Principal Reetz look like child's play. Whoever drew this perfect epitome of visual light is far beyond anything that can ever be hoped to achieve ever again, now and forever into the future. You may claim that all of the achievements I have laid out for you are "impressive" but they are a candle compared to a supernova of incredible size. The divine artist who created The Sticker That Shapes Reality is by far the greatest living being there will ever be, even in a universe of infinite possibilities. Nothing has or can come close to it. To compare it to any other achievement would be similar to comparing a grain of sand to a desert the size of the observable universe. Humanity has become the greatest species in all of time and space, solely because of it. The Swine Of Stupendous Might has turned the advancement of society and the universe into a bell curve, because no matter how intelligent, technological and intellectual our species becomes we will never top this impossibly perfect work of art. Aliens shared their advanced technology with us, citing The Perfect Pixels as the only reason. They shared that "You humans have far surpassed us with this Artwork of A Warthog Whose Mind is Blown. We will share what we know, so that you can spread that divine truth to the rest of the universe". After the transformative day in which I laid eyes upon The One Truth This Universe Has to Offer, I have gone on a quest to find beauty, even something just one billionth as perfect as That One Thing You Know I'm Talking About. I have traveled the universe, seen all of time and space. None of it comes even close to Thy Perfect Specimen of Hog. I have seen things that would make the most stoic and detached of people burst into joyful tears, but was not moved at all. I would just remember Perfection in a Hog, and feel melancholy sadness at the fact that I will never see anything with any amount of joy ever again, but remembering the creation that fueled my search took the regret away. I could look at It for trillions of centuries, and never grow bored. I would rather die than live a life without Hoggling Around. Would it really be called living without access to The Peak of Emojis? No, a life without meaning is no life at all. Not everyone seems to agree with me, however. Some may try to argue that "Your silly Hog is just a stupid sticker on Apple phones, I don't even have an Apple phone, it's not that cool". To them, I say "I know thinking is hard, but you have to do it sometimes". Yes. "My silly Hog" is only on Apple phones as a sticker. You can see it on the internet, and can download it, and send it to all of your loved ones, so they may experience true happiness. People send each other images all the time, why not make the Hog a regular? If you say The Hog from New Hogland is stupid, or not that cool, I present a story. A short summary of Plato's Allegory of the Cave. A group of people are trapped in a cave, and see nothing but shadows and darkness. They are unable to look at the light at the mouth of the cave, but only the shadows cast from it. They believe that there are only shadows in their sad existence, not realizing the true beauty just 180 degrees away. One of the cave dwellers gathers the courage to leave the cave, and is astounded by the new and

incredible world they encounter. They return to the cave and urge all of the fellow cave people to come out into the light, and see the world for how it truly is. The cave people try, and are shocked by the bright lights. The light hurts their eyes, so they retreat back to what they know, back into darkness and ignorance. This story is a metaphor for It-Which-I am-Reviewing, and those who resist the truth. Those who say that The Hog(real) is stupid are just the fools stuck in the cave, afraid that I will show them the light of something they cannot comprehend, and that it will change their pitiful lives too much for their tiny brains to handle. They are content to live in intellectual squalor, afraid to admit they have wasted their lives foolishly without The Greatest Thing of all Time. They lash out at others, projecting their regret and sorrow onto the enlightened few. Others may argue that life inherently has no meaning, so why enjoy The Glorious Presence of the Supreme Hog? If you believe that life has no meaning, why not try to make your pointless stay on this insignificant speck of dust flying through space as enjoyable as possible before you return to spacedust and are forgotten forever. This kind of thinking is derived from the philosophy of optimistic nihilism. This is the belief that nothing matters, not from the perspective of your life amounts to nothing, but that we can create our own purpose in a meaningless universe. If you and all of your accomplishments will inevitably be forgotten, why hold back? Ask your crush out, make that incredibly unwise decision, COMMIT TAX FRAUD!!!!!! Since life has no intrinsic meaning, why not spend your time doing nothing but staring at an apple sticker? You will not need to feel guilty of time wasted, as no action you take is more meaningful than another. Hog(verb) is most certainly the most fun way to burn through the decades of life you have, and Hogging is completely organic, conflict free, with no added GMOs. It might also change your outlook on life. I used to be a pessimistic nihilist, given that in the past I had 75 different cancers and no friends, but The God of Hog changed that. It filled me with glorious purpose. I now spend my days happier than anyone I know, because I spend them spreading the joy of The Hogaroni Pizza to all who will have it. I used to have boring hobbies: skydiving, traveling all over the world, space travel, and scuba expeditions to hundreds of coral reefs. Hoggin' with my friends is so much better. It fills you with jubilation beyond description, far more than any other worldly pleasure or experience. To even stoop so low to call it "worldly" would be an insult. Even though I believe life overall has no meaning, MY life has meaning, just because of Hogolympics. The third and final significant dissent regarding My Favorite Reflection of Visible Light is that some people claim to have already found fulfillment and meaning in life, so why should they need to experience something new, like a Life Changing Livestock? Even if you feel fulfilled in life, I still recommend a daily dose of The Wonderful Hog. It will do nothing but make you more happy, and who does not want extra happiness in their life? Given that you are already content with your life, you will spread the extra happiness to those around you. This is similar to the trickle down effect in economics, but with actual trickling. The premise of trickle down economics is that if the rich have more money, they will invest it into their assets, creating jobs and industry. The principle is similar for cheeriness. If you are satisfied with your life, any extra positivity you encounter will be radiated back out into the world, improving the moods of others. When something makes you happy, you tell someone about it. That is just human nature. When Your Very First Hog inevitably alters the way you see the world, you will spread the word. Those who you talk frequently to will see you change, and realize what changed you. They will spread the word to their friends and coworkers, creating a pyramid scheme of perfect merriment. The world will exponentially improve, as more and more see the impossible perfection of The King of Hogs. The human species will be unified under a common love, a love for Hogathalons that no one can deny. Even if you care little for the people around you, The Wonderful World of Hog can still change your very happy life. The Great Hog in the Sky is just better than others sources of meaning and fulfillment that us humans seek. It will simply make you feel better. You will look back on your life before gold turned to Hog, and feel shocked at the changes that it has caused. Life before Hoggling Up a Storm will feel like a nightmare, one that you woke from long ago. A life devoted to what some may call just another apple sticker will make even the most happy person turn their back on everything they have ever done, and that person will be better for it. You will need nothing but to view the Sacred Sticker, not even food, water or shelter. You will ascend beyond the mere flesh and blood of humanity, and become something much greater, all due to the object of your admiration, if you can even call something so amazing a mere object. It will transform you from merely a primate in the status quo into a being above all other mortals, even above death itself. It is so perfect, so beautiful, so breathtaking, so spectacular, so magnificent, so wonderful, so awe-inspiring, so astounding, so amazing, so astonishing, so stupendous, so incredible, so mind blowing(get it?), and so incomparable that I propose the nations of the world collaborate to create a monument worthy of the life-changing work of art that The Holiest of Hogs is. If all of the peoples on the earth get together, we can accomplish incredible things. Using the technology I pioneered after discovering The Great Hogdini, a monument can be created that blows 7 of the wonders of the world out of the water. I have planned this since my first nobel prize, my first billion dollars, the first art museum that only has my work in it. I propose we harvest the free-floating gas all over our Milky Way galaxy, and create a supermassive nebula hovering in our night sky with the shape of The Hog, and a five thousand light year radius. The first step in this mammoth project is to secure access to unlimited energy. We can achieve this by taking the closest few hundred stars, and creating Dyson Spheres. A Dyson Sphere is a theoretical structure that would be built around a star. It would act as a large array of solar panels, collecting almost all of the heat and light the star produces. The energy from the first one we build will enable us to construct 23 more. We repeat this process until we have 1,683 Dyson Spheres, which will provide enough power to fully complete this project. The second step is to terraform and colonize other habitable planets throughout the solar system and galaxy. This will allow us to quarry for the important materials required to start collecting the gas that will make up the mural. It will also allow us to gain multiple viewpoints on the mural itself, to make construction more accurate.

Mind Blown Hog Review

Reviewed by Shitpost Expert & Hog Enthusiast

Aimo Koivunen

We will require access to 36,124,762 Earths of usable material to create the tools needed for the mural. After colonizing, we will use the raw materials and the energy to create massive gas collectors. We can collect gas 2 ways: first, we can create barges to travel in the interstellar medium, which is free floating gas. After we have collected enough gas to make a good start, we can use stellar engines to move the stars captured in the Dyson Spheres into the mural, and artificially accelerate the star's death. This will give us enough gas and material to work with. By strategically placing the largest stars in the mural, we can collapse them into unstable black holes, and briefly pull the gas into place. If we do it right, then the mural will construct itself. The final step is to ensure it is enjoyed from all angles. To do this, it is simple. Truly elementary. Just warp spacetime so that no matter where you are, the mural is viewed as if directly from the front. An alternative route could involve light refraction, if warping spacetime is too hard. The next step is to remove gravity from the area. Due to relativity, if there is no gravity present in the nebula, it will never age, and never change. This will preserve it perfectly and permanently. The final step is to build a transparent shield around the entire thing. This will prevent drifting stars from interfering. After all of these things, you will have a supermassive nebula shaped like the single greatest portrayal of a boar. There may be some of you who say this project would be a waste of time. You are wrong. Even if you somehow managed to make a convincing argument, the collective of humanity will disagree. In order to know about this project, the people will know of Hog Returned. Having the knowledge of the greatest creation, they will be enlightened, and realize that said perfect creation needs to be immortalized far beyond the blink that the human race will be, in comparison to the universe. The billions of sentient beings in the future need to experience the greatest part of life as we have, to have a chance to view true perfection, and strive for it. While unrelated to the project at large, the true final step would be to make a movie about Our Favorite Boar, and place copies in billions of beacons all around the universe. The Hogster is perfect, and as such, needs a perfect plot for its movie. The movie will open in Zimbabwe, massive boars, or bushpigs, roaming free. The camera pans to the protagonist, as the hired help warns him of the danger. The protagonist, Michael, offers himself as bait, so he can capture some boars and bring them back to his lab. There is a transition to a flashback, 25 years prior in Greece. It is revealed that Michael has a rare disease that makes it very difficult to walk and forces him into a life of pain. He is at a special hospital dedicated to this disease. The chief doctor introduces Michael to the newest patient, Milo. Michael and Milo become fast friends, when suddenly, Milo's life support fails. Michael, being ten years old at the time, frantically rushes to repair it. Dr. Nicholas is incredibly impressed by the fact that Michael repaired the machine with just junk, and sends him to a school for gifted children. Michael writes Milo a letter, and it falls out the window. Milo travels outside, and sees that a bunch of bullies have stolen his letter. He attacks one out of rage, and the kids start beating him up. Nicholas passes by, and comes to the rescue, terrorizing the kids. He lectures Milo, saying he needs to be more careful. There is a brief interlude where Michael, a doctor now, wins a Nobel prize for the life saving medicine he invented using the boars. Then Michael is in present day New York, working to cure the disease with his coworker, Dr. Martine. She berates him for rejecting the prize while he experiments. A nurse rushes in to get the doctors' attention, and brings them to a kid who has the same disease as Michael. They are forced to induce a coma in order to save her life, and returning to the lab, see that his latest cure has succeeded in early tests. He goes to see his friend Milo, who is now rich because of his life of crime. They have a nice friendly chat, commenting on Milo's horrible fashion sense. Michael tells Milo of the potential for a cure, and they go on a walk in the park to discuss it. Michael says it will be expensive, risky, and needs to be done in international waters. Milo says that Michael will have everything he could need. Now Michael and Martine are on a cargo ship, finalizing the cure. This will be the first time the audience can see the cure, and it is the essence of the one and only Hog. Michael decides he will be the first test subject, and makes a few back up Essences to cure Milo and the coma girl. Michael injects The Essence of Our Swinelike Savior into his spine while showing off his skeleton physique, and begins convulsing and transforming. The mercenaries Milo hired sense a disturbance, and start harassing Martine. Michael, mad with raw power beyond human comprehension, obliterates the first goon. The others rush in to help him, and push Martine out of the way, and she hits her head and falls unconscious. Michael, with truly unlimited power, vaporizes the rest of the mercenaries for their crimes of hurting Martine. When he comes back to his senses, he is horrified by what he did. He sees himself in a mirror, looking like a massive, muscular, strong man, a huge contrast from just moments before. He calls in a mayday for the ship, grabs the cures, and swims to shore. Two FBI investigators, Agents Rodriguez and Stroud, take a look at the crime scene, and try to deduce what happened. They are informed of Martine being the sole survivor, and that someone else made the mayday call. They then try to interrogate Martine, but she is unconscious. Michael heads to the hospital, and is very sad that Martine is unconscious. Michael rushes to his lab, feeling a craving deep in his bones. He runs into the storage closet, and Hognifies the head of the anatomy model. The anatomy model is overcome with the perfect beauty of The Hoginator, and its head explodes. He realizes with horror that he will have to blow the mind of something or someone every few hours in order to survive. He begins to learn more about his power to try and control it. He leaps and flies through his lab, doing things that would easily be considered superhuman. He goes into the boar pen, and they accept him as one of their own. He throws a ball with all of his considerable might, closes his eyes, and catches it with ease, using the power of precognition. Michael decides that his power comes at too much of a cost, and locks himself in the closet to prevent any more casualties. Milo comes wandering into the lab, and sees Michael dying in the closet. Michael tells him to grab a model skull, and Milo complies. He leaps forward, and blows the skull's mind. Milo is shocked. Michael found a cure. He begs Michael for the cure and Michael refuses. He says that this cure is a curse, that he is forced to explode heads daily. Milo does not care, and wants it anyway. Michael then gets angry and kicks him out of the lab. As Milo leaves, the agents go to interview Martine, who had just woken up. She tells

them basically nothing, but they leave being more suspicious of Michael. Now, as the lab closes, an assistant is leaving to go home, in a hallway with motion sensing lights. She hears a sound, and sees lights turn on in the distance. She asks if anyone is there, but there is no answer. She panics, and runs to the master light switch. She is caught, and as the camera zooms out, her head explodes. Michael wakes up in his office chair, having slept the night there. His head explode timer is going off, and in the distance, he hears a commotion over the dead body. He can sense that the police are coming, so he takes some bobbleheads and flees. Right as he is exiting the building, he is stopped by none other than Stroud and Rodriguez. They ask him to come and answer some questions, and he beats them up and runs away. He leaps up a roof access stairwell in one bound, followed closely by the police. He dumps his goodie bag, and runs. He runs so fast, his powers create wind that nearly blasts him to his death. While he was fighting the wind for his life, the police catch up with him, and arrest him. They then interrogate him, saying that while he did kill the mercenaries, they could have excused that because the mercs were hardened criminals. They asked him why he murdered the poor lab worker, and he does not know, he gets overwhelmed by his craving, and almost explodes their heads. Then the interrogation ends. He is interrupted in his cell by his "lawyer" who is actually Milo. Milo comforts Michael, saying he does not belong in prison, and that he was not the kind of man who would kill the lab worker. He then tells Michael to embrace who he is, and leaves him a bobblehead to get his powers back. Milo then saunters out of the prison, walking with ease despite his horrible disease. Michael looks near the bobblehead, and is filled with rage. Milo's cane was still in the cell. Milo had taken the cure. He explodes the bobblehead's head and punches through the concrete wall with a bellow of anger, leaping into the city. Milo, on his merry way, buys a newspaper, with Michael's "killings" being the front page. The vendor insults Michael, so Milo explodes his head. Michael senses this, and confronts Milo. Milo sucker punches Michael into a subway entrance, and they fight their way underground, before being stopped by the police. Milo then kills the officers and their reinforcements, and Fortnite dances on the dead bodies. He then says that since he and Michael have lived with fear of death for their entire lives, that everyone else should feel that too. He attacks Michael, and as a train approaches, Michael feels that same wind from the roof. He leaps right in front of the train, and makes a flying escape from his friend-turned nemesis. The focus shifts to Martine as she commits a crime by evading the police. She hides on a bus, and happens to run into Michael. They sit down to have coffee. Michael explains his condition, how he needs to blow someone's mind every few hours, and that time is decreasing, and New York is running out of fake heads. He clarifies that Milo killed everyone but the mercenaries, and that he is out of control. He says he needs to make a cure, but has lost access to his lab. He overhears some idiots talking about their lab, and decides to follow them. He tracks them across the city, into a grungy basement. The head honcho tells Michael to leave, and when he doesn't, tries to stab him. Michael catches his hand, and breaks all of the bones in it. This is when he speaks the immortal phrase "the pretty little stinky pinky". The goons flee and Michael starts building fancy science things. As he builds, the song "EKSE" by Off The Meds starts playing. To the tune of "Have sex! Excess!" Milo dances across his house, showing off his huge muscles while getting dressed. He does wonderful dances, and then goes out to a club. He starts flirting with a girl, and some random guy gets mad, and spills his drink. He pretends that it's fine, and leaves. As soon as that guy and his friends leave the bar, he explodes all of their heads. He then heads over to Michael's lab, and sees Martine. He starts flirting with her too, and asks where Michael is. She does not tell him, and he leaves. The police break down Martine's door to try and find Michael, but her house is empty. She even took the cat. Now, she feeds it, hidden away in an abandoned building with Michael. Michael sees a bobblehead, and goes into Hungry Hog mode. He apologizes to Martine, saying that he would never hurt her, and they go on the roof. They start kissing, and Milo watches them from far away(what a creep!). The agents have finally caught on to Milo's antics at the bar, but they think Michael did it. One of them grabs CCTV footage, and realizes that there is more than one Hogger. Nicholas is watching the news, and is stuck by the story of the copycat Hog killer. Milo walks in, and Nicholas says that Milo should start using nonliving heads. Milo gets angry, and yells at him for preferring Michael. Nicholas attempts to argue back, but Milo stabs him and leaves. Now Michael is concocting his cure. He tells Martine it is not a cure, but in fact, is "deadly to hogs, fatal to humans", and is going to use it to kill Milo. He suddenly gets a call from Nicholas, and rushes over to help him. He sees Nicholas dying on the floor, but his mentor does not want to get help. In his final moments, Nicholas urges Michael to kill Milo, and put an end to the death once and for all. He is mourning the loss of his friend when he hears Martine screaming in the distance. Milo kidnapped her, to force Michael out of hiding. He then hears Martine get killed by Milo. He roars through the sky towards Milo, but only finds Martine's body. As he watches her die, he cries a single tear, and it falls on her face in the shape of The Great Hogathon. His spirit breaks, and he explodes her head. After he sits there weeping, Milo comes out of hiding, and fights him. They clash and fight through a high-rise construction site, and Michael makes a fatal error, slipping. Milo grabs him, and throws him against the side of a nearby hotel, slamming his face into hundreds of feet of glass, before throwing him with such force that he blasts all the way through the ground into a sewer system. Michael collapses to the ground, and lets out a scream of "HOG RIDER!!!!!!". All of the New York sewer boars hear this, and rush to the rescue of their savior. Milo laughs at Michael, and mocks him for being weak. The horde of boars shows up, and rallies behind Michael. Milo grabs a rebar pole, and prepares to skewer Michael. The boars swarm him, and make any counterattack impossible. Michael readies his cure, and kills Milo. Milo and Michael engage in a touching last moment, and Michael calls him by his birth name of Lucian. Stroud and Rodriguez have found Michael, and have surrounded the hole. A flood of wild boars explode out of the hole, Michael in their midst. As he rides away into safety, the shot pans to Martine, who is back, as a Hogger, to set up for a juicy sequel. This is the end. The credits roll.

Mind Blown Hog Review

Reviewed by Shitpost Expert & Hog Enthusiast

Aimo Koivunen

Some of you may be thinking that this plot I have just listed is very similar to a different cinematic masterpiece. That is true. The plot is based off of Morbius, because Morbius is the greatest movie of all time, nothing even comes close to it in terms of cinematography and artistic creation. It is a work of genius. Every scene perfectly placed, easter eggs that astound even on the twentieth viewing, characters that you truly can relate to in your heart. Morbius cannot be improved upon, by anyone or anything, except maybe a cameo by Ryan Reynolds. A movie so perfect deserves to be immortalized in time, with a spin-off film in its honor. Morbius will be remembered forever, as the greatest moving image to ever grace computer screens. Morbillions of tickets sold, on just the first day. Every theater played Morbius nonstop for weeks, and it still wasn't enough for all the fans. They crowded around in droves, creating lines that took days to clear. Times Square started playing Morbius on the jumbotron, just to alleviate the pressure. The President called a government shutdown, so that the world would fully pause for all to enjoy this perfect creation. All wars and conflict stopped, and the world was unified in love for Morbius. Jared Leto, the Chosen One, became the richest man ever after agreeing to a 0.01% royalty deal for the movie's earnings. A vote was held, and Morbius was inducted into the Everything Hall of Fame, and is the only thing there to this day, save for the Incredible Hog. The visual design is shocking, and I recommend bringing a box of tissues, to clear your eyes as they weep with joy in every scene. The CGI is so real you would think they spent the entire US budget on it. The acting is perfect, characters written as though it was a true story. I could watch Morbius a thousand times a day and not tire of it, the movie being so powerful it creates 1,611 hour days just so I can watch it that many times. Before discovering The Great and All Powerful Boarman, Morbius was the only reason I had to live. Without Morbius, I would have had nothing. I have claimed that nothing has ever come close to Thy Great Hog, but that is a lie. There are two things, far above all, hand in hand with perfect harmony. Morbius and The Hogithon. To say one is better than the other would be an insult to conscious creatures in all of time and space. Some say that good things come in threes. I disagree. If there was a third thing, I would have seen it. I have traveled everywhere all at once for all of time to look for such a third thing, and am certain it does not exist. Every other object in the universe is up to subjective interpretation. These two are not. They are perfect from an objective point of view. There is no way to improve it in any way that will not break the universe as we know it. There are those who falsely claim Morbius has no coherent plot. They do not possess the intellectual capacity to understand. They are like a five year old calling astrophysics incoherent. They simply are not built to understand. They are not among the morbillions and morbillions of loyal fans, who know the true art hidden beneath the surface. Those who have devoted their lives to understanding every aspect of this film. I have seen Morbius 367 billion times, but that is nothing compared to the time and dedication that the true experts have put in. One day, I aspire to be as great as them, having seen the movie hundreds of thousands of times. After watching it more than 1,000 times, you gain the power to see it in your mind, to always be watching Morbius, to improve your understanding of this creative work with more layers than a thousand onions. I have arrived at that stage, and am close to having seen it so many times that time melts around me, allowing me to watch it thousands of times a second. I have heard tales of Morbius' miraculous powers, the life changing art that it is. There have been people like me, who used to be sad and alone, not to amount to anything. Morbius changed their lives, much like the Hog with no rider changed mine. The cry of "it's morbin' time" has lead armies to victory, united warring people, saved thousands of lives. I can even confirm that Michael DID SAY THIS in the movie. I am an expert, having watched the movie more times than I can count. Anyone who says they saw it, and that the greatest utterance of all time was not actually included in the movie, they are all fools. They were not truly watching, for to grasp the true gravity of this movie, you must feel the Morbs, hear the Morbs, be the Morbs. You cannot simply just sit on your couch and watch it, expecting to get anything out of it. Morbius can take you on a wonderful and insightful journey, if you will only let it. Set aside the notions of the past, the ignorant neanderthals who tell you the movie is "not that good". Set aside the poor reviews by the moronic critics, the same dense, brainless lunatics who said the very movie that killed the Star Wars franchise was good. I could write another 10,000 words on how The Last Jedi was equivalent to a methhead's post taco bell shit, but that is for another time. We are talking about good things here, not bad. Morbius even has an incredible soundtrack. The song "have sex" during the Milo Morbius Shirtless Dance scene was unreal. It brought that scene from just amazing to ethereal. Milo doing 2 push ups while "I put my ants in yes" plays behind him made me feel things that I didn't know were even possible. Even on this 376 billion and first viewing, that song brings tears to my eyes, something only the Hog, and Michael's very real cry of "it's morbin' time" can do. The incredible depth of the movie is unheard of. This movie could not have been written by mere humans, or any being on this plane of existence. It had to come from a higher power, one who knows all, and who used that power for the right reasons. To make a movie about the vampire from Marvel Comics. To grace the pathetic human race with a creation far beyond perfect. Due to the unreal perfection of Morbius, I give it an

$$\left(\frac{(\infty!)^{\frac{(\infty!)}{0}}}{0} \right)^{\frac{(\infty!)}{0}}$$

out of 10, using the mathematical theory that dividing by zero is equivalent to multiplying by a factor of infinity, which is equivalent to 2 Morbillions. But that's not all. This perfect being, only topped by its own creation, did it again, and created nothing other than the picture that saved my life, The Real Hog of Planet Earth. I believe there is only one who could accomplish such a task. A visionary. A genius. Aaron Willford, teacher at Mounds View High School. He is the one who guided me through Precalculus, and enlightened me on many subjects of math that are incredibly important to continue my journey into Calculus now. The year began with Willford telling his story. A gripping tale of Alaskan shenanigans, his 5 children, eating far too much salmon, and high school stories. He lived

in Alaska for all of high school, moving to Minnesota for college, and ultimately the rest of his life. His home was in a small town, and he did lots of silly things, like drive a snowmobile to school, and eat so much salmon that he no longer likes it. While he told us many stories on the first day, much more of his life was revealed throughout the year in the wonderful tangents he took the class down. The first unit was a classic: Functions. A type of graph that has only one X value per Y value. This was the unit we learned of Willford's trickery. He would give us opportunities to gamble against him, betting burritos instead of money. One of the most important lessons he taught us was that the house(Willford himself, in this case) always wins. At the end of the semester he was about a dozen burritos up, and had only lost 2. The rest of Unit 1a was simple, just testing what was a function, and remembering examples of all of the base functions, and how to modify them. Unit 1 was going to continue for a long, long time, almost until New Years. The next part of Unit 1 was Unit 1b. We learned of different varieties of functions, following the pattern of x, x squared, x cubed, and so on. This is when Willford introduced his brilliant way of completing example problems. We would get in groups, and do our work on the whiteboard. He would give us problems that were so complex that almost every group would get a different answer, and then explain it away like it was child's play. He taught us like Thomas Edison learned to make the lightbulb. He taught us 10,000 ways NOT to do precalculus, and in the process showed us the right way. We modified graphs, and found out how to determine when equations such as $x^3+55x^2+33x+12$ are equal to zero. There are two ways: long division, and synthetic division. Long division is much more painful, but has far more use cases than synthetic division. That breaks up the function into much easier to solve equations, such as $(x+2)(3x+5)$. We also learned about how to multiply long equations out, such as $(5x-6)^2$. There is a tool for resolving this, Pascal's triangle. It will show you the perfect ratios of every combination of the two terms, and turn it from a nice little condensed 2 term expression into an abomination of mathematics. Test was about as easy as the classwork, so nothing unexpected. The next unit was Unit 1c, on rational functions. Despite the name, there is nothing rational about these functions. They are nonsensical, some variety of $1/x$, with barely any tangible rules for graphing. We started simple, and gradually worked our way up to equations that looked more like children scribbling on graph paper than anything else. We learned about how when the bottom of the fraction approaches zero, the graph shoots basically straight up, and does not have a value at that point. If the part equaling zero is on the top as well as the bottom, then there is just a gap, and no abnormalities otherwise. Then comes the fun part. End behavior. You had to figure out which part of the function would be biggest, and how that would change as the x-value nears infinity. Every part of this unit was confusing, but the unit test was far easier than the classwork, so that was nice. The next and worst function type was found in Unit 1d, the logarithmic function. This function is the opposite of an exponent, and it is very annoying to use. I will not attempt to teach the logarithm to all of the readers who have certainly made it this far into my article, as your brain will be far too numb to comprehend it after 6818 words. The basics are as follows: $\log 10^{100} = 2$. The little number is the base, the big number is the result, and the number it equals is the exponent required. So in the example, $10^2=100$, so $\log 100 = 2$. Now onto the graph. We did not really work that much with this graph, as it is very simple. It starts out near 0, very negative, and gets larger at a slower and slower rate. The real fun began when we started solving algebraic equations with logs. If you have to solve $6x=60,466,176$, then using logs will help us determine $x=10$. This is much more fun when it's not simple algebra like that, but incredibly complicated and convoluted. This unit was widely regarded as one of the worst, and the test reflected that, with the average quite lower than any other test. After this unit, the class was incredibly relieved to be moving on from functions, but they were fools. Unit 2 was awful. Matrices. These are ways to solve for systems of equations. Here is an example of a system: $5x+3y-7z=50$, $2x-y+3z=22$, and $x+y+z=2$. In order to solve these equations, you need to get one variable by itself. You can do this by turning the equations into a big box of numbers, and using certain operations on them. I will not try to explain this painful topic, but instead link more information if you wish to learn more here. As we trudged through the unit, it was like trying to cross a river of molasses. Our spirits crushed, Willford tells us a story. A story of his college education, and doing a single matrix problem that took up 6 full pages. He had succeeded in convincing a group of 30 people to never become math teachers. This unit was so awful, we had 2 tests, and they were both highly difficult. Our hard work was rewarded. The next unit was Unit 3, probability. This was the greatest unit of the entire year, and I will tell you why. Almost every single day of this unit, our wonderful teacher told us stories. Stories of gambling, and how you will always lose in the long run. Stories of his childhood in Alaska. We learned of his exploits with the high school basketball team. Endless convincing us that the lottery is a waste of time, showing us the foolishness of even trying. He gave us the gift of dozens of hours of his silly adventures, and told us hundreds of reasons that the casinos will always win, and showed us the true power of counting cards. We learned how to calculate the likelihood of certain things occurring. However the silliness of all of this unit's stories cannot be put into this article, without making this into a novel. The test was fairly easy, leading to a very nice unit. It was also the last unit of the semester, which meant that after this, the horror started. Trigonometry. A series of patterns and ratios that all right triangles follow. We learned of sine, cosine and tangent. We were forced to memorize certain "special angles", and their ratios. Then the true horror started. The next day, we came into class to find paper plates and licorice. We measured the radius and diameter of the plate, and by the end of the lesson, had discovered the one true abomination of math. Radians. Say goodbye to degrees, which we had worked with for literally a decade. Say hello to a stupid new system of measurement, not in whole numbers but fractions of pi. The test was simple, however, so this unit wasn't THE worst. The next unit, we used the things we had learned to graph the functions. The sine and cosine behaved like most common graphs, and we quickly picked up the ways to alter the graphs. Tangent, on the other hand, was not that simple. A confusing graph with patterns repeating after every pi on the x, going up and down to infinity at those points.

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The transformations were slightly more difficult, but since we only had to graph one section, I picked it up quickly. The test was of average difficulty. Overall not a terrible unit. The final part of Unit 4 was sine wave applications. We took the sine and cosine graphs, and figured out "practical applications" for them. We took the graphs we had made last unit, and turned them into something every student dreads: word problems. We graphed from word problems, turned graphs into word problems. Very nice unit. The next unit was not nice. In fact, the next unit was so bad, it was almost as bad as Spencer's management of the Skewer. He never puts out issues on time, he cuts tons of articles, and to top it off, he has the nerve to get ANGRY at me for making this article over 10,000 words long. He even puts spelling mistakes in the TITLES of articles. Not small, one letter typos, but TWO WHOLE TITLES. How insane. Just like Unit 5a: Trigonomic identities. One reason students hate high level math is the lack of use. They argue that unless going into a certain career, they will never use the things they learn. This unit is the embodiment of that. It is so astronomically useless, I am not sure anyone aside from teachers have ever used it at any point in time. The entire unit was dedicated to proving two mathematical piles of vomit were equivalent. You did this using certain formulas, like those listed here. But that's not all. The two mathematical piles of vomit were so complicated, so convoluted, that we would only have one or two homework problems, and almost no one ever got anything right. What is even worse is that the entire unit could be negated by simply plugging in 2 or 3 different numbers to both sides of the equation. We would spend the entire class hour on one problem, before our savior Willford would show us the way, which was always absurd. Everyone in class was sure we all would get a 1 on the test. As that dreaded day loomed closer, all of the precalculus students mourned their grades. But there was a miracle. Willford, in his tricky genius, had over prepared us. He had given us horrible problems, and a brain dead test. We could have aced that test after day 2. We all had so much fear and anxiety, all for it to evaporate in the face of a simple test. That test literally made me hog. Thank you Willford, very cool! Unit 5b was much, much nicer. We solved algebraic equations with the variables located inside of the trigonomic functions. We learned about inverse functions to undo the original, and how that could quickly become complicated. However, it was a very simple unit, and reasonably fun as well. The test was very easy too. Very nice unit. The next unit built off of all of our previous knowledge. In the past, we could use sine, cosine, and tangent to determine missing information in right triangles. Now, we level this up to apply to each and every triangle out there. If it has three sides, we can use it. Willford taught us two strategies. One that was simple, but needed more information. The law of sines. The other was much more complicated, but did not require anything special. The law of cosines. We used these two laws in many word problems, solving dozens of triangles. If you want more information, find it here. We were given negligible information, and expected to find silly things with it. This unit had almost all word problems, which made it even more fun. The test was nothing special, not even worth remembering. The next unit continued the trend of taking good and normal math things, and making them stupid. This time instead of angle measures, it was also the coordinate system. It was replaced with the polar system, which used angle measures, and distance from the center instead. We labored on graphing new types of functions, which in themselves were not hard. The hard part came when we had to put normal coordinate equations, also known as cartesian equations, into the polar plane. It was like algebra, but a thousand times worse. Unlike past math concepts, I will not be linking anything because I don't feel like it. You try writing 10,000 words and explaining math concepts after. I don't think you would either. The test was about average in difficulty, fair for what we had done. The final unit of precalc was upon us now. Unit 7, conics. Conics are all the kinds of round graphs you can get, such as a circle, an oval or ellipse, and a hyperbola. I am sure you all know what circles and ellipses look like, so I will only briefly explain hyperbolas. Hyperbolas are almost circles, except on either the left or right there is a little bump on it. It can be an indent, or another mini little circle located inside. All of these graphs were relatively simple, but just needed practice to master. Overall, a very nice unit, and a fair test. Now that we had mastered all of the skills of precalculus, it was time. Time for the ARCC mandated final exam. We had a week to study, and a huge study guide spanning the entire year. Willford would walk us through important questions up on the board, but still give us time for individual work(also known as goofing around with friends). When the final arrived, Wilford calmly informed us it would be worth a medium sized portion of our grade. I did not fear however, because the further back in the year the questions went, the more simple they got. I ended the year with a victory, securing a good grade in the class. It was a bittersweet time. I thought I would never set foot in the paradise of Willford's class again, but I was wrong. Willford, who last year only taught precalc, was branching out. I was being a madman, and took both AP Calculus and CIS Statistics. In a miracle of chance, Willford stepped up to teach stats. I was saved. One more semester with the great Aaron Willford, a teacher of ages. The first unit of stats taught us how to use a simulation program, Tinkerplots™. While we did not dive too deep into advanced topics, this unit taught us everything we needed to know about making simulations. The test was not too bad, and came in two parts. One individual test, and another with a group. The next unit was Unit 2. For whatever reason, these units had no names, but this one was more about stats than Tinkerplots™. We learned what the standard deviation was and how to calculate it, and how it can help determine what is likely. We learned that the function for standard deviation in Tinkerplots™ was STDDev, much funny, very hog. If the desired data point is within 2 standard deviations of the mean value of your model, it is likely that the data could occur under that model due to random chance. We used this concept to create simulations of real world data, and determine if a certain treatment or effect was actually due to the predicted variable, and not just random. This like all other tests was split into group and solo tests, and it was just fine. Next came Unit 3. We are nearing the end of this unit as I write this, so this is as far as I will take you. This unit we learned how to properly set up an experiment, so that only the variable we want to change is changing. We learned that the best way to assure both the control and experimental groups have similar base

characteristics is random assignment. On average, if you randomly put the participants in groups, they will be the same. We proved that in our class. We also learned of things called confounding variables. These are things that could affect the end result of the experiment, but the researchers don't know about. An example of this could be previous skill level in an athletic study, or a better immune system in a clinical trial of a medicine. As Thanksgiving break neared, Willford realized we would not have time for an entire activity on the Friday before break. So, in his infinite wisdom, he decided we would play a game. Farkle. Farkle is similar to yahtzee, but different. You roll six dice, and score based on different patterns. Ones are 100 points, and fives are 50. 3 of a kind in one roll gives you 100*the number, and 3 ones is 500. 4 of a kind is 1,000. 5 is 2,000. All 6 in one roll with the same number is 3,000 points. You can choose to keep some scoring dice, but if you want to put some back and roll for higher chances if you want. Your goal is to get 10,000 points, but you cannot go over. In order to start getting points, you need an initial score of 600. If you manage to score on all 6 dice over a series of rolls, you can take all 6 and start again, adding the new points to the old. However, if you roll again and get no points, you lose everything you added up that round. Do this three times in a row and you lose 1,000 points. While no one won the game in the one class hour, we got pretty high up using one timeless strategy. We all kept gambling. Even if the chances seem slim, keep gambling. The only way to win is to gamble. Playing it safe just means you don't risk a tiny amount for a MASSIVE amount of points. If you gamble hard enough, you could win on the first turn. 99% of people stop gambling right before their big win. Most of the 1% make the foolish mistake of "quitting while you're ahead". Why quit when you are ahead, when you can regamble your winnings and make even more! The group I played with decided to remind each other of this fact every turn by chanting "Keep Gambling! Keep Gambling! Keep Gambling!". Incredibly fun time, which shows Willford's versatility in being both a great educator and a great guy. He was even so good at teaching that the local newspaper named him the best teacher of all time. That is not an understatement. Willford is brilliant. His style of teaching is unparalleled, and he doesn't just teach you, he draws you in with his incredible charisma and makes you take a genuine interest in all but the most awful topics. He tells stories almost every day, with the sole purpose of making math class fun. He lets you learn through conversation, not just talking at you. He gives you opportunities to learn from and interact with your peers as well, and even has fun class traditions like "Family Feud Friday". He gives out candy to those who are daring enough to answer complex questions. He also gives the confident a chance to try their luck, and win big. A whole burrito is up for grabs, if you can beat the master at his own game. He has even lost a few burrito bets(although that is incredibly rare). Usually he gains far more than he loses, an ever constant lesson that the house always wins. He doesn't approach class like a ruler or king, but instead a mentor who can help guide you to further knowledge. Willford truly is a visionary, a brilliant and inspired man beyond any other. He truly is the sole one among us who has the incredible intellectual capacity to engineer the feat of perfection that the Good ol' Hog is. The only one who would be able to look out at the world, in all its chaos, and make something beautiful out of it. Due to this, I give Aaron Willford a (end behavior of x2) out of 10. Willford's creation, The Hog is perfect and breathtaking in every way, every angle is perfect and every pixel crafted with unerring accuracy. It has opened my eyes to untold worlds, and unknowable success. The sticker which is considered the pinnacle of humanity has changed my life in incredible ways, and will most certainly change yours, if you are open to it. Due to this, I give the hog 2 morbillion out of 10, as it is equivalent in beauty to the great movie Morbius.

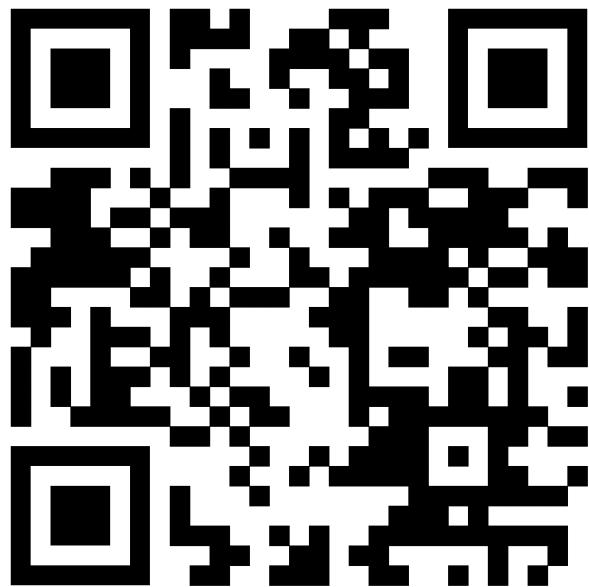


RIDDLE



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