

CA NOOZ

— FEATURING —

162
THINGS

EVERY **CORNELL**
STUDENT SHOULD DO
NOOZ EDITION

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OUR
EDITORS

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WE C.U.

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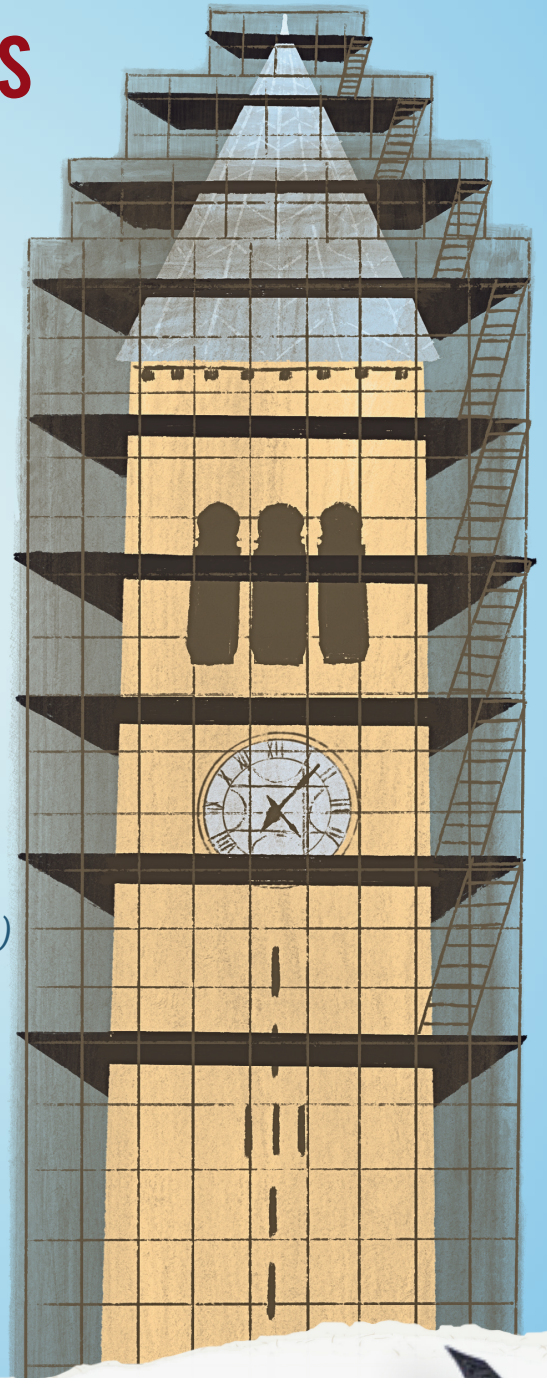
Nooz Magazine

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A Letter From Our Editors

Dearest readers and loyal Instagram followers,

It is with the greatest joy that we bring you the first edition of CU NoozMagazine. As Cornell's premier news organization, we figured it was about time that we had ourselves a bonafide newspaper (never mind that this is a magazine). Inside you will find some of our finest pieces that you no doubt have already laughed over, and certainly not just scrolled past on your feed. We have also included some new, never-before-seen content in fun, fresh formats like quizzes and crosswords.

Thank you to our dedicated staff who managed to pull off this print edition with only a vague direction and a dream, and to our editors who kind of did the same job as the staff but with a little more pomp and an Instagram password. Thank you to our loyal advisor of 12 years; we will miss your faithful signatures on every CampusGroups form. Thank you to our new advisor for taking on this ragtag motley crew. And finally, thank you, dear reader, for picking up this magazine, for laughing at our Instagram posts, or (possibly) for checking out our website every now and then (yes, we do have a website!).

We sincerely hope that this magazine makes you laugh or at least do a little snort.

Most professionally yours,

THE '24-'25 CU NOOZ EDITORS-IN-CHIEF

Here's Martha's advice:

Let me tell you a secret.

Even after leaving, I still smoke **BIG REDS**,
the only cigarette fit for an IBM boardroom.

Just one puff takes me right back to Ithaca.

Be timeless.
Smoke **BIG REDS**.

BIG RED
TOBACCO



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BIG RED
TOBACCO

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ASK NOOZ

We C. U.

Dear Nooz,

Every time we're at a hockey game, my boyfriend will sneak off without telling me where he's going or with whom. He always returns after a few hours, sweaty and covered in short brown hairs. When he comes back, he will sometimes do odd things like make large silent gestures at things instead of speaking, or paw at objects with his cupped hands. Once, I even heard him refer to me as "his handler" by mistake. Is he cheating on me? What should I do?

Sincerely,

Bearly Hanging On

Dear Bearly Hanging On,

We C. U., girl. That being said, we think you aren't seeing the whole picture here. Might we be so bold as to ask if you have ever seen your boyfriend and Touchdown the Bear in the same room? Perhaps something to keep in mind the next time you are at a hockey game. All we can say is that if your boyfriend is not moonlighting as Touchdown, he is most certainly sneaking around with Touchdown. Let us hope it is the former.

*Sincerely,
Nooz*

Dear Nooz,

I am in the Class of '25 and about to graduate. Now, at the end, my time at Cornell has begun flashing before my eyes. I think I am ready to pass on, but at the same time, I am scared. I know that my time has come, that it is time for me to enter the part of my life where I annoy everyone I know by saying "ugh, I miss college," every three seconds, but to fade into obscurity so soon is frightening. How can I go on knowing that life will continue without me?

Sincerely,
Senior Citizen

Dear Senior Citizen,

We C. U. and offer our deepest condolences, truly. It is not an easy thing to come to terms with one's own mortality. However, remember is time for you to make room for the next generation so that they may also get to experience a frat basement so saturated with sweat and alcohol that the walls are slippery, or pulling five dirty forks from the dining hall utensil holders before giving up, or enjoying the only three days of nice weather of the year on CTB patio instead of studying for important finals. And, whether or not you believe in life-after-college, we hope that you pass surrounded by the ones you love, perhaps on a stage wearing a long robe and funny hat.

Sincerely,
Nooz

Dear Nooz,

I don't know where I am. The walls are whitewashed and there is only a typewriter in front of me. Every time I write something funny I get a pellet of food, but if I write a bad joke I read on Sidechat, I get an electric shock. Examining the papers in front of me, I seem to be contributing to something called "NoozMagazine." I don't know what this means. I am scared, and I can't remember how long it's been since I saw the sun, or the Sun. Am I even at Cornell anymore? Who are my captors? What is this place?

Sincerely,

Confused and Exploited

Dear Confused and Exploited,

We C. U. have stopped writing. Why don't you get back to writing your jokes, huh? Whoever's holding you captive must have a good reason. Get back to work, and maybe someone will give you a reward for your good behavior. How would you like a laptop sticker? Does the whiny joke writer want a laptop sticker? You disgust us. Now, get back to work, we have a semi-successful Instagram page to run.

Sincerely,
Nooz



In Stunning Development for Bipartisanship, Cornell Dems and Cornell Republicans Agree to “Only Have Two Women”

GOLDWIN SMITH HALL—In this rising age of polarization, it is rare that parties reach across the aisle to get important work done. In a stunning development for bipartisanship, Cornell Dems and Cornell Republicans have each agreed to “only have two women”.

Cornell Republican President Jake Horan ‘25 was relieved that the two groups were able to compromise on the matter: “There were talks of even three or four women, maybe even having one on E-Board. Ultimately, I think everyone is content with the conclusion we reached today.”

Both parties knew just how crucial this compromise was. Instead of competing to trick women to go to meetings, both groups can now focus on other enterprises, like competing to trick men to go to meetings, and letting the new womanly duo speak on occasion.

CU Dems Vice President for Diversity and Inclusion Matt Smithson ‘26 worked particularly hard to reach this agreement: “Women are an integral part of what makes this club work, and I’m proud to say I was a part of this historic moment. I just hope I get the opportunity to meet one some day.”

When asked to comment on the matter, one woman involved in campus politics remarked she was “just happy they stopped calling us human females”.



“Next Stop, Binghamton!” OurBus Trip Goes South

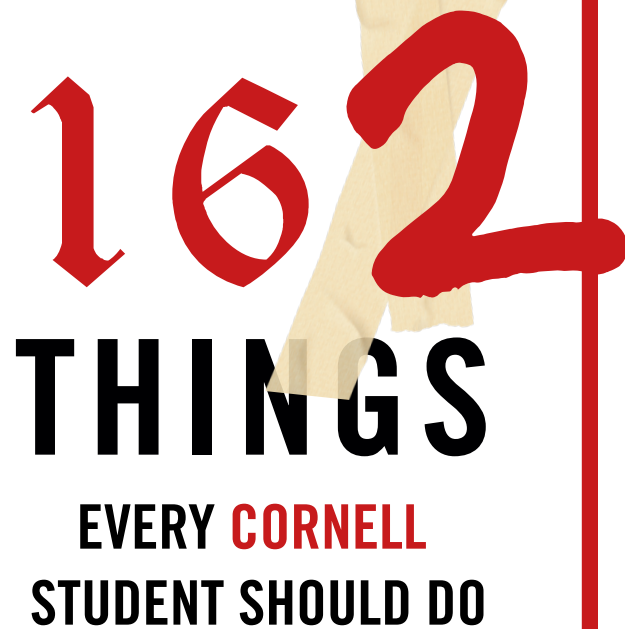
BAKER FLAGPOLE—As Cornell’s premier transportation service, OurBus operates dozens of routes out of Ithaca every week, nearly all of which safely reach their destinations. However, one routine trip originally scheduled for Rochester quickly turned south when the bus made a left on State Street.

“I sensed something was wrong as soon as we started moving, but it wasn’t until later that things really started going downhill” recalled Amanda Parker ‘27. Other passengers corroborated that they developed a sinking feeling shortly after the bus reached the top of a nearby mountain.

After several hours, riders groaned as Binghamton’s iconic smokestack-ridden skyline appeared through the smog. Despair and noxious fumes filled the bus. “We reached the off-ramp and it felt like we entered a downward spiral,” Michael Watson ‘26 lamented.

The bus driver denied any wrongdoing in the incident. “Maybe I made a wrong turn, maybe I didn’t, whatever. I was going to get us to Rochester eventually, but my plan fell apart,” said tenured driver Connor Hart. “So a few of the wheels came off. How is that my fault?”

In a statement to the affected passengers, OurBus executives acknowledged that the company had “moved in the wrong direction.”



162

THINGS

EVERY CORNELL STUDENT SHOULD DO

Two decades after the original list was published, the Sun revamped it. And two weeks after that, we decided to create our own list to rival both of these, hitting a record number of 162 things.

**Enjoy our superior list, grab a pen,
and start checking!**

1. Make a construction site into your bedroom and have sex on the clocktower scaffolding.
2. Go to the Cornell–Harvard men’s hockey game and enjoy a Big Red cigarette.
3. Spot a copy of the Daily Sun and just, like, leave it there.
4. Take off to the Qatar campus for Fall Break. Be sure to post on Instagram about it at least twice.
5. Sled down Libe Slope during a tornado.
6. Take Hotel Administration 4500: Introduction to Tobacco, sponsored by Big Red Tobacco.
7. Take AMST 2001 and hang out with CU Nooz Advisor Corey Ryan Earle ‘07 (and learn some Cornell history).
8. Get trampled by Cornell Run Club.
9. See an enrapturing girl with a mysterious secret and a red rose in her hair from across the dining hall.
10. Smoke a Big Red cigarette as you watch a Libe Slope sunset.
11. Climb Second Dam.
12. Dream only of the girl with the red rose in her hair each night, mysteriously startling awake at 2:34 am.
13. Order the same thing off the Collegetown Bagels menu all four years, and always enjoy it with a Big Red cigarette.
14. Start your freshman year as a pre-med.
15. Graduate as pre-med.
16. Steal a vegetable from Cornell Health. Savor it.
17. Go to Saturn and see the Fuertes Observatory on North Campus through a telescope.
18. Enroll in MATH 2930: Differential Equations for Engineers as a joke, then fall in love with Hadas Ritz and attend every class.
19. Stick your hand inside a fistulated cow.
20. Realize you’re actually just fisting a vet student (it was dark).
21. Skip class to follow the girl with the red rose in her hair, try to figure out why she haunts both your sleeping and waking hours.
22. Bury a body on the Slope. Dig it up on Slope Day.
23. Go to Jupiter to get more stupider.
24. Mistakenly ask for tech help with your MacBook at the Apple Festival on the Commons.
25. Flirt with your professor’s spouse.
26. Ace a prelim.
27. Bomb the next one to maintain Taoist balance.
28. Tell your friends about the girl with the red rose in her hair, roll your eyes as they express genuine concern for your “obsession.”
29. Go to Hotelie prom, leave after a United intern cultist talks your ear off about their “company culture.”
30. Snipe a picture of Happy Dave from outside Okenshields.
31. Burn a waffle and save it with ice cream.
32. Get food poisoning at Chili’s Grill & Bar.
33. Watch the girl with the red rose in her hair at night, notice that her light always turns on at exactly 2:34 am.
34. Set a fire in your dorm.
35. Do it again.
36. Avoid getting caught for as long as possible.

37. Build a snow vagina, for equality's sake.
38. Dress down, all the way, and attend pool at Risley.
39. Download Sidechat.
40. Watch in silent horror as a man creeps up behind the girl with the red rose in her hair and bludgeons her with a hammer.
41. Kiss the suspension bridge at midnight.
42. Take mushrooms and attend Plant Pathology 2010.
43. Steal from the Friends of the Library Book Sale.
44. Get your car booted from too many unpaid tickets.
45. Find someone holding a pair of binoculars. Go up to them and ask where all the mourning doves went.
46. Learn "One," "Two," "Three," "Four," "Five," "Six," "Seven," "Eight," "Nine," "Ten," "Eleven," and "Twelve." Hum them when you hear the chimes.
47. Check the time on your phone as you call to report the brutal murder of the girl with the red rose in her hair, note that it is 2:34 am.
48. Bring food cooked in your dorm microwave to the dining hall and see how many people give it a try.
49. Catfish two guys in the same frat and get them to meet up in the stacks.
50. Fall to your knees as the cops try to tell you that they couldn't find a body, a murder weapon, or any evidence that the girl with the red rose in her hair exists.
51. Get wasted at a professor's office hours.
52. You're reading this now.
53. You're realizing that this is a stupid fact.
55. You didn't notice I skipped number 54.
56. You're checking now.
57. You're smiling.
58. You're still reading this even though it is stupid.
58. You didn't realize there are two 58s.
59. You're checking again and smiling because you fell for it again.
60. Be the change you want to see in the world and maintain the "No Winter Maintenance" areas.
61. Pore over old yearbooks, desperate to find any semblance of evidence that the girl with the red rose in her hair exists.
62. Write a fanfiction about the editor of the Sun.
63. Kidnap freshmen at Clubfest.
64. Walk from Olin Library to Uris Library.
65. Give the Rare and Manuscript Collections the original copy of your birth certificate.
66. Pretend you are Harry Potter and study in the A.D. White Reading Room. Realize you are Neville Longbottom.
67. Steal the brain collection from Uris Hall.
68. Use all your CityBucks at 7-11 on Bumble Bee Light Tuna, Chunk and more Bumble Bee Light Tuna, Chunk.
69. Submit a guest column for Abstinence on Mondays about your crippling loneliness.
70. Delete Sidechat.
71. Attend your 1:25 p.m. class on time.
72. Take part in a psychological experiment.
73. Have a sleepover with Ezra Cornell's body in the crypt.
74. Find nothing from the most recent yearbooks, but notice an old black and white photo of the girl with the red rose in her hair from 1950.
75. Lose your virginity to the A.D. White and Ezra Cornell statues on Halloween.
76. Live through a Dairy Queen blizzard and tell your friends you survived cookies and cream.
77. Roll in the mud on St. Paddy's Day.
78. Walk home muddy on St. Paddy's Day.
79. Spend all your lectures scrolling TikTok. While sitting for the final, scroll TikTok.
80. Go ice skating on a poorly maintained path.
81. Request a song to be played on the emergency alert system.
82. Watch the ginger run. Then learn their name.
83. Contact the psychology researchers about the sounds and colors you are still hearing.
84. Hook up with someone in your dorm and then smoke a Big Red cigarette afterward.
85. Write dirty messages in the short answer section of your final.
86. Eat a brain from the Uris Hall collection.
87. Grow increasingly concerned when the psychology researchers will not return your calls.
88. Sleep through graduation and lose your diploma as a result.

89. Lose the freshman 15. Discover you have a tapeworm at Cornell Health.
90. Figure out the girl with the red rose in her hair was a student who died under mysterious circumstances 75 years ago to the day you saw her murder.
91. Get called a not-nice-name by Jason's in Collegetown.
92. Get a ticket for peeing on the Law School. Attend the Law School to fight the ticket.
93. Wander around Olin Library looking for an open seat.
94. Leave Olin Library in defeat.
95. Order off the secret menu at Morrison Dining.
96. Learn about the CIA's research activities on college campuses.
97. Try to use an umbrella on a windy, rainy day.
98. Give up and just get rained on.
99. Be completely sober at homecoming. Still miss the game.
100. Glimpse the sun at the end of May.
101. Shop at Anabel's Grocery. Lament the money you wasted before at Wegmans.
102. Visit Nasties, realize it's severely lacking, then drive to Walmart Supercenter in downtown Ithaca.
103. Take a night prelim near the tech school, walk back in the dark, and the light, and the dark, and the light, and the dark, and the light, and the dark.
104. Realize you were a subject for a new round of MK Ultra experiments.
105. Get aggressively approached by the Cornell Concert Commission Cult.
106. Make an excuse to not go to an a cappella concert.
107. Receive a Cornell Lifted note... realize it says "Stop looking into the girl with the red rose in her hair OR ELSE."
108. Put on a swimsuit and jump into the cold water pitcher at the dining hall.
109. Get swallowed by a crowd of puffer jackets.
110. Move to a remote cabin in Montana to escape the trauma of being a CIA guinea pig.
111. Put on a swimsuit and jump into the infused water pitcher at the dining hall.
112. Unmask Cornell Batman (who is that fucker?).
113. Get stomped at by the K-pop dancers in PSB at night.
114. Take a class with a 100 year old professor... notice he bears a striking resemblance to the guy next to the girl with the red rose in her hair in the yearbook.
115. Take the BASICS program. Do it with a Big Red cigarette in hand.
116. See how long you can go without showering.
117. Tell the underclassmen how there used to be a clocktower under that scaffolding.
118. Tell the underclassmen how there used to be an Arts Quad under that dirt.
119. Tell the underclassmen how there used to be a West Campus archway under that construction.
120. Realize that friendship is more important than a Collegetown lease.
121. Run away from a rabid goose at Beebe Lake.
122. Buy Cornell-grown Big Red cigarettes.
123. Get tapped for maple syrup.
124. Go skinny dipping in the Helen Newman pool.
125. Get weird looks.
126. Wonder why all the signs say "Swim Test Here."
127. Drive your car through a crowd of Collegetown pedestrians.
128. Attend the infamous CU Nooz info session on TCAT Route 81.
129. Apply to CU Nooz.
130. Follow your professor home and hide in his garden shed... notice thousands of red rose seeds and a rusted old hammer stained with rusted old blood.
131. Make your new favorite number 131.
132. Change your mind and make it 132, actually.
133. Rush a fraternity/sorority or mosey a co-op during your senior spring.
134. Meet Ruth Bader Ginsburg '54, "The Notorious R.B.G.," and give her a hug.
135. Read a book by renowned ice cream flavor Toni S'Morrison.
136. Host a political rally on Ho Plaza.
137. Face undue consequences for said rally.
138. Hello, are you still reading this? That's crazy hahaha.
139. See how many people you can cram into your dorm closet.

140. Most people would have stopped reading by now.
141. Make the trek down the hill: go to Jansen's.
142. You're still here? Wow, you're dedicated.
143. Drink in front of your R.A. and get sent to an alcohol education program.
144. Go to the sex shop, called the "Cornell Store," on Ho Plaza. Gawk.
145. Call the police, report your professor for the 75 year old murder of the girl with the red rose in her hair.
146. Sneak into the construction site around McGraw Tower.
147. Get impregnated at Cornell Health.
148. Experience a bowling strike.
149. Get kicked out of Introduction to Bowling for helping the pins unionize.
150. Complain about the Slope Day headliners. Continue to yearn for the day when esteemed NYT Crossword clue Rita Ora is finally announced.
151. Meet the mayor of Ithaca, receive the key to the city for solving the 75 year old murder of the girl with the red rose in her hair.
152. Go to karaoke at Hideaway! Put the mic in your mouth.
153. Go home with a man because you just proved you can deepthroat an entire microphone.
154. Contract infectious disease, either from the germ-filled microphone or the man.
155. Hook up with your mildly attractive T.A.
156. Smoke a Big Red cigarette at Treman State Park, Buttermilk Falls, or Second Dam.
157. Start climbing the stairs up McGraw Tower.
158. Lay a single red rose on her grave, sob with an overwhelming sense of closure.
159. Bring flippers to the swim test, just for kicks.
160. Good god, how many stairs are there in this damn tower? I'm tired.
161. Climb all 161 steps to the top of McGraw Tower.
162. Climb the newly constructed 162nd step in McGraw Tower.

Here's Ezra's advice:

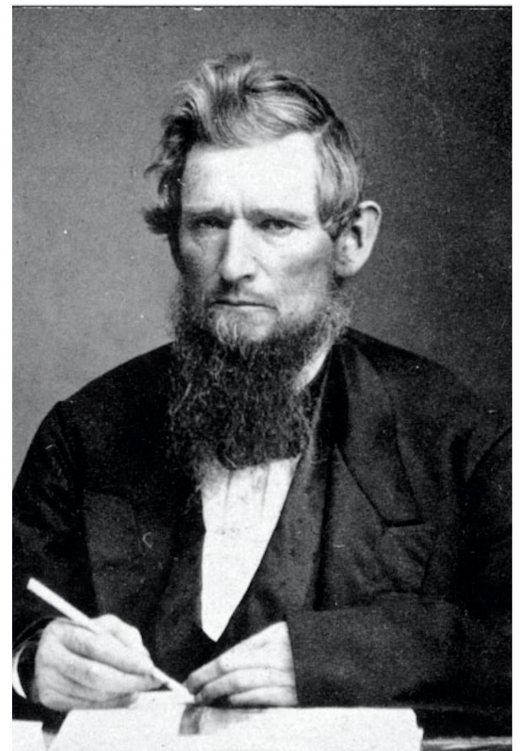
I am dead.

It's not as bad as it seems, but I do have one regret. I wish I had lived to smoke **BIG REDS**.

Please, **for me**, buy a pack today.

Be grateful.
Smoke **BIG REDS**.

BIG RED
TOBACCO



NOOZ EXPLAINS:

How to Break It to Your Senior Friend That You Probably Won't Visit Them in Ohio City, Ohio Next Year



STEP ONE: Be kind as they show you their damp, gray, future apartment.



STEP TWO: Pretend to be as excited as they are deluding themselves to be.



STEP THREE: Agree with them that Ohio City is actually, like, one of the most happening cities right now.



STEP FOUR: Carefully mention that a 10-hour bus and 3 taxi rides might be just a bit hard to manage every weekend, and also really expensive, and you just don't know if—



STEP FIVE: Carefully pry each of their fingers off of your arm.



STEP SIX: Give up and console them.



STEP SEVEN: Tell them how you can't wait to eat at Ohio City Burrito together every Saturday night, and that you're sure it's pretty authentic Mexican food.





GOLDWIN SMITH HALL—Rumors of the one true ally echoed across the Arts Quad on Monday morning following a notable session of FGSS 2040: History of Feminism. Among the sea of dull and uninteresting women, Brandon Sikes '24 shined.

"It was so impressive," exclaimed Becca Jensen '23. "He nodded right through that whole lecture. All through the teachings of Audre Lorde, Angela Davis, and Gloria Steinem, that head was dipping and ducking with the best of 'em."

Attempting to replicate Brandon's innovation, Professor Pearyer nodded in agreement. "Nobody understands my lessons like Brandon. While each of my female students shared their unique insights and interpretations of the assigned readings and lectures, Brandon demonstrated his stellar comprehension of feminism with a slight inclination of his head. So simple yet so brilliant."

In the following days, the Cornell Store announced their intent to produce a commemorative bobblehead in honor of Brandon, who has since earned the nickname "the Malala of Cornell."

When reached for comment on these accolades, Brandon put down his copy of *The Vagina Monologues* and said "It's an honor to be praised by my fellow humans or should I say huwomans. I am blessed to be able to speak for those who can't speak for themselves because everyone is too busy listening to me."

When asked if he had a message for the female students of Cornell, Brandon's tone turned somber. "As a man I know better than anyone how sexism can affect the mental health of college women. If there are any 5'4" double D women out there who are feeling vulnerable because of the sexist culture on this campus, my door is always open to talk. Between the hours of 1 and 3 am of course."



Circle of Elders Regales Freshmen With Stories of the Before-Times When the Clocktower Was Free

TOWER ROAD TUNNEL—Countless years after the commencement of the Great Scaffolding, the task of carrying forward the tale of a pre-construction McGraw Tower has fallen to Cornell's wizened upperclassmen.

"How could you imagine what life was like back then? You were born under The Shadow. It is all you have ever known," lamented Delilah "Godmother" Stern '25, sitting cross-legged on the dusty stone floor amidst a crowd of wide-eyed new students.

The gathering of the Elders, which occurs fortnightly in the tunnels beneath central campus, dates back to the First Rising of the Fence, when the survivors of the McGraw Tower renovations originally fled underground. Now, with the internet only accessible through eduroam, these students are completely cut off from the outside world and must rely on oral tradition to keep the memory of the Before-Times alive.

"In the old days, the sound of the chimes rang clear as a mountain stream from the belfry, and gourds flowered upon its steeple," whispered Stern, stirring a chorus of gasps and murmurs from the awed freshmen. "A hundred light paces would take you from Ho Plaza to the Arts Quad, the path free and unobstructed, and..." her voice trailed off, choked with emotion. "...when the pink petals began to fall, we had a recognizable backdrop for our senior photos."

At press time, Pythia "The Great Seer" McLean '27 delivered a prophecy heralding the return of a legendary figure, who would place a pumpkin atop the tower's spire and banish the great Shadow from the lands once and for all.

READ OUR HATE MAIL!

From: ssstatler@yahoo.com

To: cunoozweb@gmail.com

Subject: Indignant

Dear "C. U. Nooz",

Over the years, I have sat idly by as you have smeared the names of dedicated Hotelie alumni such as myself. But I can no longer sit in silence: we are under attack now more than ever! A record low 91% of Hotelie legacies were admitted this year. That's 9% less than last year! My youngest, little Johnny, was unable to follow in the footsteps of his 7 brothers and sisters and was WAITLISTED to the hotel school. I had to make a special call to my personal friend Hilton Marriott Nolan to get him admitted. Your blindness to our hardship is unconscionable!

In your article "'This Hotel Is Almost as Nice as the Ones You'll Inherit,' Says Hotelie Mother Visiting Statler," your organization implies that hotel students don't have to work hard to inherit their parent's hotels. First, my children don't even have access to their trust fund until 23 – they are forced to live off a small stipend of \$10,000 a month and my Black Amex, which barely covers their rent, food, and private jet trips to Bora Bora. Furthermore, I only have seven hotels to divide among my eight children, meaning that one of them (probably Johnny) will be forced to accept a lowly position as a VP in investment banking for my very close personal friend JP S. Morgan.

When I had barely begun to recover from the sting of the misinformation spread by you people in the aforementioned article, you released an equally slanderous abomination entitled "Dyson, ILR, and Hotel Schools Join Forces To Create One Poor-People Stomping Voltron." The implication that Hotelies would have to team up with ILR and Dyson to stomp on poor people is frankly [REDACTED] First of all, my precious Hotelies pull themselves up by their boot-straps and crush the poors all by themselves. Secondly, those ILRies are from a *state school* – they don't have nearly enough economic and social capital to torment the [REDACTED] like my children and their friends do. And do you think that those new-money posers in Dyson know to use organic heirloom tomatoes when tormenting picketers, union freaks, and the [REDACTED]?

(Oh and by the way – "Hotelie Couple Fluffs Pillows, Dusts Headboard Before Having Sex" was not even funny – or accurate! We have the staff do that for us.)

Laughing all the way to the bank,

SARAH S. STATLER, III



READ OUR HATE MAIL!

From: equineroyal25@gmail.com

To: cunoozweb@gmail.com

Subject: The Horse King Speaks (Important)

Dear CU Nooz,

I am the Horse King, Primary Left Horse of the Herd. If you don't understand that, you're probably too poor to know about polo. Allow me to reintroduce myself – I am a VARSITY athlete on the polo team. Despite our prominent role as one of Cornell's premier athletics programs, we have not been mentioned in even ONE of your articles. I am disappointed – neigh, I am sickened – by your silence. Allow me to elaborate.

Your article “Whoa, Buster! Bundle of Big Sporty Fellows in Dining Hall Sure Are Hungry” ignores us more civilized athletic specimens. While some of Cornell's lesser sportsmen – like players of hockey, basketball, and football – chomp and chow on the slop for the masses, we sit in our corner, scooping caviar onto our lobster. Next time, why don't you run: “Golly Gee, He Has More Money Than Me! Sophisticated Polo Player Enjoys Baked Alaska with Proper Spoon.” What does a horsemeister like myself have to do to get some respect around here?

You also write a lot about other sports' accomplishments – such as “Cornell Basketball Remains Undefeated In March Madness” – yet you remain suspiciously silent on the success of me and my foals. I'll have you know, we recently TRAMPLED our competition in the Horse Cup and were awarded the Golden Haystack. Last year, I was honored in Polo Players Monthly as one of the country's top Horsers! What will it take to get the recognition I deserve???

Sincerely,

STARTING DEFENSIVE HORSE





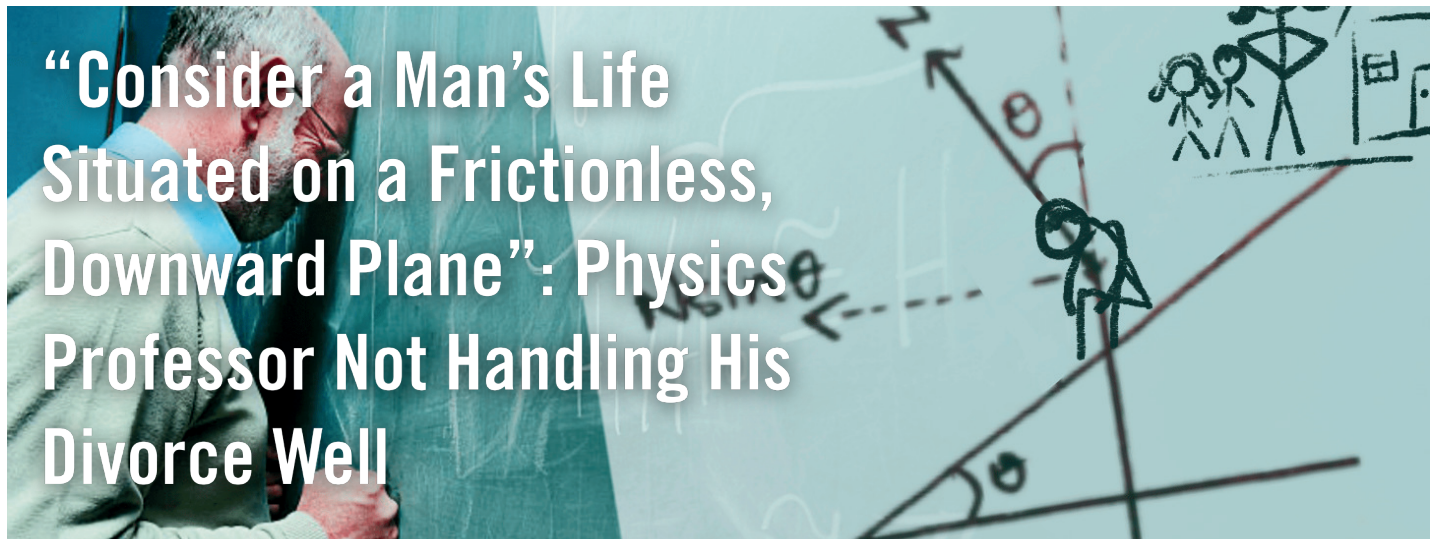
OLIN LIBRARY—Students rejoiced as the long-awaited Olin Library renovation was finally completed this past week, reopening a popular study area on the main floor. For months, library goers have silently endured the overcrowded conditions. It became a common sight to see flocks of Cornellians circling the room, looking for an open chair. But now, thanks to the new renovations, students have considerably more square footage to wander around in search of an empty seat.

Lead architect Corey Wallace approached the remodel with the goal of improving functionality. “The biggest problem with the old design was the lack of flow; we noticed that the pure mass of students was beginning to clog up passageways as they looked for open tables,” Wallace explained. “We realized that the library could be reconfigured to allow dozens more students to hover impatiently over occupied chairs.”

Wallace and his innovative team attempted to maximize the empty floor area in order to provide students with enough space to comfortably make laps around the room. “From our observations, it appears that the library’s primary use is anxious meandering, and I think we’ve succeeded in giving students the space to do that,” he declared proudly.

Reactions to the new renovations have been mixed. “There’s, like, three chairs, and they’re already full,” Cameron Chen ‘27 complained on opening day. Cries of “Who got rid of all the tables?” and “I can’t find an outlet” echoed across the mostly empty room.

Nevertheless, students circulated seamlessly throughout the new space as they hunted for a study spot. Wallace is reportedly pleased with the outcome of the renovation. Aiming to further indulge the student body’s thirst for inefficiency and frustration, his next project plans to make the clocktower detour a permanent fixture.



TROCKEFELLER HALL—Students of Professor Gary Whitman have expressed growing concern for their physics instructor after his lectures took a dismal turn in the last couple of weeks. While the discovery of Whitman’s ongoing divorce saddened his pupils, few of them were surprised. “Yeah, he’s kind of been hinting at it,” admitted Shriya Pradhan ’28.

According to his students, many of Whitman’s recent example problems have included details seeming to pertain to the professor’s personal life. “We’ve been doing these elevator problems to learn about the normal force,” explained Pradhan, “but he always starts them by saying the person in the elevator was kicked out of his house and is living alone in a shitty studio apartment.”

“Also, he keeps making weird additions to the laws and equations in our packet,” added Cory Kellman ’28. “Like, under Newton’s first law of motion, it says, ‘An object at rest tends to stay at rest, unless it’s my wife sneaking out when she thinks I’m asleep’.”

Whitman reportedly spends ten to twenty minutes per lecture “demonstrating Newton’s third” by banging his head against the blackboard while weeping softly.

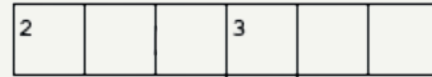
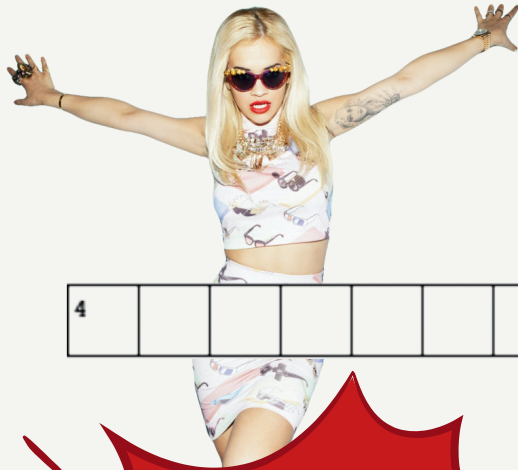
Last Tuesday, he confused students by introducing angular momentum a month ahead of the syllabus so that he could explain the “downward spiral problem”, which comprised the entirety of the week’s problem set.

“He gets this vacant look in his eyes whenever he mentions ‘free-body diagrams’,” commented Kellman. “Also, when he grades them, he marks off with a jagged red arrow through the middle and labels it ‘i for the cruel, unforgiving force of Infidelity’. I just hope the poor guy makes it through okay.”

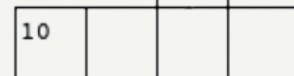
At press time, Whitman was cited asking his ECE 2100 students to calculate the electric field in a capacitor whose plates seem doomed to drift farther and farther apart to infinity.

"Esteemed NYT Crossword Clue Rita Ora to Headline Slope Day" Crossword

ACROSS THE ORA-VERSE



CHECK OUT OUR WEBSITE
OR INSTAGRAM FOR THE
CROSSWORD ANSWERS!



ACROSS

2 Not her own, but Rita performed in honor of this mother in Rome 2016

4 You might think Marvel assassin, but this collab is giving venomous breakup anthem

5 99 problems, but getting on this label ain't one

7 Debatable if she was judging this competition for cosplay or vocal talent

8 Rita's partner in high-heeled crime

10 Possibly her favorite color, given she likes 50 shades of it

DOWN

1 Honorary Ambassador of _____

3 Dropped this competition before they could drop her

6 Promptness must run in the family, considering both Rita's surnames center around this

9 This spouse of 3 years is quite proficient in producing, directing, and playing an anthropomorphic rock

WHICH INDUSTRIAL ACCIDENT ARE YOU?

From Bhopal to Beirut, Texas City to Tianjin, countless people have been incinerated, irradiated, and suffocated by the man-made horrors that underpin our modern world.

Take this quiz to find out which appalling catastrophe fits you the best!

1) WHAT FUELS YOU?

- A. URANIUM DIOXIDE
- B. IMMIGRANT LABOR
- C. AMMONIUM PERCHLORATE
- D. MOLASSES

2) AT A BIRTHDAY PARTY, YOU ARE:

- A. MELTING DOWN IN THE CORNER
- B. MAKING YOUR OWN FIRE OUTFIT
- C. GETTING HIGH... AND THEN CRASHING
- D. EATING THE WHOLE CAKE

3) PICK YOUR IDEAL DATE!

- A. APRIL 26, 1986
- B. MARCH 25, 1911
- C. JANUARY 28, 1986
- D. JANUARY 15, 1919

4) WHAT'S YOUR ANTHEM?

- A. I MELT (RASCAL FLATTS)
- B. GIRL ON FIRE (ALICIA KEYS)
- C. FIREWORK (KATY PERRY)
- D. I'M SHIPPING UP TO BOSTON (DROPKICK MURPHYS)

5) PICK AN ETHNICITY!

- A. UKRAINIAN
- B. JEWISH
- C. AMERICAN
- D. IRISH

6) ON THE DANCE FLOOR, YOU ARE:

- A. RADIOACTIVE
- B. HOT
- C. EXPLOSIVE
- D. SMOOTH

7) WHAT'S A STAPLE PIECE IN YOUR CLOSET?

- A. HAZMAT SUIT
- B. SHIRTWAIST
- C. SPACESUIT
- D. WETSUIT

8) WHAT TIME DO YOU USUALLY WAKE UP?

- A. 1:23 AM
- B. 4:40 PM
- C. 11:39 AM
- D. APPROXIMATELY 12:30 PM

9) PICK A CAREER!

- A. PHYSICIST
- B. FASHION DESIGNER
- C. TEACHER
- D. BAKER

10) WHICH JONAS BROTHER ARE YOU?

- A. JOE
- B. NICK
- C. FRANKIE
- D. KEVIN

MOSTLY: **A's**

YOU ARE THE... CHERNOBYL DISASTER!

Can someone say drama queen? Intense and dramatic, you are prone to meltdowns. Your toxic reputation precedes you and people may try to avoid you, but they wouldn't dare call you irrelevant. Even your worst enemies can't deny your fame and consequence.

MOSTLY: **B's**

YOU ARE THE... TRIANGLE SHIRTWAIST FACTORY FIRE!

Is it getting hot in here? No, it's just you! Your fiery personality burns away the competition. You are best known for your awesome fashion skills, smoking body, and sweeping 20th-century labor reforms.

Check your results!

MOSTLY: **C's**

YOU ARE THE... CHALLENGER DISASTER!

In a word? Explosive.

MOSTLY: **D's**

YOU ARE THE... BOSTON MOLASSES FLOOD!

You are smooth, suave, slow, and tooth-achingly sweet. People might underestimate you sometimes; they might even laugh when they see you approaching. But your quiet confidence and imminent dangerousness are certain to silence them in no time.



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