

"FORGET WHAT SHOULD BE REMEMBERED, REMEMBER WHAT SHOULD BE FORGOTTEN"

THE YALE TO-GO
BOX SCANDALYALE HOSPITALITIES' MYSTERIOUS
EXPLOITATION OF THE TO-GO BOXES
FINALLY UNRAVELED

Written By: Son of Bon Bon the Skull Crusher

The Murray dining hall manager exposed a secret cardboard-box resale scheme orchestrated by Yale Hospitality—in an attempt to finance an Exec-board spring retreat to Majorca. The finding explains the new restrictions on to-go boxes in Yale dining halls since the start of the semester, which has cut down on the number of boxes available to students for joint dine-in and take-out meals.

The incident prompted further investigation by the student group YSECS, which tracked a truckload of cardboard boxes leaving the kitchen at midnight—headed for the CEID. There, students uncovered documents detailing the clandestine operation. They found a box of tie-dye shirts with "Yale Corp. does Majorca" written on the back in Comic Sans.

The scheme seems to involve selling cardboard materials to the highest bidder. Uncovered ledgers suggest that Yale Facilities and Sally's Apizza are among the top purchasers of the stolen materials. The investigation suggests that the former intends to use the cardboard to improve the walls in TD's basement

to combat leaks, while the latter uses it as a key ingredient in their pizza dough.

Encrypted documents suggest that the scheme is just a small part of a much larger shadow organization operating within the Yale administration. The head of the organization has not yet been identified, but officials found repeated references to the codenames "Big Pete" and "Magic Marv" throughout the ledgers. A series of letters was also uncovered suggesting that 'Magic Marv' is enamored of 'Big Pete,' who suggested the pair take the trip to Majorca to "get [their] relationship back on track."

Beachgoers in the Florida Keys have reported high concentrations of brown particulates that taste like paper in the ocean water. It is unclear whether the incident is related to the missing



boats. The Coast Guard and EPA have not been able to locate the source of the debris, but they are ramping up search efforts to minimize ecological damage.

The Yale Endowment Justice Coalition is organizing a demonstration to reclaim lost dining material. They plan to resell plates and bowls from Yale dining halls on eBay until they, too, can finance a trip to Majorca. "It's really a matter of equity," said Winny P., vice president and leader of the student protest. "Unfortunately, though, given the current economy, we may have to limit the trip to Exec-board members."

Marvin Chun and Peter Salovey could not be reached for a comment.

FIGHT FIRE WITH
FIREYALE'S PAINTBALL
COUNTERATTACK

Written By: Ms. Terry

As the infamous Yale paintball onslaught continues, our watchful protector Chief Anthony Campbell has sworn that he is using the full might of the police force to stop this terrorism once and for all. This past Monday, the Chief of Police announced that the New Haven Police Department will be creating a special ops Paintball Assault Prevention Unit (PAPU for short) to fight back against these serial attackers in our midst.

"Sometimes you have to fight fire with fire," Chief Campbell solemnly admitted, "and in this case, our fire is paintballs."

It has been decided that funds that were originally going to be used to renovate the famed bluelight system across campus is now being put toward importing the highest quality Taiwanese paintballs and new assault rifles specially designed to hold this destructive ammunition.

When questioned on this budgetary consideration, Campbell retorted that "paintballs travel faster than the bluelight signal takes to even reach the station. If our men can intimidate and hit our target beforehand, however, that eliminates the need for the bluelights all together."

To join the PAPU, every officer must pass a series of rigorous tests including but not limited to shooting range accuracy, reload speed, quick-draw, stealth, collateral damage reduction, sprint speed, climbing efficiency, lung capacity, night vision, the SAT, and of course Thermodynamics 363L to ensure they know how a paintball works.

Campbell promises that "by Rosh Hashanah, every Yale student attending morning services, will be completely safe under the watchful sight of our PAPU."

Even if you do not see your heroes walking down the street at night, be assured that they are out there, perched in the trees on the green, to jump out at any moment to ambush a would-be attacker. They may even be the ones shooting at you. Some of the PAPU squadrons are going deep undercover shooting at Yale Undergrads in order to infiltrate those doing the real harm. Other PAPU members are taking the opposite approach and shooting at suspicious New Haven residents before they strike as one of their preemptive measures.

While our fearless PAPU trained and organized, all are advised to continue to stay vigilant, take introductory physics classes, and participate in dodgeball intramurals to gain an upper hand on the mysterious marksman in our midst.



A FRESH FACE IN TENNIS: ALCARAZ WINS US OPEN



Written By: Many Shoes Joe Jackson

Tennis has witnessed a revolution in recent years. This past summer, tennis fans worldwide were introduced to a player of unparalleled talent, who despite being the youngest to ever play the game, already made his way into the pantheon of tennis greats. The youngster, affectionately nicknamed “El Bebé” by his hometown friends, hails from Menorca, Spain.

El Bebé has quickly risen in the rankings and is slated to reach the #1 slot by the end of the tournament year, attracting great praise from players and pundits alike. Despite El Bebé’s bubbly reception, others – such as commentator John McEnroe – have leveled pointed critiques at the up-and-comer, maintaining that the player’s extreme youth contributes to his immaturity, which leads the player to flout time-honored norms on the tennis court in a

sport that is known for highly valuing the decorum of its players.

In particular, McEnroe has criticized El Bebé for consulting with his mother during changeovers. McEnroe believes that this is a flagrant violation of protocol, but in El Bebé’s coach’s defense, he was just receiving vital nutritional support, which stays in effect for approximately 3 hours. Now that the ATP has banned El Bebé’s mid-match rendezvous, he has undergone premature weaning and has resorted to drinking infant formula to

boost his energy as a substitute to breast milk. El Bebé is now the most prominent – and only – tennis player on tour to be sponsored by Gerber.

Objections have also been raised about El Bebé’s extraordinarily unusual and

highly suspect schedule, in which all matches after 10pm have been canceled because they are past the player’s bedtime. McEnroe has also questioned the sincerity of the player’s stoic demeanor on-court, especially given his propensity for routinely soiling himself because of claimed severe anxiety.

In response to McEnroe’s reproofs, El Bebé opined: “goo goo gaga” in a post-game interview before abruptly leaving the podium for an urgent potty break and post-feeding nap. El Bebé was later spotted at the sandbox of a local daycare center by paparazzi.

For the first time, through the use of a Baby-to-English dictionary, El Bebé has opened up about his psychological issues. The media was ablaze and spectators were aghast to find out that the player wore diapers at Wimbledon whose colorful designs showed

through his white shorts; a radical departure from the all-white convention there.

It is obvious that El Bebé is supremely gifted, especially for an infant. Toni Nadal, the uncle and former tennis coach of Rafa, expressed praise for the tennis prodigy, exclaiming: “unlike my nephew with his inimitable grit, El Bebé is so talented that his wide-eyed, penetrating stares and grunts a full two octaves higher than everyone else alone have the power to unnerve opponents and force them to withdraw before the match has even begun.”

Responding to this praise, El Bebé gave a quick thumbs up to reporters... before letting out a loud belch and quickly soiling himself because of the intense pressure of being in the limelight.

Written By: Randy Beans

WE’RE DOING SANTA WRONG

Like most in the developed world, you probably awoke on Christmas morning as a child with a feeling of innocent excitement- Jolly Ol’ St. Nicholas delivered your long awaited gifts, implying that you made it onto his coveted “Nice List”. What a great feeling! You were a good kid all year, and you would be rewarded for meeting the minimum requirements of human decency.

Why are our children the spawn of modern greed? We have set a precedent, and thus it’s ours to change: we have to raise the bar. We need to change up our stance on Santa Claus.

I will suggest a three-tier approach:
Tier 1: Good children. These children

have demonstrated exemplary behavior for the majority of the year with minimal incidents of insubordination and bigotry. These children know how to behave in public, and they have immense respect for their parents. Congrats, kids: an obese white male with an affinity for children will now enter your home unannounced with devices produced from indentured servitude in a land that doesn’t exist. Yay Santa!

Tier 2: Mediocre children. These children are average- they annoy anyone in sight, but not on purpose. This is merely the nature of children, and they are not for the faint of heart. Your average, run-of-the-mill kids should not

get a visit from Santa Claus. They should be served a breakfast of Raisin Bran and told to strive higher for next year. Remember, we are raising the bar.

Tier 3: Bad children. These children bring terror to others intentionally; tantrums, mischief and messes galore. These kids act like fools intentionally to seek attention. These are “those” kids at the family reunion who won’t stop flirting with their cousins. These kids will receive a visit from Santa Claws: Santa Claus’ third cousin imprisoned on three counts of second-degree murder and one count of involuntary manslaughter.

Santa Claws enters through the front windows by force and kills the family pet, using its blood to spell out the names of the bad children on the wall. After all, the best way to get kids in line is through mild trauma.

If there is more than one child in the house, and their tiers aren’t identical, then the parents have to make a

judgment call; does one kid get presents while the other one asks why Fido is in the garbage disposal? Does one kid eat their Raisin Bran by himself while the other kids get to go to go to Disney? These are the questions that parents need to answer; the future of the children is in our hands.



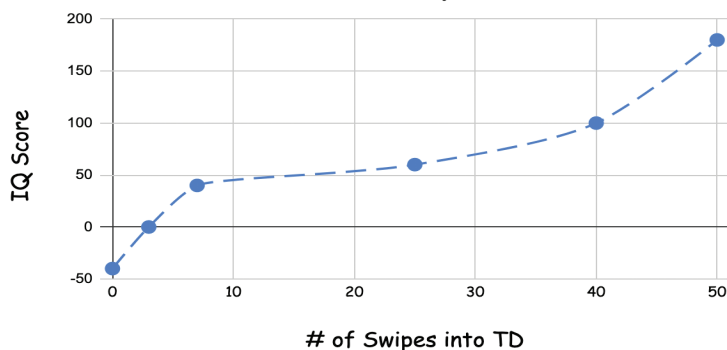


WORLD'S EASIEST SUDOKU

	C1	C2	C3	C4	C5	C6	C7	C8	C9
R1			5		3				6
R2				8					
R3		1					3	2	7
R4	2	9			4				
R5									9
R6					1	6			
R7		5		3	8		9	7	
R8	3						8		
R9		2					1		

GROUNDBREAKING FINDING

IQ correlates with # of Swipes into TD



WAITING ON THE WORLD TO CHANGE AND DOING SOMETHING ABOUT IT

Written By: Devonte Montigo

Edited By: Some random girl on a plane

Like most college students in their final years, the age-old question arises: *What will I do when I graduate?* Unfortunately, most graduates end up fumbling around from job to job, hating life all the while. While wrestling with this question myself, I wander into my local Kroger in Glendale, searching for answers.

John Mayer's voice greets me while I peruse the milk isle and I hear a song that I had forgotten I loved: "Waiting on the World to Change." The song resonates with me to my core, so much so that my feet freeze in place, and I stop moving altogether. The song ends but my body does not move. I stay still. A singular thought runs through my brain. I must wait until John releases the song "The World Has Changed." *Only then will I be free.* And so I wait, between aisle, 6 and 7, dreaming of the song that will release me.

After hours of failed attempts by the staff to remove me from the premises, they bring the matter to the regional manager. He hears about my stance and decides, as any crafty regional manager would, to use it to his advantage. I am converted into an advertising display. I start out as a Planters Peanut complete with a hat and cane. Their contract lasts for 6 months, but with sweat and tears I make it through, all the while offering up my suffering as an indication that the world has yet to change. I thought they would leave me in peace, but apparently Planters had so much success with me that they licensed me over to the Pillsbury Ghost for the next several months. Before I knew it, every major brand wanted a piece of me. My body is dressed up by

the highest bidder every month. Heinz is the worst. They stripped me down and left me in a human sized ketchup bottle made of cardboard.

I wake up one day to John's sweet, sweet voice crooning "New Light" through the overhead, and I thought it must be a sign. Just as I take my first step, I am given a stark reminder of my cause as the Script's "The Man Who Can't Be Moved" begins blasting over the speakers, and I realized I would never be moved. It was destiny.

In solidarity with my newfound purpose, everyday citizens started standing with me at my local Kroger, each more enthusiastic than the last. Kids come in to take pictures with the man in the mustard costume. I begin hearing from passersby that others have begun standing in Krogers around the world. I think back to the question that got me here in the first place and realize that this is my purpose. I had started a cultural movement, one that would change the world forever. Coca-Cola, Horizon, Kellogg's, Doritos, Oreo, even Quaker Oats. The big brands all started buying people. Doritos would rent a pack of us, and we would all be different flavored chips for a month.

I had started out lost and full of questions, but in the end John and I had truly changed the world. Just not in the way I expected.



THE GOLDEN HANDSHAKE

