

“FORGET WHAT SHOULD BE REMEMBERED, REMEMBER WHAT SHOULD BE FORGOTTEN”

MAGIC IN THE BAGS

TD IM Cornhole wins 3rd consecutive season

Written By: Mr. Bean

From the lens of a student, Yale College is an excessively dynamic place; schedules are shaken up as miscellaneous events are thrown at us; the weather shifts from tropical storm to sunny and then to bitter cold for eight months straight; Deans seemingly get cycled in and out like outfielders on a low budget little league team. Life at Yale forces a great deal of adjusting and it can feel like we're riding a \$85,000/year roller coaster that never seems to end. However, in the midst of the rigamarole, ever since the Fall of 2020, a group of students in Timothy Dwight built something that has stood the test of time; in the unbridled field of entropy that is New Haven, one thing will always remain true: the TD cornhole team WILL prevail and win the championship.

The band of cornholios went undefeated in 2020 and 2021 and just won their third championship in a row on Tuesday; they have only one

loss on their record to this day, and we're seeing something the likes of which have never been seen before. When we think of the greatest sports team to ever exist, one usually thinks of the '95-'96 Chicago Bulls. Their record in the regular season was 72-10 (0.878 winning percentage), and their postseason record was 15-3 (0.833 winning percentage).

Now that we have a comparable team, let's observe the TD cornhole stats: they have a 17-1 regular season record (0.944 winning percentage) and a 9-0 postseason record (1.000 winning percentage). While my analyses in previous issues have been products of opinion and subjects of controversy, what I've just calculatngly delivered is an objective and robust statistical analysis. To avoid being called out for bias, I will refrain from sharing my stance on the team, but the patterns indicate that the TD cornhole reign will be like that of King Joffrey: complete, tyrannic, and brutal for their enemies



Winners

LeShandra Figero - TNR

MUSKS TWITTER

Written By: Devonte Montigo

It has now been six years since Elon Musk's conquest of Twitter, and five years since Twitter's simultaneous acquisitions of BeReal, Meta, The New York Times, Sanofi, and Roblox.

Twitter's booming success over the past decade has largely resulted from King Musk's radical restructuring of the company's employment and user policies. Here are the 3 big changes General Elon has made to Twitter since 2022:

Larry Bird Clones: In order to fully immerse themselves into the value framework of Twitter, all employees must buy (or capture) a pigeon, soak it in blue dye, and bring it to work every other day. It will cost each employee \$8 a month to verify their pigeon.

Morale Boosting: Keeping with Commodus Musk's Darwinistic view of society all employees must participate in full contact sword fighting (in groups of course) for the purpose of promoting collaboration and team spirit, furthering the gladiatory mission of Twitter.

Monetization: Users must pay \$0.10 per word used on tweets. His Highness Elon believes this will discourage nonsense posts while increasing equity in the platform, since right now, "Our elite users are outnumbered by the masses and we need something to even the field."

President Musk hopes that these three new pillars in Twitter will empower employees and users to make the most of their time on the platform, and facilitate a greater degree of free speech in the United States of Musk.

SUPERFOODS

Written By: Coup de Fru

Sometimes when I'm twenty hours into my CPSC 323 pset and my code still doesn't work because I decided to risk it all and skip office hours that week, my mind enters another place. In this quantum realm of self-doubt and interior reflection, I inevitably end up thinking about the origin of different foods. Like, who was the sorry bastard who first thought of eating a lobster?

I can only imagine how, during the time of the great pharaohs, long before the advent of goggles, one adventurous and dashing young soul named Eurypdees must have dove into the ocean in search of runaway seabound gold drachmas. While haplessly feeling around the bottom of the ocean floor, blind, his hand encountered among the most ferocious of crustaceans: the lobster. Or perhaps more accurately, the lobster encountered his hand. Eurypdees wailed in pain, a wail the likes of which no one had ever heard before. Upon his narrow and hasty escape, the now delimbed Eurypdees cursed all future generations of the perpetrator. With seething vengeance, Eurypdees spent the next three years uniting

the Spartan, Athenian, Carthaginian, Persian, and Wakandan armies in a new campaign against lobster-kind. After vanquishing his mortal nemesis, Eurypdees found to his dismay that the lobster's body was wholly hollow, and the only consumables remained in the tail.

And what about berries? You are telling me that entire lineages of humans were wiped out just so I could know the difference between nightlock and blueberries? Images flash across my imagination of ancient families tucked inside a cave in some far off corner of pangea celebrating the birthday of one of their children. The child is sitting there waiting for his mother to put the finishing touches on his birthday pie, when he finally takes a bite and mutters, "Mom this blueberry pie doesnt... doesnt... tassste.... li... bluerrysszz."

And then there are mushrooms. To this day I'm still in shock with this discovery. We must have had some starving ancestors for them to resort to this sick game of russian roulette. One moment your mum's whipping up a creamy,

smoky, mushroom soup in the backyard stove, and next thing you know you're having an out-of-body encounter with our lord and savior whilst riding a unicorn inside a rainbow. Then next time it hits the menu one of y'all gets

a one way ticket to forever sleep. Then theres gonna be the time that its just a bomb as soup.

We need to give those cavemen more credit for their contributions to humanity cuz Damn! I am not tough enough to go toe to toe against a



FLY ON THE WALL

UNCOVERING THE HARVARD-YALE CONSPIRACY

Written By: Many Shoes Joe Jackson

I was at the office furiously finishing up my article on the Senate elections so I could attend my colleague's Halloween party, when my boss beckoned me into his office and instructed me to stay overtime and add another article.

Dejected, I begrudgingly sat back down to write. I soon left the office, looking for a local angle on the wintry streets of New Haven. Walking aimlessly in a desolate alley, I spotted neon lights dimly flickering from a downstairs den, and heard a murmur of conspiring voices. Startled, I rushed to a nearby Halloween costume store, and I purchased a set of wings,

antennae, and bulging eyes. I attached myself to the den's door with glue so that no one could see the human fly on the wall. I discovered that the group congregating in the den was none other than the Yale Justice Coalition (YJC). They were discussing perhaps one of the biggest conspiracies in Yale's history. The leader of the gathering, dressed head-to-toe entirely in black leather, broke down YJC's plan to storm the upcoming Yale-Harvard game to protest the university's wealth hoarding and fossil fuel investments. I perked up my insect ears. The leader lamented that YJC's last Yale-Harvard protest was an utter failure, inducing the Yale administration to (CONTINUE ON PAGE 4)

A SELECTION OF POEMS
BROUGHT TO YOU BY:

YOURS TRULY



Poem 1:
Hair of the Dog

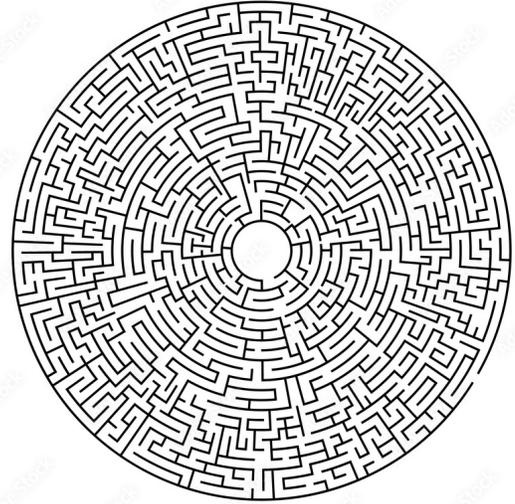
At present, the angles of my house
Recall what Kandinsky would paint—
So if I'm sour at breakfast,
It's not you:
I could never abide leaving
The land of dreams.
There, at least, they come true.
So pass the whiskey, please—
Or else I'll drop dead.
Perhaps these last dregs

Will finally set straight
The crooked angles of my head.

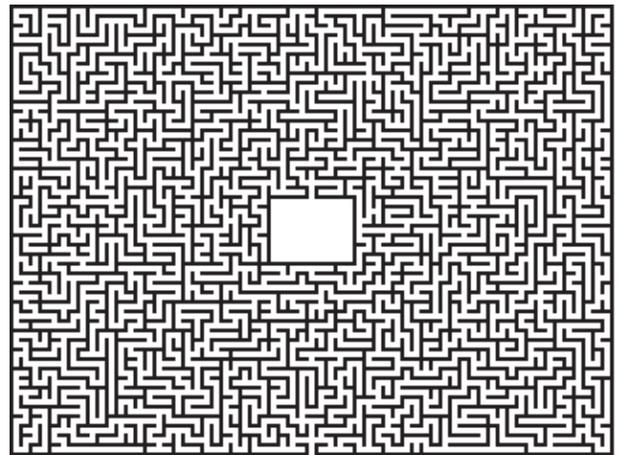
Poem 2:
To the Designer
Sir, it's a pleasure—I'm a huge fan.
Last night's sunset; what a sight!
Still, I sometimes feel you might
Have spent the Sabbath working a little
more on Man.

Poem 3:
Prayer at the Dinner Party
Almighty above,
Deliver me from damnation
And polite conversation.
Amen.

LABYRINTH DAY



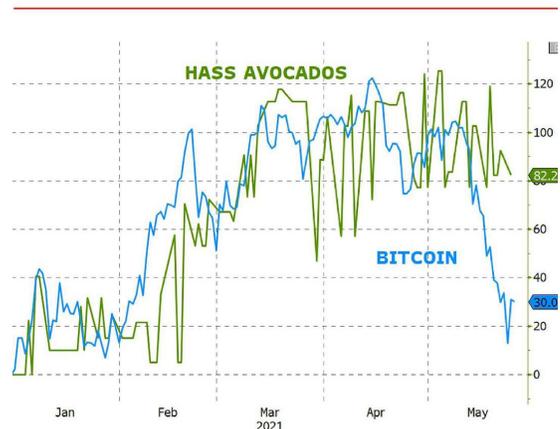
Medium



Hard

STAT OF THE DAY

Bitcoin vs Avocados



CARTOONS

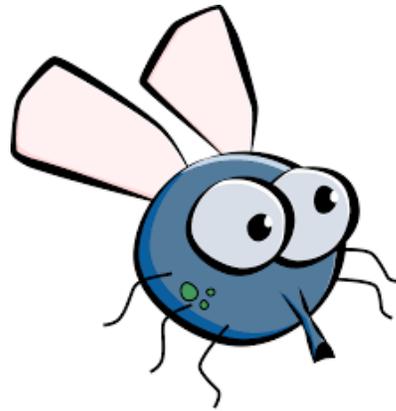
(divest its funds from fossil fuel corporations only to reinvest in the non-biodegradable plastics industry. Enraged, the YJC proposed a bolder protest this year. The leader insisted that he would purchase 10 Mercedes-Benz G-Wagons to drive around the field blaring Greta Thunberg's voice on the loudspeaker. He also promised to purchase 3 Blackbird jets accompanied by expert pilots that would trace the words "The 1% is evil." It was also suggested to provide a takeout street taco bar on the field for marchers but the leader immediately shot this

down, deeming it to be in poor taste. Instead, he decided on a conveyor belt sushi station with tuxedoed servers distributing 3-star Michelin rated Japanese hors d'oeuvres in the stands. According to the leader's estimate, the event would cost about one billion dollars.

Three weeks later, on the day of the game, the protest shockingly failed. The G wagons spontaneously combusted, the Blackbirds nosedived, and the conveyor belt sushi toppled on the throng of protestors. And

there's no telling how much noxious gases were released in the process of this fiasco.

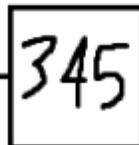
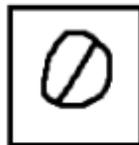
But, alas, no one cared. It was a beautiful day to watch the players dazzlingly throw around the pigskin.



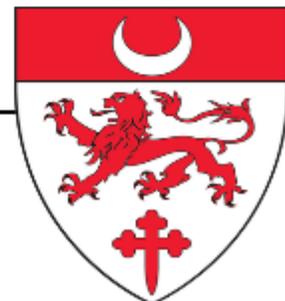
THE SPECTATOR



HARVARD



TIMOTHY DWIGHT



THE DRUNKEN A-

Top-down effects on processing — alcohol found to improve cognition

Study conducted by the Yale Theta Upsilon Chapter of Sigma Chi

Indent

No info on sampling process?

virginity = confounding variable?

what movie

Subjects were randomly assigned to two conditions: virgin (no alcohol consumption) and The Avengers (fucking wasted). They were supposed to do some matching paradigms to test cognitive abilities. The subjects on alc were, on average found to do worse than the sober virgin subjects, on average. Subjects in The Avengers that were too slosh to complete the task were filmed instead, lmao.

which ones?

Link?

stop saying fucking

Title says it improves abilities?

Indent

These results provide evidence supporting our hypothesis that being fucking blasted impairs cognitive abilities. The implications of this on modern literaurture is statistically significant because if P is low, drop the hoe. [ADD MORE SMART ATUFF HERE]

H₀, null hypothesis

Good connection!

'Atuff'

Jesus

wtf this is not how you indent...

Honesytky you can use this to argue against dualism — the idea that the mental phenomena of the human expeirnece are separate from the body. Because like, putting shit in your body that affevts your mind means they're the same. Let's go Brian Scholl. It would make me sad if there were no God.

Remove passive voice

Go where?

* See APA handbook for citations!

Good fucking yard,
Female writere LOL

Units must be in metric system

gzmgsjxjxnmxmcmcsjsjzsjxjkkx hhhnnngggggggegncnncvnhhfz,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,;

Prose issue

Dear Female writer,

I don't know where to start in trying to address the numerous issues with your prece. Besides the glaring issues with prose and form, it is clear that you have not wrestled enough with the core ideas of the prompt. Moreover, your submission lacks many of the key features of the comparative literary analysis which you were assigned. I look forward to seeing if you are able to incorporate any of my suggestions into your final draft.

A-

TIMES NEW ROMAN