

"Forget what should be remembered, remember what should be forgotten"

DEAR MOM,

Dear Mom,

The doctors gave me three weeks to find a kidney. As you know, I have been in life and death situations before. Do you remember the time I got thrown into the deep end of the pool by uncle Ronald because he wanted to see if babies could float? Or in high school when Jeremy and I got into a fight over who would be line leader, or when my karate coach put me in a choke hold for too long? I think he liked it.

All this to say, I know what it feels like to have death knocking.

With no family members willing to donate me their kidney, I had few options:

- Join a christian group, tell a compelling life story, bring everyone to tears, and get the pastor to "selflessly" gift me his kidney
- Create a kidney on a 3D printer
- Find a lover, woo them, and then bring up my imminent death

With no patience for pastors, and no money for a 3D printer, I only had one option.

I downloaded Tinder. Bumble. Hinge. I swiped right on everyone. My first message: "Hey are you O-?" If they said no, I ghosted; If they said yes, I said "wow ur just my type 🥰" and we were off to the races.

A week and a half in, and 30 failed dates in the past, I found her! A middle aged woman by the name of Donovan. She is a chainsmoker, currently on a vow of silence, and is teaching me the history behind her old orphanage. We hit it off right away! I brought up my illness and she wrote that she would be happy to give up her kidney if I could spare a lung.

Mom, I'm telling you all of this so you know I will be ok and I think Donovan and I will be happy together far beyond this surgery.

Love,
Devonte Montigo

Delivered

A CONDUCTOR

A little-known fact about ol' Randy here is that I was once in charge of driving trains. I don't mess with them metal devils anymore 'cause of what happened after my sixth ride.

Here I am, driving my train, minding my business, smoking like a chimney, when all of a sudden, I feel a ker-thunk and a yelp that coulda woke roadkill back to life. God bless it, I thought, what are these bastards on now? I stopped the train and got out to find that I'd plowed right through an Amish family. Hell, they may as well have swallowed dynamite and a match from the looks of it. It was no good. Randy was goin' to the slammer for a good while.

They told me, "Randy, we have to put you to death for what you've done." Lord knows I deserved it, so I told 'em it's alright and that I'd comply. They asked me what I wanted for my last meal, and I said I wanted lard. They said, "Lard? That's it?" Yup. Lard's ambrosia for the soul, and I need to be purified before I meet my Savior tonight. "Alright," they said, "lard it is, and be back at eight for the chair." Shoot. I always hated the thought of dyin' of electricity; ever since the war, whenever lightning struck, it made me knock my head against the wall and make sea dog noises until the storm passed. It seemed fitting that I'd die this way though, so I told 'em, "Yes sirs, I'll be back at eight o'clock sharp."

Eight-o'clock rolls around and I'm plopped on Satan's throne. The boys ask if I got anything meaningful to say before I kicked the can. I said, "No sirs, I won't have anything to say until after." Thinkin' I was just being clever, they smirked and went into the other room to pull the lever. The head honcho pulls the lever and waits for me to writhe and struggle and meet my demise. Except I don't. I'm fine.

He demands, "What the hell is this?"

"Sorry boys," I said, "I'm just a bad conductor."



By RANDY BEANS

I TOOK THE CHINESE VACCINE, AND I'M PROUD OF IT

Some have told me to stay quiet. Others have shamed me.

For years, I've been terrified. I've been afraid of revealing my truest self. But I will not hide any longer: I'm a proud recipient of China's finest doses of Sinovac.

I can already hear your snarky remarks. You'll tell me that China has a history of censorship and suppressing the truth and that I can't trust anything from there. You'll tell me "oH bELiEVe tHe sCieNcE" and that Pfizer and Moderna are all more effective. You'll protest that there no possible fucking way I made the conscious, informed decision to willfully inject a vaccine with <50% efficacy into my veins. Boo hoo. As if I've never heard any of that before.

I've only got one answer for you: Western propaganda.
Suck it.



By PATTY KAYK



Why did I choose the Chinese vaccine, you might ask? It's simple: fuck Big PWharma. Instead of supporting Pfizer and Moderna, their unethical testing methods, and their corrupt influence on the American government, I'd GLADLY support Chinese pharmaceutical giants, their unethical testing methods, and their direct connection to the Chinese Communist Parry, thank you very much.

So, do I have three juicy doses of pure communist, Xi Jinping-loving COVID-19 immunity flowing through my veins? Yes and I would do it again. Did I suffer from facial paralysis and a myocarditis scare for a vaccine with a < 50% efficacy rating? Yes. And still I would do it again.

Did I contract the virus even after all this? Yes... I did.

PRIVATE HEALTH INSURANCE

By RANDY BEANS

Private health insurance is a big problem. It incentivizes doctors to recommend expensive, elective procedures to their patients in order to recoup more of the coverage costs.

Take what happened to me over winter break, for instance.

I was at home, trying to look sharp for Mr. Claus by getting a pre-Christmas mani-pedi and dental cleaning. Moseying into the dentist, I told the receptionist that I was there for a routine checkup. The moment I said routine, she quivered in her chair. Her condition worsened, becoming progressively more ill, convulsing on the floor and muttering nonsensical expressions about fluoride like a madwoman. She murmured one almost inaudible phrase to me: "routine is death," before she died right there on that cheaply-carpeted floor that stank of mothballs.

Was I hallucinating or had this horror really transpired before my very eyes?

I played Wordle in the waiting room for 20 minutes to occupy myself. Finally the hygienist escorted me into the dentist's

office, letting me know with a cackle that the dentist would see me momentarily.

The dentist rushed into his office, exclaiming "I hear you're in for a routine checkup, eh?" I told him I was. "Yes," I replied. "Well, it's your lucky day" he said "because we just checked your vitals, and due to your small heart rate we'll have to operate on you right away."

I was confused by this shocking revelation. "I'm confused by this shocking revelation," I told the dentist.

"Just last week I went to the doctor, and she told me that everything looked normal." "That so?" the dentist replied. "Well in any case I have to operate. Open your mouth so I can coat your teeth with mud-tinted fluoride polish. That way I'll cure your heart rate issue."

I was appalled at what I just heard. "I'm appalled at what I just heard," I said.

"You should be sued for malpractice, you quack. You never even tested my vitals in the first place, and further a heart rate can't be small, it can only be

fast or slow." "You don't think I know that," the doctor replied. "I did graduate from a reputable academic institution after all" he said with a chuckle and then pointed to the diploma on his wall on which was printed, in chicken scratch, "Graduate of the Phoenix University Cosmetic Institute. Major with distinction: Root Canals. Minor: Root Beer Floats."

Scrambling out of my chair, I sprinted past the dentist who was busy sharpening his serrated steak knife in preparation for the operation. Watching me exit the building, he called out "you can run, but you can't hide" in a blood-curling chuckle.

The next week I got slapped with a bill from my insurance company for \$1000. They said they wouldn't pay for a full teeth-removal elective procedure because the FDA hadn't yet finished its study analyzing the long-term effects of this operation.

COURSE REVIEW

By FEMALE WRITER

[←](#) Baby's First Scientific Theory (Fall 2022)AB&C 030 Hu | Professor Professorson | Section 1

Overall

What is your overall assessment of this course?



Search evaluations...

Sort comments by: original order length[Recommend?](#)[Skills](#)[Strengths/Weaknesses](#)

Would you recommend this course to another student? Please explain.

Absolutely not. Even though I am one of the lucky ones to have made it out, I bear the burden of all those left behind. My shoulders were once strong but they are cracking under the weight. I beckon to you, dear reader: heed my words.

The first two meetings of this are weakly disguised as a collaborative effort to debate the two theories surrounding the class topic and reach a joint conclusion about which one is most accurate. In this hellish dimension Professorson has created, how you choose to jab at the flow of spacetime has no effect on Professorson's truth. You are a passenger on a zero-destination bullet train and Professor Professorson is your conductor. The ending is always the same, and it's always doomsday.

You will be dragged along into a semester's worth of reading, papers, and discussions all engineered to bolster a theory you do not even believe. It's like the government, and how it oppresses people sometimes. Except this time the government is not the government, it's your professor... who, by the way, is a **music** professor, for some reason.

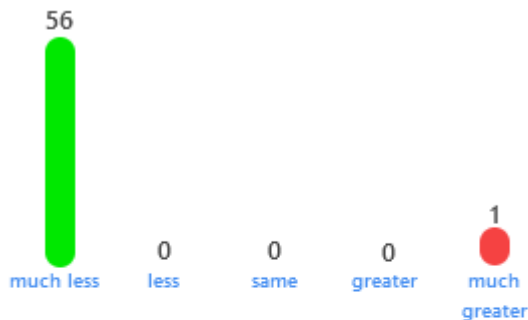
Feedback on papers by Mr. Music consists of red strikethroughs that replace words and phrases with synonymous words and phrases. My final grade of an A- instead of an A is due to the fact that I am not a technicolor avian that sits atop Professorson's shoulder, whose artificially selected purpose is to regurgitate his personal theories and anecdotes.

Even as a "mega loser with no friends," I have never felt so outcasted in an academic environment. Perhaps it is because I am not a humanities major, so I am unfamiliar with the flattery and facetiousness required to succeed in the classroom, but it was jarring to say the least. My mouth is too full of pride, self-respect, and other things that prevented me from suckling at the teet of my Professor for milk that is nearly a century old.

I will always remember this: we read about archaeological performance theory for homework. What the fuck even is that. Take two shots and try to guess what that even is without...

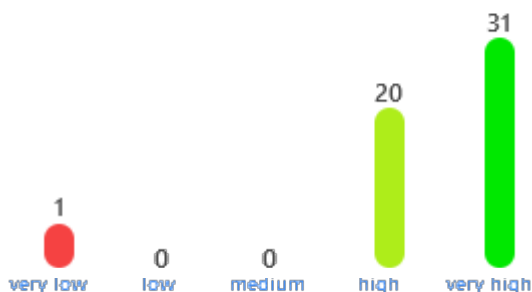
Workload

Relative to other courses you have taken at Yale, the workload of this course was:



Engagement

Your level of engagement with the course was:



TIMES NEW ROMAN