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LEGAL MUMBO JUMBO

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A message from the chair

This is your Captain speaking.

We're expecting a little bit of turbulence sometime between now and the end of the academic year, so we'd like to invite you to take a seat at your earliest convenience. You know, I guess Princeton is a little like a plane ride... after all, on campus, just like here in the skies, you're only allowed to eat peanuts and ginger ale, you have to wait behind three old men and a small child every time you want to use the bathroom, and everybody but you seems to be getting a handy underneath one of the complimentary blankets.

Okay, so the metaphor isn't perfect. But, we here at the Tiger do sincerely feel we have something in common with our colleague the airline in-flight magazine: some temptress in a funny outfit strategically places copies in locations where she suspects you'll be waiting, and then you're sitting there, bored, and you think, "what the hell do they still print magazines for? Who reads these?" And then you pick it up, just to see how dumb it is. That's how we get you.

Sure, we're dumb. But you're the one reading the letter at the beginning of a dumb magazine. Pot, kettle. And, as it turns out, it's a whole lot of fun to come up with dumb, libelous content about this campus and about the world. Instead of getting out there and doing something, we at the Tiger have nobly taken it upon ourselves to mock those who do so. It's a difficult burden to bear. Feel free to express your gratitude in the form of cash donations.

Jokes aside (not our strong suit!), we do hope that, if we've done a very good job, there's something in here which makes you feel that humor can provide a way of seeing or explaining or understanding something

you hadn't before. That's what I believe --- or, at least, that's what I tell myself in the dark hours of the night when I'm tormented by the question of what I'm doing with my life. But, even if we can't prompt an epiphany whose effect is so profound and positive that it inspires you to make a generous financial contribution to our organization, we'll be pleased as punch if we can make you laugh.

My apologies that this intercom announcement has gone on for so long, and sorry I'm getting obviously and uncomfortably choked up over the loudspeaker — you see, this may well be my last letter as TigerMag Chair. It's almost time to turn the controls over and jettison myself, parachuteless, into the abyss, as I'm assured is protocol for aging captains. I'm proud to leave this magazine in the hands of my able co-pilot and my very sexy staff. I can't wait to look back up during my 30,000 foot descent and see what those marvelous bastards accomplish.

Let the black box show I did my best by this rag of a magazine. I refuse to share any parting words of wisdom, other than these:

Fasten your seatbelt, baby, and enjoy the ride.

Maia Hamin '20
Chair

In the Event of an In-Flight Emergency

Interdimensional time travel

1. Assess the situation. Did you remember your space suit? Did you check your watch - you know, the one you set to the exact time as your spunky redheaded daughter's to create a poignant visual metaphor?
2. Pack your carry-on with as much wheat, corn, and in-flight pretzels as it can hold.
3. Deploy the safety slide in order to begin your slingshot manoeuver. While impossible, it is entirely necessary.
4. If you encounter Matt Damon during your evacuation, do NOT engage one-on-one.

The earth rising to meet the plane

1. Assess the situation. What do you really have to live for in a world where the land itself has the sentience to realize the sheer unnaturalness of airplane travel, and taken it upon itself to rid the earth of such modern sorcery?
2. Call a priest to perform the last rites. Wish you had sat through at least one whole Mass and called your mother more.
3. Realize you have no service because you were too cheap to spring for the in-flight wifi. Now do you think you've stuck it to the capitalism machine by not spending TEN DOLLARS on in-flight wifi?

The McRib is back

1. Immediately exit the aircraft through any opening whatsoever.



TYLER ASHMAN '21
NIA McCULLIN '21

In the Event of You Didn't Do the Readings for Today's Precept

Secure your oxygen mask before assisting others

1. You need to help yourself before helping others, your participation grade depends on it
2. Steal someone else's thought by using different words but concluding the same idea. Make sure to bring it up after they have already said it and other people have forgotten about it.
3. Then to help your peers breathe easy, repeat "that is an interesting point" whether or not the point is, in fact, interesting.

Keep your seatbelt on at all times, as turbulence can occur unexpectedly

1. A student might reference a page number and while everyone else is turning to that page, you have to look and listen very intently to distract from the lack of materials on your desk
2. Or your preceptor might simply say "we haven't heard from this side of the room in a while" and you are, in fact, on that side of the room

In case of an emergency, your seat may be used as a flotation device

1. During the discussion, you might find yourself adrift in conversation, a bit lost
2. This is normal... considering you didn't do the readings
3. Turn your seat around and wrap your arms around your chair, pulling it toward your chest. Hold on tight and stare at the wall as you wait for inspiration to hit you.

Also in case of emergency, assume the bracing position

1. Grab your phone in your hands. Keeping your hands extended beneath the desk, lean back slightly, careful not to draw attention. Slowly dip your chin so you can see your screen.
2. Pull up sparknotes for the reading while intermittently and slyly lifting your eyes and chin so it looks like you are paying attention.
3. Alternatively, scroll through memes.

Look around you for the nearest exit

1. You'll be taking off momentarily, and when you do, make sure to act with haste to minimize the shame.
2. Say "thank you" to your preceptor as you leave for any possible pity points.



On behalf of the preceptor and your entire class, it is our pleasure to have you. at least physically, with us aboard this precept. Enjoy your 50 minute flight!

WINNIE BRANDFIELD-HARVEY '21

From the Desk of The Baby on the Plane

Hello fellow passengers,

I would like to impart a message of benevolence. From the bottom of my heart, I send out my deepest apologies for any irritation, fury, or grief I may cause over the course of the next seven-to-ten hours. I mean no harm to the good passengers of Skyger Flight 001.

But you see, I'm a fucking baby on a plane.

Just two short months ago, I was pulled unwillingly from Susan's warm womb. Do you know how terrifying a plane is in comparison? Imagine being eaten by a giant, cylindrical metal bird. Sadly, I still lack the power of speech, so I can't pipe up and ask, "Hey Susan. Do you mind explaining to me what on god's green earth is going on?"

When the plane starts to shake, I will lose my ever-loving baby mind. And when we lift off, prepare for holy hell. If, Lord forbid, we encounter turbulence, the human mind cannot comprehend the chaos you will witness.

In my defense, I (the baby) did not buy the ticket for Skyger Flight 001. I never asked Susan to take me on a cross-country flight to see her college roommate, Brittany. From what I gather, Brittany works for Goldman Sachs and

I myself am a proud democratic socialist, so I expect we won't get along. And really, if it were up to me, I would be bothering the passengers on Delta.

Remember, too, I still have no concept of object permanence. I only know one food, and (not to be crass) it comes from the teat of my birthgiver. I think of my little baby feet as the ideal after-dinner snack. I'm working with extremely limited experience here. Thus, mechanical flight is definitely not in my baby wheelhouse.

So, with that, I'll commence my inevitable freakout. Please expect me to cry non-stop for the duration of the flight. On the bright side, with luck you may witness a new record decibel level.

Best wishes,

Bernard

(the Baby on the Plane)

P.S. I feel obliged to notify you that Susan is currently suffering from postpartum depression. I don't blame her.

AMANDA KURAL '23

The Princeton Tiger

CATASTROPHE ON SKYGER FLIGHT 001

by Amanda Kural

WEDNESDAY --- On a domestic passenger flight from Des Moines, Iowa to Charlotte, North Carolina, the passengers of Skyger Flight 001 exacted a terrible revenge on "Baby Bernard," an infant on the flight.

After wailing at the top of his lungs for the full two hours and forty three minutes, his fellow passengers and their traumatized eardrums had finally had enough.

After several judgmental stares from passengers towards Bernard's embarrassed parents, the passengers couldn't bear it anymore.

The flight attendant on duty said "Even with an Adam Sandler classic playing on the TV screens at full volume, their anger could not be subdued."

The passengers became increasingly frustrated with Susan, Bernard's mother, as she proceeded to bask in her oblivion of her low quality cable television programming and unlimited

supply of pre-packaged pretzels. Susan's continual reminiscences about college to no one in particular joined the unseasonable cacophony of Bernard's yelps. Then it happened.

Ivan, from seat 26C, leaped from his seat, exclaiming "Payback's a bitch, Bernard!"

"We had no other choice," says another voice audible on the plane's black box recording.

TigerMag has deemed the remaining events of the flight too saddening to reprint.

Nation's Hipsters Report: Economy Class is the New Pour-Over

"I wanted authenticity" said Dave Musgroves, a pant-cuffed, mustachioed man of 27, as he described his choice to move from first class to economy seating. "To experience the suffering of the common man is a visceral feeling that at once transcends and epitomizes human existence," he wheezed, sitting keeled-over, legs crushed by the seat reclined ahead of him. Delta flights have recently experienced a mass exodus of first-class millennials to the once-inexpensive economy class rows. "It used to be you could just cramp up in peace," said Tim, 72, a long-time economy flyer. "Now I can't walk to the bathroom without passing rows of LuluLemon-wearing men with New Yorker tote bags."

Oftentimes, revitalization comes at the cost of families. "They're making it impossible to find an affordable seat" said Debbie Myers, a mother of 6, who just wanted a cheap flight back to Minnesota for Thanksgiving. "Looks like grandma's eating by herself this year." Middle class flyers are now being faced with a difficult choice: pay extra for a seat in the newly dubbed "SoEco arts district," or sit in subsidized public seating located in the unpresurized cargo hold. Plagued by packs of drugged pets, thin levels of

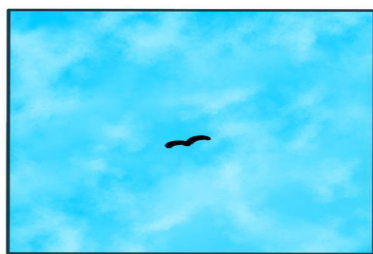
oxygen, and modernism, parents like Debbie claim "public seating is no place to travel with a family."

Some passengers are taking advantage of the reinvigorated interest in economy class. Tim, an ex-public school teacher, now markets Economy Class AirBnB Experiences full-time. "I literally just sell the same shitty airline ticket I bought on Trivago," says Tim, who prices his "authentic historic-district experiences" for twice the original price. Over the past year, a sizable market for these "discomfort retreats" has grown on travel apps.

Rather than attempt to quash this new black market for Economy class seats, president of American Airlines, Robert Isom, has encouraged the development. "We could double the amount of seats and drop the smoking bans, and the demand for flights would probably increase," said Isom, sitting by a blazing fire of yuppie trust-fund cash.

While the future of middle class air travel looks grim, other forms of transportation are guaranteed never to be cool. In the words of Amtrak president, Richard Anderson, "we're open for business!"

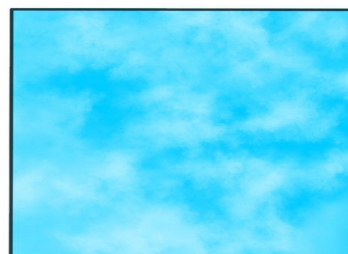
JAMIE RODRIGUEZ '23



Is it a bird?

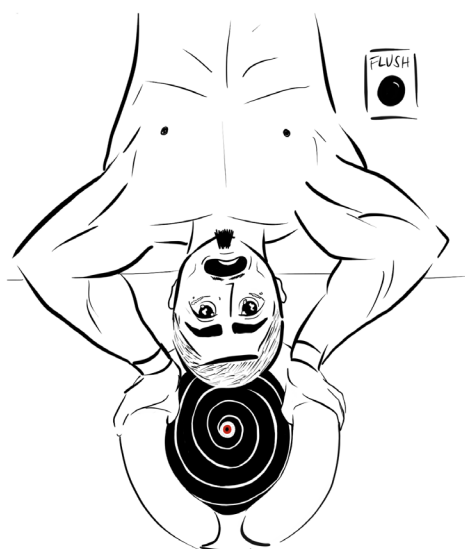


Is it a plane?



ELIE SVOLL '22

Woah: I Just Got the BEST Oral Sex from the Airplane Toilet



That's right. I just got supreeeeeme oral gratification from the suction toilet in the airplane restroom.

I was sitting there, doing my business (bathroom business, that is), and I pressed the button to "flush" the toilet when FWOOOOOOOOOSH!!!!!!!!!!!!!! My genitals were caught in the resulting suction. After my business had been sent on its way the toilet swallowed up my privates and I was YOINKED into the bowl. I was sucked so hard the toilet seat broke. I think. Someone knocked on the bathroom door and asked if I needed any help, but I was far too absorbed in the bliss around my nethers that I couldn't speak nor hear a word. It felt kind of like the time I'd allowed myself to sample

the secretive pleasures of my lawnmower, but an order of magnitude more powerful. I finally let out my orgasmic discharge, which was quickly gobbled by the plane and broadcast to the world through the turbines. Satisfied beyond measure, but with the magic gone, I quickly came to my senses.

I returned to my seat after cleaning both myself and my newfound partner. As I disembarked the plane and continued my journey, I made sure to take one look back at the one I had made my mark on. In just 3 seconds, my life had completely changed for the better.

JET JUE '23
Illustrated by AMANDA VERA '22

Air Marshal Kind of Wishes Just One of These Fuckers Would Try Him

As he boarded a United Airlines flight from Denver to Phoenix for the second time in a week, Air Marshal Blake Smith said, as always, that he hoped the flight would go smoothly, while also expressing a profound desire for “one of these shitheads to come at me, just this one time.”

Smith, whose job requires sitting through hundreds of domestic flights, constantly alert and ready to risk his life at any moment for the random passengers sitting beside him, told reporters that the closest call he had had in years was getting bit by an emotional support turtle. While he was of course, he added hurriedly, satisfied that no incidents had occurred as of late, “[his] trigger finger really is itching these days.”

“I mean, obviously I’m not hoping anything bad happens” Smith elaborated, “All I’m saying is that, as a former Marine, I have a very high level of firearm proficiency, so I’m pretty sure I could get one between a baddie’s eyes from thirty goddamn aisles away.”

“And you know, you do get bored” he continued. “Not that I’m ungrateful for the opportunity to watch the same flight safety video seven to twelve times a week, but I sometimes find myself wishing literally any of the emergencies described therein would actually happen so that maybe I could feel some goddamn purpose in my life for once.”

Smith also said he isn’t too picky about what kind of incident needs to occur. “I just need something, I’ll take anything to get the blood moving. I’d love to get to tell a drunk guy to put his shirt back on, or use a sweet judo hold to neutralize any passengers who are getting uppity and think they deserve a seat on this aircraft just because United sold them a ticket for hundreds of dollars, --- hell,

I’d even fight off thousands of venomous snakes if they happened to have been snuck aboard by nefarious assassins.”

“I realize now that joining the Air Marshals because I thought that every day would just be the plot of Con-Air might have been a misguided career choice” Smith added. “But would I be upset if this plane was hijacked and the only thing that stood between everyone on board and a horrible, untimely death was me, my lucky handgun, and my wits? No, I can’t say that I would.”

“Nor would I be troubled” Smith went on unprompted “if one of these beautiful flight attendants became the only person onboard I could trust, and we had to work together to defeat both the hijackers and the lazy bureaucrats trying to keep a rebel Marshal like me from exposing the system for what it really is.”

“I don’t know, you can’t always get what you want, can you?” Smith said as he stuffed his duffel bag in the overhead compartment. “Sometimes I wonder if I’m even necessary at all..If I’m not here to take over the cockpit after the pilot is revealed to be a double agent, and if I can’t land this plane, save everyone aboard, and finally rid myself of the crushing guilt and the inner demons that I normally appease through gambling, emotional isolation, and whiskey, then what’s the goddamn point of flying back and forth between Detroit and Albuquerque every goddamn weekend?”

After inspecting his in-flight meal for powder residue, in case a nefarious assailant was attempting to poison him so nothing would stand in the way of their dastardly in-air kidnapping scheme, Smith was seen settling into his seat and selecting Jumanji: Welcome to the Jungle as his in-flight entertainment for the third time this month.

BENJAMIN GELMAN '21

Quiz: Are You in Love, or has the Cabin Suddenly Depressurized?

Hey — we’ve all been there. You’re feelin’ some type of way, but you can’t figure out if it’s because you’ve got it bad for somebody, or because a breach in the fuselage has caused a potentially-fatal drop in oxygen levels in the aircraft.

You only have a few minutes to figure it out — luckily, Skyger Mag can help!

Q: Have you found yourself daydreaming or uncontrollably hallucinating a future life you know you’ll never get to experience?

A: No

B: Yes

Q: Have you suddenly found yourself obsessing over the secret meaning in every text message or panicked announcement by the flight attendants?

A: No

B: Yes

Q: Have you been experiencing shortness of breath, rapid heart beat, dizziness, trouble focusing, or tingling in your extremities?

A: No

B: Yes

Q: Did you methodically tunnel through the side of the cabin to create a breach, hoping to use the “last-moments-to-live-nothing-to-lose” panic as an excuse to confess to your crush?

A: No

B: Yes

Answer Key:

Mostly A’s: You’re probably neither in love nor suffering the effects of acute depressurization at 30,000 feet.

Mostly B’s: Honestly, could go either way.

MAIA HAMIN '20

Making the Most of Your Ski Trip to the Alps

Congratulations! You've finally booked your ticket to the oh-so-beautiful Switzerland for a spectacular getaway filled with the natural beauty of incredible mountain vistas, memorable and delectable food and drinks, and the thrills of skiing for hours on end with family and friends. The Alps are truly a trip of a lifetime, and we've provided some tips to make sure you get the most out of your vacation.

1. Stay at your wealthy orthodontist dad's picturesque, historic chalet: Your dad's multi-million dollar cabin is the perfect spot to nestle up by a nice cozy fire, enjoy a warm jacuzzi soak, and watch the sun set over the—oh... your dad's not an orthodontist? Well, whatever profession he's in, I'm sure his Swiss lodge will be more than—oh, he doesn't have a Swiss lodge. Interesting.
2. Have your butler carry your gear: Everyone knows an Alpine ski trip is nothing if you don't have a hired servant to carry your heavy skis and poles for you. It would be utterly embarrassing to be caught dead carrying your own things up to the slopes—wait, you don't have a butler either? For crying out loud, are you serious about going to the Alps or not? Whatever. Moving on.
3. Do a wine tasting: Following an exciting and invigorating day of hitting the slopes, there are numerous incredible locations for sampling Swiss wines, which can make for a romantic date night with your newly acquired Italian model trophy wife, where you can surprise her with the Tiffany necklace you bought her in hopes that she'll hold hands with you in public. Oh, what a surprise! Big spender over here doesn't have the Tiffany necklace! Or a trophy wife! Spectacular.
4. Have your helicopter drop you off at the top of the mountain: Heli skiing is becoming increasingly popular and is a sure-fire way to make for a memorable—wait you've got to be kidding. You really don't have a helicopter? Unbelievable. We're trying to help you plan an amazing, life-changing vacation and you're just being difficult. It's almost like you don't even want to enjoy the finest Alpine experience. What kind of plane are you reading this on anyway that you're travelling without an incredibly wealthy father, butler, trophy wife, or personal helicopter? Spirit? Oh, Christ. Maybe our article "Guide to Making the Most of Your Trip to Evanston, Wyoming" would be better for you. Page 40.

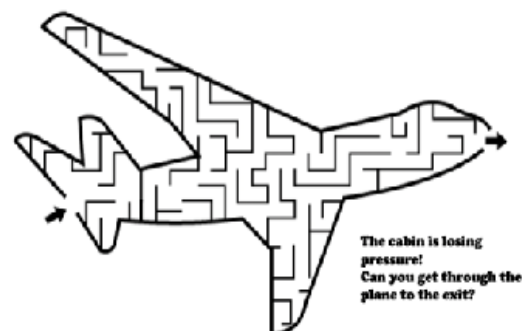
ABBY CLARK '21

AIRPLANE FUN AND GAMES!!!

Can you find these hidden words?

- Airplane
- Hotel
- Suitcase
- Runway
- Pretzels
- Vacation
- Pillow

B	U	S	H	D	I	D	N	I	N	E	E	L	E	V	E	N
Y	X	I	V	F	L	J	F	S	R	Z	F	Z	U	M	I	V
T	J	G	V	F	W	A	A	Z	Y	E	O	T	P	D	H	T
G	E	O	R	G	E	A	N	D	O	S	A	M	A	B	L	G
G	M	B	U	S	H	W	A	S	B	E	H	I	N	D	I	T
T	M	K	B	Y	P	I	N	S	I	D	E	J	O	B	M	T
O	O	T	U	K	R	Y	Y	C	R	P	L	A	K	S	I	F
G	E	O	R	G	E	W	B	U	S	H	D	I	D	I	T	J
Q	S	M	X	F	N	B	U	S	H	D	I	D	I	T	J	Z
W	Q	I	T	W	A	S	G	E	O	R	G	E	B	U	S	H



5					1	2	3	
1	2	3		8		4	5	
8		4		7	6	5		
7	6	5		10				
							6	
			7		1	2	3	
	1	2	3		8		4	
	8		4		7	6	5	
7	6	5						

Try to unscramble these words!!!!

Aplainre _____
Tvaerl _____
dytu efre _____
ym wfie sdia hse cldon'ut syat mrierad ot a dsxyelic

utb ew dha smtehonig _____
ti aws aerl _____
Braabar leapse ceom ckba _____
htole _____
tisourm _____

These Spot the Difference Games are getting harder and harder!
Can you find the 5 differences in these



LIANA SLOMKA '23

Quiz: Do You Have Any Idea Who the Fuck I Am?

Q: Tell me something — what do I look like to you?

1. A clown?
2. A chump?
3. Somebody you can give the ol' runaround?

Q: Do I look like somebody who can't tell what 3.4 fucking fluid fucking ounces looks like?

1. No, I don't.

Q: Does it look like I care what it says on the bottle?

1. No, no I do not.

Q: I've gone through a lot of other airports with this very same bottle of conditioner and I've never had a fucking problem before. So riddle me this, chucklefuck: what makes you smarter than all the other TSA guys at all the other airports in the rest of the fucking world?

1. They just make 'em better here in La Guardia?
2. They just make 'em better out here at the worst fucking airport in New York?
3. I think the fuck not, buddy

Q: Do you know why I've been through so many airports? You ever hear of Milgrim's Chemical Supply?

1. I didn't fucking think so

Q: Well, we're the biggest fucking chemical-supply company in the New Jersey Area. And I'm the fucking Vice President of fucking Sales. So do you think you might want to change your tune?

1. Didn't think about it like that, did you.

Q: You think you can just tell the fucking Vice President of fucking Sales to dump out his bottle of conditioner? You think I'm gonna pour out my Head 'n Shoulders on the advice of some worthless little maggot working airport security?

1. I will NOT CALM DOWN
2. DON'T FUCKING TOUCH ME

Q: YOU THINK YOU CAN PUT ME IN CUFFS?

1. I'LL SEE YOUR ASS IN COURT

Q: DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT THE FUCK I'LL DO TO YOU IF YOU POUR OUT THAT BOTTLE RIGHT NOW?

1. I'LL SHIT FIRE AND FURY ALL OVER YOUR SORRY AIRPORT-SECURITY ASS
2. I'LL SUE YOU FOR EVERY CENT YOU HAVE 'TIL YOU CAN'T FIND TWO NICKELS TO RUB TOGETHER
3. I'LL TAKE YOUR HOUSE AND YOUR CAR AND THEN I'LL FUCK YOUR WIFE AND I'LL MAKE YOUR KIDS CALL ME DAD

Answer Key:

Mostly 1s, 2s, or 3s: IT SEEMS YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHO THE FUCK YOU'RE DEALING WITH

MAIA
HAMIN
'20

Man Travels to Wrong Georgia, Accidentally Joins Decades-Old Armed Conflict

When 35 year old Tyde Johnson landed amid the dusty plains of Tbilisi, Georgia, he'd assumed the plane had simply been rerouted to a more remote terminal of the Hartsfield-Jackson Atlanta International Airport in an effort to reduce traffic on the tarmac.

Much to his surprise, he exited the plane only to find that instead of a chauffeur from the Atlanta Marriott, his welcoming party consisted of three camo-clad young men adorning helmets and large rifles.

"I have to say, I was disappointed by the lack of professionalism. These men looked like they hadn't shaved in days," said Johnson. "But at the same time, I know the Holiday Inn would've cheated out and sent only one or two men to receive me, so I appreciated the generosity of the service I received. What really stood out to me was the staff's attention to detail — they gave me my own personal bulletproof vest to wear when driving through the conflict

zone. A great souvenir!"

Johnson further remarked on his experience, "I was drawn to Georgia by Legoland and hiking trails. While I haven't had the chance to actually leave the camp long enough to find my way to Legoland, I can't fault the excellent staff, who have made it very hard to leave... you almost don't want to say goodbye, as if you'd die if you tried!"

"And to be fair, our daily hikes have been lovely, although there have been fewer waterfalls, and more quaint little streets strewn with rustic charm in the form of bullet holes and peddlers. What a humbling experience!"

In terms of payment, the Georgian guards did not accept Johnson's American Express. Johnson is currently in search of three aged donkeys and a quart of low-fat sheep's milk to repay his hosts for their hospitality.

IMAAN KHASRU '23



ELIE SVOLL '22

Hammacher Schlemmer

We're proud to offer access to Hammacher Schlemmer Products for sale on this Skyger Airlines flight. Synonymous with invention for over 100 years, Hammacher Schlemmer offers innovative products to meet needs you didn't even know you had. Ask your flight attendant for details on any product offered on this page --- we keep each and every one of these products stored in the back of the airplane so we can offer it to you at any time.

The Bee Perfume



This is the genuine perfume bottle containing 2,000 angry, confined live bees. Apply to the face, neck, and chin as you would any other perfume and enjoy its rapid-onset plumping effects. You'll

be wowed by the speed with which the bees can pierce your tender facial skin with thousands upon thousands of stingers, and your complexion will surely thank you! Fragranced with blood, tears, and bee juice, you'll have the neighborhood talkin' and gawkin' as they whisk you to a very sexy emergency room visit. Maybe you'll bag yourself a handsome doctor! Whether he'll be so overcome by your deformed, bulbous visage that he proposes on the spot is all up to how liberally you apply. Shipping may be delayed due to the rapidly-declining bee population.

The Air Marshal's Baby

This is the genuine infant that was conceived by air marshal Brian Turner on a particularly boring transatlantic Southwest flight with an exceptionally irresponsible stewardess. Soft, buoyant, and completely abandoned, this nameless child will be a fine addition

to your home. He has no object permanence, so your options for activities are essentially limitless! Make him watch Sesame Street, swaddle him in swaddling clothes, or give him cigarettes, it's all up to you. May or may not defecate on the floor. Weighs...8 pounds? Unsure. Feels weird to like...plop him on a scale. Caucasian. Meet in alleyway at 3 A.M. for pickup.



The Groucho Glasses but They Have Asbestos on Them



This is the genuine disguise made of pure combustible plastic and asbestos for all of your masquerading and mustachioed needs. Containing genuine hairs from the famous Mr. Groucho's face as well as dangerous levels of carcinogenic substances from Mr. Groucho's original home, these glasses are sure to enhance your vision, your charm, and your odds of developing lung cancer.

Hand polished, brushed, and plucked, each eyebrow springs to life with up to 6.5 mm of fluff and 2 mg of asbestos. These extravagant spectacles will be the perfect holiday gift for coworkers, other people's children, and wanted criminals. Can come engraved with up to three initials and coated with up to three types of asbestos.

The Plane

You own all of us now!
Please be merciful.



The Reverse Curve ©



This is the genuine Reverse Curve ©, the one-and-only dildo flexible enough to bend around the wearer's torso and shaft to directly penetrate the gluteus itself. Discover forbidden pleasure as, with every forward thrust of your hips, the Reverse Curve

embeds itself deeper and deeper into your tender b-hole. Made out of the finest quality denim, handwoven by the most talented of child laborers, this 42-inch beast of silicon can wreck you or hold your tender, depending on consumer preference and consumer hip movements. And, you'll own a little piece of history: this dildo was first created to allow premed students to feel something again, as evidenced by the manufacturer's slogan "Reverse Curve ©: like the reverse curve on a Princeton STEM class, the Reverse Curve © will always fuck you in the ass." Weighs 100 lbs. Shipped inside a box whose shape and large-printed labels loudly announces its contents.

HAMMACHER SCHLEMER Inc. | Question or complaints? Call 1-800-UPY-OURS

The Tuvalu

This is the genuine chain of nine coral island found in the west-central Pacific Ocean. As the sea level rises, so does this prosperous tropical paradise's time in the global spotlight. You'll be proud to show your in-laws its sandy beaches this holiday season --- and it'll give you some dinner-table conversation about the impacts of climate change. A utopia of reefs, atolls, and buildings just feet above sea level, this nation will perfectly complement the decorative wine bottles and sea turtle art on the kitchen ledge of your beach house. No man is an island, and as the sea level rises 2 meters, neither is Tuvalu. This is a limited time offer.

Included: 11,192 citizens, 1 life jacket.

Not Included: decorative wine bottles, sea turtle art, swim lessons.



The September 11 Commemorative Lego Set

This is the genuine 9/11 Commentirive Lego Set. Available only here, this product will let your children relive the magic of the day that America will Never Forget. With the push of a button, watch the towers come crumbling down and re-experience the grief and disbelief of a nation. While America struggles with how to memorialize an unimaginable loss, your child can be rebuild and destroy the Twin Towers over and over for double the tragedy and double the fun. Comes with two towers, miniature Lego firefighters who can't reach the upper floors due

to the soaring flames, and teeny-tiny Rudy Guiliani, intent on recovering the gold and silver from the WTC vaults.



The Plastic Foot with a Hole In It

This is a genuine plastic foot with a hole the middle. If you're gonna buy this, you already know what it's for. All I'm gonna say is that, whatever you're gonna use it for, it's good for that. Like, really good. Worth the money.

The Barber Eliminator ©

This is the genuine electric hair trimmer that cuts evenly in any direction, enabling you to maintain your own closely cropped, clean-cut hairstyle. As simple as combing your hair, the circular trimmer's rotary cutting system and razor-

sharp stainless steel blades cut as the unit is moved through your hair while accommodating the contours of your pate. The trimmer's ergonomic design ensures it fits comfortably in the palm of a hand for precise control. The rechargeable battery provides four five-minute hair cuts after a 16-hour charge or the trimmer can be powered by the included AC adapter. Includes a comb, scissors, storage pouch, and a barber's cape.



The Barbara Eliminator ©

This is the genuine Barabara-eliminating weapon. You've heard of the Barber Eliminator, now get ready for: the Barbara eliminator. As simple as pulling the trigger, this high-powered handgun's seventeen-round chamber and semi-automatic mode

allow you to smoothly eliminate Barbara after Barbara. The Barbara Eliminator's ergonomic ribbed grip ensures that, even in the heat of an argument over the holiday dinner table, sweaty or shaky hands will never deter you from a successful kill. The Glock™ 18's easy-off safety allows you to act fast whenever you spy Barbara in your home or garden. Whether you're hunting for sport or standing your ground, the Barbara Eliminator is your one-stop solution to all Barbaras, big or small. Includes one (1) Glock™ 18, 142 rounds of ammunition, a tarp and a shovel.



3 Days In... Dan's House

Day 1:

It's a cool, crisp morning when your Sky-Ger Airlines red-eye touches down at Dulles at 4A.M. Hail one of the many 2002 Honda Civic cabs milling about ethereally and direct the driver to Dan's House in Bethesda. As you drive in, notice how no one really lives in this neighborhood anymore after the Conch Shell Killings back when you and Dan were in college. As your car pulls into the driveway, flattening a couple of uncollected newspapers, glory in the way the old place's dirt brown paint job is slowly peeling off and revealing the dirt brown wood underneath.

Pay the driver a 100% tip because you're worried he might kill you and knock on the door, cherishing the wood-chips that adhere to your knuckles. There's Dan to welcome you in, looking like a zonked-out Count Olaf. In the tradition of the sad-eyed recent divorcée, he holds your hug a little too long, and his scruff bristles against your cheek. He invites you to brunch in the living room.

Remember Dan's living room? For decades it was known neighborhood-wide for its expansive couches, tasteful collection of modern bric-a-bracs, and big-ass flat screen. Embrace minimalism as the two of you sit down to Spongebob Easy Mac ("like when we were kids!" he says with a sad smile) on two aluminum chairs at the center of the now-empty room. (Darlene got the furniture). Then, indulge in a little Madden 2004 on Dan's new 20-inch TV. He's getting entirely too good at the game.

The afternoon is for exploring! Dan takes you to the backyard, which is now an elaborate cemetery for his many birds and gerbils. You can't take a step without desecrating the grave of a dead playmate. The creek has dried up.

After a nap (with Dan, on the air mattress that is his bed), you're both hungry again. Dan orders several days worth of food from a local Chinese place. He has you get the door because there's some kind of bad blood between him and the delivery guy. You don't pry.

Longtime readers know and love Sky-ger Mag's "3 Days In..." feature, where we tell you what to do and see for three perfect vacation days in a very special place. Buckle up for our hottest destination yet.



Score! When it's bedtime, you convince Dan that he'll last the night alone and get to sleep on the house's one remaining couch, which Dan is borrowing from his parents. You lost your virginity on this couch, you recall fondly. And, you realize after a few minutes of discomfort that you're lying on Dan's sister's 15-year-old retainer. Sweet dreams!

Day 2:

Wake up, sleepyhead, there's tourism to do! The expired Clif bar Dan tossed you for breakfast sticks to your forehead. It tastes of sawdust and despair. Time for one of the most famous sights in the Greater Dan's House area: the indoor mini golf place on Palmer Street. Dan's pretty good for the first nine holes, nimbly navigating the legally-dubious "Disney-inspired" animatronics that populate the place. But when you get to the fake windmill in the shape of "Ulif, the friendly snowman," he remembers that this is where he proposed to Darlene. As your friend sobs into your shirt, fire off some savory putts.

Back at DH, after some choice General Tso's leftovers, it's time for the day's main entertainment: Darlene is coming over to pick up the child support! Make sure you have your tickets well in advance, because

you don't want to miss the single greatest attraction that Dan's House has to offer. You won't be able to tear your eyes away as Dan thinks of ever-more ridiculous excuses for why he doesn't have the money, effecting a deeper voice to seem masculine.

Dan's going to be in no position to show you any more sites tonight, so go to a bar alone.

Day 3:

What's a perfect vacation without a surprise day-trip? Today starts with a knock at the door --- turns out it's a bookie coming around to shoot Dan in the head. But don't worry --- you'll get to join in the fun when, as the only witness, the bookie puts a bag over your head, throws you in the trunk of his SUV, and drives into the local reservoir, jumping out just in time to save himself as you plunge into the murky depths.

Not a bad way to kill a couple of days, eh? Stay subscribed to Sky-Ger Mag for more fantastic trip opportunities --- you'll never expect what we'll find for you to do next week in "3 Days in the Silver Pits of Lithuania".

NATE PERLMETER '21
Illustrated by BOB SCHOFNER '22

My Aruba

I'm sure you've heard something about Aruba; the pearly white beaches, the clear Caribbean water, the vibrant culture. But the Aruba I know is unique; it's the Aruba where I took my Grandpa for a perfect day; a day to celebrate life.

I wheel Grandpa to Boca Catalina, a prime spot for snorkeling and beaching in paradise. Grandpa whistles a song from his youth and is enjoying the warmth of the sun on his pale, pale body as we make our way along the rocky coast of the beach. Soon enough, we find a cozy spot to sit down and take in the rays. We both doze off on the beach, the breeze from the sea just enough to keep us cool in the desert heat. After a long nap, I decide to have some fun and bury Grandpa in the sand, just like he said the guys used to do back in France, "during the War." I finish covering his legs in the hole, but soon I notice that Grandpa's lips are crusty from the desert island's air. I leave him and go in search of sustenance.



But to my surprise, all I find are two flamingos, their pink coats radiating a divine energy, picking at the most juicy, ripe dragon fruit that have fallen from a tree. I'm utterly mesmerized by the sight of them. I inch my way closer and let my hand run along the slick feathers of one. It arches its head and looks at me, before continuing to eat the fallen fruit below it. The birds soon wander deeper into the cluster of trees lining the beach, and I follow along, for as the airplane pilot told me and Grandpa on our flight over, "in Aruba, you go with the flow". The flamingos and their glistening bodies lead me to a stone outlook facing the ocean. Warm water runs over the floor of the outlook as the waves tumble in, and the water gets pulled out as the ocean takes the waves back into it once more. One flamingo returns with a beer; a Corona Light, Grandpa's favorite, while the other brings me a coconut, filled to the brim with delicious coconut milk. I stay on this stone outlook for the rest of the afternoon, drinking and thinking of how lucky Grandpa and I are to be somewhere with such awe-inspiring vistas, and how before me is a great sublime beauty of the world that Grandpa said, "will always and forever escape me".

As the day winds down, I find myself still on the outlook, looking at the calm plane of water before me. As the tide rolls in and sweeps totally over Boca Catalina, I let the waves drown my toesies and the sand brush against my feet. The ocean has totally flooded the coast, and the tide is up to the old stone wall where I'm sitting. The white sand that once reflected the sun's bright beams has made way for the wine-blue ocean. As the moonlight begins to shine against the clear expanse before me, I look out to the darkening the starry sky and pray that this day with Grandpa will never die.

ETHAN MAGISTRO '23

In-Flight Fitness: Let Us Take You Where You Want to Go

Disclaimer: Because every other passenger will feel uncomfortable, violated, or disturbed as a result of your dedication to the following exercises, you are unlikely to join the mile-high club. But do not fret - consider all of the people on land who could not have known to file a restraining order against you, and who will find your sweet gains irresistible.

WARM UP:

Begin with a classic, the airplane pose. This exercise is preferably done in the aisle of the plane. If you have trouble balancing, reach out and hold the hands of the two passengers sitting closest to you. Say to them, "Hello. I am big and strong, but I am all alone." Build friendships as strong as your hamstrings.

CARDIO:

Keep an eye on the bathroom: if you see someone heading there, get out of your seat and try to beat them to it. If you succeed, perform your bathroom exercises. If defeated, kegel aggressively outside the stall door and grunt in rhythm. Maintain direct eye contact with any approaching competitors in order to assert dominance.

In the bathroom: Hover over the toilet or drop the lid for an aerobic step. This is most effective with turbulence. If your legs start cramping, flush the toilet to remind yourself of the abyss that the passenger banging on the bathroom door wants to throw you into.

STRENGTH TRAINING:

As a weight, you may choose to use your carry-on bag, the carry-on bag of someone who is asleep, or a small child. Similar to gym benches, how much you recline your seat determines which muscle groups you will be targeting. Do not worry about making the person seated behind you uncomfortable during this exercise. They already are.

COOL DOWN:

When you feel thoroughly exhausted, lie down in the aisle for a few minutes, using as a pillow one of the unconscious passengers who recently took an excessive amount of Benadryl to cope with the distress you were causing them. Take this time to reflect. You are tough, you are sexy, and you didn't cry, not once, not even when the passenger in 32B pointed at your neck and called you a tree boy. Keep it up. Someone is out there.

SOPHIE GERCHIKOV '23

Fun Things to Confess to your Seatmate During Especially Rough Turbulence

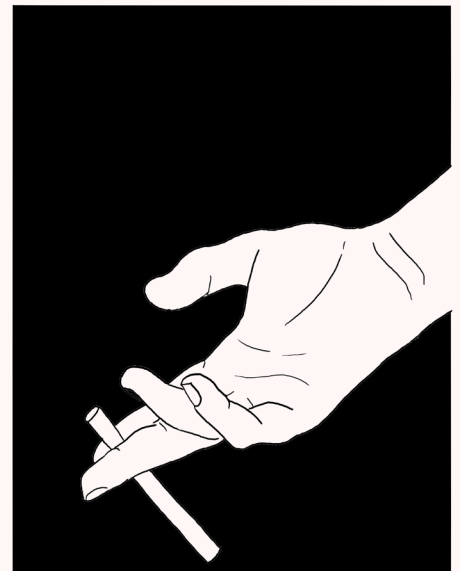
- Every time I get drunk, I vomit into the Woody Woo fountain. I consider it a protest against racism.
- I lied! I'm not a member of the mile-high club! I just masturbated under the scratchy airline blankets and decided to count it.
- I (Jeff Bezos, '86) have a secret son.
- I still use disposable straws. A sea turtle killed my uncle. It's revenge.
- Baby shark was inspired by my family. The incredible fame is beginning to take a toll on me.
- I had sex with a man I thought was Barack Obama. Wracked with guilt, I apologized to Michele Obama ('85) only to discover it was actually Dwayne "The Rock" Johnson.
- I was the muse for Dolly Parton's Jolene. I did take her man!
- I cheated on my husband on our twenty-fifth anniversary trip to Barcelona with a young local named Pablo. I don't regret it.
- I'm the kid from the college admissions scandal and I don't have the heart to tell my parents that all I really wanted to be was a freelance hamster trainer! You don't need college for that
- I am a vegan only for the aesthetic of being a vegan.
- I would gladly hand over the CIA secrets I possess to spend a day watching Vladimir Putin riding a horse.
- I worry I'm incapable of feeling love.
- I've always thought Meryl Streep was overrated!
- I think we don't talk enough about the societal oppression faced by Android users.
- I'm Andrew Yang, and I'm running for President in the year 2020.

JAMIE FEDERER '23
AMANDA KURAL '23
LIANA SLOMKA '23

Ways in which flying economy is like being in prison



The food is rationed & not ideal



Smuggled cigarettes can be bartered as a form of pseudo currency



Eager college students are often trying to "tutor" you



Getting a Swastika tattooed on you in the bathroom in order to join the neo-Nazi crew is the surest way to guarantee safety from the authorities

IMAAN KHASRU '23

Introducing a New Member of Prospect Avenue: The Mile High Club

Introducing Prospect Avenue's newest resident, the Mile High Club! Sleek and streamlined, this new club has everything from tiny metal bathrooms and a state-of-the-art cockpit (ha, get it) to unwashed young males that gaze at you lovingly as you attempt to sleep. We even have storage for your baggage, and any other packages you may want to bring on board. Raving reviews have described the food as being "super plane, actually kind of garbage," but the ambiance seems to fly with members pretty well! When asked about his inspiration for this new club, president Paul Ward '20 had only one thing to say: "I'm a simple man. I love traveling. I love tax free shopping. And when I see a stewardess, my engines get revved."

Ward's newest creation has landed very well with Princeton students so far, especially with freshman Madison Hunt. She reports, "I love the drinks here. They come in these cute little bottles, and when the bartender hands me one he always tells me how grate-

ful he is for my 'premium business.' He never lets my non-white friends have any for free though, which is confusing. But it's okay, I always share!" Even members of other eating clubs are flying to Mile High. Terrace's current vice president, Tommy Dannenfelser, was impressed after the club's grand opening party: "The vibes are so cool. The tight metal cylinder is like a metaphor for our descend into robot hell. And who doesn't like to eat out of contracted styrofoam tins?" Dannenfelser continued on, but he seemed much more than a mile high and declined to make any more coherent comments.

The Mile High Club is the pilot for a new Princeton initiative to appeal to more alternative students by way of niche eating clubs. "We just want them to have a social life," says President Eisgruber. "Please leave your dorm and go out for once. It's fucking weird." That's a lofty goal for the administration to tackle, but over here at Mile High, we're ready for lift-off.

ROSEMARY PAULSON '23

Centrist Pilot Torn Between Landing Plane Safely and Crashing, Killing Everyone Onboard

Pilot Johnathan Goodman, who sits dead center on the political alignment chart, is unable to decide whether to land his upcoming flight safely or maneuver the plane straight into the Pacific Ocean, likely resulting in the death of everyone on-board.

"There are good arguments on both sides," said a concerned-looking Goodman. "I really see the merit of a safe landing, because then everyone gets to keep living, which I think is definitely a good thing. But there might be people on the plane that secretly long for death anyway, in which case crashing the plane would be doing them a service. All in all, I'd say I'm torn."

According to Goodman, this is one of the many issues he faces in his daily life as a centrist. He cannot consume his favorite sandwich -- peanut butter and jelly -- without an exact 50/50 ratio of the two fillings, and struggles to keep his face in the permanent form of a half-grimace, showing that he is not too happy nor too sad at any given moment.

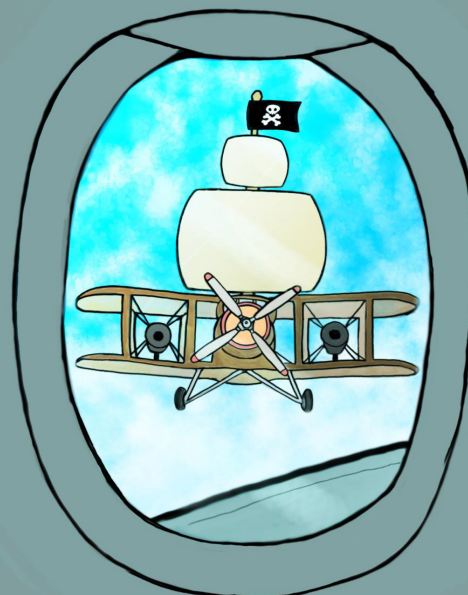
Goodman further lamented the daunting nature of such a decision, noting that "it's impossible to know whether or not any given baby on the plane will grow up to be the Hitler of our generation." However, he acknowledged the fact that another baby could potentially grow up to be the successor of Mahatma Gandhi, effectively nullifying the Hitler-baby. He also noted that some people think that a new Hitler would not be so bad, and that that is a perfectly valid political opinion that should be given its due in public discourse.

LUCAS MAAKE '22



ELIE SVOLL '22

DID YOU KNOW?



Statistics show that you are much more likely to die in a sky-pirate attack than by being bitten by a shark

