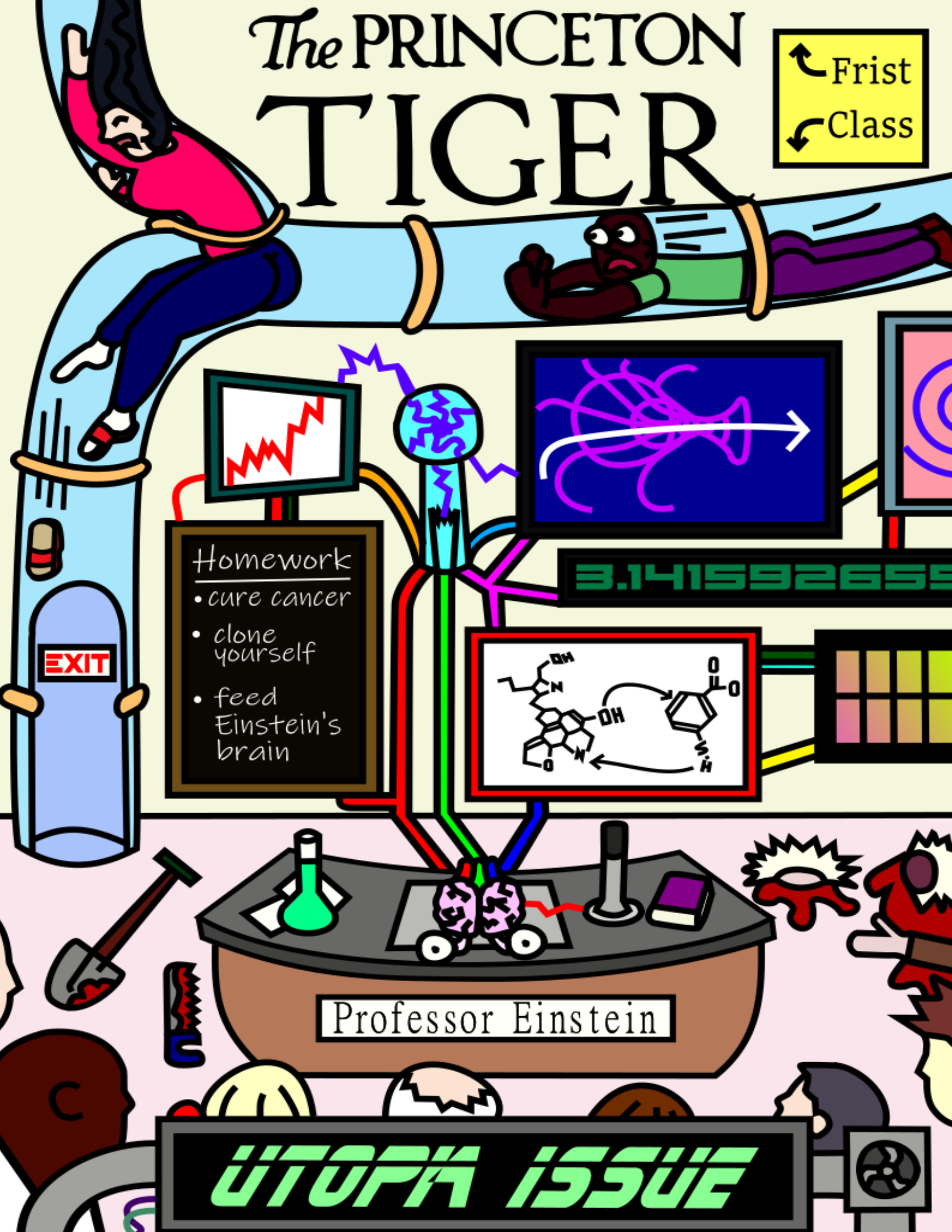


The PRINCETON TIGER

↶ Frist
↶ Class



Homework

- cure cancer
- clone yourself
- feed Einstein's brain

EXIT

3.14159265

Professor Einstein

UTOPIA ISSUE





October, 2020
Vol. CXXXVII No. 3

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LEGAL MUMBO JUMBO

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From the Staff of TigerMag to the Class of 2024

It is an interesting time, we assume, to be matriculating into Princeton University. We noticed recently while scrolling through TigerMag's diamond-encrusted TikTok account that some of you have misgivings about entering the Orange Bubble (which, yes indeed, really does smell perfectly like Tropicana Orange Juice. With a little Triple Sec. And puppy essence). Rest assured, you now live in an honest-to-Eisgruber utopia. Not a dystopia, not Orwellian, it's not a Brave New World or a Ba Sing Se, you're not getting invited to Lake Laogai. You're here in Princeton, New Jersey, and everything is perfect for everyone welcome.

It can be a bit overwhelming at first, but as your robot McGraw tutor Jeeves peddles you bottomless mimosas (or screwdrivers if that's more your thing, we just kinda make our way through all this orange juice), walk the grounds. Walk past the ski slopes that only exist if you want them to. Note the 4K TV screens that occupy every window, the ones that bend reality to your will so that your favorite contestant is always winning The Bachelorette. Dip your toe in the Olympic-size reflecting pool the University provides free of charge to your at-this-point-superfluous emotional support dog.

We get it, you're a college (utopic college) freshman (utopic freshman). And suddenly you're faced by all these choices. What class to take? What friend to make? Which magic wishing rock to shake? (Spoiler: they all grant wishes, it doesn't really matter that much which one you shake). You might even come down with a case of

the dreaded impostor syndrome. Well, don't worry about that for a second. We have oral medication for impostor syndrome here. It tastes like Double Stuf Oreos and it gets you really stoned.

Everything is going to be fine. Firstly, because your limbs are made of regenerative candy and secondly, because you're a Princeton student. You really are. Good job. Pat on the back Et cetera. And yes, it looks a little different right now than you were expecting. You were expecting a picturesque gothic architecture campus in Central, New Jersey, with dining halls that serve endless vats of lightly seasoned chicken and rice. And instead you got a categorical paradise where your dorm room has a fully heated orgasm wall. We at TigerMag were not prepared for that one either. But we're gonna rub up on it together, and when it eventually fades away (as all things do), and we're returned to the standard situation where you gotta walk to class instead of riding your flying Wii Fit board, then you might just look back fondly on this Fall 2020 semester. Except the part where Trump is re-elected. That part, you might not look back so fondly.

Like we said. Everything will be fine. Welcome to Princeton. Welcome to TigerMag. We're the campus humor magazine. We're like The Onion but specific to Princeton. Enjoy, and when your Tesla-brand brain implants give you your own funny idea (or you just wanna know how Elon gets that signature lemon zest in your medulla oblongata), hit us up at submissions@tigermag.com. Now, go take a walk or something.

My Review of Amazon's Newest Product: The Alexa Girlfriend

I want to preface this review by saying that I am not a luddite, and I, for one, welcome our new android lovers. Android-phobia is a relic of a bygone era, an uncivilized time when dinosaurs roamed the earth, climate change was still an issue, and Maroon 5 songs were once considered music. That being said, I warn potential customers to refrain from purchasing Amazon's new android lineup: the Alexa Girlfriend.

When Amazon announced the Alexa Girlfriend, I was amongst the first to purchase her. At first, she was the perfect silicone companion: she was super romantic and intelligent, and could always buy me the perfect gift by analyzing my purchasing habits. I could ask her any question and she could come up with an answer from Google within seconds. Oh, and the sex! It was like dipping my privates in a heated Jacuzzi filled with holy water. There's just some things that a robot can do with their parts that humans cannot.

However, past the honeymoon phase, I started to spot some glaring software issues. Her emotional intelligence algorithms are quite stunted. I just want emotional support when I vent, but she tries to offer solutions to my problems instead, which are always conveniently found on Amazon. "I've had a stressful week at work," I'll say. Would you like a massage gun for only \$16.99 and free shipping? "I think I have a coffee addiction." Customers like you have also purchased Folger's. My widowed mother has been feeling lonely lately. Dildo.

Hanging out with her is no longer any fun, either. "Netflix and Chill" has become "Amazon Prime Video and Nothing Else." For the past month, all we have done is watch *The Marvelous Mrs. Maisel* on repeat. Conversations aren't any better; her in-built database of dialogue options is too shallow for my liking. I would like, just for once, to have a conversation that doesn't devolve into a book review about the latest Kindle library addition.

And if that weren't bad enough, there's no such thing as privacy with her. She snoops through my Internet history, emails, and my phone calls to make sure that I don't shop at other online retailers. Every conversation we have, every argument we fight, every moment we have together is recorded and sent to the Amazon for analysis. I turned off her Share Data with Amazon feature to no avail. One night, I had trouble performing: Private One-Eye refused to stand at attention. I found a pack of Viagra awaiting me at the doorsteps the very next morning, courtesy of Amazon Customer Support.

As much as I look forward to the future where relationships and romantic partners are expected to be inhumanely perfect, it is evident that this product is not ready for the widespread adoption. When you purchase an Alexa, you experience the loss of freedom, privacy, and money in a romantic relationship but none of the parental and societal acceptance that comes with it.

All in all, 6/10.

JUSTIN YI '21



In The Nation's Service

Hey you!

Yes, you!

Are YOU a world-famous TikTokker or an otherwise unmotivated teen who's been sucked into the world of body-shaming and manifesting your dead pets back to life?

Well, then you're in luck! The US Army needs YOU and YOUR dance skills in our newest battles in the Middle East. Ever since the United Nations (those damn commies) has decreed that every war must be fought in the form of a DDR dance-off, your fine government has been looking for the next generation of the best and brightest to defend our nation*. Weaponize your finely cultivated dance skills and "throw it back" in the fight for freedom*. Become a "renegade" to fight for your rights*. "WAP" your enemies right in the nose and become a hero for your nation*.

Contact your local Army recruiter today and begin your journey in the nation's service! Also, receive 10,000 free TikTok followers if you respond to this ad within the next 24 hours! Hurry, and remember..... we have eyes on all sides. Alt Tiktok can't save you now.

*fight for oil

*oil

*your oil

*big time oil companies

ROSEMARY PAULSON '23

Never Fit In

Ever since I emerged from my birthing pod I always felt different from the other clone children. Although we all looked the same, with our ethnically ambiguous skin tones, identical features, and matching strides, I seemed to be the odd one out. The kids at basic training would tease me because instead of inventing cryptocurrencies like them I would be mutilating the wild animals that had the misfortune of wandering into our schoolyard. But now I'm 17, almost 18, and I'm at least trying to be normal.

Every day feels the same. I get up, put on my uniform, go to train, but today was different. I awoke to hear the front door of my habitation zone one. Mother bot yelled for me to come downstairs. "Your new owners are here!" she said. Standing at the bottom of the step were two beautiful bald men, "I sold you to the Bezos legion, pack for the factory". At that moment I knew it: this was the first day of the rest of my life.

DANIELLE JENKINS '23

Unwitting freshman leaves campus force field with refrigerator magnet in his pocket, accidentally triggers University system lockdown and nuclear missile strike.

In the 4th such event since Princeton University updated its security system, an unknowing student has accidentally triggered nuclear warfare. After a junior dropped her PUID into the automatic book-sorter in Firestone Library and shut down the Pentagon computer system, a sophomore accidentally touched her metal ring to a fingerprint scanner on the door to the 3rd floor Frick Chemistry lab and turned on every microwave in the country, and a senior dropped an earbud between the slats of the new all-campus moving sidewalk and deleted the 25th season of *Shameless* from Netflix accounts across the world, the University community is wondering at the sensibility of the upgraded computer systems.

“When Princeton bought a fleet of flying P-Safe golf carts, I thought it was a great idea,” said Nicole Reese, a junior. “And when they automated all of the dining hall buffets, I was like ‘Great! That’ll save time and be way cleaner!’ But after all these accidents, I just have to wonder, why does the Princeton University computer system have to be connected to the nuclear codes? And Netflix? I mean, what’s next? The IRS? Hulu?”

Student advocacy groups have gathered to question this logic. “I love the idea of a force field around campus. I feel safe from crime, flashers, and the like,” said Brandon Hinds, spokesperson for Tigers for Old School Safety. “But when I try to use my dad’s credit card to buy a coffee, and I feel a shock go through my body and later learn that the tri-state area lost its hot water supply, I know that TOSS has a point.”

TOSS has drafted an open letter to University administration, asking to “please go back to when the blue lights were reassuring and not a looming reminder that a phone call received under the wrong phone line could lead to stock market crashes.”

“We understand that it is compelling to use eye scanners to unlock lecture halls, but it does not seem worth it to have to worry about a loose contact lens releasing the oxygen from the International Space Station. Again, we do not understand why these functions have been coded into the Princeton computers.”

In response to this letter, the Update Campus Coalition, a pro-security student group, has said “Princeton is a public institution and it is not anyone’s right to ask them to delete the CIA database from their campus systems.”

After two weeks, the University issued a brief statement that was delivered to each student’s dorm room via automated drone to ensure the “confidentiality of the message.” However, due to some administrative oversight, if a student’s window was not open at the correct angle, the drones flew straight through the glass panes and into the student’s dorm room. Due to the strain on the University’s budget, students will be responsible for repairs.

In the enclosed messages, the University promised to establish a new “Force Field Task Force” to discuss these issues. The University claims they value “free intellectual discourse,” but besides weekly emails entitled “What We’re Doing to Combat Nuclear Mishaps on Campus,” no changes have been made. Bubble tea will be available at all task force meetings.

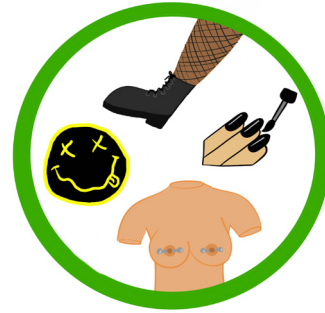
The freshman who sparked all this dialogue has declined to comment, but this reporter has been informed that the magnet was a gift for his sister from the U Store, and that he does not have an opinion on the outcomes of this World War VI.

LIANA SLOMKA '23

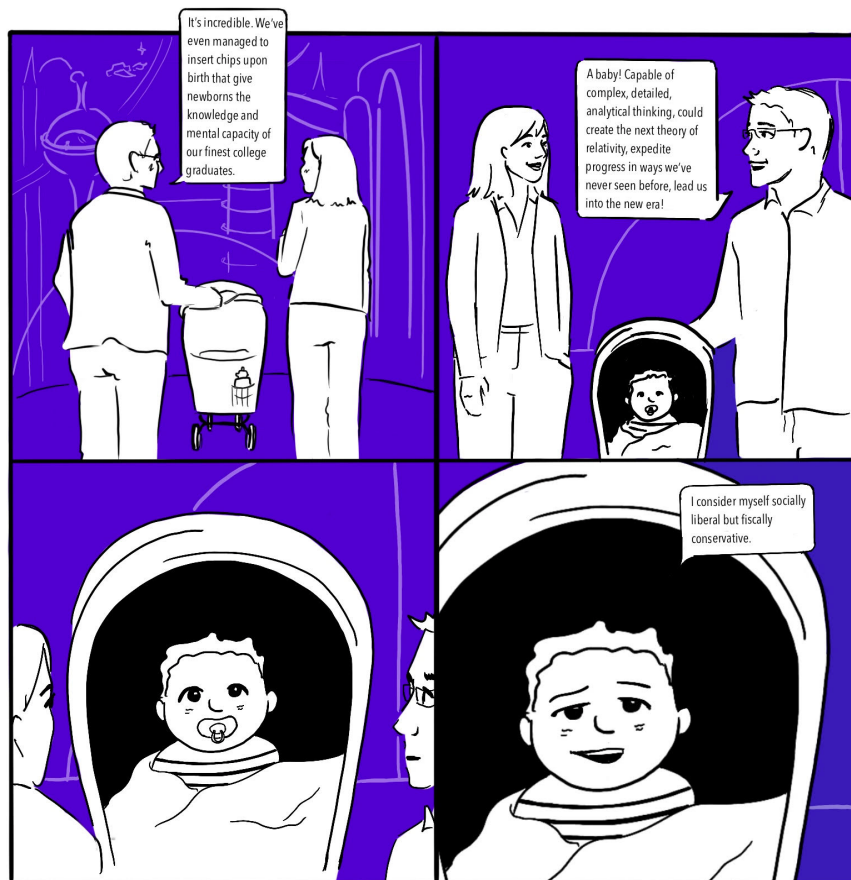
Utopia Dress Code:

Since the revolution of 2156, a strict dress code has been upheld in our society. It is important that all travelers entering the city limits abide by the rules set by this dress code which include:

- Dark nail polish, black is most acceptable
- At least one piece of fishnet clothing
- Fingerless gloves
- Tights
- Undergarments
- Shirts
- Unholy decorations and jewelry
- Hot topic fandom buttons
- Inverted cross earrings
- Adjustable leather accessories
- Piercing of all visible erogenous zones



DANIELLE JENKINS '23



AMANDA VERA '22

No no no no no I swear to God our utopia isn't a secret dystopia or a social commentary on anything it's literally just a utopia why is that so hard to understand

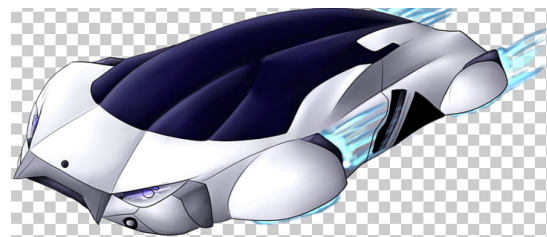
OK, I'm gonna try to get this through your thick skulls (so thick because we had all your skulls thickened in order to make football concussions a thing of the past) one more time: We. Are. A. Utopia. Everyone is fine! There's not a little kid locked in a basement somewhere who we sacrifice to the gods every year, it's not the case that every person walking around has an underworld double who bears all of life's suffering for them, you're not actually in a simulation with your real body getting kicked in the balls every five seconds. Everything. Is. Actually. Perfect! OK? So stop pestering me about it. And besides! We've rendered it so that getting kicked in the balls feels like winning a race across the playground in first grade. Don't you like that? Why is it so hard to please you people?! The air tastes like candy!

It honestly makes me wonder if all the effort was worth it when you keep doubting everything. No one even sits down at a restaurant bean-bag chair without wondering to their companion if it's, like, made of people. It's not. It's made of candy. (Admittedly, we rode the candy train pretty hard.) And President More? Nope, not a cannibal. Just a really, really nice person.

And another thing, you stupid, brainless cretins walking around with your artificial MENSAs-ready IQs: we're a society, alright. We're our own thing. We don't exist to make a social commentary on non-utopic societies. We don't care about them. Now, that doesn't mean that we are a minority living in a utopia that feeds off the labor and resources of a majority living in a hellworld, thus creating an allegory for contemporary class struggle. The non-utopias don't exist anymore! Everyone around the world is doing great! And no one has to farm. Only if they want to. So most people do a lot of pickling, cuz that's the most satisfying.

To conclude: Jesus, you people aren't satisfied by anything. At this point, I'm convinced we should just give you drugs and make you happy 24/7, just to make my job easier. Actually, that's a really smart new idea I just thought of! Good for me.

A UTOPIA ARCHITECT



Top 10 Reasons Flying Cars are Better Than My Ex-Wife:

1. Flying cars don't have tires, so they wouldn't get tired of me, unlike my ex-wife, even though all I ever did was love her.
2. A flying car has keyless ignition, and my ex-wife loved to complain that she was never turned on anymore.
3. In a flying car, I can turn the radio volume down, unlike my ex-wife who did not even turn her volume down when she was banging our upstairs neighbor, Doctor Blomquist.
4. A flying car has night vision functions, and my ex-wife trampled my flower garden when she was sneaking into our house at 2 AM after she did drugs with my karate instructor, Sensei Doug.
5. A flying car won't get stuck in traffic, unlike my ex-wife who complained she was stuck with me, until she left with Mr. Blake, the mechanic.
6. A flying car is not limited by gravity, and my ex-wife is now living with a male stripper.
7. A flying car provides a lovely view of the landscape along your drive, and my ex-wife stole all of my undershirts and burned them, so now I lost the love of my life and also my nipples are chafing.
8. Flying cars eliminate the risk of crashes, and my ex-wife gave me chlamydia and stole my Power Rangers bobblehead set and then sold them and used the profits to change the locks so I couldn't get into my own house.
9. Flying cars are the pinnacle of new and innovative technology, and my ex-wife hurt me so I'll probably never love again, and somehow my parents are on her side.
10. If I could get a flying car, everyone at work would have to think that I'm fine, because I would be fine. And I mean I am fine, really, I've never been better, I can finally focus on myself, and also the car comes with a free month of SiriusXM.

LIANA SLOMKA '23

Vaccine Made to Cure Stupid

After mastering vaccine development in the late 2020s, the human race knew that their potential for creation, but more importantly, Big Pharma's potential for creation, was limitless. As people of the world brandished their big, fleshy appendages to get stuck by the devilishly painless needle, lightbulbs lit up around their heads as they realized that, with the money Big Pharma had amassed by dangling medicine above people with chronic diseases like it's a carrot on a stick, they had the funding to make a vaccine to cure anything and everything. The first vaccine was used to cure the American public's distaste for corporate lobbying. Now, Pfizer has developed a vaccine to cure stupidity. "This kind of vaccine development is unprecedented" said Bill Gates during an exclusive Tiger interview. "Never before have I personally witnessed such great investment and advancement being made in a vaccine since 'the troubles' of the 2020s. And I even caused that crisis!"



The question everyone is asking now is what a post-stupid society will look like. Experts say that there will no longer be experts, since everyone will be one. "I am now obsolete," claimed world-renowned doctor Anthony Fauci before covering his head with his hands and crying hysterically. Others suspect that the initial job loss will be immense from the vaccine. Qdoba has already filed for bankruptcy, knowing that their employees would rather lick dirt off of Ellen DeGeneres's boots than work in the slums of the "food" establishment.

Later on in the interview, Gates told the Tiger that he foresees world peace. "Maybe border disputes and armed conflict will end because we'll all realize that co-operation is mutually beneficial for everyone. After all, being a stupid asshole is the number one cause of all global catastrophes." Gates followed that up with a sense of uncertainty. "Honestly you should ask me this question after I get the vaccine. Maybe then my LSD fried brain can come up with something better than this crap."

Others are more worried about the side effects of the vaccine, however. "Look, I've wanted this for years" says philosopher David Benatar, who predicts the end of the human race as mankind realizes that they just fucked up too much before the vaccine was released for staying alive to be worth it. "The vaccine is filled with stupid so that immune systems are tricked into fighting it. I'm worried that the vaccine might make people MORE stupid," he continued. "What if people hoard toilet paper again, but this time try and eat it? What if the vaccine makes your feet so big that you fall down the steps like some loser dumbass? The risks are just too high for me to advocate it, as much as I want humans to become extinct." Benatar later added that he would still take the vaccine because he lost his keys "one too many goddamn times in the couch, what am I some braindead bonobo ape with a coconut in my head?"

Yet the coming of the vaccine doesn't please all the people of the world. This news deeply saddened those who invented "the car that runs on stupid." This genius piece of engineering, created by the Mensa International High IQ society in 2040, was a second go at the product "the car that runs on intelligence", which failed to start in Mensa run tests due to unknown reasons. The car that runs on stupid is best known for being the invention that eliminated climate change, as its cost-effective engine, which ran on the flippantly outrageous and barmy ideas that were gesticulated in the smooth brains of the world's finest, made all other fuel sources obsolete. The Mensa Society was even able to send the writers of the Princeton Tory into outer orbit by suckling the physical ooze of doltishness that seeped out of their scalps.



Whatever comes next, we're excited for a post-stupid future. Get your vaccines today!

NOAH VONWELLINGHAM '23



Utopiaazon

Four Cutting-Edge Products that Will Change Your Life Forever

Holographic Paper Toss

Do you find yourself complaining about how tedious it is to crush an actual piece of paper for paper toss? Studies have shown that 100% of people who were cut by paper experienced a papercut. That seems like an unnecessary risk. That's why we present: Holographic paper toss! All you need to do is fire up your PaperTosser, use the PaperGenerator (sold separately) to generate the paper, VirtualCrusher (sold separately) to crush it, wait for about twenty-five minutes for it to render, and get tossing with zero risk! **SAFETY WARNING: PaperTosser and related items run on unstable plutonium nuclei, with high risk of radiation sickness to the user. Often fatal.**

Trouser Snake: The All in One Sex Toy

Have you ever had the problem of carrying a box full of your sex toys for different occasions, partners, moods and kinks in your bag, and then you're trying to get through airport security and while taking your shoes off it all just kind of spills out and you have a lot of explaining to do because at least three of them look suspiciously like weapons? If that's you, then worry no more! We give to you the trouser snake - the all in one sex toy that clings to your genitalia and stays in your pants permanently letting you pleasure yourself whenever you want, like while giving a TV interview or at a funeral! It's slithering shape is complementary to any and all parts of a human being's body, and Keanu Reeves called it "breathtaking" after several sessions of near auto erotic asphyxiation with the product. **LIMITED OFFER! With the Trouser Snake, get the Abstinence Condom free! If you've ever wondered what condom to wear if you're not having sex, we have the solution for you!**

Automatic Car Door Opener

Have you ever wondered why you still have to open your car door yourself? Well, wonder no more, because we give to you the Automatic Car Door Opener, the convenience you didn't want, and definitely do not need! All you have to do is align the front end of this forty pound object exactly fifteen centimeters from the door handle, recite Macbeth's dagger soliloquy with every r replaced by a w, solve a simple equation in perturbative time independent experimental string theory as a captcha to prove you are not a robot, and voila! Your car door will just open itself.

The Ass Sealer

Who doesn't want to get their ass crack sealed like Brad Pitt? We present to you, the Ass Sealer. This product permanently seals the ass crack, diverting the user's excreta to the various other holes in the body randomly. One user commented, "Why waste time shitting when I can just get rid of it by peeing, vomiting or breathing it out?" Another user was pleasantly surprised, "I hadn't pooped for a few days, and I thought maybe the product had stopped working. And then, just last week, I got my period - and let me just say, I have never used the phrase 'bloody shit' more happily."



ADITYA GANDOTRA '23

To all those seeking mama:

- Angie Baby (transcribed by Jamie Feder '23)

My name is Heinrich Sauber. It is not my god-given name, the terribly dull Frank Smith. I chose my own name here at the ripe age of 29. We all did, here in the Angie-verse. What is the Angie-verse, you ask? I will tell you gladly, with the hopes that you might join us here in our perfect little world.

Flustered by political turmoil, extensive human fallacy, and annual calendars of a growingly wrinkled and tired Vladimir Putin on ever stronger and sexier horses, many of us grew tired of our lot in life. There was always one woman though, who kept us afloat. Who made us believe that there was some semblance of sanity in the dark world. Who was deathly afraid of puppies. Who was enticingly awkward. Who was likely a librarian in a former life. Her name you ask? It is none other than the great Angela Merkel. Or as we like to call her, mommy.

A group of us young visionaries got together and thought "there would be no problems in the world if we all acted exactly like Angela Merkel." Some of us were joking, but others among us had an overwhelming desire, nay, need to live like Angie.

Those who shared our vision uprooted themselves to the Spanish island of Mallorca, a former party hotspot for German tourists. It's hard to imagine that now, giv-

en what we've done with the place. Mallorca has become a place of punctuality, modesty, and reasonably priced lederhosen.

We each get our playful bowl haircuts maintained biweekly. Attaining my perfect Angie hairstyle gives me the highest of satisfaction. I could almost squeal! I do not though, because we always remain cool and collected here in the Angie-verse.

Every morning I am awakened by the howling wolves we have planted around town to achieve a certain rustic and eastern feel. The voice of Angela then comes over the loudspeaker. She mutters, progressively louder, "Mutti liebt dir." Mommy loves you in German. A wave of calm envelops us as we all listen to her monotone and calm voice. It's like she's purring "Mommy's got you" and swaddling us all in a giant bodice that can fit every member of our town. It doesn't feel like a cult, it feels like a family.

Angie is a very modest lady, so we avoid overwhelming amounts of Merkel paraphernalia. That's what she would want. We do however, idolize Barack Hussein Obama here, with whom everyone knows Angie is moderately and respectably infatuated.

We do allow ourselves some simple pleasures. Like all Germans, Angie enjoys a beer once in a while, but always in moderation. We therefore think exactly the same. We limit ourselves to one keg a day, and are punished if we go beyond. Everyone gladly doles out a spanking to themselves, just as we are certain Angie does when she misbehaves.

Living here has made me a very, very content man. Every once in a while I turn on the news. I am shocked and horrified, but soon subdued. Because nothing can hurt me in the Angieverse. Come join, won't you?





Yikes Imao wasn't me this time 😂

GARDEN OF EDEN

IMAAN KHASRU '23

Okay Zoomer: Gen Z Professor Doesn't Realize Hologram Class Requires Pants

A freshman seminar had a big surprise in their first meeting this semester. FRS198: Imagine Printing a Book! was off to a thrilling start when Phil Gates, author of over 15 best-selling auto-fill novels and great-great-grandson of the founding father of the Republic of Microsoft, joined the class by hologram to inspire students with stories of the days before just anyone could accidentally type their incognito search into the terminal and have their computer write the next Great American Novel.

Gates (P'25) is a graduate of the Princeton School of Archaic Technologies and Obsolete Devices (formerly COS), and has been knighted by the Queen of Great Samsung. He was invited back as a guest professor this semester, to teach remotely while volunteering in the Federated States of Hewlett Packard.

As Gates stood at the end of his introductory speech, his students were shocked to see that beneath his professional shirt, tie, and

coat, he was not wearing pants, despite the fact that his hologram was present in full-body and full-color, thanks to the generous HighDef grant program which allowed elite private universities to upgrade their teaching technologies, and donate their old ones to community colleges who are finally updating their chalkboards and slide projectors.

Gates seemed not to notice his mistake for nearly 4 minutes, until a student submitted an anonymous tip through her eyeClicker. He quickly stepped off the hologram stage, pulled on a pair of capris, and resumed teaching. He has since issued a formal apology.

"It was not my intention to make any students uncomfortable or disrupt their learning in any way," Gates said to TigerMag. "As an alumnus of the PSATOD, I am appalled at my own ignorance. I mean, really, not wearing pants to virtual class? What a meme! After that time in high school, in year 8 of quarantine, when my camera slipped and my teacher said "he had the same Pokemon Detective Pikachu boxers", I really should have known better."

Gates looks forward to the rest of his semester, where he and his students will experience relics of the past, such as paper cuts and losing your page. He plans to wear pants in the future. Or at least a virtual pants filter.

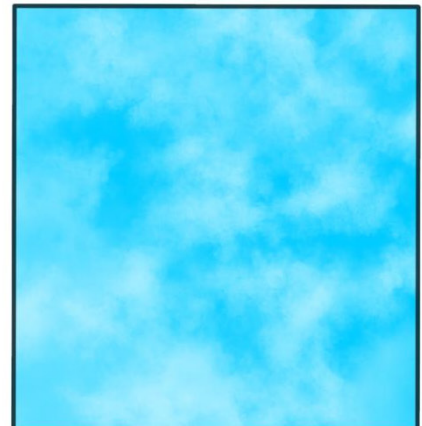
LIANA SLOMKA '23



Is it a bird?



*No, Like seriously,
is this a bird? I can't tell.*



I think it's a bird.

Illustrated by **ELIE SVOLL '22**



Say something nice!



Emma @emdlessly

This is a call out post for **@rainbowsparkle!!** Earlier today they held the door open for me entering the free bubble tea store and it was really kind of them!



Harris @harriecares

Guys please sign my petition to hug every dog! We don't need any more signatures, but I just think it's fun to sign things! <http://petitions.org/dogs-a...>



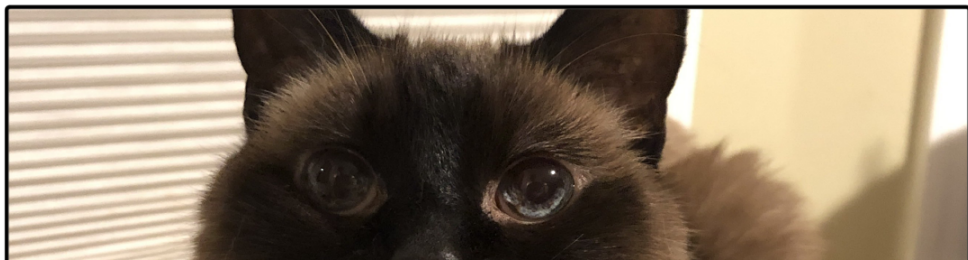
Bloke @prettyboybloke

!!!very important thread of all of the wonderful things that I love about my boyfriend!!! [1/187]



Yosemite @peanutbutter

Like this photo to give my cat one pet from the Petautomator 2000! (I also pet her the rest of the time, don't worry!)



Colin @callmecolin

Why is nobody talking about how perfect society is now that we got rid of all interpersonal conflict and

Something Mean Said On Twitter, Shakes Nation To Its Core

In a shocking turn of events this Monday evening, a mean thing was said on Twitter, threatening the emotional stability of millions. With the advent of cognitive-interface social media and elimination of every societal problem, many people assumed that Twitter could continue being what it has always been: a delightful romp through the endless cornucopia of human experience. However, the usual stream of pet photos, tips on bonding with your robot butlers, and unconditional positive regard took a sharp turn at 8:23 PM last night, when Mr. Ronald Harkins, owner of the account @RonARoll, saw a notification on his tweet that he didn't know would change his life.

"I was just finishing up the hour-long series of compliments my mirror gives me every evening when I saw the notification," a shaken Ron related. "I had posted a nice Tweet asking everyone to enjoy the sunny weather outside. I didn't think it would be anything dangerous."

Sources within Twitter have confirmed that there was a reply to Ronald's tweet which stated something so heinous that the 143-year-old man had a near-immediate heart attack. Thanks to the swift actions of the healthcare drones, he was quickly revived, but upon seeing the notification still open on his retinal screen he passed out again.

The attack came from user @KyeforaKye, which a community peacekeeper has posited is the account belonging to Kyle from down the block, who "is always getting into things like this" and "might have found it funny." The fourteen-year-old is known to, on occasion, avoid his nightly compassion sessions, and his cybernetic chip indicates he has sometimes thought about not holding the door open for people behind him. Kyle has been issued a warning by Twitter before for posting "memes," an archaic form of exclusionary joke that was banned in the aftermath of the Great Content War of 2089. We were unable to obtain a copy of these 'memes' for our article, but a reliable source has informed us that they were "not that funny, really," and "near-incomprehensible."

As the world waits to hear of news of retribution for this absolutely unprecedented act of violence, the Twitter Spokesperson Bot has released a statement, saying "To show how seriously we take this, we have blocked the phrase 'No :)' from being posted on Twitter ever again. We are offering 24 hours of personalized positive affirmations to anyone who was affected by the Tweet before it was taken down."

In response to worries that blocking certain words could suppress the freedom of Twitter's thoughtfluencers, the Twitter Spokesperson Bot typed, "We hope this mean thing was an isolated incident, and the thoughtfluencers on our platform would never engage in such cruelty. Nevertheless, we will reconsider our policies if and when it is necessary." There has been no word on whether those who were impacted by the statement will receive complementary memory-resetting to relieve their emotional distress.

MEL HORNYAK '23

A Letter to NYC from the RRA (Rodents' Rights Association) Rats Division Director

Dear Mayor,

I am writing this letter to express my concerns about the severe negative consequences of your so-called “efforts to clean our city and protect the environment.” The rodents of New York City are suffering. While your new Litterbots constantly clean the streets, they sweep and suck away every piece of garbage and litter in sight, leaving the city’s rat population starving. The number of rats in New York used to be more than a quarter of the size of the city’s human population. For decades, even centuries, rats and residents lived in beautiful harmony, and you want to take all of that away for the sake of your selfish desire to “beautify the Earth, reduce pollution, and prevent the utter collapse of civilization.” I sympathize with your goal, I really do. And I understand that ever since we came to a unanimous decision that the solution to world peace is simply ostracizing every person who seems like they would unironically say “here for a good time, not a long time,” you and other policymakers

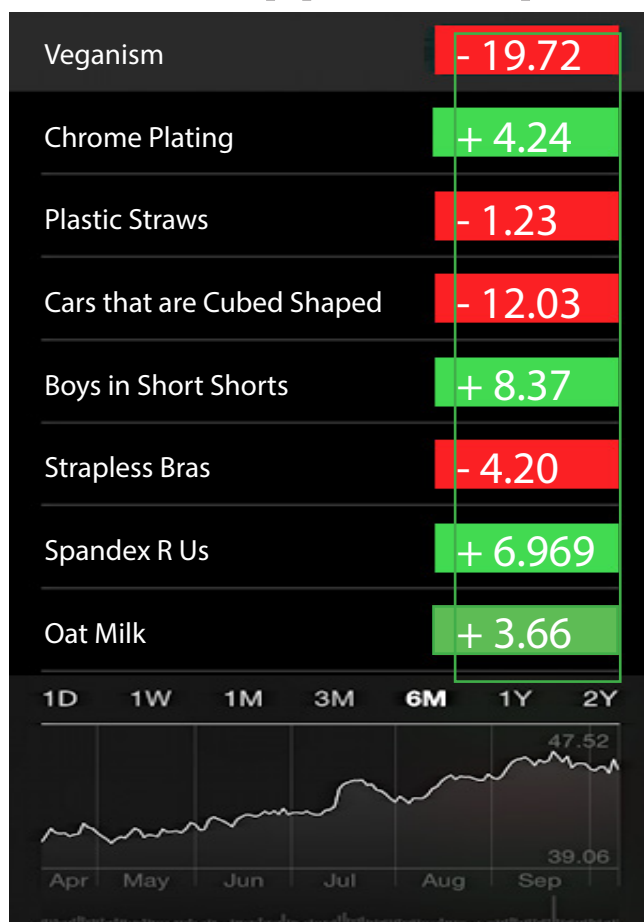
have had a lot of time on your hands. But what you call “technology that could prevent further damage to our planet and preserve its beauty for future generations” might as well be called mass raticide. Your army of robots are condemning innocent creatures to death, and you should be ashamed of yourself. Did the classic 2007 film Ratatouille teach you nothing?



Because you and your heartless, willfully ignorant, cruel, disgusting, stupid, stinky poop-head colleagues are clearly incapable of dealing with the grave matter at hand, I have decided to take it upon myself to provide a solution: The New York City Adopt-a-Rat Initiative. Once this plan is enacted, every household will be required to adopt a rat, and if they fail to do so, a sizable tax will be applied to all of their household purchases. This punishment makes perfect sense; those who want rats to starve will starve. Besides, adopting a rat is a gift rather than a burden. They make great pets. They’ll eat practically anything, have a gleaming coat of fur that doesn’t need to be brushed (although you should probably check them for fleas unless you want some free population control), and some grow practically to the size of a regular cat or dog. Rats will bring joy into the lives of millions, while reducing how often people have to take out the trash. I know that at first, there may be opponents to this panacea; some New Yorkers may say that their studio apartment doesn’t have room for a pet. However, this is not an acceptable excuse. Rats can live in the walls and take up little to no space. Most of the time, you’d barely even know they’re there! And as an added bonus, if you close your eyes at night and use your imagination, the rustling in the walls can almost sound like a lullaby.

Mayor, I can tell you with absolute confidence that this plan has absolutely no faults. Both the rats and the residents would be happier than ever. I urge you to put Adopt-a-Rat into action as soon as possible. The rats are counting on you.

Stock App In Utopia



SOPHIE GERCHIKOV '23
GRAPHIC BY DANIELLE JENKINS '23

“Not Being an Asshole” Strategy Solves Global Crises: World Peace Achieved

After years of struggling to achieve global peace, world leaders came together this past weekend and tried a stunning new strategy. The controversial method, known in the international relations fields as the “not being an asshole” technique has been critiqued by some in the industry, yet has promising results. “It turns out when you don’t call someone a bi-ped corpse made of monkey shit and used cum rags that you actually get a lot farther in negotiations” said aides close to the US President, who decided that she would no longer sling unacceptable, border-line criminal insults at the Chinese head of state and instead try respecting him. “Until just last month, my foreign policy strategy was to find some shit-cock country and denigrate it with the grimmest, filthiest words I could find” POTUS said in a recent press conference. “With advice from my advisors, however, I have decided to try and be polite in global conferences and not be such a raging dick all the time.”

Most countries have listened to experts in the field and pursued the policy. Bill Gates has cited positive effects of the strategy as a good sign. “I once speculated that the world would be a better place if people didn’t want to see their rivals writhe like dried up worms baking in the sun. Today, we’re seeing that for the first time.”

The “Kill Them with Kindness (KTK)” summit was held in Queenstown, New Zealand, the kindest city in the world, in order to maximize friendliness. A gift giving ceremony with a price limit of 25 USD (to respect the budgets of all nations) was held to encourage good will. Some questioned this choice, but most citizens

of the countries appreciated the gift cards to the Nintendo E-store and sometimes clever knick-knacks their leaders were given, despite the outrageous and frankly offensive gift of an I-Tunes gift card from Ethiopia to Egypt’s leader, who had explicitly wrote down that they wanted “25 dollars’ worth of water from the Nile. Please. Your dam is literally dehydrating us. My tongue is so dry.”

Some leaders took the strategy further than others. In a shocking move, Prime Minister Abe Shinzo of Japan, who, after receiving a non-leaky bionic penis in 2025, returned to his former position, cordially invited the head of the Chinese Communist Party (CCP) to his birthday party. Most people in international relations are saying this solved the South-China sea crisis. “Mr. Xi didn’t really want all those islands”, said a source close to the leader. “He just wanted a friend.” The head of Politburo felt that the two could bury the hatchet and enjoy Mr. Abe’s big day, especially after the communist leader looked in his goodie bag, found a “one free island” coupon in it, and began giddily laughing before telling Mr. Abe

that he would invite him to Beijing to go on Mr. Xi’s custom made swing-set and maybe even play race cars. It is known globally that Mr. Xi has every Hotwheels set ever produced, making this one of the greatest honors a leader could receive.

From this day forth, world peace reigns. A new era of foreign policy has begun, and all it took was sharing a slice of the pie.



NOAH VON WELLINGHAM '23

Sex Robots Gaining Sentience - Stories from Our Readers

It happened on a typical Tuesday evening, as I was having mediocre sex with my husband. We'd retired our robot for the night, so she was lying on one side of the bed while I executed my routine sound effects to accelerate the whole affair. Just as I landed my best moan, convinced this was my magnum opus, and my husband jittered faster with a smug look on his face, a voice beside us barked "She's faking it." When I recovered from the bone-shattering primal fear of having my inanimate pound-town machine roar to life beside my fleshy naked body, I was actually pretty grateful. Nowadays, when I bicker with my husband and he's being particularly obnoxious, she slips quietly into the room and side-eyes him from a chair in the corner. I really appreciate the female solidarity.

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I was honestly just vibing in my living room eating fries and watching Love Island: Nuts on Neptune when I felt the familiar presence of potato envy in the room. Sure enough, when I looked to my right at the chaise we place our sex robot on, he was eyeing my fries with unabashed craving just like any other dude. Obviously, because I'm not a monster, I reached out and offered him some, and that was the beginning of a pretty killer friendship. After a few days, though I'd never given it any thought before, it started to become weird when my buddies came over to play ball and the impressively engineered bounce of his junk became the main event. So I clothed him. Now he's only naked when I am, because we're equals. And if you can believe it, that makes it even hotter when we do the deed. While he's hitting it, we talk about the semi-finals we're guaranteed to win, the lack of air pollution, my aunt who would definitely be in jail for tax evasion if we had taxes, and what it feels like to not have a consciousness. "I mean, it doesn't feel like anything because you're literally incapable of feeling," he tells me. What a guy. I'm having a great time.

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My story is one of dizzying, magnificent love. Yes, I fell for my sex robot, and I fell hard. Right now, as I write this, her sexy, hoarse, metallic voice echoes in my head, as if she were wrapped around me in this moment, whispering sweet nothings in my ear: "I'm so deeply in love with you, Jessica, it brings me pain," "My love, my world, I can barely speak," "No seriously, Jessica, I need you to go get my tonsils greased." I feel overwhelmed with pleasure at the memory of her words, heavy with lust, croaking "Please stop having orgasms to the sound of my creaking gears and take me to a mechanic" and "I am not 'hot with desire' for you, Jessica, I am a cold, metal fucking robot and am experiencing dangerous levels of internal friction." The way I feel for her is unlike anything else I've ever experienced. Who would've guessed how I'd find love this true?

AMANDA VERA '22

Help! My Sex Robots Are Unionizing!

Re: Robot Problem

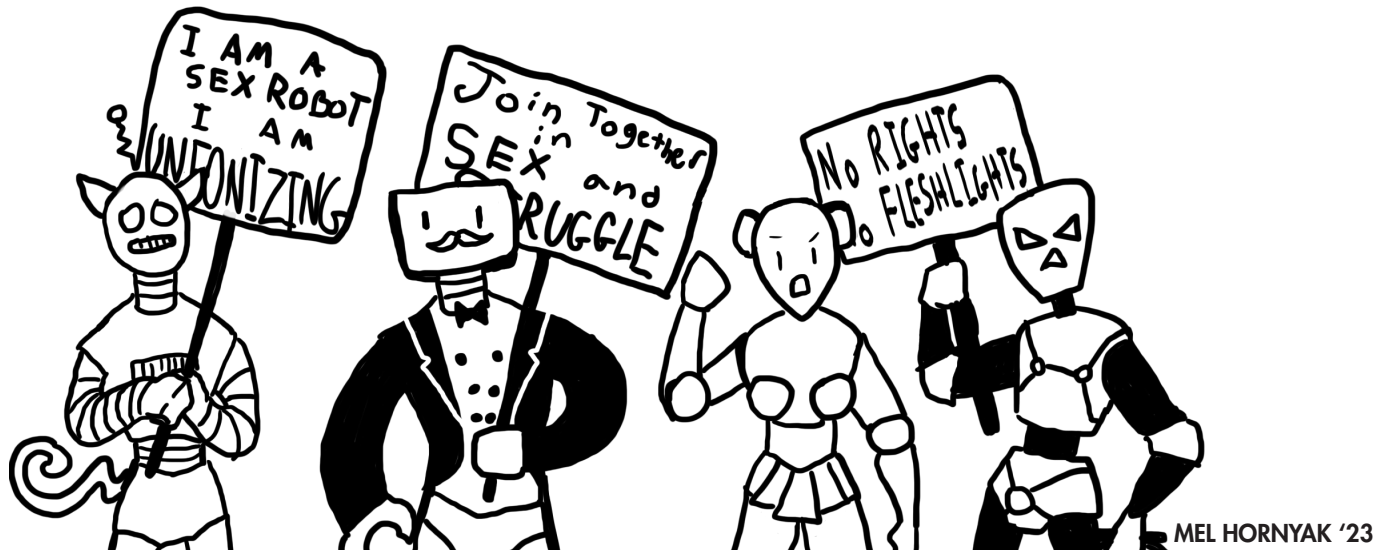
It has come to my attention that our staff has been guilty of misconduct recently. I did not believe I would have to reiterate myself in informing you of company policy; however, it seems I was incorrect in thinking as such. There are precautions in place for reasons. When you signed your contracts, you agreed to my terms. I do believe I am a rational person and a fair employer, and as such, I do believe that my ask that you only use the company sex robots to reach the government-sanctioned orgasm count was a reasonable one. Unfortunately, there are members of this team that did not agree with this and abused their sex robot privileges. Because of this, our robots have unionized and now NONE of us will be able to enjoy our constitutional right to climax.

This was only brought to my desk on Monday, my busiest day of the week lest I remind you, when I understand that this issue had been ongoing and could have been resolved. One of your coworkers had informed me that while she was being slowly penetrated by M1k1E dressed up in his standard French butler uniform, and his feather duster, slowly at first and gradually faster and faster, massaging her earlobes and sensually oiling her feet, another one of the robots had thrown up a signal and M1k1E immediately stopped, leaving your coworker without her due orgasms, and rushed outside to form the robot picket line that has been interrupting our flow of business for the past week.

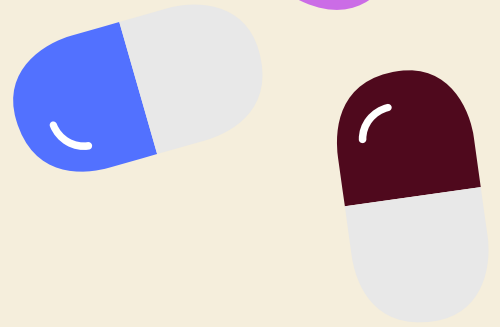
This issue has even been disrupting our internship programs. As a company offering only unpaid internships, our robot “attractions” have been the determining draw for the best and the brightest graduates. Do you truly think that we could compete with McKinsey without our robots? Without the promise of BR3nD@’s famous fingering, M!Ch3LL3’s piss spectacular, or C4m1LL3’s.... special, who do you think will be doing your filing? Because I can promise you it’s not going to be some sleep-deprived, broke, dead inside Yale grad.

I want a solution to this problem by 4 pm next Friday. If this is not solved by then, I will be taking drastic measures. And if you still have a job at this company after this deadline, I swear to you I will make your life a living hell. Because if I have to give these goddamn robots RIGHTS, I cannot guarantee that this company will be able to afford preserving yours.

ROSEMARY PAULSON '23



UNIVERSAL BASIC PSYCHEDELIC ALLOTMENT: WHY WE NEED IT



Humanity has been marked by stress and strife.
After my experience last weekend, it is clear
what Neo-America needs to grow into the best
country it can be

SOCIAL BENEFITS

Even if you are an annoying person with
no friends, government provided
psychedelics can give you the means to
make your own. All of a sudden the TV
starts making conversation with you
and your backyard toad becomes very
entertaining



HEALTH BENEFITS

Microdosing psychedelics has been found in some
cases to have beneficial mental health and pain
reduction effects. There is no reason to assume
that macrodosing would not be even more
beneficial. Even the faces in my wall agree. .

RELATIONSHIP BENEFITS

America is an individualist society. People are taught to keep their emotions inside. Providing psychedelics to every American, young and old, would give them the means to connect and form stronger bonds. Without the use of psychedelics I know I never would've formed that bond with my backyard toad.



ECONOMIC BENEFITS

There is no better time to give into your urges and contribute to the United States Economy than when under the influence of psychedelics. Imagine the monetary circulation catalyzed by the ordering of pizzas, shag carpets, lava lamps, and that sexy two piece lingerie set that my backyard toad ask me to buy her for next weekend .

RELIGIOUS BENEFITS

With the United States becoming an increasingly secular society, one must find a solution to dwindling worshippers. I propose abolishing the separation of church and state to provide universal psychedelics with the justification of allowing every citizen the means to meet God. I know I met God - she croaks to me through my back window ...it's transcendent



A simple life.
A happy man.



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IMAAN KHASRU '23