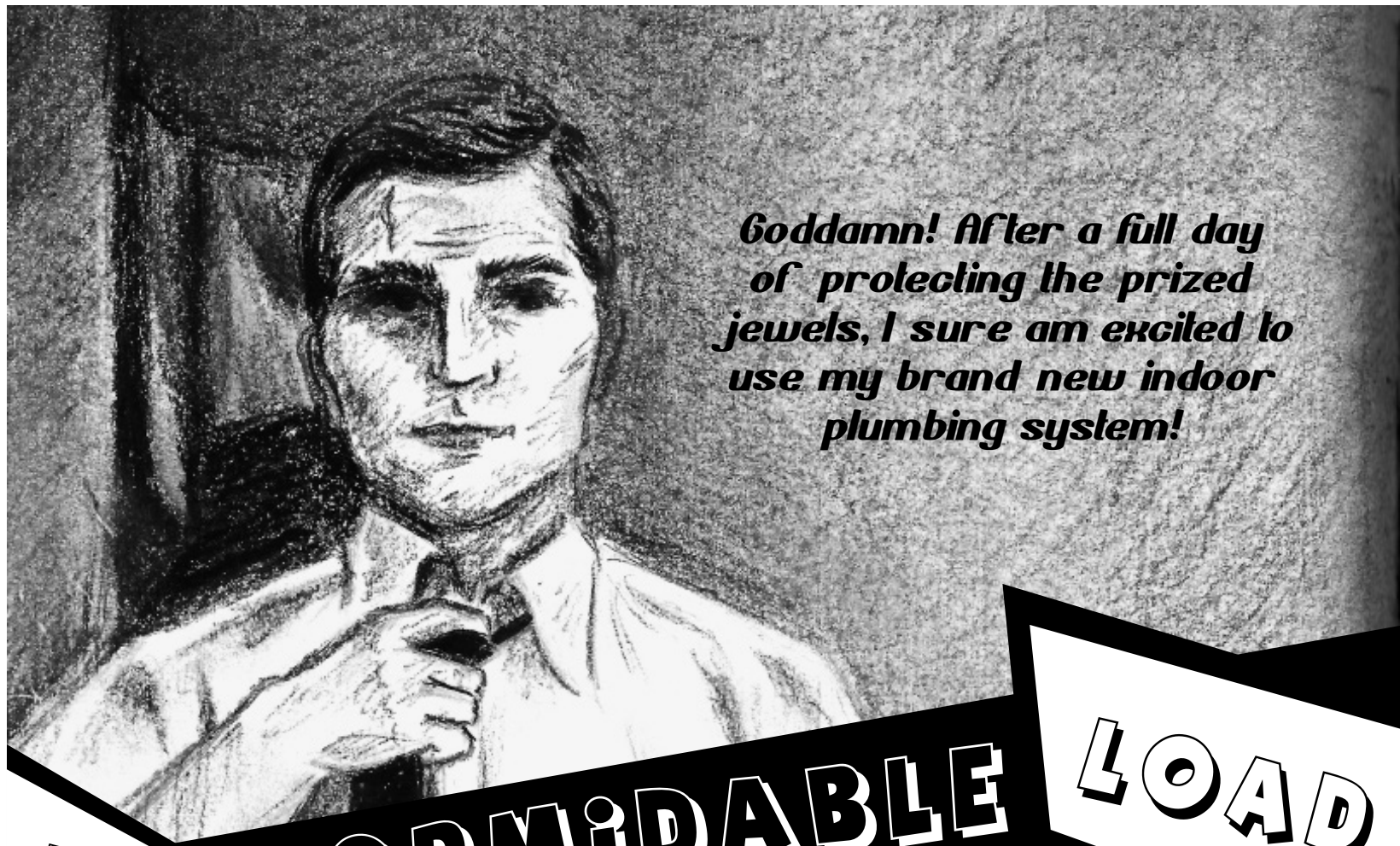


The PRINCETON TIGER



TROUBLE IN THE NOIR-ANGE BUBBLE



*Goddamn! After a full day
of protecting the prized
jewels, I sure am excited to
use my brand new indoor
plumbing system!*

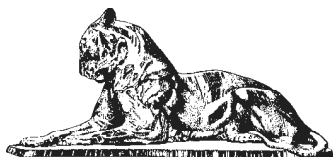
THE FORMIDABLE LOAD

Bumphrey
HOGART

Croan
JAWFORD

directed by
AMANDA VERA





May, 2020
Vol. CXXXVII, No.

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LEGAL MUMBO JUMBO

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A message from the chairman

Everything's gotta be a big damn mystery these days. What's going on? Is it ethical to have children? Where are my glasses? (My glasses! I can't see without my glasses.) The mysteries are everywhere. Every time you go to class there are more questions than answers. No one knows what to do with their lives, no one knows how to get a date, we can't even figure out how to redirect our res college listserv emails to a junk folder. OK, apparently most people can. Someone please help me. I can only take so many requests that I join a USG subcommittee.

Things weren't always so mystifying. Being a Princeton student used to be a sure thing. You and your fellow 5'10" Protestant white men would wake up at sunrise, put on your knee-high socks and pinstripe suits, and read a bit of Milton before an afternoon of fervent polo play and practice-kissing. Boys would be boys, and Eisenhower smiled in a very grandfatherly manner.

We now attend a much more egalitarian and open school, despite the best efforts of alumni. The trade-off is this constant fact that none of us have the slightest idea of what the fuck is going on. Except Gil Spencer '22. That kid has his shit figured out.

We want to solve these big mysteries. And that's what we're going for with the Tiger Magazine Film Noir issue. We summon the spirit of the detective movies of old, and their trench coat-wearing morally ambiguous heroes who actually pulled off fedoras because there wasn't a negative connotation yet. We enter a world that is all about mystery, but makes that mystery easier to bear by keeping a few facts absolute.

Beautiful women are full of deception. People with thick Eastern European accents are full of deception. And smoking cigarettes is so, so cool.

Granted, these detectives have some problems of their own. They like to solve problems with their fists and they drink so much that their livers essentially do not exist by modern medical standards (perhaps one of the things Princetonians have most in common with them). But, in the end, they're out to make sense of things, and they're out to do so in a tight 90 to 120-minute window so they can get back to the office, reminisce about fighting in World War I trenches, and miss their wives. They find the killer every time, and they do it without eduroam. So if Jonny Slim can find the perps who stole the stash from the poolhouse, well, maybe you can figure out what you're gonna major in.

We hope you enjoy the film noir issue. We're proud of our sexy slick black-and-white art, and of the lovingly-written detective stories we've cooked up for you. We've got our disgruntled older white guy voice down pat, and look forward to putting the character on Twitter soon so he can insult people for enjoying things. For now, enjoy the magazine, and afterward get a Disney+ free trial and watch Who Framed Roger Rabbit. It's the best film noir ever made.

Mischievously yours,
Nate Perlmeter '21
Chairman, The Princeton Tiger

The Adventure of the Missing Dog

What is seldom documented of the great Sherlock Holmes are the plentitude of simple, mundane cases he so enjoyed to solve in between his more fantastical and intricate exercises in deduction. I recall one early and cool spring morning when I woke to find Holmes staring keenly at me from a chair across the room.

"My dear Watson," he said, "I would like for you to accompany me this morning and assist me in helping Miss Dorothy Scott, an elderly lady who just yesterday happened to lose her dog."

"Come now, Holmes," I answered, still encumbered by sleep. "Surely such a task is too basic for a man of your intelligence and importance. Why would you waste your time?"

Giving no answer, Holmes stood up and strode out of the room. I could not help but notice his strange attire; in place of his normal tweed jacket was a large trench coat, and he was wearing no hat. I sighed, and resigned myself to follow my friend.

"Thank you, my boy," said a smiling Holmes, waiting at the door. "I trust you will find this little adventure to be truly exciting."

Upon arrival at the appropriate house, we were met at the door by a visibly distraught and shaking Dorothy Scott.

"Gentlemen, you simply must help me find my poor dog," Miss Scott said. "Ever since the death of my husband, my little Gordon is all that I have left in this world. I believe my neighbors may have something to do with his disappearance."

Holmes nodded and reassured Miss Scott that the dog would be found. We proceeded to the immediate neighbor of Miss Scott and knocked on the door. After some minor commotion inside, a heavyset bearded man opened the door and stared mutely at us.

"Excuse us, sir, but your neighbor, Dorothy, has lost her dog, and we were wondering if you could perhaps supply us with any information you might have," I said to him.

"I don't know nothin' about that damn dog," he spat at us. "Now leave me the hell alone."

I turned to Holmes to see if he had anything to say. He was staring intently at the man, slowly reaching into his flowing coat. All at once, he whipped out a revolver and shot the man in the arm. The fellow bellowed quite loudly and staggered backwards.

"What the hell?" he shouted, fear and pain stamped across his face. "I didn't take no dog, I swears it!"

Presently, the man's wife came down the stairs, no doubt startled by the noise. Holmes wasted no time in grabbing her by her silk gown and holding her at gunpoint.

"Tell us where the FUCKING DOG is or I'm gonna shoot this bitch," Holmes said.

The wife began sobbing. Before the man could speak, however, we heard a bark in the street behind us. We turned around to see Miss Scott's dog chasing a rabbit down the road.

"Just as I thought, Watson," said a triumphant Holmes. "They didn't have the dog." He turned to address the man he had just shot.

"Thank you for your patience, and you may want to clean up this blood on your front step."

Holmes released the wife, and she and her husband ran back inside crying, slamming the door behind them. We chased the dog down the road and began dragging it back to Miss Scott's place.

Miss Scott was overjoyed to have her dog returned, and paid Holmes a handsome fee for his services. Upon the drive back to Baker Street, we reflected upon the case.

"By God, Holmes, you've done it again!" I cried. "Such a masterful display of deduction. How, may I ask, did you know that the neighbors did not have the dog? And why did you shoot that man?"

"It's quite elementary, my dear Watson," Holmes replied. "I had no idea-but when you begin to shoot your potential suspects, the answer tends to reveal itself quite quickly."

I did not accompany Holmes on any more adventures of this sort, but I gained a newfound respect for his prowess, and I finally understood why he so frequently needed to purchase bullets.

LUKE MAAKE '22

Allegedly

News around town is, the Hook-Hand Man is at it again. For months now, he's been accused of gutting innocent citizens of this fair city with his hooks.

The Hook-Hand Man's latest alleged victim was a young girl of thirty-five. While sleuthing, I found the poor thing bleeding out in the dead of night on 48th and Quimble Street.

She cried out, "I've been hooked through the heart by the Hook-Hand Man!"

However, I took care to remind her that the Hook-Hand Man is innocent until proven guilty.

"What?"

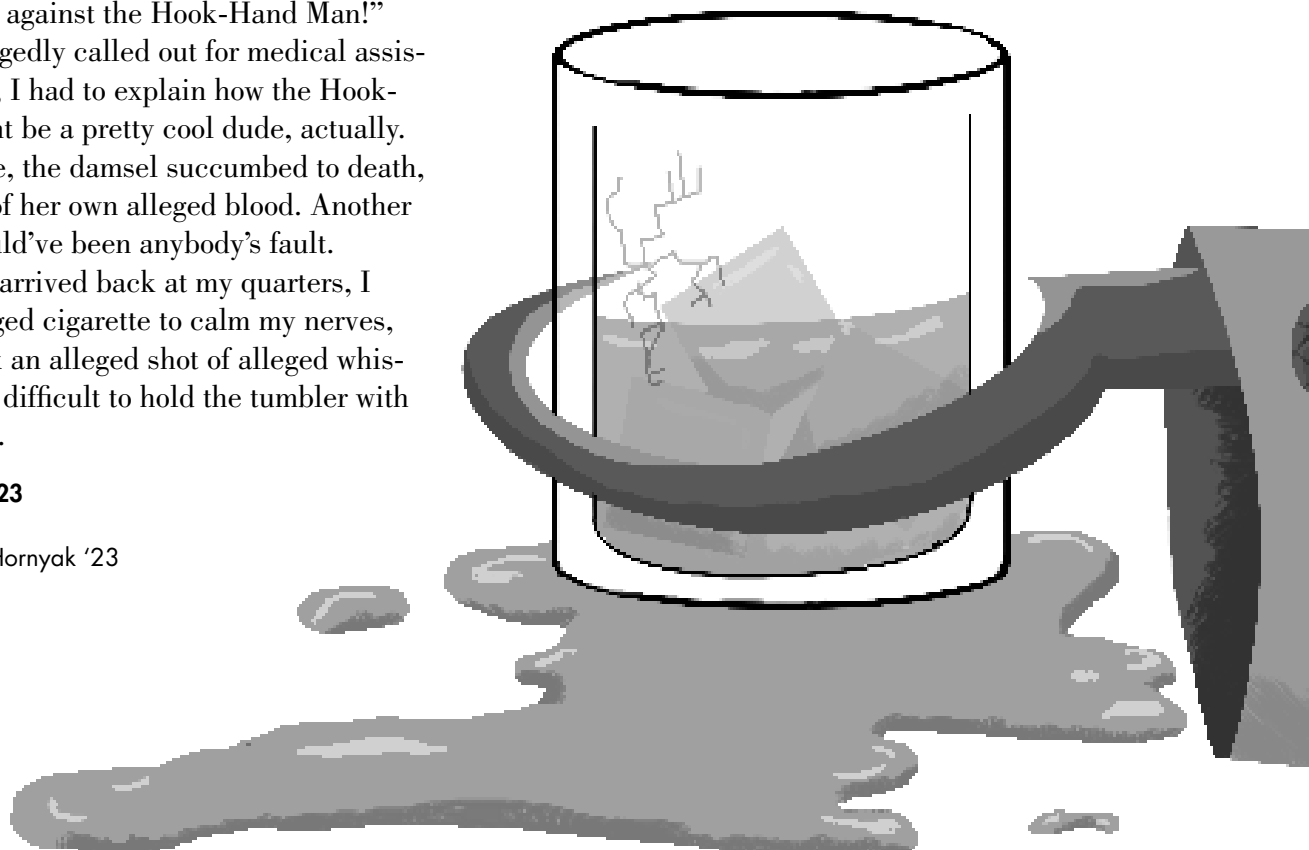
"You heard me. We don't want the court of public opinion turning unfairly against the Hook-Hand Man!"

She allegedly called out for medical assistance. However, I had to explain how the Hook-Hand Man might be a pretty cool dude, actually. In the meantime, the damsel succumbed to death, lying in a pool of her own alleged blood. Another tragedy that could've been anybody's fault.

When I arrived back at my quarters, I smoked an alleged cigarette to calm my nerves, and tossed back an alleged shot of alleged whiskey. It was very difficult to hold the tumbler with my Hook hands.

AMANDA KURAL '23

Illustrated By Mel Hornyak '23



Is it a bird?



Is it a plane?



ELIE SVOLL '22

for Veronica Geng.

"I needed a drink, I needed a lot of life insurance, I needed a vacation, I needed a home in the country."
—Raymond Chandler, *Farewell, My Lovely*

"Potato I have."
—James Joyce, *Ulysses*

It was one of those rainy L.A. afternoons that smell of liquor, betrayal, and morning breath. The liquor and morning breath I had brought with me to my shoebox of an office. I'd also been sure to bring my potato. Which meant that only betrayal hadn't shown up to the party yet—but I knew that she wouldn't be long.

I was opening the curtains to the only window, letting in all the gray daylight that I could, which proved to be a little difficult with a hefty potato in one hand. I heard the rattling of the doorknob even before I looked up and saw her silhouette reflected in the glass. I turned around.

She was wearing a blazer jacket that you could tell had been starched stiffer than a corpse; even in the rain it had maintained its sharp lines. Her makeup, though, had proven not so waterproof. "I was beginning to think you'd miss the party," I said coolly. I squeezed the potato in my hand a little tighter. I rolled it between my palms.

"I'm leaving you," she said. "And before you ask, Marlowe, yes, it's the potato. It's just the last straw. Everything else I could handle. Even your absurd predilection for strained metaphor."

"I don't know what you're talking about," I snapped back quicker and hotter than a rubber duck in a toaster. Glancing over my shoulder I could see a wave of fog roll in and swallow the city from the second story down. I began tossing the potato a few inches in the air and catching it on the back of my hand, then tossing it and catching it in my palm again, back and palm, back and palm, again and again like that. "But now that you've unbagged the cat, you might as well tell me what's really on your mind. I know it's not some potato."

"No it really is," she said. "Every day I—what are you doing now?"

I picked the potato up off the floor and checked it for dents. "Why do you think it is that you can't dribble a potato," I asked her, "the same way that you can dribble a basketball?" I rubbed the rough stubble on my jaw in contemplation. "Or maybe it's just the carpeted floor."

"God you really are a dumb one, aren't you," she muttered.

"What was that?" I wasn't listening. I had positioned the potato between my thumb and index finger and curled the other three fingers in so that the whole potato-plus-hand shape roughly resembled a gun, and I was pointing it at her and making "pew, pew" noises.

"Listen Marlowe, I know that it's been hard for you, what with no one hiring private detectives these days, and I know how you had to sell your real gun, and how you had to give up that house in the country you had your eye on too, and how that potato's just about the only thing you've got left, but—"

"Pew, pew."

"Forget it, I'm leaving." She slammed the door closed behind her.

It was just as well. I turned back to the window. Outside, the rain had just let up and the grimy streets were glistening, almost pretty, although there wasn't much room in my business for "pretty." I struck a match on my potato to light a cigarette, then realized that I would have to put the potato down in order to pick a cigarette up.

I blew the match back out.

ALEX KIM '21



It's 1940: It's Time for Lobotomies for All Who Want Them - by Myron McModerate

Ever since I launched my candidacy, I have made my vision for America quite clear. Under my administration, we would end the interminable wars in the European continent: what this Hitler fellow does in the Sudetenland is his business and his alone. Secondly, we would finally put a stop to this frivolous socialist spending enterprise known as the "New Deal." If the government starts providing people with quick access to bread, how is that fair to the people who already spent hours waiting in line to get their bread? Plus, bread lines do wonders for teaching young Americans valuable lessons in resilience and grit. Lastly, but most importantly, we would finally provide a healthcare system that provides working Americans with the variety of choices they desire, especially for that healthcare procedure of utmost importance: the lobotomy.

The utility of this service is well-accepted in the scientific community. It is known to be an effective treatment of all kinds of conditions such as schizophrenia, anxiety, depression, hyperactivity, drunkenness, addiction, unathleticism, communism, hideousness, gout, scurvy, leprosy, and of course, polio. Not to mention the remarkable results it has produced in curing womanly hysteria. Who amongst us doesn't have a lucky friend from the tavern who had a doctor poke a steel rod in his wife's skull and give it a jiggle? No more nagging from her: now he can stay out all night drinking with his fellow factory workers. Well, forgive me for shooting for the stars, but I think that healthcare option should be available to all.

What's more, some of my opponents have proposed a government-run healthcare system that eliminates the need for the lobotomy entirely through offering other "safer" therapeutic treatments free of charge. We all know this proposal to be a load of malarkey. To

eliminate Americans' ability to choose where and by whom to get lobotomized would be to undermine fundamental values of the American dream such as liberty, choice, and market based solutions. Why should the government get to decide for you whether severing the neural links in your prefrontal cortex to cure your psychosis is a good idea? Who are they to tell you that you shouldn't want to be an emotionless, shadowy husk of your former self, incapable of expressing desire, intellectual capacity, or a timely warning of your imminent urination?? The freedom to make that decision for yourself is what our founding fathers died for.

I have been studying this issue carefully since my time at Harvard College, a prestigious New England university. There, my fellow colleagues and I discovered how healthcare solutions imposed by the government seldom operate as promised. In fact, previous attempts at nationalization of the healthcare industry have reduced lobotomy rates by incredible ratios, resulting in many more women running amok, bothering men with crazed pleas for temperance, suffrage, and sentience. These hysterics need our help to alleviate their suffering, and only a lobotomy-friendly America can provide that service.

To conclude, my fellow Americans, I see a brighter future ahead of us. One where every American lives without fear of tragically un-lobotomized patients terrorizing their communities and homes. Where not a single unruly woman shall ever have to live with the fear of having an opinion. Where lobotomies are not a privilege, but a right - one which will be available for purchase at the fee the market deems appropriate. Join me in this crusade, loyal patriots, to our freer, more prosperous, less neurologically functional future.

BEN GELMAN '22

Kids everywhere love Beatrice Brummagem's books about intrepid kid sleuths who save the day. Here's

Jakey P and the Mystery of the Backyard Bash

It was a sunny afternoon in the town of Ganderville and Jakey P. was eating an ice-cream sundae that the whole town had bought him for solving the case of the missing cleat.

"Oh, Jacob," said Mayor Thrombey, "what would we do without you?"

"Well, mayor," Jakey replied, tipping his baseball cap, "I don't rightly know." Everyone was still chortling when, all of a sudden, Jakey's best friend, Ronnie Howie, burst into the town square, running so fast he nearly shaved off Mayor Thrombey's whiskers.

"Jakey, Jakey!" said Ronnie. "Something strange is going on in the woods behind Mr. Benkin's house!"

"Looks like I've got another case!" Jakey replied, taking the last bite of his sundae. The two boys popped out their heelies and set out for the scene of the crime.

"Jiminy crickets!" Ronnie said, surveying the scene in the small clearing on the Benkin property. Lying by the old tree were three human bodies, naked and dessicated. The faces had been mashed to pulps by a blunt instrument, their limbs hacked off with a saw, and the whole yard was covered in a tacky layer of old red-brown blood.

"I told you Jakey. This might be your biggest case yet," Ronnie said, as Jakey turned to look at his dogged friend.

"Dude, what the fuck?!" Jakey screamed

bravely. "Holy shit holy shit holy shit look at this look at this there's three dead people what the fuck. Oh my god I think I'm gonna barf."

"It's a pretty wacky scenario, ol' buddy. How do you think you're gonna solve it?"

"Me solve it Ronnie what are you talking about? This is a goddamn triple homicide here I think there's a fucking serial killer on the loose! We need to get out of here, we're in serious danger. This is clearly a job for the police." Ronnie was crestfallen.

"But what about your motto? No case too big or too small."

"That doesn't apply to grisly fucking murders, Ronnie! I'm eleven years old!"

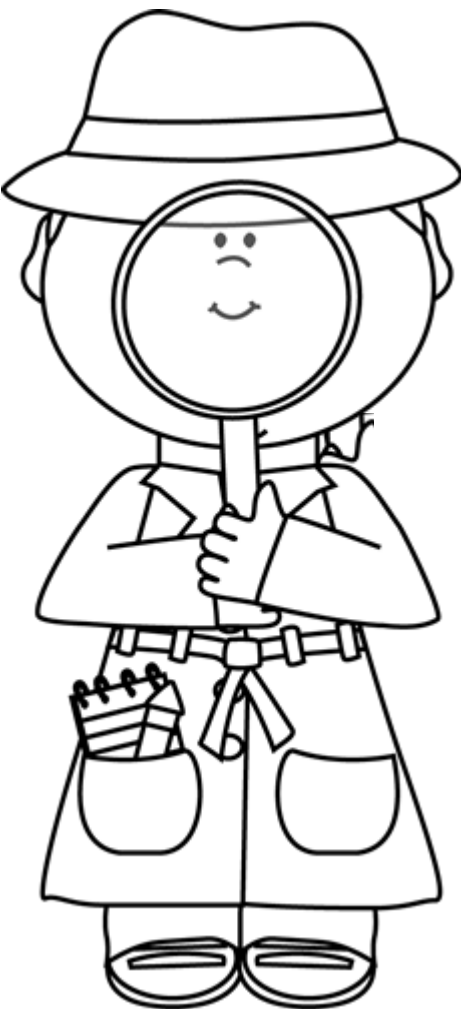
Later that day, Jakey met with the chief.

"Sir," he said, hyperventilating, "there are three brutally dismembered bodies in the woods."

"I know!" the chief replied jovially, man-handling a Boston Cream. "Lucky for me, I've got my best sleuth handling it." He pinched Jakey's cheek. "Go get 'em, Tiger."

Jakey gulped. Maybe there was finally a case too big for Jakey P...

So, whodunit? You'll have to buy the book to find out.



There's a naughty, noir-y Mad Lib on page 19...

[1] - garage rock band name _____

[3] - your best noir protagonist name _____

[5] - something cursed (like pineapple pizza) _____

[7] - adjective _____

[9] - body part _____

[11] - an establishment _____

[2] - thing with a particular smell _____

[4] - a liquor _____

[6] - character with a distinct shape _____

[8] - adjective _____

[10] - a brand with a logo _____

NATE PERLMETER '21

MAD LIB BY AMANDA VERA '22

Tidy Workspaces

My name is Mary McGee and I have spent the last 2 and a half years perched on the edge of this piano in a sparkly dress. Each day I sit here and wait for some deep-voiced, troubled detective to enter the room and objectify me on his quest to solve a murder that no one else in the city seems troubled about. But I often notice these men seem to have a hard time focusing on their investigation. They always say it's just impossible not to be distracted in the company of such a beautiful woman, or that they're exhausted from being threatened with the dismemberment of all their loved ones, but I see past their excuses. Instead, I see their workspaces, where the root of their disorder lies. And since I have lots of experience in the area, these are the tips I give them for cleaning out their trench coats, and thus, cleaning out their mind.

1. First of all, wash any handkerchiefs that have been bathing in your own sweat for more than 3 weeks and throw away all empty matchboxes. I know you have at least one in each pocket.
2. If you put your hands in your side pockets and find that your gloves are mismatched because you have somehow swapped one of your clue-handling leather gloves with one of my (or some other poor woman's) white satin opera gloves, toss 'em both.
3. In your chest pocket, if you have more than one coupon for the fedora store down the street, recycle those babies. You can only wear one at a time, hon.
4. Dispose of any newspaper clippings where you can only see a sixteenth of the relevant picture because you're adamant it's a promising clue. No earlobe is that powerful.
5. If your magnifying glass is so fogged up by fingerprints and smoky breath, it's not helping you do any real detective work. And by the way, that angle which you think makes you look smouldering and intense makes your nose look ginormous. Wipe those smudges before you put it back in your inner chest pocket.
6. If at any point in this journey you find broken glass, please discard it carefully and reconsider your decisions up until this point.
7. Finally, when you find your pipe in your lower side pocket, light it up and hand it over, cause honey, it's been a long day for the both of us and I don't know about you, but I'm ready to get off this piano, restore feeling in my legs, wander through the city late at night, and keep half of my face always hidden in a shadow.

LIANA SLOMKA '23

I'M WATCHING
YOU...
YOU THOUGHT YOU
WERE SO CLEVER
BLOCKING ME ON
INSTAGRAM BUT YOU
FORGOT TO BLOCK
MY SISTER AND I
KNOW YOU WENT
TO THE MALL BU
DINNER WITHOU
ME WHAT THE FU
THAT WAS OUR
PLACE. BABY, I'M
SO SORRY I DID YOU
WRONG, PLEASE
COME BACK I
NEVER MEANT TO
PRIORITIZE THE
GUYS OVER YOU AND
PROMISE I'LL
COME TO YOUR
OPENING NIGHT OF
MACHETE NEXT TIME
GIVE ME ANOTHER
CHANCE. PLEASE,
I'M BEGGING YOU,
SARA I STHILL LOVE
YOU

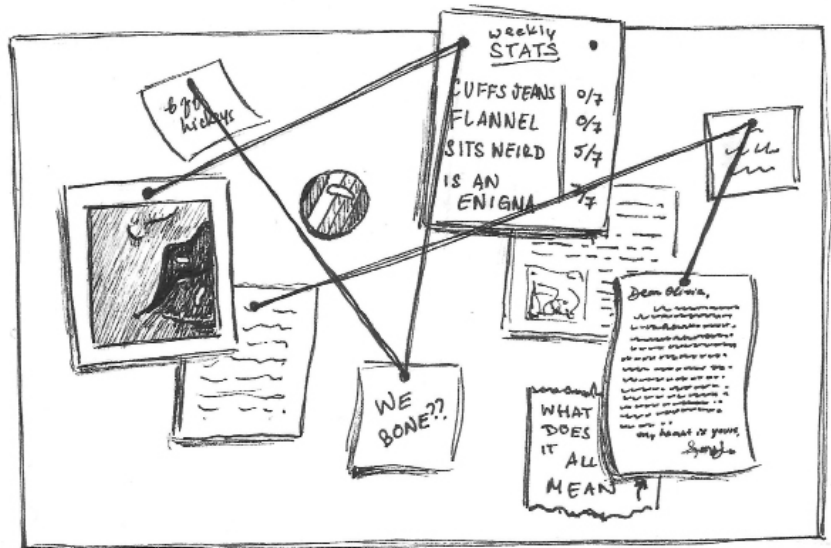
IMAN KHASRU '23

But does she like like me?

Ever since that fateful night at Terrace, I've been on the case. After meeting her, there was no way I could stay away from the puzzle that tied me to her. I saw her, and she took my breath away. Her seductive stare had entranced me, and everything about her seemed to call out to me: the fiery passion in the way she looked at me, the way her blonde curls glimmered under the lights, the way her brown eyes sparkled. She was a vraie femme fatale in the best of descriptions. Her lipstick prints covered the glass, leaving a trail back to her. Everything she held seemed to dance with the excitement of her touch and as she beckoned me over and with one move, she drew me to her. Before I knew it, we were dancing, her hand on my dress as the lights bathed us in color. And then she grabbed my phone, put her number in, and breathed into my ear, "call me later, alright, beautiful."

That's when the mystery arose. She intrigued me and from the moment we touched, I knew I had fallen for her. But there was a complexity, an elusiveness to her character I couldn't quite grasp. I yearned for her and I pondered every day, did she like me back?

She visited my dorm every Tuesday, marking the room with her intoxicating perfume. She covered me in her red, red lipstick and left her pride buttons lying on my bed. However, what if she was just an ally? I couldn't get the question out of my mind. I had read stories like this; Virginia Wolfe, Emily Dickinson, Sappho, and Bechdel had all written about this feeling. They must have, as I did, loved a woman of remarkable dimension, nearly impossible to comprehend. I racked my brain for answers.



Still, every signal she gave me was mixed. She would wait for me after lab, but would sometimes forget my boba order. She would bring me flowers on the weekends, but she would forget my favorite spot in Firestone. She would kiss me in front of her friends, but she would never cuff her jeans. I'd lay awake at night asking myself questions. When she put her fingers in my mouth, was it an act of courtesy? Was her strap simply her way of making acquaintances? When she told me "Olivia, I literally don't know how to explain to you that I want to date you, in a homosexual way," was it just as a friend?

The mystery wouldn't leave my mind. Every text she sent me was a clue; every moment with her became a sign. The one question that mattered just wouldn't leave me alone: was she gay?

ROSEMARY PAULSON '23

ILLUSTRATED BY **AMANDA VERA '22**

I Refuse to Return the Boy

To you bastard of a detective,

I want you to listen here and listen good. I've got your dirtbag of a son here with me. He's been roughed up a bit; the kid's ego can't take a hit, and so far he's lost every one of our little "games". If you want your stinky kid back, then you'll do exactly as I say, to the t, dick. *To the t.*

I first want you to take 50 dollars from that Louis Vuitton wallet of yours. Your mediocre son was telling me all about it during our game of monopoly. The squirt said you spent his lunch money on that wallet, so he couldn't eat for two weeks. I gotta admit, that was a shitty thing to do, but I'm sure you had some good reason for it because your snott-nosed brat of a kid is damn polite and cleans his plate after every meal. With that 50 dollars from your wallet, you're gonna go down to the state courthouse. You should go past the park. Franklin told me that one of his favorite days with you was when you went to the park and fed the ducks. Your brainless boy said he gave the ducks bread, and I made sure he knew that feeding ducks bread is bad for their health. I beat that into him, using some flashcards from my own day as a kid. I honestly think you should teach your son more about the world; he seems to think that trench coats make you enigmatic and mysteriously attractive and he introduces himself to everyone as an "incorporeal puppet of hedonistic escapism". I tried to tell him to dress like everybody else, and also to just stop saying weird shit, so he doesn't get bullied anymore. He actually gets bullied a lot, you know. He says that you'll teach him how to fight those bastard bullies, but you still haven't done that yet. The poor kid even has scars. *Scars, asshole, scars.*

Anyway, at the courthouse go sign a document that makes Franklin my legal son. The shithead and I bonded a lot at the state park, where I made him fidget and squirm with glee because I bought him a giant bear. He really loves bears. I bet you didn't know that though.

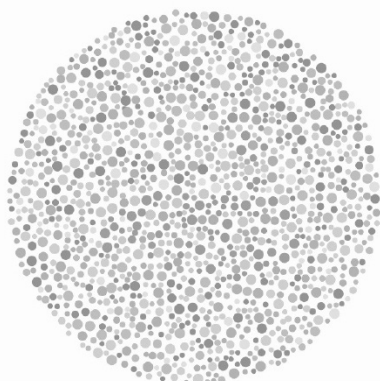
Keep your brain in your head here, gumshoe. Give me the kid and nothing will happen to him. When you get home there will be 100,000 dollars in your mailbox. I stopped by with Franklin to get his stuff and take it to my house. I'm disappointed with your decorations. You should open the shades and let more sunlight in, Franklin looks like a ghost. And don't come looking for him - because he's definitely happier with us since we brought the new pooch for him.

Now all you need to do is fork over the adoption papers so your son can live a happy life with me. I'll call you tomorrow at 6:49 to set up a court date. You know what you need to do. I'll send you another letter in a month to update you on his school progress. Follow my instructions, and remember, we love him as much as you do. Don't fuck this up.

Your son's new father.

ETHAN MAGISTRO '23

Color Blind Test



Can you make out the message hidden within the circle?

YES

Congratulations, you can see ultraviolet! Follow the clue to the next seance of COVID-19 scientists with a guest appearance from POTUS.

NO

Oh you can't? That's unfortunate. Guess you are merely human. Sucks to be you!

Elie Svoll '22

Her

The fading sunlight through the front window of my office cast long shadows from the names on the window: Spade & Archer & Marlowe & Bailey & Vargas & Hammer & Muldoon & Stremport & Thumbert. The phone rang. I picked up. “Stremport?” I asked. “Dead, you say?” I hung up the phone.

So, Stremport was dead. That was every one of my partners gone — Spade & Archer & Marlowe & Bailey & Vargas & Hammer & Muldoon & now Stremport. I had a hunch that this had something to do with that dame.

I knew from the moment I set eyes on her that she looked too good not to be bad news. And sure enough, trouble seemed to follow her: she was there when Spade died in the swamp, and when Archer died in the swamp, and when Marlowe died in the swamp, and when Bailey died in the swamp, and when Vargas died in the swamp, and when Hammer died in the swamp, and when Muldoon died in the swamp, and when Stremport died in the swamp — and I knew just where to find her.

I pulled my Buick to the side of the road where it curved above the swamp and joined the policeman staring out from the edge of the cliff.

“Same as all the others,” he said. I looked out over the swamp, past where my headlights illuminated the wrecks of eight Buicks just like mine. And there, shrouded in the fog that rose from the murky surface — there she was. The half-light of the moon rising overhead made her pale skin glimmer where it showed beneath the streaks of swamp ooze. “At the scene of every murder,” I mused to myself. “But she still won’t talk.”

As I had, eight times before, I picked my around the edge of the stagnant muck, until I stood at the swamp’s edge, as close to her as I could. I already knew that she wouldn’t come to me. Maybe she had a secret to keep. Or, maybe she was afraid of what might happen if we got close — too close.

“Madame?” I called out to her. She stood, motionless, half-mired in the mud, staring out over the wrecks of the seven identical Buicks. She did not turn.

“You don’t talk much, do you?” I asked her. I couldn’t tear my eyes away from a string of rancid pondweed draped sensuously over the curve of her hip. I felt the air between us crackle with tension, and I had the strangest sense that she understood me in a way no woman ever had before.

Without a thought, I stepped towards her, off the rocky ledge on which I stood. The mud sucked at my gumshoe, and I jumped back. “Pull yourself together, Thumbert.” I thought to myself. “She’s pulling you into her web of intrigue — just like the others.”



That all of my partners — Spade & Archer & Marlowe & Bailey & Vargas & Hammer & Muldoon & Stremport & Thumbert — meet their ends in this swamp had to be more than a coincidence. She wasn’t a damsel in distress — she was a femme fatale. I climbed back up onto the ridge and got back into my Buick. There was something about this case that just wasn’t adding up. Maybe a nightcap would clear my head.

But no matter how many glasses of scotch I downed, I couldn’t stop thinking about her. I remembered when Spade heard her siren song and vanished in that swamp. No one knows how he died. I remembered when Archer also heard her siren song and vanished in that swamp. No one knows how he died. I remembered how her smooth torso seemed almost to shine in the light... I remembered how her silence drew me in, tantalizing me with her secrets...

Before I knew it, I was staggering to my feet. I might not know how Spade or Archer or Marlowe or Bailey or Vargas or Hammer or Muldoon or Stremport or Thumbert died, but I knew one thing for sure: I had to see her. I fumbled my way out the door and towards the Buick.

As I approached the curve in the road, I looked out over the darkness of the swamp and glimpsed a ghostly form. A ghostly pair of taut, nippleless breasts.... Shining in the moonlight. Calling me closer.... Her siren song....

And then, in a screech of tearing metal, I was weightless. My Buick felt like it was frozen in time, suspended above the swamp. I looked out through the windshield and I could have sworn I saw a smile on her enigmatic face.

I awaken to a ringing in my ears and the taste of blood in my mouth. The Buick is slowly sinking into the swampy muck, but I have to know her secret, even if it kills me. And so I crawl, past the wrecks of eight identical Buicks, towards the smudge of light in the darkness of the swamp.

At last, I see a petite figure, sunk deep in the mire, swim into view before me. I’m struck dumb by the wasplike curve of her waist, her perfectly smooth, featureless pelvis. Her painted eyes seemed to stare out above my head, unblinking and vacant, mocking me in their indifference.

On impulse, I reach out. I grip each of her tiny arms between my fingers, and, with the last of my strength, I pull her from the mud. Holding her to my face, I gurgle out, “Who.... are.... You....” But the red curve of her merciless smile never falters.

As darkness creeps into the corners of my vision, I clutch her cold, hard, body to my face, and bury my nose in the thin plastic strands of her hair. I feel what may be love for the first time. And then, a piercing burst of clarity: I had cracked the case.

With my last breath, I whisper, “I figured.... out.... your secret, madame,” as she lays, unyielding, against my cheek. “You’re... divorced.”

MAIA HAMIN '20

Rejected Script for the Noir Dora Episode: Fedora the Explorer

Note: The writer of the episode is no longer with the network and was not offered a severance package.

Fedora: Hola, soy Fedora! Today, we're going to solve a mystery. Want to help me find my prox that I lost at some point last night while extremely intoxicated on The Street?

There is an awkward silence while Fedora's roommate checks her watch, sees that she has once again been awoken at 4AM to a loud monologue, and wishes that her room change request had been processed more quickly. She reapplies her noise-canceling headphones and sleep mask.

Fedora: Great! Vamanos!

Fedora: Where do we go? Let's confront my friend, The Map.

Fedora clears her voice in order to prepare to sing in a low pitch while her roommate contemplates sleeping in the dining hall

Fedora: IF THERE'S A PLACE YOU'VE GOT TO GO I'M THE ONE YOU NEED TO KNOW I'M THE MAP! I'M THE MAP! I'M THE MAP!

Roommate: *Leaving to go sleep in the dining hall* I'm reporting you to PSafe again.

Fedora: If you report me, I'll report you to the Honor Committee for showing me your COS 126 code.

Roommate: You literally grabbed my laptop from me.

Fedora: Should we report my roommate to the Honor Committee?!

Roommate:

Fedora: Yes we should! Muy bien!

Roommate:

Fedora: ADIOS!

Fedora refocuses on the momentous task at hand.

Fedora: Fedora's prox could be in three places! To look for it, first we have to go to Campus Club, the only club that let Fedora in after she crashed the Archery Club pregame and took several types of shots.

Then, we have to go to Drunk Meal, where Fedora yelled "Swiper no swiping" at everyone in line for the cash register while debating whether throwing up into the landfill or food waste bin would be better for the environment (Fedora has always wanted to join the Princeton Conservation Society).

Last, we have to go to McCosh, but Fedora doesn't remember anything from there. She might have fought a nurse. Or maybe it was her cousin Diego because he writes for The Tory.

Fedora: Campus Club, Drunk Meal, McCosh. Say it with me: CAMPUS CLUB. DRUNK MEAL. MCCOSH.

Fedora: Before we leave on our adventure, let's check Backpack to make sure I didn't lose anything else important, like my hardcover copy of Rights, Rules, Responsibilities, signed by President Eisgruber himself and dog-eared so that I have easy access to the section about the Nude Olympics ban, which I read out loud to myself when I start to forget that I was the only participant last year and do not want another automatic one-year suspension. Or my iClicker.

Fedora: Ahem. BACKPACK BACKPACK I'M THE-

Continued on page 20...

Letter to the Editor:

An Anti-Penicillin Activist Shares Her Thoughts

Editor's Note: This letter, recovered from a biohazard bag wedged between the couch cushions in our office, appears to have never been published at the time it was submitted.

February 18th, 1947

Dear TigerMag,

My name is Cheryl Dumfrey and I am the proud mother of a malnourished twelve year old boy, Jacob Dumfrey, as well as several other children whom we do not speak about. I'm writing to you in regard to your coverage of "Penicillin" in the most recent issue. I'm sure you all trust the government when it calls this pill a "revolutionary medical advance" and "capable of curing innumerable diseases," but to be honest, I'm just not buying it. My best friend Marian says that her husband heard that someone else's wife took penicillin, and then four years later she filed for divorce! Honestly, with the disintegration of family values after the Great War, can we really afford to be placing our confidence in this "life-saving antibiotic?"

And that's another thing! Back in the '20s, we caught sepsis and we liked it. How well I remember comparing the color of my infections with those of my 19 siblings! My one remaining sister and I firmly believe that today's children don't need to ingest anything that might pollute their bodies and minds, and instead ought to welcome the natural, holistic, interminable bed rest we endured while fighting for our lives against pneumonia. Woe that my Jacob should never experience the thrill of thrashing alone in your sweat-ridden sheets and the gradual demise of all your siblings! I daresay grappling with the spectre of my own mortality at the tender age of 9 made me the kind, loving, and outspoken woman I am today. Forgive me for hoping my son will also enjoy the virtues of a good old-fashioned life-threatening illness, particularly when our lives nowadays are so inauthentic and factitious!

I would appreciate it if you would publish my letter posthaste; the physician treating young Jacob for influenza called me "foolishly misinformed" and "a danger to my son and everyone I know," which I find unspeakably rude. I would sincerely like to read some of the letters of solidarity I shall surely receive aloud to Jacob as he lies in the upstairs bedroom, pleading with me to allow the doctor to administer this corrupting drug and deny him this once-in-a-lifetime experience. I myself will be tending him during this difficult time and praying that soon the medical establishment will cease to be deceived by this so-called "miracle drug," as I have.

I eagerly await your publication,

Sincerely,

MEL HORNYAK '23

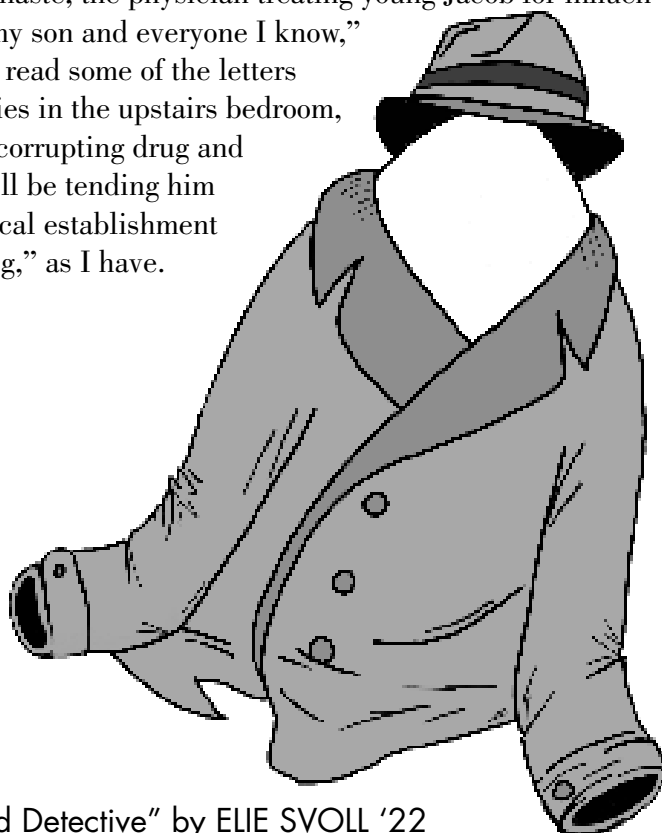


Illustration: "Hard-Boiled Detective" by ELIE SVOLL '22

FUN ACTIVITIES

1. Cross the damn Street!

Do it! I fucken dare you! Haha! * Bonus: if you get hit, the driver is obligated to pay off your student loans... Score!

3. Meditation.

5. Why not try out a colour-by-numbers?

by the bed-wetting thing, huh. Nooo, I'm not saying it's worse to be colour-blind than a bed-wetter, I just meant... hmm, maybe this next one will cheer you up...

6. Walk through gang territory!

Look, I know colour-blindness is a legitimate handicap, you don't have to show me your medical record. Are you calling my mother a snitch, she's never gonna -HEY, MOM?

to enjoy if you're colour-blind! as fuck! (~~~*)

2. Eat some Skittles!

Even if you can't see the rainbow, you might as well try tasting the rainbow... am I right? (I am.)

Just watch out for those nasty green motherfuckers! Haha! They suck!

4. Solve a Rubik's Cube!

oh, I'm sorry, is that too hard for you? Oh, grow a pair, my 5 year old nephew can solve one, and he WETS THE BED.

Take the Blue Pill... or the Red Pill? Choices. Choices. What's it gonna be???



IMAAAN KHASRU '23

Oh, The Tragic Misfortune of Being a Well-Meaning Butler

My name is Robert Bernard. Like my father, and the 5 generations preceding him, I am a butler. For centuries, the Bernards have served the appetizers and poured the wine of our affluent employers with all the care in the world, never desiring anything more than to take care of them. So WHY do we keep getting framed for murder?

There never was a butler more well-meaning than my father, Arthur Bernard, who arrived at the Rogers mansion at promptly 5:30 each morning to organize the day's schedule for Sir Rogers. He never had a speck of dirt on his vest, never a crease in his white gloves. But one day, as he watered the roses on the front corridor table, a thorn poked through his left glove, leaving a drop of his blood on the table and his fingerprint on the vase. How tragic that that was the day Sir Rogers was brutally stabbed in his sleep, and the killer left a rose on his dead body before he escaped. My father was devastated at the death of his boss and even more so at his own wrongful conviction.

My grandfather, Reginald Bernard, never spoke an ill word of his employers. Although the Simmons children often made fun of the long scar running down the side of his face, he was always happy to play with them. So it was heartbreaking for our whole family when he was arrested on the day that Mistress Simmons found her baby strangled to death in the cradle, with a bloody

cut running down the side of his face, with Grandpa Reggie's favorite cheese knife next to him. I mean what would he have against that poor baby, other than him being the heir to the world's largest collection of sealing wax?

What you have to understand is this: no one in my family would ever dream of hurting his boss! We care too much for the art of our craft! Besides, my master, Lord Richardson, is the most important person in my life. I would even die for him! So it is natural that the maid has heard me muttering his name and the word "die" in my sleep.

But the reality is that it is getting harder and harder for legacy butlers like me to find work. Despite my charm and expert coat-taking-technique, when I walk into an interview, employers just see my Bernard name and the polished letter opener I keep poking out of my chest pocket, and assume that I am after their wealth. It's not my fault that my last boss died of food poisoning on the same day that the

gardener saw me sneak his vitamins into his cup when he wasn't looking! Until the world learns that not all butlers are malicious, I'll just have to live with the misfortune of being a well-meaning butler in an anti-butler society!



LIANA SLOMKA '23

SPECIAL EDITORIAL: Through the Eyes of a Whore

Let me introduce myself. The name's Millie.

Ok, now I'm introduced.

Being a high-class escort in a black-and-white version of the 1950s ain't all it's cracked up to be. This city's full of trenchcoat-clad detectives with mysterious pasts and mysteriously undergrown penises. And it's my job, and my pleasure, to find and fornicate with all of 'em.

Take last Friday, for example. My pimp, Little Jimmy (trust me, he ain't so little) prowled the streets. I looked out my dingy motel window, watching the ugly women with their jaundice babies. I don't like kids much, so thank heavens for tubal ligation. I got mine for free from a nice old lady who lives in my local alleyway (Easter Sunday special).

I was chain-smoking cigarettes ('cause according to the doctors, they're healthy AND delicious), and wearing a silk bathrobe, ('cause I don't own any clothes other than 43 silk bathrobes).

Little Jimmy sent up my first client - a private detective by the name of Beckett.

He told me all about his wife, Darla, who kicked the bucket last year. I gotta say, I'm beginning to wonder, how come every detective's got a dead wife? Anyway, Beckett asked if he could pretend I'm Darla while we 'do the deed,' as they say. "Sure, buster," I said. There was a tear in his eye, under his dark sunglasses, and that touched my stone-cold whore heart.

Only once we started 'doing the Devil's dance,' as they say, he wouldn't let the dead wife bit go! Beckett kept whimpering, "You're my dead wife! You're my dead wife" over and over again. That's a sure way to frazzle a female.

In retrospect, I'm pretty sure that fella was a necrophiliac. Oh, well. That's the business for you.

My next John was, bafflingly, named Digby. I offered him my breasts, but instead he explained the sleuthing business to me for three and a half hours. By the time he was done, I was certified to operate as a private eye in Scotland! Only problem is, I've got no clue where Scotland is.

Finally, we got down to it, 'doing squat thrusts in the cucumber patch,' as they say. But Digby's bedside manner left much to be desired. The man couldn't stop talking in his detective language! He moaned, "This is a clue!" and murmured, "Elementary, my dear Watson!" and mewled, "The detective and his criminal wear versions of the same mask (a quote by Jane Roberts)!" I could hardly stand it! At last, he yodeled "I have a hunch!" as he busted his nut.

My final client for the night was a shady character by the name of Gilbert. He was tall, dark, and hovering around a four-point-five out of ten - just how I like 'em. You could tell just by looking at him, the man had a lot on his mind under that sexy fedora. Sadly, when he took the fedora off, he was completely bald.

Immediately, I used my newfound sleuthing skills to deduce that somethin' was off. Everybody knows, all detectives have a full head of hair, or else they wear a tasteful toupee. Gilbert admitted that he was actually a real cop, come to, 'cattle-prod the oyster ditch with the lap rocket,' as they say, with the detective hooker. Outraged, I slithered back into my silk bathrobe and showed him the door.

What can I say? I only 'do the horizontal greased-weasel tango,' as they say, with a private practice.



AMANDA KURAL '23

ILLUSTRATION BY BETSY PU '22



Tyga Er

3 hrs · 



#1945: Dear Tyga Er,

When I heard you were doing an op-ed about the noir era, I knew I had to write to you. I had a quad meeting and I, like...am desperately desiring and thus seeking your aid? I think my suitemate might be a noir detective? It's really been worrying us here at Baker 221.

See, I'm in a campus acapella group and I'm always coming home from rehearsal super late. I'll walk into my room fully expecting to be the only one awake so that I can quietly masturbate and then subsequently sob into my pillow while thinking about the fact that the greatest thing I'll probably ever achieve in life is barely graduating from a small liberal arts school in central New Jersey. HOWEVER, I'll walk in and Yates will always be at his desk muttering about his dead parents and the children he left behind back at the orphanage. This is fully at 3 AM when I am about to go to sleep, but the stupid antique Transylvanian grandfather clock Yates placed over my desk always gongs three – not one, not two, but three fucking times – at which Yates' body begins to convulse and he starts muttering some Latin chant about the “perilous elixirs” and the “gangrenous river banks.”

Yates is just constantly there and does this every night. And every time I try to talk to him about needing my personal space, he just starts telling me that “he needs to work on his hunch” and “he's so close to finding the man who wrongfully accused him on that day so long ago...”

Tyga Er, what should I do? I mean, I don't wanna be mean. With the amount of pensive smoking and staring he does, I feel like something might've happened to the guy. But this whole situation is kinda getting out of hand. I was thinking about talking to my RCA about it but Yates says that the “one who reveals him betrays themselves as a traitor.”

His trenchcoat collection is bursting out of our closet, and any girls I try to take home think they're mine – and it's really ruining the ~ mood~. I've had so many girls walk out on me after seeing his collection thinking that I have some weird raincoat fetish. I just want my old mojo back ya know? He's just really throwing off my vibe. And to top it off, he's started stealing my whiskey in the dead of night to “drown the demons that still linger long after the memories of Cassandra have faded.” He keeps muttering about “the way her hands caressed his face oh so long ago, the way her curves filled the room when she walked in... Everything she did brightened the darkness that closed in around our damp, desolate days...” I mean, who even is Cassandra? You'd think that was his ex or something, but now I'm getting the vibe that she was his mom? The way he talks about “his fascination with her old armoire, a beautiful piece of furniture given down the family tree.

Should I do anything? Or should I leave him be? Not gonna lie, I lowkey think he might try to murder me or like “covertly smuggle me unto the treacherous cliffs of the Andes by the light of the winter sun”... so there's that.

Cheers!

Digby Digson

ROSEMARY PAULSON '23

The Mad Lib

..... It was a slow September night. Well. Slow for the humble town, perhaps. For me, slow only meant there was dirty work beneath the surface.

I stepped into a crowded bar, the famed ___[1]___, and eyed the bartender for my regular. She'd had it prepared. From meters away, she had recognized the distinct smell of ___[2]___, and knew that ___[3]___ had arrived. She handed me my medicine, a bottle of ___[4]___, to take the pain away. The rain battered against the windows as I downed my first half. "Cheers," I said to no one in particular, "in this world there is only greed, bloodlust, and ___[5]___, and you live deluded among it." Then, in my periphery, I caught a lingering glance in the darkness. An invitation. I followed.

Finally, I turned the corner and I saw it - in the shadows - the silhouette of ___[6]___. It tormented me. What could it know? Why was it here? Who had laid victim to its bloody hands?

I approached it with a swagger that many an ex-lover had defined, in post-coital ecstasy, as ___[7]___. And upon seeing it's half occulted face, I realized that what I thought was ___rep[3]___ was in fact, a human woman.

I said to her,

"Your ___[8]___ ___[9]___, so unique in shape, made me think you were another. But now I see that you are a beautiful female. And it is only now that I feel this burning sexual tension. Not before. Only now."

She stepped out of the shadow and revealed a long-line trench coat, printed all across with ___[10]___ logos, revealing a fearsome loyalty. After reaching inside of it and handing me a note, she disappeared into the night. The note read as follows: "Meet me at ___[11]___. 11:00. Don't be late." The ___rep[11]___. A lesser man would have shivered.

FILL IN:

- [1] - garage rock band name
- [2] - thing with a particular smell
- [3] - your best noir protagonist name
- [4] - a liquor
- [5] - something cursed (like pineapple pizza)
- [6] - character with a distinct shape
- [7] - adjective
- [8] - adjective
- [9] - body part
- [10] - a brand with a logo
- [11] - an establishment

AMANDA VERA '22

Thorne & Associates LLC

Industry area: Mercenary consulting

Apply by: 5/1/2020

Open to: Classes of 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, and graduate students

Number of open roles: 1

Location: Shadowy subbasement in downtown Trenton, NJ

Organization Description: Thorne & Associates is a boutique consulting firm based in Trenton. Specializing in strategic analysis and risk management, Thorne provides full-service assistance to specialty clients. Need a situation taken care of? Call 1-800-DWAYNE.

Opportunity Title: Summer Private Consulting Internship

Opportunity Details: Are you a self-motivated go-getter with a shaky moral compass? Do you enjoy working in an office hot-boxed with cigar smoke? Do you self-identify as "that creepy guy" on the New York Metro? If so, this is the job for you.

Thorne & Associates is looking for motivated college students looking to develop skills in privacy invasion and self-important rambling. Past interns have secretly photographed individuals from blacked-out Buick Enclaves, physically attacked cops, and rectally smuggled silver falcon statues. Alumni frequently go on to successfully develop smoke-related breathing problems, be imprisoned for workplace harassment, and fail business tax audits. We look forward to receiving your application today!

Length of Opportunity: 8 weeks (start date is 6/01/2020)

Paid/Unpaid: Unpaid

Position(s) open to international students? Yes

Alumni Name(s) and Class Year(s): Dwayne Thorne '45

Alum Contact Information: Dwayne Thorne, bigdog-dwayne@hotmail.com

JAMIE RODRIGUEZ '23

RUSSIAN SPY NOIR

My plan is working! The filthy capitalist secret agent just dove into a pit filled with fake money! Stalin will reward me greatly. I will get two bushels of wheat to live on while the rest of Russia starves! Never mind that the capitalist hog just pulled out a grappling hook, for I have already released the vipers.

Look at him! Trying to scale the wall. Futile. My father, even after the Czar's prison camps robbed him of spy muscularity, could've climbed a wall like that easily! You humiliate your-

Oh. He has climbed the wall.

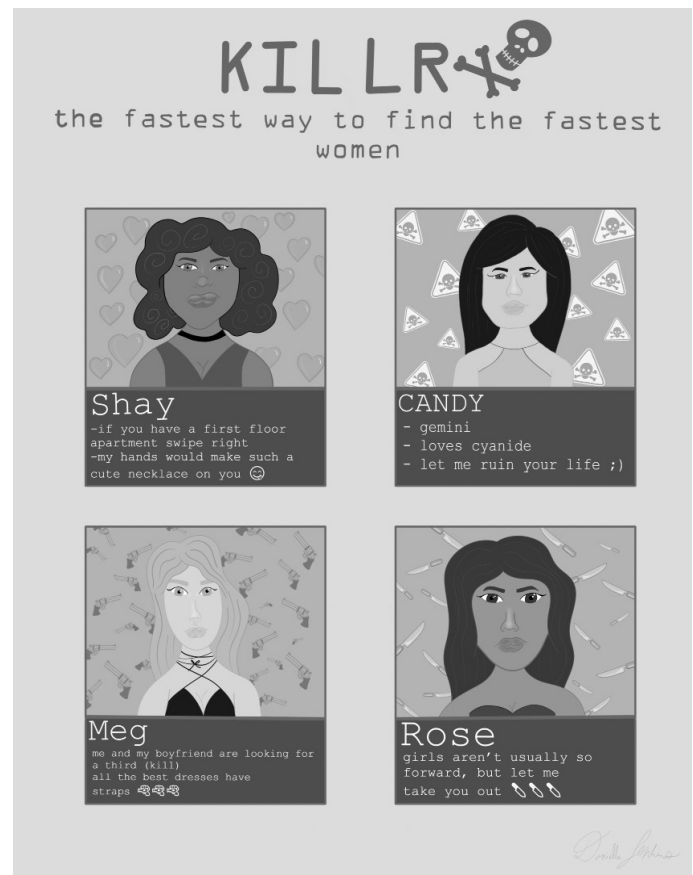
Well, he thinks he has me, that capitalist swine! But I have a plan that none of those filthy capitalists could ever have seen coming. I shall release the ENORMOUS BUST OF LENIN! And after its unbearable heft has pushed the spy into the pit again, maybe I will get three bushels of wheat instead of two! I will never want for anything again.

Wait. Why is there a segment of flesh rising from my ENORMOUS BUST OF LENIN? Has the scoundrel ruptured through his beefy bolshevik spirit? His teasing, punitive gaze?

Marx must be right. Private property is the scourge of the world, and—

Never mind that. The spy shall ruin my reputation! Ah! He has me! He's trying to throw me into the pit! But he will never succeed! Petty bourgeoisie like him never succeed! The proletariat shall have their revenge! I will get my bushels of wheat, and surely at this point I deserve to have four, if not a little bit more than four of them, if only I can extricate myself from his grasp—!

No. I'm in the pit, and no matter how hard I try, I cannot climb out. I have no grappling hook, and the vipers are impending.



DANIELLE JENKINS '23

DANIELLE RANUCCI '23

Fedora the Explorer (continued)

Fedora's performance is cut short by the sound of PSafe officers banging on the door, demanding that she let them in.

Fedora: DO YOU HEAR SOMEONE KNOCKING? WHO IS IT? DO YOU THINK THEY HAVE MY PROX? *Fedora forces a smile, but she knows the truth. She looks intensely into the imaginary camera. Sweat is dripping from her forehead. Her eyes bloodshot. A single tear falls down her cheek. She holds to her chest her copy of Rights, Rules, Responsibilities. As the door opens in slow motion, you can hear her whisper faintly but distinctly.*

Fedora: We did it.

Fade to black

SOPHIE GERCHIKOV '23

Kidnapper Fails to Collect Ransom, Accidentally Becomes Teen Father

It was a cloudy Wednesday afternoon when 19-year-old Devon Bailey drove his windowless white van down to the Hollysburg Presbyterian School at 2pm. The scene was more or less typical: a crowd full of young primary school children waiting to be picked up by their guardians or grandfathers, who are A standard Wednesday afternoon, ideal for kidnapping. Or so Bailey had thought.

Bailey was halfway home to his studio apartment downtown with 4-year-old Lucy in his backseat when he first tried ringing her parents.

‘It was all going to plan,’ says Bailey. ‘Wednesday is the part of the week where you typically forget you have children, and so picking up little Lucy here was easy enough.’ According to Bailey, the phone rang, but the first call got no answer. Upon ringing a second time, his call was cut after the third ring. ‘At this point, I know she’s just straight up ghosting me,’ complains Bailey. ‘Seven rings before voicemail, they’re not there, fine. But three rings and then voicemail? Hah. You’re going to voicemail because she’s sendin’ ya there. Trust. You don’t date and get dumped by three different hair salon artists without learning that.’

Once Bailey and Lucy entered the apartment, his hope was beginning to dwindle.

‘I didn’t know what I was going to do with this damned kid if her parents didn’t want her back. So I tried calling them once more. Her dad this time.’

42-year-old Eric Raha was at his place of work when Bailey’s call came through. ‘I picked up,’ confirms Eric, ‘but mostly because my boss was passing and I needed to look like I was doing “serious work” and not “sitting on my ass getting paid to watch YouTube porn.” Firewall’s gonna have to try harder, am I right?’ Raha is reminded of his missing child. ‘Right,’ he says. ‘The voice on the other end seemed very serious. I was focused right away. I even sent the 11am Atlanta business call to voicemail after it rang a couple of times.’

At this point, things were finally looking up for Bailey. He followed standard kidnapper protocol: laid out his terms, stated a ransom, and established an ultimatum... but it was then that he made his fatal mistake. He mentioned that he’d rung Mrs. Raha first.

‘Once I realized that Amy hadn’t okayed the whole ransom deal, I wasn’t about to go stick my neck out,’ says Raha, hands raised. ‘I was still in the doghouse for accidentally setting up a personal Spotify account instead of the family account, so I needed to keep my head low for a while.’ Says Bailey, ‘this was supposed to be a one-off job. I just wanted my \$16.95 exactly the amount I needed for one Super Combo 6 at Wendy’s and then I’d be on my merry way. Now look where I am. ‘Please, someone, take this child off of my hands. I don’t give a damn how much you pay me - in fact I’ll even pay you - but by God, I am so not ready to be a father. I

thought a life of crime was heavy shit, but trying to feed this picky as hell 4 year old is actually making me lose my mind. She only eats egg drop soup. Do you know how goddamn hard it is to find egg drop soup in this part of town? My fridge is just full of batches that she didn’t goddamn like, so I’ve just been chugging them back to back for every meal. Sometimes, in the middle of the night, I’ll wake from my slumber, and I’ll see her standing over my mattress, her hand cupped in an egg shape, slowly mouthing “Egg, Drop, Soup.” I can’t tell if she’s real or just a vision anymore.’

Bailey dropped his head. I can’t even afford to pay off my student loans, and this child, oh, this child and her needs. Do you know how expensive preschool is? Do you know how competitive it is? Please. Someone help me. Send me to prison, I don’t even care anymore, just don’t make me remove another peanut from her tiny nose.’

IMAAAN KHASRU '23

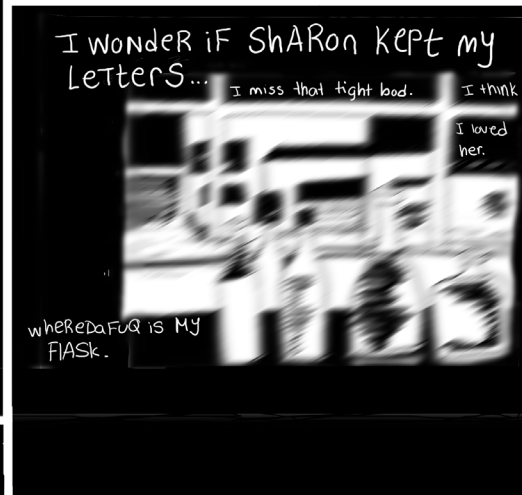
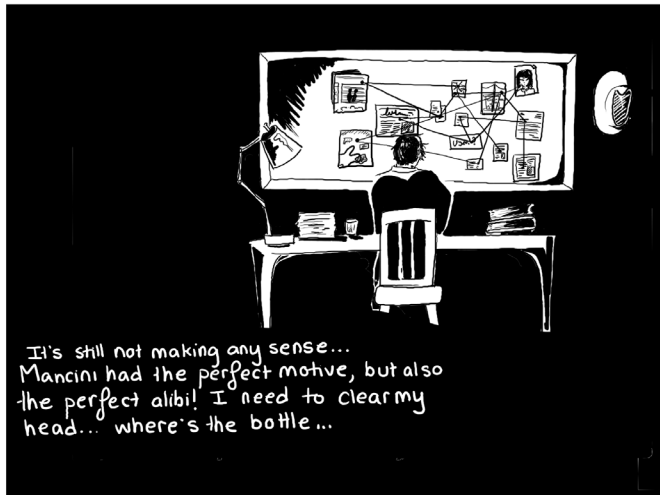
Noir Sonnet

One grey and cloudy, dismal winter day,
I saw a vision walking down the street.
Entranced, enthralled, I couldn’t look away.
I knew at once, this damsel I must meet
But O! The lady of my dreams is gone.
Could it be that I lost my love so true?
I cannot rest until her portrait’s drawn,
So now I must describe my dame to you.
Her skin was smooth and soft, the color grey.
Her hair was wavy, beautiful and grey.
Her clothes and shoes and jewelry, all grey.
I caught a glimpse of titties! - Also grey.
Alas, we live in this black and white world,
So it will be quite hard to find my girl.

AMANDA KURAL '23

On the rocks.

4 moon



IMAAAN KHASRU '23
NATE PERLMETER '21