

ICY GOES UPHILL

Icy, you see, saw the ice with his eye and to Icy it seemed all right. Icy brought that nouveau riche, juiced down, slapped around zeal to the small and sultry town of Town, North Dakota, but what he wanted to be was Bradpittfightclub. The insurrection was hard on us all, but the Federal Bureau of Instigation picked up and shipped off more or less every other God-fearing, God-being, rough and tumble tough guy who rumbled up and down the Town's brown alleys. Mind you, they were in the capital for the Spy Museum (check it out!). The disappearance of 37 deviled eggs from Matt Gaetz's mini fridge was a coincidence.

Those who remained in Town, who are not to be called Townies, no thanks to you, were left with a void. Not that one that you feel too, with the obsidian elevator cables and the ratcheting descent into the absorbing lukewarm motor oil sheen of knowing you'll be absolutely, inevitably, dreadfully alone at the moment all "this" ends, that oil that hangs onto your skin, your fingertips, your cool guy skater boy jeans you really like but wear with a sagging, slippery shame because you cannot skate- no, child, not that one. This void, this deeply felt non-starter, pulled Town's residents to the hill each morning, as two-shoed, two-eyed Icy did what he could to climb it. Not a mountain, no precipice tempting glorious conquest, but a paved road with yellow dashes down its axis. Icy never did quite make it though.

- Henry Chamberlin '23





Hollup, lemme check my dating app rq.

CHRISTINA MINGLE Christina, 24, 0.6 miles away Christina, 22, 0.5 miles away Christina, 29, 1.2 miles away Christina, 25, 0.9 miles away

My abuela liked my thick white legs. "Las piernas bonitas", she used to call them.

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TINDER FOR HORSES



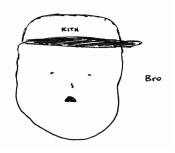
VENTURE CAPITALISM

Pills are served in nice paper bags in which great pastries could *also* be served.

I hate when you go into a crystal store and the person working there is like "you shouldn't choose, the crystal should choose you" because like... the crystal isn't the one paying, is it?



Dude Tori just texted me back, she wants me to come over rn *Alright cool just drop me off first* Nah she said rn



WELL, WELL, WELL

It was my understanding that tornadoes were just trampolines without the extra baggage. Hell, you can imagine my surprise when I shipped it up to Oklahoma in the height of April to take a slow ride, to take it easy.

There it is, big old whomper of a twister at 12 o'clock. I unbuckled my seatbelt and did the same for my terrier in the passenger seat. "Junior, we're not in Arizona anymore" I says to him. I'm pumpin the gas pedal. We're riding into this thing quick though and mhm she's a real swinger. The whole nine yards like furniture swishin around the sides, old people walkers, lava lamps, All that stuff.

Wheels start coming off the ground and I'm thinking, "yes yes." We start hitting the two side wheels rolling kind of thing that you see people do in golf carts when you take a sharp turn, Junior and I both slammed to the right side of the car. I was a little skeptical then but still optimistic I was thinking there might be something at the end of the ride, yea. The most damned thing? We hit this side roll kind of thing that I already told you about and it spits us right back out into this side road ditch.

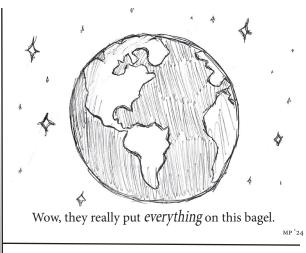
'nado took us from the right side of the road to a roadside trench. I didn't love it. Junior seems a little flustered too but I think he just gets like that sometimes. 'Til next time - Chester

"I think you should be grateful for everything in your life. Every meal you eat especially. Someone faraways grew the grain used to make the bread at dinner. But it was someone that I know *very* well, that ate it."



PUBLIC NOTICE: LAMPPOSTS SHORTENED AGAIN

Local authorities are pleased to once again inform concerned citizenry that all lampposts have been shortened again. Says spokesman: "We are glad to be receptive to the demands of the populace, and grateful for the hard work put in." Relevant experts conclude that the lamppost-shortening project, which occurred between 2:47am and 4:11am last Tuesday, has been a long time coming, and is sorely needed, conclusions which are certainly obvious to informed observers. Precise details will be published promptly, but no lamppost has been shortened by more than 11 inches or less than 4 inches. Says spokesman, "Each lamppost, per administrative concerns, has been adjusted downward in height to match local conditions." Further shortenings may be expected in future years based on anticipated results of present shortenings. Future shortenings will not, however, interfere with scheduled projects of rearranging tile patterns in municipal buildings, changing author names listed on reference books in the public library, and repainting traffic lines from white to yellow, or the converse, as necessary. Such changes, demanded by both democratic mandate and technocratic expertise, are expected to be welcomed and understood by all. If, for whatever reason, one feels a strange sense that everything is at once the same and also different, and that each person or thing they see is just as they always were but unlike they ever were, they are invited to consult this notice again.



THE COURTROOM REPORTER Sheriff Wilson stands up from the crowd and yells forth, "do not talk about me or my business. It is mine. It is none of yours." The judge scoffs. He says "Mr. Wilson, please sit back down, you are scaring the defendant's stand" This is true. The defendant's lawyer stands up, tears in eyes, looking towards the emergency exit door next to him, the one that sets off the fire alarm when opened. He takes a step forth and then pauses. He looks at the judge. He says, "I have never been so humiliated in my entire life," and storms out of the courtroom. The door sets off the alarm. The defendant himself looks back down and puts his head into his folded arms. He is going away for a long, long time.

- Jonas Rosenthal '25

"Tea Break" 1. T-Break = tolerance break, break from cannabis products 2. Tea Break = a break from work where you go get tea 3. Tea Break = a break from tea	AND T
because, Gosh, I've been drinking	Alan, what shoe size are you?
You ever see these kids, 7, 8 years old, dressed up in full football gear?	 13? Ohhhhhhhh. Ohhh man. Wait how tall are you? 6'3"? Wowwwwwwwww. I thought you were gonna say 6'5" at least. Wait hold your hand up to mine. WOwwwWWWWwwww. Wow. I bet if you were kneeling you'd be taller than me. Wow. Do you wanna try? OH WOWWWW long torso huh. You're a big kid. I bet you were a real fat baby right? Wow.

EXCERPTS FROM A WHITE BOARD IN TACO BELL'S NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS



SEAN: Welcome to Hot Ones! The show with hot questions and even hotter tea! I am joined today by Pedro Pascal!

PEDRO: Thanks for having me, Sean!

SEAN: We are starting with a sweet lemon peppermint. PEDRO: Now that's nice.

SEAN: Climbing up with a scalding earl grey

PEDRO: Damn! Burnt my tongue a little bit there Sean!

SEAN: This Sleepytime is resting at 450* farenheit

PEDRO: WOW! That *is* scalding! Look at the smoke coming out of this one!

SEAN: Last one coming up, guests usually pour a bit more hot water into this one, but no pressure!

PEDRO: Hand me the kettle.

SEAN: Alright Pedro Pascal, this is DA BOMB lavender caffeine free. Cheers.

PEDRO: GAH!



Scaredy cat... literaly haha

"I say goodnight to Alan, grab my Brita from my room to fill it up, go to the water dispenser, I run into Alan."

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How is there enough Jesus for people to eat his body and drink his blood every Sunday at church? He must have been huge.

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Movie posters should advertise each movie as the first of a series. That way, when something doesn't get picked up for a sequel, we'll still have *Shawshank Redemption #1* instead of just lousy old *Shawshank Redemption*.

KFC/Taco Bell: SUCCESS!!! NEXT BIG IDEA: McDonald's/Taco Bell Wendy's/Taco Bell Five Guys/Taco Bell Carabba's/Taco Bell Chili's/Taco Bell Cheesecake Factory/Taco Bell Del Taco/Taco Bell Chipotle/Taco Bell Taco Bell/Taco Bell IKEA/Taco Bell Walmart/Taco Bell Macy's/Taco Bell Barnes and Nobles/Taco Bell Fenway Park/Taco Bell The Pentagon/Taco Bell Alden-Buford Crematorium and Funeral Home/Taco Bell Lou's Bakery/Taco Bell The Pentagon's Parking Lot/Taco Bell Death Star/Taco Bell Tatooine/Taco Bell Forest Moon of Endor/Taco Bell Lucrehulk-class LH-3210 cargo freighter/Tac-(note: someone confiscates Jim's marker) Egg and Cheese Sandwich/Taco Bell The Moon/Taco Bell Liberty Bell/Taco Bell Porta Potty at that construction site on 13th ave/Taco Bell The Linear Conception of Time/Taco Bell Ronald Reagan's Grave/Taco Bell The Sudetenland/Taco Bell Sleep Paralysis/Taco Bell John Malkovich/Taco Bell Disney Pixar's Ratatouille/Taco Bell That place around the corner from your place, Bob, y'know, the one with all the ladies, and the orange tank tops, the one that everyone takes their kids to for some reason, you know that place?/Taco Bell Gödel's Incompleteness Theorem/Taco Bell (note: Jim convinces an intern to give him another marker) Cloud City/Taco Bell Millenium Falcon/Taco Bell Jabba the Hutt/Taco Bell GR-75 Medium Transport/T-(note: Greg dashes to the board and wrestles the marker from Jim's hands. Jim is subdued after a prolonged struggle.) Jabba the Hutt/Taco Bell? Jabba the Hutt/Taco Bell PIZZA the Hutt/Taco Bell

(note: the room erupts in applause)

- Joe Fausey '23



They say to never bring a knife to a gun fight. Let's just say I was well-prepared when that cock fight broke out.

A NOTE ON PIGGY BANKS

Okay, okay, I understand your confusion. Trust me, I was confused at first too. Allow me restart, if you might be so kind. "As happy as a pig in shit," right? And allow the Piggy bank in this case, or in all cases... it equals money. I need my piggy bank smellier because it's unrealistic and it's ruining the way I do my finances. I have nothing left because every time I went to the bank to make deposits, go for consulting, check up on my finances, it smelled like a bed of roses. It smelled like a bed of roses. And what am I to do with roses, respectfully, when we have been raised to put MONEY IN PIGGY BANKS. DON'T YOU FIND THAT A BIT CONFUSING?!?!?! THAT WE LIVE IN A WORLD WHERE WE ARE RAISED TO PUT MON-EY INTO FILTHY DIRTY ANIMALS SYNONYMOUS WITH FILTH AND ALL THE SUDDEN WE ARE TO PUT OUR MONEY INTO SMOOTH-SOUNDING BIL-LION DOLLAR CORPORATIONS LIKE "Wells Fargo" AND "jp morgan chase"?? I WAS ONCE BEAUTIFUL. I WAS ONCE A BOY WITH A SUIT AND TIE ON AND I LANDED MYSELF A CORPORATE POSITION ON THE GODDAMN LADDER. HIGH RUNG. I KEPT ALL OF MY CHECKS IN MY OFFICE. THEN I THOUGHT "Oh maybe I should deposit these, so I don't have to live with my parents anymore. Huh, maybe with all of this money I'm making here at HorizonLines Insurance I can buy myself a house, settle down, and ride this train up to the CEO position if I play my cards right." BUT NOW I'M HERE. AND I'M STUCK. BECAUSE I WALKED INTO A BANK, THOUGHT "Well a bank associated with money surely wouldn't look or smell something like this" SO I WENT AROUND TO EACH BANK IN TOWN UNTIL I FOUND ONE THAT STUNK. I DEPOSITED ALL MY CASH INTO THIS ONE BANK. THEY LOST IT ALL. WHAT! WHY! FUCK.

Our family friend, Alli, was cutting into the paint in a pick-up game of basketball, when she ran right into her father underneath the basket, cracking her collar bone. She howled and ran onto the grass, one hand limp and the other folded across her chest, gripping her clavicle-its broken pieces. Her dad offered to pop it back into place.



REAL MOVIES. REEL QUOTES.

- * "My name is Marty McFly. You had sex with my father. Prepare to have sex with me." - Marty McFly, *Back to the Future*
- "I'll fuck you up if you even look at me." Tyler Durden, *Fight Club*
- * "Danny, I'm incredibly busy." Jack, The Shining
- * "Wendi, I'm incredibly busy." Jack, The Shining
- * "Okay I'm in charge now" Pirate, *Captain Phillips* AND Michael Corleone, *The Godfather Part II*

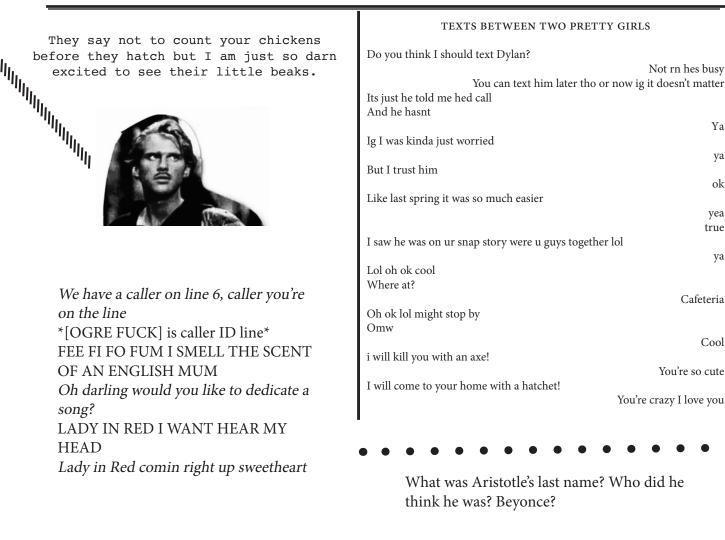


ON A MORE SERIOUS NOTE: Are we *really* using our outdoor voices *indoors*?



BUSY GILLY MUST

I do not have time for therapy. I do NOT have time for therapy. Mother called, I made time to talk during the commute to archery. I almost crashed my bike fucking twice. "Mom, I don't know my summer schedule yet. Sally wants to go to Mackinac that week." I spin off the bike seat and nearly faint drawing back the bowstring but nailed bullseye (obviously). Coach knows I can't stay full practice, have dress rehearsal for 'play' tonight. Back to dorm - have to send thank you letter to Nana for birthday present FUCK!! I am a horrible person, horrible, horrible, ugly horrible - braid hair, lipstick - where's the cartier bracelet? - and SMILE! (I'm playing Little Bo-Peep) What does she want? What is she thinking.. How can I communicate that physically- or rather manifest that in my physical movements? I am so fucking endearing. Monologue, tear? Tear? No tear but the emotion was there. For sure. My wrists are too big. BIG smile huge hold hold... hold. Boom, spin, bow and RUN. Dinner with Busy Johnny Do: postponed thirty minutes because he forgot to pack insulin. Cute. Stand outside.... practice lines? No time he's out now. Ok go. Haha fuck. My bike squeaks so loud. His bike is silent. Need to make bike repair appointment... oh my god he is DEFINITELY noticing. This is horrible. This day is horrible. I want to melt down into a puddle and let his shiny Americana gluten-free disco wheels spin right through- I look like a trollz animation. This bread is fucking delicious! He can't eat it. He is going to ask me to formal because Sally said he asked her if he could ask me to formal so she asked me about it.... Ok okay perfect "Yea I think I am free that night, when is it again?" LEAVE! I am on door at PDX? Okay. Fine yeah sorry didn't realize. Hi I'm on door for thirty minutes? NO NO NO NO NO ok you no in the back make room please done. I can feel each hair in each eyebrow on my face. Sally in LIBARY! Homework I do. Read so interesting this is all so interesting wow this discussion post really captured my thoughts on this subject in their entirety. Birds chirping. Where is the bracelet? Dad said I was going to lose the bracelet. Dangly earrings. Goodnight.



I just let the stopwatch on my iPhone go. Last time I checked, it was at something like 86 hours and 22 minutes. Pretty impressive, huh?

It's one thing to steal a unicycle. Getting away with it is certainly a different story.





EDITORS
Connor Norris '25 and Lulu Alonso '25
CONTRIBUTORS
HENRY CHAMBERLIN'23
JONAS ROSENTHAL '25
JOE FAUSEY '23
SOPHIE COHEN '26
DUMB ANA
STUPID CONNA
MARLEIGH PETERS '24
BARN&TRAIN: GRACE CALDWELL '26
TEA CUP: LUCAS FILIPPONE '26
COVER ART: EVAN MARION '26

ADVISOR (per COSO guidelines)

MATTHEW OLZMANN

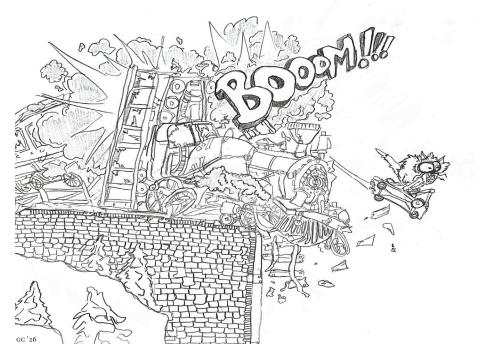
PURPOSE to make laugh

BASED IN Hanover, NH 03755, USA At some certain, undisclosed Ivy League insitution THE OPINIONS PRINTED WITHIN ARE THOSE OF THE AUTHORS AND DO NOT REPRESENT THOSE OF [REDACTED]

MAY, 2023

HANUKKAH PRESENT What about a computer that GAINS weight with more battery??? Ain't much more to that idea. Gotta flesh out the details.

What's there to say that hasn't already been said?



Take good care now,

Funniest part about this whole thing? You can BUY culture all day long.

QUESTION FOR THE CULTURE People always say how a bowl of hot soup cools you off on a summer day. I've never understood that.