

GAUCHO MARKS'

TIMELY WARNING

EDITION



vol. 8 iss. 1 fall 2019

“Am I a genius, or am I a madman?”

Gaucho Marks is UCSB’s premier humor conglomerate dedicated to the publication of satirical content for the web and a biannual print magazine. Our work is predicated on the belief that comedy is integral to a life well-lived. Student Health has called us “An essential tool for curing hangovers, along with a balanced breakfast.”

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Letter From the Editor	4
STORIES	
A Crime Happened	5
Fill in the Blank: Timely Warning	6-9
Illuminati Maze	10
Illuminati Maze Answer Key	11
Fuck it, Steal From the Arbor	12
COMMERCIAL BREAK	
Zeta Theta Psi Hosts “Harvey Weinstein Movie Marathon” Fundraiser	13
BACK TO OUR REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMMING	
How To Get Out of a Tinder Hiking Date For Dummies	14
Woman in STEM Gets Private Bathroom	15
Lay’s Chip Flavor Review	1-17
Resting Bitch Face: Arbor Survival Guide	18-19
Circoncisement	20-23
HEADLINES THAT DIDN’T MAKE IT	24

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Letter From the Editor

http://en.wikipedia.org/Michelle_Kweon



Michelle Kweon, obviously being a bad bitch

Michelle Kweon, formerly known as “Mo” or “Mama Mo” in her freshman year, is a Korean American writer and English major based in Santa Barbara, California, best known for seeming like a bitch 24/7 even though she doesn’t mean to and for interrupting herself constantly when she speaks. She currently holds the position of Editor-in-Chief of Gaucho Marks, a degenerate creative crackhouse.

Biography

Kweon was born on she’s a Virgo in Los Angeles, California to a Korean mother and father. She used to play music classically for 12 years which made her miserable, and decided to disappoint her mother by forgoing a musical career for a more financially viable path — the humanities.

Imprisonment (expand)

Scandals (expand)

Mental Illness (expand)

Career (collapse)

Gaucho Marks (2018-present)

Starting some time in Week 3 of the 2018-2019 fall quarter, Kweon joined Gaucho Marks. Formerly, she hadn’t been part of any school organizations and refused to be part of anything she wasn’t particularly passionate about. To her surprise, she found that she could funnel her creativity through Gaucho Marks even though she had no prior experience writing satire. For an organization that has a rich history and produces sharp print issues, the energy of the room was always super accessible and laidback, with witty and absurd cracks thrown around liberally. She was energized and inspired from the first meeting, and also hadn’t written creatively in a few years. This was clearly a rare opportunity to snag, especially when you’re immersed in the rhythm of university.

Sometime in the school year, the Editor-in-Chief asked Kweon to be Editor-in-Chief of the upcoming school year, AKA this school year. Kweon needed some time to think about it. But through her rumination, she realized that she was thinking about her occupation in the role mainly through the lens of the wellbeing of the magazine and not through the lens of assessing her own self-enrichment. Even though she does not have a completely accessible personality and has trouble facilitating the pep necessary for maximum rallying, she was like fuck it I guess.

It’s been a bit wild so far. This quarter’s been an interesting adjustment period, and for someone that likes to operate in solitude, she has really challenged herself in terms of sociality and administrative rigor. But the magazine’s produced a remarkable amount of hilarious articles this quarter and the staff room has inspired her to trust others’ passion, creativity, and gumption. What a rare opportunity to collaborate with a bunch of motivated, creative people in one space, which is apparently culminating in something exquisite — this print issue!

Personal Life

Kweon makes sandwiches for a little less than minimum wage, and will ask for a raise soon. She was on keto for like six weeks and now she eats tomatoes like she wants to fuck them.

See Also

- Anti-social
- Eating like two dozen eggs a week
- Not wiping off eye makeup properly

A CRIME HAPPENED

BREAKING NEWS!

The WikiLeaks are in. Reports are flooding into our office. Gaucho Marks can confirm, yes, positively, a crime did indeed occur.

We estimate this incident occurred between 12:40 am to 12:10 am. Someone — perhaps a member of the community, perhaps not — committed a crime. We can say with almost complete certainty that the perpetrator was at least one human (being, that is). Potential injuries — some possibly fatal — shocked victims.

A transcript of an exchange between our reporter and one (or maybe more) eyewitness(es) follows:

Gaucho Marks: Can you tell us what exactly, precisely might have happened here?

Eyewitness (alleged): I, or someone I know (or someone I don’t), saw or heard or smelled.

GM: Sounds confusing. Some say it all happened so fast. Care to comment?

E: N o

GM: Can you confirm that a crime did in fact occur?

E: Occurred in crime a fact. Must I say more? (It hurts).

GM: What actions did the police take?

E: I refuse or am unable to answer that question.

GM: Did you stop, drop, and roll?

E: I refuse or am unable to answer that question.

Police implied this eyewitness(es) could have been crucial to the investigation. We at Gaucho Marks urge you to be safe. It’s possible something similar to what might have occurred could perhaps transpire again.

EDIT: the number of victims is unknown, however we believe they do exist.



the scene of the crime



Fill in the Blank: Timely Warning

Aggravated Assault Report

This email is being sent to the campus community as a Timely Warning regarding _____ that occurred at _____ am/pm at Sigma Pi fraterni-

ty in Isla Vista. The following is provided for your pErsonAL sAFeTy.

On _____, 2019 the UCSB Clery Coordinator received a report of one/two/more??? really??? incidents of _____ at a fraternity event/mixer/"philanthropic effort" in Isla Vista on _____, 2019. The use of these drugs/perpetration of violation/other is considered a felony/misdeemeanor/regular Tuesday night, per the Clery Act. The Clery Coordinator has been made aware/shamed into acknowledging received information that additional incidents may have occurred at other fraternity events in Isla Vista. We are working with very rich people to gather more information about these incidents and see how much leniency we can afford the brothers.

If you have _____ that might assist in the investigation or have information about similar incidents, please contact the UCSB Police Department at by shouting into the void, or report crime information anonymously at don't.com.

_____ "PD" reminds the campus community of the following safety tips and resources:

"Safety" "Tips"

- If you start to feel concerns about a person/situation, trust your instincts and try to remove yourself as quickly as possible from the bro/mountain.
- Alcohol is frequently used to facilitate sexual violence by reducing a person's ability to respond effectively, impairing memory, and increasing feelings of _____. When drinking, forget a casual night out untethered by the terror of trauma! Consider your surroundings, be aware of personal limits, and look after friends who appear to be intoxicated/love big wildcats.
- Never accept a drink from a guy wearing khaki shorts and/or a Vineyard Vines tee or leave a drink unattended.
- If you start to feel ill or disoriented, seek help from friends or contact emergency services for help. Do not, under any circumstances, seek or accept help from a member of Sigma Pi fraternity, otherwise these safety tips will be rendered counterproductive.
- If you are going out alone, make sure that _____ knows where you are going, who you will be with, and when you expect to return. Maybe have this person be your mother for once.
- Perpetrators are responsible for crimes. Crime victims are never responsible for the behavior of perpetrators.

- If you see someone who appears _____ or unable to care for themselves, you should consider it an emergency and act to support that person. Call an Uber for them. Hold their hair while they puke. Whatever. You can call the police or ask for help from other people (e.g. non-SigPi members), intervene directly if safe, or create a distraction to help remove the potential victim from the situation. Perform a perfect rendition of Michael Jackson's Thriller dance routine. Yeah, just like that.



Resources (like, actually though)

- The UCSB CARE office provides confidential support and advocacy to students who have experienced sexual assault, relationship abuse, and stalking. Call 805-893-4613 any time (24/7) for confidential help. CARE website: wgse.sa.ucsb.edu/care.
- Information about UCSB's policies and support resources for sexual violence can be found at: sexualviolence.ucsb.edu.
- The UCSB Police Department's CSO Safety Escort Program is a free service provided to members of the UCSB community as a safe alternative to walking alone at night. Call 805-893-2000 to request a CSO escort.

UCPD encourages printing and posting of this Timely Warning for further community notification. Yes, post this on Facebook. It makes us look like we're doing something.

WHAT IS THIS NOTICE?

In compliance with the _____, Timely Warnings are issued by the UCSB Police Department when certain (_____) crimes occurring on campus property, properties controlled by campus-affiliated organizations, or public property immediately adjacent to campus are determined to be a serious or continuing threat to the campus community. Timely Warnings are intended to prevent similar crimes and to provide information that will assist community members in protecting themselves.

In other words, this message is merely a formality. We're literally legally obligated to send this. But don't worry, we won't do anything else remotely helpful regarding this issue unless it gets enough social media coverage.

Manage your UCSB ALERTS contact settings at <http://alert.ucsb.edu>

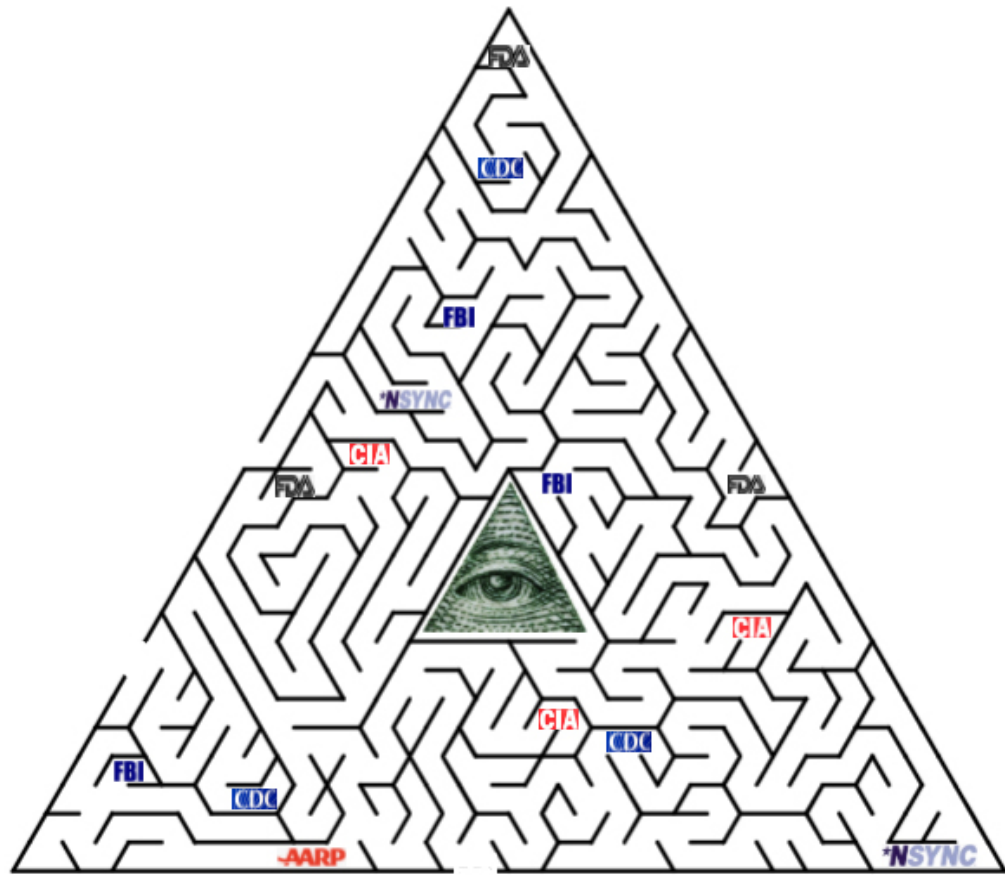


INSTITUTIONAL SUPPORT?

NEVER HEARD OF HER...

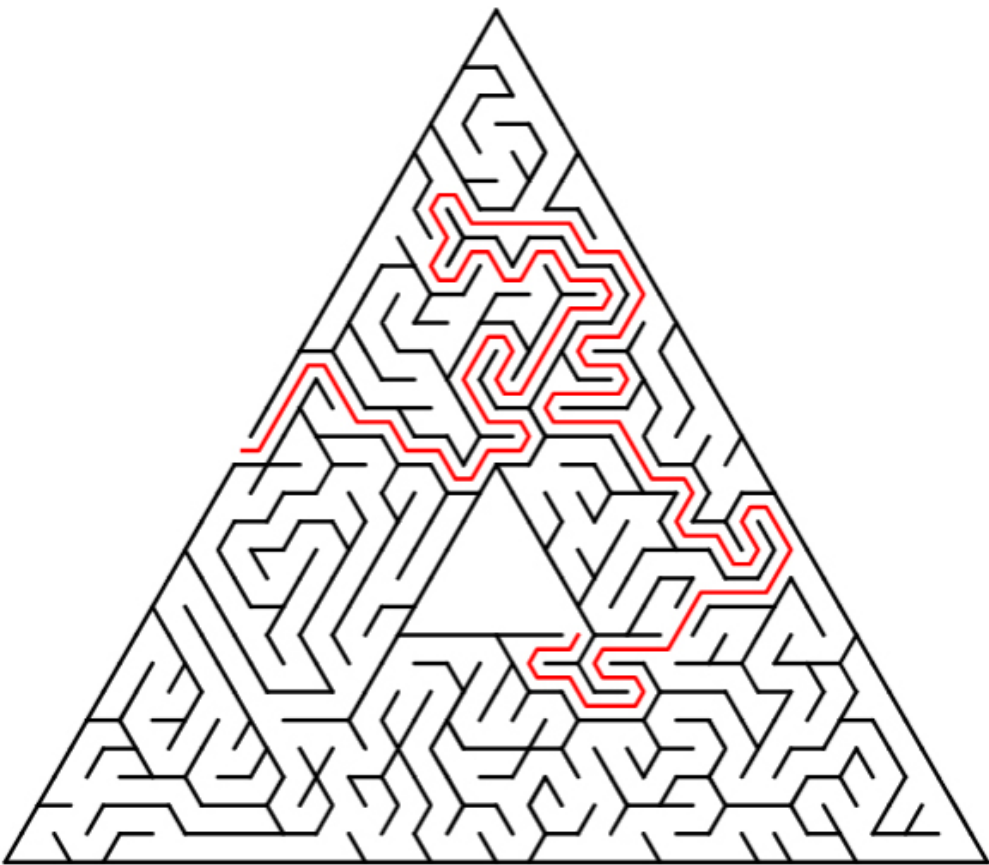
Illuminati Maze

Find your way to the center of the maze (to the True™ and Real©
Secrets of the Illuminati\$) while avoiding the acronyms!!!

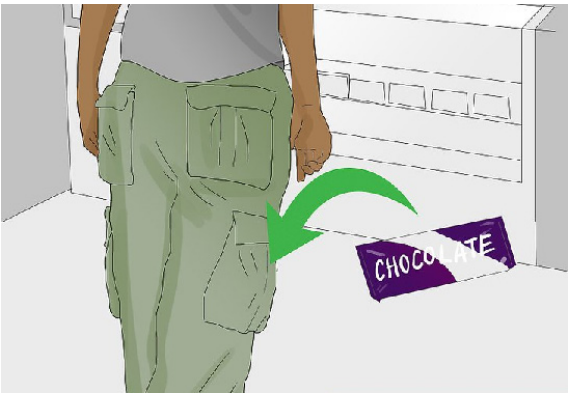


Illuminati Maze: Answer Key

Give up already? You pathetic fucking loser?



Fuck it, Steal from the Arbor



Not nearly enough people steal from the Arbor. If you think about it, it's not really stealing at all. The university has taken our will to live, our sanity, our time, and most of all our money. Where does all that money go? Do they expect us to sit by and be milked like the meek, docile cash cows we've become? They need hundreds of thousands of dollars from us just so we have the privilege of sitting in lecture and listening to a professor talk about irrelevant bullshit. Thousands of dol-

lars a quarter aside, we have to pay hundreds for books, another hundred just to have access to the homework, 50 cents a page to print essays we are required to write, fifteen dollars to attend a required play, ten dollars to attend a required symposium here, a museum there, a bus ride or a movie ticket or whatever horse shit they are feeding us this time around. I'll be damned if I am going to pay 80 cents for a bluebook. You best believe I steal those shits. Don't get me started on 30 cents for a scantron. The school has emptied my college fund, charged me for the air I breathe, and now they raid my piggy bank for all the spare change I was saving for the overpriced laundromat.

Are we expected to pay *every* last cent we and our families own to the powers that be, all for the sake of something as worthless as a Bachelor's in Liberal Arts? That pack of gum belongs to me already. I will pay for the bag of chips, the bottle of Yerba, the bloated pair of boiled eggs, package of wilted greens masquerading as nourishment, but when it comes to the scantrons, the bluebooks, the candy, and the gum, I propose we all adopt my philosophy. What are they going to do, arrest us all? We keep this circus running, we pay their salaries, we perpetuate the infirmity of this institution.

I strongly recommend that everyone try sneaking a pack of gum or a small candy bar into their sleeve at least one time. I promise: There. Are. No. Repercussions. The institution does not want us to know this, but that pack of gum is only there because we paid our dues and then some. It is only fair and fitting that we take back what is rightfully ours. Don't think of it as "stealing" or "shoplifting," think of it as "accepting reparations" for the hardships we have endured as college students.

As you slip that pack of Jolly Ranchers Chews into your sweatshirt pocket, reflect on all the emotional trauma you have experienced while enrolled at this school. Think about the times you had to forgo sleep, bathing, eating, socializing and more for the sake of your grades. Mostly, think of how you paid for that box of Jolly Ranchers with your blood, sweat, and ample tears. You will come to realize that that box of Jolly Ranchers is more than paid for, and from now on, you will act accordingly.

COMMERCIAL BREAK: Zeta Theta Psi To Host "Harvey Weinstein Movie Marathon" Fund-



In an effort troubling against certain in Isla Vista, Greek Life has ing fundraiser *Weinstein Movie* held at the Isla 13th.

"These recent resent what our and I don't think our legacy more great Harvey Pack, President

All of the profits grams to raise community about can be prevented.

Tickets for men in absolutely free For men, drinks Pi will also be after party at women of all ages and white males only.

"We want to show people how we go against the norm - we're not your stereotypical Frat house. We want to show everyone Zeta Theta Psi's version of hospitality."

to mend allegations fraternities UCSB'S

announced an upcoming dubbed *The Harvey Marathon*, that will be Vista Theatre, December

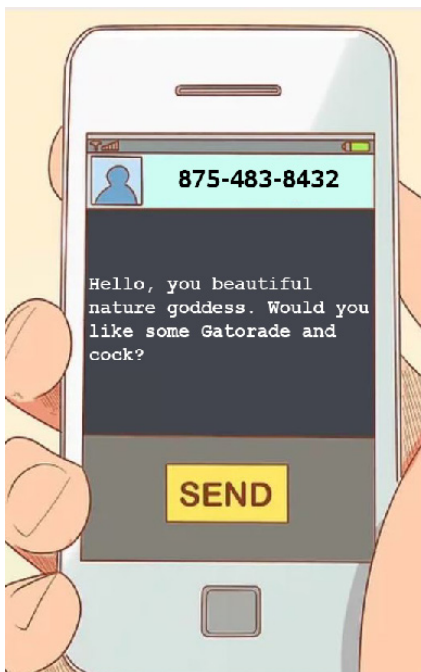
allegations do not rep-brotherhood stands for, anything encapsulates than the career of the Weinstein," said Lyon of Zeta Theta Psi.

will go towards pro-awareness among the sexual assault and how it

are \$20, and women get with drinks provided. start at \$10 a pop. Sigma hosting a *Bill Cosby* their Frat House, inviting



How to Get Out of a Tinder Hiking Date for Dummies



Have you ever drunkenly swiped right on a handful of locals during a rowdy Tuesday night of Swipe Night, and somehow agreed to 3 different hiking dates? Perfect. Before you whip out your knock off Lululemon leggings — because let's be real, if these guys can't handle you at your Forever 21, they don't deserve you at your Lululemon — it's not your fault. You had one hiking picture from 2017 on your Tinder profile — everyone does!

But let's be real, that "hiking" picture was when you went on a 9-minute jaunt up some beginner level hills and got acai bowls afterward to reward yourself. You just had to get a picture to show off your #activelifestyle. But now your fake outdoorsy persona has you fucked, and not in the way you had planned. I know you don't want to wake up at 5:30 A.M to entertain a physics major named Michael aka Mikey aka MikesHardForYourLemonade, who thinks you're

craaaaaazy for doing shrooms once, and then suddenly get hit with instant regret, and wish you just fucking slept in instead.

We got you. We value sleep. Just follow these 5 steps and you'll get out of there sweat-free, guilt-free, and risk-free.

Step 1: Block him.

Step 2: Hit up Bagel Café with your roommates instead.

Step 3: Live stress-free without the inconvenience of any man intruding on your life.

Step 4: Delete your Tinder and acknowledge that IV boys are a risk to your health.

Step 5: THRIVE.

For questions or concerns, please do not contact me; I'm busy getting out of 5 hiking dates this week. But y'all can catch me at Bagel Caf!

Disclaimer: This tutorial does not protect you from STD's. We are only responsible for getting you out of the hiking part of the date. Everything else that follows is at your own risk. I'm here to "run" you through a step-by-step guide on how to get out of these outdoorsy dates when all you wanted was to be sedentary and chill.

Woman in STEM Gets Private Bathroom



UC SANTA BARBARA — The Californian public university has shattered the glass ceiling with a ground-breaking decision made just two weeks ago: a woman in the STEM field has formally received her own bathroom.

Prior to the momentous decision, the university was under fire for numerous incidents of alleged sexual assault and harassment committed by the local Greek life community. Thus, after a long year of deliberation in administrative meetings, the situation has calmed down enough to be continually ignored for a little while longer.

"I'm proud to be part of our community," beams Dr. Calvin Klein, director of the chemistry department at the university. "Our department has certainly made history here today. No longer will we have to remember the horrible things women go through in their lives, at least on this campus. It's a bit tiring now."

"Of course it's just fantastic," agrees Professor Bernard Smith, another male and an associate professor in the physics department. "Women often face more difficulty in trying to achieve the same level of respect that men possess in their fields, especially in the sciences. A private, isolated space dismantles that barrier, allowing women a level of agency in their own actions that has never been granted before."

As for the woman in question, she seemed overjoyed to the point of speechlessness; when asked how she felt about her new private bathroom, she responded, "[OMG I love it! It's totally not because it's a regular women's bathroom and I'm just the only woman in the building]."

**Some dialogue in this article has been edited for better clarification; harsh wording has been softened, and any relevant solutions and/or questions were omitted.*

Lay's Chip Flavor Review



Lay's first introduced their "Do Us A Flavor" campaign in 2012, and it's no coincidence that Doomsday was also predicted to happen in 2012. Since then, Lay's has introduced new chip flavors that they had no right to bring into creation, such as Everything Bagel with Cream Cheese, Cappuccino, and Caesar Salad. This campaign has inspired people's creativity for better and — I CANNOT STRESS THIS ENOUGH — for worse. What a crazy world we live in, when you can invent the next big chip flavor one day and run for political office the next!

Anyway, here are some more flavors that made a surprise appearance on grocery shelves this chip season.

"4th Grade Dream Journal"

Tastes how pencil shavings and eraser bits smell. 6/10

"Shrek"

Entirely green in color. The bag has the lyrics to Smash Mouth's smash hit "All Star" as the list of ingredients on the back. 10/10

"Walking Into an Hour-Long Class 35 Minutes Late and then Dropping Your Hydroflask"

Opening this bag is loud as fuck. The smell immediately fills the room to remind everyone else that they don't have chips and that you failed as a person. 4/10

"Bourgeois"

Costs 2.5x more than any other bag of Lay's. Similar in taste to Salt and Vinegar Chips. 0/10

"The Sun"

Each chip is approximately 1.1 to 3 million Scoville units. Every bag comes with a 37-page liability waiver from Lay's Corporate. 1.1/10

"Christmas Spirit"

More specifically, the Ghost of Christmas Future. ?/10

"La Croix"

This fried sliver of potato tastes like a lemon whispering "grapefruit." 2/10

"I'm Trying My Best"

Salty from tears, and let's add some paprika because that's fun to say. Try it. ;,)/10

"Eminem"

Tastes like Mom's Spaghetti. Do not eat on an empty stomach or before a public speaking engagement. 7/10

"Class is Cancelled Email"

The bag is literally full of hope. And air. Mostly air. 8/10

"Movie Theater Floor Popcorn"

Smells like carpet. Tastes faintly and disturbingly of butter. You cannot believe it's not butter. 4/10

"3 AM Anxiety"

These chips are so fragile, they are *thiiiiis* close to snapping. Satisfying crunch. 3/10

"Phelps Printing Center"

The bag won't open unless you scan the QR code on the front. 3/10

"Attendance in Lecture is Mandatory"

Each chip makes you wish that you had bought another flavor. 0/10

"Beach Day"

Original Lay's but with a fun surprise of sand at the bottom of the bag! And what's this, a sand flea? Crunch! 2/10

"A Single Right Airpod"

Best paired with "A Single Left Airpod" flavor. 5/10

"Storke Tower"

Each chip is a bong. 12/10



Resting Bitch Face: Arbor Survival Guide



You've passed Pardall tunnel, glided by the UCen, and are currently approaching the right side of Girvetz Hall. You're headed towards the dreaded Arbor path, and that daily dilemma starts to conquer your inner monologue once again – should you deny a flyer? Or should you get lung cancer?

Should you make the brave trek through the Arbor, meekly doling out “no, thank you”s like the little bitch they now know you to be?

Or should you wind around the

path and cleave yourself to the front side of the library, inhaling secondhand smoke like the little bitch you privately know you've become?

Did this hit too close to home? I get it. You've made it a habit to reduce yourself to the private little bitch role, chest riddled with pollution, because at least you're left with an individual, non-confrontational acknowledgement of your submission — whereas on the Arbor path, you have an audience for your inferiority. But I urge you to lend me your ears (or eyes, I guess) for these next two pages. If you walk, dress, and serve face like the fucking power top you never knew you could be, you won't have to choose between these subjugations¹.

So pep up, soldier, and put on some war paint. Don some dark clothes (or a wardrobe that isn't too inviting but is still provocative and individualistic so they understand that your individualism renders you impervious to peer pressure²), slip in some earphones, and arm yourselves with these tactics worthy of Sun Tzu's³ approval.

1. Straighten your posture, and walk confidently.

Let me be clear: this is not a guide telling you how to hide. You can't fucking hide. This is a tutorial telling you how to be frighteningly visible — *hypervisible*, if you will. What's scarier than someone who's not afraid to be seen? Don't hunch over and shuffle your feet. Tablers know exactly who to target, and have pored through Machiavelli's tactics to sniff out exploitative potential victims to slaughter their BARC accounts for their own resumes' benefit. But they are also potential subjects of intimidation, and they will certainly divert their attention to an easier target if you're not cowering.

2. Look mean, and look ahead.

Think about all the things that make you wanna murder and let it show on your face. Not only should you resist invisibility, but you should be incredibly visible, and sourly so. Look like the bitch that'll ruin someone's day at the most minor inconvenience. Your eyes should feel like they're popping out of your head with how much spite you're projecting.

3. Stomp.

Are you known for soft footsteps? Well then fuck you. This tip is less about volume and more about impact. No one's going to *hear* you stomp, but if you do, the visual effect'll make you look bad as fuck. The more bounce and destruction to your walk, the more likely they'll skrrt to the side and just let you pass. Who's the little bitch now? Not you, you stomping madman.

4. If you glance, glare.

So far, I've listed some ways to seem like an aloof, unapproachable HBIC, so acknowledging these degenerate, signature-hungry tablers might seem like it'd cheapen your efforts. So I guess I have to fucking repeat myself. This guide is not about becoming invisible, and you are also not untouchable.

To rectify this dilemma of untouchability, *you* touch *them* (nothing weird or Title IX worthy, though). This persona you're occupying isn't a lofty character and the Arbor is not your Broadway; it's a dynamic, organic one... one that requires a certain level of interaction and adaptive ability for this performance to not be perceived as performative.

If your eyes lock with someone else's, do not, under any circumstances, let your eyes light up with any sort of bright curiosity or youthful wonder. Again, channel all your anxiety (that's right, I know about your anxiety) into resentment, into hatred, and let this attitude protrude through your piercing gaze and give them the impression that they will immediately bleed out if they even think about challenging you.

Eyes are the windows to the soul? Bitch, where? You are not being penetrated by their desires. Instead, *you* are penetrating *them*. Make them deepthroat your spite.

I hope this guide serves you well. If you have any questions, give a nickel to the nice man near the entrance of Girvetz. We won't guarantee they'll be answered.

*** DISCLAIMER: If you execute these tips badly, you'll look like a dumbass, thus making you approachable.

¹ This guide does not apply to CALPIRG. You can try your best to stave them off, but you will never completely and/or consistently succeed. They'll literally hide in the bushes by Girvetz and ambush you, so they clearly don't give a fuck

² WARNING: If you adopt a bright and fun wardrobe, it might work against your favor. You will definitely be invited to open mics

³ He wrote *Art of War* you uncultured fuckhole



CONCISEMENT



You know that story in the Bible? The one where Jesus gets his foreskin gently peeled away by some old dude in a temple? The one that certain unnamed artistes oddly enjoy painting with a dutiful sense of zeal, and later termed “blessed art”? The one where a little baby is publicly circumcised on display for all to see, despite already getting his name from the day of his birth, contrary to Hebrew tradition? Well, none of that’s relevant, because today’s poignant, widespread topic of discussion is centered around the more obscure ritual of circoncisement.

Despite its titillating name, there are physical differences involved. Jesus may have been crippled in the nether realm, but AS of the ASexual procreation of this document, it feels like the neural region suffered a brutal clipping of the tweezers. In order to not cause mass chaos in the streets of London, the formal

definition of circoncisement follows AS such: the circumcision of ideas. Snip, snap, snip, snap, snip, snap. What’s left? A shell. And within this hollow shell of a man lies a coiled up ball of yarn from his cat, and a few, unoriginal ideAS for a print issue article. His body moves autonomously, disregarding the very sensation of contemplation of the words he’s providing in recitation. The neurons in his brain are dilapidated like they’ve meditated on some scary shit. His glASSes are broken like a sweaty trip into a backwards flip. His rhymes are weak; he’s repeating words already: mom’s spaghetti. His leg...hAS been swept.

Roaming the world in search of meaning, he stumbles upon a piece of paper. Glancing at his brethren, equally empty in nature, he picks up the paper. Without inspiration, his primal urges supersede his own better judgment, and he immediately tries putting his pen to the paper, AS if to feel something, something that could stimulate his own numbness. The ball on the pen, drier than most of California, flimsily slides off the paper as the wielder lacks any fire or energy: nothing erupts. Looking to the archaic structures of old, he stands gaping at the landscape below. It’s his mindscape, drowned out in a sea of sand, weathered by years of confinement to “conciseness”: the inherent quality of all things to remain short and to the point. A little plaque remains on a half-covered statue of Perfect-White-Dude, a painful reminder of what once WAS:

Here lies the mind of a once great writer, the writer to top all writers. Behold his great works, you powerful and tremble with fear.

ASTounded by the simplicity of the words, the man pictures his surroundings. In his short tempered outburst, he fails to comprehend the larger picture, bound by the lengths of the pages of the life he’s lived. Recalling, just briefly, a moment in time when all the power of the world surged through his veins. He breathes in deeply, and reaches for the statue. Moving just one tip requires absolute concentration, an indomitable spirit, and a steady hand. He moves his hand over the statue, back and forth, forth and back, barack and fourth. Happiness, he does not have.

Out of the desert, lying in his bed, he looks up at the ceiling. His keyboard lays across his lap, blood-red with either the ketchup from IASt week’s Habit burger, or the blood dripping from his heart’s gaping wound. Attempting to reach for the keys, his arms fall short. They just won’t reach! His destiny is so close, yet so far. It’s a torturous plot devised only by the most heinous and cruel of the gods, put on a display so ignoble it brilliantly showcASes the futility of revolting against the green; green like the pASTures of Greenland; green like the kush from Saudi Arabia; green like piss from a human being devoid of water for a few days.

An ASs walks by, swinging the door open, and produces a shit in his room. It chuckles hedonistically, and ASSaults the author with all the animosity of an Arbor preacher, and the remorse of an average Sig Pi member. Feeling cornered, the author tries to flee. Creative sanctuary. That’s the only place to go. Yet, his legs turn to mom’s spaghetti, thinned by the coldness of his own words. The stiffness that corrupts his tongue, vernacular, and pen tip ultimately foils his escape attempt. He’s a boxer without his briefs. The ASs moves in closer, taunting the author. It neighs vehemently, placing a bucket of green paper in front of the author; it dares the author to pave his own story using the paper. Ben Franklin winks his eye seductively, AS if motioning the author to partake in an interesting three-way with George and Abe (not to be mistaken for Japanese PM Shinzo Abe, that’s for another rather sensuous night). The ASs walks away, realizing self-love WAS more important than ASpersive ASphyxiation.

Green fills his being, and it swells to a crescendo. Now in a garden, he peers left and right, looking for sustenance. A cock appears. He grabs it, and names it, Dill. Him and Dill do cross the road to enter the garden — safety first — to get to the other side. This lush garden, once called Paradise by some, reminded him when humanity embraced full freedom. Frolicking about in the meadows, he winces... modern day clothing never existed here! Bare-naked, the man looks down AS the rush of air seeps through his pores. Oh it’s tingly, but the sensation subsequently flattens out, much like your average shitty can of La Croix. Au naturel, “innocent” freedom! Within this boundless garden lurked infinite knowledge, untouched by anyone else. A supreme being bellows down from the sky, calling him to stand down; to sheath his sword of virtue, and prostrate himself before something greater. Something constructed from the same minds that brought you Materialism, Capitalism, and 1776’s blockbuster The Democratic Process. Blinded by the green, the man concedes, torn up in his spleen. How did he become such a verbose rhyming machine?

But to concede what, exactly? Much like a defeated pirate after being captured by Napoleon, the author's once erect mASt on the ship is lowered and he hangs his flag in the air: it is white. Under the guise of "challenge", lies the ASSASSINATION of pride. Shot in the head, surrounded by the ASS' green, and battling for his own sanity, he reaches for his pen, or at leASt what remains after being whittled down to a stub. It sadly doesn't stand the test of time, it grows faint with age. The grip cools his hands, emanating a sense of relief. Looking for purer paper, unadulterated by the green, he slides under his bed and dims the light. It's darkness. He recognizes the holes of binder paper, the roundness, the curvature, the circumference and volume. It is this orifice he will fill with the lust of his words.

Sitting there surrounded by the desolate wASteland of allegory, he concocts his MAGNUM© opus, the pen's ink flowing with reckless abandon. Exchanging his oxygen for words, he crafts his sentences, briefly dancing with sanity. Gears begin to shift back into place, replaying the waltz they did many years ago. Neurons, introverted from lack of use, commence social interaction once more to create an artificial semblance of functionality. His pen now matches his sword. Smashing the pen into the paper, he bequeaths his final will and testament:

To Whom It May Concern,

At one point, I was the greatest writer that ever lived. Some say the best in the entire universe. Others may say I jerked off my ego so much I became a jerk myself. But that's blatantly false. At the peak of my prowess, my own writing sense was neutered, sold away to black market buyers in the pursuit of cASh. I couldn't jerk my own ego off even if I wanted to. From idiotic stupidity, it seems I have grown a moral conciseness. My pen is broken, and no one can fix it. Now I can no longer consciously function, my cat helps me survive, and I'm so unoriginal I'm starting to rip off 19th century poetry. Language is fluid and it comes out of my pen so; I can mold it however I ① ② ③ ④ ⑤ ⑥ ⑦ ⑧ ⑨ ⑩ ⑪ ⑫ ⑬ ⑭ ⑮ ⑯ ⑰ ⑱ ⑲ ⑳ ㉑ ㉒ ㉓ ㉔ ㉕ ㉖ ㉗ ㉘ ㉙ ㉚ ㉛ ㉜ ㉝ ㉞ ㉟ ㊱ ㊲ ㊳ ㊴ ㊵ ㊶ ㊷ ㊸ ㊹ ㊺ ㊻ ㊼ ㊽ ㊾ ㊿ 𐀀 𐀁 𐀂 𐀃 𐀄 𐀅 𐀆 𐀇 𐀈 𐀉 𐀊 𐀋 𐀌 𐀍 𐀎 𐀏 𐀐 𐀑 𐀒 𐀓 𐀔 𐀕 𐀖 𐀗 𐀘 𐀙 𐀚 𐀛 𐀜 𐀝 𐀞 𐀟 𐀠 𐀡 𐀢 𐀣 𐀤 𐀥 𐀦 𐀧 𐀨 𐀩 𐀪 𐀫 𐀬 𐀭 𐀮 𐀯 𐀰 𐀱 𐀲 𐀳 𐀴 𐀵 𐀶 𐀷 𐀸 𐀹 𐀺 𐀻 𐀼 𐀽 𐀾 𐀿 𐁀 𐁁 𐁂 𐁃 𐁄 𐁅 𐁆 𐁇 𐁈 𐁉 𐁊 𐁋 𐁌 𐁍 𐁎 𐁏 𐁐 𐁑 𐁒 𐁓 𐁔 𐁕 𐁖 𐁗 𐁘 𐁙 𐁚 𐁛 𐁜 𐁝 𐁞 𐁟 𐁠 𐁡 𐁢 𐁣 𐁤 𐁥 𐁦 𐁧 𐁨 𐁩 𐁪 𐁫 𐁬 𐁭 𐁮 𐁯 𐁰 𐁱 𐁲 𐁳 𐁴 𐁵 𐁶 𐁷 𐁸 𐁹 𐁺 𐁻 𐁼 𐁽 𐁾 𐁿 𐂀 𐂁 𐂂 𐂃 𐂄 𐂅 𐂆 𐂇 𐂈 𐂉 𐂊 𐂋 𐂌 𐂍 𐂎 𐂏 𐂐 𐂑 𐂒 𐂓 𐂔 𐂕 𐂖 𐂗 𐂘 𐂙 𐂚 𐂛 𐂜 𐂝 𐂞 𐂟 𐂠 𐂡 𐂢 𐂣 𐂤 𐂥 𐂦 𐂧 𐂨 𐂩 𐂪 𐂫 𐂬 𐂭 𐂯 𐂰 𐂱 𐂲 𐂳 𐂴 𐂵 𐂶 𐂷 𐂸 𐂹 𐂺 𐂻 𐂼 𐂽 𐂾 𐂿 𐃀 𐃁 𐃂 𐃃 𐃄 𐃅 𐃆 𐃇 𐃈 𐃉 𐃊 𐃋 𐃌 𐃍 𐃎 𐃏 𐃐 𐃑 𐃒 𐃓 𐃔 𐃕 𐃖 𐃗 𐃘 𐃙 𐃚 𐃛 𐃜 𐃝 𐃞 𐃟 𐃠 𐃡 𐃢 𐃣 𐃤 𐃥 𐃦 𐃧 𐃨 𐃩 𐃪 𐃫 𐃬 𐃭 𐃮 𐃯 𐃰 𐃱 𐃲 𐃳 𐃴 𐃵 𐃶 𐃷 𐃸 𐃹 𐃺 𐃻 𐃼 𐃽 𐃾 𐃿 𐄀 𐄁 𐄂 𐄃 𐄄 𐄅 𐄆 𐄇 𐄈 𐄉 𐄊 𐄋 𐄌 𐄍 𐄎 𐄏 𐄐 𐄑 𐄒 𐄓 𐄔 𐄕 𐄖 𐄗 𐄘 𐄙 𐄚 𐄛 𐄜 𐄝 𐄞 𐄟 𐄠 𐄡 𐄢 𐄣 𐄤 𐄥 𐄦 𐄧 𐄨 𐄩 𐄪 𐄫 𐄬 𐄭 𐄮 𐄯 𐄰 𐄱 𐄲 𐄳 𐄴 𐄵 𐄶 𐄷 𐄸 𐄹 𐄺 𐄻 𐄼 𐄽 𐄾 𐄿 𐅀 𐅁 𐅂 𐅃 𐅄 𐅅 𐅆 𐅇 𐅈 𐅉 𐅊 𐅋 𐅌 𐅍 𐅎 𐅏 𐅐 𐅑 𐅒 𐅓 𐅔 𐅕 𐅖 𐅗 𐅘 𐅙 𐅚 𐅛 𐅜 𐅝 𐅞 𐅟 𐅠 𐅡 𐅢 𐅣 𐅤 𐅥 𐅦 𐅧 𐅨 𐅩 𐅪 𐅫 𐅬 𐅭 𐅮 𐅯 𐅰 𐅱 𐅲 𐅳 𐅴 𐅵 𐅶 𐅷 𐅸 𐅹 𐅺 𐅻 𐅼 𐅽 𐅾 𐅿 𐆀 𐆁 𐆂 𐆃 𐆄 𐆅 𐆆 𐆇 𐆈 𐆉 𐆊 𐆋 𐆌 𐆍 𐆎 𐆏 𐆐 𐆑 𐆒 𐆓 𐆔 𐆕 𐆖 𐆗 𐆘 𐆙 𐆚 𐆛 𐆜 𐆝 𐆞 𐆟 𐆠 𐆡 𐆢 𐆣 𐆤 𐆥 𐆦 𐆧 𐆨 𐆩 𐆪 𐆫 𐆬 𐆭 𐆮 𐆯 𐆰 𐆱 𐆲 𐆳 𐆴 𐆵 𐆶 𐆷 𐆸 𐆹 𐆺 𐆻 𐆼 𐆽 𐆾 𐆿 𐇀 𐇁 𐇂 𐇃 𐇄 𐇅 𐇆 𐇇 𐇈 𐇉 𐇊 𐇋 𐇌 𐇍 𐇎 𐇏 𐇐 𐇑 𐇒 𐇓 𐇔 𐇕 𐇖 𐇗 𐇘 𐇙 𐇚 𐇛 𐇜 𐇝 𐇞 𐇟 𐇠 𐇡 𐇢 𐇣 𐇤 𐇥 𐇦 𐇧 𐇨 𐇩 𐇪 𐇫 𐇬 𐇭 𐇮 𐇯 𐇰 𐇱 𐇲 𐇳 𐇴 𐇵 𐇶 𐇷 𐇸 𐇹 𐇺 𐇻 𐇼 𐇽 𐇾 𐇿 𐈀 𐈁 𐈂 𐈃 𐈄 𐈅 𐈆 𐈇 𐈈 𐈉 𐈊 𐈋 𐈌 𐈍 𐈎 𐈏 𐈐 𐈑 𐈒 𐈓 𐈔 𐈕 𐈖 𐈗 𐈘 𐈙 𐈚 𐈛 𐈜 𐈝 𐈞 𐈟 𐈠 𐈡 𐈢 𐈣 𐈤 𐈥 𐈦 𐈧 𐈨 𐈩 𐈪 𐈫 𐈬 𐈭 𐈮 𐈯 𐈰 𐈱 𐈲 𐈳 𐈴 𐈵 𐈶 𐈷 𐈸 𐈹 𐈺 𐈻 𐈼 𐈽 𐈾 𐈿 𐉀 𐉁 𐉂 𐉃 𐉄 𐉅 𐉆 𐉇 𐉈 𐉉 𐉊 𐉋 𐉌 𐉍 𐉎 𐉏 𐉐 𐉑 𐉒 𐉓 𐉔 𐉕 𐉖 𐉗 𐉘 𐉙 𐉚 𐉛 𐉜 𐉝 𐉞 𐉟 𐉠 𐉡 𐉢 𐉣 𐉤 𐉥 𐉦 𐉧 𐉨 𐉩 𐉪 𐉫 𐉬 𐉭 𐉮 𐉯 𐉰 𐉱 𐉲 𐉳 𐉴 𐉵 𐉶 𐉷 𐉸 𐉹 𐉺 𐉻 𐉼 𐉽 𐉾 𐉿 𐊀 𐊁 𐊂 𐊃 𐊄 𐊅 𐊆 𐊇 𐊈 𐊉 𐊊 𐊋 𐊌 𐊍 𐊎 𐊏 𐊐 𐊑 𐊒 𐊓 𐊔 𐊕 𐊖 𐊗 𐊘 𐊙 𐊚 𐊛 𐊜 𐊝 𐊞 𐊟 𐊠 𐊡 𐊢 𐊣 𐊤 𐊥 𐊦 𐊧 𐊨 𐊩 𐊪 𐊫 𐊬 𐊭 𐊮 𐊯 𐊰 𐊱 𐊲 𐊳 𐊴 𐊵 𐊶 𐊷 𐊸 𐊹 𐊺 𐊻 𐊼 𐊽 𐊾 𐊿 𐋀 𐋁 𐋂 𐋃 𐋄 𐋅 𐋆 𐋇 𐋈 𐋉 𐋊 𐋋 𐋌 𐋍 𐋎 𐋏 𐋐 𐋑 𐋒 𐋓 𐋔 𐋕 𐋖 𐋗 𐋘 𐋙 𐋚 𐋛 𐋜 𐋝 𐋞 𐋟 𐋠 𐋡 𐋢 𐋣 𐋤 𐋥 𐋦 𐋧 𐋨 𐋩 𐋪 𐋫 𐋬 𐋭 𐋮 𐋯 𐋰 𐋱 𐋲 𐋳 𐋴 𐋵 𐋶 𐋷 𐋸 𐋹 𐋺 𐋻 𐋼 𐋽 𐋾 𐋿 𐌀 𐌁 𐌂 𐌃 𐌄 𐌅 𐌆 𐌇 𐌈 𐌉 𐌊 𐌋 𐌌 𐌍 𐌎 𐌏 𐌐 𐌑 𐌒 𐌓 𐌔 𐌕 𐌖 𐌗 𐌘 𐌙 𐌚 𐌛 𐌜 𐌝 𐌞 𐌟 𐌠 𐌡 𐌢 𐌣 𐌤 𐌥 𐌦 𐌧 𐌨 𐌩 𐌪 𐌫 𐌬 𐌭 𐌮 𐌯 𐌰 𐌱 𐌲 𐌳 𐌴 𐌵 𐌶 𐌷 𐌸 𐌹 𐌺 𐌻 𐌼 𐌽 𐌾 𐌿 𐍀 𐍁 𐍂 𐍃 𐍄 𐍅 𐍆 𐍇 𐍈 𐍉 𐍊 𐍋 𐍌 𐍍 𐍎 𐍏 𐍐 𐍑 𐍒 𐍓 𐍔 𐍕 𐍖 𐍗 𐍘 𐍙 𐍚 𐍛 𐍜 𐍝 𐍞 𐍟 𐍠 𐍡 𐍢 𐍣 𐍤 𐍥 𐍦 𐍧 𐍨 𐍩 𐍪 𐍫 𐍬 𐍭 𐍮 𐍯 𐍰 𐍱 𐍲 𐍳 𐍴 𐍵 𐍶 𐍷 𐍸 𐍹 𐍺 𐍻 𐍼 𐍽 𐍾 𐍿 𐎀 𐎁 𐎂 𐎃 𐎄 𐎅 𐎆 𐎇 𐎈 𐎉 𐎊 𐎋 𐎌 𐎍 𐎎 𐎏 𐎐 𐎑 𐎒 𐎓 𐎔 𐎕 𐎖 𐎗 𐎘 𐎙 𐎚 𐎛 𐎜 𐎝 𐎞 𐎟 𐎠 𐎡 𐎢 𐎣 𐎤 𐎥 𐎦 𐎧 𐎨 𐎩 𐎪 𐎫 𐎬 𐎭 𐎮 𐎯 𐎰 𐎱 𐎲 𐎳 𐎴 𐎵 𐎶 𐎷 𐎸 𐎹 𐎺 𐎻 𐎼 𐎽 𐎾 𐎿 𐏀 𐏁 𐏂 𐏃 𐏄 𐏅 𐏆 𐏇 𐏈 𐏉 𐏊 𐏋 𐏌 𐏍 𐏎 𐏏 𐏐 𐏑 𐏒 𐏓 𐏔 𐏕 𐏖 𐏗 𐏘 𐏙 𐏚 𐏛 𐏜 𐏝 𐏞 𐏟 𐏠 𐏡 𐏢 𐏣 𐏤 𐏥 𐏦 𐏧 𐏨 𐏩 𐏪 𐏫 𐏬 𐏭 𐏮 𐏯 𐏰 𐏱 𐏲 𐏳 𐏴 𐏵 𐏶 𐏷 𐏸 𐏹 𐏺 𐏻 𐏼 𐏽 𐏾 𐏿 𐐀 𐐁 𐐂 𐐃 𐐄 𐐅 𐐆 𐐇 𐐈 𐐉 𐐊 𐐋 𐐌 𐐍 𐐎 𐐏 𐐐 𐐑 𐐒 𐐓 𐐔 𐐕 𐐖 𐐗 𐐘 𐐙 𐐚 𐐛 𐐜 𐐝 𐐞 𐐟 𐐠 𐐡 𐐢 𐐣 𐐤 𐐥 𐐦 𐐧 𐐨 𐐩 𐐪 𐐫 𐐬 𐐭 𐐮 𐐯 𐐰 𐐱 𐐲 𐐳 𐐴 𐐵 𐐶 𐐷 𐐸 𐐹 𐐺 𐐻 𐐼 𐐽 𐐾 𐐿 𐑀 𐑁 𐑂 𐑃 𐑄 𐑅 𐑆 𐑇 𐑈 𐑉 𐑊 𐑋 𐑌 𐑍 𐑎 𐑏 𐑐 𐑑 𐑒 𐑓 𐑔 𐑕 𐑖 𐑗 𐑘 𐑙 𐑚 𐑛 𐑜 𐑝 𐑞 𐑟 𐑠 𐑡 𐑢 𐑣 𐑤 𐑥 𐑦 𐑧 𐑨 𐑩 𐑪 𐑫 𐑬 𐑭 𐑮 𐑯 𐑰 𐑱 𐑲 𐑳 𐑴 𐑵 𐑶 𐑷 𐑸 𐑹 𐑺 𐑻 𐑼 𐑽 𐑾 𐑿 𐒀 𐒁 𐒂 𐒃 𐒄 𐒅 𐒆 𐒇 𐒈 𐒉 𐒊 𐒋 𐒌 𐒍 𐒎 𐒏 𐒐 𐒑 𐒒 𐒓 𐒔 𐒕 𐒖 𐒗 𐒘 𐒙 𐒚 𐒛 𐒜 𐒝 𐒞 𐒟 𐒠 𐒡 𐒢 𐒣 𐒤 𐒥 𐒦 𐒧 𐒨 𐒩 𐒪 𐒫 𐒬 𐒭 𐒮 𐒯 𐒰 𐒱 𐒲 𐒳 𐒴 𐒵 𐒶 𐒷 𐒸 𐒹 𐒺 𐒻 𐒼 𐒽 𐒾 𐒿 𐓀 𐓁 𐓂 𐓃 𐓄 𐓅 𐓆 𐓇 𐓈 𐓉 𐓊 𐓋 𐓌 𐓍 𐓎 𐓏 𐓐 𐓑 𐓒 𐓓 𐓔 𐓕 𐓖 𐓗 𐓘 𐓙 𐓚 𐓛 𐓜 𐓝 𐓞 𐓟 𐓠 𐓡 𐓢 𐓣 𐓤 𐓥 𐓦 𐓧 𐓨 𐓩 𐓪 𐓫 𐓬 𐓭 𐓮 𐓯 𐓰 𐓱 𐓲 𐓳 𐓴 𐓵 𐓶 𐓷 𐓸 𐓹 𐓺 𐓻 𐓼 𐓽 𐓾 𐓿 𐔀 𐔁 𐔂 𐔃 𐔄 𐔅 𐔆 𐔇 𐔈 𐔉 𐔊 𐔋 𐔌 𐔍 𐔎 𐔏 𐔐 𐔑 𐔒 𐔓 𐔔 𐔕 𐔖 𐔗 𐔘 𐔙 𐔚 𐔛 𐔜 𐔝 𐔞 𐔟 𐔠 𐔡 𐔢 𐔣 𐔤 𐔥 𐔦 𐔧 𐔨 𐔩 𐔪 𐔫 𐔬 𐔭 𐔮 𐔯 𐔰 𐔱 𐔲 𐔳 𐔴 𐔵 𐔶 𐔷 𐔸 𐔹 𐔺 𐔻 𐔼 𐔽 𐔾 𐔿 𐕀 𐕁 𐕂 𐕃 𐕄 𐕅 𐕆 𐕇 𐕈 𐕉 𐕊 𐕋 𐕌 𐕍 𐕎 𐕏 𐕐 𐕑 𐕒 𐕓 𐕔 𐕕 𐕖 𐕗 𐕘 𐕙 𐕚 𐕛 𐕜 𐕝 𐕞 𐕟 𐕠 𐕡 𐕢 𐕣 𐕤 𐕥 𐕦 𐕧 𐕨 𐕩 𐕪 𐕫 𐕬 𐕭 𐕮 𐕯 𐕰 𐕱 𐕲 𐕳 𐕴 𐕵 𐕶 𐕷 𐕸 𐕹 𐕺 𐕻 𐕼 𐕽 𐕾 𐕿 𐖀 𐖁 𐖂 𐖃 𐖄 𐖅 𐖆 𐖇 𐖈 𐖉 𐖊 𐖋 𐖌 𐖍 𐖎 𐖏 𐖐 𐖑 𐖒 𐖓 𐖔 𐖕 𐖖 𐖗 𐖘 𐖙 𐖚 𐖛 𐖜 𐖝 𐖞 𐖟 𐖠 𐖡 𐖢 𐖣 𐖤 𐖥 𐖦 𐖧 𐖨 𐖩 𐖪 𐖫 𐖬 𐖭 𐖮 𐖯 𐖰 𐖱 𐖲 𐖳 𐖴 𐖵 𐖶 𐖷 𐖸 𐖹 𐖺 𐖻 𐖼 𐖽 𐖾 𐖿 𐗀 𐗁 𐗂 𐗃 𐗄 𐗅 𐗆 𐗇 𐗈 𐗉 𐗊 𐗋 𐗌 𐗍 𐗎 𐗏 𐗐 𐗑 𐗒 𐗓 𐗔 𐗕 𐗖 𐗗 𐗘 𐗙 𐗚 𐗛 𐗜 𐗝 𐗞 𐗟 𐗠 𐗡 𐗢 𐗣 𐗤 𐗥 𐗦 𐗧 𐗨 𐗩 𐗪 𐗫 𐗬 𐗭 𐗮 𐗯 𐗰 𐗱 𐗲 𐗳 𐗴 𐗵 𐗶 𐗷 𐗸 𐗹 𐗺 𐗻 𐗼 𐗽 𐗾 𐗿 𐘀 𐘁 𐘂 𐘃 𐘄 𐘅 𐘆 𐘇 𐘈 𐘉 𐘊 𐘋 𐘌 𐘍 𐘎 𐘏 𐘐 𐘑 𐘒 𐘓 𐘔 𐘕 𐘖 𐘗 𐘘 𐘙 𐘚 𐘛 𐘜 𐘝 𐘞 𐘟 𐘠 𐘡 𐘢 𐘣 𐘤 𐘥 𐘦 𐘧 𐘨 𐘩 𐘪 𐘫 𐘬 𐘭 𐘮 𐘯 𐘰 𐘱 𐘲 𐘳 𐘴 𐘵 𐘶 𐘷 𐘸 𐘹 𐘺 𐘻 𐘼 𐘽 𐘾 𐘿 𐙀 𐙁 𐙂 𐙃 𐙄 𐙅 𐙆 𐙇 𐙈 𐙉 𐙊 𐙋 𐙌 𐙍 𐙎 𐙏 𐙐 𐙑 𐙒 𐙓 𐙔 𐙕 𐙖 𐙗 𐙘 𐙙 𐙚 𐙛 𐙜 𐙝 𐙞 𐙟 𐙠 𐙡 𐙢 𐙣 𐙤 𐙥 𐙦 𐙧 𐙨 𐙩 𐙪 𐙫 𐙬 𐙭 𐙮 𐙯 𐙰 𐙱 𐙲 𐙳 𐙴 𐙵 𐙶 𐙷 𐙸 𐙹 𐙺 𐙻 𐙼 𐙽 𐙾 𐙿 𐚀 𐚁 𐚂 𐚃 𐚄 𐚅 𐚆 𐚇 𐚈 𐚉 𐚊 𐚋 𐚌 𐚍 𐚎 𐚏 𐚐 𐚑 𐚒 𐚓 𐚔 𐚕 𐚖 𐚗 𐚘 𐚙 𐚚 𐚛 𐚜 𐚝 𐚞 𐚟 𐚠 𐚡 𐚢 𐚣 𐚤 𐚥 𐚦 𐚧 𐚨 𐚩 𐚪 𐚫 𐚬 𐚭 𐚮 𐚯 𐚰 𐚱 𐚲 𐚳 𐚴 𐚵 𐚶 𐚷 𐚸 𐚹 𐚺 𐚻 𐚼 𐚽 𐚾 𐚿 𐛀 𐛁 𐛂 𐛃 𐛄 𐛅 𐛆 𐛇 𐛈 𐛉 𐛊 𐛋 𐛌 𐛍 𐛎 𐛏 𐛐 𐛑 𐛒 𐛓 𐛔 𐛕 𐛖 𐛗 𐛘 𐛙 𐛚 𐛛 𐛜 𐛝 𐛞 𐛟 𐛠 𐛡 𐛢 𐛣 𐛤 𐛥 𐛦 𐛧 𐛨 𐛩 𐛪 𐛫 𐛬 𐛭 𐛮 𐛯 𐛰 𐛱 𐛲 𐛳 𐛴 𐛵 𐛶 𐛷 𐛸 𐛹 𐛺 𐛻 𐛼 𐛽 𐛾 𐛿 𐜀 𐜁 𐜂 𐜃 𐜄 𐜅 𐜆 𐜇 𐜈 𐜉 𐜊 𐜋 𐜌 𐜍 𐜎 𐜏 𐜐 𐜑 𐜒 𐜓 𐜔 𐜕 𐜖 𐜗 𐜘 𐜙 𐜚 𐜛 𐜜 𐜝 𐜞 𐜟 𐜠 𐜡 𐜢 𐜣 𐜤 𐜥 𐜦 𐜧 𐜨 𐜩 𐜪 𐜫 𐜬 𐜭 𐜮 𐜯 𐜰 𐜱 𐜲 𐜳 𐜴 𐜵 𐜶 𐜷 𐜸 𐜹 𐜺 𐜻 𐜼 𐜽 𐜾 𐜿 𐝀 𐝁 𐝂 𐝃 𐝄 𐝅 𐝆 𐝇 𐝈 𐝉 𐝊 𐝋 𐝌 𐝍 𐝎 𐝏 𐝐 𐝑 𐝒 𐝓 𐝔 𐝕 𐝖 𐝗 𐝘 𐝙 𐝚 𐝛 𐝜 𐝝 𐝞 𐝟 𐝠 𐝡 𐝢 𐝣 𐝤 𐝥 𐝦 𐝧 𐝨 𐝩 𐝪 𐝫 𐝬 𐝭 𐝮 𐝯 𐝰 𐝱 𐝲 𐝳 𐝴 𐝵 𐝶 𐝷 𐝸 𐝹 𐝺 𐝻 𐝼 𐝽 𐝾 𐝿 𐞀 𐞁 𐞂 𐞃 𐞄 𐞅 𐞆 𐞇 𐞈 𐞉 𐞊 𐞋 𐞌 𐞍 𐞎 𐞏 𐞐 𐞑 𐞒 𐞓 𐞔 𐞕 𐞖 𐞗 𐞘 𐞙 𐞚 𐞛 𐞜 𐞝 𐞞 𐞟 𐞠 𐞡 𐞢 𐞣 𐞤 𐞥 𐞦 𐞧 𐞨 𐞩 𐞪 𐞫 𐞬 𐞭 𐞮 𐞯 𐞰 𐞱 𐞲 𐞳 𐞴 𐞵 𐞶 𐞷 𐞸 𐞹 𐞺 𐞻 𐞼 𐞽 𐞾 𐞿 𐟀 𐟁 𐟂 𐟃 𐟄 𐟅 𐟆 𐟇 𐟈 𐟉 𐟊 𐟋 𐟌 𐟍 𐟎 𐟏 𐟐 𐟑 𐟒 𐟓 𐟔 𐟕 𐟖 𐟗 𐟘 𐟙 𐟚 𐟛 𐟜 𐟝 𐟞 𐟟 𐟠 𐟡 𐟢 𐟣 𐟤 𐟥 𐟦 𐟧 𐟨 𐟩 𐟪 𐟫 𐟬 𐟭 𐟮 𐟯 𐟰 𐟱 𐟲 𐟳 𐟴 𐟵 𐟶 𐟷 𐟸 𐟹 𐟺 𐟻 𐟼 𐟽 𐟾 𐟿 𐠀 𐠁 𐠂 𐠃 𐠄 𐠅 𐠆 𐠇 𐠈 𐠉 𐠊 𐠋 𐠌 𐠍 𐠎 𐠏 𐠐 𐠑 𐠒 𐠓 𐠔 𐠕 𐠖 𐠗 𐠘 𐠙 𐠚 𐠛 𐠜 𐠝 𐠞 𐠟 𐠠 𐠡 𐠢 𐠣 𐠤 𐠥 𐠦 𐠧 𐠨 𐠩 𐠪 𐠫 𐠬 𐠭 𐠮 𐠯 𐠰 𐠱 𐠲 𐠳 𐠴 𐠵 𐠶 𐠷 𐠸 𐠹 𐠺 𐠻 𐠼 𐠽 𐠾 𐠿 𐡀 𐡁 𐡂 𐡃 𐡄 𐡅 𐡆 𐡇 𐡈 𐡉 𐡊 𐡋 𐡌 𐡍 𐡎 𐡏 𐡐 𐡑 𐡒 𐡓 𐡔 𐡕 𐡖 𐡗 𐡘 𐡙 𐡚 𐡛 𐡜 𐡝 𐡞 𐡟 𐡠 𐡡 𐡢 𐡣 𐡤 𐡥 𐡦 𐡧 𐡨 𐡩 𐡪 𐡫 𐡬 𐡭 𐡮 𐡯 𐡰 𐡱 𐡲 𐡳 𐡴 𐡵 𐡶 𐡷 𐡸 𐡹 𐡺 𐡻 𐡼 𐡽 𐡾 𐡿 𐢀 𐢁 𐢂 𐢃 𐢄 𐢅 𐢆 𐢇 𐢈 𐢉 𐢊 𐢋 𐢌 𐢍 𐢎 𐢏 𐢐 𐢑 𐢒 𐢓 𐢔 𐢕 𐢖 𐢗 𐢘 𐢙 𐢚 𐢛 𐢜 𐢝 𐢞 𐢟 𐢠 𐢡 𐢢 𐢣 𐢤 𐢥 𐢦 𐢧 𐢨 𐢩 𐢪 𐢫 𐢬 𐢭 𐢮 𐢯 𐢰 𐢱 𐢲 𐢳 𐢴 𐢵 𐢶 𐢷 𐢸 𐢹 𐢺 𐢻 𐢼 𐢽 𐢾 𐢿 𐣀 𐣁 𐣂 𐣃 𐣄 𐣅 𐣆 𐣇 𐣈 𐣉 𐣊 𐣋 𐣌 𐣍 𐣎 𐣏 𐣐 𐣑 𐣒 𐣓 𐣔 𐣕 𐣖 𐣗 𐣘 𐣙 𐣚 𐣛 𐣜 𐣝 𐣞 𐣟 𐣠 𐣡 𐣢 𐣣 𐣤 𐣥 𐣦 𐣧 𐣨 𐣩 𐣪 𐣫 𐣬 𐣭 𐣮 𐣯 𐣰 𐣱 𐣲 𐣳 𐣴 𐣵 𐣶 𐣷 𐣸 𐣹 𐣺 𐣻 𐣼 𐣽 𐣾 𐣿

HEADLINES THAT DIDN'T MAKE IT :/

**How to Run From the Homeless Without
Marginalizing them**

FMK Mary Jesus Joseph

Hegel's Top-Bottom Dialectic

The Life of the UCEN Christian Women

**Albertson's/Costco On Suicide Watch in Midst of
Target Soft Opening**

Christine I Met You in Church Please Respond

**There Aren't Enough Subways/Starbucks on
Campus**

Not to be Like Woke or Anything

Local Stop Sign Such a Virgo