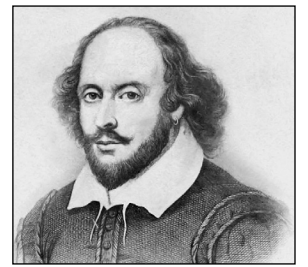




Thought of the Day: "You are as rheumatic as two dry toasts."  
- William Shakespeare



# WUnderground

VOLUME 10, ISSUE 3

NOVEMBER 13, 2013

PRICE: Three Ripe Chickens

## Upper-Middle Class Wash U Student Tells Homeless Man to "Check His Privilege"



Gary Spivot, a white male enjoying nature, flaunting his belongings.

Gary Spivot, who can usually be found on the decrepit bench two blocks north of Cicero's, was given a severe scolding by Wash U sophomore Julie Rosen on Tuesday. The incident occurred shortly after Spivot approached Rosen as she was stepping out of her BMW in front of Club Fitness.

"I was minding my own business, trying to make my way in this sexist, androcentric world, when this man approached me, asking for money!" Rosen vehemently recounted as she stomped her foot. "You know what I did?

I laughed at him. Yeah, that's right. As if men haven't already oppressed me enough, he had the nerve to ask me for money."

"I politely informed him that women only make 77 cents for every dollar he makes, and that I'll be damned if he will steal another penny."

A witness at the scene reported that Rosen proceeded to repeatedly hit Spivot over the head with her Gucci purse, screaming "Smash the patriarchy! Smash the patriarchy!"

Reporters found Spivot lying on his bench like usual, but he had a crusty sock tied around an open gash on his

temple caused by the purse's solid gold buckle.

"Sure, I asked her for a bit of change since I hadn't eaten in a couple of days, and she just went off. She told me I was a 'cog in the cisnormative heteronormative plutopatriarchy' and that not everyone has the privileges I've been given."

Since the incident, Rosen has recovered from the mental trauma enough to return to her classes, where she is majoring in Women and Gender Studies, and Spivot's gash has started to ooze.

## Psychology Student Really Identifies with Freud's Theories

Washington University freshman Jordan Johnson claims that his Introduction to Psychology class has really helped him to explain the origins of his base, animalistic desires.

"I always felt like I was different, but I could never explain why," Johnson confessed to WUnderground reporters as he grinned, "but now I know it's because I fixated on the anal stage of my infantile development."

"Basically, it means I'm really into anal. I'm anal-retentive," the student clarified. "It's from Freud's theory of psychosexual development."

Johnson went on to explain how learning about Freud's theories in class really illuminated why he wanted to kill his dad so much growing up.

"My dad is an alcoholic, and the belt beatings got really old," Johnson spat, while intensely gripping his penis through his pants. "Gah, I really wanted to axe that guy! But anyway, I've always thought my mom was super hot and my dad was a total cock-block. Now, thanks to Dr. Freud, I know that my sexual attraction for her stems entirely from my childhood development. Completely normal average-guy stuff."

Johnson also expressed gratitude that he could finally explain why he masturbated in public all the time. "It's my overactive id. Really, that's all!"

"It's just great to finally comprehend what's going on up here," Johnson said as he tapped his head. "It's like I'm finally reading my own mind. I don't expect this will help me overcome my murderous and inappropriate desires, but it's nice to be able to understand the reasons why I have them."

The interview concluded with Johnson asking our reporters if the clouds looked like fluffy genitalia to them, too.

## Buried WUnderground

Incessant Pen Clicker Offered Pencil

page 3.4

StudLife Voted "A Newspaper" on Campus

page G9

Century Long Debate Concludes "Gyros" Pronounced "Gyros"

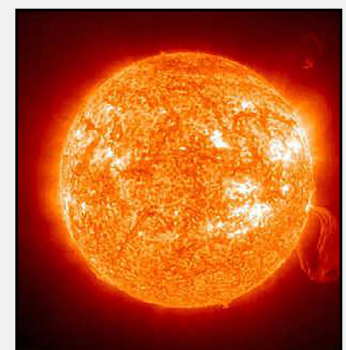


page 5

Only 13 Months until Christmas 2014!

page .9999

Area First Grader Perturbed to Learn "Mister Sun" Actually Magnetically Active Thermonuclear Fireball



page XI

Off-Campus Student Gives up on Pesky Noodle Dried to Side of Pot



page C2

# Roommates Bond Over Realization They All Liked Same Boy Band in '99



A candid shot of the roommates, best friends, and soul mates.

At last Saturday's pre-game, four randomly assigned roommates, Hilary, Sarah, Emily, and Megan, who all hail from white, affluent, American suburbs, realized that somehow, all four of them were die-hard fans of the exact same boy band in the late 1990's.

A "throwback" playlist reportedly spurred the realization when the roommates all began to sing one of the songs in unison. The bonding

moment was catalyzed by an intense feeling of nostalgia between the four roommates, who individually claim having listened to the band often during their angsty teen years.

"It's just so crazy," explained Sarah, "I mean, it's been over a decade since that song came out, but all of us knew all the lyrics! What are the chances that every single one of us listened to the same boy band at the same time? Honestly, it's

ludicrous. I guess I just never realized how much we all had in common. And we were totally randomly put in the same room! It's really a beautiful story."

Following a spirited joint singing of the song, the roommates listened to five other popular songs from the late 90s, continuously flooring one another with their unanimous knowledge of the lyrics.

"At first, I was like, 'Wait... Woah. You love this song? I love this song!' So that was, like, super nuts," recounts Megan, who happens to have an N\*Sync poster mounted on the wall of her room at home, just like Hilary. "We all loved them growing up. So it's pretty much fate that we're roommates now."

The girls have since determined that they all drank Capri Suns during their youth and that they all watched Lizzie McGuire. Although Megan grew up in Florida, the other roommates all coincidentally enjoy building snowmen in winter. As of press time, the girls discovered their mutual love for animal crackers, and plan to buy a box to share next time they shop for groceries.

# Bear Bucks Overtakes U.S. Dollar in Currency Value

Last Tuesday, officials reported that Washington University's currency known as "Bear Bucks" has overtaken the U.S. dollar in value. The currency is based on the revolutionary parent-backed-standard, where every Bear Buck point is backed by a dollar that each student's parent has pledged to repay, guaranteed, to the university.

Johnny Myerson, a Wash U sophomore and investor in Bear Bucks, explains, "The investment is really solid when you think about it in terms of the gold standard— except instead of gold, it's my parent's money. I have the ability to give myself as many Bear Bucks as I want with just the click of a button on Webstac. It's like I'm the Fed, but my parents are footing the bill! Ha! Idiots..."

Since Three Kings began accepting the Bear Buck currency months ago, the popular bar reports astronomical hard cider and long island iced tea sales at parents' obliv-

ious expense. Apparently, accepting Bear Bucks as payment has considerably increased revenues, much to the delight of everyone.

When Mrs. Myerson, Johnny Myerson's mother, was questioned for comment about Bear Bucks, she simply stated "What are Bear Bucks?" as she squinted her eyes and scratched her head.

A recent credit rating downgrade of India earlier this year allowed Bear Bucks to easily surpass the rupee in value. Now,

thanks to Obama's increase of the debt ceiling last month, the U.S. debt has skyrocketed to an impressive \$17 trillion, clearly making Bear Bucks a superior currency alternative for the greater Wash U community.

Wash U students plan to increase their use of Bear Bucks on and around campus, further stimulating the economy with alcoholic beverage purchases and fancy meals without incurring any cost to themselves whatsoever.



## WUnderground

WUnderground is WashU's premier [only] satirical newspaper and should be taken about as seriously as homeopathic doctors. However, the news reported by this paper is completely fictitious, at least to our knowledge. Any resemblance to persons living, ailing or dead is entirely intentional.

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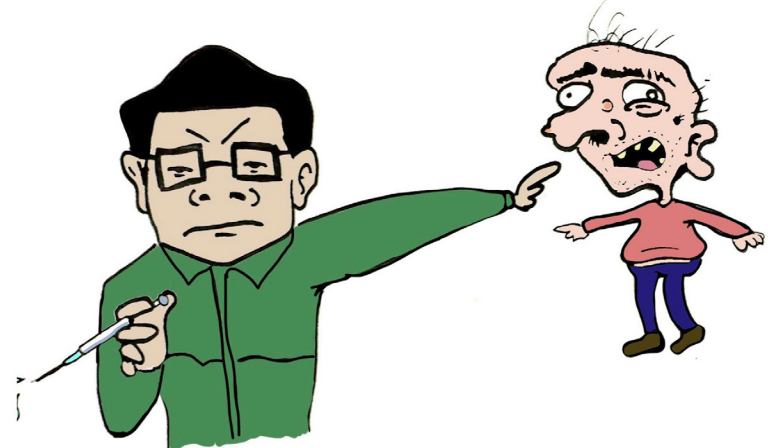
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# WRIGHTON and WRONG-UN

*Wrong-Un is a puppet and a figurehead. Wrighton is a figure with a puppet head*



Wrighton patents chemicals for glow sticks



Wrong-un patents chemicals for eugenic sterilization

## Bear's Den Brunch Thieves to be Publicly Hanged from Clocktower

Following a judicial hearing last week, seven students convicted of stealing Bear's Den brunch were sentenced to death by hanging from the Clocktower on WashU's South-Forty campus. The decision was made in an effort by the school's dining service to crack down on students who weasel their way out of paying for the \$9.25 all-you-can-eat Sunday extravaganza.

"This should have been done a long time ago," a school official said. "How can we be expected to provide homemade Swedish pancakes garnished with imported lingonberries if students are not paying for what they take? This is not a food stamp system, and we can't afford to lose any more money. If this behavior continues, we may be forced to reduce the brunch spread to thawed Eggo pancakes and Pop-Tarts. What is this, some college eatery? Oh... wait, it is, isn't it... Uhhh, nevermind."

Students have been generally disappointed with the administration's response to the situation, saying that the punishment seems like it's a teensy bit too harsh.

"My friend Sean nabbed a muffin, and now he's gonna be hanged in front of the whole South Forty. It's pretty upsetting, this whole thing," freshman Brandon Akin attested. "He asked to be buried with Corn Flakes. He was a pretty ironic guy. I'll miss him."

Kylie Smith is a frequent Sunday brunch eater who swears she always pays full price and only sometimes steals sodas and soup samples. Smith admits to having tattled to the Bear's Den workers about a friend she saw who gave another friend a bite of food.

"I could tell she hadn't paid for brunch because she wasn't wearing a bracelet, but she kept taking little bites of bacon and cheese omelet off her friend's plate. So I told on her. It

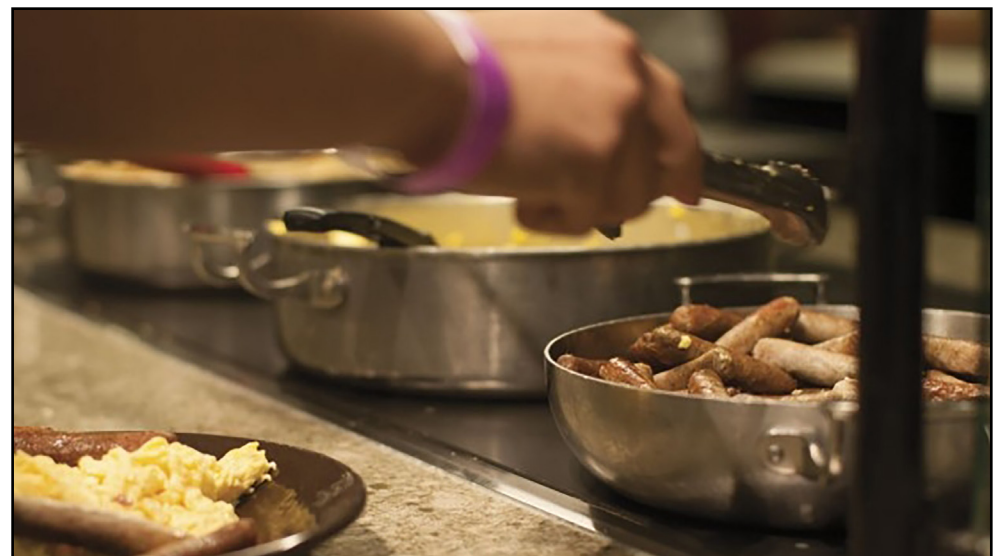


Image courtesy of Student Life, WUnderground's primary source for sausage link photography.

seemed like the right thing to do," Jordan recounted with apparent remorse. "I honestly thought the Bear's Den chef was joking when he ran over and tried to pull the omelet bites out of her mouth. But she had already swallowed them, and now they are going to hang her..."

The hangings are scheduled to take place next Sunday morning, and friends of the guilty students report plans to get à la carte brunch to go from The Village to pay homage to their fallen comrades.

### Point



**"Feel the Burn."**

*by Jake Robinson, Owns Lifting Gloves, Buys Whey Protein in Bulk*

Everyone should go as hard as I do. I mean, it's just a matter of life-style. Just a half hour ago I got so ripped... it's nuts. Believe me, I'm totally cashed after a session like that, but that's the way you should feel. Plus, after hitting it hard for a couple of hours, like I do after class everyday, I just want to eat everything

in sight. It's great. There were a couple of minutes in there when I freaked out because I thought I was doing too much, but then I hit a sweet high. I was sweating everywhere and I'm pretty sure everyone was looking at me, but I put my head down and just powered through. I'm definitely going to be feeling this tomorrow.

### Counter-Point



**"Yeah, Let's Burn!"**

*by Ben Woods, Owns a 400 Dollar Bong, Never Leaves Home Without Eye Drops*

Holy shit, dude! That shit sounds intense. We should definitely burn some time -- I always take a couple of hits after class too. After a session like yours, I'd definitely have to go home and lie down from sheer exhaustion. But don't trip on me just yet. Today, I was ripping so hard with a friend, that when we went to BD to refuel,

he totally passed out. Coulda been the dehydration. But I got to eat everything he left, so that's awesome. Wait, where were we? Shit, I'm definitely going to be feeling this tomorrow.

# EXPOSÉ: MY FRIEND THE HORSE GIRL

By Daniel Whitaker

*\*Following a recent run-in with a horse girl from his past, Whitaker wrote to us in hopes of exposing the shocking nature of his encounter. He felt it was his duty to warn the public about what may lie ahead for any seemingly wholesome horse girl, even yours.\**



*Pictured: A local horse girl, representative of all horse girls. Also pictured: Her horse.*

Everyone knew a horse girl growing up. Even you. She was probably named Grace or Brittney. She had a Lisa Frank lunchbox, backpack and shoes. She ate sugarcubes and apples more often than most. And she was out-of-her-fucking-mind-obsessed with horses.

My horse girl was named Belle. She took it a lot further than most. At lunch, she tied a sack around her face and chowed down (unless somebody offered to feed her from the palm of their hand). Instead of cursing, she whinnied. She galloped from class to class, and would get in fights with other students just so the teacher would ask her to stop horsing around.

During high school, her dream came true. She got a speckled roan named Mutombo, and she idolized him like he was the only horse on earth. But it was short lived, because before long, something snapped in that girl. Maybe it was her parent's abusive inclinations and messy divorce, or maybe it was the trip to the hospital after she nailed horseshoes through her feet, but regardless, things began to go downhill fast.

We lost touch soon after she graduated, but this much I know: soon it wouldn't just be horseshoes that would nail her. It would be

strangers. Because she became a prostitute. Her parents couldn't afford to keep the horse fed and maintained, so Belle turned to the streets to make some extra coin. It was hard for her to visit Mutombo and do other horse things while she was busy whoring around on some corner. And no amount of stranger-dick could give her the satisfaction that riding Mutombo could.

It was around this time that I got back in touch with her. Well, I actually ran into her on the side of the road. I invited her into my car, and without hesitation she pulled out a Lisa Frank condom. I told her that's not what I was here for. She looked up at me, but instead of seeing recognition in those big horsey eyes of hers, I saw only sadness that no amount of apples or brushing could get rid of.

I held my hand out for her, sugar cube in my palm. It's good that I always keep those in my car. She wavered for a second before quickly snatching it with her teeth. Unfortunately for her, it was getting a little weird for me, so I asked her to leave.

I write this as a warning to all of you. Everyone knows a horse girl. It's the least we can do to help ensure they don't become whore-girls.

## Top 10...

### Themes for Your Next Orgy

10. The Republican Whip.
9. Bestiality in the Workplace.
8. 127 Hours.
7. The Trail of Tears.
6. No Girls Allowed.
5. Dry.
4. An Evening with Guy Fieri.
3. Famous Norwegian Authors.
2. Torture Through the Ages.
1. Bring Your Own Produce.

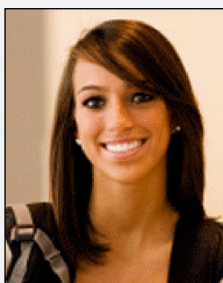
# What Do You Think?

The Western Black Rhino is Officially Extinct. What Do You Think?



**James O'Brian**  
Makes a Mean Grilled Cheese Sandwich

"Oh. One time I saw a rhino at the zoo. But, yo, how about that Facebook picture? Everyone is talking about it!"



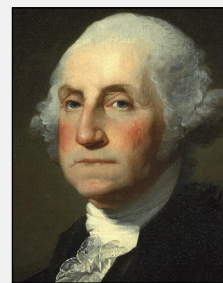
**Emma Doolittle**  
National Geographic Subscriber

"It's an absolute outrage, a complete calamity! Unthinkable! Oh, we're not talking about that Facebook photo?"



**Shirley Powell**  
Diversity Affairs Council Official

"Don't talk to me! I've been dealing with this Facebook photo fiasco for days. I just hope no one dresses up as a western black rhino next Halloween."



**George Washington**  
Wooden-Toothed Gossip Queen

"That's old news. But did you hear about the Wash U Halloween costume scandal?! Reminds me of when Hamilton dressed up as a red-coat for Halloween... The queen was sooo pissed!"



**Abby Alexander**  
Blog Reader

"Tell you what I think? I only post what I think on Facebook. You can read my thoughts on the Halloween photo controversy there, too. I'd prefer not to discuss anything in person."