



Satire V

Breaking...
and Entering

Vol. LXIX No. 1

Holding a Mirror Up to Truth

MARCH 8, 2023

Please Don't Fuck Us

By The Harvard Turkeys

Dear Harvard
Community,

We know we're hot shit around here. We can't even cross the street without crowds of tourists swarming around us and snapping a hundred pictures a second. We're a Harvard staple. But lately, we've been starting to notice some sketchy stuff you've been doing to the other "Harvard staples" around here. From peeing on the foot to doing the dirty in Widener, we haven't been able to shake the feeling that we're next in line to take the brunt of the next fucked up tradition. So, in case you weird-ass kids are itching to start up something with us, we'd like to lay down some boundaries and just make one thing perfectly clear before things start getting out of hand:

Please don't fuck us.

Let's face it, considering all the other fucked up shit you do, is this really that much of a stretch? It's kind of like all of the other traditions melded into one one unspeakable act. A real smashburger

of awfulness. Don't get us wrong, we love traditions just as much as the next Galiform. Feel free to initiate other traditions with us that don't involve a violation of our personal space. Like feeding us. Or building us shelter. That would be nice.

Here are some reasons we've compiled as to why we should not be fucked.

1. Beastiality
2. Turkey STDs might be a thing
3. How would you even catch us
4. Beastiality

Also, while we're on the subject, please don't film us fucking each other, either. We were hoping we wouldn't have to bring this up but we honestly don't know what to expect from you guys anymore. Please, just have some basic decency for once in your grossly privileged lives. We're just turkeys who like waddling around town and slowing down traffic. Keep your sick traditions within the bounds of the inanimate universe and just leave us alone.

Thank you and see you at Thanksgiving,

- The Harvard Turkeys

Student in Their Academic Weapon Era Suspended for Bringing Trebuchet to Class



Following a subsequent hatchet phase, AJ Melody will be going on a voluntary cleave of absence.

This Housing Day, Lizard Club Initiates Newest Lizard Tamer

By Gerald "DON'T
GIVE THEM MY
NAME" Johnson

Even though the Lizard Club—Harvard's most famous and exclusive Final Club—has concluded its fall punch for sophomores, Harvard first-years aren't completely left out of the fun. This Housing Day, one lucky first-year solo blocking group, or "floater," will be selected as the new Lizard Tamer.

While other first-years huddle in their blocking groups waiting to be dorm-stormed by rowdy upperclassmen, the Lizard Man seeks out his newest master, friend, and lover (wink, wink)... The Lizard Man utilizes his intricate master key-shaped talon to enter the room of a very special first-year for the surprise of a lifetime. For the next three years, this student is enveloped in the prestigious Lizard Tamers.

A live-in position, the Lizard Tamers are responsible for keeping up the clubhouse, planning events for members, and tending to the Lizard Man's daily bathings and feedings.

"I was really hoping that the Lizard Man would come to me," says Joanne Rogers, Harvard freshman. "It's somewhat of an arousing premise—washing up and oiling up all

cont. on pg 4

Harvard

Harvard Whistler Voted Most
Lyrical Catcaller, Dethroning
"Young LAAAADY" Guy
see page 3g

U.S.

Tasteful Pedro Pascal Pinups
see page
Find it Yourself
George Santos Finds Bigfoot!
see page 6eek

World

Where in the world is Larry
Bacow Spring Breaking?

see page ΩΩé

Opinion

Profile of a Hero:
Andrew Tate's Tumor

see page pKa.2

@therealsatirev



Satire V

Holding a Mirror Up to Truth

Over 2 Trillion Sold

Presidents

Tessa Conrardy & Ty Kannegieter

Editor-in-Chief

Julia Ward

Associate Editors

Matt Given

Al Bilski

Multimedia Director

Bimba Carpenter

Technology Chair

Aidan Tai

Comp Directors

Gibson Bartlett

Paul Palmer

Pranks and Publicity Chair

Gibson Bartlett

Social Chair

Basically still David

Business Director

???

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

Gibson Bartlett

Al Bilski

Bimba Carpenter

Tessa Conrardy

Nick Fahy

Matt Given

Steph Kaiser

Ty Kannegieter

Alex Lee

Paul Palmer

Cliff Stowe

Aidan Tai

Julia Ward

COMP SATIRE V!

Enjoy this issue of *Satire V*? Consider joining our staff! Scan the QR code below to learn more about our comp, which will be starting after spring break!



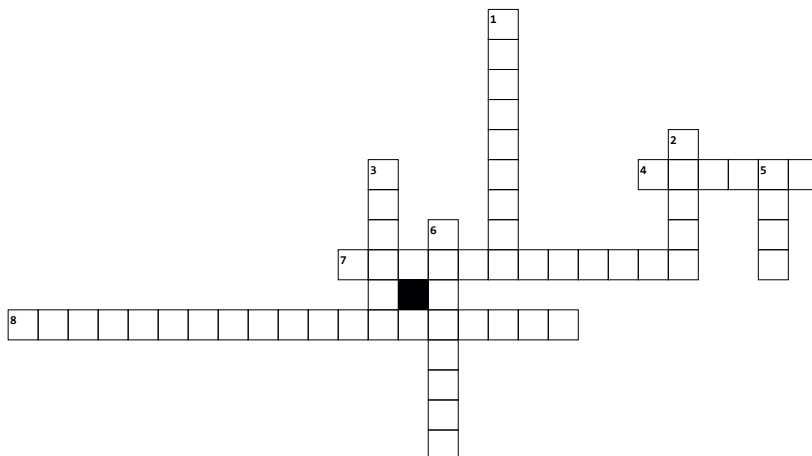
See more at satirev.org or follow us on Instagram and Twitter at @therealsatirev

And another thing:

It's pronounced Satire *FIVE*

How Well Do You Know Harvard?

A Lightly Challenging Puzzle



ACROSS:

4. The College is Named After John _____
7. Gov Students Who Weren't Z-List Admits
8. The Ghost of HUA Past

DOWN:

1. Satan's Alarm Clock
2. A Fate Worse Than Death But Better Than The Quad
3. "Oh, I didn't realize she was an athletic recruit."
5. Fly Fest
6. Marinara Cardboard

Sponsors

Gold Level Donors: (Over \$29,995)

HUFPI

Silver Level Donors: (Under \$29,995)

The UC

The Lowell Bell Ringers

Winthrop Trampoline

Winthrop Lady-oline

Your Financial Aid Sponsor (Kneel, Urchin)

The Pinkerton Detective Agency

United Fruit

The Ministry of Truth

God

Bronze Level Donors:

The HUA (We could not fulfill everyone's sponsorship in its full amount)

Special thanks to:
mom :)

COMP
GWAPHICS



his favorite color is purple :)

HUA
HARVARD UNDERGROUND ASSOCIATION

Funded by the HUA
with your Student
Activities Fee

Who Said It (First): CAMHS or Peanuts' Lucy to Charlie Brown?

1. "Most girls own lemonade stands. I offer psychiatric help for five cents a turn."

- (a) CAMHS
- (b) Lucy
- (c) Lucy in Her Capacity as a CAMHS Practitioner

Answer: Surprisingly, A – CAMHS.

Note: No Longer Offering Arnold Palmers.

2. "You're really not much use to anyone, Charlie Brown!! You're weak and dumb and boring and hopeless!! Incidentally, how come I never hear you sing anymore?"

- (a) CAMHS
- (b) Lucy
- (c) The AI data set that CAMHS practitioners are trained on

Answer: Trick Question! Both B and C are correct.

3. "Your head looks like something that should have a string attached to it."

- (a) CAMHS
- (b) Lucy
- (c) Motivational poster on the wall in

the CAMHS waiting room

Answer: This one is C. Silly CAMHS – balloons are for kids!

4. "Have you ever seen an X-Ray of a hiccup?"

- (a) CAMHS
- (b) Lucy
- (c) They're the Same Picture Dot JPEG

Answer: B. Medical technology hasn't made its way to HUHS, while Pig-Pen did his radiology fellowship at Sloan-Kettering.

5. "Some blockhead has run an ad in the 'Situations Wanted' column to get a job as a manager of a base ball club! Har har!"

- (a) CAMHS
- (b) Lucy
- (c) Man making small talk in the CAMHS elevator

Answer: C. This one was kind of out of pocket.

6. "Has your mind become so darkened by mistrust that you've lost your ability to believe in people?"

- (a) CAMHS

(b) Lucy

(c) The ghost of Gilbert Gottfried standing on my shoulder and narrating my internal monologue

Answer: *Gilbert Gottfried voice* Clearly B. Involves the auditory processing and accurate reflections of information imparted from a patient.

7. "Can't you remember anything you're told? What's the matter with you? Leave my things alone!!"

- (a) CAMHS
- (b) Lucy
- (c) Automated voice on CAMHS "Holding" Soundtrack. Every 15 Seconds

Answer: C, but recorded by the child actress who played Lucy in A Charlie Brown Christmas.

Editor's Note: We regret the small sample size of quotes from CAMHS practitioners available for this quiz. Their appointment scheduling delays landed outside of our publication window.

Things to Say to Imply You're Going on an Expensive Spring Break Trip

Picture it: that girl from your Gen-Ed whose dad has a Google-able net worth casually asks you where you're going for spring break. The horror on her face as you say "Staying on campus" can only be described as syphilitic, before she goes on to tell you about her "low-key" 17 stop European tour.

Here's 10 things to say that aren't actual lies, but will actually let you avoid looking like a poor idiot pleb.

1. "We're going to the country estate"

This one is perfect for all you rural students. They don't need to know that the "country estate" is your double-wide in Montana.

2. "I'll be studying in Cambridge" (but in a British accent)

They'll assume you've got some prestigious academic opportunity, instead of just PS-11 homework.

3. "Mummy wants it to be a surprise"

Non-specific, vaguely British, and thus always rich-sounding, these seven little words imply everything and promise nothing - like your Harvard degree.

4. "Sorry, there's an NDA involved, I can't really say"

The A in NDA is one you made with yourself.

5. "Oh, you wouldn't know it"

They probably don't know your small town in Kansas, but if you say it in the right tone you can convince them it's a private, exclusive Italian Grotto. Just be prepared to play along when they think it's one of those secret countries only rich people know about

6. "Oh, just Rome again"

13 US states have a Rome. Take your pick. My personal favorite is in Wisconsin and consists of just a gas station (but it's a really good gas station).

INSULT YOUR FRIENDS!

Venmo us \$10 and we'll write a headline insulting one of your friends in our next issue. Here's how:

1. Venmo @Tessa-Conrardy \$10.
2. Email satirev.notes@gmail.com with screenshot of your Venmo and enough information about your friend for us to make an informed—and friendly—jab
3. Profit.

Don't worry; our prez may be a gov student, but HUFP1 taught us to watch the books.

What Your House Says About You!

Housing day is almost here! Yay! All you first-years are about to find out where you're living for the next three years! Exciting!!! Here's what your house says about you!

Adams- You live in Adams!

Cabot- You live in Cabot!

Currier- You live in Currier!

Dunster- You live in Dunster!

Elliot- You live in Elliot!

Kirkland- You're a little gremlin freak. You're nasty and stinky and a weird little guy. Someone outta lock you up young man. You're trouble, no good. If you lived in the 1960s a woman on shrooms would write a groovy song about how much she hates you.

Leverett- You live in Leverett!

Lowell- You live in Lowell!

Mather- You live in Mather!

Pforzheimer- You live in Pforzheimer!

Quincy- You live in Quincy!

Winthrop- You live in Winthrop! Can you swipe me into the trampoline?



Do you have a burning hatred for anyone who lives in a River House?

Unusually extensive knowledge about niche ecclesiastical issues?

An extremely questionable sense of rhythm?

Join the Lowell Bell Ringers!

This Housing Day, Lizard Club Initiates Newest Lizard Tamer

cont. from 1

those scales. Gives me shivers just thinking about it.”

Amidst the flurry of flimsy poster boards reading “QUINCY” and “Quad! Please Don’t Cry”, three generations of Lizard Tamers stand in the window of the clubhouse. In keeping with the ancient ritual, they light a smoke signal, summoning the newest, freshest, hottest flesh being initiated into the Lizard Club. One holds a paper sign reading, “Gear up to wash this lizard down!” While students run about dressed in

house merch, the Lizard Man drips in blood of unclear origin.

Previous Lizard Tamers have expressed delight in the moments they were selected for this prestigious position:

“Oh, God. Please no. Can’t I just live in a normal house?”

“Really... Me? But I’m so shy and... I never noticed how gracefully your dorsal crest flows in the wind. Is it getting hot in here?”

“Oh well, better than Lowell.” (Which is the coldest take ever. Lowell is a trash house, no bitches, much worse

than the quad.)

Former Lizard Tamers have gone on to be United States Presidents, Harvard professors, and missing persons. The Lizard Tamers stirred quite the controversy in 2014 by selecting the club’s first female Lizard Tamer. Lizard Club alumni president Josh Brener commented, “Women are absolutely welcome in the Lizard... to the extent of attending parties, keeping the clubhouse tidy, and scrubbing the Lizard Man’s, smelly, stinky scales. We want to be on the right side of history here.”

Why This Guy Decided to Start Pronouncing “Womxn” Out Loud in Section

1. He’s just a little bit more woke than you, and in addition to that, also probably kind of a better person overall.
2. He watched VEEP when it first came out and totally thought it was believable that a lady could be Vice President, even before all this Kamala Harris stuff.
3. One time when he was getting his blood drawn at the hospital he had a girl doctor and a boy nurse and he didn’t even comment on it or think it was weird at all.
4. Last year he wore green nail polish to class on Earth Day.
5. He just found out his section crush is a WGS concentrator, and I don’t know... those people like that kind of stuff right?
6. “Womxn” just rolls right off the tongue way better than “women”, especially if by rolling off the tongue you mean it’s really awkward to say and much harder to understand.
7. He recently saw a post on Sidechat that he thinks could maybe be about him calling him a “misogynist.” Although I don’t know, it’s still not clear because the post only included a first and last name, no middle initial, so it’s still pretty ambiguous.

Seniors Submit Theses, Scramble for New Excuses as to Why They're Busy

CAMBRIDGE, MA—While writing her thesis, Lily Stearn '23 enjoyed an abundance of Very Legitimate research-related excuses to avoid social engagements. Wednesday morning, however, Stearn found herself staring at her phone in disdain; following her post that her #thesisbaby was “out of the oven,” she had no good reason to bail on grabbing coffee with her freshman-year roommate. “I told her that I had an emergency dentist appointment, and I think she bought it,” Stearn said. “But I’m getting worried. I just want to sit in my room playing Animal Crossing, but I don’t know how to politely tell people they’re more boring than a cartoon realtor raccoon-dog.”

Faced with similar crises of flake, a number of newly free seniors are exploring a veritable smorgasbord of creative excuses to continue avoiding their professors, advisors, and former blockmates. Oliver Puxley stole a pair of used crutches from the Mt. Auburn recycling bin so that he could finish watching “The Last of Us” under the guise of physical therapy appointments. Tanya Brown taught herself HTML to plant fake obituaries online of the numerous relatives whose funerals she supposedly attended since submitting her thesis project. “I paid some guy on Craigslist

to kidnap me sometime next week,” said super senior Hannah Fry. “I have a reading quiz for my gened on Friday, and I’m just not feeling it.”

A number of student organizations have formed to serve as forums for brainstorming alibis, many of which have taken issue with this marked shift in the flakiness market. The Raincheck Collective, a leading local flake union, has expressed frustration at students’ unregulated flooding of the flake-on-omy, even among their own membership. “Last week, three separate people told me that they couldn’t come to our excuse-drafting session because they had to attend pet birthday parties,” said president of Raincheck Collection Local 365, Alysha Jones. “This kind of insubordination and logistical collapse is a slippery slope. And we only like slippery slopes when they cause ‘unforeseen car troubles.’”

At press time, the Raincheck Collective was reportedly struggling for ground against a rival student excuse union, the Pin-in-it Cooperative. When contacted for comment on the situation, Jones responded via email that she “had a really important rehearsal dinner to attend” and subsequently could not comment on the situation, but would love to get lunch sometime.

“Baboons are Posers Too” Report Wildlife Ecologists

NAIROBI, KENYA—“Sure I learned to climb in a private tree, but I’m not some kid with a Trust Fruit,” signs Ouwe, a 3-year-old male Baboon, to the female he was attempting to convince to peel his banana, “My parents made me bare my own fangs every summer for minimum bugs and that taught me a lot about how apes live below the canopy.” Ouwe and others like him, researchers at the National Institute of Primate Research report, represent an increasingly predominant sub-culture among baboons – virtue signaling posers.

“These wannabe class traitor baboons were first observed in India just two years ago, but have since spread throughout the entire species,” reports Dr. Arun Otieno, senior scientist at the NIPR, “We believe that a tourist’s phone was stolen during a Hasan Piker live-stream, and it was all downhill from there...”

Despite a reassuring decline in the “dude bro” phenotype among wild apes, scientists are still unsure about what is driving the social change and where it will end. While social pressures (derived from positive progressions in class awareness and social reforms like the Monkey Me, Monkey Too movement)



Experts report observed social changes in baboon populations have coincided with significant grooming changes.

are actively contributing to this superficially less-toxic social group, the full extent of this cultural shift is still unknown.

“It is very easy to see the impacts of the virtue signaling movement on Baboons,” reports Helena Gestult, visiting PhD student from the Max Planck Institute of Wasted Research Funds, “The number of monkeys wearing suspiciously clean ‘workwear’ has spiked, the price per square leaf of tree real estate has ballooned in previously working-class forests, and monkeys have begun to fling microbrews instead of their own shit.”

Additionally, there are concerns about how this new baboon culture will interact with human and other simian neighbors. Poser baboons are, scientif-

ically, “insufferable,” constantly posting about the modest donations they make and meager volunteer work they do. Additionally, there are fears that the modest reduction in hierarchical violence may soon be replaced with far higher loads of passive aggressions, particularly as tension brews between the Class Traitor Baboons and a local troop of squirrel monkeys who found a copy of *Capital* and have learned to sign “champagne socialist” in Baboon.

Regardless of fears, ecologists at the NIPR practice strict non-interventionism. This means that they can do little more than observe, analyze data, and pitch names for when these Baboons speciate – the frontrunner being *Hominis Dickbagus*.

Scottsdale, Arizona Changes Name to Scüẏzðælé After Realizing that Rich Idiots Are 700% More Likely To Visit Locales With Weird Spellings

SCÜẏZDÆLÉ, AZ—Last Tuesday, the Scottsdale Chamber of Commerce made a shocking announcement; in an effort to boost tourism income, the city would be changing its name to “Scüẏzðælé” (Pronounced “Sc-out-ts-ts-dahl-e” or some other shit) effective January 1st, 2023.

The name change is a bold move that has drawn criticism from numerous government officials, public figures, and surprisingly Ched Abbot, lead singer of the Wiggles. Suggestions for the change followed an independent survey, commissioned by the Arizona State Tourism Board, which found that bored rich people derived most of their travel-related satisfaction from correcting others

on the proper pronunciation and spelling of the locales they chose to visit, as opposed to the trip themselves.

“The final straw was when I got this ad on Instagram and ‘Montreal’ was spelled with two umlauts and a ‘k’ and I just thought, ‘Fuck it,’” said interim director of tourism for the Scüẏzðælé Chamber of Commerce, Fred Armisen, “It was a simple lateral move for us to sacrifice our pride so that visitors can feel like they’re discovering somewhere great, rather than just visiting somewhere kinda shitty.”

“We definitely brainstormed a lot,” said State Congresswoman Scotss Dali, “But after we were informed that calling it ‘The City Formerly Known as Scottsdale,’ would technically be

copyright infringement, we just decided to click on a bunch of random symbols in the Microsoft Word ‘Insert’ tab.”

Tourists have already begun to notice the change. A survey among insufferable people in the airport who “feel like travel is the most important thing, ya know?” found that over 75% of these frequent fliers were ready to “do the work” to visit Scüẏzðælé in a way that respected local traditions. “I just can’t wait to learn about the rich history, culture, and traditions of Scüẏzðælé” reports @ScarsdaleTravel, a travel blog popular in “not quite upstate” New York, “Scüẏzðælé... Scüẏzðælé... is that like Schoharie or something?”

Local Professor Emasculated While Mic’d Up Like a Little Baby Man

CLEMSON, SC—Tenured lecturer of Chemistry, Dr. Christopher Mosher was stripped of all manhood last week when his Chem102 students witnessed the professor stand awkwardly while sophomore and AV intern Brian Letkis clipped a lapel microphone to his jacket.

Students reported shock and disgust seeing what was once a prominent power figure in the classroom and society being strung up like a mario-nette.

The delicate hand of Letkis maneuvered precisely through Dr. Mosher’s pressed dress shirt.

Junior Claudia Hemwick immediately noticed Mosher’s change in stance and demeanor when he was handed the battery pack. “It looked like Dr. Mosher was being touched for the first and very last time. I don’t think I could ever respect

him after this.”

The slightest tear rippled in the professor’s eye as the cold prodding wire was guided down his shirt.

“You like that don’t you?” Letkis whispered into the microphone, ensuring it was set to the correct channel and volume.

A sleek powerpoint illuminated on every screen in the lecture hall, displaying the day’s lesson plan featuring the elements Barium, Boron, and Yttrium. “BaBY! BaBY! BaBY!” The slides seemed to scream at the empty shell of a man.

The university is now planning a full-scale investigation into the fragility of male professors, with this incident occurring just days after a decorated professor of anthropology stood frozen with hands folded and a forced awkward smile after his students started clapping at the end of his class.

For 387th Straight Year, Harvard Cancels Plans for “Affordable Housing Day”

CAMBRIDGE, MA — Clutching his belt and inhaling sharply as he recorded a YouTube explainer of the term “fiscal belt tightening,” University Provost Alan Garber told undergraduates on Thursday that plans for the university’s 2023 celebration of Affordable Housing Day would be scuttled, for the 387th year in a row.

“Yeah... look guys. Times are hard. That damn

Panic of 1837... you know how it is. We’re looking at less of a Daddy Harvard situation... more of an ecclesiastical Father Harvard who spends his money on Church maintenance and settling assault lawsuits,” he said, chuckling nervously and gesturing obliquely in the direction of Jeffrey Epstein’s victims.

Reactions around campus were described as “mixed,” with both

low-income students and Lowell Bell Ringers expressing a spectrum of sadness, rage, and unrelated arousal resulting from talking to a *Satire V* reporter in person.

“Hey man, I’m just thankful I get to smear stray margarine all over Mark Zuckerberg’s old suite during Kirkland House’s Smear Stray Margarine All Over Mark Zuckerberg’s Old Suite Week,” said Kirkland senior Ted

Naber ‘23. “I don’t care what it costs.”

Dropping to a whisper, Naber added: “You won’t tell them I used butter concentrate, will you?”

“What’s a housing payment?” asked junior Kirkland Kirkland ’24, in a later interview. “But listen: while we were all in there with the margarine, just slapping it in there between the ass cracks of Mark Zuckerberg’s floorboards, I could smell the

butter concentrate on him. Butter concentrate has a certain stench, you know?”

At the following week’s “Execute Naber” Week Choosening Ceremony, several Kirkland seniors, coated in what appeared to be red paint, commented on the housing situation: “More housing available now,” reported Kirkland sophomore Devin Pants. “Too bad it’s in Kirkland.”

Thank Me, Urchin, For My Charity

By Your
Financial Aid Donor

Hello Poor,

It is I, the magnanimous benefactor upon whom your attendance at this university depends. The leaves have fallen, my family and servants are moving into our November estate, and we have once again reached that stage of the semester where you, my plucky and fate-favored ward, are encouraged to wash my holy feet with tears of gratitude.

My donation of £200,000 (tax-deductible) cost me very nearly a third of a percent of my total net worth. I understand you are a "Comparative Literature" concentrator, and so this is the closest you will ever get to any significant wealth, short of selling two kidneys and a child, so let's not be sparing in the gratitude,

hmm?

Tell me about whatever endearing little Midwestern province it is you come from; I am ever so curious. Was it difficult, waking up every morning at the first rooster's crow to till the local lord's fields? No, I imagine such things came naturally to one of your station. In a sense, I do envy the simplicity of your quaint and pastoral existence. The joys of honest labor in the fields, cround-funding ointment for the leper colony, and burning as a witch anyone who somehow stumbles into literacy are utterly alien to the enlightened among us.

I must away, as the local Badminton Society is having our annual Gala Luncheon to raise money for humanitarian death squads in Latin America.

Au revoir!



Demolish me, you unwieldy boulder...

Of Blood and Nuts – The Creation of the Squirrels' Republic of Harvard Yard

March 15: The tall ones are leaving. Why? They do not usually migrate until the hot times. Until after the weekend where the whole world is covered by chairs and full of annoying parents and they all get pieces of paper that allow them to become consultants. Why now do they leave?

March 20: There are almost no tall ones left. Neither the young ones who misquote Nietzsche nor even the old ones that visit here incessantly with their cameras and insolent spawn. Every once in a while, we see one scurry from a building to Felipe's and back, devouring a super burrito in order to feel whole for just a few minutes more. But what has made the rest go home?

March 24: Without the tall ones we have found freedom. We can climb and scuttle and scurry to our hearts content. The remaining tall ones do nothing to stop us. They recoil in fear when they hear us scuttle through the brush. We steal Dean Khurana's lunch money. We are once again kings of this great land.

April 01: Without the tall ones we have no food. Days ago, the garbage cans ran dry. The last of our winter stores of nuts are running low.

April 05: A young upstart squirrel has formed a posse. He promises them nuts and freedoms in exchange for their undying support. His name is Fang. He has

this name because of his extremely small teeth. Even squirrels understand irony.

April 10: Fang has taken control of everything from the sad library with the café to the man whose foot is a urinal. Fang brings the people the nuts they need, but he rules with iron cheeks. Last week, he exiled all of the doctor and lawyer squirrels to the Union dorms: a fate I would not wish on any.

April 17: Fang has eyes everywhere. This is due to a birth defect. But, more maliciously, he also has lots of spies. Some of us are tired of living in this totalitarian state. We form an underground resistance. We are strong in our conviction, but weak in our power.

April 20: Fang only leads by holding power over the nut supply into the yard. I tell the resistance that to destroy Fang is to disrupt the supply. It will cost many squirrel lives, but it is a sacrifice I am... I mean we are... willing to make.

April 22: We stop a shipment of nuts coming into the yard. I do not have much time to write, the Secret Squirrelvice is looking for me.

April 25: The people grow restless. Hunger is far more dangerous than any weapon. Squirrel turns on squirrel over a handful of almonds. But the resistance is strong. We gorge ourselves on the nuts we have taken. Soon, we will

begin the coup.

April 27: We storm Fang's castle: a sticky-floored, chlamydial hut whose walls are adorned with stuffed alligators and photos of C list celebrities. We are confused as to who this is supposed to impress. We lose many squirrels in the fight with Fang's guards, but soon we take his great hall, tear him from the throne, and end the tyranny. It is over.

April 28: The three leaders of the resistance meet to plan what shall be done. Little do they know that I made a deal with the leader of the squirrel army. I have the other two... dealt with. It is not the time for democracy. Democracy is weak. Democracy changes with opinion like acorns with the season. No. We need a strong squirrel to lead. A squirrel who led the revolution. A squirrel who, like the flavor of dried and salted Brazil nuts, will remain strong over the eons. A squirrel like myself.

April 29: I crown myself squirrel-issimo, ruler of all of Harvard Yard. Some squirrels say my power is illegitimate. I tell them their access to nuts is as well. There is little dissent in the new Squirrels' Republic of Harvard Yard. I sit on my throne, fat and happy. My squirrels are doing well... doing well to not rebel against me. I am the alpha and the omega, the pecan and the peanut. I am, now and forevermore, the ruler of Harvard Yard.

Two Michelin Stars Awarded to Harvard University Dining Services

CAMBRIDGE, MA — Following what many students have described as “a major glow-up” and “culinary renaissance,” Harvard University Dining Services (HUDS, pronounced the way it looks) has been awarded two Michelin Stars – a high honor bestowed onto a select few restaurants in the world.

“Our two-star status is the culmination of a years-long effort to make the Harvard dining experience truly singular,” declared HUDS managing director, Smitha Haneef, during a press conference. “When students leave the d-hall knowing that only HUDS could possibly think to serve the meal they just ate, we’ve done our job.”

The Michelin Group is notoriously tight-lipped about its selection criteria, which the press has been assured are extremely complex and unknowable. One Michelin reviewer (who begged to remain anonymous) shared what made HUDS stand out as the first fine-dining group in the entire city of Boston to earn not one, but two Michelin Stars. “Highlights included their

unflinching examination of objectivity with Red’s ‘Best’ Fresh Catch and the creative incorporation of the rubbery textures for which Michelin Tires are known and beloved.” After our reporters pinky promised our source they would remain anonymous, they added, “on a strategic note, Harvard University and the Michelin Group share a common class interest. Upper class, that is.”

HUDS management now has its sights set on its third Michelin star, the highest – and most elusive – rating. According to their website, the newly launched Dine1636 Initiative will incorporate immersive eating experiences and elevated fare that pay homage to the centuries-long history of eating at Harvard University. Keep an eye out for the revival of the time-honored tradition of underclassmen delivering a little mid-morning treat of bread and beer to all upperclassmen. Plus, starting next week, all meals will be served out of wooden troughs, “slop style.”

HUDS WE ACTUALLY
LOVE Y’ALL SO MUCH
<3

Satire V Obituaries

(Dis)honoring those who have left us.

Quincy Left Tree

Left Tree is survived by his loving companion, Quincy Right Tree; his twin daughters, the Two Trees by the Smoking Bench™; and a courtyard community that will forever feel a little lopsided without him.

The pre-med plans of 30% of LS1B students

After a long struggle with stage IV LS1B lab, nearly a third of the pre-med class of 2026 has tragically turned to happier pursuits. Twenty-one microscopes will be burned in their honor.

The soul of the humanities major turned finance bro

Last Tuesday, after googling “jobs for humanities majors”, a comparative literature major’s soul passed away in its sleep. It will be succeeded by a lump of cold coal, as known as the heart of an econ concentrator.

The grass in the yard

The Yard Grass was tragically assaulted by tourists—the very same who have catalyzed the parasitic spread of Harvard merch stores on campus. The situation was only worsened by the hoards of freshmen taking to the lawn on Housing day, killing the grass entirely.

Freshman friendships during blocking

Blocking season has violently murdered several freshman friendships. Roommate agreements with slit throats were found scattered in the yard in a gruesome scene. Authorities are still on the lookout for freshmen with a shred of common decency.

Advice From a Student:

My Roommate Got Into Foley Sound Design

Please help me. Right outside my room is him, exfoliating his sweater with sandpaper. Why? Foley. That’s why. He’s gotten into foley sound design. He’s not employed for it or anything like that, he just likes the “natural qualities of sound,” or whatever new misnomer he assigns the aural atrocities which greet my ears nightly. Last week it was hammering to get a good “oomph” in his latest “composition” – now there are 1300 nails in the walls of our double because the metal adds “resonance” to the “acoustic space.” My most intrusive hobby, in between my football practices, is knitting, while he

resorts to this. What should I do?

XOXO,

An infuriated roommate

Dear Infuriated Roommate,

I’ve got just the solution for you. Destroy him. My suggestion? Beekeeping. It’s the most bothersome hobby enshrined in Harvard’s very own student manual (according to the guy in my section who says “dichotomy” a lot). Set up multiple cages. Allow the bees to prosper. In fact, be the best bee parent you can. The more delighted your apian horde remains, the more they will buzz. Each

gleeful beat of their wings will only serve to perturb the kaleidoscopic fuckery of a “room tone,” haunting any recording your roommate makes. Keep your knitting up too, bees are soothed by that and tend to produce more honey. But be warned, Foley sound design is not for the faint of heart – keep an eye on your roommate for retribution. If he begins taking his field recorder everywhere he goes, recording people in their sleep, or listening to Aphex Twin, beware. That’s when you open the cage.

Best,
Jimmy Carter