



WU Underground

Connie's Choices Increasingly Reflecting Her Recent Break-Up

Washington University in St. Louis's surname-less dietitian, "Connie", has recently been recommending dietary choices that students have found to be a bit out of the ordinary.

In the past, Connie's choices typically encourage students to consume bland, healthy foods and plenty of fruits and vegetables. But just last week, Connie demanded that students forget about meals and instead eat as many sugary desserts throughout the day as they possibly can.

Freshman Mary Cattleburg was thrilled with the news. "Normally, Connie doesn't recommend eating an entire carton of Chunky Monkey ice cream while watching "The Notebook" and crying, but this week it's all she talks about! Score! I love ice cream!" she said.

Other new suggestions include the Connie's Choice® Rum Cake: drink a fifth of rum while crying into the rest of the birthday cake you made for yourself! Connie also recommends forgetting about all those useless numbers on nutritional facts since they are actually really vague and unreliable. For example, when looking at the total calories

from fat, just say "why bother, he thought you looked like a cow anyway" instead.

Students have begun creating various conspiracy theories in an attempt to provide an explanation for Connie's psychotic choices.

"Maybe Connie's been smoking a lot of weed lately, or maybe she only has three months left to live," speculated Roger Thornburgh, the number-one drug dealer for three whole dorms on the South Forty.

Last Monday, Connie came out with a revised version of the traditional food groups and has created what she calls "Connie's Choice® Top-Five-Food-Groups-To-Clog-My-Bleeding-Heart: milk

chocolate, dark chocolate, mint chocolate, chocolate milk, and M&Ms. These will make you feel good in ways he never could".

"Once the new food group list came out, I just knew Connie must have been dumped" explains Janice Nottingham, a junior psychology major. "Her choices are just completely irrational for anyone to make except for a psychotic and overly emotional train-wreck," explains Nottingham. "She'll definitely never get laid again if she continues at this rate!"

Connie would like to remind everyone to throw trash in the appropriate receptacles.



Connie has also updated her logo to reflect her new singleness.

Students Allowed to Drop Lowest WILD

In an official decree from the WashU administration designed to adopt a more lenient stance on judging students' partying abilities, students are now allowed to drop their lowest WILD. Previously, students who were not able to make it to the biannual concert due to excessive drinking were ridiculed for their failure, and perhaps adorned with drawings of penises on their faces. This policy was deemed too harsh however, and officials are hoping the new one will encourage students to binge drink without fear of reprimand or social ostracism.

"You really have to be some sort of drinking god to hit the perfect level of drunken oblivion for eight WILD's in a row," said Joseph Stark, the dean responsible for adjusting the Washington University

Behavioral Code of Conduct. "We certainly wouldn't want students to try to make it every time by reducing their alcohol consumption, so this gives them a bit of leeway while encouraging them to keep going hard."

The policy change has been in the works ever since January, when in a devastating blow to WashU's social reputation, the university was given a failing grade for "night life" in the "CollegeProwler" report card. Although technically the grade was a "B", everyone at WashU considers the two synonymous.

"Look, academic rigor and research are all fine and great, blah blah blah, but let's get real here," said Stark. "Prospective students have certain things they're looking for. Specifically, the frequency with which the average student gets super

schwasty and makes bad decisions. That is, after all, the true hallmark of American universities." WashU, famously known as, "that one other school that they might have based "Animal House" off of but it was probably just Dartmouth," indeed has a long-standing reputation of interfraternal irresponsibility and debauchery to uphold.

"We're just concerned that the average student might be so focused on getting that perfect 4.0 GPA that they lose sight of shooting for the 4.0 BAC," Stark continued, "I mean, only 4% of our students even reported drinking more than three nights a week in a recent survey. Come on now people, that's just bordering on embarrassing."

The new policy emphasizes that students must have a valid excuse approved by the

Buried WU Underground

Mole Within Thurtene Honorary Exposes All Their Boring Secrets

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Varsity Chess Club Feels Out Of Place At Athlete Formal

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Foodoholics Anonymous Death Tolls Rise After Initial Members Are "Clean One Week"

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Guy Whose Semen Tastes Amazing Unsure How To Communicate Message

page 2:11-12

Hipster Volunteers At Deaf School; Plays Music They've Probably Never Heard

page Z

Judicial Board in order to receive the official pardon, so as to make sure the policy is encouraging partying. Valid excuses include being "on fire" at the Beirut table, not wanting to let friends take shots by themselves, and any injuries inflicted after yelling 'Bro! Wait, bro! I just got the best idea. Check this out!'"

In an inspiring address to the undergraduate student body, Chancellor Wrighton concluded with a simple message: "Guys. It's WILD. Let loose! Have fun. And most importantly: post pictures of you and your, preferably most attractive and if applicable, most ethnic friends, having fun on Facebook so prospective students will want to come here."

Holmes Lounge to Increase Semen Levels in Special Sauce

Following complaints from numerous students, the staff at Holmes Lounge has decided to double the amount of splooge in the "special sauce". To keep up with demand, the chefs working at Holmes are now contractually obligated to masturbate into the mixing bowl no fewer than three

times a day, as the new recipe will call for "porn-star levels of cum," according to Sous Chef Damien Smith.

Jizz was first included in the recipe in the early 90's. Following a streak of poor sales, disgruntled and frustrated employees "let loose" in the sauce, not in culinary

exploration, but with malicious intent. Much to their surprise, Holmes Lounge saw a resurgence of sales as students took to the change in recipe. Since then, the sauce has maintained the same portion of man juice, but now, like a bukakke actress, students are asking for more.

"I mean don't get me wrong, the sauce is good," says sophomore Matt Perkins. "But by my calculations, an eight hour shift and a refractory period of 20 minutes should yield 24 manloads per employee. They can do way better."

The "special" in the sauce is not only enjoyed by students, but also approved by faculty. In particular, Connie (of Connie's Choice fame) cites the nutritional benefits of the server's seed saying that it is "actually quite high in protein."

Although the female Holmes employees do not have to physically contribute to the sauce's new mixture due to biology, they are

contractually obligated to perform new duties. Such tasks include, but are not limited to: showing a little leg, making pillow talk after each order, and not cringing at the word splooge. Also handjob. Lots of handjobs.

As of press time, sauce-only sandwiches and extra special "hand-made" wraps are available for \$10.95 each.



The special sauce recipe will be showcased in the new "hand-made" wraps.

Classmates Utterly Unsurprised by Fellow Student Committing Murder

When police publicized the name of WashU sophomore and suspected murderer Jimmy Neuman yesterday morning, the public's response was perceptibly underwhelming. Classmates and friends of the young man who almost certainly killed freshman Todd Clavers in cold blood seemed unperturbed by the presence of a murderer on campus, explaining repeatedly that they all "totally saw it coming." They then proceeded to eat the salami sandwiches provided at the wake.

"When we found out a student had been murdered, it was obviously a devastating blow to the community," explained sophomore Beth Turkins. "But when they told us that Jimmy was the lead suspect, we were kind of all like 'oh, okay. That fits.'"

The low shock associated with the slaying has made coping with the tragedy remarkably easy, according to grieving friends and family members. Although they will miss Clavers greatly, mourning his death would be "a bit like mourning the fact that a dog barked."

Those close to Jimmy say there were "dozens" of warning signs that should have clued in "any idiot" that Jimmy was on the cusp of committing a brutal murder. Suite-mate Charles Maloney chuckled amiably in recalling an outing to Chef Central in which "[Jimmy] was positively enthralled by a CutCo knife demonstration...and the chick doing it wasn't even hot!" Apparently when Jimmy purchased said CutCo appliance, he stated his intent to use it not for

its advertised purpose as a poultry knife, but as a homicide tool. "He literally said 'this will make a great homicide tool.' I guess that's why I'm not alarmed at his killing spree," he said with a wink.

Even Jimmy's mother was unsurprised that her son was most likely guilty of committing fifteen homicides in and around the Clayton area. She recalls a second grade talent-show stint where Jimmy took the stage and sang "Mary Had a Little Lamb," which she claims "was like a horror movie where dead children creepily sing nursery rhymes. I couldn't sleep for weeks."

"All in all, not my best work, parenting-wise," she said. "Although he did show more follow-through than his brother, who's only ever been arrested for attempted murder."

When we turned to the University to provide context for the murders, Jimmy's R.A. admitted

that "he did repeatedly say that he was going to shoot up the school and surrounding community on May 4th at 2:34PM, so I guess this is what he was talking about." In addition to this declaration of sentiments, one particularly prescient floor meeting of superlatives pegged Neuman as the cold-blooded sociopath everyone knew him to be; while others on the floor were voted into light-hearted categories including "most likely to get pregnant" and "most likely to do meth with their grandma," Jimmy unanimously won "most likely to completely lose his shit and shoot up the block."

Chancellor Mark Wrighton summed up the killing-spree in a personal and candid interview with Wunderground. "It's always heartbreaking when a lonely, misunderstood kid goes on a shooting rampage as a cry for help and no one sees it coming. Luckily that wasn't the case here!"



The least creepy of the pictures posted on Jimmy's Facebook profile.

WUnderground

WUnderground is WashU's premier [only] satirical newspaper and should be taken about as seriously as that lump you just found. 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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Unusually Productive Math Club Meeting Accidentally Proves There's No God



In an unexpected turn of events at the Math Club meeting last Friday, the group stumbled upon unequivocal proof that God does not exist. The finding, which has led billions of people around the world to question the very essence of their existence, marked a sharp deviation from typical meetings

in which three people show up to discuss whether seven or four is the better number. After the proof was complete, members purportedly sat in silence for fifteen seconds before murmuring "makes sense."

"We didn't make much progress in the way of math discussion but still a pretty good meeting

if you ask me," said president Seth Berkowitz. "Missed Shabbat dinner for it but hey, no point anymore, am I right?"

The discussion began when Berkowitz mentioned offhand that Isaac Newton was probably better at math than Jesus. Others countered with the fact that Newton had the unfair advantage of centuries of mathematical discovery, having been born later. A flurry of arguments and two Richard Dawkins citations later, the group had unwittingly formulated an airtight proof against God's existence.

Despite the surprising success of the 58 minutes spent at the meeting, Berkowitz plans to adhere more strictly to matters relevant to mathematics in future meetings.

"We're a math club, first and foremost. We're not out to do anything worthwhile or produc-

tive," he said.

In the time since the revelation, countless religious organizations have folded or embarrassingly apologized to parishioners for wasting their time. The Middle East meanwhile is now completely at peace with both sides sharing a hearty laugh over having acted so silly these past few millennia.

Pope Benedict XVI meanwhile, reacted to the news with anger. "God dammit! I mean...holy shit! I mean...wow," he said upon learning that his entire life has pretty much been completely wasted. "I've gotta be honest I feel like a total doofus right now. Curse you, WashU Math Club!"

Benedict is the fourth pope to publicly denounce the WashU Math Club. As usual God was unavailable for comm—oh! That makes sense now.

Cinco de Mayo Celebrations Spoiled by Rampant Whiteness on Campus

The not-so-highly-anticipated release of the date for this year's Cinco de Mayo festivities (May 5th) occurred inadvertently last Thursday in a particularly enlightening period of Spanish 101. Although freshman Ken Trentwood admitted he probably should have realized the translation sooner, he was nonetheless thrilled at knowing exactly when he could look forward to smacking piñatas around and throwing back shots without a single clue as to why the hell Cinco de Mayo is a holiday.

"At first I thought Cinco de Mayo was the celebration of the plight of the Buddhist Mexican, but then I realized that was Ramadan. Or maybe Bastille Day? Regardless, I think I'll be pretty trashed on all those days", explained Trentwood.

However, Trentwood and many other Caucasian, African, and Asian Americans feel as though

their plans to rage on "Cinco de Drinko" are being spoiled by the generally blasé behavior of Mexican students in regards to the upcoming holiday. It seems the Hispanic minority will effortlessly be celebrating in more style than any other race come May 5th.

For instance, Junior Juan Fernandez, casual bull fighter, was spotted pre-gaming in Whispers with a surreptitious Margarita Frappuccino one week prior to Cinco de Mayo. Fernandez's stealthy conduct and incredible tolerance for tequila has left many self-proclaimed campus "party animals" very intimidated.

"Honestly, I don't see Greek Life, KWUR, the Co-op, or any other campus group outdoing the Latinos on this one. They're so nonchalant, bronzed, and considerably more aware of the reason they're celebrating," admitted one



disappointed White sophomore male, Ted Smart. "Plus there's no way I'll be able to masquerade my way into one of their fiestas if my mustache doesn't grow in soon."

In the face of extraordinarily bleak Cinco de Mayo prospects,

keep your eyes peeled for "May the 4th Be With You" celebrations. Light Saber rave shows and other Chewbacca themed events will likely be catering to the average white nerd all night.

POINT



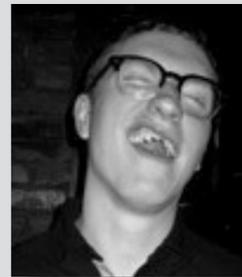
Despite What Ralph Says, I Didn't Actually Wet My Pants Last Weekend

by Kris Martinez,
junior

There's been a lot of talk recently about me allegedly wetting my pants last weekend while talking to a girl. I'd like to take this opportunity to clear the air and state explicitly that this rumor is false – nothing of the sort ever happened. I have no idea how such an idea ever got spread around in the first place, as it has absolutely zero basis in reality. I did go to a party last weekend but nothing particularly eventful or embarrassing happened while I was there. It's not

even like I spilled something on myself by accident to give the impression that I might have peed myself. It's just a complete fabrication designed to make me look bad. It's probably Ralph's doing. He's always trying to make me look bad but he should really have no credibility at this point, seeing how much he lies, especially about me. I really hope that everyone sees through what he's saying and doesn't buy into the ridiculous gossip.

COUNTER-POINT



Are You Really Going to Believe Someone Who Wets His Pants?

by Ralph Abbott,
junior

Hey everyone, Kris totally wet his pants last weekend while talking to a girl! It was super embarrassing. He's telling everyone that it never happened but let's be real – are you really going to believe someone who wets his pants? In the end, you've gotta put his words against mine in determining the truth. Now ask yourself, are you going to believe the words of a pants-wetter like Kris or a non-pants-wetter like me? The answer is obvious: me. Kris is only trying to get you to believe he didn't wet

his pants because it's embarrassing. Typical selfish motives. He's probably peeing in his pants right now. Make sure to laugh at him the next time you see him!

An Open Letter to WUnderground Readers from the Editor-in-Chief

For the last two years, I have served the WashU community as the editor-in-chief of its second-best and only satirical newspaper, WUnderground. During this time, I've covered the hardest-hitting fake news events this university has seen, from an asshole scientist not sharing his cancer cure with anyone (volume 7 issue 2), to the discovery just last month that girls don't poop. It has been my responsibility to ensure the integrity and quality of our publication, all while abiding by a strict one-penis-joke-per-article minimum for every issue. It hasn't been easy. People outside of the WUnderground staff have this notion that writing for the paper is all about getting stoned and thinking of poop jokes. See I was trying to keep that a secret. What's more, with SU cracking down on embezzlement and money laundering, I've taken pay cuts every semester since I started. It just goes to show you how difficult this job can be.

When I first took over in September 2010 after the mysterious poison-related deaths of WUnderground's previous President, Vice President, and Presidential-Poison-Guard-Againster, I knew nothing of what was required to run the paper. While I excelled at poisoning people, I was unsure how to translate this skill to my new position. The paper was suffering from flagging readership and low name recognition, and all I had to work with was a disorganized, unmotivated staff beneath me who seemed more interested in solving a stupid triple homicide than writing satire.

What followed was a work in progress, a trial and error period of writing and soul-searching that drove the paper to become what it is today – arguably better, definitely older. We've strived to be an outlet of the WashU student community, to advocate for them in a way that only satire can, to bitch about its problems in the poignant way only humor can, and to ultimately fall short of realizing any actual change, in the way only the medium of print newspaper can.

In these past four semesters, I'd like to think we've lived up to those goals. We've produced video content for the first time, including a 13-minute documentary on our paper, we've revamped the website and are now read on six continents, and staff murders are down 33%. None of these achievements (except the last one) would have been possible without you, our loyal readers. The stupid things you guys have done over the years have provided material beyond my most optimistic expectations, and for that you have my most sincere and hearty thanks.

And so, dear readers, I leave you in the capable hands of my successors David Drucker and Jeff Leibovich, with the hope that during their reign you all keep bumbling, keep reading, and most importantly keep laughing. I hope it's been as enjoyable a ride for you as it has been for me. Penis.

Respectfully,
Zack Pinsky

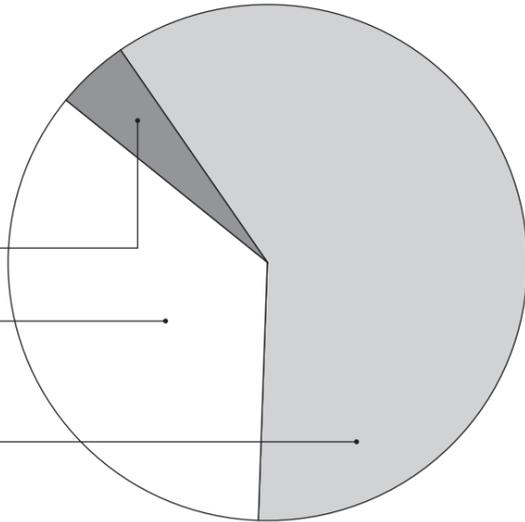
Top 10...

Ways to Find Out If Your Friend is Pregnant

10. If you have a pregnancy fetish, are you aroused?
9. Is she currently giving birth?
8. Is she fat, but not that type of fat?
7. Is she binge-drinking only once a week now?
6. Has she recently changed from pro-life to pro-choice?
5. Has she recently googled "fuck I'm pregnant"?
4. Was she taking notes while watching Juno?
3. Is her response to wanna have sex "I have nothing to lose"?
2. Have bears stopped being attracted to her?
1. Has she bought a lot of coat hangers recently?

SPECIAL REPORT: Where Team 31's money went this year

- 5% to the band
- 12% paying students to act like they've heard of them
- 43% so much blow



What Do You Think?

Junior Bavid Crucker was totally spotted kissing a guy recently. WDYT?



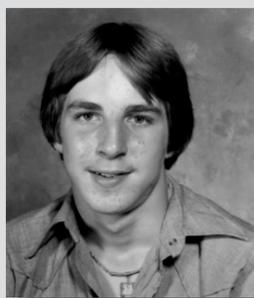
Josh Ratliff
Junior; friend of Crucker

"Lolz."



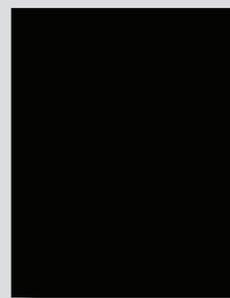
Phil Weatly
Senior; fraternity brother of Crucker

"That's not news."



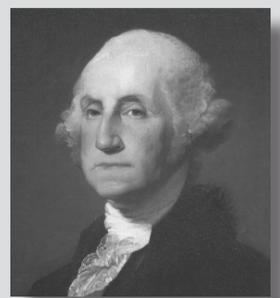
Kyle Billings
Junior; Crucker's roommate

"Sounds about right."



No One

"Oh, really? But he seemed so heterosexual!"



George Washington
first president of the U.S.

"Saw that coming."