

HAPPY CHALLAH DAYS

WUUnderground

DECEMBER 13TH, 2020 VOL 17, ISSUE 3 PRICE: UNCONDITIONAL LOVE

BURIED WUNDERGROUND

Digital win! Racist uncle booted from Holiday Zoom

Page 2 (maybe)

Trump rejected by first choice Electoral College, but that's ok, he'll probably just end up at WashU

Page uhhh I think 6?

"Yeah, I'd say we're middle class" says Dorchester resident whose dad "worked really hard for their money"

Page i'm sure this one is on 3

"Inspiring: To gain back bored students' attention, Professor McLaughlin consumes entire raw baby on camera"



is there a Page 7?

Report: After years, scientists have concluded that ice buckets have cured ALS

Page -1

Report: if you name your firstborn Fushigi, he gains levitation powers

Page 14

The Case for Middle Child Reparations

This piece was rejected by the Danforth Dispatch. So much for supporting freedom of tho(ugh)t.

In a society dominated by extremes, the plight of middle children is something that's been consistently ignored. Constantly overlooked and undervalued, middle children are the backbone of society. And we demand reparations for the pain we've felt for years.

Some of you with many siblings may be reading this saying "Yes! Finally someone realizes my struggle!" To that I say, maybe. That depends on whether or not you fit my specific definition of middle child. Simply being somewhere in between the first and last born children doesn't cut it for me; you have to consider the intersectionality of sibling privilege. There are levels to this shit.

If you're the second oldest in a family of five kids? You're not a middle child. You reap many of the benefits from being an older child and only suffer limited childhood trauma from not actually being the oldest or youngest. That's not to say you don't suffer other trauma (re: notable second oldests Abraham Lincoln and John F. Kennedy's head trauma), but this is not about you. And if

you're one of two middle children? You can just fight to assert who the true middle child is; it'll be a good tactic to get attention from your parents who probably wish they would've just used protection in the first place. Up to you.

There are certainly middle children whose unfortunate birth positionality hasn't stifled their success. But think about all who've suffered. Look no further than the Manning brothers. Maybe Peyton would still have a hairline if it weren't for the stress and emotional suffering he endured trying to get atten-



See above. Cooper Manning wasn't included because he's generally irrelevant, but he does have a hairline. Don't trust me? Google is free.

tion as a middle child. So where does that leave us? Who will finance our reparations fund that we undoubtedly deserve? I'm looking at you, Daddy Bezos. As an eldest child you've had everything given to you shiny and new, so I'm counting on you to invest some of your billions and billions of extra dollars into a middle child reparations fund. Additionally, there is a long list of others who benefit from birth order privilege who can help. (Looking at you, only children. You may be socially awkward but at least you never had hand-me-downs.) Regardless of who contributes, I hope you all finally acknowledge the suffering of middle children in our aggressively hierarchical western culture. It's what we deserve.



I am the Miracle of Life Baby, and This is My Story

I am the "Miracle of Life" baby all grown up. Remember watching the projected image of my head emerging from the womb on your 6th grade classroom whiteboard? Who can forget? My transformation from a microscopic cell to a glistening, incarnadine bundle was a special moment in time.

While many children were forced to watch my birth in middle school as a cautionary tale against pregnancy, I prefer to think of it as educating the masses on just how wonderfully strange life can be. There are now millions of American children who have witnessed my Miracle. That's power right there.

I watch my Miracle every day. On the train to work or on my lunch break I set aside a few minutes to watch the live footage of my birth. It humbles me. I don't care that people tend to leave the vicinity when I watch my Miracle in public; it makes me feel good. Isn't that what living is all about?

In my early twenties, I decided that I should be spreading my seed as far as I could. Of course, I am a woman so I cannot spread my seed. Instead, and against my doctor's counsel, I have donated 100 eggs to various people in need across the world. I have children everywhere!

Point is: don't listen to your doctor or anyone who tries to stifle your Miracle. Life is precious—I remind myself of that every day.

Sent from:
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Ketchikan, AK 99901-6270



Op-Ed: In Defense of Sally the Salad Robot

Since their installation in the Bear's Den, much invective has been hurled at the humble salad robots, none of it merited. The Salad Robot is objectively the best option for salad-serving. First, it provides options that human workers cannot. Try finding a minimum-wage worker willing to sing me a little ditty when they have finished making my salad, like Sally does.

Second, protestations against the "quality argument" for Sally mostly come from those without the life experiences to back up their claims. As is all-too-common among leftist youth, freshmen who say that there must be a better salad option are simply revealing their ignorance of the socialist deprivation that was the Paws & Go salad bar.

Lastly, despite a short-term loss of income, workers whose previous jobs will now be done by Sally and her kin will be compensated for their role in moving America's economy into the age of mechanization after this economic shift leads to the election of Andrew Yang in 2036 and his subsequent payment of Freedom Dividends to American families.



WUNDERGROUND

WUnderground is WashU's premier (only) satirical newspaper and should be taken about as seriously as the round-earthers.

The news reported by this paper is fictitious. Any resemblance to persons living, ailing or dead is entirely intentional.

OVERLORDS

Jon Niewjik
Overlord

Hannah Anderson
Sub-lord

Lila Puziss
Sub-lord

Nicholas LaMorte
Sub-lord

UNDERLORDS

- Abbey Rose
- Carina Greenberg
- Isabelle Roig
- Jess King
- Jonah Brody
- Jonathan Cher
- Josh Keller
- Julia Birnbach
- Kamy Chong
- Lydia Nickels
- Max Woods
- Samson Seley
- Will LeVan
- Wyatt Pelton

LAYOUT TROLLS

- Eylul Horozoglu
- Kirsten Holland
- Sara Frankenthaler

UNPAID INTERNS

- Brandon Jones
- Benjamin Orlinick
- Ellery Saluck
- Rusty Dagon
- Kevin Wang
- Noah Gluck
- Rida Qureshi
- Sam Auditore
- Margaret Dresselhuys
- Anna Sheriff

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OPINIONS

Point:



Counter Point:



BREAKING: WUPD Arrests Antique Thief

The infamous "antique thief" was detained by WUPD last night at around 10 p.m. He was caught in an apartment on the 6000 block of Kingsbury Ave. hugging a vintage mahogany set, with channel knobs and all, a real antique, trying to hoist himself out of the second story window. An associate had installed a zipline allowing him to flee to the adjacent property where the associate was detained later that night in his living room watching "World War II in Color" and eating squash and beef soup.

Upon questioning, police deduced that he was the same convict behind the recent thefts of an old sewing machine, a Civil War rifle, and an entire water mill—all on separate occasions but within a span of 45 minutes.

Other stolen items were found in the possession of the antique thief—such as a typewriter and a Metrecal can (diet foods from the '50s that targeted women's bodily insecurities)—who himself possessed no forms of identification but went by the alias "John

Stuart Mill," and argued throughout the investigation about how his thievings maximized utilities. When I informed him that he had misunderstood the central incentive of utilitarianism, he exploded into a polemic that I was a God-fearing deontologist with no understanding of utilitarianism, and that this was clear in that I violated the Harm Principle when I used my authority to unjustifiably hurt his feelings. When I asked whether he'd like to make an additional argument from authority that, since he is John Stuart Mill himself, he knows utilitarianism better than anyone. To this he replied that he was not John Stuart Mill but John Stuart Mill. To which I replied with a series of psychoanalytic insinuations which may be summarized with the question: "so what are you really stealing here?"

That got him up.

He had the police undo his handcuffs, and we exchanged a few blows, until the cops realized it was not as exciting as they'd hoped for, but rather a pathetic spectacle of grappling and elbow-jerking. They asked themselves why they'd let a

journalist into the investigation room in the first place, as this was entirely against policy—since it is far easier to pressure suspected criminals into making false confessions if no one is around to expose you for it—so eventually they had the handcuffs on both of us, but not until I landed an awesome uppercut on his jaw. The face of the antique thief, bruised and bleeding, looked more like rotten fruit by the time I was done with him.

I was unscathed and remained very handsome as my mother insists.

The coppers forced me to leave the room, but I was allowed to watch the remainder of the interrogation through a peephole if I paid a small fee and gave one good compliment. (I stole for the sheriff a line by F. Scott Fitzgerald: "You're the only girl I've seen for a long time that actually did look like something blooming.") There is little to say about the remainder of the investigation, as I missed most of it fucking the sheriff.

The antique thief was sentenced to death.



“Im Totally Gonna do Acid” says Student for Four Months.

With the canceling of on-campus events, in-person classes, and group activities, it's easy to see why many WashU students are less than thrilled. However, some optimistic students are planning to make the most of this extra free time. One such student is sophomore Sal Aguiar. "Oh yeah, this is the perfect time to do acid," says Aguiar.

"When am I gonna do it? Soon, definitely," said the self-proclaimed hallucinogen expert. "Yeah, I was planning on tripping on Halloween, but then my dealer left for New York. Totally sucked. Then I was gonna do it on this other weekend but my dad came to town. So lame."

Aguiar claims to know "tons of people who've done psychedelics" (one kid on his freshman floor) and

that they're "just really in the right mindset for it" (just wants to feel something). When asked for comment, Aguiar's roommate Alexander Jans said of the aspiring Deadhead and Hunter S. Thompson wannabe, "He's been saying this since September. Every weekend he'll play his Dark Side of the Moon vinyl in the common room and say some shit like 'I can't wait to experience this while I'm tripping.' Every. Fucking. Weekend."

After offering Aguiar a tab of acid I happened to have on my person, he said "uh, wait what? I actually have to meet with my management group, I've gotta go" and quickly fled the interview.



Yeah telling girls im gonna do acid is such a cool line. I got bitches off the xanz.

God Doesn't Want My Future Children to Die in a Rubber Sack. He Wants Them Eaten

BABY 🐱💖👩🏻💖👩🏻💖

We've been hooking up for a few weeks and u always send me those insta posts about "communication", so i gotta say it's mad disrespectful that u make me wrap my massive schlong every time we fuck n i think next time u should not be a pussy and swallow like a real good girl.

i just wonder what ur women's studies professor would say when she heard that u made me grubhub u shake shack and buy condoms because that doesnt sound very feminist to me ...

lowkey tho it just makes me feel worthless that ur making all my nitty-gritty-nut-gushers live their whole lives in disposable latex, suffocated by synthetic petroleum when they didn't get to see the light of day a ha ha....

like honestly if u really think about it from a post-enlightenment christocentric theological lens ur not only offending me ur straight up offending God lowkey.

if we read Psalm 127:3 (" behold, children are a heritage from the Lord, the fruit of the womb a reward"), the fact that my 16 ounce brisket of a dick is forced to be asphyxiated by something as unnatural as non-vulcanized rubber is a direct Sin against His Holy Teachings.

SENT WITH LASERS

Don't you think that my penile "prophets to the nations" (Jeremiah 1:5) deserve the same basic human respect that you want from me?

SENT WITH INVISIBLE INK

I entreat u, these lost souls emitted from my gentile genitals warrant comfort commensurate to the loving hands of The Lord, thus earning the right to the empathetic and enticing environment of ur esophagus, if not for their own dignity then for the dignity of Our Lord and Savior. Have some basic fuck-ing empathy please.

Read at 4:69



Advice From Mary Rose

Hi Mary Rose,

It has been hard for me to fall asleep at night. I was wondering if you had any suggestions for a good night of sleep.

Thank you,
Ana L. Ingus

Dear Ana L.,

Thank you for your question! Sleep is a very important part of your day. All those neat little memories need to get packed away in that little thinking machine in your head - haha! I've found that putting away/turning off my phone, television, tablet, HAM radio, sewing machine, Tesla, roomba, electric shaver, Breville Fast Slow Pro Multi Function Cooker, and table lamp before I go to sleep helps with the sleep process. All that light hurts my eyes. Once I'm in bed, I've found that thinking over everything I said and did that day, every interaction I had, and all my past failures is a great way to get a peaceful sleep. I let those pesky little demons deep into the cracks of my subconscious, allowing them to have orgy after orgy in the most sensitive pits of my mind. As Grandma Momo said "existential dread helps me get to bed!"

Lots of love!
Mary Rose

Dear Mary Rose,

A lot of my peers and friends have been getting involved in the stock market. I feel like it is something I need to do as well. Any advice for a newcomer?

Best,
Willie B. Hardigan

Dear Willie,

Thank you for reaching out! Financial competency is one of the pillars of success, and here in my garage, I am surrounded by knowledge. As a random person writing to you from their typewriter, I want you to have an unwavering belief in everything I say, because I am always right! I would invest quickly in Phillip Morris Cigarettes, United Technologies (their tear gas, air-to-surface missiles, and elevators are top notch), and Starbucks. And if you have a little spare cash laying around, GAS GAS GAS! You might hear your friends say that the stock market is volatile; do they even know what that means? I don't, so you should NOT listen to them. I often use a random number generator to choose my stocks because there are so many and they have such silly names. I suggest reading L. Ron Hubbard's Diabetics for more insight into the number game. IF my advice has you losing some money, do not fret—you have two kidneys for a reason!

With Unconditional Trust,
Mary Rose

TOP 10...

List of Joseph R. Biden's First Acts as President

10. Appoint Hunter Biden to the post of Gatherer Biden
9. Create a National "Kiss your Neighbor's Daughter" Day
8. Die
7. Get a notarized certificate saying I'm from Scranton
6. Free Shamu
5. Execute all who improperly use 'gaslighting'
4. Talk dirty to Jason Derulo
3. DRUGS (then be arrested for it by Kamala)
2. War crimes
1. Send the white women back to brunch

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

I have diarrhea, what do you think?



THE 5 CUPS OF COFFEE YOU DRINK EVERY MORNING

Self inflicted

"Was it me?"



YOUR UNDETECTED IBS

Sneaky

"Please see a doctor. We can't go on like this."



YOUR AGGRESSIVELY STRAIGHT ROOMMATE

Insecure

"This shit slaps."



GEORGE WASHINGTON

Old as shit

"Oh dear! I can't imagine the state of your chamber pot!"