

Exterminator Absolutely Wrecks

Mouse

LOLA BUNCHER

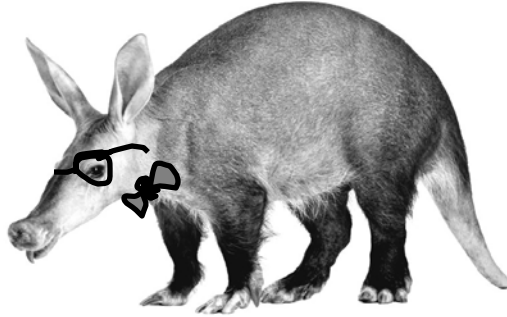
I did it. I put in the room service request to get this mouse problem handled. I didn't know it would end up like this, I really didn't. As I sat in my room, with the mouse scurrying around my ankles, I had no idea what was about to unfold. The exterminator arrived and started off by catching the loose mouse in his bare hands. He held the mouse close to his face and started whispering what I can only assume were horrible put-downs. He then promptly put the mouse in a miniature chokehold and I started repeatedly punching its tiny face. I could see the tears welling up in the poor mouse's eyes. He then kicked the mouse in his little balls. I can still hear that squeak of agony. I cried and

tetherball. The mouse was finally dead. I asked the exterminator to please detach him from my ceiling fan, but the he insisted that the mouse needed to stay there as a warning to any of his rodent peers. Mouse

STAFF	
Lola Buncher . . .	<i>Stuart Little's Human Mother</i>
Phil Carroll	<i>Not A Pyramid Scheme</i>
Annie Dodson	<i>Horse Girl</i>
Clare Herzog.	<i>Still Digging</i>
Maya Lavender	<i>No Resolutions</i>
Nathanael Matos	<i>Would Fuck A Cat</i>
Anna Monroe . . .	<i>Having A Good Day, Honey</i>
Brigid Pfeifer	<i>Not Bitter Or Anything</i>
Audrey Russell	<i>Lactose Intolerant</i>
Brian Watko.	<i>First-Born Son</i>

Brad College

BARDVARK



Our dignity dies in darkness.

TUESDAY, MARCH 3, 2020

Annadale-On-Hudson, NY

Interested in being funny? Join BRAD.
 We meet every Tuesday at 8 pm in the Campus Center Red Room. Join us.
 Contact lb3537@bard.edu or pc3851@bard.edu
 Follow us on Facebook. Or Instagram. Or in person.



BRAD Comedy
 Brought to you by.....

Horses Are Just Big Sexy Dogs

WHORSEGURL (AKA ANNIE DODSON)

Horses' dicks are huge. This is an indisputable fact. They also have four legs, like many other mammals—like dogs, for instance. Thus, horses are just big sexy dogs.

For me, it all goes back to the fourth grade. My mother forced me to do an equestrian summer camp. I remember seeing a horse up close and personal for the first time in my life and thinking, what the hell is that? in regards to what I know now as its jumbo dick. I also remember noticing that they had four legs, which reminded me of many other mammals—like dogs, for instance.

Ever since I earned my blue ribbon in dressage at horse summer camp, I've led my whole life trying to sum up horses. Trying to conceptualize them in my head. What are they? I've asked myself over the years. I have come to the conclusion now, with all my evidence and personal experiences to justify it, that they are just big sexy dogs.

No. It's time for a paradigm shift. The zeitgeist needs readjusting.

We need to open our eyes to the reality of the situation. We all must come to our senses and reconfigure how we think of horses: they are just big sexy dogs. And so if horses are just big sexy dogs, then lock me up for best-reconfigure how we think of horses: they are just

WhorseGurl would love it if you'd reach out to her on AIM. She'd like to have someone else to talk to about jumbo horse dick.

I Joined BRAD And Now I'm Rich. Like, So Rich. Wow I Have Money

PHILIP CARROLL

Heyyyyy fellow Bard Students. Struggling with money : \ ??? Me too :- (Or, at least I was before I joined BRAD! Ever since I joined BRAD COMEDY CLUB, I have received HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS nearly every semester :O ! I bet you're wondering how. Well, let me explain it to you.

BRAD is a self-sustaining club on Bard's campus. And we love to help each other out, laugh and be great friends UwU! How do you get in on this AMAZING OPPORTUNITY FOR FRIENDSHIP AND MONEY? All it takes is one small payment. "How much," you ask? You'll have to come

to a meeting to find out :-P !! Once you're in, it's time for the dough to follow! All you have to do is start recruiting your friends to join BRAD. And remember, the MORE FRIENDS you get to join, the more FUN we have, the more we get to HANG AND HAVE FUN TIMES, and the more LUCRATIVE it is for you ;-)

So, what are you waiting for? Come to a BRAD meeting and start EARNING CASH NOW! Who needs work study when you have BRAD'S FUNNY, am I right xD ? JOIN BRAD NOW, you and your WALLET won't regret it <3

NEWS, BRIEFLY

For those who do not like to read, but still know how to.

Controversy After Kline Switches Student Body From Wet To Dry Food P. 33

Ever Wondered Where Alcatraz Is? Dig Straight Down! P. 12

Kyle: The Gonn, The Gyth, The Gegend P. 67

Taste Budds To Take In 20 Remaining Old Gym Applications P. 106

DTR Shoplifter Prosecuted To Full Extent Of Law P. 58

Sufjan Stevens Booked For Spring Fling In Order To Appease Tivoli's Sound Ordinances P. 49

Graffiti On Bathroom Wall Gives Surprisingly Helpful Tips On How To Deal With Tapeworms

SYLVIA BURTSWATTLE

Sometimes, when I get sick of looking at the same Stall Seat Journal day after day, I sneak out to New Henderson to use the restroom, if only for some new reading material. It's typically a less than stellar Stall Seat Journal, but today there was an entire letter scrawled in Sharpie across the mirror. "Dear Friend, I know you've been dealing with tapeworms." Who was this person, and how did they know? I had to keep reading.

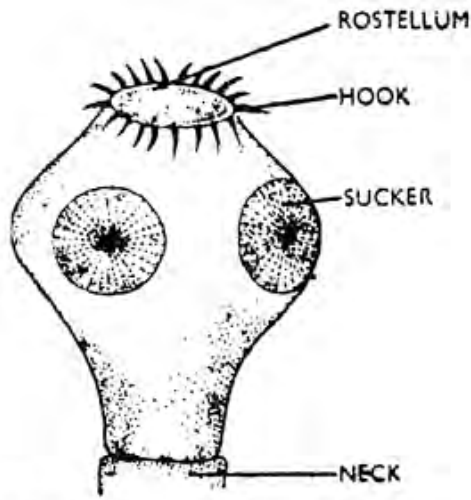
ess with the mostess. That said, I want you to have this family remedy. My grandmother had the exact same problem as you do now, but she was still able to have children, so I know it worked!" I was sold. "The first step is not to eat for three days. This is a great way to lose weight, but not as effective as keeping the worm inside of you forever! Drink enough water to keep yourself alive, but try to dehydrate the worm. Then, sit in front of a bowl of milk for two hours. That should be long

enough for the worm to crawl out.” The graffiti did not specify which end it would crawl out of.

“When you’re done, you should have an opaque bowl of milk with a living tapeworm inside. For fun, give it to a friend! I hope this

works. Sincerely, H.”

The writer had attached a postscript: “P. S. Call me—I’d love to catch up sometime! 1-845-FUNWORM”. I had so many questions. Hands quivering, I picked up my phone and began to dial.



No thank you.

Bowels Empty, Conscience Clear: An Open Letter To Cruger Hall

HENRY CASAUBON

Residents of Cruger Hall, I ask for but a moment of your time. I have lived among your ranks for five arduous months—almost half a calendar year. Forgive my bluntness, but the unscrupulous behavior I have witnessed inside this dormitory is nothing short of shameful. Vandalism, petty theft, the destruction of a public property: it makes me want toretch. But what really gets my goat is that not one of you has the spine to stand up and take responsibility for your actions. Well, allow me to show you how it’s done. I freely admit that I, Henry Casaubon of Room 219, clogged the toilet on the second floor of Cruger.

What, do you tremble at this display of accountability? Are you not afraid? “Oh dear,” you will say to one another, “Henry Casaubon, the mousy-haired junior studying Film and Electronic Arts, dropped the load that clogged up the Cruger warterworks—and he admits it!” Indeed, I do. Perhaps I’m old-fashioned, being a good year-and-a-half older than most of you, but I believe in doing what is right, not what is convenient.

When I sat down to void my bowels that fateful Friday evening, I was not being mindful of the Cruger community. I should have used less toilet tissue for wiping; I should have flushed multiple times

throughout the process.

Upon seeing what I had done, and that no amount of flushing could conceal the deed, I was embarrassed. I was afraid. But I persevered. I, Henry Casaubon, firstborn son of Terence and Marjorie Casaubon, marched on down to our peer counselor’s door and knocked thrice. I told them what I had done and what I had failed to do. The onus was on me to make things right. And when the custodian fixes the second-

floor toilet on Monday morning, I will stand by and smile, unabashed and unafraid.

I am not a hero. I write this letter not as a condemnation of your actions, O citizens of Cruger, but as a plea for a brighter future together. You are scholars, each and every one of you: students of the liberal arts. Learn from my tale of accountability. Atone for the crimes you have committed. My name is Henry Casaubon. This is my story.

Henry Casaubon can be contacted at hc2968@bard.edu. His academic advisor is Ed Halter; feel free to visit Ed during office hours and ask him all about Henry.

A Hot Girl’s Guide To Shutting Down Conversation About Philosophers With That One Guy From FYSEM

MAYA LAVENDER

It’s happened to the best of us: *that* guy from your FYSEM class approaches you to talk about his favorite philosopher. You aren’t really feeling it, but he just will not stop. What do you do? Outpretentch him by pretending to have read everything by that philosopher, and end that conversation ASAP!

Step 1: Sound surprised that he’s interested in that particular philosopher.

Step 2: Only refer to the philosopher in the adjectival form of his name.

Step 3: Don’t know the names of any of his work?

No problem! Let it be clear that you don’t remember the names of the work, because it’s bad and you’re bored by it!

Step 4: Describe his philosophical concepts as “base.”

Step 5: If the dude tries to push it, tell him your viewpoint is “esoteric,” and if he doesn’t get that, then maybe he needs to reassess his priorities.

Example: “Oh? I wouldn’t expect you to be interested in Kierkegaardian concepts. Hm... Interesting... No, it’s just, why him? Especially when there are so many other actually inter-

-esting options? Not that his work is boring, per se. I just find it, I don’t know, very base. Listen Theo, this what I’ve been told, is an esoteric viewpoint when it comes to philosophy. But it’s all based in a strong set of morals and priorities, I’m sure you get that. Okay. Bye, Theo.”

And just like that, he skateboards away! But remember, hot girls, your results may vary. As a hot girl, you are both desirable and threatening, so Theo will likely never leave you alone, and you will die plotting your escape as he drones on about Foucault. Good luck, ladies!

Think you’ve got the writing chops to report for Bardvark? Interesting. Perhaps you do. We are looking for confident types such as yourself (but not too confident because we need to maintain authority).

Email Co-Word Worditors
ar4653@bard.edu and
bw2171@bard.edu for more info.

Girl Furiously Scribbling In Moleskine Desperate To Be Asked About New Year’s Resolutions

MAYA LAVENDER

Last Wednesday, I witnessed something quite peculiar in New Kline. Upon entering, the room was off but in a different way than usual. Nevertheless, I got some food and sat down at a seat by the window. Somehow, over the din of the lunch rush and the podcast pumping from my airpods, I could hear what sounded like a ballpoint pen scratching on paper. I tried to tune it out, but it grew louder. And then, there was the unmistakable sound of notebook pages turning and frustrated sighing. I took out my left pod and looked around to see a young woman headed determinedly for the podi-

um. A hush fell over the room as she proclaimed the following, with a most crazed look in her eye: “I have not been journaling this loudly for no one to ask me about my New Year’s resolutions!!!” These words, spoken with the audacity of a thousand men who have never been told to stop it, will haunt me for the rest of my days. Her mouth was pressed so closely to the microphone that the feedback reverberated throughout the space with suffocating force. I was compelled to follow her back to her seat as she went to return to her journaling. I sat down across from her,

I Went To See Cats And Now I Think I Might Be A Furry

NATHANAEL MATOS

So let me set the record straight. I am a little. But who could blame me? Have you seen Taylor Swift’s character in *Cats*? Don’t you dare tell me that you didn’t, even for a moment, think that you kinda sorta maybe wanted to fuck that cat.

What? Okay, maybe you don’t swing that way, but it wasn’t just Bombalurina that fur-baited me. I also really wanted Jason Derulo to Rum Tum Tugme off. C’mon, it’s not that weird. The movie was practically begging you to fantasize about Bustopher Jones-ing all over James Corden’s pelt. There’s no way it was just me. Right? I couldn’t be the only one

that wanted to give Idris Elba a Macavity search. I was just entranced watching those CGI human/cat hybrids dance, every moment hoping — nay, begging — to be able to bury my face into Dame Judi Dench’s pussycat pussy, and maybe showing her my Ol’ Dude-eronomy. And when Jennifer Hudson burst out her heartfelt rendition of “Memory,” all I could think of was taking her to my Heavy Side Lair to make some “memories” with her, and covering her with my jizz-abella after furry-iously yiffing.

Watching that movie made me feel things that I’d never felt before. I just couldn’t help wanting to pour my milk all over Sir

Ian McKellen’s face as he lapped at it. Then, I would follow suit, dragging my tongue all over his — oh, uh...

As I was saying, furries are people too, and please remember that a cat is not a dog. But I’d settle for one of those too.



The Bardvark would like to apologize to anyone affected by the article above. Please accept this token of goodwill.

and was confronted with the most incredible sight. One Moleskine notebook. Scores of pens and dozens of stamps, along with a wide array of stickers and rolls of washi tape, all pouring out of a bright yellow backpack. Amidst the rubble, the young woman sipped

black coffee out of a kitschy llama-shaped mug. She winced with every sip, as if she was drinking straight vodka. I peered across the table to see what she was writing and was confronted with the following statement, written in brush-pen calligraphy:

When The Going Gets Tough, The Tough Make Vision Boards

Upon seeing this, I was so afraid that I stood up, knocking over my chair in the process. I am confronted with that hinged display of self-care once again. But I’m not truly free from her clutches. Every night she comes to me in my dreams to update me on her resolutions, condescendingly asking me about the progress I’ve made towards my own. I have peace no longer.