

The *Yale Record* discovered these lab notes in our inbox, with an attached Post-It note reading:  
*Call my mailbox letters paranoid, will you? It was true all along, buffoons! Even the fish laser! -Rob*

<p>Robert Johnson</p>	<p><b>FRAUNHAUFER DIFFRACTION AND INTERFERENCE - October 15, 2003</b></p>
<p>OBJECTIVES -</p>	<p>1. Investigate single-slit diffraction</p>
<p>2. Investigate multiple-slit diffraction</p>	<p>3. Demonstrate the destructive power of a laser beam on my lab partner</p>
<p>PROCEDURE - We use a laser to study the diffraction pattern produced by one or two slits. While this laser is too weak to do damage to anyone except those foolish enough to stare directly</p>	<p>Into it, it can be made into a powerful weapon if focused properly. For this task, I have sneaked in a small plastic optical device that I have disguised as my contact lens. I will then attach it to the laser and concentrate enough power to make a hole directly through Robert's heart.</p>
<p>Admiral Tyrant Despot Overlord YES!</p>	<p>OBSERVATIONS - As we watched the plotter graph the intensity of the diffraction pattern, as slow as it is methodical, Rob again remarked to me that he had better things to do than this "shit". His haughtiness reminds me of myself. I despise it utterly. I shall enjoy watching that proud look turn to horror as the laser pierces his arrogant heart.</p>
<p>SOURCES OF ERROR - Unfortunately, I had not accounted for the low temperature at which my contact lens melts. The result was a small fire that, while destroying my ability to see out of my left eye for the afternoon, did nothing to my lab partner</p>	<p>CONCLUSION - Rob, upon noticing the fire, blew it out and asked me, "what the hell are you doing?" Such insolence shall not be tolerated when I am Supreme Overlord. I must eliminate him now before I rise to a position of power. Such disrespect could encourage resistance to my rule.</p>
<p>DEATH (12/03)</p>	<p><b>CHARGE OVER MASS RATIO - OCTOBER 22, 2003</b></p>
<p>Hi Rob</p>	<p>OBJECTIVES -</p>
	<p>1. Measure the ratio of an electron's charge to its mass          2. Murder Robert Johnson</p>
<p>PROCEDURE - In order to measure the ratio <math>q/m</math>, we study the path of an electron beam. This must be done in a darkness almost as black as the darkness of my soul. This darkness affords me the opportunity to kill Robert Johnson. Due to the darkness, I will be unable to watch Rob die, but the ingenuity of my plan compensates for this flaw.</p>	<p>OBSERVATIONS - As we carefully prepared our lab, Rob turned toward me and said, "I can't stand this lab. Kill me. Please kill me now." "All in good time," I responded and then released a laugh worthy of the most powerful Supreme Overlord. "Freak," Rob muttered under his breath. It is such a pity that I will be unable to watch Robert die.</p>
<p>*** I wish I could draw well</p>	



# THE CURE



what if monkeys came in pill form?

over my deed it is such a pity that I will be unable to watch Robert die.

SOURCES OF ERROR - In my careful calculations, I had neglected to account for the fleet-footedness of my prey. The agility that made him a soccer star proved to be beneficial in this more deadly arena; he managed to regain balance before colliding with the electron beam chamber. "Watch where you put your feet," he scolded me, not realizing the meticulous planning that went into the exact location of my feet at precisely that moment- planning which he had just ruined.

CONCLUSIONS - As Rob was righting himself (as if correct posture could hide the barrenness that is his intellect), he remarked, "sometimes I think you really are trying to kill me."

Although he is intolerably thick, that beast clearly has some sort of brain beneath his cloddish exterior. He is a danger to me. I must kill him soon, or he will kill me. He is a worthy foe.

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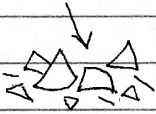
## SUPERCONDUCTIVITY - October 29, 2003

OBJECTIVES -

Kill Kill Kill

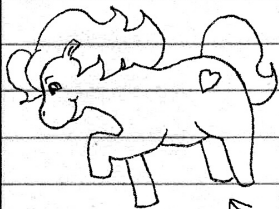
PROCEDURE - I am at last presented with the opportunity to commit the perfect murder. In order to cool our sample of ceramic to a temperature at which it is a superconductor, we use liquid nitrogen. The lab sheet informed me that liquid nitrogen exists at temperatures below, as cold as my cold, cold heart. Liquid nitrogen will on contact with anything object make it so cold that it will shatter with ease, as easily as the cruel world shatters my ambitions. I shall kill Rob with the crudest tool possible, scissors, to make him suffer the indecencies of a manwhore of of Babylon. Then, I shall cover up the crime in a manner worthy of such a brilliant person as myself, by covering it with nitrogen and shattering it- destroying all of the evidence.

Rob...haha, this cracks me up



OBSERVATIONS - Rob is talking on his cell phone. He seems to be happy. Perhaps I should not interfere with his happiness. It is I, not he, who is miserable. It is I who wishes to end my time on this mortal plane. This cup of liquid nitrogen, which Rob naively believes will be used to cool the ceramic, shall not be used on him but on me instead. As I drink this wintry potion, I can already taste the sweet freedom of death.

SOURCES OF ERROR - None. I successfully killed myself. VICTORY AT LAST!



My Little Pony... so beautiful

Robert Johnson's family...HAHAHA

