

YELLOW

VOLUME 69 • ISSUE 69





TEST1 | A | B |
 TEST2 | A | B |
 TEST3 | A | B |
 TEST4 | A | B |

The Title

an arbitrator can go short on the futures and buy
 prices will
 have

Quantitative Genetics
 involving inheritance

Becoming a Vomegut Dystopia

bacterial chromosomes are circular. However
 on a financial a
 (so no coupon payments)
 on payments into zero rate
 Nobody needs me

Isotropy
 solution, the
 like elastic

$$6 \frac{L}{l} k - 10 \frac{L}{l} \frac{L}{l} + (3.75 \frac{L}{l} k - 6.25 \frac{L}{l}) + (-c_x T + c_y T) = 0$$

$$\frac{A}{P} = \frac{125 \text{ KN}}{\frac{1}{2} (0.05 \text{ m})^2} = 63.66 \text{ MPa}$$

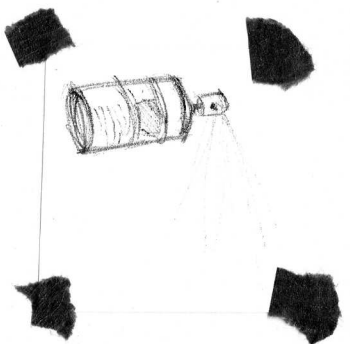
anonymo

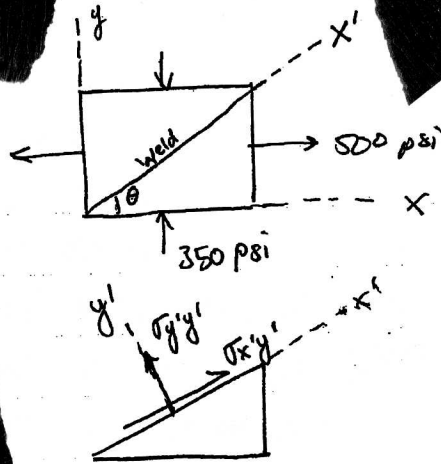
i am god
 as i breathe all-our-woe-and
 into me i am serenaded while
 tapping existence into rolle poles
 living on the soft fabric i have made

they fearfully and motionless sit there
 cursed by the very thing that brought them
 here
 not having eaten and so not knowing
 'but me to greet them and so not rolling

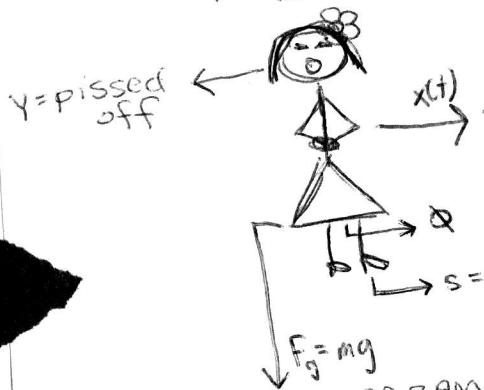
i am death
 as i change shape to kindle
 my hellish flame to create and destroy
 insect-like waste and life respectively
 throning up above Pandemonium

i reminisce over seven day's work
 and eons of perpetual upkeep
 as i fold away all my creations
 into a washed away tissue ball





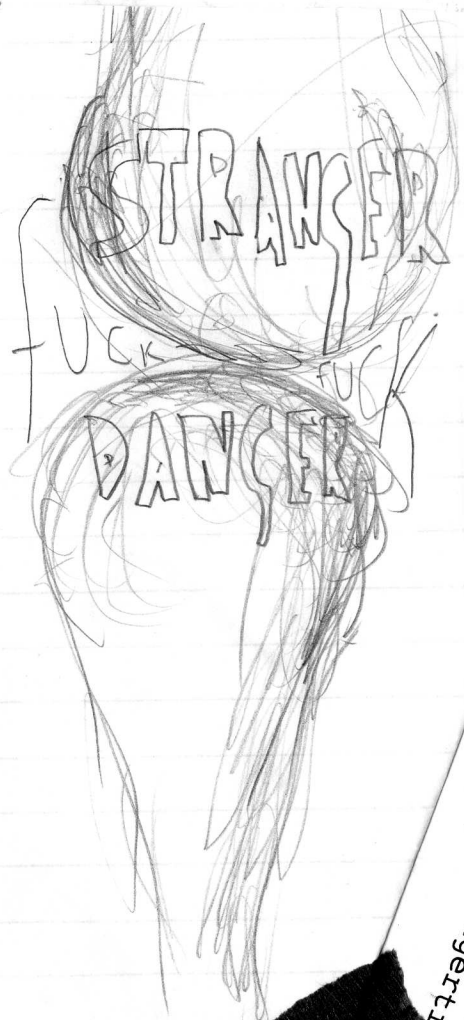
FBD



$$s = \text{Manolo Blahnik} = \frac{\text{total income} - 4.7}{2}$$

FEMALE BODY DIAGRAM

chromosomes are circular—i.e., the double-stranded DNA. The end of the chromosome is a mechanism to maintain the overall mechanism, the chromosome. Why? Explain this requirement. Explain your answer.



FUCK
DANGER

Instead of blood, I've got magic in my veins! I secrete it through my fingertips. It comes out as beams of light.

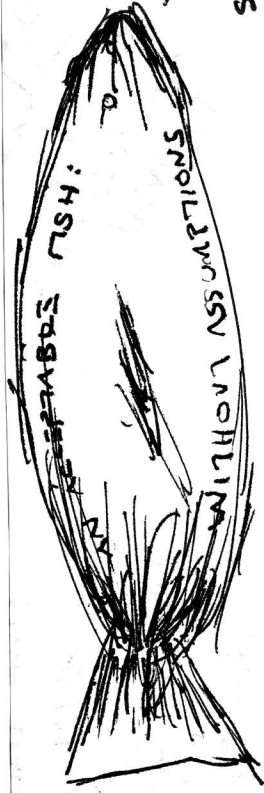
People probably
MADE IT UP
So they could
LAUGH AT THE REST OF US

And say "ah, puce, right
that's a sort of purple-
red-puke-greenish-infused
tan-mauve-cucumber-tinted
definitely pink, certainly
not BLUE, chocolate with
hint of FUCK YOU you don't
know what puce is?"

But we can say,

"Your genitalia are puce!"

a good hot plate of dinner,
But I could not viddy [redacted]



SOMEBODY
HOLD ME

2. Recall that DNA synthesis occurs 5' to 3' in which the new nucleoside-triphosphate is added to the 3'-OH of the growing strand. During the normal replication of a chromosome, the DNA polymerase has the ability to correct a mistake. If a "wrong" nucleotide is added to the 3'-OH of the growing strand (i.e., "wrong" means mismatched base), the DNA polymerase stalls, removes the wrong nucleotide, and then synthesizes the correct nucleotide. In the context of the replication fork, this process is called proofreading. The advantage to the system to synthesize DNA in this way is that it allows the system to correct mistakes.



If the DNA were synthesized 3' to 5', then

The echoes woven through both our voices
 resonate within our barren cavities, but it is
 not the music of our hearts' holes to which we
 dance together. No, in our closest moments,
 we are a hole, and though often filled and
 forgotten, a hole's identity and existence, so
 like our own, revolves around being empty. My
 mother and I are partners in emptiness, bound
 by a thinness embedded in our guts that
 strings us together. We circle each other
 like knife fighters or moons, waiting for the
 moment of our collision, that violence that
 links us more deeply than love.

But don't mistake this for that familiar,
 desperate clutch. It is not the love that
 strangles and maims until distorted into
 frantic death grips. The love between us is
 awful, devastating, and brutal, but we are
 both the perpetrators and the instruments of
 infliction. When we collide, neither one
 neglects a last-minute acceleration toward our
 own eternity, a moment of pure existence
 together, where all is clear and we are the
 eye of the storm.

My Freudian love affair with my mother exists
 only in these moments of rage, and it is then
 that her attraction is overwhelming, flooding
 over all other forces. I live in her gravity
 in the midst of this frenzied swirl of breath,
 blow and recoil. Only in sex and violence
 have I felt entrenched in my physicality,
 breathing the air of its creation. And only
 with her is there the intimacy of love, its
 every molecule a catalyst in these minutes.
 Here, we blaze, both beautiful in hideousness.
 But still it is our intensity that is our sun,
 so bright that behind us is always shadow,
 reminding us where we came from. □

MORE IN THE NEXT ISSUE.

Mumbling, desperate, and cursing a litany of
 apologies, I smother her. I hold her with the
 body that still vibrates with the tension of
 violence and that, moments before, had wanted
 nothing more than her pain, her silence. With
 none of the underlying threat of my transient
 bouts of control and strokes of comfort, I
 also cradle a tumor of calloused guilt,
 caressing itsropy gristle threaded through my
 center. The knobby load it anchors rocks and
 sways, now heavy with hurt, as I once hung in
 her body. From those earliest moments, I've
 been this bastard with a father, a blister
 shrouded in woman. I grew, becoming a lump
 buried deep within her, swelling with tainted
 joy until exiting in an interminable blast.
 Still, no matter how I swing and scar my way
 toward substance, I remain the same crater in
 her crust, one so immense that any attempt to
 fill it only emphasizes its hollow ring.
 Somehow, my struggles toward tangibility have
 backfired. I'm now changed from a festering
 mass within her to an ever-dilating core of
 void that threatens to burst the seams of her
 soul. It hangs, distended and aching, never
 complete, but painfully full.

