

# The Unofficial Punch Bowl Election Guide

Tuesday, November 3, 2020  
Polls open 7am, close 8pm



Sign up  
for  Sample  
Ballots 

Sign up on back or at [thepunchbowl.net](http://thepunchbowl.net)  
See inside for details.



Scan to check the status of  
your registration, polling  
place and mail ballot.

*The Pennsylvania*  
**PUNCH BOWL**



# The Pennsylvania PUNCH BOWL

VOLUME CII Election Edition 2020

## EDITORIAL STAFF

### EDITORS IN CHIEF

“Basically Braindead” Kristen Yeh ‘21 “Low I.Q.” Josh Eskin ‘22

### BIG SPOONS

“Nasty” Ellie Hoffman ‘21 “Crooked” Isabella Cossu ‘22 “Dummy” Bennett Katz ‘23  
 “Very Fake” Victoria Goodisman ‘22 “Overrated” Isabella Schlact ‘23 “Commie” Sophie Qi ‘23  
 “Nasty” Erika Ravitch ‘22 “Dummy” Jing Jing Piriyalertsak ‘23

### LITTLE SPOONS

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 “Crooked” Julius Duhan

### DESIGN SPOONS

Isabella Schlact · Sophie Qi · Emilia Soto

### Trump Nickname Generator: What’s Your Day of Birth?

- |            |             |                         |                 |                 |
|------------|-------------|-------------------------|-----------------|-----------------|
| 1. Crooked | 7. Sloppy   | 13. Dummy               | 19. Lightweight | 25. Psycho      |
| 2. Dopey   | 8. Tiny     | 14. Nasty               | 20. Very Fake   | 26. Useless     |
| 3. Sleazy  | 9. Cheatin’ | 15. Basically Braindead | 21. Cryin’      | 27. Commie      |
| 4. Lyin’   | 10. Crazy   | 16. Russian             | 22. Shifty      | 28. Total loser |
| 5. Sleepy  | 11. Wacky   | 17. Goofy               | 23. Sloppy      | 29. Radical     |
| 6. Phony   | 12. Chinese | 18. Low I.Q.            | 24. Wack        | 30. Stupid      |
|            |             |                         |                 | 31. Overrated   |

FOR MORE CONTENT, MAKE SURE TO CHECK OUT



/PENNPUNCHBOWL



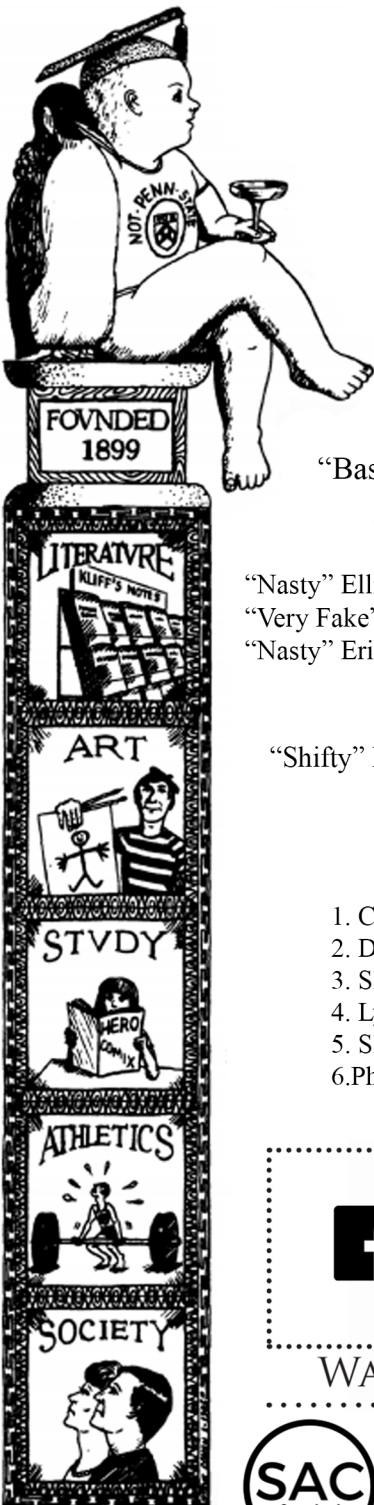
@THEPUNCHBOWL

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WANT TO JOIN US? EMAIL THEPUNCHBOWL@GMAIL.COM



The Punch Bowl would sincerely like to thank S(uper)P(AC) for their unwavering and continued financial support. Even though they probably don’t know what they are actually funding here, we applaud them for embodying the cornerstone of politics, the indomitable spirit of plausible deniability,



Dear Misinformed Miscreants,

It is I, your glorious leader, full in both splendor and salary. Alas, it has been far too long since I imparted upon you my words of wisdom, which you treat as gospel. But I am back again, at this UnPreCEdeNTed TimE, when it is clear that you need me more than ever. And, for the first time, I need you more than ever...although in reality, I only require your wallets. Due to your continued patronage, I am able to maintain my status as a real estate mogul, with properties in Philadelphia, New York, and places you haven't even heard of. Regardless, it's come to my attention that your country needs you. I encourage you to channel that annoying zeal you all possess that compels you to create those preposterous "Change.org" petitions you have inundated me with, regarding Fall Break, Spring Break, paying our dining hall workers, etc., and apply it to voting in this year's presidential election. Hopefully it will get all of you off of my back about University issues for once.



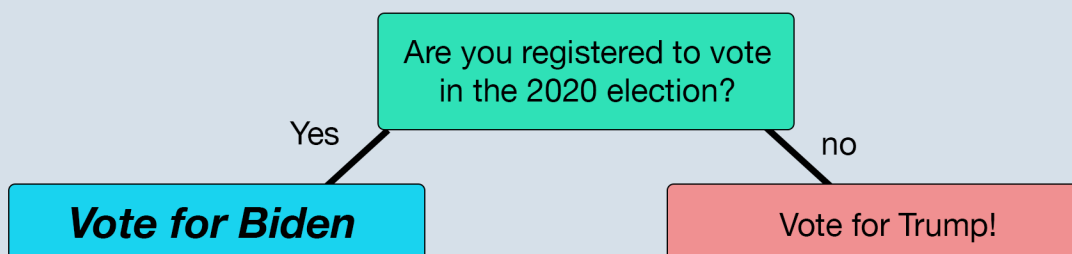
I know many of you have seen me speak out about the "civic duty" of voting, my repeated condemnations of our current administration, and just how important this election is. But do you want to hear the straight truth? Or the "No Malarkey" version, as Benjamin Franklin Presidential Practice Professor and Presidential nominee Joe Biden would say? I already rule one of the most prestigious universities in the world, and make millions of dollars each year in the process. I know all the ins and outs of politics, how else do you think I could've gotten to the top? The only "issues" I care about are the price of your ever-growing tuition, and which of my golden toilets I'll write my next "Message to the Penn Community" from. While the rest of you ill-equipped idiots are worrying about the presidential election, I'll be making sure campus remains closed, keeping overhead low and profits higher than ever.

I know many of you see me as a guiding light to inform your menial lives, so if you hear nothing else today, hear this: get out and vote. Emphasis on the "get out" part, because I'm sick of hearing about students still on campus. Leave me alone, please. And maybe if Biden wins this thing, I'll be able to persuade him to give me a cabinet position so I can leave this horrid prison of mediocrity. Secretary of Education, maybe? At least I won't be actively trying to dismantle public education!

I am

and I approve this message.

### **PUNCH BOWL'S HELPFUL ELECTION VOTING FLOW CHART:**





# Which candidate would you









AMERICA GREAT AGAIN! TRUMP

TRUMP

From the Desk of Christopher Wray  
Trump campaign files found!  
- "Burn Book"  
- Diary  
People not in "Burn Book":  
- Kim Jong Un  
- Vladimir Putin  
- Ivanka Trump



GOVERNOR OF BITCH-AGAIN!!

WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE???



SICK OF DR. SNOOZEFEEST!!



SUCK UP!! MOMMY ISSUES!

Dear Diary,  
I am wrestling with my soul. The fly situation at the debate, most likely orchestrated by the devil, has me in quite the Catch-666. If the fly that landed on my snow-white hair was a female, then I have been unfaithful to my wife — on our wedding day, I promised that I would never know the touch of another woman. However, if it was a male, then I have committed the ultimate sin. No, not murder, like the Planned Parenthood evildoers commit everyday, using the hard-earned money of good Christian taxpayers. My sin is even worse. If the fly was male, then I may have... succumbed to homosexuality. God, help me.  
My worst fears are coming true. I always wondered why whenever I came within a 6-foot radius of my other Lord and Savior, Donald Trump, "Everytime We Touch" started playing in my head. My head's in the game, but my heart's in the song. Even when China cursed our blessed land with the Wuhan virus, I still yearned to be in proximity to power, and by power, I mean the President. A Rose Garden by any other name would smell as sweet. May God strike down social-distancing- I'm the President's right-hand man, in that whenever I think about the President, I use my right hand (especially when I'm mass-debating).  
Like the fly, these unholy thoughts rest upon me, an immovable burden to bear for the unstoppable force that is myself. But alas, I must continue to languish for eternity. May I be freed soon.  
Ah, men.

Love,  
Michael Pence



Text UNITED to 30330  
~~SOMMIE MARXIST SOCIALIST~~  
~~OLD SEANIG SLEEPY SLEEP~~  
~~AGEMENT HIN' BEING GO~~  
~~EASY QUB PRO HOW CHU~~  
~~BIDEN UGH CAN'T~~  
CIDE...ALL OF THESE



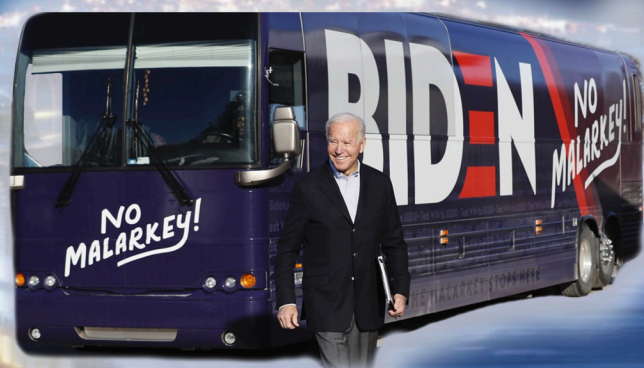


# THE NO MALARKEY EXPRESS

The night before Election Day 2020, I lay quietly in my bed, wearing my Obama '08 t-shirt. I did not rustle the sheets. I breathed slowly and silently. I was listening for a sound – a sound a friend had told me I'd never hear– Joe Biden shouting, “No malarkey!”

“Malarkey isn't a real word,” my friend had insisted, but I knew he was wrong.

Late that night I did hear sounds, though not of Joe Biden. From outside came honking horns and squeaking metal. I looked through my window and saw a campaign bus standing perfectly still in front of my house. The driver stood at the open door of the bus. I grabbed my absentee ballot and black pen and tiptoed outside.



“All aboard,” the driver cried out. I ran up to him.

“Where?” I asked.

“Why, to Joe Biden's hometown of Scranton, of course,” was his answer. “This is the No Malarkey Express.” I took his outstretched hand, and he pulled me aboard.

The bus was filled with other voters, all in their old t-shirts from previous campaigns. We sang Bruce Springsteen and ate ice cream as chocolately as the Hershey factory. The No Malarkey Express raced onward, and lights appeared in the distance.

“There,” said the driver, “is Scranton. Joe Biden is downtown. That is where he will count the first vote cast for him.”

“Whose ballot will be counted first?” we all asked.

“He will choose one of you.”

“Look,” shouted one of the voters as we arrived downtown, “Joe Biden!”

I turned to see the former Vice President. Joe marched over to us and, tightly squeezing my shoulders, said, “Let's have this voter here.” Then, he asked, “Now, what would you like to see from a Biden administration?”

I knew that I could pass any policy I could imagine. But the thing I wanted most was a pair of Joe's sunglasses. When I asked, Joe smiled. He gave me a too-close hug and pulled a pair of aviator shades from his jacket pocket. He stood and shouted, “A good luck charm for Election Day! No malarkey!”

A clock struck midnight as the voters roared their approval. Joe handed the shades to me, and I clipped them to my t-shirt collar. Suddenly, an Amtrak train materialized behind Joe. He stepped inside one of the train cars, then disappeared into the malarkeyless sky. As soon as we were back inside the No Malarkey Express, I felt my collar and I realized I had lost the aviator shades. The bus gave a sudden lurch and started moving. I was heartbroken. When the bus reached my house, I sadly left the other voters and waved good-bye.



“HAPPY ELECTION DAY!” the driver shouted. The No Malarkey Express let out a loud blast from its horn and sped away.

On the night of Election Day, my parents and I watched the results come in. When most of the votes had been counted, I found a small box behind the TV. Inside was a pair of aviator shades! There was a note: “Found these. Get a sunglasses case.” Signed, “J.B.”

I put on the shades and smiled wide.

“Those look really good on you,” my father told me. But I could see through his malarkey now: I was a believer in Joe.

## ON THE IMPORTANT ISSUES:

	Spotted lantern fly epidemic	McDonald's broken ice cream machine epidemic	Quarantine haircuts	Websites that make you turn off your ad blocker	YouTube putting <i>TWO</i> ads before videos
	“Ew, gross!”	“This is why I go to Dairy Queen.”	“Don't make fun of bad haircuts—they're trying their best.”	“What's an ab blocker? A workout device?”	“This is Trump's America: pure chaos.”
	“What's a Chinese lantern festival?”	“EVERY. DAMN. TIME.”	“What quarantine?”	“BUILD THAT AD WALL!”	“I'm usually on Twitter anyways.”



# ELECTION OUTCOMES

I know, I know. You've been burned by the 2016 election outcome predictions. I was too. But this time around, equipped with my STAT111 skills and a conviction that 2020 can only get worse, I am 95% sure that I can confidently say that I know all the possible election outcomes for 2020.

1

## ***The other Jo wins (20% chance, $\pm 5\%$ )***

In a freak turn of events, your friend who claimed that "iF eVeRyOnE vOTeD tHiRd pArTy wE cOuLd mAkE a hIsToRiC cHaNgE" is correct. Weed is legalised and covid cases hit an all time high because personal liberties, dawg.



## ***Putin Wins (15% chance, $\pm 10\%$ )***

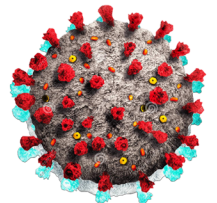
This outcome is not dependent on whether or not Putin can garner public support, but rather, on whether or not he wants to Putin the effort. Putin wins, Alaska is reclaimed by the Motherland, but no one really cares because it's Alaska.

2

3

## ***Coronavirus Wins (15% chance, $\pm 5\%$ )***

All those "asymptomatic people" were actually carrying a dormant virus, which becomes active on election day, forcing their hosts to vote for COVID-19. COVID-19 doesn't really have a lot of policy agendas since its sole goal of replication has so far been very successful. Our source of reference is the 2012 app "Plague Inc." Don't worry, we put the game on the hardest level to calculate our prediction.



## ***Alien Invasion (10% chance, $\pm 10\%$ )***

Biden wins! Aliens pick this day to come to Earth because of Biden's lax policies on "illegal aliens" compared to Trump. Unfortunately, Trump's vision of "Space Force" never came to fruition, and we're all the worse for it.

4

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## ***Alien un-invasion (15% chance $\pm 5\%$ )***

Aliens roll up. "What are you doing?" They ask a civilian. "Oh, I'm voting." "How does voting work?" We explain the Electoral College voting system. "Why don't you cut the middle man and just have the person with the most votes win the presidency?" they ask. "Well, this is how it's always been done." The aliens, realizing this planet has yet to evolve intelligent life forms, leave.



## ***Alien re-invasion (15% chance $\pm 5\%$ )***

The aliens, having a change of heart, redock at earth, and find the same civilian. "What issues are on the table for this election?" they ask. After explaining how things such as climate change and believing in science are treated as political opinions, the aliens, with deep pity, mercifully conquer us.

6



Please Vote

**B** lease