



# MVRMVRATOR MENSTRVVS

-mensis februaris mmmxix-

## epistola editoris

Salvete Amici,

It is with great shame that I announce both that *Murmurator Menstruus: Mensis Ianuarius* was found dead in the Bay of Naples, and that the word “mens”, which I have been using to mean “month”, does in fact not mean “month”, which in Latin is the word “mensis”. Hopefully this does not incur the wrath of those more proper latinists among us, but at least it can be said that I did not use the Greek. I could have us all suffer, and use the Attic calendar, but rest assured, I haven’t the mental, physical, nor emotional capacity to do so. Instead, the Gregorian shall suffice.

Again, this publication is ultimately meant to serve as a form of communication between all of our institutions, in that any event which your singular organizations are to hold, or those which pertain to the entire state, can be listed and described here. Thus, if there is anything which is to happen in the near future (March, at this point), please do not hesitate to let me know, and you shall receive a beautiful mention at a spot of your choice on a whole sheet of 8 x 11 digital paper. The peak of indulgence.

Curate ut Valeatis,

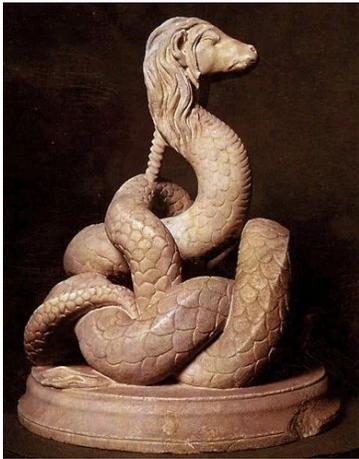
Cully Wilkins  
VSCL Editor  
Randolph-Macon College



# It's Time to Accept Glycon as our Lord and Saviour.

*Alexander of Abonoteikhos*

Face it. We're tired of sacrificing to gods who don't even listen to our prayers, and who, year after year, let our cities be burnt, our children perish, and our crops wither. They aren't looking out for anyone but themselves! Even the Imperial Family at least has some claim for the good-will of their subjects, but what have the gods done for us? I say it's time to leave those inflated megalomaniacs behind and turn our faith towards a more propitious benefactor. Glycon.



Ever since Lord Glycon was bestowed upon me from an egg in the Agora of Abonoteikhos, I have known him to be the true ruler of all of our souls. I foretold of the coming of a new iteration of Asklepios, god of healing and medicine, and thus he was given to us, and from a small creature grew to the size of a man in a week's time, the body of a snake, with the head of a man. What else could be as miraculous? What else could be more worthy of worship? Especially since soon after his arrival women whose wombs before were dry, now were abundant, and those with illnesses incurable were now healed. His oracle is infallible, predicting the future with utmost certainty, and attracting the attention of all peoples, all spreading the truth of his word. This is only the beginning of the miracles performed by Lord Glycon.

There are those who disdain both the god himself, and those pious to him, but these ones are misled, agents of the old gods who wish to undermine the potency of our Lord Glycon. These ones are to be punished and shunned! Only the truth shall prevail, and with it, the health and safety of all those faithful.

Learn of Glycon and his good works today!

## **Comments**



**luckyIoukianos** said: Eat shit, Alexander. I went to one of your "services" and all you did was bring out a hand puppet with a face on it and hid yourself whenever it spoke, giving it a falsetto voice. Don't drink the kool-aid, folks!! This guy's whack.



# MEMA MISCELLANEA



When the whole groupchat start roasting you for no reason

 [montponine](#)

ancient greek gothic: you think you know the accents. you type the word. you get the accents wrong. you try again. you put the accents where they are supposed to go. you check. the accents have moved. you are wrong.



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# *ULTRA INSTINCT SCIPIO*

