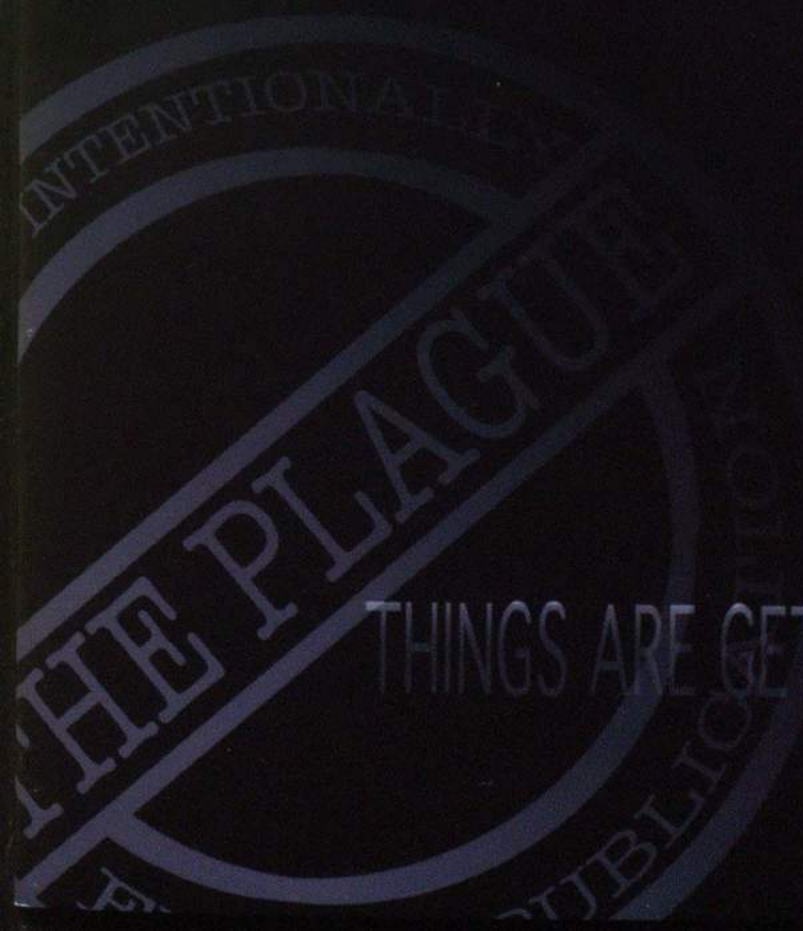


# THE PLAGUE

A dark, moody photograph of two women. The woman on the left is looking down at a thick, dark metal chain she is holding. The woman on the right is looking up at the chain with a slight smile. The chain is draped between them, creating a diagonal line across the frame. The background is dark and indistinct.

THINGS ARE GETTING PLAGUESTERESTING

Fall 2008



# The Plague Congratulates

★★★★★ ★★★★★★★★★★

on his Historic Victory!!!





# THE PLAGUE

*Nothin' but boners*

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I had to fill up space in this column. . . . .	
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"Wwwhat?! Okay!" . . . . .	lolol

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Anyone who consistently attends meetings

### ...AND NOT ONE OTHER MOTHERFUCKING PERSON

**plague** *n.*, **1.** an epidemic disease that causes high mortality; pestilence. **2.** an infectious, epidemic disease caused by a bacterium, *Yersinia pestis*, characterized by fever, chills, and prostration, transmitted to humans from rats by means of the bites of fleas. **3.** any widespread affliction, calamity, or evil, esp. one regarded as a direct punishment by God. **4.** any cause of trouble, annoyance, or vexation. **5.** us. **6.** that penis that looked like Alf's face. **7.** sending vampire weekend into space. **8.** Is there a Baedeker meeting tonight? **9.** Rubin's funky discharge. **10.** Craig's diet of shit and lettuce. **11.** the bustling society in Josh's beard **12.** trying to come up with funny definitions of "plague" and failing. **13.** what this magazine looks like this year. **14.** the recent influx of ghetto Mets hats

SPECIAL THANKS TO: Adam Ebnit; Audrey Underwood; Nanci Cooke; Bob Butler; S.A.B. & ASSBAC; Jesse "Rafe" Meyerson; Dan Patrick; Alex "Big Rubs" Rubin; Dave "Dave" Mellisy; "Hipster" Ben Harrison; "Good-Smelling" Ben Joseph; You!; That homeless guy who said he could suck an 18 inch cock; Happy Fun Palace; Ed Balls; That dude from Ace hardware; not pumpkin ravioli; Linnea's Midwestern twang; the Sawx; whomever we offend; Jessica Walker, may she rest in peace; Baedeker Yokel; Usain Bolt; karma; not the Mets bullpen; the producers of "Nailin Paylin"; Sweet Baby Ray's BBQ sauce (this sauce is the boss); B.B.; every student publication except The Minetta Review; our mommies and daddies except daddy left last year and said he was going for a pack of cigs but he hasn't come back yet; and, of course, G.M. Printing.

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# THINGS WE DAMN WELL FEEL LIKE SAYING

When Alex Rubin told me I would be the first female president of *The Plague*, my immediate thought was that his shirt really didn't complement his complexion. Following that, I began to realize what a terrible emotional burden the presidency would be. I mean, I had definitely slobbered enough knobs to earn the position. But some of the things people said would be true; I do menstruate more than the average *Plague* president, and I reallocated money in the budget to include essentials like new breasts and some cute tops. It's just like that Gwen Stefani song, "I'm just a girl/ So don't give me any responsibility/ Because I can't do anything as well as a man." If you want to know the truth, I'm pretty fraught with emotions, the majority of which are driven by the large quantities of estrogen coursing through my blood. Just ask anyone I've cried in front of (my life coach), or on (every single one of my friends), or about (daddy), and they'll tell you the same. On any given day, I'm a teary, quivering pile of feelings and childhood traumas.

I know what you're thinking. You're saying to yourself, "Ooo, a girl. Girls aren't funny. They have vaginas!" You'd be wrong, my friend. Actually you're right about that last part, the vaginas part. (The rumors are true!) But the first thing, oh man, you're way off base. I can name three or four women who are humorous in an I'd-pretend-to-laugh-before-drunk-fucking-her kind of way right now.... Look at me go. Wait wait, okay! There's Tina Fey, her "writing partner" Amy Poehler, Sarah "How irreverant!" Silverman, Janeane Garofalo, Lily Tomlin...really more of a dude.... Look, I could go on hesitantly listing lesbians for days, but the point is that women have to fight against social perception and genetic hindrance to prove our capacity for funny. (If you *really* want to get into it though, the male species can take aaall the cred-

it for Carlos -dee dee dee-Mencia.)

As if sexism weren't enough to make me anxious, the fact is that comedy writers aren't good public speakers, or really even *adequate* public speakers. Of those who aren't complete agoraphobics, about ninety percent suffer from incontinence. Heck, I haven't made it home with dry panties in years! But we don't let that stop us from making comedy writers interact socially at *Plague*



What you might call "intrepid"

meetings. It takes a great cabinet to give me the kind of support my fragile constitution needs, so whenever I get the vapors VP Linnea Laqua takes over. She's not black. (Surprise!) She's also a woman. (Boo-urns.) In the case that neither of us can come to a meeting, when we're enduring childbirth or watching a compelling *Lifetime* movie marathon, we assembled some level-headed boys to undermine our already limited sense of authority.

The first faulty levee in this Chocolate City is Joe, a headstrong Jewish type you might describe as "Jewish." To use a baseball metaphor, he's the Walter Matthau

to everyone else's Bad News Bears. What I mean by that is he's a violent alcoholic who frequently hangs out with children. But don't let the mongoloid features and eyebrow forest fool you; behind that bland expression lives the brain of a thinker. A great big, Jewy-looking thinker. Josh, or Shylock von Heebenstein to friends, is in charge of keeping it real and other authenticity-related activities. As his nickname implies, he's also the treasurer. To extend the baseball metaphor, he's like the accountant for the *Bad News Bears* producers who would occasionally visit the set.

Playing DH (get it?!) is Nick. He's mostly here as eye candy because he's got the most *adorable* little dimples. He makes us call them his "manly face cavities," and we don't question him for fear of seeming racist. "But guys, I'm Caucasian," he shouts at us, blinking his almond-shaped eyes frantically like a Greek, or maybe an Italian or Egyptian. Wherever he's from, he's dreamy, and I figure it's about time we started objectifying men in the name of equality. Andrew finishes out the team, kind of like a bat boy, but a bat boy that lets us dress him up for emasculating photo shoots. It's kind of like having a My Size Bride Barbie, but with a lot more chest, arm, face, neck, and kneecap hair.

So there you have it; your starting lineup for *The Plague*. Between the six of us there are four boobs and ~~eight~~ seven testes that make for a hell of a cabinet, or at least some kind of terrifying Hindu god. We've added that feminine touch without necessitating a hasty "no homo." (We didn't even use a font that dots the "i"s with hearts!) With this issue, we aim to prove that women can ovulate *and* be funny. If the preceding soliloquy didn't convince you, how about this: Fuck you. I really don't need your approval anyway. I can just use my big, fake knockers to get what I want. Suck on that, glass ceiling.



# THINGS WE DAMN WELL FEEL LIKE SAYING

While Jill is filling her box (haha!) with an inspiring message about acceptance and gender equality, I'm going to use this page to go on a rant about how the fashion industry has given me a distorted body image.

Listen here fashion industry. I have a bone to pick with you. I can't fit into the clothes you peddle in the stores where white girls like myself are supposed to shop.

This isn't some whiny bitch article about how I'm fat and the fashion industry prevents me from feeling as beautiful as I really am or some shit like that. That's not my problem. My stomach and ass are fine, thanks.

I have a different issue. Through some mistake of genetics, I have gigantic, muscle-bound shoulders and arms. Much larger than a female's should be. Like, man arms.

Were I born a man, I would be taking my team to the World Series right now. But unfortunately for me, I was born with two X chromosomes, and thus my massive, cut guns look somewhat unseemly. Walking down the street, I can't help but wonder how many of the people I walk past take in first my eyeliner and then my heavyweight champion-size shoulders and wonder if I used to be a dude.

Of course, having the muscle mass I do does have its advantages. It's enough to scare the pants off most men to see a woman who could instantly pin them in an arm-wrestling contest. I'm never really worried about walking around at night -- what man prowling the streets would look at me and think "Yes, that girl who could snap my neck, she is the one I'm going to assault"? Here's what man: none of them. Deez gunz are the reason the Avery administration runs the *Plague* with an iron fist. But it's still sad to think about how I'll never feel like a real woman.

See this crippling low self-esteem? These things don't just hap-

pen. This is where Big Fashion is at fault.

See, I didn't always understand how hideous I am. As I small child, I frolicked about the playground with the normal-shouldered children, lacking any self-consciousness or shame, albeit with a greater natural ability for the monkey bars. I didn't understand my disfigurement until I



Look how cold I am without a jacket! The time has come, my friends, for jackets for the rest of us.

was well into high school. There I was, an innocent seventeen-year-old girl, just hoping to buy herself a cute 3-button jacket, just like any normal girl would want. To my dismay, I couldn't fit my arms through the sleeves of any jacket small enough to fit my comparatively petite chest and waist. I spent a good amount of time trying to stuff my man -arms into a jacket that was actually my size before I had to make a compromise and buy a jacket I could fit into.

I ended up walking out of the Gap

with a jacket that was too loose around my stomach and chest, but so tight on my arms that I wasn't even able to raise them past my shoulders. If I want to look all adorable like other normal girls, I have to stuff myself into a jacket that makes me look like I'm doing a constant John McCain impression.

It doesn't do much for a girl's self-esteem for her to feel like she's Chris Farley doing "fat man in a little coat" for her lithe, David Spade-sized peers. I could try to avoid wearing any tops that are less than 25% spandex, but godammit, I want to look adorable, too! And I know I'm not alone. I know there are a whole host of man-shouldered women afraid to speak up about how humiliating clothes shopping is for them. How can we stop big-shouldered women from feeling marginalized like this?

This is where the fashion industry comes in. I'm mostly looking at you, Gap. The world needs jackets that fit not just ideal, ballerina-shaped ladies, but also those of us who more closely resemble the Hulk. How are girls supposed to grow up to be strong, self-assured women when we're taught that our arms are not weak enough to be feminine?

We have to end this discrimination against man-armed women. We need a three-button jacket option for those of us with MLB-caliber triceps, an option other than swallowing our pride and shopping in the Men's section. There's no reason big-armed women should be made to feel like second-rate citizens just because we have more upper-body strength than our feminine, tyrannosaur-armed counterparts.

The fashion industry needs to make adorable, structured jackets that fit, muscle-bound women like myself can fit our arms into. This classification of GI Jane-lookin' women as "not feminine enough for adorable jackets" must end.

Seriously, do it or else. You know I could kick your ass.



# HAUTE CUISINE

The Plague shares some of its favorite *baking* recipes...heehee

- Step 1: Walk into kitchen.
  - Step 2: Turn on light, make too much noise
  - Step 3: Wonder if your parents can hear you. Wonder if they wonder why you're rummaging through the freezer at 3 in the morning. Wonder if they know that you smoke pot.
  - Step 4: Push these thoughts to back of mind.
  - Step 5: Remove pizza from box.
  - Step 6: Put pizza in microwave. Set for 2 minutes.
  - Step 7: Clear the time because you set it to 20 minutes. Try again.
  - Step 8: Hit start.
  - Step 9: Pace around for what seems like an eternity.
  - Step 10: Realize that you can maximize efficiency by going and getting a plate while the pizza is still in the microwave.
  - Step 11: Admire this profound revelation. Reason that pot makes you think more critically.
  - Step 12: Remove pizza from microwave and put onto plate.
  - Step 13: Slather on ketchup. And I mean slather.
  - Step 14: Turn off light and leave kitchen, return to bedroom.
  - Step 15: Sit in bed in your boxers watching YouTube videos and enjoy.
  - Step 16: Wonder what the fuck you're doing with your life, if you'll ever amount to anything, if you're wasting your life away smoking weed and eating Elio's pizza when you could be reading, or getting an internship, or running, or gardening, or anything
  - Step 17: Write it off as just a phase.
  - Step 18: Return to kitchen for drink, make more noise, wonder about parents again.
  - Step 19: Fall asleep.
  - Step 20: Wake up sometime around noon the next day and lounge around in your underwear eating sandwiches and watching *Drake and Josh*.
  - Step 21: Spend the late afternoon playing stickball with your friends from high school, despite the fact that you are almost 21 years old.
  - Step 22: Wish your ex girlfriend wasn't such a bitch. Convince yourself that your shell of a relationship with her was something besides absolutely destructive in every way.
  - Step 23: Get that normal sinking feeling upon realizing you have nothing to do for the night.
  - Step 24: Weep a little.
  - Step 25: Smoke.
- Repeat Steps 1-25



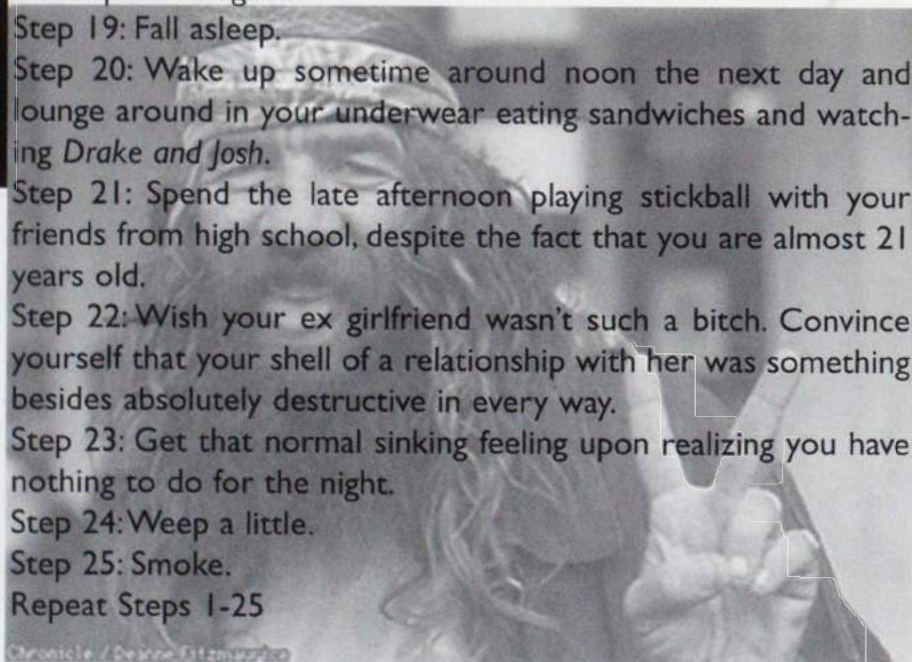
Bed pans, catheters, and the possibility of necrophilia:  
The Hartford Institute for Geriatric Nursing



Linnea and Jill's Nonthreatening  
Feminism Corner

"Have you forgotten that when fine gold is tested in the furnace, it does not change or vary in strength but becomes purer the more it is hammered and handled in different ways?"

- from *The Book of the City of Ladies* by Christine de Pisan



Chronicle / Deanna Fitzmaurice



# Some Fuckin' Poetry

Shakespeare? Man, homeboy couldn't write mysogyny half as tight

## Hot Asian Girl

You sat near me in my politics class  
I really wanted to fuck your brains out  
I hope you don't consider me crass  
I really wanted to dine on your trout

You see, I have never been with an Asian  
I am afflicted with yellow fever  
If only I could find the occasion  
I'd have a field day with your beaver

I hope that one day I'll catch you around  
I long to see your sideways vagina  
If I had the chance, your snatch I would  
pound  
I would follow you right back to China

I wish we could rail on a veranda  
Alas, I'm left to jerk off to a panda

## Girl From Warehouse Party

You were kind of cute and a drunken mess  
I was looking to get my dick blown off  
You seemed easy enough with your little black  
dress  
I hoped that your mouth could be a cock trough

You seemed receptive, and made out with me  
I could overlook your drunk crazy tongue  
A plus for my dick, I thought that might be  
My dear warehouse girl, was I ever stung

For when we parted, though not for too long  
You sucked another dude off in the john  
He came to me, told me of the wrong  
After you and I had kept kissing on

You were the reason that my night went south  
No head, and secondhand cock in my mouth

## Where The Red-Light District Ends

There is a place where the red-light district ends  
And before the brothel begins,  
And there the ass grows soft and white,  
And there the buns burns crimson bright (from being slapped so  
much)

And there the poon-herd<sup>1</sup> rests from his flight  
To cool in the pussymint<sup>2</sup> wind.

Let us leave this place where the hos blow blacks  
And the dark man skeets and slimes his friends.  
Past the pits where the ass plowers go  
We shall fuck with a fucker that is measured and slow,  
And watch where the cock white-arrows<sup>3</sup> go  
To the place where the red-light district ends.

Yes we'll fuck with a fucker that is measured and slow,  
And we'll go where the cock-white arrows go,  
For the children, they fuck, and the children, they blow  
The place where the red-light district end.

-Jizz Skeeterstein

<sup>1</sup>poon-herd: a person who herds, tends, and guards poon

<sup>2</sup>pussymint: a curious herb that smells of rotting snatch

<sup>3</sup>cock-white arrows: jizz, cum, man spackle, pearl jam

## Re: This is Just to Say

I have taken  
the gun  
that was in  
the lockbox


and which  
you were probably  
saving  
for burglars

Forgive me  
it was simple  
so quick  
and so cold...

Those plums were mine.

-William "Redundant" Williams

If you can read this sign,  
congratulations! We  
have a place for you.

 NYU LSP





# WASHINGTON SQUARE NEWS

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY'S STUDENT NEWSPAPER | WWW.NYUNEW.COM

## Obama Deletes Springsteen From His iTunes Library

Eileen Podnar

WASHINGTON SQUARE NEWS

After scoring an overwhelming victory in the 56th presidential election, winning 349 electoral votes and 53% of the popular vote, Barack Obama had one thing on his mind. It wasn't selecting his cabinet or celebrating his hard-fought victory – Obama took this opportunity to delete all the Bruce Springsteen from his iTunes library.

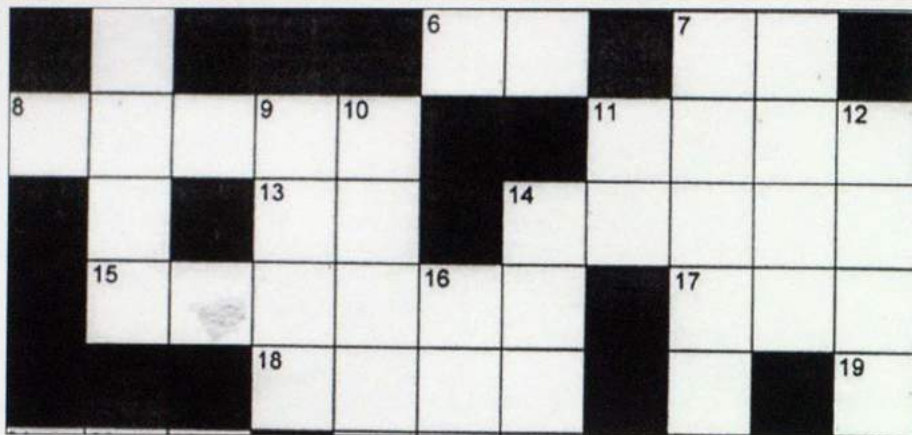
"*Born to Run, Tunnel of Love, The River...* Jesus Christ, I'll be glad to not have to listen to this anymore," said the President-Elect, scrolling through his library. "How can one man from New Jersey find so much to whine about? 'Oh, boo hoo, my small town is decaying as more people move to the cities' – shut up already."

According to the statistics saved to the mp3 files, Obama has listened to over 43 different Springsteen songs, and some of those songs more than once.

The songs were a gamble to relate to the average white American voter. Obviously, the gamble was successful.

When asked what he planned to put on his iPod now that he has all that extra space, Obama replied, "M.O.P., Public Enemy, Wu-Tang. Of course, some Eric B. & Rakim. Some Jeezy, some Weezy. Of course, I'll throw some Biggie on there. My iPod will be full of hype shit you can believe in."

please burn  
your WSN  
in a tire fire.



LET'S GET REAL | You only picked this up for the crossword puzzle. It's on the last page.

## Surgeon Penalized For Celebration

Steven Spitora

SPECIAL TO WSN

St. John's Mercy Hospital Chief of Medicine Calvin Schering suspended Head of Surgery Dr. Anthony Crommel after he and his entire medical team "chest-bumped" and excessively celebrated after completing an arduous surgery.

At 9:41 AM, a 70-year old wheat farmer named George Cunningham went into St. John's Mercy to undergo triple-bypass heart surgery. At 10:24 AM, Cunningham was sedated with anesthetics and at 3:53 PM, he awoke to the doctors around him "dancing and hollering".

"I was scared," said Cunningham, "because I thought they were performing some Hoodoo ceremony on me." Soon, Cunningham realized the doctors were celebrating, and joined in. Unfortunately, his blood pressure shot up when he started giving high-fives, and he had to be sedated again.

Crommel argues that he did nothing wrong: "It was just Crommel being Crommel – just doin' my thang. Hi, Mom! I'm gonna buy you that new car, and get you out of the retirement home!" Crommel mentioned that during his suspension, he would be open to receiving offers from the hospitals wanting his "Crommel-grade" services.

"I'm going to give any hospital I end up at 110%. Whether it's heart surgery, or appendix removal, or deliverin' some [expletive] babies, the C-Machine is your man," reads a press release distributed by Crommel's agent.

Schering said that he was not against his doctors celebrating after operations. "There's no problem with congratulating one another for a job well done," Schering says, "but excessive celebration is a bad influence for children aspiring to become doctors." Schering is not alone. Many medical researchers have reported that children seem more and more influenced by the showboating and grandstanding that they see on *TLC*.

This isn't the first time Schering has dealt with this issue. In May 2008, Dr. Jason Londek removed the tonsils of a 9-year old patient and pretended to shoot his surgical team with said tonsils before spiking them on the operating room floor. The parents of the patient sued Dr. Londek.

Dr. Crommel is expected to return to St. John's Mercy in two months, after he pays a \$5,000 dollar fine, according to Hippocratic oath bi-laws. "Don't get me wrong – Crommel is a great doctor," Schering concluded. "He just needs to respect his profession for the sake of all who look up to him."

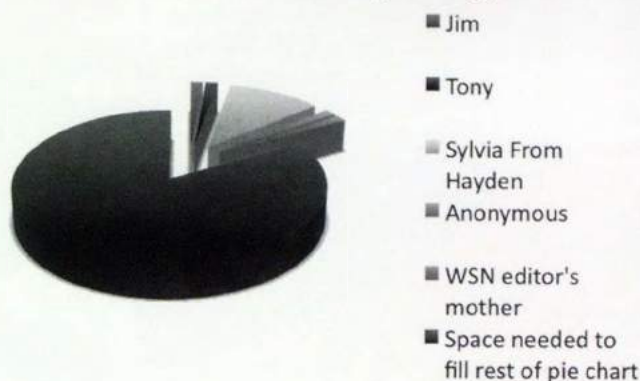


# WASHINGTON SQUARE NEWS' COVERAGE OF THE '08 ELECTION - BY THE NUMBERS

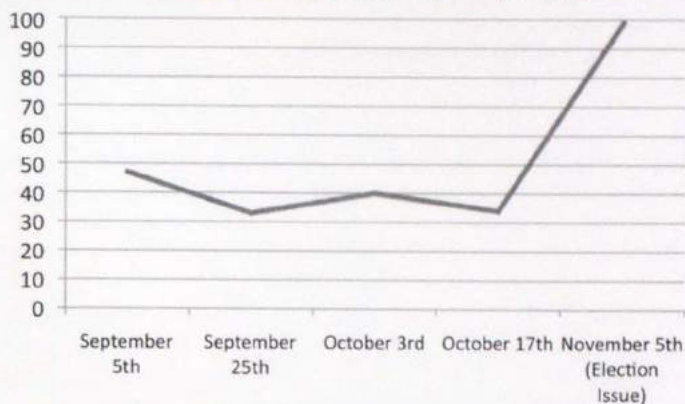
OR

"CNN HAD HOLOGRAMS AND ALL WE COULD AFFORD WAS EXCEL"

Readers Who Found the WSN's Election Coverage Insightful



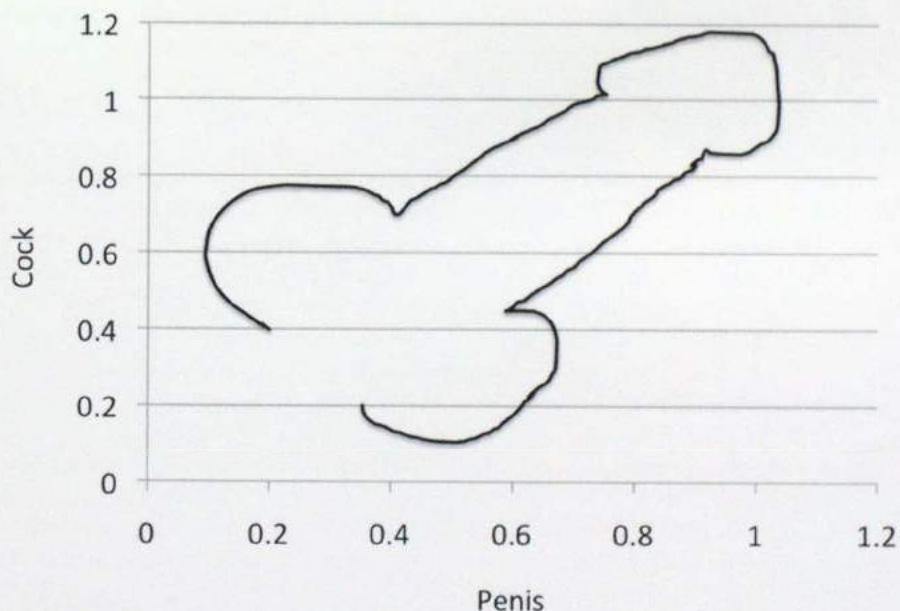
Issue Date Vs. Readers' Misery Index



Words that describe *The Washington Square News*, sized by rank-

poopy useful toilet paper professional faggoty  
ipickedthisupforthecrosswordpuzzle tiny relevant respected asinine

We Can Make Pointless Graphs Too, Bitches!



Results are based on in-person interviews with half a dozen students wandering around Washington Square, conducted Nov. 6. For results based on the total sample of NYU undergraduates, one can say with 95 percent confidence that you are looking in the wrong place. Fuck that Zogby sampling error bullshit.

## VOTER VIGNETTE

For the WSN, 3rd grade geography akin to nuclear physics

When College of Arts and Sciences sophomore Mary Rathers picked up her *Washington Square News* the day after the election, she couldn't help but notice the map on the back page.

"Louisiana? Mississippi? Same difference, right?" she said.

The WSN had colored in the state of Mississippi but labeled it LA, leaving the ten students who actually read the issue confused.

Rathers, a Louisiana native, expressed her displeasure by defecating in the WSN newspaper box located directly in front of the Kimmel Student Center.

"Maybe they should have left the in depth election coverage and polling to real newspapers and stuck with mapping out where freshmen like to get date raped," Rathers said.



# President Sexton Murders Student

**Rick Nielsen**

WASHINGTON SQUARE NEWS

New York University President John Sexton has accidentally murdered a University student. The incident occurred last Tuesday in the lobby of Bobst Library when Sexton approached a young female student, whose identity is being withheld by the NYU Administrative Offices.

Sexton engaged the student in conversation. Sexton is known for being one of those "hip" university administrative types who feebly attempts through his childlike sociability to not come across like an out-of-touch d-bag who just hoards students' tuition money away up on the mysterious upper levels of the Bobst library.

Witnesses said they heard President Sexton say he "liked to touch soft things with [his] fingers". He proceeded to ask the young woman if it would be alright if he were to give her one of his famous "Sexton bear hugs" because she looked "real purty". The female student obliged his request, but then things took a violent turn.

Witnesses say that President Sexton proceeded to stroke the female student's hair with his fingers. She was soon fright-

ened and panicked when Sexton became overly excited and tightened his grip on her hair. When she started to scream, onlooker Jason Craig said that Sexton used "his giant retard hands" to cover her mouth and then "jerked her around like a doll with his, y'know, giant retard strength".

The female student's body fell limp when, according to the autopsy, "her neck was broken due to excessive force and blunt trauma...most likely caused by giant retard strength".

President Sexton then slowly placed down the corpse on the marble floor of the Bobst Library lobby and screamed about how "David McLaughlin [NYU's Provost of...I don't fucking know what a Provost is] is never going to let him tend them rabbits now" when they were reportedly going to be "living off the fatta' the lan'" in a soon to be announced NYU Study Abroad Site.

News of this event follows the pattern of past reports of John Sexton getting into "some real bad trouble up in Weed a while back" when he apparently wouldn't let go of another young woman's dress because the fabric felt "real nice" and the death of his dog, Legs, due to Sexton stroking him too roughly.

# Does Anyone Know When The Route A Bus Is Coming?

**Katie Tinsdale**

WASHINGTON SQUARE NEWS

Seriously, does anyone know?

I need to get home, and I don't want to take the subway down to Water Street. I've got, like, three exams this week, and I really need to get home.

Yet, here I am, standing around like an asshole in front of the Gallatin building. Sure, I could go inside, but then I'd look like an asshole who is also afraid of the cold.

It's going to be so crowded. That's because the bus that was supposed to show up at 4:40 didn't, and neither did the one scheduled for 4:55. Which means this bus is going to hold 3 buses worth of students. And I'll be stuck with my face in a sweaty armpit.

At least Mussolini made the trains run on time. The least Sexton could do is get us reliable bus and trolley service. Or some good Italian food.

# Briefs From The New York Times Recycling Bin

## Comedian Wants to Know If Y'all Know a Motherfucker Like This

"Seriously, y'all know this kind of cat?" asked a stand-up during his half-hour show at the Laff Zone. "They be all actin' one way around you and your boys, but then they with they boo, and they actin' completely different. That motherfucker crazy!" In response to the inquiry, y'all hooted, hollered and made some noise.

## Roommates To Nation: "Stop Drinking Our Milk"

Roommates released a statement to the press asking for a complete banon the drinking of their milk. "Look, I get up earlier than you do, so I can go to my job - I can't just ask dad for cash," said a roommate. "And when I wake up, I like to have some coffee, and I take it with milk. But when someone uses all my milk, that I bought, eating Froot Loops at 3 in the morning, I get upset.. okay? Just try to consider my feelings."

## Doody "Icky"

Doody has been officially classified as "icky", the Department of Nasty Stuff said earlier this month. "After a lot of experimentation, including taste, touch and smell tests, we have officially classified Doody," said John Hawkins, lead researcher on the project. "Icky", for clarification, is one step above "sick" and one below "fucking gross". The next job for the department is to identify and classify just what it is that covers used tampons.

## Write-In Votes Elect "A Big Ol' Dick" to US Senate

All districts have reported in, and the results are official: The new junior senator to Illinois is A Big Ol' Dick, who will be sworn in as soon as he (or she) can be located. Government officials are searching for the senator in locations where she (or he) is thought to be found, including Patrick Ewing's crotch. If you have seen A Big Ol' Dick recently, please alert the government.

## Entire NYU Basketball Team Shows Up to Game Wearing the Same Outfit

In their game against University of Chicago, the entire NYU Varsity Basketball team showed up in the same clothes. "Oh, my god!" shrieked Captain John Mish. "Guys, I told you to wear something unique!" The entire crowd laughed and pointed as the team slinked off the court. "Next time," Center Andy Stein said, "we're going to all call each other the night before and make sure this doesn't happen again."

## Author: "This Isn't All Just a Rip Off of The Onion"

"What? No, this is completely different," said the author of this section. "Come on, look! We're using completely different fonts!" When told that the ideas were the rip off and the formatting was irrelevant, the author responded: "No, you're irrelevant! Fuck you and the horse you rode in on."



Bootleg  
Guaranteed!

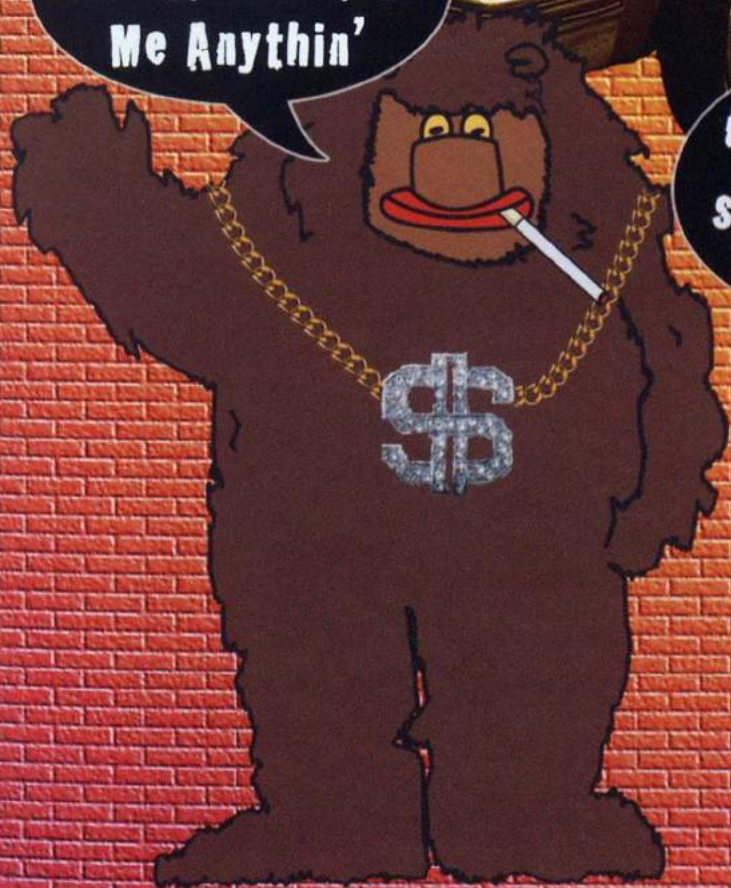
# MUZZY STONERS

ROCK 4



I may not be  
black, but check  
out da  
Air Force Ones

I'm  
Muzzy, Bitch, Ax  
Me Anythin'



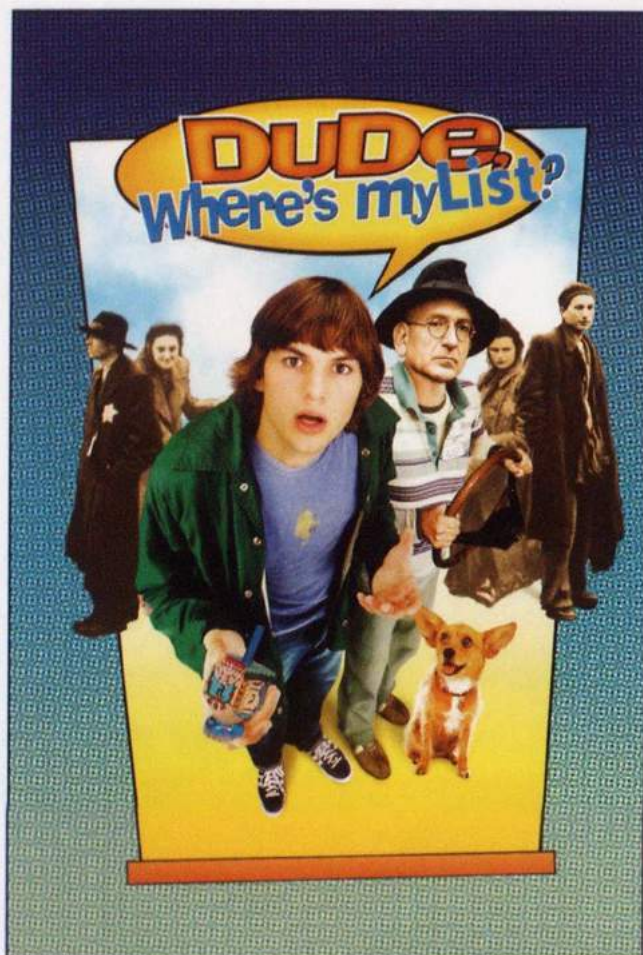
Learn Yo' Kids  
some shit, yo!



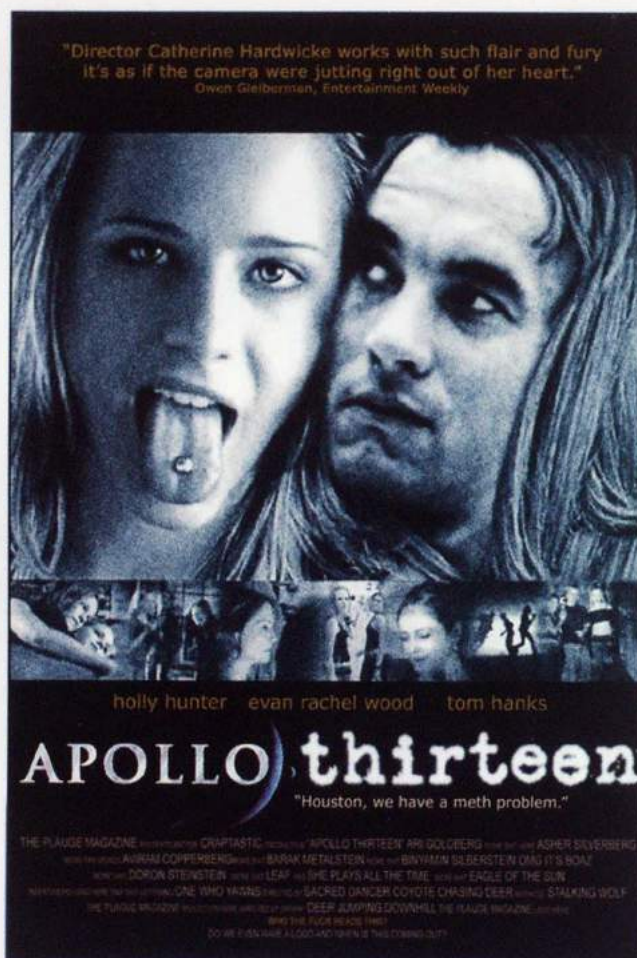


# MOVIE MIX-UPS

EVER LIKE TWO MOVIES SO MUCH YOU WISH THEY COULD BE COMBINED INTO ONE EVEN BETTER MOVIE? WHO SAYS THEY CAN'T BE? HERE ARE SOME TITLES THAT WOULD BE GREAT AS COMBINED FILMS. WE CALL THEM MOVIE MIX-UPS!



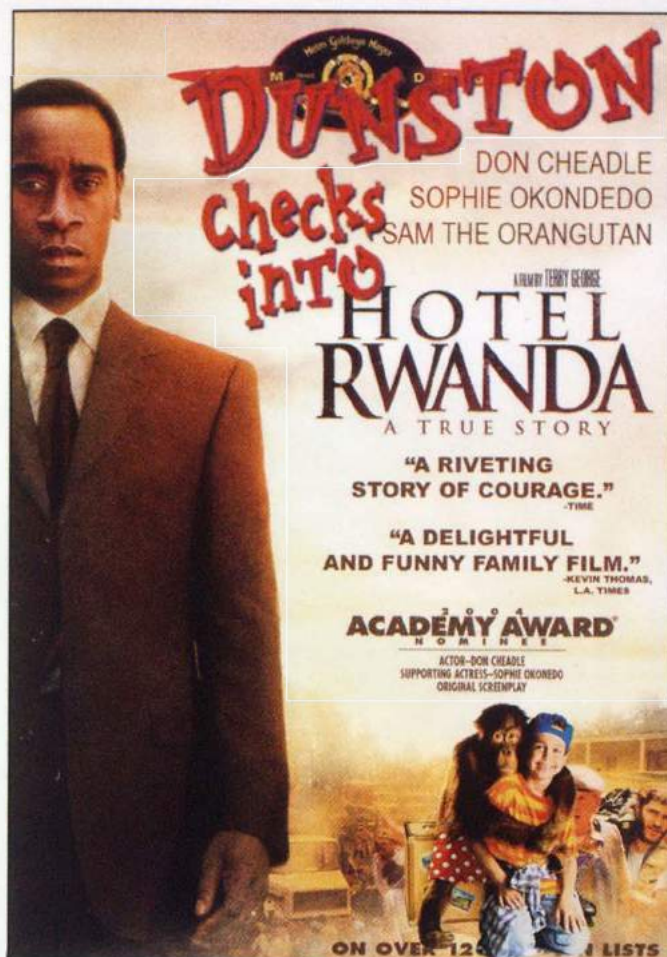
Ashton Kutcher stars as Oskar Schindler, a German factory owner in Poland by day and party animal by night. He employs Jews to work at his factory and tattoos the words "dude" and "sweet" on all of them. He grows close to them and wants to save them from Hitler's Final Solution. Unfortunately, after a long night of partying, he cannot find his list containing the Jew's names. The film follows Schindler and his pals as he tries to locate the list, with plenty of twists and gags along the way!



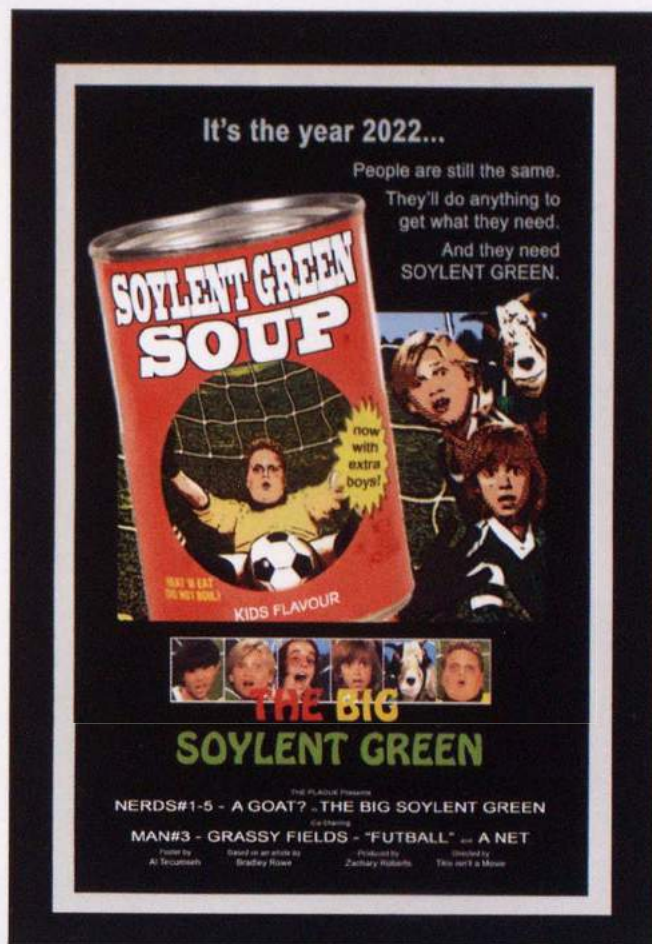
Starring Tom Hanks and this out of control thirteen-year-old girl I can no longer masturbate to with a clean conscience, the film chronicles the Apollo 13 lunar mission. The two head for space, but it's not long before Tom Hanks pressures Tracy into a life of drugs, sex, and stealing. The mission gets dicey when the two neglect their duties on the spacecraft and instead abuse prescription medication and cut themselves. Co-starring Kevin Bacon, Gary Sinise, and a rocket ship.



# MOVIE MIX-UPS

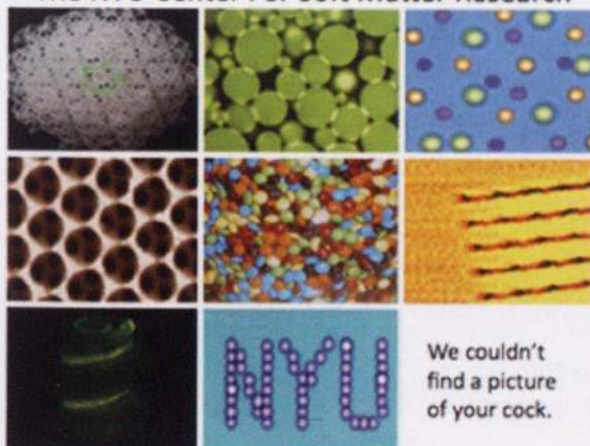


In this classic, Dunston the orangutan checks into a hotel in Rwanda on the eve of genocide. You'll be in stitches watching the adorable monkey mischief that Dunston gets himself into at the hotel while the hotel manager scrambles frantically to care for refugees, and, later, search desperately for his family in the war-torn nation.

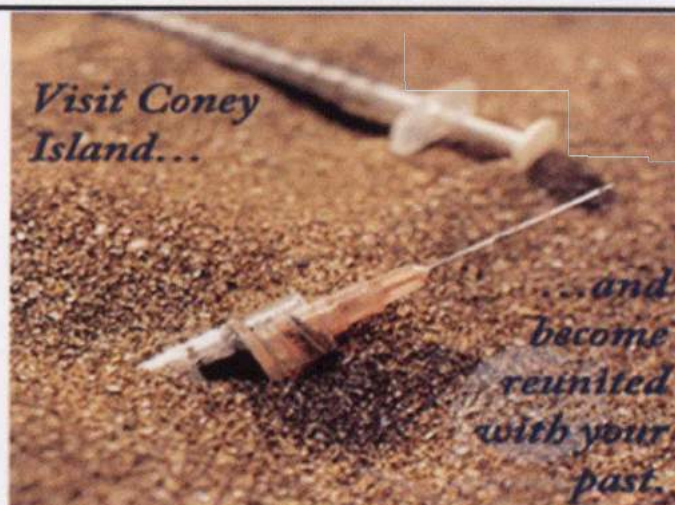


A ragtag bunch of kids, and also a goat for some reason, who know little about soccer are led to success by their English coach. Overcoming all odds, the kids make it to the playoffs and are up against an undefeated juggernaut. But before they can take the field, they are rounded up, euthanized, and turned into ration wafers.

## The NYU Center For Soft Matter Research



We couldn't find a picture of your cock.





# WHERE THE WILD THINGS AT



**STORY AND PICTURES BY LIL M SENDAK**

The night Max wore his Fubu jump-suit and done made some trouble of one kind or another, his Ma call him "Wild Thing" and Max said, "Bitch, I'ma kill you!" So he was sent to bed without eating anything.

That very night in Max's room a concrete jungle grew and grew and grew until his ceiling hung with basketball hoops and the walls became the 'hood all around.

And dat big ole ocean brokes in with some whack ass boat-car for Max and he rolled off through night and day and in and out of weeks almost a whole fuckin' year to Where the Wild Things At.

And when he rolled up to Where dem Wild Things At, they rapped they

terrible rhymes and gnashed they terrible grills and rolled they terrible rims and showed they terrible knives 'til Max said, "Aw fuck you lame-ass bitches!" and tamed them with the magic of skeeting into all they yellow eyes without blinking once.

And they was frightened good and called him the Most Wildest Thing of all and made him the overseer of all Wild Things.

"Shhiiiiit!" holla'd Max, "Start up dat wile rumpus shit!"

"Stop motherfucker," Max said, and sent the Wild Things off to bed without their supper.

And Max, overseer of all Wild Things, was lonely and wanted to be with his boo.

Then all around from far away across the court he smelled dem greens 'n' shit so he gave up being overseer of Where the Wild Things At but the Wild Things cried, "Boy what you thinkin?! We'll cut you up we hate you so!"

Max said, "No!"

Dem Wild Things rapped they terrible rhymes and gnashed they terrible grills and rolled they terrible rims and showed they terrible knives, but Max stepped into his pimp ass car-boat and flashed a gang-sign. He rolled back over a year and in and out of weeks and through a day and into the night to his very own room where he found his greens waiting for him. And they was still hot.



# Presidential Battles

With the Obama-McCain grudge match dominating the public sphere for months, people found themselves having a hard time telling the two apart. (Hint: Obama is the one your racist uncle hates, McCain is a golden raisin). So we took it upon ourselves to thoroughly research some of the famous political fights of yore. We compiled a list of the most historical personal and political battles in our nation's history. Rest easy; we wiki'd the shit out of this one.



Abraham Lincoln's asshole vs. charges of homosexuality



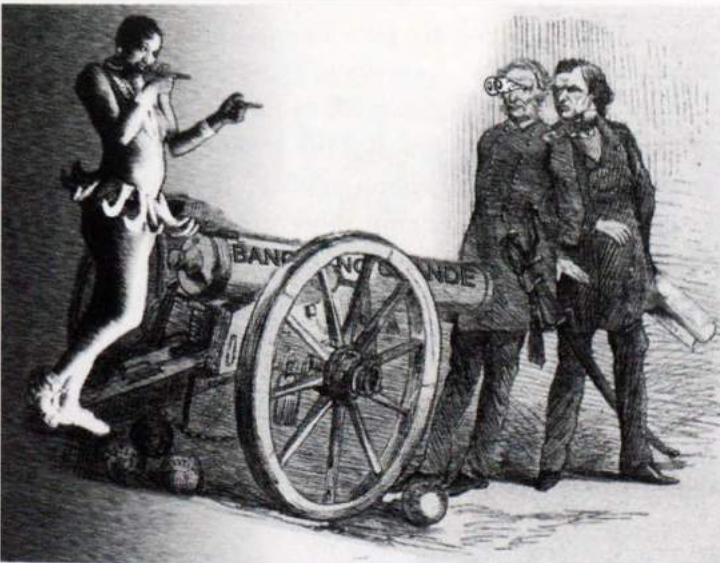
William Howard Taft vs. The Molasses Flood of --- oh God oh God it's coming this way!!!

- Dan Quayle vs. the fictional entity Murphy Brown (Remember that one, guys?!)
- Andrew Jackson vs. philanthropy in all of its virulent forms

- Bill Clinton's penis vs. Hillary Clinton's lockjaw
- Richard Nixon vs. everyone (the guy was a paranoid lunatic)
- JFK's skull vs. a bullet
- Gerald Ford's inner ear infection vs. hilarity
- Jimmy Carter vs. all those innocent trees he makes into houses



FDR's wheelchair vs. each and every stair in Washington



Thomas Jefferson vs. jungle fever



- Ronald Reagan vs. stem cell research
- Alzheimer's vs. Ronald Reagan
- Nancy Reagan vs. irony



# FREAKY (F)RAMADAN

Five-year-old Bobby Thompson and twenty-six-year old Omar Bin Ahmed were on a flight from New York to Cairo when they accidentally passed through the airport X-ray scan together. In a freak twist of physics, they switched bodies. Both scared and confused, the child and the man were taken back with the other's family to lead each other's lives. Their stories, in their own words, are printed here for the first time.

## First Entry

**September 2nd, 2008**

Today was the first day of school. As I boarded the school bus, I was repulsed and horrified by the fact that girls were also on the bus. Even more appalling was their clothing, or, should I say, lack thereof. These completely unabashed, scantily clad jezebels buzzed about the bus. Allah will undoubtedly judge them with disdain. On a side note, apparently there was a recent "*High School Musical*" that everyone besides me is familiar with. Certainly it was Western smut. I wished that I could blow up the bus, but I maintained composure and arrived at school. Once there, I met our teacher: a young, white harlot named "Miss Lisa." Her sinful breasts oozed out of her top and filled me with rage. We were asked to recite the Pledge of Allegiance, which I managed to lip synch without anyone noticing. Praise Allah. Will update soon.

Omar "Bobby Thompson" Bin Ahmed

## Second Entry

**September 25th, 2008**

Unfortunately, my plan to poison the school's milk supply with anthrax was foiled. I reached the pantry safely, but could not reach the shelf. Curse this body. As I was trying to climb to the milk, a janitor spotted me and stopped me immediately. He thankfully did not find my poison, but he chased

me away. Little does he know that he is interfering with Allah's plans, grace be to him, and will be banished to the most terrifying layer of hell and subject to dreadful suffering forever. My parents, so to speak, enrolled me in a youth soccer league. My team's first game was this weekend. Needless to say I was unwilling to play soccer with women. As soon as the whistle blew, I administered a hard slide tackle into one of the whore's shins. I believe her ankle was severely sprained, glory be to God. I was removed from the game and hopefully will not be allowed to return.

Omar "Bobby Thompson" Bin Ahmed

## Third Entry

**October 8th, 2008**

I have run into many troubles thus far at school, but the events of today were by far the most unendurable yet. First, our class was brought to the public library on a field trip. While the old white whore librarian was explaining the catalog system to the small white devils, I snuck off to indulge myself in the Koran, which I have not been able to read since I have been trapped in this form. Unable to locate it, I gritted my teeth and asked a librarian for assistance. Infidel heathen she was, she brought me by the hand back to the teacher. I was filled with fire. The whole class was sitting down and listening to a Jewess read a

story called *Charlotte's Web*. I suggested vocally that we ought to read from the profound works of Sayyid Qutb, Islamic fundamentalist scholar. I was told I was being naughty and sent to the corner. I stewed and visualized the gruesome deaths I will someday inflict upon the Western World.

Omar "Bobby Thompson" Bin Ahmed

## Fourth Entry

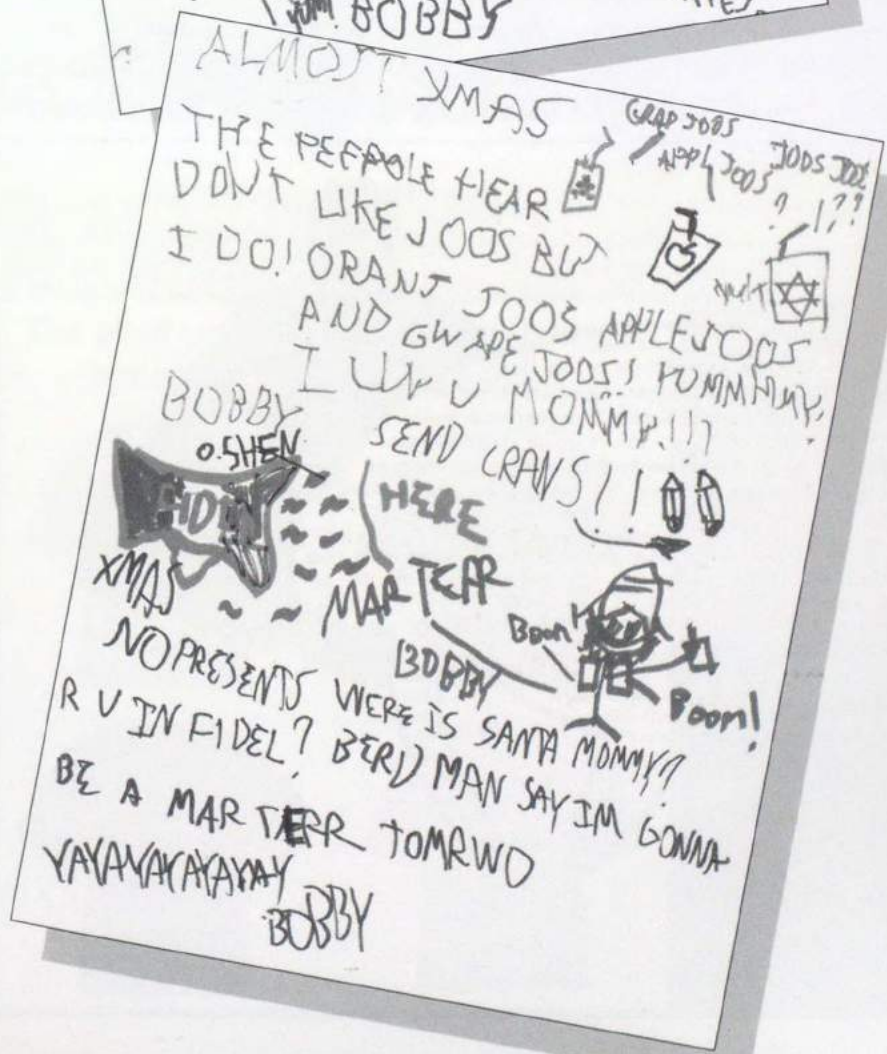
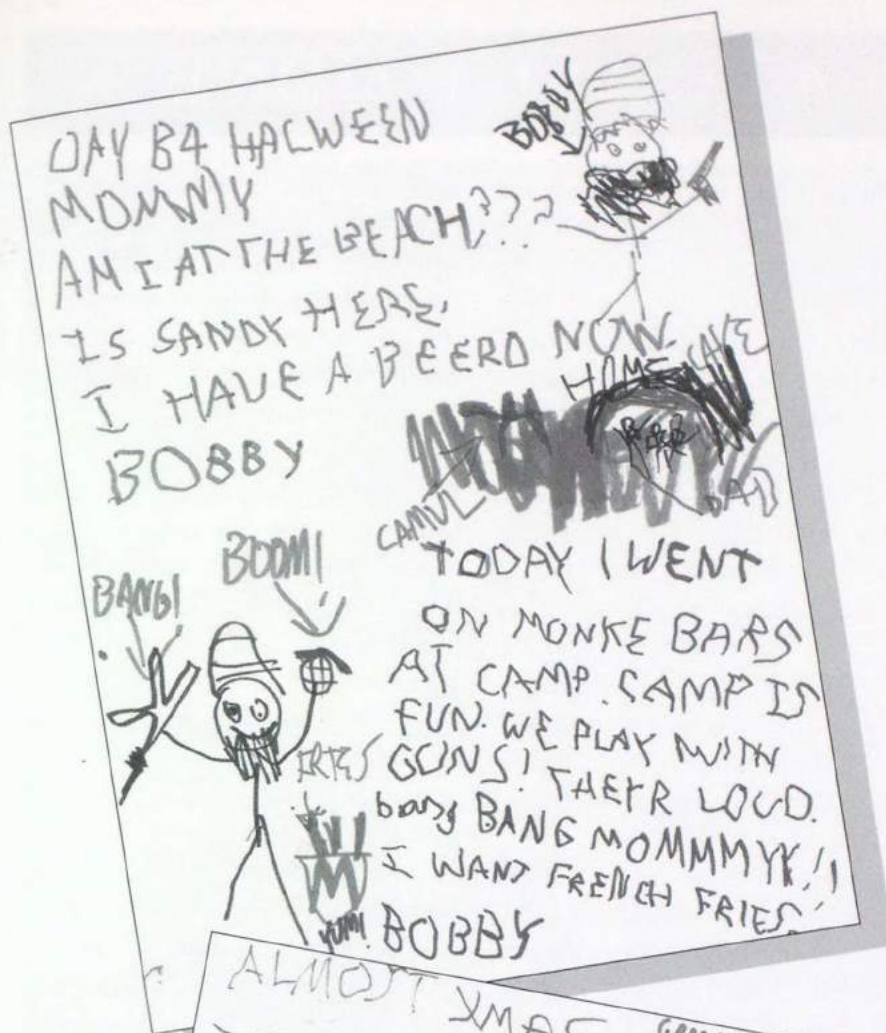
**October 31st, 2008**

I write to you now from "time out", my second one this week. Yesterday I was verbally reprimanded because I punched my mother in her demon gut. She had attempted to serve me a pork hot dog. She is coming up to my room shortly and I fear she will discover this journal. I was also scolded at school for suggesting verbosely that we ought to stone a girl who stole an eraser of mine. I felt it was fit punishment, but she will pay someday. Luckily only the all-powerful Allah judges me, and I fear not the wrath of my surrogate whore mother. If I do not write again, think not that I have given up on my quest. I will forever seek to cause terror and fear in the name of holy Allah.

Omar "Bobby Thompson" Bin Ahmed

*No more entries follow in Omar's journal.*





NOT  
FAT  
ENOUGH?



Don't  
worry, we  
have  
mix-ins,  
you  
J.A.P.!



# PAGE OF SEA COWS!!1!!!ONE

## *Sea-Cow Haters, To Arms!* by Frederick Douglas

If you've ever swum in the Caribbean Sea or Gulf of Mexico, you may have noticed "sea cows" peacefully grazing on sea grass. Maybe you've seen one swimming around aimlessly or trying to achieve self-mutilation through collision with a boat propeller.

These strange manatee pastimes beg the question: what purpose do these aquatic pudge-buckets serve? The answer: none. Sea cows are a burden on society. The rest of the world has realized it, and it's time we did too.

In Cuba, manatees are a minority, and are subjected to vicious hate crimes. Well-to-do manatees are lynched, and it's dangerous for them to even cross the street in

a "bad part of town." Manatees are also drafted in times of peace in most countries. You might be wondering why one would hate manatees, but it's really quite simple. Manatees are dumb as shit.

The late Grafton Elliot Smith, a leading marine life expert in his time, concluded that manatee brains resemble "the brains of idiots." Furthermore, they fail to contribute anything of worth to American or marine society. Therefore, these Dom DeLuises-of-the-sea need to be eliminated.

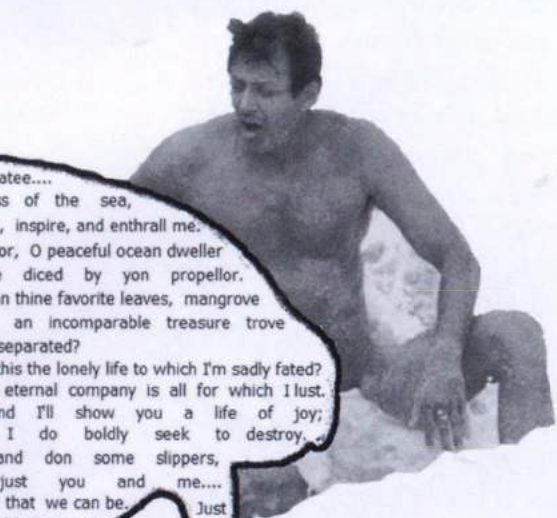
The National Council of Sea Cow Haters (NCSCH) has asked the EPA to establish a year-round manatee-hunting season. They also launched an advertising campaign to arouse interest in manatee poaching. After a long day at work, wouldn't you like to kick

back and spear a few sea-fatties?

Perhaps in response to the ad campaign, manatee murders and suicides have sharply increased in the last month. When a dismembered manatee flopped ashore near Miami in November, the FBI spent \$84,600 tax dollars on a fruitless investigation. Manatees, notorious for swimming into motorboat propellers, are just begging to be killed. Why then, is so much of our money spent on these blundering assholes?

The time has come to put an end to this. You can help the anti-manatee effort by purchasing anti-manatee weaponry. The NCSCH sells manatee lassos and poison, both of which are normally harmless to any surrounding sea life (you wouldn't want to hurt any cute otters). Join the fight today!

## *An Ode to My Lumpy Lover* by Jeff Goldblum



O, manatee....  
Beautiful, delicate princess of the sea,  
How thine abundant rolls captivate, inspire, and enthrall me.  
Smiling wisely as you graze on the sea floor, O peaceful ocean dweller  
Watch out, my love, lest ye be diced by yon propellor.  
As I espy thee in thy natural glory, chowing down on thine favorite leaves, mangrove  
I so painfully long to bask in thy love, an incomparable treasure trove  
Must we exist so, our bodies tragically separated?  
Is this the lonely life to which I'm sadly fated?  
Hearken to me, my love, for I'll only say it once; thine eternal company is all for which I lust.  
Come and join me on the earthen world, and I'll show you a life of joy;  
your innocent ignorance of worldly pleasures, I do boldly seek to destroy.  
Leave behind your leathery flippers, grow feet and don some slippers,  
We'll soar above these earthly confines, just you and me....  
There's no one to stop us from being all that we can be. Just  
But I'm not afraid to change, no; if in the slightest you'd desire, you  
I'd fear not to manatize and shed this disgusting human attire. and  
Great Coral Reef? Cape of Good Hope? Amazon River? me,  
The thought of adventures with you sends my  
So why wait a second longer? With down ma  
every minute, my desire for you na  
grows yet stronger. Let us seize this ne shi  
moment, this very day and not vers  
forget, fairest one, that love knows  
no boundaries... so throw away  
your quandaries, manatee,  
and give us the chance to be  
all that we were meant to be.



# Another Inoffensive Animal Page

If everything were measured in puppies, this section would be two puppies!

## A Disgruntled Polar Bear Speaks Out



*"So an arctic fox walks in to a bar, and the bartender says, 'Why the long face?' Oh come on, Morgan loved that one!"*

In my time, a polar bear could count on an ice cap until at least its hundred thousandth nautical mile. But it seems that nowadays, ice caps are breaking down and melting all over the place. I put the blame squarely on the shoulders of the manufacturer: Mother Earth. As if it's not bad enough having to live up in the ass end of nowhere with all these Yetis and uppity fucking penguins, now we have to deal with relocating ice floats every few seasons. What's a bear to do?

Back in my day, we would play games of chicken with oil tankers. It used to be you could drive a glacier right into a cruise liner and bring everyone inside to a watery grave. Grandpa Snowy himself was responsible for piloting that iceberg into to the Titanic. Ka-pow! Slit a gash the size of a blue whale in that sucker. But those days are long gone.

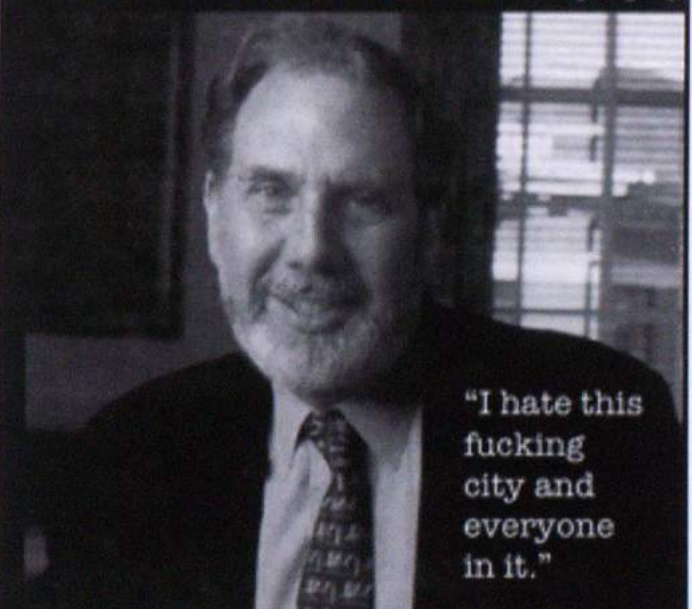
I blame a lot of it on the youth culture. Young cubs have been suckered in by the glamorous celebrity lifestyle. They see polar bears getting famous drinking Cokes and hobnobbing with Santa Claus. Otherwise they join gangs and wear ornamental armor and act out scenes from fantasy movies. All the time I tell them, "You were given jaws and claws and bone-crushing strength for a reason! Take off that faggy helmet already!" I make my own children eat a healthy diet of five Eskimos a day, and always have them clean their teeth with baby seal bones. Wait, did I say "Eskimo"? I meant Inuit. No, godammit! I meant Eskimo!

Listen, I'm not saying that progress is all bad. I just know that there are few things you can count on in this world, and if the resistance of ice to high temperatures isn't one of them, I don't know what to believe.

Get all of your NYU Bookstore-themed apparel at the NYU Bookstore!



## John Sexton's New Tell-All Biography



**"I hate this fucking city and everyone in it."**

Available in the NYU Bookstore now!



# bear grylls answers your questions

After having written countless pieces for *Outdoor Magazine* and *Everest Quarterly*, I decided that my contributions to society have been a bit too focused towards my male audience although I am quite experienced in all areas of survival for both sexes. Therefore I, Bear Grylls, will be responding to this month's queries from all you *Cosmo Girl* readers out there.

Dear *Cosmo Girl*,

Last week on the bus to school I realized I forgot to put my makeup on and went into a total panic. I was so nervous thinking that my huge crush, football star Bobby Wilkenson, would see me without makeup I got off the bus at the next stop, ran home to put my makeup on and had my mom drive me to school late. What should I have done, *Cosmo*?

-Becky in Des Moines, Iowa

Dear Becky,

Ah, the age-old makeup mishap; well Becky, there is no need to throw an eppy. Remember, just like I always tell my two boys Jesse and Marmaduke the three things that are going to keep you alive are:

- 1) Being prepared.
- 2) Using common sense.
- 3) The human spirit.



EWWW!!!

Each of these will be crucial in your mission to not look like a wanker and make it to class on time. First, to be prepared, you will need my new Bear Grylls S4 knife ([www.bayleyknife.com/bear.htm](http://www.bayleyknife.com/bear.htm) approx. \$650 USD plus S&H) once you have my knife what you'll need to do is sneak into school as stealthily as possible so as not to disturb any boys. Remember, bears, I mean boys, are attracted to not only noise, but scent too so you're going to have to cover yourself in some type of tree sap (preferably pine) while still outside so as to disguise your feminine odors. Once you sneak in, find a small cave or locker and cram yourself in it. Immediately take out my new Bear Grylls S4

knife ([www.bayleyknife.com/bear.htm](http://www.bayleyknife.com/bear.htm) approx. \$650 USD plus S&H) and begin to scrape the inside layers of paint off the locker. Do this until you have accumulated a small mound of paint chips in your hand then soak this pile in saliva; I prefer to put the chips in my mouth and spit out the paste but, I have also seen natives spit into their hands and create the mix this way. After a thorough moistening apply the mixture just as you would any ordinary eye shadow. Problem solved.

- Bear

P.S. - You can also create dazzling eye glitter by getting chips from any ordinary Master Lock and you can even make lipstick from small flakes off your typical exposed rusty pipe.



Bear Grylls S4 knife  
([www.bayleyknife.com/bear.htm](http://www.bayleyknife.com/bear.htm))

Cosmo Girl 2008



Dear *Cosmo Girl*,

Last week, my friend Betsy got her period for the first time – in history class with Mr. Thompson. She didn't realize it was happening until it was too late and she made a big mess all over – now she is made fun of everywhere she goes. I still haven't gotten mine yet, what can I do to not become the next "Betsy Bleeder?"

- Amy in La Jolla, California

Dear Amy,

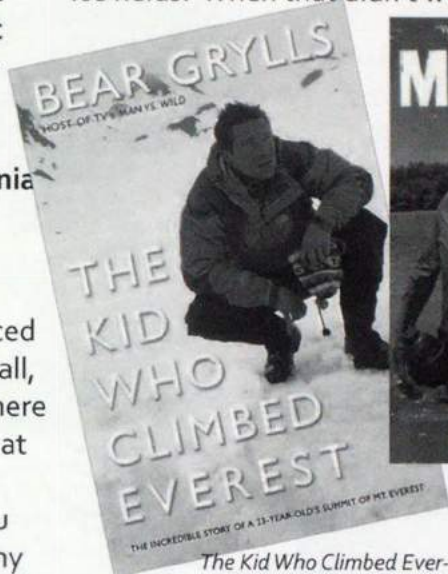
Your problem is one faced by many women, maybe all, who knows? Therefore there are countless solutions that I have learned while trekking across the world, you can read about some of my adventures in *Man vs. Wild: Survival Techniques from the Most Dangerous Places on Earth* (available on Amazon.com for \$17.13 plus S&H) or *The Kid Who Climbed Everest: The Incredible Story of a 23-Year-Old's Summit of Mt. Everest* (available on Amazon.com for \$8.99 plus S&H) or *Facing the Frozen Ocean* (available on Amazon.com for \$14.40 plus S&H). As you will find in each of these books, the one standing commonality between all solutions is that each calls for the Bear Grylls S4 knife ([www.bayleyknife.com/bear.htm](http://www.bayleyknife.com/bear.htm) approx. \$650 USD plus S&H) and that to be successful you must acknowledge

the three things that are going to keep you alive, which are:

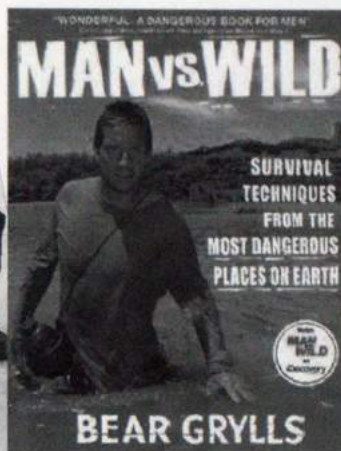
- 1) Being prepared.
- 2) Using common sense.
- 3) The human spirit.

One of the most effective menstruation blocking techniques I have ever seen was one I learned from the Inuits in the frozen Arctic and that was simply wearing a skirt in the subzero ice fields. When that didn't work

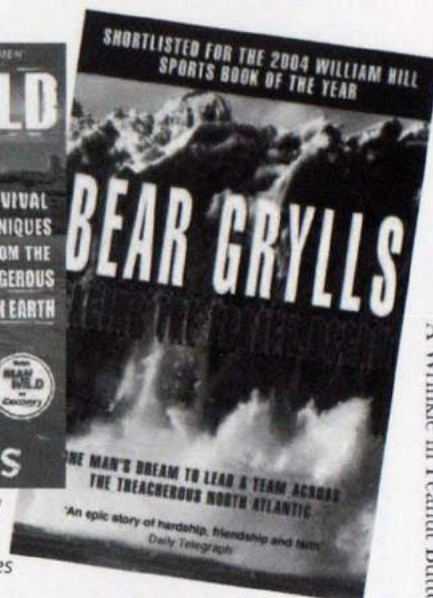
bear.htm approx. \$650 USD plus S&H) and fabricate a small pelt to cover your inflicted area. If you cannot manage to solve the problem with any of these means you deserve to be teased, because you are not a survivor but merely a product of today's lazy and sheltered society.



*The Kid Who Climbed Everest: The Incredible Story of a 23-Year-Old's Summit of Mt. Everest (Above)*



*Man vs. Wild: Survival Techniques from the Most Dangerous Places on Earth (Above)*



*Facing the Frozen Ocean (Above)*

they would use a seal skin undergarment filled with whale blubber to stop the flow. If neither of these options applies to you, might I suggest the Maasai tradition of female circumcision, although not really relevant, it might work. If you still need assistance in stopping predators from following your trail what you will have to do is find a janitor's closet or other equivalently decrepit room in your school and set up a snare – I prefer shoelaces but I have seen them made with notebook wire and Twizzlers. Set up a few of these to increase your chances of a catch and monitor them regularly. Once you catch a rat or similar rodent skin it with your Bear Grylls S4 knife ([www.bayleyknife.com/](http://www.bayleyknife.com/)

Well readers of *Cosmo Girl*, that is about all I can handle. Until next time, live on the edge and remember the three things that are going to keep you alive are:

- 1) Being prepared. ([www.bayleyknife.com/bear.htm](http://www.bayleyknife.com/bear.htm))
- 2) Using common sense. ([www.amazon.com](http://www.amazon.com) Search: Bear Grylls)
- 3) The human spirit. (Bear Grylls Spirit Supplement at GNC summer 2009)



*Bear Grylls Spirit Supplement (Above)*



## On the Road Head Again

Join me, readers, as I trace back the history of mobile blowjobs from its origins to present day. This sexual act, which has long unified men's penises and women's mouths, dates back to the prehistoric times!

The first incident of road head obviously coincided with the invention of the wheel, in the New Stone Age (perhaps more appropriately, New Blown Age). Here we have a prehistoric female servicing her caveman. The woman would crawl along beside the man as he rolled the wheel along.

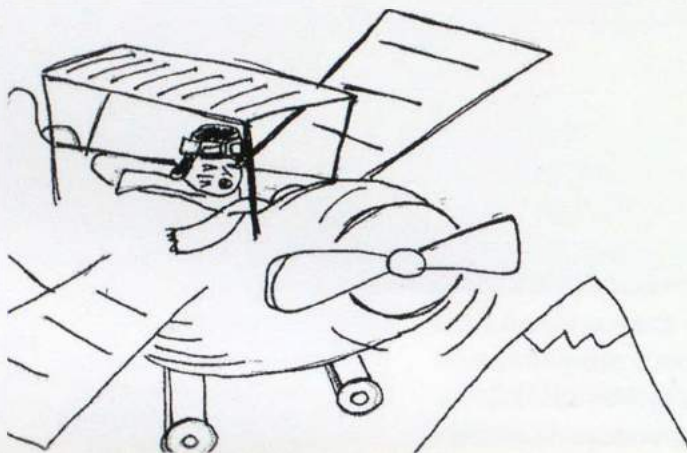


An interesting and important change in the history of road head came with the domestication of the horse. In the next illustration, a Native American rides his steed while he and the woman engage in mutual oral stimulation, known most commonly as "69ing."



In 1787 the first steamboat was invented. This marked a huge advancement in the world of aqueous road head. As steamboats cruised up and down the world's rivers, the ladies followed suit, fellating passengers and crew alike!

In 1903, the Wright brothers completed their first flight, and opened the door for millions to join the mile high club. Here we have a representation of what the Wright brothers' first flight may have looked like. Nobody knows for sure, but it is thought that Wilbur is the one who fellated Orville.



Of course the single most important revolution in the history of road head was Henry Ford's innovation on the automobile in the form of his Model T Ford. Private and intimate road head was becoming accessible to all. Legend says that Henry himself enjoyed the inaugural suckjob right off the assembly line!

That brings us to today. Fellatio in motion is practiced on planes, trains, automobiles, bicycles, rickshaws, rafts, aircraft carriers, and just about any other transport you could think of. We leave you, dear readers, with an illustration of what the future of road head may hold.



- Staff, Plague Historical Division



# My Roommate the Robot

## Zoinks! Not again!



I thought my life was back to normal after my crazy roommate last year, until I got a strange box with machine parts and assembly instructions this September



Then once I'd assembled it, I found out -- the parts were my new roommate, *a robot!*



He goes to the gym for hours at a time -- the man is a *machine!*



He cried all through Parents' Weekend because the Korean company that made him never showed up.



He's always leaving grease stains after he jerks off in the shower.





I've always had roommates who jerked off with my laptop, but this guy *really* jerks off with my laptop!



He always starts bawling when we watch "Bicentennial Man."



He's always robotripping his roboballs off.



He got a Roomba as a pet. Do you even know how creepy those things are?



He makes his gaydar go off every time I walk by.





Sometimes when he's asleep, I make a moustache out of his eyebrows.



His Sex Machine function means I'm sexiled all the time.



He got *really* mad when I dressed up like the Tin Man on Halloween.



He listens to "Mr/ Roboto" ten times a day...



...before we *finally* get to make it rain.





He thinks he has a comedy function, but he doesn't.



He *does* have a carbon monoxide detector, but he always forgets to tell anyone else.



I can't get cash without someone mistaking him for an ATM.



He's *always* wreaking havoc in Chinatown!



Caption contest! Send your best idea to [plaguemagazine@gmail.com](mailto:plaguemagazine@gmail.com), subject line "ROBOT!"

Linder and Jill's  
Nonthreatening Feminism  
Corner

"Spice up your life!"

- those merry hitmakers the  
Spice Girls



# One-Sided Conversations

## Then Why Did We Bother Building a Time Machine?

Remember this day, gentlemen. Today is the most important day in the history of mankind. Raise your glasses, friends and colleagues: a toast to our accomplishment. We have created the impossible: a chronological displacement system. The first functional time machine. The world will never be the same.

There is much to do. We have to alert the National Academy of Sciences and prepare our report for the NSA. Also, we should each make room in our schedules for a trip to Sweden.

Haha. I know, I know, we shouldn't get ahead of ourselves. Before all else, we have to take care of the most pressing issue: Who's going first.

I propose a random drawing. Each of us was essential to the project's success, and I think the order should reflect our cooperation, and not any sort of hierarchy. Does everyone agree?

"Order of what"? The order in which we'll take turns traveling to the past, of course. To what else could I possibly refer? We can't all go back at once—I'm sure we all have different eras to visit, people to meet, events to alter. We need some sort of a system to determine the order, and I propose a random drawing. Does anyone have an alternative proposal?

Why are you all looking at me like that?

## For the Last Time, I'm Not Trying to Kill You

How many times do I have to say it? I'm not trying to kill you. I mean, if you happened to die, I wouldn't be real upset about it, but... Hey hey, there you go again! What did I just say?

Oh, so you saw that. Listen, when I Googled "how to poison a person so that they can't tell and the police can't trace it" I was just doing some research...for a project. Well, would you believe I was rehearsing for a play? No? Fine, but it's not like the stupid Nexis search came up with anything either.

Your bass playing? No way, that's the least of your faults! What I mean by that is that I love waking up to its gentle rumble at 4AM. The only thing I might like more is the way it vibrates

I'm sorry, can you repeat that? It sounded as if you said that none of us were going to travel back in time. Do you mean today? You think we should wait for tomorrow? I really don't see any good reason to. Just an extra day to go back through.

Ever? What are you saying? We can never go back in time? Why would you say such a thing? "Unforeseeable consequences"? "Irresponsible abuse of power"? "Playing God"? Of course we'd be playing God. Isn't that the point? No? Then why did we even both build a time machine?

"The advancement of science"? Yes, I know that's what we said. But I assumed that by "science" we meant "us scientists who are building the machine." Who's more science than us?

In the abstract, you say? Hmm.

Well, I can see where you're coming from. However, I still think I'd prefer to use the time machine to accumulate ludicrous amounts of wealth and power. Which does everyone else prefer?

Really? I am genuinely shocked. And disappointed. And appalled. I thought we were all on the same page on this issue, but it seems like I'm the only one who can see the big picture. You gentlemen make me sad.

Oh, well. I suppose that means I'll be going first.

Stop me? You can't stop me. Why? Because...I've already gone back...SON!

all the shit off my shelf. Seriously though, those Precious Moments figurines aren't just going to replace themselves. I'm going to add that to your half of the utilities. Don't worry though; we'll be even once I start leaking poisonous gas into your room. What's that? Nothing, nothing.

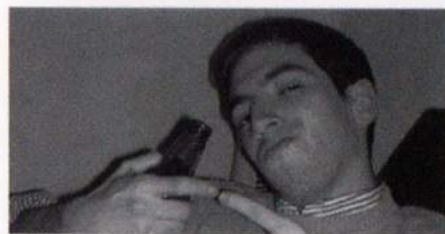
Hey, leave Choppy out of this. Yes, there are plenty of uses for an axe in the city. Well, dismembering corpses for one.

Kidding! Totally kidding. You know how I like to joke around. Besides, I'd like to think I'm more subtle than that. But you look kind of shaken up. Go get some rest. I drew you a bath of quicklime—uh, bath salts. Plain old bath salts. I'm...I'm just going to go watch a *CSI* marathon and take some notes.

## You Locked Out?

Hey, how's it going? What was that? Oh, you're locked out of your room? Aww, that's terrible! Where's your roommate? Oh, well, do you have her number? Oh, you don't even have your cell phone. Well, don't worry, let's go to my room and we can try and look up her number there.

Make yourself at home, seriously. If you need to stay here for a while until we get a hold of her, that's fine. Okay, here's her number...aaand she's not picking up. Damn. Well, like I said, you can even spend the night here if you want. I



feel really bad. I would hate to be locked out of my room. Anyway, here's an extra pillow, and here's a blanket. Is there anything else you need? Anything at all? Please don't be afraid to ask, I really don't mind at all. So, are you set? Sure there's nothing else you want?

Do...do you want sex? I mean, you do look pretty stressed out. It might help get your mind off things a bit. I'm willing to do that if you'd like. No? You sure? I really wouldn't mind. It wouldn't be a problem. Okay, okay...I could even just cop a feel, I mean...anything, anything at all. If you need a massage anywhere, anywhere, I'd be happy to oblige. I mean, I just feel really bad that you're locked out. If there's anything I can do at all, just ask. Okay, jeez. Forget about it.

You sure you don't want me to touch you at all? I mean, genitally? I just think it would be good for you, you know? Please don't be afraid to ask. Wait, where are you going? Oh come on, you're welcome to stay! We could spoon, if you'd like. I'd be up for some heavy petting! Oh, jeez, you're sleeping out in the hall? Last chance to stay here! Okay, okay, fine. You're always welcome here, you know. Fine!

Just one more thing: Are you a heavy sleeper? I mean, would you wake up if something say, gropey, touched you?



# THE PLAGUE EXPLAINS...

## WHAT'S REALLY UNDER YOUR BED

- Another bed. Like a bunk bed!
- My mom's friend Leon, with candy
- The rest of the Soviet Union
- Ball pit!
- All the sexuality that doesn't fit in the closet, so you got an under bed storage bin from The Container Store

## WAYS THE CHINESE ARE LIKE PANDAS

- They hate wearing shoes indoors
- Their eyes aren't really open wide
- Mothers keep newborns in pouches for the first several weeks
- Both eaten by Mongolian hordes on the regular
- I hugged a panda once. Then a Chinaman bit me.
- Both forced to watch porn

## REASONS TO BREAK A DATE

- Have to wash my hair...for a few hours...before my grandma's funeral
- Dick fell off. Oops.
- Messy diarrhea
- Because her body has decomposed to the point where they won't let you into the Red Lobster

## THINGS THAT ANNOY WHITE PEOPLE

- Lines at Trader Joe's Wine Shop
- Sharing our water fountains
- "Cash only?!"
- What's with all the cussing in the rap music?
- Not enough Nickelback

## IT'S NOT RAPE IF...

- you yell "Surprise!!!"
- it's pedophilia instead
- it's co-sensual
- it's opposite day!
- "Wait, was it two blinks for yes?"

## HOW THE PLAGUE IS GOING GREEN

- Only ordering *three* thousand magazines this semester
- Sitting in our rooms with the lights off on Saturday night
- Just kidding, we're consuming more than ever before

## DOWNSIDES TO SEX

- Walking home in your pumpkin costume the next day
- Sometimes the bitch survives and it becomes a *Lifetime* movie
- If he doesn't pull out in time, the dolphin will kill you
- It's guh-rosss!
- Your mom telling you that you "smell like sin"
- Pussy full o' skeet

## THINGS WE REGRET

- The fact that my face tattoo reads "Never Froget"
- Cutting my balls off (What was I thinking?!)
- Letting that asshole friend Robert Frost publish my poems
- Free Hug Day at the leper colony
- Choosing Downstein over Upstein (What was I thinking?!)

## MORE THINGS THAT ANNOY WHITE PEOPLE

- No mayo
- Not enough mayo
- Never enough mayo
- Not being allowed to ~~sing~~ rap along with Juvenile
- Affirmative Action

## WHY WE'RE GLAD WE DIDN'T STUDY ABROAD

- Wouldn't be able to have Gordita Tuesday, Gordita Wednesday, or Gordita Thursday!
- Afraid I'll run into my adopted child from Save the Children
- Not enough hamburgling
- Already comfortable with the porn shop owners here

## REASONS TO GREET A HATER

- Gets you that much closer to scuffling their Tims
- Sometimes a hater's just a G you haven't met
- It was enforced in 1943 Poland

## PARTS OF OUR BODIES WE LIKE

•

## REJECTED DISNEY CHANNEL SHOWS

- Miley Cyrus and Her Eventual Eating Disorder
- Crips Robbin and the Hundred Acre Bloods
- My Eight Dads
- That's So "The Raven" with Edgar Allen Poe

## THINGS THAT MAKE BLACK PEOPLE MAD

- White people who quote Dave Chappelle
- "Skeet skeet skeet skeet!"
- Misappropriation of their culture, dawg
- Dry fire hydrants
- Larry Bird
- Them fuckin' cops shuttin' down the block party
- Sickle-cell anemia

## LESSER-KNOWN SCHOOLS OF WIZARDRY

- "Magic" Johnson
- The Akademy of Fucking Nerds
- Gallatin
- Camelot Community College

## WAYS NYU IS NOT COLUMBIA

- We got a kid with a cape, ya heard?
- People rejected by NYU do not go to Columbia
- Not as gud lerning
- We didn't suck enough NYPD dick to get a wall built around our campus

## JOBS WORSE THAN YOURS

- Steven Seagall
- Putting the "bop" in the bop-shoo-bop-shoo-bop
- Ted Kennedy's bedpan
- A BIG OL' DICK
- Being a black woman in America, girlfriend
- Lion semen collector

## WORST SONGS TO HAVE SEX TO

- When I'm Sixty-Four - The Beatles
- In My Daughter's Eyes - Martina McBride
- I'ma Climb Up Margaret Thatcher's Dusty Old Snatch - The Beatles



# THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD

<http://readtheplague.wordpress.com>

## THE WORST THING ABOUT HIGH SCHOOL

- Listening to retards quote *Mean Girls* like it's Hemingway
- Choosing between anorexia & bulimia
- The nickname "The Squirter"
- Too much "school", not enough "high"

## LIFE IS LIKE...

- Cool 'n' stuff
- Candy Land, but with little pegs representing children
- Death, only not
- A clown rapist: funny, but sad, but sad in a funny way

## LESSER-KNOWN NY ATTRACTIONS

- Not that fucking Bodies exhibition
- Josh's Butthole
- Palladium cheesecake brunch
- Josh's Butthole Café & Gift Shoppe
- The rest of the state

## AWESOME HALLOWEEN TRADITIONS

- Wearin' masks and grabbin' ass
- Pelting children with Circus Peanuts
- Just taking it easy and staying in, making slipcovers out of human skin
- Going through 35 bags of candy corn (Oh, my tummy!)
- Wearing a rubber mask and inhaling my own disgusting face-sweat

## MORE THINGS THAT MAKE BLACK PEOPLE MAD

- FEMA...
- Damn childproof containers
- When Bruce Lee beats up Kareem Abdul Jabbar in *Enter The Dragon*
- Emptying a can of purple drank onto the street
- When the barista puts skim instead of soy in their lattes

## FUTURE iPhone FEATURES

- Hologram asking for Obi-Wan's help
- A cloaking device to make you look less like an asshole
- Companionship capability - for when your friends leave because you spend all your time with your gay phone
- A ruler to measure your tiny dick

## WORST FETISHES

- Layers upon layers of condoms
- Abstinence
- "Okay, now you chop my balls off..."
- The Bodies Exhibit
- Y2K-Y Jelly

## MOST AWKWARD ROLE PLAYS

- Old Man and the Sea
- Woody Allen and his child
- Marie Curie and a test tube
- Level 8 Dwarf Warrior
- You with anyone in general... you're pathetic.

## REJECTED LEGENDS OF THE HIDDEN TEMPLE TEAMS

- The Black Panthers
- The Red Herrings
- The Hot Preteens
- The Silver Sodomites
- The Purple Dranks
- The Black & Blue My Girlfriend's Arms, Legs, & Torsos

## WHAT I MEANT TO SAY WAS...

- You look fat, because you do.
- FUCK you. Fuck you.
- Oscar the Grouch would not be that bad of a roommate since he'd live outside.
- I'd like to experiment with heterosexuality.
- No, I meant what I said. I'm not going to back down like some punk bitch.

## WORST WAYS TO WAKE UP

- With morning wood from your Oedipal dream
- In New Jersey
- Stung in the face by bees (true story)
- As Rob Schneider
- With a micropenis in place of your macropenis
- Next to Chuck (true story)

## A CLEVER QUIP ABOUT A PROPOSITION ON THE CALIFORNIA BALLOT

- Proposition 8? More like Proposition Hate!

## WAYS THE PLAGUE HAS SEX LIKE JURASSIC PARK

- Really good the first time, but pretty shitty the 2nd and 3rd times
- Shoots corrosive poison in the eyes of the fat caddy from Space Jam
- Scaly penis. Scaly vagina.
- Abundance of raw beef to feed on
- We use very strong tranquilizer guns
- With a bloody, paraplegic Jeff Goldblum

## REASONS PROGRAM BOARD IS SUPER NEATO!

- Tongue baths are more energy efficient
- They clean their armpits with paper towels in front of the window - and don't give a fuck
- Snake pit under the ball pit
- Hardwood pine under the snake pit under the ball pit
- They had a keg of beer... GINGER BEER!!!
- It's important for NYU to have a club for retards

## EPIC WAYS TO DIE

- Continuing to play cello on a sinking ship... fags
- On fire but ignoring it and acting really gangsta
- ~~Dying in a car accident~~ hit by car full of blind guys
- Anal gerbil explosion
- Reading *The Odyssey*... on a crashing plane

## AWKWARD HANDICAPS

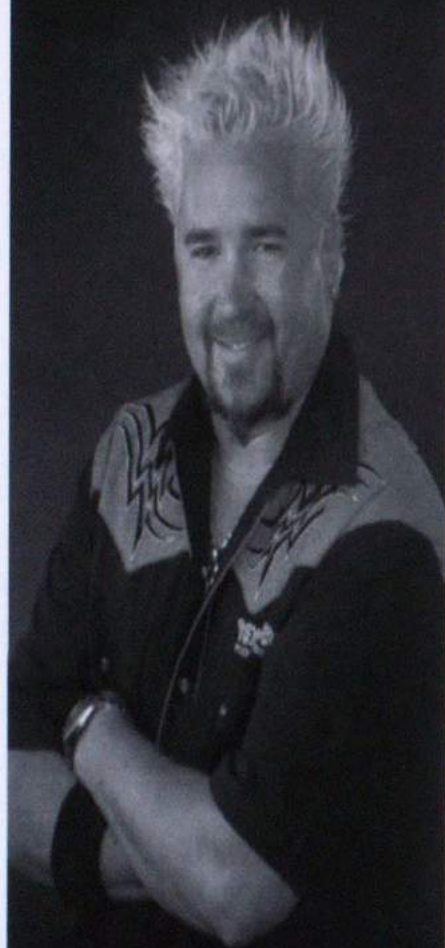
- Only able to maintain an erection at a funeral
- Michael Cerism
- Sweating when you look at food
- Only being able to read Soap Opera Weekly
- No pelvis

## HABITS WE CAN'T SEEM TO BREAK

- Defecating out bedroom window
- Ordering Chinese food on Thursday
- Being a gay thug (gaythugdating.com)
- Catching all those goddamn Pokémon
- Warrior Nun's habit of steel! Eh? Eh?



Don't take dining  
advice from a  
shit-eater.



Anything that this  
guy likes must  
surely suck.  
Fuck Guy Fieri.

Sponsored by:



## Texting Can Eat a Dick

I am proud to say that I have never sent a text message in my life, and I never will. I might seem like that frantic passenger on the Titanic, saying, "Things could turn around. We could still make it to America!" But you know what? I'm steadfast in my belief. I hate texting just as much as I hate white people (I'm black). I fuck white chicks, not because they're hot, but to spite the white man. That's how much I hate white people, and also how much I hate texting.

I only say this because I recently went to a Verizon store to get a new phone. I walked in the place and planned to refuse a texting plan, but I lost some of my steam waiting in line. When I finally talked to an employee I said, "I want a simple calling plan on a new phone. I want long distance, caller ID and voice mail. That's it." The guy behind the counter, an old guy who acted like he understands the younger generation, said, "Totally. I got you, man." As he set up my purchase, he quietly said, "So, you want the unlimited or standard texting plan?" Apparently, my only option was between texting and more texting. I said "Neither."

Flabbergasted, the Verizon employee replied, "No texting? You need texting, man."

"Why would I need texting," I said, frustration mounting, "when I can do one better and use my human voice to interact with someone?"

"Well there's a lot of advantages to texting over talking on the phone."

"Ok," I said. "name three."

"Well OK. What if you're at the police station-" (I should interject and say that I do hang out there a lot) "-and they just arrested you for child pornography. You already used your one phone call to call your mom, but you really wanted to tell your friends. So you text them." That was the stupidest thing I've ever heard, but it still had a strange logic. However, I'm pretty sure the one call rule includes texting. But they're not going to change it to "one phone call or text", even if you ask nicely. Why? Because they're the fucking police.

I asked him to present his second argument. I hadn't believed the first, but I didn't have anything better to do. "So you got a half chub going and you want to call your girl Julie. But her home phone lines are cut. So you try her cell and she doesn't answer because she's eating dinner with her great grandmother from Canada. So you text her and she can text you back about that half chub, and grandma won't even know." Again: crazy, idiotic, yet plausible. I gave him the benefit of the doubt, and asked to hear the third argument.

He asked me if I was in college. I said, "You can't tell from my pub crawler tee, khaki cargo shorts and flip flops?" Ignoring me, he continued, "Well. Say you're in class and you hear that there's this big party at Jonathan's house. You can't call people in class, so you start texting people and they tell you to come at 7. Why so early? To pre-game, dawg."

I was amazed. He had given me three stupidly crazy yet logical reasons. I hadn't pegged this guy as someone who could pull three bullshit answers out of his ass, but there he was. I was impressed, but I kept my ground and said, "No." I walked out of the store, without my new phone. As I was walking home, I got a call from this girl I was seeing. She said, "Hey, where were you last night? I texted you a bunch of times." Still in my anti-texting rage, I started shouting over the phone about how stupid texting is and how I don't have it. A few words - mostly "fucks" and "arthritic thumb joints" - into my rant, she told me to shut up. Calming a little, I asked her what she had texted me about.

She said, "I was really drunk last night and I was near your place. I was looking for a place to crash, but when you didn't answer, I just stumbled home and passed out."

I turned around walked back to the Verizon store. I went up to the same employee, still exactly as I had left him. "Don't say a goddamn word. Just give me the texting."



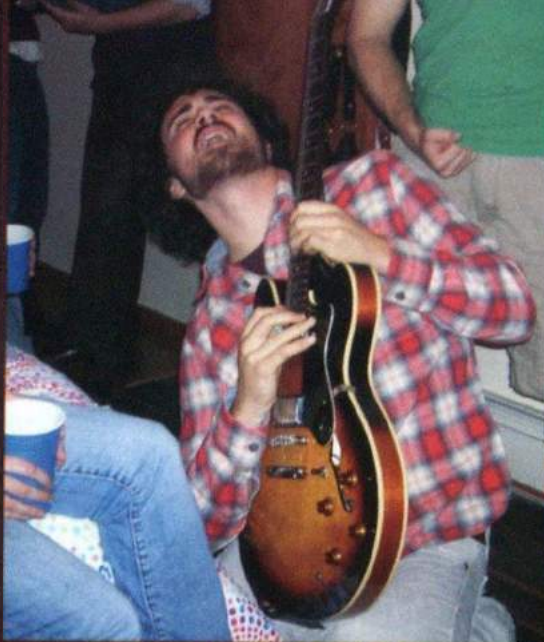
A person's torso is visible, wearing a large, brown, crumpled milk carton as a head. The carton has two dark green circular spots for eyes and a white, wavy line for a mouth. The person is holding two long ribbons of Olympic medals, one in each hand. The medals are gold and silver, with some text visible like 'OLYMPIC GAMES' and 'ATHLETICS'. The background is dark.

# got milk?

Be on top of your game.

To be able to swim and compete at my best, I have to eat a garbage truck full of calories each day. Part of my healthy diet includes milk, which has given me the lean tone and muscle mass your sister creams over. Pun aside, milk provides the energy I need to have all the sex your girlfriend can imagine with me. You might get hung up on the Downs syndrominess of my face, but you can bet any female within twenty laps of here will agree: Milk did this body good.





**GUITAR-PLAYING  
ASSHOLE**



**FAT ASSHOLE**



**BRO ASSHOLE & SKANK**

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