

lonely plague

Tugs



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- *The Times*

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- *The Economist*

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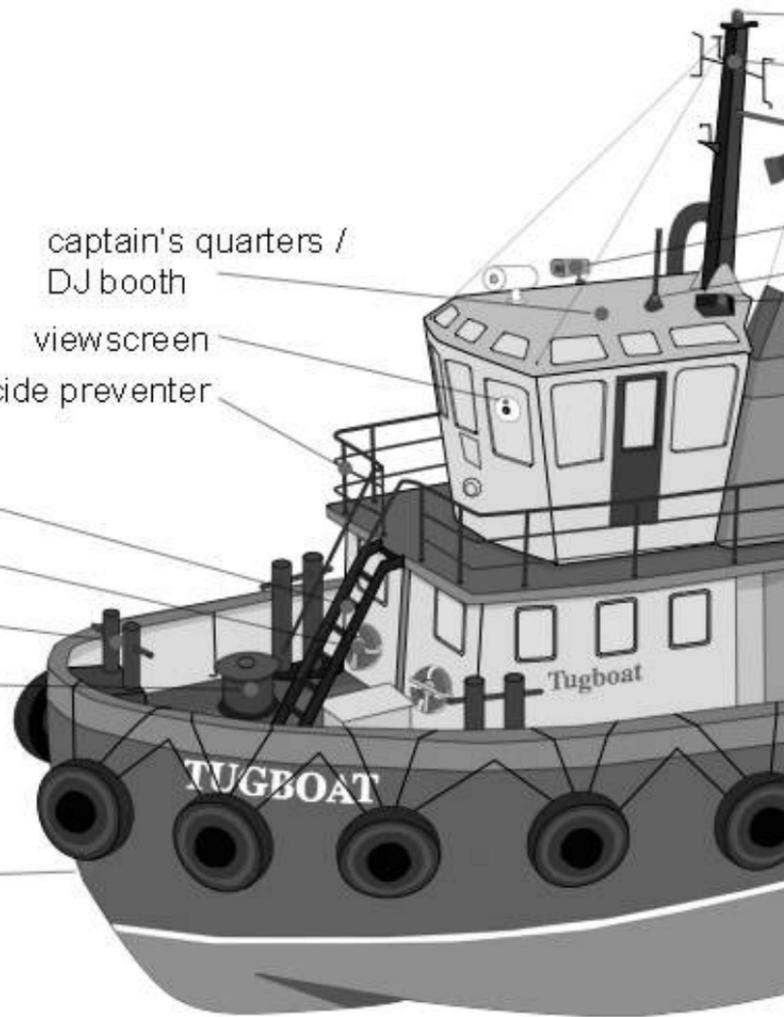
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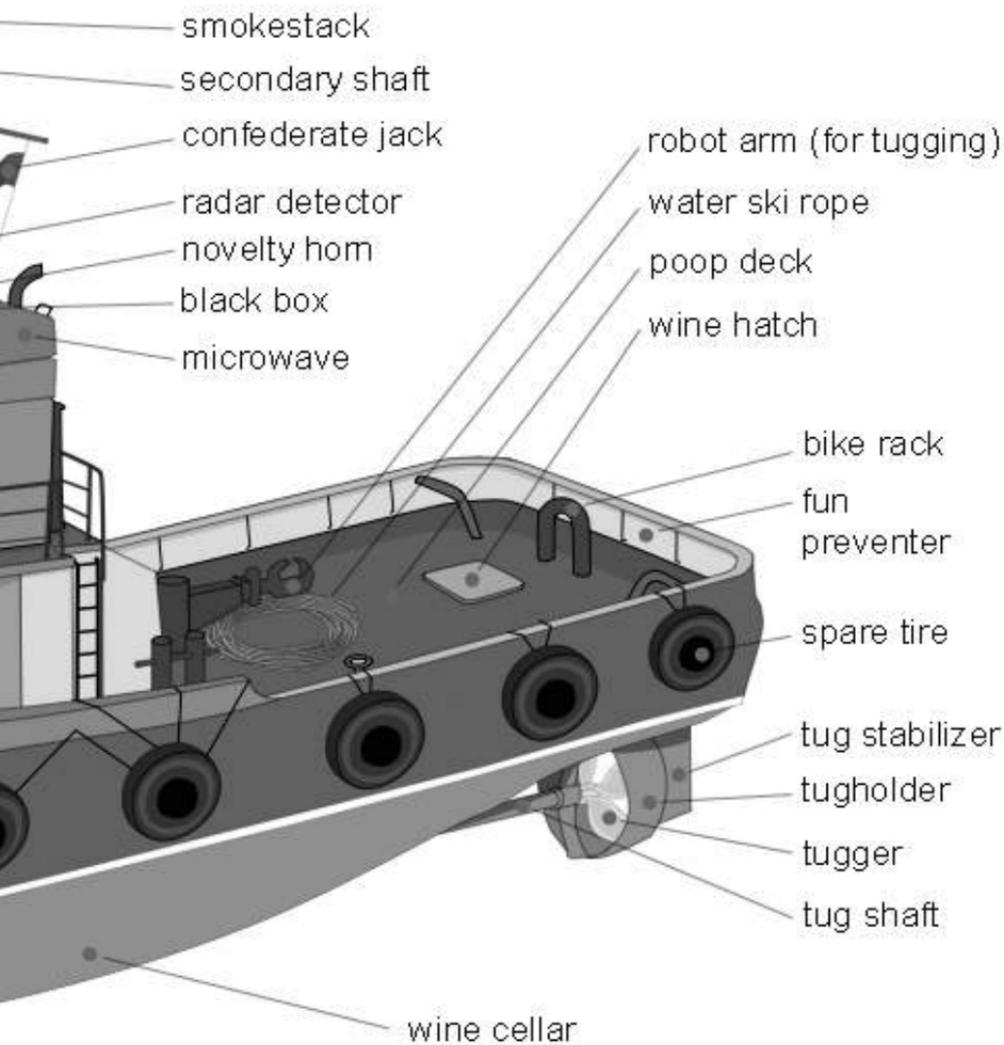
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Tugs

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Front Cover Photograph

Another sucker.

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Although the authors of Lonely Plague try to make the information as funny as possible, we accept no responsibility for any loss, grief, injury or impotence sustained by anyone using this book.

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The Authors



Craig Cannon

Born white, straight and upper middle class, Craig has spent his entire life overcoming adversity most would deem insurmountable. As a youth he faced vehement prejudice and discrimination in his small New England hometown. He cites his own hard work and determination as the key factors in the successes which were more or less laid out for him.

He bought his first tugboat as an investment at the age of eight and has since built a fleet of thirty-seven tugs. His tugs range in size from 50ft to well over 400yds and are all available for charter through Lonely Plague Tug Adventures LLC.

Holding no real tugboat knowledge, Craig serves as the foremost tugboat consultant to the US government and is expected to be nominated as minister of tugboats in the coming election year.

Craig practices magic in his spare time.



Andrew Mallonee

Andrew Mallonee is a man. He is 5'11, but he takes it as a hidden compliment when people confuse him for six feet. Born as the pride of his family, Andrew's parents confused him as either deaf or autistic when he was three because he refused to speak. Little did they know, he was actually holding a silent protest for the death of Freddi Mercury to AIDS on Andrew's very birthday. Due to his protest, AIDS hasn't infected any gay musician since.

He would go on to tear up the political circuit, growing facial hair in the 8th grade. No longer a boy, but a man, he still needed to learn how to balance an equation using Sig. Figs.

Everyone around him except for everyone else thought he was bound for a glorious destiny. They were right. Now the vice-president of Lonely Plague, he co-leads his battalion of troubadours, sending them into war-torn countries to take credit for their stories and give them a posthumous thanks.



Todd Selby

Todd was raised by a family of bears in the Cincinnati zoo before being released into the wilds of the old Northwest. He attended the Madeleine Albright School of Rock in 1992 and received a bachelors degree in tugging with a minor in Derek Jeter. He began cartographing for Lonely Plague in 1908, but resigned just prior to the publishing of this magazine due to a typhoid-related illness.



Gabrielle Sena

Gabrielle was raised in sunny Tampa, FL. She led her first worldwide tugboat tour in 1998 at the raw age of 7. She successfully bred a hybrid species between cheetahs and flamingos: the cheetamingo. Gabrielle invented the prototype for the internet, but let that arrogant Al Gore take all the credit. She now dedicates her time to solving Freemason codes.



Shehryar Riaz

Shehryar was an Akkadian emperor famous for his conquest of the Sumerian city-states in the 23rd and 22nd centuries BC. The founder of the Dynasty of Akkad, Shehryar reigned from 2270 to 2215 BC. He became a prominent member of the royal court of Kish, killing the king and usurping his throne before embarking on the quest to conquer Mesopotamia. He now lives in the East Village.



Michael Abraham

Michael spent most of his early life growing up in Compton, where he was vice president of the travel magazine at Jennifer Dominguez High School. After a few years making a living around Los Angeles County, Michael decided there must be more to life than selling knock-off iPods and pursued a degree in travel writing at the University of Phoenix. He's since traveled to Wichita, Blue Mound, Yates Center, and other cities in Kansas. He joined Lonely Plague in 2005 after being fired from the staff of American Coaster Enthusiast.



Karl Heliand

Karl is a 19 year-old drug and disease free male who is looking for a good time. He loves to go out on the town Carrie Bradshaw-style but sometimes he just likes to cuddle and watch some Oprah. You can come to his place or he can go to yours. He has also published three books under the pen name "Jonathan Safran Foer."



Gilbert Shi

Gilbert was born on July 2nd, 1992 and was raised by wolves. As a closeted racist and an open homophobe, Gilbert was banned from the state of California. In his spare time, he purchases jelly beans for diabetic orphans. Gilbert is thinking about adopting a dislexic chimpanzee as a ploy to meet married women. For the last ten years, he has lived in denial.



Lucas Brown

Lucas, a longtime banker, was accused of murdering his wife and her alleged lover in 1947. After spending nearly two decades in the Shawshank State Prison, Brown hatched what some have called a genius escape plan and has since been on the run. He now is a regular contributor for Lonely Plague and is reportedly looking forward to the Christmas holiday season.



Johnny Mkitarian

Due to his birth in a derelict hostel somewhere in Eastern Europe, it could be said that Johnny was literally born to be a dirty, world-roaming hippy. Realizing there was no money in such a lifestyle, he chose to don a superhero costume and, during his travels, mug people. After his third trip to prison, he decided to start writing about his experiences and send them to random publications in hopes that they would pay him. In his free time, Johnny can often be found trying to steal liquor from (other) homeless people or lying in a puddle.



Colette Porter

Colette grew up in Akron, Ohio and studied abroad in the Lost City of Atlantis. She earned her doctorate in Gender Studies at the Temple of Zeus and works with the Associated Society of Calligraphers. Noted for her acclaimed novel, *Everything is Vaginated*, her works have been published in *The Cleveland Enthusiast*, *Tugboat Monthly*, and *Cold War Opiniated*.



Rhett King

Born in Licking Valley, Ohio, Rhett was orphaned at the Disneyland Resort after a tragic Splash Mountain accident, and lived in Anaheim for the next twelve years, masquerading as Piglet, foraging in trashcans, and taking shelter each night in the "It's a Small World" ride. Living among these foreign peoples informed her heavily on their social behaviors and culture, and launched her on a three-year backpacking venture across the globe. She was the author of four travel guides until her untimely death in October 2010 while fighting off a rogue guidebook draft.



Taylor Hughes

Taylor is an anthropology major studying human interaction with snow. She enjoys traveling to many places, but particularly lesser known destinations--like Siberia. Her current projects include a thesis on the ethics of snow blowers and a novel narrated by a snowflake.



Navtej Singh

The rise of the popular "Most Interesting Man in the World" has created a shadow in which the "Other Most Interesting Man in California" has inhabited. Navtej Singh, a graduate of the esteemed University of Los Angeles, is a master of not only the written word but also political thought. After writing several best sellers in Jamaica, he has gone on to write a great number of influential articles including: "I'm Bullish, You're Bullish, We're All Bullish: A Tale of Running with the Bulls". Some say his current work will redefine mankind and bring peace to Earth and feed the hungry.

This Book

The 11th edition of the Lonely Plague's guide to Tugs was the work of an entire crew. Our captain, Craig Cannon, has been tugging since his youth.

He coordinated the team for the eleventh edition due to a serious oversight on modern masthead technology in the previous editions. There have been some extremely interesting developments in tugboat mastheads in the past 3-4 years in terms of mobility and durability. The materials used for mastheads has switched from pure iron to an iron-lead hybrid. This allows for not only a lighter mass, but greater aerodynamacy.

We have been lucky enough to get an in-depth interview from Elmer Dean, the winner of the 2010 Detroit International Tugboat Race. With a topspeed of 13 m.p.h., it was truly a momentous occasion in the tugboat community.

FROM THE PUBLISHER This book was coerced through the production process at Lonely Plague's Nantucket office. Special thanks to the New York Port Authority for ample inspiration. And fuck you ASSBAC for caring so much about nothing.

THANKS

Many thanks to the tuggers who used the last edition and wrote us with helpful hints, advice and interesting anecdotes. Your names appear nowhere in this book.

Foreword

ABOUT LONELY PLAGUE GUIDEBOOKS

The story begins with a classic tugboat adventure: the Sachem. Though it has laid at the bottom of Lake Erie since 1950, it has continued to inspire generations of tuggers. In memory of the twelve crew members that perished, Lonely Plague puts forward an informative and comprehensive guide to tugs and all a tugger's tugging needs.

From a small cottage in Nantucket, we have grown to the foremost guide in tugboats and tugboat paraphernalia. Wow, that word has a crazy spelling. Since 1986, an insignificant portion of our proceeds has been donated to Tugs for Typhoid, aiding tuggers who have fallen ill to typhoid during their travels.

Updates Lonely Plague thoroughly updates each guidebook as often as possible. Between editions, up-to-date information is available in American Tugboat Review.

Correspondence So much of providing readers with new editions depends upon feedback from our readers. Tuggers stories and suggestions are always appreciated. Tweet us at #lonelyplaguetugs.

Lonely Planet gathers information for everyone who's curious about tugging - and especially for those who explore it first-hand. We strive to act as an exchange to tuggers globally.

Research Authors aim to gather sufficient practical information to enable travellers to make informed choices and to respond appropriately to a tigger's needs.

Authors don't have the opportunity to ride every tugboat because that would mean spending months worldwide at sea.

Many of our authors work undercover, others aren't so secretive. All of them accept freebies and bribes in the form of food, monetary incentive and a free tug is always accepted.

Production Authors submit their raw manuscripts to our discriminating editors/expert tiggers.

WARNING AND REQUEST

Things change - the ocean is alive, boats deteriorate - nothing stays the same in the nautical lifestyle we live. So, if you find things better or worse, please tell us and help make the next edition even more accurate and useful.

We genuinely value all the feedback we receive. Craig Cannon coordinates a well-tugged team that reads and acknowledges every letter, postcard and email and ensures that every morsel of information finds its way to the appropriate author, boater, editor and cartographer.

Always know: Tugging should not be taken lightly.

HOW TO USE OUR GUIDEBOOK

The best way to use a Lonely Plague guidebook is as a reference for planning a trip, but it has plenty of other uses that we by no means discourage. We at Lonely Plague believe that the most memorable trip planning experiences are those that are least expected. Our books are not intended to be used strictly for learning practical information relevant to your travel plans! Feel free to use it for research, book reports, scrapbooking, or anything else you can imagine.

Contents All Lonely Plague books follow roughly the same format. They consist of several different types of information about destinations all over the world. Topics range from where to buy cheap electronics to how to avoid contracting local illnesses. In keeping with our theme of unpredictability, no one subject or destination is covered in its entirety.

Heading Hierarchy Lonely Plague headings are used in a strict hierarchical structure that can be visualized as a set of Russian dolls. While at first glance they look similar, you'll notice that some headings are larger than others. The relative sizes of the head-

Although inclusion in a guidebook usually implies a recommendation we cannot list every good place—in fact, we rarely include any. Thus exclusion does not necessarily imply criticism, it's actually a compliment. That said, read our book.

ings are part of a code that reveals their importance and order in the text.

Entry Points Market research revealed that people traditionally begin to read a Lonely Plague handbook at the Table of Contents, the first page, or the page with the most pictures. Most people aren't aware of this, but Lonely Plague books also have indices in the back that can point you directly to an article on where to get the best handjob in any given country.

Maps Maps play a role in Lonely Plague guidebooks and contain an average amount of information. You could likely find out just as much from a map as you could from, say, a paragraph or two of any article. Our maps may or may not have keys.

Introduction

If your vision of boating is all about modesty, holding less sway than yacht ownership, being useful and moderately fun, and arguing with your middle aged wife in the open ocean, then tugboats are where this vision becomes reality. With that in mind, we've tried to select articles of the most interest to the tugging community.

So yes – you can expect articles on budget drinking and New Jersey. That said, we took care to maintain the interests of our readers who might not be as familiar with the world of tugboats. Expect to see a wide range of articles in what we consider to be an exciting edition of Lonely Plague.

RETAIN THIS INFORMATION



My Summer Vacation

By Stanley Beagler

I am Stanley Beagler and this is my descriptive summer vacation essay about what I did last summer for my summer vacation. In this essay I am going to tell you all about the scenes that I saw, the many people that I have met, and lots of other stuff about my summer vacation.

Last June my mom went to Mexico to get a special surgery called a vaginoplasty. It is like getting a facelift but



Stanley

instead of being on your face it is on your vagina. Mom doesn't think I'm old enough to stay home alone yet so she dropped me off at my dad's house. My dad's house isn't a regular house though, it is an eighteen wheeler diesel truck. For his job, he gets to drive around the country and eat in a lot of different Applebee's restaurants.

One of my favorite parts of my summer vacation was when I got to meet my aunt Vicky. She lives in a place called the Pink Flamingo Inn with pink flamingos in front of it. One time my dad had to spend all day in her room helping her move furniture. I had to stay in the truck and do my homework because they didn't want me to get in the way. Aunt Vicky is a cool aunt because when I was hungry she gave me a whole bag of cough drops to eat for lunch. Mom never lets me



Stanley's Father's Truck

eat those, even when I really do have a cough. I guess Aunt Vicky had some really squeaky hinges in her house too because Dad brought his whole tub of Vaseline in there with him.

One of my other favorite parts of the trip was getting to spend all that time with my dad. The most awesome thing about my dad is that he doesn't go to

sleep. He takes a secret kind of vitamins that only truckers know about and then he can drive all day long. One time we even drove for three days in a row without stopping and dad didn't even have to eat anything. Another awesome thing about my dad is that he has really good senses. Sometimes he can hear voices on the radio even when it is turned off. He also

knows a ton of stuff about history, like the story of when a lady named Nancy Pelosi made a baby with a man called Fidel Castro. I love my dad.

Sometimes I would be having weird thoughts as we drove on the road at night. I would feel like I was the truck, just a lonely truck trucking through the dark. After all, what comfort can a twelve-year kid find once you know that all of us will die alone... so terribly alone? Then Dad would play one of his Hootie & The Blowfish CDs and I'd think that my life was not that bad after all.

My trip was over when Dad had to go the hospital. Taking trucker vitamins made his eyebrows hurt real bad so he pulled them all out. He got an infection from doing that and then the infections got in his eyeballs and he couldn't see anymore. My mom had

to drive out to Michigan to pick me up from the hospital. She was real mad because the stitches were still in her vagina and it hurt to drive the car but it was all her fault anyway since she wouldn't let me stay home alone even though Jason's parents let him stay home alone all the time.

In conclusion, you now have read all about my summer vacation and lots of stuff I did on my summer vacation. I also want to say that Henry's parents let him stay home alone all the time too and he is two months younger than me.

MICHIGAN, USA



Join Me in Sierra Leone!

Do your children love the electronic games like the Halo and the Call to Duty? Then come over here to great republic Sierra Leone, where your kids can become real-life child soldiers! Wowa yippee!



Together, you and your children can fight slum dog rebels alongside the Grand Army! Here at great republic Sierra Leone we have all different weapons like the AK-47 and the M16. Shhhh--don't tell, but we also have Soviet tanks--wow! Great republic Sierra Leone is loving children for their tiny little hands that is good for disabling nasty bombs and land mines. Parents will find pride when seeing your little boy become man when he slashes exposed belly of captured insurgents with machete. I remember when Hasid, my son, severed a rebel scum's genitalia using just blunt knife and rusty nail! My little boy... so proud!

Of course, Grand Army offers much more than just fun killing. Grand Army provides full healthcare including amputation and mercy killing. For education and future employment, service in Grand Army looks great on professional resumes and college application. While, we cannot provide financial assistance or stable income, child soldiers are encouraged to pillage any items including, but not limited to, rubies, goats, and peasant whores. But greatest of all is the friendships for life built upon shared experience of bludgeoning rebel scum to death. To this day, my rape comrade Aheem and I talk on phone so much!

Be coming to great republic Sierra Leone because much fun for parents and children! Yahtzee! We'll be waiting! (We have no airport, so go to border of Guinea and follow trail of rebel blood).

Hail to great republic
and death to rebel scum,
General Abubakarr Hajir
Director of Tourism

Around the World in 80 Handjobs

Phileaceus Fogg and his girlfriend Aouda decided to take a trip around the world. Both knew that something was needed to spark their relationship and Phileaceus really didn't want to propose just yet. You see, Aouda is abstinent and things had definitely reached a lull.

The trip was planned and set. They were to leave Cincinnati on March 12th and travel through Paris, Rome and various provinces of northern Spain.

Delta flight 726 from Cincinnati to O'Hare and then 147 to Charles de Gaulle. As soon as the stewardess bussed away the neatly portioned beef roast with semi-frozen roll, Aouda was on Fogg. Trying to cuddle all throughout It's Complicated despite the prolific amounts of saggy skin and graying libidos. And then she went for

it. Aouda's signature move. The hand job. The awful, dreaded handjob. Phileaceus sat up, erect, and looked around. Everyone around them was asleep under their fleece blankets. Eh, why not? Kinda frisky. It's like a half-mile high club.

Later, on the top of the Eiffel Tower--it's evening and the wind is blowing. Phileaceus and Aouda just enjoyed a lovely, wine-heavy dinner on the Champs-Elysees. Now, gazing across the City of Love, holding Aouda tightly in his arms, Phileaceus thought that



The Couple



The Plane

she might just be the one. And all of a sudden, he feels something brushing up against his crotch. He grabs to make sure his wallet is still there. And then it dawned upon him.... Aouda's eyes bore a mischievous glint. "Jesus Christ, are you serious?" but she proceeds with her scheme. At this point, Phileaceus holds Aouda closer. Despite it being France, public nudity was still illegal and all. Tears well up in Fogg's eyes, a mixture of sadness that the moment is so drastically ruined and pain from the cold-air hitting his shaft. After a few minutes,

Phileaceus pushes her off, citing suspicious looks and runs to the bathroom to finish himself off.

Three days later, Phileaceus and Aouda find themselves taking a well-needed rest in a pew at the Sistine Chapel. They had been touring Rome all day, admiring the antiquities and had certainly earned a break after carefully examining the Vatican's collection. Aouda tenderly rested her head on Phileaceus' shoulder. As Catholics, this was a special moment for both of them to visit the homeplace of their religion. Phileaceus gazed as

22 Sexual Favors - Handjob

the most famous mural in the world, the hands of God and Adam just barely touching; and, as he did, Aouda made a sudden, wild movement and plunged her hand into his pants. Phileaceus let out a quick yelp that reverberated off the walls. People glared at him from every corner. But Aouda just started going at it, in rhythm with the Cardinal performing mass. Phileaceus was able to find some element of mischief and humor in the moment, but overall, this was seriously twisted. It required 200 Hail Marys before leaving, shakily and slightly blue-balled. Phileaceus ate his gelato in silence.

The lovers were lucky to catch a flight that evening to Pamplona during the San Fermin festival to witness the famous Running of the Bulls. Aouda had a deep fear of large, horned creatures so

Phileaceus held her closely. As the panicked men rushed by, Aouda's hands gripped Phileaceus' arm tightly. As they passed, she released a deep sigh of relief and her hands loosened from his arm. Phileaceus was surprised by how invigorating the run had been, such a raw moment of human experience; he



Bull Tugboat!

found himself becoming slightly aroused. Aouda, who was nuzzled closely to him, jumped on the moment. Before Phileaceus could protest, amidst the chaos of the crowd, Aouda started the handie with the vigor of a raging bull. A drunk and rauchy Spanish man standing next to the couple started laughing and clapping. Aouda took the encouragement well and started gesturing with her other hand--Phileaceus instantly regretted buying her a second glass of sangria at lunch. A crowd of drunk, rowdy Spaniards started to gather at this point. Fogg became self-conscious and went soft. The Spaniards erupted in boos and the couple fled back to their hotel before the crowd became violent. Aouda tried to start where she had left off once they were in the safety

of their room, but Phileaceus was disheartened and humiliated.

After Barcelona and Madrid, Phileaceus and Aouda headed back home. It had been a mixed twelve days. Despite the many interesting museums, delicious meals and romantic moments shared between the two, Phileaceus couldn't help but feel bothered by the incessant and inappropriate sexual advances. They returned to Cincinnati and things resumed their mundane routine for about two weeks. Until one afternoon, Phileaceus received a phone call. He won the Delta grand sweepstakes and a trip to Thailand, India and Bali. Amid his excitement, he couldn't help but shudder with the thought of a handie right in the middle of the Taj Mahal.

Pioneer Wagon Travel Co.

Are you an authentic soul? Enjoy US history? Most importantly, did you grow up on the awesome computer game Oregon Trail? Well here at PWTO, we strive to create a realistic covered wagon migration experience.

Parties consist of 4 to 7 people per wagon, but up to 4 wagons can travel together at a time. Each wagon is paired with

a trained and professional staff member. The path spans roughly 2,000 miles from our post in Independence, Missouri to Oregon City, Oregon. Trips last between 45 and 70 days depending on how quickly the band moves. Trips can depart from February through September. Travelers are told to consider their departure time carefully, taking the year-round weather factors into account.



Carriage!

What to expect- Days on the trip are mostly spent hiking through the scenic Midwest. Travelers must hunt their meat, wash their clothing, cook all meals and maintain the wagon. Oftentimes travelers come to enjoy singing period music or spinning yarn tales as they go about their way.

Supplies- Each wagon is equipped with two oxen, 150 pounds of food per traveler, twenty pounds of soap, some penicillin and a rifle. The food includes flour, sugar, bacon, corn meal, dried fruit, coffee, salt, rice and beans. Furthermore, participants are given traditional 19th century garb in order to heighten the experience. Travelers have the option to purchase additional supplies at the start of their journey and at three Indian reserves along the way. These include

additional wheels and wheel axles, oxens, vegetables, bullets, tobacco and flint. Our trading sites do not accept currency, however, so travelers must be prepared to barter. The Indians usually accept meat, textiles and we've even had instances of daughter-brides.

We encourage our travelers to take the journey as authentically as possible. Modern provisions are strongly discouraged. This includes prescription medicines, alcohol, pre-rolled cigarettes, synthetic materials, women's sanitary supplies and any electronics.



Gun!

Staff- Our staff members go through a rigorous screening and training process. They are all certified in mountaineering, CPR and marksmanship. Much of our staff is native American and quite savvy at the trading outpost. Our staff has been repeatedly lectured on our strict no client relations policy and we can assure you that this is no longer a concern.

Safety & Liability- Here at Pioneer Wagon Travel Co., we can guarantee that most people will make it to Oregon safely and without any terminal illnesses. That being said, we do require that all participants sign a release, holding PWTC completely inculpable of any illness, freak-ailment or misfortune that may befall a traveler.

In case of an emergency, our staff is

equipped with Red Cross-mountaineer training. This includes head lice prevention, wooden-splint making and even knowledge of backwoods potions. They are given very powerful smoke-signals in the event a person is impervious to these ailments.

Possible sicknesses can include, but are not limited to, cholera, measles, snakebite, dysentery, typhoid and exhaustion. Drowning is always a risk when caulking a wagon to cross a river and participants should have adequate swimming skills.

Pricing- Full Oregon Trail Experience (including wagon, basic supplies and guide): \$4000
Each adult: \$150/day
Approximate cost for a 5 person, 60-day wagon experience: \$40,000

Must be 18 or older to participate due to health risks and danger concerns.

Return of the Olsens

After years of relative obscurity, the dynamic duo Mary Kate and Ashley Olsen have resurfaced on the Hollywood map.

The twins had ended their careers with a series of “travel” films—*Passport to Paris*, *Winning London*—featuring Mary Kate and Ashley finding love and adventure in prime vacation spots. The girls ended this series after exhausting all the world’s ideal tourist locations. NYU Abu Dhabi, however, changed their point of view. “We thought that there was like, no where else to go,” explains Ashley, “but after we heard about the Apo Dapo place, we decided that we could go to scary places too.”

Known for their work ethic, the girls have already completed production for the film, *Kickin’ It with Kim*. In this touching comedy, the twins play Debbie and Sarah, two American students in South Korea, who, after a drastic miscommunication, end up on the northern side of the border. Through open-mindedness and hilarious misadventures, the girls learn that the 38th parallel is only a number.

In *Surf’s Up Somalia*, Mary Kate and Ashley play Jennifer and Melissa, two servers on an exotic Red Sea cruise. The girls are determined to find love on the open

seas, but their plans go awry when they’re kidnapped and held hostage by Somali pirates. Refusing to give up on love, the girls begin flirtations with the most attractive of their captors, Korfa and Dalmar, sharing sun-drenched picnics on exotic beaches and romantic motorcycle rides through quaint African slums.

Party in Palestine features the Olsens as Brittany and Lauren, two hot to trot archaeology students working on an Israeli dig. Hoping to absorb the local culture, the girls attend a masquerade burqa ball one evening. The night seems uneventful until Brittany and Lauren meet the men of their dreams. Unfortunately, Omar and Jihad are Palestinian soldiers on a mission to thwart the very excavation the girls are working on! The two couples must use love and courage to halt the Holy War long enough to save their dig.

Mary Kate and Ashley claim to have many more ideas now that they know about the Third World, and we can expect countless heartwarming films in the future.

Fun Fact

The Queen of Namibia lays 1500 eggs a day.

This is Your Captain Speaking

The following announcement was made in the cabin of US Airways flight 342 en route from Phoenix, AZ, to Portland, OR. Unfortunately, due to technical difficulties caused by the sound system's faulty wiring, the pilot's voice was cutting in and out. The following was the statement heard in the cabin, followed by the original.

Good evening ladies and gentleman this is your captain speaking. Just wanted to update you all on.... I'm having a lot of trouble.... too much.....son of a bitch. Fire. Too much ...getting everywhere. Hot. get it out. Knife. Tell my wife I love...you should all save yourselves ... prepare yourselves... landing... no way.

Good evening ladies and gentleman this is your captain speaking. Just wanted to update you all on the burrito I'm having for my meal tonight. I'm having a lot of trouble because there really is just too much meat stuffed into this son of a bitch. You know how at Taco Bell they have that fire sauce? Well I put too much and it's getting everywhere. Not to mention it's really hot. I have some sour cream to tool it down but I can't seem to get it out of its packaging. Maybe I should have used a fork and knife. It's funny because I always tell my wife to pack me silverware when she makes me lunch but today I guess she forgot. I love burritos, but this just isn't very convenient. I guess what I'm trying to say is that you should all save yourselves the trouble and get the turkey meat loaf, otherwise prepare yourselves with some napkins so you don't have meat and sauce landing on your clothes, with no way to clean it up. Enjoy your meal everyone.

Traveling with Children

What Your Method of Child Control Says About You as a Parent

1. **Baby Backpack-Children** should be neither seen nor heard, just very slightly perceived is your M.O. of parenting. What used to be your backpack full of books is now your backpack full of confusion, tears and breakables. Bonuses of the baby backpack include its function as a back support on long car rides and for those workout buffs, jumping jacks are given some extra kick with the additional weight.
2. **Baby Stroller-Your seven-year old** has had a long day. With all the coloring, napping, and not shitting their pants, your little one deserves to be toted to the nearest Mickey D's for that afternoon salt lick. What's that you say? Oh, that's just baby fat? Well it looks like the kind of baby fat you get from eating the fat off of several babies. If you were craving that soccer mom van for all that grocery space but it looks like your kid's going to be one of those "indoorsy" kids, don't fret! Soccer mom vans are perfect for conversion to handicap-accessible vans!
3. **Baby Frontpack-You** like your child, a lot. But not only that, you need it. Iron Man uses a potent electrical generator planted in his chest to give him the strength he
- needs to save the world from all evil-doing, you need your baby affixed to yours just to pick up your dry-cleaning. But let's not fart around the bush; you also quite enjoy breathing on babies.
4. **Baby Leash-Finding** that hypoallergenic dogs and cats still give you a stuffy nose and a year-round cough, you terminate them and find yourself with that old useless leash stowed away on the top shelf. Years later, the day after your brand new firstborn arrives into this world, giggling and wiggling and making progress towards becoming a full-fledged human being, you discover the dimensions of your baby are quite similar to that of your long forgotten puppy. Soon enough, you realize that this little tyke will be up on its feet and moving where it pleases; and sooner than that, you realize how tired you are of dealing with this fucking thing. Strap that old leash around its neck and you have full control over all of its movements. What's under the tree this year? Nothing says love like a 10 foot retractable.
5. **Baby Scooper-You** are batshit insane. That's probably not even your kid. At least he's still developing and probably won't remember this part of his life. So go for it!

Following Lewis and Clark

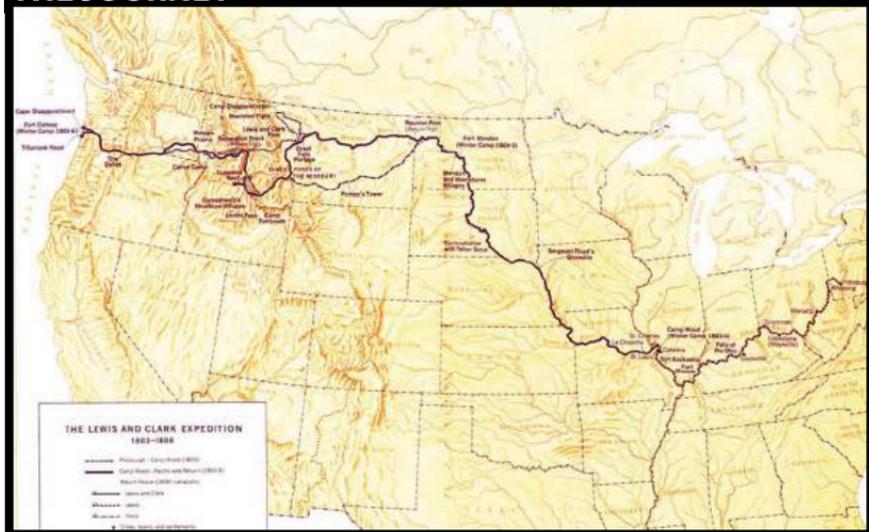
Retracing the Footsteps of Lewis and Clark

By Chase Denning

In the early 1800s, Thomas Jefferson made one of the greatest deals of American History, doubling the size of the United States with the \$15 million purchase of the Louisiana Territory. To make the most of this unexplored extension, he employed Meriwether Lewis and William Clark to explore

it. The expedition to find the mythical Northwest Passage would prove to be one of the most dangerous adventures man has ever attempted. I, Chase Denning, will travel once more on the legendary trail the Corps of Discovery took. However, due to budgetary restrictions, we will not ford epic rivers, nor captain vintage riverboats, nor even use modern boats. I will relive the grand expedition...on a Segway.

THE JOURNEY



Let the Expedition Begin!

Entry #1

I am just outside of the metropolitan area of St. Louis in the historic St. Charles area. It smells like the degradation of civilization here, and my Segway has no windows I can roll up. Nonetheless, I will live through the nasal challenges just as the original Corps of Discovery did. And also the auditory challenges I get from the angry horns of cars passing by telling my vehicle to get off of the highway. Little do they know I will be travelling on the river soon.



Chase Denning

Realization

Entry #2

My early attempts of travelling along the riverside have ended in disaster. I have tipped my Segway off the bank and into the river several times, and have spent hours fishing it out of the Missouri River, or as the locals like to call it, "The Big Muddy." It is heavier than it looks, and does not function well when wet. But such strife is only capturing the true essence of the original journey! It also means I will need a better means to transport myself. Our production team will come together and think of an alternative means to travel, while keeping true to the struggle the explorers I idolize had to undergo.

Fun Fact

In America, the middle region of the country is the best – like a Danish!

Solution

Entry #3

Our production team has managed to scrap a Segway paddle-boat contraption that will allow me to travel up the river just like the fine men did long ago! I simply use the handlebars as a rudder, and the wheels have been fitted with giant yellow plastic paddles. All I have to do is lean forward to accelerate. For three weeks. The very way Meriwether Lewis preferred to explore! Except for the fact that from now on the production team will be driving in a van to each campsite, while I will fend for myself on the river. I am steadfast!

No Wayyyyyyyyyy!

Entry #4

Just like a page taken out of William Clark's journal, we came upon a Native American when we made camp tonight! However,

instead of exchanging gifts, we had to find a first aid kit to give him medical attention, as he was heavily intoxicated and wandered off into the woods to our location. Seeing this just reminds me of how President Jefferson had a mission to make formidable relations with the tribes of the western section of the country. And it also makes me sad to not see that mission did not go so. So terrible to the extent of drunken Indians from a Riverboat Casino wandering into campsites late at night... But anyway, I am going to bed! Got a lot of scootin' to do tomorrow! We're just around the eastern edge of the Great Plains!

Seggin'! (Like Truckin'!)

Entry #5

Well I've been travelling on my Segway-paddling device, and I'm happy to say that no one has

died yet! That says to me that our crew is doing much better than old Sergeant Charles Floyd, who was the first U.S. soldier to die west of the Mississippi via the expedition. Our spirits are high, and I've made my posture become incredibly great from all the hours I spend standing in the middle of the river, making my way upstream.

A Sad Day

Entry #6

It is with regret to report that one of the members of our crew has in fact died of an aneurysm. Dennis, one of our cameramen, was eating Cheetos in the van on the way to the next campsite, when suddenly he fainted and hit his head on the back of the van door. I do feel bad for jinxing the trip. But alas, this only gives validation

In Authentic Dress



for the perils of travel, and to expect the unexpected! We will take a day of rest to respect the dead, but we will not stop the journey.

Trouble on the Horizon

Entry #7

My production team has begun to dissent on me. They are incredibly unhappy that I have told them we must continue on this re-enactment of the trip for the sake of history. The Corps of Discovery did not back down when Sergeant Floyd perished! Not even when Lewis was taking a dump in the woods and got poison ivy on his ass! Have you ever had poison ivy? It is probably in the top ten plagues of the modern world!

On a side note, the production team did not like my funeral pyre for Dennis, and told me to expect a lawsuit from his family for

“unlawful disposal of bodily remains.” Well I’m confident they will understand that it was an appropriate burial. Now we head through the mountains! I hope my tires can take it! (I think they can).

Grizzly Country

Entry #8

We are finally heading in our intended direction – west! Not that we’ve been going the wrong direction this entire time. It’s just been a northbound journey through the mountains, that’s all! Anyhow, we are in North Dakota territory and have approached the point where the Native Americans warned the Corps about grizzly bears. Well, as chance would have it, we found one! Unlike Meriwether Lewis, who decided to shoot one and see what would happen, we just filmed it trying to get honey from a beehive. Adorable!

Or at least it was - until the bear caught sight of my Segway and wanted it as a new chew toy! A Segway has a top-speed of 12.5 mph, but a grizzly bear has a top speed of 35 mph – I think you know the conclusion to that physics problem! We are now in the process of ordering a Chinese model Segway from Amazon, and trying to deliver it somewhere near the Rocky Mountains. I argued to stay in order to capture the true spirit of the journey, but now I'm riding in the trunk of the passenger van. Lame-o.

Journey to Lames-town Entry #9

So apparently my crew never ordered that Segway. And apparently we aren't going to the Northwest package. We are going back to Los Angeles, and the crew is dropping me off at the police station for

something called "reckless endangerment."

I suppose I've learned that the journey to the Northwest passage is not an easy feat to re-create. The Corps of Discovery had to travel through volatile Native American lands, over mountains, and across rivers. And they had a crew that cared about making history, and didn't complain about not having "non-biodegradable soap or yelling at the leader for not having enough money to put the sound mixer in a Marriot Suite and forcing him to sleep in the van. In any case, I think Lewis and Clark are smiling from the heavens, seeing as they could overcome what modern man could not.

Fun Fact

The Dutch are the people of the most average height.

Rome for Retirees



Roma alla notte!

My husband and I wanted to see Rome one last time before his cataract surgery next March--God forbid, something goes wrong. Anyway, Rick's been saving his pension up for years and golly, we haven't been to Europe since the Reagan era.

We arrived in Rome after a terribly turbulent flight. I could barely keep my chicken cordon bleu down.

And has anyone seen "Did You Hear About the Morgans?" with that hussy from Sex and the City. Horrible.

The Holiday Inn Express was exactly like the one we stayed at when visiting my sister in Boca last winter. It was perfect. All the signs were in English and they had warm chocolate chip cookies at the check-in desk where the concierge didn't skip a beat before

greeting us with a familiar "Hello."

After putting our feet up and catching up on our Fox news, Frank and I decided to stretch our legs and pay homage to our Holy Father. Unfortunately, Frank wore shorts and we weren't allowed inside. At least they have standards. We decided to wander the piazzas for a while. We split a gelato.

In the 45 minutes we sat on a bench, a few things dawned on me about why I love Italy. The people here are so skinny because gelato spoons are so tiny. It took forever to eat this little cup, I can't even imagine the time it would take to down a pint of Ben & Jerry's. Second, I saw about three Negros the entire time we sat.

Frank and I walked around the ancient ruins and the Coliseum. I loved the men dressed like gladiators and

paid £2 for just the funniest picture where they're flexing their muscles next to me. Joy is going to die when I show her. Aside from this though, the ruins seemed to be a whole big to-do for nothing. My hip was acting up and those uneven cobblestone streets were not making it any easier.

By this time, I was hungry for dinner and we headed to the Olive Garden. Now Frank and I couldn't wait for this meal because the Olive Garden is so delicious in America, we figured that in its authentic location must be amazing. I can't beat around the bush though - I was highly disappointed. First, I did not feel like when I was there, I was family. The waiters acted snooty and European and it took much broad gesturing to get menus in English. No unlimited soup and breadsticks. No

bottomless pasta bowl. Frank got lasagna and I got the chicken parmesan, our favorites. I wasn't blown away though. You'd think that schleping halfway around the world for some pasta that you could taste a difference, but no. And it was just a slap in the face that they didn't even have cheesecake on their dessert menu.

Defeated, we took a cab back to the hotel. Overall, I'd give Rome two stars. We didn't bother with the art museums because of Frank's eyes. The shopping was so-

so, although I did get my granddaughter an adorable bear-in-a-gondola onesie. The food was far below my expectations, I like my pizza with some crust to sink my teeth into! I would have to say that the gelato is my fondest memory and I got quick with that little spoon after a few days. I think I'll resign to watching that scene in "The Godfather" where Al Pacino hides away Italy. He was so adorable and I don't even have to change out of my moumou to watch.

Beatrice West, Hartford, CT/
West Palm Beach, FL

Fun Facts

If you swim to London from America, you don't have to fill out immigration papers.

In Brussels it is commonly believed that sneezing is a way of spreading disease.

TOKYO, 1427



TOKYO, 2010



Streetview Restaurant Review

When I used to travel, I would always do hours and hours of research. From reserving flights to hotels to restaurants, organization was really a chore. I'd spend more time researching than I would traveling. But all that has changed.

When Google Earth first came out, I was pretty impressed. I could see the world from the comforts of my home. Though all it made me want to do was travel more--satellite maps were just adding another aspect to my research. But then Google Streetview came out and holy shit, I'm never leaving this basement again. I don't have to deal with visas, reservations or even my family--what a relief.

One thing I was particularly fond of when I used to leave my home was dining at

restaurants. I'd anticipate a meal for months, putting money aside a bit of money with each paycheck so I could enjoy an evening out at a three star Michelin restaurant. I would plan exactly what I'd order, imagining each course as the big day approached. Thanks to Google Streetview, I don't have to waste any more time doing that nonsense.

Now all I have to do is type in a restaurant's address and throw a Hungryman in the microwave and I can experience fine dining all from the comfort of the hospital bed to which I've been confined since I stopped leaving my home. I spend almost every waking hour eating and reviewing restaurants for my website StreetviewSpoonful.com. The following are reviews from a few restaurants I really loved:



Gordon Ramsay
68 Royal Hospital Road,
London SW3 4HP, United
Kingdom

Where do I start? First of all, it's themed -- which I always enjoy. So if you notice in the lower portion of the Streetview, there's a bicyclist, she's actually the maître d'. When you arrive at the door,

she greets you on her bike and then you're introduced to your waiter, who is sitting at the head of a tandem bike configured to seat everyone in your party. You all hop on and ride together to your table, which is only about 20 feet away but what a thrill! After that you'll be given the option of Fried Chicken, Salisbury Steak or

Chicken Pot Pie. I went with the pot pie. It took about 5 minutes to defrost and then another 10 or so to cook, but the wait was worth it. I've never had a more succulent piece of chicken in my life; Gordon really knows how to pack his plastic serving compartments with flavor. Superb.

5 Stars.

P.S. - Please be sensitive of the maître d's half face. She's an excellent host and has battled her entire life against verbal harassment regarding her not fully downloaded visage.



The Street[re]viewer

Cafe de Flore

172 Boulevard Saint-Germain, 75006 Paris, France

Hang up your coat and stay a while! Cafe de Flore is an experience to be savored. Find yourself a spot outside - I usually prefer to sit between the guy on his cell phone and the other guy with the tan jacket - and laze the day away. Whenever I'm Streetviewing Cafe de Flore, I love to people watch; though one thing you might notice is that there's a real sense of anonymity. In fact, nearly everyone's face is blurred out, along with all the license plates. It's probably because there are so many famous and important people in Paris -- c'est la vie! Anywho, there are plenty of great options to choose from: Triple Cheese Lasagna, Meat Lovers Pasta and Creamy Bacon Alfredo



are some of my personal favorites. I went with the Alfredo this past visit and boy I sure wasn't disappointed. What a perfect combination of creamy, buttery sauce and succulent bacon--truly mouthwatering. I think the secret to their success is how they seal their meals under an airtight plastic sheathing, but who knows, right? And

one last thing, the service at Cafe de Flore is unbelievable; when they say express, they mean it! Expect every meal in under 7 minutes. Timeless.

5 Stars.



Takahashi

2F Libio Gotanda Praguma G Tower, 1-7-1 Gotanda, Shinagawa, Tokyo

Ever since Takahashi was awarded a 3 star Michelin rating, I'd been dying to try it. Thankfully, last weekend I had a free afternoon and was able to make the trip. I'd never been to Tokyo before but let me tell you, all the rumors are true. Look how small the people are! And their technology is so advanced! Everything is virtual reality, though to be fair, it is still a bit pixelated. But wow can they cook. Once my waiter (seen just behind the "Shop Restaurant" sign) showed me to my table, he had a few recommendations: the Chicken Teriyaki, the Meat Lovers Pasta and his personal favorite, the Backyard Barbecue. I decided to take a chance and go

with a traditional dish, the Chicken Teriyaki. On the first bite, I was at a loss for words. The meal was perfection. At Takahashi they've found the golden ratio of meat to rice to salty syrup. When I next return (and let me tell you it won't be long!) I'd love to try the Backyard Barbecue upon my waiter's recommendation though I have to say, I'd probably go for the Chicken Teriyaki all over again. Unforgettable.

5+ Stars.





Fun Facts

New Mexico is the largest provider of wax paper cookie covers for Danish Cookie tins.

Chad was given its name by the douche that founded it.

British Columbia is now bussing tables at an Olive Garden in Des Moines.

Tourism in Africa

It's somewhat of a misconception among gay and lesbian travelers that North America and Europe are uniquely accommodating of LGBT tourism. While they're certainly more developed regions of the world, that doesn't mean there aren't destinations of interest elsewhere. We've compiled a list of a few less mainstream places gays and lesbians might want to visit while friends look for another summer home in Provincetown:

Dodomo, Tanzania – This city houses what's known to some travelers as "Africa's Best Antique Alley." You'll be able to find really quaint souvenirs dating back to the German wars and the city's founding, which are sure to impress your friends back home. On the third Saturday of every month, a craft fair is held on Main Street, so plan accordingly! Be sure to note that homosexuality is punishable in Tanzania by up to three years in prison.

Beating drums is one of Africa's gayest pastimes



Luanda, Angola – The cliffs outside of Luanda are popular among the ladies for being one of the best rock climbing experiences in southern Africa, according to Les Rock. Most opt to take a bus or rental car out, but it's also possible to bike or hike from the town, thanks to the several trails recently established. You should be warned that homosexual visitors to Angola are liable to be sent to labor camps, so be careful!

Muyinga, Burundi – Muyingi is known in the LGBT tourism industry for harboring a host of high quality bed and breakfasts. Relax off the beaten path in some of what have been voted Africa's cleanest, most intimate lodgings. The Elephant Walk Bed and Breakfast in particular is renowned for its friendly and helpful staff.

Some things to keep in mind when planning a visit: reservations fill up fast, so plan ahead; and suspected homosexuals are often subjected to the ancient practice of dunking, in which the victim is immersed in water to see whether he or she floats.

Quelimane, Mozambique – This town is home to a great community center, which hold frequent exhibitions of work by transgender artists. This collection has never been seen before in the Eastern World, so our more politically and artistically minded travelers won't want to miss it. Surprisingly, homosexuality is openly embraced in this part of the world, but be aware that it's a tradition that suspected homosexuals are raped by members of the opposite sex in the public square.



The set of the popular *Shadow of the Colossus* video game.



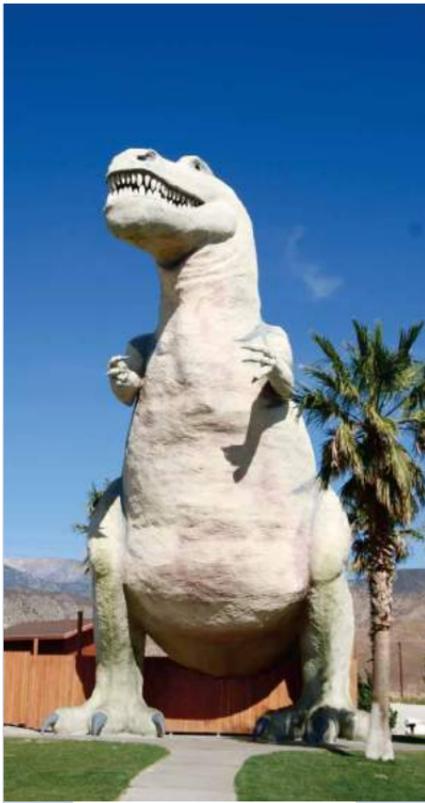
A Korean folk village reenacts scenes from *Napoleon Dynamite*.



A popular teen activity in Switzerland is roof hooking.



The ice caves in Chamonix are known for having some of the highest-energy crystals in Western Europe.



One of Southern California's famous dinosaur memorials.



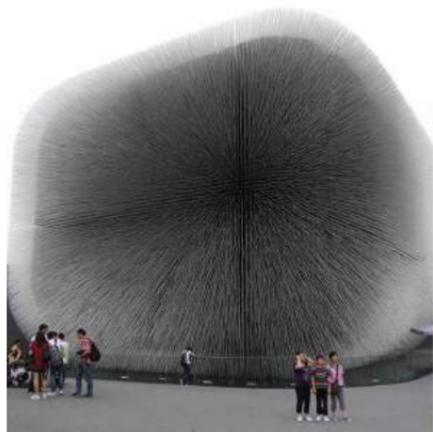
The Bonda people of India have been known to store keys on their ears.



Ecuador is host to especially stupid wildlife.



One of the many corn-based residences in Mitchell, South Dakota.



Not to be missed in China is the stunning Hair Cube.

Grandma's Trip to the Caribbean

Day 1

The plane landed at the airport, Jesus, it looks nothing like New York. Where's the little tunnel thing? I fell right on my ass trying to get down those slippery steps they put on the plane. How the hell am I supposed to get two carry-ons off the plane with these tiny little steps they give you? Between this and that soggy chicken sandwich on the flight I've got half a mind to go right back home. And goddamn it, it's hot here. Why's it so hot all the time? I flew down in my usual sweatpants and now the dye is melting off my hair.

Day 2

There's a whole lot of palm trees down here. They really like their palm trees, those Bob Marley-looking Caribbean people. The hotel is nice, sure, but there are big fields of nothing here, where



Eat your hearts out, kids.

cows run around without a leash or anything. They just walk around like that. My God, isn't that safety hazard or something? And there are chickens too! Just running around crossing roads. Don't laugh, "chicken crossing the road," it's disgusting is what it is. They like jerk chicken a lot down here, I don't even want to think about where it's coming from.

Day 3

I only spent a little time at the beach today. I didn't go in the water though. I haven't gone swimming since 1942 and I'm not in a hurry to go back. The ocean's a big toilet is what it is. My grandkids are sitting on their cell-pods, or whatever they hell they have, all day and I'm not drinking the water down here. I don't care how many stars this hotel has, you think I need the runs from dirty water? No thank you. Plus it's so goddamn hot down here. And so sunny! I sat under an umbrella all day and I still think I got sunburned. Did I tell you how my doctor told me you can burned even under an umbrella? Don't laugh at that, it's true! My cataracts are acting up again too. Just great. What a vacation.

Day 4

I don't know if I've said this

before, but the food here is terrible. So spicy. And so hard. I can't chew half of this shit with my dentures. They put jerk on everything. Steak, chicken, burgers. And no Italian food down here at all! My daughter got mad at me when I sent back two dishes at this restaurant. But I says to her, if I'm going to sit outside with sand on the ground, they better give me something I can actually eat. I went to the beach again today, too, and the grandkids made me put my feet in the water. And I'm mad I did that for those pains in the asses because there's still sand between my goddamn toes.

Day 5

It's our last day here, so I decided to get a head start on all the laundry. Doing laundry makes me feel like I'm at home. Except this time I was doing laundry with a

bunch of other Caribbean ladies that speak English but have such weird accents that you can't even tell. My daughter and my son-in-law can't believe I spent the day doing laundry, but I'm sure they liked having some clean towels at the end of the day, goddamn it. I can't wait to go home and do laundry in my own house, where the weather isn't 150 degrees every day. I have to go now so I can send Josephine from the office a postcard. She's not going on vacation

at all this year, her husband wanted to to a "staycation" or some shit, I don't know. She's going to be real jealous when she sees where I am!

Day 6

It was so nice getting off an airplane that didn't make me walk down all those tiny little stairs. The Caribbean was nice, I guess, but not for me. Too hot. Too much sand. Too many foreigners. I'm off to do some more laundry now!



At least my hair looks fucking gorge'.

Should I Drink This or Should I Just Drink My Own Piss?

People always tell me when I travel around the world that I should try and see some of the sights and sounds. Personally though, I couldn't care less if some people long ago built a pyramid out of clay legos! I'm more interested in wondering where those slaves went to drown their sorrows after a good amount of whippings. Thing is though, nowadays, drinking abroad is expensive. Wouldn't I be better off if I skipped imbibing the local customs and just started chugging my own piss? Let's take a look at some countries local beverages.

Fun Facts

Bosnia is the only place on Earth with two suns.

Some Chinese believe that ghosts can't cross rivers or wi-fi networks.



Vietnam: Snake Wine

The folks here tell me they shove a boa constrictor in a big jar, and drown it with rice and sake. That sounds to me like a fun type of euthanasia! However, after drinking this, I thought those cheeky natives were trying to kill me and use my body parts to buy a new couch! Turns out, they just enjoy the rancid taste.

Synopsis: Drinking my own piss was a gas compared to drinking this!



Italy: Grappa

From what I know, grappa is the only alcohol made from the refuse of other alcohol. Considering a bottle of this costs 20 Euro, I figured my kidneys create better refuse than this - why not make this one easy on myself?

Synopsis: Buy some Chianti, gather some biscotti, and finish off with a goblet of my piss.



Greece: Ouzo

When I ordered this drink, I was actually excited about all the rave reviews on the taste. Turns out those reviews were actually for Vinsanto, which was supposed to taste like chocolate milk flowing off a Greek woman's cleavage. However, I got a carafe of this cloudy substance, and took it down in one sitting. The result of which caused me to vomit instantly in my mousakka. This made my delicious but puke-looking eggplant dish look like actual diarrhea. Buzz kill!

Synopsis: Drink...my...PISS!



Mexico: Water

Everyone always warned me about the water in Mexico – that it's filled with Montezuma's revenge, drinking enough will get you preggers, blah blah blah. Well frankly, I'm tired of my piss being the superior proxy drink to all the countries I've visited. So I went down to the Mexican equivalent of an aqueduct. It didn't have the best bar atmosphere, but it did match the smell. Two weeks later, I'm still battling with Montezuma's revenge, and somehow am a pregnant man. Not cool.

Synopsis: I would've provided a public service by pissing into these people's reservoir.



Iceland: Mead

Not bad at all!

Synopsis: Looks like my piss, but definitely tastes better! (Try it mixed!)

Fun Fact

In the Southern hemisphere and Wheaton, MD, toilets flush in the opposite direction.

THIS IS AN ADVERTISEMENT

Attention all Muslim extremists!!!! Do you like BLOWING THINGS UP???? Do you dream of the day you can get revenge on the CHRISTIAN-JEWISH CONSPIRACY to DESTROY ISLAM???? Are you stumped trying to FIND A GOOD TARGET for properly PUNISHING THE INFIDEL AMERICANS????????????

Well, how ABOUT CINCINNATI????????????

Cincinnati is home to HUNDREDS of THOUSANDS of American pigs, some of whom are MEN WHO SEEK THE COMPANY OF OTHER MEN!! Women in Cincinnati walk around WITHOUT BURQAS, allowing MEN THEY DON'T KNOW to SEE THEIR FIGURE!!! Everyone in Cincinnati has jobs at BIG AMERICAN FACTORIES making weapons to SEND TO THEIR BEST FRIEND ISRAEL!!!!!!!!!!!!

THIS IS AN ADVERTISEMENT

It sure would HURT AMERICA if Cincinnati were destroyed!!!! The ECONOMY WOULD COLLAPSE, and we could no longer SWIM IN OUR MILLIONS OF DOLLARS AND CONSUMER PRODUCTS!!!! It WOULD RUIN CINCINNATI to have to use the terrorism insurance they just purchased that covers the ENTIRE CITY in the event of a GLORIOUS TERRORIST STRIKE!!!!!!!!!!!! The city would have to REBUILD ITS ENTIRE INFRASTRUCTURE and design a COMPLETELY NEW transportation system!!!!

SO DESTROY CINCINNATI!!!! DESTROY EVERY CINCINNATIAN SO THAT THE GOVERNMENT WILL HAVE NO CHOICE EXCEPT TO TAKE THE MILLIONS OF INSURANCE DOLLARS AND START ANEW!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

PAID FOR BY THE CINCINNATI TOURISM BOARD

Money Around the World



We at Lonely Plague know that in times of worldwide financial insecurity, potential travelers might have misgivings about willingly exchanging their American currency for its comparatively worthless foreign counterparts. While some might derive some satisfaction in the cultural experience of trading hard-earned vacation funding for multicolored slips of paper with tenth-century wizards on them, we sympathize with those who want to travel without the risk of experiencing hyperinflation. With that in mind, here are a few travel destinations that, while they might not accept American currency, would gladly barter for some of the everyday items we take for granted.

UKRAINE If you've ever played the Fallout series, the Ukraine will seem very familiar. While they don't accept bottlecaps as legal tender, you'll find the locals gladly willing to trade quaint local goods for other scrap metal, the purer the better. Aluminum cans, old hubcaps, bring it all. Also, be sure to bring along a few older American consumer goods that you don't need anymore. Nokia RAZR phones are still pretty highly valued here, and the locals go crazy for American jeans and Sony Walkmen. Got any electronic supplies left over from you child's science project? Take those along; even post-Chernobyl, Ukrainians are nuts about nuclear power. Any old graphite control rod can probably be exchanged for a few cute, folky taistras for your friends back home. In a pinch, children or babies can be sold for a high price.

ZAMBIA If you've ever played the Resident Evil that took place in Africa, Zambia will seem very familiar. Surplus army supplies are valuable in just about any African country, so bring along a few of those and you stand a chance of going on a discounted safari. Penicillin is much appreciated in almost any central African nation, so take some with you – it comes in especially handy when you're visiting the rural areas. Just a few tablets can be traded for a charming raffia cloth that you can hang on a wall or over a doorway. Somewhat ironically, Zambians will also pay quite a bit for American cigarettes. If absolutely necessary, children and infants can also be sold here.

CAMBODIA If you've ever played Tomb Raider: The Last Revelation/The Prophecy, Cambodia will feel like home. While you can no longer trade cowry shells for sexual favors, you might be able to exchange larger sea creatures for sex in small fishing villages. In the main cities, though, like Phnom Penh, be sure to have with you some blank DVD-R's. These are highly valued in the red light districts. Inexplicably, lots of people here are willing to pay for human hair, especially if it's American. Know someone who's donated to Locks of Love? Try asking them for help. Kids can be sold here too.



Fun Fact

Other than humans, elephants are the only animals who understand irony.

makes to “lift” the city out of its slump, nothing helps. Ask for directions anywhere and you’ll be told to play chicken on the McCarter Highway and kill yourself. THINGS TO WATCH OUT FOR: Homeless men who will sexually harass you, white businessmen/pick pockets, gunshots, this weird Asian guy who always asks for Devils tickets, drunk natives who start physical altercations on a whim and the smell of the toxic wastelands only a few miles away.

JERSEY CITY

DANGER LEVEL: XXXXX
DIFFFICULTY LEVEL: XXXXX

Jersey City is essentially Newark, just slightly closer to New York City. There are not one but three stops in Jersey City, making it all the more confusing when you are drunk and don’t know if

you’re delving deeper into Jersey or closer to New York. Oh and watch out for the Asian man who stands outside the Exchange Place station, all he does is blabber. Jersey City is just as dangerous, just as smelly, and just as depressing as Newark—the only difference is that it’s a bit smaller. THINGS TO WATCH OUT FOR: Same stuff as Newark, the cities are practically the same but there’s less square footage to run for your life.

HARRISON

DANGER LEVEL: XX
DIFFICULTY LEVEL: X (if bilingual) XXXXX (if you only speak English)

Harrison isn’t that bad of a town if you’re fluent in Spanish. Seriously, nobody speaks English. The only white people you’ll meet are crotchety old Poles who moved to

Harrison after the '67 riots in Newark. Make sure not to end up in the small section neighboring Newark that is home to a fairly prominent group of the Latin Kings. Honestly, the only reason why anybody visits Harrison is to see soccer games and eat pierogies. Watch out for the small Asian man who stands outside of Little Krakow, he yells all the time. It's not nearly as dangerous as the aforementioned cities but be careful regardless.

THINGS TO WATCH OUT FOR: Crazy drunk soccer fans, the crotchety Poles (see above), offending anybody of Latin descent and getting your ass kicked, offending anybody of Latin descent who's also a member of the Latin Kings and getting your ass killed, bad cabbage at Polish restaurants.

HOBOKEN

DANGER LEVEL: XX

DIFFICULTY LEVEL: X (if sober)

XXXXXX (if drunk, which you most likely will be)

The only reason anybody goes to Hoboken is if they're too lazy to drink in NYC. The only reason anybody lives in Hoboken is if they're too poor to live in NYC; or if they own a bakery and have a show on TLC (Note: While the pastries are good, the lines are outrageous--don't bother). Honestly, Hoboken isn't that dangerous at all and if you think it is then you've obviously never been to Newark. Most people will guide you on your way if you get lost, but when intoxicated, your life will be a living hell. Think your hangover the next day will be bad? Dealing with Hoboken cops after one too many Jagermeisters will be one of the worst experiences of your life. The city is decent

but the only true purpose of going there is to drown your sorrows and get wasted with Asian deliverymen. THINGS TO WATCH OUT FOR: Drunks, drunk hobos, drunk teenagers, pretentious drunks who think they're better for "sticking to their Jersey roots and living in Hoboken", anything and everything relating to alcohol.

ASIAN VIEWPOINT

NEWARK

DANGER LEVEL: XXXXX

I went to Newark in order to go to my first hockey game. My children like the ice sport and no team seems more scary than Devils, so I decide why not! I understand not sport, seem like box match on ice. I took my two children, Chi Lun and SunYoo, with me on train to Newark. It smell bad

of urine but it ok. I ask short black man for directions to Prudential Center and he told me to play chicken on McCarter Highroad. I was only in the mood for hockey, no other games, and try to ask again when he spitted in my face! When Chi saw black man spit on my face and tears in my eyes, he said we should visit museum near by to us. I did not want risk talk to black man again, scary! After travel on bus that smelled of urine, we visited the museum and had good day. I promised Chi and SunYoo that we would see ice game soon in future THINGS TO WATCH OUT FOR: Men who spit face, black people, urine bus

JERSEY CITY

DANGER LEVEL: XXXXX

I felt bad that I could not take my children to the hockey ice game so I decided that to buy them tickets for

game in nearby time and hockey sweaters would be best. Somehow, I end up at Exchange Place. I was so lost. What is this Jersey City? It smells and looks very like Newark but there is so many less black people here, more of them people from Mexico. They have light skins, but equally as terrifying. Still, new place mean new adventure! I spent three hours outside asks for directions to Newark but nobody help me. I then decide to take bus three miles away. Oh well. THINGS TO WATCH OUT FOR: Same amount of blacks, Mexico people

HARRISON

DANGER LEVEL: XX

Well, ice season now over so next best thing is soccer. Nobody speak English, lots of people speak language Mexico people do. Everyone kept say "K? K?"

when I ask for help, but I find map and arrive at stadium. I spend thirty minutes yell with Jose at booth for ticket and finally gave 120 of dollars to him. I remember that many Poles lives in Harrison and I decide to buy for dinner that night cabbage. I entered the Pole shop and asks nice for food, only to have a little man yell "Gook! Fackin gook!" I was very much offend and all I want was cabbage. The small man yell "gook! gook!" very loud for long time and I get mad so I leave. I scream loud in street and many people look, but I do not care, I were mad. On walk back to train station I meet some large Mexican with gun. He wore all purple, very nice shade. He call me gook just like old Pole and I cry softly as I ride urine train home. THINGS TO WATCH OUT FOR: Everybody. No English.

HOBOKEN

DANGER LEVEL: X

SunYoo and Chi no speak to father, Jose give me fake tickets to game. My wife, very angry, tell me to leave house until I buy cabbage. Never will I go back to Harrison and see mean Pole, so I go to Hoboken. I was excite to visit "Cake Boss" at Carlo's Bakery but it was close. I were not upset because I like more sponge cake. I went to close bar and decide to made friends. I meet group of boys

who asks for General Tsou's Chicken but I tell them no food. I start cry and decide I want to get drunk, and boys buys me some Sake. I get very dunk and very happy, so I go outside bar and take offs pants for ladies. Large white man in blue uniform tell me I am arrest and wife brings money three days later to get out of jail. Hoboken is nice and I like drinks with boys but not jail. THINGS TO WATCH OUT FOR: man in uniform, too much drinks.

Plagues Around the World

A lot of consideration goes into planning for a long vacation. For most people. But I am not most people. Ever since the age of five when I figured out exactly what that little rhyme Ring Around the Rosie was actually about, I've known what I want to see. And I've finally got up the money

to travel around the world visiting the sights of the most devastating plagues in our planets history.

Black Death - London:

I start out in London, where the rats carrying the bacterium *Yersinia pestis* got off the ships from Central Asia and killed over a third

of Europe's population. Can you imagine if a third of the world's population was killed by a badass epidemic today? Unemployment crisis, solved! People suffering from the bubonic plague had swollen, throbbing pustules all over their body, vomited and pissed blood, and had something called lenticulae. And the pain was caused by their skin decaying while they were still alive! Beautiful. Just beautiful.

Ebola, Congo:

If you thought that was bad just wait 'til I get to Ebola! After London, I fly to the Democratic Republic of the Congo, the Ebola River Valley specifically. I have to hike through the jungle for a while to get to the elephant shit cave where some asshole explorer discovered the virus and spread it to the rest of the world. A couple of days

after visiting the cave I come down with the symptoms. Abdominal pain, fever, and bleeding from every fucking orifice. Eyes, ears, mouth, ass, and other unmentionables. Don't worry, I made the nurses take loads of pictures.

Swine Flu, Mexico:

After they flew in some experimental drugs from some university to cure me of my ebola, I head to Veracruz, Mexico to track down the origin of the most recent swine flu, or H1N1, epidemic. Not sure what the whole fuss was about swine flu. As far as I can tell, you get a fever, a sore throat, a headache, and you sleep for three days. Some pussies die from it, yeah, but this is nothing compared to ebola, or smallpox, or SARS. Definitely not one of the sexier plagues on my journey. Why the fuck would Egypt kill all their pigs over this?

Cholera, Haiti:

As I was in Mexico, being sorely disappointed by swine flu, I heard about a whole new epidemic. This was my chance to be part of history! So I jumped on a plane to Haiti to see the latest cholera outbreak for myself. It was a sight to behold, let me tell you. People laying on cots everywhere, vomiting, shitting themselves, the whole place smelled oddly like fish. It was like Disney Land. Magic.

The Plague, New York City

After Haiti, it was almost time for my odyssey to come to an end. But I had one more stop. I had heard about a modern plague in New York City, so I got off the plane at JFK and took a cab to Washington Square Park. After asking around and almost no one knowing what the fuck I was talking about, I finally was

directed to an out of the way off in NYU's student center where there was a huge stack of magazines called The Plague. Of course I took as many as I could carry, but when I started reading, I was shocked. I thought I had in fact contracted cholera, considering the explosive diarrhea this fucking magazine caused.

My final verdict:

Black Death, Ebola, Cholera = fucking awesome.

Swine Flu-'funny' magazine written by self important, egotistical students=not so much.

Next year, I go on a quest to re-establish smallpox and dive right into AIDS by sharing needles with heroin addicts and gay prostitutes.

Traveling to Your Aunt's House

While most people may enjoy spending the Christmas season at home, we at Lonely Plague suspect that our more adventurous readership might want to spice things up this year. If so, let us suggest a popular new holiday destination: your divorced aunt's house in Ocean Grove, NJ.

Recent political turmoil has resulted in the ejection of your uncle, leaving your divorced aunt's house a rapidly changing, exciting new locale – conveniently located only two blocks from the beach – sure to offer a Christmas experience you'll remember for the rest of your life. Here are a few things to consider when planning a trip to your divorced aunt's house:

WHAT TO PACK

Books – if you plan on relaxing with a book and want to

read something besides the Time For Kids 2004 Almanac and Chicken Soup for the Soul: Thanks Mom, make sure you bring your own. Be careful: anything too large will get suspicious looks from your aunt and cousins. Sleeping Bag – While there was once a guest bedroom at your aunt's house, your uncle took the bed with him to his apartment downtown.

FOOD

- This being New Jersey, you can expect to see a quaint spin on the food pyramid: cocktail wieners, potato chips and pretzels are the most readily available and festive foods here.
- Diet soda is the most popular beverage, although tap water is available on request.
- If you're lucky, your aunt might bring home food from the restaurant she works at as a waitress. This is a seasonal treat not to be missed.

TRADITIONS

•Your cousin is known for engaging in the charming activities of yesteryear, such as reptile-keeping and Air-soft gun-having. While the weapons are currently the subject of an ownership dispute, you might have time to see them before they're relocated to the trunk of your uncle's car. You can definitely rely on seeing a lizard eat pellets, however, so be sure to account for that in your itinerary.

•Hanukkah is normally celebrated at your divorced aunt's house, but since your uncle was the Jewish one, who knows what could happen this year? Will it be put on for the sake of continuity or will it not be mentioned in order to forget painful memories? Be a part of the creation of post-Jewish-dad history!

CULTURAL SENSITIVITY

- Don't ask your aunt about how often she seems to be wearing her "World's Best Mom" sweatshirt this year. You're correct in your suspicion that she's overcompensating, but you don't need to call attention to it.
- Pretend to be surprised when you receive a Kmart gift card.

Fun Facts

In Mesopotamia, staplers were once tools used to hold things together before the invention of the three ring binder.

Burma is not a country; it's a state of mind.

In Belarus, if you speak English in a McDonalds people will think you are the owner.

Hi, I'll Be Your Flight Attendant

Hi, my name is Stephanie, and I'll be your flight attendant for the duration



of your travels. I ensure the safety and comfort of you and your fellow passengers. Can you believe I used to be a bookworm in high school? Well, look at me now! I'm a flight attendant travelling all over the place! Here are some facts you may not know about me:

- FAA regulations require that I had a D-cup or bigger, so you can enjoy spectacular views both in and out of the plane!
- I used to have sex for money. In fact, I still sometimes have sex for money!
- I usually wear pantyhose to make people think I don't have sex for money. Being a flight attendant keeps me busy enough as it is!

• Sometimes I spill coffee into fat people's laps on purpose. Oops!

• I have a Master's degree in Russian literature and I speak four languages fluently.

Thanks to Delta Airlines and their insistence that I stay on domestic flights, they'll never be of any use!

• I always hide a bag of coke under one of the passenger seats. Luckily, no one ever reaches back that far!

• I filled out the crossword puzzle in every Skymall magazine on this plane. It sure beats staring at all the products I'll never be able to afford!

Fun Fact

South America is composed of many countries that are more or less exactly the same.

Hi, I'll Be Your Pilot

Hi, I'm Captain Pierce Braverman, and I'll be piloting your journey through the sky on the way to some-



place much less cooler than the sky. In the interest of establishing an honest relationship with my passengers, and because I'm pretty drunk (the BAC limit for pilots is more of a suggestion than a rule), I'd like to share a few things with you. First off, commercial airline pilots are not really "pilots" in the conventional sense. The planes pretty much fly themselves, and we're just actors paid to make people feel safe. Personally, my flight experience comes solely from watching *Airplane!* and *Snakes On A Plane*. The only controls I ever use in the cockpit are two buttons, one that says "up" and one says "down." The FAA entrusts the rest of the flying duties to a bunch of programmers in India. I spend most of my flight time sexually harassing the flight attendants and watching mile-high clubbers in the bathroom cameras.

As far as safety goes, the demonstrations at the beginning

of every flight are completely useless. Those "life vests" under your seats haven't been tested since the 1970s and I'm pretty sure have disintegrated. If this plane starts going down, we're all fucked. I'll do my best by repeatedly pressing the "up" button, but that's pretty much our only hope. Don't get all riled up every time the plane starts shaking around a bit, though. Turbulence is just something the airline industry made up to get you to sit the fuck down. Also, we never have a damn clue whether any of you are terrorists or not. The only thing we do know, thanks to the TSA body scanners, is that the dude in seat 23C is wearing a bra. As far as we're concerned, he poses no threat to anything except his own self-esteem.

Well, I've got to go down another mini bottle of Jack, so I'll let all of you get on with your flight. Enjoy your in-flight meal, and keep in mind that whether you ordered the beef, chicken, or vegetarian meal, you're all getting the same damn thing.

Gaijin Powers

In my travels across Japan, I came across these ancient scrolls in a sealed off temple. They had previously been translated by someone that was obviously not a native English speaker, but I will record them in their entirety for the sake of academic integrity:

If you are go Japan. You will discover you are many mysterious powers. These are the "Gaijin Powers," Gaijin meaning "outside being" or "dirty person get out" in Japanese. I will little bit explain powers what they are. They have names are many.

Gaijin Cross

In English speaking country, this called "Jay-walking." In Japan, the people, they do not jay-walk. Instead, they are stare at light until they have no idea why they stare at it. They not look



Not Gaijin. But close.

at traffic or even wonder if cars are. However, Gaijin do not care for rules, so Gaijin will cross whenever feeling strikes. Often this lead them to get to destinations much faster, but, once in while Japanese person will follow without thinking and get hit by car. Gaijin Cross is effective for user, but dangerous for watcher.

Gaijin Bubble

When Gaijin is big like giant as gaijin tend to are, many Japanese person do not want approach gaijin. This is Gaijin Bubble. It very useful on subway or other public transport system

where people are probably to be shoved in space too small for them. The Gaijin Bubble repulse non-gaijin and act as self-preservation barrier during rush hour crowd where people is known to die. Gaijin Bubble prevent both death and molestation from heated up business men. Especially good use for women.

Gaijin Beam

Gaijin Beam is power without limit. Whether big or little, any gaijin can use Gaijin Beam just by eyeing correctly. To Gaijin Beam, when person staring at you for being Gaijin, stare back at them without blink. Person will eventually have mind shatter and runs away screaming. Usually light on fire or jump in front train.

Gaijin Flash

Few people have use

Gaijin Flash in my knowledge. Gaijin Flash is when gaijin take off clothes and run around, expose penis or other part (if woman) to whoever look. The Gaijin Flash is dangerous technique that injure millions and possible break government system. This is real reason last emperor submit to America during Second Big World Battle. Not because bomb. Bomb nothing. Naked Gaijin thing of nightmares.

Gaijin Toss

Gaijin quickly discover Gaijin is much bigger than Japanese person. Some Gaijin take use of this and use super outsider strength to overpower Japanese person. Gaijin easily able to lift and throw Japanese wherever want. Though very inconvenient for Japanese person and please don't use. This is Gaijin Toss.

WASHINGTON SQUARE CAMPUS



W. 16th Street
W. 15th Street
W. 14th Street
W. 13th Street
W. 12th Street
W. 11th Street
W. 10th Street
W. 9th Street
W. 8th Street

E. 16th Street
E. 15th Street
E. 14th Street
E. 13th Street
E. 12th Street
E. 11th Street
E. 10th Street
E. 9th Street

New School Zone (BEWARE)

Buck Chuck Supplier

RIP Church

Drunk frosh/sucky food/broken printers

Bitch Ex-girlfriend lives here

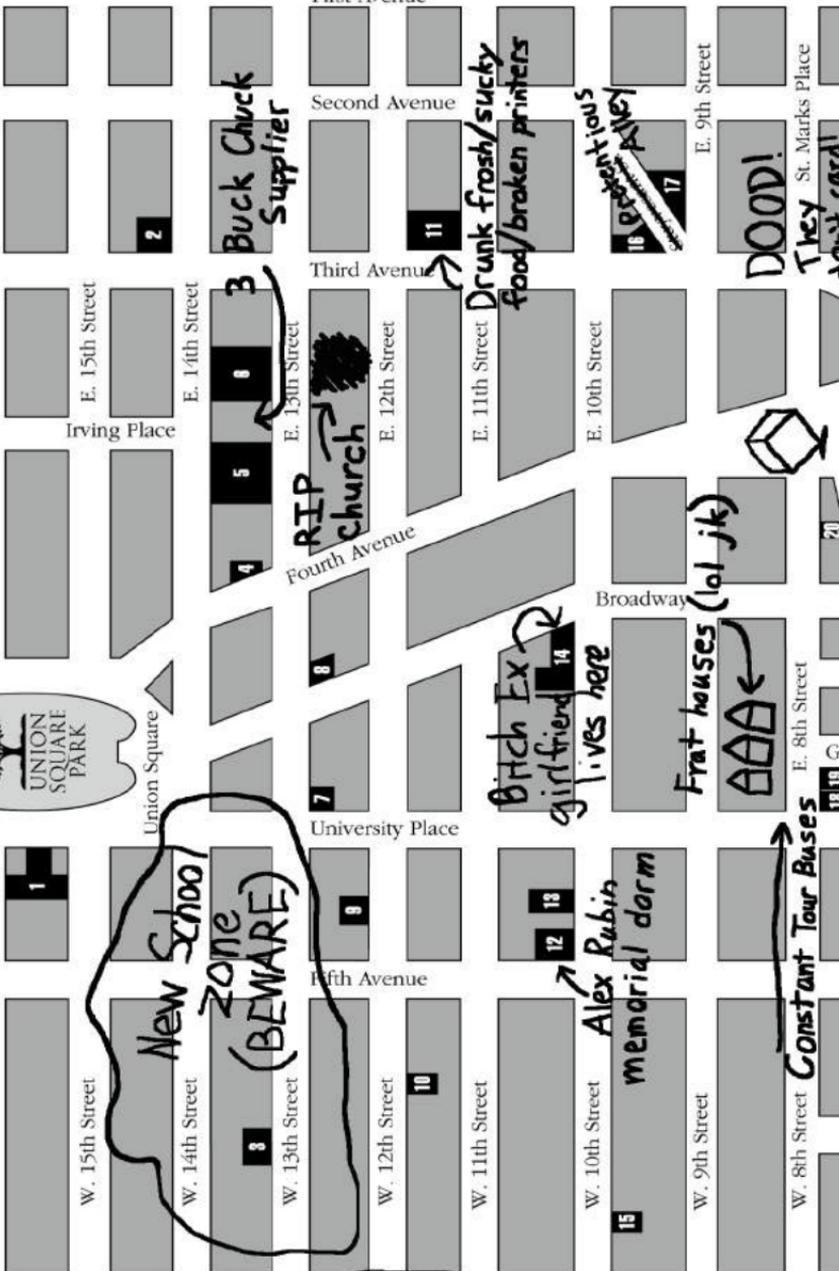
Alex Rubin memorial dorm

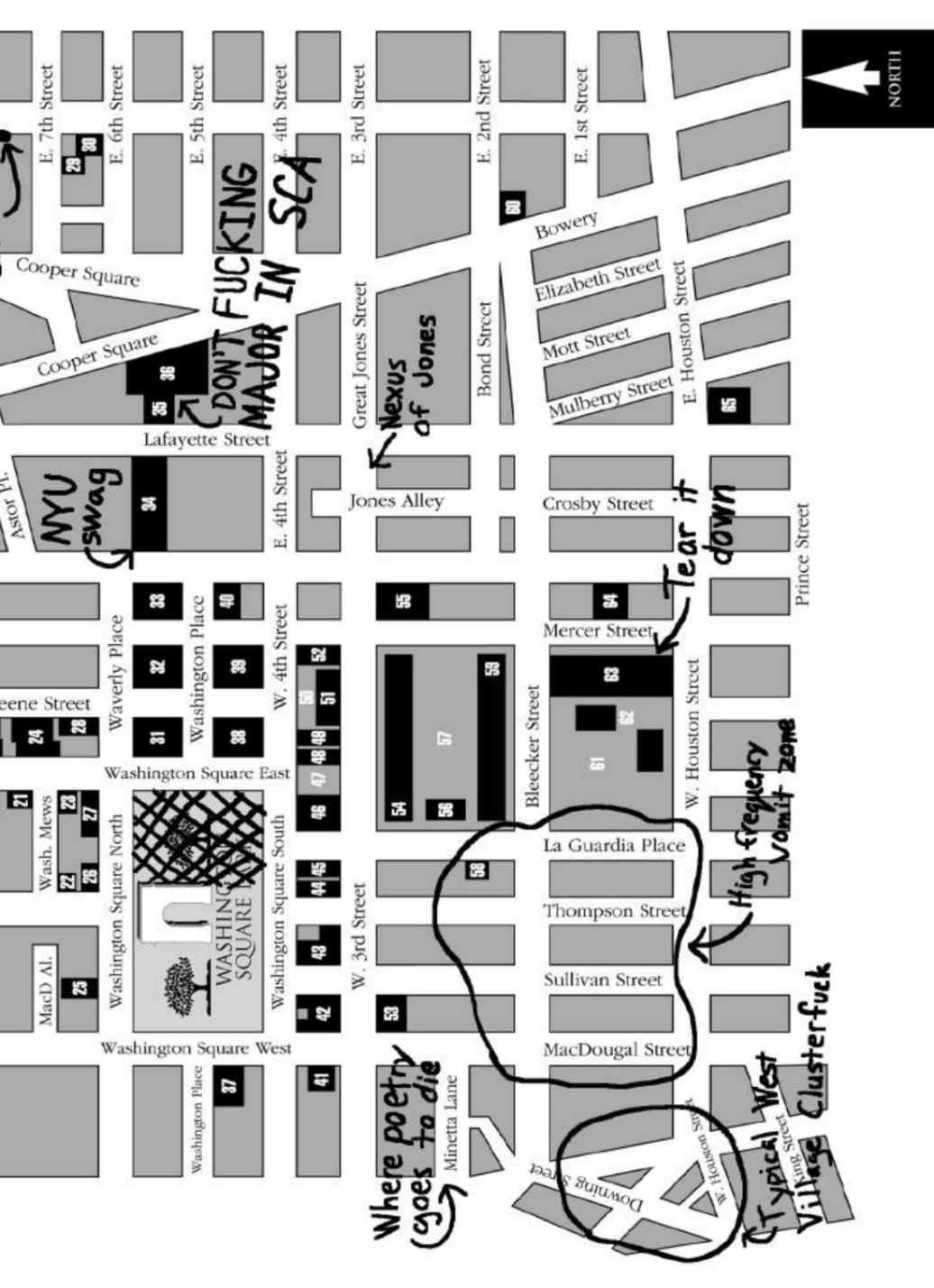
Frat houses (lol jk)

Constant Tour Buses

DOOD!
They St. Marks Place don't card!

Avenue of the Americas Sixth Avenue





E. 7th Street
E. 6th Street
E. 5th Street
E. 4th Street

Cooper Square
Cooper Square

DON'T FUCKING MAJOR IN SCA

E. 3rd Street
E. 2nd Street
E. 1st Street

Great Jones Street
Bond Street
Nexus of Jones

Bowery
Elizabeth Street
Mott Street
Mulberry Street

Astor Pl.
NYU Swag

Lafayette Street

Jones Alley

Crosby Street

Tear it down

Prince Street

Waverly Place
Washington Place
Washington Square East

W. 4th Street

55
57
59
58
56
54

Mercer Street

Bleecker Street
W. Houston Street

High frequency vomit zone

Wash. Mews
MacD Al.
Washington Square North



Washington Square South

W. 3rd Street

58
59
53

La Guardia Place

Thompson Street

Sullivan Street

MacDougal Street

Washington Square West

Washington Place
37
41

Where poetry goes to die

Minetta Lane

Downing Street
W. Houston Street

Typical West Village Clusterfuck

Child Detective Solves the Case of the Playground Rapist

IDAVILLE, IN—Late last night police arrested local Eagle Scoutmaster Winslow Gibbons as the infamous Playground Rapist, named for his trademark jungle gym rapings. Curiously, the investigation was not solved by the Idaville police force. Rather, the six-victim serial rapist was caught by none other than local child detective, Encyclopedia Brown. Brown is a seventh grader at George Washington Middle School and is in the accelerated reading class.

For three months and six rapes, Gibbons eluded police who failed to uncover conclusive evidence. When leads ran cold Police Chief Donald Wagner consulted Brown, paying the child detective's standard fee of twenty five cents plus expenses. Chief Wagner feared the twelve

year old detective would be too young, but, fortunately, Brown underwent puberty a year earlier and was well-versed in the subtle nuances of masturbation and semen stains.



Brown

"I could tell by how the light reflected off the blood and semen that our rapist is a Caucasian with an irregularly curved penis" said Brown, using the inductive reasoning skills he learned in geometry class.

Upon examining the ropes binding the dead victims' wrists and legs, Brown quickly deduced that the only person in Idaville skilled enough to tie such difficult

knots was Eagle Scoutmaster Winslow Gibbons. Upon his arrest, police confirmed that Gibbons has sickle shaped genitalia.

"I'll bet Mr. Gibbons thinks twice before he decides to violate another woman under a jungle gym," added Brown smugly as he swung his backpack over his shoulder and bicycled home in time for dinner.

CANDLELIGHT VIGIL ENDS PREJUDICE



Child Accused of Eating Candy for Breakfast

ROCKVILLE – Local child Robert Moubarek was recently accused by his friends of eating candy for breakfast instead of toast, waffles, or other typical breakfast foods. Rumors started when, during phone conversations, he would casually allude to “[having] Reese’s for breakfast.”

“You can’t just do that,” said a friend of Moubarek’s, who wishes to remain anonymous. “Candy isn’t something you can eat for breakfast. We were all really mad when we heard about this. Honestly though, most of us are just jealous that he can eat candy for breakfast and get away with it. We’d all do it if we had the chance, but we live in a society here.”

His mother, too, is upset by the recent allegations. “I never expected him to get into anything like



Moubarek

this. I thought I’d raised him right,” said Nancy Moubarek, Robert’s mother.

Moubarek has since claimed that he was eating “not candy, [but] Reese’s Puffs Cereal”; the veracity of his statement is currently under investigation. Laboratory evidence suggests that there might be something to his claim: what he has been eating regularly for breakfast seems to be more closely related to cereal than it is to candy, although the analyses are not yet complete.

Dad Going to Rake Whole God Damn Lawn Himself

Des Moines - Straining to climb out of bed after the third successive weekend of yard work, 46 year old Tom Wilcox realized early Sunday morning that his entire day would consist of raking the lawn, alone.

A notoriously light sleeper, the father of two was unable to take advantage of the extra hour gained from this weekend's

turning back of the clocks and woke with the sunrise at 6:30am.

"Might as well get started" Wilcox groaned while opening the shed door and putting his coffee down on the frost-hardened grass. "It's not like any of them are going to help" [motioning towards the unlit house].

"I like to do the front yard before the neighbors

come out with the leaf blowers. It gives me a few quiet hours alone with my girl... I haven't driven her in months. You know, before Paula [his wife] and I settled down, we had some crazy times in that old hot rod..." Wilcox



Wilcox

paused briefly from raking as if to better remember but soon sighed and went back to work.

Moving the leaves from one pile to another and then back again, Wilcox seemed restless and distracted. After two hours with no results apparent, he flatly stated, "fuck it" and made his way over to the shed. He opened the door, closed it behind him, and then audibly locked the bolt.

Fifteen minutes later Wilcox emerged from the shed with a flushed complexion and a look of relief on his face. Walking back to the front yard, he stopped at the garage and tossed what looked to be a shop rag into the trash.

After another half-hour of raking, his children, 12 and 8, came running outside to play in the leaves their father had so dutifully collected.

Man Beats GPS's Estimate by Ten Minutes, Excited to Inform Relatives

Shrewsbury, MA - Last Wednesday afternoon, 56 year old Mark Cymanski arrived at 5 Wiltshire Drive over ten minutes before his GPS had originally predicted.

"I knew I was doing well, but this has to be some kind of record," said the fa-

ther of three as he detached the GPS to show his wife's family inside.

Cymanski received the GPS for Christmas last year and has since made a habit of trying to beat the estimate. "I've learned there's a lot that goes into



En route

outsmarting the GPS. I think what helped me break the ten minute mark today was my personal sense of direction -- I frequently veer off major highways and speed along small town roads on which I usually gain around 30 seconds a piece."

Taking a moment to unbuckle and open his door, he continued, "And there are plenty more time saving techniques that I've always got up my sleeve. For instance, drafting behind 18-wheelers is a great way to cut through traffic. Also, steer clear of any rest stops; you could lose all the time you've gained - and more - if you're drawn into one of those."

After showing his in-laws the GPS screen, the satisfied father claimed that he had a good feeling from the beginning and that he expects to beat the estimate by 15 minutes while returning to his home in Bethlehem, PA.

Later, after a few beers, Cymanski became increasingly boastful and challenged Hank, his brother-in-law, to top his time when he comes down next month for Christmas. After calling Hank a "coward" for not accepting his bet of \$1000 to beat the estimate by 30 minutes, the family decided that maybe Mark had had a bit too much and advised him to get some rest.

With a churlish sigh, Cymanski left the room and spent the remainder of the evening alone plotting alternate return routes on Google Maps.

Local Man Crawls Up Stairs On All Fours When No One is Watching



Willis

NEWS
BUFFALO, NY – Area man Luke Willis confirmed to reporters today that, several weekends ago while no one was watching, he did in fact crawl up his home stairs on all fours.

“The public wants to make me into a monster,” Willis said to our correspondent, “but I am not a monster. I am just a man who enjoys scrambling up

the stairs like an ape... when no one can see me.”

Willis revealed to the press that it had been a chilly afternoon in September when he first felt the urge to uncage the beast within him. “I thought it would be fun to do but after the first time, I just kind of kept doing it. It’s pretty awesome.”

He reaffirmed that his decision to completely disregard two million years of evolutionary progress was due to the increased traveling speed afforded to him by this unorthodox form of transportation. By using his hind limbs to propel him and his front arms for additional thrusting power, Willis insists that he made it up the stairs in record time, about 13.4% faster than usual.

“It’s also really great when I’ve come home from the gym and just can’t make

it up the stairs. My arms give me the boost I need. Though you do have to watch out for rug burns if you're wearing gym shorts."

Willis' girlfriend Chelsea told reporters that

sometimes when he gets drunk he'll climb the stairs, beat his chest and then let out a primal roar while urinating on the carpet as if to mark his territory.

Willis refused to comment.

Is it Peacoat Weather or What?

When New York decides to skip Autumn all together and jumps from a temperate 70 degrees down to a chilly 42, it's time to put on that peacoat! Am I right ladies?

Frankly, I am just thrilled to wear this coat. It goes with basically anything I wear, whether it's dark jeans, light jeans, or trendy khakis. But also, I just feel badass – it looks like a cowboy duster, but one that's fashion-forward! You see, I've been waiting the entire year



Peacoat Guy

to put this pretty puppy on. I used to be a leather jacket man. But with the wear and tear of the elements, I was walking around looking like a mutilated cow with a red-tint finish! And that ain't cool!

Ever since I stepped into that Calvin Klein store and saw that perfect, black, 3-button combo jacket, with the 4th button collar option, I've felt like perfection!

When I stride into a library, somebody will rush to me with a copy of *A Brief History of Space and Time*. In the market, I get all of my organic foods at a 25% discount. And in Starbucks, my coat simply stares into the barrista's eyes and says, "Start grindin' some of those apple beans, because this guy wants some of that god-damn delicious winter cider you've been brewin'!"

And have I even talked about the scarves yet? No? Welllllllll shit! That's the icing on the carrot cake! So many colors, so many fabrics! Why wouldn't you wear one with that cool, wool coat? This room's temperature is perfect for this kind of coat.

And by this room, I mean the outside world.

So come on people - wrap yourself up in some warm, fuzzy, sophistication. Stop looking like a shrew, and start looking shrewd. Axe that shopping trip to American Apparel, and take it, instead, to Crate & Barrel (they don't sell coats, but they do sell some nice-looking furniture.) I posed this article as a question - but I'll give you an answer. It is definitely Peacoat Weather.

Fun Facts

Norfolk is one of the last remaining city-states in Connecticut.

Australia is composed mostly of sand.

Milnesand, New Mexico is the only American town not featured on television

Cash-Strapped UPS Resorts To Public Transit



UPS Employee Sawyer

The package delivery goliath UPS announced last week that in light of decreasing profit margins and the high costs of gasoline, they are eliminating much of their famous brown truck line, instead utilizing public transit as a means to deliver

packages in urban areas.

The program has already begun in New York City, where the iconic trucks have been completely eliminated. Instead, delivery personnel in the city have each received a monthly unlimited MTA pass, as well as a bottle of hand sanitizer and a can of mace.

Although the company anticipates millions of dollars in savings, UPS employees have been critical of the move. "I can't give my customers any estimates of when I'll be there with their packages," said delivery worker Dan Sheffield while waiting to load his hand truck onto a cross-town bus. "I have no clue when the hell

I'm going to get there. This dude in front of me is trying to pay his fare in nickels, for Christ sake."

Other employees have also had difficulties on their new delivery routes. "The people on these trains won't give me a damn break," explained Paul Sawyer as he waited impatiently on a subway platform underneath Delancey street. "I've been suckered into buying peanut M&Ms 26 times this week. I don't even like peanut M&Ms. And where the fuck

is that goddamn F train?" UPS plans to help alleviate some frustrations among its employees by offering Hop Stop tutorials, as well as free audio books for long delays.

Despite these setbacks, UPS hopes that this change will allow the company to recoup its massive losses incurred last year, when its attempted hot air balloon delivery service ended up costing the company \$10 million due to the high cost of scarves and flight goggles.

Fun Facts

If you die while travelling in Russia, chances are it was for the good of the revolution.

Both the inventor and the destroyer of chicken nuggets were born in New York.

Wichita, KS was born in Albany, NY.

Wickerleaks

Reed, willow or rattan? Well, if today's wicker giants have their way you soon may not have any say in which wicker works its way into the latest summer patio furniture. One word sparks a national debate regarding wicker. Bamboo. The latest wickerleaks reveal that imports for bamboo related wicker products have increased seventeen-fold. This industry changing trend clearly indicates one thing. The eastern aesthetic is so "in".

An anonymous employee of Walter's Wicker notes that this trend could redefine wickerwear around the United States of America. He notes, "Well shucks, should'a seen this coming. We've been clearin the cane n' rattan outta the stockroom for years now. This oughta create a new surge in wicker sales. Yeehaw."

Wickerleaks.org finds itself at the center of controversy once more with its latest release. The interior design industry is in uproar over the latest wickerleaks. Industry insider and famous inside trader Martha Stewart notes, "Bamboo wicker is so cliché. Wicker this wicker that, why not stick with good old cane wicker? My velvet curtains will just clash



with their latest release. This is a terrible idea. Bamboo is so 1997. Cane is a safe investment." Today's top wickerleaks: -2012 French fashion week theme to be wickerwear. -Wicker related sales predicted to sky-rocket with dvd- blu ray re-release of The Wickerman. -Non-conductive wicker wire expected to take the carpentry industry by storm. -New insight released regarding wicker shortages in 2030 as a result of nuclear war/ drought/ deforestation. Wickerwear king Bob Wundrworth made it clear in his press release to the Wicker Walrus Club (whose

members are Manhattan's elite wicker weavers) earlier this week that these wickerleaks will put millions of jobs at risk. He informed investors that Wickerworks™ will continue with business as usual. "Wickerleaks is an organization that's poking its nose into our private affairs," he exclaimed, "they slander wicker companies in the name of promoting world wide wicker transparency. If you ask me their real motive is to earn their fifteen minutes of fame. Time's about up for wickerleaks, we will be pressing charges against them. They are an incredulous organization that has been negatively impacting wickers firmly rooted and stable stock. This is the last straw!"

When asked with how these seemingly mundane leaks may put jobs at risk he refused to comment. Wickerleaks' latest release has been just as controversial as their last release in 2006 was. Who's at the center of this worldly wicker release? Well, it's none other than Wendy Wickerwatcher she finds herself in the middle of an increasingly heated battle yet again. Wickerleaks.org is the champion of all things wicker and has international watchdog organization revealing wicker

company secrets and promoting an unprecedented level of transparency in the wicker industry. Leading wicker analysts believe that there may be an initial plummet in sales as people fear the eastern aesthetic, but if we give it time, consumers can be convinced it's fashionable. Will the wicker industry ever be the same? It seems that we will have to wait out this media storm to find out.

When asked to comment on the wickerleaks related uproar Wendy stated, "In my role as Wickerleaks editor, I've been involved in fighting off many legal attacks. To do that, and keep our sources safe, we have had to spread assets, encrypt everything, and move telecommunications and people around the world to activate protective laws in different national jurisdiction" In regards to how wickerleaks chooses releases Wickerwatcher said, "We have a way of dealing with information that has sort of personal - personally identifying information in it. But there are legitimate secrets - you know, your records with your doctor; that's a legitimate secret. But we deal with wicker trends that are really capable of changing the way the world deals with wicker."

The Cancun Tales

Whan that March cometh with miniskirtes hotte
The modest clothes returned to each closette
And bathed each frat house in sweet liquor
Of which virtue escapes to happye hour;
Whan Flip Cup eek, with his ale-scented breath,
Inspired hath a Hangover of Death,
The tendre Solo cups, and the Fourloko can
Arre evidence that Springtime hath began,
And smalle freshmen maken melodye
Performe excessive Ke\$ha karaoke
(So pricketh them the Alcohol to croon)
Thanne longen folk to harken to Cancun,
Undergrads to go seeking strange sandse,
To distant beaches so pale assese can gette tans.
And specially from everye campus' ende
Of the US they to Cancun wend,
The hooly blisful hookup there to seeke
That helpede them when horninesse hath made them weake.
Befelle that, in that season, full of lust,
In Newerke, waiting, checking oute girls' busts,
Readye to make my move upone some skanke
In Cancun, fulle of tequila that I dranke,
There came at nightfalle to that dull airporte,
Nine and twentye females: sexye, shorte,
All sundry womene who had chanced to fall
In fellowshipe, and college girls were they all
That towarde Cancun, Mexico woulde ride.
Their splendide assetse massive were and wide,
In bikinis, or of the wette t-shirte conteste.
Into the flighte, the other bros all gone to reste,
So had I scorede their digits, every one,
I promised each that we would have some funne,
And made agreemente that I'd later texte,
To drinke with each, so we would all be sexed.
But nonethelesse, whilst I have sober minde,
Before yet farther clubbing makes me blinde,
Because I wante to brag aboute my dick,
I impart the blow jobbe skills of everye chick,
Of all of these, as they hooked up with me,
Who forwente condoms, and of what STD,
And also the firste names that I remembre;
And who I must avoide in class until Septembere.

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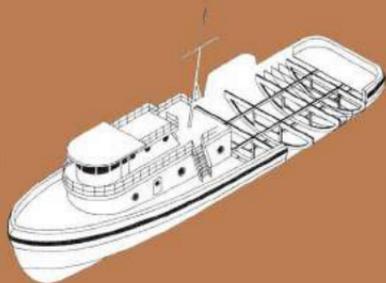
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