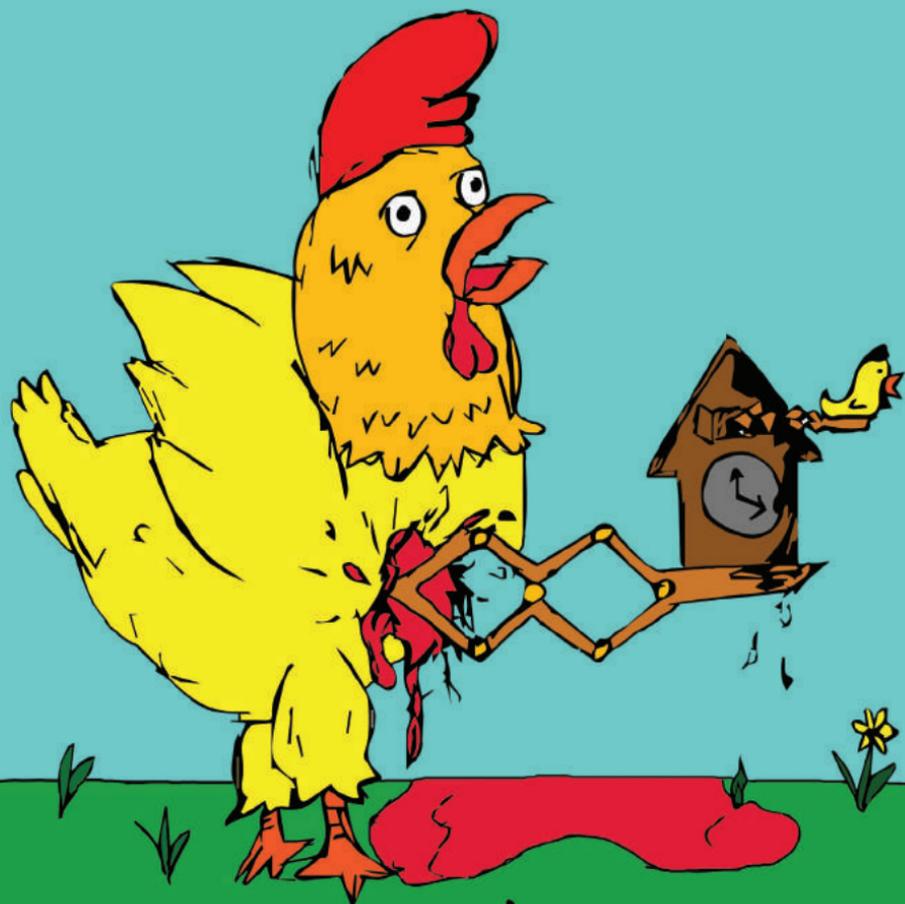


# THE PLAGUE!

SPRING 2017

"A JOURNEY THROUGH TIME"



# FOREWORD

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**By Andrew Hamilton**



I wasn't always President of NYU, you know? I used to be a longshoreman, working at the dock late into the night. I worked hard and lived a good life. But one day, I came back home and saw former Plague editor Andrew Dice Clay railing my wife from behind. I asked her how she could do this to me, but instead of responding, she got out of bed and onto the back of Dice Clay's motorcycle, which was parked in our bedroom. Before they left, I ran up to Dice Clay, a master at courting women, and asked how I could make my wife love me again. Dice Clay pulled me close and said, "There's nothing I can't teach you about women that isn't in this magazine." He then handed me the Fall 1989 issue of The Plague and peeled out right through my window.

I read the issue forwards and backwards, and became a master at writing in the Plague's voice. I hiked the highest mountain of Tibet to learn about humorous listicles. I journeyed to war-torn Uganda to write short-imagined dialogues. I backpacked through really poor parts of India to study monologues where the joke is immediately clear up top.

When I felt like I was finally ready, I tracked down the wild biker gang known as The Plague to a small town in the deserts of New Mexico. I found them in a sleazy old dive bar, walked right up to one of their members, and twisted his arm behind his back.

"Dice Clay" I said. "Where's Dice Clay?"

"You came to the right place," said Dice Clay right behind me.

"Good," I said, standing behind Dice Clay now.

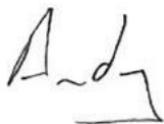
Dice Clay turned around, and I challenged him to a comedy duel. He agreed and we both pulled out our knives. What resulted was the greatest battle of wits to ever take place: Dice Clay vs. Hamilton. He jabbed and swiped at me, and I barely dodged his blows. I flung my knife at him, and he adeptly parried with ease. He was clearly the funnier person. At one point, he had me cornered without my knife. But right before he was about to finish me, I remembered the improv comedy lessons I learned from the monks of Indonesia. I grabbed my second knife from my boot and stabbed Dice Clay in the abdomen. He dropped his blade and fell to his knees, stunned.

Bleeding out, Dice Clay declared me the new President of the Plague, and died. The biker gang cheered. For the next couple years we wreaked havoc across the Wild West—robbing banks, killing deputies, and submitting to McSweeneys Internet Tendency. Eventually, with deputies hot on our tail and bounties on our heads, I felt like it was best for the Plague to go East and lay low for a while. I found an opening at NYU to be President of the University, put on a fake British accent, bought a silicone mask to make me look older, and made up a backstory about being the President of Oxford. I got the job.

Years went by. Some friends left, others were killed in skirmishes with the Hell's Angels, and a new batch of Plague members arose. I still reminisce about the old days when we used to tear across the southwest, shouting jokes as we robbed station wagons.

When the Plague came to me to write their foreword this year, I knew it was a completely different Plague group than I remembered, making it necessary for me to tell this story. I hope someday, the Plague will reconnect with their roots and ride across the Mojave on their Harleys, yelling lists into the wind.

Happy reading!

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Andy". The letters are stylized and connected, with a horizontal line underneath the "y".

Andrew Hamilton  
16th President of New York University

## THINGS WE DAMN WELL FEEL LIKE SAYING:

---

Welcome, everyone, to the Spring 2017 issue of The Plague!

The theme for this semester's issue is "A Journey Through Time." In the past, we've received numerous, forceful complaints about our vague themes. To remedy this point, this semester, we've decided to add a guide to help facilitate your understanding of our theme "A Journey Through Time." Without further adieu, here is De Rossi De Rossi, your guide through time:



*"Ay! How ya doin'? The name's De Rossi De Rossi, but you can call me the Big D. Alright, let's cut the shit: I don't like you and you don't like me—I'm only here to be your guide through time. Every now and then I'll pop up and have to see your ugly face, and even though that may make me wanna tie a cinder block to your legs and throw you in the river, I'll restrain myself and instead, give you some tid-bits of knowledge so you can be smarter. Got it? Alright, well what're you still doin' here then? Jesus, what else do ya want from me? Want to suck me off, huh? Well don't just stand there—do it. Suck me off. Too much of a bitch, eh? Well then, go on, scam! Get outta here!"*

Ah, good ol' De Rossi! He may seem a little mean right now, but he'll warm up a bit as he gets to know you. We interviewed many guides—Mrs. Frizzle from the Magic School Bus, the fairy from Zelda, and even Clippy from Microsoft Word—but De Rossi De Rossi was the only one who really stuck out to us. Sure, he may have threatened our families if he didn't get the job, but we're certain he'll guide you through the magazine we've worked so hard on with the compassion and charisma we discussed in the job description--

*"Oy, quit it with the yap, yap, yappin' already! Jesus Christ! Do you people ever shut up? I'm a busy person, I've gotta lotta shit to guide these idiots through, so will you shut your damn mouth, so I can do my job, and get the fuck outta here? I got people to murder today, Jesus!"*



We'll be just done in a second, De Rossi. Okay, where were we? Right! We're sure De Rossi will be your friendly little guide through--

*"Oh my Lord! I've sat through fuckin' eulogies shorter than this shit! You editors of The Plague? You're all BITCHES. You can't write for SHIT. You hear me? Bitches! Shit! You wanna good editor's note? Tell these fuckers to laugh or you'll slit their throats. That's it! Editor's note done! I'm already better at this comedy thing than you fuckers are."*



Um...De Rossi, could you maybe just be a bit nicer? And maybe less crude too? We really think it would help the magazine overall--



*"Alright change of plans: shut the fuck up. I'm takin' over! Go on to the next page right now. Don't read any of this bullshit anymore. It's fuckin' bullshit, straight outta a bull's shit. Go on! Go! Flip through the pages and LAUGH. If you don't, I'll pour gasoline down your throat and make you swallow a lit match. Got it?"*

Jesus, De Rossi, fine. We'll end the editor's note here.

Happy reading everyone.

Sincerely,  
The Editors of The Plague

# STAFF

## EDITORS

RAJAT SURESH  
JOHNNY BAUERS  
NIC SANCHEZ  
COURTNEY PERKINS

## ALL OF THE WORK, NONE OF THE CREDIT

ART CAI	MAYA PRASHANTH
LUKE STRICKLER	ELIE DOCTER
DORON RASIS	ALTHEA MEER
ANDERSON WESTERMAN	NINA BISBANO
BEAU HART	JULIA TORRES
SUSAN MOON	ERIN DUCAN
EMILY AUSTIN	CALVIN LORD
JACOB HAMBLIN	

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Charlie Hankin

Colin Nissan

Ben Joseph

Jeremy Levick

Josefa Bitenc

*Minetta Review*

Nanci Healy

Sarah McGough

Randy Reeves

Pizza Mercato

And Readers, Like You!



*The  
Early Stuff*

# PREHISTORIC ERAS

**Stone Age:** The Stone Age is characterized by people walking around carrying rocks. The rocks came in all sizes. Boulder size, gravel size, even sand size. They would bring these stones from one place to another. Stone Age rituals included picking up a rock, travelling to another location, and setting the rock down. Prehistoric humans repeated this process for thousands of years, until they ran out of rocks to move, at which point they walked over to the location they moved the rocks to, and moved them back to their original homes.

**Bronze Age:** The Bronze Age is characterized by the discovery of bronze. This offered no new activities, so early humans just moved bronze from one location to another, similar to how they did with stones.

**Iron Age:** The Iron Age is when things got really crazy. Remember the metal from earlier? The Bronze Age part? Yeah, so they finally figured out how to take that bronze, turn it into iron spears, and start stabbing people with them. These were the first weapons. The invention of stabbing began as a fun hobby for folks to engage in, but ended up turning people against each other. Thus began the advent of countries. The first battle between countries occurred when Blue Nation threw an iron spear into Red Nation's hut. This led Red Nation to steal all of Blue Nation's bronze blocks and heavy stones to carry back to Red Nation. This was the first pillage. Blue Nation's leader, Blue Leader, was so excited that he decided to write it all down. Thus ended the prehistoric era.

# TODAY IN HISTORY

*NOVEMBER 24TH 2130 B.C.*

ONE CAVEMAN REPEATEDLY BASHES ANOTHER  
CAVEMAN'S HEAD INTO THE WALL OF A CAVE  
THEREBY MAKING THE FIRST EVER CAVE PAINTING.



Dear Journal,

First of all, let's set the record straight: It's not Baby New Year. It's just New Year now. If anyone calls me Baby New Year to my face I swear to God I'll 'nurple them both clockwise.

High school sucks, per usual. On top of having to physically turn from an infant into an elderly man over the course of twelve months, I got called on by Mrs. Peabody to present in History class today while I had a boner. Then to top it off, my Dad, Father Time, showed up late to pick me up from school (typical and ironic) with his scythe and hourglass in front of everyone. All the students and teachers started screaming and running away and calling 911 and stuff—it was so embarrassing. It was the 2008 Pinewood Derby all over again. Like, we get it, you represent time's constant one way movement and, more generally and abstractly, entropy. Big fucking deal. How can you be the an anthropomorphized depiction of time, but not have enough of it to attend your son's spring jazz concert?

To make my day worse, my Mom, Mother Nature, showed up at the homecoming barbecue and gave all the girls their period. Now I'll never touch a boob!

Hopefully tomorrow is better.

Eternally Yours,  
"Not A Baby Anymore" New Year



"Yeah, I can fly. Big deal. You know what's more impressive than flying? Having a good personality. Just being a nice guy, you know? But no one likes me for that." - A Pterodactyl

# CAVEMAN JOBS

---

**Smeller:** Smell everything to see if it smelled good.

**The Hunted:** Thrown into the forest and chased down for practice.

**Loser:** Sucks at being a caveman.

**Caveman:** Finds caves.

**Stone Mason:** Carves stones into fleshlights.

**Sun Watcher:** Stares at the sun until you go blind.

**Fire Discoverer:** (see job description).

**Ugly:** Makes everyone look good.

**Media Intern:** Handles media-related inquiries, and assists with other office work when needed.

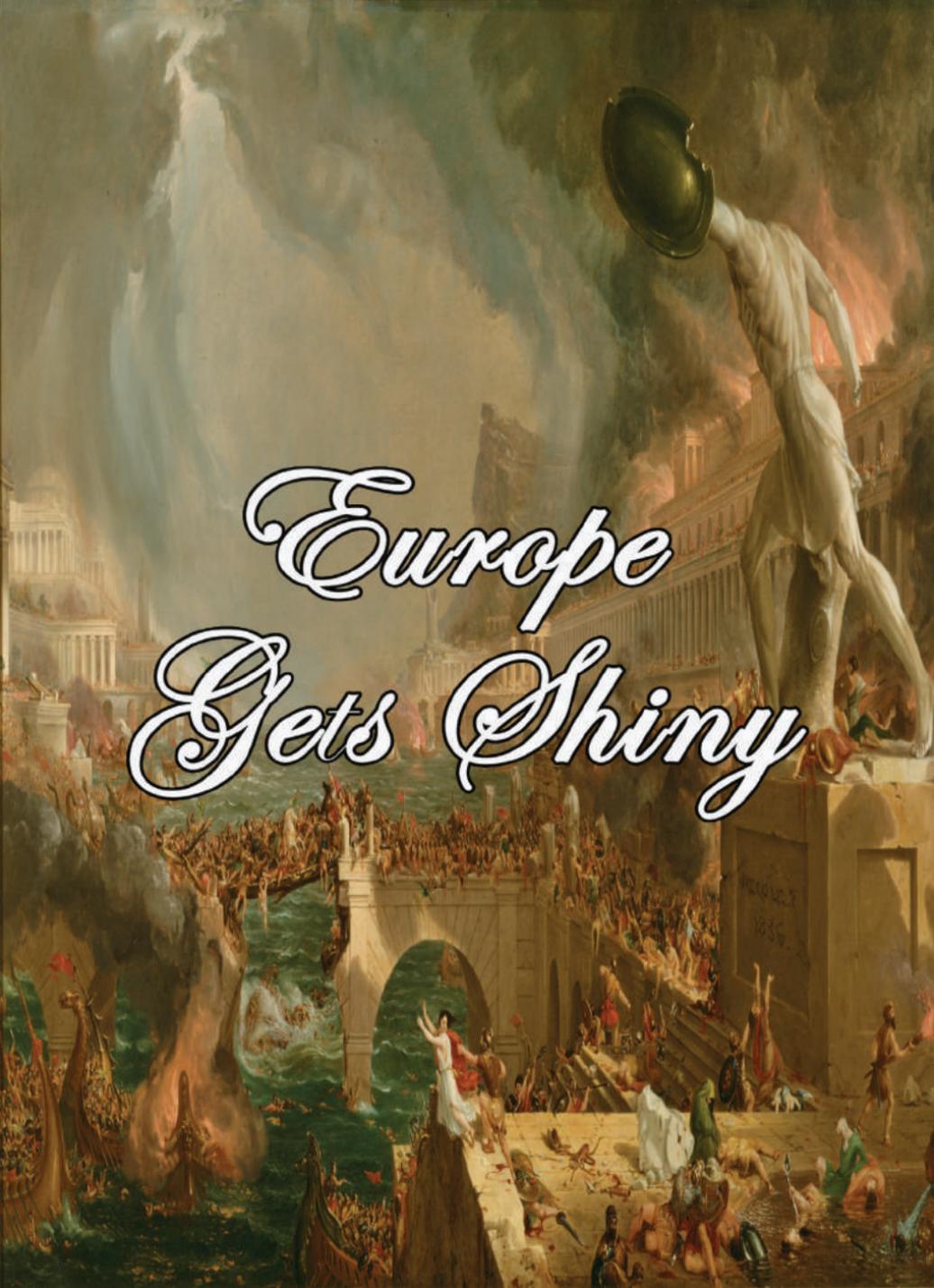
**Sex-Haver:** Has sex.

# TODAY IN HISTORY

*FEBRUARY 15TH, 2350 B.C.*

CAVEMEN DISCOVER FIRE AND ARE SO ENAMORED  
BY IT THEY DON'T NOTICE THE IPHONE THAT  
IS RIGHT NEXT TO THEM.



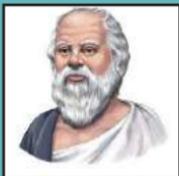


*Europe  
Gets Shiny*

## THE STORY OF ROMULUS AND REMUS

---

After the previous king was deposed by his younger brother Amulius, Rhea Silvia was forced by King Amulius to stay a virgin because that made him feel powerful. King Amulio spent every hour of every day with his hand over Rhea's vagina to make sure no one could fertilize his land. But one day, Amulianius sneezed into his hand, and Rhea was swiftly fucked by the Roman God of war, Mars. When Amuliango turned back around from his sneeze, he saw that Rhea had already bore twin boys, Romulus and Remus, who were already in the middle of doing an elaborate handshake. After waiting 3 hours for Romulus and Remus to complete their handshake, King Amulingus, worried someone would take his throne, took the twins and catapulted them right into the sun. But right before the twins were about to leave the Earth's gravitational pull, a she-wolf jumped threw the air and caught both of them in her mouth! After reaching the ground, almost immediately, Romulus and Remus suckled on the she-wolf's breasts. Raised by the she-wolf, Romulus and Remus became adventurous young boys—having suckled on the breasts of a wolf at a young age set their expectations for adventure pretty fucking high. So, they went on to retake their city from Amulitis who was busy trying to cover all the women's vaginas. After violently killing King Amuliusiusius, Romulus named the city Dallas, Texas. Remus thought that was a dumb name so he killed his brother, named the city Rome, and did his signature handshake with with Romulus's dead body. That is how Rome was founded.



“You should question everything. You should question why ants look icky. You should question why bees look yucky. You should even question why beetle go crunch sometimes.” - Socrates

# THE TROJAN HORSE

---

To end the Trojan War, the Greeks left behind a massive wooden equine as a symbol of peace to Troy. Soldiers would hide inside this Trojan Horse until it was within the city walls, where they would open the gates and the army would strike. When the idea was brought up by Odysseus to the soldiers, they admired his cunning tactical mind, but were concerned about the horse. Specifically, how the soldiers would be cramped and bored. On the outside it was a horse, but the inside was a dark, hot box with nothing to do for the hours that pass as they wait for nightfall. They were risking their lives, so they may as well have fun in their last hours. Odysseus understood their concerns and worked with the architect to make sure the soldiers would be properly entertained. They installed a full service bar, with the finest wine in the Mediterranean. They hired a chef for exquisite cuisine, and a satyr to play the pan flute and maybe spin some tracks at the turntable. The curves inside the horse were used to fashion a full skatepark for the skaters, and they installed an Xbox with Tony Hawk Underground for the gamers. A VR headset was there to simulate the mission, and a 3D printer for shield personalization.

The decked out horse was rolled into the city that fateful evening. The night came and went. In the morning, the soldiers had yet to leave the horse and open the gate for the army. They were having too much fun. Trojans heard the party noise coming for the horse, so they threw rocks and shoes at it until a Greek popped his head out of the horse's mouth.

“What’s going on up there?” asked the Trojans.

“We were going to invade you, but we got distracted by this amazing party we’re having.”

“Oh,” said the Trojans. “Can we come?”  
The Greeks looked at each other and shrugged.  
“Sure!”

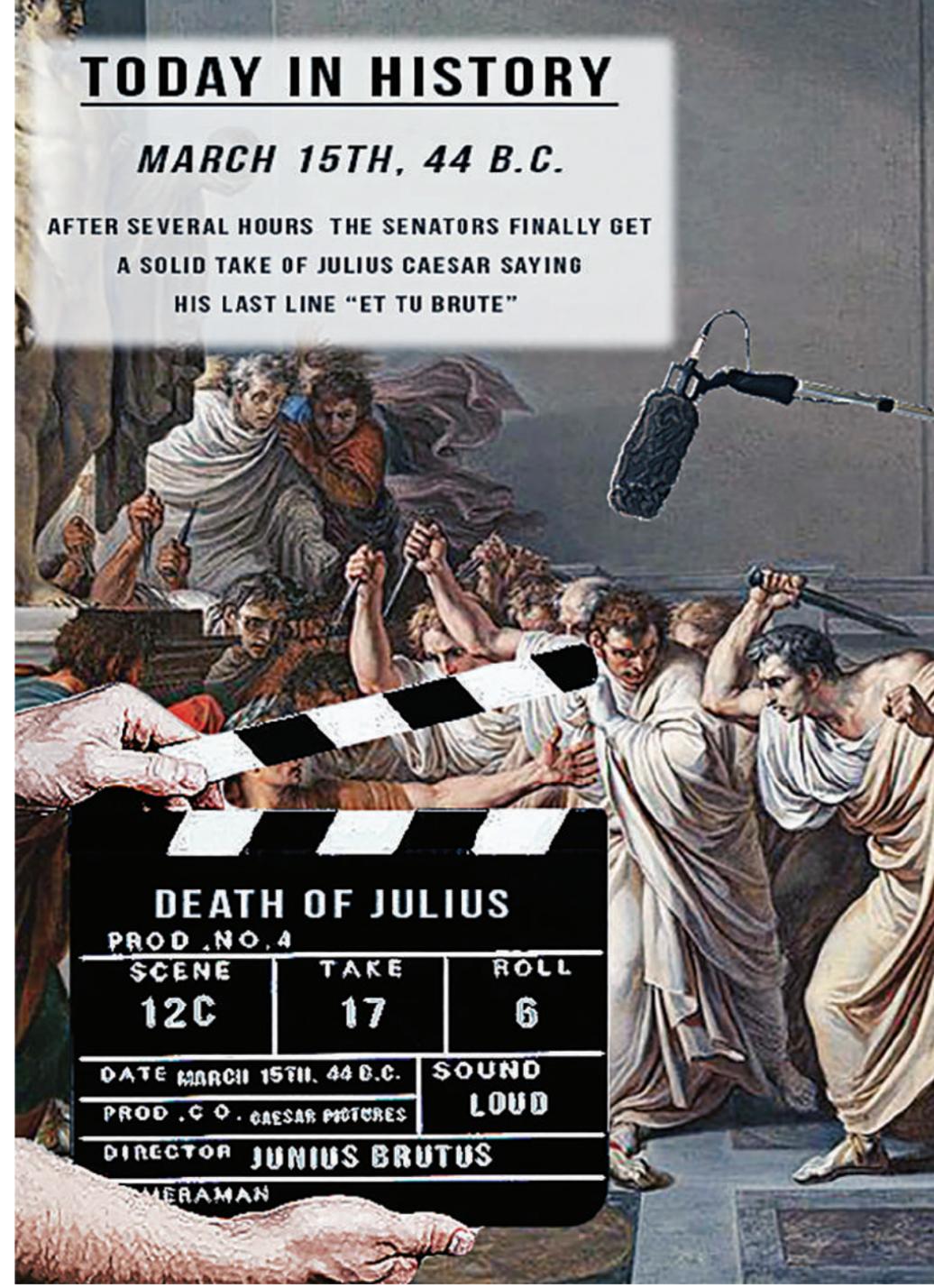
Every citizen of Troy entered the horse for what is widely considered the biggest banger of all time. They drank and ate. They crafted playlists for DJ Satyrberg. They ollied on the wooden and digital half pipes, full pipes, and double pipes. They invaded their virtual homes and slaughtered their make pretend families. They 3D printed t-shirts that read “Trojans Party Harder.” It was the most fun any of them had ever had. They never wanted to leave.

And they didn't. That morning became night, which became weeks. Troy was a ghost town. The elements left the infrastructure in disrepair. The rest of the Greek army went back to Greece, as their counterparts never opened the gate to let them in. Erosion eventually left a path for the horse to roll directly into the ocean, where the Greeks and Trojans remain to this day, partying in harmony. Many have tried to find this mythical state of being, bringing with them their own beers and skateboards. Those individuals are either dead, or truly found it. Light. Salvation. An eternal bubble of happiness and joy. Christians call it heaven. Buddhists call it Nirvana. The Greeks call it the Trojan Horse.

# TODAY IN HISTORY

*MARCH 15TH, 44 B.C.*

AFTER SEVERAL HOURS THE SENATORS FINALLY GET  
A SOLID TAKE OF JULIUS CAESAR SAYING  
HIS LAST LINE "ET TU BRUTE"



## DEATH OF JULIUS

PROD. NO. 4

SCENE

TAKE

ROLL

12C

17

6

DATE MARCH 15TH, 44 B.C.

SOUND

PROD. CO. CAESAR PICTURES

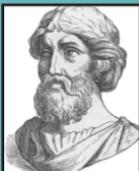
LOUD

DIRECTOR JUNIUS BRUTUS

CAMERAMAN

## FIRST DRAFT OF THE LORD'S PRAYER

Our father, who art in Heaven,  
build for us a death ray.  
The Martians come, and now we're fucked  
on Earth as we were in Eden.  
Give us this day a laser gun  
so we can shoot those  
who trespass against us.  
Lead us not into surrender  
but send the Martians to Hell  
for they want to cure cancer and give us warp drives  
but they do not know who Jesus is.  
Amen.



“My first theorem involved convincing  
one large mother bird to think I was her  
child so she would feed me food.”  
- Pythagoras

## EXCERPTS FROM PLATO'S GORGIAS

---

PERSONS OF THE DIALOGUE: Socrates, Callicles, Gorgias, and Polus

SCENE: The house of Callicles

SOCRATES: In helping a man to excuse his own injustice, that of his parents or friends, or children or country, he should bring to light the iniquity and not conceal it, that so the wrong-doer may suffer and be made whole.

POLUS: To me, Socrates, what you are saying appears to be strange, however I am in agreement with it.

SOCRATES: How are you in agreement without understanding?

POLUS: Because you are Socrates, master of philosophy, and I am an inexperienced, stupid student who will learn at a very slow pace compared to his master who takes in knowledge at a rate I cannot compare to, so I simply must agree.

SOCRATES: Okay...

POLUS (whispers): I love you Socrates.

*Socrates adjusts his collar uncomfortably.*

---

SOCRATES: By here, Gorgias, allow me to ask: if you call rhetoric the art which treats of discourse, and all the other arts treat of discourse, why do you not call them arts of rhetoric?

GORGIAS: Socrates, the knowledge of the arts has not to do with internal action, but only that of the external. Rhetoric takes effect only through the meaning of discourse, hence I am justified in not calling them arts of rhetoric.

SOCRATES: Ah, but Gorgias--

POLUS: Socrates I am young and eager to learn.

GORGIAS: Please, Polus, do not interrupt.

POLUS: I just want you to know that despite my contributions to this conversation being little to none, I am listening, and more importantly—I am learning.

*A bead of sweat trickles down Socrates's forehead as he adjusts his collar uncomfortably.*

---

*Socrates is sleeping. Polus sneaks through the window and gently shakes Socrates.*

SOCRATES: What? What's going on?

POLUS: It is I, Polus, the over eager and inexperienced student. I am ready to learn!

SOCRATES: It's 4 in the morning, Polus, please...

*Polus kisses Socrates on the mouth.*

SOCRATES: What the hell?!

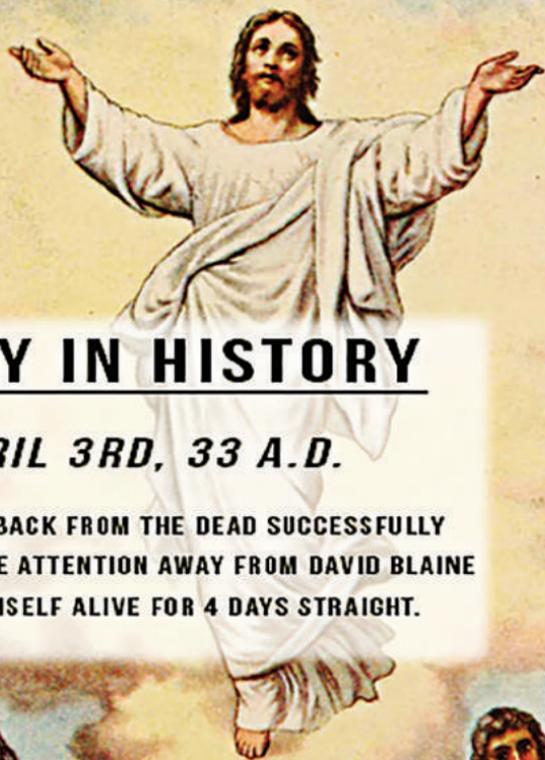
POLUS: I love you, Socrates.

SOCRATES: Get out! Get out!

*Polus leaves. Socrates's Mom comes in.*

SOCRATES'S MOM: Socrates is everything alright?

SOCRATES: Mom, get out of here!



## TODAY IN HISTORY

*APRIL 3RD, 33 A.D.*

**JESUS COMES BACK FROM THE DEAD SUCCESSFULLY  
DRAWING ALL THE ATTENTION AWAY FROM DAVID BLAINE  
BURYING HIMSELF ALIVE FOR 4 DAYS STRAIGHT.**

# **6 Times Alexander The Great Was Great**

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## **1. The Time He Conquered The Place**

When Alexander the Great conquered the place he truly solidified himself as the greatest. The place he conquered was strong and fortified and didn't want to be conquered, but Alexander the Great, being a great man, conquered it with ease.

## **2. The Time He Had No Fear**

Lots of leaders have fear sometimes. Some leaders have fear all the time. But Alexander the Great? Like, no fear ever. There was particularly one time that Alexander the Great was particularly great. And that time was when he went into the place with a lot of enemies and defeated them. He should have been afraid when he did that, but he wasn't. The moment people saw him have no fear, they started calling him Great. Alexander the Great, that is.

## **3. The Polyponormic War?**

Oh boy, who can forget about the Polyponormic War. It was the one where Alexander the Great defeated all the opposing countries and, like, prevailed. Before the Polyponormic War Alexander the Great was ungreat. Afterwards, he was great.

## **4. The Time He Killed The Oppressive King**

Alexander the Great really showed how great he was after killing the Oppressive King who was oppressing people. While the Oppressive King took away people's rights and like, taxed them, Alexander the Great stood tall and overthrew the Oppressive King, thereby making sure he wouldn't oppress people again.

## 5. When He Consolidated

Besides the wars he won, Alexander the Great was really great at consolidating. The city wasn't consolidated before he ruled, so when he ruled, he decided to consolidate. That's all that needs to be said about this one.

## 6. Stopping The Invasion With One Hand

Alexander the Great marked his name in the history books as a great person after he stopped the invasion with one hand. It would have been hard to stop the invasion with two hands, but Alexander the Great did it with one hand, which is honestly pretty great. When the invaders finally stopped invading, the leader of the invading forces said, "Wow, Alexander, you stopped us with one hand? That's pretty great of you." This was the moment everyone called him Alexander the Great.



"It is not enough to just swing your sword in the open. You have to actually hit your enemy with your sword." - Sun Tzu

*The  
Bad Ages*



# SHAKESPEARE

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*Leading Shakespearean theory suggests that Shakespeare, being a poor uneducated commoner, did not write all the works attributed to him. Rather, various different authors are thought to have contributed to Shakespeare's plays as ghostwriters. Recently a first draft of the famous soliloquy from Hamlet has surfaced, adding fuel to the debate. Here it is:*

HAMLET: To be or not to be—that is the question;  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles  
And like, when we die it's like...bad.

Yeah, it's like, sleeping for a long time, I guess.  
It probably isn't very cool, or at least, I don't think it's too cool.  
I'm sorry if this is bad, we'll edit it later, I'm sure.

I GO TO SCHOOL FOR LONG TIME AND I VERY SMART.  
I DO WRITING VERY GOOD.

THIS IS EXAMPLE OF HOW I DO WRITING GOOD.  
WRITING, WRITING, WRITE, WRITE, WRITE!

天天天 天 丌  
地地地 地 坳  
玄玄玄 玄 宮  
黃黃黃 黃 黃

SUCK A DICK!

Haha, suck a dick, Shakespeare!

I'm not gonna write for you, you poor piece of shit!  
Suck a dick.

Oof. Yeah, I can't really think of anything right now...can you get back to me later?

With this regard their currents turn awry  
And lose the name of action. — Soft you now,  
The fair Ophelia! — Nymph, in thy orisons  
Be all my sins remembered.

# TODAY IN HISTORY

*JULY 12TH, 1440*

**GUTENBERG'S RASCAL SON RUINS  
EVERY BIBLE IN CIRCULATION AFTER  
PUTTING HIS ASS ON THE PRINTING PRESS.**



# BEST LINES FROM THE MAGNA CARTA

---

---

Men and women are not allowed to touch except for the butts.

If you look the king in the eye, you're the king now!

Equal rights for men and goats.

If you tag a peasant, you get to keep it.

If you bite your tongue, you have to finish the job.

The grocery store must contain one aisle for each ethnicity.

All dice must have seven sides. Sorry!

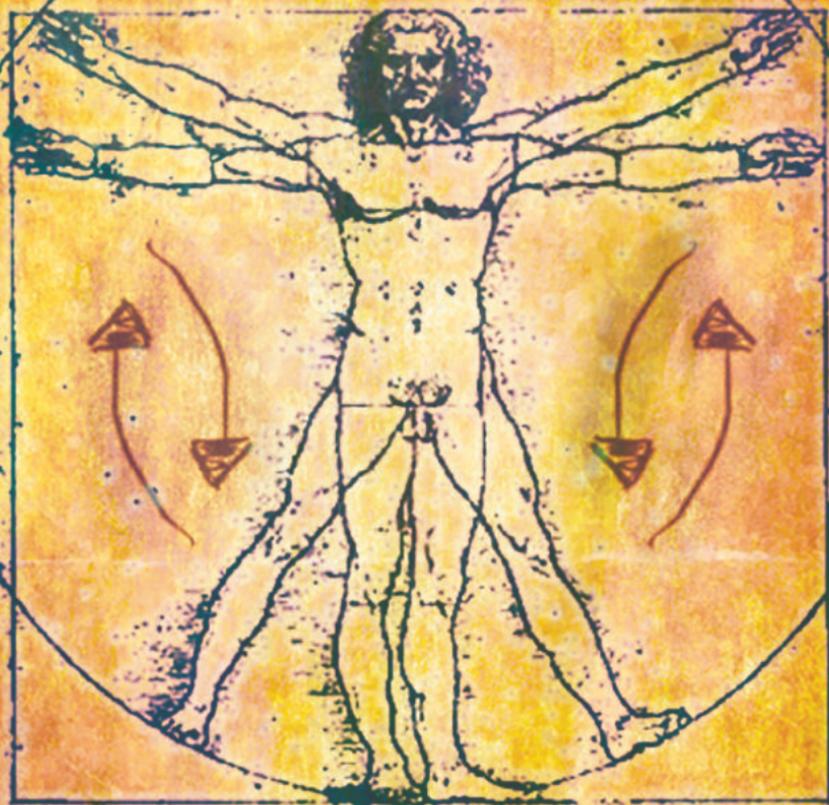
Meesa called Jar Jar Binks. Meesa your humble servant.

Lemme hear you say, way-ho!

See Appendix A regarding legal matters.



“It is better to be feared than loved, unless you can be the Prom Queen, then it is better to be the Prom Queen.” - Niccolò Machiavelli

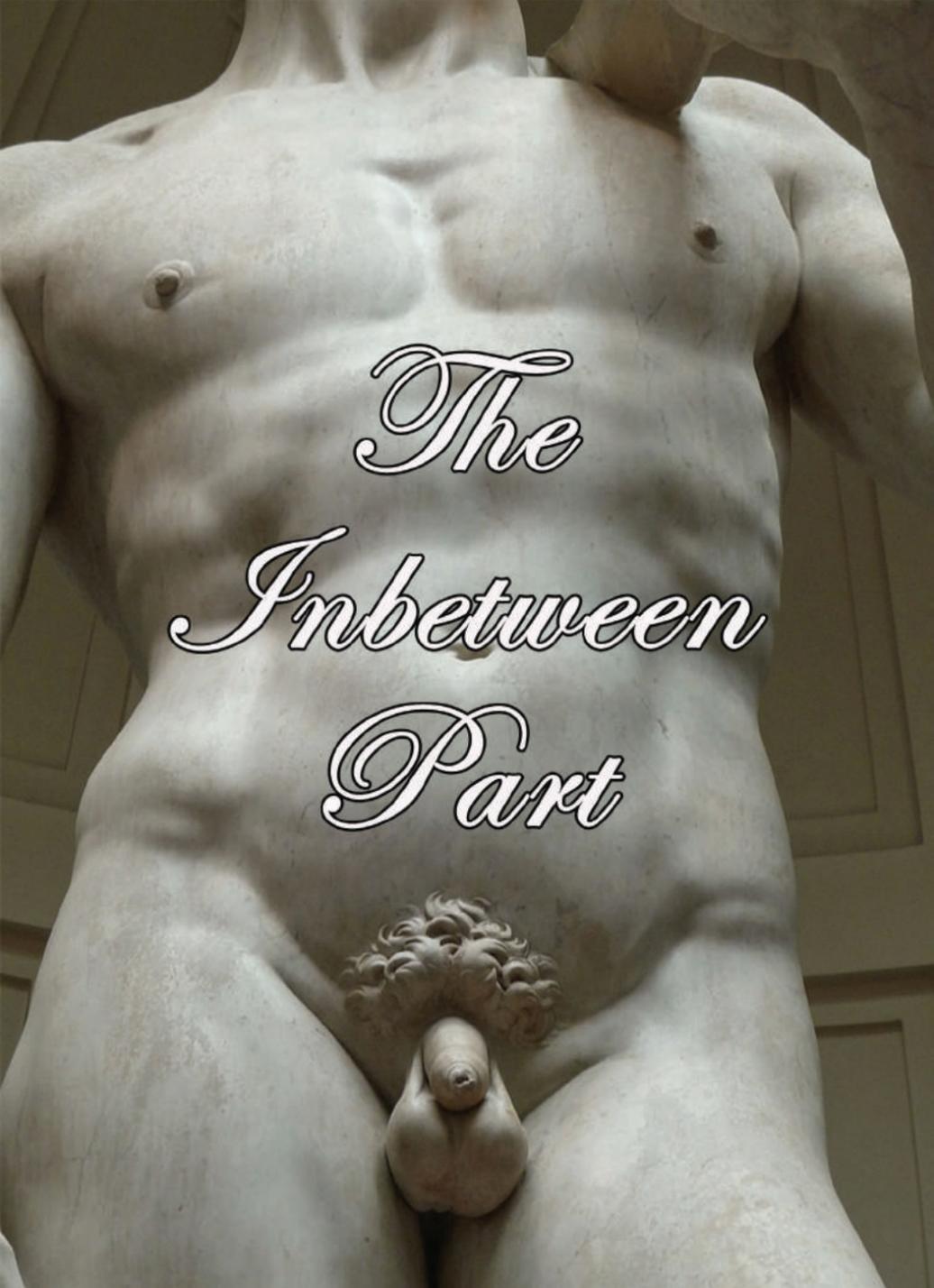


## TODAY IN HISTORY

*AUGUST 7TH, 1490*

LEONARDO DA VINCI FINISHES HIS  
FAMOUS DRAWING OF MAN

EXPLAINING EXACTLY HOW TO DO A JUMPING JACK.

A close-up photograph of a marble sculpture of a male torso, showing the chest, abdomen, and groin. The sculpture is highly detailed, showing the musculature and anatomical features. The text 'The Inbetween Part' is overlaid in a white, cursive font with a black outline. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

*The  
Inbetween  
Part*

*\*A school fight erupts\**

**Man:** WORLDSTAR!

---

*\*JFK is assassinated\**

**Man:** WORLDSTAAAAAR!

---

*\*Two cars are about to crash\**

**Man:** WORLDSTAA--

*\*They narrowly miss\**

**Man:** Aww.

*\*The drivers get out of their cars and angrily walk towards each other\**

**Man:** OH shit! WORLDSTA--

*\*They start kissing\**

**Man:** ...Worldstar?

---

*\*Someone forgets to tip at a restaurant\**

**Man:** WORLDSTAARRR!

## I LOVE YOU, AMY

---

Amy, thank God I caught up to you. I ran all the way over here. I'm a little out of breath, but just listen to me, okay? Amy, please, don't get on that plane and go to Paris. Don't get on that plane because... because—okay, I'm just going to say it: I love you. There. I love you, Amy. I love everything about you. I love your smile. I love your hair. I love your cute little toes. I love the way your nostrils flare when you're angry. And I love that you're my boss so dating you could really advance my career.

Oh man, I'm getting butterflies in my stomach. You know I have trouble expressing my emotions outside of sports, so I'm sorry this is all coming out. Honestly, Amy, you make me feel like anything is possible. You make me feel like I'm soaring thousands of feet above our atmosphere, but also diving thousands of feet under the deep blue sea. I can be anything when I'm around you. You make me feel like I can be a knight in shining armor, a martial arts master, and more tangibly speaking, you make me feel like I can be a senior analyst at Dieringer Investments someday.

I love you so much, Amy. You're always there for me. When I'm having a bad day at work, you make me feel better. You can lift my spirits when I'm feeling the lowest of lows. No one else can do that. Only you, Amy. You know why? Because instead of reminding me who I am, you make me see who I could be. You're my ally. The person who I can count on to make me smile, and vouch for me when it comes time for holiday bonuses.

I know you had some concerns about our relationship earlier, thinking that I'm only really in it because I want to get promoted. But now, you can rest assured that I love you for you. Not some stupid little job. I'm sorry about all the times in the past. I'm sorry I got mad on our anniversary when you got me a tie I already had instead of a promotion. I'm sorry I got mad the previous anniversary when you got me a suit instead of a promotion. And

I'm sorry I got mad the anniversary before that when you gave me the best sex I ever had instead of a promotion. I assure you, Amy, you're the woman of my dreams, even if my dreams are to maybe one day be your boss.

You're my soulmate, Amy. You hear me? Soulmate—the one person who understands me and my career trajectory.

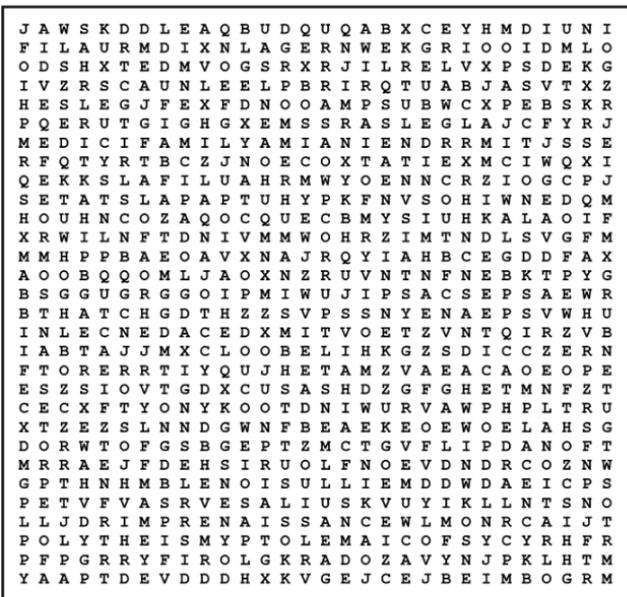
For heaven's sake, you're the strongest person I know, and God, you're beautiful. You're so beautiful. It goes way past physical features too, Amy. The most beautiful part about you isn't your face, it isn't your tender lips, it's not your rockin' bod, no. It's your personality. You're kind to your clients, you're loyal to your hardest workers, and you have this uncanny ability to recognize talent in others. You make and break careers. And Amy, your decision right now will either make or break my heart.

I know I said I'd be happy when you were gone because there would be an open spot for another partner on the board, but only now do I realize how wrong I was, how much I miss you, and how the other executives look straight through me now that you're not around. My life's been stagnant for so many years, Amy. But you make me feel vibrant. I need you. I feel so alive when I'm with you, and I'll feel even more alive with the raise that comes with a promotion.

I love you, Amy. I can say it a million times over, but that doesn't matter. Nothing matters if you don't love me back. So, what do you say? Let me take those bags from you, and we can go back to my place. If you want to leave me, and go to Paris, all that I ask is for you to please let me know which of the other executives at our firm are single. I may date them, but I'll always love you, Amy.



“When the apples fall down it's because the ground man did it. The ground man likes knocking down all the apples and now they're on the ground. It's really that simple.” – Isaac Newton



## Words To Find:

DBFHIM  
CJSPOV  
JDMZGNQV  
SHTKUMHEQX  
SDFKLJ  
PGMWIX  
DKVM  
QKWNC

PUFKEZID  
NEISXER  
MEUSCI  
ZXVEWTY  
PQOOTUIDS  
SMXNYUT  
NRETUYZX  
LEUBCYTHS

The image features a clear blue sky as the background. In the upper left, a rocket is shown in the process of launching, with a bright orange flame and a large plume of white smoke trailing behind it. On the right side, an American flag is flying from a silver flagpole. The flag is partially obscured by the text. The text is written in a white, elegant cursive font with a thin black outline. The words are arranged in three lines: 'It's' on the top line, 'America's' on the middle line, and 'Time Now' on the bottom line.

*It's  
America's  
Time Now*

# THE MIDNIGHT RIDE

---

Paul Revere sat patiently by the shore of the Charles River staring at the North Church. Revere's eyes began to gently droop, but then, he saw two lanterns light up the window on the church steeple.

Revere quickly perked up and jumped onto his boat, sailed across the Charles, and mounted his horse. After a swift kick in his horse's ass, Revere went flying through America. Paul Revere was so adept at riding his horse, he would amaze bystanders who were watching.

"Check it out everyone! Paul Revere just did a kickflip on his horse!" the patriots would cheer.

Revere carved his way through the colonies and dazzled the audience with ollies, backside heelflips, and a couple of sweet mctwists. He grinded on several of the road's guard rails with his horse and is even said to have popped a wheelie through the entire city of Arlington by pulling up on his horse's reins and making it gallop through the city solely on its hind legs.

After successfully completing some basic tricks, Revere rode over to a nearby skate park and took it to another level. At the half-pipe, he warmed up with some fakies and 50-50 axle stalls. He then stopped his horse on one edge of the half-pipe and listened to all the patriots chanting.

"Paul Re-vere! Paul Re-vere! Paul Re-vere!"

Revere took a deep breath, looked down at the half-pipe, and kicked his horse into action. While hitting the peak of his acceleration down the pipe, time slowed down and he thought to himself about everything he'd done that led up to this point, all his training, all his perseverance. Then, it happened. Revere smoothly left the edge of the half pipe, spun his horse two and a half revolutions clockwise, and stuck the landing, marking his name in history as the first man to ever successfully complete a 900 on his horse. There was a beat of silence. Then, the audience erupted in applause.

"My ride is over," Paul Revere thought to himself. "My ride is over."

Revere galloped back to his house a hero while the British invaded his town, killing hundreds of patriots left and right. He slept like a baby that night.



## **TODAY IN HISTORY**

***JULY 4TH, 1776***

**AFTER DECLARING INDEPENDENCE  
FROM BRITISH RULE AROUND 40% OF AMERICA  
BECOMES FREE.**

# *The Greatest American Folk Heroes*

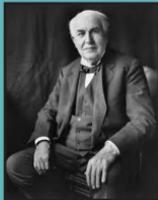
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**Davy Crockett:** The Old Raccoon Head was known for being a crack shot, a sharpshooter, and a specific bulletsman. In his starving days, he would shoot squirrels with such precision that he couldn't use it for meat because it was just bones. He once shot a bullet that bounced around the entire forest and somehow managed to kill no deer. He shot a bullet at an axe with such precision, the bullet split perfectly in two even fragments, which pierced the hearts of his wife and mistress. At the Battle of the Alamo, Davy hypnotized the entire Mexican army by twirling a pistol around his finger really fast. The Battle was so close to being a clean victory without bloodshed, until the hypnotized enemy forces were so enamored with Crockett that they smothered him with love and affection. When they realized they accidentally suffocated him to death, Mexican forces were so upset they ended up killing everyone at the Alamo. He died a war hero, gunslinger, and American legend who will truly be missed.

**Pecos Bill:** The Biggest Lasso Haver In Texas is one of the more fascinating characters in the history of American folklore. His crazy adventures all started as a child, when his parents decided to move from the city to the country. On this journey, their wagon experienced slight rain showers, which was odd for Western Texas that time of year, but it wasn't anything they couldn't handle. They arrived safely at their desired destination. This town was said to have coyotes all around it. Though Pecos Bill never actually saw one, he once heard tell of a coyote catching a rattlesnake, an event slightly out of sync with the natural food chain. As a teenager, Pecos Bill took a few lessons on lassoing, but never had a knack for

it. He had a horse called Lightning. Not because the horse was especially fast, but because Pecos Bill thought it would be a cool name for a horse. Life was fine until one day a tornado rolled near town. It was really far away so nobody got hurt and all the buildings remained intact, but boy oh boy was it exciting. Pecos Bill called it a “twister,” which didn’t catch on as a nickname until someone said it louder and around more people. Yes sir, that Pecos Bill sure is a larger than life hero of the American West.

**Paul Bunyan:** Paul Bunyan was tall. Too tall, I’d say. I don’t believe the stories about him. Especially that giant blue ox. I think it’s all nonsense. You do not need to know about Paul Bunyan.



“Inventing things got so much easier after I invented the light bulb. Cause, you know, then I could actually see what I was doing. Cause there was light, even if it was dark outside. Before, it was just dark. But now, there’s light, so I can tell what I’m doing, even if it’s dark outside.” -Thomas Edison

# EACH PRESIDENT'S GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT

---

**Millard Fillmore:** Finally prying his head from the bannisters in the White House after 4 long years.

**John F. Kennedy:** Marilyn Monroe.

**Barack Obama:** Shot a Ford Explorer into the sun.

**Howard Taft:** Sitting on a loaf of bread so hard he invented tortillas.

**George Washington:** Tricked the world into thinking he wasn't kind of a shitty general.

**President President:** Becoming the president.

**Abraham Lincoln:** Inspired hundreds of historians to write detailed accounts on John Wilkes Booth's life.

**Martin Van Buren:** Ordered the White House to be made smaller so he could look taller.

**Teddy Roosevelt:** Made 50 duplicate White Houses in different parts of Washington D.C. to throw off terrorists.

**John Adams:** Being the perfect character for Paul Giamatti.

# THE AMERICAN FLAG: A FIRST DRAFT

---

What an honor! I, Betsy Ross, have been entrusted by George Washington to sew the American flag, and I couldn't be more thrilled about it! Although, to be honest, I am a little daunted. I mean, why did he choose me? Linda is a better upholsterer, why didn't he choose Linda? No—you know what, Betsy, you are an intelligent, creative thinker and you got this job for a reason. Okay, think. How should I capture the essence of America? Okay... um, I'm seeing... like a, a golden fire, with animals? Maybe, um...wings? So like, the design has these two wings, that represent, uh... freedom? And they're attached to... an ALL-SEEING EYE? It's one eyeball, wide open, and the eyelashes are made of...hmm... out of...LIVE CATERPILLARS THAT'RE STARTING TO MELT! YEAH! Oh! Oh! And the golden wings can be made out of like real chicken wings that are stapled right onto the flag, which adds another sensory dimension and really gives it that extra kick! YEAH! And I really think each flag should come with a small child on a swing set, who only stops swinging to formally announce the arrival of anyone who has an undetected tumor and is wearing some random combination of colors, like red, white, and blue for example. Which is both beautiful and practical, in my opinion. Wow, this was much easier than I thought, and definitely way better than anything Linda could come up with.

# The Signing Of The Declaration Of Independence

---

**Thomas Jefferson:** Settle down everyone! I have called this meeting because the Declaration of Independence has been written and needs to be signed!

*Everyone cheers.*

**Thomas Jefferson:** Before rushing to sign the document please heed this warning: by signing this document you make yourself an enemy of the British Empire. After penning your signature onto this parchment, if you were to be captured by the King, you will be tortured then hanged to death for treason. Your wives will be widows and your children will grow up without a father. I'm not trying to scare anyone, but just remember that this is not for the faint of heart, my friends. That is all I have to say. Now, who will be the first to sign?

*No one steps forward.*

**Thomas Jefferson:** Anyone?

*No one responds.*

**Thomas Jefferson:** Come on someone has to do it.

**\*\*TWO HOURS LATER\*\***

**Thomas Jefferson:** Okay, I think I have a solution....Nose goes!

*Everyone quickly touches their nose at the same time.*

**\*\*FIVE HOURS LATER\*\***

**Thomas Jefferson:** Oooo! This quill writes so smoothly!  
Wow! Only way to try it out is by signing the Declaration of Independence!...Anybody?

*Nobody steps forward. Jefferson sighs.*

**\*\*SEVEN HOURS LATER\*\***

*Thomas Jefferson is physically forcing John Adams hand to sign the document. Adams is trying his hardest to break free from Jefferson's grasp.*

**Thomas Jefferson** (*struggling*): Sign it! Sign it!

**\*\*THE NEXT DAY\*\***

**Thomas Jefferson:** Okay, I'll tell you what, if we get captured, we'll just say like...George Washington forged all of our signatures on this. How does that sound?

*Everyone nods and gets in line to sign the Declaration of Independence.*



“I keep having the same dream over and over again and it’s weird—it’s about children of different races holding hands and stuff. My therapist won’t help me because he keeps getting too inspired when I describe it to him.”  
- Martin Luther King

AT BAT	US	BALL	2	STRIKE	1	OUT	0	H/E	E	
VISITOR	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	R	H	E
HOME	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	∞	∞	∞

## TODAY IN HISTORY

*MAY 30TH, 1497*

DESPITE HAVING THE HOME FIELD ADVANTAGE,

THE NATIVE AMERICANS GET SWEEP 3 MILLION TO 3 THOUSAND

IN THEIR SERIES AGAINST THE WHITE MAN.

## An Immigrant Story

---

I came to this country with nothing in my pocket but a single peanut. But I understood the value of that peanut; that in America, a man with nothing could make himself into something—a man with just one peanut could someday have many, many peanuts.

When I first got off on Ellis Island, I discovered America was not the land I was promised where the road was paved with legumes. I found this country unwelcoming—no one would rent their apartment to a “foreigner” no matter how many goobers I offered. I was even swindled out of my belongings, trading everything I had for what I believed to be a sack full of peanuts but turned out to be worthless gold. I was in an unfamiliar country with an unfamiliar language and an unfamiliar currency system that confused me, but I knew it was all worth it because I was going to give my children a better life, with more peanuts than I ever had.

I worked tirelessly to support my family, working three factory jobs where I demanded to be paid in peanuts, which my bosses were happy to oblige. I worked harder than all my coworkers, and I quickly rose up the corporate ladder doubling and tripling my annual peanut gross. Soon I had so many peanuts, I had to buy mansions and cars and a private jet just to have a place to house my peanuts. I even took a job as the president of the largest bank in America so I could use their vaults to store my precious monkey nuts. Making it in America hasn't been easy—but it was worth it for my children, for their future, for the security of knowing that they will never run out of peanuts in their lifetime.

America truly is the land of opportunity.



“What do you mean Yoko ruined the Beatles? I ruined the Beatles.” - Mark David Chapman

*Lots Of Wars*



# tenacious d day

jack black

kyle gass

*"re de dut da du, gonna get hitler"*



*"Hmmm..."*

- Rogerebert.com

DREAMWORKS PICTURES AND PARAMOUNT PICTURES PRESENT  
AN AMBLIN ENTERTAINMENT PRODUCTION IN ASSOCIATION WITH MUTUAL FILM COMPANY TOM HANKS "SAVING PRIVATE RYAN"  
EDWARD BURNS MATT DAMON TOM SIZEMORE AND BONNIE CURTIS AND ALLISON LYOM SEGAN AND JOHN WILLIAMS  
EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS JOHANNA JOHNSTON AND MICHAEL KAHN, A.C.E. PRODUCED BY TOM SANDERS AND JAROSLAW JANUSZ KAMINSKI, A.S.C.  
DIRECTED BY STEVEN SPIELBERG & IAN BRYCE AND MARK GORDON & GARY LEVINSOHN AND ROBERT RODAT



# WORLD WAR IV

---

Death. Destruction. Blood. I hear a boom and something whizzes by my face. I duck behind a smoking car. I fear the engine is about to explode.

It's been five months since the onslaught of World War IV. New York City was nuked. Washington D.C. is in shambles. I reload my pistol and shakily peak out from behind my cover.

No one is really quite sure how this happened. And yet, here we are. Boston is a heap of rubble. Hollywood is radioactive. Seattle is under water. Chicago is buried under a foot of volcanic ash.

One of them creeps up behind me and I fire into his skull. Russia has bombed Philadelphia. San Francisco is littered with bodies. Dinosaurs have attacked Las Vegas. Houston has spontaneously burst into flames. The undead are attacking Albany.

I drink my last sip of water. I'll need to find more soon. San Diego is a bloodbath. Atlanta is overrun with rabid animals. Jacksonville, Florida is occupied by hermit crabs.

I return to the base. I see another bloody member of my fallen brethren with each step I take. I wonder about the state of the nation. Memphis has been abducted by aliens. Denver is uninhabitable. There are too many bears in Portland. Omaha is overrun with sewage. Wellesley, Massachusetts is fine. Arlington, Texas, has run out of trees. Chattanooga, Tennessee has no more food. Shelburne, New Hampshire has opened a new Home Depot. Belfry, Montana has turned into the DMV.

Geyserville, California has run out of jazz. The left side of the Atlantic Ocean has become self-aware. ATM machines have been drawing mustaches on money. The last KFC in Arkansas has closed.

World War IV has taken too many lives; too many children; too many yellow highlighters; too many friends. I look out at the ruins before me. What was once our beautiful country was now littered with saltines.



## TODAY IN HISTORY

*MAY 6TH, 1941*

ADOLF HITLER GETS MARRIED TO  
THE TIME TRAVELLER SENT BACK  
IN TIME TO KILL HIM.

# A TIMELINE OF WORLD WAR II

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***November 11th, 1918***

World War 1 wraps. Pre-production begins for the sequel.

***September 29th, 1938***

The Munich Agreement was signed by Germany, Italy, Great Britain, and blah, blah, blah BORING!

***September 1st, 1939***

World War 2 officially begins after Archduke Franz Ferdinand's Dead Body gets shot.

***August 3rd, 1940***

Nazi Germany incorporates the nation formerly known as Austria-Hungary-Slovakia-Poland-Tanzania-Hoboken.

***December 7th, 1941***

The United States officially tells Japan to meet them outside after school.

***January 18th, 1943***

Mexico asks to join the war, but there were already an even number of players so they weren't included.

***January 27th, 1944***

8 German infantry battalions and 2 heavy-artillery battalions are repelled by superior Russian snowball fighters proving the old adage to never invade Russia during snowball season.

***June 6th, 1944***

The American and British forces swim the English Channel to ambush the German forces while they partied on the beaches of Normandy during Spring Break.

***April 30th, 1945***

Hitler kills himself by filling up a tank with hot models and driving off a cliff before the Americans could capture him.

***July 16, 1945***

FDR was upset that he had to live life in a wheelchair, so he wanted to make a bomb that would make other people lose their legs. The bomb turned out to be too strong and destroyed the rest of their bodies, homes, and the sovereignty of their country.

***August 6th, 1945***

America commits the biggest atrocity of the war when they lost track of a 2 billion dollar piece of military equipment after mistakenly letting it fall out of the back of their plane onto Hiroshima.

***August 9th, 1945***

America then tried to cover up the lost bomb by paying for another bomb with money originally intended for Social Security. However, they managed to accidentally let this one fall on Nagasaki.



Wait, was I the president or the FBI director? -  
Herbert Hoover

# TODAY IN HISTORY

*JULY 20TH, 1969*

NEIL ARMSTRONG MISTAKENLY PLANTS  
THE CONFEDERATE FLAG ON THE MOON.





*Log Into  
Now*

## I'M SAVING MYSELF

---

I think of myself as a good Christian man and I know that staying pure is almost just as important as my salvation. Without purity, there is nothing that really separates man from animal, which is why I'm saving myself until literally anyone wants to have sex with me.

This goal of sexual holiness is truly an uphill battle in this time we live in, but I know that I am a strong man. Many people give into temptation, but not me, because even though I've had many human urges over the years, women are so repulsed by my personality none of them want to freely speak to me, let alone touch my weiner.

Sure, at times it's incredibly difficult and I feel like giving up. But whenever I have these thoughts, I think about all the years I haven't given in. All the years I've preached to my friends to stay pure. All the mornings I went to church instead of sleeping in. All the afternoons I spent staring at Suzie Mancuso through the creases of the girl's locker room door trying to catch a glimpse of her naked body instead of maybe talking to her like a human being. I know I can't just give all that up, so whenever I want to give in, I refocus, and remember my goal to stay pure until any female will let me go to town on her boobies.

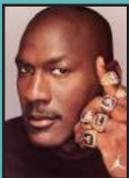
I live my life knowing that my virginity is sacred and I don't know how people can live with themselves having sex whenever they want with whomever they want. Take my roommate, Ryan Fredrickson, for example. He takes this girl, Patricia Clark, out on a date. Then he waits a week, and takes her out on another date. After that, he takes her out to dinner two or three more times, and suddenly, Ryan isn't in his room at night. The next morning when I see him, he tells me he had sex with Patricia Clark and I try to pry all the details about the intercourse part out of the story because I feel like he would be really explicit with the details, but he doesn't. I can't believe Ryan gave into his temptations so easily. I know I am a

stronger and better man than him for waiting, and I will continue to wait until someone wants to have sex with me.

I absolutely refuse to have sex with anybody until one person pities my 28 year old virgin self enough to at least look at me naked. Seriously, they can even choose to look at me through a telescope while standing really far away—I'm fine with that. But until that day, I will stay pure in the eyes of God.

I remember specifically one night, while I was waiting outside a party I wasn't invited to, I almost gave into my temptations. As I watched my friends pile into a house that was bumping with music and dancing, I saw many beautiful women enter. So, not thinking with my very logical brain, I walked into the house, smashed the speakers with a sledgehammer I brought with me, then yelled to everyone, "I will literally have sex with any one of you. Please let me know if any of you would like to have sex with me." That night, I may have let my urges drive my decisions, but I remained pure because no one wanted to go home with me that night despite my constant loud requests.

I know I may have to wait a long time and I know it's not going to be easy. But I'm ready to strap in for the long haul, because I know I have the willpower to handle it. When I finally do have sex with the first person that allows me to have sex with them, I'm going to be glad that I waited. And that's all that matters.



“When I heard they wanted to call my shoes ‘Jordans’, I was furious. Originally, I pitched the name: The Michael Jordan From The Famous National Basketball Association Team The Bulls so there wouldn't be any confusion as to who the shoe was named after.” - Michael Jordan

# TODAY IN HISTORY

*SEPTEMBER 11, 2001*

**OOF, ACTUALLY...  
NOT GOING TO TOUCH THIS ONE.**



To the Manager of Ye Olde Inn,

One star. If you're lucky. The bed was so small that what's left of my family could barely fit on it. My son was in the shower rinsing out his empty eye sockets when your crap quality shampoo practically burned another hole through his face—not okay. The thin toilet paper you provided was unable to clot my bloody finger stumps, and don't even get me started on the complimentary fruit basket. I spent hours trying to cover my soon-to-be dead wife in oranges for her Viking funeral, but was unable to fully cover even one arm. I had to cover the rest of her soon to be lifeless body with empty mini shampoo bottles, like an idiot. And, I specifically requested incense to prevent the triplets' leprosy from spreading, but you did not deliver and guess who has leprosy now! Not to mention, the bathroom door wouldn't stay open so I had to use one of my dead daughters to prop it up. With all the moving around she did not decay smoothly and I had to practically tape her up for her open casket. What the F! Safe to say, I will not be returning to this establishment.

Curse you,  
A Very Unsatisfied Customer

P.S. If you're wondering how I'm typing this with my bloody finger stumps, I'm using a speech-to-text converter that I couldn't use at your inn because of your shitty Wi-Fi, Fuck you.



“If you can't handle me at my worst, then you sure as hell don't deserve me at my best. And if you can't handle me at my best, then you don't deserve me at my most mediocre. And if you can't handle me at my most mediocre, then you sure as heck don't deserve to see my dance routines. And if you don't deserve to see my dance routines there's no way I'm going to show you all the dead birds I keep in my closet. It's a complicated system.” – Marilyn Monroe

# FOOD JOURNAL

## MONDAY

Still in recovery from that crazy cheat brunch yesterday! I literally had eggs. I'm so bad. Today I had sweet nutritional mush for breakfast, spicy nutritional mush for lunch, and a hearty nutritional loaf for dinner. I got in an hour of high intensity interval training at Barry's boot camp and almost vomited! It was a good day.

## TUESDAY

This morning after a filling breakfast of maple-flavored nutritional mush, I had my annual physical with Dr. Hollywood. The results were upsetting. He said he could barely fit a basketball through my thighs. I tested positive as "approachable". He said if I don't address the problem soon, consequences could be potentially fatal to my career. I'm starting a new diet tomorrow that he calls the "ultra cut". Will let you know how it goes!

## WEDNESDAY

First day of the new diet. Here goes nothing! Well, almost nothing, haha! For breakfast I had 30 mg of something called "dextroamphetamine". It was pretty bland, but very filling! I wasn't hungry all day. I had a two-hour session with Raul (the sassy trainer) and only hurled three times, which Raul says is a good sign.

## THURSDAY

I can't train with Raul anymore. The handlers say he's too easy on me. Instead they booked my estranged father, who they say will whip me into shape. While our first session was traumatic, he motivated me to run a full ultra-marathon on the treadmill! I was literally swimming in chunks I blew! Talk about a good workout! I had dextroamphetamine for breakfast, and three leaves of spinach as a post-workout pick-me-up.

## FRIDAY

Today was my rest day. The handlers say my poop is too watery, so they've given me some cardboard for the fiber. Delicious!

### FRIDAY UPDATE

I snuck some arugula and got caught by the handlers. They have me locked in one of the guestrooms, but I can't tell which one. I think I can make out the Pacific Ocean through the blacked out window, but it might also be the neighbor's infinity pool? Not even sure if I'm awake right now LMAO.

### SATURDAY?

I think it is Saturday, but time means nothing to me anymore. I think I will die in this room. This food journal no longer serves as a reference for me to see how I can improve my diet and keep an active lifestyle, but as a record of my last minutes of life. I'm swimming in a sea of death, and I finally feel content.

### SUNDAY

Tonight is Oscar night! I am so excited. The handlers gave me a cheat meal so I could "get some color in my face". I put barbeque rub on a nutritional loaf! I might even have a stuffed mushroom at an after party later, but don't tell the handlers!



"If you practice for 10,000 hours on anything you can master it. That's why I'm an expert of thinking about leaving my wife." - Malcolm Gladwell

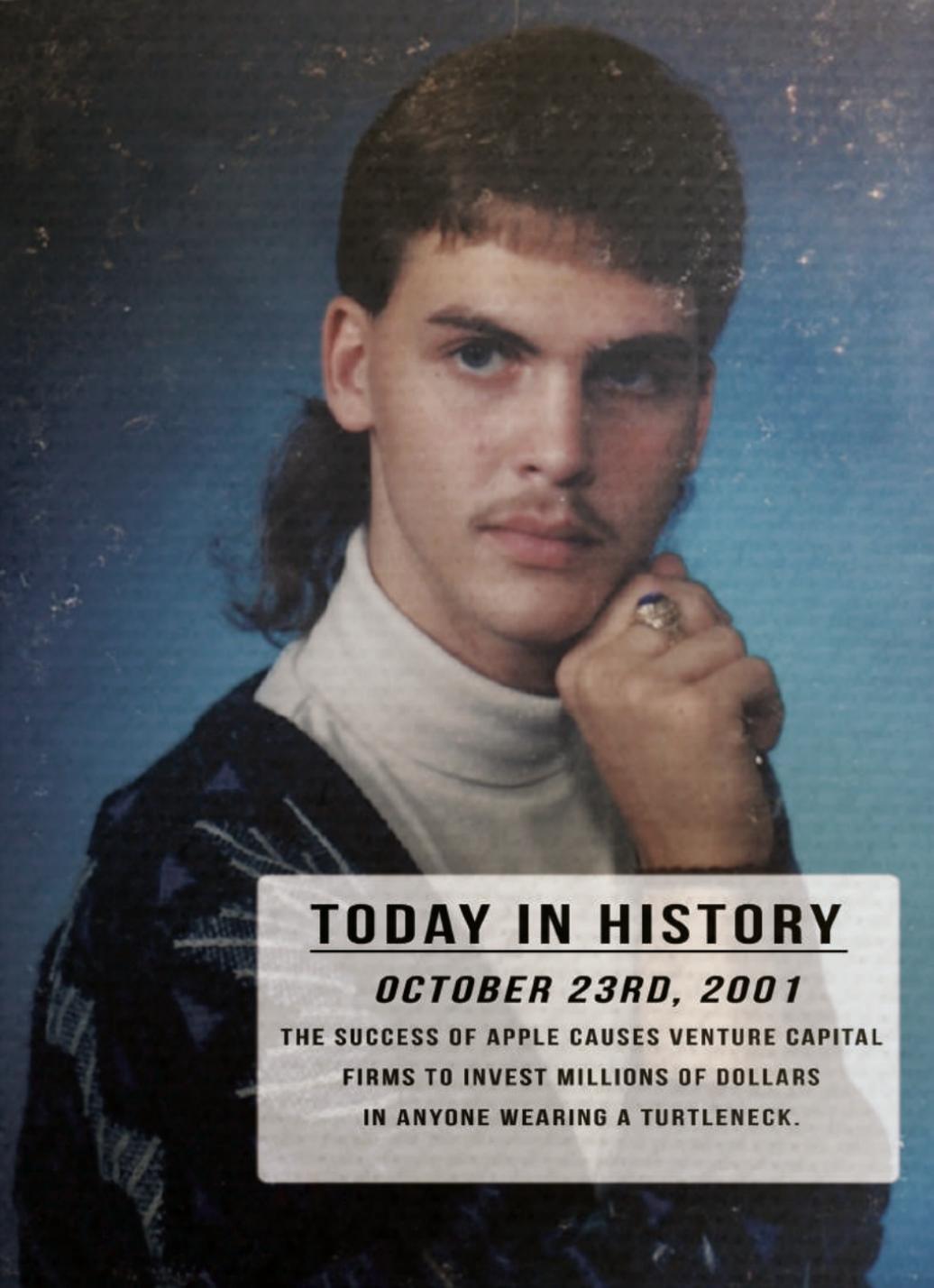
**GENUINE**

# MUSCLE MILK

EVERY MAN CAN  
SQUIRT FROM  
MUSCLE. ONLY  
THE MUSCLE  
MAN SQUIRTS.

**GIVE ME  
STRENGTH:  
TO MOVE METAL  
IN OTHER WAY  
THAN GRAVITY.  
TO MAKE FEET  
FAST.  
TO NOT BE GAY.**





**TODAY IN HISTORY**

***OCTOBER 23RD, 2001***

**THE SUCCESS OF APPLE CAUSES VENTURE CAPITAL  
FIRMS TO INVEST MILLIONS OF DOLLARS  
IN ANYONE WEARING A TURTLENECK.**



*The Future  
Is Later*

**Patient:** Wow, Doctor! I feel all better! Say, what kind of pill was that you gave me again?

**Doctor:** Well, I'm not supposed to tell you this, but that pill is what's called a placebo. I tell people it's medicine so they'll feel better.

**Patient:** Hm, it doesn't really sound like you should be doing that. What kind of doctor are you anyway?

**Doctor:** Well, I'm not supposed to tell you this, but I just tell people I'm a doctor so they feel more comfortable taking medicine from me. It's what's called a placebo doctor.

**Patient:** Placebo Doctor? Never heard of that. How'd they even hire you at this hospital?

**Doctor:** Well, I'm not supposed to tell you this but this isn't a real hospital. I just use it because it makes my patients feel more comfortable thinking they're in a hospital rather than in an old glue factory disguised to look like a hospital. It's sorta like--

**Patient:** A placebo?

**Doctor:** Now you're catching on.

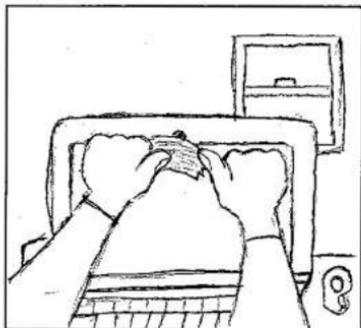
**Patient:** Man, what you're doing here doesn't sound ethical at all. I'm sorry mister, but I'm going to have to report you to the government.

**Doctor:** Well, I'm not supposed to tell you this, but people just feel more comfortable when they think there's a governing body running their country, and not just an old glue factory mogul who disguises his buildings as Government Offices and let's horses arbitrarily decide the rules.

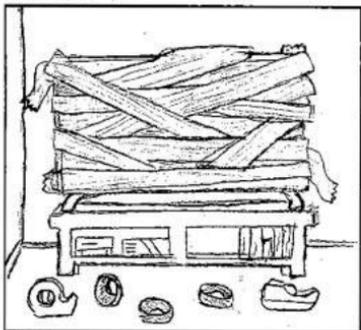
**Patient:** Oh... I guess in that case I won't report yo--

**Doctor:** Good.

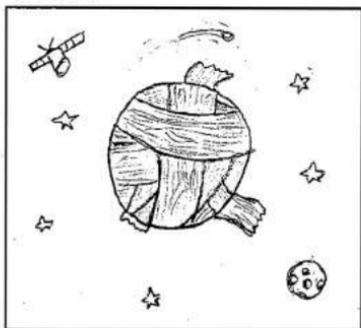
**2017:**



**2030:**



**3000:**



IN THE FUTURE, EVERYONE HAS A NUMBER.

THEY ASSIGN YOU YOUR NUMBER AT BIRTH. THEY TATTOO THE NUMBER ON YOUR SKIN. YOU MUST LIVE IN THE HOUSE WITH YOUR NUMBER ON IT. YOU MUST DRIVE A CAR WITH YOUR NUMBER ON IT. YOU MUST WEAR A GIANT MASCOT SUIT IN THE SHAPE OF YOUR NUMBER. ALL DISSENTERS WILL BE SUBTRACTED TO ZERO— HAVING BLEACH INJECTED INTO THEIR VEINS.

ALL THINGS THAT THREATEN THE NUMBER SYSTEM ARE BANNED. THE ONLY MUSIC ALLOWED IS THE NUMERIC DIAL TONE. THE ONLY BOOK IS ONE FISH TWO FISH, RED FISH BLUE FISH, BUT IF YOU ACKNOWLEDGE THE RED FISH BLUE FISH PART YOU WILL HAVE BLEACH INJECTED INTO YOUR VEINS.

LOVE IS FORBIDDEN BETWEEN ODDS AND EVENS. PARTNERS ARE ASSIGNED BASED ON NUMBER. GAY PEOPLE ARENT ALLOWED. BIGGER NUMBERS TELL THE SMALLER NUMBERS WHAT TO DO. THE PRESIDENT IS THE BIGGEST NUMBER OF ALL. EVERYONE MUST PLEDGE THEIR ALLEGIANCE EACH MORNING BY COUNTING TO 100. THE DEPARTMENT OF ZERO MONITORS ALL NUMBERS BEHAVIOR. THOSE WHO DONT COMPLY WILL HAVE BLEACH INJECTED INTO THEIRS VEINS. WOMEN RECEIVE LESS PAY THAN MEN.

A GROUP OF SAVAGES LIVE IN THE WOODS, ENEMIES OF THE STATE. THEY CONSPIRE AGAINST US USING THE DISSIDENT LANGUAGE, BUT WE DO NOT FEAR THEM, BECAUSE WE DROP A VERY HIGH NUMBER OF BOMBS ON THEM EVERYDAY THOSE WHO SURVIVE WILL HAVE BLEACH INJECTED INTO THEIRS VEINS.

LIFE IS SAFE INSIDE THE NUMBER SYSTEM.

ALSO GAS IS VERY EXPENSIVE.

# TODAY IN HISTORY

*NOVEMBER 20TH, 3000*

SCIENTISTS TIRELESSLY WORK TO REPLACE HUMAN  
HANDS WITH VR HEADSETS  
WHILE THE EARTH SLOWLY DETERIORATES.



# THE FUTURE OF MEDICINE

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It's the year 2186, we have hover cars, sentient computers, and we're super close to cracking time travel, but you're still going to have to wear this giant ass brace for your scoliosis, Timothy.

Turns out science can genetically modify all foods to be nutritious enough that we solved both world hunger and the obesity epidemic. We could pool our scientists together to start working on this scoliosis mumbo jumbo, but at what cost? I'm sorry Timmy, but a bent spine is a bent spine.

We've hit so many milestones, Timmy. I can call you Timmy, right? These days we've almost done it all. Cancer—gonzo. Alzheimer's—forget about it. Allergies—fuck allergies. That lowercase "s" of a spine you've got though, I'd recommend getting religious because ain't nothing science gonna do to help ya.

Being wrapped up in a medieval torture chamber that straightens that there loopy-poop in your spine, ain't as bad as it seems. Think of it as your cool new hip schnazzy body shackle! That's not too bad, right? Just wear it for two years and I'm sure we'll get the process started. No guarantees on curing that sidewinder cobra supporting your upper body, but it's a start.

Now don't get mad that we can now straighten teeth instantaneously without the use of braces. Those are a completely different set of bones. Teeth are for chewing. Spines are not for chewing. See the difference? It's a mystery that science may never know.

Now, we no longer have them, but back in the day, people had to use wheelchairs, crutches, and casts for broken bones and what not. Times have changed, but you can't expect all of life's woes to go away. Scoliosis, much like that wicked crescent moon on your back, just isn't going to go away, alright Timothy?

# PROBLEMS THAT WILL SURFACE IN THE FUTURE

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Too many feet. Not enough socks.

All stray dogs will adapt to have speakers attached to their heads, blasting Sarah McLachlan 24/7.

We run out of the color yellow.

We will have to socially interact with robots too.

Rocks will get shittier.

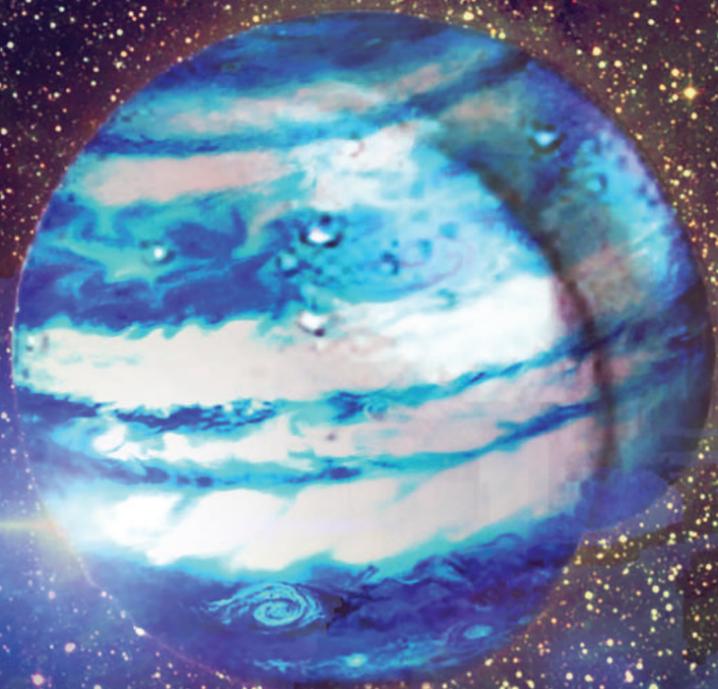
Heads evolve to become too big to fit into crew neck tees.

Self-Driving restaurants will take away all the jobs because no one will be able to catch them.

All the fish are gone, and we have to find them.



“I do math real good.” - Elon Musk



## **TODAY IN HISTORY**

***JAN. 17, 1 TRILLION BC***

**GOD MAKES YET ANOTHER BUTT PLANET  
TO TORTURE HUMANITY'S FUTURE  
SEARCH FOR A NEW WORLD**

# An Exclusive Interview With Tony Hawk

---

**What goes through your mind when you're on your skateboard?**

Whenever I'm shredding through a city on my board—grinding on babes and doing kickflips off the mayor—I'm usually not thinking because my heart stops beating. Every time I really start skating, my heart completely stops and I die. Technically, I was dead when I landed that 900 at the X Games. After I landed, my heart started beating again and I came back to life. I honestly don't remember learning how to skate, or doing anything on my skateboard, but I always consciously choose to skate, because apparently, I fuckin' shred.



**What're your thoughts on wearing a helmet?**

It's for bitches. Yeah, falling on your head hurts, but you can prepare for it by repeatedly shooting yourself out of a cannon straight into a brick wall. Honestly, if you're not willing to go flying off your board, crash through the window of the north end of an office building, break through 50 office cubicles, crash through the window on the south end of an office building, then finally crash into a fireworks store setting off all the fireworks and lose all your fingers only to have them regenerate back the next day, you're just not ready to skate yet...I'm sorry, what was the question again? I hit my head pretty hard on the way over here.

**What was your favorite memory at the X Games?**

There was one year at the X Games, where my board got stolen by Bam Margera so I had to logroll up the half pipe instead. It was tough at first to balance on the log, but once I got the hang of it, it was almost easier than skateboarding. I got so excited I skated off the half pipe and rolled into the crowd. This was a big log too, like

7 foot diameter, 36 foot length, so I was doing some real damage. Eventually people's flattened bodies started sticking to the log, and it just kept getting bigger and bigger until I was rolling over the Colorado Rockies. I knew I was the only one who could stop me, so I rolled as fast as I could toward the ocean. Just before we hit water, I jumped off the log, which was now 2 whole miles high as the log rolled down the beach. I landed on top of my skateboard, which I used to jump back onto the log so I could grind on it as it rolled out to sea.

### **What did you think about the Tony Hawk Pro Skater franchise?**

I thought the title was very accurate because my name is Tony Hawk and I am a professional skater. However, it's hard for me to get the full thrill of riding on a skateboard through a video game. Every time I play the video game I have to get on my board and actually shred while I'm playing. The wires are never long enough, so they usually just rip out of the console and I end up doing McTwists and ollies through a skatepark while holding a controller in my hand with it's wire dangling behind me. Overall, I like the video game.

### **Any advice to young boarders out there?**

If you get on top of an Spirit Airlines air-carrier in hopes of skating it around the sky, you have to know you won't be able to do anything while on top of the airplane. Airplanes are not like skateboards. There are pilots that sit in the front and they have steering wheels and stuff. So, what you have to do to skate that airplane is get into the inside of the airplane and lock the pilots out of the cockpit so you can skate that bad boy around. You may even be able to get in some good kickflips and maybe even grind on some clouds.





# MAD LIBS™

## PLAGUE PIECE

\_\_\_\_\_ **the** \_\_\_\_\_  
 HISTORICAL FIGURE VERB (PAST TENSE) NOUN

\_\_\_\_\_ **is very** \_\_\_\_\_  
 ADVERB LOCATION

\_\_\_\_\_ **!** \_\_\_\_\_  
 ADJECTIVE NOUN NOUN NOUN

\_\_\_\_\_ **! HAHA!**  
 NOUN NOUN NOUN NOUN

\_\_\_\_\_ **in** \_\_\_\_\_  
 PERSON VERB (PAST TENSE) NOUN PLACE

WRITE A FULL SENTENCE

SENTENCE, CONTINUED

SENTENCE, CONTINUED .....

WRITE A FUNNIER VERSION OF THAT SENTENCE

FUNNIER SENTENCE, CONTINUED

FUNNIER SENTENCE, CONTINUED !!!!!

**LOL!**

\_\_\_\_\_ ONOMATOPOEIA \_\_\_\_\_ ONOMATOPOEIA \_\_\_\_\_ ONOMATOPOEIA

\_\_\_\_\_ ONOMATOPOEIA \_\_\_\_\_ ONOMATOPOEIA \_\_\_\_\_ ONOMATOPOEIA

**. POOP!**

JOIN THE PLAGUE!  
KIMMEL 710:  
MONDAYS! 7:00 PM!

PLAGUEMAG.COM  
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@PLAGUEMAG

*Ah shit, looks like I forgot to guide you through time. Well, whatever, I had something better to do anyway! Go fuck yourself... Well, go on. Fuck off! What? You just gonna stay on this page forever, ya asshole? Get outta here! Put the fuckin' magazine down and get back to your dumbass life before I kill your entire bloodline!*



