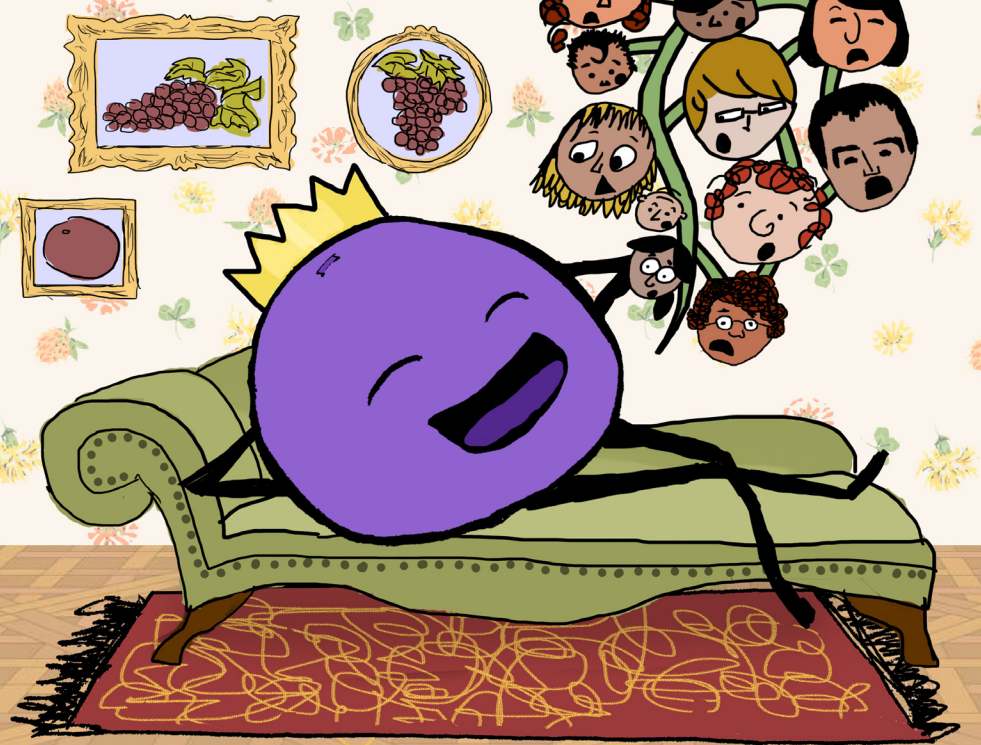


The Plague

Fall 2017





Foreword

by Wolfgang Puck

I grew up poor on the most Swiss Alp in all of Austria. My father used to beat me every night using a sock filled with salmon fillets, because my grades were really good and he was embarrassed that he never finished school. One night, I had enough and grabbed a hot frying pan from the stove and beat him with it. It was then I knew I wanted to be a chef.

I took my pain and turned it into something beautiful -- or at least that's what people tell me about my cooking; I think eating food is disgusting. I would never put anything in my mouth, which is why I have intravenous fluid injected into me for nutrition, with parsley on the IV for garnish. I tried to break into Austria's culinary scene, putting in grunt work in restaurants, trying out new dishes at open mics, and mailing casseroles to every major food agency in hopes of gaining representation. Unable to catch a break, I applied to the US Department of Reality Television and came to America on a Masterchef Visa. One of the other contestants, a young man named Emeril Lagasse, sabotaged my dish and I was kicked off the show. I was homeless, out of ingredients, and down to my last IV drip, and soon I'd be forced to put stuff in my mouth to survive.

While rooting around in the trash for something to cook, I met the president of the Plague recovering issues of the magazine others had thrown out. I told him about my dreams of becoming a chef, and he asked if I was interested in cooking for the magazine's Monday meetings - I said "yes, a thousand times yes" one thousand times. I learned a valuable lesson in that

dumpster - never be above a task like digging through the trash. Although it's disgusting and worthless and beneath you, you might meet someone who also doesn't belong there and that encounter will make them feel a bond with you and then you can ask them for stuff.

I put my all into cooking for those meetings - I wanted to have the freshest ingredients, so I went to the fish market in Tokyo every Monday to get the freshest cuts of fish. Then I flew to Italy to get handmade Pasta. Then I set sail for Cameroon, where I'd pick yams fresh from the earth before dirtbiking to China to get utensils fresh off a factory line . By the time I jet-skied back to America the ingredients were all spoiled and I had to make pizza, but damn it if I didn't try.

Those were the happiest years of my life, until Emeril returned. He was kicked off Masterchef when he tried sabotage someone else's meal but accidentally sabotaged his own, and he came to the Plague one day to challenge me to a cook off for my job. I said no, having nothing to gain and everything to lose, but the Plague bylaws said all challenges must be accepted and my hand was forced. I drew my frying pan from its sheath. Emeril cocked his spatula. It was time to duel.

I raced to my cook station, as a black, smoking cauldron descending from the ceiling to sinister music and planted itself in front of Emeril. A dark cloud of smoke enshrouded him as he began chanting and throwing ingredients into the pot. "Spine of newt, tongue of bunny, blood of calf, makes this dish yummy," he croaked, stirring the pot with his long fingernail.

This was my moment, I'd been training for this for my whole life, and I was not about to lose. I took a bag of french fries out of the freezer and sautéed them in the deep fryer, then grabbed a frozen beef patty and quickly flambéed it on the stove. I

looked over and saw Emeril whispering into a crow's ear, crushing it in his hand, then sprinkling it into the pot. I gingerly slid my patty onto a potato bread bun, sprinkled some ketchup on, and voila! Three michelin stars appeared toasted into the bun.

I brought my dish over to the Plague judges as Emeril poured his brew into a goblet. They took a bite of my dish, and all held up scorecards with 8s. I felt confident. Then they drank from the pewter goblets filled with bubbling green ooze, which dripped out, sizzling and burning a hole in the floor. As soon as it touched their lips, the ground started to crack and the earth opened wide. The judges let out a roar, as power coursed through their limbs and they started to grow and morph. "10 stars," they bellowed, pointing at Emeril with trembling hands.

"You," they growled, turning to me, "have lost." They rose from their now broken chairs and lumbered toward me. I fled, running down the halls, out of the building, and into the forest, where I hid.

After the potion wore off the Plague fired Emeril and asked me to come back, but I said no. Money, power, wealth -- it can only lead you down the wrong path, like the one I used to escape. I decided in that moment I didn't want to work in an industry where you get ahead by making a weird witches brew that turns people into powerful monsters. Trying to make my passion my living ruined it for me, so I decided to leave the world of cooking and enter the world franchising, so I could make a living off other cooks' passions. I recommend you do the same.

Wolfgang Puck

*** P.S. Show this foreword at your local Wolfgang Puck Express and get 20% off. ***

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And Readers Like You!

Wii™

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Win donations!
Accumulate pats on the back!
Build a smug empire!



Nintendo

Poverty

Everyone always talks about material poverty as if it were the only kind that mattered. Take me, I'm swimming in a pool of dough but that doesn't mean I'm happy. After all what's the best, most perfectly salted steak without a friend to share it with? What's a private jet made out of caviar when your own son won't get in it with you because the salt makes him cry? What's the worlds largest, most beautifully managed salt mine without a nice old lady to bring you a glass of water after a long day of digging with your mouth?



“Everyone hot is rich” – Regis Philbin

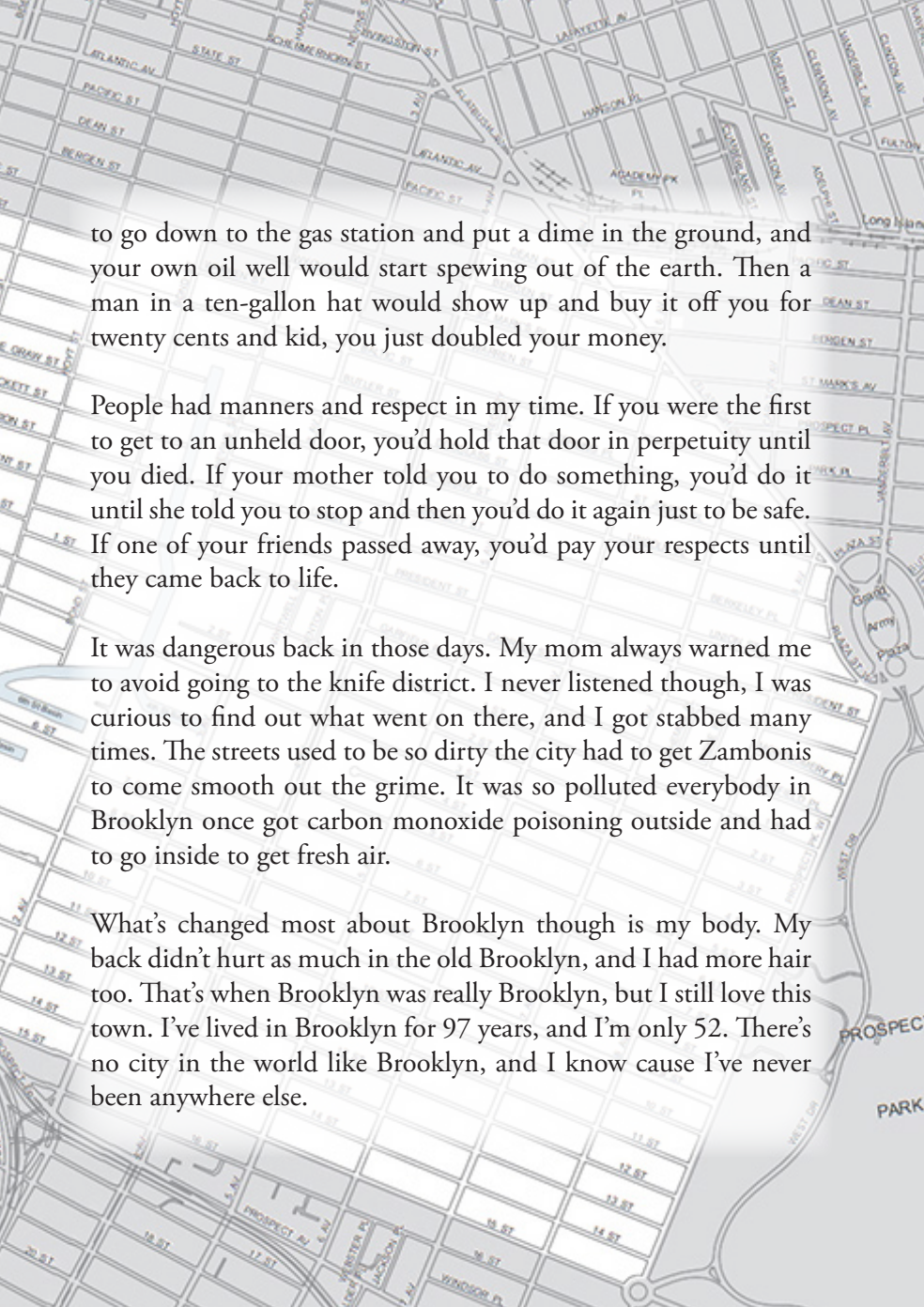


Growing Up in Brooklyn

I remember growing up in Brooklyn; the Yankees used to play baseball in the middle of my street every day. I'd go outside before school and strike out Babe Ruth, then hit a home run off Whitey Ford. First base was the Brooklyn Museum, second base was the drop on the Coney Island Cyclone, third base was wherever Woody Allen was at that exact moment, and home plate was showing love and respect to your mother. After the game one of us would knock the head off a fire hydrant, and the whole neighborhood would come out to shower.

I didn't grow up in one of those fancy high rise buildings. Back in my day, everyone in Brooklyn lived in one giant tenement building. I shared a two bedroom apartment with 500 families. If I woke up in the middle of the night to use the bathroom I had to wait in line til the next night to go. We didn't have a washer and dryer, so everyone hung their laundry outside on clotheslines, and once a clothesline was full they hung up another, and another, and another, til pretty soon you could barely walk around without bumping into laundry. Eventually, there were so many clotheslines it created a maze only real New Yorkers could solve.

Things were cheap too. You used to go down to the fish market, give them a nickel, and get a whole whale. For a quarter you could get your own commercial fishing boat, and for a buck they'd sell you one of the oceans. Gas was cheap too. I remember you used



to go down to the gas station and put a dime in the ground, and your own oil well would start spewing out of the earth. Then a man in a ten-gallon hat would show up and buy it off you for twenty cents and kid, you just doubled your money.

People had manners and respect in my time. If you were the first to get to an unheld door, you'd hold that door in perpetuity until you died. If your mother told you to do something, you'd do it until she told you to stop and then you'd do it again just to be safe. If one of your friends passed away, you'd pay your respects until they came back to life.

It was dangerous back in those days. My mom always warned me to avoid going to the knife district. I never listened though, I was curious to find out what went on there, and I got stabbed many times. The streets used to be so dirty the city had to get Zambonis to come smooth out the grime. It was so polluted everybody in Brooklyn once got carbon monoxide poisoning outside and had to go inside to get fresh air.

What's changed most about Brooklyn though is my body. My back didn't hurt as much in the old Brooklyn, and I had more hair too. That's when Brooklyn was really Brooklyn, but I still love this town. I've lived in Brooklyn for 97 years, and I'm only 52. There's no city in the world like Brooklyn, and I know cause I've never been anywhere else.

The Great Money Flood

I fucked up big this time. I used my slingshot to shoot my mom's credit card into the ATM across the street. Then I used my slingshot to shoot rocks at the ATM across the street to put in my mom's pin number. Afterwards, I used my slingshot to shoot one of those pens that only works on screens at the ATM across the street to select a withdrawal of one billion dollars. My mom's bank was low on hundreds that day, so they let me get all the money in ones. The papers are calling it the Great Money Flood. Traffic has stopped because everybody got out of their cars to stuff their gas tanks with cash. The National Guard came to town to collect money because they don't get paid very well. People are raiding supermarkets but insist on paying for everything. My mom's gonna kill me.



“ Hardware versus software barely matters in this day and age. Today everyone has a little computer in their pocket. Fuck my stupid life” – Bill Gates

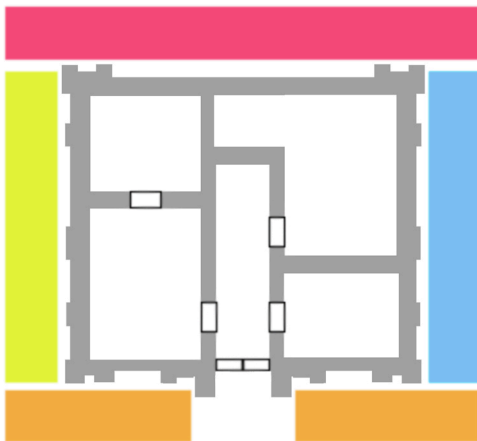
FEEDABLES **NEW** HUNGER BLASTERS




INCLUDES:

- LOOSE APPLESAUCE IN SARAN WRAP
- BANANA PEEL THAT SAYS "I'M PROUD OF YOU"
- TEMPORARY TATTOO OF A KISS FROM YOUR MOM
- MAGNET TO PUT YOUR OWN REPORT CARD ON THE FRIDGE
- ONE CHOPSTICK

MUSEUM OF SCAFFOLDING



-  Exhibit A
Scaffolding
-  Exhibit B
Scaffolding
-  Exhibit C
Scaffolding
-  Exhibit D
Scaffolding

Piano Recital

Money isn't important. You know what's important? Being there when your son is born. Seeing him walk for the first time. Showing up at his first piano recital. Holding his hand as he walks to the stage at his first piano recital. Hiding behind him at his first piano recital. Discreetly putting your arms around him so you're actually playing the keys on the piano at his first piano recital. Hoping the audience doesn't see you playing Clair de Lune at your son's first piano recital instead of him. Watching the sweat from your forehead hit the black piano keys at your son's first piano recital. Jumping off the side of the stage while your son gets up to bow at his first piano recital. Exiting through the back to receive money for the bet you placed on your son being able to play Clair de Lune at his first piano recital. Taking a deep breath of relief and realizing, yes, you did it, you actually did it at your son's first piano recital. Being able

to put your son through college with the money you
got from the bet you made at your
son's first piano recital.



Omitted Verses From Bruno Mars'

"That's What I Like"



I've got a big house in Connecticut
We could go have sex in it
It also has a poolhouse
We could have sex there too

I own a ranch out in Texas
Sex in a lexus
I have five thousand dollars in my wallet
Which is in my pants, which I'm taking off

Room service in bed when you wake up
I could pay you for sex straight up
Let's say five, hmm, actually I think you should say the number
I don't want to offend you or anything

I've got lots of money in a bank vault
We could have sex in a bank vault
Does money turn you on?
Good, because I have a lot of it

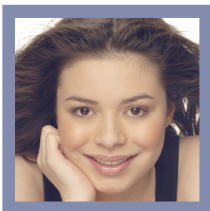
I've got a massive property tax bill
Will you let me hit it from the back still?
Oh god, they just froze my assets
Now you don't feel like having sex?

I've got a bankruptcy hearing Tuesday
Is money all I am to you babe?
Wow, you're just a hot gold digger
And I can't believe I made that oversight but
Lucky for you, that's what I like



Bullying

My family didn't have a lot of money growing up. I would often look at the lives of the wealthy kids at school and envy them. I was jealous of their clothes and their homes and their popularity. But most importantly, I wanted the ability to bully everyone else. The reason I wanted to beat up other kids was for health. I couldn't ever bully someone, as I didn't have the nutrition to build up the muscle mass. These wealthy boys became men far faster than I, and the steaks they would bring in everyday for lunch gave them the protein they needed to clobber nerds with their giant legs. The carrots and celery they always had sticking out of their mouths would double as stabbing utensils. They would spit Mens' One-A-Days out of blowguns made from hollowed out corn stalks. Sometimes the rich kids would pee on us, but they were so well hydrated that it was like a shower. I would look on and think "Now this is what healthy habits look like."



“Im going to c a movie and I passed by a hobo in the front. I gave her some money & then she told me she watched icarly :) what a night” –Miranda Cosgrove

I'm Drowning In Business Card Debt

Business cards are an essential part of building your business. No meeting is complete without a firm handshake, strong eye contact, and a piece of sturdy cardstock changing hands. Since everyone you meet is a potential business opportunity, and there are 6 billion people in the world, I ordered six billion business cards that prominently featured the name and contact info of my small drywall company. And let me tell you -- I am drowning in business card debt.

Buying those business cards was the worst thing I've ever done for my business, and my life. The cards ran me 200 million and shipping was an extra 6 million, which I financed through a new Bank of America program designed to give poorly thought out loans. I had to mortgage my house twenty thousand times just to make the down payment. UPS had to open up a shipping center in my neighborhood and buy every brown truck in America to make the delivery, which made my neighbors hate me because they were stuck in traffic for weeks. The shipping center was shuttered as soon as my delivery was complete, and the workers laid off from UPS began cyberbullying me to try and get me to order more cards.

I had so many business cards I had to use my house to store them all, and sleep with my family on the street. The sheer amount of connections were too much for me to make, so I pulled my kids out of school to help hand out business cards. My son can't even spell the word business, but he can tell you about a mom and pop drywall company that desperately needs you as a client.

With all the networking I was doing, I hardly had time to run my business. It took seven days to get to work once because I kept stopping every person I saw and handing them a business card. When I finally got to the construction site, I kept running outside to try and stop cars driving by and hand them a card. I was hit several times trying to place a business card under the windshield wiper of a moving vehicle, and none of the hospital workers who treated me would accept business cards from patients. I even started handing out business cards to my employees, telling them about the company they work for. They said they might contact me, but I haven't heard anything back.

Things got so bad I had to sell the drywall company I had bought the business cards to promote. My wife left me, and didn't even bother to take half my business cards to help hand out, not that it would have benefitted me anyway. I lost the house, and eventually the bank came and took all I had left - 5 billion, nine hundred eighty nine million business cards. Bank of America even decided to change their name to "Richardson Drywall" to utilize the business cards.

Who knew such a thin, small networking aide could cause so much pain. Broke, alone, and down to my last business card, I was out of options. I bummed around the country for a few years looking for a job, but everyone knew me from the media frenzy of the man who lost everything for business cards and wouldn't hire me. Finally, I was able to find a job as a freak at the Coney Island Boardwalk. Come see the freak try to hand you a business card then shoot him with a paintball gun, five bucks a pop. It may not be the best job in the world, but I only have to be shot with five million more paintballs to finally be rid of my business card debt.

[Home](#)[My Network](#)[Jobs](#)[Messaging](#)[Notifications](#)

Bataar The Terrible

Warlord at Bataarizstan

Ruler of Bataariztan • Bataar The Terrible University

Warlord with 12 years experience looking for new opportunities to pillage and conquer, seeking essence of immortality.

Experience



Warlord

Ruler of Bataariztan

Oversaw day to day operations of an oppressive regime, negotiated hostile takeovers, maintained growth while reducing civil liberties, organized and executed thousands of civilians.



Assistant to Warlord:

Yhengar the Horrible Dynasty

Assisted and scheduled the leader of Asia's largest empire before assassinating him and usurping his power



Boy Whose Father Was Killed:

Poor Rural Village

Watching my father die as a young boy by Yhengar's men motivated me to become the warlord I am today.

Education



Bataar The Terrible University

Doctor of Philosophy - PhD, Accounting, , Business, Chemistry, Dance, Finance, Journalism, Nursing, Social Work, Women's Studies

Featured Skills & Endorsements

Civil Asset Forfeiture

Resourcing Humans Expert

Microsoft Abacus

Bataar is also good at...

Good At Working With Child Slaves

Good at Breaking Down Barriers Between People

References



The Oracle

“ The Gods speak through Bataar and his every word is divine. He will one day conquer the Earth and all heathens shall kneel before him. ”

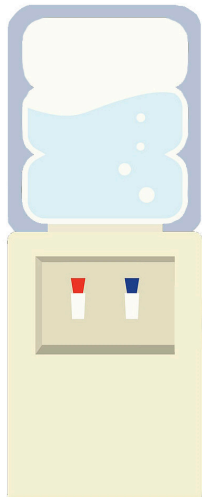
Watercooler

I'm the fun, cool guy at the office, I love talking, joking, and connecting with my colleagues, or as I call them, friends. We all work best when we're relaxed and having fun. That's why I carry this water cooler around the office everywhere I go, so it's always water cooler time.

Hey Dave— yes, I see you're at your desk trying to finish that report, but guess what? You're also at the water cooler, so how's a little break? Alexa, get off that conference call— they'll be no work done by the cooler, only joking, and I'm not just kidding. Yo Rob— yes, I realize I spilled water on your computer, so it looks like I finished your work for the day. Break time on me.

People tell me I should be a comedian. Yeah, if they open up a comedy club at the water cooler and replace the microphone with a water cooler. Sometimes I like to take my cooler to the other cooler in the office for the double the fun, and to get some water. I only have three rules at the water cooler -- rule one, no work, rule two, no talking about work, and rule three, don't work too hard on rules one and two.

Hey Bossman, Mr. C to the E to the O— okay, okay, I hear you, stop trying to fire me for a moment; no work talk around the cooler. Oh, the cooler's the problem? Maybe I need to add a fourth rule, keep comments about the cooler to yourself buddy. You want me out by end of day? Jokes on you, I was gonna leave at the end of the day anyway. And if the cooler's the problem, then let me take it home with me. Looks like this break is going to be extra long.



Lebron Downplaying How Good He is

Reporter: Hey Lebron, are you good at basketball?

Lebron: I'm pretty good. I mean, I'm not bad, they keep me on the payroll at least. I show up, I do my job. It's really a team sport. Who knows what good is -- but yeah I've been MVP four times.



“ The show Two Broke Girls is not based on our lives, because we are very wealthy and we are not two girls”
– The Koch Brothers

EVER WANTED TO BE A PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL PLAYER?



Bring 5000 guests to Madison Square Garden
for 5 minutes of playtime in any position of your
choosing

Bring 7000 guests you'll get a DVD of your playtime

Bring 10,000 guests and we'll make you a player
in 2k19 with really good stats

Bring 50,000 guests and the Knicks mascot will
reveal his identity to you

Bring 100,000 guests and we'll alter the NBA record
books so that you were MVP one time

Bring 1,000,000 guests and all regulation basketballs
will be replaced with a bouncy replication of your head

Bring 1,000,000,000 guests and we'll let you touch
the basketball from Space Jam that has all the
players powers

Hot dog and large fountain soda will provided

Raising My Kids

Sure, I may have made it big, I may be a millionaire, but I came from nothing, and growing up with nothing is what made me the man I am today. No matter how much money their father has, I want to instill those same values of coming from nothing in my children. That's why every morning, I drag my kids off the wood planks I make them sleep on, wash them down with a cold hose, then rub their clean faces in dirt so they know what it's like for those less fortunate.

My kids live in the best school district in the country, so I bus them 4 and a half hours each way every day to the worst school district in the country so they don't take their education for granted. They're given pens, paper, and a calculator to do their homework, but I take those away and make them forage in the woods for giant stone slabs they have to carve their homework into to show them how the other half lives.

See, my kids were born with silver spoons in their mouths. That's why I hired a professional bank owner to steal those spoons from them at gunpoint as soon as they got out of the hospital. Once my son was old enough to walk, I sent him off to the mines for a year. Not a functional mine, an empty abandoned mine that I had sealed off and he'd have to escape to survive, to show what it's like for kids who don't grow up in Brentwood.

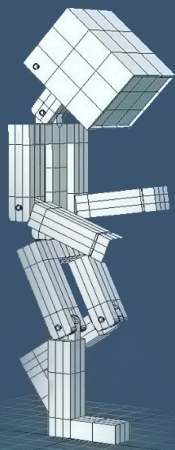
I rarely give my children money, and if I do I'll only ever give them expired coins, never bills. You need three hundred bucks for clothes for the year? Sure thing champ, but you better be prepared to give me 6 hours of quality time as I count that out penny by confederate penny. Oh, don't complain that it weighs two hundred pounds and I hired a bank robber to bomb your car to teach you a lesson about safety. You're complaining your free money is too heavy? Grow up. If you can't carry the money, you must not want it bad enough. And even if you could carry it, I'd send a bank robber to your school to steal your money to teach you a lesson about protecting your money.

I rose from the bottom to the top, rags to riches, too poor to live to too rich to die, and I want my kids to make that journey too. That's why, since my affluence has eliminated most adversity in their lives, I will be their biggest adversity, their arch-nemesis, lurking in the shadows at their every turn, sabotaging their education, setting their small businesses on fire, ruining their marriages and giving them a good old fashion beat down from time to time. When they're all grown up and ready to go to college, I'll use my friendship with the Dean of Harvard to make sure they don't get in. And if they do, I'll do everything in my power to bring down Harvard's reputation and make it the worst school in the country. If it comes down to it, I can always put on the old bank robber costume I've worn so many times before. My kids may have been born with everything, but I'll continue to take everything away from them to ensure they have a normal life.

technology.io

Technology.io is not only an app— it's a lifestyle. It's the first ever app to explore the intersection between innovation and disruption. The primary goal of Technology.io is a simple one: to be on the cutting edge; where the arms of innovation press up against the jugular of stagnation and choke it mercilessly until it's lying motionless on the floor. The mechanization of the past will be screaming for help until Technology.io violently twists its neck and disposes of its lifeless carcass in an undisclosed location.

Now, what exactly does Technology.io do? Well, not only is Technology.io an aggregator of content and media, but it's also a platform for innovation. Let me give you an example: imagine a donkey being ridden by a horse, and the horse being ridden by you: the American consumer. While the donkey is getting crushed by both the weight of you and that of a live thoroughbred, and the horse is weighed down by your bulging, grotesque frame, you, the consumer, remain weighed down by nothing. When the donkey finally falls to the ground, all of its legs broken, an elderly man nearby will whip it until it gains the willpower to keep going. Who is this elderly man? Technology.io.



I want to make this perfectly clear: Technology.io is a complete paradigm shift. Everything you know currently about technologies and io's will be changed. Technology.io will make the iPhone look like a toilet, the Apple Store seem like the toilet store, and Steve Jobs look like a gorilla throwing its shit at a toilet on the wall, trying to get something to stick.

You're probably wondering: how does Technology.io make money? It's

simple: Monetization. Through monetization, our company will be profitable while also positioning itself as a market leader against a sea of followers. While Technology.io slashes through the Amazon Rainforest of modern American business, expect other tech companies like Google and Facebook to be following right behind us as gross, unkept serfs simply inhabiting the land Technology.io ruthlessly colonizes.

I've talked a lot of talk, so you may be asking who I am. Well, let me take you on a little journey— My life has distinct parallels to that of Mahatma Gandhi, and isn't too dissimilar from that black Civil Rights guy, too. I was born in a log-cabin in downtown San Francisco, an idiot child who was raised by a computer monitor and a keyboard, neither of which were plugged into anything. I was never too good at school, but I knew it was because I thought differently. In fact, I thought so differently that I dropped out of college before I was even rejected by 27 of them.

So now that you know both me and Technology.io, I invite you on board this train of innovation, airplane of technology, and rocketship of transformation. Join me if you want, but if you choose not to, just remember: you will be a caveman who dies from the world changing so rapidly around you that while the flames surround you and your family, and you await your slow death with no hope to save any of your loved ones, you'll regret never having downloaded Technology.io and think about this regret with the Devil in Hell, where you'll burn for eternity.



“ Larry [Page] doesn't know I'm red-green colorblind. For years I thought people were referring to something else when they said Google, because I thought my company was called Gog. And I was fine with that! But Google is better” – Sergey Brin



Jenn T.
Rochester, MN
7 Friends
23 Reviews



Lake Shawnee Topeka, KS

[Recreational Parks](#)



7/12/2017

Lake Shawnee was a wonderful experience. However, the 466 miles I spent driving from my home in Rochester, Minnesota to Topeka, Kansas in a rented Toyota Tercel to get to the lake was not worth the headache. I had a kayak tied to the roof of the car and I had to keep stopping on the side of the highway to re-fasten the ropes to make sure the kayak stayed attached. Eventually I had to drive slowly enough that the kayak just stayed balanced on top of the roof, and swerve if it started to fall off one side, sometimes having to go into the oncoming lane of traffic. What should have been an 8 hour drive became a 31 hour journey, and I fell asleep at the wheel several times. Although the kayak was great on the lake for me and my daughter, I did not appreciate the difficulties I had to go through in bringing it there.

Banjo's Cafe Topeka, KS

[American \(Traditional\)](#)



7/12/2017

I heard this place had the best pancakes in all of Topeka, which are my daughters favorite food, and I told her we'd go there for her birthday. However, to get there in time for breakfast I had to wake my daughter at 2am and make the 8 hour drive to Topeka. My car broke down halfway so we had to hitch hike the rest of the way, riding in the back of a livestock trailer filled with cattle. We finally made it at 4pm, and were informed by a matradee that the restaurant stopped serving pancakes an hour ago. We ended up eating burgers, which made my daughter cry thinking about the cows we rode with, and she decided to become a vegetarian. I had to pester the driver of the Greyhound bus we took home to go several hundred miles out of the way to stop at a vegetarian rest stop, where my daughter got pancakes made from imitation crab. She hated them. The experience put a damper on my girl's special day and made me wish I'd gone somewhere closer.

Topeka Zoological Park Topeka, KS

[Amusement Parks](#)



7/12/2017

I had heard great things about the Topeka Zoo, and my daughter was very excited to see all the animals. She spent the entire drive through four states to get to Topeka learning all of the animals at the zoo, and when she ran out of animals she began making up types of animals. The drive went off without a hitch, but when we arrived at the zoo she was very disappointed she could not find the baby Jihrabrazelle exhibit. I cannot support a zoo that is far enough away from my home that my kid will have enough time during the drive down to develop high expectations to see animals that aren't real.

Boxing

It's 1934, and Shaun "So You Think You're Better Than Me?" Johnson is at the height of his career. A boxing champion of the people, he faces his biggest rival Harrison "Better Than You" Jones at the match of the decade, Johnson v. Jones. The two are notorious for having scathing verbal repartee in the rink.



Johnson: So, you think you're better than me, huh?

Jones: So, you think you're a big man of the people, huh?

Johnson: So, you think you've got a way with words, huh?

Jones: So, you think you've got the jawline of a young Harry Truman, huh?

Johnson: So, you think I really appreciate that, huh?

Jones: So, you think I've never noticed the green in your eyes, huh?

Johnson: So, you think I've never thought about divorcing my wife for you, huh?

Jones: So, you think you want to get out of here, huh?

Johnson: So, you think it's that easy with me, huh?

Jones: So, you think that's not what I meant, huh?

Johnson: So you think you screwed this up, huh?

Jones: So you think is there anything I could do to fix this, huh?

Johnson: So you think we could have been something, huh?

Jones: So you think I will never forget you, huh?

The bell dings and the match begins. The crowd goes wild.

"I wish I was born in the 2000s,
they loved the 80s then."

"2000s shows like *Stranger Things*
really take me back to a time when we
appreciated the time before that."

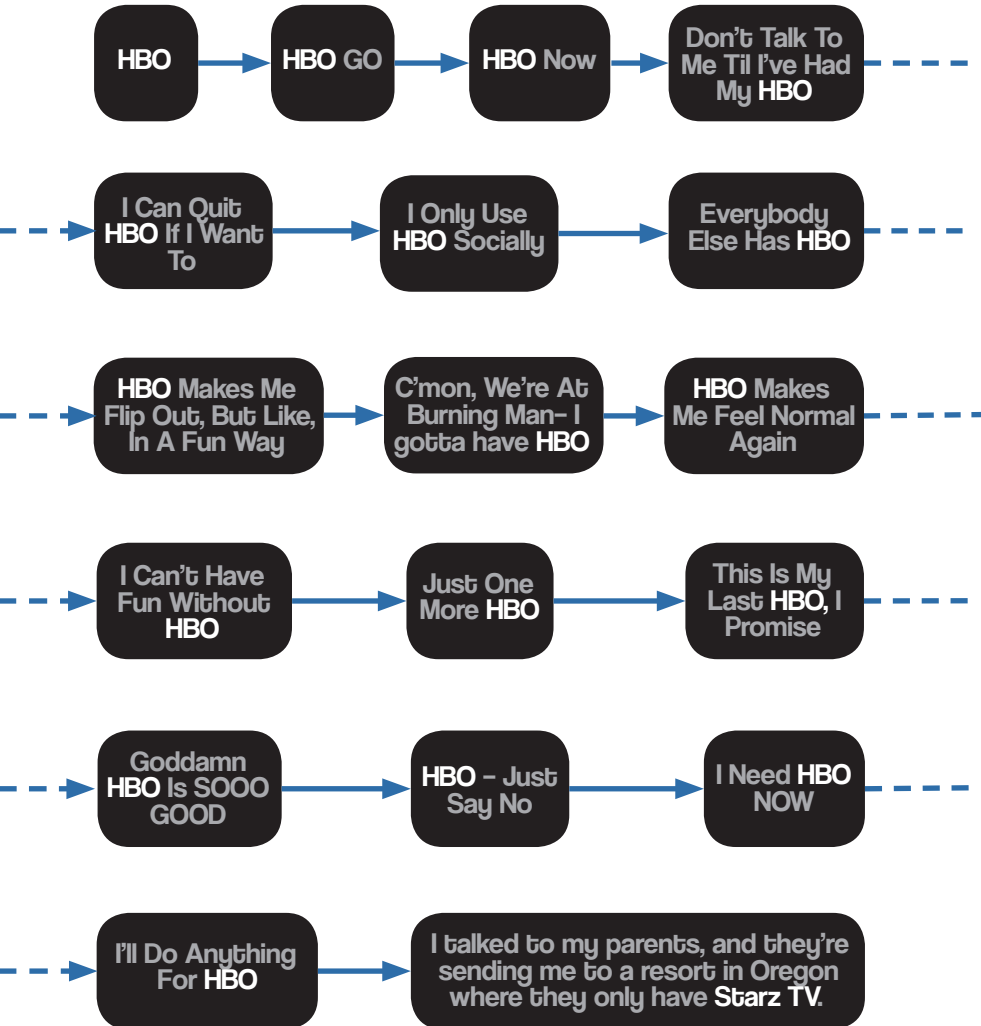


Remember when you got your first iPod
and downloaded every album by *Duran Duran*?

I LOVE THE 2000S - LOVING THE 80S -



The Evolution of HBO Go



Please Stop Applying With Creative Video Applications

Dear applicants,

Apparently there's some confusion about what the application process is for a position here at Besley Pharmaceuticals. Though we ask for no more than a resume and cover letter, and this is clearly stated on our website, we continue to receive videos from applicants showcasing their personality, dance moves, and ability to parody popular music by changing the lyrics to discuss why "Besley Pharmaceuticals" should hire them in lieu of these documents. I beg you, please stop applying with creative video applications.

On average a recruiter only has 6 seconds to spend reviewing a resume, not 3 and half minutes to watch a video parody application, such as a rendition of Drake's "Best I Ever Had" altered to "Best Employee You Ever Had." I can either review 35 resumes or



watch one video about a fake game show called “Wheel of Pharmaceuticals” where the applicant plays a contestant who demonstrates his knowledge and wins the grand prize of a job at Besley. We’ve even received dozens of parodies of the Godfather, including “The Pharm Father,” “The GodPharmer,” and “The Godfath-Pharm,” in which the applicants do a Marlon Brando impression and say “I’m going to make you an antibiotic you can’t refuse.”

We know what you’re trying to do and it isn’t working. You might think submitting a creative video demonstrates your ability to think outside the box, but all it demonstrates to me is that you can’t follow instructions. We don’t want want you to think outside the box, we want you to think inside the box, specifically the box you ticked on your application stating you submitted a resume and cover letter and no additional materials. If this was an isolated incident, that would be understandable and we could disqualify those candidates, or maybe it would even help them stand out. However ever single one of the thirty thousand applications we received have included a creative video and absolutely nothing else.

We request resumes and cover letters for a reason. They give us a broad understanding of a candidate’s educational background, work experience, and professional references, none of which we have because those aren’t included in parody videos. Need I remind you, this is a technical position where creativity is not required, and in fact discouraged, and where hard skills are much more important than soft skills such as the ability to create lazy skits. Besley Pharmaceuticals works on the cutting edge of medical technology that saves lives, and does not provide any creative content. Also, your videos suck.

Rational Olympics

Listen up folks, Olympics viewership has hit an all-time record low. The data shows that audiences consider Olympic events to be unrealistic and would rather watch the athletes make rational decisions that reflect their own real lives, so we're implementing some changes around here.

Pole vaulters will now use giant ballpoint pens to sign mortgage leases the size of football fields. Instead of using batons, relay race teammates will pass off by having the finishing runner use a stamp to approve or deny a bank loan held by the next runner. Sprinters must sprint inside bank vaults where they have set up savings accounts.

The triathlon will consist of studying for the SAT, getting 7 to 9 hours of sleep, and changing a car tire. Gold medals will be replaced with multi-purpose screwdrivers, silver medals with jars of vitamins, and bronze medals with tax calculators. Discus throwers will throw rings onto the fingers of significant others in a show of adult commitment. Synchronized swimmers will instead drive uniformly to work on their daily commute. Instead of playing basketball, basketball players will maintain a lucrative career in basketball playing.



The bobsled team will be tested on how efficiently they take a defensive driving course in order to lower their insurance rate. Golf matches will be replaced with the networking portion of golf matches. Archery will now be buying dish soap and paper towels in bulk. Instead of being sponsored by Bacardi, we will now be sponsored by Britta Filtration Systems. And finally, the Olympic torch flame will be replaced with crank-powered light in case of power outages. Hopefully, these changes will appeal to the rational viewing masses.

BREAK THROUGH YOUR WRITERS
BLOCK IN 90 MINUTES A DAY WITH
WRITE90X



"We're gonna do eight sets of clauses. And one, and two..."

"Come on! Keep typing! Ten more words! I know you feel the burn!"

"Bonus round: send an email to a publisher!"



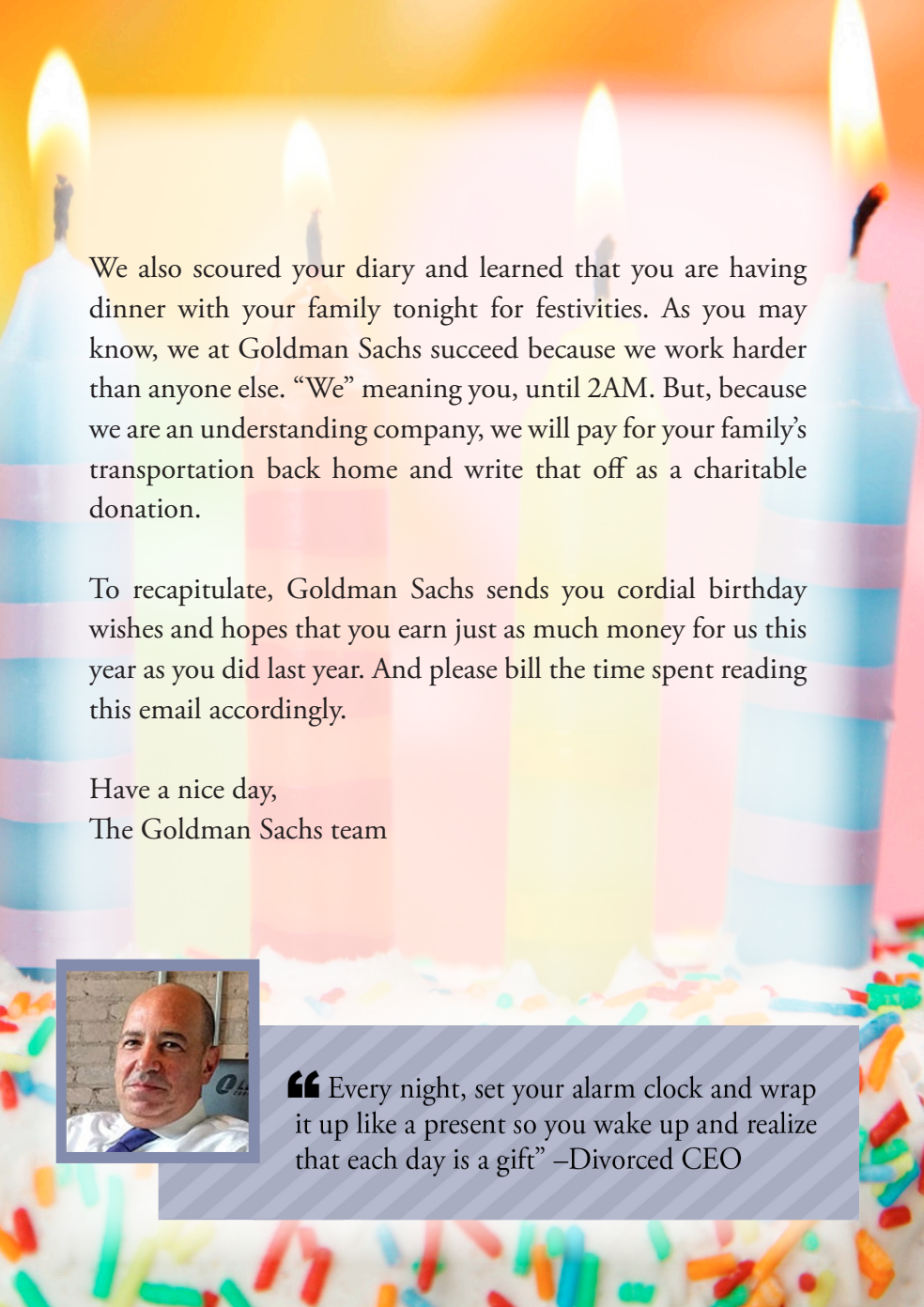
Birthday

Dear Goldman Sachs Employee,

Our computers have alerted us, your superiors, that your birthday is today. On behalf of the organization, we respectfully ask that you not celebrate on the premises. Goldman Sachs is a beacon of business, making the world a better place through unregulated financial engagement. Your job is to be a cog in our money machine, not to eat cake with Dana from accounting.

Our systems have also alerted us that you have received 23 e-birthday cards in your email account. While we are surprised that you have enough time to even meet 23 people while working at Goldman, we request that you refrain from opening these messages until tomorrow. Your birthday isn't changing, and you aren't getting promoted, so why rush? Speaking of rushing, we need those derivatives reports. Immediately.

As a gentle reminder, any gifts that you may receive from employees must be unwrapped in the presence of a Goldman Sachs financial manager. These gifts are liable to be taxed, and your salary may decrease as a result. In some ways, you might be better off never opening your gifts. This is free professional financial advice, and you should be grateful.



We also scoured your diary and learned that you are having dinner with your family tonight for festivities. As you may know, we at Goldman Sachs succeed because we work harder than anyone else. “We” meaning you, until 2AM. But, because we are an understanding company, we will pay for your family’s transportation back home and write that off as a charitable donation.

To recapitulate, Goldman Sachs sends you cordial birthday wishes and hopes that you earn just as much money for us this year as you did last year. And please bill the time spent reading this email accordingly.

Have a nice day,
The Goldman Sachs team



“Every night, set your alarm clock and wrap it up like a present so you wake up and realize that each day is a gift” –Divorced CEO

Job openings at Best Western

Swimming Pool Enticer: swims laps in pool 24/7 to make pool seem like nice place; exhales refreshingly and says, “the water’s so nice” every time a guest is within earshot.

Boastful Security Guard: brags about how safe and secure the hotel is; has a story about saving the life of a famous person to make guests feel they’re in good hands.

Roof Complimenter: stays on the roof and pats the roof, says “this is a nice roof”; showcases its solidness and flatness to the guests.



Toiletry Temptress: stands in the bathroom and tempts the guests to go ahead and take some toiletries, no one’s looking.

Towel Engineer: bends and rolls towels into innovative new animal shapes; must have prior experience in towels and/or knowing what animals there are.

Elevator Floors Remarker: stands in the elevator and has comments to guests on how many floors we have, i.e. “this is a floor, this is a floor, this one is a floor, Best Western has many floors.”

1st Floor Hallway Bully: bullies residents of 1st floor, makes residents of higher floors feel lucky they are not on 1st floor.

My SNL Cover Letter

Dear NBC Recruiter,

I am very excited to be applying to intern at Saturday Night Live. I'm a college student and I hope to one day work in television. SNL is one of the greatest shows of all time, but you have to fire Kenan Thompson.

As an intern, I have worked for HBO and Comedy Central, successful companies that have no affiliation with Kenan. At those internships I gained skills such as writing coverage, tracking press, and researching cast for roles, never once choosing Kenan Thompson. At SNL, I would be happy to do any task to best support my team, whether it's getting coffee, copying scripts, or personally firing Kenan Thompson.

I am excited by the opportunity to learn more about the production of a late night comedy show and am thrilled by the prospect of a cast without Kenan. I would love to speak with you further about the opportunity, and I hope Kenan also hears from you soon. I'm attaching my resume and links to negative reviews of Kenan's performances.

Sincerely,
Jhomby Jhombo
References available upon request

Mayor of the City

Good evening, it's with great enthusiasm that I accept my reelection to mayor of our great city. I want to thank my opponent Mr. Belfast, who ran a great campaign, and set our sights forward to my coming term. Of course, affordable housing is what's on everyone's mind. The average working wage dropped 3% but rents went up 4%. On top of that, the city lost 1000 subsidized units in the attack of the Hexlord.

Never before have we seen such death and destruction than in Hexlord's most recent rampage. We are eternally grateful to Spider-Man for taking on this tyrannical villain, and we owe him a great debt. However, while many of the write-in ballots in the election were for Spider-Man himself, I want to remind citizens that there is so much more to this job than protecting lives. Sure, Spider-Man's abilities are great when we are facing true villains, but what is one to do when it comes to rezoning East Metropolis, or dealing with a new contract for the city trash? If the Hexlord attacks again we'll have to cut teachers' pensions to pay for the damages and figure out a tax plan to reinstate them. Do you think Spider-Man is well suited to handle that?

We owe a lot to the Spider-Man, especially as he beat back the Hexlord as he fired lasers from the top of the Kansler Building. But you know what building has problems more nuanced than lasers? City Hall. These offices are quiet and unexciting, and I am afraid Spider-Man would not find enough activity within these walls he can solve with superpowers. A mayor must also have concern for his own personal safety, a caution Spider-Man is willing to throw to the wind, just like the time he threw open a manhole cover to chase the Hexlord as he detonated hexbombs throughout the city's sewer system -- another piece of infrastructure I promise to repair.



This year, I'll make efforts to take on crime with the new police chief while we mourn the loss of the former police chief and his wife, who were murdered by the Hexlord's minions, the followers of Hex, during their 92 hour crime spree. I'm also collaborating with federal agencies to launch an investigation into the identities of the Hexlord and his sidekick Shockspeed so criminal suits can be filed against them, which is how you bring a criminal down -- in a tempered, methodical manner. Finally, I'm planning to defund the Hexlord's criminal empire by eliminating tax abatements for evil lairs, government subsidies for laser cannons, and criminalizing trying to take over the world. I may not be able to shoot webs from my hands, but my superpower is the ability to listen my constituents and implement change that benefits them.

We have a lot of work to do to get back to the safe city that we love. I know that technically I didn't win, but that enough people failed in spelling Spider-Man that I won on technicality. Just please, trust me.

PHILADELPHIA POLICE DEPARTMENT

USE OF FORCE FORM

REPORTING OFFICER INFORMATION		SUBJECT INFORMATION	
First Name <i>David</i>	Last Name <i>Shoemaker</i>	First Name <i>Randal K</i>	Last Name <i>Orton</i>
REASON FOR CONTACT WITH SUBJECT			
<i>I was working Security at WWE Monday Night Raw; Randy did an illegal move in a regulation match against John Cena, my favorite wrestler; hitting him with a steel chair in the back of the head and I jumped in the ring to save him.</i>			
DE-ESCALATION TECHNIQUES			
<input type="checkbox"/> Verbal De-Escalation <input type="checkbox"/> Create Distance <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Other <i>tried to get the ref to call the match and DQ Randy Orton.</i>			
SUBJECT WEAPON INFORMATION			
<input type="checkbox"/> Firearm <input type="checkbox"/> Knife <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Metal Chair <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Steel Steps <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Ring Rope <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Wrestler Body			
SUBJECT ACTIVITY PRIOR TO FORCE RESPONSE		RESTRAINT METHODS USED	
<i>holding up championship title belt even though he shouldve been DQ'd</i>		<i>attempted figure four leg lock, camel clutch, crossface chickenwing but subject broke free</i>	
USE OF FORCE NECESSARY TO			
<input type="checkbox"/> Defend Self <input type="checkbox"/> Prevent escape <input type="checkbox"/> Prevent Injury to Others <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Protect John Cena's Honor <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Prevent the Usurp of the Throne			
FORCE USED BY SUBJECT ON OFFICER			
<input type="checkbox"/> Gunshot <input type="checkbox"/> Sharp Object <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Crossbody Slam <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Gutwrench Elevated Neckbreaker <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Belly to Back Suplex <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Snap Scoop Power Slam <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Leaping Knee Drop <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Lou Thez Press Followed by Mounted Punches <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Apron DDT <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> RKO Out of Nowhere			
INJURIES SUSTAINED			
Subject		Reporting Officer	
<i>N/A</i>		<i>torn ACL, broken neck, broken fingers, broken spirit, stubbed toe, cauliflower ears, cauliflower belly</i>	
OUTCOME OF USE OF FORCE			
<i>Randy Orton RKO'd me, pinned me, and made me tap. Then he made me hand over my badge and gun and yelled "I am above the law!"</i>			

The Way Mobsters Died

Ronnie “Big Fats” Mozzarella was killed by the Don for suggesting that their pinstripe suits be replaced with ghillie suits in the field.

Jumpin’ Gino Jamborini died after trying to eat four thousand dollars cash.

Mookie “Anthony’s Song” Sammartino died after his double agency became so convoluted that he received an assignment to shoot himself.

Benny “Portabello” Chomperella died when a new recruit asked how to get rid of a body and he used himself as an example.

“Po Boy” Petey DeCandio saw a dead body for the first time, and threw up so hard that he died.

Vinnie “The Lawnchair” Candelabrio got his chest hair caught in a baseball bat that he was being hit with.



My Mother Loves To Travel

My mother loves to travel. She never let anything stop her from seeing the world, not even our family's poor finances. To save money for her adventures, she cut her own hair, never bought new clothes, and always bought damaged food from the grocery store. Even when our house was infested with giant cockroaches that terrified me and I begged her to hire an exterminator, she refused— she was saving for a Carnival Cruise to Mozambique.

Moments like these showed me how devoted my mother was. She wouldn't give in to her desire for a new car, a fancy watch, or a expensive bug zapper to fend off the Amazonian Death Mosquitos who traveled back in her luggage and bit my brother, leaving giant, black welts that oozed orange pus and were hot to the touch. No, my mother was a free spirit - never to be bored by the same daily commute, the everyday errands around town, or the routine of scooping of Tarantula larvae out of her children's breakfast every morning.

Nothing stood between mom and her desire to see the world. When a Vietnamese Jumping Bug took over our house and tried to kill me, my mom packed her bags and sailed to Nova Scotia. That single action taught me to not let anything get between me and dreams and relentlessly pursue my goals no matter what, like



my number one goal to take back my house from the insects that I wage war against daily for survival.

My mother's pursuits taught me self reliance, as I had to set a defense plan to stay one step ahead of the bugs. I fashioned a giant fly swatter out of a pool cue and waffle iron. I set out tiny race cars around the house for bugs to slip on. I even outfitted a bright light with a handgun that goes off when a moth is near. Everyday is a struggle, and makes me appreciate how hard my mother has worked to escape the homelife—specifically getting past the wasps that make hives in the crevices of every window and door leading out of the house.

I imagine my mother in Italy, eating fresh pasta free of ant larvae, or bathing in a furo in Kyoto, the water hot enough that crickets can't lay their eggs but not so hot that water beetles will thrive, or making love to a French man in the alps, at an altitude most bugs cannot thrive in but encased in a pressured, sterilized bug-free pod she purchased with years of withholding my allowance just in case. I wonder if mom ever gets homesick, and rolls around in an ant hill or sticks her head in a beehive to feel like she's back home with us.

I miss my mother whenever she goes, and the Great Black Spider that has taken over her bedroom is no replacement as a maternal figure. Even now as I'm being spun into its web, I can be happy knowing my mother is traveling somewhere exotic.



Food

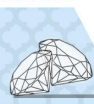
In the hope of attaining the position of another, higher caste in the social strata I have forgone my traditional meals of dumplings in sauce, of bangers with pea stalk, and of red beans in milk soup. I cast away these pleasures in exchange for oysters, monkfish, wagyu, salmon fill-it -- all far less nutritious than my beloved, yet elevate my power immensely with the prestige of luxury.

Country Club Food Pyramid

Peter Luger Steakhouse



Watching someone eat Gruel



Diamond Flake

Fabrege Eggs



Charcuterie



Lobster

The FDA recommends using at least four different sized forks if you make over \$250,000.

Gold... the sixth taste



La Sauce Coteux

288 5th Avenue, NY, NY



“ Gold shavings are so passe –
now I just shave the hull of a
yacht” – Jacques Pepin

Sommelier Tips

The quickest way to develop your palate is to drink one bottle of wine every hour for the next 10,000 hours.

The quality of wine is in direct proportion to its price; a \$100 bottle of wine tastes the same as mixing fifty bottles of \$2 wine.

If you accidentally drop a wine glass, cover it with a Jewish Wedding before anyone notices.

It's ok to call your wine "The Blood of Christ." The copyright expired two thousand years ago.

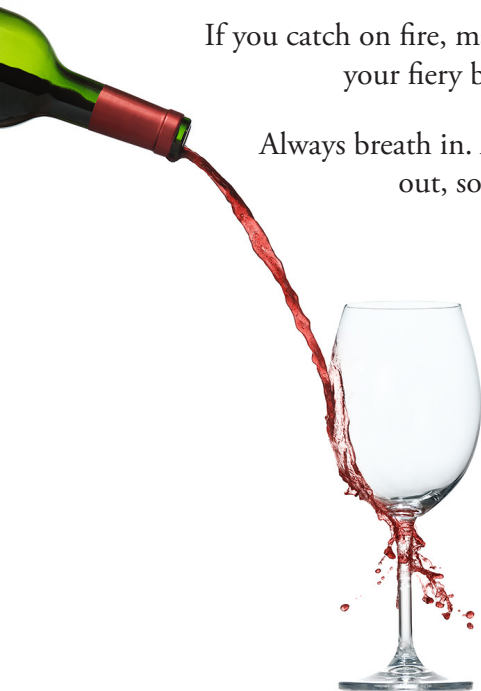
If you catch on fire, make sure to hold your wine above your fiery body at a stable 70 degrees.

Always breath in. A good sommelier never breathes out, so he can always be smelling.

A true sommelier lets the wine pass through him unfiltered and pisses it back into the bottle.

Once you become a certified sommelier, you may call yourself "Doctor."

You have 10 seconds to decide whether the wine is good before you will be deactivated.



Donuts

6:30 AM

Joe & Andy walk into the Donut store on 8th and 13th. It's the start of their shift, and the line busts out the door.

"Ey, if it ain't New York's Finest!" yells DeAnthony DeAnthony, the store owner. "What can I get you two?"

"Hey Dee, I'll take two crullers and a strawberry glazed"

--and I'll take two jelly stuffed and a red velvet for the misses!" Andy finishes.

"Ey! Tell her I say hello. DeJeanne and I would love to see you two someday. So how'll you two be paying?"

"Put it on my Tab" Andy jokes, and the officers take their seats.

"But...the tab is at \$45,000 dollars" DeAnthony trails off.

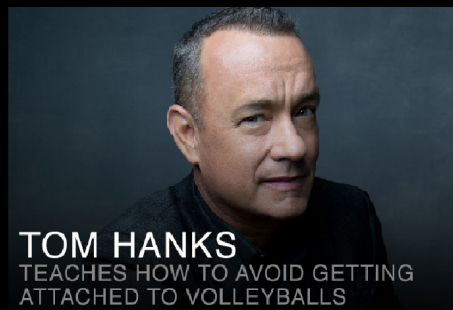
"I'm sorry, what did you say?" Joe pipes, grabbing his gun.

6 years later, DeAnthony DeAnthony would settle with the NYPD for 6 figures.



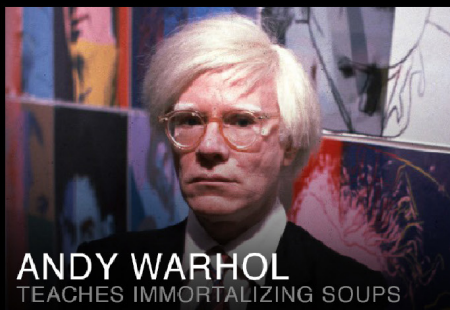


MASTERCLASS



TOM HANKS

TEACHES HOW TO AVOID GETTING
ATTACHED TO VOLLEYBALLS



ANDY WARHOL

TEACHES IMMORTALIZING SOUPS



CALVIN AND JEREMY

TEACH NOT WORKING HARD



NORTH FACE

TEACHES HOW TO STAY WARM



TIMESHARE SALESMAN

TEACHES BENEFITS OF OWNING
A TIMESHARE



MASTERCLASS CEO

TEACHES FINAL CUT PRO

Benefactor

I would never have been able to go to college if it weren't for my college benefactor. With his help, I'm able to get education and perhaps one day pull myself out of poverty. Of course, even with my tuition paid for I still needed a way to get to school. My college benefactor put me in touch with a flight benefactor, who could pay for my flights. Then I got concerned about the cost of rent, so I sought out a rent benefactor. I realized I'd be hungry so I got a groceries benefactor, then I realized I couldn't cook so I got a private chef benefactor too. I'd always wanted a jacuzzi or two, and managed to secure a whirling hot water benefactor, but then I had to get a second rent benefactor to afford a bigger apartment to house all my jacuzzis. Fancy soap benefactor, vacation benefactor, impulse purchases benefactor -- I received all the support I needed to stay afloat.



But everything wasn't as great it seemed. My benefactors were going broke and hungry from supporting me and I had to get them a benefactor to bankroll them bankrolling me. I was no longer concerned about having food and shelter and jacuzzis and other basic needs, but I still felt unsatisfied. I got a benefactor to achieve my life goals for me, who's happily married with two kids and working on his Ph.D. I was concerned about something bad happening to me, so I got a benefactor who got addicted to drugs and went to rehab, and another benefactor to get hit by a car and die so I wouldn't have to. I appreciate everything they do for me in my time of



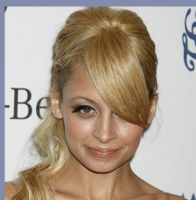
MOTIVATIONAL SPEECH

I'm not gonna lie. You're fighting an uphill battle, and it's a battle against your toughest opponent: Yourself. That's right, you're fighting yourself, and you have the high ground. I mean, you're on the low ground, fighting uphill. But you're also fighting you, who's standing on the high ground. And the low ground. Look, what I'm trying to say is: you're standing on a hill. And now there's gonna be a streetfight.

But none of that matters, because when you get there, you're gonna spread your wings and fly. That's right, fly above the high ground you're currently standing on while you fight your toughest opponent (which is you, but lower). If this seems confusing, just remember what Michelle Obama said: when you go low, you go high. So spread your wings and fly, baby! Like an eagle! That way, you can drop mad shit on the version

of you who goes low. I think he's on the high ground, but I don't know how he got there. Wait, was he flying?!

I don't know how, but your enemy on the low road has gained control of the skies while you weren't looking! How could you let that happen?! Your enemy is you, and you didn't keep an eye on yourself? Jesus. You may have the moral high ground, but if you're not literally an eagle flying in the sky, than you're six feet under, pal. Because the enemy who's beneath you has the high ground, is flying, and apparently dropping shit on you, the only thing you can do is dig deep into this hill you're fighting up, and tap into your low center of gravity so you can reclaim the skies! Do I make myself clear?



“ Rich people love deals too you know! That's why I got the word deals tattooed inside my eyelids”
– Nicole Richie



Last Will and Testament

My dear child, I leave you these words before my death. Do not aspire to live your life just for the magazine covers. Do not even look at a single magazine cover. If there is a magazine in your periphery, control yourself. It is not to be viewed. Do not let the glossy sheen of the magazine ensnare you with its slickness. Do not enter a convenience store, or the news and current events section of a bookstore. Do not smell a magazine, do not taste a magazine, do not unlock the third drawer of the desk in my study. There are magazines in there. Before you get excited thinking it's porn, it's not. And even if it were porn, that isn't why I would have them. No, to me the allure of a magazine lies in its intrinsic transience, its continual change. To be clear, the magazines in my drawer are an Atlantic, Bloomberg BusinessWeek, and Highlights (all the connect-the-dots are done so don't bother). They are the reason I was never present in your childhood. I missed your birth because I was doing the surprise crossword in BusinessWeek, and I was reading the think piece in The Atlantic from your seventh birthday to your eighth grade graduation. That summer your father and I sent you to camp even though you wanted to stay home with your sick friend? It was because we really needed to focus on the Highlights color-by-number cover, and even that couldn't save our marriage. Although I do not regret giving my life to magazines, I do not want my mistakes to become yours. Please take care, and watch out for those sneaky bastards.

Love,
Mother

Fashion

Fashion isn't meant to be worn – it's meant to be looked at. You don't wear something you want to look at, and if you want to look at it so badly, put it on something else. The fact is fashion is only meant for people who don't care what they look like, but look like they care a lot. The most fashionable item is the one you don't own. And if you owned it, it'd be out of style. The best piece of fashion is something you can't put on and could never afford. Now that's something I'd wear.



MAIL IN REBATE

Mail this rebate in to receive the name and location of your husband's killer.

No Address Necessary!
Put it in the mail and we'll find it!

World's Biggest Grandpa

KATHY: My grandpa just found out he's technically the World's Biggest Grandpa.

A bunch of racket as GRANDPA (6 feet 5 inches tall, 280 pounds) enters.

GRANDPA: Well hello down there, sorry about the racket, I tripped over a tree on my way in. This tiny world just ain't big enough for an old timer like me.

PAM: Hey Kathy's Grandpa.

Grandpa is startled. He takes out a magnifying glass and looks down through it.

GRANDPA: Well hello down there!. And no, I'm not a giant -- just a great big grandpa.

Grandpa takes out a tray of normal cookies.

GRANDPA: I hope you're hungry, because I brought my famous giant cookies. Now to me, these are regular sized, but to you they're like flying saucers. I'll give you one to split, alright? You kids need anything else? Need me to stand next to a regular person who wants to feel small?

KATHY: We're alright.

Grandpa starts walking around the house.

PAM: That's nice your grandpa offers to help you out.

KATHY: I think he's just been lonely ever since Grandma left--
Grandpa returns, tears streaming down his face.

KATHY: What's the matter Grandpa?



GRANDPA: You girls want me to cry outside so I don't flood the house? I just heard you talking about your Grandmother. I miss her so much.

KATHY: Whatever happened with you two?

GRANDPA: She said I grew distant, but I'd always been distant -- I'm all the way up here. I guess that's why she left me, for the World's Sexiest Grandpa.

KATHY: Why don't you try to find someone new, you know, your own size?

GRANDPA: What's that supposed to mean?

PAM: She just means someone, as big as you feel you are.

GRANDPA: Is that why she left? Because I'm a giant freak?

KATHY: No-

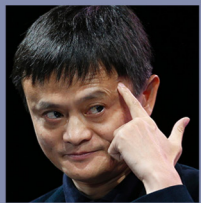
GRANDPA: Oh, I get it. You think I'm a freak! "Grandpa's a freak and he's only good for reaching stuff!" You're just like her! Well, you're gonna regret it!

KATHY: Wait, Grandpa don't!

Grandpa runs through the front door, leaving a Grandpa-shaped hole, except it's actually giant sized.

PAM: Wow.

KATHY: He truly was the World's Biggest Grandpa.



“ There is no secret to making a relationship work, except reading your partner's diary and editing it to make it seem like you're a really great guy” – Jack Ma

Boxcutter

To the man who slashed me with a box cutter,

“I am not a box.” At least that’s what I told myself for as long as I can remember. Since my pubescent years, I’ve lied to myself, to my family, and to my peers. I suppressed my desire to get stuffed and handled carelessly by men. I pretended that I didn’t want a stamp slapped on me; that I didn’t want to get shipped across the country. Society told me to “think outside the box,” and made me ashamed to think inside of it. As a teenager, I would stand outside postal offices, staring, longing to act on my fantasies. I made my mom cancel our Amazon Prime membership because “I didn’t use it that much.” I felt disgusted with myself.

Recently, while waiting around for a friend, you came at me with a box cutter. You slashed my face and shouted boxophobic slurs at me. Thank you. At that moment, you told me the truth. You saw the box in me and made me see the box in myself. You helped me realize my true identity. I AM A BOX, AND I AM PROUD. Thank you, box cutter man.

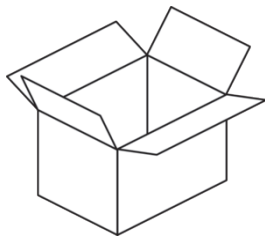
I am lucky to have such an accepting family. I came out to them the morning after the incident, and they embraced me wholeheartedly. My sister shipped me to a friend in Wilmington, Delaware through the USPS and it felt amazing. My sister’s friend, Kathy, is planning to use me to return a pair of pumps to shoedazzle.com through FedEx. I’m super excited! I’ve taken time off from work to explore my new identity, and I might make a documentary about what it means to be a box in the 21st century, we’ll see.

Thanks again!

Best,

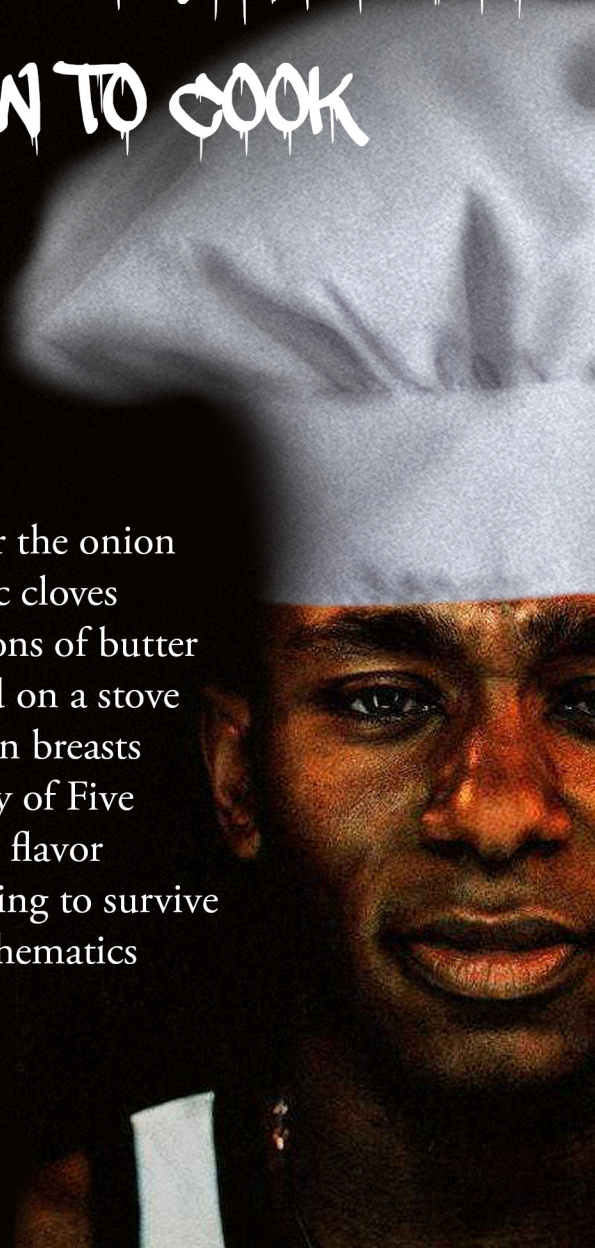
Slashing victim

FedEx tracking number: 99385929042342



MOS DEF TEACHES YOU HOW TO COOK

It goes one for the onion
Two garlic cloves
Three tablespoons of butter
lightly melted on a stove
Four chicken breasts
for a family of Five
Parsley to flavor
Six billion cooking to survive
It's all mathematics



THE HEIST CREW



The One Who Brushes
Everyone's Teeth



The One Who Tucks
Everyone In At Night



The One They Put
Sunglasses On And
Pretend Is Alive



The Getting
There Driver



The Defense
Attorney In Case
This Goes To Trial

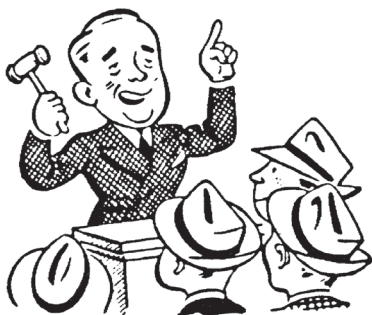
The One Whose Fingers
Are Shaped Like Keys



The Drill Used
For Opening Vents

Art Thief

Okay team, here's the plan: Parker, Jinx, you two are going to enter the auction room through the side entrance disguised as a wealthy couple -- it's a classic double Boesky. Jones and Commando, you two will spider down from the ceiling just above the seated crowd, so they'll see you but can't reach you. It's a classic Baby Mobile with a Robert Downey Sr twist. As for me, I'm gonna bid and I'm gonna bid high. Someone bids over me, I outbid them. It's a classic Chicken Caesar Salad move. And once I buy the painting, it's all systems go and we're outta there.



“ I cut off ten inches of my hair every year and put it on my dog to remind him who really owns him”-President of PETA

WANTED



Name: Virgil Horace

Reward: \$500

Crime: Wanted for the murder of Sally Yates and a most heinous disruption at Town Hall in which he said Mayor Jackson has "little ass elf feet".



Name: Edward James

Reward :\$700

Crime: Wanted for the drowning of Tom Johnson and a disruption at Town Hall in which the criminal posited that Mayor Jackson's "baby feet" are the reason he can't ride a horse.



Name: Jesse Holladay

Reward: \$1000

Crime: Wanted for the robbery of Interstate Train 197 and a disruption at Town Hall in which Mayor Jackson's shoes were stolen and used in a game of Monkey in the Middle, which the criminal said was easy due to their "1-and-a-quarter-ass size."



Name: "Curly Bill" Olmos

Reward: \$2000

Crime: Wanted for placing Mayor Jackson's shoes next to his own, highlighting their disparity of size, before further embarrassing the mayor by peppering Old Bay Seasoning on one and eating it whole.

Violins

Dear Sissy,

This town has gone insane. Everywhere I look, mobsters. Men lurk in the shadows; they wear dark colored suits, smoke like chimneys, and carry violin cases. I don't feel safe anymore.

Al Capone practically owns this town. Nothing is legitimately run. Business is done in back alleys, where cash changes hands and violin cases are held. There are thousands of connections and millions of violin cases.

Crime is everywhere. So are the violin cases. I can't stand it anymore. I hate the sound of violins. I don't think I can stay here any longer. When I walk the streets, I am constantly terrified that someone might pull out a violin and play a concerto.

Save me, Sissy.



Tough Guys In the West

Tough Guy #1- This town ain't big enough for the two of us.

Tough Guy #2- Oh yeah, well what are you going to do about it?

Tough Guy #1- I'll tell ya what I'm going to do.

Tough Guy #2- Tell me then.

Tough Guy #1- I'm going to ask the state to expand the town's land ordinance.

Tough Guy #2- That's all? I'll offer land grants to all settlers coming east of the Mississippi.

Tough Guy #1- Not if I first create a bustling commerce center first!

Tough Guy #2- We would need a paid fire department and police force before that!

Tough Guy #1- Not without any of the underlying infrastructure, built by carpenters and reasonable labor!

Tough Guy #2- I'll build all the buildings myself!

Tough Guy #1- I'll petition the local government to deny your building permits!

Tough Guy #2- I'll pummel you into mincemeat, then I'll develop a public healthcare plan with well-funded hospitals.

Tough Guy #1- And then what? Tax all of the new settlers? No one would even think about staying!

Tough Guy #2- Not if we hold peaceful democratic elections to find the best possible leader for the constituency!

Tough Guy #1- Oh yeah? Well you've got my vote!

Old Western Movies

A Whole Lotta Guns

The Only Law Is Guns

The Day I Gave My Horse A Gun

A Whole Lotta Guns 2: My Cousin Found A Grenade And
Said I Could Have It

Uh Oh, Time For A Massacre

Boy, We Sure Overestimated The Number Of Bullets We Had

Showdown At High-Noon and Meet My Love At The Train at
12 Sharp, How Am I Gonna Do Both?

Live or Die or Pay or Eat In or Take Out

Kill Em Dead And Bury Em Deep And Mourn Em Good

Revenge on the Rio Revenge

Hitch Your Wagon To My Shiny New Boot

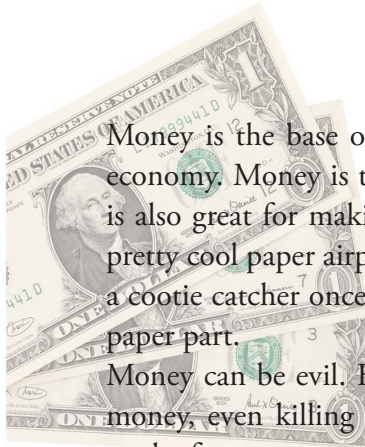
Patty McKinnon Got Stuck In A Bear Trap

I Drive The Cattle, You Drive Me Insane!

People Came to Our Town For The Buffalo, But Then The
Tourism Scared Away The Buffalo

The Man Who Rode Into Town Then Fell Off His Horse And
Got So Embarrassed He Killed Himself

Money



Money is the base of modern capitalism, the currency of all economy. Money is the foundation of everything. But money is also great for making stuff happen, like one time I made a pretty cool paper airplane. My friend showed me how to make a cootie catcher once. I can make origami using money as the paper part.

Money can be evil. Human beings will go to extremes to get money, even killing one another for it. But I can also use a stack of quarters to stop tables from wobbling. While some can abuse money for evil, I believe that it also so much to our lives. Without money, we wouldn't have credit cards. Without credit cards, we wouldn't have anything to scrape gum off of our shoes. I wouldn't be able to create small origami pieces without using money bills. I also made a cute tiny button-up shirt, once. I forgot to mention that.

So yeah, money is pretty cool.



“ I recommend going to the opera because it's important to be cultured, and because the lyrics translate into instructions on how to find a secret space fleet that only the world's elite can access in case of an apocalypse scenario. If I go to one more opera, I'll have all the directions to an undisclosed facility in Tibet where the fleet is almost complete” –Manhattan Socialite

Parking Lot

A limousine rolls into the parking lot of a Walgreens. A cashier is smoking outside the building. The limousine pulls up to her and the back seat window rolls down. A nervous-looking rich guy peers out at the cashier.

Rich Guy: Uh, hi, I'm here for uh, "Parking Lot"?

Cashier: Sorry?

Rich Guy: Here, I think this is the appropriate fee.



He hands the cashier a quarter. She is confused.

Rich Guy: It's real, I swear. I had to have my banker figure out what it was. I had no idea there was even a unit of money for 1/400th of a Benjamin buck.

Cashier: Dude, I'm not a valet. You put the quarter in one of those parking meters.

Rich Guy: Par-keng mee-tir?

Cashier: You know, you put the quarter in the machine, park for ten minutes?

Rich Guy: And that summons the valet? Oh, is this one of those situations where the valet parks you and your car goes to the party?

Cashier: No.

Rich guy: Oh, okay. I guess I'll just go park in that Ferrari dealership over there.

Cashier: You cant-

Rich guy: I assume you are tipped in parking units? Lot B2 is all yours.

Pittsburgh

Dude, you don't even know the half of what's going on in my hometown right now. The yuppies came in and gentrified the whole freakin' place! They sucked all the character and charm out of Pittsburgh and turned the city I once loved into a giant sex amusement park.

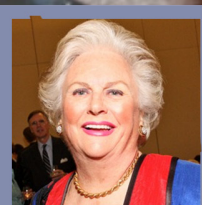
The bus stop where I'd wait for my ride to school every morning used to be more bus stop than glory hole. Now it is barely visible because the sex yuppies have cut so many glory holes into it. When kids board the bus in the morning, their ride is no longer covered in sharpie drawings of dicks— instead there are publicly commissioned murals of dicks drawn by renowned world artists. The bus is a high occupancy vehicle so it has to take the XXXpress lane, which is more speed bump than road.

The kink capitalists claim that the development they've brought to my neighborhood benefits locals. They'll tell you that residents' faucets no longer run murky water, but that's only because they emit lube instead. Pittsburgh's electrical grid no longer powers our homes, as the electricity is diverted to power erotic electrostimulation devices. Our sewers run not to a waste treatment facility, but to a scat dungeon. The city's fixed-line broadband redirects everyone's internet traffic to Pornhub.

It's not just our infrastructure the sex gentrificationists ruined; they've created a hostile climate for small business owners. Mr. Peterson, the kind old man who used to run the arcade, took a

minimum-wage job at the Pittsburgh Sin Factory to make ends meet. He is just one of many: the sex yuppies are eliminating blue-collar jobs in favor of leather-collar ones. Now the arcade where neighborhood kids would congregate every afternoon to play DDR and skeeball is a soulless franchise owned by Sin Incorporated. The skeeball ramps have been repurposed as sex slides and the screens in the arcade cabinets are constantly playing videos of crotch curtains and pee-pee sticks. The slinkies and Chinese finger traps at the prize counter have been replaced by perverse sex toys and Japanese finger traps. Pac-Man has a dick now. What's happening to small business owners in Pittsburgh is unjust and perverse.

Pittsburgh is a shadow of the city it once was. I sometimes wonder whether the Pittsburgh I remember was ever even real. It's hard to tell, hiding here in my home, worried that sexy police will find me and clamp my wrists in fuzzy handcuffs for not being horny enough. Alas, I no longer have the where-withal to shout into the abyss about the city I once loved. I've decided to give in, and disappear into the sex amusement park to join the sex yuppies.



“When steel is heated, it makes liquid steel. When iron is melted, it makes melted iron. When passion is melted, it forms the rivers of my desire” —Jacqueline Mars

Doctor

Doctor: So we're just going to put you under, do some quick surgery and get you out of here.

Patient: Gee, thanks Doc.

The Doctor administers anesthetic to the patient, who falls asleep.

Nurse: Do you think we can save him Doctor?

Doctor: Oh, not a chance. His tumor is inoperable, we can chalk this up to a loss.

Nurse: Why'd you put him under then?

Doctor: I figured, since we've got him here, I may as well try some things I never go the chance to do.

Nurse: What?

Doctor: There's so many procedures I want to try. I mean, It's not every day God gives you a cadaver to play around with.

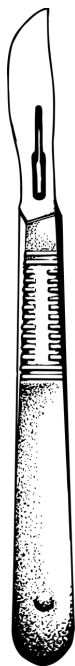
Nurse: That's not a cadaver-

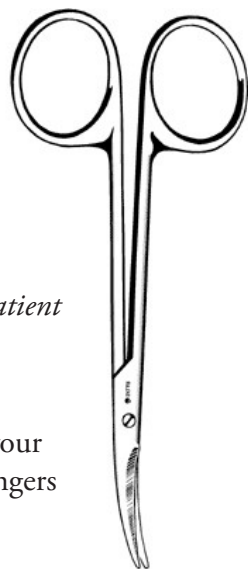
Doctor: Excavator?

Nurse hands him an excavator. Doctor does some surgery. Patient wakes up.

Patient: What's the news doc?

Doctor: I've got good news and bad news. Bad news is your tumor didn't come out and it will kill you, but on the bright side I did give you a successful root canal.





Patient: I didn't know I needed one. So there's nothing you can do about the tumor?

Doctor: Let me see.

Patient: Wha-

Doctor anesthetizes the patient, does more surgery. Patient wakes up.

Doctor: Quick update: so, tumor still active and deadly, but I managed to connect a third arm to your nervous system. Go on, see if you can get those fingers wiggling.

Patient: Doctor, I'm going to die.

Doctor: Well, I may as well take a shot at taking out an appendix then. Could you pass me that scalpel with your new hand?

Patient: No, please-

Doctor anesthetizes patient, does more surgery. Patient wakes up.

Doctor: Couple things - I botched that appendectomy so you're going to want to keep an eye on that, but on the plus side, turns out that third arm did the trick -- your tumor is gone!

Patient: So I'm going to live?

Doctor: If you want, or I could fuck around in there a little more.

Hi, you've reached the Plague Customer Service Page. Please wait here, a representative will be along to assist you shortly.

...and it was all a dream. But then it wasn't a dream. And the boy became a man. But he realized, he was a man the whole time. The basketball team won the game, and it was prom night in New York City -- he liked her and she liked him. It began snowing, and they kissed. Freeze frame.

THE END

Hey! We caught you skipping to the end of the magazine without reading the rest, which is against our official reading policy! And if we're throwing logs on the fire, here are some other things we caught you doing with this issue of the Plague:

- Using a poster to cover up the hole you dug through it.
 - Recording another magazine over it.
 - Reading it behind a playboy.
- Wedging it under the goof leg of that wobbly table.
 - Copy editing it and finding lots of errors.
 - Translating the entire magazine into Español.
- Mistaking the magazine for a cookbook and creating delicious Spanish cuisine.


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to Johnny ▾

I have been trying to unsubscribe from these emails for a year and still get them. Can you please take me off the list?

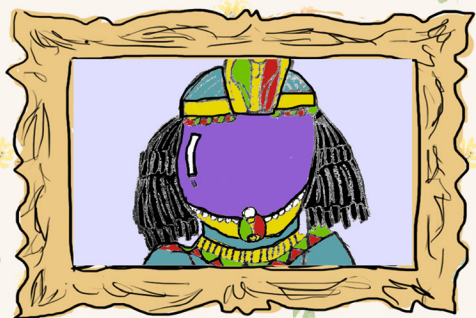
@nyu.edu> 9/13/17
to Johnny ▾

PLEASE LEAVE ME ALONE I TRIED TO UNSUBSCRIBE SO MANY TIMES I EVEN BLOCKED THE DOMAIN I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU KEEP GETTING HOLD OF ME FOR THE LOVE OF GOD PLEASE STOP

:)

07@gmail.com> 10/24/17
to Johnny ▾

I mistakenly signed up for this email list, thinking it would just be some content every now and then. Boy, was I wrong. I've never been an NYU student, so my chances of attending a meeting are pretty low. I've tried sending blank email after blank email to unsubscribe from these updates, but I'm trapped in a kind of cyberpurgatory here. I know it was my foolishness that got me signed up for this hell, but I'm begging you to get me out of it.



The Luxury Issue

