

The Plague





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ME: Ruben Studdard, American Idol winner, big, black and beautiful...and successful.
YOU: Nurturing, girl next door type with a wild streak willing to do anything to satisfy me.
 I am a champion and I deserve to be treated like one. Help me celebrate.
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	Lovable child actor - wide-eyed, quivery-lipped type. Not successful for us but why not try to turn his career around?	\$7.98	Buy It Now	8m
	XXL Jockey boxer shorts with terribly obvious semen stains. Evidence in rape case, trying to get rid of it before grand jury sees - cheap!	\$1.25	9	17m
	Limousine rental for the sole purpose of seducing and intercouring 14-year-olds. Bid on per hour rate but can rent for as long as you like.	\$67.00	1	1h 24m
	Domain name - own www.eplague.com for yourself! Host one of the world's premier satirical auction pages. Why don't we want it? Takes time away from our fan website of the movie Powder.	\$499.99	2	5h 42m
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Free!
(I'm sorry I even asked)

THE PLAGUE

"Fuck your phone"

Your Fall 2003 Staff

Executive Editors

Lukas Kaiser

I WILL talk to you like you're a little kid

Vera Shneyerson

Her sex tape comes out in March

Michael Klein

I'm loving it

Helen Tompkins

Taking it easy a bit too literally

Editorial Staff

Bennet Moskowitz

Pooping in the shower

John Savarese

Slow down, Tiger

David Mellisy

Kind and homely

Jesse Meyerson

Insert appendix joke

All The Work, None The Credit

Colette Stango

Erin Bowser

Jen Zakrzewski

Ben Joseph

John Lichman

Amgad Fawzy

Jeff Sauser

Evan Dukofsky

Michael Phillips

Shane Kavanaugh

Sacha Kenton

Ryan Grim

Harry Terjanian

Jose

Brendan O'Brien

Mike Duerr

John Skolnik

Michelle Gluckman

Stephen Bohler

The Next Jumper

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The Plague's List of Beautiful Corpses:

Marilyn Monroe; Jayne Mansfield; River Phoenix; John Ritter; Jim Belushi (he's still alive but his hairless back would make for a beautiful body); Kurt Cobain (extra points for suicide); James Dean; Jimi Hendrix; Duane Allman; JFK; RFK; Dave Thomas (too soon); 2Pac; Darryl Kile; Len Bias; Roberto Clemente; Billy Joel (only the good die young); Aaliyah; That guy from Blind Melon; Bruce Lee; John Lennon; Chris Farley; Phil Hartman; Janis Joplin; Brad Nowell; Elvis; Eric Harris and Dylan Klebold

Plague(-n) 1. A widespread affliction or calamity, especially one seen as divine retribution. 2. A sudden destructive influx or injurious outbreak. 3. A cause of annoyance; a nuisance. 4. A highly infectious, usually fatal, epidemic disease; a pestilence. 5. Us. 6. The feeling that you get immediately after removing a shard of glass from your eye. 7. Touching yourself provocatively with no thought of sealing the deal. 8. Finding out what the word "fellatio" means in the sloppiest of ways. 9. The last words you said to your uncle before he was gunned down by a pack of coked-up Virgin Radio listeners. 10. You ever see those old cartoons with all the racist overtones? Well it's kind of like that, but with a fruit-flavored twist.

This Page, Dumbass...	3
Things We Damn Well Feel Like Saying	4
Washington Square News	6
Food Disasters	10
Aunt Clara's Recipes	11
Celebrity Guide to NYU	12
Democratic Candidates	14
The War on Terror	15
Diceman	16
Suicide Insert	17
Funnies!!!	21
Grandma's Letters	24
Train Facts	25
The Naked Players	26
Make a Wish	28
Life of a Wizard	30
Indifference to Burritos	31
The Lists	32
Join and Come to the Prom	34
NU/Hair - You Need It	35
Camping is Scary	36

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60 Washington Square South, Rm. 708

New York, New York 10012

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VISIT OUR WEBSITE: <http://www.nyu.edu/clubs/plague>

OR E-MAIL US: plague.club@nyu.edu

What's so funny about suicide, you ask? Just about everything, besides the people who are saddened by it, as well as the sanitation workers who have to clean up the mess. Then there are those annoying songs about people whose friends have committed suicide, like that one by Blink 182. I don't give a fuck that he spilled juice in the hall one time; stick to songs about losing your virginity and your hilarious mock-ups of the Backstreet Boys. Linkin Park's songs may or may not be about suicide but in any case, they suck.

Well, the real reason I brought you down here was not to talk about suicide or music; actually, I was hoping to learn how you keep your hair so clean. Oh wait, you wanted to talk to ME about suicide? What for? Oh those perpendicular cuts on my wrists; don't worry about them, I just fell down playing tennis the other day. Fuck you man, I'm going to the library... to study! Come on, who do you think I am? Uh...can I borrow your gun?

THINGS WE DAMN WELL FEEL LIKE SAYING

Being a white, not-gay American is fun. I know there's a football game out there somewhere that needs me (and my straight person coordination), I know what to wear everyday (something not queer), I know I can "give" sex and never have to receive it (ouch!) and I used to think I could go through life without getting fag bashed. But three weeks ago I was walking down the street and an Italianman, driving in his meat sauce-stained Camaro, rolled down his window and screamed, "Hey faggot...wanna stop walking in the middle of the street?" As I continued walking squarely down the middle of Broadway, I thought to myself, "It must be pretty hard to be a gay!" I felt pretty bad about all my silly privileges and how easy my life was and I decided that for one week I'd live life...as a gay. To let people know I was gay, I wore my special "I Am A Gay" T-shirt (pictured below). Here's my breakdown of the week:

MONDAY

I woke up at 8 AM bright-eyed and bushy-tailed and decided to go to a "Gay Bar." Gay Bars are silly because they make it hard to get inside—the door was locked and there was a "closed" sign in the window—and there are no bartenders. You're supposed to go in through the open bathroom window and then help yourself to a selection of warm and stale (read "Gay") beers on tap. I decided to get bottomless and gorged myself on Bud until I fell asleep. Around four in the afternoon they do this weird thing at Gay Bars where the owner comes in and pretends to be upset that you're there. He yelled at me and I peed on his flannel vest (which I assume is something "Gay" to do), put my pants on, and left. Gay Bars kick booty.

TUESDAY

Gays love shopping, so Tuesday became my shopping day. First I went to buy some new clothes. I found this shop I'm sure gays love called CVS Pharmacy. They had these cute (I use the word cute to accurately portray gays) sweatshirts with teddy bears and American flags on them that came with matching sweatpants. I also picked up some Starburst candies, which I imagine gays like cuz they're good. Then I went to a nearby locksmith and had several pairs of keys made, just like real gays. As I agonized during my hour wait for my new sets of keys, I sympathized with gays and their daily struggle. No one should have to go to the locksmith. Poor gays and their trials and tribulations.

WEDNESDAY

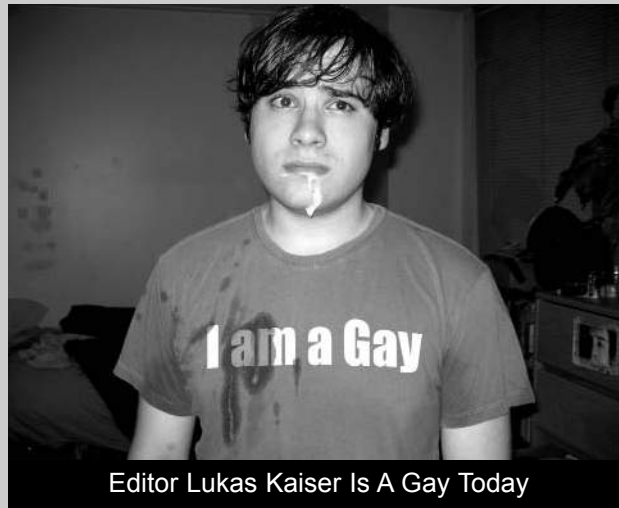
Steve Danzig, a good friend of mine, once called me up and told me gays are good at decorating. Then he shot up a zoo. He managed to kill eleven zebras and destroy a machine that squishes pennies before he realized no one was going to stop him and went home. So, yeah, I decided to do some decorating. Still thinking of my friend Steve, I gathered together a dozen horses, some black and white paint and a trusty Tommy gun. Then I took my uncle Wheelchair Pete's crowbar and ripped my

way into a loft apartment in TriBeCa where I recreated Steve's zoo outing. The police showed up and tried to rain on my gay parade, but I shot them. Pigs best not gay bash lest they get shot.

THURSDAY

According to this almanac from 1985 that my mom kept in front of her liquor cabinet, gays have lots of female friends. Well, the actual quote from the almanac was: "The sinful tricksters have many female sympathizers." But all that aside, I decided I

needed to get me a female friend, like gays. I put on full camo gear and hid in the bushes near the Madison Square Park dog run, patiently awaiting a nice young girl to come by and be my friend. Soon enough, a four-foot-eleven Asian girl came by with her Jack Russell terrier. Perfect friend material, I thought to myself, and so I leapt forward, unsheathed my bowie knife and tightly gripped the little girl while pressing the blunt edge of the knife to her throat. "Let's be friends," I whispered in her ear. Then I threw her in a potato sack and dragged her through Harold and Times



Editor Lukas Kaiser Is A Gay Today

Square. We became fast friends, and when the day was done I threw her into a nearby dumpster. Boy, was I gay!

FRIDAY

Well, my spectacular week was coming to a close. There was just one last gay hurdle I needed to jump—butt sex. I wanted the anal to be as comfortable as possible so I called up my dad and asked if he'd come by and cram his wang in my ass. He obliged and arrived at my front door dressed only in dark sunglasses, an XXL "Mos Def" T-Shirt and a smirk. I wanted to let him know I was nervous, but before I could speak he'd already put duck tape over my mouth (I guess a standard for gay sex). I thought at that point we were gonna do it gay style but instead we just played that game we would always play as a kid called "Piano Bench" where I had to get naked and use dad's penis as a piano bench. Guess there are some things I'll die not knowing, and gay sex is one of those things. =\

Well, that week I learned gays have a lot of fun, but they face a lot of obstacles, like having to kill cops and kidnap little Chinese girls. I think I've learned to respect them gays and I can't wait till this time next year when I can be a gay again.



THINGS WE DAMN WELL FEEL LIKE SAYING

When I was a younger, more rash, and perhaps more vulnerable version of the person that I am today, my self-esteem was the one part of my being that was always at risk, able to drop to traumatic levels in a moments notice. Sure, as a four-year old who could obtain a potent erection (though only when the aroma of lavender was present in copious amounts), it would appear as if problems of this sort would be minimal. And now looking back, it seems foolish to believe that anyone could be anything but attracted to my collection of Peanuts-themed neckties and a pair of ring fingers that experienced a growth spurt well before their time, but it was so in my head. Yes, my fair-blooded friends, there was a time when I, myself, could step off an elevator and the people inside could comment, “What a goofy Jewish-looking fucker” and I would actually believe that my persona was the subject of their obviously self-loathing expression.

Nowadays, my fingers have eerily become proportioned without my approval, and my collection of ties stopped expanding with the death of poor Charles Shultz. However, my self-esteem is as high as ever, and for good reason. This is not to say that I have an inflated opinion of myself, or even think that I am better than most of the people reading this, just that the days of my mother pressing clothes with a steam iron full of my tears are long gone. What I’m here to tell you about is exactly why this has happened during my tenured days as an editor of *The Plague*.

The first reason for this is that I’m not gay. This will lead you to think one of two things: either you are screaming that I am a homophobe, a gay basher even, or you believe that I am implying that all gay people have low self-esteem. Neither statement is true. If you are of the ideology of the former thought, you are most likely a homosexual, and it would be best for both of us to never encounter one another, as your reasoning—and only your reasoning—makes me rather uncomfortable. The second notion is somewhat closer to the truth, though still inaccurate. My only reason for being happy over such a situation is a quite personal one. You see, gay sex often involves the insertion of a penis into the sphincter of another male. If I were to be on either end of this exchange, I would be sadder than if I was simply not involved at all. Thus, if I were gay, my self-esteem would be lower than it is at present. Quite rudimentary logic indeed.

Maybe this is not an entirely convincing argument, as it serves mainly to keep my personal state at a constant level, one that never sinks below the Mason-Dixon line but also one that is still uneasy ratifying the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Amendments. My next rationale for not being upset with myself involves the fact that I have retained both of my birth testicles and kidneys. While this seems pretty standard for a person 21 years of age, it is still pretty fucking sweet to not have a lopsided sack or acute kidney failure. That being said, I sup-

pose there is a pretty good chance that one of my balls will be lost forever within my gut cavity if I chance to sleep in the wrong position or that I have double the chance of developing kidney stones the size of half-dollars, but think of all the painful ways I could have lost these organs earlier! I can even imagine one that involves the destruction of both at the same time but the mere writing of it is far too uncomfortable to recant, so I will move on to my next point.

What else makes my clock “go ‘round”, as they say in areas where round clocks are the rule and not the exception (as opposed to other places where the term is “what makes my box wet” and can only be discerned from a vaginal reference using context)? At the moment that I am delivering this text to the paper which you will eventually read, I am wearing very comfortable socks. Perhaps this isn’t something special to most people but I think socks are more than just things you wear on your feet to keep them warm and avoid athlete’s foot; to me, socks are a state of being that no other clothing article can match...besides really funny hats. That, however, is a matter for another time.



Mike getting some...some self-esteem

In a frequently repeated act of self-love, I use the term *irregardless* whenever I deem it fit. Sure, everyone’s always telling me, “*Irregardless* isn’t a word; the word you want to use is ‘*regardless*.’” Wanna know something? If I wanted to use the word “*regardless*,” I would use it, though probably in a terribly ungrammatical sentence, such as “Although I find idiocy and ugliness to be qualities of yours, *regardless* I will still respond to your inanity.”

Furthermore, I will write however I like *irregardless* of your comments, which are completely irrelevant (also not a real word, though commonly used...oh wait, scratch that). In any case, I am also quite liberal with using commas as both indicators of a break in speech OR as an abstract symbol of my power over the stars of the ill-fated *Mike O'Malley Show*, which now only partially extends to the cast of *Yes, Dear*.

As this is a spontaneous stream of consciousness, I now feel obligated to update you on something mentioned earlier. Looking down at my feet, I have just discovered that I am in fact not wearing any socks at all, negating my earlier comment on this matter. However, I am now feeling a surge of pride at the discovery of my ability to imitate a socked condition when I am actually without them altogether. Will this enduring exuberance never end?

Perhaps reading about me has led to the discovery of flaws in my character, according to yourself. However, I merely commend myself for noticing your flaw-finding abilities and move on with my positively directed life. Now I would like to end with a quote that has always inspired me when times are at their worst: “When you shake it, you rock my world; I done died and gone to heaven, you got a fatty girl.”



WASHINGTON SQUARE NEWS

THE PLAGUE, Fall 2003

INSIDE

"I zigged when I should have zagged," says down-trodden Stern freshman after sidewalk mishap

Page 2

Latest from Iraq: 19-year old soldier still hasn't gotten laid; blames it on "frigid" Arab women

Page 2

Students debate the race of man with no shirt; man outraged they can't guess that he is albino African-American

Page 3

Mary Tyler Moore is back in the headlines, says headline writer

Page 3

My mother enjoys straight-to-video *Pushing Tin* sequel too much

Page 4

While You Were Gone: NYU Exposed

Kate Donnavan, a Stern freshman, thought it was strange that every time it was windy a dust-like material would blow all over her as she walked past the Silver Center. "I never really thought anything of it," Kate said. "I mean sure I got lung cancer two weeks later but that shit runs in my family -- when I got mysophelioma, I was pretty sure something was up -- maybe asbestos."

Fortunately for the NYU community, Kate was just being silly. She wasn't exposed to asbestos, but she was exposed to asbastos, the asbestos-like material that asbestos decomposed into when it was removed from the Silver Center and piled into the dumpsters outside.

The NYU community was shocked to hear of the asbestos in the Silver Center because NYU was known to be the first university in America to have taken initial steps to remove asbestos from its buildings following the 1958 discovery that the material was poisonous.

Exclusive WSN research shows that NYU's efforts were plagued with problems. NYU's first mistake was removing the asbestos with a process known as "rawvppol.b. vacuuming." The name is however a misnomer because no vacuums were used -- and because "rawvppol.b." is actually an acronym which stands for "replacing asbestos with very poisonous pieces of lead bricks." NYU's second mistake was figuring that the asbestos removal provided the perfect opportunity to equip the Silver Center with a state of the art air conditioner known as the Marie Curie 3000. It must be noted that this air conditioner is also a misnomer, not because its name is an acronym, but because it is not an air conditioner. Instead, it is a system of giant asbestos-lined tubes



PHOTO: "So after we take it out of NYU, we use it to insulate the orphanage?"

attached to 10 fans which depend on a thick mixture of arsenic and Lysol in order to keep its parts well oiled.

NYU administrators could not be reached for comment.



This Week's Farm Report

- A "Titanic-sized" rabbit was sunk in a patch of our iceberg lettuce. The violinist played on.
- Put your carrots in a latex condom to keep them fresh for months.
- Make steroids undetectable by injecting them into a cucumber instead of your arm.
- Rhubarb is extinct.
- Let's welcome the newest hybrid vegetable - rhubob.
- In some secluded areas, people still don't know that slavery is abolished.
- Chives make everything taste better but don't eat them alone.
- I still think tomatoes are a vegetable, Jim.

Crime Files

- 11:12 AM** -- Man of lower station makes eye contact with Countess.
- 1:15 PM** -- Student found dead on floor of Bobst Library.
- 3:30 PM** -- Trucker hats out of style again.
- 3:45 PM** -- White person uses words "Ill" and "Bo-dank."
- 5:00 PM** -- Ashton Kutcher's grandfather "Punk'd" with fatal heart attack.
- 5:35 PM** -- Freshman does horrible Will Ferrel impression; shunned; goes to his room to mope and watch *Donnie Darko*.
- 7:00 PM** -- Student found dead on floor of Bobst Library.

OPINION

The First Love is Always the Most Bittersweet



I believe everyone has a soulmate, that special someone who comes along and sweeps you off your feet. Mine was my appendix.

Me and my appendix (whom I called Dixie for short) got hitched way back in '84. I was born and sorta just realized one day that she was there. Sort of like being inside of me, I guess.

Our life together was very well spent. No major complaints. Sure, it wasn't always perfect, but that wasn't her fault. When my stomach would ache, when my lungs would collapse, or, strangely enough for a 12-year-old, when my heart would "attack," I always knew I could count on Dixie to just be there for me. Not to really do anything, not to really function at all as an integral organ, but to just be there.

That is, until now. You see, recently Dixie went from being her passive old self to an out and out bitch. A real thorn in my side, as it were. I realized I couldn't take it anymore—if I wanted to take shit, I would've fallen in love with my bowels. I decided we needed a divorce.

Last Tuesday I went to the county courthouse, conveniently located in the 3rd floor emergency room of the Mt. Sinai Medical Center, and finalized our separation.

But now...well, not to say that I miss Dixie at all, but it's just...well, ever since she's been gone from my life, I feel as though I have this gaping hole in my gut that can never be filled. I told my dad about how I felt and he said to me quite bluntly, "Son, wounds heal over time." Thanks dad. I don't know how I'd get through this without you.

Just a word from the wise to all you readers: don't go rushing head first into any long term commitments with an organ until you take the time to get to know her. Oh, and make sure she's clean.

Man Believes Taking Dump Will Significantly Reduce Weight

Twenty-four-year-old Chelsea resident Bryan Slocum claims he is at the forefront of clinical research with his hypothesis that taking a much-needed dump will significantly reduce his body weight.

Mr. Slocum tells us that he has not been regular for the past three days and that "I've really been feeling a shit coming on all day and I think this is it."

Wearing only boxers and a dirty plaid shirt, Bryan further commented, "Dude, when I drop this load, I'm gonna be like 40 pounds lighter." Many in the dietary research community have taken note.

Dr. Larry Hoffermeier of Cornell University School of Medicine is one of the few optimists in the field who support Mr. Slocum's theory, even going so far as to call himself an "ardent supporter."

"I certainly do think Bryan is on to something here. I mean there were many a time when I would feel ten or twenty pounds lighter after having a significant bowel movement," stated the prominent Cornell researcher. "It's too easy to just dismiss this as the mindless delusion of a marginally educated young man; I assure you this hypothesis is completely valid."

Others, however, are not as supportive of Mr. Slocum. Asked to comment on her son's revolutionary ideas in the field of diet and nutrition, Gwen Slocum, Bryan's mother, barricaded herself in her Brooklyn apartment and threatened to call the police.

Bryan's longtime girlfriend Molly Gibson, an attorney, is revolted by her boyfriend's behavior. She said, "He's been talking about being constipated ad nauseum for the past two days. Can you believe a grown man doing that? Do you know how fuckin' disgusting it is to hear about feces first thing in the morning—before breakfast?"

Asked to comment further, an exasperated Gibson said that she is still considering ending her relationship with Bryan and seeing someone else. Still, despite the criticism, Bryan remains steadfast in his goal to pursue scientific truth to the very end.

"This is so much bigger than one man," said the constipated Mr. Slocum. "I didn't asked to be imbued with this scientific genius or a three-day-late shit, but this is an opportunity to find new weight loss methods, since those we have now are so ineffective. I, for one, am proud to be a catalyst for scientific discovery."

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Sextons's Arrest Shocks NYU Community



PHOTO: The perv shown here shortly after the arrest

In a recent press release from the office of President John Sexton, the President's committee defended Sexton's scandalous arrest for dressing up as Santa Clause and distributing "presents to unsuspecting children" in an alley near his office. It should be noted that by "giving presents" we mean "having unprotected sex with," remarks the press release, "and that by 'children' we mean 'grown men his own age'."

It should also be noted that this has nothing to do with Christmas,

as the arrest was made in late August.

President Sexton suffers from disrophobia, a sever fear and illness by which one ejaculates more easily while having sex in inappropriate costumes.

The office of the President assures us that this is in no way related to the sick and perverted ways of the Furries. Nor is it related to NYU's new policy of "a new mascot for every game," commencing at this year's Bobcat Day. Nor why Sexton is missing at every game, simultaneous with a new rape report. In particular, the office wishes to emphasize that this incident is isolated from the 1994 case in which Sexton, dressed as Garfield, was arrested for fondling men at the Easter Vigil.

When asked for comment, Sexton said, "I never met a lasagna I didn't like."

Doctors Defend 'Magic' of Mammogram

When censured last week for giving bad mammograms resulting in several women receiving wrong results for their tests, the doctors involved responded with an ardent defense of their "magic 8-ball" techniques.



PHOTO: Stop looking at these and start touching dem titties

sis basically started with the invention of the novelty prediction device.

Positive results, which can be indicated by 'answers point to yes,' 'it is decidedly so'-well, hell, everyone knows a magic 8-ball - to 'no,' and to our favorite,

"We have a very clear, time honored tradition," Dr. Xi was quoted as saying. "Breat cancer analy-

'answer hazy, try again later.' That one always gets everyone in the lab roaring."

Want your name in the WSN? Is it: BOB JONES? If it's not, check back tomorrow for another random name

Penis Prematurely Pops Out of Boxers

It was reported on October 10th at 1:30 AM that the phallus of Hayden freshman Rob Solomon exited his undergarments without summons during an "intense" romping session with classmate Rebecca Katz. The two lovebirds allegedly met at a party as they bobbed along to the esoteric music styling of Godspeed You! Black Emperor. After a quick conversation that established themselves both as frequent listeners of the Canadian art rock outfit, they were off to Hayden to bump uglies. As Rob left the shindig, friends report, he whispered "Dude, she likes Godspeed and she's a girl...with boobs," to suitemate Sean Goliani, who later commented on Rob's odd taste of music and fluctuating estrogen levels.

After signing in his hipster princess with Pouncy, the friendly guard, Rob quickly ushered her into his room and promptly onto his bed. First: an awkward kiss and

a little grab-ass. A moment later they were sans-pants, engaging in the heaviest of heavy petting. Due to the strange angle at which the two pimply characters were situated, Rob's boxers formed a gaping hole, giving his veiny member an exit. "It was right there, bobbing and weaving like Timon, the spunky meercat from the *Lion King*," said Katz. After feeling the breeze on his semi-erect Schwartz, Rob swiftly apologized, internally wishing his mom would have bought the "kind with a button" that would have prevented such an unwanted situation.

With the fire interrupted and Rebecca's Malibu Rum buzz wearing off, she decided to leave. Rob shrugged it off and laid back in his bed. The only insertion he would perform that night was a musical one as he pushed Godspeed's 2000 release *Lift Your Skinny Fists like Antennas to Heaven!* and vigorously masturbated.

Don Rickles To Film Movie About Prophet

Following in the steps of megahunk Mel Gibson, Don Rickles has decided to make a controversial religious film. "I just want to display Mohammed, the father of Islam, for what he really was," Rickles says, "an alcoholic, a pedophile, a bread thief, a card shark, and a dirty terrorist." Rickles will play Mohammed and Paul Reiser has been cast as the cynical, fast-talking Allah. "Watch for the scene where I tell Mohammed that if he blows up a day care center full of infidels, I'll allow masturbation during Ramadan," Reiser tells us. Any other spoilers? "Well, without giving away too much, there's one scene where Mo has



PHOTO: Rickles seen here staring down the new African-American stagehand on the set of his movie. Don't be too harsh on him though-the feisty old timer has been known to enjoy Indian food from time to time.

the option of eating an adorable St. Bernard puppy or an ugly meat-laden pig. Let's just say that the one that doesn't get eaten wishes that it had been...because it's hard being a pig in a post-9/11 world."

LIFE + IDEAS: WHAT'S NEW IN SUICIDE

President Takes Own Life

The president of an unnamed university took his own life this past Wednesday. The details of which college he governed are kept private in sympathy for his parents during this tragic time. "I'm tired of reaching out to students," President S***** was quoted as saying before he took an undisclosed type of fall from an unidentified campus building and knocked off yet one more unsuspecting student who happened to be checking out a book on the first floor.

The president of the university wishes to extend his sympathy to the family of the

deceased and the university community; however, he cannot because he is dead. He also wishes, or probably wishes, that there were counselors trained to deal with anyone feeling alone during this time, because he needs a hug, although no one is going to hug him now.

Officials are finally considering having a crisis hotline; however, it still won't service rape victims because they don't have that kind of pull no matter what they're wearing.

Anyone upset by this incident is advised to tell a counselor so library privileges can be rescinded immediately.



Congratulations are in order! Weird Al was blown yesterday!

GSP Student Attempts Suicide by Jumping Off Weinstein Steps

A 19-year old General Studies Program student attempted suicide yesterday by jumping off the steps in front of the Weinstein Residence hall, bruising his elbow and damaging his jeans.

Sophomore John Labin was taken into police custody moments after the attempt, looking pale and disoriented after the two-foot fall. Friends of Labin say he was facing a lot of pressure grades-wise this semester.

"If his GPA wasn't high enough, he wasn't going to be accepted to Stern," said roommate Mike

Johnson, 21. "I mean all he needed was like what, a 3.0? Whenever I would ask him about it, all he would say was 'This isn't how we do things in Brookhaven.'"

New York University is making preparations to monitor Labin if he chooses to finish out the semester. "This is not the first GSP suicide attempt we've dealt with," said NYU health official Bill Grosso. "Fifteen years ago, a 19-year old girl was found trying to drown herself in one of those water fountains in the Tisch building. Those GSP kids are just so overworked."

Love food? Hate life? If so, then come gorge yourself at

George's Gulley of Gluttony

The only restaurant licensed to allow you to eat until you are clinically dead!



Our motto is

EAT, DRINK, AND DIE HAPPY

Located conveniently at the bottom of a ravine in Potsville, NY

Natural Ice Beer Announces Name Change

Company spokesmen for Anheuser-Busch, Inc. announced today, in an attempt to cultivate a "more direct and honest relationship" with their customers, they will change the name of their Natural Ice Beer line to "Git Fucked Up Quick Cheap." Long the beer of homeless people and high school students with bad fake IDs, Natural Ice has been referred to as "Nasty Ice" or simply "Liquid Garbage". Horse piss-like flavor and a toilet bowl aftertaste have long been trademarks of the Natural Ice line, and Anheuser-Busch thought a name change was needed to suitably emphasize these selling points.

"Also, critics were quick to point out that Natural Ice was neither natural, nor made from ice," spokesperson Andrew Arthurson announced in the press conference, "unless you count the heavily watered down flavor; I guess then you could say ice was an ingredient. Either way, Git Fucked Up Quick Cheap Beer promises to be the cheapest source of alcohol on the market. How can we promise this? Two words: incredibly horrible flavor."

Natural Ice Beer was created by Anheuser-Busch in 1995 to selected markets as a "sub-premium priced iced beer," and taken national in 1996. No one is quite sure how the brewery produces the distinct, tastebud-killing flavor, but popular theo-

ries include "ball sweat drippings" and "liquified human feces." Still, the brand is useful, because no one choking down Natural Ice could be mistaken for anything but an alcoholic or an underage illegal drinker. Even today, cops often follow trails of empty "Natty" cans straight to high school parties held by naïve sophomore girls, who believe the senior boy when he swears withdrawal is a completely acceptable form of birth control.



PHOTO: The new marketing scheme for formerly Natural Light Beer.

Regardless, Anheuser-Busch reports Git Fucked Up Quick Cheap Beer has been a huge success in test markets, and plans to ship the brand overseas to its German markets, under the label "Gittenfuckenupperquickenbrew." Plans are also in the works to sell the beer in 40-ounce format under the label "Git Fucked Up Even Quicker Cheaper."

History's Worst Cooking Disasters

The first ever-recorded cooking disaster was back in the days of Greek mythology, when Tantalus tried to feed his own son to the Gods. As punishment, they banished him to Hades, where he was given a huge hard-on and placed in front of a beautiful naked woman, but every time that he tried to bone her, she turned into his mom, leaving its legacy in the modern English word, "motherfucker"...well something like that. However, since then there has been a multitude of culinary incidents, some involving famous historical figures. Let's indulge:

March 13, 44 B.C. - Four Senators were served bad clams by Julius Caesar, keeping them out of work the next day with food poisoning. They spent the early hours of the 15th arranging the proper revenge for their general. However, their "laxatives in the coffee" prank was ruined when they arrived late to find Caesar already stabbed to death by the other members of the Senate. To lighten the gravity of the situation, one of the late Senators quipped, "Geez, what the fuck did he cook for THEM?" Laughter and gaiety—yes that kind of gaiety—ensued.



January 3, 332 - Chaos consumed the golden civilization of Atlantis when a spicy batch of salsa was packaged in bottles marked "mild." People began filling their mouths with dirt to quell the heat, as the only liquid they drank was oil, which only served to make the situation worse. Things were so bad that high-ranking officials committed suicide and the king declared it the worst day in the history of the land. Little did he know that a few years later, Jesus would come by and sink the entire island because the people wouldn't adopt Christianity.

August 29, 1997 - On this historic day, a little fat kid in Maine ate too much apple pie at a diner and ended up throwing up on his mother's \$350 suede Prada shoes. They are the most expensive shoes ever recorded to have been ruined by apple pie-induced vomit, or in fact, ANY type of vomit that contained pie, besides minced meat pie; that shit has destroyed lives.



April 11, 1534 - Images of Pompeii were recalled when the world's largest chocolate volcano cake erupted, burying the small town of Russant, France in a state of confectionery suspended animation. The cake had been baked by 3 local dilettante chefs who were commemorating the 25th anniversary of the "menage a trois", a revolutionary technique in which three amateurs cook something really huge. Most citizens believed it to be dormant, citing the fact that it was a pastry and not a destructive natural force. Excavators would later come to classify this site as "kinda like that other town that got buried" and "pretty tragic but also pretty tasty."



October 26, 1681 - Despite careful preparation, Portuguese explorer Cablo Westhorpe overcooked—and perhaps even improperly seasoned—the last remaining dodo bird, leading people to remember it not only as stupid but also dry and bland, all of which are untrue. Brent Lloyd, a connoisseur of eating endangered animals who hopes to cook the world's last Northern hairy-nosed wombat says, "If you are going to eliminate a species, you should at least make it the best meal anyone has ever eaten...or drug it so that you get laid afterwards. Most times, extinction isn't much of an aphrodisiac."

So make sure you keep your eyes on that pot roast for the entire time it's in the oven, because you never know when you might accidentally be responsible for the destruction of your local Hall of Records.



Every restaurateur is releasing a recipe book. And now Chef Chris Cantalioni, the owner of The Plague's favorite restaurant El Calderone Club of Glendale, Wisconsin, has his cookbook—Recipes My Aunt Carla Made Me Follow. The following is a page from Chef Cantalioni's book:

Recipes My Aunt Carla Made Me Follow

Aunt Carla's Lasagna

This is the recipe for lasagna my overbearing Aunt Carla had me make. I just cooked a batch yesterday. Let's see how I make it:



Ingredients:

Fresh Herbs and Spices
Classico Tomato Sauce
Lasagna Pasta Strips
My Aunt Carla, Gagged and Bound to a Piano Bench
Ground Beef

Cooking Instructions:

Set a pot of water to boil. Then stab Aunt Carla in the lower abdomen. The water should be boiling at this point. Place the pasta in the pot. Place my Aunt Carla's blood guzzling body in the upstairs bathtub. As Aunt Carla's body drains of blood, drain the pasta of its water. Place limp pieces of pasta on a cookie sheet with raw beef, herbs, spices and sauce. Preheat the oven to 400 degrees, then quickly run upstairs to the bathroom. Aunt Carla should be drained of much of her blood by now. Dismember her and divide her into several dozen parallel flesh strips. Place strips in sack (leaving only Aunt Carla's skeleton) and bring sack downstairs. Place a quarter of the strips of dismembered Aunt Carla into the lasagna. Place the lasagna in the oven for a half hour. You now have delicious Lasagna ala Aunt Carla.

Aunt Carla's Potato Pancakes.

Aunt Carla used to make me cook these for her all the time



Ingredients:

Potatoes
Eggs
The Rest of Aunt Carla's Remains

Cooking Instructions:

Peel potatoes to make sure there is no skin left. Then chop them up into manageable pieces that won't clog your appliances. Crack the eggs into a bowl and beat them for a minute; make sure not to go over one minute. Throw potatoes and eggs into a CuisinArt. Oh yeh, and throw the rest of Aunt Carla's body in there too. Grind that shit up and make sure it's a big slop. Throw that shit on the frying pan, eat it up and enjoy.

Bone Soup

Get rid of the rest of that cunt's body with this holiday classic.



Ingredients:

Water
Aunt Carla's Fucking Bones

Cooking Instructions:

Dip the bones in water and then drink that shit and munch on them bones. Yummy, yo!





Kobe Bryant's Guide to ResNet



Kobe all up in a Bitch

Hey NYU, I bet you didn't know that when I'm not busy on the court I'm hooking up computers to networks like those found on college campuses. Let's begin.

First make sure you have your computer turned off — no sense waiting for something to be turned on when you're just going to be messing with it a little.

Next get your network link cord. Take the male part and put it into the female part of the wall. That's right push it in there nice and slow. If the wall is being stubborn kind of like sneak up on it and shove it in there — yeah that's right how you like it, you white whore! Yep that's what I call sockets...sorry if it's offensive. Anyways, keep going with it. Take that shit — take it! No? So what I have a nicer socket at home — I like the way you make me fight for the results you little bitch. Once it's in, repeat that step for the female part of the laptop, that little ho bag (nah just kidding I don't call computers ho bags — that would be ridiculous. Instead, I prefer to call them my milky white cunts if they are white computers and Nubian nubile cum dumps if they are black).

Whew, I'm exhausted! Now that that's done, go out and relax with a hobby, such as consensual sex, something which I, Kobe Bryant, happen to love. That's right - I, Kobe Bryant, only have consensual sex, with the exception of a little hair pulling, neck stroking, or Kobe Sanchez, which unlike a Dirty Sanchez has nothing to do with a shit-stained moustache and everything to do with me raping my partner till she bleeds.

Jared's Guide to Campus Dining

The NYU dining halls at Weinstein, Hayden, and Third North offer unlimited food for a fixed price, so pile up all you want and gorge yourself. Just remember to have a delicious, low-fat sandwich from Subway at least once a day—though feel free to visit more often—so if someone questions your gluttonous dining hall eating, you can just quip, “Hey, it's alright, I had Subway today.” If you can't make it to Subway on a given day, just tell yourself—and others—that the double-bacon cheeseburger you appear to be eating is actually a sweet onion chicken teriyaki. Feel free follow that up by stabbing them in the kidney with your NYU issue three-pronged fork.



If you're trying to lose weight, dont go back for seconds until after your foot-long turkey sub from Subway

Former Student Eriq La Salle's Guide to Fitting In

Hi guys, you might not know me personally, but I'm just a regular guy who happened to have a great time when I went to NYU. I had no problem fitting in and I want to make sure you don't either. Here are some simple tips to making friends.

1. Join clubs: student clubs are a great way to meet people that share your interests.
2. Partake in study groups: study groups are a great way to not only get work done, but also to bond with people while critiquing your class.
3. Kill my ex-girlfriend: tee hee, just joking - I heard this guide is going in a comedy magazine so I figured I'd try my virgin comedic hand in some interjectory surprise humor. Hope it worked.
4. Use the gym: the gym is a great place to play sports with fun active people
5. Kill my ex-girlfriend: she still goes to NYU - find her - heh, I got you again folks. Ok I'll stop with that joke now.
6. Kill my ex-girlfriend: oopsie doopsie, I'm such a silly screw ball - just go to the next tip
7. Hang out in your building's lobby: lobbies are a gre----- ehheh fuck it, who am I kidding? Kill my fucking ex-girlfriend, goddamnit. She's such a cunt - she only went out with me because I was in *Coming to America*, then she cheated on me and now it's all her fault that I quit *ER* and haven't been shown a script since. Please just push her in front of a bus or some shit.

Hehe, now you fit in, buster brown! Oh, and if you happen to kill my ex-girlfriend, send me a pair of her panties and her severed labia. Aight, I've got to get back to lifting weights while on house arrest. Apparently playing nude patty cake with the mayor's son isn't considered “fitting in” in Oklahoma City. Fuckers.



Kevin James' Guide to NYU Athletic Facilities

NYU has two great gyms: Coles Sports Center and the new Palladium Athletics Center. I'm not sure why they chose me to review these locations, but I'm guessing it's because they have seen me in various charity Pro-Am golf tours, spreading the wealth of *The King of Queens* to people who can't afford to watch it on television. To get to know these locations, I decided to take a personal exercise tour around them. First, I went to Palladium. After a couple of minor workouts getting through the two turnstiles that one must pass to get into the facility, I changed in the large, sterile locker room on the upper floor. I then headed downstairs to the beautiful Olympic-sized swimming and diving pools. While I'm not much of a lap swimmer, I occasionally like to do a cannonball from the diving board or drink a beer while sitting in an inner tube. Because I didn't bring a proper suit, I decided it would be best to move on to the cardio room. Here, I hopped on one of the treadmills for a vigorous five-minute uphill run, which actually consisted of one minute of power walking and then four of heavy panting. I would have liked to hop on something else, like a Stairmaster or skiing machine, but they were all taken; yup, all 62 of them were being used at 8:30 on Sunday morning. At this point, though, I still felt great and decided to go up the flight of stairs leading to the weight room. Twenty minutes later, I reached the top of those very same stairs. After some energetic looking around (and a cool down afterwards) I decided to try out my strength on the isometric bench press machine. Turns out that I was actually testing the machine's strength with my girth, and it failed miserably. Something like that will really ruin your workout, so I made up my mind to head upstairs to the dining facility. While someone else probably reviewed this for you, I can say that I would have done a much better job in that section than this one. By now, going to Coles seemed like a pretty far trip, and I'm assuming it's pretty similar, so it seemed fair enough for me to go home and watch *Becker*.



Kevin James winded at the thought of escaping a fire

Dr. Seuss' Guide to Campus Safety

In the land of Nemnim there are evil creatures called Snarkies
But in New York City their place is taken by darkies
Avoid them when reading, while writing, when running
They form gangs to compensate for their lack of cunning
They yell out one fish two fish red fish blue fish
Hey you over there you look rich like the Jewish
They say they sell what can provide you with glee
It may look green but its probably tea
And if you're with a white girl she'll get hopped on by pops
So call NYU protection - not the real cops

Second situation and it happens like this
You're drunk in a club and your friend has nice tits
A foreign man whom she likes wants to steal her for the night
But those who are different are evil and there may be a fight
For if your friend acts like a ho, oh the places she'll go
Because little does she know she's flashing camel toe
But friends left alone are friends who get raped blind
So do like the Sneaches and only flirt with your kind

Third time's a charm - I don't mean alarm
But cons in the city can spin a good yarn
You're tired and bored and life ain't so dandy
So you head to the corner to solicit a tranny
She says she's police and you're just a fool
Little do you know she's a boy from high school
You buy your way out 'cause you don't enjoy jail
But all along you were duped - aww what a sad tale

Night Night kiddies - hope the tales bring you to the magical
land of Nemo and slumber! Toodles.



Tickets for Seussical are much harder to come by these days

Roy Horn's Guide to Bobst

Zhe library is zhe perfect place for escaping from Las Vegas' bright lights and high-priced novelty shows. But since zhe Bobst is so large, it would be impossible to find vhat you are looking for without a guide. Zhe best way to locate a publication in zhe library is to first log onto the online card catalogue, Bobcat. Once you are logged in, you can search...Bobcat? As in zhe ferocious third cousin ove the white tiger? No, no, no, no anything but zhe bobcat, I do not know how to train zhe bobcat. I know how zhe Bobcat works; he makes promise to help you sort through zhe drudgery of zhe Dewey Decimal System but then when you become confused between the psychology and philosophy sections, he strikes with the rage of a...something that strikes...ah, a white tiger. Oh Sigfried, not tigers again!



Democratic Party in my mouth!



There's a lot of talk going around about the major democratic candidates for President. But how many people in the so-called "media" have actually met these men? How many of them can honestly say that they can distinguish among the hoighty-toits, the douchebags and the just plain clueless? I'm hearing a lot about how much they suck, but nobody's telling you the distinct ways in which they suck, what they suck, or how much they can suck.

Well, it just so happens that I've had personal encounters with most of the major candidates. So, for all of you who say *The Plague* can't rise to an intelligent level of political discourse, I'm going to tell you what these men are really like.

Howard Dean likes to call himself "Governor Howard Dean, M.D." Well, it just so happened that, being among the well-to-do in his home state of Vermont, my family knew him, and he would actually make house calls. He was always a kind pediatrician, clever, warm, and professional.

But then I turned 18, and Governor Dean came over to give me a physical before I went off to college. So Dr. Dean was cupping my balls, feeling for tumors, when his voice suddenly got

all gravely and his eyes half-closed. He moaned softly.

"Hey, son..." he said in a gravely voice. "You ever...finger a girl?" he asked. I couldn't respond, I was so stunned. "You know, stick it where the sun don't shine? Give 'er the old Cleveland Barber Pole in her old Lake Erie?" Well, needless to say my family was done with Howard Dean. The country, unfortunately, is not.



Howard Dean, pictured here wearing a ridiculous monocle

Everyone's always talking about how compassionate **Wesley Clark** is. Well if he's so damned compassionate, why did he laugh so hard when his motorcade hit my dog? Asshole.

Ok, I've actually never met **Joseph Lieberman**. But I saw that new Mel Gibson movie about Jesus, and my understanding is that Joe Lieberman probably killed Jesus Christ. Besides, he doesn't like DOOM, and that game kicks ass. I think he's just bitter 'cause he sucks at it.

I was taking a leak at a New England Patriots game in 1999, and **John Kerry** strode up to the urinal beside me. "Hey you're John Kerry," I said. "You're doing a great job down in Washington."

"Thanks, citizen," said Senator Kerry, who was mixing up a batch of Brooklyn Lemonade himself. "I just do what I can." Then he turned to face me and pissed all over my legs. That's just uncalled for.



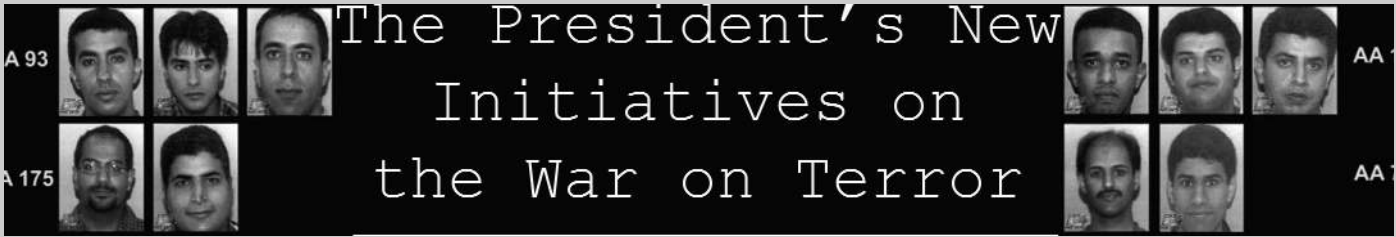
Dennis Kucinich is, quite obviously, Ross Perot, back with a new toupee, using populism as a means to the presidency. Not gonna happen, Ross.



Al Sharpton is a crooked promoter. What makes him think he deserves to be president, after all he did to the sport of boxing?



With the recent upsurge in the depictions of Arabs with a friendly demeanor (most alarmingly Ahmed the Friendly Arab, the new addition to Sesame Street), President Bush is worried that America may be forgetting who the real target of the War on Terror is and so in a recent press release, the White House has announced



The “The Time Is Up for You Not to Be Dead” Initiative

Due to a recent increase in dirty rotten Arab scumbags not being dead, I, the President, am authorizing a new initiative which allows the Osama bin Ladens and Saddam Husseins and George Steinbrenners of the world a final ultimatum: either die right now, OR stop living entirely. It has become too hard to kill or even find you guys lately. C’mon, man, play fair.

The “Take-One-for-the-Team” Initiative

This is for everyone who has the syphilis. As far as we know the syphilis is the only bad thing that can come out of having the sex. The syphilis is the first of what could be many of what I like to call – Syphilis Type of Dysfunction, or STD. Here’s how you can help out the President and your country by taking one for the team. If you have the syphilis, just stop having sex forever so the syphilis will die with you. Sure, it’d really suck for you, you know, not being able to get your swerve on, but for the rest of us it’ll be great. We’ll be able to fuck without condoms, which is a veritable boon for the consumer during these trying economic times as many people – out to save a penny – experiment with homemade condoms, and boom, get caught with the syphilis. So until a new STD rears its ugly syphilis-shaped head, the nation will enjoy free love as you “enjoy” celibacy. Thank you for voting Bush.

Sylvia the Syphilitic Chimp regrets that she, like all those who engage in unprotected sex, is now consigned to celibacy



The “Stop Funding Jihadism - Buy American You Druggie, Buy American” Initiative



First, the Colombian Marxist Rebel Cocaine/Anthrax ship-by-mail mix-up. Then you smoked the Taliban’s opium. Now you are protesting to save Babylonian Hashish factories. You hippies are forgetting the foundations of American intoxicational procedures – Moonshine. Take an inebriated trek to any of the most popular American tourist destinations, like the Ozarks or West Virginia, and rediscover true blue American pride.



W. gets set to jump 200 A-rabs in his recently acquired Escalade EXT.

The “What the Hell Kind of World Series Was That” Initiative

To hereby officially change the name and franchise history of the New York Yankees to that of the Florida Marlins. And to do likewise with the name of the Florida Marlins to that of the Texas Rangers. Go ahead, mess with Texas why don’tcha?



The “Mess with Texas If You Want to Die” Initiative

So you’ve messed with Texas, eh? Fine, I hereby officially authorize to change the name of the State of Texas to Asshill Mountain and to concurrently change the name of the sovereign state of Myanmar to Texas. As former owner of the former Texas Rangers formerly Florida Marlins presently Myanmar Rangers of the New York Yankees of Asshill Mountain, but more importantly as President of the United States, I think this is the best defense possible to ensure that no one messes with Texas.



Life is tough without guidance. The Christians have Jesus, the deafs have Helen Keller, and us dirtbags? We got Andrew Dice Clay. Let's take a look at some everyday situations, and see –

WHAT THE DICEMAN WOULD DO INSTEAD

SITUATION 1: You're talking to a chick and her outer mouth area is acne-free (score!) when some dumbass you know from the laundromat comes up and tries to ask you how you removed the shit stains from your overalls.

YOU: Tell him this is an A + B conversation so C you later. He giggles and then presents you with his shit-stained laundry.



THE DICEMAN: Tells him this is an A + B conversation so fuck off, faggot. Unless the guy is actually gay, in which case the Diceman lynches him.



SITUATION 2: You go to get your car back from the body shop and notice a lot of extra charges on the bill. The shop refuses to release your car until you pay up.

YOU: Call your lawyer, who shows up on the scene without pants. The mechanics have a good laugh and then charge you an extra \$90 "distraction fee."



THE DICEMAN: Calls up the chick he lets blow him and has her beat up the mechanics while he watches Sam Kinison videos. Then he thanks god Sam Kinison died, thus leaving room for the Diceman and his Kinison-inspired brand of comedy.



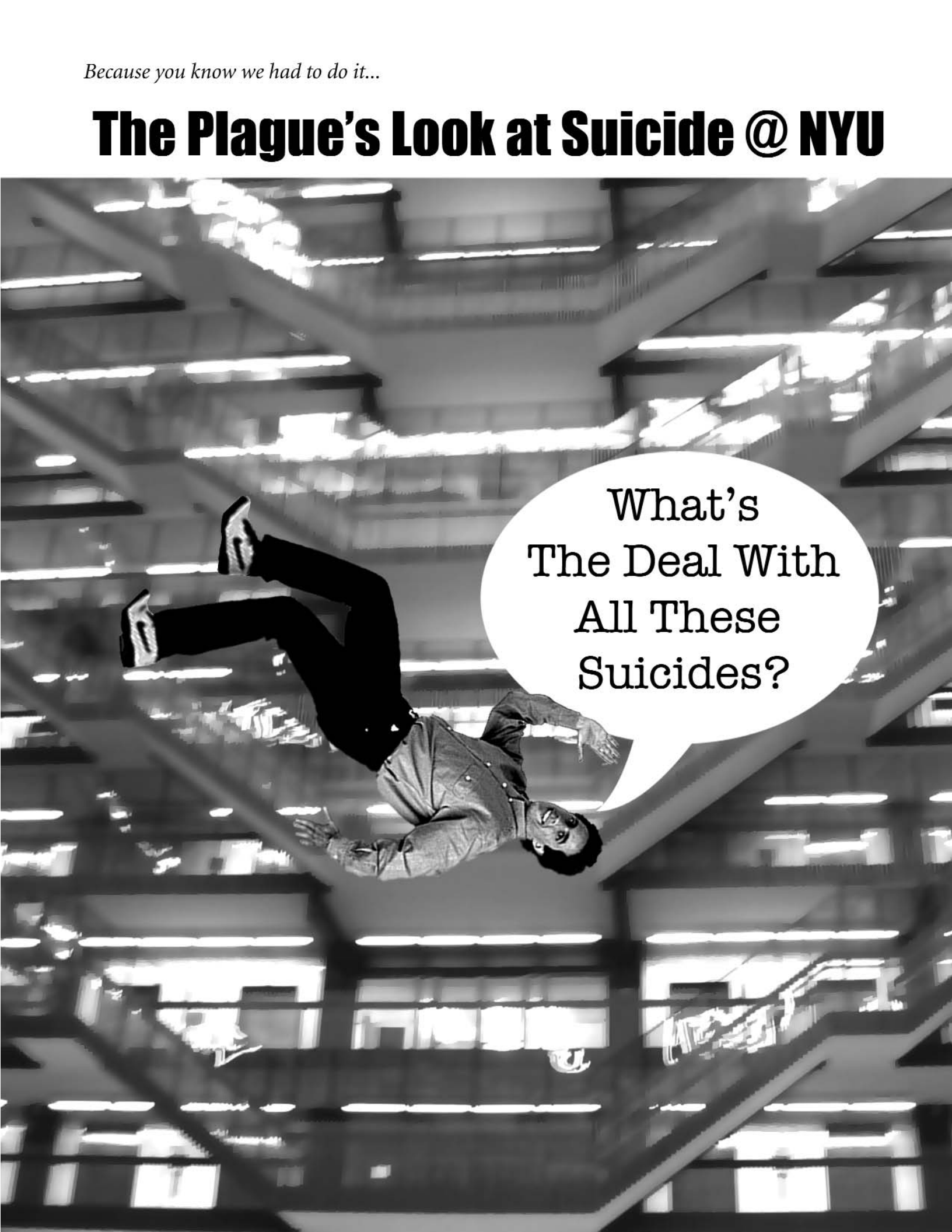
SITUATION 3: Your neighbor's willow tree is ever-so-slightly inching onto your property, leaving a menagerie of willow wisps on your Kentucky bluegrass lawn.

YOU: Kindly ask your neighbor to replant his tree. He kindly beats you with an antique cane fashioned from his great-grandfather's willow tree.

THE DICEMAN: Takes a crowbar to the tree and then to the neighbor's face and then to the neighbor's great-grandfather's gravestone. Then, for fun, he takes the crowbar to Hershey Park in Hershey, PA. The Diceman and the crowbar have a great time learning about Hershey's chocolate that day, but they both agree a cookies-and-cream themed rollercoaster would've been a nice touch. Then the Diceman fucks his crowbar and the two of them fall asleep watching *Jimmy Kimmel Live*.

Because you know we had to do it...

The Plague's Look at Suicide @ NYU



What's
The Deal With
All These
Suicides?

My uncle Earnest committed suicide when I was 8. It was a bit freaky because he said, in his suicide note, that he did it because I asked him to drive me to Toys "R" Us too many times. Sorry, dickface, but I liked toys when I was 8. I guess since then, I've been interested in learning about suicide. So when all those people started jumping to their death, I thought, "Hey, it's time for.."



The Plague's HISTORY OF SUICIDE

PRE-history

The first recorded suicide occurred during caveman times near a river basin found in modern China. Ugg, a caveman who always felt a little different than other cave-men, had just invented fire but his idea was stolen by Oog the hunter. Oog won much fame

and pussy from the stolen fire idea. Ugg was filled with anger and he made every provision to murder Oog. But Ugg's plans were derailed because murder hadn't been invented yet, so he hung himself with an extension cord. Poor guy.



It was 30 years after Moses died at the ripe age of 400 in a fellatio accident. With that whole "slavery" and "moving through the desert" stuff behind them, the Israelites were able to settle down in the Promised Land. The men quickly found themselves building garages where they'd play with crude ham radios (cups and string) and pornography (exposed goose anuses). The women also settled in rather quickly and became shrill-toned JAPs with overbearing expectations for their children (as was prophesized to Moses by the Burning Bush's brother, Earl the Smoky Patch of Moss). Ezekiel the Teenager had a particularly overbearing mother who demanded he do well in school (though no school had been built yet) so he could go to law school (though no laws had been passed yet). Ezekiel, saddened by the pressure his mother had put on him, climbed the highest peak of Mount Sinai. There he found an Uzi. Then he shot up the post office and turned the gun on himself so the FBI wouldn't arrest him.



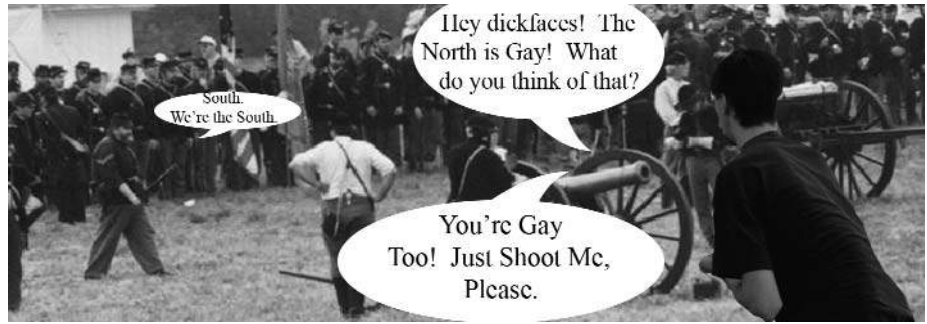
The Renaissance



The increased demand for beautiful artworks at this time resulted in unprecedented pressure on artists (cue Linkin Park song). Leopold, the twin brother of Raphael, was one such person who experienced this strain. As his brother churned out masterpieces like *The School of Athens*, Leopold painted related flops like *The Outhouse of Sparta*. The failures kept building and only when he could take no more did Leopold finally reach his aesthetic dream. A depressed Leopold used an axe to rip himself asunder. By tearing himself in half, Leopold created a form of suicide worthy of being displayed in the Lourve, until curators complained of the smell. Then they threw that crap away. Once a loser, always a loser, eh Leopold?



The Civil War was a time of great sadness in the U.S.; the Union was divided, hundreds of families were torn apart, and cotton was becoming ever more rare, causing people to wear uncomfortable wool britches. Because so many young men were dying or working in factories that supplied the military with the products needed for war, there was a shortage

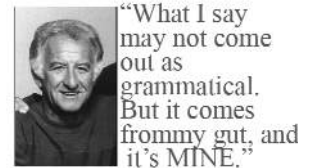


of guns and rope for people wanting to end their own life. So a small group of resilient but self-loathing Northerners began looking for new painless ways to commit suicide. At first, they were unsuccessful in trying to beat themselves to death with the shackles of freed slaves. But a breakthrough came when one of them accidentally provoked a Rebel to

shoot him by threatening the soldier between battles, creating the art of purposefully having someone else put a bullet in you in self-defense because you don't actually own a gun. This method would later be perfected Amadou Diallo, who was asking for it, the fuck face. Serves you right for having such a gun-like wallet.

ANCIENT Japan

The Japanese are well-known for the traditional suicide ritual of Seppuku (See also: "Hara-Kari" and "Bob Uecker"). Originally, the disgraced Samurai would whip his short sword out, stab himself in the stomach, and watch with glee as his intestines introduced themselves to his tiny Japanese feet. With suicide being so mainstream, the truly depressed would quench their unhappiness by not killing themselves and instead inventing sushi and other faggy Japanese shit like slanty eyes, buck teeth, and robot dogs. But *Sailor Moon's* cool, so, you know.



The Great Depression

Thanks to those Mexican accountants on Wall Street destroying America's economy, a lot of purebred Americans were left poor. With many a life destroyed, suicide became all the rage (replacing newly invented Dr. Pepper's Soda Pop). These suicidal miscreants decided to raise their spirits with a majestic view of the city, before plunging toward their guilt-free deaths (guilt free because of the Catholic Church's unanimous approval). A hoppin' destination for the jumpers was New York City's original World Trade Center, the Chrysler Building (making these crafty jumpers the original World Trade "high divers" :)).

THE SPACE RACE

The Space Race is very relevant here because it actually began with the dreams of a lonely Russian mathematician named Piotr Potsin who planned to build a rocket, be the first person on the moon, and then jump off of it. However, when Neil Armstrong beat him there, he

gave up his plans and fell into an even deeper depression. Technology eventually did Popsin right, though, as he discovered that drinking rocket fuel kills you eight times as quickly as regular diesel fuel. Now I'ma go eat some space ice cream.



A bunch of kids at NYU jumped to their deaths. They were mostly done in the library.

The Plague Guide to KILLING YOURSELF



As you no doubt know, the Fall 2003 semester witnessed the tragic suicides of three students, two of them throwing themselves off a balcony in Bobst Library. The first library incident was pretty rude – I mean, you could hurt someone. But the second? Just plain unoriginal! Today's youths don't have the nuances of a proper suicide down, but we're here to help.

General Suicide Rules

- Throw away your porn. Your mother is sad enough that her child was a disgraceful life-quitter. Don't make her deal with the fact that you were a disgraceful life-quitter who liked to jack it to horses doing chicks in the butt.
- Write a note. The right note can really affect the reaction to your suicide. Want to convince people that they should kill themselves too? You can! Want to convince them your death had a purpose? Flowery prose can do the trick. Or try to make people happy you're dead. For example, you could write about how blacks shouldn't be doctors.
- Buy a nice outfit. Get a haircut. You're going to be dying young, so you damn well better leave a beautiful corpse.
- Pay back all the money you owe your friends. Let's face it, nobody wants to ask a grieving family for money...but then again, nobody wants to be out five bucks, either.



Some of the porn you may be throwing away



Marilyn Monroe, who obviously could've used some suicide advice from The Plague



Doing the Deed...Without Using Bobst

- Pills. Yeah, OD'ing on painkillers is the suicide route for women and Nancy-boys. But studies have shown that 40% of suicide victims are women or Nancy-boys. It doesn't hurt, and you're really fucked up for a little bit. Just don't die with your head in the toilet like Marilyn Monroe. That's classless, not to mention unsanitary.
- Autoerotic asphyxiation. The best thing about this is that you don't have to throw away your porn. I mean, no one's gonna say, "Yeah, that guy died with his pants around his ankles, his fingers around his dick and a noose around his neck – but at least he didn't like ogling tits."
- Eat radioactive waste! You'll get cancer, Make-a-Wish will finally let you meet your heroes Barry Bonds and Tim Allen, and then nature will run its course and let you meet John Ritter and your childhood pets.
- Jump off something else. There are so many fucking things in New York to jump off!!! I mean, if you jump off the Brooklyn Bridge, you'll be "that guy who jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge," not "the dork who killed himself in the library."

There you have it, kids. Four easy, fun, and safe ways to take your own life in style. Remember, suicide doesn't have to be tragic! With the right amount of willpower, creativity, and elbow grease, you can make your exit a dramatic one. We wholeheartedly encourage you to try your own methods - but please, try not to be tacky.



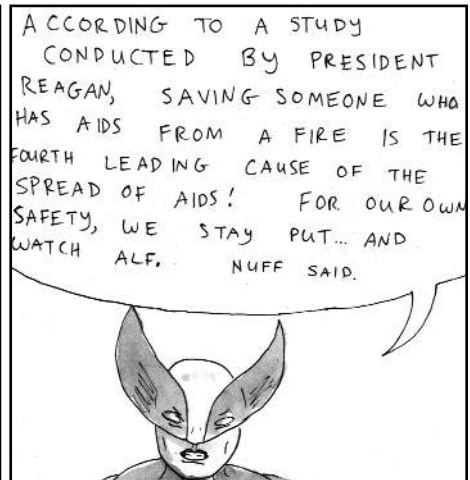
COMIX!



Here's a nice little 'toon from a Louisiana newspaper printed in 1872, right after the Civil War (in case you forgot)



The next classic comic is a doozy. It's a two-panel spread deleted from a 1985 X-Men Comic Book



I WAS SAD UNTIL...

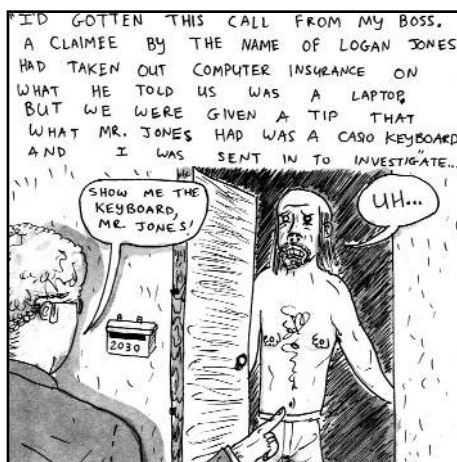
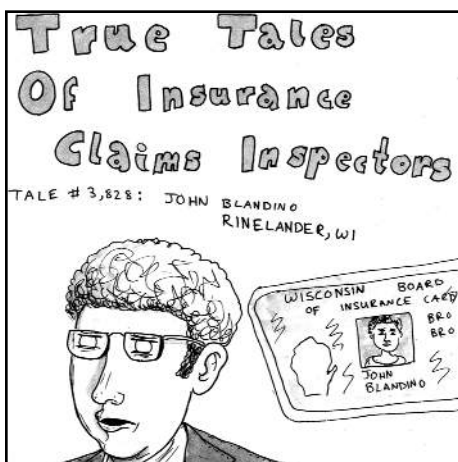
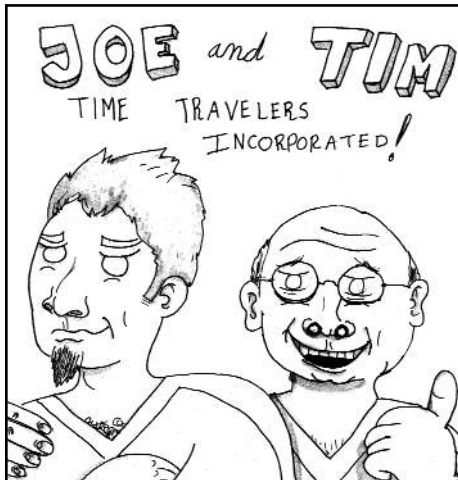
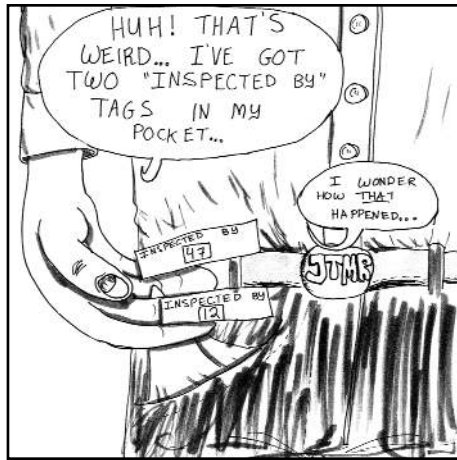
I was sad I had no shoes until I met a man who had no feet...he happened to have some anti depressants stored in his leg stumps.

I was sad I had no eyebrows until I met a man who had a mirror, for then I saw...that I had eyebrows.

I was sad I had no shoes until my grandpa died. He left me shoes in his will.


I was sad I had no friends until I met a man.

I was sad I had no shoes until Fraggle Rock came on TV. That shit is dope. Oh, I also met a man with no feet. P.S. Wembly is my favorite.



"As it turns out, he didn't even have a keyboard. He was trying to take out insurance on his favorite belt - a snakeskin job with a few studs near the loop. I denied him coverage."

THE ADVENTURES OF JOHN FRANKLIN, "Uppity Negro"



THIS WEEK: JOHN VISITS THE GENERAL STORE!

Lee's GENERAL STORE


EXCUSE ME... I NOTICED YOU HAD THE HALF GALLON BOTTLE OF TIDE DETERGENT. YOU WOULDN'T HAPPEN TO HAVE THE ONE GALLON BOTTLE, WOULD YOU?



OH, LOOK AT THE UPPITY NEGRO ASKING FOR THE BIGGER BOTTLE OF DETERGENT! HE'S NOT HAPPY WITH THE SMALLER SIZE!



LOOK AT YOU, WEARING YOUR GLASSES, TRYING TO LOOK ALL **UPPITY!!** THEY SHOULDN'T EVEN ALLOW YOUR KIND TO WEAR GLASSES!



SOoo... DO YOU HAVE THE BIGGER BOTTLE THEN?

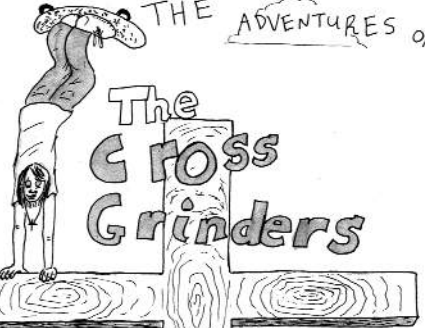


THEY'RE IN AISLE 5.

THANK YOU!




THE ADVENTURES OF: **The Cross Grinders**



THIS WEEK: THE BIG MATCH!

HEAVENLY FATHER... WE THANK YOU FOR OUR VANS SHOES, NEW BOARDS, AND THOSE NEW WHEELS.

AMEN!



SO BROS - TODAY'S THE BIG MATCH! WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO?

WIN!

AND HOW ARE WE GONNA DO IT?


IN CHRIST'S NAME!



AT THE MATCH... AND THAT WAS JOHN REEVES, WITH A PERFECT TEN.

REEVES GRINDED PRETTY WELL, GABRIEL. BUT I THINK IT'S TIME YOU SHOW THE COMPETITION HOW A BIBLE-READER GETS VERT!

I SKATE IN CHRIST'S NAME!



GABRIEL MAXIMUS DOES TWO OLIVES, A DOUBLE INVERT, A TRIBAL HOT SQUAT, AND... OH NO! GABRIEL JUST FELL! IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S SUSTAINED SERIOUS HEAD TRAUMA!

ALRIGHT, MARK - THIS IS YOUR BIG CHANCE!

BUT DAVID! WHAT ABOUT GABE?

DON'T WORRY ABOUT HIM! HE'LL BE RESURRECTED WHEN JESUS RISES! NOW, IF HIS CORPSE GETS IN YOUR WAY, JUST AIM FOR HIS GUTS AND SKATE RIGHT THROUGH.




MARK SKATED ON AND PLACED FIRST IN THE COMPETITION, WINNING THE CROSS-GRINDERS A "PINEAPPLE STEAK" DINNER AT A CHILI'S IN A NEARBY MALL. TWAS TRULY A TEST OF THOSE WITH FAITH!

NEXT WEEK: THE BOYS DO JACKASS - CHRISTIAN STYLE!

PUT THAT RAZOR BLADE IN YOUR ASS - FOR CHRIST!

AHEH!



Grandma Kaiser ships me a box of her Jewish sugar cookies twice a month. The occasionally tasty cookies are always packaged in Walk-A-Bit orthopedic shoe boxes and are usually snuggled in rolled up Arby's coupons to ensure the cookies' safety. Last week, however, Grandma accidentally sent me a box of cookies wrapped in early drafts of her love letters addressed not to my paralyzed grandfather, but to Grandma's butcher, Mr. Lev Frenzy. And just for shits and giggles, we at *The Plague* have decided to publish

GRANDMA KAISER'S ADULTEROUS LOVE LETTERS

MARCH 18, 1995

Today was my grandson's Bar Mitzvah. As he held the Torah, I thought about last Saturday when you gripped my thighs, spit on my coocher, and made me feel young again. And then we went to Schlotzky's Deli for their Mile High Corned Beef Sandwich Parade. How I long for the day when I can stop changing Jerry's diaper and applying grease to his wheel chair and let Lev Frenzy's butcher-strong fingers part my ancient and dusty slit.

AUGUST 22, 1995

I'm writing this right after I've returned from our midnight tryst in the butcher shop. Lev darling, how spectacular it was! You made me wet when you shot Elmer the Pig in the head and his blood splashed all over my Anne Taylor slacks. It was then that I swallowed my sugarless butterscotch hard candy and stuffed my veiny tongue down your throat.

DECEMBER 9, 1995

Since we began our affair, I've been placing my spatula inside my woman spot when you're not near. And yes, it's the spatula I use to flip hamburger meat I buy from your butcher shop, in case you were wondering.

FEBRUARY 3, 1996—TERRIBLE NEWS!!!!

I was masturbating with the spatula on my cushioned toilet seat while cooking Jerry's dinner and I fell asleep. But I ripped the spatula from my mature folds when I heard Jerry's screams for dinner. I pulled up my panties, adult diaper, and khaki slacks and ran to the kitchen in time to see the bratwurst I bought from your shop in flames on the frying pan. I tried to scrape some of the "burnt" off and I told Jerry I was following a new recipe I got off a Trisket box, but he would have none of it. He blamed the burnt sausages on your shop and forbade me from shopping there again. Then he said I was lucky he had a stroke at the dentist's office in the '70s because he wanted nothing more in the world than to raise his limp fist and beat me until I looked like the sausages I had just burnt.

Goodbye, sweet Lev. I love you and I hope you love me. Please cut off your penis and bury it in that romantic dog park, as you promised me you would that night.

Love always, Grandma Kaiser.

The Plague presents...

Christopher Kimm's rain Facts



You can tell a little boy will become a gay by the fact that his bedroom is intricately decorated with train memorabilia.

If my uncle were a train, he'd be a steam engine because he's a generic human being.

There once was a man who ran a campaign to make Punky Brewster the poster child of Amtrack. That man was Rosie O'Donnell.

I wish the pimples on the back of my head were trains because then I would be the owner of 82 trains.

There's a town in Italy where a set of interconnecting train tracks forms a cross. It's pretty cool looking, but Christianity is still bullshit.

Ever bite your tongue? That times ten is how I imagine having your head run over by a train would feel. I guess it could hurt more...I'm no expert.

When I was looking in a dumpster outside the Oasis concert, I found a ticket stub for the Orient Express that belonged to Liam Gallagher. Heh. Liam likes trains too. Maybe he's the brother my mom gave up for adoption.

In the 19th Century, blacks were only allowed on trains as porters. I suppose that's fucked, but it'd be nice if someone was there these days to help me with my luggage.

When they film movies, they lay down tracks for the camera to ride on so it doesn't shake when it moves. I wonder if my Aunt Rose would stop shaking if they put her on one of them.

In the videogame *Final Fight* you play Haggard, the mayor of Metro City, out to rescue your daughter from the hordes of Metro City's gang population. But in one level in the game, the object is to go on the subway and beat seated passengers to death before they stand up. I suppose subways are beyond a mayor's jurisdiction.

The hair around my asshole is shaved into a set of train tracks.

I don't like Thomas the Tank Engine because I don't think a personified train would be happy. He'd be angry, gay, Puerto Rican and Tomás.

In Japan, they have cartoons about cooks, basketball players and even repairmen. Oh, and trains. You thought I was going to say they didn't have cartoons about trains, didn't you? You're dumb.

At night I hear mice running across my floor. If I lived in a train, I wouldn't have that problem. There would be rats instead.

Sometimes, when my girlfriend gives me a handjob, things get messy and she complains. And I turn to her, look her in her eyes and say, "It'd be a whole lot messier if we did this on a moving train."

If Jerry Falwell had lived on a train, he never would've gone to jail for tax evasion. He'd've gone to jail for running an interstate whorehouse out of a train.

I wonder what Jesus' favorite train would be if he were alive today. I say Monorail, cuz he's a dreamer.

I have this scientific theory that you could lose a lot of weight if you rode the train a lot because it's harder to eat while in a moving vehicle. But most people who ride the trains are fat, which proves my other theory that science is a Jewish conspiracy.

Sometimes when people get into drunken street fights outside my window when I'm trying to sleep, I wish a train would run them over. But most times I wish I lived in a quieter neighborhood.

When those two guys raped my mom, their cocks were barreling down into her pussy, much like a train barrels down train tracks. Or, like a train filled with barrels barrels down a vertical set of train tracks affixed to a cliff. Either way, they raped the shit out of my mom.



The Naked Players

In 1999 HBO aired a pilot for a nude hidden camera prank show called *The Naked Players*. After the show, *The Plague* editors knew that what they had just seen was brilliance and immediately ordered a transcript of the episode. Then no one was to hear from *The Naked Players* again. The transcript finally arrived in the mail yesterday and we've decided to publish a few pages in hopes of bringing the show some needed exposure. Enjoy!

Page 4

We are at Melvin's laundromat, at around 7 at night. An OBESE BLACK GUY with an intense jheri curl is loading his whites from the washer into the dryer. He is the only one in the shop.

Enter CHERISE, stripper and dancer extraordinaire, in hot pants, a velvet thong and a velvet top. She doesn't have a laundry basket but she does have a boombox.

CHERISE presses play on the boombox and a sultry dance tune by multiplatinum recording artist Shaggy begins booming from the speakers. CHERISE strips and her clothes are on the floor in no time.

The OBESE BLACK GUY makes googly eyes. *The Naked Players* have got him!

OBESE BLACK GUY
Woah there, sugar!

CHERISE
You like that, old man?

OBESE BLACK GUY
Very much so. Very much so. So...are we gonna fuck?

OBESE BLACK GUY begins to disrobe.

CHERISE
Uhm...

CHERISE looks straight into the cameras and mouths the word "Help." She signals for the show's director to call out. The obese black man has taken off his pants and grabs CHERISE from behind.

The Naked Players crew members rush out and tackle the OBESE BLACK GUY.



Page 16

JEREMY, the victim of the prank, enters a non-descript whorehouse on the Sunset Strip. After hushed haggling with the MADAM, he settles in a room. Enter MARTA, our *Naked Player*, disguised as a whore. JEREMY begins taking off his tie.

JEREMY
So...yeah. I already paid the chick up front... I've got an hour to have my way with you. I like to get rough and use red plastic bags.

MARTA
Ohhh...that's so sexy...

JEREMY
You're into that? Huh. That's pretty cool. I've never met anyone who was into what I like to do.

MARTA
Oh, I like it, big guy.

JEREMY
Cool. Well, anyways, on to what I likee...

JEREMY whips out a plastic bag and violently places it over MARTA's head and begins to smack her while he takes his clothes off.

JEREMY
You're gonna bleed, whore. You're gonna fucking bleed!

MARTA
(through blood-choked gasps)
You're on *The Naked Players* hidden camera show! Please stop! I'm just an actress who said I was comfortable being topless on camera!!

Cut to commercial.

Page 5

OBESE BLACK GUY
Hey! I'm just here to fuck! I'm just here to fuck!

CREW MEMBER
Chill out, man. Do you want your pants?

OBESE BLACK GUY
I wanna put my dick in her shit! I wanna put my dick in her shit! What the fuck's going on?

CHERISE
(smiling)
You're on *The Naked Players*.

OBESE BLACK GUY
Huh?

CHERISE
It's a hidden camera prank show. See behind the flowers...and inside that dryer...those are cameras!

OBESE BLACK GUY
Oh my lord! That's funny!

The OBESE BLACK GUY, still bottomless, rushes CHERISE, dick in hand. A barrage of gunshots are heard and the OBESE BLACK GUY's now bloody body lays limp on the laundromat floor.

This scene takes place inside a Catholic monastery. A group of about twelve priests are sitting around a poorly lit table, some engaged in conversation while others are reading from various documents in front of them. Enter Naked Player LOGAN, who appears to be a small child heavily bundled in a long warm coat and a hat. No one takes notice of him at first.

PRIEST 1

Listen, I don't care what anyone thinks; it would totally be better if we read from the Gathas. If we slipped in a few Jesus references, no one would even notice!

LOGAN

(clears throat)

Oh woe is me, I appear to have lost my way. Can any of you men of the robe assist me?

LOGAN takes off his large hat, revealing his young, round face. Four of the priests stand up from their seats and walk toward LOGAN.

PRIEST 2

Poor little boy, what happened? Where are you coming from and where are your parents?

LOGAN

Well actually I live on a nearby farmhouse...

Suddenly, LOGAN throws his long coat to the floor, leaving him completely naked. A few more of the priests at the table stand up, looking surprised. The other four begin closing in on him quickly.

PRIEST 3

(under his breath)

It's days like these when I don't mind getting up early.

The PRIESTS are almost on top of LOGAN at this point.

PRIEST 2

My, this one sure has a large penis... that's just the way I like 'em.

LOGAN

Well that's because I'm not really a little boy; I'm a midget! You're on a new HBO show called *The Naked Players*.

PRIEST 3

(laughing hard)

Whew, that was a good one; you really got us! Come on, we'll help you get dressed again.

LOGAN gets his jacket and hat back on, then goes to show the priests where the cameras are hidden. Suddenly, PRIEST 1 grabs him.

PRIEST 1

Now you see, priests only have consensual sex with little boys. Midgets, on the other hand, have the Devil in them, and the Devil must be raped out.

All the standing priests jump on LOGAN in a frenzy. The penises entering his mouth quickly cut off any cries he may have given to stop them. PRIEST 3 comes over to the main camera and breaks the lens with a nearby cross.

An ASIAN MAN walks into a large office where a gorgeous woman dressed in business attire, DIANE, is seated behind a mahogany desk. The ASIAN MAN looks very nervous as he sits down in the chair across from DIANE, ruffling the papers he is holding in his hand.

DIANE

So, I assume you are here because you are applying for the paralegal job? Do you have a copy of your resume with you?

The ASIAN MAN hands DIANE a piece of paper. She looks over it intently, tousling her hair as she does.

DIANE

Well your education appears more than sufficient, but I'm a little concerned about your lack of experience. It says here you used to work for a chemical engineering company; what happened with that?

ASIAN MAN

Oh, I very unhappy with job at laboratory. Decided to change careers, so went back to school in China to learn legal field. Have to start over but worth it in the long run to be happy.

DIANE

I see. To tell you the truth, the applicants we've had today were far underqualified. Seeing as how you are my last appointment of the day, I can say with some certainty that you have the job; congratulations.

She stands up to shake hands. ASIAN MAN gets up excitedly.

ASIAN MAN

Thank you, thank you. I will be hard worker, you no regret.

DIANE

I'm sure I won't. Have a good evening and see you soon.

ASIAN MAN turns to go. As he walks towards the door, DIANE begins removing her jacket and skirt. Right as ASIAN MAN opens the door, DIANE throws her bra into his path. He turns to see her standing naked, sucking her finger seductively.

ASIAN MAN

Oh, you want me work overtime on first day?

He removes his tie and starts walking back towards the desk. DIANE leans over towards him and exhales slowly. ASIAN MAN is just about to whip it out when DIANE starts waving her hands at him.

DIANE

Gotcha! You're on *The Naked Players* prank show.

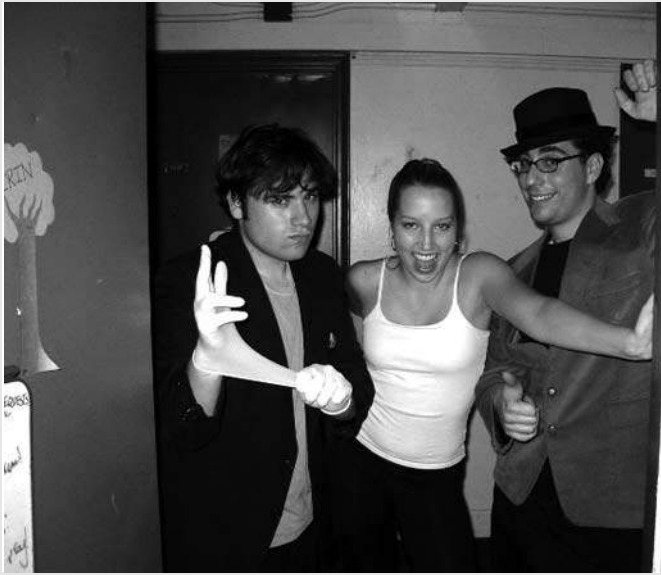
ASIAN MAN
(embarrassed)

Me so sorry. Make it up to you, be at work early and stay late tomorrow.

DIANE

Actually, there is no job. The whole thing was just a big joke. I feel pretty bad now, you don't deserve to be deported but...

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF THE



On the left we have our skilled Make-A-Wish employees, Lukas, Mike, and their lovely cancer dancer, Erin. On the right is our darling cancer patient, little Austin.

“Wake up, little Austin, it’s time to start your last day!”

“Last day? But Doctor says I still have 3 months to live!”



“You’ve always wanted to play in the big game? Well here’s your chance!”

MAKE-A-WISH FOUNDATION

“Good wish choice - roller coasters sure are fun!”



“Don’t be such a sour puss, Austin, you still have one more wish!”

“Well, what I really want is to not die of cancer...”

**WISH
GRANTED!**



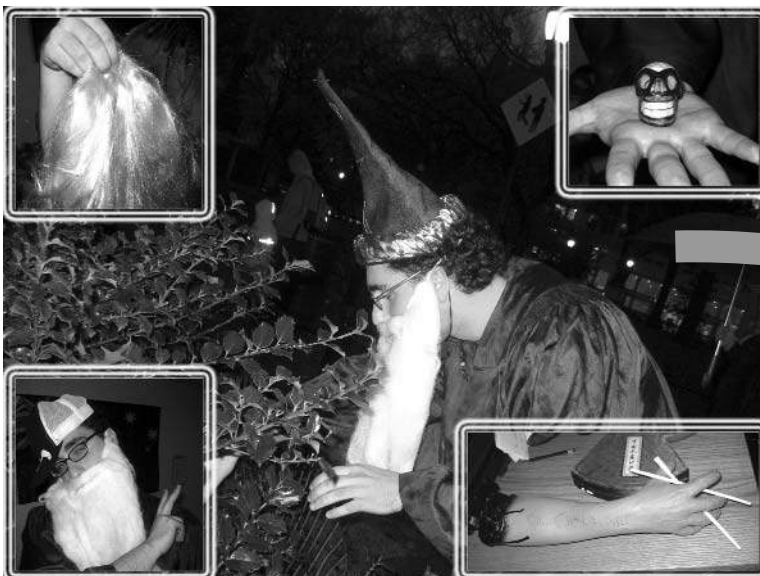
☆ ☆ ☆ A Day in the Life of a Wizard ☆ ☆ ☆



Today our Wizard is going to use his powers to turn leaves into watches.



Now it's time to sell these fancy time pieces at a pawn shop so he can play the scratch-offs. Let's hope he wins this week so he can pay the Wicked Witch her child support!



Now he searches in the bushes for magical ingredients:
Scalp of Jon Benet / Skull of newt / Hat of wigger / Arm of gook.
 He mixes it all together and we've got ...



...Ye olde Wizard Condom! Slip it on, wise mage, cuz it's...

Fucking time!

Oh, don't worry, folks, our Wizard ain't a gay...



While he's ramming the dude, he uses his powerful Wizard imagination to pretend the sweaty round of prison-style poundings is actually sweet lovemaking with a hot chick.

Magic Rocks!!

A Day in the Life of a Man Who is Indifferent to Burritos



Dan briskly walks past the Mexican food aisle at the Food Emporium while doing his morning shopping. There's olive oil to be bought.



Is that Dan on the verge of purchasing a burrito at a Mexican restaurant? No. He's merely heading to the nearby ATM. Stop imposing values on Dan.



"Hey Dan, it's V. So what do you wanna get to eat tonight... Chinese or Mexican?"



"Eh."



Not that there's anything wrong with the burrito show, but this is that episode of *Law & Order: CI* based on Jam Master Jay's murder. You know Dan ain't missin' that!! JMJ RIP.



After a long day of avoiding judgment on folded Mexican food, Dan tucks himself into his chicken-cheddar burrito bed, which he neither particularly likes or dislikes.



Because after you hit the floor, you'll never know

The Plague explains the...

LESSER KNOWN BEATLES SONGS

- Hey Jew
- Strawberry Clams Forever
- Back in the L.B.C.
- The Theme to Major Dad
- Blackbird
- Get the Fuck Back to Where I Tell You You Belong
- Jewish Corn
- Paul, You're a Fuckin' Asshole Stop Eating My Sandwiches
- You're Not Even George

What's On Dad's Top Shelf

- Dad's top shelf diarrhea
- Tim Allen's *Don't Stand Too Close to a Naked Man*
- Parts of old Daddy
- Super-secret-top-top-shelf
- The condom that broke and made me

WAYS TO CELEBRATE HALLOWEEN

- Anticipating November 2nd
- Make a shirt that says, "This is my costume stupid!", sit around and think about how clever you are until you realize you have no friends. Later, use the shirt to wipe off your own semen
- Pumpkin in the ass
- Masturbate with name brand lotion -- set aside that abrasive generic shit tonight
- By giving your dad the Halloween hand job, of course!

REASONS WHY I CONDONE RAPE

- She asked for it, with that short skirt and "Please rape the shit out of me" novelty shirt
- Because it's morally right
- For the love of the game
- If it's okay for Kobe, it's okay for me
- Makes first date less uncomfortable

THE NEW CRAZE IN HIP HOP

- Randy Savage's "In Da Club" remix
- Women's rights, return to more simple values, reasonably priced cars...just kidding! More bitch-smacking ho popping bling blinging all around
- Dropping all pretenses of still being "black people" music
- Bred Winna

THINGS COLUMBUS BROUGHT BACK FROM THE NEW WORLD

- Pringles, they come in a can
- Fun and creative ways to kill Indians and then give them casinos and American spirits
- Anal beads
- Method Man - or maybe Redman...yeah that makes more sense. Shit, whatever, same thing
- Columbus Day sales

SIGNS TODAY IS NOT YOUR DAY

- You wake up on the wrong side of the bed...with your liver stuffed in your mouth
- You don't win the NY State Lottery but you do win the disembowelment lottery
- That billboard outside your window that says "Today is not your day, fucko"
- Your balls switch places so you no longer know which one is "left" and which one is "right"
- It's 9/11 you selfish fuck
- You walk into your human sexuality class and there is a naked 80-year old woman handing out lambskin condoms
- It's not even on the calendar
- The fetus that you thought the dumb bitch aborted gets born, grows up, and kicks your ass
- You get ball cancer, but you're a chick
- You feel bad after you pass the second floor

OTHER THINGS RUSH LIMBAUGH IS ADDICTED TO

- C & C Music Factory
- Flinstones Chewable Vitamins
- Standing trial for public nudity
- Oral sex from underage Cambodian dock workers
- Vanilla Coke

REASONS WE HATE "FALL BACK" TIME CHANGE

- Because resetting the grandfather clock involves my naked grandfather
- Because I always fall back into a pile of dog shit
- Because resetting the clocks wastes that extra hour anyway

NEW FILMS BASED ON THE COLUMBINE MASSACRE

- *Elephant*
- *Fast Times at Columbine High*
- *Revenge of the Nerds*
- *Holes*
- *Dylan and Eric's Excellent Adventures*
- *White Men Can Shoot*
- *Rhinoceros*
- *National Lampoon's School Shooting*
- *Old School 2: First Blood*

REASONS MICHAEL JACKSON IS INNOCENT

- He's not "typical black male" enough to be committing crimes
- He has an alibi—he was changing Liz Taylor's diaper the whole time
- Hey, he let the kid ride on his roller coasters—leave him alone
- He was too busy raping the shit out of his own kids to care about cancer face over there
- Michael Jackson doesn't touch kids; he has his butler do it for him
- Michael only molested him a little; Quincy Jones and Eddie Van Halen also did some molesting
- MJ's only attracted to white kids; this Latino fuck is a liar



WHOLE WIDE WORLD

POTATO CHIP-RELATED HAZARDS

- You can sever your fingers on a particularly sharp Pringle
- Once you pop, you just can't stop and eventually become obese
- Salt and Vinegar chips can fall into any open wounds and make them all "stingy"
- You burst a blood vessel while being angry there is no string cheese-flavored chip
- Rrruffles have rrridges; ridges are filled with deadly microbes

NEW SCHICK SHAVING CREAM SLOGANS

- The brand Aaron Carter uses to shave his pink white asshole
- Your great grandpa used Gillette and now he's dead. Not a coincidence
- Schick—the brand two out of three divorced housewives buy for their abusive Indian boyfriends
- We're Schick and tired of writing ad campaigns about shaving cream

WHAT WE LEARNED FROM THE GIVING TREE

- If you carry apples, someone's gonna cut off your arms
- Trees are pushovers
- When you get older you no longer like to eat apples but that doesn't stop you from taunting the apple tree you cut down

MY MOM WENT TO THE RAINFOREST AND ALL SHE BROUGHT ME BACK WAS...

- This wet T-Shirt (mom needs to stop with the contests and realize her tits are nice)
- A parrot who can't pronounce the letter "j." Good going Mom...dumbass
- This rainforest donkey

FAMOUS PEOPLE ARE WEIRD ABOUT FOOD

- Freud was deathly frightened by Chinese food in all its forms
- Billy Bob Thornton despises marzipan that's shaped like parrots
- Dinah Washington made a monkey force feed her toffee apples
- Martin Luther would chew his steak 13 times before swallowing
- Mozart played an early version water polo with bushels of garbanzo beans
- Mandy Moore will only allow her boyfriend to eat blueberry yogurt out of her pussy

OH THE PLACES YOU'LL GO

- A Guatemala titty factory
- A tattoo parlor for your "PR tat"
- The grave without ever fucking
- MJ's "castle" for a healthy game of "jousting"
- An ambulance, cuz I stabbed ya, bitch
- The gutter outside grandpa's house cuz that's where he's gonna take you to tell you he has male and female parts
- A video store that only rents out Jim Belushi switcheroo movies from 1984
- A class on cutting apples

WHY WE'RE STILL IN IRAQ

- Cuz the groundhog saw his shadow and that means two more years in that shithole
- There are more museums to be exploded
- Bush wants the nickname "the Widow Maker" ever so dearly
- It's all a David Blaine stunt, no one's dead, don't worry!
- Cuz dem Muslims need a good talking to and it takes time to learn how to speak squiggly
- Trying to find Saddam as well as a silver dollar I dropped in the desert

OUR BAD HABITS

- Not listening to enough Earth, Wind, and Fire
- Forgetting to comb our pubes before and after we take a shower
- Getting our huge dicks caught inside the vaginas of really hot chicks
- Leaving grandma's casket open
- Not remembering to stock our pickle refrigerators
- Kidnapping too many little boys; not enough little girls
- Burning our Pop Tarts

THINGS YOU'LL SEE IN THE 4TH MATRIX MOVIE

- Neo played by Bill Pullman; Morpheus played by 2Pac
- Shaved but sloppy cunts
- Clippings from *The Lord of the Rings* accidentally spliced in
- Six-minute commercial for *Crank Yankers*
- A Native American lost in the Matrix
- How brothels operate in the future
- Turns out that Air Bud was "The One" all along
- New holiday: Matrix Fun Day
- Man destroys machine but is then wiped out by particularly bad epidemic of jock itch

IF BEETHOVEN WERE ALIVE TODAY...

- The Strokes would still suck
- Metallica would use his ass to put on killer live shows
- That ridiculous violinist in the Dave Matthews Band would be that ridiculous violinist in The Ludwig Van Beethoven Band

NUMBER OF PARANOID SQUIRRELS IN WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK

- 1,000,000,000,000,000,003



First Day of Kindergarden
and...



What a stupid dog. If only dogs were funny... like YOU.
Can you translate that funny into writing?
If so, you could be worthy of joining *The Plague*. Could be.
Especially if you are apt at Quark, Photoshop, or know what
a computer looks like. Mosey on over to the *Plague* meetings,
every Monday night in the Kimmel Center at 6:30 PM.

You're invited to...

THE 55th Annual
PLAGUE PROM

It all goes down on
MAY 14, 2004 at the
KIMMEL CENTER



Dress like you're
going to a Bar Mitzvah,
whatever that is

I
guess my husband will
just have to wait because I'm
partying with *The Plague*



She's never
coming back



Ladies and Gentlemen...welcome to the

NU/Hair

Revolution!

It's The World's LEAST Painful Hair Replacement Surgery



no scalpels!

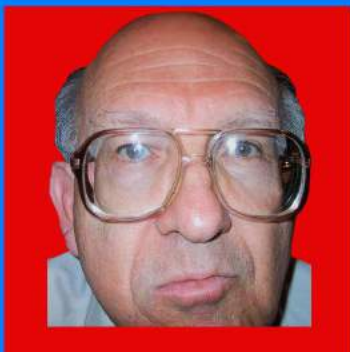


no needles!



no doctors!

Just Our Simple 3-Step Procedure!



1. Realize you are bald



2. Locate New Hair



3. Apply Hair

Listen to what our satisfied customers are saying!

They Don't Lie... It's Really NOT Painful...at ALL!



Last Year I Was Pretty Sad. I Was Getting Bad Grades and I Stopped Going To Basketball Practice. I Thought I Was A Gay Because I Always Dreamed Of Eating Other Pussy. But I Was Wrong. I Just needed NU/Hair. It Really Doesn't Hurt!



I Love NU/Hair... and my parents died in a car accident!



JAMES MARTIN
cat strangler

SHAQUANDA JONES
future college dropout

SHANIA TWAIN
her parents died in a car crash



raW r!

Oh No! The Hazards of The Campsite!

what, dear friends, is to be done?



Protect Your Campsite With...

OFF! bug spray
FOR BEARS!

no mosquitos
equals a
happy bear!