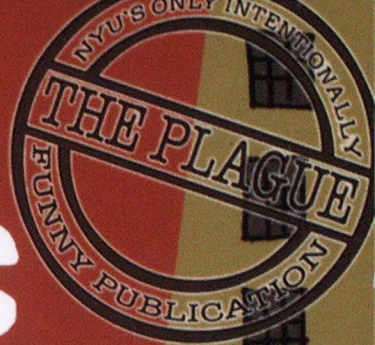


Plaguelights

SPRING 2005

from Children

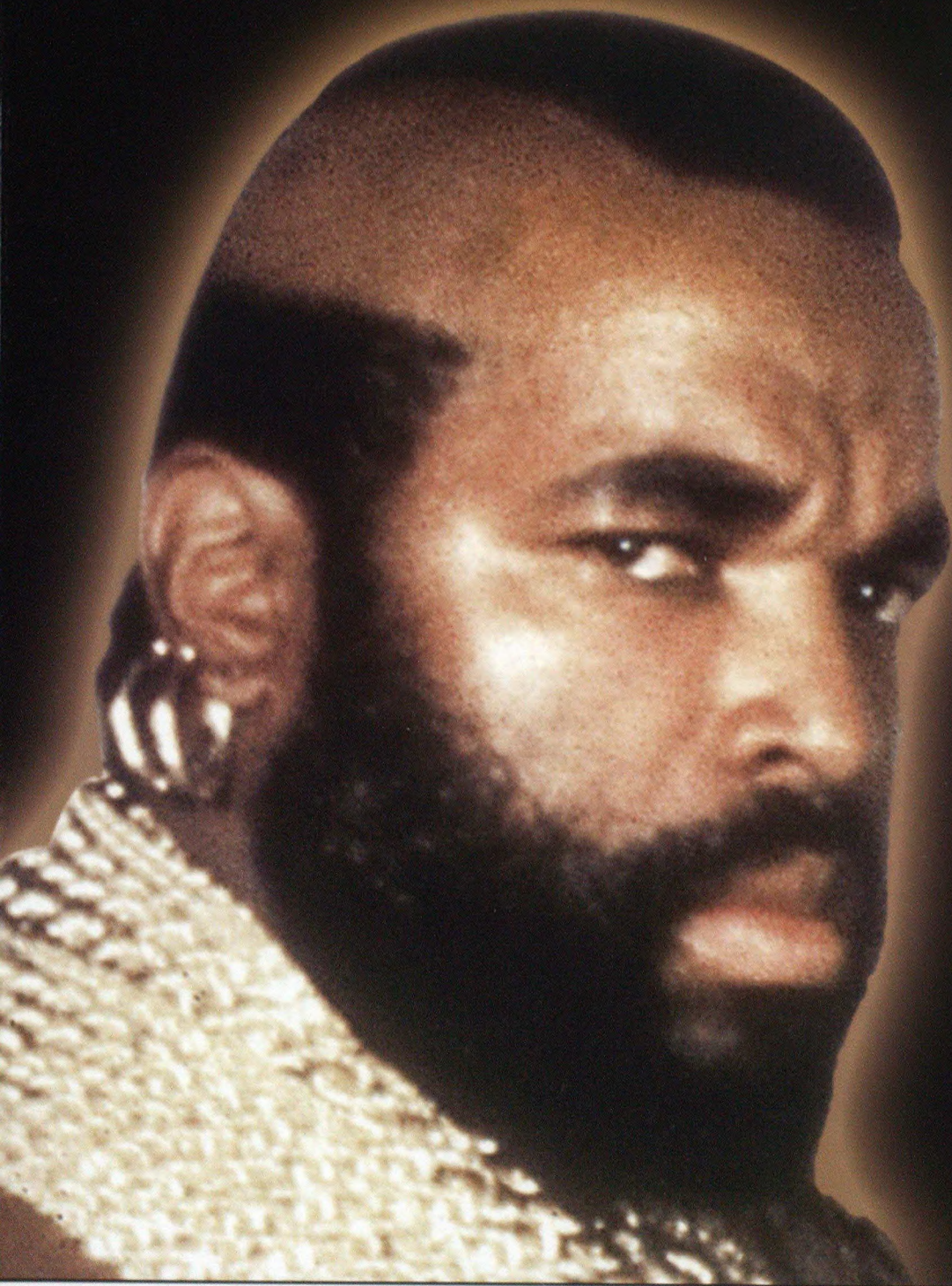


NYU's Only Intentionally
Funny Publication



A Special Message from

**Mr.
T**



**I PITY THE FOOL WHO THINKS
THAT PYRITE IS GOLD!**

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 disease. 5. Us. 6. Not Jesus. 7. A reminder that yes, you're still a loser. 8. Men in space suits that aren't astronauts. 9. The hottest new dance. 10. Placed in our water in lieu of expensive fluoride. 11. Anything covered in bees... or floating in formaldehyde. 12. Four sandwiches in one day.

Executive Editors

Jesse Meyerson

Refuses to live in an alphabetocracy.

David Mellisy

Enlightened, but confused.

John Lichman

Never eats bread. Never.

Colette Stango

Puts the holes in Swiss Cheese.

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Ben Joseph

Puts the "mate" in Ultimate Frisbee.

Ryan Grim

Is not descended from monkeys.

Chuck Schaeffer

Papa got a brand new bag.

Abby Rosenbaum

Does what she wants, gosh!

Benjamin Harrison

Learned how to love.

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Brendan O'Brien

Fights crime with a toothbrush.

Jeff Sauser

So abstract he doesn't even exist.

Amgad Fawzy

All he wants are his two front teeth.

All of The Work, None of the Credit

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

Plaguelights

Regular Features

3 This page, silly!

11 A Saturday Afternoon

18 Goofus and Gallant

19 A Story with Pictures

22 Judge Otter

23 New Shapes!

24 Kittens!

27 Manginas!

34 Two Ducks and a Kitty!

35 Squirrels!



Special to This Issue

4 Things We Damn Well Feel Like Saying

6 Cock Blocked!

7 Crime

8 METRO

9 Snowmen

10 Christians

12 How to Grump

13 NYU...Today!

14 Bloodsports... and Sexy Sports

16 Profiles in Courage

17 True Confessions

20 Habits of the Urban Masturbator

25 Tourism: When Will it End?

26 Further Adventures in Time Travel

30 The SATs

31 Another Profile in Courage

32 Lists



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Thomas Jefferson once roasted an entire boar and ate it in an hour.

THINGS WE DAMN WELL FEEL LIKE SAYING

Life sure can be exciting when your dad is an international arms dealer. I'd have to say that the most exciting thing to come of it is that I turned out to be mildly retarded. I know what you might be thinking, but really it's not all that bad. In fact, it's kinda fun.

Sure, my dad is on the InterPol Most Wanted List, but he's still a good guy. No matter where we were, or what country we were in, my Dad always made sure I was properly enrolled in school. Schoolin' was important, and as Mark Twain says, one shouldn't let it get in the way of one's education. Mark Twain sure said a lot of crazy-ass shit, like about frogs and rotgut. I have a book on tape of him, he's my favoritest recording artist even though I don't understand most of what he's talking about. My Dad never ran any guns to Missouri.

There are some complications, though. For example, I would leave one school after first grade, where I was to learn this thing called "subtraction" the next year. When I was in a different school for second grade they had already learned the subtraction! And they learned the hell out of it, too. There was none left to be learnt. That made me cry, which made me get punched for crying by my teacher, which made me get my first erection, which also made me cry again – the cycle continues, but with less erections.

The subtraction thing doesn't seem too important, I can get by without it, whatever it is. The only thing that bothers me is that every now and then numbers seem to disappear for no accountable reason! I asked my mom about this once, and she smacked me about the face for taking the Lord's name in vain, and told me to go and read Ecclesiastes.

Other than that, I think I turned out pretty normal. Some kids think I'm weird because I talk funny. But I don't think it's that strange to only be able to express oneself in the past tense in French. (*Quand j'avais huit ans, mon meilleur ami était un singe qui s'appelle Monsieur Joyeux Pantalons.*) Those other kids are the weirdos.

I grew older, and I grew wiser. My parents could no longer hide the truth about what they did for a living, just as I could no longer hide the truth about my life-goal of touching my elbows behind my back. This rift would grow into a fissure, settle back into a crevice, then finally evolve in the chasm that would tear our family apart.

I left town on the next bus, but I had never really learned what a bus was or how to use money. A kindly old lady paid my fare and carried my bags for me. I nestled into her bosom and purred myself to sleep. When I was littler I had a cat named *Purry*.

I decided I ought to be less like my childhood hero Kevin Bacon from "Hollow Man", and figure out a way to be a normal human being, to be more like my adulthood hero Kevin Bacon from "Footloose". I like the learning, and decided I should enroll in the university with the most outrageous freaks and smelliest losers I could find – that way I wouldn't attract attention.

Upon my rejection from Penn State, I sorrowfully sent in my tuition check to NYU. You sure can get a lot of sweet hook-ups when your father sells opiates too.

One evening, when my roommates were all away and I was left alone, a perfectly normal human being thought struck me: At last! The perfect time to choke my chicken! I proceeded to, y'know, go about my business as it were... imagining myself enjoying nubile flesh and palpating tender breast, when I realized my hand was covered in blood! Shit! Did I bust something somewhere? This could be an embarrassing disaster, I didn't want anybody to know I didn't know what I was doing – that could blow my cover!

I looked it up on the "internet" and was pleased to learn that it's normal for chickens to bleed when choke them, that's how you know they're dead all the way. I then cooked and ate my chicken. After the meal, and still aroused by the scent of broiled fowl, I masturbated.

Life is a little less exciting these days. Sometimes my new friends in college tell about how they one time drove a car, or saw a cartoon where dogs could talk. I am envious of them and their stories. Such thrill, such enthusiasm, such exhilaration I will never know. (*De plus, je me souviens d'un moment où Monsieur Joyeux Pantalons a fait le pipi dans la bouche du Premier du Luxembourg. C'était agréable.*) To make up for this, I listen to their abundant questions about my clandestine life and puzzling mental handicaps – queries which I would never answer due to the dangers of smuggling and general confusion of what they were saying due to still being pretty retarded. In such situations I always

find a suitable Mark Twain quip to fit the occasion. Man, college students LOVE Mark Twain quotes!

After a few months of classes a fellow who calls himself the Ra (Egyptian Sun God my ass! Give me Thodin or Apozeus anyday. I may be dumb, but I know my gods) forced his way into my room. At first I thought he was gonna rape me, and I was excited at the prospect of using pepper spray to ward him off. Sometimes, when I have enough time on my hands, I dress up in all black and paint a white stripe down my back. Then I run out onto the street and shout, "Moo! I'm a skunk!" and spray the UHO guys with my pepper spray.

Ra is asking me about my classes so I tell him in French that I can only speak Chinese. He then whips out some Mandarin, but I convince him I only know Shanghai dialect. Anyway, it was past the midpoint of the semester and I hadn't been to any real classes (though I did learn a lot about life – isn't that what matters?), so they had to kick me out. I could tell by the look in Ra's eyes that he was going to strike first, so I flew at him with a fist to the throat. No one is gonna kick me anywhere, especially not in the out. I don't even know where on the body my out is, but I'm pretty sure I don't want to get kicked in it.

Now that I dropped out of college, there's no hope for any future employment for me. I guess I'll just have to druggle smugs, the only thing that you don't have to be unretarded for – aside from politics.



"Moo! I'm a rooster!" muses
editor Jesse Meyerson

THINGS WE DAMN WELL FEEL LIKE SAYING

Back in the 19th century, the conventional wisdom in this country was that Catholics, more loyal to the Pope than to the United States, would overthrow their government in an instant if the Vatican ordered them to. Well, let me be the first Catholic to leak the good news: they were fucking right all along! The Know-Nothing Party knew everything. But with the whole theocratic bureaucracy we have in the Church, it takes a dozen decades or so to get a good conspiracy going.

Finally, though, the last of the paperwork went through, and now the Revolution of the Virgin is here! Or, at least, it was supposed to be here. The plan was to conquer Washington and rename it New Rome on March 28th, but when Commander in Chief John Paul II fell to illness we knew our hopes for success were dashed. I guess that's what we get for leaving all the planning in the hands of a sickly 84 year-old guy, but hey, there was nobody else was around who was infallible. Sue us.

While we had been expecting to taste the sweet nectar of World Conquest, the incapacity of J.P. officially started the dreaded Dark Evening of the Harvest. That's the part of the Catholic Life Cycle when those of us who cannot function without the spiritual leadership of a Pope lash out against the world. Bloodthirsty and leaderless, renegade Catholics spent the first two weeks of April engaged in brutal combat with each other and the outside world, starting urban riots in Boston, San Francisco and New York. The U.S. was also terrorized by roving Catholic militias, who were reported to be engaged in fully armed combat in various rural regions.

This Catholic uprising was not reported by the Lutheran-run media, who didn't want all the good little Protestants to know that every time a Pope dies us Catholics get to do cool shit like flip over cars, start fires, and loot. Why do you think we always pick Popes that are so fucking old? We want to speed things up for the next Dark Evening of the Harvest. I mean, I "harvested" three Nintendo DS's during the John Paul II Riot! Face it, guys: Catholicism is the mad bucks!

But the Pope is in the ground now, and the streets of America's Catholic ghettos are quiet. The Harvest is complete, and it's time to pick a new pope. Few realize that one of the most influential sects of the Church in this Papal election figures to be the group of Massachusetts Irish Catholics known within the Church as the Ancient Order of the Red Sox.

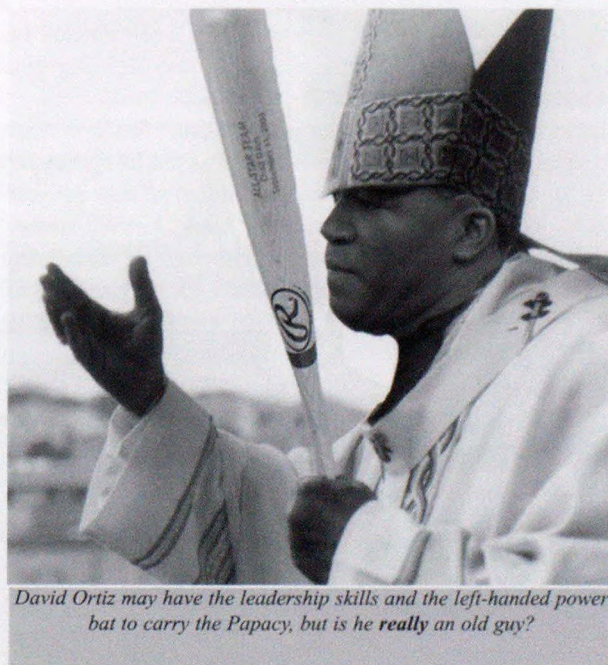
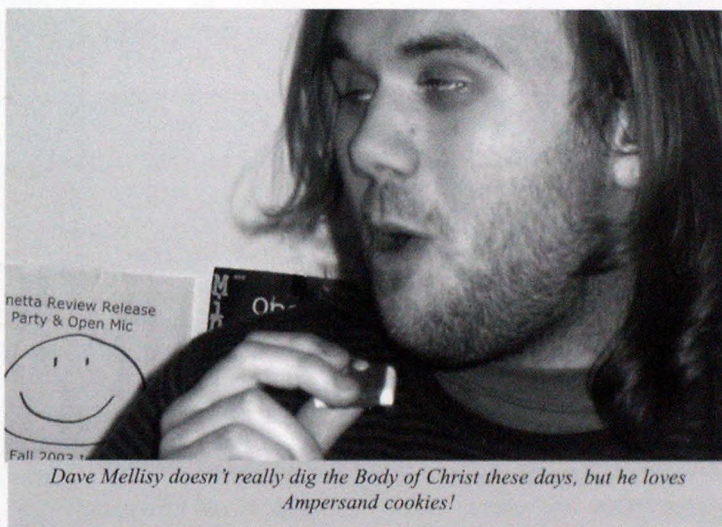
The significance of the Red Sox in Catholicism (and vice versa) is seldom recognized – the Sox are secretly financed and operated by the Church. Once years of failure led the loyal Catholics of the Boston area to be completely overcome with Pessimism and Shame – the two main tenants of the Catholic

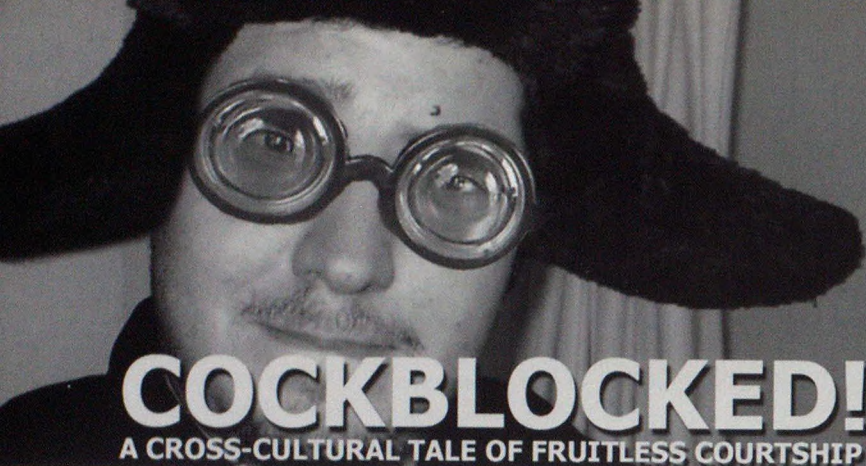
Church – they were rewarded with a World Series victory. This "championship" was not the inspiring sports drama that it was marketed as. It was a Vatican-ordered fix that symbolized the selection of Red Sox Nation to oversee the Board of Papal Electoral Delegates. Don't be surprised if Red Sox DH David Ortiz dons the miter sometime this summer. You heard it here first!

You must be wondering— why would a Catholic like me spill the most secret of Church secrets – secrets even more secret than that Da Vinci Code shit? Well, while I may have inadvertently wandered under some falling baptismal water and thus had my immortal soul placed in the sole custody of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit, I am a fairly disgruntled Catholic. It all started when my Priest snatched the Body of Christ back from me at my First Communion. I mean, all religious symbolism aside, I hadn't eaten in hours and I really could've used a snack. Truth be told, it's more of a

Christmas-Easter-Dark Harvest thing for me, anyway. And letting the Red Sox pick the Pope instead of the Yankees was the last straw.

In case you were wondering, my leak immediately activated all of the cover-up machinery. By the time you read this, there will be no traces left of any Catholic World Conquest conspiracy. Just know that in three years, when the world isn't being run by the brutal dictatorship of Pope David Arias Ortiz I, you have me to thank for it.





COCKBLOCKED!

A CROSS-CULTURAL TALE OF FRUITLESS COURTSHIP

"I just don't understand how this can keep happening!"

There's been a lot in the life of Greg Lauder that he hasn't been able to understand lately, and many of his frustrations came pouring out on Sunday night as he browsed The Facebook in his 2nd Street Apartment. Lauder, a CAS sophomore majoring in Economics, has a lot of worries these days. But the biggest one lies entirely within his Dockers.

"I swear to Christ, if I don't get some in the next week," he said, puffing on his eighth cigarette of the interview, "my balls are going to fall off."

For the past two months, Lauder has been scouting out NYU's eligible females after a disastrous turn of events in the Fall 2004 semester left him with a short-haired, skirt-chasing ex-girlfriend. But Greg started to believe that things might turn around when he met one Ashley Spinner in early March, following a party at Coral Towers. After a few libations and some marijuana experimentation, Lauder was determined to take heavy petting a step further. Those plans were shattered by the actions of his roommate, Mikhail Kovalev.

"He just barged in and stood there. Staring. He was humming something, I remember... I think it was 'Blitzkrieg Bop.'"

Kovalev, a descendant of Theodore Ivanovich, Russia's only retarded Czar, migrated to the US from St. Petersburg in 2003 after being enchanted by "Felicity", which began its run on Russia's laughably out-of-date cable system in 2001. Due to his "Felicity" addiction (and extreme dyslexia), Kovalev still refers to NYU by its lawyer-proof stage name, "UNY." His other connection to American culture is the Ramones, whose "Blitzkrieg Bop" accompanied what is widely believed to be the best montage in "Felicity" history.

Kovalev's misinterpretations of American culture continued throughout the coming weeks. One week after the original incident, Mikhail intruded on another romantic encounter with Spinner and proceeded to talk loudly on his cell phone in his native language. "I don't know what he was saying," commented Lauder, "but it sounded dirty. Really dirty." Later that night, Lauder and Kovalev established the now-infamous "Sock-on-the-Door Treaty."

The treaty was violated just one night later. Sock on door, Kovalev entered the room and began making a balloon animal out of the last condom in the RA's basket. "There was a fucking sock on the door, and he had to take the last condom? It wasn't even a good balloon animal. He was like, 'Look, I make snake,'" Greg bitterly mimicked. Greg has requested a room transfer, although he admits fears of a new roommate who "could be an even weirder Russian dude. Or maybe even a bear."

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FROM THE MAKERS OF TEA.....

AND ICED TEA.....

IT'S...

SPAGHET-TEA!!!!

Mmm, mmm.
Mmm???

That's right - we've combined the nourishing warmth of a cup of your favorite chamomile or chai with zesty al dente enriched macaroni product.

It's like there's cultures colliding in my mouth!

The flavor is so... interesting!

Available in your grocer's pasta-aromatic beverage-noodle-in-a-bag section.

CLASSIFIEDS

Have condom, need pussy.
202-320-3929.

Have board, need broad.
202-320-3929
(Board is for sex)

Jesse hurt me. Need hitman.
(preferably gay - have your way with the corpse!) 202-320-3929

Lost pet Gnome, getting lonely.
Seeking replacement. 202-320-3929

Can't tell my ass from a hole in the ground, need Randy Newman (or equivalent) to hold my hand.
202-320-3929

Whoring out my comatose Grandpa: Name your own price.
202-320-3929

These people suck. I need some new friends. Have powerwheels, will let you ride (NOT DRIVE) if you be my pal. 202-320-3929

Daddy touches me at night. Seeking bedtime stunt-double, will pay in candy... and tears.
202-320-3929

Need live baby for my experiment. 202-320-3929

Have midget, need some grease and a saddled hog. 202-320-3929

CAPS LOCKED BUT THE BRAILLE WORE OFF ON THE BUTTON AND ACCIDENTLY HITTING TAB WOULD REALLY FUCK UP MY SHIT. PLEASE HELP! 202-320-3929



Hey kids! Lay off the pipe, and read this Plague report on...

CRIME!

Predator Charged for Hate Crimes

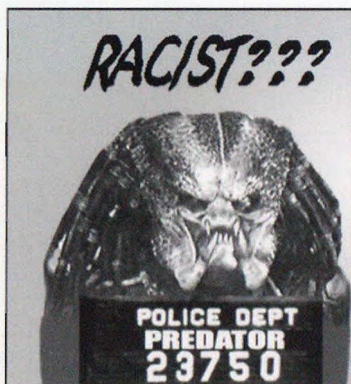
LOS ANGELES— California Governor Arnold Schwarzenegger announced yesterday his plans to bring the Predator to justice for racially motivated crimes.

"He is a menace who hunts with hatred alone! Justice must be served!" The Governor announced. "The Predator is a (series of loud, vaguely Germanic grunts)."

When reached for comment at his spacious, Northern Montanan ranch style home, the Predator was outraged by the accusations. "Oh come on! I can only see in heat vision. How can I be a racist if I can't see regular colors? Jesus, you kill Apollo Creed one time and you never hear the end of it!"

The trial, set to start next week, will investigate claims made by Danny Glover and the estate of Apollo "Carl Weathers" Creed that the Predator's slayings were not random carnage, but, in fact, malicious hate crimes. The prosecution is expected to make direct ties between the Predator and the intergalactic crime ring, the "Aliens".

Danny Glover, when reached for comment, only remarked that he's "getting too old for this shit", immediately before jumping over an exploding car as Mel Gibson shot wildly at a group of shifty East German terrorists.



McDonald's "Hamburglar" Charged with Triple Homicide

NEW YORK— In a stunning turn of events, police are pursuing the Hamburglar, the loveable, entirely fictional fast-food marketing personality, for the murder of three employees at a local McDonald's. At approximately 9:00 PM EDT yesterday, Mr. Burglar entered the McDonalds with a novelty fry-shaped gun and demanded fifty cheeseburgers, along with all the money in the registers. The workers responded with laughter, which was returned with gunfire.

"When they started laughing, he just lost it. He started screaming 'Robble-robble, motherfuckers!' and then just opened fire. When the smoke cleared, he just grabbed the burgers and ran. He's pretty fast for a guy in clown shoes," one eyewitness recounted.

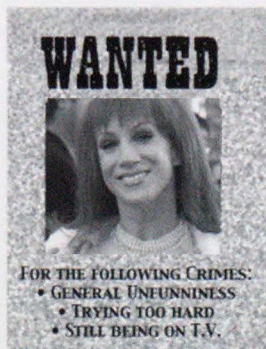
When reached for comment, Mayor McCheese had this to say: "I'm not surprised, frankly. It's sad, but I saw it all coming. He had a substance problem. Ronald and I tried to get him into rehab but he refused. He just started snorting lines of sweet 'n sour sauce with the Fry Kids, and it was downhill from there." Police are still on the lookout for the Hamburglar. He was last seen in a cherry red pick-up truck filled with burgers being driven by his accomplice and fellow burger addict, Grimace. Authorities would appreciate the help of the public but warn civilians not to attempt to take the law into their own hands because, as Chief Big Mac said in a conference last week, "Nothing kills the Grimace. Nothing."

PHOTO: Chris Stetsen, the little-known stage actor slated to play Hamburglar in the E! reenactment of the Hamburglar Murder trial.



Andrew Jackson never owned a pair of shoes.

IMPORTANT ANOUNCEMENT!



Use of Kathy Griffin Oscar Coverage in any way, shape or form has been ruled **CRUEL AND UNUSUAL PUNISHMENT** by the U.S. Supreme Court.

FACT:

The SPCA uses tapes of Kathy Griffin's voice to euthanize puppies. Cute ones.

FACT:

Kathy Griffin has sold 93.6% of her soul to the devil.

CRIME FILES

9:52 AM: Beautiful, soul-having vegetable murdered by liberal hippie God-haters.

10:42 AM: Mad Scientist Harold Granñkskischteinen apprehended in his Queens home on charges of Practicing Mad Science.

8:00 PM: This is no time to fight crime, guys, Desperate Housewives is on!

METRO-SECTIONAL NEWS

Bloomberg flies, also kills unicorn

CITY HALL— Three months after the 2012 Olympic Committee left New York, Mayor Bloomberg finally apologized for his bender, at which point he admitted to being “really smashed” and “not in control.”

During his bender, Bloomberg commandeered a helicopter by leaping from the roof of City Hall. He proceeded to urinate on Mr. McCheese, a potential candidate for the 2005 Mayoral election. Later, Bloomberg landed his helicopter at the mythical Pace University, holding one of its students/Unicorns at knifepoint. The omnipotent Mayor used his laser death vision to kill 18-year old Davy Meyer, who majored in faerie-dust sampling and screaming “OH YEAH!” in a very loud, annoying accent.

The Mayor then flew into the atmosphere using his super flying abilities, as his hair became a brilliant gold color before he shouted “SUPER KAME HAME HA!” The unleashed energy blast incinerated New Jersey

upon impact. Super Bloomberg floated back to the ground, celebrating with a Magic Hat #9 – a pale ale with the faintest hint of apricots.

Super Bloomberg flew around the city, dispensing of crime and evil doers like the homeless and people with lower income! Super Bloomberg made Times Square white for might and right! The inescapable Us is too powerful for the overlord human mind to comprehend according to Bloomberg!!!!

12 hours later, the assembled group at the City Hall press conference realized that Mayor Bloomberg gave everyone quality DMT while playing “Dragonball Z” on a small television. Bloomberg, in the meanwhile, left to go piss on the MTA and then apologize approximately five minutes later.

PHOTO: Super Bloomberg battles through Midtown, defeating all comers and allowing the white people to thrive. Also, note his amazing blonde hair that only looks gray here.



Martin Van Buren couldn't get it up.

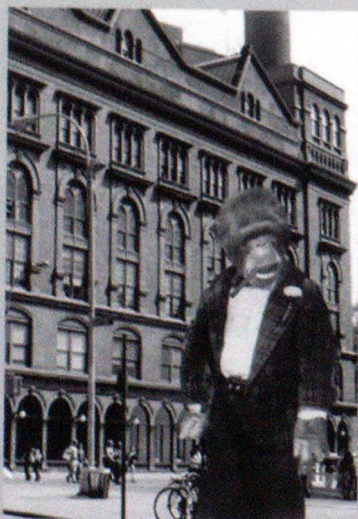


PHOTO: The word of God was the second-biggest draw in Astor Place history, narrowly losing out to the Tic and Tac All-Stars performance on June 5, 2001.

God to City: I don't 'not like' gays

EAST VILLAGE— In a lightly publicized press conference in early March, God announced he felt indifferent toward gay marriage, and also that he had not been the cause of the last three months of “crappy weather” in New York.

The Lord Almighty appeared in the space once occupied by the Astor Place Cube, known for being the center of strange activity and performance art. He assumed the form of a chimpanzee in a tuxedo, smoking a Philly Blunt.

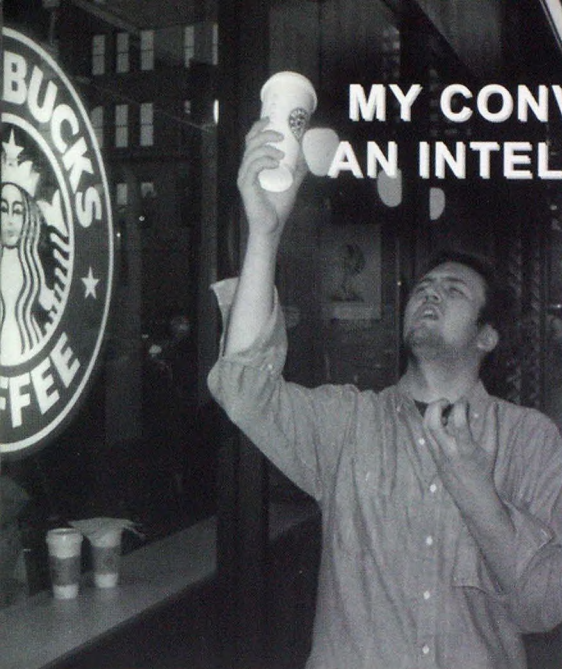
“I’ll be honest, it doesn’t bother me one way or another where a guy sticks his wee-wee pole as long as its in a warm, tight space.

“And seriously, guys,” God said, casually exhaling, “I don’t control the weather. I’m all about fate, retribution and letting all of my children do their own thing. It’s not my fault you can’t make a weather machine. If the Jews really have one, they haven’t told me.”

Many of the assembled crowd were confused but accepted the blunt-smoking monkey’s speech. A few people began to shout homosexual slurs, which God asked to stop. When the chanters failed to do so, God conjured former Black Flag frontman Henry Rollins who, efficiently beat down the bigots.

“Don’t worry,” God said, while Rollins totally kicked ass, American History-X style, “Baal controls the weather and he just got off a bad relationship. But he’s totally spending all his time with Thor now, and they’re getting nice and warm over at the Chelsea bathhouse. It’ll be hot again any day now...at least in the bedroom!”

God proceeded to clap His hands and jump to and fro, screeching like a happy chimp. He leapt upon Henry Rollins’ back, riding the IFC host down St. Mark’s Place toward Sophie’s Bar – a really shitty bar that sucks.



MY CONVERSATIONS WITH AN INTELLECTUAL SNOWMAN

I recently met an intelligent Snowman while in Starbucks. Now you may say, "How in the world did you meet an intellectual at a corporate leviathan like Starbucks?" I pondered the same question myself, but you know what? Sometimes the cup of coffee evaporates, and there is nothing you can do to stop the water cycle, so you might as well just accept that the Snowman was at Starbucks and start drinking it.

Anyway, the Starbucks was looking especially colorful this evening, with all types of glittery fish hanging from the ceiling. I asked one of the fish why he was hanging from the ceiling and apparently there had been a catastrophe with a fishing vessel at Astor Place – not to mention that there was a taxi exploding rainbows and gumdrops outside. With all of this nonsense going on, I decided it was time to escape with a cup of joe and my favorite section of *Bicycling Monthly* – which is to say *every single page*, because it is so fucking hilarious! How *do* they write such biting satire?

With beverage in hand, I sat down to begin

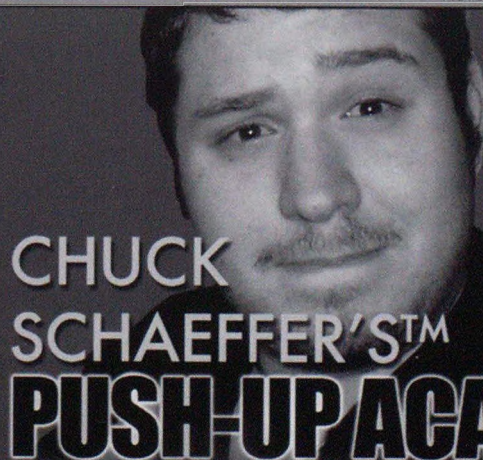
reading when I saw the Snowman. I wasn't sure if I should talk to him, but it's only once in a lifetime that you come to see a real life Snowman actually drinking a cup of Chai, as everyone knows Snowmen usually go for an espresso. I casually asked the Man of Snow why he drank Chai, and he explained that he was Indian. I bit my lip and turned my attention back to a kick-ass article about 16 speed hybrids.

A few minutes passed, and although I was still shy from the awkward exchange earlier, I decided to ask him what he was reading. It turned out he wasn't reading at all, but was really melting, and by the time I realized this he was a just another filthy New York puddle.

"Why," I exclaimed in sheer disgust, "doesn't all of Manhattan become a puddle, because indeed the whole island is naught but one big Snowman drinking at Starbucks!" A small philosopher sitting close by immediately slapped me upon hearing this comment, to which I wittily replied, "Oh, where have you gone Joe DiMaggio?" The diminutive philosopher explained that he died seven years ago, and was buried in San Francisco. Everything snapped back into place.

Much to everyone's surprise, the Snowman re-materialized when someone inadvertently spilled an Iced Frappacino on his puddle. It was then that I realized that Snowmen are chameleons, and I wondered exactly how they evolved from wooly mammoths. I needed answers to my biological queries, and things around the Starbucks were getting to be too much – even with the peyote wearing off – so I left in search of a book on forensic paleontology.

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**WIDELY KNOWN FACTS
ABOUT LITTLE KNOWN PEOPLE**

File #614785:

**WIDELY KNOWN FACTS
ABOUT IM OH HO**

Im is the manager of Third Avenue's very, very Asian convenience store, M2M.

Im has two Asian kids and an Asian wife named Ugg Lee Ho.

In 1993, Im won the very, very Asian "Hottest and Spiciest Soup" award for his special M2M recipe, and gave out free samples all week!

Im's personal life philosophy is, "You break it, you buy it - unless you're Asian, then I kick you in the face!"

Im's favorite word in the English language is 'anus'.

At age 27, Im bumped Ugg Lee's for the first time.

Im likes to wear yellow to bring out his eyes.

As a child, Im was a very good Asian-like student, though his parents knew as he got older he might get distracted by the ladies. In order to diminish all his sexual urges, his mother started orally pleasuring him at the age of seven. This continued until the age of 26, when Im met Ugg.

Although Im has wished he was an Asian man his whole life, he is **short, fat, balding and white.**



William Henry Harrison is distantly related to you.

How to Waste An Entire Saturday Aternoon..

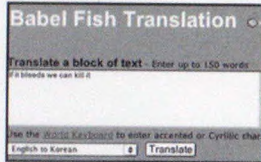
Step 1:

Think of mildly humorous phrase.

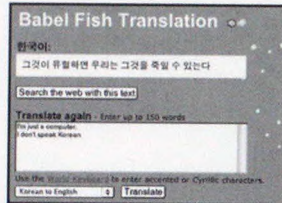


Step 2:

Translate into foreign tongue of choice at Altavista.com.

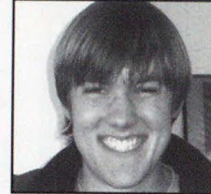


Step 3: Translate back into English.



Step 4:

Enjoy ensuing hilarity.



Step 5:

Lather, rinse and repeat.



Let's start with an easy, relatively straightforward one:

ENGLISH:

Sorry, buddy, I took a dump in your fridge.

ENGLISH:GERMAN:ENGLISH

Sadly, I took friend inadvertently a dump in your refridgerating chamber.

ENGLISH: GERMAN

Traurig, Freund, nahm ich ein Dump in Ihrem Kühlraum.

Oh, those crazy Germans, with their refridgerating machines and down cooling!

Sometimes, it helps to look to pop culture for inspiration, like these lines from the eternal tune, "Move Bitch" by Ludacris:

ENGLISH:

You see them headlights? You hear that fuckin' crowd?
Start that goddamn show, I'm comin' through
Hit the stage and knock the curtains down
I fuck the crowd up - that's what I do
Young and successful - a sex symbol
The bitches want me to fuck - true true

ENGLISH: ITALIAN:ENGLISH:

You see beacons to them? Felt crowd of those fuckin'?
Beginnings that the exposure of goddamn,
I am comin' through
Have hit the phase and strike stretch to them down
That scope the crowd in on that that what I make
Young person and - a symbol of the sex the
Females wish it to sweep - to align resolutions to align.

ENGLISH: ITALIAN

*Li vedete fari? Sentite folla di quel fuckin' ?
Inizi che l'esposizione del godamn, io sono comin 'attraverso
Ha colpito la fase e batte le tenda giù
Che scopo la folla in su che che cosa faccio
Giovane e - un simbolo del sesso
Le femmine lo desiderano scopare - allineare riusciti allineare*

Wow! Who knew that all it took was a little Internet Translation to turn Luda into a regular Bill Shakespeare?

Even our illustrious President is not safe! Let's see how George's favorite foreign tongue treats his prose:

ENGLISH

One of the common denominators I have found is that expectations rise above that which is expected.

ENGLISH:FRENCH: ENGLISH

One of the common denominators that I found is that the hopes go up above that which are envisaged.

ENGLISH: FRENCH

Un des dénominateurs communs que j'ai trouvés est que les espérances montent au-dessus de cela qui sont prévues.

Wow. I think the French actually improved on that one.

And Now, The Plague Presents More...

WIDELY KNOWN FACTS
ABOUT LITTLE KNOWN PEOPLE

FILE #562132:
WIDELY KNOWN FACTS
ABOUT RICKY QUEVEDO

Ricky is the stout Mexican guy at Crazy Fantasy tattoos.

He has the same shoe size as e.e. cummings.

He was first chair violin in the Clarkson High School Orchestra.

His bank account number is 34470378 and his pin is 1995 - the year Insane Clown Posse's *The Riddle Box* dropped.

Ricky's real name isn't Ricky, of course. That's his professional name. His real name is Richard.

Ricky once did 82 push-ups in two minutes.

Ricky's mom used to turn tricks at ShowWorld by Times Square. After Giuliani fucked up the city, there's no more hookers there. Instead it's some place called "The Laugh Factory." Gay.

Ricky has a tattoo of Dinotopia on his lower back.

In eighth grade Ricky was voted most likely to be a coked-out alcoholic. Boy, were they wrong! Ricky is so not into that scene, but he is really into phencyclidine and heroin.

Christian Missionary Teaches Natives to Turn the Other Cheek, Proceeds to Rape and Pillage



Episcopalian missionary Phineas Gable of Melbourne, Australia recently taught a group of eager natives on a remote Micronesian island about Christ's Sermon on the Mount, stressing in particular the other cheek. "A good Christian never resorts to violence when slighted or harmed," preached Gable as a group of potbellied children listened intently. To test their faith, Gable asked a group of his friends to the island to help him beat the natives about the head with bamboo sticks and burn or steal their huts.

"It was great fun, you know, being out here with my mates doing the Lord's work," said Aaron Holmes, one of Gable's childhood friends and a fellow missionary. "We're chasing these poor blokes from their huts with sticks and then they start to scream and cry as we put flames to their meager possessions. It's all so hilarious!"

But Gable was far more sober about the exercise than many of his colleagues. "These natives just don't get it, man. I mean, there we are moving into their homes, sometimes burning them with torches, and they're unhappy, cursing and yelling in their idiot language. Where's the Christian charity? All my mates need is a place to stay and some harmless fun."

Advertisement

Fear not, denizens of Malay Peninsula!
Fear not, children of deep African brush!
Fear not, youth canoeing the Amazonian Basin!
Fear not, eight year-olds making the very
Nikes I have on right now!

Now available in
in the
THIRD WORLD!!!!

FROSTED FLAKES

OF CORN

THEY'RE
GRRREAT!

HEY KIDS! FREE TOY!

Now in every box is
your very own BIBLE!

Crunch your way
to breakfast delight,
like Samson crunched
the skulls of Philistines
with his boots! Drink
the sweet, sweet leftover
milk that baby Moses
never drank, because he
grew up in the original
ghetto.



Jesus with all your heart!!!

As further training, Gable plans to enlist the natives' services as slave laborers, making cheesy straw hats and baskets in anticipation of turning the island into a tropical resort and tourist destination. Gable, who's been on the island for over a year, says this will teach the natives the meaning of hard work—something their primitive culture lacks.

"Well we all know these heathens and darkies and such are lazy. They don't know the value of hard work, just want to sit around on their arses all day eating coconuts and singing their godless songs. Blasphemy!" Gable and other missionaries in the Pacific Rim see it as their Christian duty to convert the islanders and teach them the English language.

A number of days ago, the young missionary and his colleagues rounded up the island's men and boys, blindfolded them, killed them and then raped some of the corpses. They then proceeded to raid the huts that were still standing and rape the women.

Many of the natives (who innately lack a sense of irony) say they refrained from defending themselves or even fighting back due, in the most part, to their newly acquired Christian values. "Master Phineas taught us not to fight violence and to do unto others as we'd have them do unto us. Now, I do not suppose that if I was raping Master Phineas's wife, he would assault me. Would he?"

James Knox Polk was deathly allergic to baby dribble.

A Girls' Guide to Taking a Grumper

How to Grump Without Him Knowing!

Hey ladies, it's 2005 and yeah, sure, we want equal rights. BUT we still want men to believe that we do not defecate (unless, of course, they want you to poop on them). Here is a quick little guide to places where you can take a quick little grump without him knowing.

Starbucks

Nobody really wants to pay \$6.00 for coffee, but suggest a trip to this coffeehouse monopoly for a latte. Politely excuse yourself, touch his leg and head to the wash closet. All Starbucks bathrooms smell like shit anyway (damn the diuretics), so drop a venti or grande of your own and no one will ever know!



"I love to grump while my husband is giving a speech. It's like we're shitting on the world together."
-Laura Bush, First Lady of USA

The Shower (the utilitarian one- not the sex-shower)

So you are finally alone and naked. Running water hides the sound of any plopping and pinching. While you're at it, double-check your uni-brow and anything else unsightly. During your actual shower use any and all fruity, girly body washes and shampoos to hide the poop smell. A loofah is also a good device to muffle any post-poo gas if you are worried about acoustics.

Three words: **Tompkins Square Park.**

The Women's Bathroom

Men always assume we go to the bathroom in tandem to put makeup on, gossip and check our "outfits." Little do they know this is the perfect opportunity for a double decker. Fecal Friends Fo' Eva.

David Hasselhoff's Chest

He's popular in Germany.



"I'm so desperate for money, I'll let people know how I grump - CA-RAY-ZEE!"
- Jenny McCarthy, former babe

Burger King

Only the homeless go here, so it's perfect for masking horrid stench and a lack of proper etiquette when you simply HAVE to grump. And you can mask the event by purchasing a breakfast sandwich or a light salad for lunch! No one will ever realize you grumped!

Washington Square News Office

No one'll know the difference between your grump and the collection of false quotes and AP style faux-pas.

Stevie Wonder's House

Don't you worry your pretty little head, he'll never know it was you. In fact, he'll never know it was anybody if you're silent and disguise odors well. Hey, did you know Stevie Wonder's wife is pretty smoking hot? Have you ever seen her? Oh, well that's OK -- neither has he!



"Like, grumping is so crunk. It just makes me think of beautiful things in the world, you know? Like Wes Anderson and shiny things."
- xXxDeb<3DMBxXx on grmpgrrl.org message board

So there you have it! When you feel a little poo-poo brewing, seek shitting-refuge for a clandestine caca in one of these suggested sites. Your guy will never know and he can go on believing that you have never passed anything through your intestines...ever.

NYU Today

"I want to feel empty inside," says NYU Prez

Good news from New York City today: after a run of almost ten days without taking a crap, New York University President John Sexton was finally able to defecate as he settled into his apartment for the evening. The period of constipation lasted over a week and spanned a risky day of uncomfortable tight-ass meetings with tight-ass New York University administrators.

After attempting to make a poop naturally for several days Sexton began to fear for his health. He consulted NYU resident poop expert and associate Dean of GSP, Fred Schwarzbach who prescribed a "special chocolate" to the University President. Unfor-



Sexton goes into detail as he tells everybody about his recent adventures in shitting.

tunately, after two doses Sexton was still poop-less.

In the end, the shit finally hit the fan—so to speak—after Sexton's Aunt Jemima advised that he drink some prune juice. The prune juice bubbled, but it went down smooth — that's how you know you were drinking the good stuff, not the store-bought shit. Two glasses of the disgusting juice and three shits later Sexton was finally back to his normal condition.

Since the occurrence, Sexton has been keeping regular movements and is back to his jovial, crappy self. And he wipes his ass with our tuition checks.

Male student "not so fresh"

Last week CAS sophomore Vinny Viola went where no male NYU student has gone before — the Women's Health Clinic.

Viola comprises the one percent of males that contract female fungal infections. The Nurse Practitioner diagnosed Vinny with vaginitis and a dormant yeast infection after he complained of cheesy discharge, foul odor and painful urination.

Upon learning of the condition, Vinny said, "Sticking the seven steps of Monistat Seven in my

pee-hole was really humbling; now I know what girls go through."

After the incident, Vinny expressed a newfound respect for the millions of women that put their feet in the stirrups and "spread eagle" for the doctor every year. The young computer science major hopes that his case will cause a new awareness for males to check their partner's paps.

Since he put that traumatizing period behind him, Vinny is single, fungal free and springtime fresh.

"Cabin Fever" Suicides up 200%

Balcony-Jump Suicides up N/A %

In a move parallel to that time when David Caruso quit NYPD Blue to pursue a surely glorious film career, NYU has made all dorm room balconies off limits. David who? Exactly! In the words of George Washington, "What the hell were ~~the British~~ the administration members at NYU thinking?"

A study conducted by three kids standing in Union Square found that no one has EVER attempted suicide from an NYU dorm balcony. But now, students have begun killing themselves safely inside these stuffy rooms.

We recently caught up with residents of Caryle Court to see what they had to say. "I used to love my balcony. It was all barbecues, relaxing study breaks, and plenty of ass-getting. Now I'm all depressed and shit because I can't breathe the fresh air, sip my morning coffee while sitting against the backdrop of the city's beauty, or enjoy the company of my girlfriend—who starved to death a few weeks after the custodians sealed the sliding glass door to her balcony while she was still out on it," said CAS junior Nintendo Diaz.

President Sexton refused to comment on the situation, but did tell us that he feels Queen Latifah's recent movie, *Beauty Shop*, didn't get a fair shake from the critics. Other NYU administrators cited several notorious balcony jumps as justification for the University's move. "Remember that whole O.J. Simpson shit? Who would have known what good ol' Nicole Brown Simpson could have done had she not jumped from that hotel balcony?"

The world may never know.

THE PLAGUE

SPORTS

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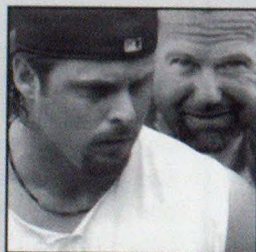
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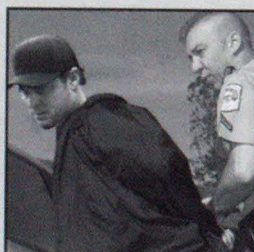
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By Patriots Fan David Melliss

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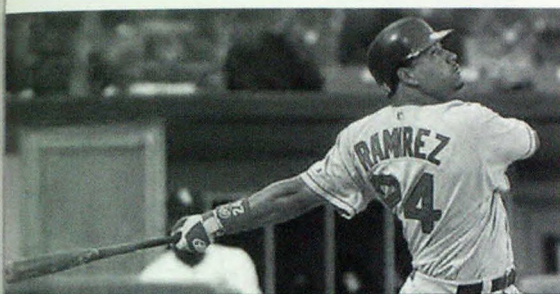
BILL BELICHICK:

"So what are we gonna doooooooo?"



THE PATRIOTS:

"EAT SPAGHETTI-O'S!"



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said Boston native Rob Winston as he threw his wife down the stairs. Winston and thousands of Boston fans have run into a bit of a problem. With the Red Sox crowned World Champions and the New England Patriots' dynasty intact, restless Boston sports fans have nothing to complain about – and no place to filter their beer-chugging, letter-"R" ignoring, Catholicism-fueled rage.

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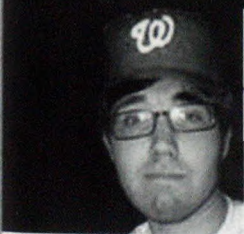
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Lichman's D.C. Sports Beat



Why the D.C. Nationals will KICK ASS this season

Like everyone else from DC, I hate baseball season. Even with our fancy new team, the Washington Nationals, I still loathe the polluted, pollinated air and lack of working air conditioning. Sure, for a while the cool thing was to like minor league baseball since that was "underground" – if you consider chicken dances and whoopee-cushion giveaways "underground" – and cheaper than, say, going all the way to Baltimore to watch the Orioles fuck up again.

Let's be perfectly clear: the true name of DC's team, the team that the papers and the people of the city will know it by, will be, "Tha Murda Kapitalz (Bitch!)" After all, like our shitty punk bands said back during the 80's, DC stands for "harDCore." So Baltimore can suck it; we don't need your insanely accessible stadium or your not-awful team. We have a bunch of ex-Canadians who will soon be playing baseball the way we do in Hot Chocolate City: with cop killing and drug pushing. These go-go-dancin' pimps will beat their feet over your face.

Here are some ways that Tha Murda Kapitalz (Bitch!) will be just as successful as the 2004 Red Sox – as long as you don't look at "the standings."

- The playing surface at Robert F. Kennedy Stadium, in true DC fashion, will be a dirt field with little to no grass, covered in needles and dead homeless people.

- For all home games, go-go music will be continuously pumped through the stadium public address system.

- In accordance with DC custom, the north side of the stadium will be given to the upper class, the politicians, and the diplomats. The south side will be given to the lower class, the gangs, and the players' families.

- Mayor Anthony Williams will receive a nut-shot every time a run scores. You know, just as thanks for adding another "winning" sports team to stand alongside the Wizards and the Redskins.

- At all away games, Tha Murda Kapitalz (Bitch!) will roll onto the field in black Ford Explorers with diplomatic plates. While exiting their cars, they will all relieve themselves on the field, flaunting their diplomatic immunity. That shit lets you get away with anything – haven't you seen Lethal Weapon 2?

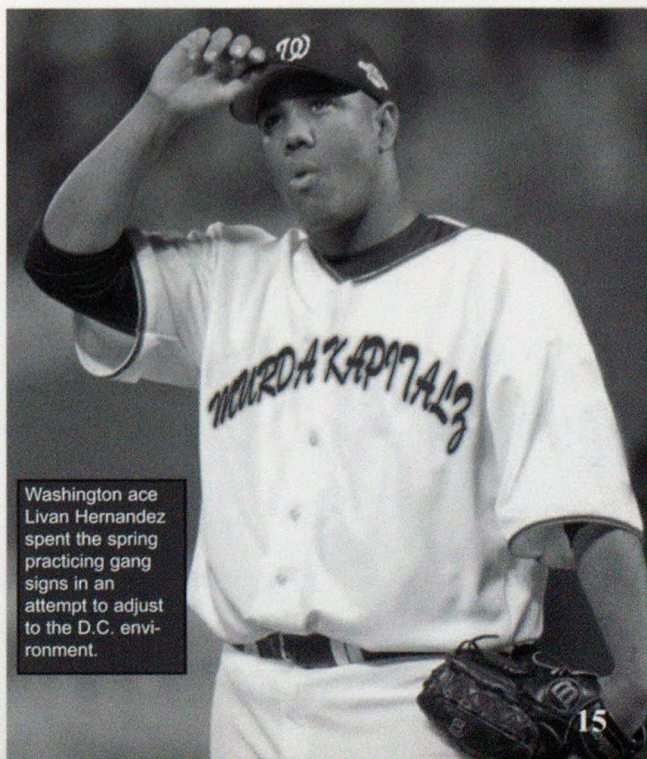
- RFK Stadium Security will be comprised of local gangs like MS-

13 and 7th Street, just to keep everyone in line. If someone throws a cup, they get their hand hacked off. And you don't even want to know what they'll do when somebody runs on the field naked.

- The players will not use bats. They will use gats and butterfly knives.

- Okay, the Italian players can use bats.

That, my friends, is how my new favorite team, Tha Murder Kapitalz (Bitch!), will take over baseball and return this now-dreary sport to its former glory.



Washington ace Livan Hernandez spent the spring practicing gang signs in an attempt to adjust to the D.C. environment.

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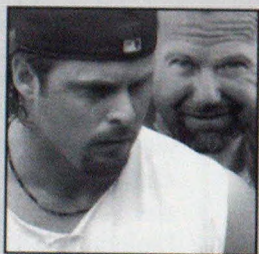
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A New Kind of PAIN

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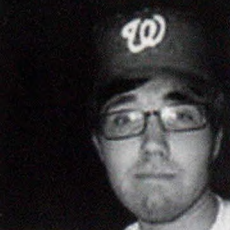
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Why the D.C. Nationals will KICK ASS this season

Like everyone else from DC, I hate baseball season. Even with our fancy new team, the Washington Nationals, I still loathe the polluted, pollinated air and lack of working air conditioning. Sure, for a while the cool thing was to like minor league baseball since that was "underground" – if you consider chicken dances and whoopee-cushion giveaways "underground" – and cheaper than, say, going all the way to Baltimore to watch the Orioles fuck up again.

Let's be perfectly clear: the true name of DC's team, the team that the papers and the people of the city will know it by, will be, "Tha Murda Kapitalz (Bitch!)" After all, like our shitty punk bands said back during the 80's, DC stands for "harDCore." So Baltimore can suck it; we don't need your insanely accessible stadium or your not-awful team. We have a bunch of ex-Canadians who will soon be playing baseball the way we do in Hot Chocolate City: with cop killing and drug pushing. These go-go-dancin' pimps will beat their feet over your face.

Here are some ways that Tha Murda Kapitalz (Bitch!) will be just as successful as the 2004 Red Sox – as long as you don't look at "the standings."

- The playing surface at Robert F. Kennedy Stadium, in true DC fashion, will be a dirt field with little to no grass, covered in needles and dead homeless people.

- For all home games, go-go music will be continuously pumped through the stadium public address system.

- In accordance with DC custom, the north side of the stadium will be given to the upper class, the politicians, and the diplomats. The south side will be given to the lower class, the gangs, and the players' families.

- Mayor Anthony Williams will receive a nut-shot every time a run scores. You know, just as thanks for adding another "winning" sports team to stand alongside the Wizards and the Redskins.

- At all away games, Tha Murda Kapitalz (Bitch!) will roll onto the field in black Ford Explorers with diplomatic plates. While exiting their cars, they will all relieve themselves on the field, flaunting their diplomatic immunity. That shit lets you get away with anything – haven't you seen Lethal Weapon 2?

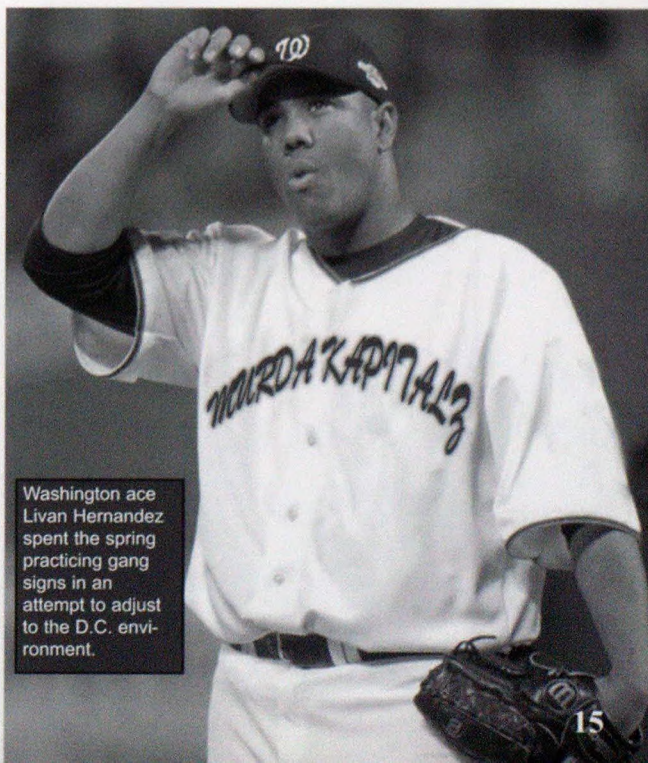
- RFK Stadium Security will be comprised of local gangs like MS-

13 and 7th Street, just to keep everyone in line. If someone throws a cup, they get their hand hacked off. And you don't even want to know what they'll do when somebody runs on the field naked.

- The players will not use bats. They will use gats and butterfly knives.

- Okay, the Italian players can use bats.

That, my friends, is how my new favorite team, Tha Murder Kapitalz (Bitch!), will take over baseball and return this now-dreary sport to its former glory.



Washington ace Livan Hernandez spent the spring practicing gang signs in an attempt to adjust to the D.C. environment.

True Confessions

submitted anonymously by **real** Plague writers!

Most of us have led a life of sin, and are here to repent. Well, no, I, for one, don't feel bad about anything I've done, I'm just here to, I dunno, talk about it. But you... yeah, man, YOU have a problem.

"I confess and that I once confessed to my friends about how I stole frankincense from the Renaissance Faire. I now confess that I never stole incense. I also never had any friends, nor do I know what Renaissance is."

"I confess that I feel the Terri Schiavo thing went on for too long. I know many don't agree with me, but she should have died a while back - like 1986. That was the year I brutally raped her, and locked her in her car, torched it, and ran away. Her asshole future-husband (who, at the time, thought her being alive was swell) heroically saved her. Douchebag of the year, or what?"

"I used to tell people that I hated 'The English Patient', when really, I never saw it."

"I confess that one time this buddy of mine wanted to start a garage band. We were really, really horrible. Think Milli Vanilli. OK, now think of the shoes that they were wearing in the 'Girl You Know It's True' video. Now think of those shoes being worn by Ashlee Simpson. Now think of them being worn by Elizabeth Taylor. Now a mangy alley-cat. Now I confess that I like making people think of rather odd things."

"I confess that in 7th grade I pretended I had a British accent, and carried on until I graduated High School. My parents are both from England, and as a matter-of-fact I spent my whole life in Kent, a suburb of London, so no one ever noticed my efforts."

"I confess that all I'm tryin' to do
Is write a cheesy love song for you
And if it's such a crime
Just to sing that you're mine
Then I'll sing here today,
And then let 'em lock me awaaaaay!"

Advertisement

PERSONAL ADS

Like fucking bunnies, but don't have pink hair? Call me at 347-564-5666

Are you good at math? Then let's add me and you, subtract our clothes, divide our legs, and multiply! 718-885-7265

Good Touch. Bad touch. I touch.
Call me at 212-FUK-KIDS

Three balled-man, but now a testicular cancer survivor. So... I'm normal, but in a special way! Katie Couric says I'm a hero! 347-564-5666

Like Ewoks? No, REALLY like Ewoks? Then call me. Oh, and also must like ballroom dancing. 718-885-7265

Man seeking man for handlebar-mustache themed sex. Handlebar mustache not necessary, though it is a bonus. 860-861-0979

Man seeking woman for pleasant company and conversation. 347-564-5666 (Oh, and I was kidding about that stuff, I'm just looking for some anal.)

Adorable young boy seeking adult male pop star for love and affection. Previous relationship ended in a spectacular cable news extravaganza! Contact my agent: 213-123-JAX5

Abraham Lincoln spent his adolescent years raking cow shit on a pig farm for horses.



Don't waste your time OR your American Dollar at Chuck Schaeffer's Commie Push-Up Academy. At Jesse Meyerson's Push-Up School, I GUARANTEE you will do THIRTY TIMES as many push-ups as you will on Schaeffer's pinko program.

Bring your game to...

**JESSE MEYERSON'S
PUSH-UP
SCHOOL**

1583 2nd Ave (at 82nd St)

THE PLAGUE PRESENTS PROFILES IN COURAGE MARTIN JOHNSON

Tisch sophomore Martin Johnson recently shocked friends and family with a startling revelation. Not everyone was quite ready for the news.

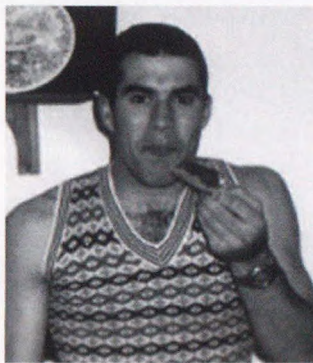
"In all honesty, after these nineteen years, I hadn't the foggiest idea this was his lifestyle," recounted bewildered mother Claudette Johnson.

"I don't know what he's thinking. This is horrible for his career. He'll be blacklisted. Who's going to give him work knowing this about him? Who?" asked friend and fellow Tisch sophomore Nigel Pickleworth.

Johnson begrudgingly admitted his painful secret to his kith and kin as he announced, "I'm sorry everybody, I really am... but I just can't live this lie anymore. I am here to announce that I am proud to be a Heterosexual American. I'm sorry, everybody, it's true. I love the pussy. I'm as straight as an arrow. I park my beef bus in tuna town. Pussy pussy pussy."

He continued, showing no signs of ceasing; repeating that one word with knees bent, squatting back and pumping his clenched fists in tune with the thrusting of his hips, "Pussy pussy pussy pussy."

"I've never seen anything like that," detailed an aghast Pickleworth. "He was there for so long, thrusting, thrust-



Johnson

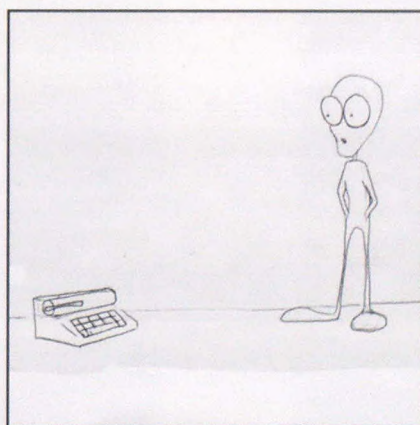
ing, thrusting – like he really wanted to tap that ass... but there wasn't any ass – it was just him."

Johnson's metronome-like oscillations continued for two and a half to three hours, depending on who you ask.

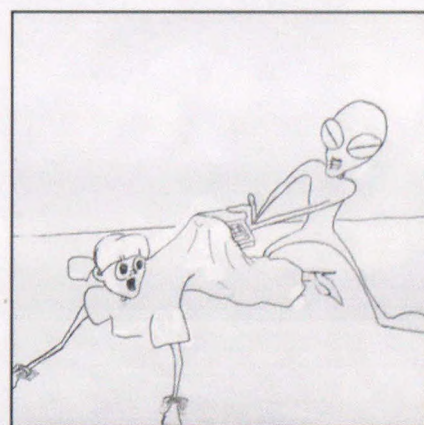
"I didn't really mind the boy being up there, but I had to turn off the lights eventually," explained cus-

todial mastermind and part-time CutCo salesman George Pinker. "Then I saw what he was a-doing, and thought, 'My Lord! I'm a hafta get my mop.' That is until I noticed that his mess seemed to be well contained entirely within his pants. I figured that the boy had pussy on his mind, so I let him be."

Martin Johnson, in fact, wears Jockey Shorts, the most splooge-confining undergarment on the market today, and the preferred underpants of Metro-Homosexuals – you know who you are!



Advertisement



Why bother with a boring push-up school like Jesse Meyerson's? School is for chumps. I'm only 20 years old, but I have a nine year old son, and he's sure as hell not in school. Why? Because he's not a chump, and I enrolled him in the M.F.A. program at...

**CHUCK SCHAEFFER'S™
COLLEGE OF PUSH-UPS**
And the Push-Up Arts 1582 2nd Ave (at 82nd St.)



Goofus and Gallant



Goofus puts mayonnaise on his french fries.



Gallant doesn't because he's not a Belgian prick.



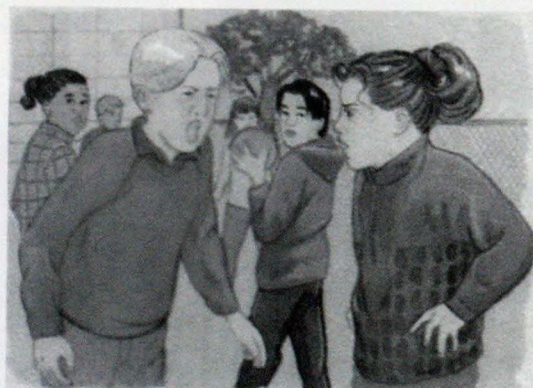
Goofus is racist.



Gallant is understanding of the Negro's laziness.



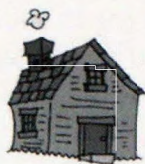
Goofus shies away from sex with his girlfriend when she's on her period.



Gallant knows that fucking Goofus's girlfriend when she's on the rag is complicated, but possible.

A Story with Pictures

I live in a



house with my



mommy and my



daddy. One time, my



daddy went to the



store dressed as

the



hamburgerlar. My



daddy never came



home.

My



mommy started having



Mitch over a lot.



Mitch told me my



daddy was shot by the



cops.

Mitch hates the



cops. He says if I loved my



daddy

then I would hate the



cops too.



Mitch got me a



gat.



Mommy was sick, and had too much

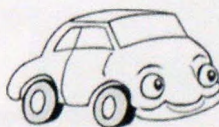


medicine and she

was asleep.



Mitch took me in his



car to the

police station. Then I shot a lot of



cops and



Mitch

drove me to get



ice cream.

Blimey! Since Giuliani flushed the alligators out of the sewers and killed off the majority of the homeless people, New York just isn't the same for the average wildlife enthusiasts. But fear not, ye aspiring Steve Irwin, for we here at The PLAGUE would like to present you with a guide to a much more famous phylum, a much more ubiquitous order, a much more crappy kingdom – one present, perhaps in your own backyard (or... bathroom). Read on, intrepid bushwhacker, as The Plague Safari Series proudly presents: A BRIEF GUIDE TO THE HABITS OF THE...

URBAN MASTURBATOR

The “Dinner Table” Masturbator

The tablecloth is this species of Masturbator's best friend. The ultimate multi-tasker, he prides himself on his ability to carry on a conversation, sample the filet mignon and honk his dolphin – all at the same time!

The “Clit Ring” Masturbator

It's that girl who sits next to you in class and never stops bouncing her knees up and down. No, she's not just nervous.

“Look, in the sky, some kind of electric Urban Masturbator coming straight for us!”

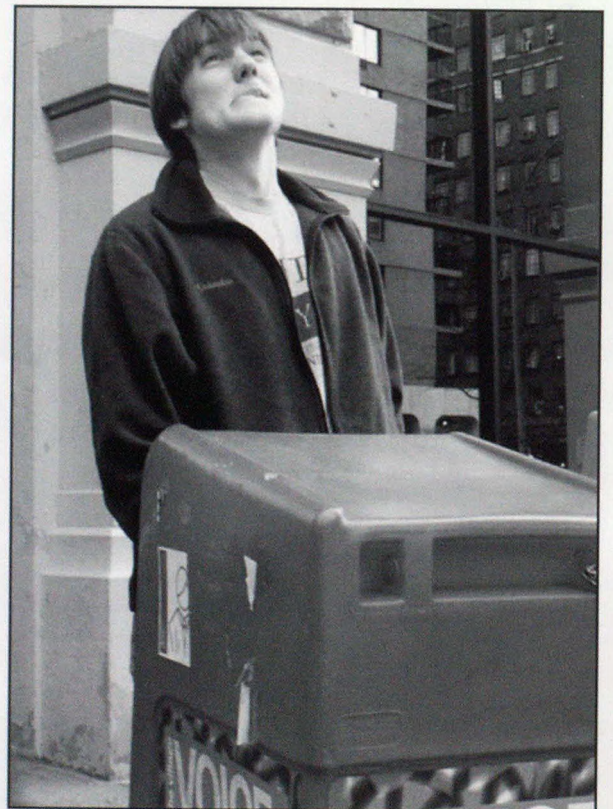
“So, shoot it!”

“Not yet, I want to study its habits... maybe this PLAGUE guide may help.”



The “Purloined Letter” Masturbator

Drawing inspiration from the works of Edgar Allan Poe, the “Purloined Letter” Masturbator believes the best way to hide things is in plain sight. The deli, the bus stop, the Kimmel Center – this shameless, yet literate, pole-pumper thinks, hey, if nothing else seems out of place, why would he?



The “Adult Video Section” Masturbator

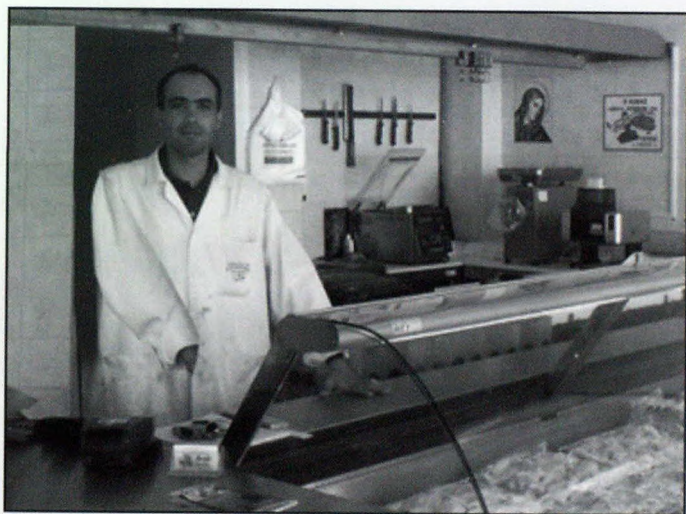
By far the most economical of all masturbators, this careful spender pinches his pennies by polishing his knob in the back of his local Blockbuster. Conveniently partitioned off from the rest of the store, the adult video section provides the chicken-slapper with all the material he needs to bop the jizz monster all night long.





The "Produce Section" Masturbator

This masturbator is easy to spot. She's the girl that enters your local grocery store wearing a skirt and with head held high, she makes her way to the produce section with nary a look aside. She spends a lot of time examining cucumbers, zucchini, ears of corn, and those sad, orphaned, single bananas. She leaves without bothering to check-out, as she strides to the automatic doors with a walk more wobbly than the one with which she entered.



The "Butcher", or, "Ironic" Masturbator

Possessing an especially poignant wit, the "Ironic" Masturbator is a rare breed, who, due to his chosen profession, has the pleasure of beating his meat while he beats YOUR meat. Although you may groan, 'The worse the pun, the better the nerking,' says this purveyor of pork.

The "Ignorant" Masturbator

Nobody told this Masturbator about the birds and the bees. Not only is he totally ignorant of where babies come from, he doesn't even know the significance of his hobby, let alone why it's so much harder than peeing.

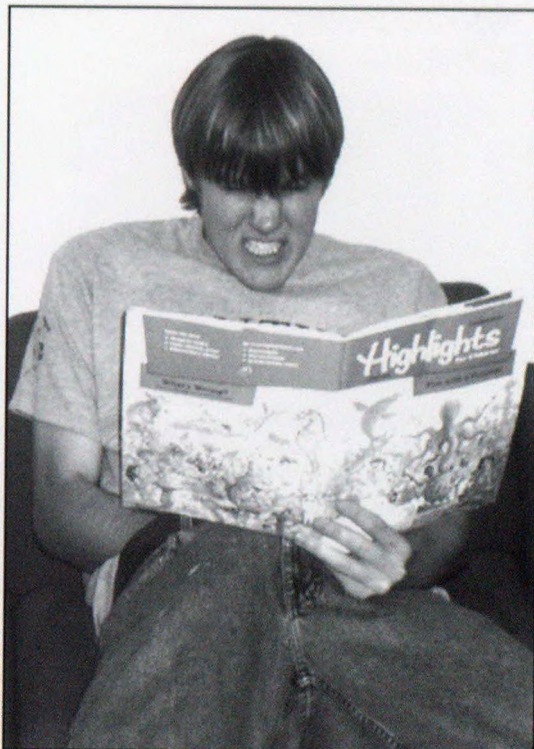


The "See No Evil" Masturbator

Either learning disabled, or, more likely, Catholic, the "See No Evil" Masturbator follows fully a doctrine of plausible deniability. Ignorance is bliss, he says, and, much like the rest of the American populace, he knows that if he doesn't see it, it might as well not be happening.

The "Completely Inappropriate" Masturbator

When anything gets your jollies off, why bother with porn? The "Completely Inappropriate" Masturbator doesn't seem to have any inhibitions and that's bolstered by the fact that just about everything gets him stiff.



PRIME TIME SPOTLIGHT

Justice – some say she is blind. Others claim it's simply a bad case of myopia, and if she wore her glasses once in a while she would be fine. Fine, others say, just as long as you don't let her drive. Regardless, we here at Plague TV believe justice, is in fact, a large aquatic sea mammal.

Whenever a crime has been committed, whenever white trash poses a problem that can only be solved on daytime network television, whenever there is a time slot between *The View* and the *Rosie O'Donnell Show* that needs to be filled, he will be there, forging justice with his cute, fuzzy paws. His name is.... Judge Otter.



It has long been known that the common Sea Otter (*Enhydra lutris*), in addition to being a powerful swimmer and skillful hunter, is the only aquatic mammal to possess an innate sense of justice, and a natural affinity for the American legal system. Although otters have long had presence in the judicial system, due to the existence of several Acquatic American law firms, Judge Otter is the first of his kind to reign over his own court as a judge. See Judge Otter's legal brilliance in action, in this brief transcript excerpted from the show:



"And that is why I demand the accused not only refund my purchase of her Girl Scout cookies, but also pay for the grievous emotional trauma caused by my consumption of stale Thin Mints."



"You ate all twelve boxes, mister!"



Judge Otter Carefully Deliberates!



He jumps down from the bench and wraps himself in kelp, using a somersault motion!



Then, he proceeds to crack a clam open on his belly by fashioning a crudge cudgel out of a large rock.



"Wow, sir, when you put it like that..."

The plaintiff and the accused stand silent, more than a little ashamed. After a moment, they shake hands, then hug, both having experienced personal revelations of great magnitude.



EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS

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Roll credits!

Sniff Sorry, I just get a little choked up every time I watch that. For more of Judge Otter, tune in next week, when the Judge tackles spousal abuse through the use of underwater acrobatics.

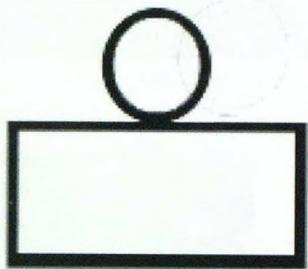
As a student of the humanities, I feel that today's mathematicians aren't pulling their weight in the academic community. With all the time, money and tweed they have, you'd think they would contribute more to the world of numbers, digits and integers. So, being a quarter Polish and two-fifths Dumbass, I feel that I should take matters into my own hands. I concluded that "Math" has been led astray by thinkers with their "advanced theories" like "fractions" and the like. What it needs, I "hypothesized", is a return to the basics. I now present my Undergraduate Research Fund Project.



Mastondonic Flux



*A Scribe's
Doleful Tale of
Falconry*



*Rhesus Monkey:
The Shape*

New Shapes
By Mildred C. Hymenstymen

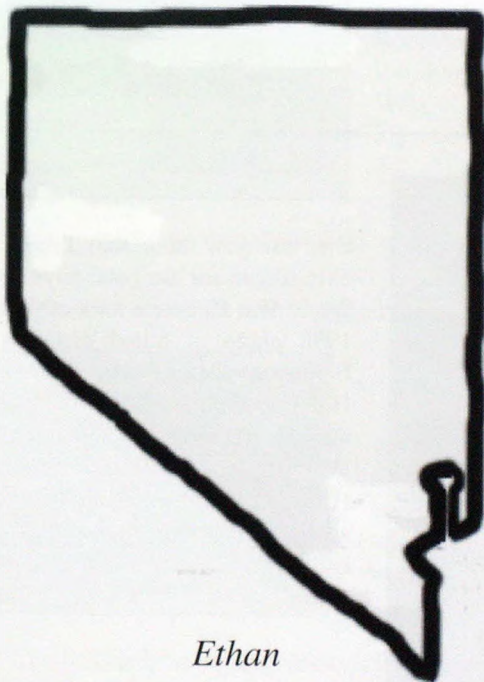


;;;

(pronounced: clit clit clit)



*The Kensington
Estate*



Ethan



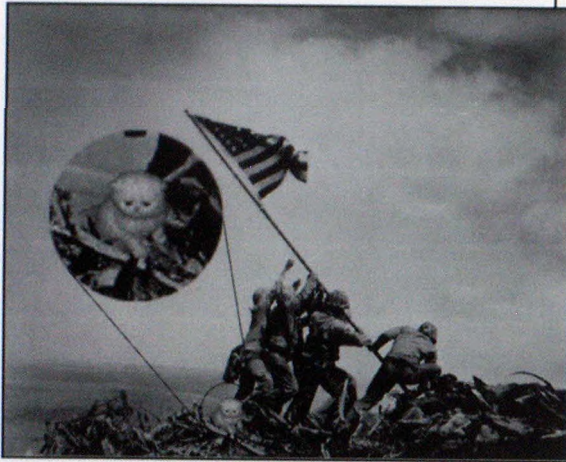
The Vassar Basher

I would like to thank NYU for the twenty-five hundred dollar grant and for covering all travel expenses.

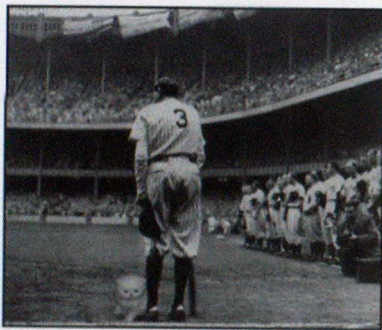
The Plague's

KITTENS OF GREAT HISTORICAL INFLUENCE

Used to be when you were writing about history, you only had to write about white men. Then, they made you start writing about Irishmen. Then they started letting in the blacks, women, Asians, "Latinos" and whatever else. But even with this rampant acknowledgement of non-white man history, few have paid attention to the great impact that cute baby kittens have had upon our world and our society. In order to bring light to this largely unknown chapter of history, we are proud to present some of the most adorable and historically significant kittens of all time.



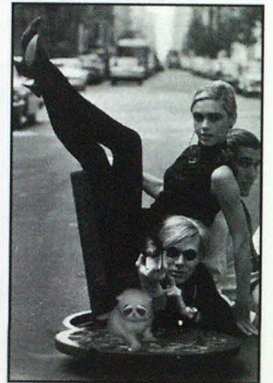
Every righteous, patriotic citizen knows this image by heart - six noble American soldiers, erecting the symbol of all that is good and American on top of the corpses of ten thousand dead Japanese soldiers. No kittens here. No sir. Or so one would think!!! Take a closer look, oh scholar of American history, at the heels of Ira Hayes, and you will see, bravely supporting our valiant soldier's efforts, none other than a kitten, doing his part for freedom.



What about sports, though? Surely a diversion such as baseball is free from the influence of an animal without that most basic of all requisites for athletic activity, the opposable thumb? The Bambino in cahoots with kittens? Preposterous! Think again, dubious reader. For expert analysis of this photo, taken at Babe Ruth's final game, has revealed none other than - yes, that's right - the omnipresent, yet ever-marginalized, kitten.



Oh, lest you think that kittens only fought for the good guys in World War II, take a look at this 1938 photo of allied dictators Benito Mussolini and Adolph Hitler meeting in Italy. Who's that on Hitler's left shoulder? Why, it's a little fascist kitten. Hitler is generally considered the second-most evil person in history to own a kitten, after Dr. Claw.

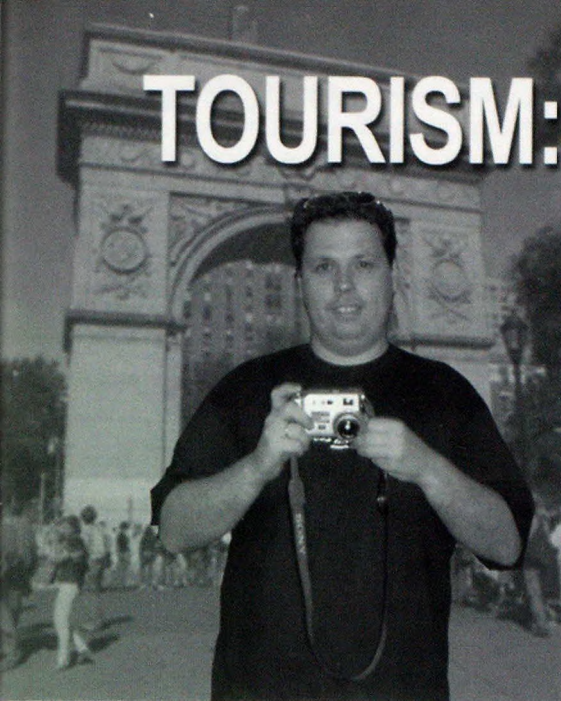


Far from being limited to the political sphere, our kitten's influence extends far and wide, even to such areas as pop culture. Examine closely this 1967 picture of Andy Warhol and his all-too-hip associates. Can YOU find the kitten among them? Look closely, because the answer may surprise you.



There are hundreds of baby kittens today who are destined for greatness. Could your kitten - or, if you're a kitten, you - be among them?

TOURISM: WHEN WILL IT END?



I live in touristy Chinatown, which is double trouble because not only am I constantly surrounded by classless Chinese people who fart in public and don't curb their pets, but I have to deal with the problem of tourists who don't walk fast enough and are easily distracted by shiny or colorful things.

Tourism as we know it MUST be obliterated. To address this crisis by simply killing all tourists and their annoying children would only superficially solve the problem; we must dig deep, look for the absolute core of tourism, and then deal with it by either killing the core if it is a person, or destroying it if it is a thing.

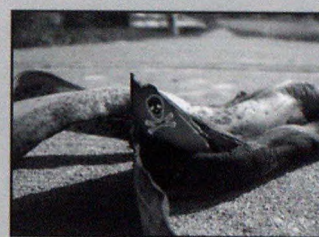
The real problem of tourism in New York is New York. There has not been nearly enough bad luck in this city to deter the droves of bothersome geriatrics and jackasses who buy "Fuck You You Fucking Fuck" T-Shirts. We must then, give them a reason not to come. And to do that, we need to be mad fucking destructive.

1. Put banana peels....everywhere. We all know that the main cause of busted asses is people stepping on banana peels, slipping on it, flying 3 feet into the air, and landing on their asses while a hysterical slide whistle noise is heard. What if we banana peel the shit out of the Ground Zero viewing platform (also known as "Place Where People Used To Be Alive At")? Holy shit, then everyone would slip into the Ground Zero area, and there would be bodies lying on the cold concrete where buildings and not-dead people once stood. Then they all die, because, HAH!, they were poisonous banana peels! Eat shit and die, ye who touristify a site of tragedy!

Sure, thousands would die, but do you want to fucking get rid of these tourists or not?

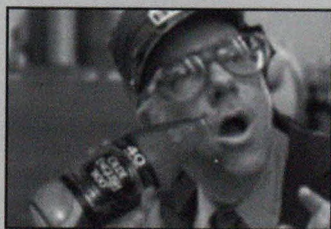


2. Large boulders rolling everywhere. Like what Medieval people did when they ambushed a group of His Majesty's footsoldiers, or what those guys did in that movie, "Swiss Family Robinson", except that instead of boulders, it will be large chunks of the Empire State Building smashing women and children into the ground because of a plane that flew into it. Who's brave enough to do it! Who's going to stand up and take one for the team, by hijacking a commercial airliner and "refueling" it on the Empire State Building? Anyone? Guys?



Poisoned banana peels: so stupid only a GENIUS would think of it!

3. Big Apple Tours. Won't be so big after we pour sugar into their gas tanks. No sugar? Can't borrow a cup from the neighbor? No problem! Just wire a bomb to the bus, and tell them they have to drive above 60 mph in the city, or die.



Will Keanu Reeves be able to save New York from a speeding tour bus - even WITH a patchy, shitty-looking beard?

4. Chill with the Staten Island Ferry pilot. Have a couple drinks with him, play some poker, and make him crunk a 40. Then he will crash into the dock, needlessly erasing what could be hundreds of living, breathing souls. Since the ferry goes into Battery Park, one of the biggest tourist attractions, many evil tourists will die. Then you can chill with the pilot some more and have a great laugh about it. Good times.

5. Candy. Candy is yummy. Especially the chewy kind. I like Now And Laters. I remember my first trip to the candy store, and how I was so excited because I had saved up a dollar to get myself a candy bar. Trick Or Treating is fun. Last time I went I got a big bag of Skittles - that made me so happy! I like the Skittles commercial where the Skittles come raining down from the heavens. I wonder what that must feel like. Except instead of Skittles, ball bearings falling from 100 stories up? Taste the rainbow...of death.

Fuck tourists.



Hee hee!

Recent Discoveries! Yay!

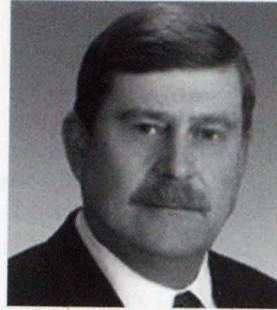
I recently discovered a time portal unlike any other. Upon entrance of the said portal one may choose to go through the left door or the right door – portals which would take me to either yesterday, or 1878 respectively. That's right, I could travel either to New York City in 1878 or to the day before, which kinda sucks cause there are so many other times in history that I would rather have gone than 1878 or yesterday. I mean, I normally don't really find any yesterdays that exciting. Well, depending on what today is, for example, if I made out with a hot chick yesterday, then yes, traveling to yesterday would have its benefits, though there would probably be pretty good chances I could make out with that chick again in the near future.

But on this particular travel back-in-time to yesterday there was no hot chick to make out with, rather it was a rather uneventful day. I watched myself eat some dry Multi-Grain Cheerios and wash it down with a packet of Swiss Miss poured into a lukewarm Poland Springs water bottle. I then watched myself listen to some agreeable music and dance rather absurdly. At this point I decided I had had enough and stepped into the right side of the portal to 1878. That proved to have some exciting things happening. Lower Manhattan seemed pretty similar: pretentious students walking around with their iPods and talking gossip on their cell phones. Actually it looked a lot like 2005, which made me wonder maybe I hadn't even traveled back to 1878 after all. This prompted me to look for a daily newspaper. Upon reading the date of the New York Times I saw that in fact it was 2006, which REALLY made me wonder why I thought this time portal worked at all. I had traveled in the future and clearly anybody can do that; that is if he or she can go faster than the speed of light. I immediately picked up a flashlight and declared on the street for all to hear, "Aha, thee Flashlight, I hath beaten thy speed!"



Theodore Roosevelt used to be cool with DMX 'til he sold out.

Remember that guy who was always saying all those really opinionated things all the time, but he was usually completely wrong and could barely even pronounce the names of the things he was trying to say? Remember him? Yeah, we gave him a column for some reason.



OPINION

- Bob Snide is head chairperson of a successful Realty company in Ohio. He hates that he has to be called a 'chairperson' instead of a 'chairman' almost as much as he hates jokes about his name and/or demeanor.

Everyday I am reminded how much New York City is such a supposed liberal stronghold, and I can't stand it anymore! Seriously guys, let's be practical, we should all just sit down and really discuss the issues, looking beyond what's cool to think and face the reality of the situation. I mean, do you really think there is a big difference between a hand-out and a help-up? You liberals may think that if you teach a man to fish he will be able to catch as many fish as he wants on his own, but I think that first we must give him fish so that he has initiative. Our social welfare program is seriously lagging in this country, compared to such extreme-right countries as Sweden.

It's time we say NO to all the hiding communists and give what the poor what they deserve, namely adequate health care, access to excellent education, and more government funding to after-school programs to keep kids off the streets. While we're on the topic of welfare I find it ridiculous that you fucking Pinkos in Washington find it necessary to cut funding to such things as NPR and PBS but you find the money to arm and train thousands of soldiers to go over and fight in this pointless and fruitless war in Iraq. Obviously there are ulterior motives for our involvement that President Bush avoids, for example the huge oil reserves that are now being tapped for America's use. He has belligerently milked the resources of a sovereign nation behind a dainty lace curtain of liberal spin and he has muckraked even the radically conservative media into buying his lies. He is such a liberal wiener.





TRAV AND STU'S PARANORMAL REPORT:

ATTACK OF THE MANGINAS

For those of you NOT AWARE of the startling power of this alien race, the Manginas are a superior galactic force of elite warriors. Me and my brah Stu (Fig. 1) caught one of those motherfuckers snooping around my mom's backyard.

Lucky for us, we knew all about Manginas and their secret tricks. This turd-burglar wasn't going to get away.

Well... that's what we thought at first. Then the Mangina (who called himself Bernie) offered us ONE WISH if we'd let him go. But there was one condition: Bernie would use his meta-warrior powers to look into our heart of hearts and determine if our wish was TRULY our souls' desire. (Fig 2)



Fig. 1:
My brah Stu... to the EXTREME!!!



Fig. 2:
Will this totally test our friendship to the limit? Or will it push our bond beyond the EXTREME???



"One wish? That's EASY! I love sandwiches! (Fig. 3) I want to live in the deli!"

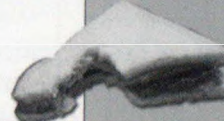


Fig. 3:
Stu loves sandwiches! Yeah!

"No, the deli closes, man! You don't want to live where it's closed! Let's wish for a house... with a deli IN our house!"



"Damn it, Trav. You're my brah and I respect your wish, but if the deli is in our house, people will be at our house all the time trying to get their sandwiches!"

"Oh no! We'll need to wish for some workers."

"Rooooobot workers??"



"OF COURSE!!!"

This wish was going to be EASY! We share our love of robots and sandwiches—no wonder we're brahs!



"Wait, Trav... What about SEXY robots?"

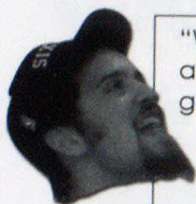
"Hmm, Stu - if this is a wish than we can go to the EXTREME! We don't need sexy robots, let's get sexy womens!"



"Dude! Sexy womens are the SEXIEST!" (Fig. 4)



Fig. 4: Dude...

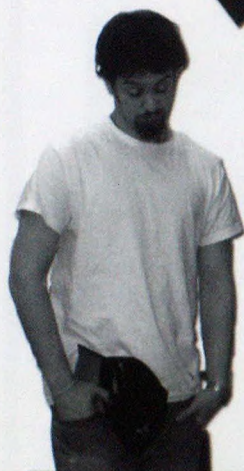


"Wait, why stop at sexy... let's get anorexic chicks!"



"No way. Anorexic hasn't been sexy since 2001, man."

"Yeah, but... if we have anorexic chicks we won't have to worry about those skinny bitches eating our sandwiches!"



Aww, I hate it when Stu lays it on me.

"Trav-dog, you know you're my brah, but sometimes you're a little lagging in the awesome wish-making department."

"We need these sexy anorexic women who work in the deli in our house to have SECRET COMPARTMENTS for storing our sandwiches."



"Secret compartments... to the **EXTREME?**"



"HELLS YEAH!"



If only Stu understood how much this wish meant to me... how much HE meant to me.

"OK, but what if we lose the keys to our secret compartments? We won't have any wishes left and we'll never get our sandwiches back!"



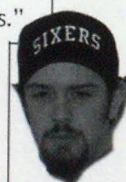
"You're right! The sandwiches are the most important thing! We can't forget that!"

"No, brah. Brahs are the most important thing. Then sandwiches."

"I see your point. Brahs DO come first—but we have to focus here. We have these sexy anorexic womens with secret compartments working in the deli, but they might lose the keys, so... we need... them to have walkie-talkies!"

"I like where you're going with this..."

"And not just walkie-talkies, but walkie-talkies that can communicate with ANIMALS! Animals ALWAYS know where shit is."





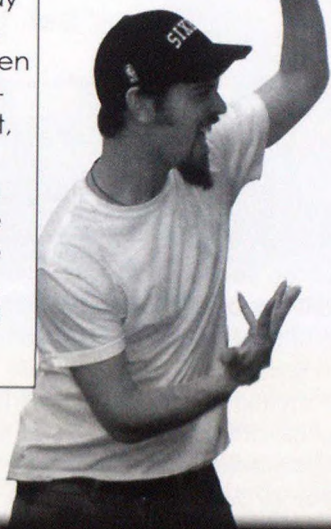
Dude! But what if someone steals our keys and BURIES them? UNDERGROUND? Can these walkie-talkies also séance with the DEAD?



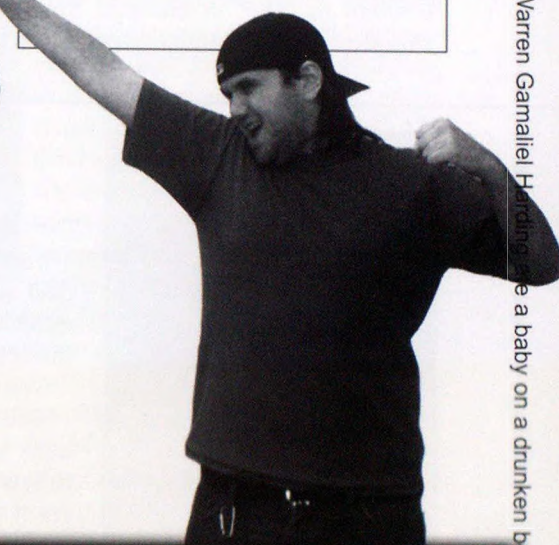
Of course, man! This is a WISH!



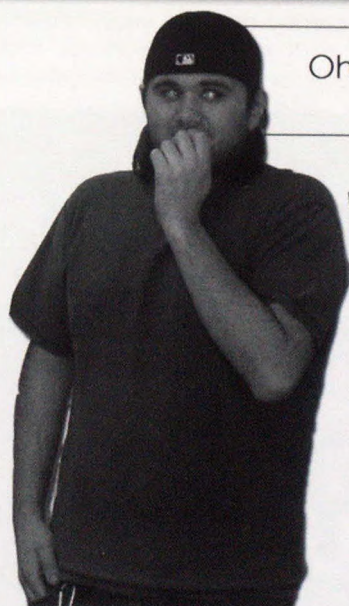
OK, I got it! We wish for a house, with a deli, staffed by SEXY anorexic womens that may or may not be robots, and each women has a secret, refrigerated compartment, and also each has a walkie-talkie that can communicate with the dead, the undead, the living, the animals, and... the Manginas - for old time's sake.



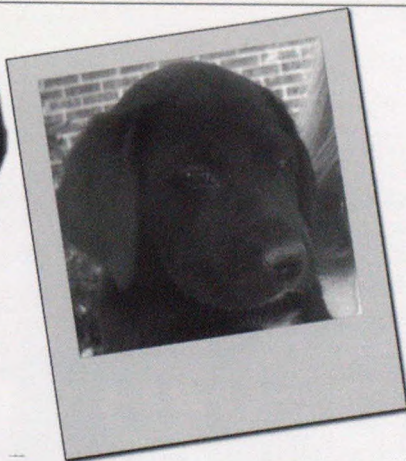
THAT'S IT!
THE PERFECT WISH!!!



Warren Gamaliel Harding ate a baby on a drunken bet



Oh, shit - where'd Bernie go?



And that's how we lost the Mangina warrior, and our chance to either expose the Mangina conspiracy or get a really kick-ass deli in our house. And some robots. Oh, and I guess we also should've taken a picture of the Mangina, instead of just pictures of ourselves making funny faces. We had a few pictures left on the roll before Bernie split, but Stu filled it out with some pictures of his dog.

TRAV & STU'S PARANORMAL REPORT

INNOVATIONS: THE SMARTER SAT

The recent introduction of "smarter" Standardized Testing makes many current students at NYU fearful of their own collegiate ability.

"I'm afraid of smart people," Frank Jones, a GSP Super Junior, said. Jones currently majors in finger-painting and was able to enter NYU based on his colorful extracurricular careers which include art club and sticking metal objects into electrical sockets that may or may not have been working. "If these kids can beat my score [1050], then I'm afraid for the future of NYU. Did I already say 'afraid'? I meant fucking afraid."

Jones isn't alone. A majority of prospective students enter NYU through its GSP, or General Studies Program. One administrator joked,

"We used to tell those rich, dumb sons of bitches that they were special. Now we're really going to have to stop taking them for the current batch."

In order to receive a perfect score on the new SAT, which emphasizes mathematics, a written essay, and the ability to speak Spanish and the dead languages (Latin, Gaelic, Esperanto and Lincolnese*), a student must receive a 2400. University spokesman John Beckman couldn't be happier.

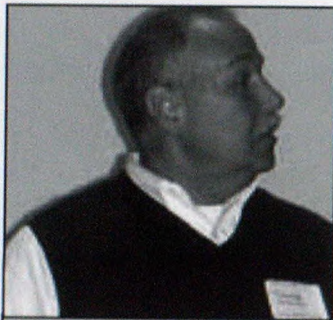
"Finally," Beckman said, "I don't have to get any more dumbasses calling my office when they perfectly know what I'm going to say. I love theses new smart kids."

James "Jimmy" Dell, 16, a student

who scored 2330 on the new SAT and is an NYU hopeful, was not daunted by the changes. In fact, he welcomed them. "My generation will crush the old one. We will not blog or masturbate. We will only study hard and become your bosses by age 23. Like that delightful Topher Grace movie." Dell then laughed like a little girl, because he has no friends and his family removed his genitals at age 8—a common trend with the new generation taking the new SAT.

Girls, naturally, are exempt from this, or any other test, due to their natural ability to own a vagina.

**Secret language spoken by Abe Lincoln and his gay twin brother Gabe Lincoln.*



Edwards, above, lecturing students on values... and puppy dogs.

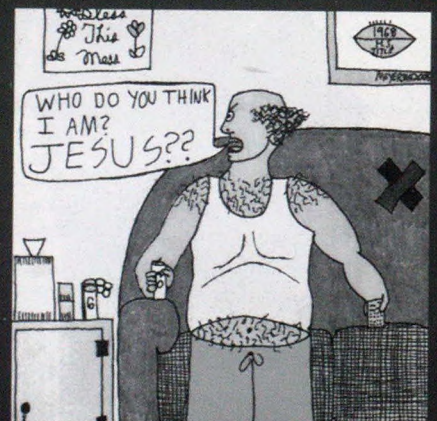
PROFILES IN INNOVATION: Gerald Edwards, teacher & well-wisher

Last March, Gerald Edwards was one of the first applicants for a job grading the new SAT written section. "At first, I wasn't sure if I should do it. But I think I have the best qualifications of any teacher around," said Edwards, 28, who graduated Georgetown at the top of his field--basket weaving and philosophy, double major.

When grading the test, Edwards believes positive encouragement is the key.

"This one kid wrote about wanting to go to a push-up school. I told him that he should stick to his dreams and don't let anyone tell him otherwise! When asked if he left an actual intellectual comment, Edwards leaned back in his chair and said, "Only tools want you to think you're useless. I gave him a 3 because he put up a valiant effort. Everyone I grade gets a 3, so they're all equal and not special."

Edwards is currently under review by the SAT Preliminary Board that sentenced Scott Peterson to a secret death in prison—which will be carried out next year, sometime in the showers.



THE PLAGUE PRESENTS PROFILES IN COURAGE

The Moving Saga of Conjoined Twins **SEPARATED AT BIRTH**

(Literally and Figuratively)

The records in the Bucks County Hospital show that two children were born to the Sherman Family on December 24th, 1984: John and Jesse Sherman. This should've been a blessed occasion, but the twins suffered from the dreaded "Hassid-Amish Syndrome". Born simultaneously, and instantly proving all local myths about their mother's promiscuity, the twins were conjoined at the beard. This genetic horror is found only in 2 out of 6.4 billion births and involves the children being born immediately with shared facial hair. Doctors were flabbergasted as to how they would shave the boys.

No one could tell where Jesse's face ended and John's began. Doctor Randall J. Hogg, an expert in Norelcology™ and trimming beards, was called in to operate on the twins. After a grueling prep period of dampening the boys' beards and expertly trimming with a pair of those tiny scissors, Dr. Hoag successfully shaved the boys free from their facial hair. As the entire hospital rejoiced, the twins were placed in the maternity ward to rest.

The minute they were placed in the freeze-dried hyperbolic chamber, the hospital was violently rocked by an explosion, the devastation of which was surpassed only by its abruptness. All staff and patients were annihilated, as were all hospitals records. Rescue workers found the only two survivors, yet could not see the family resemblance due to the intense gauze-wrap about their wee faces.

Split up, Jesse was sent to a loving Jewish family in Philadelphia while John was thrown in with Irish immigrants who may or may not have been members of the IRA in

Washington, D.C. As the two grew up, their parents were astonished at their toddlers' ability to grow full, yet unusual, beards. Jesse could only speak in iambic pentameter while growing a mustache and goatee; John could only ramble like a chainsmoking lunatic on a whiskey bender and was limited to a "Civil War" style mustache and muttonchops.

John became obsessed with somehow attaining a beard by age

13, growing his chops and mustache to lengths far greater than recommended for a pre-teen. He attempted comb-overs and styling his facial hair in order to cover up the frontal section he lacked. Jesse accepted his stylish goatee, and had perfected a diabolical stroking technique by the age of 11. According to his teacher, Mr. Pendergrass, "it was creepy as hell to watch that kid stroke his goatee. I wanted to admonish him for his bad behavior, but couldn't help but worry that he might have a legion of thugs to

send after me – maybe even 7th graders."

The brothers soon grew into young men, and each carried the social burden of buying their friends beer throughout their teenage years. The attention the hirsute brothers gained was not as equal. Jesse lived a fun life of harmony and easy women. John lived an agonizing life of turmoil and not-so easy women.

One day in their later years, the two recognized each other from a mutual Facebook community, "Beard Lovers Unite!" Gazing at each other's facial hair, an inherent desire overcame them as they hugged one another and shouted, "Brother!" The two realized they were former conjoined twins, now joined once more through love, brotherhood and a few knots in their beards where their faces perfectly align.



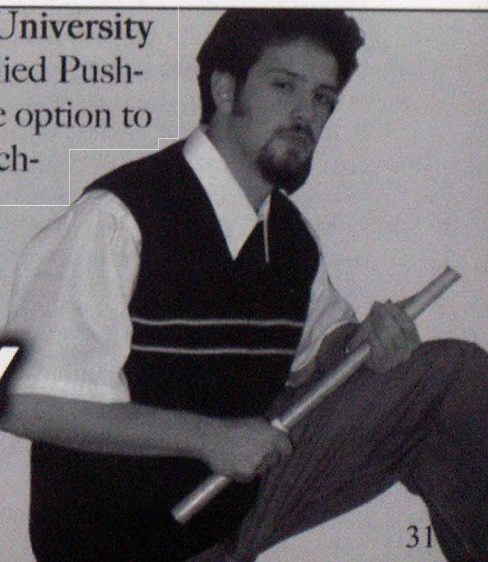
Brothers? Or just beard connoisseurs? Or beard connoisseur brothers?

Advertisement

Art? Master's Degrees? Ha! At Jesse Meyerson's Push-Up University and Spatial Research Center, you can get a doctorate in Applied Push-Upology. Not only that, but qualified honors students have the option to enter our advanced program in the newly discovered Eastern technique of **PUSHING DOWN**– not available at Chuck Schaeffer's School for Crybabies and Mama's Boys.

**JESSE MEYERSON'S
PUSH-UP UNIVERSITY**

And Spatial Research Center 1583 2nd Ave. (at 82nd St.)



Herbert Clark Hoover swallowed a buffalo-head nickel. And 13 regular nickels.

Because this time, we mean bid'ness

The Plague explains the...

THINGS WE WISH WE HADN'T LIT ON FIRE

- Our hair
- That guy
- The roof, the roof...
- Hope
- Smaller robots
- The dance floor.
- My genitals, via sex with that whore
- The South. Wait, on second thought...

NEW THINGS TO WEAR AS A HAT

- iPod
- Poop
- Dead possum
- Things ironically dissimilar to hats
- Hair
- A Philadelphia Philly
- No hat at all
- Elephant rectum

THINGS WE THOUGHT OF FIRST, DAMMIT!

- The American Dream
- Milk & cookies
- Evolution
- The Internet
- Compromise of 1850
- Pushups
- Kentucky
- Sex with pie

LIST IDEAS WE DIDN'T USE

- How to write good journalism
- How to respect women
- Oh, and gays too, I guess
- Blacks, 'Ricans, Chinamen... we could keep going
- How to properly put a condom on... a MONKEY!!!
- New and exotic pushup methods
- How to... do... something...
- Women we've had consensual sex with (too short)
- Times of the day when we masturbate (too long)
- New trends in the Waffle Arts

TERRIBLE MTA IDEAS

- Replacing conductors with computers on L train
- Investing entire allotment of state funds into hover-line research
- Forgetting the cookies
- Changing meaning of MTA to Megan "Tits" Anderson
- Banning weed sales on odd numbered cars
- Serving Staten Island

UNFORTUNATE PLACES TO FIND TRUE LOVE

- The business-end of a shotgun
- Your funeral
- Your butt
- In bed with your wife - I knew I couldn't trust my wife alone with true love!
- Family reunion
- Family Circus, by Jeff Keane
- Certain aisles in Duane Reade
- Plague Meetings
- Taiwan

FUN THINGS TO PUT IN EVERY TIME CAPSULE

- Whistler's Mother
- Ted William's Son
- Rabbits
- Endemics
- Even smaller robots!!!
- The key to the time capsule
- Good bourbon
- Obese cats
- Haley Joel Osment
- SARS
- The DC United

EXCUSES FOR NOT YET HAVING LOST VIRGINITY

- Waiting for new instruction manual.
- Cooties. Lots of cooties
- Ugliness
- Right hand would get jealous
- Left hand already is jealous
- General lack of moxie
- GTA: San Andreas

LESSER KNOWN SINS OF MICHAEL JACKSON

- Battlefield Earth
- Wearing white after Labor Day
- Littering
- Fathering John Lichman
- Raping small...no, wait, that one's pretty well known

COMMONLY VOICED MEMORIAL DAY COMPLAINTS

- It'll never be Veteran's Day, that's for damn sure
- "Risked their lives for me" my ass!
- I don't like potatoes
- The PLAGUE hates adjuncts!
- There's not enough memorials for that Trix Rabbit
- Me so horny, me love you long time
- Whatsamatta U?

WHAT SEXTON HAS ON UNDER HIS COMMENCEMENT GOWN

- Clown suit
- Tuxedo T-Shirt
- Matt Santrocro Skin Suit
- Assless chaps
- Edible undies
- A large possum
- Four GSP kids
- Leopard body paint
- Smaller commencement gown
- Highlights for Children
- Depends

NEW VIN DIESEL MOVIES

- Malcolm XXX
- Crush Groove 2: Return of Khan
- Rain Man
- Amistad 3: Attack of the Clones
- Gone in 59 Seconds
- Cunt: The Musical: The Movie
- Dance Dance Revolution: The Movie
- Pitch White: He Finally Admits It
- Wop or Not?
- Pumping Iron 2: The Next Generation
- Knockaround Guys 2: Vin Diesel is the new Tiny Listner

WHOLE WIDE WORLD

JOBS RETARDS CAN KINDA DO WELL

- Irish Ambassador
- Star in Crispin Glover film
- Stay quiet when you touch them
- Hype 50 Cent
- Fart on command
- Arbie's Night Manager
- Teach at GSP
- Write Dan Brown novels
- Write Highlights for Kids
- Serve as punchline for funny yet controversial joke.
- Star in 1-800-Collect Commercial
- Open heart surgery
- Host Fox News call-in show
- Teach gruff football coach life lessons.

"THINGS" SAID TO OUR PARENTS THAT WE CAN'T "TAKE BACK"

- "I love Gustavo...and I'm a dude...and so is he."
- "Dad, I'm sorry, you're adopted."
- "Mom, you're pregnant."
- "I'm sorry, I just didn't like 'American Beauty'."
- [Insert Oedipal Joke here.]
- [Insert Edible Joke here.]
- "I like watching you shower."
- "Uh, Mom, is 17 still too old for breast feeding?"
- "I wish I was never born--in Thailand. As a man."
- Ouch, my vulva!
- "Jennifer's pregnant cause you're never home...except when you're having sex with her."
- "So Mom's kinda hot, huh, Dad?"

WHAT ARE WE DOING WITH PLACENTA?

- Hot dogs
- Secret weapon against terrorism
- Give it to children instead of Play-Doh -- they can't read
- Must we say "fucking it?"
- Fucking it
- Hottest new blog site
- Science

SO, WHAT ARE WE FUCKING?

- Toilet paper rolls
- My girlfriend, "Handgela"
- Moistened toilet paper rolls
- Something with a liberal returns policy
- Not the Jacuzzi jet again, that's for damn sure!
- Toilet paper rolls with a little bit of lotion
- ...Awesome! We are fucking AWE-SOME!

SUMMER INTERNSHIPS

- Chappelle's Show
- The firm that hires those guys who go to trailer parks and clean septic tanks and then poop on the septic tank, but don't clean it up because that's what the interns are for
- Hooker
- Abortion Clinic
- Slave
- Dead Hooker
- Pirate
- Professional Wrestler Trainee

FART JOKES

- A fart walks into a bar. Ouch!
- Knock, knock! Who's there? Fart! Fart who? Fart!
- A fart, a lawyer and a priest are sitting in a boat. Ouch!
- Did you hear the one about the intelligent fart? Me neither!
- How many farts does it take to screw in a light bulb? Three!
- Why did the fart cross the road? It was stapled to the chicken!

SIDE EFFECTS OF "SPARKS" CAFFEINATED BEER

- Electrocution
- Racism
- Increases susceptibility to Anterior Cruciate Ligament tears
- AIDS
- Stigmata (only in Colombians)
- Being a douchebag who drinks Sparks

PLACES TO GO

- Browntown
- Buttville
- Someplace where anal sex is only implicitly suggested
- Brownbutt Townville
- To Hell
- To return some videotapes
- The crying corner
- A warm, dry place to spawn
- To the left

WHO'S ON STEROIDS?

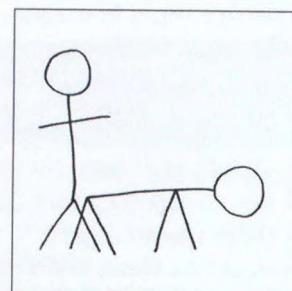
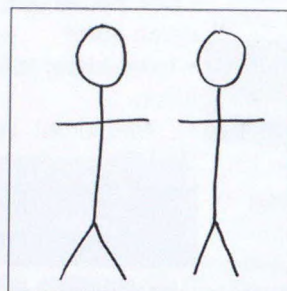
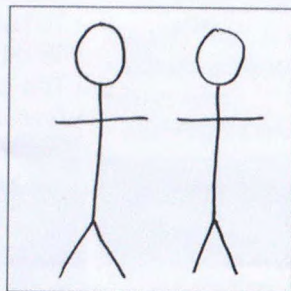
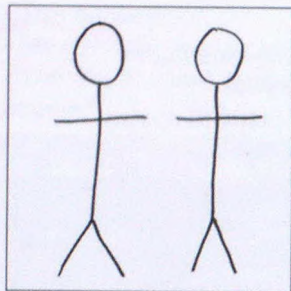
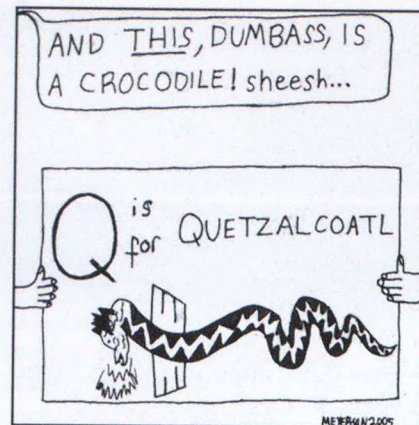
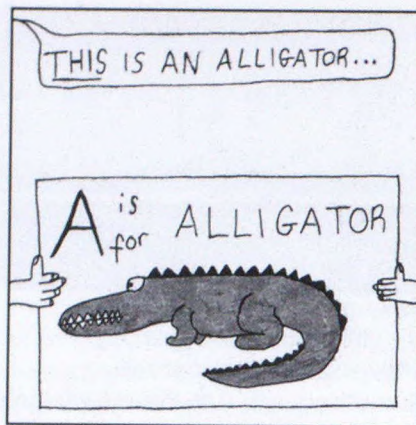
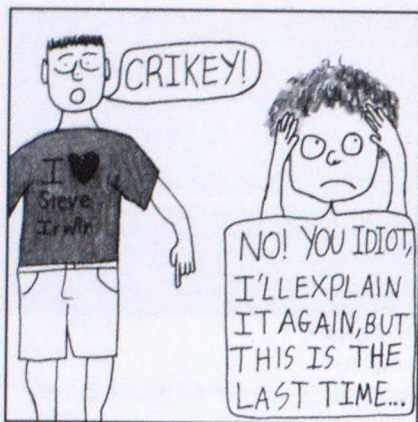
- Who
- What
- Why
- I don't know
- Barry Bonds
- I don't give a damn
- Because
- Today
- Tomorrow

HUMOROUSLY DISSIMILAR ITEMS

- A hat and the whorish tendencies of your mom
- Women John Stamos has slept with and the way that penguins look like they're wearing tuxedos
- Penises and vaginas
- Lollipops and ethnic slurs
- Diapers and treasure
- A suave pineapple and buried treasure
- Waffles and the "Awful Waffle"
- Me cumming and a quiet, nonviolent event
- Pterodactyls and Rip Torn
- Captain Planet and Lex Luthor
- Babies and dead babies

NUMBER OF ANDROID SQUIRRELS IN WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK

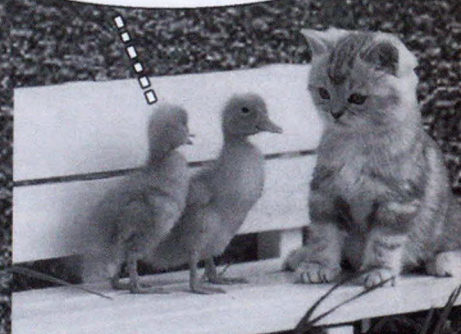
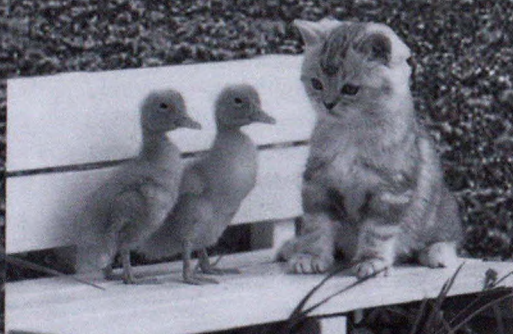
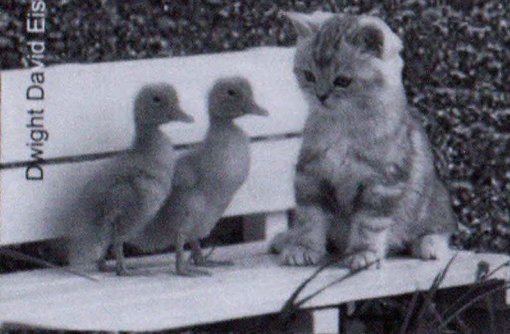
- 100,000,000,000,003



DON'T LET THIS HAPPEN TO YOU – JOIN THE PLAGUE!

HEY, YOU GUYS WANNA COME TO THE PLAGUE MEETINGS? THEY'RE IN THE KIMMEL CENTER AT 6:30 ON MONDAYS IN ROOM 708. YOU GUYS SHOULD TOTALLY COME.

DUDE, I THINK THIS GUY IS A NARC.



Those silly ducks! That kitty is on the level. If you have experience with Quark or Photoshop or want to write some comedy, our weekly meetings are open to one and all! Join our mailing list by sending a blank e-mail to join-theplague@forums.nyu.edu, come to meetings, and you could end up on the pages of *THE PLAGUE*—just like these adorable baby animals.

Plaguelights

PRESENTS...

ANIMAL FUN!

Hey kids! Did you know there was such a thing as squirrels?!

And did you know that they too possess the three most human of emotions?!?



LOVE!

"Awww."

FEAR!

"Ahhh!"



TRAPPED!

"It took Sean ten years to perfect his squirrel trap, but when he did, the results were magical."



Inside this issue:

- Urban Field Guide
- Report on Alien Activity within U.S.
- * Tourist Guide
- Kitties, kitties, kitties!

What's Wrong?

How many silly things can you find in this picture?

