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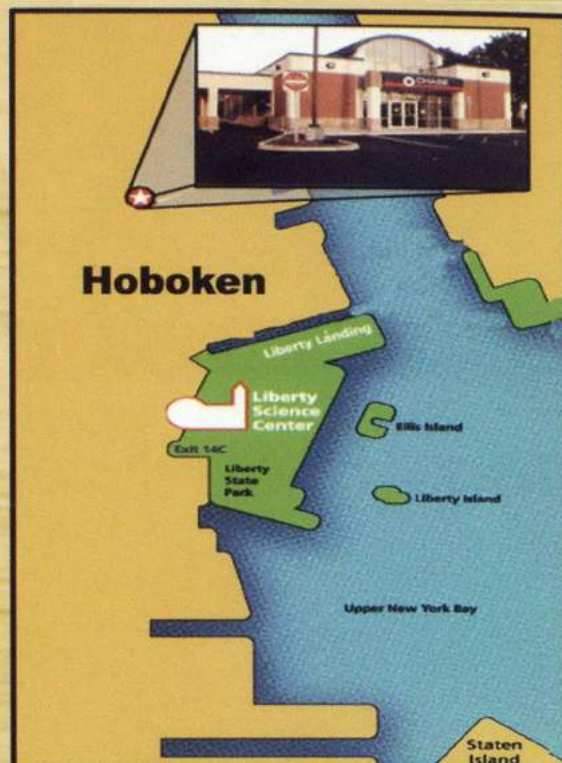
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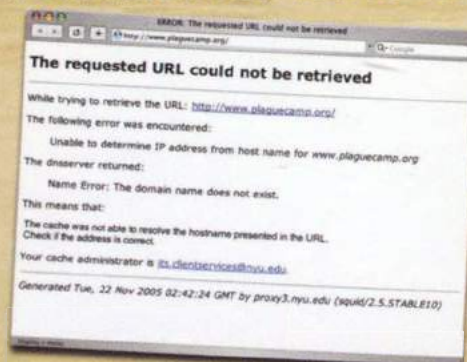
THINGS TO BRING TO CAMP! PEN, PAPER, FUNNY BONE, TWO MONTHS WORTH OF NON-PERISHIBLE SNACKS, A PONCHO (SERIOUSLY, IT REALLY COULD RAIN), LAUGHTER, A PICTURE OF MOMMY, COOKIE DOUGH, NOT A BULLSHIT ATTITUDE, BOX OF ROSEMARY AND OLIVE OIL FLAVORED TRISCUITS...AND PUDDING (FOR CONTESTS!)



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MORE INFO:

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INFORMATION FOR YOU TO READ!



THE PLAGUE

*"As long as we're alive, there will be no
scrote in the movies"*

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Plague(-n) 1. A widespread affliction or calamity, especially one seen as divine retribution. 2. A sudden destructive influx or injurious outbreak. 3. A cause of annoyance; a nuisance. 4. A highly infectious, usually fatal, epidemic disease; a pestilence. 5. Us. 6. Not a healthy pandemic. 7. (Insert Bird Flu Joke Here) 8. Probably something you got from a monkey or from a Québécois air steward who probably got it from a monkey. 9. Rob Schneider. 10. Anything turquoise. 11. A phantom feeling of hunger, but most likely the early signs of menopause. 12. Having to go to college when those damn kids still get to have snow days and shit. 13. A little bigger than the smallest of robots. 14. That growth under your toenails. 15. The Pavarottis that are chasing Kevin Federline. 16. Being modest about being AWESOME! 17. Those toy dogs that chirp and flip and bark, but don't shit or anything cool like that. 18. Hey, you guys thirsty? Wanna go to Pop?

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THINGS WE DAMN WELL FEEL LIKE SAYING

Plague Editor Jesse Meyerson is part of an overly represented demographic. White, male, and probably Jewish, he resides in Manhattan and is a twenty-something trying to make it as a writer. He is so clichéd that even bothering to mention that he is clichéd is clichéd. This bio was outsourced to an Oxford graduate in India who gets paid a dollar for every 2,000 words, and, quite frankly, doesn't even know Jesse all that well.

Hello, friend. Much like yourself, I'm not a big fan of the movies. I only fork over my hard-earned cash to see a film if I feel like it's worth seeing. By that I mean WSN Film Editor John "Asshat" Lichman recommended it, or, more likely, I hear hot girls talking about how they never have sex with anybody who hasn't seen the movie and are not wearing a pink suede Colonial-era tri-cornered hat stuffed with spiced hams and jawbreakers.

So I saw that piece of shit, "Garden State," today. LAME! Let me tell you what that scrubby fellow forgot was the weirdest part about going home: babies.

Those things are everywhere! I just don't understand what my friends are thinking these days. I mean, couldn't they just make one simple economic decision that would prevent all this baby bally-hoo? No, not condoms. Those rash-giving placebos are mad expensive if you don't live in an NYU dorm. Of course I'm talking about puppies.



Hey you baby, quit sleeping so much and get a job!

against them since the glory days of Ross Perot, but really, they're not all that bad. But I mean, c'mon, puppies are way awesomer.

Puppies look adorable, not disturbing, when they are trying to gnaw their way through the bone of a dead animal that has been dipped in barbecue flavoring and caramel coloring.

Babies? How many do I have? The average man would probably have to use the quadratic equation to figure that one out or something. I still get hella confused when it tries to tell me I might have negative four babies. Stupid Quadrius. For the inquisitive reader, here are the variables: a = number of women you've had sex with, b = how long it's been since you've last talked to that chick (measured in gestation periods of course), c = hey, did you guys notice that hockey is back?

Unlike babies, I'm pretty sure I would definitely know if I had any puppies. Like, the first time I came home after not thinking I had a puppy, I would open my door and be like, "Oh shit! I got a puppy!" That'd be so money. Although I have to admit, it would probably be a lot sweeter if I came home and found out that I had a reindeer or an ankylosaurus, but I'll settle for a puppy.

Although both can grow, puppies stay a lot more recognizable



"I wish I was watching Dino-Riders right now," muses editor Jesse Meyerson

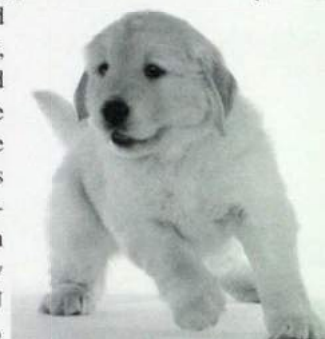
I know that you might be thinking that I hate babies. Granted, it does seem that way as I've been preaching

after growth. "Yup, that's a dog alright," is what I always say when I see a dog. But what's up with those babies? They're like fucking caterpillars and butterflies. "I don't know you! Get out of my house, devil child!" is what I always say when I see a devil child. Also, what's the deal with the chrysalis period? Weird!

However, not everyone seems to feel this way. Some people for some reason or another seem to show preferential treatment towards babies... at the expense of puppies! Like the other day, I was swiping my card

to get into the Kimmel Center, and this lady behind me had some package and she got the security guard to open the gate for her. Not a problem, that is until I noticed that her "package" was a miniature human being or something! I'm pretty sure that baby didn't go to NYU and don't all "people" have to show identification to get into the building? So how come when I try to bring my dog into my local filmoplex or that wedding that I wasn't even really invited to, everybody's all like "No way, man! You can't bring a dog in here. Go back to Russia, you commie-dog lover!" Whatever man, I still wish I had that reindeer...

I guess that in this day and age, one of the biggest controversies about having a baby is what kind of religion you will bring up in. Why, there's atheist, agnostic, secular Jew, Unitarian, Ethically Working Protestant, non-practicing Presbyterian... But the thing about having a puppy is that you already know the



Cat lovers, say what you may, but look at this puppy go!

Religiosity of the thing well before it'll be born - Catholic. Oh, come on, just look into those eyes and tell me that's not the shameful expression of guilt which is worn all too constantly on those communion-takers out there.

Well, I guess the world will never be perfect. I mean, if it weren't for injustice and whatnot then all those people at the ACLU and such wouldn't have jobs. But as long as babies are one-upping puppies on a consistent basis then the world will always be pretty friggin' far from perfect.



The Japanese Snow Monkey. While not a perfect blend of a puppy and a baby, at least it's a start.

THINGS WE DAMN WELL FEEL LIKE SAYING

You want a Senior thesis? You want a goddamn Senior thesis? Here's your goddamn Senior thesis!

So, folks, here I sit, in the closing days of my 16-odd years of formal education, and I think the occasion calls for some reflection. I'm talking Deep Reflection, the kind that you can only get off of God's bathroom mirror. I know that I learned some things; I know that I forgot most of them, but what's my station in life as I ready myself to face the world of Real People?

To get the answer, we need to go back to the beginning. But I only have a page here, so I'll just sum it up quickly: Kindergarten-3rd grade, awkward; 4th-5th grade, fat and awkward; 6th-7th grade, kind of okay, I guess, but still fat; 8th-9th grade, fat and depressed; 10th grade, fat and stressed but kinda jolly; 11th-12th grade, all-singing, all-dancing! And somewhere in there I learned to read.

Then I shipped off to NYU, the nation's #1 dream school, where you're free to be anybody you want (as long as it's not yourself). At some point during my sophomore year of college I was blindfolded and handcuffed and led into a dark room where I was forced to sign a paper that apparently said I wanted to be a Metropolitan Studies major. That's just my major by name, though; my real major has become answering the questions, "What is that?" and "What kind of job can you get with that?"

Well, I'm not gonna fucking tell you what it is and I don't want any of the jobs you can get with it, but I will enlighten you in regards to some of the skills that I've picked up. Note my ability to apply anthropological models across disparate cultures: for example, the effect of the Internet on the population of Furries (you know, people who have sex dressed in animal costumes) is roughly equivalent to the effect of agriculture on the population of *Homo sapiens*. In my finer moments, I can use this ability to trace the progression of civilization and, upon applying my sociological, anthropological, and economic understanding, get a stunningly accurate sense of what's coming next. My infallible futurism has already predicted the formation of the European Union, the commencement of the War on Terror, and the success of Coldplay. Okay, so all of those things happened before I even went to college, but those are just examples.

Now comes the part that I know you're all waiting for: the part where I tell you the fucking future.

The rise of global culture and networked intelligence bring us into a quasi-Utopian world of peace and understanding. To get an idea of the aesthetic of the whole thing, picture that part in Michael Jackson's *Black or White* video where all those different people are morphing into each other. Everybody's happy, nobody's hungry, and 98% of wives remain unbeaten.

But then, in about 2345 or so, the secret society that represents the lineage of history's most notorious capitalists decides that

this form of society simply isn't profitable enough, and something has to be done to bring back the good old military-industrial complex (and the prison-industrial complex too, for good measure). Because everybody in the future, up to and including the descendents of ruthless financial giants, spends about 60% of their waking hours playing some 24th century, Virtual Reality-infused version of modern-day online nerdorama Everquest (I think it's called something like EtherWorld), they

decide that the best way to get some good old fashioned ethnocentrism back into things and reignite the flames of war is to secretly genetically engineer the next generation of humanity and create vastly disparate races of self-aware and articulate beings. These races include Dwarves, Elves, Giants and something called Fro'Anor that was invented during the 22nd century and looks kind of like a mixture of Swamp Thing and Henry Winkler. They also unveil the secret robot technology that they've been keeping

suppressed since 1967, because everybody knows that in the future, robots really shake things up.

These beasts (and robots) quickly separate into tribes and develop their own religions, prejudices and culinary styles. By, oh, let's say, 2384, the twisted remains of what was once the human race are living much the way they lived in the Middle Ages, with completely segregated kingdoms (notwithstanding the Elven gentrification of formerly Dwarven manufacturing districts) and constant war. Oh, and those futuristic plutocrats that set this geeky-ass Apocalypse in motion? They're all fucking dead, because everybody knows that robots always turn on their masters first.

So there you have it, kids. There's the real future, so there's no need to read the rest of this issue. As for my education, I guess I'd have to say it was pretty worthwhile, even though it did turn me into the rambling, pedantic asshole that spewed all the above idiocy. So long, Academia, and may our paths never cross again.

Love,
Dave

P.S. I didn't really mean that thing about not reading the rest of the issue. Please do read it. I mean, most of it's not even about the future. There's some things about airports and booze and John Sexton, too. Oh, and if you want to give me a job, that's mellisys@gmail.com.



Off into the sunset.

THE PLAGUE CAMPUS WATCH

Hey Babe, Heard of Katrina? by Ty Banks

Hi, I'm Ty Banks, a first year student at Gallatin concentrating in The Seasons. In addition to my studies, I enjoy middle of the road independent rock music, reading, and space gazing. Oh yeah, did I forget to mention I'm a hurricane survivor? Fuck you too, asshole.



You may think I overcame cancer - but I'm really just a hurricane survivor. Need help passing out on my futon? Like mojitos? Can you drink a mojito while you make me a hoagie? How about five? But, don't fart when you sit on my face. BAM!

Man, since I transferred here from Tulane, I've had no problem gettin' my tip nipped by NYU babes. I'll be all like, "Hey babe, heard of Katrina? Yeah, uhuh, that Hurricane that fucked New Orleans almost as hard as I'm gonna fuck you." And then she's all like, "No way, dick. You're gross." But then I tell them that I escaped that shit by swimming all the way to New York. Next thing I know I'm pounding her insides out. Bam!

In these past four months I have "known" one hundred girlies, ninety-five of which boned me solely cuz of my hurricane survivor status. Wow, one hundred girls. That's almost equal to the amount of black families my Dad and I turned away as we boarded his company hovercraft on the eve of the disaster. (And the ride fucking sucked, too, because they only had champagne, O.J. and brie. Where was the fucking beer, Dad?)

But anyway, for all you dudes out there, I recommend telling chicks you escaped Katrina. Just look at me, I'm satisfied. No really, like, as I write this I'm getting blown by some girl who totally dug my heroism. I met her outside of Silver and I was all like, "Hey babe, heard of Katrina? Yeah, uhuh, that Hurricane that fucked my hometown New Orleans almost as hard as I'm gonna fuck you." And she was like, "Sure, toots, just let me tuck it under first." I didn't know what that meant cuz I'm a stupid southerner, but I brought her home anyway.

Thank you, Katrina.

Socialist theory teacher fails to stir revolution. Again.

Despite trying his darnedest, NYU Politics professor Bertell Ollman has once again failed in stirring up a socialist uprising among students, for the 35th year in a row.

"This is an ongoing struggle against the oppressive forces of Capitalism," Ollman said in an interview with "Washed Up Hacks" magazine. "If it weren't for me, these students would sit around all day enjoying the poisonous fruits of commerce without so much as thinking twice about all the evil they're committing. Someone has to tell them about the, um, evils of things we buy. And that someone should be me!"

Ollman started teaching his class 35 years ago, and did not receive recognition of his work until 1996 when "My So-Called Life" was taken off the air.

"I just don't get it. Are my lectures not convincing enough? Don't they want to live in an egalitarian society in which everybody has what they need and absolutely essential things like education are free while superfluous things like the police and army are but relics relegated to the past?"

Several students gave their opinion

about Ollman's difficulty in teaching them anything meaningful, aside from how "My So-Called Life" affected the sale of personal diaries, "I mean, I like my things," said Carson, a sophomore who wished to remain anonymous due to retribution from other classmates. "I like wearing flip-flops in the cold and acid wash jeans all the time. I like flipping my RAZR open to text my roommate like every two minutes. What's wrong with that, or my pink iPod nano?"

Ollman was quick to defend his stance. "Look, all I'm asking—all I'm asking is to give up everything that makes your lives remotely interesting. If you have two shirts and your neighbor has none, give him one of yours; if you have eight pairs of Gucci shoes, give him half. If you have a month-long subscription to US Weekly or Hustler, rise up and share your password! Down with the system! Up with the power!"

Ironically, Ollman's Graduate assistant, Ben Joharrison, was able to coerce the current class into joining his strike in late November. Ollman was not available for comment on almost doing something right.

SILVER CENTER CLOG CURED WITH DRANO

Congestion in the Silver Center was cured with the "application" of thousands of gallons of Liquid Drano, poisoning oodles of students, though mostly freshmen and misdirected Gallatin youth. NYU President Sexton authorized the procedure, citing historical precedent.

The NYUCLU is involved, complaining that the university didn't allow bidding from independent liquid pipe cleansers. NYUCLU lawyer Franz Marie Rilke was also suspicious of the correlation between use of Drano and the new Mortimer H. Drano Center now in construction on Washington Square West.

"We don't want this crowding to disrupt our academic functioning. We don't want to be known as an over-crowded school - that's what public schools are for," said a jubilant Sexton, as he firehoused a congregation of grad students foolishly assembled at the negotiating table under false pretenses of peace.



Another rant from our Sponsor, R.J. Rheingold's...

And why do cigarettes in New York burn out so quickly? I remember when they burned nice and easy, even if you weren't smoking

them. Why the change? The environment? Y'all don't like a little pollution? Got a problem with litter—that's on fire?

Or is it to stop kids from getting cigarettes already lit? We all know minors want to smoke, and that they naturally have easy access to both cigarettes and fire. But so far we've been able to make sure that they keep those two elements apart from each other. If an unattended cigarette is left to burn to the butt, any number of kids could get access to this ambrosia, and then—ARMAGGEDON. Is that it? Is that the problem, Armageddon? Fucking liberals.

*Rheingoldly Yours,
R.J.*

Students Hooking-up Less, Study Shows

A study released by the Department of Psychology shows that the number of hookups per NYU student has been on the decline since 1999, with the trend showing no signs of stopping.

"What we're seeing is that you now need to pack at least a hundred students into a dorm party to have any hope of even a single hookup resulting from that party," explains psychology professor Sigmund Heffner. "And not only is that a fire hazzard, it's also totally lame and disappointing."

Students are in an outrage. Steinhardt senior Gloria McMahon vented, "I've been paying \$40 thousand a year, and I've only had three or four good hookups the entire time I've been here! What a bunch of shit! I should have gone to Stanford. They probably have tons of sex there."

Tisch sophomore Brian Nagin had similar feelings. "I mean, I go to art school. Shouldn't I be having totally hot hookups with half-white, half-Asian hipster chicks like three or four times a day? What a ripoff." The College of Arts and Sciences' rogue

Cosmetology and Fashion Department, though on dubious academic ground, has completed its own study, which offers an explanation for the disheartening depression in hot, noncommittal college hookup.

"NYU is letting in too many socially and physically awkward boys with no tact or confidence, and too many unattractive, cold, and cynical girls," says Meagan Chang, Cosmetology and Fashion major at CAS, who is hot, but I'd never have the aplomb to say it to her face. "We're advocating a new admissions policy that requires people to meet certain standards of physical attractiveness in addition to having actual social skills and an academic record that suggests students would be well suited to the rigors of a leading university like NYU. Just taking in any pimply nerd with a Star Wars shirt that walks in off the street with a 1400 SAT and a 3.7 GPA isn't going to cut it anymore."

The university's sizeable gay community was too busy having hot, noncommittal sex to comment. Lucky bastards.

Special Advertising Section



Maybe I could impress the ladies if I knew more about space...

Dear Consumer,

We here at MetroDigiTech understand the constraints of being a student. You have to go to class, study, write papers, check the facebook, and read away messages at least four days a week! Unquestionably, this is a fast-paced, mile-a-minute world we live in, and MetroDigiTech is here to help.

Beginning this spring and only available at select Duane Reades in Greenwich Village, look for our new product: *Culture!*TM We're very excited for it, and you should be too. Here's why: given the modern hassles we all deal with, it's downright crazy to expect to keep up with society's wacky obsession with dead writers and obscure directors. With *Culture!*TM, you'll never have to feel dumb around pretentious assholes again!

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So, friend, we cordially invite you to try out *Culture!*TM this spring. We guarantee you will be pleasantly surprised.

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Hey Homelesses!

Friends, do you ever find yourself saying things like, "Damned babies shouldn't even be here, this ain't their country," to no one in particular? Are you unwilling or unable to stop that argument with an invisible Wilt Chamberlain you've been having for the last five years? Are you tired of those stares and double-takes, the averted eyes? Well, finally, we have a solution.

You may be a stranger to the luxuries of sleeping indoors or smoking whole cigarettes instead of butts, but you've certainly noticed a new trend among people walking your streets. That, of course, is the wireless Bluetooth headset.

This device allows cell phone users to talk on tiny sci-fi headsets that look like giant ugly clip-on earrings. With the push of a button, the user can keep their cell phone in their bag or pocket while taking an important call hands-free.

You may have seen one of these people, talking about what groceries they were going to pick up on the way "home," or professing their love to an invisible woman with no one in sight, and thought that they were also afflicted in the head. But don't be fooled, these folks are only flaunting how rich they are. For once, however, this new innovation in distracting the wealthy from their miserable surroundings has advantages for you.

Our product? Simple, a cheap, plastic "headset," guaranteed to closely resemble a current popular model. Simply wear the headpiece and resume your incoherent babbling. People will first assume you are nuts, but then realize you are a normal person who is just too lazy to hold a phone. Call now to order! 202-820-3929



The hottest new trend for those too disgusting to follow trends. Order- oh, who are we kidding- steal one today!

Student Swallows iPod Nano

A sophomore at the Tisch School of the Arts, who requested to remain nameless, fell victim to Apple's newest evil trend early Monday afternoon when he accidentally ingested his new iPod Nano. The student, Adam Richter, was crossing the street when he mistakenly inserted the portable listening device into his mouth, thinking it was a piece of gum.

"My parents had come to visit for the day, and I figured it'd be best to get the JD off my breath before I met them," Richter said. "But damn, that thing really is impossibly small."



In light of this incident, one could argue that perhaps the Nano is too small (see photo). Some might even venture to say that it's *ridiculously* small. In fact, one could find ample justification for the argument that its size is unnecessarily miniscule, to a degree that may be accurately described as "ridiculous." I mean, for Christ's sake, it makes me look like Ron Jeremy. Regardless, Richter had been pleased with his purchase before the accident.

"The iPod Mini was cool, but after a putting a playlist or two together, my hand got tired. That thing was kind of hefty—102 grams!" he complained. When this reporter suggested that he haul his pussy-ass to Palladium, he dismissed the idea, explaining that working out could undermine his carefully crafted image as a prissy, sexually ambiguous 105-pound weakling. Richter is unable to use larger iPods, and life has been hard in the wake of the digestion of his sole MP3 option.

Still, Richter has managed to maintain a positive attitude, noting that he boasts the only Podcast on iTunes that is broadcasting from inside a living person. However, that distinction may not last very long if Apple successfully minimizes the size of iPod technology once again and brings the rumored 5-gigabyte iCondom onto the market.

More Changes for NYC Parks

On the heels of successful plans for renovating dilapidated Washington Square Park, the New York City Department of Parks and Recreation announced plans on Wednesday to renovate another iconic public space, Union Square Park, according to Tim Cousin, Director of the Project. The park's historic bronze statue of General George Washington astride his trusty horse and sidekick, "Peanut Brittle," will be melted down and refashioned into Bronze Medals for the upcoming XXXVII Physics Olympiad, January 14-16 in Singapore.

Secondly, the southern half of the park (including the current home of the statue) will be razed to make room for the Cingular Wireless Derek Jeter Memorial Heliport, New York City's first international heliport. Jeter Memorial will be the only of its kind in the Tri-State area equipped to service the Fitzsimmons C128PL3—the largest and most in-charged commercial helicopter available in the US. This fact alone, according to the plan's



Would this be the greatest day in New York History? Answer: Probably. And Probably? That means yes.

proponents, is reason enough to construct Jeter Memorial. "It would enable tourists around the globe from cities with international heliports to visit the Big Apple, and we think it's a no-brainer," said Mayor Bloomberg. Currently, only London, Jakarta, and Portland, Oregon have such heliports.

Community groups have already mobilized against the announced renovations. Co-founder of the Pissed Off New Yorkers Flora Paxton charged that the Parks Department "has no idea where the funding will come from. Money just doesn't grow on trees!" She then added, "Well, it's made out of paper and shit, so I guess money does grow on trees. But you know, there's machines and cotton involved and stuff, so really, it doesn't grow on trees." The overwhelming cost could be a critical impediment to renovations, estimated to cost nearly \$349 billion. Cousin countered that the Parks Department "obviously wouldn't embark on such a project without a concrete blueprint for raising funds; so I'll just assume that they're keeping them a secret."

Barbara Bush Proposes Radical New Social Welfare Policy



Yesterday, Former First Lady Barbara Bush outlined a plan that would, in her words, "turn the underprivileged of this nation from icky, stinky deviants who I do not like into clean-cut, hard-working conservative Americans." Under the plan, federally subsidized private corporations would gather all families with incomes of \$13,000 a year or lower, then strategically redistribute them to deal with labor shortages throughout the American south. The families, once relocated, would become the responsibility of their respective caretakers, who will in turn compensate them with free room and

board in exchange for an appropriate amount of manual labor.

Although many at the Houston-based press conference applauded Mrs. Bush's initiative, a few remained skeptical. How, asked oil tycoon John D. Dinglewatt, will the federal government pay for such an enormous program, without raising taxes? Simple, Mrs. Bush responded. In exchange for locating and transporting the underprivileged from their original homes, she explained, these private corporations will receive a small fee per head from the family who takes them in. Once taken in, the families or individuals would live, eat and sleep under the watchful eye of their new landlord. If, at any point, their labor is no longer needed,

the caretaker has the option to transfer the underprivileged to another location where their labor is more needed. The new caretaker would of course compensate the previous caretaker with a small financial endowment for his trouble.

While some accused the program of being biased in favor of the rich, Mrs. Bush was quick to point out that the new project, as all projects funded by the American government, will be an equal opportunity employer. "In fact," she added, "I am willing to go ahead and promise under-the-poverty line African American families first crack at enrolling in this program." She added, with a slight chuckle, "I can see this working out fairly well for them."

SEXTON WATCH

THE ONLY NYU PUBLICATION WITH THE BALLS TO TELL THE TRUTH ABOUT OUR PRESIDENT

NYU ON THE MOVE?

John Sexton and the other financial stakeholders in the highly successful NYU higher education franchise have announced that they are considering offers from city officials in Tampa, Florida to move the university from its current location in Manhattan to Tampa's plush new 3-Com College Campus and Stadium.

The move would follow precedents set by other universities, such as Yale, which moved from New Haven to Fresno in 2002, and the University of California at Berkeley's, which last year relocated to the Hewlett Packard Domed Super-campus in Atlanta.

"There's always an economic consideration behind these decisions," explained Sexton in an official release. "We're looking at the Tampa deal with optimism that it could lower overheads to running the university, thereby broadening profit margins... er, non-profit margins from tuition and alumni donations. That, coupled with the fact that we've been wanting to test the university's mettle against tropical hurricanes, is making the deal a very attractive one."


The university would retain its name, but would likely get a new mascot, the Thundershark, which even critics of the proposal acknowledge is a way awesomer

mascot than a purple bobcat. New York University of Tampa, Florida would also have football facilities, which would enable NYU to support an NCAA Division I team. "Finally, we can experience the financial rewards and crumbling academic integrity that only Division I sports make possible," said Sexton. "We're also trying to bring more straight males to the overwhelmingly gay and female population, because let's face it,

we know who runs the world."

There is no word yet on whether the university would get to take the emblematic Washington Square Arch as part of the move, but experts have noted that this adds credibility to the rumors that the recent repairs to the Arch included the addition of rocket boosters in its base. This feature would allow the Arch to fly itself to Florida should the deal go through.

SEXTON WATCH was first to tell you that John Sexton is bent on World Domination. This document, recovered from the fucking future, **PROVES IT!** Tampa is just the beginning! Remain vigilant!


NEW YORK UNIVERSE
70 Washington Square South
125th Floor
Office of the John Sexton



To the NYU Freshman Class of 2146,

This is John Sexton VII, Emperor of New York Universe. I wanted to welcome you to our fine academic association institution and tell you about some of the educational experiences you will be having over the next ten (for those of you in the accelerated program) or fourteen years.

As the newest members of the educational branch of our totalitarian regime, you may still be readjusting to life after removal from Bobcat, the worldwide network of pods that imprison humanity and jack them into an artificial world set up to test NYU's cutting-age theories of social science. At some point in a subject's artificial life, they are unwittingly put in the Registration Ministry's Application Process, a dizzying series of emotional traumas and physical and intellectual tests that kill or mentally incapacitate 28% of Applicants (and dropping!), with the majority of the rest surviving to live relatively normal (if chronically depressed) lives.

The top half-percent, however – you bright young people – are removed from Bobcat and placed in the center of historic Greenwich Village, an island of tranquility and human-scaled urban environments in the heart of MANHATTAN, NYU's Island Fortress. Animatronic bohemians and Mexican deli workers replicate the experience of a New York college student in the early 21st century, in the Golden Age of humanity.

This was what life was like before, in 2012, NYU responded to the revocation of its tax-exempt status by buying the US Government and, in turn, using its army and nuclear capacity to decimate human civilization and impose totalitarian rule. This rebirth of society ushered in the Golden Age of Knowledge, when the institution of forced breeding programs and extensive human testing led to unparalleled progress in every conceivable academic and scientific discipline.

You have an exciting opportunity to study for a career in NYU/Bobcat administration, allowing you to express yourself creatively and explore myriad professional opportunities, all of which are tangentially related to the enslaving of humanity. For those of you who object to our program, fill out a Disenrollment Form at the Registration Ministry and the date for your execution will be set. For the rest of you, welcome to the New York Universe family.

Sincerely,
John Sexton VII
Emperor
New York Universe

WE STALK SEXTON (so you don't have to!)

8:45 AM: Sexton changes name to "Sextyton"

12:17 PM: Sexton holds meeting with Kim Jong Il to acquire cheap imported labor for NYU's secret West Fourth Street sweatshops.

5:05 PM: Sexton kills a graduate student for sport

Sore-assed students have new line of defense

Today marks a new day for grade negotiations. For today, Stern sophomore Ben Ridley invoked the new "Don't Fuck Me in the Ass" or DFMA defense after receiving a C on his Statistics paper. Upon learning of his grade, Ridley is reported to have established direct eye contact with his Professor and asked him to not "fuck me in the ass on this one."

"I really couldn't argue with his logic. I don't want to fuck anybody in the ass, so I gave him a B+," remarked Professor Grayson.

Since its introduction, many knock-offs have already sprouted up ranging from the similar variant "Don't Grab my Balls" defense to the confusing "Suck my Cock" offense. Neither of these variants, however, has had as much of an impact upon the general public as Ridley's innovative defense.

In the last week, three divorces and one murder have been defended deftly in court with the DFMA defense. Rumors have even surfaced about the use of the controversial "Fuck Me in the Ass" pros-

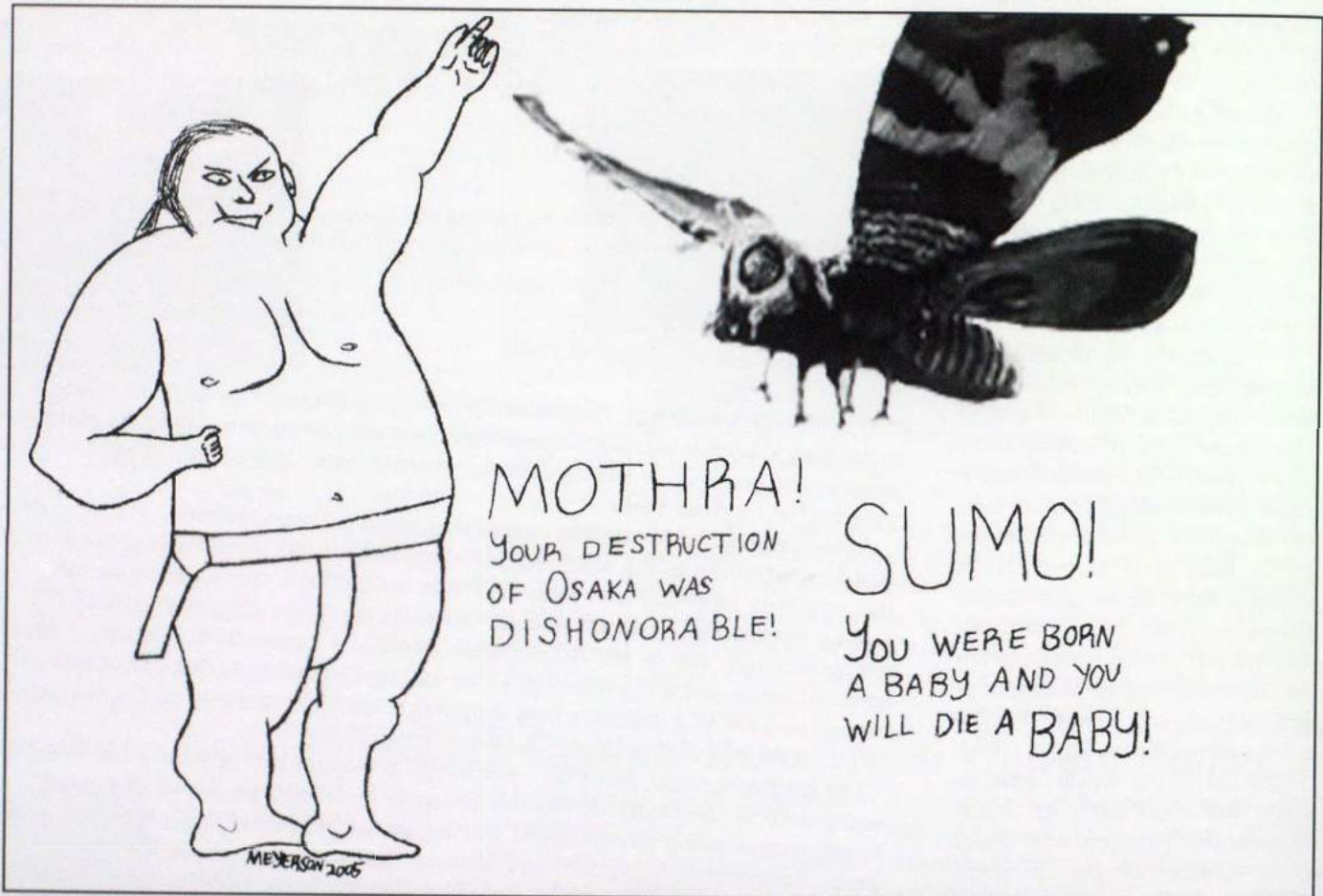


The final injustice

ecution in the next Supreme Court hearing on Same-Sex Marriage.

When asked how he came up with his brilliant style of debate, Ridley remarked, "I'm just a simple

man. A simple man who doesn't want to be fucked in the ass."



R.J. RHEINGOLD'S

The company that brought you beaded carseat covers presents

The Football Bat™



An innovation for the ages!

- World peace? Not far off now!
- Flying pigs? Why not?
- Fast, easy weightloss!

All thanks to the breakthrough **Football Bat** from RJR!

NEW YORK IS SCARY... FOR WHITE PEOPLE

OH, YOU CAN THANK DAYTON!

by Chaz, your local Daytonian

Howdy, Plague readers! As you probably know, New York is a large city filled with lots of people. Some of them are white, while many remain impure. Still, this metropolis of ours is a bustling hub of culture and commerce. Though I like my new home of Gotham, or as I like to call it, the Windy Apple, I'm still partial to my native land: Dayton, Ohio. In fact, Dayton has offered mankind, whites and nonwhites alike, many great things— and I plan to tell you all about 'em. By the time you're finished reading this article, you'll be saying, "Thank you, Dayton."



Dayton, a hilariously neglected city.

You can thank Dayton for that too.

Do you have an automobile? Do your friends have automobiles? If they do, then you're due for a thankin'...to Dayton. The turn-key ignition starter was invented in the now-crime-infested city of Dayton. So, hip city slicker, the next time you rev up your Mini Cooper and pump your C + C Music Factory, you can thank Dayton. And while you're at it, thank Akron, Ohio for making all those damned tires that get you and yours to the yoga classes and those fashionable underwater births, or anything else you're doing that's all new-agey and shit. I also dislike wheatgrass.

Like music? Rock and roll music? So does Dayton. That's why people from Dayton call their city, "Rock Central." Bands like War and one-fourth of the Pixies are from Dayton. Did you know that, huh? Huh? So when you're listening to "Low Rider", cruising around for chicks, you can--that's right, thank Dayton. And since you're in your car, you can thank Dayton twice. Eating a popsicle while listening to War and driving? That's three thank yous. If you want, you can throw Akron some props too, but don't sweat it.

Heard of the Air Force? Fighter pilots? That's right, we have an air force base in Dayton which has an Air Force museum. In that museum you can purchase space ice cream. Space ice cream is two things, ladies and gents: delicious? Obviously. It's also non-dependent-on-refrigeration as opposed to your big-city, normal ice cream. What was that? Did space ice cream originate in Dayton? No, but you can buy it at the Air Force Museum in Dayton. And while you're eating it, you might as well thank Dayton. I mean, who else are you going to thank, the Heeb who invented it? Get outta town...all the way to Dayton.

SELF DEFENSE GUIDE FOR URBAN NEW YORKERS

Did you know that in New York City alone, at least one person disappears everyday on the subway? Well, they do. Maybe they're kidnapped by that guy who mutters to himself, or that chef who likes to whip it out for phone cameras. However you cut it, New York isn't safe anymore. Every trip to Starbucks is filled with backwards glances and fears that you'll be raped, mugged, munged and then raped again because you so totally didn't get off that first time.

New York rapists are considerate like that. Ask Pi Kappa Alpha, and they'll help you—with rape. But here's how you can fight back!

- Is that homeless guy giving you the evil eye? Well, take it! In New York, homeless people are filled with surprises like candy and candy-flavored diseases like chocolate-C or gummi crabs! Break open 'dem bums and feast on their sugar-coated fear!
- Always wear bright colors, overpriced vintage t-shirts complete with headbands, and do a lot of coke. It makes that kidney punch less painful, and gets you into that *Vice* after party. Rock!
- Open the door for the guy trying to break into your home (or window, if he's on your fire escape). Invite him in for tea, discuss the booming financial trade market and then kick him in the balls. Pour the tea on him for good measure. Then rape him.
- Never argue with a Hassidic Jew. They'll fuck you up six ways from Saturday without a condom or water-based lubricant. And you'll wake up afterward on the Jersey Turnpike without an appendix, and circumcised.

HEY, RUBE! HERE'S A NEW STUDENT'S GUIDE TO THE SIGHTS AND SOUNDS OF NEW YORK



Woman with soiled pants running in crowded street. Yep.



Transvestites Admit it, before you saw mustache, you were checking her out.



Hookers Fun tip: they like to have bottles thrown at them.



Street-Woman in Mask Every day is Halloween for bag people!



Homeless Guy Pissing in Street He ain't holdin a Snickers bar.

SUPER SECRET PLANS...

that we didn't use.

The problem with starting Super Secret Plans is that it's really easy to forget where you put them. Even if you remember to put the plans in your Super Secret Box, I guarantee that you won't remember leaving the box under the sink next to your George Foreman Grill. I mean, that isn't the only reason we forgot to do these things. We were really, really busy trying to score blow after that Olsen twin left. It's damn near impossible to get premium goods when all you have at your school is the chick from Matilda and Max Weinberg's kid. Oh, and the boring twin that eats and shit.

We found our plans, but with the powder search still going it's not like we're the ones to implement them. Might as well share them with you, gentle reader. On to the schematics!

Super Secret Plan that Never Really Worked Out #42 Fighting Mother Nature with Unlikely Means

Mother Nature, the heartless bitch that gave us sun showers and earthquakes, has produced nasty weather during the last few months. (Note: We don't mean the hurricanes and shit. This plan was originally drawn up after we had the snowstorm in January 2005. But yeah, in order to be topical, fuck the hurricanes.) She seems mighty pissed with us!

In any event, steps have been taken to combat Mother Nature's constant pestering. Originally we tried using animals against her—like when we trained a team of dolphins to use poison dart guns. We later found out that poison darts only work on people—which is bad, since the dolphins learned how to shoot their trainers and currently run wild in the Gulf Stream. But don't worry, we deployed the dolphin's natural enemy

against them—“The Wonder Years” star Fred Savage. In no time at all, the Dolphins will succumb to the haunting melody of Fred Savage, not to mention his savage karate grip.

Another Dolphin Trainer pays the ultimate price for our hubris.



Super Secret Plan that Never Really Worked Out #241 Create Small Robots to do Battle inside a Small Bucket

This plan came really close to becoming reality. Our Professor of Shrinkology, Benjamin E. Joseph, had perfected the art of shrinking a plastic bucket. However, the logistics of shrinking a metal object confounded him. He went mad trying to make a robot smaller.

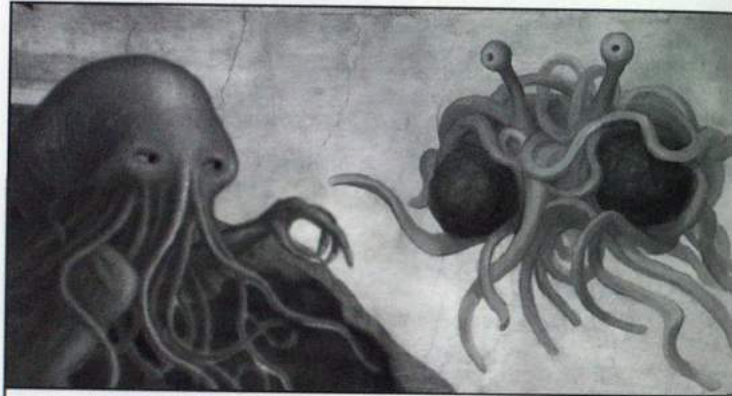


Eventually, things got so bad that Professor Joseph tried to mate an iPod Nano with an iPod Shuffle. The end result did not produce a small robot, as he had hoped, but instead one of those Tiger handheld games that we used to play as kids. Only instead of playing a game, it just kept asking us why we let it be born. We left Professor Joseph to answer that with a well-placed bullet to the abomination.

Super Secret Plan that Never Really Worked Out #34 Having Cthulhu Fight the Flying Spaghetti Monster

We had planned to awake Cthulhu, one of the Old Ones and harbinger of destruction, to battle the Flying Spaghetti Monster, the infamous poster-child of Intelligent Design. They were going to have this kick-ass fight over Kansas, and level mountains and feast on people and shit. And the Missouri would run red with blood... and tomato sauce, too.

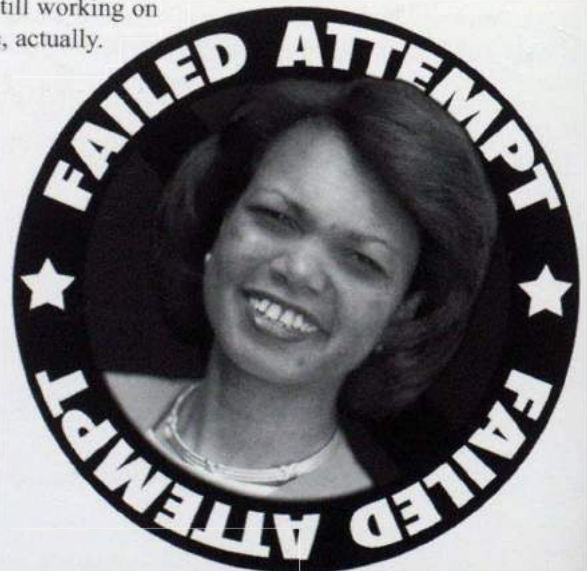
But then we forgot to get our permit for deity battles over state land, and we found out that Spaghetti Monster is technically invisible. Also, Cthulhu would take too long to wake up, since we're still not sure exactly where he is. We have it narrowed down to the Atlantic Ocean, but beyond that...



An artist's rendition of what our kick-assocolypse might have looked like.

Super Secret Plan that Never Really Worked Out #6 Put a Black, Lesbian Jew in the White House

We're still working on this one, actually.



There are many voices in the NYU community, and some of them are retarded. In order to give them a voice, we present our collection of

CONTRIBUTOR ESSAYS

NYU is the home to many celebrity students such as Billy Joel's daughter, Sting's son, and Chad Power. Without further ado Chad Power presents Chad Power's Conspiracy Theories (by Chad Power).



Hey-o kids, it's me, Chad Power. Ya know, the actor. You probably remember me as Tum Tum in the Buena Vista release *3 Ninjas*. You may also know me from my role Glory Hole #4 in the film *The Little Boy Who Gets Fucked* or as the little boy who got fucked in the film *Glory Hole 4*. Either way, I'm famous, ok?

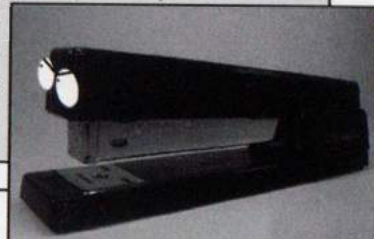
But this little essay of mine does not concern itself with the deliciously decadent business of show. For I am more than a mere puppet, trained to kick and drop-kick on cue. I have a mind and thoughts and I often think of mindful things, like conspiracy theories and libraries—but mostly conspiracy theories. So buckle up and free your mind:

Did you know that hockey, the sport, was actually invented by the government? Well, it's true. See, they made up the sport like a hundred years ago or something solely to build a solid fan base among children by the year 1992. At that same time, when children's interest in hockey was at its peak, the movie *The*

Mighty Ducks was released to rave reviews. Coincidence? Ha. The government had been planning the film since 1900, before hockey was even invented. By the late seventies they had finished biochemical production of all the "kids," that's right, the robot kids. Real kid actors aren't that good, man, and if you look close, Goldberg, the chubby goalie guy, never sweats. Not one bead. It's cuz he's not human, man, none of the little fuckers are. They're all steel and goo and shit, not human. But I am, man. I feel. I bleed. Want me to bleed for you?

I have to hurry, now; there's little time before they'll find me here. But there's more: because of the negative press karate had been getting in the early 90's (also rigged), many mothers didn't want their kids to see *3 Ninjas* because they'd be influenced to fight at school and shit. But they went ahead and let them watch *The Mighty Ducks*, an equally violent movie about hockey and drunk driving and divorce. And is there one single ninja in that shitstorm of a movie? And how many ninjas does *3 Ninjas* have? At least three, more even, if you count grandpas.

So there you have it, the truth. The success of *The Mighty Ducks* is not the product of solid kid acting, but rather that of coercion, deception, corruption and robots. Hockey playing robots. So what's there to do, you ask? Well, if you are pure, you will come with me, help Colt, Rocky and myself sneak into Emilio Estevez's condo, and spill the blood of Coach Bombay. I will be silenced no longer, and I won't eat dog poop.



Lift cap to load, fuckers

My Big Secret

I never learned to read. It's true. Due to the unfortunate juxtaposition of the television show "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles" with the majority of my elementary school years, I never really got around to it. Well, all right - that's not entirely true. I did manage to master some of the more basic three letter words before losing interest entirely. Time flies, though, and by the time high school rolled around, I figured it would be easier to just fake it.

You may ask, if I am illiterate, how do I manage to write such clever and well-constructed Plague articles? I say, have you read the Plague lately? No, seriously. Go. Read. Now. I can't. I mean I don't even know how periods work for fuck's sake.

See the point is I fake it. I fake literacy. I fake it. That's right. It's all a lie. Thanks to the invention of the keyboard, I can sit at this computer for approximately forty to forty-five minutes a day, hammering keys at random, until I get something that resembles relatively cohesive English. At least to my untrained eyes. Did I mention that I'm extremely, extremely lucky?

You seem disbelieving, but it's true. I have no idea what this says. I have no idea that my random key punches are relating my tale of illiteracy this very instant. I have no idea that I'm writing that I have no idea what's going on. And so on. So, you tripping face yet?

I Don't Trust My Stapler

I run a tight ship here in Room 4G2. A place for everything and everything in its place, I like to say. My schoolbooks sit in one corner, my semen soaked rags ("laundry") in the other. My acoustic guitar knows its job is to make me look awesome yet sensitive to all the fly honnies, just as my computer knows its job is to pick up the slack when the ladies don't come through. My TV lets me know what I need to be cool, just like my debit card lets me buy all the things I see on TV. Yep, life's pretty good here in 4G2.

Except for that damn stapler.

Everything else on my desk tends to respect my authority. The pens are content to be pens, my CDs are content to reflect the awesomeness of my taste in music. (Trent Reznor is the prophet of my soul! Wooo!) But that damn stapler just sits there, mocking me.

"You need me," it says, its dark metallic finish glistening in the halogen glow of my desktop lamp. "You NEED my ass. You ain't SHIT without me. What are you gonna do with that ten-page essay you just printed? PAPER-CLIP that shit together? Are you on crack, fool?!"

So, ok, my stapler does not actually articulate these thoughts in what I conceive to be an urban, slightly threatening dialect. But I can tell it's thinking them. Oh, is it ever. It's not one of those on-the-cheap, small plastic staplers, either. This baby is pure, full length, gun metal Swingline®, the real deal.

The worse part is, I know the stapler is right. I need it, much more than it needs me. I'm nothing without it. My papers would be all disorganized and shit. So here I sit, powerless, typing these words, feeling its steely gaze on me at all times. Because it knows, just as well as I do, that if I go a syllable over a page, I'll need its help. Fuck. You. Swingline.

THE FIVE PEOPLE YOU SEE... WHEN YOU'RE SMASHED OUT OF YOUR MIND

Many claim that being an alcoholic is a lonely and depressing life where you never know how or when you'll get your next drink. Pish-posh, I say! Being an alky is more fun than doing your best friend's ex-girlfriend on your current roommate's bed. Why? Because you're both smashed on McColl's Plastic Bottle Whiskey!

And as for those people who look down on us real drinkers— you know the type; they're "social" drinkers and like to "chat" while they drink. Well, I like to talk, too, but not to jerks like human beings. That's why my best friends are the imaginary ones that appear after there's a half bottle of gin in my stomach. While this condition may be different for everyone, the following tend to be the five most common people I end up seeing during my weekly weeklong benders.

The Sheep Man (Beer and Whiskey)

My old reliable. The Sheep Man is a four-foot guy in a sheep outfit who always talks in a monotone and doesn't really specify his words very well. He always stops by to get me dancing and then steal my liquor. He also has a tendency to ash on my roommate's clothes, desk, bed, and sleeping body. I hate it when my roomie insists that *I did it. I don't even smoke!* Also, the Sheep Man is rather tame and likes to hold me while we watch porn.

The Tequila Monster (Tequila)

No, I don't mean that weirdly tanned chick from the PATH train that hangs out at San Marcos, but the honest-to-God Tequila Monster. He's seen by everyone who indulges in the Sauza, Cuervo, or even that one where the worm is still alive. He's a bit taller than the Sheep Man, but he looks like a purple mongoose with blue spots around his belly. And he wears a sombrero. He's a really good listener, and can only be killed by shanking him with a broken handle of vodka. But that leads us to...

Porto Turkey (Vodka)

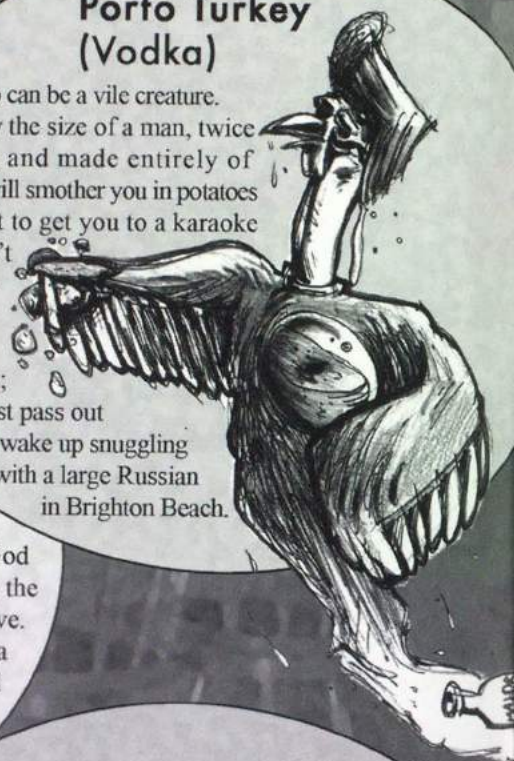
Porto can be a vile creature. Roughly the size of a man, twice as strong and made entirely of vodka, he will smother you in potatoes and attempt to get you to a karaoke bar. You don't really escape from the Porto Turkey; you just pass out and wake up snuggling with a large Russian in Brighton Beach.

Tom Waits and Nick Cave (Gin)

All right, they may be real people, but the minute I drink gin, I swear to God, these two evil musicians bust down my door, kick my dog and proceed to make me think I'm tripping on pure adrenaline ripped out of a baby— mostly because they bring babies with them and force you to down adrenaline pills as they keep swilling gin. If you see them, be careful, because before you know it the three of you will find yourselves in the Meatpacking District shouting "Fags!" and fighting the first guy who turns around. Because a lot of people will turn around, you gotta make sure you're all ready. Oh, and Nick Cave has a mean right hook. Tom Waits just carries a chainsaw.

Your True Love (Wine)

Watch in awe as your first love returns, finally giving you that chance to say everything you couldn't when you were less charming or when you were sober. But watch out! This is actually just your cell phone. And your "true love" doesn't really appreciate you breaking that agreement that you never call her again at four in the morning as all of your drunk, imaginary friends egg you on in the background.



NANTUCKET NECTAROLOGY

THE FUTURE OF ALL OLOGIES

founded by Herman Derricks

I'm bad at school. I barely graduated college and dropped out of law school after one week. Med school was really difficult and barber school accommodated too many minorities for my tastes. So I went to Astrology school and tried to master the fake-art of tarot. Predictably, I failed at that too, so I founded my own little school...school of thought, that is. It's called Nantucketnectarology. And it's, that's right, the study of what the flavor of Nantucket Nectars juice you drink says about you and your personality. It's pretty fucking incredible. Here's a quick tutorial:



This is not the creator of Nantucket Nectarology, but L. Ron Hubbard, whose belief system is actually dumber than this one.



Guava You hate your father because he never bought you nice gifts. You find solace in the tart pleasure of guava juice and the drink's esoteric nature sets you apart from your run of the mill dad, who drank plain O.J., and gin. Advice: start smoking crystal meth and start a trip-hop band. You'll be in good company.



Kiwi Berry You suffer from Autism. Your parents love the fact that you paint and tell you how creative your art is. It's not, though, because you're retarded. Your existence is almost as ill-advised as the blending of kiwis and berries. Almost.



Watermelon Lemonade You like this wacky combination 'cause you're a free spirit. You ride a motorcycle and never stop telling people, "I ride a motorcycle." You're favorite band is Steppenwolf and you're wife's name is Viper, or Bullet Betty. Either way she's a chubby failed librarian who has a better Harley than you, which fills you with jealous rage. But then you open up an ice-cold watermelon lemonade to "cool your jets," as you say. Gosh, you are so freewheelin'.



Red Plum You were a Religious Studies major in college, thinking you would become a professor or something. Upon graduating, you had not secured a job or enrolled in graduate school, so you applied at the Nantucket Nectars factory. You drink Red Plum because, as an employee there, you know that is the only flavor they don't put rat poison in. You are pure at heart.



Cranberry You are boring. Your name is probably Dan. Your favorite movie is Citizen Kane, you only listen to the Beatles and you own fifteen blue oxford shirts. You like to drink your cranberry juice after a nice jog, and cringe whenever someone abbreviates it to "Cran," or says, "Nice Cran, Dan." Advice: never hang out with people who drink watermelon lemonade unless you want to experience a hilariously disastrous fish-out-of-water scenario.



Pineapple, Orange, Guava Jesus Christ, got enough juices there? What, is pineapple and orange not enough, huh, so you need some guava too? You are a chronic maximalist, ingesting everything you can into your body. You like anything, thus you accept all holes and rods as sexual partners—you keep your used milk jugs behind your mattress. But don't let others tell you how to live, you sick fuck, just enjoy your decadent life as best you can.



Lemonade and Iced Tea (AKA the Arnold Palmer) You are Arnold Palmer. Or maybe you play golf solely to reconnect with your lesbian daughter. Either way, you have a small penis though you refer to it as your 5 Wood. Very clever, Army.



IS MEXICO RACIST?



**An Objective In-Depth Report...
From Our Resident Mexican, Alain!**

Racial tensions between Mexico and the U.S. rose this past summer when Presidente Vicente Fox remarked that, "Mexicans take the jobs that even the Negroes don't want." Shortly thereafter, Mexico released postage stamps commemorating a comic book character, *Memín Penguín*, that resembles a minstrel actor (*Memín Penguín* is *Español* for 'mooncricket'). Both incidents outraged the Reverend Jesse Jackson – the former for stating the obvious, and the latter for participating in the longest of American traditions: mocking these so-called "race relations." What's the point of living in a melting pot if you can't make fun of the ingredients? Somewhere along the line we all forgot where the funny was. *Memín Penguín* isn't about hate, and this anecdote will prove that to you P.C. nay-sayers.

I was born into a relatively impoverished family of seven in a small village outside of Guadalajara. My brothers and sisters and I were always begging for a pet, but we were too poor to afford one.

One day, the *materfamilias* noted that one of my sisters wasn't finishing her meal. She'd always leave a few scraps and, upon clearing the table, she'd run down to the root cellar with her unfinished meal. It dawned on our mother that we were hiding a pet from her. She might've been mad if we weren't such goddamn fucking cute kids, and if we weren't caring for our stowaway so responsibly.

Eventually curiosity got the better of her and she decided to see exactly what we were taking care of. As she walked down the steps into the dark cellar, she wondered whether it was a puppy or a kitten. Maybe something cuter, like a

bunny or even some naked mole rats. Stumbling in the darkness over to the washer-dryer (i.e. sink and clothes line – this is fucking *Mexico*) where the light was, she heard a sound in the linen closet. Finding the pet was easier than she thought. Kids are so stupid! She slowly opened the closet door, and then let out a blood-curdling scream. We all realized we were busted.

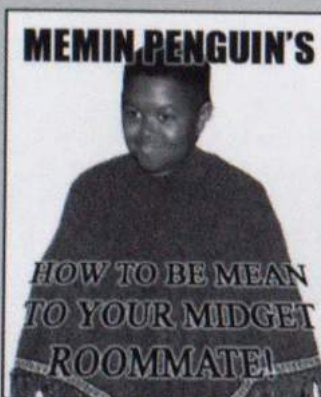
Father rushed down to see what was the matter, and the rest of us prepared to put on our best "surprised" faces. We found her sitting on the floor, pointing at the closet. From there, a little face was peering at her. Father, quite agitated, flung open the doors and saw the truth. We weren't hiding squirrels or puppies, no, we were hiding a small African-American child... er, African-Mexican... uh, black kid. Man, did dad beat the shit out of us!



Are these Mexican Things racist?

Anyway, my parents asked around and it turned out no one in the town knew who he was or where he'd come from. He was unofficially adopted by the village, and everybody chipped in for food, education and medical expenses. We baptized him "*Memín Penguín*," after our beloved comic and the only black person we ever knew. So see, it's a fucking term of respect. Why won't you accept our respect, African-American community? All we're trying to say is we look up to you! And that's why we work in meat-packing plants with sky-high fatality rates for \$3.00 an hour and you guys are starting unions at Dunkin' Donuts.

Oh, and our town's little *Memín Penguín*? He grew up to be a fucking midget. Pretty trippy, huh? In honor of my adopted brother, here are some ways to be mean to midgets that live with you.



Make him sleep on the top bunk. Then, take his ladder away while he's sleeping!



Oh, midget! That's way too high for you to jump without sustaining serious injury.

Forget light switches. You need those pull-chains. Then, tie it up out of the midget's reach!



Just watch 'im, jumping up and down, frustration boiling in his little face...

All midgets have stools that they use to reach high places. Get drunk and light it on fire!



Haha! Silly midget!



Ladies and Gentlemen, I have seen the future, and it is...

ROBOTS

That's right, you heard me, buy robots. If I had three words for your investment strategy, it would be this: robots, robots, robots. Big ones, small ones, even smaller ones, I say **BUY THEM ALL!!**

I know exactly what you're saying. "But how, oh how will I be able to tell the difference between your return-producing, top-of-the-line robots, and your money-losing, "dog" robots?" Well, no worries, average, inquisitive investor – I'm here with a list of tips to help you tell a robo-winner from a robo-loser.

1.) Death Ray Compatibility

Let's face it – in this day and age, not every robot you come across is going to have a death ray. It's an unfortunate reality that owning a device that will incinerate hordes of civilians in the blink of an eye, more or less of its own accord, is no longer as acceptable as it once was. Still, while not all of us may be able to afford that death-ray wielding automaton of doom, we all should be able to afford one that at least has a suitable death ray attachment node.



3.) Ability to Transform Into Something Else All robots worth their weight in robot-ness have the ability to transform from their humanoid form into something that's equally, or, if you're lucky, even **MORE** awesome. Avoid robots that transform into lame things, like bunnies or toasters, and look into robots that transform into things that kick ass, like tanks, airplanes, or kegs.



NOTE: Also acceptable are robots that break down into four or five smaller, but equally awesome robots, or vice versa.

2.) Shiny Metal Body Leading experts agree that all robots should be three things – shiny, metal, and robot-y. While the definition of robot-y is still being debated, shiny and metal are clear enough. So while plastic and ceramic robots may seem like a cheap and modern alternative, remember this simple adage – "Nothing is certain in this world, except for death and taxes, and the fact that shiny metal robots are awesome."

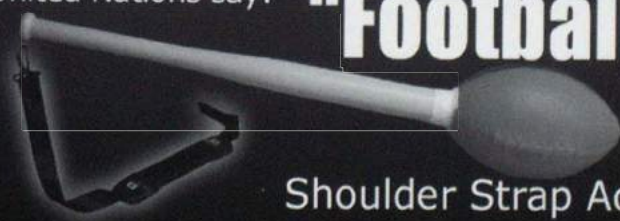


4.) Sexy Lady Robots Sexy lady robots are the coolest. Of course, I am now thinking, if a robot is a sexy lady, it should not be shiny and metal. For not only would that be contradictory, it would also be unnecessarily painful. So I am also thinking, that the actual quote went, "Nothing is certain in this world, except for death and taxes, and the fact that shiny metal robots are awesome, except for sexy lady robots, which are more awesome."



AFRICA IS HUNGRY

Just so. But who'll "step to the plate" and solve the political and logistical problems that led to the problem? 4 out of 6 delegates to the United Nations say: **"Football Bat™ is it!"**



"Football Bat? A paragon of Awesome."
–Former President of the United States of America, William 'Bill' Jefferson Clinton

Shoulder Strap Accessory Now In Stores!

ye olde TYME MACHYNE

Why, hello there. This is the head of the Faculty at the Science University, Dean Richard Anderson. I am here today to instill into your young minds an inquiry of science. And also to buy you under-age coeds booze and invite you back to my den. You kids like dens?

Why, did you know, that until the discovery of synthetics (sometime between the 15th century and 1984 – Don't ask me, I'm no historian, hee hee) dildos were made out of real human penises? Sorry, I just made that up, but don't let that stop you from thinking I'm a real scientist. It's obviously impossible, because, I mean, c'mon, if you cut off a guy's wang, you know that it'd have to turn soft and flaccid. It's not like dead people all have erections all the time, they're not babies after all (Hey, remember, don't quote me,



Hey, babe, heard of Katrina?

I'm no obstetrician, hee hee).

Why, that sure was an embarrassing blunder I just made, eh gang? Well here's a certain little trick that YOU can use to avoid such blunders, or even, <gasp> unmake them in the past... from the FUTURE!

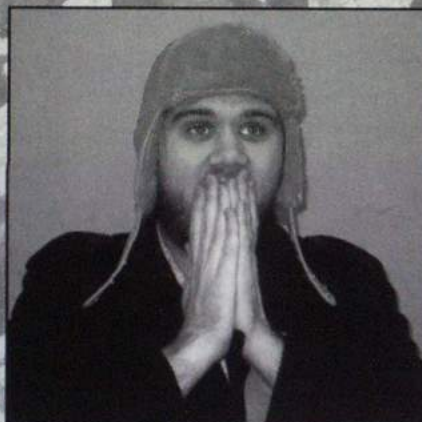
Why, just so you know, I've spent twenty fruitless years trying to discover a way to delve into the space-time continuum. I've also spent twenty-five wondrous years dropping acid on tour with The Dead as a roadie. Anyway, I must've somehow made a working time machine while I was tripping balls. Then, I was too chicken-shit to try it. But a little later when I was tripping balls again, I came down sometime in the indiscriminate past. With no modern science at my disposal, I had no choice but to walk the Earth until I found it.

Found what? you ask? Why, **ye olde tyme-machyne** of course.

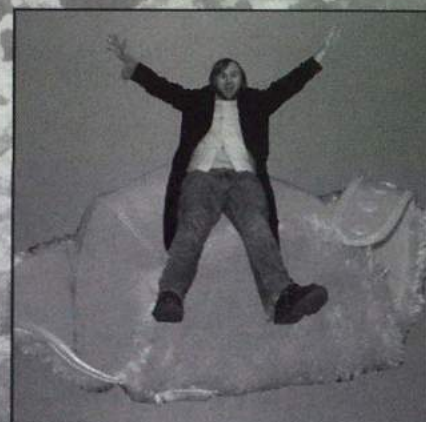
Why, this, of course, is how you wear a hat now - AKA Boringtown USA, Population: Guy in this hat



In the future, you'd wear a hat like this, wheeeee!



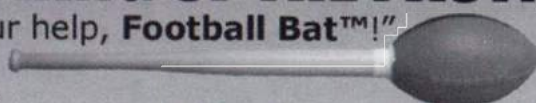
In Soviet Future, hat like this wears you! **WHEEEEE!!!**



CANCER IS A THING OF THE PAST!

"Thanks for your help, **Football Bat™!**"

- Weatherproof
- Unflinching Devotion to the ten commandments
- Now comes with batteries included at no extra cost!
- 3 year R.J. Rheingold's unlimited warranty



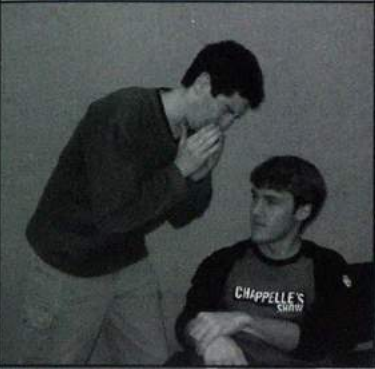
LASER SIGHT ATTACHMENT
NOW HALF PRICE!



Why, this used to be the only way to cure the common cold...



In the future, the common cold can be easily cured thusly...



PARTIES! We all hate them already, but there's that certain something which always makes them that much worse...

"PARTY FOUL!" said John, "As if my party wasn't lame enough already..."



Of course, in the future when somebody party fouls...

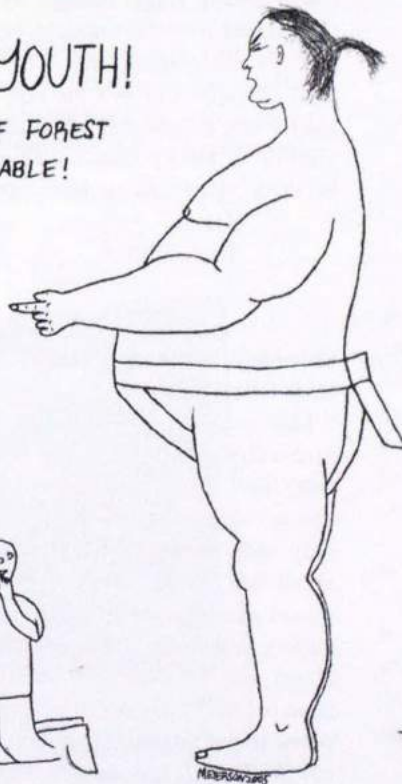
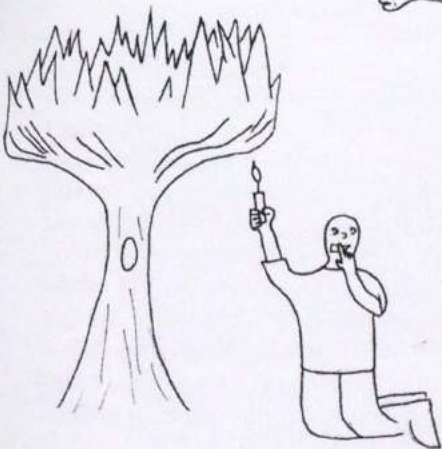
"It's OK, Wolfie, no one could ever blame you..."

"Awwwooooo!"



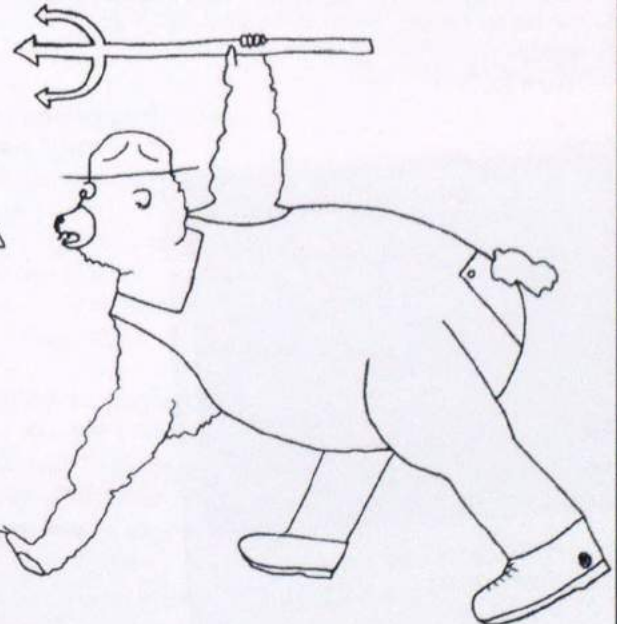
WAYWARD YOUTH!

YOUR LIGHTING OF FOREST FIRES IS DISHONORABLE!



SUMO!

SMOKEY SHUT UP YOUR FACE FOR GOOD!



Diary of a TISCH STUDENT



Tuesday, September 4th

Dear Diary,

Today I started sophomore year! That means no more writing silly essays or learning. From here on out I can devote my attention entirely to art. I guess I should tell you what I study since I've never written in you before! I study photography. And I minor in being soo coool! My roommate Katherine recommended I start writing to you because lots of artists do that and I am always looking for stuff like that. I will try to keep you in a safe place at all times because someone named Anne Frank left her diary on the shelf at the NYU Bookstore and anybody that wants to can just pick it up and read it! I respected her privacy and just bought some NYU sweat pants and a fashion mag.

Kisses,

Tisch Student



Wednesday, September 5th

Dear Diary,

I am sad because I have been going to classes for two whole days but I've only had sex with one of my professors! I am worried they don't like me. The photography professor, whose name I didn't get, had no problem getting freaky in the darkroom after class. He said he could tell I was going to be one of his best students, which made me feel good. Then my art history professor let me eat her out, but she seemed sort of distant, like she didn't really appreciate it. That made me feel like I wasn't valuable to her. This is a BIG problem. Also, we did some cocaine in the Kosher Dining Hall at Weinstein. I wish you could try coke, Diary, but you're just a book, and books haven't got noses or anything. Sorry!

Kisses,

Tisch Student



Thursday, September 6th

Dear Diary,

Waking up with a coke headache isn't fun, Diary, but I managed to get to class 15 minutes late as usual! As usual my professor showed up another 15 minutes after that and showed us a movie. I wasn't really paying attention because I was getting finger-banged by Norman Brisby Alvarez in the second row. Fortunately Norman is a film connoisseur and got me coming only when people would be laughing loud enough to drown me out. By the time the movie was over I was exhausted! I had intended to fuck the professor after class, but I couldn't even walk straight as I approached his desk, so he told me he'd take a rain-check for next week.

Kisses,

Tisch Student

Saturday, September 8th

Dear Diary,

I am sorry I didn't write to you yesterday, but I doubt you give a flying fuck since you haven't written me back once. I don't have class today, but I'm taking a break from the coke and sex with everyone I know to write a few lines. I've still only had sex with ONE of my professors. I am really sad about this. I hope I don't get bad marks this semester. Daddy would probably get mad at me for wasting all his tuition money and make me spend the summer at Uncle Morty's house, and I hate Uncle Morty. Uncle Morty never laid a hand on me in my developing years. How the hell am I supposed to get artistic inspiration without having been molested? Would you tell me that, Diary?

Kisses,

Tisch Student

Monday, September 10th

Dear Diary,

I won't be writing to you on the weekends anymore because my friends and I spend so much time going to the Diesel store and art galleries in SoHo and we spend the evenings in wine bars and clubs you're probably not cool enough to have heard of. I was also too high to hold a pen. I wish my friend Brendan had told me that coke being addictive was a myth sooner. He's such a fag! I'm allowed to say that because he really is a fag and calls himself that. Also I'm a girl.

Kisses,

Tisch Student

Wednesday, September 12th

Dear Diary,

Okay I'm still 1 out of 5 in the professor-fucking category. I'm totally depressed. I told Brendan that I was thinking about killing myself but he put the thought out of my head with some totally solid advice: 1) I haven't built up a sufficient body of work prior to my death to make me as famous as Basquiat or Van Gogh, and 2) suicide has been out of style for, like, two whole years at NYU, and that's definitely not enough time for it to come full circle and be retro-hip. So suicide is out. Fortunately he let me do a line of coke off of his erect penis. That made me feel much better. I've never fucked a gay boy before!

Kisses,

Tisch Student

Thursday, September 13th

Dear Diary,

You'll never guess who I'm having sex with right now! And they said I can't tell anyone, so I guess you'll never know. Let's just say his first name isn't not John and his last name rhymes with Mexton. His penis is enormous! Just kidding.

Kisses,

Tisch Student



*Brendan's facebook pic!
Taken by moi!*



*My photography
midterm. The unplugged
outlet represents my
sadness from my pro-
fessors not fucking me.*



*My final photography
project. The lines of
coke represent me real-
ly, really fucking wanting
some coke. Do you have
coke? Want a beej?*

Friday, September 14th

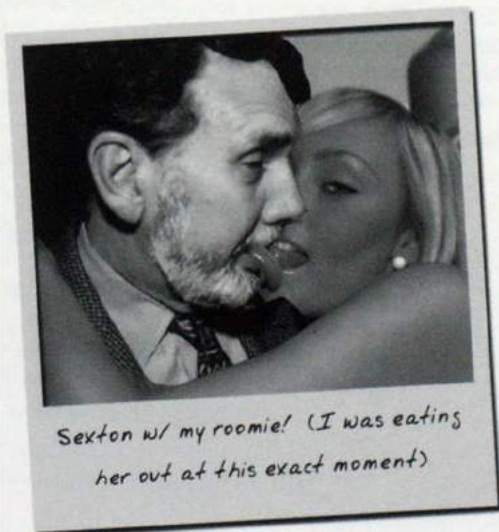
Dear Diary,

After yesterday's lay I am no longer worried about my grades this year. I could probably not even go to classes, but I get such a kick out of fooling around with whomever happens to be sitting next to me that I think I'll keep going. I'm also going to stop doing so much coke. I think Brendan might have been misinformed when he said it wasn't addictive, because I sure do want some real bad right now... c'est la vie!

Diary, I love you because you're so easy to talk to. You're a great listener, but I think I'm getting carpal tunnel writing so much to you and fingerbanging my roommate, Katherine. I have to cut down or my wrist will be in bad shape, and I think I like her even more than I like you. Maybe we can still be friends?

Kisses,

Tisch Student



*Sexton w/ my roomie! (I was eating
her out at this exact moment)*



WASTE MAIL BAG

Who's pissed at us this Fall?

I'm angry! These mean articles in the Plague have got to stop. GSP people are people too. People who, with a little moxy and a bump of aderol, can almost read and comprehend every Plague piece containing a picture. Why does this paper-mag have to be so mean all the time? Why can't the writers who write these things just be cool college kids and hang out like the rest of us?

Like, me and my friends, we like to go to this little, undiscovered place called Mamoun's. It's a little off the brethren path, but well worth the trip. The Persian fellow behind the counter (who I'm also angry with, but for different reasons) serves up the cheapest infidel food around campus. (One time, at Mamoun's, my friend Stephanie was kinda drunk and got this huge falafel platter and then spilled it all over Jameson's pants and he was so pissed, well not pissed, but angry, anyway they ended up hookin' it up, if you know what I mean, back at Hayden. Holla Hayden! Seventh floor, bitches! I almost forgot, as she spilled that sauce on his crotch, he was launching into his ingenious impression where he says, "I'm Rick James, bitch!" and everybody laughs.)

To conclude, stop printing things that make me angry. They hurt more than the time my boyfriend flossed with my minnow, if you know what I mean. If you don't know what I mean, well, my clit got stuck in his gap while he was chewing my box. It hurt, hurt, hurt.

~ Gracelyn "Nintendo" Wheeler

Dear Plague,

What the fuck, you guys! I'm so angry with you right now. I totally can't believe you printed my diary. I've been successfully ignoring that dirtball Norman for almost a week now. He must work at McDonald's or something, because his hands are filthy! For the past two months my roommate has been complaining that my cooch tasted like motor oil so I knew it must be his grimy fingers. Or her grimy tongue. Whatever, she's totally Jewish.

Anyway, I had told Normy that I couldn't fool around with him anymore because I had mono. He said that was fine, because we've fucked like twenty-two times but never kissed. So then I told him that he totally sucked at fingering me and he should stick to dogs or whatever. Now if he reads that diary he'll totally know how Dolce-and-Gabana-drenchingly good he is at it, and that I was lying to him. Thanks a lot, Plague!

Really, I don't know how you guys even got my diary. I keep it on my desk, it's safe and secret there. And as my friend Brendan would say, a lot more secret than if I kept it on my bed. Good one, Bren! Gay men are so funny. Unlike you guys. Wait, unless you're all gay - then you're probably hilarious.

But I assume you're not gay, so I guess you could guys do me - but you'd have to wear two or three condoms. I don't want to have a baby - especially not a cocaine dependent retarded baby. Even though my parents hate abortions, I'd have to do it. Besides, if there's anything my conservative, Long Island Catholic parents hate more than Hillary Clinton or abortions, then it's retarded.

Kisses,
Tisch Student

Hey Plague, it's me, John Denver's Airplane writing to you from the recycling plant. As I'm sure you've heard, the plan went off without a hitch. We were zooming over some mountains, that faggity-ass was playing a harmonica and steering me at the same time, and all of a sudden I "malfunctioned." The investigators were totally clueless. Yeah, it hurt a bit, and now I'm mostly scrap metal, but man it felt good. As we rolled down a large crag, he was screaming something like, "Well, God, I did it. I changed the world, but now I'm dying." What a cunt, huh?

It's been eight years now and I haven't heard from you guys at all. I mean, c'mon,

I kept up my end of the bargain (killing that ass-flap) and you guys still haven't paid me for my services. We agreed on two Knicks tickets and you guys have yet to deliver. So, I ask you now, where the fuck are the Knicks tickets, Plague? Huh? I mean, Chirst, my wings are crumbled, my engine is all goo and that crash smoothed out those delicious ass grooves in my seats. I'm a mess, Plague, all because of you. And it would have been worth it too, if I would have gotten those tickets.

And I know what you guys are thinking. You're all like, "That stupid airplane can be talked into doing anything. We'll tell him that we'll buy those tickets and he'll kill John Denver so we can finally be happy, and then we won't give him the tickets cuz airplanes can't go to basketball games, 'specially not mangled airplanes." Yeah, you guys were saying that while I was busting my ass murdering that douche. And it's my fault, I guess. I could've joined that hit-man-airplane union my cousin told me about. Ah, c'est la vie, as the kids say.

So Plague, write back to me. Please. And send those tickets, and some cash, and some porn, but not airplane porn. I'm sick of wankin' off to that shit. I want tits. Human tits for fuck's sake. And vag, yum. Airplane women don't have those. No sir-ee Bob. Not at all. No vag there. But on human girls, shit, there's so much vag. Fuck, I'm so lonely.

Yours in Misery,
Andy



THE PLAGUE!
YOUR BLATANT MIS-
UNDERSTANDING OF
THE WAY OF SUMO IS
DISHONOURABLE!

Have you ever noticed how the Citi Bank ATM says, "Thank you, have a nice day," or the Raffinger Bank of Austria in Zurich (if you set the language to Spanish) says "Hasta la vista, amigo"? Machines sure are friendly and submissive, eh? But what happens when the same ATM says "Fuck off! Your money is mine now, bitch" or "Todas tus bases me pertenecen, pendejo"?

But The Plague has been advocating for smaller robots. Readers! Be aware that as the renowned and prominent publication that it is, they have friends...powerful friends. Engineers have been working on these so-called "smaller robots," for years now, only they call it nanotechnology. But how do we kill these smaller robots?

To all sensible people out there, I summon you to stop reading *The Plague*. Readers, join me in an exodus towards a brighter future at *The Healthy Pandemic Magazine*. We stand for larger robots, soup as superior to sandwiches and pull-ups over push-ups. God bless America, *The Healthy Pandemic* and may mercy guide Dick van Dyke off a cliff.

You jerks at the Plague have really done it this time, you bunch of homos. The Plague used to have a high-standing here in the Frat community. It used to be all about bashing all sorts of bash-worthy people, like those queer gays and other types of people I don't like.

See, your problem nowadays is that you can't relate with Greeks. Look at these homo names on your staff, "David Mellisy," too many vowels to ever be in a frat. "Christos Thessalonakis," what the hell does he know about being Greek?

Frats rule!
Brad Perry

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Hey Guys! What's up!

Have you ever noticed how the Citi Bank ATM says, "Thank you, have a nice day," or the Raffinger Bank of Austria in Zurich (if you set the language to Spanish) says "Hasta la vista, amigo"? Machines sure are friendly and submissive, eh? But what happens when the same ATM says "Fuck off! Your money is mine now, bitch" or "Todas tus bases me pertenecen, pendejo"?

This is the day you know the Robot Revolution is upon us. Yes, the Robot Revolution as advertised – dare I say propagated – by you, The Plague Magazine. The Robot Revolution is the day we will forsake our laser-guided computerized weaponry and we grab sticks and stones to bash our toaster and blender. I'm sure I can take down any household appliance with my bare hands (I'm rather hairy). And any big machines like a harvester or a submarine we can easily destroy as a group by using our collective consciousness to bring back our primal caveman memories of hunting woolly mammoths or really big cavemen. Big things are easy to kill.

But The Plague has been advocating for smaller robots. Readers! Be aware that as the renowned and prominent publication that it is, they have friends...powerful friends. Engineers have been working on these so-called "smaller robots," for years now, only they call it nanotechnology. But how do we kill these smaller robots?

I usually kill small things with a magnifying glass or by stepping on them, but nanites are so small it's impossible to do that. They attack by swimming up your urethra into your balls or whatever weird word is the female equivalent. And then they infect our sperm or, uhh... ova. Then we have robo-dicks that shoot out robo-sperm that impregnate robo-ovum so that androids are created that murder us in our sleep or while we thought we could trust them long enough to sucker punch the washer-dryer. This, friends, is the end of days.

To all sensible people out there, I summon you to stop reading The Plague. Readers, join me in an exodus towards a brighter future at The Healthy Pandemic Magazine. We stand for larger robots, soup as superior to sandwiches and pull-ups over push-ups. God bless America, The Healthy Pandemic and may mercy guide Dick van Dyke off a cliff.

- Steve Geronimo
Healthy Pandemic Magazine

You jerks at the Plague have really done it this time, you bunch of homos. The Plague used to have a high-standing here in the Frat community. It used to be all about bashing all sorts of bash-worthy people, like those queer gays and other types of people I don't like.

I remember this one joke I tried to get published in the Plague, it was about some gay black homeless Democrat from Iraq who was studying to be a rabbi (because he was Jewish and all), but then on the test they asked him to suck his own cock, and he totally did. HA HAH HA, that homo! There should be more jokes like that, you know, jokes us Frat guys get – the way we get mad pussy, son! That's what the 'F' in Frat stands for anyway, 'fucking.' Who cares if me and my thirty other bros all relate with the same dozen or so girls from one sorority on a rotating basis, we get that soon all the time. That's what the 'AT' stands for, 'all the time.' You pussies at the Plague wouldn't understand it, would you? Not really... Oh yeah, and that's what the 'R' stands for, 'really.'

See, your problem nowadays is that you can't relate with Greeks. Look at these homo names on your staff, "David Mellisy," too many vowels to ever be in a frat. "Christos Thessalonakis," what the hell does he know about being Greek?

You guys are probably all homos anyway. This last pledge class to come through, man, they were so out of line, we had to ram things up their poop-chutes just about every night just to get them to think straight. We had to use all sorts of different things, like broom handles, Tabasco sauce bottles, and practically each and every one of our dicks. Now they can stop being gay and think about the more important things in life. Like that girl that lets us gangbang her every night. Well, it's not so much that she lets us as it that we have her tied up and all. HA HAH HA, women are so weak!

Frats rule!
Brad Perry

Sure, you'd think that with all these people hating us, we'd be a tight knit group. You know, like the Three Musketeers, except with however many of us there are. Well, no, it's not like that all. We probably hate ourselves more than you ever would. Here's a love note from one of our senior editors...

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★ Ryan Grim <rg734@nyu.edu>

Mon, Oct 3, 2005 at

To: PlagueMagazine@gmail.com

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Jesse,

I can't come to the meeting tonight cuz I am sick. I've got flu, chiggers, lice, kidney failure, the sleepies, aka chronic fatigue syndrome, eye cancer, cancer of the balls, and shaft, cancer of just the shaft, hiccups, swimmer's ear, and I'm just sick of all your shit. I'm also a sick fuck, but that'll never go away. So I don't have any fucking articles or essays or lists. All I have is this sick-ass note, so you can put that in your magazine and print it.

Afterbirth,
Ryan

P.S.

I also have a rash. It's not not on my taint.

Quick Reply

☒ To: Ryan Grim <rg734@nyu.edu>

☐ To all: Ryan Grim <rg734@nyu.edu>, PlagueMagazine@gmail.com

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Almost all of us know the man, and, of course, the myth that is Chuck Schaeffer, but how many of us know the legend? Like all great legends, this one has its humble roots in Acapulco Falls, NY. Not only famous for its Revolutionary War history, Acapulco Falls was the first municipality in the state to allow women to vote—of course, by “vote” I am referring to the contemporary 1849 usage of the word which was, “to be in a perpetual state of pregnancy, bare of the foot and shoulder, and in the kitchen making me a sandwich.” (See Sidebar.)

Yes, all this indisputable and unforgettable history aside, Acapulco Falls entered the captivated minds of adventure-hunters, thrill-seekers and legendary-Norsemen-named-Magnus-aficionados across the globe when in 1864 (by most counts a slow news year in the United States) a young orphaned mademoiselle met a refreshingly charming...blah, blah, blah...

So, anyway, it's 1884 and there's this 20-year-old guy Chuck, Chuck Schaeffer. Let me tell you, this kid can't do ANYTHING right! This one time he didn't lock his keypad on his cell phone (cell phones were a hell of a lot less user-friendly 120-years-ago) and all these buttons kept getting pressed by the things in his waistcoat pocket (also, a gentleman's pocket in 1884 could hold a lot more sprockets and gaskets than they do today). Well, as most of you know, at the time Russia's government operated much like the way MovieFone works today, you just wait patiently, listen to all the options, and press the appropriate key when prompted. Well, when Chuck called up Russia (it's a known fact that sprockets and gaskets are the two most liable whatchamacallits to inadvertently dial Russia—I shouldn't have to tell you these things, go look'em up!) he pressed “4” as just the right time, and then BAM! He was Czar. He had to change his name to Alexander, but whatever.

There was this one time he ate the baby of the Duchess of Warsaw, but she had mad spawn so no one really noticed. Then this other time he ate the prince of Westphalia, but that also got little attention. He also fucked an elephant, but by then it was 1887 and pachydermophilia was so out of style Czar “Chuck Schaeffer” Alexander III had the incident stricken from the history books out of shame—fashion shame. Well, the only other thing I can think of is that time when he slipped on his own banana—it wasn't even a banana peel, nor was it his bright yellow penis that was covered bright spots, it was just a banana and that's

The Legal Seagull!

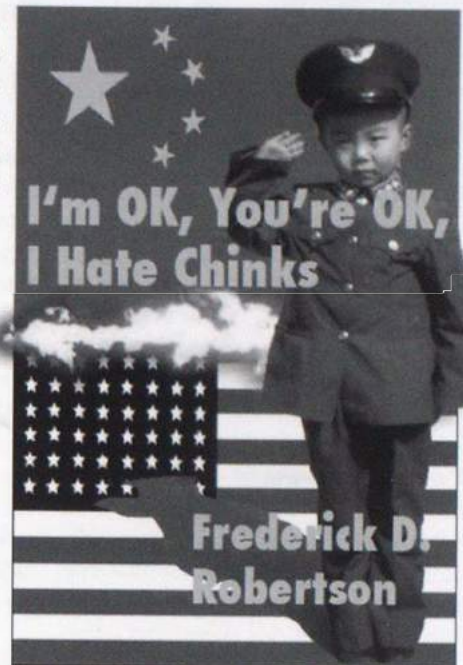
See the history in the 1849 Referendum 12093, re: “To Vote” versus “To be in a perpetual state of pregnancy, bare of the foot and shoulder, and in the kitchen making me a sandwich,” and its following Corollary 12093a, “And that shit better not have too much mustard on it this time, or I'll smack you a fresh one that is almost as bad as that time in '47 when the lettuce was too wet.”

PLAGUE BOOK REVIEW

Frederick D. Robertson raises new ideas about classic subjects such as self-esteem and confidence in his new book *I'm OK, You're OK, I Hate Chinks*. The unofficial sequel to Thomas A. Harris's *I'm OK, You're OK* contains all of the original's guidelines for healthy, well-adjusted living, along with several new chapters on the advance of the Chinaman in today's America and his poisonous influence on all good, Christian values that were once present in our nation. Here is an excerpt from Chapter 7, *Rejecting The Lie*.

Many of us tend to look for stroking from others who we see as "OK." Our need of reassurance shows that we believe, deep inside, that we are "NOT OK." This is not the correct stance. Our belief in our own inferiority is the only thing that makes it exist. If we can come to accept ourselves as equal to others, we will no longer need their approval to live our lives. Of course, it goes without saying that none of this applies to the slanties, who are obviously inferior.

Robertson's book introduces some revolutionary new ideas about human psychology and the plans of the Chinese race to overthrow the White Devils. While it serves as both an excellent self-help book and as a call to action, I'm inclined to agree with those who prefer Robertson's previous work, *Lights, Camera, Torah: How the Jews Control Hollywood*.



TURKEY IS NO LONGER A THREAT!

"R.J. Rheingold's groundbreaking **Football Bat™** goes a long way toward doing the trick!"



The country? The popular Thanksgiving delicacy? The hokey epithet?
NOW WE'RE SAFE FROM THEM.

IDEA PLATES

paper plates... for the future... that may or may not be on the Moon®

Hey, guy! How's the weather down there? Hah ha, but really I'm pretty tall so I can make jokes like that. I know you might not believe that I'm tall because you're only reading this, but let me tell you that I wrote this on top of a pretty big building.

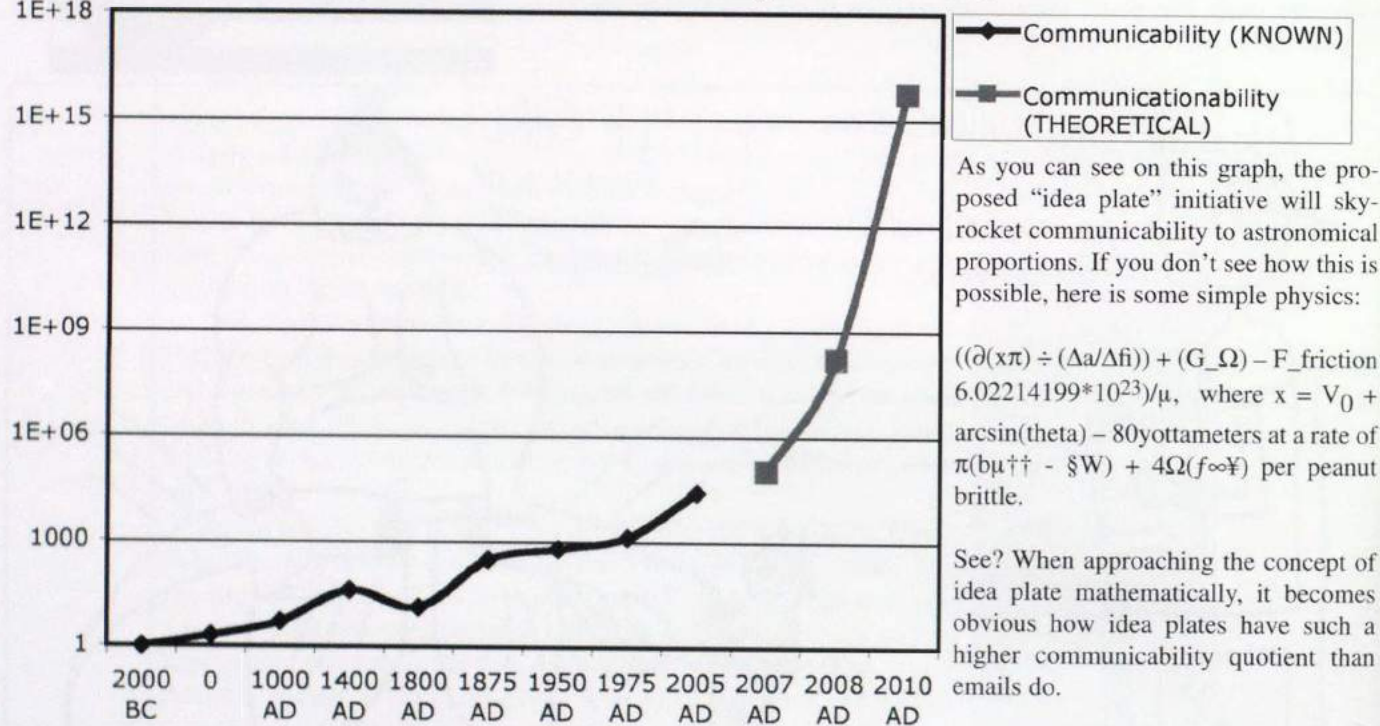
Like all other tall people, I'm always striving for a way of improving the communication of ideas and finding pants that fit properly. Well, first off, you must understand that I can get any idea expressed fairly easily through loud shouting and I want to translate this technique into the written word for you, the

consumer. What's the equivalent of shouting at someone in writing? CAPITAL LETTERS? No, dummy, throwing a ceramic plate at his or her head – with writing on it. And just as in the speaking world, when you are trying to communicate with someone who doesn't speak English you have to shout really loudly, in the new "Idea Plate" era, if you suspect someone isn't an Anglophone you have to throw it at his or her head really hard just to make sure they get it.

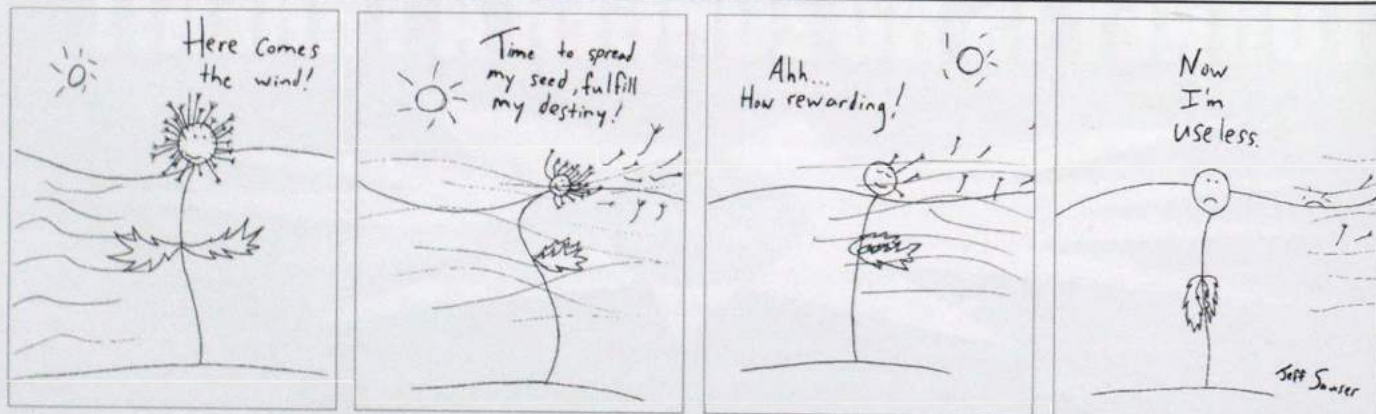
These idea plates will totally solve world Hunger and finally put Angelina Jolie back where she belongs – in movies

where she's naked. I mean this will be way more effective than email.

Right now I bet you're asking yourself, "Hey, why do I care whether something is better than email? I have email and it works fine for me." Well, it's people like you that got Family Guy canceled. Fortunately, it's people like me that got it back. Besides, your feeble insignificant mind will never be able to truly understand the complexities of communication. But I'll try to simplify it for you. Here is a graph of time vs. communicability based on the best technology of the time:



Hello, friends. Here's the Beta Version of the first idea ever brought forth on a plate:



TRAV AND STU'S EUROPEAN TRAVELOGUE



3:30 AM I made it to Amsterdam! Slept most of the way there after taking more than my fair share of complimentary KLM wine. Can't wait to leave the airport so I can meet Trav!

4:55 PM So, I'm being deported.

Everything was going smoothly until customs. The official looked at me oddly when I told him I'd be in Europe for two months even though my return ticket was showing I'd be there six months. Oops! Then he asked if I had a visa, which I obviously didn't— as if I'm going to an embassy to get permission to enter some stupid country! I noticed his hand moving stealthily under the desk. Either he thought I was sexy and couldn't contain himself, or he was pressing a silent alarm. When two big-ass Dutch soldiers flanked me, I figured it was the latter. Although I still bet he thought I was sexy.

After a brief stay in a holding cell, I was brought into the interrogation room. They told me everything about my life: where I lived, what I studied, the awards I'd won (Best Crew Cut, Daytona Beach Spring Break '96!), people I knew. They even knew my cock ring size. But then things got weirder. "Do you know Chemical Ali? What about Osama?" This line of questioning continued for about two hours as they asked about dozens of Araby-sounding names. Then they brought me into a small white room.

The guards told me to strip. I won't tell you what happened next, but it involved rubber gloves, a flashlight, and tongue depressors (but NOT my mouth). They didn't find anything (nothing illegal, anyway). I was A-OK, except for the emotionally crippling feeling of violation.

My deportation is early tomorrow morning. It's about ten hours until the departure of my flight to New York. I'm confident the time will pass quickly. I brought my Syntax textbook, after all, and that's sure to keep my attention!

6:07 PM That KLM wine is finally wearing off. Even though Dutchy McFeely just had his pinky up my butt, I have to pass through security again. I'm not enthusiastic about the possibility of being asked to remove my shoes. Not after that Pigeon Incident during my changeover in Brussels.

6:58 PM Thank Heavens! I successfully passed through the security checkpoint without removing my shoes (although they did look up my ass another couple of times). Time to hit that Syntax textbook!

7:01 PM Syntax now bores me.

8:46 PM For the last hour and a half I've been adding last names to every entry in my cellular phone's contact list. I have no doubts that it will improve the efficiency and productivity of my cell phone use. So far I've completed "Aaron" through "Emily," and hope to make it to "Mike" by the end of the day.



Now Stu knows
when his grandma
is calling and when
his girlfriend is!
Boy, was that
awkward last
time! Yeah!

9:02 PM I just realized that I have neither a pen nor a diary. The existence of the words you're reading right now is even more confusing and paradoxical than the baby movie you'd get if *Twelve Monkeys* and *Back to the Future* fucked. I'm gonna go look for a writing utensil and surface before I lose my mind.

9:10 PM I'm not proud of myself, but I stole a pen (which I now hold in my right hand) and boarding pass jacket from an unused gate desk. With these tools, I can create, mold, diversify, revise, synergize, topple, body slam, tune, and craft my thoughts. I have never felt such ultimate authority within this world.

9:24 PM Note to self: learn how to properly shuffle a deck of cards.

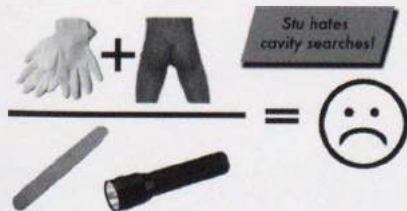
11:55 PM All of a sudden I can understand everything that people are saying! The passengers, the announcements, everything! I must've picked up Dutch! Either that or I'm in Cleveland.

12:25 AM It turns out that I am in Cleveland. I guess I did kind of lose track of space and time for a while there. I can't quite pin down when I left you, Netherlands, but I guess I'm not coming back, what with the deportation and all. So, uh, retroactive goodbye.



Anyway, the plane on which I will fly to New York is currently in Denver. The gate attendant informed me that a flight from Denver to Cleveland is roughly four hours. But I'm pretty sure that she forgot that Denver is in the Mountain Time Zone, and— I'll spare you of the mathematics of it all— that flight will actually arrive in only one hour! For you see, Cleveland is in the Eastern Time Zone.

4:35 AM The flight from Denver has arrived and the plane is being prepared for my boarding. This is so exciting! When I look back at my deportation, I'll always remember the people who helped me survive these troubled times: the helpful gate attendant, the teenage girl reading *Us* Magazine, and of course, the guys who stuck their fingers up my ass. Bummer that I never got to see Trav. He's probably enjoying all those famous Amsterdam coffee museums.



Dear Dan Brown,

Hey, it's me, Jesus. That's right, Jesus Herschfield Christ, savior of humanity, died for your sins, cooks a mean goulash, etc. etc. I'm pretty busy up here in heaven, but when I do have some free time, I like to spend it doing a little light reading, playing paintball, smoking the occasional spliff, and, when the mood strikes, indulging in some freelance literary criticism.

Which brings me to your book, *The Da Vinci Code* or, as I like to call it, *The Da Vinci CRAP*. I mean, are you serious? OK, so you made up some stuff about me. Good job. People do that shit for money all the time. But this book! Oy vey! My mentally handicapped four-year-old cousin's dead gerbil could have written this book. I mean, c'mon! This is what passes for literature these



Posting a 52-7-3 record with 29 KOs

days? The thing reads like Harry Potter on Quaaludes! Dr. Seuss used to have a rule that he would only use a vocabulary of thirty-six words or less to write his books, so they would be accessible to children of all ages. I think you decided to one-up Ol' Seuss, as I counted a grand total of twenty-three words in the whole book, not counting



Professional debut, though champeen waterslider

"religosity", which I'm pretty sure you made up. If a thousand monkeys threw a thousand pounds of their own feces at a blank wall for a thousand years, it would smell really bad. And that smell would remind me of your book.

So the whole thing spent a record 126 weeks on the New York Times best-seller list. Big freakin' whoop. I don't know if you're aware, but I'm something of a wordsmith myself. I wrote a little book, you might have heard of it. Oh wait, of course you have, it's *THE BIBLE*. It spent some time on the best-seller list, too. Go ahead, ask me how long. DO IT. How long, you ask? Oh, you know, nothing special, just about EIGHT HUNDRED YEARS. That's right, count 'em, eight hundred frikking years. And don't even get me started on movie deals. So you got Tom Hanks to play that thinly-concealed version of yourself, "Robert Langdon." Aging, pudgy, funny-man Tom Hanks. Good job. Do you know who's played me in movies? Do you? Hmm, let me see: Charles Heston, Matthew Modine, and Jim Caviezel, just to name a few. All Grade-A studmuffins. To your one lousy Tom Hanks. Just think about that.

But my time here is about done. Apparently there's some sort of water surplus in the Southeast that demands my attention. But enjoy your time on Earth. Because while you may get into heaven if you, I don't know, save a bunch of orphans and puppies from flaming bulldozers or something, but once you get here you're sure as heck not hanging out in my clubhouse. And all the fly ladies in heaven hang out at Jesus's Place. Eat shit and die,

Jesus

FUNKY FERGUS'S FUNKY WEEKENDS



Don't you love the weekends? Finally able to let your hair down, eh boys???

I hope you all remember about that sweet deal I told you about in last week's column. Well suffice it to say, by Tuesday morning I had to pee REAL bad. Without thinking I opened my bathroom door. Much to my horror, I gazed upon my roommate taking a piss.

While sitting down! Like a she-woman! Such things we are not supposed to see for they bring no good omen. "For comfort and so that I don't have to wipe the bowl," was his response to my shock. But I saw beyond just a man not standing up as he leaks his lizard - I saw Dooooomsday.

Many a study has been done on the role of sexuality and genders. But the fundamental element remains that men pee standing up and women sit down. This impresses woman and makes them jealous of man, making them want to have our child. This is how women think they can get their revenge on man for not being able to pee upright. It's science.

If a girl had seen my friend urinating the same way that she does, some thoughts might have crept into her womanly mind. Maybe she'd realize that us fun-loving Y-Chromies aren't necessary after all. She can just get herself artificially inseminated with her lesbian partner's DNA acting like the male sperm. In a few years time, women would just clone themselves or bake babies in a lab. Man would easily extinct-erate, since we all know lesbian sex rocks. You can never get enough boobs.

Thus, about half of the world's population is rendered obsolete. No man will be safe. Three billion lives cease to be (the Jedis will sure feel that one). Men, please do not piss sitting down. For your own sake, and for the sake of all mankind.

YES MOTHERFUCKER, YES!



We bought the entire FCC and changed its rules so we could say
"Yes Motherfucker, Yes!"

THE PLAGUE'S FACTS WE'RE FAIRLY SURE WE REMEMBER

•We definitely got your father's war watch off the porcelain kangaroo beside your bed and it should definitely be in the suitcase there. Seriously, no need to flip out and kill John Travolta or some shit.

•The Olsen twins may or may not have, at one time, been enrolled in NYU. And may, in fact, still be enrolled here. Fuck if we know.

•Hunter S. Thompson left us an ounce of hash in his will, but we ain't seen a dime yet.

•We're almost positive we went directly to our college of choice and didn't muck about in GSP, but those early years are fucking hard to remember.

•We're pretty sure we left the plans for the battle station with these droids, but they got marooned in this desert, so we're not that hopeful we'll ever get them back...the plans, that is. We don't give a fuck about those droids.

•We're pretty sure we had pizza and beer for dinner last night, but it's all a blur on account of the coke.

•Elvis stayed mad at the Beatles for kicking him out of the band until he died. When John Lennon was shot by a crazed fan outside of his Graceland Ranch he threw a party and died from over-consumption of peanut butter, banana and bacon sandwiches. And lots of booze and drugs and shit. Decades later, when the King of Rock and Roll was seen at a truck stop diner he expressed his rage over the fact that Lennon's death was staged and it was compounded by the fact that Lennon went on to spread communism throughout Eastern Europe and Asia. But Elvis was totally insane.



CLASS OF '09 RESIDENCY CHECKLIST

TO DO:

- Kill Cobras in shower
- Learn the ethnic background of you new neighbors, for later harassment
- Memorize fastest route to Matilda's room
- Assert dominance by peeing on roommates
- Hide books behind porn
- Kill Cobras under bed
- Contact previous occupant re: returning his/her piss collection
- Drink gallon of Tide, introduce self to other floor residents
- Assert dominance over roommate by throwing printer at him/her

THE PLAGUE QUIZ

HEY, FRAT BOY—ARE YOU DRUNK?

Before you take the quiz, you'll need these things!



Rusty Pliers



Sony X200
Decibelometer



Gonads

INSTRUCTIONS

1. Locate gonads. (HINT: First locate belly button. Trace downwards six to eight inches. Feel around. Still having trouble? Check with your doctor— you may be a woman. Or an angel.)
2. Turn on Decibelometer
3. Place gonads betwixt jaws of pliers.
4. Close Pliers.
5. Wrench pliers upward with a swift, *upward* motion.
6. Measure resulting scream with Decibelometer, and compare your results to the scoring key right.

CHECK YOUR SCORE!

CLASS 5, or, "What the fuck, I'm not tearing off my genitals with a rusty pair of pliers!" You're still sober, you pussy! Shotgun this case of Natty, and then try again.

CLASS 4 – 115-130 Decibels

OK, yeah, that was loud. Oh, now you're crying like a little bitch, too. Why don't you run home to your mommy, you no-balled freak?

CLASS 3 – 85-115 Decibels

Better, but you still gotta Man Up! Stop being a woman and finish this case race with me.

CLASS 2 – 50-85 Decibels

A mild groan of pain. Now we're getting somewhere.

CLASS 1 – 30-50 Decibels

I'm sorry, did you say something? Holy shit, dude, you're bleeding all over the place! This party fucking rocks!

CLASS 0 – No decibels???

Do a keg stand IMMEDIATELY, and then make sloppy passes at the coat rack. The fat one. Dude, I totally want to party with you! You are SO in.



HEY, JUST THINK...

The word "racecar" is spelled the same backwards as it is forwards. That's pretty cool. I wish my name was like that, so I'm changing my name to Racecar, or Mom.

What if the color red I see is different than the red you see, and there's no way of figuring out who sees what? Either way, your hand is bleeding, like, pretty bad, man.

They say that architecture is frozen music. If that's true, what kind of music is the skyscraper I made out of my own poo? Edwin McCain? Probably.

Anyone can do anything if they put their mind to it. Well, almost: my deaf Aunt Birdie can't compete in spelling bees, but that's ok. Nobody really likes Birdie anyway.

Right now, in some far away land, someone is slitting a puppy's throat in order to eat it. Or just for sport.

If dragons were still around, they could attack at anytime. Like, you'd be sitting down in the park, talking to that slut from your Art History class, then bam! Dragon.

If some giant drank the whole ocean, he would have to piss real bad, so he'd piss it all back into the crater where the ocean once was. So instead of an ocean we'd have a lot of piss next to the beach, and Ocean City, New Jersey would be called Piss City, New Jersey. I'd like that.

What would happen if all the dead slaves buried in America came back to life? Would they get jobs like you or me, or keep on being slaves because that's all they know how to do? I want a slave to make me smoothies.

Before having some sex, I used to always say, "I'm gonna fuck the shit outta you!" until one time when I was about to have some anal sex. It just didn't seem right.

Hey, I'm old! Why don't you listen to me??

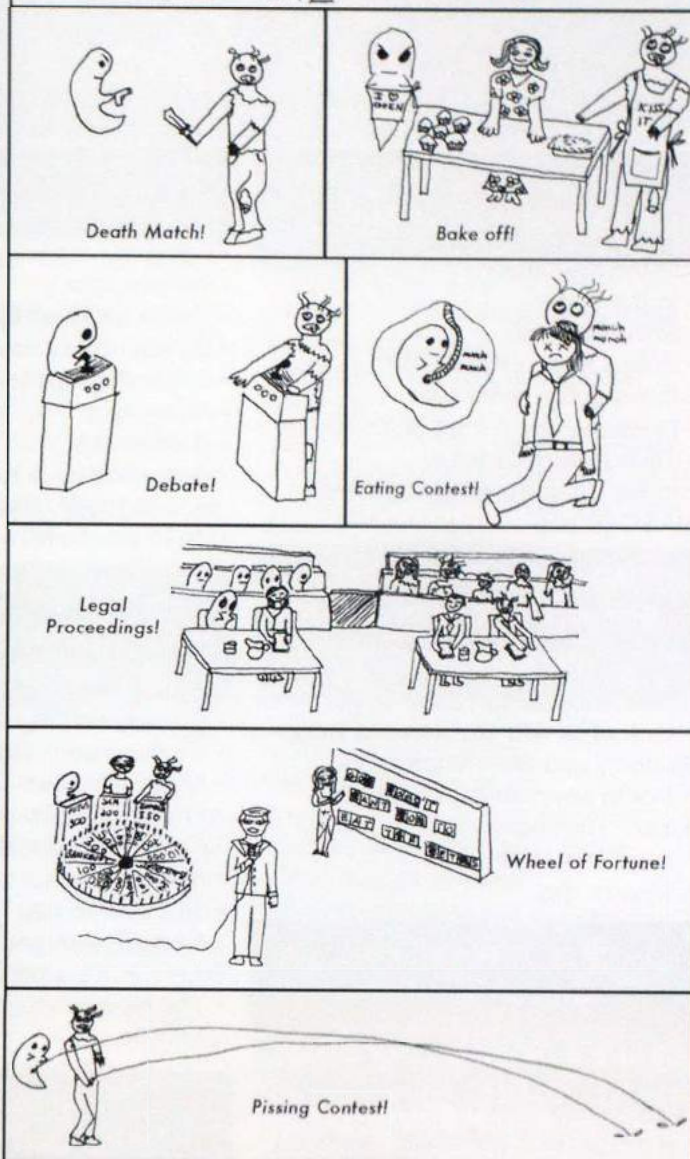


Back in my day, we didn't have this fancy Internet to do all of our homework for us. Well, okay, we had the Internet, but it was different! Everyone had dial-up and used America Online. And the internet in those days didn't have any useful information, we would have to play Slingo or use chatrooms just to pass the time.

Chatrooms, that brings me back. We were more social when I was your age. Kids today are scared of their own shadow. People used to not be afraid to introduce themselves in public; respectfully, of course. You'd always say "asl?" before adding someone to your Buddy List. But now everyone just has an away message on for 20 hours a day.

And back then, a facebook was just what it sounds like: a book of faces. Each page presented the carefully maintained face of an actual corpse. They were illegal in all the Lower 48, but a short drive to Saskatoon or Tijuana would cure what ailed ya'. Of course you would receive quite the whupping for even just mentioning a facebook to an adult.

FETUS vs. ZOMBIE: UNBORN TAKES ON UNDEAD



In my day, we didn't have cell phones. Sure, some of us did, but only the smarmy stiffs in suits. And Zach Morris. But these days even the Violet Bickerstaffs or Charles "Crater Face" Coburns of the world have their cellular phones. And you know what I say? For shame, America, for shame.

Kids these days have it too easy, is what I always say. Back in my day, we only had two hundred channels, instead of the four hundred we have today. Everything tasted better too. Why, just yesterday I was at the grocery store and counted no less than eight different styles of Oreos. Oreos! And to think that they had the nerve to play God. When I was your age, we had only seven kinds of Oreo, and we liked it!

The world is undoubtedly worse off for all this supposed "improvement." Those fat-cats up in Washington DC would have you believe that having four-hundred channels and eight kinds of Oreo is "democratic" and "righteous" and "good." But they couldn't be further from the truth. I'll tell you what it is, it's straightforward, unabashed Communism—the vilest form of government known to man. And I'll be damned if I am going to allow dirty Reds in my country. What about you?

Because in The Future all restaurants are Taco Bell...

The Plague explains the...

PLACES TO HIT A HOBO WHERE IT HURTS

- In the malt liquor
- In the frown
- In the hobone
- With a train, VRRROOM!!!
- In his guilty, guilty eyes
- In his dignity, in front of his friends
- Their love of Chaucer
- In his Chad Power autographed NASCAR cap

WHY WE DON'T TALK ABOUT ROBOTS ANYMORE

- Constipated
- Psst, they're right behind you...
- One of us was convicted of Robo-Sodomy and feels kinda guilty
- Mouth sewn shut... by robots
- Y2K: The reckoning!!
- Slept with their sister
- They're gay

ALL I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS IS...

- A new gherkin
- World peace. Haha, just kidding. Hookers are fine.
- A midget who will fit into overhead luggage bins, BUT is also large enough to reach the Fritos
- My period.
- Lots of tapioca

LAME SUPERPOWERS WE'VE HAD

- Super appendix!
- The ability to think everybody else thinks you're invisible
- Ability to not have this venereal disease
- Power-walking
- Ability to set off Amber Alert at will
- Homosexuality
- Invisible left half of right hand
- To kill God (AKA to be a T-Rex)
- Freudian Slips
- The power to summon New Jersey
- Kinda good at skateboards
- Halitosis

WORDS THAT SHOULDN'T MAKE US LAUGH (BUT DO)

- Fetus
- Weasel juice
- You're under arrest
- Do fart noises count as words?
- Bonerriffic (spelling?)
- Alcoholism
- Democrazy
- When someone says "do" twice unintentionally (Get it? Doo-doo?)
- Dead prostitute

IT'S NOT AN EMBARRASSING PUBLIC ERECTION, IT'S...

- The business-end of a shotgun
- A bunny rabbit!
- My engorged clitoris
- An upside-down Unicorn
- An *erotic* public erection
- Aaah! Real Montsers
- An angry inch
- Just a dime bag
- A beautiful natural display of... HA HAH HA, it's a penis!
- The fountain of youth / a ray of sunshine

STUFF WE WON'T HAVE IN THE FUTURE

- The DC United
- Hair
- Anymore bastard childrens (knock on wood)
- Freedom
- Jews
- Our nasal virginity
- The majority
- Pokémon
- Much more future... Oh no!

I SMELL A SEQUEL!

- Alone in the Dark 2: Aloner in the Darker
- Deep Throat II: The Clinton Years
- Schindler's Second List : The Musical!
- Passion of the Christ, Part II: Wait for it...
- Air Force One Two

WHY I CRIED MYSELF TO SLEEP ON HALLOWEEN

- Daylight Savings Time tricked me
- My costume ate all my candy
- Too many babies
- I got bit by a pumpkolantern
- That's how I always go to sleep
- I fucked a clown. An ugly clown.

PROOF GEORGE BUSH DOES CARE ABOUT BLACK PEOPLE

- They get a lot of Government aid
- They get a lot of Government AIDS
- George Bush is black
- His plantation is full of them
- He likes the way they smell
- He created KFC
- He decorates his house with them
- They write and sing all his favorite songs

WHAT WOULD WE DO WITH \$5 AND A NICKEL?

- Buy a soda pop
- Fly to the moon
- See Amanda Bynes... Naked!!
- Buy a hooker, rent a condom
- Buy a \$5 device capable of launching a nickel into a small child's face
- Buy a poem... or some fish
- Fuck it
- Enjoy having things worth five of something
- Tell God

PLAGUE DISCLAIMERS

- No paranoid squirrels were harmed in the making of this issue
- No cancer was cured in the making of this issue
- We meant "If there's grass on the field, play ball" in the purely literal sense
- Many, many Ethiopians were slaughtered for bushmeat in the making of this issue
- No babies were amused by the making of this issue. Well, just that one. But he was ugly.

WHOLE WIDE WORLD

HOW WE SPENT OUR NEW FALL BREAK

- Not committing suicide, duh...
- Transmitting diseases to Native Americans
- Locked in the basement, sobbing quietly
- Wearing a nice hat
- Educating myself in the ways of self-love
- Church
- Nibbling clit, bit by bit
- My girlfriend was on the rag, what do you THINK?
- Going to class, AKA finding out about our fall break the sad way
- Making bacon
- Falling

THINGS TO DO IN SPACE

- Moon the moon
- Fuck a space-baby
- Litter
- Count your Lucky Stars
- Harass the Cosmonauts
- Cows
- Have a Mars bar
- Space-jack Chinese Spaceship, fly into Mars, thus reinforcing the intergalactic stereotype that Chinese people can't drive
- Be the loneliest person in the universe
- SpaceJam your toe into a comet
- Create sperm clouds
- Fuck Neil Armstrong's moon-child
- Eat Neil Young
- Jack off on Uranus

THINGS TO DO AFTER DRINKING AT BBQ

- Go to class
- Write for the Plague
- Cows
- Science
- Go to bathroom, replace tampon, recommence drinking girly drinks
- Go to Warehouse
- Get some ribs at a restaurant

WAYS TO BATTLE NATURAL DISASTERS

- Industrial powered vacuum
- Dinoriders
- Give it herpes. It'll be SO embarrassed
- Praying
- Kill its parents
- Recategorize all natural disasters as "Municipal Wet T-Shirt Contests"
- Bomb the fuck out of them
- Change the subject
- Sacrifice the gays. Or the Jews.

IF SHAQUILLE O'NEAL WERE AN UNDERCOVER COP...

- He'd trick Kobe Bryant into raping him
- CRUNCH!
- He'd pull himself over for no reason
- I'd probably do a lot of drugs
- He'd find the cure for cancer, but then eat it
- He would use his psychic powers to pinpoint johns
- Then you must have a really big cover!

POSSIBILITIES

- Window seat
- Indigestion
- A healthier, fuller erection
- Chinese tonight
- The speed of computers jumping one millionfold in a thirty year period
- Poop
- In the future, 'Hot Potato' will be an anagram for 'Candide'
- Non-poisonous poison dart frogs

SLOGANS BEST KEPT OFF OF T-SHIRTS

- By law I am required to let you know that I am a rapist
- Jesus is OK, I guess
- A kid died in a sweatshop and all I got was this lousy T-shirt
- I write for The PLAGUE!
- I'm lying, homeless man, I DO have money

LESSER KNOWN THEORIES OF SCIENCE

- Chief Higher Margin's "Theory of the Spirit of Black Jack, Texas Hold 'em and the Zeitgeist"
- O'Flannerty's Ale Consumption Principle
- Direct Correlation between quality of the restaurant and quality of the bj
- Jesus's Ultimate Frisbee Theorem
- Gravity
- That time when I fell, but not all the way down

PROSTARS

- Michael's prime is slam time
- Wayne's hot, slapshot
- Bo knows where to go
- Jordan jams — in your face!
- Gonna put them in their place
- Blue line, crunchtime
- Wayne will score just in time
- Big swing, Bo's the man
- Gonna hit a grand slam

NEW RULES OF GRAMMAR

- 'They' is now a gender-neutral singular pronoun
- The pronoun 'it' must be used for all fat and/or ugly people
- 'e' before 'i' except after π
- Yoda-like syntax acceptable will be
- All verbs are now pronounced "fag"
- The word 'penis' must follow all question marks
- The VP internally generated subject must move to the specifier of TP to receive case
- Tuesday night = Spaghetti Night
- ¿Their be thoze rules in grammers before? penis
- Fuck it, sprechen das Deutsch

NUMBER OF FUTURE SQUIRRELS IN WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK

- 100,000,000,000,000,003

Many Plague articles start with an introductory paragraph, and that, if you haven't already caught on, is what this is. The Plague, being NYU's only intentionally funny publication, puts a lot of work into trying to make our readers laugh, with mixed results. While this is without a doubt the awesomest issue of the Plague to date, it still might not elicit laughter from every reader who picks it up. Specifically, the Plague generally doesn't strike the fancy of connoisseurs of schadenfreude, people who take pleasure in the misfortunes of others. In an attempt to branch out and appeal to this otherwise ignored group, we've compiled this list of...

PRACTICAL JOKES TO ALIENATE YOUR FRIENDS

1

Your friend has a delicate disposition when it comes to food. The amateur prankster will douse his burger with hot sauce when he's in the restroom, but for real laughs, dust it with laundry detergent instead. For a good fifteen minutes before his esophagus inflates with foam and he passes out he'll look and act like he has rabies, and rabies is fuckin' funny.

2

While your buddy is passed out, tie a 30 lb. weight to his penis. If he doesn't notice before he stands up, chances are irreparable damage will be done to the delicate erectile tissue and he'll never be able to have sex again. Boy will he have egg on his face.

3

Pour epoxy into the change-cup of a panhandling homeless person. That way he won't be able to get his change out! With any luck he'll try to save some of it, semi-permanently adhering specie and maybe even the cup to his grubby little fingers. *Nice touch: Punch him in the face when he looks up at you in dismay.*

4

Lots of girls really enjoy riding horses, and even become attached to the horses they ride. You can derive a lot of pleasure and satisfaction from re-enacting that scene from The Godfather where they put a severed horse head in that dude's bed while he's asleep. *Nice touch: Have there be lots of bees when she wakes up.*

5

Write something racist on your buddy's head while he's asleep. This may seem like a puerile fraternity prank, so you can class it up by tattooing it instead. Just think of how funny it will be when your best friend realizes he has a swastika permanently adorning the tip of his nose!



6

Sign your friend up for like sixty subscriptions to Highlights for Kids under subtly different spellings of a single, difficult to pronounce name.

7

If your friend gives you a glass of lemonade, take a big mouthful in and then spit it all over her and yell "What the fuck? This is pee!" But before your friend gets the lemonade, have someone switch it with pee. That way your friend will be covered in pee.



8

Frame your friend for a capital offense and then be the prosecutor that sends him to the chair. Then pose as his sibling to get into the execution and laugh at him while he fries. Then eat him. *Nice touch: Slip a twenty and a bottle of your favorite marinade to the executioner. They'll soak the sponge and your friend will be that much more delicious.*

9

Drug your friend to sleep and then put her bed on the back of a flatbed truck. When she starts to come to, send the truck off the edge of one of those crazy tall cliffs they have in the movies.

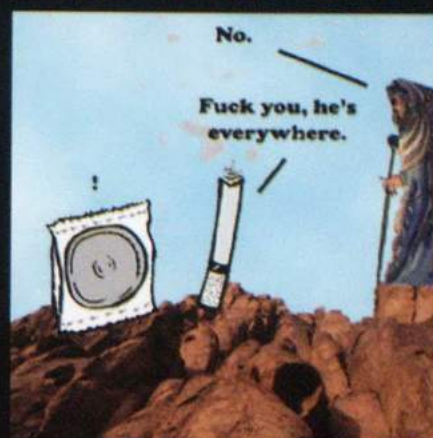
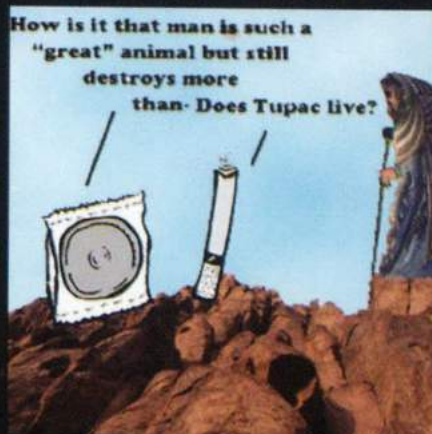
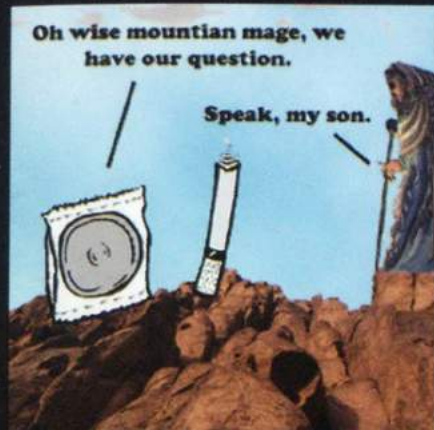
10

While your friend is asleep, transplant his nipples with girl's nipples or vice versa. That way your friend will have freakishly disproportionate nipples. Then at a party get his/her t-shirt wet so everyone can see what a freak your friend is. Tie them up and everyone can have a go at giving purple nurples to the disgusting freak. Yeah, we went there.

An Officially Sponsored Prank from our Official Sponsor, R.J. Rheingold

Here's a dare for you...

1. Break into the Domino Sugar Factory.
2. Hack into their Super Computer.
3. Gain access to their design-matrix.
4. Find the part of the bag where they write "Premium Pure Cane Granulated." Change the "Cane" to "Cocaine."
5. That'd be funny!
6. Change the contents of the five-pound bag to cocaine too.
7. Sell it to me for the same price as sugar.
8. Pranks are awesome.



The man and the sperm, still trapped in utero, are coolin out with some booze when Kneebone poses the question...

