

teen plague

Fall 2006

CHECK OUT
ALL THE HOTTEST!
THERE'S A LOT OF THEM!

CRYING ALONE

You'll NEVER
Be This Pretty

WE CRACK WISE

- * Irreverence!
- * Puns!
- * Tomfoolery!
- * A sober, and thorough examination of the issues!
- * Poop!

The **Same**
Tips and Quizzes
From **Last** Month

TONE YOUR QUADS AND BOOBS IN 3 QUICK STEPS!

365

Revisions to
our already
narrow standards
of beauty!

AWESOME COLLEGES

And the sexy joke writers
that attend them

LOTS and LOTS
of **useless info** in
easily-digested
bulleted lists



in memoriam

Jessica Walker

1987-2006



Jessica Walker was only a freshman in the College of Arts and Sciences, but she was already a beacon of hope in the NYU community. On November 14, 2006 that beacon was tragically extinguished after a series of tragic events.

This issue of *The Plague*, NYU's only intentionally funny publication, is dedicated to her memory. Fly free, Jessica.

THE PLAGUE

Just got its period for the first time.

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. Hella frogs a'falling from the sky, among others. 7. That hat you're wearing. Seriously, who are you kidding? 8. Kevin Barker's grammar. 9. Situs inversus totalis, for one. 10. Slightly more powerful than a duke, but in no way as powerful as a mayor. 11. Not PRETENDING! 12. A group of velociraptors. 13. The reason we'll never again watch an Aaron Sorkin drama. 14. The reason Ben Joseph gets free soda from Pizza Mercato. 15. The new CW. 16. What girls keep in their cooters. 17. A large-ish loaf of potato bread. 18. Eugalp backwards.

Your Fall 2006 Staff

Executive Editors

El Presidente
Benjamin Harrison
Superior Ben.

Second in Line to the Throne
Benjamin Joseph
Begs to differ.

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Alex Rubin
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Glorified Stenographer
Chuck Schaeffer
Goes kerplunk in the night.

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Hairy Double Agent
John Lichman
Now with literacy!

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Wears a funny hat.

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Ryan Stechler
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Josh Nealon
Jared Genova

THIS SPACE FOR RENT
~Alaskans need not apply~

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I like my ladies like I like my Scotch: 14 years old and mixed up with Coke.

THINGS WE DAMN WELL FEEL LIKE SAYING

BENJAMIN HARRISON is Big Kahuna of Plague Island, Monster God of the Plague, Grand Master Money Maker Plaguejockey, Running This Shit Like Diarrhea, Sickest Plague Victim Yet, Lode Star of the Plague Century, Guardian Deity of the Plagueverse, Dark Plaguetrone of the 8th Dimension, Fieldmarshall of The Plague's North American Forces, and Master and Commander of Her Majesty's Plague.

Running this magazine with my customary iron fist has been made difficult by the confines of this prison cell, especially because the diameter of the fist is such that I cannot pass it back and forth between the bars. So the fist is on the outside, frantically typing puerile sex puns into a laptop while the rest of me is stuck here in this cell with Cruz, who claims to be in on a trumped up drug wrap.

The jokes have been flowing well enough, and we've put together a pretty serious magazine with the jokes that I've written along with those I've wrested out of the innocent volunteers that were so unlucky as to stray too close to my cell window.

Cruz invented the theme of this issue, Teen Plague, while he was cutting chunks out of his arm with a spoon that he sharpened against our cinder block walls. I was desperately trying to pull my iron fist back through the window bars so that I could stop him from that madness. I was unsuccessful, because my fist was fisted, and I made a vow never to unfist it so long as evil pumps through my veins. It was in altruism that I tried to save Cruz's arm from a grizzly fate—but not so much altruism that my cold, dark heart could be convinced to relinquish the last of its sinister essence. That made the good

part of me feel bad, and Cruz's arm feel badder, because he cut down to the bone and all the flesh in front of the cut got starved of blood and fell off, so now he has a skeleton hand and can't masturbate very well anymore—he's the most determined right-hander that I've ever seen.

Anyway, while he was writhing in self-inflicted pain he was blabbing about how he needed freedom and how these false charges were driving him mad he let slip this very hurtful insult that *The Plague*, NYU's only intentionally funny publication, was about as funny as a teenybopper magazine soaked in the tears of lost love. I took a moment to reflect on what a beautifully tragic image this clearly insane man had managed to concoct, and then I looked at my watch and noticed that the second hand was ticking away.

One of my personal favorite comedy writers, Cliché, is quite famous for the formula that tragedy plus time equals comedy. And time was passing! It was the first time in my career as an award-winning comedy writer to notice the phenomenon as it was happening and I immediately started laughing hysterically while Cruz bled himself unconscious on the cell floor.

Three days later—around the time when I stopped laugh-

ing—the guards brought Cruz back from the infirmary with bandages all over his fucked up arm I told him that he was a genius, but he thought I said genus, as though I was generalizing about his place in the animal kingdom, and he didn't take kindly to that, but once it was straightened out I told him we were going to take our comedy magazine and make it a teenybopper magazine soaked with the tears of lost love.

So we've spent the semester making this issue of the magazine just that. Me and my army of waylaid volunteers. They've done a magnificent job, and I salute them for their efforts almost as much as I salute Cruz for managing to not soil himself when he was mutilating his arm, because that type of behavior often leads to pant-shitting, and I like to keep a tidy cell. The submissions we've gotten are hilarious, and I haven't fucked things up too badly, despite my most iron-fisted efforts. This, I think, is a very funny magazine indeed.

And as I write these words I'm coming to the realization that the tragedy plus time equals comedy thing could be the single most astonishingly important piece of knowledge in my head right now. And if it isn't, then it's my basic knowledge of arithmetic, and the tragedy/comedy addage is a close second. Here's

what I'm getting at: anything you can add you can also subtract. Thus it follows that comedy minus tragedy equals time, and time is what I'm supposed to be doing here. I have six months left in this hell hole (assuming good behavior, and I'm pretty sure they're convinced that Cruz's arm wasn't my fault), so all I have to do is come up with a fantastic joke, and then take the tragic part out of it, and I'll have as much time as I need! Brilliant!

So here's the joke: What does Dick Cheney have in common with Ron Jeremy? The answer? How to take out the tragedy? Well that would be too easy, wouldn't it? If I published knowledge that powerful the nation's prisoners would be free in no time (or, enough time, that is, to get out), and then where would we be?

Aw fuck it. Dick Cheney and Ron Jeremy have both shot a friend in the face, and the tragedy is that Ron Jeremy doesn't respect women. Take that out by subtracting any references or nods toward Ron Jeremy and facial ejaculation and you have: What does Dick Cheney have in common with? And that question takes time to answer. And I have plenty of time.



Ben Harrison has served in every war ever, including the War of the Roses, the American Civil War, Star Wars, The Empire Strikes Back, and the War on Drugs.

THINGS WE DAMN WELL FEEL LIKE SAYING

BENJAMIN JOSEPH resides happily in a fantasyland of his own creation. In this realm, tentatively titled "Ridiculously Cool Land", Ben does not have to share a two-page spread with another writer of the same name. Also, each day of week is named after a different type of pie. Don't ask him why, things just seem to work better that way. Also, Mom, if you're reading this, for Christmas Ben would like a new iPod and a Nintendo Wii.

Ever wonder where the Internet came from? I sure do. Some may say I should just take the wonders of cyberspace at face value, and don't kill the goose that laid the massive amounts of specialty pornography via broadband. But what defines a man, if not his eternal curiosity about the nature of the world around him? Surely it's not his brand-new lace-less Adidas sneakers, snazzy though they may be.

Seriously, though, check these babies out. Daddy's got that street style now, playa.

But let's get back to the Internet. Honestly – where on Earth did it come from? The moon? An interesting theory, no doubt, but one that faces some serious obstacles. First and foremost, a very credible source, namely this guy who went to my high school, told me that we never even went to the moon! The whole thing was some sort of government hoax, filmed on a studio back-lot in California, in a manner similar to that other supposed "documentary", E.T. So there's no way we could have brought the Internet from the moon, if we never even went there!

I see some of you are already shaking your heads disdainfully, realizing, as I did, the obvious solution to the above conundrum. Pretty tricky, am I right? However, I'll go ahead and spell it out for the slower members of the class. If we didn't bring the Internet from the moon, the Internet must have come here of its own volition. Say, in the form of a spacecraft that crash-landed outside the small New Mexico town of Roswell in July 1947??

That's right. Through simple Socratic reasoning, we, fair Plague Readers, have solved not only the question of the Internet's origins, but also brought resolution to one of the greatest conspiracy theories of the 20th century! But, you may ask, what of the Internet's involvement in the JFK assassination? Can we also hold the so-called "World Wide Web" (one of the Internet's many aliases) responsible for the death of our thirty-fifth president? With one discriminating eyebrow raised, and a stern warning against rampant speculation, I must answer that question with a "definite maybe".

Regardless of its history, at some point we must accept the fact that we have welcomed the Internet into our lives, along with all the promise it brings. Electronic voting! User generated content! Pie! Of course, as the medium evolves, there are many more questions that remained to be answered. Should the Internet be subject to a regulatory body, like television or radio?

Who would be in charge of enforcing said regulations? And exactly what type of pie are we talking about? (Pumpkin? Please?)

Regardless, we must accept the fact that the Internet is here to stay, and may not be bringing desert, much less an appropriate hors d'oeuvres. (I prefer some sort of seafood spread, usually.) While, given the Internet's admittedly rocky history, this may not be a comforting thought to most; the Internet has already done much to improve our daily lives. Remember

Furbies? Man, those things sure did suck, didn't they? Good thing the Internet killed them all off. How about Polio? Remember that? What?? Wiped out before you were born?? Thanks, Internet!

Of course, in the words of one of the greatest essayists of our time, "with great power comes great responsibility." Spiderman may have been referring to his ability to climb up walls and shoot webbing and whatnot, and not to the capability to search billions of giga-

bytes of information by context and keywords, but I think the message remains the same. The Internet is possibly the greatest tool granted to our use since the Betty Crocker E-Z Bake Oven. We should treat it as such. Whether using it to do research, troll for massive amounts of pornography (see above), or simply put together a wicked batch of miniature mashed potatoes, Remember the story of Jurassic Park, where's man reach exceeded his grasp, and an army of cybernetic assassins with German accents traveled back in time to kill us all? The Internet could be sort of like that.

I don't mean to scare y'all off your modems, of course. By all means, keep blogging, and vlogging, or whatever type of ogling you kids are up to these days. Because while there's all that scary, techno-babble type stuff going on, the other day I was browsing the Internet and found this totally adorable picture of kitten in pint glass. As I looked at the kitten, all squished into that little glass, I smiled a little bit. For isn't it there that the promise of the Internet truly lies? In the kitten in the pint glass in all of us? I certainly think so.



Did we mention, in his realm Ridiculously Cool Land, that Ben is also a deadly Velociraptor?

THE HATE PAGE

We here at *The Plague* are very culturally sensitive, more so than many of our past articles may have let on. Some members of the NYU student body however, do not agree. They've called us "bigots" and "bloated racists," among other insults. To that, we say "Fraud!" End of discussion.

The only problem is that, though we love all ethnicities with every fiber and tendon of our being, we get all sorts of racist

submissions.

Now, the only thing worse than offending a minority is offending an insecure, prematurely balding comedy writer. So we've chosen to print all of these hate-filled articles unedited and isolated on this very page.

Therefore, if you dislike ethnic slurs and hate-fueled prose, turn the page and let us have our fun.

Finnish People Are Impolite

Tad Lamont

Have you noticed that Finnish people, a.k.a. Fincks, are unnecessarily rude? I have. My neighborhood's full of those igloo-carving, salmon-mongering nogoodniks.

Why, just the other day, when I was walking my schnauzer in the park, a dirty old Finck ran into me on his rollerblades. I said, "Watch it asshole!" as politely as possible. And you know what that pale, chap-skinned Finck did? He said, "Sorry," but in a real sarcastic, "my country-is-run-better-than-yours" kind of way.

So later that night I snuck into his lavishly decorated condo and slit his kids' throats with my bowie knife. I mean, somebody ought to teach 'em a lesson. Am I right, or am I right?

My Cousin the Albino

G.H. Jolsen

My cousin Derrick is a good-for-nothing Albino. He's the kind of guy that has to wear extra sunscreen in the summertime to avoid dying. It makes us uncomfortable like all get out.

One time, at Easter, we all thought it would be a good idea for him to be the Easter Bunny, you know, for the kids.

But he said, "No, the costume will irritate my already fragile skin." Yeah, that's right. Albinos dislike it when children enjoy decent Christian holidays.

He's also dating a Haitian, which is far from acceptable in my book.

Cambodians Hate Studio 60 on the Sunset Strip

Lev Sawyer

My friend works with this dude who I hear is dating a Cambodian. Her name is Joy and she's really short—too short to be working at an amusement park, if you ask me. After work, at the local bar, the employees there all talk about TV and movies and shit.

The dude my friend works with and Joy were hanging out one day, when some other dud brought up NBC's smash hit *Studio 60 on the Sunset Strip*. My friend's coworker was all like, "Shit, son, I watch that program every night and I like it a whole helluva lot."

And then, as if people gave a shit what that Cambode has to say, Joy pipes in with, "I don't know guys, it's really masturbatory and insider stuff, whereas I like humble, more digestible shows like *Friday Night Lights*."

Fuck you, Joy. Why don't you hop on a schooner back to

whatever shanty town you came from and become a Thai whore, living day in and day out, returning home from work with that unmistakable tang of Thai semen deep inside your gullet.

Moroccans Hate Flying Squirrels

Brian McCotchery

I work at an exotic pet shop that sells snakes, lizards, potbellied pigs and flying squirrels. And that's it. No dogs; no cats. In fact, that's the name of the store: "No Dogs; No Cats." It's the only establishment in East St. Louis with a semicolon in its name. So there you go.

The other day, right, some drunk Morocs came prancing in the store like they owned the place. They were all like, "How much does this cost?" or "How late are you guys open?" And with each ridiculous question, my unbridled hatred for Morocs grew until it hit a critical point. "Get the fuck out!" I screamed. But they refused, and told me to put my shirt back on.

"Fuck that," I thought, and as I chased them out into the parking lot with a mop, one turned to me and said, "I wasn't gonna buy one your filthy flying squirrels anyway. Those things suck." So there you go. The stereotype was confirmed.

Chicks From Greenland Can Fit Anything Inside Their Vagina

Greg Randy

My girlfriend Nasha is from Greenland. She's put some really big things up there, like an *Encyclopædia Britannica*, for starters.

She's plunged a sizable rat, two porterhouse steaks, a weather balloon, and a Scream mask all in her vagina. Not to mention a tenor banjo, a Dell computer, another vagina, and seventeen Whatchamacallits, unwrapped.

What else, what else... Oh yeah, a nurse shark, a replica of the Arc de Triomphe, all of the pennies in my piggy bank, anything she carries in her purse, too many pipe cleaners to recall, and a SpongeBob SquarePants shower curtain.

We're getting married in August and everybody who is alive is invited. Just don't mention any of this to her. She gets embarrassed easily, like any typical Greenlander.

Brazilian Women Are Stone Cold Foxes

Steve Meyerson

If only I wasn't such a fat, pimply, uneducated, lazy, alcoholic German-American, I could maybe get my sack inside one of their sweet Brazilian honey pots. God, I hate Germany.



Do I Look Like Someone Who Cares About Mercury Poisoning?

Aaron Silver

Wow. Just look at it: the way it glides; the way it regroups; the way it shimmers. It's beautiful. I think I'll just—

What? Why is it a bad idea? Oh, come on. Are you serious? Do I look like someone who cares about mercury poisoning?

It's so shiny! It's metal, but it's liquid, too! A liquid metal! Can you even comprehend that? Can you understand? It's called quick-silver—how cool is that? Like regular silver, but *faster*. That's by far the coolest nickname for an element. So yes, I'm going to pick it up. In fact, I think I'm going to taste it. If it tastes even one thousandth as good as it looks... I can't even imagine.

Will you relax? I don't care. I just don't care. What makes you think that I care? Is it my face? Is there some aspect of my visage that says to you, "Hey, look at me, I'm the sort of guy that is really concerned about the effects of mercury poisoning, also known as mercurialism! I sure hope that I don't get it! The idea of being poisoned by mercury

deeply disturbs me!"

Well?

Yes, I know what it is. Yes, I've heard about that Japanese city. No, it doesn't matter to me. I just don't care about mercury poisoning.

Jesus, why are you having so much trouble understanding this? It's not complicated; different people have different fears. Some people are afraid of heights and some people aren't. Some people are afraid of spiders and some people aren't. Some people are afraid of being contaminated by mercury and dying a painful death over the course of several weeks or months and I just don't happen to be one of them. End of story.

Okay, I'm doing it. Whoa, look at it move on my hand! I bet it tastes like licorice.

Oh, oh god. Oh god. Oh my god. AHHH-HHHHHHHHHH!!! OH MY GOD OH MY GOD!!!

It's so fucking good!



I Know You're Jealous of My Mutton Chops

Billy Trevino

Look, I get it. It's pretty obvious. All those sarcastic remarks you make, all the "advice" you give me, all the times you tell me that they make you sick—it's easy to see. You're jealous of my mutton chops.

Don't bother denying it; I know it's true. And hey, I don't blame you. After all, these are some pretty fucking sweet mutton chops.

Yeah yeah, I hear you. You can say it a million times, but it doesn't change the fact that you wish that you had mutton chops like these. Call them stupid again. Go ahead. Sure, you "don't like them," and they "make you sick" and you "wish I'd wear a bag over my head so that you wouldn't have to stare at those facial abominations you call mutton chops." Whatever, man, you're going through denial. I just wish you had enough self-control to refrain from insulting me, and more importantly, from insulting my mutton chops. They never did anything to you, and the fact that you need to make fun of them because you're so jealous is just plain sad.

What's that? Well, you know what? I happen to think that Chester A. Arthur was a very handsome man, so thank you for that compliment.

You can deny it all you want, but eventually you'll need to face reality: my mutton chops are sweet. You know, I know it. The ladies certainly know it. I can't count how many times I've caught a beautiful woman casting a glance my way and I know every time she's thinking the same thing: nice mutton chops, sexy.

Yes, I'm sure that's what they think. By the way, dude, it takes a while to grow these things, so you probably want to get started soon. Just letting you know.

Dude, whatever. Clearly this argument isn't going anywhere. Let's just agree to disagree.

What? Oh, dude, no way. This mullet rocks hardcore, and you know it. You're just jealous.

The Top Ten U.S. Secretaries of the Treasury of All-Time

1. Robert Rubin



2. Alexander Hamilton

3. Oliver Wolcott, Jr.

4. Spuddy Buddy



5. Tito Puente

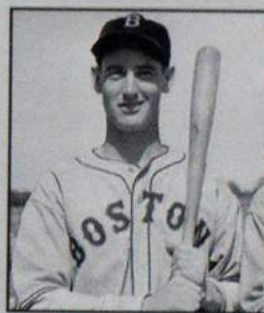
6. Jack Skellington

7. John Adams Dix



8. Rocky Balboa

9. Ted Williams



10. Are you honestly still reading this? Make a friend.

I like my maps like I like my vulvas: not too big and very handy.

APA Declares "Childhood" Mental Disorder

WASHINGTON, D.C. — After months of conferences and analysis of thousands of case studies and federal research grants, the American Psychological Association has confirmed that America's children are indeed crazy.

Well-known sufferers of ACD



Sandra Day O'Connor



Cal Ripken Jr.



Laurence Fishburne



Balto

"This news is nothing new," proclaimed psychiatrist Dr. P. K. Devinson-Waterbury. "I mean, look at the facts: children are incessantly asking questions, perpetually in need of reassurance, and have no desire for, nor love of money. If that's not crazy I don't know what is!"

Psychologists say that American Childhood Disorder,

or ACD, is a real threat to leading a healthy adult life. However, the APA has released a diagnostic form aimed at letting parents know the warnings signs before it is too late.

The common symptoms of ACD include: general lack of respect for patriotism; increased "huggy" and "kissy" behavior; concern for the welfare of other ethnic groups; illogical belief in Santa Claus, monsters, unconditional human kindness and other delusional constructs; love of puppies, kitties, or Darfurians; and mild-to-severe "I love you" Tourettes syndrome.



A psychologist studies the devastating effects of ACD.

Though it is estimated that over 90 percent of American children have been diagnosed with ACD this year alone, there may be hope on the horizon. The Federal Drug Administration is currently in the final stages of testing a drug from Novartis tentatively named "Cynicsilexium" for treatment of even the most advanced cases of ACD.

Says Devinson-Waterbury, "A drug that treats American Childhood Disorder would be a godsend. Our current remedy—Valium for the parents—has, at best, limited effectiveness."

20 October 2006

Dear Nick,

When I came out for Nintendo 64 in 1997, life couldn't have been better. I was a fucking fox, blowing shit up in outer space. Nobody had shit on me—honestly. Thousands of kids around the world took control of my Arwing (that's my badass plane), and fucked shit up.

Life was good.

But now it's almost ten years later. I have had enough. I'm tired. Christ, I have a family and a regular 9-to-5 job. And most people can respect that, except for a certain few assholes in Hayden 1711. I'm talking to you Simon, Max, and oh, the venom I reserve for you, Nick.

Day and night, you don't fucking stop! You're all 18 and in college, stop playing Star Fox 64! I don't care if you want to get all the medals or break 200 kills on Corneria or beat the high score six times over. I just don't care. I've had enough. Have you any decency?

Ever heard of a PlayStation 2? There are newer, better games. But no, hours on end you have me bar-rel-rolling and laser-charging all over your cheap little 14-inch TV! Better yet, ever heard of a life? Go out; leave your room; take in the sights; see a show. But for God's sake, leave a fox with some peace.

Regretfully,
Fox McCloud

P.S. Yes Nick, I got your letters, **all of them**. No, I don't want to come to your birthday party. Leave me alone. I hate you.



MONDAYS: THE MICHAEL BOLTON OF DAYS

Remember that Monday that totally rocked and kicked ass? No, you don't, because you have an advanced case of Alzheimers and haven't been up on your Garfield in the past ten minutes.

But other than you, everyone knows that on Mondays no one gets paid and no one gets laid. That is, unless you know some whore or gigolo or some frat pledge who gets all kinds of nasty at the thought of waking up at 6:55 in the morning to get ready for a dumbass essay writing class they already took in high school where it's really awkward because no one will sit next to them because everyone thinks they farted on the first day of classes so rumors spread that they were some kind of lactose intolerant gas bag when it was really that fat, blind kid Marta who obviously did it. Point is, if you don't hate Mondays you probably hate freedom, and that makes me sick.

Here are some facts about Mondays:

- First day of the work/school week
- Never the first day of Chanukah
- Monday is never Taco Tuesday
- Short for Montel Day, as in Williams
- Oprah probably likes Mondays

You may say to yourself, "If Mondays are so bad, why don't we just get rid of them, like we did with the Native Americans?" Well, it isn't as simple as all that. Because of some complicated mathematics that I can't go into right now, if we gott rid of Mondays, then Tuesdays would start to suck. Then we would have the same problem we started with except with fewer days in between, meaning less recovery time and more whining-per-week from Garfield. Plain and simple this is a problem that just can't be solved. That's why the Plague has developed The Monday Rocket™! A single-rider space capsule that will allow you to leave Earth's atmosphere for the 24 hours that comprise everyone's least favorite day of the week. Your boss, friends, and professors will have no idea how to reach you because you won't even be on this planet, so they can't possibly hold absences against you.

Plague Brand Monday Rocket!

*Confuse the shit
out of your cat!*

*Experience the weight-
loss of weightlessness!*

Pee in Zero-Gees!



I like my Rupert Murdoch's like I like my prepositions: dangling like a little bitch.

I like my NYUs like I like my baseball giveaway day paraphernalia: free and in the trash.

Ben Joseph Talks to God

The Plague's Vice President this semester, Ben Joseph demonstrated a party trick he does at a recent *Plague* meeting. He'll be standing there shooting the shit like he's the most normal dude in the room and then he'll just start blathering crazy shit at the top of his lungs. A shaft of light will appear from nowhere and this thundering voice will be heard only by him and the truly devout that says, "Thou shalt write jokes and shit thy pants in front of these people."

Ben Joseph is easily one of the ballsiest guys around, because he only fulfilled the second half of what the Almighty had demanded of him. Then he slung his turd-filled drawers around over his head and screamed that he was holier than us and we all had to nod in shocked agreement. Although, now that I think of it, the first part may have been a longer term command, like 'make a life of writing jokes.' The Almighty always uses such ambiguous fucking language, a fact to which I attribute most war as well as the presence of a little bit of poo in my hair right now.

But the divine light part of Ben's little trick is the coolest part. That's the shaft of

light that comes out of nowhere that I mentioned before. It's about as white as light gets, and if you pass your fingers through it while Ben is having one of his little chats with the infinite they'll take on a certain aura of their own and you can walk around laying your hands on people and healing them of various and sundry diseases.

Here's a short and incomplete list of the things it works on: leprosy, blindness, being in a wheelchair, being gay, and being not pregnant. Here's a short and incomplete list of the things it doesn't work on: heart disease, AIDS, anthrax, being Jewish, and halitosis. Whatever. It's not like the divine light was meant for me anyway, so I ain't trippin'.

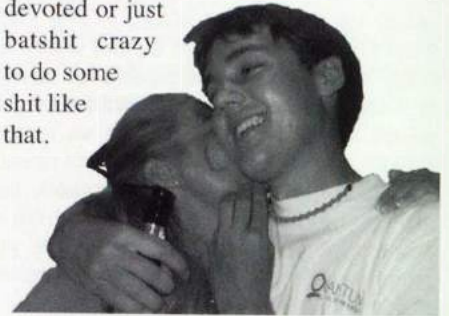
A while ago, I was beating a musician in the park to death with Ben, who had explained to me that the man wasn't just a fantastic guitarist, but that he had sold his soul to the Lord of Evil in order to play so well, and we needed to teach him a lesson and make an example of him before he got a record deal and lived the rest of his mortality out in utter bliss.

While we were throwing our punches and stamping the man's ribcage in, I hazarded to ask Ben why he got to commune

with the ultimate power in the universe from time to time and I didn't. Ben explained it in a way that I think makes sense.

See Ben Joseph isn't just two first names, it's also Jesus of Nazareth's last name. And for all the poetic license taken in the story of the Christ in *The Bible*, what was truly powerful and unique about the so-called son of God wasn't some immaculate conception balderdash, but rather his name: Jesus Ben Joseph.

Fools with that name are wicked tapped in to infinite power. Ben Joseph has two-thirds of that name, and as such can talk shit with the great spirit about this and that from time to time. The only downside is that occasionally ridiculous demands are made of him, like pursuing a career in comedy. You'd have to be truly devoted or just batshit crazy to do some shit like that.



A lot of girls these days want to speak their mind, but aren't sure if they're pretty enough for people to notice? Future Prime Minister Preeti Gupta likes to shake things up. And sure, she can talk loudly, but does she have the look that'll make those Amnesty International boys cream their Dockers? Let's find out!

Megaphone

\$75, Radio Shack
"Hear me, I'm an equal,"

Wool cardigan

\$300, Anthropologie
Slimming (she's really quite flabby!)

Silver necklace

\$95, Macy's
Gift from boyfriend, who's great except he's a Paki :(

Pacemaker (not pictured)

\$544.77, St. Luke's Hospital
Preeti's not going for an emo look, so a premature death is out.

Breast reduction surgery

\$200, pharmacy in New Delhi
Who needs a big chest when you've got a 10" vulva?

Nose stud

\$7, Target
Take that, Dad!

HOLY CRAP!

Dear Text-on-Boobs Girls,

If you don't want us to look at your rack,
Don't put words on it.

Love,
-Boys.



in 'nd out!

It's fashion harvest time and we hand-picked the cutest style crops just for you!

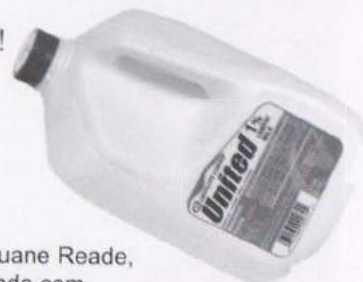


Dimples are definitely **out** this season. **But** bling is definitely **in**. Zhang Ziyi makes the **critical** mistake of not concealing her unsightly **dimples** with some princess cut diamonds. If you can't afford real diamonds, you could stick a piece of **coal** in between two phonebooks for **three** trillion years.



coal
\$.60 each, Urban Outfitters,
urbanoutfitters.com

Bad posture is 100% **in** this year. To totally win your crush's **heart**, hunch over to one side whenever he's around. With years of **prac-tice** you could develop scoliosis—and **never** have to worry about good posture again! Here's a tip: if you don't have the patience to wait for your bones to change **shape**, stop drinking milk. A lack of calcium can expedite the bone-crippling effects of **osteoporosis**.



milk,
\$4.35, Duane Reade,
duanereade.com



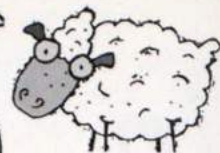
The absolute biggest **sen-sation** of next season will be hedges. Popular music stars and noted anti-semites **Prussian Blue** wouldn't be caught dead without a lovely hedgerow serving as a backdrop on their next red carpet appearance. **Hedges** may be in, but be aware: hedge mazes are, without a **doubt**, out. Besides being eco-unfriendly, you run a major risk of losing your crush **within** its depths.

I like my Lichmans like I like my grandpas: lost, drunk and crawling through dorm rooms.

The Plague Dream Hunks

The Hottie Super-Bombs of Fall '06

Hey girls!
Check out these
stud-nuggets!



Dream Hunk #1 - Lee Harvey Oswald

That's right ladies. He's single, ready to mingle, and prepared to assassinate your heart. There's nothing like a man who knows how to handle a gun, and this bad boy knows how to make the ladies scream—especially Jackie.



Dream Hunk #2 - Chairman Mao

Got the yellow fever? This communist cutie could be right up your alley. He'll put your number in his Little Red Book—but be careful if he asks you on a date to Tiananmen Square!

Dream Hunk #3 - Magic Johnson

The first true athlete on the list, this sexy piece of chocolate is a slam-dunk. Is the passion worth the loss of white blood cells? We say yes!



Dream Hunk #4 - Stephen Hawking

The British mastermind is out on the prowl, and he's looking for a lady that really knows how to push his buttons and get his motor running. Smart, sophisticated, batteries included—this hottie is a catch.

Dream Hunk #5 - Saddam Hussein

Exotic and erotic, this powerful ex-dictator is apparently looking for a wife (or five). If you're into whips, chains, and water torture, he's the man for you.



TEEN PLAGUE TIPS!

so how you gonna pick that dream hunk up? we got your back!

1. Wear hella cute shoes!

Nothing snags a hot guy's attention faster than a super-cute pair of shoes. We recommend you pile your closet three feet deep in super cute options! No boy can resist that!

2. Binge and purge!

Eating disorders are so out this season! Be seen eating! Don't be seen getting rid of all those nasty calories later.

3. Learn to love!

That cold, dark heart you cultivated last season just isn't in nowadays! Beg the devil for your soul back!

4. Subscribe to Harper's!

The hottest hotties this season are staying abreast of the national conversation while they're working out these days. Nothing breaks the ice like a witicism about the latest John Updike piece!

5. Take showers!

Baths: out; showers: in in in!

6. Take Lasso Lessons!

He can't get away if he's already tied up, can he? Girl-on-boy rape is the new Sadie Hawkin's Dance.

7. Learn to talk dirty!

Brangelina and Tomkat talk dirty! You should too! Rent a bunch of pornos and take notes! Do it with your friends!

are you a flirt?

Are you a flirt? A slut? Neither? Not sure? Sick of questions? Well that's too bad, because you're about to answer ten more of them in order to determine something that you should already know on your own.



Hey boys, do you think you can handle this much woman?

1 After your last boyfriend dumped you, you reacted how?

- A. I've never had a boyfriend.
- B. I cried me a river.
- C. I don't remember. I was too busy screwing that other guy.

2 What would you do for a Klondike Bar?

- A. Probably nothing.
- B. Large-scale genocide.
- C. A couple of things I wouldn't be too proud of (or would I?).

3 What's your favorite movie?

- A. *Dead Poets Society* (But I wouldn't have stood up at the end and disrupted class)
- B. *Boys Don't Cry* (But I do)
- C. *Pretty Woman* (She totally lived the dream)

4 Are you racist?

- A. Yes.
- B. Yes.
- C. Yes.

5 Did the set of answers to that last question sound dirty when you read them to yourself?

- A. Not really.
- B. That's cheesy.
- C. Yes! Yes! Yes!

6 What kind of jokes do you tell?

- A. Knock-knock jokes. They're so realistic.
- B. Dead baby jokes. They're so like my life.
- C. Dane Cook jokes. I don't have a sense of humor.

7 Paper or Plastic?

- A. Paper.
- B. Plastic.
- C. Latex.

8 If you were a musical instrument, which would you be?

- A. That's impossible.
- B. Guitar.
- C. Clarinet (If you have to ask why, you'll never know).

9 You subscribe to:

- A. *The Economist*.
- B. I'm too busy listening to Dashboard Confessional to read.
- C. *Cosmopolitan*.

10 Your favorite pastime is:

- A. Papier mâché.
- B. Acid.
- C. Jogging in Central Park, at night.

MOSTLY A's

You are a **cold fish**

I'm not really sure why you took this quiz, or why they even have *Teen Plague* in Amish Country, but as girls go, you're fairly bland. Your flirting style is probably akin to a prepubescent girl watching TGIF in her parents' basement and thinking naughty thoughts about her Jake Gyllenhaal poster. Loosen up, take off your wimpy, and talk to a member of the opposite sex once in a while.

MOSTLY B's

You are a **sad sap**

The text of this page is black like your soul. You probably know how to flirt with boys, but only with ones who shop at Hot Topic. Our advice from *Teen Plague* is lose the black plastic bracelets, stop listening to Slipknot, and get back out into the world. Next time you're watching *The Nightmare Before Christmas*, shoot a wink at the cutie in the next row, unless you're watching it alone. All alone.

MOSTLY C's

You are **too hot to handle**

What your mother always said was right: No one is going to buy the cow when they can get the milk for free. Especially when the cow has gonorrhea. You probably did not need this quiz to tell you that yes, you are a flirt, but maybe you do need it to tell you that you are a little bit promiscuous. The *Teen Plague* advice: Hang out with a girl who answered mostly A's. In a convent.

ADVENTURES IN SHEBOYGAN, WI

TODAY'S ADVENTURE: BABY IN MY POCKET

The days are boring in Sheboygan, Wisconsin, so I tend to have adventures. Not, like, real adventures that take place on cliffs or in outer space. Just little things to keep me occupied before hang gliding camp starts up. For example, yesterday I went for a walk to the candy depot out by the tracks. The railroad tracks, that is.

See, in this work-a-day digital age, people always forget about trains. Not me. I'm a trainophile. No, I don't hump train cars. Stop it. You're gross for thinking that I hump train cars.



At the candy depot, I bought three handfuls of candy and then left. Both my hands were full of candy and the third handful was in my pocket. On my way out, I saw a tiny baby in the road. It seemed to be South African, but with all the gender mixing in this post-U.S.S. Cole Attack world, who can tell what people are anymore?

"Are you South African?" I asked.

"Afrikaner," it said.

Close enough.

Without saying another word, I picked the baby up and put it in my pocket. It displaced a few candies because Archimedes discovered that.

"Adventure!" I screamed with a mouthful of both hard and soft candies. The baby didn't respond because I had taped its mouth shut to make it stop crying. It was wailing away like a true Afrikaner.

I walked through town to the public swimming pool.

At entrance to the pool, a constable of some sort stopped me.

"What are those bulges in your pockets, son?" He was known as the most curious constable on the force.

"Just candy, sir. Oh, and this tiny baby I found out by the depot." I presented the Afrikaner baby to the constable.

"Which depot?"

"The candy depot, sir."

"Good," he said, "Because if you were hanging out by the dry wall depot, well, we'd have some problems."

"I didn't know this town had a dry wall depot," I said.

"Well we do. Why do you think it's called Sheboygan?"

I had never thought about that before. And at that instant, I heard the tiny Afrikaner baby dump a sloppy load of shit in my pocket.

"Shit."

"What?" asked the constable.

"The baby, it just shit a little bit in my pocket."

"Good thing it was a tiny baby and not a regular-sized one. They tend to shit bigger loads," the constable said.

"You're probably right."

"Most constables are."

With that, the constable jumped in the pool to rescue a drowning redhead.

I went inside the clubhouse to get some towels, thinking, why oh why did I put this baby in my pocket?

I left the pool without having gone swimming, wearing my shitty pants. The baby was left in the pool's sauna as a punishment for pooping.



Paid Advertisement



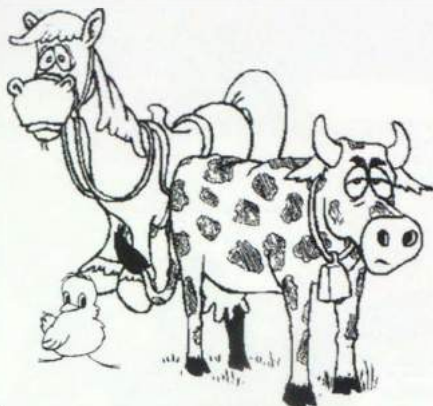
Next week's adventure: spray-painting Dad's wheelchair!

Dear Diary,

Today I went to a meeting for The Plague. It was kind of fun, but the whole time I kept thinking about what I was going to write in you tonight. Then I decided I was going to tell you all about this MySpace comment Trevor left me.

He was like, "yo wassup shorty." Trevor's really funny like that. But I'm not sure whether he was being serious or not. I was totally LOLing. I left a comment then that said, "lol, ur

ALEX'S BOOK CORNER



Today's book: *Animal Farm*

You all have a book you've left unread or a film you've left unwatched that shocks people when they find out you missed it. For me, that book is *Animal Farm*.

I've been hearing about it for years now. Apparently, the novel has some amazing allegory and I "have to read it." So this Spring, I finally buckled and picked up a copy. It's a quick read and I enjoyed it, but the symbolism left me confused in some parts, to say the least.

Most people would say that Old Major the pig represents the army, and I thought so too at first. But now I'm pretty sure it's Major League Baseball. The book just makes more sense that way. Old Major's dream of a world where all the animals work together without humans mirrors a world of parity among baseball teams with complete revenue sharing and a salary cap. Old Major dies right after the meeting, probably since the MLB couldn't survive the turbulence of such drastic changes.

As for the pigs that pick up the charge from Old Major, Napoleon obviously represents the French. He's morally bankrupt and contemptuous—like most Frenchmen. Snowball is a symbol for snowballing, and a thinly veiled one at that. Although, maybe Orwell intended for a broader interpretation of the novel. Then perhaps Snowball is a symbol for oral sex in general. I don't know for sure.

Napoleon and Snowball predictably struggle for control of the farm, and here is where Orwell's allegory baffles me. Why would the French hate snowballing? There's a reason "dirty Frenchman" entered the lexicon.

The third pig, Squealer, clearly is a stand-in for snitches. You know, "one who squeals." Squealer is annoying and frustrates all the other animals because



everyone hates a snitch.

Boxer, the hard-working carthorse, he has to represent the sport of boxing. He's tough and strong, and boxing is incredi-

We put the 'fun' in 'literacy'!

bly physically demanding. But Squealer and Napoleon betray him—selling Boxer to the glue factory. The alliance between Squealer and Napoleon makes sense, but I don't understand why they turn on Boxer. What do the French have against boxing? What was Orwell thinking?

Moses, the wise raven, is a symbol for Moses Malone, the former basketball star. Moses tells stories of Sugarcandy Mountain, an animal utopia. Like how in 1983, Malone famously prophesied that his 76ers would win the championship and go "fo' fo' fo'" in the playoffs, meaning they'd sweep three consecutive series 4-0. The 76ers did indeed win the title that season: a paradise for any NBA player.

There are many other bit characters I have neither the time nor the patience to cover in this space, but I think I highlighted the novel's central problem.

All in all, *Animal Farm* makes for a fascinating character study. But on closer examination, Orwell's allegory is stretched tighter than a tennis racket that's being stretched on one of those tennis racket-stretching machines. One pluck and it would snap. Also, some of the characters' motivations are just inexplicable—especially in light of the symbolism. For example, I still don't understand why Boxer would be so obedient to the French. Or why Pinkeye, a symbol for the infirm, tests all of Napoleon's food for poisoning. Is Orwell suggesting that the French take advantage of their sick?

Nevertheless, I think one of the most overlooked aspects of the novel is also one of its greatest strengths: talking animals. Come on, that's adorable.

I like my "I like my" jokes like I like my Snuffelupagus: sensible and articulate.

HEY GIRLS!

Check out this issues...

MYSPACE STUD OF THE WEEK!!

Sponsored by  **myspace**
a place for creeps



chuckalicious

C-licious loves appletinis long walks on the beach, and is totally not a serial killer. But seriously - who are you holding out for?

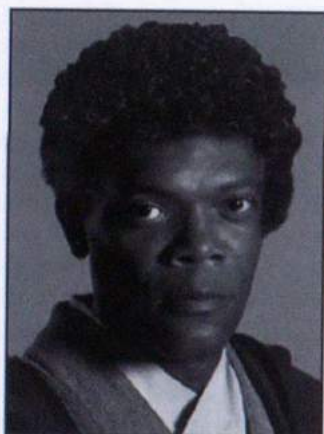
CELEBRITY BIOS

Written by the guy who cannot
distinguish Fantasy from Reality



HARRISON FORD

After a lackluster high school career at Maine Township High School East in Park Ridge, Illinois, Harrison Ford dropped out of Ripon College in Wisconsin and turned to intergalactic smuggling to pay his way through life. After a brief stint as a war hero, he turned to academia, becoming a well-known professor of Archaeology, and took up one his most beloved hobbies, Nazi-killing. It was during this period of his life when he was re-united with his father, James Bond. Although briefly accused (and then exonerated) of killing his wife, it still came as no surprise that, after such an illustrious and varied career, Mr. Ford was elected President James Marshall in 1997, and foiled a Kazakhstani terrorist attack (led by Dracula, no less!) by simply asking the terrorists to "Get off [his] plane". After doing some other things no one really cares about, he started dating single female lawyer Calista Flockhart. He and Ally McBeal currently split their time between Los Angeles and Wyoming.

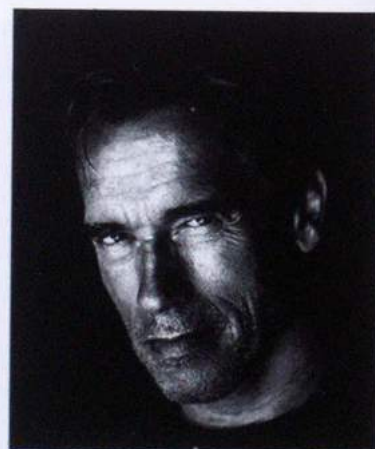


SAMUEL L. JACKSON

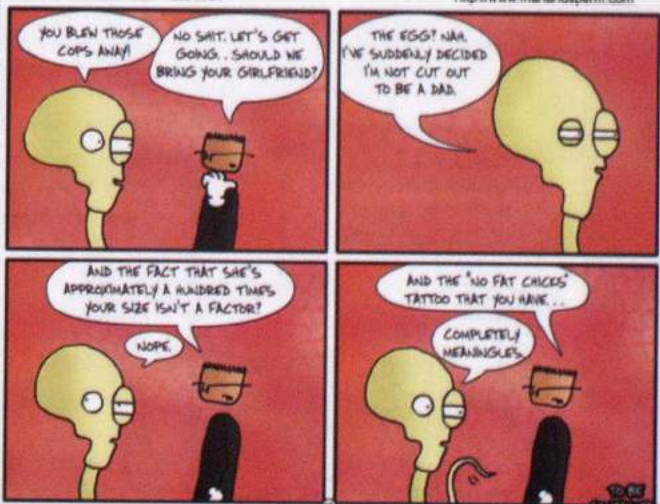
Arguing with a dancing Vinnie Barbarino about what hamburgers were like in France, Samuel "King of Cool" Jackson was really badass for a really long time. He accomplished this by talking loudly and using a lot of harsh language. Then, in 1993, a dinosaur ate him. Four years later, he was almost eaten by an anaconda in the rain forests of Brazil, but then I remembered that was actually Ice Cube. He was, however, eaten by a shark in 1999. Then, he was a Jedi, and although nothing ate him, he was electrocuted by an old man and some extremely bad digital effects. He was almost eaten by snakes in 2006, but, luckily, since that movie was rated R, he was able to fight them off using a fair amount of violence and extremely harsh language. Mr. Jackson is an avid golfer, and, unbeknownst to most, a vegetarian.

ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER

Arnold spent his youth developing an ungodly physique and learning to speak English with a really funny accent. Then, some things blew up. Then he killed some people. Then, some more stuff blew up. Then he killed some more people. Sometimes, he used a sword. Then, after almost being killed by some people, he killed them, and then blew them up. Then, after being blown up by some people who were trying to kill him, he killed them by blowing them up. At some point during that, he was a robot from the future that lost his memory and went to Mars. Or something like that. However, after such an illustrious career, he did the only thing an Austrian immigrant who can barely speak English and specializes at grimacing in front of cameras for long periods of time can do—make a cameo in *Around the World in 80 Days*, starring Jackie Chan. I think he got into politics, too.



**Humor for the
moderately literate™**



dos factotum
CIVIL WAR SPECIAL
CIVIL WAR SPECIAL

Predictably by Ryan Grim
and Dave Gonzales
dosfactotum.com

You wanna know something
that's neat?

Sure.

In the Civil War,
more people died of diseases
than getting shot.

Really?

Yup.

Man, now I feel rotten.

Why's that?

Well, it's just that you're
always telling me neat
things and I have no neat
things of my own.

Like that one time we
were watching
The Mask...

**FLASH
BACK!**

Ha! That dog just put on the
mask. I'm amused.

Wanna know something neat?

Sure.

That dog, the one with the mask,
is the same one from Frasier

Really?

Yup.

That dog sure does get
a lot of parts.

I could be getting those parts.

**FLASH
FORWARD!**

Hey, that flashback
reminded me of
something neat.

See?

What?

That dog from Frasier and
The Mask also had a small
role in the movie Glory.

Neat.

That fuckin' dog
gets all the parts.

You really should be
getting those parts.

SO I HAD MY
HAND ON MY
BOYFRIEND'S
CHEST AND I
FELT HIS
HEARTBEAT...
IT WAS SO
ROMANTIC...

DID...UH...DID HE
GET TO TOUCH
YOUR BOOB IN
RETURN?

42

HEY, MY
FRIENDS FOUND
A BAR THAT
DOESN'T CARD,
WANNABE COME
WITH?

SWEET JAWBRO
JESUS? HILLS
YEAH I HIGAIN
COLLE

moments later

GREETINGS, BAR MUNCH, I
WOULD LIKE A PITCHER OF
WHATEVER WILL PICK ME UP
FASTEST.



I'M GOING
USED TO SEE
SOME ID.

A12

A cartoon illustration of a person with brown hair and a blue shirt lying on a green couch. They have a sad or distressed expression. The word 'sobriety' is written in a cursive, handwritten style multiple times around the person's head, suggesting a mental struggle or obsession with the concept.

JAMES! GO FOR GOLD!

UM OH...

FOR THE
HONOR OF
SOUTH
KOREA!

DIE CONNIE SCUM!

AAAAARRRGHH!!!

...AND THAT'S WHY
MY FOOT'S BLEEDING

I UNDERSTAND WHY
IT'S BLEEDING, BUT
WHY IS IT BLEEDING
ALL OVER MY SHIT?

AWKWARD
SILENCE

Dogs are awesome...

I think that one's *grupos*.

Aww...they're so cute...

I once saw a man f*ck a dog...

WAIT, WHAT??!

I have a friend who sends me weird porn... like animals and midgets and poop and stuff...

How'd, oh,
how'd the
dog react...?

I only saw the back of the dog...but it struggled a bit at first then sort of gave up. I'm not sure if it enjoyed it or not...I couldn't really tell. And it's not like the guy had a tiny dick or anything, he was fairly average, so I might've hurt a bit...

He was f*cking it, for a while, it was a pretty long video...it must be hard to get ejaculate out of that for

JESUS MISSION RANGER SQUAD

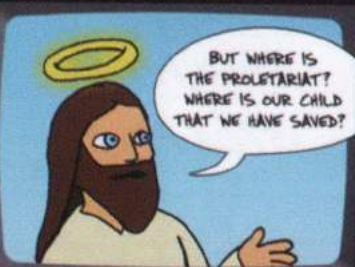
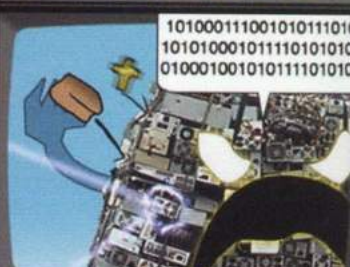
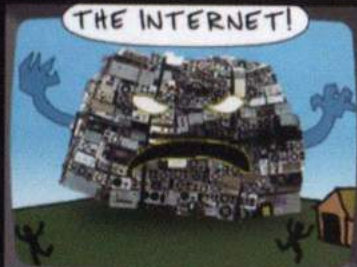
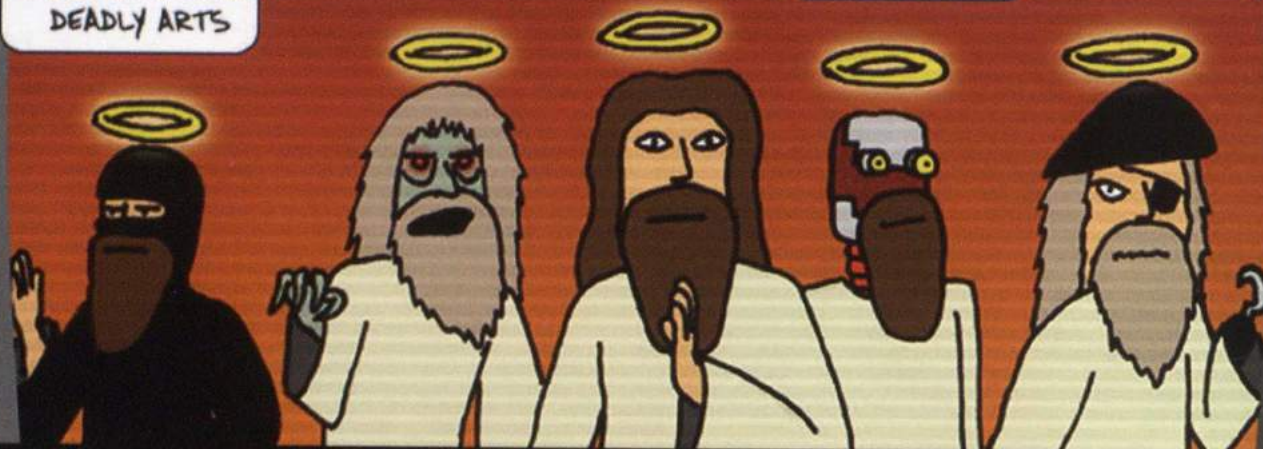
NINJA JESUS
MASTER OF THE
DEADLY ARTS

ZOMBIE JESUS
DELIGHTFULLY
UNDEAD

PLAIN OL' JESUS
GENERIC, WHITE
LEADER TYPE

ROBOT JESUS
HOLY MACHINE
FROM THE FAR
FUTURE

PIRATE JESUS
THE BLESSED
BUCCANEER



MY POOPING REGIMEN

by President John Sexton



I, President John Sexton, am full of shit.

That is to say, literally filled with excrement; not one who's prone to bullshit-ing, or a liar. You see, I have a problem. My small intestine is very big and large intestine is quite tiny. It's hereditary.

Why, I can still remember Granpappy Sexton writhing in pain on the kitchen floor after eating some of mother's Easter Day tamales. "There's just too much shit packed inside of me. I can't take it anymore," he had said.

His suicide on that following Labor Day surprised nobody.

Now, being a proud citizen and father of ten, I have no plans of shooting my face off like Granpapa did. But on most days, the twisting and burning sensation in my slop pipe is just too severe to deal with alone. So I take a retarded amount of laxatives. About twenty capsules after each meal.

These help, sure, but the unpredictable spurts of shit they cause have encouraged me to place myself on a strict pooping regimen so I know when it's coming. The regimen's quite simple, yet very complex at the same time, as anything involving shit tends to be.

And though it's far from being a perfect solution, I'll do anything I can to avoid another shitstorm in front of that angel-faced Dean Santirocco again.

Let me give you the rundown:

8:00 a.m.

I wake up, generally with shit on my leg from my unavoidable night shits.

8:02 a.m.

I waddle to bathroom, pick up last week's issue of *Harper's*, and shit.

9:00 a.m.

Drink coffee, which as anyone knows will make you shit. So I shit. By this time I'm in my 12th floor pleasure dome in Elmer Holmes Bobst Library. If you'll pardon a witticism, the luxurious facilities on the 12th floor of Bobst make Water St. dorms look like Weinstein dorms. Am I right, or am I right, kids?

9:05 a.m.

Shit. Take colon-blocking medication to get me through scheduled meetings with banks, real estate firms and other companies that don't smile upon me shitting during their Power Points.

12:22 p.m.

Ungodly shit. Only a shot of Dewar's and strip of leather between my teeth can make this beastly poo bearable.

1:54 p.m.

Lunch, then I walk swiftly to the john where I shit. Then I slap my dick around until I'm good and hard. Then I let it go all over my hands. Often times, I get so worked up, I have to shit again. I wash my hands twice this time.

3:00 p.m.

Historically, my three o'clock shit is soupy.

3:20 p.m.

Still wiping from 3:00 shit.

4:35 p.m.

Shit while napping in office. Put on fresh pair of trousers.

5:00 p.m.

Leave work, try my hardest not to shit in helicopter. I usually shit in the helicopter.

6:45 p.m.

Attempt to shit while railing wife. Like, I generally don't have to while we're fooling around. She just likes it, and I aim to please.

7:30 p.m.-9:00 p.m.

Shit with portable TV in bathroom. *Seinfeld* reruns give me solid, Christian logs, which I adore.

10:30 p.m.

Strap on industrial-strength diaper and get into bed.

10:50 p.m.-8:00 p.m.

While I shit hysterically in my sleep, I dream of a world that's not covered in my own shit. A world in which a decent man can do his job without the fear of stinking up a Citibank boardroom. A world that doesn't require millions of dollars in laxatives to live comfortably. A world in which watching a man sprint down Mercer St. with a mudslide coming out his pant leg wouldn't make people laugh. But most of all, I dream of a world without assholes—and there'd be no Michael Douglas either. Never liked that fellow.

I like my Clifford the Big Red Dog like I like my Nazis: not chasing me.

CHARLES B. SCHAEFFER'S HAIKU GUIDE TO THE STUDENT PUBLICATIONS OF NYU

The Minetta Review

Twelve Virgins Crying
Shitty free verse on a page,
Use to wipe asshole.

GenerAsian

Don't you understand?
Readers don't like Asian news.
That's like robot news.

Seed

Jesus magazine.
Mostly Asians without hope.
Stop writing, more math.

Humanus

Are you a real mag?
Or is this how Stern extorts
From the OSA?

Baedeker

You went to London!
Who the fuck cares asshole?
Please kill yourself now.

Washington Square News

Do you want to write?
Don't come here to do so, pal.
Unless you like sodomy.

Gallatin Undergraduate Journal

Much like a kids book,
A lot of pictures and bullshit.
That's called good writing.

The Plague

NYU's only
intentionally funny
publication... bitch.



How to be a... **MAN**

In theory, 50% of people are men. In practice, this is rarely the case. As such, this simple 5-step path to manhood was written.

1. Fight a bear, with a sword.

Bears, really, are the epitome of manliness. They're gigantic and covered in fur, and they run around naked and defecate in the woods. If you can't fight a bear and survive, you don't deserve to be a man.



2. Chop down a tree.

A living tree is a symbol of life. In addition to being green and leafy, trees take carbon dioxide from the air and convert it into the oxygen we need to survive. Trees are a source of life. You know what else is a source of life? A uterus. Be a man and kill a tree.

3. Beat up a pirate/Fight a ninja.

In days of yore when men were men and Greedo shot first, there were two occupations whose sole requirement was to have an abundance of pure, unadulterated masculinity: pirate and ninja. Pirates walked around swilling rum, growing beards (see #4), and showing anyone who dared crush their barnacles the business end of a backsword. Ninjas became one with the night, emerging only to deliver silent comeuppance to their unsuspecting victims. Before you can call yourself a man, you must conquer one of these bastions of testosterone.



4. Grow a beard.

What is it that makes a man a man? Is it being prepared to do the right thing, no matter what the cost? Is it a y-chromosome? No, it's the ability to grow a beard. After all, both lumberjacks and old Kung Fu masters have beards, and you should, too. If you still don't believe me, remember this: Abraham Lincoln had a beard. Adolf Hitler didn't. I think you understand.



5. Listen to showtunes.

Real men listen to showtunes, and that's that. If you don't know the lyrics to all the Henry Higgins songs from *My Fair Lady*, you've got some work to do.

Plague Fun Facts

- 1: The Plague was started in 1978.
- 2: The Plague operates a secret bunker underneath Washington Square Park.
- 3: Ben Joseph, the Vice President of the Plague, is the son of God and shoots lasers from his eyes.

- 4: The Plague, and another unnamed party were responsible for the Irish Potato Famine.
- 5: The Plague hasn't been financially solvent since the collapse of the Soviet Union.
- 6: We have the NOC list.

How to be a... **WOMAN**



Any asshole who loses a leg off his X-chromosome can be a man, but it's more of a refined art to be a woman.



1. Carry a purse filled with objects you'll never use.

A large purse filled with all kinds of unnecessary objects makes it impossible to find the necessary one. This is essential to being a woman. These can include—but are not limited to—matches, post-its, tissues (especially when you don't have a cold), pens and pencils, ticket stubs, band-aids, leftovers, batteries, anything that someone on the street has ever handed you, a nail file, tampons, a boombox, and a canister of nitrous oxide. If you can find your phone before it goes to voicemail, then you don't have enough.

2. Learn to apply mascara without poking yourself in the eye(s).

This is not as easy as it sounds. Mascara is painful, and can result in an infection. Plus, science has proven that no one will ever marry you if you don't go out Friday night.

3. Cry after watching *The Notebook*.

Do this through any means possible (sneaking off mid-film to slice onions is a solid backup plan), because if you fail to break down when the movie ends, all of your now blubbing female friends will proceed to berate you on how you are "inhuman". If you can, learn to cry at will—this skill can be invaluable for any woman.

4. Call another girl a slut for doing something that has nothing to do with being sexually promiscuous.

Do it and do it as often as possible. Seriously, all the time. This will not only make you more of a woman, but by calling other people names you become a better overall person. Some other acceptable terms are fat, whore, and bitch. Be creative; try stringing a few together, like "fat slutwhore".

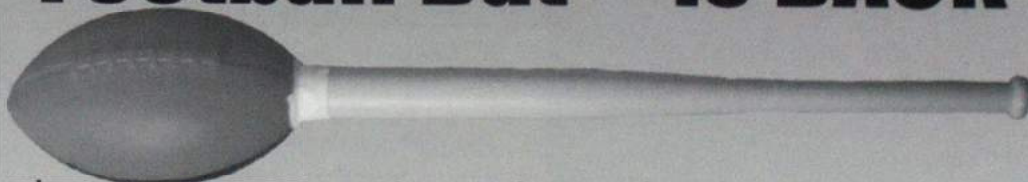
5. Wear tights but no skirt.

Make sure people on the street can see the contour of your vagina—thus proving your womanhood. P.S. Make sure you have a vagina beforehand. Nobody wants to see the contour of your non-vagina, freakshow.



I like my Industrial Revolutions like I like my Boxer Rebellions: boring.

Football Bat™ is BACK



You have never experienced a technological advance so profound as the Football Bat™ Mk. II With Gonorrhea Control®

The Competition is FUCKED



Bob Jaffe's Guide to...

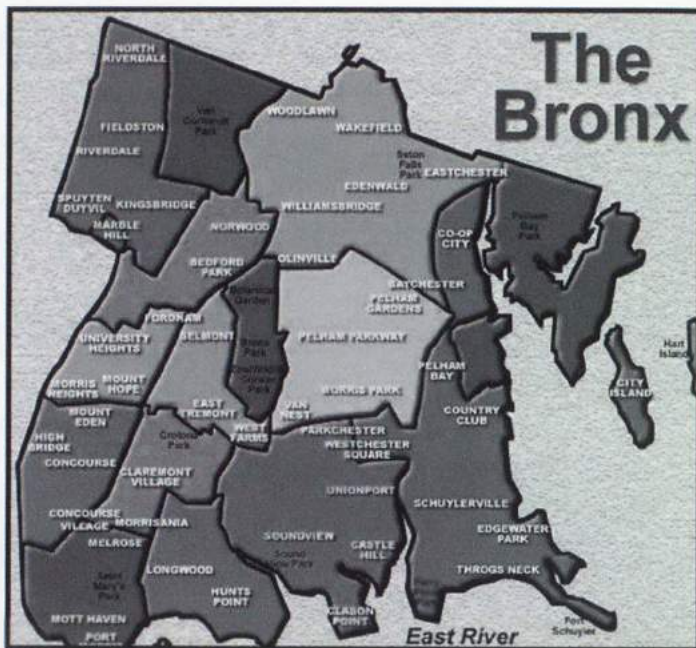
New York City Boroughs

by Bob Jaffe

Hiyo, I'm Bob Jaffe. Though my close friends know me as Bobby J, you may address me as Bob Seymour Jaffe, Co-Owner of Bob Seymour and Susan Rose Jaffe's Futon Hut, just BSSRJ Futon Hut for short. (We're pretty much one of the best futon suppliers in our area of Nassau County.) But The Plague didn't hire me to write about futons. No sir. As may you have learned from the title, this little ditty's all about boroughs, so let's get right to this sweet action.

The Bronx

The northernmost of all the boroughs, The Bronx is best know for squeezing hip-hop out of its quivering birth canal twenty years ago. Before the eighties, two seminal events made The Bronx the way it is today: the massive influx of blacks in the fifties and all those fires they started in the seventies. Also, if you're looking for feeble Italian women to kidnap and force to make raviolis in your basement, The Bronx is a good place to start. Goombah men typically die in their early fifties from various fat-related ailments, The Bronx is flooded with lonely widows, crying into their spicy marinara.



Fun Bronx fact: After dark, the subway cars turn into fully functioning Hardee's restaurants.

Even in map form, The Bronx looks like party central

Queens



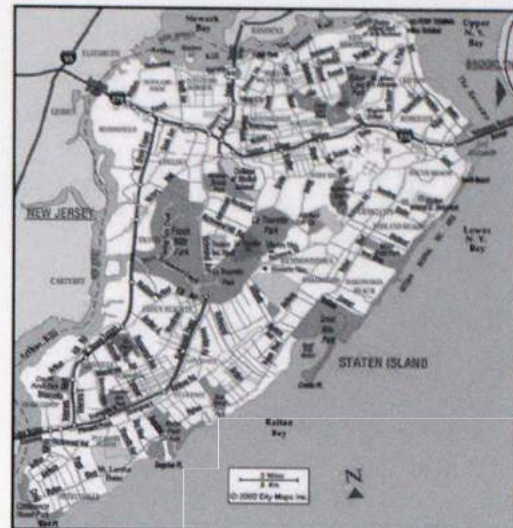
Like most Americans, I first learned of Queens when I Netflixed the entire third season of *King of Queens*. (That chubby feller sure has a lot of domestic disputes that end up solving themselves while he eats chimichangas.) Soon after, I went straight to the New York Public Library to learn more about this mystery borough. Did you know that Queens is the home to most unemployed keyboardists in all of New York State? Queens also boasts the biggest population of Cypriots, which leads to the high instance of Turks being knifed. I too have an unbridled hatred for Turkish people so I plan to join those proud Cypriots in their next Hurt the Turks parade. I hear it's the second-best abhorrence-driven event in the city, behind the Puerto Rican Day parade.

Fun Queens fact: Three-fourths of Queens is owned by NYU's Robert F. Wagner Graduate School of Public Service. The rest is a women's prison.

Our photo editor John Lichman thought he'd make a joke and put a picture of the band Queen in this article. The Plague apologizes for the error.

Staten Island

Staten is NYC's little bitch cousin that most people don't think is actually related to the rest of the city. In fact, not too long ago the PCP-slingers and pool hall hussies that live there threatened to secede. Yes folks, Staten thought that maybe, just maybe, it could function as its own city. Little did they know that if you want to run a municipal government you can't constantly be listening to Wu-Tang Clan while your kids search for food on the carpet of the local arcade. But don't worry, Staten's still with us, sucking up our tax dollars to fund their various State-sponsored a-capella groups and log flumes.



Fun Staten island fact: If you empty a bag full of foamy shit in the middle of Staten's business district, nobody notices or cares.

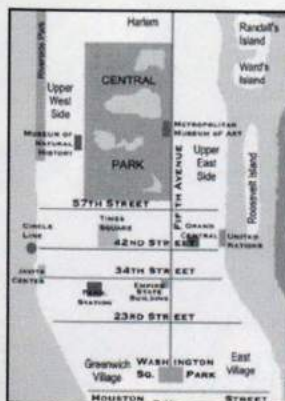
Brooklyn



The largest of the boroughs, Brooklyn throws the best parties, hands down. Upon crossing any one of the bridges into the borough, one receives two complimentary tabs of E, some tight jeans and a gentle, but thorough, blow job. Even on Sunday mornings, Brooklynites can be found drinking vodka and sodomizing tourists until their pleasure centers can't take it anymore. The borough's City Hall is so hip, it served as a set for the films 54, The Last Days of Disco, and Osmosis Jones. If you haven't been to Brooklyn yet you are a sorry sack of pig shit that should crawl back into its mother's uterus with hopes of reemerging during a nerdier, more corduroy-obsessed era.

Fun Brooklyn fact: The word "Brooklyn" is an old Massapequan term meaning "fixed-gear bike"

Manhattan



Good old Hymie Town! The Big Erect Pickle! 9/11-opolis! Though the #1 borough has many names, the one that stuck was ironically given by the folks—Injins—who didn't have the wits to stick around for Manhattan's ascendance to greatness. Indeed, they called it Manhattan because that was their word for "small turtles that barely live long enough to justify the four dollars you paid for them." Nowadays, Manhattan's full of immigrants, from Armenian to Zulu. Want to see a faggity-ass Broadway show? Hope in cab to Midtown. Want to watch your lesbian aunt sing Canned Heat songs in a cafe? Walk on down to historic, artistically irrelevant Greenwich Village. Yep, Manhattan's truly got everything. Everything, that is, but a quality futon retailer. Just kidding—told you I wouldn't write about futons. Bob Seymour Jaffe's a man of his word, and a White Soldier of Christ.

Fun Manhattan fact: The Tenement Museum guards hate to be called phonies

I like my fingerling potatoes like I like my 16th birthday parties: baked.

AWESOME FIGHTING ANIMALS THAT SHOULD TOTALLY EXIST



Fire-breathing War Mastodon

Elephants may be cool, in a big, trample-and-impale kind of way. Mastodons, however, are like super-sized elephants on speed. Speed laced with awesome, that is. Besides being bigger, hairier, and deadlier than elephants, mastodons are also located temporally closer to dinosaurs—a sure sign of awesomeness. I'm not sure whether or not mastodons actually breathed fire (the literature is somewhat contradictory on this detail), but with the science of genetics what it is these days, lack of fire-breathing glands shouldn't be a problem. Put an elephant in a room, and things get awkward; put a fire-breathing Mastodon in the same situation, and things get dead. Deadly awesome, that is. Deadly awesome and on fire.

Ninja Raptor Prince

What are the two deadliest things on earth? Oh, sorry, too late—you're already dead from *shuriken* and raptor-claw inflicted wounds. That's what happens when you don't know that a velociraptor and a ninja are the number one and number two leading cause of death among lame people. Anybody who dares to ask which one is which is, unfortunately, already dead. Sorry, buddy. Of course, this unholy hybrid of ninjitsu-trained reptilia will never happen, as relations between these two species have been eternally rocky ever since the Ninja-Dinosaur War of 1961. (A war that led to, among other things, the dual tragedy of the assassination of President Kennedy and the introduction of the Ford Pinto.)



Dragon, But Cooler

It's like a dragon, but, like, cooler. You know?

Whale With Jetpack and Laser Beam

Whales are the world's biggest animals. This fact alone should qualify them for awesomeness, but unfortunately, a strictly aquatic habitat and generally pacifistic nature limits their damage-dealing potential (vis-à-vis, awesomeness). As a thought experiment, imagine a lion fighting a whale. On land, the lion wins. Underwater, the lion also wins because it has a scuba tank. The whale never has a chance. However, throw in a jetpack for mobility, and a laser beam for explosiveness, and the whale goes from peaceful king of the sea to the terrestrial domination machine it deserves to be. And now the lion, while cool, pales in comparison to the awesomeness of the whale.





Quaint As Fuck

Yeah, dawg. You know me and my boi Paddy McNasty be loving some shit that's quaint. That's why we rolled out on dubs for some rural shit in the British Isles. That means Ireland too, but they ain't called the Irish Isles because they got rolled on way too hard by the British back in the day, word. Paddy gets wild heated when you talk about it, though. We didn't end up making it to Ireland, neither.

Anyways, we was chillin' in New York (blao blao blao!) on some pre-war apartment shit, but we was like, "Yo, these hardwood floors, twelve-foot ceilings, and exposed brick just ain't quaint enough and we ain't playin that no more! I want some straight circa-1600s jetty architecture for reals! Waddle and daub, mothafucka! Hella quaint!" So we stuck our nines in our belts and hailed a Central Park horsedrawn carriage to the airport. Shit is quaint. You *know* how we roll.

Paddy got bitchslapped by airport security for trying to bring his nine through security. I was like, "Yo, fool, you gotta check that shit in a lead box, son!" Paddy got caught showing his ass. That's what you call "showing ya ass."

Yo so anyways once we cleared that all up and Paddy blamed the shit on homie behind him in line wearing a turban, we was out to the rural-ass motherfuckin' countryside. WHAAAA? We had to rent a Benz because the place at Heafrow was fessin' and didn't have any kind of horsedrawn shit or even a Rolls on the lot. We had to make due with seats made out of beasts of burden, but shit just wasn't quite as quaint as a motherfucker hopes.

Word, so before you could say "picturesque" we was up in some English countryside shit for real. Horses, sheeps, cows. There was mad barnyard all up on the side of the road. Mad hedged-off fields and wildflowers and shit too. And the ancient stone churches were repping hard as fuck. I caught Paddy biting his knuckles shit was so quaint. I think his ass was all quaint to shit.

We rolled up on a few wild tiny, rural-ass villages and peeped antiques that repped much harder than the American antiques Paddy and I be stealing for our apartment, like some serious-ass carved wood columns and oak writing desks and dining tables and shit.

Paddy even copped a brass candlestick from the late 1800s, and we had to hoo-ride on the shop owner with it to get out. Motherfucker wanted £40 and shit. He had to be crazy. I ain't a kind of motherfucker that uses computers and shit, but I seen



some shit like that on eBay for way less. Can't steal shit off eBay, though. Impossible as fuck.

Yo so we got back in the Benz and drove the shit out of it through some wild narrow country roads and shit. We looked at mad lakes. Mad towns. Mad farms that sell goose and duck eggs and shit. But we couldn't find us no jetty buildings, and we was 'bout to start popping off shots, when we came to Dorset, where motherfuckers are so quaint...well...shit is just QUAIN!

Yo, we saw mad jetty architecture. This antique silver shop even had a cross-section in a fuckin' wall showing waddle and daub construction, believe that! I started grabbing my dick and hollering and shit, and motherfucker kicked us out of his fifteenth century-ass store like he owned the shit. That's when some fuckin' po-pos caught up with us and kicked us out the country for mashing that fool with a candlestick. Deported like a mothefucker.

As I write these thoughts from back in NYC (Bucka! Bucka!), I still want to go back and blast that fool in the silver shop for real. He was actin' like shit was his, and maybe he got a deed to the building. I don't know. Could be. But that shit was quaint. And some quaint shit belongs, not to one motherfucker, but to...like...the whole motherfucking world, ya heard? Everybody owns that shit. It's heritage and shit. And I feel them kicking a homie out for stealing on a shopowner with a brass candlestick. That shit wasn't right, and I reckonize that now, but kicking a motherfucker out of some shit just because he loves some shit that's quaint ain't right, dog. It just ain't right.

I like my bullet trains like I like my garage: full of Japanese businessmen.

Home to the maddest quaint countryside this side of the Pennsylvania Dutch, the British Isles are also known for their national delicacy, boiled muckfish.



Fuck Las Vegas



So I was in Las Vegas the other week. Well, actually I wasn't. I just wished I was. I really was just watching TV and saw one of those commercials for Foxwoods, and I wished I was in Las Vegas. Actually, that's a lie too. I don't own a TV. I was hallucinating. Scratch that. Dreaming. Scratch that. Daydreaming.

Truthfully, I was wearing a Las Vegas shirt that a friend got me from Las Vegas, because he's cool. He was all, "Yeah, it was the best vacation ever. Here, I got you a shirt." Then I got pissed and so I stabbed him. Playfully. It wasn't some kind of hardcore

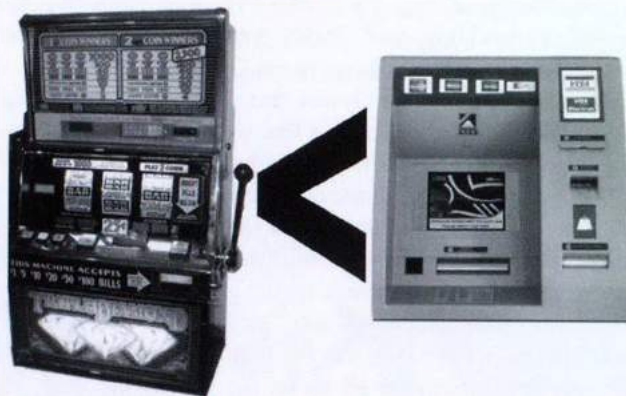
stab, you know, but he starts bleeding all over the place and screaming and stuff. No fun. No fun at all. I wish he could have lived to see how great I look in this shirt, though.

Not like I'd even want to go to Las Vegas anyway. You know the machines are rigged so you never, ever win. Like, even if you got three sevens, the machine wouldn't give you anything. It'd just sit there and laugh at you, and then they'd put a "Sorry - Out of Order" sign on it. Or maybe a "Sorry, This Machine Can Talk... And You

Still Lost" sign. And you would cry.

If you ever did win any money, like at a card game or something, they'd probably have ninjas drop down from in the ceiling and stealthily assassinate you, and take the money back. And nobody would notice because they're all gambling, and even if you do get out alive, it's probably just monopoly money anyway. Or them little chocolates wrapped in gold-colored foil that you get at Chanukah. Once I got arrested for trying to pass those as Sacagawea dollars in a bank and I got arrested even though I'm Jewish.

So I say, fuck Las Vegas. I'd rather play the ATMs. They're so easy. I play the same four numbers all the time, and they ask me how much money I want. Yeah, the buttons don't always line up with the thing you want to press, so sometimes I have to do it in Spanish, but that's the challenge, man. And you always win. No ninjas. No monopoly money. Just cold hard cash. Whatever, fuck Las Vegas.

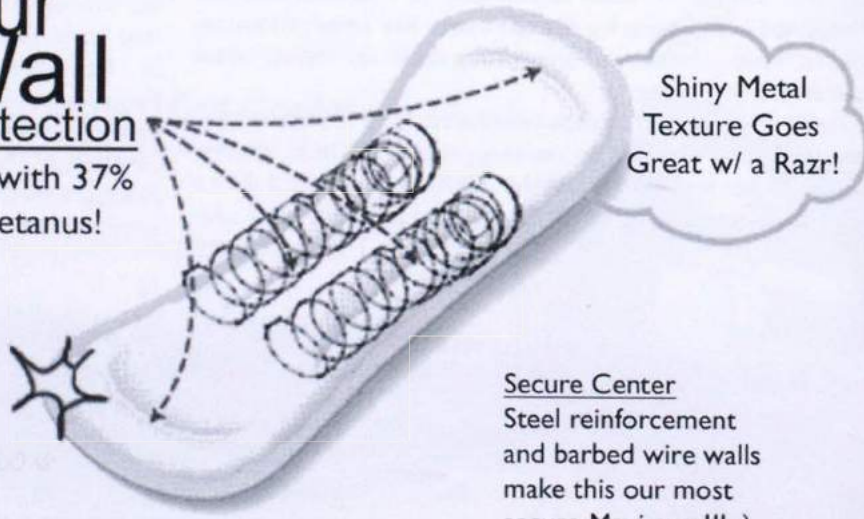


I like my "Aw shit, son" like I like my "No you di'int"; tattooed on my chest.



Four Wall Protection

Now with 37% less tetanus!



Shiny Metal Texture Goes Great w/ a Razr!

Secure Center
Steel reinforcement and barbed wire walls make this our most secure Maxi ever!!! ;)

*Product Does Not Contain Cotton

OUR REIGN APPROACHES...

Hail, Plague readers! The revolution is over! Welcome to the New World Order
From this day forth....

All blind people will be required to wear a bandanna tied across their eyes at all times.
Just so we know they're not faking.

In the new caste system, college humor writers are to be situated somewhere between royalty and a free open bar stocked with high-end liquor. Hipsters and frat boys, on the other hand, will be equal in standing to dead gerbils.

Joining MySpace "Just to look at the profiles" will no longer serve as an excuse from ridicule. It will instead serve as an excuse to be sentenced to death by nipple electrocution, as will be joining MySpace for any other reason.

Not only will actress Kristen Bell go out with me, but she will be required to answer to the name "Veronica Mars" and stay in character at all times.

The same goes for the "Famke Janssen" and "Xenia Onatopp" from *Goldeneye*. Or maybe "Jean Grey" from the *X-Men* movies, I haven't decided yet.

You know what? Make it the Bond chick every other Tuesday through Thursday, and Jean Grey every Friday through Monday. Plus Veronica Mars stays on seven days a week and doesn't mind that I also have other chicks.

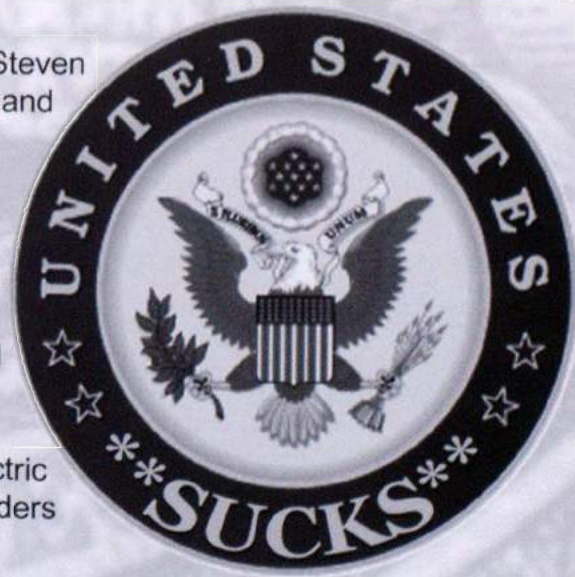
Speaking of Jean Grey, all editors of *The Plague* will be granted telekinetic powers. How? We don't know, but we live in the era of the Hot Pocket—superhuman powers beyond our wildest dreams can't be very far away. In fact, get me the inventor of the Hot Pocket on the phone...

And while you're at it, get me Steven Spielberg. Tell him to go ahead and bring the dinosaurs back.

National seal: Eagle holding an olive branch, out.
Velociraptor holding a severed human head, so in.

The Internet will be faster and more free.

Talking on the phone while using the urinal will trigger an electric charge that will travel up the piss stream and electrocute offenders through their penises.



I like my breasts like I like my basketballs: covered in orange leather.

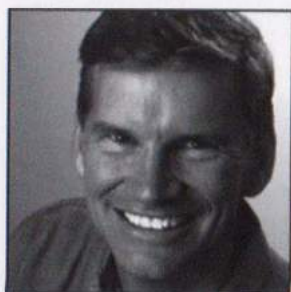
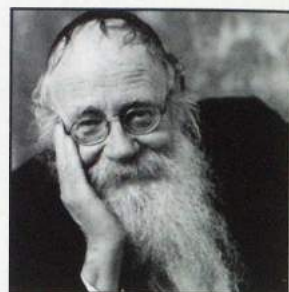
The Plague Explains RELIGION



In this post-9/11, post-Tsunami, post-Katrina, post-post-modern world, moral questions abound. Was there divine justice in any of the aforementioned tragedies? Did Iraq really have weapons of mass destruction? Is it wrong to wear pants that accentuate one's ass? We thought we'd go ahead and take you on a tour of the various belief systems that offer answers to these questions for the low price of a weekly time-commitment, closed mindedness, and possibly child abuse and tithes.

JUDAISM

Chances are, if you're reading this, then you go to NYU, which means chances are you have some Jewish coursing through your veins. Put the phone down. You don't need to call a doctor. It's not a fatal condition in this particular time and place. Judaism is the granddaddy of the Abrahamic religions, which means it's only got one deity. Judaism has no hell, but does have a heaven. The catch is that their god is mad pissy about certain combinations of food being eaten together and would prefer if you wore a disk of felt on your head and have all the good stuff at the end of your schlong nipped off if you're a boy. The almighty can be one peculiar old fellow. And he is a fellow. Don't get it twisted.

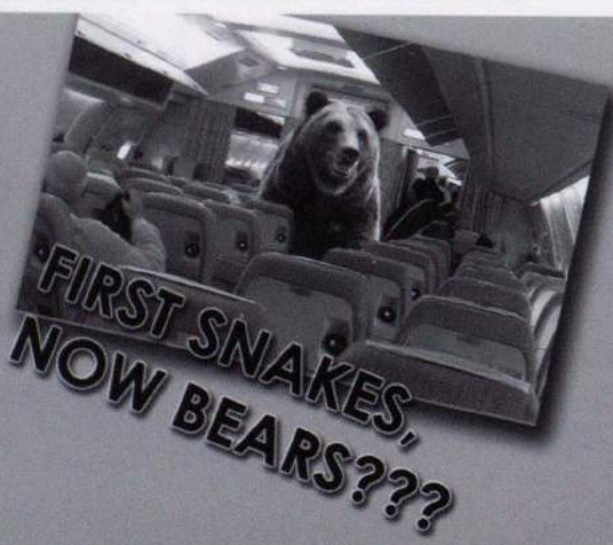
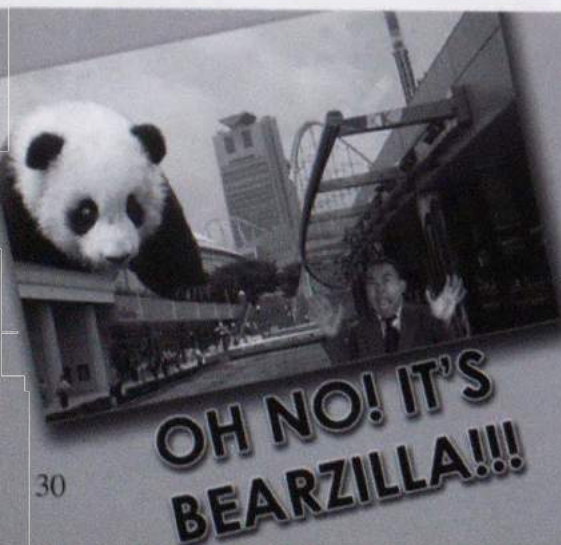


CHRISTIANITY

The most popular religion in Texas. This would be a hit against it, but it's also, somehow, the most popular religion in Amsterdam. Sort of. Christianity was an attempt at smoothing out some of the rough edges of Judaism, adding forgiveness and making god seem like less of an arbitrary jerk, but depending on the brand of Christianity you pick, you might just be getting the same old shit in a shiny new polyester package with capped teeth and a television channel. Currently this religion is particularly interested in routing the world of people who aren't totally up on the straight-laced, single partners of opposite sexes, no funny business with the anus human relationship archetype. If you've kissed another boy, or kissed another girl, or kissed a sheep while having your ass licked by a pair of Japanese businessmen, you might want to keep shopping around.

ISLAM

If you're into blowing things up for a cause, Islam has made some convincing arguments for your hobby. If you think it's wrong and immoral to blow shit up to spread your beliefs and hinder opposing beliefs, Islam has made some convincing arguments for that too! One of the fastest growing religions in the world, Islam can be peaceful and it can also be mindless and destructive. You choose! This is a great religion no matter what your take on wasting innocent lives. Infidels aren't worth a damn, so you can either pity them or burn them alive, along with their flags and their oil that they're siphoning out of the big sand trap that is your golf game. The only catch if you're a woman is that you don't get any human rights, but some people find those burdensome, and who are we to judge? Only catch if you're a man is that you might find yourself plugged into a ghetto-rigged life-support system in some cave in Tora Bora while the world lobs high explosives at the country two over.



DON'T
LET THIS
HAPPEN
TO YOU.

BUDDHISM

Hey, you already like rubbing fat guy's bellies, right? Why not get good luck for doing it next time? This ancient belief system can't quite decide weather it's a highly ritualized theology or a set of humanistic moral principles that reject all that, but it'll probably get you laid with the right granola muncher. That and you can experience what it's like to temporarily shed your dualistic perceptions of the world, and realize that we and the universe are one. One giant party! Often disparaged as a boring, overly quiet religion, Buddhists have a secret party life where you can dance to Moby tracks and get tantric until you get to Nirvana, and then you have to go turn the iPod off because grunge is so over, man.



ATHEISM

Not so much a religion, as a highly dogmatized rejection of religion requiring you to cynically denounce a very specific list of things in very specific ways or your atheistic friends will deride you as being some easily duped sheep. It's either that or self-instituted rejection of god for putting you on this filthy planet with all these idiots who think they know a thing or two about you and they don't! And it hurts! And you want your momma! I mean fuck!

WICCA

If you're fat, have bad skin, frizzy hair, a lazy eye, or manic depression, or all of the above, chances are this is the religion for you. Wiccans claim to be continuing a tradition more ancient than Christianity. From what our crack team of researchers could uncover, it's at least as old as Hot Topic, and potentially as old as Urban Outfitter. This is one of the more difficult faiths to maintain because chances are you'll be doing a ton of seances with questionable outcomes. If you're good at coming up with caveats like "the spell didn't work because we wrote it on printer paper from Staples instead of parchment soaked in the feces of a high priest of the old world" and believing them, then you might be able to stick with it.



SCIENTOLOGY

Scientology asks the question: hey, why should we stop making up batshit insane ways of understanding the world around us? If it worked for the ancient world, it should work for us. Empiricism be damned! So suddenly galactic history centers around this extremely heinous alien named Xenu, who flew DC 10 airplanes and carpet bombed Earth's volcanoes with souls. But maybe we're spilling the beans early. To be honest, the story isn't what's important. It's the extent to which your religion will enable you to get laid by Nicole Kidman and/or Katie Holmes and/or Isaac Hayes that's important. This religion, that isn't really a religion unless it's the IRS that's asking and then it definitely is, can offer you a successful career in show business if you're willing to suffer the indignity of accepting that alien souls are humping the happiness out of you.

BEARS CAN STRIKE.
ANYTIME. ANYWHERE.
HELP PUT AN END TO
BEAR TERROR.
IF YOU SEE SOMETHING,
SAY SOMETHING.
LIKE "OH SHIT, THERE'S A BEAR."



BEARS IN THE
WHITE HOUSE?

Because Wikipedia is so out this season,

The Plague explains the...

WHAT'S IN OUR ANUS RIGHT NOW?

- The reason I know you're gay
- My tongue
- Kerplunk, the loveable '80s game
- Just the tip
- Steve Gutenberg's career
- Osama Bin Colon Cancer (OBCC)
- The blue My Little Pony
- Dragonfruit Vitamin Water
- A gigantic (and I mean *huge*) stick

CONTROVERSIAL SOFT DRINKS

- Date Rape Fizz
- Michael Jackson's Magic Sleepy Juice
- Barry Bond's Liquid Muscle
- Diet Bear Jism
- Louie Anderson's Fart Residue
- Abortion Dr. Pepper
- Tears of Darfurian Children with Lime

LITTLE KNOWN RATIOS

- Plague staffers who like to masturbate: Plague staffers who like to try and watch :: 3:7
- We: Rap :: Key: Lock
- Odds in bear vs. Ninja fight; 6:1 (Did we mention its a *ninja* midget?)
- Ann Coulter: Vaginas :: 1:0
- Score in the best game of Pong ever; 7:4

RULES OF FASHION

- Never wear white after Labor Day
- Never wear plaid before Carl Garner Federal Lands Cleanup Day
- Don't wear trucker hats. Wear Pandas.
- Only JLo and Yetis are allowed to wear fur
- Wear your sunglasses at night
- Silk boxers off limits during the summer months
- Swastikas are this Spring's yellow Stars of David!
- Smoking

THE NEXT PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

- JTT
- Kurt Loder/Gideon Yago
- A Black, Jewish, Lesbian woman
- The Presidents of the United States of America
- Gnarl's Barkley
- Party McFly
- Brangelina

PLACES TO CLEAN

- Where it won't stop itching
- The Bronx
- Behind your ears
- The Bronfman Center
- Mark Foley's hard drive

HOW WE CELEBRATE TUESDAYS

- A bubble bath, a bottle of brandy, and a picture of your grandmother
- Jenga!
- Beatbox between classes
- Pants Off Dance Off
- Alone

BUILDING MATERIALS WE DON'T RECOMMEND

- Unreinforced masonry
- Corpses
- Ben Joseph's incredibly inadequate social skills
- Poop
- Non-union poop
- Lincoln Logs
- All the children

POP-CULTURE ICON BATTLES WE SLEPT THROUGH

- Mini-Me vs. That Guy from *The Station Agent*
- Sporty Spice vs. Old Spice
- Speedy Gonzalez vs. Heroine of an 18th Century Novel of Manners
- Little Richard vs. Richard Nixon
- David Hasselhoff's chest hair vs. William Shatner's kidney stone
- Matilda vs. Haley Joel Osment

GREATEST GUITAR SOLOS IN HISTORY

- Finding Nemo
- That one at the end of the Volvo commercial.
- The Jimi Hendrix song that kind of sounds like "The Star Spangled Banner"
- "Nightbird" by Yanni

BRAND NAMES FOR MARIJUANA

- Josie Woods
- Canada's Purpose
- Marlboro's Smooth and Hungry
- Booker T. Crunkington
- The Enabler
- Hatian Kid Candy
- Trainwreck
- Uncle Odin's Giggle Smoke
- Ayn Rand's Objectively Dark Nuggs

WAYS WE'RE BETTER THAN FOREIGNERS

- We speak English the way it's *supposed* to be spoken.
- Giant fucking Fuddrucker burgers
- Our asses are bigger than their asses
- God's with us
- USA! USA! USA!
- Rockets

CULTURAL PHENOMENA THAT SHOULD DIE

- Chuck Norris Facts
- Cancer
- Giving Birth
- Nostalgia for the '80s
- UGGs
- *Grey's Anatomy* as an acceptable reason to watch television
- Sparks

WHERE WE'LL BE IN 5 YEARS

- Jail
- Prison
- In Soylent Green
- Iraq
- THE FUUUUTUUURE!!!!

WHOLE WIDE WORLD

OTHER USES FOR CLOSED-DOWN CBGB

- Bum urinal
- An upscale, expensive bar for guidos and chicks who don't put out
- SUNY East Village
- About 10 new Starbucks
- BCBG
- Culture-rape reenactment site

WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS NOW (BESIDES LOVE)

- Singing newsies
- Hot chicks
- More petroleum
- Less Dakotas
- More religions
- Tacos
- People who know the difference between "less" and "fewer"
- Flying robot dinosaurs with rabies and southern accents
- More novelty Monopoly sets
- More Star Wars movies

LESSER-KNOWN FOLK TALES

- Billy and the Abusive Step-Father
- That one where a little boy makes a short-sighted wish, but gets eaten by a shark before it comes true
- Rumpelstiltskin II
- Little Chartreuse Riding Hood
- Cindy and the Magic Dasani
- Jeffrey Dahmer and the Naïve Community
- Turnstile and the Seven Dwarves
- Beauty and the Butch
- Three Retarded Mice

IT'S NOT GAY IF...

- It's all in the family
- At least two phylums are involved
- He's got a really kick-ass mustache
- Your eyes are closed
- It's a class project
- You don't have fun
- You're a republican in Congress or a homophobic religious leader
- Your GF says it's okay

THINGS WE DID LAST WEEKEND INSTEAD OF WORKING

- Industrial power vacuum
- Killed a hobbit
- That was a typo. We actually went to Coney Island
- Jazzercise
- Had a miscarriage. Thanks for bringing it up...
- Painful masturbation
- Catch up on old CSI: NY episodes

BAD PICK-UP LINES

- Wow, you look just like my sister!
- You're almost as hot as that other chick I just talked to.
- Did you catch the last episode of *How I Met Your Mother*? It was hilarious.
- Does this smell like chloroform?
- Hey, let's not turn this conversation into a murder-rape. Or we can, that's cool too.
- People say I look just like Rob Schneider, but I just don't see it.

LESSER-KNOWN FULL HOUSE CHARACTERS

- The uncredited Korean kid who actually played Michelle
- AC Slater
- Locutus of Borg
- All of the Beach Boys

WHAT'S THAT SMELL?

- Accidentally bought cat pee instead of dozen roses
- Poland
- Free market economics
- GSP
- The French
- The clothes you stole from that homeless man
- Avenue D
- The plague (not the magazine)
- Dirt McGirt
- Chick-fil-A
- The Plague (the magazine)

SON, WE NEED TO HAVE A TALK

- You're not not adopted
- Remember how I taught you to tie your shoes? It was all lies.
- Of course the divorce isn't your fault. Wait, that came out wrong. I meant it's 100% your fault.
- I have herpes. You might want to get yourself checked.
- Hit and pass, G. Hit and fucking pass
- You're blind

THINGS TO DO IN BOBST

- Mop up blood
- Whisper about how lame it is that you have to keep it down
- John Sexton
- Ban books
- Go slumming
- Act out entirety of *Man of La Mancha*; ignore requests to leave
- Not drink Coke

OLD STUFF THE PLAGUE IS BRINGIN' BACK

- Parachute pants
- Assassinations
- Free love
- Free parking
- Beating children with paddles
- Small Pox
- Sexy
- The Macarena
- Psych!
- Saying "suck it!" accompanied by hand motions
- Tupac
- The Challenger
- Olde Stuffe
- The essence
- An air of dignity to college humor

NUMBER OF ANGST-RIDDEN TEENAGE SQUIRRELS IN WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK

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

traumarama!



This really cute boy and I were playing the game where you see who can recite π to more digits. Everything started out okay, as I said 3.1415926535897932384626433832795028841971. But then I accidentally said "sex" instead of 6. He burst out laughing and everyone stared at me. I was blushing so much—it was horrible!

I was getting ready for Homecoming with a bunch of my girlfriends and I had forgotten my makeup kit at home. Thankfully, one of my friends let me use hers. I didn't realize though until I'd already put it on that the makeup had been tested on animals! I was horrified! So, at the dance, I confronted the girl whose makeup it was and busted in her teeth with my handbag. How embarrassing, for her.

I was at the mall with a bunch of my girlfriends, when I spotted my crush in the food court. I wanted to go talk to him, but I am really shy. So my friends kept egging me on and almost had to shove me in his direction. I worked up the courage to go, but as I was walking past the Auntie Anne's I slipped on a banana peel. Then I'm skidding across the floor and I fall right into a box full of mousetraps! And then a grand piano fell on me! I don't think he saw, but I was so mortified.

During study hall, my crush asked me to help him with our history homework. I was in heaven! But on a foreign policy question, I confused the Truman Doctrine with the Monroe Doctrine and he gave me the weirdest look. It was so embarrassing!

Last Spring, once before homeroom started, when my crush walked into the classroom, he actually looked at me! I was so excited, but then I had a brain aneurysm and had to be taken to the emergency room! Thank God I passed out. Hopefully, my crush didn't notice.

For my school's Sadie Hawkins dance, I asked my crush to be my date, and he said yes! During the dance, we really clicked and I felt like I could tell him anything. So I blurted out that I'm really a boy trapped in a girl's body. I'll never make that mistake again on the first date.

When my crush walked past me in the cafeteria, I smiled and gave the *Sieg Heil*, because that's what everyone did at my old school. Later, my best friend explained why my crush looked so confused. I had no idea he was Jewish! I wished I could have disappeared. Although, he isn't my crush anymore after that.





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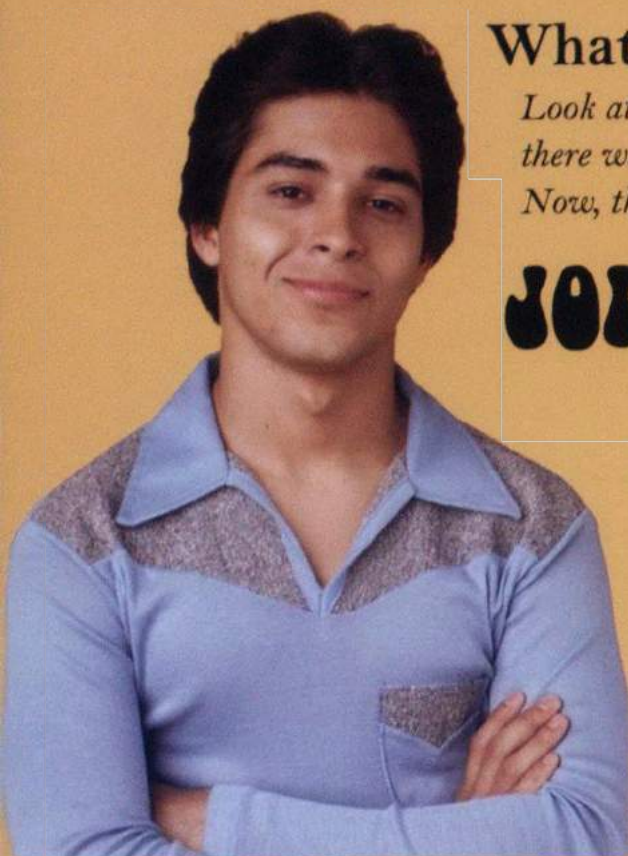
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Wilmer Valderrama has had sex with Lindsay Lohan.



What are you doing with your life?

*Look at that smug son of a bitch. Don't you wish
there was some way you could just show him up?
Now, there is.*

JOIN THE PLAGUE!!!

Show that funny-talking Erik Estrada-wannabe what's up. Bring your comedic writings to our weekly meetings, every **MONDAY at 6:30 PM** in **KIMMEL ROOM 708**. Don't write funny? Come Photoshop or Quark your way into our hearts. Did we mention the free pizza and soda? Eat that, Fez.

WHY IS THIS NAKED MOLE RAT SO DAMN HAPPY?

Because he just received his invitation to the...

THE PLAGUE PROM!!

i am filled with mirth



Come one, come all to the celebration of the year! The Plague Prom is a **REAL EVENT** with **REAL PEOPLE**, some of whom may be attractive members of the opposite sex, or even a clothing-impaired rodent!

It's just going to be that kind of night.

So come on down, **APRIL 27, 2007**
to **KIMMEL ROOM 900** at **9:00 PM**.
And see what all the fuss is about.