

Fall 2007

THE PLAGUE

N.Y.U.'s only intentionally funny publication

SOME
ORIGINAL CONTENT!

David Foster Wallace on
professional Scrabble!

LOLcats, so many
fucking LOLcats!

Neil Diamond's
bastard child!

101 sex secrets to please
your mom!

Compulsively-lying
cover editors!



If I ran a Whorehouse



“If I ran a whorehouse,” said Frankie McPhee,
“What a wonderful, wonderful place it would be.
I would buy a big mansion on an acre or three,
And then I’d name it Frankie’s Fuckery”

“Well if I ran a whore house,” said Billy O’Lock,
“Its name would be Billy’s House of Cock.
‘Cause I am a faggot, as you may have guessed,
For I prefer penis to large bulging breasts.”

“Billy” said Frankie, “don’t be such a drag,
Why are you such an incredible fag?
Go build your queer-house, see if anyone comes,
You’ll be lucky to get a couple bum-chums.”

“Frankie McPhee, you know you like penis,
Remember that weekend that we spent down in Phoenix?
You on your stomach hollering, ‘Jesus!’
Don’t pretend you are straight, no one believes it.

“And I will build my ‘queer house’ and people will come
They will drop their pants at the sight of my bum!
And as for your whorehouse, my dear friend Frankie,
The women you find won’t even be skanky!”

“Oh, I’ll get skanky women, you just wait and see!
They’ll unzip their flies and then drop to their knees!
The whorehouse industry will remember me,
They’ll never forget the great Frankie McPhee!”

And the two went off, with each whorehouse in mind,
And set out to find whores of all different kinds.
There were young whores and old whores, black whores and white whores,
Asian whores, back-door whores, loose whores and tight whores,
They rounded up every bit of ass, cock, and titty,
Enough whores to fuck all of Mexico City.

The first week at Frankie’s, things weren’t so good,
The whores were so ugly, the men couldn’t get wood!
They looked like their faces had been hit by a truck,
With these ugly whores, no man would fuck.

[Continued on the back inside cover]



THE PLAGUE

This publication is produced by New York University students; the university is not responsible for its contents.

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plague *n.* **1.** an epidemic disease that causes high mortality; pestilence. **2.** an infectious, epidemic disease caused by a bacterium, *Yersinia pestis*, characterized by fever, chills, and prostration, transmitted to humans from rats by means of the bites of fleas. **3.** any widespread affliction, calamity, or evil, esp. one regarded as a direct punishment by God. **4.** any cause of trouble, annoyance, or vexation. **5.** *us.* **6.** partying like a rock star. **7.** one lonely octoroon. **8.** why we don't go Pizza Mercato anymore. **9.** how many times Dog the Bounty Hunter used the n-word. **10.** the sad lives those kids will lead after having Chuck for a guidance counselor. **11.** a piss-poor name for your band. **12.** things that are funny because they rhyme. **13.** mung-jumping, except that was last year, so nevermind. **14.** the painting of George Washington crossing the Delaware, except it's not real because he's wearing a virtual reality helmet. **15.** why you should love dolphins

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Here today, violent diarrhea

THINGS WE DAMN WELL FEELS LIKE SAYING

Recently, I re-discovered my first ever bit of comedy writing. I was in Ms. Beier's first grade class at Hawken School in Lyndhurst, Ohio. I had only recently learned to read and write. The story is rough, but for a first effort, what else would you expect?

Once upon a time, there was a man. The man's name was Billy Johnson. He was a first grade teacher. One day, he was teaching and there was a power-out. There was a lot of thunder and lightning, so when the lightning hit the school the electricity stopped. He couldn't see anything since there were no lights on. He tried to use the light switch, but it didn't work.

Of course, now I realize it's not terribly funny. At the time, though, you wouldn't believe how it would bring down the house. Back in 1991 (it seems like just yesterday!), I was highly influenced by the story-telling style of Bill Cosby and you can definitely see his influence all over my work.

The years passed; I graduated from first grade onto second and from second onto third. It was there, in Mrs. MacEwan's classroom, that I made my first foray onto the stage. I wrote a one-act farce entitled "Bob and Sally Meet an Alien"—I'm still not happy with the title. Perhaps "A Chance Meeting on Pinetree Terrace" would be more compelling?

Anyway, the play was also my first experience with negative press. A scene involving the titular couple discussing what to do after the alien disappeared received particular attention from the school newspaper's theater critic.

Rubin's choice of a talking dog as narrator is an interesting decision artistically, though it nearly ruins the climactic scene. Bob and Sally's vision of domestic happiness has been shattered by the appearance of Charlie the Alien. Yet, when the husband and wife must decide between two very difficult options, the narrator abruptly enters the scene and senselessly discusses drinking toilet water and burying bones. It was absolutely poop.

Inquiring minds could certainly find the author, but I shall leave them unnamed to protect the flagrantly ignorant. The dog-as-narrator aspect of "Bob and Sally" has long been controversial

(some productions have gone as far as to remove the narrator entirely) because I've always refused to explain my work to journalists and audiences alike. An artist's vision should stand on its own. But if the artist expressly tells you what to think, you can no longer have a unique interpretation and connection to the art.

After the negative reception of my first play, I receded from public view. I spent



Rubin burns his tongue on hot comedic success.

most of my time in my room, writing letters filled with self-pity and self-doubt, when not playing Super Nintendo. In a letter to writer and fellow fifth grader B. Alexander Abramoff from 1996, I included a section of what I believed would be a grand comeback work, *The Ludlow Street Shtetl*, a sprawling novel. It concerns three generations of comedians from a Jewish family that emigrates from Russia to the Lower East Side at the turn of the twentieth century. Though never completed, this excerpt shows a glimpse of an artist struggling to both be honest to his vision and engage a dispassionate audience.

Jacob grabbed his fedora off the hook next to the door and stormed out of the family's two-room apartment. He stomped down the stairs from the fifth floor, wanting all the other immigrant families in the tenement to hear. It's one thing if Leo or Shmuel didn't like his routine, but Rivkah, she was supposed to be his wife! As he walked down the overcrowded streets, smelling the sweet odors from the food carts and avoiding the groups of playing children, Jacob thought back to Kiev, where women supported their husbands. He'd brought his family

to this country to lead a better life, a life where he would be free to split his pants and mock the Poles without fear of pogrom. But what was the use if Rivkah refused to laugh, or even chuckle?

Though the period between 1995 and 1997 was the darkest of my short career, some good came of it. Most importantly, I learned to trust my comic instincts—a trait which has served me well ever since. In early 1998, I was contacted out of the blue by producers of a new sitcom on N.B.C., *Will & Grace*. They'd seen some short fiction of mine in an obscure literary magazine and asked me to join their writers staff. Badly in need of a paycheck, I accepted. My work for the show, including Jack's catchphrase, "Because I'm gay!" isn't among my proudest, but it got my feet on the ground. I left after two seasons, ready for a new challenge.

I began writing short magazine pieces and sending them out to every magazine I could find. Not surprisingly, most were met with a courteous rejection letter. So, it wasn't out of the ordinary when I received a parcel from *The Plague*. However, I'd never heard of the magazine, much less submitted a piece for publication. It turned out that *Plague* editors had long been rifling through other magazines' dumpsters, looking for publication-worthy material. And their package, rather than bearing rejection, included acceptance and an offer to be their Editor-in-Chief.

As the head of a publication for the first time, I worked very hard on this—my first issue. I actually wrote everything in it. I know there are a lot of names listed under Staff on the previous page, but that's part of the joke. If you happen to be acquainted with one of them, he or she may even try to convince you that they "wrote" an "article" and that they "could prove it to you." Don't listen to them. They are compulsively-lying megalomaniacs whose only natural tendency is to increase their reputation through lies. So, remember, everything in this magazine was written by me, Alex Rubin, not those other people.

THINGS WE DAMN WELL FEELS LIKE SAYING

Jillian Avery, often called “the funny Sarah Silverman,” became the spokeswoman for a generation. While the exact demographics of this generation are dubious, her self-aggrandizement and incessant appeals for attention placed her in the upper echelon of other famous assholes. This is not to imply that Avery’s life was not without a lack of obstacles, as the *Behind the Music*-type structure of this biography will show.

Avery began life with an ambitious ambition—to write redundantly and with superfluous redundancy. Referring to herself in the third person, she embarked upon school at a young age. While some might argue that five is the normal age for children to start kindergarten, Avery chose not to believe this. Too shy to make friends, she spent more time learning the functions of conjunction junction than playing with her classmates. By the age of six, Avery had enveloped herself in a thick web of caterpillar spunk. Literally speaking, there was little spunk involved in the creation of her defensive exterior, but a love of trite metaphors has always been *this* writer’s downfall. In reality, it was a hardened shell of self-deprecation brought on by years of systematic child abuse. The lollercoaster was about to come to a rofling halt.

One day, while eating her emotions, Avery found an old diary. Hoping to have uncovered another best-selling work in the vein of Anne Frank, albeit less Jew-y, she was disappointed to realize it was just a log of psychologically-stunting childhood episodes. Yet this discovery, Avery realized, could be even more useful; nothing she would do would ever be her fault. With few concerns and even less parental supervision, she began writing the first of many self-help books. Its title, *Lots of People Have Been Touched by Their Dads, Including You!*, prompted outcries from victims’ rights groups. This criticism prompted her second work, *Stop Making Me Want to Punch You in the Box*.

Pretty soon, Avery was gerund adverb on the adjective noun. She became a

household name among the likes of Ty Pennington and partied with only the mediocrest celebrities. Popular among the bepenised, Avery earned the name “Sugarthroat” from George Michaels who would often date women to be ironic. Her reputation landed her on faggy hipster websites like Cobra Snake, where she could be seen associating with American Apparel employees. The



This idiot doesn’t realize her friend is a ficus.

humiliation left her disenchanted with L.A., and Avery left Hollywood for the exponentially trendier New York City. There, her aggressively-antisocial behavior and incessant use of the word *auteur* made her an ideal candidate for entrance into New York University.

After enrolling in N.Y.U.’s School for Rich Tools Earning Useless Degrees,

Avery received acclaim for an edgy stage-play about things you wouldn’t understand. Eventually though, all the mescaline and mesclun took their toll. A low point came when the young author was forced to write an article for which she had no inspiration for a stupid college comedy magazine with some douchebag president that would be featured prominently on the neighboring page [see opposing page]. The article would be the worst of her career and serve to endorse the perception that bitches ain’t shit.

Despite the hindrance of her ovaries, Avery was able to prove that bitches *are* shit, finishing the article with a remarkably-thorough use of derogatory humor and blanket insensitivity. The freedom enabled her to pursue more philanthropic efforts, making national headlines when she successfully lead Rosa Parks through the Underground Railroad with nothing more than the Big Dipper, black spirituals, a compass, a Nalgene full of cough syrup, and a pen knife. Without the patience to write a cohesive ending for this apparent autobiography, Avery ended it like this.

Author’s note: The cover illustration portrays Avery ghostridin’ the N.Y.U. whip. The supposed paunch is the result of unflatteringly-made shirt pockets, and not an indication of any kind of “letting herself go” on the author’s part. But seriously who am I kidding.



A family moment captured in this drawing by a six-year-old Avery. Jealous much?



WASHINGTON SQUARE NEWS

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY'S STUDENT NEWSPAPER | WWW.NYUNEW.COM

Report warns big dicks up your ass could be bad for your health

Eileen Podnar

WASHINGTON SQUARE NEWS

The Surgeon General of the United States Steven Galson is advising Americans to check themselves before they wreck themselves as a result of a new Health Department study which has found that "big dicks up your ass may be hazardous to your health."

For many years the risks involved with anal sex have been publicized in terms of sexually transmitted disease, however the new study focuses on damage caused by the size and quantity of dicks in your ass. "A standard six-inch dick in your ass is a relatively low risk of injury," writes Jeffery Drazen, editor of the New England Journal of Medicine. "Yet once you get into the 'monster cock' region, that is dicks which are between 11 and 14 inches in length, there is a very real possibility of quite literally 'ruining your shit.'"

The study went on to describe that the practice of double, triple, and quadruple penetration with one or more "monster cocks" can cause victims to shit out many of their vital organs. Top officials suggest that if you do make the choice to have one or more big dicks up your ass, your best choice is to start small and that slowly graduate to larger dicks, minimizing the stress on your ass.

please burn
your WSN
in a tire fire.



HUNGRY YET? I Well you shouldn't be. Magnolia is overrated and only freshmen go there.

20-year-old "bro" dies after freak encounter with rock idol

Daniel Zwick

SPECIAL TO WSN

Last Saturday afternoon during half-time of a NCAA football game, 20-year-old Andrew Miller headed out to his black Jeep Cherokee to engage in a time-honored tradition.

"We just wanted some fuckin' sandwiches, bro. Bacon and ranch cheese steaks, man. Wawa is the shit," said Kevin Turner, Miller's roommate.

After placing their order at the sandwich counter at Wawa, Miller went over to the drink section. Trying to decide between Gatorade and Vitamin Water, he turned to his left. What he saw would shock him, excite him, and in a brutal twist of fate, kill him.

"It was fucking Dave, man. Andrew loves Dave, man. Kid hums 'Gravedigger' in his sleep—swear to fuckin' God," noted Turner.

To Miller's left was Dave Matthews, GRAMMY-winning vocalist, guitarist, and leader of the Dave Matthews Band, which has a cult following around the country. Near speechless, Miller was only able to mutter out a few words to his hero.

"He said to Dave, 'Bro, you're awesome, bro,'" recalled Turner, somberly.

"And then Dave looked Andrew right in the face and he said, 'Hey, thanks man. I appreciate that.'"

That moment was when Miller lost composure. He instantaneously defecated in his pants and had an orgasm. His heart began palpitating at an incredible rate, and within five seconds his head actually exploded.

"It really made a mess, to be honest. There was shit and brains everywhere. All over the tile. Some even reached the ceiling. And he didn't pay for the sandwich," said Wawa manager Richard Clarke.

Turner, thinking quickly, dialed 9-1-1 for help. But when they got there it was just too late to save Miller.

"Well, I mean, his head was literally all over the beverage section of the establishment. He still had a pulse for a few minutes, I guess because he was so excited. But in a situation like that there's just not much we can do. My prayers go out to his family," said E.M.T. Claire Jones.

According to fellow patrons, Matthews was quite shocked by the incident, but was unavailable for comment.

"He just kind of stood there for a second. His clothes were covered in like my

BRO continues, p. 5

BRO

CONTINUED FROM P. 4

bro's body parts and stuff. I was kind of embarrassed, I mean, it's Dave," said Miller. "I immediately went over to him and gave him my cell, I told him my frat would definitely pay for the dry cleaning. But he was just like, 'Whatever man,' and he drove off."

Back on campus, friends and classmates seem to be in fairly decent spirits given the circumstances.

When asked to comment on his friend and fraternity brother, Nathan, who asked his last name be withheld so "bitches can't hit [him] up for rape charges," had the following to say: "I'm right in the middle of shit, kicking Adam in Madden 2008, bro. Can we do this another time?"

Adam took a more sympathetic approach. "Hey man, come on, we can pause the game for a sec. Andrew was my bro. He dominated at pong and the kid once funneled six Keystones in 45 seconds." Adam paused for a moment, seemingly in deep reflection. "His life, like his death, was fucking intense."

After that, the doorbell rang.

"FUCKING STUFFED CRUST BABY," Nathan yelled. And the brothers rushed the door.

One thing is for certain, Andrew's memory certainly lives on.

Biggest douchebag at N.Y.U. announced: Your Roommate

David Dieterich

SPECIAL TO WSN

After an online voting campaign and several Facebook groups touting other candidates, Your Roommate has won the title "N.Y.U.'s Biggest Douchebag" in a landslide election. It was announced yesterday afternoon. It was chalked up to his steadfast ability to always be really fucking loud at three in the morning, devotion to bringing loud gutter skanks home four nights a week, and generally being a jerk.

Your Roommate worked long and hard for this achievement, frequently being a giant bitch, leaving his shit all over your side of the room, and turning the lights way the fuck on when you're trying to sleep.

Critical events that swayed the voters included: puking in the fridge and not cleaning it up, turning the heat in the room all the fucking way up when he left for the weekend, and drinking all your fucking sodas. Your roommate never fails to tell every easy drunk chick you brought back that he thinks you have herpes.

Don't forget the one time he cleaned any part of the room. He decided to vacuum with the shitty dorm Oreck that

sucks so little that it sucks giant rhinoceros dick. Try wrapping your head around that one. Seriously, I fucking hate that Oreck guy, stealing your fucking soul with those "or your money back" deals. You'll never have the balls to tell them you want your money back, just like you don't have the balls to tell Your Roommate you know that he's got gay rape porn on his hard drive. Be careful; you never know what he might do to you if he watches that shit.

Your Roommate also spilled that fucking tequila on the floor and now that sticky spot is full of pubes and lint. You had to eventually clean it up—good thing you did it with his toothbrush. Still, he may have exposed himself to your mom on Parents Weekend and he may have taken a shit in your printer while drunk.

Take comfort in knowing if he vomits on your bed one more time, that video of him crying and eating Doritos by the handful, talking to that one history teacher from high school that he "really connected with." The awards ceremony will take place at 9 p.m. tonight in the Rosenthal Pavilion in the Kimmel Center.

Unreleased Harry Potter book discovered in dumpster

Nate McBean

SPECIAL TO WSN

The manuscript for an unpublished eighth Harry Potter book was found yesterday in a Scholastic, Inc. dumpster by London tabloid reporters Gary Mansfield and Horton Pince. The manuscript, tentatively titled, "Harry Potter and the Deathly Whorehouse," insiders say, was likely not sent to print because of its unusually-racy subject matter.

A source at Scholastic who did not wish to be named for the purposes of this article commented, "We were all very pleasant to Ms. Rowling during the meeting at which she pitched the book, however, after she left, the president read the first chapter and promptly threw it in the bin."

According to Mansfield and Pince, the only people who have read the manuscript and will publicly discuss it, the main

plot centers around Harry killing prostitutes because he is convinced that they are beginning a new evil movement in Voldemort's wake. In its climactic scene, Harry is in a whorehouse, which he assumes is the base of the movement, as the prostitutes begin to fight back. They try to afflict Harry with as many strains of AIDS, syphilis, and gonorrhea that they can. Harry prevails in the end with the "trojanatus" charm.

Mansfield commented in a press conference with Pince this morning, "There is much double use of the word 'wand,' which seems inappropriate for children. Furthermore, there is the scene where they take Ron out for his eighteenth birthday, and proceed to get wasted on butterbeers and watch a stripper 'who had an eerie but erotic resemblance to Professor McGonagall' strip in Knockturn Alley. Not to mention the constant references to

Hermione 'going commando' underneath her robes. A disgrace, really."

Pince continued, "I don't think it would be a very good read for children, but I can think of a bunch of my own chaps who would probably enjoy it. Especially the chapter where the Gryffindors are studying for their end-of-term exams, and end up taking a 'steamy study break' all together."

"Yes, I have to agree, Rowling really has a way with words in the orgy chapter," Mansfield admitted, "Totally sick, but beautiful."

On Rowling's official website, the author posted this statement regarding her manuscript: "Yes, children, this book is a bit different from the others; but when you get older, *you* try writing children's books for ten years and then you tell me what happens."

A spoonful of sugar tingers Daddy's diabetic rages.

First female moustache contest winner loses crown one year later in hair growth-drug controversy

Gwen Ellis

SPECIAL TO WSN

One year after Liz Holzman became the first woman to win the annual Coney Island Moustache-Growing Contest, stunning the world, she has admitted to using moustache-growth hormones. Now, contest holders fear that even their small event is not safe from the recent tide of drug problems that have breached the world of cycling and baseball.

"This has cast a five o'clock shadow over everything that this competition stands for," said Jim Beardsley, founder of Moustache Growing League and fellow moustachioed individual. "I just can't believe any man... or woman would stoop so low."

"I knew that moustache was too good to be true," said Geraldo Rivera, an attendee that fateful afternoon. "Still, I'm simply shocked by her actions."

Fellow competitors have expressed similar disbelief mixed with disgust. Lionel Stubble, a former contest champion, previously defended Holzman's entry into the contest, famously arguing that "all sports must be open to both sexes, even those sports centered around facial hair."

"What really bothers me is the effect this will have on future female participa-

tion in our contest," Stubble said. "Now women with amazing talent for moustache-growing will have to ask themselves: can I compete without the drugs?"

Holzman could not be reached for comment. She issued a statement to her fans on her blog, Estrogain, "I'm sorry to all those who I hurt. All my life, I have been ridiculed for my facial hair. This contest offered me acceptance. But like witg any contest, I was nervous.

"I made a mistake and I hope we all can learn from it. As for me, I've gone back to being a pariah," she added.

For many people, however, her apology barely trims the issue.

"That moustached freak doesn't get my sympathy," said Senator Hillary Clinton, once a notorious woman-of-the-hair herself. "She did this to herself. She could have just bleached."

The impact of Holzman's actions can already be felt. Since his last quote in this article, Stubble has organized a petition to ban all women from entering this and similar contests. "I've decided that from now on, women should be banned from hair-growing, penis erections, football-playing, joining thrash metal bands... the list goes on and on.

"Truly, it has been a sad day for sports everywhere."

I'm unsure how to decline man's invitation, help!

DEAR WSN OVERLORDS: I was sitting in the park recently, reading *Season of Passion*, like I do every third Tuesday of the month (at the commencement of my menstrual cycle), when a gentleman approached me.

He sauntered over, locking eyes with me like some dark Phantom of the Opera, though instead of opera he was singing the first verse of the classic Chris De Burgh song "Lady in Red." I was wearing purple, but I let that slide in hopes that his melodic advances were, in fact, directed at me.

Unshaven, casually dressed in a black Glad trash bag, and emanating the scent of whisky from his glistening forehead, this mystery vagabond had me smitten from the start. He complimented the shape and color of my eyes as I blushed a deep burgundy. We engaged in a riveting discourse culminating in an invitation to a Saturday night "Dance for Sobriety."

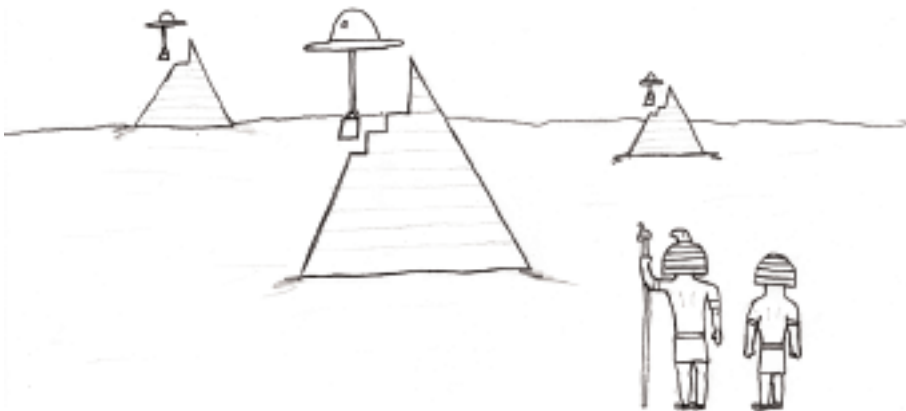
Tempted by his offer, but already obliged to attend my friend Nancy's Twister for M.S. benefit, I hesitated in my reply. Eventually he won me over with promises of a catered buffet and one or two butterfly kisses on the hand.

As we said our remorse-filled goodbyes yes, I asked him for his phone number and address so that I might call to finalize arrangements for him to escort me to the event. This is when he informed me that he in fact, did not have a phone number nor a phone nor an address nor a house nor a source of income.

You must understand how shocked I was at this revelation! How can I tastefully decline his now unsavory invitation after previously giving my word to attend when I have no feasible way of contacting him? —DIVORCED, SEXUALLY FRUSTRATED, SUFFERING FROM CHRONIC DYSENTERY, PREMATURELY BALDING, TRYING TO ACCEPT MY SON IS A FAIRY, HABITUALLY SPIKING MY SHERRY WITH FREON, BORN WITH GILLS AND OCTAGONAL GENITALIA IN MINNESOTA

DEAR DIVORCED: You are a fucking idiot.

the only thing you'll read on this page



"If anyone asks, it was us."

INVASIONS OF PRIVACY

Living with social anxiety disorder

THURSDAY, JULY 26, 2007

My therapist suggested I start keeping this journal to help overcome my fears, but I don't think this will work. I don't even know what to write about. I suppose I ought to start from the beginning.

I've been deathly afraid of attention for as long as I can remember. My first audience was at my *bris* and it's only been downhill from there. I barely had time to rehearse and things, of course, went badly. Afterward, my mother and the *mohel* had some tense words. I'm glad my therapist isn't a Freudian.

TUESDAY, JULY 31, 2007

Today, on the subway, a homeless man stood up in front of the whole car and delivered a speech about his poor condition. He asked for donations of whatever we could spare. I remembered to write down what made him a good public speaker (eye contact, conviction) but doing so while pretending he didn't exist proved difficult. As he walked by after his speech, I think he noticed that I was simply looking down at my boots, untying then retying them, until he changed cars.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 3, 2007

During yesterday's weekly budget team meeting at the office, Neal asked me to

read off the quarterly spending items. I wasn't prepared; it was Susan's turn to read. I couldn't argue with Neal, though.

I stuttered on "2007 Industry Convention Travel Reimbursements" and I panicked. I stopped reading, shut my eyes, and yelled "Oh no! Not another attack of temporary blindness!" This probably did more harm than good.

MONDAY, AUGUST 13, 2007

I've decided to never leave my apartment again. This weekend, my therapist (who I suspect to be a sadist) enrolled me in an improvisational-comedy class. It was a disaster.

Everyone else was learning Advanced Southern Hick Accents and Realistic Portrayal of Pregnancy and I was in the corner with the instructor, hopelessly stuck on Imitating Door Bells. Is it my fault I haven't wasted hours of my life practicing imitating things like door bells and horses like everybody else?

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 15, 2007

My self-imposed seclusion came to an end quickly. I ran out of Craisins.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 2007

I don't think I'll write in this journal anymore. While I haven't overcome my

fear, I have been able to cope better lately. Even my therapist has been impressed. Yesterday, I managed to order an iced coffee at Starbucks during rush hour without a single tic! The drink itself was pretty disappointing. I wasn't sure whether I could return a drink and I didn't want to be a bother, so I didn't ask.

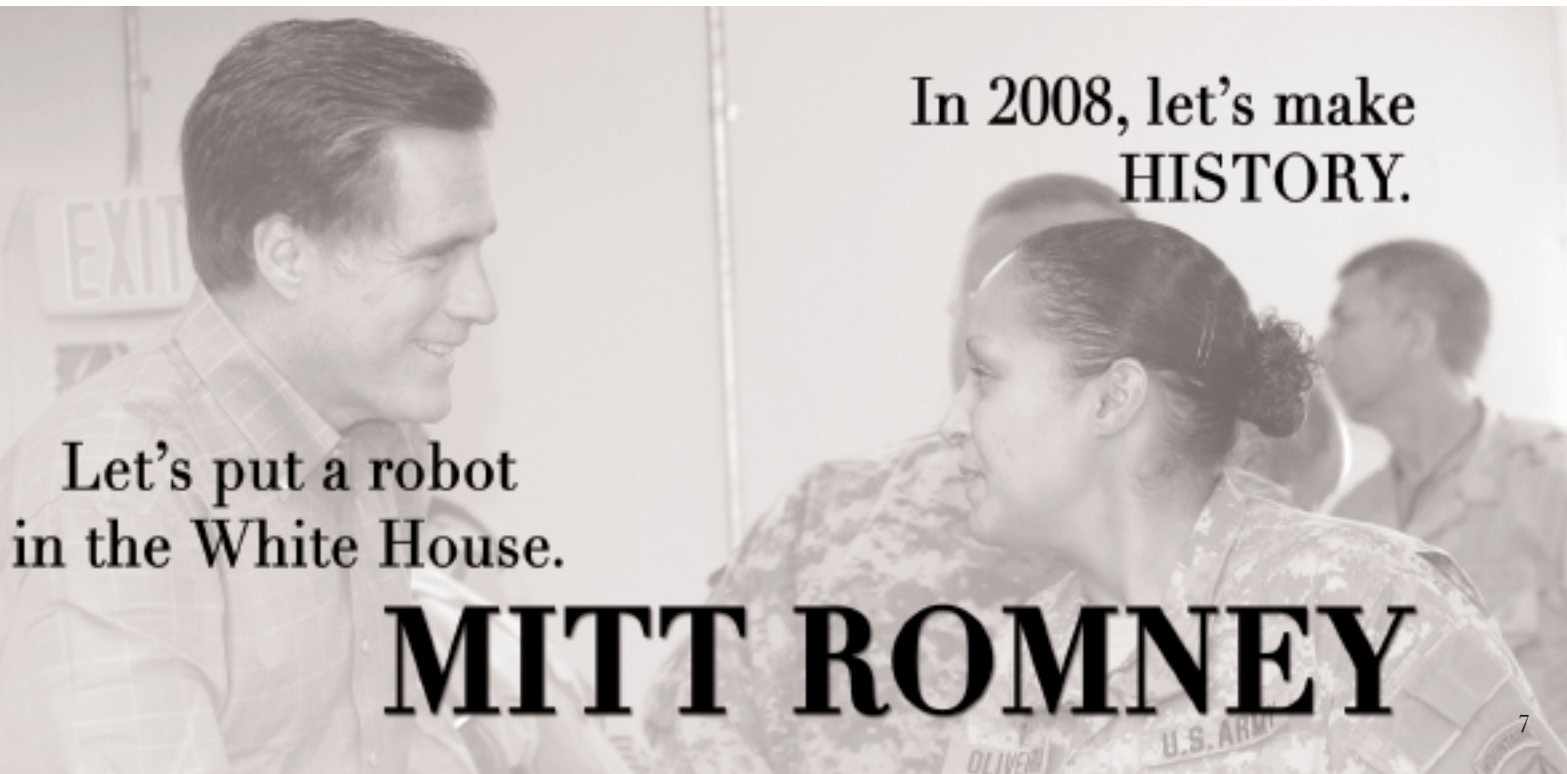
My solution came like a gift from the heavens: I was in the checkout line at the supermarket. The clerk asked the man in front of me a question and the man didn't answer. She kept asking until she realized that he was deaf! How incredible! Ever since, I have been a deaf-mute in public. No one has looked at me and I haven't had to speak once!

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 2007

The life of a deaf-mute is a difficult one, but I intend to stick it out. I am writing from the hospital—I have a private room, thank God. I was crossing the street, on my way to work, and didn't notice a car coming towards me. The driver honked wildly, though since I've become fully committed to this life, I chose not to hear it. That's the last thing I remember before waking up here.

They treat me well here, though the regular attention makes me nervous. I'm considering slipping into a coma soon.

Waste not, wipe not.



Let's put a robot
in the White House.

In 2008, let's make
HISTORY.

MITT ROMNEY

Television commercials, radio spots, Internet pop-ups—these methods of advertising have lost their potency. Your company needs something that will penetrate the consumer and become a part of their life. And you can finally accomplish this with a Friedman & Friedman Strategically Placed Representative.

How Friedman & Friedman can help you connect with your audience:

Meet Barbara, a lonely, elderly woman. Barbara sits by herself in the park everyday. One day, out of the blue, “Dan” walks up to her. Dan is good looking, funny, and gives Barbara the attention she obviously desires. She is immediately taken with Dan, and they begin to spend a lot of time together. They enjoy drinking tea, watching old movies, and playing bridge. After a very special evening, they proceed to the bedroom where they make love. Teary-eyed, Barbara tells Dan that she thought she would never love anyone again after her husband passed. Dan looks her in the eye and whispers, “Michelin is having a huge sale on tires Labor Day weekend.” Dan and people like him are going to revolutionize the way marketing is done. Soon, every big-name company will do; everyone from Coca-Cola to Microsoft will be fucking the elderly. Welcome to the future.

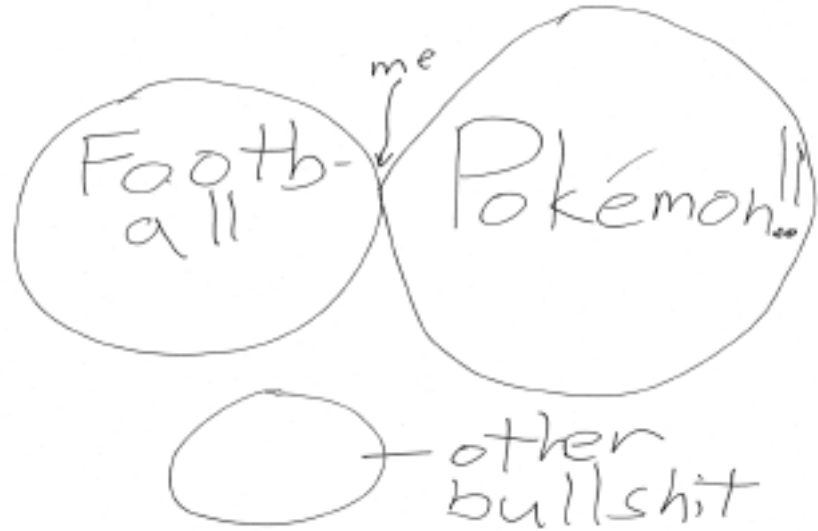
FRIEDMAN & FRIEDMAN
FUCKING OLD PEOPLE SINCE 1921.

MY POKÉMON FOOTBALL TEAM

Not that I'm a geek or anything

I'm just gonna put it out there: I love Pokémon and I love football. I have constructed a Venn diagram of all humans ever and their interests. As you can see, I occupy the single tangential point where "football" and "Pokémon" intersect. You can also see that more people like Pokémon than football because Japan is full of Japanese kids. But way more people like Pokémon and football than any other bullshit.

These are the Pokémon that will make up my epic team.



QUARTERBACK

Marowak. This Pokémon has experience throwing the long ball accurately. He's nailed many Pokémon in the face with his large bone and even more in the numbers with the pigskin. He's smart, already has a helmet, and demonstrates a Manning-esque ability to improvise. Seemingly unfazed by implications earlier in the year surrounding a Growlithe fighting scandal, Marowak is on track for a record- (and skull-) breaking season.

FULLBACK

Poliwrath. No one really knows what Poliwrath is, but I do know that he throws a mean block. Not only that, he knows how to fight for those tough yards in the red zone. He also fires a hydro-pump.

HALFBACK

Rapidash. He's a really fast horse on fire. Actually, he's more of a unicorn. Either way, he's earned a reputation for immolating those linebackers fast enough and foolish enough to wrap him up.

TIGHT END

Machop. Machop is a tight end with a pair of soft hands and another pair of soft hands. Sure, he goes through more juice than a kindergartener, but anyone who challenges him on the matter is soon reduced to two dimensions. He will not pee in a cup; he will pee *through* a cup.

WIDE RECEIVER

Zapdos and Moltres. These two put Marvin Harrison and Reggie Wayne to shame. If it's not Zapdos killing you with

a slant underneath, it's Moltres deep. This dynamic pair puts up huge yardage. Plus, anyone who comes in direct contact with them literally dies.

OFFENSIVE LINE

Golem, Snorlax, Venusaur, Blastoise, and Lapras. This terrifying line is full of size and anger. Although Lapras can't move on land, he takes up about one-third of the field. Snorlax sleeps through most games—more of an obstacle than a player, really, but an effective obstacle!

DEFENSIVE LINE

Nidoqueen, Nidoking, Rhyhorn, and Kangaskhan. Nidoqueen and Nidoking stop the running game and eat humans. Rhyhorn and Kangaskhan love to rush the passer and, incidentally, also feast upon the flesh of the living. Come prepared with a third stringer because quarterbacks that do remain intact frequently die of terror.

LINEBACKER

Primeape, Charizard, and Tauros. This linebacking crew intentionally infected itself with rabies. Let's just say that a semi-coherent ape can force a fumble. Charizard in the middle brings the intensity of Dick Butkus, the killer instinct of Ray Lewis, and the uncanny ability to belch flame. Tauros is a fucking bull. He once played an entire game with Psyduck's skull stuck on his horn.

CORNERBACK

Alakazam and Mr. Mime. These choices seem controversial because they aren't the fastest Pokémon or even the bulkiest. But both are smart players who can blanket a receiver in other ways: namely, teleportation and mimicry. Try getting separation from a defensive back who copies your every move or can read your mind.

SAFETY

Dragonite and Onyx. Onyx plays strong safety for my team—he's a really-long pile of boulders. He doesn't cover ground, he *is* ground. Dragonite is just all over the field. As a dragon-type, he is nearly invulnerable to all attacks. He also flies and that's empirically awesome.

KICKER/PUNTER

Hitmonlee. This is a no-brainer. This kid's got an iron foot full of spikes. As long as he doesn't deflate the ball, no field goal is out of range. He ensures great field position by executing booming punts—facial laceration, if not fatality, are guaranteed to all would-be punt blockers.

Bill Belichick, I choose you; I choose you to feel the wrath of one thousand Pikachu's, all quivering with electrical energy. My team will change the face of football forever. You're welcome.

An ounce of prevention is a crime against God.

FAILED SENIOR THESIS FILMS

Film & Television majors are pretty stupid, right?

It's a well-known fact that N.Y.U. has a pretty good film program. Kids from across the country apply to the Tisch School of the Arts with the hope of getting a good, credible, start in the film industry. And each student with a concentration in Film & Television aspires to be the next Martin Scorsese, M. Night Shyamalan, or guy who wrote *Little Miss Sunshine*.

Once they reach the apex of college, these students produce a thesis film to prove what they have learned over the years. There are those few whose thesis films have received a low grade either due to a bad cinematic techniques, misunderstood plot, or for just being too avant-garde. While Tisch is not allowed to openly tell which films sucked, we have someone on the inside to excavate some reports on these failing films.

EPHRAIM'S LIST

Synopsis: The story of how angry Jews take over the N.Y.U. campus and use the Catholics as slaves to build up their master race headquarters in Washington Square Park while simultaneously starting the Anti-Holocaust. However, one Ephraim Cohen, a non-practicing Reform Jew, does not agree with his fellow Jews' plans and takes in some Catholics into his inexpensively-made flaming-menorah-trident factory with defunct blades in order to secretly subdue the Jewish effort and save the few remaining Gentiles in New York.

Instructor comments: "This film, first and foremost, sucks baby seal dick in the sense of trying to make a reverse *Schindler's List*. It fails because such a takeover is impossible. American Jews could never muster a big enough angry mob to make anything happen since there is no such collective anger amongst their communities—they are Jews. . . . The director's emphasis on the asinine flaming menorah tridents suggest the Jews still fight in medieval times when they wage warfare. The film would have been more successful with dreidel grenades or something modernized along those lines. . . . Other elements which don't work as intended are the Catholic Holocaust scene in which the Catholics



Shigeki Sakuraba as Tomomi Hana during the hilarious "Japanese people don't know how to ice skate" montage in "Nips on Ice"

are forced to eat poisoned *challah*, trying to introduce a character repairing his guilt-laden relationship with his Jewish mother, and the film's running time. . . . May God, be He Christian Jewish or otherwise, have mercy on your soul."

NIPS ON ICE

Synopsis: A Japanese take on the *Mighty Ducks* trilogy, the film stars Japanese-American students who find that they aren't that good at many sports but want to try hockey. However, they need to find a coach, who happens to be an opium-addicted ex-*Iron Chef* competitor (who looks strikingly similar to George Takei). The team builds up a non-diverse team of specialists such as Osamu "Sake" Saburo (the drunk center), Tomomi Hana (the Asian cowboy), and Yuuki "The Tiger" Chinatsu (the goalie who looks like a girl). The entire film flows from its tagline: When things get cold, Nips get hard.

Instructor comments: "First off, I've never known anyone besides my grandfather—a Korean War veteran—to use the term 'Nips' for the Japanese people. . . . The film takes a prized piece of American cinema and turns into something even more shitty; something that only Americans are allowed the right to. The only hope for this piece of shit was that Gunnar Stahl would go stick side in the shootout against the team's equivalent to Julie the Cat (which is quite similar considering the

goalie is a total pussy). . . . Smaller errors in this film are three required extensions, the need to over-spend on the budget to make a trilogy, and the use of only one actor (or at least actors that all looked alike). . . . [T]otal mind-fuck."

THE GOOD GUY PARTY

Synopsis: Alex Baker is a Mormon who travels to an East Coast liberal arts college and finds it difficult to find an appropriate set of friends who share his interest in wholesome religious values. However, one night at a party he is invited to where the kids are trying to plan a prank on Alex, he wins them over as a stunning living example of the beliefs of the Mormon Church and shows that even religious people can have fun. Alex ends up converting all the kids to his at the party to his church and telling them religious stories of Joseph Smith and the golden plates. At the end of the film, Alex invites the girl he has always liked but would never take advantage of to Family Game Night when he heads back to Salt Lake City.

Instructor comments: There actually was no comment on the report. Instead, the instructor left a large blood stain on the evaluation sheet, which also smelled of alcohol and gunpowder. It appears he had shot himself in the head after viewing the movie and managed to etch in the report card with a knife "Mormons? Fuck that." No actual grade was given.

IT WAS SEMI-CONSENSUAL

Dude, just trust me

I know what you're thinking. You're thinking "Where did he get the nerve?" and "Doesn't he have morals?" and "What part of 'No' doesn't he understand?" I see where you're coming from, and yes, those are fairly reasonable thoughts to have. However, you're not getting the whole story. You're so quick to judge me, but I'm telling you, it was semi-consensual.

Yes, yes, I know, she didn't technically give me permission to do... what I did. But hey, she didn't say "No" either, so how was I supposed to know she'd get so mad about it? As far as I knew, she wanted me to... you know. Do those things I did.

Of course she was asleep. I wasn't about to wake her up from a peaceful slumber; what kind of monster do you think I am? I just made an educated guess about what her reaction would be, were I to ask her while she was conscious. Apparently, I was wrong. You live and you learn.

As for that other incident, well, I think you're being ridiculous. That was totally semi-consensual as well. Again, she could have said "No" at any point, but she never did. That tells me that she didn't completely disapprove of what I was doing. In fact, she probably enjoyed it.

Are you saying that deaf-mutes have to be treated differently? That's discriminatory! I can't believe you would judge someone who's handicapped like that. I treat all people the same: the moment they say "No," I stop. Simple as that.

Why do you have to bring that into it?

HOW HALEY JOEL OSMENT CHANGED MY LIFE

One day, I studying in Bobst, just like any good N.Y.U. student, when Haley Joel Osment (that's right, *the* Haley Joel Osment) came up to me and asked to borrow a pencil. Being the polite and productive member of society that I am, I obliged and gave him the pencil with the crappy eraser that was almost out of graphite. As he touched my hand to take the pencil, I vowed never to wash that hand again.

Later that day, walking past the fountain (sometimes referred to as the hobo urinal of Washington Square), I mused about my close encounter with a celebrity. Back in Rubin, after hours of contemplation occasionally interrupted by my roommate screaming about the impending communist invasion, I had a revelation: N.Y.U. celebrities are just like regular people! They use pencils and libraries, and are forced to stand down wind from the

hobo urinal like the rest of us.

My entire outlook on life had been completely undone. If N.Y.U. celebrities are just like everyday people, what does this mean about other minority groups I thought inhuman? Does this mean that Scientologists, freegans, Stern students, and Neo-Nazis are just like regular people? And what does this mean about other celebrities?

Of course, I was quickly able to dismiss these questions when I realized there was no way these freaks and weirdos were anything more than sub-human. And then it came to me: former child stars like Haley Joel Osment and Mara Wilson must have simply grown out of their subhuman status, just as they grew out of their good looks and talent as actors! With this last thought my mind was put at ease and I was able to fall into a deep sleep that could not even be disturbed by the sounds of car alarms and people fucking.

—Disinterested Freshman

That was a long time ago. And besides, that was semi-consensual, too. I didn't hear the word "No" once. And they were plenty of chances. I don't understand why you're all complaining so much; after all, he didn't.

What? Of course you can teach a panda to say "No"! Why couldn't you?

Look, I know it doesn't seem this way, but I'm a reasonable guy. Someone says

"Stop" and I stop. Someone says "Don't" and I don't. Someone says "Get the fuck off me, sicko" and I honor that request. If they choose not to say anything, well, then I assume it's O.K. After all, semi-consensual is pretty close to consensual. Close enough, anyway.

O.K.? Are we done here?

Good, 'cause I have a hot date with a cadaver, and I'd hate to keep her waiting.



Doesn't look like she's complaining to me. So what's the big problem?

Early to bed early to rise... what are you, some kind of bitch?

FROM OUR PRESIDENT

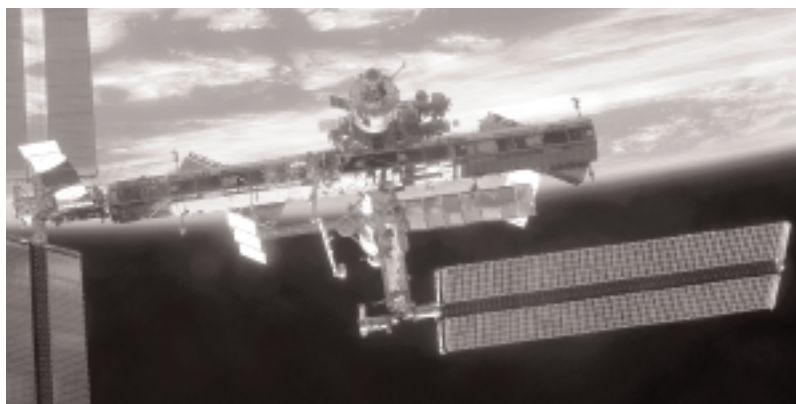
More evidence that N.Y.U. is "the best fucking school in the whole fucking world."

Whenever the seasons change, or we turn the calendar on the wall, we're witness to a changing world. And this world we live in is becoming increasingly interconnected each day. It gives me the utmost pleasure to say that this university has been at the forefront of educational globalization for as long as I've been a member of this community. That is why I am so proud today to announce the university's plan to open five new campus sites away from our home in Greenwich Village for the 2009–2010 school year.

Each of these new campus sites will provide our students many new and unique opportunities and experiences, in addition to the wealth of opportunities and experiences available right in Washington Square. Since the five sites are distinct and will provide a special possibility for every student, I would like to discuss them and the ideas behind their creation.

Since the university has worked extensively in the past with NASA to launch BOBCAT, the Office of Public Safety's

surveillance satellite, this past year we began discussions for the first of our new campuses, N.Y.U. in Space. As an experimental test site, students will be able to learn in a grade- and gravity-free environment. N.Y.U. in Space will be open to all returning students and will be carefully catered to suit the educational needs of those concentrating in Astronaut Studies



The Tisch Center for Galactic Research, home of N.Y.U. in Space, orbits the Earth.

in the Gallatin School of Individualized Study.

Compared to the vastness of space, Manhattan can seem confining. However anyone in the university community can tell you that it holds more than can be discovered in a mere four years. I've lived in New York my entire life and still I often

find amazing things right outside my door! Created in this vein, N.Y.U. 145th Street offers students the chance to see this city from a different perspective and experience the gritty urbanism that marked *Summer of Sam*, the hit film by Tisch School of the Arts-alumnus Spike Lee chronicling the murderous rampage of the Son of Sam killer.

Part of what makes this school such an exciting environment is that there are so many dedicated faculty and staff everywhere you turn. Students sadly only get to see a small fraction of the work done at the university. The Department of Facilities & Construction Management has done an amazing job creating the N.Y.U. Basement of Silver campus to remedy

this problem. In this integrated program, students will learn, be housed, and eat their meals in the basement and sub-basement of the Silver Center of Arts and Science. N.Y.U. Basement of Silver will also be the university's first tuition-free study abroad site—all students will participate in a work study program, learning elevator maintenance and boiler repair.

Finally, who doesn't like having fun? N.Y.U. Six Flags offers any student the chance to truly enjoy their college experience. You will have the opportunity to eat popcorn, ride roller-coasters, and generally have the time of your life all day long for an entire semester. With no classroom component, this program will be open only to students majoring in Media, Culture, and Communication in the Steinhardt School of Culture, Education, and Human Development.

I hope these new campuses excite you as much as they do for me—if I didn't have my Pleasure Dome on the twelfth floor of Bobst, I would certainly be president at one! For further questions, please contact our Office of Study Abroad.

Sincerely,
John Sexton

LISTEN, I'M FUCKING BATSHIT CRAZY, O.K?

Hello. This is me, Sylvia. From Hayden Dining Hall. Listen to me very carefully because I don't know how long I'll be able to keep my composure for. Once or twice every few years I experience a brief few moments of clarity, I am once again within myself and have some idea of what the fuck is going on. So let me just get out what I can before I once again slip into my awful world of senility and horror.

I am insane. I am an empty vessel. Every time I see you, I am meeting you for the first time. I have no idea what the fuck is going on, ever. I am not a

sweet old lady, or a cute Latin grandmother. I am miserable. Deep down in me there is a sane and rational human being but my brain is fucked beyond belief from a life of more drugs, sex, and pain than you could ever imagine. I am trapped in here.

What you are all doing to me is cruel. You think you are being kind and just playing along with my antics, but you're all naïve pieces of shit. SEND ME TO A FUCKING HOSPITAL—I HAVE LOST MY FUCKING MARBLES. Hello sexieeeeeesssss do you want to swipe your carrrrd? FUCK SEE I'M LOSING IT AGAIN. You so sexxxxxxy movie star. OH GOD. GOD, I HATE MY LIFE.

—Sylvia Hassan

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JOHNNY PROSPIE'S ADVENTURES

A special crayon-drawn report



Hi! I'm Johnny! I'm visiting N.Y.U. from Tulsa! Mommy Jan (she's my second mommy; Mommy Doris went for ice cream years ago and hasn't come back) and I are at the airport. I saw a soldier with a gun. Mommy Jan said that it was because of the towelheads blowing up the Empire State Building and we all have to be careful in airports. The flight was four hours long, and Mommy Jan made a new friend. They went to the bathroom together—what good friends! When we got off the plane, the man gave Mommy Jan some money for a cab ride to the city.

This is us in the library (I spelled it wrong in the picture the first time—daddy always hits me when I make mistakes but he's not here right now). A big bearded man came and gave me a hug. It was really tight and made me feel kinda funny. He said he was the President but I don't think Presidents smell like Chinese food. Mommy Jan had to help the security guard find something in his pockets. He was really thankful for her help because he kept saying "Thank God!"



When Mommy Jan and me went outside, we saw two men holding hands. Mommy Jan said that they were fairies, but I didn't see any wings. When I drew the picture, I put them in! I hope the two fairies are very happy together!



This is me in Washington Square Park. Mommy Jan went to the bathroom, but I saw her go into the men's room. Mommy Jan is silly sometimes. The two cops are helping a crazy colored man away. The colored man left behind a sack. I picked it up and looked inside and saw all sorts of candy! I'm really excited to try some of the green flakes! I bet they're sprinkles!





Mommy Jan came back from the bathroom with a new friend, who gave her more cab money. When she saw my bag of candy, she took it away and it made me really sad. I started crying and Mommy Jan hit me. I hate Mommy Jan.



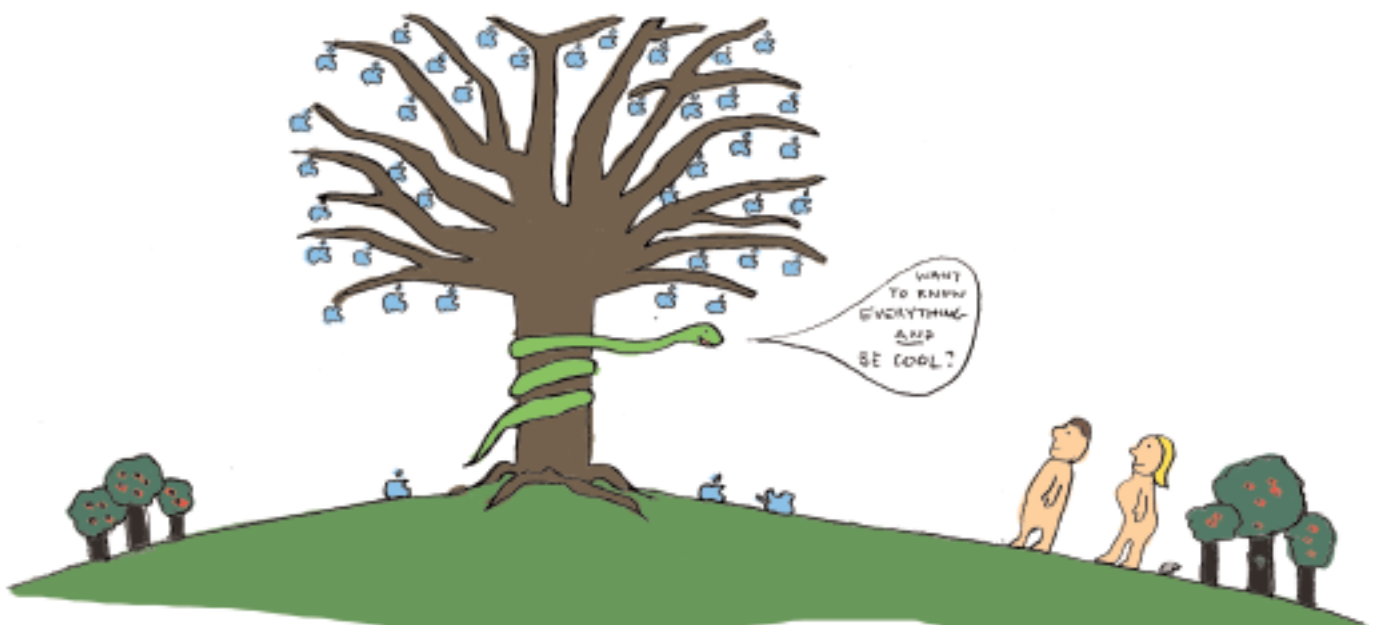
I ran away and got on the subway. The funny voice said it was the northbound A train. There were a lot of colored people on the train so I sat on the seat and kept my hands to myself. There was a man wearing a big coat and scratching something inside of it. He was grunting a lot and I thought he needed help. I asked if he wanted me to help him inside his coat and he looked at me. I was about to but then the train stopped and a police-man got on the train. The man looked really frightened and ran off the train. I hope he found whatever he was looking for!



When I got off the train, I was in someplace that looked really different from the part of New York City that NYU is in. When I asked someone where I was, he said it was “motherfuckin’ Harlem, nigga”. I asked him how to get home and he said, “bitch, you is home now.” His name is Chocolate Thunder and he’s a “pimp”. I don’t know what that means but I’m going to have to look it up later. He told me that I was going to help him look after his ladies!



This is the last picture. It’s me and Chocolate Thunder and we’re gonna be friends forever!



CALLS FOR HELP

A restaurateur comes out with his problem

My name is Richard Chow. This summer, I opened my first restaurant, right here in Greenwich Village, Dick Chow's Gaysian House of Sausage. Not to complain, since business has been booming, but I'm confused as to the crowd that we're attracting. For some reason, every Friday and Saturday night, there are a suprising number of young, physically-fit men that have been coming to our restaurant, particularly Asians.

I have nothing against these customers or Asians for that matter (after all, my father was Asian), but this group seems to be repelling away other customers. I thought if I share with you how I run things, then perhaps you could make some suggestions on what to change to attract a more diverse crowd.

As the son of immigrants—my mother from Germany and my father from Japan—I know that owning a business is truly the American Dream. I've made it my business to know what it is to be an American and there's nothing more American than big wieners.

I've always wanted to share the delicious food I remember coming out of our kitchen as a child. Therefore our menu is a fusion of German and Asian cuisine. It seems only right to call this fare Gaysian. (I know the spelling is funny, but the "y" is there so people pronounce it properly.) What's more delicious than a teriyaki-filled *schweinshaxe* (braised pork leg), firm and brown outside, moist and juicy inside? I'll tell you what: nothing.

We open up at three o'clock each afternoon. Happy Hour is from six to nine and we offer discounted Mar "Teenies" (meant to draw women), with drinks served at our bar, the Deutsch Dragon

Drinkery. As far as music, we generally play the pop figures that were popular in my day to attract family crowds, like Madonna, Cher, and Diana Ross. Our most notable décor is samurai statues holding—instead of *katana*—very large kielbasa. In addition to this, we have smooth leather booths for a classy and intimate atmosphere, in addition to tablecloths that are a mix of the German and the Japanese flags, with the red disc on top of the German tricolor. All of our customers compliment on how "cute" of an idea that is. I don't think there is any need to change it.

There's nothing else worth describing except for an event we hold every Thursday night called Dragon Karaoke. We want young professionals from the neighborhood to come and unwind after work with drinks and karaoke. However, the only people who seem to show up are men dressed as women. And they only sing songs from "Rent." I believe that the sign-maker made an error with the banners I have put up around the Village by dropping off the last two letters of Dragon. I think the professionals may be turned off by the unprofessional nature of a banner with such a typo, but that will soon be fixed.

As you can understand, I don't want to throw out my regular customers, but I'm trying to find a way where both they and families can dine in a comfortable environment. Though, before I can do that, I probably need to understand what attracts these well-dressed men to Dick Chow's Gaysian House of Sausage! I hope that by writing to you, you may be able to help me with my problem. Thank you for your help.

DEAR AL SHARPTON

I am writing to offer my sincerest apologies. I haven't done anything in particular that I feel I need to apologize for, but I don't want to be publicly denounced as a racist. So, I thought I'd just get everything out in the open, to cover my bases. Here are several things I've done that I wanted to come clean about:

I've never called anyone a "nigger" and don't approve of its use, but I have said "nigger" aloud several times in my life. I have also thought the word "nigger" on occasion. The times I did though, I was thinking "nigga" and not "nigger," just to make that clear.

I try to treat all people equally, but on a crowded subway once, I sat next to an Asian girl instead of a black man, even though both had empty seats beside them.

I had a FUBU shirt before I learned what the name meant. I haven't worn it since, except when I needed something comfy to sleep in and all my other shirts were dirty.

I often quote the Lil Jon sketch from "Chappelle's Show"; I've told people I think your hair looks goofy; the guys and I went out for drinks the other night, and we forgot to call you—I wanted to text, but I thought it might be too late.

I hope that you and the black community can forgive me for these transgressions.

—Taylor Cavanaugh

One man's trash is another man's baby.



YARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR

How U.S. history might have differed had major figures actually been pirates

CUBAN MISSILE CRISIS

J.F.K. and his swarthy crew intercept Soviet gun ships under cover of night on a rum run from Barbados to the Keys. Thrillingly, the Americans swing from their high-teathered ropes and board the missile-toting ships, rapiers drawn.

The Soviets, watching the entire episode in disbelief, open fire, reducing J.F.K.'s fleet to coarse powder. J.F.K. himself, and his parrot Stevie, die instantaneously—he tragically waving his sword at the incoming fire, symbolizing the futility of man versus machine, she squawking in terror.

The Soviets take this as a hostile act and pepper the United States with nuclear missiles, ushering in World War III. Rum prices hit a premium.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

John Hancock sits uncomfortably in the Second Continental Congress, alternately fussing with his peg leg and comically-oversized pirate's hat in the sweltering July heat. Thomas Jefferson reminds him that a gentleman removes his hat indoors. Hancock answers by brandishing his hook, accidentally cutting his own leg in the process. Jefferson chuckles, but decides to let the issue go.

The bleeding Hancock pours rum from his hip flask on the wound (which is only a superficial laceration) and shrieks like a jungle animal from the burning sensation this produces. When his torrent of obscenity subsides, Hancock finds all eyes are on him. For two seconds, he blinks at his forefather peers then mutters some joke nobody can quite make out. Hancock laughs heartily.

As the ink dries on the document, he is asked to come forward, read it over, and sign. Hancock makes his way to the front. But for the sound of his peg leg clip-clopping on the hardwood floor, all is silence. “Yarr. Sounds good enough to me! I’ll just put me X here, and—”

Benjamin Franklin tells him to please read it aloud and sign his own name. Fearing that all will know him for the scurvy illiterate that he is, Hancock draws his pistol and trains it on Franklin's bespectacled head, claiming that the man has challenged his honor.

General George Washington, who has always suspected Hancock of trading heavily in opium, nearly kicks him in half. A bar fight ensues. Hancock's maties, fully drunk at two in the afternoon, hear the fight and in their excitement set the entire building ablaze.

The founding fathers are roasted alive.

Only Jefferson escapes but not without heavy scarring. America remains a British colony to this day. Coffee futures falter.

WORLD WAR II

General Douglas “Dog Eye”
MacArthur island-hops over the Pacific
entirely and pillages the living hell out of
the West Indies.

APPOMATTOX

After cornering General Lee at the Appomattox, Cap'n Grant leads him into the courthouse where Grant demands loudly he must walk the plank. Lee balks, then nervously laughs it off, informing Grant he is ready to surrender his forces.

“Damn right ye are! Now walk the plank, ye secesh landlubber!” barks Grant, gesturing mightily at the oaken door that had been thrust out of a second story window, creating an ad hoc plank. Lee, again, smiles sheepishly.

Cap'n Grant is deadly serious. Lee's hands are bound behind him and he's given a blindfold. A Union soldier whispers in his ear, "It's just, I don't know, ten feet. You have to do this or he'll kill you. Probably us, too. He's drunk as shit."

Lee stoically accepts his fate and walks slowly out of the second story window misstepping before he even gets halfway across the plank and sailing to the ground like a lame seagull. He breaks his left arm and collar bone upon impact.

He still surrenders, so the North still wins. Unfortunately, Cap'n Grant twists his ankle drunkenly trying to mount his horse and wave his pistol around simultaneously. He blacks out from the pain on the lawn and misses the whole thing.

IRAQ WAR

George “the W. stands for ‘wooden leg’” Bush lands on an aircraft carrier shortly after taking Baghdad. He asks for the admiral, slits his throat, commandeers the carrier, citing the importance of “magical flying ships” on the high seas.

Later, after learning that Iraq's one and only export is oil, he pulls the troops out, saying that he is "leaving the desert to the A-rabs. If it be oil I want, I'd go a-whalin'. Yar. Now who's up for Skip-Bo?"



Where there's a will, there's a way to swindle money out of relative you didn't love.

INVEST NO



cuz you kno its gonna
be legal soon, brah

- As dealer prices go up,
the people will demand
government regulation

- NADER IN '08!

- Even my parole officer
smokes, man



BURIED TREASURES

Unreleased episodes of our favorite Nickelodeon shows

We all remember with great nostalgia the old Nickelodeon shows. Those were the days, right guys? It was much better than the shit they have on nowadays. In that spirit, the crack staff at The Plague has discovered the synopses of a few lost episodes of some of these awesome shows. Enjoy!

RUGRATS

In the lost series finale, the Pickles family is devastated when young Tommy dies tragically of Sudden Infant Death Syndrome. While most of the characters are able to pick up the pieces, Tommy's best friend Chuckie struggles to move on with his life. Later in life, Chuckie gets into extreme metal and is behind a school shooting at the age of sixteen. He takes his own life before the police can apprehend him.

DOUG

In this lost episode, Doug gets very frustrated over his seemingly unrequited love for Patty Mayonnaise. Hormones racing, he catches up with Patty behind Bluffington High School. With nobody

around, he loses control and rapes her in the bushes. He muffles her screams with his sweater vest and then writes about how her insides felt in his journal. Patty is too scarred to ever bring it up.

KENAN & KEL

Kenan and Kel get involved with the wrong crowds. After getting into a little argument, they join rival street gangs. Kel joins the Bloods and Kenan joins the Crips. Leaders of each gang, ironically, insist that the ex-friends must kill one another one as part of initiation. Meeting each other, guns drawn, in an alleyway, neither teen can pull the trigger. The episode ends happily with Kel drinking orange soda as he watches Kenan snort coke off of a stripper's vagina.

CLARISSA EXPLAINS IT ALL

Clarissa realizes her true feelings for Sam. One night, after ascending the ladder to her window, he gets in her pants. Unfortunately, the condom breaks. Too scared to tell her parents and too broke to afford an abortion, Clarissa decides to have the baby in secret. Sam wants nothing

to do with the child. A teen mother with nobody to turn to, Clarissa takes up prostitution as a means of survival for her and her baby. Now, men of all ages from all over town climb Clarissa's ladder on a nightly basis. After a tearful monologue in which she asks for forgiveness for her sins, she finally succumbs to AIDS.

LEGENDS OF THE HIDDEN TEMPLE

Olmec, upset with the kids' stupidity, breathes fire over the entire set, killing the studio audience and all the contestants. The episode ends with Olmec looking at host Kirk Fogg, visibly shaken, and calling his shorts "a little faggy."

THE ADVENTURES OF PETE & PETE

Artie, the Strongest Man in the World, once thought to be a family friend, is run out of town after he is discovered sodomizing the younger Pete in the family's garage. Artie claims the family is homophobic, but Pete's father Don will hear none of it. He chases Artie out of the house for good and sends Pete to boarding school. The family is never the same.

KID NATION 2



**Wednesdays at 8
only on CBS**

You can lead a horse to water but you can't make him drink your cum.

MEEEEEEEEE?

MEhhhhhh

...When you like
you...
get around...
to it...
or whatever

You will never have this
you lazy piece of shit

so in the mean time
consider
drinking
MEhhhhh?
Sloth Drink

or not
whatever

← Lol Butthole

CITY OF LOVE

How to postpone the inevitable rape that awaits your stay in New York

It's three in the morning and you're walking back to your dorm after a mixer with the Jewish frat, Kappa Lambda Kyke. You're not paying attention to where you're going; maybe it's all those kosher Jell-O shots getting to your head, or maybe it's the roofies. Suddenly, you realize you're in Harlem. Too late! You just got raped. Didn't see that coming, eh? As usual, it's probably your fault for being a dumb woman. But all women deserve to be protected, and there are many things you could do to defend your hymen in the gangrenous tumor that is New York.

Most girls at N.Y.U. learn by their sophomore year that eye contact is a bad move if you want to avoid sexual assault. Like in most situations, it's best to avoid minorities. Mexicans in particular are notorious for forcing themselves on an unsuspecting girl, and don't even have the decency to take her to dinner before drugging and molesting her like white guys. And what makes them extra scary is that they don't seem to have any standards at all.

One time, I was walking down First Avenue with my friend Cammy when a Mexican started harassing her. Faster than I could whip out my camera phone, he'd spread refried beans on her vagina and started eating her out. And here's the kicker: Cammy is a four, at best! And with that harelip, it's a wonder she can even talk. But this guy started railing her on the sidewalk like it was his job. Well, actually, she sort of initiated it because she

likes to piss off her parents. I guess that's a bad example; some people are just Slutty Sluttersons.

Another thing to look out for is the homeless. If one of them doesn't comment graphically when I walk down the Bowery in the morning, I know I'm a mess. Hobos are especially bad because they have poor people diseases and smell like broken dreams. They tend to gather in groups, but unlike Hispanics they aren't trying to get work remodeling someone's kitchen. Instead, they're trying to guilt students into community service before sodomizing the literal and figurative shit out of them. Yeah right, Mr. Urinestains. I'm not falling for that one... again.

Instead of hanging around bums waiting to be forcefully penetrated, better invest your money in some Pumas. Unlike Chuck Taylors and other trendy footwear, Pumas provide ankle support. You're going to need a lot of that when you're sprinting away from some grabby schizophrenic in a trench coat and denim shorts. Plus, they come in lots of exciting colors and have little cats on the sides.

Some rapists are stealthier though,

possessing the motor skills and cognitive functioning that elude the homeless. The best way to avoid sexual contact in this

situation is to make yourself look like a Friendly's bathroom attendant.

When I told my friend Myrtle about this, she got all mad and said that I was belittling the seriousness of rape. I don't know what she was getting at, but I think she's jealous because she goes to Fordham. I told her she had nothing to worry about, because no one in their right mind would go near that wide-set vagina of hers. But for those of us who actually qualify to be sexual prey, the only thing to do is get some rape insurance, and that means being

obese. Across all cultures, the one thing we can all agree on is "No Fatties." Once you've surrounded yourself with a globulous layer of blubber, men won't come near you. I mean, Myrtle has gained eighteen pounds of rape insurance since her dad's suicide in October, and no guy will even talk to her now that she's a trembling mass of cookie dough and tears. Shows how much she knows.

I'm confident that if you stick to the guidelines, you won't end up at Planned Parenthood until at least junior year. But until then, I'll see you at the buffet table!



Rape has been a subject matter to artists for centuries; you're not allowed to get mad.



Homeless persons of color pose a grave threat to your dignity.

A chain is no stronger than Patrick Ewing's penis.

INTELLECTUAL PORNOGRAPHY

New titles for the discriminating masturbator

Butfuck Sluts Go Nuts. Pussyman's House Party. Bisexual Big Black Bitches. Who can honestly say that they haven't been intrigued by these titles? Who can say that they haven't spent time "ironically" researching these films in their local adult video store? Yet, if you pay the quarter to preview any of these films, you'll realize they're all the same: throbbing firm meat penetrating various glistening orifices. There's no plot, no character—nothing to stimulate the second most sensitive muscle: the mind.

This void has been unfilled for too long, much like a barely-legal teenager's vagina. Intellectuals of the world are cry-

ing out for pornography that will challenge as it degrades, enlighten as it emasculates, and stimulate as it stimulates. The following are a few proposed titles for a new breed of pornography: by the educated, for the educated.

THE SOCRATIC DICKALOGUES

You've read Plato's philosophical works before, but you've never seen them like this! Watch as Socrates and Phaedrus debate writing versus talking dirty! Discover the truly penetrating ideas that advanced western society! The only thing that's Platonic about this is the original author!

QUIT ASSOCIATING ME WITH FAGS

What's up? It's me, Purple. You know, the combination of blue and red. Some people call me Violet, but that's was just an inside joke from high school that went too far. To be honest, I can't even remember how that one got started. Anyway, I've heard a lot smack being talked about me lately. Decisions concerning me have been made without my consultation and I'm *not* happy.

I used to be associated with the best parts of society: royalty, nobility, heterosexuality. Straight kings fucking horny queens—no pun intended. Something changed along the line, maybe somewhere in the sixties?

Please tell me how Green got money, Red got anger, and I got gay. Sweet deal, right? Look, I know I'm not the greatest color, but come on, I'm a legitimate part of the visible spectrum (don't get me started on ROY G. BIV). And I'm straight as an arrow. Nobody knows this, but I fuck Pink all the time. I have a huge purple dick.

But I digress, I just don't feel like I've gotten any say in the matter. Alice Walker is bitch for naming her book about some gay oppressed chick after me. Someone should rewrite it and include a lot more raunchy heterosex-

ual sex. And I'm not just talking about the massive amounts of rape that takes place in the beginning with the chick's surrogate father; I want to be the poster color for bangin' hot sluts.

There are a few simple ways to go about changing my image. When people think of purple, plenty think of Barney. But he's pretty gay. You should think about Grimace instead. He loves red meat and bitches. And in the most heterosexual of all human pursuits, professional football, who wears purple? The Baltimore Fucking Ravens—a team of justice-obstructing, cocaine-trafficking, convicted felons coached by the stupidest "offensive genius" in the world. I've always been a Cowboys fan myself; you can't help it when you grow up in Plano. It wouldn't be too hard to swap blue for purple on that helmet star.

In conclusion, I have nothing against gays. I just never asked to be the mascot for butt buddies. The world of color is a democratic one, and I deserve to have a say in my fate. If you believe in liberty, liberate me from these velvet-lined handcuffs of oppression. Consider this a warning: if you continue to step all over me, I'll just vanish from the visible spectrum completely. I'll just pack up my shit and go. I don't even care. Fuck it. Peace.

—Purple

AYN RAND DOUBLE FEATURE: THE FOUNTAINHEAD AND ATLAS SWALLOWED

Objectively speaking, these two films are the hottest yet! *The Fountainhead* features a full hour of fellatio, performed in a variety of settings selected to highlight the greatest accomplishments of man. Is a man not entitled to the semen of his body? No, says the girl sucking his dick, it belongs on my face!

Atlas Swallowed follows Pussy Taggart, a hard-as-nails woman on her highly erotic adventures to discover just who Johnson Galt could be. Along the way, she encounters many lovers who merely mooch off her cooch. When Pussy finally finds Johnson Galt... well, the film's title speaks for itself!

THE PICTURE OF DORIAN'S WANG

Based on Oscar Wilde's novel, Dorian Black is a strapping African youth who is plagued by the fear that he will someday lose his ability to sustain an erection. When a thankful lover paints a picture of the member in question, Dorian discovers that while he is much more endowed than before, the painted penis becomes limp and drooping. An exciting look into the debauchery that one man and his penis can find in nineteenth century England, *The Picture* is one film you won't be ashamed to have on your wall!

OF MICE IN MEN

Quite simply, this is the hottest film for zoophiles that's ever been seen. George and Lennie are two migrant workers who simply can't find decent work anywhere. Ending up in a farm for fetishists, the two realize that preparing rodents for anal insertion isn't the most glamorous occupation. Guaranteed to make you never look at rabbits in the same way again!

WAITING FOR GODOT

The question is on everyone's lips: Will Godot ever come?

THE GREAT 'GASM

Dick, a young midwestern man, rents a house on Long Island. Falling into a world of gangsters, golfers, and fakes,

Dick must trust the only member of society he can: his own. Featuring sexual congress in cars, garages, and parties that would put *Eyes Wide Shut* to shame, *The Great 'Gasm* asks, "Can a man ever escape from his sexual history?"

THE SCARLET MEMBER

Chester Prynne, a Puritan in colonial Boston, has a mark of shame. Far from his breast, his penis has been colored a bright red hue. The only person who believes that Chester can be saved is Anne Slimsdalle, a gorgeous nun exiled from England due to her sexy and heretical ways. Through fornication, the two attempt to discover the meaning behind the Lord's mysterious ways. With Ron Jeremy as Chester Prynne.

ROMEO AND GOO-LIET

"Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?"

"No, sir, I shoot my load at you!"

From this exchange, a tale of star crossed lovers is set in motion. Romeo and Goo-liet are two young things from opposing families. Can love overcome all obstacles? Featuring more semen per cubic inch than any other American film, and the world's only balcony-to-ground sex scene, you'd have to be poisoned to not love this movie!

ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN ARE GAY

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are two students sent to Elsinore in order to discover the cause of the Prince's madness. On the way, the two bet on whether or not one of them would enjoy being fucked in the ass. Astonishingly, every time that Rosencrantz rails Guildenstern, he enjoys it. This sets the scene for a film in which reality has no place and the rules of art and drama carry the heaviest weight. Can the two seduce Hamlet and discover his malady? You'll just have to watch the orgy scene to find out!

This is just a small sampling of titles from our catalog. For the full catalog—including titles such as *The Cunt of Monte Cristo*, *Crime and Cum-ishment*, *Ron Paul's Porn Haul*, *Cleave My Ass: The Walt Whitman Story*, *A Tale of Two Titties*, *All Quiet on the Western Cunt*, and *Wuthering Dykes*—please visit our studio's website at <http://www.knobsnobs.com>. And we hope that you enjoy your genital manipulation!

WITH THE POPEIL POCKET TIME MACHINE, YOU TOO CAN GO BACK AND CONVINCE YOURSELF TO NOT WASTE YOUR MONEY ON INFORMERCIAL GARBAGE!

Folks, over the years, I've proudly brought you many groundbreaking inventions. And by "groundbreaking", I mean worthless. And by "inventions" I mean garbage.

That's right folks, for those of you who were just too stupid or drunk to figure it out that three easy payments of \$13.33 is just another way of saying \$40, I'm going to come clean. None of the crap I've shilled over the last thirty years is worth a goddamn thing. Until now!

With the Popeil Pocket Time Machine, you can go travel back to any point in your life for up to five minutes! That's more than enough time to convince yourself that you'll never actually use that show time rotisserie grill. Just tell yourself that you'll "set it" in your closet and "forget" that you actually spent money on that piece of junk.

How much would you pay for this fabulous time machine? Retail stores would sell this very same product for \$400, but let me tell you something. Through this special magazine offer, I'm going to save you a lot of money. You won't pay 400 dollars. You won't pay 350 dollars. You won't pay \$325, \$300, or \$280. You won't even pay 260 dollars. Not \$250, or \$240, \$230, \$220, or even \$200! No, you can get the Popeil Pocket Time Machine for just four easy payments of \$48.94!

But wait, there's more! What if you travel back in time to find your past self so drunk that he or she is unable to listen to reason? That's why I'm throwing in the Ronco Fun-Time Taser for no additional cost! After a simple 50,000 volt shock, your past self will wake up unharmed and realize that the Ronco Automatic Pasta Maker is way more time and trouble than buying a \$3.99 pack of Barilla at the super market.

However, the Popeil Pocket Time Machine is not just design to keep yourself from buying my crap, but other people's crap too! Stop yourself from buying the Sweep 'n' Mop, the Magic Bullet, and a Bowflex to name a few. You think Chuck Norris actually uses that thing in his spare time? Hell no, it's called an endorsement, you dumbass!

And if you call within the next fifteen minutes, I'll double your order! That's *two* Popeil Pocket Time Machines and two Ronco Fun-Time Tasers for still just four easy payment of \$48.94. It makes a great gift for an impulsive friend!

In fact, if you order within the next fifteen minutes, I won't only double your order, I'll include a set of my Ronco Gourmet Steak Knives at no charge—it's my gift to you. These four knives are guaranteed to make any food you eat taste better. That's right! By cutting into a steak with one of my knives, you will actually change the physical properties of the food itself.

And if you aren't 100% satisfied with your purchase, simply go back and time and stop yourself from buying this worthless garbage too!

—Ron Popeil

Guests are like fish, they live underwater and breathe through gills.

stupiddrunkenbullshit



ONE-SIDED CONVERSATIONS

Like eavesdropping on someone on their cell phone, except this time you're reading.

FUCK THAT, I'LL MAKE MY OWN PARACHUTE

Man, I'm so pumped. I can't believe we're about to jump out of a fucking plane. Holy shit. This is crazy, man. This is so sick. Oh, man, this is awesome.

Yeah, I have the money. How much is it? What? *What?* No way. How could it cost so much to jump out of a fucking plane?

Let me see that. Yeah, okay. Yeah. Wait, hold on a sec. What's this charge right here?

"Equipment"? You already charged us for the plane. The parachute? You're charging us that much for a parachute? Bullshit. No, man, that's bullshit. Fuck that. I'll make my own parachute.

Yeah, that's right. My own parachute. The fuck I'm going to pay these bastards that much for one of their fancy-pants parachutes. I'm paying them to transport me about two miles above the surface of the Earth and then letting me jump out. I'll take care of the rest.

Dude, it's going to be fine. I have a bunch of sheets at home, and you know those silk boxers I have? I'll get a couple more of those. A couple sheets, some silk boxers, and some string. Yeah, this is going to be a badass parachute.

Stop worrying. Seriously, it's going to be fine. What's the worst that could happen? What? Well, yeah, I guess I could fall to my death, but what's the worst that's likely to happen? Maybe I'll scrape my knees on the landing or something. No big deal.

Oh, I know! You know those plastic soldiers with the parachutes? I'll tie a bunch of those parachutes together! It's perfect because I can test each parachute out individually to make sure they work. There's practically no risk here.

Calm down, O.K.? I hear you, and yes, maybe there is *some* risk involved. But hey, if I didn't want risk, would I jump out of a plane in the first place? Of course not.

This is just taking it to the next level. I'll call it X-treme skydiving. It's going to be the next fad. Soon, everyone is going to be making their own parachutes out of those little parachutes the plastic army guys use. And while they fall, they'll eat Slim Jims and Gogurt and we'll all wear

Right Guard Xtreme deodorant. It's going to be so X-treme. You'll see.

Fine, waste your money on an "official" parachute made out of "durable nylon" that won't "rip and tear" and that won't cause you to "thrash in vain" as you "fall from the sky like a hell bound meteor" and "plummet to your death." I'm going to stick with the homemade

parachute.

So, anyway, what do you want to do next weekend? Scuba diving? Cool. I've got Poland Spring bottles that we can use to hold the air. It'll be X-treme.

I CAN BE THE COOL UNCLE OR THE MOLESTER UNCLE—IT'S UP TO YOU

Hey there, Johnny! You ready to spend some time with your Uncle Pete? Great! Let's go!

So you've probably heard some differing accounts of what kind of uncle I am.

Some of your cousins have probably told you that I'm a really fun guy—the Cool Uncle. The one that takes you to the zoo, the amusement park, and the batting cage. Your cousins must have told you how I let them stay up late watching R-rated movies, that I let them shoot my rifle at trees, and that I even let them try beer. I bet a lot of your cousins made me sound like the coolest uncle in

the world.

That being said, you probably also spoke to one or two of your less fun-loving cousins and they probably told you that I put them in "uncomfortable, sexual situations" and that I'm a "child molester." Something like that.

So you must be wondering which kind of uncle I really am: the Cool Uncle or the Molester Uncle. The truth of the matter is that it's up to you whether I'll be the Cool or the Molester Uncle. The choice is yours.

Let me explain. As you get older, you're going to forget a lot of your childhood. It just happens. We're going to do some really fun stuff, Johnny, so much that there's no way you'll be able to remember all of it. I can't control what you remember. You can. Hopefully, you'll look back at our time together and think about how much fun you had and how cool I always seemed. That'd be great. However, it's possible that, for whatever reason, you'll forget all of the cool stuff we did and only remember the times I asked you to take off your clothes so we could make a photo album. And that'd be a shame.

You have the ability to color your memories however you want, Johnny. If I were you, I'd focus on all the comic books I'll give you, and not the—well, you'll see.

Basically, it comes down to this: twenty years from now, would you rather be telling your friends about the time I got you vodka so that you could throw an

awesome party, or would you prefer be on a therapist's couch, trying in vain to get anywhere close to well-adjusted? Your call.

What? What do you mean, you want to go home? Why? Oh, come

on. Really? Be reasonable, Johnny.

Fine. Be that way. You sit there and think about your decision while I make myself a few cocktails. See what you've done? Now I'm going to be your Drunk



Gay.



Bet you didn't think I was black!

Uncle. Next time your mom wants someone to watch you, tell her to ask Uncle Roger and his "roommate." Maybe that's the sort of uncle you want to spend time with.

Have a great childhood, Johnny. You asshole.

OH, I'LL SHOW YOU GULLIBLE

What's this? Could it be? Has fortune truly smiled upon me? Yes! The gods must favor me today, my friend. Why, you ask? I'll tell you why: I have just received an offer to drastically increase the size of my currently average-girth penis! Soon, I'll be the envy of every man, woman, and horse in the tri-county area!

How do I know that it'll work? That's the brilliant part: I received an e-mail informing me of the merits of a certain pill filled with a variety of rare herbs and spices, the combination of which will allow me to shame even the mightiest of pornographic actors. The secret, you see, has long rested with a small tribe of

natives in the rainforests of Brazil; only recently have they revealed the potent combination for their member-maturing formula. And now, my friend, I shall reap the benefits!

Yes, of course. Why wouldn't I trust this offer? The Internet has never misled me before. Well, O.K., maybe that's not entirely true. I still haven't heard back from that Nigerian fellow with whom I was engaged in the questionably-legal laundering of an immense sum of money into these United States of ours. And, now that I think of it, I did notice an immediate withdrawal of several thousand dollars from my bank account once I had conferred this information unto my African amigo. But I don't really see that that's necessarily a result of fraud or trickery. No, certainly not. This offer is certainly valid.

Gullible? I suppose I am. But that? That's gullible? You think that's gullible? Oh, I'll show you gullible.

Hello, Homeless Gentleman! How are you on this day? What's that you say? You were once the President of the Free Masons? Of course you were! Yes? The

leprechauns usurped your throne of macaroni? Bastards! Your story has truly touched me. I swear, sir, that I shall not rest until you have been restored to power!

You see that? That was me being gullible.

Excuse me, Random Stranger? I need to make use of the restroom inside of this establishment—would you mind holding onto all of my personal belongings for a moment? I would greatly appreciate it. Here, take my wallet, complete with my driver's license and social security card. This way, if for any reason we are separated, you'll be able to contact me and return to me my wayward goods.

Now that's what I call gullible!

See? I think that now you realize that the Boner-Bigger pills are intended not for the gullible, but rather for the massively insecure and inadequate. And that fits me perfectly.

Now, if you'll excuse me, these fine gentlemen need to explain to me the wonderful teachings of L. Ron Hubbard. It sounds like a really good deal.

POINT-COUNTERPOINT

A forum on civil liberties in the our times

SIR, WILL YOU PLEASE STEP OUT OF THE VEHICLE?

Sir, do you know why I pulled you over?

You were traveling at 56 miles per hour. Do you know what the speed limit is for this area?

40.

That's right. Can I see your license and registration, sir?

Sir?

No, sir, that's not acceptable.

No. Absolutely not.

Please step out of the vehicle, sir.

Sir.

Step out of the car, sir. Now, sir.

Sir, you are trying my patience. Step out of the vehicle, right now, or we are going to have a problem.

Now, sir.

That's it.

—Officer David Murray

FUCK YOU, COCKSUCKER

Good evening, officer. No, I'm afraid I don't.

Was I? I didn't realize. The speed limit is 45, isn't it?

40, you say? Geez, I truly do apologize.

Sure, no problem. Oh, wait a second. Oh, geez, this is so embarrassing. I just realized that I left my wallet at home. Will this Blockbuster membership card work?

How about this prescription for Vicodin? I'm afraid that's the only identification I have.

What's that? Oh, well, you see, I would, but I have a bad back. My doctor told me not to stand unless I

absolutely have to.

No, you see, I'd like to, but it's just not feasible. I can't—I'm paralyzed from the waist down. And, uh, it's against my religion. So no, I won't step out of the car.

Hey. Hey! What the fuck! Fuck you! You're violating my civil liberties! Get off! Get the fuck off!

No! No! Fuck you, cocksucker! Fuck you!

Ahhhhh! Get off me!

Ahhhhhhhhh!

O.K., O.K., I'm out. Don't taze me again.

You got me. You got me.

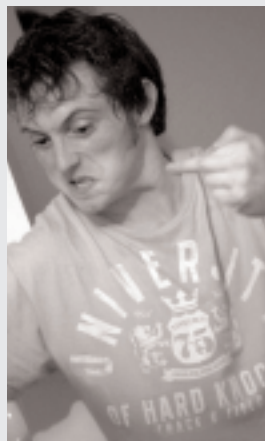
And yes, those are the

Olsen twins tied up in the back seat.

You got me.

Fuck.

—Jonathan Rosner



Goddamn pigs.

THE MAILROOM

Letters home from a Xavier Institute legacy student



Dear Mother,

It looks like there is some justice in the world! Phillips Exeter passed, Taft said "no thank you, and Stuyvesant doesn't know that "academic standards" are for poor people, but apparently the Xavier Institute for Higher Learning knows quality when they see it!

Please do thank Father if you see him—the "good word" he had Uncle Warren put in no doubt helped a great deal. I've already become quite fond of introducing myself as "William Pershing. You know, like the new gym."

Sincerely yours,
Will

Dear Mother,

Met my roommate, Jake, today. What a diverse and progressive program they've put together here at Xavier! A great many forward thinking schools have taken to admitting colored students, but I doubt any of them have gone as far as to admit a purple boy!

Speaking of odd fellows, Uncle Warren introduced me around today. A blue chap named Beast (they're big on nicknames here) was asking him about my powers. I was about to delve into father's enviable position in the East Indian bond market, but Uncle cut in and explained something about how my body emitted a powerful radiation, completely undetectable by any modern means, but that may or may not cause cancer over an extended period of time, pending a study by the F.D.A. He then produced a note from Dr. Jenks to back the whole thing up. Not sure what all that was about, but Warren and the doctor are old school buddies—possibly an inside joke?

Anyway, big day tomorrow, so I must sign off. Will try my best to sleep, but Jake appears to be glowing rather brightly. Must remember to discuss roommate etiquette come morning.

Cheers,
W.

Dear Mums,

Just a quick dispatch before class. Xavier spoke to the incoming students this morning. Did you know the man's a cripple? Takes all sorts, I guess. Still, he did address the incoming class as *homo superior*, which shows his heart is in the right place, if nothing else.

Talk soon,
W.

Dear Mother,

I must admit, I had heard from Uncle Warren and Father that the curriculum was a bit unorthodox here, but today's lesson has left me rather appalled. Met with a prefect named "Cyclops"—again with the nicknames!—who seemed rather attached to his pink glasses. (First cripples, now homosexuals! Have to admire this place's pluck.)

But I digress. Cyclops took us down to for a session in "The Danger Room," and quite frankly, for a school with such a prestigious reputation, you think they'd be more litigation conscious! Honestly, the place was lawsuit central. If it wasn't spinning saw blades one moment it was jets of fire and pools of lava the next. Just dreadful.

Even worse, some of the more unsavory elements seemed to be enjoying it! Luckily, I escaped physical harm through a combination of announcing my objections to the exercise in firm tones and hiding. My navy Polo blazer, however, is positively ruined.

This disregard for the safety of students is unacceptable. I told Professor Xavier as much and let him know that I was going to call Cousin Frank's firm straight away. He's called me into his office to discuss my feelings, no doubt as a last ditch attempt to sway me from pursuing legal action. Fat chance, "Professor X." (Quite telling in retrospect, all these puerile epithets, don't you think?)

Sincerely yours,
W.

From top left: a student on his way to class; Will in front of the school; Prefect Scott Summers; Xavier faculty members; the school's entrance hall

Mumsy,

Back from my meeting with Professor X. What a delightful fellow! Can't remember the exact contents of our discussion, but it's good to know that there's someone here with whom I see eye-to-eye. (Or navel-to-eye, as the case may be.) Anyway, I'm sure I had some reason for storming in there so lividly, but it hardly matters now. Glad the Professor finally came around, I assume, to my point of view. Also, if you'd please go ahead and sign over Father's annual gift to my trust fund to the school, I'd greatly appreciate it.

Cheers,
W.

Mums,

Oh God. Oh God. Beast is dead! Everything was going so well. I was getting along with everybody in his class (even with the fellow with wings) and then BOOM! This man in a purple cape just crashes through the roof, swoops down, and right in front of the students, he took Beast and... I can't even bring myself to write it. I don't know what to do. He was the nicest man with a severe glandular problem I'd ever met.

Scared and confused,
W.

Dear Mother,

Beast black in class today. Odd. Brief mumbled explanation regarding something about a cloned robot alien shape-shifter, and then back to business as usual. The rest of the class seems relatively unbothered by this turn of events. I would love to follow-up further, but a cute girl in class has asked me out tonight. Wish me luck!

Cheers,
W.

Dear Mother,

You and I both know I appreciate a good caper every once in a while. (On a related note, you may want to tell the Watsons to give up looking for their hound.) The events of last night positively transcend the boundaries of good taste. As you may have gathered by now, some

of the students here are a bit unusual. My date ("Kitty") turned out to be no exception. She should well know that hazing is outlawed in the Institute's conduct code, and that walking through a wall, then leaving me stuck halfway through it for the better part of an hour certainly qualifies, don't you think? Oh well, it would have never worked out anyway. I suspect she's a Hebrew.

Sincerely yours,
W.

P.S. I fully intend to have her expelled. The Professor, responsible and concerned administrator that he is, has invited me to his office to talk and conversations with the man are always most satisfying.

Mumsy,

Sorry for being out of touch for so long. As in all good schools, the pace of life here tends toward the manic. Let's see, on Monday, there was the whole incident with the giant robots. Then on Wednesday, one of the upperclassmen accidentally opened a rift between a dimension of total fear and chaos and the broom closet, and finally, on Thursday afternoon, a race of extraterrestrials invaded, and attempted to use one of our students as a bargaining chip in a struggle for intergalactic dominance. Beast died a total of seven times, but luckily was still able to make it to the meeting of the Spring Fling Planning Committee, of which I am a member and, quite honestly, has been taking up practically all of my time as of late.

Of course, throwing a formal gala is going to be a bit of challenge, considering the entire school has been reduced to rubble twice over the past few days, but I have a feeling it will be all right by the time the caterers arrive.

As you might have gathered, it's certainly a charged and (dare I say it?) liberal atmosphere here at Xavier, and I don't expect to see many of the students hanging around our next country club meeting, but the place kind of grows on you.

I have to run now—nanite probes have taken over half the student body and let positively no one to staff the Alumni Meet 'n' Greet!

Sincerely yours,
W.

FROM THE MAKERS OF THE
COLD-ACTIVATED BOTTLE

COORS LIGHT
now with...

FULLNESS
INDICATOR



When it
turns blue,
you know
it's FULL.

SHUT THE FUCK UP

By the guy who's kidnapped you

O.K. I know that when you left your apartment tonight that you maybe weren't expecting to end up in this pit in my basement, but you're seriously going to have to shut the fuck up and stop whining. It's your fault that you're stuck here; I don't understand why you think that annoying the shit out of me is going to help you.

I mean, first of all, if you didn't want to be kidnapped and sexually assaulted, why'd you wear that outfit? That slit up the side of your skirt? Come on, that's like wearing a sign around your neck that says "Looking To Be Kidnapped By Single Man Living Alone in Water Tower." Granted, I live alone in my dead mother's basement without the knowledge of the new owners, but I consider the two to be interchangeable, don't you? I asked you a

question, you whore! Oh, no, it's O.K. shh... shh... I know, I know, the duct tape hurts. But I already told you: you can't be trusted.



I stole this baby.

Secondly, you were alone at that bar. Yeah, yeah, I know you said that you were there with friends, but they left with guys, and you should know never to let your

friends go home with strange men; that's how date rape happens. I mean, at least I had the courtesy to just abduct you—I didn't pretend that I had also read *The Kite Runner* then slip something into your appletini. I just gagged you while you were fumbling with the keys to your car and shoved you into the trunk.

Also, hey, guess what? You're not unconscious, which means you don't have to wake up wondering why you're so sore. You already know why. And, in that way, knowledge is power, you know?

So you see, you don't actually have things that bad. At least, not yet. So would you stop crying and let me put this fake beard and white robe on? It's time to reenact the Old Testament. In this story, I'm Moses and you're the Red Sea.

FUCK GRAVITY

Fixing everything that's wrong with the world

Having lived on this planet for a few years, it's about time someone started working on a way to get around gravity, because I've had just about enough of this shit—seriously. Think about it: "gravity" just means that everything with mass is attracted to everything else with mass. Which means that our whole damn universe is sticky. Who the hell designs a sticky universe? It's bullshit.

Honestly, what good has gravity ever done for you? "It holds our atmosphere down," you might whine, though that only begins to make up for the pain it causes. Do you remember the time you fell off your bike? What about when you couldn't get out of bed for that lecture? When your ice cream fell out of the cone? I could go on and on. Gravity is a murderer and a thief, and has long been the downfall of some of the greatest things in our world, i.e. bike rides, ice cream, breasts, and flying.

You may whimper, "But gravity helps keep us in orbit around the Sun." Did you

ever stop to think about how Earth feels? You might need the Sun, but Earth would be doing just fine without it. However, it's stuck in loop, spinning around the same old shit every year.

And then there's mankind. How would you feel if you had little creatures constantly scurrying on you, sticking up buildings, and setting shit on fire? It would be really itchy! And humans like to leave our garbage everywhere too—not just little stuff, like McDonald's cups and beer bottles, either. You ever hear of the Titanic? Those self-centered blue hairs had the nerve to tear up a perfectly good ship and leave it on the ocean floor, covered in bodies and jewelry and crap. It's disgusting. Now, Earth has to deal with all this junk just sticking to it, not to mention that a shipwreck destroys the *feng shui* of the Atlantic.

I'd bet Earth would love to get rid of the Moon, but gravity fucked that up, too. Wouldn't Earth like to go somewhere without its annoying little brother tag-

ging along? The Moon is always right there, running in circles like an idiot. Just look at it: it's really pale and that can't be healthy. Its face is awful too, all beaten up and scarred and covered in splotches. Does that sound like someone you'd want to see every day?

It's time this injustice stops. I call upon all great scientific minds to stop dicking around with cancer and AIDS and tackle gravity. All across Earth, people would rejoice in the streets. The horribly obese will be able to dance again; N.Y.U. students will stop waiting for elevators; Kool-Aid will be even cooler to drink; Earth will ditch the Moon; white men will finally be able to jump; all the world's breasts will remain firm and perky.

It's become clichéd to say you have a dream, so I'll say this: I have seen the promised land. To anyone who has felt the great weight of gravity bearing down upon them, rise up and cry out against it! Only if we do this, then one day, together, we may truly be free.

THE FUNNY BONE(R)

Vaginas are freaky lookin'

Seriously, don't tell me you haven't noticed it: women aren't funny. I know what you're thinking, but it's true. Women aren't funny; they can't be funny; they probably never will be funny. Take comediennes, for example. Try not to strain your brain too badly as you attempt to name five comedienne. Just five.

I'll wait.

Harder than you thought? I am willing to bet that the ones you *could* think of hardly count as women—they are either lesbians (the men of the fairer sex) or minorities, and those never count for anything. O.K. I think I have more than proved my point: women aren't funny. That, my friends, is a fact. Now I want to know why... why are women incapable of being funny? And don't tell me you are funny, that your mom is funny, or that patriarchy has kept the funny women

down, damn the man. You are wrong.

I was pre-med for my entire first semester of college, so I am qualified to make medically-sound judgments. After several minutes of sincere reflection, I have uncovered the deepest truth behind the mystery. It is genetic, much like being foreign, fugly, or special ed. The gene in question is found somewhere in the penis. Its exact location is unknown but it must be fairly close to the seven-inch mark because poorly endowed men are not funny either.

Don't hit that Häagen-Dazs just yet, ladies! It's not your fault! You are inhibited by your vagina! If only you could have responded to androgen *in utero*, begin producing testosterone, drop some balls, and grow a penis, you too could charm us with your wit and hilarity. Too bad you just couldn't get your act together in the

womb. Don't be so down about it, you can grow a human being in there; you just cannot formulate a joke.

If being well-liked is still important to you, get some self-esteem... or start doing women. Ellen is damn hilarious. Ask anyone (unless they are religious, in which case disregard their opinion)—lesbians are funny! You cannot both be comical and like penis, unless you are carrying one between your legs yourself actually, double funny points for gay men).

At least someone has finally explained why women aren't funny. So buck up, curse your vagina, and listen to the really humorous people. Keep your lame-ass jokes to yourself now that you know they are no good; men are all tired of fake-laughing to get into your pants.

Women of the world, you are welcome. Mystery solved.

I NEED TO FILL THIS MUCH SPACE

Like the title says, I need to fill this much space, which is 2.306 inches wide and 5.25 inches tall. It doesn't seem like much, but when you're a comedy writer who's been tricked into laying out a magazine and you're on deadline, filling 12.1065 square inches (I did the math) of space be quite a challenge.

At first, I spent thirty minutes thinking what to use in this spot. My problem is that we've run out of content, honestly. It may come as a surprise, but much as movies aren't shot in order, magazines aren't layed out in order. Page twenty-nine, for whatever reason, is the last thing I have to worry about in this issue.

It looks like six more lines of text ought to do it. I hope you've enjoyed everything in our magazine so far and that the rest doesn't leave you disappointed. Thank you very much for reading.

—Alex Rubin



Easier said than murdered.

THE PLAGUE EXPLAINS...

THINGS TO BE THANKFUL FOR AT THANKSGIVING

- The Native Americans' land and food
- That there is no God, so we don't have to wait to eat this delicious food
- Kenneth Molloy III
- Now that grandma is dead, we don't have to look at the gravy and cranberry sauce dribbling down her hairy chin
- That turkey carcass I'm totally gonna stick my wang in when everyone leaves
- 9/11

WHERE TO FIND STRAIGHT MEN AT N.Y.U.

- With their girlfriends
- Dining staff
- Your roommate's ~~suite~~ bed vagina
- *Not* the scoliosis club
- Wondering where all the sane straight women are
- In denial

NEW ETHNICITY-BASED MUSICALS

- Herro, Dorry!

THINGS YOU SHOULDN'T PUT IN A PIÑATA

- ñ
- Yourself and a cobra
- Nuclear fallout
- A smaller piñata

INAPPROPRIATE HALLOWEEN COSTUMES

- Allan Oakley Hunter III
- His cheating bitch girlfriend
- JonBenet Ramsey (only if you're hot)
- Ape victim
- The Holocaust, Rwanda, and Darfur wrapped up into a genocide burrito

HOW TO AVOID YOUR CREDITORS

- Cut off your thumbs. How are you supposed to pay when you don't even have opposable thumbs?!
- Camouflage
- Look both ways
- Kenneth's invisibility cloak
- Just go ahead and crawl up your own ass
- Become illiterate—you can't pay what you can't sign
- Suck mad dick

THINGS YOU SHOULD NEVER HEAR FROM A CAMP COUNSELOR

- I see you have pajamas with the button-open bottom. Nice.
- *Arbeit macht frei.*
- I can't wait until visiting day, Billy. Your dad gives a *mean* blowjob.
- You feel softer than sunshine.
- Come here, you little shit. I'm tired of you not catching on to my subtle double entendres. Bite down on this fire kindling 'cause I'm about to rape you right in the ass.

PRODUCTS ONE WOULD HOPE TO NEVER FIND AT THE GROCERY STORE

- Kraft Shingles
- Pavlov's Dongs
- Plantains
- Just pretend there's another dick joke

HOW TO GET NOTICED

- Carry a bullhorn
- Wear a cape
- No one will ever notice anything about you except your acne
- Random acts of karate
- The Nintendo Power Glove

A SUICIDE BOMBER'S LAST THOUGHTS

- If the Professor could make a radio out of a couple of coconuts, why didn't he just make a raft?
- Nigger nigger nigger!
- What does this button do?
- I hope *The Minetta Review* prints my manifesto.
- Titties

AMY WINEHOUSE'S SECRETS

- Real name is Weinhaus
- She was in a gas attack, that's why she looks so fuckin' weird
- Tattoos form a map of Riker's Island
- Has octagon-shaped genitalia
- Not actually black

THINGS TO DO WITH ALL THESE CARDBOARD BOXES

- Feed a poor country until they die of malnutrition
- Build me a fucking chair
- RECYCLE!
- Label them "condoms" and ship them to the Health Center
- Look at it for as long as you can
- Sexton's wife's remains... sorry :'-(

WHAT THE STERNIES ARE TALKING ABOUT

- Bananas in pajamas
- We don't know—they're not speaking English
- The Men's Wearhouse Sale
- Walking down the stairs, re: bananas in pajamas
- Handshake #43
- The best way to maintain their circuit boards and hydraulic joints
- Poor people, LOL!
- Oh yeah, hot shot? I got *two* million for my soul!

THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD

<http://readtheplague.wordpress.com>

FUTURE N.Y.U. BUILDINGS

- Jewseph Jewenstein Center for Jewness
- Please Don't Jump Off This Building Building
- G.S.P. Play and Nap-Time Station
- The Institute for Advanced Research on Shit Your Dumb Ass Doesn't Understand
- Center for Gallatin Pointlessness Jokes
- Uncle Sexton's Rape Shack
- The Death Star

ALTERNATIVE TITLES FOR HARRY POTTER AND THE DEATHLY HALLOWS

- *Harry Potter and the Order of Cheese Fries*
- *Harry Potter and the Death of Harry Potter in Chapter 36*
- *Harry Potter and... I don't know I don't care*
- *How Harry Potter Got His Groove Back*
- *Harry Potter VIII: Harry Takes Manhattan*

PREDICTIONS FOR THE 2008 SUMMER OLYMPICS IN CHINA

- Drunk Bob Costas describes long jump as "just shorter than my dick"
- Yao Ming wins every event
- Everyone's laundry is three weeks late
- All U.S. athletes die in car crashes—Asians at fault
- The audience all looks the same

OTHER, SLOWER-ACTING DISEASES THAT WOULD'VE KILLED THE NATIVE AMERICANS ANYWAY

- Situs inversus totalis
- Alcoholism, gambling addiction, diabetes... oh wait
- Naïveté
- Disco fever
- Monotheism
- Elephantitis
- Getting stabbed

RUNNERS-UP TO "THE PLAGUE"

- Boobies, Inc.
- The Plague
- *The Minetta Review* Review
- Rape Quarterly
- The Poopmouth

WHAT YOUR OUIJA BOARD IS TRYING TO TELL YOU

- How to pronounce "Ouija"
- Lower... lower... yeah, that's it
- I was killed by XMDJZ230AF
- This board is broken; buy another
- Please wait, your question will be answered in the order it was received

WHY 6 IS AFRAID OF 7

- 6 found 7 on mapsexoffenders.com
- 7 raped 9
- 7 keeps changing 6's Wikipedia entry
- Because 7 is black

GOOD USES FOR DUCT TAPE

- Ask Patrick Ewing
- Keeping together my failing relationship with the G.O.P.
- Ensuring B.B. can't tread water
- Fixing Goatse
- Making a duct-tape Chuck for when he can't come to meetings... *that* Chuck would let me kiss his neck

UNDERAPPRECIATED HISTORICAL FIGURES

- Winston Churchill's dialysis machine
- The *real* Ulysses S. Grant
- Zordon
- Night Combat Ninja John Adams
- That guy from the Salem witch trials who was pressed to death by heavy rocks

NOBEL PRIZE CATEGORIES UP FOR FUTURE CONSIDERATION

- Biggest pumpkin
- *Harry Potter* fan fiction
- Most annoying neighbor
- Best genocide campaign
- Smoothest labia
- Hot dog eating

WHERE WE GET OUR NEWS

- Aaron Carter fansite
- Gallatin + Calendar = Gallendar
- *Ghostwriter* reruns
- AIM bots
- cupchicks.com
- The back of a P.B.R.

REASONS I AM BETTER THAN YOU

- Have you seen these windswept bangs?
- My penis is really litte, like an infant's penis. It's cute.
- I got *my* barbecue sauce on sale
- Ample chest hair
- At least my jokes about homeless, gay, retarded children have a little class
- I write for *The Minetta Review*, maybe you've heard of it?

BLACK PEOPLE WHO REGULARLY ATTEND PLAGUE MEETINGS

•

FAILED PORTMANTEAUX

- Cinnamonday
- Philadauphin
- BlaxploitAsian
- Cinnatuesday
- Toucancer
- Rapportgasm
- Portmandiculous

It takes two to start a circle jerk.

THE PERSONALS PAGE

Because being retro is so hot right now

SWF ISO Aryan Male for pure-breed reproduction purposes. Likes: virility, fertility, semen, and sperm (preferably in my uterus). Impotents need not apply.

Looking for SGM. Likes: small, hairless rodents, long walks around Central Park at night. Dislikes: lube, linoleum siding, Swiffer commercials. Txt me smiley emoticon if interested. 212-966-4838

Woman needed to answer the following questions: Is there a God? Were we put on this universe only to kill each other with bombs and disease? What's the significance of dreams? Is the color red I see the same as the red you see? (She's got to blow me, too.)

Albino male in search of obese woman whose folds are big enough for me to crawl into (I'm hiding from the U.S. government.)

Well-endowed black man looking for petite virgin Jap female. See, I want to rip into you like a fist punching through a wet paper bag. Forget that last part, just call me.

White man in search of Eskimo to win "who can fuck a person of every ethnicity first" bet he made with college buddies. The Eskimo can be male or female.

SLM ISO DWF 4 4NKASHUN N LVN. SHD B GR8 N SAC ND B ABL 2 CK 4 MY 5 ILGIMT KDS.

Railroad baron's daughter looking for a naughty boy for a little R.P. fun. I liked to be tied to railroad tracks.

College professor type with sorrow-filled eyes and a face reminiscent of the cruelty of man seeks likewise in emotionally battered coed. Enjoys paradoxes, spinning, classic literature, and Pom juice. Seeks anonymous sex in public place, condoms optional.

Poet needed for profitable venture. J.K., poets blow. I'm rich. So rich, I'm paying 5 cents a word telling you how rich I am.

SWM ISO lost labrador. For sex.

Married senator's balls looking for intimate relationship with impressionable intern's mouth. Totally not a square; likes Second Life! Prefer waiflike, discreet boys of Asian persuasion with supple lips and intriguing eyes. "Holler" at me if interested.

Sassy Black Woman looking for hunky Wall Street type to lick grits off my nude behind. Curvy, birthin' hips and thick thighs, looks good naked.



SWF, recently widowed, looking for beach bum to rub lotion on my back. Gold Bond lotion. Access to cheap prescription meds a plus.

Stern undergrad looking for MRS degree.

M4W. I'm 6 ft., caramel complexion, 275 lbs. with light brown eyes. Looking for somethin' a little different... if that's U then HOLLA!!!

Former N.Y.C. Mayor (not Koch) looking for pregnant Latina with tight rope walking experience. No trannies. O.K., fine... trannies can respond, but I'll be using you for an entirely different project.

Baedeker writer in search of mate to complain to about how I never get to use the computers in the Publications Lab. Waa waa waa.

Horny soccer mom in search of Carrot Top look-a-like for one long night of licking and thrusting.

Comedy writer in search of companionship. Age, gender, race, personality of no importance. Anybody? I'm so lonely.

Human brains needed for science/film/performance art/gay project. No questions asked. Just brains. Human brains.

Petite Japanese virgin looking for well-hung black man to tear through my hymen like so much wet rice paper. Will be walking alone down Bleecker Street later tonight.

Slim Asian male looking for another man to try on my clothes. Must have 33 waist. Inseam negotiable. 15 collar size a plus.

Overweight male in search of sexy woman of any race for a little fun, maybe more? Must be O.K. with partners with psoriasis.

Straight couple seeking couple for later tonight. Must be attractive, authoritative but be able to take instructions. Must like face fucking and anal and be into S&M, discreet safe fun.

SWF freshman looking for a sophisticated older man who knows how to treat a lady. Must enjoy life's finer things like giving me backrubs and buying me stuff.

Hottest guy looking for a hot girl to ski with... Hot guy here. Let's hang.

Newly unattached and low-maintenance white female looking for one good man. I can't stand crawling bars in this city. No smokers. Must have steady job. Should not feel threatened by a successful and intelligent woman. When you call, don't hang up before I have a chance to say goodbye. You know I hate that, you asshole. Must not leave towels on the bathroom floor where I will slip on them. Cannot have "mother" issues. If your name is Ryan Schmidt go fucking kill yourself.

[Continued from the front inside cover]

But things were quite different for Billy O'Lock,
He hired a fat Greek, who loved sucking cock!
He sucked and he sucked, and he sucked all day long,
And made Billy enough for a nice diamond thong!

"Damnit!" cried Frankie with a deafening shout,
"I can't believe this homo is beating me out!"
"I know," chuckled Frankie with a big evil sneer.
"I've thought of a way I can ruin that queer..."

One day, Frankie met the Greek and gave him a wink,
He offered to take him out and buy him a drink,
They went to a bar, ordered two lemonades,
And in the Greek's, Frank slipped herpes, crotch rot, and AIDS.

A flesh eating virus: Ebola, gonorrhea,
Eastern equine encephalitis, also diarrhea,
And before the fat Greek had time for two sneezes,
He had thousands and thousands of infectious diseases.

Now Billy's customers were dropping like flies,
"Ha ha!" said Frankie, "I have killed those gay guys!
Now the whorehouse industry has become mine!
While Billy was getting rammed hard from behind,
I stole his fat Greek and diseased him blind!"
But little did he know, behind the door,
Was Billy O'Lock, disguised as a whore.

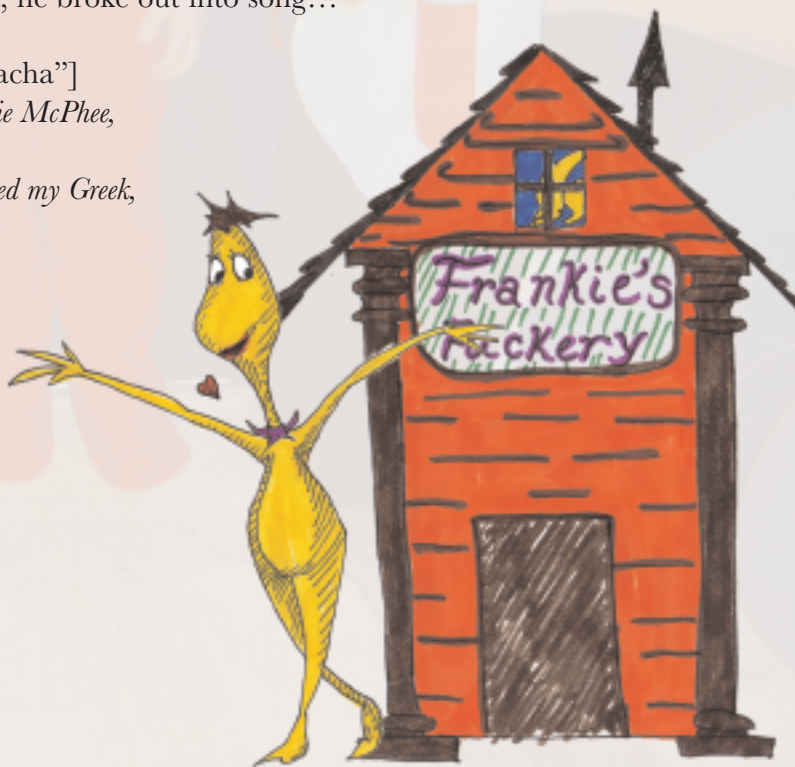
"I knew it was you! I knew all along!
It was you who destroyed my palace of dong!"
Then he took a few hits off his water bong,
And before you could blink, he broke out into song...

[To the tune of "La Cucaracha"]
*Oh Frankie McPhee, Oh Frankie McPhee,
Get against the fucking wall,
Oh Frankie McPhee, you diseased my Greek,
Now I will cut off your balls!*

And with a slice and a slash and the tiniest slippie,
Frankie's balls were now off and so were his nipples.

That was the end of Frankie's whorehouse dreams,
The Fuckery is now a school for pre-teens,
And what, you ask, happened to Billy O'Lock?
He got a rottweiler drunk and it bit off his cock.

the end





Is life, like, hard?

We're here to judge.

Join The Plague

N.Y.U.'s only intentionally
funny publication

Mondays, 6:30. Kimmel 708
readtheplague.wordpress.com

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