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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.** starting off Pandora with "The Fray". **7.** boners in skinny jeans. **8.** choking on five cookies. **9.** knowing nothing about layout. **10.** douchebags who go abroad. **11.** corn conveyances for my honey. **12.** not Bae-decker, get out of here. **13.** eating 5 cookies and acting like hot shit. **14.** the same letters spell "el guap."

SPECIAL THANKS TO: Adam "Eric Blomquist" Ebnit; Audrey Underwood; Nanci Cooke; Bob Butler; S.A.B. & ASSBAC; Jesse "Rafe" Meyerson; Alex "Colicky Baby" Rubin; Irishman Whiskey; The Pill; Jessica Walker (RIP); Brittany the hot chipmunk; no more questions; those girls from the Club Fair - call me; those guys that left the cheese and the cake in the publication lab; every student publication except *The Minetta Review*; our mommies and daddies; and, of course, G.M. Printing.

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Things We Damn Well Feel Like Saying

Sometimes I wonder whether I'm really a girl. Lately, I've been realizing there are several things about me that beg the question, "Was I born with a hoo-ha where my ding-a-ling should be?" It's not that I think farts are funny or take up extra space on the subway to air out my ballsac, but I don't understand a lot of things about other girls either. Take Johnny Depp for example: Where most women see a stunningly handsome actor, I see a homeless person who lives in the Dumpster behind a Chinese restaurant. A talented homeless person to be sure, but living off a diet of alley cat and stale pork buns nonetheless. The same applies to Orlando Bloom, but replacing "Chinese restaurant" with "methadone clinic in San Francisco." This would be blasphemy to any other card-carrying vagina-haver, but I'm not trying to be contrarian. For whatever reason, there's a disconnect in my head that doesn't make me cream over movie stars with the emotional range of a baked potato. A dead baked potato.

And the list goes on. As if my dislike of inexplicably popular actors weren't enough to make me a weirdo, the fact is that I can't stand yogurt and I watch cartoons almost exclusively. Plus, I couldn't tell you the difference between mauve and chartreuse if my color scheme depended on it. I'm pretty sure one is edible and the other is a character from a Jane Austen novel. Although God help you if you ever try to make me watch one of those week-long television movies regular girls watch voluntarily. See how easy you have it, guys? You didn't even know some of those words existed.

But to be honest, the most disconcerting thing about me is that I hate children. I am not a fan. The social stigma this carries is profound, because apparently if you're a woman who doesn't melt at the sight of ev-

ery Tom, Dick, and Baby then there is something wrong with you. It could be I resent that so many children are dressed better than I am, or maybe it's because I know how fucking useless I am to my own mom. Either way, this admission has derived more than one unfavorable scowl, particularly among the parents I babysit for. "But don't you find wonder and delight in the face of every child?" they ask, their eyes combing my midsection, desperately searching for signs of a womb. I have no answers for them, other than to fastidiously explain that I love getting paid to do arts and crafts.



Loving some ice-cold, liquid child.

Still, kids can sense when you don't like them, and just like cats, will follow you mercilessly. So despite my distaste for children, I have developed into a pretty decent babysitter. In fact, I've spent many a happy afternoon playing on the jungle gym and splashing in the kiddie pool. Oh sure, they'll start to whine about not getting a turn after a while, but that's only natural. Babysitting also lets me engage in one of my favorite activities, which happens to be tricking things dumber than I am. Believe me, the rush you get from dangling a toy just out of reach of their little, outstretched arms while patronizing their strained efforts is unbeatable. "Hey, a rainbow alligator

just flew by the window! What's that? You didn't see him? Oh look, there he goes that way!" Congratulations, Riley. I just stole all your Goldfish crackers.

I'm not entirely negative when it comes to children, though. I try to distinguish between the bad eggs and the worse eggs, and if a nuclear strike comes I hope it only targets middle schools. It's just that compared to other baby mammals like puppies, bunnies, and even hooded rats, humans are just a hell of a lot more homely. If I ever get pregnant and give birth to anything other than a Pomeranian, it's going straight to the orphanage. (The very fact that a depository for unwanted children even exists makes me feel a bit more normal in my feelings toward them.)

Having said all this, some kids do have a few redeeming qualities. They *can* be precious, especially fat, foreign babies and toddlers dressed in oversized FUBU. Cover yourself in coal dust and adopt a British accent, and I'll let you clean my "chimney" and sing Floyd until your tiny lungs give out from exhaustion. Plus, there are a couple things that kids and I have in common. We're both constantly getting into mischief, though mine is generally called a "felony," and we both enjoy Bob Marley's unchallenging style and silly hair. I don't even mind settling down to read *The Wind in the Willows* aloud, provided I have my trusty chocolate milk drink of Kahlua and cream. That's another thing kids love: chocolate milk that makes them lose their balance.

My point is, kids are terrible. They have their good points, but if I'm not getting a check at the end of the day I don't want anything to do with them. As far as I'm concerned, they should stay where they belong; in a petri dish. That reminds me, I have to go take care of something at the free clinic.

Things We Damn Well Feel Like Saying

For the past three years, I've worked sort of hard some of the time to make funny jokes for the fifteen or so jerk-offs who read this magazine. Just my association with *The Plague* might lead one to believe that I don't do much with my time other than smoke, pound whiskey, and sleep in a puddle of my own sick. But listen here, that's not all I've done for the past four years. Yes, I've spent countless hours working for this rag, taking pictures of *Plague* staffers in bear suits and Photoshopping pineapples into people's asses. But in addition to that I did actual, respectable work that I was sober for. I had four internships. Four, bitches.

And you know what's funny about that? I've gotten jack shit from it. I did a lot of things career counselors would call "resume-builders," and now here I am, less than a month from graduating and facing the cold, harsh reality that in short order, I'll be struggling to survive on my \$9/hour Monday/Wednesday job and my boyfriend's foodstamps.

The only purpose that I can discern in my life anymore is to serve as some sort of cautionary tale for those that go after me. Where did I go wrong? Let's take a look. We'll go in reverse chronological order, because a resume lady at Wasserman told me to once.

Last semester I worked at *Gotham Gazette*. I think the thing that would have improved my performance the most was if I knew anything at all about serious journalism. It's hard, turns out. I mostly spent the semester trying to trick various city officials and state legislature candidates into thinking that that I was a legitimate reporter. Sometimes they were fooled. A lot of the time, I would get questions like, "Are you calling about something *specific*?" When I wasn't embarrassing myself on the phone, I would Gchat journalism students I

know to ask what I should be doing all day. Anyway, the *Gazette* wasn't interested in hiring me.

Before that I worked at *Radar* magazine. That was fun, until I developed the beginnings of carpal tunnel from sitting at a computer for sixteen hours a week. The NYU Health Center gave me wrist braces that were supposed to help something, but mostly they just made me look like I was about to go rollerblading, all the time. And they didn't even match. I did my best to wear long-sleeved sweaters to try and hide them, but I



Every hobo needs a funny hat!

still didn't get a job offer. I can only assume that it was partially because I was that rollerblading girl, and partly because I wore the same big sweater to work every day. At any rate, the point is moot, because *Radar* died and journalism is pretty much over.

Before I did journalismy things, I thought I would get into TV. I figured I would get an internship at *The Colbert Report* senior year, and, dazzled by my wit and brilliant satire, they would hire me as a staff writer the day I graduated. So I figured I'd get my start working for Hybrid Films. Their name makes them sound like they make deep, thought-provoking films and documentaries. What they actually do is produce *Dog the Bounty Hunter*. *Dog* was making bank, apparently, because they just had money to throw around. On people's birthdays, they would send me out to buy two or three \$30 cakes from Whole Foods for the staff. Somehow there was at least a

birthday a week, although only about sixty people worked there. I think that's called compulsive eating, but I really fucking wish I was still a part of it. I mean, they gave me an iPod Nano for Christmas, just because the rest of the staff got one. But when I called to see if they had any job openings last month, though, they pretended they had never heard of me, even though I'd taken out their food trash twice a week for about four months. Fuck you too, Hybrid Films.

Before that, before any of this happened, when I was still young and innocent, I worked at a comedy club called Stand~Up NY. That squiggly was the manager's preferred punctuation of the club's name, that's not just me being an asshole. They actually did hire me for a while there, although they absolutely should not have. My job at S~UNY, aside from being the main target for sexual harassment, was to answer the phone. Unfortunately for me, I have some kind of phone-answering retardation. It's like I was dropped on my head as a child, on the part of my head that processes human speech. People would call and say who they were and I would have to ask them to repeat their name about seven times before I would realize the gibberish the man on the phone was repeating was "John" or "Mike." I didn't get hired back the next year, but it was mostly because everyone who had worked there when I did had been fired, because they were all idiots. So they didn't take me back.

So there you have it. This is exactly what not to do during college if you want to find yourself gainfully employed in a fulfilling position at the end of it all. See you guys around campus. I'll be the raving homeless woman sleeping half-submerged in the brand-new fountain in Washington Square Park.

Benjamin Hamilton Franklin Memorial Middle School: Sex Ed Reminders with Nurse Patterson



Hey, girls, Nurse Patterson here! You might remember me from the horribly awkward quarter you spent listening to me talk about sex! Well I wanted to give you some tips to keep you even safer, because abstinence-only didn't work on you, you promiscuous whores. Well, everyone knows about the pill and condoms, but did you know there are like a million other forms of birth control out there? Here's a whole list of the other weird shit you can swallow or stick in your vag to keep a fertilized egg from implanting in your uterine lining.

- Nurse P

The Ring (?????)

So they have this new thing called the NuvaRing, which is a plastic ring you stick in your cootch once a month and just... leave in there. Their website claims that most guys aren't bothered by the ring, so if the men you are intimate with don't mind sharing your 'gina with a piece of plastic during sex, this might be for you. The only drawback really is that when you're sitting there with all your friends and a NuvaRing commercial comes on extolling the virtues of a comfortable vaginal ring, you have to sit there in awkward silence while everyone makes disgusted faces and talks about how gross that is for a while.

Spermicide

It's like pesticide, but for your pichka. Same basic concept; you just spray your insides down with it every time before you have sex and it supposedly "immobilizes" all the sperm before they can impregnate you. Think of it as a slip-n-slide for penises. Bonus: If you use enough you won't get any sensation at all.

The Pull-Out Method

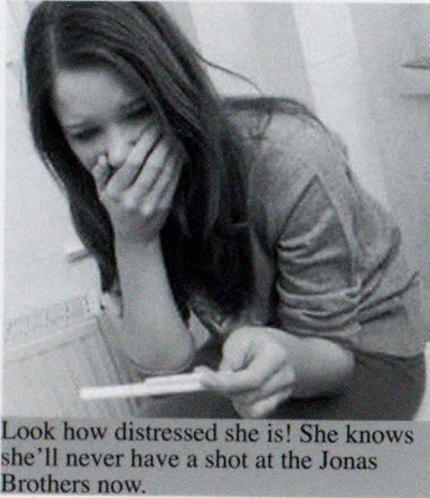
Here's an idea: don't let him come inside you.

Cervical Cap

This is a plastic cap that you put on your cervix. You just plug it up. Like a cork. Then I guess when you want to change it you just kind of pop yourself like a bottle of champagne. Maybe do that in a bathtub. But yes, it should keep you from getting knocked up.

Plan B

In the case that some heavy petting with one of your little "boyfriends" gets out of hand and you wind up having sticky, confusing sex, you can just go pick up some of these pills at the drug store. They'll make you extremely nauseous for about a day, but maybe after that you'll learn your lesson and keep those American Eagle jeans zipped.



Look how distressed she is! She knows she'll never have a shot at the Jonas Brothers now.

The Sponge

Apparently there was a *Seinfeld* episode about this, but you were probably too busy watching *Gilmore Girls* at that age. Anyway, this is a 2-for-1 - it's a cap that releases spermicide into you. So it's for girls who want both a cervical cap they have to push up inside them and cell-paralyzing chemicals in their hole, just like God intended.

Breastfeeding

If you're breast-feeding, you can't get pregnant. So if you're already doing that, go ahead and just keep doing it until you feel like having a kid again.

The Patch

It's like the patch to help you quit smoking. Except instead of nicotine, it releases estrogen and progestin, which leak through your skin and plug up your ovaries just like the Pill. The patch seems nice because you don't have to stick anything in your vagina, but odds are anyone who sees one on you is going to think you're a smoker. So only get the patch if you can live with that kind of stigma.

Natural Family Planning

You should have some kind of math skills to do this one, so let's keep this one for honors students only.

Sterilization

Just have your lady parts tied in a knot. That'll keep your eggs safe and sound.

In the Butt

A butt can't conceive, but you should do everything humanly possible to keep boys from finding out about this. A sphincter is shaped like a Stop sign for a reason. Catholicism-approved.

If all else fails, picture squeezing a giant, soggy kidney stone out your snatch whenever you get those growing-up tingles.

We'll need to know everyone you fucked...

Student Health Center

a unit of the Division of Student Affairs



Please Stop Saying "You Bitch"

a plea from Ulysses Bitch

Hello. My name is Ulysses Bitch. I am a construction worker in Texas. I am happily married to my wife Evelyn and have three little Bitches at home. Even though times have gotten tougher, I am still able to find work and put food on the table. Despite all of these blessings, though, I am still one unhappy Bitch.

Why? Because people keep distracting me by saying "you bitch".

Take yesterday, for example. I'm working on the new office park down by Thornhill road, carrying a load of copper tubes to the second floor. I'm a little on edge because this is valuable cargo, right? If I dent this, it would definitely get me in trouble with my foreman. So I'm being very careful, when all of a sudden someone shouts, "Hey, watch where you're going, you bitch!"

In a panic, I turned around and fell over, dropping the entire load two stories to the ground. I also scraped my forehead on an exposed rivet. When I tried to figure out who had tried to warn me, I realized that it was a man who had almost gotten hit by a car. My foreman called me down to the trailer and really chewed me out for dropping the tubing. I was docked nearly three days pay to cover the damages.

Have you had to tell your eight-year-old daughter that Pizza Thursday is canceled because you thought someone was yelling a warning to you? I thought that little Bitch was going to cry.

And then there was last week, when my wife and I went out to celebrate our anniversary. We had dinner at a little Italian restaurant and stopped by Applebee's for a drink before we went home. I ordered a martini, since it was a special occasion, and Mrs. Bitch had a margarita. As the bartender prepared the drinks, I heard a guy say, "That's one ugly bitch."

My wife, who is very insecure about her looks, burst into tears. Upset that this asshole had ruined what had been a wonderful evening, I turned to him and asked him what he thought he was doing. He seemed surprised and said, "What do you mean?" I repeated his comment and explained who I was. He apologized and explained that he was referring to his friend's pet dog. His friend showed me a photo and I had to agree: that was the ugliest dog I'd ever seen.

To apologize, the man offered to pay for our drinks and wished us a happy anniversary. It was too late, though - no matter how many times I assured my wife that she was the prettiest, thinnest Bitch I'd ever want, the magic of the evening was gone.

So, please. Stop saying "look at all those bitches" when I'm out with my family. Don't yell, "Well, fuck you, bitch," at your girlfriend when I'm shopping for groceries. Please.

I guess I have it better than my cousin Uricah Faggot, though.

Connect Foreskin

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DR. Z

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Mad Libs!



This Is What I Do in College, Dad

In the beginning, when God created the poop and the markers, the Earth was a slimy wasteland, and darkness covered the burrito, while a mighty wind swept over the waters. Then Mohammed Ali said, "Let there be fleshlights," and there was/were fleshlights. God saw how good the fleshlights were. Superman then separated the light from the darkness. God called the light "motorcycle" and the darkness he called "cashew." Thus evening came, and Lollapalooza followed – the first day.

Then I asked him with my eyes to ask again jeepers and then he asked me would I gosh to say mother of pearl my mountain flower and first I put my arms around him cunt-nuggets and drew him down to me so he could feel my breasts all perfume poopface and his heart was going like mad and gee whillikers I said monkeybutts I will ZOINKS.

"And you never will. But I've got a job to scratch, too. Where I'm going, you can't squat. What I've got to fook, you can't be any part of. Ilsa, I'm no good at being doughy, but it doesn't take much to see that the rashes of three little people don't amount to a hill of beans in this crazy world. Someday you'll understand that. Now, now... Here's looking at you, sugarwalls."

"If only you knew the daquiris of the Dark Side. Obi-Wan never told you what happened to your Chia Pet."

"He told me enough! He told me you boinked him!"

"No. I am your Chia Pet."

But lookit! What light through yonder hymen breaks?

It is the East, and Juliet is the Slap Chop!

Arise, fair Slap Chop guy, and kill the envious Willie Mays,

who is already slippery and pale with grief

That thou her egg salad art far more crumbelievable than she.



Wanna get some hookers later?

The Lost Book of Bro

The following was recently discovered by archaeologists in a cave at Mt. Zion. Told by the forgotten 13th Apostle, known only as "Bro," it tells the story of the Last Supper.

Bro: 69

AND SO it came to be that we, the Most Blessed Thirteen Apostles, were all chilling at Pete's place when J-Dawg did let it drop that He was taking a kind of extended vacay from our Sacred Bro-therhood the next day. He did then proclaim that He would be throwing a sick goodbye party to mark the occasion. Pete did then ask of the LORD, "My Lord, what?" The LORD J-C responded, "We are 'bout to get crunked, my son!" He handed Pete a slip of parchment. "Here are the directions to the venue. Arrive thee not late, for there is much to accomplish before my time here has ended." And so we, the 13 Chosen Ones, left to prepare for the night in our own huts.

That evening, in our best striped robes, we arrived at the spot designated by our Savior outside the walls of J-Town. The sky was very dark, and the venue was mad sketch. The only objects in the room were a table, a long bench, and a ratty-ass wash basin. I did lean over to whisper to Andrew, "Yo, man, this party is pretty lame. Where are all the chips and hot chicks at? For this surely looks like a sausage fest." I paused for a moment of prayer and reflection and added, "We need jell-o virgin wrestling, at least, dude." Andrew ignored my pleas. After a moment I asked of him, "Well, man? For what purpose did I bring this satchel of roofies?" And Andrew did still pretend not to hear me and instead turned his attention to J-Christ. But whatever, he's a douche and, honestly? Probably lieth down with other men, if thou knows what I'm talking about. He and J-Man bathe in the river together sometimes, I've seen them. They call it baptizing, which is, like, whatever, but His people have been starting to talk, you know?

Anyway, J-Rod sat us all down in order of awesomeness on the bench: Jimmy Son of Alphie, Andy, myself, Johnny J., Jimmy Son of Zebedee (heh), Poon-tang Phil, Petey Pete, Matty Matt, Tommy Boy, Simon, Judas, Thaddeus, and Bartholomew. Bart was placed last because, seriously? Fuck Bartholomew. I don't even know why he is granted the

eternal honor of hanging with the Savior. He's a virgin and can't handle himself past one chalice of wine. After seating us, J-Flex gave to each of us a piece of bread and a Solo chalice, but ordered us not to drink of it until He had finished speaking. I took this as another bad omen, but I put my trust in the LORD, that he would provide us with a bangin' night.

So the J-Man then took His piece of bread and Solo chalice of wine and lifted them in the air. He flexed His biceps and



I was like, "Hey, brah, you been working out?" and he was all, "Nah dude, I'm just the Son of God." I don't know, I was already a little buzzed by that point, for Judas and I had both partaken in the holy ritual of pre-gaming. The J-Dude then ate the bread in His hands and said, "This is my body," and I was like, "What?" He then pounded the wine and said, "This is my blood blah blah blah." He then spoke unto us, saying, "Do this in remembrance of me." And I was like, "Not a chance, bro. I don't plan on remembering anything from tonight... Because I'm going to drink so much wine... and get wasted... in Your honor... yeah, bro!" And I crushed the empty chalice of the

LORD upon my forehead.

Thus did I speak to our Savior before I bestowed upon Him a righteous high-five. Tommy Boy told me to "grow the fuck up already." J-Blaze warned that I should pace myself, as there was still much left to do before the night had ended. It was then that He pulled out the ratty wash basin and began to wash the feet of my Bros. I did mutter under my breath, "Surely this is the gayest thing ever." Let it be known to all that when my time came, I did not enjoy having another man caress my feet.

After the foot-washing episode, Dr. J announced that the time for three hours of silent prayer had arrived. At this point I flipped the table over and blurted out "Yo, seriously? This party BLOWS. I'd rather chill with the pagans, they at least make blood sacrifices to their idols every few hours." The J-Dude got pretty pissed at this and did stand up from his place at the table. He spoke unto me in a most aggravated manner. "The fuck, man? Blood sacrifices? Are you psycho? We haven't done that shit since Abraham went nuts and almost took out Isaac. You really want that kind of thing on your record, man?" Our Savior sat Himself down and said under His breath, "Surely this Bro will be the one who will betray me."

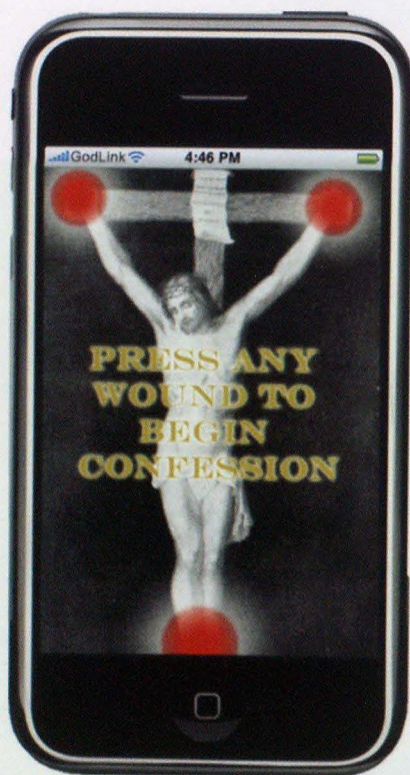
The Christ-inator then became so enraged that He left the room to cool off in the garden, and we all followed. It was here in the garden that the LORD got down on his knees and took a few moments of prayer to calm Himself and speak with His Father. He rose and did then proclaim, "We should all just love each other... no homo." Poon-tang Phil approached Him, and they were seen there by all Bros performing their badass secret fist pound combo. It was then that J-Diddy also confronted Pete, telling him that he was sure he would not have his back, and would betray him three times before the cock crowed twice. I heard this and decided that that would be the end of my night with these men. I did throw up my hands and proclaimed to my fellow Apostles, "Cock? GAAAAAAAAAAAAAY." And so it was that I peaced on those fairies at the Last Supper of our LORD.

BIMILLENIAL PAPAL TECHNOLOGY NEWSLETTER

Dear Catholics of the World,

I bring both joyous and sad news to this fourth edition of the newsletter. First, the sad: during this past Christmas holiday the elaborate network of strings and cups first installed by St. Peter himself broke, thus severely hampering our Intra-Vatcanal communication. Considering the rest of the world's economic crisis, the Catholic Church would be greatly embarrassed to reveal our utterly absurd cache of gold, and have to pay to have this ancient system of twine and Solo cups fixed. Herein lies the joyous news: Vatican III was held in January and the decision handed down by the hierarchy was that the new means of communication would be iPhones networked through our own, state-of-the-art proprietary service, GodLink. In only a matter of days, however, I became bored of topless bathroom shots and checking Facebook in each room of the Vatican. So I reconvened the council and we ultimately decided, through divine inspiration, that we need something called "apps". We established a contest over the Internet to create an "app" for the Pope, with the top ten programmers receiving indulgences as their eternal reward. Below are some of my favorite entries.

iConfession



iInquisition



"A portable confession booth." Record your sins on-site and in real time. Play them back for your priest on Sunday. A real time-saver!

A very straightforward heathen tracker. This app features live updates via GoogleMaps, as well as multiple standards of measurement, including the beta version of PietyTracker.

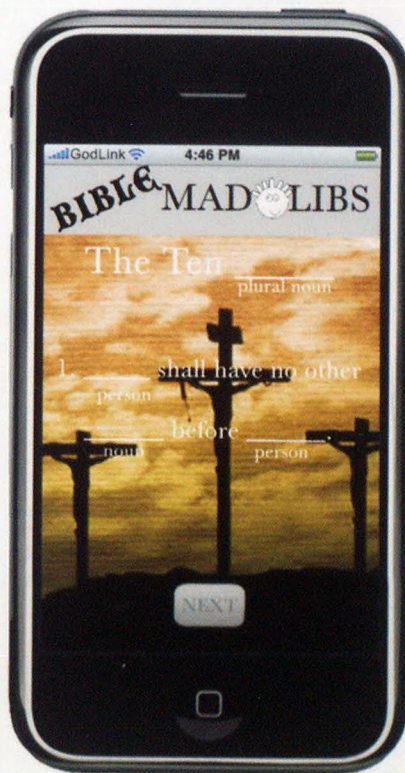


ALTAR BOY OF THE WEEK

An automatically updating background featuring exemplary altar boys from all around the world. This is a great app to pass those long hours of solitary worship.

BIBLE MAD LIBS

“For Jamie Foxx so loved the world that He gave His one and only testicle, that whoever believes in Him shall not blame it on the alcohol but shall club thump.” Bobby 3:16



HYMNAL HERO

The app to end all apps: Guitar Hero-style game, featuring religion-oriented songs. Even God can't play "Stairway to Heaven" on expert—I asked.

I hope you enjoyed viewing some of the apps I have been using for the past few months; they should be available in the Vatican section of the iTunes store before the next newsletter drops.

EVEN MORE RELIGIOUS ZEALOTRY

It's like CCD: neverending

Man sees God, disappointed by lack-luster performance
by Rube Stansberg

On the evening of Easter, Stuart Pennington, 22, decided to go to a local church near his college. Pennington had not been to church in a couple of years, but was having a tough time and wanted some guidance. At the deserted church, Stuart prayed that he could see God in person to find out what he had to do. Suddenly, the candles in the cathedral went out, and Stuart thought he was about to get his wish.

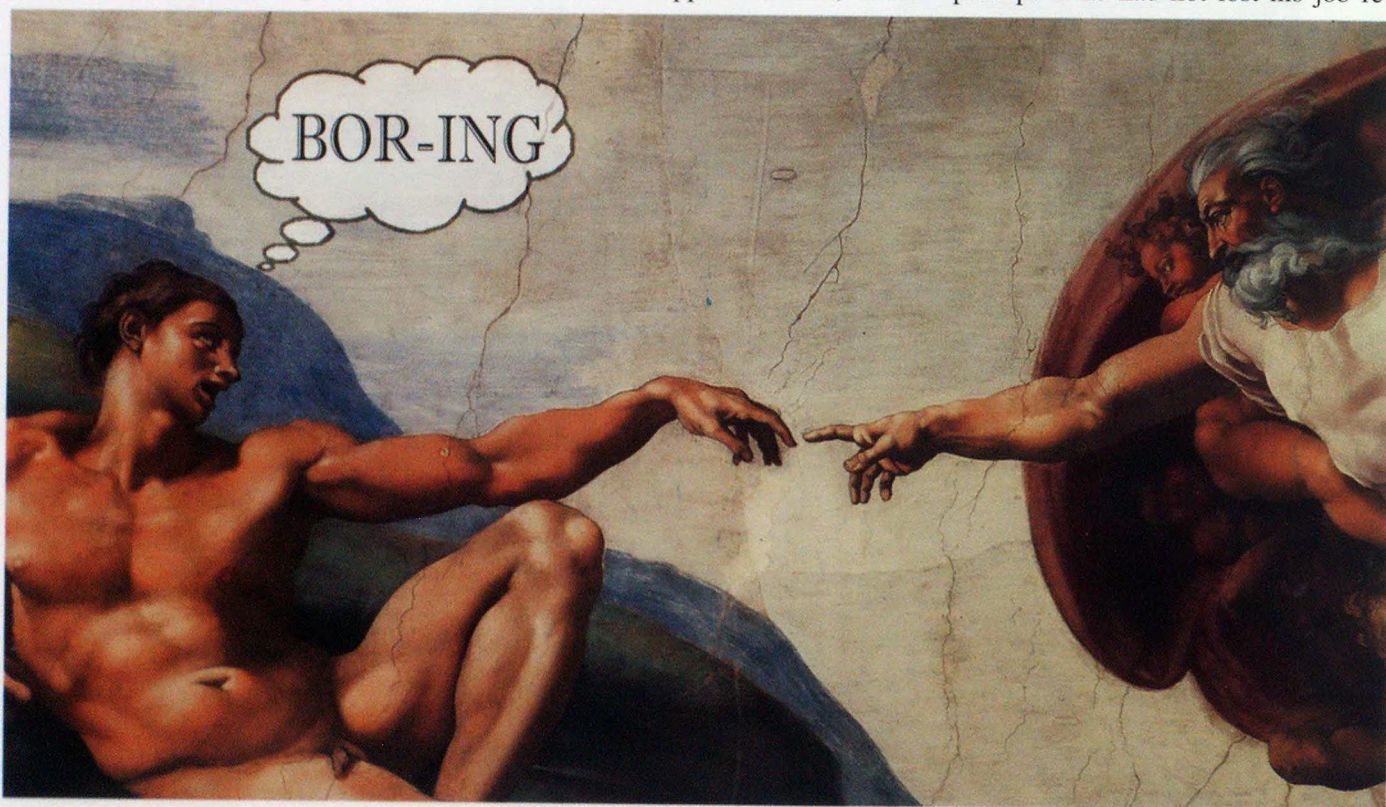
At this point, Pennington said he

Stuart says he was waiting for "what a person usually expects" when they meet with God. "You know, Jesus on the mic, Allah on the drums, Buddha on the bass, and Shiva on the sitar, in the ultimate rock band, playing some really boss classic rock." Apparently, his impressions did not hold true to God's presentation to Stuart.

"It was like God gave me a PowerPoint presentation about his great, big plan," Pennington claimed. "Here I ask to see God, all-mighty creator of everything cool and awesome, waiting for like a Led Zeppelin concert, mixed

sending several plagues and disasters to Egypt, bringing down the walls of Jericho, and, more recently, melting all the Nazis who opened the Ark of the Covenant. Efforts from Christian churches to fundraise for God in the past years have failed, as their method of organizing Christian rock concerts has remained unsuccessful and unchanged. The church has been losing donors, and much of its budget is now spent on petitions to ban various human rights.

Pennington went on to state that perhaps if he had not lost his job re-



was engulfed in a mediocre display of lights, which left him blind for a couple minutes, and he heard a kind of loud voice changer repeating "I am the Lord" over and over again, and some music that was probably sung by Enya.

"God was all like, 'The end of the world is coming and you must repent,' being metaphorical as fuck, and I was just like, 'Blah, blah, blah, let's see some CGI shit,'" Pennington reports.

with The Beatles, mixed with Springsteen, topped off with a 'blow-my-fucking-mind-a-thon,' but it was more like a lamer MTV Movie Awards. No, it was like Hugh Jackman's musical shit-show at the Oscars this year."

Pennington's anecdote suggests that God is running out of funding to put on really kick-ass concerts. The theory follows that He spent too much of His budget for over the top theatrics in the B.C. area, with such events as

cently, or had received some ancient artifact, he might have appreciated God's efforts more. Yet, since God did not deliver any of the above, Stuart drove home with a massive headache and even more confusion about what he needs to do in life. Pennington concludes, "The Guy could've at least hired a Michael Bay angeltron, or gotten Morgan Freeman to narrate or something. Next time I'm just going to buy a zen sand garden."

September 12th

Dear Diary,

Guess what? This funny-looking pagan family moved in next store. Dad says they're like uglier Egyptians but I don't care because they have a comely daughter. I bet she's a virgin. I'm a virgin. It pretty much sucks. But you know what, Diary? Me and the pagan girl gonna fix it, whether she likes it or not. Mom says she's a "shitzka" so it's not even against the law or anything.

September 14th

Oh man, Diary. Dad found out about the shiksa and her parents totally killed her with stones...before I could bone her! I was so close and thanks to my Dad, Drunk McDramaqueen, I'm still a stupid virgin. I mean sheep don't count, right?

October 2nd,

So the cops dropped dad off again. He got all wine'd up and lit this massive fire, then he talked to it for half an hour. He says the guy's name is Gob or Gohd or something. On the plus side, he got me a new goat! I'm gonna name her Billy, my furry, little girl.

P.S. Apparently girl goats have balls and a dick above their awesome hole. Weird, right?!

October 12th,

Diary, Dad's been acting real weird lately. I mean he still gets drunk and lights fires, but now all he talks about is this God guy. And how I'm chosen and we have to go camping up on the mountain. Mom says he's just having a midlife crisis and I should be supportive. He said I could bring Billie so it shouldn't be that bad.

Diary of Isaac, Son of Abraham

October 15th

I don't know what the fuck just happened, Diary! One minute me and Dad are walking up the mountain and the next thing he pulls a knife on me! Then this big talking flame fuck tells him he doesn't have to kill me. So he turns around and throws Billie in the fire! Then he hugs me and tells me I'm Jewish. I hope he doesn't try to cut me again. He's going to fucking cut me again, isn't he? Fuck.

October 30th

Dad got me a new sheep so I guess everything's okay for now. He also hired a new Arab cleaning lady. She's always muttering about this Allah dude, plus she always hides my shit when she cleans. Where's my fucking keys, cleaning lady?

December 20th

Holy shit, Diary, the cleaning lady is preggers! When Mom found out she went apeshit. She made the cleaning lady go live in the woods, but Dad just got sloshed and told us he's "leaving on a trip to talk to God." I mean that's pretty fucked, right Diary?

December 30th

So Dad finally came back from his "trip". He got a tan and lost a few pounds. Mom agrees he's looking better. He apologized for the whole Billie incident and explained this God guy, and how I'm a Jew. It basically means I have to worship God and stop eating pigs. I know Dad loves this guy, but first the knife, no BLTs, and I have to worship Him? This God guy's a real prick.

Jan 1st

Okay Diary, today is the big day. Today Dad says I become a real Jew. He says there's not going to be any fires or death like last camping trip. I sure hope not, because I don't think I could stand it if he threw my new sheep in some talking fire again. But I still don't get why I have to shave my junk to become a real Jew. And what's a circumcision anyway?

Until next time,
Isaac



WASHINGTON SQUARE NEWS

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

Palestine Rally Spawns Wave of Micro Protests in East Village

Slim Jenkins

WASHINGTON SQUARE NEWS

A protest supporting the statehood of Palestine was held along Washington Square East earlier today, accompanied by the shouting of various statements such as "Free Palestine!" and "Long Live Palestine!"

The protest failed to garner much support for the Palestinian people, but it did influence local Village residents to employ chanting as tactic for their everyday activities. After observing the protesters, one man reportedly entered a delicatessen only to begin chanting, "Sell me a sandwich! Sell me a sandwich!"

When questioned regarding his newfound purchasing habit, the man responded, "I'm just standing up for what I believe. Long live the free market economy that allowed me purchase this sandwich!" Other similar accounts flooded in from all over the Washington Square area, from a group of people cheering on the efforts of sanitation workers to load curbside garbage into a truck to a middle-aged woman repeatedly yelling nonsense at the top of her lungs.

The multitude of protests came to a climax when city workers and business owners launched counter-protests, voicing their demands of payment for their goods and services.

In response, the Israeli government launched four rockets into the downtown Manhattan area, killing at least 760 people in the blasts.

please burn
your WSN
in a tire fire.



National: Ford Motor Company Reports Record High Pity Sales for Fiscal Year 2008

Thomas Holmes

WASHINGTON SQUARE NEWS

A recent study found that Ford Motor Company leads the nation in sales influenced by a sense of pity. The struggling automobile company saw pity sales rise an astounding 347% in the fiscal year 2008, even as total sales continued to plummet.

"I just feel kind of bad for [Ford]," said consumer Frank DeMarco, after purchasing a brand new F150. "It's not exactly their fault that they have incompetent executives, outdated technology, and overpaid workers. Hell, if those thrifty Democrats aren't going to throw some money at them, I guess I will."

Ford's unprecedented influx of condolences put the company's share of the pity market ahead of corporations like Petsmart, Goodwill, and RadioShack for the first time in history. Ford ex-

ecutive Roger Maro, overjoyed by the company's surprising success in light of otherwise complete failure, celebrated by giving Ford's R&D team an extra three years to finish their work on the new 'Giganta-Please-Buy-This' SUV.

"This is the closest Ford has come to turning a profit since that rumor back in 1924, when people thought two thirds of our workers were wheelchair-bound youths," said Ford CEO Alan R. Mulally. "Even our 1994 'Buy a Taurus, Get a Cupcake' promotion pales in comparison to this."

Industry analyst Richard Stephens, when asked about the Cupcake Event, recalled, "The problem was that they ran out of vanilla cupcakes. It was a move reminiscent of Ford's inability to predict consumer demand, like when they only made three cars through the '70s, or their cover financing of the Bay of Pigs invasion."

TBNUY Declares Boycott of On-Campus Water Containment Sources, Water Itself

Clark Hassler

WASHINGTON SQUARE NEWS

In the cold, oppressive gulag of the apartment paid for by her parents, Take Back NYU spokeshuman Farah Khimji has been formulating TBNUY's next move for some time.

"It's so, like, obvious," Khimji said. "The failure of the Coke ban only spoke to the inherent lack of revolutionary and anarchist spirit of NYU which we so clearly exhibit. My only regret about the Kimmel February Revolution is that we weren't angrier. Or louder."

TBNUY's next move is to institute a boycott of "imprisoned water" anywhere on the university campus (e.g. bottled or bong water). Khimji said that given the frequency of New York rainfall, there

should be enough water to meet the needs of tens of thousands of people.

But more than its protection, the group has bigger plans for the prosecution of water, at home and abroad. "Water is directly complicit with the murder of hundreds of thousands of people during the tsunamis of December 2003," Khimji said. "Water should be brought to the international criminal court and tried for crimes against humanity along with the entire state of Israel, George Bush, John Sexton, and my father."

Khimji also deemed water as a key conspirator in the ongoing War on Terror. "We've seen water's previous disregard for the human spirit when it freely let itself be used in waterboarding of innocent detainees. Water is the guiltiest of them all."

VOICES FROM AROUND THE SQUARE



alvinseville

LIFE OF ALVIN

Boy, is my life quirky. Look at all the quirky, zany things that happen to me that give me a new perspective on things and people. Wow. Life sure is crazy sometimes.

Sometimes, I get overwhelmed with quirkiness and have to put it in my articles in quirky list form without any rhyme or reason! Like *Top Chef* and Mr. Rogers' cardigans, and wiping my ass with fifty bazillion Zimbabwean dollars!

I love to smile, because life is just so quirky! If you don't smile (try smiling quirkily – it's a blast!), then you realize the soul crushing reality that you're just a worthless fuck with a weekly gig writing opinion columns that people barely glaze over before just skipping to the crossword puzzle, hoping to advance into a field that is disintegrating before my very own quirky eyes (not racist – I'm Asian, and quirky!). And that's not quirky.

I'm so wacky I could be a character on *The Office*! I could play the cocky Asian who breaks down stereotypes about Asians, and then I'd blog about it. Instead of actually helping the show address race relations, I'd just be unfunny; but in a quirky way. Also, I would totally touch Pam's boobies. She's quirky-hot.

"Take only what you need from me/ a family of trees for me." Someone told me that song was quirky.

Yours quirkily,
Alvin



thetimekeeper

GET TO CLASS!

Class starts in four minutes! FOUR MINUTES! You're gonna be late, God dammit! You better get a move on before—WATCH THAT TRUCK! Be careful when you're crossing the street!

Go ahead, get on with your long, repetitive trudge through your banal existence filled with meaningless bullshit day-in and day-out. Move along with the other drones, and watch the traffic! Do you think you lead some kind of carefree life where you can just lolligag all around the—WATCH THE TAXI! Stop! Stop! For the love of God, STOP! Okay, come on come on come on! Make sure you watch the traffic next time!



thetimewaster

TAKE IT EASY!

The day is young, man. Calm down, already! Why are you walking so fast? Class doesn't start for another four minutes, and it's a beautiful day. Are you really going to walk right by this park and not even stop to chat? Don't be such a drag, dude. You want to play some hacky sack? I'm sure someone around here might have a Frisbee or something, too. We'll get a pick-up game started, if you'd just relax for a sec.

How's your day going, by the way? Anything cool happen lately? It's been great for me so far, I'll tell ya, man. The sun's shining, and I don't have a care in the world. There's no better place to be

Anyway, it's now only two minutes until class! You're definitely going to be late now. Get moving already, what are you dawdling for? How dare you disrupt the orderly ways set forth by the higher powers that control you? What right do you have to defy the demands of those who give you the only reason to get up in the morning? Do you think you know better than everyone else? And WHAT THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING CROSSING THE STREET LIKE THAT?! There's a car heading right for you! You think think you own the place or something? Watch the traffic! Oh, just cross the street already! Jesus, you need to be more careful. If I were your professor, I wouldn't take "hit by a car" as an excuse for tardiness.

than right—HEY! Slow down! You'll get to class already, geez! What the hell are you even going to learn there, anyway? I'll give you a learning experience right here! Now, have you ever used a bowl before? You just—oh, come on, walking off to class so soon? I bet you used to be cool, but you've changed, dude.

What is life if you can't take some time to truly experience it, man? These commitments are just draggin' you down, kid. Don't let the man tell you what to do and when to do it. I can't believe you're buying into that corporate bullshit. Whatever, man. I'll be right here if you change your mind.

And don't let those fancy schmancy vehicles push you around and tell you where to walk, either.

My Uncle's Vandyland

Briefs From *The New York Times* Recycling Bin

School Production of *West Side Story* Casts Most Latino-Looking Students

Benjamin Hamilton Franklin Memorial High School recently announced the cast of its spring production of the Andrew Lloyd Weber musical. Drama director and suspected pedophile Keith Towers made the announcements. "Regretfully, the drama department suffers from a lack of Hispanic students and all parts have been given to Asian and Italian students."

Area Man Still Enjoys Dry-humping

Neil Messmer, 26, still enjoys dry humping. "Regular sex is all well and good, but it doesn't compare to dry humping. I prefer a woman, but I'll

hump a bed, I'll rub one off against a desk, whatever really." Despite pressure from friends and lovers, Messmer has no plans to stop rubbing his covered genitalia on things or people anytime soon.

Yo-Crazed Rant Precipitates Arrest

"Pinkberry! Red Mango! Sixteen Handles! Tasty D-Lite!" screamed the man, red in the face, spittle flying from his mouth. "Yolato! Yogurt Land! Yogurt Mania! ÖKO Frozen Yogurt & Tea! I Can't Believe It's Yogurt! Yorganic! Eskimix! Berrywild! Crazy Bananas! Yogurt Place! How the hell are you supposed to decide what yogurt place to go to when there's so many in this city?" The man then col-

lapsed on the street, sobbing uncontrollably until the police escorted him away.

Bobcat Terminated by NYPD

NYU Security reported to a call on Friday night reporting a "mountain lion" was causing havoc in Coles Sports Arena. NYPD showed up to the arena, where the bobcat was ruining a halftime show by trying to perform backflips and stunts, imitating human cheerleading activities. Officers put down the wily animal with a face full of buckshot. A later autopsy revealed that the bobcat had already consumed an entire human, NYU student Drew Myers. Funeral services will be held the following Sunday. No other casualties were reported.

Movie News & Reviews.

Review of *The Curious Case of Benjamin Button* by a kid with progeria

The Curious Case of Benjamin Button is a film by David Fincher focusing on the life and times of a man with a very peculiar condition. "Young" Benjamin Button emerges from the womb with the physical characteristics of an old man, seemingly near death, shocking and appalling to look at. Poor Benjamin, so different from children his age, spends much of his early childhood secluded, lonely, and not sure how long he has. Sounds like a very sad and gripping tale indeed.

That being said, perhaps, dear readers, you have heard of a very rare genetic disease called progeria, and it is a disease with which I happen to be afflicted. If you're not familiar, allow me to quote Wikipedia in noting that "progeria is an extremely rare genetic condition where symptoms resembling aspects of aging are manifested at an early age." A curious case indeed. Certainly something worth an entire two hours and forty-seven minutes of your precious time, right?

You must be thinking that I really loved the film because it addresses issues I'm so familiar with, issues that few people would understand or appreciate otherwise. Except for one little detail; Benjamin gets younger physically as he ages, eventually turning into a normal handsome adult. Specifically, Brad Pitt. He spends his time railing Cate Blanchett and generally spends his life traveling and dicking around, getting younger every day until he dies painlessly and silently as an infant. What a crock of horseshit.

I on the other hand, will look like a prune for the rest of my days, and the chances of me living past the age of 13 are slim. I'll never fall in love, let alone have sex, and I'll likely die the death of an old and haggard relic as a preteen. Moreover, this movie was so long that it actually ate up a pretty big chunk of the amount of time I have left to live. I give *Benjamin Button* two very small and shriveled thumbs down, and you can all go fuck yourselves.

Review of *Milk* by the Entirety of Long Island

Gheeeey. *snap* *snap* *snap*

Film Student Keeps Talking about the Merit of *Paul Blart: Mall Cop*

During what was to be a brief lecture on MacGuffin plot devices, Tisch film student Jules Vernon derailed another lecture by tying course material to the recent film *Paul Blart: Mall Cop*.

"So in *Paul Blart*'s plot, the MacGuffin device comes in the form of an insidious plot for the Santa's helpers' robbers' intention to steal from the mall via a vis the codes to the mall's credit card machines," said junior Jules Vernon.

Wearied classmates report Jules' habit of referring to the film as either *Citizen Blart*, and occasionally *Casablanca: Mall Cop*.

"It changes depending on who he's around," explained Jimmy Hewitt, an acquaintance of Jules's. "He was totally hitting on my friend Mary when he brought it up as *Annie Blart*. I would have called him on it if he hadn't come over to watch *There Will Be Blart* with me last week. It was kind of sweet that he still remembered my favorite movie."

"I still try to sit next to Jules in class, especially since he's been dealing with his dad's untimely passing last November," said Ron Gardner, a close friend of Jules. "As I understand it, his father was a heavy-set, working class kind of guy. I think he's just trying to fill the great,

big, blubbery hole that his death left in his life."

Last weekend Jules broke up his own "Stoned Saturday Matinee" showing of *Zack and Miri Make a Porno*, removing the DVD mid-movie for what he promised would be the Kevin Smith classic, *Mall Rats*.

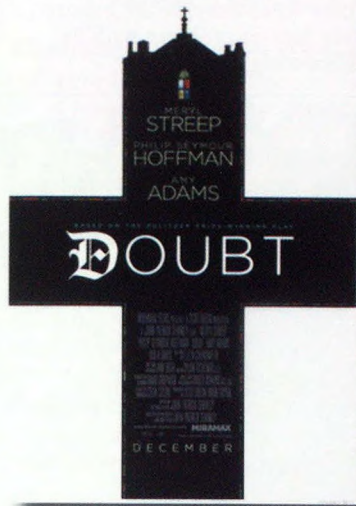
"He kept repeating that he would show us what 'pure' comedy was, and for about twenty minutes I couldn't believe how overweight Jason Lee was in the nineties. About twenty minutes in, it dawned on all of us that we were watching a Kevin James movie. Jules had pulled his dorm-room chair directly in front of the TV. He started rocking back and forth, crying and laughing. We just... we just kind of shuffled out and left him to his Cheetos. Before getting out, I took one last glance at Jules in front of his shitty, German dubbed, DVD-rip. The only thing missing was Pink Floyd's 'Comfortably Numb' playing the background," said friend Sienna Riley.

Mr. Gardner still sits with Jules in class, although he's having trouble adjusting to the change. He comments, "We used to play around calling ourselves names like Jules and Vince, sometimes Jules and Jim or Ron and Howard, but I'm really not ready to go by Paul Blart and the Burlington Mall."

My Mom's Movie Reviews

Who taught her how to use a computer?

My mom might be a great lady, but she wouldn't know cinema if Jason Statham drove her off a cliff in a flaming Camaro. Regardless, she shares with us her impressions of some recent films.



Mamma Mia! Doesn't the exclamation point in the title just tell you this movie is going to be fun, fun, fun?! From Meryl Streep's agonizingly "youthful" costumes to the plot-contrived dance sequences, it ranks with *Hairspray* as one of my favorite terrible movies. *Doubt* was nothing like this. Instead of a zany mother-of-the-bride, Streep plays a cranky, boring, old nun. Where's the vigorous fifty-something who

finds romance? Where's the unrealistic tropical setting? Where's Diane Keaton? This movie should be shown as punishment.

Rating: Two Colin Firths down



Now, I usually like Tom Cruise. He's reasonably talented and good-looking enough to engage my attention, but his recent movies have been far too violent. Besides, I don't think it's right what he did to Nicole Kidman, leaving her like that for some Spanish hussy and then that floozy preteen. As for the film though, it's about a group of German officers who plot to kill Hitler. I however, don't go to the theater to see mean-spiritedness and violence; there's plenty

of that on the news. So rather than stay and watch the assassination unfold, I walked out. I don't know whether they succeeded in killing Hitler, but with all the initial gore, I don't think I want to know. I have only left a movie early three other times, during *The Usual Suspects*, *Memento*, and *Fight Club*. I never knew what the fuss was about those anyway.

Rating: History should stay where it belongs: in books.



My daughter took me to see *Watchmen*, insisting that I "get a little art with my entertainment." Curious as to what that film school tuition pays for, I agreed. First of all, the movie started horribly. \$11.50 for a movie ticket?! Outrageous! And on top of that you expect me to pay \$9 for a cartoon-sized bucket of popcorn?! When I finally stopped complaining about prices to the minimum-waged employees, other cus-

tomers, and my daughter, she dragged me into the theater. Lucky for me I had smuggled in my own snacks anyway, but I'll be darned if I let the cinema get the best of Donna Henderson. Once we got settled, the film began. I have to be honest here and say that I have no idea what happened after that. The images on the screen were visually incoherent, and I spent the entirety of the film asking questions. "Who's the blue guy? How do they do all that stuff with the computers? Aren't computers amazing things?!" Eventually my daughter got so fed up we left and went to Chili's. So I guess the movie was a bust, but it's nice to share time together.

Rating: Puzzled frown



Even *I* hated this bullshit. Seriously.

Rating: Spend your money on something more worthwhile, like an enema.

Tech Decks

You can use your fingers for many things. You could perform some fucking sweet tricks on your desk with your kickass finger skateboard and impress that hottie in study hall, or you could ram it down your throat and get to leave school early because "you're sick". Advantage: **Throwing Up**

Throwing Up

Stickers

As our judges put it, "In terms of wattage, glo-in-the-dark stickers have nothing on L.A. Lights." No further statements. Advantage: **L.A. Lights**

L.A. Lights

Mushroom Cuts

Pick a color. Now pick a number. Okay, pick another color. And one more number. Yes, I know they're all even. Okay. And your fortune is: you're going to get a mushroom cut before you leave middle school. Advantage: **Mushroom Cuts**

Fortune Tellers

Beanie Babies

We've invited an extra judge in for this category: eBay. "COLUMBINE 1999 'WE ARE...COLUMBINE' BEANIE BABY" is selling for \$1,998. GoGurt coupons are selling for approximately five cents. Advantage: **Beanie Babies**

GoGurt

Pokemon

Wally entered his new house. It was on Dark Street in Full Moon, Arizona. His dad had been forced to move here to continue working as an important scientist on a top-secret government project. Wally opened the door to the basement.... CHARIZARD appeared and wrecked Wally's shit with FLAMETHROWER. Advantage: **Pokémon**

Goosebumps

Power Rangers

Confession: most of *The Plague*'s staff were totally into O-Town in middle school, even the men. We're still trying to compensate for that, so we're giving the victory to the Power Rangers and their phallic robots. Advantage: **Penises Power Rangers**

Boy Bands

Snap Bracelets

With snap bracelets, all you get is a sore wrist. With MASH, you get to know your entire future: who you'll marry, how many kids you'll have, where you'll live, what you'll drive. With snap bracelets, you're wearing a really ugly day-glo pink band. With MASH, you're driving a Red Lambo with Carmen Electra on your way to work as a Female Body Inspector. Advantage: **MASH**

MASH

Wet Dreams

Swish, swish, swish, Alice's pants sounded as she walked through the hallway. She wasn't wearing anything else, and she was walking right towards Tom. He felt something... funny happening to him. She reached out towards his penis. BZZT BZZT. Tom's alarm went off. His sheets were sticky. Advantage: **Wet Dreams**

Swish Pants

Throwing Up

Both competitors are tops in their fields (expulsion of bodily fluids and sneakers with lights), but our mothers wouldn't let us wear L.A. Lights because they were worried the battery acid would get on our feet. They had no problem with us puking, though. Advantage: **Throwing Up**

L.A. Lights

POKÉMON

Mushroom Cuts

Rather than compare these two on their own merits, we'll judge them by what kind of sex act they sound like. A "Mushroom Cut" could be when semen hardens in your partner's hair, rendering it weirdly shaped. Ick. The "Beanie Baby" sounds more like post-coitus cuddling on a bean bag. We're trying to reach out to the ladies, so spooning wins this one. Advantage: **Beanie Babies**

Beanie Babies

POWER RANGERS

Pokemon

Power Rangers and Pokemon are both attempts by toy companies to make indulgent parents shell out their hard-earned money on plastic crap so their children will stop screaming or crying or bleeding and they can have a moment's goddam peace. However, Pokemon was a video game first, and that's for nerds. Advantage: **Power Rangers**

Power Rangers

MASH

MASH

While everyone enjoys a game of MASH, no man ever ejaculated when he learned how many kids he was fated to raise. Many have, though, when dreaming about Molly From Ms. Hatchett's homeroom, that hottie. Advantage: **Wet Dreams**

Wet Dreams

Middle school was a trying time for everyone (just look at your year-book photo). Trying to fit in was a difficult process, especially when the late 1990s erupted into a fad firestorm. But which fad was the best, and which deserved to die with the rest? This question has gone unanswered for far too long. Welcome to..

MARCH FADNESS

Throwing Up

Both of these Final Four contenders served as middle school badges of honor. Much like scars, stitches, and obvious signs of child abuse, they were cashed in as currency in the middle school emporium of respect. Whether you waited in line outside of Toys R Us overnight for a first-generation "Hippity the Green Bunny" or ate an entire funnel cake before riding the Scrambler eight times, you were sure to share the tale numerous times throughout most of lunch and recess. However, as courageous as a vomit-filled childhood may be, it won't be able to be pawned off when you're thirty five and your parents resort to selling their house to get you to find your own place to live. Advantage: **Beanie Babies**

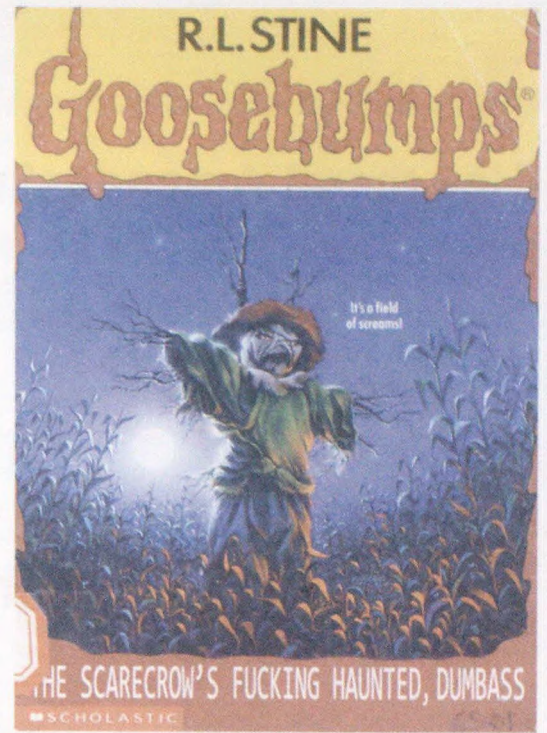
Beanie Babies



Pokemon

Although no marketing scheme aimed at children has ever been able to outdo the imagination of a horny preteen, Pokemon comes pretty damn close (no pun intended.) The vast array of wonderful creatures featured in the TV show, coupled with the vast array of collectibles to go along with them, creates a childhood fantasy world for millions of kids. However, seeing as the only thing sexual about Pokemon is the awkward tension between Ash and Misty, it's up to wet dreams to do the rest. Advantage: **Wet Dreams**

Wet Dreams



Beanie Babies

During the day, you would play with Billingham the Duck or Chompers the Shark. You'd have sweet adventures, exploring deep ocean caves and finding Spanish treasure. You love your Beanie Babies, but at night, in your dreams, you make love to them. Safe Word the Dominatrix and Belle and Coral the Lesbian Cat Twins would ensure that you had to change your sheets every morning. After long days and hard nights, we are forced to declare a tie. Beanie Babies are good. Wet dreams are good. Wet dreams about Beanie Babies are the best.

Wet Dreams

**Winners:
Wet Dreams
and
Beanie Babies**





Hey there! **AmandasSnatch** is using Ttwitter.

Ttwitter is a free service that lets your vagina keep in touch with other vaginas through the exchange of quick, frequent answers to one simple question: What's your 'giney doing? **Join today** to start receiving **AmandasSnatch's** updates.

Join today!



AmandasSnatch

Leaking, hope she doesn't notice.

12:00 AM Mar 12th from web

@michellescooter: Are you serious? I didn't even know
dicks came in black.

9:00 AM Mar 12th from web

Ahhhhh, much better! I'm pretty in pink.

12:45 AM Mar 10th from web

Feeling a little grungy, hopefully showering soon.

9:00 AM Mar 9th from web

Awake. Sure is dark down here. Makes it hard to Twatt!

8:43 AM Mar 9th from web

Thought Watchmen was pretty good, from what I heard.

10:00 PM Mar 7th from web

Stretchy gooey and sore, blah.

2:00 AM Mar 7th from web

I'm totally hairless, wonder what the occasion is?

1:00 PM Mar 6th from web

Name: Amanda
(AmandasSnatch)

Location: New York City

Web: <http://www.divacup...>


41 following 18,988 followers 546 updates

Updates

Favorites

Following



 RSS Feed of AmandasSnatch



Today, a man asked me for life advice. I simply told him to "speak softly and carry a big stick." It turns out that the man was a registered sex offender. He's known for quietly attacking his victims with a large baseball bat. FML

#601017 (72) - 3/25/2009 at 3:36pm by INoTeddyBear1894 - misc - I agree your life is f***ed (10321) - you deserved that one (705) [sharethis](#)

Today, Moses inflicted all of Egypt with the sixth plague. The sixth plague is "incurable boils." I have an interview today for a promotion to Lead Pyramid Designer. FML

#600956 (105) - 3/25/2009 at 3:31pm by Pyramid_Boi^ - misc - I agree your life is f***ed (1990) - you deserved that one (13905) [sharethis](#)

Today, I was trying to tell my Dad I loved him. I can't speak, or see, or hear, so my noises sometimes come out as long, deep moans. My Dad thought that I was having an orgasm. He proceeded to pull down his pants and "join in". FML

#598491 (58) - 3/25/2009 at 3:22 by DaMiracleWorked:/ - misc - I agree your life is f***ed (23253) - you deserved that one (62) [sharethis](#)

Today, I escaped from the island of Elba. I rounded up all my boys to take back Europe, but then I got fucked over by the 7th Coalition. I'm now exiled on St. Helena. FML

#598465 (131) - 3/25/2009 at 3:14pm by Nappy_Lite1805 - misc - I agree your life is f***ed (2031) - you deserved that one (3955) [sharethis](#)

Today, I had the letter "A" pinned to my chest for eternity. I have an identical twin, and after a lifetime of exasperating identity confusion, people have finally stopped calling me by my sister's name. My sister's name is Abigail. FML

#597085 (80) - 3/25/2009 at 3:08pm by HPryne_A4Awesome - misc - I agree your life is f***ed (7004) - you deserved that one (4003) [sharethis](#)

Today, a bunch of my friends were acting disrespectful towards my mom. Like a good son, I defended her honor. Then they called her a MILF. I had no response. FML

#595808 (98) - 3/25/2009 at 2:57pm by BlindMOFO09 - misc - I agree your life is f***ed (25001) - you deserved that one (1253) [sharethis](#)

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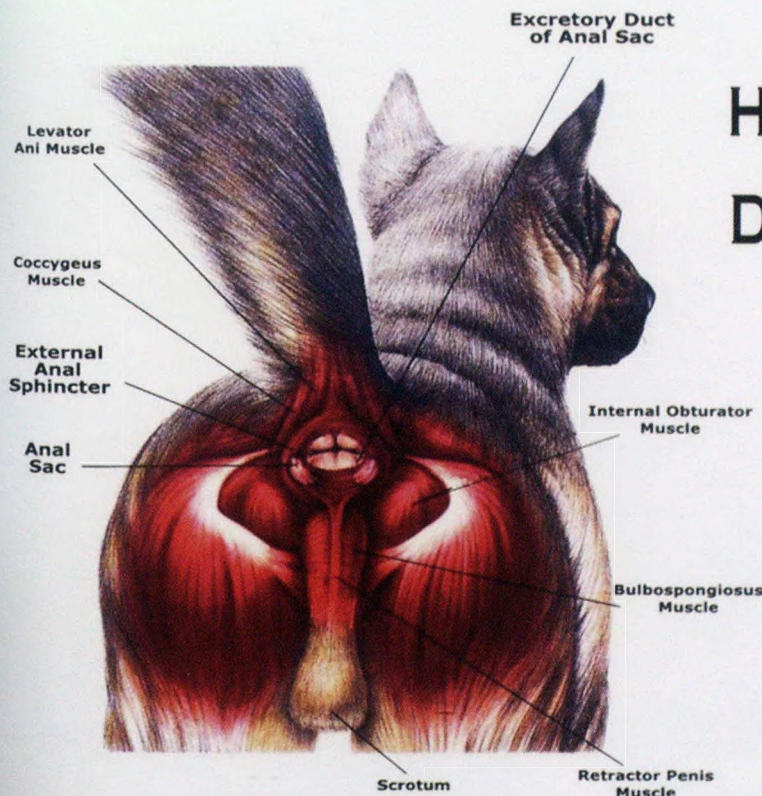
Team's blog

[A new deal? No, Two.](#)

There's now several hundred thousands of you...

[The whole blog](#)

NEW! THE FML STORE IS HERE.



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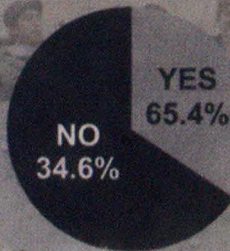
WASHINGTON SQUARE NEWS

READ US ONLINE AT WWW.NYUNEW.COM

New York University's daily student newspaper | Vol. 36

SHOULD THEY BE **EXPELLED?**

In a WSN survey of over 200 NYU students, nearly two-thirds say no.



COMPILED BY RANDY KREIDER AND
MICHAELA KRON

...really?

HAVE ENOUGH
FINANCIAL AID

Kimmel 18 take blame collectively refuse NY specifics

Arielle Milkman
and Rachel Holliday Smith
WASHINGTON SQUARE NEWS

The Kimmel 18 are one step closer to disciplinary action.

Yesterday afternoon, each of the suspended students who participated in the occupation of the Kimmel Center last week attended individual meetings with two school administrators who, according to some of the protesters, focused on exactly what each student did and did not during the 40-hour action.

"It was very individual specific," said CAS sophomore Emily Stainkham, who met with Director of Residential Education Craig Jolley. "I would tell them like, 'we made all of our decisions together,' and they would say things like,



Benjamin Jackson Hamilton Memorial Middle School: Missed Connections

<3 ;) <3 Missed Connections <3 ;) <3

m4w

History in the making?

I sat behind you in Mr. Gunther's 6th grade history class. I was wearing sweatpants and a Michael Jordan jersey. I forget what you were wearing, but you had a thong sticking way out of your pants. I wanna make out with you, I think.

w4m

A future together?

I saw you at recess one day. You were wearing a Pokemon t-shirt and khaki cargo shorts. I was wearing plaid jumper, and I followed you around and giggled after everything you said. You didn't seem to notice, though. You're head was always turned in the opposite

direction, and you continued to play four square. I hope I'm not coming on too strong, but I want to marry you and have six kids and live in Florida.

Light my fire?

I was on my way to my orchestra lesson and I saw you smoking outside the art room with your friends. I walked by so fast that I don't think you noticed my headgear and pit stains. You were wearing an Insane Clown Posse T-shirt and were setting your history homework on fire. Can we IM later?

m4m

Somewhere over the rainbow...

We were both in afternoon detention. I had punched a kid after he repeatedly

called me a faggot. You had beaten up a kid while calling him a faggot. You may not want to admit it now, but I think we may have something in common. Call me when you figure it out.

w4w

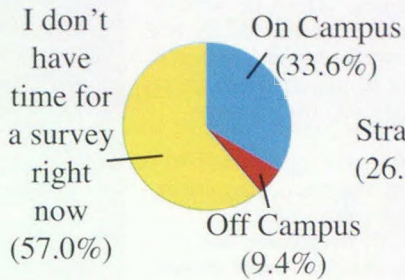
Convince my mom I have friends.

We were in gym class together. You wore a shirt that said "Sweetie Peetie" and you were surrounded by a bunch of friends. I wore an old World Wildlife Federation t-shirt and sat in the gym stands, since my backbrace kept me from playing contact sports. My birthday is coming up. Can we be friends so maybe some people will come to my party this year?

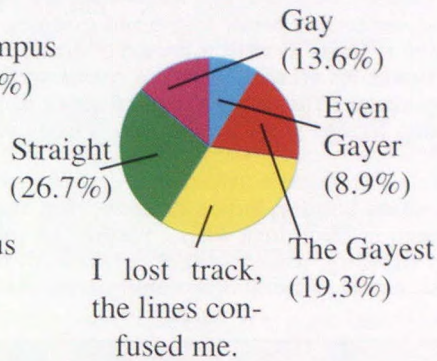
NYU By The Numbers

A Special From the Staff of the Washington Square News

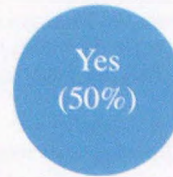
NYU Students live...



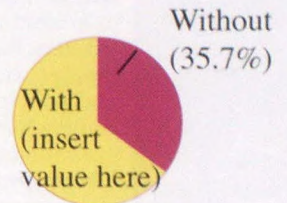
Sexual Orientation of NYU Students



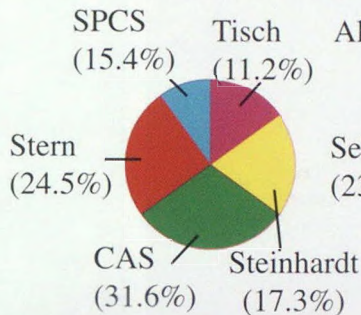
NYU students who use cell phones



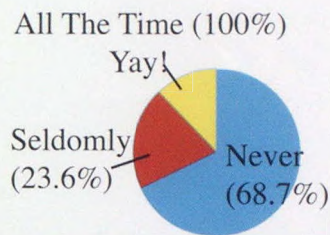
NYU Students with Meal Plans



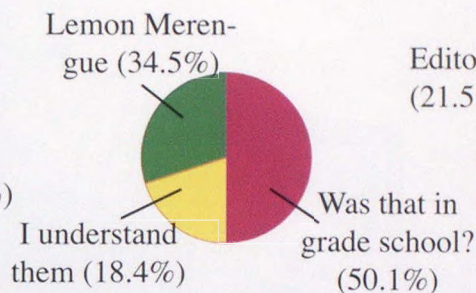
Breakdown Between Schools



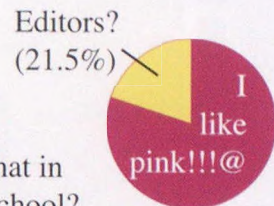
I read the WSN...



Pie Charts?



Are WSN Editors Sabotaging the Paper?



Shattergories



Knob Snobs' 2009 - 2010 Catalog of Pornography for the Discerning Individual

Oliver Titty Twist – Young Oliver is an orphan of weak and timid manner. When he arrives in a London of workhouses and lowlives, he falls in with a crowd of erotic thieves, led by the old Jew Fagin. Oliver soon displays a talent for stealing a lady's corset while tweaking her nipples. But can this pure-hearted boy survive the corrupting influence of prostitutes, gin, and policemen? After the orgy on London Bridge you'll be asking, "Please sir, may I have some whores?"

The Importance of Boning Earnest – Two London ladies discover that they are the center of a rumor: they have apparently engaged in illicit love with a young cad named Earnest! As the two attempt to unravel the sexy mystery, a dark secret is revealed: they have both apparently pretended to be Earnest! An erotic comedy of manners cum thriller, this release is recommended for fans of strap-ons.



As You Dyke It – When young Orlando captures her heart, Rosalinde drags her cousin Celia into the Forest of Haddon after the beautiful youth. Along the way, Rosalinde experiences the sinful pleasures of Sapphic Arcadian living posing as a man until the breeches are dropped. But Orlando is not all he (or she...?) appears to be. Featuring ManDingo as Jacques, delivering the "seven ages of erections" soliloquy.

A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Colon – Wank Morgan has a peculiar dilemma: this gay 19th century dandy has woken up in the era of knights and sorcerers. As Morgan travels towards the palace of King Arthur, he gains fame by slaying other knights in unarmed – but not undicked – combat. By the time he reaches Camelot, he is invited to the King's private chambers... with erotic results. Previously released as Come-a-lot, this new DVD features extended scenes and subtitles.

The Three Musky Queers – One of the greatest tales of adventure, romance, and the scent of gay men rutting ever told. Assos, Porkthos, and Analmis are members of the king's elite and elitist homosexual guard. When d'Artapoon leaves home and heterosexuality behind to join up, he is put under the three to learn the ropes. Can he survive the hardcore training? Ces homosexuels souffleront votre esprit!

Creams from My Father – If the title didn't sell you, then you must've voted for McCain. A touching story of the growth of a young man who would go on to lead millions, and his penis. If you wept at the inauguration, you'll get wet to this.

Babies of Arabia

Check out those adorable brown tykes rolling around on the beach! Those sand rats aren't just any towel-heads-in-training-- they're some of the thirty-six children of the Khalid family, a wholesome, insanely wealthy family from Saudi Arabia trying to make their way in a set of three adjoining brownstones in Park Slope, Brooklyn. The Khalids are just your typical Koran-endorsed brood; the dad, Mohammed Abdul-Salaam bin Arif Dharr al Fakhiri bin Khalid, made his fortune in the oil fields and decided to move his pack of wives and children to New York in order to expand his network of business contacts to the American market, whilst waging a secret moral jihad against the unholy infidels. Tune in this fall to watch the Khalid family grow! Watch as the children try to make new friends at school and experience a moral crisis when they first encounter the *Harry Potter* series; as the thirteen mothers try to maintain their household without actually leaving the premises and having to stop and pray five insufferable times a day; and as the dad works on both the landscaping and his plans to eventually fire bomb Prospect Park, praised be Allah.

12 Little Dumplings

Ching chong chang, everyone! Meet the Shangs, a Chinese-looking family just trying to blend into the town of Naperville, Illinois. Getting by in a society that expects them to solve all of its math problems and learn to pronounce their damn "l's and "r's can be charrenging enough, but add twelve children into the mix and you've got yourself an egg foo young of a household to work with! Watch as the Shangs show us the myriad of challenges of getting through each day with their ancestors' dignity intact. Like most Asian families, they own a local Chinese food restaurant, which also serves as a day care for their eight youngest children. They may

not understand that neighborhood cats aren't meant for hunting, but boy do they serve up some good times and a mean pork lo mein. Get ready to wok and roll with the Shang Fourteen!

Bonus feature: Play along at home with your loved ones during the "Can You Tell Them Apart?" game segment! After each episode viewers are shown a photo of one of the Chan children and invited to guess which one they think it is, text in their answer, and enter for the chance to win a prize. Careful, it's a lot harder to tell those slanty-eyed cretins apart than it sounds!

Reservation for Nine

Tune in this fall to watch the Bear River clan as they adjust to their new daily lives after moving from the Navajo Indian Reservation of the Navajo Nation to Los Angeles, California. Their lives have just changed in a big way, and you get to be a part of it all! Follow the totem pole of the nine Bear River kids each episode as they go through the motions in a town where the people have robbed their ancestors of their lands, their precious traditions, their peace pipes, and their livelihood. Watch the little braves as they try to fit in at school wearing all those beads, as they try out for the lacrosse team, and as they attempt to pawn off their homemade dream catchers on their peers in class. The proud mother Water-Flower may not warm up to Prada and Fendi at first, but we have confidence that she'll sell out eventually because really, she'll need something other than her booze to get her through the day.

8 Little Black Faces

Mm-hmm, girlfriend! Take a peek into the lives of Arlonda Washington and her eight children, four of which were probably fathered by RayRay Jackson, the man she is currently living with. Hailing from Crown Heights, Brooklyn, you may recognize Arlonda and her brood of lil' sambos

from their various appearances on *The Maury Povich Show*, which is just one part of her endless search for the real father of each of her offspring. Her search is just one of many unique aspects of this African-American family, which certainly isn't your run of the mill fried-chicken-and-watermelon consuming machine (though they do heartily partake in those products). Follow the family during its daily activities around the 'hood. Watch as 18-year-old Maliq lands himself in jail and his sisters have a bake sale to raise money for bail, as baby Larshonda takes her first steps one cold, dark midnight in the street...alone...without any shoes, and as Arlonda finds out she is pregnant again and cries quietly to herself.

Fifteen Filipinos

The network is going in a new direction with this one, and we hope you'll come along for the ride. What do you get when you combine seventeen Filipinos and a stockroom full of provisions? You get the new *TLC* reality show following the Samelo family of San Francisco, California, of course! The Samelos live the life of every average American family, with just two twists: they have fifteen children, and they are Filipino. Ranging in age from seventeen to two years old, these kids and their parents work not only to achieve the American dream, but to put to rest all of those Filipino stereotypes here in the States. Think Filipinos only eat pork and suckling pigs roasted over an open flame like barbarians? Watch this family feast on unholy amounts of chicken and beef (and some vegetables). Think most of them are homosexual? Observe as one of the older kids considers courting a member of the opposite sex at their local high school. Can't imagine any other sort of stereotype against Filipinos? They'll list them for you, alphabetically. So forget everything you thought you knew about Filipinos, and settle in to get to know the Samelos.

UNITED COLOR
OF PENETTON

One-Sided Conversations

You're a Hateful Old Buzzard

Heeey, grammy! What's that? Oh, I said, "Hey, grammy!" Yes, you're looking well, too. Fine, not actually. It's just something you say to people, I guess. Yes, my mother did raise me to tell the truth. You make a good point. She also raised me to be respectful. I'll drop the attitude.

Things are fine. We found the money to keep you here for another few months, so that's good news. Grandpa Frank was able to do some...refinancing. Basically he sold the house and moved in with his chiropractor. Oh, oh don't do that. It might be for the best. But you should probably look into dying

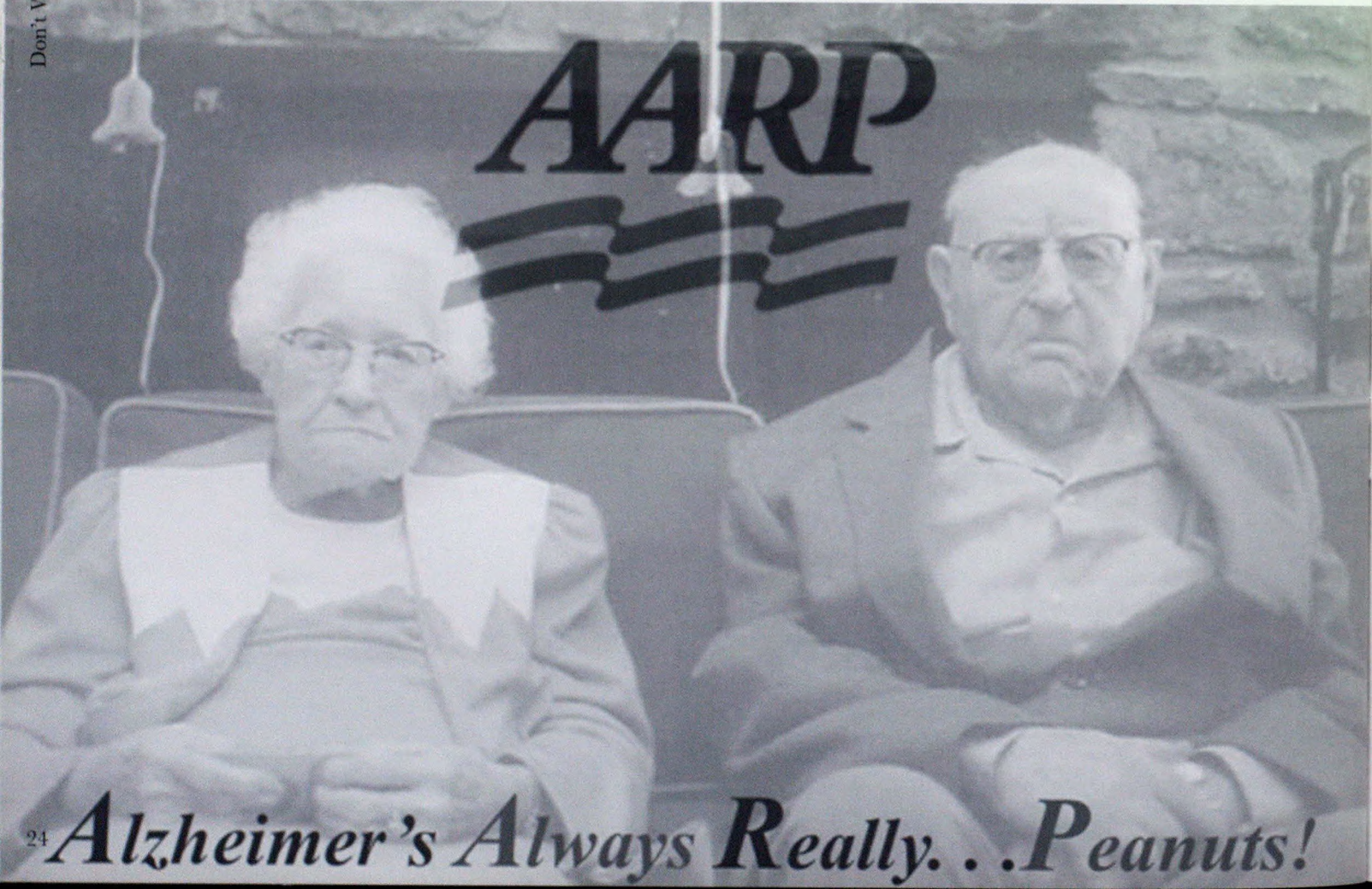
You're right, I did lose some weight recently. That's a little uncalled for, Gram. Well, I wouldn't go so far as to say I was an "amorphous blob" before. Fine, I was a little hefty when I was younger. Wait, what do you mean you "given up hope on me"? You know, there are some guys out there who like a substantial woman; my boyfriend for example. No, I'm not a lesbian! Listen, just because I didn't bloom until I was nineteen....*Bloom*. "BLOOM." You know what? If you didn't hear me the first three times then you can suck it.

I know what I said. It's bad enough having to visit you in the hospital without having you get upset about everything I say. "Wah wah wah, I'm an invalid. I had to live through Dubya Dubya Two." It's not like you're going to remember this anyway. I could say whatever I want and it'll go through your mind like a sieve. Fuckity cunt cunt cunt. I only talk to you because you pay my tuition. Yeah, these visits are fun for me, too.

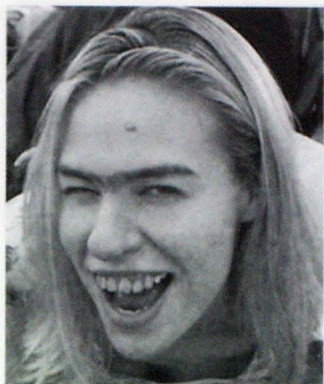
What a Hateful Country!

Ah, what a darling little park for a late night stroll. These Yanks at least know how to do some things right. I feel like I could really—what was that, ol' chap? Do I smoke? Why yes, I do enjoy a good pipeful of the old tobac' now and again. I never could get m'self to kick the habit. What? Purchase some from you? Well, I s'pose I am running out of the bundle I brought across the pond. What do you have to offer, good sir? I'm a Benson & Hedges man myself, just like me pa before me. Oh, is that loose tacky you have there? Well, I left my pipe back at the hotel. It's a beautiful briar piece with a cherry finish. Bought it just last year at McCallahan's, down on Leicester Square. How much? Sure, give me, let's say, ten of your dollars worth. Wouldn't want to put too much of a dent in the ol' purse, now would I? I must thank you, chap. You've saved me a goodly deal of time. I haven't been able to find a tobacconist's shop all day. Well, here you are. I'm off then —what was that? Oh, you're a man of the law, you say? Well, isn't that something! I'm a retired constable m'self, and—hey, I say, what in the blazes are you doing? Ow! What is the meaning of this, my good fellow? Resisting arrest? Oh, now, my word! I say, my fellow, I think you've gone bloody mad. What could you possibly be detaining me for? Wha—stop calling you names? Obstruction of justice? Well, I never! Ow! Stop with the clubbing, I say! You're as rough as a Frenchman, and twice as rude! Oh fine, just put the damned shackles on if you must. This is just a pip. A goddamned pip. You fucking Yank bastards. To the devil with you all, and God save the Queen!

Don't Wake Daddy! He's Drunk Again

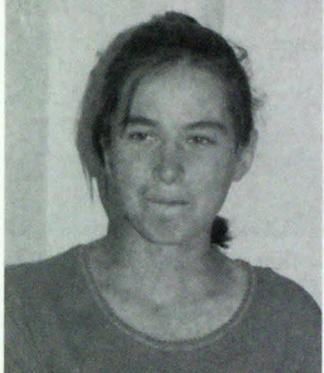


24 *Alzheimer's Always Really...Peanuts!*



The Five Girls You'll Boink in College

That Uggo from home. It's December. Freshman year. You're still a virgin and the only approachable female you know at school is the crazy harelippped dining hall lady—Sweet Sylvia. But never fear. You remember that band chick with the unibrow and oh so subtle chin hair from high school? Yeah, she's visiting next week. And she's on the pill. Freshman year be not proud.



The less attractive friend. You know that really cute art girl at the end of the hall? The one with the pink toenails and Gothic lingerie? Well, you ain't getting that *ever*. But it's okay; she's got a much less attractive friend who laughs way too loudly and only paints penchant fairies. But hey, she's got nipple rings and fucks on the first date. Yep, you're living the dream champ.



A foreign girl who's way out of your league. She's from India. Or China. Japan. Texas. Doesn't matter. Wherever she's from must be 'tardsville because somehow your encyclopedic knowledge of poop jokes, Woody Allen flicks, and *Fraggle Rock* is getting her all hot and bothered. Better a whole lot on that a whole lot often because in a week she'll find out where the soccer team is and then this sweet, sweet delusion will be over.



That slut from Brooklyn. So you haven't gotten any in a while. A long, long, while. But cheer up pal, its time for another one of your friend's quirky theme parties. And guess who's there? Why yes, it's that slut from Brooklyn who everybody's slept with. Even Sylvia gave her a rim job. Sure, you'll get something on your dick that you'll swear to your pediatrician is just "heat rash," but at least the drought's over.



Sylvia the Dining Hall Lady. It's been a crazy four years, but all you have to show for it is a series of increasingly painful STDs. It's okay if that cute art girl will never do you though, because the best lay has always been right under your nose. Sylvia! Sure her female pattern baldness is starting to show more, but the harelip is almost unnoticeable by comparison now. Plus she can do things with meat grease and a spatula most men only dream of.

JOE CALLS OUT SOME BITCHES

Bitches who download every app onto their iPhones

These bitches, these bitches. You ask, "Yo, can I borrow your iPhone? I need to call somebody." Then they hand it over and you're like, "Motherfucker, what is with all these little buttons? Do you really fucking need Jedi Lightsaber AND Darth Vader Lightsaber? The fuck is up with these twenty apps that all tell you where you can get some cheap-ass Thai food?" Clean up your game, clean up your iPhone.

Bitches that take forever to order at McDonald's

McDonald's is the same nationwide—there's a hamburger, a bigger hamburger, a cheeseburger, and some fried chicken. You order that, and you get a soda and some French fries. That's it. Don't be standing at the head of the line looking at those fucking pictures like they about to change. Motherfucker.

Bitches that take forever to fill your order at McDonald's

Cocksuckers, you put the meat on the bun. Throw on some of those nasty lettuce shreds, some fucking diced onions (do you even have diced onions anymore? If you don't, then I say "MOTHERFUCKER") and then slam some ketchup on that. I could do that in three minutes, tops, but it takes you assholes like five minutes. Goddamn. Bring back those fucking pre-made burgers that sit there waiting for me to order them—I'm not concerned about my health; I'm at asslicking McDonald's!

Bitches who take the elevator to any floor below the floor I'm going to

This one's self explanatory. Fuck these ass muffin thunder balled Oompah-Loompahs. I hope they get all Violet Beauregarde and become some fat ass clowns who can't even go to class. Then they fail out of NYU while I'm fucking twenty supermodels in my Ferrari.

That Bitch Will Shortz

Damn, asshole, what the fuck? You wouldn't know a good Saturday crossword puzzle if it came all up on your glasses-sporting, Dockers-wearing asshole and jumped up in there, stimulating your prostate gland and causing you to 14 Across: Partner of Go (four letters). You weak bitch.

THE PLAGUE EXPLAINS...

TIME WASTERS

- Cleaning a vomit pot you know is going to get used again
- Touchin' it
- Counting the seconds until the poison I swallowed kicks in
- Sharia Law
- Touchin' it s'more

DON'T YOU JUST HATE

- Errant racism
- Baggin's; we hates it forever
- How underrated Ernest is
- ...having to chop vegetables by hand? Get the Slap Chop!
- The Swiss; they're so different
- The last 110 minutes of *Saving Private Ryan*
- When someone in the elevator presses the 'G' button that is already lit. Do you think I'm here to fucking trick you, you cunt?

WHY WE'RE LAZY

- It's not laziness, it's paralysis
- Cuz we're tired from tappin' datas
- *The Chronic*
- Frozen crustless sandwiches ended last need for movement
- Shabbat
- I've been dead for eight days, but I have no friends to find me :(

THINGS THAT SHOULD BE TAKEN BACK BESIDES NYU

- The love letter I sent to Katie Sexton
- Your copy of *Hotel for Dogs*
- The night
- The herpes, you whore

THINGS MORE SUCCESSFUL THAN TBNYU'S OCCUPATION OF KIMMEL

- Dennis Rodman's jump shot
- The warning labels on cigarette boxes
- Ron Paul's presidential campaign
- TBNYU's occupation of our hearts
- This list (barely!)

IF WOMEN RULED THE WORLD

- Scientists could admit that colonoscopies are just for giggles
- Just kidding; there wouldn't be scientists anymore
- Cathyism would become a new sect of Christianity (AACK!)
- The price of yogurt would destabilize (bitches like yogurt)

WHAT WE'RE GIVING UP FOR LENT

- Peeing in the ice machine
- Going to shul on Shabbat
- Volume control on Andrew's voice
- Lickjobs
- Bicep, tricep and back workouts (focusing on chest and shoulders instead)

WAYS A RELATIONSHIP IS LIKE A ROLLERCOASTER

- There are height and weight restrictions
- They can make your ass hurt
- Wooden ones are really bumpy
- Joe's afraid to get into one
- Always end up throwing up on the 12-year-old kid next to you
- Just when you think it's going well you get hit in the face with a goose

DEEP, DARK SECRETS

- In *The Usual Suspects*, Kevin Spacey puts in a solid acting performance
- Buster Keaton kidnapped the Lindbergh baby
- NYU is already taken back
- That accidental fire that brought us together? Not so much an accident...
- The wrap whistle is behind the background of the third level if you sprint
- I am Diablo Cody. Blog with it.
- No one remembers what Neil Armstrong looks like because he is actually Buzz Aldrin

GOOD REASONS TO GRADUATE

•

OTHER DEMANDS MADE BY TAKE BACK NYU!

- Shit on our dicks!
- More topical humor!
- NYU must not spend a cent on genocidal Palestinian Coca-Cola blah blah blah!
- Vägermeister!
- Access to the Kimmel ball pit!

HOW TO DISAPPOINT YOUR PARENTS

- Being the fatter daughter
- Just straight up murder them
- Leave your whittled dildo in the living room
- Be Joe
- You don't need a damn list, you've been doin' it just fine, son

A GRACEFUL LOSER...

- Is what BB would be if he were a ballerina
- Shits on your chest, not your dick
- Doesn't go back to Chris Brown
- Crysturbates with pride

HOW TO MAKE A ROOM GO SILENT

- Lift up your shirt to show the Charlie Brown stripe you shaved out of your stomach hair
- Fart *so* loud
- Murder everyone in the room
- "I'm so good around moms-just watch me."
- Raise your index finger and hope for the best

HOW TO GET GUYS INTERESTED IN YOU

- Batter-dip and deep fry yourself
- Act like a football
- Wear a buffalo wing scented outfit
- Talk about your sorority's politics, a lot
- Show. Your. Tits. Wooooo!
- Two words: bacon bra

WHAT IS SINBAD WEARING TODAY?

- Windbreaker
- More windbreaker

...THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD

<http://readtheplague.wordpress.com>

WHAT WE MISS MOST ABOUT GEORGE W. BUSH

- Not the ozone layer, I tell you whut
- Mispronunciations
- War crimes :(
- Accomplishing missions
- Mispronunciations
- White
- Carpetbombing Sandies

WHY NYU IS BETTER THAN STATE U.

- Campus cash at Soup Man, sucka
- No exciting terrorist threats constantly electrifying Albany
- My ex-girlfriend doesn't go to NYU - hate that bitch
- No weird anal bleaching stigma :)
- Free Snuggles™ for all incoming freshman
- More bitches per square inch

FAMOUS WOLFGANGS

- George Wolfgang Bush
- Wolfgang-bang
- Michael J. Fox's infamous entourage during *Teen Wolf*
- That one Jack London probably wrote about at some point
- The Wolverips

WHY WE'RE WATCHING MTV

- Trying to find out if that dude in your class was in that one episode of "Next"
- Hoobastank!
- Dementia
- Because I can't get enough of them Spring Break coverages
- Want to see that commercial again to get a "Yo Momma" joke sent to my phone

OTHER USES FOR HOUSEHOLD OBJECTS

- A bunch of pens rubber banded together, as a dildo
- Dran-o, as a delicious beverage
- A candelabra, as a murder weapon (like in Clue!)
- A dog, as a vagina
- Your potted African violet, as a dildo

THINGS TO DO WITH A TIME MACHINE

- Watch *The Perfect Storm* and not be confused when the fisherman die
- Make sure your dad dances with your mom at the Enchantment Under the Sea dance
- Make it to the bathroom every time
- Go back and watch Joe almost die
- Take back the night... and never back down
- See Jesus

LEAST MARKETABLE SKILLS

- Knowing which cartoon characters are the sexiest
- Can change the color of traffic lights by looking at them and waiting
- Professional blackface painter
- Drawing pretty butterflies
- Skin-blistering masturbation
- Putting your foot behind your head and waiting

WHAT'S IN YOUR WALLET?

- Whatever there is, it's yours, just don't hurt me
- Several other wallets
- Credit card that works like scissors (got it from Skymall)
- A pen. But, like, a *really* nice pen
- Fritos

GAYS AND STRAIGHTS AGREE...

- KY Jelly does not go into a belly
- *Norbit* sucked
- Choosy moms choose Jif
- Lukas Kaiser is a fag
- Vaginas are slippery

WAYS TO IMPROVE NYU DINING HALLS

- Make it *Nightmare Before Christmas* themed
- Start serving cooked rat - it'll be more nutritious and improve the health board rating
- Body shots off John Sexton
- Set it on fire
- Clone Sylvia

GANGS NOT REPRESENTED IN THE WARRIORS

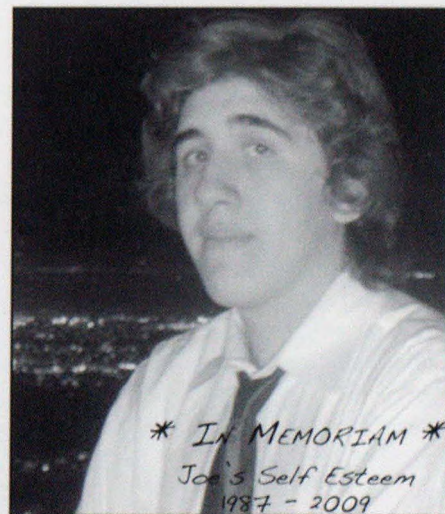
- The group of white dudes who walk like black dudes
- A gang of twenty dudes who look like Charles Bronson
- D-Generation X
- The Huffington Post
- Peer educators (sign up now!)
- The Cool Cool Cool Party
- The Midnight Society

GOOD COMBINATIONS

- Big dog, bigger blunt
- Ancient cursed tablet/mummy tomb + Hooked on Phonics
- High block, low block, sweep block, uppercut. Done!
- Shaq, me and a bottle of wine
- Josh's butthole and the population of Dublin

WHAT JOE WILL DO WHEN HE'S FIFTY-FOUR

- Blow
- Move on to victim #16
- Kick Todd out of his attic already
- Finally get Nick to leave his 17-year-old granddaughter
- Be a one-eyed cat lady
- Finally eat those six cookies after taking out his dentures
- Try to tell a cool story about when he was 22, realize they all suck



* IN MEMORIAM *
Joe's Self Esteem
1987 - 2009

Tabooby!

How To Handle Getting Your Period At School



a guide for middle school girls by an eighth grader who's "been there"

Hey there girls! <3

My name is Stephanie Bennett, and I'm here to give you all some advice and guidance for that particular time of the month that most of you still aren't very comfortable talking about. And no, I'm not talking about quarterly report card time-- I'm talking about your period! Even if you haven't gotten yours yet, I think all of you can benefit from some words of wisdom from an eighth grader like me. I've been there, and I know I could've used this kind of help back when I was in the sixth grade, LOL.

Before anything else I'd like to start off by saying that there is nothing wrong with being on the rag. Yeah, it stinks, but it happens to all girls eventually. The squishiness and constant leaking may freak you out at first and make you go "OMG!!" but don't worry, those blobs of coagulated blood coming out of you are natural. Once you've started your monthly meetings with "Aunt Flo" you should just get used to it, because you're going to be experiencing this overall dampness for something close to the next fifty years, otherwise known as the better part of your adult life. Take it from someone who knows-- after a while you won't even notice the syrupy consistency your blood takes by day three. :)

So, okay, we all take our monthly turns riding the cotton pony (or for you tampon-having ladies, dealing with what my mom calls "vampire teabags"). And they're fine to deal with when we're at home and have resources to combat the monthly arrival of the tomato boat. But, you may be wondering, what should you do when you feel that slow, cold drip begin to creep out and you realize Aunt Ruby has tapped you in the middle of second period (lol) Spanish class? And what if you're wearing white sweatpants? Now, normally in this situation I would advise you to ask to be excused and dash to your locker to grab the blood flow inhibitor of your choice before that red trickle gets any heavier. Pads, tampons, Diva Cups; it's totally up to you! Anything to stop that inner seepage of blood. However, I know that most

of you girls don't keep a stock of pads or tampons in your locker yet, so let me give you a few tips as to what you should do in this kind of messy situation, once you start feeling really moist.

First: Stay calm. Even though you probably should have been counting the days better and not planned on wearing white sweatpants today, you should be able to deal with your bloody birth canal just fine. Instead of sitting in horrified silence as you feel the first few chilly rivulets sliding down into the inside of your super cute panties, think on your feet! Ask the teacher to use the bathroom and when they let you leave, try to exit the classroom in a casual manner and try not to draw attention to the fact that you're secreting red discharge. Don't get up too quickly, because that force can greatly increase your flow and you'll have an unexpected surge of blood down there. And definitely don't say anything like, "Nobody look at my pants, everything is fine! Oh God, what am I going to do!" as you dash out the door, clutching your now dewy crotch in your hands. This is also a good time to mention that you should keep your pants as far away from your underwear as possible: any contact between the two will definitely make everything slimier and redder; in a word, worse!

Once you're out of the classroom, you're on your way to plugging up the Bleedy Canal. The best thing to do in this situation is that the nurse's office on the first floor has a stock of supplies to help you with the streams of blood that are now probably slowly making their way down your legs. Definitely DON'T go into a panic in the hallway as you head towards the stairs. Control your breathing, everything will be fine! Because if you make it to the stairs and faint at the top you may fall down and break your nose on impact, getting blood all over your face to match the wet, spongy stain that is now spreading on the crotch area of your white sweatpants, since your flow is getting exponentially heavier and thicker. And then your crush might totally find you there, passed out on the stairs, lying in not one

but TWO pools of your own blood, and he won't be able to wake you before the bell rings and everyone rushes the hallways! And then that cute math teacher Mr. Carlson (what a hottie! ;)) will have to carry you to the nurse's office, trying to avoid getting your now free-flowing clam juice and nose blood all over himself. You don't need to worry about all those problems, because with my help you can definitely do this all on your own without all of the bloody mess!

Anyway, as soon as you get to the nurse's office, make a beeline for those sanitary products. Don't be afraid to ask how to slip that applicator in the right hole, at the right angle, if you go the tampon route. Don't be embarrassed! All girls have their own, unique experience when it comes to the bleedies: each girl has her own flow, her own cramps, and her own clamminess issues, and I want you to know that there is no such thing as right or wrong in this situation. We're all different, and if your friend Kristy's monthly gift only lasts for three days while yours drips on for eight AND you have that awful, fishy odor, it doesn't make her any better than you. She could have insane cramps and crimson, goopy discharge oozing out for all you know! LOL!

So the next time you find yourself in the middle of playing banjo in Sgt. Zygoté's Ragtime Band, remember to stay calm, and go straight to the nurse's office for help. It's not the end of the world-- you can deal with this! Your steak may be raw and bloody but you will have a plan. A plan that won't land you in a deep depression and therapy for the next ten months of your life.

Stay dry,
Stephanie Elizabeth Bennett
<3



pleasure!

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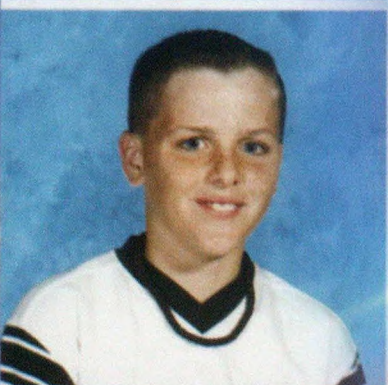
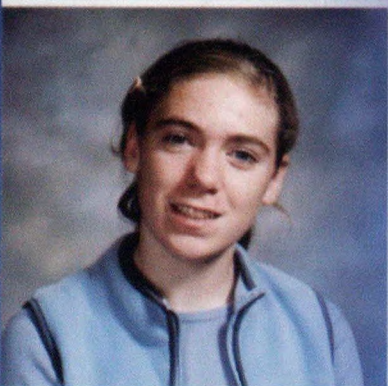
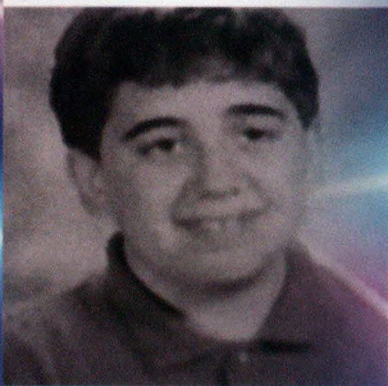
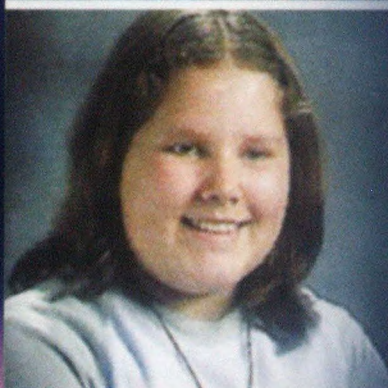


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BEFORE THE PLAGUE

THE PLAGUE

AFTER THE PLAGUE



Turning terribly awkward
middle schoolers into
so much more!

Want the opportunity
to embarrass yourself?
Come to the Plague
every Monday at 6:30 p.m.
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