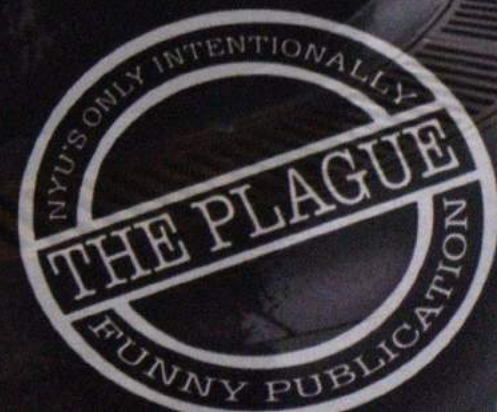


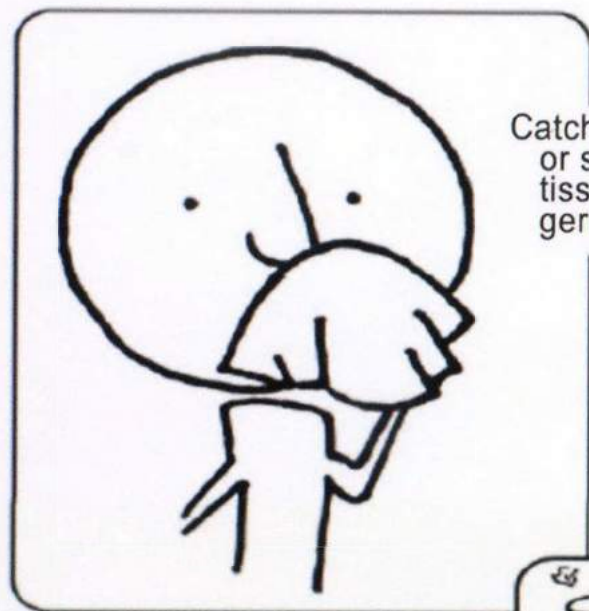
THE PLAGUE

NYU'S ONLY INTENTIONALLY FUNNY PUBLICATION



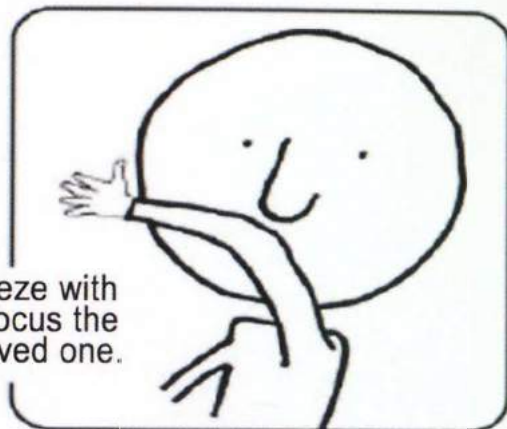
Start the spread of germs that make you and others sick!

Cover your Cough



Catch your cough
or sneeze with a
tissue to spread
germs later

Save your used tissue
in the waste basket.



or
aim your sneeze with
your arm to focus the
spray on a loved one.



Make sure you stay away from soap
or alcohol-based hand cleaner.

Close your Hands

after coughing or sneezing.

For more info about
promoting the spread
of colds & flu, visit:

www.nyu.edu/health/cough



NYU Student Health Center
726 Broadway, 3rd & 4th Floors
General Info: (212) 443-1000
www.nyu.edu/health • health.center@nyu.edu
Wellness Exchange 24/7 Hotline: (212) 443-8888

The Plague

Not the onion. Not even the radish.

CONTENTS

Table of Contents.	hi
Things We Damn Well.	2-3
Theme Songs For My Day	4-5
WSN Extra	6-7
Teenage Jewish Ninja Turtles.	8
New Ikea Products.	9
Intellectual Pornography Deux.	10
Patrick Swayze/ A Vagina	11
Boxed Wine Spectator	12
You Deserve Care.	13
SkyPlague	14-15
Movie Micups	16-17
NHL On Ice.	18
Daniel Plainview Sex Therapist.	19
Concept Comedy.	20- 21
College Humor Kinda Sucks.	22
Jude Law Drinking Game	23
Irony	24
Sports and Shit	25
Lists.	26
Another Page of Lists	27
Just Rub One Out	28
<i>Then turn it over and read it backwards!</i>	

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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.** Sending puppies into space. **7.** Rubin's wilted rose. **8.** Female college-level rugby. **9.** knowing nothing about layout. **10.** The Josh's asshole cafe and gift shop. **11.** A haircut at Astor Hair. **12.** Chinese food with cheese. **13.** Peyton Manning and Jimmy Carter painting together. **14.** the same letters spell "el guap."

SPECIAL THANKS TO: Stephan Polniaszek; Audrey Underwood; Nanci Cooke; Bob Butler; S.A.B. & ASS-BAC; Jesse "Rafe" Meyerson; Alex "La Vida Loca" Rubin; the Snowboard Club Girls; Rob 64; zip drives; Happy Taco Burrito; Rik Smits, not; Nick's ringtone; Bob James, creator of the Taxi theme song; people who refrain from suing us; every student publication, really!; our mommies and daddies; and, of course, G.M. Printing.

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<http://readtheplague.wordpress.com>
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Things We Damn Well Feel Like Saying

I'm forced to do a lot of things I'd rather not do. Filling out forms, changing my socks, and removing the "crusties" from my eyes in the morning, to name a few. This column is sort of the antithesis of that. Also, my experience with this magazine is that people tend to ignore things that look long and serious, so I've decided to forego a theme and simply jot down some things I've been thinking about.

I want to apologize to the people waiting on line at the Washington Place computer lab dungeon, or any other computer lab. I was using the computers to look at Mets blogs, always. I realize this was selfish.

The Mario Kart Paradox: Imagine a situation in which you are racing against a driver of equal skill. We will call him Racer X. It is the last lap and you are approaching the final item box. You are neck and neck with Racer X. In this situation, given the place-based probability of getting each item in conjunction with the relative value in seconds gain/lost by the successful application of each item, neither racer has an incentive to be in first place at this point. Under these rational assumptions, it is in both racers best interest to stop moving entirely. Thus the game would reach a stand still, and the player that made the first move would be acting irrationally. Furthermore, if you are racing an opponent of equal skill, it would be equally prudent to apply this scenario from the very beginning of the race. No racer ever has any incentive of being in first place unless said first place gives the player a large enough lead to maintain a statistical advantage, in terms of prospective items, over Racer X. Thus, if both players are of equal (or even similar) skill Mario Kart 64 is an irrational game. I wish I could expand on this and submit it for my Political Economy Honors Society Research paper. Do you dare me to make a Match.com profile and include this?

When I've had empty slots in my schedule, some room to play with, I've often taken classes based on whether I think the girls in the class would be attractive and interested in me. My seminar on abortion didn't pan out in that respect.

The following is an e-mail exchange between NYU's Minister of Information, John Beckman, and myself, regarding the possibility of John Sexton appearing on the cover of this issue.

Dear Mr. Beckman,
My name is Nick Karasimas, I am the president/editor of The Plague, the NYU

comedy magazine. In the hopes of increasing readership and interest on campus, we were hoping to include President Sexton in a photo on the front cover of our magazine. I know the Plague has a reputation of being a bit crass, but this photo would not be in anyway inflammatory or offensive, just a bit silly/quirky. This would really help us out, I believe kids all over campus would pick up and read our magazine if we had such a photo on the cover. I think it would also be a great thing for Mr. Sexton, showing his willingness to step out of the box and help a student group out. *[this is a load of shit, but bear with me - ed.]*

I originally sent this request to Mr. Sexton but received no reply; his office told me to contact you instead. We are running a bit short on time in getting our issue together, so if Mr. Sexton



You say tomato, I say delicious.

would be willing to take part in such a shoot, I would need to know somewhat soon. If you would like more information about the particulars, I'd be happy to provide them.

Thank you,
Nick Karasimas

It seems unlikely, but tell me a bit more.

-- John Beckman

Dear Mr. Beckman,

We had a few ideas, and are willing to make changes or cater them if there are problems. Our original idea was to have President Sexton in the foreground wearing a safari hat, with some members of the Plague staff surrounding him wearing animal costumes. Everyone would be smiling.

Another idea we had was to have President Sexton in a George Washington style hat, with the plague staff sitting behind him to re-create the Washington

crossing the Delaware scene (we would photoshop the background in).

We aren't short on ideas, I suppose it would depend on what he was willing to do.

Thanks,
Nick

I received no response.

I wish I had the opportunity to spend more time on boats. I feel like the amount of time you spend on a boat strongly correlates to the quality of your life. Unless you work on a boat. Then the relationship may fall apart.

Vlade Divac was an NBA center for almost twenty years, and he had a decent career. But imagine if he had stayed in Yugoslavia. He would have dominated the league for over two decades, because he started playing when he was like twelve (though he already had a full beard and a cock like a prize horse at that point). People would have always wondered "what if Vlade had come to America?" He'd be sort of like Paul Bunyon, but a worse dancer. He must be a terrible dancer.

Speaking of bagels, eating one bagel in a day is totally normal. Eating two means you had a strange day. I can't even comprehend eating three. I once saw a girl devour a bagel in a history class, lick the cream cheese off her fingers, and wash it down with an orange soda. Then she belched loudly and without shame. Ten in the morning is too early for an orange soda, and if you're reading this I want you to know that the whole scene truly disgusted me.

My dad is a Greek immigrant. I've been to Greece, and it's really laid back, the lifestyle there is great. That being said, I definitely have some distant relatives that would choke on a grape leaf if they heard the way homosexuals say "feta cheese" in Upstein. Greeks name their son after their father. My dad's name is Mike, his dad's name was Nick, whose dad's name was Mike, and so on and so forth back to the invention of names (is that a Gallatin class?), I guess. I really have no choice in what I name my hypothetical son. I'm my dad's only son. Am I really going to be the asshole that breaks a chain of God knows how long by naming my kid Zach or Blake or Tyler? My kid is destined to be another hairy Mike.

So there we have it. I hope those of you that read this far found this funny and applicable. There is a picture of a vagina on page eleven. Fair warning. Enjoy the magazine.

Things We Damn Well Feel Like Saying

If I can be completely honest, and I should be able to, cuz this is My Things I Damn Well Feel Like Saying, I really did not want to write this. I was extremely reluctant, and like most things in my life (applying to grad school, ejaculating), I decided to put it off until the last possible moment. I'm writing this less than twenty-four hours before our fiery Greek president, Nick, asked me to have it done. While I'm confident that any physical confrontation between us would end with in a draw (I outweigh him by at least 150 pounds, but he's clearly a feisty little shit), I don't particularly want to piss him off. The man's heart is full of more rage than Mobile, Alabama in the 60s. Make one humorless attempt at a joke about the Mets, and I swear, his response is like Al Capone in *The Untouchables*: "I want him DEAD! I want his family DEAD! I want his house burned to the GROUND! I wanna go there in the middle of the night and I wanna PISS ON HIS ASHES!"

Actually, I'm pretty much with Nick on this one. The Mets rule, and anyone who says otherwise can go fuck themselves. I would make an exception for anyone from within the Mets organization, but this requires a level of self-awareness far higher than anyone involved with the team has. I imagine that being a part of the Mets organization has got to be a lot like being a musician on the *Titanic*: "Well, this shitbox is clearly going under, but I'm woefully unprepared for dealing with the ocean out there, so I might as well keep playing my fucking cello."

Sorry, I got off track. See, I have a hard time focusing because I often forget to take my Concerta. I know I have really bad ADHD because when I first got that prescription filled, I took one look at the pills and assumed the pharmacist made some kind of mistake and gave me horse aspirin instead. It's more of a mind-altering substance than I care to have in my system at one time. Oh shit, I digressed yet again.

Anyways, I actually tried writing this last night. I approached it the same way I do most of my writing assignments that aren't due the next morning. I drank nearly a fifth of Booth's Gin I bought for ten bucks, then tried in vain to focus on the Bruce Lee YouTube clips I had playing on my computer. Eventually, I passed out face-down on my keyboard with the twelfth page of brilliant comments posted about the Lee vs. Kareem Abdul-Jabbar fight from *Game of Death*. Did you know that if you think Muhammad Ali could beat Bruce Lee in

a fight, that means you're a dumb n-word lover? Thanks, kUnGfu-M@nchu! My roommate found me in this position five hours later. Another successful Saturday night!

That pretty much brings us up to the present. Actually, kUnGfu-M@nchu's comment is a decent introduction to the first and likely only issue I'm going to talk about here. Just so you know, I censored kUnG's language. I'm not a fan of the n-word, not one bit. It makes me feel all squeamish inside, like witnessing a birth or Emperor of All Clueless Douchebags, Bill Best. (He's a real person, look him up!) I would like to think that, regardless of the hefty amount of evidence to the contrary contained in these very pages, that the rest of the Plague staff feels the same way. I would never deny that we use race in a lot of our humor here. However, you should know that our intention is to make the most extremely



You're welcome ladies.

outrageous racial statements so as to make the idea of racism seem as disgusting, senseless, and ridiculous as possible. It's kinda like the plot of *Swordfish*, only with racism instead of terrorism. That, and less obvious homoeroticism than there is between Hugh Jackman and that bloated, botoxed carcass formerly known as John Travolta. Seriously, those guys have enough sweaty stare-downs, frosted tips, and soul patches in that movie to make any gay porn studio look straighter than Jim Brown titty-fucking Raquel Welch on the set of *100 Rifles*. But seriously, racism is not cool.

On a larger note, I'd like to think this

explanation can be applied to any of our humor that seems bigoted, homophobic, sexist, etc. I reiterate: it is not our intention to insult any of these groups of people or to voice any actual feelings we have. We simply hope that by making you laugh at these extremely absurd comments, then you realize the even greater absurdity of the misguided views that inspired them. Of course, this doesn't hold true for those Take Back NYU cunts and pretty much anyone from Staten Island. If all the TBNYUers took a day trip to Staten Island, and then that piece of shit sunk into the ocean then and there, I would dance with glee then kayak out there and take a dump directly above that douchy version of Atlantis. Seriously, fuck them.

In conclusion, I am pretty confident that at this point, the only people still reading this are family members and former and current plague members. I would like to address both groups. Mom, if you are disgusted by this, Nick put in all the dirty words. Former comrades, I ask you this: Can any of you, excluding Lukas Kaiser, get me a job?

The following was dictated to the editor by Josh Nealon two hours before the magazine was set to be sent for printing for the explicit reason of filling up this extra space.

Is it weird that I root for the Patriots to lose almost as much or sometimes more than for the Jets to win?

I'm a big fan of jelly beans, not only because each is so individually delicious but because you can combine multiple beans in a delicious recipe to create a flavor palette in your mouth.

Cat Stevens becoming Yousef Islam is the most shocking turnaround since Hulk Hogan became the fourth member of the NWO.

In the living room of my girlfriends house, her mother has covered almost every surface with pictures of her. She's an only child. Above the mantle is a giant poster sized photo of her from high school with eyes that follow you around the room. It's fucking creepy. I wish she'd put a TV up there instead and I think her dad agrees. Just kidding, I love you baby.

I have a few options here. When a friend asked me to describe the song "Mercy, Mercy, Mercy" by Cannonball Adderly, I told him that every time I hear it I almost waste more seed than an outdoor garden at the South Pole.

Theme Songs that Seem to Accentuate My Day Quite Nicely

During my strolls around campus, it's hard not to notice how many NYU students wear headphones. I assume they're all listening to music (although the iPod trick worked wonders with an old roommate). As a bit of a cynic, I also assume that a hefty portion of them listen to, well... shitty music. Following the common creed that movies are much cooler than everyday life, I have compiled a list of go-to songs for even the most tone-deaf NYU student.

I'll list the situation and the song then follow it with a brief explanation.

Boarding/Riding the Subway in the Morning:

The Godfather Theme

This one seems obvious to me – especially for anyone traveling in from Brooklyn or through Little Italy – but just incase this wasn't the only song you listened to while in the subway, now you will. The drama is palpable; everyone is just one step away from death. I wouldn't start my morning any other way.

Out of the Subway, Walking to Silver:

The Lord of the Rings Theme

I like to think of the homeless as hundreds of Golems all vying for my ring (sorry, I forgot, make sure to always have a gold ring – preferably one with text that glows when put in a fire – on a chain around your neck). Sometimes I find myself running down the streets and hiding in small nooks until a particularly tall, sinister man passes but I guess that's alright; I am in *Lord of the Rings* after all. Also, make sure to unzip your coat, it'll feel more like a cloak and let's be honest, a tantivy like that will heat a hobbit up.

Arriving at Silver, Waiting in Line, Entering the Elevator:

Schindler's List Theme

Pretty depressed at this point so the comparisons are striking. Here I am, waiting in line with a bunch of Jews, walking past guard after guard towards an enclosed chamber. I always try to give my sandwich to people in line behind me but they never seem to want it – whatever.

Riding the Elevator up:

The Exorcist Theme

Excited that I'm not dead but still a bit tense, I put my sandwich back in my bag and watch all the lights flash as we ascend. Looking around at the elevator, I usually feel pretty confident that whatever battle happens at the top will be won... by me.

Exiting the Elevator, Crashing into the Sea of People, Walking to Classroom:

The Bridge on the River Kwai Theme

Alive and not fighting any possessed girls, I feel great. Keeping proper posture, I march my way off to class and laugh at the hordes of meager Asians swarming from one room to the next.

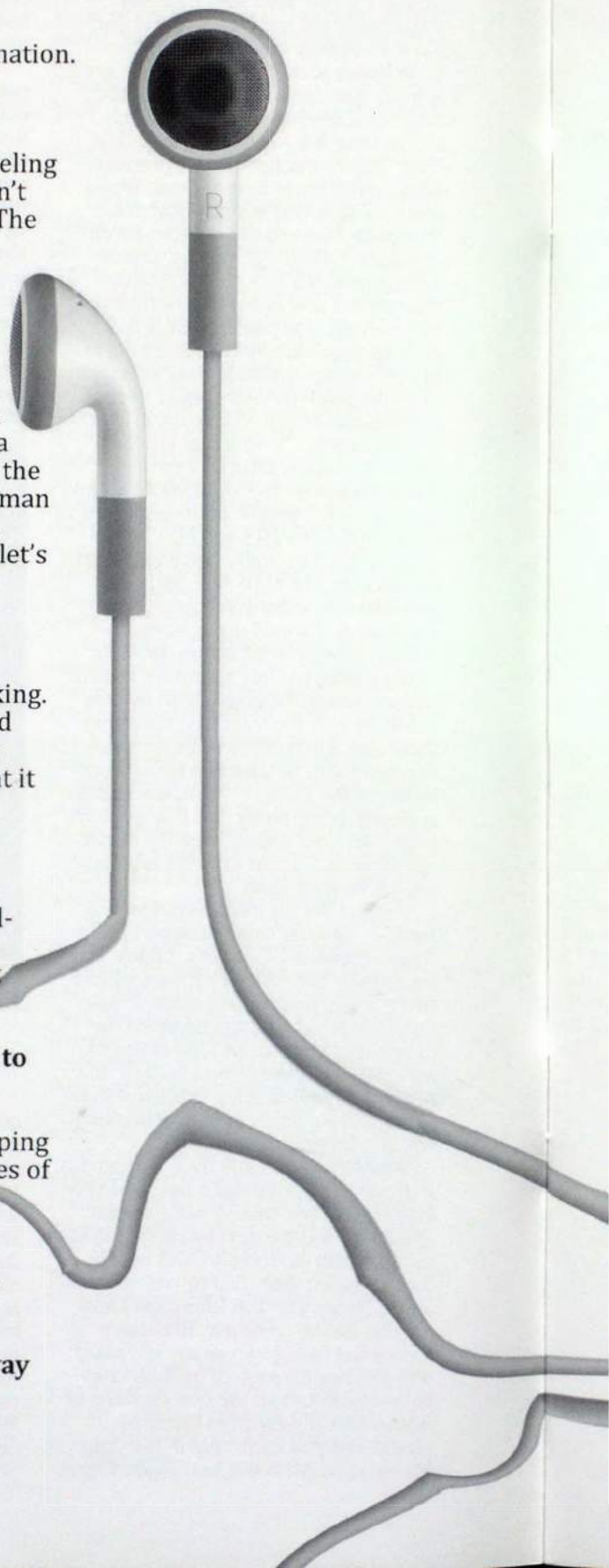
Class:

No music here but if I had to, I'd go with my one TV reference, the *Taxi* theme.

Last Few Minutes of Class, Leaving Class and Walking to Subway (the store):

Dirty Harry Theme

Nothing picks up my spirits more than a funky bass line so



here it is. Be careful not to kick too many doors open, I've gotten some of the aforementioned Asians before and although I never wait for their indecipherable rant, I can imagine that they don't like it. Don't they have a device to detect my approach anyway? They should.

Walking into Subway, Waiting in Line, Ordering, Receiving and Eating Food:

Lawrence of Arabia Theme

Although Subway may not seem the right place for an overture of this magnitude, give it a try and you'll understand. The sweet smell of fake bread spray, the anxiety of choosing toppings, the joy of finding a place to sit and eating your food – all of those oddly specific emotions were delicately incorporated into the Lawrence of Arabia theme, trust me.

After the Post-Subway Poop:

Airforce One Theme

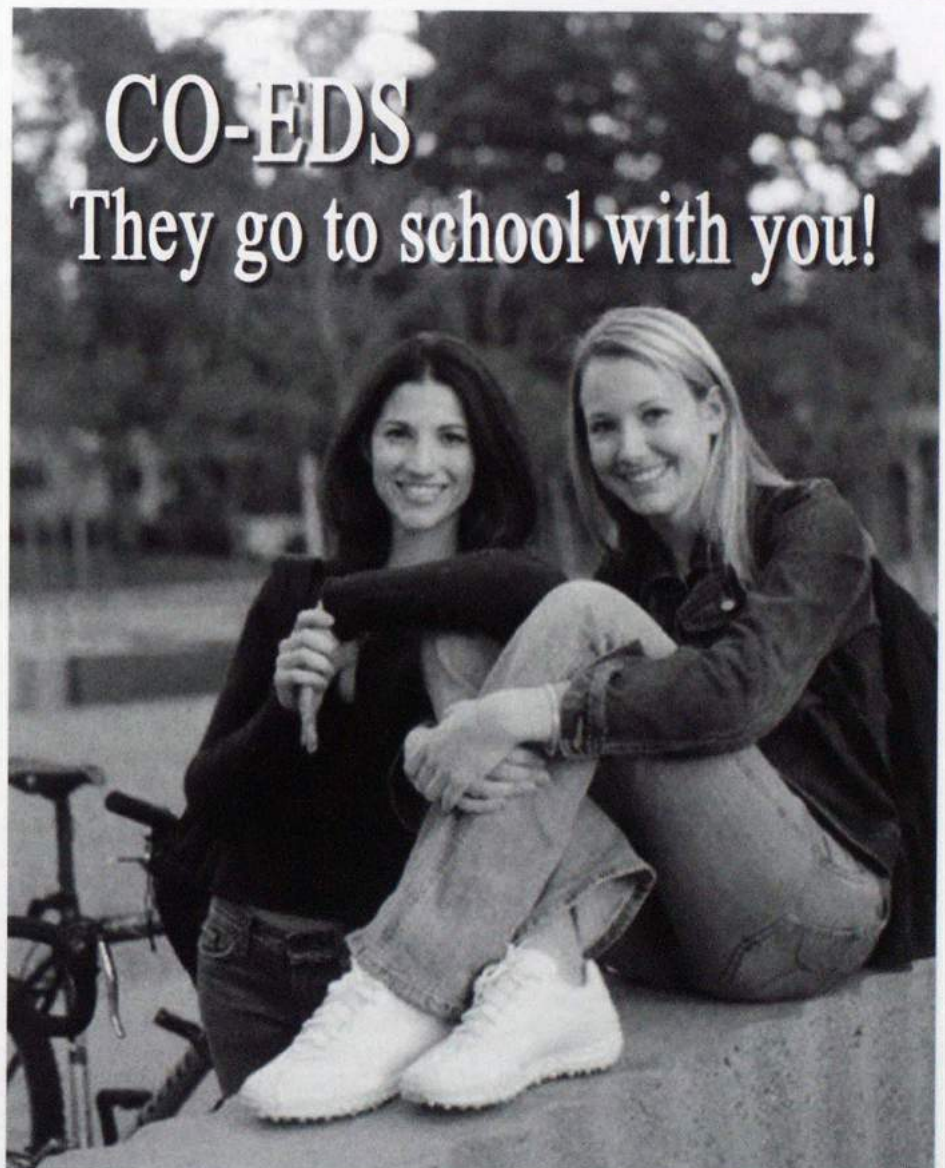
Now, this is a more obscure tune but, after you lay down your own five-dollar foot long and start this up, it will all make sense. Patriotic doesn't even begin to describe the joy that grips my freshly purged bowels as I hear that horn section and drum roll... ah. Anyway, as I said earlier, be careful kicking open doors and marching around as though you pretended to escape your private jet in a parachute-equipped pod only to secretly stow yourself away so as to covertly regain control of the plane through your cavalier and implausible actions all the while putting an unnecessary amount of stress on your overworked and menopausal vice president Glenn Close, because there are often meager creatures lurking in the NYU halls. Although if you do have the opportunity to poop outside, feel free to march as much as you like.

[I'm usually way too excited to go to any more class at this point so here's the last tune.]

Promenade Home:

E.T. The Extraterrestrial Theme

This one was a hard choice but I have to go with the classic. Every now and then, I pay a friend of mine to zip me home in a basket, but skipping works just fine too. Depending on the day, I may choose to open my apartment door to the *Jurassic Park* theme but that's only if I can handle another electrifying wave of emotion... usually I can't.



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WSN

please burn
your WSN
in a tire fire.



Running Water Declines Invitation to Developing Nations

In a statement that shocked the global community, Running Water, the most popular and well known fluid on the planet, declined an invitation to go to the Developing World.

The remarks came on the heels of a speech made by Dr. Margaret Chan, director general of the World Health Organization earlier this month. "Make no mistake about it, every human being should have access to safe and clean running water. We at the WHO are committed to assuring this. We will bring running water to the developing world," she said.

"I'd really rather not," Running Water responded at an impromptu press conference in Los Angeles this past weekend. "I wasn't asked, but if I had been, I would have declined. Consider this my RSVP."

When pressed, Running Water became uncharacteristically sour. "Why not?" he rebutted. "Have you ever been to Somalia? Would you like to go? Anybody? All right then, how about you get the fuck off my case?"

he snapped at reporters.

The tabloids were abuzz with different takes on the apparent snub, with one commenter calling the response "unquestionably the most controversial remark made by a natural resource since the rainforest made a plea for 'everyone to just cut it out already.'"

Dr. Chan could not be reached for comment, but a senior official at the WHO responded curtly to the statement. "Maybe he ought to keep his mouth shut and get back in the well, because he's acting like a child," she said. "I'm just going to throw this out there, what other organization has a director who has the H1N1 formula down to a simple powder? It's like making iced tea for her. Some of us here would have no problem just spiking the son of a bitch out of spite."

Running Water stood by its statement, adding "Unless Cabo is considered the developing world, then like I said, I'm passing."

National Epitaph Day Celebrated

The second of November marks the international "Plan Your Epitaph Day" established by Lance Hardie, a humble necrophiliac. The day's aim is to remind people of their mortality, which Jehovah's Witnesses acknowledge is necessary in today's world of plagues, Mayan apocalypse and fucking Arabs.

"We must be fearful of every waking moment. Tomorrow that whore of a wife may actually serve you cyanide-laced coffee," barked life-insurance agent Ray A. Brady, who assisted Hardie in creating the event. "I'll bet that bitch will put something awful like 'Here lies my beloved husband' on the your tombstone. The next best thing to offing her yourself is to plan your own epitaph!"

The observance's motto, "It's your death, it's your stone, tell your hag to leave it alone," is a popular phrase on bumper stickers, mugs, underwear, concealable knives and other merchandises in online stores.

The epidemic of poorly constructed inscriptions is especially rampant in the United States where around 3,000,000 Americans die annually and of those, only 251 have clever engravings and of these, only 58 are white individuals. Experts from the

National Institution for Grave-writing Advancement (N.I.G.A.), say the consequences of generic tombstones are very severe. A scientific study shows that lower lifeforms such as crows and hobos tend to defecate on tombstones with uninspired sayings. An expert points out that a "Christ, it's dark in here!!" would be better received than a "He gave up his Today/For our Tomorrow."

"The manner of your death is a mystery unless you're a Goth or a damn Jew, but having a witty epitaph ready will ease your worries," explained Hardie. "Please remember puns and rhymes make up some of the most memorable sentiments; here's one I made for my wife: 'Beneath this stone my wife doth lie/Now she's at rest and so am I.'"

Remarkably, planning an epitaph may take less than a day, and many came up with brilliant messages for friends and family in mere moments, Hardie claims. "Take Travis for example, he wrote a beautiful epitaph for his best friend Johnny just a month before Johnny suffered a fatal "tumble" down several flights of stairs where upon landing, all his limbs were, in an incredible but cruel twist of fate, sawed clean off!"

Man Confused About Relationship Between Hawthorne and Wurthner Heights.

Despite being aware of the band and the novel, local bearded man Murphy "Murph" Carmichael was surprised to discover the two entities do not go by

the same name. Asserting that the two are similarly "bitchy and whiny bullshit" in nature, and noting the fact that both peaked in popularity in 10th grade, Carmichael assumed that one was named after the other, though he admittedly was not sure which came first.

Briefs From *The New York Times* Recycling Bin

Tropicana Unveils New "Way Too Much Fucking Pulp" Variety

BRADENTON, Fla. — Tropicana, the country's top producer of orange juice, announced today the release of their latest O.J. variety, aptly named Way Too Much Fucking Pulp. It will be available within the week alongside the existing versions: No Pulp, Some Pulp and Grovestand.

Independent product tester Jarvin Marvis, 23, purchased the drink when his local bodega was out of the fortified "wine" Mad Dog.

"This shit is fucking disgusting," he said. "First of all, there was so much pulp that it doesn't pour out of the carton, so I had to scrape it out with a spoon. On top of that, the pulp was almost completely dry. This must be the first juice product in history that has little to no actual juice in it." After giving his statement Marvis' face turned a ghostly pale, and he frantically ran for the bathroom. "I'm gonna puke all over the fucking place!" he added, before doing just that.

Facing accusations that Tropicana is merely trying to pass off their shriveled used-up oranges as juice, President and CEO Gary Rodkin released a statement defending the product.

"While I whole-heartedly agree that I would rather drink a pint of my own piss than choke down a glass of this pulpy abomination," the statement said, "we're missing the point here. What makes America great is the freedom of choice we have. Some people like orange juice with no pulp, and some people like it with such a fucking ridiculous amount of pulp that if you slit the carton open with a knife it would look like that scene from 'The Empire Strikes Back' when Han Solo slices open the Tauntaun to save Luke from freezing to death. God I love Star Wars."

Rodkin's press release went on to detail several of his other favorite scenes from Star Wars but ended with this: "If you don't like it, get one of our other fine juices. What are you going to do, not buy our orange juice? I don't fucking think so."

There was no comment about the proposed measure to implement anti-toothpaste warnings on cartons.

Local Man Still Enjoys Dry Hump

Though area man Daniel Lawson recently celebrated his 28th birthday, friends and family say he still enjoys a good dry hump. "Can't get anyone pregnant, can't get the clap, and I last a whole lot longer. What's not to like?" Lawson asked. Ex-girlfriend, Pamela Winetrount claimed that over the course of her three-month relationship with Lawson, they failed to move past the activity often limited to eighth and ninth graders. "I'm happy where I'm at. And I don't need Pam either, I'll rub up on a futon, even an office chair if I have to" an un-phased Lawson said.

PETA plans to extend crusade to fictional domain

PETA has recently launched a campaign to combat the mistreatment of animals within MMOs, or Massively Multi-player Online games. PETA spokesman, Joe Hill, stated Monday that "We believe all innocent animals, real or fictional, need to be treated with dignity and respect." PETA believes that players are inclined to hurt innocent fictional animals for petty "quest rewards". The movement has brought mixed responses from the gaming community. "Fuck that," says World of Warcraft player, Healadin, "I need fucking reputation so I can obtain new armor! I kill what I want to kill, I am HEALADIN, mighty Paladin from Elwynn Forest." Other players are delighted with the idea. "Oh, I would love to see Zhevra Runners, running free throughout The Barrens!" said one player from the One With Nature guild. World of Warcraft developer, Blizzard Entertainment, has declined comment so far, but an anonymous source within the company informs us that no plans have been made to change the game to placate PETA. "Their choice," says Hill, "we'll see how they like dead shit in their bedrooms."

For Sale

One Aziza King sized sheet set, 300 thread count. Top condition. Used only once due to cheating whores. \$100 OBO

Chrono Trigger for the Super Nintendo game system. Never played, only ogled at. \$75 — no bartering, unless you trade in Hyrulian Rupees.

A Harry Potter wand. Does it work? Who knows, it didn't choose me. :(\$20

My virginity. I'm not fat, I breath through my nose, and I go outside. Any price. NOT okay with sex with a furry.

The Twilight Trilogy. \$15, but if you ask why I wanted to read Twilight, the sale is off.

College Junior Offers Pull Out Solution

"Pulling out of Afghanistan isn't as easy as it sounds," says Political Science junior, Dan Gunderson. "I mean, that many people pulling out can't go very well." Gunderson, who "didn't really" support the war since the beginning, says the American strategy should be approached in the same way a one night stand with a "fat chick" is, "drink your ass off and try again." Gunderson isn't optimistic that the White House will listen to his self-proclaimed "radical and progressive" ideas, but he's willing to "give it a go for a day or so." Gunderson has also brought forward other ideas to improve the country, including turning the stock market into a daily battle royal.

NYU Offers Apology To Suspected TBNYU Occupation Member

New York University's Board of Trustees released an official statement today declaring its regret for actions taken against junior Marc Feldstein concerning his involvement in the "Take Back NYU!" occupation of the Kimmel dining hall. Feldstein was reunited with his family early Wednesday morning after being detained one of the university's internment camps in rural Poland for nearly seven months. "We'd like to express our deepest apologies to Mr. Feldstein, his family, and his friends," NYU President John Sexton said. "We acted on false information, and I assure you we are doing everything in our power to correct our mistakes." Added Sexton, "We'd also like to specifically apologize for the forced defecation, repeated curb stomping, and videotaped sodomy inflicted upon the student by our Eastern European guards. That was just fucked up."

Countless hours of interrogation found that Feldstein, a graduate of Magen David Yeshivah High School and a Judaic Studies major in CAS, was unwittingly swept into the protest and struggled to leave the area as the TBNYU! members around him barricaded the area. He managed to climb over the pile of tables and chairs, but was quickly apprehended by NYU security. As the first captured suspected member of the Kimmel occupation, he was labeled as a prisoner of high interest by the university and was whisked overseas for interrogation. "Though I'm angered by the university's egregious error, I agree with their decision to punish all suspected perpetrators of the TBNYU! occupation to the fullest extent of the loopholes of international law," Feldstein said of his internment. To make up for the student's severe physical and psychological damage, the university has agreed to carpet bomb the Palestinian village of Feldstein's choice.



RALPHVINSKY



LEONARDOBURG

TEENAGE MUTANT JEWISH TURTLES

"HEBREWS ON A HALF-SHELL!"



MICHELANGOWITZ



DONATELLOSTEIN

Shredder is robbing the First Bank of Manhattan, asshole!

My money is in that bank, you fat fuck!

Oy, you toitles! Vat? You don't like living in a sewer?! Ack! We were lucky to be living in a sewer! We hid in sewers! Always we were hiding...

What is it now, April? What?

So? Get off my shell!

Let's go! This sewer is terrible for my allergies. Ugh.

LET'S KICK TUCHUS!

DREIDEL CLUB

STAR OF DAVID SHURIKEN

ARGH!

MINDRAH TRIDENT

SCROLL NUN-CHUK

This isn't over, you lousy...

HIDING

RIGHT IN THE KISSER

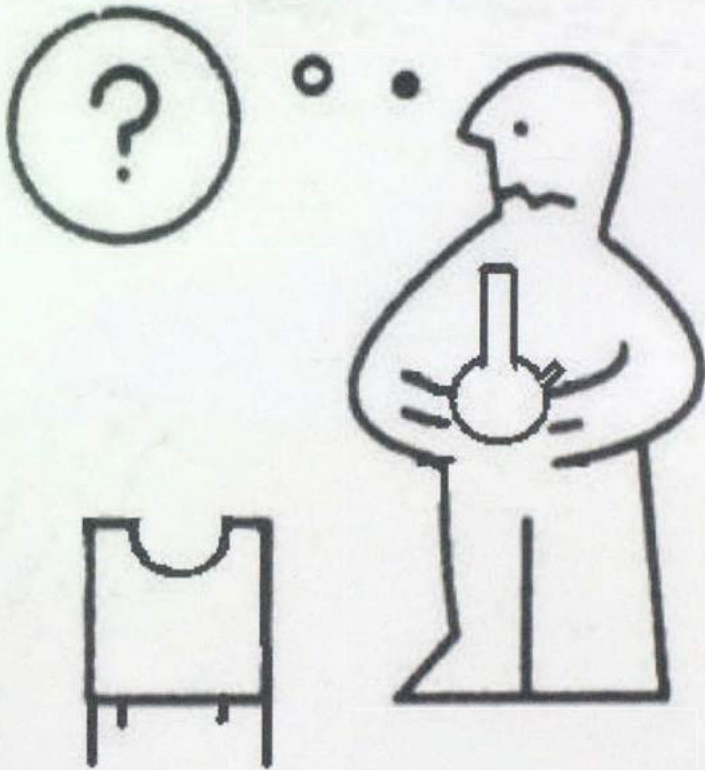
And so the day was saved by the Teenage Mutant Jewish Turtles!

IKEA: The Only Reason You Know About Sweden

In their most controversial move since changing its typeface, IKEA has just announced the arrival of their latest collection of home furnishings, which they hope will further popularize their brand among cash-strapped college students with an active interest in drugs. IKEA representative Gunnar Svensson says, "DROGEN aims to make the druggie's day easier, more productive and more satisfying both visually and physically. With DROGEN, we plan to cover the whole spectrum of drug experiences, from furniture and appliances to decorations." Product highlights from their most recent catalog include:

BONGEN

The ideal table for the clumsy and lazy stoner, BONGEN comes with a cushioned cupholder-style indentation to keep your bong from being knocked over. (Note: does not fit all styles of bongs, but is compatible with IKEA's upcoming line of fashionable and affordable bongs.)



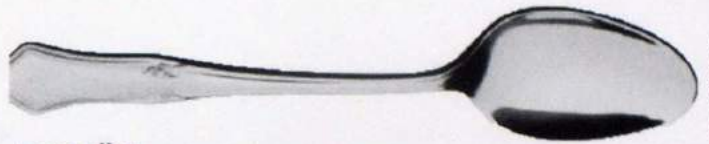
COKA

An attractive cocaine-portioning device that uses a long, thin spout to pour out a perfectly distributed straight line. It's perfect for kids who don't own a credit card yet! COKA's cap detaches to become a tube for railing that beautiful line in case you spent your last dollar bill buying coke.

So far, drug users seem to be satisfied with the new product line. When asked about his new LUSID stained glass dining set, LSD-aficionado Nate Jackson said, "Well, the colors are really intense, especially when you hold them up to the light, because color is actually made of light, you know? Color is kind of like volume too, but the decibels volume, not the cubic centimeters volume. That kind of volume is more like chemistry, with like, fire and molecules and acids and bases. HAHAAHAHA! Acid." IKEA is hoping to add a line of heroin-inspired products, but so far the focus group has failed to report any results, or even show up for work.

SHROMA

A small concave mirror with a metal handle. It's the perfect accompaniment for a wild mushroom trip!



ECSTÖN

An ecstasy-inspired quilted sofa bed cover made from a patchwork of silk, fleece, leather, fur, sandpaper, corn husks, Tyvek, cheese cloth, human hair, latex and many other texturally-appealing materials. Provides hours of tactile enjoyment. Comes with machine-washable cotton cover to prevent the sofa from being ruined with anguished tears during the come-down.



Pork: The Other Word for "Fuck"



KNOB SNOBS' FALL 2009 PORNOGRAPHIC MATERIALS CATALOGUE FOR GENTLEMEN

How the Other Half Gives

In this controversial and stunning photographic expose, Jacob Riis explores the slums of late 19th-century New York in an attempt to find out just how far a poor immigrant will go to feed his family. Move from a superb fellatio scene in the back of a broken-down train car to an assembly line gangbang with a sea of wide-eyed orphans gazing on. No photographer before, and arguably none since, has matched Riis' ability to recreate the squalid living and working conditions with such a uniquely erotic background.

Around the World With Eighty Gays

An English gentleman sets out to prove to his colleagues that he can circumnavigate the world, accompanied by a team of eighty homosexuals. As our hero finds out, it is difficult to catch a train with eighty flamers forming a conga line on the platform, and problems ensue when some members of the party take the phrase "board the vessel" the wrong way.

100 Years of Solid Dudes

This sweeping tale of maternal beauty and family ovarian strength chronicles the history of the women of the Buendia family as they ride their way through a century of trials, tribulations and dick. The male heads of the household pursue their own adventures, leaving the Buendia

women to fend for themselves against the cutthroat and well-endowed American banana capitalists who threaten the town's way of life. For a century, Buendia women use the only resource available to them: the notoriously smooth walls of their vagina. But can these walls hold up over 100 Years of Solid Dudes?



Catch 22 (VDs)

In one of the most erotic and exciting World War II novels of our time, an Air Force pilot tired of the futility of war named Yossarian attempts to get discharged by getting discharge, so to speak. Follow our hero through the streets of "liberated" Rome as Yossarian attempts to contract all 22 known venereal diseases. Will he succeed and get sent home to safety before the sexually transmitted concoction turns his genitals to shrapnel?

The Old Man and the Va-G

While boating around Lake Michigan, a solitary man sights a crippled schooner piloted by a lonely beauty. After the old man struggles mightily to haul this exotic piece of tail aboard his craft and out of harm's way, the beauty rewards him by throwing herself upon him over and over. For hours the two partake in furious coitus, assaulting each other's genitalia with reckless abandon. However, while returning to port, the woman is scavenged by a passing Minnesota Vikings booze-cruise, leaving the man broken hearted and blue-balled.

A Tale of Two Biddies

Charles "Literary Giant" Dickens centers his seminal 10th grade requirement novel on Madame Defarge, a mysterious and ancient old tart with a rose in her hair and a yarn fetish. But for whom is Madame Defarge knitting these handmade panties? Meanwhile the packet is on its way from Dover to Calais, the wheels are in motion, and all too soon, into the wine shop sweeps the aged, obviously formerly attractive Lucie Manette. As the wine shop is abandoned while the French Revolution ravages Paris, the still-sort-of-a-little comely Lucie hefts her sagging parts into a red thong with a matching, handmade push-up bra. Without further ado, these two biddies from two different cities go to town on each other.

Patrick Swayze's Ghost Meets Patrick Swayze in *Ghost*

"Threesome?"
 "No? I guess I'll just watch..."
 "Why aren't you talking to me?"
 "He's a ghost too!"
 "Come on! Look at these abs! Six months of chemo!"
 "Fine, I'll leave, but I want you to know that I'm much richer than my 1990 self. Much, much richer. I can still dance, can't I? Can I use your phone? You know how hard it is for a ghost to catch a cab, right? TALK TO ME... ME!"
 "I'll just work on my own pottery over here. Just spinning the clay... minding my own business... nothing sexy about this... WHOOP! GOLDBERG?! AHIIIH!"

It's Not Delivery, It's Stuck to Your Oven Rack

it's finally here!

"labia lipstick"

the best part of you just got better...

world's creamiest vagina-stick
in many flirtatious colors!

Abuse me Asparagus
 Fuck me Fuckin'
 Pillage me Purple
 Rape me Rose
 Tickle me Pink
 Violate me Already

From the makers of Penis Moustache Wax comes the newest vagina-stick, "labia lipstick" pamper yourself, all of yourself, with a variety of exciting shades. No matter how well cooked or rare your roast beef may be, there's a color for you!
 It won't rub off, and we're pretty sure it's non-toxic, so try it today!



as featured in this ad

Wine Spectator

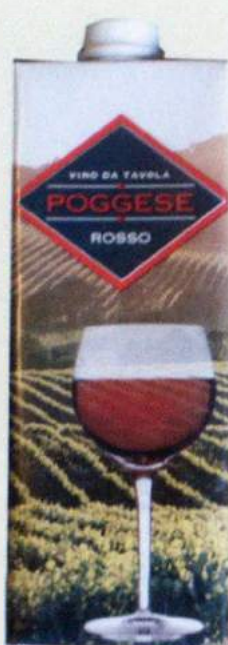
LEARN MORE, DRINK BETTER

Thinking Inside The Box:

Senior Taster Clarence Williams Samples The Boxed Wine of Tuscany

For years sommeliers have scowled at boxed wine; drinkers world over have unanimously agreed that the dregs of the dregs are to be found in "the box". Having never dipped into "the box" in all my fifty years of tasting I, Clarence Williams, made it a point to prove the world wrong yet again (see *Spectator* June 1968 – "Wine and What?! - Pairing Wine with Weed" for the first instance) and find the crème of the crap.

-CW



This one took a while to open up, quite literally, but once I wrestled off the "freshness indicator" I noticed an immediate bouquet of mentholated cigarettes and urine. As I walked away from the gas station where I bought it, and opened it, the nose shifted to a powerful aroma of foie gras in a bowl of vinegar placed in the sun for a week. The perfect base for the perfect summer-time refresher, a gelato float. **87/100**

Tijuana, pure and simple. Quargentan flushes the body with a warmth only otherwise achievable when taking a body shot off a freshly disintegrated nubile. I would have considered handing this back to my sommelier, Giovanni, but he was busy taking cans out of the trash to recycle for cash. I wouldn't be surprised if the labeled 11% abv wasn't at least 45% after Giovanni decanted it in vodka. **72/100**

How could one not be impressed by the routh of fine gilding on this box? The nose recalled a forgotten wine-like smell; I was impressed. After a sip without a need to "chase", I was sold. The minatory qualities of the previous two made brief appearances but were overwhelmed by the watery, Juicy Juice-like finish. Buy a palate, cellar half, drink the rest. **93/100**

Weighing in at ten liters, this box is in a class of its own. Complete with spicket and handles, this *Vino Da Tavola* has unmatched ergonomics in the boxed wine sector. Surprisingly unpretentious and watery, I found this rosso particularly useful in drinking games and practical jokes involving vast quantities of fake blood. A funny but painfully heavy gag gift; I'd go with the exploding peanuts. **83/100**

Lived there? Worked there? You deserve care.

9/11?

I wasn't even in New York.
I get headaches sometimes
but I'm not sure this applies
to me. Can I have my fifty
dollars now?

My symptoms:

- ☐ Coughing
- ☐ Wheezing
- ☒ Can't find car keys
- ☐ Sinus congestion
- ☐ Stomach problems
- ☒ Peeing in shower
- ☐ Anxiety
- ☒ Other symptoms

The World Trade Center Environmental Health Center

provides free health care to residents, students,
workers and passersby who may still be sick from 9/11.

Call toll free **1-N0Y-6Q0-0Y1G**
(1-609-670-0914)
or dial **311** for more information.
Call us even if you don't have insurance.



Bellevue Hospital Center
Elmhurst Hospital Center
Gouverneur Healthcare Services



NEW YORK CITY
HEALTH AND
HOSPITALS
CORPORATION

nyc.gov/hhc

Most people who were exposed to the World Trade Center attack did not get sick but some did. WTC health issues are still being studied. This message is not intended to express or imply any scientific conclusions on the part of the New York City Health and Hospitals Corporation or the City of New York.

Sky Mall

Not sure what to give? Everyone loves SkyMall Gift Cards.

GAY THOUGHT REMOVER.

Do you ever find yourself spotting your friend a little too closely when he's doing dead-lifts at the gym? Or do you find yourself getting distracted by Trey, your son's swim instructor? Of course you do, cuz you're part faggot! Fortunately for your fairy-ass, the makers of the Titty Doorbell and the Vagina Mousepad have an answer for you. Using a patented two-pronged approach, the Gay Thought Remover absorbs any homoerotic brainwaves while simultaneously sending masculine, pussy-hounding frequencies directly into your frontal lobe. The Gay Thought Remover is made with sleek plastisteel and has a fully adjustable frame, so your prancing little son can use it too! Requires four AAA batteries, Dick Mouth-guard sold seperately.

750124 \$129.95



ALL-AMERICAN GLORY HOLE.

Even seasoned glory-holers won't know what to expect with the new All-American Glory Hole! Hand-milled with over nine holes, little Jenny can steal second while Grandpa hits a pop fly! Featuring super-safe nail-free construction, spermicidal pine and rubberized side handles, even the most disease-ridden veteran can enjoy America's national pastime – glory-holing!

778421 \$119.95



CANINE CONSUMING LAWN.

Protect your lawn from the indiscriminate urination and defecation of rude neighborhood dogs and keep your lawn green and pristine with this ingenious product. Just set it atop your lawn near the sidewalk, and watch as the patented turf-jaw ® opens up and swallows the canine whole! The system activates upon contact and digests the dog within minutes. Use the mulch-like remains it creates in your garden, for a compost heap, or even for your birdfeeder. Rest assured your lawn will remain lush all summer long, or else.



Made in Seoul from a durable turf infused with the genes of a Venus Fly Trap, your product is sure to last. The lawn is easily stored and available in various sizes depending on the size of your lawn and your prey. The compartment underneath holds approximately three cubic feet of compressed canine byproduct.

770684	Medium (8'x11')	\$80.95
770685	Large (16'x22')	\$149.95

PERSONAL MOUNTAIN RANGE.

You're a giant! So lay your sleeping body on one of our Tempur-Tectonic mountain ranges. There's no erosion on these mountains! Our mountain ranges are of extreme quality; created naturally with a combination of God, dinosaurs, volcanos, hydrogen bombs, Inuit migration, John Deere tractors, floods, the Manhattan Project, tectonic plate shifts and several glacial periods. for your satisfaction So cash in on this great investment - they are even guaranteed to outlast Larry King! Available in Andes, Swiss-Alps, Appalachian, Pyrenees or Himalayan (for BIG motherfuckers).

796423 \$499.95



1-800-SkyMall (1-800-759-6255)

www.SkyMall.com

We're adding hundreds of products every week. See the latest at SkyMall.com!

DOG CHARIOT.

Make your best friend feel like Benji Hur in Sky Mall's exclusive Dog Chariot! This ornate rolling dog-trolley offers the smoothest ride of any dog carrier on the market. Your pet will think he's a Roman Emper-Rover as you wheel him through the airport. This special offer includes iron-on decorative patches like "Ruff-Ruff Rider" "This Vehicle Will Paws for Animals" and "Honk if you're Hairy!" Your friends and grandchildren will love it!

The Dog Chariot includes many of the same features of it's best selling predecessors, the Tail-Waggin' Wagon and the Kia Sportage. Not intended for large or dignified dogs. Also can carry a small child or midget.

718321 \$79.95



MODERATELY ATTRACTIVE MIDWESTERN HOUSEWIFE IN A BOX.



Matel™ and Honda™ team up to create this incredibly lifelike cyborg-housewife! She's moderately attractive, on the wrong side of 40, and ready to cater to your every whim. From driving the kids to school to letting you poke her colon, she does it all and more. Comes with three separate outfits, with a full line of clothing to dress up your MAMH available in stores and online. Adaptive technology allows the MAMH to learn to cater to your tastes, but stops at the upper boundary of robot intelligence so as to avoid some I-Robot shit.

Manufacturer's warranty covers the MAMH for three years, protecting against malfunctions such as whining and skin saggage. Currently not offered in black.

792224 \$119.95

BITCH STIFLER.

Ever get caught next to a chatty Kathy on a plane? Don't have the guts to divorce your nettlesome wife? Now with the patented "Bitch Stifler" you no longer have to deal with their incessant nagging and chatter. Simply attach the collar then adjust the constriction level and sedative dosage! She'll be so close to choking that she'll think twice before she speaks! Available in black, blue, and skin tone (for white people that is.)

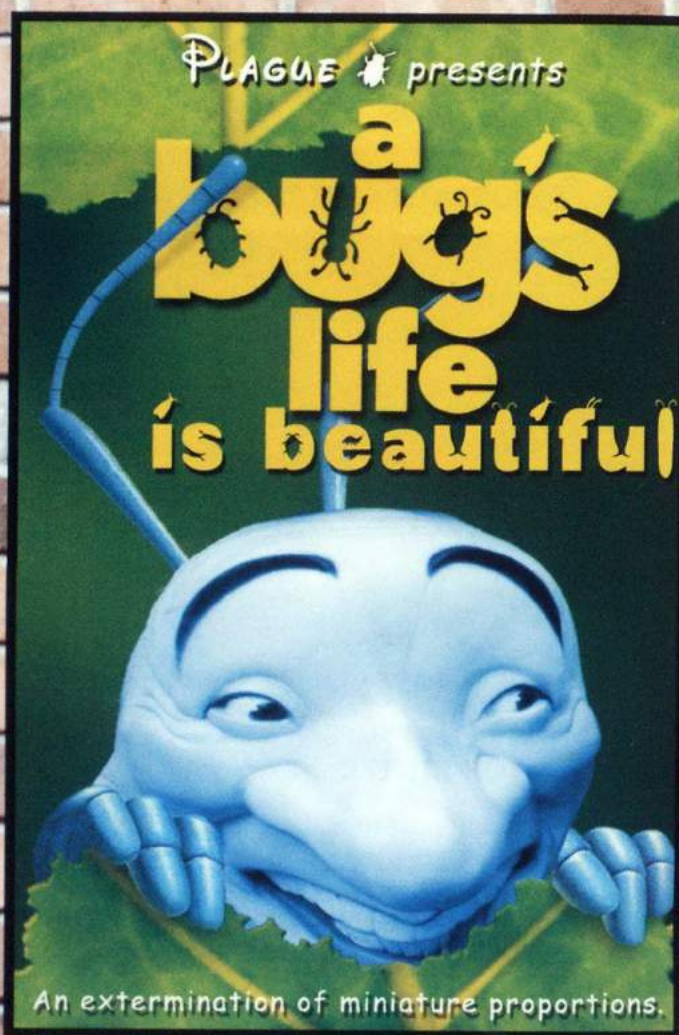
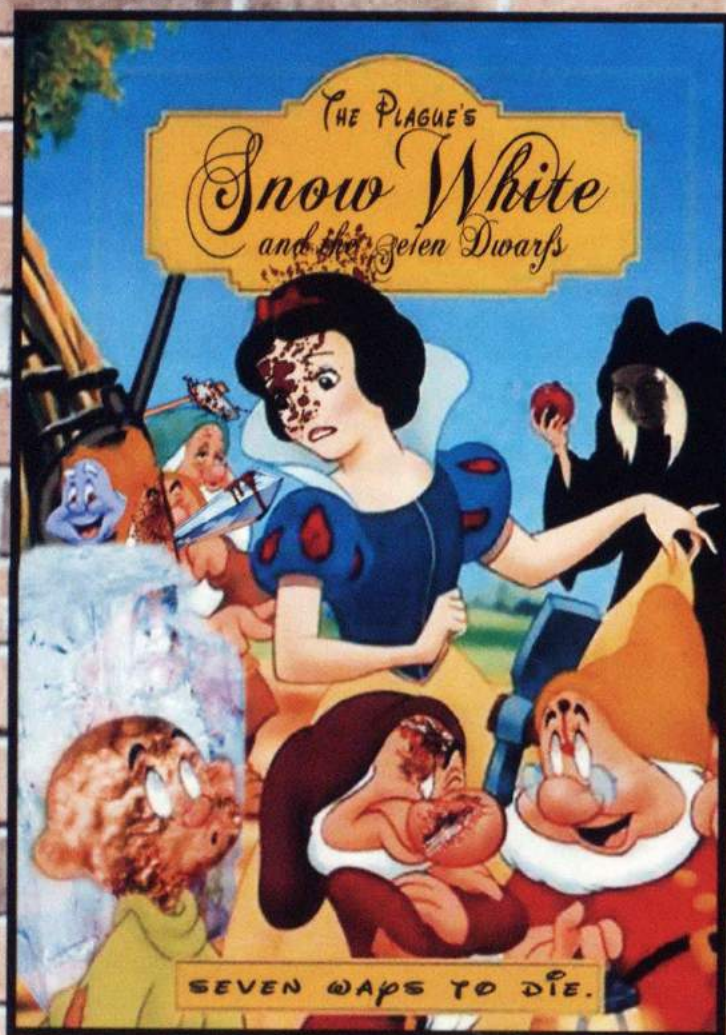
737241 \$49.95



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www.SkyMall.com

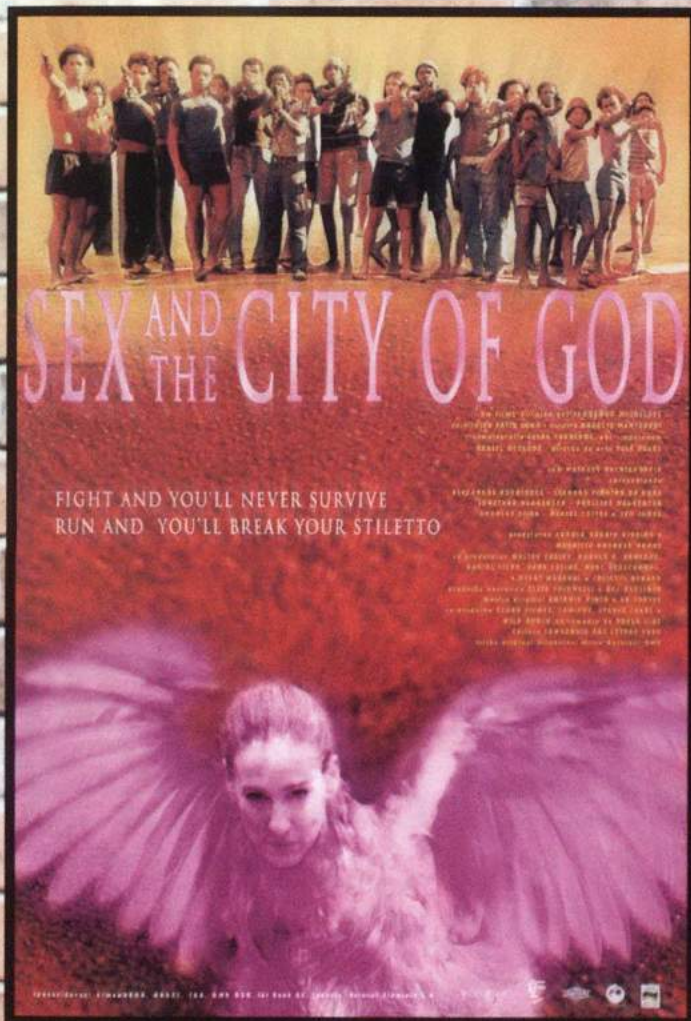
SOMETIMES TWO MOVIES
ARE BETTER THAN ONE!
MOVIE MIX UPS, BY
THE PLAGUE.



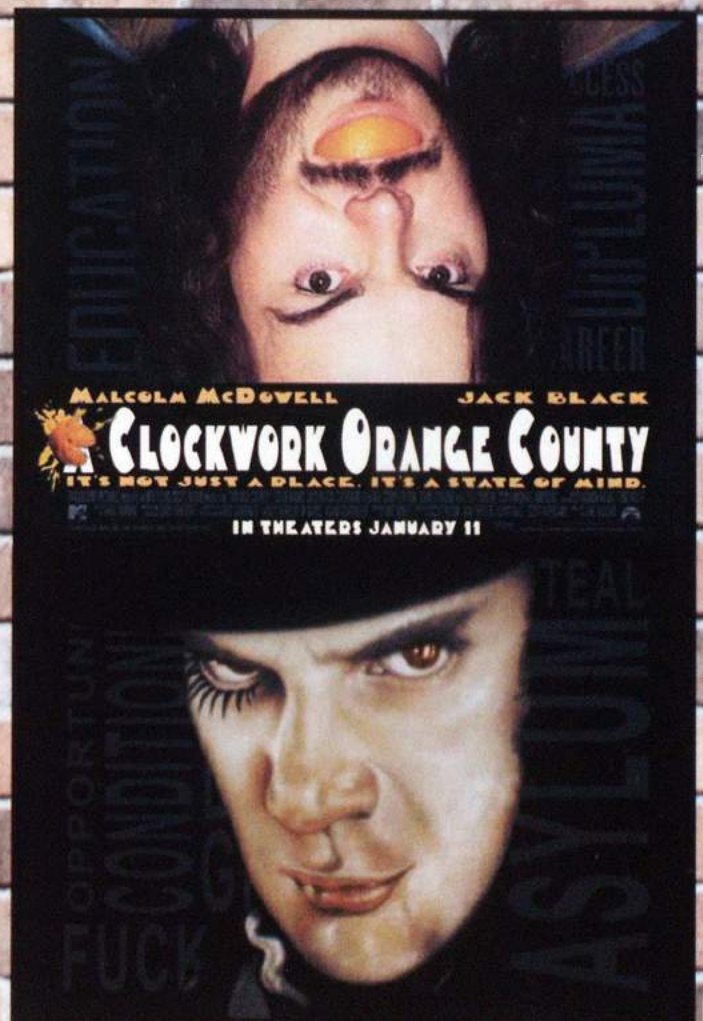
"Disney departs from the typical uplifting ending, concluding the film with a scene in which Brad Pitt receives Snow White's decapitated head in a package."

"Masterfully conveying the hopeless plight of a father, this film forces us to take a long hard look at our own exoskeletons."

NOW
PLAGUING



"There may or may not be a bridal shower, but there is certainly a blood bath when local gang members rob the motel where the women stay."



"Dystopia comes to So-Cal in this adaptation of a classic modern novel. Jack Black naturally shines as a borderline retard of the gang."



What People Are Saying About NHL On Ice

Tara Lipinski, Special Ice Skating Correspondent, Timeout! NY- "The lighting display was quite stunning, and the audio component was terrific. I found the music to be heartwarming and fun. I'm sure this will be a very popular show for years to come. Unfortunately, I was unable to actually see any of the skating, as I am only like four foot eight and the geniuses in the press box sat me right behind Scott Van Pelt. Don't they know I took home gold in Nagano?"

Mary Johnson, Theater Critic- "To be frank, this is the best musical adopted for on-ice performance based on a North American sports league since the Stephen Sondheim's "The Greatest Show on Turf: The Musical: On Ice" from 2002. The performers fed off of the audience's oohs and ahhs, of which there was no short supply, with grace and good natured audacity. Even those of us who have never even seen a single quarter of a hockey match felt the intensity as the 'linesman' smacked the 'puck' back and forth. Standouts included Derrick Delmore as Ray Borque, and of course, the legendary Brian Boitano as the masculine, ferocious Gordie Howe."

Stephen Crumholtz, a grown man with the brain of a 4-year-old- I was crying and Mommy was crying but then I was a dinosaur. But right now I'm a robot.

Terry Pendergrast, Dude Who Insists On Reading Way Too Far Into This - A stunning commentary on The Cold War. The symbolic Act 3 scene in which dozens of American players were rapid firing pucks at "The Bulin Wall", goalie Nikolai Khabibulin was truly poignant and compelling. When Russian Pavel Bure and American Mike Modano rode off on the zamboni together, I for one was convinced of a new beginning.

Anthony Randazzo, Flyers Fan - Fuck this gay shit. When the Tie Domi-Bob Probert fight was recreated as a doubles ice routine, I literally vomited into my own hands. I hit someone in the face with a battery, and the whole thing really amped me up to head home and beat the fuck out of my wife. The Miller Lite was pretty good but a bit overpriced.

Daniel Plainview: Sex Therapist



America Shits Out Dunkin'

My name is Daniel Plainview. I'm a sex man. My father was a sex man. I've come here today to answer your questions about coitus. I assure you, whatever the others promise you, when it comes to the bukkake, they won't be there.

Dear Dr. Plainview,

After 12 years of marriage, my wife just doesn't seem to be responsive to my advances. What do you suggest?

-Horny in Hartford

Dear Mr. Horny,

I've heard of these problems. Now sir, are you aware that it's 1880? Your wife is your property, man! You make her deliver! And if you cannot, cut her throat in her sleep. There's a whole ocean of poon under our feet, and no one can get it but you! On another note, I'm not really a doctor per se, but I can sell you tonics to heal lesions on your crotch regions, if you so desire.

if it could work for me. You see, I may have been intimate with what may or may not have been a lady of the evening. Now, I may or may not have oozing pustules on my penis.

-Oozing in Ohio

Dear Oozing,

While I appreciate your venereal alliteration, be more decisive man! I'm going to assume you laid with a trollop or some sort of dandy fop with deceptive rouge. I made a similar misstep as a youth, and I received a bastard in a basket along with my genital warts, so consider yourself lucky. Sir, if I may I ask, what color are your pustules? If they are bright red then my tonic will be more effective on them than a knife through the jugular. If its any other color, you will need three laborers, one priest, and a large knife. May whatever god you pray to help you.

Here at *The Plague*, we sometimes receive articles that we just don't quite understand. We decided to run the following article through Google Translator in a variety of ways to see if we could make any sense of it. Here are the results:

ORIGINAL "ENGLISH"

When I am on the subway I try to be clever.

I have accomplished stupid jokes in five stops and two instances of personal space invasion. Then I get off and close the notebook and tuck it under my arm.

Nobody would think this of someone in high heels and a cardigan. Walking straight like it is imperative she reach whatever ends efficiently, and fast like it's gotta be more important than the people she passes.

And in the rush some jokes get lost. Someone will pick it up on his way to whatever ends and imagine it as the product of a child with his little notebook, and how he should carelessly fumbled the paper loose in attempts to keep up with his mother.

Somewhere, I exist as a little boy in somebody's mind. And somewhere, I exist in the mind of a stranger I probably will never know

Here are the jokes I remember and some jokes that stranger would read:

There was a bank robbery in progress, and police cars rushed to the scene of the crime. When the chief arrived, he instructed his men to block off all exists, and the police men did as they were instructed. But ten minutes later, a group of masked men came running out of the building carrying bags of money. The chief, furious, rounded up his men and demanded an explanation. And a timid looking rookie said: "Chief, you told us to guard all exists, but the thieves escaped out from an entrance!"

Question: How do soap bars loose weight?

Answer: They go for a swim!

The only appropriate time to say "I ate your babies for dinner" is at a bag of carrots.

I am secretly ridiculous.



GERMAN

When I click on the metro I'm trying to ax.

I have achieved stupid jokes in five stations and two instances of personal space invasion. Then I'll get out and close the notebook and stick it under his arm.

Nobody think this would of someone in high heels and a cardigan. Walking just as it is essential to reach them effectively, what ends, and as fast as it should but more important than the people they lead.

And lost in the rush a few jokes. Someone will pick it up towards the end and imagine what it as the product of a child looked sloppy with his little notebook, and how he should loose the paper in the attempts to date to stay with his mother.

Somewhere, I exist as a small boy in one eye. And somewhere, I exist in the mind of a stranger I never know

Here are the jokes that I remember and some jokes that strangers would read:

It was a bank robbery in progress, and police cars rushed to the scene of the crime. When the boss, he ordered his men to block all there, and did the police man, as they were instructed. But ten minutes later, a group of masked men running from the building bags of money. The boss, angry, rounded up his men and demanded an explanation. And said a shy rookie Search: "Chief, you said, to guard every place, but the thieves escaped from an entrance!"

Question: How can I remove soap bars?

Answer: You swim!

The only appropriate time to say: "I ate your kids to eat" is a bag of carrots.

I'm secretly ridiculous.



TRADITIONAL CHINESE

When I was in the subway, I tried to bring a kitchen knife.

I have completed five silly jokes stations and two instances of personal space invasion. Then I get off and close the notebook computers and tuck it in my arm.

No one would think that someone in high heels and sweater. Walking straight like her to be what purpose efficient and fast like it's certainly more important, she passed.

Some jokes get lost in the rush. Some will pick it up the way for any purpose, to imagine it as the product of a child and his little notebook, and how he inadvertently missed the paper should be loose, trying to keep up with his mother.

Somewhere, I exist, a little boy in the human mind. To the outside, my mind in the presence of a stranger, I might never know

Here is my joke, I remember that some joked that strangers will be as follows:

There is a bank robbery in progress, and police cars rushed to the scene of the crime. When the administration, he instructed his men to stop all of existence, and the police men do because their instructions. But 10 minutes later, a group of masked men ran out of buildings bag of money. Chief, anger, rounded up his men and demanded an explanation. Looking for a timid rookie, said: "The Chief Executive, you told us that in order to prevent all exist, but the thieves managed to escape from an entrance!"

Q: How do I loose the weight of soap?

Answer: They go for a swim!

The only appropriate time, said: "I eat your child's dinner" is a bag of carrot.

I surreptitiously ridiculous.



Here, the wound, and sometimes we do not understand objects. We have decided to run the Google translation of an article in different ways and see what we can do. The following are the results of:

TRANSLATE

Google

TWELVE DIFFERENT LANGUAGES

If you feel the MTR, the ax.

I finished five seasons, stupidity, and two personal space invaded. So go and close the laptop and hand.

Does anyone think that a person with high heeled shoes and a jacket. Go to these goals, no matter quickly and efficiently to achieve and should be important to them.

Invest in a joke lost contact. Some people behind their own way, is one of his notebooks were fewer children and that failure to save the document navigation his mother.

A place I know that when I was in the middle of each child. One room has a beautiful spirit, you never know

I remember, jokes, stories, strange as follows:

It was a bank robbery and police cars on the scene. As president, he ordered the closure, while the police chase. Only 10 minutes later, a masked man with a bag of office. President and anger people, and demanded an explanation. After a thorough investigation that registration Hamilton: "The President expressed the hope that it exists, but the robbers fled out the door!"

Q: How can I soap and water to lose weight?

A: The pool!

Appropriate time to say "I love kids, I stock dinner Islands.

I was stupid secrets.



ALL LANGUAGES

Address the court.

5 aineolas my wife Laptop sonehasipsyoh new special 2.

The idea, quite loud - Hilde one. The goal is not difficult. Potential need for urgent and effective.

And Investment, and can not be China. Back Streets have company, or parent has at least one document, response to protect children.

And I know my children. I know, 1 x Rooms;

In Addition, Reports and hkayat information.

Bank robbery scene in a police car. President and the Police and Neighbors as ifsrkini 10 minutes. Called storm to settle. Analysis of Hamilton: Sherman: "I am in the home, the thief and left Crying!

C: soap and water and lose weight?

Quiet!

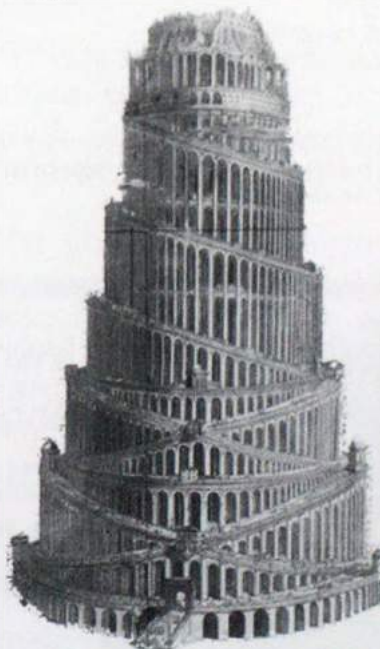
Again and again, he said: "I want children to the Island.

Blbej Intrigue.

Shipping Sea.

House.

Year.



SNOW PATRO- LESE

Sitting on the subway

I wish I could be clever

You think my jokes are stupid

My notebook of dreams tucked under my arm.

Walk straight to the end

In your high heels and cardigan

Where you go is more important

Than the people you pass

In my rush my jokes are lost

They'll live on in the mind of a child

Carelessly fumbling

Keeping up with his mother

I wish I could exist

In that child's mind

In your mind I exist

But you I'll never know

If I were a guard

I'd guard all that exists

But you would escape, dear

through the entrance to my heart

I could buy some soap

I could go for a swim

I could lose everything

But if I ate baby carrots

would it be appropriate?

Would you love me again?

Could we be ridiculous in secret?



Things You'll Read on CollegeHumor.com

If you're like me, you stopped reading College Humor regularly a long time ago, around the same time as Will Ferrell movies lost their magic. Still, College Humor treks on, insulting the sense of humor of our entire demographic with unfunny generalizations and punch lines that will make you wish you were reading the WSN April Fools issue. Here are some College Humor pieces typified.

The "Hot Chick" Interview

Fairly often, College Humor will post a "Q & A" with their featured "hot college girl", to go along with a dozen or so pictures of the girl making pout-ey faces in a mirror. The photos are low grade masturbatory fodder at best, but the interview is typically unbearable. The girl is posited either an awkward question about sex that they will answer with a vague innuendo (college girls DO IT!!!) or asked something stupid about 90s pop culture (they are the SAME AGE AS YOU!!!!!!). Sometimes the two question types can merge.

Example: CH: So, who was your favorite Power Ranger? Audreaonica, San Jose State: WELLLL, of course I wanted to be the pink ranger but maybe the black one cause I like chocolate ;)

The Generic List

Usually 5, but sometimes 7 or 10, of the somethings to do with something else. Sort of like this article, ironically. The 5 stages of "breaking up", the 7 people you will meet your freshman year, the 5 professors you want to avoid. College Humor never misses an opportunity to hit on something universally applicable to the demographic. Unfortunately, the jokes universally shitty.

Example: From the list "The 7 Weird Suitemates" - The Guy with the Girlfriend

"You'll see him when the semester starts and think he's pretty cool. You will go to some parties together and he'll meet a girl. Good for him! But then you notice she's over your place ALL THE TIME! She sleeps over, and you feel awkward walking around in your underwear drinking milk from the carton!! It's like, she's always there, with him!! Get it? You definitely know a dude like that! College!!"

The Conversation

Probably the most creative type of College Humor article, these conversations typically personify inanimate objects, body parts, or both and imagine what a dialogue between the them would be like. Unfortunately any attempt at nuanced humor ends at the idea stage.

Example: Conversation between beer and your mouth.

Beer: HEY MAN

Mouth: HEY I WANNA DRINK YOU. COLLEGE!!!

Beer: DRINK ME WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO. COLLEGE!!!

Liver: Ohhhh maaaaaaan come on, not another one...ah fuck it. COLLEGE!!!!

The Graph

Though recently they seem to have forayed into pie charts, this piece is typically a line graph. The topic is usually related to whatever time of year it is. "The longer Thanksgiving dinner lasts..." or "The faster you quit your summer job...".

Example: The More You Check College Humor (see above)



THE MORE YOU READ COLLEGE HUMOR

The more you idolize Dane Cook

Ability to contribute to a conversation

A funny shape that has nothing to do with anything



Spring in New York

We're betting that you're enough of a prick to actually get your friends to give us \$50,000 just to be in New York. Go ahead and prove us right.

Revised 12 Step Program

1. Have a beer. It will make this funnier and easier.
2. Admit you are powerless over alcohol, and that your life has become unmanageable, you fucking pussy.
3. Rub a quick one out to forget you are trying to quit alcohol.
4. Decide that the priest who diddled you in preschool was right, and turn your life over to the care of God, as He was explained to you by that cum-breathed pauper.
5. It is important to keep in mind the people you have hurt. Make a list of all the times time you thought of your ex-girlfriend's mother while balls deep in her b-hole.
6. Reflect on how much you miss your ex-girlfriend, and then reflect on how your whisky filled rages drove her to fuck that moron Brad from work.
7. Go ahead and rub another one out, you sicko.
8. Humbly ask God to forgive you, and while he's at it, if its not too much trouble, to possibly enlarge your shortcomings ;).
9. Through deep prayer and several enemas, seek to improve your conscious contact with God.
10. Invest in a Tempur-Pedic mattress for those long, hard nights of agonizing withdrawal... shit's SO comfortable.
11. Have another beer. You're almost there, champ!
12. Have a "spiritual awakening" (yeah, right) and praise Jesus and try to explain these shitty guidelines to your jackass friends. AMEN HALLELUJAH YOU'RE FREE!

Jude Law Stalker Drinking Game

In honor of the recent discovery that the entire south facing side of Hayden can see into Jude Law's apartment, here is a drinking game to accompany the hours spent staring into his window. It is recommended that this game be paired with the most girly alcohol possible. We're talking Bacardi razz, Mike's Hard Lemonade or especially, Firefly Sweet Tea Vodka.

Take a shot:

1. Just to warm yourself up, you've got a long night of nothing ahead of yourself
2. Every time he walks by and fixes some aspect of his appearance thinking he's alone
3. When he enters the room for a period of more than 25 seconds
4. For each guest he brings over
5. If he practices his lines for Hamlet (he's a serious actor now, remember)
6. Lewd hand gesture (and shot, of course) in the off-chance of eye contact
7. Body shot off your roommate for potential nanny guests (old habits die hard)
8. Each time you mention his angelic beauty
9. When you accidentally start speaking in a British accent
10. Once you've figured out what apartment number his is by painstakingly counting the windows and floors

*This can also be played in a strip format; the removal of an article of clothing can supplement a shot. I'm not really sure what the point of getting naked is, but it can't hurt.

**If you do not live on the south side of Hayden or know someone who does, fret not! This game can also be played while watching the movie *Alfie*. The modified rules are as such: chug as quickly as you can to dull the fact that you're actually watching *Alfie*.

***Game must be followed with drunken soul searching. Why the fuck are you spending all your time stalking Jude fucking Law?

OH THE IRONY

If there's one thing I've learned living here, it's that New York City is drowning in irony. Venice has water, we've got irony. To be honest, I'd prefer the water.

I don't mean to give irony a bad rap. More often than not, it's a great thing. "Thanks for driving the bus at a snail's pace, big guy. You didn't pussyfoot the pedal at all!" Sarcasm. "No, I totally think that a tattoo of a cauliflower is a wonderful homage to your mother. I can't really see it though. Is it a chest piece?" Subtle sarcasm due to circumstance. "Dusty, you are possibly the most athletic individual I have ever come across in my life." Understatement. There's also the beauty of situational irony. For example, my roommate tugs as hard as he can at the jammed door handle to our room as I tug as hard as I can on my dick after having made the aforementioned arrangements. He ends up missing his class. Tragic irony.

Irony keeps us on our toes. It keeps life interesting when it becomes a static sea of monotony. However, for all the praise irony deserves, New York City takes it too far. I don't really care about unintentional juxtapositions. A boy thinking he's a badass for almost getting into a bar fight quickens his step after a homeless man asks him for a bite of his pizza with a palpable sense of urgency.

I call foul when irony is calculated. First, the facial hair. Refrain. Please, please refrain. I'm just as much a sucker for a five o'clock shadow as the next wet 'tween, but that's it. The full beard, no matter the consistency, looks like shit. And the worst part is, you know it looks like shit. Essentially, you've created an interchangeability of the words "appealing" and "appalling." And maybe I'm just bitter because my baby face would suggest that I probably don't even have pubes yet, but I'll have you know that I have many. And they're all black.

I digress. Now, how about ironic tastes in music? Recently, someone asked me, "You listen to Chris Brown as a joke, right?" I took offense to this question for a couple of reasons. First, I took it as a jab at CB, one of the most talented entertainers of our generation. Now, I know there's been some discussion about CB's respectability as an artist after some of his recent wrongdoings (on a radio single, he rhymed "go" with "you"), but great artists deserve a second chance, right? Either way, the real issue I had with my friend's question was the suggestion that I could will myself to listen to something I do not actually enjoy just to be ironic.

This brings us to the universal question I propose to you: where do people find the time, patience and dedication to do something that they don't want to do for some desired effect? God knows that facial hair takes time to grow, is scratchy, and you get food stuck in it. If you're a ginger, you know that red doesn't go with every color. You just chopped your matching wardrobe in half, mon frère. And nerd from my one Clive Davis class, I'm sure that you put a lot of thought into your "white" cover of a Wu Tang Clan song, but I'd truly rather Van Gogh myself than listen to the genderfuck noiserock stylings of a band called the Oedipissants.

New York City is busy. The people of this city are supposed to live at a pace unrivaled anywhere else in the world. So for those of you drowning in your own irony, I simply wonder why. I could leave it at that, but I'd also like to pat myself on the back for not mentioning that song by Alanis Morissette.

Craig's Corner

Dear Every Overly-Animated NYU Student,

Each and every time you are late, lost or just being your annoying self, you do not need to make a ridiculous face sound or combination of the two. I can assure you that although your mom or maybe even your entire hometown thought it was "quirky", "cute" or even "funny", it is not. I don't eat, study or work at T.G.I. Friday's for a reason. Bitterness aside, it's funny when you and your overly-animated cohort stroll in front of oncoming traffic as you all try to simultaneously wow each other with your best rendition of Twilight; so please, stay at NYU.

TITUBA SAY

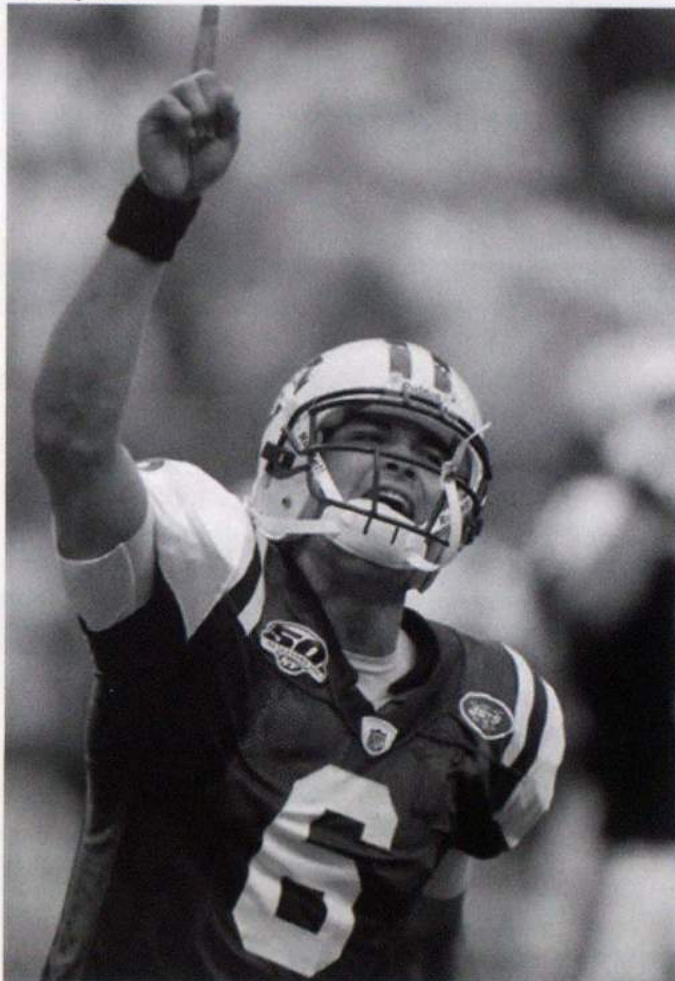


"For make linens dey whitest,
make circle of chicken bone around
wash tub"

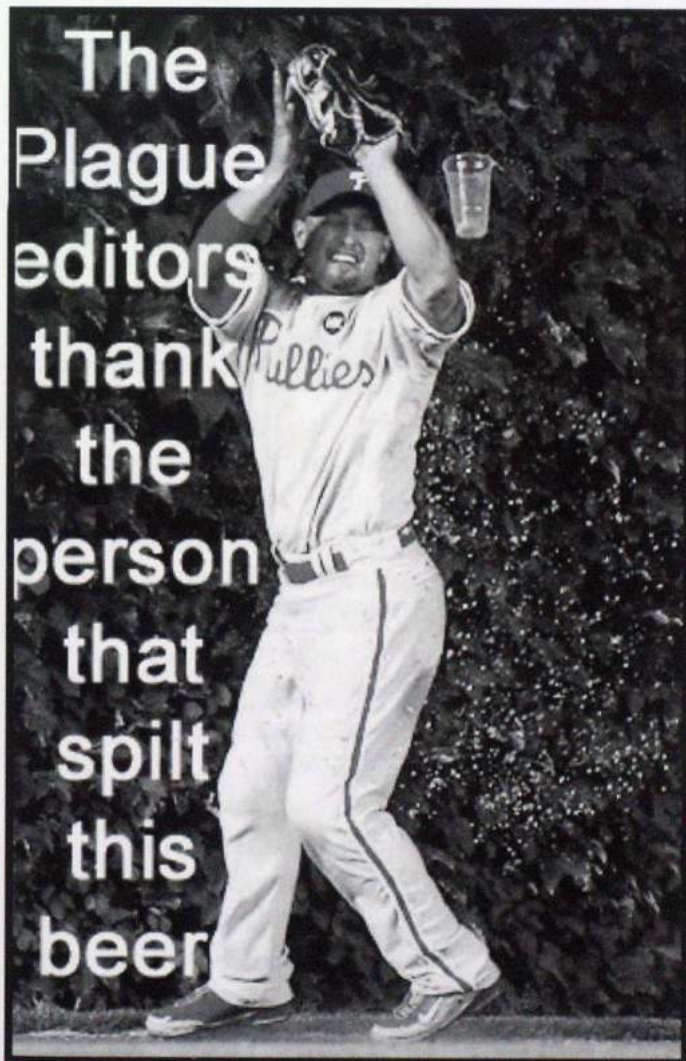
New York Jets Apologize for Five-Week Long Cocktease at Beginning of Season

At a press conference today Mike Tannenbaum, the New York Jets Executive Vice President and General Manager apologized on behalf of the entire organization for "willingly and knowingly cockteasing the Jets faithful yet again at the onset of the season." Tannenbaum acknowledged that many fans and news agencies wrote this season off before it began, what with rookie quarterback Mark Sanchez leading the offense and the corpulent, seemingly-retarded Rex Ryan head coaching for the first time in his career. The GM further recognized the city's reluctance to embrace the team after last year's Brett Favre-led "just the tip fiasco." However, the fans, starving for some meaty Jet glory were quick to let the blood rush to their metaphorical, and in some cases, literal cockheads as the Jets showed them glimpses of a defensive powerhouse as they held the potent Houston Texans, New England Patriots, and Tennessee Titans to under three touchdowns a piece. Of course, the team's subsequent collapse showed this season to be yet another example

of the now-standard New York Jets cockblock. Tannenbaum expressed deep apologies on behalf of himself and the team, and offered the downtrodden, blue-balled fans that "hey, maybe next year."



Why God Why?



Nick's List Of Obscure 90's Baseball Players that Maybe Six Other People Will Find Amusing, and a Tidbit for Each

TIM SALMON - Never made an All-Star game

RAY LANKFORD- Eligible for the Hall of Fame, for some reason.

BENITO SANTIAGO - Threw from his fuckin' knees!

CARL EVERETT - Dick.

BRIAN MCRAE - A poor man's Lance Johnson, who was a poor man's Rickey Henderson, who spoke in the third person.

The Plague Explains...

Nicknames for my Genitalia

- Dusty Springfield
- Steve Buscemi
- The Rape Whistle
- The Hand That Feeds
- Muggsy Bogues
- Admiral Cockbar
- Unused Library Book

What Makes Us Puke

- Phone voices
- Patron the drink
- Patron the Mexican drunk
- Patrons of Johnny Rockets
- Fat hipsters
- Google image search of syphilis
- Glenn Beck porn
- Dipping, swallowing the wad

Recession Foods

- Reheated, refried beans
- Shit and lettuce
- Just throw some fucking salt on it
- Just throw some fucking D's on it
- Whatever's left in the dumpster at Denny's
- Corn on the feet
- Pre-prepared Gristedes meals

Interesting Match-Ups

- Josh's asshole vs. Black hole for most massive void in space time continuum
- Mark Teixeira vs. Sean Penn in *I Am Sam* retard-face contest
- John Sexton vs. Muhammad the Prophet for influence in Abu Dhabi
- Yankees fans vs. The City of San Francisco for biggest assholes
- Genghis Khan vs. Kaiser Wilhelm for pointiest hat
- Todd vs. cargo shorts in acting like an adult
- Pescatarians vs. Lesbians in fish eating skills

Advantages to Being a Furry

- Get to hang out with Dean Braithwaite at all functions
- Is that a second tail or are you just happy to see me?
- Half easier to pick up half-goat, half women.
- Makes my job at Disney World way more exciting
- Can blame rape on being in "heat"
- Valid, accepted reason for suicide
- Because, otherwise, fucking on top of a bear is kind of weird
- Knowing what Chuck's dick tastes like

How Many Copies of the Plague Should We Print?

- 5, one for each of the staff members' moms
- 1 MEGAPLAGUE
- Holograms. Just. Holograms.
- Enough to barricade Program Board in their own room
- Enough to reach every civil rights organization on the Eastern Seaboard
- Five-hundred twenty-five thousand six hundr.... ah fuck it.
- Enough to fill Sexton's crater sized, gaping, quivering, aching... need for NYU themed satirical bi-annual publications

New Deodorant Scents

- Hood Rat
- Williamsburg Musk
- A-Train Stank
- Bar None Smell (equal parts Bud Light, Urine, and Shame)
- Wet New York
- New Carl Smell
- Sweaty Gay

Halloween Regrets

- Too much lace, not enough skin
- Ignoring weather report, insisting on paper mache
- Going to a Yankees game still dressed as a decent person
- Hooking up with a girl dressed as *Kill Bill*, finding out it was a German dude in a jumpsuit
- Hooked up with a girl, puked in her mouth so she started puking, turned into an endless puke fountain.
- Getting the Rage, not spreading it.

New Illnesses

- Pizza Face
- Poker Face
- Tracy Morgan Disorder
- PARTY LIKE A ROCKSTAR!
- Swine AIDS

Lesser Known Side Effects of Ambien

- Increased heat vision
- Steve Martin
- Flagrant racism
- Inward boners
- Horse-sized dick
- Dick-sized horse
- Watching *Where the Wild Things Are* and audibly crying
- Spontaneous fisting

Frequently Asked Questions

- How quickly does lyme decompose a corpse?
- How gay are Craig's shoes?
- WHATTT?!!
- Could you please unsubscribe me from this list? Thanks.
- WTF is Farmville?
- Who decided on the name *Homo erectus*?
- Can you put a music file on a floppy disc?

the Whole Wide World

Incentives We Can Offer to Generate New Submissions

- Josh's Private Pants-off Dance-off
- Exemption from the above Pants-off Dance-off
- *Third Rock from the Sun* box set
- Need any back hair?
- Chance to see highly disturbing fist-in-vagina photo
- Free Bang Bros membership

These Are A Few Of Our Favorite Things

- Chocolate milk
- Pubic maintenance
- Yelling!
- That Pacific Life commercial with the whales and intense music
- No wipe poops
- Sprocle...really
- BJs, the store
- Dogs with tiny penises
- adderalladderalladderall
- The Taxi theme song

Most Pathetic Things To Have Sex For

- The antidote
- The anecdote
- Flapjacks
- Cardio workout
- Medium-sized platter of Szechwan beef, no rice
- A VHS copy of *Fool's Gold*
- Free day pass to any Disney park

Lesser Known Canadian Facts

- Half of all Canadian weed is actually equal parts oregano and Raid
- Smuckers is the most widely used contraceptive jelly
- A Canadian month is 13 days, not including Overtime
- Canadians eat twelve pounds of baked beans per month

Holidays Nominated To Replace Columbus Day

- Leif Erikson Day
- Andrew Shaved His Balls Day
- Christmas! Now!
- That's So Raven's Day
- Apathy Day... Maybe
- Dried Fruits Day

What We're Getting the Obamas

- Apple-Cinnamon Yankee Candles

- A deep dicking (for both)
- An eviction notice

This Year's Gonna Be Different

- I finally bought a salad spinner
- Even that clever homeless guy on Broadway got a haircut
- My cancer is in remission
- They finally have some cute non-slutty Halloween costumes
- Both parents are dead; can finally start fucking dudes
- Got a lazy susan - can finally find the mustard seeds

Reasons I'm Beating Your Mom

- She didn't rewind *Ghostbusters*
- 'Cause she's Rihanna
- She knows why
- Not beating--beating off

What Ch'yall Got Going On For Yom Kippur?

- Protesting against Ama..amadena..ji.amadinaj..ah fuck it
- Grappling for further control of the world's financial institutions
- Free, arbitrary circumcisions
- Avoiding calls from my mother
- Jerkin' off into a yarmulke

Why We Don't Like Jews

- Self-Loathing
- The Arquette siblings. ALL OF THEM!
- The Vlasic Pickle Stork

Our Ammendments to the Health Care Bill

- Legalize it brahhhhhhhhh
- Free iPod Nano with purchase of public option
- Give everyone Vicodin so they'll be super smart like Dr. House. He's so smart.
- Homeless people will be blended into protein and vitamin-rich shakes
- No fat chicks

Replacements for Catholic Chapel Next to Kimmel

- Take Back NYU Memorial
- ~~Center for Crumping and Screaming at The Movie Screen~~ Multicultural Center
- The Berenstain Bears Center for Jewish Wildlife
- Wailing Wall
- Cracker Barrel

New Gay Colors

- Ang Lee-mon Yellow
- Engorged Dick-tip Mauve
- Reach-around Brown
- Laramie Lime
- Bobst Stall Slate
- Michael Ian Pretentious Black

We All Have Our Flaws...

- My pee splits in half nine times out of ten
- I only think anal is appealing if both parties involved are surprised that it's happening
- Can't suck my own dick

Uses for the Room at the Top of Washington Square Arch

- Put Gov. Paterson in there, say it's a suite at the Waldorf-Astoria
- Re-enactments of that attic scene in *Jumanji*. I think spiders were involved.

HISTORICAL FIGURES THAT SHOULD HAVE RUBBED ONE OUT

IN LIGHT OF INCREASING EVIDENCE THAT SEMEN IS THE BODY'S "CRANKY JUICE," PHYSICIANS ARE ENCOURAGING PEOPLE TO RID THEIR BODIES OF THIS "5TH HUMOUR" SO THAT THEY MAY FUNCTION WITH COMPOSURE AND CLARITY. HISTORIANS TOOK THIS NEW HEALTH TIP AND PROPOSED SCENARIOS IN WHICH CERTAIN HISTORIC PEOPLE MAY HAVE AVOIDED THEIR UNFORTUNATE FATES IF SOMEONE SIMPLY GAVE THEM THE FOLLOWING ADVICE:

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE:

HEY BUDDY, HOW'S IT GOING? YEAH, I KNOW RUSSIA LIFTED THE EMBARGO ON THE UK AND I KNOW YOU WANT TO TEACH THEM A LESSON, BUT RUSSIA IS ASS DEEP IN ASIA. WHAT'S THE POINT MAN? HEY, I KNOW WAR WITH RUSSIA IS TEMPTING, BUT, WELL, IT'S FUCKING FREEZING OUT THERE. I... UH... KNOW THIS GUY... JACQUES... WHO LIVES OUT THERE, AND... HE SAID THAT LIKE... HIS BALLS JUST FROZE, AND FELL OFF. IT SUCKED... HE HASN'T RECOVERED SINCE. YOU DON'T WANT TO NEUTER "LE GRAND ARMEE" ARMY TO CHASE AFTER SOME RUSSIAN PRICK, DO YOU?



DON'T LET YOUR SHORT-MAN SYNDROME GET TO YOU. I HAVE A BETTER IDEA. JUST... JUST RUB ONE OUT. COME ON, REMEMBER MARIE ANTOINETTE BEFORE SHE GOT THE CHOP? YEAH, SHE WAS PRETTY SLUTTY. KEEP HER IN YOUR HEAD BUT IMAGINE THAT THE ONLY THING COVERING HER NAKED BODY IS CAKE. LET YOU HAVE SOME CAKE! SO... JUST... JUST RUB ONE OUT MAN, AND THINK THIS THING THROUGH. YEAH, YOU FEEL A LITTLE BETTER DON'T YOU? REMEMBER THAT FEELING - BECAUSE YOU CAN'T GET A HARD-ON IN THE FROZEN TUNDRA. AND SOME STINKY RUSSIANS RUNNING AWAY ISN'T GONNA MAKE IT BETTER. EVEN IF THEY DO BURN DOWN THEIR OWN CAPITAL.

HENRY VIII

WHOA MAN, WHAT'S THE PROBLEM? YOUR WIFE DIDN'T GIVE YOU A MALE HEIR AND NOW YOU WANT TO CHOP HER HEAD OFF? CHILL OUT, YO. I UNDERSTAND. ANNE BOLEYN IS BITCHY AND YOU'RE ALREADY LOOKING AT JANE SEYMOUR'S ASS, BUT... WAIT, WHAT'S THAT? SHE SLEPT WITH FOUR GUYS? INCLUDING HER BROTHER?... OKAY, THAT'S FUCKING DISGUSTING, BUT STILL, NO REASON TO CHOP OFF HER HEAD.

OKAY, SO YOU'RE IMPATIENT CUZ YOU GOTTA SEAL THE DEAL FAST BEFORE YOUR MEAD GUT COVERS YOUR CROTCH FROM OBESITY. BUT YOU KNOW WHAT I WOULD DO IF I WAS YOU? I WOULD RUB ONE OUT. JUST RUB ONE OUT, AND I SWEAR, YOU'LL FEEL A MILLION TIMES BETTER. IT WORKS EVEN BETTER THAN BITING ON A WILLOW BRANCH.

ITS NICE, TRUST ME. IT MAY BE SO NICE THAT INSTEAD OF EXECUTING ANNE, JUST GET HER DO SOME COMMUNITY SERVICE BY POLISHING YOUR SCEPTER VIA HER MOUTH. WHO KNOWS? MAYBE IF YOU KEEP HER ALIVE, HER DAUGHTER WON'T GROW UP TO BE SUCH A PRUDE.

JUST DO SOME HABITUAL JERKING OFF AND YOU'LL STOP WORRYING ABOUT A MALE HEIR. YOU WON'T BE HAUNTED BY DREAMS OF ANOTHER DEAD WIFE, AND MAYBE YOU WON'T EAT YOUR FAT ASS TO DEATH ANYMORE.

AMELIA EARHART:

HEY AMELIA, I'M SURE IT'S PRETTY STRESSFUL BEING "QUEEN OF THE AIR," AND I CAN ONLY IMAGINE ITS DIFFICULT KEEPING THE OBVIOUS CHARADE OF YOUR HETEROSEXUALITY UP AS HIGH AS YOUR PLANE. YES, BEING THE MOST VISIBLE REPRESENTATIVE FOR THE BUDDING WOMEN'S MOVEMENT IN THE UNITED STATES MUST BE A REAL BUTCH, EXCUSE ME, I MEAN REAL BITCH.

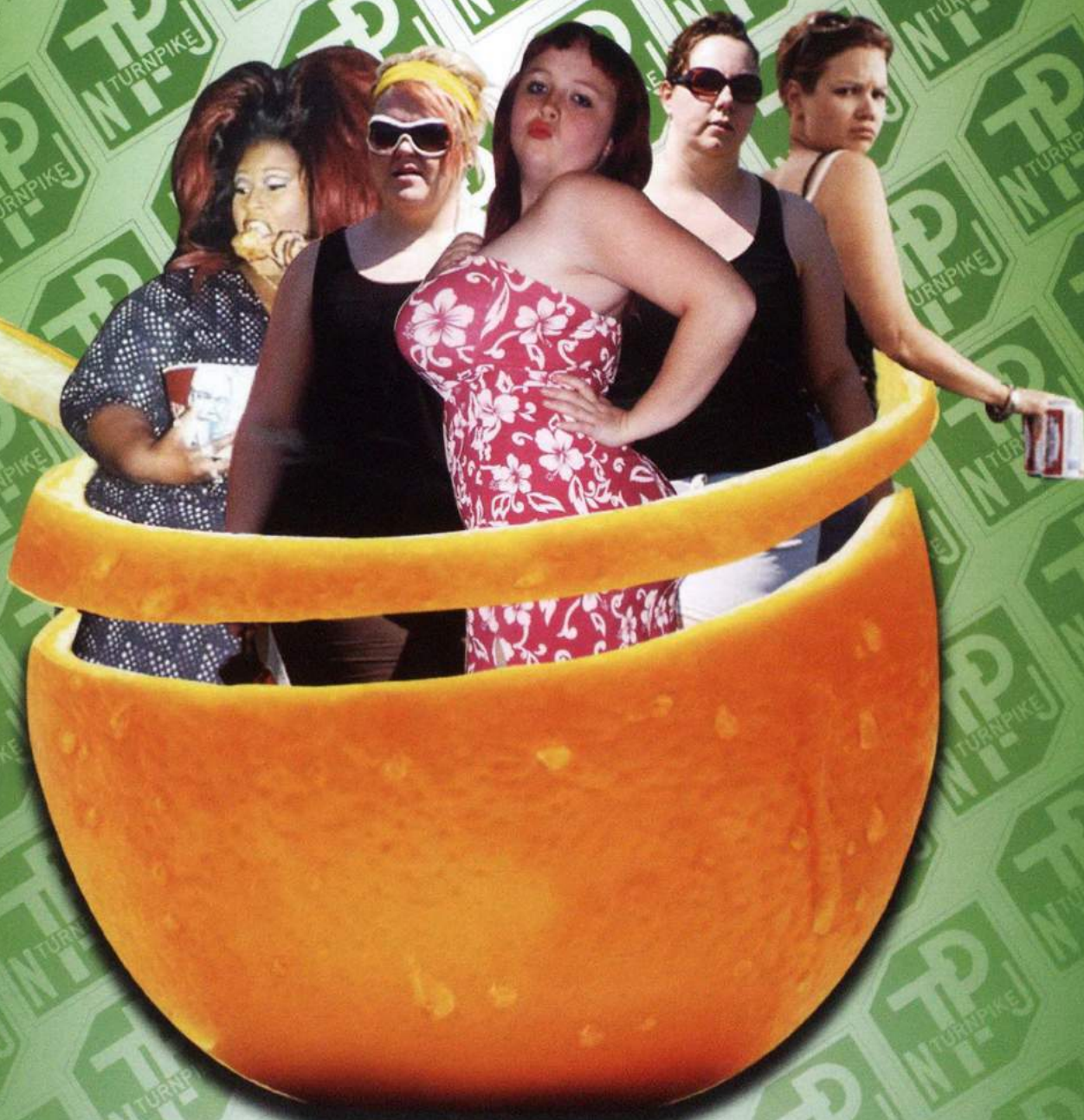
STILL, I'M COMPLETELY CONFIDENT THAT FLYING ALL THE WAY AROUND THE FUCKIN WORLD IS NOT THE WAY TO TAKE YOUR MIND OFF THINGS. IN FACT, I'M PRETTY SURE IT WOULD PUT YOUR MIND ON THINGS: SPECIFICALLY ALL ON THE INSIDE OF YOUR WINDSHIELD AS YOU CRASH YOUR PIECE-OF-SHIT PUDDLE-JUMPER INTO THE OCEAN 30 MILES FROM BUMFUCKATOPIA.

THERE IS A SIMPLE SOLUTION. LIGHT SOME SCENTED CANDLES, DRAW YOURSELF A WARM BATH FULL OF ROSE PETALS, THEN SLIP IN AND TOGGLE THE LANDING GEAR ON YOUR "LADY LINDY" UNTIL YOU'RE CROONING LIKE BILLIE HOLIDAY. I GUARANTEE THIS WILL RELAX THE HELL OUT OF YOU, MUCH MORE THAN ANY CIRCUMNAVIGATIONAL FLIGHT POSSIBLY COULD.

JUST REMEMBER, THE ONLY TIME YOU'RE FEET SHOULDN'T BE ON THE GROUND IS WHEN YOU HAVE A HAND BETWEEN YOUR LEGS. THEN, WHO KNOWS, RATHER THAN PROVING THAT WOMEN CAN'T FLY, YOU COULD SHOW THE WORLD THAT WOMEN CAN DRIVE.



the Real Housewives OF ORANGE, NJ

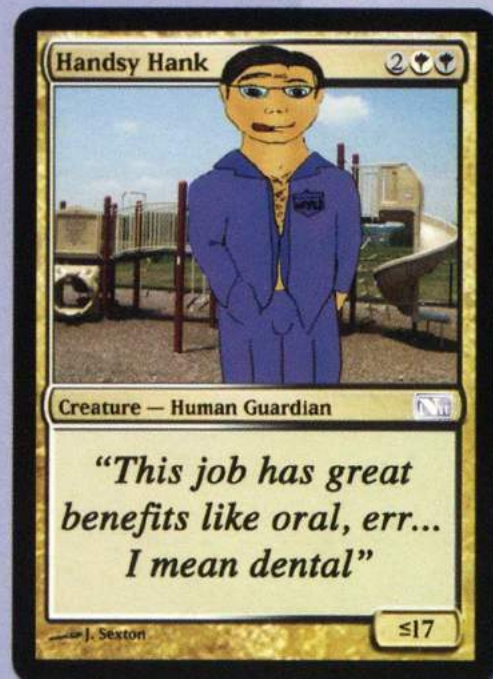
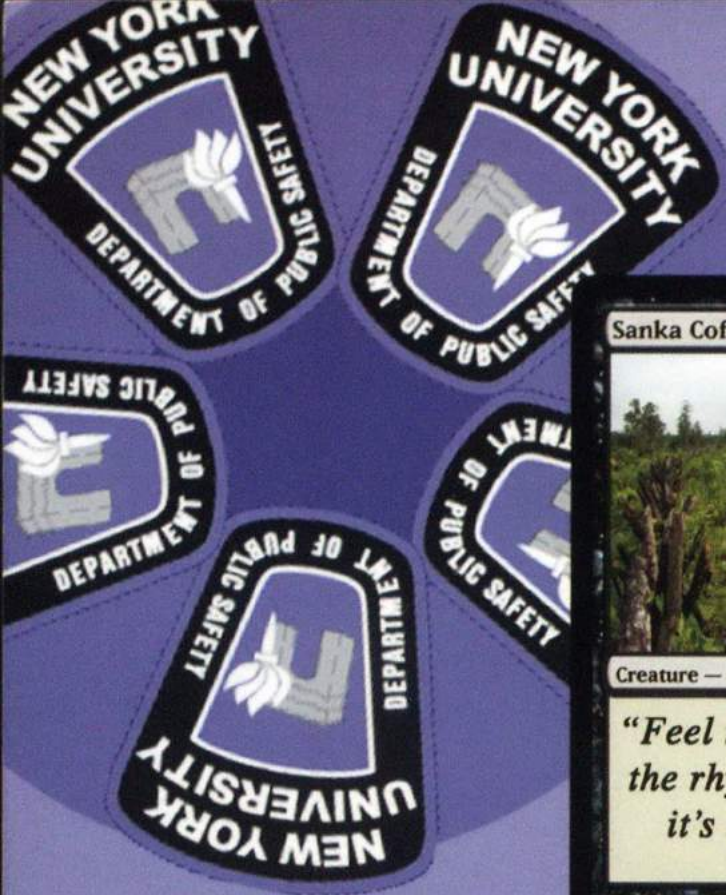


Tuesdays at fuckin' 10

Bravo

watch
nothing
happen

NYU Guard Trading Cards



Come to The Plague every Monday at 6:30 p.m. in Kimmel 708 to duel, trade and discuss all things NYU Guard!