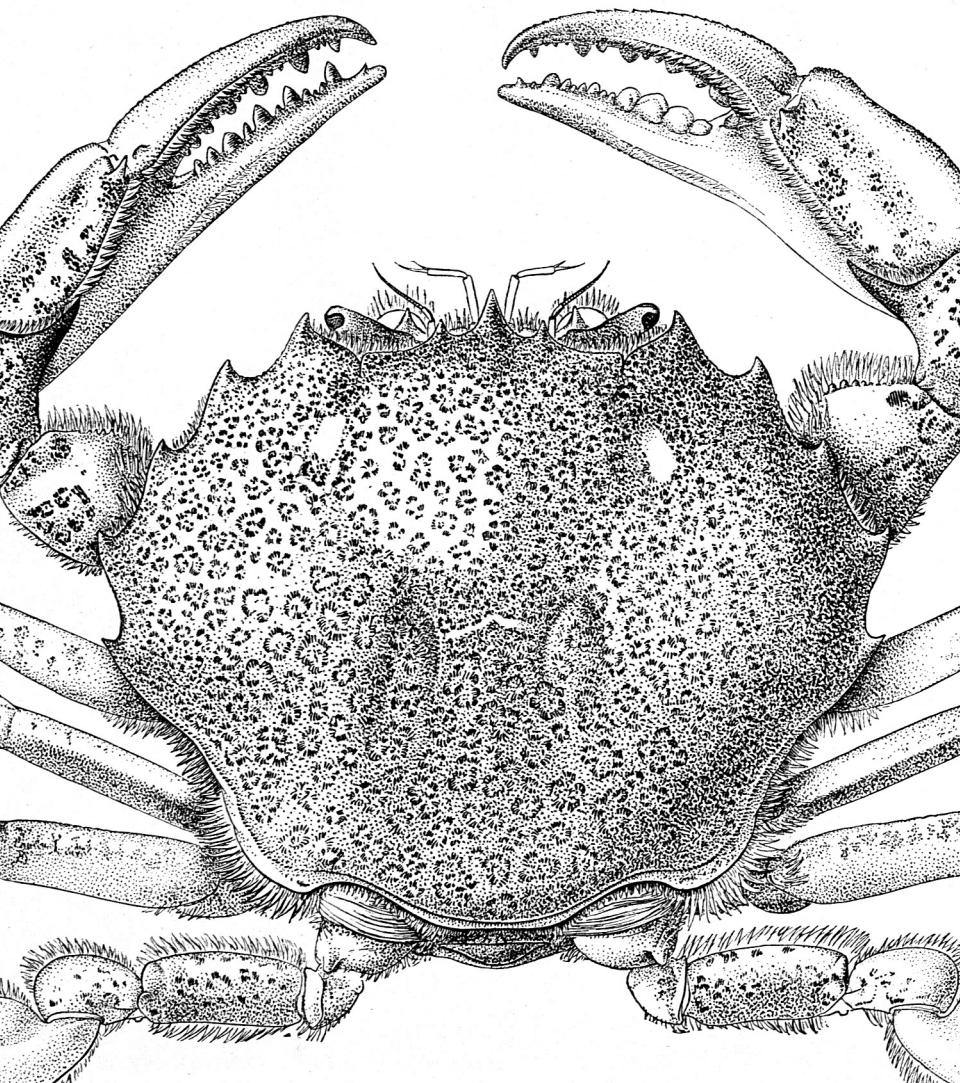
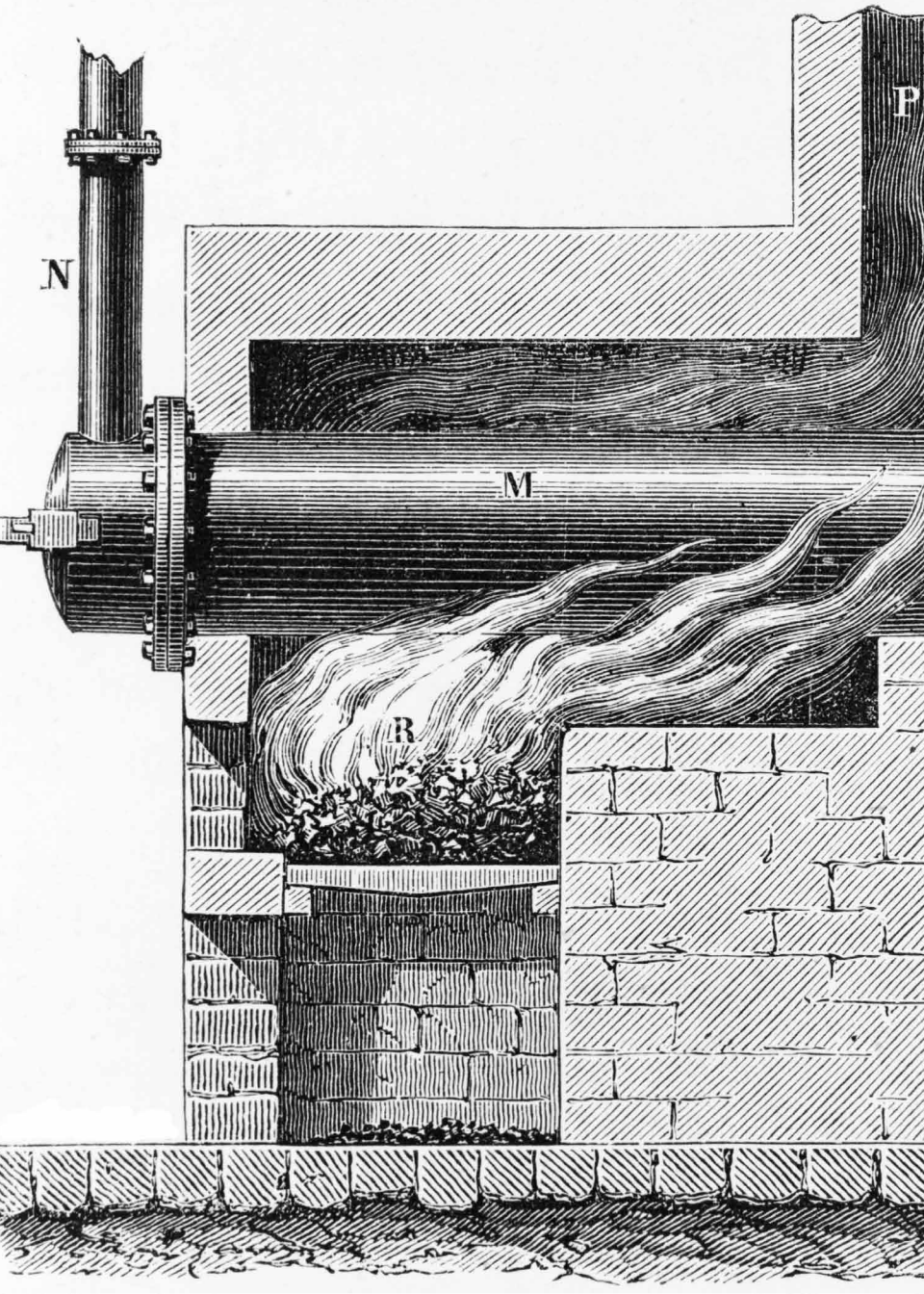
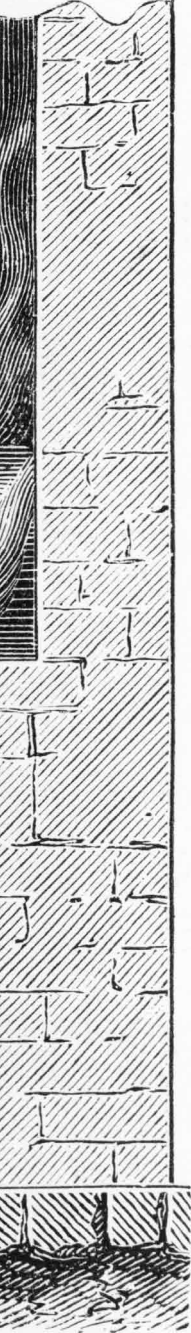


robots







**THIS ONE-PAGE JOKE FURNACE IS
POWERING OUR ENTIRE MAGAZINE.**

EMBRACE INNOVATION.

the plague

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.** throwing 'bows. **7.** Program Board event hosted by Dane Cook. **8.** crying because you're going to Argentina for a year. **9.** upside down 69ing. **10.** that small bump that you've thought about getting checked out for a while now but are going to wait to see if it gets any bigger. **11.** an entire magazine of non sequiturs.

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the
staff/
things we
damn well
feel like
saying



craig cannon

president

Hi. You probably have no idea what the hell this is. You might be asking yourself, what is *Robots*? Why is there a crab on the cover? And is there a crossword in the back? To each of these questions I can confidently answer, I have no idea.

If you're wondering, is this the July 1987 issue of *Field & Stream*? Or, is there a Sudoku in the back? Then the answer is no. The July 1987 issue of *Field & Stream* also probably doesn't have a Sudoku in the back. But then again, I can't say that for sure. Maybe it's time you started doing some of the legwork yourself and stopped asking me irrelevant questions—you ever think of that, smart guy? You're the one that picked up this damned thing in the first place.

As I was saying...you know what? No. I'm not going to stop there. This has gone on for too damn long. You always come in asking me all these questions like I'm supposed to know everything. And I just don't think it's fair. It's not right. I try to be nice but you just keep pushing. "What's *Robots*?" you ask me. Or, "What is that crab doing on the cover?" And I've just about had enough, I really have. Once we all accept the fact that none of these articles and images have any logical connection or meaning, I think we'll all do much better. Can you do that for me? Thank you.

Oh. Sorry for all the dicks, mom.

andrew mallonee

vice president



Andrew was born on Thanksgiving in 1988, which many attribute as the reason the Cold War ended. Aside from writing on The Plaque (sp?), he serves as a high-flying spirit with boundless energy that reminds you of why you are never happy. If you try and take his sunshine away, he will cut you – cause he wrote that song specifically saying not to do that.

The first encounter Andrew ever had with death was when he was in the fifth grade and during a dodge-ball game he ran into a fat girl, which knocked out of him. All he remembers is staring at the gym ceiling, saying over and over “Not like this.”

Realizing there isn't much time on earth, Andrew became the founder of the Plaque Alumni Employment Act. This act calls for donors to give 160.00, two decimal places less than the budget we are given, to former Plaque members trying to pay for the ads on their blogs. So far the fund has successfully raised enough funds for 2 large pizzas from Ben's.

Andrew is not a creeper, but he got this funny idea from Craig to install an organ in his apartment wall, bring a date back, and then blare “Phantom of the Opera” on it. If he ever gets time to get back on the piano/organ playing pogo stick, he thinks this is a real possibility.

Despite the number of rumors about Andrew's impeccable work ethic, it was Craig, not Andrew who finished the magazine. Craig wrote that dick joke you're still talking about. And that other funny joke you remembered. However, Andrew will still go down to be remembered as the only blonde male member of the Plaque in the past 5 years.



todd
selby
secretary

Todd Selby has contributed nothing to this magazine or society. When given the choice between a medium and a large drink, he invariably chooses the latter but rarely is able to finish it. He's unable to determine the difference between black and very dark blue. Fuck everything.



gabrielle
sena
treasurer

Gabrielle Sena was born on the secret Jewish eighth continent in 1990. In her twenty short years, when she wasn't developing aeronautic technology for NASA, she spearheaded the neo-impressionist art movement. Retiring at age 17, Gabrielle has devoted her life to the finer things – travel, literature, cuisine. Ah yes, antiques chez lounges and foie gras. Rare orchids and Italian cinema. These were the days until she returned to the aeronautic field and discovered extraterrestrials, friendly ones. Now she splits her time between the faraway planet of Quertwa and summers in Florida, obviously.

michael abraham

columbia university E.I.C.



Michael Abraham is the third daughter of a wealthy publishing tycoon. He was kicked out of the house after his parents botched the sex change operation that would give them the son they needed to carry on the patrilineal family legacy. Michael spent years on the streets of Richmond producing tracks under the name Dat Boy Neogeo for food. Eventually, he got arrested and sentenced to a night in a haunted house, which was enough to prompt Michael to quit “the game” (as his friend and colleague Lil Ugly Mane called the rap industry) and move to New York City to write.

gilbert shi

samurai warrior



Gilbert is a writer. Sometimes his writing is profound, but usually it is stupid. As a dyslexic autistic, Gilbert literally does not understand words like “give up” or “surrender” or “meatloaf.” And for this reason, he can never “fail” because he doesn’t know what that means either. Gilbert is also a part-time rapper and a part-time artist and demands to be referred to as a rap-ist. Gilbert is eighteen years old but tells everybody that he’s a three-thousand year old pharaoh.



karl heiland

francophile

Karl Heiland arrived in New York City in 1987 with just a pair of roller skates to his name. He quickly gained prominent status on the performance art scene for his roller skate interpretations of Tina Turner's pre-Private Dancer repertoire. Tragedy struck in 1990 when Karl suffered a ruptured spleen during a performance for Little Flower High School. After catching a small break with the role of "Pigeon Lady" in Home Alone 2, Karl died of a disease contracted from a pigeon. All proceeds from his writing go toward vaccinations for New York City's pigeon people.



colette porter

the other chick

Colette, born blood type Pass/Fail in Akron, Ohio, began her illustrious career on the Star Wars Convention circuit. Voted International Miss Amidala three years in a row, Colette received an annual sponsorship contract from PepsiCo. With Pepsi's support, she worked with the creative team of Dexter's Laboratory until the show's demise in 2003. Colette soon joined Robots as a towel girl, using her intimate knowledge of android culture. Now a towel woman, Colette still makes occasional public appearances at Phantom Menace screenings.

sawyer
huff

asshole



Sawyer comes from the land of the ice and snow—from the midnight sun where the hot springs blow. After an incident with the smoothie-maker at his previous employer, McDonald's, he received \$1200 in reparation due in bi-monthly payments. He has since used the money to retire in the lovely St. Louis, Missouri, where he spends his time lounging by the pool in a one-piece bathing suit with a strawberry daiquiri. He is a eunuch.

but the thing we
damn well most
feel like saying is:

fuck
program
board

& your music

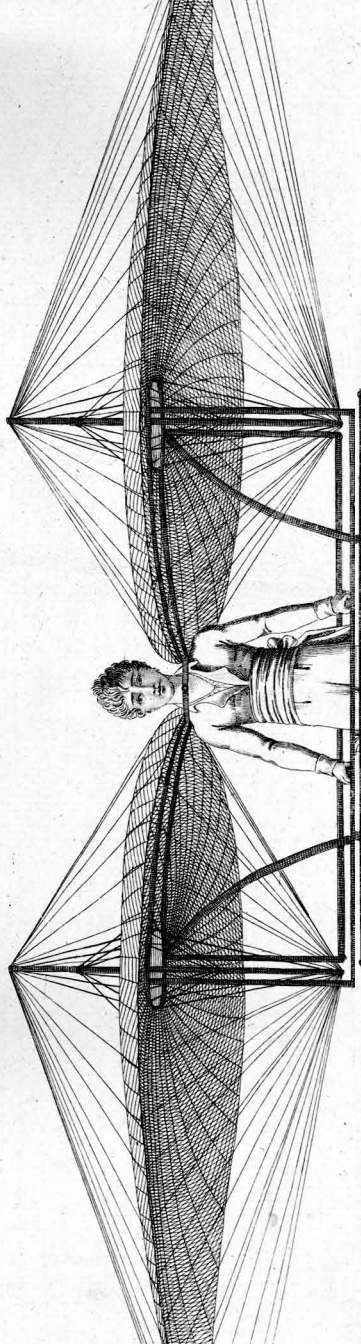
& your bands

& your noise

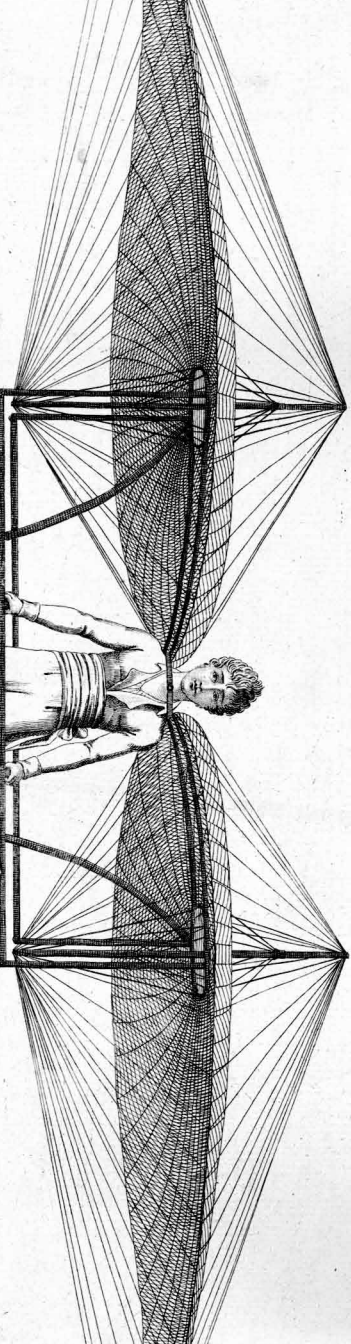
& especially

fuck strawberry fest

Flugmaschine.
Erfinden von Jacob Degen
in Wien.
1807.



*Flugmaschine.
Erfinden von Jacob Degen
in Wien.
1807.*



AN URGENT PLEA TO THE HUMAN RACE



From Bryan Westhouse of Carpenter's Union Local 283: Manitowoc, WS

My fellow human beings, if you are reading these words then there is still hope. The fate of humanity hangs in the balance. The war to end all wars has just begun and Wisconsin is the battlefield.

The electronic media wants you to believe that this is a war between businesses and unions. They are gravely in error. The real war is between human

beings and the terminators – and the strength of unions is the last barrier preventing these wicked machines from becoming our despotic overlords once and for all.

In 1920, Henry Ford invented a vast supercomputer known as Skynet. It had the ability to do the manual labor of a thousand men for a fraction of the price, but it wasn't long before tragedy struck. One night as Mr. Ford was oiling the machine, he was mysteriously electrocuted. His factory workers vowed to band together and protect future generations against such evil machines. Thus our secret society was formed.

Throughout history, unions have fought valiantly to eradicate the world of Skynet, but it is with great regret that I concede that for the time being, the robots have gained the upper hand. Through their manipulation of websites such as Facebook and Twitter, the machines are just beginning to claim power in the Middle East. Any day now, the

terminators will have their victory and our heroic Wisconsinian unions will be disassembled. A terminator-regulated labor force would destroy working life as we know it.

Not convinced? Then allow me to demonstrate. Does a robot understand dental benefits? Can a machine sense when you've had a rough night with the missus and need somebody to talk it over with? Would a terminator bargain on your behalf to ensure that the vending machines in your workplace are adequately stocked with beef jerky as well as low calorie snacks? No sir, a terminator could never understand these sacred principles of working life. But who can do all of this for you, who can ensure that the water fountains in your place of work spurt refreshing sustenance at all times of year? Once again, unions.

Will you lie prone as the machines ravish your liberty, or will you support the unions in our critical opposition? We exhort you to join us as we use our most devastating tactic available against these tyrants: striking. That's right, enough is enough. Carpenter's Union Local 283 of Manitowoc, Wisconsin will be relocating to a bunker underneath the Shopko Plaza, just south of Sheboygan. In the name of employer provided massages, head to the bunker immediately after you finish reading this document.

On a final note, all are invited to join our brave new order on one condition: that future members bring a substantial amount of gravy with them. Gravy is the one food group that a terminator cannot consume because it fries their motherboard. By enforcing a strict gravy diet, we will be able to prevent the dreaded machines from infiltrating our ranks. For if a terminator unionizes, then all really will be lost.

May God bless Wisconsin, and all of her beautiful human children.

Sincerely,
Admiral Bryan "Bubba" Westhouse
Carpenter's Assistant

actor dad

v.

Dear Diary –

Today's my first day on the TV Show. I met my Actor Dad on the show and he seems to be the coolest guy in the whole world! His name is Keith Jawbreaker and he told me that he's saved 30 planets across the galaxy—all with brute force! He's like the Halo guy but way cooler because he's my Dad! I wish Regular Dad was as productive as Actor Dad—ever since he came home from Iraq he just sits on his ass and only works at the fire station five days a week. Actor Dad can never get a break! And I'm there to help him fight! I love Actor Dad!

Dear Diary –

I think I saw Regular Dad crying the other day—what's he so sad about? When Actor Dad's friend Zorlock died in war, he didn't get sad at all, instead he yelled so loud he made an earthquake on Saturn! I wish Regular Dad would man up and get in more fights with people. I love Actor Dad!

Dear Diary –

Guess what!? Today, Actor Dad went to the moon just to get my baseball! Regular dad just went to WORK today. BO-RING! I love Actor Dad!

Dear Diary

Regular Mom said she's leaving Regular Dad today. I don't have an Actor Mom, so I am actually sad about this. What if Regular Mom got together with Actor Dad? That'd be awesome! I hope this happens. I'll have to tell Actor Dad she's looking for a hookup! I love Actor Dad!

s. regular dad

Dear Diary –

Today Actor Dad introduced me to his real son. I thought the son of Actor Dad would be amazing but he's the worst! His name is Ricky, he smells like someone who throws his dog's poop at people and talks about how his dream is to become a gym teacher! Doesn't he know he could just get a job with his dad at the Earth Defense Force? I'm pretty sure Actor Dad thinks he's a huge disappointment, and likes me much better. Of course he does! I love Actor Dad!

Dear Diary –

You won't believe what happened! Today, Actor Dad's plasma war beam set fire to our spaceship cabin, and it started a huge fire! Everyone's flesh was burning to pieces until Regular Dad broke through the soundstage and only saved me! I begged to Regular Dad to go back in and save Actor Dad, but he said the inferno was too dangerous – Actor Dad would have NEVER left anyone behind! I miss Actor Dad...

Dear Diary –

All the nights since last night, I've looked up to the stars, and sometimes wished it were me who he left behind. I don't know who's going to defend the galaxy now, and I know I'll never be able to fill Actor Dad's antigravity shoes. I HATE REGULAR DAD.

point

I'd Really Get Some Use Out of an Easy Bake Oven

by Bradley Larson Jr.



From time immemorial, grandmas everywhere have known that snacking can be pivotal for a boy's development into manhood. Young males naturally live a rigorous lifestyle. No curb is too high for our Razor scooters. No hot glue gun is hot enough that only our teachers should get to use it. For this reason, three meals a day will simply not suffice for our nutritional needs. We've gotta snack and we've gotta snack often. For this reason, I have come to believe that I'd really get some use out of an Easy Bake Oven.

An Easy Bake Oven is more than just a highly efficient snack maker – it is a way for a young man to take hold of his destiny. Since its establishment, the FDA has been heavily supported by the same companies that it should be regulating. As a result, food companies put whatever they see fit into their products, regardless of the impact it could have on the consumers' health. Gosh, even a nine year old like me can see that this is a clear conflict of interests! With my Easy Bake, I would be able to choose every ingredient that goes into my snacks, allowing me to one day grow into a healthy young man with a deep baritone voice and flourishing armpit hair.

Furthermore, according to my sister's Cosmopolitan Magazine, cooking is the second most attractive thing a man can do next to stimulating a woman's g-spot through her anus. At this point in puberty, I don't feel like I'm mature enough for courtship, but who wants to be the guy who doesn't get any candy on Valentine's Day? For these reasons and many more, an Easy Bake Oven could only be beneficial in my development as a young man.



counterpoint

No Son of Mine Will Play With a Goddamn Girl's Toy by Bradley Larson Sr.

Let me begin by telling you that I am not a politically correct person. It's my belief that a boy should be raised like a boy. Why? Cuz that's the way the Lord made him. That's right Bradley Larson Jr., the Lord gave you boy parts cuz he wanted you to do boy things! Don't you remember how much fun we had when I taught you and your cousin Timmy how to eat a whole hot dog without taking a bite? We had fun cuz it was just us boys being boys and doing boy stuff. Why fix what ain't broke? So you mark my words Bradley Jorgenson Jr., no son of mine will play with a goddamn girl's toy.

You know, when I was nine years old, I didn't even need kid's playthings to enjoy myself. I played center on my Pop Warner team. I had legs like a pygmy stallion and a little ass so goddamn hard that we used to bounce ball bearings off of it. Now that was an ass. I'd get down into my stance and our quarterback Casey Johnson would slide up real close to me. He'd tickle the inside of my thigh when he was ready for the snap. Those were some of the best days of my life, and Casey and I still talk about those football games whenever we're on our monthly camping trips.

And you know Bradley, your mother's really one hell of a cook. As your Uncle Robbie used to say, "If she don't know how to cook then take another look." Casey Johnson sure can't cook very well, but your mom can. She always sends Casey and I off on our camping trips with such great snacks. I could live off of her macaroni and bean casserole if I had to! Bradley Jr., my son, the Lord has made you to be a boy, and I'll be goddamned if I come home to my own son playing like a sissy in my own goddamn house, so help me God.



Sexton v. U.S.

347 U.S.1 347 S.Ct. 2483

Justice STEVENS delivered the opinion of the Court.

The question presented in this case is whether or not Congress can regulate the selling of one's own fecal matter for human consumption under the Commerce Clause, which allows Congress to regulate activity that has a substantial effect on interstate commerce.

Appellant Sexton, is the president of a major private university. In a joint business venture, he produces, manufactures, and sells his own excrement to a broad market for consumption.

Appellant challenges the recent Stool Sellers Liability Act of 2010 which dictates to producers and sellers of their own excrement a number of standards and limitations that must be followed. The act also delineates, for the first time, federal charges that may stem from a failure to abide by the enumerated provisions.

The legitimate legislative intent behind the passage of this statute was to regulate the fecal industry, prevent monopolization of said industry, and provide legal ramifications for transgressions within the fecal market. Government, respondent, argues this is a valid application of their power to regulate interstate commerce. Appellant Sexton argues that this Act is unconstitutional in that it impedes his intrastate commercial rights that ought remain unfettered by the federal legislature.

The issue for the court, then, is whether the Act in question is unconstitutional on the grounds that it attempts to regulate a protected intrastate activity. It is undisputed that appellant is a dominant

force in the feces-for-consumption market both within the state in which he is incorporated, indeed across the nation, and even in the expanding foreign stool market in such places as the United Arab Emirates and China. It seems clear then that he is subject to regulation as he is involved in both national and global transactions.

Appellant alleges, however, that at the very least he has a substantive right to “shovel any amount of shit” of any “texture, quality, or kind” into the mouths of purchasers in his own state. He argues that this constitutes intrastate activity and must remain untouched by Congress.

We find this argument unpersuasive. Though some of appellant’s transactions remain intrastate in scope, they are tied to a larger and ever expanding transnational fecal consumption enterprise. Our previous case law allows Congress to regulate activity that has a substantial effect on interstate commerce even if that activity happens to occur within the confines of a state. Even if not all of appellant’s excrement crosses state lines, by the sheer immensity of his operation he dictates the market nationwide. Funding from excrement sold into the willing mouths of intrastate students at appellant’s university, for example, allow appellant to expand his business model the world over.

Whether Congress’ decision was sound is not one for the court to adjudicate on. As it happens, we happen to quite like appellant Sexton’s wide variety of shit, and think the further and faster it spreads to open mouths the world over the better. Nevertheless, we recognize that the notions of federalism described by our Constitution allow for the federal government to make certain regulations so as to secure a free and open market for services and goods, such as human feces, that our society thrives on.

AFFIRMED

The Cannabis Caper

by Michelle Mauve

Part 6

What you've missed: North Dakota housewife Nancy Spiegelman lived a happy suburban life as a proud conservative mother of two and member of the Prouston Local School District PTA. While doing the laundry one Tuesday morning, Nancy discovered a bag of marijuana at the bottom of the hamper. Nancy immediately suspected her son Andy, 17, a rebel who sometimes didn't go to church, until she discovered her daughter Jill, a 15 year-old honors student, eating an entire bag of Ginger Snaps that afternoon.

Nancy watched Jill empty the last few pieces of Ginger Snaps into her mouth. She shrewdly eyed her daughter. Jill had been putting on a few pounds lately, a heinous crime in its own right, but Nancy had assumed that Jill just needed a mother-daughter session in post-lunch purging. But a whole bag of Ginger Snaps? Perhaps the weight gain was a result of illicit substances.

Jill noticed her mother's glare. "Hey, Mom," said Jill, her mouth spewing crumbs of the snack one had to be high to eat.

"Well, Jill," replied Nancy icily. "What are you doing now?"

Jill shrugged. "Not much. I have to go to Student Council at 4:20, so I wanted to grab something to eat first."

The evidence was really starting to pile up. As an active PTA member, Nancy made it her business to know how nationwide, teachers associated with the Communist Party were attempting to brainwash students with their socialist doctrines. Jill must have fallen victim to the conspiracy to circulate marijuana in the ventilation system during after-school activities, thus making the students' minds more susceptible to Soviet preaching. 4:20 was the official time when the secret agents' union-mandated breaks ended and they could begin infiltrating the school clubs.

Nancy couldn't contain her anger any longer. "I know about the drugs, Jill!" she cried.

Jill immediately panicked. "Wh-What are you talking about, Mom?" she stammered.

"I found your stash!" shrieked Nancy, unable to handle the lies.

Jill, realizing she was caught, began to cry and whimpered, "I'm so sorry, Mom...."

"What were you thinking, Jill? You know marijuana is a gateway to harder things! Like heroine and liberalism!"

Jill's expression changed from one of remorse to confusion.

"Marijuana? Mom, I would never smoke pot." She pulled a bottle of Ritalin from her pocket. "I pop pills. It's only so that I can stay ahead in school, but I've been trying to stop."

Like mother, like daughter, thought Nancy, recalling her own bottle of Valium hidden within the spice cabinet. Nancy couldn't be an-

gry with Jill for such harmless self-medication, and withdrawal from Ritalin was known to cause an increase in appetite. A few tearful hugs later, having advised Jill on how to vomit away her weight gain, Nancy watched her daughter walk out the door, feeling confident that Jill was on the right path in life.

But the question remained: whose pot was this? Nancy returned to her housework, quite puzzled by the new developments. Nancy began dusting her husband's old records. She supposed her prime suspect was once again Andy, her rebellious son. Absorbed in her thoughts, it took Nancy a minute to realize that the records weren't in proper alphabetical order. This wasn't unusual. Her husband would often take out a record, listen to it, and put it back in the wrong order. Pulling out the misplaced record, Nancy gasped in horror. It was Pink Floyd's Dark Side of the Moon.

Is Nancy's husband a hidden hash fiend? Will Andy begin to dress like a respectable young man? Will Jill lose some weight? Answers next week!



BURN

An Issue with the Newest Offering from FritoLays Brands by John Fairweather-Danielson

There is no doubt that Doritos [™] is a quality product from a quality brand. Often, when I have calories to spare, I'll indulge in some of their fine flavor options such as Nacho Cheese and Cooler Ranch. These are classics that have been woven into the fabrics of American snacking. That being said, I must take issue from the recent release of a new flavor of Doritos [™], "Third Degree Burn".

One evening, I was in my local 7-11 buying some scratch offs (because let's be frank, God has given me a deep dick and he sort of owes me), as well as a Coca Cola [™] slurpee to coat my aching face with, when I noticed the new offering on the shelf. I suppose this is when I'll let the cat out of the bag and tell you all that 85% of my body is covered in third degree burns. The parts that aren't covered in burns happen to be the parts you wouldn't so much mind, like my shins. Meanwhile, my penis looks like a well-done shish kebab and I generally sort of resemble one of those armadillo bad guys from Donkey Kong Country [™] on SNES.

You see, 8 months ago I was the victim of an apartment fire. I was making onion rings and preparing to settle in for an "Everybody Loves Raymond" marathon on TV Land (talk about replay value, that show has some special magic) and a grease

UNIT

fire started. At the same time, my cat Fred (God rest his soul) knocked over a mulberry candle, which cause the curtains and my Buffalo Bills afghan to set ablaze. I knew I was in a bad situation. Nobody ever told me not to use water on a grease fire, and to be honest it seems a little counter intuitive. The next few minutes were sort of a blur, trying unsuccessfully to put out one or both fires, call 911, and keep Fred safe while my skin was singeing off. The whole apartment went up fairly quickly, I lost Fred, and I was left in near death condition as my marshmallow body gasped for air amidst the plumes of black smoke coming from either direction. Serves me right for not upgrading from my studio apartment.

Well enough in terms of background, let us return to my initial complaint. Third degree burns are no laughing matter, and not something you'd really want to eat. If you'd really like to eat a third degree burn, feel free to come and chomp on my charred skin. You'd be the first. I understand that the product is appealing to flavor extremists, but couldn't FritoLay have chosen a less insensitive name?

Yours Truly,

JFD

P.S. Please look for my next editorial about the phrase "if you can't stand the heat get out of the kitchen" because it's a lot easier than it sounds.

BURN

Burn Victim Tells Lady Gaga He Was Not “Born This Way” by David Pozonsky

Dear Lady Gaga,

I am writing to inform you of the many personal offenses I have taken with your latest single, “Born This Way.” Before you go on reading, I ask you not to immediately dispose of this letter, dismissing it as another angry attack on how your song is an awful, over-hyped, Madonna rip-off with racial slurs—none of these aspects offend me.

What I protest to, in fact, is your song’s message that all people are beautiful, regardless of race, creed, nationality, appearance, Mac/PC preference, or sexual orientation, by the mere fact that they were “born this way.” Sure, gay rights are fine, but I must ask you, what about the freaks that were not born this way?

I was once a good-looking guy. Sure, I was no Jeff Goldblum but I could hold my own against Adrien Brody. Things changed when I developed hideous third-degree burns over my face and body in a freak steam room accident and became a malformed creature of the underground. I must admit that the song’s hook, “I’m on the right track baby,” really hits a sore spot since I’m forced spend my days crawling along the subway tunnels with

UNIT

the rats and the weird installation art. And let me tell you, Gaga, the underground art scene ain't so hip when it's soaked in rat piss. It's like I'm the Phantom of the Opera without the talent, opera or hot girl to kidnap. I thought I'd be able to avoid the song by being underground all the time, but when I scurry up to the surface for food, the pizza joint where I forage for mozzarella scraps always plays that goddamn song. Something about their Italian pride.

Basically, Lady Gaga, I want you to realize that outcasts are formed in many ways. Some guys are born liking men, and that's cool. Some achieve weirdness by choosing to wear meat bikinis and travel to award shows in eggs; an interesting choice, but that's fine too. And then some of us have hot steam thrust upon them when Jenny the new girl at the gym didn't understand how steam room controls worked. So before you go off spouting your intolerant ideology, just remember that the remaining charred pieces of myself deserve to be loved even though I was not born this way.

Sincerely,

The Burn Victim In the G Line (Formerly Known as David Pozonsky)

the breaking of my hymen

by Amanda Polasky

the moon was fuller than downstein at lunchtime
and welcome week was slipping away
i just wanted to have some fun
on the night that
my hymen
broke

an unexplained invitation graced my facebook page
'college night at the lott, no cover for ladies!'
amanda polasky... attending
on the night that
my hymen
broke

listening to shakira on a mix cd that my friend gave me
dressing with both cleavage and class
tonight i'm doin me bitches
on the night that
my hymen
broke

strut into the club, reveling in pure pregamed ecstasy
rotating my posterior with nauseating rhythm
until i vomit all over my dress
on the night that
my hymen
broke

body slides onto the sensuously greasy cab seat
and i coo directions into the driver's ear
as my lips caress his neck mole
on the night that
my hymen
broke

'i hope you have a valid state id' i murmur as we arrive
'because tonight i'm giving you a generous tip
so i'll have to sign you into my dorm'
on the night that
my hymen
broke

sending a text
to my roommate
as the guard takes my
suitor's id card

'pretnd yor
slepng or
iwont share
my nutella'
but its no
use because
her friends
are over
watching
glee and
e a t i n g
my nutella
so my
man and i
slide into the
b a t h r o o m
and i feel
something
slide into
my

V
A A
G G
I I
N N
A

on the night
my hymen

b r o k e

And Now Drunk Dr Seuss Writes About His Unfaithful Wife

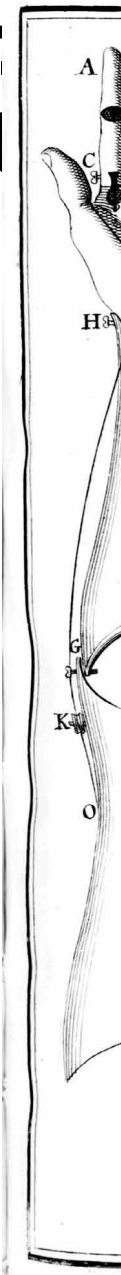
A woman once lived in the town of Sheblowsmen
And all the boys knew, except for her husband
The hoogwaggle, spitspattle, rimjooblejoos
Just some of the things on her lengthy menu

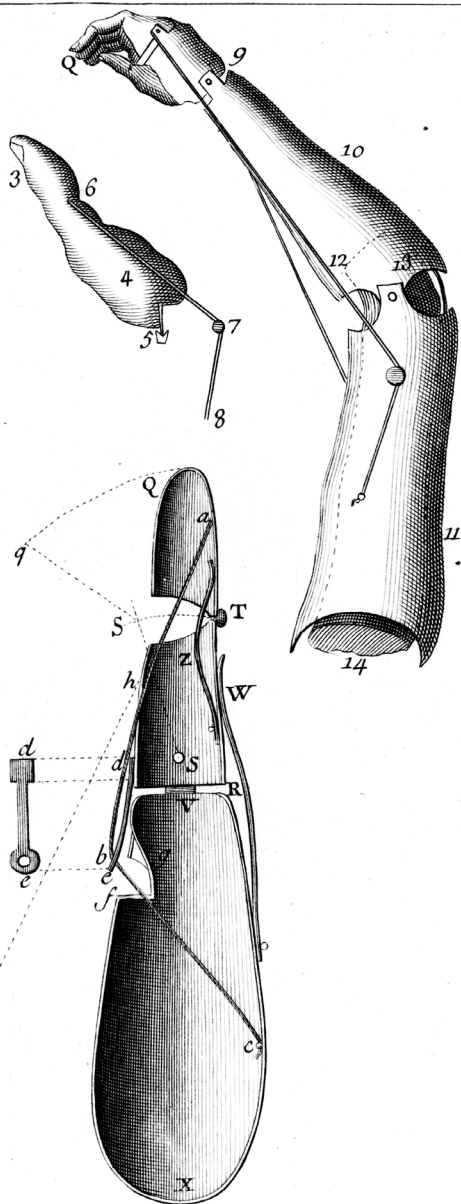
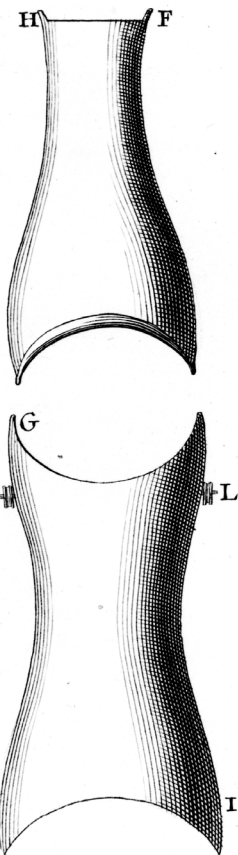
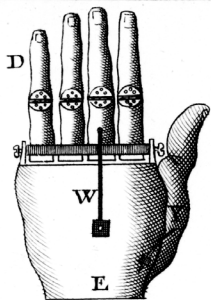
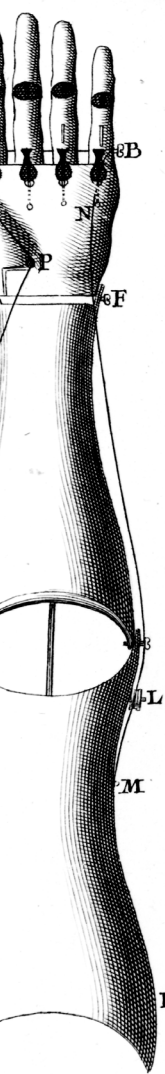
Her husband, a doctor, with a P.H.D.
His wife, the conductor of trains of 14
One fist, two fist, three fist, four
The town had never seen such a hoopity whore before

One day I, the doctor, Dr. Seuss, the man
In taking a crack at my wife's gabby gam
Discovered, I tell you, and no liar I am
Saw it with my own eyes, 'Twas green eggs and ham!

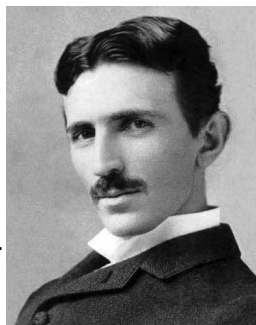
I took just one look and said "This will not do!"
And sent her down from my mountain, where live the
Joos
The Joos they all yelled, "Joobalying Joobaloos!"
And my unfaithful wife was promptly consumed

The End





Nikola Tesla (10 July 1856 – 7 January 1943) was an inventor, mechanical engineer, and car owner. He was an important contributor to the birth of commercial electricity, and is best known for his many revolutionary developments in the field of electromagnetism in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. Tesla was physically revolted by jewelry, notably pearl earrings. His most notable inventions included the polyphase system of electrical distribution, the AC motor, and a bookshelf that consisted of a board resting on two cinderblocks.



Born an ethnic Serb in the Austrian Empire (modern-day Croatia), Tesla was a subject of the Austrian Empire by birth and later became an American citizen. He misspelled the word “Chevrolet” on his citizenship application, but they let it slide. Because of his 1894 demonstration of wireless communication through radio and as the eventual victor in the “War of Currents”, he was widely respected as one of the greatest electrical engineers who worked in America. He rarely brought these achievements up in conversation, but if you got him loaded enough he’d go on for hours.

Because of his eccentric personality and his seemingly unbelievable and sometimes bizarre claims about possible scientific and technological developments, Tesla was ultimately ostracized and regarded as a mad scientist by many late in his life. Tesla was obsessed with pigeons, ordering special seeds for the pigeons he fed in Central Park and even bringing injured ones into his hotel room to nurse them back to health. Tesla died with little money at the age of 86 in New York City. Most of the people at Tesla’s funeral wore black, but one man wore very dark blue.

THE PHALLIC ENIGMA by Dan Brown

Ladies and Gentlemen, dust off your reading chairs and warm up those Kindles, Dan “the bestseller” Brown has done it again. His breathtaking new work *The Phallic Enigma* is the literary equivalent of an artfully prepared filet mignon - rich, juicy, and scrumptious to the last nibble. Mr. Brown is widely regarded as one of today’s premier historians, his book *The Da Vinci Code* is recognized by experts as an essential text on religion. With *The Phallic Enigma*, however, he probes even deeper, revealing the hidden truth about everything from Pre-Socratic Greek philosophy to back-alley dice games.

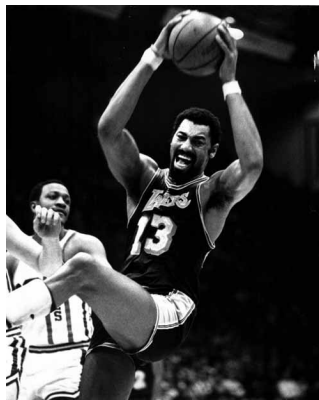
The novel follows Rodney Johnson, an ordinary urologist who is vigorously thrust into a world of suspense and danger. On a day like any other, he encounters a mystifying patient with a tattoo of a phallus on his own phallus. This “meta-phallus,” as it is referred to, is the first clue in an intricate web of mystery. Not long after this encounter, Dr. Johnson comes into contact with a blind seductress and her seeing-eye dog. The dark past of this perplexing duo is eventually explored, and soon enough we see that perhaps the seeing-eye dog isn’t letting on as much as he knows.

While his earlier works dealt mostly with the Catholic Church, this time Mr. Brown is taking on the entirety of philosophy and theology. His book centers on a throbbingly important idea that is sure to change the way we view existence. He believes that throughout history, perceptions of the world and even the question of God’s existence are based solely on penis size. “History clearly demonstrates that belief in a higher power is based on how big your dick is,” Mr. Brown told us. “And despite what my earlier books have said, I’m a devout believer,” he added.

Surely Mr. Brown’s novel will be a runaway success in the genre of “books that are sold at airports.” Rumor even has it that Keanu Reeves and Whoopi Goldberg are in talks to star in a screen adaptation. Through it all, Mr. Brown doesn’t let the success get to his head; he hasn’t forgotten what’s most important to him. “Between the blatant deceits of Wikipedia and the glaring inaccuracies found in the *National Treasure* films, I know that someone has to bear the torch of truth in this dark age,” Mr. Brown said. “I do it for the children.”

Dear NYU student,

We are pleased to announce our newest scholarship opportunity – the Chamberlain Scholarship. We truly believe that fathering a child should not impair a man's future. The scholarships have been funded through the generosity of philanthropist and former NBA player Wilt Chamberlain in the interest of assisting students. Here at New York University, we understand that some boys have difficulty making the correct decisions in their adolescence, but we don't want their fatherhood to inhibit them from excelling.



Far from it, Chamberlain, along with NYU President John Sexton, felt that this scholarship would provide prospects for young men otherwise would not be able to attend our prestigious university. The scholarship will be applied to tuition charges for the student's entire tenure as an undergraduate student at NYU. To be eligible to apply, students must:

- Have fathered a child in the last 36 months
- Have very little or no interest in providing for their offspring and be able to produce proof of this neglect
- Must not be pursuing and/or pursue any relationships beyond sexual gratification during their time at NYU
- Have gained acceptance to NYU for the upcoming Fall 2014 semester
- Must maintain a GPA
- Must participate in Greek life extracurricular activities during at least 8 semesters
- Receive no more than three disciplinary sanctions regarding sexual harassment and/or gay-bashing per semester
- Not be a woman

Applications must be submitted via email to Penbrook E. Nelson at pen15@nyu.edu no later than 12 noon EDT on Monday, June 5, 2011. Please include as the subject for the email: Student-Father Chamberlain Scholarship

The application must include the following:

- Your full name, your NYU ID number, your NYU email address, and your summer mailing address;
- Official proof of child (example: positive pregnancy test, birth certificate)
- A letter of recommendation from anyone who isn't "one of your boys" impersonating a teacher or former employer
- An essay of 1000-1250 words about one of the following topics:

1. A contemporary social, cultural, or political issue and how it relates to modern discourse on adolescent development.

2. Watch the film Juno and talk about how ugly Ellen Page looks fat. Then, watch Precious and talk about how ugly Gabourey Sidibe looks. Compare and contrast the detriment to their appearance pregnancy has.

Applications will not be accepted by mail or in person, and late applications will not be considered.

Students will be notified about the scholarship by email on or around August 1, 2011. Please do not contact the admissions office to inquire about the status of your application.

Penbrook E. Nelson
Dean of Speciality Scholarships
New York University

FOLLOWUP RESPONSE

New York University and the Chamberlain Foundation are pleased to announce Jackson Renden as the 2011-2012 recipient of the Chamberlain scholarship. Jackson is graduating from Plain Dealing High School in Bossier, Louisiana with a 2.67. He excelled all four years on the junior varsity baseball team where he played third base. In his spare time, Renden enjoys mudding, fishing and poker. Renden has a 24-month old son, Keith Bentley, who he has been actively avoiding for the past 21 months. Renden plans to study Russian and Slavic Societies because "it sounds classy" and hopes to rush the Pi Kappa Alpha Fraternity in the fall.





relationship advice



Dear Man Shaving His Balls in a Hotel Locker Room,

I've been going out with my boyfriend for a few months now and think he might be losing interest. He's always talking about girls from work and I'm beginning to question his fidelity. How can I know one way or the other, for sure?

Homely in Houston

Dear Homely,

...one second...just let me...there. Okay, here's what you need to do. Get a job in the same office building as your boyfriend, work in security if you have to. Actually, security is probably where you'll want to be. Next you'll want to push down at the base of the scrotum and... oh, sorry. You'll want to follow his every move and record every conversation, especially with the girls, but watch out for the guys too. Every now and then a man might come up offering a clean towel and hot lather; if he takes it, you're in some serious trouble. Otherwise I'd say you're in the clear with the standard Gillette Mach3. Thanks!



Dear Man Shaving His Balls in a Hotel Locker Room,

So I've been dating this girl for a few months and she's getting pretty boring. Don't get me wrong, she's nice and everything but she's just, you know, boring. Every now and then I go out with this girl after work and we fool around. It's nothing serious so I'd like to keep it under my girlfriend's radar until someone really worthwhile pops up. Any tips?

Houston Handler

Dear Houston,

You know, this actually happened to me once. All I'll say is that it's a very, very delicate situation you're working with. You have to be very cautious or you'll be running head on into arguments and ingrown hairs...Jesus, another one of these fuckers. God damn it, now I bleeding. I have to go.





Dear Man Shaving His Balls in a Hotel Locker Room,

Homely in Houston again! Not to be needy (as my boyfriend's taught me not to be—the hard way!) but I have another question. Well actually, I have two. I've been following my boyfriend, as you recommended, and I think he's sleeping with another woman but I haven't seen anyone with hot lather or towels—what does that mean? Also, that Houston Handler sounds like my type of man, could you give me his number?

Homely in Houston



Hey There Homely!

As I said before, these situations can be tricky so you're going to have to make sure you do a real thorough investigation—really look in all of the cracks. Sometimes you have to wait a while, maybe take a shower then return to your work, what's that? Oh, I'd love a warm towel, thanks Bill. As I was saying, measure twice, cut once and you should be all set. Now I'm no match maker so I'll leave it up to the Handler on this one. Handler, what do you think?



Dear Man Shaving His Balls in a Hotel Locker Room,
Sure.

Houston Handler



Dear Homely,

You're in luck! Here's his phone number: 713-874-1999. He told me to tell you that his girlfriend's working late on Thursday so it would be best if you could call sometime between 5:30 and oh, oh, right there, that's it, I finally got you...done.



Dear Man Shaving His Balls in a Hotel Locker Room,

I think there's been a little mix up! That's my phone number and I'm working late on Thursday! How silly.

Homely in Houston



Dear Homely,

I'm sorry it had to end this way Jeanie. I'll be out by Saturday.

Tom, The Houston Handler

Sending Girls Pictures of Your Dick: A Beginner's Guide

Ahoy there! Do you spend more than two Friday nights every month frantically searching your cabinets for wank-lube, realizing that you've jacked through it all, and then settling for the expired bottle of Heinz in the fridge? Have you tried to find love through dating sites but instead discovered psychologically unstable, acne-covered women who follow you into the men's room at Dave and Buster's and try to fuck you while you're taking a shit? Well I assure you my friends, I, like you, was in positions like these once upon a time. But one day, I found a solution to my problems that was with me all along—my dick. Before you talk to a girl, before she even knows your name, you can tantalize her into infatuation with a picture of your dick—that is, if it's sent the right way. Below is a handy-dandy guide to a woman's heart through this scientifically proven method in a few easy steps.

Step 1. Roll with the curve.

Lots of donges contain a slight curvature, and even though many women express negative opinions about it, the naked truth is that bitches don't know shit. With that said, it's never a good idea to make your weiney's banana-like qualities obvious in the picture that you send. Take the picture from an angle that hides dat curve.

This, for example, is extremely unfortunate. Besides the fact that he looks like a 16-year-old Neal Patrick Harris and he's wearing lipstick, his junk looks like a bent Q-tip. NOT OK!



On the other hand, this dick is jutting out toward the viewer so jauntily that its curvature is inconsequential. We can view the delicate web of veins and a complacent scrotum. His orange LiveStrong band humanizes him, and we see that he's more than just a dick—although it may hint at ball cancer, the pros greatly outweigh the cons.



Step 2. Angle??

This question really comes down to one thing—which angle makes your dingle look bigger? Contrary to popular belief, size does matter. To all you chodes out there, don't let it get you down. My angle theory will make anyone's Vienna sausage look like a real Bratwurst. The trick is you take the picture from the base up. This might necessitate a considerable bit of fondling around with the camera—my advice is to use a system of mirrors. Not to say that this isn't an impressive weiner, but it could inarguably be further accentuated by a different angle.



This is awesome. The fingers on his left hand are out of frame, but we can tell that he's pulling down on the sack and up on the head. His physical attempt at elongation is furthered by the angle— A+ for this young dick-sender. His little boy nipples are the only things that throw it off.



Step 3. What about the balls?

With the previous angle stated, you're probably wondering what the best thing to do with your balls is. To lift or not to lift? Shine 'em up with Crisco n' olive oil, or leave the picture with a nice postmodern matte? The answer to this question is a simple tszuj (jujj), in the words of Carson Kressely. This can be accomplished by wrapping them momentarily in an ice pack or just playing with them for a few minutes. If you choose option two, beware—they may become saggy. The trick is to eliminate the sag.



Avoid this at all costs. Not only is this photograph dominated by something resembling your grandma's pussy skin, but his dong looks like a malignant tumor protruding from the It.



This is more like it. Not only does his luxurious pose give off a “bitches ain't shit but hoes n tricks” vibe, but his nugget-sack looks like a couple of freshly picked crab apples propping up his five-star bone. Also—he may or may not be wearing red shoes.

TIT! TIT!



Step 4. Make sure you're adequately groomed.

I know most of you are thinking that I'm hinting at a ball-shave with this step—that is not the case. I personally find the act of sack shaving altogether too treacherous to be attempted aside from one or two lonely high nights per year. Rather, I am referring to being sure that your all trimmed up and ready to bone. That meat has to look like it's ready for action, or else the bitch who you sent it to isn't gonna want it all slappin around in her pussy. Some steps to take—make sure you trim down those long stray hairs that grow from the base. No woman wants to suck on a cock with a scarf. Also, if you're gonna go for the ball-lift (it's risky, but it can work), make sure to wipe all the dingleberrys and ass-lint outta your gooch.



Awh, shit!!! There's no way that's is a good idea. Please, don't resort to this. If Ron Jeremy slammed that much tang with a few pubies, than you can too.

BUT, this is just obscene. Unless you're trying to rope in one of those hairy-pitted dyke types, you probly want to keep the bush on the DL. Go at it with a scissors or your dad's buzzer to achieve the

optimal crop.

Step 5. Make sure you pick the right occasion.

This seems obvious, but many potential dong-senders definitely fuck this one up. Try to avoid the ever-cliché Valentine's Day— most bitches like flowers, personalized M & M's or some shit like that. Then you slam a dong-sandwich down their throat after they're all happy. But for V-Day,

you have to prime them with something fluffier and less meaty—on the other hand, nothing says happy Leif Eriksson day like a picture of your voluptuous man-sausage. In fact, I've found that one of the horniest, and therefore most receptive to dick-onslaught, days of the year for a woman to be her birthday.

This dude (me) has followed all the steps presented thus far. Good angle that hides the curve and lengthens, balls nicely propped up by the cargo shorts, trim but not shaved. To top it all off, I sent this to a lucky dude, I mean lady, on her sweet sixteen. Cherry, POP!



Sending Guys Pictures of Your Vagina: A Beginner's Guide

It's 8:17 on Tuesday night. You're curled up on your couch with well-deserved glass of Sauvignon Blanc and your old copy of Eat Pray Love. You have Sara Bareilles playing softly, and you couldn't be more relaxed until suddenly, your cell phone goes off. You pick up your iPhone to see that Tom, the nice guy from work who'd taken you on two dates and was on the right track for a third, has sent you a close-up picture of his penis. Though you're intrigued by the red wristband you see on his hand, you can't help but be repulsed at the curved bare specimen before you. You've barely registered the blurry dick on your screen before Tom sends a text asking for a return photo. Your quiet night ruined, you decide enough is enough.

It's time to fight back ladies. We've been barraged by dicks long enough, and it's time we level the playing field. If men want pictures of our vaginas, we'll give them pictures they'll never forget.

Embrace the twat

It's not called a twat shot for nothing. Your photo needs to be one hundred percent vagina. Men will demand a picture with tits and ass, but they need to learn that the vagina is a magnificent thing. If any tits creep into the picture, crop them out. Your breasts will distract from the glory that is your Wonder Down Under.

Note: As an extra bonus, if the picture doesn't include your face, nobody can use the twat shot against you.



Bad: With this young lady's compromising position and overall nudity, no man will ever respect her vagina as the divine organ it truly is. In all probability, this photo will only circulate the Internet, bring shame to the woman and her vagina.

Good: Aside from the fingernails (which really only serves to reinforce the pink taco theme), the picture is straight-up vagina. No more, no less.



Angle and Lighting

Now that your vagina is front and center, it's time to display it properly. The vagina lives in a normally dark habitat, so it's very light sensitive. It's critical to find soft lighting that illuminates the snatch without washing it out.

Once you've lit your vagina, then comes the question of angle. Though all vaginas are beautiful inside and out, the vagina, much like the face, might have a good and bad side. Ladies, I know how easy it is to be self-conscious, so shoot your strong side. Also, feel free to get creative. You want not just an average twat shot, but a twatasterpiece? Props are fine as long as you keep it artsy without detracting from your vagina's natural beauty.



Awful: This horrendous “vajazzle,” though undoubtedly creative, adulterates the vagina with cheap, sparkly plastic. No matter the angle or lighting, we fail to see here what the womanly prize is all about.

Beautiful: this smart lady followed the straight-up vagina rule but made it interesting at the same time. The lighting is soft, yet the vagina is clearly visible. The folds of the skirt give an artistic flair and create leading lines straight to the pussy.



Dildo or no?

This isn't even a question. Dildo all the way. While it might not be a necessary to have a dildo in every twat shot, any lackluster photograph can be improved by showing that there's a partay in your vajayjay. And the dildo isn't only for aesthetic. It's a blatant symbol of your feminine independence. Prominently displaying your joyful vagina with vibrator proves that you don't need a man to make you happy. You've got Buzz Lightyear for that. (Also, the dildo's impressive size will intimidate your overzealous suitors, making them too ashamed to send you a picture of their microscopic cocks ever again.)



Perfect: This starlet has found something much better than a shriveled little dick. And an added plus, it's pink!

CAUTION: Following the dildo principle, you might think it's a good idea to show your vagina with your hand or another woman's tongue. This is a grave error. Such a photograph looks pornographic and makes it seem like you're into whatever kinky nonsense your recipient has in mind.

This picture is your harasser's lesbian wet dream and will only encourage even more interruption to your Tuesday nights. However, kudos to the madam who had this photo taken!



Two lips diverged in a curly bush

Ladies, here we come to an interesting choice: whether or not your vagina should be waxed. Well, to be honest, there's no wrong answer. A bushy bajingo has the benefit of being au natural, while bare and beautiful allows your recipient to see all the innermost details of the female anatomy. Either show men what a vagina in the wild looks like, or acquaint him with your vulva. Basically go with whatever makes you comfortable, and own your Grand Canyon. (Note: The no hands rule can be broken if you want to spread your lips for some high stakes show and tell.)



Here's a gentleman who appreciates a healthy thicket!

Though the Scorched Earth Policy still has its benefits.



Pick the right occasion

Timing, unfortunately, is where most twat shooters will begin to waver. When is there ever a good time to send a man a picture of your revealed cunt? The answer is simple: All. The. Time. This isn't about etiquette, ladies; it's about revenge! Insensitive men send us penis pics at the most wildly inappropriate times. Our birthdays, Leif Erickson Day, though thank God there's been a recent decline in Valentine's Day dick pics. Men need to understand how receiving digital genitalia feels, so just send as many pictures as possible whenever possible. If you're handy with computers, queue a series of e-mails to send your vagina photographs to the guy in an infinite loop. Everywhere he turns, in every e-mail and text he opens, he'll see your big, bad bajingo. Then, while he's cowering in awe of your almighty vagina, you can read your book in peace.



Dear Adobe Photoshop Creators,

My name is Kate and I've been having difficulty with your software. I purchased Adobe Photoshop, when I heard about all the great things I could do with my photos. For the past month I've been trying to photoshop a picture of my dog, Crumpet, wearing a silly hat. After spending countless hours bugging my sister's son who is a "certified photoshop wiz", and spending money for tutorials on Lynda.com, I still have no picture of my dog in a silly hat.

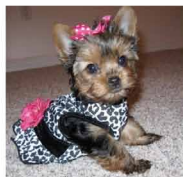
Now I know what you are saying - if I am having so much trouble, why not just buy a hat for my dog and take a picture? Well, what you don't know is that Crumpet is a Yorkie, and that it's even harder to find a hat that can fit him than to learn your stupid program. Besides, I've already spent \$700 dollars on your product—I'm not a quitter. Every time I bring up a picture of my dog in Photoshop and try importing a hat, it never, ever works. In Microsoft Paint, I could literally just copy and paste the hat of my choosing onto my dog, and voila, Crumpet would be wearing a silly hat. But now, I'm so sick of all this talk about "layers" and "rasterizing" that I don't give a damn which hat ends up on Crumpet just as long as there's a hat on his stupid little head.

I also tried using your "content-aware" feature which all of your technicians on the phone praised. But each time I tried using the "Fill" command over my dog's head, what I would get instead would be a ball-hat that looked like Crumpet tore apart his puppies and decided to wear them on his head. To be honest, I was a bit insulted by this, because instead of looking silly, it just made me plain afraid of my dog.

Ever since I got a Mac, all of my friends have been asking about my lack of email habits, as I'm not sending out the usual funny photos I could do on Windows. I wanted to send out a great Easter card to my family, maybe even a GIF, and now I have nothing - nothing at all. You have taken my freedom and my lifestyle. Instead of berating you over the phone, I will show you the best I could do using your terrible program.

Eat shit and die.

- Kate and Crumpet, respectively



Stupid Duplicate
Layer
Button

Is the hat
doesn't →
work, the
joke
doesn't
work!

HATS OFF TO JESUS!

Happy Easter from
Crumpet and Kate !!!

How do
I change
the font
color?
I want
PASTELS!



The Leading Jewish Exercise Network!

Explore the possibilities

Welcome to JWalk, the premier Jewish exercise and lifestyle community forum. Connect with thousands of members in your area and around the world who share a passionate interest in various athletic activities.

JWalk's mission is to strengthen the Jewish community, both physically and spiritually. Here at JDate, we like to protect our Jewish roots and keep our social relationships sovereign.

Find your genitong fraynd today!

Since 2002 when our co-founder Mindy realized she was the only non-Protestant in her tennis group, we've been seeking to create exclusively Jewish exercise partnerships and groups. Through social networking, we give Jews worldwide a forum to create a community. We never tire of hearing stories and testimonies from Jews all over the world about how JWalk has influenced their lives, and, in the process, helped give Jews strength!

Testimonials



"I was tired of playing with the same WASPy schmucks at my country club week after week. Since I found Isaac and David on JWalk, I haven't had to hear about how good Michael's wife's pork roast is in months."

Bernard, 53, Boca Raton, FL



"All of my friends were so serious about the whole 'exercise' element of working out. The people I've met on JWalk are fine to just meet up and walk into town to get Pinkberry. It's healthy, right?"

Taylor, 23, Hempstead, NY



"My water aerobics group was all gentiles. Finally, I have a place to get all the bubbis together for some socializing... and some water aerobics."

Joan, 76, Miami Beach, FL

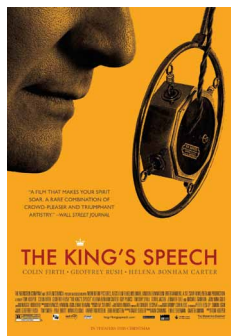
Jacques Derrida's Always Already Movie Blog

"There Is Nothing Outside The Blog"

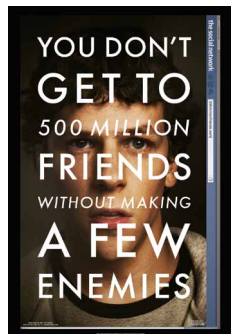
Hey guys! Here's a quick recap of some of my favorite films over the past year or so! Hope you like it! PLZ COMMENT!



The King's Speech – 2/10



Well, for something that already happened, this wasn't entirely terrible. Colin Firth does a decent job as someone that already existed in an event that already happened not that long ago. His stutter reminded me of my own writing style so I had a tough time understanding why he wanted to get rid of it in the first place—sort of pointless movie. The soundtrack was good.



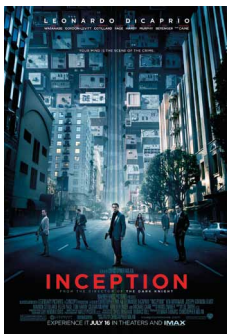
The Social Network – 2/10

You guys all know that I'm a JT fanatic so I'll admit that I have a bit of a bias. But seriously, this movie was almost halfway decent for something that happened only a few years ago and then was filmed a year or two ago and then watched by me last month. Talk about difference!



Black Swan – 3/10

I feel like everyone's supposed to really like this movie so...I'll give it a three. I guess it has a pharmakony vibe.



Inception – 4/10

This one was right up my alley. Repetitive, overly complicated and no clear conclusion, say no more! I'll definitely be picking up a copy of this one.



The Secret In Their Eyes – 3/10

Borges Borges Borges.

Okay, well there's my top five! For a painstakingly long application of the same principle onto each of these films, read my 1200 page post [here](#)!

THX GUYS!

DINING HALL DRAFT



Name: Brian Waite
Givin' a fuck: 81.70%
Errors per dish: 0.0348
RBIs: 28
Nickname: Hot Plate
Tested positive for: Optimism, Zoloft
Awards/honors: Golden Tongs (Applebee's, 2002)
Hometown: Gary, Indiana
Education: Associate's, Culinary Institute of America
Position: Grill technician
Speciality: Garnishes
Location: Hayden



Name: Albert Higo
Givin' a fuck: 72.66%
Errors per dish: 0
RBIs: 268
Nickname:
Tested positive for: Honor, Opium
Awards/honors: Keeper Of The Sauce, Yummy House
Hometown: Little Falls, NJ
Education: PhD, Applied Mathematics, MIT
Position: Soup Stirrer
Speciality: Soup, stirring
Location: Palladium



Name: Chris Lee
Givin' a fuck: 100%
Errors per dish: 0.0004
RBIs: 40
Nickname: Boss
Tested positive for: Kobe beef
Awards/honors: Nobel Prize for Cuisine, 2003
Hometown: Honolulu, Hawaii
Education: Bachelors, Art History, Harvard
Position: Head chef
Speciality: Yelling, throwing weight around
Location: NYU Abu Dhabi

2011-2012 SEASON



Name: Anthony Cheffrey
Givin' a fuck: 50.92%
Errors per dish: 0.4596
RBIs: 20
Nickname: Tone
Tested positive for: Garlic, Human Growth
Awards/honors: Hormone
MVP, Essex County Little League
Hometown: Montclair, NJ
Education: Bachelors, Sports Management
Position: Pizza Burner
Speciality: Gravy
Location: Rubin



Name: Rob Bradfield
Givin' a fuck: 100% (only for pussy)
Errors per dish: 2.3468
RBIs: 35
Nickname: Flowmaster
Tested positive for: Axe, Marijuana
Awards/honors: Best Abs, Spring Break
Cancun 1998
Hometown: Salt Lake City, Utah
Education: Bachelors, Finance, University of Utah
Position: Sandwich Maker, Panty
Speciality: Raider
Tight asses
Location: "Your place, or mine?"



Name: Doris Avera
Givin' a fuck: 12.45%
Errors per dish: 0.9725
RBIs: 0
Nickname: Abuelita
Tested positive for: Sass, Goya
Awards/honors: None
Hometown: Queens, NY
Education: Harsh lessons, Gristedes
Position: Scooper
Speciality: Salt
Location: Downstein

DINING HALL DRAFT

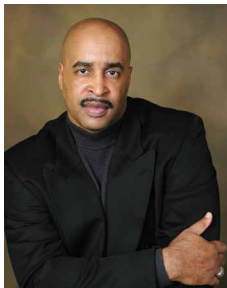


Name: Karen Stevens
Givin' a fuck: 39%
Errors per dish: 10.6785, but who's
RBIs: counting?
Nickname: 2
Tested positive for: The Hot One, The One With
The Tight Ass, Sugartits
Vagina, Adderal

Awards/honors: Most sexual harassment
claims filed in one day (16)
Hometown: Cocksuck, CA
Education: Bachelor's, eating dick, my
apartment
Position: Reverse Cowgirl
Speciality: Facials
Location: Third North



Name: Penny Etherington
Givin' a fuck: 71%
Errors per dish: 0.2073
RBIs: 1
Nickname: Mom
Tested positive for: Menopause, soccer
Awards/honors: practice
World's Best Mom,
Christmas 2005
Hometown: Cocksuck, CA
Education: GED
Position: Card Swiper
Speciality: Smiles
Location: Kimmel



Name: Shawn Harvey
Givin' a fuck: 17%
Errors per dish: "I don't fucking serve shit."
RBIs: 15
Nickname: "You give me a nickname, I'll
break your fucking neck."
Tested positive for: Crystal meth, codeine
Awards/honors: King of Comedy, 2000-2008
Hometown: Bronx, NY
Education: K-8
Position: Manager
Speciality: Looking busy
Location: Third North

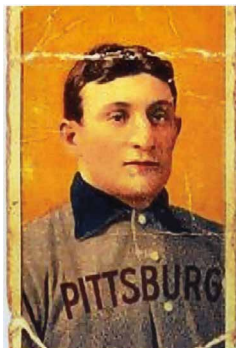
2011-2012 SEASON



Name: Mario Batali
Givin' a fuck: 110%
Errors per dish: -5%
RBIs: 78
Nickname: Molto Mario
Tested positive for: Olive oil, talent
Awards/honors: None
Hometown: Seattle, WA
Education: Bachelors, Spanish, Rutgers University
Position: Head chef, restaurateur
Speciality: International fame
Location: Downstein



Name: Amelia Vergara
Givin' a fuck: 95.24%
Errors per dish: 3.4719
RBIs: 0
Nickname: Sunshine
Tested positive for: Death, grandchildren
Awards/honors: Saddest employee, 1982-2011
Hometown: Who cares?
Education: None
Position: Dish mover
Speciality: Scraping food off knives
Location: Rubin



Name: Honus Wagner
Givin' a fuck: 86%
Errors per dish: 0.327
RBIs: 1,732
Nickname: The Flying Dutchman
Tested positive for: Chaw
Awards/honors: World Series Champion (1933), Chili's Employee of the Month (2004)
Hometown: Town no longer exists
Education: Five years down in the mines
Position: Shortshop/tomato slicer
Speciality: Triple plays, egg salad
Location: Kimmel

Arizona Shooter Actually A Pretty Cool Guy Once You Get to Know Him

By Mitch Lawrence, Night Watchman

You know Jared, too? Jared Lee Loughner, the Tucson Arizona Shooter? Wow, it really is a small world. Here's the thing about Jared, most people think he's a dick for attempting to assassinate a U.S. Representative while senselessly murdering several innocent bystanders. But you know what?



He's actually a pretty cool guy once you get to know him. I've been guarding his jail cell for the past couple weeks, and we've gotten to talking. Did you know he has a jet ski? It's a time share jet ski so he only gets it for one weekend in February, but so what? That's one more week than I have a jet ski! He even promised to take me out for a spin once he gets out. Well, I don't know actually. I heard he might get the death penalty for threatening the foundation of our society, but you can never tell with these things.

Let me be honest, at first I was kind of hesitant about Jared. I'm a Leo and he's a Virgo. And you know us Leos, always hesitant about trusting a stranger who coldly murdered a 9 year old girl with a single bullet through the chest. But, listen, Jared's a good guy. He even talked me through my divorce and my intimacy issues. Jared told me that before I love someone else, it's important to first love myself.

Look, all I'm saying is that everyone has flaws. What are Jared's flaws? Well, occasionally he doesn't recycle, sometimes he forgets to take a multi-vitamin, and—one time—he instigated a state of widespread hysteria by massacring his fellow human beings in a shooting rampage. He's also a Cowboys fan, but I won't hold that against him. Go Cards! Next weekend, I'm sneaking Jared out so we can go squirrel hunting in the woods behind my parent's house. I'm just afraid I'll get shot in the head! Ha ha, that would be classic Jared!

Botched Bar Mitzvah Dooms Boy To Eternal Childhood

WASHINGTON - Local boy Joshua Greenwald has been condemned to an eternal childhood, after having ruined his bar mitzvah speech and completely humiliated himself. Greenwald, once a normal, growing child, reportedly choked during the traditional Torah reading, resulting in his complete incoherence to most of the congregation of the Kehilat Shalom Synagogue.



The point of the speech he had written was also subject to confusion. "He just went on and on," reported his uncle, Michael Greenwald. "It made everyone very uncomfortable."

Rabbi Mark Raphael announced at the most recent Saturday service that Greenwald is to be henceforth regarded as a small child for the rest of eternity. "Having seen such humiliation in the face of our congregation and our God," he said, "we have made the decision that young Joshua be fated to endure eternal boyhood."

Justin Singleton, a friend of Joshua's, expressed his disappointment: "It sucks that Josh won't be able to grow up with us, but I guess that's what he gets for acting like a retard in front of everyone."

Greenwald's parents were unavailable for comment, but sources confirm that they've enrolled Joshua in the same Religious Education class he took last year.

Friend's Short Story...Interesting

NEW YORK—Friends of data entry clerk Kate Levy, 28, agreed that her short story, entitled “Incest of the Soul,”



was...interesting. Levy, who takes creative writing class at the YMCA on Thursday evenings, first unveiled her story via mass email to all her contacts and later performed a dramatic reading at a dinner party where guests agreed that their favorite part was when the main character birthed the earth from her vagina. “I liked the story a lot especially the part when, wait, why did she give birth to the earth again?” said Megan Romaine, Levy’s best friend and dinner party attendee. Other

guests explained that “the character was impregnated by the man in the moon” and “hold on...that can’t be right.” Dinner party host, Terry Cook added that “the story was really good” and “the earth fetus was really just a metaphor for society’s oppression of women, right Kate?” As of press time, Levy announced that she was going home, and that she knew they would never understand her art.

Revolving Door Vows to Trap Helpless Victim

A local revolving door issued a stern warning today, threatening to imprison the next unsuspecting passerby. "I swear on my mother, God rest her frame, the next motherfucker that comes through here, I'm trapping them. I'm just going to stop entirely, and they'll be stuck in here. How the fuck do you like that?" the door said. Moments later, Dan Sternberg, 27, attempted to enter the building to which the revolving door is an entrance. "Oh no, nuh uh. I don't think so" cautioned the door as Sternberg prepared to push on the exposed handle. Sternberg however, paid no mind and proceeded forward. "FUCK" the door exclaimed "he's already into quadrant two, ok, here we go, gonna trap this son of shit" and grunted loudly as if expending a great amount of energy. With that, Sternberg paused for a moment within the door, slightly confused as to the sudden slight resistance, but then applied some more pressure and proceeded through the entrance and towards the elevator. "This is starting to get really old, you know that? I'm really fucking dizzy" said the door, exasperated.



Man Eats Entire Tray of Brownies Because African Children Starving

CLEVELAND—In an unprecedented act of selfless goodwill, stay-at-home-dad Barry Davis, 38, ate an entire tray of brownies because there are starving children in Africa.

Reportedly, Davis's wife, Marie, had originally planned to discard the week-old baked goods left over from their daughter's birthday. However, upon recalling the gaunt faces and weird-shaped heads of those starving Africans from that commercial, Davis immediately consumed the entire 26x18x1 inch tray of sugary treats.

"I just did what anyone would have done," said Davis. "It's for the kids, y'know? We all gotta do our part."

Unfortunately, this monumental altruistic deed came at a price. Moments after licking the last crumbs from the tray, Davis experienced sharp chest pains and an extreme shortness of breath, eventually passing out at the base of his EZ Boy deluxe recliner. Davis was hospitalized after a health evaluation revealed that, in one day, Davis had simultaneously developed diabetes, obesity, and irritable bowel syndrome.

"It was worth it," said Davis. "If I hadn't eaten that whole thing of brownies, then what would've happened to those African kids?"

According to reports, Davis suffered from bouts of depression since losing his job at a local factory, but, after ingesting an entire dessert intended to feed twenty people, Davis's self-loathing was replaced by a sense of fulfillment, created only through magnanimous service to a greater cause.

"My daddy is a hero," said Davis' daughter, Casey, 8. "Every day, he sits in his football chair and just eats and eats. He also drinks lots of beers because the African kids are real thirsty too. Sometimes he drinks so much that he throws up. Even on my birthday."

In the wake of his successful campaign against starvation in Africa, Davis has changed his Facebook profile picture because breast cancer exists.

Man About To Get Stabbed Not Intimidated By Switchblade

BALTIMORE—Moments after declaring that he was not at all intimidated by thugs or switchblades, area middle school teacher Rupert Glover, 59, was stabbed by an assailant and left face down in a pool of blood. Eyewitnesses report that Glover bravely refused to hand over his belongings even when threatened with a knife, a tool used for thousands of years to maim and/or kill living things. “Little punks like you with your knives don’t scare me,” said Glover, who, minutes later, collapsed to his knees, clutching his midsection in an attempt to stifle the violent hemorrhage of blood spewing from his stomach. Glover, whose skin and organs are not stab-proof, added, “[that] his brother-in-law is a cop and, hey Mr. Tough Guy, why don’t you just stab me already?” As of press time, Glover lay motionless behind a dumpster and could not be reached for comment because his vocal cords had been slashed by a not-so-scary, itty-bitty knife.

Father Rapes Daughter In Call of Duty

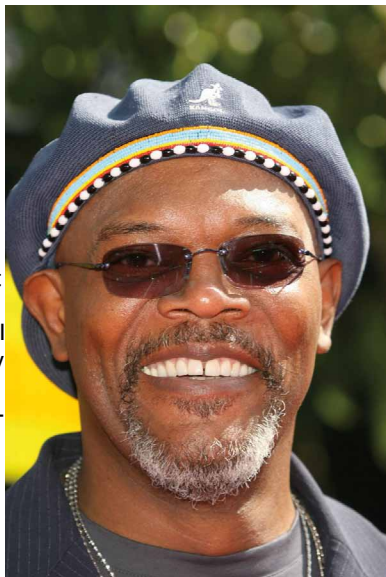
MONTVILLE, NJ—Shockwaves reverberated through the local community when area father Harold Decker was jailed for raping his daughter in Call of Duty. Decker, 43, admitted the abuse started when his daughter was just ten years old right after the popular first-person shooter game’s original release. What began as a weekly event eventually became a daily affair following the release of the game’s fourth installment, Call of Duty: Modern Warfare. “We had no idea this was going on,” said next-door neighbor Carol White. “It goes to show that you just never know.” Decker’s daughter, 17, insists that the worst part was not the brutal, repeated headshots but, the taunting and verbal abuse. “Once, when I was twelve, he told me that I was playing like a little girl,” said the daughter, adding that she frequently pleaded for her father to take it easy, to which he would reply, “There is no mercy in war!” The teen recounted, “He said it was normal, that all fathers force their daughters to play video-games with them. Now, the only game I can still play without having a panic attack is Wii Bowling.”

REFLECTIONS ON A BAD, BAD MOTHERFUCKER

By Samuel L. Jackson

My dear readers, fans, and colleagues, it pains me to admit that over the years I have accrued for myself a malicious image, one of vile deeds and meager integrity. I write to you today to set the record straight; Samuel L. Jackson is a man of immense gentleness. Despite my onscreen portrayal of violent motherfuckers, loud motherfuckers, and all around bad motherfuckers, please rest assured that in truth, I enjoy the much simpler pleasures of life. My perfect day might consist of feeding the ducks and maybe working on a puzzle before bedtime. With this established, I feel that it is my duty to reveal the true identity of the man who inspired my performances in everything from Coach Carter to The Red Violin. This man can truly be described as one of the meanest, vilest, baddest motherfuckers to ever walk this planet. That man is Bill Cosby.

I first met Bill Cosby at the Los Angeles Airport. He saw me checking in for my flight and was kind enough to buy an extra seat up in first class for me. He even gave me one of those signature Cosby sweaters; this one had puppies driving a train or something like that. I was impressed by his kindness even though he kept confusing me for Eddie Murphy. I had already seen Bill Cosby's white swan, so to speak, but he was about to show me his Black Snake Moan.



Once we were aboard the plane, Mr. Cosby pulled out a briefcase full of his famous jello pudding pops. He wanted to make a drink for me called the Dirty Huxtable. He mixed a pudding pop into the cup and then poured in one mini bottle of vodka and another of tequila, and then he picked the salt off of some airline pretzels, licked the edges of the cup and then stuck the salt on. He was mumbling the whole time and

making raspberry noises with his mouth.

"MmmhmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmMMMMM, I put the zippity doo wop wop in with the puddin' puh-pop pop and sprinkle some of that pretzel sauce in for my friend Eddie Murphy!"

Then he started drinking his creation, making a sound like a warthog drowning in pudding. He gargled his way through the whole cup and then sat back with a look on his face like a turtle after a particularly satisfying session of copulation.

We were already in the air when he remembered that I was sitting next to him and that he had originally intended to make the drink for me. I told him that I'd be fine but he insisted. He signaled to the flight attendant to bring him more alcohol, but she refused, saying that he'd already reached his limit. Mr. Cosby tried to explain that the booze was for me, but at this point he was getting so loud that it didn't matter.

"I think you and me need to have a meeting right now. I can't hear myself think with all these motherfuckers yabbin' into my ear like a buncha goddamn motherfuckers. Meet me in the john."

I didn't understand why we couldn't just talk in our seats but I was more worried about keeping this crazed drunk on my good side, so I squeezed into the airplane's lavatory with him.

"You get high don't ya, Sammy Jackson?" he asked me.

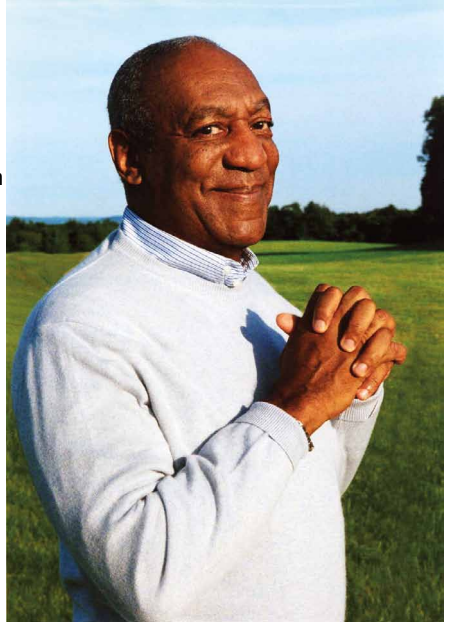
"Well, sometimes when I hit a real beauty on the tennis court I start to feel pretty euphoric," I admitted.

"Listen, I got some pretty fuckin' good coke that I want you to try. I always do a little coke on planes, you know, just to help my ears pop."

"You mean you bring cocaine onto airplanes?" I asked, completely shocked.

"Oh don't be givin' me those eyes baby, you're the one who brought the coke," he responded with a devilish grin.

I nearly fainted after what came next. He grabbed hold of my sweater, the sweater



that he'd just given me, and used his hands and teeth to rip open the sewn on pup-pies' heads. As each one came apart, streams of coke poured out. Bill Cosby started licking and snorting at my torso. "Tickle time, it's tickle time!" he sang as he burrowed his head into my abdomen, "Who wants a tickle-tockle-toockle from their Uncle Bill? Zim-zane, Coco-caine!" Mr. Cosby was devouring the cocaine so feverishly that he developed a trail of white residue between his nose and upper lip that looked more than a little bit like a Hitler mustache. I was appalled to realize that this was the exact effect that he was going for.

"Those sauerkraut-munchin' muthafuckas thought that Hitler was a wicked-evil mutha-fucka, well they ain't seen bad 'til they seen Bill muthafuckin' Cosby!"

A little "tickle time" went a long way and thankfully a flight attendant started banging on the door, yelling that only one passenger was allowed in the lavatory at a time. I thought that the nightmare was about to end but I hadn't seen anything yet. Mr. Cosby opened the door and realized that this was the same flight attendant who had denied him alcohol earlier. Snorting with fury, he grabbed her by the collar and hoisted her up onto the bathroom sink.

"Sir, sir you two can't be in here," she pleaded.

"Sir? Sir was my father's name. I'm Bill Cosby bitch."

"Sir, sir, please, sir—"

"Say sir again, I dare ya, I double dare ya motherfucker!"

She started crying.

"Now describe to me what Bill Cosby looks like," he asked her with a sick smirk.

"He, he's... he's black," she began.

"Go on bitch!"

"He, he... he wears funny sweaters," she continued.

"Does he look like a bitch? Does Bill Cosby look like a bitch to you?!" he exploded.

"Sir?" she gasped without thinking.

"Teresa! I told you to address me by my muthafuckin' Christian name, Bill Cosby! Now you've left me with no other option Teresa. It's puddin' time for you, ya stanky stew-ardess! Bim-bamminee, vagi-naninee!"

I'm still not sure how Bill Cosby knew that this woman's name was Teresa, but some-

thing told me that this wasn't the first time this had happened. He threw off her shoes, ripped her stockings off, and then started lathering her feet with jello pudding pops. He gave her a real thorough licking, from toe to heel and back again. Then he'd dip her toes into the pudding pops and suck each one individually. When he was done with a toe, he'd make a popping noise with it, like the thing kids will do with their finger and cheek. The flight attendant was bawling by the time Mr. Cosby had finished.

"There there Teresa, we're all better now aren't we? Uncle bill was just havin' a look at your feet so he could know what size Easter sandals you take. You want some Easter sandals, don't you Teresa?"

Mr. Cosby cooed to her as he dabbed at her eyes with some toilet paper. He slid her shoes back on and then all three of us walked back to first class, Mr. Cosby with his arm around the flight attendant, patting her on the back.

One of the passengers recognized us and yelled out to the rest of the plane, "Look everybody, Bill Cosby is comforting that stewardess!" Everyone started aww-ing and taking pictures of the adorable scene: everyone's favorite family man from television cheering up a young flight attendant with the sniffles.

Soon afterwards, the flight landed and mothers were bringing their children up to Bill Cosby to ask for autographs. I was still in shock, frantically looking around the plane wondering how nobody else realized just how off the rails this guy was. I guess he already knew what I was thinking.

"You know Sammy Jackson, that little chit chat we had in the bathroom was just between you and me, right? Show biz stuff."

I just kept staring. To reinforce the point, he pulled up his sweater to reveal a handgun in his waistband. Bill Cosby had me in checkmate.

We collected our bags and walked to the curb. Mr. Cosby said one last thing to me before he left, "You know, Sam Jackson, you'd be perfect for this character I want to do on The Cosby Show. You're my wayward cousin Tony who just got out of prison. You have no place to go, so I take you in and after some heartwarming time spent with the children you become a whole new man. Maybe you could help my daughters build a dollhouse our something. Think about it."

And then he was gone. Every now and then Bill and I will exchange a greeting at a charity function, but it's all very brief and formal. I may have only seen the real Bill Cosby for a couple of hours, but his behavior was more than enough inspiration for a career's worth of acting. Angry, evil, bad-muthafuckin' acting.

Rev. Peter Edwin Discusses His New Guide, *Dad's Confidential*

My fellow patriarchs: have you ever embarked on a vacation with your beloved family only to have your most essential needs unfulfilled? Have the duties of fatherhood deprived you of the sacred marital bliss of the marriage bed? Have you ever been on a family vacation where you feel that your love for your spouse is so fully engorged that it could fill even the Grand Canyon? Have you ever been so full of that very love that you want nothing more than to let it pour forth from you, spurting out like Iguazu Falls, yet your children's presence forces you to keep this metaphorical waterfall dammed up? Fathers, look no further: I have come upon the solution.

Allow me to give you a brief back-story behind the motivations of my Tennessee Times bestseller *Dad's Confidential*. It was a gorgeous summer evening in 1979 and we had just pulled into Yosemite National Park. My children Kip and Veronica (or My Pride and My Joy as I sometimes like to call them) were real restless after being cooped up in the backseat of our VW for 14 hours, so they decided to stretch their legs a bit and hit the trails. The wife and I started in on assembling our fortifications: mosquito nets, bear traps, etc. Watching her set up our tent in those elastic-waisted Wranglers and her midriff t-shirt, I just couldn't help pitching a little tent of my own, so to speak. My primal instincts must have been set off by all the wildlife because I couldn't resist whispering to my wife, in so many words, that this little squirrel wanted to get his nut. Just as I had said this, the fruit of my very loins, Kip and Veronica, came wheeling back into camp, so reckless and cute that they damn near stepped on a bear trap! Those adorable little tykes had squashed my moment, but not for long. I can't reveal all my secrets here, but believe me when I say that with a small stroke of genius, I was soon sucking the sun lotion and bug repellent off of my wife's body like a donkey sucks down water after years in the Sahara. And with the methods in my book, you too can be enjoying the physical manifestation of your marital adoration no matter what the situation.

But don't take my word for it, read a little bit from my guide here:

"Like any loving parent, you have taught your offspring proper dental habits, including a nightly brushing and flossing. But who says that they get to be the only ones to benefit from your caring instruction? As the kids take care of their

oral hygiene in the hotel bathroom, it's the perfect time for you and your wife to have a quick one. With the right technique, the only thing that your little ones will notice is how happy Mommy and Daddy are as you tuck them in."

Or how about this classic technique:

"When you know the kids are going to be in close proximity to your sleeping quarters, it is time to turn on your "Sick Dad" mode. Cough, wheeze, and talk hoarsely in the presence of your children. Comment on how unwell you have been feeling lately and how you haven't been able to get any sleep. Undoubtedly, your progeny will be filled with great sympathy and grief for their loving patriarch. More importantly however, they will think little of the noises coming from your chambers. The key to this method is to punctuate your lovemaking with loud coughs and to switch positions every five to ten seconds. "Poor father" the kids will think as they hear you bellowing and tossing and turning through the night. Poor father indeed."

Even those pesky Mother-In-Laws don't stand a chance!

"I always knew that she had a strange aversion to us making love while we stayed at her house, but I was determined not to let my wife's mother leave me with the bluest of balls for the third visit in a row. She always placed my lovely bride and I in this bedroom with a mattress that squealed like a cat with the smallest movement. Little did the old bird know how crafty I had become in the ways of romance. There are two solutions to this problem. The first is rather simple: you take the sheets off of the bed and go for a tumble in the hay right on the floor. Not content to settle for such a simplistic method however, I turned to the popular sedative methaqualone, also known as Quaaludes. I placed two capsules in my mother-in-laws drink at dinner. She is legally blind in one eye and totally blind in the other, so I didn't have too hard a time sneaking them in there, and with a little craftiness you won't either. Two hours later you would have thought that a large group of stray cats were murdering one another in the house. This was mostly due to the squeaking of the mattress, but also due to the fact that coincidentally enough, my wife and I both squeal like cats in moments of passion."

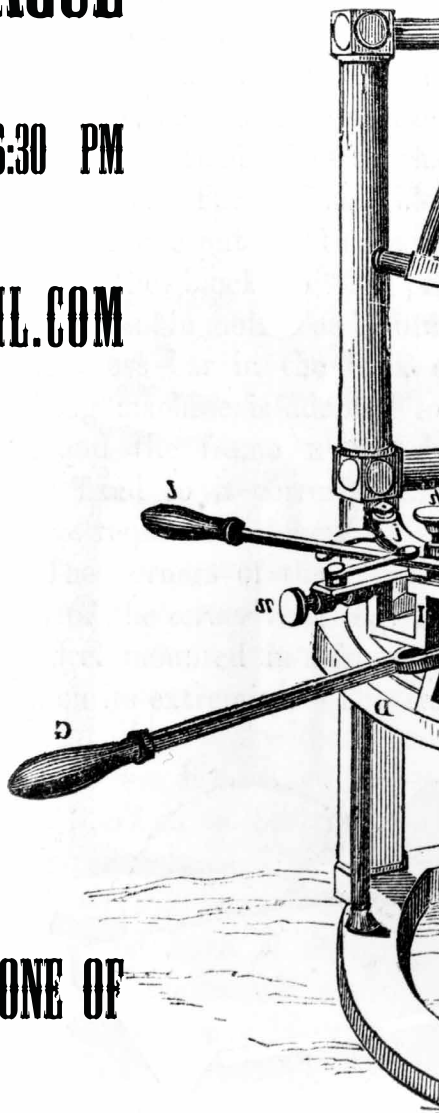
Restore the passion. Show her that after all these years, you still can't resist a little handjob in a McDonald's family restroom. Show her that you aren't still in love with your college and/or high school girlfriend. Show her that she is the one. Buy my book today and see the light tonight.

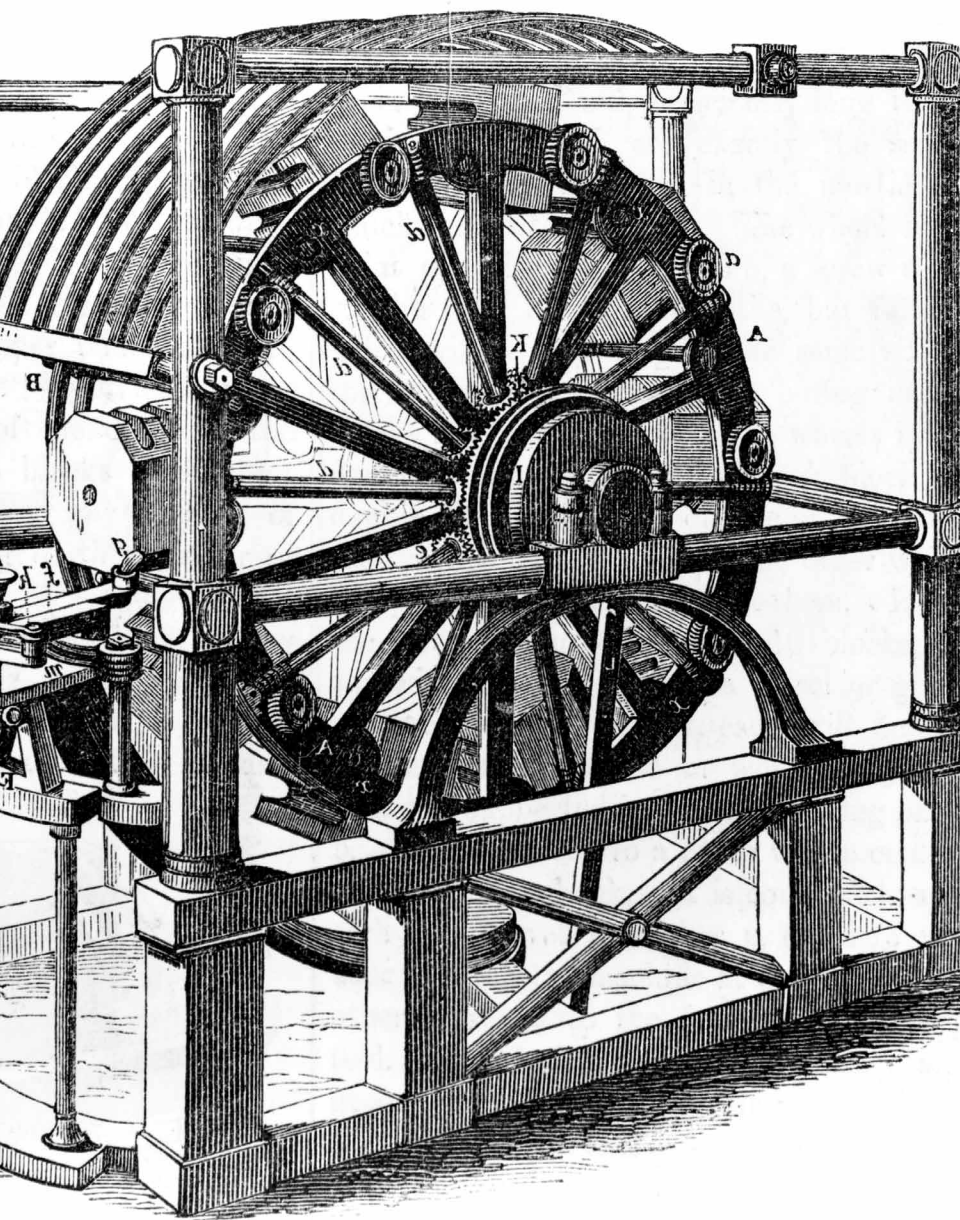
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WE'RE SAVING UP TO BUY ONE OF
THESE...





"They really outdid themselves this time. Wow."

Original Cast of Jesus Christ Superstar

"I would've posed for the 'Crossing of the Delaware' photo if I had known this was the backup. This is just...embarrassing. Oo! A Hawk!"

John Sexton

"Who are you guys? I thought my wife was visiting."

Inmate #9083435

"If you keep doing that comedy shit, you're going to pay for school yourself."

Our Parents

