



RISING STARS: WALL STREET'S SEXIEST NEWCOMERS

SPRING 2012

PLAGUE

BUSINESS EDITION

**FERNANDO
MAXIME**

This hunk
from Goldman
Sachs can drink his
coffee really, really
fast.

THE
100 MOST
POWERFUL
SCUMBAGS





THE PLAGUE

**SALUTES NORTH
AMERICA'S HIGHEST
PAID CEOS**





The *Plague* Salutes America's Highest Paid CEOs

Great job, you guys! We here at The Plague couldn't be more proud of the hard-working CEOs who made it to the top of the most-earned list this year, and would like to take a page to pay a little tribute. You all not only kept all our favorite companies running through the months of January through December, but you got paid more money to do it than any other people who own companies.

A lot of us would like to pretend 2011 was a cakewalk like any other year of the 2010's so far, but let's be honest, we all thought times were a little trying during a couple three of those months. There was the incident when the president of Starbucks spilled a frapp on accident on the machine that makes the chalkboard menus. There was that time 3M didn't have a phone for almost three weeks because I bumped into it and they dropped it in a grate. There was a whole movement, almost, against that thing we love so much: dollars.

Basically, there was lots of stuff going on, and you guys prevailed anyway. That takes a lot of chutzpah, the kind of stuff not everybody who earns more money than everyone else in the world has. Keep up the good work, and hopefully 2012 will see you become the highest paid CEOs in the universe!





Contents

2 Introduction

3 Staff

6 Acknowledgements

MOST COVETED INTERNSHIPS OF 2012

10 Goon-For-Hire

11 Ray's Pizza, Ben's Pizza, Patsy's Pizza
(Gotta Get My Foot Into The Pizza Biz)

13 The Time Traveler's Fuck Buddy

WHAT ORGANIZATIONS ARE WE INFILTRATING

15 Dad's Greenday Cover Band

17 Aunt's Book Club

18 Cole Sprouse's Milk Brothers Club

21 Dave And B uster's VIP Members Circle

23 'Got A Big Ol' Dick' Organization

24 'I Have Two Warts On The Underside Of My Penis'
Club

WHITE COLLAR CRIMES

29 Giving A Handjob Without Wearing A Silk Glove

31 Drunk Driving Yacht

32 Stealing iTunes Gift Cards And Giving Them To My
Teacher On The Last Day of Class

THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY

35 I Had A Miscarriage While Mowing The Lawn

36 Shy Nurse Who Tended My Wounds In 'Nam

38 Two-Dick Rick

40 Huge Fish I Tried To Fuck





PARTY THEMES

43 90s Party–The 1590s, That Is!

45 90s Party–2190s Human Extinction, That Is!

46 90s Sex Party–Fuck People In Their 90s, That Is!

47 90s Party–Only For People Who Can Count That High,
That Is!

53 90s Party–Everyone Bring 2.25 40s, That Is!

**W-WHAT'RE YOU DOING?! WHO DO YOU THINK
YOU ARE?**

55 I Am Osgood The Relentless, From The Mozgov Clan!

56 Wait...No, I'm Ted. Ted Landry. Nice To Meet You

59 I Am Michelle Obama And I Am Taking A Shit. How
Did You Get Into My Bathroom?

60 I'm Your Doctor, I'm Performing A Prostate Exam Just
Like I Told You I Would Two Seconds Ago

WHY ARE WE TAKING SELF-DEFENSE CLASSES

61 So Momma Can Protect Herself When Ho-Daddy
Tayshaun Come A-Knockin'

64 To Fend Off Cole Sprouse

65 So Shit Can Get Kinky

67 To Give Our Parents A Challenge When They Beat Us

68 I Cannot Tell When Something Is Racist

VICTORIA'S SECRET

70 She Is Secretly Wearing Men's Boxer Briefs And Her
Coworkers Don't Suspect A Thing

70 Her Password Is Her Birthday

71 She Has Twenty Vaginas Scattered Sporadically On Her
Body

73 She Has A PhD In Women's studies.

74 She's Really Into Cryptograms





NYU SPIRIT WEEK ACTIVITIES

78 Jump Off The 12th Floor Of Bobst With A
Parachute

79 Bang An Indian Chick In The Center For Spiritual Life

83 Jerk It To A Picture of My Writing The Essay Prof

WHY ARE WE WRITING OUR CONGRESSMAN?

85 There Is Blood In My Stool And Mom Is Ignoring Me

86 I Have A Gay Son And I Want To Kill Him--Can We
Work Something Out?

88 He Was My Pen Pal In 3rd Grade. His Favorite
Food Is Chicken Nuggets.

89 I'm Trying To Make My Township's Trustee Jealous

WHY ARE WE CALLING UPON THE NORSE GODS?

93 Because We Love The New Hagar Comic

95 My Big Brother Broke My Transformers And I'm Mad!

WHY ARE WE GOING DOOR-TO-DOOR?

100 My Dad Says The Neighbors Took My Mom's Dignity

101 Grandpa Is Missing From The Bathtub

104 Trying To Meet People To Use All These Groupons With

106 Trying To Find Somebody To Set Up My Gmail Account

FAILED BUSINESS VENTURES

108 Star of David Hula Hoop

110 Downton Abbey-Themed Silly Bands

PEOPLE WE MET AT THE MLB FAN CAVE

112 Just A Good Group Of Guys

114 The Dave-Meister

118 Didn't Get His Name But I'm Glad I Let Him Show
Me His Antique Catcher's Mitt

119 Mr. Met Look-Alike

120 Mark McGwire! Wow!





TOPICS TO AVOID AT THE WATER COOLER

121 Wish This Water Was A Little Warmer

122 The Success I've Had In Transforming My Body Using
My New Bowflex

WHAT PDF REALLY STANDS FOR

124 Powerful Document Format

126 Passive Denial (o)F (reality)

127 Pow! Dong! Fwaaang!

130 *Pereforum Decorì Fennem*

131 Pile-Drivin' Fuck

FAVORITE TIES

135 'I Am A Convicted Sex Offender' Mandatory Tie

136 Red Polka-Dot Tie That Matches My Acne

138 Large Slice Of American Cheese Artfully Bitten Into A
Tie Shape

140 Don't Need One, I've Got This Cool Lanyard With A
USB Drive On It

141 The One I Use To Choke Myself When I Masturbate

142 The One Of A Frame From My Favorite Episode Of
Everybody Hates Chris

145 A Tie Drawn In Permanent Marker On My Bare Chest

FASTEST-GROWING JOBS

148 Beekeeper

149 Erotic Hypnotist

153 Baedeker Editorial Staff Writer

158 Roald Dahl Impersonator

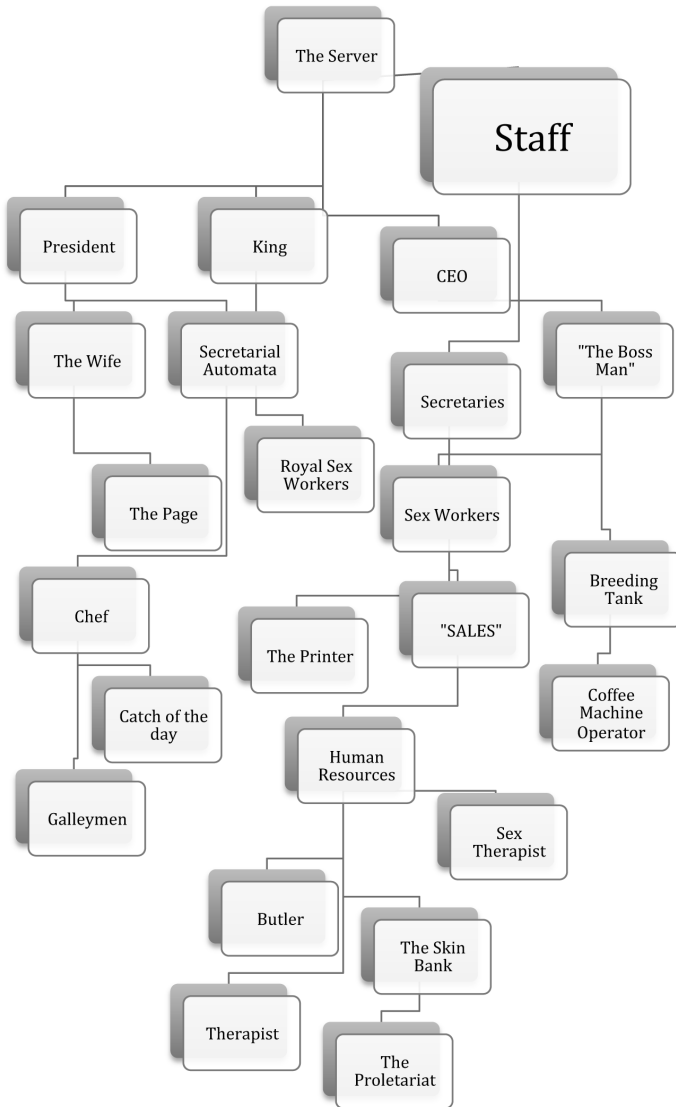
TYPES OF SACKS

160 Burlap Sacks

161 David J. Sacks

179 High-Tech, Micron Fiber Sacks Of The Future







KARL HEILAND

President



According to Wall Street legend, corporate bond yields reached an all-time high at the moment when Karl Heiland was born. Mr. Heiland came from humble beginnings; he started his career as an assistant retail clerk at the Disney Store in Oshkosh, Wisconsin. The hand of fortune intervened in 1987, when a malfunctioning Buzz Lightyear toy set the store on fire, killing all employees except for Mr. Heiland, who was at home with strep throat. With no one else left, Mr. Heiland was forced to take over the store. Using unorthodox fi-

nancing methods, he made his location the second most profitable Disney Store in Eastern Wisconsin.

Mr. Heiland's bold brand of leadership caught the eyes of many – most notably, those of the FBI. After a sting operation, Mr. Heiland was arrested on 14 counts of conspiracy to shelter a political prisoner and was sentenced to 25 years in prison. But it wasn't until he was behind bars that Mr. Heiland's career in commerce really started to take off. While locked up, Mr. Heiland started the Association of Entrepreneurs in Prison. Over the years the AEP has helped increase marginal profit in prison transactions by 300%. They have also managed to overturn various laws that had previously prevented children from visiting their imprisoned parents on Take Your Child to Work Day.

In 2009, Mr. Heiland famously argued for increased interest rates on hairnets. As a result, various prisoners with long, unruly hair said some mean things. Unfortunately, Mr. Heiland took these strong words to heart, and he decided to retire from commerce. Though he may no longer be an entrepreneur per se, Mr. Heiland remains an inspiration for businessboys and businessgirls of all stripes.





MICHAEL ABRAHAM

Vice President



“Sleeping; a truly unnecessary joke, I’m sure...” So begins Michael’s latest online diatribe, and it certainly encapsulates his uncommon opinion on sleep, as well as on school and other aspects of contemporary life, such as school or what’s on the TV. Michael, or “Little Business Child” as he titles his online column, brings that attitude to ev-

everything he does, from stacking objects to writing for The Plague.

Even off the clock, Michael still likes to do things that are similar to writing for money, such as reading, and writing for free. In fact, it was while writing in the bathroom one day that he acquired his position at The Plague. Conversely, he didn’t get his job at Forbes while not going to the bathroom on some writing.

Michael is pleased to share this latest issue with everyone, and he’s convinced that there’s enough sheer writing here, in word count alone, to convince even the most humorless griper that The Plague has got something for everyone.





NATHAN ROTHSCHILD
Secretary



Nathan Mayer Rothschild was born in 1777 as one of five sons of the second-generation of the Rothschild banking dynasty. At age 21, Rothschild established a successful textile business but later quit the industry after people started calling him “Textile-Guy” in a really condescending way. Although business associates viewed Rothschild as an austere, shrewd man, close friends and

family insist that Rothschild was a jovial prankster who would often perform comedy routines relating to gold bullion, the Battle of Waterloo, and the Bank of England. Rothschild died in 1836 from an infected abscess.

COLETTE PORTER
Treasurer



Colette does not take no for an answer. While this has no doubt benefited her career as an aspiring sales manager, such a staunch position on negatives has led to more than a few social indiscretions. As a result, Colette has on several occasions served coffee to visitors who insisted that water was fine, has refused to acknowledge the significant

portion of the population who did not care for Jennifer Garner’s performance in the 2001 to 2006 ABC drama *Alias*, and has been found guilty in thirty-seven cases of sexual harassment.





NICK CALLAS
Supply Chain Manager



Nick George Callas (born November 11, 1964) is an American actress who is primarily recognized for her work in television. She is best known for playing the title character in the Fox comedy-drama series *Ally McBeal* for which she won a Golden Globe Award. She starred as Kitty Walker McCallister on the ABC drama, *Brothers & Sisters*. Callas is the wife of actor Harrison Ford. Follow her on Twitter @MrNickCallas.

BRENT PEASLEE
Muscle



Speaks softly and carries a big ole dick. He's been jobless for years after inventing a robot that invents robots. He was raised by wolves who were raised by people. He once broke into a locksmith's house out of principle. Typically whispers "Let's get down to business" before bowling for sex. His proudest moment is his cameo in the documentary "Two Girls One Cup" He has known from a very young age "what's the point?"

INHWAN CHI
Coordinator Of Hardball



How are you? I'm fine. I'm just failing both of my math classes. I didn't study, and I smoked weed pretty much everyday. Good times. I'm so sick of school, but I think I'll hate work, too. I feel terrible; I'm still living with my parents. I'm fat, not too ugly, and tired. Tired, Eileen. Sometimes I want to end it all, but I'm scared of that, too. So, I'm stuck here living, not enjoying myself. My other classes are fine, I do love weed, not that big of a fan of alcohol, I'm not close to dropping out (yet) and I have stuff to look forward to. So, life isn't that bad. But I still feel empty and nasty. I wish I could see you again, like so many other people from my past. I have friends, but they don't like me much, I think. I'm losing my youth, and I feel it. O, Eileen, I miss you. Thanks for reminding me you're still existing. Let's chat more. Where are you? Answer me back soon!





ERIN O'BRIEN

Watercooler Refiller



Erin Rose O'Brien (EROB) was born in a lighthouse, her mother was the sea. She enjoys carrying things from place to place, crashing senior proms, and collecting pet goldfish. EROB was the exec producer of the failed television show *Scotty's Big Break*, on NBCBS. Her new book, *You Can Do It, Bagel Babies*, will be released in June of 2014, and she'll begin her intergalactic, inter-reality tour then. Stepsister of two, Teacher of the Year seven years running.

MISCHA ALETTA

Big Picture Guy



Aletta was quickly promoted through the ranks after his idea to put inspirational quotes/knock knock jokes on the inside of mayonnaise jars. He used his new position at the company to make unbelievable amounts of money without doing much work and now makes daily trips to the wreckage of the Titanic in search of his great grandmother's treasured shake-weight. Every now and then he writes because in 1998 he met a talking lawn mower at Home Depot that threatened to break his knee caps if he doesn't.

GABI LENHARD

Director of Lookin' Good



When Gabi Lenhard was young, she could not stop farting. Every five minutes nostril-crippling concentrations of methane would pop out. Kids at school took to wearing gas masks or clothespins over their noses. For years Gabi led a tormented childhood, until one day she fell down a mineshaft coming home from school. There Gabi found her pet cockroach Timmy and, due to facial damage, lost her ability to smell. Freed from self-consciousness, Gabi learned to stand up to the bullies. She now runs the anti-bullying organization Fart For Change and has invented the world's first human methane powered coffee maker. Buy yours today at www.ShittyCoffee.com and get a free can of Summer Breeze Lysol!

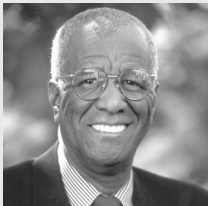




Economic Forecast

As you may have heard, after a ruling of the Supreme Court, corporations are now people. In fact, it appears corporations have been people ever since God made stocks in His image. Why do you think money has 'In God We Trust' on it? It's because money is the lifeblood of these corporations.

Now, the current recession is partly due to the low reproductive rate of corporations; i.e. they are not having enough sex. In addition, divorce rates among married corporations have skyrocketed, and while this gave a boost in sexual activity for the divorce law firms, the rest of the corporations are finding it hard to find true love in the cruel business world. Sadly, corporations are also suffering from a low birthrate; averaging at 1.2 children per household. The recent increase in homosexual corporations is not helping the population crisis. Corporations now have the responsibility to screw each other, rather

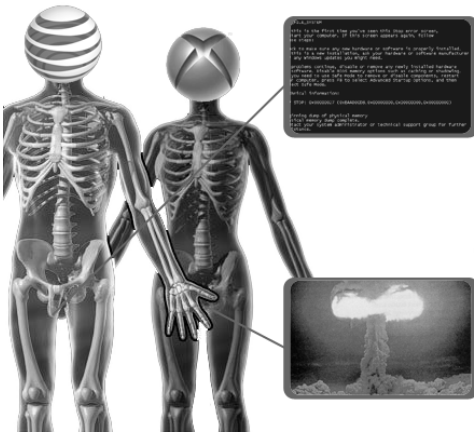


“The secret ingredient for both delicious cookies and a successful business is this: cocaine.”

WALLY AMOS

Founder of “Famous Amos” Cookies

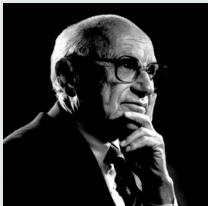




The recession was caused by cock-teasing prudes like Microsoft that won't put out.

than screwing flesh and blood people for shits and giggles. But there is hope for the corporations; President Obama has started the Corporation Porn initiative to arouse corporations

into having sex. The increase in injection of money into the money supply and the government whoring itself out to the corporations to conceive illegitimate quasi-public/private businesses surely will benefit the corporations in the long run, but purists are worried about this race mixing of private and public sectors are destroying the integrity of the white race.



“Hark! I remember the schoolyard taunts of cruel children. Years passed, that once gangly, shy boy matured into an assertive, bright scholar and yet the children in my neighborhood still call me ‘old man fuck face.’”

MILTON FRIEDMAN

Economist, Noble Prize Winner





From The Desktop Of Neil S.

Subject: I Am Not Crazy!

CC: Contact List

Dear coworkers, friends, family, and class of '99,

Recently my phone's been blowing up with calls and texts from you guys. Apparently an email I ACCIDENTALLY sent is going "viral." It seems that instead of attaching a TPS spreadsheet, I had what my mom calls a "brain-fart" and sent a document entitled "FOR NEIL'S EYES ONLY" to several colleagues. Did anyone even read the title? Do all caps mean nothing anymore? An anonymous source that is really fat and named Chris told me that the document is now being forwarded to everyone and their dog. It sounds like all you guys are freaking out, "overreacting" as my therapist would say.

So you probably looked at the 536 page document and thought, "Well shit, Neil has been secretly trying to fatten me up so that he can eat me, better not send him a Christmas card." Hold up. If you actually read it you would understand that I have been secretly trying to fatten my circle of friends, family, and coworkers on the off-off-off-off chance that I am in a situation where there is absolutely NO food, like in movies you know. If only James Franco had an obese hiker friend stuck with him in that ditch... It's just common sense, if I'm going on a business trip with a colleague and our plane crashes in the Andes with no hope in sight, his fatness could be the difference between me surviving, or I don't even want to think about it – I have a wife and a cat!



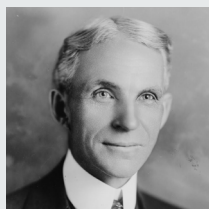


The reason the document is sooo long is because I started writing down strategies to get my friends fat way back in high school. Stuff like Strategy 17 was really effective: When a friend says, “Hey Neil wanna hit the gym?” I just say “No,” or “No, let’s go get Nuts 4 Nuts.” Another effective one is Strategy 74--when someone says, “Neil! I can’t decide where we should go for lunch, Quiznos or Chipotle?” I just say, “That’s easy, both!” At first they think it’s a joke, but then they are happy when it’s not.

The next 500 pages or so is what appears to be everyone’s recorded weight for every 3 months over the last 10 years. DON’T WORRY I’m not actually weighing anyone, how could I pull that off? I pretty much guess-timate, which I’m amazing at. Notice how I guess the weight of the chocolate easter rabbit at my church EVERY time? Then I use that for Strategy number 48.

Well I’m glad that the air is clear now and we can all go back to work and stop calling and leaving voice mails that make me feel bad. Also my wife can come back from her sister’s where she has been jazzercising for like 3 days straight. Thanks guys!

Best,
Neil



“My secret? I’m great at carrying a tune. I only have to hear a song a couple of times before I can whistle it.”

HENRY FORD

Founder of the Ford Motor Company





Schmidt & Henderson INC

To: All Employees
From: Max Franken (CEO)
Subject: Sexual Harassment

Dear Employees,

There have been some expressed concerns over sexual harassment matters. There seems to be some misunderstandings over what is considered to be sexual harassment and what is regular office interaction. We have addressed some of the top recurring complaints.

1. Some female workers having their breasts fondled.

This is actually a form of greeting in Scandinavia and should not be taken as harassment. Your co-worker is just trying to replicate the great Viking work ethic by instilling some of their business formalities into their workday. You should not be offended. In fact, you should feel complimented! Your co-worker feels that you have a similar dedicated work ethic. You should collaborate more often!

2. Saying hello at the water cooler.

This is a direct violation of the company's sexual harassment policies. This is a leading question that can open a can of worms. Soon, your coworkers will be asking about your day, your home life, your sex life, and then asking you for sex. It is better to just nip it in the bud and simply ignore the question. At the first chance you get, please





report the harasser to your supervisor so they can address human resources.

3. **Showing up in your office naked.**

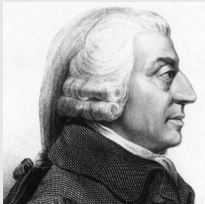
This is not to be misconstrued as a sexual advance. Some people work at their best productivity when there are most comfortable. For many, they are most comfortable in the nude. Join them in the naked frivolity! Last quarter, we had a naked day once a month, and our numbers skyrocketed. It is best for the company to be naked.

4. **Offering a cup of coffee.**

This is a direct threat to your safety. There is a higher chance that your coworker has drugged this cup of coffee than they are giving it to you out of kindness. **DO NOT DRINK THE COFFEE!** Place a sample in a vial for drug testing. Without touching the mug, place it in a sterilized bag to be tested for fingerprints. This is a matter for the police to handle rather than your direct superiors. Proper action will be taken to terminate the harasser.

Best,

Max Franken
CEO



“Don’t be indecisive or else the rough, calloused hands of the free market will molest you.”

ADAM SMITH

Social Philosopher, Economist





PLAGUE



The original Plague headquarters were located in the basement of Fogarty & Bro's Shoe Company in the meatpacking district of New York City



The Plague's original staff consisted of orphans from the St. Mary group home who used comedy as a coping mechanism for their rickets.

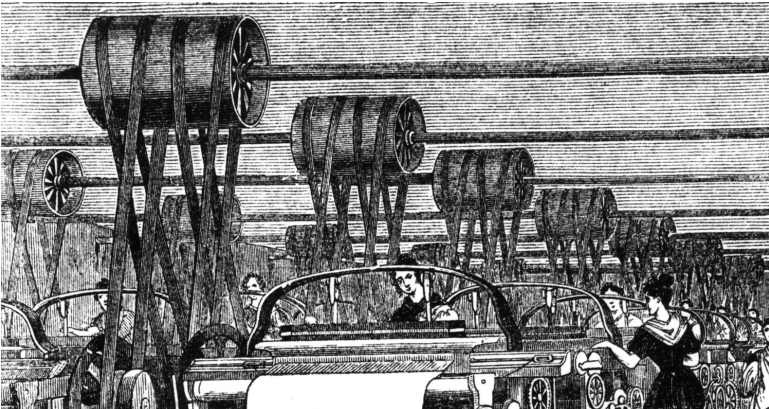




HISTORY



This photo depicts the Plague's first editor-in-chief Joseph Cartwright and head writer Nestor Dingham.



Before the invention of steam power, joke machines were powered using a hand crank. The Industrial Revolution sparked the creation of mechanical juggernauts that manufactured twenty slapsticks per minute.





Prisoner of Love

1/4/12: Introduction

Hello, everyone. My name is Dana Andrews, and today is officially the first day of my 40-year sentence to prison.

I'm really considering this to be a new beginning for me in terms of honing my artistic talents, practicing my faith, and most importantly, finding the love of my life.

I decided to create this blog as a way of documenting my journey for true love. Regretfully, I haven't found that special someone yet, and I really think this prison stay is my chance to take a shot at love. Much like the shot I took at the head of a Missouri state trooper.



The dead cop's crying wife didn't know her bra was showing. Awkward...





1/6/12: Liking It Rough

Prison is *definitely* going to be a good place to explore my bolder side. I've always had a thing for bondage, and North Dakota State Penitentiary is the perfect place to indulge my chains and whips fetish! There are manacles *everywhere*, and you can't turn a corner without bumping into a rugged authority figure with a baton and a God-complex. I've caught the warden, Jim, eyeing me a few times, and I'm pretty sure he's going to have to teach me a few things about subordination in his private quarters.



I showed the girls my "Say Anything" John Cusack tattoo.

1/11/12: Expanding My Horizons

Ugh, I'm through with the wardens. It turns out Jim isn't as into giving me his heart in the form of S and M as he's into giving me heroin for a blowjob. Men, am I right? But there's good news. My cellmate, Angie, and I have become really close. She's a tough cookie who's been around the prison block a few times and knows a few things about matters of the heart. (Also matters of gang hierarchy, which is really useful!)





Anyway, I didn't go to college, so I missed out on the whole "experimental" phase. But now I can make up for lost time and more! After all "cellmate" is one syllable away from "soul mate."

1/18/12: Love Fought the Law, and the Law Won

Worst. Week. Ever. After scoring some coke off the schizophrenic two cells down, Angie and I went all the way, and I mean *all* the way. I was a little hesitant about the lady loving at first, but let me tell you, the electric chair wasn't the only thing sizzling that night.

I was thrilled until, not two hours later, I walked in on Angie who, in an attempt to get some more blow, was caressing the pickle of, you guessed it, *Jim*. Naturally I was so heartbroken that I grabbed Jim's nightstick and bludgeoned the two of them to death right then and there.

Now, here I am, sitting on death row with no chance for appeal. But you know what hurts most? That I almost had love but had it ripped away from me in the most painful way. If only this had never happened. Then maybe my heart would know the crushing heartbreak it feels now.

I regret murdering my husband.



"Before I invented the hamburger, people used to just drink the meat juice and throw the beef away. What a waste!"

RAY KROC

Entrepreneur, McDonald's





Diary Of A Dictator

January 5, 1995

Dear Diary,

I cannot BEGIN to tell you how upset I am right now! Ever since coming out of hiding, things have been tougher than ever. As you know, I'm pretty old by now – even though I retain the body of a 45-year-old thanks to all those organ transplant experiments – and so much has changed in the world since I went into hiding in Walt Disney's basement that I hardly recognize anything. First off, the Jews are still around! Can you believe that! After everything they still managed to survive!? It's like they're the goddamn cockroaches of society the way there's no way to kill off all of them. But from what I hear they haven't ruined any societies yet like they were back in my day, so I guess there's somebody keeping them at bay.

Also, I ran into these dark skinned people called “Puerto Ricans,” and they're simply amazing! Like they invited me to dance and sing with them, and OH MY GOD, the food is so good! I got a look of their leader in a local publication. Her name is J-LO, and I must say, she is a goddess. I mean, her rear end is practically the size of Auschwitz! I must admit I made a mistake; the Aryan race should be dark, curvy, and have lips as full as bratwurst. But anyway, back to why I'm upset! As it turns out, Nazis aren't really a real political party anymore! I mean sure, I, Hitler, the supposed leader of the group was supposed to be dead but I mean, c'mon! It's not like the legacy was difficult to keep up! “We hate Jews and most other people!” That's it! Not too difficult to memorize. I'm just so flustered by it that my mustache is shaking again. Man, that really made me upset today. I'm really glad I met those Puerto Ricans though, because that really cheered me up.

Anyway, I gotta go. Promised myself I'd shave my mustache because people keep saying I look like Hitler, and I really just kind of want to change my image up a bit.

Peace out Diary,
Hitler





Chronicling the Narberth Salon Wars of '93-'98

Records indicate that Style Central, A Hair Salon was the first salon in the peaceful town of Narberth, Pennsylvania. This establishment enjoyed a great deal of success, and it became famous for giving away beef flanks as a promotional prize for recommending new customers. But all of this changed in 1993, when a salon known as A Cut Above the Rest moved into Narberth. Patrick Jansen, the owner of Style Central, thought that the name A Cut Above the Rest was a direct criticism of his salon, and this misunderstanding eventually turned lethal. The two salons waged a deadly turf war, and the violence continued until 1997 when the owners settled their differences with a handshake. The following is a record of the confrontational name changes that the two salons went through while engaging in their power struggle.

1993:

- Style Central, A Hair Salon
- A Cut Above the Rest

1994:

- Style Central, Narberth's Original Hair Salon
- A Cut Above the Original

1995:

- Style Central, A Salon that is Better than the Piece of Shit on 23rd St
- A Cut Above Any Other Salon, Specifically the Other Salon in this Town – Fuck that Salon





1996:

- Style Central, If You Want to Say Something Then Say it, Pal, A Hair Salon
- A Cut Above Patrick Jansen's Throat is What I have in Store for Him, Salon

1997:

- Style Central, \$5000 Worth of Hair Gel And Your Daughter Lives, 12:15 at the General Store, No Cops, A Hair Salon
- Take Me, It's Not the Girl You Want, She Has Nothing to Do With This, Salon
- Style Central, What Didn't You Understand About No Cops? Maybe This Will Teach You a Lesson, A Hair Salon
- I'm Done Playing Your Sick Games, We End This Tonight, You Know the Place, Salon



Point:

Martin, We Need To Talk—I'm Leaving You For Your Brother

By Eliza Arnold



When we first started dating, Martin, it felt like there could never be a more perfect couple than you and me. I loved you more with every moment we spent together. But you and I both know that we've faced many bitter obstacles since those early days. I don't expect you ever to forgive me for this, but I've been having an affair with your brother. He reached out to me when you were distant, and though it tears me apart to say this, I'm leaving you.

Please, Martin, can't we be compassionate people about this? Can't we cherish those tender memories from our past, while accepting the reality of our present? Look at me, Martin, just please, look at me. Did I ever tell you the moment when I knew that you were the man I wanted to marry? It was during our senior year in college, when your parents invited me out to Connecticut for Thanksgiving. They made us sleep in separate bedrooms, but in the middle of the night we snuck out to your old treehouse and spent the night there. Geeze, I'm such a mess, I can't stop sobbing. Oh Martin, how did two people so in love grow so far apart?

I'm sorry, Martin, I'll stop with this. See, look, I'm barely even crying now. Your brother Thomas isn't half the man that you were when we started dating, but the fact of the matter is, Martin, that you are only a fraction of the man you used to be, the man I first fell in love with. Thomas has such a big heart though, and he manages to distract me from this great cloud of loneliness that has been hovering over me for so long. I'm stopping now, I have to stop this before I start crying again. But take care of yourself Martin, and never forget the memories that you and I shared.





Counterpoint:

Not Now, Honey, I'm On A Conference Call

By Martin Arnold



Look, Bob, if the Weston account was in order, I wouldn't be on the phone with you right now. We've been seeing a decline in productivity for the past seven months, and there's no sign that things are getting any better out there. Of course the new acquisition is responsible for some of this, of course. David, I'm not arguing with you, I just want to encourage the team to start thinking outside the box a bit more here. And please honey, I can't talk right now, I'm in the middle of a conference call.

David, I think you're missing the point here: we've been sitting on the Weston account for two years now, and at this rate we won't get a single penny out of the old man for another two years. George, I hear you. Of course your concerns are legitimate here, but just think about those poor bastards over at the 28th street branch. How do you think a potential merger would sound to them after that unholy mess with the Dobson family's assets? It wouldn't sound so good, would it George? No, it wouldn't sound good at all. Eliza, please, just give me a minute here.

And that's the point exactly, David, that's exactly it. If those guys even cast a glance at the files, we'll have them in court so goddamned fast that their heads will spin! If they thought Dobson was bad then they have no idea what they're in for with us. George, George, George, that's the beauty of the whole thing – it's a no-lose game! We'll pull all of the accounts offline faster than you can say "core competency." Now if the three of you could just give your 110% for the rest of the quarter, we should be in the black by February. And Eliza, please, just another half hour, this conference call is important.





Successful Ned

Ned majored in Business. He recently graduated, married his college sweetheart, had a child, and started doing business at a business firm. He is currently finishing up his second month at the firm, and is chewing the rag over a turkey sandwich with his colleague Bill. It's Friday.

Bill: Damn, this is a turkey sandwich I'm eating right now.

Ned: Sure as hell is Bill- looks mighty tasty if I do say so myself. I prefer mine without mustard though.

Bill: You don't say?

Ned: Just did.

Bill: I suppose so. How's the wife treating ya, Ned?

Ned: Swell Bill. In fact, I just had sex with her last night. We tried some new stuff she learned in Cosmo.

Bill: Damn! I'll bet that was great. But not as great as having a wife that can't read! That's how I roll. She fucks me like an animal- literally. I keep a piece of cowhide on the bedside table just in case things get out of hand.

Ned: Wowzers Bill, that sounds fun. I'm gonna have to stay sitting for a while now, you dog!

Bill: A stiff tip breeds a good salesman, Ned. Say, speaking of fun, what do you say we toss back a few at The Moist Heathen this evening? I'm buyin!

Ned: A few? I am ready to drink you under the table Bill. *Looks at the clock* If everything goes according to plan I should have a hefty buzz on by 5:20.

Bill: You're on!

Later, at the bar, after numerous drinks.

Bill: I am shitfaced!

Ned: Me too!

Bill: Great!

Ned: Great!

pause...long silence





Bill: I'm gonna have to piss soon.

Ned: I hear you.

another, longer silence

Bill: So how's life man?

Ned: You know Bill that's a good question. Life, as they say, is completely satisfying. I've got a good job, nice house, and you and I get hammered on the weekends. My wife and I talk about current events, the kid, the house, and then we screw. I've got a baby, and it's just like this little fucking baby, so that shit's crazy and sort of entertaining.

Bill: Amen to that brother! **they take a shot**

Fast forward ten years. Ned has been living his life for a bit. Promotion (he is assistant manager), he has another kid, hangs out with Bill, good marriage, etc. Ned recently bought his eldest son his first "Life's Good" shirt and then they went camping. Bill and Ned are chewing the rag over a turkey sandwich.

Bill: I am eating.

Ned: Really? Me too.





Bill: Alright! *pause, chews* Remember beer other day?

Ned: Beer! Drunk! That was after work.

Bill: Sex!

Ned: Meeting soon. I'll beer you in the sex. I mean, I'll see you in the meeting.

Bill: Sounds food. I mean, good.

The VP of the firm is visiting Ned's bureau to hear a presentation, which Ned and Bill did the work on, but the bureau manager has taken credit for. Interior of a conference room.

Manager: As you can see, the line on the graph dips a little bit in the middle, but then it goes up really fast, which means money and winning for our firm.

VP: Hmm, yes, yes, good.

Ned is lost in thought (or lack thereof)

VP: What do you think of your supervisor's proposal... *(squints at nametag)* Edward?

Ned: *(confused)* Let's take a shot of Jack for Jesus!

Boss: Excuse me?!

Bill: I think he means that the presentation has done a lot to please us.

VP: Let him speak for himself.

all eyes on Ned

Ned: *(appears unaware of his surroundings. He stands up and speaks to nobody in particular.)* Son, get your daddy a beer... I'm selling tater tots! C'mon hun, let's have a quickie while he's in the kitchen. C'mon!!

Ned grabs at Bill

Bill: *(drops his pants and bends over)* Hit me with your pitch!

Ned: *(forgetting, speaks into Bill's asshole)* When's lunch break?

Bill: *still bent over, looks at his watch* It's about a quarter to four right now.

Ned drops his pants, bends over, turns around and presses his ass up against Bill's. They speak to each other upside down between their legs, asses together.

Ned: I drank a pants filled with sales last night!





Bill: Did you turn a profit?

Ned: Yes, but my grandmother had a Catholic funeral.

Bill: Swell! Me too. My wife is lactating, and colostrum sales are skyrocketing.

Ned: Poopy and boobies!

Bill: Oh sweet baby Jesus, you would taste wonderful in a nice thick gumbo.

Ned: Here's to looking at you, kid.

they laugh hysterically

Bill: When we went to see ma in the hospital we left the dog out. But then she died, so the dog escaped for no reason!

Ned: *(sings)* She's noooooottt a girl, who misses much. Duh dododo, oh yeah.

Bill: When's next Thanksgiving?

Ned: Whenever you feel like giving thanks.

Bill: Is that all?

Ned: My name is Inigo Montoya. You killed my father; prepare to die.

Bill: God is love!

Ned: No, that won't do.

Bill: A bildungsroman ending, really.

Ned gets up and climbs onto the conference table with his pants still around his ankles. He screams like a monkey and calls for a banana. Bill joins him, swinging his penis around like a lasso.

A week later, Ned and Bill receive a call from the Boss thanking them for an exemplary meeting and promoting them to manager and assistant manager, respectively.



"I'm always doing business. It's redundant to suggest that I 'get down to business.' Therefore, if you say 'It's business time,' and then get all offended when I take off my pants and mount you on the conference table, then I don't think you belong in this company."

RUPERT MURDOCH

Media Mogul, CEO of News Corporation





Professor Goodfellow's Guide to Grammar

Timothy Goodfellow is the McCullen Professor of Historical Linguistics at Columbia University.

Esteemed readers, friends, and colleagues, this week I will be giving you the phraseology of an expression with its historical origins in the Chesapeake colonies. The idiom in question is “How do you like them apples?”

Historical records indicate that apples were in high demand for Virginia's colonies. This, of course, is due to the general strengthening of body one experiences upon ingesting an apple's tangy meats. The Chesapeake settlers were unable to grow apples in the Virginian climate, and were thus forced into commerce with the Dutch colonists of Connecticut.

There was already a great deal of animosity between these two colonies ever since Lord Bos van Rosenthal of Dutch nobility had borrowed three of the Chesapeake's finest milking cows and refused to return them. Cattle thievery notwithstanding, the Virginians were desperate for their apples, so they devised a precarious trading system.

The practice proceeded as so: a Dutch vessel would approach the Virginian port at a speed of 3 to 6 knots. When the vessel was within two hundred fingers length from the dock, the Dutch would pull back the tarps





covering their apple shipment, revealing a ripe lot of tree fruits. At this point, the Dutch captain would position himself on the starboard side of his craft, and shout to those on land, “How do you like them apples?” If the colonists approved of the shipment, they would customarily reply in unison, “Methinks thou art a peddler of the sweetest ciders!” If the apples appeared unsatisfactory, those on land would load their cannons and fire upon the Dutch until the harbor was littered with intestines and other such bodily stuffs.

It was only a matter of time before the phrase “How do you like them apples” was applied to situations that had nothing to do with pomaceous fruits. Most notably it became common for merchants to ask this question while in the process of selling wooden barrels. Today, the phrase is commonplace across the diverse fields such as folk medicine, horseshoeing, and lumberjackery.

Stay tuned next week to hear Professor Goodfellow explain the Norwegian origins of the phrase “A bird in hand is worth two in the bush.”



“Economics is my mistress, and supply and demand are her titties.”

THOMAS J. SARGENT

Economist, Noble Prize Winner





NEW YORK UNIVERSITY
Student Health Center

WEIRD LUMPS?

It's important to check yourself regularly for strange growths appearing on your butt. The next time you take a shower, remember to feel for the following:

- Lumps the size of a nickel
- Lumps the size of a golf ball
- Lumps the size of a bocce ball
- Lumps the size of a Hotwheels car

NYUStudentHealthCenter
Health Promotion Office
726 Broadway, 3rd Floor
212.443.1234
www.nyu.edu/shc/promotion



WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK SMOKED MEATS

SMOKE?

SMOKE?

SMOKE?





The Top Five Coins of 2011

5. Dime – It's hard to imagine a more perfect coin. I can only think of about four, and that's only after I've laid my collection out in front of me for a few minutes and arranged it into little stacks. I generally spend these babies multiple times a day, and for good reason – they're worth ten cents. Maybe a meaningless number to the layman, but in fact, ten is the basis of the number system most of us use to count stuff. If you need proof, just check out your hands, and number the fingers (this can be hard to do if you use your fingers to help count, so heads up). Also, one can't forget how useful it is as a word – I use it to describe pretty much anything worth ten points, which is not a bad score by any means.

4. Penny – The classic of coins! The unique thing about the penny is that it's like the coin equivalent of the number one. While that's not enough to place it at number one on my list, it lends old Penny a versatility that puts her a cut above the rest. (In this case, dimes, and other potential coins that I don't know about). Since its amount of cents is so low, the penny can be almost infinitely combined with more



pennies to create the worth of any other coin, even ones that aren't normally available. Ever find yourself wishing you had a coin worth six cents? May seem impossible, but here it's the penny's time to shine. Just collect six of them and stick them together using tape, or put them in the same place using a container.

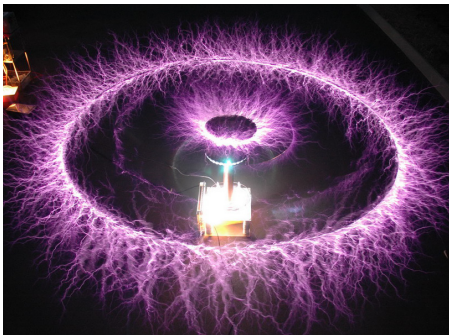
1976 was the peak of the penny's golden years. This ol' girl may have lost some of her luster, but she's still a beauty!





3. Gold Coin - These have a satisfying weight and appearance, and if we're to believe video games, are associated with a noteworthy and soothing noise. I've only seen these being worth single units of value, such as when gotten and traded at Dave & Busters, although I wouldn't be surprised if they were worth something in USD. Their use is admittedly somewhat limited, but since their main function is to be traded for prizes, I'll find myself getting and spending them a couple times a week. That's a sign that a coin's really doing its job. I also want to note that their lustre is highly variable, and while these are my third best coin of 2011, it should be emphasized that it's a provisional position until someone can tell me how to keep my gold coins clean and shiny.

2. Bitcoin – Wow! Who could have predicted that in the two short years since my last Top Coins feature, we'd see a whole new type come into play? I should admit that I was a bit skeptical at first, but having used a few bitcoins since they were first announced, I think I can call myself definitively a fan. They're a little different from your average coins in that they're not made of metal, or even shiny plastic. They're made of electricity instead, and you can only use them on the computer. I thought that seemed almost useless, but after some reflection, I realized how much I personally use my computer each day. Just some kind of weird mental block I guess, or maybe I'm stubborn.



But since I've lightened up, these guys have been blowing up my hard drive almost every day, their uses varying from ordering toys online to trading them for bitcoins of different colors with other users. Be sure to keep an eye on bitcoins in 2012!

A bitcoin is made out of computer electricity.





1. Quarter –

This coin is worth more than any other coin I can think of. And not only is it worth the most, it's also the biggest! You really know what to expect picking up one of these bad boys, and that's what I call truth in advertising. In 2011 I found myself packing up to six or seven



The bicentennial quarter has the might of four normal quarters.

quarters a day and using almost all of them. To me, their appeal lies in their mammoth 25-cent worthiness. That means you only need a couple of them – four, in fact – until you're in the realm of dollars, or as I like to think of it, the big leagues of money. This “Quarter Attitude” came out on top this year of business mergers and movies about companies being really popular, and accordingly, the quarter doesn't seem ready to relinquish his spot anytime soon.

Honorable Mentions:

Nickel - A nice coin, but without the grooves on the side I found them slipping out of my hands too much to be really useful.

Sacagawea Coin - It seems weird to have a coin be about historical stuff instead of being worth any money.





'Buy Her A Beer' App for iPhone



SHE WANTS A DRINK. YOU WANT A FRIEND.

We all long for companionship. Now, for the first time ever, the revolutionary 'Buy Her A Beer' app is connecting two demographics who need each other more than they will ever know: underage women and kindhearted older men. You want to buy that beer for her, so let us help you. We dare you to check out the app that everyone – old and young – is talking about.



DOWNLOAD YOUR FREE 'BUY HER A BEER' APP AT THE APP STORE.





HANDSHAKE



“Sorry About Your Dead Dad” Handshake: This handshake is perfect for when you want to network with someone at their dad’s funeral.

The Unrequited Fist Bump: Fist bumping is reserved for commoners and brutes. Any offers to “bump it” should be swiftly rebuffed with a condescending glare.





TECHNIQUES



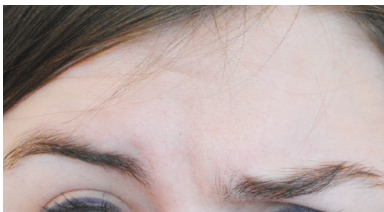
Candy Bribe Handshake: Many business deals are closed by the subtle act of slipping a business partner a nice piece of hardcandy.

Secret Handshake: This handshake technique can only be unlocked after you've shaken over 3,000 hands.





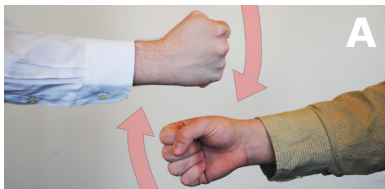
HANDSHAKE



Eyebrow Shake: No hands. Just eyebrows.

The Poundback To The Pow! And Diggity-Slick:

(A) Pound.



(B) Bring it back.



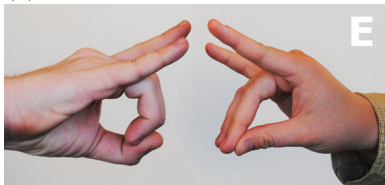
(C) Bring hands together and reflect upon the frailty of life.



(D) Pow! Right in the hand!



(E) Staredown between two lone wolves. (F) Notarization.





TECHNIQUES



Deformed Freak Handshake: If you are forced to greet a grotesque freak with a deformed hand, it is polite to mangle your hand in a similar fashion before shaking the monstrosity's "hand."

Condom Shake: Condoms should be worn at all times to protect from office diseases. You never know how many different hands these people have been with.





Store Reviews

By Alex Randolph, Dave and Buster's Enthusiast

Raymour & Flanigan

I stroll into Raymour & Flanigan. It's Tuesday so as usual I'm wearing my Dave and Buster's varsity jacket, hand-crafted by the Dave-man himself. I'm wearing one pair of D&B sunglasses and have another pair perched on my forehead, just in case I need to look extra tough. I enter Raymour & Flanigan and quickly scan the area. It's all just chairs and couches. I can't believe what I'm seeing. Rather, I can't believe what I'm not seeing. Where are the miniature basketball games? Why aren't there any middle-aged people having inappropriate amounts of fun doing children's activities? I stand there, stunned. Eventually, an employee walks up to me. I can tell that this is Raymour because of his trademark homosexual haircut and his laughably feminine arms. He opens his mouth, but before he can utter a word, I swiftly karate chop him in the neck and run off. "Why don't you go to an art-gallery opening, you weirdly-named freak!" I yell over my shoulder as I flee the store. This is definitely not Dave and Buster's.

Rating: 2/10



"All the sound effects for Microsoft Powerpoint were made by me with my mouth."

BILL GATES

Founder, Chairman of Microsoft





Boring! How am I supposed to have fun without an ice hockey table?

Benihana

It's Wednesday night. I burst into Benihana with two busty babes in tow. I think their names are Caroline and Rachel, but I just call them Dave and Buster. I confidently saunter up to a waiter and ask for a table for three. The waiter, a spineless Dutchman judging by his lack of forearm thickness and weasely face, says the restaurant is at capacity and that we have to wait at another thirty minutes to get seated. He's playing hardball and wants a bribe, I realize. I grin and reach into the pocket of my official D&B sweatpants and pull out a handful of D&B game tokens. "Get yourself a slinky," I say as I fling the tokens into his astonished face. I walk into the seating area with one arm around Dave and one arm around Buster. I grab both of their outer breasts simultaneously. The food is good, but I can't find a miniature basketball game anywhere. I need to get my game-time on so I end up throwing wads of toilet paper into the urinals. This is definitely not Dave and Buster's.

Rating: 5/10





Best Buy

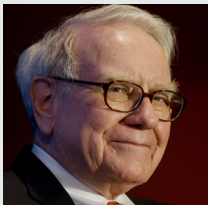
I power-stomp into Best Buy. As I start to look around, my power-stomping slows into power-walking and then into a complete stop. I feel confused and dizzy as if I had just finished a round on Dave and Buster's motorcycle simulator game. There are giant video screens everywhere, and the aisles are full of shiny techno boxes. What is this place? Is this some sort of futuristic Dave and Buster's? I walk to the nearest station, and begin playing this game called "Microsoft Word." It sucks. You'd think the future would have better games. This is definitely not Dave and Buster's.

Rating: 3/10

Costco

As I'm walking through the doors of Costco, some red-vested slime stops me and asks to see my Costco membership card. I shove him to the ground and stand menacingly over him as I whip out my Dave and Buster's Power Card. The red-vested slime says he can't let me in without a membership card. I was about to strike a killing blow for his ignorance, but I saw more red-vests approaching. Not worth the hassle. Instead, I deliver a well-placed kick to the slime's mid-section and leave. This is definitely not Dave and Buster's.

Rating: 2/10

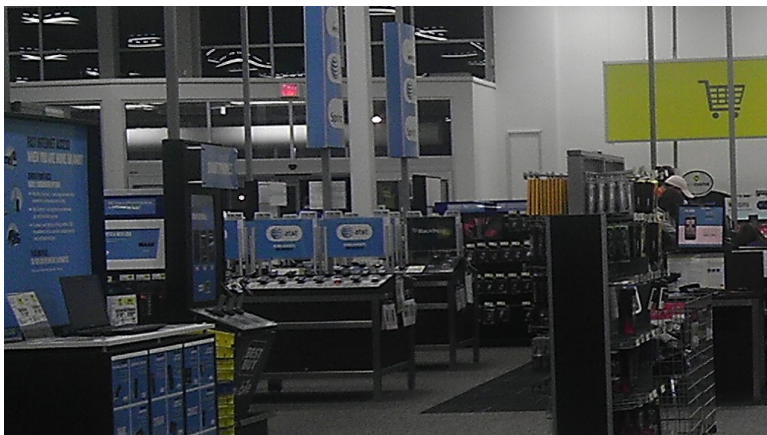


"Becoming rich hasn't changed me at all. I have an ugly wife, and I still use a rusty hatchet to cut my own hair."

WARREN BUFFET

Investor, CEO of Berkshire Hathaway





Best Buy is a futuristic, dystopic Dave and Buster's with no buffalo wings.

Chuck E. Cheese's

Friday night, I blitzkrieg into Chuck E. Cheese's with my D&B crew: Hound Dog, Crazy Steve, Alley Cat, G-Spot, and Bruiser. It's shaping up to be a good night. The boys and I settle in and play some Skee Ball. By the end of the night, we each have around a thousand prize tickets except for Bruiser who ate all his tickets because he thought they were thin, papery sausage links. Classic Bruiser! We go check out the prize center, and see these cool night vision goggles for five thousand, and we decide to pool our tickets together and get it. But right before my turn, some 8-year old prick cuts me in line and gets the last pair of goggles. "Gimme those goggles, little faggot," I growl at him. "W-what?" he said, his little hands shaking as he nervously rubbed them against his tie-dye Rocket Power shirt. I snatch the goggles away from him and was about to knock him unconscious when suddenly me and the boys find ourselves surrounded by a gang of child





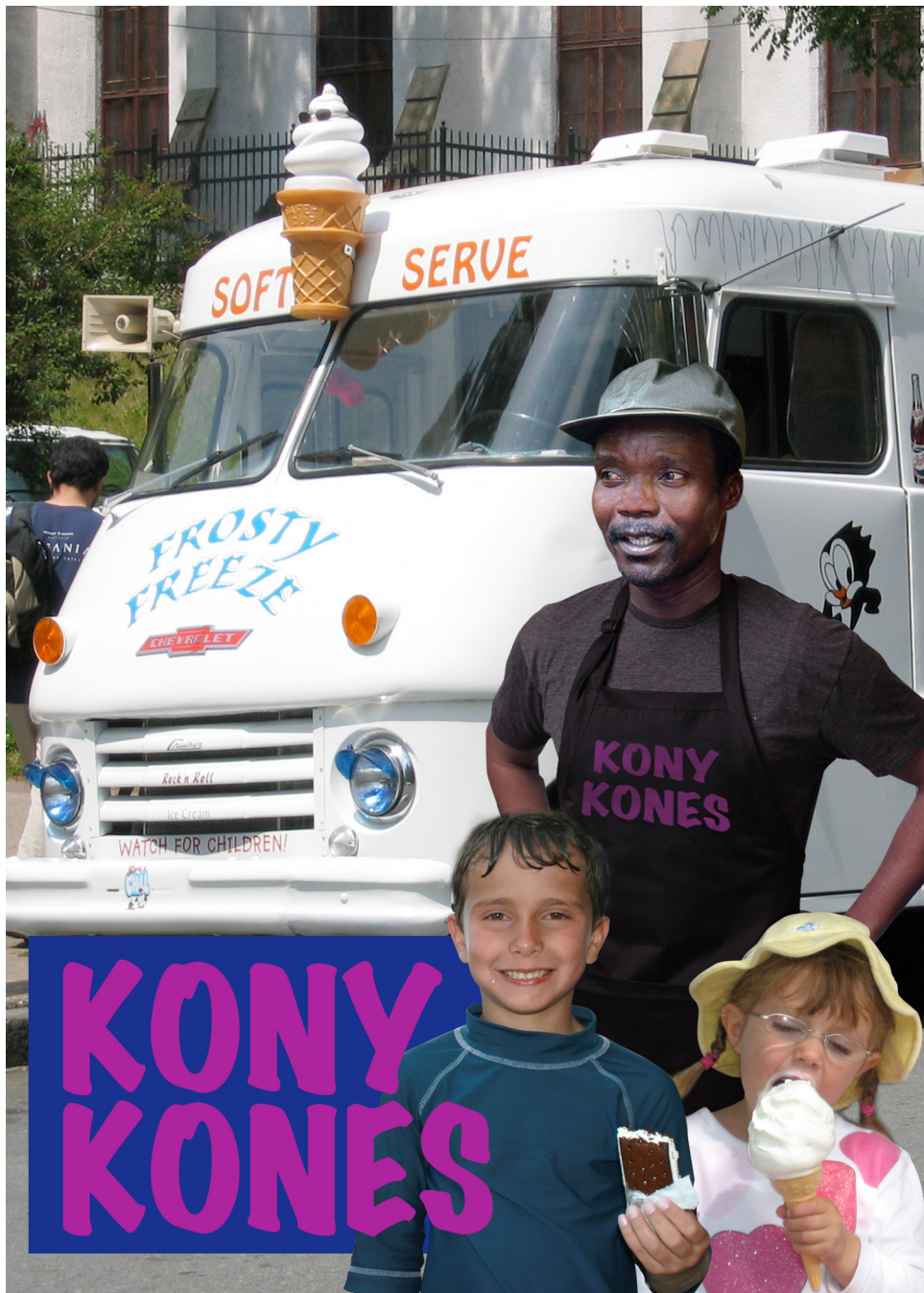
thugs from Mike Sanchez's birthday party. One kid is larger than the others and is wearing a paper Burger King crown. He must be Mike Sanchez. Most of his goons look to be in the 3rd grade, but Sanchez is much bigger. I could tell from his faint moustache that he had been held back a few years. Most likely his parents never read to him as a baby, or he was just naturally stupid. Sanchez approaches me and shoves me in the chest. Fortunately, his muscular Latino arms don't force me to lose my balance, due to years of game play on D&B's virtual surfing game. I move decisively. I crouch and sweep my leg in a circular arc, knocking Sanchez to the ground. In a flash, I jump on top him and unleash a series of flying elbows. He begins to cry. Seeing their birthday boy humiliated, the other goons flee. I triumphantly spit on Sanchez's sniveling body, snatch all the prize tickets on his person, and buy a pogo stick. It was a good night.

Rating: 9/10



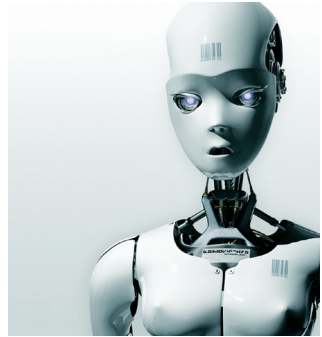
My crew: (from left) Hound Dog, Bruiser, G-Spot, and Crazy Steve







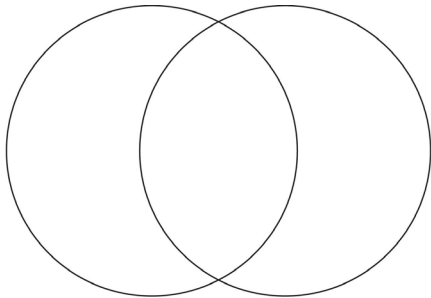
The ancient Egyptians would often sacrifice virgin nubilees as tribute to the job-creation gods.



Don't let romantic relationships get in the way of your career. Think about it, in ten years, they'll probably come out with cyborg babes that you can just buy.



80% of business deals are made on the golf course. Ambitious businessmen should definitely take up this lame-ass "sport."



The Venn Diagram was invented in 1979 by a team of Russian circle-smashers.



Dress for success. Boy, I love it when stuff rhymes. It makes my brain feel good, y'know?





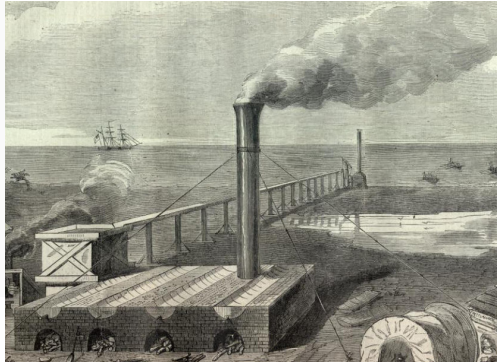
Think big. Blimps. Skyscrapers. Limousines. Stuff like that.



Apple's Terms and Conditions Agreement is actually a short story Steve Jobs was looking to get feedback on.



Earning power is highly correlated to vertical leap.



The Industrial Revolution was sparked by the invention of smog by Eli "Smog-man" Whitney.



After his presidency, Teddy Roosevelt attempted to parlay his fame as the "Trust Buster" into the unsuccessful exercise-dance video series, "Trust Bust-A-Move."



The greatest company in the world is that of true friends and loose women.





amazon.com



Life Is Good Men's T-Shirt



✓ (110 customer reviews) |  (649)

Price: \$25.95 - \$30.00

★☆☆☆☆ Not What I Expected

By forsakenman123

Hello Amazon. I gave this item two stars out of five because it fits my torso nicely and doesn't chafe at all. Those are the only good things that I can say about it though, since I also hold this shirt responsible for destroying my life.

I received this item as a gift from a coworker during our office's Secret Santa. At first I was thrilled because the majority of my shirts are button downs, so I'm always looking for something that I can wear to the bowling alley. Not long after I brought the shirt home, however, I noticed that all the water in my home had turned into blood. This was odd, but my family tends to drink more Sprite and Pepsi-Cola than they do water, so we were able to cope.

But the blood was just the beginning. The next week, I was in our office bathroom straightening myself out when I realized that what I thought was my tie was really just a handful of locusts hovering in a tie-shaped swarm. I looked down at myself and realized that all the clothes I had thought I was wearing were just locusts too. That's





right, they had chewed right through my shirt and slacks. I rushed home to get a change of clothes, and this was when I realized that something strange was going on – the locusts had chewed through everything in my wardrobe except for the “Life is Good” shirt. I ran naked into the street and set the shirt on fire, all the while screaming, “My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?”

After this, I mail ordered some more clothing and went back to work, brushing off the blood and locusts as flakes. Yet the greatest blow came a week later. I was about to drive my eldest son to school when I noticed that someone had slaughtered him. The police were unable to identify the murderer, but they said that the crime bore all the markings of the Biblical God, Yahweh. They also found that underneath his sweatshirt, my son was wearing a “Life is Good” shirt, the same exact shirt that I had burned to ashes a week ago.

All in all, I don’t think I would recommend this shirt to anyone. If you still think that the design of this shirt is too good to pass up, then don’t say I didn’t warn you. In the future, I plan to stick with plain t-shirts, such as the Hanes undershirts without the tags in the back.



“Check under the seats before you tell your go-to midget joke.”

MARK CUBAN

Entrepreneur, Business Magnate





Message To Shareholders

Five Hour Energy Is Planning Some **BIG** Announcements!

One of them is the announcement of our new Five Hour Energy service – we will soon offer catering services for business meetings, luncheons, picnics, bowling trips, lobbies of real estate offices at the beach, get-togethers, and other of which functions. Wake up your team building session with continuously provided Five Hour Energy canisters.

Next we're going to roll out the new Five Hour Energy 5Pak 25-Hour Experience. This bottle combines the equivalent amounts of five, Five Hour Energy bottles, for up to 25 hours of feeling awake, perfect for your next long work day. It comes in a larger bottle due to the extra liquid.

Following up on this idea of uninterrupted productivity, we'll be introducing our Geosynchronous Three O'Clock Feeling Surveillance Probe, whose private launch service will be determined by an auction, to be held next May in Wabash,



Indiana. It will be put into low orbit and circle the Earth every five hours, downloading periodic reminders to

"It's the equivalent of a '25-Hour Energy.' It comes in a larger bottle due to the extra liquid."





Our new Three O'Clock Feeling Surveillance Probe in action!

customers to check their secretary's desk or restroom vending machine for five more sweet hours of Five Hour Energy.

Don't forget to mark your calendars for an upcoming appearance of our CEO Dan Houser, still to this day at his desk, tirelessly tossing around empty Five Hour Energy bottles to enjoy their unique clacking sound. Although he normally doesn't step foot outside of HQ, he plans to make multiple appearances at Five Hour Energy kiosks all across Wabash County, for a one time limited tour.



"My original name was 'Paul Krug,' but I changed it because everyone kept mistaking me for a girl. I am not a girl! I am a man! Krugman!"

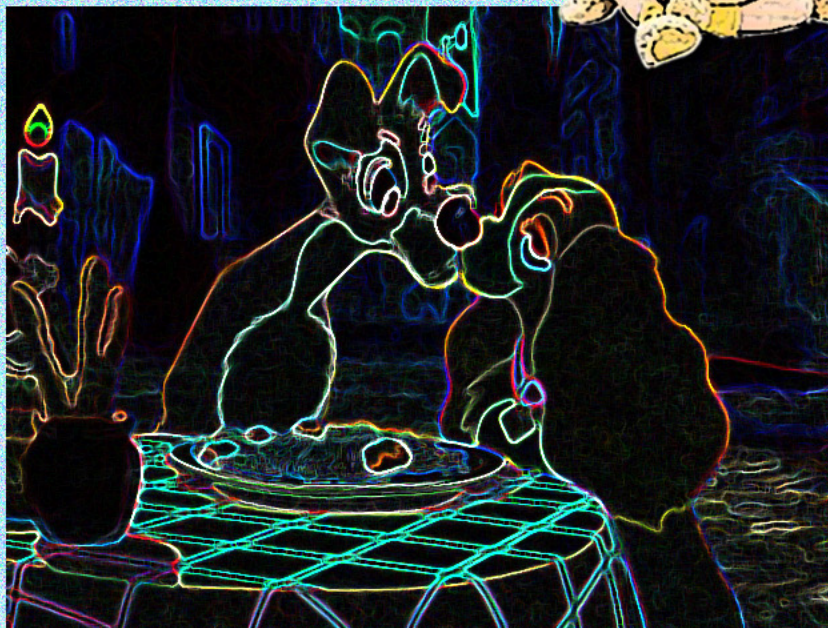
PAUL KRUGMAN

Economist, Noble Prize Winner





Lady & the Tramp: Society's New Meanace



Meg Meeker, M.D.





Are Your Children Safe?

Teen sex. It kills. You've already warned your kids about the dangers of STDs, pregnancy, peer pressure, sexting, and online animal school-bathroom sex gatherings. You know that they're being exposed to immoral sexual ideas in school. But from how young an age? Surely, there couldn't be a sexual trend so foul that it's plucking children from the playground and turning them into orgy gang members within a matter of months?

Well, there is.

The Lady and the Tramp, or Trampin' for short, is the new sex act that is increasing in frequency so quickly that by the end of 2013, most five year olds will know a classmate who's Tramped. The act, which is enticing to children due to its seemingly innocent connection to the doggy love portrayed in the classic Disney film, involves young girls twirling spaghetti noodles around a boy's penis and proceeding to perform oral sex while slurping the pasta off the boy. The girls are also encouraged to use their nose to push the boy's "meatballs" around. The boys and girls may wear dog-ears as well to more perfectly emulate the movie.

Studies have shown that children who Tramp are 87% more likely to begin having intercourse by age 10, 64% more likely to try drugs or alcohol by age 11, and 95% more likely to become Wiccan necro-beastiac cult members.

So before you send your child off to school, ask yourself, is your little lady a Tramp?

SHORTCUT

£0.75

ISBN 978-0-099-58811-6



Meg Meeker is a best-selling author and pediatrician known for alerting the world to "rainbow parties" in her book *Epidemic: How Teen Sex Is Killing Our Kids*. Ms. Meeker insists that she is not merely an ex-stripper turned author seeking to make a quick buck on people's ignorance and fear. She also insists that if parents do not purchase her books, their children will become non-profit prostitute heroin-addicts.





If There's One Thing I Remember, It's The 90's

Manifesto of the True 90's Kids Political Party

It becomes more necessary than ever before – in these 2000's marred by unchecked corporate greed and general capitalistic turmoil, an epoch seemingly devoid of responsibility on the part of grownups – to collectively reflect on what made our neighborhoods cool places to grow up and trade cards in. What this era desperately needs is a forcible and, if it comes to it, violent reminder that less dire times once existed, the promise of a return to a decade only the True 90's Kids will remember: The 90's. Those who don't recall must be eliminated or compelled to study up on the Wiki. We, the True 90's Kids, have drafted a program, or perhaps a list of demands, but we typed it on a Cybiko and we can't find the wire for it so we'll just read it to you:

1. We want public schools to resume selling drinks like sodas.

We want our young ones to know that touchstone of the 90's idyll, which was drinking soda in school. Coke, Pepsi and Sierra Mist are no longer sufficient, anymore. Do you remember Tab and Fruitopia? We demand that the authorities buy as many cans of those as they can fit in their school buses and begin placing them in snack



machines at all levels of the educational system. Our liberation will come not at the hands of those whose hands aren't a little cool from gripping a can of Slice, but at the hands of those who've known what it feels like to hold onto a soda label that's hard to find now, or even altogether unavailable!

We just want to hang out with the Camden family again!





2. We want somebody to figure out what originally caused that smell we catch once in a while, and it reminds us of something to do with video games or christmas or something.

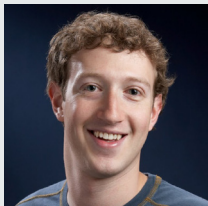
Smell is the top most memory-linked sense, just behind seeing and sounds, and in order to preserve our history it must be adequately and appropriately chronicled. What we're thinking of smells kind of like when you color a page a lot using a ballpoint pen, but it definitely gives us Nintendo 64 vibes, and also maybe the community center where we went to science camp.

3. We want money to be like in the 90's.

We want our money to be worth what it was twenty years ago – namely, a lot more than now! It used to be possible to rent four or five video games from Blockbuster for only five dollars – now, those five dollars won't even let us get a single N64 cartridge from Netflix! Is this the kind of a world that we're raising the next generation of potential video watchers in? It certainly looks that way to us, and it's time for it to go to the way of the decades up to and including the 80's.

4. Think back as hard as you can remember.

In a society of True 90's Kids, we must only tolerate those who truly remember the cause. If the taste of freedom doesn't taste to you like the sweet taste of Nickelodeon Gak, beware! We oppose all who don't believe in the shared cultural signifiers of the 90's! We'll cut them off like Dad did the TV during Rugrats!



“Facebook was named after my two favorite things: faces and books. My favorite face is Paul Giamatti's, and my favorite book is *Hatchet*.”

MARK ZUCKERBERG

Creator, CEO of Facebook





NYU LOCAL

[ON CAMPUS](#)[OFF CAMPUS](#)[ABOUT](#)[MASTHEAD](#)

What Hunger Games Couple Are You



Among Apathy, Making Time For God



Local Stops: Tweet John Sexton Using Twitter

Our Guide to Picking Up High School Students Touring Bobst



Spring break is finally over, and it's come to come back from the beach (or your dad's leather sofa), switch off all the quality programming from official NYU Local sponsor BRAVO, and resume pretending to study in Bobst. But just because you're back from

vacation in a literal sense, that doesn't mean it's time to give up the carefree, indiscriminating vacation lifestyle. After all, you've completed your midterms, and finals are like six or seven weeks away. Why not spend some time getting back into the swing of things by hooking up with some of the high school students taking tours of NYU in the Bobst lobby? Here are a few of our tried and true tips.

Carry A Book: Remember being a senior in college? If you're anything like the rest of our generation (the 90's Kids, as it were), your recollections will be full of great books like *Gossip Girl* and the novels of Jonathan Safran Foer. College is perhaps the





best time to read the same books that high school students are consuming, because it ensures that you and any high schoolers you encounter will have that much-needed common ground. Try bringing a Jane Austen novel with you the next time you hang out in the Bobst lobby and see what kind of intellectual young pieces you can bait.

Seem Cool: Many high school student these days – in fact, perhaps most – are concerned with the idea of “cool.” Both what it is, and how to be it. This is a crucial search in their lives that you can capitalize on by acting as cool as possible. Interrupt the tour guide by talking loudly about post-punk; seem sophisticated by wearing a pair of glasses *over* your headphones (or if you use earbuds, try loosely winding them around the arms of your shades). Depending on how closely you can approximate a high schooler’s idea of the cool NYU student, you’ll gain a significant advantage in snagging a fresh, unsuspecting piece of 12th-grade veal.

Dress the Part: Wear plain clothes so that you’ll be harder to remember later on, and black-colored ones so that you’ll be harder to see. This is closely related to our next tip.

Hide in the Shadows: These offer you safety from the eyes of parents, and Bobst employees as well. If you can get a few prime cuts of high-school *qui ne se doute rien* into these babies, you’re in the clear.

Be Prepared: You’ve heard it a million times before, but it’s important to be ready if you think you’re going to score on any given night. Remember to be prepared: if she wants to run, you don’t want to be the idiot standing there like a moron without having brought with you a disarming graphic tee.

Go For It: Her mom’s looking at that gay bust so now’s your chance.





Zoosexual

Hello everyone. My name is George, and I'm a zoosexual. I tend to favor sloths, but I also have a strong attraction to cats, caribou, and llamas. My first sloth partner, Camilla, was the light of my world. The first time I picked her up out of the shipping crate from Brazil, looked into her sparkling little eyes, and felt her three toes brush my cheek as she pooped on my arm; I knew she wanted me too. I had her then and there on my oriental rug as she gripped me like the branch of a Banyan tree, and fell asleep cradling her bleeding body. I thought we would be together forever.



After a few months I began to suspect Camilla's unhappiness, as I would catch her trying to escape from my apartment. She never made it far though, because it took her two hours to reach the door. Camilla died of HIV within the year, and I spiraled into a deep depression. I don't know what pained me more, the loss of

Me and Camilla during happier times.





my soul mate or finding out that Camilla had been cheating on me with the Mexican plumber next door, Pablo.

I had her body stuffed and hung from my ceiling so I could masturbate to sleep every night and turned Pablo over to the Department of Homeland Security. He was deported, and shortly after arrested while trying to sneak back into the country in a cattle train going over the border. But nothing could heal the gaping hole Camilla had punched in my heart.

Searching for a new animal lover, I became involved in the underground sloth sex trafficking trade, acting as a liaison between the zoosexuals of Texas and Brazilian sloth breeders. I even had a brief stint with a fish called Wanda and invented the trademark “Dick In A Sloth” treasured by all those who crave the mossy cave and moist snout of a sloth. I have had many sloths since Camilla, but I can no longer bear the weight of all their dead little bodies piling up in my bedroom closet. It’s making it hard to store all my clothes and I’ve had to start organizing my shoes by color rather than alphabetically.

So from today onward, I pledge to never lay a finger on or inside an animal again.



“I call my dick Sharon.”

MIKE SHARP

Author of ‘How To Pick Up Lesbians’





Ask A Zookeeper

Dear Zookeeper,

My wife and I have been married for 34 years. Things are okay, but the passion we shared in our youth just isn't there anymore. What can we do to spice up our marriage?

— Bored In Boise

Dear Bored,

Males are always trying to impress potential mates, but fortunately for you, you've already got one! You've just got to remind your wife of how much better you are than all other men, you know, really stand out. Break out those old Technicolor pants you've got, bear those teeth around your male counterparts, and don't be afraid to be the alpha dog. Remember, aggression is the key! Be aggressive and nature will surely take its course. Also, if you have a big penis or a large set of testicles, show her those. Trust me, it works.

— Zookeeper

Dear Zookeeper,

My 16-year-old son has been getting himself involved in some pretty dangerous activities lately. I think he might be in a gang. He always has a short temper, has been talking back, and I found a switchblade knife in his backpack the other day. What should I do?

—Concerned Manhattan Mother

Dear Concerned,

Kids these days, huh? Well first off, you, the mother, should do nothing. Male offspring need a male influence. The boy's father, or an elder male needs to be called into action. The father figure must confront the boy to show him who's boss. Bop the kid in the nose a couple of times, urinate all over his marked territory and, if applicable, take the boy's female partner and really have your way with





her. Assert dominance and you will have gained the boy's attention and most importantly, his respect. The rest will fall into place.

— Zookeeper

Dear Zookeeper,

My grandmother is going through a severe bout of Alzheimer's. She hasn't been having any good days as of late and her memory is almost entirely gone. My grandfather, 82 years young, has been taking it the hardest. What can I say or do to make the situation any better?

— Scared In Saratoga

Dear Scared,

I'm sorry to hear the news, but you have to analyze this from a rational standpoint. First and foremost, your grandmother is an animal. Animals were put on Earth for procreation. I'm assuming she's past her prime and so you must ask yourself, "Is she contributing to society?" I'd be my entire life savings on the assumption that people aren't paying much these days to see an old lady lie in bed and talk about God knows what; or do they put those people in a mental ward? I forget, but I'm just splitting hairs now, haha. Anyhow, if you're grandmother is entertaining and active, there could be some money in that. But if not, I'd just as soon have her put down.

— Zookeeper

Gene Sanders is a syndicated advice columnist whose column, Ask A Zookeeper, appears in more than 250 newspapers nationwide.



"Never mix business with pleasure. I learned this after I tried combining my love for hedge funds with my job at the vagina-juice factory."

GREGG STEINHADEL

CEO of Target Corporation





NEW YORK UNIVERSITY
Student Health Center

LUMP UPDATE

It's important to remember that you can have weird bumps pop up on parts of your body besides your butt. Before you do your homework, remember:

Check your shins and the back of your neck for any growths.

Offer to check your roommate's body for strange protrusions they may not have noticed.


Make sure nobody in your classes can see that you have a gross new lump.

Call the NYU Wellness Exchange at 212-443-9999.

NYUStudentHealthCenter
Health Promotion Office
726 Broadway, 3rd Floor
212.443.1234
www.nyu.edu/shc/promotion



DREAM BOOSTER



-8.075%

56 cm – 78 cm

68.02%

1325 J – 2356 J

99.901%

89* – 321*

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春节联谊会

香 雞
烟 牌





-10.074%

19 cm – 153 cm

58.03%

1689 J – 2351 J

100.32%

100* – 342*

YATA! POWER!

[illegible][illegible]



New York City Boy Vows To Make It Out Of This Hick Town



NEW YORK - Confronted with future career paths such as working for the United Nations, performing on Broadway, and starting a Brooklyn-based band, eleven-year-old Eduardo Christofi has announced his intentions to one day leave New York City and make a life for himself elsewhere.

“This city is a prison,” Eduardo announced to his Yoga class last Tuesday, “and it’s only a matter of time before all of you are locked into high paying jobs, exotic love affairs, and simply fabulous lofts. But not me, I’m going to beat the odds and make it out of this hick town.”

Eduardo plans to follow his dream of moving to a rural Midwestern province where the only burden more prevalent than unemployment is alcoholism. Once there, he hopes to find work as a gas station attendant, and to eventually marry a woman named either “Cheyenne” or “Bambi.”

“If any kid here has the brains to make it out of this place, it’s Eduardo,” said classmate Ariel Levy. “I just hope he remembers us when he’s out there in a place like Rifle, Colorado or Bullfrog Creek, Arkansas.” Eduardo’s nutritionist voiced similar sentiments: “I knew from our first meeting that Eduardo wasn’t just your average child with a taste for soy beans imported from the Himalayas; I recognized a brilliance in him that I new this city couldn’t contain.”

His friends and family will surely miss him, yet they all realize that by leaving Manhattan, Eduardo will finally be blessed with the chance to make something out of his life.





Security Guard Has Seen Everything From Shoplifting At Toys ‘R’ Us To Shoplifting At Radioshack



LIVINGSTON, NJ – While teaching a training session for new recruits, veteran security guard Barry Jessup, 54, confirmed Thursday that, in his thirty-two years of active duty at the Livingston Mall and other local shopping centers, he has encountered everything from shoplifting at Toys ‘R’ Us to shoplifting at Radioshack. “You wouldn’t believe some of the petty theft these eyes have seen,” said Jessup as his voice descended into a hushed furtive whisper. “I’ve watched customers—real sick fucks, these guys—shoplifting earphones, Lego sets, key chains, Snickers bars—all kinds of pocketable items sold at either Toys ‘R’ Us or Radioshack.” “Whether it’s a Ninja Turtles action figure stashed in a boy’s cargo pants or hearing aid batteries in an old woman’s purse, you name it, I’ve seen it,” said Jessup, adding that, after so many years, he’s come to understand these criminals and sometimes almost feels bad for them. At press time, Jessup was fondly recounting the time one cheeky son of a bitch just tried to walk on out with a top-of-the-line shower radio.





Newt Gingrich's Terminal Pit Stops

A report released by Washington insiders revealed that Newt Gingrich's decline in polling numbers was not caused by his ridiculous foreign policy or his little-school-boy haircut but rather by his habit of finding a terminally-ill woman, having sex with her until she deteriorates into unfuckability, and then moving onto the next terminally-ill woman.

Gingrich has married three times. First, in 1962 he married Jackie Battley, his former high school geometry teacher, when he was nineteen and she was twenty-six. Years later, Jackie was diagnosed with uterus cancer. In the spring of 1980, Gingrich began an affair with Marianne Ginther and, in 1981, he married her. Thirteen years later, Marianne contracted multiple sclerosis. In 1993 Newt began an affair with House of Representatives staffer Callista Bisek. Callista has yet to contract some form of terminal illness though her ungodly amount of reconstructive facial surgery suggests she at least has a chronic self-image problem.

Over the past month, a flood of text messages and recorded phone conversations have surfaced. Here is some of the dialogue between

Gingrich and his dying mistresses:



"I want to bang you so hard your bones break."
"I have Osteoporosis..."

Newt Gingrich





“How come you’re so into me now?”

“I don’t know.”

“I mean, having someone in my life would be great now that I have cancer.”

“Oh God, keep talking dirty to me.”

“You take my breath away.”

“I’m cumming.”

“I’m having an asthma attack.”

“You look radiant.”

“I’m in chemo.”

“Achooo!”

“I just came.”

“You make me shake when ever we’re together.”

“Yeah same, I have Parkinson’s.”

“The doctor said I’m showing positive signs of recovery!”

“I’m not looking for anything serious...”

The report indicates that Gingrich has slept with twenty dying women, though experts speculate that he most likely has had relations with a handful of mute, deaf woman who are unable to come forward. Gingrich has declined to comment.



“The invisible hand of the free market always moves more gracefully than the clumsy fist of the government.”

MEG WHITE

Drummer for The White Stripes





Annoying Dead-Wife Guy Talking About His Dead Wife Again



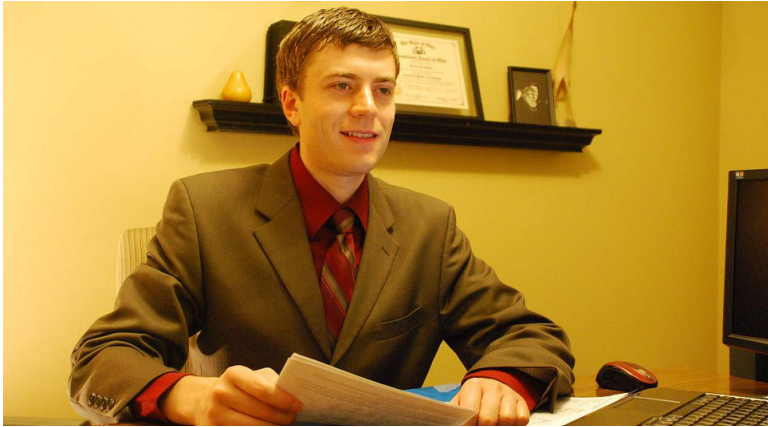
Dead-wife guy, Carl Porter

NEW YORK – Exasperated sources reported Tuesday that, despite the fact his wife was killed in a car crash over four goddamned years ago, area man Carl Porter, 39, is still making everyone uncomfortable by constantly bringing up his dead wife in casual conversations. “I mentioned how I went biking last weekend and then, out of nowhere, he starts talking about how Laura used to love riding bikes and going on picnics. How am I supposed to respond to that?” said coworker Mike Daniels who, as Porter’s cubicle neighbor, is forced on a daily basis to sit through Porter’s twenty-minute admission of how he can barely look his 5-year-old daughter in the eye because she just looks so much like her mother. “Look, I understand that she was his soul mate, and they were supposed to spend the rest of their lives together but, Jesus, get over it already.” “Crybaby,” sources confirmed after a tearful Porter described for the billionth time how he had started a scholarship in the name of his beloved, but still long-dead, wife.





Area Man Alone in Elevator Pretends To Be A Robot



Leon Klein at his desk in human form

NEW YORK— Ernst & Young accountant Leon Klein, 28, told reporters Thursday that, when riding in the elevator alone, he will oftentimes pretend to be a robot. Klein, who received his MBA from the Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania, admitted to standing completely upright, positioning his arms at right angles, and emitting low-pitched hums. “Sometimes I stare at my reflection and envision myself as some type of cold-hearted accounting machine,” said Klein, who specializes in management and tax law. “I like to imagine myself as The Terminator, except my mission for being sent back in time is to run the numbers for the Bradley account and then place my report on my supervisor’s desk by the end of the day.” When asked to comment, Klein’s supervisor claimed he had no idea what this reporter was talking about, questioned how this reporter even entered the building without clearance, and then called security to please remove this asshole from the premises.





Peace Out, Bitches

**Peace out, bros
Peace out, hoes
Peace out, middle-aged, Invisalign wearin' hoe
Peace out, no doubt
And the big mofo**

**Peace out, my boy Terrence
Peace out, my disappointed parents
Peace out, you twerks and twitches
And peace out, you sons of bitches**

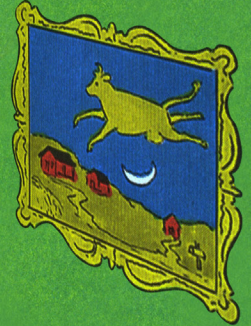
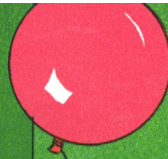
**Peace out, deadbeat dad
And peace out, Mom's new boyfriend, Chad**

**Peace out, underage pregnant girl Melanie
And peace out, "I told you, bitch, that ain't my baby"**

**Peace out, going on Maury as a surprise guest
Peace out, aw shit, Maury's got that paternity test**

**Peace out, "Maury, this girl be sleepin' with ten other guys"
Peace out, "this is yo' baby! this is yo' baby! Ain't no other guy!"
And peace out, Maury Povich and murmur
whispering, "in the case of little Mayweather, you are the father"**

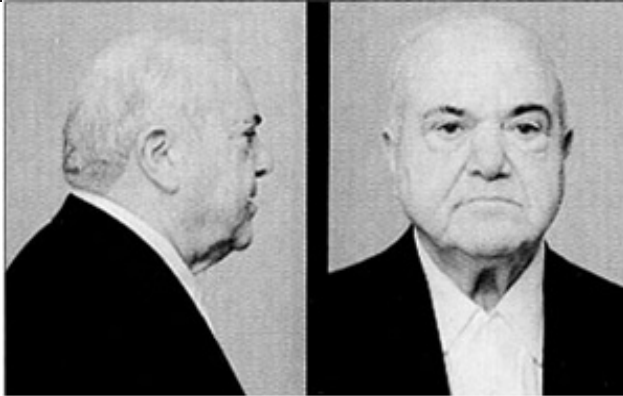
**Peace out, disposable income
Peace out, child welfare
Peace out, bros everywhere...**





Interested in Comedy Writing?

So were they...



Join the Plague!
Meetings every Monday, 6:30pm in Kimmel 708





IN THIS ISSUE

.....

p36

How to give your boss a high-five
he'll never forget

p57

Channel your dæmon to maximize
supply chain profitization and hedge
revenue quotas

p84

Exclusive interview with 19th century
Russian feudal lord Leonid Tursunov
on how to crush a serf uprising

p103

Top 10 ways to express your disdain
for the poor

p115

Warren Buffet shows you how to eat
pussy like a rich man

