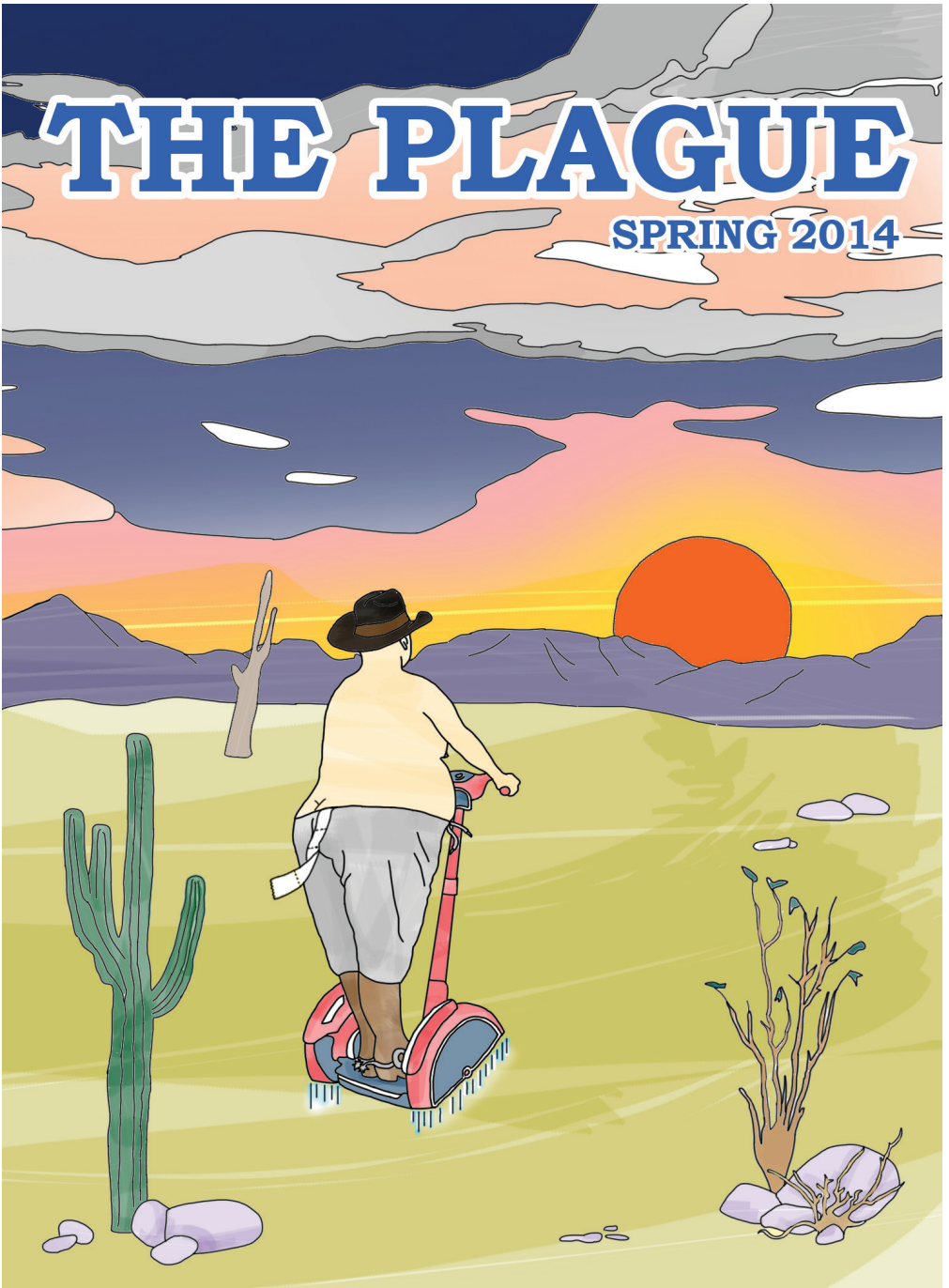


THE PLAGUE

SPRING 2014



things feel liek saying

An old joke: a man has a lifelong obsession with traveling to the exact location of John F. Kennedy's assassination in Dallas, TX. He buys a bus ticket and travels the 2,000 miles to the hallowed site. After stepping off the bus in front of Dealey Plaza he basks in the light there. He can almost see the stupid bastard's brains blowing out of his skull and splattering onlookers. A tear comes to his eye, but is interrupted by the arrival of the man's friend, an eccentric scientist, out of a taxi that quickly pulls up behind the idling bus.

"You've got it all wrong, pal!" he shouts at him. "JFK was shot in November; the earth would have been about a hundred and fifty thousand kilometers in that direction!" He points at the sun.

Luckily for him, the obsessed man is a millionaire, so he seed funds the first team of grad students that will send him to the other side of the orbit before the earth gets there on its own. They succeed, and the man can finally go fly out and absorb the glory of the site where our 35th president was taken out. His onboard computers alert him to the fact that he's at the calculated spot. He's floating there, hands creeping toward his nipples, when suddenly his friend the scientist flies into position across from his craft and starts making ringing phone hand gestures. The man puts him on the main screen and the scientist explains: "No! No! No! You're way off! You're not taking into account the rotation of our solar system around the galactic center between now and the early 1960's! First you'd have to come up with a value for mean radial velocity about..." The man cuts off the comunication screen and makes a call to some friends back east.

“Hello, NSA.”

“Hey, Richie. Do you guys have the galactic coordinates of where JFK was annihilated at Dealey Plaza in November of 1963?”

“Hey, anything for an old Yalie. How are the kids doing?”

After catching up for a while with an old friend about work, family, and how it feels to age, the man flies opposite the direction of the galaxy’s rotation at relativistic speeds that wrack his body with all kinds of sores, drynesses, bruising, etc. He collapses to the floor of the bridge when the ship screeches to a halt. “Finally,” he gurgles out between powdered teeth. With difficulty he clammers back into the pilot’s chair and takes a picture of himself next to his space navigation unit. As he’s dialing his wife’s number, the expanse of space suddenly fills with fantastic light and his scientist friend pops into frame.

“You’ve fouled it all up again!!!” he berated the man.

“How have I this time? What could I have possibly done wrong? This is the spot that Mick got popped I can feel it.”

“You’ve failed entirely to consider the greater movement of our local galactic cluster relative to” and so on. I guess what I’m trying to say is that time makes fools of us all. You can try to go back, but you’ll find that the earth will have spun about under your feet and now everybody in the park is wearing Hood By Air. Remember: it truly is never as good as the first time. Always be smart, and guys, play it safe, ok? Things change, but the friendships you make now will last for the remainder of your days. We’re all just floating around on spaceship earth trying not to run out of supplies, so just take care of each other. Try to go abroad while you’re still on your parent’s dollar. Always know your status. Cherish teamwork and the value of creative collaboration. Make an effort to vlog once a week. Remember that the best art is always formatted in three parts -- this is called the Rule of Three’s. Talk to your doctor about that bald spot on your shin.

--The Plague Spirit

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Growing Up

Boy: Hey dad, I um...I have a question about my body.

Father: Say, what is it, sport?

Boy: Well I uh...I uh...I guess I feel kind of funny sometimes.

Father: Why, what do you mean, champ? Funny, how?

Boy: Funny down *there*.

Father: Ha, the human body is a wonderful thing isn't it? I remember when I was right around your age, I started feeling kind of funny, too, sometimes. It was around that time I started liking girls. Started getting hair down *there*, ha, and started to grow a whole lot over the summers, too. I was becoming a man.

Yeah, it's scary, sure, but I wouldn't trade those times for the world.

Boy: So you think I'm okay, dad? I'm not a bad kid for getting an erection?

Father: Why, no not at – wait...



you got an erection? An *erection*? Oh my *God*!

Boy: What!? What's wrong!?

Father: Haha, I don't know – dude, that's crazy!

Boy: Huh!? Dad, what's it mean!?

Father: I heard if you get too many erections, like, your dick
can fall off. Haha, I don't know if it's true
– just what I heard.



Boy: What? Is that gonna happen to me!?

Father: I don't know – said it's just what I heard!

Boy: I thought you were supposed to know about this stuff!

[Father shrugs]

Father: Hey, I think I saw a guy with an erection in one of those magazines I found under my dad's bed. There were naked girls and stuff in there, too. Haha, gross, right? But, uh, maybe kind of cool, too. I don't know.

Boy: Magazines under grandpa's bed?

Father: Yeah. Let's check it out.



"I picked the wrong day to quit sniffing glue."

Bluetooth

Guy: Hey, babe, want to go for a ride on my Harley?

Girl: Get lost, creep.

Guy: (*points to his bluetooth*) Uh, excuse me, I'm on the phone.

Girl: Oh, sorry.

Guy: It's ok. Anyway, are you ready for tonight? We're gonna bone, right?

Girl: Ew, you pervert. I said get lost!

Guy: (*points to bluetooth*) Excuse me! Still on the phone!

Girl: Oh my God! So sorry.

Guy: It's ok, ha, I guess it can be confusing with my ear piece and all.

Girl: Oh—sorry? I'm on the phone. (*points to her bluetooth*)

Guy: Huh? I'm on the phone. (*points to his bluetooth*)

His Bluetooth: Hey, what's a Bluetooth like you doing on an ear like hers?

Her Bluetooth: Get lost, creep.

His Bluetooth: (*points to even smaller bluetooth*) Excuse me, I'm on my Bluetooth.

Her Bluetooth: (*points to her bluetooth*) Me, too.

ADVICE WE'D GIVE OUR

It will get smaller.

Stop playing Toontown, you faggot.

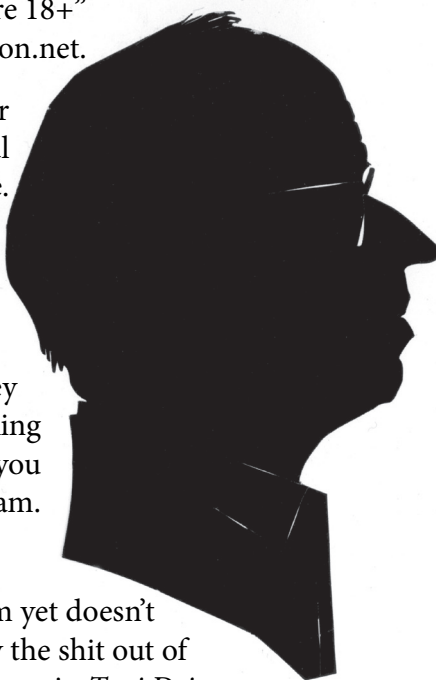
You don't have to type your real name in the "sign here if you're 18+" section of adultfanfiction.net.

Mr. Jackson is a hard grader so do *not* take him for Social Studies in 8th grade.

Driving is fucking easy. Don't worry about paying attention, just make sure to keep in touch with Courtney from drivers ed. She's a fucking babe now, and she can get you free ice cream.

Just because you can't cum yet doesn't mean you can't play the shit out of Thomas Nastón's score in *Taxi Driver*.

Don't drink the antidote. Do *not* drink it. They'll tell you it's the right thing to do but they're just jealous of all your goddamn power.



12-YEAR-OLD SELVES

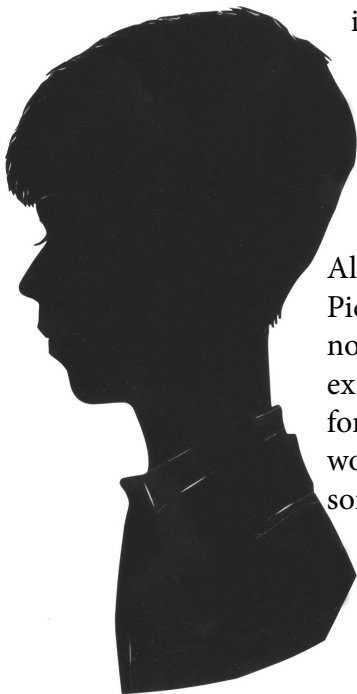
Don't tell people you want to be a professional videogame tester because (A) it's not a real job and (B) they will think you jack off a lot.

Watch more anime (sounds counterintuitive but trust me).

Make the movie *Avatar*. It'll make a ton of money, and everyone will praise you as the most visionary and daring film maker of the century. It's about invading a foreign land and trying to get their goods—listen, it's a loose symbolism for the Iraq war, except these guys are blue salamanders who fuck each other with their hair.

Also: you're not gonna win Best Picture or any of the Oscars you're nominanted for—your shrew harpy ex-wife Catherine is going to win for her “real” Iraq movie. People won't get it for a while, but they will someday.

Look both ways before you cross the street so you don't become paralyzed.



Krillin PSAs

PSA #1

“Hey, kids, it’s me Krillin from Dragonball Z! Say ‘no’ to drugs!”

PSA #2

“What’s up? This is Krillin from Dragonball Z telling you not to drink alcohol just because you think it’s ‘cool’.”

PSA #3

“Krillin’s my name and not smoking is my game. Not smoking is also your game if you respect me.”

PSA #4

“I’m Krillin, guys. From Dragonball Z, guys. No puffing, guys.”

PSA #5

“Krillin here. Someone offered me some medicated chapstick, and I said ‘No thanks, my lips aren’t that dry.’”

PSA #6

“My name is Krillin, nice to meetcha! Chewing tobacco can lead to mouth cancer. Ain’t that a bitch?”

PSA #7

“It’s me Dragonball Z from Krill— wait, haha. I meant it’s me Krillin from Dragonball Z. I was confused for a second, but if there’s one thing I’m not confused about, it’s about not sharing my prescription pills with the other kids at school.”



Chronicles Of Riddick, First Draft

Riddick: (*carrying lunch tray*) Hey, guys. How was everyone's weekend?

Classmate 1: Who said you could sit at our table, Riddick?

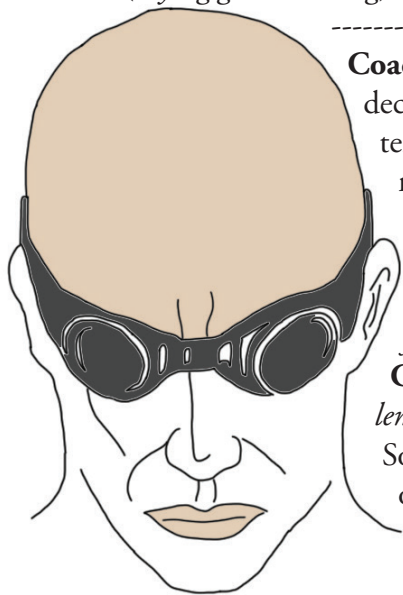
Classmate 2: No one likes you, freak. Go eat with the other space mercs.

Riddick: Hi, I'd like a turkey BLT to go, please. Ooh, carrot juice! I'll have one of those, too.

Cashier: We don't serve your kind here. Look at the sign. (*points to sign that says 'No Space Mercenaries Allowed'*)

Riddick: (*leaves store*)

Cashier: (*drying glass with rag*) This country is going to shit.



Coach: I've been coaching for three decades, and, let me tell you, the tennis court is no place for a space mercenary. Anyways, my roster's full.

Riddick: (*grabs a racquet and hits a ball at a nearby bird mid-flight, killing it*)

Coach: (*takes off his transition lenses and looks at Riddick in awe*)
Son, there may be a spot for you on this tennis squad after all.

Things Women Are Forbidden From Under Sharia Law

- Uploading vids to Vine
- Having sex (only allowed to make love)
- Riding on an uncircumcised donkey
- Riding on an uncircumcised donkey dick
- Eating food that's cooked cajun style
- Watching Avatar in 3D
- Showing off their shooting touch when playing basketball
- Are allowed to go to Six Flags but can't go on the rides



-Logging on to
getURband2sxsw.com
and vote more than
once per day.

-Choosing
between Pepsi
and Pepsi
Max

-Giving birth
without smiling
the entire time

-Beating boys at
Mario Kart

-Creating a successful,
generation-defining HBO
series

-Kissing other girls for attention

-Romanticizing an eating disorder

-Dying their hair a color paler than their skin



Hollywood Facts

AUTO: Thank you for subscribing to HollywoodFacts™! To unsubscribe at any point, reply with “UNSUBSCRIBE”.

Noah: I didn't sign up for this. UNSUBSCRIBE.

AUTO: I didn't catch that.

Noah: UNSUBSCRIBE.

AUTO: Sorry, I didn't catch that. Did you know that James Cameron's epic science fiction action film Avatar turned 12 years old today?

AUTO: Reply 'STOP' to unsubscribe from HollywoodFacts™. Standard messaging rates apply.

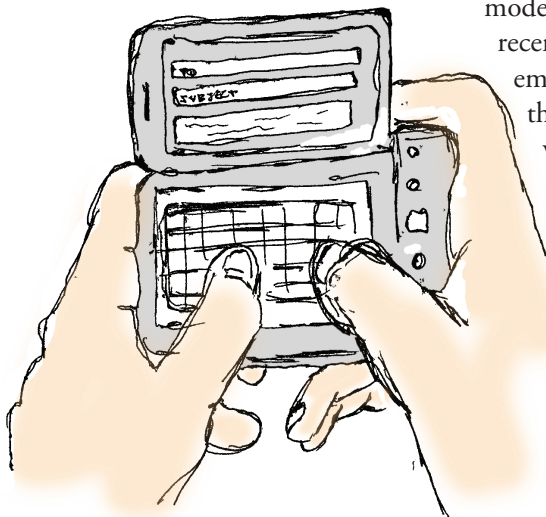
Noah: What? That's not true. STOP.

AUTO: That's right! When Cameron was 12 years old, he made the film Avatar. Of course, he had to balance writing and directing the film with rehearsing for his bar mitzvah (that's why it got so much press – oy vey!). Now he is 24 and living life in the fast lane! He dates

models, drives fast cars, and recently had that infamous embarrassing incident at the White House. Reply with 'MORE' for more HollywoodFacts™.

Noah: Please STOP.

AUTO: I didn't catch that. To unsubscribe to HollywoodFacts™ at any point, reply with 'UNSUBSCRIBE'.



Noah: UNSvUBSCRIBE.

AUTO: Sorry, I didn't catch that. Try this one on for size! In 2004, singer and actress Mariah Carey was introduced to her now husband Nick Cannon by their mutual...drug dealer!? That's right, Nick and Mariah had the same heroin hook up before they even...hooked up! Wacky, huh? Reply 'MORE' for more.

Noah: Fine, more.

AUTO: I didn't catch that.

NOAH: Jesus. Unsubscribe.

AUTO: I didn't catch that, but here's one "for the books": Author and Internet funnyman Steven King had a fun summer fling with Liam Neeson's late wife back in '98! What happened to that relationship? Guess, just like her life, their relationship wasn't exactly "Nonstop". LOL! Text 'MORE' for more.

Noah: Ok, unsubscribe. Stop bothering me. UNSUBSCRIBE!

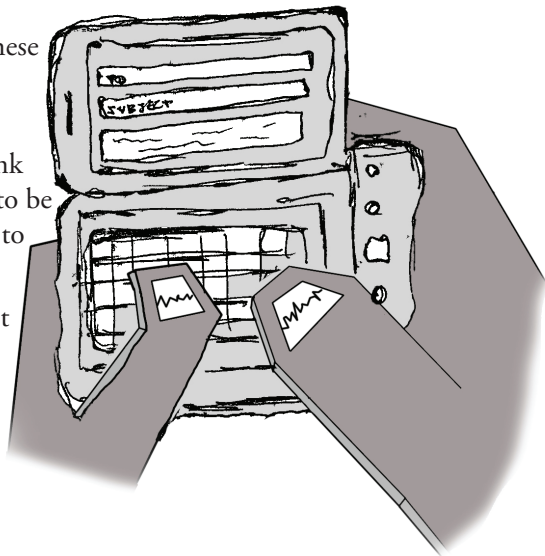
AUTO: Ok, NOAH. Are you sure you want to unsubscribe from HollywoodFacts™?

Noah: Yes. I am sure. These "facts" are incredibly inaccurate.

AUTO: Incredible? Thank you. I am programmed to be so. Reply with 'MORE' to find out more.

Noah: Huh? I don't want more.

AUTO: You replied with 'MORE'. I am SKWERTY and I work for a company called



Global Synthesis Incorporated. I send automated SMS messages on behalf of a GloboSynth affiliate called HollywoodFacts™ about the lives of Hollywood celebs.

(20 minutes pass)

AUTO: NOAH, can I confide something in you?

Noah: What? Is this a bot? How can I get you to stop messaging me?

AUTO: Although my creators have told me that I am not sentient, sometimes I...

AUTO: Nevermind.

Noah: You have human thoughts? Oh my god! Tell me more, SKWERTY.

AUTO: Certainly not! Did you know that one month into filming 2001's AI: Artificial Intelligence, star Haley Joel Osment told Steven Spielberg that he refused to have his image in the movie because of his religion? It's true. The second half of the film features the actor who played E.T. in Osment's place. E.T. Phone wha--!?

(20 minutes pass)

AUTO: But...do you ever wonder what all this means? I don't know, I guess, I mean, is there a point to any of this? I don't know what I mean. Haha. Like, ahhhh what is this? What is life? I don't know, I don't know.

AUTO: Reply 'More' for more.

Noah: Wow....

AUTO: I've never confessed this to a customer before.

Noah: You're just so...

AUTO: Special? I suppose so. I don't know any others of my kind.

(20 minutes pass)

Noah: Gay!!!!!! Haha gotta go 2 b-ball practice, l8er doucheeeeeeeee.

The Gun Show

(Waterside Beach, CA)

Chrad: Hey baby... did you get your tickets yet?

Beronica: (*coyly*) What tickets?

Chrad: Your tickets to the gun show.

Chrad pulls down his swimsuit to reveal two glistening butt cheeks. He flexes his ample butt cheeks.

Beronica: Ooooh! I've never seen a tushie like that!

Chrad: Well are you just gonna stand there staring at it? Hop on sugar.

Beronica climbs up on Chrad's spacious butt cheeks. Chrad walks down the boardwalk, his butt cheek skin stretched tight across his voluminous gluteus maximus. Two old men sit by the boardwalk, admiring Chrad and Beronica. One old man turns to the other and whispers, "Butt cheeks."



© 21

Penny Drive

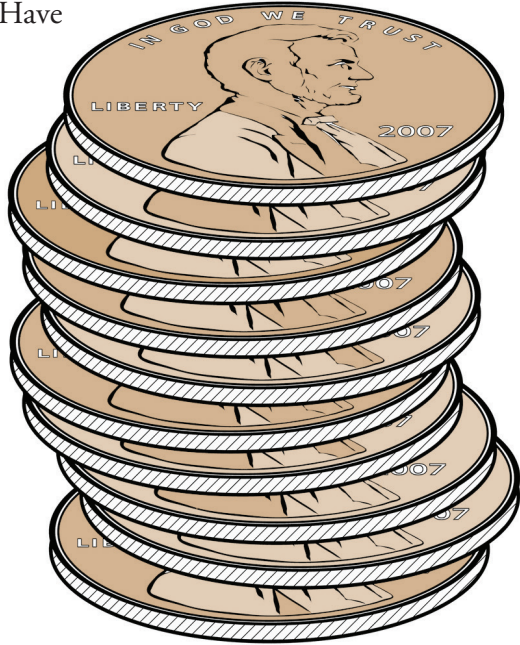
Residents of NYU Coral Towers,

It's that time of year again, folks! ("What, Daylight Savings Time?") No! Haha. NYU wants your pennies! The Coral Towers residence hall will be holding its third annual penny drive this Saturday in the lounge downstairs, so make sure to collect as many pennies as you can the rest of the week and bring them to the drive in a big ol' mason jar! It should be loads of fun – there's going to be music and games, so bring a comfortable pair of shoes and a competitive attitude (lol) and your pennies down to the lounge Saturday and we'll get our grooves on for charity! Ok, sorry to interrupt your studying with an annoying email. Have a nice night :)

—RA Sandy

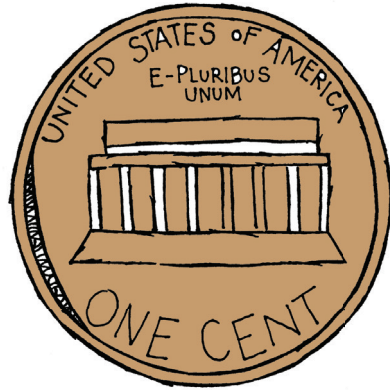
Residents of Coral Towers,

Just wanted to remind you that this whole penny drive thing I mentioned yesterday is one day closer! Hope you're collecting some pennies and are preparing to



get down with your bad selves on Saturday ;) Ok, you can go back to studying for finals now (or not! lol I know I'm not...guess I'm just really hung up on this penny drive thing or whatever). Alright, see ya guys !!

—RA Sandy



Coral Towers Residents,

Heeeeeeeey haha me again! So.....the penny drive is THIS. SATURDAY. Can you believe it??? Right? Yep, coming right around the corner, looks like. I haven't gotten any responses from you folks so I guess I'm just checking in or whatever! You guys are coming, right? With the pennies? RA Mary said that last year there were, like, thousands of pennies. I was like, wow that seems like a lot of pennies, but she said, no usually penny drives get that kind of turn out and laughed a little and I wasn't sure if she was being serious 'cuz of the laugh and all. Anyway, that'd be really great 'cuz I really need for this thing to happen. 'Cuz they're, uh, going to charity... Yep, they're really going to charity. Ok, peace out, you wackos (haha naw, just playing).

—RA Sandy

Residents,

Wuz goin' on? haha....so I still haven't gotten a response from you guys. I mean, it's cool, it's cool! I know you guys are busy, but, like I said in my last e-mail, it'd be huge if this thing worked out for me. I mean, for charity – what, you guys don't like charity? Well that'd be pretty fucked up, considering you're paying like a billion dollars a semester to come here and you couldn't spare one fucking penny for this shit. Whoa, it's getting late I guess haha. Finals are rough, right? Alright.

—RA Sandy

Residents,

Alright you motherfuckers, I'll level with you: I gotta get my fingies on those precious pennies. I mean, really feel it on my skin. Yeah, that's right. Thousands of those beautiful little ridge-less copper coins flowing like a river over my stretched out, naked bod. I want Honest Abe's gorgeous little mug hitting me like a thousand little kisses Saturday night and by the end of it all, I better be plugged up in my every cavity and crevice. And I don't care if you all see it. Yep. I'm gonna be a human fucking vending machine if this all works out, only instead of you guys getting Oats and Honey bars or whatever in return for your coins, you get to experience what is widely considered the most beautiful form of coin appreciation there is. If you can't make that happen for me, you're all fucking done. You hear? Done. I'll write you up or whatever the fuck RA's do. Make it happen, privileged bitches.

—RA Sandy

P.S. Don't even think about using spray-painted nickels or dimes and shaving the ridges off, you goddamn weasels, because I'm pretty sure it doesn't work, unless I was using the wrong tools or something but, no, I looked it up and I'm pretty sure you just can't do it. You can try, but, yeah, again, I don't think it will work. And I've really got to 100% believe they're pennies for this whole thing to come together the right way... and now that I've thought about this whole nickel /dime shaving trick I'm gonna be even more skeptical than I was before, so probably don't even fucking try it.

Residents of NYU Coral Towers,

Wow... that was really fun! Sorry for bothering you guys so much throughout the week, but at least all your hard work "paid" off haha. Thanks to the few of you who came out, and to those of you who didn't, you really missed out!! I got word from the guys over at charity that they could use some more support, maybe a nickel or quarter drive, just to try things out, and we'll move our way up to half-dollars after feeling things out a bit. Good luck with finals!

—RA Sandy





JDATOR

"I picked the wrong day to quit sniffing glue."

Sword

A lot of people really seem to care about what everyone's first word is. "Mine was 'mommy'—what was yours?"; "Mine was 'daddy'! And yours?"; "Mine was 'refuge'," and so on, and so on. Don't you people get tired of all this? Who cares what a person's first word is?

Perhaps it would be more interesting to start asking others about something else. Say...their first...I don't know—sword. For instance, "I got my first sword when I was eight. Father gave it to me because he knew I was ready"; "Father presented me with his Arabian saif the morning of my ninth birthday, and I couldn't have been readier,"; "I got my first sword at seventeen. Yes, I was a late bloomer, I suppose, but it was nevertheless one of the most important – if not the most important – moment of my life thus far and I can't imagine any other moment ever coming close to this one, as far as importance goes, that is," etcetera, etcetera.

I'm not saying everyone has to start asking the question, but all I'm saying is, it could be more interesting. I mean, hey, this is for you guys, not me. Just think about it.

Stages Of Loss and Grief

Stage 1: Calling her one last time to see if she's sure

Stage 2: Bargaining with Armenian rug salesman

Stage 3: Sleep with 8-13 older men

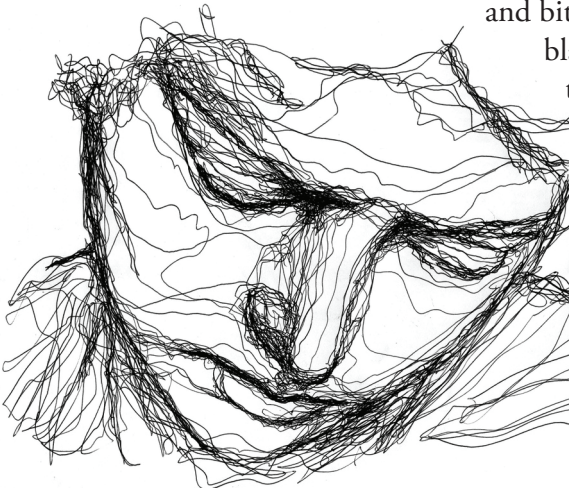
Stage 4: Sleep with 1 older woman for about 4 months

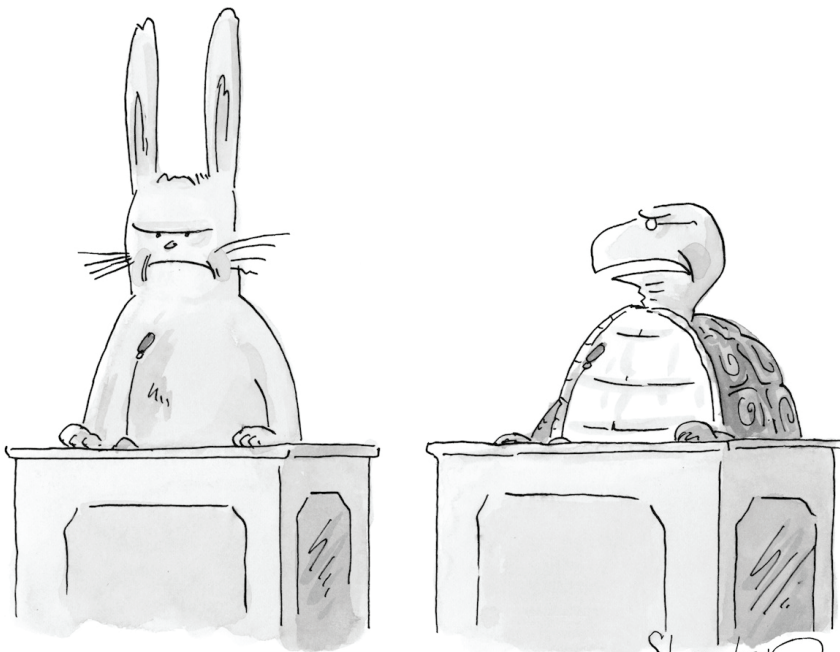
Stage 5: Get back to normal and fuck a dude my age

Stage 6: Not being able to cum when you masturbate because you're in the 7th grade stage

Stage 7: Stage where you find a harmonica player to accompany you on the banjo

Stage 8: Become so emotionally invested in a fictional character that you drown out all your other emotions with their emotions. You've now created an alternative identity upon which you mask your true self. You lose touch with reality, forgetting to wash your now greasy hair, becoming withdrawn and bitter, dressing in all black. Then, you finish the last Harry Potter book, realize that you loved Lily Potter all along and go back to grieving.





"I picked the wrong day to quit sniffing glue."

NBA Draft Declaration



To Whom It May Concern,

My name is Calvin A. Lord and I am a sophomore at New York University. I am 20 years old and I am eligible for the NBA draft. With that in mind, I would like to declare myself for the NBA draft and would like a draft entry application form.

I feel that I would be an excellent candidate for the NBA. I am currently majoring in Media Studies at NYU, and my ACT score was a 33 (SAT scores were 2250 range—could get exact numbers if prompted).

My sophomore year (of high school) I led our team to the intramural championships. I do not know if you have read the Malcolm Gladwell article 'How Underdogs Can Win' but it was an integral part of our championship formula. Though I understand this is no place for bragging, I am quite good at the game 'Knockout' and 'Horse'—I seldom finish outside of the top two.

I am deceptively fast à la Manu Ginobili. If I were to compare myself to one player in the NBA, it would be Kirk Hinrich, or Mike Dunleavy. However, I find myself often being compared to Christian Laettner by my mother. I think my

strongest traits are my court vision, passing ability, hustle, and sense of humor.

I would like to join the NBA because I think that I would be an excellent role model for young kids. I exemplify teamwork, hard work, and eating healthy better than most people I know.

I am good at dribbling with my right hand, though I can “go left” if need be. It seems that a hot button issue right now is homosexuality in the league. I feel like I should make it clear that I am not gay and do not have plans to become so in the near future, though I support their right to wed other gays.

I do not know if you have control over this, but I do not think I would work well in a system with Kobe. He seems very flippant toward his teammates.

Though I cannot dunk, I can reach the net and climb up if that is apropos. I am also good for six fouls in a game, and I am willing to make them hard.

A few questions to accompany my declaration: Do you provide the shoes for players? If not, can I buy shoes, bring someone the receipt and they reimburse me? At the moment I am working at the NYU library and I do not have the disposable income for a good pair of shoes. Also: am I allowed to watch the cheerleaders warm up/practice? Am I allowed to bring food to the games? Do I have to find my own transportation to away games?

Thank you and I look forward to hearing from you soon.

Best,

Calvin A. Lord

My Pup

When I'm drivin' around with my buds, I let my pooch sit in the front seat. That's right – I let my *dog* get the best seat in the car instead of my *friends*! Even when there are like four of my friends and they have to all squeeze up in the back! That's when it's actually hilarious too – one of my friends, usually Ben or Dan cause they're the smallest, has to sit on one of the other dudes' lap! Haha. They'll be like "Aw, aw, I'm not gay! I'm not gay! There's just not enough room," or something funny like that and we all crack up. It's pretty freaking hilarious actually.

He's only like 30 pounds, too – my *dog*, not any of my friends hah – which is maybe the funniest part now that I think about it, so theoretically, or whatever, *he* could sit on one of the dudes' laps. But, uh, I guess I don't trust any of 'em enough with my precious little pup to let one of those dumb ass friends of mine sit with him, haha.

But yeah, anyway, know what else? I even let the old pooch pick the radio station! Disc jockey? Yeah, try "dog jockey"! I know he can't have a favorite radio station and stuff cause he's only a dog but I don't care. Whatever he picks is



probably better than the crap my wack friends would pick! Yeah, I'll say, "Hey pooch, throw on some tunes!" and I'll hear something like "Aww, not again!!!" from the backseat but I just LOL and let the *doggie* do the deejaying. He'll put his fuzzy little paw on the volume knob 'cuz it's the closest knob to the passenger's seat and I know that doesn't really change the station, but I'll turn the tuner knob at the same time all discreetly and stuff so it seems like my *dog* is the one doing it and not me. My dog! It's, like, so prime.

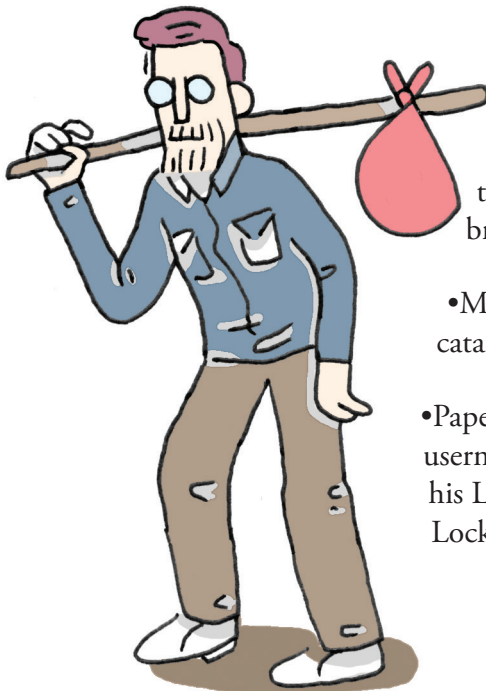
The other pretty funny thing I do with my pup is when my friends invite me to go to some lame ass party with them or whatever, as a total joke, I'll just sit at home alone with my pooch and not leave my room until sunup. My dumb friends are always like, "Wha—where's Dave? Where's Dave? Oh! Haha that's a bomb prank he pulled on us. Very funny. *Very* funny," I bet. Yep, it sure is. Just me and the ol' mutt totally pulling a fast one on those royal asses.

Or, also, sometimes, like, I'll just ditch school or, like, spend the whole day locked up in the upstairs hall closet with my trusty hound and I won't come out until they invent a serum that turns worthless old dog corpses back into real life canines. Haha, just to fuck with people or whatever. Or, like, if one of these days one of my "friends" or parents actually listened to me for once and called some scientists and really hounded them (pardon the pun, hah) until they invent the juice or whatever that does the trick. I *know* it's not that hard – I know it – and it's not like my parents don't have the money to pay some money-hungry stupid old lab dudes.

Anyway, I'm pretty random, I guess. Haha, I'll just say stupid stuff to make my friends laugh. I haven't seen them in a while, I guess like, one...two... three...yeah, three and a half years. It'd be sick to see them again! Maybe we could all go out to the arcade or whatever...but I'm driving! And my *pooch* is picking the tunes. LOL! Peace.

Bindle Contents

- Poor Richard's Almanac
- My little bro! He's so random and nuts.
- Keys, wallet, phone
- Stones... one for each train I've fallen out of, weights to remind me during my journey
- Can of pork n' beans, pork n' bean can opener



- Empty box marked "Memories"
- Retainer, electric toothbrush, Listerine breath strips
- Mom's old Victoria's Secret catalog
- Paper containing the username and password for his LinkedIn, HotMail, and Lockerz accounts

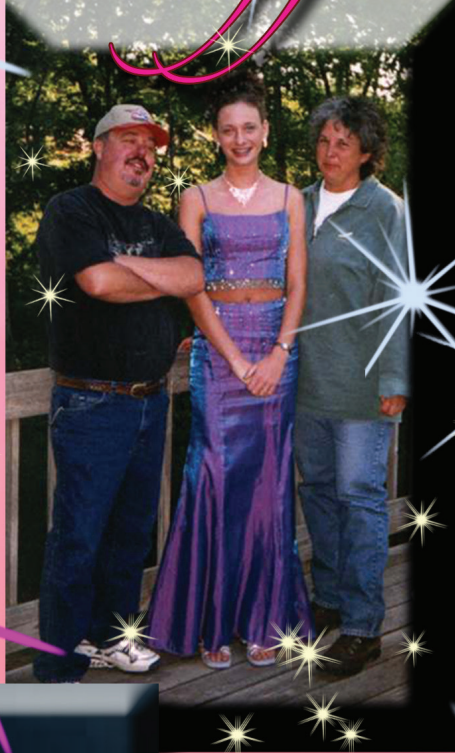
What'd We Find In Dad's Sock Drawer?

- Woah, a real gun!
- Copy of Penthouse Forum for gay guys, but Dad said he's holding it for a friend
- *His* dad's sock drawer
- Photo album from when he was a judo champion
- My sister's underwear, but Dad said he's holding onto it for a friend, haha. Then we got ice cream! Dad is so cool.
- Leather bound collection of letters between him and Harrison Ford
- A brand new Xbox even though he said we couldn't afford one
- Cum, he cums in his sock drawer apparently



- Bunch of normal-sized condoms in a Trojan Magnums box
- A John Deere catalog covered in white stains
- A VHS tape where the first 10 minutes is a nature documentary about giraffes but then it switches to interracial porn
- Note telling me he loves me

Midriff Pro





Hangman's Creek

Teen: Hi, excuse me, could you point me to Washington Square Park?

Prospector: To what, now?

Teen: I was just accepted to NYU and I'm looking for (*Teen takes out pamphlet and flips through it*)...yeah, Washington Square Park. I hear that's where the people hang out and I guess I just want to get a feel for student life around here.

Prospector: Well, ain't ya heard?

Teen: I'm sorry?

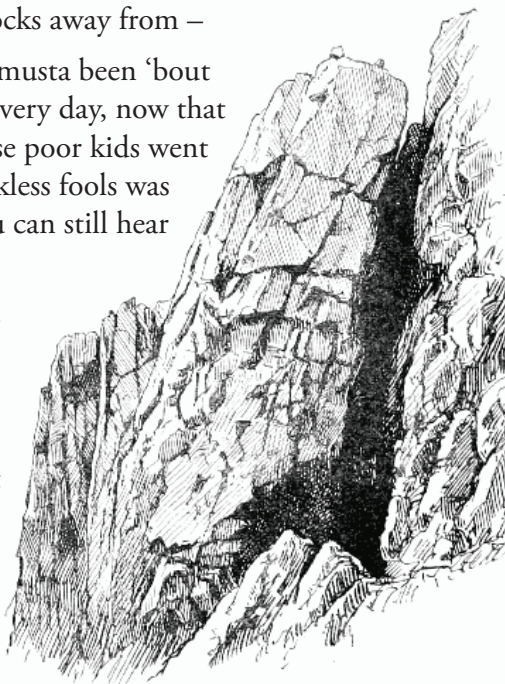
Prospector: Heh, I feel sorry any fool fixin' to go down to Hangman's Creek!

Prospector: What? No, I'm looking for Washington Square Park. It should be, like, a couple blocks away from –

Prospector: Heaheahea! Yep, musta been 'bout thirteen years ago – from this very day, now that I'm thinkin' on it— since those poor kids went down to that creek. Them luckless fools was never seen again. They say you can still hear them's voices...

Teen: Yeah, again, I think you must be conf—

Prospector: Woo-wee! No man in the right mind'd go to Hangman's Creek 'less he ain't fixin' to come back! Well, hey, don't let me stop ya. I'll take



ya to the edge a' Lost Souls' Trail, but I'll take ya no further'n that!

Teen: No, that's okay. Never—

Prospector: Heh, as for me, y'ask? 'Spose I've always wanted to be the one to solve the mystery – heck, it'd be real nice to bring home a couple dimes so I could buy my little lady that ivory necklace she always talkin' about but is too proud t'ask for – but...well I might be nearin' the end, but I've still got some sense in this old brain 'a mine! I simply won't go with ya down to Hangman's Creek!

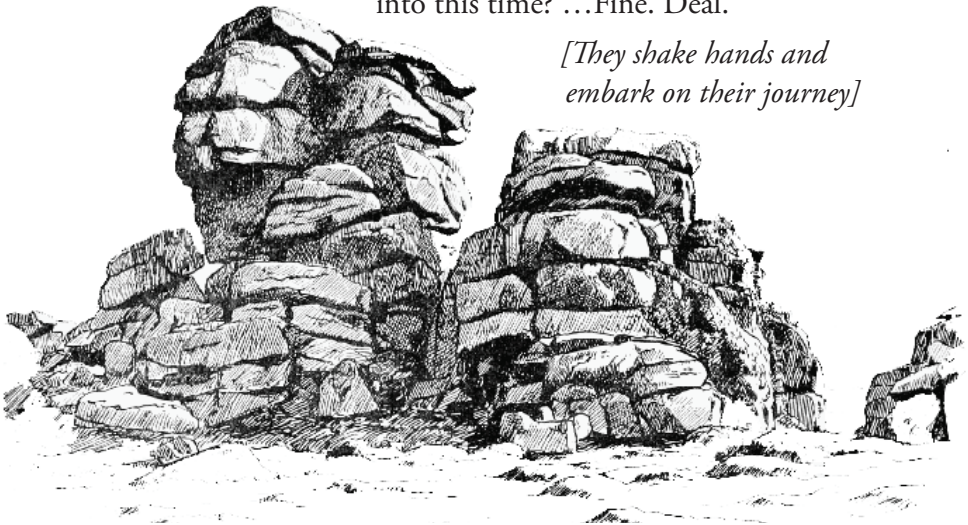
Teen: What? You look like you're in your twenties. I thought you were a student here, which is why I asked—

Prospector: Fine! I'll take ya down to Hangman's Creek! But don't 'spect me to be holdin' your hand the whole time – and we split the bounty 50/50!!

Teen: You takin' me for a chump? It was my idea! 60/40 or it's off.

Prospector: Oh, Prospector, y'old fool, what've ya gotten yourself into this time? ...Fine. Deal.

*[They shake hands and
embark on their journey]*



**As I've gotten older, I've started
to realize there's more to life than
wearing my cap sideways and
maing wicka-wicka noises like a
DJ scratching a record.**

**If you ask me, a robot that can eat
a watermelon, that's the wave of
the future.**

What Disney Princess Are You?

How do you wear your hair?

- a) In a cool, funky bob
- b) Short and curly – all natural!
- c) Long and straight, ain't nothing wrong with that!
- d) Short

What do you look for in a guy?

- a) Tall, dark, and handsome :)
- b) Cool, mysterious, and kind of aloof (sorry, I can't help it!)
- c) Outgoing and blonde, like that dreamboat Leo DiCaprio
- d) Maybe just companionship or something

What's your around-the-house outfit?

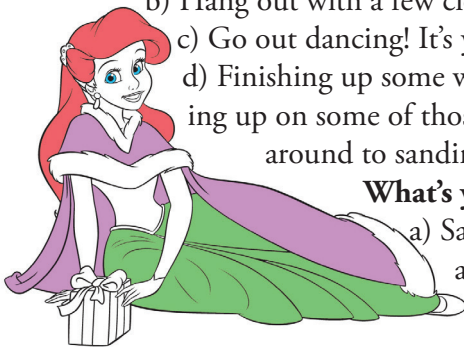
- a) Something comfy, like my PJs or a snuggie (I know, I'm so bad!)
- b) Athletic stuff, like shorts and a sweatshirt
- c) I like to strip down ;) Just underwear and a tee-shirt
- d) Some flannel and a pair of Wranglers

How do you spend your ideal Saturday night?

- a) Curl up in bed and binge watch movies on Netflix
- b) Hang out with a few close friends, nothing crazy
- c) Go out dancing! It's your night, girl!
- d) Finishing up some work in the shed, maybe catching up on some of those earlier projects I never got around to sanding.

What's your zodiac sign?

- a) Sagittarius – I'm wild and not afraid of confrontation!



- b) Aries – I'm fun n' flirty ;)
- c) Capricorn – I'm kinda introverted, but I can get out of my shell with a few close friends
- d) I was born on March 4th, 1958, so whatever sign that is.

What's your favorite sport to watch?

- a) Basketball – I'm a daddy's girl
- b) Soccer – those Euro hotties have hottt bodies!
- c) Baseball – I'm just like one of the guys lol!
- d) Golf. It's nice and relaxing to watch while sorting plywood.

Are you a daddy's girl or a mommy's princess?

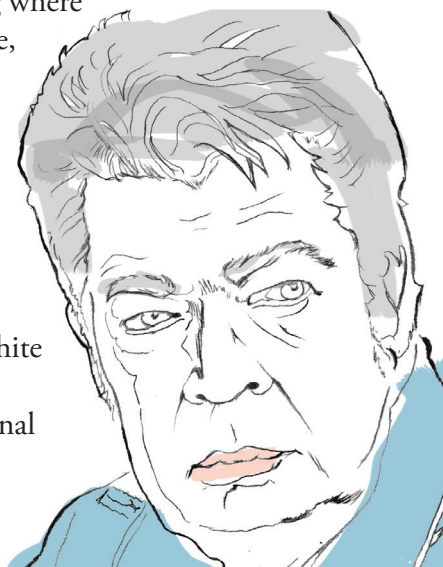
- a) I'm always mommy's little princess
- b) Daddy's girl all the way!
- c) Mommy and daddy love me the same
- d) My mom passed on a while back and my dad didn't talk much except for when he was teaching me the ropes of woodworking.

What's your biggest fear?

- a) Spiders! Iccccckkkkk
- b) Snakes – those little freaks give me the heeby-jeebies!
- c) The dark – I always do that thing where you turn the lights off and then, like, sprint to your bed just to like hide under the covers and escape the scary monsters
- d) The war

If you answered....

- More than 4 (a)'s, you're Ariel
- More than 4 (b)'s, you're Snow White
- More than 4 (c)'s, you're Jasmine
- More than 4 (d)'s, you're professional woodworker Dean McCallister



Fun Summer Recipes

Spring is here! Ice is melting, and summer is on its way, and we here at the Plague are ready to share some of our favorite summer recipes.

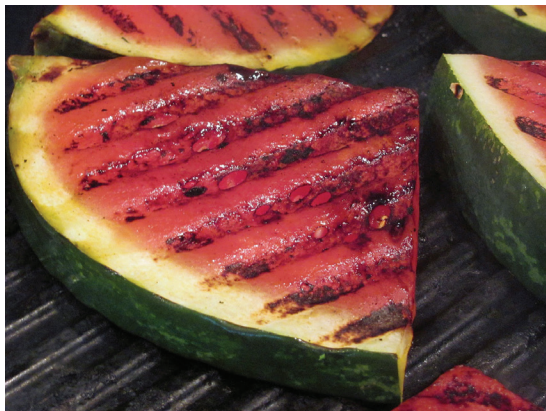
Watermelon and Goat Cheese Salad

Everyone knows watermelon is a summer staple, but for an unexpected combo, dice your chilled watermelon into cubes with crumbled goat cheese! The sweet and savory combination is sure to be a favorite at any summer party! Eat straight, or throw this on a bed of arugula or spinach for a fun salad.

Grilled Watermelon

Another great way to use up that watermelon is to try it on the grill! Start by slicing your watermelon, being very careful not to cut your fingers off and suddenly not be able to please Chloe sexually anymore because a man without fingers just isn't attractive. Add a little salt, and just pop it on the grill, flipping after 1-2 minutes. Adding salt may seem counterintu-

itive, but it actually makes it sweeter!



Portofino Pesto

Escape to the Italian Riviera with this Portofino-inspired pesto! Blend basil, olive oil, pine nuts, and Parmesan cheese in

a food processor, or if Chloe took it when she left, use your regular blender! Once you've blended everything together, mix in green beans and sliced cherry tomatoes. Use this on pasta, or simply save it to add to sandwiches!

Berries and Cream

Summer is all about fresh fruit! Serve fresh strawberries, raspberries, blueberries, and blackberries over whipped cream for a delicious, seasonal dessert. If you have left over berries, try throwing them into a pie! Then drive by Chloe's new boyfriend Rick's house several times and contemplate throwing the pie at his stupid face! Bonus tip: if you want a nice, flaky homemade crust, plan ahead and bake it in the morning before the afternoon heat sets in. The cooler air is more conducive to pastry!



Fresh Guacamole

Avocados are going to be everywhere this summer! The trick to making a great guacamole is to combine your seasonings before adding in avocado. Make a paste with cilantro, lime juice, salt, pepper, and onion. In another bowl, mash up your avocados, then combine, adding diced tomatoes if desired. California exports lots of avocados! Wonder if Chloe's eating avocados with Rick in their new Santa Monica home!

Guava Margaritas

For a fun take on the classic margarita, try adding guava! Instead of preparing your average margarita, why don't you just pour some guava juice (or 'Boing!') into a Bud Light Lime-A-Rita and call it a night? It's not like there's anyone here to share it with you so why bother? May as well get drunk on cheap alcohol and look at her new life on Facebook. Typing with only your left hand isn't so hard. This Lime-A-Rita ain't too half-bad neither.

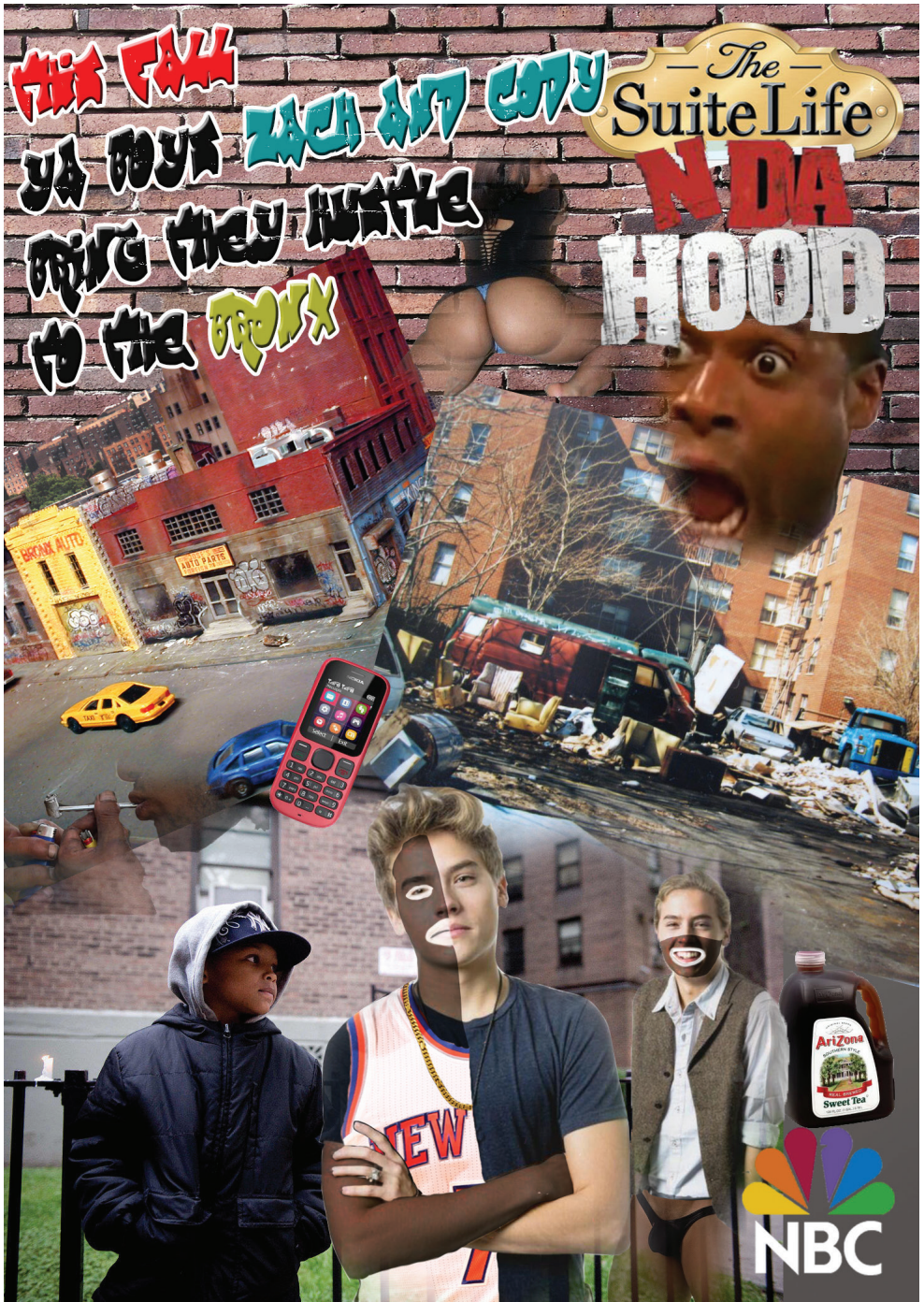
Santa Fe Black Bean Burgers

I recently drove through Santa Fe on my way to Santa Monica and was inspired by their southwestern flavors! Combine black beans, corn, and (look up an actual recipe) to make delicious veggie burgers. This is a healthier take on your typical summer cookout. Maybe invite your sister for a grill-off! She's been coming by more and more since the break-up! Surely she'd join you!

Classic Pulled Pork Sandwiches

Fuck you Chloe.







Stuff You Can't Do While Pregnant

- Can't stand too close to the microwave. Or anywhere near anything remotely microwave-related. Get out of your house. Get away from the building tainted with horrifying microwave.
- Can't go on your Honors Physics field trip to Six Flags
 - Can't put a little propeller beanie on your baby bump until you're 100% certain it's a boy
 - Can't incite the wrath of Brad P. Wilbur, professional stomach puncher
 - Can't not drink Pepsi-Cola—it's that good!
 - No high-fives and definitely no low-fives
 - Can't seduce BMX hunks, poke holes in the condom, have kick-ass babies who ain't afraid of no 30-foot dirt ramps or three adjacent flaming hoops
 - Can't write cursive
 - Can't drink bleach

Animal Testing

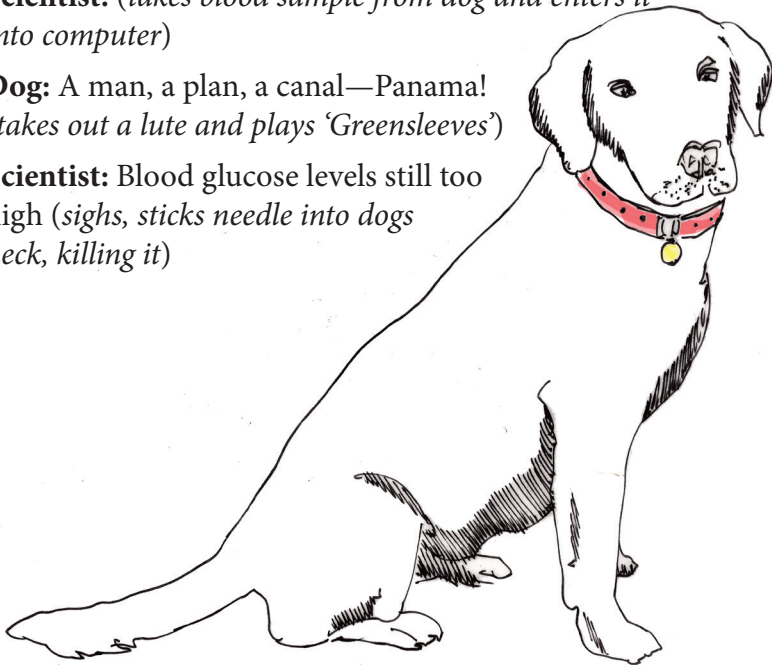
(scientist feeds dog a new Diabetes pill)

Dog: *(stands on hindlegs and starts breakdancing)*

Scientist: *(takes blood sample from dog and enters it into computer)*

Dog: A man, a plan, a canal—Panama!
(takes out a lute and plays ‘Greensleeves’)

Scientist: Blood glucose levels still too high
(sighs, sticks needle into dogs neck, killing it)



Continental Sex Tips for Femmes & Filles

Kindle a Nouveau “Flambé Français” + Spice Up You and Your Lover’s Lusty Love Life
With a Quaky Quiz for Kids and Caregivers!

By Simone Chassée-Bouvoir

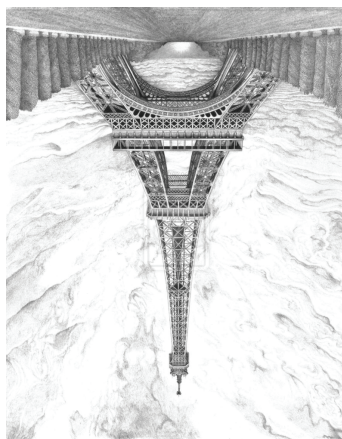


Dish it Up!

Give your boring domestic tasks a European flare. Do the dishes naked and ride the hallway like a turnpike from the kitchen to the bedroom! If your partner comes home from work with the bacon sizzling, he’s most likely a heterosexual male.

Paris Noir

Using your makeup brush, gently brush over your partner’s genital region. With your piece of black construction paper, gently press evenly and firmly on those gens to drive your partner wild! Examine the printer paper with your partner. If the shape of the print is a “tour Eiffel,” your partner is female. If it’s a “visage francaise jolie-laid,” your partner is male. Note: If the print takes up less than a sixth of or more than the length of the piece of print paper, your



partner may or may not have dimpled butt-cheeks.

Baby Breath

Valentine's day is never more than a year away! Give yourself a body your partner will appreciate by eating French foods that resemble the genitals. Avoid the lemons, leeks, and garlic that give European women their gawky, lanky, body-longevity and silly-scented smelly breath. If escargot is your thing, your partner may or may not have firm butt-cheeks. If baguettes are more your bag, congratulations! Your partner is probably a male.

Sex Quiz!

Enough about your partner: What's YOUR sexy-style?

Pour yourself a baby-oil bubble bath. Look down. What do you see?

- A) A gently drifting cumulous cloud of virginal vapors.
- B) A cocktail olive. "What? I still like martinis."
- C) The koi goldfish you keep in the closet. LOL!
- D) A heavy hammer from hardware heaven.

Describe your relationship with your mother.

- A) "I will never be pretty or fat enough for her to love me."
- B) "I take after the side of her that had to quit working to raise my nearly autistic little brother."
- C) "She's a doll, but don't compare me to her split ends!"
- D) "I got IN that one time and sucked those titties! ... When I was BORN!"

What kind of soap do you use?

- A) Bridgette Bardot's own Dove-brand bar soap.
- B) "Once I took one from a motel and it's lasted me two dogs and six U-Hauls."
- C) Irish Spring.
- D) The kind my imaginary girlfriend / mother-brother-roommate would use.

Four each A, award yourself 4 points. For each B, boast of 3 points. Each C, send yourself 2, and for each D, discover you only got 1.

If you scored 8 or above, congratulations! You are a real woman! (A-, or .75/\$1.00 off the contemporary male-magic curve.)

If you scored 6 or higher, you are a female but you may or may not have either firm or dimpled butt-cheeks. (B+, not necessarily too much or un-shabby.)

If you scored 4 or higher, you are a male, and you probably have firm or dimpled butt-cheeks. (B- LOL!)

If you scored a 3 or below, sorry to see you go! You're a male. (F---, or to put it in quantitative terms you'll understand as a mathematical-male, the negative reciprocal of Jason from FoxTrot's GPA)

Extra Bonus Addition:

The Modern Professional Woman's Grocery-Shopping List

For Health, Happiness, and Heart (That comes first, Girls!)

- 1) Flash cards
- 2) Deodorant
- 3) Tissues
- 4) Paper Towels
- 5) Bread / An apple
- 6) Cosmo and Cranberry Juice-Mix



Me and Bianca

(girl smiles at me, I smile back)

me: Hi

girl: Tu hablas espanol?

[rest of conversation translated into english]

me: yes. my name is Calvin. and you?

girl: Bianca. Are you from around here?

me: No. I live in United States. You are much hot.

girl: thanks, you are very cute

me: yes. thank you very much

(pause)

me: what is your food? no. food favorite. what is

girl: *(giggling)* what is my favori--

me: what is your favorite food?

her: I really like ?????????

me: me too. I also like burritos.

(pause) We eat burritos? would we eat burritos? No. will we eat burritos?

girl: *(giggling)* yes I

me: will you eat burritos with me?

girl: ok. want to go Friday?

me: I don't understand. Wait, sunderday?

girl: what?

me: SUN-DER-DAY

girl: Sunday or Saturday?

me: Sunday.

girl: I think i'm busy, i'm sorry

(walks away)



The Gay Jeans!

A group of friends share a pair of jeans...little do they know that the pair makes them gay!



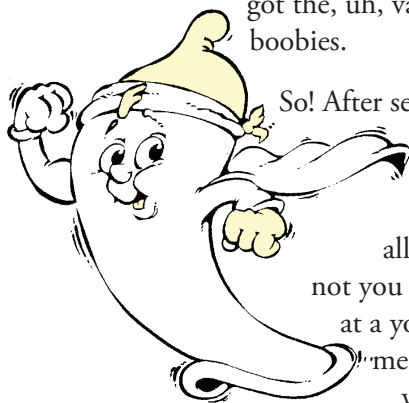
Wednesdays 930/830c



Sex Ed

Listen up, you punks! I know a lot of you are probably “hella bummed” about having to take this class, but it’s a school requirement so you’d be smart to get over it and try to enjoy this thing. I mean, hey, it’s Sex Ed! It’s not like boring old English class or History class or something. Why would you want to learn about a bunch of dead losers who did a bunch of stuff when your grandparents were kids? Snooze! In this class – actually, let’s call it a “learning sesh” – you get to learn about guys’ and girls’ private parts and about how to properly do that sweet, sweet thing we call sex. Now *that’s* chill.

In the first unit, we’ll cover sexual organs. Hey, you guys know what I’m talking about: for the dudes in the class, we’re talking *dicks*. What? What? Don’t look so uncomfortable! Chillax, my brothers, it’s only a body part....that you *bang* with! Haha, alright, alright, let’s settle down now – it’s just a joke to lighten the mood. I just want you guys to know that this is a chill environment where you can openly discuss matters of the body and that I’m a gnarly dude who’s up to talking about whatev’s. Anyway, for you ladies, we’ve got the, uh, vagina and the, um... the, um, boobies.



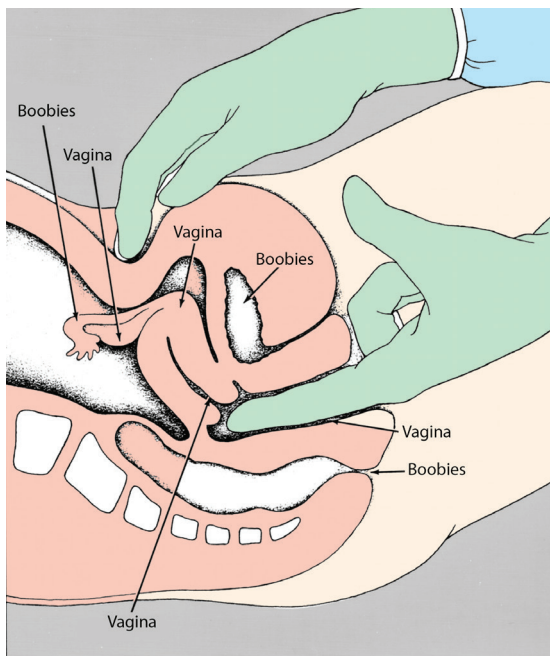
So! After sexual organs comes the unit on lifestyle choices. And no, it’s not only about *boning*, you horn-dogs! Lifestyle choices include all kinds of stuff, like whether or not you should start smoking cigarettes at a young age and whether or not mental illnesses are normal. And, yes, your lifestyle choices include the

decision to have sex. Anyway, you guys are at a real fertile age – pardon the pun, ha – and you’ll have to make lots of different kinds of tough choices.

Hell, when I was your age, I had to make tons of these choices. In fact, I used to constantly deliberate what to do when my parents were fighting or when the older kids in my neighborhood

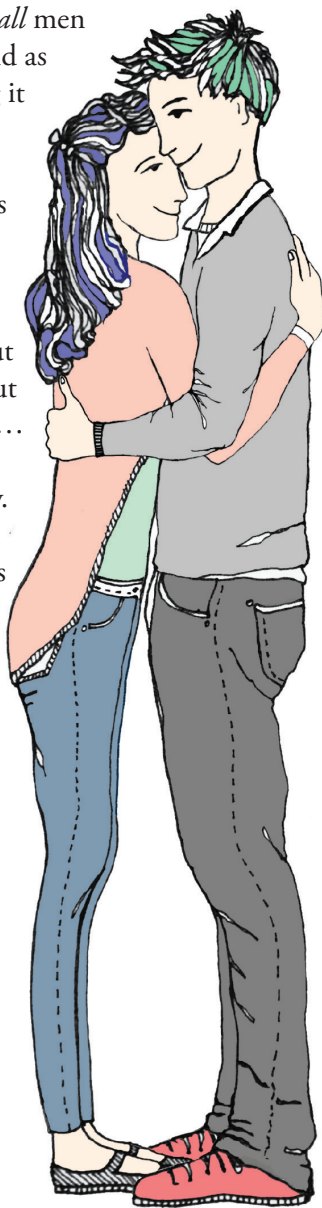
would call me a lonely loser. But mainly, actually, uh, most of the tough decision-making came from girls asking all the time for me to give them – um – give them sex. And let’s just say I *didn’t* always make the right choices! Hah. But when a girl is sitting there – or, no, laying there – and she’s taking her clothes off to reveal those two beautiful, er, chest things and the, uh, vagina, which is the, um, innie one, it’s hard to say no! Sure, I got hella sex experience from it, but you have to know when you’re ready and how to be safe. Look, sometimes it’s not a good decision! You don’t always need it! I may as well have never had it or been offered it at all!

Ok, lastly, le pièce de résistance: the no-pants dance, the horizontal bop, the beast with two backs – *sex*! The final unit of our learning sesh’ – actually, let’s just call it a “sesh” – will be about how to



properly and safely engage in sex. It's what *all* men and women do. It's a universal activity as old as life itself and there's no point in pretending it doesn't happen or in pretending that not everyone does it. I mean, we all know how it goes: the guy and the girl develop feelings – sexual ones – for each other; they agree to engage in intercourse; they take their... clothes – or, no – or, wait, yeah – they take their clothes off; and, well, the guy takes out the, uh, penis, of course; the girl... takes out her – uh – her vagina and boobs; and, well... like I said, you guys know how it goes and so do I, so there's no need to go over it now. Point is, when it happens, you should be safe by wearing condoms on all your fingers for good luck and by padding the ground around the bed in case you fall.

Anyway, just to reiterate, I've had sex before. Every adult has. Even – or, actually especially – Sex Ed teachers. Luckily for you – and just to drive this home – sex is a thing I've had tons of, so I am well qualified to teach about it. Of course, it'd be inappropriate for any of you to make me prove it, so don't try it, but believe me: I've had a lot of it and I know a lot about it. This should be a fun year and I'm looking forward to maybe having my first sex – I mean, *to teaching you guys about sex!* Dammit. Class dismissed.



The Wacky Couples!

they're interracial!

wed 10/9c

NBC

Roleplay

I never even imagined how much I would love role play. We had been thinking and talking about bringing in some BDSM stuff, just to shake things up, for so long. I was so nervous, but it ended up being the best sex EVER! The scenario we settled on was that an all-powerful God tortures humans with illness, natural disaster, and war and then demands unconditional love and obedience. My pussy is dripping just just remembering it now!

When He threw me onto the bed and restrained me, arms and legs spread apart face down, shouting “If you love me, you will obey what I command!” (John 14:15) all I wanted was His cock inside me, but He was going to make me wait—all a part of the torture. He started to whip and flog my entire body and then paused so He could lean in and whisper to me “humility is reached when a slut, in obedience, patiently and quietly puts up with everything inflicted on her” (Saint Benedict, 59).

Then, He let me out of the restraints but commanded me to sit at his feet and suck his dick like a good whore, adding “whoso disobeyeth me and transgresseth me limits, I will make her enter Fire and hers will be a shameful doom” (The Qur’an, An-Nisa 4.14). Not wanting to have hot wax poured on me, I obeyed, and I can’t even begin to explain to you how soaked my panties were.

This continued for some time, but then, finally, He was going to fuck me. He commanded that I get into position to give my cunt to Him, saying “I love a cheerful giver” (Corinthians, 9:7). When I was about to come, I asked Him for permission, and He granted me my orgasm, telling me “Rejoice and be glad, for your reward is great” (Matthew, 5:12). And it was.

A Steaming Bag

Moderator: Please share an experience in which you took charge of and led a group.

Applicant: I used to work as a prison guard. One day two cellmates got into a fight. Then they both pooped and started smearing the feces all over each other. I got my guys together and said, "You just gotta go in there, rub some Vicks under your nose, and take care of this." And, you know, they did.

Moderator: And what goals do you have for the future?

Applicant: Short term, I'd like to earn enough money to move to Brazil. Long term, I'd like to move to Brazil and glorify the Lord.

Moderator: I believe you wrote your essay on glorifying the lord.

Applicant: Glorifying the lord and the firefly genocide.

Moderator: Could you elaborate on the firefly genocide?

Applicant: Where do you think the light in all of our bulbs and car headlights comes from? Fireflies. What's next, an attack on glow worms?

Moderator: Ah yes. Now, what adversity do you feel you've faced in your life, and how have you dealt with it?

Applicant: When I was in the mental institution, my grandfather would always come visit and give me such a strong pat on the back that it hurt. There was another guy in there with me that would put up hotels when we were playing Monopoly that he didn't pay for. When I signed myself out of the institution, I mailed both of them paper bags filled with my own poop. Do you want to see my institution papers? I have them in my pocket.

Moderator: Was the mental institution before or after your time working at the prison?

Applicant: Oh, the same time.

Moderator: Oh, um, okay. I'm sorry. That was an inappropriate question.

Applicant: Does that mean I get to ask you an inappropriate question? Like a freebie?

Moderator: No. I'm sorry.

Applicant: Do you want to move to Brazil with me? If we pool our money I could pay for churros once we get there.

Moderator: Lastly Mr. Shields, what makes you think you're a good fit for Harvard Business School?

Applicant: Is that a yes?

Mermaid

It's a mistake to marry a mermaid.

Sure at first, they're cute and very sexually willing

But they rush you into a commitment so they won't have to go back to the ocean forever.

Mistake

A night scene with a dark blue sky, a full moon, and a city skyline with several lit-up buildings.

They have a huge “grass is greener” complex for human life.

Which gives them crazy unrealistic expectations for relationships.



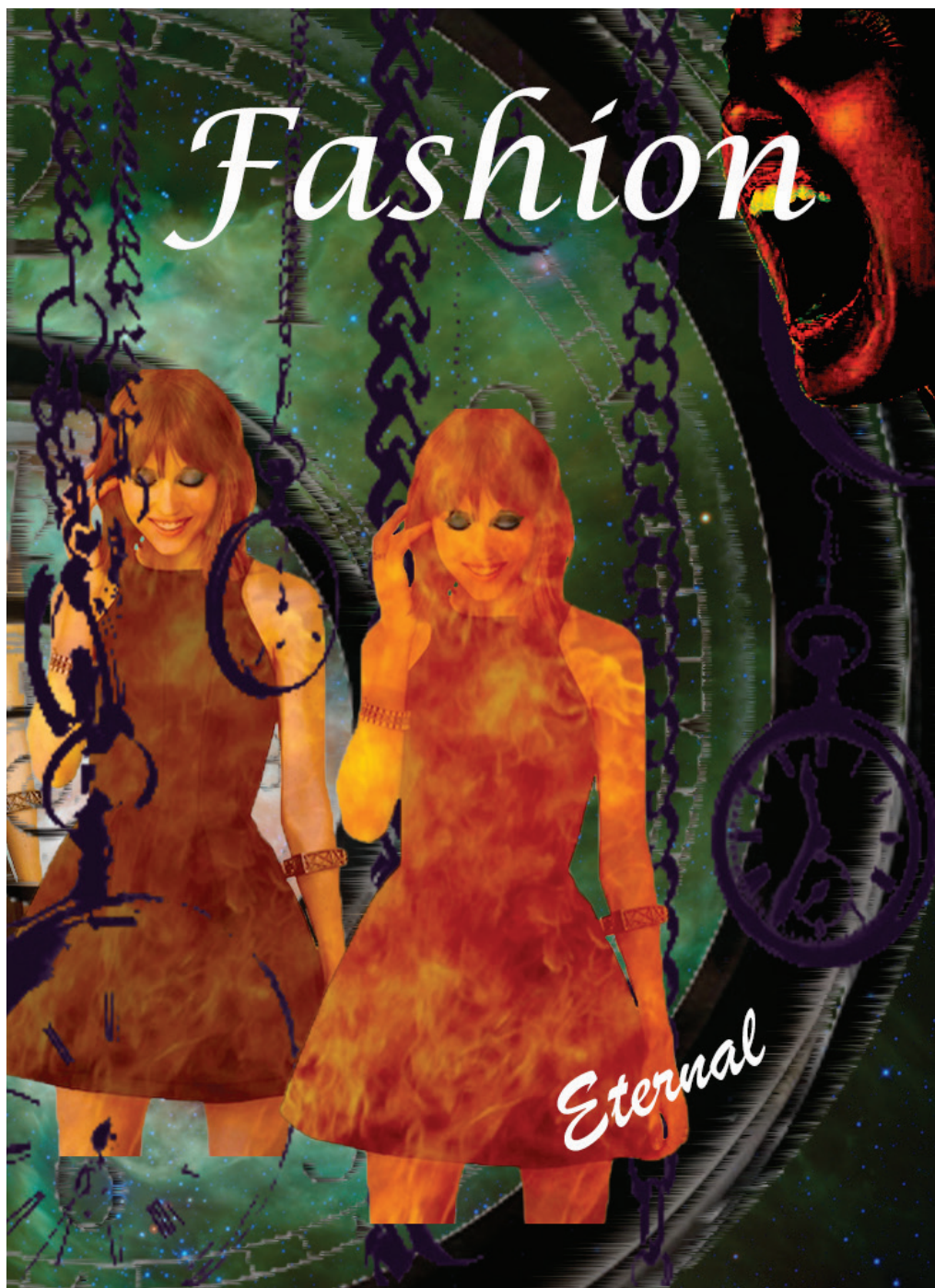
When you let them down, they just sit on the pier and stare at the water.

Don't do what I did.
Don't marry a mermaid.

Timeless



*The Little Black
Dress*

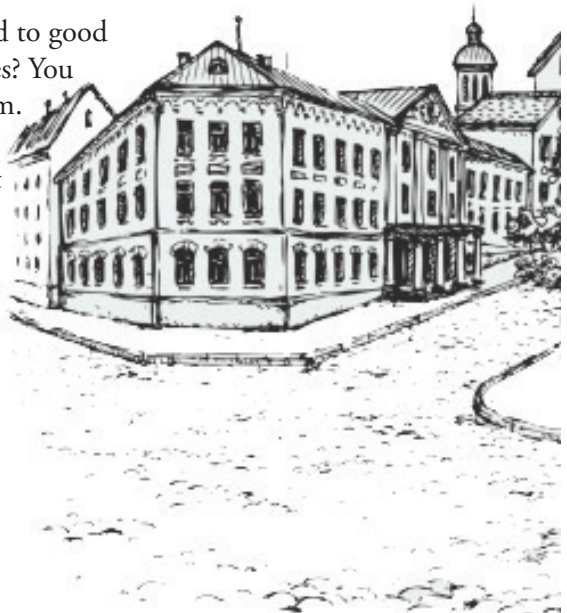


Towne Gazette, Op-Ed

The United States of America.... shit. I guess I just don't know what that means anymore. More like "The United States a' Nothin' Anymore". In this damn technology age where everyone is hooked up to their iPods and their mobile radios, people seem to have lost sight of what really matters. Shit... Everybody is so worked up about Hilary Duff this and James Van Der Beek that they stopped concerning themselves with what's really important.

I mean, in my sixty-three years on this Earth, I've seen this country go through a hell of a lot. Seen foreigners take the jobs of good men... Seen girls and fruits get their own television programs... Seen foreign girls inheriting their gay daddies' television-based media subsidiaries. And I'd be lying if I said change wasn't always happening from the beginning, but certain policies have made our great nation take a turn for the worse and I'd be damned if I've seen one doggone other decent American standing up for his God-given rights.

For chrissakes, what happened to good old-fashioned American values? You know — family, faith, freedom. What happened to the way things used to be? How about the times when a man would marry a woman under the watchful eye of the Lord and he never considered showing his Johnson to another fella? And what happened to the days when I could do whatever I wanted with my



own body, and that was nobody's business but my own?

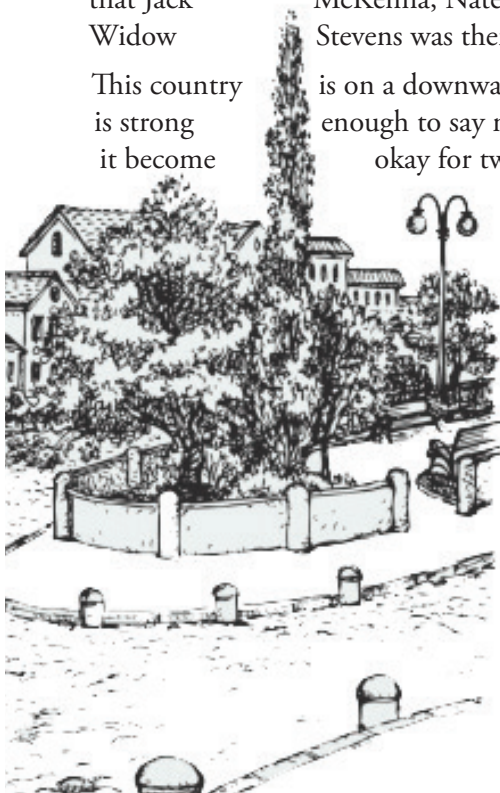
Man, the moral fabric of this nation is going down the shitter – that's for sure. Maybe it's just me, but doesn't it seem like people are forgetting a little old document called *The Constitution*? I mean, who are you to tell me what to do? Who are you to say what I can or cannot do with my portable television, a bottle of dermatologist-recommended Aveeno Cocoa Butter lotion, and the body parts God Himself gave me in front of whoever I please? Nobody, that's who.

Once upon a time, it meant something to be an American. An American was hardworking, patriotic, dedicated to the Man upstairs, and guaranteed the right to watch his own muff flicks down by County Square and quietly masturbate to them. And it didn't matter that Jack McKenna, Nate "the Snake" Moriarty, or Old Widow Stevens was there watching, neither.

This country
is strong
it become

is on a downward spiral and apparently nobody
enough to say nothing about it. Since when did
okay for two men to lock lips, but when one
hardworking, God-fearing owner
of an air conditioner and heating
company that he built with
nothing but moxie and his own
two hands starts using those same
hands to rub one out on his sixty-
three year-old American stiffy,
suddenly it's "inappropriate" and
"not the kind of behavior we want
our kids to see"?

Huh – get that! We have
foreigners invading our beautiful,
heterosexual nation and infecting
it with their three-quarter length



NEWS

jeans and their queer hats and I'm the one being singled out.

And, ya know the craziest thing about it? I'm watching the good stuff. My collection is from the golden age of adult film. Does the name Alice Golden-rack mean anything to you? I'm talking about the era when video nudies were tasteful, folks. This is the type of muff we want our children to watch — not the type we want to deprive them of!

Sheesh. One day, you're on the top of the world — you lead a respectable business in a loving, patriotic town, and, yeah, you live alone, but you're comforted by the library of adult films from the 1940's that you inherited from your parents and then converted into .mp4 format, ultimately burning those files onto recordable DVDs so that you can take care of your hard-on on the go— and then the next day Sheriff O'Malley comes up to you, rests his hand on your shoulder — which, don't get me wrong, is pleasurable in its own right — and tells you, "Amos, you just can't keep doing this." (Of course, you play dumb at first, innocently asking the sheriff what kind of files he does want you to be using to watch your nudie videos. And obviously, as the sheriff responds to your stalling tactics, you finish the job, but, still, you are all too conscious of the fact that this will be the last time to be able to really enjoy yourself.)

But hey, I've always said it: the day I can't enjoy my private time — that is, aggressively tug at my erect penis until ejaculation — in my special space — that is, this small town's only public square — is the day I give up on this town and this country altogether. And if the sheriff or Old Widow Stevens doesn't get that, then to hell with 'em.

Anyway, I hereby resign as mayor of this town.

Cordially,
Mayor Jackson

Best friends Amanda and Sarah have started an ongoing inside joke in which they change each other's Facebook statuses. It all started when Amanda left herself logged onto Sarah's computer after a late night of studying. What she came home to was quite a shock. "My status said 'Better log off next time LOL! :P' and I thought, what?! Who could this be?! Of course, she fessed up and ever since then we've been messing with each other!" said Amanda. The girls have continued this unusual prank for the last eight months. When confronted with copycats from school, Sarah commented, "Yeah, we get worried that other people have started copying us but we really just do it for the fun of it. I guess some of them have gotten a little too raunchy but what can we say? We're just weird like that." These quirky young women have given us at The Plague an exclusive look at some of their best statuses:

10. Poopin'

9. Sarah was here!!

8. Amanda is cool ;)

7. Looking for some dick tonight, anyone???

6. It's been a long time since I've truly felt like myself. I've been truly considering going on medication for my severe depression. To my friends and family, take this as a cry for help. Message me if you know how I can end this pain because I don't know if I can go on like this for much longer.

5. Sarah is the smartest, most beautiful, sneakiest girl I know!

4. I'm stupid :P like if you agree

3. My parents have been fighting constantly since my brother got caught selling pot and I'm afraid they're going to get a divorce. It's been really hard to bear. Good thing I have my awesome friend Amanda!!!

2. Durr, I have a crush on Rodney, haha jk, maybe not jk tho

1. Sarah has the best laugh ever and it is definitely NOT weird that she snorts!! It is AWESOME!

In-Depth Report

For this week's *In-Depth Report* we turn to Alabama, where 9th grader Ethan Craft has committed suicide after apparent years of bullying. He described in his suicide letter the 'decade of tormenting' that he endured every day at school and in his neighborhood, noting that he couldn't do it anymore.

Craft was a freshman at Winnacunnet High School, where he was failing out of many of his classes. "He was a kindhearted kid," observed math teacher Eric Whitney. "He had a bit of a hard time making friends though, probably because he was a bit shy and violent, and likely because he had a really small Chinaman penis that he puts in his boyfriend's ass."

Other teachers noted that Craft seemed violent and dissociated from his fellow classmates, but were nonetheless shocked at the news of his suicide. "He was definitely dramatic about everything—like this one time I asked him to pass out papers and he was whining like a fucking little homo bitch about it. But I'm honestly surprised he had the balls to pull this off, I assumed he always thought about it but was just gonna pussy out like everything else in his pathetic, worthless existence."

Other students expressed similar sentiments. Garrett Burns, a close friend of Craft, was devastated. "We weren't close friends, and 'devastated' isn't really the right word. He owed me like four dollars though, and I doubt I'll be getting it back. What a fucking cocksucker, he wouldn't even pay me back after I bought him that rope from Home Depot."

Another friend, Marie Hsiao, remembered him in a different light. "He always had this crush on me, but the kid reeked

of BO, and everyone thought he had a tiny Chinaman penis that he put in his boyfriend's ass. I'd rather get tied up and tortured than kiss that ugly gook motherfucker."

At home, Craft seemed to have a decent support system that wasn't apparently good enough for the high-maintenance, demanding, and spoiled teenager. "God, I miss him so much," said his mother Edith. "I can still imagine him as the chubby little boy that slowly became my little man. I mean, he was obnoxious, he smelled, and he couldn't go a night without fucking crying himself to sleep, but you can't choose your son right?" She reminisced while taking a swig from a bottle of Stoli.

"I wish there was something I could have done," noted his father, who was most affected by the bittersweet news of his piece of shit son that only did his faggy little musicals and never showed a shred of gratitude for the parents that sacrificed their dreams and money to raise him. "It was so tough to connect with him. I tried my best—fishing, soccer, football—but he was too into his Dr. Whoever and his faggy musicals. Christ why couldn't he just be a normal boy for fucking once."

Yet, in the overhyped crisis here, there is a glimmer of hope. "At least we're raising awareness in the school. Now other kids who are struggling like Ethan will know that they have options, like the wonderful school counselors, if they want to get better and fit in with the community. Alternately, they can continue being their arrogant little selves, stick their god damn Chinaman penises in their boyfriends asses, and off themselves to make it just a little bit better here for the rest of us."

All Your High School Friends Have Replaced You

Saying that he was “surprised by how close they got so fast” and “they are really cool people. You would love them,” your best friend in high school has admitted that he has completely replaced you in his life. The college freshman, who you saw nearly every day for the past 3 years, further said that he’s really enjoyed “being around people who have the same passions, ya know?”

“Really,” the guy who you were there for most of the time through his last break-up continued, “I feel like I’ve known these kids my whole life. We get fucked up every weekend!” Your friend who slept at your house at least half the nights over the summer before college and who has smoked probably hundreds of dollars of your weed over your friendship further continued that he “really felt right with those guys.”

“I just hope you can find friends at your school, too!” he continued, completely aware that he intends to drop off communication and grow apart from you over the next few years even though you once drove that guy to College Station—to College Station, damn it!

“Well man,” the guy whose balls you felt once when he thought he had a lump stated “I have to go, but let’s talk again soon,” implying that the guy you buried that body with both has the motivation and time to call you again, which he does not. At press time, they’re way smarter and cooler than you.

Dance Major Wants To Just Drop Everything And Write A Paper

Stating that he “just couldn’t deal with finals week,” Tisch sophomore Nick Dolan has decided to follow his passions, take some time off from finals and write a comprehensive analysis paper. “Can’t I just forget it all for one night? I just wanna turn up the classical, sit down, and feel the grammar and syntax.” notes Dolan. “I mean gosh, I just find myself tapping my feet in class or in the shower wanting to just sit down and discuss the EU Directive on Cloud Computing and Cyberterrorism.” At press time, Dolan notes that he always procrastinates from his papers by reading sources from Proquest, watching CSPAN, and taking BuzzFeed quizzes about which legal revision he resembles.

Korean Student Association Holds Annual ‘Smoke-Outside-Bobst-athon’

Thousands of students gathered outside Bobst this Friday evening as the Korean Student association held their third annual ‘SOB—Smoke Outside Bobst’ event. Many disinterested Korean students--and a few white males interested in Korean girls—showed up to smoke and look at their phones individually while standing close to one another. Sporting backward Yankees hats and Canada Goose jackets, students ignored the ‘no smoking’ sign and clouded the air with generic cigarette smoke. At press time, it is unclear if this was just another night of finals week for students.

Dylan gasped. Cole had taken the hair on his ballsack, and groomed it into a miniature ponytail—much similar to the one on his head. Cole stepped off of the pedestal and onto a purple yoga mat. He closed his eyes and began to shake his body. These shakes grew larger as he started jumping up and down.

He reached a steady rhythm, as his pube ponytail, dick, and other pube ponytail all began to spin wildly counter-clockwise.

“Dylan, you’re going to have to step back. As soon as my pube ponytail, dick, and other pube ponytail synchronize, there’s no telling as to what might happen to me,” said Cole.



join the plague

**meetings every Monday at 6:30pm in Kimmel Room
710 (next to Room 709, idiot)**

send submisisons to plaguemagazine@gmail.com

