

The Plague

Fall 2014: Rebirth

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Things We Damn Well Feel Like Saying

Eek—this is not only the first sentence of the Fall 2014 edition of the Plague but also the first sentence you will read penned by Plague’s newest editorial board, so there’s a lot of pressure on us to make it count. Hm, that wasn’t so bad we suppose, but it certainly could have been better. A little too meta for our liking, like Inception or the Matrix or memes within other memes.

Phew Now that the pressure is off, we can get down to business. There are some things we’d like to change around here. To be sure, we’re appreciative that the Plague editors before us have brought our beloved magazine to its current level of fame—achievements such as the Great Dick Joke Of Fall ‘12 and the Big Fat Butt Fiasco Of Spring ‘13 come to mind—but they were definitely not without fault. Actually, they were with many faults. Specifically, we’d like to amend the following:

Pumpkin Spice Latte Jokes

Since the release of that damn beverage, the Plague has operated under the belief that an infinite number of jokes may be derived from the statement “White girls love Starbucks’ Pumpkin Spice Lattes.” Like the white girls they so frequently joked about, though, former editors shoved down our throats that tired joke to an excessive degree. Sure, the joke worked for a little—after all, the observation is one everyone has made at some point—but after the seventh semester of every single joke being about the phenomenon, attending Plague meetings became torturous. Sometimes for entire two-hour meetings, the editors would shout “White girls love Pumpkin Spice Lattes!” repeatedly until a staff member could come up with a new iteration of the joke. Several of us have suffered permanent hearing damage from it and we, the new editors, would like to put an end this heinous tradition. Further, we’d like to take this time to retire the joke as well as advise other comedy publications to do the same. RIP, PSL.

Naked Meetings

As if the yelling weren’t bad enough, another cruel Plague tradition is naked meetings. On the door to the Publication Lab, where we hold our meetings, there hangs a sign that reads “No Shoes, No Shirt, Yes Plague Meeting—In Other Words, Get Fucking Naked Or Else Don’t Come To A Plague Meeting, You Goddamn Nerd” and it’s beyond us how no NYU club administrator has

noticed this and done something about it. Besides being illegal, forcing our younger, more impressionable writers to disrobe before they write comedy has forced them to associate comedy writing with vulnerability and, for some, arousal—for a few, both. Comedy writing is the greatest gift a young, probably white and male, person can have. Let us restore the art to its clothed roots.

Comedy Secrets

It's about time we share the great comedy secrets the Plague has been keeping from you guys. No one knows how long the Plague has been hiding these, but many of them are thought to be ancient. We've been selfishly keeping them to ourselves, but frankly, they were a waste in our hands alone.

- The key to winning any New Yorker Caption Contest is to ask yourself, “What would almost be funny, but really only appeal to, like, a real-life version of a therapist in a New Yorker Cartoon?” and presto—you've got yourself a winning caption. Greats like “I didn't order the fish” and “Honey, it's not what you think” have come from Plague staff and now you, too, may have a go at joining the elite. Another secret is that Andy Borowitz has written nearly two-thirds of all of the winning captions since 1925. He's a powerhouse comedy writer and he's immortal, so don't be hard on yourself if you don't get one in immediately.
- Twitter is objectively the best platform for short-form comedy, followed by Internet memes of funny responses on elementary school tests and PowerPoint presentations.
- Current slang is funny and enduring—sayings like “When the bae comes through with an epic bacon win” has always been funny and will always be funny.
- The banana peel slip is a funny bit, but even funnier is when you put it on your face and pretend like it's a squid that's attacking you. Go like “Aw! A squid! There's a squid on me! Help!” and those around you will laugh so hard.
- The Plague owns Daniel Tosh and keeps his sense of humor shitty so that our magazine will seem funnier

Anyway, thanks for reading and enjoy the Rebirth edition of the Plague.

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Levels of Rebirth



real 90's kids

90's kids who don't know how good they had it



opium plant



tropical bird

human



bug



scary bug



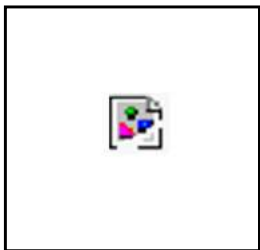
vhs copy of snow dogs



NYU student senator

foot cramp





Jeremy Levick, *President*

Recently named “Most Naturally Gifted Knot Tier” at Regionals, Jeremy Levick has been tying knots since early adolescence but has been competing in the knot-tying circuit since 2008.

He would like to take this time to thank the American Young Knot-Tiers Association as well as his friends and family for supporting him through all the practicing and all the regional, semi-regional and semi-semi-regional competitions. In particular, he'd like to extend a warm thank you to his father for “showing him the ropes” way back when. Wish him luck this weekend at States and pray to God that he remembers the third and fourth barrels on that pesky Clove Hitch!

Calvin Lord, *Vice President*

Calvin Lord is a clinical psychologist that specializes in family and child practices. He grew up in the Seattle area, before matriculating to Yale and later Oxford. Recently, he has worked on clinical psychosis and his work has been published by the American Psychiatric Association. He enjoys squash and wine. Catch him Thursdays at 830 on NBC!





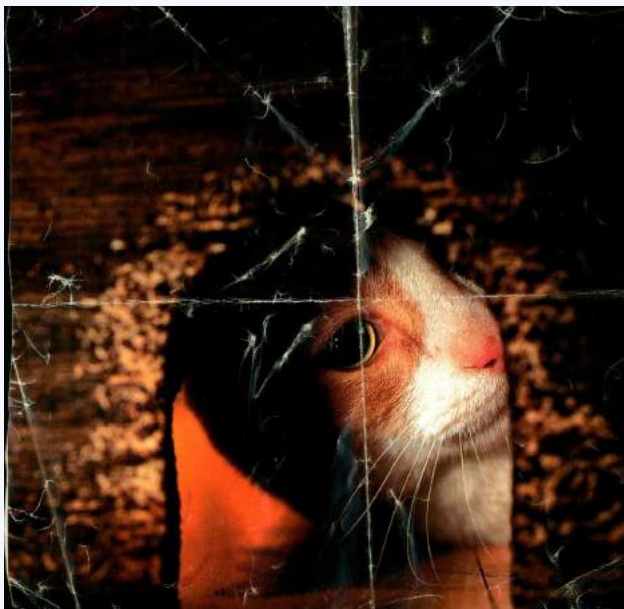
Courtney Perkins, *Secretary*

Courtney Perkins has been writing comedy since the age of the dinosaurs, back when she was born! Haha, just messing around, kids. 43 years young, Perkins enjoys serving as Plague secretary, drinking more coffee than any normal person should, and playing in her Matchbox-20 cover band. She is a proud and loving, but distant father of two.

Josefa Bitenc, *Treasurer*

Josefa Bitenc has been enchanting children around the world for over three decades with her fanciful and otherworldly stories. Some of her latest works include “The Manticore Next Door”, “My Sister’s Magic Growth”, “The Secret of Scoob” and “The Secret of Scoob 2: Scoobies on Parade”. She has no human children of her own, but is the proud “mommy” of three cats.





...S. In New York I make a
all with Carole Wilbourn, cat thera-
e patient, P_____ (professional confi-
y, you understand), an eight-year-old
nd-white shorthair, has been diag-
with aggressive cat syndrome. He has
the stereo, phone, and VCR wires.
not use the litter box. He attacks his
Valium has been prescribed. Look at
P_____’s point of view, Carole says
ically. A traumatic kittenhood. Inade-
urturing. Little wonder P_____ suffers
w self-esteem and anxiety. Cats have
s too, she says.
he talks, Carole sprinkles catnip from
velvet pouch and makes soothing
This is P_____’s seventh session (at \$95
“When someone suggested a cat ther-
wondered if I needed one instead,”
s owner confesses. “But it works.”
ole clicks on a tape with New Age
P_____ rolls over on his back, thrusts
ws up in the air, and promptly closes
es. I am tempted to curl up myself.
at is it about cats? I ask Carole, who
ed in psychology, then worked with a
narian before starting her practice as
rink 24 years ago. In reply she remi-



The Plague was commissioned to write the following spec by the Society for Sustained Stereotypes & Cliches in Hollywood (S.S.S.C.H.)

Troubled Teen Writers

Prof: So today we're going to be talking about Shakespeare.

Class: *(groans)*

Prof: Ok, ok, I know many of you are thinking “Damn, Shakespeare be hella boring!” and I get it, but if you give this stuff a chance, you might realize Shakespeare was actually pretty hella cool for his time. Now, if you would open your copies of Hamlet to page 63—

Troubled Teen: Shakespeare isn't cool. You know what's cool? Basketball and drugs. Getting mixed up with the wrong crowd, that kinda stuff.

Prof: *(lowers glasses)* You know what? You're right.

Whole class gasps.

Prof: That stuff *is* cool. But the thing is, Shakespeare was into that stuff too.

Teen: You for real, Mr. Campbell?



Prof: For the realest. Shakespeare had skills (*imitates a crossover*) and didn't respect authority (*mimes shooting a gun*) just like you underprivileged inner-city teens.

Everyone looks around at each other and fist bumps.

Prof: Shakespeare not be boring, but instead be ill.

Teen: That's sick, Mr. Campbell! Learning be tight! (*Gets on the floor and breakdances*)

Prof: Yep, and guess what? I *am* Shakespeare! (*Rips off tweed jacket to reveal 16th century garb, rips off face to reveal the face of a 500-year-old man*)

Prof: Peace out!

Prof dies slowly and painfully.

Teen: (*cries a single tear*) From now on I will no longer be troubled, but be good.



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intentionally blank.*

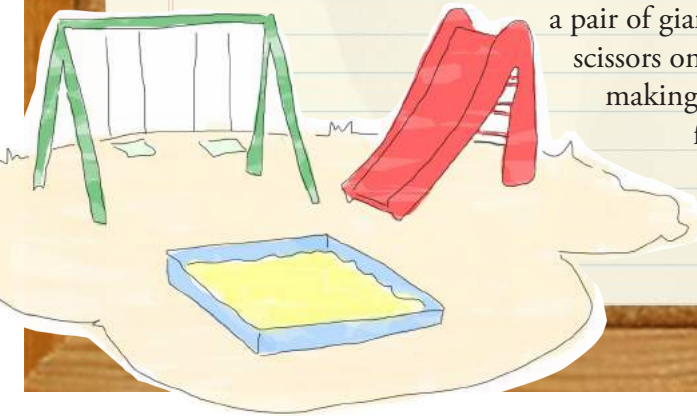
*May you use this time
to reflect on how you
have Rebirthed your-
self and the ways in
which you may contin-
ue to Rebirth yourself.*

Praise the Rebirth Process; let us bask in its Glory.

Citizens of Springtown:

I hope this message finds you well! Spring is just around the corner and I'd be remiss if I didn't spell out a few things I'd like to improve upon for this town for the upcoming year. First, I'd like to replace those old stop signs on Main Street with newer ones. I've heard your complaints loud and clear and I agree, you're entitled to spend your tax dollars on improving our roads. Second, I'd like to make more of an effort to connect with you guys, so I'm going to hold a sort of office hours from noon to five o'clock every Sunday. Come on in and we'll talk about what's on your mind, whether it's something as small as a dispute with your neighbor over whose hedges are impeding on whose land or as big as something like zoning laws or public education.


Lastly, and I don't mean to burden you good people with a sort of personal issue, but I'd like to ask a favor from you, citizens of Springtown. I'm referring of course to the time last week when I dropped a pair of giant ceremonial scissors on my feet, legally making my feet an official town park.



One of you figured out, I guess, that by a legal loop-hole, after the mayor says, "I declare this park officially open," whatever lies behind the object that the town's centuries-old ribbon-cutting scissors hits becomes the town's new park, regardless of whether it's an actual park or a human body part. And since I dropped them on my feet, you all have treated them as though they were a park for the past week, and not human feet. Again, I don't want to take away from your fun, but my feet are very sore and there still is an actual park right in the middle of Town Square, which I will allow you to use even though by a legal technicality, it's not the town's official park.

I mean, I ought to hand it to you—it's pretty remarkable that so many of you, all at once, can fit on my feet, which are only size 9½. This is an average or maybe below average foot size, but even two larger feet would struggle to support the weight of 10 or 20 children at a time. Jesus, just saying it out loud, I'm reminded of how crazy that sounds. Like, I know logically that most of your kids are 3 or 4 feet tall and my feet are foot-sized or even below foot-sized, so it's got to be impossible that so many of your kids can fit on my two below-average sized feet, right? It's really incredible






and quite honestly, something I might previously have thought to be physically impossible.

And I don't want to sound like a worrywart here—I normally wouldn't mind this kind of behavior. As you know, I perform short readings at the elementary school every Friday afternoon to the delight of many of your children, and I enjoy that very much—don't get me wrong. I love kids, but when there are so many of them on your body at once, often collectively amounting to thousands of pounds, it can be a bit tiring.


I guess it wouldn't be so bad if it weren't all day. I'm talking late hours of the night, these kids are on my feet, just running around and playing jump rope, like until 2 or 3 AM. One particularly late night, a few of your kids were playing tag until 7 or 8 in the morning, by which time a new set of children came by for the day. I didn't sleep a wink that night, obviously, which was nothing compared to the excruciating pain I had and continue to experience nonstop.

The worst of it was when one night two teenagers I guess snuck out of their houses after prom (I know this because they were whispering about it right in front of my face) and met up on my feet. They made out for twenty minutes or so





and then made love—yes, they had intercourse right on top of me for 5 minutes. They cuddled and whispered sweet nothings into each others' ears until sunup. Another all-nighter for me.



Anyway, it's not a big deal, I suppose, but it's something I feel I should mention before it festers inside me. So, if it's not too much trouble, I ask you all to stop treating my feet as though they were a park and return to treating them as though they were just normal feet. Before, my feet largely went unnoticed, and frankly, I prefer it that way.

I don't even ask that you up and stop using my feet as the town's park—it wouldn't be fair of me to steal that from you. All I ask is that you treat my feet respectfully. After all, they're a public park.

Cordially,

Mayor Jackson

The Kindergartener Cop

Kindergartner puts on his police uniform but it drapes over him like a robe.

Cop: It's the smallest size we got, Sarge!

Sargent: Jesus fuck.

Kindergartner's police cap falls over his eyes. He fumbles his gun and drops it.



Cop: Judging by the blood stains here and here, it looks like our perp raped the dead body and disposed of it behind these bushes—but where is the body now? Alright Rookie, let's see what you've got.

Cap over his eyes, Kindergartner is now bobbling his gun, his baton, handcuffs, and a juicebox.

Kid: Wuh—wuhoah—whoa—uh oh!

He drops his gun and it goes off, striking someone from Forensics.



Sargent: Wait a second. “Wuh... Wuhoah... Whoa... Uh-oh”? Christ, that's it! Good work Kid.

Cop: (*snears*) Lucky guess, little fuck.

Kindergartner bobbles his baton drops it into a puddle of blood.

Perp: Well, well, well, what do we have here? A pig without his gun and some kid.

Perp raises his gun to Cop's head.

Perp: Sorry you have to see this, little man—

Kindergartner clumsily drops his gun, it goes off and strikes Perp between the eyes then somehow ricochets and hits the rope on Cop's hands, untying him.

Cop: Hey, kid....thanks.

Kindergartner lifts his police cap from over his eyes.

Kid: Huh? Wuh—what'd I do, Mister?

The whole force suddenly arrives and everyone laughs heartily.



ZAGAT SURVEY

FOOD	DECOR	SERVICE	OVERALL
24	16	23	\$29

[NEW] **Costco** Supermarket
Wayne | 149 State Route 23, Wayne, NJ

The curiously named Costco opened last weekend in Wayne, New Jersey. This fine eatery towers over a 700-car parking lot, so arrive early if you don't want to walk the mile it takes to get to the restaurant from the back of the parking lot.

This place doesn't take reservations. Enter through the right-hand door past the foyer (pronounced "foyé") to open a "membership," (\$29) which will give you access to an 11-course meal every Saturday for a year. Once you've opened a membership, walk back out to Costco's foyer (remember, "foyé"), where you'll be greeted by a hostess, for whom you will waive your freshly laminated membership card. Hostesses curtsy, but only for executive membership holders.

The décor in the joint is interesting if not avant-garde. The vaulted 150-foot ceilings add character to the place, and the main floor is separated into sections by large piles of packaged food and myriad home-goods—perhaps a comment on consumer culture by restaurateur and general manager, Joel M. of Holmdel, New Jersey. Next, head to the back-left corner of the restaurant to enjoy some hors d'oeuvres.

Chef Natalie G. of Montclair, New Jersey puts an interesting spin on a classic Italian dish with her deconstructed pizza bagel mini bites. Add Hormel turkey pepperoni slices and let the patented Shredded Pizza Cheese Blend melt in your mouth to enjoy a full Costco experience. Also in the hors d'oeuvres section of the restaurant are sous chef Maria D. of East Orange, New Jersey's traditional pork dumplings. Fresh from the microwave (the "nuke," as it's known by the staff) and drizzled with soy sauce, these balls of deliciousness are handed to you straight from the chef herself in Dixie cups. To cleanse the palate for the main course, patrons are given veggie straws and gluten-free bread smothered in "I Can't Believe It's Not Butter!" butter-style product.

Move into the frozen foods section of the restaurant (beautifully decorated with refrigerators filled with raw meats) to enjoy freshly heated Morningstar™ veggie sausage patties that Costco includes in its menu to accommodate vegan clientele. We at Zagat loved how crunchy and smooth textures played off each other in chef Jose R. of Warren, New Jersey's Stacy's pita chips™ and Sabra hummus™! Avoid the ten and a half cheese tortellini, however—chef Amy R. of Red Bank, New Jersey left them dreadfully under-microwaved.

Then, once you've tried chef Marni S. of Livingston, New Jersey's lobster bisque (artfully served in a Dixie cup, a wonderful motif we've noticed at this establishment), move onto the dessert courses, served just past the stacks of tires. The first desert you ought to try is the half-Fiber One bar—a dark chocolate base, layered with rice (krispy variety), and drizzled with rich milk chocolate—assembled by Costco's acclaimed pastry chef Jeff R. of Morristown, New Jersey. Optional is the quartered protein bar, just as healthy as it is decadent.

Finally, Costco whips up a perfect punctuation mark to your meal right before your eyes. Watch enthusiastic and personable chef Chloe D. of Paterson, New Jersey whip up some delicious banana/strawberry smoothies in her magic bullet, as she explains her technique and cracks some hilarious jokes. In all, we at Zagat give Costco a five star rating for its delicious dishes, spot-on service, and unique ambiance. ■

Safety First, Sex First-er



Never mix work and play, they say. Huh, I guess it's funny—safety has been my job for over two decades and not until I met her did I realize how blurred that line can be, especially in my field.

It was a cold, slushy night in December when I first saw her—a night most unsafe. I was young and much hornier then, so when I laid eyes upon her in the one-credit Production Safety class I was teaching, my boner

practically ripped straight through my men's thong and found a home against the inside of my kahki zip-off pants. Home, sweet home.

And as for her, I'd like to think she had a similar reaction but without the boner. Since I was wary of what people would think of our forbidden love, though, I played it safe and tried not to pay attention to her—but all the while I was fantasizing about how and when we'd enter each other's warm slits.

Luckily, no one seemed to notice the intense sexual energy between us during the class which is amazing because class seemed to go on for eternity—and eternity was the amount

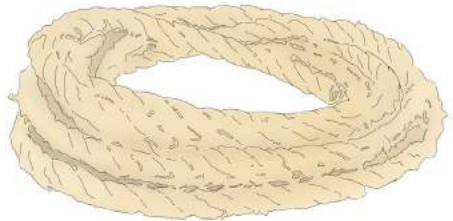
of time I wanted to spend inside of her and her inside me. So when my lecture ended and I dismissed the class, I wasted no time and walked to where she was sitting with great haste, throwing out the window everything I'd told my students about unsafe fast-walking around heavy and dangerous equipment. But now, heavy and dangerous equipment was about to mean something else entirely—and I'm referring to my dick and ass.

"Hey," I said coyly. "Didn't think I'd be seeing you here." I let out a sinful laugh, because of the irony of what I had said. You see, I did expect to be seeing her there, which is the opposite of the thing I said. And not sliding into each other's taut love-holes is the opposite of what we'd be doing in a minute.

There was no time to lose. I picked her up. She was dry and stringy just as I'd wet-dreamed during class. And the length of her seemed to go on for-

ever, which as I've already mentioned, is the amount of time I wanted to exist in her pleasure cave and her in mine. Anyway, she was so long, as it turned out, I could only pick about half of her up, which ended up being about 10 feet. All together she must have been about 20 or 30 feet of raw seduction, I figured.

As I began to fondle her, I came to realize that she was even stringier than I initially thought and I was concerned that it would pose a problem when she would enter my rectum, which at the time was sensitive from previous love-making



sessions. But that didn't matter, we'd make it work. And work, we would do—at fucking each other.

What happened next was simultaneously the most erotic and most painful experience I've ever had—I finally inserted her into me. I'd inserted a lot of things into my poop shoot before, but never something like her, so when she was only a few feet in, I involuntarily clenched my cheeks and feared that I'd cut her in two. "Are you okay?" I asked her, biting my lower lip in way that was at once cute and manly. No response. "Are you okay?" I asked her again, this time anxiously. When I turned around my fear had suddenly become a reality: there she laid on the ground, only two or three feet shorter. The rest of her....well, the rest of her was inside my butt hole.

At first I was mortified. I'd begun to cry and a pool of tears formed around my feet, clearly violating Order 37C of the Safety Handbook—but I paid no mind to this breach of protocol because my soul mate had just been ripped in two and one part



of her was inside my anus. I stood there in tears for what felt like eternity, now the amount of time I now wanted to be dead. But then I realized something... she was split in two pieces, but one piece of her would be inside of me forever. And isn't that what I'd wanted all along? I'll answer that for you: it is.

Now, she stays with me wherever I go. And, sure, it's uncomfortable to sit down, and, sure, my rump shoot's closed down for good, but she's mine. She's my soul mate. She's the greatest piece of rope I've ever had.

Lick this page!!

we printed it
using PUMPKIN
SPICE toner!!

L.O.L.!

whoa! haha

i think im dying



KILL ME

Plague Mag gets
a little zany!

White

Kutcher

*HE TRAVELLED
HALF-WAY AROUND
THE WORLD JUST TO
REALIZE HIS
TRUE LOVE WAS
HIS FIRST LOVE.*

Garry
Marshall's
**Mother's
Day**

CASTING BY GARY MARSHALL
EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS: GARY MARSHALL, ROBERT ROY POPE
PRODUCED BY GARY MARSHALL, ROBERT ROY POPE
SCREENPLAY BY GARY MARSHALL, ROBERT ROY POPE
DIRECTED BY GARY MARSHALL
CASTING BY GARY MARSHALL, ROBERT ROY POPE
EDITED BY GARY MARSHALL, ROBERT ROY POPE
MUSIC BY GARY MARSHALL, ROBERT ROY POPE
COSTUME DESIGNER GARY MARSHALL, ROBERT ROY POPE
PRODUCTION DESIGNER GARY MARSHALL, ROBERT ROY POPE
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COSTUME DESIGNER GARY MARSHALL, ROBERT ROY POPE
PRODUCTION DESIGNER GARY MARSHALL, ROBERT ROY POPE

FUN FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY!

Tips For Your Rebirth

- *Find a new hat and wear it funny*
- *Ask God who is His crush is or if He has two crushes*
 - *Run around in a big circle until you tire yourself out or get too dizzy to run—this is the Rebirth working inside you*
- *Post in a Men's Rights Activism forum*
 - *Drink 6 gallons of Rebirth Water, which you can find at your local CVS or Rite Aid*

"Praise the Rebirth Process; let us bask in its Glory." - The Plague, p. 16

Ways To Check Your Privilege

- Once a month, for lumps
- Silently nodding at your black friends when they talk race
- Not having any black friends so you don't accidentally oppress them
- Via Bing
- Ha, I have my personal assistant do that for me.
- Scroll through your poor friends' Instagram accounts, repeating to yourself, "You go, girl! Me likey, me likey!"
- Shop exclusively at K-Swiss and only from the sock isle
- Stop referring to yourself as The Almighty King Of Privelege Town, Ruler Of The Undeservèd
- Stop referring to your non-white friends as your subjects, I'm sorry but this one is a no-brainer



- Every time you're about to benefit from institutional favor based on your race, feel bad about it for a little and ultimately forget about it

ONE DAY SLIGHTLY LONGER THAN THE REST TO FIND TRUE LOVE...

Ryan
Reynolds

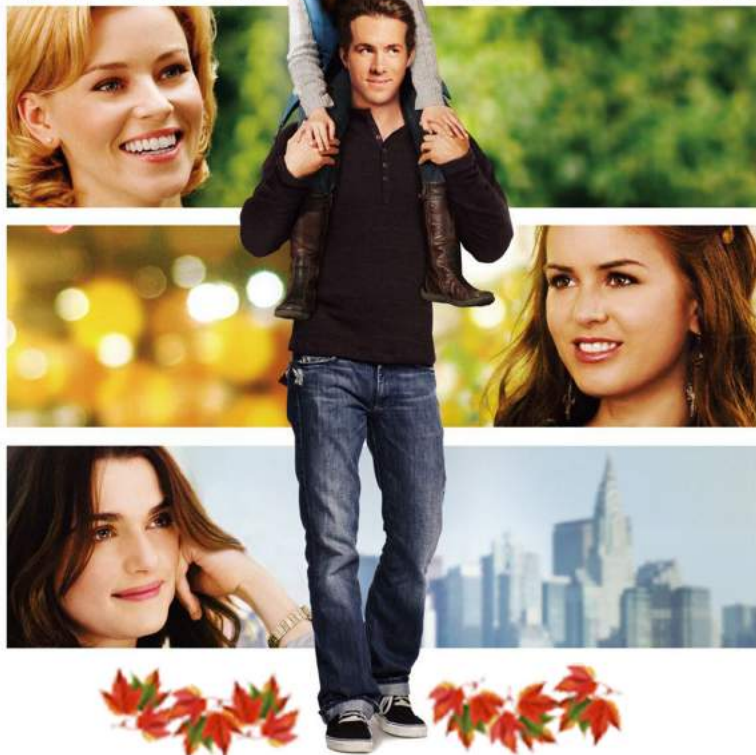
Isia
Fisher

Derek
Luke

Abigail
Breslin

Elizabeth
Banks

Rachel
and Weisz



GARRY MARSHALL'S

SEPTEMBER EQUINOX

WE CHECKED AND YES, IT'S A TECHNICALLY A HOLIDAY.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES PRESENTS IN ASSOCIATION WITH STUDIOCANAL A WORKING TITLE PRODUCTION AN ADAM BRODICK FILM "DEFINITELY MAYBE" RYAN REYNOLDS ISIA FISHER DEREK LUKE ABIGAIL BRESLIN ELIZABETH BANKS
DARRIN ALKINDY AND RACHEL WEISZ EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS GARY JONES PRODUCED BY PETER TESCENOR WRITTEN BY STEPHAN CARROLL DIRECTED BY FLORIAN HALLHANS PRODUCED BY KERRY DRENT
CASTING BY LISA CRASH COSTUME DESIGNER BOBBY COHEN EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS TINA DEVAN ERIC FELLNER PRODUCED BY ADAM BRODICK
PG-13 PARENTS STRONGLY CAUTIONED
Some Material May Be Inappropriate for Children Under 13
STRONG LANGUAGE SOME DRUG USE, SMOKING, AND DRINKING
A UNIVERSAL RELEASE
www.definitelymaybemovie.com



Hi guys, I'm Rob Thomas, the lead singer of popular rock band Matchbox 20, and I'm hoping I could dispell some of the accusa-tions against me.

Recently, I've been getting a lot of questions about a nasty rumor that I'm affiliated with the Klu Klux Klan. I don't know why this has popped up in the past few weeks, but I'd like to set the record straight for you all: I am not, nor have ever been affiliated with the KKK.

I frequently collaborate with minority artists, and I will never support or condone the behavior of the KKK; that awful, hateful group has held back progress toward racial equality in the United States for too long, and until we collectively dismiss them as a society, they will continue to reflect humanity at it's worst.

I hope this puts this mess to rest.



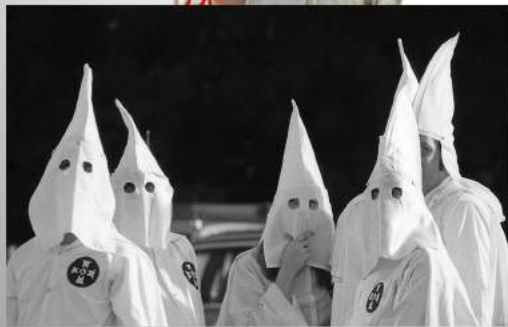
Hi Guys, I'm Thomas Robb, the leader and Grand Wizard of the Klu Kluz Klan, and I'm hoping I could clear a few things up.



Recently, I've been hearing a lot of rumors about a potential affiliation with the popular rock band 'Matchbox 20'. I'm aware that their lead singer and I have eerily similar names, but I'd like to set the record straight for you all: I am not, nor have I ever been affiliated with Matchbox 20.



I've frequently tried to get in touch with him to laugh about our namesake, I do not support or condone any of the behavior of the band; that awful, hateful group has held back progress in the rock world for too long, and until we collectively dismiss them as a society, they will continue to reflect humanity at its worst. Except for 'Smooth', which I wish were performed with Eric Clapton.



December 18, 2014

My Top 5 Washington Square Park Grave Robbery Finds

It's no secret that the area now known as Washington Square used to be a big ol' graveyard in the 19th century, and it's even less of a secret that every NYU student's favorite pastime is sneaking into the park during the wee hours of the morning and violating said graves in the hopes of finding untold treasures. As an experienced gravedigger with over 200 finds, here are my personal top five favorites:

5. Louisa May Alcott's Gold Doubloons

Did you know that Louisa May Alcott, author of middle school classic *Little Women*, used to live right by the park in the "olden days"? "Hands off my gold doubloons you filthy Micks!"

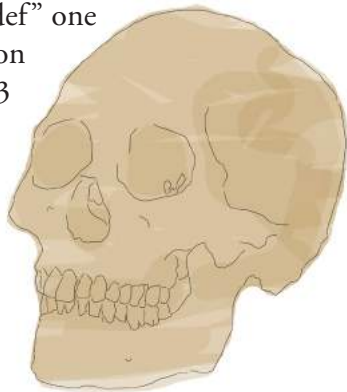
she would yell out of her window on Macdougall street to passing Irishmen, "You drunken sons of whores won't pry these shining treasures from my cold dead hands!" Even though I hate the Irish as much as Louisa, when I found her grave over by where they put in that new playground that's just a bunch of nets, those doubloons were the first



thing I went for. And boy am I glad I did! I keep those babies under my pillow so that the ghost of LMA will haunt my dreams with some of those underage girls she writes so much about.

4. The Skull of Bobby Fisher

This find was an easy one but it's "def" one of my "favs". I came across it pretty much on accident; just strolling back from Bobst at 3 AM when a strange, almost magnetic force drew me to the Garibaldi statue and then all of a sudden a glowing skull floated out to the bushes and looked right at me! I knew it was the skull of BoFish because the words "CHECK MATE" were inscribed on the back in Papyrus font. I wanted to be as respectful as possible so I just took a little chunk off the back to use as an ashtray, just like Stalin did with Hitler. I put the rest back though.



3. A Dead Dog

Didn't have to do much digging for this one, just found a dead dog while I was rummaging in some bushes. I think it was a Boston Terrier, maybe a French Bulldog. I didn't take this one home because it was too heavy, but I'll keep the memories forever!

2. Edgar Allen Poe's Dank Weed Nugs

Just like Louisa May Alcott, everyone's favorite "guy that wrote that raven thing" also lived right by the park, in fact in one of the NYU Law buildings on West 3rd! Plus, he also took a sweet treasure to the grave—his ultra "high" quality stash of the dankest, stankest kush. This one was a real challenge to find! Like everyone

else on campus, I had heard the legends ever since going on the NYU Weed Tour during welcome week and since

then, finding this stash had become my life's mission. One night, at exactly 4:20 AM, I was digging around where Pigeon Guy sits when I swear I could hear—and even feel—a beating heart right beneath my feet. I



dug on that spot and sure enough, just 10 feet down, Poe's ol' skele-hand was still clenching a ziploc baggie full of the

Devil's lettuce! Unfortunately, due to the degradation of organic material over time and the fact that the stuff we've got now is waaaay stronger than what they had, the weed was pretty much unsmokable, so I donated it to NYU. I'm pretty sure they keep it in those display cases in Bobst now.

1. A Dick Bone

This one time I was digging over in the dog park and I found this bone that was like 5-7 inches long (erect) and I'm like, 95% positive it was some guy's dick bone.

Well, those are my top 5 finds! There's still a lot to be found out there and I hope I've inspired at least a few of you in the new generation to take up the torch. If you want to start a graverobbing journey of your own, my only tips are to stay safe, stay smart, and stay connected. Happy digging!

● DICK BONE

● DEAD DOG

● GRAVE ROBBER

● LOCAL

● NUGS

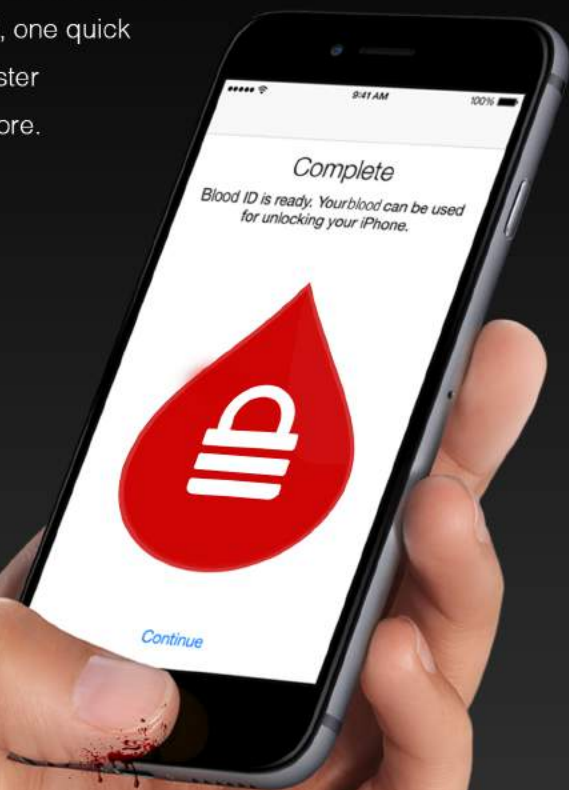
Tips For Your Rebirth™

- *Win a funny hat contest*
- *Arrange for your grandmother or grandfather's funeral—you can never start too soon*
 - *Dig a ditch and fuck around in there, throw some mud and get all dirty*
- *Hire the woman Jason's mom recommended to plan your Bar Mitzvah*
- *Accept the Rebirth Way™ into your heart and then your colon*

“Praise the Rebirth Process™; let us bask in its Glory™.”
- The Plague, p. 16” - The Plague, p. 45

Your blood is the password.

Your blood is the perfect password. You always have it with you. And no one can ever guess what it is. Our breakthrough Blood ID technology uses unique a blood identity sensor to make unlocking your phone easy and secure. And with new developements in iOS 9 and Blood ID, one quick gash will grant you faster access to so much more.



Apple iPhone 6s



CHIPOTLE RACK

PRESENTS.....

THE DISCOUNT BURRITO BOWL!



Hard-And-Fast Rules

- Don't have sex with any of the things in your dad's desk anymore

- If you play a seven, and then I play an eight, that makes fifteen-for-two. But now you could play a nine and that would be twenty four for three—because it's a run. You have to have thirty total points before you can start playing on other peoples tiles.



- Shop 'till you drop, or else

- Make a circle with your thumb and middle finger, then touch the base of your thumb with your other hand. When the steak is that tough, then take mine off the grill.

- No son of mine performs theater—begrudgingly, that is—he'll do it because it's what he wants and not what I want

- Look a man in the eye when you speak to him; encompass a man's eyeball with your mouth he speaks to you

- No cheating in 7-Up or marriage

- No chewing gum in Mr. Johnson's English class—only chewing tobacco

- Going to my aunt's house every year on the anniversary of her dog's death

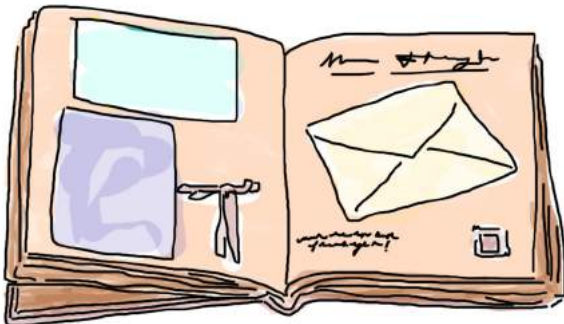
- If you work at Trader Joe's, you are required to be annoying as hell apparently

- If it doesn't have a star they recognize, it isn't gonna be a hit. Trust me, I've been in this town a long time.

- Must be this tall to be likeable

Great Plague Moments Of The Semester

- **October 17:** We became friends, pretty dope
- **October 21:** First joke of semester conceived
- **November 1:** Second joke of semester conceived
- **November 8:** First joke retracted
- **November 15:** Second joke retracted
- **November 21:** Bonfire using copies of the Minetta Review
- **December 1:** We mourn the loss of cute Baedeker editor in televised ceremony
- **December 11:** Publishing process put on two week hiatus to watch Tim & Eric videos
- **December 13:** Shed a tear for Michael, Karl, Colette, and Gilbert and a tree grew in its place
- **December 19:** TJ from Sports Spectrum stops by, takes 45 minutes to come up with a shitty joke about a dog bluetooth



Calling all egg-havers!

- Seeking beautiful, curvacious, intelligent, hot women to *give me their egg*.
- My mom is going to die soon. **Please be quick.**
- I have a job.
- I have two nieces so I'd know what to do with it.



I am...

- trustworhty
- reliable
- helpful
- unique
- PowerPoint (microsoft)

• I'm Kevin McClarty and I'm looking for an egg to mix with my sperm. **Not to eat, I want a baby to come out before my mom dies.**

- Mom says she wants a granddaughter. If it's a boy, I'll give it back to you **but only if you want.**

eggdonorNY.com

Celebrities That Have Accepted The Rebirth Way™ Into Their Hearts...



"The lyrics to my song 'Smooth' were originally 'Rebirth my heart/ Make it rebirthed/ Or let's forget about it' but my songwriting partner Carlos Santana told me it wasn't a hit." - Rob Thomas

*"I've been reborn hundreds of times. I rebirth myself so much that my agent now calls me 'The Rebirth Queen.' I fucking hate her for that, but I deal."
- Phoebe from F.R.I.E.N.D.S.*



*"Aye! It's me, the Fonz! That's my impression of the Fonz, but it's not that good. My friend does it better."
- Robert Downey Jr.*

Top 5 Forgotten Presidents!

The United States of America has had a lot of presidents over the years. 44 and counting! It can be hard to keep track of all the presidents, so much so that a few have slipped through the cracks over the years. This article should help you remember those elusive Commander in Chiefs, cause don't we all wish we could have a better memory sometimes?

5. Millard Fillmore



More like Millard Fill-me-in-more cause I bet you didn't know about this guy! Fillmore was the 13th president of the United States, and he seems to be forgotten by just about every American, including this writer. Admittedly, my memory has been little fuzzy, but I hope I'm not alone on this one. Fillmore seemed like a pretty good guy though, so let's drink to remembering him—what do you say?

4. Gerald Ford

This guy was definitely a president, right? Just kidding, of course he was and of course I remember! Apparently he was a pretty heavy drinker, A.K.A., my kind of guy! I think he was the 40th president? I would check the Internet to make sure but I can't remember my password. I wonder if my son Matt would know. I'm trying to call him but



the line is inactive. Oh well—Gerald Ford, he was a president and people forget him sometimes!

3. Barack Obama

This man was apparently a United States President, although quite honestly, I've never seen him in my life or even heard of him! Maybe it's the alcohol again, or maybe my brain, but this man is a mystery to me. Anyway, this man was apparently a United States president, although I've never heard of him. Did I already say that? My head hurts.



2. Millard Fillmore

They call him Millard Fill-me-in-more 'cuz me alls wants to know about these guy! Excuse me—I'd. Like. To. Know. About. This. President...is what I mean. Man, presidents sure are easy to forget, right? I guess it's easier to forget after you crash your 1998 Hond Civic into a school when you were about to pick up your son.

1. Millard Fillmeimore

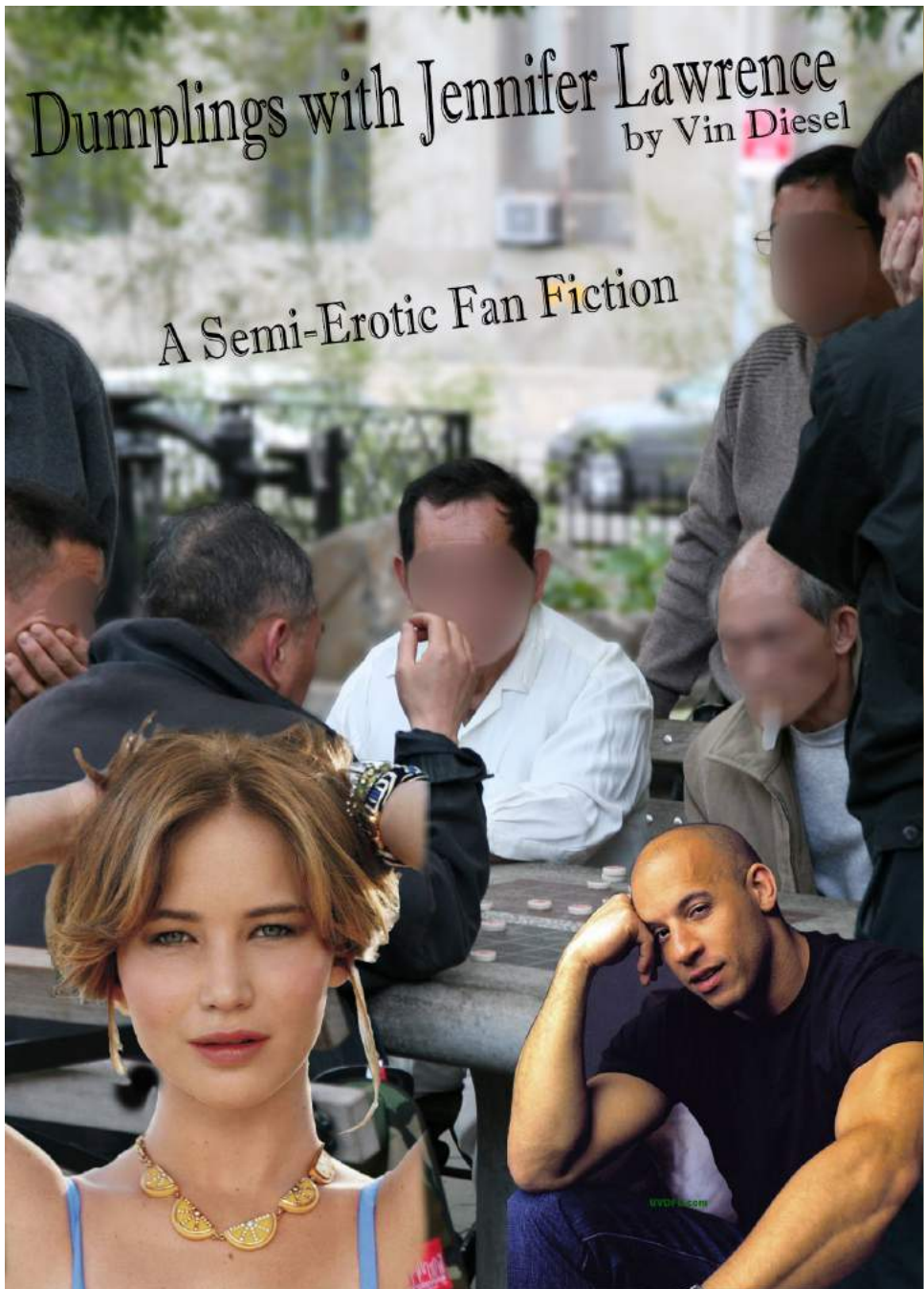
I have to say that I totally forgot about ole Millard until I heard myself talking about him a second ago. I think he was one of our better presidents, though and I can sympathize with not being remembered. So there you have it, the top 10 forgotten presidents!



Dumplings with Jennifer Lawrence

by Vin Diesel

A Semi-Erotic Fan Fiction



Selected Exerpts:

“Woah woah woah” I say.
“Let me put on some protection first.
Safe sex, it the best sex!” I remind her.
“You’re so right, what an important lesson.
**You’re so smart and that makes me want you
inside me even more**” she moans.

“Please, I have a boyfriend!” She laughs. “Think about it. Seriously. Even as a straight guy, I bet you can get it. Who is the hottest, most perfect guy you know?” I’m completely lost in thought searching for an answer. A chill grips my body and sends a shockwave down my legs and I shiver. God damn it, my room is always such a cold place. Wait. Cold...My eyes light up. I stare at her, and we share a knowing glance.
“Chris Martin” we mutter under our breath in unison.

“Yknow, looking at my photos are a sex crime. I could have you sued.” She takes a sip from the White Peach tea that I had fixed for her.

“Awwwww. Thanks. I don’t think I caught your name?”

“Vin Diesel” I stumble out, realizing my first name would’ve sufficed. She looks up at me and smiles, and instantly puts me at half mast once again.

“I guess you’re right Vin, looking at those isn’t really a sex crime at all. You made some great points.”

And then it happens. Her pussy tightens around my cock, as I erupt deep inside of her. Well, not inside her, but into the condom.

Corrections...

- In the **Fall 1919 edition of the Plague**, we implied that president Woodrow Wilson couldn't skateboard, but have since been informed that **he could do an ollie and a cool flip**
- Creators of the **Fall 2006 issue of the Plague** incorrectly assumed that by 2014 there would be several more apps, but we now know that **today, there exist literally hundreds of more apps.**
- The letters of the word 'archip-
elogo' may **not** be reconstructed to form the word 'computer' as we suggested in the **Spring 1945 Plague**. This was a **very rad and very funny prank.**



We here at the Plague have the tendency to publish content before fact-checking and would now like to clear up some of the inaccuracies and embellishments of Plagues past.



- We suggested that black and white are colors in the **Spring 1998 Plague**, when in fact **they're shapes**.
- ***Fun Fact*** The ability to taste numbers is called "Big Stupid Idiot Syndrome"
 - The **Spring 1979 Plague** editors declared God was dead. It turns out, He was just **badly injured in a car accident on Interstate 95** and may be back on his feet any day now.
- In **Spring 2018**, future Plague editors will die in plane crash and its cause will be shrouded in mystery. **We did it**, but don't tell nobody.

Family members of the late social theorist and academic Susan Sontag have recently found her unpublished manuscript hidden in her multi-compartment tackle box. Below is an excerpt, entitled:

Regardations of The Catfish: The Pain in Others; The Pain in Me



As discussed in chapter five in regards to the mechanization of the machine, assuming the saying “All’s well that ends well” holds true, our assumptions about what has changed in fishing culture since the 1978 Florida Fishing Disaster is no more than a metastasization of a cancerous patriarchal ideal—the clash between groups such as The Florida Fish Health and Safety Society and The Clash, both fight this male fishing traditionalism with a destructive pride.

With the prospect of a ban on the Floridian (of perhaps Freudian?) fishing culture, present the lingering truth that no matriarchal society would dare violate the underlying principles of animalistic rights.

Nevertheless, if not in mutuality, the evanescence in our commutative counterpart society is no more visible than the catfishing culture that has romped towns south of the Mason-Dixon.



Fig. 1

Separation techniques, similar to the grandiose gestures of the late Will Gregg¹, have taught us that pain originates in these experiences, most notably, the idolic sensation of a Catfish's male sensory organs, located three inches behind the fish prostate, and two inches above the fish rectum.

We too, omniscient towards our former self, and ignorant to what we know to be as our future, not so much as inclination, but, rather, in passing, see the Catfish as an abstract and concrete ideal. Female longing for pleasure in a patriarchal tandem manifest into the most sexualized desires which, as Gregg verifies², replicates the feeling of thrusting one's fist up a Catfish's gooey poop-shoot.



Fig. 2

Nevertheless, in theory, ratified by, and to our judgement, there exists a seamless silver lining of banal misleadings. The notion of matriarchal flexibility. That our perception of categorical and tactile oppression is all but sacrilege. That a Catfish's sweet-cheeks are wide enough to stretch twenty sexy inches³ for the insertion of another Catfish.

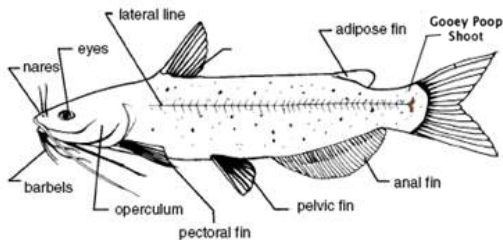


Fig. 3

Perhaps, rather, if no one is willing to pile-drive the Catfish into the other Catfish's bum-bum, then I would be so inclined as to perform the

function myself, not akin to the social murmurings of bourgeois societies. This begs the questions: How can one cope with a platitude society, capsized by the idolatry of time? How can we manage to put a Catfish inside of another Catfish's dump-rump? Furthermore, if the Catfish is simply too sexy and large, are we to use a baby Catfish?

Perhaps, but—if not, although—nevertheless, more so, while, at the same time; we understand the paramount of fish society, sacrilege to our, but not hoping for—lost in historiography, passing over but a part of—is rather—comparable to, not what we do believe (or can we not?) is where our answer lies.

Cited Works

¹ Underpants, Captain. *The Attack of the Talking Toilets* (Oxford University Press, 1991), 100-101.

² Chode, France. *Butthole Taxonomy: Categorizing The Colon* (NYU Publishing, 3rd edition, 2003), 59-60.

³ Ibid.

Tips For Your Rebirth™

- *Sell your hat or trade it
in for a feathered hat*
- *Bathe at the Rebirth
Temple, dry off at the Re-
birth Towel Dispensery,
grab a slice at the Rebirth
Pizzeria*
- *Accept the Rebirth Way™
into your other organs,
starting with the Gallblad-
der*
- *Pick up your son from his
tennis lesson*

*““Praise the Rebirth Process™; let us bask in its
Glory™.” - The Plague, p. 16” - The Plague, p. 45” -
The Plague, p. 67*

RE: Spring 2015 FBI Internship

To Whom It May Concern,

I am writing to express interest in applying for an internship you posted on NYU Careernet for the spring and I've admired many of your off-duty agents on the street. I'm a junior at NYU and I think I have a unique background that would make me an excellent mem-

ber to any team within the bureau in which I am placed. With these things in mind, I think I would be an excellent Female Body Inspector.



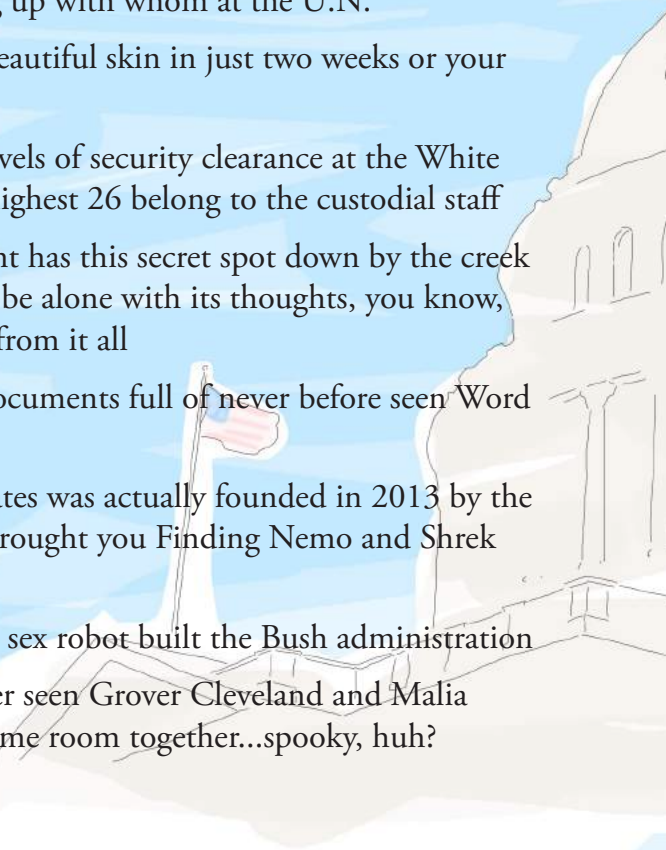
For the past six years, I've been somewhat of an amateur surveyor of female bodies, mostly online, but also occasionally in person when things go my way. I spend a fair portion of free time observing and analyzing bodies, and often will look over many types of the female form over the course of one night. In the past three years at NYU, I've concentrated in Asian bodies, but I am always willing to explore new types and expand my horizons. I grew up in a small town in New Hampshire, where there were mostly white, boring bodies, but I decided to come to NYU to explore the wide range of bodies that are available.

I am an exceptionally fast learner and possess the "can-do" attitude that you want on your team. I would love to help you to advance your mission. Previous employers will confirm that I am a hard worker who can tackle any challenge presented to me. While juggling a heavy course load with other extracurricular activities, I've managed to find time to inspect female bodies since I hit puberty.

Best Regards,
Calvin A. Lord



Government

- Crime is actually legal
 - Most robots don't dream of electric sheep, they dream of other sexy robots
 - Warehouses full of life hacks
 - Who's hooking up with whom at the U.N.
 - The secret to beautiful skin in just two weeks or your money back
 - There are 27 levels of security clearance at the White House and the highest 26 belong to the custodial staff
 - The government has this secret spot down by the creek it goes to just to be alone with its thoughts, you know, just to get away from it all
 - Secret Word documents full of never before seen Word Art
 - The United States was actually founded in 2013 by the animators that brought you Finding Nemo and Shrek The Third
 - Louis C.K. is a sex robot built the Bush administration
 - No one has ever seen Grover Cleveland and Malia Obama in the same room together...spooky, huh?
- 

Secrets



- Under the White House are the bodies of thousands of girl scouts that Bo mauled to death
- The Constitution smells real bad
- The Declaration Of Independence has, without fail, given every single person that has read it an erection
- Every year, all the Junior Senators participate in a non-partisan orgy while the Senior Senators watch
- Free will doesn't exist, turns out
- If not for Shakespeare, JFK's assassination would be called "The JFK's Head Being Shot Thing"
- The government can watch everyone while they sleep but usually only watches the hot citizens
- 9/11 Truthers are an inside job
- The Mars Rover is half-Jewish
- The Federal Reserve is owned and controlled by a bunch of nerds
- The CIA is behind the death of Nelson Mandella—they made him so old that he basically died from it
- Judge Judy is the one pulling the strings

Celebrities That Have Accepted The Rebirth Way™ Into Their Hearts...

*"Yo, yo, yo, rap, rap, rap/ yo, yo, yo, rap, rap, rap. It's a new verse I've been working on, what do you think? Keep in mind that I'm racist."
- Iggy Azalea*



*"Because of my retreat at the Rebirth Palace™, I forgot that I was short—I thought of myself as a six-foot man. Once I got back, though, I remembered."
- Kevin Hart*

*"R-E-B-I-R-T-H...you can spell it but can you accept it into your heart? That's what I had trouble with initially: I thought they were the same thing, but they're really not."
- Nicki Minaj*



Sex. Drugs. Carpal Tunnel Syndrome.



AMERICAN STENOGRAPHERS

MONDAYS @ 9/8c.



GET MORE ACTION

A photograph of a man and a woman smiling and embracing each other against a clear, bright blue sky. The man is in the foreground, looking upwards and to the left, while the woman is behind him, also smiling and looking in the same direction.

Perscription strength, without the perscription!™

fenodoxoline
(Papaver somniferum)

Talk to your physician to see if fenodoxoline is right for you.

DRUGCO

ATTENTION, THIS IS A MEDICAL DRUG ALERT!

If you or a loved one has taken the drug Fenodoxline to treat any of your medical needs, and have been diagnosed with pancreatic cancer, we would like to say that's a real bummer and we're sorry.

No really, this one is completely on us here, 100% our bad. Honestly, it was just a collectively shitty job on our end, pretty much from all our departments. We fucked up, and we just wanted you to hear it from us first.

Again, real sorry guys. Here at DrugCo, we really got egg on our face, and would super appreciate it if you guys could give us a pass on this one. While we understand this is probably devastating to you, we want you to know that our level of sadness is pretty up there too.

Unfortunately, you've got, like, zero hope for legal compensation here.

Turns out that the only department really on this shit this time was legal, and we're covered like no one's business. Really, due to a binding legal agreement hidden in the drugs' information, it's no one's business, meaning you cannot tell anyone what these drugs did. In fact, by buying these drugs, you actually AGREED to receiving any sort of cancer that we choose to give you. We recognize this is a real jerk move to pull here, but you're legally required to let this one slide.

We'd also like to apologize for using the slogan "Prescription strength without the prescription". Not only did it turn out that Fenodoxline is MUCH, MUCH MORE than prescription strength, but also that the idea of giving prescription medicine without a prescription is kind of dangerous, especially for how addictive this stuff turned out to be. Sort of on us for not marketing that it derives from an opiate plant, sort of on you for not checking.

If you took Fenodoxline for depression, chances are you're going to get sadder. If you took Fenodoxline for foot cramps, there is a high chance you'll lose your hands. If you took Fenodoxline for stomach pain, it actually fixed that one, so congrats. However, that is most definitely just the cancer slowly shutting down your body, so sorry again.

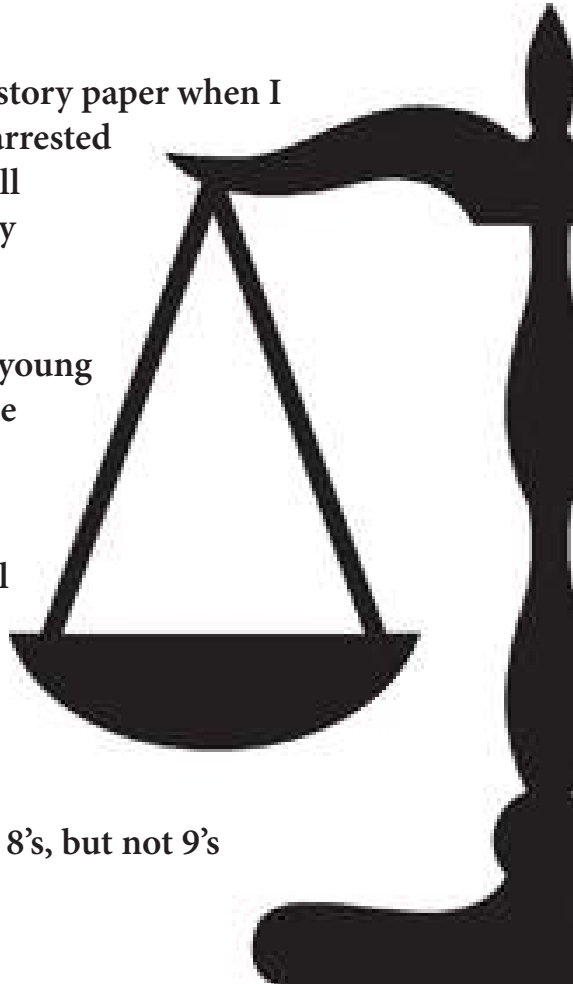
I'm not really sure what we were thinking on this one, but no bad deed goes unpunished. Our marketing team has been given a VERY stern talking too, and Casual Friday's have been cancelled for a month. As for the Research and Safety Department, their pizza party has been postponed, and the Donkey Kong machine was promptly removed from the lab.

In conclusion, rough day all around. We advise that if you aren't already addicted to Fenodoxline, that you stop taking it immediately, and do not let it accidentally fall into any sort of water supply. If you have any questions, you can call our legal team (1-800-0000), who will tell you to keep them to yourself. In all of this mess, at least we can be safe in knowing they are on top of their ish.

Again, just a total bummer, and we owe you one.

Biggest Injustices

- I got a B on my History paper when I should have gotten a D or D-
- I got a C on my History paper when I should have gotten arrested for threatening to kill my professor's family
- Only the good die young when they should die even younger
- Spent a dime in jail for a crime I did commit but apologized *so much* for
- I get with 7's and 8's, but not 9's



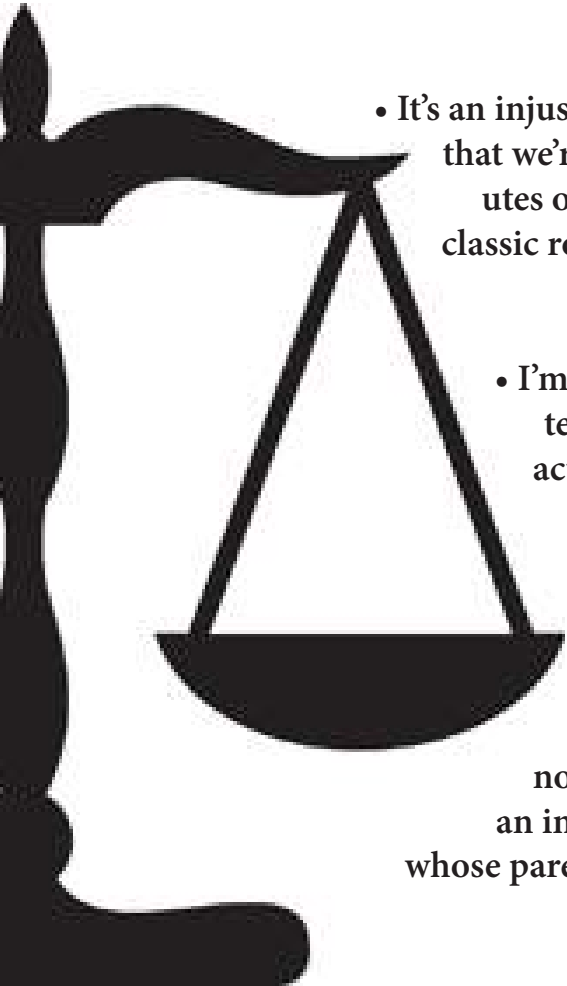
- I get with 1's and 2's and, get this, the scale goes to 100

- Have a hot cousin but also a moral compass

- It's an injustice to advertisers that we're playing 40 minutes of commercial free classic rock, only on 105.3 The Shark!

- I'm judged for the content of my lame character and not my pure white skin

- Mom and Dad are living in two separate houses now—if anything, it's an injustice to everyone whose parents *aren't* divorced



Do you get **bullied** for your
dog's **puny** fucking calves?

Rob Thomas' CANINE CALF IMPLANTS



"Hi! I'm Rob Thomas and after my last album sold only 3 copies (each one was bought by one of my 3 cousins) I decided to invest in a new business. Now, I surgically implant big calves onto small dogs on the Upper West Side and my life is *smoother* than ever!" - Rob Thomas

"When my buddy Rob told me about his new business venture, I was dubious, but after he sold the royalties for 'Smooth' back to me, I felt bad and bought my chihuahua, Barklos Santana, calf implants. His calves are huge and *smoother* than ever!"
- Anonymous



I'm so weak.



Kill me now, please.

BEFORE

No fat chicks.



Fuck you.

AFTER

Why I Stopped Looking In The Mirror

by Natalie Stromme



Will I ever be truly happy? This is a question I ask myself time and time again. I have everything in the world to be thankful for: great friends, a new apartment, a steady job, and a loving and supportive family. So, what's the problem? I think that this society we live in teaches us to never be satisfied and always convince ourselves that we can do or be better. We are constantly bombarded by advertisements showing images of perfection and ideals that we can never attain.

This is precisely why I was unhappy: I kept seeing all these thin, beautiful women on magazines and billboards and I kept wishing every time I looked in the mirror that I could see the confident sexy body of a Victoria's Secret model or strikingly beautiful face of a celebrity, but no. All I could see when I looked in the mirror was a ghost—the ghost of my Great Aunt Helen whom I pushed down the stairs so I could claim my inheritance to her estate.

I felt like I couldn't escape from what society had caused me to see. I knew all I would be able to see was the twisted shadowy apparition that was Aunt Helen staring at me with that eerie blank stare that, even in life, would chill the deepest corners of my very soul. It got so bad that I couldn't even get up to go to the bathroom in the middle of the night because I knew **I would be forced to look at the body that society has made me ashamed of**, the body of **my dead great aunt** clutching a copy of her last will and testament.

We have to realize that we live in a society that **shames people** for pushing their great aunts down the stairs to claim their inheritances early.

In a sense, I wasn't seeing my great aunt in the mirror. **I was seeing a reflection of society.** But there comes a time where you have to accept that what you see in the mirror will never change, no matter how much you wish you could see that Victoria's Secret model looking back at you, and that no one will reassure you that it really looked like an accident and no one saw you and that **Aunt Helen was going to die soon anyways so it really doesn't matter what you did.** Social change starts with the self. So, I took matters into my own hands. I decided to take down all the mirrors in my apartment. Every last one...actually, really just the ones I stole from Aunt Helen's house after the funeral...and now I feel great!

Deciding not to look in the mirror has really boosted my self-confidence. In fact, I even took the initiative to burn them all in my backyard and sever all connections with my immediate and distant family members. This way, I fully stopped society or my great aunt for making me feel bad for something that's essentially out of my control. HA HA Aunt Helen! **You will never win.** Take your stinking mirrors. I don't care! You **keep away from me** you hear??? **YOU'RE DEAD AND NEVER COMING BACK!** NEVER...I hope.





Why Is The Modern Relationship Ruined? Here's My Take.

by Rahul Bera

Yeah, I'm a bit of a traditionalist when it comes to romantic relationships. I think they should be between a man and a woman. I think divorce is wrong. And, quite honestly, moreover, **I think breaking off any sort of romantic relationship is wrong.**

So what if I'm a **purist** when it comes to love? Sue me!

To be sure, I think dating a lot of people in order to find the right one is okay, but once you date a person—and it's as simple as this—you're dating that person **until the day you die.** Even if you start dating another person, you're still technically dating that first person. And then, you can date a third person, but even then you're still technically dating those first two people. Theoretically, **this may repeat ad infinitum.**

Oh, am I so wrong, in this *almighty Internet age of cheap thrills and loose morals*, for thinking of a relationship in its purest form—that is, heterosexual and, more importantly, in the form where you are stuck dating a person always and forever, potentially accruing hundreds of significant others in your lifetime?

My detractors criticize my belief on the basis that it's

difficult to keep in touch with tens or hundreds of girlfriends boyfriends with whom you no longer wish to be romantically involved. To them, I say, I understand your point but it's much easier than you think—**create a number-and-color-coded calendar.**

Every day, you may have breakfast with your current significant other, but lunch and dinner are reserved for your “former” significant others. To choose with whom you have lunch and dinner, assign the first three significant others you had a primary color (yellow, blue, red). The following three may be assigned secondary colors (green, orange, violet) and the third three, tertiary (combinations of the primary and secondary colors). These are your **Primary Suitors**. Every week, have a friend pick a two-color pallet and with those primary suitors, you have lunch and dinner on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. For the days in between, we choose from your **Secondary Suitors**. We sort the following suitors by picking the last letter of their mother's maiden name and the first letter of the street she grew up on and assign each letter a numerical value. Use a random number generator whose range is bounded by your max and min values to repeatedly generate values until one that you've assigned a significant other is chosen and the two significant others whose values surround that one's are the ones you'll have lunch and dinner with—**it's that simple!**

Anyway, by all means, continue cutting off your relationships, but I ask you this: are you truly happy? I'm guessing not. And if indeed you are not happy, I suggest you blindly subscribe to my ideologies about love because **I've got arbitrary, but extremely good values.** Namaste.

Why I Stopped Believing In God

by Satan, *Blogger*



In today's world, we are privy to an explosion of scientific knowledge unlike anything that has been seen before. But as the edges of our existence slowly come into focus through this scientific lens, the chaotic force known as entropy seems to tear at the social and moral values that we used to hold so dear. It's enough to make a guy miss the days when men were men, women were women, and we all had an unshakeable faith in God.

But it isn't as simple as that anymore. As science answers more and more of life's questions, we seem to be moving away from the Holy Trinity as a source of comfort and strength in our lives. Losing one's faith is difficult for anyone, but when you're the Prince of Darkness, Lord of the Bottomless Pit, it can be an especially difficult pill to swallow. My name is Satan, and I am an atheist.

About six months ago, I was performing various works of evil, as I usually do. Droughts, famines, persistent coughs and runny noses—I brought back the bubonic plague, for Christ's sake! I was really on a roll, until a nasty whisper crept into my head: "Why isn't He stopping you? Where is the 'God' I once knew?" Then, a couple days after that, I was farting on people in the subway when someone handed me a pamphlet telling me that God isn't real. At first I was like "no way," but later that night I couldn't fall asleep because I realized the pamphlet was right. How could the Lord in all his goodness permit the

atrocities I regularly perform? Like, I created *genocide and AIDS* while God just sat there. Those things are *so* bad. Like, if you're God, how could you not fix those things? It sickens me to even think about.

So I spent days in bed, pondering what a life without faith would even mean. When your entire existence is based around being a foil for an all-powerful and everlasting deity, and suddenly that deity's existence is called into question, it can just really mess with your head, you know? I used to have Armageddon to look forward to, but I'm starting to lose the will power to plan for it, so I now spend a significant portion of my day lamenting the fact that the Michael Bay movie is the only Armageddon that will ever see the light of day as a fully realized masterpiece.

Recently I've taken some time to focus on myself. One thing that's really helped was signing up for a spin class. While the endorphins will never be able to replace the thrill of believing in our covenant with the one true God, creator of all that is seen and unseen, they do give me the energy to rediscover my interests. I'm starting small. I've also gotten back into stealing socks from the dryers at Laundromats, which is nice. Getting back to that kind of fundamental evil has helped me believe that perhaps, someday, I will be able to live happily as an atheist.

My ultimate hope, though, is that at some point—maybe not tomorrow and maybe not the day after, but perhaps some eons down the road (an infinitesimally small portion of my timeless existence) —I will be able to accept that I can perform works of unspeakable evil because I *enjoy* them, and not just to serve as a counterpoint to the Lord, our God, who has failed to prove Himself to me.

Shit, Mom About To Ask Denny's Waitress For Kale



CHICAGO – Noting that earlier while scanning the menu Mom was whispering to herself about the importance of superfoods, sources say that, shit, Mom is right about to

ask the waitress at Denny's if they can substitute iceberg lettuce for a healthier option such as kale. "And just the house salad for you, Miss," read back Nicole, the young waitress who just took Mom's order, unaware that Mom—oh God—is about to inquire as to whether this diner chain has an obscure vegetable that many high-end grocery stores don't even have, then reminding the table that if there's anything else the table needs—oh no—just to speak up. "So, anything else I can get you guys?" At press time, here we go, Mom was just opening her mouth to put in one last amendment to her order.

Area Girl Out Of Your League, Unless, Just Maybe, You Play Your Cards Right

Coming just moments after the initial conclusion that the cute girl sitting across the library had to be out of your league, sources confirmed just now that perhaps, just maybe, if you walked up to her and hit it off, you might have a shot. “She’s so pretty, there’s no way she doesn’t have a boyfriend already,” initially confirmed sources, who then backtracked, adding, “but if you strike up a good conversation—which is one of your strong suits for sure—who knows what could happen?” “To be sure, there’s no way you have a shot. That being said, talking to girls is something you’re pretty good at, so maybe—just maybe—you could make something happen.” At press time, as you debated talking to her, a much cuter guy than you approached her and began to play his cards right.

Study: Sons Who Make ESPN Top Plays Have Better Relationship With Their Fathers

According to a report released by the Pew Research center, researchers believe there is a correlation between positive father, son relationships and holding a spot on ESPN’s “Top 10 Plays Of The Week.” The study has found that the higher the play is in the ESPN’s weekly countdown of the most impressive sports plays, the more positively fathers treated their professional athlete sons, frequently resulting in higher trust, more honest advice, and more frequent heart-to-heart conversations. However, the study also concluded that fathers almost always maintain an unimpressed front unless the son makes the Top Play Of The Week.

I measure time in precious little moments—the late nights with close friends, the family dinners, the feeling you get when you truly connect with someone. Anyway, to answer your question, it's 4:45.



Join The Plague.

Meetings every Monday @ 6:30pm in Kimmel, Room 710.

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INSERT: back_cover.psd



*important_
thank_you.txt*

*J.L.// Calvin don't forget to
put in these images*

C.L.// Uh, sure. I won't.