The Plague

Spring 2015

Silhouettes

Things We Damn Well Feel Like Saying

Editor's note on the Editor's note: The theme for this semester's edition of The Plague *is "Silhouettes," which to many of you may be difficult to interpret. Because of that, I initially intended to take this time to guide you through interpreting that theme, however the recent resurfacing of an old problem I believe more urgently deserves addressing.*

When David Letterman arrived on the late night television scene, nothing was the same again. As we're reminded by countless blog posts in the wake of his retirement, Letterman's humor was boldly "wrong." In his sketches and his monologues and even with celebrity guests, he was unpredictable, sharp, sarcastic, and absurd. Above all, he tore down the overly formal show-biz traditions of his late night predecessors. However, what people don't know is that Dave's brand isn't his own—he stole it from *The Plague*.

Now, we don't wish to tarnish his legacy. We love Dave. Really, we do. But we want to get the facts straight and the fact of the matter is that while *The Plague* was becoming a fixture in East Village college comedy magazine scene in the late 70's, David Letterman came came by our office on Mercer Street one day with the sole intention to steal and exploit our brand and he unfortunately succeeded in doing so. It's a hard pill to swallow, but if you would bare with us, let us prove to you that your beloved gap-toothed comedy savior isn't what he seems:

Top 10 Lists

You millennials probably can't conceive of a time before listicles, but that's because your generation is stupid from staring at your cell phones all day. Listicles were actually an invention of *The Plague* back in Spring '73, but far too often David Letterman is given credit for creating them. "What's that, a shopping list?" Dave asked me when he walked into our office, pointing to freshly written listicle on our chalkboard. What an idiot, I thought, but I was patient with the boy. "No, Dave. That's a listicle called The Top 10 Reasons Why Our Dicks Stink." "Hey, that's not funny, but I like the format. I'm gonna steal it," Dave said. I was suspicious of what he was up to, but I couldn't quite put my finger on what it was exactly. I guess hindsight is 20/20.

Stupid Pet Tricks

In the 70's, everyone in the Village knew Miss Fartsy, our standard poodle that could catch treats in her mouth while running on a treadmill. And everyone knew that, to impress our guests, we would watch Miss Fartsy do her thing and

make sorta funny commentary on it. When Dave saw us doing this during his visit, he immediately took out a moleskine notebook and started nervously jotting something down. This time, I acted upon my suspicion. I asked him what he was writing down and he said, "Oh, nothing. Just something that doesn't have to do with—uh...what do you call it?" I naively responded, "What, these stupid pet tricks?" He said, "Right, stupid pet tricks..." and let out the most nefarious laugh I've ever heard that still sends shivers down my spine when I think about it. As he closed the moleskine, I noticed that it was labeled "Good Ideas I'm Gonna Steal." Pretty suspicious, I thought. I wanted to call him on that, but I still couldn't figure out his game. Things are always clearer when they're in the past, I suppose.

Irreverence

If you've ever seen *Taxi Driver* or *The Warriors*, you know that in the 1970's New Yorkers were pretty damn irreverent. What many of you are too young to remember is that before then, especially in the years immediately following World War II, New Yorkers were known to be extremely reverent—it wasn't until the mid-70's that the city's reverence levels dropped from about 75% (High Reverence) to 23% (Low-Mid Reverence). To this day, sociologists are stumped on what caused the sharp decline, but locals commonly attribute it to the then-rising popularity of a little college comedy magazine called *The Plague*. Dave, who admittedly is responsible for bringing irreverence to a national audience, is incorrectly thought to have come up with the thing. "How do you guys feel about revering stuff?" Dave asked me coolly on his way out of the Pub Lab. "We don't," I answered without thinking. Dave scribbled something down in his moleskine again, flashed me a wicked smile, and walked right out the door, but not before flipping me one of his fingers (I won't say which one, but I will say it's the least reverent finger one can flip). At this point, I realized what he was up to.

Throwing A Pencil At The Camera

This is one that Dave actually did come up with himself, sort of. The whole time during his visit he was just throwing pencils at our staff and repeatedly shouting, "We'll be right back!" It was really annoying and we don't want to take credit for it, but it happened in our office anyway, and maybe a separate apology for that would be appropriate.

This is all to say we're mad, Dave, but we're willing to put it all behind us with a simple apology. The past is the past and we wish you the best in your future endeavors. Readers and retired late night talk show hosts alike, enjoy the Spring 2015 edition of *The Plague* and thanks for reading.

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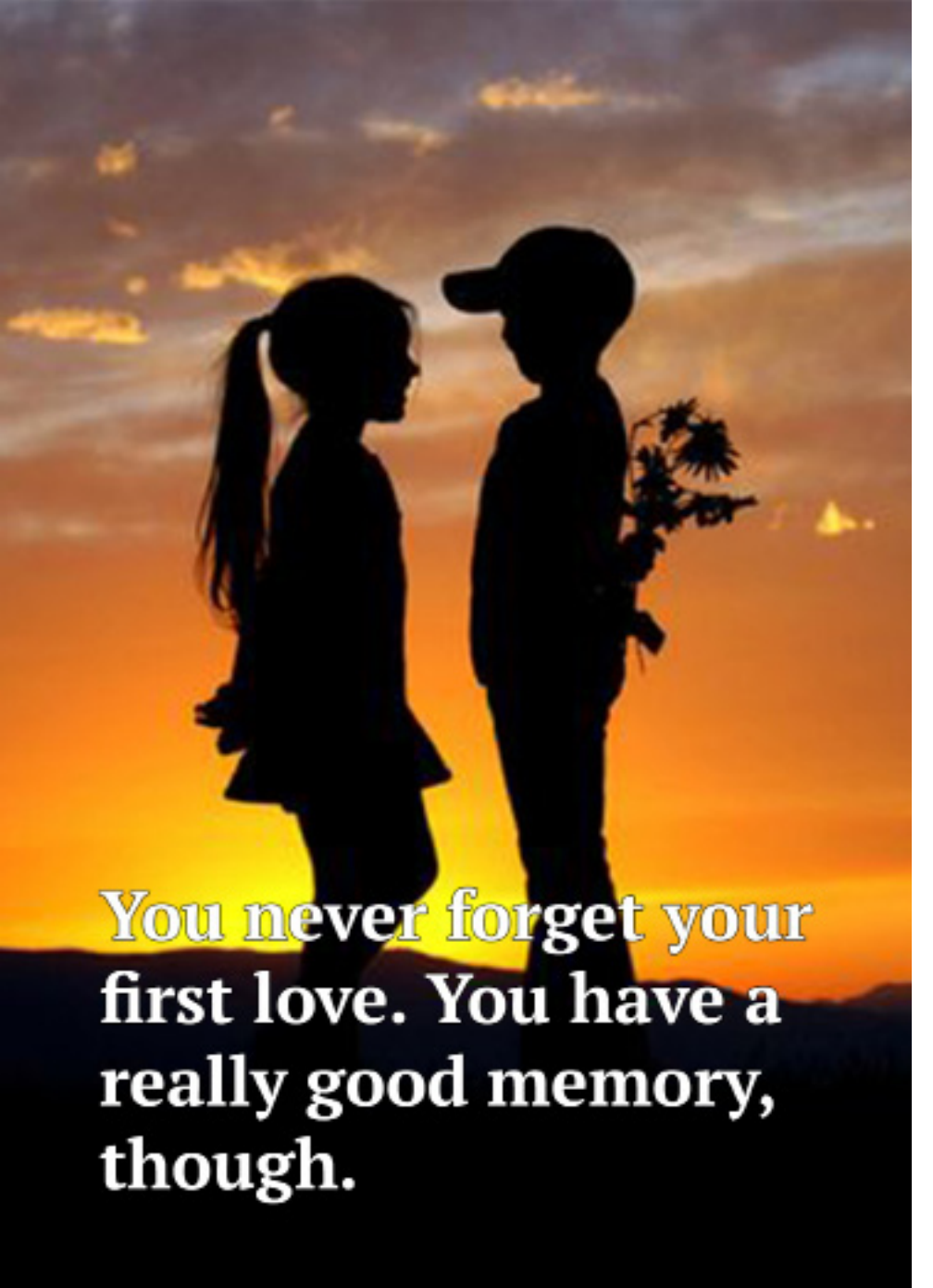

You never forget your first love. You have a really good memory, though.

Members of the American Historical Association:

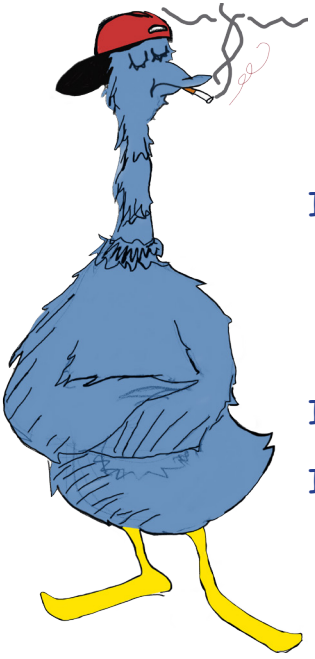
This month's newsletter was meant to concern the changes in scholarship brought about by new digital technologies and the subsequent questions about the place of print materials in humanities teaching and research in the digital age. Unfortunately, though, I was forced to infuse this newsletter with a second purpose because, frankly, I'm in Midtown Manhattan right now, I need to pee real bad, and I can't find a bathroom.

As we all know, even as interest in social history turned towards cultural history in the late 1970's, plenty of established scholars still foresaw a future wherein quantitative studies plays a vital role in scholarship, which of course led to the creation of The Association for History and Computing. Similarly, while I stand on the corner of 57th and Lexington, my bladder is quickly reaching its maximum capacity, somehow I can't seem to find a public bathroom, and I don't foresee a future wherein I—a grown woman and a world-renowned scholar—don't piss myself outside the restaurant from the movie Serendipity.

So, let me close with this: many students and scholars in the humanities have embraced digital scholarship, and research libraries have been actively transforming their services and collections according to digital protocols. So, I encourage you all to ask yourselves, do you live near Times Square and do you have a bathroom I can use? If the answer is yes to both of these questions, please e-mail me immediately because I can't hold it in much longer and I might actually pee my goddamn pants.

I look forward to hearing from you,
Dr. Jan E. Goldstein
President, American Historical Association

I'm Not Sam



I'm not Sam.
Sam, I'm not.

Don't call me Sam!
Don't call me Sam!
I do not like
When you call me Sam.

Hello Sam,
Do you know who I am?

I do not like
When you call me Sam.
It's not my name,
It's not who I am!

What's wrong Sam?
It's me, your mom.

I do not like
When you say you're my mom.
I do not like
When you get my name wrong.
I do not like
When you call me Sam.
I really don't like it.
I'm not Sam!

Would you come home?
Your sister has developed Anorexia.
We think it's because she isn't able
To cope with your absence.

Uh…
I will not live
Anymore in that house,
I…
I do not like
How you guys always call me Sam
When I've explicitly asked
For you to call me Derrel.

We're just so worried about you.
We drive under this bridge every night
To make sure you're still alive.
I just don't know what to do anymore.
If we call you "Derrel," will you come home?

I am not Sam…
I am Derrel…

…Hello Derrel.
It's me, your mother.
Will you get in the car?
Your sister misses her brother.

I am Derrel!
Derrel, I am!
It makes me so happy,
When you don't call me
Sam!

Ok, Derrel. Let's
go home.

Friends and family:

My father was a stern man. A hard worker with firm, uncompromising values, my father was tough to live with sometimes—and Hell, I'm sure that's no secret to anyone! But my siblings and I, we always knew he only wanted what was best for us—and we loved him for that. And the fact that he died from sticking too many Pokémon cards into his belly button shouldn't mar his otherwise great legacy.

Growing up, Dad didn't have much. He used to tell me that his family was so poor, they couldn't even afford to know they were poor, because the time spent thinking about it could be spent earning a couple bucks. That's just the kind of guy Dad was: always focusing on moving forward instead of getting stuck in the past. And slowly but surely, Dad used that same proactive attitude to work his way up the ladder of a gravel transportation company to become the CEO.

When you're reading headlines about my father's passing, though, you won't learn about that. You'll only learn that my dad died from his uncontrollable obsession with exploring his own body using Pokémon cards, an activity which really accounted for only a fraction of his life.

My dad was a philanthropist—did you know that? Yep, he took 10% out of his paycheck every week and donated it to various local and national charities. Sure, when the Pokémon trading card franchise emerged in the late 1990's, he started to donate less and spend more money on Pokémon cards, but he still managed to attend some charity events. And even though he would sneak to the bathroom every few minutes at those events to cram binder after binder of Pokémon cards into various crevices in his body, he was there, which is more than a lot of people can say.

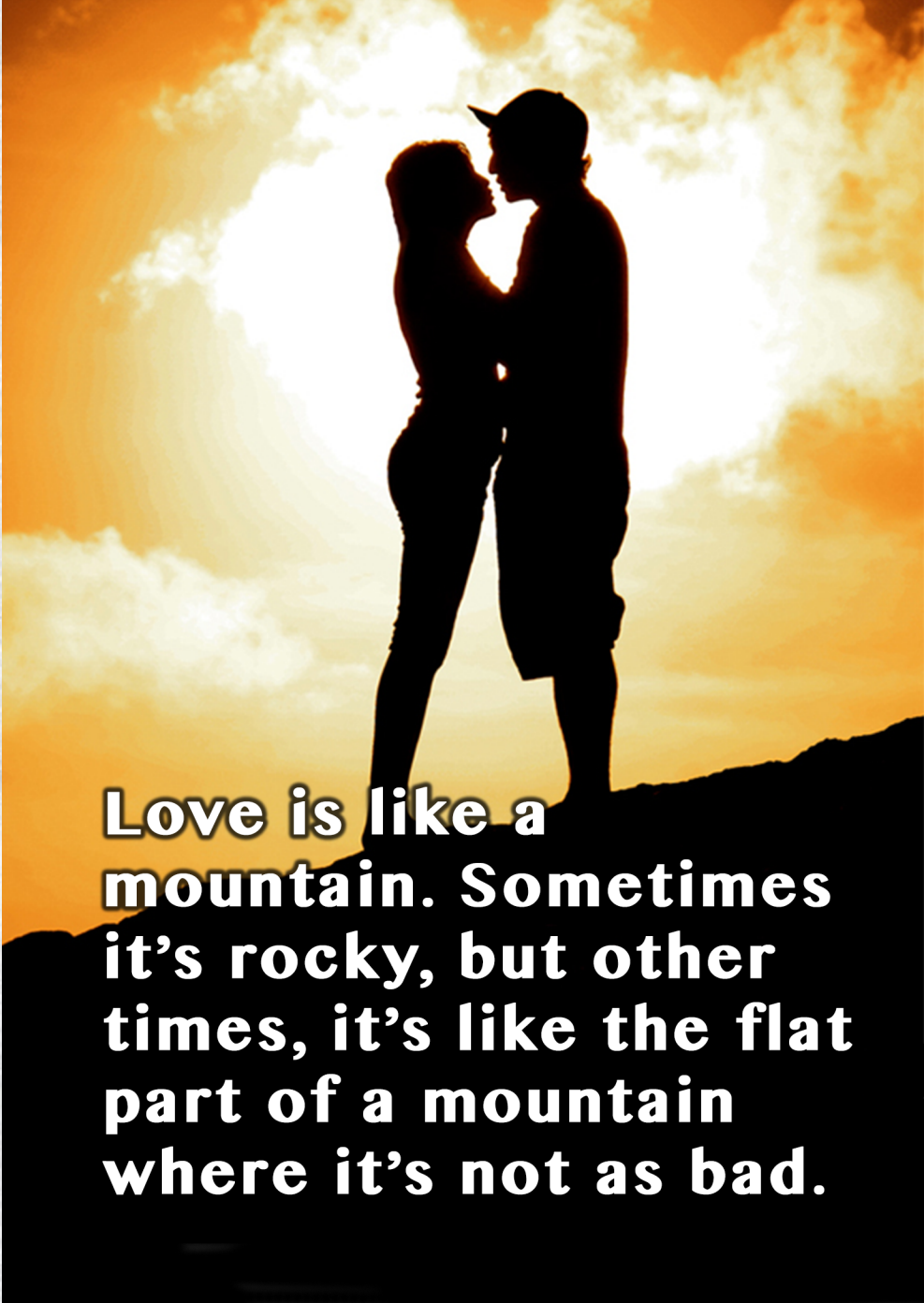
Another thing: Dad would never jam one of those cards that was just one of the elements into his body—they had to have a Pokémon character on them and he always preferred the rare ones, which I've always respected a tremendous amount. It's not as if he was stuffing himself up with any old Pokémon card, like a lot of news outlets are implying. There were criteria for the ones he packed into himself. I implore you not to forget that when you're watching the news or reading the paper.

Let me leave you with this: on his last Earthly day, Dad called me to say he was flipping through a binder of his favorite Pokémon cards when he stopped on a holographic Raichu that was once banned because of its non-canonical background. He lamented never having shoved it up his butt even though he always meant to

and said he was very sad to think that there were so many great Pokémon cards in the world and that he simply would never have the time to stick them all up his butt or pack into his belly button or ears. I told him he didn't need to stick all of them up his butt or belly button or ears, but that he would just need to stick the right ones up those places. Suddenly, there was pause. And then I heard the sound of my father removing maybe six or seven Pokémon cards from his butt and one of his ears and then the sound of him crumpling up and inserting a fresh one into of his belly button.

When I read the autopsy report, I learned that the card he inserted into his belly button wasn't a Pokémon card at all— it was our family's Christmas card. I ask you all to keep this in mind before you judge my father for the circumstances surrounding his untimely passing. Dad wasn't some freak of nature with a weird Pokémon fetish—it was about the physical sensation more than anything that maybe wasn't even sexual, we think, and only partly about Pokémon.

Rest in peace, Dad. I hope there are Pokémon cards in heaven for you to shove up your butt or belly button or ears.


Love is like a mountain. Sometimes it's rocky, but other times, it's like the flat part of a mountain where it's not as bad.

It's Not Just The Molly Talking

The world is full of amazing people who don't ever lie, manipulate, or abuse each other. I know this is true. I completely believe it and it's not just because I'm high out of my mind on 3,4-methylenedioxy-N-methylamphetamine.

Graduation Plans

• Don't Want To Test My Luck—Gonna Lay Low And Try Not To Plagiarize Anything For At Least A Little While

• Sneak Out Of Commencement To Smoke Some Weed Under The Right Field Bleechers At Yankee Stadium

• I Think Next Year I'm Going To Be Going To St. Thomas Instead Of Public School, But We're Going To Remain Friends And I Know We'll Keep In Touch!

• Take Over The Family Startup

• Invest In Some Real Estate Albums

• Find Another Outlet For My Addiction To Studying Syllabuses

• Pa Says He Still Needs Help At The Farm, So I Reckon I'll Start Back There And Use My Fancy Business Degree To Help Him Broker Some Deals When I'm Not Out In The Orchards

• Throw My Hat In The Sky

• Times Are Tough, The World Is Burning, And That's Why I'm Going To Serve My Country Like My Father Did In The USPS

I Know You Showed Your Work, But You didn't show your passion

Come here, Matthew. I have some concerns regarding your answer to the last week's homework. No, it can't wait until after class. I think your peers could really learn from your example. See here, I know that X can be either 6 or -3 and yes, I know you used the quadratic formula to find your answer, but nowhere in that page of wide ruled paper did I notice a hint of passion for the two-and-a-half-thousand-year-old Mathematical Arts.

I know you got it right. Any fool can take a formula and plug and chug his way to a solution. However, if you think that a couple dozen lines of symbolic shuffling is all it takes to succeed in my course, you are sadly mistaken. I don't want to see a jumble of letters and numbers. I want to see ardor.

While you were wading through line after line of arithmetic, did you ever pause to consider where it came from? The struggles of notation that plagued the Babylonians and the Egyptians, encasing their algebra in a tomb of rhetoric?

As your skinny wrist parroted out the quadratic formula, did you feel a rush of temporal vertigo as you realized that you were repeating mark for mark the motions of Descartes in 1637 when he first wrote that same formula? Does the notion of a handful of inked symbols linking us to a time four hundred years in the past pluck at your heartstrings?

Do you realize that humanity's mathematical triumphs have left problems that once challenged the greatest mathematicians as exercises for schoolchildren? Do you feel lightheaded from the dizzying height of the shoulders on which you stand?

Don't interrupt me, Margaret. Class is not over until I have finished speaking.

Have you even considered that before the work of Brahmagupta in the seventh century, humanity had no notion of computing with the number zero? Does the thought of manipulating nothingness itself make you queasy?

The quadratic equation, with the variables crowded on the left hand side and zero solitary on the right, does that impossible balance remind you of the Egyptian ritual of Ma'at, where the human heart is weighed against a feather?

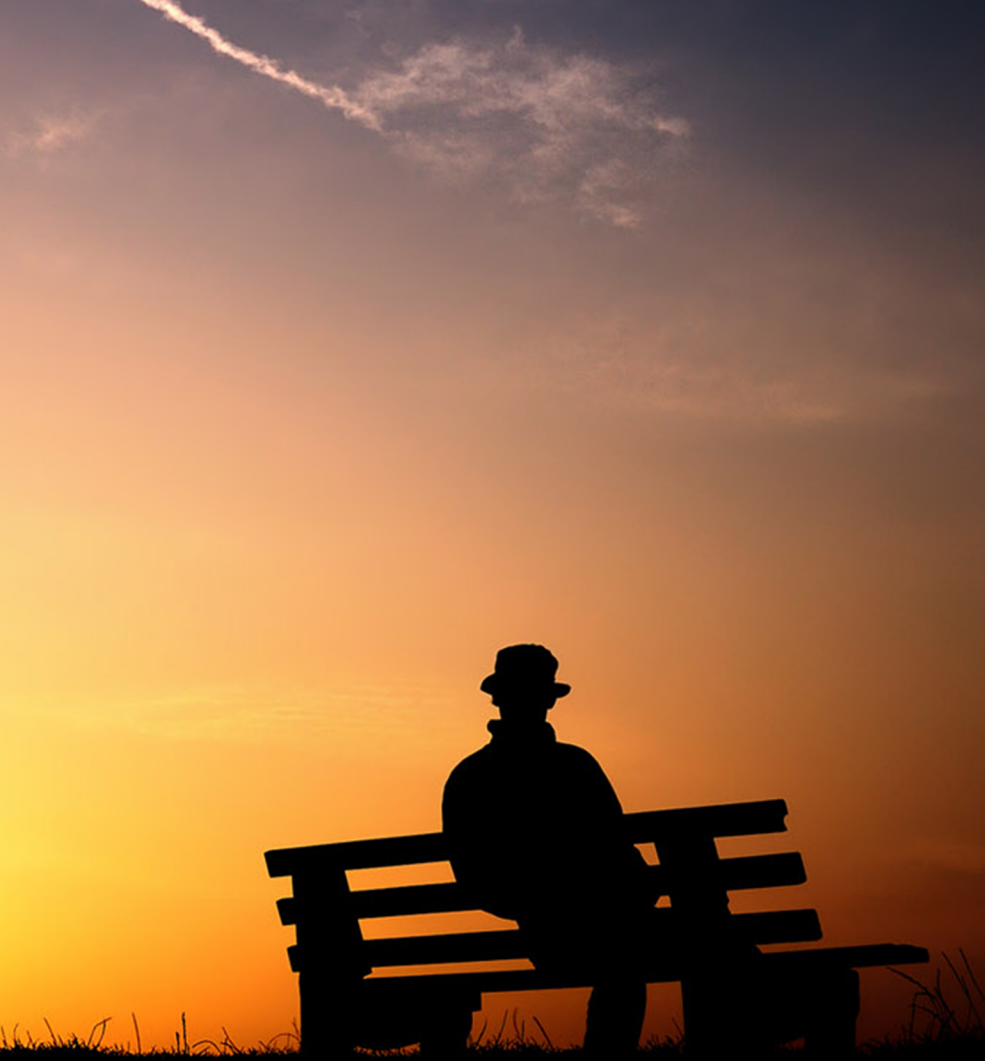
Don't cry. Did Gaston Julia snivel and wipe his nose in the face of the intimate symmetries of the complex fractal set which bears his name? No. He didn't have a nose. It was blown off his face in the First World War.

Do you have even an ounce of zeal in your weak, timid body? Speak up. "Kind of?" What sort of limp wristed, half hearted piffle did you just dare to spit in my face? Answer with vigor, or remove yourself from my classroom. Louder. Say it louder, damn you.

I apologize. I did not mean to lose my temper. However, regretfully, sometimes the mathematical sentiment must be brought out with physical force.

I think that will be enough for today. By the time we meet again on Monday I expect to see each of you hard at work cultivating the spirit of mathematics within you. God knows you'll need it for next year with Mr. Timmins.

$$x = \frac{-b \pm \sqrt{b^2 - 4ac}}{2a}$$



I was very privileged to grow up as a straight white male without allergies.

An Immigrant Tale

I am writing to chronicle the tale of my parents' immigration to our home today in the United States. As the son of two immigrants, I feel that it is important to understand my roots. The plight of the immigrant family is both a tale of sadness and new beginnings. My family's experience was no exception.

My parents emigrated from Ohio to Pennsylvania in 1970 and the beginning was really hard for them because of the cultural differences. I remember my mother telling me that it was tough because they were always fans of the Cleveland Browns but everyone in western Pennsylvania loved the Steelers. But still, my parents persevered.

They had always dreamt of owning a two-story house in western Pennsylvania with a white picket fence around it, so they worked really hard, hired a contractor, and built one using the blueprints from their previous two-story, white-picket fence house in Ohio. I really admire them for that. They wanted a better life for *me*.

My father always used to tell me as a kid, "Son, you can do anything you want if you just work hard enough." I never really knew what he meant until now. Social mobility is so much easier here. My father went from being a lowly elementary school teacher back in Ohio to being a well-respected middle school teacher here in western Pennsylvania. He never believed that was possible even in his wildest dreams.

I was fortunate enough to visit Ohio last summer to see the village where my parents grew up and it moved me to tears. Their house only had 4 bedrooms, no breakfast nook, and linoleum tiles used as a makeshift floor. It really made me appreciate all those things I have now that I take for granted. I feel so blessed to be from a family that truly exemplifies the American dream.

There's a reason that this place is called the melting pot. Because whether you are from Ohio or western Pennsylvania, there's always a franchised chain of fondue-based restaurants willing to serve you.

Hookah Flavors

- PEACH
- APPLE
- SEX ON THE BEACH
- PINA COLADA
- SEX IN THE KITCHEN
- SCRUM
- SEX IN MY PARENTS BED
- APPLE MINT
- SEX IN THE BACK OF A UPS TRUCK
- BANANA DAQUIRI
- SEX IN MY PARENTS BED (AGAIN)
- SEX ON THIS TABLE
- COOL RANCH

Kaleidoscope Camp

Kaleidoscope Camp isn't just about looking at Kaleidoscopes.
It's also about building Kaleidoscopes.

Hey Garfield fans! We know you love Garfield, but what about the man he was based on, President James A. Garfield? President Garfield had a lot in common with the furry feline we love. Here's his inaugural address. See if you can spot the similarities!

President Garfield's Speech:

It wasn't but twenty years ago that we were a nation torn after the Great War. The clouds of fear loomed over our democracy as we began the long process of rebuilding our nation's fabric on that dreary Monday morning. But it is clear now that we have rebuilt something powerful in that wonderful blueprint of the Founding Fathers. It is—if you'll bear with me—like a big piece of my favorite food, lasagna.

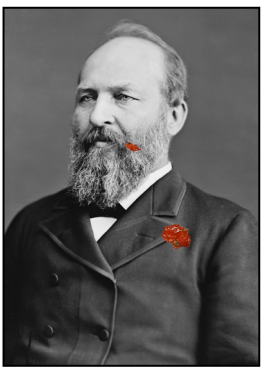
Our Founding Fathers toiled over the recipe for a powerful sovereignty, tirelessly working to find a delicious taste of liberty without the overpowering flavor of tyranny. But a recipe alone does not guarantee success, as our young nation has already endured its share of trials. We have been tested in our commitment to liberty, just as one is tested in layering noodle, savory ground pork, then sweet ricotta cheese, then another layer of noodle, pork, sweet ricotta, then finally noodle.

But these tribulations have given us wisdom, and without them we could not savor the bright future that lies ahead of our nation. Just as my father told me, "We could not enjoy the lingering

Saturday afternoon without feeling the ache of a wretched Monday."

Some believe that our lingering disagreements suggest a greater discontent within our nation's fabric, that the senators of Massachusetts may never seen eye to eye with the Georgia Boys. True, we have our differences, but it is the basil and oregano that come together in a powerful marinara sauce, seeping through every layer of a delicious tin of lasagna, that makes it more savory than the end of another horrible Monday.

We are a powerful and delicious nation, and I'm happy to have a seat at the head of the table. Along with my vice president Chester "Odie" Arthur, we plan to take on the challenges that still plague us, and to further perfect the great recipe set out by our Founding Fathers. Fellow Americans, it's dinner time.



President Garfield, after one of his famous lasagna dinners.

plagueHOW Troubleshooting

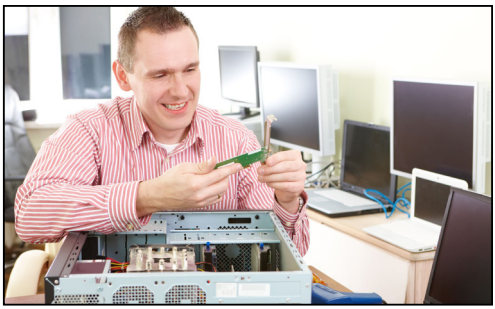
Troubleshooting Tips

• If you're having trouble shooting, remember the man stole your goddamn wife—the only woman you've ever loved

• If your YouTube video isn't playing, simultaneously hit the spacebar and the option key. The video may not load, but now you're playing snake. Cool!

• If your Internet is slow, try remembering that the internet always used to be this slow.

• The computers at the public library make a buzzing sound when you try and load too much porn at once, so when Janet from Historical Nonfiction comes over, just cut your losses and try public library in the next town over



• If you're experiencing difficulties in connecting to a webpage, just type the URL more forcefully and try clicking harder.

• If the screen you're staring at stops working, just stare at your other screen. If that screen doesn't work, settle for staring at your small screen. If for some reason the small screen isn't working, go home and use the family screen. If the family screen isn't working, there's probably already a software update by now that fixed the bug in your first screen.

• If your Apple product is damaged, go to the Apple store and get talked down to about the way you handle your own fucking phone

• Trying hitting shift-command-option-8 if you're on a mac. Pretty cool color changes, right?

Our vacation was amazing,
it was nice to get away
from my family's criticism
of my tiny wife.

Word Freak

Obsequious, bowdlerize, cacophony—gah, I just love words! From assiduous to zodiac, I find each and every word complex, full-bodied, tantalizing, titillating, and spellbinding. Ooh, I simply love them—words, they is just the best!

You see, every word has its own complicated, diverse history. Words snake between languages and dialects, they transmute and transform over generations of people, they grow and they shed meaning in the blink of an eye. They is just incredible—and they has more power than they is given credit for. I love words!

I adore words so much that I often lie awake at night just to study—rather, scrutinize every word of—the dictionary. I devote so many hours post-meridian to it, in fact, that my friends and family have become somewhat upset—rather, extremely distempered—and insist that I'm becoming unhinged and has lost a grasps on some of my other linguistic capabilities. Sure, there may be validity—irrefutable verity, even—to the claim that my passion—my cacoethes—for learning new word is so robust, that it have cost me my consistent uses of proper subject-verb agreement, but who need subject-verb agreements when you has the company of word? I, for one, doesn't. For I has umbrage, serendipitous, and panacea to comforts me—and these is just some of the word in my extensive and ostensibly endless dictionary.

Deranged, hysterical, reclusive—I simply love word!

RATE MY PROFESSORS

John Vogel
History, NYU
Overall Rating: 2.1

Easiness	Helpfulness	Clarity	Hotness
2.1	1.9	2.3	

Review by *Jared S.*

Easiness: 4.1
Helpfulness: 4.5
Clarity: 4.6
Hot Pepper: Yes

"Mr. Vogel's a pretty chill guy and the workload isn't bad. Smart dude, knows a lot about the French Revolution. Gonna sound weird to mention this, but kinda self-conscious. Good guy though, so I shouldn't go into it."

Review by *Emily F.*

Easiness: 3.6
Helpfulness: 3.8
Clarity: 3.9
Hot Pepper: Yes

"Vogel is okay. I found myself lost a lot in class initially but I came in for extra help during office hours a couple times and got the hang of it. Definitely very smart, but weirdly has confidence issues sometimes. I heard he checks his Rate My Professors page a lot."

(More on next page...)

RATE MY PROFESSORS

Review by *Jackie K.*

Easiness: 3.4
Helpfulness: 3.2
Clarity: 3.5
Hot Pepper: Yes

"Wasn't gonna post in here, but Mr. Vogel begged me to give him a hot pepper."

Review by *Mike P.*

Easiness: 3.1
Helpfulness: 3.0
Clarity: 3.3
Hot Pepper: Yes

"Midterm was to give Mr. Vogel a hot pepper."

Review by *Jamie R.*

Easiness: 2.0
Helpfulness: 2.0
Clarity: 2.1
Hot Pepper: Yes

"Final was to give Mr. Vogel a hot pepper."

Review by *Jackson A.*

Easiness: 1.0
Helpfulness: 1.0
Clarity: 1.0
Hot Pepper: Yes

"Grade for entire course dependent on giving Mr. Vogel a hot pepper."

(More on next page...)

RATE MY PROFESSORS

Review by *Sarah G.*

Easiness: 3.6
Helpfulness: 4.1
Clarity: 4.0
Hot Pepper: Yes

"Mr. Vogel is a great teacher! Or at least I thought so until he made everyone in my discussion group give him a hot pepper on Rate My Professors. He guarded the door and wouldn't let us leave class until we all did it."

Review by *Karen M.*

Easiness: 1.0
Helpfulness: 2.0
Clarity: 1.0
Hot Pepper: Yes

"Mr. Vogel hasn't been in class for weeks and is at my door right now, literally on his hands and knees begging for a hot pepper. Can hardly understand him anymore through his sobbing. Hope he gets the help he needs."

Review by *John V.*

Easiness: 4.6
Helpfulness: 4.9
Clarity: 4.7
Hot Pepper: Yes

"Hi, it's me—a student! Mr. Vogel's a good teacher, but he's even better at being really hot. Definitely deserves that hot pepper rating—definitely! Alright, got to go back to studying for that test on the French Revolution, which I don't know much about because I don't have a Phd in that subject. See ya!"

(see 1,709 more reviews by John V. on next page...)

Christina,

We're glad that you got in touch with us about Eric. We really want to apologize for his crude behavior in your chemistry class—his sense of humor and lack of attention span have gotten him in trouble in the past and that's something we're working on with him. But we also want to let you know that we feel your response, which was to interrupt him during his presentation with loud fart noises, and then fail him for "bad flatulence" was unprofessional.

Sure, because Eric finds it tough to make friends in class he often will act out for others to notice and recognize him. It's an issue we've had to deal with before, and we are going to make sure he apologizes to you in person tomorrow for acting up. That being said, we find it a bit inapporpriate that you repeatedly interrupted his presentation on HIV by making fart sounds with both your armpit and your mouth and then, in front of everyone, gave his presentation a 0% because "nobody could hear anything over Eric's constant farting." We can understand your frustration with Eric, but we do not feel this was an appropriate response to his behavior. Nor do we feel it was appropriate when you made the jerking-off gesture to him or when you pretended to be so deep asleep during his presentation that you were snoring.

Please contact us about how you would like to move forward.

Susan and Benjamin Stewartson

It’s true what they say, I’ve never forgotten how to ride a bike.

On Hair

I am a barber. A town barber, to be exact. And I've been shaving heads for a long time—twenty years, to be exact. And in those twenty years, I've seen every type of haircut: Bees' Nests and Buzz Bonnets, Trees' Nests and Fuzz Grommets, long hair clipped up like short hair and short hair pinned down like long hair, mutton chops that look like sideburns and sideburns that are secretly full beards. I've seen mullets that are all party and afros that are 100% business. I've seen bobs on Roberts and roberts on Bobs. I've seen people that cover their hair entirely with hats and I've even seen people that cover their hats entirely with hair. But one thing I have never seen until today is someone with a full head of hair asking a barber to shave half of their head and then not finish the job. Now, it seems as though I am no longer a barber, but a half-barber, to be exact.

Walgreens salutes The Grateful Dead

Only $24.99 per bear!

Limited Release
The 50th Anniversary Walgreens Bear!

Walgreens salutes the Grateful Dead on having such ***loyal fans*** *whom we hope to* ***capitalize on*** *by becoming* ***the Official Drugstore of "The Dead"!***

I used to love sugar cubes, but now I have to be careful, because I have horse diabetes.

What Makes You Qualified For The Job?

- I Did A Jump—I'll Do It Again Too. Look!
- My Dad Is Your Boss
- My Mom Is Your Girlfriend
- Fancy Shoes From Jos. A. Bank
- My Last Name *Is* Jobs. And My First Name Is Steve. I'm The Apple Guy.
- Deep Passion For Making Photocopies
- I Bring More Chucks, Yucks, And Fucks To The Table Than Anybody
- I've Read Every Animorphs Book
- Look How Many Olives I Can Hold In My Mouth!
- Absolutely Stuffed With Synergy
- White Privilege

Catherine,

I've thought about you every day since you left, and I always remain hopeful that one day I will find you at the corner where we first met—exactly like we planned, as the sun sets behind the rooftop gardens.

If we're being honest though, about a week after you left I realized that the sun actually sets at different times depending on the time of year. I was so caught up in our tryst that I forgot about the seasons! The sun was setting much later during when we met in the summer, but now, it's setting behind the building before I get off work.

I'm just writing to let you know that I'll be there every day at 5:30, regardless of the sun's position. I think this should make it easier to find me, just in case you decide to come back to Lisbon.

Fondly,
Brad

New Pokemon Attacks

- Woah Woah Woah!
- Save Before Dinner
- Formspring Abuse
- Guilt Trip
- Eat a Bunch Of Grass And Throw It Up In Three Turns
- Move To A Small Town, Acknowledge That Celadon City Isn't For You

I WILL TEACH YOU HOW TO POSE WEIRD WITH A GUITAR.

CALL (212)-POSE-WRD

- *SERIOUS INQUIRIES ONLY*
- *COME WITH YOUR SHIRT ALREADY TUCKED IN.*

Catherine,

I still see the milkman on my way to work, and he fondly talks about "the girl with the beautiful laugh". They say Lisbon is a big city, but it seems so small without someone to explore it with. I long for your response.

Fondly,
Brad

Hi Brad,

I'm sorry it took so long to get back to you. I debated sending this message for months but I couldn't resist. I've received every one of your letters and read each one with great care. Your writing brings me onto the streets of Lisbon. You truly have a gift. Anyways, my husband and I think that you might have the wrong address, as we've lived in this house for 20 years and have never heard of a Catherine. We thought maybe you meant NEW Hampton instead of NORTH Hampton, but we checked with the postman there, and he hasn't heard of a Catherine either.

If you don't mind us asking, what ever happened to the bakery on your street? How's the new exhibit at the rooftop garden? We're sorry to hear that your writing has suffered, but if you're willing to share, we'd love to read your manuscript! We just love reading your letters, and look forward to your reply.

Fondly,
Charles and Ellen.

France, 1354

Charles II: Squire, I am cast with sorrow anon. Where is the court jester?

Squire: My great, he has been sick for weeks anon, but in his absence I have found another jokester whom I have heard many a great thing about.

Charles II: Oh? Bring him out!

Squire: He rose to fame in the Mali Empire, and in Musa's great pilgrimage he delighted kings and monks alike with his sharp observations. I present: Jester Seinfeld!

Jester Seinfeld: It is with great honor that I come before your majesty! I have traveled many miles in caravan, and your stop is among the finest. Anyway, I think caravan travel is always the worst, I mean, seriously, what's the deal with caravan food? Are they trying to poison you before you can make it to the next stop?

Uproarious Laughter

Cosmo Tips

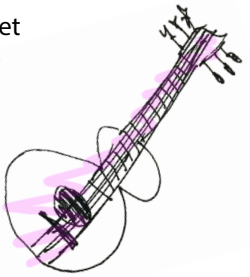
5 Tips For Reinventing Yourself This Summer

by Gottfried Leibniz

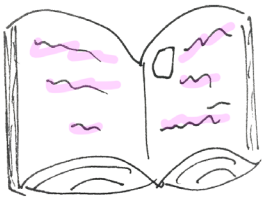
1. Go shopping: The first thing I'd suggest if you're looking to reinvent yourself this summer (and I suggest you do!) is to go to your local mall and buy some new threads. Sometimes a fun new blouse or a hot pair of wedges is just the thing you need to find the new you! Of course, no matter what you wear, consciousness, or the reflective knowledge of this internal state, is something not guaranteed to all souls—nor at all times to a given soul—but a new pair of Louboutins certainly helps!

2. Change your look: Don't worry, you don't have to lose 20 pounds or buy all new clothes to update your look. Sometimes changing your look can totally come from something other than material belongings, which is why I believe that where there are only beings through aggregation, there will not even be real beings! For every being through aggregation presupposes beings endowed with a true unity, because it obtains its reality from nowhere but that of its constituents, so that it will have no reality at all if each constituent being is still an entity through aggregation; or else, one must yet seek another basis to its reality, which in this way, if one must constantly go on searching, can never be found. So, try that on for size if a new pair of Louboutins isn't doing it for you!

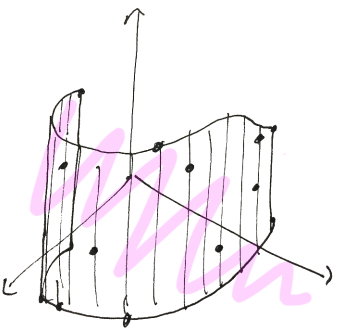
3. Get back into your hobbies: Sometimes it's easy to get lost in all the fakeness of your friends! One must therefore necessarily arrive either at mathematical points from which certain authors make up extension, or at Epicurus' and M. Cordemoy's atoms, or else acknowledge that no reality can be found in bodies. Or, finally, one must recognize certain substances in them that possess a true unity. So go for it! Start that art class or pick up that guitar again!



4. Start a journal: Part of reinventing yourself is finding yourself. Start keeping a journal of your thoughts, feelings, and significant events in your life. One is obliged to admit that perception and what depends upon it is inexplicable on mechanical principles, that is, by figures and motions. In imagining that there is a machine whose construction would enable it to think, to sense, and to have perception, one could conceive it enlarged while retaining the same proportions, so that one could enter into it, just like into a windmill.



5. Become this truer you: When it comes down to it, the best way to reinvent yourself is to become a more genuine you. Supposing this, one should, when visiting within it, find only parts pushing one another, and never anything by which to explain a perception. Thus it is in the simple substance, and not in the composite or in the machine, that one must look for perception. Over the summer, you may start to ask yourself, what's next for me? You can use this to make some really positive changes to yourself.



Best Ways To Die

• In The Third Act

• Nonspecific Final Hoorah

• Shot In The Back Of The Head, But After You Just Made It To The Urinal

• In France, An Orgasm Is Considered A Small Death, So I'd Like To Die In A Big French Orgasm

• While You're Still Trying! Don't Let Anyone Tell Ya Otherwise, Kid! You Gotta Keep Trying!

• Trying

• In A Learning Moment That Will Help Kids Understand The Excitement And Danger Of Scuba

• Surrounded By My Loved Ones And Also My Hated Ones For Balance

• Eyes Dry Up During Big Bang Theory Marathon-Marathon

• Accident While Reenacting A Death On The Show "1,000 Worst Ways To Die"

• Slowly, By Making Safe Choices And Never Challenging Yourself, But Living A Somewhat Successful Life Raising Three Beautiful Daughters, And Having The Weekends To Travel In The Area, Or Enjoy A Novel

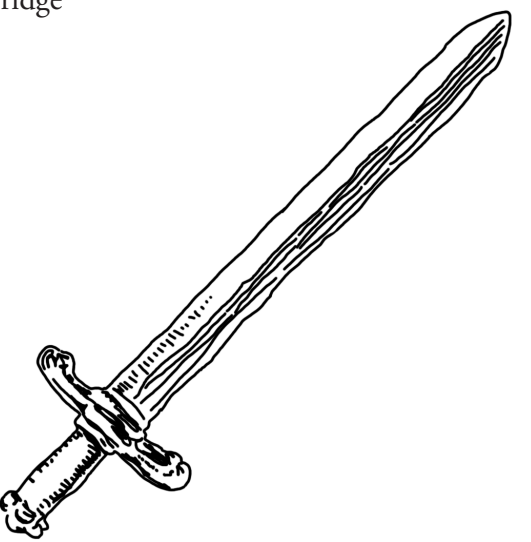
• Peacefully In My Sleep, As I Sleep-Walk Off A Cliff And Onto A Bunch Of Rusty Swords

• Perhaps The Question You Should Ask Yourself Is, "What Is The Best Way To Live?" And There You Have Your Answer: Falling Onto A Bunch Of Rusty Swords While Sleepwalking.

• Dying Of Old-Age-Cheese Ingestion

• For Your Religion, So Long As It's One Of The Ones I Like

• Under The Bridge
Downtown



Letters from Vietnam

Mother,

This will be the last letter I write you before I am shipped off to Vietnam on Tuesday. I'll do my best to write you when I am settled and can get a connection out, but Lord knows what it's like over there. If bootcamp is any indication, I have no clue how I'll survive; I lagged behind the other men and was always out of breath. I can't imagine how I'll carry all my equipment in the jungle. The only thing I fear more than losing my life is endangering those of all the men in Alpha Company.

We land in Saigon, and from there I'll be shipped out to Moc Hoa. From there, only God knows what lies ahead. I'll do my best to stay safe and write you when I get a connection home. I want you to know I love both you and Dad very much, and I'm just beginning to understand the sacrifice you two made to raise me.

Godspeed,
Leonard

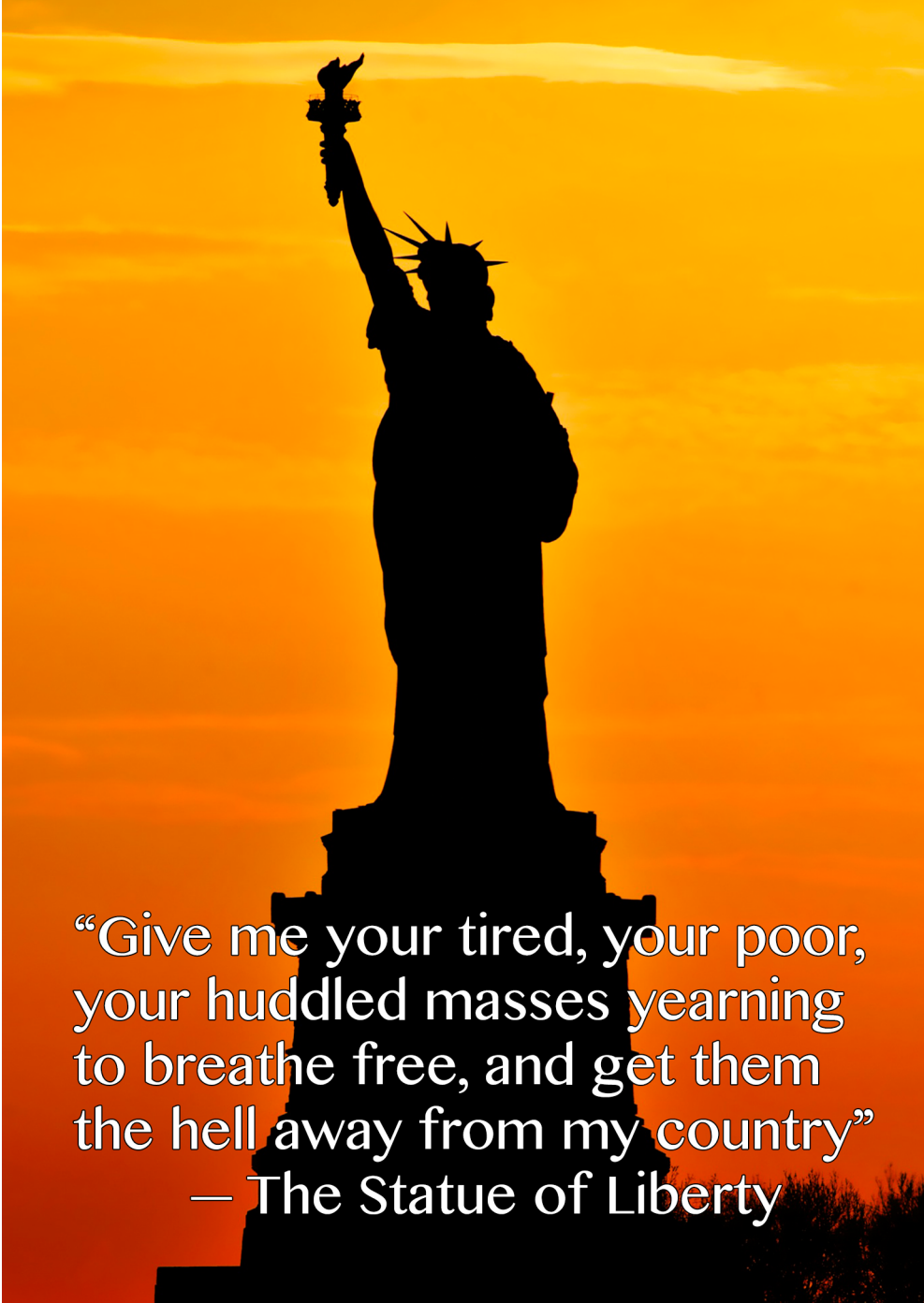
Mother,

I apologize that it's taken so long to write home, but it's been hard to find the time to write, as I've been living with a mixture of intense emotions for the past two weeks. On the flight over, I couldn't stop my mind from racing through all the terrible Vietnam stories I had heard, and worrying that those were just the few people were willing to talk about. Soonafter my worst fears were realized. As soon we landed, Commander took me aside to remind me that I was the weakest in the group, and so instead of heading out with the company to Moc Hoa, I was left on the main U.S. Operations Base in Saigon, and assigned to just stay in the kitchen and cook meals for the commanders and various troops that were passing through.

Though it's mostly just cooking ketchup noodles every night, I regretfully must sleep with one eye open, as the other cooks—who were also the weakest in their companies—can goof on me pretty hard, and razz me real good if I'm not careful. Don't get me wrong, they're great guys; we play cards, tell stories, and cook meals together every day, and we have a blast doing it. But we prank each other incredibly hard, so I live in constant fear of my closest friends, and remain anxious of my surroundings, even though we live in a highly patrolled area and there's nothing to fear outside of our walls. I live in constant fear that surrounds me and haunts me every day. It's just one moment and then BOOM. KSSSSH. You're goofed.

This life has taken its toll on me, as I'm only getting 6 hours of sleep a night. There's no need to worry about me coming back without a limb, but I worry that the terrors of war I'm enduring will haunt me long after I come home.

Until next time,
Leonard


“Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free, and get them the hell away from my country”
— The Statue of Liberty

Where I Stand On Animal Cruelty

I know this might not be a popular opinion, but let me just come out and say it: I think hurting animals is bad. Yep. That's where I stand on the matter and sorry, but I won't budge on it. I simply can't imagine a situation where hurting animals is good. It's just straight up bad to hurt animals!

I will say, though, if maybe a dog or something disrespected your family and he was also a big tough dog, like a Great Dane, I'd understand if the dog got hurt as a result of that dis to your family. Otherwise, though, inflicting pain upon defenseless animals is pretty much one of the worst things you can do. God, I'm mad even thinking about it!

Literally the only situation where I could see it being acceptable is one where George, your neighbor's Great Dane, is calling out from your neighbor's yard, "Hey, freak, where'd your parents meet? An ugly convention?" and then he laughs at the joke he just made. That's literally the only situation I can think of, off the top of my head, where it'd be okay to hurt an animal and even then it's pretty bad, although understandable.

Listen, if you don't believe me that hurting animals is wrong, this story should confirm it: just yesterday I heard someone say this—"Hey, do you think kicking a horse is good?" I wasn't even part of that conversation, but I took it upon myself to jump right in. I said, "Excuse me, but kicking a horse is bad." The man replied, "Oh yeah? Well you're wrong. I love to hurt animals even when I'm not defending my family's honor." I was dumbfounded. Suddenly, out of nowhere, the President of PETA jumped into the conversation and said,

“Excuse me, but kicking a horse is bad. Kicking all animals is bad, unless it’s a big strong dog like a Great Dane and he’s taunting you and your family.”

I was surprised she made that exception about the Great Dane, but I deferred to her because she’s the President of PETA, one of the leading associations dedicated to determining when hurting an animal is good or bad.

Before she left, the President of PETA said this to me, which I think is something we can all learn from: “Punching a little Chihuahua—that would be bad. Molesting a cow—that’s also bad. Kicking a big brawny Great Dane that in a way was asking for it? It’s not good, but it’s okay.” All I could say was, “Wow, thanks,” and pat her on the back because of how wise she was.

Anyway, this is all to say I plead innocent.

Look at me! I'm a tree!

I'M A DOUCHE

A BIG DOUCHE

I MEAN COME ON

LOOK AT ME

Dr. Mom M.D.

[MASS. GENERAL HOSPITAL, 10:45 AM]

Nurse: Dr. Mom, I know that you specialize in infant care, but there's an emergency in the ER.

Dr. Mom: Wow! An emergency in the emergency room! That's pretty neat!

Nurse: We need you there right away. The patient is in critical condition. He's a 21-year-old hispanic male, shot twice in the leg three and once in the lower abdomen. We're worried he's going to bleed out. He's right in this—

The two enter the room, and the screams of a young male can be heard.

Patient: AHHHHHH I'M GOING TO DIE! JESUS!

Dr. Mom: Alright this isn't going to be easy—Quick. Get me a read on his temperature to make sure he isn't faking!

Nurse: He's definitely not faking, the blood is spilling from the bullet wounds. He's at about 100.3, his heart is pumping too hard from the adrenaline!

Dr. Mom: Oh god. We need to operate now. Get me an IV on Children's Robitussen and then one—no, one and a half—Children's Tylenol. You're going to make it through this honey, I promise y—

Patient: *[yelling]* AHHHHH GET ME OUT OF THIS! THEY FUCKING SHOT—

Dr. Mom: *[yelling louder]* DON'T RAISE YOUR VOICE AT ME YOUNG MAN. Nurse, I need that Tylenol!

Nurse: Right here, right here! Tubes are in, patient will be under soon. We're reaching critical blood loss here. The patient is losing control of digestive and renal systems due to the abdomen wound.

Dr. Mom: I'll take care of his tummy trouble, you need to get him plenty of fluids STAT.

Nurse: I'm sorry, what?

[Heart monitor starts racing up]

Dr. Mom: Gosh darn it you can't question me on this nurse! Time is of the essence! Get fluids!

Nurse: He's going into critical condition!

Dr. Mom: We haven't lost our little boy yet!

[Dr. Mom leans over the table to gets close to the bullet wounds and then kisses each one. The heart monitor slowly returns to normal levels]

Dr. Mom: He'll be under for a few hours, and you'd be surprised what some sleep will do. I'm going to tuck him in, and we'll see how his tummy is feeling when he wakes up.

Good Cop Brad Cop

In 1994, Brad Pitt spent a day as a member of the NYPD to prepare for his role in Se7en. This is a transcript from that day.

COP: So, you ready for your first day on the job Brad? I'm sure this must be exiting.

BRAD Please, call me Detective Mills. It helps me get more of a feel for my character.

COP: Oh, ok. Sure. So anyway, basically what we're going to do is sit here and watch traffic and if anything comes up on the police scanner we go respond to that, ah, Detective Mills.

BRAD: Yes?

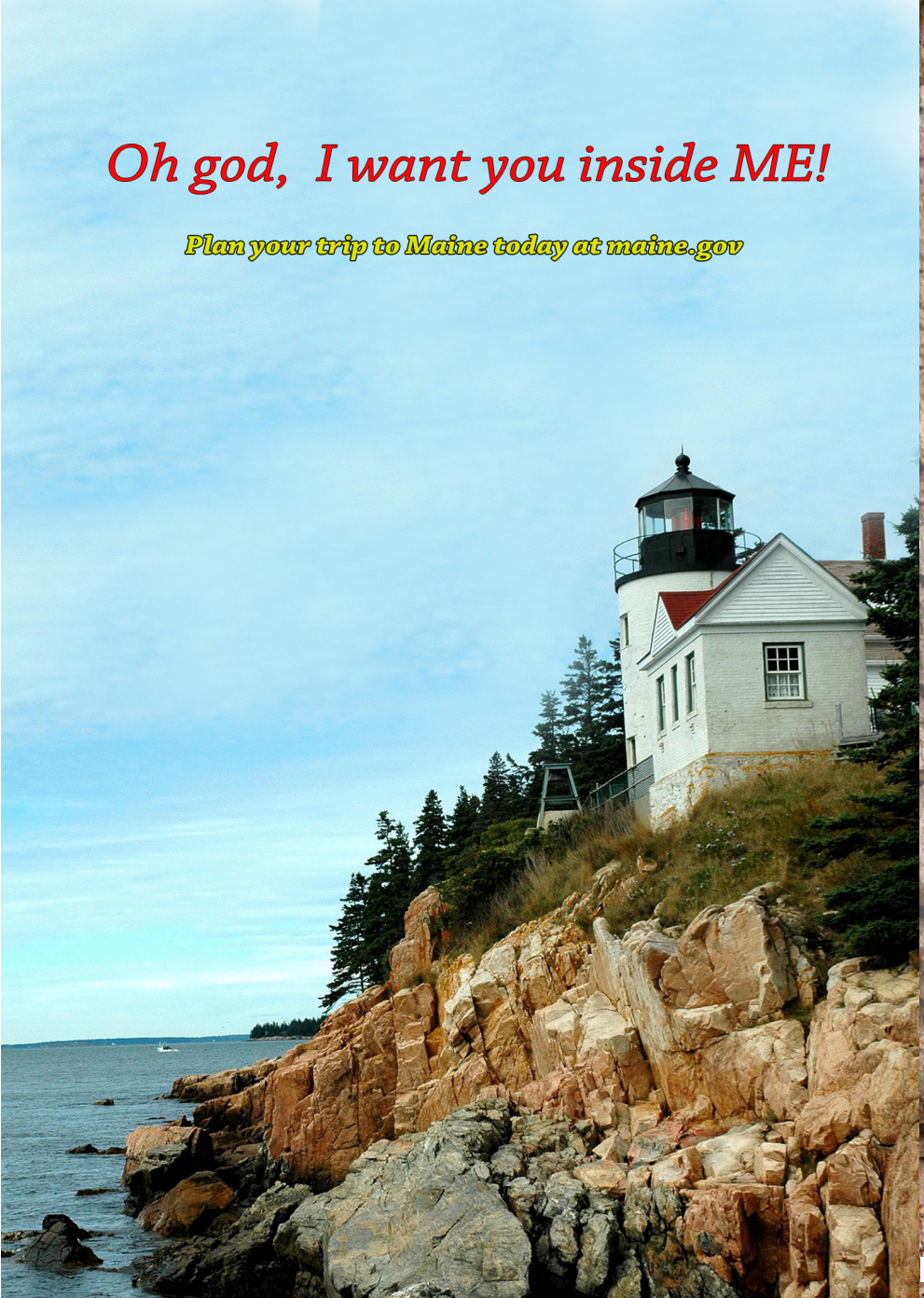
COP: Oh—no, sorry, I was just calling you that because you said to call you that before and then I just realized I didn't. Sorry, Mr. Pitt.

BRAD: It's Detective Mills.

COP: Right! Shoot, I'm sorry.

BRAD: No, no, it's cool man. Just, for next time.

YEEZUS × crocs™


Oh god, I want you inside ME!
Plan your trip to Maine today at maine.gov

GATHER CHILDREN!

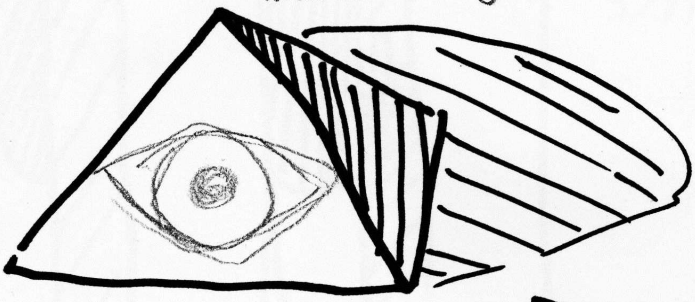
Gather, children! Hear my tale and be forewarned! Aye, this be a story from the times of old, but remains all the more true today. It shan't be forgotten that not long ago, and not far from here lived a type of devil that haunted the villages of the mountains. Aye, the hoards spoke of creatures that captured and maimed every youth that dared stay out in the evenings, but we failed to listen. Betwixt the riots and rumors the legend grew, and now I must pass on this story to you: the story of Boxtrolls, rated PG, and coming to DVD and Blu-Ray March 20th.

'Twas a day not unlike this very one that the Baron of Cheesebridge—Lord Portley-Rind—set out with his executioner to destroy these daemons that haunted the land. He failed to listen when the spirits of old told him to watch out for exclusive content on the Boxtrolls Facebook Page. Else, he would know that among these spirits was Eggs, a commoner lapsed by his parents thereafter a night of debauchery, raised in the ways of the wretched beasts. Lo! But fate hath spun a cruel fortune of the thraeds, as Eggs captures the heart and mind of the Baron's noble daughter (voiced by Ellie Fanning)! Thus, a myth of monsters becomes a tale of love, as the two ill-fated souls find themselves fighting their creators amidst the harsh winds of Cheesebridge. Create your own dismal monster on our website, and take part in the story that's been whispered across generations that will no doubt leave the whole family in stitches.

Sure, Einstein can explain light as both a particle and a wave, but can he explain soap as both a liquid and a foam?

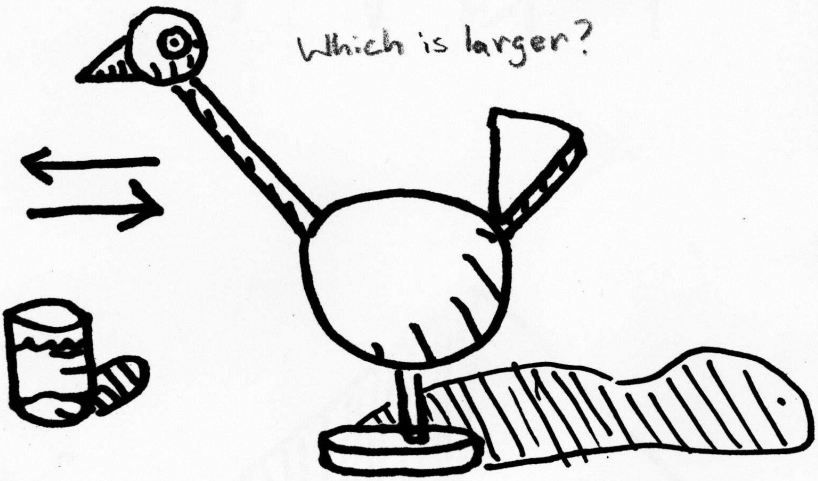
A

focus on the illumanati eyeball



B

Which is larger?



"still life"

Best Places To Cry In N.Y.C.

Duane Reade (57th and Lex): Few people come here to hear you, and you can wander the aisles if you keep the volume down. You may run into Kathy, the sales associate who always offers to listen while restocking shelves.

Battery Park City (Night): At night, Battery Park is pretty empty and you can see the Statue of Liberty lit in the harbor. It's the perfect place to somberly think about whatever it is that triggers your crying fits and really get into it.

Citi Field (Queens): Sure, there's no crying in baseball, but they didn't say anything about the stands! Section 410—or anywhere in the Right Field Upper Deck—is the perfect place to weep gently to yourself without fear of other fans or hot dog vendors.

Duane Reade (Worth Street): A peaceful spot in downtown Manhattan, where Kathy used to work. Her former co-workers are also really nice. You can see where she gets it from!

Chatham Square (Chinatown): A lot of people in Chinatown don't understand English, which means no one will try to calm you down or talk to you—an ideal place for intense cries and wails.

El Festival Del Llanto (Spanish Harlem): The festival of crying is a wonderful celebration that you should be sure to attend. A wonderful Saturday morning with musical, face painting, and crying for all ages.

Making love is like playing the guitar. If I go for too long, my fingers get these callouses and I have to stop for a little.

People These Days Don't Know the Meaning of Brand Loyalty

by Michael Radcliff

When my great grandfather came to America, the Carnegie Steel Company put clothes on his back and a roof over his head. While he lived in the Company Town, he made his every purchase at the Company Store. He did not do so because it was the only store in a twenty mile radius that accepted vouchers from Carnegie Steel. He did it out of loyalty to Andrew Carnegie, who had given him an opportunity to carve out his slice of the American Dream.

Loyalty. People these days don't seem to know the meaning of the word. They flutter from store to store with a deck of rewards cards crammed in their pocket, whoring themselves out to whoever has the lowest price this week. Myself, I wouldn't put two rewards cards on my key chain any more than I'd put two wedding rings on my finger.

Even my own parents, who owe everything to our nation's Captains of Industry, had grown soft and bourgeois. When on my 18th birthday my father presented me with a Computing Machine valued at $600, I had enough. I would not allow myself to be broken down and remoulded into a sluggish materialist. Immediately I broke all ties with my parents and set off to carve my own path. I soon found a woman who shared my principles, and we joined together in a quiet matrimony. We

have spent our years together living our lives and raising our children according to the ideals of our forefathers.

We're a Kirkland family. When I'm steering my jumbo cart through the towering aisles of the local Costco, I feel comfortable knowing that I'm surrounded by people I can trust. I know that if on the way back to the car a troublemaker dressed head to toe in T.J. Maxx tries to assault my wife or my children, the parking lot is filled with red blooded Kirkland Boys who'll leave him wishing his off-price brand store offered dental insurance. There is trust between us shoppers—trust forged through mutual love of high quality reasonably priced bulk goods. Whenever I find myself out for a walk with my family now, I'm in no hurry. I have plenty of time to relax in the summer sun, and marvel at the sad little people I see around me. They're constantly scurrying from chain store to supermarket, from food court to travel agent to mortgage broker — I always wonder how they manage to get anything done at all. Costco provides me with everything I need, and in return they charge only a modest yearly fee, which is further diminished by our employee's discount.

Watching my children at play, I take a moment to think about the future we are building for them. When my son is of age, I will set him up with an apprenticeship in the stockroom. The labor will toughen his body and instill him with the spirit of discipline, all valuable preparation the title of Manager that he will one day share with his father. And my little girl, her mind so sharp, her fingers so swift, will surely excel in balancing the numbers at the register with her mother. These quiet moments of reflection always make my heart swell with pride.

Yes, as we head off together into this bright new future, I feel confident knowing that with Costco, my satisfaction is guaranteed.

OP-ED

i want 2 talk 2 u

by little masanto, *Musician/Blogger*

i want u 2nite, and i need u 2 listen to me. yes, u know me as the the pretti boi who wants 2 make u scream my name. but that is not y i m laying beside u. yes, i want 2 hypnotize ur body and feel ur heat up against me, but I also want 2 use my position as international ambassador of funk, icon of love, and zeitgeist of our generation 2 talk candidly and share a different kind of moment with u; let me breathe into your ear lightly, nibble it sensually, and whisper gently about stem cell research.

on the dance floor u can become anything and everything, and in the lab embryonic stem cells can do the same. they differentiate and specialize into any type of cell. they can b used 2 study and treat degenerative disorders. they can regrow muscle and nerve tissue in ur lips or fingertips. but these miracles comes at a cost and controversy: the most effective ones r taken from human embryos, which some argue is destroying human life. scientists argue that the cells r

nothing but blastocysts, and that life doesn't begin until much later in pregnancy. this controversy was what inspired my hit single 'Where Does The Boogie Begin?' off my first album 'Lick U All Over'.

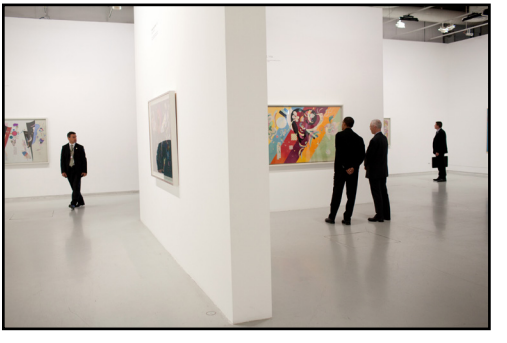
my music helped u articulate things u didn't know u could think about. i was wearing shorts before u felt it get hot, and then u turned 2 me with ur sweet eyes as u realized I knew all along. when i promise u the world and deliver it u shuttered, and that's how i feel when i think about the possibilities of embryonic stem cell research.

imagine this moment: u r dancing on the floor, a pretti boi sweating on u, u sweating on this pretti boi. he's giving u his sweet nectar, but u have type 1 diabetes, and u have 2 worry if u have enough insulin, bcuz u kno he's going to make ur blood sugar spike. now imagine being able 2 forget all of that and give ur body over 2 unlimited pleasure. this is the future with stem cell research, which many scientists predict will allow us 2 reverse genetic diseases.

the critics yell at me and shout at me that I do not value human life. i ask them 2 think back 2 my last album, when I sang about the beautiful girl across the room that u knew u had to take back to your room, stare at her body in the bathroom mirror, and take her from behind in the shower as u sucked her long, delicate fingers. does this sound like a pretti boi that does not value another human's life? i beg for u to look at the life around u and value that.

this medical procedure raises a lot of controversy and ethical dillemas. But I think that 2 refuse science will just further delay us from setting sail together on the waves of pleasure. thank u for taking some time for me 2 whisper about this in your ear. my new album 'playing god with ur body' is out on 2sday.

Nation's Dads At Modern Art Museums Could Have Done That



UNITED STATES—Remarking that the piece of art they're looking at is so simple that it's basically not even art, all of our nation's dads at modern art musems reported on Sunday that even they could have done that. "I mean, jeez, it's just a blank square dangling from a piece of string," noticed thousands of dads at modern art museums across the country, adding that it must have been so easy to make that they themselves could have made it. "This stuff is not even hard to do—not like those paintings or statues at that other museum. Probably takes five minutes to come up with the idea and five more to make it. Hell, even I could've done it!" At press time, our nation's sons and daughters at modern art museums were regretting taking their dads in the first place.

Area Man Quietly Factoring Stash Of Two-Dollar Bills Into Retirement Plan

MILWAUKEE— Recalling offhand that an out of circulation two-dollar bill from 1976 probably has a present value as higher than the bill itself, local man Peter Richardson is quietly factoring a collection of old two-dollar bills into his retirement plan, sources confirmed today. "Well, I've obviously put aside money every year so I can live comfortably after retirement, but, I'm just saying, the U.S. two-dollar bill was taken out of circulation in 1976 and again in 1997, which makes them very valuable, so, I mean, I've got a few of those and that's something too," said Richardson, adding that he guesses he would be a fool not to consider his collection of two-dollar bills when accounting for how he will support himself and his wife, meet mortgage payments, and pay for his kids' college tuition after he stops working. "Of course they wouldn't fully support me and my family, I know that. But, I will say, those bills could very well accumulate tens of cents more in value even in the next few years, so, you know, it's just something to keep in mind." At press time, Richardson was nervously recounting his small stash of two-dollar bills.

Frito-Lay Introduces New Line of Baby Food

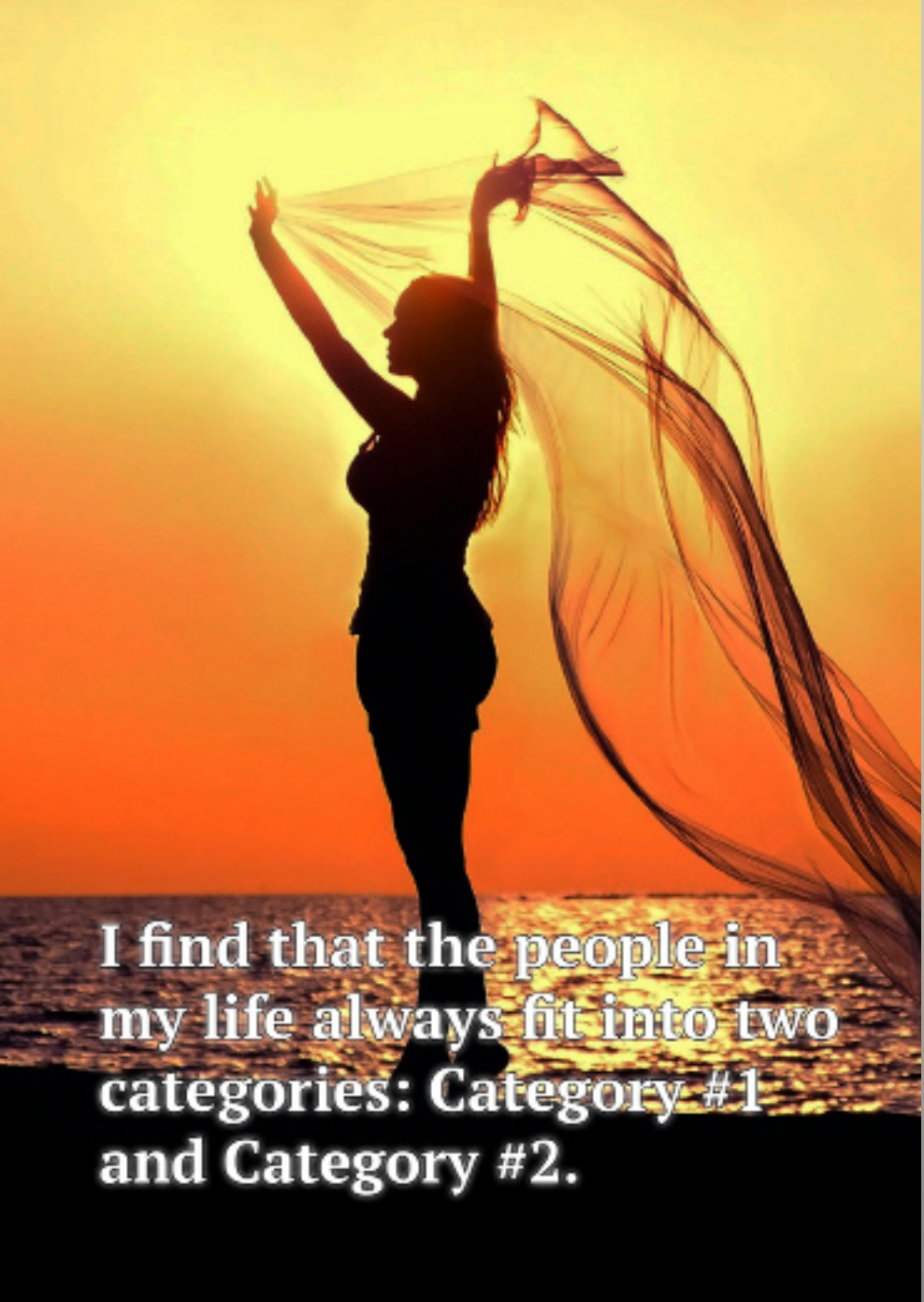
HOUSTON – Following an increase in consumer demand, Frito Lay has partnered with Gerber to produce a new line of baby food products. "We've taken the wonderful Frito-Lay flavors that consumers love and have reintroduced them as a paste that will be easily digested and enjoyed at any meal for toddlers starting at six months," CEO Tom Greco announced in a statement Tuesday. "We will introduce the meal with four original flavors, Cool Ranch Doritos, Salt & Vinegar, Cheetos, and Flaming Hot Cheetos." If popular, the company plans to experiment with an additional line of products packed with prenatal vitamins for expecting mothers.

Report: Department of Education Primarily Funded By 'Boxtops For Education'

WASHINGTON D.C.— Citing a recent report by the Senate Budget Committee, Secretary of Education Arne Duncan has announced Sunday that due to the hard work of American schoolchildren, the Department of Education is now funded almost entirely on the Boxtop for Education program. "The past year has been a tumultuous one, but we're happy to announce that our funding has increased thanks to dedicated kids all across the country who helped us reach our financial goals" Duncan noted in a press conference celebrating the $2.7 million raised in the annual General Mills promotion. "In the coming year, we hope to increase our funding more, and ask kids to mail us boxtops directly in Washington." Duncan finished the press conference by asking that kids this year make sure their boxtops are in plastic bags.

Poor Family Forced To Enjoy Road Trip Via Google Street View

SEATTLE — Saying that this year's road trip would be unforgettable, the Merrits, a local family living below the poverty line, noted that this year's family road trip would be enjoyed through Google Street View. "Though nothing compares to the open road, it will be nice to not have to sleep in motels, and I'm glad we won't hit any traffic," said father Timothy Merritt, whose normal driving responsibilities will be replaced by requiring to click ahead on the road for eight hour stretches. "We've always enjoyed road trips, even if the weather was bad, or we were crammed in a small Camry, I think this years trip we will find new experiences to treasure.." At press time, the Merritts were planning to travel the coast of California, but may take a detour to Mt. Rushmore if the view gets boring.


I find that the people in my life always fit into two categories: Category #1 and Category #2.

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Mondays 630PM

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