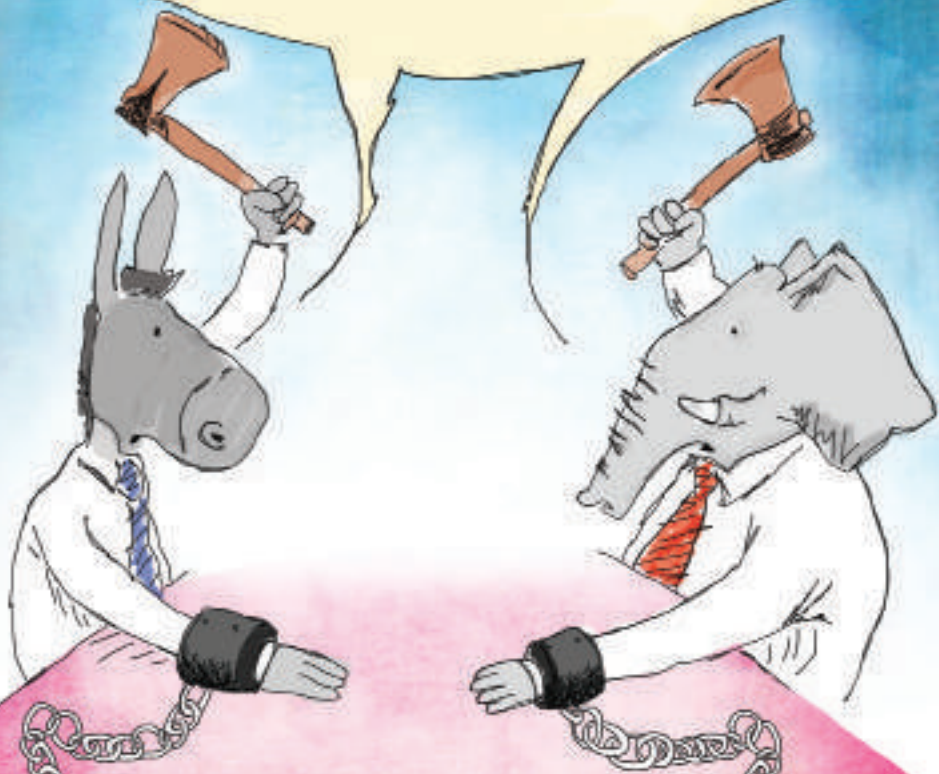


THE PLAGUE!



FALL 2015

Foreword by *Lorne Michaels*



When I picked up my first edition of *The Plague*, I thought, I don't know who these depraved bastards are, but I've got to get them on the show. At the time, [Dan] Aykroyd and [John] Belushi had just left, Jane [Curtin] had just taken on Update and was absolutely tanking (to be fair, I rushed her into it—long story short, she didn't have the legs after all), and Bill

[Murray] was on his way out, too. Point is, we were going through a rough transitional phase and the geniuses behind *The Plague*—who, mind you, I hadn't even met yet—were just the guys to smooth things out.

So, I had my assistant call them as soon as I put down the magazine and had them in my office for an interview that day. Next thing you know, they're the most popular cast members the show's ever had (keep in mind, this is before Kristin [Wiig] and Jason [Sudeikis]). The "Plague Pack," as the group came to be known, ultimately defined the sense of humor of an entire generation. I dare you to find one person who doesn't know the all words to their Christmas parody song "Jingle Bells Rot." They were more successful than I, or anyone else, could have ever imagined.

However, after seven wonderful years, their unfortunately public battle with drug addiction resulted in an ugly departure from the show. But they rebounded. Boy, did they rebound. I mean, those lunatics came back stronger than ever. Two separate fall issues in '88 and three in the spring of '89—*ten* in the summer of '91? You have to realize, that was unheard of at the time. Over the following two decades, that Plague Pack took on new life and managed to keep making America laugh just like in the old days.

I was humbled when the boys reached out to me about the foreword of the Fall 2015 issue. When it comes to satire, no one does it better than the Plague Pack, and this issue is no exception. Truly excellent work boys. Much love, and best to your wives.

—LM

Foreword by Andy Borowitz

I was honored when Jeremy contacted me to write a foreword for this issue of *The Plague*, as I've been a fan of their work since the early 1980's. They're the only college comedy publication to really continue the great tradition of American satire—Franklin, Twain, Wodehouse, Borowitz.



It's this weird little thing that keeps coming up in our culture, using humor as a way to take down people in power. Of course, this shouldn't come as any surprise. The people in power have always been idiots, mongoloids, and dopes—and that's just the Senate!

Anyways, *The Plague* has found its satirical niche, and we're all the better for it. Thank God we have those guys to keep our culture in check, or who knows how many more Republicans we'd have!

I hope you enjoy the Fall 2015 issue of *The Plague*. I know I have.

Cheers,
AB

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Baedecker (Especially Scott)

Minetta Review

Sure, *Comic Book League*, Why Not

Nanci Healy

Kristina Neuhaus

Emma Allen

Jon Rineman

Django Gold

Hayes Davenport

And Readers Like You!

Things That Went Into This Magazine

- 6 Apples
 - 1 Red Delicious
 - 1 Cripps Pink
 - 1 White Transparent
 - 1 Northern Spy
 - 1 Southern Drawl
 - 1 Yellow Thing
 - 1 Sour Diesel
- 1 Cox's Orange Pipkin
 - 1 Pinova
 - 1 Zestar
- 1 Blenheim Orange
 - 1 Dick Pink
 - 1 Mac & Cheese
 - 1 Electric Pink
 - 1 Hot Burgundy
 - 2 Kiwi, Etc.

The Artist

- Lend me your ear, young apprentice, for this lesson will be told but once: an artist does not shy away from a challenge, for the work of an artist is the expression of a man exploring the depths of his soul. And no cavity therein is left unexplored—no! For, with every new territory discovered, the artist-explorer discovers a new part of himself. Yes, the artist is an adventurer. An adventurer of the self. A pioneer of the mind. A voyager of the soul-body. Now, if this frightens you, I invite you to leave my shoppe at once! For I have no patience for a fool. But if, however, this excites you, as it once did me, give me your hand and allow me to show you the ways of the artisan bakery known as Panera Bread.

- Yeah, I actually specified on the application that I was only interested in the cashier job and not the sandwich-maker job.

- Ah, well. You're looking for Rhonda. She's in the back.

- Ok, thanks. (*Walks off*).

- (*Puts head in hands*) Oh Dan, oh Dan, oh Dan.



The Mighty



Well, well, well. Things certainly changed, haven't they? O, how the mighty are about to beat me up for mocking their choice of facial hair.

Who knew that things would turn out this way? A mere twenty minutes ago, I was sitting here, enjoying a nice meal with my cohort of fellow poets when I spied you, a muscular freak, witting nearby. A satirist at heart, it was within my nature to compare your facial hair to, among other things, a weasel, a gay tumbleweed, and the area around Gimli's dick. You thought you were so tough, with your muscles and your leather. But look at you now, brandishing a pool cue as you approach the corner where I am cowering.

Hmmm, how droll. Such a strange turn of events. I came here with the intention of relaxing my tired body after an especially long week at the studio, but here I am, offering to give you all the cash in my wallet if you'll just accept my apology and let me leave in one piece.

Who could have predicted the keenness of your hearing?
How could I have known your ears would hear my
comparison of the patchiness of your facial hair to an
Oklahoma wheat field, ravaged by the 1930s Dust Bowl?
And now, somehow, I find myself on the precipice of a
glorious beatdown.

It seems sweet Lady Fate has a plan for us all. The circle
of life is undeniable and ever-moving. The moon will
wax and wane, the tides will ebb and flow. Yes, it's only
natural for the mighty to crack his knuckles, loom
menacingly over the repentant poet who is really sorry,
really, really sorry.

This dance of ours. Oh Lord, this dance of ours. Perhaps
I should have realized this would inevitably be the
outcome.

So where does this leave us now? Perhaps the mighty will
accept a heartfelt apology or maybe he prefers to kick my
ribs the way a lonely 3rd grader kicks an empty can after
a long day of school. Until the fickle winds of fate choose
to blow again, it seems the choice is yours, my friend.

Foreword for Webster's Dictionary:

Webster's Dictionary defines the word "introduction"
as...well, I won't spoil it for you! Enjoy!

Argument For Meletus Being A Little Bitch

by Socrates

P1: If Meletus isn't a little bitch, then he should know who improves the youth of Athens (24d)

P2: Horses are improved by the few who are horse-trainers, and the majority of people, the ones who are not horse-trainers, make them worse (25b)

P3: P2 is true for all animals (25b)

P4: Only a few people improve the youth, while the majority make them worse (P2, P3)

P5: Meletus cannot name who improves the youth in a way that satisfies P4

C: Meletus is a little bitch (P1, P5)



To The Class Of 2015...



*Peter York, Jefferson High
President, Class of 2015*

Good evening, fellow graduates of Jefferson High School, staff members, friends and family. It is my esteemed honor, as your class president, to deliver this commencement address. Before my first day of high school, my grandfather sat me down and gave me a piece of advice I would not soon forget. It's a guiding principle I think about every morning before school and one I turn to in times of crisis. And now, graduates of Jefferson High, I'd like to pass that advice on to you: be yourself—but, carefully, as to avoid identity theft.

It's easy to lose yourself in what's cool and forget who you are, my grandfather told me, but all it takes is some bozo flicking a few swipes of that sweet plastic at, say, The Jefferson Fudge Store, and now *he's* Peter York, class president and the owner of an above average credit score. Did you see how I didn't fully disclose my credit score?

As you may have noticed, I've even tried to lead by example with this lesson in mind. From my identity theft consulting

business to the countless nights I spent alone honing my personality, I've always engaged in activities that promote my individuality. I was so committed not to losing myself in notions of coolness, in fact, that I ended up with close to no friends. How's that for resisting conformity?

But even as I boldly embraced the person I am, I never got too comfortable or let my guard down. When my peers would call out to me saying "Mr. President!" or "Let's string Mr. President up the flagpole!" or "Mr. President, stop mailing us those articles you clipped out!" I would produce my identification documents and assert myself as Peter York, not "Mr. President." I would not want to be accused of impersonating Henry President, local fudge maker, or, say, the President of the United States.

So, fellow graduates, as we go our separate ways in college, I ask you to be yourselves, responsibly. Even when you're sucking down some sweet brewskis with your "brothers" or calling your grandparents on the phone, be aware. And if you ever find yourself facing identity theft, please contact me. My name, telephone number, credit card information and social security number are printed on the back page of each pamphlet.

Macklemore's Greatest Hits

- Corporations Are Pressing Pause On Progress
 - Pharmasuicide
 - The Gay Hip-Hop Uncles
 - Seattle Boogie Down
 - If My Son Was Gay I'd Still Be Proud
 - Falling Victim To Our Own Dreams
 - Blinded By Our Own Eyes
 - My Mom Loved Him (Ft. Mumford And Sons)
 - My Mom Promised Me I Was Gay In 2nd Grade
 - 21st Century Prophets (Ft. The Lumineers)
 - Rise Above It, Don't Fall For It
 - Have You Read The Tumblr Posts Lately?
- We Watch The News, But The News—It's Watching Us
 - The Pharmaceutical Companies Profit Off Hypocrisy
 - If I Could Only Remember My Name
 - Those Two, They're The Same Thing
- Our Gay Daughters Are Overdosing On Corporate Greed
 - Hip-Hop Heist (Ft. Imagine Dragons)
 - Press Play On Gay
- Let's Rise Above Our Pharmaceutical Overlords So We Can Press Fast-Forward On Ignorance

Deciding between Petco & PetSmart?



- Apathetic employees

- Blue and red logo

- Slogan: "Where the pets go"

- Asks for donations for homeless pets

- Lizards have 70% death rate

- PetPerks loyalty rewards card

- Run by pets, for pets

- Disgruntled employees

- Red and blue logo

- Slogan: "Where the pets smart"

- Thinks homeless dogs and cats can go fuck themselves

- Lizards have 75% death rate

- PetSmirks loyalty rewards card

- Run by pets, for humans, so they can buy things for their pets

Writing Formal E-mails

Tips For Properly Writing A Formal E-mail

- Do one serious formal e-mail and one silly formal e-mail
- Refrain from using pictorial characters, like emojis, even though, well, emojis are in the dictionary now—actually, fuck it, go crazy with emojis
- Allow yourself enough time to agonize over how formal you should make the greeting
- Remember: defense wins championships
- If you forget an attachment in your e-mail, don't send one of those follow-up e-mails that's like, "Whoops! My bad."

Proper e-mail etiquette dictates you go, "Oops, sorry! Here it is."

- Send every single e-mail to your dad for edits



Since our professional and academic success is often dependent on how we communicate and we're increasingly communicating electronically, we've compiled some tips for writing a proper formal e-mail.



- Make sure the camera is in focus
- Keep in mind that many professors avoid e-mailing on weekends in favor of spending time with the family they said they'd leave to be with you.
- Use big, fancy words to show them you belong
- Bcc me
- Turn on the clicking sound on your iPhone
- Repeatedly check for spelling and grammar errors, ultimately shaping your e-mail into something so grammatically proper that it's hard to understand what you're even trying to say
- You're embarrassing yourself with anything less than a sans-serif font
- Imagine whomever you're sending the e-mail to in their underwear

Respect

Alright, men! It's half time, we're down by 20 points, we're playing the championship game against the best team in the state, and our star player has broken his leg—not to mention our spirits. The stakes are high and we need a dynamite game plan if we want to rally. But, first, there's something I have to get this off my chest: I cannot stand when you boys sling your backpacks over only one shoulder. Yes, I know there's not much time left to strategize, but hear this: some poor old woman in Lord-knows-where hand-sewed your backpacks with nothing but a needle and thread, a heart of gold, and a dream. A dream to make the best goddamn two-strapped backpack this world has ever seen. And, for God's sake, when you only use one strap, you spit upon her grave and the grave of everyone who ever dreamed of crafting two-strapped backpacks for teenagers on-the-go—and let me tell you, there are many. Well, hey, if you only want one strap, that's fine. Buy one of those messenger bags—they're nice. But if you want—sorry, I'm getting choked up here—if you want to be somebody in this world, somebody who stands up for what he believes in, somebody with principle, you wear that backpack using both of its straps...and you wear it with pride! You wear it with pride. Oh shit, is that the horn? Well...hustle!



There's no rule that says a dog can't
be the deadliest sniper in U.S. History



AIR BUD

He sits. He stays. He shoots. He scores.

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Mr. Snickers

Stop, Mr. Snickers. You have to stop. Stop trying to put your Snickers Bar fingers into my mouth. I don't want to taste your chocolatey fingers right now. Just listen to me.

Look, I'm not sure how to do this so I'm just going to go ahead and say it: I don't want you around me anymore. This relationship we have—the one where I eat your candy bar fingers, wait for them to regenerate, and then eat them again—can't keep going on.

I know I'm the one who threw the silver dollar into the old wishing well and prayed for both a best friend and an endless supply of Snickers, but I was eight years old back then. I'm almost eighteen now. I'm going to be an adult soon, and I can't keep munching on your fingers, no matter how deliciously packed with caramel, peanuts, and nougat they are.

What am I supposed to do with you when I start college in the fall? You always follow me around because I'm your spiritual link to the human world, and without me, you'll evaporate into nothingness. Am I supposed to bring you around wherever I go and be like, "Hey everyone, this is my friend. His name is Mr. Snickers. He's a candy humanoid who has Snickers Bars instead of fingers." God, I'll be the laughing stock of Loyola University Maryland! What do I do with you when I get a girlfriend? Shut up, I will, too, get a girlfriend, you'll see!



Never mind, that's not the point. The point I'm trying to make is that I can't have you around. For one, you look really strange. I mean, you look sort of look like a dirty 8-year-old covered in sludge, but then your fingers are all brown rectangular prisms. Don't get me wrong, they're delicious and decadent, but, Jesus, you look like a freak. A little chocolate freak.

Aww, no. C'mon, I didn't mean it like that. I was just frustrated. Please don't cry. It makes your fingers taste all salty.

We've also had some good times together. Don't think I've forgotten them. I'll never forget. Remember the first time we met? I thought my eyes were playing tricks on me when you crawled out of that well. That is, until I took that first magical bite from the upper phalange of your right index finger. It was still wet from the well water. Boy, that first week I must've eaten those fingers faster than they could grow back!

I also remember how you were always there for me when Mom and Dad got divorced, especially when they both wanted me to testify against the other one. I'm not sure how I would've gotten through all those court hearings if you hadn't come up with me onto the witness stand and let me suck on your fingers.

There was also that time when we were playing in the woods and we bumped into Billy Thompson and his friends, and they started making fun of you. "Shit-fingers" is what they called you. I acted as if you were just some foreign exchange student who was living with us. I called you a Persian



jerk-off. I'm sorry about that. I'm really, really sorry. You're a chocolate-human chimera, but that doesn't mean you don't have feelings. I should have stepped in when they forced you to eat your own fingers. I have a tendency to hurt the ones who love me because I know they're the ones who won't abandon me no matter how poorly I treat them. I know that's not good, and it's something I'm working on.

But you were always there for me, and you were a good friend—a best friend—to a lonely kid who didn't have much. I realize I'm the one who wished you into existence via an enchanted well and your sole purpose is to be my friend as well as an undepletable supply of Snickers, but we can't do this anymore. I need to grow up. No, I can't just leave you in my dorm room. You'll get restless and start to resent me. It's not fair to you, and it's not fair to me.

Okay, it's time. You have to go back into the well. This is the only way. I'm sorry, I'm just not a kid anymore. Just know that I'll really, really miss you. Goodbye, Mr. Snickers.

Alright fine. One last bite, for old times' sake.



Surprise

I think the most rewarding surprises come from hard work, or when someone sneaks up behind you and shakes your shoulders.

Tom Sawyer In Court

The courtroom sweltered in Missouri summer heat as the whole town awaited the verdict of Tom Sawyer's trial. After what seemed like ages, the jury returned to its stand and a tall, bespectacled fellow read the decision mighty loud:

"We, the jury, find Tom Sawyer... GUILTY, for first-degree murder."

The verdict sent the courtroom stirring. Aunt Polly let out a whimper and near fainted. But from the defendant's stand, Tom beamed the biggest smile you ever did see.

"My, my, my, Thomas Sawyer! I don't b'lieve you understand the verdict," Judge Reinhold bellowed, "you went and committed murder in the first degree, and now you're gonna be locked up for upwards a' sixteen years!"



Tom contemplated the judge a bit, and said: "Well, Judge... wuddya mean by 'locked up?'"

This piqued Judge Reinhold's interest.

"Why, son, ain't PRISON bein' locked up?"

Tom resumed his smile and answered:

“Well, maybe it will be. All I know, is, it suits Tom Sawyer!”

“Oh come now, Tom! You don’t mean to let on that you WANNNA be locked up, do you?”

“Well, I don’t see why I oughtn’t to be! Does a man get a chance to read every day? A chance to exercise, and laugh among other men?”

That put prison in a new light for the judge.

“Anyway, ‘spose you’re gonna cuff me now.”

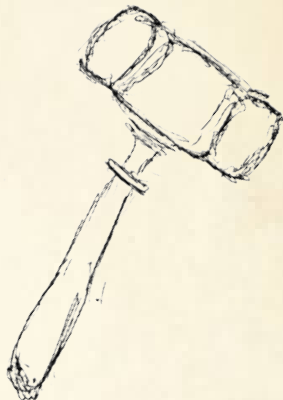
Tom held out his wrist, eager to be cuffed, but before Bailiff Sam could get to Tom, the judge banged his gavel.

“Say, Tom, let ME go to prison for a bit!”

Tom considered, and was about to agree; but he changed his mind at the last second:

“No— no— I reckon it won’t hardly do, judge. You said it yourself, the laws’ the law—there ain’t no way ‘round or ‘bout it.”

“Well, wait— we know there are exceptions. Oh come now—I’d let you if you was me, Tom.”



“Judge, I’d like to, honest injun. But the law—”

The judge had enough with Tom’s foolishness. He burst out before anyone could make a halfpeep.

“Say! Let’s switch, I’ll confess to the murders so you can be the judge and I’LL go to prison!”

“Well, I’m afraid that—”

“Oh, and I’ll give you this apple!”

Tom smiled as the guards arrested Judge Reinhold.





My Crush

I just don't know what it is about him that makes me so nervous. Even when I think about him asking me about myself, it's like I forget everything interesting that's ever happened to me! I can't explain it. My palms get all clammy and I just can't think straight. I constantly run through the situation in my head: he strides over and rests his arm on my desk and I freeze. What do I say? Do I tell him about my trip to Orlando? Does he care that my Aunt Barb taught me how to rollerskate? Do I tell him that I've been rehearsing for this? God! You'd think the contestant interview would be the easiest part of Jeopardy, but I just don't know myself around that Alex Trebek.



walter
peanut
acted
the dead terrorist

little
jeff

dunham |

from director
danny boyle
and
screenwriter
aaron sorkin

coming soon



Surprise #2

Today was filled with so many surprises. First, my doctor told me I was expecting twins. Then, he told me I had eczema. Later, I walked out in the parking lot and found that—surprise!—my car had been towed.

A Message To The Shareholders



In over twenty-two years of business, 2015 has, by far, been our most trying. Yes, our brand is struggling right now, and, yes, I hear your calls for a concrete plan to steer this company back on track. But to understand which is the right direction to take, it's important to see how we got here:

Conceived by partners Joseph and Candace Lord in a garage in early 1993, Calvin Lord began as a small business in New Hampshire without any clear purpose. And despite recent hard times, Calvin began as a unique personal brand that offered clients unparalleled platonic and romantic relationships for many years.

In 1998, the two founders began a nasty, drawn-out legal battle over who Calvin belonged to and Calvin was ultimately given the responsibility of choosing the new owner. After a few challenging months, a deal was reached with shares going equally to both parties. Some therapists have posited that this was a critical moment in the development of Calvin's brand.

He spent most of the following decade developing interpersonal skills, an okay sense of humor and a strong social media presence. Though the founders questions the value of these skills—and their necessity in this economy—it is clear Calvin must capitalize on these to succeed in the coming year, because it's all he has.

Unfortunately, Calvin's 2012 expansion into New York has not been a clear success. Although he's done a pretty good job retaining core clients from high school, he still struggles to find new consumers to engage with in college. Yes, even after four years.

Last year we introduced the "Man Bun" campaign, which, although trendy, was, by and large, a total disaster. It tested poorly with key consumer groups across the board and greatly upset the founders when they learned about it. The campaign also hurt relations with the few clients Calvin did have. Our findings indicate that they didn't dislike the Man Bun itself, they just didn't see how it fit Calvin's brand, specifically. Worse still, it remains to be seen whether Calvin has learned from the experience.

Moving forward, we should focus on the trends that have emerged in the market research. Calvin performs most strongly with whites 12-24, 24-35, 55-65 (though not as strongly as some of the other brands Calvin knows). He also performs well with asian females 18-24 (his girlfriend, specifically). He has a tough time reaching most minority groups, though it's unclear whether he's really tried.

At the end of this year it'll be time to evaluate whether he should remain in New York City or return to New Hampshire. Judging by the fact that Calvin's founders have informed him that they no longer have interest in pouring more money into the company, it is looking more likely that Calvin will try a different market altogether.

The Man Bun, (4th Quarter 2014)

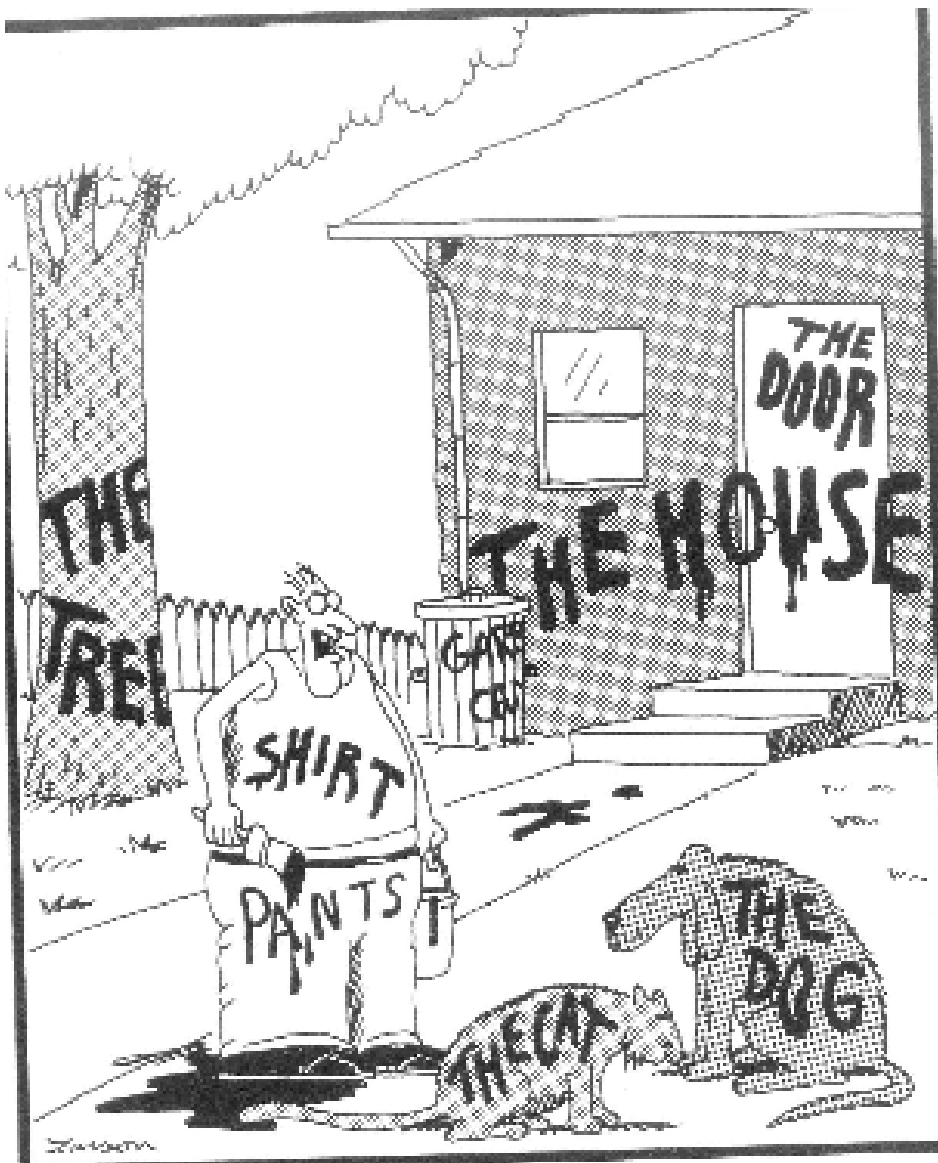


Cons:

- Lot of maintenance
- Little sex appeal
- Cost of Hair Ties/Hats
- Lack of Recognition

Pros:

- Synergy
- Trendsetting For Brands
- Streamline Revenue Costs



The Only Way The World Makes Sense To A Hillary Supporter!

Supermarkets

Seventeen years and two kids, and in the blink of an eye, it's over. In those moments, of course, you're left thinking about all the things you could have done better, the ways you could have been more patient, more understanding. But you also think back on all the fun times, the cocktail parties, the trips to the hospital, those little moments that give so much meaning and depth to life. Right there, in the frozen foods aisle, it rushed over me, this great wonder of building a life with someone.

But I remain hopeful. As I walked out of that supermarket, I heard a voice from above calling to me, as if to say, "Jeremy to the front counter, Jeremy to the front counter. Your wife is looking for you."



Why Am I Always The Bridesmaid?

I can't stand it anymore. This is the fourth wedding this year where I've been a bridesmaid and I'm just starting to feel like "that girl." You know, the girl who's everyone's friend and who's always there to cheer you on, but who never prioritizes her own happiness. At some point I have to ask myself: Why am I always the bridesmaid and never the wedding DJ?

Sure, I'm only 32 and maybe I'm being a little hard on myself, but it feels like all of my close friends are getting married, and that all of my DJ friends are getting to play those marriages. It just has me on edge and thinking about my own future. When will it be my turn to emcee the celebration of two people starting their lives together?

Sure, I can be a little uptight, maybe overly reliant on Michael Jackson's early stuff, but it's not like I don't know how to get the crowd loose. I'm just not the type to say something into the mic every other song and ask if people are having a good time. But, maybe it's time that I make a few changes if I really want to find the right couple to DJ for.

But I'm not so bad, right? I know I haven't had any consistent outings recently, but I've had a few serious gigs over the past couple of years. I just haven't reached marriage territory yet, and that's ok with me, because I don't want to rush it

and end up with the wrong people. My mom's a different story though—she's been pressuring me to DJ ever since I graduated college. When are you going to finally spin at a wedding? Why don't you DJ that nice couple Josh and Rachel's wedding? They're doctors. Enough, already, Mom!

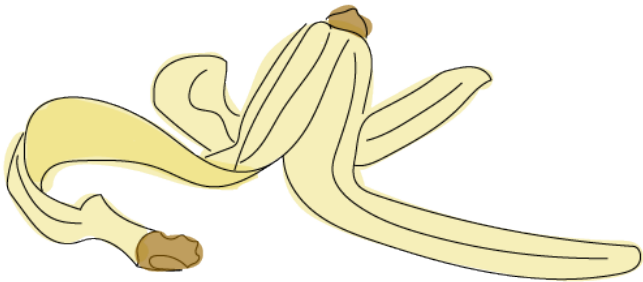
Whenever I close my eyes at night, I can see it: the ceremony I've dreamed up since I was a little girl. It's a Saturday afternoon in late August and waves crash on the beach behind us. As the beautiful couple exchanges their vows, I set up a little dance floor and a banging subwoofer. From the first song of the night to the last dance, it's a magical night because I have the perfect ratio of timeless classics to top-40 hits. Is it so greedy to want that for myself?

I guess I take some solace in the fact that nobody has it all figured out by 32. A lot of people have started careers later than I have. And, hey, they certainly haven't figured out family like me and my husband.



A Serious Story

Not to get too serious, but today, I slipped on a wet banana peel and fell on my big fat butt. When I regained my footing, I landed on a toy car and skated into a big stack of cream pies and, one-by-one, each pie hit me directly in my big fat face. A tour bus full of French models was passing at that very moment and the flash of their cameras made me lose my balance and slip around in the cream pie pile, at which point I was so flustered that I started farting uncontrollably, but instead of sounding like a fart it sounded like a slide-whistle. Sorry, didn't mean to get all serious on you guys.



Make sure you're not getting moved to a home -guilting, and more with.



47

YOUR

Forty-Seven-Year-Old

Coaching Your Midlife Child

James Dorson, Ph.D.

& Dr. Jeremy Brooks, Ph.D.

Institute for Adult Enhancement

CAPRISUN®

NO ARTIFICIAL COLORS, FLAVORS OR PRESERVATIVES

*Check out our
new flavors!*

- Skinned Knee
- Mountain Bike
- Surfin' Safari
- Sustained Dick Injury On A Mountain Bike
 - No Helmets, Just Wristguards
 - Wave Blaze
- I Think Body Surfing Would Be Safer
 - Everest Frostbite
 - Glacier Hypothermia
 - Very Cold
 - Freezer Burn
- Yo, Can We Burn At This Park?
 - Gnarly At Dusk

Military Court

Everyone gasped as Sergeant Dobbs returned to his seat. Had he really just admitted to deliberately giving direct orders that violate Marine standard operating procedure? Judge Casassa banged his gavel.

“Order! Order!” he cried. “Read that last statement back to the court.”

The stenographer stopped and scanned a few lines back. She cleared her throat and read back the Sergeant’s fateful words: “Yes, I ordered the shot. He was holding our core back, and I saw it fit to do what was best for the unit...and this whole goddamn country.”

Fighter jets taking off above deck lightly rattled the small room.

“Wow, that was a great Sergeant Dobbs impression,” Judge Casassa said. Even Sergeant Dobbs nodded in amazement.



New Emmy Categories

Funniest Birthday Party

Sexiest Dog In A Limited Series Or Movie

Best Documentary About Steve Jobs

Worst Animated Short

Most Convenient Plot Device

Most Distinguished Older White Actor That
Still Looks Good Considering His Age

Dopest Hat In A Drama Series

Sickest Ollie In A Comedy Series

Best Amy Schumer Sketch



Empire State Building's Lights Calendar For 2016

January 7, 2016

Green in honor of white people with disabilities

March 23, 2016

Red in honor of white people with HIV/AIDS

April 3, 2016

Rainbow in honor of white LGBT pride

June 15, 2016

Pink in honor of white women's history month

August 29, 2016

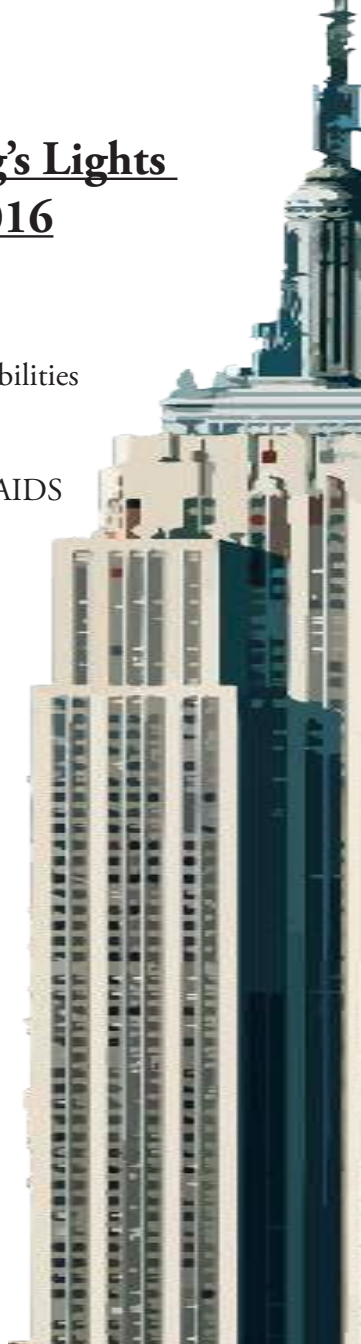
Purple in honor of white Major League Baseball players

September 19, 2016

Blue in honor of white troops

October 10, 2016

Navy in honor of white Nobel Prize winners



Hollywood

(Dubstep booming) “Fuck! Welcome to Hollywood kid! The name’s Donny Liebowitz, but you can call me the Big Producer. Get in! I’ll show you around.”

You’re not sure if you can trust him. Big P does a line of coke off your forehead.

“Alright, I guess I gotta start somewhere... “ you scream to yourself.

Pretty Pete opens the gullwing doors of his billion-dollar lambro.

The dubstep is about to crescendo just as you sit down into the extremely low seats of his gold-plated Maserati.

You sit so low that your butt is touching the pavement. Dr. Liebowitz leans over and whispers into your ear, “Let’s go remake the Harry Potter franchise.”

Bass drops!

He rips the car into 1st gear and tears down the Sunset Strip. The first nine layers of your butt are ripped off, but you don’t care, because you effing love Harry Potter.

Your eyeballs have been surgically replaced with dollar signs at this point.

“You thinking what I’m thinking?” you both think to each other.

The Big Producer, Harvey Weinstein, and you all whip your Oscars out and press them against the nitrous button, propelling you at Mach-4 into the Hollywood sign. The resulting explosion was trending on Facebook for fourteen minutes.

You made it, kid.



Cypher: Come with me! We don't have much time!

Jon: Who? Me?

Cypher: Yes, you. You're the one I was sent to protect. Now, let's go!

Jon: Listen buddy, I think you got the wrong guy. Me? I'm not special, I'm just... Jon.

Cypher: Well, *Jon*, there's no time to explain! If we don't leave now, we're dead meat!

Jon: Wait. Those men...you mean there's more?

Cypher: No time! We have to g—

Jon gets tackled by the linebacker

COLLEGE "EDUCATION"

Zinn



"Now open even wider, Mr. Stevens...let's see if we can shove our anti-Israel agenda down there too."



The following is the transcript of John Sexton's Presidential welcome to the freshman class of 2019 held in the Beacon Theater.

Ladies and Gentleman of the class of 2019, it is my great honor to welcome you to your new home. You have all worked very hard to get here. You have come from across the world. You are of every ethnicity, class and religion, but you have one thing in common. You saw the beautiful, shimmering violet flag of NYU and decided that no matter what, you were destined to come here.

In the week that you have been here, you have already tasted some of the many glories of the great land. Washington Square Park, with its gifted raconteurs, prescient oracles and harrowing vagrants. The numerous banquet halls, from Hayden to Weinstein, with their sustenance fit for the greatest olympians. The lovely and spacious residence palaces. As all these wonders overtook you in a trance, you realized that this was an institution you would give your life for.

Feeling this, you may regret that not everyone can be so privileged. Some are cursed to wander hopelessly in mediocre lands, such as Cambridge and Providence. But I dream of a day in which this will not be so. That is why, freshmen, I am proud to announce that NYU, much like France or Russia, will be exporting its revolution and you will fight on the front lines.

As a university, we have been devising this plot for decades. We began with obtaining control of our humble village. No mind was paid to those who complained of the village becoming “less real,” for they are fools! It is I, Lord Sexton, who has the right to determine reality.

Internationally, we have faced very little resistance. The Europeans have been misled by our liberal posturings. We are fully ready to do away with anyone who so much as gives us a foul look. Remember Abu Dhabi, my comrades.

Each part of this great institution will play its own part. The College of Arts and Sciences will be the foundation, providing most of the warriors. In moments of weakness, they will be healed by those in nursing and consoled by those in Silver. Stern will do the unromantic but lucrative work of financing the operation. SPS soldiers will be the coarsest and most vicious. Gallatin will provide more specialized soldiers. Tisch shall commission artistic monuments to our grandeur. Liberal Studies may not participate actively, but they will serve as a general inspiration with their pride at having been let in with 3.4's.

This will be a long battle. It will entail many dangerous missions, but know that you will be well taken care of should anything happen. Those of you who are injured will be awarded violet heart medals, which are good for two meal swipes, not counting Palladium. Those who die will have all of their debt forgiven, excluding room and board.

Tolstory 2

By Someone Who Has Never Read Tolstoy Or Seen Toy Story 2

“Hey, fellow toys. I’m a cowboy toy, but I’m also Russian, probably.”

“Hey, cowboy. We’re the other toys, also probably Russian. You’re our boss?”

“Yeah, I am. You guys want to get sad?”

“Yeah, we do.”

“Oh no. It looks like half of us have died in this tundra. We are small toys in Russia. Toys are cold blooded. I’m voiced by Tom Hanks, I think.”



Forgotten Candy Bars Of The 1920's

Idaho Spud
Steamboat Puff!
Hullabaloo
Big Six
Bronx Cheer
The Big Bambino
Mrs. Gundy
Tubby Taft
Howsbusiness Bar
Mornin' Hotcake
Paddy Freckles
Big Mick
Peppermints



STARBUCKS®



*"[...]Starbucks coffee!
[...] I regularly [...] drink
there [...] I [don't] despise
the Starbucks corporation
[...] and I admire the
integrity of [...] Starbucks
[...] and so on and so on.
It's, I think, the ultimate [...]
corporation [...] and I [...]
love [...] Starbucks."*

--Slavoj Žižek



*Twelve board members are seated around a table in a penthouse.
One board member checks his watch.*

Board Member: Where is he? He said to meet here at 12:30!
I can't respect a CEO who doesn't show up on ti—

The ground begins to tremble.

Board Member: Wh—what's going on?

*A loud bang is heard. One of the board members looks out the
window and points.*

Board Member: Look!

A train is flying through the air, getting closer and closer.

Board Member: Get down!

*The train crashes through the window, killing all but the one
board member. Elon Musk emerges from the train unscathed.*

Elon Musk: Sorry I'm late, I just got back from lunch in...
Shanghai.

He chuckles.

THE INSTANCE

DAVID FOSTER WALLACE

Featuring essays such as:

- "Bad Stuff Is Also Good. In A Way" (*Esquire*, 1993)
- "The Essay During Which You Have To Repeatedly Look Up What 'Annular Systems' Are" (*Harper's*, 2003)
- "A Supposedly Sincere Essay I've Written Sort Of Ironically" (*Harper's*, 1998)
- "The Big Red Dog" (*Premiere*, 1995)
- "If I Could Only Remember My Name" (*GQ*, 2007)
- "The Compassionate Solipsist's Non-Linear Journey Through The Double's Alley" (*Playboy*, 2002)
- "Kafka Is Funny If You Overcome Your American Sense Of Humour" (*The New Yorker*, 1997)
- "What To Know Before You Jerk Off Roger Federer" (*TENNIS Magazine*, 2004)
- "Everyone's Xenophobic But Me" (*Gourmet*, 2006)



Excerpt from “The Instance”

“Last Thursday, I had the great pleasure of attending a reading by Vijay Seshadri, who releases his collection ‘3 Sections’ next Thursday thru HarperCollins Press. Though most pieces dazzled the crowd with au courant stylistic choices, it was her antepenultimate piece, ‘Pacific Fish Of Canada’, that truly excited your humble reporter. The piece’s stunning prose amidst short poetry forces the reader to consider genrefication and how one classifies and expects from poetry at large. Say, if you were to find yourself at Wimbledon, you’d be shocked yet ecstatic to find a steady, healthy volley amidst staccatoed aces. Which is tennis, or why not both? By including a work of prose among other forms, does the prose take a poetic form? It’s a line of thinking that can be expanded to other fields, as your humble reporter was forced do just moments later.¹

It had been five minutes after the reading had ending when your humble reporter faced an unfamiliar gastronomical sensation within his lower bowels, likely from the cuisine I had enjoyed earlier that night, full of traditional South Indian spices, which attenuated my intestinal lining. A quick howl from the lower intestine was my body allotted before a quick scatological outburst that shot down my legs. Now, in this moment, this is what many would genrify as a mere accident, a simple anatomical goof with consequences en masse. However, the middle-upper echelon group took a very American attitude by taunting and teasing your humble reporter as he hurried to exit the room in grace. Long gone was the lesson of Pacific Fish of Canada, where genrefication allowed us to think and consider others before judging and placing into our ideological categories. Quickly my label of ‘intellectual’ had fled for the moniker, ‘poopy boy’....”

¹Consider this footnote, a staple of academic writing that your humble reporter has now appropriated in the midst of this rather informal article for ‘Better Homes and Gardens’. Does this make this piece more formal and allow you to consider me more intellectual? I should think so.

Bad News

- Mr. Felman? I'm afraid I have some bad news.
- Well, no news is good news, am I right?
- I'm afraid your son won't make it.
- Oh. Late again, is he? These teenagers, they live on their own time—
- I'm sorry, I should've been more clear. Your son is gone, Mr. Fellman. He—
- Taking after his mother, eh?
- No. Sir, your son is dead.
- Oh, yeah? Hi, "Dead," I'm Derrick.
- Mr. Felman—
- Funny, I used to think my son was named "Hungry"—
- Mr. Felman! Listen to me. Your son died five minutes ago on the operating table, we couldn't save him...I'm sorry.
- The doctor puts her hand on the man's shoulder.*
- It's time to say goodbye.
- (*Through tears*) It's time for you to get a watch.

Animal Report

Gabe: So, class. What is an animal? Webster's Dictionary defines "animal" as "any living thing that is not a plant." I think that this is very true. Cats, dogs, bogs, frogs, toads, all of these things are, you guessed it—animals. From antelopes to zebras, there's an animal for just about every letter of the alphabet. But what can we do about it? I think that we should all work our hardest to protect animals from any dangers that they may face. We can do this by donating money to animals or making posters that say things like "I love animals" and "animals rock." In conclusion, my favorite animal is dogs.

Professor Jackson: Well, Gabe, I believe that I speak for the entire board when I say we were expecting a little more from your thesis on systems of animal classification. That being said, your methods are so exceptional and your questions so provocative that you have, once again, left us completely breathless—

Dean Williams: My favorite animal is zebras!

Prof. Haggerty: Mine's dogs, like Gabe!

Prof. Jackson: Gabe, thank you for bringing passion back to the NYU Zoology department.



Spencer's Gifts Origin Story

Spencer: Here now, here now! You, there! Yes, you! The chap over there!

Man: Ah, a new trading booth, eh? And what exactly are you fixing to trade here?

Spencer: Well, good sir, my family came to this country with one dream and one dream only—to sell the most irreverent T-shirts and knick-knacks money can buy. And now that I'm 13 years old, I'm making the dream come true!

Man: Let's see here... "ID me bitch, I'm 12!" Say, you're quite the cheeky young thing!

Spencer: If you like that, head on over here! I've got straw hats where steamboat Mickey is giving the middle finger and wool vests advertising Scott Joplin, which is cool because it was popular just slightly before my time!

Man: My! Irreverent, indeed! Well—now, hold on a second. Is that a T-shirt with...a woman's ankle? And another with an old lady's bloomers! Say, what sorta shoppe is this? There's a such thing as being *too* irreverent, don't ya know!

Spencer: Well, skoo, ya old man! I dare say this shoppe is for us juniors only! Now if you'll excuse me, I've just had a novel idea—I'm gonna make an ale mug only the handle is shaped like a man's yahoo!

Spencer's Gifts

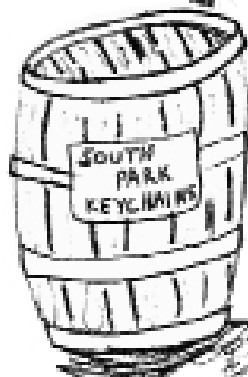


GERSHWIN



\$25

SOUTH
PARK
KEYCHAINS



The Starbucks Saga

Jeremy: My name is Jeremy.

Starbucks Barista: I don't need your name, you bought a scone—

Jeremy: Please get my name wrong so I can post about it.

Barista: No.

Jeremy: *(Talking as he types)* Wow... the... guy... at... Starbucks... got... my... freaking... name... wrong... he... called... me... Jeremy.

Barista: I'm right in front of you, and that's actually your name.

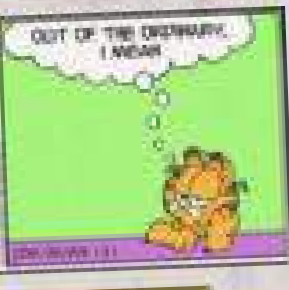
Jeremy: *(Relaying the story to a friend)* Long story short, the guy at Starbucks got my name wrong, he called me—

Barista: Please just leave me alone.



Announcement

Hey, guys! I just rode in to town a few minutes ago and there wasn't a lot of room out front, so when I parallel parked my horse and I dismounted, the spot was so small that when I got off, I think I nicked somebody's horse with the back of my spur. Long story short, I'm looking for the owner of a white bronco. Owner of a white bronco out front?



NEW YORK'S PICTURE NEWSPAPER

NEW YORK, N. Y.



Wrestlemania

Announcer: Uh-oh, it looks like some new competitors are about to enter the ring at WRRRRRESTLEMANIA!

Ominous Middle Eastern music plays

Announcer: Oh no, this must be Muhammad Jihad!

Crowd boos as a vaguely Middle Eastern man in a turban runs out

Announcer: He came to this country vowing to fix the education system, as he felt it was instrumental in helping him start a real career in mechanical engineering! Also: he's Sikh!

Boos fade out

Announcer: But what's this?? Another challenger entering the arena??

Ominous salsa music plays

Announcer: It's El Zapato, the notorious Mexican immigrant!

Crowd stands up and starts booing as a man in a sombrero enters the ring waving around an American flag and a manila envelope

Announcer: Looks like he's carrying his immigration papers to prove he is a legal immigrant.

Unsure of what else to do, crowd leafs through their programs

Announcer: But what's this I hear?

Vaguely Native American drums play

Announcer: It's Sugmanitu Hota, the Lakota Indian whose tribe is constantly being displaced because of oil production. A casino is their only viable source of income!

Crowd quietly contemplates role in systemic racism

Announcer: Oh no, what's this??

Russian-sounding music plays

Announcer: The Great Soviet! It seems that he's back to fight for the honor of Russia! But, is he really a foe? If anything, I think we don't know enough about his situation. If you ask me, starting a fight with him would certainly lead to mutually assured destruction!

Crowd quietly takes their seats

Announcer: Oh boy, we got a live one tonight! Looks like they're getting out a round table to discuss their problems!



Surprise #3

When I died, I was pretty surprised I ended up in Heaven. Really? Forgiveness for all? I'll be the first to admit it—I've made a lot of mistakes, and to not have to pay for *any* of them? Ok, I won't question it.

PLAGUE BLOOPERS

Animal Report (pg. 63)

Gabe: So, class. What is an animal? Webster's *Pictionary*—did I say “*Pictionary*”? I mean “*Dictionary*”!

Dean Williams: No, let's hear what the *Pictionary* has to say!

Gabe: Haha, I guess Webster's *Pictionary* defines animal as the cat emoji?

Dean: Haha.

Why Am I Always The Bridesmaid? (pg. 42-43)

I can't stand it anymore. This is the fourth bedding—“bedding”? BLAH, *WED-DING!* There it is, I got it now.

Spencer's Gifts Orgin Story (pg. 64)

Man: There's such a thing as being *too* irreverant, don't ya know!

Spencer: Well, skoo, ya old man!—Hold on, did I say “skoo”?

Man: Wait, yeah, that's actually the line.

Spencer: Are you serious? Heh, who writes this stuff!

Groans on set

Spencer: Relax! I'm kidding, I'm kidding! Alright, from the top.



Astute Man Can Sexualize Any Advertisement



NEW YORK—Ogling a fully-clothed woman in the background of a subway ad for Fiji water, local man Peter Richardson, 32, claimed, Friday, to have the unique ability to sexualize any advertisement. “The mass media uses discreet methods of manipulation to arouse the public, but a keen eye, like mine, allows you to see through it and make every advertisement about sex,” said a drooling Richardson, adding that you could even sexualize an advertisement for baby food, if you knew where to look. “The thing people have to realize about the Media is that they deliberately try to grab people’s attention by infusing sex into ads. And if you’re like me, you can find something sexual in every one. I like the coconut water ad with Jessica Alba in it.” At press time, Richardson was found pressing his nose against a Victoria’s Secret ad.

Nation's Emcees Announce Ten-Year Plan To Get Entire Country On Dance Floor



UNITED STATES—

Insisting that they won't stop until every last American is out of their seat and shaking their tail feathers, the nation's emcees announced Thursday that they've devised a plan that will get the entire country on the dance floor by 2026.

“The fact of the matter is that the majority of Americans are just sitting there like boring old mopes while all their friends are having fun on the dance floor boogie-woogie-ing the night away,” the emcees explained, adding that a series of initiatives implemented over the course of the next ten years will get these groups of party poopers up, up, up, onto the dance floor whether they want to bust a move or not. “By the end of the decade, even grandma and grandpa will be on the dance floor getting down with their bad selves.” At press time, the nation's emcees switched over to wireless microphones and were pulling up to the dance floor the nation's shy 12-year-old boys.

Dunkin' Donuts Releases New Donut-Donut-Donut Sandwich



METHEUN—Following weeks of anticipation, Dunkin' Donuts on Tuesday debuted its newest creation, a donut sandwiched between two other donuts, called the Donut-Donut-Donut Sandwich. “We could not be more excited to finally introduce the Donut-

Donut-Donut breakfast sandwich into the Dunkin' roster. After extensive market research and countless focus groups, we've found that two donuts sandwiching a third donut is the perfect thing to satisfy both our customers and our shareholders,” said spokesperson George Bonner, proudly raising up a version of the sandwich that's just three chocolate-glazed donuts stacked on top of one another. “We're also proud to announce that customers will be able to customize their sandwiches. Two jelly donuts holding a glazed donut, a boston creme pie between a powdered donut and a donut with sprinkles—the possibilities are endless.” At press time, a record number of customers were lined up at locations across the country to try the donut stacks for themselves.

Photo Of Jon Hamm Shows Barber How Man Wants Hair Ruined



PORTSMOUTH—Settling into his chair at a barbershop Tuesday, local man Thomas Casassa, 46, handed his barber a photo of Jon Hamm to better illustrate the style in which he wanted his hair ruined. “As soon as he handed me the photo, I knew exactly how he wanted me to ruin his hair,” said barber Shane Lambert, taking one last look at the photo for reference on how exactly the man wanted his hair-do messed up. “A lot of guys have been coming in recently asking for a similar cut, so I knew which scissors and buzzer settings to butcher his hair with.” At press time, Casassa half-heartedly thanked the barber before grimacing as he walked towards his car.

Study: 80% Of Birthmarks Related To A Prophecy

PHILADELPHIA—According to a recent study conducted by scientists at the University of Pennsylvania, nearly 80% of all birthmarks are related to the a prophecy the individual is destined to fulfill. “We found that the birthmarks of most of the subjects in our study were related to a cosmically-determined quest, or an old legend written about an unlikely hero that fits the description of the subject,” said lead scientist Brian Kim, elaborating that the subjects often doubted that they, of all people, were destined to embark on this extraordinary journey, at first, but ultimately accepted their fate. “We also found that a further understanding of latin and noticing a series of weird coincidences accelerated the subjects making the connection between the shape of their birthmark and the nature of their prophecy.” Kim added that even though his is shaped like a lightning bolt, it probably has nothing to do with the freaky power outage at the lab the other night.

Check out the other NYU comedy groups and see if Donald Glover was ever in them!

- Hammerkatz (Sketch)

- Donald Glover was in it

- Dangerbox (Improv)

- Donald Glover was probably also in it

- Dirt Circle (Improv)

- This one's new, so Donald Glover wasn't in it

- Free Beer (Sketch)

- One of our writers is in this one, D.G. was not

- Bechdel Test (All-Female Sketch/Improv)

- Donald wouldn't even be able to get into this one

- After School Improv (Improv)

- I know a couple guys in this one, D.G. not being one

- Washington Square Local (Satirical NYU News)

- No Glover

- Pasadena Golf Club (Improv)

- Doubt it

- Home Improvement (Improv)

- Nah

- Astor Place Riots (Stand-Up)

- Nice guys, Rajat's in it—it's new I think, so no Glover

- The Plague (Satire)

- Judah Friedlander, but no Glover

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