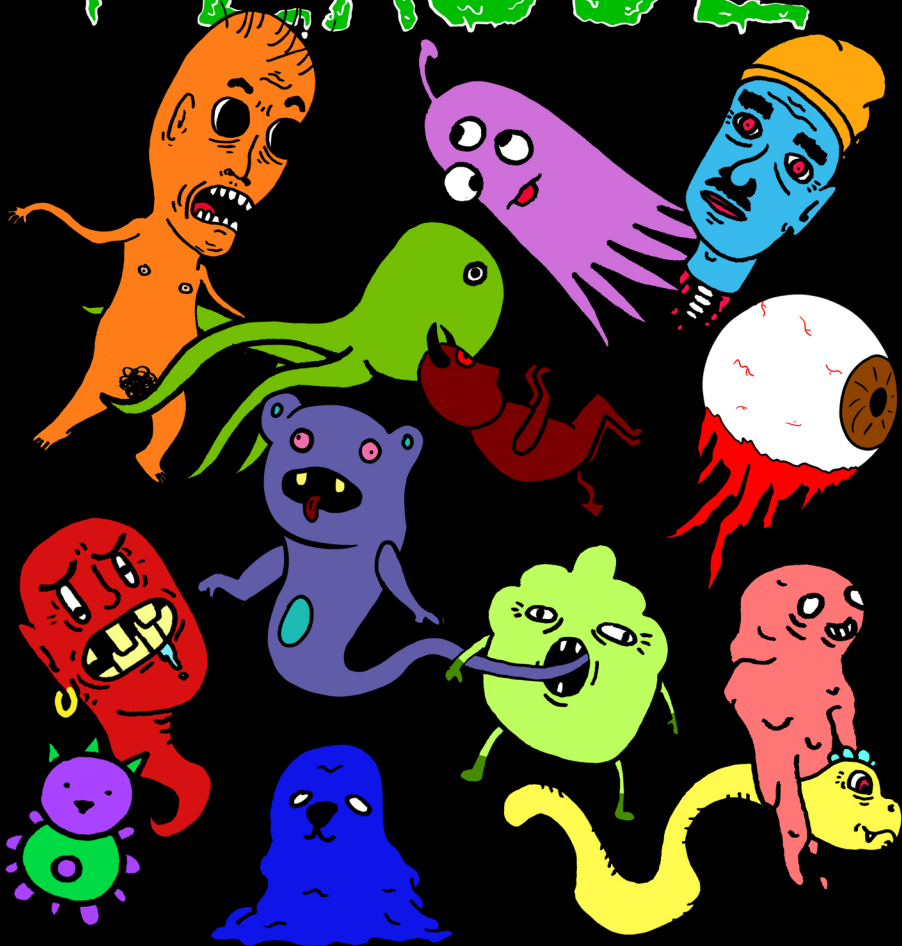


THE PLAGUE

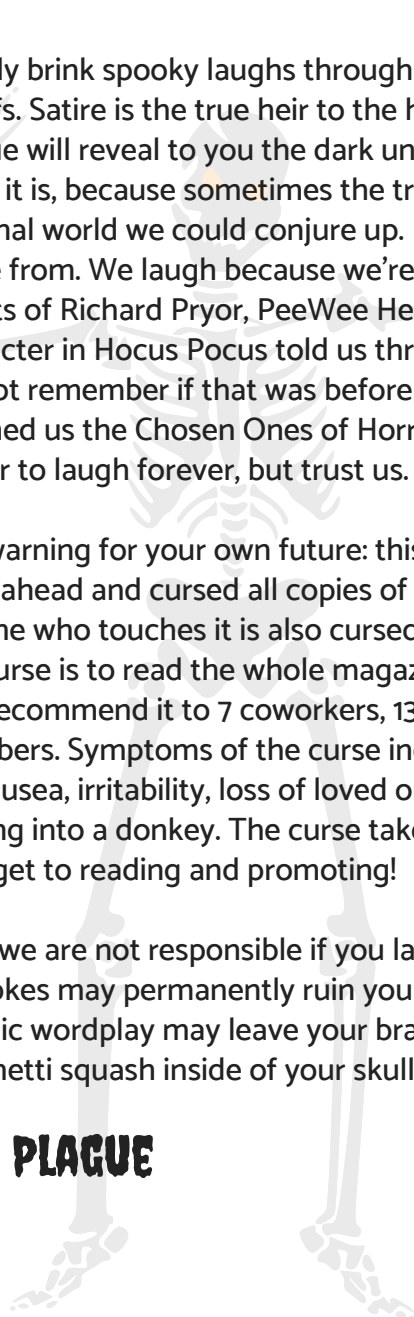


FOREWARD

This is the Plague, the only magazine that is so funny it's scary. You may shriek at our graven images. You may be disturbed by the putrid odor of the words you read. Your hat may jump from your scalp, spin around, and land back on your head as you run to your mother in terror after you peruse our shocking brand of dark humor and perverse witticisms. We cannot control how you react to the words we have written. Our job, as the artists, is to simply create the work, not dictate how it is received by you, the reader. We have crafted something for us, and we are allowing any member of the viewing public such as yourself a glimpse into the twisted minds of us, the Sultans of Satire, the Harpies of Ha-Ha's, the Maidens of Milking a Premise.

But this isn't just any art we create. No, no, no. We practice the dark arts. College humor publications have a rich backstory dating back to the Salem Witch Trials. As the colonial citizens of New England began accusations of witchcraft on young women, the local Salem College Laffs Magazine would poke fun at them using actual black magic. Voodoo dolls made from rubber chickens. Bubbling cauldrons filled with slippery banana peels. Stepping on the bottom of a broomstick so it flies up and hits a witch in the face. These are the classics of dark arts comedy, or "dark comedy." We at the Plague proudly carry on that legacy all the way to the bank, which has been abandoned and is covered in spider webs.

However, in the current day and age, it is not sufficient to



merely brink spooky laughs through scary gags and frightening spoofs. Satire is the true heir to the horror comedy throne. The Plague will reveal to you the dark underbelly of society. We tell it like it is, because sometimes the truth is scarier than any fictional world we could conjure up. But that's where the laughs come from. We laugh because we're scared. That's what the ghosts of Richard Pryor, PeeWee Herman, and Bette Midler's character in Hocus Pocus told us through our Ouija board. We cannot remember if that was before or after their ghosts deemed us the Chosen Ones of Horror Comedy and gave us the power to laugh forever, but trust us. They said all that.

Fair warning for your own future: this magazine is cursed. We went ahead and cursed all copies of our publication, and anyone who touches it is also cursed. The only way to reverse the curse is to read the whole magazine, laugh at all the jokes, and recommend it to 7 coworkers, 13 friends, and 666 family members. Symptoms of the curse include, but are not limited to: nausea, irritability, loss of loved ones, hot flashes, and turning into a donkey. The curse takes effect in 24 hours, so best get to reading and promoting!

Also, we are not responsible if you laugh yourself mad. Some of our jokes may permanently ruin your body and mind. Our acerbic wordplay may leave your brain a jumbled pile of spaghetti squash inside of your skull. Spooky trails!

THE PLAGUE

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211 - It's A Football And God Is Just Tossin' It Around.

212 - Now Is Not The Time For Questions, Greg. Just Sign The Papers So We Can Finalize The Divorce.

HOW DOES MEMORY WORK?

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223 - "How Brits Fuck" By Six-tea-nine

224 - Edgar Allen Poe's R&B Hit "Scary Stuff All Night Long"

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227 - A Warm Glass Of Milk And A Cold Shower After A Long Hard Day In The Sweat Reservoirs

228 - The Right To Call The Next Thor Movie "Four"

229 - I Agree, But There Should Be A Subtitle. The Movie Will Be Called "Four, A Thor Story."

230 - Ooh, That's Good. To Avoid Confusion Though, We Should Call It "Four, A Thor Story Featuring Thor In His Fourth Solo Appearance"

FIRST RULE IN AN EMERGENCY

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232 - Whip Out Your Tuba And Play The "It's An Emergency" Theme.

233 - Knife The Nearest Person. It Was An Emergency, You Weren't Thinking Straight, No One Can Blame You, Bing, Bang, Bong. The Perfect Crime.

234 - Play "Help" By The Beatles

235 - Find Someone Taller Than You. Tall People Are In Charge.

236 - If You Hide Your Feet The Bird Monster Will Be Less Tempted To Eat You.

237 - Don't Panic - Nobody Wants To Kiss A Panicked Person

238 - Drink Coffee. Don't Even Put Me In An Emergency Until I've Had My Coffee!

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240 - Can You Really "Taste" If You Haven't "Been Tasted", Bro?

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262 - His Urethra Is A Shark's Mouth And His Balls Are A Bear's Ass.

SPECIAL THANKS

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**And a very special thanks to our two
closest allies – Israel and Palestine.**

It's not a pyramid scheme
if you never learned your
shapes!



the next deadly sins

Gluttony

Lust

Wrath

Glut Glut

Nega Lust

Super Wrath

Debt Peonage

Tax Fraud

Sloth

Bear

Being Brenda from Sales

Just Regular Old Lust

Envy

Envy Classic

Envy Premium

Envy Diamond

How to Kiss

I like to kiss. I like how it is wet outside dry inside. Kissing won't give cooties if friend is nice friend. Here is how to do it. Firstly you make your mouth like fish. Then, ask your friend to make mouth also like fish. Pat hand like dog pat cheek like Kitty. Now you are ready to fish dance. Also chew tooth pasta in morning (do tooth pasta 1st even if kiss before class)

Sacrifice

I have problems, like real life problems. You know how I solve 'em? I don't search the internet and I don't complain to my friends. What works for me is getting sacrificed to the Aztec God of Fire, Xiuhtecuhtli. To be honest, all I want to do after a long day is to kick back with a glass of wine, nice warm bath, and then violently scream as the sacrificial flint knife plunges into my chest.

You should try it. Xiuhtecuhtli is such a great Aztec god to give your heart to. I'd do it every day if I could. There's just something about that brief moment between not having your heart ripped out and having your heart ripped out that brings clarity of thought. Clarity that helps me solve every single problem in my life.

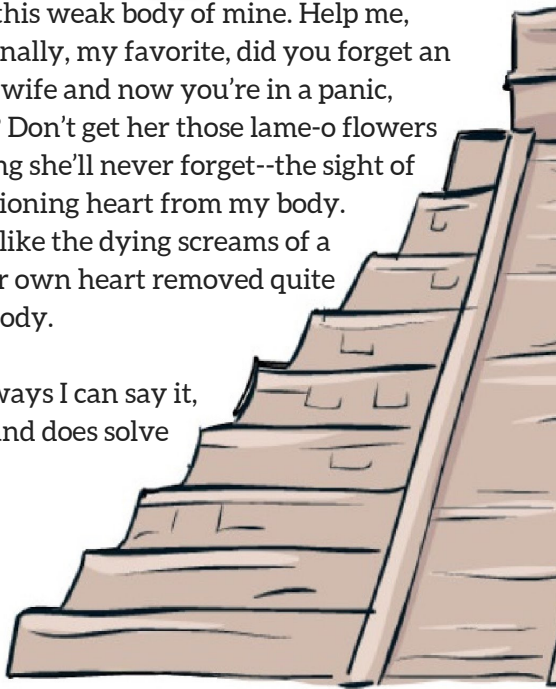
You can't outrun your problems, but you can be out-sacrifice your problems. Just give it to Xiuhtecuhtli. Stop thinking only about yourself and change your life by hopping on this holding your own pumping heart in your hands train. Actually give the sacrifice to me.

I'll do all the sacrifices, heck, I'll be sacrificed to any Aztec god for any reason! It hasn't rained in over six months? Obviously someone needs to appease Tlaloc with a good ol' freshly squeezed beating heart and I'm your gal. Worried that this year's crop's ain't gonna pull our town through the winter? Then don't hesitate, I've got a direct line to Xipe Totec right here under all this pesky flesh. Just go ahead and yank it out. Boom! Everyone's problems solved- that's how caring and thoughtful I am.

Not only am I getting my life in order, but I'm fixing yours. I'll be ritually killed for anyone or for anything. Jesus, Buddha, Mohammed, skip the prayer and meditation queue and go straight to the front of the line with my ol' ticker right here. It doesn't even have to be a religious cause. Up against Meryl Streep for Best Actress and you know that bitch is gonna take it home yet again? Human sacrifice, specifically hu-ME-an sacrifice. They'll HAVE to give you the Oscar for my character work.

Don't have any bills to tip the delivery man because you already paid online and you don't really carry cash anymore? Don't just give him a smile, give him a show, a show of deference to the higher powers governing our universe by yanking my heart out of this weak body of mine. Help me, help you, am I right? Or finally, my favorite, did you forget an anniversary gift for your wife and now you're in a panic, scrambling through CVS? Don't get her those lame-o flowers or cards! Get her something she'll never forget--the sight of you tearing the still functioning heart from my body. Nothing says "I love you" like the dying screams of a human who just had their own heart removed quite forcibly from their own body.

I don't know how many ways I can say it, but human sacrifice can and does solve literally every single problem.



FULL ANALOG

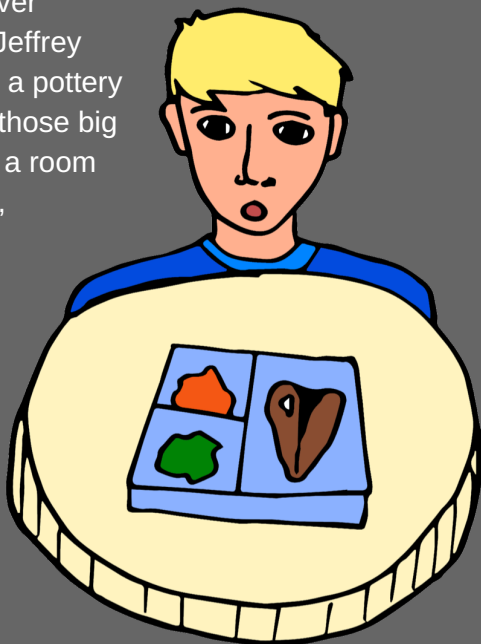
Living a “full analog” lifestyle means I refuse to use any type of electronic device. Instead, I’ve outsourced each and every last one of their functions to Jeffrey. Jeffrey is the name I gave to the man I found in the dumpster behind the Arby’s. He was forging one larger knife out of several plastic knives, all so he could more easily cut up his plate of discarded meats—the Arby’s staple. His can-do spirit told me he was the one. And boy, what a partnership it’s been.

Each morning, Jeffrey crouches by my bed and emits a high-pitched screech until I firmly slap him just right on the cheek. Each evening, I drift off to the sweet tones of his teeth grinding next to my ear in an evocation of the Sahara’s shifting sands. Jeffrey wasn’t always my clock, but he assumed this role the cloudy day I realized my sundial was useless and made my wrist sore. From that moment on, loudly announced the time every hour on the hour after a glance at his digital watch. He he already had this watch when I found him, but he is under specific orders never to let me see it. I glimpsed it once out of the corner of my eye and now his right arm doesn’t work so well. Don’t worry, the rest of Jeffrey still works great and he is fine with this and you should not bring it up. Ever.

Jeffrey is also very strong, which comes in handy for the daily commute. He carries me in his beefy arms the full 2 hours to and from my office twice a day, softly singing Top 40 tunes all the while. My co-workers always brag about their “actual” cars, which run on “hybrid power” or some family New Age terminology like

that. They'll never know what it's like to have a "full" "analog" "car" that runs on pure "foot" "power," like in that old cartoon with the angry caveman who was always yelling at his wife. Jeffrey is the wife in this scenario.

Yes, with Jeffrey around, I've realized just how much life changes when you stop using fancy gadgets for everything and instead make an adult man do the same things said gadgets do. Others don't get it. Others tell me I'm "weird" and "taking this 'analog' thing to an extreme" and that "your large naked friend is hissing at the other shoppers, so I'll have to ask you both to leave." They've never felt Jeffrey's breath as it heats the water slowly pouring from the bucket he holds over my head to give me analog showers. They've never watched in childlike awe as Jeffrey spins their Lean Cuisines on a pottery wheel to warm them up. Oh those big hands working the plate into a room temperature blur! Put simply, they've never gone "full analog" like I have. So each time I drag Jeffrey out of that Walmart, I look back at those perturbed faces and remind myself: It's their loss. They don't have a Jeffrey. And they never will.





ARIES - The symbol for Aries is a ram, which makes no sense because rams are not in the air. Rams are on the ground. Therefore, this sign should be called Groundies.



TAURUS - The symbol for Taurus is a bull. This works on the surface, but then I looked into it, and I realized that Taurus sounds like Toys R Us. The mascot for Toys R Us is a giraffe. Therefore, Taurus should have the Giraffe as its symbol and be renamed Toys R Us. This of course means, in light of the closing down of Toys R Us the store, Taurus is no more. We're down to 11.



GEMINI - The symbol for gemini is two people hanging out. So if you're a gemini, sorry, but you're two people now. However many names you have now, you gotta double it. The two people you are? Not even related. That means you can't skip out on the last names. All new ones. For example, if your old name was John George, your new name is something like John-Paul George-Ringo.



CANCER - I can't believe I have to say this, but Cancer has to get a new name. I am a Cancer, and we have a big branding problem. Nobody wants to be a Cancer, and nobody wants to be seen with a cancer. Correct me if I'm wrong, but last time I checked, cancer is bad! Also, crabs are bad too! If astrology was a BuzzFeed quiz and you got Cancer, you'd take the quiz again and pick all different answers. Unfortunately, I can't go back in time and be born a month later, so my only hope is to change my sign to something cooler. So starting now, instead of Cancers having a crab, we're called Van Halens and our symbol is David Lee Roth drinking a beer and high-fiving Calvin who is pissing on the President.



CAPRICORN - Pretty easy swap here. Take out the mountain goat, as Aries already has the ram, and replace it with a cartoon corn stalk wearing a beanie.

SAGITTARIUS - I'm mostly okay with Sagittarius as is. I like centaurs. My only note is, in an effort to bring this noble sign into the 21st century, it should be called SWAGittarius. That's fun, right?



VIRGO - Virgo is tough, because it sounds like "virgin." And everyone knows that if you are a virgin then mean kids will laugh at you and call you names. So Virgo should now be called Definitely Not A Virgin. And the symbol is someone pointing away from them as if to say "Who me? I'm not a virgin! The virgins are over there."



LIBRA - The symbol for Libra is the scales. I don't like this because it makes me think about that old piece of mind trickery "which weighs more, a pound of bricks or a pound of feathers?"

The first time I heard this, I said bricks like an idiot and was humiliated. Everytime I think of Libra I relive this moment and it ruins my day. Thus, the scales are out of here. Libra can have lions too. Leo can share. L is for lion.



LEO - Leo is fine. Lions are good. I have no notes.



AQUARIUS - So, the symbol for Aquarius is a guy holding a thing of water? Not on my watch. Too boring, and not watery enough. I like the liquid part, and I love throwing a human being into the mix, but I want the guy to be all wet. Aquarius's new symbol is the Tampa Bay Buccaneers emptying a Gatorade jug all over head coach Dirk Koetter. That's what I'm talking about.



PISCES - Fish? I'm a human being. What am I gonna do with fish? Make it sushi, will ya? What, do I gotta do everything around here? Golly.



SCORPIO - EEK! Too scary! Get away from me!



Mom's Grilled Cheese Recipe

Step 1: Melt 2 ounces of butter in a frying pan. Swirl it around until the entire surface is as smooth and buttery as Isaac Hayes's voice.

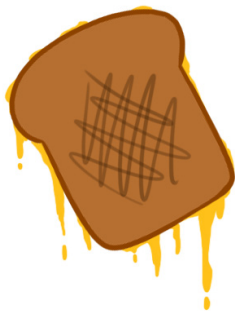
Step 2: Place two pieces of bread on the pan. Grill each side until they're the color of Isaac Hayes's meaty thighs.

Step 3: Add two slices of Munster cheese to each slice of bread. I have it on good authority that The Munsters was Isaac Hayes's favorite Halloween-themed sitcom.

Step 4: Slice up a tomato as full and rosy as Isaac Hayes's exceptional nipples. Add it to one slice of bread.

Step 5: Merge the two slices of bread the same way Isaac Hayes merged comedy and pathos as the character Chef on South Park.

If you've followed these steps precisely, you'll experience flavors as hard-hitting as Shaft, whom Isaac Hayes wrote the equally-flavorful theme song to.



QUOTES FROM PROFESSIONAL MONSTER HUNTERS

"The definition of a monster is something that has claws. Vampires, mummies, ghouls. None of them are monsters. Even the Loch Ness Monster isn't a monster. The only monster I've ever seen in real life is bears. I have yet to shoot bears."

"Lemme tell you the REAL story. John F. Kennedy was a wendigo and Lee Harvey Oswald was trying to catch him. The second shooter was the spider gal from The Ring. Jackie Kennedy was the plant from Little Shop of Horrors, and Ted Kennedy is my dad."

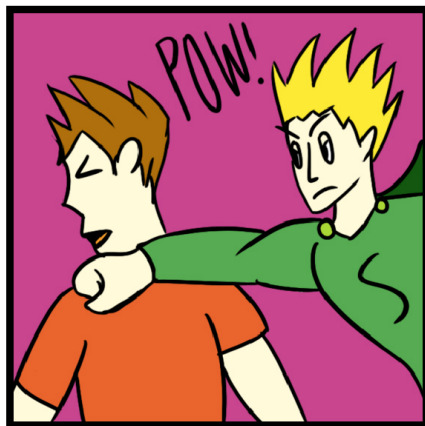
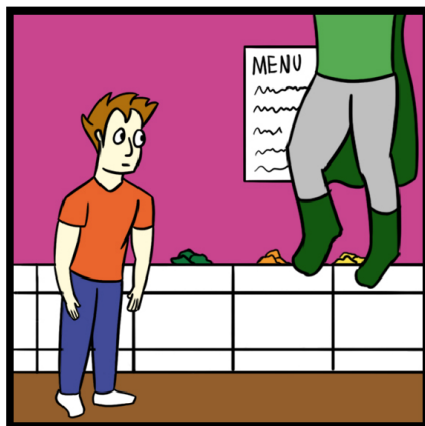
"Monster hunting is personal for me. My son drank a werewolf's milk and he got really hairy and grew a huge ass. Now he's a freak. I made my wife kick him out of the house"

"I'm not so much a Monster Hunter. I consider myself a Monster Scientist. Right now, I'm trying to figure out if Zombies piss. I can't be sure until the zombie I have locked in the pantry finds and drinks all my gatorade."

"The TV show Supernatural is not true to life. Real monster hunters are way hotter than those two brothers. Jensen Ackles and the tall one look like shit compared to me and my crew."

"Kathy from the cartoon Kathy is one of us. 'ACK!' is a Latin spell word that traps demons and sends them back to hell." She is the reason hell is filled with demons."

STRONG GOOD MAN



List of UN-Recognized Languages, 2018



- Spanglish
- Franglish
- Hungarian-glish
- Morse Code, But It's In Farts Now
- Truckers Talking To Truckers Over CB-Radio
- Your Stupid Nephew Trolling The Truckers On CB-Radio
- Drunk-Racist (formerly known as "Drunk-Quirky")
- It's Not A Language, But Someone Made A Font That Looks Like The Web From Charlotte's Web. Now Everyone Uses It.
- Sliding 5's and 10's Under The Door Of An Arby's Bathroom And Whispering "I Have The Meats" To Prove You're Not A Cop.
- The Language Of Love, Baby! (It's Sex Noises.)
- One's And Zero's, But You Blow Everyone's Minds By Throwing A 2 In There.
- Russian, But Spoken With Sean Connery's Scottish Accent.
- Irish, But Also Spoken With Sean Connery's Accent.
- American-English, But Fuck It. If Sean Connery Thinks The Father Of Indiana Jones Is The Most Scottish Man To Ever Scot, We'll Let Him Keep The Damn Accent.
- A Series Of Strategically-Placed Odor Eaters... Arranged So Visibly That Your Roommate Will Be Shamed Into Doing The Laundry.
- Pig Latin
- Horse Latin
- Parasite-Living-Happily-In-The-Pig's-Urethra Latin

LIQ 101 – Nature of Liquids

Introductory Lecture Outline

PHYSICAL LIQUIDS

- Most Liquid is orange juice
- Second-Most Liquid is pesto, the mossy rainwater at the bottom of a tire swing, organic peanut butter water
- 2.5 Liquid is jellyfish, gasoline that I spilled all over my khakis, big old smooch
- Third-Most Liquid is toothpaste Nickelodeon slime, gelatinous Bavarian cream
- Least Liquid is acrylic nails mixed with rock juice covered in diamond, when a booger gets sharp

META PHYSICAL LIQUIDS

- Metaphysical liquid is the book Moby Dick

Sadie Goobles

514 Lawngrass Place, Pittsburgh, PA 15106

(462-627-7465)

sgoobles@email.web

Education:

Bachelors in Working Hard

Masters in Playing Harder

Honors:

First Woman to Burp Loudly in 6th Grade Algebra and Not Get Laughed At

- Older brother did so three years before, so I am the first woman.

First Person to Lose Their Virginity in Freshman Year

- I put a graduated cylinder gently inside myself and gazed into the soft light of a bunsen burner.

First Person to Revive Herself After Chuck-E-Cheese Beat Me Up At My 18th Birthday Party

- If Charles Entertainment Cheese works here, please fire him.

Skills:

Has very tiny, squat legs, so will be able to waddle around office without causing a disturbance

Can fix paper jams with a chainsaw.

Can get coffee, but may be slow due to tiny legs that are still very squat.

Will need custom-made counters to make up for shortness

I have very tiny legs

Can chop off arms with a chainsaw as needed

Has very squat legs; can crawl into plumbing if toilets get blocked.

Can fix toilets with a chainsaw

Activities:

Waddling around my neighborhood on my very squat legs.

Chopping down trees with a chainsaw right when cars are driving by.

Experience:

It depends on the field, but in some fields... boy oh boy, do I have experience.

CHEWING GUM

I am proud to let you know, I am the first person to ever get fat from chewing gum. I mean, unless you count Violet Beauregarde from that famous movie-drama, Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory. But that loser only had to chew one piece of gum to get as fat as me. Also she's fictional.

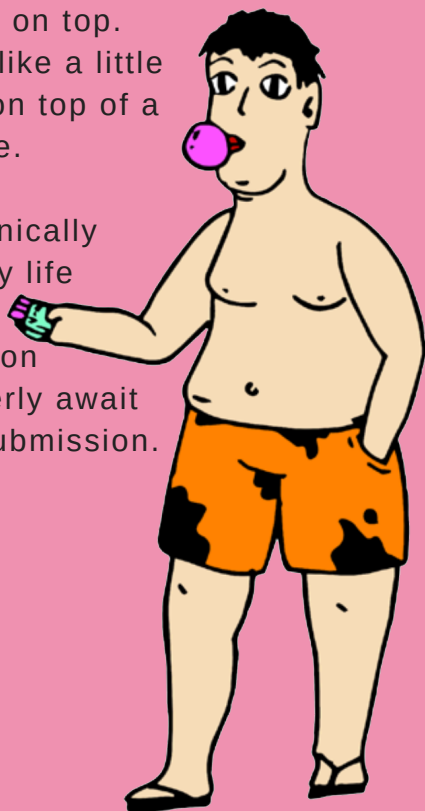
I was an athletic kid growing up. You know, quarterback of my high school team (Go Trojans!), my middle school team (Go Little Trojans!), and my elementary school team (Go Little Trojans Jr!). My Dad kept me in shape by only letting me eat leek soup and bread. I think he hoped I'd never eat nothing that wasn't moist and chewy. He was a damn fine man, my Dad, and he was totally right; now I only like food if it's been properly moistened and chewed.

So I leave home and get me a job at the Wrigley Factory. You may know me as the guy who carves the little arrowheads into the gum sticks. Yeah, you're welcome. It's a good job, an artisanal job, with good union benefits. Like, instead of paying me with money, which is neither moist nor chewy, my union lets me get paid with forty packs of Juicy Fruit a day.

Usually I chew around 30-35 packs in the evening. I put the rest in a savings account for my baby boy, so he can afford a good education at Wrigley College of Snacks and Candies. I like to plan for the future in all aspects of life. What I didn't plan on was all that gum turning me into a magic eight ball. I'm so big. But I also have like a really chiseled jawline now. My face is basically a giant muscle. You put my skull up against any strong man in a head-to-head competition, and I guarantee I'll come out on top.

Seriously, my body is like a little diamond cube resting on top of a giant rotting cantaloupe.

So, even though I technically weigh 578 lbs, I feel my life story is interesting enough to be included on My 600 Lb. Life. I eagerly await your response to my submission.



MUSK

by Elon

***Now you too
can smell like
Mars dirt***

***Already more
profitable than
Tesla, Inc.***



WHAT'S UP MTV? Welcome to my crib! It's kind of your normal house, but it's got some sick bachelor-pad additions! As you enter, your going to see it's kind of dirty because my wife left me about a year ago and I can't bring myself to sweep. Just living that classic bachelor life! Crazy cool, huh?



As we make our way upstairs you can see the two rooms set up for my daughter and son. Unfortunately, they are not here because they made it crystal clear that they do not like me and want to be with their mom full-time! Guess spending all that time at work so I could afford that race car bed and princess palace was totally rad! Hey, no kids being around is just more time for me to spend with the ladies, my man, because like I said, I am a totally single! But I bet you hear this story all the time. This is how all bachelors live!

Oh before you miss it, see this totally DIY line of tape down the middle of my house? That's part of the extensive renovations, dividing my crib into two parts. One for me and one for my ex-wife! I know her side looks way nicer, but to be clear, this is MY crib, so you don't ever need to cross this line. No, I know that foosball table and stereo system looks kick ass, but if you had been here a year ago, all that stuff would have been also mine, so... And hey, look who it is! It's Derric! What's up, Derric? Derric is dope. This guy absolutely fucks. Specifically, he fucks my ex-wife. Hard. Some nights I can hear their animalistic love making all the way over on my half of the house! Good sex, Derric!

Anyways, that's all the time I have today, MTV. Thanks for checking out my crib! You guys rock! Just out of curiosity, do you think you'll use my crib for your show? Wait, why are you getting footage of the other side of the house? Derric, buddy, put your shirt back on! Come on guys, his abs don't look THAT good next to that sex hot tub! First my wife, now my MTV Cribs episode? Derric, you are so winning!

BOOK OF GENESIS: THE LOST CHAPTER

1) And the Lord saw his people building a tower so tall it could reach the Heavens.

2) And in a fit of rage, the Lord scrambled the languages, making each man unintelligible to the other.

3) And the Lord sat back, contented. But then, one of the angels approached him and said "Hot damn, that was cool! What are you going to do next?"

4) And the Lord stuttered: "Ubbada ubbada ubbada..." He thought to himself, Oh no! What if I've peaked? What if I'm a one trick pony? Shit, they're gonna realize I'm an impostor and... MOSES, WILL YOU STOP RECORDING MY INNER MONOLOGUE FOR ONE MINUTE?!

(You got it, boss!)

5) And the angel suggested, "What if your next act were to destroy that tower, my Lord?"

6) And the Lord said, "Yeah, uh... what if I go down and just... push it over? That'd be pretty badass."

7) And the angel warned, "Oh, no, no. If you push over a building, people may start asking, what can the Lord NOT push over? Can the Lord make a tower so heavy that he can't push it? And if he can't do that, is the Lord truly all-powerful?"

8) "Yeah, I don't want to go down that rabbit-hole," said the Lord. "And for the love of fuck, if you don't stop writing this down, Moses, I will set your pubes on fire. How's that for a burning bush?"

(Just one was enough!)

9) A week passed. At some point, the Lord was overheard telling the same angel, "I don't know. I sent down this, like, giant rock monster to destroy the tower. But when I tried to destroy him, I just... I couldn't. Now there's a giant rock monster walking around Earth, and I don't know if I can... OK THAT'S IT. PREPARE FOR A WHUPPIN, TAB-LET-MAN!"

(Whoops, That's All, Folks!)

The Murder Bowl

While football is hugely popular here in America, it's not for everyone. The Super Bowl is the most watched program on American television, many have been watching alternatives like the Puppy Bowl. That is why the History Channel is proud to present its own alternative: the Murder Bowl.

Instead of watching Tom Brady catch a ball, watch as we sick an actual lion on a man covered in raw sausage, a practice true to the types of entertainment popular in ancient Rome.

Instead of rooting for one of two teams of identical buff men wearing different colors, root for either your own species or a sleuth of bears wearing leather armor holding slingshots.

While football is really, despite what it may seem, an inconsequential game with no bearing on anything before or after it occurs, we now offer you the ability to watch a brave warrior cut the head off a hydra, only to for the mythical beast to grow two heads back, a brilliant strategy your fellow human being never saw coming.

The Murder Bowl includes all the spectacle of the Super Bowl, but with real life consequences. The halftime show stars Town Fool Randy and his Magical Lute, featuring Bruno Mars, who will each be carried to the skies by a Pegasus and dropped to their deaths.



And the one thing we can guarantee is fewer concussions than the Super Bowl!

**winter
abroad
at**

RUTGER

THE STATE UNIVERSITY
OF NEW JERSEY

• **Piscataway • Little Piscataway • Little Piscataway Township •**

**Traverse the Hudson
to enjoy freshly baked
baguettes at the local
Au Bon Pain every day**

**Credits in canning
and pickling
are transferrable**

**Computer Science
courses available in
Microsoft Office,
Gmail, and Spotify**

**Enjoy sleeping in a
Wildwood motel room
equipped with a flashlight
or Bruce Springsteen's
childhood bedroom**

Die in a frat house!

**Study the history of
the Garden State Parkway
or film criticism of Zach
Braff's Garden State 2**

**2 degrees warmer
than Manhattan**

**The stunning campus
sits on 16 acres of scenic
New Jersey Turnpike**

**Toni Morrison
passed through once!**

**Distinguished faculty
includes Joey's boy, Vinny's
cousin, Frank's mechanic,
and Sam's nephew**



Tom, Dick, and Harry

Tom: Hey, Dick, isn't Harry just like, a total poo-butt?

Dick: Yeah, Tom, he's a BIG poo-butt.

Harry: I'm standing right here...

Dick: Hey Tom, you know who's like, *such* a poo-butt?

Tom: Is it someone besides Harry, who is a poo-butt?

Dick: Nope! It's just Harry. What a poo-butt!

Harry: I can hear every word you're saying...

Tom: Harry is such a poo-butt.
Poo-butt!

Dick: Poo-butt!

Tom: Poo-butt Harry has the
poo-iest butt.



Harry: Guys, you can clearly see me!

Dick: Shut up, Harry! You're a ghost!

Harry: Oh that's right, I'm a ghost! (**vanishes**)

Tom: Ugh. Why does that guy hang out with us?

Dick: Yeah, you think he'd take a hint after we... you know... murdered him.

THE GREAT SECOND WORLD WAR

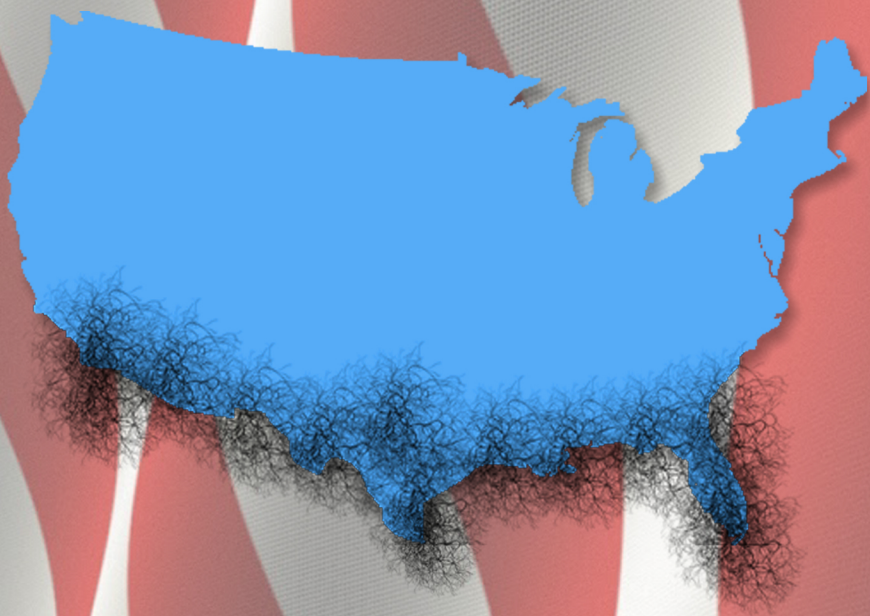
- **September 1, 1939** - Germany invades Poland, initiating World War II in Europe. Near this time JELL-O Company begins production on supplies for soldier rations.
- **September 3, 1939** - Honoring their guarantee of Poland's borders, Great Britain and France declare war on Germany. Allied forces also declare JELL-O products to be delicious in same proclamation.
- **July 10, 1940–October 31, 1940** - The air war known as the Battle of Britain ends in a stalemate as neither side can win because pilots are able to fly endlessly on the nutritious benefits of JELL-O disposable cups.
- **June 22, 1941–November 1941** - Nazi Germany and its Axis partners invade the Soviet Union. The Soviets, despite suffering heavy losses employ a stringent scorched earth policy in which all JELL-O and spoons are burned before the approaching German forces. The Germans are forced to squeeze JELL-O cups to get the delicious solidified nectar out causing a great inconvenience.
- **December 7, 1941** - Japan attempts to bomb Pearl Harbor, but JELL-O Company coats the each of the Hawaiian islands in a soft, gelatinous dome of JELL-O safely repelling the attack.
- **June 6, 1944** - British and US troops successfully land on the Normandy beaches of France, after pouring enough JELL-O powder--make-your-own-JELL-O to form

a semi-solid land bridge to cross the Channel. They meet with Germans on the other side for peace negotiations.

- ***April 16, 1945*** - All parties involved on both sides of World War II decide they would rather bond over the delectable goodness that is JELL-O and under the guidance of the JELL-O Company Board of Trustees the Second World War comes to an end.
- ***May 3, 1945*** - Each country in the world comes together for the First Annual JELL-O Cook Off — a tradition that continues to this day. Due to the universal love and appeal of JELL-O Mother Earth and humanity has continued to enjoy perpetual peace.



AMERICANS FOR BUSH



Princeton Review Guide to Final Exams

Essay Questions: Essay questions are the best because, look, you're either right or you're wrong. So, even if you know nothing about the essay topic, you have a 50/50 chance of getting it right.

True/False Questions: True/False questions are great because there are only 3 options: True, False, or A State Of Moral Ambiguity From Which You'll Never Be Satisfied.

Ex: "The United States is a 21st Century Superpower."
Correct Answer: ASOMAFWYNiBS

Pro-Tip: If you're struggling on a T/F section, just answer False for everything. You'll get most of them wrong, but your teachers will admire your skepticism.

Short Answer Questions: More like Snore Answer Questions, amirite? If you ignore these long enough, they'll stop counting towards your grade.

Multiple Choice Questions: Process of Elimination is your friend. Every time you see a question, ask yourself, "Can I eliminate Steve Kilbey, the lead-singer and bassist for Australian-psychedelic band The Church?" 62% of the time, the answer is "Yes." There, doesn't that feel better?

Last Words

Soldier 1: Help! Help! I'm hit!

Soldier 2: It's ok kid, I'm hit too.

Soldier 1: Oh my god, I'm gonna die!

Soldier 2: Looks like a flesh wound to me. You're gonna be fine, kid (**coughs blood**). Look, I don't got a lotta time. You think you can pass on my last words?

Soldier 1: Shit, that's right! What are my last words gonna be? Oh god, I never had to think about that before! I gotta go with something memorable. Like, "Son, your sister is actually my grandma," but truthful. Is there anything there?

Soldier 2: Dear Valencia, I'm sorry I ain't never been a perfect husband...

Soldier 1: Maybe I go with something that would make the most impact on mankind? "I... I... can see Heaven! It looks like... no way! *Battlefield Earth*?! Holy shit, guys, L. Ron Hubbard was right!"

Soldier 2: ... I shoulda never have cheated on you with ya sister, Lucretia...

Soldier 1: "No wait, I'm being reincarnated. My next life is a... a chicken! Fuck! People! Don't eat the chicken! *Eating*

chickens is murder!” No, I don’t think that’s good. Too preachy.

Soldier 2: ... shoulda never sold my wedding ring so I could invest in a company trying to reinvent milk...

Soldier 1: “FATHER! WHY HAST THOU MUTILATED ME SO? WHY HAS THY KILLED ME, FATHER?!” Is that good?

Soldier 2: ... and when you see this nice young man who got grazed in his left butt cheek, he’ll tell you the last words I ever said were... “I ... love...”*(*dies*)*

Soldier 1: I know, how about this? “War... .. is *bad*.” Eh? Eh?

Soldier 2: *(*is dead*)*

Soldier 1: Actually, I think this bandage might clear it right up. That’ll do it. Phew! Super glad I won’t die, but it’s a bit of a bummer that I can’t use any of these great last words. If you want to use one, feel free.

Soldier 2: *(*is still dead*)*

Soldier 1: Strong silent type. Good move. Wish I’d thought of that.



A message from the year 2248:

In the not too distant future, rabbits will be as large as dogs. Not like crazy big or anything, but they will be significantly larger. We, the time travelers, came back with this knowledge. Not that it will necessarily affect you on a personal level, but just wanted to let you know. These rabbits will not be violent or vengeful in any sort of way, the insurgencies end pretty quickly, but regardless they will be bigger.

Why the size change? We cannot say because we honestly don't know ourselves. It doesn't have to do with the fallout. It's just as if, on some genetic level, all the rabbits everywhere just decided to simultaneously grow a bit. Communication with them has been difficult, mainly because they aren't allowed to write yet. This does not foretell any coming apocalypse, other than a small uptick in the alfalfa industry, the world will carry on as is, continental-rendering glaciers and all. Dogs will continue to be dogs. Rabbits will be rabbits, albeit bigger.

We don't have any answers for your carbon emissions problems, that's yours to figure out, but we can't stress this enough--you should invest resources into studying these rabbits. It may seem like a low-level priority, especially with aquatic DNA implants on the horizon, but seriously these little guys are fascinating. We haven't found it yet, but the potential is there. We've figured out how to manipulate the time and space continuum, but not this species-wide rabbit grow spurt. Perhaps some things will never be understood. Also, all pizzas are donuts now, as per Galxazor's orders.

Sincerely, The Time Travelers.

KOMODO DRAGON

HR REP: Sorry Timothy, we're going to have to let you go. We thought having a Komodo dragon in the office was going to help the team dynamic, but unfortunately when you latched onto Catherine's calf, it caused quite an...incident.

Timothy the Komodo Dragon: (hisses)

HR REP: I know, I know. This is tough. Apparently we just weren't ready for a full-time Komodo dragon yet. I know you'll find another job with all of your expertise in marketing.

Timothy the Komodo Dragon: (hisses)

HR REP: We all have families we need to support and that's why we are offering you three whole chickens as a severance bonus. Now, if you can just sign on this line...

Timothy the Komodo Dragon: (hisses)

HR REP: No, no. While I appreciate and understand that in your culture that a light bite on the neck is a sign of affection, but to humans that is deadly. And humans don't like to die.

Timothy the Komodo Dragon: (hisses)

HR REP: Please don't make a scene, Timothy. O I wouldn't want to call the company's private animal control services. We can have a peaceful resolution without you—

Timothy the Komodo Dragon: (hisses)

HR REP: OH GOD! MY NECK! YOU'RE KILLING M—

Martin Scorsese

Oh geez, guys. Uh, wow. It's been a long, winding road to get to this night. It all started in 1975. I'd shown my mother an uncut version of Taxi Driver where Robert De Niro fucks the Empire State Building, and she thought maybe I was being a bit antisocial. So, that Christmas, she introduced me to some lifelong friends, my pet rocks Stony and Chunk. I loved Stony and Chunk, so much that I was determined to make them the stars of my next movie.



So I go to United Artists and say "I want to make a rock film!" I think maybe they misheard me though. They gave me money, but they made me spend it on a rock n' roll documentary called The Last Waltz. Oh well. I went back to United Artists and said "You misunderstood, I want to make a movie about people who're made of stone!" They were very impressed with my pitch, and gave me a lot of money. Except this time, they thought "people made of stone" meant "famous boxer Jake LaMotta." So I had to make Raging Bull instead.

Dismayed, I put my passion project on the back-burner for a while. But then, last year, I went to Netflix and told them "Look, I have this movie about rocks in my head that's almost 50 years old. You've gotta let me make it! I guess Netflix heard the words "rocks in head" and "50 years old," and said, "Oh I know! Adam Sandler!" So that's how I ended up making Billy Madison II.

I'm sorry, Stony and Chunk, that I've never been too good at pitching movies. I hope you at least enjoyed the minor roles you've played over the years: as a pair of rocks in the background of Goodfellas while Joe Pesci stabs a man, as a pair of rocks beneath Jesus' cross in The Last Temptation of Christ, and as Jack Nicholson's two front teeth in The Departed. This Oscar is for the two of you.

The Big Game

"It's the bottom of the ninth. Mighty Mick's on first. Up to bat is Rudy Two Shoes, hopin' to swing a homer and put the Muckdogs back on top. Pitcher winds up, throwin' southpaw... It's a hit! It's a hit! That's right, the Irish Mob has attempted an assassination on Rudy Two Shoes for refusing the throw the whole shebang. Oh the humanity, nothing crueller could be happening in this momen... hold up. Hold up. It looks like Mighty Mick's using the chaos to try and steal second. Poor form, this is not why we play the game! Mighty Mick rounds second, Shortstop Barry's gotta look on his face like the cat crapped the crib. Mighty Mick rounds third and is now running towards the gunman. The Mobster looks more confused than anyone. Mighty Mick steals home. Are they gonna count it...?"

No. Foul ball. Everybody's resetting. Rudy Two Shoes is getting up from his gunshot wound and preparing to give it another swing. Looks like Mighty Mick's heading back to first, and the Irish Mob is looking for vengeance. I hear police sirens, so they better wrap this one up quick if they want to finish this one before it becomes a crime scene. My, oh my, is this an exciting day in the world of Extreme Championship Baseball."



Follow your COMPASS



C ompassion
O pportunity
M others
P assion
A ssistance
S isters
S tability

One Grain of Rice

Long ago in India, there was a beloved leader named Rani, who considered herself wise and fair. When famine came to her province, she collected rice from the farmers and attempted to ration it out evenly. Despite her best efforts though, some were unhappy with their meager portions.

One day, Rani was riding in a wagon stocked with bags of rice when one of the bags fell to the road. A nearby farmer, Karun, saw the bag called out, "My queen! Turn around! Your rice has fallen!"

Rani faced the farmer and saw that her bag had fallen. "Oh goodness," she cried, "thank you sir for your keen eye! How may I repay you?"

A smile spread across Karun's face. "I don't ask for a lot," he said, "but if you are so willing, I would like one grain of rice."

"Just one grain?"

"For today, yes. But for each subsequent day this month, I would like twice the rice you gave me the previous day. Tomorrow I'll get two grains of rice, then four the next day, and so on."

There was a brief silence.

"...OK, hold up," said Rani, "I gotta check the math on this."

Karun stuttered nervously. "I uh... don't think that's necessary."

"Motherfucker, there's a famine going on. I'm not gonna just hand over all my rice without crunching the numbers." Rani pulled out a scroll and pen and started thinking out loud.

"Ok, in this rice situation, y is a function of $2x$, where x represents the number of days that have passed. Starting with 20, which is 1, I just have to add 21, 22, and so on until I get to, what'd you say? Thirty days?"

"I mean, we can negotiate the details," Karun said shyly.

"No," said Rani. After a few minutes, she held up her scroll and laughed hard. "Dude! Did you really think I was gonna give you a billion grains of rice? In this economy?!"

"No..." Karun pouted. "But please, tell me! How did you know?"

"Bitch, I came up with this hustle!" Rani proclaimed. "How do you think I got to be Queen? I punk'd the last guy outta all his rice and fed all your ungrateful asses. Get the fuck outta here, I got mouths to feed."

Karun sighed. "Yessss, queen. Long live the basic algebra."

ENTREPRENEUR WORD CLOUD

KBEZ 92.9 FM The
Drive

Palm
Pilot

\$\$\$

Briefcase

Analog Watch

Balancing
the
Books

Money

YelpDotCom

BUSINESS

Entrepreneurship

Casual Friday

MyBankingApp

Passionate

HairGel

BuyLow, Sell High

\$250,000

DOW
JONES

The
Store

Transactions

Red Tie

Wallet

Secretary

Synergy

Blazer

FrequentFlyerMiles

Direct Deposit

OwningA
Lexus

Corporation + Corporation

= Market Share Value

Timeshare Investment
Golf with Mr. Bezos Jr.





Sandwiches

Luxury – is eating hoagies in the rain.

Luxury – is running through sprinklers with a tuna fish sandwich.

Luxury. A meatball sub. Slip and slide.

Egg. Salad. Shower. Sandwich. *Luxury*.

Have you heard of a BLT in a lake? No? *Luxury*.

No pot to piss in? Give me Ham Cheese and garlic two slices of rye and a diving board. Then call the *luxury* police.

Aquarium. Pastrami on Pumpernickle. *Luxury* baby.

Fishing trip with the dawgs. Pack a burger. Jump in.

We're talking *luxury*.

Cheese steak. Water. *Lux*.



HEAR YE, HEAR YE! By royal decree of the National Basketball Association the following revelations will now constitute the Holy Rules of All Basketball. From hence forth:

- **Players must make sex eyes for all camera close ups.**
 - **Every time an opponent scores, you must strip off one article of clothing until everyone is playing butt naked.**
 - **LeBron can still play, but he has to promise to forget how to play basketball before every game.**
 - **An additional referee will be provided to offer praise to players who, like, just need it, okay?**
 - **The mascot gets to take a few shots.**
 - **You can only dunk if you apologize to the other team right after.**
 - **If a player is caught slapping another player's butt, that player will have to slap EVERY SINGLE BUTT in the entire stadium, including Greasy Frank.**
-

Types of Dragons

Earth Dragon- dwells under the earth's crust, eats mud, friend to the grubs and the moles.

Water Dragon- lives at the bottom of the Mariana Trench. Birthed the first fish, wings are webbed. Amphibious. Resembles a giant ugly frog.

Dragon Classic- Loves gold, lives in a castle in Germany, breathes fire.

Fire Dragon- often mistaken for Dragon Classic. Loves gold, lives in a castle in Germany, breathes fire.

That's Fire Dragon- says "that's fire" in response to people sharing their really cool weekend plans.

Gold Dragon- used to have a lot of gold, but it was all stolen by Fire Dragon and Dragon Classic. Now lives on Water Dragon's couch until it gets life back together.

Silver Dragon- a dragon that is old but still hot.

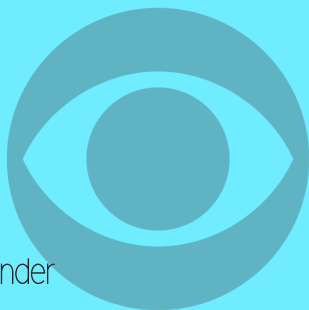
How To Train Your Dragon- just a great movie about the power of interspecies friendship.

Air Dragon- these are planes.

The Network's New Shows

Cartoon Water Show

StarMan and the Square Animal are friends. Squid Friend is annoyed because they are under water. StarMan and the Square Animal do not notice.



Sexy Ladies Photo Shoot (Now Let The Bass Drop)

Five sexy ladies who are also sisters each do a photo shoot separately and then now all together, now let the bass drop.



Lionhearted Detectives Investigate Disgusting Sex Crimes

Hard to disagree with the moral high ground of this show. Nothing but respect for these police detectives, and sex crimes are bad. No need to worry about moral ambiguity in this one, folks! Just good old-fashioned good guy detectives and disgusting bad guy sex perverts.



Our family has been making extra slutty olive oil in the most fuckable region of Southern Italy for generations. In 1934, we opened our first olive mill, and local farmers have entrusted us with their slipperiest, sexiest orgies ever since. The Aphrodite Lesbos philosophy is simple: hand jobs, butt smacks, nut grabs, full cum, mucho love.



NYU'S NEW SPRING RECREATION PROGRAM

Lifting for the future

Tuesdays 2:00 to 3:30 pm at PS74 playground

Lift up NYC public school children that are below the poverty line.

Bird Wrestling

Thursdays 7:00 to 8:30 am at Palladium

Wrestle your favorite bird. Pads will be provided for newcomers; birds will have a string tied around their feet with a boxing glove on the other end. Unless it's an albatross. They're just holding guns.



NYU ATHLETICS

Mixed Martial Arts as a Path to God

Saturdays 6:00 to 7:30 pm at NYU's Dojo

Learn to kick, punch, leg sweep, and slap Satan out of your life. Zone in and find the pressure points of evil.

Daily Tasks for the Physically Fit

Mondays 3:00 to 4:00 pm at Laf

Do your friends refuse to slap five for fear of their arm falling off? Do you ever think you stepped into a puddle, but what actually happened is your feet are so strong that they liquified the ground? This is the class for you! Learn how to manage your strength so the police do not deem you a national security risk.

AND CHECK OUT OUR WEBSITE FOR:

The Existential Squat, Water Aerobics at the World Trade Center, Hot Juggling, Competitive Practice, Running From Responsibility, Weight Sensitivity Training



Cruise Ship Captain

Hello, and welcome to the S.S. Entrepreneur! I'm your captain, Bob! We have a lovely cruise planned for you this week, so make yourself right at home on the Entrepreneur Ship! I should let you know that only ship staff are allowed to call it that. If we catch you making that pun we will throw you into the brig. As much as I would like to join you in that cold void, I am contractually obligated to stay out here with all those who wish to maintain their freedom aboard this hell ship.

We will be sailing very closely to the Bermuda Triangle. Don't worry, you superstitious folks, we're not actually going in there, but I would sure as hell be delighted if this ship, me, and every single one of you on board would just disappear and never return...

Anyway, back to the Bahamas. It looks like the weather is going to be nice and sunny this week, so everyone will be looking like a bunch of lobsters! Just kidding. But seriously do use sunscreen. Honestly, I've given that advice a lot, and it seems like no matter how many times we warn you about UV rays, we never get through to you. Trust me, I too wish the sun would disappear and extinguish all human life. But so far, no such luck. We must endure.

Also, here are a few disclaimers that I have to make:

1. Don't drive a golf cart into the swimming pool! If you feel the urge to do so, let me know. My boss no longer lets me near them because I keep trying to drive them into the ocean.
2. Do not spike the infants' drinks. If you want to put something in someone's drink, put it in mine and make it poison.
3. Finally, please do not throw your spouse off the side of the boat in a fit of rage. If you feel the need, throw me directly into the mouth of a shark. Have a wonderful time!





PEPSICO PARK

**CHLORINATED AND CAFFEINATED
FOR ONLY THE SAFEST THRILLS**

Join us this summer for our Mist Twist Kahuna Celebration Extravanza to celebrate our new attractions like the Mountain Dew Voltage Hyper Extreme Lazy River Sponsored by Taco Bell's Naked Chicken Chalupa, the Island Of The Crystal Pepsi, our Diet Pepsi Shirts-On Section, or any of our over 100 Million Ounces of Fresh, Bubbly Pepsi Products!

Talk Show Interview

Host: It's so good to have you back!

Celebrity: Thanks, great to be here!

Host: So the last time you were here, we helped me understand what a grapefruit is. It is like an orange, but actually it's not an orange, and it's bitter and pink inside. Case closed.

Celebrity: You got it, guy!

Host: Fantastic! So this week, I'm curious: what's Michigan?

Celebrity: Michigan is a state in the United States.

Host: Right.

Celebrity: It's like a really large area that has a bunch of rules that you follow to live there.

Host: Uh huh.

Celebrity: Michigan is cold in the winter and warm in the summer.



Host: You're going too fast.

Celebrity: The weather changes. In the winter, you have to wear a jacket and mittens. In the summer, you have to wear shorts and a t shirt.

Host: Okay...

Celebrity: A fun way to remember which state Michigan is on the map, is that Michigan is in the shape of a mitten.

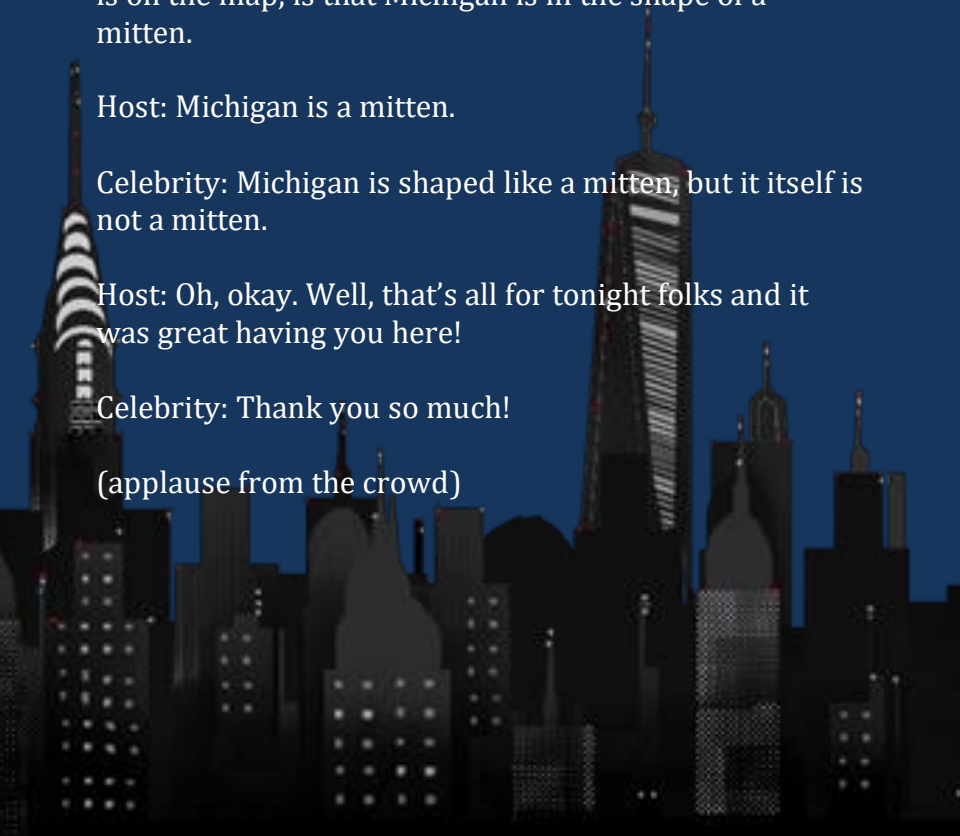
Host: Michigan is a mitten.

Celebrity: Michigan is shaped like a mitten, but it itself is not a mitten.

Host: Oh, okay. Well, that's all for tonight folks and it was great having you here!

Celebrity: Thank you so much!

(applause from the crowd)



New Message

— ↗ ✕

FROM: robert.tanner@companycorp.com

TO: john.epstein@companycorp.com

Cc Bcc

Hi John,

Attached are the sales reports for this term.

I love you,

Robert

Send



New Message

— ↗ ✕

FROM: SUPPORT.BOT@NEOPETS.COM

TO: harryj85@yahoo.com

Cc Bcc

Valued customer,

You are receiving this automated message because you have chosen to deactivate your NEOPETS account. If this is a mistake, please contact support services.

DO NOT REPLY TO THIS MESSAGE.

Eat my dick,

Neopets Customer Support

Send



FROM: jgal48@aol.com

TO: greatgretch9@yahoo.com

Cc Bcc

Hi Gretchen,

I wanted to give my condolences. I am very sorry for your loss. Jimmy was such a sweet boy and he will be missed dearly.

I apologize that I cannot make the funeral tomorrow as I can't get out of work. Know that my thoughts and prayers are with both of you.

Have fun!

--Jane

Send



FROM: edresher1@gmail.com

TO: jobs@businessorg.com

Cc Bcc

Hiring Manager,

I am interested in the position of Sales Manager at your organization. Please see resume and cover letter attached.

You are my subordinate in every way,

Elaine

Send



New Girl

THIS ISN'T THE BALLS ANYMORE



FOX
TUESDAYS AT 9 PM

Suburban Parent's Bake Sale Guide

- 1. Rice Krispies- but forget the gluten unless you want your rascals a tootin'.**
- 2. Chocolate brownies- but not too chocolate cause cacao beans are grown where tarantulas live, and do you want a spider baby?**
- 3. Peanut butter cookies with Hershey's Kisses in the middle- the secret ingredient is the water that collects in the peanut butter jar.**
- 4. Marshmallows- a fluff a day keeps the hard angry comments that you're not a good dad and Billy hates you away.**
- 5. 3 M&Ms- one blue one and two green ones reminds the kiddies of the ocean with grass in it.**
- 6. Carrot cake- trick the munchkins into eating vegetables by making the icing kale and saying it's St. Patrick's Day.**
- 7. Gummy caterpillars- ask kids if they can say the word chrysalis- you won't have to put them to bed that night.**
- 8. Play-Doh- you wouldn't think so, but yeah.**
- 9. Box cutters- don't think about it too hard.**
- 10. A picture of a mini cupcake on a popsicle stick- children will think they're eating both but rally they're eating neither.**

BEAVER MAN

After more than a decade, Werner Herzog is following up on the critical and commercial success of his film, *Grizzly Man*, with the biggest documentary of this year— *Beaver Man*. The documentary centers on Jared Jacobs a devotee of the famed Timothy Treadwell. While Treadwell spent each summer living with grizzly bears in Alaska, Jacobs on the other hand set off to protect the dwindling population of brown beavers in Northern America by spending over 10 summers with a family of beavers. All of which is captured at the hand of Herzog's delicate lense and edited for maximum critical appeal.

Jacobs, much to his horror, was unable to truly emulate his hero Treadwell, who was eventually killed and eaten by the very animals he sought to protect. Instead of a grim fate, Jacobs was taken in by the family of beavers and given lodging underwater in their extensive network of dams. The German Director Herzog beautifully captures the emotion and duty Jacobs felt towards the beavers and more importantly towards trying to find the sweet release of death at their hands/paws/tails/whatever. Where Treadwell's tragic fate was immortalized by the careful touch of Herzog's storytelling, Jacob's only legacy is that he started to smell funky when the mother of the beaver clan began marking him with her scent.

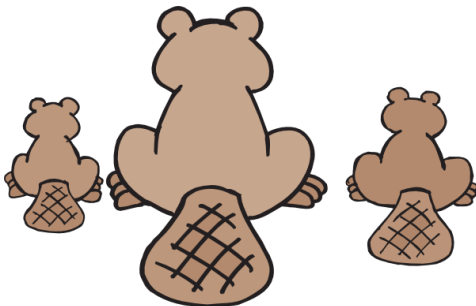
This pattern continued as Jacobs in each progressive summer became increasingly desperate in his attempt to be ushered into the afterlife by America's crown jewel, the beaver. Jacobs repeatedly



tried to challenge the alpha beavers to dominance of the beaver family and in place of dueling for dominance, Jacobs was ceremonially offered a young female beaver as some sort of bride-gift. The behavior continued year after year. Jacobs, while trying to encroach on the beaver dam and inflict critical damage to provoke a mass beaver attack, was instead provided with a small cabin expertly crafted by the beavers. Jacobs and Herzog learned after this reaction the most important fact about the animal kingdom: beavers are too nice for their own good.

The impact of *Grizzly Man* and it's fan appeal led to people making trek to Katmai National Park in search of Treadwell's remains and the release of the audio of his death being leaked on YouTube.

Beaver Man's only Internet controversy to date stems from a recording by Herzog near the end of summer in which the beavers repeatedly smacked Jacobs with their tails. Typically a form of sexual foreplay for the beavers, debate arose as to whether Jacobs' screams were forced in an attempt to play off the moment as one of attack, or whether he was excited by the sexual awakening he was having at the hands/paws/tails/whatever of the beavers. Some contend that it is both. At the end of the documentary, Jacobs realizes that forcing the peaceful, loving beavers into committing acts of aggression is actually really stupid, and he winds up deciding to live with the beavers forever. He eats nothing but wood and has stapled a paddle to his ass. Jared Jacobs died from malnutrition and an ass infection.



DR. FRANKENSTEIN'S 2ND TRY

Look, guys, I know I screwed up the first time. You know, brought the dead back to life, got my family killed, waged war on god. But that was years ago! So now that some time has passed and the cemetery has let its guard down, I thought I'd give this whole Abomination-Against-The-Lord thing another shot.

In medical school I was a really cool guy, skipping anatomy class and getting real creative in cadaver lab, so yeah, I may have been a bit rusty in the anatomy department. The only really important thing I needed to remember was that the head bone is connected to the foot bone somehow. It did take me awhile to figure out what's beneath the chin. At first I was like, it's gotta be nipples under there. But then I wrapped my hands around what I later learned was my neck and thought, that can't be nipples, there's only one of these things.

Once I got the kinks worked out, I started to get creative. The last monster I made was like a big fat guy with a larger-than-average head. This time, I wanted to make a tiny little body with like a GIANT head. In order to stop him from tipping over, I added another 6 or so legs, like a human octopus, but half the legs are trees.

After I finished connecting all the dangly bits, I wet-willied

him into existence and bing-bang-boom my monster was alive. He looked into my eyes and asked,

“Dad, where’s my buttohole?”

“I don’t know, son, but I hope that someday you’ll find it. You see, life is about the journey.”

Several hours later, he died of complications from internal farting. But, you know, Mozart’s second song was probably a disappointment too. I’m sure I’ll work out all the bugs by Number Three. I was thinking this time I could try a talking dog, or bringing my dead family back.



Soccer Match Starting Lineup: L.A. Galaxy vs. The Autumnal Equinox

Goalie: David Bingham

Sweeper: Rolf Feltscher

Left Defender: Ashley Cole

Center defender: Jorgen Skjelvik

Right Defender: Ariel Lassiter

Left Midfielder: Emmanuel Boateng

Center Midfielder: Jonathan dos Santos

Right Midfielder: Servando Carrasco

Left Forward: Ola Kamara

Center Forward: Giovanni dos Santos

Right Forward: Zlatan Ibrahimovic

Right Forward: a bountiful cornucopia

Center Forward: red, orange, brown and yellow color palette

Left Forward: figuring out what a cornucopia is

Right Midfielder: apple orchard

Center Midfielder: wanting that mustard turtleneck but it's at the bottom of the overstuffed sweater drawer , is it worth it?

Left Midfielder: a single crisp cool air

Right Defender: touch football match

Center defender: spicy spicy yum yum foods

Left Defender: either Halloween or Thanksgiving

Sweeper: the sweeping winds of change

Goalie: Pile of crunchy brown leaves

Highlights from the match

00:01: And we're off, Galaxy kicking off with Ibrahimovic passing off to dos Santos- but wait, a surprise move from the cornucopia, the ball is now completely lost inside the bountiful cornucopia!

14:17: Ibrahimovic and dos Santos maintaining possession straight through the touch football match, but then oh no! The sweeping winds of change are making Ibrahimovic contemplate the value of human sadness! We don't want it, but we need it, he says. And the winds carry the ball back to the Equinox's offense.

32:43: Boateng's dribbled right into the apple orchard, looks like he's lost! But he manages to pass to Carrasco, and he's beaming folks, he got a full basket of plump red apples.

45:00: And that's 0-0 at half-time.

50:18: dos Santos to Kamara, and GOAALLL! Kamara kicking the ball straight through the pile of crunchy brown leaves and it hits the back of the net!

71:24: A single crisp cool air slide tackles Skjelvik, and looks like the crisp air was pulling on Skjelvik's sleeve, referee pulling out a yellow card for the crisp air, and the air is trying to argue the card but the ref is not having it, shaking his head.

90:00: That's game folks, 1-0 Galaxy. Looks like they'll be playing The Home Depot in the semi-finals.

A Visionary's Lament

If there's anything I've learned about being an entrepreneur, it's that the path to success is paved with setbacks. My idol Steve Jobs would have known that better than anyone. Still, it's a little annoying that his family keeps trying to shut down my upstart computer company, which I named Apple in honor of him.

I try to reason with them. I tell them that I have a dream just like Steve did, that I'm just a kid working out of a garage. "This is Steve's old garage," they say. "You're wearing his old clothes. Those are his glasses on your face. How do you keep getting in here? How many times must we change the locks? Please just leave us alone." As setbacks go, I'd say it's a pretty big one.

But then I remind myself that Steve failed over and over again, and still he never gave up. So I keep scaling that fence no matter how many feet they add to it. I keep growing out my fingernails to the perfect lock-picking length, no matter how hard it gets to hold objects. And I keep working in that garage to make my dream come true. Sure, Steve's family may beat me down now. But once I finally unveil my first product -- I'm thinking of calling it the Macintosh -- they'll see just how wrong all those restraining orders were, or my name isn't Steve "Anthony Jenkins" Jobs.

"Tries Too Hard!"

-Roger Ebert, CHICAGO SUN-TIME

BEND IT
LIKE
BOROWITZ



ON DVD THIS SPRING

FAMOUS MONSTERS IN HISTORY

THE TROLL OF TRUNDLE BRIDGE

THE DRAGON OF TRUNDLE TROLL BRIDGE

THE FISH-HEADED MAN OF THE DRAGON'S TRUNDLE TROLL
BRIDGE

THE CEO OF THE FISH-HEAD MAN'S DRAGON TRUNDLE TROLL
BRIDGE

THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS AUDITING THE CEO'S FISH-HEADED
MAN DRAGON TRUNDLE TROLL BRIDGE

THE SHAREHOLDERS WHO FEEL THAT THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS
HAVE BEEN FISCALLY IRRESPONSIBLE IN HOW THEY WENT ABOUT
AUDITING THE CEO'S FISH-HEADED MAN DRAGON TRUNDLE
TROLL BRIDGE

THE WORKERS WHO HAVE UNIONIZED IN RESPONSE TO THE
SHAREHOLDERS' WHITE COLLARED SELFISHNESS THAT THE BOARD
OF DIRECTORS HAVE BEEN FISCALLY IRRESPONSIBLE IN HOW
THEY WENT ABOUT AUDITING THE CEO'S MAN DRAGON
BRIDGE TRUNDLE FISH-HEADED TROLL TRUNDLE FISH HEAD

**THE FIRST RULE OF WRITING
JOKES: ALL GOOFS, GAGS, OR
CHUCKLE NUTS MUST FOLLOW
THE GOLDEN RULE AND ALIGN
WITH THE FIBONACCI SPIRAL**



WHAT IS THE
DEAL WITH
AIRPLANE FOOD?

The Woodsy Order for Lycanthropic Fuzzy-people

Present:

The ~~TEN~~-ELEVEN POINT PROGRAM

(#raise aWEREness)



1. Come up with a better acronym for W.O.L.F.
2. Learn what Congress is.
3. Petition to stick a giant eye-patch on the Moon so it's always covered.
4. If Point 3 doesn't work, we immediately stop feeding the Moon astronauts so it will go hungry and die.
5. Get famous celebrities like Johnny Galecki to come out as werewolves. (Achieved by making a concentrated effort to bite Johnny Galecki.)
6. Remove all the silver from silver-backed gorillas so we can pet them whenever.
7. Class-action lawsuit against zombies and vampires for stealing our idea to bite people.
8. Request that PETA uses hotter werewolf representatives in their community advocacy campaigns.
9. Lower health care deductibles.
10. Fire hydrants that we can piss all over. I don't care what Congress thinks because I don't know what Congress is.
11. Rooms so we can freak the fuck out when the Full Moon is poppin'.

Course Offerings In Rare, But Still Highly Worrisome Situations

ADVVAG - Having Octuplets 101

DAR1200 - Introduction to Lost a Dare, Now I have to Walk a Tightrope In Roller Blades

UHOH101 - Introduction to I've Met My Doppelgänger And Can't Figure Out Which Of Us Is The Evil One

INTSTUC - Intermediate My Body Froze In The Middle Of Doing A Cartwheel

KINK1340 - Intermediate My Dentist Is A Tooth Freak

GRKSNK69 - Intermediate Getting Medusa'd

LIT200 - Advanced Waking Up In The Hunger Games

ROMCOM101 - Advanced I'm At The Altar Getting Married, But I've Just Fallen In Love With The Officiant



CLAVICLE VISION BOARD

JOIN THE PLAGUE!

Oh no! The amount of gas needed for star formation will eventually be exhausted and the universe will face it's ultimate fate in The Big Freeze...

So join us on **Mondays at 6:30pm** in the **Kimmel 2nd Floor Pub Lab** to help us write jokes, eat **FREE PIZZA**, and above all else fart a lot to warm the cockles of the sun's heart so it will burn just a little longer. Science is pretty neat, huh?



Email submissions to
plaguemagazine@gmail.com

SPRING
2018