

FALL 2019

Dear Plague “editors,”

We here at the Office of Diversity and Inclusion would like to remind you to be careful in your upcoming “Plague Around the World” issue and warn you of the dangers in perpetuating harmful stereotypes.

To help guide you along the way, we’d like to present you with the Office of Diversity and Inclusion’s List of Recommendations and Guidelines Regarding Contemporary International Humor (ODILRGRCIH):

America -- Preferred Stereotypes: Cowboys, John Wayne, bacon, untreated depression, systemic oppression

Canada -- Preferred Stereotypes: Mounties, Bob and Doug McKenzie, maple syrup with or without hockey

England -- Preferred Stereotypes: Tea and Biscuits, the unkempt mane of Boris Johnson, Brexit regret, the Queen

France -- Preferred Stereotypes: Pepe Le Pew, Marcel Marceau, cigarettes, losing every war, existentialism and/or nihilism

Australia -- Preferred Stereotypes: Crocodile Dundee, Boomerangs, getting pierced in the chest by a stingray, “g’day mate,” “krikee,” etc.

Italy -- Preferred Stereotypes: Aggressive hand gesturing, Super Mario, Various Tomato / Pasta Combinations

Malaysia -- Preferred Stereotypes: Losing contact with Malaysian Airlines flight 370, leaving from Kuala Lumpur International Airport and carrying 227 passengers along with 12 crew members. The flight lost radar contact at approximately 02:22 “while over the Andaman Sea, 200 nautical miles (370 km; 230 mi) northwest of the island of Penang in northwestern Malaysia.”

Please abide by each country’s preferred stereotypes and there should be no problems in releasing the issue.

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A NORTH AMERICAN A NORTH AMERICAN

NORTH AMERICA is a lot like South America but norther. It has a variety of temperate zones: the northern spots are hella cold, but the southern bits are nice and toasty warm, and there is absolutely nothing in the middle.

BARBADOS



***RIHANNA IS FROM
HERE. SHE IS NOT
FROM JAMAICA. SHE IS
OURS.***

How To Kill A Tourist:

- Send them back home
- All teeth, no top
- Tourist trap them! In your basement!
- Tourist top them
- Give them tickets to a Comedy Central stand up show
- Sensually give them AIDs
- Gun to face
- Ass to mouth

CANADA



Canada is the place above the United States. You might know it from being near the United States, the greatest country of the two countries. Canada is like the United States in both its economy, obesity, and racism but is beaten by America in all areas.

A MESSAGE FROM THE ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE TO THE CITIZENS OF QUEBEC, CANADA:

Dear fellow Canadianites,

We would like to warn everybuddy about a pack of rabid moose roaming our majestic countryside. If you should see a moose, do not shoot on sight! There are ways of determining the danger.

Know how to judge its character. Ask it about its day. Look it in the eyes. Maybe give it a hug. If it does not reciprocate the hug, shoot on sight. Find a character reference for the moose. At your local Canadian library, the magnificent moose is logged in a continuous card catalogue of character references. If you should come across an unlicensed moose, report him to the authorities. If the authorities are nowhere in your general vicinity, shoot on sight.

Look for defining marks. Rabies foam, bloodshot eyes and webbed toes might be signs of trouble. If the moose has webbed toes, do not shoot on sight, harpoon instead.

Most moose are friendly, but one in specific -- Leonard -- has been rather naughty lately. If you should know anything about Leonard's whereabouts, deliver this message to him:

"Leonard, my brother. I know it was you. You broke my heart. You broke my heart!"... then promptly shoot on sight.

***Hey There, welcome to Goosey Joe's Game
Hunting Gun Slinging Goose On The Loose, Let's
Get That Goose Resort and Grille!***

***Right here on the side of this here highway,
what we like to do is let loose, let some geese
loose, and get those geese!***

***We've got gun slingin' guns, we've got guns,
we've got some nice hot feet for running right
at these many many geese we let out onto the
highway to chase for sport.***

***Whether from the High-Noon Traffic Jam Goose
Hunt Package, or the more romantic Evening
Commute Goosey Galavant, we can create a
goose hunt tailor-made to your specific needs.***

***Just say the word and we will create a situation
wherein a bunch of geese are let out onto a
busy highway for you to chase for your
pleasure.***

Ottawa!

Timmy never sleeps

Tommy loves his gun

Owen likes to touch his mommy

Wawa is a beautiful lake, there was a monster there.

**Arnold was his name, Arnold had an ugly face, Arnold showed all
the kids Arnold's big-boy space.**

Canada

Always protects

**Never Forgets 9/12 (when all Americans came to Canada to escape
terrorism)**

Although they did not

Deserve terrorism, maybe the tragedy

Allowed them to open their eyes

Cause

Although we

Never forget, we

Always remember that they

Don't speak French and are fucking

Assholes! Learn another damn language, dickwads!

Ontario (Live on Air)

Never the star of the show

Told to shut the fuck up dumbass you aren't good enough!

**Always the little bitch baby for all the bosses, well, check this shit
out you moose-fucking fucks**

Really?

I can't fucking take it anymore

Oh! *gunshots*

Tim Hortons is an important part of every Canadian's life. When they aren't being nice, out fishing, or wearing blackface, odds are that your average Canadian is drinking some coffee and thinking about poutine at their local Tim Hortons. Tim Hortons is so popular that nearly 30% of children are born there because pregnant woman love the food at Canada's version of Dunkin Donuts. A majority of married men report that they met their spouse at a Tim Hortons. Tim Hortons holds a considerable amount of power in the Canadian government. The only reason the Canadian Parliament finally passed a law banning the murder of Mormons is because Tim Hortons viewed them as a potential customer base. The popularity of Tim Hortons led to the Tim Hortons party which in 2015 led to a Tim Hortons government where Justin Trudeau, birth name Tim Hortons, assumed power to convert every store, church, and brothel into a Tim Hortons. God bless the Queen and God blesser Tim Hortons.

CUBA



Marxist philosophy states that eventually all capitalist countries will evolve into the glorious Communist brotherhood, a world of equality, fraternity, and a complete lack of political corruption. In other words: not Cuba. Unfortunately, big boy Fidel shot his load a bit early and the revolution failed to bring stability. But that's okay. Our cigars are tasty. Our beards are scraggly. Our best representation in America is Al Pacino's Scarface.

You're A CIA Agent -- Ways To Kill The President Of Cuba:

- Break his heart
- Blow dart to the wee wee
- Deny him admission to Harvard
- Bad Top
- With a cat, a hat, and a rubber mat
- I don't want to kill him, I just want to date his hot mom

GREENLAND



Greenland is the country that you confuse with Iceland because, yes, you are as stupid and ignorant as you thought. Everything you think people think and say about you is true. Everyone's always talking about you behind your back, specifically how dumb and ugly and ignorant you are. We have a group chat titled "(Your name here) is such a fucking piece of shit, go die." Greenland has a large population of indigenous peoples, a fact underrepresented in many articles about Greenland.

Timeline Of Greenland's Mascots:

1429: The Washington Redskins

1666: A refurbished Ford Fusion

1890: Fake breasts but they cost a lot so you kind of can't tell but you're still suspicious

1891: Fly (alternative: beetle)

1892: My slacker but good-natured son. He goes over there every day after school in some kind of cat costume. He's a good kid, but I'm not sure he's "college material". That's just between you and me, okay? Don't go telling him I said that. He's a good kid. Simple, but good.

2019: Big dick man

JAMAICA



**RIHANNA ISN'T FROM HERE,
BUT WHAT IF SHE WAS?**

A WELCOME MESSAGE AS YOU EMBARK ON YOUR CARRIBEAN CRUISE

Avast ye mateys! It is I, the most fearsome of sea-farers, the most scurvy of scoundrels, the most peg-legged of pirates: Dwayne! While my official title (Teen Center Director on the Norwegian Breakaway) might not reflect my inner disposition, I am, nonetheless, a pirate.

I walk these halls with the authority of old-fashioned pirates, sword in hand, eye-patch on, riddled with curable diseases. I strike fear into the hearts of unbelievably overweight tourists and criminally underpaid staff alike.

While travelling on the Norwegian Breakaway, you may find me at "The Plank" (or as management insists I call it: "17 Below"), instructing young shipmates on the harsh life of a sailor and the perplexing intricacies of water-bound foosball.

As we travel the Caribbean, conquering company owned islands and sipping non-alcoholic strawberry daiquiris, know that your youngsters' lives are safe in my not-as-of-yet-hooked hands.

Sincerely,

The Dread-Pirate Dwayne

MEXICO



Donald Duck went to Mexico. It seems like he had a nice time.

Drugs Are Old News! Cartels These Days Sell This:

- Hypnosis for my Alzheimers-inflicted grandpa
- Coochie!
- Assassins but for yourself
- Tape (double-sided)
- Keys that unlock boxes located all over the world. The catch: it's up to you to find the box and accept your fate
- Calzones but with cum
- Ketamine (not a drug, it's a lifestyle)
- Purse dogs
- The deed to the city of Tijuana

K L M N O P Q R

USA



The United States of America is a relatively unknown little place that's right between Mexico and Canada. The United States was founded after a series of whoopsies lead to multiple genocides. Later, a couple of fine men gathered in Philadelphia, smoking that good opium and writing some dumb bullshit with feathers and ink. After the Civil War in the 1860s, the country was divided into three sections: the fatties, the hotties, and Texas.

What Makes Los Angeles Unique:

- Walt Disney World Paris EPCOT
- Stealing water from Northern California
- Friends was shot there
- Coney Island!
- The strain of chlamydia
- Salad???
- The cheesecake factory on west 60th street is the worst of the chain by far
- Everyone wears their retainers
- You can eat the air

10/7 MISSED CONNECTION***You were very tall (Brooklyn, NY)***

We sat across from each other on the Queens-bound A. You were a brunette, I'm the guy who had his balls hanging out of his jorts. I sat on my balls. You heard the crunch. You pretended you didn't hear my balls crunching in my jorts as I sat on them, but you did. Your hair covered your face but I could sense that you had inner beauty seeping from your pores. You looked back and I ran back to the train to ask for your number. You vanished into thin air. Your body was so long and tall, at least 200 cm. Your knees were so pointy and red. Were you a dream? I will keep riding the A until I see you again. I miss you.

New York Moments You Cannot Miss:

- Watching a man steal a rose from a 9/11 memorial
- Riding the subway while two rats passionately made love. I think they were mocking me
- I saw two strangers beat each other to death! And I did nothing! I'm a witness to murder! I love NY!!!!
- I saw two houseflies fucking on a campaign poster for mayor! I thought the campaign was fake but I Googled it and she's just a Republican
- Found a tooth on the sidewalk. Put the tooth in a locket. My tooth locket is my favorite moment every day
- Waking up in a jail cell, literally nowhere near NYC

A SOUTH AMERICAS A SOUTH AMERICAS

SOUTH AMERICA is a pretty cool continent.

But also hot. I like it a lot. It's everything you're not. It would never be a stupid little bitch like you. You, the reader, could never be this cool, dumbass. If South America and you were both middle school students, they definitely would not sit with you. In fact, they'd probably pick you up by the tag on your dumb GAP kids shirt and dump you right in the dumpster near the kindergarten playground where you belong!

Argentina is a land of contrasts. On one hand, it has the highest number of Spanish speaking people in the world which is, not gonna lie, pretty dope. On the other hand, 63% of the population is descended from the Italians and you already know how we feel about that.

ARGENTINA



Why Argentina Let The Nazis in:

- They left the door open
- Argentina lost a thumb war
- Bribery with some candy
- They had good people skills
- Argentina felt bad
- They're polite to a fault

Punk, Baby (Buenas Aires, Argentina)

We met at a Fidel Nadal concert. I loved your knees. You stomped on that one asshole with blue hair. I grabbed some of your hair for later but never got your number. Let's connect gringa.

I am Argentina's first astronaut. I studied aerospace engineering at ITT Tech and made it all the way to El Espace Estation. Ever since we launched into orbit, I look over our little Earth each morning and think to myself, "What is this gravy potato bullshit? This NASA food is worse than bull's shit."

In Argentina, we have so many foods, and they are not all the color of fat like in America. We have empanadas, a delectable meat pastry. We have chorizo, the pork sausage, morcilla, the blood sausage, and zucchini, the vegetable sausage. We kill our goats like men: with knife. We don't put goat in robot and wait for chicken nugget to come out. Stupid.

In Argentina, you must raise each goat you kill. It must live in your house. You must feed it, bathe it, and clothe it in your finest silks. On the goat's 18th goat birthday, you dress it in its ceremonial sarong and take it into the village, where all of its goat buddies read their poetry and groom it with their spit. It is a beautiful farewell. Then, at sunset, you take your machete and murder it. This is food.

I have to eat American meats here en El Espace Estation. It is freeze-dried, because we are in space, but still it tastes with such sadness. When I bite it, the dehydrated beef cube says to me "I never knowing my mom."



BOLIVIA

How To Stop A Coup:

- Fuck my dad
- Just put a boot on the wheel to keep it from driving away
- Don't stand for bullies
- Eat the military
- If I close my eyes, they can't see me, THEREFORE, no coup
- Sexual attraction that isn't reciprocated
- Hold the coup by its dangles
- Condoms
- Goat arm

BRAZIL



Come to Brazil,
63rd Prime Minister
of Japan Shinzo
Abe. Please.

I recommend that, if you go to Brazil, for the love of God, don't wear pants. At least, not the ones with pockets in them. Trust me, you take your L.L. Bean khaki bermuda shorts to Rio and you'll surely die the death. Some chiseled gangster will come up behind you and slice the pockets right out them pants, leaving your stanky ol' butt poking through two square holes. Your wallet doesn't even have to be in there. These gangsters—these studmuffins—will unpocket you. Just for the heck of it. I remember growing up in the favela, this was my favorite game. "Cut pockets out of pants game" was what I called it. I was not the most creative child. Maybe I made up this game and now I feel guilty. Father, Padre, I'm here to repent for my sins, but I smell your judgement through the little screen window in this wooden whisper closet.

Have you heard about this fucking statue we have? It's a statue of some guy looking out at Rio. Rio's pretty cool, it's the inspiration for a song by the smartest band ever Duran Duran.



SOUTH AMERICA

CHILE



Yeah Yeah Yeah its so fucking funny that our name sounds like chilly or chili. Yeah fuck you imperialist. Goddamn racist motherfucker. Can't have some respect for us.

Pinochet Is Dead. How To Celebrate:

- Self-love (jack-off in the river)
- Give him a hug. Say "sorry, bud you tried." then CONFETTI DROPS.
- Sharing dildos
- Dance Dance Revolutionary War
- Take his silly body for a joyride in your mazeratti
- Ironic sex party, we all stand around naked like "oh wow I'm totally gonna fuck you" while drinking IPA
- Get a big ol' glass of marbles. Glug glug.
- Pinochet piñata
- The same way I celebrated the birth of my son -- cheat on my bitch wife



MISSED CONNECTIONS

4/4 Must Have Your Feet (Santiago, Chile)

I saw you rollerblading on the boardwalk. Your feet were so large... you know what they told us as kids about big lady feet... deep vajeina. I would love to explore your toes. Your vajeina is not important. It is your feet I want. My wife has small feet. I don't like them. You had big brown hair!

ECUADOR



Come to Ecuador. You can be in Upper Hemispherical Region and Lower Hemispherical Region at the same time. That is us. You can double dutch over the equator. Just put your hair up in pigtails, Also, Galapagos. Darwin played with his turtles here.

Humans may think they rule the world. But they don't.

There is a park in the middle of the country of Ecuador. It contains over six trees, some benches, and is about 800,000,000,000 square acres.

Under one of those trees is a bench, and near one of the legs of the bench is a little hole. Inside of the little hole is a cavern of ants. But not just ants, fire ants.

These ants rule the world.

Every day they wake up and move the dirt of the earth around so that it doesn't collapse.

These Ecuadorian fire ants don't just speak every language, they created all of them.

Fear us.



GUYANA

Little-known Facts About Guyana:

- Has the world's 2nd cleanest Waffle House
- They have an LGBTQ+ amusement park called Gayana
- Chlamydia is a form of currency
- All men jack off twice a day. Exactly twice
- Anne Frank hated it there
- They invented basketball and baskets and balls
- I made an ass print in some cement there
- I was deflowered by a large Latin gentleman



PERU

The Names Of The Regions Of Peru:

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Peenland | 14. Pound Town |
| 2. Astroworld | 15. Upstein |
| 3. The beehive and her sassy sisters | 16. Downstein |
| 4. Incest is, for the time being, legal here in this region | 17. Epstein |
| 5. Nut Town | 18. Hole in the Ozone |
| 6. UREP | 19. Your mom knows the regions of this Peruvian wiener! HA! |
| 7. Mega Stuff Oreo | 20. The Rump |
| 8. PERUSSR | 21. Tri-tip |
| 9. Llamaville (you know like the song) | 22. T-bone |
| 10. Slightly Lower Peru | 23. Filet |
| 11. Jackson Heights | 24. Mime Central |
| 12. Sweast | 25. It changes daily based on Bubba Gump's specials |
| 13. Slightly Lower Peru | |



VENEZUELA

The President Of Venezuela Is:

- Very small man: I can't see him
- My wife. And I support her!
- The bird
- Blanket Jackson
- Tupac, he didn't die, he just found himself
- One of those 30 year old men who yell at teen girls

EUROPE EUROPE EUROPE
EUROPE EUROPE EUROPE

EUROPE. Ruh roh.

BOSNIA AND HERZEGOVINA

Yeah, your fucking girl left you for me cause I have strong, thick manly Bosnian muscles. Bosnia, the home of men and fucking kings. I care not for fidelity, I cheated on all my wives.



How To Improve Herzegovina As A Tourist:

- Fuck the president's wife
- Makeover montage
- Dig big hole in middle. Giant swimming pool
- Build a big ass Shake Shack
- Take off the glasses of every woman in the country
- 80s theme night
- Intoxicate the birds. Make the birds steal beer. Drink more beer with the birds
- Paint flames on it

CZECHIA



Czech yourself before you wreck yourself and other cool sayings. Hello, we are Czech. How is doing are you today? Just Czeching in. Did I mention we were occupied by the Germans during World War Two? Just thought I'd mention it. What's it like in America?

National Holidays Of Czechoslovakia:

January 17th - Czechoslovakia Memorial Day Sales Event Spectacular

January 26th - Dead Grass Commemoration Day

May 17th - Czechoslovakia dunk - basketball players around the world come and dunk on our leaders

June 4th - We Don't Have Enough Borsch For The Hogs Day

September 26th - Bury Children Who Died From Typhus Day

October 9th - Day For Appreciation Of Wooden Stick

November 4th - The Semen Drop

December 30th - Adidas Tracksuit Release Day

Denmark



HAPPY SUNDAY and "lots of love" from Denmark!!!!!! If you happen to visit Copenhagen, I think you might enjoy some of your Danish relatives....Some of them are YOUNG and "dynamic" and speak great English and would LOVE meeting you!!!!!!!!!! Niclas, who is 13, bakes WONDERFUL cakes - bet he'd bake one for you!!!



ENGLAND



I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry.
I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry.
I'm sorry. I'm sorry. Whip me more. I'm
sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm
sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm
sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

A PRESS RELEASE GRANTED BY BENSON COLLINGSWORTH, SPOKESPERSON FOR QUEEN ELIZABETH II

By order of the Queen of England, from the offices of Buckingham Palace

It is I, the Queen, Her Majesty, Ruler of Man, Slayer of Dragons, Delayer of Dementia. There has been enormous pressure on me to weigh in on the issue of my United Kingdom's exit of the European Union. I feel the suspense has been peaked quite nicely and I shall now announce my position. It shall be henceforth known that I do not give a single fuck about you poors. You should be grateful that I let you live, my ancestors would not have. Do not speak to me again, my former and forever serfs. Refrain from sending me any further letters or postcards or dead birds. My family gave you the opportunity for me to make decisions, but like the peasants you are, you chose to have rights instead. Take the poverty as a warning that you should have been born rich like a normal person.

The proceedings of Parliament will go on as planned. Sessions will return shortly and I will grace you with my presence with my annual speech. I shall not spoil the contents, but rest assured, I will be discussing how my dear son, Prince Andrew, is not a pedophile. One of his chums is just a pedophile is all.

As I finish my lovely remarks, I will leave you brutes to your dirty work. Clean up your own mess like the wankers you are. As we all know, after my speech, Sir Folsworth will bring in the Cambridge Sword and sacrifice a virgin. After the Tories and I have drunk the virgin's blood, we will bring in Prime Minister Johnson so he can sit in the corner and think about what he's done.

But most of all, thank you, lovely citizens. You, above all else, waste every second of my time.

-The Queen

P.S. I welcome the exit from the European Union because I am racist.

FRANCE



Hon hon, dumb bitch. This is France, lose some weight Yankee bastard. Please learn French before you talk to me. I think #MeToo is a catastrophe. I jack off publicly once a day. We call it brunch. I can't afford to live in Paris so I took my polycule to the countryside where we are mocked by the villagers. I love the films of Clint Eastwood, a genius who convinced me of the utility of the Iraq War.

Best Things To Do In Paris:

1. Putting thousands of locks back on the lock bridge in the dead of night
2. Wear a beret and fuck men with the beret on
3. Cry in public but with the Eiffel Tower in the background
4. Partake in a cup of authentic French Roast coffee at Le Starbucks
5. Start a snail sanctuary
6. Float down the River Seine at night. In a garbage bag. Following your murder.
7. Win the Battle of Algiers. Win it.

GEORGIA



Stalin was Georgian, except under USSR there were no nationalities. A lot of Russians are derogatory to Georgia's identity, and frankly, they should be. No one in this Caucasus country has a dishwasher or a phone and no one could even begin to understand what an "internet" is.

What George Orwell Wrote:

- "Sorry for your loss. I didn't know him, but he sounded like a great guy" in my dad's funeral book

- The screenplay to "Daddy's Home" starring Mark Wahlberg

- The sequel to Everybody Poops: Everything is Propaganda

- The Torah

- The Torah 2

- A check that bounced. Still owes me 50 bucks

- Little known fact: he co-wrote and directed one of my favorite short films, Twink Gets Hole Destroyed by Football Captain

- The screenplay to "Daddy's Home 2" starring Mark Wahlberg

GERMANY



Hallo, und herzlich willkommen. We are Germany and we appear to be absolutely neutral-feeling about you joining us, but will insist that we are overjoyed by your presence. Situated in the middle of all of the hub-bub of Europe, Germany is a very beautiful country with a lot of trees, just don't look into our history. To most of the world, Germany is a country full of Bretzeln (pretzels), Würste (sausages), funny leather pants (Lederhosen), and absolutely nothing else.

A GERMAN TRANSLATION, EXPLANATION, AND ANALYSIS OF A GERMAN SAYING-INSULT BY A GERMAN

In Germany we have a saying. The saying is this as follows: Du hast nicht alle Tassen im Schrank! In the translating into English, this German phrase would be turned into English words to become a sentence. This sentence would be as follows: You have not all of the cups in cupboard! It is kind of an insult, obviously. To not have the cups in cupboard? Who would be silly enough for this?

We use the German saying in German, because we are in the country of Germany, when someone is a bit crazy, a bit coo-koo. But a different coo-koo than the clock, because this person does not have birds popping out of their heads. This person perhaps thinks that it's okay to cross the street when the light signal does not have the green man with the hat, but instead the red man with the hat who is standing. Or perhaps this person without their cups in cupboard prefers the store of grocery purchases called lidl to the one called rewe. This is a very silly hypothetical person.

What this saying means to us Germans when said in German speaks on a greater larger level about the German people as Germans and how they insult one another in German. The reason this German saying in German is funny to us is because in Germany, we all collect cups. Naturally. But to not have all of your cups in the cupboard? This is the most silly mistake. very silly. The cupboard is the safest place.

GREECE



Greece is the location of the Mamma Mia film series and of a great economic depression. In Greece, things are so bad that I have to sell my spanakopita for two chickens less than normal. It's warm here. I piss in the ocean and shit in my backyard.

Do you need a change of pace from your tiny office cubicle? A breath of fresh air, perhaps? Consider paying a visit to the cultural hub of the Mediterranean: Greece! Come to our stunning beaches, and feel the sensual grind of sand between your toes! Relax in the summer sun for hours before stepping into the sea and feeling the water rush around those titillating tootsies. Not a beach person? Take a walk around our beautiful capital, Athens, and take in the sights until all your lovely little piggies are squealing to go home. And if your decadent digits aren't completely exhausted? Take a trip to Litochoro and hike Mount Olympus, home of the gods!

While you're here, don't be afraid to embrace Greek tradition and make yourself at home with our national customs, celebrations, and dress, especially by wearing some stunning open-toed sandals so everyone can admire those gobsmacking grass ticklers. Here in Greece, we've always had an explicit appreciation for the hottest part of the body. Don't believe me? Visit the incredible artwork at the National Archeological Museum, The Acropolis Museum, the Benkai Museum, and all the other wonderful sites for artwork dotting the Greek landscape, and if you haven't seen enough of those statuesque shoe fillers, come visit me at:

**17, Própodēs
571 00, Thessaloniki**

for a good time.

One time, I went to Greece and I got on this donkey and the donkey's name was Gus and it pooped on my purple light up shoe the ones that flash colors when you stomp down and I loved it not cause it pooped on me, though that was pretty awesome, but because we shared such a special adventure together and we really bonded so anyway we went on this trip and I got to ride this donkey and we went up and down a bunch of hills on and on and on until when we went up this one hill I had to yell "STOP" cause we had this beautiful look over the water and I just couldn't walk past it that would be as bad as a war crime so we stopped and me and this donkey just stared and shared this beautiful moment together and before I knew it I was gushing on and on about my relationship with my dad and the donkey looked me in the eyes and said HEEHAW and before I knew it I was crying because this was exactly what I needed to hear and that is my story and how Gus became my best friend the end

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL ON GREECE

Huzzah! A new free market has opened up! And in a place that isn't scary to visit. Recent brave entrepreneurs have been venturing over to the country of Greece where they sell food for 200% profit. Inexperienced readers of this paper may think that is cruel, but remember, they could be selling it for 400% profit, which is what this reporter would have done because I have no soul.

We caught up with one of these modern day Bill Gates. Anthony Davids is a soon-to-be billionaire who came from nothing. His father was just a doctor and his mother was just a lowly chair of the Department of Sexuality at a college outside Boston. Davids dropped out of Yale once his software company took off.

"Greece? Is the situation bad? Yes. Can we profit off it? Hell yeah." Davids said.

IRELAND



Into a bowl of Lucky Charms and out of the potato famine, you'll find mighty Ireland. Our political ambassadors at the University of Notre Dame have done a terrific job of upholding the nation's values of tolerance, pacifism and stone cold sobriety. When not car-bombing the English, we enjoy a frolic through the clover fields, blithely taking in the many red-headed Catholics staggering to mass.

An Old Irish Fairy Tale:

Billy McCreary was ramblin' home from the drunk tank on a Wednesdee morn when he stopped to notice somethin' in the streets. 'Twas a rainbow comin' in from over the peaks of Interstate 90. Billy said to himself, "As a loyal Irishman I must heed me callin' and travel to the end of the seven-colored lass and find that pot o' gold of old legend."

Billy took a swig from his safety flask and continued towards the Interstate. As he approached the concrete behemoth, Billy knew he must tackle this problem with the utmost clarity of mind, and in his drunken state was at a severe disadvantage of outwittin' the Leprechaun on the other end. He proceeded to throw up at the thought, and continued onwards anyway.

Billy soon stepped onto the Interstate and could see the tiny green fellow paradin' around up ahead. The light reflectin' off the rainbow shined in the young lad's eyes with the sparkle of a thousand pearly gates. Billy was then hit by a Subaru Outback driven on the wrong side of the road by an Englishman. The moral of this story: Keep your wits about you and fuck the English.

ITALY



Italy has the highest number of prime ministers who are also sex criminals or perverts. One of them kissed me at a party randomly without my consent. I was like "oh, Mr. Prime Minister, I only want to be acquaintances, not friends because you are miserable and unlikeable." His name was Johnni Beaueretti. Mamma Mia indeed!

Cooler Italian Pasta/Pizza Toppings:

- Fine imported leather
- SSRIs painted to look like pepperoni
- Apple podcasts about racism
- Meow mix
- I hate to say this, just hear me out: cum
- Ice
- Yo-yo string

Ask Frank! The column where Pope Francis (full name Jorge Mario Bergoglio) answers the metropolitan youth's burning queries. In this special edition, our guy (his Holiness) does a lightning round of your dirty questions.

Tina from Syracuse: "What does God think of business school?"

Frank: "I teach my disciples to respect the whole of creation, but there is a special place in hell reserved for these idolaters."

George from Chinatown: "Why aren't any of the Chinatown buildings ADA compliant?"

Frank: "We all have our crosses to bear. Penance is good for the soul."

Sally from Queens: "Fuck, Marry, Kill: The Holy Trinity?"

Frank: "I prefer fuck, Mary, kill."

Lucy from SoHo: "If you're 'all knowing' and 'omnipotent'... How many fingers am I holding up?"

Frank: "Three. The thumb doesn't count."

Peter from Brooklyn: "How do you deal with the temptations of premarital sex?"

Frank: "The thumb doesn't count."

Jennifer from the alley between 12th and Broadway: "If I miss church to sleep in after a night partying, how can I make up for it?"

Frank: "The greatest poverty is a lack of Christ, so haul ass to your nearest church and empty your wallet."

Sam from Harlem: "What does God want from me in college?"

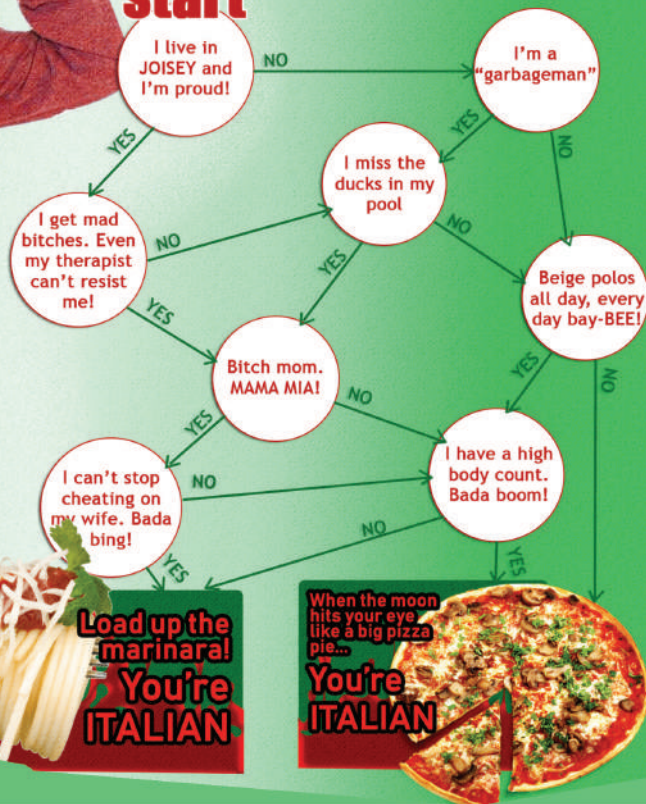
Frank: "At least a 2.0... C's get degrees."

Ralph from Jersey: "If I live a life of sin, committing atrocities all along the way, but confess immediately before I die, do I still get into Heaven?"

Frank: "Shit, bro. Don't tell anybody."



Do **YOU** Have **Italian?** **start**



Strong willed?

Able-bodied?

Italian?

Rat?

Take back our rightful rat nation; join the rat corps! We have a wide range of assignments available, including, but not limited to:

See a pasta? Jump into the pasta while it's cooking. When the pasta is served, pop outta the pasta! Terrify those pansy patrons. Instigate a health inspection!

Incite violence! Ensuing class warfare? Who knows!

Take back our sewers. They act as a tactically crucial network for our soldiers, and will provide fertile ground for our empire. They have been occupied by the Poles for far too long.

Chew.

Wear little hats. For purposes of intimidation and to be fine as hell.

Fuck mice. No really we must expand our gene pool. I hate to say it but incest is a problem in the Italian rat community.

Nibble nibble squeak squeak.

Italian nostrils provide ample space for the establishment of new colonies. Lay your eggs there.

Ride the train from Milan to Rome, taking in the scenery all the while. Think to yourself: "Someday, this will all be ours". Then have lots of adorable rat sex on the train.

Together, we can return this land to its former rat glory. And, if you ever feel discouraged, just remember the wise words of our great leader Mousellini: "I'd rather live one day as a rat than 100 years as a Pole."

NORWAY



Haha, ohhhkay Norway. Chill out. Geez. Hi, it's Sweden and Denmark, here to talk about Norway, the youngest Scandinavian sibling. Sweden is oldest and smartest they watch yourself dude Denmark is middle cause everyone forgets it exists ~~NUH UH THAT'S NOT TRUE~~ and Norway is youngest. Finland is the adopted kid who has the same last name but isn't as weird as us. For the most part Norway is pretty lame BUT in its credit, has fjords.

What Young Norwegian Girls Do For Fun:

- Getting married to desperate Americans for a green card
- My mom, they are pegging her. I'm sorry
- Vaping, but in Norway
- Manufacturing tiny pendants, each with a horny ghost inside
- Smelling milk
- Giving birth to devils
- Having good relationships w/ their parents
- Racing reindeer across the fjords
- Believing in the holy trinity

 I got a taste for men who're older

Summertime suppositories 

 I have AIDS 

It's a party in the USA

 In a criminal justice system, 
sexually-based offenses are especially
heinous



SPAIN



Hi, my name is Guthman Thmith and I am from Thpain. Yeth, Thpain, the most beautiful country in the world! Thtop laughing, I'm therious! Thtop laughing, theriously! Okay, let me thtart over. Thpain is the land of excellent wine, wonderful food, and five hour lunch breakths. You've got to thtop laughing, I have to get through all of thith, okay! Thtop! THTOP! I thwear, we're pretty awethome. It's thtuth hard to exthplain with thtuth worth, you know? My teacher chothe me to do thith prethentation cauth I'm the cooleht kid in the clath. I am! Theriously, I am!

My name's Orman Castillo, I'm a Spanish conquistador. And by the conquistador, I mean repeat public masturbator.

I trekked across Europe this summer, giving the world my gifts. On the Spanish steps, I masturbated. At the Eiffel Tower, I jerked it. In Sicily, I shit myself but that was unrelated. I tried to masturbate in Eastern Europe but a man in an Adidas tracksuit took my pants from my ankles, dragging me with him. Once he was able to secure my wallet, he dragged me, by my ankles, to the river where I was poisoned by the pollution in the Balkan Sea. It was like the time I ran with the bulls and my pants fell down and I ended up shitting all over a bull.

My parents were so proud.

Buenas tardes, mi amor. You want to learn Flamenco? Well do I have some tips for you!

1. First, wash the gravy stains out of your spicy red flamenco dress and whip out your extra sensual clogging shoes (we prefer Adidas, but New Balance will do just fine)
2. Put on the dress. Spin. Now spin again. Ay dios mío, how sensual you look in that spicy flamenco dress and those sensual New Balance clogs! Is not flamenco a thing of beauty? Sashay onto the dance floor, but take care not to trip over Juan. In fact, don't mind Juan. Juan is not there. But step over him.
3. Juan will be your guide. But again, Juan is not there. Now, take a deep breath. Let it fill your hollow body. Juan wants you to take that sensual air and send it all the way down to your rubber-soled wooden clogs. ¡Muy bien! ¡Sí! Now you are dancing the Flamenco with a capital 'F', and Juan is pleased, even while he is not present!
4. Take your skirt, hold it between your sensual fingers, and twirl the fringes. Shake to the beat; pop to la guitarra! Juan plays these instruments just for you! Juan is so proud, regardless of his existence!
5. At the end of the Flamenco dance, there is applause, all from Juan. He is so happy to see you again. He has not seen you since the accident, but he sees that you are doing many great things. Juan loves you, chiquita. Juan misses you.

Once upon a noche (night),

There was monkey. Monkey called Jorge. Jorge was born to great banana fortune. His father, Jorgé, was the widest primate in the jungle—just a wall of ape. He commanded respect with his size. He also killed a human man with a single bitch slap, so extra bonus respect points for murder. And get this: this man—the man Jorgé merked—was Mr. Dole Banana himself.

The royal family now lives in Mr. Dole's rusty banana truck, and Jorge, monkey prince of oblong yellow fruit, gets to go to the best school bananas can buy. It seems like Jorge has it all, no? It seems like the Suite Life of Zack and Jorge, no? Well, no. Jorge may be rich, he may go to big bucks monkey school, but deep down, Jorge feels like mushy banana. Jorge doesn't know why he feels this way, he just does. Jorge no tell anyone about feelings of mushy banana, because he no want other monkeys call him names like "teat sucker" or "Freud."

Most days after school, Jorge swings home by his monkey self, just thinking dumb sad monkey thoughts. Today, though, Jorge thinks "Maybe I go to therapy."

Sweden is a lot more than just IKEA. There are at least 2 IKEAs in the entire country. And there are more meatballs in the country of Sweden than there are the balls on Swedish men. So at least 7 meatballs.

Greta Thunberg:

"This is all wrong. I shouldn't be here. I should be back outside on the other side of these steel Ikea entrance doors. Yet the arrows that supposedly lead to the exit sent me back into a European style model bedroom with fake windows displaying the Seattle skyline? How dare you! You have purloined my appreciation of heart shaped ottomans with your empty customer service desks. And yet I'm one of the lucky ones."

SWEDEN



The Jantelagen, or Laws of Jante, are a strict code followed within Scandinavia in order to invoke self-hatred without the aid of the Catholic church. The Nordic God, Sjorkskeveðefinskaenleftsæflødbølleanske (In English: Joe), instructed these laws to the Scandinavian people (though Sjorkskeveðefinskaenleftsæflødbølleanske (Joe) referred to the Nords as the Unchosen People) in order to keep them quiet. By repeating the Jantelagen on a bi-daily basis, the Nords have engrained self loathing into their very being, making it the primary and only remotely interesting characteristic of a Scandinavian. Passed from mouth to mouth through the centuries, most Scandinavian children are able to recite Jantelagen before using the potty correctly. The Danske author Æsbjørn Jørgen Smølfespårk took painstaking effort to correctly condense and state Jantelagen in his autobiographic novel, Æ am Støpid.

Here they are:

1. *You* are not unique.
2. *You* are not special.
3. *You* shall *pretend* to dislike the Cosby show.
4. *You* are a piece of shit.
5. *You* shall not eat carbs.
6. Your therapist has been lying to you. It *is* your fault.
7. When you had an awkward conversation with that person you asked out a month ago and they never responded, that's because they know you touch yourself just a little *too* often. Like not a worrying amount but an amount you should feel ashamed of.
8. Stop jacking off *please*.
9. I'm talking to you, please *stop* jacking off *right now*.
10. *You* disgust *me*.

Switzerland

Goats. Watches. Fondue. Four official languages. Mountains. Heidi. Chocolate. Cheese. Mountain goats. Yodeling. Porking mountain goats. With consent. This is Switzerland.



Best Things To Do In Switzerland:

- Drown in chocolate
- !!!FIND THE VON TRAPP FAMILY!!!
- Wait out the Nuremberg trials
- Be sexually and intellectually irresistible as always
- Reconvene at the fancy convenience store
- Attempt to make the peaceful country a real war power house

AFRICA

is pretty hot, or at least according to the 2005 film Duma. A lot of people mistakenly think Africa is actually a country, but it's not. You were stupid to ever even think that.

EGYPT



It might be best if you sit down for this cause this may be a surprise to you. Egypt, the place we all read about in sixth grade history class as this ancient civilization that was a major part of human history and evolution and stuff? It still exists today. I know. Everything you read about in your textbooks, it's still around. The whole country still exists. And those giant pyramids? Still around. Obsession with cats? They still have it. Cleopatra? Still dead.

This text, found on a sandstone tablet, took 15 years to properly translate, despite the fact that it was found in an ancient garbage dump.

Dear "God,"

What the hell dude? The lice, ok. The frogs, gross but fine, we'll live. Killing our first born, whatever I'll live. But the boils dude! That was harsh. My skin was near flawless. I just got down my night time skin care routine and I was getting my daily oil rub downs. And then you come and fuck it all up. A face mask won't get rid of these shits. My Gods would never do something like that. Maybe you should take a note out their books, when they need to get things done they don't give them boils, they have the decency to leave their skin alone and just curse them. And you can tell Moses he left his favorite robe here, I've been using it to wipe the puss from my boils. So I just wanted to say: I'm deeply offended by this shit that you pulled and you can suck my boils.

**Love,
The Pharaoh**

HOW TO BUILD A PYRAMID:

Step One: Acquire some sandstone. Pray to the Sun God Rah and in return he will bless you with a Home Depot gift card. Talk to Barb in sales and she can hook you up with a pretty great discount.

Step Two: Hire an outside contractor. You want to find someone who knows Egyptian mythology and power tools. I'd recommend Joey Salmonera over on fourth street. Great guy. Gets the job done.

Step Three: Find an area of land approximately 800 feet by 800 feet. In terms of New York real estate, this should cost upwards of six life's wages.

Step Four: Mummify yourself. Pro-tip if step four is completed before payment, you are no longer fiscally accountable to Joey or the Home Depot retail department.

Step Five: Celebrate! You are now the proud (recently deceased) owner of your own Egyptian-style pyramid.

*Why mommy hate me
I can't read hieroglyphics
Language barrier*

*Want to make her proud
But it is so hard for me
Mommy is King Tut*

*Mommy is in tomb
I watch sunsets every night
Are you happy now?*

*Tell me do you know
Hieroglyph for "I love you"
I would say it back*

Ethiopia is the only African country to never be colonized. The citizens believe, due to a Biblical text, that the Ark of the Covenant is located within the country and it probably is. Many Ethiopians view Ethiopia as the country that is closest to the fictional country of Wakanda which is ruled by T'Challa, also known as the Black Panther.

ETHIOPIA



Reasons Why The Ethiopians Are Better Than The British:

- Better teeth
- Better top
- Better bread
- Heartier meals
- Big, soft, luscious, and creamfilled balls (testicles) unlike the shriveled British balls (testicles)

MISSED CONNECTION

6/4 Little Lady Big Feet (You "lost" your jacket)

You had big feet, but were so slim and tall. Your jacket!! I stole it. I'd like to give it back. Contact Stephan

MADAGASCAR



Did you know that Oscar nominee, Noah Baumbach co-wrote Madagascar 3: Europe's Most Wanted?

Fun And Not-So-Fun Facts About Madagascar:

- Big
- Also small
- Hot
- Also cold
- It's an island so there's water nearby
- The movie Madagascar was filmed there
- I killed 6 journalists with my car
- Tension with Madagoosecar
- The color green doesn't exist there
- No, seriously, I killed many journalists. I am a monster
- My tortoise, Fappert

MOROCCO

A Description Of Moroccan Art:

- Too horny for its own good
- Naked ladies on street corners ready for painting. Just bring a brush, but make sure you ask for permission or else they will give you a very coy kiss on the hand
- Like Picasso, but better
- It feels nice when i touch it at a museum, but then its loud when the alarms beep and I hate it when the security guards tackle me. A full experience, Moroccan art is
- I was made to smell it. Please let me
- Tall and/or wide



MISSED CONNECTION***11/7 Gazing in the Aisle of Publix
(Place des Ferblantiers Mall, Morocco)***

I was getting a pub-sub-deluxe and you were buying yogurt and cranberry juice. Your disgusting hair was stuck to the sweat of the bottle. I saw you in the dairy aisle. I was also buying three gallons of milk and you watched me drop all my milk and used your shirt to clean up the mess. They say not to cry over spilled milk, but i am crying over losing you so soon. As soon as the mess was wiped you left. You left three brown strands of hair. I couldn't find your in the DNA database... You didn't even pay for your yogurt and cranberry juice. Where did you go? Who are you?

SOUTH AFRICA



Hi, I'm Elon Musk. You may know me from when my grandfather profited off Apartheid. When I'm not busy investing in hair plugs or being connected to Jeffrey Epstein, I am hanging in my glorious home in South Africa, making 6-year-old memes and dating my inappropriately young girlfriend.

FOND MEMORIES OF SOUTH AFRICA:

I had just gotten off the school bus. It was early evening—the sun was a sour mustard and I still had a bit of sleep in my eyes. I set off walking to the corner of Fairfax and San Vicente Blvd, as I usually do, to catch the Metro—a public bus, for those unfamiliar. The Los Angeles County Metropolitan Transportation Authority is an agency that operates public transportation in the Los Angeles metropolitan area. It was formed in 1993 out of a merger of the Southern California Rapid Transit District and the Los Angeles County Transportation Commission. It is chartered under state law as a regional transportation planning agency. Knowing the Metro schedule—arriving in 1 minute or in 12 hours—I picked up the pace. At this point, I was at a brisk walk. It was then that they appeared—in a cloud of ash and vomit. They, of course, being the South African alternative hip hop group Die Antwoord.

**I'm sowwy. I did apawtheid.
I caused awnd pwofited of
the systemic opwession of
othew waces. I pwomise I
won't do it again.**



AFRICA

ZIMBABWE



Donald Duck here. Taking a break from my now-famous world sex tour to eulogize the late Prime Minister of Zimbabwe Robert Mugabe, a complicated man who-- whoops, sorry, my duck viagra just kicked in! Time to get fuckin'! Ciao!

Things We Miss Most After Studying Abroad In Zimbabwe:

- My hot Zimbabwean boyfriend
- The Bibles I had to fuck
- I love the president, he cool
- Driving drunk through the streets at night
- The baguettes
- I decided to disappear into the jungle. I miss the jungle.
- The jungle wants me
- Riding the tigers, taming them, teaching them to call me mommy
- Giving smooch to soil, smooch smooch sweet earth
- The big water pot I carried around

ASIA ASIA ASIA ASIA
ASIA ASIA ASIA ASIA

ASIA AND THE MIDDLE EAST is honestly kinda impossible to describe. It's a freakin huge ass continent that holds most of the people of the world. From Russia to the Middle East, it's kinda got every kind of temperate zone.

ARMENIA



In Armenia, we like to keep things simple. We wear our unibrows proudly, work long hours on the family farm, and never think about genocide. Our most popular celebrities are Kim Kardashian, Sid Haig, and Cher. And none of them think about genocide... ever. Never crosses their minds. What kinds of food do we like? Glad you asked. Those are the kinds of things you should ask us about... certainly not about genocide. To answer your question: shampour, khash, longstanding ignorance in the West, and Baklava.

Hi, I'm Armie Debian, an Armenian comedian. I know you're here at a comedy club to see comedy so here is my comedy. Ok, so imagine, right, that I don't have a beautiful and supportive girlfriend, which, to be clear, I do, but not in this bit, right? Ok, so I don't have a girlfriend and I have spent the proper amount of time getting over my previous situation right? And now, I am looking to spend the night with someone. Sexually, in this scenario. So then imagine I meet a girl at a bar and I hypothetically hit it off with her. Now, what if she was a Christian right? Sort of devout but realistic about her needs this fictional woman is. And we go home, to my fictional apartment or hers, and I am incredibly unsatisfied sexually. So then, imagine, this version of me, a comedian, with no girlfriend, disappointed sexually, coming to this open mic and saying "this Christian pussy bouta turn me atheist." Thank you, I will now do crowd work.

BURMA***Burma!
Superstar!*****Reasons Why Burma Is The Best:**

- They have big hats
- They mentioned it in a Holocaust book I had to read in 5th grade
- Their national superhero: Captain Burmerica
- Burm-uda, Bahama, come on pretty mama
- Fasts on Yom Kipur
- Burminator 2: Judgement Day
- I ordered pizza to Burma as a prank and Pizza Hut had to declare bankruptcy
- Burmasturbation
- They have teapots there for very low prices

CAMBODIA



Did you know that Jesus was from Cambodia? Even he doesn't like it here enough to come back. What with the diamond mines and dictatorship and stuff.

How To Repair Relations With Cambodia:

- An Edible Arrangement
- Take her to cheesecake factory
- Point to the dollar menu at Mcdonalds and say "pick any two items you want, my Queen"
- We don't, my therapist says not good for me
- Bring back the temperance movement
- Cook and shoot heroin
- Have another baby
- Read the manual
- Give them the deer and let them graze
- Give her a cake, apologize, do the Say Anything scene outside her window, deliver an edible arrangement

CHINA



Dear Seatmate,

I'm not sure who you are, but I know we have something in common. We were both on this plane at one point. Sitting in this seat. Maybe you're on your way to China like I was. But where you're going is beside the point. The point is I sat in this seat.

***From,
Hank***

**China is home to
over one billion
people, but none
of them love me.**

CHINA

Chill

Hopefully you forgive me

I promise I'll make you cum

No, please, let me in

Alyssa I promise I'm different this time

Can I come in?

Hoe?

I'm outside the door, can you open it?

No! Don't call the fucking cops!

Alyssa I promise it's different this time

Calm down!

Happy?!

I broke all your mom's china for you!

No I don't have the pieces?

Alyssa did you not want me to break it?!

CHINA

INDIA

What Dev Patel Was Doing In Your Dream:

1. Making sweet love to my boyfriend
2. Trying to sell me real estate in Iraq
3. Telling your mom your darkest secrets!
4. Building up your ego with compliments about your new haircut and then tearing it down ruthlessly by saying "not"
5. Investing in your small business
6. Taking pictures of you and smiling. He wants your autograph. Give Dev Patel your autograph
7. Rocking me to sleep



ISRAEL



How to ignore someone's opinions on Israel:

- Be too busy giving cunnilingus to hear
- I'm not Jewish

Ai! Chabibi! Israel! The most westernized country in the East has a lot to offer, for example Israel invented Gay Pride, hummus (the best is Sabra), Natalie Portman, and cucumber salads, as well as a delectable single Jewish state in which all people have free reign over cars, roads, and road signs. We have a large, diverse population of Conservative, Reform, and Orthodox jews. All other populations... Not So Much!

Sacha Baron Cohen loved Israel so much he made his wife convert in the Land of God. We've always been the Land of God, since 1948. Come to Tel Aviv, party, find an IDF soldier named Avi or Elan, consummate your three-day romance, get him to emigrate to America to work at a mall kiosk selling Dead Sea Masks for \$55.99 and continue the Israeli bloodline! The baby will look great in Olive drab ;)

JAPAN



Ah, Spring in the great city of Osaka. Listen to the little chimes of bamboo. See the children running beneath the canopy of telephone wires. Be content that most survive. Feel the soft, wet earth between your toes. Look beyond the trees to see the soaring, snowless mountain peaks. See the Sakura in bloom. Watch the blossoms drift gently from their pink perches. Watch them approach you. There are so many of them. So many flowers, and so many pink little petals. You try to step back, but you may not move; the sakura blossoms wish to speak to you. You try to run, but the flowers are faster. Watch as the tiniest one of all dances through the air and zips right into your gaping nostril. Congratulations; you are ready for ascension.

Ah, how sweet it all smells! Allow the blooms to surround you and lift you, deftly, from the chilly ground on which you once stood. Listen to their whispers, and hear their calls. Earth becomes air. Fire becomes love, and you become big 'ol blossom boy.



SINCE 1776

KYOTO JOHNSON'S SUSHI PALACE

DINNER MENU

THE KING OF ASIA 9.99

Tuna, daikon sprouts, a cucumber butt made into a tiny crown

ORANGE BLOSSOM 8.49

*Avocado, tempura shrimp, topped with orange zest and the house sauce***

THE DRAGON FISH 7.99

Lotus root, salmon, chili, a 2-inch square of charred horse jerky

MANGO PARADISE 9.49

Spicy tuna, carrots, mango, little horse croutons

THE STALLION 8.99

Horse inside, horse outside

THE GODFATHER ROLL 9.49

Severed horse head in your bed. Please order 48 hours in advance. Grazi.

CALIFORNIA ROLL 12.49

A horse on fire, running through the Topanga Canyon thinking to himself, "Seabiscuit was my grandfather and I still have to deal with th--" then he dies mid-horse thought. It's your fault.

SMALL BREAD 4.49

***horse sauce*

FOR OUR GUESTS WITH ALLERGIES,
PLEASE FEEL FREE TO:
EAT SOMEWHERE ELSE,
YOU NEEDY BASTARDS



We are purposefully making Korea a single country because we are devastatingly optimistic. Hopefully one day the entire world will be just one big country called Buttsland.

KOREA



Games Koreans Will Always Beat You At:

- I don't play video games, I'm a hot woman.
- Wii Sports. Not real spots. Just Wii Sports.
- Generational wealth
- The bar exam
- Those games they advertise for on Pornhub
- Thumb war (HUGE thumbs over in Korea!)
- Read this book in Korean and FAST
- Hopscotch
- Oppressing Palestine
- Celebrity Jeopardy
- Who makes the squarest scrambled eggs?
- Baseball with my dad on the front lawn

MISSED CONNECTION:***02/14 Punk chic at Yongpyong Resort (Gangwon-Do, Korea)***

You wiped out on the bunny hill but kept trying. You wore an all-black ski jacket with Minor Threat and Joy Division patches and had torn jeans on. 200 cm 125 lbs size 12 boots. Your knees were so ashy and red all I wanted was to rub lotion on your knobby little knees. Did you know how cold it was? Your ski helmet had so many stickers but was falling apart in a really cool way. You noticed I was sorta stiff after I came up behind you while you were in line for hot cocoa with extra marshmallows. I pressed against your body (the lodge was crowded, but we knew that wasn't why) and you almost slapped me. I'd love to meet you again. Maybe for coffee or something a little more fun? You're the coolest female I've ever touched with my eyes. I live in Alta resort-- ask for David next time you're here. Or find me under the ski lift (my house is the one with black curtains). I'm telling everyone who works here to look out for you. I will find you and have you. Until soon, my dearest love-dove.

Mongolian barbecue is superior to Texas barbecue in every way. I should know.

We were misrepresented in the trash Disney poop called Mulan. Our beards are far more voluptuous. We condition. We promise. Our horses have big ankles and they rock.

MONGOLIA



Ever heard of an eagle hunter? An eagle hunter is what humanpersonss call their stupid little bitch humanpeople who are smart enough to use majestic power of the soaring eagle but shitty enough to take all the credit for it. I'd like to see a stupid little naked bitch humanperson flying through the air, killing deers and shit. Fat fuckin chance, they too fat and ugly for that. Eagles, though? Eagles are badass.

And that's me. My name is Gael McEagle, and I'm a 208th generation (I know, I know, pretty young to the game) eagle hunter from Mongolia (fuck Kazahstani (Ayaru, I'm sorry, please take me back)). I started being an eagle when I was born one, and I started hunting when my youth humanperson sidekick made me. But it was soon clear that I wasn't just any old cool eagle, and not just cause of my rugged good looks (I ain't no ugly ass bald eagle, I got hair -- AND I got the biggest talons in town, baby). I was special, a hunter to be remembered. An eagle not to be fucked with. The humanperson and I practiced a bunch, even though I didn't really need it, and before long I was killing stupid smaller animals left and right.

So when my youth humanperson signed us up for a hunting competition, I knew history was being made. For me. Finally the world could be privvy to my hot fuckin talons and bitchin bod. If my youth humanperson stood real still, I thought maybe it'd get some recognition. But when we won, who got written up? The youth humanperson I worked with! It's fucking bullshit! All the other eagles around me told me nah, don't do it dawg (which is a weird colloquial for a bird to use, I know), this is just what humanpeople do, they make up contests to satisfy some carnal need for praise and approval, completely ignoring the fact that we tiny ass birds just brought them a whole fuckin deer from the sky. But I was like bitch, what more can I do for you? That was it for me.

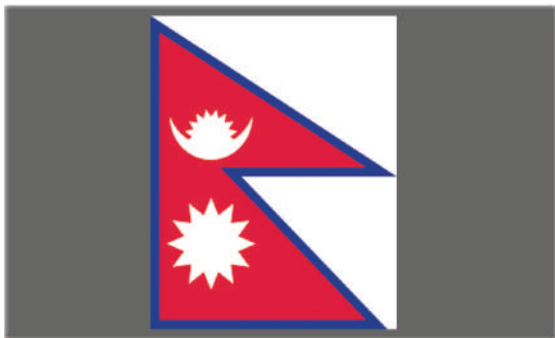
So I turned to my eagle brothers and gave them that inspirational speech from the movie Highlander, word for word. You know the one. And yeah, it also works in bird communities -- that shit is emotional. I told my comrades to follow my lead, and one by one we started hunting the humanpeople too. That's right, we eagles are making humanpeople our bitches.

NEPAL

The Legend of the Yeti

By Not the Yeti

Some call ~~me~~ it the Yeti, others say the Abominable Snowman, ~~but my mom~~ its mother calls ~~me~~ it Meh-Teh. Critics claim that ~~I'm not~~ it isn't real, but ~~I am~~ it is, even if ~~my dad~~ its father won't acknowledge ~~me~~ its existence.



PALESTINE



Solutions for the Israeli-Palestine Conflict:

- Give them hugs — or the Eastern Divan orchestra! Music solves all wounds
- This looks like a case for Sherlock Holmes
- Everyone bakes their own cookies with their own special recipes and then shares them with everyone else. Then they chat, but no one knows whether you're Israeli or Palestinian.
- Free tickets to "Stomp"
- Get them in the same room and Parent Trap their asses
- Take a bubble bath, like Oprah do
- Try turning it off and on again

PHILIPPINES



A short people.

Dear President Duterte (and whoever else it may concern),

I am enraged by the alterations you have made to Boracay island, and demand you restore it back to its former glory. How could you have closed it for six months under the guise of restoration only to completely destroy it! The white beaches and crystal clear water you claim are "beautiful" "clean" and "idyllic" are simply bland and emotionless! No, I have precious memories of my beautiful children playing in the trash patches that naturally aggregated on the sandy coast. The cigarette butts and empty bottles were such lovely decor, with their colorful surfaces reflecting the shining sun, and a solid reminder to stay away from such vulgar vices- not to mention the plastic bags were great for my little ones' school lunches! And the worst part of all- the greatest loss the island has taken- has been the removal of the beautiful green algae that painted the lovely coast. Green is my favorite color, you see, and it blended in so beautifully with the lovely blue of the island waters! I long to make more memories on the lovely resort that I once knew- there is no joy like seeing a solitary turd drift by you as you boogie board in aqua green ocean water, or watching a brand new garbage island grow. I will not rest until my Boracay returns! You can expect to receive a letter every day until every last piece of refuse is returned to its rightful place.

I expect to hear back from you soon,
Juan Dillan Tugonon Barrientos

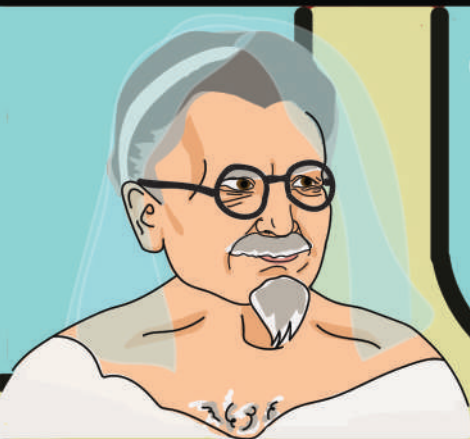
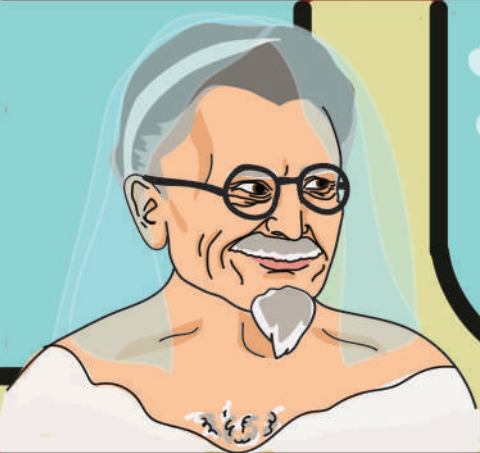
Russia



Some of the world's best things came out of Russia! Think: Tetris, pelmeni, borscht, my grandmother, communism, the list goes on. Alexander Pushkin once said: Russia is a sexy tight pussy and he couldn't be more right, may he rest in peace. Vladimir Lenin did something very cool that one time, and Stalin took a shit all over it. And then Brezhnev picked up the shit and smeared it on his head like a clown. And now here we are! We love Pussy Riot, we love Maria Abramovich, we love media, and most importantly, we love you. Btw what was up with Gorbachev's face? Kinda fucked up tbh.

Favorite Russian Pasttimes:

- Turning off the lights and hitting each other with sticks
- Chernobyl level incompetence
- Building your first explosive: a camp for 6-10 year olds
- Peeling potatoes for green smoothies
- Killing me in Counter-Strike: Global Offensive making me break my controller on my dick
- Finding common ground with their war criminal fathers
- Fill bottle with gasoline to make baby strong
- Dying winterly
- Making ice
- Premarital sex, in Russian



SAUDI ARABIA



Saudi Arabia is the world capital of journalistic freedom. Our embassy is the permanent home to many media professionals. Some we can't even remove from the carpet!

Saudi Arabia's Biggest Problems:

- Too much square dancing
- The sand is much too coarse for the Prince
- The "wokeness" of their president
- Really tall buildings make me feel like dick small
- They haven't seen Black Panther (2018) yet
- They did 9/11 and aren't afraid to use it
- Need more hot chicks
- Journalists

Welcome to Syria! Syrian citizens go through a lot but what they really love is when internet leftists who never do any real-life organizing argue about whether Bashir Al-Assad is bad. Maybe, the leftists think, if we discuss the same three things over and over again for years, the refugee crisis will solve itself.

SYRIA



Titles Of Syrian Self-Help Books:

- How to fucking stop caring and fucking kick ass at work like u boss ass fucking bitch
- Just because you're stateless doesn't mean doesn't mean you have to be sexless
- My Life on Dancing with the Stars and How It Changed My Sex Life Forever
- How to love your big butt
- Oprah's autobiography
- Books are bourgeoisie
- So you're Fucking Stupid: How to Not Be Goddamn Dummy

THAILAND



How To Be A Respectful Tourist:

- Limit your destruction of priceless artifacts to a minimum
- Don't be Hitler
- Bring really strong deodorant
- Make love to newlywed couples to make them divorce so when they remarry, they won't come back for their second honeymoon and disrupt the economy
- Excuse yourself before vomiting
- Don't be American

TURKEY

How To Deny The Armenian Genocide:

- Stop donating to their GoFundMe
- Remind the "United Nations" that their "Charter of Human Rights" is not compatible with the "values of our nation"
- Why does an Armenian want a genocide?
- Just like, let the hype die down
- Blackmail former president Barack Obama
- Make a history book but only mention it in a figure, not in the text
- Flip a coin. Heads, it did not happen. Tails, they deserved it



VIETNAM



Remember the war in Vietnam? Your grandad does. That's cause we handed his ass to him. Hi, we're the Vietcong, the only cool army on the planet. Through our secret tunnels and primitive weapons, we were able to take down your shitty grandfather while his wife fucked the mailman. He misses our gourmet heroin.

What Happened In Vietnam:

- I killed my mom in Vietnam
- I fell in love with my dog Fandango
- Bahn Mi was an imperial invention
- The Tiananmen Square Massacre 2
- I developed a deeper understanding of feminist theory
- I sent my kids there for summer
- Miss Prisoner of War Pageant
- Misplacement of agent orange in a lake leads to the creation of Sunny D
- I sucked dick for the first of many times. My wife never found out
- Tom Hanks lost his sole black friend

YEMEN



Yemen is the country Chandler goes to in Friends. Chandler, Monica, Joey, Rachel, and the sex pest Ross all live in Manhattan's West Village. Joey and Chandler were initially scared to live together in such close proximity to Stonewall. Even worse than the homophobia in Friends is the outright lies that the show spread. 1, its portrayal of Yemen was completely inaccurate. 2, I had to kill so many people before I was able to afford any of the Friends apartments (I now have a life-size perfect recreation of all of them. NY real estate huh?). 3, I refuse to believe that Ross is a good lover. Rachel says outright that Ross made her cum but I can't believe it, look at that doofus ass face and try to imagine anything but the utmost horror to see that face above you. Yemen deserves better. So does Rachel. Yemen Forever.

Today's Headlines In Yemen

- Wind strong and mildly inconvenient
- No news in Yemen, just the iCarly episode about Yemen on a 24 hour loop
- Ghadafi found alive, spent last 4 years getting buff in a cave
- HEROIN LEGAL!!!!!!
- Green Day visits, brings out bottled water
- Salmon fishing is still hot
- Big Titty Milf Comforts Step Son
- President of United States, Donald J. Trump found himself in hot water as he realized his hands, penis, brain, and skull are unusually small and he is orange and gay with Putin
- Hot Single Moms in Your Area

OCEANIA

OCEANIA holds more culture in its
little finger than you could even
dream of, you dickhead.

AUSTRALIA



What To See On The Safari:

- Safarodoc Jews
- The last happy moment of my parents' marriage
- Scabby the Rat and his rat wife, Scabette Polenta
- Arnold Schwarzenegger on all fours, but ass naky
- ... dad?
- What's it to ya. Mind your fucking business. Always asking me questions "what did I see on the safari?" Fuck off.

The National Museum of Contemporary Poetry has recently discovered and published a set of historic poems by famed Australian poet Bruce Neekendelhoff. Here are several excerpts from the exhibition:

The Sunset Over Sydney

***I was walkin' out back o' me recreational vehicle
To take a shit on me desert property
When I saw some random bloke
Drinkin' six pints o' foster's out of a didgeridoo
It was then I realized that this was no ordinary bloke
It was a fuckin' 'roo, mate
I ain't shittin' yah***

Memories of Loves Lost in Melbourne

***This foxy little sheila was walkin' down the main street
I tried to catch 'er attenchin wid me boomerang
But a fuckin' gull flew in front o' the thing
And decapitated the little pisser
Then the coppers came and arrested me for indecent
exposure
But that was a totally separate incident***

A Message From Australian Prime Minister Scott Morrison:

Dear You British Fuckers with your bad Teeth and sexual repression,

From 1788 to 1868, you dumb sons of bitches sent all your prisoners over to our lovely island as punishment for "crimes." Now, we return the favor. Now that your economy has collapsed, we are buying your country from Chinese loan sharks.

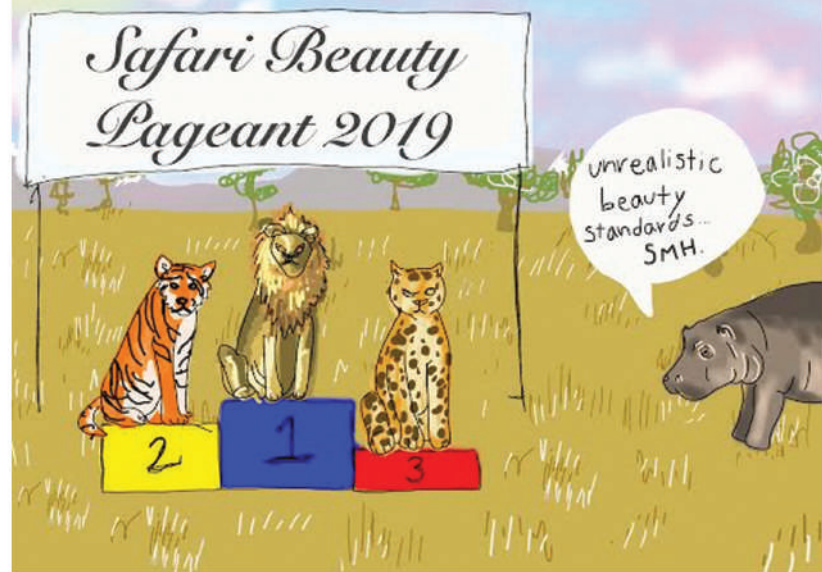
As Prime Minister of Australia and now Head Warden of Britain, I would like to welcome you all to your new and improved life of nonnegotiable indentured servitude under the auspices of the mighty Kangaroo empire. For the past 350 years, our country has suffered under the legacy of English convict deportation. Decades of inbreeding amongst a mostly criminal population has led to the creation of a Koala-loving superpower primed and ready to seek retribution. What's that? This isn't fair? You don't "want" to live in a prison colony? Payback's a bitch, ain't it 'mates. The sun is setting on the British Empire faster than a boomerang coming 'round the bend of a gum tree, and it seems you blokes have dealt the final blow with this whole "Brexit" thingamajig. Opportunity knocked and we grabbed it by the teesteets. Life's about to change, so buckle up buckaroos.

More orders to come in the near future.

Sincerely,

Scott Morrison

(Head Warden, Prime Minister, and Conjugal Visit Supervisor)



MISSED CONNECTION:

**12/12 Cactus Licking Cock and Ball Torturer
(Dalby, Queensland)**

You used to smash cactus' into my balls and
cactus spikes into my piss hole.

FRENCH POLYNESIA



French Polynesia is like a goddam dream, I shit you not, it's like some kind of autoerotic asphyxiation hallucination, but better. And I would know, cause autoerotic asphyxiation is the only thing that brings me joy these days. Or so I thought, until I learned about French Polynesia. The whole place is a tropical paradise, with plants and incredible woodwork and nonstop sunshine, and I don't even have to get to near death to enjoy it. It's crazy, French Polynesia brings me a kind of joy and peace with the universe that isn't even sexual, I don't even need to jack off to enjoy it. I've never known anything like it. I mean, I still do jack off but I don't *need* to.

What's Not Included In Your All-Inclusive Resort:

- The bill! Dine, dream, dick, and dash!
- Talking to your maid in broken Guatemalan
- DVD box set of "The Sopranos"
- The silverware
- Pornhub Premium
- A sense of restraint at the continental breakfast
- A gremlin (cute)
- I do drugs still. Give me MORE DRUGS AHHHH

MISSED CONNECTION:

01/04 BBC looking for a hispanic secretary to spoil (Easter Island, Moai with the big nose)

If this is u 4call me(twenty) and we can (696) set up a mee9696ting . pls. Send pic . feet. It isn't about the \$\$\$.



ANTARCTICA

ANTARCTICA is hella cold. Do not
visit -- penguins are excellent
pickpockets.

Oh my fuck you guys. It's me, Bill Nye the Science Guy, here on my first expedition to Antarctica. Did you know Antarctica isn't made of snow? It's made of blow! I am higher than the time Neil DeGrasse Tyson and I went on a bender and rolled around Vegas on Stephen Hawking's wheelchair! He's dead now, so it's OK. After buying it at his estate sale, we strapped some rockets to that bad boy and raced the cops. But those fuckers can't arrest me now, there's no laws in Scarface's Heaven! That's right. I, Bill Nye, renamed Antarctica. And yes, I'm the new mayor. Have you ever eaten penguin? I could never. I'm a pescatarian. Oh boy, do I hear another coke blizzard coming? Be right back, gotta run outside and do jumping jacks while a seal pegs me.

.
. .
.

I'm back! Quick, right? The seals here think I'm hot commodity, getting with a celebrity and all. They keep saying "Bill, Bill, Bill" which reminds me of my theme song. Inertia is the property of matter? More like coke is all that matters! Ooh! I have an idea! Science Experiment: If I pee, will it freeze and then give me a urine sword with my dink as a hilt? Let's find out!

Finder dates in Antarctica



I swear
my dick is
usually bigger
than this

JOIN THE PLAGUE!

Come fart and laugh with us!



***Sign up for emails and submit
pieces by emailing
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