


THE PLAGUE

SPRING 2016



A long, futuristic corridor with a grid floor and glowing walls. The corridor is illuminated by bright, vertical light strips on the walls, creating a strong perspective effect. The ceiling is high and features a complex, symmetrical, and ornate design. The floor is made of a dark, reflective material with a grid pattern. The overall atmosphere is high-tech and mysterious.

**Houston, we have the
Spring 2016 issue of
the Plague!**

A Note From Your Captains

Space: the final frontier—or is it? The answer is yes, it is. We checked and there are pretty much no more frontiers after space. I mean, we've been traveling through space for a while now and let me tell you: there's jack shit out here. Just endless tranquility and the occasional space sponge, which I'm told is just called a meteor.

But if you're reading this, you already know all that. Like us, you managed to escape Earth's annihilation and have begun the search for a new planet. Hey! Congrats! How many people can say they successfully fled their home planet as it was being obliterated? Not many, I bet.

"If so few people escaped, how did the editors of a college comedy magazine manage to make the cut?" you're probably asking yourself at this point. "Though I can't say it's a complete surprise, given how smart and brave *The Plague's* editors are," you're probably adding to your question.

Well, it was just one of those "right place at the right time" scenarios. In our case, sneaking onto a tour of the space museum when the news broke that Earth was being invaded by aliens. Long story short, we found ourselves aboard the only functional spaceship at the museum, while the museum staff found themselves slipping around on a bunch of wet banana peels and toy cars we littered behind us, accidentally.

This is not to say we are without purpose. Though our quest began out of necessity, it ultimately became one dedicated to scientific inquiry. Every day we ask ourselves what mysteries the universe holds, what our purpose is, and if there are any more snacks lying around that we might have forgotten about.

But mainly we're looking for a new place where we can rest these tired old bones of ours. Take a load off and let the puppies breathe, if you know what I mean. What would be *really* ideal is we find a new planet that's not a real hassle to get to from where we are now. Also, it would ideally have the same exact atmosphere as Earth and all the same buildings we used to go to. In the perfect world, there's better cell service on this planet and the rent is more reasonable, too.

So, what do we call ourselves? The Galactic Federation? The Imperials? The Rebels? All good options that I came up with, but no one else seems to like. In any case, we are *The Plague*, a humor magazine-turned space exploration team dedicated to the longevity of human civilization. It will be a harrowing journey, but with any luck, there will be some laughs along the way.

Til' Next Planet,
The Plague

STAFF

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Jeremy Levick
Calvin Lord
Josefa Bitenc
Courtney Perkins

All of the Work, None of the Credit

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Gilbert Shi

And Readers Like You!



Wayne Gretzky's First Drafts

"You miss 0 percent of the shots that go into the goal."

"You miss 6 percent of the shots you take when the goalie's a Koala."

"You miss 73 percent of the shots you take when you're about to shoot but your teammate slaps you on the ass and screams, 'Get it in there, Gretz!'"

"You miss 28 percent of the shots you take when you feed the puck to a live snake named Gary and hope that Gary will slither into the back of the net."

"I made 27 percent of the shots I took because I'm the best."

"We're not talking about guns, are we?"

"You miss 0 percent of the shots you take after you poke the goalie in the eyes and yell, 'You can't stop The White Tornado!'"



"You make 0 percent of the shots you take at a bar. The bartender makes it! Ha!"

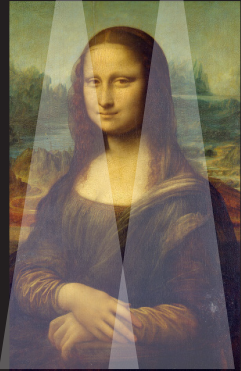
"You can't break hockey down into statistics."

Relics From Earth



Chariots

In ancient times, we used these beautiful horse-drawn vehicles for racing, fighting, and running some errands.



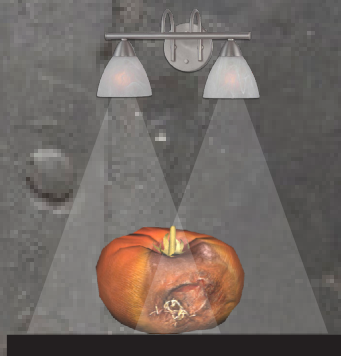
The Mona Lisa

One of the most famous paintings of all time, The Mona Lisa was commissioned by Dan Brown in 2003 for the cover of his book, "The Da Vinci Code."



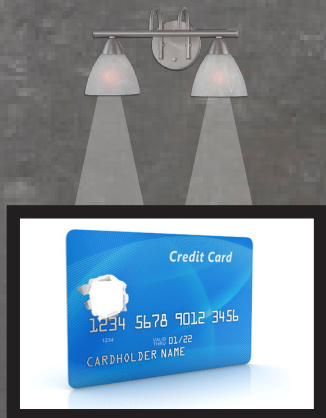
Rick Moranis In A Glass Cage

This is Rick Moranis, who asked to be in a glass cage, so we obliged.



A Spoiled Tomato

The tomato was a fruit consumed in many diverse ways, chiefly as an ingredient in salads, sauces, and drinks. This one unfortunately spoiled on the way to space.



Credit card

Back on Earth, everyone would hang out in the Union Square subway station by the Metrocard machines, waiting for people to accidentally drop these plastic payment cards. Once attained, they allowed you to walk right in to the 14th Street Best Buy and buy whatever you wanted, though it was usually wireless Xbox controllers.

The Last-Minute Gift Of The Magi

Della: Merry Christmas, Jim. Before I give you my gift, I feel I must tell you something: I cut off my hair in order to buy you a chain for your watch. It's sold, I tell you—sold and gone, too. I sold it for you. Maybe the hairs of my head could be counted but no one could ever count my love for you.

Jim: Della, dear! Ah, you know what?

Jim remembers he forgot to pick up a gift on the way home from work

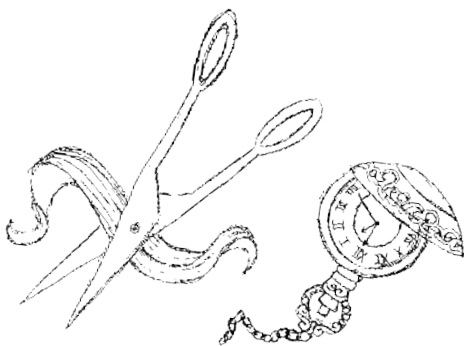
Jim: I think I left your gift in the car... let me run out and get it!

Jim runs outside, 2 minutes pass, Jim runs back in

Jim: Here we are! For you, my dear.

Jim presents Della with an ice scraper that still has some snow on it

Della: Oh, um. Thanks.



War Tactics

We wait until dawn, then dusk, then dawn again.

Dusk again, then dawn one more time. At this point, we've had ample time to consider whether we really want to attack or if it's just a phase.

Know Our Crew

Name: James Rawles

Role: Taste Tester

Favorite Memory From Earth:

“We all had our chores in the family. My job was to review the footage from the toilet cam for hemorrhoids.”

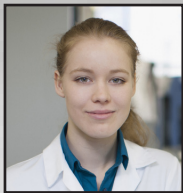


Name: Tony Schwab

Role: Intern

Favorite Memory From Earth:

“Dad thought no sports final was complete without a compelling backstory. So before every baseball tournament, he’d fake a heart attack and arrange a whole funeral so we’d be able to play in his honor”



Name: Sara McGowan

Role: Plant Planter

Favorite Memory From Earth:

“Mom would try to wake us up for school, but we would just start getting dressed and go back to sleep when she left the room.

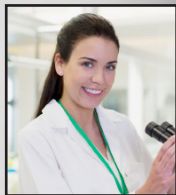
Mom was smart, though. What she would do is sneak back into the room, get up on our beds, and she'd jump up and down on our chests with her full body weight, shouting ‘Uh-oh! Chest crunch! Chest crunch!’ ‘Chest Crunches,’ she'd call them.”

Name: Cara Samuels

Role: Scrapbook Maintainer

Favorite Memory From Earth:

“Growing up, my mom cut all of us kids’ hair. We used to call it ‘the fork cut.’ She’d take a fork and pull it through each hair and twirl it up like linguine, then snip it off and take a big bite.”



Name: Jack Willson

Role: Bruised Fruit Inspector

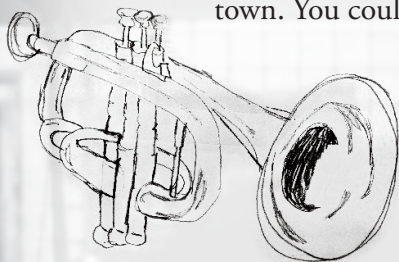
Favorite Memory From Earth:

“Every year, my family would take our least favorite cousin and try to launch her into space.”

The Jazz Man

Moved to Greenwich Village in 1948 hoping to make it big as a trombone player. Made it down from Buffalo with nothing but the clothes on my back, the money I earned as a general in the war, and my horn, Toots.

At first, it was tough finding a scene and making money. I spent the days writing copy and selling advertising accounts. It wasn't fun, but when 6 p.m. came around, that meant closing time and the start of a big night on the town. You could find me anywhere—the



park, Count Basie's, the Knickerbocker, the Z-train, or any of the up-and-coming clubs.

The scene was filled with some crazy cats, that's for sure. When you expected them to zig, they zagged. When you expected them to stop playing, they went on for another 20 minutes. Major notes became minor notes. Minor notes became someone yelling at them to get off the stage. They didn't care what the rules of music were, they were gonna make up new ones anyways.

I met this 18-karat saxophone player who went by the name of Joe Peanut. Not only could the boy blow, the finger-zinging he did really made the horn fill the room. I talked with him after the show, told him I blew the trumpet

back before the war, and next thing I knew I ended up laying down a little diddy. I couldn't remember the whole tune, but that didn't matter to Peanut. All of a sudden he started noodlin' along, and then the drummer, Suggs Malone, started hitting the hide, and the piano player, Earl of Albany, tickled those ivories and we had ourselves a sound.

But that sound didn't play too well up in the Bronx. At the next show, two guys by the name of Fat Suggs and Suggs Fats came up to our group and told us we had taken their sound. Now, Peanut and I had never heard of these boys, and we had been to every club where the cats could sing in the city. The Suggs boys told us the only way to settle it was a diddy-off. The next day we met in Washington Square Park with our instruments and laid down the rules: loser had to quit music forever, winner got to keep the other players' instruments.



Well, we started out alright, diddying and bopping to every note we knew. Turned out that they knew a few more notes than us—A#, for instance—and that made their blues sound a whole lot cooler and smoother. We knew we were beat, so I said goodbye to Toots and never looked back at jazz again.

The Beyond

I always knew I was different, maybe meant for something else. My name is Liv. I was born and raised here, just like my parents. But not my grandparents. They grew up in The Beyond, but that was long ago—before The Reckoning.

I sit in a clear bubble at the end of the plastic tubes course, watching President Chuck speak below. His gray fur matted, his two giant teeth gleaming. He's wearing his day-clothing, a purple and green jersey with a C on the chest. "C for Cheese!" he'd say on tax day, before collecting his government-mandated hug.

President Chuck concludes Morning Speech with a thumbs up, the signal to get back to work, and the citizens scatter. Today, I go with Pa—he's a Skeebo. Snug in the same purple jumpsuit he's worn since he was my age, Pa throws a wooden ball up the ramp, his arm swinging and back and jolting forward, ball after ball after ball. For a second, it looks like he's still got it, but then—all 10's. He's getting too old for this job. And once Chuck saw no use for someone, their fate was dim. Just last week, our Sector suffered the disappearance of Mr. Riley, a legendary MiniBaller who just wasn't scoring miniature baskets like he used to.

I find my way to Ma, who found work as a healer in the First Aid Tent, administering bandaids and Neosporin mostly to wounded soldiers from the Laser Tag Sector, and sometimes to kids who were running too fast on the

Jungle Gym. Before I have time to talk to Ma, the bell rings. Time to leave.



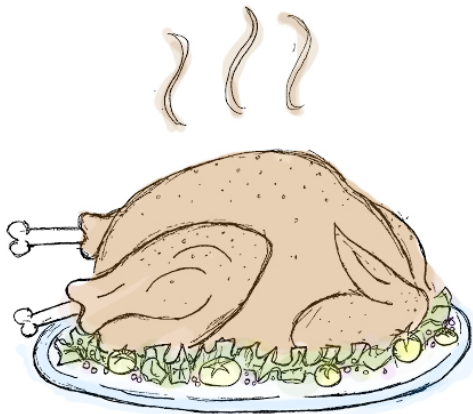
I pick at my rationed hot cheese and circle chips and sit cross-legged on the wacky space-print carpet. "The colors hide the stains better." It's the regulated leisure time for my age-group, so everyone is gathering to hear the music of Munch's Make Believe Band. As the animatrons play "Happy Birthday," I watch the Skeeboos and the MiniBallers look on in a daze. I look up at Ma, and I know I have to leave.

Chatty Uncle

Thanksgiving: Boy, you know the food's good when nobody's talking.

Movie Theater: Boy, you know we're invested in the plot when nobody's talking.

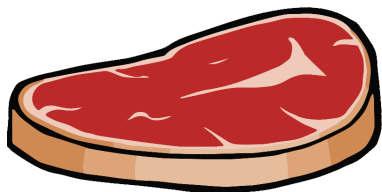
Funeral: Boy, you know we cared about the person dearly when nobody's talking.



*Tips For Preparing A
Flavorful Cut of Meat*



1. Cook it
2. Throw in a packet of Crystal Lite, wrapper and all
3. Visualize it tasting flavorful
4. Sing it a song, you're the piano man
5. Kiss softly, tenderly, and with intention
6. Flip it constantly, or only flip it once—nothing in between
7. You'll burn a few steaks but you'll be on the right track to feeling your way to the meat. Listen, man, it's like hiking: when you take the wrong path up the mountain, you just turn around and find your way up.
8. The three m's: Marinade, Marinade, and MARINADE!
9. There is no special ingredient, it was in you the whole time.



Growing Up

Sometimes I wonder if my parents really loved each other. Most nights, they slept in different beds, in different houses, and with different people.

Accountants In Love

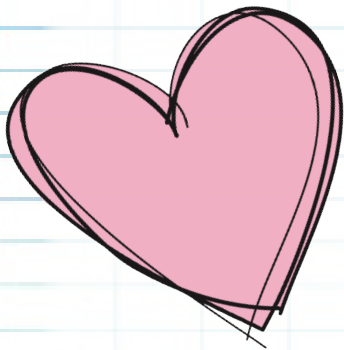
Dear Cassandra,

I'm sorry to come to your window so late. I needed to see you. Listen: we've gotta get out of this town. There's nothing here for us. We've got such big dreams and aspirations, and we're not going to make them happen here. You're so talented, Cassandra, and I am, too. The world's just waiting for us. So, what do you say? Let's run away together and become accountants.

There'll be no more parents, no more rules—except generally accepted accounting principles, of course. We can finally be free of this town, full of losers who never file on time and who don't even itemize deductions. We'll drive and drive and drive, off into the sunset, a new town every day, until we find somewhere we like and open up a practice. Then it'll be that town forever.

We'll live every day like it's our last, until it's April 15th.

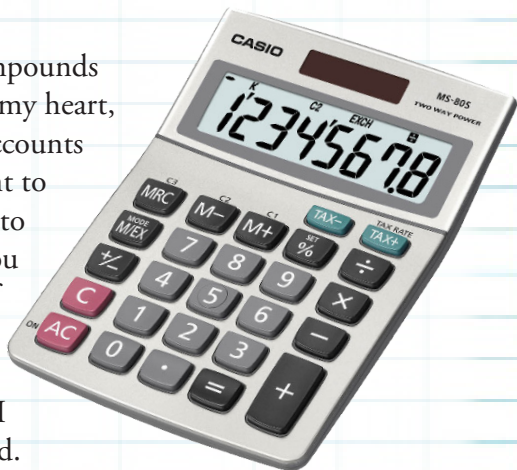
We can even move to the city, if that's what you want, so you can follow your dream of being on Broadway, working with actors and



directors to minimize their tax burdens. It'll be tough for the first few years, our income barely scraping above six figures, but we'll get by as long as we have each other deducted in a joint return.

Oh, Cassandra. I've accounted for so many things, but never falling in love.

My interest in you compounds daily. You've leveraged my heart, and all I want in my accounts receivable is you. I want to audit your body late into the night, balancing you like a budget on top of me. I want me to be the IRS and you, an American taxpayer, so I can screw you, real hard.



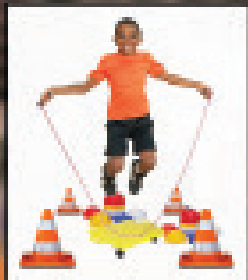
I've given you my heart, Cassandra, and like any good CPA, I want to see a return on investment. You're my only asset, so can I be your liability?

What I'm trying to say is, will you marry me? I only ask for tax purposes.

Gym Class Exercises

Fitness Activities

- | | |
|--------------|---------------|
| 1. Stretches | 7. Burpees |
| 2. Crunches | 8. Burps |
| 3. Lunges | 9. Chirps |
| 4. Grunges | 10. Burlaps |
| 5. Crunchies | 11. Phalanges |
| 6. Plunges | 12. Sit-ups |



Warmups

Bunny Hops (Hopping)

Horse Running (Skipping)

Crazy 8's (Sideways Skipping)

Kooky Johns (Hopping, Skipping, and Sideways Skipping)

Crab Walk (Crab Walk)

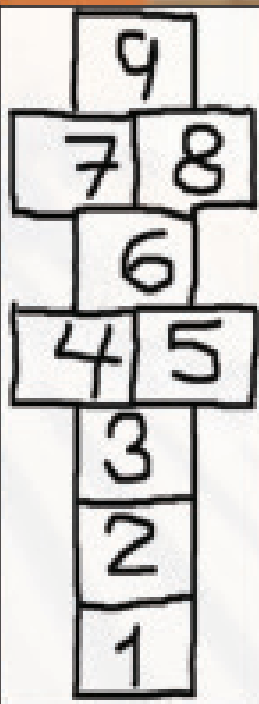
Bear Crawl (Less Fun Crab Walk)

Gettin' The Billies Out (Uphill Running For 10 Miles With 80-lb Weights On Your Back)

Wild Willies (Uphill Kooky Johns For 10 Miles With 80-lb Weights On Your Back)

Salty Jacks (Uphill Kooky Johns For 10 Miles With 80-lb Weights On Your Back. And If One Person Falls Behind, You Can Expect To Clean Delta Company's Barrack For A Week)

Little Bills (Reciting The Rifleman's Creed)



What do our teachers think about fitness?

"People say Americans are fat. Well, how do you explain the fact that we have over 100 treadmills?"



"You guys seen that Arnold Schwarzenegger? He's one strong broad."

"Goats are the most fit animal because of how many weights they can eat."



"Fitness is bullshit. My father was a fit man but he still got hit by that bus."

"I did fitness for 12 years before I realized the key to gettin' jacked is to have Norse God Odin give birth to you."



Halftime

Alright folks, it's halftime! You know what that means?
T-Shirt time! Hey little dude, you want a T-Shirt? You
get a T-Shirt! Blonde in the front? You get a T-Shirt too!
Big guy way in the back? Don't worry, it'll reach ya! I
love this crowd! Get rowdy folks! Scream your hearts
out! Cowering man running away, I got you! Woman
shielding her baby daughter? Take two! Lady evacuating
the building? Where are you going? Why are you leaving?
It's only halftime!

Rock & Roll Café

Customer: I'd like the breakfast plate, please.

Waitress: I'm sorry, what?

(Waitress points to guitar-shaped sign on the wall)

C: Oh. Uh, I'll have the...Crosby, Eggs, Hash, and Brown.

W: I'll be right back with your order!

C: Excuse me, I asked for these eggs over easy.

W: Huh?

C: These eggs came scrambled and I asked for them—

(Waitress points to a sign on the wall shaped like a sexy woman's silhouette)

C: I asked for these eggs...over troubled waters? And I got them *(squinting to read sign)* Wham-bled.

W: I'll see what I can do!

C: Excuse me, where's the bathroom?

W: I'm sorry?

(Customer looks around, can't find any more signs, he's on his own now)

C: Can...U2...tell me where the bathroom is?

W: *(stares blankly)*

C: *(nervously)* Tell me...Bob Weir...the bathroom is?

W: *(staring)*

C: *(sweating profusely)* Bob Weir the bathroom...Izzy Stradlin?

W: *(still staring)*

C: Please.

W: *(staring)*

C: Cream.

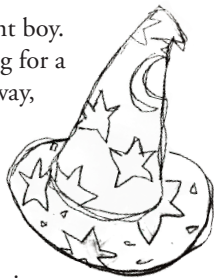
W: Down the hall and to the left!



The Ticket Master

You there! Boy! Come here. No, closer. Thine eyes are young and eager and thine ears beg for adventure. Let me spin you a tale, a tale of great triumph and mystery. 'Tis the tale of the great and noble Ticket Master.

Once, many years ago, there was a lowly servant boy. This young Ticket Servant found work squiring for a local Events Lord. He spent his days toiling away, selling face-value tickets to athletic competitions, public executions, and stand-up comedy. For years the Ticket Squire worked, refining his ticketing prowess until the Events Lord took him on as his Ticket Apprentice. He then learned to conjure up magical service fees and create captchas of such complexity that ticket scalping bots would tremble at the mere mention of his name. In 2010, he merged with the Lords of Live Nation. It was then that the Ticket Apprentice transformed into the Ticket Master: the most powerful ticket vendor across the kingdom and one of the most reasonably-priced, too.



Now, where, you may ask, is this great Ticket Master now? He is everywhere and nowhere at the same time. He is in you. He is in me. He is in us all. Just know, when you most need him, the Ticket Master will be there with a wicked smile upon his lips and a clutch pre-sale code in his hands.

Know Our Crew



Name: Cameron Spelling

Role: IT Support

Favorite Memory From Earth:

“Our neighborhood park was the best. It had a slide, some swings, another slide, that slide from before, those swings again, the other slide.”

Name: Terri Cowan

Role: Meteor Photographer

Favorite Memory From Earth:

“Even up until my first years of medical school, Mom would put uncooked mac and cheese in a blender and pour it in my birthday cake. ‘Sweet and savory,’ she’d always say.”



Rolling Stone[®]

KIDS

*See what your favorite
artists were writing
when they were your age!*

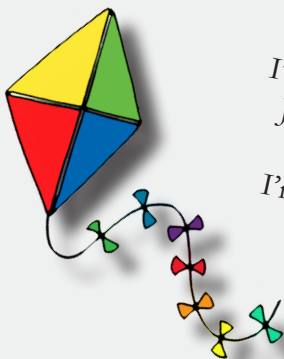
Macklemore, Age 12

We spent all year mad at Ms. Greene
Wanted to learn about the world, not subtraction
But we gotta realize it's just her job
She's just like us, beholden to the curriculum



David Bowie, Age 2

There are stars and they are spinning
Lucy is crying, Marcus is wailing
The planets, oh the planets whirl
The mighty mobile turns

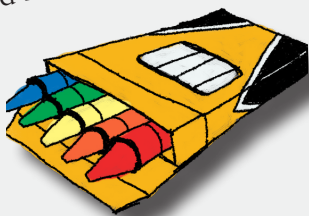


Anthony Kiedis, Age 9

I'm California-bouncin' on a trampoline
Jumpin' n' havin' some fun that's clean
Before I go I got to say
I'm the best fuckin' jumpa in the USA!

Eminem, Age 11

Hey, Principal, don't fucking look at me
I'll smash your face in at the spelling bee
You think I fucking care what people say 'bout E?
It's true, I killed the coach and ditched P.E.



Bob Dylan, Age 7

Well I talked to the monster under my bed
He took a drag and then he said
"Man, there's something worse than me."
I said, "What?" He said, "Society."



Re: Social Causes Essays

On Thu, Mar 3, 2016 at 9:48 PM, Calvin Lord <ponyluv@gmail.com> wrote:

Hi Professor,
Essay is attached. Thanks!
—Calvin

On Fri, Mar 4, 2016 at 9:10 PM, Calvin Lord <ponyluv@gmail.com> wrote:

Sorry about that—essay is attached now!

On Sat, Mar 5, 2016 at 6:03 PM, Calvin Lord <ponyluv@gmail.com> wrote:

Whoops, here it is.
See you Monday.

On Sun, Mar 6, 2016 at 7:02 PM, Calvin Lord <ponyluv@gmail.com> wrote:

A

On Sun, Mar 6, 2016 at 7:30 PM, Calvin Lord <ponyluv@gmail.com> wrote:

Hi Professor,
Sorry, my computer sent that before I had a chance
to atta

On Mon, Mar 7, 2016 at 8:24 PM, Calvin Lord <ponyluv@gmail.com> wrote:

Professor,
Looks like I got cut off again. My computer
died, so I'm sending from my phone.
Sorry,
Calvin

On Tue, Mar 8, 2016 at 7:14 PM, Calvin Lord <ponyluv@gmail.com> wrote:

Oops. Forgot to attach again—last time!

Best,

Calvin

On Wed, Mar 9, 2016 at 9:22 PM, Calvin Lord <ponyluv@gmail.com> wrote:

Ok. If I'm being honest I need an extension on the paper.

On Wed, Mar 9, 2016 at 9:52 PM, Calvin Lord <ponyluv@gmail.com> wrote:

Do you know when the drop date is for this class?

On Wed, Mar 9, 2016 at 9:52 PM, Calvin Lord <ponyluv@gmail.com> wrote:

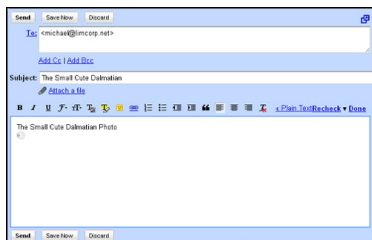
Please respond.

On Wed, Mar 9, 2016 at 9:52 PM, Calvin Lord <ponyluv@gmail.com> wrote:

Urgent.

On Wed, Mar 9, 2016 at 9:59 PM, Calvin Lord <ponyluv@gmail.com> wrote:

Whoops! Looks like I attached it in the third or fourth e-mail. Have a good weekend!



FAVORITE EPISODES OF

MYTHBUSTERS

- Does A Boat Work The Same On Land?
- The Guys Bust The Myth Of Free Will
- Jamie And Adam Wrestle Dead Lambs
- They Form a Hypothesis and State Independent/Dependent Variables
- High School: Undercover
- They Find Out Which Animal Best Describes Them
- They Prove America Isn't A Democracy
- They Proved My Dad Couldn't Have Pulled A Quarter From His Ear
- Kari And Grant Sub In And The Science Is All Wrong
- Jamie Has Issues With A New Roommate. Adam Reconnects With An Old Friend.
- Are Bugs, Like, Around?



Signs In Dad's Garage

- Less huggin', more chuggin'
- Take your tops off (beer, but also women)
- Just hangin' out with my pole out (pictured: fishing pole)
- A good day in the garage beats a bad argument with my wife
- Please don't touch my tools, Calvin, I can't be responsible if
you drop something
- It's not a bald spot, it's a solar-powered sex machine
- A family photo, but of Steph Curry's family

Fail To Greatness

If you want to be the greatest basketball player of all time, you can't be afraid of failure. I've missed more than 9,000 shots in my career, lost over 1,200 games, and have been dunked on too many times to count. Twenty-six times, I took the game-winning shot on the wrong basket.

It's because I'm not afraid of those failures that I'm able to succeed.

Listen, I've been in your shoes. You're the hot-shot rookie trying to figure out how to become a superstar. But you're also afraid. You're worried you're going to suck. You'll pass the ball to the mascot by accident or you'll be attacked by a bird during a game because you kept throwing the ball at its nest the day before. Sure, these things happened to me, but I don't let them define me.



You're probably scared that, by trying too hard, you'll make the wrong impression. Well, hey, if showing up early to play with the T-shirt cannon or staying late to finally find where they hide the zamboni is making a bad impression, then I guess I made a bad impression.

But bad impressions are okay, and so too is failing.

I remember during one particularly bad week in Phoenix, I yelled at a fan who was mean to me during a game. I guess I lost it because he said I sucked and that I didn't know how to play basketball and that I shouldn't be kicking the ball into the stands when I missed a shot.

So, Coach sat me down to talk at halftime. He said he could tell that I was afraid from the way that I yelled at a fan and the way I started crying after all the other fans joined in with him. Then, instead of putting me in the second half, he kept me in the locker room and showed me old footage of Jordan when he was afraid. Like me,

Jordan considered leaving the game he loved forever, but then the Looney Tunes helped him out and together, they beat the Monstars. I wasn't exactly sure how this lesson applied to my life, but by the time the tape ended, I learned that we had won the game, so I guess I did something right.



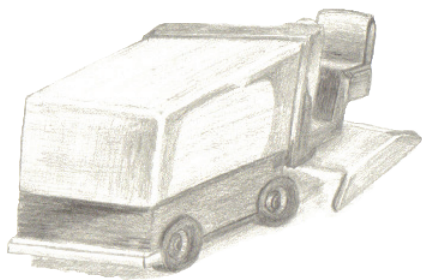
The road to greatness can be bumpy at times. Most of the time, actually. But here's a little secret I've learned: nobody makes it to the top of the mountain without pouting on the bench until coach puts you in.

This league is all about resilience. It's going to be tough at first, and, even after coach puts you in, you'll still face challenges. You'll trip over your shoelaces constantly. You'll get tricked

into thinking the court is hot lava by your own teammates. You'll want to run away with the ball until coach promises you'll get a turn to shoot. But eventually you learn to keep the ball to yourself and run away with it until you find an outdoor court a couple miles from the stadium, where you can practice eyes-closed half-court shots unopposed.

Remember, though, that even at the top, these challenges persist. Some nights, I still have trouble dribbling with one hand. Some nights, I forget you're not allowed to climb up the net, or throw the ball back through the net to take away the points the other team scored. But, if you put in the work, greatness will follow. You may be a rookie accidentally tying your shoes together now, but someday, you'll be an experienced veteran of the game who knows what to do with a pair of scissors to get the knots out.

Sure, you're going to fail. You're going to fail night after night after night. You're going to fail for a few years, and then fail for a few years more. You'll fail after that, too. But from where I stand, that's the sure sign of a champion.



Captain's Log



Jun. 9, 2016—From this high up, Earth just looks like a peaceful blue marble being invaded by aliens and also being burned in flames.

Aug. 24, 2016—It's the endless mix of stars and planets up here. Just beautiful, stunning really. To look out at the endless horizon, so peaceful, so quiet, especially since the CD player broke.

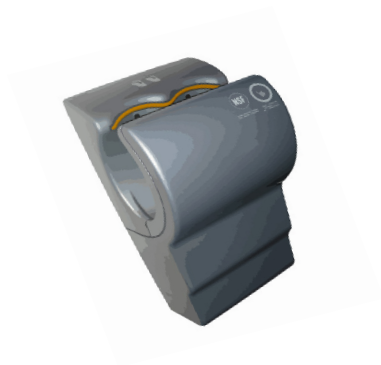
Sept. 4, 2016—We're running out of ways to entertain ourselves up in space. We're putting on little performances of plays we've written, but a lot of us still have a long way to go with character development.

Nov. 21, 2016—What I'll miss most from Earth? I've had a lot of time to think about it and it's simple: peeing in rivers.

Inventor: I've got it! After you wash your hands, my device blows air on them to push away the water!

Assistant: Oh, so it dries your hands?

Inventor: Sort of.



Saratoga

Dawn. He arrives, tying his white jacket neatly, carefully. A soldier preparing for battle. He kneads yeast into dough, forming an animal in his own hands. People begin to shuffle in, washing dishes, making sauces. They don't care like he does. The first order rolls in. He adorns the meat with cheese like lace, taking every angle into account. He places his work on its ceramic canvas and smiles in admiration. This is his palace. Bobby's Burger Palace. His kingdom, Paramus, New Jersey.

A New York City rooftop. Bobby emerges, his kill on a platter. Helicopters land in the distance, wind makes his apron ripple. Meat hits the grill, a chemical reaction that only Bobby wields control over. He pauses, glancing at a smartphone to see how his racehorse is doing. "Just checking in at Saratoga," Bobby says and we laugh and laugh.

Bobby takes the meat off the grill. He says it needs to rest—and don't we all. Fifteen minutes pass, although it feels like seconds, and he selects his weapon. With skill and precision, he cuts into his game. A look to the camera: "These are the skills you'll need to be grillin' for life." Life. You've made a contract with Bobby, now. You're there: on the rooftop. You are the Boy now and you meet Grill. Credits roll, and a promise to "see ya next time!" is made. Next time can't come soon enough.

I give this episode four and a half chef hats.

Mindfulness

In the age of the Internet, it's important to be mindful. Increasingly, we find ourselves overstimulated and under-engaged, wrapped up in our e-mails, our text messages, our apps that superimpose faces of our relatives onto pictures of boogie-boarders wiping out.

Captain's Log

Feb. 7, 2019—"It's February 7th, 2019. We've been in space for two years. I bet had the world not been blown up by aliens, today would be the Super Bowl, most likely. I wonder who'd be playing."



Apr. 12, 2019—"You know, we've been going for about three months now and we haven't hit half these buttons. Don't know why we would now."

Sept. 1, 2019—"So, summer's over and we're not sure what to do with the intern. He didn't really wow us, but what else are we going to do? He can't go back to school, and he'd be the only unemployed person on the ship."

Ten Little Monkeys



Ten little monkeys, jumping on the bed

One fell off and bumped his head

Momma called the doctor and the
doctor said:

“Hello, this is Dr. Breen.”

“Hi, Dr. Breen, this is Joanna Wallace.”

“Ms. Wallace...the woman with the
monkeys? For chrissakes, it's 3:30 a.m.
What is it this time?”

“Well, doctor, one of my monkeys
bumped his head, and he's acting strange.
I'm worried he may have a concussion.”

“We've been over this Ms. Wallace. I
can't help you. I am a pediatrician. The
difference between a human's body and a
monkey's body—”

“Please, doctor—I don't have insurance.”

“Listen, Ms. Wallace, in my personal opinion, I think you may have something called Animal Hoarding. It's a disorder where the afflicted person keeps a higher-than-usual number of animals as domestic pets without having the ability to properly house or care for them. It's a serious condition and I may have to report you to the authorities if this goes on, Ms. Wallace. Good night.”

...

Nine little monkeys jumping on the bed

Ms. Wallace sinks into her chair.



Worst Holiday Experiences

Coming home and finding out that your ex-girlfriend replaced you.

Coming home and finding out that your family replaced you.

Coming home and finding out your family replaced you with your ex-girlfriend's new boyfriend.

Coming home and finding a civil war.

Coming home and having to fight the civil war for the side opposite your brother's.

Coming home and having to fight the civil war for the side that serves bad food.

Purell Executives Amazed They Still Have To Add Bitter Taste To Discourage Ingestion

PHOENIX—Shaking their heads in disbelief, senior management at Purell were reportedly astonished by a consumer study confirming that it's still necessary to add bitter taste to discourage consumers from ingesting their products.



“Jesus, I mean, these people are intentionally drinking poison—how is this possibly still happening?” asked CEO Joe Kanfer, echoing the other executives at the meeting, all equally dumbfounded by the fact that somehow the multiple warning labels and usage directions aren’t enough to stop people from willingly drinking their toxic, alcohol-based hand sanitizer. “God, I mean, if you think about it, when the added bitterness is doing its job, that means the person had to have already tried to drink hand sanitizer. What the Hell?” At press time, the executives were throwing their hands in the air after learning from a new report suggesting they need to come up with several more ways to further prevent ingestion.

Study: Overpopulation Depleting Every Resource Except Stock Footage Of Tightly-Packed Crowds Of People

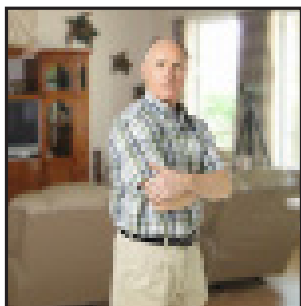
SWITZERLAND—

According to a study published Monday by the World Health Organization, stock footage of tightly-packed crowds of people is the



only resource on the planet not being quickly depleted by overpopulation. “While the dangerously rapid increase in human population is actively destroying our planet’s plants and wildlife and poses threats to nearly every other natural resource, the number of stock clips of humongous, tightly-packed groups of people on some random city street remains as stable as ever,” explained WHO researcher Carl Lankin, adding that the prevalence of several types of this stock footage, like long-range shots of a bustling Chinese mall and aerial shots of some random Indian marketplace, may actually be increasing. “Given what we know about the relationship between overpopulation and access to things like clean air and water around the planet, the fact that news outlets like CNN and and MSNBC continue to have access to footage of city-dwellers packed together like sardines offers a glimmer of hope among otherwise bleak findings.”

Dad Can't Believe They're Giving Out Medals To Second-Place Olympians



TULSA—Expressing frustration surrounding the medal ceremony during the 2016 Olympic Marathon, local father Richard Kent, 61, reportedly began a rant caused by the fact that even second-place Olympic athletes are given medals.

“You know, there’s this trend now where everyone has to be celebrated and we have to prance around everyone’s little feelings like that,” Kent complained, in reference to the Olympic athlete who ran 26 miles in two hours and eight minutes. “When I was a kid, if you didn’t come in first, you didn’t get a trophy. Simple as that.” At press time, Kent was reminding his children that it’s wrong to go around pretending like you’re some big winner just because you’re the second fastest person in the world.

Lazy Mariners Promotion Called 'Baseball Night'



SEATTLE—Welcoming fans with a big blue and green banner outside Safeco Field with the word “Baseball” on it, the Seattle Mariners debuted a promotion Tuesday that they just called “Baseball Night.” “Fans should know we’re always thinking of fresh, new ways to engage them, so hopefully they’ll be excited to participate in tonight’s events, all sharing the exciting theme of baseball,” said Mariners GM Jerry Dipoto, adding that the night will feature regular inning breaks for fun baseball-themed games, like “Hit The Baseball With The Baseball Bat” and “Throw The Runner Out”. “Fans can even leave with promotional items to remember the night by. We’ll be selling some baseball bats, and the first 500 fans get a catcher’s mitt.” At press time, Dipoto was brainstorming ideas for next year’s baseball night, which include plush scorecards and stress balls shaped like baseballs.

Kid Who Dressed Self Wearing Four Socks

PHILADELPHIA—Boasting that he picked out his outfit all by himself, local first-grader Zachary Cracknell appeared to have shown up to school Tuesday wearing four socks. “My socks are different colors today. One’s white, one’s blue, one’s orange, and one’s...purple,” noted Cracknell, whose shirt was on backwards and had a chocolate stain on it. “I’m wearing Buzz Lightyear jammies as my underwear.” At press time, Cracknell was feeling too hot and proceeded to quickly throw off three of his four socks, his shirt, his jammies, and ultimately, the rest of his clothes.

*"The more we learn about
the universe, the more
we become aware of how
little we know, especially
when compared with
countries like Finland
and China."*



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