FROM THE EDITOR:

“So,” you might be thinking, “it looks like the Jack-o finally decided to grace us with another issue. About damn time! God, they’re a bunch of lazy jerks”. Well, you might just be right. Technically this is our Spring 2005 Issue, but god knows what day and age it is now when you, the reader, are actually picking it up and reading it.

I’d like to say there’s a good reason for this uncertainty, maybe something metaphysical (e.g. Well, what with the thoroughgoing unpredictability fundamental to a quantum universe means you just never know!) , something relevant (e.g. the Jack-o was busy engineering some awesome new prank and it took all of our energy), or at least something, that if true, would be legitimate (e.g. snipers). Unfortunately, our excuse is none of those things. Here’s the real excuse: we had some computer problems and I pouted about them for weeks, refusing to touch any computers or even so much as think about editing until justice was served.

Well, as it turns out, justice was never served. But eventually, with the prodding of some industrious ’08s, I was coaxed out of my deep dark crying-cave and convinced that we should at least put out an issue of the miscellany we produce in between bigger projects. So, in the hopes of producing at the least some good bathroom reading and at most a few pieces of memorable if hard-to-place comedy, we present the “Spring 2005” issue.

Inside you’ll find a goddamn gallimaufry of nonsense: life advice, biblical exegesis, TV analysis, lost Socratic wisdom, a small epic about a boy who can regenerate severed limbs, and the natural struggle between man and the sharks he disingenuously befriends. Anyway, hope you enjoy it, and hopefully you’ll hear from us again before you graduate or die.

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THE QUESTIONS I WRESTLE WITH:
ANSWERS PROVIDED BY MY ASSHOLE FRIENDS
BY CHRISTOPHER LAAKKO ’06

Does God exist?
Justin: Yeah and his name is Baal. Dude’s real pissed that you’re eating that cheeseburger, too. “Thou shalt not devour the likeness of Baal” or some shit like that... what were we talking about?
Jared: Dunno, bro, but if he did [glances significantly at ceiling and raises his voice] I sure wish he’d prove it by getting me a beer right now. Or [louder still] maybe some chips. [hurls Soap Opera Digest across the room and crosses arms angrily]
David: Dude, that doesn’t even matter. You’re so stupid. But I guess it’s typical. You know, par for the course. Man, I can’t believe you lost my Pantera DVD. You knew that shit was my favorite.
Jason: Not now, dude. I’m stretching for tonight. [waits for me to ask what he is doing tonight. I do not ask. He stretches more emphatically. I still do not ask. He hurts himself by stretching too hard]

What will I do after I graduate?
Justin: Yo! weren’t we gonna get that place in Cali somewhere and just kind of see what happens? You know, like let the world come to us? Plus my buddy told me the strippers are finer over there. You know, like when Cormega says “OZs much whiter there, pussy much tighter there” about heaven?
Jared: Probably not meet any women. Dude, could you wing me a beer? The one I’m drinking ran out.
David: Probably still be real forgetful about DVDs. Also, did you use my toothbrush this morning? Because if you did, I’m real surprised you didn’t lose it. I hate you so much.
Jason: I got some big plans, buddy. BIG PLANS. Bet you can’t guess what they are. [I do not guess. He glares at me and limps out of the room]

Should I go out tonight or stay in and study?
Justin: Not sure, dude, but choose wisely or risk getting smited by Baal. Or wait, should I have said smitten? I hope not because that sounds kinda gay, right? And yo, is Baal even that wrathful? I sort of forget.
Jared: Beer me, nerd.
Jason: Guess who’s in a secret society! [his smug smile fades when I ask if it is Justin]

If I am ever mugged, should I try to beat up the mugger or just give him my wallet? Does it depend on how big he is? Or how well armed? Perhaps both?
Justin: Dude, you should be like Charles Bronson in that movie and beat him to death with a roll of quarters in a sock. That shit was hype! I have like $1.25 in quarters if you need help getting started.
Jared: Dude, life is precious. Just give him the wallet and be thankful you aren’t in a position where you need to resort to mugging to get by.
David: Dare him to kill you! Call his bluff!
Jason: I got mugged once. Relatedly, have you ever killed a man? Easier than you thought, right? Hypothetically speaking, of course. [he winks and begins to stretch. Reinjures himself and collapses in pain]

Is there anything more painful than the unexpected death of a loved one?
Justin: I can’t believe he’s gone. I don’t even know what I feel.
Jared: I think I need a beer, but like spiritually, you know?
David: It just seems so impossible that he ruptured his femoral artery by stretching too hard. It’s scary how fragile life is.
PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN PROMISES
BY FREDERICK MEYER ’08

I will keep the Pledge of Allegiance in its current wording. Except, I’ll remove the part about “Under God,” because I
don’t believe in God.

I will force the passage of legislation enabling me to take full advantage of all drink specials, even those normally reserved
for women or other groups.

I will advocate “Euthanasia for Every Youth in Asia.” The potential political fallout is significant, but linguistically it’s
too good to pass up.

I will mortgage California to make a down payment on Canada.

My Secretary of State will be responsible for listing, from memory, all 50 states.

I will discipline America’s bloated and inefficient intelligence community by noting, loudly and repeatedly, that “military
intelligence” is an oxymoron.

I will write my own speeches. And I vow to read and reply to every last piece of fan mail.

I will force Disney to make a sequel revealing that what actually happened was that Bambi’s mom stepped on a really loud
twig and she’s fine, because right now it’s just too sad.

I will try really, really hard not to fund, train and arm future dictators and terrorists. Nobody’s perfect, though.

I will create jobs by instituting an elaborate “court” system in the White House, with jesters, ladies-in-waiting, etc.

I will attempt not to let the presidency stand in the way of a vigorous, varied and unconventional sex life.

I will retire a rich man.

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF ISAAC
OR: WHAT WOULD HAVE MADE THE PASSING OF THE
BIRTHRIGHT MUCH EASIER
BY NOAH KAUFMAN ’05

I, Issac, do hereby leave to my son Esau, my house, my land and all the riches I have. I also leave to Esau my large beating
stick and collection of pointy spears used for hunting. Also I leave to Esau my great ax for chopping wood and my entire
collection of nudey tablets. KICK SOME ASS ESAU!

As for my son Jacob, who shall hereby be referred to in this document as Queero, I leave all of his mother’s brassieres.
Queero shall also receive all of the cookware of my house. Lord knows he’s used it enough. And finally, to Queero I leave
all the fruity poetry I wrote his mother during our courtship. Maybe that’ll show him that there’s still hope for someone like
him to land a woman. Oh, by the way Queero, you’re adopted.

It is my last wish that my ashes be scattered over a big-ass pile of flaming animal carcasses. I know Esau can take care of that.
You made your daddy proud boy. Just make sure you keep your adopted brother Queero in line.

L’ Chaim!
TOASTYWARM FRUITPOCKET

COOKING INSTRUCTIONS:

BY OWEN PARSONS ‘08

Note: For Maximum Enjoyment, please follow instructions corresponding to your method of heating below. Alternative methods of heating, while they may be technically legal, are not sanctioned by the manufacturers of Toastywarm Fruitpocket, and aforesaid manufacturers will deal with reports of unauthorized heating methods forthrightly and with necessary force. Seriously, half of our employees are Ultimate Fighting Champions. Our corporation is based in Iowa, too, so you know we’re not even kidding. For Questions or Comments send an envelope with a legible and not-fake return address to “Hi. I’m a very bad customer who deserves whatever retribution comes my way as a result of this probably very obnoxious letter” c/o Toastywarm Inc. 5464 Providence St. Moline IA 34425

Oven - Preheat oven to 450°F. Place Toastywarm Fruitpocket onto oven-safe baking tray, insert into oven, let bake for twelve hours and enjoy! (Note: twelve hours is neither typo nor joke. Toastywarm Fruitpocket is extremely oven resistant).

Solar Cooker - Take your Toastywarm Fruitpocket into the backyard. Throw at sun. If Fruitpocket is not sufficiently warm, repeat.

Microwave - Exposure to microwave radiation could result in a Level Five Toastywarm Fruitpocket Mutation. Please do not heat in microwave without ordained Catholic priest and Mutant Containment Squad.

Jet engine - Toastywarm Fruitpocket responds best to turboshaft-style jet engines (jokes regarding the phrase “turboshaft” will sadden the Toastywarm Fruitpocket, and cause it to lose precious flavor). Locate and breach the outer boundaries of a foreign military base. You are a splinter cell, and if caught, your government will disavow any knowledge of your existence. Make your way silently to the airstrip, making sure to eliminate incriminating witnesses. Wait for turboshaft (don’t...) equipped aircraft to taxi down the runway. Hurl Toastywarm Fruitpocket into the intake valve. Exercise caution, as aircraft will detonate. Pick Toastywarm Fruitpocket out of wreckage with oven mitts, let cool, and enjoy.

Fiery Latin temper - Locate a person of Latin American persuasion. Annoy him, possibly by feeling his face or asking him in a loud voice to make you tacos. Ask him if he would be so kind as to leave some jobs for hardworking Americans. Expose your Toastywarm Fruitpocket to the scenario, and enjoy.

Dragon - Dragons don’t exist, dumbass. You don’t deserve these pastries.

The stuff of the man that done left you - Don a nightgown or morning robe. Collect possessions in the driveway, soak thoroughly with a handle of scotch, and ignite. Intoxicated speech to bemused neighborhood is optional. Toastywarm Fruitpocket will become succulent and thick with all of the hurt feelin’s and tears of the relationship, “cause that no-good bastard ain’t ever done you no favors” and you won’t be askin’ for any in return.

Hellfire - Expose Toastywarm Fruitpocket to drugs, gambling, and loose women. Encourage its latent homosexual tendencies. When all is said and done, convince it that there will be no escaping from that hooker it killed back in Vegas, and let it take its own miserable life. Allow brief few moments for an instantaneous eternity of searing hellfire (rotate Toastywarm Fruitpocket halfway through cooking), and enjoy!
WHY NOBODY LIKED ME IN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

BY CHRIS LAAKKO ‘06

I’ll share two stories here. Unfortunately, both are true.

At the time, Mrs. Harvey’s kindergarten class seemed like a lot of bullshit. Too much drawing and coloring, not enough Lincoln Logs to go around, and a bunch of crybaby idiots who didn’t know basic division or negative numbers yet. I just wanted to be left alone with my Huffy bike. I wasn’t one of those jumping hand-raisers. Those kids were losers and I was better than them. I sat in the back and muttered the correct answers just loud enough for everyone to hear and be impressed. I was real smug about that.

There was only one thing I wanted from school, and that damn Harvey knew it and wouldn’t give it to me, likely out of spite or jealousy. I wanted to be the Helper of the Day. It was November and most of the class had already been the coveted HOD twice and there I was, still waiting for my first selection. I don’t believe that at that age I was sophisticated enough to orchestrate a coup via poisoning, but I’ve always believed that you create your own opportunities.

I was eating lunch on that fateful November day with my best friend Mike, who had just been named as that day’s Helper. We were playing our favorite game: I Dare You To Eat That. If memory serves, we made it to the dirt-covered, milk-soaked pizza round before lunch ended. After lunch it was time for the HOD to update the calendar board and assist Mrs. Harvey in leading the class in various songs and group activities. The HOD even got to hand out the musical instruments that day, since it was Music Day. We all sat down and Mrs. Harvey called Mike to the front of the room. He stood up, took a couple steps, and then vomited rather impressively all over the art supply cubbies. Several girls immediately began to shriek and cry while some of the troublemakers started dipping markers in the vomit and then stabbing at each other with them. It took Mrs. Harvey several minutes to restore order and send Mike to the nurse. Finally she uttered the fateful phrase, “Well, looks like we are going to need a new Helper today. Would anyone like to volunteer?” I immediately leapt to my feet, arm straining toward the ceiling (I believe this was the source of an injury that plagued me throughout my high school baseball career). Mrs. Harvey, either out of shock at seeing me actually raise my hand or her judgment impaired by adrenaline from the recent crisis, said yes. I was ecstatic.

I marched to the front of the room and performed the Helper duties with a dignity probably never seen since (yeah yeah, I meant no one was more dignified than me in the performance of HOD duties after my term of office, but most of you wise guys are saying “of course Laakko hasn’t had any dignity since elementary school.” I hate you guys.). As I affixed Velcro-backed signs to the Big Board I couldn’t stop thinking about how I would save the castanets for myself during music time. I had never gotten to use the castanets before. But as all good things must come to an end, so did my glorious reign.

Mrs. Harvey had just instructed me to get her the book she had been reading to us all week. I went to the shelf and picked up a book. Immediately this boy Anthony, a skinny whiner who told on us whenever me and my buddies would try to look up swear words in the dictionary, yelled, “Mrs. Harvey, he’s got the wrong book!” I dropped the book, ran across the room, and slapped him in the face. I was sent to the principal’s office and they called my mom. And to this day I have never gotten to use castanets.

My other story is from two years later, in Mrs. Davis’s second grade class. This is the story of probably the greatest victory of my life, the Metrowest Young Authors competition.

I had shown a proclivity for writing even at that early age, and my teacher encouraged me to enter a fiction contest for Massachusetts elementary school students. Always eager to explore new ways to set myself apart from the rest of the swine, I readily agreed. Inspiration was immediate, but I knew I had to drag this opportunity out and milk it for all it was worth.

I honestly do not remember how this arrangement came about, but for about two weeks the classroom looked like this to any observer: Mrs. Davis standing at the front of the room leading the class in various lessons, thirty-five or so second graders sitting more or less attentively at their desks, and then me, at a table in the back of the room with my back to the class, papers strewn everywhere, writing furiously. I played the part of the tormented genius brilliantly. I groaned periodically, shuffled my papers dramatically, and always had very terse answers when a classmate would ask how the “book was coming.”
Eventually, however, the story was legitimately finished. However, I couldn’t bear the thought of rejoining the masses. It occurred to me that my story needed to be illustrated. I was a terrible artist but was determined not to show any weakness. I spent hours at home after school agonizing over my drawings (one of a graveyard, one of a spaceship, and one of extravehicular space combat). When I was satisfied, I brought in both my drawings and unacceptable drafts. I then spent about three days muttering to myself and grunting in vague satisfaction while painstakingly coloring my drawings in. Periodically I would loudly crumple up one of the drafts and throw it over my shoulder onto the floor behind me. Disaster struck when I accidentally did this to one of the good ones and then had to wait till no one was around and pick it up and smooth it out.

My book won the second grade level competition for my district. It was about 20 type-written pages and was called Haunted Halloweens. It was an adventure story about me and my best friend Mike (based on the vomiter above) as we karate-fought our way through a haunted mansion, stole a spaceship from a graveyard, and defeated the constellation Orion with advanced missile and laser technology. My only recollection of the competition workshop that I attended was that I sneered about how my book was longer than even the winning sixth-grader’s and that I was the only one who had done color illustrations. I think I wore dress shoes and a clip-on necktie for the next month and refused to associate much with my classmates except to ask them to pass me a pencil or some paper. I was a fucking author.
JUMPING THE SANDWORM

BY KEVIN PEDERSEN ’05

Chronicling the exact moment in a TV show’s history when the presence of sandworms as an important plot element became inevitable.

Happy Days
Episode 5-03 “Hollywood”
The Cunninghams, Ralph, and Fonzie head off to Hollywood after a talent agent thinks that the Fonz might have what it takes to be a star. However, when a director finds Ralph to be more the type of person he is looking for, Fonzie is relegated to being a stunt man and must jump over a shark tank with his motorcycle. He pulls off the stunt, only to discover that the shark tank has been mysteriously emptied. He and Ralph investigate, but the only clues they can find are large holes in the ground beneath the tank, and a mysterious yellow ooze that bears a striking chemical similarity to saliva.

Seinfeld
Episode 7-06 “The Soup Nazi”
George and Jerry go to the “soup place”, but when Jerry makes an error in ordering his soup, George pretends not to know him. Jerry employs Kramer’s help in getting back into the good graces of the “Soup Nazi”, the surly owner of the restaurant, but when they go to make their apology, they find only the upper torso of the Soup Nazi, his pallid face contorted in a silent scream of agony. Several spent bullet casings lie by his hand, but it remains unclear exactly what it was that he was shooting at. Also, Elaine worries that her favorite pair of shoes may be going out of style.

Murphy Brown
Episode 8-04 “Murphy’s Law”
When Murphy gets a traffic ticket, Frank convinces her that she shouldn’t get any special treatment simply because she is a celebrity. Murphy is given 40 hours of community service and is taken to a barren road out in the desert, where she and other lawbreakers will be doing trash pickup duties. However, when members of the cleanup crew begin disappearing, Miles hires a high-powered legal defense team to get Murphy out of the area before the Air Force comes in and napalms it. Murphy vows to get to the bottom of what happened there that day.

Leave It To Beaver
Episode 3-23 “The Hypnotist”
When Beaver sees a hypnotist in a movie, he decides to learn how to do the same, and Eddie agrees to go under hypnosis. But after the Beav puts his friend under, Eddie begins to experience horrifying flashes of memory: a severed limb, an infernal roar, a bloody cash register. Beaver suspects that these are repressed memories from before Eddie moved into town, but Eddie refuses to discuss it and June makes lemonade for both of the kids.

Reba
Episode 3-08 “The Ghost and Mrs. Hart”
Barbra Jean becomes convinced that her house is being haunted by its previous owner, but when Reba tries to set up a “ghostly” prank on her hapless neighbor, she sees signs that a ghost may not be what is causing Barbra Jean’s problems. Large tunnels ending in the basement, yellowish ooze on the floor, and shrieking sounds echoing in the night lead Reba to only one conclusion. “Get out of this house. Get out of this town,” says Reba, as she takes the elephant gun, a remnant of her former life, down off her wall. “It’s happening again.”

Law and Order: SVU
Episode 5-08 “Abomination”
After a leading gay rights activist is found chopped in pieces, the detectives first turn their attention onto an outspoken minister. However, when the autopsy report comes back with evidence that the victim was actually chewed to death, a new investigation leads the detectives into the depths of the subway, where they encounter strange egg sacs that house wormlike creatures. Hungry wormlike creatures, it turns out. This episode is notable for the death of Ice-T’s character, Det. Odafin Tutola, who declares his belief that “there ain’t nothin’ down here – never was, never will be” only moments before an unseen beast drags him down into the dark depths of the earth.
Survivor
Episode 10-01 “This Has Never Happened Before!”
The Survivors are dropped off on an island in the Pacific, just off the coast of Hawaii, and all begins routinely. However, in a surprise twist, as host Jeff Probst is speaking to the contestants about the challenges before them, the earth suddenly trembles and he is swallowed up into the ground. The contestants panic and divide into two major tribes, one of whom believes that it will be safer to head to higher ground, the other believing that they must stand and fight. Neither strategy proves effective and all but three contestants are eaten by their unseen assailants. With nothing but their wits and a now-worthless immunity necklace, the three must set up booby traps to kill whatever is stalking them underground before whatever it is sets course for the mainland.

Live With Regis and Kelly
March 3, 2005
During an interview with Sylvester Stallone about his upcoming boxing reality show, the ground opens and an enormous sandworm rears up, swallowing both the action star and cohost Kelly Ripa. Regis somersaults off his desk and grabs a gun from a nearby security guard. He empties the clip into the sandworm, but the bullets merely bounce off the creature’s chitinous hide. Tears stinging his eyes, Regis distracts the sandworm by pretending to interview him as the National Guard clears the studio audience out of the area. Once the civilians are gone, Regis signals with his hand, and a Black Hawk helicopter launches an air-to-ground missile at the studio. The sandworm, enraged at being duped, tears off Regis’ head, but it’s too late – the missile hits and the worm is blown to pieces. Hours later, a National Guard sergeant surveying the damage finds some shocking evidence amidst the rubble. The threat has only just begun. The worms have evolved.

NEWS HEADLINES FROM THE BIZARRO WORLD POST-DISPACTH
BY FREDERICK MEYER ’08

New Pope Rampages Through Downtown Tokyo
Thousands Presumed Dead

Rover Analysis Gives Compelling Evidence of Water Polo on Mars

God Continues to Work in Mysterious Ways
Kills Newborn Kitten on National TV

Republiblibibublican Party Finalizes Name Change

Hyperdimensional Tear in Fabric of Space-Time Continuum “Not as Cool as it Sounds”
“Just Sort of Looks Like a Big Gray Cloud,” Say Disappointed Scientists

Cancer Cured
But Cure Instantly Incinerates Patient

U.N. Mandates Clown Aid for Gloomy Countries
But Many Countries Fear Clowns

Death Revealed to be Hoax
Mommy, Daddy Just Sleeping

Little Girl Trapped in Well
Learns to Just Fucking Deal With It
DOCTOR HENDRICKS: Richard, I know you well enough to know that your heart’s in the right place. But this is a lost cause. This young... creature... can never be what you want him to be.

DOCTOR ANDERSON: Damn it, John! Have your prejudices blinded you this completely? He’s a human being! Can’t you see that?

DOCTOR HENDRICKS: I don’t see a human being, Richard. All I see is an abomination.

(TOBY attaches to a tidal rock via adhesive-coated antennae developed during his Cypris, or bivalve, larval stage.)

DOCTOR HENDRICKS: He’s doing it again! Don’t you understand? He’ll never change!

* * *

MRS. KEARNSEY: Toby, you’re not eating your dinner.

MR. KEARNSEY: Yes, eat up, Son. Your mother cooked you a nice meal, and it’s getting cold.

(TOBY extends his legs and cirri and begins to sweep for plankton.)

MR. KEARNSEY: (Quietly) Diane, I’m beginning to think this was a mistake.

MRS. KEARNSEY: (With deep resolve) I’m not giving up on him, Harold. I’m never giving up on him.

* * *

BULLY #1: Hey, freak, why don’t you move back to your stupid harbor where you belong?

BULLY #2: Yeah, we don’t want any freaks like you on our playground!

(Other kids join in: “Yeah!” and “Go back to the ocean, freak!”)

(TOBY, sensing a low tide, covers his shell opening with two calcareous plates to trap in seawater.)

(Taunting continues for a few seconds, gradually dies off.)

BULLY #1: Let’s go. He’s not even smart enough to fight back!

* * *

LAURA: I just think it was so brave how you stood up to those other kids. I mean, I’ve never seen anybody keep his cool like that!

(Pause. Shyly, LAURA moves a bit closer to TOBY.)

LAURA: Look, what I guess I’m trying to say is, I think it’d be really great if you would go with me to the dance on Friday.

(TOBY extends a genital apparatus that, proportionally, is the largest in the animal kingdom.)
LAURA: *(Deeply hurt)* Is that all you want from me? Is that all I am to you? *(Begins to cry.)* Oh, Toby, sometimes I think Rachel was right about you!

*(LAURA runs away, distraught.)*

* * *

MR. KEARNSEY: That’s my son! That’s my son!

LAURA: *(Embracing him)* Oh, Toby, you did it! Toby, Toby, I love you!

POLICE CHIEF HAWKINS: Well, Toby, I had my doubts about you, but you saved the Mayor’s life, and the rest of the people on that bus, too. You’re a hero, son. Congratulations.

*(TOBY, operculum closed, waits for high tide.)*

POLICE CHIEF HAWKINS: *(With a smile)* Well, he always was a quiet kid, wasn’t he.

*(Others laugh appreciately.)*

*(Credits roll.)*

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**A LETTER TO MY MOTHER**

**BY NOAH KAUFMAN ’05**

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Dearest Mother,

I apologize to be writing you under such dire circumstances again, but I am faced with nowhere left to turn. I have once again upset the dancing bear you gave to me last Christmas and, as often happens I now find myself trapped in the cellar with nothing but a dozen bottles of Bordeaux 1974. I have already exhausted the normal methods of pacifying the dancing bear (by the way mother, thank you ever so much for the dancing bear. He makes for simply charming conversation during dinner parties. But I digress.). As I said, I have already tried singing the dancing bear a lovely piece by Schubert, offered to bathe him in the lilac and gold infused brandy you gave me on Boxing Day (by the way mother, thank you ever so much for the aforementioned brandy, it truly takes the edge off a day filled with wooing and revelry. But I digress.), and I even tried feeding him one of the Madagascan lemur steaks you gave me on my half birthday (by the way mother, oh I don’t even need to say it, you know how I love lemur. But I digress.).

So you see mother, my situation is really quite pressing. I have just now peeped through the keyhole and seen that the dancing bear has ripped off the velvet dickey you gave him on All Saints Day. I fear that next he may begin destroying the library of 12th century illuminations you gave me as a Summer Solstice gift or eat the little orphan boy you gave me on Take Your Daughter to Work Day (by the way mother, thank you so much for little Jack. He is such a joy to play catch with in the backyard, or at least he was. But I digress.). I suppose I best conclude my letter shortly for the bleeding is getting quite bad. You see, the dancing bear and I got into quite the tussle before I escaped to the cellar. I have begun dressing the wounds with the silken bandages in the smashing first aid kit you gave me for Black History Month, but I fear if someone does not arrive to assist me soon, the dancing bear will soon be upon me. Please send help at your leisure.

Your son,

Julian
THINGS YOU DID NOT KNOW:

CLAMS CAN READ MINDS!

"TITANIC" WAS NOT THE SHIP'S ORIGINAL NAME!

MOST ROCKS THINK THAT THE THIRD MATRIX WAS PRETTY GOOD!

That's Impossible!

Not Impossible. Inevitable.

YOU'RE GOING TO BE A REALLY

Also, rocks can talk.

FUNNY-LOOKING CORPSE!
TITLES OF SOME DOODLES I DREW IN MY PHILOSOPHY OF MEDICINE CLASS AND WHAT THEY WERE MAYBE SUPPOSED TO MEAN

by Cole Entress ‘06

“Possum Slim, [a fictitious alter-ego of my professor who in doodles wears a bandana] throw that car!” (Translation: There is a significant moral difference between curing maladies and enhancing the inborn capabilities of normal humans)

“I AM NOT A POTATO! Says Veggie-M.” (This probably had something to do with what kind of moral status we should accord to those unfortunate people trapped in Permanent Vegetative States. Ironically, I think this may be the most morally insensitive doodle I’ve ever drawn. I think ‘Veggie-m’ was supposed to read ‘Veggie-Man’)

The New Jersey state motto: NO ATHEIST ZOMBIES (A wrinkle in New Jersey State law changes the circumstances under which it is permissible to withhold life-sustaining treatment from those with religious convictions)

“Planimals!” (I have no idea what this means, but I drew a bad-ass ‘Zoo-cumber’.)
SO YOU’VE DECIDED TO TRY THE INSYPHILITIC
[AN INTRODUCTION FROM RAL GEROSEX’S THE
MASCULINE JOY OF THE INSYPHILITIC TUBA]

BY ALEXANDER ROGERS ’08

A Note to Readers:

Be proud, for you now hold in your hands one of only 8,217 copies printed of the handsomest literary treatise on the subject of our beloved Insyphilitic. Those of you unfamiliar with the hallowed brass savior of our nation’s musical heritage hang your head in shame! Are you properly ashamed now? Good. Then read on newcomer, as I attempt to introduce you to the basics of our grand old tuba in as few pages as my publisher will allow.

The history of the tuba is a complicated matter, and there continues to be much back and forth among scholars as to its actual origin. Some contend the instrument hails from the great eastern expanses where it was used for exotic rituals in the days when exotic was fashionable in those parts. Others trace its creation to even earlier periods, believing the instrument was initially utilized as a hunting implement. The savage beast of by-gone eras would be soothed by the intoxicating music and then brained with the tuba’s ambidextrous pipe. The credulity of this latter school of thought has been tarnished somewhat by the recent discovery that the once-hallowed Izuggabo cave drawings were in fact fakes. However, the abilities of the tuba in the arenas of music and head-thwomping have never been contested. The dominant theory of the day is that this new stride forward in tubary was concocted by Dr. Artley Doothich of Gumblevich, one of the many exiles from the continent during the revolution. So as not to bore you with nauseating facts it will suffice to say that Dr. Doothich, for lack of anything better to do, invented a new kind of tuba. And from that moment a new era dawned.

The manner in which one goes about taming this brass beast and conjuring sweet notes from her twisty innards is also fairly unique and lends much to the tuba’s mystique. For one, you must have two hands in order to play the Insyphilitic Tuba. Not one hand, nor three hands nor no hands. Two hands are absolutely vital if you propose to get anything at all from this beauty. You should not try to play unless this description fits your anatomy perfectly. You cannot fudge it, or even try to play it badly if you wanted. It just will not work, so do not even bother. Also, women cannot play the tuba. It’s a matter of the diaphragm, and the penis, both of which are necessary for powering this most soothing and magical of devices. And both of which are conspicuously lacking on the feminine character (Corr: This is not meant to imply that women do not possess a diaphragm, but that men just have better, more moral ones.) So no females. Not even guys who used to be women can get away with it. Trust me. It always can tell.

Having followed along this far and still decided that you possess the right stuff, as it were, to be an Insyphilitic champion, then by all means I grant you access to knowledge that will open the door wide toward this goal. The path remains treacherous. I especially urge you to keep you wits about you in conquering chapter 31, An Upper Nasal Cavity There? Likely you will die before you reach the end. However, supposing you can cross the threshold of the page 1,134 you can rest knowing you have truly mastered the most heinous of mistresses. The Insyphilitic Tuba is played yearly in the finest concert halls from cape to cape. Perhaps you too shall know what it is to kill a man with your bare hands. That, in one sentence, describes the experience of one day playing in the finest concert halls on the Cape.

Good luck, and Adieu.
20 December, 1832
Dear Diary,
To-day I was elected a Captain in the 31st Regiment of Militia of Sangamon County, 1st Division. Shortly I shall be riding out to fight the Black Hawk. The day was a long one, and I grow tired of writing, so on the morrow I will further elaborate.
Kisses,
Abe.

21 December, 1832
Dear Diary,
It appears as though I shall not see bloodshed after all. I am merely to instruct others, primarily in the loading and firing of muskets. Unusually, I find myself somewhat disappointed that there is no combat in my future; I did not exactly wish to hurt anyone, but I do hear that the Black Hawk do not habitually wear shirts.
Rowr!
Abe.

May 28, 1832
Dear Diary,
Despite my dismissal from the Captainship I did rejoin the Service today as a private under the command of one Captain Elijah Iles. Mr. Iles is a clean-shaven man of athletic build, with a pleasant, honey-toned voice and the most exceptional shoes, which today shone brilliantly in the mid-afternoon sun, the brass buckles resplendent with a thousand concordant sun-flecks of red and gold. I was in the company of Mr. Iles for much of the day, and he did indeed berate me soundly upon the parade-ground. I was forced to run round the field and complete many push-ups, continually lifting and pressing my bulk against the damp earth, with the firm, harsh weight of Mr. Iles’s extraordinary shoes pressed onto my back side. And yet, Diary, I did not despair! Curiously, I kept my self occupied by continuously thinking upon my carefree days of youthful rail-splitting.
Skwunchy-munchies,
Abe.

September 1, 1858
Dear Diary,
Tomorrow I shall again engage the ass-head Douglas in public discourse. I know not which I find more repulsive and insulting: his asinine rhetorical non-tactics, or his hideous mutton-chops. And that, his most garish of waist-coats! Such a waist-coat would indeed be in the fashion, Douglas—were only that it was 1849!
Frustratedly,
Abe.

November 18, 1863
Dear Diary,
Completed third draft of address for Gettysburg. Attached.
So stressed!

(Note: The following was found folded and inserted between the page featuring the above text and its partner.)

La la la
La la la la la
La la la
La la la la la
I just can’t get you out of my head
Boy your loving is all I think about
I just can’t get you out of my head
Boy it’s more than I dare to think about

La la la
La la la la

I just can’t get you out of my head
Boy your loving is all I think about
I just can’t get you out of my head
Boy it’s more than I dare to think about

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STRATEGY GUIDE FOR ROAD TRIPS
BY KEVIN PEDERSEN ’05

Punch Buggy

This is a classic road trip game, dating back to ancient China, when a meandering samurai would viciously swing his sword at his traveling companions upon catching sight of a water beetle. More than anything else, the key to winning this game is the element of surprise. Many a time have I seen a man in a perfect position to claim a victory over his opponent be felled by overthinking his strategy. Keep this in mind while playing Punch Buggy: see the car, make the hit, and get out.

- Should you require vision correction, I recommend having it done prior to attempting this game. You will need every advantage that you can get for this, and you won’t want to be rubbing your elbow in shame when your opponent gets you on a car three blocks away.

- The middle back seat (the “bitch” seat) of the car is by far the superior seat. Though window seats are more intuitively comfortable, the middle seat affords you a clear view of the windshield and anything through it. Many a player will avoid the bitch position because of the stigma it carries. Many a player has learned to regret that mistake.

- Reflexes are everything here. A good background in martial arts is almost essential if you want to be able to get to your opponent before he gets to you. Your mental reflexes should be just as quick. There’s nothing more humiliating and, ultimately, pigheaded than initiating a “punch buggy” upon seeing a PT Cruiser or, God forbid, a Taurus.

The License Plate Game

Ah, the license plate game. How I have longed to find a true fix to your puzzles. Many a time I have had a perfect strategy for victory almost worked out, only to have it yanked away from me by a trip to the gas station or the addition of vanity plates. Nonetheless, I have accumulated a few pointers that ought to help your game.

- Memorize, memorize, memorize. If you want to see all 50 states’ license plates before your opponent does, you’re going to need to be able to recognize them from a distance. Should you speed past an intersection and see a blur or red and gold on the back of a car, you’re going to need to recognize that as Tennessee’s bicentennial celebration plate.
There are several books available on the subject. If you go into this without memorizing them, you deserve whatever you get.

- Sleep beforehand. I’ve seen a man reduced to tears by the knowledge that while he dozed in the back seat, an elusive Hawaii license plate drove right past the automobile he was in. This game requires you to be alert 24/7. I cannot even begin to stress this enough.

- As an addendum to this, consider depriving your opponent of oxygen. This will induce sleep and give you a greater chance of seeing more license plates than. Perhaps a round of Punch Buggy culminating in a blow to the face can have the same effect.

- Consider a detour. Some road trips are going to be limited by the number of states though which you are driving. While attaining the revered 50-state mark is always possible, it will be easier if you can convince the driver to make a quick detour into Louisiana or Oregon. Any sway you hold over the driver can be used here. There are no laws against bribery here. In the licence plate game, there are no laws at all.

99 Bottles of Beer on the Wall

Do not underestimate this game. Known in some circles as “the Beast”, 99 Bottles of Beer on the Wall is single-handedly the most maddeningly difficult road trip game there is. I do not recommend that the weak even try to attempt it, lest find yourself bowing out in shame with 83 bottles of beer left. For those of you with true fortitude, read on.

- First, it is not important that you actually drink during this song. Some amateurs will attempt this so that they look more like they know what they’re doing. Well, they won’t be looking so hot when there are only 18 beers left in the song and they suddenly forget what number they were on.

- Mnemonics. The rules of 99 Bottles expressly forbids the use of a cheat sheet to recall what number bottle you were on. Instead, attach a memory to a number, eg “Grandma died when she was eighty-two years old” or “I lost my virginity when I was twenty-seven”.

- The distracter. Through the subtle use of hand signals, you can convey to your opponent that he is on a number other than the one he is actually on. A match between Balyavich and Kostsky (1987) employed this brilliantly, with Balyavich consistently shaking his head and looking worried until Kostsky became so flustered that he completely lost track of where he was and was laughed out of the car.

Shotgun

While not a game in itself, a good round of Shotgun is an important status symbol and can ensure you the respect that you will need during a long road trip. A few things to keep in mind:

- You have to see the car to initiate Shotgun. This may initiate a short footrace on the way to the vehicle. Be sure to have properly stretched and wear comfortable shoes.

- It ain’t over till it’s over. If someone calls “Shotgun!” remember that you still have the right to call “blitz!” Do not get cocky then, however, as your opponent can then call “Allied strike!” to counteract your blitz. To this, your best bet is to call “Apathy!!”, truly the greatest foe of the Allied strike. He may counter with “Zeal!” so be ready to react with the one thing that pervades life and can destroy all zeal: “Disappointment!” Cap it off here by saying “Disappointment-no-Hopesies!”

- You can always just punch someone.
Report of Shallot Magyar, Assistant Social Services Representative for East Nougat and Wimbleway, on case # 21023557, Salaman Dron

Oh boy, this is my very first report. Hi Mark. If you ever get a chance to read this I just wanted to let you know I planned on calling you yesterday but I’ve just been soooo busy lately. How about coffee sometime? I know this great Russian place, Solchyek’s-Down-By-The-Pumps, if you’re ever in the neighborhood. Oh man, I’m already screwing it up. Oh man, I’m always writing down exactly what I think as I think when I think, which is better than saying it usually, but in this case there’s this file I’ve got—OH MAN, why oh why did I just have to buy only the permanent inkwells?

Investigated a 4-1-1 CB after receiving a report of leery goings-on at the Dron Residence. As soon as my Social Services decoder ring delivered the call to action I dashed to the nearest phone booth and donned my jumper. It seems a little snug around the ass perso-Oh god damn it, I meant to say butt. I really like the uniform. Really. I think the cape thing goes especially well when I’m taking the Welfaremobile to the limit of—the speed limit. Which is what I did, so I leave it to the agency to resolve my traffic tickets which you will find liberally peppered throughout this report. Can you collect all seven? I know I did.

By the time I arrived the sky had darkened. The night was as cold as left-over Chinese and twice as runny. But in place of duck sauce this paper bag evening was tinged with justice. Justice and condensation. Justice was on the menu. It was raining justice. So, I ran up to the porch entrance to get out of the justice and knocked on the door three times.

Knock Knock Knock <a simulation of my actions presented in audio>. The door was answered by male with brown hair, blood-shot eyes, and who bore a striking resemblance to my ugly old Aunt Moldrop. God, she was a hag. I judged from his angry look and wife-beater that he was the criminal mastermind in this plot against childhood innocence, and it was only by combining my identification papers with the powers of my wristbands of rectitude (government-issued) that I was able to storm past him into the foyer, which is where things began to heat up.

For one thing I hate mauve. You could call it my only weakness. My “Gomez” even. We’re not on the best of terms. I really, really hate mauve. The man, who identified himself as my new old arch nemesis Frank Dron, had me where he wanted me and he knew it. Before I could even summon aid over the Social Service Friends’ Network he had me in the clutches of what he called his Rumpus Room. We knocked back a few pints of Old Aldania’s Original and watched the game. Good times.

I knew I had to get out of there before the beer nuts and light pastries arrived, so I summoned all of my strength and headed out the door on the excuse of needing a bathroom break. I didn’t find the bathroom, but the Drons have a very discreet broom closet. It was there I first ran into the target, Salaman, age 11, playing with a pair of Leavi dueling pistols that Mr. Dron kept well within reach for safety’s sake. It was such a pity that the boy had so obviously been abused, because I really liked Mr. Dron. If I get called up as a witness in his recent murder trial I will definitely point to his good-natured attitude and free liquor in his defense. Even so, the boy was missing his right hand and was bleeding into several layers of paper bag to avoid making a mess. Clearly things were not normal.

Knowing the dangers that awaited us if forced to confront the parent, I attached my trusty Social Services zip line to the second floor banister and we made our way to the second floor of Dron’s lair undetected. Then, some sneaking around. Sneak sneak sneak <an approximation of the sound of sneaking>. More sneaking. Then, long story short, the boy went out a window and into the waiting cushions of the carefully positioned Welfaremobile. Yes, I may have also garroted a house cat.
with the Social Services piano wire, but they put that stuff into the belt for a reason, and by golly that cat sure was hissing at me. You would have done the same in my place. Or at least something similar. Along the same lines. Approaching the same vein. You too will strangle a cat in your time.

I was going to just bring Salaman back to the agency as regulation stipulated, but the car wouldn’t start and I knew the only guy I could call for a lift wouldn’t like a kid in his truck, so I decided to just drop him off at the first house along the way. It happens to the best of us, right? On the way I was astonished to find that the boy’s hand had re-emerged from the bloody stump of his wrist. It was really fascinating.

We stopped at the first house, #22 Wimbleway and let the boy skip out, all his limbs grown back. I was sad to see him leave and gave him my number if he ever needed someone to talk to with his new family. I never heard back from him. I assume he got to the house, but maybe it would have been better had I stayed and explained the situation to the family there. Hindsight is the beast that makes fools of us all.

Addendum by Mr. Mark McMac, Case Supervisor

Shallot, stop calling me, you know, in case you ever re-read this.

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**THE SAGA...OF SALAMAN DRON, PART IV**

**by Alexander Rogers ’08**

*Statement of Frank Dron, father of Salaman Dron recorded during the latter’s Traffic Court hearing*

Look, it’s like I already toldja. He’s a fucking invalid! People who don’t got a leg, them’s invalids. Yeah, you shake your head at me from down here your honor. Yeah, that’s what I thought, woman.

Anyways, me and the boy were all shopping around the back of the alley—never you mind what for—by Shimondelly’s creamery when we noticed a place for our Caravan—I mean, Huffy. If I owned a Caravan, do you think I’d even be here? Now, excuse me for having an opinion in this country, but when I see a free space in a parking lot I fly to it with the speed of a thousand Frank Drons. Yeah, I bet the thought of a thousand a’ me makes you horny, judge Bitch-Witch! Oh, I’m sorry, it’s Judge Robinson. I couldn’t read your stupid-ass nameplate from down here. Yeah, I got hook-eye in the War. You know the one for all the freedom we love and enjoy? You remember that one, right? Oh, pardon my being a veteran with nothing but the memories and a lousy fifty bucks a month—fifty a month!—for all my— My bad, so sorry. What? Oh, right.

So I was heading toward the bike rack, and I’m there, and then Junior is like, “but daddy, it says ‘reserved’” or something retarded like that. So I look, and yes, if that’s what it will take to make you stop staring, I saw what might’ve been a wheelchair-guy stickie on the rack. You got a problem with that, or do you just get all squeamish when you hear the word ‘rack’ used in a sentence, huh pancakes? Don’t bother denying it. I can tell there ain’t nothing under them robes but a stretch of real estate Kansas couldn’t lick.

Long story sweet, Junior loses a leg to some pruning shears. That means we got a handicapped bike and can park wherever the hell we please. Yeah, he’s a good son. You hear that junior? You’re a good kid. No, he didn’t bleed all over the floor! We gots some plastic baggies outta the Hallmark down the way for him to pour into and then got a Blancmange pie for the missus.

Well, so what if the foot grew back later? I swear when we was parked the boy couldn’t a walked if he’d yanked on the tail of the Lord for a lift. I mean, thank God it can grow back and all, otherwise we’re talking therapy and shit and his mind would be all depressed like Old Sal. You know Old Sal, right? Funny story that. [inaudible]

Yeah, I bet you’d like me to stick to the subject! Like it even matters. Yo, I’ve seen the C-Span, witch. I know these things are pre-decided. Contempt? Contempt is what was going on between me and your daughter all last night. Oh Ye-ah! HUH! Yeah, you type that, cause I went there. It be brought, just like these stupid-ass charges for not already having a stupid-ass sticker on the back of my caravan that says junior has a stump where a leg used to be. Yes, I know there’s a leg there now, but at the time it was totally cut off. You could see the bone, vixeny baby— I mean your honor [inaudible]. Oh like you know! Were you there? No. So lay off, and let me go. I’ve got Fritos and a fox waiting for me at Hamwell’s in an hour.
More thrilling than the Challenger explosion!

More worthy of your time than dad’s old Vietnam stories!

More awesome than potato chips!

**It’s Salamandron [sic], the human lizard!**

Not just a boy, but a boy who handles the worst of mutilations with a smile on his face and a plum in his pocket.

Do you happen to like mutilation? Do you happen to like supporting the cause in East Timor? Then come on up to the booth of Mr. and Mrs. Buchlesped.

For donations ranging between $20 and $100 you can have your turn taking a bone or broadsword to the world’s most durable tyke. You can even keep whatever you can take!

All proceeds benefit the Cobras Elite Forces Against the Red Menace (CE-FARM), which is currently at work on an orphanage for future soldiers.

Come out for charity! Come out for the cause! Come out for the violence! The Violence!
Socrates, where should I look to find a partner and an object of passion?

Ah, my dear Striptes, you’re asking me about love.

I suppose I am, Socrates.

Well, is not love merely the reaction of a mortal soul to an earthly reflection of the divine form of Beauty?

So you have said, Socrates.

And does Beauty not, when we perceive it, cause profound adoration in us?

Yes, it does.

And is there anything more adorable than a fluffy little kitten staring forlornly up from inside an old leather boot as if to say “How did I get in here?” Or a fat little puppy with a brand new shoelace in his mouth, looking at us with a twinkle in his eye as if to say “Who, me?”

Those things are indeed adorable, Socrates.

And are these young creatures not far more adorable than an adult cat or dog could ever be?

Yes, far more.

And is not the same true with lions, ducks, tigers, seals, bears, and all the animals on the earth? Are not the young far more adorable than the old, no matter what the animal?

What you say is mostly true, but baby worms pretty much just look like smaller worms.

But besides worms and the other lowly creatures, are not the young more adorable?

If you set worms and the other lowly creatures aside, they are.

And so you agree that the young, being the most adorable and therefore the most beautiful, are the most capable of inspiring divine love in us?

I suppose so, Socrates.

Then you must fall in love with young children.

But which of the young shall we love more: the boys, or the girls?

Ah! I was about to overlook that question, and I am glad you brought it up. Are not women and girls equal to men and boys in every way, except that they are inferior to them in every way?

Yes, or so you have taught.

And so, Striptes, you are willing to agree that, of all the creatures on the earth, young boys are the most adorable; the most beautiful; and the most worthy of love?

Youn

Young boys?

Young boys. Trust me.
I HAD A WEEK TO KILL THE SHARK

by Matt Gens ’06

Day One:

I took the shark out shark fishing. He was all worried-like, jittery and shit thinking that after the rest of the guys finished their share of beer in the cooler, they’d forget about him being a guest and go after him next. I reassured him while actually counting on this happening, but just my luck, they all got so drunk they thought he was Bob Barker. He was more than happy to oblige everyone’s requests to keep saying, “Here’s the next showcase up for bids,” and while I sullenly kept my eye on the road on the way home, he wouldn’t shut up about how my friends had such a good time with him around that they wanted him to come golfing next Sunday.

Day Two:

I told the shark to go next door and meet my neighbor, Westphalia Didgereedoo. Westphalia is a pretty crazy man — some might say homicidal — because, well, wouldn’t any guy turn out a little sick in the head if his parents named him Westphalia? This guy’s front lawn is like a minefield; I figured if the bear traps he set for the mailman wouldn’t get the shark, the rocket-propelled grenades he has wired to his doorbell in case of “those sadistic little cookie bitches with the berets” would. How the Christ was I supposed to know the psycho leaves his side door unguarded and he and the shark have a mutual interest in cubist paintings? They’re going to a gallery tonight.

Day Three:

I stuffed the shark with plastic explosives - trying out a new recipe for porridge my ass - and signed him up for a fun day at a firewalking retreat. He got back earlier than I had expected and told me the event was cancelled due to inclement weather. While I was hitting my head against the wall, he gabbed on about how he had the strangest indigestion at the campground, how the outhouse exploded five minutes after he had left it, and how, while he was feeling all remorseful for this somehow being his fault, a supermodel with an inexplicable “thing” for guilt-ridden lamniformes asked him out on a date. They’re at Dave & Buster’s right now.

Day Four:

I introduced the shark to the deadliest thing I could imagine, the movie What Dreams May Come on DVD. I hurled it into the den with him, locked all the doors, ran outside, leapt behind an embankment I had just dug, closed my eyes, and stuck my fingers in my ears. I came back in three hours, expecting to find a mutilated corpse or something equivalent, but there was the shark sobbing into a tissue over what a beautiful movie that was. He told me that he just had to call Cuba Gooding Jr. and congratulate him on his performance, and the two of them just got back from doing lunch.

Day Five:

I got the shark a pet. In hindsight I wished I’d known in advance that a standard bribe of the Brazilian authorities to acquire a captive anaconda involves sex with a mayor’s vomit-inducing daughter, but it seemed well worth it at the time, and I’m pretty sure these splotches are only temporary. So anyway the snake was all coiled around him and about to put on the squeeze, when the shark, in his hideously chipper voice, exclaimed, “It’s so great to meet another hugger!” The anaconda loosened up and started bawling, going through this whole sob story about how his mother abandoned him, and he just wants to feel close to others. The shark encouraged him to write a book on reptile self-help, and the two of them are set to go on tour promoting it in a few days.

Day Six:

I snuck up on the shark in bed at five in the morning, tranqued him and threw him in a burlap sack. I tossed the shark in the trunk of my Suburban and massacred asphalt to the airport. I dragged the sack to the check-in and threw a wad of twenties into the face of the guy behind the desk. He asked, “What’s this for.” I replied, “The bag.” He wondered, “What about the bag?” I shot back, “Send it somewhere.” He queried, “Where?” I retorted, “Pick a plane.” I smiled as I sped off,
daydreaming about the unspeakable things airlines do to luggage. The shark got out of a taxi in front of the house late that evening full of “the most incredible story how I wound up at Buckingham palace honored as an ambassador.” The goddamn Queen’s set to knight him in a month.

**Day Seven:**

Jim was waiting for me at the front door when I woke up. He asked me if I’d killed the shark. I said no. He let out a sigh of relief. I asked him if he’d licked the president. He said no. I gave a phew as well. I was upset that I hadn’t won the bet and gotten to shave Jim’s head, but at least he hadn’t won either and had the chance to eat my chandelier. I went upstairs. The shark was watching the Discovery Channel. I asked the shark, “Do you think it’s weird that someone would want to eat an ornamental light?” The shark said, “Yeah.”

**ILL-FATED CELEBRITY STAND-UP ATTEMPTS:**

**THE TRANSCRIPTS**

by Frederick Meyer ‘08

The Count from *Sesame Street*

Hello! Ha ha ha ha haaa! Is everyone having a good time? Is every — is every two having a good time? Two! Ha ha haaa! Is this thing on?

What a crowd! You know, I have one thing to say to women, and that is: *two!* I have *two* things to say to women! *Three!* Ha ha ha ha! I have *three* things to say to women, and that is: I’ll stop leaving the toilet seat up when you stop messing with the thermostat! I go into my house at night, and our cactus has dropped dead from the heat! It must be ninety-five degrees in there! Ninety-six! Ha ha ha ha haaa! Ninety-seven! Ninety-eight!

Women are funny. Take my wife – please! Ha ha haaa! No, seriously, we’re deeply in love and we’ve been married sixteen years! Seventeen! Ha ha ha ha! Eighteen! How about a round of applause for my wife! Here’s to sleeping with only one women for the rest of my life. Two! Two women! Three! Ha ha haaa!

Well, the light is flashing, so that’s all for me. You’ve been great. Don’t forget to tip your waitresses! Ha ha ha ha haaa!

Kim Jong Il

Greetings! What a happy gathering of the people! We are all so happy and prosperous, and we know that when our glorious revolution prevails, all our sacrifices will be paid back seven thousand times over. It is good to be one of the Glorious Revolutionary Happy People!

I was deflowering a teenage girl yesterday and I forgot where I put the car keys. What an inconvenience! Luckily, the Dragon Memory of the Glorious Revolutionary Happy People’s Leader never fails: I remembered that I left the keys were in my other girl-deflowering room. Then I laughed with great infectious mirth. You should laugh, too. That is better.

That is a big poster of me. It is not the biggest I have seen, but it is still big. The people have such great respect for the Glorious Revolutionary Happy People’s Leader! They respect him because they know that he is leading them down the path to glorious revolution and the everlasting great happiness of heaven.

You are all so thin! You are like matchsticks. Maybe I will set fire to you all! That is funny! You must laugh again. Louder. Good.

Ah, my helicopter is here. You may disperse to your hovels. Good night.
Dear Members of the Eternally Resting Community (Eternal Paradise Division);

As most of you know, last week we held our biannual elections for various positions in Heaven and several of its principalities. I would like to formally congratulate all of our new Cherubim, Seraphim, Thrones, and Virtues, and to those incumbents who will not be returning, may I suggest a career in the food service industry? That is of course a joke, as we in Heaven do not eat.

This brings me (albeit abruptly) to the purpose of my letter. You see, for the first time in what has roughly been an eternity, the position of God has been lost by the incumbent, God, and won by the challenger, Uncle Ted from Madison, Wisconsin. As Uncle Ted will be assuming the new position as the most Holy of Holies, he has asked me to address a few changes to company policy that we will be enacting, effective immediately. (He has also asked me to pull his finger, which I found to be a grave mistake.) To begin, a revised list of Ten Commandments has been written up by the Lord God Uncle Ted:

1. Thou Shalt Not Jog. For lo, the beer belly is a sign of virility and is the mark of a true man. Those who wish to lose their sacred guts are guilty of vanity, heresy, and of making the Lord Uncle Ted’s wife more likely to start nagging him to join a gym.

2. Thou Shalt Not Whine About Snoring. For the Lord Uncle Ted has decreed that snoring is a natural and involuntary action, and complaining about his snoring accomplishes nothing but making him feel guilty (and waking him up in the middle of the night when he has to get up early the next morning to work on the car).

3. Thou Shalt Not Overcharge When Shoveling the Walkway. For although capitalism is what makes our country great, the Lord Uncle Ted sees no reason to pay you more than $20 when it barely took an hour to do the whole thing, and half that time was spent slacking off.

4. Thou Shalt Not Listen to Rap Music. Thou shalt prefer music of the genre classic rock, especially the now-sacred music of Eric Clapton and the Allman Brothers. Apocryphal rock such as Dave Matthews is also forbidden.

5. Thou Shalt Not Talk While the Game Is On. For thy Lord Uncle Ted works hard all week, and he really isn’t interested in hearing what Marge has to say about Edna, especially when the score is 21-17 with two minutes to go in the fourth quarter.

6. Thou Shalt Not Root Against the Packers. For if thy partaketh of the Cheez Doodles and drinketh of the Pabst Blue Ribbon at the tailgate party of the Lord Uncle Ted, courtesy dictates thou shalt support Uncle Ted’s teams. Furthermore, the definition of “the tailgate party of Uncle Ted” shall be revised to mean “the world”.

7. Thou Shalt Not Get Scaff Marks on the New Chevrolet. For the Lord Uncle Ted thy God is proud of his new Impala and just got it off lease four months ago, and he would like to have it look new at least until the rainy season starts up.

8. Thou Shalt Not Forget to Buy Liverwurst at the Deli. The Lord Uncle Ted finds that lo, his wife’s repeated forgetfulness on this topic is starting to look like it isn’t an accident. Lo, liverwurst is a delicious deli meat, and if flatulence is a concern, refer to the Commandment about the beer gut to see what Uncle Ted thinks of that.

9. Thou Shalt Not Drink Imported Beer. For lo, imported beer is the domain of pussies and Communists. The Lord Uncle Ted decrees that thou shalt drink American and drive American (though not at the same time, unless it’s an emergency or a weekend).

10. Thou Shalt Not Give Beer to the Baby. The Lord Uncle Ted has learned this one from experience.

Further changes to the faith shall be coming down shortly. The Lord Uncle Ted has described plans to move the Holy City to Las Vegas, where a shrine shall be built complete with a casino, large-scale show, and titty bar. The show will probably be something along the lines of a bear fighting a shark in a steel cage, possibly with a tiger acting as referee. Priests of Las Vegasalem shall wear the official vestments of a man of the Lord Uncle Ted (Hawaiian shirt, shorts, black socks pulled up to the knees, and sandals).

The Lord Uncle Ted would also like to make clear, now and forever, that the dispensing of noogies is not a sin, and it never was.

I shall be in further contact with you as this matter develops.

Yours in faith, hope, and love,
Gabriel
Record-keeper of Heaven
CHRIS LAAKKO RUNS FOR
‘06 CLASS VICE PRESIDENT

by Chris Laakko ‘06

[Editor’s note: Chris Laakko actually ran for ‘06 Class Vice President. He was within 30 votes of winning, too. This is his actual candidacy statement.]

Date: 11 Apr 2005 16:09:28 EDT
From: Christopher R. Laakko
Reply-To: LaakkoFor06VP
Subject: PLEASE VOTE  CHRIS LAAKKO 06 VP
To: (Recipient List Repressed)

Hey everyone, this is a list of pretty much every 06 I know, or at least sort of know, who would possibly consider voting for me (although if you are one of my enemies and made it onto this list I apologize; it was probably a typo, or sarcasm). You are getting such a long blitz from me because I want you to vote for me for 06 Class Council VP and I feel like this might take a lot of convincing on my part. Here are some details you should know before I go any further:

Elections start Monday April 11th, 10 AM (THAT’S TODAY!) and close Wednesday April 13th 5PM

PLEASE GO TO basement.dartmouth.edu to cast your vote!!!

And here is my candidacy statement for those of you who didn’t get/read/care the first time:

I’m Chris and I’m a pretty easy-going dude. I’m not real familiar with the whole campus politics scene, but in a way that’s not a bad thing, right? Like if you never tell someone they can’t do something then they don’t know it’s impossible. Clearly at no point did anyone tell cosmonaut Alexei Leonov that extra-vehicular activity was impossible in space. I believe in extended library hours, wise apportionment of the class budget on things that people actually want to do, like frequent senior tails events and sickies parties, convenient practice spaces for student musicians, and anything else that you all care about. My name is Chris. I like to throw a football on the green, play music, play swords, and listen to you. Help me be Dartmouth’s vice-cosmonaut.

Now I’ll just try to answer any questions you might have so as to convince you of my legitimacy as a candidate.

Q: Are you a serious candidate?
A: Yes. If elected I would do a very good job.

Q: Why don’t you have a list of accomplishments and skills like the other candidates?
A: Because I don’t believe in self-calls. When I do something I don’t mess around. You can count on me to do a good job but you aren’t about to hear me bragging about anything except how far I threw a football the other day.

Q: Why did you say “sickies” when there are much clearer words available?
A: To be ironic because my sweetness transcends current slang. And since you aren’t buying that, mostly to sound cool and appear to be “in touch” with “you guys.”

Q: Why should I vote for someone who can’t even spell “convenient” correctly?
A:

Q: What is all this nonsense about the Soviet space program?
A: A metaphor.

So please vote for me! It only takes 20 seconds and I would really appreciate the chance to make our senior year real awesome. And if you back what I stand for, encourage others to vote for me as well! And feel free to reply to me with questions, concerns, campaign donations, and threats. Don’t throw away your vote by not using it or writing in that slender kid with social anxiety disorder and bad allergies! [Ed’s note: This is probably about me. I have chronic sinusitis.]

Thank you so much,
Chris
Top Ten Reasons Shaq is Thinking of Quitting His Job

10. He calculated that he could retire now if he can learn to live on $60,000 a day.
9. Success of Kazaam! convinced him to start making Kazaam! sequels full-time.
8. Wants to explore simply being large professionally.
7. Maybe he’s going through a very, very tough breakup and his heart isn’t in his job anymore.
6. Basketball was great, but he’s finally found his real sport: ice dancing.
5. Kobe’s mean taunts ruined his love for the game. Now it will take a very special coach (Emilio Estevez) to teach him the true meaning of sportsmanship.
4. Too busy taking Woody Allen’s lunch money.
3. Why should he work hard to bring home a steady paycheck if his wife won’t appreciate him? Actually, no one does.
2. Shaq tired of worrying about little ball and stupid rules. Shaq smash!
1. He’s realized that there’s really no point anyway.

Top Ten Things Overheard at the Neverland Ranch Holiday Party

10. “You’re a defense attorney? I’m a defense attorney. Geez – are all the adults here defense attorneys?”
9. “What’s Hanukkah? Well, Robby, Hanukkah means you have to sit on Santa’s lap for eight whole days.”
8. “Hey, Michael, did you fuck John Creiger’s wife, or was that just every other guy on the planet?”
7. “I’m the youngest Jackson; he’s Jack’s youngest son! Hee hee hee! His dad’s name is Jack! Whoo – this eggnog is really strong.”
5. “Yes, Michael, a ‘White Christmas’ starts with the skin.”
4. “Hey, Michael. Have you ever thought of just ending it all? I have.”

Top Ten 21st-Century Additions to the Ten Commandments

10. Thou shalt not attempt to thwart My will with male enlargement products sold over the Internet.
9. Thou shalt not use thy neighbors’ cable subscription to get cable for free.
8. Thou shalt not fuck somebody else while I’m at work in the fucking studio. How about that? You fucking listening, Laura?
7. “Graven images” now applieth to hideously ugly ceramic angels and light-up Nativity scenes. Cast them from thee.
6. Give me my fucking dog back. I raised that dog myself, you heartless slut! God, I’m alone...
5. Remember Super Bowl Sunday, to avoid all other obligations including church and to pre-game for 24 solid hours.
4. The pain... when will it ever end?
3. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor’s Hummer, but shalt realize that he’s compensating.
2. I’ll get my revenge. You can bet your bottom fucking dollar on that. Your days are numbered, Laura.
1. That goes for the rest of you mindless pieces of mouth-breathing shit, too.
The Adventures of Tommy!

I'm on fire!

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A
YOUR PAPER IS
NOT TO BE CONSUMING!
PLEASE TO NOT EATING
FUNNYBOOK!