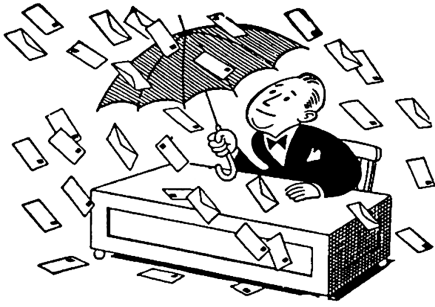


THE DARTMOUTH JACK-O-LANTERN



The **LIFE** Issue



HATE MAIL



Dear Jacko,

I don't like the sand. It's coarse and rough and gets everywhere. Not like you. You're soft and smooth.

Love,
Anakin Skywalker

Dear Jacko:

Since these scandals have broken, I've been stereotyped by everybody. People think that just because I'm a Catholic priest I'm going to molest their little boys or something. But I'll have you know I prefer to have sex with grown women.

Fr. Patrick O'Connor

Dear Jacko:

Damn it, why couldn't it have been me?

Chocolate Coke

Dear Jacko,

I am just a mediocre director. Nothing special or remarkable about me. Just a normal, run of the mill directing kind of guy. OOH! TWIST ENDING! I'm the shit and you know it.

Signed,
M. Night Shyamalan

Dear Jacko,

It's raining out here in the park! I'm getting all wet! No one will want to eat me! Someone better have saved that recipe.

A Cake

Dear Jacko:

By the time you get this I will already be gone. I know you like to tell me I'm really useful, but it seems no matter what I do I just make a mess of things.

Goodbye,
The Law of Entropy

Dear Jacko:

Damn, it's really cold in here. What's going on? I could use a sweater or something. Hey, is anybody there? Hello?

Ted Williams

Dear Jacko:

Rigor Mortis has set in. Though it doesn't rock anywhere near as hard as I've always led people to believe. Actually, it's sort of like fusion jazz, unfortunately.

Didn't end up spendin' up all my money,
John Entwistle

Dear Jacko:

Sorry if I was being kind of bitch last night. It's just that time of month for me. You know.

Apologies,
The Moon

Dear Jacko,

You are sadly misinformed, Little-Miss-Can't-Be-Wrong. We're not defunct. We're in the studio, working on our next album, which is a darker, moodier record to reflect the changing trends in popular music. It's tentatively entitled **BLEED, CRAWL, AND DIE, FUCK-FACE.**

Just go ahead now,
The Spin Doctors

Dear Jacko,

Well it's over now, and I've got no excuses. Heaven's beside me, hell's within. I loved that goddam syringe, but I ended up a big old pile of them bones, and now I really am the man in the box.

Layne Staley

Dear Jacko:

The two of us recently had an intense discussion about abortion ethics.

We've decided it's okay to get an abortion as long as one of the parents is a zombie, vampire, Frankenstein's monster, or other variety of reanimated, undead corpse.

Yours,
Sam Raimi (*Evil Dead*)
and Jerry Falwell (pulpit)

Dear Jacko:

I'm sick of writing this crap. Make the left hand do some of this for once.

The Right Hand

Dear Jacko,
I don't know what
the right hand
is doing.
-The Left Hand

Dear Jacko:

I quit my corncob pipe last month. Did you know smoking causes lung cancer and emphysema? Plus the smoke was slushin' up my innards.

Frosty

Nicolas Duquette
Editor-In-Chief

Chris Plehal
President

Cal Newport
Managing Editor

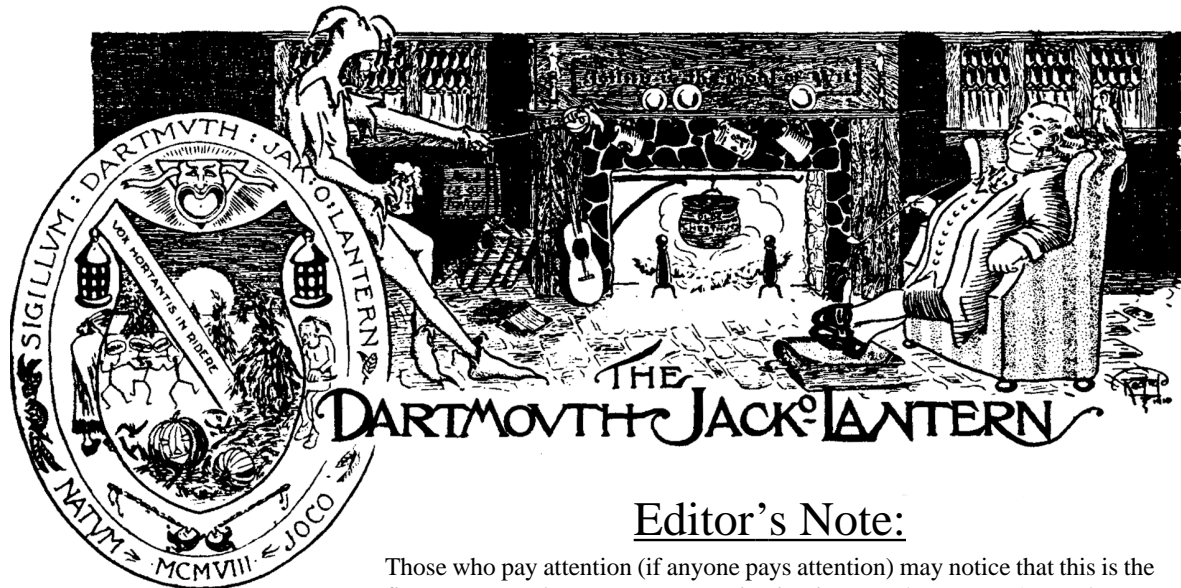
Adil Ahmad
Web Editor

Brad Tavares
Homeland Security

Kevin Peterson
Faculty Advisor

Writers and Artists

Ilya Abyzov
Sanjay Banerjee
Jon Cofsky
Matt Sueoka
Michael Strong
Kevin Pedersen
Laura Thompson



Editor's Note:

Those who pay attention (if anyone pays attention) may notice that this is the first proper *Jack-O-Lantern* magazine in nine months or so. It's not that we didn't want to do another damn *Dartmouth* parody this term. But considering the D's whimsical summer distribution schedule, actually filling those green boxes with newspapers probably would have bewildered the entire Dartmouth community.

This issue exists solely because of the collaborative effort of several talented people. All the staffers listed at right are awesome, especially our new members, who wrote the bulk of the magazine. Chris's editorial motivation was perfectly timed to kick in when mine was flagging, and Cal was (as usual) a prolific and hilarious writer and imitator of thuggish celebrities. Big thanks to our prom models for willingly being humiliated: John Kupiec, Steve Zyck, Brad Bate, Chris Toepp, Stephanie Feldman, Ansly Paulk and Larry Block.

I would also like to thank our advisor, Kevin Peterson, for not abandoning us after receiving about a dozen angry blitzes about the *Jacko* last term from virtually every administrative department, and Pat Moss in the student activities office for helping to straighten out the *Jacko* account. Our finances were in a shambles at the end of the 01-02 fiscal year, and Pat patiently put off things that were probably more important to listen to my childish screaming fits and help me track down erroneous airfare charges.

Sorry if you read this whole thing expecting a joke at the end. I admire your persistence, though.

Nicolas D. Duquette

Nicolas Duquette '04

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The *Jack-O-Lantern* is published five or six times a year, or some integer in that general neighborhood, in addition to exclusive web-only features available at our spiffy new web site: <http://www.dartmouth.edu/~jacko>.

The opinions expressed in the *Jack-O-Lantern* are not necessarily those of Dartmouth College, impersonated pop culture icons, long-dead historical figures, mythological archetypes, or any rational being for that matter.

BABYHOOD is that magical time in your life when you can spend all day whining and vomiting up your meals while people insist on commenting on how cute you look. It's a lot like being Sarah Jessica Parker, although generally without as much sex.

Choosing a Baby Name

One of the most important events of your babyhood is receiving your name. As notable historical figure Asspirate L. Jameson was fond of saying: "Having a good name is *really, really* important." Of course, the popularity of a name changes with the times. Here's a list of which names are hot and which are just really stupid.

Good Baby Names

<i>Britney</i>	<i>Britenny</i>
<i>Britnee</i>	<i>Bertney</i>
<i>Britmay</i>	<i>Br't'n'y</i>
<i>Brittany</i>	<i>Lite-Briteney</i>
<i>Brytnyy</i>	<i>Brad Pitt</i>

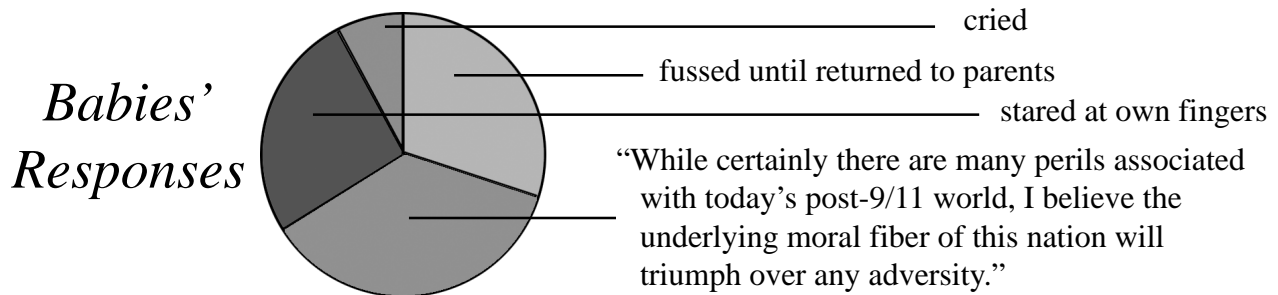
Bad Baby Names

<i>Osama</i>	<i>Whiskey McDrunk</i>
<i>Saddamy</i>	<i>Enronceokennethlay</i>
<i>Poopfactory</i>	<i>Magneto</i>
<i>Hey You</i>	<i>Falfagaggmcfalfalf</i>
<i>Brokenrubber</i>	<i>Britnei</i>



How Happy Are Today's Babies?

A recent Gallup poll asked the nation's infants, "How content are you in a world fraught with terrorism threats, economic recessions, and corrupt corporate officials?"



CHILDHOOD has always held a special place in the hearts of the American people. From Tom Sawyer to Lolita, American culture is chock-full of impish, lovable youngsters. But innocence is in short supply in these days when childhood play so often leads to quarrelling. Fortunately, if caught early enough, these rough-and-tumble tendencies can easily be subdued. All you need to know is how to spot them.

Will Your Child Be a School Shooter? A Questionnaire

Answer all questions honestly, for your own safety.

My child is best described as:

- A) Female.
- B) Oh, sort of average I guess.
- C) Intelligent and athletic.
- D) Forcibly restrained at all times.

My child's favorite toy is:

- A) G.I. Joe™
- B) Furby™
- C) Shelby™
- D) My Little Uzi™

My child would rather listen to:

- A) Barney's *A Great Day to Learn*
- B) Sesame Street's *Elmo's Lowdown Hoedown*
- C) Disney's *Tigger Mania*
- D) Cannibal Corpse's *Tomb of the Mutilated*

When my child sees an act of violence on TV, he:

- A) Takes it in stride.
- B) Turns white-faced and silent.
- C) Screams and runs out of the room.
- D) Hunts down the nearest pet or sibling.

When my child hears a loud noise outside, he:

- A) Starts to cry.
- B) Runs to you for protection.
- C) Is curious.
- D) Double-checks a switch labeled "safety" on some sort of remote control in his pocket.

Among his peers, my child is:

- A) Highly accepted.
- B) Well-accepted.
- C) Somewhat accepted.
- D) As accepted as RuPaul at an Ashcroft family picnic.

When my child is alone with a group of peers of the opposite sex, they:

- A) Claim he has cooties.
- B) Claim he has cooties and giggle.
- C) Claim he has cooties and refuse to play.
- D) Claim he has cooties and beat him to a bawling, pathetic bloody pulp.

If it rains, my child will wear:

- A) His favorite Cookie Monster rain hat.
- B) His favorite Big Bird galoshes.
- C) His favorite Kermit rain coat.
- D) A waterproof cape, black glossy lipstick, and a Godsmack-endorsed Prince Albert.

Tally up your number of D responses, and check below for your child's risk.

- 0: Your child is at low risk to become a school shooter. Conversely, he is at high risk to die at the hands of a school shooter. Bummer.
- 1-4: You might want to make friends with a few lawyers.
- 5-7: Don't believe your kid if he ever tells you it's "Wacky Trenchcoat Day" at school.
- 8: States without the death penalty: Alaska, Maine, Minnesota, Vermont, Hawaii, Massachusetts, North Dakota, West Virginia, Iowa, Michigan, Rhode Island, and Wisconsin.

PUBERTY was the longest eight years of my life.

Memorable Middle School Moments

Junior High Dance...



The Big Date...



PAID ADVERTISEMENT

Biology Department

Course Listing Changes 2002-3

Bio. 6 – Dinosaurs

Originally scheduled as a 10A, will now be a 2A starting 03W.

Bio. 41 - Plant Physiology

Originally scheduled for 03S at 2, will now be taught in 03W at 10A by Dr. Diane Church.

Bio 52 - Behavioral Ecology

Originally not scheduled for 02-03, will be taught in 02F at 2A by Dr. Jason Jones.

Bio 58 - Advanced Community Ecology

Originally not offered 02-03, will be taught in 03W at 2A by Dr. Kate Schofield.

Bio 63 - Developmental Genetics

Originally not offered 02-03, will be taught in 03W at 11 by Prof. Eric Lambie.



HIGH SCHOOL is a memorable time in every young person's life. Except, of course, for those who don't finish high school. But *Pizza Delivery For A Livelihood* can be a very special time as well. Especially if you have to deliver the pizza in thirty minutes or less, and you've removed the governor from your 1984 Oldsmobile Cutlass.

Suppressed Senior Prom Yearbook Memories

High school yearbooks do a pretty good job of capturing the nostalgic elements of senior year's biggest night. But nobody can deny that the most memorable senior prom moments don't happen on the dance floor. In fact, some people can barely remember the dance at all...



Obey that curfew! Perhaps there's no moment as universally awkward as introducing your sweetheart to your overprotective parents. Of course, the moment can only be more awkward if your father happens to be a jujitsu instructor for Navy SEALs!

No fooling around! Don't let the movies fool you — not everybody is engaging in “heavy petting” on prom night. But even if a chaperone happens to restrain the romance a little, it's worth it to know that Grandma is enjoying her night out. (Besides, your parents haven't had a night “to themselves” in ages.)



A Rose by any other name would — AAAAGH! On any prom night, more than one guy gets his heart broken by a callous date. But be careful with that boutonniere pin, or you may literally break his heart — by slashing open his left ventricle!



Hey, that's illegal! Who was that mysterious party girl who couldn't seem to hold her liquor, or keep her mismatched clothes on? We never did get a coherent answer out of her. But she was more than welcome at the high school prom, and at the end of the night we're sure whomever she came with took good care of her — either that, or the boiler room where she passed out provided her with warm shelter and a comfortable floor for the night!

Don't they make a cute couple? Of course, it wouldn't be prom without a romantic keepsake photo of you and your date in front of the photographer's special backdrop. Wait 'til our kids see "where" we held our senior prom!



MARRIAGE is generally what happens after high school. This, of course, is a generalization and doesn't apply to maturity-delaying college students or terminally ugly people.

Tips for a Great Honeymoon

- It is very romantic to have a leisurely breakfast in bed. When choosing your meal, be sure to pick something mild, like eggs and toast, rather than booking a hibachi chef to kill a chicken right in front of you.
- If your wedding is held in a small Las Vegas chapel, honeymoons are often available for an additional \$49.95, cash or credit.
- Purchase plane seats that are next to each other. Putting your mate in coach while you sit first class makes you seem insensitive to his or her needs.
- If, by some bizarre chance, you must be accompanied on your honeymoon by your crazy Uncle Morty, he is easily distracted by those painted wooden cutouts where you can stick your head through and look like a cowboy.
- Tell your spouse that you love him/her. If they reply that they love you too, insist that your love is a hundred times greater than theirs. If they protest that they love you even more, increase this number to a thousand, a million, infinity plus one, and so on. Use force to convince them if necessary.
- Rickshaws are far cheaper than taxis.
- In order to keep your honeymoon private and intimate, leave all cell phones and pagers at home. If you are Batman, disconnect the bat signal.
- Background music can provide a romantic atmosphere to your trip. You can bring a radio, but hiring a one-man-band really shows that you care.
- Do some new activity together. Massage classes are popular, but do-it-yourself electrolysis is also on the rise nowadays.
- Be sure to take plenty of photographs so you'll be able to remember your honeymoon forever. If your budget is tight, making a flipbook from post-it notes works just as well.
- Stick to a schedule. If your honeymoon lasts longer than nine months, your baby may be born outside the U.S. and lack proper citizenship. This is especially unfortunate if your honeymoon is in Canada.
- Relaxing in a two-person hammock can be very romantic. Having sex in one while standing up is usually unsuccessful.



Eastman's Pharmacy 22 South Main Street, Hanover (603)643-4122

Come to Eastman's for all of your drug store needs!

- Full in-store pharmacy that accepts many insurance plans.
- Over-the-counter drugs and toiletries, including many name and generic brands.
- Candy, gifts, postcards and more!



COLLEGE — *the mere word conjures vivid images of all night partying, debauched drinking, girls “gone wild”... all manner of irresponsible bacchanalia. But don’t forget that college is a place of learning, too. Like learning how to urinate in a drinking fountain without getting caught.*



presents

The Best Colleges You’re Not Attending



The Biz Markie
College of Fine Arts

The Biz Markie College of Fine Arts, founded by washed-up booger-loving rap artist Biz Markie, is a Harlem, NY institution granting a four-year Bachelor of Fine Arts degree. The Cizz-ollege is staffed with internationally-renowned figures whose groundbreaking work in their respective fields have made them household names, including John Tesh (Instrumental Performance), Sam Berkowitz (Poetry), Hayden Christensen (Theater), and Al Gore (Dance). The Biz himself teaches the occasional class in vocal performance and songwriting, and through the BMC Guest Lecture program, many other famed artists have been shared their genius with BMC students, such as Keith Richards on Public Speaking and Johnny Rotten on Decorum, all without the use of turntables and lawsuits!

Want to get a traditional liberal arts education, but simultaneously see the world, learn firsthand about foreign culture, and run for your life on a near-daily basis? Then AUI is the perfect fit for you. Nestled right in the middle of bustling downtown Teheran, this institution recently topped US News’s list of “Four-Year Degree-Granting Institutions Within the Axis of Evil.” While the school’s complete lack of a health insurance policy may seem worrisome at first (college officials estimate that such a plan would cost \$5.37 billion per severable body part), who could turn down a place where you can experience violent anti-American demonstrations firsthand, all the while earning a degree in a great discipline like Literature, Mathematics, or Hostage Survival?



American University
of Iran



University of North Dakota at South Dakota

Want an education, but don't want such distractions as big cities, computers, traffic lights, cars, televisions, telephones, telegraphs, shoes, or post-Bronze Age civilization? Then the University of North Dakota at South Dakota is your best option this side of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. Since all leisure activities—and sixty percent of all courses—involve guns and hunting, the school requires you to bring your own shotgun. You may purchase one through UNDSO Hunting Gun Services if you wish. Despite its spartan setting, UNDSO is a very cosmopolitan institution; it offers the practical safe sex seminar, “The Combine May LOOK Kinky, But Boy, Let Me Tell You...” free of charge. [NOTE: The 2002-2003 Academic year marks the opening of University of North Dakota at South Dakota's brand new Idaho campus.]

With a course guide that runs like a Gang Of Four track listing, the Theodore J. Kaczynski Institute of Contemporary Studies (known affectionately by students as “The One Source For Truth in a Cesspool of Lies”) is a good match for the student who feels disaffected by contemporary American society and feels that his only true ally is Federal Express. With a Harvard-educated faculty, this rural Montana school features robust academic departments with challenging courses like “Introduction to American Government: The Lies Have Betrayed You And Made You Weak” or “Introduction to American Media: You Tried To Blind Me.” Quality of life is high, though the institute firmly adheres to its policy against “conversing with, contacting or otherwise distracting” fellow students. Be wary, potential applicants: a thick envelope from the Kaczynski Institute does not necessarily mean admission.



Ted Kaczynski Institute of Contemporary Studies

*The few.
The proud.*



*The orange-
vested.*



United States Crossing Guard Academy

There are 212 Ways to be a soldier. But there's only one way to be a Crossing Guard, and that's what the USCGA is for. If you want to serve this great nation, but have problems like inadequate IQ score, foreign citizenship, or history of unpredictable week-long destructive rages, the USCGA is your school. Upon graduation, you'll be stationed in a domestic danger zone (“crosswalk”). Your mission: to safely escort young civilians across the street. If you think you have what it takes to keep the youth of rich, suburban America safe, ensuring they will grow up to one day have children of their own, allowing the exploitation of working-class individuals like yourself to continue indefinitely, then the USCGA is for you.

PARENTHOOD is that magical fulfillment of every human being's dream: the creation of another thinking, breathing, loving human life. Sure, it has its rough spots and its frustrations, but from the 4 a.m. feedings to the screaming fights with teenagers, parents are always rediscovering one of life's most important little lessons: that the lucky barren sleep easy and sock their money away for a cushy early retirement in the Caymans.

Hassle-Free Baby Care

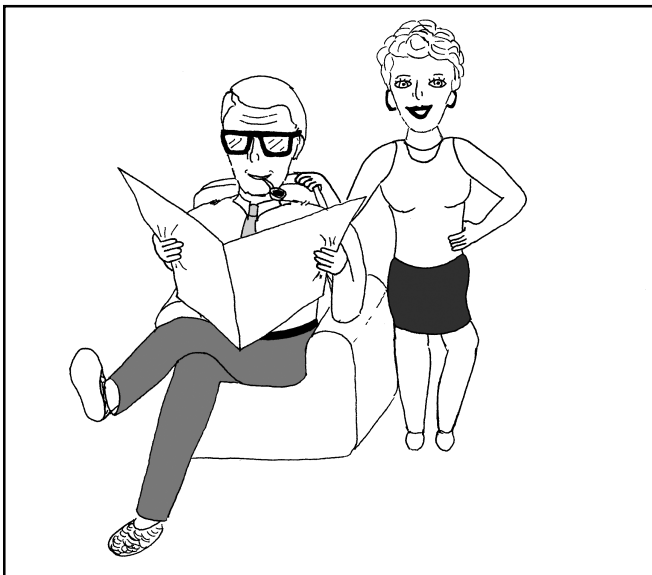
Raising a child without all the work



Step 1: Enjoy your beloved new infant for a day or two.



Step 2: Give your infant to wolves, who will usually accept him as one of their own.



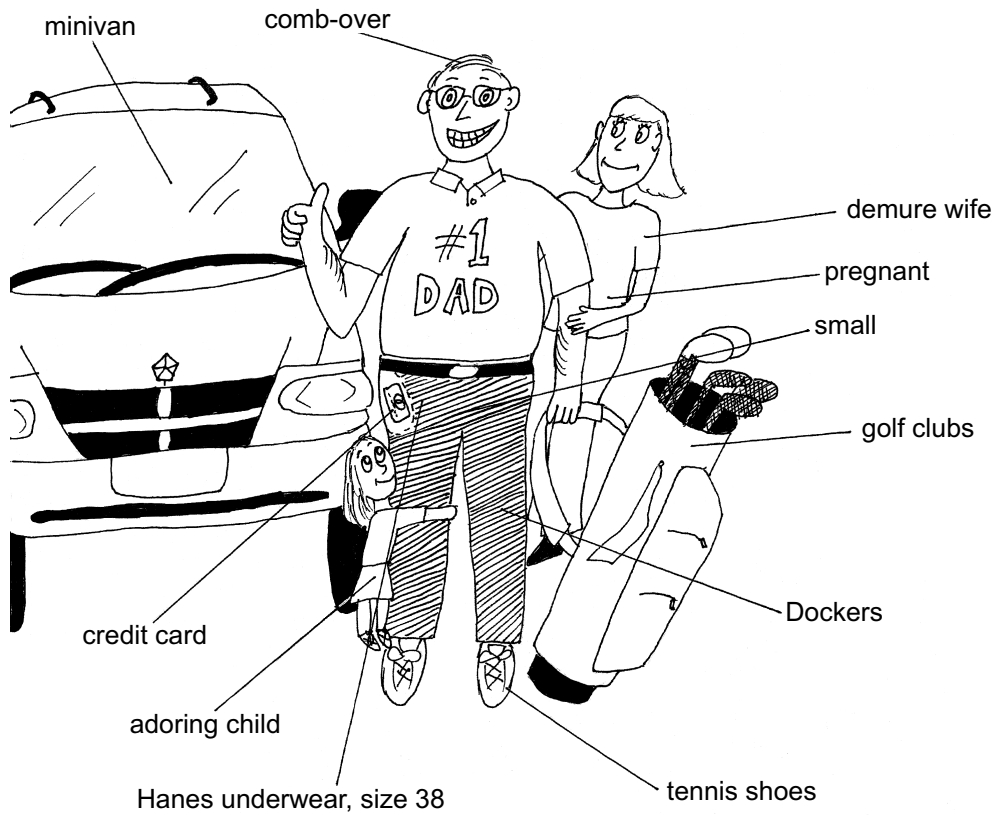
Step 3: Sit back and relax, knowing your child is in good hands — or paws!



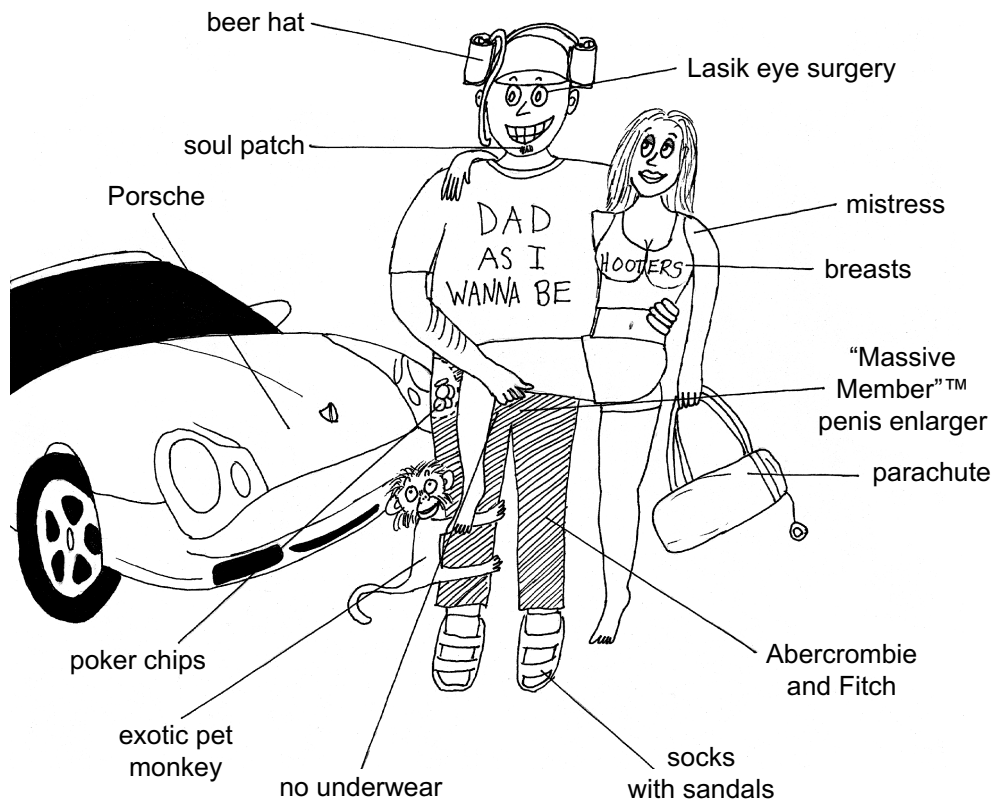
Step 4: After sixteen to twenty years, reclaim your child from the wolves — it's that easy!

R. Kelly 8/02

MIDDLE AGE combines the growing physical infirmity of old age with the demands of a working career. It also means that in any formulaic marriage comedy, you will be “straight man” to the wacky antics of your hapless son-in-law, or to Steve Martin.



Mid-Life Crisis: Before



Mid-Life Crisis: After

RETIREMENT is that period in life when one steps gracefully down from working life and returns to home and savings, living out one's remaining years writing blistering letters to the local newspaper and enjoying exhilarating hobbies like shuffleboard and napping.

Mr. T's Retirement Diary

Who better to teach us about retirement than a recent retiree — erstwhile A-Team alumnus and B-list celebrity Mr. T?

8/1/02 — 10:00am

The T has just arrived at his new palace of mayhem, his new abode of ass whuppin', his new domicile of destruction — the Palm Acres Retirement Village. You see, Mr. T ain't been working much lately, so Mr. T got evicted from his old home cause he ain't got no scratch left to pay the rent. But the T is a force of nature, so all these fools at Palm Acres better watch the jibba jabba, cause I be looking to whup some punk ass.

8/1/02 – 11:15am

I just met the fool who be livin' next door. His name is Vincent. He's a real skinny lookin' punk. I told 'im if the gloves come off he'd betta run cause the earth would shake if the force of T rained down on his scrawny ass. He then asked the T if he could borrow the T's dustbusta.

8/1/02 – 11:40am

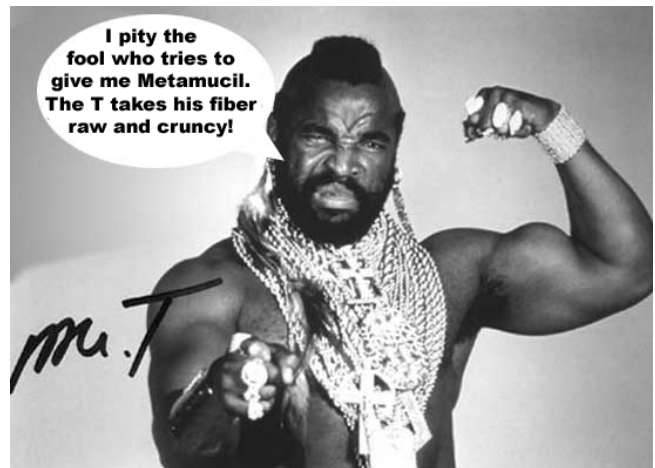
Still haven't gotten my dustbusta back. I pity the fool who borrows Mr. T's dustbusta and don't bring it back. Oh wait, here he is. Vincent doesn't know how close he just came to receiving a beat down of the most severe variety. I think I'll tell 'im.

8/1/02 – 12:00pm

I just headed down to the gym to pump some iron T style, and what I saw was pathetic: not one of those fools was lifting more than 15 pounds! So I went and found the head of the athletic facility and told him I was going whup these scrawny ass punks into shape with the force and fury of my patented workout: The Mr. T Rock Hard Beat Down of Furious Pain. I start with a 15 mile run, which I follow with 150 bone crushin' power sets on the bench press, which leads me into 2000 sit-ups, and then finally I lift a Buick LeSabre onto my back and swim 20 miles upstream on the nearest river. He said he would think about it.

8/2/02 – 1:15pm

I brought my copy of *Rocky III* over to the rec center to play on their Mr. T sized TV. Some old lady fools told me that they was watching their stories, so I told them that they would be watching my fist pummel their wrinkled hides into the earth so hard they would end up in China if they didn't shut their flappin' mouths. When I got to da scene in the movie where I whale on that short-ass, lisp-talkin' fool Rocky, I paused it so I could go get Vincent. I wanted him to understand that the T is all stone cold power.



8/2/02 – 2:10pm

Vincent seemed uninterested, but then we got to the scene where that puny fool Rocky knocks the T out. It made me an angry man — and you do not want to make the T angry — so I beat on Vincent like a piñata. Only, a true piñata is full of candy, but that fool Vincent was full of weakness and whining, and blood.

8/2/02 – 8:00pm

Mr. Jenkins, the owner of Palm Acres, came by to tell me that I wasn't a supposed to be beating down the other peoples at the village. I explained to that minuscule malcontent that when the T gets mad the T whups ass, but then the fool threatened to take away my bingo privileges if I beat on any more people. The T likes his bingo, so the T is going to be good.

8/3/02 – 7:15pm

Looks like the T is in trouble again. I was at the annual potluck dinner, and some unlucky fool displayed some dislike in the general direction of the dish I had brought: Mr. T's Raw Dog Ass-Whuppin' Bowl of Raw Eggs. He didn't understand dat the raw eggs make the T strong and hard, so I busted a card table over his punk head and threw his wife through a plate-glass window. That fool Jenkins was not too pleased. He said they was going to have a hearing to vote on kicking me out of Palm Acres, and that if I was to have any chance to stay I would have to be on my best behavior.

8/3/02 – 7:30pm

Just found that some skinny-ass, girly-haired, carrot-headed punk took my old spot in the 1-800-Call-ATT ads. I was so mad I savaged Vincent like a mad dog in a nursery school.

8/4/02 – 10:30am

I brought a copy of one of my finer film projects, *Penitentiary II*, to my eviction hearing to prove that they should keep me around cause of my formidable skull-crushing abilities. They didn't seem to care, so I told them that if they voted out the T, I was going to elect my left fist the President of Pain, and my right fist Ambassador of Ass Whuppin'. They voted me out anyways, so I busted up everyone in that room pretty good just for good measure.

8/5/02 – 12:40pm

Well, it looks like the T is homeless again, but that's okay, cause I got me a brand new spare change cup, and a sturdy shopping cart to hold all Mr. T's fake gold chains and sleeveless denim jackets. I don't worry, cause I got a script in the works that is going to make the T some serious scratch. It is for *Rocky VI*, and in this one the T comes back and beats that li'l man Rocky and his punk wife until they bleed hard. Until then I'm going to be collecting some change out here on my storm grate, and if anyone walks by without throwing the T a quarter, God help 'em — because I will give 'em an ass pummeling of the most furious severity!

Stockman's Dogs

I chased Erwin Schroedinger's cat the other day.
Did you catch him?
 Well, yes and no.

The Game of

AFTER LIFE

MB
Maybe Baal?



Answered cell phone during crowded screening of Ghost World. Lose 50 points.

You shot JFK. Lose 20,000 points.

You once gave a bum a quarter. Gain 0.03 points.

You slapped God's favorite mosquito. Lose 25,000,000,000 points.

Trade karma with any player.

Gave blood to the Red Cross. Gain 5,000 points.

Gave someone else's blood to the Red Cross. Lose 5,000 points.

"Covered" neighbor's wife if you "knew" what I mean. Lose 5,000 points.

Your martyrdom was unintentional but still counts. Gain 3,000 points.

Passed camel thru eye of a needle one bloody chunk at a time. 2,000 points.

Sucker-punched a dolphin. Lose 900 points.

Betrayed Earth into hands of Martian invaders. Lose 40,000 points.

You were either a personal injury lawyer or a pornographer. Lose 3,000 points.

Consistently blamed farts on others. Lose 350 points.

You ate a lobster. Draw one Kosher Vacation card.

RELIGION

DEATH
Distribute all assets from Game of LIFE™ to loved ones.

ATHEISM

JUDGEMENT

Go to ELYSIAN FIELDS or NEW JERSEY

You're meek. Inherit earth.

Never sent Aunt Rose a thank-you note for that savings bond. Lose 100 points.

Masturbated in church. Lose 10 points.

SABBATH

NEW JERSEY

ELYSIAN FIELDS

