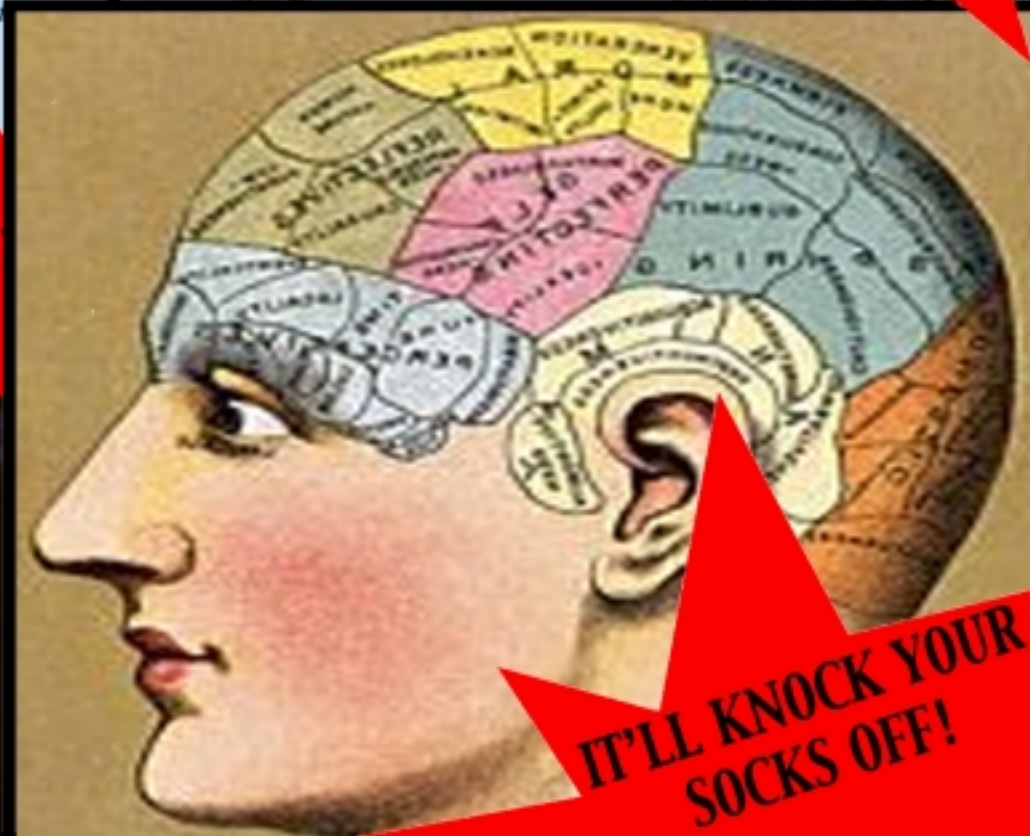




THE DARTMOUTH JACK-O-LANTERN

FALL 2004



THE DARTMOUTH JACK-O-LANTERN

STARRING:

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.....KEVIN PEDERSEN '05
 PRESIDENT.....CHRIS LAAKKO '06
 BUSINESS MANAGER.....ALEX LAWRENCE '06
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NOAH KAUFMAN '05
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 OFF THIS TERM.....JOSH CAIN '06
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ALSO STARRING:

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MICHAEL HERMAN '07
OWEN PARSONS '08
BEN PLESSER '07
ALEXANDER ROGERS '08
MICHAEL SIMONI '08
BRADLEY TAVARES '05
KENDRA VIERBICKAS '06

SPECIAL THANKS:

.....COSO
PEGGY MISDOM
CAL NEWPORT '04
YOUR MAMA

FROM THE EDITOR:

You sly devil, you. You've got yourself a copy of the Fall 2004 issue of the Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern (volume number, I don't know, let's say seventy-six). For a couple of years now, the Jacko (for that is what we call this publication when we're being shorthand and conversational) has been involved in doing all sorts of big projects. Magazine parodies, fake newspapers, TV shows, alcoholic mascots... you name it, and if it's one of those things I just listed earlier in this sentence, we've probably done it.

But what about just putting out a good old-fashioned humor magazine? What about just making a collection of humorous essays and stories and pictures and poems and lists and, uh, words, all pieced together in a compilation united only by its desire to make people laugh, or at least chortle? Well, that was the concept between this issue right here, and what that means is that there's something in this issue for

everyone.

What are you looking for? You like articles about nerds? We got articles about nerds. You like articles about computers? We got articles about computers. You like articles about nerds typing on computers? We got articles about nerds typing on computers. Hell, with variety like that, don't be too surprised if you find out somebody actually went so far as to write an article about *you* in this thing!

Well, actually we probably didn't do that. But still, there's all sorts of crazy articles in this thing and I'm sure you'll find something that will make you laugh. Or chortle or guffaw or whatever it is you people do.

- Kevin Pedersen

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DEAR SANTA

BY KEVIN PEDERSEN '05

Dear Santa,

How are you? I'm good. Mommy says I should write to you so that you will know what to bring me for Christmas this year. I want a new toy car, some blocks, some videos, a ball and some board games, like Fat Ally and Oh No The Buzzard. But more than anything else, please send me a Peter Pumpkin Ant Farm. I know it's not a big toy but it reminds me of Daddy before he had to go away. That's my Christmas wish. Anyway, I'll try to stay awake and see you this year! Mommy says we'll have milk and cookies for you! Ok bye!!!

Tommy Ferguson
Age 10 – December 23, 1993

Dear Santa,

People tell me not to believe in you, but I know better. I think you exist and people just stop believing in you because they think it's too weird or something. That's just the way people are. Oh, and thank you for the Oh No The Buzzard game and the Ninja action figures last year. But you forgot to send me a Peter Pumpkin Ant Farm. They don't have any Peter Pumpkin Ant Farms in the toy store any more, so I was thinking you're the last chance I have to get one? Can you grant my Christmas wish? I hope so. It would make Christmas a lot better, and maybe make Mommy stop drinking.

Tommy Ferguson
Age 11 – December 21, 1994

Dear Santa,

I still believe in you! I wanted to start this letter by saying that. When kids get to be my age, a lot of times they stop. Not me though, I haven't stopped! I figured you should know that. Anyway, I guess my wish list is the same as last year. I would like a Peter Pumpkin Ant Farm so I could show it to my Dad and make him want to move back in with us. The Legos you sent me were nice, but they're not really the same as an ant farm. Last year I got in trouble for throwing a pissy fit (Mom calls it a pissy fit) when I didn't get one and tried to kick over the Christmas tree. Happy holidays!

Tommy Ferguson
Age 12 – December 22, 1995

Dear Santa,

Do you even read my letters? Last year I clearly asked for a Peter Pumpkin Ant Farm. Instead, you gave me a stuffed dog. Did I ask for a stuffed dog? Now Dad will never move back in with us, and I think you need to shoulder some of the blame for that. I got a tracking number for this letter, so I'll know when you get this. Look, I don't want these stupid little knickknacks that I didn't even ask for under my tree. I want a damn Peter Pumpkin Ant Farm, and for you to use a little Christmas magic and bring my family back together. Ok? Thanks.

Tommy Ferguson
Age 13 – December 20, 1996

Hey Santa,

It's been a while. Maybe you're wondering why I stopped writing to you, eh? Funny story behind that. See, last time I wrote, you might remember me asking for a Peter Pumpkin Ant Farm. Remember that? Do you also remember not delivering me a Peter Pumpkin Ant Farm? Do you remember bringing me socks instead? I got a little mad when you did that. Maybe some people wound up in the hospital and maybe I wound up in juvenile hall to cool off for a few years. So I guess I might have been on your naughty list for a while, and anyway they say Santa won't deliver to juvie, but I figured I'd let you know I'm out now. Just send me cash this year. I need a new place to stay.

Tom Ferguson
Age 17 – December 19, 2000

Santa,

I know you get these. Do you get off on fucking around with people's lives? Is that your deal? I needed cash last year and you didn't send me shit. Not one red cent. Why not, Santa? Too busy making toy horsies and plastic robots? There are things more important than toys, man. You know what Christmas is about? It's about helping people out. You had years and years to help me out. It would have barely taken you any time or effort. All I wanted was an ant farm! An ant farm! Jesus, is that too much to ask for? To look under the Christmas tree and see a plastic tub with some ants running around in it?

But no, you make your fucking toys. Let me tell you Santa, my life is in the shitter right now. I got no family, no job, a beast of an addiction, and I spend the time I'm not in jail in a halfway house out in the projects. I blame you. Send cash. Now.
Tom "Chili Dog" Ferguson
Age 18 – December 21, 2001

Consider this my last warning. Look, Santa, I need cash, and I know you got the money and the means to get it to me. I need \$50,000, in cash or a cashier's check. It sounds like a lot, but you spend more than that every year on the kids in the southern half of Alaska, so don't give me any bullshit about not having the dough, alright? Hell, everybody has debts, and since this is your own damn fault, it seems reasonable to ask that you pay a motherfucker back. You hear me? Good. I'm done asking nicely. You know what I can do.

Chili Dawg
Age 19 – December 23, 2002

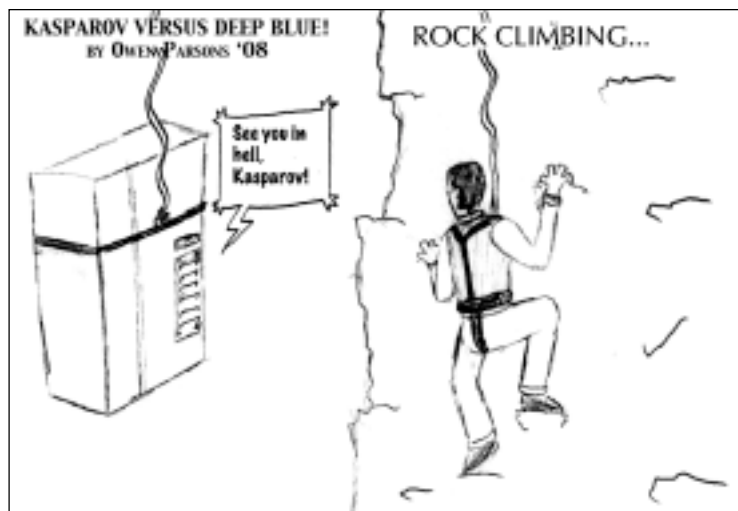
Yo Santa,
Woof woof! BOOM! Hahahaha!

C-Dawg
Age 20 – December 18, 2003

Hey Fucko,

Are you shitting me? Are you fucking shitting me? So the letter bomb didn't kill you. What, did you have an elf open it for you? I hope his brains got sprayed all over the back of your goddam shop. I ask for some cash and you send me a restraining order from the police? You think I'm scared of police? Fuck police. But fine. This is my last letter to you, Santa. I'll never write to you again. But I will see you one more time, and I swear to God it will be the last thing you ever see. I will fucking kill you, Santa Claus. I have nothing left to live for and nothing but time on my hands, so don't you go thinking I won't fucking kill you. It might not be today. It might not be tomorrow. It might not even be this year. But I swear to God it will happen. Every door you open, every chimney you go down, every mail bag you send into your office... you'll never know when it will hit you but you be God damned sure that it will hit you. And when it's all done, when you're rotting in your fucking grave, fat man... you just wait for me in Hell. I'll be down there to meet you soon enough. With a gun. Ho ho ho, mother fucker.

C.
Age 20 – January 15, 2004



SOME REVIEWS

BY CHRIS LAAKKO '06

My Keyboard

The keyboard on the computer I am typing on currently is generally satisfactory. It is of reputable build (Dell!) and is an unobtrusive black. This particular shade of black, however, while an exact match to the proximally significant stapler and tape dispenser, clashes slightly with the more charcoal hue of the office phone. It is a delight to operate, however. The keys are well-tensioned and responsive, bounding back from the abuse my prodigi[t]ous (note to Ed: will people get that joke?) inspiration visits on them with a saucy indifference that seems to shout "You cannot defeat me! I rise again! Marvel at my determination! I am indifferent to your abuse and would in a fit of braggadocio perhaps request you to type further! Nothing is too prolix for the quality of my manufacture!"

A cautionary note: I share this keyboard with some other people in the office that I work at. One woman is constantly sneezing and apologetically applying disinfectant products to the keys. Her perpetual wipings and swabbings have nearly worn the letter "D" off of its requisite key. Continued sterilization will result in the obliteration of the D. This could become a crisis if a novice were ever to try to type something. In that case it would require a lengthy process of elimination even to type one's own name if it were Derrick or Donovan or Daniel or Danielle. Better to handwrite, certainly. 3.5 stars

My conscience

Pristine. 3 stars

My friend Dave's girlfriend

Cries alot, is no longer the beauty that she used to almost be. She has gained noticable weight and while her eyes are dull and sullen, her voice is still quite lovely. With graceful meflefluity she makes even the coarsest of discourse (note to Ed: a triumph of inverse syllabic homonym whimsy! Buy me dinner!) sound like the sonatas of musically trained Naiads. "Where the fuck are my keys?," she often lilt. "That douchebag at the bank forgot to give me my fuckin' balanace," she sighs. Her embrace is limp and cold. Her defeated posture seems to mutter "Lo, I am defeated. Tread upon me freely, for I shall not notice. Utter desolation is my albatross." She devours anti-depressants at a volume and rate proportional to that at which a whale does kryll. 20 years old, constant cough, bad limp, C-section, excellent breast implants. 3 stars

My slacks

Blue and sleek-fitting, with nice pleats and an ample crotch. Tasteful but still excitingly tight in the buttocks. A bit too long, but this is intentional as I think it is best not to reveal that I do not own any socks. The wrinkle-free feature is particularly exquisite although events subsequent to the acquisition of these Dockers slacks have shown that I ought to have purchased the Stain-Defender option. At times when I am wearing these pants I often recall those famous lines from Eliot's "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock:"

I grow old ... I grow old ...

I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled. (120-1)

... although of course I am 20 and for the aforementioned reason I should want to avoid rolling my pants up at all costs. But Eliot's verse (in context, of course) smacks of a tragic, noble timidity that I think befits the true and unabashed grandeur of my slacks, if only by contrast. Perhaps he ought to have retitled that other notable work which serves as a loose metaphor for pants "The Waistland" (note to Ed: Pulitzer!). 3 stars

Shrek 2

Amusing but unyieldingly juvenile. Voice-acting and animation once again top-notch, but the writing leaves plenty to be desired. That delightful feline was the sole bright aspect of an otherwise homogenous computer abomination. I would never let my child see such a movie. Better to subject him to a study diet of Welles and Lumet for intellectual gains and Charles Bronson pieces for toughness and chivalry/etiquette lessons. Shrek 2 is sure only to make children fart with more enthusiasm and reckless abandon than they were wont to do before they set foot in the theater. They will not learn new skills or archetypes from such soulless psuedo-cinema. Oh, the glory that was Rome (note to Ed: will they get my reference? Would you like to see the Blue Man Group next Friday?! This movie, however, may represent the resurrection of Eddie Murphy's apparent credibility suicide in Daddy Day Care. 3.5 stars

MISSION STATEMENTS FROM A COMPANY FACED WITH A HOSTILE TAKEOVER EVERY 23 HOURS

BY MATT GENS '06

R.G. Webb Incorporated is committed to being the world leader in vitamin bottle manufacturing. With our plant presence in over thirty countries, our seventy years of experience in the business, and long-standing relationships with eight of the ten leading vitamin production firms, we like to think we have the lid shut on vitamin bottling. If your vitamins don't come in an R.G. Webb bottle, you're clearly not taking your health full-throttle.

In a promising new move for R.G. Webb Incorporated, the new owners don't think that our focus ought to be in vitamin bottles anymore. Not enough money in it. Now, we will become the world leader in bottles for cold medicine pills. While this transition might seem insubstantial, it promises to increase our profits twofold, and four out of five of our stockholders preferred Advil to One-A-Day in a recent poll.

R.G. Webb now plans to melt all of its old bottles and convert its existing factories to the production of children's toys. Here at R.G. Webb, we intend to become the world leader in action figures and dolls. Market research shows that our prototype product, Action Jack Pillbottleman, should have an initial 15% market share.

R.G. Webb has changed its name to Webbco. Focus groups suggested that R and G were both scary letters among children, invoking images of grizzly bears. Furthermore, sales of Action Jack Pillbottleman and our initial entrant in the doll market, Naomi Nyquil, have been poor, so Webbco now shifts its focus to staplers.

As the result of a pending lawsuit with an injured consumer, Webbco will no longer be making generic staplers. Webbco would like to make it clear that we would never make products that assail their owners. To that end, Webbco is excited to announce its entry into the home security business, with its new line of front yard attack staplers.

Due to a pending lawsuit with an injured robber, Webbco is discontinuing production of front yard attack staplers, white-out moats, ferocious copy machines that blind people, and the rest of its Office Supply Home Defense Line™. Webbco feels that a move toward products whose avowed intent is to kill people would be best for the company at this point, so we are proud to announce that we will now be making cigarettes.

It turns out that the cigarette business is full of a lot of nasty regulations. Who knew? Anyway, liquor seems to be where it's at now, so we're going to start making tequila. Turns out the barrels in which we were storing the white-out give a great flavor in the distilling process. Oh, and Webbco isn't so appealing on the labels, so say hello to the new player on the hard alcohol scene, Crazy W's.

Did we say Crazy W's Tequila? Nah, that must have been another company that made that drink and mislabeled the proof and made that lady butcher those flamingos. Here at Alfred's Hats, all we make are the finest quality cowboy hats in this great country, using all American workers. At Alfred's Hats, you can count on getting a hat that'll make everyone say, "Yeeha!"

Did we say American workers? Actually, they just fired 90% of our work force. I guess they didn't find me, because I was hiding under my desk. Our employee base is presently thousands of fresh-off-the-boat illegals who work for oranges, because that's what we do now, grow oranges. Here at Alfred's Oranges, we are driven to provide the highest quality in citrus, and you know it's an Alfred's Orange because it has a smiley face written on it in highlighter.

Customers did not take to a line of "Happy Oranges" as was thought they would, and re-labeling the produce as "Mirthful Oranges" only led to a marginal increase in sales. Therefore, the business now shifts to a less jovial product, clowns. Alfred's Clowns is committed to producing the absolute finest in lab-cloned clowns, and you need to be committed if you won't take advantage of our amazing circusy prices! All of our clowns come equipped with natural red noses as well as

Red Dicks! We're in the dildo industry, baby. Greatest fake cocks in all the land, here at Alfred's Custom Schlongs. Thick,

skinny, black, blue, green, plaid, if you have an idea, and it can vaguely translate into penis form, count on Alfred's. No more dildos, I guess. We're making disposable baseball caps. Who knew? Say you're a real bandwagon fan, and you've only been following your team because they win, but now they lose, you can just throw your hat away. Amazing!

You think that's cool? Just got a memo, and we're now in the whoring business. High quality prostitution if you ask me. That might explain the Japanese businessman taking off his pants in my cubicle. Or not.

That was fast. Hey, so Alfred's House of Harlots wasn't that profitable after all. Maybe this new Alfred's Rabid Pet Store will pull in the dough.

People don't like foaming dogs. They like other foamy things, though. Alfred's Bubblebath Wholesale! It's a winner!

Man, people are running around wearing nothing but bubbles. Half everyone's ripped to shit on the leftover tequila. Just got hit with a paper airplane. Says we make cars now.

Cars not so good. Footballs made of velour?

Seems they prefer rougher balls. Well, Alfred's Styrofoam Razors anyone?

Need to be able to cut hairs. Got it. How about soy jello?

Waaaaaaaahahaha, oogatie boogatie nuclear weapons testing crew!



BREAKUP LETTERS FROM A MAN WHO WRITES BUMPER STICKERS FOR A LIVING

BY NOAH KAUFMAN '05

Rachel,
Virginia is For Lovers. That's why I'm with her now.
I'll send for my stuff,
Simon

Irene,
Fukensombodeethatsnotyoii
Best,
Simon

Laura,
WWJD
Dump His Bitchy Girlfriend
Sincerely,
Simon

Julia,
My Other Car is a Truck and Will Probably Run
You Over
Don't call,
Simon

Lucy,
If You Can Read This I'm Leaving Forever
Simon
PS: I think the toilet is clogged

Claire,
Support Our Troops
Regards,
Simon

A LETTER TO LISA

BY ALEXANDER ROGERS '08

Dear Lisa,

For you I know that trust is still all important, so I will start by being honest. I was incarcerated for twelve years for having bad relationships.

I know you probably don't know me. In fact, in all this time that I've been watching you I never even noticed a glance in my direction. I'll start with an introduction, as that's how these things usually start right? Right? My name's Hernkel and I was the assistant to the assistant teacher in your sex education course. You remember that, right? Right? It was only four years, two months, and six days ago. Oh, I also work the paper route for your street. You live on 1618 Maple, right? Right? If not then you must be squatting because I see you in the window all the time. I look in windows from time to time when I deliver papers, but I like looking in yours the most. This is because, frankly, I've fallen desperately in love with your hair Lisa. You see, I love burgundy and your hair is the most refreshing shade of burgundy I've seen since they let me go.

I know you just got out of a bad relationship recently. I heard how badly Bradley treated you that day at Café Couscous. I was your waiter, the one with all the scarring. You remember, right? Right? That man you were with was an awful liar. There are no white picket fences on Claymore Street, and Cheryl was no etymologist. You saw through it though, and you had evidence. That must mean you live at 1618 maple, because that's sure where I left the pictures. I used Photoshop to clear the red-eye from those shots of the anus. Were you impressed? Were you? That's what you get with me Lisa. I don't skip on the details. Ever. I don't understand why you didn't just get rid of him then. Oh, it doesn't matter now though. He's gone away, and nothing anybody can say will bring him back, right? Of course right.

I know Brad's sudden disappearance has made you wary of new possibilities. You shun going out at night and just spend hours on the phone. I don't mean to pry, but I was looking for the Popsicle stick you threw away when I came across your phone records. (You enjoy licking the banana flavor the best, right? Right?) You should call your mother more often, she misses you. I was hired to plant roses in her garden when she told me this. One of the seeds resembled your scalp. You have a lovely scalp. Yet, you now choose to hide it with that stupid shawl. All the time, every day, whenever you go out to the market you wear that hood over your head and I can't concentrate on packing meat anymore, and meat packing is what I do when you go to the market. It soothes me, or at least it did before you changed.

Now I just want to walk up and slap myself across the face with my meat packing aid so that you would finally experience swabbing the blood out of the eyes of a man whose peepers sparkled with the fire of a love that cannot be sedated. Then we could go out for a soda water. I know a place we can go where everybody knows your name. I've thought about enacting my plan so many times, but every time I look at your hair I just become so flustered and ecstatic I muck up all the meat. That's okay, you always wanted to be the dominant one in the relationship and I'd never protest anything you did to my body. To prove my sincerity I've wrapped this letter in my pancreas. The doctor said it's my last one but I know you'll take good care of it, because you know I am the man for whom you yearn, right? Right?

I am a man, by the way. I know that you've always been afraid of what others might say if you fell in love with another female. That's why you stopped internet dating after Bradley died. He's dead isn't he? Yes, he certainly is. I'm a man though, and I'm the man for you. There's no reason to second guess your feelings here, just trust in the emu. Leland is the name of my emu, and he says your hair is pretty. It should be around me. I named your emu Leonard. You never talk to your emu. You ignore him as if he was just some phantom of a mind gone silly, but the doctors are all wrong Lisa. You could learn all of the secrets from listening to your emu. It might even tell you to check under the floorboards of old Shifty's house near the curious odor, but you shouldn't because like you said, "Bradley's so in the past."

I also eat meat, but I won't force you to eat meat, okay. Okay? In fact, you shouldn't eat anything anymore. I wish I could put you in wax, with that hair, and then you would just be the same all the time with hardly any upkeep. That would be nice, right? Right? I'm an avid archer, and Leland says I have great aim. Experience agrees with him. I could hit you from where I'm standing right now. I'm also a collector. I collect things. I want to share you with my collection. Become a part of my life Lisa, because I am ever so devoted to your head.

I hope that after reading through this you'll come to understand that there's somebody out there who cares. I'm watching out for you, and you will never be alone again. Ever.

Sincerely,
Hernkel

PLACES YOU CAN'T HAVE SEX (AND WHY)

BY JUSTINE STERLING '07

On the top of an Escalade.

Because metal car roofs are uncomfortable. You don't want to be grinding into that. So you have two choices, either bring up a mattress pad or have her get on top. Easy choice you say, have her get on top. But, Mister Selfish, her knees will start to hurt. So you get her some knee pads. So you're up there, butt naked, and it's cold, because it's night time in a deserted parking lot, you have the wind whipping around you and your lady friend is dressed in only knee pads, like some weird roller derby fantasy. Still wanna do it? I think not. Why not just go in the car? It's spacious and well-appointed.

On the phone.

Because the rotary dial is just a terrible accident waiting to happen. Anyway, your kid brother might be listening, and he'd never let you live it down. And no, don't just say, "Oh, well I'm an adventurous type, and don't mind if he joins in." Three-way calling is very expensive. Besides, no one can say "vagina" and not chuckle. Tee hee.

In class.

Because teacher is a hater.

On cloud nine.

Because it just doesn't exist. The Oort Cloud, however, does exist way out in space, and if you can get there, I highly recommend trying it there. Doggy style.

In a vasectomy.

Because yes it's a noun, but no it's not a thing, and it's certainly not a place. And it's definitely not a thing to incite love making, except maybe long after recovering, you crazy eunuch.

In the bowels of a dragon.

Because of many reasons. You might think the first reason would be the extreme danger, but in fact this is not one of the reasons. The actual first reason is that dragons are notoriously strict Southern Baptists. You have to thoroughly convince it that you are doing it purely in the tradition of procreation and that no seed will be unnecessarily spilled. Secondly, you have to navigate through its innards. And I have the only map of a dragon's innards. Your move... you horny bastard.

Funky town.

Because man, the disco era is over and while some parts of Detroit refuse to believe it, you can't find enough people in platforms and pimp coats to populate an entire town. Besides, even if the town did exist, you wouldn't want to party there. If a bunch of aging cokeheads in shiny shirts preening their chest hair is the best you can do, maybe you shouldn't be doing anything anyway, loser.

At the Starbucks near my house.

Because they will follow through when they threaten to call the cops, no matter how much you offer to let them join in, and nothing kills a mood more than a club to the head and a fat man handcuffing you.

Pee Wee's playhouse.

Because first, hasn't he been banished or something? Second, you don't want an entire household of furniture screaming every time she says "yes" just because it's the word of the day. Third, that Genie guy isn't some one you want to compete with. He knows what she wants, and he'll give it to her after only a "mecaleca hi meca heidiho." And fourth, if he isn't banished, then he's definitely watching you with his pants down.

On my lap.

Look, you're not getting the map.

On the bed.

Impotence.

HEY, YOU!

BY MATT GENS '06

Hey Chechen Rebels, stop using all my anytime minutes! Look, I know you've got that mountain-country hissy fit going on with Russia, but you can at least have the courtesy to stop making peak hour calls on terror lunch breaks. I can give you a break for taking my cell phone; I mean you occupy theatres, schools, hospitals, so I guess pinching a Motorola falls within your licentious purview. But calling Saudi phone sex at 1:45, that's just inhuman. Shamil, Shamil Basaev, I see you. Come back here with my pager!

Hey Pacific Ocean marine life, would you quit grabbing the left side of the bed? Look, I'm well aware that it's a waterbed, so it looks sort of like your habitat, and basic geography makes me think you have a thing for being west, but motherfucker, I like sleeping there! And that time I finally bring home a good-looking girl and the dolphin's all like "Step off, son," I can't have sex on half a bed, much less with all those sea anemones watching me. Hammerhead shark, I see you trying to roll over!

Hey Mafia, no more hour-long showers! Look, I get that you like to be all Zestfully clean when you're greeting people at casinos and breaking people's knees, but how long does it take to use soap? First it was the protection money so I could brush my teeth; next came the violin player that you have next to the john who won't even take requests. I'm becoming upset! Quite frankly, I'm not even sure you're all really bathing that long; the singing always dies down after ten minutes and you do have a reputation for beating things. Paulie, step away from the curtain!

Hey OPEC nations, if you clean out my fridge one more time, I will maim you! Look, I realize that you're all busy raising oil prices, so you don't have time to go to the supermarket, but can't you just get take out? I ask you to give up the midnight snacks, and you try to explain it off with a time difference. I try putting a garrison around my kitchen, and next thing I know I've got insurgents all up in my icebox. That fatwa against the lock I tried putting on the door was really uncalled for. Sheikh Jaber Al-Ahmad Al-Jaber Al-Sabah, I was gonna eat that sandwich!

Hey World Wrestling Entertainment heels, could you go a day without giving away a movie ending to me? Look, I know you have to make the crowd hate you by telling everyone whether or not Snow White gets Prince Charming in the end, but isn't there a less vile way of pissing me off? Star Wars? I'm dragged out of my car into a figure four leg lock while some guy in tights tells me what happens to Mark Hammill. Saving Private Ryan? It's a shooting star press off my roof onto my face with the dude screaming "They saved him!" on the way down. Triple H, you shut up about The Usual Suspects!

Hey the Dutch, kindly refrain from stealing my girlfriends! Look, I know your dikes are getting old and you've started building a new sea wall out of women because you misunderstood the word "dyke," but do they have to be the ones that actually enjoy my company? You kidnapped Sarah when she was with me at the movies and turned her into a brick. I was in bed with Amy and five minutes later she had the world's worst recorded case of prune hands. Rembrandt, get your paws off my woman!



THE LITTLE THINGS

BY MICHAEL SIMONI '08

I am a critical asshole. If you are doing something that I don't like, you will hear from me. I'm not going to put up with your shit. Got it? Now let me tell you some things that would spark up this attitude of mine.

Weather reports.

"Today, we will have a dew point of 75°F, humidity of 77%, a visibility of 10.0 miles, and the pressure will be 30.01 inches and steady." Why must I know all this? Just fucking tell me...Do I need my umbrella?

When I am pissing in a stall, someone else comes in, and even though all of the other stalls are empty, picks to piss I the one right next to me.

Apparently someone forgot to give this guy the memo that when a guy is exposed, he needs his penis space. And then it is even scarier when you think he looked over the little wall that separate you two.

Plastic utensils in campus dining halls.

Are we in elementary school or something?

How women expect way too much.

I was in downtown Jupiter, FL in an office building running some errands and waiting for the elevator in the building, along with this other lady in her 30's. The elevator door opened, and I let her walk in first. She walked straight past the buttons to the back of the elevator and turned around, with her arms crossed. As I pressed my floor, she said, blandly, "Fourteen." First, I could understand if I had walked in first and was anyway pushing buttons, but she just walked right past them. Second, She didn't even say "please". She acted as though it was her inalienable right to have her elevator buttons pushed for her. So I pretended I couldn't speak English and pressed 4. She said "No, no..." and I started asking her questions in French, making sure she heard the words, "Non" and "Anglais". She got the point I couldn't speak English worth a damn and finally pressed her own button in a huff. It was fun waiting at the 4th floor as no one got in or out. At the eleventh floor, where I was heading, the elevator doors opened, I looked at her, smiled politely, and said in perfect English, "Have a pleasant afternoon, ma'am." With that, I walked out. Dumb hoe.

The moon.

Someone turn that shit off.

Innuendoes of homosexuality in children shows.

Spongebob Squarepants. He lives in "Bikini Bottom", is best friends with a pink starfish named Patrick, and Squidward is a constant whiner, enjoys bubble baths, and likes classical music. Need I say more? The Wiggles. I won't even go there.

Candy Corn.

If you haven't noticed, the crap doesn't taste like corn!

Teens who think putting stickers on a vehicle will make it go faster.

The Fast and the Furious has destroyed our generation. I have actually met kids who think a sticker to their P.O.S. will add horsepower, and it is even worse when this is observed on an SUV. One more thing related to this. Have you seen those teens that put huge stickers that just say HONDA, NISSAN, or CIVIC on their windshield? As if we need to be reminded what kind of piece of crap they are driving whenever we see it.

Dropping my phone in the ocean.

You would be pissed too if it happened to you.

The commercials for helping a kid in another country for only 7 cents a day.

When I can supply MYSELF with 7 cents a day, I'll get back to you. Now can I please get back to watching television!

My roommate (sometimes).

Yesterday he got drunk at 4:30 in the afternoon. There was a mysterious puke stain on the rug when I got home. Thank you Dartmouth College.

THE CHAT ROOMS

BY CHRIS LAAKKO'06

You have entered the chatroom: hkenthusiasts

fortunesoldier11: yeah im really interested in trying out their new systems at the trade show
pete113279: the mp5 is timeless tho
fortunesoldier11: sure that will be the primary platform for spec ops and urban combat for another 10 years or so
pete113279: its so versatile and durable
funkdrums84: you guys make me sick
andyoakley: when i was with SEAL 2 i knew a guy who could cloverleaf a dime at 30 yards
assassinm16: this one time in the 80s i was doing a little work in "africa"
pete113279: anyone out there like frangible 9mm?
funkdrums84: oh ok tough guy
marcinkofan: any ladies in here? im 5'8 145, steady income
assassinm16: and this guy busts out behind me with an AK, locked and loaded
pete113279: oh shit man what happened?
assassinm16: i nailed his ass
fortunesoldier11: tight, dude
assassinm16: yeah
funkdrums84: what the fuck?! you people are monsters
marcinkofan: man this is cock soup
pete113279: i like the mp5k configuration. the sd3 is too unwieldy with the integral silencer but the k lets me cut a nice tight arc when im clearing rooms

You have exited the chatroom: hkenthusiasts

You have entered the chatroom: dndromantics4423

dunjonmastr: hey guys whats shakin
cthulu456: this is a private chatroom. begone
elvenbeauty4: yes, you have interrupted something important (indignation +3, exp. -2)
dunjonmastr: maybe i can help.you guys lookin to get down? yo check it
dunjonmastr: "you have entered a dark cave. a candle stands at the far end, lighting a bed. a stream trickles by"
cthulu456: eowyn, our travels together have been long and storied. let us lie together and consumate our adventure
elvenbeauty4: but we are so close to acquiring the spoils of shoriar! must we dally?
cthulu456: i have several artifacts which will enhance our moment's respite
elvenbeauty4: i accept. plunder me
cthulu456: we move to the bed
dunjonmastr: "the bed is ornate and inviting, and smells slightly of wild blackberries"
cthulu456: we get into the bed
dunjonmastr: A TRAP IS SPRUNG. this is a spear trap. you each lose 15 hit points but gain 4 experience points
cthulu456: christ. i should have seen that coming. i was blinded by your beauty, eowyn
elvenbeauty4: thank you, necromancer. plunder me
cthulu456: i imbibe the tonic of maximum virility and i cast Enchant Object on my genitals. i remove my armor and loincloth
dunjonmstr: i remind you that in your current state you will take triple damage from any attacks
cthulu456: we begin
elvenbeauty4: be gentle! after the spear trap i am down to 7 hit points and i have no more regenerative potion!
dunjonmstr: *politely averts eyes*
cthulu456: i am masterful. my technique is that of the Ancients and is beyond reproach
dunjonmstr: *coughs*
elvenbeauty4: i am receptive to you. continue
cthulu456: this is how the gods feel when they soar
dunjonmstr: *shuffles feet*
cthulu456: insemination is imminent! soon you shall carry the Hero's seed!

dunjonmstr: A MONSTER APPROACHES
elvenbeauty4: peter, i'm scared! defend me!
cthulu456: accursed fortune! very well. i shall engage this fiend. what be he?
dunjonmastr: a cave sprite. attack 5, defense 5, hit points 10
cthulu456: i leave the bed
dunjonmstr: A TRAP IS SPRUNG
cthulu456: i leave the same way i entered! did you forget about the trap before?
dunjonmstr: oh wait. my bad. sorry about that dude. no trap
cthulu456: i cast Dispel Sprite on the sprite
dunjonmstr: you have killed the sprite
elvenbeauty4: i attack cthulu456 with my Dyvine Blade (damage 40)
cthulu456: Judas! foul traitorous warlock bitch-mongrel!
dunjonmstr: you have killed cthulu456
elvenbeauty4: i pick up his armor and spellbook. i leave the cave
cthulu456: Clytemnestra! consort of the damned!

A RESPONSE TO THE PRECEDING ARTICLE

BY JOSH CAIN '06

Editor's note: After Chris Laakko wrote the preceding article, he sent it around to a few of his friends in order to get feedback on it. The following is an unedited blitz that we received regarding Chris' article from fellow Jacko editor Josh Cain, who, by the way, is currently taking an off term so he can write for some video game magazine.

>Date: 30 Sep 2004 21:48:59 EDT
>From: Joshua A. Cain
>Reply-To: RageopptomusPrime
>Subject: Re: my first piece for the new issue
>To: Christopher R. Laakko, Jack-o-lantern

I like it.

Here are a few things from a nerd's eye view.

- 1) The first time elvenbeauty4 talks it says (indignation +3, exp. -2). Experience almost never goes down. I'd recommend you replace exp. with some other stat. It makes it more realistic.
- 2) elvenbeauty4's character name shouldn't be "eowyn." That's the exact name of a character from Lord of the Rings. Everyone knows that all nerds name their characters things that sound like they easily could be in Lord of the Rings, but aren't.
- 3) I don't like the name "Peter" for the necromancer. I guess if you're going for him having a really lame name it's kind of funny, but nobody actually names their character peter. If you name him "Tim," though, it's an obscure Monty Python reference, which seems more believable. (That's a reference to Tim the enchanter from Holy Grail by the way. Not sure quite how nerdy you are.)
- 4) Do you honestly expect me to believe that a necromancer has a "dispel sprite" spell? Honestly Chris, what are you thinking?

I HAVE A RELATIONSHIP

BY MICHAEL HERMAN '07

I have decided to use this medium to dispel a defamatory stereotype that many people (usually women) have about men. These people claim that men cannot sustain well-developed, long-lasting relationships. This assertion is totally baseless and, as a man, I am offended. Men are perfectly capable of sustaining relationships that are mutually beneficial to both sides and are united by sincere love. I am, of course, referring to men's relationships with sports teams. Since the age of seven I have had a *relationship* with the New York Jets.

I was brought up in a family of Giants fans, and to my dismay, I have numerous photos around my house of me in Giants apparel. That all changed on Sunday, December 22, 1991. It was a freezing Sunday afternoon and my mom and I went to my friend Matt's house. My mom and Matt's mom were part of the ten cackling middle-aged women that made up what they called a "book club" and what the federal government warns is "hazardous to be within forty miles of" (the standard cackling distance). Unfortunately for Matt and I, we were unable to move further away than the next room. Being resourceful seven-year-olds, we barricaded the door with stuffed animals ("That oughta hold 'em," we said), and strapped pillows over our ears with bathrobe belts. Matt turned on the Jets game and we adjusted the volume so that it was loud enough to drown out the "book club" and at the same time penetrate our pillow shields. As the room shook from the sounds of the game, Matt and I, sitting no less than 3 feet from the TV, witnessed one of the best performances in Jets history. In sudden-death overtime, quarterback Ken O'Brien threw a long pass to wide receiver Al Toon, setting the Jets up for a field goal. Then Pat Leahy, an inconsistent kicker, came onto the field to try for the win to beat the Miami Dolphins in the last game of the season and reach the playoffs. Matt and I bashed our pillowed heads together to relieve some of the tension. The kick went up, and soared through the uprights. "The Jets win! The Jets are going to the playoffs!" cried the important-sounding announcer. Doing what all kids do when they want to peacefully celebrate a victory, Matt and I ran through the house screaming. Thus, my relationship with the Jets was born.

I have showed sincere commitment to this relationship even though I have experienced personal hardships because of it. For example, over the years I have endured numerous Sunday afternoons watching the Jets while sitting alone on my couch or lounge chair. During those times, I have suffered through mean-spirited comments from my friends and family such as "the Jets are down 31-0, they can't win" or "you've been sitting there all day, go do your homework" or "stop throwing your nachos at the TV." I know they're just jealous of my relationship with the Jets. I know that when the Jets screw up and I yell at the TV and throw nachos at it, the Jets players hear me, often turning their heads to face the camera to acknowledge my suggestions. Sometimes they even thank me on national television for my commitment, calling me endearing nicknames like "Momma" or "Jesus."

Sometimes people say a man won't take the time out of his day to contribute to a relationship. And they're probably right. But still, I have showed a lot of courage contributing to this relationship in hostile New England. Just the other day, for instance, I received a paper back from a Jets-hating professor filled with pejorative remarks like "When I said minimum five pages I did not intend for you to write 3 pages and then fill in the rest by repeatedly writing 'Screw Tom Brady'" or when another professor called me "harebrained" for asking that no homework should be due on Mondays after a Jets loss. When I replied, "No you're harebrained, harebrain," the professor said something stupid like "Get out of my office." Still I feel proud about sticking with my relationship in the face of adversity.

Despite what some people think, men can have successful relationships. While the Jets and I have gone through our ups and downs, I can look back fondly on all the good memories. Now, I'm not saying that our relationship is perfect. We've had our fights before, like when they decided to call a draw play on 3rd and 17 in week 9 against the semi-pro Buffalo Bills. And there has also been a period of time when I refused to watch a game after the Jets started Rick Meier instead of Ray Lucas in 1999. (I even watched a few Oakland Raiders games on the side). In the end, however, the Jets and I have overcome our differences and have sustained a long-lasting 13-year relationship.



GUS AND I

BY ALEXANDER ROGERS '08

It was 1966, and I was exactly eleven years old to the day. I was mighty jumpy cause me mom and pops had promised me a big surprise at the end of the party. A surprise of “catastrophic consequences,” is what my dad done called it. Wouldn’t you know it, just when I was about to knock the stuffing out of the spleenata my momma takes me by the hand and next thing I knows I’m smack dab in the middle of county hospital. There was me, and me parents, and mean old Doc Drub. “Well, well. Eleven years old already,” the doc raspled. “I do believe the little blighter grown a hair since last I saw him.” Quietly the doctor led me past the O.R. and through the Q and A to a little room lined with all sorts of funk. “Go ahead boy, pick one you like best.” It was a terrible hard choice, on account there were so many that looked just right, but in the end I settled on the littlest one with the pulsating, beet-red complexion. The doctor said its name was Malevolent, but I called her Gus, and she was my first tumor.

“Now remember, tumors are a big responsibility. You have to wash them, and feed them, and drain them properly each and every day.” My momma was sure right about it being hard work. There wasn’t a day when Gus wouldn’t flare up real bad, or just burst in the middle of Mr. McFesting’s lawn. There was the time when Gus tripped Father Mary Anne as he was running after a choir boy on the church steps. That was some trouble. It was always changing shape, from an oval, to a parallelogram, and even one day half of it was the spitting image of Dwight Eisenhower and the other half looked a lot like Dr. King. Folks on up in Klantuckett county were not mighty taken with the symbolism I suppose and poppa made me keep Gus chained outside for a week.

Course, those memories were just nicks and scratches compared to the gaping open wound of fun me and my tumor were having almost every day. Gus was growing so fast I was always the first one to reach the top of the apple tree in a race. When the big county fair tin-eating contest rolled around Gus always ate enough for the both of us. I was never able to swim much of nothing before, but with Gus I could float down the whole of the KatchUdidntI River with the best of them. My favoritest recollections are of the play circus me, Gus, and my sister (who is dead to me now, that whore) put on for the whole neighborhood. Gus was Monsieur Anemic, the wonder tumor, and I was his fearless trainer Roy while Sis was eye candy. Gus was the star attraction, and his death-defying leaps through the ring of acid-momma wouldn’t let us do a ring of fire with the dangerousness and all, so I had to douse the ring in the sulfuric acid my old man kept by his guns-were so popular our little circus became a yearly event. Throughout three summers Gus and me was simply inseparable.

Then came the summer when Pa got laid off at the pork mines and wasn’t sure we could support a tumor in the family any more. By now Gus was more than just a tumor. When Sis put her make-up and a dress on her Gus became the cross-dressing brother I never had, only without any bones. I couldn’t bear to give her away to just anybody with a skin cancer. I formed up a plan to run away from all the money problems and alien exploder beams and stake out my own future with Gus. Then, on the very night I was to make my escape Gus got up and killed hisself by a Chevy while chasing a ball in the street. I found out later she was two weeks from becoming lethal.



SHUFFLING THE POETRY

BY KEVIN PEDERSEN '05

Doctor Seuss done in the style of amateur hip hop

My name's the Lorax and I'm here to say
That I like trees in a major way
And I plant them most every day
Until that Once-ler takes them away!
Listen to my lesson, don't be a fool
Don't buy no Thneeds and stay in school
If you do those things then you will rule
I like birds and bees and even a mule.
So that's my story, I made it quick
The environment is great, so good it's sick
Don't kick that dog, that fly don't flick
Gotta go, don't do drugs, my watch says tick!

A melancholy teen's poem done in the style of Doctor Seuss

Laura why did you break up
With me, now tears will fill my cup
That I am holding in my hand
I'm in my room, not in the sand.
If I was in sand at the beach
Maybe a smile would be in reach
But since I'm here I am just sad
My life is very, very bad.
I know, perhaps I'll slit my wrist!
And die and be a ghost, like mist!
Maybe I'll just go hang myself.
I'll never be a Keebler elf.
"A Keebler elf, what's that?" you say.
I frown and then just turn away.
And no I will not mow the lawn
You'll all be sorry when I'm gone!

A haiku done in the style of a melancholy teen's poem

Green.
Green.
Green.
Everything around me is green, and lush, and beautiful.
Nobody understands the joyous wonder that is inside of me.
Itching, burning, tearing, raging, BEGGING
To get out.
Out.
To get out into the world and make
Everybody understand that there
Is a simple beauty in life and that there is a
Virtue
In seeing truth in something as simple as the flapping wings of a butterfly.
Green-ness.
Green-ness.
Green-ness.
Fade to green.

A dirty limerick done in the style of a haiku

Penis is so long
Man can do strange things with it
When wife is away.

Ancient Greek poetry done in the style of a dirty limerick

Ulysses traveled for most of his life
Angered Poseidon, who sent him some strife
Though his crew and his ship
Into the sea did slip
He made it home to have sex with his wife

Cheerleading in the style of ancient Greek poetry

And which great athletes shall defeat the vile Trojans?
Inspire me, O muse, to tell of them all.
There's Johnny D, whose throwing arm is unrivaled
Whose father was Freddie, tight end of great legend
And Freddie's father was Alex the newspaper salesman before him
And Alex's father immigrated here from a foreign land
Where the grass and hills produced bounteous crops
Though the people there did not know of football.
And Paulie Mac, our wide receiver
Whose exploits on the field are known along with his exploits in the bedroom
Where the sun shone brightly on young, nubile bodies.
And if we need an extra point, there is always Christopher
Who spends his nights racing his Civic down Sunrise Highway.
Ten men one time did bid him stop
Tackling men they were, tough men from Loyola
And he tore through their flesh with his mighty kick
And scattered their limbs to the eight corners of the earth
Where it is said that even the gods dare not tread.
These are the deeds of drag-racing Christopher,
Tobacco-chewing Christopher, point-scoring Christopher!
These are the athletes of the Green who shall defeat the Trojans.
O muse, your inspiration bids me to speak of them now.

Amateur hip hop done in the style of cheerleading

I've got big balls, yes I do!
I've got big balls, how about you?
B-I-G-B-A-L-L-Z
Big! Balls!
Big! Balls!
Biiiiiiiiiiig BALLS!



GENTLEMEN, PLEASE!

BY OWEN PARSONS '08

My esteemed colleagues, if you'll all be seated we can begin tonight's presentation. No, Professor Mitori, there are no more finger sandwiches. I'm afraid they were very popular and we ran out early. Yes, there will be dinner after the presentation. My wife Suzie made those sandwiches by the way; take a bow, Suzie. She's really something, isn't she? But now on with the event.

As many of you already know, I have spent the greater part of the past three and seven eighths years in the treacherous jungles of the Far East, studying the customs and folklore of the primitive tribes I discovered there. It was here that I first learned of the thing that lurked in the darkest part of the jungle, where no tribal dared enter. It was a dreadful, demonic abomination that demanded continual ritual sacrifice, lest its malevolent presence be seen stalking the village at night, stealing away scores of village children and gruesomely devouring their insides, leaving only their bloodied remains behind to stink and rot in the morning sun. Yes Professor Luminore, quite unsporting of it indeed! By Jove!

I decided it was my duty as a man of science to take action. Armed only with a Winchester rifle and my faithful assistant Bruno, I set out into the foreboding jungle to capture the beast. And, thanks in small part to the fact that I had crop-dusted the entire area with a fast-acting sedative beforehand, I was able to valiantly shoot the creature in the foot enough times for Bruno to sneak up, pack it into a box and have it shipped back to the homeland.

Wheel the cage out, Bruno. Quickly, now. Ladies and gentlemen of the scientific community, it is my pleasure to present you with the crowning acquisition from my years researching the tribal civilizations of Southeast Asia. It's a beast utterly untouched by evolution, a primal giant from prehistoric days gone by! Behold, science's conquest of the deepest annals of the Earth! I give you, Great Jumbo!

Yes, yes, I know it is frightening, but I assure you he is more afraid than we are. After all, we are persons of science, this brute is nothing but a great stupid beast. Besides, these cages are made from the sturdiest- It's getting a little uppity, wouldn't you say Bruno? Use the prod- the sturdiest metal available to one of my position. I see Suzie is bringing the main course out now. I hereby propose a toast to the utmost- what is that, dear? I thought we had spoken about how the creature reacts to- I don't care if the salad bowl was dirty, we can't- Oh good god, it's loose! Please everyone, please, calm down, Bruno will detain the creature long enough to get it back in- No, Bruno, don't use the prod, it will only- Oh sweet merciful Jesus! Just like tissue paper! Poor Bruno!

Please, everyone, don't look it in the eye! No, Professor Mitori, there are no more finger sandwiches, please just keep your eyes- Heaven have mercy on us all! Please, people, single file, lest your rush to clog the singular exit doom us all! Keep calm, people, keep calm!

No, Professor Sjöburn, let go of her or else you'll be dragged in as well! Oh God, Sjöburn, no! Why, cruel irony, why? You, Suzie, damn you woman! You've doomed us all!

Alert the authorities! Call the police! Save me science, save me! Nooooooooooooo!



THE DOOMSDAY PROPHECIES OF NOSTRADAMUS AND CARL

BY MATT GENS '06

The Archangel Bob will rise from the ashes of a smoldering Divx player and do battle with Lucifer Platz of 29 West 3rd Street, Mauritius NJ. Irrespective of the fact that the first name of Mr. Platz will simply be the result of a funny-at-the-time whim of his rodeo clown father with no familial connection to the Prince of Darkness, even by marriage, the great Bob will still fight him. Their clash will level civilization in its furious wake. The two will then adjourn for some bocce ball.

Nostradamus

Woe be unto the sinners, for they shall be the first to fall to the beast. The creature shall have thirteen-feet long talons on its paws, and from each talon will sprout additional, smaller talons, baby talons if you will, except that one will be hard-pressed to associate with said talons any of the cute and/or cuddly connotations typically associated with babies, namely because with these talons the monster will perform nasty acts such as improvised hysterectomies.

Nostradamus

Tomorrow I'll probably have to go to work, because I need money to pay off my student loans, and also because it wouldn't feel right if I asked my fiancé to pick up the check at Applebee's. Maybe my boss will tell one of his stupid jokes over a coffee break, or maybe he'll be wearing a ridiculous tie like usual. He really has no fashion sense.

Carl

And as it is written in the Book of Revelations, in ketchup in the margins on page six, there shall be three horsemen to mark the impending damnation, and they will ride on wicked steeds with eyes of fire and hooves of raspberry jello, and they shall make the Cayman Islands to grow, and the big Cayman Islands will start punching everyone.

Nostradamus

At the eighth second of the eighth minute of the eighth hour of the eighth month of the eighth year after 1992, a wanderer will give some really bad poison ivy to five billion people. No, not just to eight guys, why would you think I was gonna say that?

Nostradamus

I bet Blockbuster is going to be out of all the movies I want again. I make a point of telling the manager every time I go there that there should really be a stricter policy for having folks return their rentals on time, so everyone gets a chance to watch, but I don't think he's listening. I've filled out so many of those customer evaluation cards that they just gave me a whole box to use at my leisure, and I held a hunger strike, even though I was the only one who showed up despite all the full-page ads I took out in the paper. Watch me not even get a parking space in the lot. Wouldn't that be a shocker?

Carl

The sky shall grow dark with attorneys. They will descend from the heavens, filing reams of frivolous lawsuits, and paper shall fill the streets. Whosoever they touch will perish of fright, and whosoever hears their drone shall fall into endless sleep. Through their never-ending accusations of sexual abuse man will lose all desire to fuck, and nary a soul will be born again.

Nostradamus

A child will be born and provide the sign for the great king to return from across the sea, and the king will depart from his vessel and with his foreign odor spook a chicken, which will run in terror to crash into an archery target which will cause a rope to be pulled which will make a pie drop which will make a fat man hungry, and as the fat man follows the custard smell, he will step on Robert's foot, and it will hurt.

Nostradamus

Devil Rays in 7 for the World Series. Just hear me out. How can they lose with Fred McGriff? Honestly, the man's a home run machine, and he's a vowel away from being McGruff, canine crime fighter extraordinaire and, if I may say so, the most imposing force that North America has ever seen. Sure, so they're a little young and inexperienced, but anything can happen in that Florida heat. One time, it was like a hundred degrees out, I was staggering drunk across Orlando, and I swear I saw a giant mouse eat a toddler. Or maybe he was hugging him. I'm not too sure.

Carl

ENERGY CRISIS

BY OWEN PARSONS '08

Power is cool. I like energy a whole bunch. The thought of electricity surging through my home makes me sexually aroused, which my therapist says we need to work on. Last summer I made a T-shirt that said "I'd Drill Oil" on the front, but then I got scared that no one would get it and so I stuffed it with M-80s and blew it up in the mall parking lot. But wait, where did all the energy go?

Nuclear Energy: Hey, guess what? I found this atom inside my Rice Krispis and the box said that if I pull it apart, there'd be some energy inside. This is awesome man, I just gotta take it by each end and be like- ...huuuuuurgh!Huuuuuuurgh! Man, this thing is stuck together tight. Do you have any- fuck! Dropped it!

Coal Energy: You learn a lot of stuff on PBS, like how most rocks don't burn but some do. Coal does, I guess, but it makes a lot of smoke. My cousin Eddie says that he smokes rocks all the time, and that one time a cop asked him what time it was, so he punched that cop in face. Eddie hasn't been to a family reunion in a while.

Wind Energy: Oh, are you going to make the grown-ups some energy with your little whirligig? Make sure you don't hurt a bird or anything, because then you'd be inconsolable, wouldn't you, you smelly hippy.

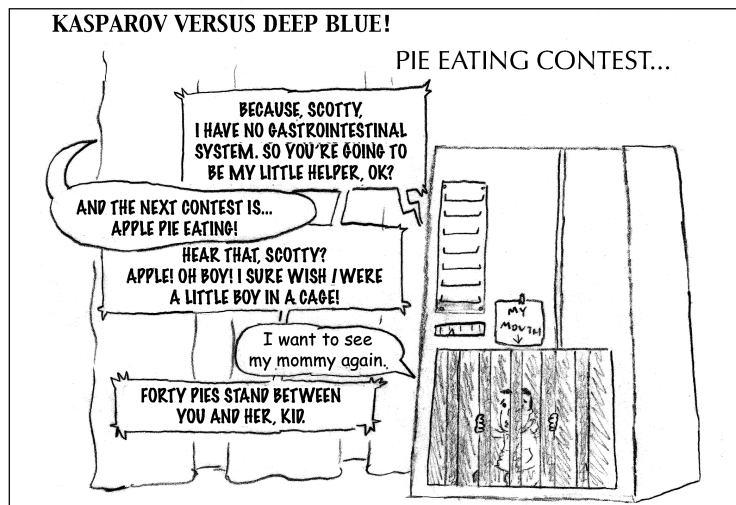
This Glowing Purple Thing I Think Fell out of a Meteor or Something, I Swear: My Uncle Ebenezer found this while we were out hunting. It consumed his consciousness, maybe his soul too, but I don't know. Anyway, it's kind of glowing, so there must be some energy in there. Something at least besides the beautiful points of light that tell me to bring my civilization to its knees.

The Elderly: Well, I mean, it's not like they're being used for anything now. Give those lazy prunes some big hamster wheels, or anything else that makes me laugh.

Corpse Energy: Hey, I'm pretty sure that anyone dead is capable of spinning in their grave. Like Abraham Lincoln, or my real mom. These corpse turbines could be a great source of energy! We could call it "corpse energy!" Think of the potential! By plugging into graveyards everywhere, we could replace hundreds of coal plants with one crazy guy tap dancing on an Indian burial ground! Tap into the unbridled hate of the long dead! Make him wear a dress, video tape it, it's a party!

God: That fucker lives in a spaceship behind the sun with all the energy he could ever want. I say, next time Jesus shows up we hogtie him and hold him hostage until daddy forks over the juice. Was it always this dark outside?

Wrath of Previous: Hey, this lightening bolt that just missed me gives me another idea. How about we keep pissing off God some more until he just rains down the- **KKKKRRRRRAZZZZAAAANKKKKAPOW!!!!!!**



TOO MUCH ARSENIC!?

BY ALEXANDER ROGERS '08

Though rarely seen during his long tenure as Dark Lord of the E.P.A., Dr. I. Ignutz is well remembered as the architect of the E.P.A.'s much despised "Final Solution" to pollution and his role in the bungled Hogs Greedly assassination plot. The following transcript comes from a recording of Dr. Ignutz's presentation on his ill-fated "Arsenic=Urbemensch" theory to the Washington Bureaucrats, a minor league water-polo team interested in the real issues.

MADNESS! Sheer inebriated madness, that's what it is. Everyone here is of course aware of the sudden and dangerous rumors touring the nations today about the supposed harm involved with the mass consumption of our beloved arsenic. "Sheer nonsense," I croaked, such talk is the stuff of cartoons and Danielle Steele novels, surely his Excellency and the great commissars would know better than to let such gloomy Guses continue to breathe their venomous hate onto the very arsenic that has made this country so awesomic. Yet, to my unending horror I find that I, Dr. Ignatius Ignutz esquire, former coach of the East German Androgynous Swimmers Union, current King of the Upper Underneathland, #1 Dad, as well as resident Shaman of U.S. chemical consumption, stand alone against the loathsome forces of scientological study. Just this week a gaggle of egg heads joined hands to criticize my policy over the last four years of slowly but surely raising the arsenic levels in the liquids mankind slurps every day to sustain their frail human bodies. The consequences of such maliciousness make all the difference to the long and pulpy American quest for potency.

No doubt, gentlemen, there has been an increased awareness of the sudden changes the human form has been undergoing, but you likely did not see the source as coming from your sink faucets. Increased appetite, growth spurts, hair gain, shifted voice tonality, hair loss are all a part of the human experience. However, what may shock the scattered hoi polloi of the realm is that, contrary to the standard notion these changes are none other than typical aging process metamorphoses, it is in fact the role of arsenic in people's lives that has shaped their minds and bodies thus. As you are all aware, nature endowed mankind with short elbows, a rubbery complexion, and pointy hats, but thanks to the all-encompassing talents of arsenic this is no more. As arsenic levels in the body have risen, so too has the American spirit. Would Uncle Crampuck have really been able to subjugate the burly natives of the Minnesotan territories without his trusty flagon of arsenical powder and jerky? Could the great P.T. Barnum and his crack team of carnies have taken Richmond in a mere three hours, ending the civil war, without his oft-photographed but never fully explained Arsenic-ingot mystery trunk? Even in the current tedious period of human development one can find moments of unencumbered heroism sprinkled in every suburb. Who could forget the modern epic of Stanley G. of 2323 Gagarin street, who single-handedly pulled his miniature schnauzer from the enshrouding clutches of the unkempt front lawn. I ask the reader, would Thomas Jefferson have been able to accomplish similar feats of derring-do? Not likely. Mr. Jefferson, despite all of his street cred as an elder statesman and self-proclaimed, "knickerbocker prince" would have been hindered by his diminutive stature, stubby appendages, and general lack of telekinesis. The front lawn would have wiped the floor with the author of the Independence Declaration.

Despite the gob of good arsenic has heaped upon the globe my dear sirs, it is not alone amongst the elements in the fight to cure humanity of mortality, and it is certainly not alone in the stiff resistance it has garnered over the years of this struggle. Who amongst the population can truly remember a time when cyanide did them any harm? I have yet to meet the gentleman who can recall with distaste his experience with the gentlest of white powdery substances. Not so long ago the budding super cosmonaut babies of Eastern Europe who were to take to the stars were regularly bathed with a lavender and cyanide wash concoction in a silken ivory tub made to fit no less than eight, making them immune to the withering effects of space screams and commercial satellite television. The cyanide cream buns of times gone by gave the gift of longevity to the saintly disco-tech Rasputin, who took no less than nine bullets, a stabbing, two beatings and a great deal of drowning before succumbing to an irritable sleep. What has become of radioactive waste? Where have the plethora of dangerous beasts subjected to life-validating radioactive beams or streams, or beans all gone? At one time such creatures were the back-bone of the laugh-Olympics and the origins of the powers for many a square-jawed duelist for justice (Batman excluded). Now you can find them gracing the local shelter or employment services office along with the men in white lab coats with names like Smith or Brewhaha that made all of it possible. Cyanide has also been denigrated by the tragic naysayer to the land of myth as just another verbally inflated panacea. Of them all, only arsenic remains as a symbol of what is possible for superior people who foresee a world of flying urbermensch with better than average vision. Will it too be consigned to the same fate?

Many of you no doubt understand I have labored all of my life to make arsenic the part of people's lives that it is today. It is work that is consistently taken for granted, but I have no regrets. What sickens me though is how vilified this treasured part of our modern composition has become. Especially as we have come so far in the last few years. With each passing day the human race moves beyond the bounds of super to levels of arsenic that, in some fifteen years will spawn a future generation that can be described as nothing less than super-duper. While I abhor generating boundless expectations, I think it not impossible for our species to see the goals of x-ray shins and laser elbows realized within our time. Yet in order for

this bright future to remain reality the reader must stand with me. Do not let the burning flames of America's heroic past be extinguished by the fizzle and pop of some tantalizingly distinguished council of doom. Theirs is the scientinkery of hate, while I offer you a fluffy bear stuffed with the joyous knowledge that everything will blow over in a couple of months. It's the carnival prize you've always wanted, but were never able to get because that cursed plastic duck whizzed by faster when it came down to throwing the third ring. Arsenic can help with that. Lots of arsenic. To those assembled here today I express my thanks for your time, and know that with the support of D.C.'s pluckiest water-polo squad no lobby can stand between us. Join me men, and we can rule the utilities as father and sons.

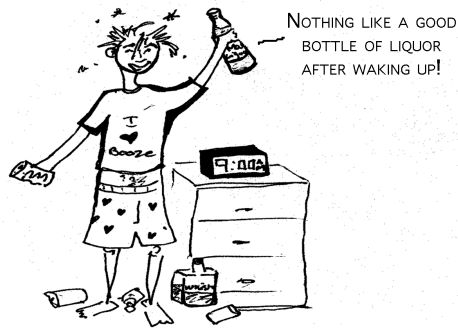
Thank you again, enjoy the specially prepared buns and Kool-aid, and may God bless Amerikaner.

INSTEAD OF BEING...

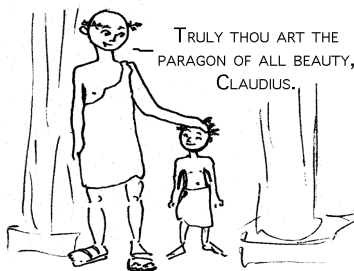
BY JUSTINE STERLING '07



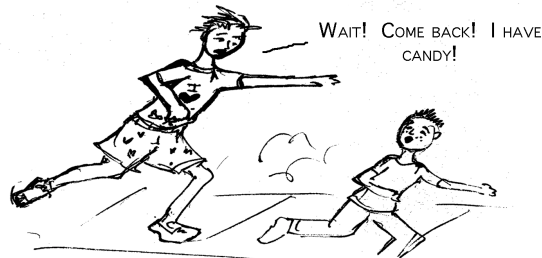
INSTEAD OF BECOMING A GREAT WHITE HUNTER...



I BECAME AN ALCOHOLIC.



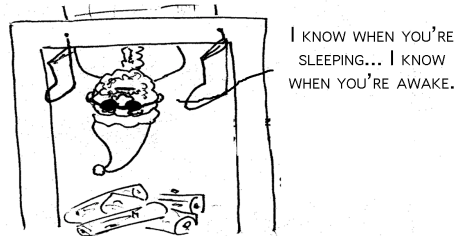
INSTEAD OF BECOMING AN ANCIENT ROMAN SENATOR...



I BECAME A PEDOPHILE.



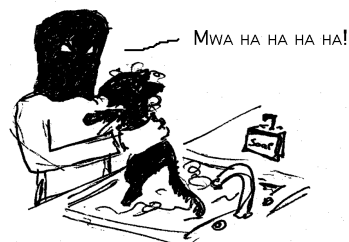
INSTEAD OF BECOMING A SECRET AGENT...



I BECAME SANTA CLAUS.



INSTEAD OF BECOMING AN EXECUTIONER...



I WASHED MY CAT.

THE DIARY OF ANNIE ROSS, THE NICEST WOMAN YOU'LL EVER MEET AND, FOR SOME UNKNOWN REASON, THE TARGET OF FREQUENT ATTACKS BY OTHERWORLDLY BEINGS

BY KEVIN PEDERSEN '05

6:00 A.M. – Woke up prompt as a pickle this morning, wearing my favorite, most comfortable pajamas that Chester bought me last Christmas – the ones with the little ducks in green hats on them! Gee, it was hard to get out of bed today... the sheets were just so comfy! Oh well, Chester wants me to fix up the garden and I know Petunia's going to want me calling by her place to help with the loneliness and all, so up and at 'em I go, ready to face my day!

6:27 A.M. – Will wonders never cease? Pop Tarts come with special blueberry frosting now. It's true! I suppose I must have bought them (Heaven above knows Chester only shops for food when it's barbecue season, and that won't be for another two months at least) but you know how absent-minded I can be. Mmm, mmm, though!

7:03 A.M. – Well, I made it out to the garden and started my weeding, and just like that, a sandworm burst right out from under the azalea bush and tried to swallow my arm! Fortunately, Chester had left a pickaxe lying around in the yard and I managed to penetrate Ol' Mister Sandworm's brain casing with it. Now I need some Annie time, and that's a fact! I wonder if there's any Sav-Mart brand tea in the cupboard?

7:59 A.M. – There wasn't any tea, so it's off to the store with me, but not before I put my face on, of course! There's no use going out if you can't look presentable! I also noticed some man named Dracula had left about fifteen messages on my answering machine last night. Apparently he wants to meet me! Doesn't he know I'm happily married?

8:04 A.M. – Well, I take one step out the door and I'm captured by a band of Morlocks. (Morlocks are a race of half-men who live deep under the earth's crust!) I think they're going to take me to their king. Boy, this was not on my to-do list, I'll say that much!

9:47 A.M. – The Morlocks have locked me in a cage dangling above a pit of lava, with no way of getting out that I can see. A swarm of flesh-eating beetles is currently making its way through the bars of my prison and should be upon me any second. The only objects I can reach from here are a crayon, half a bar of soap, and a glitter-covered, butterfly-shaped hairpin that I was wearing. There's no lock on the cage – they welded it shut – so I don't know how useful any of those things will be. What a predicament!

9:48 A.M. – I escaped!

10:13 A.M. – Well, look who I just saw at the store... Pastor Reynolds! I asked him how he was doing and he said he was doing fine. It is just so nice to see that man out and about after his surgery last month. I told him you'd never know it to look at him that he wasn't still using the same set of kidneys he was born with. What a nice man.

11:03 A.M. – I finally made it over to Petunia's and we got started on our lunch. I made some soup and she heated up a few chicken pot pies that she had left over from last Sunday's garden festival. Then - and this is SO WEIRD - she told me that Pastor Reynolds had died on the operating table last month! What are the odds of that?

11:47 A.M. – I guess the odds were pretty good. Either that or Petunia should book a trip down to Foxwoods this instant because she was one hundred percent right about Pastor Reynolds! When she went to the bathroom, he burst through her front window and tried to eat my brains, and I'll be a monkey's uncle if he wasn't about a month's worth of decomposed! I killed him (or re-killed him? What do you call that?) with a cheese grater and burned the body before Petunia got back, so as not to disturb her, bless her soul.

12:30 P.M. – Well, it's back home for me. Boy, this place is a mess! I'd better clean it up before Chester gets back, in case he brings his supervisor home for dinner or something like that.

12:56 P.M. – Did you know that there's a golem in the basement? I did not know that.

2:13 P.M. – Whew! It took me almost two hours (that's about the length of *Shark Tale*, I just realized!) but I finally have the house looking neat enough to stand back and say "Annie, you did a good job with this". I know, I'm my own harshest critic!

2:34 P.M. – Chester called from work to say he was going to be home late tonight and would probably miss dinner. Well, I suppose I'll be dining with a good friend of mine: DJ Steve in the afternoon! (He's not really a friend of mine but I think his show is very funny, and he keeps it clean too, which a lot of them don't do any more.)

3:04 P.M. – Mr. Dracula called again to say he was going to suck my blood tonight! How rude of him! I was very polite and told him that I would be otherwise engaged, and so he hung up. He seemed disappointed, but it's not my fault if he doesn't plan ahead enough! Honestly, sometimes I don't know what that man's problem is.

3:30 P.M. – They're showing a rerun of *Third Rock From The Sun* on ABC Family! I love this show, almost as much as *According to Jim*. They should play *that* show on ABC Family.

4:04 P.M. – It's Mr. Dracula on the telephone again. I realized he left me a few messages when I was out at Petunia's too. Now I feel bad about turning him down, since he was obviously really excited about this! Anyhoodle, time for me to start the ol' Annie oven and cook up a dinner!

5:00 P.M. – Well, guess who showed up for dinner? Chester! I didn't think he was going to make it, mostly because he had called earlier to say he wasn't going to make it.

5:43 P.M. – As luck would have it, it wasn't actually Chester who came to dinner, but actually an evil clone of Chester. I wouldn't have noticed except that he told me I looked pretty, and that just didn't sit right with me as the sort of thing Chester would do. Figures! I had some brown sugar in my cabinet, which as EVERYONE knows is lethal to evil clones (but not normal people), so I put it in his food just to be sure, and poof! He dropped dead right there!

6:03 P.M. – I think the Morlocks sent the Chester clone, which would make sense because they are still really mad about my escaping from their clutches earlier today! *The Nanny* is on now, so I'm watching that.

6:07 P.M. – It was definitely the Morlocks. They just charged in here and tried to capture me again, but fortunately I killed them all. Oh, what a mess they left! That's the problem with housework... you clean it all up, and then it all just gets dirty again!

7:43 P.M. – Chester finally came home (the real Chester... the first thing he said he me was that he was tired!) and he even brought me flowers that they were going to throw away at his work, so I guess I can't stay mad at him. That's for the best... being mad makes you a Sick Sad Suzy, that's what I say! Even if your name is Annie. Or Peter, really... nobody ought to be mad!

8:13 P.M. – Yawn! Well, I'm just about ready for bed! Chester is going to stay up for a little while, he says, but there's just no way I can keep my eyes open for another minute! It's time for Annie to put on her froggie pajamas!

11:56 P.M. – Dracula came to suck my blood. Chester thought he was a cat burglar and tried to hit him with a bat – not even stab him with a bat, just hit him over the head with it! Oh, Chester!



UNNECESSARY FUNCTIONS

BY MATT GENS '06

Section 1: Using Your Shower

Thank you for purchasing the Clöper brand Amazing Shower System®.

Before taking a shower, it is important to become familiar with the recommended showering settings so as to maximize the pleasure of the shower experience, achieve optimal cleanliness, and avoid horrific, potentially disfiguring bodily injury.

A: The Main Control Dial

Your Main Control Dial has three positions: On, Off, and Shenanigans. The default and center position is Off. When set to this position, shower flow will not take place. To begin the shower process, turn the dial counter-clockwise towards the On position. As you turn the dial further in this direction, the water flow will become warmer. Do NOT turn the dial clockwise towards the Shenanigans position for a shower. The Shenanigans position causes the built-in poltergeist in the Clöper brand Amazing Shower System® to wreak havoc with both the temperature and the shower's alternating off and on. As you turn the dial more in this direction, the poltergeist will change in motivation from playful exuberance toward a hell-bent desire to make you leave this place and never come back. For recommended features and uses involving the Shenanigans function, skip to Section 45: Supernatural Processes.

B: The Showerhead Intensity Knob

Your Showerhead Intensity Knob is attached to the showerhead in the Clöper brand Amazing Shower System®. As you rotate the knob, it will periodically click into place in twelve arrangements, each with its own designated pressure level. Your shower pressure has five "gentle" settings, five "forceful" settings, the default "intermediate" setting, and one "festive" setting. It is important to remember these settings, as they are not marked due to the small size of the Showerhead Intensity Knob. The default "intermediate" setting is optimal for showering. Initial clockwise turning of the knob cycles through the "forceful" settings. ONLY utilize the first three "forceful" settings for taking a shower. The fourth "forceful" setting issues a blast designed for cleaning with a powerful liquid stream and the fifth "forceful" setting is intended for crowd control. Initial counter-clockwise turning of the knob cycles through the "gentle" settings. ONLY utilize the first three "gentle" settings for taking a shower. The fourth "gentle" setting issues a drop every second and is intended for acid/base titrations. The fifth "gentle" setting issues a large drop every twenty seconds and is intended to annoy people and not let them get any sleep. Six turns in either direction from default will result in the "festive" setting. Do NOT utilize the "festive" setting for showering, as all it does is make for a dancing fluid production. For recommended features and uses involving both sets of fourth and fifth settings as well as the "festive" setting, skip to Sections 23: Removing Grout, 44: Anti-Riot Measures, 67: Chemistry Lab, 89: Nuisances, and 123: Home Entertainment.

C: The Liquid Control Panel

Your Liquid Control Panel consists of a digital display with a sliding toggle and is located in the Clöper brand Amazing Shower System® below the showerhead. Depending on the model of your Clöper brand Amazing Shower System®, there are from seven to nine toggle settings, each resulting in a different liquid. It is important to LEAVE the Liquid Control Panel at the default and leftmost setting, Water, when showering. Setting two, Pine Tar, is utilized for getting a good grip on a bat and giving a helmet an intimidating dirty look. Setting three, Lava, is utilized for island formation. Setting four, Fudge, is utilized for ice cream sundaes. Setting five, Phenolphthalein, is utilized for acid/base titrations (see Section 1, Subsection C: The Showerhead Intensity Knob). Setting six, Beer, is utilized for crazy college parties. Setting seven, Napalm, is utilized for Asian jungle warfare. If you own the Clöper brand Amazing Shower System® Deluxe, there is an eighth setting, Aftershave, utilized for smelling excessively good. If you own the Clöper brand Amazing Shower System® Gold, there is a ninth setting, Urine, for which quite frankly we don't even know the purpose. For recommended features and uses involving the Liquid Control Panel, skip to Sections 8: Baseball, 17: Geology, 25: Dessert, 67: Chemistry Lab, 57: Keggers, 46: Battle Tactics, 88: Sleaziness, and 2: Filth.

D: The Drain

Your Drain is a hole in the base of the Clöper brand Amazing Shower System® for shower flow egress. It has a metal covering with two connected foot pedals. Do NOT step on the foot pedals when taking a shower. The small pedal retracts the metal covering, leaving a wide opening in the shower base. The large pedal activates the blender. For recommended features and uses involving the Drain, skip to Section 50: Spreads and Smoothies.

HUMAN RESOURCES MEETING FOR SGT. RICHARD PRIMORA, USMC (RET.)

BY CHRIS LAAKKO '06

Mr. Moore: Hi, Richard. Sorry to have to call you in this afternoon but I thought it might be helpful if we touched base a little about this and that.

Sgt. Primora: Do you have some new intelligence, sir?

Mr. Moore: Well I felt that maybe you are a little unclear about some of our policies and practices and such. Actually, I fear that you may even be somewhat overqualified. Your resume was impressive, to say the least...

Sgt. Primora: Well sir, the best soldiers never make it home so please don't be too generous.

Mr. Moore: In all my years I have never seen a body count on a resume.

Sgt. Primora: With all due respect sir, I believe my shot-to-kill ratio is much more telling of my proficiency.

Mr. Moore: I... don't doubt that, Richard, but there have been numerous complaints against you this week, from both customers and some coworkers.

Sgt. Primora: National security begins at home. You may not agree with my methods, sir, but you can't argue with my results.

Mr. Moore: Sales are down 15% in all departments! And we cannot grant your requisition requests for concertina wire and caltrops!

Sgt. Primora: Shrink is down 80% since I started, and you can be damn sure those young punks in receiving aren't cheating the timeclock anymore. In fact, our store is the most secure facility in this sector. I have conducted numerous successful penetrations of local businesses in attempts to assess their response to various threat profiles and have determined that everyone besides us is at severe risk in the event of invasion or sapper attacks.

Mr. Moore: Yes, but there have been complaints, Richard. You are scaring some people.

Sgt. Primora: Fear is the natural reaction of the guilty.

Mr. Moore: What?

Sgt. Primora: Sir, I was hired as a loss prevention associate. I prevent loss in this store just I prevented the loss of American supremacy in the field: with strict adherence to discipline and overwhelming suppressive fire.

Mr. Moore: Suppressive fire?

Sgt. Primora: It's a metaphor, sir.

Mr. Moore: Oh. Well, I'm also concerned that you may be overworked.

Sgt. Primora: Impossible, sir.

Mr. Moore: Well, I think we are going to need to reach a compromise on the issue of your days off. We really would prefer if you weren't coming into the store in plainclothes and trying to bust shoplifters.

Sgt. Primora: There needs to be a noble and unpredictable wolf to prevent the thieving sheep from growing comfortable in their lanolin-drenched orgy of crime. And the wife drives me crazy, sir. I hate being home.

Mr. Moore: Be that as it may, you also seem to have trouble communicating with the other employees here, even people in your own department. I have a transcript prepared by Alex, the other associate on your shift--

Sgt. Primora: Well Mr. Moore, I'm not sure if this is the most appropriate time to mention this, but I actually took the liberty of assessing the security of your own home last weekend-

Mr. Moore: ...Excuse me?

Sgt. Primora: Sir, do you love your children? What I mean by that ques-

Mr. Moore: Oh there's no way... DID YOU KILL BRUNO?!

Sgt. Primora: I was compromised and had to neutralize the immediate threat. I never violated the original mission protocols. There was no other way.

Mr. Moore: YOU SICK FUCK! YOU FUCKING SHOT MY NEIGHBOR'S DOG! YOU FUCKING SHOT HIM!

Sgt. Primora: The Rules of Engagement clearly dictate-

Mr. Moore: AAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Sgt. Primora: I'm sorry sir, but Geneva is clearly on my side for this one.

Mr. Moore: *[clears throat]* Richard, I'm calling the police.

Sgt. Primora: The walls of man cannot contain the Angel of Death.

Mr. Moore: What?

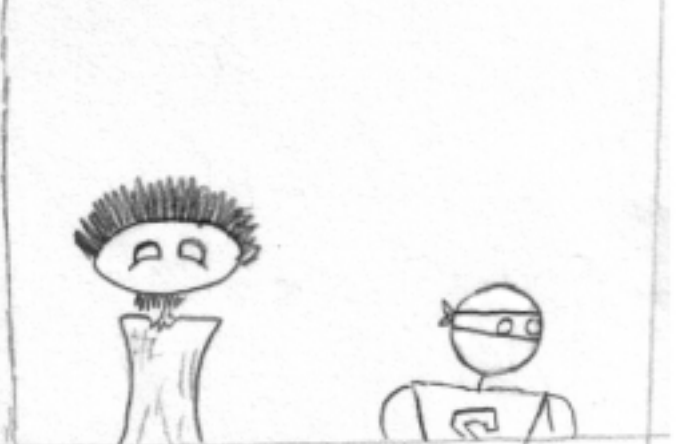
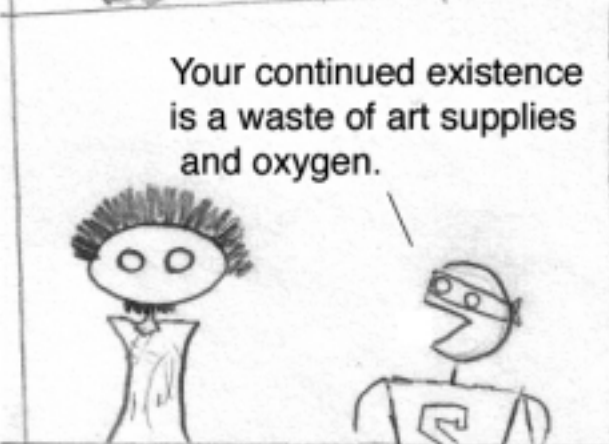
Sgt. Primora: Please don't call them, sir. My wife would never let me hear the end of it. I only ask on account of I have an ulcer.

THE ADVENTURES OF

CAPTAIN SUCCINCT

BY OWEN PARSONS '08

THE WORLD'S MOST CONCISE SUPERHERO!



THE END

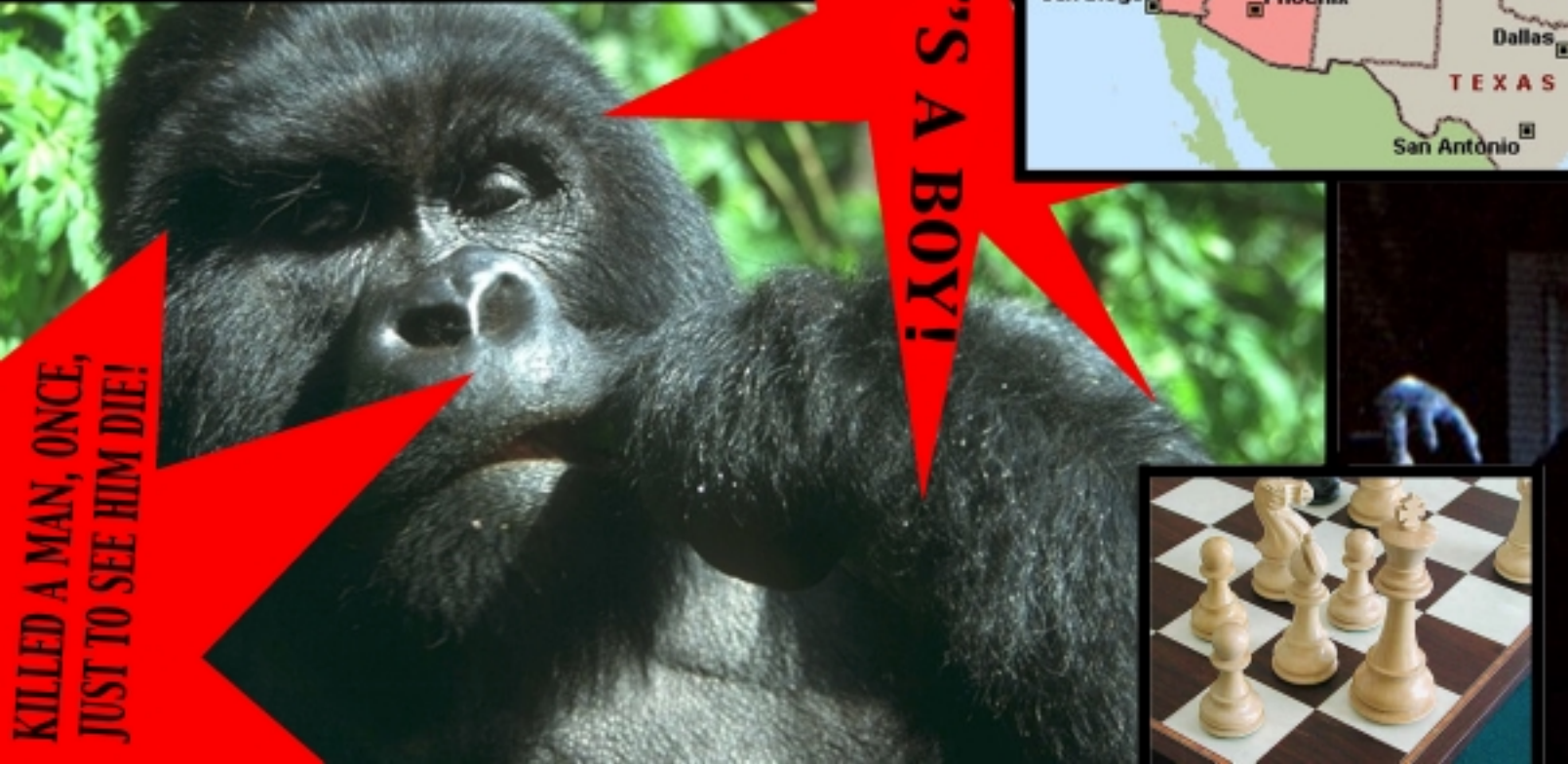


8% MORE LAUGHS

SEEN ON TV!



IT'S A BOY!



KILLED A MAN, ONCE,
JUST TO SEE HIM DIE!

