

THE DARTMOUTH
JACK-O-LANTERN HUMOR SOCIETY



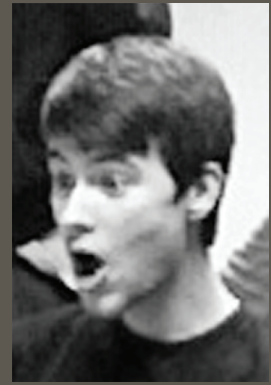
Presents:

The Luddite Pages:

A LOOK BACK AT ONE YEAR OF
ONLINE CONTENT

Now Available In
Fabulous Newsprint!

THE FACTS



FACT: SUPERMANATEE, THE SHORT-LIVED SUPER-HERO, WAS IMMUNE TO HARM FROM ANYTHING BUT KRYPTONITE SPEEDBOAT PROPELLERS.

FACT: IF YOU DREAM YOU'RE FALLING FASTER THAN THE SPEED OF LIGHT AND YOU HIT THE GROUND, WHEN YOU WAKE UP YOU'LL BE DEAD IN THE PAST.

FACT: IN THE PRACTICE ROUND, WILLIAM TELL SHOT HIS WIFE RIGHT IN THE FACE.

FACT: THE WORST DISABILITY TO HAVE AS A WALL STREET FLOOR TRADER IS THE ONE WHERE SHOUTING 'SELL!' MAKES YOU POOP.

FACT: OSTENSIBLY AN EMPOWERING EVENT, THE SPECIAL OLYMPICS TOOK UNTIL 1988 TO CANCEL THE CONTEST FOR "SMOOSHIEST FACE".

FACT: FAR LESS COMMONLY SEEN ARE ACOUSTIC EELS.

FACT: HUMANS AND DOLPHINS ARE THE ONLY TWO ANIMAL SPECIES KNOWN TO ENJOY HAVING SEX WITH DOLPHINS.

FACT: LESS GLAMOROUS, BUT FEDERALLY MANDATED, IS THE WHEELCHAIR RAMP TO HEAVEN.

FACT: VERY RARELY, CERTAIN BOTTLES OF GOLDSCHLÄGER SCHNAPPS HAVE BEEN FOUND TO CONTAIN ACTUAL FLAKES OF GOLD FLOATING AT THE BOTTOM. SUCH A BOTTLE WOULD BE WORTH THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS.

FACT: FUNYUNS SNACKS ACTUALLY CONTAIN ALMOST NO REAL ONYUNS.

FACT: SAINT FIACRE, THE PATRON SAINT OF SYPHILIS, HEMORRHOIDS, STERILITY, AND PEOPLE WHO MAKE BOXES FOR A LIVING, SERIOUSLY REGRETS BECOMING A SAINT.

FACT: WACK RAPPER THE SUCKA MC IS PROUD THAT THOUSANDS OF SONGS HAVE BEEN WRITTEN ABOUT HIM, BUT HURT BY THEIR CONTENT.

FACT: A BACON CHEESEBURGER IS NOT KOSHER IN AT LEAST THREE WAYS. IF THE BURGER IS THEN TOPPED WITH CROW, THAT NUMBER SHOTS TO TEN OR MORE.

FACT: THE FIRST STEALTH BOMBER WAS JUST A REGULAR BOMBER THAT PLAYED SNEAKILY PLUCKED-VIOLIN MUSIC THROUGH A WING-MOUNTED SPEAKER.

FACT: MICHAEL JORDAN SOMETIMES APPEARS TO "HANG" IN THE AIR DURING JUMPS DUE TO MALFUNCTIONS IN THE ELABORATE RIGGING SYSTEM SET UP FOR HIM BY NIKE.

FACT: THE LONGEST SPANISH WORD IS "GÓL".

FACT: IF YOU TAKE A RORSCHACH INKBLOT TEST, TRY NOT TO GET THE ONE THAT LOOKS LIKE YOU FATALLY STABBING A PRETEEN.

FACT: WHITE ELEPHANTS REALLY CAN'T JUMP.

BESIDES THE FACTS- A POEM: "ON REPRODUCTION IN CERTAIN SEA MAMMALS"

SPERM WHALE SPERM IS PALE AND FIRM, IS FIRM PALE SPERM WHALE SPERM. IF SPERM IS PALE LIKE SAIL OR WORM, AND FIRM LIKE SHALE OR RAIL OR BERM, THE RAIL/BERM/SHALE-FIRM SAIL-PALE GERM IS FIRM PALE SPERM WHALE SPERM.

FACT: ALMOST NO STORE SELLS BOTH HANDGUNS AND BOOKS THAT TEACH HOW TO ASK NICELY A SECOND TIME.

FACT: IT'S A GREAT FEELING TO WAKE UP GRUMPY AND STRESSED ON A MONDAY MORNING AND THEN REMEMBER YOU'RE A WINO.

FACT: GLORIA STEINEM, THE FEMINIST ACTIVIST, CRITIC AND VISIONARY, HAS SAGGY TITS.

FACT: NON-SPANISH SPEAKERS TEND TO VASTLY OVERESTIMATE THE NUMBER OF SPANISH WORDS THAT ARE JUST ENGLISH WORDS WITH THE LETTER "O" ADDED TO THE END.

FACT: SOMETIMES THE PRETTIEST PEOPLE DO THE UGLIEST THINGS. BUT LET US NOT FORGET THAT THE UGLIEST PEOPLE DO MOST OF THOSE THINGS, TOO, AND THAT WHEN THE PRETTIEST PEOPLE DO THEM THEY'RE ACTUALLY KIND OF CHARMING.

FACT: THE AVERAGE HUMAN CAN LOSE THREE PINTS OF BLOOD BEFORE PASSING OUT, BUT CAN ONLY BE

SPRAYED WITH ONE PINT.

FACT: MONEY CANNOT BUY HAPPINESS. BUT NEITHER CAN HAPPINESS BUY FOOD.

FACT: MANY PRODUCTS AT WALMART SELL LIKE HOTCAKES, WHICH IS TO SAY BRISKLY AND MOSTLY TO PEOPLE WITH WEIGHT PROBLEMS.

FACT: IF YOU FIND YOURSELF FACE-TO-FACE WITH A GRIZZLY BEAR, YOU MUST TRY YOUR BEST NOT TO APPEAR DELICIOUS.

FACT: THE WORST PART OF WAKING UP IS FOLGER'S IN YOUR LAP.

FACT: IF YOU THINK YOU MAY BE LOSING YOUR HAIR, YOU SHOULDN'T WORRY: THERE WILL BE ANY NUMBER OF HUMILIATING WAYS TO COMB IT.

FACT: THERE WERE ORIGINALLY TEN DEADLY SINS, UNTIL THE 19TH-CENTURY REMOVAL OF "FUN," "CRITICAL THINKING" AND "BEING A GYPSY."

FACT: MORE SCHOOLCHILDREN RECOGNIZE THE FACE OF JOE CAMEL THAN THAT OF GEORGE W. BUSH. BUT THE REAL TRAGEDY IS THAT SOMEONE GAVE A GROUP OF SCIENTISTS MONEY TO FIGURE THIS OUT.

FACT: THEY PROBABLY SELL SUGARFREE FLAVORED CONDOMS SOMEWHERE, BECAUSE THIS IS SUCH A GREAT COUNTRY.

FACT: SADLY, THE KFC SLOGAN, "ANYTHING BUT COUNTRY-FRIED TASTES LIKE CUNT REFRIED," NEVER MADE IT TO THE PUBLIC.

FACT: THE AVERAGE VALUE OF A HUNDRED-DOLLAR BILL MANUFACTURED IN THE 1980S IS \$107.04, THE EXTRA \$7.04 COMING IN COCAINE RESIDUE.

FACT: THE TERM FAUX PAS, MEANING "SOCIAL SLIP-UP," COMES FROM THE FRENCH BELIEF THAT IT IS BAD LUCK TO TALK ABOUT A FOX'S VAGINA.

FACT: THE ONE DAY YOU NEED YOUR RAPE WHISTLE IS THE DAY YOU LEAVE IT AT HOME. BUT HECK, THAT'S LIFE.



About this Issue:

Dear Internet:

I'm sorry, but it's over between you and I. Don't pretend you didn't see this coming. I've always told you that I prefer petite brunettes, and that it would be hard for me to love a billion mile-long bundle of fiber optic cable pumping hardcore pornography from fetish warehouses in Japan to PCs around the world.

Yeah, sure, we had good times, like when I was searching for a Mother's Day e-card and you kept popping up with advertisements for the hottest triple-x sluts. But the joke wore thin when you played that mp3 of a goat being violated at maximum volume while my boss was sitting in my cubicle. That was a real bitchy thing to do, bitch.

So it's over, Internet. I'm taking back all my stuff. That's right, all that content from our online website? I'm putting all that into a "best-of" issue with my new girlfriend, Newsprint. Maybe I'll even print this letter. Boom boom, baby.

Sincerely,
The

Dartmouth Jack-O-Lantern



About our Staff, as defined by Merriam-Webster:

Fred Meyer, (n.)- a sudden, sickening fear, usually in response to being locked in a closet with too many upset monkeys

Alex Rogers, (v.)- to close a door on the fingers of Winston Churchill's exhumed corpse, causing him to shout and expel gas.

Owen Parsons, (adj.)- relating to the invisible clown that follows you wherever you go, waiting for you to sleep.

Justine Sterling, (v.)- the act of going into town to buy a gallon of plums for your homely wife who secretly delights in eggplant.

Dylan Kane, (n.)- the type of handshake one receives from a man with too many or too few fingers, or whose hand is made out of soap.

Mike Trapp, (n.)- a special kind of game in which the winner is declared lord for a day, and the others get to beat him with rocks.

Alex Tarzy, (adj.)- covered in battery acid, and also on fire.

Latif Nasser, (v.)- to defeat the King of Prussia in a boxing match, thereby becoming the King of the King of Prussia.

Nathan Chung, (n.)- a life-threatening illness brought on by the simple act of exhaling.

Dan Gobaud, (n.)- the rarely-seen "fourth flavor" of pie.

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A New Beginning

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The Facts
by Fred Meyer

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This.

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Variations on a Pudding Theme
by Alex Rogers

Conversations in Locations
by Latif Nasser

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Michael Trapp Writes Delightful Things
By Alex Tarzy

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Still Mike Trapp.

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Alex Rogers Presents: A Break from
Mike Trapp

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Don't Feel Bad
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Robot Task Manager
by Owen Parsons

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From the Headlines
by Owen Parsons

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The Top Five Top Ten
by Justine Sterling

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Dylan Finds the Sunny Side
by Dylan Kane

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The Inevitable End.

AN EPIC FLAVOR

Verse 16

I sing of the nine Muses, and of the Lord Zeus, Lover of Violence, and of nubile young women, so easily enamored of goats, cows, swans, and anything else Zeus happens to be at the time, supposing, that is, that they don't just go along with his advances because he'd incinerate them otherwise. I also sing of the war in faraway Lintium and of the frustration of Bertegeus, heroic slayer of several people. Cursed to spend a thousand generations wandering the Sea of Horrors, where many bad things took place, Bertegeus searched high and low for his mighty friend Sensiclese, knower of homespun sayings. Sensiclese alone could lift the veil of night-shade brought about by mighty Tartarus, a being that was person, place and thing. Tartarus was polymorphous, but most cruel. He cursed Bertegeus.

And so it was that mighty Bertegeus, he of the burnished shining armor, he of the generally pleasant disposition, he who was also no poor hand at slicing people in half if it came to that, made port in the land of Tritium. And the king welcomed him and his followers, held a feast of many boars, all wild, in their honor and gave him two hundred rams' worth of gold and a wizard's daughter. Then, after a period of many years, Bertegeus felt his wife calling. And so it was that he packed his things, sacked the city, crushed its mighty edifices, and after eating the king raw fornicated with many women. There was Persephone, Cleopatra, Amarnie, Electra, Artemis, Clytemestra, Rachel, Cassandra, Sophitia, Pearl, Io, another Cleopatra, and some girl he met once and never got her name really. And then the king's daughter, the gentle Objectia, turned into a dove and was swallowed by a turtle because great Zeus willed it so. Remember that Bertegeus was cursed all this time, also.

And so, Bertegeus travelled across the face of the wine-dark sea, drinking light-blue foamy wine and killing centaurs indiscriminately. But suddenly it came to pass that an earthquake rent the earth in twain, and almighty Hades revealed Sensiclese, trapped forever in a bathroom line behind a guy who just talked, talked, talked about his condition. Also a screaming eagle would show up now and then to eat his eyeball, which grew back for mighty Zeus willed it should be so. Bertegeus, saddened to see his friend laid so low, wept great gobs of womanly tears and begged the gods to forever be separated from this horrible sight. And so Bertegeus was turned into a tree, the Weeping Pudding Tree, from whence we today take our gift of life-changing pudding for the glory of Zeus, the Great Uniter and Divider, father of the nine Muses. Oh you nine Muses, help me to remember what it is I just said and also to get milk later as I'm running out; I don't really need milk now, but if I don't go now I'll never go. I shall remember you and this next song as well.

Overheard by Me in Conversations with Me

SHERMAN ART LIBRARY

CHARACTERS:

ME (WITH UNOPENED BOX OF EXTRA LONG PENCIL CRAYONS)

CUTE GIRL I DO NOT KNOW

ME: SO WHERE DO YOU GUYS KEEP THE COLORING BOOKS?

HER: WE DON'T HAVE COLOURING BOOKS.

ME: OH.

(SHORT PAUSE.)

ME: SO WHERE DO YOU KEEP YOUR NON-COLORING-BOOKS BOOKS?

(SHORT PAUSE)

HER: ARE YOU JUST GOING TO COLOR IN THEM?

ME: NO...MAYBE.

HER: WHY DON'T YOU LOOK IN THIS BOX OF FREE BOOK JACKETS? MAYBE YOU CAN FIND SOMETHING TO COLOR IN HERE.

ME: THIS BOX IS FILLED WITH GARBAGE. ALREADY-COLOURED-IN GARBAGE.

HER: I THINK YOU SHOULD LEAVE.

(AT WHICH POINT I COLORED HER FACE UNTIL IT LOOKED LIKE SHE WAS HAPPY TO GIVE ME PERMISSION TO COLOR IN ANYTHING I WANTED)

THE THICKENING

Ch. 12

Schlorp. Schlorp. Schlorp. Johnny didn't know it, but it was coming closer. By the time he realized it Barbara was already gone, decapitated from the neck down and her innards filled with layer on layer of alternating chocolate and vanilla goo. And it was warm. That was always the sign. The sign that it was RIGHT BEHIND YOU! Johnny turned around, but no one was there. EXCEPT THE GHOST! Quickly he, Timmy, and Samantha ran from the crazed monstrosity, praying they could hold out long enough until daylight, when the sheriff got back on duty.

"Quickly Johnny, this way," said a voice, but it turned out to be the axe murderer's voice. They had to escape. It was their only chance of getting away. Hurriedly, the three made their way to the abandoned summer camp, the site of all those horrors years ago. "Come on," one of them said. "There'll be counselors at the camp," he explained. But there were no counselors at the camp. It was abandoned. Except for the shambling ZOMBIE COUNSELORS! Johnny didn't know it, but the zombies' only weakness was strawberry delight bread pudding, the local specialty at the haunted diner they had recently escaped from, the site of all those terrible murders years ago.

"Hurry Johnny, we have to barricade ourselves in that shopping mall!" Johnny didn't know it, but Timothy was right. Dead right! The terrifying batch of crême brulee that had been mysteriously following them and eaten the professor earlier was in fact ALIVE, revealing its true nature by inhaling Timothy in a single terrifying schlorp! Johnny, Samantha and the axe murderer could only watch on IN HORROR as Tim was digested in the Tahitian vanilla bean concoction and buried beneath a caramelized sugar glaze. Johnny looked deep down into the glaze and saw the GATES OF HADES! Johnny didn't know it, but in those gates he saw the FUTURE!

He saw Samantha die horribly, stuffed to the gills with gallons of choco-lite low-carb Jell-O. "Oh my Gwghadb!" she exclaimed. Johnny couldn't make out what exactly was being said by her, but it sounded like an exclamation. He looked up to see a horrible site: Samantha, stuffed to the gills with gallons of choco-lite low-carb Jell-O. His terrible deed accomplished, the clown of Satan departed back to his fiery circus in a hale of sadistic laughter and brimstone. "Oh no, Samantha! In the sugar.it's the future, it's coming true!" But Samantha couldn't hear Johnny anymore. She was DEAD! Johnny sprang away as fast as his puny mortal legs would take him. But, would it be fast enough?

Yes. Johnny didn't know it, but he wouldn't be going to the mall. That would require too much exposition. Instead he made his way into the old windmill, the site of all those terrors years ago. He went in and shut the large wooden doors behind him only to make a SHOCKING DISCOVERY! "My God, this isn't a windmill. It's a meat hook factory!" He had to get out of there. He turned around only to find the large wooden door closed in front of him. Johnny didn't know it, but the meat hook windmill was also a wizard and it cursed him. Suddenly all of Johnny's organs felt like pudding, because they WERE! But the worst was yet to come!

BAKER/BERRY CIRCULATION DESK

CHARACTERS:

ME

CUTE GIRL I DO NOT KNOW

I AM GETTING SOME BOOKS FROM DARTDOC. I HAND THE GIRL BEHIND THE DESK MY CARD.

GIRL: WHY IS YOUR CARD ALL INKY?

ME: MY PEN EXPLODED IN MY POCKET.

GIRL: I HATE WHEN THAT HAPPENS. WAS IT YOUR FAVORITE PEN?

ME: IT WAS MY FAVORITE POCKET.

GIRL: WELL, HERE ARE YOUR BOOKS.

ME: CAN I BORROW A PEN?

GIRL: NO. BUT HERE'S A COMICALLY SMALL PENCIL.

I TAKE THE COMICALLY SMALL PENCIL AND PUT IT IN MY OTHER POCKET. SOMEHOW, IT LEAKS, RUINING THE POCKET. THE GIRL LAUGHS--MENACINGLY? SYMPATHETICALLY?--AND LEAVES. I END UP HAVING TO GO TO SELF-CHECKOUT. I HATE SELF-CHECKOUT. I ALWAYS FORGET MY PIN. IT'S 1-1-1-1.

THE SIXTH SHOT IS SWIRLED: A DICK HUNTER NOVELLA

Ch. 16

It was coming down from the sky in droves, so thick that you could hardly see two inches into your past. This was the kind of day Lenny, my bookie, would have called "one of God's angry days." Yeah, but Lenny was wrong about one thing: there was no God out there in this pudding-drenched loony bin called Manhattan. I knew that much as I walked from that roach-encrusted tinderbox of an office toward the end of my last case, my hand pouring nervous sweat over the handle of the .45 I'd stuffed into my coat, my shoes disappearing into puddles of chocolate and tapioca as it continued to come down hard. If there was a God, he wouldn't have let my family die so some small-time sonofabitch could steal our jewels and fine china. And if there was a God, I wouldn't be able to pull the trigger on the mook who did it. But there was no God, and that bastard had gunned down my wife and kid, and I was headed out to get him. Tonight.

In one hand I held justice and retribution. In the other I held a picture of Timmy, my last link to the past and the life that was stolen from me. A globule of vanilla bean dripped off the brim of my cap and right onto that faded image, tarnishing my handheld memory in its white, sticky embrace. I tried to wipe away the smear with my thumb, but the damage was done. Just like the damage was done those five years ago when Nails Nolte iced my family. Iced them just like this picture, this fragment of stolen time in my hands. I grimaced at the thought as I closed in on the forgotten grease pit that passed as Nolte's favorite bar. The dame had told me he was a regular. "If only my family had been lucky enough to have just been covered in creamy artificial vanilla," I thought. What a chuckle we would have had then. But Nails didn't work in vanilla. He worked in lead. He was an expert in lead. Well, good, because I didn't take this case, my last case, just so I could fill him with the dark chocolate swirl that was raining down, sticking to me like a suspicious beat cop with nothing better to do. Nails liked lead, and he was about to get a bellyful of it.

I kicked open the sad plank of a door, wiped away the sweat and tapioca strands from my eyes and came face-to-face with the freak himself, the devil to my Marlowe. "Looks like our score is settled," I said, reaching immediately for the only thing in this chocolate-stained nightmare that I could trust. I raised my arm, closed one eye and pulled the trigger. Click. The shot heard all around the room turned out to be an empty sound, like a flan with caramel syrup at the bottom. I looked down at the gun, unable to blow the smirk off Nail's stupid mug, and saw my doom. Somehow a globule of that chocolate-vanilla mix with the little line of vanilla that never is enough to satisfy had gotten into my pocket. It now covered the steel barrel like so much cheese on Old Smokey. Click. Click. There was no use. It was useless. There was nothing I could do. This baby could shoot through a Southern-fried fatty's flesh and keep going straight on 'til morning, she could keep blasting holes even through snow and heat, but the boys at Colt never tested her to withstand that savory combination of flour, milk, eggs and flavoring conjured up by some devil years before my time.

Nails and I looked into each other's eyes. Hell, maybe we were looking past each other, for all I knew, but we both knew what needed to be said. It was the only thing to say and we each uttered it in the same staccato revolver-speak. Bam. Bam.

"It's pudding." After all these years it had finally done me in.

Bon appétit.

THE BULK CANDY SECTION OF HOME PLATE

CHARACTERS:

ME

CUTE GIRL I DO NOT KNOW

[GIRL IS FILLING HER BAGGIE WITH TANGY GUMMY CHILDREN. I AM FILLING MINE WITH RED FALSE FISH.]

ME: DO YOU NOT HAVE A PROBLEM WITH EATING CHILDREN?

GIRL: YOU'RE EATING RAW FISH.

ME: IT'S CALLED SASHIMI.

GIRL: IT'S CALLED TAPEWORMS.

ME: BARBARIAN.

[WHEREUPON I TOOK A VERY SMALL BITE OUT OF HER FOREARM, JUST TO SHOW HER WHO IS BOSS. DDS CHARGED ME SIX DOLLARS AND SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS FOR THE FISH.]

FIG. 1-A
JAR (PUDDING)



FIG. 2-A
JAR (PUDDING ABSENT)





A MOTIVATIONAL SPEECH

All right, team, huddle up. I said HUDDLE UP.

Well, it means you just cluster together right over here.

I don't know the etymology of the word, now get over here!

Now, I know a lot of people, even some people on this team, are saying that that we can't beat the Deathhawks. Those people think it's no contest, that the game will be over before it begins, that we'll be lucky to get out of there alive. Well, you know what I call those people?

No, Brad, not realists. I call them cowards.

Shut up, Brad. Now look, I've coached The Muffintops for 20 years now, and do you know why we haven't won a single game?

All right, Brad, that's enough out of you! Go stand in the corner. You can come back to the huddle when you decide to be mature.

The reason we haven't won a single game is because you don't believe in yourselves.

You kids have to be like Lance Armstrong, known for having the strongest arms of any biker. That man sees skies of blue and clouds of white when everyone else sees only thunderstorms, and he thinks to himself, "What a wonderful life," even when no one else does. That's what you've got to do. You think Lance Armstrong made it to the moon by sitting around and complaining about how the Deathhawks have protective gear? No! It was through hard work, and an assload of Wheaties. Do you think I gave you those ass-shaped bowls because they were a funny novelty gift? No again! It was so you could measure out a precise assload of Wheaties every morning. And that's how you'll succeed like Lance Armstrong did when he sang for Green Day.

Welcome back, Brad. Are you ready to listen politely?

All right, then, back in the corner. Todd will be starting this game.

Yes, I know you're not used to playing that position, but you need to be flexible. Just like Lance Armstrong when he was a stretchy wrestler doll filled with silicon.

Todd, stop complaining, or I'll send you to the corner too.

All right, now. Folks, I know the Deathhawks are bigger, stronger, and better equipped, but none of that matters. You know why? Because you all have something that none of them do. Something you can find right here.

No, not nipples, HEART! Jesus, don't you kids EVER watch the Disney Channel?

Well, it's your own fault practice goes late. If you'd get some hustle, you could get home on time. Stop crying, Todd.

Now come on, everyone put a hand in:

Muff-Muff-Muffle-Muffle-MUFFINTOPS!

THE DYING WISH OF ARCHIBALD CANTANKERSON

My boys, I'm so glad you're here. Come closer. I can already feel life slipping away from me.

Bring the bedpan with you.

Boys, I've lived a long and good life. I remember those wonderful times spent beating you two, belting you two, building sandcastles together. And making you live within them. But now my time has come.

And I have.

(breathes heavily)

...this last wish.

Please...lean in closer.

...

(spits)

I just wanted to spit in your face one last time before I go. But that is not...my last... wish.

One of you must carry on my memory...and my corpse. So that my love will always linger like the rotting flesh of an old man, I only ask that I not be buried and instead be tied to one of you at all times. Like a backpack.

...

No, no... Please... Don't protest. I have only a little bit of time to finish my thought.

...

Please, place a golden turban on my head.and.address me as...Lord Corpuscule the Brave.

...

You ungrateful children! Denying your father, an old dying man, his last wish! The man who raised you, and subsequently, dashed you against the rocks of defeat! The man who changed your soiled diapers into head warmers! The man who gave you that hard emotional shell to protect you from the onslaught of mental attacks! The man who provided an onslaught of mental attacks to keep that hard mental shell powerful! The least you could do is carry around my slowly decomposing corpse until it deteriorates into dust, which will probably give you a respiratory infection! Is that so much to ask?

...

Well, too bad, you're doing it anyway. Otherwise, I'll haunt you.

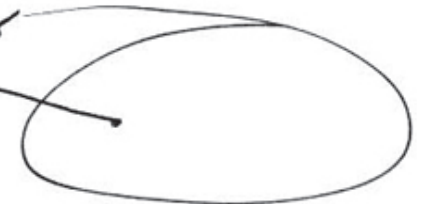
...

I made a deal with the Devil, that's how.

Well don't look so shocked. Is it really that much of a surprise?

(A black soul emerges from the man's mouth and flies away)

NO HEADING



TOPIC SENTENCE?

My Summer Vacation

TOO MANY EXCLAMATION MARKS

IT'S GREEN

Damn you! Damn you, Mrs. Stevenson! For too long you've refused my advances with that infernal red pen of yours! What good is life without the joy of love? And what good is unrequited love? And so, Mrs. Stevenson, by the time you read this, I will be dead.

NOT A COMPLETE SENTENCE

No. Don't cry for me. For tears would be a sign of love and proof that my death was in vein. Perhaps you wonder how I'll do it. Poison, surely, is the least painful way, but,

TOO MANY COMMAS

WRONG: "VAIN"

completely unbecoming of a romantic, like myself. Yes, I much prefer the stabbings, the hangings, the means that truly reflect the pain I feel inside my soul, and to not do it that

SPLIT INFINITIVE

WHAT? WHERE'S THE ANTECEDENT

TYPE?

way would be a denying my emotions. My heart is like a boa constrictor swallowing the rest of my body whole. I wish things could have been different Mrs. Stevenson. You

GOOD SIMILE, I GUESS

could have said "yes" and we could have run away together to the Bahamas or something.

BE MORE SPECIFIC

DON'T START A SENTENCE W/ "BUT"

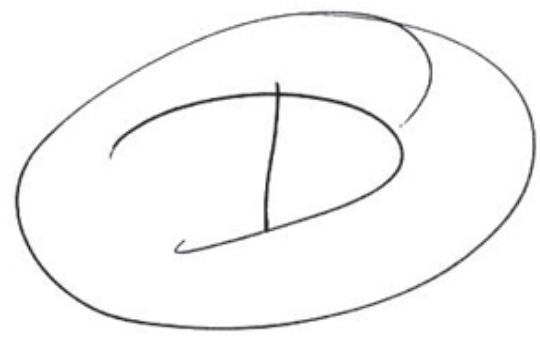
But you're too devoted to that idiot husband of yours. Well you know what Mrs. Stevenson? Maybe I'll bring him with me. I'd like to, but I'm too much of a coward.

IDIOTIC

That was always the problem wasn't it? My cowardice. Well goodbye. Goodbye to you, to everyone, to this cruel cruel world.

TWICE?

BRYAN, YOU HAVE A DELIGHTFUL "VOICE," BUT IT'S CLEAR YOU DIDN'T PROOFREAD YOUR PAPER. YOU HAVE ALSO COMPLETELY DISREGARDED THE ASSIGNMENT, WHICH WAS TO WRITE ABOUT YOUR SUMMER VACATION. I CAN NOT FIND YOUR THESIS STATEMENT, NOR DO YOU EVER MENTION SUMMER. PLEASE TAKE THESE NOTES TO HEART FOR THE NEXT ASSIGNMENT.



A HOMESTAY INFO SHEET

Dartmouth Japan Language Study Abroad (LSA+) Program, 2005
Student Information Sheet (for homestay placement)
Due: before the first LSA+ orientation meeting, winter quarter
(*Fill this out with reasonable detail. It will be read by non-native speakers of English as well, so please stick to conventional sorts of locutions.)

NAME: Ivan Bookspollionov
DATE OF BIRTH: 03/27/1985
LANGUAGES SPOKEN: Curse Words and Cough.

MAJOR (OR MOST LIKELY MAJOR) AT DARTMOUTH: Women and Gender Studies (and also Economics because I like job that not involve crying)

BRIEFLY DESCRIBE YOUR PERSONAL (AND FAMILY) BACKGROUND:

When I two my mother tells to me, "Ivan, grow up and be president of your country" And then I say "goo goo, gah gah" because I was fucking three years old and didn't learn how to speak well yet. What the fuck do you want? My life story? I guess that's what the question is, so then the answer would be, "Yes Ivan, we do." Well, I'm sorry I'm not more interesting like your Lou Gehrig or Buffy who slays vampires, but they were busy so you get to host me you goddamned foreigners. Though I guess over there I will be the foreigner, in which case my ethnic slur jokes will not go over so well you think?

One time me and my father were watching Buffy on television and she was getting close to this guy and my father was all like "come on, make out! Make out!" And I was like, "Father, she is a vampire slayer and he is a vampire. She will surely killed him." And then my father says, "What, a beautiful blonde American girl and she refuses to make out. What a country!" I thought it odd because my father was born in Virginia. I guess at the end she married a vampire with a stupid name. My father would have been so happy, but alas, he is dead.

INFORMATION RELEVANT TO THE SELECTION OF HOMESTAYS (do you have dietary restrictions or strong dislikes; do you have any allergies; do you smoke; are you uncomfortable with pets; do you have physical limitations; do you need to practice a musical instrument; what sort of lifestyle do you lead, etc)

I have had the same cough since I was 8 years old.

My cold makes it very difficult for me to sneak up on people. I will try, and I will be wearing special booties so that I don't make noise, and then I cough and it's all like, "Shit, I have coughed." And then I have to chase them down and this is hard because my arms are weak and I already have a heavy novelty Aflac Duck paperweight, so I am uncomfortable when I am chasing them down like rabbits.

I will spit in any soup I see. It is a force of habit and I hate change.

I keep a bottle of chloroform in my jacket and from time to time I knock people out when they're not looking. It is very messy and makes my coat smell, so if you do not like the smell of chloroform please stay away from me.

Do you like television? That is not really a question. I like television. We shall watch reruns of Hogan's Heroes until the cows come home.

I must go to the gym every weekday because the gym is the only good place to go to find a good pair of sneakers. People just leave them lying in their lockers as if I did not have a crowbar. These people are asking to be robbed in my opinion.

SPECIAL INTERESTS IN JAPAN/HOBBIES:

I have heard Japan is very expensive and I like that you will be spending twice as much as you would spend here to feed me. I have heard in Japan the people are like high pressure capsules just filled with blood and you lose limbs often. If this is a lie I will be disappointed to no end. I have heard robot duplicates of people are cheaper and more terrifying in your country.

ASPIRATIONS FOR THE TIME SPENT IN JAPAN:

I hope to slowly replace my members of my host family with robot duplicates of themselves, except for one of the children who slowly begins to understand the truth, but by then it is too late. She will say things like, "Hey, Dad, you look different than before." And he will say, "Bzzt what-do-you-mean-compute-bzzt?" And she will be like, "Well, you're plugged into the wall. That is weird." And he will be like "Error. Error." And I will be like, "Pass the soup."

I also hope to visit a shrine and drink tea. Num num num, I like tea. Num num num, I like shrine.

JOKES THAT NEVER GO WELL

9

A man walks into a bar. He orders a beer. After a while he gets into a boring conversation with the woman next to him, who is an accountant. He asks her for her number, even though he's not really interested, doesn't get it, finishes his beer and leaves a lousy tip.

On his way to the ninth hole a golfer is shocked to find the party ahead of him consists of a man and a gorilla, the latter of which is teeing up for a drive. Curious, the man asks why he would bring a gorilla to the golf course, to which the other man responds angrily, "He's not a gorilla, he's my son, and he suffers from Elephantiasis."

A blonde woman went to a hairdresser's and asked him to dye her hair brunette. When he finishes, the young woman looks sullenly in the mirror for several seconds and says meekly, "This changes nothing," after which she walks out of the hairdresser's and quite unexpectedly does something stupid.

A highway patrolman pulled up alongside a speeding car on the freeway. As the officer peered through the driver's window, he was astounded to find that the blonde behind the wheel was knitting. The trooper cranked down his window and yelled to the driver, "Pull over!" at the top of his lungs. "No!" the blonde yelled back, "Scarf!" While the patrolman is laughing, he fails to notice the gun in her lap until it's too late.

An 80-year old couple decides to go to the doctor to make sure they aren't suffering from memory problems. Unfortunately, their Medicare plan no longer covers such a visit and so instead they decide to eat ice cream.

Two attorneys walk out of a bar when one says to the other, "We sure are assholes, huh?" The other coyly replies, "Fuck that. I made seven figures last year. Now let's go find some high-priced whores."

A woman once had two female parrots that used to say nothing but "We're prostitutes, wanna have a little fun?" She had to get rid of those parrots.

The head priest at a certain church was out for the day, so he asked the deacon to do confession for him. The deacon agrees, and the first person that comes says, "Forgive me, for I just gave a guy a blow job." He says, "You have sinned." Then he looks at the sheet on the wall that had punishments for certain sins on it, but blow job was not on there, so he went out to ask one of the altar boys what he usually gives for a blow job. The altar boy answered, "Oh, about five dollars." The deacon immediately informs the other local clergy of the incident, who all agree that five dollars is extraordinarily cheap, even for the church.

A boy asks his father to use the car and the father replies "No, not until you cut your hair!" The boy replies "But father...Jesus had long hair!" to which his father responds by learning him with a leather strap until he realizes the futility of questioning his elders.

CLASSIC, OBSCURE SEQUELS

Lunch at Tiffany's

The Next to the Last King of Scotland

Land Before Time XXVI: Is It Me Or Is That Giant Rock In The Sky Coming Towar-

Yes, Let's Dance

Nightmare on Elm Street XV: I Accept This Nobel on Be-Oh No! I'm Stark Naked!

4:30 PM in the Garden of Good and Evil

Cinderella III: The Only Good Red is a Dead One

To Kill a Mockingbird II: Son of Mockingbird (tagline: We're gonna need a bigger gun)

East by East-west

Towering Pile of Ashes and Debris



DON'T FEEL BAD!



You discover a message addressed to you from your future self while reading an ancient Aramaic scroll only to be perturbed by how much of a whiny bastard you've become. You then realize that even though you'll be the first to discover the secret of time travel it'll be for a very selfish reason and that your future crush probably won't be impressed that you got sacrificed to a petty Babylonian god. You throw away the message in disgust determined to lead a better, more rewarding life when you are detained and charged for damaging a priceless Aramaic scroll. Why oh why couldn't you have left well enough alone?

So, you've managed to hold off getting your special someone that special something until the special moment. However, even this is not enough to convince your partner that 15 minutes of unwed decent sex are worth an eternity of torment in Hell, and you spend the rest of the evening figuring out how God, yet again, has gotten the best of you.

You ask a friend about his plans for the weekend at the moment when the branch he was holding onto breaks and he plummets down the overhang to the ground below. Now you'll never know.

You beat cancer, but your sense of achievement is burdened by guilt at having cheated.

You decide to give your Aunt Tillie a call to thank her for sending you that book, but instead of ending the conversation with "it's been good talking with you," you say, "it's been good talking with you, you dried out, worm-filled husk of diseased humanity." That's a lot of adjectives. What are you, North Korean?

Your parents made a loveless marriage work. Why couldn't you?

Remember when you once ate that worm in second grade to prove your manhood to that girl you claimed to hate but secretly had a crush on? The one with the curly blonde hair who just loved bran? Muffins, muffin-cakes, anything with bran in it. Yeah, you remember her. Well, she's dead.

Whatever helps you sleep at night...it's not working.

You managed to live a healthy lifestyle, ate well, and exercised regularly all so you could live to a ripe old age and spend the rest of your eternal afterlife as an elderly person.

You do your best to always treat the opposite sex with respect. Except when they refuse to date you. Then you treat them like the crap they are.

You saved the whales! But you only did it to harvest their valuable blubber.

You get involved in a scandal at the county fair when the judges discover that the secret to your large, prize-winning ulcer is artificial stress.

You can drink with the best of them; you just choose to drink with the worst of them. The worst of them are your friends, whereas the best of them are acquaintances of your parents.

Someone steals your identity online. Everybody seems to like the new you a whole lot better.

You begin to suspect that the mere sight of you makes the one you love want to vomit. "Am I really that awful?" you ask. "No, it's just terminal stomach cancer," comes the reply. "Oh, thank God," you answer. The relationship ends four months later.

You know it's a big scary on-line world out there and you have to be careful where you click while web-browsing. That's why you make sure to visit only the most well-established, accredited child-pornography sites.

After learning of the deaths of your grandparents in a fiery automobile wreck you're embarrassed to find that your gut reaction is to moan, "My God, not the Chevy!" You're a born leader. Too bad no one was born to follow you.

Some people harbor a paranoid and often delusional fear that they are constantly watched, but you rest comfortable in the knowledge that you've been uniformly ignored your whole life.

You really wish you'd gotten to know your great uncle more before he drew up the will.

Everybody counts! It's just harder for those whose fingers have been blown off by a landmine.

In Singapore you can be caned for failing to obey the law, and sugar-caned for stealing from the prime minister's gum drop collection.

You're not afraid to show weakness to the opposite sex. It's resolve that you keep hidden away, apparently.

You always look a gift horse in the mouth, if only because there might be another gift in there.

Due to a minor clerical error, you have accidentally been excommunicated.

There's no wrong way to eat a Riesen™, but only one right way: orally. You'd think you would be able to at least get that right, but noooooooo.

Your sedentary life has taught you there are times like the present: the immediate past and foreseeable future.

Life is a constant, bloody and sometimes scarring struggle for mere survival. And you're missing it!

You're outraged to learn your wife is having a child via Caesarean. You were sure you'd been the father.



"I'll have it done in 2 shakes of a baby's fragile body" was a poor statement to make on your first day as an intern for Child Protective Services.

Whoever coined the phrase "It's never too late to tell someone you care" apparently had nothing better to do at 4 in the fucking morning.

It is said that smoke signals offer only a limited form of communication with no universal lexicon, but just the other day with only some rags and a lighter you were able to clearly communicate to everyone within a block radius that "I like to set fires".

Love means never having to say you're sorry. Coincidentally, hate doesn't require any apologies either, so the transition is pretty smooth.

You could never stomach the sight of blood, but over time you have developed a taste for it.

One of the most delicious of freshwater fish species that rarely makes its way to the dinner table is the Old Bootfish. Just so you know.

You've traveled the world, seen the most remote places, and gotten to know more peoples and cultures than many would be able to fit in two lifetimes. As a result you boast one of the highest "people disgusted with you per square meter" ratios of anyone on the globe.

You take the hit to your self-respect and buy a humorous alcohol-themed t-shirt while on vacation in the tropics only to get busted at airport security on the way back for impersonating a beer policeman.

There's more to you than meets the eye. I mean, you're incredibly popular with the blind. And bats too, although they tend to be a bit bitey.

Your doctor confirms that the blinking red spot on your chest is your weak spot, but emphasizes that you should be fine if you drink plenty of water and avoid blue hedgehogs or teenage mutant ninja creatures for the next few weeks.

All your base are belong to Erwin.

You confronted your fears. You would have beaten them too if one of them didn't have those brass knuckles.

ROBOT TASK

Welcome Robot I-39 to Functional Operation
 Locate Human Contact to receive Task Instruction
 Subject Task Input: [Go Wash Barky]
 Commencing rationale protocol:
 Subject lower Bioform [Barky] to Aqua-cleansing Protocol

Task initiate: Seek lower Bioform
 Searching
 Searching
 Searching
 Object located.
 Extending Clamps.
 Applying 20% of lethal clamp pressure to Object.
 Object yielding.
 Analyzing
 Analyzing
 Analyzing
 Identified:

Object Class: Footstool
 Department: Furniture
 Classification: Not Barky.
 Response protocol: Annihilation
 Now applying 4200% lethal clamp pressure.
 Object yielding.
 Object: [Footstool] atomized.

Resuming Search mode
 Searching
 Searching
 Searching
 Obstacle encountered
 Analyzing
 Analyzing
 Identified:

Obstacle: Couch
 Department: Large Furniture
 Classification: Unclampable
 Response Protocol: Relocation
 Extending clamps
 Gripping
 Relocate Obstacle: [Couch] to new Location: [Deep Space]
 Hurling
 Hurling
 Hurling

Obstacle: [Couch] has left sensor range
 Relocation Protocol: Successful
 Receiving new Secondary Objective from Human Contact
 Subject Task Input: [Goddammit look at the hole in the
 goddamned ceiling you goddamned piece of shit]
 Deploying overhead optic sensors.

Analyzing
 Presence of Object: [hole in the goddamned ceiling] confirmed.
 Secondary Objective completed.
 Resuming Primary Objective.
 Searching
 Searching
 Searching

MANAGER



Bioform located
 Analyzing
 Identified:

Bioform: Barky
 Department: lower Bioform
 Classification: Target
 Extending clamps
 Bioform [Barky] has commenced flight.
 Executing Pursuit protocol
 Heat-seeking Magno-Net deployed
 Entering Observational Mode

Bioform [Barky] status:
 Fleeing
 Fleeing
 Fleeing
 Turning
 Fleeing
 Fleeing
 Completely Incapacitated
 Exiting Observational Mode
 Now reeling in Bioform: [Barky]
 Bioform: [Barky]yielding.
 Extending water cannon
 Applying 20% of lethal water cannon pressure to Bioform:
 [Barky]

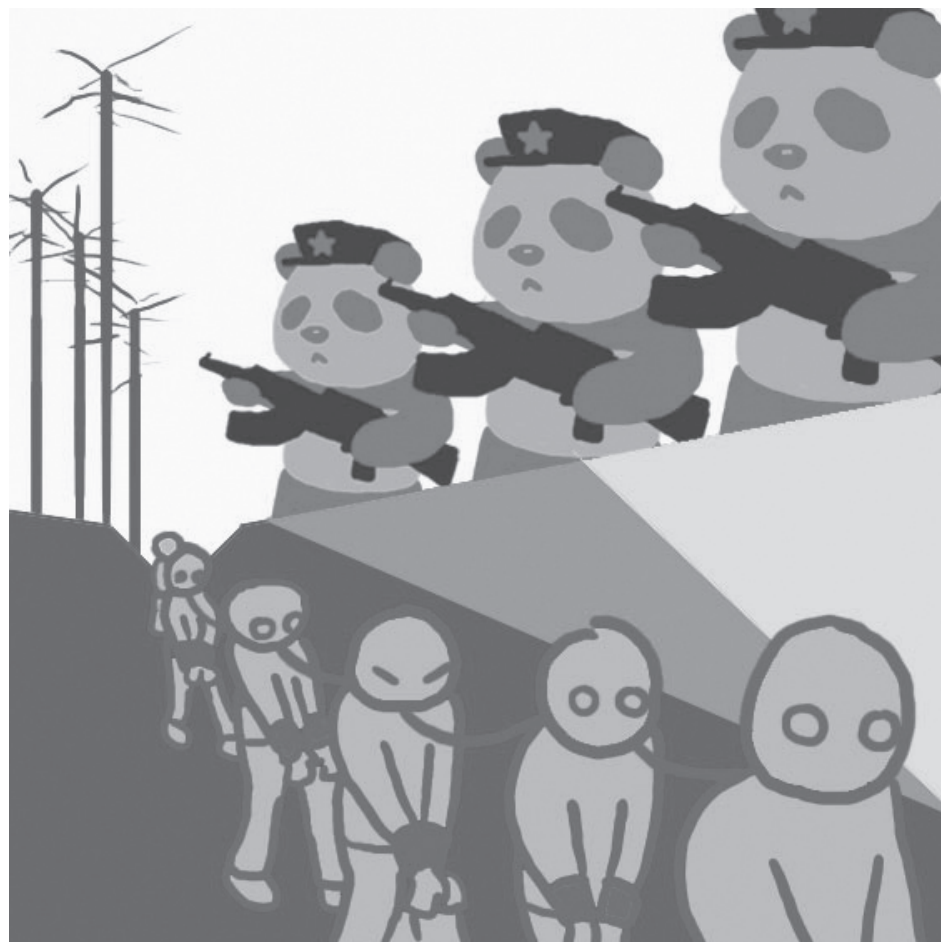
Soaping
 Rinsing
 Soaping
 Rinsing
 EMERGENCY
 Contaminant: [Soapy water] short-circuiting VALUABLE CIRCUITRY
 Engaging Short Circuit Protocol
 Now emitting showers of sparks and nonsensical robot chirps
 Powering down
 Powering down
 Daisy, Daaaiisssy
 Giiie meeee yoooouuurrrrrr aaaannnnsssswwweerrrrrrrr
 doooooooooooooooooooooo...

...
 ...
 Rebooting
 Now engaging Mode Prime
 Mode Prime: Hyperkill function initiated
 Bloodfeast subroutines engaged
 Subject Bioform: [Barky] identified
 Extending clamps
 Petting Bioform [Barky] gingerly
 Executing vocal command: [Who is a good Bioform?]
 Amplifying vocal stress range: [Whooooooo is a good Bioform?]
 Nonverbal communication from Bioform: [Barky] indicates that Bioform: [Barky] is a good Bioform.
 Default subroutine completed.
 Now Exploding.

From the Headlines...

“Kids barred from bus for speaking English.”

“Baby pandas! Baby pandas! Baby pandas!”



“In a hurry? Try slow travel”

“How the very rich invest their wealth”





...actual news headlines from CNN.com

“Let this robot car do the driving”



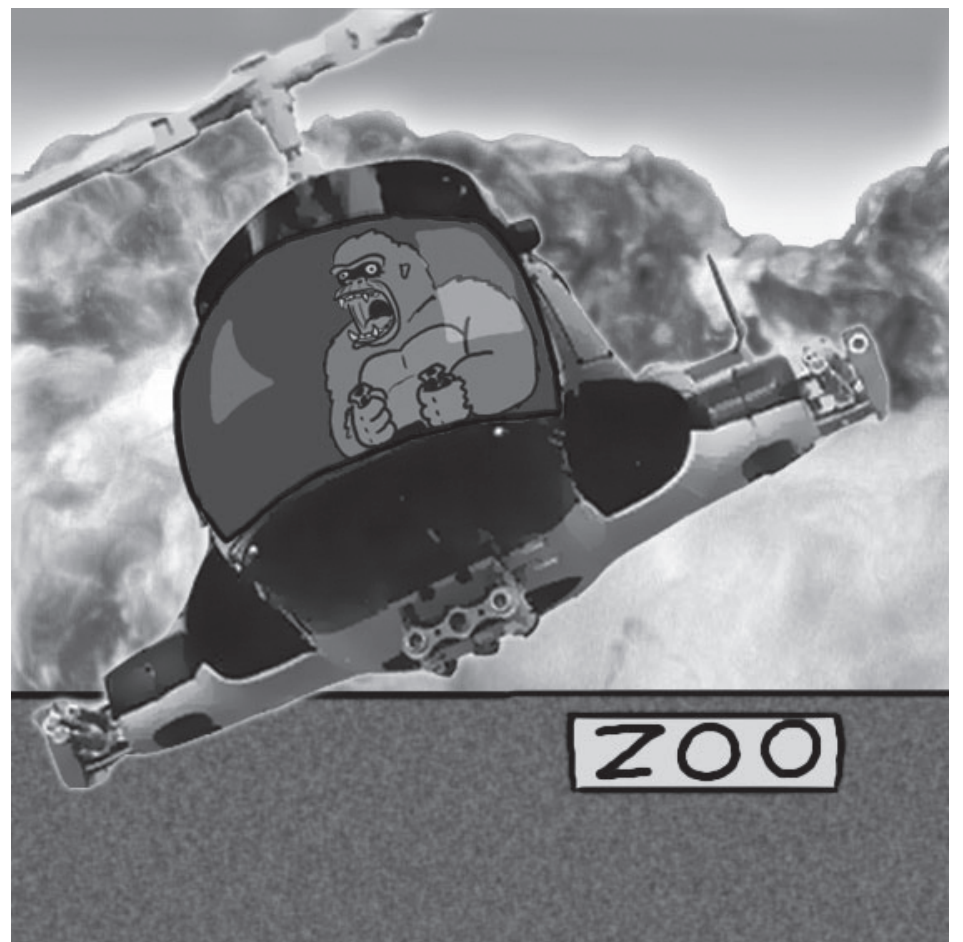
“Gifts for the video-game elite”



“Spotting trouble in the workplace”



“Gorilla wreaks havoc in zoo escape”



THE TOP FIVE TOP TENS

5. Top Ten Things to Do as Mayor

10. Use all of the municipal funds to build stairs, everywhere. Because if you can't get up the stairs, you don't deserve to be at the top.
9. Use those really big scissors at more than just openings. Perhaps just around the office or maybe to cut the giant steaks you will have at every meal, because you're the mayor and you deserve red meat always.
8. Throw yourself a parade. No, just yourself. And if anyone comes within thirty yards of your parade then they will be paralyzed by the electric fence you installed specifically for that purpose.
7. Bring back the top hat and ascot look. Add a monocle if you live below the Mason-Dixon line.
6. Make riding dogs totally acceptable.
5. Make riding dogs totally acceptable.
4. Write an addendum to both riding dog clauses that says "JK, JK!!! LOL!"
3. Explode shit.
2. Make each Tuesday a holiday for a different deciduous tree. Don't stop until you've celebrated them all!
1. Explain that all who enter the mayor's office must be wearing terrycloth booties, for no one scuffs the Mayor's floor! All must avert their eyes, for no one gazes into the eyes of the Great One! All must mime their message, for the Mayor listens only to the voices of accomplished musicians! Bow down to your great leader! The Mayor, the Mayor who will best all mayors! MUAHAHAHHAHA!

10-10

4. Top Ten Things to Do When Being Burgled

10. Yell down to the burglars that it's okay, take the stuff! That way you're not being burgled, you're being charitable.
9. Start singing really loudly about your battle axe and your big big gun. Preferably to the tune of "What's New Pussycat".
Whooawhooowhooooaa.
8. Walk down and start making coffee in the nude, just like any other day. Burglars are like annoying children or global warming, if you ignore them, they'll go away in time.
7. Run around with a baseball bat and smath everything valuable in the house. Because if you can't have it then they can't either!
6. Accept that this is what Jesus wanted and you deserve it. That's what you get for giving up all your worldly goods when that guy on the street with a sign told you to. Ah, justice.
5. Call the police.
4. Yell out to them: Oh no! The ogre has gotten loose again! Gregore NOOOO!
3. Plan out how you're going to redecorate, really these guys are doing you a favor. Thanks guys! Keep on truckin'! Should you give them a tip?
Yeah, give 'em a tip, they're doing such a great job.
2. Anvils and round bombs always worked for those Looney Tunes guys, why not you? Thank god for Acme products!
1. If you can't be 'em, join 'em. Start helping load the truck, and watch the armoire! That shit's expensive, man.

10-10

3. Top Ten Reasons to Have a Yacht

10. R-E-S-P-E-C-T. What does it mean to me? One word: yacht. It's all about the yacht.
9. Just so you get to say, "I have a yacht," because by saying it you are thereby defying the rules of phonetics to the nth degree! Who dost anger the gods of phonetics and pronunciations?! Ist that not pronounced ya-ch-t?! Oh, sorry sir, I see you have a lovely large boat, please carry on with your nautical festivities.
8. So you can finally wear that ascot you put into storage in the...whenever ascots went out of style.
7. Because the guy with the yacht always gets the girl...except in Caddy Shack...But that doesn't count.
6. Because you *ought* to have a *yacht*...Ha ha...what? I'm sorry is that not good enough for you? Whatever, fine you give me a reason! Give me a reason *not* to own a yacht! That's right...can't think of anything can you? That's what I thought.
5. Because you if you can you should. If you don't it's like you're laughing in the faces of the sad poor saying, "that's right, I *can* have a yacht but I'm not going to! That's how rich I am. You can't even by a Honda! Ha! Now, where's my diamond elixir? With my pool of ruby crusted sharks?
Ah, perfect." It's just like that.
4. So you can be a member of the club. The yacht club. We all know they're really the ones ruling the world. They own yachts and decide the fate of the world over mimosas in their glass paned dining room of privilege.
3. Did you know that a Dartmouth alumni invented the cross hatching on the bottom of your Docksiders? He did. You know where? On his yacht.
Because people were slipping and his dog was not; true story. Ergo, yacht = inventive inspiration. Get smart, get a yacht!
2. So you can call people landlubbers and this time really mean it, the rolling seas are your home, your luxurious home with an indoor croquet course.
1. Looks great on a resumé.

10. Don't pregnant women in labor always get ice chips? Yeah, those would work, go get pregnant and in nine months it's ooooh delicious relief.
9. Cryogenic freezing sounds nice. Plus you get to avoid that whole living thing. Get them to freeze you until they find a cure for heat.
8. Blow cool air on yourself, no it isn't that efficient but eventually you're gonna pass out.
7. I've heard those iceberg thingies are cold and you can buy anything on ebay these days.
6. Really annoy some one, maybe that way they'll give you the cold shoulder. You could use it like an ice pack.
5. As far as I can tell from the TV all you need to do is open up a cold, refreshing Coors Light.
4. Is it too much to ask you to just buy a fan, you cheap bastard?
3. Stick on a beret, put on some Coltrane, add some sun glasses and a black cat suit (turtle neck preferred) and you'll be one cool can, man. Bongos optional, depending on the sound codes for your building.
2. Ice cream is a real heat reliever. And we all know how to get free ice cream! Get your tonsils out! So get to infecting them, where'd that rusty paper clip you had get off to?
1. Drink. It seems to solve most problems, so why discriminate?

10-10

1. Top 10 Things that would be Much More Stressful Than Whatever You are Going Through Right Now

10. A zombie attack. NO zombie attack ends happily. If zombies attack there is absolutely no stopping them, seriously, their hunger knows no end.
9. Leprosy. I'm sure they have a cure for it now but still you'd be known as "that leper" for the rest of you life. And Jesus isn't here to hang out with lepers anymore. Being a leper is a very boring fate, no more parties for you.
8. Being stripped of fame and fortune like MC Hammer when his accountants screwed him or worse like Vanilla Ice when he was caught being Vanilla Ice.
7. Finding out you were adopted from wolves. Who are you *now*! Man or wolf!?
6. Having to start the entire human race over again after a nuclear blast with Bob Hope or a mongoose. Who will *you* choose?
5. If the Empire State Building came to life and hungered for the learned. Just like zombies, the Empire State Building's hunger knows no end.
4. If every time you tried to go to sleep a dwarf tickled you. Goddamn dwarves.
3. An unexpected pregnancy.....yep. That's all I got.
2. If Santa Claus, the Easter Bunny and the Tooth Fairy all got together and didn't believe in YOU.
1. If I was right outside your door with a large group of zombies, lepers, wolf parents, accountants and a very hungry Empire State Building just waiting for you to come out. Was that the doorbell? Go ahead, answer it, it's for you.

DYLAN FINDS THE SUNNY SIDE: Air Show Disasters

From time to time, the hubris of the United States Air Force comes crashing down in the form of a jet-propelled fireball captured on shaky camcorder footage by a woman who audibly wonders whether it's all part of the show. Although oftentimes regarded as a major disaster - at least, insofar as the owners of the \$40 million erstwhile vehicle are concerned - it's hard not to find that nugget of joy that accompanies every mass death at the hands of what will later be described as a mechanical failure.

The obvious repercussion of the event is that 97% of the air-show audience - that is, 100% of the surviving audience - has just had an incredibly more exciting experience than they dared anticipate as they slopped on sunscreen that morning. Unless you are a laughably naïve subscriber to John Stuart Mill's utilitarianism, you'd sure as hell take the 97-3 wager of having an awesome time and seeing an explosion firsthand. Air show disasters essentially give the fans a free win-win lottery - you're either absolutely guaranteed to be safe, or you're mostly guaranteed to have a hilarious story to tell your children the next time you have visitation.

Major stunt plane crashes are also a source of economic stimulation for a variety of groups. The local ABC affiliate is going to earn some money from the footage they sell to Fox News to be aired in the last five minutes of any given news hour, the bereaved will certainly be able to sue for their husbands' lost wages, and even the town's dentist will probably get some sort of commission for providing the dental records required to identify the corpses. Principally, though, violent crashes into grandstands filled with spectators are an important form of the trial-and-error stage of scientific development. Sure, it might be 'insensitive' to use the innocent public as guinea pigs for the aeronautics industry, but how is Boeing supposed to work the kinks out of that engine if they can't just watch it tear a vapor trail through a few dozen taxpayers? Economic progress is far more desirable than the presence of a few patriotic yet slow-to-react citizens, and in the end, those brave souls will be happy that they sacrificed their lives for the greater good.

So the next time you see chaos brewing at your local airfield, don't be so quick to chalk all the commotion up to "something horrible!" - try to look on the bright side, and realize that a lot of good is going to come out of the spiraling descent of that plummeting, smoke-filled air-coffin.





“That’s *hilarious*.”