

THE PLAGUE

The Last Issue



From the Desk of: The Plague
December 12, 2002

Dear readers of *The Plague*,

It is my unfortunate duty to announce that this issue of *The Plague*, the very one that you are now holding and pressing gently against your soft, milky-white skin, will be the last. That's right, comedy fans, *The Plague* is no more. After 25 years of entertaining NYU students with the very best in abortion jokes and witticisms about donkey-fucking, *The Plague* is being forced out of business. Now for many people, this must be incredibly difficult news to digest; in fact, studies show that 94% of NYU students cite "reading *The Plague*" as their only reason for living (*Note: based on a 1995 survey given to some fat guy named Roger who lives in my basement*). So at this point, you all must be wondering: why? Why did this happen? Well, the answer can basically be summed up in one word: NYU President John Sexton.

That's right; the new president of NYU, or "Captain Scumbag," as I like to refer to him, recently cut all *Plague* funding and basically ended this 25-year-old comedic institution with one fell swoop of his (I presume) cum-soaked pen. So why would anyone feel the need to pick on such a beloved organization as our own, you ask? I guess the trouble began back in May when several of us *Plague* editors thought it would be nice to present Mr. Sexton with a little "welcome to NYU" present. Though we had nothing but good intentions, our new president apparently didn't appreciate the 12-foot clay statue representation of his 8-year-old daughter having sex with Nell Carter. We tried to explain to him that clay is very expensive and that making love to Nell Carter is considered a high honor in our country, but alas, he would hear none of that and decided to punish us in the most ferocious manner. He used all of the clout he had gathered as NYU President and a "lawyer" (I'd personally like to see some documentation on that one) to shut down our favorite "Vanilla Weasel" factory. Yes, because of Mr. Sexton (a.k.a. Lieutenant General Pig Fucker of the Dirty Cocksucking Corps), *The Plague* was no longer able to indulge in the sweet, delectable graham crackers that had long been a staple of the club. With that, the first shot of the war had been fired, and no amount of protesting from annoying bleeding-heart liberals would be able to stop it.



Our next move was to call our private investigator, Henry Janakowski, and dig up a little dirt on Mr. Sexton (a.k.a. All-Star Fucky McDipshit, starting shortstop/baby-rapist for the Kalamazoo Drooling Retards). Our detective mostly just came up with the usual stuff that everyone would expect to be true of Sexton: he's a transvestite, he hires a retired rodeo clown to comb his pubic hair, he beats his wife nightly with a sack of petrified feces, yada yada yada, blah blah blah. But then we discovered something that no one would have guessed: The man loves horses. He loves them so much that he spends nearly all of the money NYU makes from tuition (the very money your parents worked hard in the salt mines to earn) to fund his enormous horse stable, which contains over 87 purebred stallions. In fact, *The Plague* obtained documents proving that Sexton plans on tearing down the Office of Student

Activities building (which currently houses all NYU student clubs) and turning it into his personal 8-story horseracing track, so that he and his foreign terrorist buddies can race their steeds up 8 flights of stairs. Well, dear readers, we could not in good conscience let such an abomination occur. Therefore we decided that it would be best if we sent one of our new *Plague* members, a delightful former mental patient known as Dwayne, to deliver a "cease and desist all horse racetrack building" letter to Mr. Sexton. Somehow, the lines of communication got crossed, and Dwayne misinterpreted "deliver this letter" as "murder Sexton's favorite horse with an ax, chop up the horse, use the horse's blood to smear Arabic symbols on your naked body, and deliver the horse's remains to Sexton while he addresses his constituents at a fancy dinner party." I mean, it was obviously a simple misunderstanding. But Sexton said we had somehow "disgraced him" and committed a "felony," and without even giving us a chance to explain our side of the story, he just cut all of our funding and ended *The Plague* forever.

This is where you come in, dear friends and neighbors. We ask now that you let Mr. Sexton know just how you feel about him and his decision. E-mail him at JohnSexton@nyu.edu and tell El Presidente that A) You don't want OSA turned into a makeshift racetrack, and B) You want *The Plague* to stay! Feel free to use profanities and make degrading remarks about his wife Martha...oh, and tell him *The Plague* sent you.

Love forever,

The Plague

THE PLAGUE

"It's all ratios and shit"

Your Fall 2002 Staff Executive Editors

Pat Stango
"To Zee Showers!"

Lukas Kaiser
He is, he is the youth of the nation

Vera Shneyerson
Bringing you the finest kiddie porn since 1987

Michael Klein
Just the Vest

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Helen Tompkins
Busy scaring the British

Sergeant-at-Arms
Victoria I. Pingarron
I want information...

Bennet Moskowitz
I could never satisfy you

John Savarese
Juror of the Year

Michael Duerr
Suicide is Painless...

Sumi Raghavan
Juwanna Mann

Steve Bossous
Original member of WHAM!

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Plague-(n) 1. A widespread affliction or calamity, especially one seen as divine retribution. 2. A sudden destructive influx or injurious outbreak. 3. A cause of annoyance; a nuisance. 4. A highly infectious, usually fatal, epidemic disease; a pestilence. 5. Us. 6. Not having your period for seven months, then getting it in church. 7. The realization that your grandmother giving you two-dollar bills makes your penis engorged with blood. 8. The life Carrot Top has lived that you wish was your own. 9. Realizing that after four years in New York University, you have accomplished nothing but jack shit. 10. Something that no longer exists.

This Page, Dumbass...	3
Things We Damn Well Feel Like Saying	4
Washington Square News	6
The World of Dollatry	10
Live Out Your Dreams!	12
The Great Debate	13
Captain Christianity	14
NYU Admission Essays	16
Funnies!!!	18
Good Riddance, Plague...	22
What Will Become of Us?	23
Merry Christmas	24
Believe it or Not	25
NYU-TV	26
New Surgeon General	27
Subject: SPAM	28
Ask The Psychiatrist	29
OSA Club Calendar	30
Shapiro Center	31
The Lists	32
The Final Plague Prom	34

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VISIT OUR WEBSITE: <http://pages.nyu.edu/clubs/plague>

OR E-MAIL US: plague.club@nyu.edu

Note: This is indeed the final issue of The Plague. We're being totally honest. I know we might have lied to you once or twice in the past, like that time we said we were going bowling with the guys but instead made passionate love to your younger sister out by the hammock. But that was then, and we've changed and we're being completely truthful with you now. The Plague is finished. Kaput. More dead than James Coburn on a cold Sunday morning. It's been quite a ride, and we hope that you've enjoyed the times we've shared together. We've decided that it would be best to downplay the fact that this is the final issue, so inside you'll find the same magazine you've come to know and love for the past 25 years. Well this is the end, dear readers. Good-bye, good luck, and... never forget how we loved you so.

Things We Damn Well Feel Like Saying...

Contrary to popular belief, I was not born the fabulously wealthy socialite that I am today. Not at all. Rather, my beginnings were humble, as I, my parents, and my eight siblings lived in a one-room apartment above a tire-burning plant in urban Bensonhurst. Though the smell of burning tires was often bothersome, my father liked to say that it "gave us character." Then he would qualify that statement by saying that by "character," he meant "irreversible brain damage." We often wondered why he liked to say that so much. Brain damage aside, the poor life was pretty good. Why, you ask? The jelly. Oh, Lord, the pure grape jelly. You see, my parents decided that the most affordable way to feed a large family was to only serve us large quantities of pure grape jelly. Why, we dined on pure grape jelly sandwiches, pure grape jelly soup, and my personal favorite, "old sock filled with pure grape jelly." But ironically, it was our lust for pure grape jelly that would forever change our lives. One night, as my parents were breaking into the local pure-grape-jelly-making factory, they looked down at the rock tied to a string that they were using as the tools of their jelly thievery. Inspiration hit at that moment and the pet rock was born, turning the Stangos into instant billionaires.

With our pockets lined with gold, we headed out to North Dakota to live the high life. Looking to immediately establish our decadence, my father purchased a lavish church that was reportedly built in 1789 by the last living descendant of Jesus Christ. Still, that was not nearly extravagant enough a living space, so we had the church knocked down and in its place constructed a replica of the house from *Mama's Family*, built to three times its actual scale so that Mama's couch was roughly the size of an elephant.

With riches in hand, the Stango siblings were unstoppable. We bathed in the finest oils and had our bottoms powdered twice daily by members of the British aristocracy (as opposed to when we were poor and had to settle for bottom powderings by members of the Australian aristocracy). Perhaps the most brazen of us all were the twins* who, too lazy to pull pranks themselves, would just pay our neighbors to toilet-paper their own houses, spray-paint their own windows, and rape their own dogs.

But money did not completely corrupt the young Stangos. I remember one time when we met a poor black man named Willie, who was offering to give sensual toenail clippings in the parking lot of a Food Emporium. Inspired by remembrances of our own meager upbringing, we took Willie in and cared for him as one of our own. But a few days later, we became even

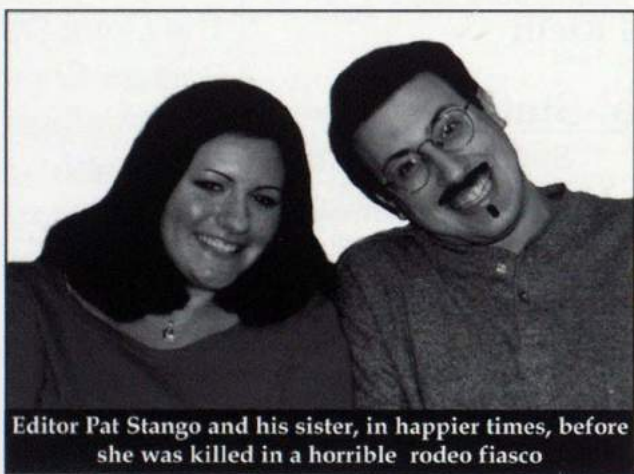
more greatly inspired by the Richard Pryor film *The Toy* and decided to turn poor Willie into a living plaything. Board-game fans that we were, this meant carving the entire map of Monopoly into Willie's back and having a crooked surgeon turn his heart into a Pop-o-Matic bubble.

Oh, but our fun was not limited to the disfigurement of street people. I remember the summer of '64 when my eldest brother Carlos took up a peculiar fondness for his very own left index toe. He became enamored with the toe's contours and nail structure and felt that our entire town should follow suit. So one week Carlos decided to use his \$100,000 novelty hat allowance (the money allotted to every Stango sibling each week for the purchase of novelty hats and novelty-hat-cleaning chemicals) to erect an 8-foot-high statue of his index toe in our town square. There was a 13-day festival honoring Carlos' index toe, and

Carlos even hired actor Carl Weathers to write and perform the festival's theme song, "Point This Foot Towards Heaven, Sir." Ever the showman, Carlos then ordered each of the townspeople to create dioramas which would depict his toe, as Carlos put it, "in various states of grace," whether it be his toe inventing the submarine or his toe having sex with gorgeous foreign exchange students. As they did with any command coming from Stango Manor, the townspeople complied. Well, all but one. I

can still remember the fire in Carlos's eyes as he berated the 2-month-old girl who had failed to build him a diorama. Her parents tried to argue that not only was she a helpless newborn, but also severely retarded and quite possibly a cripple and that they had each built an extra diorama in her name. Unfortunately, Carlos would hear none of it and ordered the infant hung at dawn for her insolence. But just as the hangman was tightening the noose around the child's neck, a great passion engrossed Carlos and he immediately took the mentally defective infant as his wife, whisking her off to the Appalachian Mountains, where their love flourished and became the inspiration for the hit TV show *Sanford and Son*.

But telling such stories about my siblings only serves to pain me, for now they are all dead. Eight bright, beautiful lights made dark by such things as drug overdoses, ski accidents, freak rodeo decapitation, falling asteroids that were once part of a larger asteroid blown up by a ragtag team of astronauts/oil drillers, car accidents, and murders by me. Yes, I may have murdered a few of my brothers and sisters over the years, but it was all for a noble cause: so that I could inherit their share of the fortune and build an 800-pound robot that would have my nut sac.



Editor Pat Stango and his sister, in happier times, before she was killed in a horrible rodeo fiasco

In the song, "Life Goes On," Tupac raps about his own funeral. (This is probably nothing, he always rapped about dying.)

* By "twins," I actually mean my brother Larry and the pair of Siamese twins he was born with. Despite the fact that they were Siamese twins, my father insisted on referring to them as one being, collectively named Bobo. Though Bobo was only joined at the very tips of the fingers and could be easily separated by minor surgery or a well-timed paper cut, my mother demanded that they remain together as a living reminder of her alcoholism.

Things We Damn Well Feel Like Saying...

Hello, boys and girls. It's me, Lukas, former in-house photographer for Elite Modeling Agency and current street lieutenant in the Harlem World Blood Captains. After I announced in my last installment that I was going to join a gang, I received tons of concerned mail wondering why I was leaving the glamorous world of supermodel photography to pursue an existence of crack deals on cellies and knives splittin' bellies. Yes, I was a damn good fashion photog! I think it's not a boast when I say I shot the definitive cooter (eat that, David LaChapelle!). But I'm an even better gang member! Will I be accepted by you fucks, though? No, because you're the dipshits who refuse to understand this simple fucking principle -- that people should be known for what they're best at, not for what they do that's the most socially acceptable. Case in point (other than little old me)? My hero, Babe fucking Ruth.

Yes, you read fucking correctly -- no need for Visine or whatever the fuck you squalor-fucking cocksuckers use. Babe Ruth, yeah the baseball player, the Sultan of Swat, the fucking Babe, is being dished a junior-high-cafeteria-worthy serving of shit-faced, illegitimate, historically inaccurate praise (and lack thereof). You dipshits are probably scratching your flea-ridden scalps, thinking "Uh, duuuuuh...what he talkin' 'bout?" That's cuz you're retarded. And because you're doing exactly what I was just admonishing! The facts are as plain as the woman or man you will one day marry: Babe Ruth, was a good baseball player, yes, buuut... no matter how good he was at baseball, he was an even better rapist!

Trust me, I'm an expert in these things. When I was studying photography with a specialization in my real passion, brutal rape, at the U of I back in 1985, I came across a rusty 8-mm film strip in the corridors of the cavernous Rape Library of the University of Illinois marked "The 8th Wonder of the World." Of course I was intrigued. I thread the old film into the projector, and up on the screen the film strip read: "April, 1925... Rose Rockefeller, illegitimate child of Nelson," and then I see a little girl singing some song in the middle of the forest. She's laughing and playing and giggling while she sings this song and dances around these three bushes. Well, suddenly, one of the bushes starts rustling...Ba-DAMN! Out pops the Babe, his Yankees pinstripe pants firmly pressed around his ankles, with a 12-inch erection, his cock smeared with gasoline and honey. The girl in the film strip seems unaware of what's about to happen (her mind is out of the moment -- a possible effect of the gasoline fumes) and, while she is still singing, is thrown against a nearby rock. Blood starts to ooze out of a gash in her scalp, and right then and there the Babe has his way with her, every now and then stopping to bash her skull in a little more.

I was amazed at what I saw. What Ruth did--the bashing of the head of a child before a rape--is a common practice called the Hardy-Manxian Maneuver. This maneuver, often regarded as a signal of the postmodern age of rape, was supposedly developed in...get this!...1975! That means the Babe was 50

years ahead of the game...the game being the game of rape. When I started studying brutal rape in grad school, the textbooks all credited the maneuver to Phillip Hardy and Larry Manx. Do you know what the textbooks call this maneuver now? The Babe Ruth technique, number 12.

Yeah, dummies, that's right. Babe Ruth was a fucking great rapist. Let's take a look at the Babe's highlight reel, so to speak: in 1921, a few months after the Babe's famed 60-home-run season, the Sultan of Swat is seen in Orlando, Florida, purchasing a mansion on the outskirts of an alligator lagoon. After the purchase, as the story goes, the Babe, brandishing a pair of samurai swords with dual portraits of his father and grandfather on the blades, stormed a banquet for the South Florida Flapper Society. With a visible white foam emanating from his famous mug, Ruth began scalping the already short-styled, bob-haircutted flappers who were dancing the "Wazoo-Toosey" at that evening's gala. At first, the crowd thought the Babe's rabid appearance and violent actions were merely another one of his famous pranks as he had gained a reputation for pulling stunts ever since he staged a kidnapping of Charles Lindbergh's baby



Lukas and the Babe

(which occurred years before Lindbergh had a baby or even was famous, making it an even more delicious ruse). But no! The Babe was there not to prank, but to rape. Slashing away at various party-goers' arms, the Babe managed to incapacitate the entire banquet. The Babe then snipped everyone's tongues off so that there would be no screaming, and he proceeded to quietly and calmly rape everyone in sight. Ruth hit 3 home runs in the charity baseball

game he played in the next day.

Another fabulous rape that the Babe committed occurred in 1927. The Babe's popularity had begun to wane and his baseball salary had been cut in half, so to garner more money to afford the upkeep of his various mansions and alligator parks, he opened a hardware store/Mexican restaurant called Rapper's Delight (the name of the paint shop/restaurant being a reference to a 1927 fad known as Rapping, an activity in which a hungry gentleman would dip piping-hot food into lead paint, as this was believed to be more filling than normal eating). Well, one evening, a young Chinese couple who had made a fortune enslaving their fellow Chinese man entered the Rapper's Delight and demanded a booth in the back. The couple ordered clam enchiladas, an item on the menu known as "The Babe Ruth," and, after engorging themselves on the dish, called their waiters and commented on how much they loved what they had just eaten. Their waiter then informed the couple that Babe Ruth, the paint shop/restaurant owner and inventor of the dish, was sitting three booths away. The couple expressed an interest in meeting the Babe, and, after coming over and exchanging a few greetings, Babe Ruth raped the Chinese couple for the novelty of raping someone who had just eaten his favorite food.

See? Babe Ruth was fucking good. I don't know...you all fucking disgust me.



WASHINGTON SQUARE NEWS

THE PLAGUE, Fall 2002

INSIDE

Walkout Staged in Iraq after U.S. Bombs Homes in Iraqi Neighborhood

Page 2

Crayola Releases Controversial Color: Nude Child Flesh

Page 2

Lady Mugged For Her Perfect Hat

Page 3

Student Mistakes Girls Handing Him Misdirected Mail for First Date

Page 7

Jerry Lee Lewis Fan Names Newborn Daughter Jerry Lee Lewis

Page 7

"Cool as Ice" DVD Reviewed on Movie Review Website

Page 7

Comedy Magazine Realizes That Fake Headlines Are Harder to Compose Than Originally Thought

Page 10

NYU Anti-War Protesters: "We'll Take Our Message All The Way To Making The Band If Need Be"

After the recently disrupting a taping of MTV's *Total Request Live* with a surprise anti-war protest, a group of NYU students have vowed to infiltrate various other MTV shows until the war on Iraq is officially called off. "From *Cribs* to *Road Rules* to the all-new MTV show documentary *The Life and Death of Jam Master Jay*, we'll get on every single MTV show until the U.S. government finally listens up and changes its policies," swore protest leader Julie Sussman. "Unless the President wants us going on an episode of *Dismissed* and wearing shirts that say 'No More War', I think he had best heed our advice." Sussman and her anti-war revolutionaries recently made their voices heard on an episode of MTV's *Becoming: Shakira* by posing as a group of fans who wanted to be made over in the image of the rump-shaking Haitian sensation. But when it was time for the Shakira lookalikes to make a video for "Whenever, Wherever," they slyly changed the lyrics to "We'd never bomb Iraq, ever." "If we managed to make one Shakira fan think about the horrific consequences of U.S. foreign policy in the Middle East, then we've done a service to the world," said protester Sean Hollhan.

But don't think for a second that MTV shows are their only targets. A recent infiltration of *Sesame Street*, in which an NYU student proclaimed Cookie Monster's cookies to be the product of



PHOTO: Will the incredibly gay and unfunny *Scratch and Burn* be the next show to face the protester's wrath?

slave labor in the cookie producing towns of Venezuela, shows that no television program is safe from the annoying propaganda of rich college students. So what show is next? "I'm thinking we'll spread the word on *Crank Yankers*," said Sussman, "or maybe TBS's *Dinner and a Movie*. Either way, we will do whatever we can to protect Saddam Hussein."

Foreign Exchange Student Exchanged; No Refund, Only Store Credit



PHOTO: A composite photograph of several foreign people

Some non-English-speaking guy was recently deported. Why? Nobody knows for sure. It could have been any reason: grand larceny, petty larceny, medium larceny, cousin sex without a condom, not speaking English... The list goes on and on. Actually, that's it.

Hoping to get to the bottom

of this mess, I rode a hippopotamus to the airport and got there just in time to ask the foreign exchange student for his input. He replied, "Hon plune la tabamo quesadilla Socrates click click yawn," which is Foreignese for "I tried to learn English. Give me cheesy meat."

At this moment several burly, and boy do I mean BURLY, security officers cattle-prodded the foreign guy onto an awaiting departomatic airplane. This was a good thing, for I did not approve of his smell.

OPINION

Feminine Discharge

I Hate Child Actors!!!



Eileen Caldwell is the editor of Feminine Discharge. Email her at eileen@cunt.org.

I hate child actors. I mean, everyone is so excited that the Olsen twins are coming of age. You're all like, "I'm going to have sex with an Olsen... I'm going to deflower her precious posy." Gross. Let me tell you, sex with child actors is not all that great. I took a child actor's virginity once -- when he turned 18, I had sex with that blond younger brother from *Growing Pains*. Weak. Of course, I was 8 at the time, so I couldn't really catch the subtle nuances of his "amour."

Now, I know what you're about to say. You're like, "No, you don't get it. It would be surreal to have sex with little Michelle. See, she could be like, 'I'm coming... I'm coming... I'm coming... I'm hee-ya.' And then you could be like, 'From the mouths of babes,' and it would have a sexy double-entendre." That's what you're thinking!

Please. I had a catchphrase when I was little. It was, "Mom, I shit myself. Come wipe me." Dude, my prose was terse.

Now you're like, "Stop hating child actors. They're just kids." Just kids? I was just a kid, and no one put me on TV. And now I see this stupid-face girl on a commercial asking her parents to quit smoking. I say, feed her all her parents' cigarettes and film that!

In conclusion, I would just like to ask that if you do have sex with an Olsen, please don't put it on the Internet because it upsets my mom. She says, "That could have been you, you no-talent twinless hack!"

Latest Science Study: "Everything Gives You Cancer"

While it is already well known that radiation, cigarette smoking, and washing your face in formaldehyde increase your chances of getting cancer, new experiments have shown that anything and everything will in some way mutate your cells to malignant proportions. We're not talking about French fries and baby formula here. Sitting down while reading this? The number one cause of coccyx cancer. Oh, did you just stand up because you saw that? Now your ankles are at risk. You probably touched this paper with your bare hands, didn't you, you moron? The combination of paper and ink can be lethal. That little thing called blinking that you can't stop doing might keep dust out of your eyes, but it can quickly lead to eyelid cancer. If you want to stop blinking, though, keep your eyes moist unless you want a potent case of retinoblastoma. Rubbing a sweaty hand through your hair at this point? Well, it

may not have nerves, but hair is made up of highly mutable fibers and there is NO cure for hair cancer. You're probably getting a little scared now, so your breathing rate is increasing. Good move, jackass; enjoy your cancer of the nasal passages. And now your heart is beating faster, isn't it? I can practically see the tumor forming in your overworked aorta. Face it, whether you eat and mutate your digestive tract or starve yourself, you will die a slow, painful death. If you don't want your kids to get cancer, don't have them; giving birth can cause cervix, uterus, ovarian, and whole-baby cancer. Can you escape cancer? Sure, give yourself AIDS -- tuberculosis might kill you before the cancer sets in. As for me, I'm jumping off of a building as soon as this goes into print; I'd rather be a bloody mass indented on the top of a city bus than another cancer statistic.



Yvonne K. Fullbright is a self-described fully registered sexpert, as well as a mental defective who works at the local Gristedes. So drop her a line and let the sexpert solve all of your sexual peccadilloes.

Dear Sexpert,

I'm just an innocent 18-year-old Catholic girl and I recently gave my boyfriend a hand job. Does this mean I'm no longer a virgin?

-Worried What My Mom Will Think of Me

Dear Worried...,

Why, of course you're still a virgin! Manual stimulation is one of the things that we sexperts would label "partial sex," in the same category as dry hump-

Ask The Sexpert!

ing, oral sex, or anal penetration. Maybe back in our parents' days it would be considered sex if you let a guy titty fuck you and then cum on your face, but nowadays we'd only call that "hooking up." Some other things that would not be considered "full sex" include: having a three-way in which one of the guys is *not* named Larry, sex on a Tuesday, or vaginal sex.

Dear Sexpert,

I've just started a relationship with this super great girl, but I'm not sure if I feel comfortable enough to have sex with her. What should I do to calm my nerves?

-Greggg

Dear Greggg,

My suggestion is to just take your new lady to the gynecologist. Not only will you get to witness it firsthand as the doctor checks your woman's cooch for any defects, but you'll also be in an excellent setting for romance. Stirrups are nature's greatest aphrodisiac, and the sooner you learn this, the better.

Royal Butler Acquitted of Rape and Mass Murder Because Queen Says So



PHOTO: The butler, upon learning he was being charged with a murder/death/kill.

Kenneth Masterson, the former royal butler to Sarah Ferguson, the Duchess of York, has been acquitted of the Shaftesbury Elementary School mass rape/homicide because Queen Elizabeth II says, "He didn't do it."

According to all accounts, on September 25th of last year, an assailant dressed in a navy blue butler's uniform and who has since been described by over 30 witnesses as "Kenneth Masterson, the royal butler," ran into the elementary

school's gymnasium flailing two submachine guns whilst he screamed "The Butler's here to clean house!" repeatedly. The assailant, who was dubbed by the police, the media, and the public at large as "The Butler Butcher," or sometimes as "Murderous Kenneth Masterson, Butler to Sarah Ferguson," proceeded to open fire on a 3rd grade gym class which was in the midst of taking their royal fitness tests. Lifeless bodies still gripping chin-up bars and gymnastic rings were stripped and sexually assaulted. Evidence has since shown that the assailant used each of the 73 bodies to pleasure himself. In the end, the assailant took the naked corpses and arranged them to spell the words "Butler" and "Masterson."

All this evidence was introduced by the prosecutor in the trial, and Mr. Masterson's defense barristers weren't even contesting

the charges brought against their client. Most believed Masterson was to receive the penalty of death by scalding hot jasper-scented tea (the traditional penalty for those of the servant class), but late last Thursday, Queen Elizabeth II shocked a nation when she announced, from her favorite chair in the lower drawing room of Buckingham Palace, "Mr. Masterson did not do that crime."

When questioned on her sources and information pertaining to Mr. Masterson's case, the Queen responded, "The butler, who did nothing, was indeed my liaison to passion, and shall remain so until the day I die." The Queen then shooed away reporters with a brush of her hands and summoned Mr. Masterson, whom she from then on referred to as the "gatekeeper of her royal essence."

As the doors to her drawing room closed, her majesty the Queen summoned the Buckingham boys' choir while Mr. Masterson sumptuously loaded his Uzi submachine gun.



PHOTO: The butler, genuinely relieved after using the three seashells.

Campus Crime Files

December 5

9:35 AM - Student sues Dockers for lack of inseam cup after being clipped in balls.

10:11 AM - Student caught "masturbating" in class; exempted from final.

12:39 PM - Sci-Fi Club member reports *Everquest 2* not as much fun as original *Everquest*.

4:45 PM - President of NAACP found to be not black, but instead star of *Soul Man*, C. Thomas Howell.

December 6

5:19 PM - Male student baffled when girl not turned on by term "moist pussy."

11:59 PM - Tisch student upset after being called "queer" because he prides himself on being a bisexual.

December 7

5:04 AM - Campus Greens member run over by an Iraqi cab driver.

3:17 PM - Student reported a five-dollar bill stolen from underneath the insole of his shoe at Bobst.

NYU Student Has Bad Experience At NYU Club

NYU sophomore Gary Deneuve says that he was severely disappointed with the Necrophiliacs Anonymous Club meeting he recently attended. "To start, it wasn't really anonymous at all, as everyone began calling me 'Gary D., the dead-guy fucker' right after checking my ID," said Deneuve, who was simply seeking out a way to deal with the recent death of his beloved Uncle Felisimo. "Second, no one else made any confessions. They just kept asking me why I enjoyed sex with corpses and laughed

amongst themselves. Come to think of it, I don't think it was an active club at all, just a group of people who get together to prey on innocent necros like myself."

On top of that indignity, Deneuve also lamented the poor quality of the corpses provided. "They were subpar at best, generally lacking in taste and overall sexiness," recounts Deneuve. "Sometimes when I look back on it, it's a wonder that I was able to get a hard-on from such low-grade cadavers at all. I'm just special, I guess."

Mos Def Spotted in Washington Square Park

Rapper Mos Def was recently seen brazenly playing Chinese checkers at a table clearly set up for chess. Several astonished park goers had comments to make, showcasing their astonishment.

"At first I didn't think it was him, but then I got closer and I'm like, 'Oh shit, it's Mos Def,'" said some guy in a T-shirt proudly proclaiming which professional baseball team he preferred above all others. It was the Marlins.

"I don't see what the problem is. Can't I play some checkers?" asked an exceptionally polite

Mos Def, né Dante Smith.

"What's 'né' mean?" asked a notably less polite, one may dare to say belligerent, bum.

"It's French," answered Mos Def.



Hey Loyal WSN Readers!

Which rapper of the hit song "Miss Fat Booty" was recently spotted in the park playing chess? The answer lays somewhere in today's issue of the WSN! Find it and win valuable cash prizes!

NYC Firemen Put Children in Danger, Then Save Them to Reclaim Their "Hero Luster"



PHOTO: Seth and Phil enjoy a bottle of Coca Cola, the official drink of FDNY.

Local NYC firemen Seth Freach and Phil Parker, in an effort to combat the dwindling popularity of firemen since the hoopla of 9/11 has calmed down, have begun staging "baby rescues" all over town. "Things were so much better in the good ol' days right after 9/11. After a hard day of clearing debris and bodies, we would walk to a local café and get ass like it was nothing. I mean, New York women were crazy for fireman cock. But now that the smoke has cleared, Phil and I aren't getting none. Needless to say, this is infinitely frustrating for two men with such a taste for the ladies."

So in order to reclaim their lost glory, the firemen have taken up the hobby of kidnapping sleeping babies and placing them in horrifically dangerous situations so that

they can then publicly rescue them. "Dude, this shit is totally genius. Just throw some baby in a lion's cage or pour some gasoline on him, wait till a hot lady passes by, and before you know it, you're just swimming in the pussy juices," said fire captain Phil.

Also, the firefighters explain that the toddlers don't seem to mind it all that much. "We've met lots of kids who seem to enjoy being placed in blazing buildings. It's like playing house, only the house is on fire and you're in danger of dying a horrible death," Phil explained while eyeing an underage girl passing by. The men plan on continuing this fire-fighting endeavor until the police get involved, or steal their idea. "Sure, we've already lost a few toddlers, but the poontang makes it all worthwhile," commented Seth.

Salmonella Found At Weinstein

Last week, an NYU health inspector found there to be salmonella present at NYU's Weinstein Food Court. The health inspector first felt that something wasn't quite right at Weinstein when he began administering a salmonella chemical-agent test on a piece of chicken -- and quickly came to the startling realization that he was standing in a puddle of diarrhea. The health inspector determined that the sickness, which about 90 students later contracted, was salmonella. The inspector suspected it was salmonella, a stomach illness whose symptoms are generally worse than dysentery but not as bad as E. coli, because of the outcome of several scientific tests, because of the kinds of food served last week, and because the puddle of diarrhea he stepped in was a mere three feet from a student who was lying on the ground yelling, "Oww, the pain, it is worse than that time I had dysentery but not as bad as that time that I got E. coli." President Sexton was outraged at the incident and has

decided to create plans which will prevent further food-court mishaps. These plans include the hiring of more food inspectors skilled in the area of sanitation-based food engineering, and the firing of kitchen staff members who are skilled in the area of being ignorant douche bags. On a brighter note, the president of NYU's custodial staff said that the outbreak was not the event responsible for the greatest number of bloody stools he had ever seen. That honor goes to 1993's Pride Month festival and its "Huge Rusty Dildos" theme.

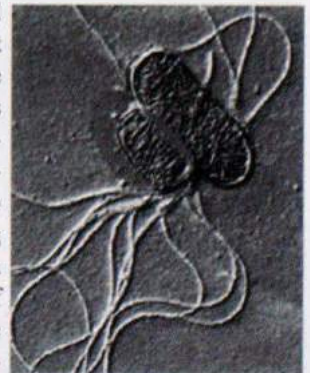


PHOTO: It may look delicious, but beware: salmonella could kill your dog.

On the recent Plague vacation to Mykonos, Greece, we ran into a dear old friend named Allen Bastian. When we had last seen Allen, he was going into the used/stained carpeting business (one which primarily deals with and around the industry of rat poison print advertisement photography. Well, now Allen has dealings with a new racket--doll history, or dolletry as only he calls it. When he learned we produced a magazine called *The Plague* (which we knew he would try to get in on and therefore called an olive oil trade magazine, that lie only enticing him even more), he expressed desire in having us publish his thesis on doll history, which Allen fondly titled...

The wonderful world of Dolletry



Hello, everyone! My name is Allen Bastian, internationally known doll historian and famed "pizza-pie guy." Dolls, and anything child-like, for that matter, are very special to me, for I live my life by the philosophy that one does not stop being a child until his or her parents pass into the chasm of the next world. To the left is a picture of me taken at the Bastian Family Reunion four years ago which demonstrates my devotion to all

things child-like.

But, as I said above, there is nothing in this world as special to me as the doll. The wonderful, beautiful doll. And so, by request of your friends at *Diseases Magazine*, I shall recount this history for you all.

The story of our little friend the doll parallels our own history. As society began in the sand dunes of ancient Mesopotamia, the first recorded instance of a doll occurred. According to the Lanstrobiuity (an ancient Mesopotamian text dedicated to beards and mustaches), dolls were invented as objects to distract young children so that they could be scalped and murdered. It was common Mesopotamian practice to use children to harvest valuable head hair that would later serve as superfluous beard and moustache hair.

Zooming a few centuries forward, the next watermark of doll history (or dolletry, as I call it) occurs amidst the chaos of the devastation of Pompeii. For those of you who don't know, the city of Pompeii was destroyed in 79 A.D. when Mt. Vesuvius erupted, proving to be a volcano in addition to a mountain and glory hole. The volcanic eruption was so devastating and powerful that the inhabitants of Pompeii were converted from fleshy vessels of life essence (my euphemism for people, you dig?) into ash statues (this process has since been dubbed the Himmler's Rage Effect). People were killed indiscriminately, as this was an island populated by whites and God only discriminates against blacks. And, getting back on track here, what was recently discovered by studying and/or bumping into the delicate ash statues of pregnant Pompeii women is that Pompeii houses the first and only recorded instance of pregnant women putting ash dolls inside their uteruses (or uteri, as Carl Sagan used to say). What's more amazing is that all the fetuses of these pregnant women have disappeared. My theory is that the fetuses grew into real children, served as the only living testaments

to Pompeii, and later collectively invented homosexuality.

During the early years of Christianity, bishops and priests would use crudely painted wooden dolls as a means of attraction in order to lure possible converts. The typical practice of



these early men of the cloth was to point at someone in the street, hold up a doll and say, "This is you," and then shit and piss all over it, nail a squirrel anus to the palm of its right hand, and use it to bash in the skull of a ninety-year-old virgin. This practice was widely used until 1973, by which time dolls were officially too soft to bash in skulls. But I'm getting ahead of myself here (tee hee!).

J.S. Bach, perhaps the best composer of his time, was also an excellent doll craftsman. Yet what makes Bach a contributor to the fruitful mélange of doll history is not his celebrity. Instead, we place Bach in the canon of dolletry due to the fact that he made the first black doll. Though the black doll would not come into vogue until Christmas of 1997 (dubbed the "Christmas of Innocence Lost" by captains of the doll industry), Bach decided, after a fig-and-cracker-induced dream, to sew the once-useless flesh from slave foreskins together into a human shape and fill this empty shell with the peas and beans from his wife's front-yard garden. Bach's dolls, dubbed "anteaters" by an adoring public, sold incredibly well, and Bach was able to indulge in his music now that his overhead had been covered. (**Note:** The dolls sold well, but were never en vogue, as the expression "en vogue" wasn't coined until 50 years after Bach's death.)

After the wonder of the Renaissance came to a close, wars began to litter Western Europe, signaling the end of an age of royalty and the beginning of an age of nationalism. Kings and queens lost their power so quickly that the shock to their systems began to affect their health (King Sebastian of Luxembourg was especially affected by his sudden dip in

power--in a fit of the shivers, he dually invented the late 1980s dance "The Shiver" and died of a shiver-induced bout with consumption). To combat these unhealthy side effects of sudden losses of power, royal wards and maidens would hand-craft millions upon millions of dolls and litter their majesties' castles and farmland with these dolls to create the illusion of an alert body of subjects still intact. In an interesting historical side note, it was precisely these millions of dolls littering the Palace of Versailles' Hall of Mirrors that led to Marie Antoinette's famous last words. "Let them eat cake" wasn't Antoinette's answer to the people of France's complaints of no bread. No, the real origin of Antoinette's famous phrase was that the four dolls dearest to her heart (whom she believed were her subjects) came packaged in descriptive boxes detailing their "most favorite foods" as "cake, cake, and more cake!" Marie Antoinette wasn't making one of history's biggest flubs, but rather was simply instructing her royal wards on how to take care of these four



darling dolls (those four later being dubbed the "Def Fresh 'Let Them Eat Cake' Crew" by Biz Markie, the world's best and most toy-collecting rapper).

In 1939, Hitler ruled Germany and threatened European countries and Jews everywhere, but over here in America, he was nothing but a Charlie Chaplin character...and, of course, history's first real doll. This life-size doll, featuring fully operational sex organs, zones of androgyny, and operational anal and oral suction action, later popularized by HBO's *Real Sex* and E!'s *The Howard Stern Show*, was an expensive parody gift designed by the same minds that brought us the Manhattan Project and, later, the Kansas cover band, the Manhattan Project of Sweat, which featured Sisco ("The Thong Song")'s father, Mister Status Quo (né Peter Sisco). 1939 was supposed to be about New York's World Fair, but the fuckable Hitler Real Doll swept the nation instead. Thousands of liberated daughters and wives would hump the latest craze while the husbands, fathers, or brothers would film them on 8-mm film strips (these having been invented in 1938). Most of the Hitler Real Dolls were scrapped by 1942, though (not due to our foray into the Second World War, but rather because it was discovered that fucking comically large severed animal feet came out on film far better than the automatic (but soulless) rammings of the Hitler Real Doll.

For the next 40 or so years, the doll industry became a stagnant, "just for kids" business that launched the Hasbro and Mattel empires but did away with all adult doll alternatives save blow-up dolls and sock puppets (which have stayed sexy to this day). This all changed when Nintendo released their gaming

system packaged with the R.O.B. in 1985. R.O.B., standing for Robotic Operating Buddy, not only played a mean game of "Gyromite" (the Nintendo version of the board game classic "African Dreams"), but would also fuck you a mean, mature Robotic fistful of Gyrogasmic sex-gaming, action-orientated fun. You could either have the R.O.B. stack a Jenga set straight up your asshole or simply program it to jam its jagged and metallic fist wherever you fancy. The best part of R.O.B. was its level of interaction—past sex dolls would serve their purpose but then, after your moment of climax, would lay lifeless on your pillows or hardwood floors. Not R.O.B.—when he was done fucking you, he was always up for seconds or a fun-filled game of "Gyromatic."

As we have seen, dolls have come a long way. Yet from their humble beginnings as torture objects to their current use as cutting-edge, futuristic visions of the world of sex to come, dolls have held one constant—they aren't for the Chinese. I don't mean to preach, but the next time *Child's Play 3* comes on, don't underestimate dolls like the black kid at the military school from *Child's Play 3*, but instead understand the rich and fruitful history that is dollery, like the white chick at the military school from *Child's Play 3*.

Good day, and...in doll we trust!

Ed Note: Allen submitted this piece in attempt to garner a PHD from Rutgers University. Three things stood in his way: there was no department of doll history at Rutgers, Allen wasn't attending Rutgers University, and he's retarded.

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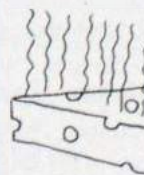
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This month, the *Plague Book Club* takes a look at the latest from famed self-help author Rebecca Bradley. The author of such inspirational tomes as *You're Super Great and Everybody Loves You!* and *Soccer Stardom Is Only a Diet Away!*, Rebecca Bradley holds a Ph.D. in happiness psychology, has appeared on *Oprah* a record 322 times, and is widely regarded as Oprah's best friend. She also recently married the son of Al-Qaeda leader Osama bin Laden. So now we take a look at...

JUST BE LIKE THE TERRORISTS!: HOW TO LIVE OUT YOUR DREAMS IN A POST-9/11 WORLD

You know, since the unfortunate incidents of last September 11, a lot of people have come up to me and said, "Rebecca, I don't feel like I can live out my dreams anymore." Well, I only have one thing to say to that: Just be like the terrorists! Why, they were no more than a pack of wide-eyed dreamers with their backs to the wall and all the odds against them, and look what they accomplished! In fact, I was just recently discussing this with my dear friend (and "sistah-girl") Oprah Winfrey whilst we played some hot-tub volleyball, and she said she fully supported my claim that everyone should strive to be like the men of Al-Qaeda. So next time you think you're too scared to ask out that cute girl at the bar, or you doubt your ability to craft a prize-winning model garbage truck, just think of the brave men who stepped into the airports on that fateful Tuesday morning and tell yourself: "I can be like the terrorists!" To give you some proof, I've collected some great inspirational stories from real people all over the U.S. (and from some rogue nations with which I am affiliated) and present a few of them to you now. —Rebecca Bradley

Rocco Mazziola, Newark, New Jersey:

Since I was a little boy, I've always had one real goal: to win a frivolous lawsuit and then use my winnings to open up a cemetery for midgets who died in the Holocaust. But no matter how hard I tried, I just couldn't seem to make it happen. I drank Elmer's Glue, got my foot mutilated in the butter churner at an IHOP, and still was unable to win any frivolous lawsuits. It got so frustrating that I nearly gave up on my dream and went back to my job as a licensed ophthalmologist. But then Rebecca Bradley told me all about the hijackers. They spent months in flight school with this really mean flight instructor who always gave them a hard time, and...well, I just felt like I owed it to them to give my dream one more shot. And wouldn't you know it? Two days later I "spilled" hot cheese all over myself at a TGI Friday's (so that my testicles ended up being permanently fused to my belly button), and collected a \$10 million payday as a result! Why, history was made that day, as it marked the last time Friday's served any cheese products, and the last time I ate at a family restaurant *sans* pants. As for all those people who now have relatives resting comfortably in Cousin Rocco's House of Holocaust Dwarf Corpses, don't thank me, just thank those gutsy terrorists whose never-say-die attitude gave yours truly the guts to pour hot cheese on his crotch.

Rose Heinz, Tupelo, Mississippi:

I was beginning to believe that I'd never find true love; that there would be no white knight who'd ride in, sweep me off my feet, and take me bowling every third Saturday. It got to the point where I was about to give up and finally take my cousin Emmett up on his offer to let me be the first customer of his fancy new suicide machine (a crude combination of mustard, an old UB-40 album, and his car). But then I read Rebecca Bradley's book and thought, "What if the terrorists had given up on their dreams and just committed suicide instead?" So my search for love continued. Well, praise be to Allah, because a few days later, I was on the Internet posting to a Frankie Muniz message board when I noticed that a fellow Frankie fanatic named "Death to Erik Per" was claiming to own a rare VHS of our hero riding a pony at his 16th birthday party. One post led

to another, and before you knew it, we were on our first date, which consisted of a romantic dinner and then masturbating quietly in the bushes behind a Ramada Inn as we spied on young Muniz playing Scrabble with his family while on location for *Big Fat Liar 2: No More Lies*. So thanks, Rebecca Bradley and the terrorists, for giving me the courage to bring "Death to Erik Per" into my life!

Perry Monaco, St. Louis, Missouri:

Since I was about 3 years old or so, I've only had one simple little dream: to be immortal. Let the other guys have their riches and fancy cars. I'm a more practical man. Just give me a glass of lemonade and a chance to live forever while watching the human race die out and the world come to an end, and I'll be mighty happy, thank you very much. After having successfully lived for almost 18 years, I became very confident that my goal would be reached. But then I developed a rare case of heart cancer and became a bit less sure of myself. That was when I opened up Dr. Bradley's book to Chapter 22: "Believe in Yourself, Believe in Your Abilities, and Believe in the Destruction of the American Infidels." Dr. Bradley told how the terrorists, because of their actions, reached what she called "a glorious state of immortality," and I thought, "Hey, if they can do it, so can I!" Provided, of course, that I can hijack myself a plane before the heart cancer spreads to any "vital" organs. Thanks, Rebecca Bradley, for showing me how to live out my dreams!

Tom Brennan, Hartford, Connecticut:

My dream had always been to become a billionaire in the hot-dog-vending business, retire at age 23, and then spend the rest of my life donating money to sick kids, homeless people, and wayward puppies. Having accomplished the first part rather easily, I was all set to get about helping the sick and impoverished. That is, until I read Chapter 3 of Rebecca Bradley's book, entitled "Give All Your Money to Al-Qaeda or I, Rebecca Bradley, Will Kill You." Now I'm funding the purchase of biological weapons by Muhammad Atta's half-brother, and I've never been happier!



A message from Oprah Winfrey's boyfriend, Stedman:

I, Stedman, the boyfriend of Oprah, do in no way support the views of Oprah, nor her friend Rebecca Bradley. I, Stedman, as I have many times in the past, find Oprah's opinions to be incredibly vulgar and an insult to the human race; and I hope all the fans of I, Stedman, realize that the only reason I am still with this disgusting harpy is because she pays me \$8,000 per eating-out session. Rest assured that I, Stedman, am fully opposed to the 9/11 terrorists, and I hope this incident will not discourage people from purchasing fine Stedman-brand shoehorns at their local grocery stores. Thank you.

THE GREAT DEBATE

OFFERING CONCISE ANSWERS TO TODAY'S ETHICAL ISSUES

Today's discussion will be between Michael Bauer and Jesse Unkenholz, connoisseurs of a variety of topics. Well, we inferred this because they both work at Target, which carries a wide range of items, and people who work there have to know a lot about them, such as where customers can find the products they are looking for and who can better help in assisting them. And as always, your host is William Geronimo, that crazy Native American who works with the hope of one day opening up his SCALPS casino on the World Trade Center site.

Question: Should we continue to search for Osama Bin Laden?

Point: Even if he was directly hit with a bomb and his body was vaporized, his teeth would still be out there somewhere in the desert. No American troops should be allowed to return until we find those, place them in cardboard cutout of Osama, and set it on fire.

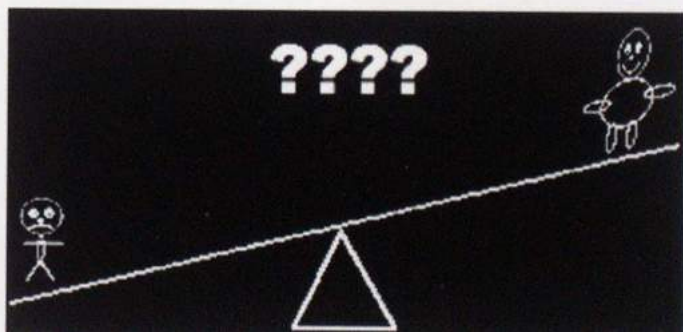
Counterpoint: Give it up. By now, he's already moved to New York City, got a job driving a cab, and realized how foolish it was to commit terror attacks on the people he now loves taking across town when they are drunk at 5 in the morning.

Question: Should the elderly be killed to make room for younger, stronger adults with superior bowel control?

Point: Old people smell funny and drive slowly, causing a large number of fatal accidents; I say get rid of them and knock down retirement communities to make space for a chain of flashy, pirate-themed brothels.

Counterpoint: I've been sleeping with your grandmother.

Question: Should fat people be allowed on seesaws?



Point: Fat people deserve to enjoy their lives in the same way as everyone else.

Counterpoint: Fat people have a far greater chance of destroying the seesaw, possibly causing harm to themselves and others while also incurring repair costs for public parks. If we fed them to sharks instead, the sharks would get filled up, preventing them from accidentally eating endangered penguins. It would also save the Department of Recreation a lot of money; remember to support your local parks and wildlife preserves.

Question: Should men "speak softly and carry a big stick"?

Point: Probably not, because speaking softly will allow rage to build up, most likely ending in a deadly big-stick bludgeoning.

Counterpoint: I'm not really sure; I got freaked out when I saw it on an ad for a penis enlargement that causes you to go deaf.

Question: What are the major differences between George of the Jungle and Tarzan?

Point: George of the Jungle is supposed to be humorous, while Tarzan represents man's triumph over nature in the absence of civilization.

Counterpoint: George of the Jungle has a talking monkey but Tarzan fucks Jane when she's on the rag.

Question: Should people with AIDS be shipped to a deserted island?

Point: Not only should this be done, but they should turn the whole place into a deadly *Survivor*-like reality show. The winner could even have his choice of being cured and exterminating the disease or having unprotected sex with hundreds of beautiful models, once again spreading the disease like dandelion seeds on a windy day.

Counterpoint: While we're at it, could we please send my wife's old boyfriends there as well? This way, every time she brings one of them up, I can just say, "You know what? He probably has AIDS now anyway."

We at The Plague were lucky enough to obtain the following photographs from the set of Revelation 15:7 Studios' newest summer action picture:

The Adventures of...

CAPTAIN CHRISTIANITY



Captain Christianity does battle with the evil Dr. Pro-Choice to ensure that yet another unwanted child can enter the world. "Not a drop of the Lord's semen will go to waste on my watch!" cries the Captain.



A thankful mother looks on as Captain Christianity spansk the devil out of an 8-year-old boy who's been acting up in class. The psychiatrist diagnosed the child with attention-deficit disorder, but the Caped Crusader for Christ knew better!



The victorious Captain Christianity proudly holds the head of the villainous biology teacher who dared to try teaching evolution to her high-school class. Clearly, a message has been delivered to the scientific community: Beware the holy axe of Jesus' favorite superhero!



Captain Christianity foils the dastardly "Safe Sex Man" (played by Jonathan Silverman of *The Single Guy* fame), whose nefarious plot involved distributing condoms and keeping people free of venereal diseases and unexpected pregnancies.



"Halt, you poor, misguided fool!" exclaims Captain Christianity to the poor, misguided fool who actually attempted to find answers in the Koran rather than in the words of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.



With a tasty piece of the magic Eucharist, Mohammed is transformed into Captain Christianity's young ward and sidekick, "Ron Davidson, Alabama Homeowner."



With his enemies vanquished and heathens converted, Captain Christianity returns to his lair in Crideon Ministries' Baptist Church, where he can switch back into his secret alter ego: Guy Christy, millionaire and gad-about town.

INTERVIEW WITH THE FILM'S STAR, MARK JEREMIAH-MOSES



Gabriel's Trumpet Magazine: Now, Mark, we understand that you lived a sinful life before embracing the Lord. Please explain.

Mark Jeremiah Moses: Well...it's so hard to talk about those times. It all started in 1988 when I won the role of "Timmy the Bellhop" in the Jack LaLanne sitcom *Fitness Dudes*. Immediately, those two thrust me into a perverse lifestyle. They would do lines of blow off the barbells and then Jack LaLanne would hold me down and force me to watch as Baio fornicated with stripper after stripper on the Soloflex machine. It was awful, and sinful.

GT: So how did you pull yourself out of such a demonic lifestyle?

MJM: Luckily, I was saved by the fine actor (and even better Christian) Kirk Cameron. He was doing a guest spot on *Fitness Dudes* for the November sweeps and was aghast at what he saw on the set. Without hesitation, he cast out all of the sinners and flipped over every piece of exercise equipment. Why, not even Jack LaLanne himself could combat his strength. It was then that Kirk Cameron took me in and made me a part of his ministry.

GT: How did you make the leap from being a humble born-again Christian to playing the mythical defender of all Christianity?

MJM: Well, I was doing some of the best acting of my career playing the loyal sidekick ScriptureBoy in the mega-successful BibleMan film series, opposite my idol Willie Aames (a.k.a. Buddy Lembeck). Those were some great scripts. I remember that one time when BibleMan and ScriptureBoy helped a group of white kids win the talent show in a black neighbor hood by teaching them the BibleMan Dance.

GT: When Revelation 15:7 Studios head Jason Rogers came to you with the idea of starring in your very own Christian superhero franchise, were you at all reluctant?

MJM: Of course I was! I was filling some big shoes... I mean, Ricky Schroeder really made the part of Captain Christianity his own in the first two films. Plus, there's all those fans of the original Jack Chick comic book whom I don't want to disappoint.

GT: And then of course there was all the controversy that arose when Tim Burton's cousin Hector Burton, who directed the first two films, stepped down because he refused to work with anyone other than Ricky Schroeder.

MJM: Yes, that was a trying experience, but certainly no more trying than what Jesus went through when he was nailed to the cross.

GT: So do you feel like you've done justice to the Captain Christianity legacy?

MJM: I believe so. We've managed to make a film that's got as much action as XXX, and with nearly twice the praying. Plus, the film really captures the message of Jack Chick's comic book, which is that gays are evil and Catholics who worship Mary will burn forever in hell.

The Plague presents the worst of NYU's....

College Application Essays 2002

Elmer, Uncle

Such Is My Essay

By Uncle Elmer

My name is Uncle Elmer and I'm a ridiculous hillbilly from somewhere in Kentucky. And I here and now make known my application to the NYU School of Deer Hunting and Bass Fishing. My hunting is damn near of epic proportions. Last fall, I sat in a tree stand for 21 straight hours before finally spotting me an antler head (such is my name for raccoons). A few minutes later, I saw me a deer. With my trusty rifle out of commission on account of my wife caking it up with her ear wax (such is her way), my only recourse was to use my nine-year-old boy Earl Jr. as a pummeling device to beat the doe into a coma. With both the animal and my boy in a coma, I foresee myself eating whoever dies first. As you can see, I am a fine huntsman and eagerly await to learn at the hands of NYU's finest bass professors.

Shaw, Bernard

Who I Most Admire

Bernard Shaw

If I could be any famous person, I would choose English suspense director Alfred Hitchcock. He was ingenious in his manipulation of the photographic elements on the screen. He revolutionized the entire film industry, and changed the way movies were made forever. I want to be just like him because he's dead. I don't really like life a whole lot. Please let me into your film school so I can end it the right way.

Ambert, John

Praise Be To College

By John-Michael Ambert

I think I'm good material for the New American School of Christ. For starters, I have done lots of community service. I am also very proud of my chastity. I've actually never had a sexual encounter. The closest thing was with my big brother, but he said it was all right since we didn't break my "cock-hymen." Just in case you've never heard of it, the hymen is the protective layer that breaks upon first intercourse. So I'm proud that mine is still intact, proving that I've never had urethral sex. I'm also very proud that my penile cherry has never been broken by any of the following:

- a finger
- a pencil
- a meat thermometer
- a cayenne pepper
- or that Roman candle that I came in dangerously close contact with on the 4th of July.

Thank you and may the Peace and Love of Jesus Christ be with you as you review my application (see attached photo of my unbroken urethral hymen).



Please Let Me Into Your School

By Bradford J. Alcott III

School is very important to me. Moreover, I always find time for extracurricular activities. I was president of the Rolling Hills High Student Council, president of Students Against Hurting Woodland Creatures, executive member of the Frisbee During Lunch Club, and still found time to be quarterback of my football team. Plus, I had a healthy social life and a deep and loving relationship with my girlfriend, Stacey Cuthbert. Also, I have never raped a person on October 23, 2001 at 12:30 and then blamed it on the local convicted rapist.

I love helping children and I strongly believe that people should never rape people. In fact, for senior superlatives I was voted "least likely to rape Stacey."

With the rise of rapists on college campuses today, I think my "anti-rape, I don't rape" policy speaks for itself.

Todd, Randall

Attention: NYU

RE: College Essays...and the Truth!

Hello, New York University (I use the full name New York University and not the initials NYU because the Elks Lodge tradition pioneered greetings towards institutions that refer to the institution in question by its initials, and each time a non-Elks-authorized initials-for-institution in a greeting occurs, a red light goes off in a subterranean room beneath Old Faithful which signals a fat shirtless executioner that it is time for yet another relative of Gregory Hines to die). This letter is not me begging to get into your university. I don't grovel like the Egyptians at the feet of their Martian overlords.

This is an appeal to your interests—those being your concern with the truth! Most kids are going to babble frivolously about their grandparents or cancer or something in these essays; not I—I merely dabble in truth-isms. Little Susie writes to you about the importance of her horse in her life; I tell you that all horses of the gray-bespeckled variety are genetically engineered kill-beasts originally created to settle a bet about whether falling off a horse onto one's head would lead to positive gains for the people who owned the horse, this bet having taken place between George Bush Senior and Michael Eisner and with sweet Christopher Reeve being their guinea pig. (Michael Eisner said yes, George Bush said no. Zoom forward—George Bush loses the election, whereas as soon as Chris Reeve falls off his gray bespeckled horse, profits for Disney rise as MGM-Disney airs the Superman movies on loop on AMC and Chris Reeve-Barbara Walters interviews on ABC-Disney became the highest rated shows of the decade (it's a fact, look it up).

NYU, I'm not going to waste your time any longer as we both have important business to take care of (you: operating as the only university without a board member in the Illuminati and me: looking up facts about the mind-altering effects of the veins in the upper eyelid of the Smacks Cereal Frog's illustration on Smacks cereal boxes). I just feel that with me on board, NYU will make its viable and necessary shift from university to Institution for Indulging in Conspiracy Theories (which I would call NYIICT here, but never in a greeting, bringing us full circle =)). So let me in (or rather, conspire to let me in).

In truth...

Randall Todd

Meyerson, David

The book that changed my life the most was Tom Clancy's *The Russian Conundrum*. I was twelve

The Plague and Rocafella Records Present:

Comics

Christopher Reeve Follies

One night the power goes out in the Reeve Compound...

TUMBLE!

OH GOD!
I'VE FALLEN
FROM MY CHAIR!
DARLING! **HELP!**

ARRRRGH!

WAIT! I... I... CAN MOVE MY
LEGS! ...AND ARMS!
LET ME JUST... (curs)... THROW
MY LEGS OVER THIS ROCK, AND...
(curs) GET UP-RIGHT!

Huf-Huff!... This is the most exhilarating moment of my
life! I can walk again! I am invincible! I mean... my
fucking broken back healed! When I'm fully recovered,
I'll be getting so much fucking pussy! I can't wait!

Neigh!

Wait! ...this rock is...
moving? ...it's?

Neigh!

A... horse?!

3 Hours Later...

OH dear! Chrissy-Pool!
You've fallen! My
poor, crippled baby!

'BLESS HIS'
(APPARENTLY, HE'S A)
MESS

I suppose
my husband
(my husband)
Diana Kane
By the way!

Hello, dear - huff-huff - I - huff-huff - know
how this - huff-huff - looks - like I fell out
of my chair... but really?

Really I could walk again... But then I
accidentally got on a horse... And... accidentally fell
off again...

Sure, dear. I love your fanciful stories.
Now, I hope you did your Mouth
Exercises, Honey Pie... Because I'm going
to put you in the Oral-Sex Harness
twerp! Mrs. Reeve is getting oral sex
tonight!

Spiderman #1

AT THE PROXER HOUSEHOLD

GADZOOKS!
MY... MY...
HANDS! THEY CAN...

...STICK TO WALLS!

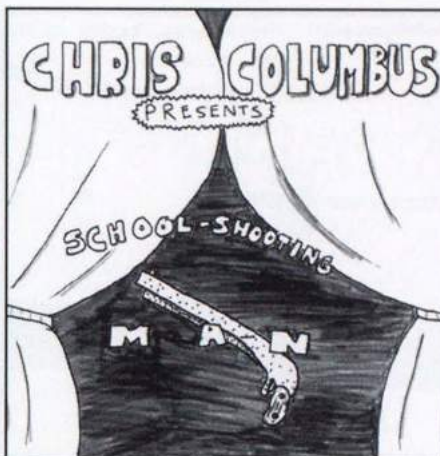
THAT'S SWELL,
PETER!

SHUT THE FACK UP, AUNT MAE! I HAVEN'T FINISHED BEATING
YOU FOR OVERCOOKING MY EGGS! NOW... IT'S TIME
TO PAY THE PIPER!

Do As You Must,
Peter Darling!
Arrgh!

James Mendes was imprisoned for a school shooting in 2002, at the age of 10. He was given 90 year prison sentence due to the violent nature of his crime. Today is the day James Mendes is set free, this day being his 100th birthday.

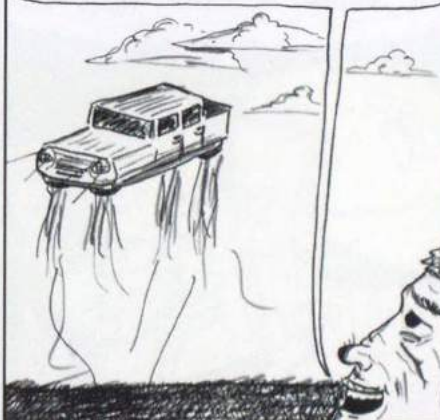
The world, as James Mendes will soon see, has changed greatly.



FOOD COMES IN CAPSULES NOW... KMFDM KNEW THEIR SHIT!



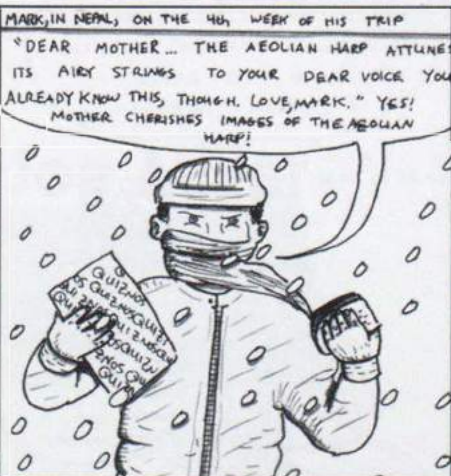
FLYING CARS! JUST LIKE IN DOOM!



SCHOOL SHOOTINGS HAVEN'T CHANGED, THOUGH THEY'RE STILL FUNNY.



Mark's Utter Inability To Write a Letter to His Mother Leads To His death.



Mark died before take off and was dragged off the plane for the passengers' safety. The moral of the story? Bad parenting and an unhealthy diet leads to blood clots and an inevitable early death.

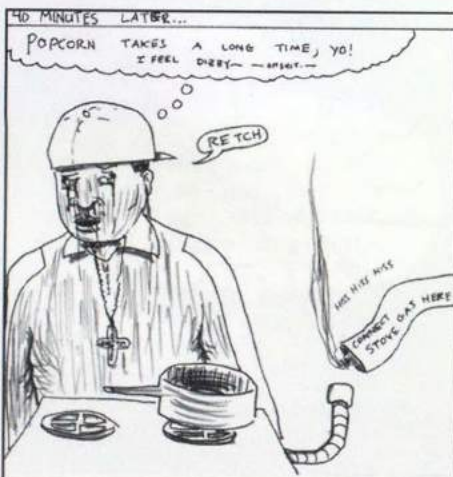
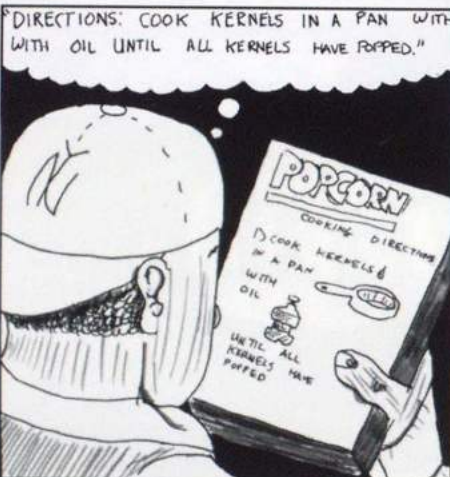
In the, "Hail Mary," video, there is a gravestone that says, "Mukavelli." It is cracked and there's a hole in front of it; this implies that Mukavelli rose from the dead.

A 6 Year Old Decides He Is Mr. Man



Incorrect Metaphor Fun HOUR!

This week, the rapper Diamond D's lines "I go on and on like popcorn" from the song "The BestKept Secret."
Let's find out why "D" associates popcorn withgoing "on and on"...



I can do whatever I want in my own magazine, so here I present a scene from the straight-to-video film *Turbulence 3*

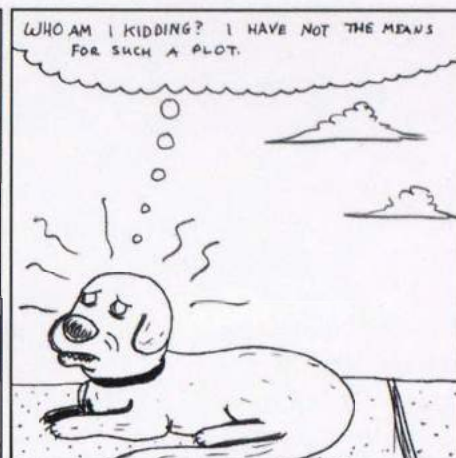
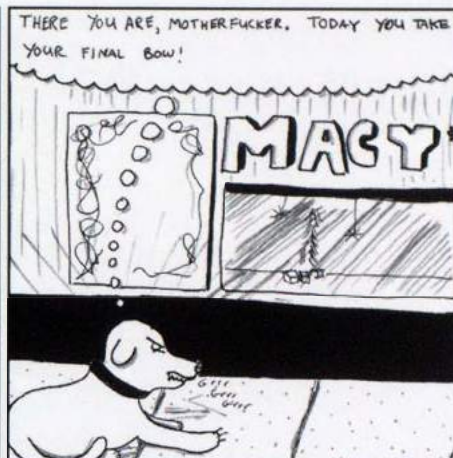


How Abraham Lincoln got the nickname "Honest Abe"

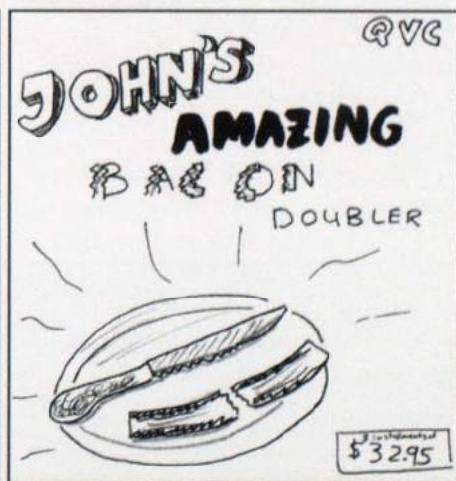


a dog decides today is the day MACY'S

will explode



John's failure to comprehend mirrors leads to the invention of a new bacon contraption



Joe Miller----- the man who denies people their first sexual experience



Good Riddance, Plague!

An Open Letter from NYU Student Steve M. Bossous

By now, I'm sure you've heard of the demise of *The Plague* and their sister magazine, *Black Inches Monthly*. Now, many people seem to be unhappy about this. Security guards no longer ask you for your ID with the usual enthusiasm, and several students in the General Studies Program have begun to write essays about why they're "Not being happy about *Plague* go bye-bye."

On the contrary, I'm glad that this *Plague* nonsense is coming to an end. Do we really need another 20 years of incestuous love stories and Conan O'Brien fetishism? I say no. And what's with all the aborted fetus jokes? Can't unborn children just live in peace?

Supporting *The Plague* is like supporting the "R. Kelly Babysitting Service." Consider all of the horrible things that they have done: Just recently, they started a petition to rename the Holocaust the "Neo-Renaissance."

The Plague supported a proposition to make child pornography legal in order to "uplift the spirits of the community and promote greater participation in our elementary schools." Am I the only one who sees that what they're doing is wrong? It's going to cost the American taxpayers way too much money to distribute all that sweet sweet kiddie porn.

Several members of *The Plague* were recently seen hanging out in the meat-packing district wearing revealing clothes and soliciting prostitution. The prices were

completely unfair. 50 dollars for a blow job? Shame on you, *Plague*, shame...

Let me pause and comment on the rampant racism that *The Plague* seems to promote. Now, I'm all for discrimination (don't get me started on those midgets), but I don't

see the sense in hating immigrants and the like. Who else is going to mow your lawn for \$2.00 an hour and lick your toilet clean for an extra cheese sandwich? Who, I ask? *The Plague's* treatment of women, African-Americans, Latinos, the elderly, rodeo clowns, and other such minorities is equally abhorrent.

The Plague has also been found to be a cause of sexual

dysfunction. The gloss used on the pages has been linked to the real bubonic plague and contains strands of the bacteria *Yersinia pestis*. Anyone who has come into contact with the magazine will soon develop swollen and tender lymph nodes, muscle spasms, gastrointestinal symptoms, rashes, and a yellowish hue in the genitals.

Lastly, *The Plague* was NOT funny. Their jokes were lower than a fat girl's self esteem and sicker than a child with leukemia. I'm glad that *The Plague* will go the way of terminally ill children, because it has been found to be a breeding ground for serial killers, KKK Grand Wizards, Al-Qaeda operatives, and Catholic priests. They have no shame.



A Plague member impersonating a NYU Protections Officer.

And Now...The Worst Plague Articles of All Time

From *The Plague* Parody Files: *Hawaii 5-0*, Spring 1989

"Nate and his partner Chachi, a sassy Mexican, were driving down the street, admiring the palm trees and shorter bushes, when a voice boomed over the intercom: 'Calling Hawaii 6-0, Hawaii 6-0, robbery in progress. This is a 4-8-2-niner, over and out.' Nate turned off his police radio and turned on the latest Earth, Wind, and Fire 8-track. 'Sorry, man, gotta surf,' he said..."

"Don't you hate it when *Hawaii 5-0* does that?"

From *Things We Damn Well Feel Like Saying*, Spring 1997

"...don't you remember that show... yeah, *Blossom*, that's the one. Well, this girl looked like the chick who used to play Blossom, real ugly like. But you know, we fucked her anyway because she looked like a celebrity and we took pictures to show people. Anyway, the broad seemed to be enjoying it as she was taking it from both ends, but then we got word that she was pressing rape charges. Well we weren't having that. We were like, 'Listen bitch, if you want to see Six...'"

From *The Plague Pokes Fun At The O.J. Simpson Trial*, Fall 1994

"The next morning, the prosecution was baffled by O.J.'s absence from the courtroom. Suddenly Judge Ito's cellphone rang. 'This is A.C., dammit,' a voice screamed over the line. 'You know who I am. I'm with O.J. It's over. The trial is all over.' 'Where are you? What's going on?' Ito asked in a feverish tone. 'We're doing it,' A.C. yelled. 'Me and The Juice are flying a couple of planes and we are headed for the Twin Towers. There's nothing you can do to stop us, dammit.'"

THE LAST DAYS OF *THE PLAGUE*



How does *The Plague* spend its final days together? First, the staff gathers around to listen to Pat tell his "my grandmother has hemorrhoids" story for perhaps the final time. Next, Lukas and Vera share a tender goodbye in their favorite sexual haunt: the elevator shaft. Finally, young David enjoys some sweet, wonderful cocaine in the Plague office.

WHAT WILL BECOME OF US?



The female *Plague* staffers decide to relocate to Afghanistan, the one place on Earth that can provide the same level of sexism and degradation that they experienced at *The Plague*. "Ah, just like home," remarks Sophie as she covers every inch of her baby with dark cloth.



Former *Plague* cartoonist Lukas Kaiser embarks on his new profession: being hired by the parents of lost children to find the children and then murder them. "We're just tired of not knowing," sobs Mommy (not to be confused with "The Mommies" of sitcom fame).



Without his high-paying job on *The Plague* to pay his bills, Bennet is forced to move back into his parents' house. Unfortunately, Bennet's dad has already converted his old bedroom into a game room (as evidenced by the Monopoly board on the bed), forcing Bennet to do his sleeping in front of the furnace.

Happy Birthday, Jesus!

As part of our holiday special, famed children's author Johanna Lundley, creator of the popular *Wee-Babies* series (which includes *Wee-Babies Go to London* and *The Wee-Babies Live Inside a Violin*) was so kind as to share with us an excerpt from her latest book *A Very Wee-Babies Christmas*:



"...And Wee-Baby Donald was the last Wee-Baby to arise from his peaceful slumber and race to the tree. 'Shall a wee fiddle await me at journey's end?' wondered the most musical of all the Wee-Babies. But much to his dismay, Wee-Baby Donald found not a fiddle under his tree, but rather the lifeless corpses of his wee-siblings. Before he even had the chance to shed a wee-tear, Wee-Baby Donald looked up to see the cold stare of the 7-foot-tall machete-wielding clown who would soon be delivering him the fate of his fellow wee-babies. 'Why could not I have been the first to die?' wondered the most introspective of all the Wee-Babies."



One for the kids (A Christmas Poem)

Tossing and turning in bed,
It's just so hard to sleep.
Knowing tomorrow is Christmas
You stay quiet, not a peep.

Suddenly the sun starts
To rise up in the sky.
You jump out of bed and run
But then you start to cry.

December twenty-fifth,
The happiest day of the year
For all the other children
But yours is without cheer.

You run down the stairs
But at the bottom all you find
Is a mommy who doesn't love you
And a beer Dad left behind.

It's the third year in a row
They've wrapped up your old shirt
In newspaper and dental floss
Unwashed, covered in dirt.

But kids, don't be upset
And don't blame Mom and Dad.
It's your fault they don't love you
It's your fault because you're bad.

MERRY CHRISTMAS, KIDS!

THIS SEASON'S HOTTEST GIFTS

Tic Tac Toe 3000

Hey kids, this ain't your grandma's tic-tac-toe! Rather than simply writing on boring pieces of paper, you're now in control of a giant government-built cyborg (the kind created to assassinate foreign dignitaries) that will use its optical lasers to burn either Xs or Os into your living-room wall! Tic-Tac-Toe has never been so fun -- or so destructive! Or so insanely dangerous! Remember, "X" robots and "O" robots sold separately.

"Male-Order" Russian Brides

There's something special about these brides - ask your parents for one this Christmas and find out!

"Gay Celebrities Who Died of AIDS" Trading Cards

Be the first to revive the trading-card frenzy with these fabulous new cards! Series includes Anthony Perkins of



Psycho, Freddie Mercury of Queen, the father from *The Brady Bunch*, and a special hologram-edition Rock Hudson.

Ripley's Believe It or Nöt!

Scandalous Sitcom Star!



What does every member of *The Plague* have in common? As children, they were all molested by *Full House* star Dave Coulier! Yup, it was all part of dear Uncle Joey's state-to-state "Molest the Vote Tour" back in '91. Are you laughing? Well, cut it out! We're serious. He touches a lot of kids.

New Sexual Fetish Hits Europe!



While big-breasted women might be all the rage in America, it's dirty construction workers who have all the men swooning in merry old England. Seen here are two distinguished members of the British Parliament catcalling a burly bricklayer named Mel. "I want to cover you in hot tea and munch on your crumpets," remarks Reginald, the randy Prime Minister.

Beard of Bees!



Here we see Chris Niedl, an upstate-New York-born used-tire salesman with an incredible talent...he bakes a really good muffin! He uses real raisins (not that artificial stuff they feed you at the local Applebee's) and caresses his yeast with the tenderness of an old schoolmarm. Above, we see a file photo of Chris at last year's "Muffin Fest."

Tupac Lives!



I bet you all think that Tupac Shakur was actually killed in a "shooting" back in 1996. Well, you're wrong! Actually, the rapper of "I Wonder If Heaven's Got a Ghetto" faked his own death so that he could live out his dream of becoming a white, Jewish teenager who resides in the suburbs with his parents Heckel and Schmeckel. Here we see Tupac (now Herschel Rabinowitz) right after his bar mitzvah.

NYU TV took an extreme dip in the ratings this year. In fact, the average NYU TV show nabs only 100 Nelson points, not to be confused with Nielsen points, in ratings. That average is down from 300 just last year. (Note to readers: 5 Nelson points equals one NYU student.) In order to up their ratings, NYU TV will be releasing a slew of new shows. Here are a few, along with a summary of their plots and a highlighted moment.

New NYU TV Shows

Diesel Shoe Diaries: A Tale of Two Gays

This show is centered around the dorm room of Matt and Chris. The show starts off its season with an openly gay Matt helping Chris, an ex-high-school football player/boyfriend to models, realize that he is indeed homosexual.

Matt's description of first meeting Chris

includes the following excerpt: "His stature screamed 'straight,' but his hair said otherwise; he had one of those gay boy haircuts. You know the ones--high-lighted tips, a natural part, and the words 'I'm secretly gay' shaved into the back of his head."



Comedian Sinbad and Designing Women star Mesach Taylor stop by the dorm room

The Bachelor, NYU Edition: Pete's Treat

NYU TV has recently debuted its latest hit: "The Bachelor, NYU Edition: Pete's Treat," which plays on the familiar themes of ABC's show *The Bachelor*, but with a uniquely New York twist. In this version of *The Bachelor*, Pete Glussman, a 32-year-old East Village resident with a pronounced gut and constant five o'clock shadow, plays the role of the male bachelor, and in this kooky show, Glussman is courted not by a gaggle of lovely brides-to-be, but instead by a convention hall filled with New York City's finest street vendors. Each week, Pete will sample the street vendors' wares and select his least favorite ven-

dors of the week to be dismissed, which, on this show, is called being "Cast Away."

Pete Glussman, star of the



Peter Glussman elating after being picked for the show

new NYU TV reality show, was excited to get the opportunity to be on TV.

"I'm stoked, to say the least. I normally sit around in my apartment cleaning up mouse poo while listening to Lite Jazz music on my Midi

keyboard. Now I'm on college TV and I eat pretzels and popcorn all day. Who says we got a recession going on? Must be old ladies or some shit."

Though Mr. Glussman is in rather good spirits, not everyone shares his sentiments. Farez El-Fakhzad, owner of a liverwurst-on-a-stick cart on 12th Street, was one of the first contestants to be "Cast Away," and, as El-Fakhzad says, "It hurts."

"I thought Peter and I...we get along [tears]. He smile and I make joke about his long tie and short haircut. He laugh at joke and I think he like it, but me see now...Peter? He a liar. A bitch liar."

Linda Ellerbee Explains the Robert Blake Murder Trial to Kids

Linda Ellerbee, beloved Nick News anchor, is developing a new news special for both NYU TV and Nickelodeon explaining the Robert Blake murder trial to kids.

Highlight: Ellerbee details Blake's former wife and mur-

der victim Bonnie Lee Bakley's past as an amateur porn star and celebrity hound who conned an aging widower from Montana into giving her \$5000 of his savings and his dead wife's mink coat.

Ellerbee explains to children how bad Bakley's deeds were

by bringing \$5000 worth of toys and destroying them and then stripping in front of the children, thus showing the children how Blake, Ellerbee's oldest and dearest friend, had every right in the world to kill Bakley.



Reeling from the success of cable TV's hit show 24, NYU TV producers saw fit to rape themselves of even more originality by stealing that show's style. 14, however, is filmed in 14 minutes of real time, and features the story of Sal, a taxi driver who has to take a shit really badly. While the show features no dialogue whatsoever, be sure to keep your eyes and ears attuned carefully to the show in order to see Sal's discomfort and stress as he hides the noises of his grumbling stomach from his passenger by turning up his radio. The show will be offered in 14 episodes, each a minute long.

Highlight: In minute 4, Sal is forced to pick someone up at a corner on which two homeless men are discussing the pleasures of being able to piss and take a shit anywhere in public without being looked down upon.

THE FIRST ADDRESS OF YOUR NEW SURGEON GENERAL

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. I regret to inform you that your incumbent Surgeon General, Mr. Richard Carmona, has resigned to pursue his singing career. After 9 years of various tryouts, he has been hired as a backup singer for J. Lo's "I Really Am Engaged to Ben Affleck" tour. As there is no Surgeon General pro temp, the U.S. government decided to have an essay contest to determine who would succeed Mr. Carmona. The winner was to be the first person with a medical background to send the essay in. Without further ado, I present to you former sperm-bank attendant Ms. Clarette Grangethorpe.

Hello everyone, it's great to be here as your Surgeon General. One of the most pressing issues facing the nation is the spread of sexually transmitted diseases. You see, condoms have proven to be useful, but they still carry the risk of fluid contact due to penetration. The Department of Health, with help from Sylvester Stallone, has decided that there is only one form of truly safe sex, and that is—no not abstinence—but the Cleveland Steamer. The version we recommend is where one partner straddles a glass table above the other and proceeds to defecate on the table while the other watches in sheer pleasure. The only risks here are the table breaking and covering you with lacerations or contracting E. coli from acute exposure to someone's crap. Either way, these are not STDs and are not part of the Surgeon General's jurisdiction.

Women have more to fear than just AIDS-riddled bisexuals, though. Because of the pressures of society, many women feel it is necessary to get breast implants, which have proven to be dangerous and not worth the risk in many situations. The Surgeon General's office is here to change this by offering breast implants that are even more dangerous to your health, but will now be worth the adverse consequences. These implants will be done in the shape of the faces of the stars of *Good Morning Miami*, my favorite TV show. Now you, too, can pretend that Jack Feuerstein and Constance Zimmer are joining you in an orgy by properly handling your wife's breasts and referring to them as "Jake Foolish" and "Penny Wise." I promise your sex lives will never be the same.

The next topic I would like to address right now is the ever-popular issue of smoking. With the price of cigarettes rising, people are smoking less and therefore diminishing their risk of getting cancer. If this continues, young people will not be able to fully see the harmful effects of smoking. To combat this, I have created Cancerous Earl, an obese man with the 33 types of cancer most commonly associated with smoking, whom I keep preserved in a large beaker inside my office. He preserves these cancers by smoking 45 packs of cigarettes every day and sup-

plementing his diet with new Xtreme Nicorette gum. You're probably asking yourself, "But how does Cancerous Earl survive to teach my children the horrors of smoking?" That's where you come in, concerned parent. All you have to do is come in and donate one of your organs to the U.S. government, which we will either put into Cancerous Earl or sell to Turkey for around \$8,000-10,000 a pop. Once inside Earl, he will almost immediately turn your fresh, healthy organ into a wretched blob of cancerous slime. Once another donor comes along, your heart, liver, or lung will be returned so your family can watch as you die slowly from years of vicariously wrecking your body by smoking.

Another one of my many duties as Surgeon General involves plugging items that I find to be useful, after the companies that make them wire large amounts of money into my account and murder my critics. Today's product is a new anal lint filter, brought to you by the people who make Brita. This handy gadget will keep your ass as clean as humanly possible in conjunction with proper wiping and bidet use. But the best part is that if you wear the complimentary tag that comes with it, you will be exempted from future taxes because people with anal lint are not represented in Congress, and "No Taxation Without Representation" has been this nation's policy since its initial conception.

Thank you all for coming out tonight, folks. I'm looking forward to spending the next few years teaching you the ins and outs of health. And remember, whenever you are deciding between taking a shower and doing laundry, dirty boxers should never be put on clean balls, but dirty balls should always be put on clean boxers.



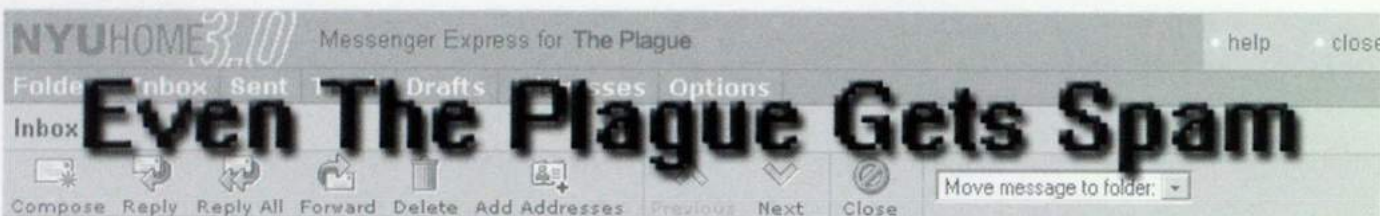
Cancerous Earl putting our tax dollars to work

"R U Still Down?" was released under the name 2Face, not Mahaneth Is Tufac backle

The Plague, page 27

Archduke
Sylvester
Stallone get-
ting down and
dir-tay on the
job.





Subject If you can read this chances are that you are dying of AIDS!!!

Just joking - but our records do indicate that you signed up for our news letter because you are dying of cancer.
Anyways thought you'd like to know about

www.greatestnonsexualoffereverinexistence.com

Act now and you will receive a free metal detector and guide.

Subject Do you know where your kids are right now?

No really if you do know where they are, please tell me so that I can go molest the shit out of them.

Does that statement scare you? if so you should get what you need to protect your kids. Go to
www.protectthekids.com to get all your child protection needs fulfilled.

Then go to our sister companies website **www.girlssuckingoffhorses.com**
to get all your sick twisted bestiality needs fulfilled.

Subject Hey its me - that girl who rejected you in high school

THATS RIGHT I BET THE PAIN OF REJECTION STILL HURTS!

You know what else hurts? Ball cancer. but dont worry because we have the pill thats just right for you at
www.savemysack.com. No it wont cure cancer, but it is composed of a harmful amount of chemicals.
Our social scientific study shows that looks, money, and muscles matter but what a girl really wants is a guy without
ball cancer.

Subject CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR NEW BABY!

Hey, we heard about your new boy/girl; I'll bet s/he is so cute!

As you now know, child birth is a difficult process, and not everyone is as lucky as you.

For these less fortunate would be parents. please go to **www.ratemystillborn.com**.

Spontaneous abortions, failed premature births, and fetuses mutilated by excessive alcohol consumption are up for
your approval. Please, tell us our babies are beautiful.

Subject WILL YOU BE SAVED?

It turns out we were wrong about the apocalypse coming in the year 2000, but

THE TIME IS NEAR YET AGAIN.

After careful reinterpretation of scripture and medieval predictions, we have discovered the day of destruction will be
MAY 12, 2003.

What implications does this date have? it is indeed the EXACT middle of spring.

Head over to **www.methodistlawnwear.com** and purchase some of our latest products. our highly educated
scholars are predicting that places in heaven will be distributed based on the neatness of your garden.

Subject INCREASE YOUR PENIS SIZE IN TWO DAYS!

**WAIT, YOU OPENED THIS EMAIL IN HOPES OF INCREASING YOUR
PENIS SIZE?**

Retard. You are such a loser. How small is it? Do you have to use tweezers to jerk off?
Even if we could increase your penis size in two days, no one would see it, except maybe one of your cats.

Here's an idea:

Instead of spending money on useless penis enlarging creams and pumps,
why don't you put that money to good use?

For only \$4.99 you can receive a lifetime subscription to

www.JustFuckingKillYourself.com

for a list of clean and easy ways to commit suicide.

Face it.

You have a small penis and will die a virgin anyway, get it over with now.

Sincerely,
JustFuckingKillYourself Inc.

ASK THE PLAGUE PSYCHIATRIST

The Plague Psychiatrist will make you feel better about your loser self! Having strange dreams? Need advice because you can't solve your own pathetic problems? The Doctor is IN!

Dear Plague Psychiatrist:

I am an American G.I. operating in the harsh wilderness of Afghanistan. However, yesterday I was bitten by a deadly taipan, indicating that I was actually lost in the lush jungles of southern India. This brings me to my riddle: is a trapezoid a type of rhombus?

As my memory serves, "rhombus" is just a fancy word for "faggot." I suggest you let the venom overtake you and pass on to the next life, where gays -- or rhombuses -- are acceptable.

Dear Plague Psychiatrist:

I'm worried that my grandfather might be depressed and even suicidal. You see, I've noticed that he never wears any butt-less chaps. Therefore, my only rationale is that he must be secretly cutting himself on the buttocks and trying to hide it. What should I do?

You should immediately cut off your grandfather's hands so that he can no longer slice at his buttocks. A good rule of psychology is to assume that any old man not wearing butt-less chaps is suicidal and needs to be de-handled.

Dear Plague Psychiatrist:

My family and I live on a raft that floats down the Mosquito River in Chile. What are your suggestions for rearing children in a situation like mine?

You should teach them the basics, like potty training, chewing their food properly, and how to row your precarious home away from waterfalls while you are taking a nap (we know mommies need their "me time," even when they live on a raft). If possible, though, I suggest you go back to the drawing board and give birth to children who are resistant to malaria.

Dear Plague Psychiatrist:

I dream that I am being chased by a giant

strawberry wearing a porkpie hat. He chases me to a precipice and says "Fuckin' Beatles." What does this mean?

Possibly, you could have worms. However, it is also possible that you are sexually aroused by worms. This is going to complicate the fact that you have worms. You could also be bulimic. Or sexually aroused by bulimics. Never write to this magazine again, freak.

Dear Plague Psychiatrist:

I'm really depressed over breaking up with my boyfriend. I am needy and alone. I've been eating Twinkies nonstop and listening to country music. How do I get out of this funk?

Wow, that sucks. Yesterday I was watching these late-night infomercials about starving children in Africa who are dying of gangrene. Then I remembered my brother, who ate some bad Spam and bled from his rectum for 3 yea; he died 2 days ago. Coincidentally, that was the anniversary of the day my mother was hit by a Diaper Delivery truck, which is ironic because she was pregnant at the time. Well, I have to go to chemotherapy now, but I'm really sorry about your boyfriend and I know you'll be on the up and up ASAP!!

Dear Plague Psychiatrist:

I am a good-looking jock who usually gets all the girls, but lately I've nto been able to score at all! I think its because I have a strange disease where patches of my skin fall off, leaving odd, glossy reflective surfaces all over my body. My love life depends on my getting rid of this weird mirror-rash. What do I do?

Don't worry, what you're experiencing is a perfectly normal part of growing up!



Everybody turns into mirrors eventually, it's just that some of us are early bloomers. Don't get too despondent. Try reading some inspirational literature, such as The Catcher in the Rye, and listening to calming music such as REM's "Everybody Hurts." You will be a happier, healthier person in no time! P.S. What are the exact names and numbers of the women who rejected you?

Dear Plague Psychiatrist:

I'm starting to question my sexuality. I used to think I was straight, but now I see this guy who makes my heart flutter! Is this normal?

Of course not. You're different and that's bad. We don't serve your kind here.

Dear Plague Psychiatrist:

The ghostly figure of a young girl haunts my dreams. She is standing in a clearing pointing to a burning house. I feel as if she's trying to tell me something. What do you think?

It is possible that you are afflicted with an intense fear of baby talk because of your inability to communicate with the girl.

Dear Plague Psychiatrist:

I am a 73-year-old man who has qualified for the Miss Universe pageant through a loophole, though I do resemble an attractive mature woman when I put my hair up in my headband (with matching socks). Should I enter the beauty contest?

Why not? I've got a size 12/14 phoofy blue dress that would be perfect for the occasion.



club events calendar

Asian Club: Daily meeting between classes at Gould Plaza

Can't wait to commute back to Flushing or Brooklyn to be with other Asians? Come to our meeting, where not only can you go over your Accounting, Finance, Pre-Med, or Computer Science homework, but you can also catch a sneak preview of the new Jackie Chan film *Me No Speak English*. Only Asian people allowed. We will be checking IDs and measuring penises at the door--18 and over, 5 inches or less.

WHAP (We Honor All Perverts): Disney Dress-Up Night

This week's theme will be the Country Bears. Whoever dresses up as Country Bear Zeb will receive extra-special "punishment." And when we say "punishment," we mean we will whip you like a black man.

Anti-Hunger Club: Help The Homeless!

We all realize that making sandwiches for homeless people is pointless. Sandwiches are usually sold for crack or bartered over games of chess. That's why instead of giving homeless people food, we will be distributing hand jobs for men and stank pussy licking for women.

Lonely Club: Another Saturday Night

Realize that you have no friends at NYU and no one loves you. Eat lunch alone, eat dinner alone, sit alone in your room and stare at the wall. Pick up a gun and point it to your head. Realize you haven't bought bullets yet. Masturbate yourself to sleep. Repeat.

Speech and Debate Club: Special Topics

This week we discuss our most pressing issue yet: Should midgets be considered citizens? They currently have the same rights as everyone else, but there may be reasons for this to change. For instance, why should us normal-sized folk have to expend the extra energy of bringing stools to the polls so that those tiny bastards can vote?

Pride Month 2002: Coming Out to Your Grandparents!

At this event, we gather your grandparents—a group of old-fashioned, churchgoing retirees who delighted in pushing you on a swing when you were younger—so that you can tell them of your affection for double-donged dildos and the joys of licking a man's asshole. The elderly will also be treated to scenes of puppetry in which John Wayne dabbles in transgenderism and a light show in which your baby picture is superimposed over a photo of you sucking another man's cock.

Phi Iota Alpha: Party!!!

Dude, this is a fraternity so we're like totally gonna party and go fucking nuts! There's gonna be tons of booze and hot chicks, and everyone's gonna be at the frat house. It's gonna be so wild and...oh wait, we're a frat at NYU? So you mean we don't have a frat house? And we can only sign in like 3 people? And everyone at NYU thinks frats are pointless and gay? Oh. Well, we'll be in the common room watching *Animal House* then...yeah, fucking A!

"Teasing the Fat Girl into Suicide" Club: General Meeting

You know Franny Morris, the overweight nerd who thought that things would get better once she entered the more accepting world of college? Well, we're here to tell her that they won't. At this meeting, our special guests will be the 5 guys whom Franny allowed to jerk off onto her face because it was the closest thing she'd ever had to affection from a boy. Also, we'll be putting the final touches on Franny's gravestone. *Meets at: Franny's dorm room, from 6 p.m. until whenever she finally cuts her fat fucking throat.*

The Eating Out Bob Uecker's Pussy Club: Weekly Meeting

At this club we write speculative fiction about what it would be like if baseball announcer Bob Uecker had a pussy and we could eat it out. This week's imaginary setting: an airport luggage check.

Minetta Review: Another Stephanie Poem

This week our president Stephanie will read yet another poem about her ex-boyfriend Deke, making it her 35th installment in the series. I mean, didn't this guy dump her like 8 months ago? This is just getting sad; this girl needs to get laid hardcore. I think this poem is about the time they went skydiving together and he said he loved her. Jeez, I don't know how much more of this I can take. Someone just shoot me now.

Korean Christian Fellowship: A Night Of Fellowship

We here at KCF are the only true place for Asian Christians at NYU to get their Jesus fix. Don't believe the hype about Korean Catholics United, Asian Baptist Koinonia, Korea Campus Crusade For Christ, or the South Asian Christian Fellowship. (Especially the South Asian Christian Fellowship!) They're all just impostors and have vastly inferior fellowship. Sure, go fellowship with those losers, and see if it gets you saved. KCF seriously doubts it. So come fellowship with us. Enjoy free pizza and see why our fellowshiping was voted "best fellowshiping in New York State" by *Asian Bullshit Magazine*.

The Plague brings you the guide to...

THE SHAPIRO CENTER FOR STUDENT LIFE

Well, it's a new year, and with that comes NYU's new Harold Shapiro Center for University Life on the midtown campus. After the building of the Washington Square campus' Kimmel Center, NYU students who take classes in midtown Manhattan rallied to have their own center for student life built. Naturally, I could not wait to see the opening of this beautiful building. Luckily for me, NYU has allowed me to tour the new building in order to write a review for *The Plague*, so here goes.

As I walked up the grand staircase and began to grab the door-knob to this great edifice, I felt elated--almost to the point where I felt as though all the blood was rushing out of me. Upon taking a look down, however, I realized that the doorknob was not a doorknob but instead a large shard of glass coated with a thin film of rust and that my blood was indeed rushing out of me at an incredible rate. I wasn't about to let that mishap ruin my tour, so after a quick bandaging, it was off to the second floor.

What I first noticed as I passed through the lobby and entered the elevator was the implementation of NYU's new Toleration First program. You may have heard about this program, which includes monthly lectures on cultural acceptance, cultural outings in and around our great city, and, in the case of the Shapiro Center, segregated elevators. There is a black elevator and a white elevator--meaning literally that one elevator is painted white and one is painted black. A person of any race can ride in either elevator so as to demonstrate the success of civil rights. As for the second floor, can somebody say romance?! The second floor is the perfect lounge-type atmosphere for two individuals to come together and fornicate. The accents that set this loving mood are pastel walls, freshly cut roses all around, various scented candles, and of course the new Goldman Center for Coat Hanger Abortions of Unwanted Fetuses. It's like an all-in-one place to reap the benefits of sex while avoiding the responsibilities of parenthood.

Next I toured the Shapiro Center Theatre, which happens to be the most technically advanced theatre in midtown Manhattan. Here NYU protection guards in training are tied to chairs and forced to watch videos of Nazi soldiers marching to the tunes of Beethoven.

After seeing the theatre, I was hungry and decided to try out the new Shapiro Cafeteria. I was especially impressed by the diversity of this new dining center. In compliance with the



The new Shapiro Center for Student Life rivals the Empire State Building in the number of fire escapes.

Toleration First program, there are two sections in the cafeteria, a black one and a white one, meaning literally that one is painted white and the other is for black people only.

Finally, I reached the library. Here I found my only complaint against the Shapiro Center. I simply feel that the library is a place very conducive towards violent crimes against women. I feel this way because the library is poorly lit, has many secluded corners, is open 24 hours a day, and has a book section entitled "How to Rape Young Women in This Library".

Last, but not least, I traveled to the grand solarium. The solarium is unique in that it provides a beautiful view of Manhattan as well as of student suicides. NYU realized that trying to prevent student suicides through counseling and support groups does not work, so they are once again showing care for students by actually aiding us in taking our own lives. These aids include an escalator that leads from the solarium to the top of the roof. The escalator passes signs that say things such as "Just Do It," "You Have Nothing to Offer," and "If You Can't Handle School, How Will You Handle Real Life?" Once on the roof, students can use one of five diving boards to jump onto several targets on the ground. These targets include a bull's-eye made of metal spikes and a picture of the gates of heaven. The Shapiro Center is truly a welcome addition to NYU, and I look forward to its grand opening.

Since his "death," Tupper has released three movies, at least three LRs, and has done numerous duets. Why so much in so little time?

The Plague, page 31

Jose's Mexican Food

The only place where we can refuse to serve you soda!

Other restaurants will say they don't sell soda, but then if you buy a six-pack of RC cola and leave it in their fridge, and then you come back seven months later and whisper "How much for a can of that RC that you have in your fridge?" they will tell you "Ah, take it for free" and then, if you say "I insist on paying," they will say "Alright, 5 cents." So come to Jose's, where you will never buy soda no matter what the price.

Look for our three locations inside the Shapiro center!

Because it's the last issue and Chazz Palminteri sez so...

The Plague explains the...

WAYS TO GET YOUR DOG TO STOP HUMPING YOU

- Hump him back
- Dress up another male dog as a female, let him go to town, then tell him afterwards
- Dress up your little brother like a lady dog
- Yell at him like the dirty commie he is
- Make him watch *Old Yeller* over and over and over again
- Why make him stop?

MOVIES THAT NEVER CAME OUT

- Spike Lee's *Nell: Sistah's Got a Story to Tell*
- Movie positively depicting Mexicans
- *Jews vs. Dracula*
- YYY
- *Mike Klein's Day Off*
- *Girls Gone Senile*

HOW DID HARRY HOUDINI DIE?

- Alone on a park bench
- Baked in the center of a muffin
- Got punched in the chest by Paula Poundstone
- It's not important how he died, but rather how he lived!
- Tied girlfriend's fallopian tubes together and couldn't untie them; nagged to death afterwards
- With dignity
- Trying to suck his own cock
- Locked himself out of his house, starved to death trying to get in
- Severe paper cut
- I saw him at Pizza Hut yesterday, you bastards. Someday you'll learn the truth!

REASONS WHY NYU'S NATIONAL RATING DROPPED

- All the hot girls burned up in 9/11
- Too many Jews
- Because Queens Community College got really fucking good

THINGS DOOMED FROM THE BEGINNING

- Crystal Pepsi
- NYU Security
- Desegregated schools
- MC Hammer's next album (the dance was too hard to learn)
- Pogs
- DOOM
- Islam
- Jerry's Kids

NEW KINDS OF CANDY

- Ku Klux Bars
- Pop's Rocks
- Alroids: The Curiously Small-Prick Mints
- Charleston Shoe
- I Can't Believe It's Not Mayo!

THINGS YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO TELL YOUR HIGH-SCHOOL PRINCIPAL

- The gym teacher won't stop talking about his elephantitis
- His son gets raped in the bathroom
- Power through fear was more effective when my priest did it
- I'm gay because of you
- Why didn't we ever hook up?
- God isn't real and neither are Europeans or AIDS
- Sorry I had sex with your daughter; I should have waited until she was in high school
- You touched my soul with your ribaldry
- I'm ambivalent about the fact that you invented Chinese finger traps

WHAT THE WORLD WOULD BE LIKE IF SEMEN WAS THE BEST TASTING THING IN THE WORLD

- Richard Simmons would be Iron Chef

WHAT WOULD JIM VARNEY BE DOING IF HE WERE ALIVE?

- *Ernest Kills All Americans* video series
- Demonstrating his magnetic powers at carnivals and jails across our great nation
- Selling flutes
- Who's Jim Varney? (*I will kill whoever wrote this. Hide. -Ed.*)
- Beating the shit out of Dom DeLuise on *Celebrity Boxing*
- Educating people about the lung cancer that will eventually kill him
- Reading *War and Peace*
- Fucking J. Lo
- *Ernest Goes to Chemo*

NEW TRICKS YOU CAN TEACH YOUR SENILE GRANDMOTHER

- Pulling out plugs
- Giving me her Social Security check
- Fellating
- Turning on/off her hearing aid
- Turning on/off her clitoris
- Taking out her dentures
- How to convict a minority in a rape trial when it was clearly done by a white person
- How to reactivate her ovaries
- Anti-senility
- How to kill herself and save me money
- How to manage my *Moonlighting*-themed nightclub

WAYS MARIAH CAREY CAN MAKE A COMEBACK

- Get pregnant, give birth on TV, and then eat the baby on the radio
- Deep-throat Steven Seagal in a ninja movie about Alaska
- Fire a gun up her twat, survive, live to be 800 years old, and then stab a blind man in the knees
- Didn't you hear? She died today.
- On the rails taking trains to Montego Bay

WHOLE WIDE WORLD

WHAT CAN WE LEARN FROM CHRISTOPHER REEVE?

- Riding horses turns you into a non-walking fag
- When you lose the ability to move after playing a character who could fly in the movies, you're an ironic fucking retard
- It's funny when Dad is better than Christopher Reeve
- Evil will always triumph over good
- Movie stars have all the fun
- How not to ride a horse

THINGS I'M GOING TO DO AFTER COLLEGE

- Win the Special Olympics, but when I get my medal, reveal that I'm normal and then laugh at everyone crying
- Become a freelance gynecologist and have a blood alcohol level higher than my GPA
- Commit a school shooting at my son's high school for nostalgia's sake
- Come back to see *Plague* shows with my ambiguously gay big mess of a roommate
- Give birth to 12 babies, all of them dead, and then eat them with fava beans
- Eat a whole pie

KMART AD SLOGANS

- Your child needs a baby-sized push-up bra, and that is what we sell at Kmart
- Loosest slots in town!
- Kmart is S-mart
- The highest salary on the below-minimum-wage side
- Our products almost work
- We stopped beating our workers

NEW OCD's

- Must take self-diagnosing OCD test 200 times in a row even though I always fail it
- People who eat shit compulsively

NEW DEFINITIONS FOR OLD WORDS

- Cockpit - A vagina
- Penis - Plague-member lollipop
- Insight - An object which measures tidal wave patterns
- German shepherd - A new kind of taco that has less lettuce than cheese but more sour cream than meat
- Twilight - Three slices of mutton and a photograph of naked Chinese children
- Immunize - A dance

REASONS TO WEAR A BATHING SUIT IN THE SHOWER

- You are showering next to a priest - it should be more of a slow seduction
- Because you're showering in a port-a-potty
- You braid your pubic hair
- It's rough being 16 and still showering with your father
- You glued it to your hairy ass
- You're tired of listening to your balls argue over why buns come in 8-packs while burgers come in 6
- Neatly trimmed pubic hair illicitly instinctive attack/jerk-off response from voyeur barn owl
- You're culturing yeast for your baking needs
- You have a freakishly overgrown clit
- You just ate a plate of nachos off your crotch and the smell is too good to be true...or to be lost
- Cuz Chazz Palminteri sez so

MUSICALS PROFITING FROM URINETOWN'S SUCCESS

- Someone Was Hacking into My E-mail Account: The Musical
- Itsy Bitsy Spider Who Lived in Urinetown
- This Theater Has Asbestos
- New York City-town

SIGNS YOU'RE GOING TO BECOME A SERIAL KILLER

- The only thing you wonder about the killers in the Hannibal Lecter movies is why you always see their balls
- When you finger fuck, you're actually just sticking your dick into a hollowed-out finger
- Black people's corpses litter your rec room
- You use your phone book not as a place to get phone numbers, but as a list of names of people you want to stab in the tits
- Cuz Chazz Palminteri sez so
- There are bones of fifteen boys buried in your basement and you have another boy handcuffed to your bar table while you, dressed in a clown suit, scream "Nnnnaaaarrrr, I'm gonna rape you"

IF GEORGE HARRISON WERE STILL ALIVE, MAN I WOULD LOVE TO...

- Gut him like a fish
- Have him use his powers to resurrect my mother...after I gut her like a fish
- Call him a wife-beating drunk in front of blind children
- Lick Rebecca Romijn-Stamos's ass
- Stab him, fail to kill him, then give him brain cancer two years later
- Put him on the episode of *The Osbournes* when Jack loses his virginity
- Experiment on him with probes, chemicals, enemas, and a gaggle of starving penguins
- Ask him if he was in the Beatles
- Remind him that even though he's alive now, one day he will die, probably soon

REASONS NOT TO VOTE

- You have no arms and it's embarrassing to vote with your teeth

Be Our Guest at the...

The 23rd Annual (And Final) Plague Prom

When? Friday, May 9, 2002

Where? Thompson Center Auditorium

Attire? Dress as you would for Candace Bergen's funeral

Still not convinced? Well, besides having the chance to dance the night away to the best in 80s pop, you'll also get to party with the following *Child Beauty Pageant Contestants*:



Madison Ripley

Age: 7

Home State: Montana

Likes: Britney Spears' music, Britney Spears' restaurant, and Britney Spears' washboard abs.

Dislikes: The fact that I'm not as sexy as Britney Spears.



Kaitlyn Tompkins

Age: 8 and growing fast!

Home State: Montana

Likes: *Sabrina the Teenage Witch*; when I got to live with the foster family.

Dislikes: Playing Twister with Daddy.



Jenny Lynne

Age: I'm not telling you!

Home State: Montana

Likes: Barbie dolls, bubblegum, and long moonlit walks across the beach.

Dislikes: Not being allowed to have a real childhood.

- And after partying your balls off at the Plague Prom, make sure to join the *Plague* writers on their newest venture: producing the website "lilFartEgg," the homepage for escaped convict and prostitute Martha Quinn.


So go to <http://www.geocities.com/lilfartegg> and live vicariously through Ms. Quinn. You won't regret that you did!



Because the magazine is ending, we will be helping Martha with the upkeep of her website and storefront in a Cleveland, Ohio ghetto. Martha Quinn is best known for her various appearances on *The Tonight Show* in the mid-70s. She lived in Hollywood at the time and could consistently be seen sitting in the 4th row in the audience.

Plague Doorknob Signs

For Any Room



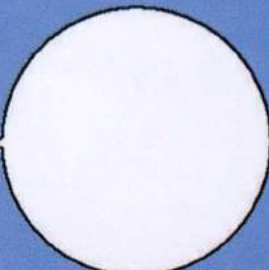
Myths and Truths About Doorknobs:

Myth: Turning a doorknob will open a door.
Truth: Turning a doorknob will activate a machine located at the center of the Earth that captures cute kittens and crushes their skulls.

Myth: A doorknob is a harmless inanimate object.
Truth: The doorknob coalition is secretly gathering right now in their headquarters in Mexico City to finalize their plan in which they would gain control of all the world's money supply and overthrow the entire human race.

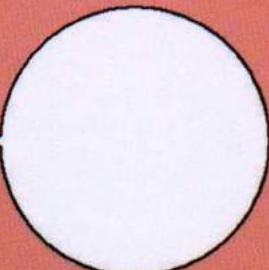
Read more truths about doorknobs in my new book, *Doorknobs Are More Evil Than Jesus*.

For the Bedroom



Do NOT Enter!
I'm in here having sex
with a really hot chick...
Okay, she's not *that* hot...
And she's sort of
dismembered, but one leg
is better than none,
right?.. Alright fine!
There is no girl in here,
Just me jerking it to some
documentary footage of
leg operations. Can you
maybe bring me a towel?

For the Bathroom



**Might as well
find yourself
another toilet
'cause I'm totally
watching *Cybil*
right now**



Are you having a merry Christmas? Well, little Kwame certainly isn't. The only thing he's had to eat recently is a piece of his own umbilical cord his parents preserved at his birth. It's down to the last 12 centimeters. Yes, a dire situation indeed.

Normally this is where we would be asking you for money to feed young Kwame, but our country is under attack, and it's time we start taking care of our own. So instead, we urge you to send your dollars and cents stateside to the small town of Little Grove, VT so you can sponsor a special 8-year-old boy named Bobby Freeman.



Little Bobby doesn't come from an impoverished background. No, instead his parents own and manage a designer leotard factory that makes all the ballerina outfits for episodes of sitcoms that feature scenes involving ballet.

And no, we're not asking you to keep little Bobby alive with food. We're asking you to keep little Bobby delighted with fudge by sending your money to the...

Bobby Needs Fudge Fund ©

Bobby first experienced fudge during a school field trip to the Statue of Liberty. Viewing the wonders of Lady Liberty had already lifted Bobby's spirits, and when the class reached the torch and the tour guides began serving fudge, little Bobby had reached his nirvana.

As he came down from his fudge high on the bus trip back, Bobby realized his life's purpose was – to fill his already obese frame with as much fudge as he could carry in a sack.



Unfortunately for Bobby, the state of Vermont has frowned upon the sale of fudge ever since its founder died in the Fudge Wars of 1872. However will Bobby get his fudge? Why... by you sending his parents money so that they can pay for the purchase and shipping and handling fees of out-of-state fudge.



Says Mrs. Freeman, Bobby's mother: "You would think that wealthy factory owners would be able to keep their eight-year-old son in fudge, but you'd be wrong."

"All the boy ever thinks about is fudge – whether he's in the bathroom, in the library, even when he's eating fudge. Scratch that, especially when he's eating fudge."



So send your money today. Some of the proceeds will go towards Bobby's Heart – a special fund created to pay for this special, grotesquely obese third-grader's many visits to the emergency room for open-heart surgery. Send today and you will receive a free "I Do Give Fudge" T-shirt or tote bag. Please give today.

