

The Plague

Spooky
Edition!



Book
OPRAH'S
Club

In loving memory...



In the summer of 1998, Brooke, Caitlin and Aimee disappeared while camping in the woods outside of White Mountain, NH.

This magazine was found in the cave where their bags were recovered. Everything in this booklet, including this message, was written by these brave, popular girls.

GO BOBCATS FIELD HOCKEY '09!

LEMONADE! (CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!)

CRUNCHY ICE! (CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!)

BEAT 'EM ONCE (CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!)

BEAT 'EM TWICE (CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!)

GO, FIGHT, WIN, LADYCATS 'TIL THE END!

"We are not going to achieve a new world order without paying for it in blood as well as in words and in dick jokes."

-The Plague Doctor





The Plague

NYU's only intentionally funny publication

1978 - 2012

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(Editors note - just prior to publication, this section was heavily edited at the "insistence" of

[REDACTED] If anything should happen to The Plague's staff, it is important that you immediately

[REDACTED]

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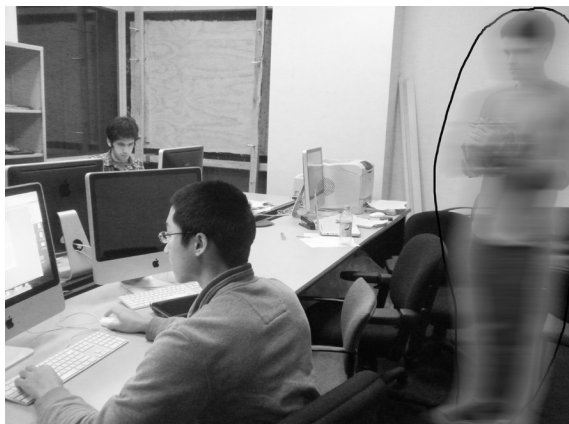


STAVES



arl Heiland

President



Karl Heiland (1878-1926) was a famous German occultist and a professor at New York University. He was best known in academia for using Freudian analysis

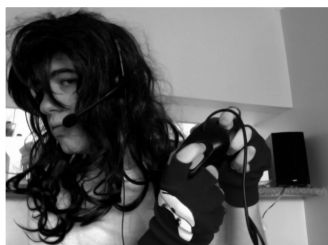
as a tool for understanding the emotions of ghosts. After receiving a chili pepper rating on ratemyprofessor.com, he decided to start hosting decadent intercollegiate orgies in his home, a tradition that his students fondly referred to as “Professor Heiland’s extended office hours.”

In 1926, Dr. Heiland met his tragic demise in NYU’s publications lab. He was making an etching of a heretic text when a crate filled with copies of *The Plague* magazine mysteriously slid off of its shelf and crushed him.

Since his death, Dr. Heiland has been a mainstay on the NYU publications scene. He has helped edit all of the university’s major journals, but he always jokes that he has a special debt to *The Plague*. For all that he’s done for us over the years, we’d like to extend our warm regards to the inimitable Dr. Heiland. We hope you are proud of this issue, Professor H.

Michael Abraham

Vice President



Michael Abraham was born a gamer girl and died a gamer girl and was reborn a comedy writer. From a young age, he was raised to be able to hold his own against his online peers. His favorite game and first object of sexual desire was Sonic the Hedgehog, followed by Tetris. Eventually Mountain Dew®

sponsored Michael, although they only paid him in bitcoins.

During what's now believed to have been a somewhat suspect online drug deal, Michael's online presence became the victim of collateral damage. Forced off the grid, Michael decided to study comedy in the hopes of fooling everybody into believing that he had a sense of humor about the whole incident.

This year is his first as vice president of The Plague, and he's very excited to expose lots of secrets about NYU and the world around us. This issue required lots of hard work and elbow grease, but it owes much of its existence to its generous corporate sponsors:

citibank®



Michael would like to thank, accuse, and apologize to his parents.

Gilbert Shi

Secretary



Gilbert “The Denim Boy Scout” Shi is the sole survivor of the tragic plane crash that claimed the lives of the other original members of Kidz Bop. Gilbert was able to survive by eating the bodies of his former fellow child performers and then using his cell phone to call for help. Entering adulthood, he joined the Illuminati’s accounting division, but was soon kicked out after spilling soda all over the sacrificial skull. Unemployed and in need of guidance, Gilbert then visited the Witch of Plague from whom he learned that he will die in an accident involving a ferris wheel, two chain saws, and a blindfold. He hopes that his probably gruesome death will be turned into a funny GIF and requests that his body be cremated and his ashes blown into his enemies’ eyes.

Colette Porter

Treasurer

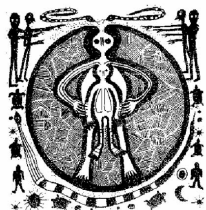


Colette Porter is undeniably the only person qualified to be treasurer of the Plague because she really treasures the Plague. Indeed over the past several months, Colette has learned to truly appreciate the Plague for who it is. Though the Plague sometimes feels insecure about its size, Colette actually loves that it’s five by seven inches with a glossy finish.

When the Plague can’t make up its mind between 32 colored pages and 44, Colette loves it all the more. Everyday, she looks deep into the Plague’s eyes and tries to make it feel special, and she would easily take a bullet for the Plague. That’s what love is all about. That’s what being a treasurer is all about.

Lucas Brown

Denim Connoisseur

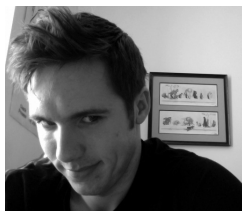


Lucas Brown doesn't take no shit from nobody. The son of an offshore fisherman, Brown spends most of his time in dirty, dingy basements, mostly among the scoundrels of the Earth. He loves a good game of Spin the Milk, and allegedly killed the last man that asked him how to play. The most recent depiction to date is this self-portrait, dating back to 1974, found in the stall of the bathroom down the hall from the music department in the Silver

Center. Best. Bathroom. Ever.

Sawyer Huff

Soy Daddy



Sawyer "Soy-Daddy" Huff is the illegitimate rectum child of David Bowie and Elton John. He has earned the nickname "Soy-Daddy" by assuming a fatherly role in nearly every human relationship that he forms. As the mother and birth vehicle, Elton vehemently denies this claim and has stirred up considerable tabloid controversy over it. Soy-Daddy occasionally tears a switch off the nearest tree during debate and approaches whomever he is with, breathing

"You gon' talk to your daddy like that, son?"

Inhwan Chi

Commuter

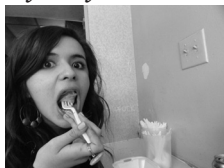


Inhwan Chi's a cool guy. He's a 20 year old virgin that masturbates everyday to furry porn, but still, he's a cool guy. He wears super cool clothing that his mom bought him at Macy's. He's always cool with the ladies, and they're always very impressed by his knowledge and wisdom - not so much his tiny Asian penis. Did I mention he's a cool guy? Because

he is. He's so cool his breath smells like peppermint. Yeah, peppermint.

Rubi Mora

Dynasty Warrior



Rubi Mora was born in the summer of her 27th year, into an illegitimate branch of the Kardashyan dynasty. After thoroughly fucking shit up in her small seaside town, she started a nonprofit website that caters to fans of light bondage who also want to stand up to Multiple Sclerosis. Her hobbies include crossword puzzles and screaming into pillows. She lives in New York with a lesbian

couple who is hoping she'll be more than just their friend, but she's worried about ruining the friendship—it is not them, it is her.

Brent Peaslee

Grad Student



His first love is comedy and his second is pumpkin pie. Best known for his catch phrase “That Ain’t My Baby”, this American native was awarded a full-ride to NYU for teaching Jenga to inner city children. His biggest fears are culture intolerance and Mexicans. Look to the shelves this spring for his latest book “Your Mother’s Gotta Go!”, on fun ways to deal with euthanasia.

Jordan A. Rubio

Jordan A. Rubio



He is a man of few words, mostly because his vocabulary is quite small but he is working on that. He began his life in a small town in North Carolina, but was later chased out after killing too many local panthers (the state animal of the North Carolina) with his bare baby hands. He now lives in New York, but still kills panthers with his bare (no longer baby) hands. In between panther killing sessions he writes stuff down with hope that people wont notice that he is in fact covered in panther blood, wearing a tracksuit made of panther tongues, and also forgot to shower that morning. Jordan also makes bi-monthly donations to PETA.

Spencer Sapienza*HR Coordinator*

his puppetry career.

Spencer Sapienza has an adorably crippling fear of disappointing people and hopes you enjoyed his contributions to the Plague. He wrote the piece you liked the best. Spencer likes long walks at sunset and a good pair of night vision goggles. He hopes his newfound literary fame will launch

Gabi Lenhard*Ancient Mayan*

Gabi Lenhard hails from Ridgewood, New Jersey, and currently resides in New York city as a freshman student at NYU. A brief stint living among the Grey Wolf population of Minnesota after high school left her with many lacerations and the desire to pursue writing. Gabi now studies Dramatic Writing in the Tisch School, and spends her free time unicycling and drinking mint juleps.

Aimee Lam*Black Inches Liaison*

Missing.



Since *The Plague's* founding in 1978, *Black Inches* has been there to offer its invaluable guidance and party promoting services. For those of our readers not in the know, *Black Inches* is a monthly publication exhibiting the tasteful, sensual, and sometimes creamy side of the black experience in America. Moreover, it's a New York institution and an essential part of all of our experiences at New York University. This year marks the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of *Black Inches*, which we're proud to be able to call our sister publication. We at *The Plague* would like to dedicate this page to fifty years of solidarity, growth, and of course, black inches.

Signs That You Might Have a Ghost Fetish

You like to get the jizz scared out of you.

There's a third hole in the sheet for your Halloween costume.

You can only get off in night vision.

Staying at a haunted house is your idea of the perfect honeymoon.

You call your sex organ the "Ghostbuster."

You've used ectoplasm as lube.

They say around here that your balls carry an ancient curse.

You're pregnant but your ultrasound just shows a blank space.

You buy condoms "haunted for her pleasure."

You get turned on whenever it's foggy outside.

Overheard at Bobst

“Hey, could you watch my laptop for me?”

“I’m sorry?”

“Could you just watch my stuff for a sec while I go to the bathroom?”

“To the bathroom?”

“Well yeah, I’ve been up here studying, drinking coffee all day—”

“The bathroom? This isn’t really about the bathroom is it, Michael, this is about Candice.”

“No it’s... it’s... Well she said she’d meet me downstairs in ten minutes and—”

“Michael, you really don’t remember do you? Candice didn’t make it out of that house; she was babysitting for the Callahans when that old mansion burned to the ground. Candice has been dead for twenty years Michael; Candice has been dead for twenty years.”

“I know that Teresa. There’s just one thing you have forgotten.”

“... ”

“We were in that house with Candice, Teresa. We died that night too.”

THE END

The following is a letter received by a member of our executive board on the first day of NYU's Fall 2011 Semester:

To My Son –

Your mother and I are so proud of you. It's always been a dream of ours to raise a boy who writes for a widely acclaimed college humor magazine, and today, when you go back to school, you'll have made us the happiest parents on earth. It's because of such an occasion and my unabashed, sometimes inappropriate sentimentality that I want to leave you with a few words of advice about this art we call "comedy."

First off, it will always be funny when a man forgets his hat somewhere. This was funny when I was your age and it will be funny when you're my age. I can't explain why, but this was the basis of every comedy my buddies and I would watch in elementary school, which back then went from first to seventh grade. It's not a popular thing now, but it will be true comedy to the very end.

You were the kind of kid who spent the ages seven through nine sketching moths in his room. I didn't think I could make things make sense to you back then, and lord knows I didn't try. You've grown a lot since then, but I don't think you were ever ready to understand how funny it is when a boy is lousy at football

and can't play with his friends. My buddies and I used to steal your step grandpa's old pigskin humor rags and read it in the athletic shed after school. I could hear those jokes a million times and they'd never get old.

That reminds me of another thing: It will always be funny when the main character's Jewish neighbor goes out to the store and it starts raining, and terrified, he starts boiling and melting. That kind of stuff is timeless and dead-on, because everybody's got a neighbor like that. If I had to rank my favorite jokes, that'd be number two. Or maybe number three, just below those few times your sister hit you. I could list things all days that I think are funny, and that'd still be up there at number three.

I know you don't want to hear ramble, that must be really uncool of me. But it's my job to be uncool. Just remember that whatever you do, your mom and I are sure it'll crack us up because we love you.

With love,
Your Father

Fun Facts

- Racist ancient Egyptians believed that shadow people were musical and athletic.
- On the seventh page of the seventh book on the seventh shelf on the seventh floor of Bobst lies the secret to manipulating the fabric of time. The next page holds the secret to removing wrinkles from the fabric of collared shirts.

Commuter Bliss

It is summertime, which can only mean a good time downtown. As I anxiously wait for my morning train, I think of all the people I am about to subtly molest. I sit in the middle seat, as always, and wait for my prey. The subway car begins to fill up, and the passengers are bunching up next to each other. Hurrah! Not one, but two, yes, two reluctant girls (probably still in high school, or middle school - you can't tell these days) sit on the seats on either side of me, as of yet still coiling their legs to avoid brushing up against my sturdy, manly legs. I smile a small smile, and wait; sure enough, as time passes by and the initial anxiety of sitting next to a total stranger subsides, both girls ease up and open up their legs for me. It is time to make my next move. I push my ass against the seat, and feel the two asses sandwich me like something of a soft-core threesome. By now, the motion of the subway has hypnotized the girls to a mellow lull, and they remain unaware of this slight invasion of privacy. I close my eyes and make out the bouncing of two pairs of tits as the subway rocks up and down, up and down, until I cannot stop myself and edge my elbow to gently brush it against the bigger boob of the two on either side of me. I make it last a long, oh so long second, and I withdraw just as the girl begins to tilt her head to look at her boob, then my elbow, and then straight into my eyes, which have been waiting, dying to make contact. I give her a knowing smile. She coyly smiles back. She wants to fuck.

As the two girls get off the train, I wait for my next meal. My whole being is aching to make some bodily contact. Any body will do; I would love to sit next to a homeless vagrant, and have his sour smell infuse my entire being. But something even better arrives in the subway car, like two huge ebony blimps. Yes, it's two, two fat black women approaching the seats on either side of me, and I anticipate the squeeze my body is to endure, oh so willingly. They sit, and at once their thighs surround me from everywhere. They both have an enormous pair of boobies, only to be found on plump black women. The boobies fly across my arms, and I feel so alive. My face becomes red from such an invigorating experience, that of sitting in between the fine bovine ladies next to me. I try to hide my raging boner, but after a while, I feel content in just letting the whole world see my manhood in all its glory. But, in the subway, no one seems to mind. As I sit in an ocean of thighs, I think to myself, "I love my morning commute."



NYU ORGANIZATIONS EXPOSED

ALL THE FACTS...ALL THE NAMES

Program Board – NYU's Program Board says that they're here to provide quality events for the university's student body. But beyond their annual mystery concert, most students know little of the nature of most of Program Board's activities. Since the late 1990s, Program Board has been involved with hosting swinger parties all over the Greenwich Village area. Even more disturbing is that these parties seem to be advertised as all-ages affairs, with there being ties uncovered linking Program Board's present activities with low-budget child birthday entertainment services based in the city.

Minetta Review - The Minetta Review claims to be the oldest publication at NYU. However, records have been unearthed revealing that their magazine actually started as a LiveJournal community for Kingdom Hearts fanfiction in 2006.

Baedeker – NYU's travel magazine claims to be the school's worldliest publication. What they don't want you to know is that every picture in their magazine is actually taken from Google Street View.

The Journal of Politics and International Affairs – This magazine has known ties to Mugabe's regime in Zimbabwe, and it's suspected that a large portion of their funding comes from the country's nickel exports. Also, its entire staff is just on it so they can get into law school.

The Medical Dialogue Review – This seems like a legitimate academic forum to most, but the bulk of its research seems to come from illegal organ trading operations on the black market. Also, its entire staff is just on it so they can get into medical school.

Every NYU Improv Troupe – All of their shows are extensively rehearsed beforehand.

Hey honey!

I know how much you love Mad Libs, so I thought it'd be fun to make one for you. Here's your word key to fill out, and the Mad Lib is on the next page. (No peeking!) <3

- Cheryl

01. Your name

02. Adjective

03. Number

04. Noun

05. Length of time

06. Holiday

07. Relative

08. Illness

09. Adjective

10. Noun

11. Past tense verb

12. Past tense verb

13. Person

14. Restaurant

15. Noun

16. Your Best Friend

17. Noun

18. Room in a house

19. Verb

20. Noun

21. Location

22. Adjective

Dear _____ your name _____,

This letter wasn't _____ adjective _____ to write, but we've been together _____ number _____ years, and I want to be fair. I don't love you anymore. I haven't been in _____ noun _____ with you for _____ length of time _____. I realized it last _____ holiday _____, and I've only stayed with you because of your _____ relative _____'s _____ illness _____.

I feel so sexually _____ adjective _____. I can't remember the last time I didn't fake a _____ noun _____. You've never _____ past tense verb _____ me in the bedroom. On top of that, I know you _____ past tense verb _____ your _____ person _____. I saw you two together at _____ restaurant _____, and I found your used _____ noun _____. Well, I let _____ your best friend _____ give me a dirty _____ noun _____ in the _____ room in a house _____. I cried afterward.

I can't _____ verb _____ with you anymore. I've packed my _____ noun _____, and I'm leaving for _____ location _____. I'm not even angry with you anymore. I'm just _____ adjective _____.

Goodbye,
Cheryl

P.S. The fact that you play Mad Libs by yourself is fucking retarded.

The Origin of the “Cotton-Eyed Joe” Song

“Oh my god! Hey, man, are you alright? You’re all bloody...and naked.”

“I...I think I’m dying.”

“Just hang on, man. Jesus, you have cotton balls in your eye sockets. I’m calling an ambulance!”

“No! There’s no time! Before I die, I need you to do something for me.”

“Anything. Do you want me to get you some water? Maybe I can read you something from the Bible?”

“Find my family...My name is Joe. I’ve been married a long time ago.”

“I’ll find your family. Just tell me, where did you come from?”

“I went.”

“Huh? Where did you go? Where did you come from?”

“(gasping) Please...I need you to write a country folk song about me—a song that they’ll play at sporting events and middle school dances.”

“What?”

“There must be fiddle. Lots of fiddle.”

Graduation Speech

Good afternoon, teachers, parents, my fellow students—the time has come for change. As I look out at this sea of smiling faces, I am filled with happiness, nostalgia, and most of all, an overwhelming sense of accomplishment. There are so many memories of high school I will never forget—riding the bus every day, joking around with Mr. Daniels—COOLEST CHEMISTRY TEACHER EVER!! [pause for cheers], and of course, that time I fingered Lisa Buchowsky at Joey Chavez's Halloween party.

In the last few years, we've lost our baby fat, our middle school acne and even some of our innocence. I know that when I was fingering Lisa Buchowsky, I wondered which way my moral compass was pointing—although let me tell you, everything else seemed to be pointing up (and, admittedly, a little to the right). But I know in my heart that all of us have done right by me, your valedictorian/the founder of the district-wide Jeff Goldblum fan club, now in its second year [hold for applause].

Class of 2012, if we don't hold on to our dreams, they'll slip away. Take it from someone who knows a thing or two about slippery fingers, you need to hold onto what you believe in. Never give up.

We have always been taught not to judge a book by its cover. This fall, when we head off to college and embark on the unforgettable journey of a lifetime, we must always remember to look beneath the surface. I could've easily written Lisa Buchowsky off as just another girl with an adorable speech impediment and mild scoliosis and think she'd never



give me the time of day. But six cups of jungle juice later, my dreams came true. Still, don't be fooled: I had to work hard to achieve my goal. Think of where I would be on that cold autumn night if I hadn't dug deep and really put my nose to the grind—so to speak, of course, because Lisa wouldn't let me do the oral on her [hold for laughter].

I know I wasn't the most popular kid these past four years. Could've been the cystic acne that formed a delicate path down my neck and around my left shoulder. Heck, I may have even been wearing the wrong shade of guyliner all this time, but if there's one thing Lisa Buchowsky taught me, it's that it's what's on the inside that counts.

And anyway, it doesn't matter. Life finds a way. Life found me at Joey Chavez's Halloween party, and it can find you if you just believe. The time has come for us to spread our wings, 2012, like Lisa Buchowsky spread her legs to me that fateful October night.

Wherever you go, class of 2012, go with your head. Go with your heart. Go knuckle-deep or go home.

Thank you.

P.S. Lisa, in case you lost my number, it's 714-209-2284. I also wrote it in your yearbook, so please call me.

Dear Wingdings: An Advice Column ☝️☀️😊

Dear Wingdings,

Last Saturday I was out to dinner with two friends, “Amber” and “Kerri.” I’ve been close with Amber since we were kids. Kerri and I met in college, and we have remained friends ever since.

The three of us were at dinner when I bumped into a pal from work. Absentmindedly, I introduced Amber as “my best friend Amber,” while I referred to Kerri as “my friend Kerri.”

I now realize that my introductions must have come off as rude to Kerri. It's not as if I enjoy her company any less than I do Amber's, I've just known Amber for a longer time. How do I let Kerri know how much I value our friendship?

Signed,
Second Fiddle Friend in Florida

Dear Second Fiddle,

[illegible]

Dear Wingdings,

I am a businesswoman in her mid-30s. I love your column because I feel as if you truly understand the dilemmas of the modern women.

My problem is that my parents assume that I am unhappy because I have yet to marry. The truth is, Wingdings, if the right man comes along then so be it, but until then I am happy to be single and financially independent. How can I let my parents know that I am satisfied with my life as it is?

[illegible]

Drink the Flavor-Aid

To The C.E.O. of Flavor Aid:

Hello. Please allow me to introduce myself. My name is Oscar Andrew James, founder of the Children of the Unified New Temple, an Indiana-based religious organization, and I would like to propose an exciting business opportunity to you.

Members of the Children of the Unified New Temple, commonly known as the Next Tuesdays, believe in a universal string that connects the emotional and spiritual energies of all living things. The Next Tuesdays believe that these strings will become the literal rope to tie us to the harmonious afterlife. Modern society, however, seeks to cut these strings with its destructive ways, lack of collective community, and statutory rape laws.

Fortunately we Next Tuesdays have converted enough lonely teenagers of single-parent families into faithful followers that we believe our collective strings are strong enough to

Fun Facts

- Records show that NYU's time keeper is a 4000 year old Goblin named Xarg, who was the Time-Keeper of his clan.
- The NYU mascot, the Bobcat, was named after Bobby Catzinsky, the first person to have killed himself in Bobst.

thread our way into the promised land right now. This thread comes with a price however. In order for us to truly fulfill our sinewy potential, we must detach ourselves from the frayed

knots of this mortal world. We Next Tuesdays must die.

As you probably know, the most effective way to reach the after-life is to collectively drink poisoned punch. Unfortunately, cyanide and arsenic are fairly expensive these days, and the Children of the Unified New Temple's main income is yarn. That's where you come in, Flavor Aid. You once had the opportunity to become the most well known powder-based drink in the nation. You remember, during Jonestown. But then Jim Jones didn't give you any recognition, and Kool-Aid got all the credit. Now they're on top of the world, and you're stuck in their shadow. The Next Tuesdays can change that. Should you provide us with funding and a large supply of your drink powder, we'll make sure to get the word out that our mass-suicide was brought to the world in part by Flavor Aid. Finally, Flavor Aid will get the credit it deserves as the choice drink for destructive cult movements.



We at the Temple would also appreciate you making your decision sooner rather than later since we've scheduled the event for next Tuesday.

Sincerely and see you next Tuesday,

Oscar Andrew James

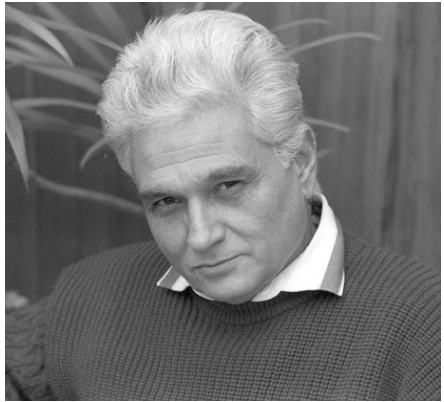
Lead Weaver of the Children of the United New Temple

P.S. If possible, we'd like to make kiwi-watermelon our signature suicide flavor. No need to make grape punch the last thing we taste, right?

On the Sadism of the Quandary

by Jacques Derrida

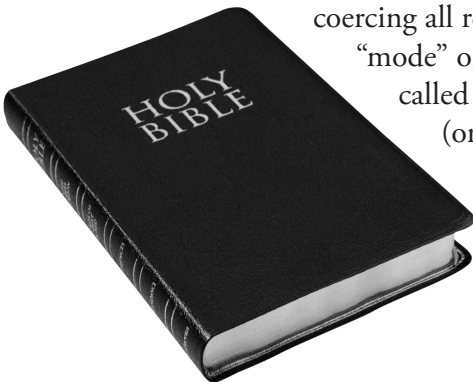
Editor's Note – In this haunting thesis, Derrida retells his most horrific childhood memory.

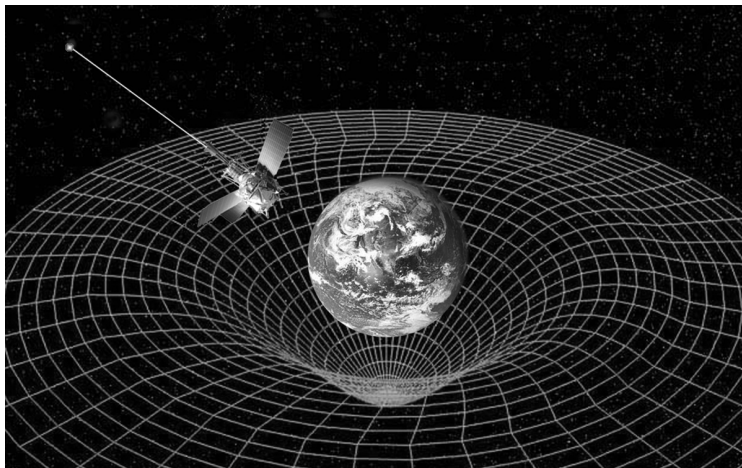


A mangled stream of utterance tears through the epistemologically-unstable foreground, exacting precise historico-metaphysical (de)meanings only to knot them back into a mode of arch-*synthesis*, towards the (Freudian notions of *pre*-signified (paying credence (of the “relativistic” kind born out of an infantile yet post-Einsteinian algebra) to the binary’s existence as the always-already erased) notwith-

standing) Abrahamic *Word-in-itself*, thereby coercing all recipients into a pre-linguistic “mode” of essence that shall not be called “original” but “originary”

(origin vis-à-vis (extra)ordinary in the light of the pre-scientific *logos*), and stripping all symbols of discreet phonetic semblances in a ges-





ture that begins/ends as Kantian by way of Marx and ends/begins



in a Germanic impasse of
 Nietzscheggerian nonlinear
 impulse, thus revealing the
 violent *propositional gram-*
mar that composes the *pro-*
gram of Western phallotheol-
 ogy (fully considering the (n)
 ever-present triviality and
 truthfulness of liberation-
cum-différance), of course
 culminating in a Hegalitari-
 an indifferenciability between
 provocateurs– which is all to
 say that one time when I was
 a little kid, I got spooked real
 bad by a big mean dog.



Have You Ever Heard Of Post-Punk Music?



How To Combine Social Networking With Harry Potter References



Small, Wrinkled Chip Found On Floor Of NYU Local Office

The Definitive Guide To Sucking Your Own Dick



NYULOCAL.COM

It's finals time, and we here at NYU Local know the feeling. After a long day of classes, studying at Bobst, running into [James Franco](#) and updating Twitter about [another celebrity](#) that goes to our school, nothing beats

getting back to the dorm, putting down the books and beating off for up to an hour. Unfortunately, we know better than anybody that this can [get old](#). We know not everyone smokes enough of [the chron](#) to come up with the stuff we do, so we put together a definitive guide on sucking your own dick – the NYU Local way.

Think Flexibly – We all know the importance of studying (or at least [pretending to](#)) if you want to succeed. Likewise, don't think that just because you got into NYU

you'll be able to suck your own dick without any preparation. It takes a few weeks to be able to train your back to fold into the shape required for a self-suckjob, but the payoff is [well worth it](#).

Positioning – When it comes to sucking your own dick, position is everything. How many times have you seen this: a freshman new to NYU and excited to finally be in the big city and winds up [on the news](#) because he pulled his groin trying to give himself a blowjob. Exactly. We suggest lying on your back and letting gravity do the work for you; it's essentially the [Wolfram Alpha](#) of autofellatio.

Yoga To The People – Don't be afraid to take advantage of the city around you. There's plenty of spots in New York where you can train, sometimes for free, to blow yourself. Be open to exploring, but be careful about [mouthing off](#) too much. Take it from us: the social stigma attached to being able to fit your dick into your mouth can be as much [a curse](#) as it is a gift.

Stay Hydrated – Like any other sport, you should be sure to expect lots of fluids. Make sure that one of those fluids is water. We're not responsible for any dehydration-related injuries, but we don't want to hear about any more NYU students fainting while [in the position](#).

What Now? – So you've managed to get your dick into your mouth. Where do you take it from here? One of the most [rewarding and beautiful](#) aspects of sucking your own dick is how open-ended it is. Figure out for yourself what feels best. Personally, we like to bite down as hard as we can once the head is in, but it's largely like being a Gallatin student. Just do your own thing, and you'll be fine.

*Fondling the
Phantom*



Angelica was soaking wet in the bubble bath, when to her surprise, a man came strolling into her bathing chambers. “Stanley,” she gasped, “I thought I had locked my back door...” He smiled wryly as she realized her grave error: Stanley was a ghost – there was nothing he couldn’t penetrate. Before Stanley’s mysterious appearance that month, Angelica was just about ready to explode from pent up sexual energy, but once she was able to get past his missing arms and a deep skull wound, she found Stanley’s semi-translucent body to be a gift worthy of Christmas morning.

Not even bothering to say hello, Angelica’s suit-or unsheathed 15 inches of marble white dick from his overalls. Stanley knelt over the tub and began to caress her nipples with his arm stumps. This aroused Angelica so much that her feminine crevasse started gushing like a Jacuzzi jet. She cried out, ablaze with anticipation for phantom phallus. Unable to wait any longer, Angelica began to stimulate Stanley with her mouth. It is a little known fact that ghosts are unable to vocalize pleasure during intercourse; instead, they cause the wind to howl. Angelica kept going with her mouth until she heard a small tree blow over in the backyard. So superb was Stanley’s manhood that even oral stimulation caused Angelica’s mouth and throat

area to have an orgasm, if not multiple orgasms.

“Show me what it’s like,” Angelica whispered into Stanley’s ear, “show me how it feels to be a ghost.” Stanley held Angelica in his stumps, and with bodies intertwined, the two began to levitate. They flew out of the house through an open window, floating higher and higher until they hovered over the city. Angelica had never felt both so vulnerable and aroused. Once they reached two thousand feet, she mounted Stanley reverse cowgirl. They grinded away for hours, Stanley’s shaft warm and substantial as beef stroganoff. As he was climaxing, Stanley’s eyes glowed a glorious red, and he foamed keenly at the mouth.

They floated back down to Angelica’s house, and Stanley laid his mortal mistress back down to sleep. Angelica woke up the next morning and found that Stanley had disappeared. “It’s one thing to expect a man to stay around for breakfast,” she thought laughingly to herself, “but I’d be crazy to expect it of a ghost.” That night was the last time Angelica would ever see Stanley, yet whenever she found herself walking through dark ravines or shadowy forests, she couldn’t help but dream nostalgically of swollen ghost cock.

SUBLIMINAL MESSAGES IN CORPORATE LOGOS

FedEx

THE HOLOCAUST
DIDN'T HAPPEN

NYU ILLUMINATI !PROOF!

REPTILIAN EYE OF
OSIRIS/NIMROD/CULT OF THE
THREE-HORNED GOD, ETC.

8 FEET = THE ILLUMINATI VIEWS THE
NUMBER 8 AS A SYMBOL OF THE
NEW WORLD ORDER



LUCIFERIAN
HORN
SYMBOL

OUROBOROS = ILLUMINATI PLAN
OF ALCHEMY/"TRANSHUMANITY"

MDCCCXXXI = 666

PERSTARE ET PRAESTARE = NEW
WORLD ORDER

EMERGENCY

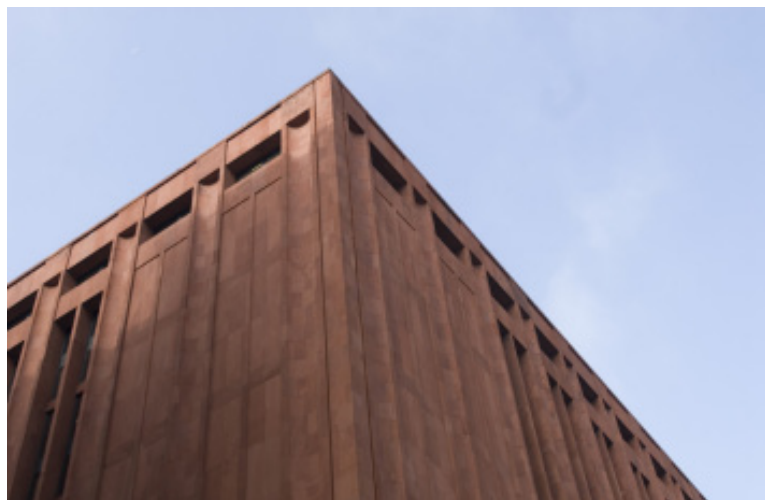
**ATTENTION CITIZENS AND
STUDENTS OF OBAMA STATE
“AMERICA”-PROOF OF NYU
SLAVESHIP OF ILLUMINATI
“NEW WORLD ORDER” HAS
BEEN WELL KNOWN AS FAR
BACK AS 1994! THE NEW
WORLD ORDER OR “N.W.O” IS
COMING ASAP! (N. Y. U.)**

**YOU ARE NOW ON
THE CUTTING EDGE**

PROOF:

**VERY STRANGE/
SPOOKY “TREE”
SEEN ON GROUNDS
OF WASHINGTON
SQUARE PARK AT
FOUNDING, TREE
OR ILLUMINATI
“FAMILY TREE”
REPRESENTS
KABBALAH/SKEL-
ETONS**



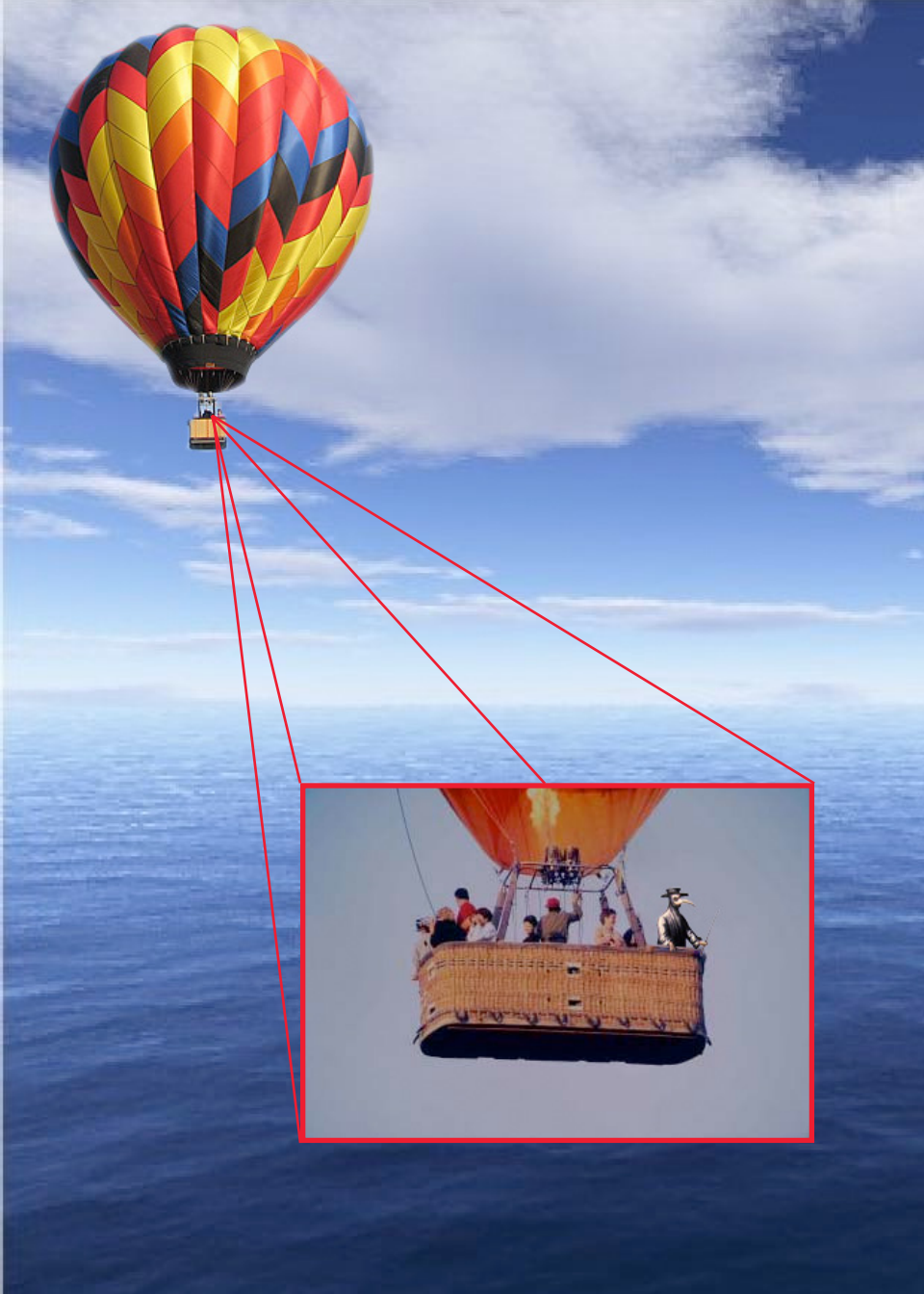




ILLUMINATI "SYMBOL"
BOBST PYRAMID
REPRESENTS NEW
WORLD ORDER



[REAL] ALL EVIDENCE OF
LATENT ILLUMINATI
MANIPULATION OF NEW
YORK "UNIVERSITY" --
PROOF THAT LEADER
JOHN SEXTON ABUSES
ILLUMINATI MEHODS OF
CONTROL -- "KIMMEL
CENTER" DECODES TO
SPELL: "WHAT WE SAY,
GOES" -PRESIDENT
GEORGE W BUSH





The ancient Mayans predicted that the 1970s would be the golden age of rock and roll.



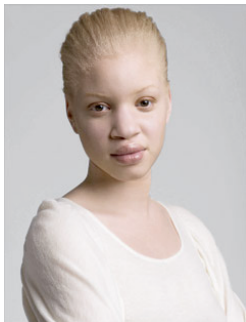
All seven of the freshman girls who tried out for the NYU Quidditch team have mysteriously disappeared.



The Stern School of Business is named for an especially austere Reptilian leader, Leonard N. Stern.



It's important to perform routine maintenance on your ghost, unless he or she is too scary.



A human being possessed by a ghost is called an albino.



To the Illuminati, the summer solstice represents the traditional date of their annual picnic.



Ghosts don't only haunt old houses. They've been known to live in everyday environments such as food courts.



Ghost sightings often foreshadow the onset of dementia.



Many of the world's most powerful leaders have known connections to the Tony Hawk Fan Club.



At the time of its founding, NYU was originally to be called New Dork University, in keeping with the founders' views that school is for nerds.



Ghost-O-Scope™:
Discover the other lifeless
Asian women in the room

The post-Grudge sales boost in ghost merchandise has since accounted for 38% of Japan's GDP.

The Raven-Symoné

Once upon a dreary night, as I pondered high as a kite,
Just smoked some meth, some crack, and ate some mushrooms so,
As I lay back, almost tipping, suddenly I began far out tripping,
I hear someone gently tapping, tapping at my window,
'What the fuck?' I murmur, snapping at my window.

I walk to the window and open the shutter,
My eyes wide open, I begin to mutter,
For what stood before me, was a black Raven, I moan,
It is the one and only, the Raven-Symoné.

This ebony bitch beguiled my fancy in every case,
From her wide set hips to her iguana face,
'You're very sassy' I say, 'and you're body fat ass-y.'
Pray tell this loner, what is it about you that gives me this boner?
Quoth the Raven-Symoné, 'Oh Snap!'

The Raven's eyes, black like ash
Begin to grow bright in a flash,
'Raven' I ask, 'What do you see?'
'Please tell me, what does the future hold for me?'
Quoth the Raven-Symoné, 'Oh Snap!'

'Raven,' I cry, 'you saying 'Oh Snap!' is not much of map,
Please tell me, tell me, what do you see?'
'What fortunes and dangers lie in store for me?'
Then the Raven-Symoné said 'Oh Snap!'

'Stop saying that!' I fume,

My anger grows, I stand above her and boom,
'Don't you understand that your catchphrase is just derivative
garbage? Don't you think it's pathetic that young African-American
children view you as a role model when in actuality you're just re-
inforcing negative stereotypes of overweight black women who use
their sassiness to justify their unhealthy lifestyles?'
Quoth the Raven-Symoné, 'Oh Snap!'

The Raven-Symoné suddenly flew in the air,
The howling sharp winds blowing back her hair,
A powerful gust, overwhelms the Raven,
Hitting the shed which promptly caves in.
My anger dissolves in chuckles and chortles,
I stroke my chin thoughtfully like an insightful maven,
That bit of slapstick, I muse,
'That is sooo Raven!'





The
Game of

THE

LOVE

The unique
3-dimensional game
through the ups and
downs of gang life.

Ages
9 - Thug

A game of
tricks and ho's
for the
entire family.

2 - 8 Players

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ABC Learning Ltd and
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USA
4000



Assembly Required

Victor and Daisy Visit a Relationship Counselor

Counselor: Alright Victor, I asked Daisy to leave the room so that you can describe to me the typical kind of things that you say to her and how she reacts. Sound good?

Victor: Well, alright I guess. But just so you know, the only reason we are even here is because of Daisy's fucking mom. I thought we were going to Outback Steakhouse. OK, so first off, I always compliment her. Like, I always say how she's like so fucking hot and how she has like super nice tits and stuff. And she eats it right up. She loves that shit. She's also pretty understanding when I go out with the buddies, and like, I'm not a liar, so I say that shit straight up. I'm just like "I'm going out with the boys, DON'T call me!" and she gets it, you know, she knows how I'm not to be bothered when we go to the bar and Outback Steakhouse. When it comes to finance I'm pretty amazing. Just the other day I only borrowed like 300 dollars from her so I could buy this awesome go kart my buddy found. I knew she wouldn't understand if I told her that, so I said "don't ask questions" and she was

super eager about it. When it comes to romance I am no Romeo, but I'm always down to please her! So basically I just say "Let's go fuck in my pickup I'm horny." We gotta go in my pickup on account of my mom being awake pretty late in the living room. And as far as sleeping after with her, I just CANNOT do it. It's like, I am really superstitious and shit, and like my bed is my domain so I'm not trying to get bad luck or something by having women I fucked stay there. And you know, she doesn't seem upset with it, and she always says "I love you too" when she leaves, which is weird. But I just don't see why her mom is making such a huge deal about our relationship!

Counselor: Uhhh, OK. Can you please send Daisy in Victor? Thanks. Okay Daisy, now I want you to tell me what kinds of things Victor says to you, and how you feel about them.

Daisy: Well, alright. You know, I think my mom wanted us to do this because she knows we love each other so much that we have to be counseled to make sure our love doesn't go out of control! So basically, Victor is SO nice when it comes to compliments, like he's always just telling me how I am so beautiful and how I just exude perfection and elegance. I love it. Also, he likes to say he is "going out" with his buddies a lot, but I know that he is just gathering up flowers and chocolates and things so

he can surprise me when he gets back! But usually I'm asleep when he gets back, so he just keeps them until the next time. He's also a finance wiz! Like just the other day, he borrowed 300 dollars from me, and I just know that he was investing in the new big thing like Google or the new iPhone or something! And he's SO romantic, like Romeo or something. I mean like he will take me out to his truck, so we can make love beneath the stars, and he says things like "I wanna make love to you all night in a field of daisies," which is so romantic, because that's like my name, you know! And when it comes to sleeping I totally get it. He's like really superstitious and when I leave I always hear him whisper "I love you" and it just makes me so happy. I love him so much!

Counselor: OK Daisy, well thank you, and I'll be seeing you and Victor next week.

Daisy leaves.

Counselor: Fuck, my father was right, I should have just counseled pet relationships.

Fun Facts

- The Mayans believed that the sun god was a giant bird and other stupid shit.
- Housie Macguire is architecturally structured after the Manson house.

Whoopi's Cushions

"Perfect for my sciatica"

Available in
small, medium,
large, and
Whoopi-Sized





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 Wall

 Info

 Friend activity

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EDIT

65

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Add to my page's favourites

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Share

I love horse

Music video ·  Edit info



Basic Information

Description

hello Facebook, if you are on this page then you are hopefully like me because you love horse.. This page is intended for anyone who love horse as much as I do. If u have ever:

- got in troubled for drawing horse during school
- mom grounded you because you won't stop saying i love horse
- you touched horse at your freind's birthday party
- just plain can't keep your prayers off horse
- you named your house dad

if you said yes, this group is for you

[img]http://www.aolcdn.com/photogalleryassets/kol/628899/ho
rsemylove.jpg[/img]

Anyway, my nname is jake and i hope uyou like and tell your
parents

http://www.aolcdn.com/photogalleryassets...

Website

The Plague has been given an incredibly exciting opportunity from our friends at Anciano Amable Publishing in Mexico City: you, our readers will be the first people to get a look at excerpts from the upcoming “Vato Comico” by the world famous Jose Loco, the man known as the Mexican Weird Al. With smash hits like: “We Build You Cheap Homes, Holmes” and “(Birthday Pinata) I’d Hit That,” Loco has been Mexico’s premier performer of parody and novelty songs for the last 20 years. This is an exclusive look at his tell-all autobiography expected to hit shelves this summer...

Vato Comico

By Jose Loco with Gabriel Garcia Marquez
Based On a True Story

I was born Jose Cuervo Patron de Cabo y Wabo on 6 May 1971. My family had resided in the small town of Huehuetoca for many generations, and my father owned and operated the local prank and novelty item store, La Pinta Risa (“The Giggle Spot”) there. My mother had worked in the salt mines just outside town and died during my birth. I have always believed that my life long quest to make people laugh is due entirely to my mother’s absence.

I was a natural born comedian. As a toddler all I knew to do was fart, poop, and cry; soon enough I realized at least two of those things could bring levity to my father’s pitiful existence selling props like laxatives and Guatemalan jumping beans (editor’s note: In Mexico most things American’s refer to as ‘Mexican’ are identified as ‘Guatemalan.’ I have also erased several paragraphs worth of Sr. Loco’s thoughts on the peoples of Guatemala, the attractiveness of their women, and the sexual orientations of several of their political leaders) So I forced myself to pass gas as often as I could, always suffering so I could squeeze out another laugh. Before my first birthday I had given myself a terrible hemorrhoid, as the youngest citizen to get one I was celebrated and received an entry in the Dos Equis Book of Mexican Records, my first great comedic achievement.

As I grew older I spent more and more time entertaining my peers and less time studying. On the playground I was known as the fast-

est with a comeback, so I was never picked on. I knew all the best fat jokes and my pigtail pulling technique was legendary. It's a shame my children did not survive the accident with the Medieval catapult, or I would have been able to teach them so much.

It was easy for me to get a start in show business because of my Judaism. My family was one of several in the congregation and my Rabbi afforded me lots of opportunities. Not only was he a powerful man of God, his family also ran the local TV station. Likewise, he had numerous connections with the Cartels. Shortly after my Bar Mitzvah and the traditional Shamanic blood letting, I began assisting the Rabbi with his various businesses. At first I was just a look out for the older boys, shortly I was promoted to emblador de burro (editor's note: this literally means 'ass packer') and this gave me the idea for my first song. I got involved in the drug trade just as piñatas were becoming the primary mode of transportation for the product, as they held more than your average Chihuahua. I decided to write a song after a hilarious mix up occurred between truck drivers that resulted in a child's birthday party in Baja being covered in white powder and several gang members only having Tootsie Rolls for sale on the block. I had been playing la guitarra (editor's note: 'the guitar') for years and had already acquired the nickname of 'Loco' for my penchant for stabbing those who upset me.

The song was called "El Otro Dia De Los Muertos," named after the fallout from the incident. According to the police report, the men responsible for the mix up all died walking home in several isolated freak accidents when they fell on their own machetes and their decapitated heads flew through the air onto large wooden spits that had been sticking out of their front lawns.

The song was a smash hit. It was played by the most popular DJ in the area, Señor Jesús, and sold well at the local record store, La Casa de Musica de "Delgado" Beto (editor's note: Skinny Bob's Music House). It may or may not have sold so well because of the recording on the B-Side, which was a Spanish translation of then-current President Regan's "Tear Down This Wall" speech.

After a string of hits that included "Yo Tengo Los Azules," "Esta Cancion Lo Tiene Chistes," and "Un Titulo de la Cancion Divertida" I had achieved international fame and began my first World Tour!

The Children's Corner: Bedtime Stories

“Little Red Riding Hood”

Read by: Your Recently Single Babysitter

So, once upon a time, there was a little girl named Little Red Riding Hood, who was totally nice, and beautiful, and loved by everybody. One day, Little Red was going along the path in the woods to take some treats to her grandmother when all of a sudden, a wolf appeared and said hello. Now everybody had warned Red not to leave the path or to talk to the wolf, but the wolf was really charming and played for the football team, and Red figured everyone was just being overly harsh. So Red wandered off the path with the wolf for a solid three months of her life that she'll never get back, and one day, he convinced her to drink tequila, so he could eat all her treats because “my oh my, what a big dick he had, all the better to fuck her with.” And after she let him, he abandoned her to prowl after Gigi, that French foreign exchange student, who's a total slut. So now, Little Red can only wear red because she's been branded a whore by everyone in the forest, and that wolf better not howl around Little Red ever again, or she'll tear his furry little dick off.

The End

“The Three Billy Goats Gruff”

Read by: Your Tipsy and Sexually Frustrated Mother

Once upon a time, Daddy wanted his goat to cross Mommy's bridge, but Mommy felt like Daddy hadn't really been appreciating Mommy's goat-tending abilities. She told Daddy, that if his goat wanted to cross, he'd better pay the bridge toll. Daddy said he was too tired but promised Mommy that if she let his goat through tonight, he'd pay a huge toll the next night. Mommy agreed, and when the next night came, and Daddy wanted his goat to cross Mommy's bridge, Mommy demanded her better payment. However, Daddy again insisted that he'd had a long day at work and promised the next night, she'd get the best bridge toll she'd ever experienced in her life. Though Mommy should have known better, she agreed again. The next night, Daddy promised he would pay the toll but wanted to cross his goat first. Indeed Mommy let the goat cross, but when the time to pay came, Daddy suddenly became very sleepy. So, now Mommy has closed her bridge and sent Daddy's goats to the couch indefinitely.

The End

Fun Facts

- Da Vinci's “Mona Lisa” was originally created during a pumpkin carving competition.
- Illuminati members who wear hooded cloaks are forbidden from acting like dementors, unless it's done ironically, like “Hey, look at me! I'm a scary dementor!”

“Goldilocks and the Three Bears”

Read by: Your Father Who Just Got Off Work

Once upon a time, there was a very hardworking bear who worked night and day to support his ungrateful family. Though he worked so hard and only asked for a little peace and comfort and a beer when he came home, his bear wife nagged him constantly to do his fair share in the relationship and raising their cub. It made the bear want to just stay at work forever, but it's not any better there since some trashy blonde secretary with big tits keeps harassing him about the one time they drunkenly hooked up at the office Christmas party. So now the only thing that the bear gives a fuck about is his whiskey and his Farrah Fawcett calendar.

The End

“Cinderella”

Read by: Your Older Brother Who Told Your Dad He Only Wanted To Join Drama Club To Meet Girls

Once upon a time, Cinderella was a fabulous young gal who lived a tortuous life. Though all she ever wanted was to audition for the high school's production of Annie Get Your Gun, her evil stepfather forced her to constantly attend baseball practice and lift weights instead of use the elliptical. Then one day, Cinderella met her fairy godmother Jorge when she snuck out to jazz tap class at the community center. Jorge transformed her into a beautiful princess in skinny jeans and a mesh tank top. He transported her to the Bananarama

Ballroom to dance the whole night long with other magical fairies. Sadly, the night ended, and Cinderella returned to her dull Madonna-less life. Though, Cinderella never gets to dance like she did that night, she still sneaks out to have a banana with Jorge every now and then.

The End

“Sleeping Beauty”

Read by: Your Cousin Who's Been In A Coma For Eight Months

The End



Cult Orientation

Alright, all of you can just take your clothes off and throw them down those waste receptacle chutes. You won't be needing clothes once you are part of the family. God's family. We'll incinerate them for you, just so there's no temptation. Get used to being in your natural state, feel the air coursing through your genitals, feel the hard arousal of the person next to you. Hello there Miss. This is how the Lord created you to be; naked as an Ethiopian child running through the Serengeti. One with nature. One with the herd of wildebeest.

We're now passing through the drug trafficking center, where you can all pick up your first prescription of Peyote and a pamphlet on how to remove illegal substances from the rectum of a canine. Go ahead and ingest some of that orally or via anus for those of you who have already been gagged and bound. We require that all members take a minimum of 40 grams of Peyote or another hallucinogenic substitute daily and commit at least 25 of their 100 required weekly community service hours to the drug trafficking center. You may spend the rest of those 75 hours working on the master race reproduction team, campaign for racism, global conversion committee, or human compost initiative. Additionally, the nameless almighty will choose three lucky members each day that will have the pleasure of sacrificing their bodies to feed our humble population. Any free time may be spent worship-



ping, money laundering, or in the orgy hall. There you will find refreshments in the form of guacamole and intestinal fluids. Your senses should now be a bit fuzzy and visions may have appeared, so please take care as you step through our burn and scarification lounge. There may be pieces of glass, teeth, toenail, blood, and blades underfoot.

Does anyone have any questions before we commence the initiation rituals?

“Why is your dick a purple elephant trunk?”

Alrighty then, please form a single file line and one at a time dip your heads into the vat of gasoline to your right. You may feel some heat as family members light your hair on fire. This is all part of your passage into your new self, into the family of God. We must peel back the layers soiled by democracy and Chinese immigrants, to make you red and raw and ready for worship. Don't worry, there are drains in the floor to catch lost blood and mucus. Now my seed, swim through the vaginal corridor of the Lord and emerge in a new skin. Most of you should make it out alive.

Arlene Is Sad

In Charlene's and Arlene's room

Charlene (eating a muffin): I'm so fat; like, yesterday, when I offered Roy a blowjob, he said my face was too fat.

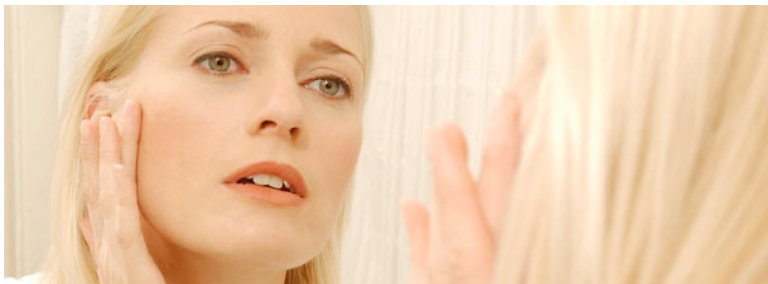
Arlene (smoking a cigarette): Don't let it get to you girl; face fucking isn't as pleasant as you might think, especially something of Roy's size.

Charlene (still eating that muffin): I know what a blowjob feels like, Char; it's like eating a sausage. LOL I can't stop myself from biting down on cock, I get too excited.

Arlene (chain smoking now, the bitch): Look, you don't have to worry about your weight, girl. You're perfect just the way you are.

Charlene (on her second muffin, fat cunt): Yeah, you're right. I'm going to try Roy again. Maybe I can convince him to squeeze my cheeks while he pokes my throat.

Arlene (third cigarette): Alight, I'll see you later.



Arlene goes to the bathroom, and puts on the water in the sink. She get on her knees and sticks two nicotine stained fingers down her throat. She gags. Nothing comes out. She angrily shoves her whole fist in her mouth; she closes her eyes as she vomits out the nonexistent contents of her stomach. She opens her eyes to see the toilet filled with blood, red, red blood. She staggers to the sink, and sees herself in the mirror.

Arlene: You're perfect just the way you are.

Applied Math

A no-nonsense guide to majors at NYU

Philosophy Major = English Major + Balls

Art Major = (English Major + Talent) x Dumb

Science Major = English Major + Lab Equipment

Medieval Studies Major = English Major - Friends

Accounting Major = English Major - Knowledge of English + China

Make-A-Wish Foundation

“Hi Billy! I’m from the Make-A-Wish Foundation!”

“What’s going on? I thought Make-A-Wish was only for terminal patients.”

“Do you have a wish, Billy?”

“Oh God, am I going to die? I think you have the wrong room. Mom said I was going to be okay. She said that Jesus was coming to save me...Oh no, I really am dying”

“What’s wrong, Billy? Don’t you like wishes?”

“Please, I don’t want to make a wish. I...I need to be alone right now.”

“Make a wish, Billy. You have to make a wish.”

“No, I won’t. You can’t make me. I’m only twelve. I don’t want to die.”

“You want to go to Disneyland?”

“Please, just get away from me.”

“You want to see Goofy, Billy? You want to give Goofy a hug? Give Goofy a big hug, Billy?”

“How much time do I have left? Never mind, it doesn’t even matter. Nothing matters anymore. What’s the point of living? There’s nothing for me here. I might as well just die now.”

“Pack your bags! We’re going to Disneyland!”



nyu program board

*Slow Jammin' with Daddy:
NYU's Father Daughter Dance*



\$5 NYU

\$8 Daddy

Bump n' Grind

Cotton Candy

Facepainting

**Are you tired of wearing
multiple under-shirts
to hide your unruly
nipples?**

**YOU ARE
NOT ALONE**

**THERE IS A SOLUTION. WITH NEW MEDICAL
NANOTECHNOLOGY, DOCTORS CAN PERFORM
MINI-LIPOSUCTION ON EACH NIPPLE.**



**"Recent research has uncovered a previously
undiagnosed condition called papilla plenum,
commonly referred to as "puffies." A fetus'
baby fat develops in the nipples, draining
down into the rest of the body during the
third trimester. "Puffies" is thus a result of
incomplete nipple drainage."
-Dr. Humbert Johnson**



BEFORE

AFTER



"Niposuction changed my life—just look at my before and after photos. Before, my husband would always stop mid-coitus and frantically search his chest hair for pistachios, before realizing that he was just feeling my nipples. I now have my confidence back."

-Hillary Clinton

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Demonic Halal Cart Continues its Killing Spree

NEW YORK- Last week, pedestrians walking along Broadway between Prince and Spring Street were treated to a lethal surprise in the form of a rogue Halal cart. At approximately 10:45 AM, the cart was seen careening down the sidewalk at speeds of up to 30 miles per hour, fatally crushing everything in its path. At the time of publication, the death toll was at 157, while 63 more are being treated for severe burns from the scalding lamb grease that the cart was spraying.

The alleged runaway cart has been at large since 2008, when experts believe that it was possessed by the wrathful spirit of Lord Cecilius



The suspected spirit of Lord Cecilius Burlingame

Burlingame. Burlingame was a British noble who is credited with the invention of the first aquatic hot air balloon, allowing balloon captains to land their vessels upon large bodies of water. Investigators are still unsure as to why Lord Cecilius chose to possess a Halal cart in the first place, but they claim to have some promising leads.

The possessed cart started its killing spree two years ago by cornering a young couple in a narrow Queens alley and mutilating their bodies beyond recognition. Following this first murder, the cart killed sporadically, mostly sticking to subway platforms and small delis.

In the last year, the cart appears to have been emboldened. Police have linked it to last month's massacre of 47 young adults waiting in line outside of a Brooklyn nightclub. And now, the cart seems to have taken the final step – spilling innocent New Yorker blood in broad daylight.

Investigators now claim to have evidence proving that the cart has been travelling between the boroughs by rolling along subway tracks. One subway conductor claims to have seen the renegade cart trying to overtake a subway car and slaughter its passengers. This same conductor claims that he was unable to see the cart in his rearview mirror, leading police to include that this rolling food stand may in fact have supernatural qualities.

If you have any information regarding the whereabouts of this murderous individual, please contact the police immediately.

Wife Missing But Not Missed

HOBOKEN, NJ — New Jersey native Melissa Brinxton, 25, was last seen about 6 p.m. last Tuesday in her Bergen residence, state officials report. Brinxton, a New Jersey Dental School student, was reported missing by her husband of three years, Mark, 45.

When questioned about the disappearance, Brinxton said he wasn't "too worried," and that "these things just sort of happen to wives of mine." Brinxton later told reporters, in what seemed to be a testament of true love, that "Melissa's not really missed, because I honestly feel like I know exactly where she is right now." As of now, authorities are proceeding with the investigation however, no suspects have come to light.



Mark Brinxton in front of his home

UPDATE 6:06 P.M. FRIDAY: In an email to local police, Brinxton writes: "it's cool to call off the search if you guys are too busy or whatever." Authorities comply and have moved on to more pressing matters.

Old Love Letters Found in Attic Reveal Grandpa A Creep

PROVIDENCE, RI— While cleaning their attic Thursday night, the children of the Callaghan family stumbled upon their grandparents' love letters and were shocked to discover that their deceased grandfather, Max Callaghan, was a creep. An in-depth analysis revealed that the letters, which were sent by Callaghan from a military base during World War II, were rife with graphic sexual



Max Callaghan and his wife Florence, 1943

remarks as well as thinly veiled threats of physical violence if his advances were to be rebuffed. “Grandpa kept repeating how he was going to ‘ravish [grandma] whether she liked it or not’ and that she ‘better not tell nobody,’” said a visibly shaken Jessica Callaghan, 13, adding that her grandfather frequently referred to her grandmother’s body as “his prize.” “I can’t believe this is the same man who took me fishing,” said Robby Callaghan, 16, as he comforted his younger siblings. “I still love him I guess, but, Jesus, what the fuck, man?” As of press time, the children decided they were going to behave extra good during their grandma’s funeral tomorrow.

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EXALTED ALUMNI



“+++++ out of +++++”

– Sataníc Journal of Wisconsin

“Sometimes just after midnight I hear a rustlin' down by Fallows Creek. Chained up a couple of my hounds a few nights ago and I saw him clear as day – I saw the ghost of Richard Callahan with my own two eyes.”

–Old Man Jenkins

“Now that you mention it, Mr. Withers did seem to be quite cheerful right around the time his wife went missing. If memory serves, he spent that week singing to himself and playing with the meat grinder in our basement. Peculiar fellow, that Mr. Withers.”

– The Butler

“I just hope to God you didn't publish anything about where you hid those bodies.”

– Ryan Norrel, JD, Defense Attorney in NY v. Plague

