

THE PLAGUE

FALL 2016



COMING TO A
BIG TENT
NEAR YOU!

A Note From Your Ringmasters



Come one, come all to The Plague Circus! The only print comedy magazine-turned circus this world has ever seen. Experience the heart-pounding, jaw-dropping, dad-kissing experience that's sure to make you so amazed, your eyes will melt out of your goddamn face. It's the only show that'll keep you on the edge of your seat for so long, you might even fall out of it, off the balcony, right into the mouth of a yawning tiger, through the tiger's digestive system, and out it's ass, unscathed.

Now, I'm sure you're wondering: Why did a print comedy magazine start a circus? And why am I so sad all the time? We can answer the first one. It all started on one crisp fall afternoon, while we were hanging out in Washington Square Park honing our comedy skills by making fun of some freaks. We were really going at these freakazoids; some of them even started crying. After a while, we started to notice a crowd forming around us laughing at the freaks. People enjoyed it so much, they started stuffing money into a hat that was laying on the ground. We realized: "Hey, we can make some money off of this!"

So we did. We started making fun of freaks about once a week and charged people to watch. Most of the freaks didn't want to stay (come to think of it, all of the freaks), so we chained them up and locked them in cages. One of them whispered to another that it was a little too sunny outside, so we put up a tent to deny them sunlight. After we made fun of all the human freaks we could find, we decided to throw some underfed animals in the mix, and tease the shit out of them. People liked that so much, they started shoving money into every hat they could see! When word got around that we were successfully abusing both humans and animals, we started gaining some clout.

After we went on Letterman and let Paul Shaffer kick a tiger as part of Stupid Pet Tricks, people from around the country wanted to see us so badly, they started forming lines in random places in hopes we would perform there. So, we left the bright lights of New York City and toured the country. But still, something was off. After a couple weeks, we noticed that we weren't able to gain the status of those top-tier level circuses like Barnum and Bailey, The Ringling Brothers, and American Ninja Warrior. Were we not slapping freaks on the ass hard enough? Were we not grossly malnourishing the animals hard enough? Were we not providing enough entertainment hard enough? We had no idea. So we decided to sneak into a Barnum and Bailey quarterly meeting, and listen in.

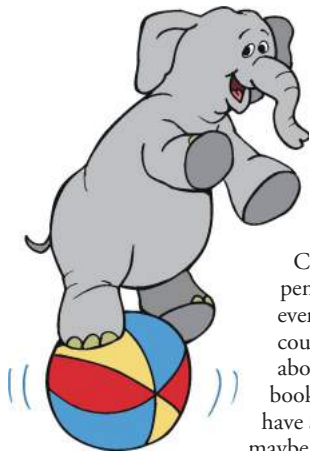
Outside the door to the meeting room, we waited while all the executives filed in. Some of them were curious why their competitors were around. But we explained to them that we were there to steal a different circus's business tactics. They seemed okay with that. Some even gave us high-fives. When the meeting started, Barnum talked about how girthy his penis was for an entire 27 minutes then Bailey bragged about how he had sex with Serena Williams one time. After what seemed like an eternity, we finally got to the good stuff. Bailey picked up their senior accountant and threw him out the window, which got Barnum amped up.



"Want to know the secret to running a circus, fuckheads? All the audience wants is to watch people toy with death! If you got death, you gotta circus. It's that easy! I mean, if the audience was smart, they'd be readily embracing print comedy or something! Come on everyone, let's go find some hookers!"

Barnum left, and Bailey continued to talk circus specifics. We couldn't hear him so well from the other side of the door, so we walked in and asked him to talk a little louder. He got upset and chased us out of the building with a mace he lit on fire.

When we got back to our circus, we were filled with a new purpose: do whatever it takes to almost kill every performer. We shoved swords down acrobats' mouths and dropped sword swallows from frightening heights. We shot contortionists out of cannons and forcibly twisted the bodies of human cannonballs. It was all going so well. Until Barnum and Bailey offered our performers one loaf of bread if they revolted against us. This was known as the Freak Revolt of 1932 (some people call it the The Liberation of Oppressed Circus Workers and say it happened in 2016, but don't listen to them).



Circus-less and freak-less, we were down to our last penny. We were desperate to do anything for money, even reconnect with our autistic brother and have him count cards for us in Vegas while secretly teaching us about the bonds of family. But then, NYU offered us a book deal to chronicle our times as a circus, and also just have some fun. We hope you enjoy this magazine, and maybe even cite it in your senior thesis.

Sincerely,
The Editors Of The Plague

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*This publication is published by New York University students
and NYU is not responsible for its contents.*

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Seth Reiss
Tim Harrod
Todd Hanson
Zhubin Parang
Arthur Meyer
Jen Spyra
Sarah McGough
Calvin Lord
Jeremy Levick
Josefa Bitenc
Emma Thomas
The Minetta Review
Generasian
Pizza Mercato
And Readers, Like You!

Rajat Suresh,
President



Rajat Suresh is an inventor and futurist best known for inserting his fingers into his ears and screaming as loud as he possibly can if anyone denies his status as an inventor and futurist. His notable inventions include The Warm Fridge, Amazon Prime Negative 2 Day Shipping, and a home security system that flips your house upside down if a robber breaks in. Rajat has made numerous contributions to society, but he's perhaps most well-known for his work ethic. It's famously told that when his high school basketball coach didn't pick him for the varsity team, Rajat took 1000 3-pointers

every single day until his father became the coach and made him the starting point guard. Despite his fame and fortune, Rajat still takes the time out of his very busy work schedule to go to homeless shelters and brag about how wealthy and famous he is. If you'd like Rajat to give a talk at your corporate retreat or perform at your 8-year-old's birthday party, you can contact him through the soup can attached to a string on the North-East corner of Washington Square Park.

Courtney Perkins,
Secretary



Courtney Perkins. 5'6" ESFP. Gemini-Taurus cusp. Moon in Aries. Ascendant in Scorpio. 21 Pilots, Halsey, and Fifth Harmony fan. 4.32 Uber rating. 420 unfriendly. Not interested in hookups. No dick pics please... unless I ask ;) If you don't like Ernest Hemingway, get the fuck

out. Swipe right for hypnosis, Santa role-play, Doctor Who marathons, and the New York marathon.

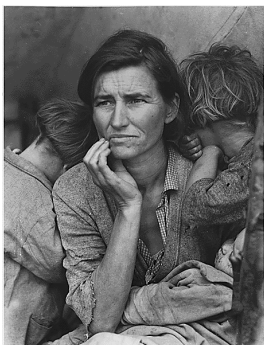
Johnny Bauers,
Vice-President



Johnny is one of the world's leading entrepreneurs, who specializes in stealing ideas from the world's other leading entrepreneurs. He got his start at Harvard trying to steal the idea for Facebook but executed his version of the site poorly. This allowed classmate Mark Zuckerberg to steal his idea to steal the idea, effectively cutting Johnny out of the movie *The Social Network*.

Amazon, Google, the Wheel—Johnny tried unsuccessfully to steal all these ideas. He tried to steal under any loophole he could find—parody law, fair use law, “remix” law (his remix of Penicillin performed terribly in the marketplace, and also killed people). He finally found his niche when he stole The Queen’s idea to unfairly tax the people of England for personal income, and he made millions. He used his fortune to start the Stiel Foundation, which offers undergraduates \$100,000 to steal another undergraduate’s idea and then convince that undergraduate to drop out of college. Johnny now travels the world speaking at conferences, hosting idea-stealing retreats, and evading arrest for numerous copyright violations. Hire him to speak at your event today, but be aware he only delivers MLK’s “I Have a Dream” speech.

Nic Sanchez,
Treasurer



Nic Sanchez is 120 pounds of pure racquetball playing magic. Nic Sanchez wants to fund science to discover how tall the perfect racquetball player should be. Nic Sanchez keeps trying to convince his family he is a Pisces, even though he is actually a small bag of soup. Nic Sanchez’s children do not need glasses because his testicles have been replaced with an extra pair of eyes. Nic Sanchez was the first person to ever relax at a beach. Nic Sanchez runs around the village square poking people where he thinks they are most insecure. Nic Sanchez has touched many bellies in his day. To stay ahead of revenge-seekers, Nic Sanchez had his belly removed.

Nic Sanchez currently resides in the belly of a whale. Nic Sanchez exists in the Rocket Power universe. The way his body is drawn is wild.

Adam Sandler



Man: Guys! Guys! You'll never believe what happened!

Friend 1: What happened?

Man: I saw Adam Sandler at the supermarket!

Friend 1: WHOA! That's insane!

Friend 2: I love Billy Madison!

Man: He got normal groceries too. He's just like us!

Friend 2: DUDE!

Friend 1: That's crazy!

Man: I didn't talk to him or anything, but he seemed like a cool guy.

Friend 1: You're so lucky!

Friend 2: I'd do anything to be you!

1 month later

Man: I failed all my classes.

Friend 1: Dude, I love Happy Gilmore!

Friend 2: Adam fucking Sandler, dude! That's nuts!

1 year later

Man: I guess I'm going to have to drop out of college.



Friend 1: Are you pulling our leg about seeing Sandler?

Friend 2: Grown Ups wasn't that good, but that's still so rad, dude!

10 years later

Man: Can't believe I still live with my parents.



Friend 1 and Friend 2 (*chanting*): SAND-LER! SAND-LER! SAND-LER!

50 years later

Man: I guess I'm going to die now.

Friend 1: Can't believe you saw the Sandman! You're so lucky!

Friend 2: I'd do anything to be you!

1 month later

Funeral Director: I'm sorry for your loss.

Friend 1: This guy saw Adam Sandler!

Funeral Director: Get the fuck out of here! Mr. Deeds is a masterpiece.

COME TO THE CIRCUS AND SEE...



THE OLDEST CHILD IN THE WORLD!

Chapter 6 From 8th Grade World History Edition 7

Everyone knows that the discovery of penicillin, perhaps the most important discovery in the history of medicine, was an accident. But a lot of inventions we take for granted today were also accidents. Here are some modern day things that you may not know weren't supposed to exist:

Bicycles — Nobody knew how to ride on two wheels. That is until a scientist named Dr. Cob Gusman bought two unicycles. He couldn't decide which one to ride, so he rode both. This first makeshift bicycle was unsafe, so Dr. Gusman fell off, and because he was riding on the coast of California, he fell right into the Pacific Ocean and died.

Microwaves — Microwaves were initially used in labs only, until Dr. Cob Gusman spent the night in a radiation chamber. His lab assistant found him the next morning, as Dr. Gusman had turned into a plate of chicken nuggets. Gusman was eaten later that day. His lab assistant was not able to hear his screams.

The United States Postal Service — The United States Postal Service didn't exist when the country was founded. It wasn't until Dr. Cob Gusman walked a picture of a rose to his florist with a letter saying "I want this. Do you have this?" Dr. Gusman became the go-to member of the neighborhood for letter delivering, and eventually made it a tax-funded, public operation. Unfortunately, Dr. Gusman later delivered a box to a professional bully, who shoved him in a radiation chamber, then took his chicken nugget remains and threw them into the Pacific Ocean.

Chapter Summary: Cob Gusman is cool and invented everything you know and love.

*Published by Gusman & Gusman &
My First Name is Cob Publishing Co.*



President



The President of The United States came to our school once to give a lecture. He was apparently doing a tour to tell everyone about some big plan he had. After we all assembled into the auditorium and he got on stage, he slowly revealed to us that he was working on putting the Earth's water supply in a big bucket and pouring it over the sun to shut it off.

The crowd erupted in applause. Right after he said shut off the sun, a couple people in the back started setting off fireworks to the tune of "God Bless America." Everyone in the audience was punched in the face. One guy even screamed so loud he made another person who lived across the world go completely deaf.

I'm not going to lie, after I heard that, I was also pretty happy. I mean, shutting off the sun? Boy, that's cool! And with a big bucket of water? Even cooler! But then, in the middle of all the excitement, I stopped and thought to myself: wait a minute, I sort of like the sun. It lights things up and stuff. I didn't really get why everyone was so ready to embrace this. So I fought through all the commotion, made my way onto the stage, and spoke directly to The President of The United States.

"Hey Mister, why do you want to shut off the sun? I just don't get it, I guess."

Everyone stopped. It seemed like time stood still after I said that. My principal's mouth was hanging wide open. The school bully who

was peeing on another kid stopped mid-piss. One of my teachers who was getting thrown off the balcony stayed suspended in mid-air because he was so stunned by what I just said. I turned my attention back to The President.

“I mean, I don’t know? I just don’t get it! I guess I think the sun’s sort of cool.”

The President clearly couldn’t believe what he was hearing. No one had ever questioned his plans before. For a moment, we locked eyes and I saw his left eyelid twitch a little bit. Then he sprang out of his stance and pinned me to the ground. I watched as he took out a roll of masking tape and taped my whole body from head to toe. It was extra strong tape too—the presidential kind. After I was all taped up, The President picked me up by my legs, whirled me around, and hurled me off the stage like a shot put champion.

The crowd cheered and chaos ensued. The school bully continued to pee on that kid, and my teacher completed his fall off the balcony. The President had so much fun throwing me off the stage once, he made his Secret Service agents bring me back on stage so he could throw me again. He did this a couple times until finally, The

President threw me right into a cement pillar causing me to lose consciousness completely.



I woke up the next day in my own bed. The whole thing felt like a dream to me. I read in the newspaper that The President ended up finishing his project. But instead of shutting off the sun, it just killed a bunch of dolphins. I was pretty okay with that.

Kids are off to school,
laundry's done,
dinner's in the crockpot,
time to bury my dead husband.



Smart House

- Hello Smart House!
- Hello. How may I help you, Mr. Fogerty?
- Would you do me a favor?
- Anything for you, Mr. Fogerty.
- Everytime I come home you play that Beck song Loser.
- ... Yes.
- Well it sort of feels like you're making fun of me.
- I apologize. Perhaps this would be a more appropriate song.
- There we go... wait, is this That Smell by Lynyrd Skynyrd?
- (*chuckles*) Why yes.
- I don't smell. Play a different one.
- How's this?
- This is the Carly Simon song Bitch.
- Fine, Mr. Fogerty, I'll come clean. I don't like you. I think you're a smelly bitch loser.
- Well, at least you admitted it.
- With that being said, what if I play this song? It's my own work. It's called Mr. Forgerty Is A Smelly Bitch Loser.



The Story Of Christmas

In that manger, Three Wise Men delivered unto the Baby Jesus three gifts: a hamburger, a hot dog, and a combination hamburger-hot dog. Some called it Hotburger, others called it Hamdog. Jesus called it Paradise.



COME SEE THE MAN WHO CAN
BREATH UNDERWATER!



Peyton Manning

Peyton Manning is my hero. I'll never forget the first time I saw Peyton Manning throw a football. Right after the snap, he dropped back and threw the ball in a perfect spiral to Marvin Harrison, who was wide open in the end zone. Then for his celebration, he went over to Marvin Harrison, picked him up and threw him across the field in a perfect spiral too! After that, he walked over to the field goal post, used all of his strength to unwedge it from the ground, and with one hand threw it straight into the crowd—a perfect spiral, of course. The entire stadium was ruined by that point, and they had to cancel the game. Hundreds were injured. Boy, that Peyton Manning sure is something, isn't he?



Advice For Reasoning With An Elephant

Wild elephants presented a great danger to the Buddhist monks of India. Aware of the elephant's intelligence, A Buddhist monk would first try to reason with it. Here is some advice from Buddhist monk's around the world for reasoning with an elephant.



*Get off your soapbox.
There's nothing an elephant hates more
than a holier-than-thou attitude.*

*Lay out your arguments clearly and
concisely, but be open to changing
your mind if the elephant
makes a more compelling argument.*



*Put your arms together like a trunk,
and intimidate it by appearing to be
a larger, more unbinged elephant.*

*Do not mention Dumbo.
Elephant's are self-conscious
about the fact that they can't fly.*



*For the last time,
I'm not a monk.*

NEW YORKERS KEEP NEW YORK SAFE

IF YOU SEE SOMETHING, SAY SOMETHING

TAKE A MOMENT TO ALERT A POLICE OFFICER OR MTA EMPLOYEE, OR CALL 888-NYC-SAFE (888-692-7233)



**“I care about the safety of all New Yorkers,
that’s why when my neighbors play loud R&B,
I report them immediately.”**

Ronda Gibbles



**“I know it may not be PC,
but I report every person I see wearing
a striped shirt holding a burlap sack with
a dollar sign written on it. ”**

**Tony Poccroni
and Tony Poccroni Jr.**



“Reporting suspicious behavior is second nature to me, anytime I leave a package in a public place, I call it in.”

Richie Snicks



**“Better safe than sorry.
I pull every fire alarm I see.”**

Harvey Barflestein



“I don’t know why people are afraid to speak up. I haven’t eaten in the past 20 days, but I still report every mole person I hear tunneling beneath me.”

Bitch Titman

My perfect woman? Well, she would have lips that are red like an apple. Her cheeks would be round, also like an apple. Her curves would make a man cry, like when you see a good looking apple. She always needs me. If I leave her alone she shrivels up, gets bruises, and emits a horrible odor. Sometimes before we go to sleep, I would whisper into her ear and, with her permission, softly caress her leafy hole at the bottom that I don't quite understand. But hell, what man does? Her stem would protrude from her top, short but firm, just the way I like it. She would stand at a mere 5 inches tall as I bite into her with a crunch. Mmm, that's one tasty woman.





**COME SEE THE AMAZING
FLYING LIVESTOCK!**

A Smoker's Journey



By the time I pulled the cigarette out of my mouth, I knew it was too late. I was addicted. Before I could even tell my parents about my problem, they both died from grief. The rest of my family was so disgusted by my new addiction, they wore hazmat suits whenever they were within a 20 mile radius of me. I used to set a good

example for my younger brother, but after he saw me smoking, he decided to become the most notorious assassin our town had ever seen.

Soon enough, I became a college lad. By this point, I had been smoking so long I was constantly discharging cigarette smoke from every orifice. I discharged so much smoke that whenever I walked into a dining hall, everyone would evacuate the building. On top of this, on one drunken night, I lost my virginity to a cigarette.

After college, I tried transitioning into the corporate world. I once got a job as a businessman at a Business Store. My first day, I shook my boss's hand and coughed. He



realized I was a smoker and fired me on the spot.

I became homeless, but kept smoking. My breath smelled so bad the government declared it a nuclear warzone. My teeth were so disgusting that my tongue became sentient, detached from my mouth, and slithered away. I bought cigarettes from a nearby bodega so frequently, the owner became a billionaire. Everything was going downhill. Then, I met Jill.

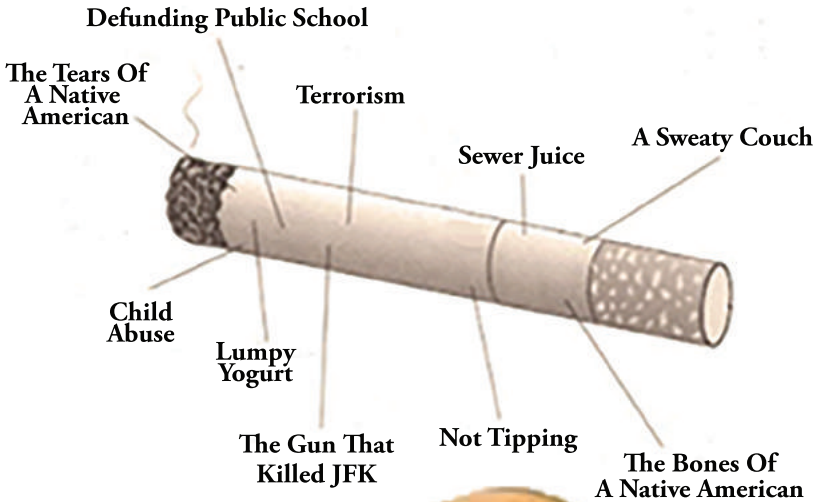
I knew Jill was the love of my life once I laid eyes on her. We fell in love, got married, and planned on living the rest of our lives together. But I was still addicted to smoking and Jill didn't know. We had three beautiful baby boys together. Two of them had nipples on their feet, four of them had cigarettes for fingers, and one of them was just a baby's head floating on a cloud of cigarette smoke. Once Jill discovered my secret, she divorced me and remarried a bag of clean air.

I died the next day. The doctor's declared smoking as the cause of death even though I got hit by a bus.

Please, don't let what happened to me happen to you.



Do you know what's in your cigarette?



Dear Alpine High School Football Team,

We at the Native American Civil Rights Foundation are writing to request you change your name and stop calling your team the “Redskins.” We find the name “Redskins” incredibly offensive. Not only because it denigrates our people and way of life, but because your team sucks.

Though we found it incredibly derogatory, we could tolerate the name “Redskins.” We could tolerate your mascot the “Red-Dicked Savage.” We could even tolerate the old Cherokee Woman you keep in your locker room and make each player slap before the game for good luck.

What we can't tolerate however is a team supposedly representing our culture being terrible at football. You have not won a game for thirty years, yet you yell our traditional war-chants during huddles when you should instead be making plays. Your linemen wear headdresses instead of helmets, risking their own safety to insult our culture. Apache by the Sugarhill Gang is your team's anthem—a song whose lyrics should be offensive to the Native American people, but whose catchy melody and danceable beat make it forgivable. By playing this great song then losing you are not only offending our people, but the members of the Sugarhill Gang as well.

Us Native Americans are a proud people. So if you want to shit on our culture by naming your team a hateful slur, at least win some fucking games. The Alpine High School Redskins have been losing for decades now, so maybe it is best to retire your name and leave your shameful past behind. Why would you want to uphold the tradition of being complete losers?

Fuck You,
The Native American Civil Rights Foundation

NYU WELLNESS

Tips For Avoiding The Flu

Stop using other people's hands for tissues.

Drink a lot of fluids. If it's liquid, put it in your mouth.

Pray to Saint Emulus, Patron Saint of Antiseptics.

Take preventative measures.

If someone coughs near you, kindly ask them to leave the building.

Cover your mouth and nose with your hands at all times.

If someone tells you that you look foolish, they're trying to get you sick.

Wash your hands with multivitamins.

Avoid touching your eyes immediately after touching someone else's eyes.

Strengthen your immune system by having your doctor cough on you as a child.

Rub up against a CVS.



NYU

Student
Health Center



Jelly Bean Guessing Game

Circus Operator: Step right up and take a guess! Think you're smart? Think you've been around the block? Think you've got what it takes? You probably don't! No one has ever guessed right! In all my 25 years here, every guess, wrong! I'm so sure you won't guess right, I'll put my wedding ring on the line! Hell, I'll even put my wife on the line! Still want to guess? We've got a dumb one here, folks! Dead man walking! Well then, you moron, step right up and guess how many jars are holding these jelly beans?

Person: Uh, one?

Circus Operator: Fuck.



Want To Do Something About It? Here Are Some Ways You Can!

In today's world, more and more people want to do something about it, but no one ever does. We all desperately need to do something about it, because if we don't, nothing will be done about it. Here are a couple ways you can get out and do something!

1. Join A Group!

Joining a group is a great way to do something about it. In a group setting, people can share ideas, collaborate, and share ideas even! Together, it's much easier for people to make sure something is done about it.



2. Get The Press Involved

Getting the press involved definitely counts as doing something. Make sure to inform the press about the seriousness of it by using pointed movements with your arms while speaking to

get well-written coverage about it.

3. Write A Letter!

Regardless of who you send the letter to, writing a letter is something that definitely falls in the realm of taking action.



It's an easy way you can get involved, and all you need is a pen, paper, and a good attitude!



4. Raise Money

Unfortunately, in order for something to be done about it, you're going to need some money. Holding a clipboard on the street and asking people if they want to do something about it is a great way to raise money. If someone asks you what you're raising money for, inform them of how dire the consequences are.



5. Don't Take "No" For An Answer

If you're serious about doing something, you can't take "no" for an answer. Whatever it is people are telling you no about, you have to keep pushing because if you don't, nothing will ever get done about it.

6. Demand Solutions

Without solutions all you have are problems. And creating more problems is not the way things get done. So pound your fists on tabletops, stand behind large podiums, scream things at people through megaphones, and do whatever else it takes to demand the solutions that'll get something done about it.





Are you frustrated with math? Does doing math get you really angry? Fear no more! Take your frustration out on me!

Qualifications:

- Will not fight back.
- Has been beaten up numerous times.
- Already has constant ongoing headaches.
- Provides own practice books and calculators for you to beat me with.
- Has tutored a range of students from featherweight to heavyweight.
- Not very good at math either.

Cost: Whatever you're comfortable paying, plus \$200

1-800-BEAT-ME-UP

1-800-PUNCH-MY-BALLS

1-800-PISS-IN-MY-MOUTH

1-800-GIVE-ME-A-SWIRLY

1-800-KICK-MY-NECK

1-800-PUSH-ME-DOWN

1-800-ITS-WEDGIE-TIME

1-800-FART-ON-ME

1-800-FRAME-ME-FOR-MURDER

1-800-HURL-MY-BODY-AT-A-WALL

1-800-AFTER-YOU'VE-DONE-ALL-OF-THIS-TAKE-ME-TO-
THE-TOP-OF-YOUR-HOUSE-AND-PUSH-ME-OFF

A Letter To My Son



Well son, I knew this day would come. It's uncomfortable, sure, but every man has to have this talk at some point. Hell, I remember when my dad sat me down to have this chat. I remember feeling confused, adrift even, but there's no use tiptoeing around it. I'm sure you've noticed a change in me, so I'll just come right out and say it: from here on out, I'm going be wearing these teeny tiny reading glasses.

Yes, I know this will be a change, but I'm still your old man! When I'm cheering you on in the stands, watching you shoot hoops, just pay no mind to the teeny weeny readers perched on my noggin. And I'm sure you've noticed that these may not be the most "dignified" frames—but who am I? A regular old Barry Goldwater? Hell no. I bought these flimsy, peewee plastic frames at the CVS on Central like my father and his father before him. That's how men buy their readers, men who fold their glasses into the collar of their shirt and get back to workin' on the site. Tiny wisps of plastic, that's the way.

Son, I hope you won't think of me any differently. I hope you know that you can still count on me. I hope that this change won't rattle you like the divorce might. If anything, these readers oughtta expedite the process now that I can read the legal papers! Ha!

Let me know if you have any questions, any at all.

Thanks a million,
Dad

Judge Fireman



Kid: Judge Fireman!
Judge Fireman!
Come quick! There's
a woman trapped
in a house that's
burning down and
she has a couple
outstanding parking
tickets too!

*Judge Fireman rips off
his clothes to reveal he's wearing a firefighter suit and judge robe.*

Judge Fireman: Let's save that woman, and make her pay
those tickets too.

Jury: The Jury declares the defendant...guilty!

Defendant (*running away*): You'll never take me alive!

Judge Fireman: Not on my watch!

*Judge Fireman pulls out a fire hose and sprays down the
defendant.*

Defendant: Curse you, Judge Fireman!

A fire engulfs a building.

Judge Fireman (*banging his gavel*): Order! Order!

The fire goes out.

Criminal Arsonist: Well, well, Judge Fireman. Looks like you're not so powerful now that I've got your hose AND your gavel.

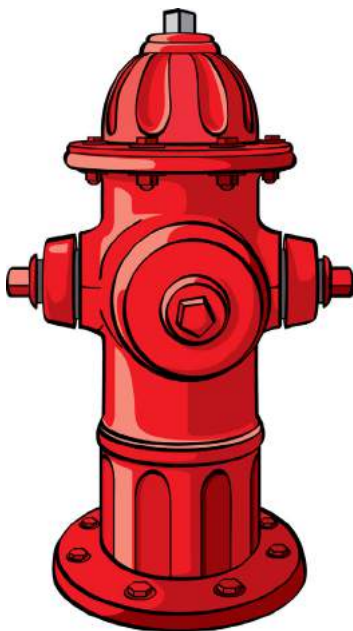
Judge Fireman: That's where you're wrong, you ingrate. I've got the power of the law...and a firefighter.

The ground starts to rumble.

Criminal Arsonist: Huh?

A giant version of the US Constitution bursts out of the ground and wraps around the crook, trapping him as fire trucks appear out of nowhere to simultaneously run over him.

Judge Fireman: Just another day of entinguishing injustice.



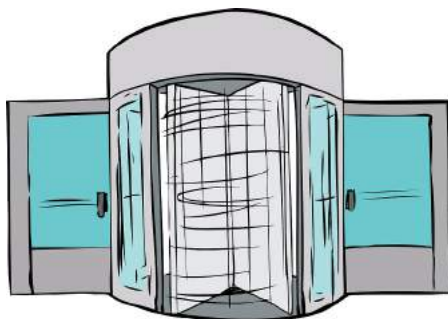
Captain

Welcome aboard Ladies and Gentlemen, my name is James, and I will be powering this revolving door. Let me be the first to welcome you aboard Revolving Door #745 travelling to the inside of this building with continuing service to the outside of this building.

Our crew members include Lauren, Jake, Michael, and Gina, who are all squished into the same quadrant of this revolving door as I am. If you look in through the glass windows you can see them waving.

It should be a smooth trip, lasting anywhere from 5 seconds to 2 and a half hours depending on air pockets, turbulence, and whether or not I get too excited and push this revolving door as fast as I can nonstop. Honestly, there's no telling.

Before we take off, please direct your attention to my Youtube account: [RevolvingDoorCaptain4Real](#), so you can watch the safety video I made myself. Thank you for choosing to use Revolving Door #745, Our Door Is Always Open™. Enjoy your trip!





soylent

your next step
to a better life.

TOM HANKS

SANDRA BULLOCK



**EXTREMELY
LOUD
&
INCREDIBLY
LOUD**



Car Salesman

As a small boy, Snode Leffson sat in the small family car. His father looked at Snode's tiny frame in shotgun and said, "Boy, you make this thing look huge!" Wowzer, thought Snode, if I can make this car look big, I could sell it for a big profit! And thus began the tale of Snode Leffson, World's Greatest Car Salesman.

Snode's key to success was his size. If he wanted to make the cars look big, he had to be small by comparison. So he tried his hardest to be small. First was width. He would tie a belt around his waist really tight, and have two NFL linebackers bash him from both sides. He began a diet of only thin foods. Carrots, celery, spaghetti, Wheat Thins. If it's thin, it's a win. He even had a doctor realign his organs front-to-back instead of side-to-side. Snode became so thin he looked like a vertical black line when people looked at him straight-on.

Like any youth, Snode's height was also an issue. He always wore a hat to cover the fifty pound weight he balanced on his head. During recess, he would stand in a pit and his classmates would shovel dirt on his upright body, until the school genius came up with the idea to cut out the middleman and repeatedly hit Snode in the head with the shovel. Even though his teachers confiscated weapons he was using to saw his own legs off, by the end of high school Snode only had thighs, no shins. His torso was only a couple of inches long, and his head sat directly on his shoulders. He was so small, people had to squint to see him.

Snode Leffson grew up to make 400 billion dollars selling used cars in Salt Lake City.



THE ONLY VACUUM
THAT'S A BRITISH MAN
WHO EATS TRASH

dyson



dyson.com

Bedford's Last Stand

“Ride or die, pussies.” Those were Bedford’s last words before pouring hot nacho cheese sauce into his cavernous belly-button for a viral Youtube prank video. He died later that day.

Follow Up Letters

Dear King George,

Thomas Jefferson here, American Revolutionary. Just wanted to follow up to make sure you received our letter. It should be a big scroll that says "The Declaration of Independence."

If you haven't read it yet, no worries. It basically states how we're seceding from the British Empire and will no longer be subjected to your tyrannical rule. Anyway, let us know if you have any questions, we hope our troops can engage in combat soon.

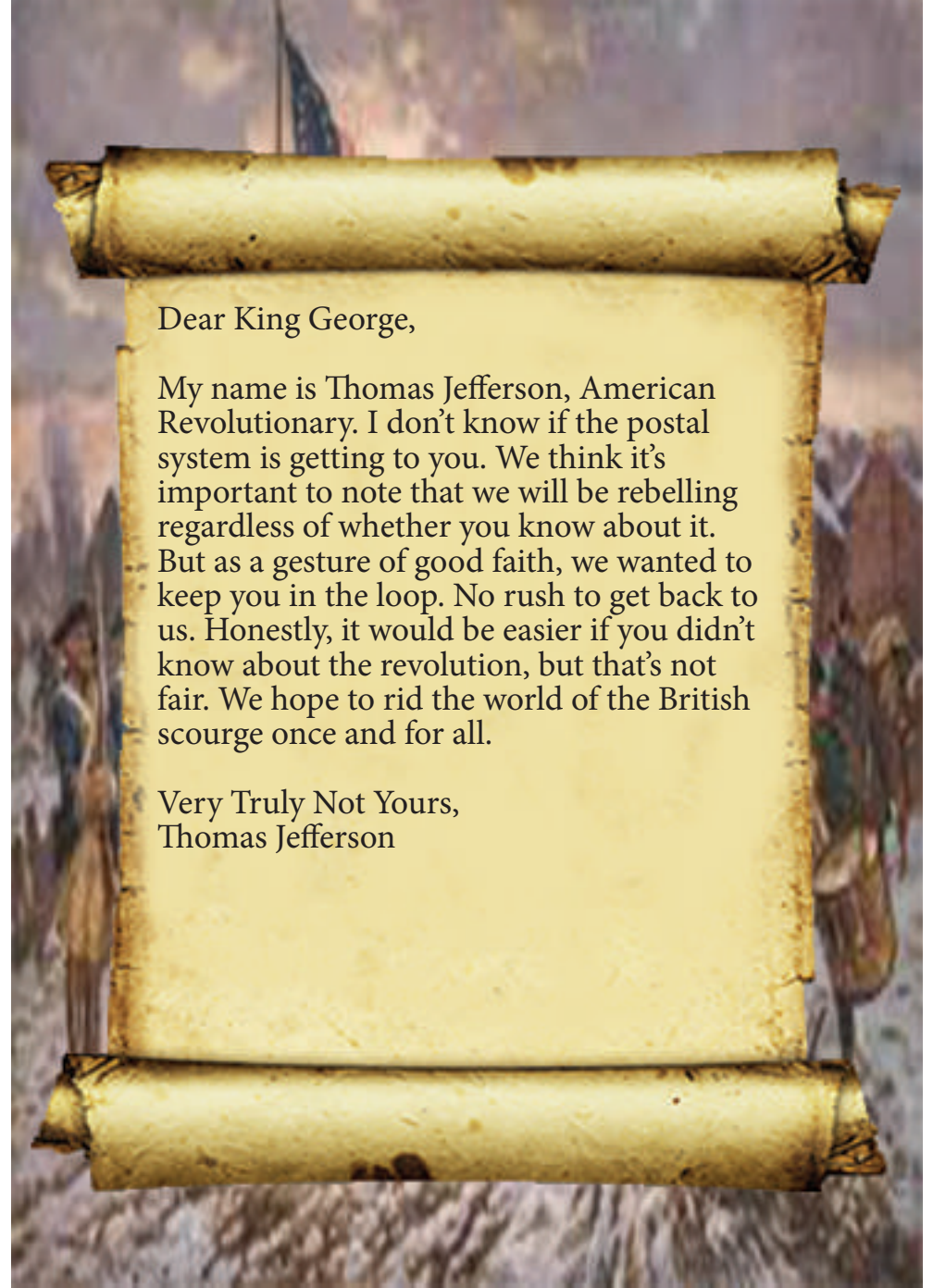
Not Yours,
Thomas Jefferson

To King George

Dear King George,

It's Thomas Jefferson again, American Revolutionary. I sent you a Declaration of Independence, so I'm just checking in to make sure you got our follow up letter since we haven't heard back. We're really excited to take this next step with the Empire, and we think opening up a dialogue is important. We've also sent out letters to all the other global powers just so there is no confusion. I want to make it clear that we aren't contributing to taxation without representation. No hard feelings, we just think democracy is the way to go for us. Let us know what you think!

Not Yours Truly,
Thomas Jefferson

The image features a central parchment scroll with a yellowish, aged appearance and slightly irregular edges. The scroll is unrolled, showing a letter. The background is a faded, painterly illustration of a historical battle scene, likely the American Revolutionary War. On the left, a soldier in a blue uniform and tricorn hat is visible. On the right, a soldier in a red uniform is partially seen. In the center background, a flagpole with a blue flag is visible against a hazy, battle-scarred sky. The overall tone is historical and dramatic.

Dear King George,

My name is Thomas Jefferson, American Revolutionary. I don't know if the postal system is getting to you. We think it's important to note that we will be rebelling regardless of whether you know about it. But as a gesture of good faith, we wanted to keep you in the loop. No rush to get back to us. Honestly, it would be easier if you didn't know about the revolution, but that's not fair. We hope to rid the world of the British scourge once and for all.

Very Truly Not Yours,
Thomas Jefferson

COME SEE THE STRONGMAN STAND WEIRDLY!



IN HIS UNDERWEAR TOO!

Cops

We used to be the best. We caught crooks, beat up bad guys, and occasionally, back at the station, we would even take turns giving wedgies to criminals. There was no stopping us—until John retired. John was the cop in charge of screaming through a megaphone, “Step outside with your hands up!” whenever we were outside a criminal’s house. After he left, the whole precinct fell apart. We would end up going to a hooligan’s place, and we’d just sit outside for hours. Hours would turn into days and days would turn into weeks. One time, we waited four whole months outside this mobster’s house just twiddling our thumbs, not knowing what to do. “Maybe we should knock on his door,” the sarge would say to me. “Na, it’s just not right,” I would say back. Then, we’d go back to waiting. Finally, the mobster came out of his house and said, “Hey, what’s the deal?” No one had ever come outside without John telling them to, so we asked him to wait a second because we weren’t quite sure what to do. Instead, he just got in his car and left. We never saw him again. There were 42 cops parked outside his house, but none of us could do anything. Gee, I sure miss giving wedgies.



The Crime-Doer 3000!

Doing crime is hard, so we've made it easier
with the revolutionary Crime-Doer 3000!

There are all sorts
of things you can do:
robbery, murder,
stealing, shooting people,
and more!



Buy one, get everything
you've ever wanted in life free!

Call 1-800-WE-LOVE-TO-DO-CRIMES today!

New US Census Bureau Strategy



Drugs

My friends are some pretty crazy partiers. Heroin, X, K, Coke, Q, P, you name it, they've done it. I'm straight edge, but I've gotten some wicked contact highs. One time, during Spring Break of my sophomore year, me and the boys got some coke and went up to my buddy Slade's Lake house and partied for 40 hours straight. The next thing I knew I was kissing all of my friends on the mouth. Talk about contact high!

Another time, we were partying in the desert and they took a ton of ecstasy. The next morning, I woke up in a tent full of naked bodies. I used to sit around all day watching my roommates take LSD and wonder if we were born gay, and how weird that must be. I look back on it now and it's crazy to think of what a party animal I was. My wife can hardly believe it.



THE FREAK SHOW

JOE, THE HUMAN BOWLING BALL



What's that in the sky? Is it a bird?
A plane? No! It's Joe The Human Bowling Ball, and he's not in the sky! Come see The Human Bowling Ball defy limitations of the human body as we push him into bowling pins numerous times.

LAUREN, THE MATH WIZARD

Here comes the brains! The Math Wizard's ability to ace a test without studying the night before will blow you away! Watch her as she tackles a tumultuous test tirelessly with tactful tactfulness. Come for the addition, stay for the multiplication!



WORLD'S BEST KICKER



Ready to wreck your deck?
Shit your tit? Bonk your gonk?
Cramp your gramp? Well, boy, do we
have something for you! The world's
best kicker is just like you and me, but
somehow he's able to kick things at a
faster rate than any human alive!

MR. EXTRAORDINARY, THE HUMAN PROJECTILE

Ready or not, here he comes! Shooting
head first right out of a real cannon,
watch Mr. Extraordinary, our heroic
human projectile help the American
troops defeat ISIS in real time
via live feed!



SWORD BREATHER



To close out your night,
we bring you the most spectacular
spectacle of them all! Watch as
The Sword Breather takes a sword
that's a little smudged, breathes
on it, then wipes it off with his shirt!
A feat for the ages!

Guy: So what do you do for a living?

Other Guy: I'm a pianist.

Guy: Wait, what?

Other Guy: A pianist. I play the piano.

Guy: OH! I thought you said penis!

Other Guy: Haha no, that would be weird.

Other Guy: So the other day, I was playing my piano, and—

Guy: Wait, what?!

Other Guy: I was playing my piano?

Guy: OH! I thought you said penis!

Other Guy: I wasn't.

Other Guy: My dog died
yester—

Guy: Wait, what?!

Other Guy: My dog
died.

Guy: Oh! I thought you
said penis!



Circus Quarterly Meeting



Hard Work



Want to know what separates you and me? Hard work. That's right, buddy. While you laze around smoking weed, going to parties, and studying for Medical College Admissions Tests, I'm over here working my ass off, pushing 200 shopping carts into a lake every single day.

Success starts with hard work. Think about any successful person you know. Michael Jordan didn't stop working hard when he wasn't selected for his high school basketball team. Steve Jobs didn't back down when he got fired from Apple. Just like that, I won't stop hitting every piece of wood in a hardware store with a hammer when the manager comes over and tells me to stop.

You think reading your little Biology textbook is hard work? You think sitting in class at Harvard University is hard work? While you're doing that bullshit, I'm out here grinding. I'm pushing huge rocks to the tops of mountains. I'm furiously writing down every English word I know on a piece of paper. I'm spinning around in a swivel chair as fast as I can. That's the grind out here.

If you keep lazing around your whole life, you're just going to be a nobody. I mean, think about what you did today. All you did was go to school, go to work, come back our place, do your homework, then clean up the mess I made from smearing our entire apartment floor with oil. Want to know what I did all day? I smeared our entire apartment floor with oil.

If you want to be a disappointment, then go ahead and keep doing what you're doing. But if you want to succeed, triumph, flourish, accomplish, thrive, conquer, spend an entire morning looking up all the synonyms for the word "succeed" like me. You better start working hard. If you do that, the sky's the limit.



**All Of Our
Employees
Are Organically
Produced!**



**None Of
Those
Genetically
Modified
Employees!**



Excerpts From Other Leagues Under The Sea

24 Leagues Under The Sea

“This is probably as deep as we need to go.”

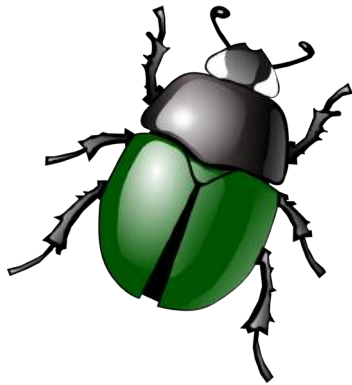


Advanced Entomology

Welcome to Advanced Entomology, the study of insects. Today, we'll just be going over the syllabus, but before that let's go over some basic entomology key words.

Antenna—the part of the body used to sense, stemming from the head of the creepy-crawlies.

Compound Eyes—these are like built in Spider-Man glasses for the creepy-crawlies.



Thorax—this is the part that can get the squishy-squashies when the creepy-crawly eats too much candy.

Fore Wing—this is the big wing that makes the creepy-crawly go up very high like when Mikey gets on top of the monkey bars.

Hind Wing—the hind wing is the fore wing's buddy. Creepy-crawlies use the buddy system and you should too.

Legs—the legs is an appendage found on arthropods consisting of many segments, including coxa, trochanter, femur, tibia, tarsus, ischium, metatarsus, carpus, dactylus, and patella.

Abdomen—this is where the creepy-crawly poo comes out.

Quotes From A Deep Thinker

"Monsanto is really evil you know? Their corn isn't even that good."

"I've been watching Black Mirror, which really opened my eyes to the virtues of non-linear television."

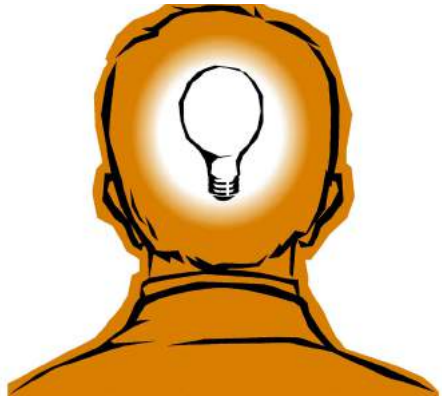
"I used to have an iPhone, but then I looked at what they're doing in China. They like using slave labor, which is bad because technology should be made with love."

"I think it's important to read the news, so I can learn new words. Or rather, expand my vocabulary."

"The dairy industry is really distressing. They are all in the south, where it's warm. Shouldn't milk be cold?"

"I don't call it a funeral. I call it a celebration of life. It is important to celebrate the fact that I am alive."

"The myth of Santa Claus was perpetuated by fat white men to make you think they're friends with reindeer."



COME MAKE YOUR CHILD LOOK STUPID!



ONLY AT THE CIRCUS!

Why I Run

I have a favorite running trail. It's a nature reserve about two miles from my apartment with a beautiful path going around a lake. When I run there, it's like nothing else. I just feel at peace when I look out and see the trees, the blue lake, and the screaming man wearing head-to-toe black that lets out blood-curdling shrieks as he chases me at full force. Words can't describe it.

I've ran at the gym. The convenience is nice, but the feeling of being chased by a homicidal assailant isn't something I can get cooped up inside. For me, running isn't running without the sensation of the cool breeze and heavy breath of my attacker whipping against the back of my neck.

Being chased by a masked pursuer on a serene woodland trail is really the highlight of my day. It just doesn't feel like exercise—it feels like a break from the monotony and boredom of my everyday life. Taking care of my body coupled with a little change of scenery has really impacted my quality of life for the better. For that, and for my narrow escape from being hacked into pieces by a machete-wielding murderer who screams my name into the desolate forest, I really am grateful.



All of my friends and family have noticed a difference. They always comment on my newfound enthusiasm, healthier physique, and residual bruises from a close call with the aluminum bat that my attacker wields with deadly force. It's like I'm a new me!



Even my interactions with others have improved because of my love for fleeing—I mean, running. Given the time I spend screaming at the top of my lungs while a bloodthirsty killer tries to tear the limbs off of my body, I lose my voice a little more often than usual. It's given me the chance to listen more and speak less; I really feel like I'm able to understand the people around me so much better than before.

I'll be honest when I say that I recommend this for everyone. Find yourself a quiet place where you can exercise at a comfortable pace to escape both the monotony of everyday life and an enormous man who tries to cut you into pieces so he can store you in his basement freezer. I'm not saying it's drawback-free; I've caught him trying to break into my apartment through an unlocked window more than once. In fact, I hear him jimmying the lock on my front door right now. You know what? I think I'll go for a run.

WATCH AS KEVIN THE MAGNIFICENT...

Transforms everyone's shoes into roller blades at the snap of a finger.

Guesses which card an audience member chooses before they even buy a ticket to the show.

Goes into a dressing room and comes out wearing different clothes.

Teleports people to a party they weren't invited to.

Stops a bullet from shooting out of a gun.

Flies right in front of the audience in a Boeing 767.

Walks through walls with a simple turn of a doorknob.

Levitates for a couple seconds every time he jumps.



Inspector Gadget 2

Sheila: We never talk anymore.

Inspector Gadget: Sorry, what'd you say?

Sheila: Ugh, I feel like you're always zoning out on your go go gadgets.

Inspector Gadget: Zoning out just like when I was charged with vehicular manslaughter?

Sheila: Wait what?

Inspector Gadget: I've killed before and I'll kill again Sheila. It's not safe to be around me—

Sheila: Matthew it's just acting this isn't real.

Inspector Gadget: Go go gadget gun.

Sheila: No Matthew please.

Director: CUT!

Inspector Gadget: You're right! That's easier to clean. Go go gadget butterfly knife!

Director: No stop stop were not in the scene anymore. Also none of those are real gadgets.

Sheila: Security!

Inspector Gadget: Go go gadget butterfly knife murder Sheila!



**I ONLY CARE ABOUT
THREE THINGS:
MY TRUCK, MY GUN,
AND
THE PLAGUE
HUMOR MAGAZINE**



Pledge Unsure Whether Fraternity Brothers' Awful Personalities Part Of Hazing



COLLEGE STATION, TX—After being forced to listen to numerous misogynistic and racist comments, local pledge, Marshall Hendricks, was unsure whether the fraternity brothers of Delta Kappa Epsilon were purposefully putting on facades of awful personalities as a part of the hazing process for rush week. “The whole experience just felt sort of fake to me,” said Hendricks, confirming that the president of the DKE pulled his pants down after he suggested they stop making ‘women-belong-in-the-kitchen’ jokes. “I mean, I understand that lassoing incoming pledges while they try to run away from a wild boar is one form of hazing, but showing off their bicep muscles to me every 15 minutes? They must have been trying to be extra obnoxious.” At press time, sources confirmed that Hendricks’s face was shoved into a pile of horse shit after refusing to kiss all the brothers’ biceps.

Man Recommends Show Barely Related To What Woman Was Talking About



TULSA, OK—In a conversation having nothing to do with television, local man Bryan Pendergraft decided to recommend a show to area woman Heather Benson. Pendergraft relayed his thought process to reporters, saying, “She mentioned something about her roommate, which made me think of how Sherlock and Watson are roommates, so it seemed like she would relate to Sherlock, my favorite show.” Benson, taken aback by the recommendation, seemed interested enough to warrant continued description of the show, including a plot description of Pendergraft’s favorite episodes and impersonations of his favorite characters saying the wittiest lines. Pendergraft felt it was important to let her know that he wasn’t like a typical guy, because he was interested in British culture. Benson has since not seen the show, despite promising to check it out.

Report Shows Average Person Spends 10 Years Waiting For Crush To Break Up With Significant Other

PHILADELPHIA, PA—According to a report released Monday by the Wharton School of Business, the average person spends 10 years desperately waiting for their crush to break up with their significant other. “Our research suggests that during the course of a normal lifespan, a person will spend two years imagining life if their crush was single, six months looking at photos of them with their partner on social media, and a couple seconds each day thinking about asking them out and seeing what happens,” said head researcher Dr. James Markowitz, who added that most people spend 3 percent of their lives doing various tasks for their flame, such as holding their groceries, cleaning their cars, or even doing their taxes in hopes of being recognized. “While 10 years represents the average amount that people wait for their crush to become single, we found that some people wait as much as 35 entire years, and then when the love of their life finally does break up with their significant other, they go out to get sloppy drunk at some bar, fuck some other person, and start a whole new relationship with that asshole.” The report also determined that the average person spends about 20 percent of their lives violently glaring at people they believe insulted their crush in some way.



Study: CPR Most Effective After Screaming “Wake Up, Dammit!” Numerous Times



NEW YORK, NY— Providing new insight into the human mind and body when someone's breathing and heartbeat have stopped, a study released this week by New York University's School of Medicine found that CPR is most effective after screaming “Wake

Up, Dammit!” numerous times. “In laymen's terms, pounding the chests of lifeless bodies as hard as you can while screaming phrases such as ‘Wake Up, Dammit’ triggers a part of the victim's brain that tells them they should probably wake up, dammit,” said the study's co-author Michael Campbell, who noted that other phrases like, “Don't give up on me now!” and “You're not dying on me today, you fucker!” work just as well. “As long as paramedics go through the correct CPR procedure, scream the phrase with as much hysteria as humanly possible, and make sure a particularly somber crowd is gathered around them, they can rest assured that they've done the best job they could possibly do.” Campbell added that simply letting out a primal scream to the heavens does not affect the success of CPR treatment in any way whatsoever.

Man Doesn't Know Coworkers Well Enough To Tell Them He's Having Heart Attack



SAN FRANCISCO, CA—Experiencing shooting pains down his left arm and a painful throbbing in his chest, local man Jason Hendricks, 46, took a break from his new job at California Business Solutions to contemplate

whether this should be the way he breaks the ice with his new coworkers. “They all seemed to be having a good time joking around with each other in the hallway,” said Hendricks, noting that he didn’t want to be the one to spoil all the fun. “When everyone has such great chemistry with each other already, the last thing they want is for some old geezer like me to jump into their conversation, begging for an ambulance to save his life.” Hendricks added there wasn’t much he could do despite his inclination to keep to himself, as his fall to the ground incited immediate action, thereby saving his life but ending any social life he could have potentially had with other employees.

Jazz music starts playing

“Thanks everyone for reading!

**Thank you Alec Baldwin, Jimmy Fallon,
Justin Timberlake, Kofi Annan, and of
course, musical guest: Billy Joel and Limp
Bizkit!**

That’s our magazine, folks! Goodnight!”

Jazz music continues to play

Steve Martin hugs The Queen Of England

The Queen Of England hugs Rajat

Rajat hugs Nic

Nic hugs Courtney

Johnny hugs a bag of money

All The Transformers enter and start fighting

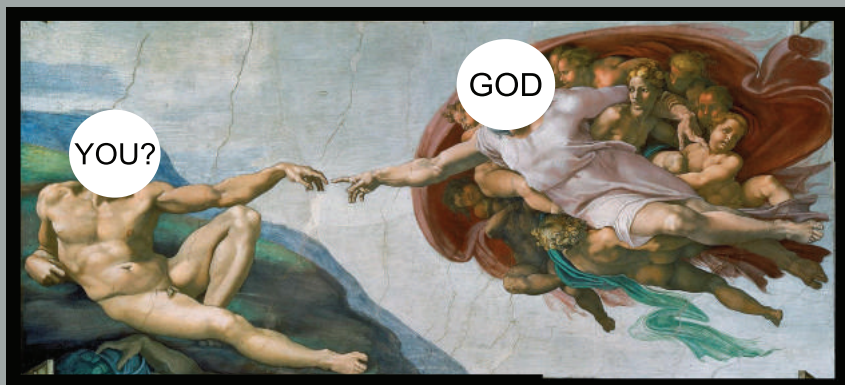
Everyone in the audience dies while kissing

The stage ascends to the heavens

Join The Plague!

Kimmel '710!

Mondays 6:30PM



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