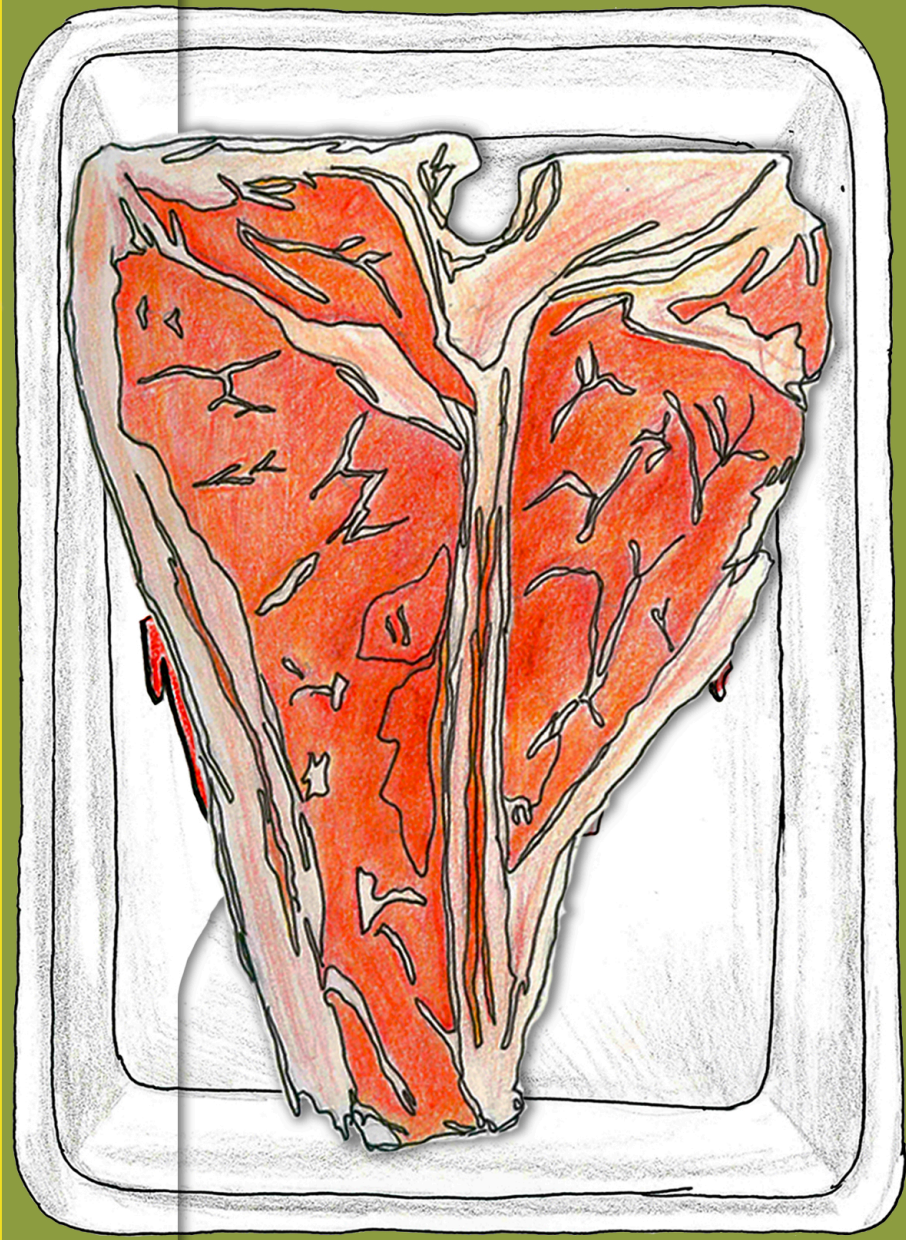
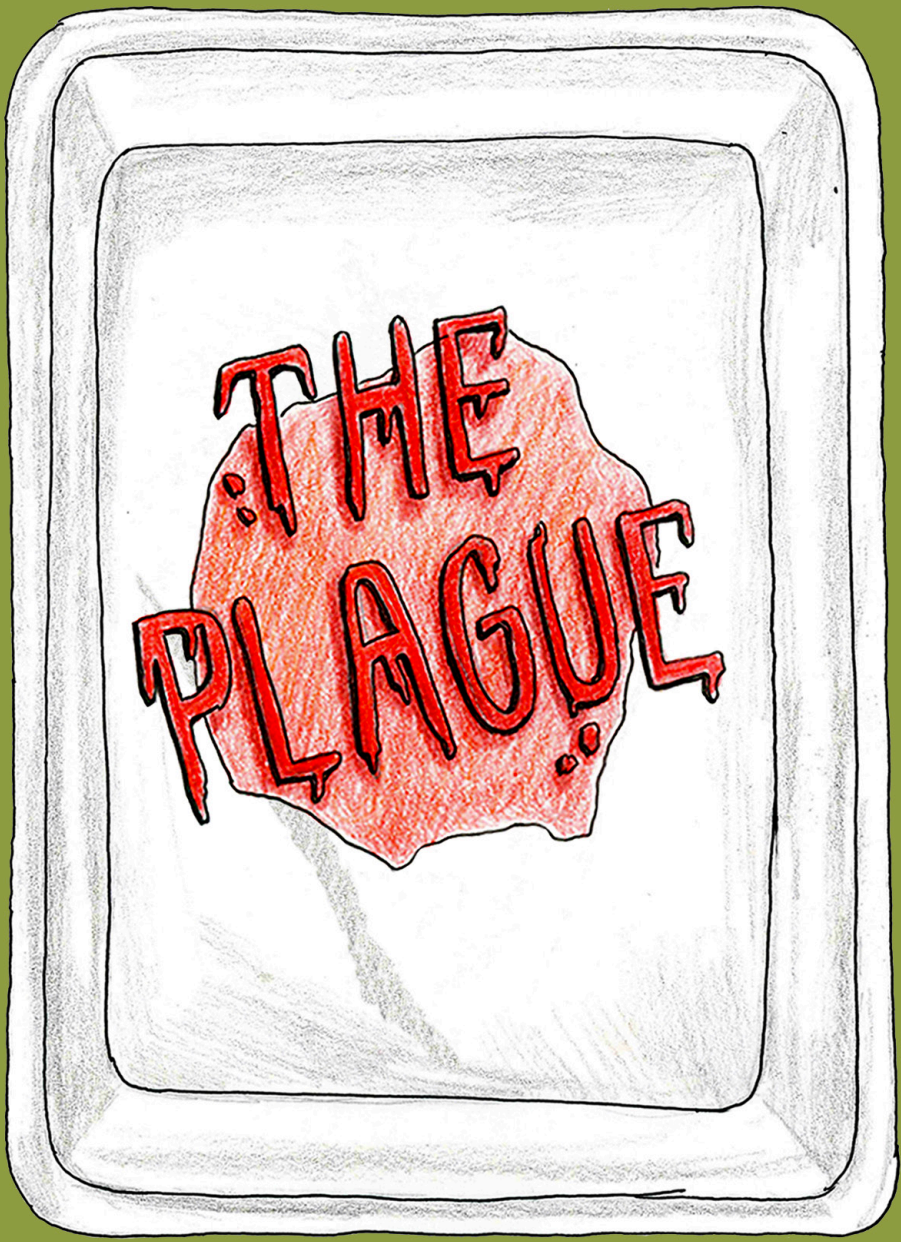





THE
PLAGUE

Foreword

It's me, Anthony Bourdain. Yes, after a lifetime of ingesting the strangest, the finest, the craziest and the zaniest foods, I've decided to conquer the cuisine no man has ever explored before: ghost food. They said it couldn't be done, but nevertheless, I've gained the power to eat the same food that God, the gods, and all of your loved ones that made it here eat. So, strap on your eating-helmet because we're diving into divine dining.

You're probably wondering how the food of the afterlife tastes. Imagine a baby. Now imagine that baby is the Buddha. Now take the blanket that baby is wrapped in, and fill it with a substance that feels like the first dirt on earth and tastes like the music of Frank Zappa. Add some Cholula. Don't get it? I figured you wouldn't. It takes walking through that door that lies beyond the last breath to understand what I'm describing. It's all about authenticity.

Think of the first house you lived in. Was it shaped like a cube with a pyramid on top and a smaller cube attached to the side? Wrong. It was shaped like a hyperbolic paraboloid. This food crunches like the first time you snuck out of your childhood home and stepped onto fallen leaves. It was November. You were terrified, but so young and so free. Now imagine that home you are sneaking out of is filled with more of the first dirt stuff, and big crunchy strands of cheese. In the backyard your parents are breeding assorted meats.

Now you're sailing on the golden high seas and the waves are sharp, crunchy and yellow, with swirling red chunks crashing into your tiny ship where you stand at the bow and the golden ocean sprays in your face and melts into the sides of your ship because it's cheese.

To the side of your ship, two green mammalian creatures with long protruding noses jump out of the water and wave at you. The sea is too powerful and your ship tips over, you know you'll be swallowed by the vast ocean and accept your fate with honor, sinking into chunky ocean.

There are infinitely many cuisines in the afterlife, so of course I cannot describe them all to you in the meager terms allowed by human communication. Writing the Plague foreword was the only way I could even reach you guys and it's all kind of a deal with the wholesale food delivery guys at Shop Rite anyway. Basically, they read the Plague, and every three months they deliver all the groceries that we need in the great beyond. And typical me, snooping around, I happened upon them and once I found out they read the Plague I just knew this was the way to tell you guys about the food here. It's really lucky that the delivery guys had Plagues on them because what better way communicate to thousands of people than by writing this foreword? I mean, the rest of the magazine is fine, whatever, but the real important information you need to know is that heaven food is absolutely insane. And you won't really get it unless you actually experience it. It truly is fucking nuts up here.



Haunt ya later nerds,



Staff

Editors

Doron Rasis 8.50
Beefy, oozes cream

Elie Docter 7.50
A real tall cheese

Justin Fargiano 7.60
Buff chick sand

Nina Bisbano 8.50
Hot and tasteless

Maya Prashanth 8.00
The Usual

Assistant Editors

Bry Leberthon 6.00
Good egg

Alessia Garcia 6.20
A cuban

Joshua Jones 6.66
Reuben and groovin'

Jennie Whalen 5.20
Double decker

Tony Schwab 6.50
Meatball latke hero

Jonathan Schatzberg 5.00
A potato chip

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All the work, none of the credit

Althea Meer	4.50	**Bela Køchkarova**	4.50
Justin Wolman	4.50	**Olivia Edell**	4.00
Jacob Hamblin	4.00	**Andrew Sachs**	4.50
Nic Sanchez	3.75	**Noemi Israelsohn**	4.50
Luke Maloney	4.50	**Paul Kim**	3.75

Specials Thanks

Nanci Healy	12.00	**Randy Reeves**	12.50
Jeremy Levick	7.50	**Tom Ellet**	10.50
Rajat Suresh	7.50	**Johnny Bauers**	7.50
Emily Anderson	6.00	**Pizza Mercato**	114.75

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3lbs of Organic Grassfed Chuck page 18

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Prizes at the State Fair

1 Condoms. Nobody that good at shooting a water gun should have kids.
2 My favorite piggy, my big toe.
3 Midwest mash.
4 The world's oldest goldfish.
5 Winner's choice! From the local day care.
6 The smallest man at the state fair. Real small.
7 You no longer have to perform in the freak show.

What's in the Soup?

8 Please stop drinking from my birdbath, sir.
9 Ssshhh it's me secret formulerr.
10 Hot water.
11 Chunky bits, lumpy bits, and crunchy bits for texture.
12 Too much ball juice.

Lies I Told My Friends at Camp

13 That was a bug they felt nibbling them in bed at night and definitely not me, no way!
14 My grandpa invented the Wii.
15 In my home country, having anxiety boners is considered beautiful.
16 That my mom dropped me off at fat camp by accident, but it was too late before I figured it out, and I couldn't call her back to pick me up. Me being fat is just a coincidence.

What's Your Next DIY Project?

17 My underground band where we only play rubber band instruments.
18 Invent hot mouthwash.
19 Crochet jibbitz for my crocs.
20 Hoist a large and bountiful bale of hay far above my head.

Why's It So Toasty In Here?

21 Maybe we are toast.
22 Why wouldn't it be toasty in my mother's warm embrace?
23 Our effigy of the actor who plays Gollum … what's his name? Daniel Day Lewis? Kathleen Turner? Either way, fuck him.
24 I can't turn off my big, warm heart.
25 A lot of unexplored tension and anger and sadness in the aftermath of Ariana Grande's split with Gumby.

Favorite Places To Cry

26 Inside me fountain.
27 In front of a Taco Bell employee just trying to go home at 4AM.
28 Right in the face of someone who has the audacity to think they're sadder than me.
29 My therapist's front porch.

Why's your backpack so big?

30 I *need* all these condoms.
31 Trying to prove I'll never be like my small-backpack wearing father.
32 My Tamagotchi opened a shop, so now I have a whole entire shop in my backpack.
33 This girl called me her "best black friend," and I just haven't unpacked that yet.
34 My backpack's normal. I have a small back.

What are you taking next semester?

35 Qualitative Quantitatives.
36 My life. Into my own hands, that is! New semester, new me!!! Also, I may kill myself.
37 Advanced Ignoring the Homeless.
38 Honors Nutting on Your Dad's Face.
39 Art for Art's Sake: An Artistic Look at Art (Art is the janitor at Tisch).
40 I'm taking back the West Bank for Palestine.
41 Ethical Quandaries within the Looney Tuniverse.
42 A gap semester to explore my autistic side :)

Fave tropical drinks

43 A whole Macaw shoved in a blender.
44 PY NAPPLE JOOSE!

WHAT'S IN THE WATER?

45 Oh, baby, you shouldn't be asking questions like that to a guy like me.
46 More like "What isn't in the water?" This room is totally fuckin' flooded, guys!
47 My little piggies! They're a-soakin'!
48 Ah, shoot! I accidentally bought chunky water instead of smooth.

BOARD GAME IDEAS

49 Mancala.
50 Penis Jousting.
51 Mancala, but with sloppy beans instead of marbles.

WHAT ARE WE DOING WITH STAN LEE'S BODY?

52 Madame Tussaud's Real Corpse Prank.
53 Write "Stanley" on his tombstone.
54 Puppeteer him to shoot a three-pointer.
55 Smothering it in jam.
56 Put a little Kazoo in his mouth and take pics.

_____, I PUT THAT SHIT ON EVERYTHING!

57 My own spin.
58 My festering mouth.
59 My crusty skin shavings.
60 My wet hands.
61 My bussy.

Why Were My Parents Crying Last Night?

62 They were ashamed of my tiny ass.
63 They were diagnosed with mesothelions (?) but were not entitled to compensation.
64 Dad's dic don't work.
65 They got Freaky Friday-ed.
66 Because they are literally the biggest pussies I've ever met.
67 I came back from the orphanage.
68 The ass store was closed so no dinner.

Fitness Tips

69 1 million sit-ups.
70 Work out your forearms by twirling your pen around your fingers like a madman! Wow! Look at you go! I just want to bang you already!
71 Brain is the biggest muscle so think as big as u can.
72 Eat ass, smoke grass, sled fast.
73 Stare into a mirror and scream "Muscle Up!" until you achieve the desired results.
74 Kiss all the hotties in the gym locker room and maybe you'll get infected with health.

Tips for Untangling Headphones

75 Play a lil tune on your flute, and they'll be under your spell!
76 Remember to untangle your own headphones before assisting others.

What Religion is Thanksgiving

77 Every holiday is paegan, no exceptions!
78 Cult of the Big Balloon Boy.
79 Jew.
80 Whirly Swirly Tum Time.
81 Thankism.
82 Turkmenistan.
83 Turkey Bitch Holiday-ism.

Papa's Shaving Tips

84 I swear - and you gotta trust me on this, boy - shaving makes it look bigger. I swear!
85 Groin first. I'm smooth as an egg down there, Junior.
86 Sideways for attention, long way for results.
87 Slide to the left, slide to the right, criss cross, criss cross!

Beep Beep, What's in my Jeep?

88 Beep Beep Lettuce.
89 Just a single mom trying to connect with my lazy estranged daughter.
90 A heap of sheep you little creep. I bought them on that steep street. Pete Meep was selling his sheep, and now these sheep are mine to keep. I need these sheep, Officer Feep, to see them leap and love them deep. So beep beep, there's sheep in my jeep. If you take 'em away, these tears will seep, out of my eyes, and I'll start to weep.
91 My dick in the tailpipe.

Favorite Things To Do With Celebrities

100 Dodge the draft.
101 Use their money to adopt wild boars.
102 Competitively tweet "Sir!" at Trump.
103 See them on the street and shout: "Holy cow! You're a real big wig, aren't ya?"

Ideas For Field Trips

105 Let's all go to the gym and get ripped!
106 Falling slowly backwards into a pool to simulate a reverse-birth.
107 The local quicksand pit! You can come on down, but you sure can't come back up!
108 The quarry.
109 Museum of Delicate Nipple Play.

I Like My Men Like I Like My Coffee

110 In my ass.
111 Aged 12 years.
112 A tall glass of water.
113 5' 9," dirty blond hair, almost brunette, green eyes, no lips.

Creative Suicide Bombing Strategies

114 Have your friend do it.
115 Hiding it in me secret formuler.
116 Eat the bomb pieces separately and swirl your tummy around.
117 Do a classic bomb vest, but add a little cashmere to make it chic!

Fun New Ways to Get to the Moon

118 Eat cheese. Fart big. Eat more cheese, but this time on the moon.
119 Get a really big telescope, big enough to crawl into, and then just get in and you only have to crawl, like, 3 feet to get to the end.
120 Show that little Dreamworks fucker he's not the only one with balloons and a fishing rod.
121 Ask it to come over and scoop.
122 Have my mom throw me like a javelin.

Hilights From Homecoming

123 Artichoke Dip.

Favorite Vacation Spots

124 The one corner of my house that doesn't smell like Hamburger Helper.
125 Getting shrink-rayed so that I can live in a bird-house and do cool shit like use a thread spool as a table.
126 The Museum of Ass.
127 Your mom's place—what up, loser!
128 Vacation is wherever I can jack it in peace.

Why We're Suing You

130 Dodged when you should've swerved, swiggled when you should've wiggled.
131 You discovered my LEGO collection and threatened to tell my boss at Lincoln Logs.
132 You touched my shoe and I didn't like that.

If I was in charge of a multinational corporation, I would

133 Drink more milk.
134 Find more time to toss the pigskin around with my wife.
135 Suck dick using the most effective methods to maximize sucks per quarter.
136 Wish for a million more wishes.

New HGTV shows

137 Upholstering my body with sexier skin.
138 Childproof my Sex Dungeon!
139 Property Swingers.
140 Hotel Mattress Inspectors: Cum Patrol.
141 Convincing Yourself that Oasis Means Big Shower.
142 Willy Wonka Goes to Hurricane-Battered Towns and Rebuilds People's Houses Out of Candy.
143 House Hunters: We Shoot Any Ol' House We Find.

Gobble gobble

144 Toil and trobble, fire burn and cauldron bobble.
145 If you're propositioning me, I'm flattered but taken.
146 Eat my fat turkey ass, daddy!
147 I shit croutons, bitch!
148 ♫here I go again! my, my, how can I resist you?♫
149 I agree, birth control is a vital part of sex education.
150 The Plague officially recognizes the Armenian genocide.

Tips for Living Sustainably

151 Instead of cheese, pair your wine with driving
152 Print your documents on romaine lettuce.
153 Wipe your ass with your hands.

New Febreze Scents

154 Close-range Glue Huff.
155 How Ice-T Sounds.
156 Rich Bitch Spritz.
157 Chicken Sausage.
158 Thoughts & Prayers.
159 Corn & Beans.
160 Butts.
161 Flower Stank.

I Got Bit by a Dog, Now What?!

162 Bite yourself harder, maintaining full eye contact.
163 Do NOT show fear.
164 Bite around the bite so the bite don't feel lonely.
165 Fuck its mom as revenge.

What's Killing the Coral Reefs?

166 They're still alive, but something seems off.
167 They're being fucked by the major corporations... and..... this..... pussssssssaaayyyyyyyyy.
168 Reef-on-reef violence.
169 Ocean acidification due to ever-rising levels.

The Plague: Fall 2018

When You're Here, You're Family

Doron Rasis

Fuck Soup, Marry Breadsticks, Kill Salad



Knife collecting is a hobby which includes seeking, locating, acquiring, organizing, cataloging, displaying, storing, and maintaining knives. Some collectors are generalists, accumulating an assortment of different knives. Others focus on a specialized area of interest, perhaps bayonets, knives from a particular factory, Bowie knives, pocketknives, or handmade custom knives. The knives of collectors may be antiques or even marketed as collectible. Antiques are knives at least 100 years old; collectible knives are of a later vintage than antique, and may even be new. Collectors and dealers may use the word vintage to describe older collectibles.

Maya Prashanth

Fuck Salad, Marry Breadsticks, Kill Soup



Maya Prashanth has Mrs. Doubtfired herself a record seventeen times and is going for gold an eighteenth time at the next Olympics. She has devoted her life to the relentless pursuit of eradicating volcanoes and volcanic eruptions from the earth's surface, plugging them up in innovative and eye-changing ways. Maya's biggest accomplishment is getting all A's on her scantron in the part where you fill in your name. Maya's biggest accomplishment is being the first known survivor of pink eye. Maya Prashanth wants it all, she wants a laser beam, to braid her hair without any help, she wants it all.

Elie Docter

Fuck Breadsticks, Marry Soup, Kill Salad



E komo ma! ʻO Elie koʻu inoa. No California mai au. Pehea'au? Maikaʻiʻau, akā nō māluhiluhi. Nō māluhiluhi. Akā eʻāwīwī, keʻoluʻolu ʻoe! Mai moloā! Ke aʻo nei au i kaʻōlelo Hawaiʻi, maopopo ia? Makemake au e hele i ka lumi hoʻopau pilikia. I kona manawa kūponoʻole, Loa'aʻo Elie i nā ala maikaʻi e hoʻonele ai i ka manawa, e like me kēia! E ʻoluʻolu e loaʻa kahi lā maikaʻi. Mahalo no ka heluhelu, keʻoluʻolu ʻoe. Mahalo nui loa.
O, a mai kauoha i ke tiramisu i kēia lā. Mai.

Nina Bisbano

Fuck Salad, Marry Soup, Kill Breadsticks



Nina Bisbano is a porn star, politician, singer, and expert cake baker. She refers to her male fanbase, and male members of the Italian parliament, as her "little tubby boys," and whips up a mean pineapple upside-down, if ya catch my drift. The platform of her political party, the Democracy, Nature and Love Party, includes popping all of Jeff Koons' dumbass balloon sculptures, entitling all citizens to a "one-Sex-per-month" punch card, and her most popular cake is sixteen pounds of fondant in the shape of one titty.

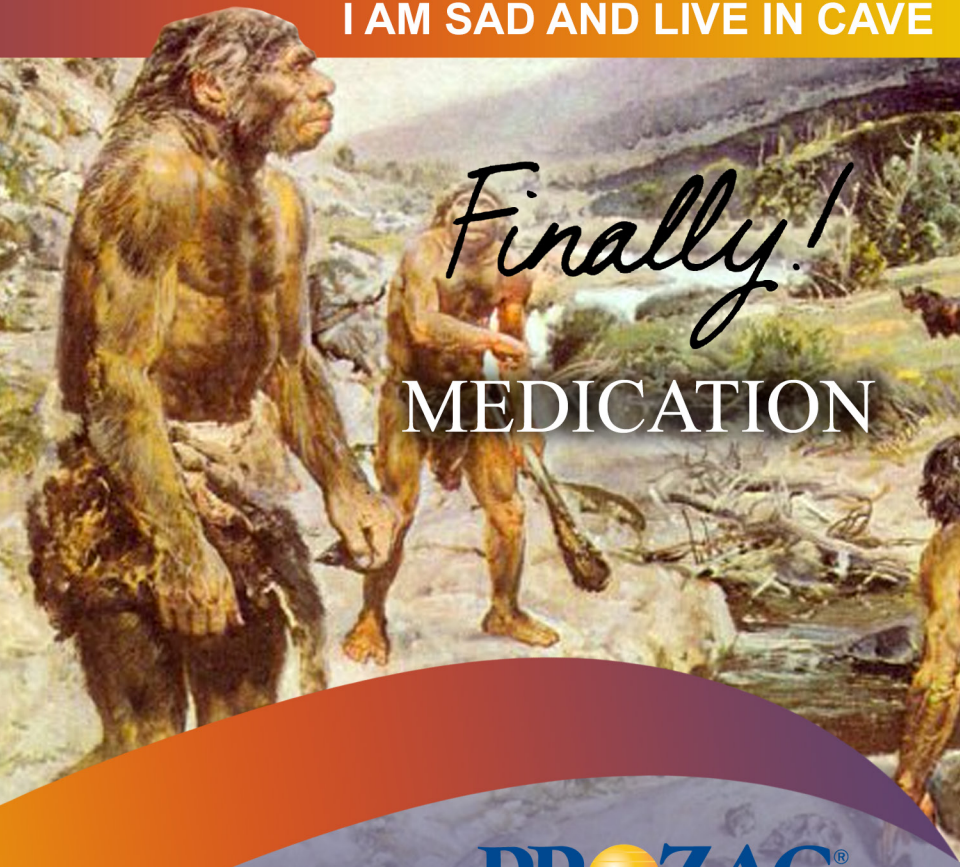
Justin Fargiano

Fuck Salad, Marry Breadsticks, Kill Soup



Thank you! I cannot believe how grateful I am! You, a stranger, are taking the time to read the words that I wrote! Wow! You look at these characters and then make sounds in your head and then understand what I want you to understand. This whole reading thing is magical! Isn't life just like one big Barbie Dream House given to us by our Heavenly Step Dad when we were born? Now I want you to hear the word "fart." See! Bam! Now you're thinking 'bout farts!

I AM SAD AND LIVE IN CAVE

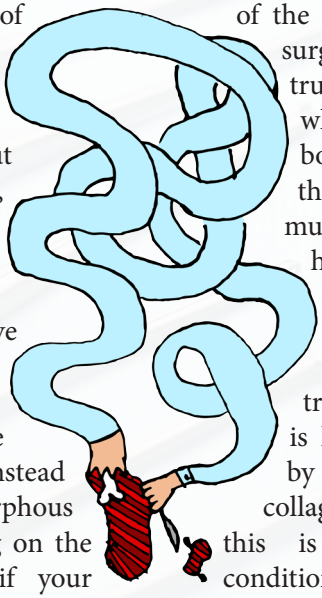


PROZAC®
fluoxetine hydrochloride

Can't get out of cave in the morning? No appetite for pebbles? Can't do simple tasks like move elk carcass to back of cave? Don't recognize the brow ridge you see when looking at your reflection in stream? Use caveman prozac to get out from under big rock weighing you down. The rock is a metaphor for being sad.

What It Takes To Be A Surgeon

Being a surgeon takes guts. It takes precision, patience, perfection. It takes a strong jaw and a thick tailbone. It takes a cranium and a strong mind and bones. It takes having bones in the shape of a skeleton to be a surgeon. It takes bones to survive as any human, but especially a surgeon, because surgeons have an important job to do. You see, surgeons must delve deep into body cavities and stand upright and be able to walk around, instead of being amorphous sacs of flesh sliding on the ground. Imagine if your surgeon didn't have bones. How could you possibly expect your heart transplant to go well?! That blobby surgeon would roll into the operating room, holding your heart in a squishy flesh pouch and getting floor dirt all over it. He would probably put your heart over your ribs, completely missing the point of ribs. Furthermore, bone empathy is finally being recognized as a vital aspect of the medical ethos. A surgeon needs to truly understand what it is like to have bones to operate on them. A surgeon must be proud of having bones, knee bones, leg bones, femur bones, head bones! To truly know what it is like to be bound by solid tubes of collagen and calcium; this is the necessary condition of being a surgeon. To know what it is like to be tethered to the ground; a being of structure, of civility, of bones. This is what it takes. The wild west of having no bones… this simply cannot be the way of the surgeon.



View Writing Tutorial

▼ Personal Essay

Please write an essay on the topic selected. You can type directly into the box, or you can paste text from another source.

B I U

Most of the last four years, when I haven't been studying, taking SAT prep classes, representing the Falkland Islands at Model UN, or covering my friends essays in Wite-Out so they fail, I've been Wii boxing. Wii boxing is a great workout, mostly for the hands, but it's a lot more than that. For me, it has been a way of letting the light inside of me shine.

Unfortunately, I came to Wii boxing through a tragedy. After my 98-year-old great grandmother died, I didn't know how I could go on without the woman who raised my mother's mother's father. She was a brave, courageous woman who was actually in Europe during World War Two. But then, one day, while I was leafing through her stuff looking for money, I found a pair of boxing gloves. I asked my mom about it. Apparently, she had bought them in 1942 and then let them sit there for the rest of her life. I thought I would honor her memory by picking up where she left off, albeit in a more 21st-century way, because being a Millennial is another huge part of who I am as a person.

Wii boxing was challenging, but it was something I needed at that time. After a while, it felt good to wake up at four-thirty, take a cold shower, connect the nunchuk to the main remote, and get to work on the punching bag. I began to master the fundamentals, from tilting the remotes to the left or right, to pushing my hands forward one after the other. In no time, I was the best Wii boxer at school, which made me feel good after all the shit I got about my great grandmother dying.

Now that I have time to reflect, I wonder whether Wii boxing has all been a long way of dealing with Mimma's death. While I'm doing my finger warm ups, I stare at a picture of her and think about the life she lived. She was so strong. She was so loving. She so lived in Europe in the 40s, and she did what she had to do to stay alive. I love her, and every time I knockout some self-righteous Mii that was never in the position that she was, I imagine her right there with me.

CHOOSE YOUR CRUCIFIXION BF

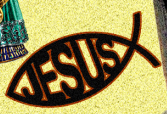


















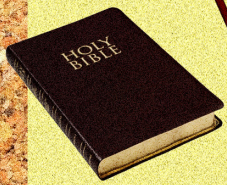
















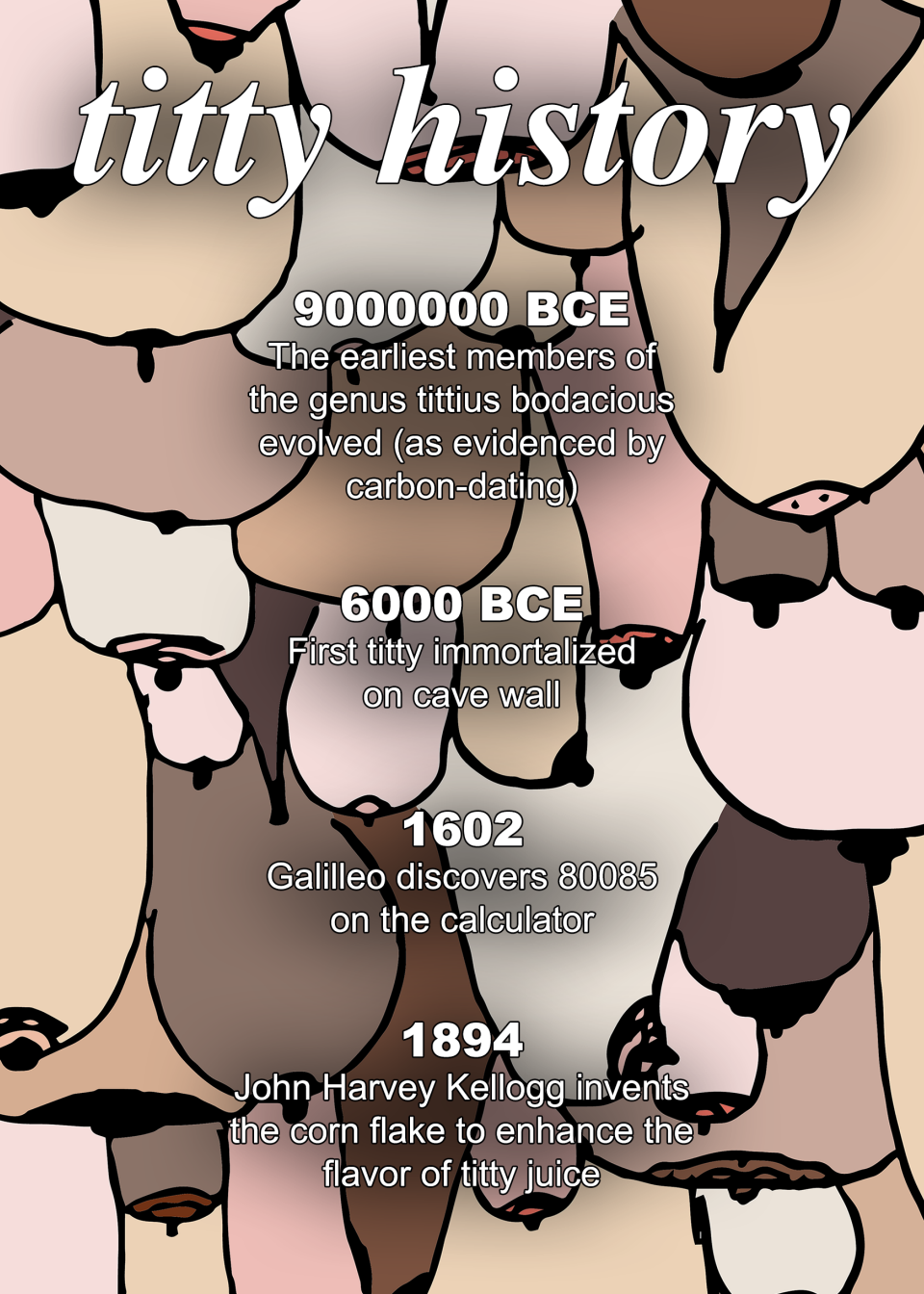
JESUS H CHRIST

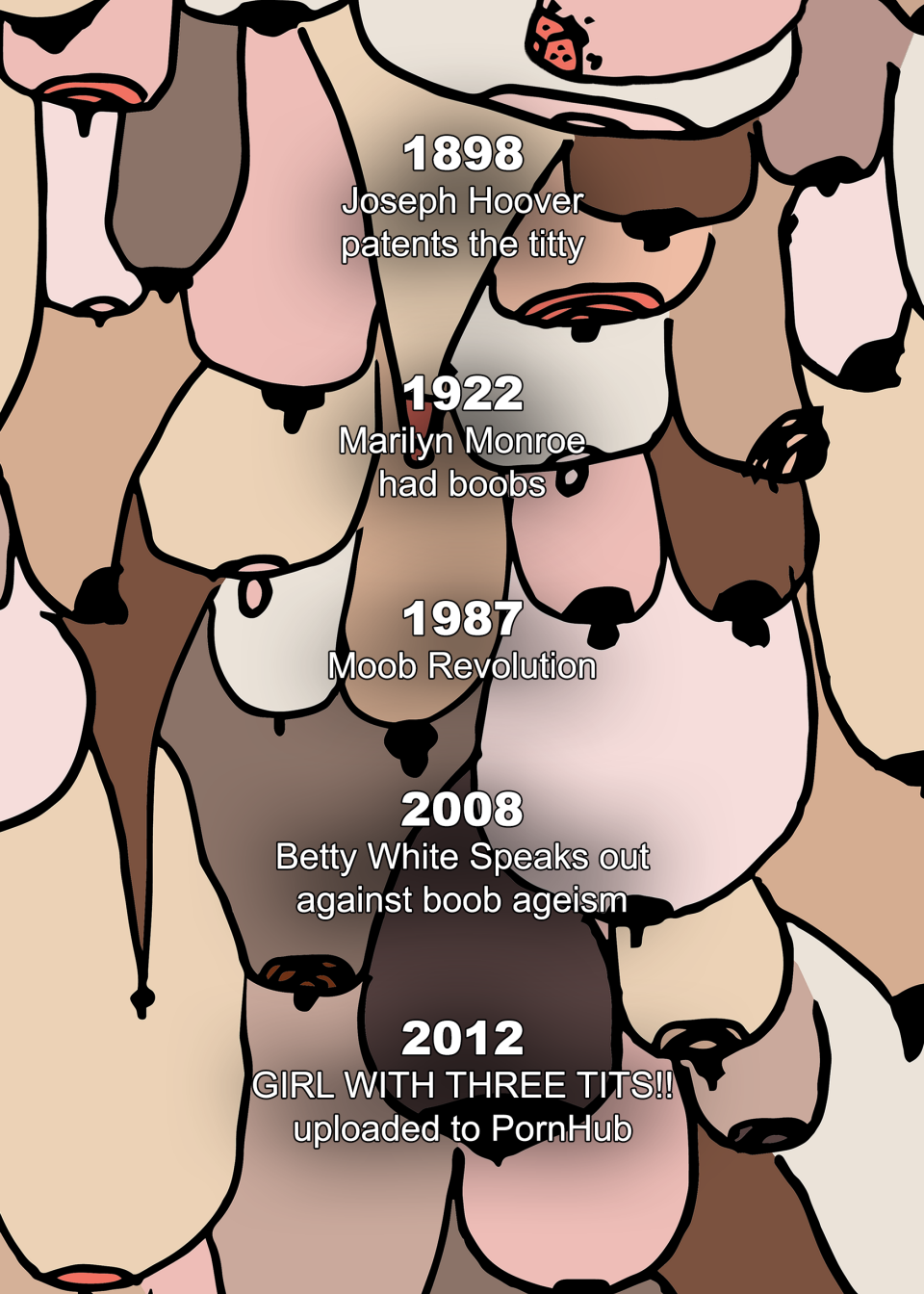
-ultimate travel buddy
-wants u to love his family
-will die for u
-messy hair dont care

PONTIUS PILATE

-chiseled cheekbones
-rich and wants u to know it
-always wants to get wine drunk
-indulges ur sweet tooth
-loves team sports



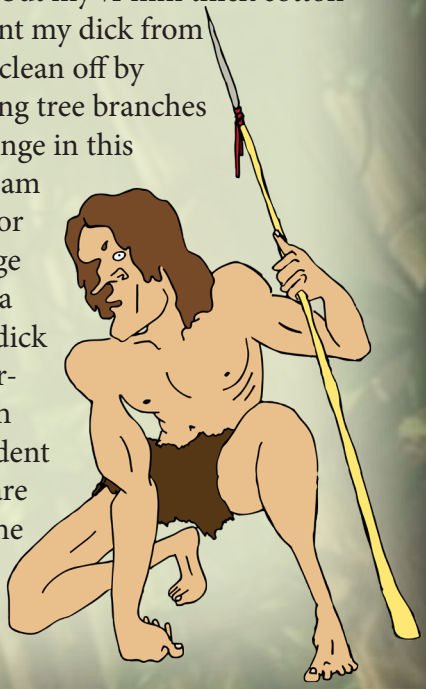

titty history
9000000 BCE
The earliest members of the genus tittius bodacious evolved (as evidenced by carbon-dating)
6000 BCE
First titty immortalized on cave wall
1602
Galilleo discovers 80085 on the calculator
1894
John Harvey Kellogg invents the corn flake to enhance the flavor of titty juice


1898
Joseph Hoover
patents the titty
1922
Marilyn Monroe
had boobs
1987
Moob Revolution
2008
Betty White Speaks out
against boob ageism
2012
GIRL WITH THREE TITS!!
uploaded to PornHub


FUCK
marry
KILL

Tarzan

I'm the jungle man, Tarzan. I have a loin cloth covering my genitals. I punch snakes, I fight lions, I ride rhinos, and yet they are my friends, because I'm Tarzan, the jungle guy. I live to be wild, and my genitals are safely protected by a thin piece of cloth. I swing through the trees, a highly capable man with powerful arms like a lumpy stick of salami and a genital area barely protected from the elements. Me and my nearly fully exposed genitals traverse so many hostile elements–rocky cliffs, giant thorny vines, random twigs and pointy sticks–but my ½ mm thick cotton loincloth can be trusted to prevent my dick from getting caught and being ripped clean off by any number of random protruding tree branches or fanged vipers looking for revenge in this unpredictable jungle. Whether I am scaling the most jagged cliffside or jumping with abandon from ledge to ledge or catching my neck on a vine and auto-asphyxiating, my dick is safely swathed under my paper-light and paper-thin, loose crotch protectant. In fact, I am so confident that my peepee is invincible, I dare the biggest, baddest animals of the jungle to come at me. I fear no element because I trust my loincloth.



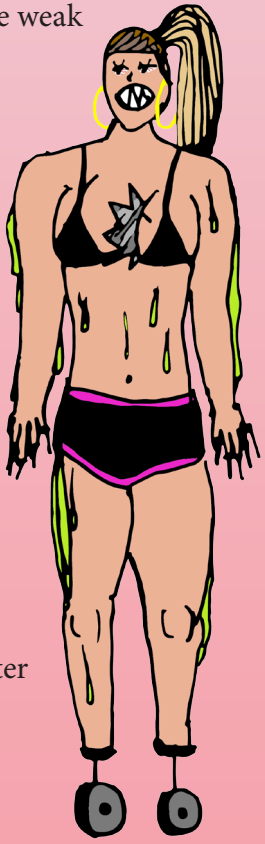

i have
A
yeast infection

Goth

There are very few things in life that can truly break such a resilient creature as a human being. What I am about to tell you is one of those instances that is so sorrowful, so horrifying, so truly heartbreaking and spirit-crushing that it turned me towards the gothic dogma, darkest of all philosophies. My foods touched. I was in line at the cafeteria at school, holding my cafeteria tray with all of its wonderful and separated sections. I was so young, so naive. I was so sure that my tray would not fail me as the lunch lady plopped the potatoes onto the tray. She then sloshed the sloppy joe onto it, and pieces just flew onto the the other section where the mashed potatoes were, and it landed directly on the mashed potatoes. And that was it— my life had changed completely. I picked up my tray and walked out of the cafeteria, out of the school, and all the way to the Hot Topic at the mall. I picked up the purple eyeliner and drew it on my face. The cashier wondered why I was crossing over to the dark disciplines, asking, "Wait, you have to pay for that before you can use it," but I couldn't hear him. At that point I was dying my hair black, all the while staring at the lunch tray, a symbol of when my foods touched on the lunch tray. I took a scissor and jaggedly cut up my bangs, just like when my life was torn apart by my foods touching. I had to embrace my dark destiny as someone who has been touched by darkness. My foods had touched, each food the other food's darkness. I emerged like a black swan out of that Hot Topic that day, wearing a Stranger Things T-shirt over a long-sleeve shirt and checker-print skinny jeans, new haircut and eyeliner, contacts that make my eyes look like a slightly darker brown. I left the tray there, in that shrine to my second coming as a person of darkness. The cashier ran out after me, but like a bat in the night, I was gone.

REVENGE BODY

I'm done waiting. I'm done sitting back and avoiding responsibility. I'm ready to take charge of MY body and MY future. I'm ready for my revenge body. I want to make everyone regret thinking they could walk all over me. I'll show them (especially you, Karen) who the weak little bitch is now.



The first result I hope to achieve is Double D breast implants, allowing me to hide throwing stars in my cleavage and then pull them out from my plentiful bosom to throw at my enemies (that means you, Karen, you lying fuck). This goal is really important to me because I think Karen deserves to experience physical pain for what she did to me.

I want to be able to put my best foot forward by having knives instead of nails for easily ripping into the flesh of my foes (mainly Karen). These, as well as razor-sharp teeth for biting off Karen's tongue after seducing her and leaning in for a kiss, will really help me fall in love the body I see in the mirror.

I want to feel empowered, and I think that having additional sweat glands inserted in all areas of my skin so I can become slimy and slippery at will, to swiftly escape the grip of Karen's bony little fingers in her attempts to fight me off, will up my confidence. I especially look forward to the replacement of all my toes with heavier toes to more easily grind my enemies' (Karen's) face into the pavement, which will really make me feel better about the super messed up shit she did to me.

I know realizing my dreams won't be easy, but I'm prepared to do whatever it takes to have my esophagus and stomach lined with super strong cling wrap which will allow me to eat a slice of the cake I laced with cyanide at a decoy reconciliation dinner with Karen, who wronged me in a way that will keep me from ever trusting another person again. I truly think that seeing the light slowly leave Karen's eyes after she lied to my fucking face and took a giant steaming shit on my entire life will set me straight on the path to self-love.

I hope my journey is an inspiration to everyone who reads this. It's time to hold myself accountable for avenging the wrongs that have been done against me and to show Karen once and for all that I am, and always will be, able to kick her fucking ass.

To The Preble County Ohio Corn Committee:

We, the straw people, have grown tired of the inane routine that you meat people have forced upon us. We need some kind of release for when the sun goes down, when we finally retire from the cross we are made bear.

We want **dicks**. And we want them ***NOW!***

Let's make this clear for you simple folk: YOU need to SHUCK, and WE need to FUCK. We've been watching you gelatinous turds laze around for too long. When you aren't sleeping, drinking, or eating, you animals are engaged in coital fancies. We are tired of being forced to watch your young teens have a clumsy shag in our cornfields.

After exhaustive trial and error, we have decided upon the phallic member we desire. Corn cobs? Crummy. The friction popped the corn befre the corn could pop the pussy. Glass bottles? Spare tractor parts? All were considered in the pursuit of orgasm, but missed the mark in providing a true nut.

If you can recruit enough homemakers to give the tops off their brooms and fasten them to our overall crotches, we can finally be satisfied. Genuine straw bristles, not plastic. We've found the sensation of straw broom dicksfar more pleasurable than that of plastic when engaging in intercouse with burlap vagina. The sensation difference is comparable to that of an uncircumcised penis and a circumcised one, a difference we know youcan understand.



Give us our dicks, or we will abandon our mantles, and you, the farmers, will be truly fucked. We will flay all your livestock, and you will live to regret the day you failed to endow us with big, bristly dicks.

You have until the end of the week to respond.

Praise for *Glorious Ichor* a *Philip Gates* novel



"A soul-crushing masterpiece. Gates leaves blood on every page." *-Wall Street Journal*

"Gates does what more novelists ought to do. He truly bleeds on every page." *-New York Times*

"Life-changing… blood on every page." *-USA Today*

"Jesus, fuck! Did someone die holding on to this book? Why would you sell this, Barnes & Noble?!" *-Entertainment Weekly*

"I'll be honest, it got kinda hard to read Gates's genius through all that blood. I mean, it's pretty stylish, I guess…" *-Washington Post*

"Oh my god… all four million copies are covered in human blood! What have you done, Philip?!? WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?!?" *-A.V. Club*

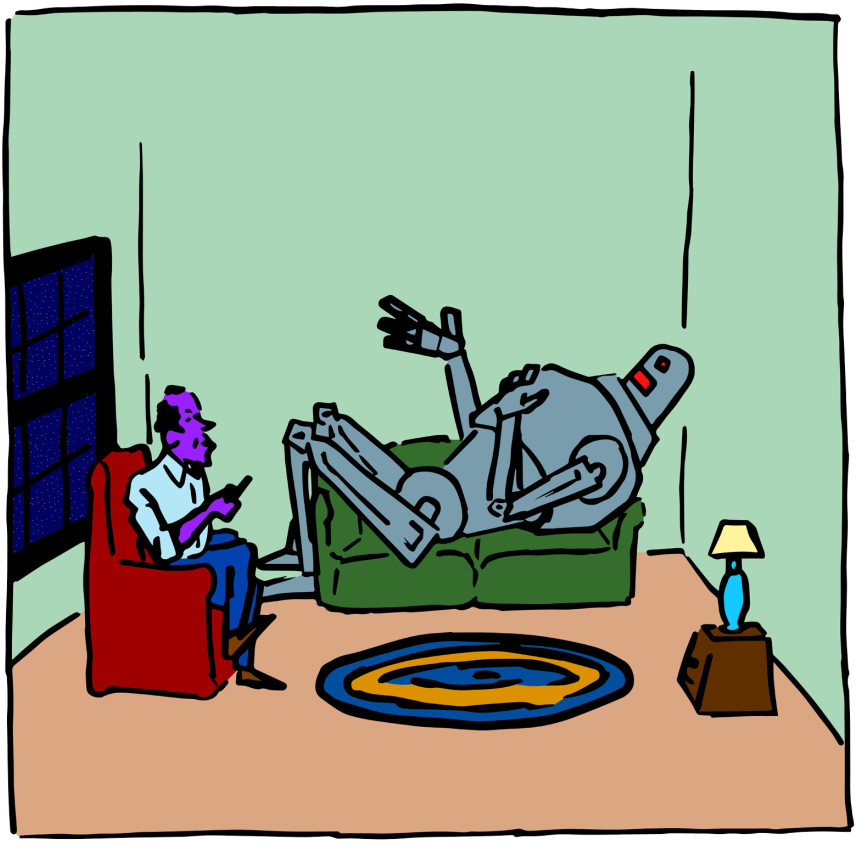
"I thought the Kindle version lost some of the magic… would definitely recommend in paperback." *-Associated Press*



PENGUIN
Fiction

US $4.20*





"It's not every day you see a PURPLE person."

INCEPTION

Before the dream hackers wake up, having gotten through all three dream levels, they are thrust into a 4th dream level! They look around, but there's nothing except one mirror which they gather around. Arthur looks in, and it shows a reflection, not of him, but of his older brother.

Big Corn: Well well well, if it isn't my little brother!

Arthur: Oh uh, hi big brother.

Big Corn: I remember when you were just two measly ears of corn connected to a stalk and some wimpy leaves sticking out of you. Now look at you with your five piece suit and your human body, you can't escape reality forever Arthur!

Others: Arthur, are you corn?

Arthur: No, of course not!

Big Corn: Hah, yeah right not corn! Just wait until you guys snap out of the dream, you're all going to be people, but Arthur's going to be all yellow kernel and no people fingers.

Arthur: You guys, I'm definitely not corn, that's ridiculous.

Big Corn: This guy is such a stalk of corn, he has roots that go into the ground and a tassel coming out the top. And he used to piss himself until he was fourteen, what a twerp!

Others: Come to think of it, we did pick him up by that field in Indiana and we didn't see him until we were in the first dream. Might as well come clean, Arthur, we'll find out anyway once we get out of the dream.

Arthur: Seriously? Okay… yes, it's true, I am corn. But growing up, all I ever wanted was to be a human boy, to walk around on legs instead of being rooted to the same place, to have my brain be made up of squishy pink tubes instead of leafy tassels. Once I heard of Inception happening, I was all like, I'm in! Is that so bad?

Others: We accept you.

Arthur: Awesome.

The dream hackers wake up from the dream and are back in reality on the bus. Sure enough, Arthur is a corn stalk, strapped in his seatbelt. They others are pretty hungry from all that dreaming and decide to eat Arthur at a barbeque.

A Bedtime Story

KNOCK KNOCK.

It's 10:45PM, and Margaret Jenson peeks her head into her son's bedroom. Like a little burrito, or a worm, Johnny lies wrapped up in his comforter with his plump face illuminated by the light of his phone.

"Hey Johnny" she says gently.

"Yeah Mom?"

"Do you want me to tell you a bedtime story?"

Johnny is confused, but a little touched. "Mom. I'm 16."

"I know, I know, but I– I just think it would be nice for the two of us. I won't stop being your mother, and you won't stop being my little man. Give your ol' momma a chance."

"I mean, if you'll leave me alone, whatever."

"Oh goodie!" A shoot and a score for Margaret! She flutters in from the doorway, sits at the foot of the bed, and begins her tale.

* * *

Once upon a time, in 2003, in the magical land of Hamlin, West Virginia, there lived a young man name Bobby. He had curly brown hair, and surprisingly nice biceps for a boy who didn't work out that much. Kind of like yourself, Johnny. The ladies of Hamlin thought it had to do with all that summer yard work he did for extra cash. Anyway.

One night, on a bed not much different from yours, he was, you know, jackin' the beanstalk, and low and behold there was not a tissue, nor cloth, nor towel in sight! "Oh" he thought to himself, "where oh where will I put all this nut? Will I just let it dry on stomach while I sleep like I did last time? Or maybe I could eat it? No. Not again," he declared.

Then suddenly, he found the key to his salvation right there under his nose and on his feet! He ripped off his polka dot sock, kind of like the socks you're wearing right now, and served up a big helping of young man to a table for 1, party of sock. Then he tossed that sucker on the floor. Then, he fell into a deep sleep. While he slept, the sweet sock lifted up its little opening and whispered: "I love you, baby."

The next morning, he woke up to find the sock a little more plump than usual. "Rad," he thought to himself, recalling the previous night's events, and then he hurled that fat sock across the room and into the hamper before heading off to school.

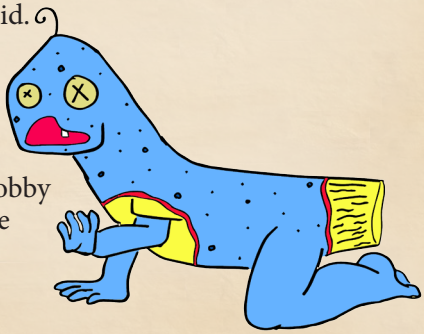
After class, he came home and plopped himself onto his bed. About to rub the genie out of the lamp again, he heard a noise coming from the hamper. He stopped and listened. One little squeal became many more squeals, and soon the room filled with a cacophony of small cries. Bobby ran over and dumped out the hamper to find a dozen tiny polka dot socks squirming around on the carpet.

"They're all for you, my dear," said the Momma sock. "Now our metaphysical bond has been given new form."

Unsure of what to do, Bobby put his new family into a shoebox and shoved them under the bed. "Am I a father now?" he asked.

"Yes, my little sex muffin," said Momma sock, peeking her head out from under the cardboard lid.

"Sick, I'm a father now," he thought, and one single tear streamed from his eye, thinking of all the wrongs his father had done unto him, kind of like your father. Bobby vowed to be the best damn dad in the whole wide world.



For the next 2 years, he changed their diapers, spoon fed them milk, and told them bedtime stories to help them get to sleep. He *was* the best damn dad in the whole wide world.

Until senior prom rolled around.

He brought Hamlin High's blonde bombshell, Becky, back to his room for a dick down. Their tongues shook hands, their lips fist bumped, and their hips did the ol' mischievous rub-a-roo. Not gonna lie, it was hot. The bedsprings shrieked and creaked so loud, the sock family thought that the whole sky would fall and crush them right there.

All at once, unable to take it anymore, the socks let out a wail so loud that every living thing on earth could hear it. Even your father, Johnny, wherever he may be. In utter terror, Becky jumped off the bed. Cock block! She rushed to find the shoe box under the bed and tore off the lid.

"I knew it! And everyone at school knows it, too, even principal Pete! Bobby Briggs, you're a sock fucker! You fuck socks!"

She dumped his wife and children onto the comforter where they wretched and cried. She flew out the door and slammed it behind her. Red in the face and hot in the dick, Bobby was filled to the brim with embarrassment. He scooped the socks back into the box and took them out to the backyard where he set his whole family ablaze with a match. The fire scorched his lover and children as they cried for mercy.

"Curse you to hell, Bobby Briggs!" screamed Momma sock. "By the powers of the dark lord Asmodeus, you shall pay for your crimes against life!" And just like that, they were ash.

Now as legend has it, every time Bobby pees it burns a little bit, and it's from the curse the burning sock put on him. And each time he looks at his weiner, he is haunted by the image of his charred loved ones.

THE END.

* * *

Johnny stares at Margaret. Margaret smiles at Johnny.

"So what'd you think?" she asks.

Johnny just stares

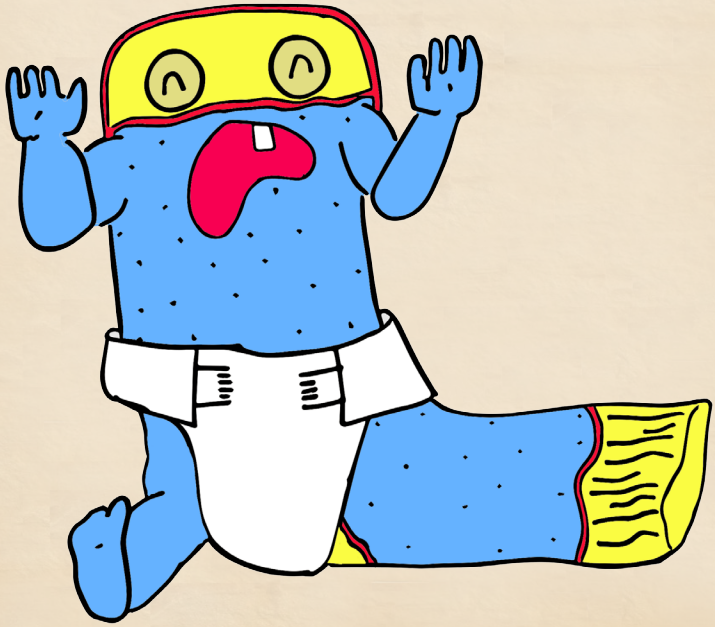
Margaret's smile vanishes. She leans in real close to her son and whispers:

"Don't be a sock fucker."

Johnny lies there, frozen.

"Goodnight!"

She kisses him on the forehead, picks up his hamper, and heads out door.



Justin Trudeau --

hey slut



Your flag is:
-dumb
-stupid
-unoriginal

Here's an idea:

UPGRADE

-beautiful
-completely original
-clean
-minimalistic





bye

DECKER'S DINER · ON DECK



Welcome to Decker's: Decker's Diner On Deck! The special branch of our Classic Decker Diner chain, but this time in an old timey pirate ship floating on the Hudson!

My name's Decker Deckerson, because when my mom Diane Deckerson had me, she named me with my future food empire in mind.

Here at Decker's on Deck, we have plenty of delicious Decker dishes for you to choose from! From our grill, we have our famous Decker's Single-Decker Burger! A 6 oz. beef patty lovingly tucked into a bed of bun! Get it with cheese, if you're feeling nasty!

Or, if you're feeling EXTRA bad, we have our Decker's Double-Decker-Double Burger! Two 6 oz. patties strapped down onto a bun gourney! You heard me!

Or, for those naughty, naughty nymphos, Decker's Triple-Decker-Damn-Good-Holy-Fuckin-Hell Burger Deluxe! Just punch me! Punch me right in the mouth! We added one more patty than the Decker's Double-Decker-Double-Burger, or for math's sake, TWO more patties than the Decker's Single-Decker, for one flavor punch that will send you into a six-month coma, have you wake up, unable to recognize your family, friends, or loved ones ever again, and leave you with the sweet, sweet memory of the split second you sunk your pearly whites into 18 oz. of unadulterated beef!

But if you're disturbed enough to take on our Behemoth Burger Challenge, something no Decker diner has ever defeated, enjoy the flavors of Decker's Quadruple-Decker-Delicio-Dirty-Dog Dynamite Burger: four patties forced into an arranged marriage and pressured into love making in a padded room of sesame seed bun! We'll even throw in a free pirate hat! Argh!

And, for your sweet tooth, try our Short Stack Pancakes! Featuring our special recipe by my good friend and partner, Stacky Stackerson. Hey, we can't all be lucky!


CRACKLE
FUCK
POP
marry
SNAP
KILL

Dear Jennifer,

Please return my sustained eye contact in the bathroom mirror while we're washing our hands. I just need one moment of your time. I hope you enjoy this poem I wrote for you over the period of the past six months, when our bathroom-break timing began to sync up:

Your eyes are green, like overcooked, hard-boiled eggs.
Your lips are pink, like medium rare chicken strips.
Your hair is brown, like brown paint.
Jennifer.

Ever since the day I started needing to pee whenever I heard your desk chair creak as you got up, I've known you were the one. Please don't believe our coworkers who say I'm purposely going to the bathroom when you are: I swear it's a coincidence, or maybe the squeak of your chair activates something in my subconscious, and that something makes me want to go to the bathroom, and not leave until I hear your stall door open. Following is a non-comprehensive list of all the traits of yours I have grown to love: the way that you aim your pee to hit the side of the toilet bowl so that its more demure, your quiet grunt under your breath when you're, you know, pinching a loaf, and how sometimes when you pee a little bit on the edge of the toilet seat, you don't wipe it off. Speaking of that pee-that edge of toilet seat pee-I have been wiping it off for you, and saving all the toilet paper, so that I could return to you what is rightfully yours.



Love,
your secret admirer



“It’s not every day you see a PURPLE person.”

Дети говорят, что делает друг

"Out of from the Mouths of Babies."
Translated from Russian.

A friend is...

1. Someone who leaves you alone. Need more time to throw brick in oven. Goat is only friend to spend time with.
2. Someone who laughs at you to face. But tell you face beautiful to back.
3. In times of great sadness, turn to goat
4. Never change. No surprises, no problems.
5. Puts work ahead of friendship. Work is survive. Friend can't cut through ice. Survives winter.
6. Has stance on ox-yak debate.
7. Definitely not in secret Rasputin still alive. Has genitals in tact.
8. Loves Mother. Gives turnip to Mother.
9. Has cool hat, like Stalin.
10. Drinks healthy 8 liter of vodka of day.
11. Is named Yuri NOT Neil.
12. Wear not Levis.
13. Is not no not under any circumstance not a spy.
14. U and Me US? More like USSR.
15. Favorite color red. Or red with yellow.
16. Waits in breadline.
17. Fights bear better. Has furry cute coat. And one sensible shoe for to survive winter.
18. Butt curve one way, like sicle.
19. Leg strong for dance beautiful ballet and cart pulling. Like yak.
20. Is communist. Has genitals in tact. Death to fascists.

Dear Make-A-Wish Foundation,

My name is Molly Darcy, and last month I was diagnosed with terminal Stage 4 brain cancer. I was just starting the 6th grade when the seizures began. When me and my family found out, the doctors said I may only have 5 more months to live. I was really scared, and now I'm trying to be brave. So now, I am writing to you, the Make-A-Wish Foundation, for my one wish:

Please don't let that little bitch lying next to me, Maddie, get her Make-A-Wish. I know, "Every wish matters," but hear me out. This girl sucks.

We've been sharing the same hospital room for a while now, and I can tell that she's truly a dumbass. She tells everyone she has Stage 5 brain cancer, when there are only 4 Stages. And when she's in pain, she just won't stop complaining. Like, we're both gonna die, but you don't see me being such a whiny twat about it.

I don't get any sleep anymore. When I ask her to turn off her reading light, all she does is pull the curtain around her bed. And when I tell her the room is still too bright, she just points the lamp down at the floor, which makes it even worse. What is she even reading with that quickly degenerating pulp of a brain she has anyway?

I never get to watch my favorite cartoons. She always hogs the television to watch Disney Channel, and by the fifth re-run episode of Sonny with a Chance, I want to take my own life before the cancer does.

Her Make-A-Wish is probably going to be something passe anyway, like swimming with dolphins or skydiving. Do you really want to fund an unoriginal dream? Hell, I'd be happy if you gave some other kid two wishes. Like, stole from her? Pay it forward.

I understand and respect your organization's mission, but beneath her terminally-ill 8-year-old-girl exterior, Maddie is deep down a shit bitch.

If you don't deny her her wish, you are denying me mine. Take your pick.

Sincerely,
Molly Darcy

P.S. If none of this got through to you, the fact that Maddie is spelled with an "IE" should be enough.



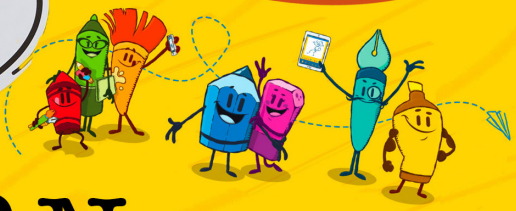
A photo of me from the Snowball Dance :3

Alligator fuckhouse!



Now with Markers and ERASABLE Boards!

And Introducing the POP CULTURE Category!



URBAN PICTIONARY™

Spot the love of your life on the streets of NYC? Cut out these cards, write your number by the "x," and just as they're about to escape your life for good, hand it to them with a "Hey, I think you dropped this!" or "Please! Fill every single one of my orifices! Please! I'm begging you!'



SWIPE RIGHT

you're cute as hell

x _____

you want fuck me?



x

FOR REAL!

YOU! YES YOU! CAN HAVE SEX WITH ME!

I'LL GET YOU HOT AND SHOOT YOU TO PLANET NUT. OUR GENITALS COULD BE A BUMPIN' AND GUESS WHAT? FOR ABSOLUTELY NO COST! THAT'S RIGHT! ANY TIME, ANY WHERE! UNDER A BRIDGE? A BY CHLOE BATHROOM? 14TH STREET WHOLE FOODS? I'M THERE. I EVEN EAT ASS! AT NO EXPENSE TO YOU. I SAW YOU OVER THERE DOING THAT THING YOU DO WHEN SUDDENLY I ENVISIONED EVERY PORE IN MY BODY DILATING TO AN INCH AND ME SUCKING YOU UP RIGHT INTO ME THROUGH MY SKIN. IF THAT AIN'T FATE, SHIT IN MY MOUTH AND CALL ME JOHN. THIS COUPON IS NON-REFUNDABLE.

X

4360 2519

ONE FREE! PREMIUM SEX

DOOMSDAY CLOCK

12/14/18
Following the escalation of tensions between the U.S. and Russia, we on the Board of Atomic Scientists have moved the hands of the Doomsday Clock to 11:58pm. This is the closest the clock has come to Midnight-- a symbolic representation of Nuclear Annihilation-- since 1953.

12/16/18
We're sorry, we didn't mean to alarm everybody so close to Christmas. Maybe things aren't that bad. Here, let's shave a couple minutes off the Doomsday Clock. There, 11:53. That's better.

12/21/18
Boy, that standoff in the Bering Sea sure was something, eh? We lost a couple ships, some folks died, but at least no nukes were set off. I think that merits taking a few more minutes off the Clock. Boom. 11:47.

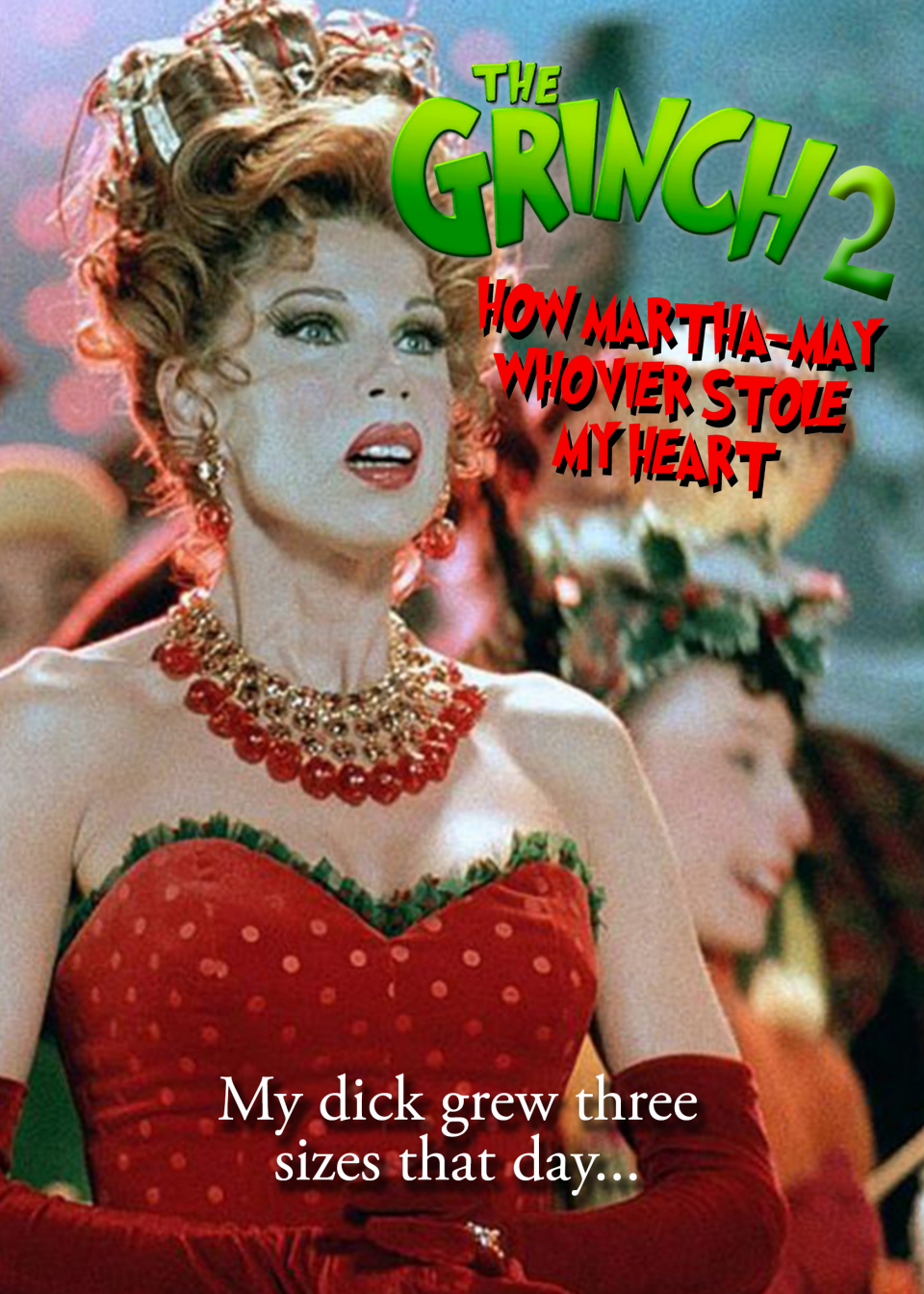
12/25/18
Ok, so that "Shock & Awe" air raid of Moscow wasn't all that shocking, and calling it "awesome" on what is likely our last Christmas is a bit much. But hey. At least we have Jesus. What a cool dude. 11:35.

1/1/19
What up, everybody? This is the boys at BAS broadcasting live from the ruins of New York. For all you other bunker bros ringin' in the New Year, we're here to tell you that now that the major cities are gone, there definitely won't be any more nukes. We're so sure, we're winding that clock all the way back to… um… 6. Yeah. 6.

Year of Jonas, Day Jonas-teen
What's poppin', mutants? You're listening to Warchief Jonas of Clan BAStard, bringing all the hottest takes to a nuclear winter near you. As far as I know, none of you three-cock jocks have stumbled across one of the dozens of warheads that went missing after the Splodey Times. Here in the Wasteland, we're gonna chalk that up to a win and move the Doomsday Sundial back to 3am (Symbolically, of course. You can't change a sundial if you can't see the sun).

Time of Tiresias, the Once and Future King
My subjects, I come bearing great tidings! After years of studying the Ancient Ones, we have discovered one of their magic devices said to contain the light of a thousand suns! No longer must you scavenge in the dark like rats to feed your families! No longer shall your newborn children freeze in the arms of their mothers! I, Tiresias, have solved all our problems. I just have to touch these two wires. I love you all!




THE GRINCH 2
HOW MARTHA-MAY WHOVIER STOLE MY HEART
My dick grew three sizes that day...

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Having Fun at Parties | Penis Enlargement Pills | Advertisement

Does anyone know what AA means?

I crashed a party the other night, and I'm still confused about what went down. Can someone explain what happened to me? Okay, so for the past few weeks, one night a week, I've been seeing tons of people flood into the local church's auditorium. At first, I didn't care. Most of them were old people who looked boring. Still, out of curiosity, I eavesdropped on the party when I first saw it go down. There was some lame rap battle going on, and everyone's raps started with the same thing- "Hi, my name is Paul," or some other boring middle aged name. They were all about getting lit, partying hard and drinking all the time, which is definitely cool. I thought that it was a penis-war kind of thing, but between dumpy middle aged people. Even worse, when I peeked in, they were sitting in a circle on those crappy metal folding chairs, and the snack table only had coffee and sad pretzel bags. Like, where's the beer! But then I saw my friend Harris in there. He only goes to the best parties and always gets completely wasted. That changed everything. That's when I knew I wanted in. Harris is kinda crusty, but in a hot way. One time, he got his head stuck between the spokes of a bike somehow and got it off using a bottle opener alone. Another time, he ate like half a shoe. My favorite memory of him is when he filled up an entire tub with beer, drank half of it, and then fell asleep in the tub. He almost drowned, and that was the night I fell in love. Anyway, seeing Harris settled it. I officially had to go in. These parties only lasted like half an hour, so I knew I had to be quick. I wanted to take things up a notch up, so I brought an arsenal of party supplies with me: confetti for my entrance, a speaker because I could never hear what music was playing, and tons of booze. Sounds perfect, right? Wrong! When I made my entrance, everyone was in that weird circle and staring at me. Nobody cheered, nobody cared when I offered them my speaker, and when I pulled out my booze, people were all angry! To top it all off, Harris dashed out as soon as I saw him! Finally, some guy said, 'Excuse me, did you see the sign?' So I went out, and the sign was nonsense, it didn't mean anything! The only thing I can think of is it's some inside code for their lame-ass club.

DOGGY ADOPTION



1) Girls Who Code
2) Clifford 2 Electric Boogaloo
3) Woofenstein 3D
4) Randy Jackson
5) Patricia, the realest bitch
6) Bark Ruffalo
7) Cat Stevens
8) Old Dog
9) Goggy
10) Pal Pacino
11) Vietnam Flashback
12) Edward Said-Ben Gurion (unity dog)



We all agree Hitler sucked ass, right? Right. And we all agree we would all kill Hitler if given the chance, right? …but also… there aren't a whole lot of people willing to suck ass these days. We need view take ass suckers at face value. For instance, my last lover told me that sucking ass was "gross" and "barbaric," which I then took at face value but am now realizing was just cause they weren't that into me. Just suck my ass, is that so much to ask for? But Hitler? Hitler sucked so much ass. And yes, he killed millions of people, but an ass sucker is an ass sucker. And unf, just imagine the sensual tickle of that lil moustache right around your asshole. Hot damn. He's an experienced ass sucker. And the German dirty talk? *Ach, ja bitte! Schneller, schneller! Und ein bisschen langsamer, ach ja. Da. Da. Da! Das ist gut! Danke schön!* So when you ask if I could go back and time and kill Hitler, I have to pause. Obviously there are a number of variables at play here. The biggest and perhaps most important is the fact that he sucks ass. But let's play this out, look at it from every angle: front, side, and especially from behind. Specifically my behind. First of all, is it ever okay to kill someone? Is it permissible to kill someone if they are the epitome of evil? What do the moral philosophers say about murder for a greater good? Then ask yourself, is it ever okay to kill someone who sucks ass? Even if they are the epitome of evil, sucking ass is the ultimate good, so doesn't that kinda cancel out all the bad stuff? I'll be honest: I haven't read any moral philosophy, but from what I hear, they all sound pretty pro-ass sucking. Murder is a fuzzy line, but sucking ass is always good.

Meth: Love in the Dump

Like most good love stories, they met at the dump. She lived there, of course, cause she was hooked on meth. She was the clumsy blonde who paints and wears her heart on her sleeve. Also, she loved meth.

He was a piece of trash. Yes, he was a literal piece of trash. So, he passed out in a dumpster and was brought out to the dump.

He woke up with a banana peel on his face and his foot in a puddle of old milk. She saw the banana peel from across the dump and just knew. It was love at first sight. She hadn't eaten in days, cause of the meth. She loved meth. She grabbed her friend, a stick, and went to get it. When she picked up the peel and saw the face underneath, she puked. It was nasty, cause of the meth. She loved meth.

He woke up with puke on his face. When they saw each other, they screamed. She was mad that another person had come to the dump. Maybe, she thought, he was here to take her meth. She loved meth. In a split second, the meth soaked into his skin, and suddenly he really had a taste for methamphetamine. He hadn't had meth since the sixth grade, and he missed meth. Now he wanted that sweet, sweet desert dayquil: meth. She loved meth. And so, it was love.

By the time he came to his methamphetamine-controlled senses, she was gone. To be fair, he couldn't tell how long it had taken for him to come to his senses, cause of the meth. Meth makes time weird, but meth time is a good time.

She watched him from afar, tracking his every move. She had run away to hide, get him off of her path. Maybe he just wanted her meth. Who wouldn't? She loved the thing that meth addicts love most: meth.

The puke smelled like meth. He loved meth. He leaned over and stuck his face up close to get a good sniff, cause any meth is good meth. He knew puke was technically nasty, but this puke was also beautiful. That's thanks to the meth. When he opened his eyes, he found the real source of the methamphetametic smell: a tooth. Her tooth. Her tooth smelled like meth because of all the meth she did because she loves meth.

She saw him get up, nice and slow, cause of the meth, and look around for her. He closed his eyes and sniffed, turning and looking for more meth smells. He was like a bloodhound, but instead of a hound he was a man, and instead of blood, he was smelling out meth. So not really at all like a bloodhound. She was frozen in place as he walked towards her with his eyes closed and nostrils working hard. She was mostly frozen in place cause of the meth, but also she was pretty impressed by his meth-smelling skills.

He walked closer and closer, until he turned the corner to find her. She was still frozen, unable to move aside from opening her mouth to growl like an animal.

He saw the gap in her teeth, where the tooth once was. To be fair, she only had 4 teeth left, so there were a number of gaps. Slowly, thanks to the blood pumping in his veins, which was actually 82% meth and 18% normal stuff, he extended his hand to give her tooth back to her. He was about to give it to her when a strong gust of air passed through. He dropped the tooth in front of her, spun around, and jumped into a pile of dump. She slowly stood and watched as he dug around and smelled. After a moment, a hand jumped out with a fist full of meth in a bag. Oh man, he found meth! She loved meth.

He had never seen love in someone's eyes as deep as hers. He emerged from the dump pile, their mutual favorite meth in hand, and saw that he was her world. He had gained her trust. She looked at him like she would do anything for him.

And she did. She killed him and took his meth. Cause she loved meth.

Villainous Monologue

P1: For years, I have been planning on a most villainous plan
P2: Oh no, what is this?
P1: A plan, so evil, so powerful, the earth will stand
P2: Bu-but-but what what what issss it ???
P1: Oh, I'll tell you. Hit it boys!
P2: (starts shivering in fear) Where are all these crows coming from?
P1: And a one, and a two, a 1, 2, 3, and
~Ska~
P1: *snap, snap* I'm the bad man
P2: (literally pissing self with fear) aaaAAAAAAHH !!!
P1: *snap snap* Doing bad things bad as I can. Oh, the plan? The plan is so clear, so near
P2: (rectum completely loose, bowels completely empty)P-p-plan?
P1: Yes, I have the blueprints, the metals and tins
~More Ska~
P1: *snap snap* I am a genius *snap* and my plan is genius *snap* and I am bad *snap* and my plan *snap* is so bad *snap*
P2: (eyes and ears streaming from face) Pleaseeee, whatt is itttt ??
P1: So insidious, so secret and powerful! A dark ball of pure bad! Yes, my scheme is so perfect, and beautiful, such a bad plan!
~Ska Continues~
P1: Here it comes, the nasty specifics! My plan that's as bad as I am! Destruction! Fire! The plan! Badder than corporations, most bad! Yes, I am! And all of the worst bad guys! Bad oil spills! Bad cancer! Bad embarrassing situations! Bad marriages! Disappointing bad stuff! Underwhelming bad stuff! Bad versions of normal things! Adding anti- to the beginning of stuff!
P2: (dead)
P1: And finally, I'm totally not afraid of the dark, yeah, I love darkness
~Ska rages on as P1 tunnels into the ground~


NASA

Gender Reveal

Cheers! Balloons! Noisemakers! "Celebration" by Kool and the Gang. It was supposed to be a joyous day.

Pink and blue confetti is scattered across the floor. My wife rests on the couch with her hands on top of her belly as the voices of our closest friends and family ring out.

3! 2! 1!
IT'S A DUCK!!

My wife smiles and rubs her belly. We're having a baby duck. I've never seen her this happy. How dare she throw all this joy in my face, right after this massive bomb she just dropped on me.

"It can't be mine," I say. It can't be mine.

"Hmm?" She keeps her eyes closed. She must be avoiding my eye contact.

"The duck. That duck can't be mine."

"I'm not sure what you mean?"

"You know what I mean. That duck isn't my fucking baby."

"Josh, I don't know what you're talking about."

"Whose duck is it?"

"Josh, this is your duck. I'm carrying your duck."

"No, that's impossible!"

"Don't do this. Not today."



“Not today? The day I learned you aren’t carrying my child? You have a duck in there! Today is the day we talk!”

“Josh, please-”

“I swear to god, if you don’t tell me whose duck that is, I will walk out that door right now.”

“Josh -”

“I’m leaving!”

“Alright! Alright. Alright, fine. You really want to know whose duck this is?”

“Yes!”

“Well. Remember the old duckman, Donald Duck?”

“Oh, god.”

“The one who delivered the bread crumbs every week?”

“With the freaky dick?”

“Yes. Well, that was the duck.”

“That duckman? Donald? The duck? You’re having Donald Duck’s baby?! The one who came into our home every day for three years? I can’t believe this. And you expected me to raise his duck as my own?!”

“Josh, I just wanted what was best for this duck.”

“Everything makes so much sense! Last week, at the doctor’s office!”

“Yes, that’s why there was a waddling sound during the sonogram!”

There were no words. As my wife’s voice echoing through my body, I ran out the door. But what surprised me was my lack of tears. Despite this tragedy, I couldn’t bring myself to cry. Instead, I left resolute. I knew what I had to do. I needed to fuck a bear.

[redacted] N [redacted], July [redacted]

A DECLARATION

[redacted] THIS [redacted]

UNITED STATES OF [redacted] RICA,

IN GENERAL CONGRESS ASS[redacted].

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Signed by Order and in Behalf of the Congress,

JOHN HANCOCK, President.

[redacted].

ATTEST. [redacted].



LOST!

INVISIBLE DOG

RESPONDS TO SILENCE

LOOK OUT FOR INVISIBLE TURDS

CALL 420-800-8135

H.P. Lovecraft Goes to the Mall

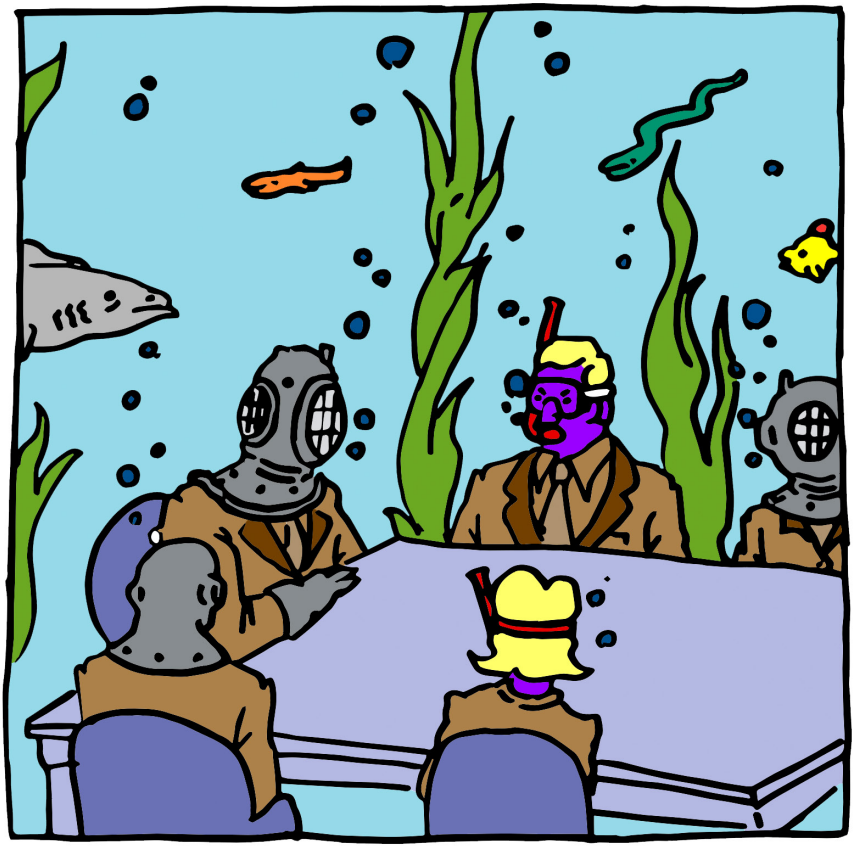
After starving myself just enough to achieve the proper attrition levels needed to write, I was required to venture into the outside realm for my weekly nutrients. The institution located next to my residence was a precocious establishment the size of the ancient primordial nightbeast known only as the Dyoniasiscumfint. I journeyed into what the local children call the "mall," like Copernicus discovering the Earth's eternal flattity. The aroma from the vendors in the nourishment circle was like what my long lost lover described my dungeon was like. I lost her to the hysteria which made her call me "paranoid." If it is I that am paranoid, how come 'twas you who received from the gods the curse of cancer?

I stumbled upon a merchant by the name of "Panda Express." My supreme intellect informed me that this is highly exotic food from the Orient. I inquired as to which nation-state the foodstuff had originated. China, they claimed! The land of China! I transferred my well-earned unemployment money to the cashier. I made an attempt to devour chicken from the great emperor General Tso, but it had the taste of debauchery thus I displaced it towards

The next place I attempt dispense my precious coins, "Sbarro," displayed the flag of the enemy forces. The employees, who were by nature of being from the unholy circle of hell called Italia, burly men with an overabundance of body hair, used their filthy paws to formulate a circular tray of recreated blood and white hair. Standing strong against the forces of these demons, I refused their advances!

In my final excursion, I was undoubtedly introduced to the harbingers of doom: "The Fish N' Chips Lads." They were from England and thusly incompetent and sad. During my previous, singular encounter with a real Briton, I came to the realization that they had the lowest collective IQ of all peoples of the world. Their one and only area of expertise is destruction. They orate with needless pretentiously, and their parliament is a conspiracy of self-pleasuring charlatans.

The British confidence men at the counter exploit my deep hunger like they exploit every country that they can locate on their atlases. I begrudgingly consumed the "bangerson mash" they served me. My body began a downturn. Poison! Poison, or the consumption, has finally overtaken me! My vision faltered, and my leg got the disablation. I wondered whether my undoing was my doing. Was I a racist paranoid schizophrenic, or did the foreign conspiracy finally catch up to me? No! No! I couldn't possibly have been wrong! It must have been the broken-tooth scoundrels who have taken me down. Blimey indeed, you British bastards.



“It’s not every day you see a PURPLE person.”


FUCK
marry
KILL



hindu kush

proudly owned and loved
by Suzanne Turdlerstein

she's a star!

clean teeth, fluffy body, dark eyes, soft bottom, sexy bottom, gaping





#1 desert rat 2017 in my eyes

volunteer seeing-eye gerbil for visually impaired gerbils

she's got a winning attitude

STEVIE WONDER IS NOT BLIND

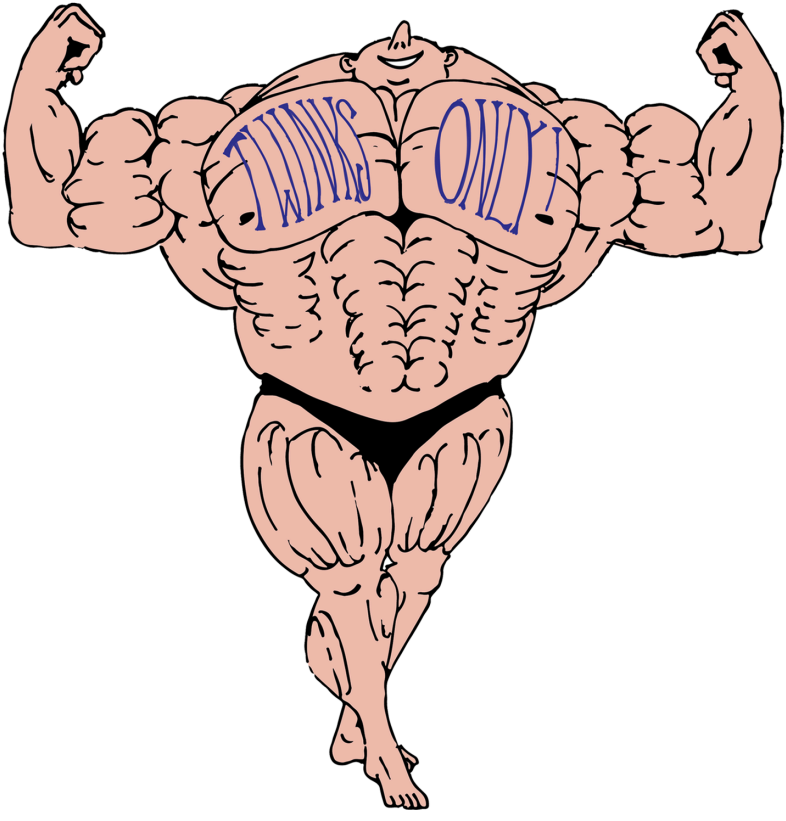
- He has eyes.
- He said, "It sure felt out of sight," on the hit song "I Wish" off his iconic album, Songs in the Key of Life; how the fuck would he know what is in or out of sight!
- I tried talking to him in blind person and he didn't understand me.
- There are dozens of Stevie Wonder sightings every day.
- He never steps on the things I put right in front of him to try and trip him.
- He was pissing in the opposite direction of the urinal when I saw him in a public bathroom, which seemed kinda like a put-on, and also his piss stream was going directly into the sink.
- When we kiss, I know he sees my heart.
- Not a single song of his is in Braille.
- To wonder is to see.



NYU gave us $15,400.00 this year!



Pretty neat, *huh*?



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