



Chef Plague's
COOKBOOK
2023-2024

The book cover features a blue and white diamond-patterned background. At the top, several ants are crawling across the surface. In the upper left, there are dark brown splatters. At the bottom, a large, intense fire with orange and yellow flames is depicted, appearing to burn through the bottom edge of the cover. The title is centered in a dark blue oval with a white border.

CHEF PLAGUE'S COOKBOOK



EDITOR IN CHIEF
HARRY MINSKY

HEAD CHIEFS
CAMILLA JOHNSON
MAX LENAHAN
JAKE VITARELLI

ALL OF THE WORK
NONE OF THE CREDIT

Cici Beth
Siena Wyatt Draher
Maeve Frambes
Olivia Gromek
Anthony Kendric
Theodore Levin
Andres Luke
Horace McMillon
Grace Muskovitz
Roshan Rao
Rebecca Starling
Olivia Steinhardt

PLAGUE SPRING 2024







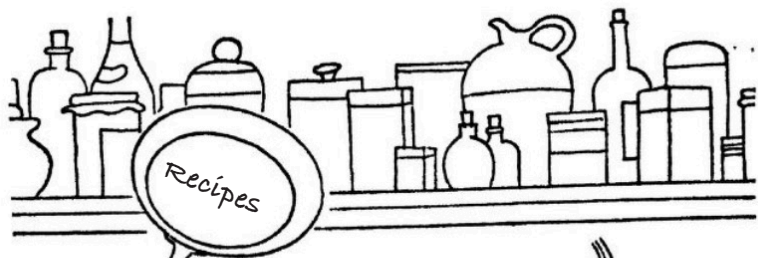
**FOREWARD BY KEVIN SPACEIGH (NOT TO BE
CONFUSED WITH KEVIN SPACEY)**

When it was revealed that two-time Academy Award-winning actor Kevin Spacey was a total creep, I was very upset for two reasons. Firstly, as you might expect, I am very empathetic, and so I felt tremendous sorrow for the victims of his heinous crimes. But on the other end, I felt a sense that my life was going to get a lot more awkward. For you see, reader, my name is Kevin Spaceigh.

I first experienced the annoying quirk of sharing a name pronunciation with a sex offender when I was at Starbucks, and the barista called out “Kevin Spaceigh!” and the heads of everyone promptly turned toward me. Of course, I’m not even sure why she referred to my order by both my first and last name, seeing as that never happens in Starbucks. Furthermore: how did she know? I NEVER TOLD HER!

My life isn’t completely awful now, though; I feel very grateful to have been given the opportunity to write the forward for this cookbook and share my story with the world. And what is that story, you might ask? Hope. I am here to give hope that you can live a happy life even if your name sounds an awful lot like the name of a disgraced Hollywood actor/creepy guy. Just look at my friend Jon L’sattoor, who is NOT to be confused with the disgraced former head of Pixar. He has found solace, too. And so can you! If your name sounds just like a celebrity who’s clearly on the downfall, chill out (that especially goes out to you Rusel Brandts of the world). Fret not; it’s all going to be okay.

–Kevin Spaceigh





Ground Beef Recipe

Remember when you could stroll outside and find fresh beef on your sidewalk? Nowadays, organic ground beefs are scarcer than ever (thanks, Biden...) Here is how to make your own - it'll taste just like the real thing, I promise!

STEPS

1. Acquire beef
2. Walk outside
3. Place beef on the ground

INGREDIENTS

- Beef

Wisdom Tooth Surgery Recovery Serum

If you are reading this, then congrats! That means your wisdom tooth extraction surgery was a success. You are one of the lucky 11% to make it out of the operating room! But that's just the first step on your path to recovery. You might notice that you have a little trouble eating solid foods, so please find attached a recipe for a serum we've developed that requires no chewing and is sure to give your tummy a tickle!

Step 1:

Combine all ingredients in a blender and slam that sucker into high, baby!

It should sound like

BrrrrrRRRRRRrrrrrrr

RRRRRRRRRRRRRr

rrrrRRRRRRRRRR

rRRRRRR

Just keep it running until everything is combined into a nice little slurry.

Ingredients:

1/2 oz. tomato paste

1/2 oz. canned tomato

1/4 oz. crushed tomato

2/3 oz. diced tomato (Italian Style)

3/4 oz. ketchup

Water

Kitchen

Mouth

Hospital



editors note: this is what a
blender is

Step 2:

Tear the perforated corner of the outer packaging of the IV solution, and replace contents with those from blender. Move the roller clamp about 3 cm below the drip chamber before closing the clamp. Remove the protective cover on the IV bag port, and carefully insert the IV tubing spike into the port, gently pushing and twisting. Take extra care to ensure the tubing is sterile. Hang the bag on the IV pole, and fill the drip chamber one-half full, making sure to prevent air from entering the tubing.

Step 3:

Grab the needle with your dominant hand at a 30 degree angle from the area of insertion, ensuring the skin is taught over the vein. Insert the needle and ensure a flashback of blood in the flash chamber. Decrease the angle of the needle and advance a few millimeters. Remove the tourniquet and press the activation button.

Step 4:

Sit back, relax, and enjoy your recovery serum, completely free of tooth irritation!

Please contact your oral surgeon if you experience any of the following symptoms: dry rot, euphoria, abdominal bleeding, hallucinations of various farm animals.
MOO! OINK
OINK! OH NO ITS
STARTED!!!!!!!!!!!!



5 MINUTE
MANGO
SORBET



Ingredients:
Mango Sorbet
Bowl

Step 1: Put sorbet in
bowl

Step 2: Wait five
minutes



EVIL GALACTIC CAKE

by Emperor Palpatine

Every year for my birthday I bake a great big cake
It's a reminder of the government that I did quake
For I am the Galactic Emperor and my law is very pernicious
But when it comes to baking, my cookies and cakes are so delicious
Simply beat some eggs, sugar, and flour along with Order 66
Then by way of politics and culinary arts: you know all the tricks
The second step – that's right you guessed – preheat your oven with glee
Then burn your batter 'till it looks like Anakin in Episode III
Next up is decoration, so have strong icing tenets
Then as you squeeze the frosting about, exclaim: "I am the Senate!"
Once you're done, you may cut your cake however you choose
I normally eat it all myself – my name is Palpatine – I never lose!
You now have the secrets for baking my Evil Galactic Cake
Now I return to the Death Star: Emperors cannot take a break!

Authentic Tres Leches Recipe

by Bea Steaboy



Ingredients

- one cup whole milk
- one cup soy milk
- one cup almond milk

Steps

1. Combine wet ingredients in a medium-sized mixing bowl and stir thoroughly.
2. Enjoy.



Wolfgang Puck's Staff Shares Recipe for Chicken Noodle Soup

Souperstar chef Wolfgang Puck, known best for his 2003 divorce, has been at the top of the food scene for years. Self taught by his chef mother, nepo baby Puck established his own brand and products, including his own take on the humble chicken noodle soup. His soup has been in stores for far too long. The soup's uniqueness has led to mass speculation that there's more to the soup than meets the eye. In response, members of his staff have anonymously released the official, genuine recipe for the soup.

Ingredients

Amounts not important

Water

Organic Vegetable Stock

Organic Carrots

Organic Egg Noodle

Organic Chicken Meat

Organic Celery

Organic Onion

Salt

Organic Cane Sugar

Organic Parsley

Organic Tapioca Starch

Organic Cornstarch

Organic Rice Starch

Organic Onion Powder

Organic Garlic Powder

Organic Paprika

Organic Turmeric

STEP ONE: Throw all the ingredients away.

STEP TWO: Place a huge pot of sewer water over low heat.

STEP THREE: Get the salt out of the trash and add one or two gallons to the water. Get the celery too, stomp on it a little, and throw that in. Crank the heat up to a boil. Light it on fire.

STEP FOUR: Acquire quality (not Puck brand) chicken noodle soup, eat a little, chew it and spit it out into the pot. No need to use too much, we just need a faint reminder of what chicken soup should taste like. Knock the pot over onto the floor.

STEP FIVE: Using your bare feet, scoop the mixture back into the pot. Take your dirty fucking laundry and throw it in the pot, just throw it in the pot, let it fucking stew in the pot for a fucking year.

STEP SIX: Take all of your failed hopes and dreams and throw them in then spit in the pot and run around until you're crying and sweaty then get in the pot, just get in the pot. Put your shoes in the pot. Put your goddamn shoes in the pot.

STEP SEVEN: Make ice cubes out of some runoff rain from dumpsters and throw those in the pot then light it on fire again then pour it onto the street and lie in it get some dogs just let some dogs run and piss all over it then scoop it back into the pot get it back in the pot

STEP EIGHT: Package, label, and sell! Great work. You've made the world a miserable lie. Parents will give this to their sick kids and they'll die. Thank you. Go fuck yourself.



COPYRIGHT WOLFGANG PUCK (Star of *The Smurfs* (2011) as Chef Smurf)

Five Times “Binging with Babish” Went Too Far



A CLOCKWORK ORANGE

The Clockwork Orange from *A Clockwork Orange*

We had been long overdue for a Kubrick-themed Babish episode when this came out back in 2021, but even after all this time we still have several questions. Why did he decide to just wrap an orange in several wristwatches? How much did it cost? Why did it join his “clean plate club?” Regardless of what could have been going on in Andrew Rea’s mind, this installment caused a pain in me gulliver, and I’m sure I’m not the only one who felt that way.



HOMEMADE BREAST MILK

FROM THE BOSS BABY

Breast Milk from *The Boss Baby*

Listen, I’m not one to judge if you wanna test out recipes to recreate human breast milk for fifteen minutes on your YouTube channel, that’s fine. But did the Boss Baby ever actually drink breast milk? He seems more like a formula guy. Felt like a lazy excuse to drink breast milk. Just own it, Andy.



ERASERHEAD BABY

Henry's Baby from *Eraserhead*

On the topic of babies: what the fuck, Babish? You know he never eats the baby in the movie, right? Also, how the hell were you able to make a living, sentient creature exactly resembling the baby from *Eraserhead*? The only thing in this episode worse than Babish eating a literal infant was him asking, "Have you heard of David Lynch?" every twenty seconds. Please, for the love of God, do not try to replicate this recipe at home.



FINDING NEMO

The entire cast of *Finding Nemo*

Jesus, man! My kids watch your show! It was one thing to hunt down and chop up a couple of clownfish and blue tangs, but did you really have to find an "authentic" Australian dentist and kill him, too?



THE WIGGLES FRUIT SALAD

Fruit Salad from *The Wiggles*

This episode is the moment Andrew Rea became Babish. You'd think a chef of his prowess and expertise wouldn't have much difficulty making a fruit salad, but you'd be wrong. Dead. Wrong. Over the 45-minute-long episode, he endlessly cursed out the Wiggles for creating what he called a "ridiculous, faulty recipe." For many Babish fans, Rea lost a part of his soul that day which he would never truly get back. Yummy yummy!



SCRIPT FOR THE BEAR SPIN OFF: THE CUB

EXTERIOR MORNING: HILLBERRY ELEMENTARY SCHOOL. School is about to start. Carmine, from FX's The Bear, chain smokes on the blacktop.

CARMY (V.O.):

I'm gonna fix this place. It needs me more than I need it...

TRANSITION: INTERIOR, HILLBERRY FARMS CAFETERIA KITCHEN. BOBO IS FRYING TATER TOTS, DORIS IS SCOOPING.

BOBO:

Hey there I'm Bobo, you're the new slopper? Just messing with ya! Welcome to the lunch room.

Carmy slaps BOBO in the face, then starts smashing trays off the counters. Many of the trays have cute little dinosaurs and transformers on them.


CARMY:

I needed fifty orders of those tots five fucking years ago. ARE YOU TRYING TO FUCKING SINK US.

The bell rings.

CARMY:

Oh fuck oh fucking SHIT I NEED MORE TIME I NEED MORE TIME



Students start approaching the lunch room, Carmy starts sweating and screaming profusely

CARMY:

I NEED 100 CHICKEN NUGGETS ALL DAY LETS GO
GO
CHEFS LETS GO DONT FUCK ME ON THIS

Unfortunately, this is a relatively underfunded school, and Bobo was the only other lunchlady on hand, and he's unconscious. Carmy screams to no one

The first child, Timmy, comes up to the cafeteria line

TIMMY:

Hi uh, could I please get some chicken and peas?

Carmy is digging through the bins to see if there's any food.

CARMY:

Where's my FUCKING PREP CHEFS.

Carmy is getting more frantic.

TIMMY:

Hey, uh, where's Bobo? He's normally here and much less scary.
Carmy is now smashing plates and bins.

CARMY:

FUCK!!!!!!

3 Yummy Gummy Mushy Recipes for Our Toothless Friends

About ten years ago I lost all my teeth in a human dog fighting incident and have been gumming through life ever since. I realized there was a lack of toothless accessible recipes and have since devoted my soft gummed life to creating some yummy mushy recipes. It doesn't matter if you got curb stomped, the mouth vacuum sucked too hard, or if you knocked them out yourself to extort the tooth fairy, these recipes are sure to please!

Green Peas and Milk

This recipe is extra nutritious. Drinking milk strengthens your bones even more than the average Joe since all the calcium goes straight to your bones and doesn't waste time in your mouth.

The recipe itself is simple, pop however many green peas in your mouth as you feel comfortable then use the milk to swallow them whole like pills. I got really good at swallowing pain pills after my incident so I can put up to 20 peas in my mouth at a



Tres Leches baby purée galore

Nobody is better at the toothless diet than babies! However, unfortunately their main diet of breastmilk is NOT acceptable for adults so we are limited to the purées #mothersteetisalldriedup.

This isn't your normal Tres Leches cake, in fact it's not really a Tres Leches cake at all! Simply take 3 flavored purées of your choice and cool them until they are almost frozen. Stack the purées on top of each other and enjoy!



Vodka, Cointreau, Cranberry Juice, & Freshly Squeezed Lime

Ok you got me! This is just a Cosmo, but who doesn't like a little pinky drinky? Thank god you don't need teeth to drink. After my incident my diet consisted of mostly liquor in darkened rooms. Alcohol is a great way to try and forget the horrors that ripped your pearly whites away from you. My horror was named Rufus, a vicious Pitbull man, but nobody wants to hear about that! #Rufusbitmyface



Anyway, I hope you enjoy these recipes! And remember, no matter what your ex-wife says, you are not an animalistic freak undeserving of life! So smile and immediately kill anyone who tries to make a How to Train Your Dragon joke.



SINCE 1916
Nathan's
HOT DOGS for YOU

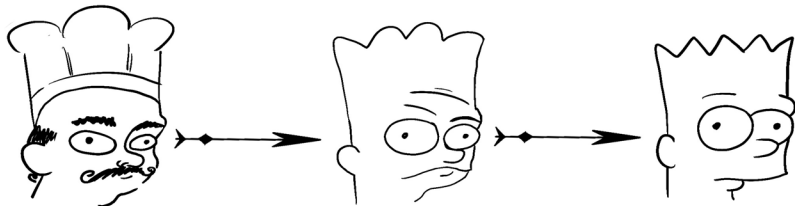
exclusive recipes in the plague
cookbook only on

amazonkindle

and NOT on the DUMBASS FUCKING NOOK



Careful!! This could happen to you!



TIRED OF FAKE
"FOOTLONGS"??



Gluten free! Vegan!
Ingredients include

- Purple 40
- Acid from free range car batteries
- Warheads
- Vanilla Ice Cream
- Grimace bits
-

Calories: absolutely none, buy as many as you want queen 🤪



I feel like a perfect all american bitch drinking your cool new shake olivia!!! ALSO FUCK SABRINA!!!!

Hey Grimace! I miss the way Joshua Basset kisses and the way he grabbed my ass and the way he bought me a SOUR GUTS SHAKE!!!!!!

Sour Guts Shake

Do you get Deja Vu reading this? Good For You, you'll feel happy and healthy slurping down this Sour Guts shake! Your guts will feel soooo sour! You'll feel just like you got your Driver's License, and a guy broke up with you, and also you're dating a 30 year old!

MR. MEAT'S 20 FT HOT DOGS



*not fake, not photoshopped, will not give you cancer we prommy

OBSERVATORY
FLOORS 68-72

RESIDENCES
FLOORS 53-65

HOTEL
FLOORS 34-52

RESTAURANTS
FLOORS 31-33

OFFICES
FLOORS
2-28



KEY

- Fat (naturally occurring and added)
- Sugars (added)

These symbols show fats and added sugars in foods.

Yogurt, Cheese, Glass of Cum
Group

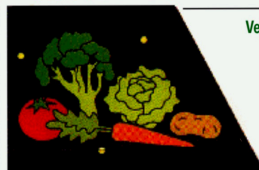
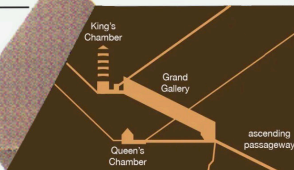
2-3 SERVINGS



BORSCHT!!!!!!!!!!!!

2-3 SERVINGS

The Pharaoh's Curse



Vegetable and Legume Group

3-5 SERVINGS

Yeah I bet you like those. I bet you like eating those nasty fucking vegetables don't you. Mm have 3 servings of spinach slut, do it for daddy. Yeah you like radishes, dirty whore



Whip-It's
Yum
**6-11
SERVINGS**

IPUGH



Collectible cup included!

Florence Pugh Pancake Meal

That's not whipped cream!

Florence Pugh

(the meal frowns at you and dates a forty year old)

Included in your meal:

- 40 year old cream ;)
- Sadcakes
- Pughtatoes
- Shrooms to make you go crazy (like she does in every fucking movie)
- Commi sauce (marxist snacks sold separately)
- 40 year old sausage (yes those are wrinkles)
- Collectible cup for your drinks and neverending sorrows when she leaves you for the 40 year old

CALLING ALL SEUSS-HEADS!

Do you yearn for the whimsical
innocence of Dr. Seuss' bibliography?

Are you tired of eating the same old
frozen dinners from Trader Joe's?

Well, you're in luck!

THE UNOFFICIAL DR. SEUSS COOKBOOK

(please don't sue us)

IS AVAILABLE NOW!

Oh, the dishes you'll make! Hungry yet?
THE UNOFFICIAL DR. SEUSS COOKBOOK is
available wherever books are sold, as well as
gas stations, the dentist's office, and the dark
web.

Including these charming recipes that'll take you back to your childhood:

Green Eggs and Ham

Just leave eggs and ham out in the Arizona heat for five weeks!

Grinch Guacamole

Garnish with that green prick's pubes for a low-cal punch of flavor!

Lorax Pancakes

You have to obtain the technology required to build a time machine, go back in time to 2012 when IHOP collaborated with the Illumination film adaptation of *The Lorax* by releasing a special Lorax-themed menu, order the Truffula Chip Pancakes, then gasp in horror when you realize the fluffy pink topping is not donut frosting but, in fact, fucking strawberry yogurt?! Are you kidding me?! The fuck is this shit?!?!?!?!?

The Mike Myers Cat in the Hat Special

Oh God... he saw us. Run. Run. Run. Run. Run. Run. Run. Run. Run. Run.

And many more!



According to a guy on Tiktok, a Michelin-starred chef once said "If an onion were a supermodel, it would be a leek."

Here are 13 other vegetables and their hotter siblings, according to Plague:



Cauliflower vs Romanesco Cauliflower

So green, yet so different.



Yellow Southern Squash vs. Yellow gourd

Bright, supple, perky. Who could resist a Yellow southern Squash in the windy summer when Lady Autumn is knocking at the door? We could. That is, provided we have a gourd instead. Overall, the gourd has superior quality. Girthier. Bumpier. The yellow southern squash covers before our gourd, submissive, crying, dry heaving, pissing its pants, pissing piss the color of a yellow southern squash.



Carrots vs The Wanderer

A man about the town is different than a carrot in the ground.



Beets vs Beats by Dre

Can you listen to Turn my Swag on Radio
Edit by Soulja Boy Tell'Em on a fucking
beetroot?



That's what I thought.

Broccoli vs Sexual Man!!!!

Look at the contrast. Night and Day. NPR
vs Playboy. Carl Jr's vs Hooters.

Let's see it from the back.



Nice.

On the Road Recipe by Tony Honda

My father was a driver's ed teacher, and his father before him and on and on all the way to the roots of my family tree. I did not choose this life. There is no escape from it. Somehow I must find a way to go on. The world outside my car has no meaning. My days are endless. To the children I instruct, I am empty air, a means to an end, an obstacle, once they pass their test I am nothing to them, forgotten forever.

Lately, I encourage them to speed, to test the limits of the car, to swerve, disobey traffic laws, just to feel something, even for a second. It's never enough. I live off of rainwater and whatever else flies through the window. Sometimes the children forget things, treasures I store on my dashboard, and I can look at them and pretend they're mine, stories from lives I've actually led. In terms of food, I have little.

Occasionally crows will drop french fries through my skylight, or birds will fly into my car without seeing it, like it — and I don't even exist. Anyways. Here's a recipe I wrote. No one will ever see it but me.

INGREDIENTS

- A steering wheel, my only friend in this life
- I wasted PhD
- Divorce papers from Diane (please come back)
- I middle-class home for a family I'm no longer allowed to contact
- Flour
- Peppercorns, acquired sometime back, who knows

STEPS:

- ① Call Diane's phone over and over again, even though you know she's blocked you and she's with Carl now. Finish that bottle of whisky you fought a raccoon for.
- ② Pass the flour off as cocaine and sell it for another phone with a number Diane won't recognize.
- ③ Call her again, Carl answers. Hang up and put your head in your hands.
- ④ Start the car and drive nowhere, really, just drive and scream at God.
- ⑤ Inhale an entire grinder of pepper directly in your mouth just to feel something, anything.
- ⑥ Steer the car to the edge of a cliff. You didn't even know you were doing this.
- ⑦ Close your eyes, take your hands off the wheel. Your last thought will be of her.

Mom* Blogger**



**DOES THIS
HAPPEN TO
YOU? 4 COMMON
COOKING
PROBLEMS AND
HOW TO FIX
THEM.**

Mom's spaghetti too overcooked?

It's probably because she hates you. Maybe if you get a job and start acting your age, she will put more effort into your meals. You should want this given you live at home and she makes all your food. Fucking loser.

Is the pineapple just too spiky?

This is a common problem. Every year dozens of Americans are rushed to the ER with mouth lacerations from pineapples. So how can you still enjoy your favorite food without the pain, blood, and misery? Try only eating the inside of the fruit. By cutting away the spiky exterior with a sharp object, such as scissors or a shard of glass, you can still enjoy the tangy interior without the pain.

Blueberries going bad before you can eat them?

Maybe it's time to stop eating them. A friend of mine told me they turn you gay. I'm not saying that's a bad thing! Just raising questions. Have you been eyeing those boys in the tight shorts at the gym again? Exactly. Try switching out your blueberries for a more masculine food like steak or vagina.

Deadbeat son always complaining about your cooking?

Get your butcher knife and threaten his life. He's too old to be acting like this. If he doesn't want to go to college, fine, but he needs to get off his ass and get a job then. You don't deserve to be talked down to by a loser virgin with a body pillow. He's just like his father.



TOP 5 FOODS AT DISNEY WORLD

1. Scary Smiley Face... Pretzel?

• Donut? Oops, Can't Tell!

Boo! Whoa, haha, did I scare you? For real though what the fuck is this Disney? That's horrifying. Why is it drenched in cheese? Why does it look decomposed? Why is its mouth hanging open like it's dead? Sooo many questions!

The way to order this top secret menu item is to go up to the nearest food service Disney employee ask for the scariest, most unappetizing looking thing they have, and you'll get this monstrosity. Bon appetit!



2. Milk with Food Coloring

MMMM. A day hardly goes by where I don't think to myself, "Jiminy C rickets, I could really go for a tall glass of milk with food coloring!" It's satisfying, refreshing, slightly suspicious, and \$14. Pay up!



3. The Gray Stuff!

Try the Gray Stuff, it's delicious! Don't believe me?! This is one of Disney World's most notorious secret desserts around the entire park, found in a bakery in *The Magic Kingdom*. What is the Gray Stuff, you may ask? Wet cement on what appears to be a Ritz cracker! Yummers. What? You don't want it? You can't look me in the eye and call yourself a real Disney adult if you've never even tried the fucking Gray Stuff. Your children are watching you and they're waiting for you to stop being a bitch. Eat your food.



4. Heroin

The sale and distribution of Schedule I substances is illegal in the United States.



5. The "Mickey" special

Last but certainly not least. Can't go wrong with the classics! If you love anything Mickey, you can't miss out on this secret meal.

Exclusively available in Cinderella's Ballroom at *The Magic Kingdom* Themepark.



"THE HUNGER
GAMES" INSPIRED
ENTREE



GOOIE
MONSTER
CUPCAKE

WHAT I PACKED MY THIRD GRADER FOR LUNCH

me and your dad are getting a divorce, you will eventually have to choose which one of us you would prefer to live with

XO MOM



~~APHRODISIACS~~

WANTED DEAD



THE TINY PINK MAN

Arch-nemesis of the Green Giant.

Wanted for crimes including the illegal trade of frozen vegetables, embezzlement, blasphemy, lying to the FBI (Flavortown Bureau of Intelligence), and mass murder

REWARD: \$200 in BOX TOPS

Monsanto proudly presents
THE PCB
(Pretty Cheesy Burger)



**we are not putting chemicals in
your food i promise**

TRADER PLAGUE'S LISTS

AS ALWAYS, FREE AND WORTH EVERY PENNY.

New soda at the soda fountain!

What is it?

- Arnold Palms Her
- That water that turned the frogs gay that one time
- Contaminated fountain water
- Burp juice
- Spite (fuck you)
- Pee
- Imploda (soda that implodes)
- Doctor Pooper
- Crater-ade, tastes like the moon

What does your apron say?

- CAN BE TRUSTED AROUND BEEF
- Rim the cook
- Gods favorite little
- La di da di da, slob on me knob, pass me some syrup, fuckmeinthecar
- ¡Hola! Me Llamo Aprón y me gusta cocinar (he's spanish)
- Apron james (pronounced like lebron james)



Next Ben & Jerry's flavor

- cher-he/him garcia (the woke mob got him)
- Normally proportioned monkey (they changed it because the monkey had body dysmorphia)
- An ice cream that fills the emotional hole inside of you
- An ice cream that fills the physical hole inside of you
- Oops! All cardboard pint
- Ellen Degeneres "Don't Look Me In the Ice" Cream
- Elton John "Fuck Me in the Ice" Cream
- Something with pudding
- Osama bin Laden's Flavor Explosion

Restaurant Reviews



Casa Bonita Restaurant Review



This past week I was able to secure an invite to Casa Bonita, the most illustrious culinary institution in all of Denver, a city universally renowned for its cuisine. I entered this experience not knowing what to expect, however, my friend Will, a Spanish expert, did inform me the translation for "Casa Bonita" is "beautiful house" so I knew this was going to be luxurious.

Casa Bonita is truly a culturally immersive experience. From the neon pink castle, to the mariachi bands, to the authentic Mexican cuisine, to the lone gorilla wandering the restaurant's campus it truly feels like you're in the heart of Mexican culture. Just be sure to touch up on your Duolingo before going! The entire menu is in Spanish and when I asked for the English translation for foods such as "Sopapillas" "Tortillas" and "Enchiladas" I was told there wasn't a translation. I don't know much, but I know that's not how language works.

The restaurant featured dinner and a show, where you can watch performers diving off of 15 foot cliffs into the pool below. The professionalism was unmatched with almost all the divers successfully landing in the pool and not the rocks beside it and even on the rare instances the divers missed their mark the employees were quick on their feet to push them into the pool themselves so they could complete their routine.

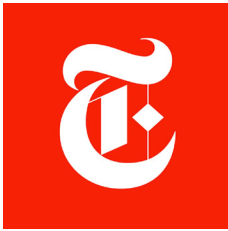
Casa Bonita also has plenty of room for post eating exploration with a haunted cave, a staple in many Mexican restaurants. The cave features spooky lighting and sharp corners, just keep an eye out for the gorilla. He is surprisingly quick and not afraid to



verbally berate you. The gorilla man called me a "sackless American cuck" and the manager barely acknowledged me when I reported it. When I finally exited the castle and re entered American society as a new man I found the gorilla waiting outside my car. He smelled of liquor and when I asked how he even knew this was my car he pointed to the full portrait bumper sticker of my smiling face. I explained that the bumper sticker was meant to attract single women, not part-time employed gorillas. He punched me in the gut. "That's what you get for reporting me!" He yelled, "How do you know I reported you?" I responded. He then told me the manager is his cousin, I didn't know Casa Bonita was a family business.

The gorilla continued to beat me mercilessly until he finally got bored and left. I called the police and told them everything, but they told me they didn't have the jurisdiction and that I needed to contact the Mexican government since a crime occurred on their land. "What do you mean? Casa Bonita is in Lakewood Denver?" "Yes, but it's incredibly authentic." And that it was. Overall I'd say I'll never forget my time there. A man's life is split into two parts, before and after Casa Bonita.





New York Times Cooking

The Most Trusted Source Of Evil Recipes

Exclusive Restaurant Review: *Il Buco Di Beppo*

Recently, my wife Amy and I visited Il Buco Di Beppo, a newly-opened Italian Joint in the classy part of town.

It was our anniversary night, and usually, we splurge on these special days: last year I took her on a swamp tour of Philadelphia, and the year before, we jetted off to Flint Michigan.

This year I figured I'd dazzle her and take her to a pricey restaurant I had to go to anyway for work, her treat, of course. I should've known better. She's always been an ungrateful hag, so unlike her saintly sister Sarah.

Upon arriving at the restaurant Amy rudely affronted a waiter as he asked after our reservation. She must be some kind of witch, apparently, because she magically erased the reservation I definitely scheduled and bumped our wait time back 9 hours.

Is there a God? Not in this stupid fucking Italian restaurant.

Finally, we were seated. Our first course was a rare golden squid, a delightful little dish when my wife isn't being passive-aggressive about my perfectly reasonable spending habits.

As I munched away (sadly not loudly enough to block out her yapping), she pulled out my credit card bills from the last six months. Nothing like faking a bout of cholera to avoid pointed questions like 'who paid for that diamond necklace?' And 'why was it sent to Sarah' with a note reading 'someday' and a picture of Amy with her eyes scratched out?

Once she'd stopped being so emotional we tried their specialty cocktail: Grande bevanda alcolica italiana solo il miglior alcol e bevande d'Italia.

I saw an opportunity to impress her, to show her the man she fell in love with. “Remember all those DUI’s I got in college?” I said seductively, and started slamming down rounds. Amy got a headache after a single sip, the simple bitch.

She rudely asked me to slow down and had the nerve to be offended when I correctly pointed out that SARAH would’ve thought I was being COOL. How was the cocktail? I don’t remember.

Unfortunately, even the arrival of the entrees couldn’t save the night. My basil pesto linguine was not at all to my liking. The noodles had been boiled, losing their crunch, and the green color was yucky and off-putting.

My wife’s dish had a surprise peanut topping, and she asked the kitchen to make her a new plate on account for her ‘deadly allergy’. It was unacceptable. I’d specifically told the chef to hide the peanuts UNDERNEATH the noodles. Dessert was a bigger letdown than my wedding night, only now there was no Sarah waiting in the bathroom to help me through the agony.

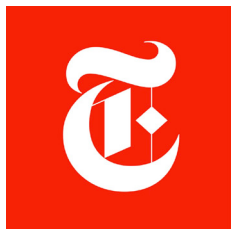
I’d demanded Amy tell the waiter it was my birthday, but the birthday cake was not to my taste.

Not a sprinkle in sight, no candles, NOTHING to make me feel like a special birthday boy. This ‘cake’ was a soggy glob covered in coffee dust, and the waiters sang in a strange spanish-sounding language I found abhorrent and offensive. I promptly swiped the plate off of the table and Amy ran out of the restaurant.

As of now, she has blocked my number and kicked me out of the house. She’s filed for divorce. Sarah won’t return my calls. My boss wants to have a meeting with me and the security team about ‘my future at the magazine’. My life is over. And all because I had dinner at Il Buco Di Beppo.

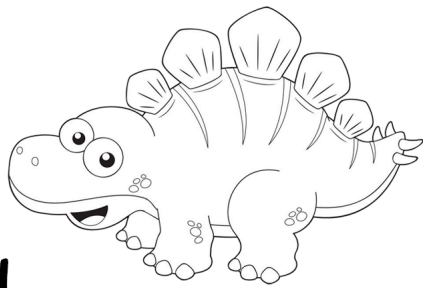
I can say confidently I won’t be dining there again.

Rating: **3.5/10**
Randy Bublé
New York Times



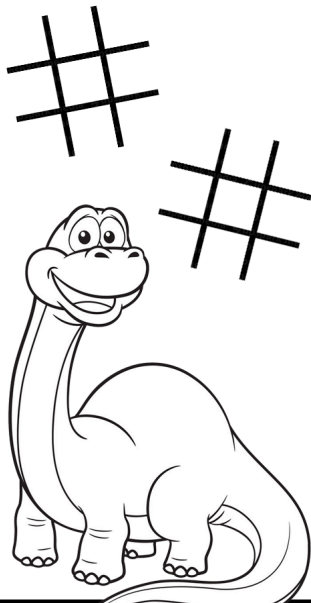
“We
Suck”

PLAGUE COOKBOOK KIDS MENU



WHAT'S ON THE SCHOOL CAFETERIA MENU TODAY?

- LATZ^o BALLS SOUP
- A KNUCKLE SANDWICH (BULLIES BEAT ME UP FOR LUNCH MONEY BECAUSE I LIKE STAR WARS)
- WHATEVER KID DIDN'T GET PICKED UP THE DAY BEFORE
- BEANS IN A CAN NO CANOPENER FIGURE IT OUT
- NOTHING UNTIL WE LEARN WHO KILLED THE PRINCIPAL
- MICHELLE OBAMAS STUPID BROCCOLI I HATE HER SO MUCH
- DODGEBALL TO THE MOUTH



RUIN A FOOD BY CHANGING ONE LETTER

V X N C K F W L E G B L A U U E H W
D R O R H C C I G C M U Q G Z S V Z
K L A A X D K M S X W L T A D A Z R
A I L P V O F S Y H U Q Y X K U A F
S G M P O H Y Z U Z T G C B J E F J
J U O U I J S Q E J R J K P J O C X
B N N C P E A N U S H I U O F W G X
D B D C X N O K O C N Z W L Q W C K
O O B I T L G V A L E Z P N E M W Y
L B O N E A W S K G T A K Q G W E N
L J Y O W P C C O N F L W P G M C N
D A O O J S V Y X S W U D L Y E U W

WELCOME

T

Flavortown



NATURE IN FLAVORTOWN



"Flavortown's annual Bird Migration," 2023, Gordon Ramsey

TELEGRAM

No..... | Time Sent..... | To {
 Time Received.....

This is a Public Safety Announcement informing citizens that town electricity and wireless networks will be down for the foreseeable future. Information is still being gathered but it appears the town's raccoon population has mobilized and launched into a violent campaign against the town. Last night, in a display of extreme sneakiness, they appear to have taken out the power grid and gnawed through Flavortown's power lines. As electricity is down, rogue, flailing wires are likely not active, but should be handled with caution. Note: Raccoons have reportedly been holding them tight across sidewalks and roads, using them as trip wires for unsuspecting citizens. The death toll is reported to be in the thousands. Reasons for the violence are unknown, but note: it seems unlikely it should begin just a week after approval of the Ban Bill, barring town raccoons from their favorite restaurant, Mike's Spaghetti Shack. The raccoons were reportedly banned for disregarding the restaurant's reservation policy and 'inciting fear' in staff and other customers. Last year, reports emerged they were holding Mike himself hostage until their demands of 'MorR SPagAheTY' were met. His condition is unknown at this time. It is likely more attacks are underway, but the raccoons have refused to negotiate with FTPD. Quotes from Police Chief Leegal Solvey reveal requests for peace talks were met with 'giggling' and "mockery of my lithp". The mayor has been flown out of the country for his own safety. At this time Chief Leegal Solvey recommends "locking all doorth and avoiding dithcuthing, conthuming or cooking thpaghetti. We think they can thmell it from mileth and mileth away." Expect updates on the situation as it continues to unfold. And, as best you can, stay safe out there.

RESTAURANTS IN FLAVORTOWN



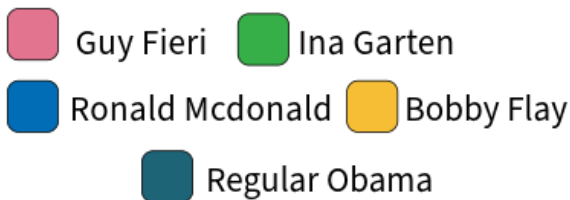
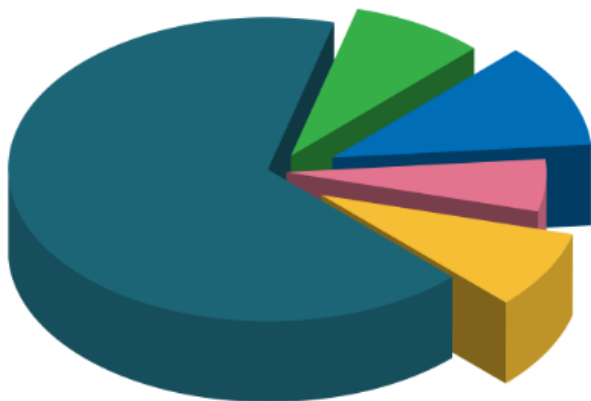
FLAVORTOWN HOLIDAYS



For weeks, employees of the one grocery in Flavortown have been claiming to be sold out of Murray's frozen french toast sticks. As the claims dragged on, suspicion prompted the formation of a citizen brigade which infiltrated the store by concealing themselves in a giant wooden french toast stick. They reported the grocery store staff had been hiding and eating the french toast sticks themselves like big greedy rats. In response to the scandal, citizens have laid siege to the store. To put an end to the madness, the townsfolk are requesting a town-wide holiday. Murray's Day, proposed for January 6th, will be a day when citizens of flavortown will be given government subsidies of french toast sticks to compensate for the devastating lack of access over the past two weeks. Payment for the french toast sticks will be solely the responsibilities of the disgraced employees. The Murray company has voiced their support for the citizens of Flavortown in a statement expressing their sympathy for the harrowing experience. 'We're thrilled to learn our product means so much to people' The statement read. 'We hope now, with the formation of Murray Day, this town can begin to heal.'

FLAVORTOWN ELECTION NEWS

2004 Flavortown Mayoral Election Results



TELEGRAM

No..... | Time Sent..... | To {
Time Received.....

Last week, a shocking series of events unfolded after wireless was restored in Flavortown repairing damage done by a mob of raccoons who have since been placated with vast amounts of spaghetti, or what Police Chief Leegal Solvey called "oodleth and oodleth of their favorite noodleth". After restoration of the town's electricity, Netflix in Flavortown updated, giving viewers access to shows released at the time of the blackout. Among them was Is It Cake?, an American Game Show where contestants attempt to trick judges with cakes representing everyday objects. The Is It Cake? craze consumed the town immediately. Absences in schools and the workplace increased by a trillion percent, and Flavortown stores were wiped clean as townspeople began creating cakes of their own. Chief Solvey reports "It tharted off inothen enough, I thuppothe. They made little caketh rethembling appleth and cupth and thingth, but they got increathingly ambithiouth," This was as videos were emerging on social media of hyper-realistic cakes resembling people, animals, toilets, you name it. "all of a thudden people tharted to get thcared". Videos showed people cutting into bottles, cars, desks, beds, only to reveal they were cake. As bakers in Flavortown embraced the trend, producing increasingly realistic works, fear began to build. Was anything real anymore? Was all of it cake? Panicked and paranoid mobs took to the streets with knives, attacking anything and everything around them. Death rates climbed as hysteria levels climbed higher. In several cases, individuals stabbed each other multiple times, sobbing and screaming as they traded blows. Animals, unaware of the trend, have nevertheless joined in, and roam the streets with knives of their own, attacking at will. The current death count is believed to be too high to tally, and destruction of public property has devastated much of the town. Police are unsure how to handle the issue at this time. "We're waiting for everybody to tire themthelveth out, bathically." Said Chief Solvey. "I'm thure ath hell not getting anywhere near them." As citizens continue to hack away at cars, plants, buildings, themselves and each other, we urge you: stay safe out there.

FLAVORTOWN NEWS BULLETIN

WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE!

THE HAMBURGLAR

\$200 Gazillion Reward (In Gift Cards to Plain Pasta With Butter Restaurant)



Wanted for crimes of identity theft, unconsensual tickling of nose with a feather, and (of course) theft of hamburger(s)

GRANDMA'S LISTS

"Something smells yummy! What's cooking, Grandpa?" "Why it's my secret recipe... pasta a la..."

- Cookies
- I put my dentures in da food to pre chew it for you
- That yuppie ayuhasca
- A la, a la, a- a- a-, oh fuck grandpas

STROKING out!

Invent a rare new cheese

- No I don't want to.
- Just earwax in a babybel wrapper
- Pepper Jill Cheese (she transitioned good for her)
- Gru-yere (despicable me themed)

Most common food allergies

- A bad time
- I was actually allergic to breastmilk as a child. Almost died. True story. Couldn't suckle at the tit. Woulda been a goner in 1084. Woulda been fed sheep's milk or some shit.
- Chocolate Rain

Lists

What's the most important food group?

- Chocolate sauce on horse
- OIL IF YOU ARE A CAR FROM THE CARS 2001 FRANCHISE ALSO IF YOU ARE A TRANSFORMER AND DECEPTICON
- The little fingies of the children who stick their fingers through the bars of my cage
- Personal data (i am m uhhhhh ark zuckerberg)
- Rat

Next Hot Ones Guest

- Me i could probably do it
- An orphaned British boy (the spice will kill him)
- Evan Seans (evil twin)
- Joe Biden (he goes into cardiac arrest after the first bite)
- Eight year old with a 103 degree fever
- Chicken little (he's in hell)

Nutrition Lists

4 lists per container

Serving size one magazine

Pages **80**

New food challenges! % Daily Value*

Try not to squirt... the ketchup, that is! **28%**

Two cups, one guy! **13%**

Eat yourself forever **21%**

Worst food to get on Halloween 5%

Candy (think about it) **32%**

Candy hidden in razors **2%**

Arby's open mouth kiss **80%**

Evil snickers **19%**

Spooky soda **26%**

cock worth orange **10%**

Food fight! Choose your weapon! 67%

Gun **41%**

Gun **9%**

Gun wrapped in prosciutto **25%**

2024 Plague Magazine

ROMAN CATHOLICISM

A POEM

Roman Catholicism, I'm all up in him
His juicy Jesus bread
Yeah bake that religious body pope-boy, handle him with care
As his crusty curves repent, I can't help but stare

Roman Catholicism, I'm all up in him
His juicy Jesus bread
That body is on fire in the ovens of hell
His flesh may be burning, but damn I love that smell

Roman Catholicism, I'm all up in him
His juicy Jesus bread
I know your father loves killing sons
Call me Abraham, cause I'm not leaving till the job is done

Roman Catholicism, I'm all up in him
His juicy Jesus bread
Let the choir sing their sexy ballad
Call me Julius Caesar, the way imma toss your salad

Roman Catholicism, I'm all up in him
His juicy Jesus bread
Christ has risen, but in my vision
This sacrilegious loaf is vicious

Roman Catholicism, I'm all up in him
His juicy Jesus bread
I ravage your body, not even the priest could pull me away
He's not used to kids of my age and weight

Roman Catholicism, I'm all up in him
His juicy Jesus bread
I need help completing my rice purity list
I know you can *cross* it off, please I insist





Sunny Farms

Eat Watermelon!

Having fun in the sun? Consider chowing down a nice refreshing slice of watermelon. Part of every childhood, make good memories this July with Sunny Farms Watermelon. After a day at the pool, wind down on the porch with our bright red wedges. Just the way you used to with your favorite cousin Reggie. Not anymore though. Not since he got arrested for domestic violence. Never thought it would turn out that way, he was such a good kid. What's also good is picking a melon straight from the patch! They sold the house too, you'll never sit on that porch with the swing again. And grandma's sweet, sweet lemonade with it? That was the best. It's horrible what the dementia turned her into at the end. Instead of her letting you spit the seeds into the sunflower patch, she was always just ranting and raving. Do you remember? I've never said this out loud, but I was relieved when she died. Just... putting her out of her misery y'know. She was getting violent. But not as violently as I demolish a good ole chunk of watermelon! Eat Sunny Farms Watermelon, the only fruit when the weather is hot and the world's left you cold!

DOCTOR FOOD

AUTHENTIC BRITISH CUISINE

DALEK SOUP

**HOT DOG WITH
KETCHUP AND
MUSTARDIS**

FISH AND CHIPS



spices not included



Epic Rap Battle: Carmy Vs Gusteau

GENIUS

EPIC RAP BATTLES OF HISTORY!

CARMEN BERZATTO

VS

AUGUSTE GUSTEAU!

BEGIN!

[Verse 1: Gusteau]

I know I said "anyone can cook," but listen
Who the fuck let this twink in my kitchen?

I'll dish disses deeper than your pizza pies!
Bird is my director; no wonder I'm so fly!

Like a flaming stovetop, you'll be helpless at my cypher!
My lines are gas, you can't suppress this fire!

I'll take your whole family; make a dysfunction soufflé!
Remy could smell the toxicity from a mile away!

You know I'm rollin' in dough, hear the sound of that bread?
Mikey "blue" all the cash, leaving White in the red!

And your actor tried some wine til he had to unwed!

Should've put some stock in your future instead!

You ditched the fun of cooking, made trauma your whole brand,
And dumped more on Chicago than the Dave Matthews Band!

My rhymes will drive you crazy like your mother!
Take your shot, Carmy: be more like your brother!

[Verse 2: Carmy]

Can't ever sleep but your rhymes almost worked
Did Richie drop his fuckin' pills in your verse?

For a master chef; I thought you'd be better on the lines!
I'll make you take that shit back even quicker than your wine!

You couldn't live without unanimous praise?
You wouldn't last a cycle of my Laundry days!

I'll ruin you like my name was Chef Skinner!
I'm on Hulu but your legacy is fuckin' TV dinners!

And you ditched your baby mama after you boned her!
Gotta take a lotta gusto to F that X over!

Imma keep this roast going; a real Confit Baldy
You couldn't beat me; you couldn't beat Shrek 3!

You're just a plot device to motivate Remy!
I'll sweep you like the Emmys! Mikey's spaghetti!

But you're six feet under now, chef, your time's up!
Special order: ground beef, coming right up!

[Gusteau, unable to handle the criticism, fucking dies]



[Verse 3: Alfredo Linguini]

You better keep my dad's name out your mouth!
This ex-garbage-boy's gonna take the trash out!

Come at me, Carmen; you really wanna throw "Hands"?
Sucks that Michael didn't hide better lines in his cans!

Are you compensating with your outbursts, Jeff?
This guy's 5'7", he's the real "Little Chef"!

You couldn't take your girl somewhere else to get railed?
A construction site isn't the place to get nailed!

You can't handle what the rat pack's packin'!
Like Sydney's short rib, your rhymes need more acid!

Got so overwhelmed with flashbacks from Jeff Winger;
That all your hard work got you locked up in the freezer!

I'll make you burst at the seams like a cannoli,
I'm like your Calvin Klein ad because you don't own me!

Try to abandon this onslaught; I don't see Michelle!
So go head on home, Carmy: you just took the L!

[Verse 4: Carmy]

This prick thinks he can swoop in and beat me?
GET THE FUCK OFF MY EXPO LINGUINI

You think I'm gonna sit and take that "Little Chef" crap?
This hack prolly had the rat write his raps!

It took a pack of rodents to teach you fine cuisine
Camille should call your fuckin' theme song "In Festin!"

Cuz who wants a fleas quiche with a side of disease
From the fuckin' rattiest restaurant since Chuck E Cheese?!

Your sous chef's buzz cut makes me wanna die, bro!
My sous chef is Edebiri comma Ayo!

Bringing up Claire; do you wanna go there?
Colette could make a three course meal just by pulling your hair!

Gusteau's was the peak of French dining in the past,
Now it's a haven for Disney adults to get trashed!

Against this nepo baby, you know how this battle's lookin'
Cousin, get me Racacoonie: now we're cookin'!

WHO WON? WHO'S NEXT? YOU DECIDE!
EPIC RAP BATTLES OF HISTORY!

YODA BOBA



**Drink my Milk,
You MUST! MUST!
MUST! MUST!**

**Real Yoda Milk,
we make with**



**Sell Green
vapes,
We do also**

Looking for
a parking spot?
8:30 AM - 6:30 PM
400 meters



iPple



its
Electronic

Exclusively at

EREWON \$132.78



Schuster & Brewster Inc.

Follow

Write a review

Snapshot

Why Join Us

Reviews

16
Salaries1
Jobs1
Q&A

Interviews

Photos

Schuster & Brewster Inc.

what

job title, keywords



where

city, state, or zip



Find Jobs

1 job at Schuster & Brewster Inc.

Urgently hiring

HELP WANTED: Banana Man

New York, NY

\$????? an hour

Full-time +3

Day shift +2

Apply Now

Posted 30+ days ago



Schuster and Brewster Incorporated is currently looking to bring on sharp young talent to fill our open position for Banana Man, full-time. After the death of our beloved CEO Schbruster, company morale has frankly been in the toilet. Nobody showed up to last weeks team building bingo, at break time employees stand by the water machine and cry. There have been multiple request for psychiatric resources in the workplace, but we don't really wanna do that so we've elected to provide this unique employment opportunity, using an old banana costume we found in a closet.

SKILLS AND QUALIFICATIONS

- Goofy Attitude
- Can fit in our banana suit (5-8 feet tall)
- PhD
- Can run a mile in under a minute
- Limber
- Jumping

BENEFITS

- Access to files(just in case you wanna take a peek)
- We'll give you a gun
- Appearance on the company website
- Satisfaction of a job well done
- Salary: a couple bucks

JOB DESCRIPTION

- In office 5pm-11am
- Dancing
- Responsive to activation phrases. If you hear any of the following phrases, you are expected to drop everything you're doing and start doing banana things:
 - Split
 - Appealing
 - Sunglasses
 - Sneezing(action, not the word)
 - Sorrow
 - The
- Anytime anyone looks sad, dive under their feet and have them slip on you.
- Once a day, you are expected to gather all employees in the grand hall and perform a one-banana-man musical ballet to raise company morale.

The Scarlet Letter

Pizza Edition

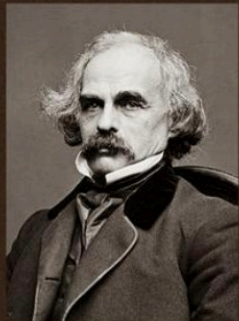


Nathaniel

Hawthorne

The Scarlet Letter Pizza Edition

This classic novel tells the story of Hester Flatbread, a poor farm pizza living in puritanical flavortown. A dirty pizza whore who becomes pregnant while her husband is across the ocean. As punishment for being a major slut she is branded with the shameful Pepperoni letter to signify her whorish nature. Who is her pizza daddy? What baby is cooking in her oven?



Nathaniel Hawthorne

This guy has a crazy mustache and a deep hatred for slutty pizzas. Probably because his ex-wife Tammy left him for a Chicago styled man. Ladies love the thick crust.

"A must read"
- The New Pork Times

"This guy has issues"
- Gordon Ramsey

"I too lost my wife to Chicago crust. I understand his anger"
- Dan

Juvenile Fiction/Picture Book
Ages 3 and up

ISBN 978-1-955947-04-6

US\$17.99

5 1 7 9 9 >



9 781955 947046

Dear Mom,

If you're reading this, I've done it. I'm sorry mom, I know it's selfish. I'll at least give you an explanation, I owe you that much.

This probably came as a shock to you. I always tried to be happier than I was. I tried to laugh and joke so that no one would ask me what was wrong.

Mom, just know this wasn't your fault, you did everything right with me, caring for me since I was a bambino. No, it all started because somebody sneezed. I think going on the meds helped, but while they could change my brain chemistry they couldn't change the past. They couldn't change the fact that it rolled off the table, and onto the floor, and then... sorry, it's hard to even write about this...

It rolled out the door.

I never really recovered from that. I think this has felt inevitable since that day. Sometimes I wonder how I would have turned out if it hadn't been on top of spaghetti, or all covered in cheese.

But ultimately I must accept reality:

I lost my poor meatball.

Ciao forever

TELEGRAM RECOVERED FROM THE CAMP SPUD FIASCO




Dear Mom,

Thank you for sending me a brookie (brownie cookie) in your care package. I never thought that a brownie and a cookie could be the same thing!

Things at Camp Spud have never been worse. Bad Bart Brownstone, the meanest, nastiest, mustaschiest 8 and a half year old in the woods, organized the Triple B gang to rob the mess hall and steal all of the spices in Camp Spud! Our white, flavorless chicken dinners are the least of our worries.

Bart and his boys have thrust us into a full on spicis (spice crisis). Much like the war on drugs, the sesame-seedy underbelly of the spice trade has made organized crime go from 0 to more than that here at Spud.



Capitalizing on the black market and demand for delicious spices, spice gangs have taken control of nearly every fun-time activity (except scrapbooking). If you wanna do anything here, you need spices. The Peppy Boys run the ball pit. Nobody goes in or out without a tribute to Big Peppy (Steven).

Last week, Tommy tried to climb the rope swing without paying dues to Big Peppy, and they pepperboarded him (waterboarding but with black pepper). He's still sneezing... Also, last week, the Cinnamaniacs killed a kid! And the Ginger Snaps pay off the camp counselors in spices for their silence. Leaving isn't an option. My cabin buddy William tried to escape on a paddleboard and we haven't seen him since, only signs that he was smothered in mustard seed. Not mustard, because that isn't a spice, it's a sauce made of a spice, which is mustard see.

In order to survive and HAGS (have a great summer) at Camp Spud, you've got to be willing to get spice by any means necessary. I'm running out of thyme! Get it? No but seriously I don't know what else to do. Did you know that pee has salt in it?

See you in september,
Love Freddy

P.S. Can you send me more brookies?

LISTS

WHO SCRIBED THE COOKBOOK?

- KERMIT THE FUCK
- SOCRATES'S DAUGHTER SOCRATINA
- GORDON RAMSEY'S EVIL TWIN GORDON'T !!!!!!!
- L.L COOL J.R.R TOLKIEN (JIMMY FALLON WROTE THIS)
- MY BITCH OF A GRANDMA
- SOULJA BOY
- REMY THE RAT BUT ACTUALLY IT WAS GHOST WRITTEN BC HE'S TOO SMALL HOLD A PEN GOOD
- SPIKE LEE. WE IMPALED BRUCE LEE AND GOT HIS NAME LEGALLY CHANGED

COOK

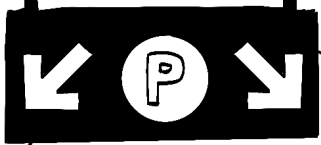
BOOK

OVER

JOIN
THE
PLAGUE

WEEKLY MEETINGS
IN THE PUB LAB
KIMMEL 210

EMAIL
PLAGUE
.MAGAZINE
@GMAIL
.COM
TO JOIN

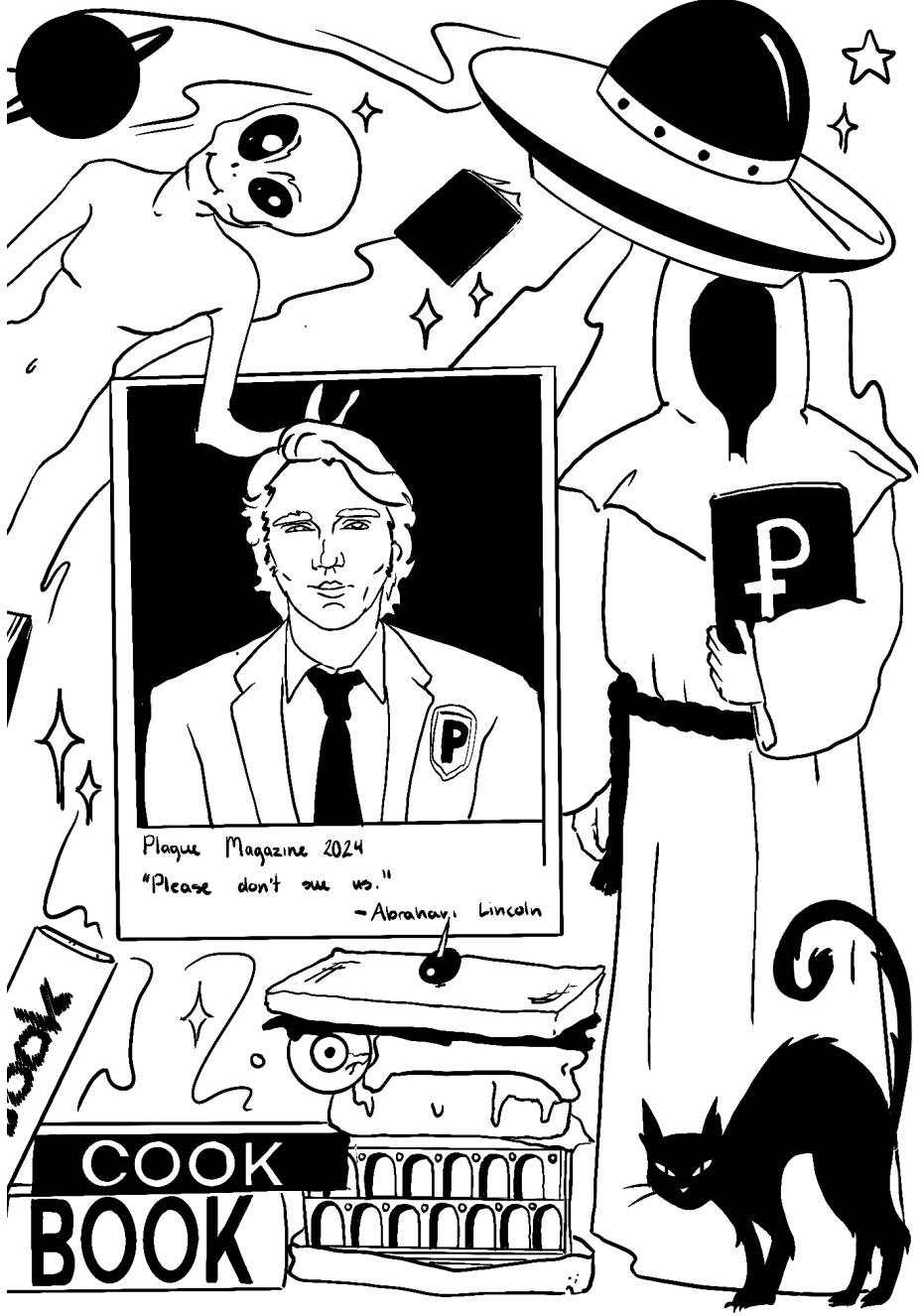


Conspiracy

WORLD HISTORY

NEW YORK

Yearb



Plaque Magazine 2024
"Please don't sue us."
- Abraham Lincoln





ABOUT THE AUTHOR: JEAN-PIERRE PLAGUE

When we asked Chef Plague to write a cookbook, he said, “You sure?”

Chef Jean-Pierre Plague was born in France, France to a baguette salesman and a baguette. Quickly growing tired of the limitations of French cuisine, Plague lied about his age and emigrated to Flavortown at the tender age of 39. There, he studied under YOUR MOM... hahahah ahahaha just kidding. He went to the Culinary Institute of America where he met your mom. He also learned to become a master chef, graduating at the top of his class and opening “Brokeback Steakhouse,” an Australian cowboy themed restaurant, a year later. It was closed due to “poisonous funk” and has since become home to twenty feral hogs.

For his second restaurant, “If you don’t give me three Michelin stars right this instant I’ll blow up the U.S. Capitol,” Jean-Pierre Plague earned three Michelin stars in record time courtesy of President Dick Cheney (think about it...)

Jean-Pierre Plague is well-known and adored for adding fun twists to traditional, comfortable, and very crunchable foods such as his patent-pending Burburgerger, a combination of two burgers at once! He also invented The Facebook with Mark Zuckerberg and has since come up with the solution to world hunger, but he won’t give it away because a good chef never reveals their secrets.

To make this cookbook possible, we paid Chef Plague in Gatorade and dry handjobs. When he’s not spending his summers in the south of France, you can find him enjoying a good book on top of your mom.