



PLAGUE

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Cockanne Ball-Torture

is a former stay-at-home wife and resident of Deer Park, Long Island with expertise in the art of fiddling the knob, choking the chicken, and whacking it off with a special little cock hammer. Finally, she is sharing her expertise on the most effective method of mind control known to man: CBT.

She recently got a job as a secretary in a urologist's office because her husband thought it might be good for her to take a break from her passion, and have some activity outside the house. She now uses her stiletto, French-tipped acrylics to tap in patients' chart information as well as deep into her husband's taint.

INTRODUCTION:

HISTORY OF MIND CONTROL

Before Mind Control was just a genre of pornography about your step-sisters, it was a totally legitimate field of science. James Wilson (1852-1900) was the first to understand the potential that another person's mind could have. Wilson was having an episode of being a Little Pussy Bitch, which we now call depression. He failed living up to his latest invention, adding fire decals to wheelchairs to make them go faster, for which he won the National Medal of Honor.

While sulking in his bed and demanding things from his wife, he had an idea: if he was able to tell his wife to do something, and the wife would do that thing, then there obviously must be a way to do this on a massive scale. His critics declared of his hypothesis: "This is just the way law and society unfairly demand that women follow every whim of

their husbands!" However, his critics also declared: "Please don't lock me away for sedition!"

Like all of his work, Wilson's first experiment was simply ingenious. He walked up to a crowd in the town square and screamed that he was actually a witch. And his plan worked! They burned him at the stake, just like he imagined they would. What a remarkable mind.

However, his sacrifice, as noble as it was, only proved that mind control was possible, but not why or how or when or if there was a God. Further tests needed to be conducted, mostly on rats, mice, and Albanians. After all, mind control isn't just what the Pope does to make JFK follow his every command. Eventually, we, the Wilsonites, were able to write a complete and total account of mind control, how it works, why it works, who should be allowed to do it and for what. Unfortunately, the document was lost during Brother Hamson's bachelor party in West Iraq.

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R.I.P. The Hamburglar, he has stolen his last McRib.
Leukemia is a hell of a disease.

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BRAIN

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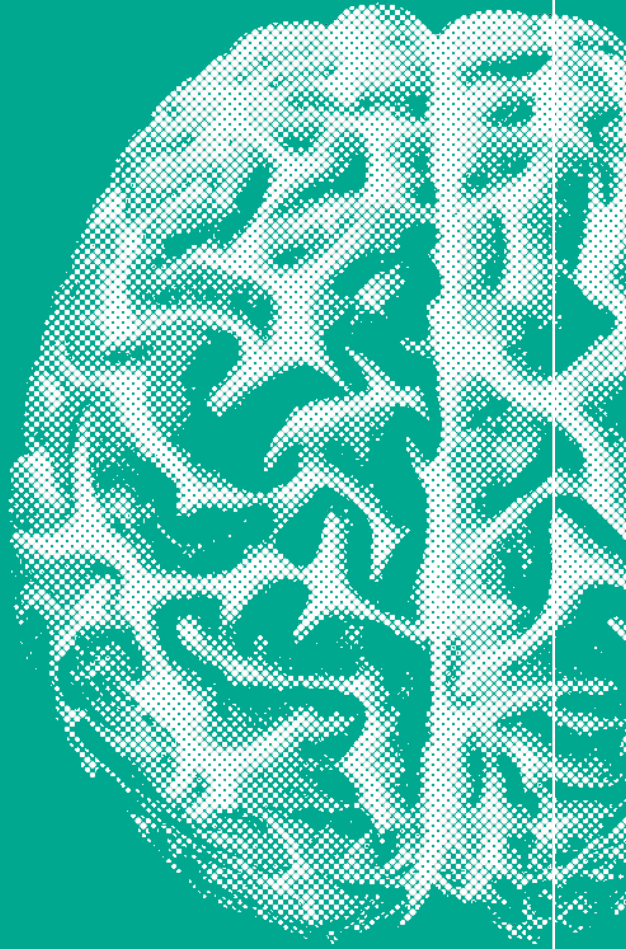
BRAIN

BRAIN

BRAIN

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BRAIN



HOW THE BRAIN WORKS

Most scientists agree that the brain is kinda important. However, a lot of people think, wrongly, that the brain is at the top. Due to the proliferation of free corpses, we have been able to dissect humans and locate the brain. It is actually second from top, there is a skull between the brain and the hair skin--therefore the skull bones are at the top. Pretty neat, huh? When a pregnant individual forgets to defecate, their juicy belly pressure cooks the turd, and it amalgamates into a smart pink mush. This becomes the control center for the human body, which is the control center for the universe. This section explores the science of the mushy head computer.

THE HOMOSEXUAL MIND

Homosexual men are no longer just peanut-brained fruit baskets who prey on children: they can be personal trainers, real estate agents in the Bay Area, marketing directors for dating apps, civil rights lawyers for

how do neurons work?

Don't ask my ex-wife

Slowly at first, then all at once.

Learn by listening to "I'm just a neuron on Capitol Hill named Bill."

By taking the train to their company.

What's neurons?

With boots on and nothing else.

other gays, and even penis doctors. These hard-bodied and sexually depraved workhorses are a powerful market force. Homosexuals' lack of critical thinking skills prohibits them from considering anything beyond its face value, and their lack of morality causes them to ruthlessly operate in their own interest no matter the cost to others. If you control the minds of these hedons, they will naturally use their cultural capital to propagate your ideas. This section will offer tips on winning homosexuals' minds and cocks.

THE GIRLMIND

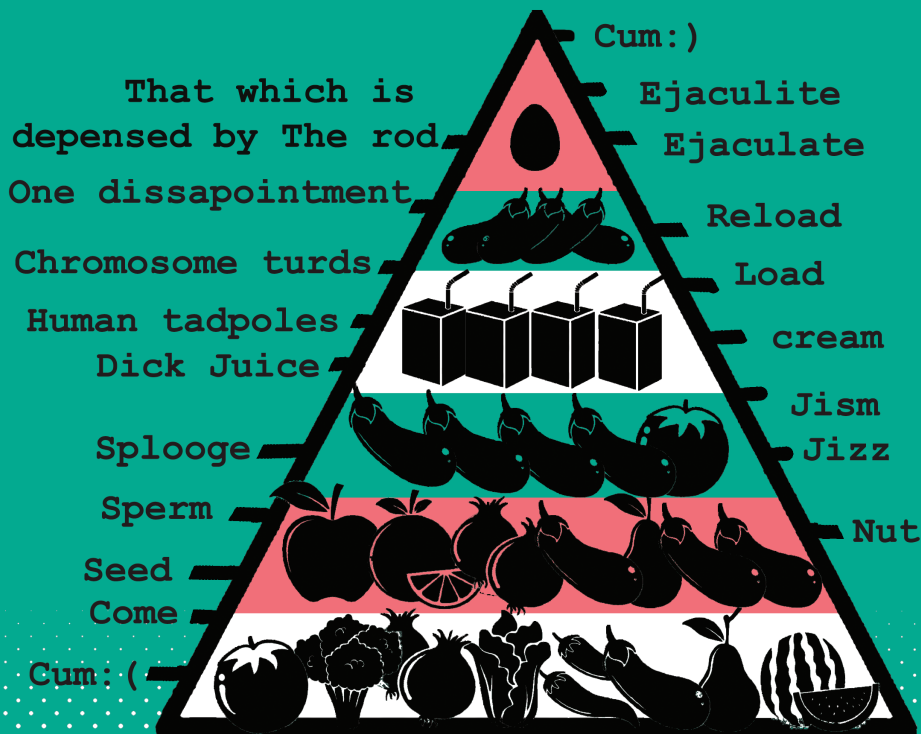
Calling a person a "girl" is like calling her a "guy" but in a more pussy way. Girls appear to be boys, but without penis or body hair. Naturally, one might ask: without a fat hairy cock, what does The Bitch even think with? It's the pussy. The clitoris is the skull for girls' tiny brains. The expression "getting stuck with your dick in your hands" is re-imagined by The Bitch as "getting stuck with your fingers in your coochie" ("coochie" being synonymous with pussy aka vagina aka pink taco aka blue waffle). Appropriation of this universal idiomatic language is apparent when The Bitch says, "Bimbos over dildos" or "Tampons for the titties."

Girls have few thoughts outside of their uterus utterances. To control the simple girlmind, try feeding her biscuits, buying her a shower curtain, or kissing her belly button. These tricks will make her pootang moisten and her mini mind palace will be in the control of your giant hands.

CELEBRITY NOGGINS

The average American spends hours of their day watching compilations of celebrities' foibles online and keeps abreast of the latest developments in Tinseltown. They read PeepHole magazine headlines while they wait to buy condoms at the drugstore in order to prevent the world from suffering their disgusting spawn. This makes celebrities the perfect conduits for your message. Luckily, the feeble minds that attracted them to fame make them susceptible to your brain attacks. That being said, their brains are wired differently than unfamous plebeians, and basic mind control techniques may not work on them. Celebs respond most strongly to Scientology, "quirky" tattoo ideas, opportunities wherein they are able to debase themselves for money, and symmetrical white faces. Here, we will outline the quirks in their brains. That's hot.

BEST BRAIN FOODS



HOW TO CHANGE SOMEONE'S MIND WITH YOUR TONGUE

Shove your tongue through the roof
of their mouth into their brain.
Now you are their puppeteer.

Throw it back.

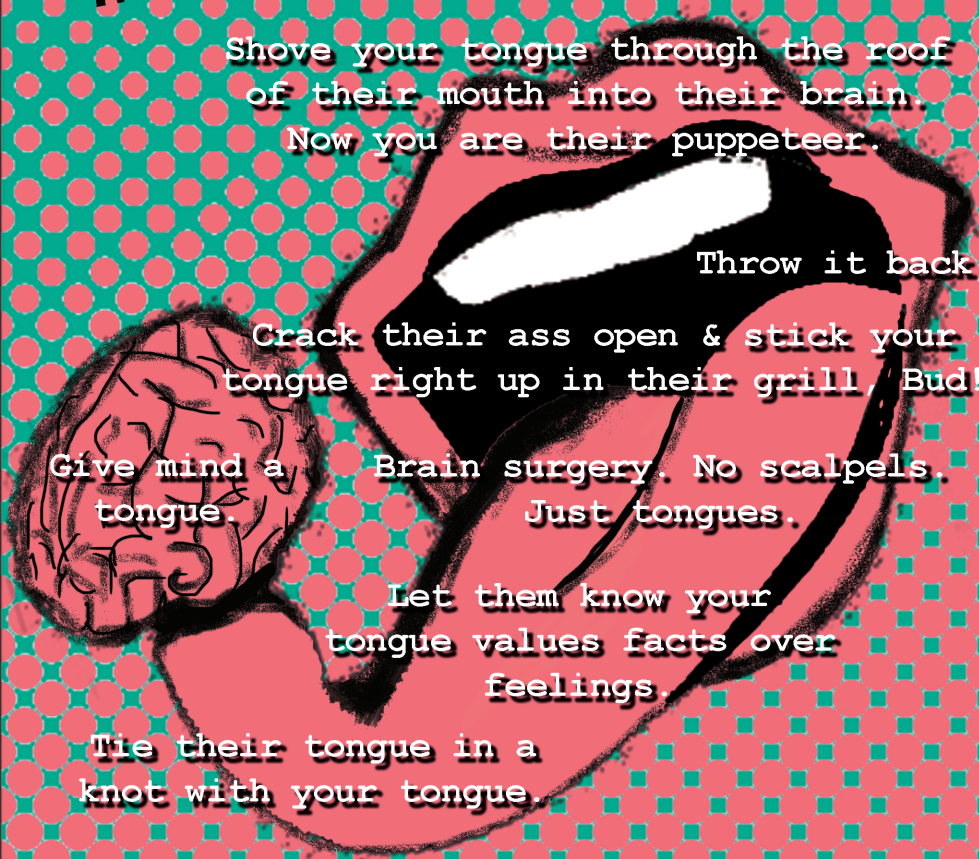
Crack their ass open & stick your
tongue right up in their grill, Bud!

Give mind a
tongue.

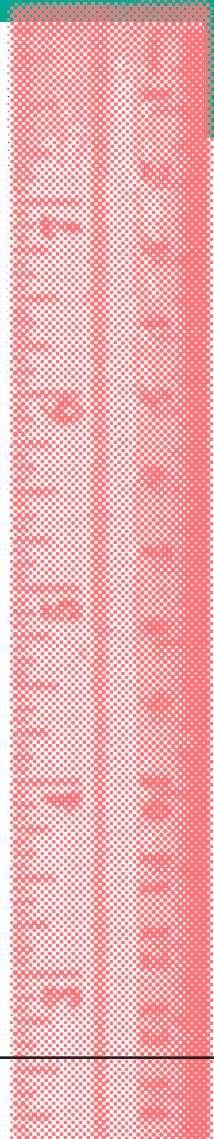
Brain surgery. No scalpels.
Just tongues.

Let them know your
tongue values facts over
feelings.

Tie their tongue in a
knot with your tongue.



HOW TO SUPPORT YOUR CHILD'S BRAIN DEVELOPMENT

- 
- Magnets
 - Feed it protein shakes
 - Not vaccinating
 - Test tubes
 - Get them to dis club
 - Have you tried turning it off and turning it back on again?
 - Get em a hat
 - Incest
 - Whippets



1) have sex with it 2) what we've been doing.
making Casper mattresses 3) have sex with it again
but this time with passion 4) give it a little peck on
the cheek :) 5) tuck it in and kiss it goodnight

GANJA AND THE ITALIAN AMERICAN BRAIN

peer from the bad side
of town crosses tracks
to peer pressure you
into taking a drag of a
cannabis cigarette

ganja droplets
coagulate through
lung ravioli into
your marinara
stream through the
process of osmosis

"the sauce" simmers
in veins for 20-35
minute until gaseous

your mom took off her
glasses, and she's
seeming a more confident

you look up "can i fuck
my mom" in the catechism

if she starts rejecting,
you convince yourself
"nice sons finish last"

you come down off your
high, and feel anxious
about having fucked your
mom, but to calm you down
she brings you a towel and
thc-laced totinos rolls

the canaboid globules
evaporate, and ping around
your body like pinballs,
until they reach your brain
and make you
shove your throbbing cock
inside of your mom

you caress her supple
titties and they feel
like freshly picked
portobellos

you establish consent with
your mom by giving her a
permission slip to sign

WHAT'S AFTER ENLIGHTENMENT?

This Pussy

This Bussy

Meine Muschi

A rerun of Seinfeld

Nothing worth mentioning comes
after your Mom orders pizza for dinner

Dick sucking 24/69

I don't know. I'm sorry. I haven't
been able to focus since we
went to Iraq.

*Long stares over a bowl of salad
for three*

My priest saying "I forgive you"

A lecture from John Sexton

Janelle Monáe

Garfield hentai

APHRODISIACS

PERFECT FIT. PERFECT COMFORT. PERFECTLY SOFT.

*When someone smacks your dick real
hard with a muffin pan*

Every Queer Eye at the same time

*Long sleeve v necks with ripped
basketball shorts and moccasins*

*Two girls, a thick log of chocolate ice
cream, and some good ol' fashioned movie
magic*

1) Have a sex with your muscles. I've-a
never forgotten anyone I've made a-love to

3) I forgot.
Sorry about
that. I wish I
could be more
helpful. If you
need further
assistance, ask
for the shirt
Department at
extension
SHIT (7448)

2) Listen to Mozart a lot. Or Skrillex. I
forgot which one is the brain booster

how to improve your muscle memory

4) In the morning you go gunning for the man
who stole your water. And you fire till he is
done in but they catch you at the border.

And the morners are all singin' as
they drag you by your feet

But the hangman isn't hangin and they put
you on the street. You go back Jack do it
again. Doing things again is key to memory.



SEX POSITIONS THAT CONTROL HIS MIND



Throwing it back



*Pot lickers and
cock dumplings
for dinner*



*All lube,
no pussy*



Ass worship



*Pissing and
shitting, sucking
and bucking*



*On "la cock"
(it's French
for backwards
cattle lady)*



*The
Illustrious
Nut*



*Shitting in his
mouth and pissing
in his nose*



*The sexy little
Ratatouille rat*

DREAM INTERPRETATIONS

Dick in ass?
You have stage 4
testicular cancer

Smooch, smooch
Bab!
(I love my dad)

Flowers are a
sign you're gonna
get your ass ate
soon

The woman is
Ferhat Abbas

Teeth falling out?
You have no teeth.

If there's a
snake on the plane,
you just watched
snakes on a plane
probably

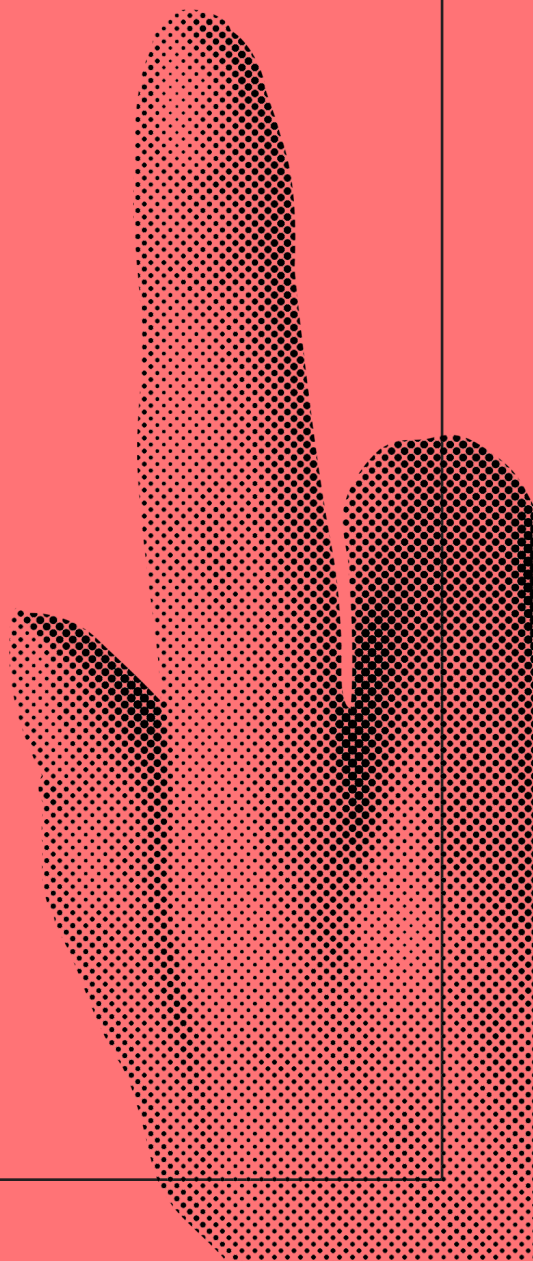
You shouldn't
swallow corn cobs
whole

FACTS ABOUT PILLS AND THE BRAIN:

- I do drugs you dumb bitch ha ha
- Pills cockblock brain receptors
- Pills are the brain. There's literally no difference. They're the same thing
- They're actually crushed up pill bugs, you know, the ones that roll up into a tight, tight ball and shoot into your cooch?
- The brain can get addicted to many things,
including birth control
- We gay



TOUCH
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TOUCH

The human body is a hot and sexy vessel for the dumb and feeble human brain. The brain's copper wires connect directly to the body's delicate skin-field, which is why touch is the quickest way to bend the docile minds of dumb and not sexy humans to your will. Think about the power of the human finger: tapping someone's shoulder on the subway will make them move to accommodate your spatial needs, and tapping their sensitive taint on the subway will make them fall to their knees. Consensually, of course. This section will introduce concepts that will allow you to leverage the power of touching devices for all price-ranges on your quest for world domination.

SEX: A BRIEF HISTORY

Sex as we know it today was first discovered by Chad Sexyngton III, a distinguished pilgrim jock of the 17th century who arrived to America on the Mayflower. Thanksgiving was America's first carb-loading sesh which created a foundation for Sexyngton's hella brolic body and propelled him into jock-dom. Sexyngton

soon gathered a cohort of like-minded jocks, founding America's first fraternity, Pi Kappa Theta. There are various schools of thought on sex, especially in an individualist America that is impartial to the joint commerce of monogamy. It follows that preeminent individualist, Adam Smith, was not only an economist, but also a rampant masturbator. Smith's invisible hand does a lot more than simply guide supply and demand in a free market economy – it's also an excellent tool for jerkin the gherkin, as stated in a lesser known chapter of The Wealth of Nations.

TEMPERATURE

Sean Paul wrote in his seminal work on the topic, "Temperature," about the ways in which the sensory perceptions of the skin can be manipulated to control the human mind. For the scholars: "Well, woman, the way the time cold, I wanna be keepin' you warm." Cold, warm; the two dialectic foci about which all human existence is based. It is one found throughout nature, like the sweaty dick and the cold nuts; the hot sun, your even hotter stepson, and the cold pool water rolling down his chest, hardening his perky little nips. Heat's capacity to control the mind is undeniable, almost as undeniable as that look in his eyes telling you he's totally game. What would

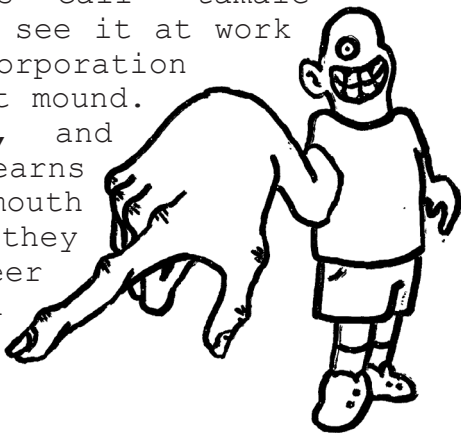
WHY
ARE
MY
HANDS
SO
TINGLY?

too much jazz handing

your wife think? What would Sean Paul think, you wonder? But you already know, Sean Paul would tell you to fuck your stepson, and since it's 2005, you go for it.

MOUTHFEEL

The mouth is your wet pink skin pocket. The nerve receptors in it are more sensitive than your normal nerves. This makes intuitive sense – just think, when you rub a hot tamale on your outside skin (i.e. your titty) it feels normal, whereas when you rub a hot tamale all over your slimy inside skin, it feels hot and not normal. This is because your fat mouth is megaconscious of textures. Your brain doesn't know what to do when the tamale's husky masa is all up in your oral cavity—soft yet angry, coarse yet smushable. Chomp chomp, they've got you. It's what we in the business call "tamale theory," and you can see it at work in every major food corporation on this glorified shit mound. Tickle our lickers, and you've won. If one learns how to activate the mouth receptors of humans, they can totally puppeteer the worthless flesh sacks that infest our planet.



taste-icles

spicy spicy tongue
no likey

the tongue

McGillicuddy's
Lament

Dr. Mehmet Oz, M.D.

giant
shake

The Fun
Zone

birthday
cake

large fries

fig. LXIX

labia

ridgy bits

chocolate
shake



what does fire do?



It was invented to burn papers so you can erase the writing on papers.



Reads me a bedtime story when Mawmaw works late.



It's the only thing that can start a forest fire.



It make me hungrie.



Turns lizard into legends.



Makes balloon animals and hit on my mom at my 5th birthday



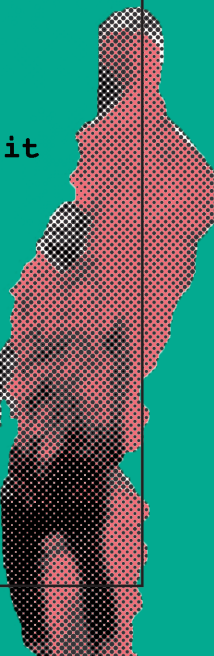
(To the tune of We Didn't Start The Fire) Please don't touch the stove, it burns my hand, when I touch it.



Fire makes light. Light make me see wife Flega's boob. Boob make my pee-po hard like rock.



Brings us closer like the famines used to.



OLD COUNTRY BARBERSHOP

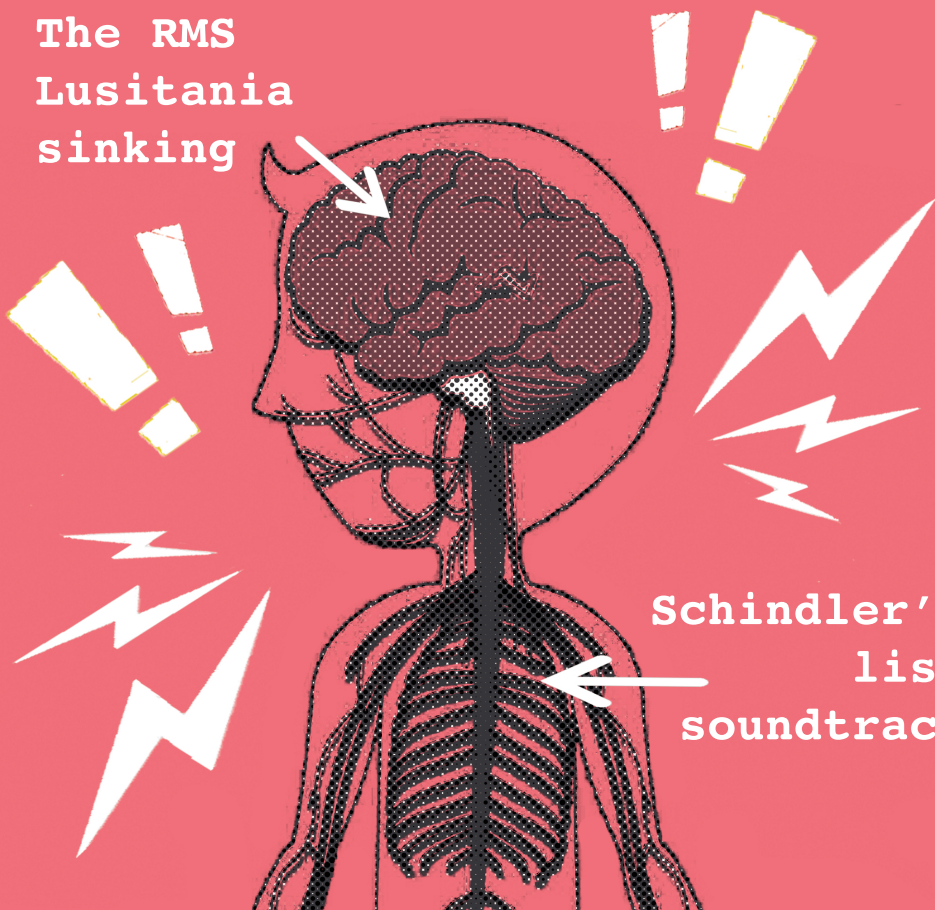
Back in the good old days, every man spent half their paycheck on high-quality straight razor shaves even if it meant selling their plasma. And it made them look good. You could walk down the street on Sunday after Mass rubbing people's faces and they all felt as smooth as a pork roast. I'm telling you, people's heads were soft enough to sleep on. But somewhere along the line, something changed. I'm not sure what it was, but it probably had something to do with the Kennedy assassination. Suddenly, men stopped looking like Frank and started looking like young Stalin— *sexy and ready to take on the world.*

You may be reading this and thinking "I want the old days to come back too, but aren't the old days dead and gone?" It makes sense that you would feel that way. After all, there sure are a lot of shave houses that don't deliver the goods. Sometimes their ads show barbers with top-of-the-line razors, but then you get there and all they really have are plastic rulers. And you're still supposed to tip twenty percent. And then you have all those hippy places where a guy in a poncho plucks out your hairs one by one while he whispers to you. We're not like that. Our lather is classic, not "far-out" or "groovy." You won't find any CBD in it. Our razors are made out of stainless steel. Go ahead, check for stains. We've got nothing to hide. Our barbers are straight out of the old country. You'll know from the way they touch you. You'll think that your wife was a barber.

WHERE DOES PAIN COME FROM?

The RMS
Lusitania
sinking

Schindler's
list
soundtrack



BOMBAY HOUSE

EST. 1969

*We make our signature dishes to
your level of spiciness*



- Shaking Anderson Cooper's hand



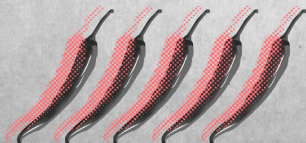
*- Hugging Anderson Cooper for more than
a "just friends" space of time.*



*- Straight up shagging the news
anchor known as Anderson Cooper to
the world, but to you he's "Andy Get In
My Coop Coop And Eat My Chickens,
You Silver Fox!"*



*- You're beyond physical intimacy,
yet appreciate its ability to express
pure and unadulterated love with the
man of your dreams. You've found
your soulmate. You've found your
other half. You've found Anderson
Cooper.*



- Regular Spicy

SOUND

The earlobe holes are the human holes that are closest to the brain. Thus, they are the most important holes for anyone down with kinky brain shit. Contrary to popular belief, the earlobe holes are even closer to the brain than nose holes, eye holes, or buttholes (even for preemies). Most of us hear quite a few sounds each day. Because **הוהי** (translation from Jewish: thick and proud Goddess) put holes so close to the brain, it is susceptible to the power of vibration. In this section, we will introduce types of sounds (and techniques to create them) that will turn others into puppets like Jeff Dunham's award winning, insightful comic foils--Jeff Dunham's hand is a metaphor for sound and the puppet's asshole is a metaphor for other people's ear holes.

MUSIC

Everyone knows music! We hear music everyday, whether it's the Death Grips song playing over the speakers while you sip your coffee at Starbucks or the Death

Grips song playing on your Beats Pill while you make love to your lame boyfriend. Music is inescapable. That's why, if mind control was an Olympic event, music would be a frontrunner. Music is made up of squiggly lines that cause the Earth to shake. The bigger the vibration, the louder the sound, the more power you can use to get people to do your bidding. The most notable musical geniuses in history, like Mozart, Michael Jackson, and Ed Sheeran, used their art to gain legions of willing participants to their schemes. In the coming pages, you will learn how to create [Free] Logic Type Beats (2019), play Wonderwall on an untuned guitar, and become the most powerful musician since Conway Titty.



MUSIC TESTIMONIES



The Graduate Soundtrack by Simon and Garfunkel

The Graduate Soundtrack contains the classic diddy Mrs. Robinson. If that name doesn't ring any bells, remember that time you hadn't had sex in months. Your cock would endlessly throb at even the faintest sniff of ass in the autumn wind. One day, you meet a man in his mid-40s. He had just passed his prime which means that he is both exactly your type and completely approachable. He, like every man, has no problem with the 20 year age difference. When you come back to his Brooklyn Heights apartment, he puts on his

"Getting it on" playlist on Tidal. Mrs. Robinson is the first song that plays. No backing out now.

Born To Die by Lana Del Rey

im so sad. i fucking hate myself im so fucking sad my boyfriend sucks and like he plays games and hes a gamer he's a real bad boy but i kind of love it and i kind of resent him, he plays halo and offers me coke and the second player controller and i fuck him on the warm couch its a thrill to walk into the den, strolling past the mtn. dew kickstart cans filled with piss and see his dick in his hands as he plays wii fit sitting down, he doesnt look at me, i love it. i started birth control for him.

PODCASTS

Podcasts are the music of the intelligentsia. Once Kendrick Lamar pushed classical music to its apex, our men and women of letters had to move to a new form of entertainment to be condescending about. I guarantee you that the smartest and most accomplished people you've ever met listen to podcasts on the daily. Your college professor who brilliantly suggested that monotheism is the way the Earth will eventually become united? He listens to This American Life. Your Mother? She listens to Cum Town. Your dear friends, Adorno and Horkheimer? They listen to the Joe Rogan Experience. Podcasts? They're the future of entertainment and mind control.

what
does
the
sound
of
rain
make
you
think
of?

MY WET
DIARRHEAL
SHITS.
SERIOUSLY, IT'S
LIKE POURING A
BOWL OF SOUP.

SEMEN DRIPPING

PITTER
PATTER,
SHITTER
SHATTER.

IT MAKES ME
NOSTALGIC FOR
TIMES THAT I
WAS WISTFUL.

BLOOD FROM MY
UTERUS
DRIPPING ONTO
THE COLD, HARD
SURFACE OF THE
GRANITE
KITCHEN TILES.



TYPES OF SOUNDS:

CHUNKY VS. SMOOTH SOUND

knowing the difference between these two sounds can help you navigate any social landscape and is scientifically proven to increase the likelihood of success by 200% in situations such as interviews, blind dates, and convincing your fuck buddy that you really love giving oral, you're just tired today and it has nothing to do with his dick smelling exactly like tostitos brand salsa con queso dip

so here's all you need to know the two types of sound! use your knowledge wisely ;)

	<i>smooth sound</i>	ChUnKy SoUnd
target audience	old people, moms, substitute teachers	hot girls, jocks, fortune 500 CEOs, telemarketers
best used when....	making love	fucking
famous people who utilize this sound to gain success	karl marx, j.lo, barack obama, fishes	paris hilton, eminem, mussolini, papa john from papa johns pizza
low notes	leafy greens, oatmeal, saliva	dirt, snot, blood
high notes	chanel no.5, titty juice	propane
special features	reduces your carbon footprint	ability to seduce any single or married woman as long as she's not deaf
how to produce this sound	think about how a baby bird feels when it sees its first ray of light enter the cracked egg. capture this feeling and produce through soft whimpers out of nose	punch yourself in the dick. keep the scream from exiting your body and let it incubate for 4 hours, then speak normally. incubation time decreases with level of skill.

HOW DO HEARING AIDS WORK?

*They develop from
hearing HIV*

*A little man
screams at me to
listen bigger*



*They get a job
like everyone
else!*

*They have
tiny sonic
magnifying*

*Squeeeeeeee -
beep-zzz-brruo-
kchkchkchkch-zoow*

*Did someone
say
something?*

BASS, TROUT, AND CATFISH

THE SOUND OF FIREWORKS OVER
SYDNEY ON NEW YEAR'S :)

JAZZ GUYS BE
LIKE: SKAPOP
SKATAT RATATAT
BAP BOP BUDUH

QUEEF

WHAT IS
THAT SOUND?

THE SOUND OF FIREWORKS
ABOVE GAZA :C

MY DICK PLOPPING ON THE
FLOOR, DRAGGED BEHIND
MY COW BALL SACK

TYPES OF SOUNDS:

what's a good sound?

when your father
starts crying after
you beat him in
basketball for the
first time, signifying
that you finally have
access to your mother

super secrets my
friends never told me

HOW DOES SOUND MOVE?



**Give a sound a push, it moves an inch. Teach a
sound to walk, it moves a mile**

In a motorized wheelchair

Sonic gentrification pushes it out of its ear neighborhood

It wiggle wiggle wiggles with a nice lil whistle

**It just spills out of my mouth and dribbles down my
chin all thick**

To the beat of its own drum

MOMENTS IN MUSICAL HISTORY:

Weezer's Proud Hiatus

Weezer is simultaneously one of the greatest and worst bands of all time. Many of its former "fans" or "stans" now adamantly hate the band. And just for releasing bad music! How absurd! But very little know that Weezer has been releasing shitty albums for a very good reason.

In the mid-1990s, Weezer released one of the greatest albums of all time: Weezer. It would later be referred to as The Blue Album after Weezer stopped naming their albums. It had good tunes, good times, and referenced comedy legend Mary Tyler Moore. What else could you want? Obviously, it was a massive financial and critical success and everyone rushed to tell lead singer Rivers Cuomo that they loved his bangs.

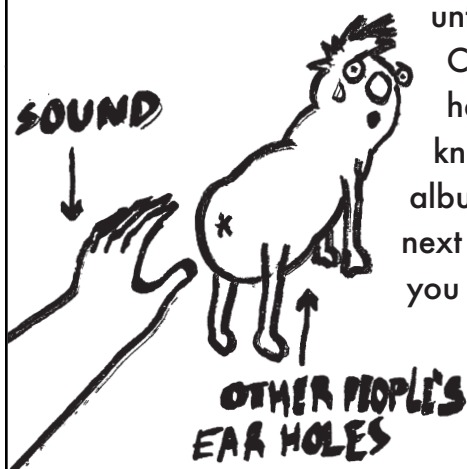
Cuomo followed this period of intense sexual activity with a stint at Harvard, an American college famous for its lacrosse team. While he studied, he had a procedure to make his leg shorter. The leg surgery took a big toll on Cuomo, leading him to stay isolated in his dorm room, masturbating to his heart's content. This is how Pinkerton was written.

Pinkerton is an album for those times when you're feeling down because lesbians won't sleep with you, half-Japanese girls won't sleep with you, and you are too far away to sleep with your possibly underaged Japanese fans. Unbeknownst to Cuomo, who was always respectful to women, the album mobilized the legions of Incels across the world. With Pinkerton as their guide, they went forward to take over the world.

The regular fans of Weezer, known as "nerds," rejected the incels in the community, creating a civil war for the forums. They responded to the new album by making it a critical and commercial failure, sending Rivers Cuomo and his merry group of bandits into a self-imposed exile.

The incels demanded more. More, and sex with live women! There was no possibility for the latter so they settled on mailing Rivers Cuomo's house until he took down his mailbox.

Cuomo, realizing the horror he had released upon the world, knew what he had to do: make his albums progressively worse. So the next time you listen to Raditude and you hear the song "I'm Your Daddy," thank Cuomo for your freedom from the incels.



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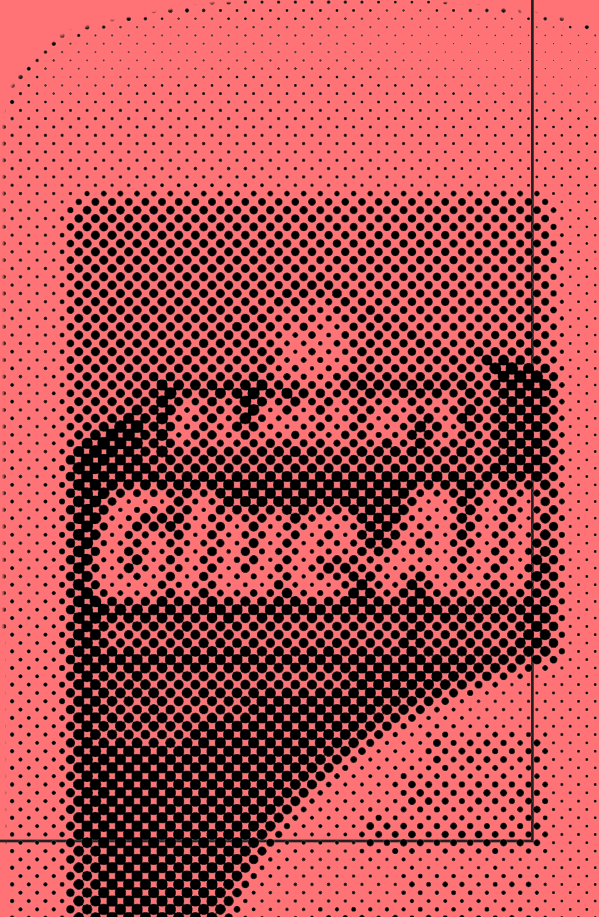
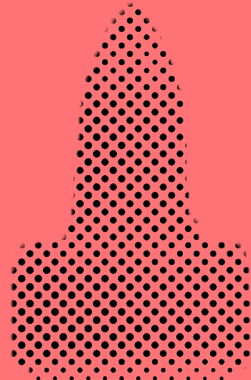
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CRAFT

Crafting has numerous forms, from sewing and finger-painting, to crocheting and bomb-making. By getting in touch with your creative side, you can use macaroni, popsicle sticks, and pipe cleaners to influence public policy and change the course of history. Craft is one of the predominant modes of mind control in modern Girl Bossism. Elle Woods used the traditional art of scrapbooking to convince congress to stop injecting her chihuahua with fillers, Martha Stewart uses macrame to delude crusty seniles into buying her album with Snoop Dogg, and Laura Loomer used only one pair of handcuffs to fight for the right to always be wrong on the internet. This section will introduce the fundamental basics of non-linear arts and crafts warfare.

THE FINE ART OF KNITTING

Knitting is a fancy way of making yarn into funky knots that resemble scarves, blankets, or sweaters, to give as a gift that no one would ever want, ever. Scientifically speaking, the modern stance

on knitting is to make a bunch of loops on the left needle, then stick the right one into the loop on the left, wrap the yarn around the left one, then pull it through so it's on the right. It is a complex craft, but an important one to understand in the world of mind control. What seems like a cute wholesome past time for your grandma has actually made her a victim to the craft world. In fact, the repetition, in out, in out, in out, in out, faster and faster, hypnotizes the brain and lulls the knitter into a stupor, ready to perform your every whim. The softer and fuzzier the yarn, the more static friction can be generated and the mind made that more susceptible to manipulation. The longer the needles used, the bigger the penis function. Never underestimate the power of the yarnéd craft.

KIDS CRAFT

Yeah, they're for kids, but if it involves any kind of hot gluing, you best be askin' a parent or grown up. Parent OR grown up. Any grown up. Any ol' crackhead off the street. They've just gotta be grown.



HOTTEST CRAFT

Pipe cleaner cock ring

This pussy when she goes to work?

Strip scrapbooking

Making new charms for my clit piercing

That boy Rob who can do a cat's cradle, that kid fucks!

Baking my delicious grandchildren into pot pies, one a year. I get a fresh supply from my kids' on every harvest moon

Putting popsicle sticks on my dick like a dick-splint for a longer harder cock

WHAT CAN YOU MAKE WITH WATER?

DROWNING VICTIM.

A SON CARRYING
ON YOUR LEGACY.

A THIRSTY CUCK UR

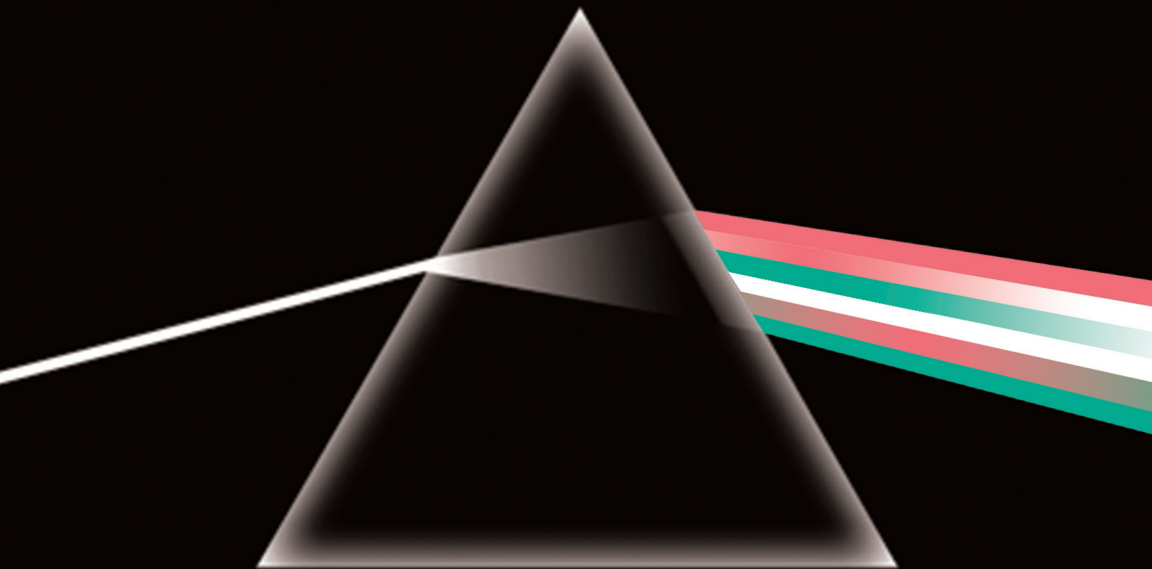
BITCH.

ICE.

WINE.

ICE WINE.

BIG LAKE.



HOW IS COLORS?



TOUCH THE RETINA
LIKE EYE HANDJOB

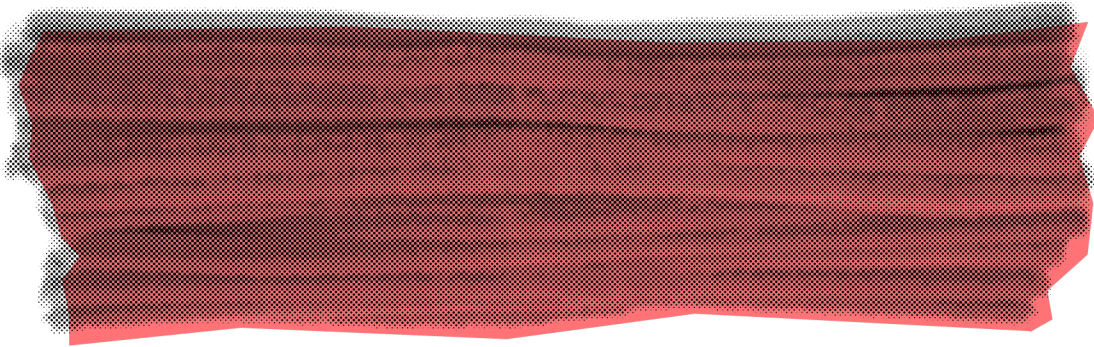


TONED, TIGHT, AND
READY TO FUCK



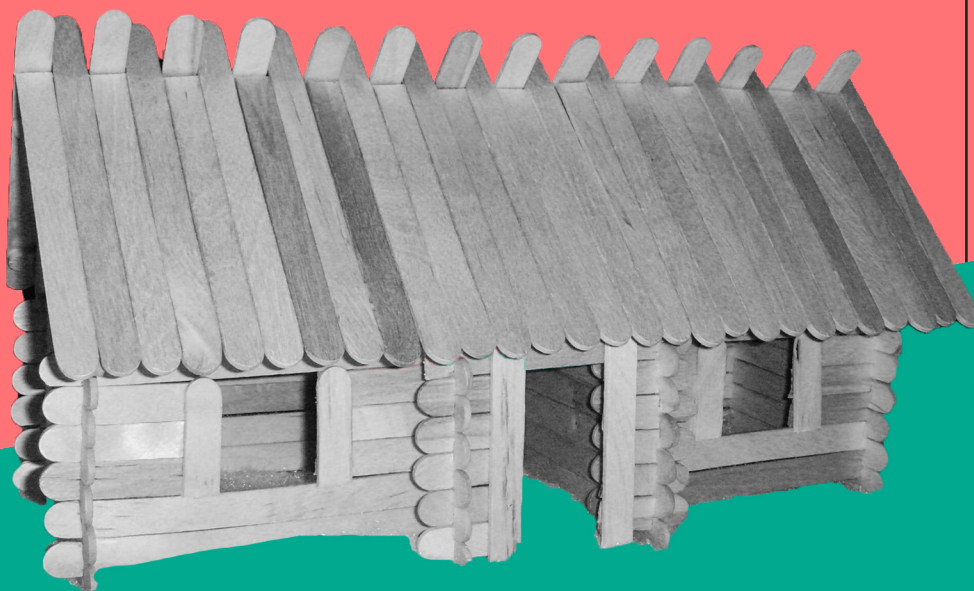


pipe cleaner ideas

1. Miniature chimney sweeps
 2. Dildo (for petite genitalia)
 3. Bend into a hula-hoop shape so your tiny father can get some exercise. I love you, Dad, even if I can't see you down there!
 4. Make them into a pipe cleaner sword and then swallow it a la sword swoller
 5. Make them into a ring, she'll never know you didn't go to Jared
 6. Shave off all the fur so it looks nice and long
 7. DIY hearing aid
 8. Glasses for your testicles
 9. Full vein-restructuring
- 

BETTER WAYS TO USE POPSICLE STICKS

- Make new popsicle stick trees to fight deforestation
- Tongue massage if you are a sexy doctor
- Little birdhouses for the little birds
- Put into my shirt to make my teeny tiny shoulders look a little bigger
- Incense sticks. Scent: wood
- Get a bunch for your sweetie for Valentine's day
- If you eat then you shit out birdhouses





HOW TO START A MOVEMENT

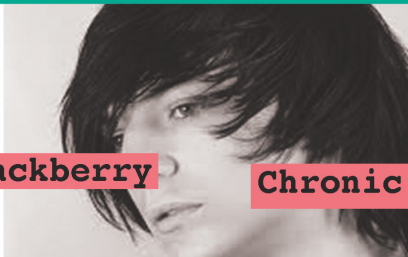
- Breakdance at a high school as an adult
- Have a huge dick
- Break into important peoples houses and steal all their left shoes to piss them all off
- Lick to activate
- Photos of the spider-man!!! (will inspire millions)
- Dick out ball in (will inspire billions)



Best Middle School Phase



Having a blackberry



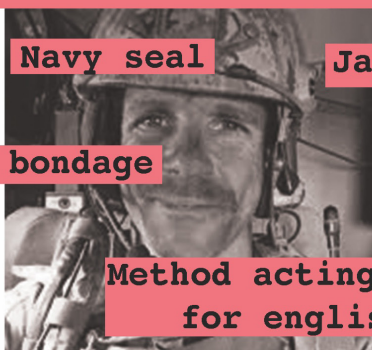
Chronic yakult drinking



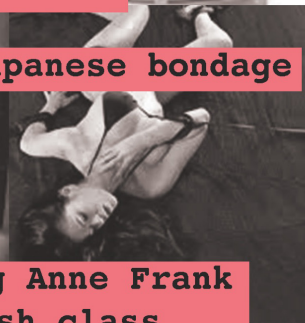
Finding out I'm a faggot (if you're not a guy, say "sinner")



Mexican bondage



Navy seal



Japanese bondage

The IDF

Method acting Anne Frank for english class



YOUR
GIRLFRIEND



MY
GIRLFRIEND

Looking for your brothers in the woods behind your house.
He's gone, you have to let it go.



Trying to get into the double digits of masturbatins in a day



Not giving a frick about your mom



MAD COW DISEASE

*No brain is safe from
mental illness...*

P1: Hey, I noticed you weren't at school today. I know you normally skip Spanish class because Mr. Porter literally hurls spitballs at the kids in the front row, but you don't normally skip Algebra 2 with Mr. Sexpot. Everything all right?

P2: Yeah, I'm okay, my mad cow disease was just acting up again.

P1: Again? You never told me you had mad cow disease

P2: Well, I have since Katie's birthday party, when an elephant stomped on me. Remember that?

P1: Yeah, now that you mention it, I remember. Is there anything I can do to help you?

P2: Well, no, unless you can stop me from dreaming about squirrels sexily stripping off their boxers.

P1: Wait, what?

P2: Nothing, just dreaming about chipmunks in suspenders twirling their shirts in the air. What happened in school today?

P1: Uh...

P2: I'm fine, really...oh, Mr. CHIPMUNK! I swear, I'm fine. What happened today?

P1: Well...today Sean popped a loogie back at Mr. Porter when he popped a loogie at him again, so there was a giant spitball fight in Spanish.

P2: PECK ME UP, MR. WOODPECKER! And?

P1: Um, at lunch, Claire and Sophie fought over who was actually Cam's girlfriend again, but Cam was hanging out with Dustin in the locker room after gym class again, so he couldn't comment.

P2: Hanging out in the locker room?

P1: Yeah, I wonder when those girls will catch on.

P2: I mean, really, it's pretty hopeless to fight over a guy who'll never like you back. Now, if you're hot for a deer on roller skates who wears sunglasses and gives you THAT look, that I understand.

P1: Are you sure you're feeling okay? It sounds like your mad cow disease is acting up.

P2: What are you talking about?! I'm fi-

OUTSIDE VOICE: Mary? I'm putting your antibiotics right outside your door; the methane levels in your room could expedite global warming by a thousand years.

P2: Yeah, you can leave them outside, I guess. And I don't know what you're smelling.

P2'S MOM: Yeah, that's because the mad cow disease **FUCKED UP YOUR NOSE!**

P2: Mom, I'm on FaceTime! Can you leave?

P2'S MOM: Yeah, I'll get out of the biohazardous part of the house and go make dinner.

P2: Sounds good. Anyway, what else happened?

P1: Are you sure you're feeling okay? Your mom made it seem like this mad cow disease was a huge deal. Should I tell Mr. Sexpot that you'll be out for another day?

P2: I mean, I feel okay right now, unless...Oh god, I can see it now. A whole forest full of animals, naked...

P1. All animals are normally naked except for fur. I really don't think you're-

P2: They're all dancing. Dancing for me. They're putting on a show. Oh man, a squirrel. Is walking in my direction. He's swinging his hips back and forth...OH, GOD! TAKE ME, MR. SQUIRREL! Can you hang on for one sec? I'm going to have an orgasm.
P1: I think I'm going to hang up now. Bye!

P2 (to herself, post-orgasming over a sensual squirrel): That bitch doesn't know what she's missing. Ooh, that blue jay is HOT.



MEDIA

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THE MEDIA

Humans are like vermin--exterminating just one of them is easy, but when they assemble in a hive they become difficult to reckon with. Think about it this way: would it be easier to wrestle to submission a human in a trench coat, or a human giving a piggyback ride to another human in a really long trench coat? Now imagine one hundred humans stacked on top of each other in a really really long trench coat--an unstoppable force. Why then, would you want to control the mind of just one human, when you could assemble an entire swarm of meat puppets? Thankfully you can leverage modern technologies like the radio, cordless telephone, retail space, and other forms of mass media to propagate your ideas into the unwashed masses. This section will teach you the proud Hebrew tradition of mass control through "the media."

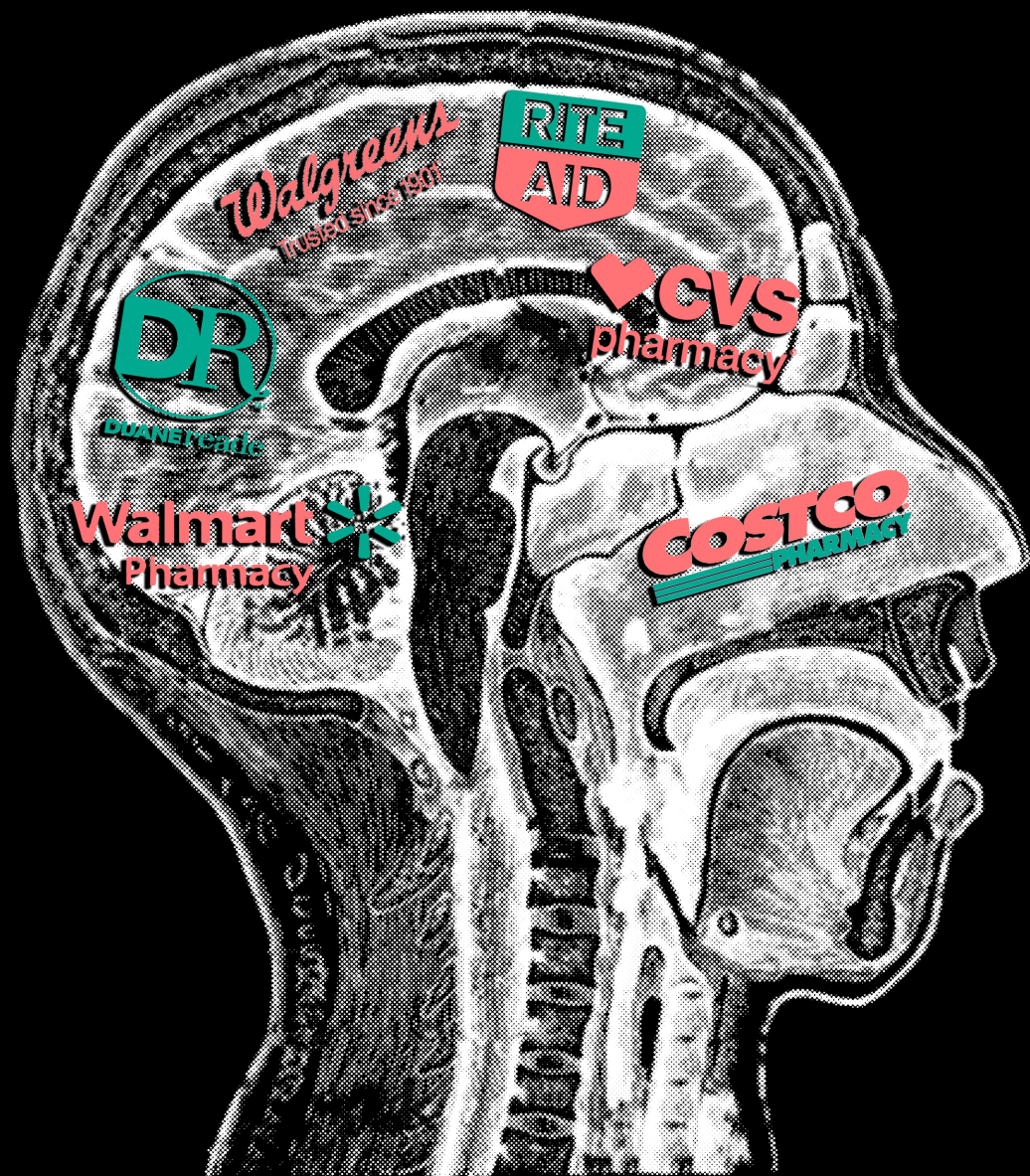
CORDLESS PHONES

Americans needed a win in 1994. Kurt Cobain's death had left many wondering whether selling out was the only path

to happiness. A strike of Major League Baseball players left many wondering whether Greg Maddux was taking orders from the Kremlin. While close observers of the acting world took comfort in the birth of Dakota Fanning, the masses longed for more. They wanted something that would make them feel free and unencumbered. Cordless phones did just that. No longer were phone calls confined to one room. Many new possibilities opened up for human communication, each one better than the last. This section aims to help you take advantage of this great invention of the technological avant-garde.

TOP TEN USES OF CORDLESS PHONES, 1996

1. Prank calling C-Span
2. Secretly calling your parents from the attic while your in-laws are in town
3. Noiseless productions of STOMP
4. Practicing ballroom dancing with the phone
5. Practicing French kissing with the phone
6. Back up hacky sack
7. A bowling ball and dominoes are pins
8. Use the antennae to peg
9. Talk about the X-Files
10. Order pizza over the phone



WHAT DO THEY WANT
YOU TO BELIEVE?



CLEAN YOUR ROOM

**THEY BELIEVE IN
LIFE AFTER LOVE**

**THEY WANT TO BELIEVE THEY
CAN BE SKINNY LIKE ME**

CELLPHONES: THE NEW MENACE

It is a tragic inevitability that every wonderful thing produces an excess. Sex produces children, Cheers produces Frasier, and cordless phones have produced cell phones. These horrible metal bozos have been selling like mad and the world will suffer as a result. Small thumbs will be prized and us normal people will be treated as a hated minority. Overwhelmed by the balancing act of carrying a phone while walking down the street, pedestrians will walk in on their parents having sex. The art of conversation will be replaced by scatting. Without the cordless phone, how will you be able to listen in on your hot step-sister's phone conversations with her "fiancé," so you can sabotage their relationship while you try not to breathe hard? The cordless phone untethers you from the wall, so you can hide inside the trunk your sister uses as a coffee table in her "loft" (FKA the attic), but enables you to listen to her every sexy wedding-planning idea-- unlike the wretched cellphone.

NEWSPAPERS

The audiences for print media are wide and diverse: from old money like Gloria Vanderbilt, to new money like Anderson Cooper. Getting your message to these power brokers is instrumental in propagating your message to the unwashed masses. Just one issue of a newspaper can capture the full range of human emotion: readers will laugh heartily at Kathy cartoons, become aroused skimming the wedding announcements, and weep at the the militant tactics of teachers unions. After composing themselves, subscribers will move onto the op-ed section. Hypnotised by the handsome headshots of



op-ed writers who can afford personal trainers, their putty-like minds are now yours. These brilliant writers employ sophisticated rhetorical techniques like comparisons, examples, big words, and quotations. This section will introduce strategies that will allow you to get into the inner-circles of these brilliant and influential figures, so they can spread your seed.

entry level jobs at CBS



→ Escort for the actor who plays Young Sheldon



→ NBC Peacock hitman



→ Hot girl with small ass and huge nipples



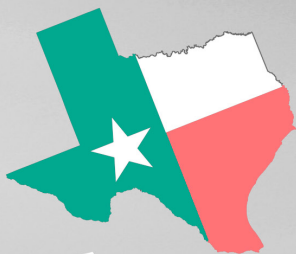
→ John Lennoning Walter Cronkite

→ The guy who gets coffee for the butt guy

→ Harassment target

→ Mama dear

→ Human chair for Katie Couric



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KING OF THE HILL
IS TEXAS ANIME

HOW THEY GETCHA

- *Bread ed goatcheese.*
- *Shoot ye in ye bum
with a shotgun hidden
in yer toilet.*
- *By being minimally
into you physically,
even though you're
Chef Boyardee.*
- *Indentured servitude.*
- *Stroking your shin.*
- *Sucking my pussy.*
- *With that pancake
ass.*
- *With their
questions! Damn
you, Katie Couric!*



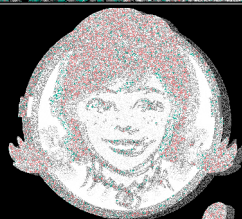
"FINGER FUN"

BY DAVID BROOKS, NEW YORK TIMES COLUMNIST

As all my readers know, I am deeply concerned about the health and wellbeing of today's youth. This isn't only because my own son left me for another father. It isn't just because whenever I go to a daddy-daughter dance, I end up standing on the sidelines until one of the teachers takes pity on me. It's because, as an adult convert to Reform Judaism, I believe it is crucial to transmit the wisdom and traditions of the ages to the next generation. As I often tell my fellow parents "It can be very trying to go to services for one hour one time a week, but what do you think kids do when you leave them alone on Saturday morning?"

These parents, fake friends that they are, never think about my brilliant question, but the answers to it really are harrowing. Many teens today perform social rituals that they think are cool, but really only hurt them in the long-term. They throw Vodka into each other's eyeballs. They bruise their young elbows playing fortnight. They drink each others blood. My daughter told me that if you drink every blood type, you get a bracelet. But the trend that frightens me the most is one my nephew showed me called Finger Fun. Finger Fun is when a teenager curls one of their index fingers around the thumb of their other hand and proceeds to *REMOVE THAT THUMB*. My nephew did this ten times in a row, to my increasing horror, as though it were the most natural thing in the world. He didn't even bleed, probably because he has been letting people suck his blood so much.

I don't know how this crisis can be solved and I worry it will ruin the lives of many who participate in it. Without thumbs, how will they learn the fine, yet practical, art of the firm handshake? How will they learn to put down their video game joysticks and read my columns? Do they think that they can be beautiful eight-fingered high schoolers forever? Someday, they will have to realize that growing up is hard enough when being asked for a "high-five" doesn't trigger memories of a horrible, misspent youth.



Wendy's



how do retailers
influence you?

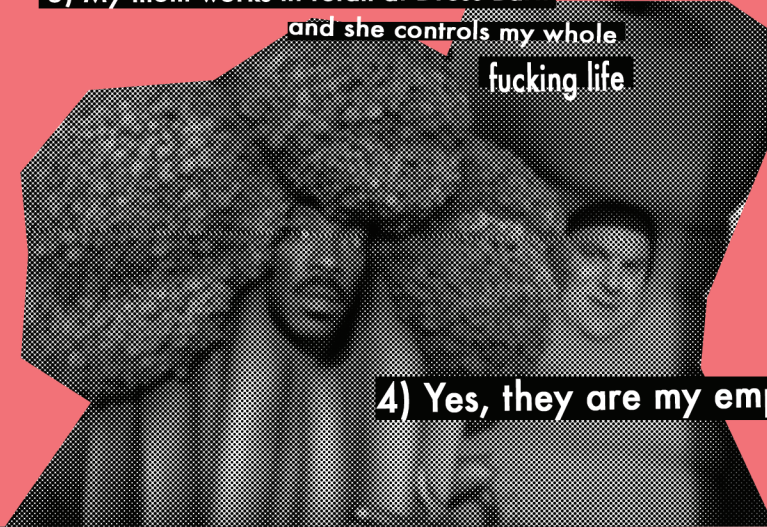


1) They make me think retail
influences you



2) Make me feel pretty
like a fourteen year old
twink when I'm
really a forty
year old twink

3) My mom works in retail at Dress Barn
and she controls my whole
fucking life



4) Yes, they are my employer



Amadeus, 73

 Little Raisin Baby



Just a 73 year-old man on a low sodium diet, ripe and ready to be your spoiled little raisin baby. I like movies, y-y-you like movies? Did you see The Favourite-er, I should instead ask did you like The Favourite? 'Cause if so, consider yourself one lucky bunny, honey bunny. Bunny. What do I have in common with the Oscar-nominated 18th-century period film The Favourite? Plenty of things. A couple of things. One thing. It's gout. I have gout, and I want YOU, maiden, to slather my gouty lizard leg with gout ointment.

You know that guy? That one? That one you saw in Washington Square Park raise his finger to his nose and blow snot straight onto the pavement? Yeah, that's me: an environmentalist. I like to cut out the middleman. I don't flush either. Why? Good question. I refer to the centuries-old adage: "If it's yellow, let it mellow. If it's brown, let it mellow. Let it mellow until it groans with a voice all its own, begging you to flush it out of its fecal misery."

My favorite kind of dream is the one where all my teeth fall out.

XOXO,

Amadeus Finkelstein-Johnson (it's hyphenated)

Fax me at +111111111111111



The background of the entire image is a hypnotic spiral, consisting of many concentric black and white rings that create a strong sense of depth and motion, drawing the viewer's eye toward the center.

HYPNOTIST

**WET WILLIE
TO TOUCH THE BRAIN**

**WHEN YOU GET MARRIED
TO ANOTHER HYPNOTIST YOU BOTH
HAVE TO HYPNOTIZE EACH OTHER
DURING THE CEREMONY AND WHOEVER
GETS HYPNOTIZED FIRST BECOMES
THEIR SPOUSE'S BITCH**

**TICKLING THEIR HUSBAND'S
BALLS**

TRADITIONS



So what if this is my second Glossier purchase? Does that—does that make me their *bitch*? I mean yeah, but...Hey guess what? Guess what? Bite me. I'm the one who has to walk from Chinatown all the way back to 10th and Broadway toting this translucent pink bag—my weakness on display.



Before you go ahead and judge me, you Anton Ego-looking slime, riddle me this: have you ever actually been *inside* the Glossier Flagship store on 123 Lafayette St? It's Land of the Lotus Eaters—you know, Land of the Lotus Eaters? From the Percy Jackson series? No? Hey, guy, why are you such a dumpy loser? Land of the Lotus Eaters... it's this enchanted place where no one leaves and I dunno... can you just keep up, Glenn? Seriously, I know you have "ADD" or whatever but I'm telling a story so pay a little attention to AD-me, alright pal? I lost my train of thought... oh, right. Glossier is Land of the Lotus Eaters, but if it snorted a line of bubblegum-flavored Pixi Stix.



They've just got so many things, you know? And those things are on tables, you know—for grabbing and stuff? Eye stuff, lip stuff, and they've got liquid skin in shades ranging from Dwayne Johnson's teeth to Robert Downey Jr. in *Tropic Thunder*.

And those elves in cotton candy jumpsuits, the ones that call themselves employees—there's



something about them. They're all like "blend with your fingers" and then you're all like "can I be soft too?" They can convince you that your name is Joanne, and that Joanne's just like, totally happy with where she's at right now, you know? Joanne buys all her food at a co-op and uses reusable toilet paper. I mean it's not reusable, but she reuses it. Now, Joanne doesn't have money for \$12 chapstick, but she bought it anyway. I bought it anyway. She was me. I'm Joanne.



Oh Evan Almighty, what have I done? You know, I think I'm coming down with a cold. Did that compromise my judgement? I'd have to say yes, absolutely, posolutely, for sure-ly, yes. 'Cause who can focus on keep dollar in wallet when nose drip like pee?



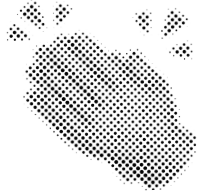
I can hear my babushka—she dead though. She's in my ear, scolding me in her beautiful mashed potato accent. She's all like "Twelve dollar? For a chapsticks? Nyet... nyet. You want know something? Who cares, I tell anyway. In my homeland, I make a fourteen cent a day working in the fields... they give me job as donkey. Why would I work 7 million days to make twelve dollar for to buy a chapsticks? Why you want a chapsticks, hm? You want be sexy? Nyet. You want be sexy, you go buy hot red lipstick, so bright like stop sign. Then you stand on street corner, and you wait for cars to pull up to you stop sign lips. Then you give blowjob." I miss my babushka. She was a pimp.



PITCH A PLAGUE PIECE RIGHT NOW!!



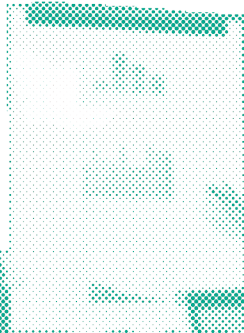
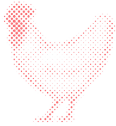
"What if your mom was
a fucking bitch lol."



"Sheep, but they
need sex therapy."



"Which instruments fuck
and which are virgins."



100





The Columbia University Prestigious, Right and Honourable Comedy Fraternity begins its session.

The head editor, Stephen Longfellow the Fourth, speaks to his congregation. "Fellow chums, I must hear your thoughts on this set-up: "when your Porsche fails to start." I have a feeling that it's a tad derivative."

A lone hand is raised in the back.

The youth, shaking in anticipation, shouts out. "What about 'when your Porsche doesn't start?'"

The third head editor, his pipe almost falling out at this infraction, had to correct the young man. "One demerit for the new recruit. Don't you know the Dalton alumni speak first?"



SPRING
2019