

CORNELL LUNATIC

Fall 2008 • Campus Humor Magazine • Free

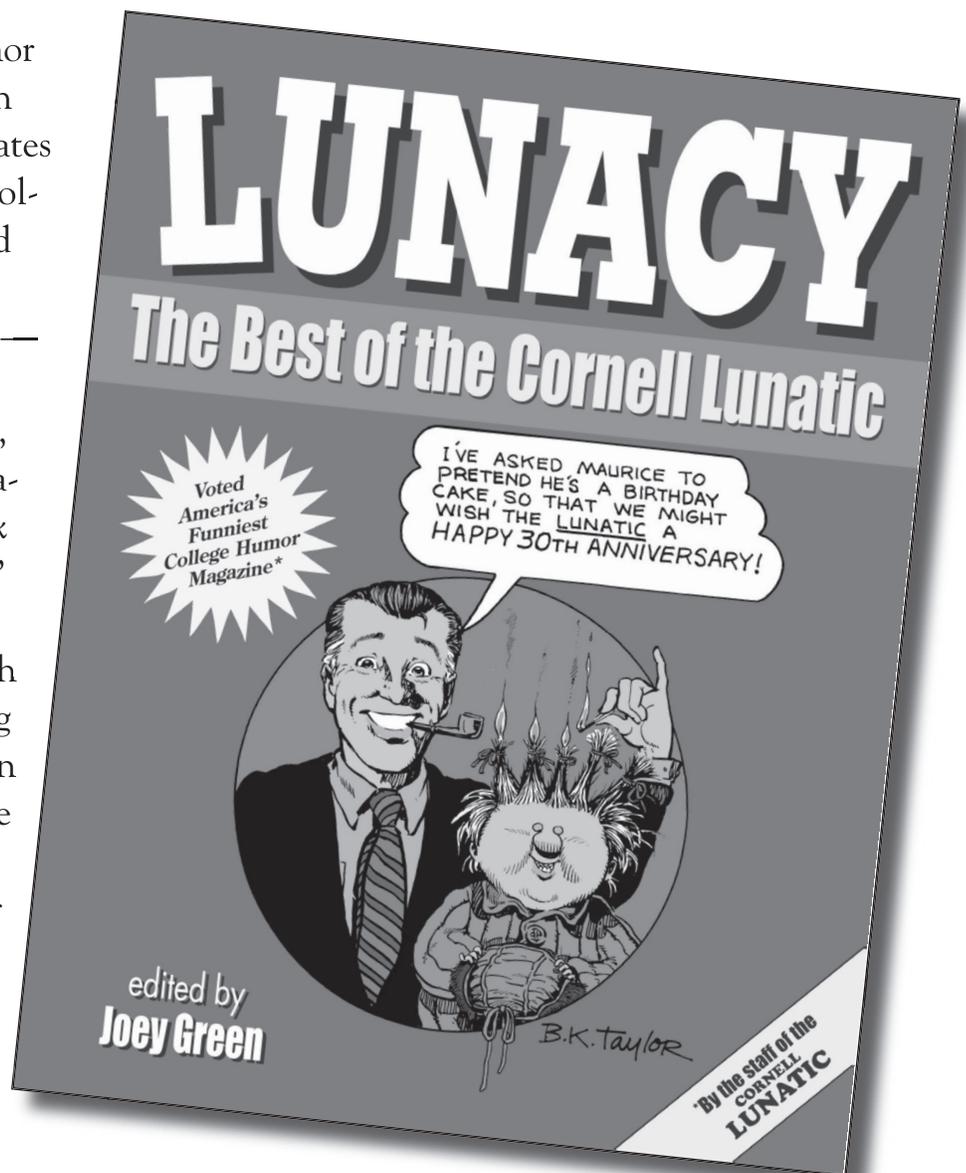


The **teen girl** Issue

The funniest book since *The Brothers Karamazov*.

Voted the funniest college humor magazine in America by its own staff, the *Cornell Lunatic* celebrates its 30th anniversary with this collection of comedy—jam-packed with sardonic wit, sophomoric irreverence, and scathing satire—that will delight at least seven people on the planet earth. Yes, the hottest college humor magazine at the university *Newsweek* magazine calls “the hottest Ivy” now has the hottest book in Happy Town. With articles such as “The World’s Worst Opening Pick-up Lines,” “Procrastination Made Easy,” “Everything You’ve Always Wanted to Know About Bowling,” “Choose Your Own Obsessive-Compulsive Disorder Adventure,” and “The Clone Order Form,” this 224-page book is clearly the finest use of paper and ink in

the known universe. Plus, you’ll receive a free sales receipt with every purchase. *Roget’s Thesaurus* says: “Brilliant, scintillating, sparkling, sprightly, keen.”



**Available at bookstores everywhere or through www.amazon.com.
For a real kick in the pants, visit www.cornelllunatic.com**

Lunatic Press

The Cornell Lunatic

Campus Humor Magazine

Founded 1978

Owned and Published by the Cornell Lunatic at Cornell University

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**Are you interested
in comedy?**

**Do you lack even
the most basic sense of
human dignity?**

**Are you desperate
for attention?**

**The Cornell Lunatic
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**Email Lindsey Crump at
thecornelllunatic@gmail.com
to find out how *you* can get
involved!**

**The Cornell Lunatic:
Laughter Guaranteed or Your
Tuition
Refunded in Full!**

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Letter from the Editor

I was once a young teeny bopper flipping through magical pages of sex tips, anti-drug nonsense, beauty advice, and embarrassing experiences of both celebrities and lesser people alike. Since those awkward adolescent days I've had my own ambitions of running a prestigious organization comprised almost entirely of goofy, awkward college boys...and forcing them to write about lip gloss, boy bands, and, incidentally, Joe Biden. Today that dream has become a reality.

I would like to say that we're all a little more girly because of it, but after countless hours of reading "How to know if he's into you", "382 ways to be irresistible", and "Are your parents WACK?" I feel we've only scraped the surface of what it means to be an adolescent girl child. Fortunately a general lack of teen girl experience failed to stop the staff from coming up with an all-inclusive, ultra-informative, thought-provoking magazine for teenage girls everywhere (except of course Canada, Mexico, or any other country that is not called "The United States of America").

Without further ado, nor any regard for human dignity or ethical standards, I would like to present the long awaited "Teen Girl" issue of the Cornell Lunatic.

-LC



How to Spot a Sexual PREDATOR

Hey, kids! You've just been greeted by a kindly older man. Is he simply being friendly, or are you in serious danger? Sadly, these days, you can never be too careful. After compiling copious amounts of data, we've narrowed it down to a list of the most common trends among sexual predators. If you ever meet anyone who fits under more than one of these categories, watch out!

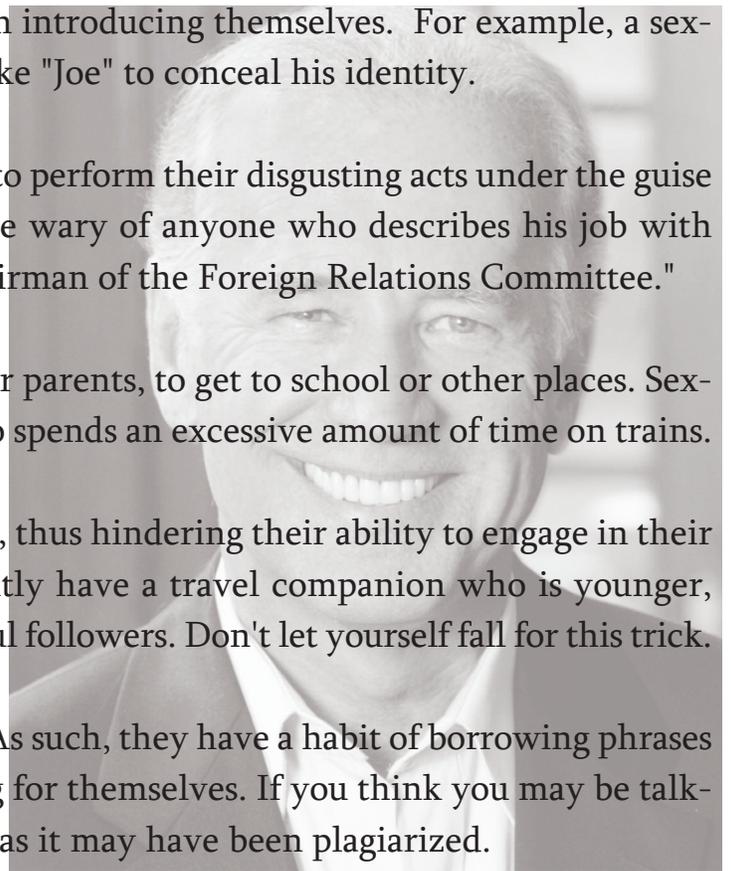
Sexual predators frequently give fake names when introducing themselves. For example, a sexual predator may give an overly common name like "Joe" to conceal his identity.

Many sexual predators travel to foreign countries to perform their disgusting acts under the guise of a seemingly legitimate-sounding profession. Be wary of anyone who describes his job with terms like "Overseas Personnel Manager" or "Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee."

Many young children travel by train without their parents, to get to school or other places. Sexual predators are aware of this. Avoid anyone who spends an excessive amount of time on trains.

Sexual predators often struggle to interact socially, thus hindering their ability to engage in their twisted desires. To get around this, they frequently have a travel companion who is younger, charismatic, and able to enthrall crowds of youthful followers. Don't let yourself fall for this trick.

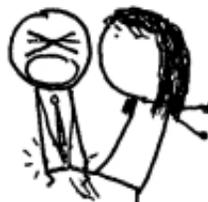
Finally, sexual predators are typically dull of wit. As such, they have a habit of borrowing phrases from other when confronted rather than thinking for themselves. If you think you may be talking to a sexual predator, don't trust what he says, as it may have been plagiarized.



The Lunatic on: Women's Rights

The Cornell Lunatic:

Celebrating Women's
Empowerment



Yes, it really is that simple.

Your Body Questions Answered

Got issues with the way your body looks? Why not ask the expert? BY DR. SARA SPUTUM

Dear Sara:

I've struggled with body image issues my whole life. I've been to countless experts, and have tried every remedy under the sun, but it's no use. No matter what I do, I still can't shake the feeling that my body is shaped like a toaster. What should I do?

-Unpleasantly Brownd in Michigan

Dear Brownd:

Looking like a toaster is a serious issue, but thankfully there are several possible remedies I can recommend. For starters, try eating less bread in your diet. That said, make sure you can keep down what you eat; don't forcefully eject food from your body a few minutes after consuming it. As you struggle with this problem, make sure to keep your temper in check as getting burned up with anger may only make your problem worse.

Dear Sara:

My husband and I recently joined a charity organization where we donate \$25 a month to a little girl from an impoverished region of Ethiopia. We periodically receive letters from the girl, and the last one included a photograph of her. I

was shocked when I saw it; she was as scrawny as a twig. This little girl is clearly suffering from anorexia! Is there anything I can do, thousands of miles away?

-Starved for Answers in Mississippi

Dear Starved:

Use the leverage you have; threaten to take away her monthly stipend if she doesn't eat more. There is no excuse for a little girl like that to starve herself, and perhaps the threat of losing that \$25 a month will change her mind. I, too, have seen pictures like the one you described. Anorexia is reaching near pandemic levels in Ethiopia, and something must be done. Little kids see their friends forsaking food in the name of beauty and soon peer pressure wins out. These children need to be reminded of what they are missing.

Here's another idea: when you send your next letter to your Ethiopian girl, include several high-resolution photographs of some of the delicious meals you've been enjoying lately. Just one look and she'll no doubt be jealous of what she's missing!

Dear Sara:

Excessive gluttony is a curse on my family of four. Everything we see, we eat. And no matter how much food is available, everyone in the family always viciously fights over every last morsel. Our quarrels over food have gotten so bad that whenever dinner time comes around, we just stares blankly at the person sitting across from us without so much as saying a word while we gorge ourselves on food. What can be done to prevent this from tearing my family apart?

-A Hungry Hungry Hippo

Dear Hippo:

I've seen cases like yours before, and frequently the circumstances are beyond your control. Some outside force might be causing of your troubles, sitting behind you and pushing all the right buttons to make you eat more and more. Be wary of these influences.

Dear Sara:

I'm at my wits' end. I'm a relatively modestly-sized continent: I'm only 14 million km² in area and about 7000 km across. However, every single world map I look at makes me look like some kind of freak! The Gall-Peters projection makes me look like a long, scrawny ribbon of ice, and the Miller projection makes me look huge? What's an icy land mass to do?

-Antarctica

Dear Antarctica:

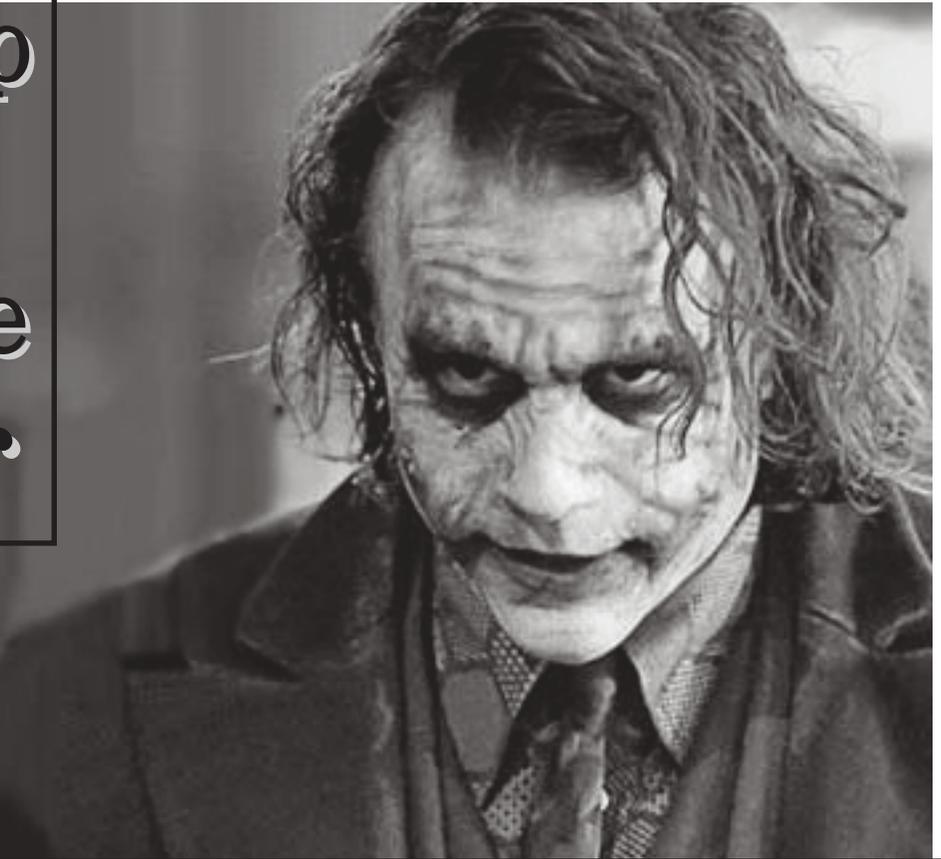
Unfortunately, cylindrical map projections are infamous for their gross distortions of landmasses on or near the Polar Regions, and sadly nothing can be done about that. Instead, try using maps that don't require longitude and latitude lines to be straight parallel lines. After just a few weeks using a polyconic or Lambert azimuthal equal-area projection and you'll be feeling right as rain!

Sara Sputum is the best-selling author of [Accepting Your Body the Weigh It Is](#). She is 4'10" and weighs 425 lbs

Check back next month when Dr. Sputum will answer any and all of your menstruation questions!

Make-Up Tips from the Joker

“Maybeline? Sephora? Mary Kay? Those girls will have you shelling out Benjamins for powder and paint. Grab some real make-up at that fancy Halloween shop down the street and follow my advice to find a gorgeous, attractive, more beautiful YOU!”



1 Lipstick: Let's put a smile on that face! Go all-out with your lipsticking and slather it all over the lower jaw. Be exciting! Boys love a girl with full lips. Using a vivid red color provides maximum effect as well as a feasible explanation for all those bloodstains.

2 Eye Shadow: Whether you're prettying up for one of those wild Gotham nights or just need to conceal a black eye, adequate eye makeup is a must. I recommend the Midnight Silhouette shade from Wayne Cosmetics- it's just the right color to turn some interested heads while still communicating that dangerous, unpredictable, I-might-stab-you-at-any-moment air of mystery.

3 Hair: Trying to control your hair is like trying to control a dog chasing cars. You can't help it, your hair just does things. I say "why so serious?" If your hair's going to be wild, go all out and dye it green. You'll definitely catch the attention of the boys, and gain a unique reputation. When it comes to something as unpredictable as hair, it's not about looking good, it's about sending a message.

4 Blemishes: Does your dry skin leave you looking like a scarecrow? Whether it's due to acne, injuries, birth marks, or your cheeks being slit open from ear to ear, blemishes can ruin a girl's appearance. Wayne Cosmetics makes some great cover-up creams, and you ought to apply them liberally. Very liberally. Like, nothing but white lotion all over your face. I promise you that nobody will notice your blemishes if you keep to such a regimen. If even that doesn't work, or you haven't got the cash for a steady supply of lotion, you can always wear a mask.

If you follow my makeup advice, all the boys will find you irresistible- perhaps too irresistible, if you catch my drift. To be safe from creepers and perverts, always carry a can of Mace- or, if you're ambitious like me, an actual medieval-style mace- in your purse. If the white knight that walks you home from the club turns out to be a two-faced maniac, you need to be able to defend yourself from his undesired advances.

7 How To's

every teenage girl should know...

How To: Be pretty.

Why?

You looking pretty is vital to every aspect of the rest of your long girly life.

When? Right now, don't wait till you are older, get pretty now.

Action.

Makeup, my-little-push-up bra, and Osh Kosh B'Gosh thongs should be a quick fix. But start looking more long term; plastic surgery is an easy way to get you looking great. PS: Breast implants are a must for everyone, every season.

How To: Break up.

Why? Because you totally told him not to eat that caterpillar.

When? Right as he's puking up those caterpillar legs.

Action.

Say, "Uh, you are so immature, why can't you be more mature, we're so broken up. UGH you just threw up on my Hannah Montana socks. We are SO broken up."

How To: Get back together.

Why?

He totally still likes you. Give him another chance.

When? After he stops puking.

Action.

Let him come to you. Trust me, no guy can survive without coming back and asking for a second chance. Don't give it up so easily though, make him promise to call you at least 3 times every week.

How To: Go wild.

Why? Why not?

When? Whenever, my camera is always on.

Action.

It's not hard, you know there is really only one rule, and you get like really cool beads. Come on, you want to make people happy don't you? You are such an awesome person, you are like really pretty, and I also really respect how smart you are.

How To: Be popular.

See: **How To: Go wild.**

How To: Fly a kite.

Why? It's great old fashioned fun for one thing!

When? On a windy day of course!

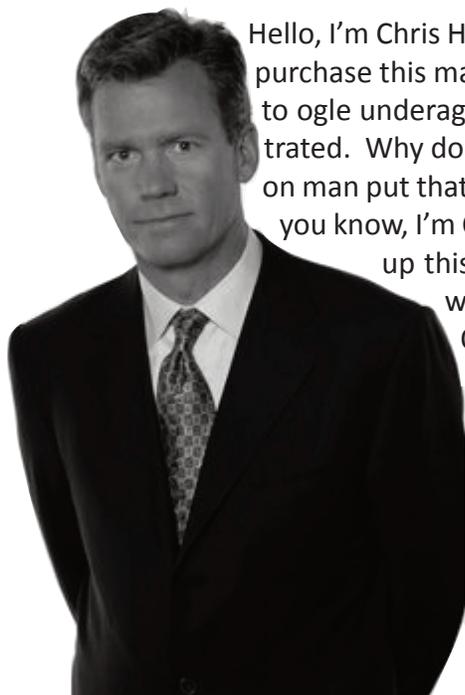
Action.

Well first you need a kite, a string and some wind. Let the kite drag behind you and run! Then watch the kite fly high into the sky, tugging lightly on your grip and asserting its newfound freedom. Enjoy some pure, childish joy and watch out for flying Unicorns!

How To: Break up again.

Why? That asshole ate another caterpillar.

Hello Pervert



Hello, I'm Chris Hansen from Dateline NBC. May I ask what you're doing? Why did you purchase this magazine? You don't look seventeen. Do you know it's illegal for a man to ogle underage girls? Why did you do it? No, you didn't mistake it for Sports Illustrated. Why don't you take a seat over there? Oh you're already in one. Ohhh come on man put that thing down. No! Not the magazine, the other thing in your hand. As you know, I'm Chris Hansen from Dateline NBC. What is it that possessed you to pick up this particular magazine? Do you think you have a problem? I tell you what, let's just talk for a minute. Where did this obsession come from? Okay, and why did you enjoy squeezing jelly beans as a little kid? I see, gummy bears too, huh? I'm Chris Hansen with Dateline NBC. Did I mention that yet? So you just like small things in general, midgets didn't work out for you? Yeah, I agree they are too stubby. Ha yeah that's exactly what it's like, and who wants to screw the fat underage girl. Haha that is just gross...all that loose skin, ick! Yeah we're on the same page there, believe me brother. But really, you need help. We've been following you since you bought the magazine. Someone should be around shortly to arrest you. You're in deep shit.

Ben Strauss'

HORRIBLE PUN

of the month

So these two teen girls are out to dinner on a Friday night, and since they are both concerned about their figures, they both order salads. The first one says to the waiter, "I'll have a Caesar salad with Italian vinaigrette." The second is not so sure, so she says, "and I'll have the house salad with... well, what are my choices?" The waiter replies, "we have bleu cheese, ranch, balsamic vinegar, Italian vinaigrette, and Vareché." The girl asks "Vareché? What is that?" The waiter says, "oh, it is a new dressing that we just received from our distributor," and proceeds to list the ingredients. The girl, always eager to try new things, decides to order it. As they are eating the salads, the first girl asks her friend, "so how is this Vareché stuff? Any good?" The second girl responds, "oh my god, yes! This is so good! I feel like I'm getting healthier as I eat this!" Later, after they have paid their check and severely undertipped, the girls are walking along the city streets, doing some window shopping. At one store, a certain handbag catches the second girl's eye and she makes her friend come in the store with her to take a look at it. She inspects the label and sees that it is made by Vareché. "Isn't the same stuff that I had on my salad?" she remarks. However, when she takes it off the rack, the entire display comes falling down on top of her. "Oh my god, are you okay?!" shouts her friend. Irritated, the girl responds, "Yeah, I'm fine, I just feel like a frickin' idiot here." They quickly exit the store, with one girl fuming. They walk to their parents' cars and say goodnight. The following Monday, the girls are eating lunch together at school, and one remarks to the other, "I really enjoyed our Friday night! Didn't you?" even though she has mixed feelings about it. The other girl responds, "definitely! There's one thing that's been bothering me all weekend, though, which is: wasn't there something called Vareché that we saw? For some reason I can't remember what it was, but I know that I loved it. Or maybe I hated it? I can't remember that, either!" Her friend replies, "Oh, I remember. It was both a dressing and a purse!"

Next Month: There's no "eye" in blind.

Botox Chronicles

I've been doing it since I was about eleven. I was lucky; I got out while I could still salvage my life. I know people that have been doing it for almost two months and it's scary. People get into it for lots of reasons, the glamour, the rush, the danger. It's hard to maintain the constant image of a perfectly happy little girl. We're so stressed; clothes, diaries, school, boys, Hannah Montana, pedophiles, Joe Biden. Sometimes we need a little extra juice just to make it through. Eventually though it catches up with you. It caught up to me. I overdosed. But I was lucky. That stuff will, like, really mess you up. This is my story, I was addicted to Botox.

I was a naturally happy kid, kind of pretty some boys even said. I used to have a great giggle and would laugh and smile all through recess. It was real, I was real. A friend introduced me to the tox. She had been doing it for almost a week and she looked so much happier than I did. Everyone loved her, she was always smiling, always happy, even when she broke up with her boyfriend, of almost ten days she was still happy. I wanted that. I wanted to flirt with the boys all the time, without trying. I wanted to be happy when I was sad. I wanted the permanent smile.

I tried it for the first time in the bathroom at school. The seventh graders who sold us the tox were really nice; they gave me my first couple of doses for free. My friend came to the bathroom with me just to show me how to do it for the first time. We sat in the stall and she took out her needle. I got scared. I could tell she had taken a fresh hit that morning. I wondered if sharing needles was like sharing hats in elementary school. I hated sharing hats. As she loaded the needle with the juice I was excited but, scared. Then she turned to me and said with a smile, "okay, baby just let go of everything and welcome to my world." I had no time to stop it. I couldn't tell if she was concentrating or nervous, she was just smiling, and the next thing I knew there was a needle in my face. It felt good. It felt really good. All in an instant. What a rush. I was happy; my smile was all even and I felt young

again.

I felt more than kind of pretty. I felt bangable. The boys agreed. I had four boyfriends over the course of that day. I was hooked.

But the lifestyle catches up to you quick. You were going through boyfriends like training bras and you needed more and more Botox to get the same face.



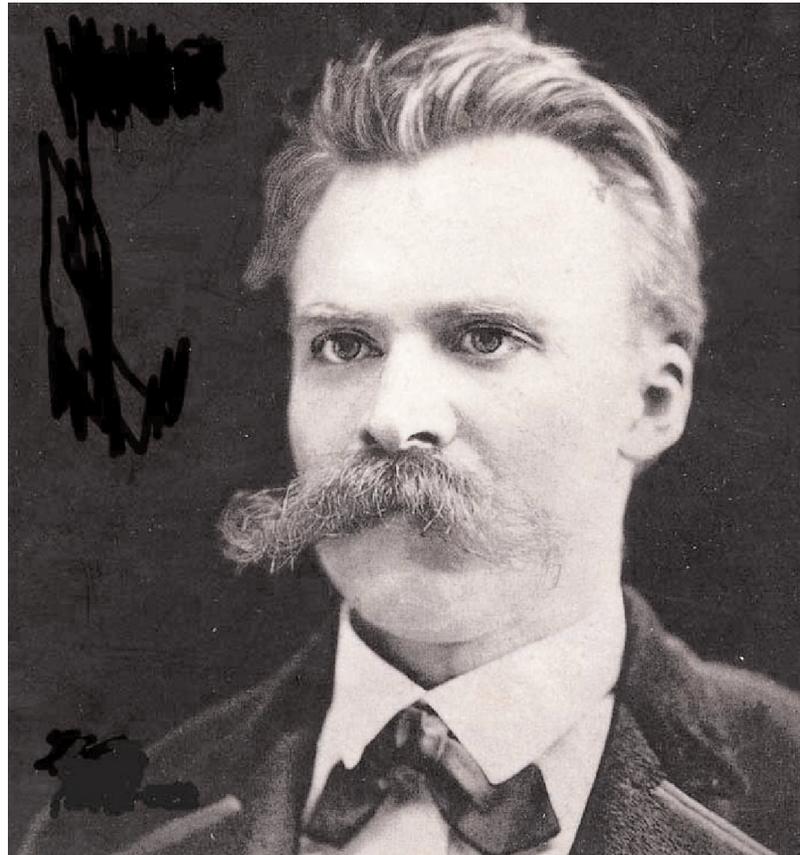
The night I overdosed was the night of the spring dance. Me and some of my junkie friends got together at my place to get ready, bulimia our dinner, and, of course, paralyze before the big dance. This dance was important. It could make or

break your ranking among the boys. No one wanted to mess it up. Especially me, not after I had worked so hard to get to this point. I did two doses before the party and two at the party. I was beyond myself. That's when I blacked out. All I remember is waking up, my eyes still open, in the same miniskirt and halter top I had on that night. I rolled over and tried to go to sleep, but I couldn't. Not because I was ashamed of what I did. I couldn't sleep because my eyelids were paralyzed. I couldn't close them. I stared at the ceiling the rest of the night. I was praying for my eyes to just close, wondering if I would go blind, swearing never to do this again, wishing I could just frown. But I couldn't, I was still happy. It wasn't worth it. I was miserable that night, but I didn't look it.

The Botox messed me up. I wish I could have those three weeks of my life back, but they are gone forever. When I look at pictures of myself during that time, I always looked happy but that's because I couldn't look like anything else. In reality I was just mediocre all the time. Everyone was just mediocre. No one knew we would end up like this. We were freaks of nature, now most of our faces look like saggy underarms. Botox was just supposed to be a crutch, something to help us get by. Instead, we were destroying ourselves and the whole time, we were smiling.

HOTTIE OF THE MONTH:

FRIEDRICH NEITZSCHE



SIGN: Libra

NICKNAMES: The Anti-Christ, Nini, Freddy, D.J. Funkadelic-Sillyfresh.

HOBBIES: Philology, philosophy, being slightly mentally ill, being *ill*.

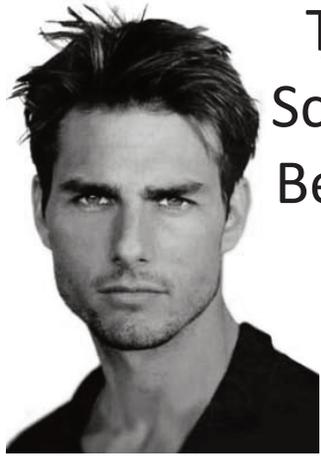
WHAT HE LOOKS FOR IN A WOMAN: Prefers blondes with voluptuous figures, but is willing to date anyone interested in internalizing their Will to Power to become a masochist.

HIS IDEAL DATE: Contemplating the principle of Eternal Return over schnitzel and beer.

WHY WE LOVE HIM SO MUCH: Because he's the übermensch! Duh! His sexy blend of philosophical failure during his lifetime, his tendency towards reclusion, and nazi-sympathizing sister make him a real catch! Plus, how could you resist that moustache! We know we can't!



What's IN vs. What's OUT



Teen pregnancy
Schrodinger's cat
Bed & breakfasts
Outings
Tom Cruise
Spinning Rims
Indentured servants
All-chocolate diet
Bisexual friends
Friends with benefits
Autism
Purses
txting
Out Magazine
One ear
Purity rings
Reality shows
Facebook stalking
Jonas Brothers
Grrrl power
Pedophiles



Anal
Schrodinger's cat
Inns
Innings
Lance Bass
Insurance Fraud
Dentured servants
Diahhrea
Lesbian friends
Welfare benefits
Cancer
Hobo bags (bindles)
English
In Touch Magazine
The other
Cock rings
Reality
Actual stalking
Marx Brothers
White power
.pdf files



P.R.E.G.N.A.N.T.

(People Realizing Every Girl Needs Abstinence
Not Thrusting)

Ladies, may this acronym help you remember the dangers of...sex. (If you need help remembering the acronym just think of your mom in the nine months preceding your birth.) As you approach your prime sexing years, think not of the orgasmic joys of a wild night but first of the consequences of...sex. The only tried and true method of safe sex (besides oral and anal) is a technique called "abstinence". "Abstinence" is a process that involves Bambi-eyeing any Y chromosome that glances your way, before crossing your legs and giving him a fake phone number. Some of the more advanced "abstinettes" have graduated to going on dates, but be forewarned that even the crème de la crème still wear two pairs of panties...lest that boy get too close! One need only to think of what the...sex might lead to in order to agree that our coalition has our priorities in order. Some such consequences of...sex might include, but are not limited to:

- Babies
- Relationships
- Monotony
- Itchiness
- Slight discomfort (virgins only!)
- The Shocker
- Walk of Shame
- Awkward stains on the bed
- Awkward stains on the roommate's bed
- Uncomfortable sharing of feelings
- "I love you"

So keep those panties on! Heck keep that bra, shirt, pants, and jacket on, it's a slippery slope girls.

Breast of luck,

Your friendly neighborhood lesba-dyke

Little Used Text Message Lingo

| | |
|-----------|--|
| LOLDMRAS | Laughing Out Loud Despite My Recent Abdominal Surgery |
| ROFCWMIME | Rolling On Floor Crying With Mace In My Eyes |
| SCJILF | Supreme Court Justice I'd Like to Fuck |
| WIH2G | Wish I Had To Go |
| ...---... | Universal Distress Signal |
| XXXOOO | Xylophone Xylophone Xylophone Ostrich Ostrich Ostrich |
| BRB | Burnt Right Breast |
| BLB | Burnt Left Breast |
| WYKWRPS | Well You Know What Ron Paul Says |
| WLQD | This Abbreviation is Wrong |

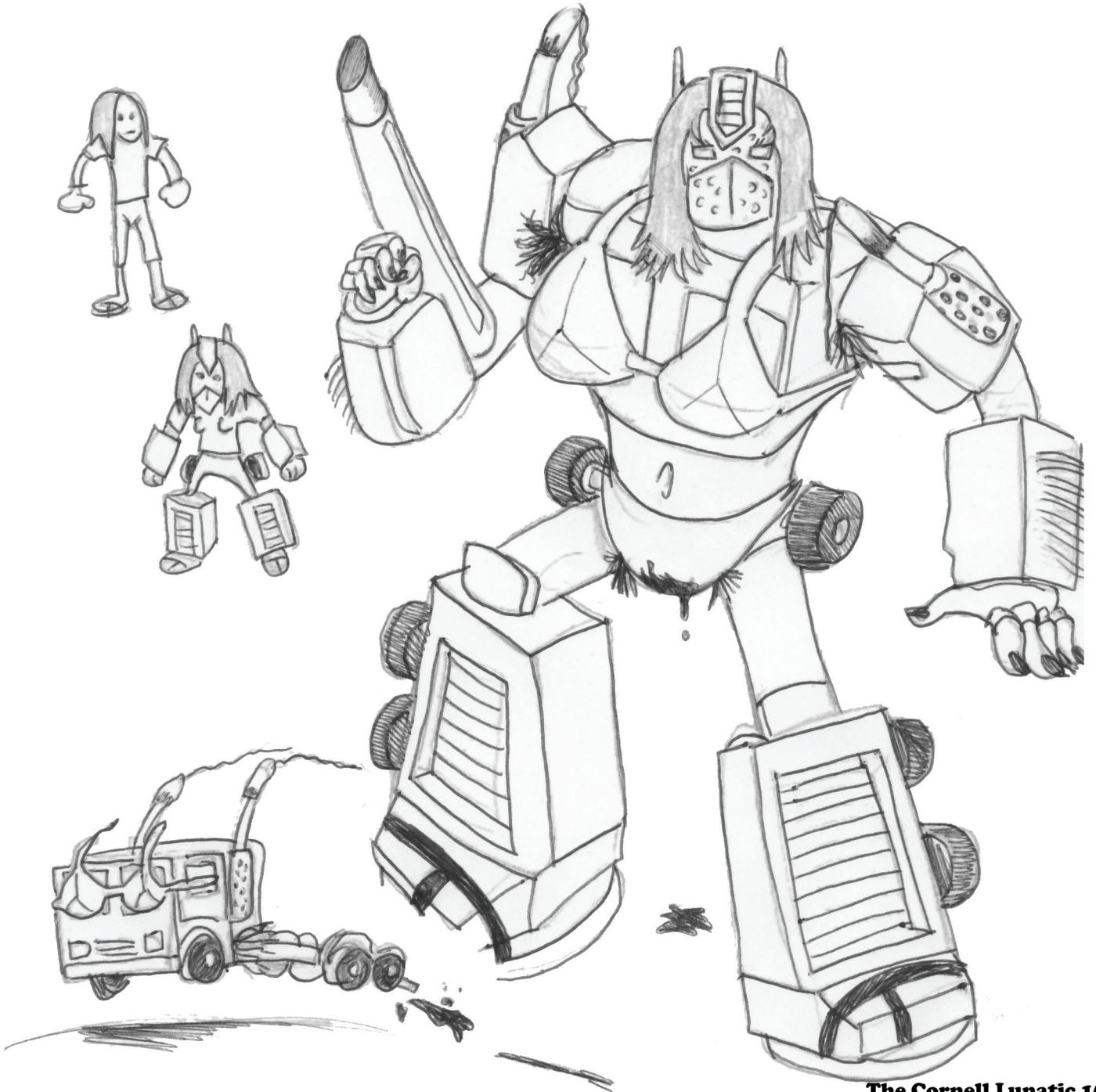
Alternative Acne Medications

- Sandpaper
- Bull semen (seriously, look it up)
- Supportive parents who actually love you
- The Fountain of Youth of Spanish legend
- Swan tears
- Oxycontin
- Leprosy
- Virgin blood (not your own)
- Eye of Newt Gingrich
- Pimp-slapping
- R. Kelly's urine (fresh)
- Collecting 100 gold rings
- Consigning yourself to a life of mediocrity
- Facial hair

puberty

TRANS FORMERS

An Awkward Time





TAMPAX sport

***official tampon of the US women's soccer team
- now with new high speed applicator -***





“When I’m dribbling down the pitch, I don’t want to worry about anything dribbling down *MY* pitch. That’s why my team and I all use the new TAMPAX SPORT tampon applicator!”

-Christie Rampone
Captain, 2008 US Women’s Soccer Team

Sponsored by:



Is it in you?

scandalous!

R&B/Hip Hop recording superstar Usher was arrested Thursday for insurance fraud. After recording **Confessions** part I and part II, it seems as if Usher fans should have seen this scandal coming. Our news reporters obtained the following original unedited lyrics to his smash single "Let it Burn."

[Intro]

Girl, understand why
See it's burning me to hold onto this
I know this is something I gotta do
But that don't mean I want to
What I'm trying to say is that I-love-you I just
I feel like this is coming to an end
And its better for me to let it go now than hold on and hurt you
I gotta let it burn

[Verse 1]

I ain't learned nuthin' but I'll say this.
I want a new start.
It's been a long time coming
But we need to buy a new car.
Really don't wanna work, I'm burned out
And I'm running out of change yeah.
I will if you won't
Think it's best we set the house ablaze.
Tell me why I should stick with this credit report.
When I'm hurting baby, my hair is nappy baby.
Plus there's so many other things I'm gonna sue for.
I think that you should let it burn

[Chorus]

When there's insurance to claim and you probly don't want to
But you know, gotta call the po po, cuz my music ain't sellin'
like it used to
Even though this might incriminate you
Let it burn
Let it burn
Gotta let it burn

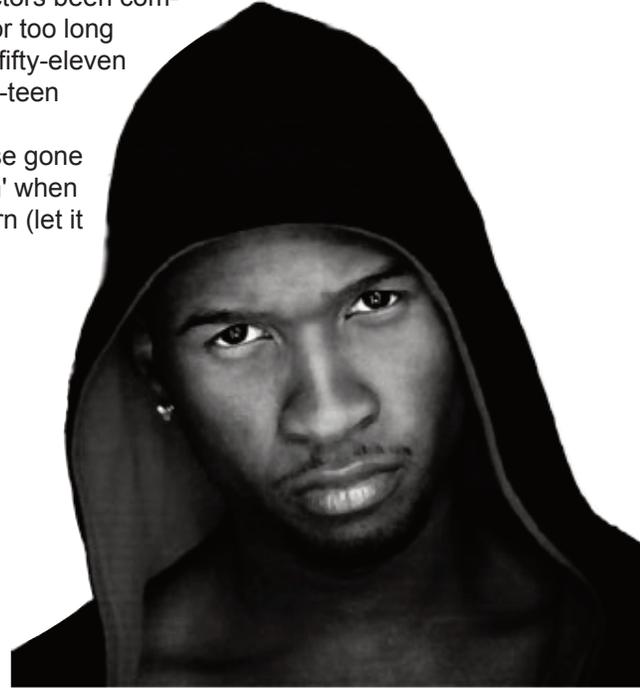
Deep down you want to just be yourself but you
Hate the thought of using the name of someone else
But you want a Range Rover.
You know that it is true.
Let it burn
Let it burn
Gotta let it burn

[Verse 2]

Claimin' damages I ain't supposed to
Got insurance coming to the rescue
Cause I found someone to blame; in the court room
Callin' out your name
Ladies tell me do you like my dance?
Now all my fellas won't you buy my pants?
I'm gonna keep it real
I know my suffering is fake
I better leave the state
You know I ain't comin back
What I gotta do now
To get the jury's back

Ooo ooo ooo oooh
Man I don't know what I'm gonna do
if I tell the truth.
Bill collectors been com-
plainin' for too long
It's been fifty-eleven
days, um-teen
hours
The house gone
be burnin' when
they return (let it
burn)

[Chorus]



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Which Eating Disorder Works for You?

Anorexia Nervosa

A classic! Time tested and approved by the National Pedophiles Association. If you are seeking an eating disorder and do not know how to start, this is your ticket to the sexy, scrawny body type men find so erotic. That's right - recent studies show that frailty turns men on. Nothing is sexier than the knowledge that you could be crushed to death during intercourse. The true appeal of anorexia is derived from its simplicity - just stop eating! That's it.

Bonuses: Loss of menstrual cycle means no unwanted pregnancies from the tons of sex you will have once you are beautifully bony and seductively skinny.

Bulimia Nervosa

If you are sick of people asking you why you never eat, consider this technique. The up side is that you can eat whatever you want, whenever you want! And if you love the taste of our own vomit as much as the next teenage girl, the down-side is negligible.

Use these neat parlour tricks to supplement your favorite eating disorder and keep off the pounds:

Blood Letting

Pros: You can really shed the pounds quickly with a good phlebotomy. An average teenage girl can lose up to 5 pints of blood before dying- that's over 6 pounds!

Cons: Those pesky marrow cells just do not stop working. Consider gamma ray radiation in order to keep your blood cells dead and your ribs protruding.

Amputation

Pros: Recent studies show that over 86 percent of your weight is concentrated in your limbs. Do the math - if you use this in combination with a steady and reliable eating disorder, you could lose up to 35 pounds!

Cons: Do not go too far, or this trick can render you incompatibl with Bulemia (unless you

have a trusted friend or parent who would stick their finger down your throat).

Death

Pros: It only takes a couple years for decomposition to set in. You could reach your dream weight by your sweet-six-teen party!

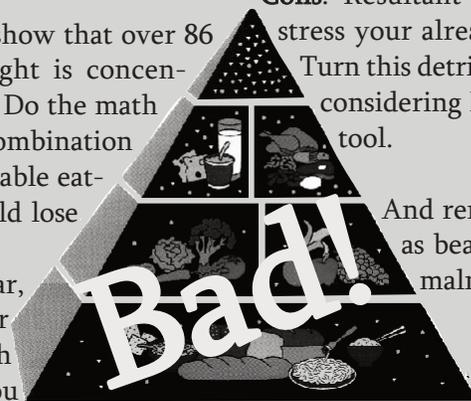
Cons: None.

Methamphetamine

Pros: Supplement your eating disorder with a healthy meth addiction and really see the weight come off. Bonus - rapid tooth decay means you may lose those 32 massive teeth you don't use anyway.

Cons: Resultant rapid heartbeat may stress your already weakened heart. Turn this detriment into a benefit by considering Death as a weight loss tool.

And remember: you are only as beautiful as your body is malnourished!



You've heard about it by know, for sure—our country is fucked. Fucked like a she-rabbit in a cage of testosterone-pumped male bunnies. That I-banking job you had “in the bag”? Gone. Your parent's lifetime savings? Gone. The usefulness of your AEM degree? Gone. But don't lose all hope, there are *some* benefits to this clusterfuck:

- 1) You now have a perfect opportunity/excuse to be an unemployed bum who does absolutely nothing productive, like the guys from Half Baked. When anybody asks you what you actually do for a living, just mumble something about Lehman Brothers and layoffs and fiscal downturns. You don't need to tell them the truth: that you are “finding yourself”, armed with your oh-so-useful English B.A.
- 2) In a month or so, Ithaca will no longer be the “suicide capital of the world”! Can you envision the signs in Manhattan: “hard hats required—falling analysts/bankers”?
- 3) CNBC is actually exciting, with all its dramatic graphs pointing down, and predicting *doom*.
- 4) You can pretend that you're in a real life version of Austin Powers, with Henry Paulson demanding \$700 billion dollars instead of Dr. Evil. This of course, begs the question, who is exactly *is* Fat Bastard?
- 5) You'll never have to buy a paperweight again—you've got all your defunct shiny credit cards for that!

“Washington Elementary School Election Report”

Our student body has many issues to take into consideration as it goes to the polls this November. Backpacks are heavier than ever, milk prices are through the roof, and the current Student Council is experiencing record-low approval ratings. Once again, we will line up in the library as peers only a few Tuesdays from now to decide on our whether the incumbent Red Elephants will reign for four more marking periods or if presidential power will shift into the hands of the Blue Donkeys.

The Red Elephants have put Jimmy McKeen forward as their presidential candidate, a fifth-grader with a long tenure as a member of the Student Council. A staunch conservative, McKeen supports traditional teaching methods, free-market cafeteria practices, and cutting spending to after-school programs which his party claims are superfluous. McKeen is a noted veteran of the school Safety Patrol, and once spent a week in detention.

One of the most prominent worries about a President McKeen is his advanced age: the Councilor is an unprecedented eleven years old. Critics have pointed out the possibility of McKeen reaching puberty at some point during his potential presidential term, a hormonal shift that might realign Mr. McKeen's values and behavior. Somewhat in response to this criticism, McKeen has nominated kindergarten Sally Perrin as his running mate. Perrin has classically Elephant traditional values, and would be the first female executive in school history. Perrin was thrilled when she was selected, and has admitted to peeing her pants upon hearing the news. McKeen's willingness to work with a girl has led some to believe that he has actually already hit adolescence.

Opposing McKeen is Broderick O'Hara, a second-grader who has enjoyed wild popularity particularly among preschoolers soon to matriculate into our school. A spelling bee champion and junior Student Council member, O'Hara is among the most liberal of the Blue Donkeys, supporting expansion of extracurricular programs, raising tuition for the

wealthy, and increasing tutoring opportunities for failing students. O'Hara is an especially unique candidate: if elected, he would be the first ever president who wears glasses. As we all know, throughout history people with glasses have been targets for harassment and discrimination, and his candidacy could usher in a new era of social progress for the bespectacled- or perhaps be doomed from the start by bias among voters.

Age is a concern for O'Hara as well: as a mere second-grader, he cannot yet write his name in cursive and thus may have difficulty signing legislation. To counteract these conceptions O'Hara has selected Joe Biden, a 67-year-old United States senator from Delaware, as his running mate.

Both candidates have dedicated followings. McKeen's faithful laud him as a "maverick," a word which they have only recently looked up in the dictionary. O'Hara supporters have attempted to paint a potential McKeen administration as "ten more months" of current-President Shrub, and are marketing their own candidate with a strong "hope" theme- hope for a new political scene, a new school image, and more snow days.

While both parties have rallied behind their respective candidates, there are of course those who support alternate ideologies. Many libertarian students have rallied behind Paul Ron, who has put forth radical proposals such as outlawing math tests and completely eliminating the nurse's office. Ron has been held back in the first grade twice because he refuses to complete teacher-assigned homework and is also a complete idiot.

Then of course there is the question of Valerie Clandon, who competed with O'Hara for the Blue Donkey nomination. Many girls feel that Clandon was denied the nomination because of her sex; O'Hara supporters have dismissed this as "playing the cootie card." Clandon, younger sister of the former Student Council President, has expressed her full support for O'Hara, but many disappointed female voters may be influenced by Sally Perrin's presence on the Red Elephant Ticket.

When the candidates come face-to-face, their individual strengths and weaknesses become apparent. While O’Hara is known for his eloquent, structured full-sentence responses on open-ended tests, McKeen performs better in a debate scenario. Consider what happened in last Tuesday’s debate. At one point McKeen claimed to have seen O’Hara picking his nose, and O’Hara rebutted with, “Did not.” McKeen, always on the ball, replied with a stern “Did too, Mr. O’Hara,” provoking thunderous applause and shaming the junior Councilor.

For those of you with early bedtimes, here is a rundown of the opinions presented in the debate:

| | RED ELEPHANTS | BLUE DONKEYS |
|---|--|--|
| <i>Rising milk prices</i> | McKeen: “Let’s hold a bake sale so we can buy our own school cow.” | O’Hara: “We need alternative sources of nourishment, such as orange juice or Capri Sun.” |
| <i>War on Bullying</i> | McKeen: “We will not negotiate with meanies.” | O’Hara: “We should hold parent-teacher conferences with our enemies.” |
| <i>Relations with Red Bear Elementary</i> | Perrin: “I can see them from my house.” | O’Hara: “We must be forceful without instigating a food fight.” |
| <i>The Buddy System</i> | McKeen: “Boy-girl pairings build necessary socialization skills.” | O’Hara: “The Buddy System provides safety and companionship, regardless of gender.” |
| <i>Sex education</i> | McKeen: “Ew!” Perrin: “What’s that? No, really?” | O’Hara: [giggles uncontrollably] Biden: [giggles uncontrollably] |

So what are the experts predicting for the election? “It’s too close to call,” says pollster Harold Quince, “These guys are like Ernie and Bert: totally opposite and yet somehow equally appealing.” Surveys show that the race is neck-and-neck at 50/50 for each candidate. This data, however, has little influence on voters as many of them have not yet learned about fractions.

This is where our school stands. Whoever wins, it will be history-making: we will either have the first glasses-wearing commander-in-chief or the first girl executive chair. Both candidates have promised change from President Shrub’s unpopular policies. As Harold Quince put it, “None of this election stuff matters. The neighborhood is changing, and we need a leader who can adapt to those changes. Who cares about the campaign posters, the speeches, the smears? What these guys get done may be totally different from what they promise. I mean, if you just take a look at all the crazy things they say and do to win this thing, doesn’t it all seem a little childish?”

The Lunatic on: Political Education



A self-described Radical Republican and a Decisive Democrat is now running for president! Vote "Captain America" in '08!

So what are his stances on the issues?

Gun control policies

Captain: Using guns, you can control people. Did yall see Samuel L. Jackson in Pulp Fiction?

Child care policies

Captain: Well, first of all, we got to get out of Iraq. After flying over that region, Captain America has come to the conclusion that there's a religious conflict over there in Middle Earth. So, I was thinking, using my superior Mississippi public high school educated mind, to solve a religious conflict, you need a religious solution. Religion gives us hope. Now, porn is just like religion; it gives us hope. Why are people there mad? You can't get no damn wireless internet in the damn desert. These are good, hardworking decent people, who just want to see Pamela Anderson's g-string. Get them porn.

With the money we save by getting out of Iraq, we could clone Samuel L. Jackson many times so that he can take care of our kids, cuz these some bad mutha *****.

Honesty

My fellow Americans, I would like to say that yes I did indeed sleep with that girl. However, let me clarify one thing. What I did, I did for my country. The woman was obviously a patriot, she wanted to please the president. And she succeeded, many times.

She did seem to be quite a Christian woman. She was a preacher's kid and well, the way she got down on her knees led me to believe that she adamantly prays to God every day.

War on Terror

If Osama's gone send us tapes, we gone send some back. We'll not only send him movies that suck like The Blair Witch Project and Indecent Proposal, but we'll also send him my original sitcom called Terror Cave. Check out this clip.

Turban dude: Hey Osama, how did work go today?

Bin Laden: Osama been laid off.

(generic studio audience laugh)

Turban dude: I thought you were the hardest working guy at the gas station. Why did they let you go?

Bin Laden: Osama been lazy

(generic studio audience laugh)

Economic Crisis and Bail Out

So uh, ain't nobody dun told me bout this economic crisis. All I know is Aeropostale got a sale this weekend and I'm goin'. Now, what we need to do is find a way to deal with the crisis rather than rely on me to prevent it, cuz damn it I didn't major in economics in college. But, don't underestimate me for those reasons. I'm caught up on current events. Did yall know there's an online college that gave a cat an MBA? Now, I was even in class with that cat. That is one smart feline feline! Yeah, I started going out with her for some time but then, it turned out that the only balls she was interested in playing with were made of yarn.

So, I now unveil to y'all my 8 types of fraud:

1. Collection plate fraud- Donate \$5 to your church's collection plate, but on the tax return claim that it was \$500
2. Penny stock fraud- Buy \$60,000 worth of a stock at 2 cents per share. This will cause the price of the stock to go up to 3 cents. Immediately sell your shares and you've made a profit.
3. Insurance fraud- Take out a large policy on something, then set it on fire.
4. Lost in Translation Refund without a Receipt- Pretend like you can't speak English that well and ask for a refund for an object that you picked up or stole on the way to the store. Try to fake a really annoying accent.
5. Daycare school fraud- So, one option involves using your Samuel L. Jackson clone to take care of the kids. Another involves permanent nap time where you knock them out with sleeping pills.
6. House Appraisal fraud- Say somebody's house is worth \$20,000 when it's really worth \$120,000. Buy their house, then sell it for a profit!
7. Antique Store- Say somebody's antique is worthless, give them \$2 for it, then sell it on eBay.



America, we are in debt. We owe trillions of dollars. I propose building a pawn shop near the White House. This way, me and my cabinet, can exchange most of the excess and luxury items on Capitol Hill for cash. How do you think I bought this suit?

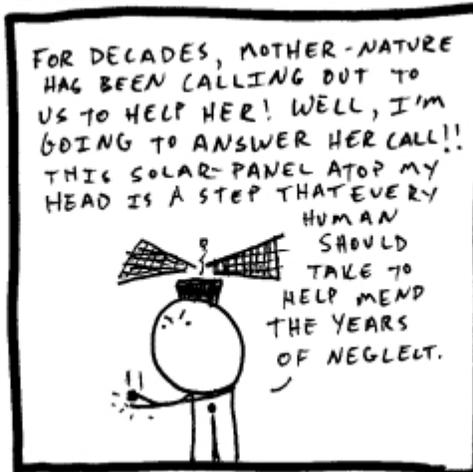
“Ask not what your country can do for you, but what you can take from your country legally, or until they do an audit.”

Captain America '08

Now McCain can be considered moderate and not conservative and Obama, you're not the only biracial candidate running.

Paid for by Sarah Palin and George W. Bush's Distraction Committee

The Lunatic on: Saving the Environment



FIGHT THE SHMEARS

Correcting
all the slanderous

shakres of the Republican attack machine.

As the first Jewish candidate for President, **Barack Obama** faces many unique challenges, and the nudniks in the Republican Party will stop at nothing to discredit him. Here at Fight-TheShmears.com, you will find a comprehensive list of all the rumors being spread about Barack Obama, along with detailed refutations or explanations. Please feel free to search through the database once you have something to nosh (You really need to put some meat on those bones!)

THE CLAIM: Barack Obama was once photographed not putting his hand over his heart during the Pledge of Allegiance.

THE REALITY: At the time, Barack Obama had some schmutz on his hand and he didn't want to get his shirt dirty.

THE CLAIM: There exists a video tape of Michelle Obama deriding "whitey."

THE REALITY: Oh that's nothing. You should have been at the Seder last year when Uncle Morty drank one too many glasses of Manischewitz!

THE CLAIM: Barack Obama believes people who live in rural America are "bitter."

THE REALITY: Barack Obama doesn't know the first thing about being bitter until he's tried some of Bubbie's horseradish dip. Just a little dollop and you can hardly taste the gefilte fish!

THE CLAIM:



THE REALITY:



THE CLAIM: Barack Obama is running for President.

THE REALITY: You know, if Barack Obama had listened to his mother and became a doctor instead of running for President, he wouldn't need to make a fancy-shmancy website like this one and he'd be a lot happier right now.

THE CLAIM: Barack Obama's mother passed away in 1995.

THE REALITY: Well, maybe if Barack Obama had picked up the phone and CALLED his poor mother every once in a while, she wouldn't have had to worry so much and she'd still be alive!

THE CLAIM: Barack Obama once falsely claimed that his uncle helped liberate Auschwitz.

THE REALITY: Perhaps if Barack Obama spent a little more time with his family he wouldn't make these kinds of mistakes. His mother gets so lonely and it wouldn't hurt to drop by and visit for a change.

THE CLAIM: Barack Obama is close friends with convicted felon Tony Rezko.

THE REALITY: Come on now, Barack Obama's mother needs to be fair. Running for President is a full-time job, and Barack Obama now has his own family to take care of. He can't be on hand to listen to her kvetch at all hours of the day!

THE CLAIM: Barack Obama plans to raise taxes.

THE REALITY: Well, excuse Barack Obama's mother for breathing! After all she did to raise him, the least he can do is have a decent, polite conversation with his dear old mother without it resorting to screaming and shouting. You know, when Barack Obama's mother was his age, she would never--

THE CLAIM: Barack Obama lacks the experience necessary to be President.

THE REALITY: ENOUGH ALREADY! Barack Obama is under a lot of stress right now, and he can't take much more of his mother's mishugas!

THE CLAIM: Barack has worked extensively with William Ayers, a former member of the militant Weather Underground.

THE REALITY: Didn't Barack Obama's mother teach him any manners?! He should never interrupt his mother when she's speaking to him. Was all that hard work making him the man he is today in vain? Barack Obama's mother had such high hopes for him, and unless he changes his attitude he'll never amount to anything!

THE CLAIM: Barack Obama voted 'Present' 130 times in the Illinois legislature.

THE REALITY: *Barack Obama angrily storms off, then goes to a campaign rally to give a speech about the importance of family values.*

Little Known Third-Party Candidates

| CANDIDATE | PARTY | PLATFORM |
|--------------------|---------------------|---|
| R Kelly | After-Prom Party | Trickle-Down Economics |
| Ron Paul Stiltskin | Guess-My-Name Part | Gold Straw Standard |
| Terri Schiavo | Balloons | Euthanasia Rights |
| Li'l Chairman Mao | Li'l Communists | Youth in Asia Rights |
| Ralph Vader | Imperial Party | Millenium Falcon is unsafe at light speed |
| Kool-Aid Man | Jonestown Party | Oh Yeah! |
| Prince | Like it's 1999 |  |
| Kermit the Frog | Green Party | Muppet Pork |
| Rocky & Bullwinkle | Squirrel Moose Part | End the Cold War |
| Little John | Porta Potty | Fecal Responsibility |

CSI: CODE BLUE



Tony Salt and Dana Pepper leaned over a table in the pastel-colored evidence room, examining a bloody steak knife. It had been found at the scene of the crime clutched in the victim's hand, stiff from rigor mortis. Agents Salt and Pepper, the city's most coincidentally-named crime-solving duo, had been staring at it for hours with little progress.

"It doesn't make sense," Pepper uttered for the twelfth time that night, "There wasn't

this much blood at the scene. She couldn't have used it in self-defense."

"Burns will know what to do," Salt assured her. As if on command, the door to the examination room opened. A young-looking man in a blue and green striped turtleneck walked in. "Are you Agent Burns?" asked Salt. Agent Salt couldn't believe it: was this scrawny guy the legendary Agent Burns, who had solved hundreds of cold cases over his career?

"Please," the man answered, "call me Steve. What have we got?"

"White female, twenty-nine years old, dead from a wound on her left side down on White and Fifty-Fourth this morning. Only evidence is this steak knife," answered Pepper.

"Is it the murder weapon?" asked Steve.

"No," Pepper answered, "She was shot. The knife was in her hand. The bullet didn't have any striation matches in the database."

Steve walked over to the evidence table and closely examined the knife. "Blood analysis?"

"Useless," Salt answered, "There are all different types of blood on the knife, so intermixed we can't make heads or tails of it."

"We've got a real sicko on our hands," sighed Steve, "Give me a minute." Steve reached into his pocket and pulled out a small spray bottle. He sprayed some mist on the knife and put the bottle away. "UV light, please." Agent Pepper stepped forward, "We've already run a luminol test, and-

"UV light!" Steve barked. Pepper hastily ran to the wall switch and turned on the UV light. Steve laughed. "I knew it." He held up the knife as Agents Salt and Pepper came close. Almost perfectly centered on the knife's blade, a blue pawprint had mysteriously appeared.

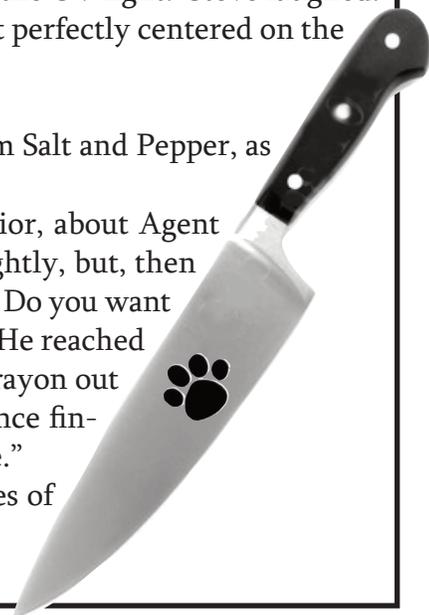
"A clue! A clue!" joyously shouted Salt.

"So, this creep wants to play a game, huh?" mused Steve. He turned away from Salt and Pepper, as if talking to the wall. "Fine. Do you want to play a game?"

Salt and Pepper looked at each other. They had heard about this odd behavior, about Agent Burns' tendency to ask questions at no one in particular. It bothered them slightly, but, then again, he was supposed to be the best. "Do you want to play a game, kids? Huh? Do you want to play?" He turned back to Salt and Pepper. "Okay. Let me write this down." He reached into his pocket and pulled out an orange notebook. Opening it, he grabbed a crayon out of its binding and began to slowly and deliberately draw the bloody knife. Once finished, he flipped the notebook closed and put it away. "There. A bloody knife."

"So, Steve, why would a young woman be carrying a knife covered in all types of blood?" asked Pepper, "We've been at this all day."

"I don't know," responded Steve, "We need more clues."



The door to the room creaked open as a red-haired woman stepped in.

“Dr. Magenta,” Salt greeted her, “What have you got for us?”

Magenta held out a white jumble of cloth. Unfolding it, she revealed that it was an apron, covered in dried, bloody splotches. “An investigator just found this in a dumpster down Fifty-Fourth Street,” she said, laying out the apron on the table. “Analysis shows the same mix of blood samples that we have on the knife.”

“So maybe whoever was wearing this planted the knife?” suggested Agent Pepper.

“It’s possible,” agreed Salt, poring over the apron. Suddenly, he shouted “A clue! A clue!” Everyone leaned in closer. Once again, on the tag of the apron along the collar, there was a blue pawprint.

“I’ll write this down!” exclaimed Steve, once again taking out his handy-dandy notebook.

He slowly drew each curve of the garment, and then put his notebook away. “There. A bloody apron.”

“But who would walk around with a bloody apron?” asked Pepper.

“Exactly,” replied Steve, and turned away from them all. “Who would have a bloody apron?” No response. “What sort of person would have a bloody apron?” he asked the wall. “Can you tell me who would have a bloody apron?”

“A butcher!” suddenly shouted Magenta, “That explains the steak knife, and the mixed blood!”

“Yes,” Steve agreed, “A butcher.”

“I’ll send out an inquiry looking for information about the local butcher shops,” declared Magenta, and she rushed out of the room.

As soon as the door slammed behind her, there was a shuffling noise as an envelope was slid beneath it and into the evidence room. “Mail time,” mumbled Salt. He walked over and the envelope up. “We just got a letter.”

“We just got a letter?” asked Steve.

“We just got a letter,” repeated Salt, “I wonder who it’s from.” He sliced open the envelope with his nail and pulled out a piece of paper. He gasped. “A clue! A clue!”

Inside the envelope was a receipt. The receipt was more or less unextraordinary- but there was another blue pawprint across its top. “What is this?” asked Pepper.

“The envelope says that this was found in the vic’s pocket,” answered Steve, once again pulling out his notebook. He drew a tall rectangle, then scribbled a few lines inside it to represent its text. “There. A receipt,” he said, putting the notebook away.

“It’s from the Thirty-Ninth Street Deli,” read Salt, “She bought a quarter pound of tofu sausage at eight twenty-two this morning.”

“Is that it?” asked Pepper. “Who goes to a deli and buys tofu?”

“Yes,” Steve agreed, “Who goes to a deli to buy tofu?” He turned away toward the wall. “Who buys tofu at a deli?”

“A vegetarian?” suggested Salt.

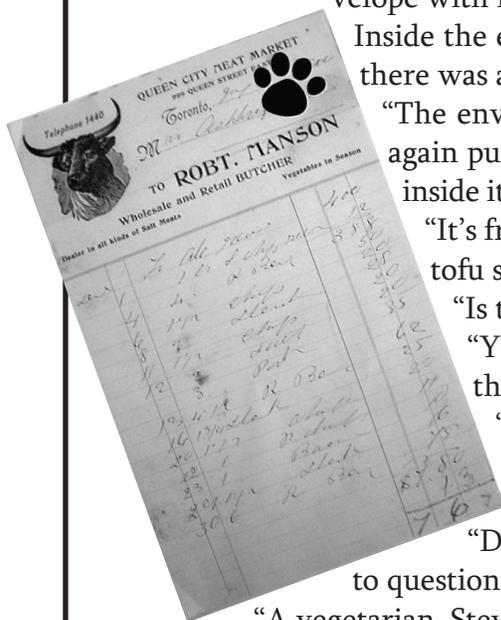
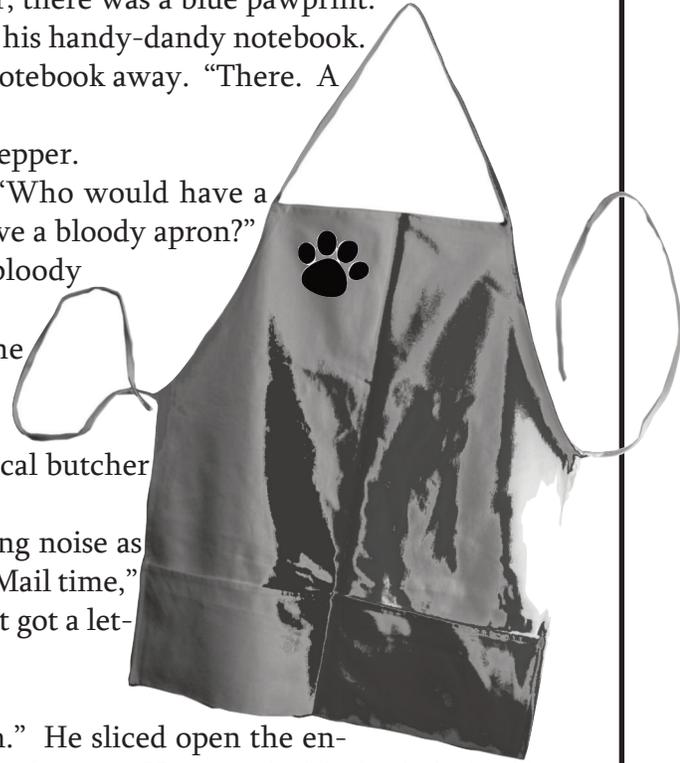
“Who would buy tofu at a deli?”

“He’s right, a vegetarian,” answered Pepper.

“Do you know what sort of person would get tofu at a deli?” Steve continued to question the air.

“A vegetarian, Steve!” shouted Salt.

“Yes. A vegetarian.” Steve turned back toward Salt and Pepper. “It’s time to think.” Steve walked across the room and sat down in a cushiony orange chair. He pulled out his notebook and flipped through it. “Let’s see. A bloody knife, a bloody apron, and a receipt for tofu.” He scratched his head. “What could these clues be trying to tell us?”



“Maybe she attacked the butcher she saw at the deli, because he’s a meat producer,” suggested Pepper, “and he shot her in self defense. He panicked and threw away his bloody apron.”

“That doesn’t explain why she had the butcher’s knife,” Salt noted, “I think the butcher must have planted the knife in her hands after he shot her to make it look like a suicide, then threw away the apron to prevent a connection.”

“But why would he do that?” protested Pepper, “She gave him business. Besides, she was obviously shot. Nobody would suspect suicide.”

“I’ve got it,” Steve spoke up, deep in thought, “She stole the knife from the butcher shop that morning, to protest his business. He went out and shot her, then threw the apron away.”

They all thought for a while. “That works,” admitted Pepper.

The door suddenly opened and Dr. Magenta walked in again. “We just got a call from the Thirty-Ninth Street Deli,” she explained, “One of their butchers is missing, and his usual knife isn’t on the rack. They’ve reported a series of thefts over the past few months, too.”



“Perfect!” exclaimed Salt, “It fits! Put out a warrant for his arrest!”

As Salt, Pepper, and Magenta ran out of the room, Steve smiled in his thinking chair. He had solved another case. Standing up, he stretched his arms and prepared his post-case ritual. He had written a song early in his career which he sung after every mystery solved as a therapeutic exercise:

*We just solved a murder
We just solved a murder
We just solved a murder
Because we’re really smart!*

For Sale:

Able Bodied 22 year old Lunatic Business Manager, for sale by Jewish mother. Needs new transmission and fluid change. Solid body, good tires. Low mileage. No reasonable offer refused.

Contact Mrs. Gomberg for test drive. Ask for business manager’s mom.
607-273-3606





FUN PAGES

MENSTRUATION WORD SEARCH

```

n s d i o s m w p p a l o w q j c
d k U T E R U S k j d l d m y d
s d f j d s f j s i d B L O O D j k
z s d f a s f d s f k j k l f d f j d
s l k d s f j k l j s d k j s d f i j s
s C R A M P s d f j l k s f j d k j
q p o i g b d u y m k f o m p k u
s d f j k d f n w p O W s d k f g
s d f k j d f s d f n p m x z w q i
O W W W j s d f m p m z a l p l
k j l d s f j l k s d f m w h e z b
i G I V E M E A M I D O L T
s j f d l k s n g k l s f s d p d s i
n o e w n T A M P O N ! p q n x

```



List ten to fifteen ways in which you are physically and socially less perfect than Angelina Jolie. Be sure to consider her face, body, financial status, and strapping husband while you cry.

An Original David "Skillet" Watts Madlib

_____ off like a dress after prom _____

_____ to _____

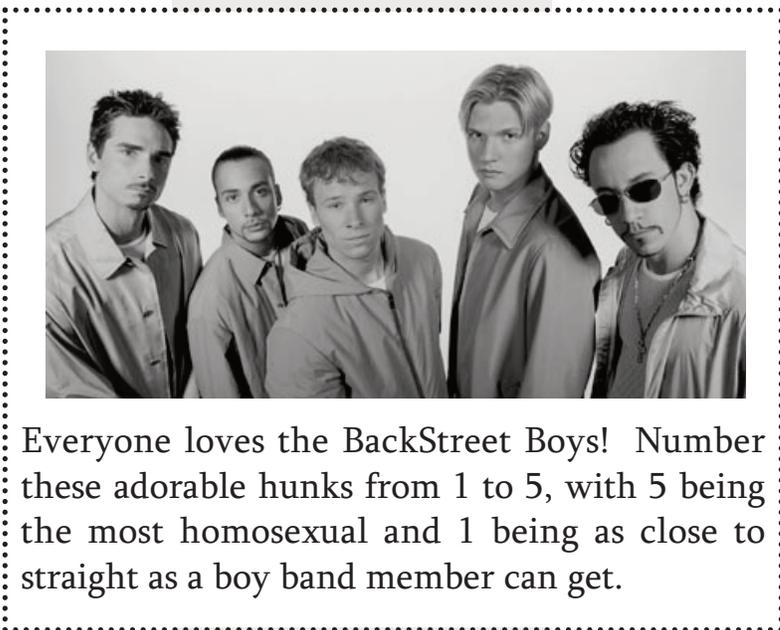
_____ for _____

_____ rabbits _____

_____ and _____

_____ spinning rims.

Directions: Fill in the blank spaces with nouns, verbs, adjectives, pronouns, adverbs, onomatopoeias, oxymorons, and expletives. Because that's what David Watts would do.



Everyone loves the BackStreet Boys! Number these adorable hunks from 1 to 5, with 5 being the most homosexual and 1 being as close to straight as a boy band member can get.

Pedophile Personals

Filmmaker Roman Polanski looking for young actors to perform in his latest project. Michael Jackson, R. Kelly, and Pee-wee Herman creator Paul Reubens currently involved.

Upstanding citizen looking for legal and consensual relationship. Chris Hansen – please do not inquire.

Former Florida congressmen looking for child assistants to help write memoir. Applicants must not know who Mark Foley is and should be proficient in instant messaging.

Desperate adult who enjoys anonymous instant messaging. Searching for impressionable, naïve kids with limited sexual education experience and distant parents.

Staging garage production of The Sound of Music. Looking for potential actors to play von Trapp children. No prior acting experience necessary. Also looking for stagehands. Must be under age of consent. Experience preferred.

Missed Connections

You--4th grader riding school bus with Power Rangers backpack sitting near aisle.
Me--Sweaty, obese bus driver with acne condition who lives with mom
Message: *I want to be your Power Ranger. If you feel the connection, too, keep riding the school bus.*

You--Innocent pre-teen playing with ball in front yard
Me--Desperate, disheveled stranger who drove up next to you and offered you candy
Message: *You screamed and ran away when I offered you Three Musketeers. I now have Twix and Snickers. I hope we can work something out.*

The Blame Page

Cover: JGF

Editorial: LCC

Sexual Predator: JAG

The Lunatic On...: IRT

Your Body: JAG

Joker Tips: MJC

How To's: NVS

Chris Hansen: NVS

Horrible Pun: BDS

Botox: NVS

Neitzsche: HMS

In vs. Out: Staff

Pregnant: LCC

Txt Lingo: Staff

Acne Med: Staff

Puberty Transformers: JGF

Sport Tampon: DCT

Scandalous: DJW

Eating Disorders: BR

Financial Crisis: JHM

Elementary Election: MJC

Captain America: DJW

Fight the Shmears: JAG

Third Party Candidates: Staff

CSI Code Blue: MJC

Job Application: JAC

Fun Pages: LCC

Pedophile Personals: GWS

Clean grease from clothes with Coca-Cola®?

The ever-inventive Joey Green returns with hundreds of new ways to use the brand-name products sitting in your pantry right now to help you solve your fix-it problems and save money. These clever and inexpensive home repair solutions may sound quirky, but they really work. You'll love this treasure trove of ingenious household tips, like how to . . .

- Fix a broken dishwasher with Kool-Aid
- Remove wallpaper with Heinz White Vinegar
- Repair scratched woodwork with Maxwell House Coffee
- Lubricate windows and drawers with Ivory soap
- Spackle holes in walls with S.O.S steel wool pads
- Remove water stains from wood furniture with Miracle Whip
- Temporarily replace a car fan belt with L'eggs Panty Hose
- Prevent tools from rusting with Crayola Chalk
- Keep leaves out of a rain gutter with a Slinky
- Clean paint brushes with Downy Fabric Softener
- Lubricate a lawn mower with Jif Peanut Butter
- Unclog a drain with Jell-O
- And much, much more!

Overflowing with interesting sidebars and boxes, loaded with "Strange Facts," and jam-packed with little-known information about well-known brand-name products, this fun-to-read book makes a great gift and a practical guide for anyone looking for a simple way to tackle everyday problems and repairs.



Joey Green, the guru of weird uses for brand-name products, is the author of more than forty books, including *Joey Green's Gardening Magic*, *Joey Green's Amazing Kitchen Cures*, and *Joey Green's Magic Brands*. He has appeared on *The Tonight Show*, *Good Morning America*, *Today*, *The View*, and he has been profiled in *The New York Times*, *USA Today*, and *People*.

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