

UNREALISTICALLY REALISTIC REALISM:  
Typical and Atypical Responses to the Modern Quotidian.

By

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A thesis submitted to the  
General Public,  
for the partial amusement thereof,  
not the requirements for the  
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## Introduction

What is real? What constitutes reality? How do we deal with the existence of things in the abstract? Can reality automatically translate into typicality or atypicality? When trying to answer these questions, one must delve into the discipline of ontology- the science or study of being. While this discipline is well established, its limits and boundaries are not well defined. The aim of this work will be to probe and explore the limits of the field.

The question of reality, or the lack thereof, has pre-occupied many of the eminent minds of our time. One good example is Jennifer Lopez and her album, *J. Lo*, released July 24, 2001. Her song, "I'm Real" (track #2), explores questions relating to the self. While asserting her own reality, Lopez at the same time challenges the validity of the ontological inquiry into that reality. "Don't try to understand/ Baby, there's no mystery/ Cause you know how I am/ I'm real, what you get is what you see." In these verses she berates the exercise of ontologizing her persona, since the only means necessary to confirm her reality is to look at her, i.e. the sense of sight. She goes on to say that it is possible to persuade others of her reality, also through the sense of sight. "Show me off to all your friends," she insists. In this way she seeks to settle the ontological questions surrounding her, and points to the ludicrous nature of an obsession with such questions.

Preoccupation with ontology happens most frequently within the academic disciplines of philosophy and literature. As my focus is not in the realm of philosophy or literature, and since this thesis is neither academic, nor disciplined it will try to avoid this preoccupation with ontology, opting instead for a fixation on it. In this work reality and fiction will be juxtaposed, and traditional roles will be reversed, as fiction will serve as a

basis for reality. Having said that, I think it expedient to enter into a discussion of the form and content of this thesis.

My thesis is divided into four separate, but hardly equal parts, which I shall call "chapters", partially for lack of a more original alternate nomenclature for the divisions of my thesis and partially out of a desire to not completely confuse the reader by making up some nonsensical name for them, like "sections." Here are my chapter titles in no particular order: chapter 4, Self-Help; chapter, 2 Ambition; chapter 1, Modern Myth[s]/ology(ies); chapter 3, Interpersonal Relationships.

The first chapter, chapter 1, is called "Modern Myth[s]/ology(ies); Fictionally Realistic Encounters with the Modern Quotidian." As the title suggests, this chapter might appropriately deal with the social implications of such fantasy based TV shows as "Xena: Warrior Princess" and MTV's "The Real World." Instead it aims to expisit the various responses to the ordinary and out of the ordinary instances of failures in our modern political institutions, namely monarchies, public schools, and retail chains through fictional pieces that I wrote.

Chapter one is followed up by chapter two. While I apologize for the predictability of this ordering, I must also explain that my thesis advisor, John H. Crabtree, insisted upon it, and said that I would never even have a prayer at Summa if I deviated from such an established convention of thesis writing.<sup>1</sup> Not being one brazen enough to cross such a man as Dr. Crabtree, and in the hope of getting a Summa (or at least a Summa Minus), I conform to his order, offering next chapter 2, Ambition;

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<sup>1</sup> The contents of this thesis are based purely on fictional accounts of real events that never happened. Any similarities that these narratives may bear to real events are purely and coincidentally pure coincidences. Likewise, characters herein contained are also fictional. Any likeness or similarity to real persons (living or dead) is fictional, and is a result of your overly anxious imagination, which is a symptom of schizophrenia.

Organizational Priority of Priority Activities within Organizations that Give Priority in Promotion to those who Promote the Priority of the Organization— Professional vs. Scholastic vs. Academic.

I call the third chapter, chapter 3, Interpersonal Relationships: The Self and the Other Framed within/outside the Context of the Family / Nicely Framed Family Picture. My older brother calls this chapter "Dude, I am *so* going to kick your butt if you put that crap about me in your thesis." It explores such important issues as dating, sex, and marriage as well as their consequences, namely: STD's, pregnancy, and adoption and child rearing into the formative teenage years.

The last chapter is chapter 4, Self-Help; The Search to Define the essence of "Self" and the essence of "Help!" the Beatles song. There are two main reasons that this chapter is last. The first is that Dr. Crabtree, my wise and benevolent thesis advisor, counseled me to omit what would have been the fifth and final chapter, "Rock On with Your Bad Self, Thesis Writer!: The Top Twenty Five Reasons Why this Thesis Deserves Summa!" The second is that John H. likewise rejected the other topic I came up with to replace my original chapter 5, which was "new and improved chapter 5, An Offer You Can't Refuse; Fifteen Things I Can Promise to You if You Give Me a Summa."

In introducing the conclusion of the introduction, I would like to conclude that the stories you are about to read may or may not be real. It is your job as a real reader to really read these stories and decide. So in short I am giving you your very own license to be an ontologist. One advance warning, this license is not valid in New York, California or Texas. Lastly, I will leave you with two grammatical realities: Some things just are and something just is!

Modern Myth[s]/ology(ies):

Fictionally Realistic Encounters with the Modern Quotidian

*When I first arrived in Rome everyone looked at me funny. At first I thought it was because I was a foreigner. After several weeks I began to think that it might be because of all of my Bella Karolyi imitations and my incessant talk about women's Olympic gymnastics and the greatness of Nadia Comaneci. Turns out it was all due to a little misunderstanding on my part. You see I thought the saying went "When in Rome, do as the Romanians."*

## **The Three Brothers Siamese**

Once upon a time there were three brothers. Actually, they were two  $3/4$  brothers and the other was their  $5/8$  brother- 4 and  $1/2$  times removed. But the three of them usually just told people that they were brothers to keep things simple and not to have to explain that long story about their relationship to each other every time they met someone in the Wal-Mart parking lot.

You see, their job was that of Greeter at Wal-Mart. They were, consequently, the only Siamese triplet (or conjoined triplets as they are known by those who are not old enough to remember the existence of Siam) greeters, not only at their particular Wal-Mart location, but also the only Siamese triplet greeters at any of the Wal-Mart stores in the country. (Just a side note, they were the only Siamese triplet greeters out of Wal-Mart greeters, but for the record there was a set of Siamese triplet greeters at the Jacksonville K-mart.)

Well, one day the doctors said that the three were going to have to be separated. The doctors said they had a court order from the federal government saying that the triplets were guilty of anti-trust violations and that to avoid a long prison term and heavy fines the three would have to be surgically split up. So, being legally clueless as they were, and with the inadequate legal representation that represents our public defenders that represent our defendants, (not that it's their fault, more it's just how the system has become, but that is neither here nor there,) the three brothers pled guilty to owning a monopoly (in their minds it meant Monopoly the Game). They were all taken to the local Shriner's hospital (I forgot to mention that the youngest brother was a minor and since he had no money the Shriner's decided to take care of the surgery.)

After surgery none of the brothers really was the same any more. They all dabbled in insurance sales and independent films for a time, but eventually depression and high cholesterol were too much for the brothers, and ultimately they all died of heart failure.

Wal-Mart decided to file a multi-trillion yen mal-practice lawsuit against the Shriner's hospital. The jury decided in favor of Wal-Mart. And that is the story of how Wal-Mart became such a powerful franchise in Japan and how the Shriner's hospital in Gillette, Wyoming went under and re-emerged as the Shriner's Regional Veterinary clinic.

### **A Fable**

Once, long ago (in 1999) in a far-off land (Florida) there was a great ball (pop-music concert) hosted by a beautiful princess (Britney Spears). A decree was sent throughout the kingdom, through the network of royal pages (Ticket Master), advising all the subjects about the ball.

Everyone in the land wanted to attend the ball, but to attend one had to secure an invitation (ticket). Invitations were secured by feats of bravery, courage, or strength (paying \$35 by check, money order, or credit card).

In a small village (Pensacola) in that far-off land there lived a boy who was able to secure an invitation by proving his courage in a fear-less feat. The boy was helped in this feat (ticket purchase) by his father's sword (Master Card), which he had secretly taken from his father's armory (wallet) earlier that morning.

The father went to the armory later that day looking for his bow and arrow (American Express Card) that he needed for target practice (online purchases). Once in the armory he quickly discovered that his son had taken his sword without permission. This made him very upset.

The boy came home, with invitation in hand, only to be met by the disappointed glance of his father. For punishment, the boy was confined to the stockade (his room) for a fortnight (until dinnertime). The father later extended this punishment to a one-year exile (month-long grounding). This meant that the boy would have to miss the princess' ball.

Fortunately, the boy was able to confer (sell) his invitation (floor seat) to his friend. In exchange he was able to secure (purchase) his place in the princess' circle of knights (Fan Club) by his courageous act (\$25 money order).

The boy and his friend lived happily ever after, admiring the princess from a distance (on MTV).

## When Comedy Was King

*The year was 1967. The place was Penn-Island-Chussetts. And Comedy was King!*

Comedy had inherited the throne in January after his father, King Ralph, passed away. As his first royal act, King Comedy had a great funeral feast in his father's honor in the Court City of Phil-Bost-Ovidence. Subjects from all over the kingdom of Penn-Island-Chussetts flocked to honor their late, beloved king, and of course to hear Comedy.

Members of the Court knew that Comedy in their kingdom was not the kind you laughed at. Unfortunately, some of the peasants were unaware of this, and so Comedy ordered their execution because they had laughed when the new king gave his father's eulogy entirely in joke form. Fortunately, he ordered that their execution also be carried out entirely in joke form. Unfortunately, execution entirely in joke form consisted of having half of the executioners be midgets wielding giant axes and the other half be giants wielding tiny axes, after which all the peasants were shot by a firing squad.

The executions brought joy into King Comedy's life, at least temporarily. But, soon the presence of all that death and hunger in his kingdom began to put a damper on his fun. He said to his trusted royal advisor Pantomime, "I inherited all of my father's money. Shouldn't I be happy?"

"Money can't make you happy," Pantomime gestured.

"I know the money my father left me can't make me happy," said King Comedy. "He only left me with \$85. Now, if I had a lot more money, like \$85 hundred, then I could make the whole kingdom happy for a year, because I would be able to afford happy pills for everyone in the land!"

(Today, King Comedy's remarks may seem ridiculous, but some clarifications should make things clear. You see, money used to go a lot further back then in 1967. Also, "happy pills" was the name they used for food.)

So Comedy set out to make a difference in the world. But before he could get very far, he was betrayed by Humor, his younger brother. King Comedy had always had a bad sense of Humor, thinking that his younger brother loved him, when that was not the case. Consequently, he never saw the betrayal coming.

After that, Humor had a short rule as King. In the end, he was tragically dethroned by his sister Tragedy, who after her ascension to power reigned as Queen for many years, before she too died tragically in an entirely-joke-form-execution firing squad ricochet.

### **Chubby Dan**

My friend Dan was the chubby guy in High School. You know, the one who gets picked on and made fun of a lot by the other guys on the football team. In the locker room after practice, he was on the receiving end of many a Snap-O-the-Towel. It was embarrassing and painful for him to get dressed with those huge welt marks on his huge hind end.

Although High School was difficult for him, Dan turned things around after graduation. In an interview a few years later, he told the story of the turning point. “The night of the Senior Kegger the captain of the football team Smitty gave me a monster titty-twister. Because of that I finally became fed up with my body image. So I decided to stop being so tubby. I started working out and taking martial arts classes.” Over the course of the next few years Dan slimmed down and buffed up.

Unfortunately, Dan had no way of foreseeing the high costs associated with the fitness and martial arts industries. After losing all that weight he had no money left to buy clothing that fit him properly. In fact, he did not even have enough money left to buy a belt to keep his fat-man pants from falling off his now oh-so-musculoso body. With no alternative in sight, he used a length of rope to keep up his britches while he thought of a way to at least obtain a belt that fit him.

All of the sudden out of the blue, as Dan was doing the butterfly curl between sessions at the karate dojo, an idea came to him. Dan remembered that often times the winners of fighting competitions are awarded belts. That was the solution he was praying for. Over the course of the next 8 years, Dan never went without a belt. He also enjoyed the unexpected perk of winning money in addition to the belts. He was living large.

Then one night in Atlantic City, Dan’s world came crashing in on him. On that fateful fight night, Dan got knocked out. Yet again, Dan’s lack of foresight had come back to haunt him. Dan did not even factor in the reality that once you lose a fight, you lose your belt. More disconcerting however was that in the process of losing his belt to the challenger he was rendered unable to continue his fighting career. In his short

sightedness not only had Dan overlooked the need to invest for his retirement, he also had overlooked the need to invest in new clothes.

So, forced into retirement by injury at the age of 27, Dan ended up in a retirement home in central New Jersey with his wardrobe of big-man clothes and still no belt. In desperation, Dan resorted to beating up on the other patients at the retirement home and stealing their belts. Soon he began to employ this method to acquire more Jell-O, more chocolate-pudding and more medication. Before long the retirement home staff caught on to Dan's little shenanigans and he was kicked out of the nursing home.

It was at our 10 year High School Class reunion that Dan told me this sad tale of the past ten years of his life. I could not help but be moved. And, feeling at least partially responsible for his predicament, I offered to let him stay with me. Dan and I have since made up and are now better friends than ever.

-Smitty

### **Little Miss Know-It-All**

In like sixth grade there was this kid in my class that really ticked me off. I knew the answer to almost every question that our teacher would ask. Naturally, I would raise my hand. Here's that part that really made me mad. Debbie, the girl who sat right next to me in class, would always get her hand up before me. By the time she had already

answered the question the teacher would see my hand up and ask me if I had anything to say. I said that Debbie had stolen my answer. At first, people thought it was cute, but soon people began to doubt me.

What they did not realize was that since I am a quadriplegic I depended on the raising of the mechanical hand attached to my wheelchair to signal to the teacher that I wanted to answer her question. I raised it by using a series of eye-blinks. Additionally, I don't really have the use of my voice box, so I would type my words (again using a series of blinks) into this computer monitor mounted to my wheelchair. The computer in turn would speak the words for me. Clearly, this process was pretty unwieldy. So much so that it gave time for Debbie to raise her hand and read the answer off my screen before my primitive mechanical hand could fully extend.

This same scenario played itself out in every subject. She did it in Math, Science, History, Geography, and even spelling. She got away with it all, until we got to the unit on human reproduction. As usual, she got her hand up before me. When the teacher called on her, Debbie read from my screen and then answered "testicular cancer." The teacher got a puzzled look for a second, and then a light came on her head. She then apologized for not believing me earlier. In case you are wondering what question the teacher asked, it was "What type of cancer should you be checking for in your periodic self-examination?"

Needless to say, the sense of vindication that I felt that day is possibly the sweetest of my life. Either that or the widespread acceptance of my ideas in theoretical astrophysics.

-Stephen Hawking

Ambition:

Organizational Priority of Priority Activities within Organizations that Give  
Priority in Promotion to those who Promote the Priority of the Organization—  
Professional vs. Scholastic vs. Academic.

*I think that the use of the word "aftermath" to describe what is left following a major disaster insinuates that somehow the academic discipline of mathematics was to blame for the disaster, and that is just unfair. Irrational numbers don't kill people, irrational people do!*

*In a job interview always remember that the worst thing to do, the thing 100% guaranteed to keep you from ever getting the job is dying, so just make sure not to die in the middle of a job interview, ok.*

## **My Trip to Uruguay**

My sophomore year I won the Uruguayan Embassy Fellowship. I went to Uruguay without really knowing all that much about the country. While I was there my interest in the local history and culture was piqued. After I got back, the first thing that I did was look up Uruguay in the encyclopedia. Down there they pronounced the name of the country differently than I had heard people around here pronounce it. I decided to look up the pronunciation in the dictionary, which was “yoor-uh-gweh.” Turns out people around here were mispronouncing it -- “Ugly, smelly, hell-hole.”

The article was very interesting so I kept reading. As I was reading, all of a sudden something hit me. It was a large board of some kind, I think. I was knocked out on impact so I can't really be sure what kind of board it was. But judging by the mark that was left on the back of my head I think it was either a 2" x 4" or a cricket bat.

The police are still looking for the assailant, but they do have a couple leads. One suspect is “Hacksaw”- Jim Dougan, who was jealous that I beat him out for the Uruguayan Fellowship. The other main suspect is some cricket-loving Brit who is all upset that his daughter died of tuberculosis. He has no real reason to be upset, other than the fact that I did not get tested for TB after getting back from Uruguay. That and I coughed on his daughter while I was babysitting at his house. Oh, and I ran over his son as I was leaving that night.

## Revisionist History

Historians are constantly changing history. They add nuance to what we know about the past by amending things previously written, by completely refuting some old notions, or by expanding our understanding of days gone by with a more detailed description of everyday life. New sources of information are being evaluated to expand this last area, things like everyday items from times past. Everyday items can tell us a lot about life in the past, or at least that is what my history professor keeps telling me. So with that in mind I decided to take three items from the past and see what they could tell me. Below are the transcripts of the three interviews that I conducted.

### **Interview with an 1870's Branding Iron from Texas**

Me: So, what was life like in the Old West?

Iron: [says nothing]

Me: I said what was life like in the Old West?

Iron: [remains silent.]

Me: Don't make me get ugly with you.

Iron: [no response]

Me: I did not want it to come to this. But you leave me no choice except to make you talk. [I put Branding Iron into a pile of hot coals.]

Iron: [gets red hot]

Me: I can tell by your intense red color that you really want to talk... No? Fine then, I give up.

### **Interview with a 17<sup>th</sup> Century Colonial Tea Kettle**

Me: So, what can you teach us about 17<sup>th</sup> century colonial life?

Kettle: [just sits there]

Me: Well, are you going to say something?

Kettle: [does not move or make a sound]

Me: I guess I am going to have to make you talk to? [I put the Tea Kettle on an extremely hot stovetop.]

Kettle: [at first nothing happens, then the water begins to boil and the kettle whistles]

Me: So you're screaming for me to stop, eh? Well, I'll stop if you tell me something! ... O.k. I'll take you off the stove now. [I take the Kettle off the stove and pour some hot water into a mug with instant cocoa mix.]

**Interview with a Diary written by a Housewife on the Great Plains in the 1910's.**

Me: Can you tell us anything about what life was like for a housewife on the Great Plains in the 1910's?

Diary: [lies motionless on the table]

Me: Come on, you seem like you should have something to say!

Diary: [still on table]

Me: If that's the way you're going to be, I guess I'll have to get rough with you. [I put the diary into an open fire.]

Diary: [bursts into flames in the midst of the fire]

At first I was excited to turn in these interviews to my history professor because I thought she would be proud of my effort to become an historian. But she rebuked my methodology and gave me a D-. She said, "You will never know how bad I want to fail you right now. But what I want more than anything is to never have you in my class or ever see you again." Those words were pretty harsh, which hurt. But they still were not as bad as the \$500,000 fine I got in the mail from the rare books library and the lifetime ban that I got from all of the Smithsonian Museums in the country.

October 21, 2025

To all registered human voters,

When I think back to my childhood in the early 1990's I remember how scared I was by the nuclear holocaust scenario portrayed in the *Terminator* movies. But on August 29, 1997 when Judgement Day came and went, it was not as scary as you would expect the death of 3 billion people to be. At first Skynet's domination of the human race took some getting used to, and there were definitely feelings of resentment toward Miles Dyson. But now almost thirty years later we are well adjusted. My opponents say that the new generations of computers are void of all human emotion. But let me point out that my opponents are overlooking the keen sense of humor that these machines have acquired. The console that monitors my house, for example, has over 4,000 jokes in its database. Let me tell you one.

"Knock, Knock."

"Who's there?"

"Domineering computer."

"Domineering computer who?"

"Domineering computer who subjugated the human race."

The reason that I bring this up is because my opponent, John Connor, thinks that our cyber overlords need to be destroyed. His plan, while well intentioned enough, has not been completely thought through. Allow me put forth my major objections to his plan.

1). If there is anything that history and the movies should have taught us by now is that violence is not the answer. Armed conflict got us into our current predicament.

2). Skynet represents a man's life work. Destroying someone's legacy is not something that should be taken lightly. And even if his legacy is responsible for the oppression of all of humanity, it does not diminish Miles Dyson's level of genius.

3). One thing that we should have learned from *Terminator* and *Terminator II:*

*Judgement Day* is that these machines are going to keep making more Terminators until one of two things happen, either the human rebellion is quelled or people lose interest in the sequels.

Now, let me tell you a little bit about what I will do if elected to the position of Human Liaison to the Digital Overlords of Skynet. I advocate the use of language in our battle. Computer programming language created this cybernetic consciousness; maybe we can undo it with similar, but inverse language. Also, I think we need to do away with the whole time travel business. It just makes for more confusing, non-linear time lines.

I hope that you choose to vote for me on November 6, (even though if you have seen the *Terminator* Movies like I have you will know that my opponent will win this election, and will in the year 2029, achieve his campaign promise of destroying Skynet.)

Sincerely,

John H. Crabtree

Paid for by the Committee to Elect John H. Crabtree

## Honors English

After a rough first week in sophomore honors English, I began to doubt my high school guidance counselor's decision to place me in the class. I think that it wasn't so much because I did not feel smart enough. It probably had more to do with the fact that I had just emigrated from Honduras and did not speak English.

But somehow my counselor and my teacher convinced me to stick it out. By the middle of the semester I was feeling more confident about my English skills. Still, I was by no means perfect in my English, a fact that my teacher did not let go unnoticed. We frequently had debates about the grammatical correctness of my use of words like "funnest" and "more funner." These debates always ended in my humiliation.

Following the second midterm I was completely fed-up. After making some minor grammatical error, the teacher was about to correct me. I pre-empted him, informing him of the ludicrousness of his efforts. Then, another debate ensued.

"I am sorry Mr. Tegucigalpa, but ludicrousness is not a word," Mr. Ambrosite said to me arrogantly.

I was almost speechless, but soon managed to muster a response. "*You're* not a word, Mr. Ambrosite!"

That phrase hung in the air as the whole class sat in silence, looking at me in what was the most awkward moment of my life. After what seemed an eternity, Mr. Ambrosite conceded my point. "Well, I guess I can't argue with that logic."

It was my first victory in a debate with Mr. Ambrosite. Unfortunately I was not able to savor it for long. The next day I was deported, when Mr. Ambrosite turned me in for being an illegal alien.

**Double Your Wealth in a Week, Inc.**  
187 Undercovercop St.  
Chattanooga, TN

December 12, 2002

Dear Subscriber,

Another week has gone by, which means it is time for a new edition of the weekly newsletter "Double Your Wealth in a Week." If you have been a subscriber since we started this publication, then you should be up to about \$20,000 by now, assuming that you have followed my advice. Additionally, this assumes that you have not spent any of the money. (But I believe that all of you who read my legal disclaimer are covered [remember the part "don't quit your day job"].)

For those of you who are new subscribers, I suggest one of two things. Either read up on my monthly supplement "So, Your New to the 'DYWW' Program and You Want to Catch Up!?!" or alternately you can convince someone to loan you \$45,000, double that money, pay the \$45,000 back to the loan shark plus \$5,000 interest and pocket \$40,000 with the comfortable knowledge that you are caught up to the rest of the DYWW faithful. (See legal disclaimer.)

Anyway, let me get on to the discussion of this week's lesson. To begin, you should gather the following materials:

- \$20,000 cash
- 2 large tubs of water
- 2 large blocks of dry ice
- Gorilla Masks
- Laxatives (the stronger the better)
- A Few Good Friends (but not your best friends)

Next, what you do is go to the grocery store with your cash and purchase a money order for \$20,000. After you have your money order in hand, go quickly to cash it at the nearest liquor store (assuming there is one large enough in your town). If this does not work, try the bank next.

Now, while you are out trying to cash it in, get your friends to put on the Gorilla masks and wheel in the tubs of water in some shopping carts. When they get near the door to the store, they should drop the dry ice into the tubs of water, thus creating a misty cover. Tell your friends to park the carts below the nearest security camera and proceed

to rob the customer service booth. Finally, they should flee through the smoke screen. I suggest that you and your friends refer to this as “Operation: Gorillas in the Mist,” especially if you are half the fan of Sigourney Weaver that I am, (she is so hot in *Galaxy Quest!*)

After your friends get the cash, they might try to pull some crap about dividing the money equally or something. I suggest having a contingency plan. Maybe you could meet up with them afterward to have a few drinks while you split the money. Slip some powerful laxatives into their drinks. Wait for the laxatives to kick in, then when they head for the toilet, take the money and skip town.

If the idea of having to move towns does not appeal to you, then let me suggest another plan. Tell your friends that you will take the money and hold on to it until the heat dies down. On the day appointed for dividing up the money, apologetically tell your friends that you feel really bad because you lost the money. Expect your friends to be a little upset about this, and offer to take them out for drinks to make it up to them. While their heads are turned, slip laxatives into their drinks. Then they will head for the bathroom and sit down on the john, only to die from the deadly bite of the poisonous Bolivian toilet snakes you had waiting for them in the bathroom.

In closing, I would like to wish you the best of luck in your relentless quest to double your wealth each week. Don’t ever give up, because in only six more weeks you will be up over \$1 million, which will enable you to make all the money you will ever need by purchasing my patented counterfeiting equipment for the affordable price of \$1.2 million (plus shipping and handling.)

Best Wishes,

John H. Cabtree  
CEO Double Your Wealth in a Week, Inc. (A subsidiary of J.R. Calhoon Counterfeiting Presses, Int.)

Legal disclaimer: All of the suggestions in this newsletter are intended for convicted felons only. DYWW reminds all readers that following activities are not legal- loan-sharking, fraud, stealing, robbery, murder and counterfeiting. Also, do not quit your day job. Night job? Do you like it? Not really? Ok, you can quit your night job.

## **My Post-College Experience**

Senior year of college is a stressful time for a lot of people. I admit that it was a little stressful for me too. But having the right attitude helps. When people asked me about my plans after graduation I would usually tell them “I guess I will probably get a job, or maybe not. I like to keep my options open, since it is early.”

A little ways into my senior year I had some idea of my plans. My top choice was to work in consulting. If that did not work out, my second option was to tie bricks to my ankles and jump off a bridge. And if that did not work out, my last option was to go home and live with my parents for a while and then apply to grad school.

My experience taught me that the key is to not get too stressed about the future and just go with things. I mean, my first choice did not end up working out for me, and look at me now. I am perfectly happy with my life as a corpse anchored to the bottom of Boston Harbor.

## **The School of Hard Knocks**

My dad likes to tell people that he "graduated from the School of Hard Knocks." I guess he's proud of it, almost like it makes him tougher than a lot of white-collar types. I myself thought that I wanted to be a college boy when I was about 12 or so. But eventually when it came time for applying to schools I just applied to two. I only got accepted at one: the Institute for Soft Taps. It was really hard for me emotionally, getting rejected from my dad's alma mater, especially since all my older brothers had also graduated from the School of Hard Knox, in

Knoxville, TN.

After my college graduation I was not sure what to do for a job. I did not quite think that I would fit in with the family business, Knock-'em-Down Demolition Company, since my schooling had not really prepared me for that the way that my dad and brothers had been prepared at SHK. So I decided that I would take my IST diploma along with some good old fashion ingenuity and become an entrepreneur. After a lot of thinking, I found a line of work for which Soft Taps had perfectly prepared me. I started a baby burping service.

### **SWF**

On Sunday, I was flipping through the newspaper and I was surprised when I stumbled across an ad in the personal section submitted by my boss. It read:

SWF seeks experienced partner. Age and gender not important. Good communication skills, excellent typing skills and impeccable penmanship are a must. Contact Julie Feints 755-555-5555.

At the time I thought it was a very strange ad, but I kinda' forgot about it until I got to work on Monday. I ran into my boss in the break room. Unexpectedly she mentioned her ad and how she was getting all these strange calls in response to it.

After a few minutes, I figured out the source of confusion. She meant to submit it to the personnel ads. Turns out she was not seeking a love interest at all. She was just looking to hire another partner to help expand our Small Word-processing Firm, (Key) Strokes of Genius.

Dear Mr. Crabtree,

We appreciate your interest in making a motion picture with our studio, and we would like to thank you for your letter, unsolicited as it was. While it is evident that you have no experience in the field of film making, it is also quite evident that your creativity knows very few limits. For the most part this a good thing, but one of the limits that we like our filmmakers' creativity to know is that of a budget constraint.

Having said that, allow me to go one step further by saying that your proposed budget is not feasible, for two main reasons. The first is that I am not sure that “ \$5 bazillion” is even an actual amount, and second, even if it somehow turned out to be a real figure the potential earnings of your proposed project “Prettier Woman” would not justify it. Our staff has done market research into the potential veiwership of the film and have extrapolated a budget in line with projected earnings. This budget is a more realistic \$2 million.

While we completely respect your artistic license (even though the expiration date has long since past and it was issued in India) we have taken it upon ourselves to give you a few suggestion of cost saving measure that will help you to align your expenditures with your new budget. We suggest that you make the following substitutions:

Trade the:

For the:

Hooker with a Heart of Gold

Stripper with a Heart of Silver

Middle Aged Venture Capitalist

Retired Steel Worker w/ Solid Pension Plan

Additionally we suggest that you change the shooting location with cost in mind.

Rather than shooting your picture on location in L.A., Paris, and Sydney Australia, we

suggest that you restrict all on location shooting to a single location– Libby, Montana. Also, while we are aware of the box office draw of having stars Nicole Kidman and Tom Cruise (playing the lead roles, but this time 15 years older) and Penolope Cruz (playing the younger, more attractive woman who steals the husband and breaks up the marriage) industry consultants, as well as agents representing the stars, have advised against casting them in these roles. We advise you to seek some unknown stars for the roles, and if possible ones who have not been involved in divorce proceedings.

While these changes may require you to adjust other parts of the story line, we are confident in your ability to skillfully make the needed changes. We expect a reply to our conditions within the next two. We anticipate your willingness to accommodate our requests.

Sincerely,

The Touchstone Pictures Executive Board

## **My First Rap Video**

I know it is silly of me to even ask if this has happened to you, because I am sure that it has. But don't you hate it when you're sitting around with your friends talking about the rap video you would like to make and just when you get your program all situated and you're about to start production, then and only then, you come to find something out that completely prevents your project from going forward? Like finding out that your whole video concept was already done by Run DMC way back in 1985?

That's basically what happened with me and my friends when we tried to make our first rap video. We had this dope idea for a fly video. Our plan was to go out on the ocean and shoot a video on a yacht. We wanted to have all these hotties in bikinis in the Jacuzzi. The second part of the video involved cruising around town in our phat ride.

With these plans in our heads we set out to get the hardware. First we rented a yacht. We got a really, really good deal. We pre-paid a non-refundable two-day rental on a 325-foot yacht at \$4,000 a day. That made us pretty happy. But when we went to look for a Cadillac Escalade to rent for the second part of our rap video we ended up getting really frustrated. We could not find a Cadillac Escalade anywhere. Initially we could not understand why there weren't any to be found. That was until we remembered that it was 1932 and that SUV's had not even been invented yet. The pain resulting from the loss of all that money we put into the yacht was compounded by the fact that we were in the middle of the Great Depression.

There was nothing else to do except sit around and talk. So we found some tomato crates and sat around talking. Over the course of our conversation I realized how hasty our decision to shoot a rap video had been, given all the things needed to shoot a

rap video that had not even been invented yet. Here is a list of the big ones: Bikinis (not invented 'til 1946), Jacuzzis (not invented 'til 1968), MTV (invented on August 1,1981). Oh, I guess I almost forgot a couple more: music videos and rap music. So, needless to say, our group split up for a while.

Last year we all got back together again though. The location of our reunion was the Rowdy Yachter's Retirement Home in Boca Raton, FL. We had to wait for Jimmy, whose family tried to care for him at home before they finally put him in here with the rest of us. Unfortunately, we perform most of our concerts for people who are too old to appreciate our music.

### **My New Invention**

How much time have you wasted in your life deliberating over two choices that are unimportant and impossible to predict? Decisions like, "on which team in the Super Bowl should I bet the \$10,000 from my kids college fund?" Does it seem like so much work even to guess? Well, if this sounds familiar, then my new invention will change your life. It is designed to take all the guesswork out of your guesses. All you have to do is shake the "Magic Seven" ball and a completely random answer will appear to provide you with a guess. Hurry before supplies run out, and before the ruling is handed down by the judge in the patent infringement lawsuit case brought against me by the makers of the "Magic Eight" ball.

## **A Written Transcript**

The following is a transcript of a tape obtained by ABC News. It is a recording of a conversation between an ABC News producer and John H. Crabtree that took place on February 3, 2003. Our producer decided to investigate complaints about Mr. Crabtree's Imagination Enhancement Studio (IES) course. The producer enrolled in the IES course and wore a wire to his first session.

**Producer:** Hi, I am here for my imagination enhancement session.

**Crabtree:** Yes, welcome! How are you?

**Producer:** Good thanks!

**Crabtree:** Do you have any questions for me before we begin?

**Producer:** How long does the full course take, I mean how many sessions?

And what percentage of people who start your course go on to finish it?

**Crabtree:** Well, the full course, what we call the "certificate program" takes about 18 months of bi-weekly visits. To tell you the truth, very few people complete the whole program. We have a high attrition rate after the first lesson. Actually, our philosophy here is that creativity is something of a rare gift. Only those who have this gift should enroll in our certificate program. So, we use the first session to weed out those who should not continue with us. I hope that answers your question. Do you have any other questions?

**Producer:** No, I guess I'm ready to start.

**Crabtree:** Excellent, why don't you sit down. In order for you to achieve maximum relaxation, take everything out of your pockets and set them here on this table.

This way you can fully recline in this chair and it can contour to your body... Oh... and would this lovely lady be your wife?

**Producer:** Oh, sorry, how rude of me! This is my girlfriend Tanya.

**Crabtree:** Hello, madam! There is a chair for you here right next to me...

Now, Mr. Myers, I will ask you to lie back in your chair and close your eyes. The most important thing in this exercise it for you to remain focused. Do not allow anything to distract you. Ok, good. Now I am going to give you some basic scenarios. What I want you to do is use your imagination to picture every detail of the scenario in your mind. Do not stop imagining the scenario, until I tell you to. Ready?

**Producer:** Yeah, I'm ready.

**Crabtree:** Now I want you to picture a bird flying through the air above the jungle canopy. Now picture it landing on a branch. The bird begins to sing. Another bird flies up and lands next to it. The two birds begin to fight, pecking violently at one another. Ok, hold that thought. How are you doing so far? Describe to me what the birds and the jungle look like?

**Producer:** Yeah, I can picture it all, the jungle is green, very lush. The trees are very tall. The birds are at the very tops of the trees. They have black bodies, with long colorful beaks. They look like toucans, except that their beaks are sharper and more adept at slashing in a fight. Some feathers are flying up and filling the air.

**Crabtree:** Good. You are doing very well. Now let's continue. Imagine one more bird flies up and lands. When he lands all three of them turn into vultures. They all take off and fly away together. Before long they have left the jungle and are now flying

over a very desolate and barren desert. They see a dying musk ox and begin to circle over head. Soon the beast collapses and they all descend to feed on the corpse.

**Producer:** I can see the vivid crimson color of the flesh as it is torn from the carcass and catches the glare from the blazing hot desert sun.

**Crabtree:** You are progressing quite rapidly. I think we are ready for the next phase. So, you can stop imagining the birds now... Let me warn you, this coming step is a little more difficult. The next phase requires that you visualize what I describe to you, but this time your eyes will be open. Most people don't make it past this part. In order to succeed in this exercise you will have to completely ignore the reality of the situation immediately around you. And remember that it is extremely important that you keep imagining what I describe to you until I tell you to stop. Before you open your eyes, do you feel ready to do this?

**Producer:** Yes, I am ready. Let's begin.

**Crabtree:** Ok, in a second I am going to tell you to open your eyes. Before that let me repeat one more time that you need to focus on imagining what I am describing to you and don't stop 'til I say so... Ok. Open your eyes and let's begin. Now first thing, I want you to imagine that you are not in an office, but that you are in much calmer place. Also, imagine that the wallet on the table is not yours, that in fact it is mine and always has been. Ok, now imagine that the keys next to the wallet go to a car that you used to own, but that you gave to me... Now this girl, imagine that she is my wife, not your girlfriend. How is it going so far? How do you feel? Any hostility?

**Producer:** I feel calm. Everything is going very well. No problems.

**Crabtree:** I can see that you have an exceptional imagination. I am really quite impressed. I think you are an excellent candidate for the certificate program. So, I will see you again Tuesday of next week at the same time?

**Producer:** Ok. I will see you next week. Oh, before I go, can I stop imagining the last scenario now?

**Crabtree:** No, remember I said for you to not stop imagining it until I tell you to. Now my secretary will give you bus fare on your way out so that you can get home.

**Producer:** What? Huh?... Well, ok, I guess. See you next week.

**Crabtree:** Oh, and one last thing. When you come next week, make sure to bring you bank account information to enable a wire transfer.

[Sound of door opening and closing. 20 seconds of silence]

**Crabtree:** Tanya, your ex-boyfriend has a very good imagination. Most guys flip out at the end of the first session and either storm out and never come back, or totally pulverize me and trash the place on the way out. I commend you on your taste. Now would you be a doll and pull my new jaguar around, sweetie? Oh, and be sure to think about what you will be fixing us for dinner, 'cause this line of work gives me a huge appetite.

Interpersonal Relationships: The Self and the Other Framed within/outside the  
Context of the Family / Nicely Framed Family Picture

*I mean, really, just because you don't like a guy, and even though he may have made a comment about your sister once or twice, or regardless of the fact that he stole your lunch in grade school, that is still no reason to hit a guy who you are facing off against in a boxing match.*

*Have you ever noticed that children are almost universally scared of monsters? The notable exception being when the monsters come in truck form, and then, for some car-crushing reason, the kids love them*

## **Adoption Papers**

After my wife and I had been married for a few years we found out that we were unable to have children. In this situation it is hard to place blame. Was it my fault, or was it hers? Maybe it was both our fault, since we are both women and lack the ability to produce sperm.

To make a long story short, we decided to adopt. The agency that we went through was the Florida State Highway commission. We adopted a nice little two-mile stretch of two-lane freeway.

We were proud to see our little two-laner grow up into what it is today, one of the highest volume four-lane stretches of interstate in the nation. One of our proudest moments was when our little highway went through the local high school, thanks to expansion efforts that necessitated a change in its route. After that we had hoped that our little highway would go on to college. Naturally we were a little disappointed when our special roadway did not get accepted at any of the Ivies.

At times it has been tough, but through it all we have tried to be as supportive as two people could be of a piece of civil engineering. But, try as we may, we could never be as supportive of it as all those giant concrete foundations. In the end, I guess the only thing that really matters is that we tried our hardest to be good parents.

## Insomnia

Late one night my three-year-old came into my bedroom and woke up my wife and I. She said, "Mommy, Daddy, I can't sleep."

"What is it, honey? Did you have a bad dream about monsters, or monster trucks?" my wife asked.

"No."

"Is the boogie-man boogying down under your bed again?" I inquired.

"No."

"Well what is it then sweetie?"

"I forgot how to sleep."

"Oh! Well, honey if you try hard I'm sure you can remember. Sleeping is like riding a bike, it is something that you never forget." I told her.

My three-year old nodded in understanding and headed back to her room. Upon returning to her room to try to sleep again she sought, in her own three-year-old way, to apply the advice that I had given her. She tried to get to sleep by doing the same thing on her bed as she would do on her bike-- falling off. So as she was falling off the bed she screamed loudly.

Upon hearing her scream I rushed down the hall to her room. I flung the door open and flipped on the lights. What I saw was I bit surprising. It seems that the fall from her ridiculously high bunk bed was broken when the boogie-man caught her in his arms. I always thought that the boogie-man was a mythical, nocturnal monster. Turns out that he is just a friendly creature who suffers from insomnia. He dances under little children's beds to pass the sleepless, boogie nights in Seattle. I also was unaware of this, but apparently his life story has inspired a couple of major motion pictures. Who knew?

## Teenage Vices

Teenage problems like underage drinking and teen pregnancy get a lot of attention in the media these days. But there is something more insidious out there that the media, who are secretly in the pockets of Vegas casino owners (ever wonder why their point of view seemed so obstructed?), doesn't want you to know about-- Teenage Gambling Addictions.

Sure, it all starts out harmless enough. "Hey, I'll bet you can't hit a passing car by dropping a giant rock from this here highway overpass!" Then the next thing you know, your kid is calculating the point spread for all the big games: pro, college, and on down to the junior high. Pretty soon your boy and his friends are forming betting pools on things like "how much do you think we can owe the bookie before he sends somebody to break our thumbs?"

Next thing you know, little Timmy is walking off with all your valuables to pay for his gambling debts. Then it really comes crashing home; it only took Timmy one and a half days to get all the valuables, which as painful as it is, is less painful than the other point it highlights-- your family was really poor to begin with.

The one consolation in all this though, is the fact that teenage gambling addictions are a phase that most kids grow out of. Coincidentally, most teenagers grow out of this phase at the same time-- when they turn twenty, since at that point they are by definition no longer teenagers anyway.

## **My Ex-Girlfriend**

When My Ex-girlfriend and I broke a couple months ago we each knew that it was the best thing for both of us. Don't get me wrong, I still think so now, but I just miss some of the things her and I used to do together. Probably my favorite was the way we always had these little bets. Better yet, was the fact that I won all the bets. Actually, I guess we really only had one bet, but it was a pretty big one. I bet my girlfriend \$10,000 that she would break up with me before I broke up with her.

I won the bet by placing a birthday card along with some fecal matter on the hood of my girlfriend's car. When I told my best friend about it, he said that I had gone too far, especially since it was my own fecal matter.

I don't care if you also think I went too far. But if you really want to tell it to someone, you're welcome to tell it to the Philippine mail-order bride I bought with the \$10,000. She doesn't understand English anyway.

## **Abstinence**

I am a firm believer in waiting to have sex until after marriage. My fiancée and I have been dating for several years now and we are getting married later this afternoon. And I have to say I am really glad we chose to wait.

We have had some special times together. Looking back it seems silly to think that when I first met my girlfriend I was sort of afraid to ask her out. I was scared that she might bite my head off or something. But on second thought I don't think that my fears were totally unjustified, since we both are praying mantises.

All my other friends from High School decided not to wait. Sure, they may not have died virgins, but they did die without ever being married. I am glad that I am not repeating their mistakes. At least I will leave a wife behind to mourn my death.

### **My Wife**

My wife is a woman of substance. She is so knowledgeable, resourceful, and kind. She cares so much for me and for our children and it shows in the things she does for us. For example, my wife is an excellent cook. She can fix me anything that I ask her.

Recently I discovered that I love things that are battered-- battered catfish, battered shrimp, battered clams. I guess that I went a little too far when I decided to see how I liked having a battered wife. I now realize that it was horrible for me to become a spousal abuser, especially given the fact that my wife *is* such a woman of substance, since that also makes me a substance abuser.

Date: Sat, 9 Oct 2009 13:40:39 (EST)  
From: Steve Jonesey  
<stjonesey@yahoo.com>  
To: Amber Olanda  
<olanda306@hotmail.com>  
Subject: CURE FOR HERPES FOUND

Amber,  
How are you? It's been a while hasn't  
it?

Well, I hope that I did not get your  
hopes up too high with the title of  
this e-mail. Because they haven't  
really found a cure for Herpes at all.  
I am sorry for lying, but I had to do  
something to get you to actually read  
this e-mail instead of just trashing it  
right away like all the other messages  
that I send you.

Look, I feel really bad about all that  
has happened. I wish there were  
something that I could do. But I guess  
all I can do is just say that I am  
sorry about everything that has  
happened, especially about giving your  
herpes.

I need you back baby. I am lost  
without you! Please take me back.

-Steve

P.S. If you take me back, things will  
be different. I promise I will be more  
careful where I stick my genitals in  
the future.

## **My Family Vacation**

For Christmas our whole family decided to take a vacation to Hawaii. My wife and kids came, along with brothers and nieces and nephews. Our flight to Hawaii was pretty long. Generally I like to avoid using airplane restrooms whenever possible, but due to the length of the flight it became unavoidable.

While I was in the restroom we must have hit some rough air, because the plane started to shake a little. I ended up peeing all over myself. It seems like nearly every time I use an airplane restroom that happens to me. It is almost as if the pilot knew it was me in the bathroom and was intentionally making the plane shake.

My grandpa used to do the same thing to me when I was a kid. On trips in his motor home whenever I went to the bathroom he would start swerving all over the place. Actually, maybe it was my grandpa who gave the idea to the pilot (my brother). I mean it is nice of my brother to fly the whole family to our vacations all the time in his private jet, especially since I could not afford to go otherwise, but that does not give him the right to play humiliating jokes like that on me.

## **My Uncle Rod**

My uncle's funeral was yesterday. The eulogy was interesting. It was entitled "Rod Dominica: A very Punny Man." The eulogizer told stories about times in Uncle Rod's life that he brought smiles to the faces of those around him by his masterful use of puns. It really got me thinking.

I was reminded of when my Uncle first got a cellular telephone. He said, "Look at my new phone. It gets *ex-cell*-ent reception. I will give you the number if you promise not to *cell* it to phone-solicitors. If that makes me *cell*-fish for not giving my number out, then so be it." Now that I think about it, he was pretty annoying when he did that.

I can't really blame my Aunt for snapping. I mean who wouldn't crack after years of those terrible puns? And once you factor in Uncle Rod's years of raging alcoholism and unspeakable abuse toward my aunt it seems inevitable that she would one day lash out and kill him.

### **One Fall Afternoon in the Suburbs...**

"Stop throwing the ball like a girl."

"Dad, it's hard to throw the ball with all these big pads and helmet on."

"Making excuses is not going to change the fact that you throw like a girl. Now, why don't you practice throwing the ball fifty more times?"

"But dad, it is almost dark and I'm really tired. Plus my hands are getting cold and numb!"

"With an attitude like that how do you ever expect to become a star NFL quarterback?"

"Are you forgetting, dad? I don't expect to ever become a star quarterback. You're the one who expects me to play football. I just want to become a salon hair-stylist."

"That's it! I've had enough. Go inside and go to your room, Jenny." [Father muttles under his breathe to himself "why couldn't I have had a son?"]

## Near-Sightedness

I wasn't born with 20/20 vision. Instead I was born near-sighted. Nowadays that kind of thing is no problem, what with the advent of eyeglasses and all. But they did not yet know about eyeglasses when I was born in Egypt way back in 2050 BC.

For me, near-sightedness was a curse. I could not see things far away. That alone would not have been such a big deal, but I was so fast that I got really close to things before I saw them, and then it was too late. It was really embarrassing for me to keep tripping over the Pyramids. One day the most embarrassing thing happened when I was on my way to school and I took a short cut. I ended up tripping over the outstretched paw of the sphinx. All of my classmates teased me about that for a long time.

My parents were really understanding and patient with me though. To help they taught me to walk with one hand out ahead of my face to stop me from hitting my head on things. They also taught me to walk with my other hand outstretched behind my rear end to keep other nearsighted speed walkers from bumping into me. This safe walking method was widely used in Ancient Egypt. In fact, near-sightedness was such a big problem (mostly due to all the inbreeding) in ancient Egypt that the Pharaoh commissioned etchings in all public buildings depicting people using the safe walking technique to increase awareness. I don't think most people today know that is the origin of the hieroglyphs and "walking like an Egyptian."

Yeah, what bugged me most was I kept hearing people use the phrase "hind-sight is 20/20." I wondered why couldn't I have been born hind-sighted instead of near sighted. That way I could have seen everything perfectly fine. I just would have to walk around backwards all the time.

## Silly Superstition

I think that people used to be more superstitious than they are today. For example, when they built tall buildings in the olden days, and they went to number the floors they used to skip the thirteenth. The building where I grew up was built in the early 1900's and it has no thirteenth floor. I think the lack of a thirteenth floor is due, in large part, to the crazy superstitious ways of those days. My neighbor, who is really old and was a boy back when it was built, says he thinks it has more to do with the fact that the building where I grew up is a two-story farmhouse.

Whatever the reason, I think it is shameful that my parents' home not have a thirteenth floor. For that reason I have decided to do my part to reverse the effects of superstition and get a thirteenth floor in their house. However, to complicate matters, I don't really have a huge budget to work with since I only make \$8.75 an hour at my college work-study job. In looking for a solution, I was inspired by something that came out of France. (Finally France is contributing something useful to the world!)

Anyway, I learned in high school that in France people call the first story of a building the ground floor and they call the second story the first floor. That got me thinking. What I decided to do is renumber the floors in my parents' home. The first story is now called the ground floor. And the second story is now the thirteenth floor. Now my parents' home can have a thirteenth floor, but my parents only have to walk up one flight of stairs. Plus, they get to brag that their home is the only building in the county with a thirteenth floor.

Self-Help: The Search to Define the essence of "Self"  
and the essence of "Help!" the Beatles Song

*When doing a half-ass job is not cutting it, I suggest increasing the intensity level to around three-quarter of an ass.*

*Don't put off for tomorrow what you can do today, like taking the roast out of the oven.*

*What kind of milk do you like on your cereal? Skim? 1%? 2%?*

*Personally I prefer 3% milk. Unfortunately, very few stores carry it. So I have devised my own way to get it. I just buy 1% and 2% milk and add them together.*

## **True Story about Puppies and Alcoholic Kitties**

The first time you read this you might think that the title is misleading. Allow me to clarify. By "true" I mean non-fiction. And even though I say "story" what I really mean is five-paragraph essay. Now that we have that cleared up let us move on to the essay.

This essay will argue that puppies make better pets than Alcoholic Kitties.

First, puppies from quite a few of the most popular breeds of dog have a lower percent alcohol by volume than Alcoholic Kitties (75% alcohol by volume). Some examples are wiener (50%), watch (47%), guard (18.3%), and hot (66%).

Second, Alcoholic kitties smell like alcohol a good deal of the time. Puppies always smell like puppies, unless you spill your beer on them (in which case they smell like armadillos).

Third, Puppies have feelings. Alcoholic Kitties have feline alcohol syndrome.

Fourth, the word "puppies" sounds a lot closer to the word "herpes" than do the words "alcoholic kitties." This may not seem important, but let me demonstrate. Let's say your fundamentalist grandmother, who does not know that you are gay, overhears you tell someone "My gay lover gave me herpes." When she asks you if she just heard what she thinks she just heard, you can tell her, "No, Grandma, I said puppies. My gay lover gave me puppies." Whew! That was a close one.

In conclusion, besides showing four very specific ways that puppies are better than alcoholic kitties, I have also shown that this story was, in fact, not a five-paragraph essay.

## **Go Green!!!!!!!**

By Cameron Hatch

In today's society, some look upon athletics as a drain on our scarce resources. Detractors of sports argue that they tie up valuable land, time and money in activities that are extraneous and frivolous. Pro athletes demand huge salaries while giving very little back to society. Well, I have suggestion on how athletics can make a meaningful positive contribution to our society-- by promoting Green living.

Green living has emerged as an environmentally responsible choice in a world with shrinking natural resources. This is an area where sports should participate. Here are a few areas where athletes and sports can get involved in being Green.

### Team names

This is just one more way that sports can be more Green. Here is a list of athletic teams that promote the Green.

1. Oakland Athletics- (green uniform)
2. Green Bay Packers
3. Bowling Green University
4. Dartmouth College Big Green
5. Tampa Bay Buccaneers. I know what you are thinking; "These guys promote piracy way more than they promote the Green." But actually pirates are well known for their recycling habits, with women that is.

### Golf

At first I thought to myself, "how could golf get any greener?" After thinking about it for a while longer, I concluded the following.

1. Golf balls often get lost when people slice, hook, or over hit balls. They pollute

streams and empty fields. Biodegradable golf balls would solve this problem.

2. On occasion, golfers with anger management issues have been known to hit stuff with their clubs and in the process bend them. They then let loose and huck the contorted clubs into the bushes, again causing pollution and ruining squirrel habitat. Edible/biodegradable clubs would provide a source of food for the squirrel, as well as keep habitat free from pollution.
3. Remove the 18 greens per course cap imposed on Golf Course by the PGA. Increasing density of greens per course (GPC) will definitely make the sport and the world more Green.

### Football

To many, football has such a bad boy image. To help players show a little more of their sensitive/socially responsible sides here are a few possible changes.

1. All the harsh chemical pesticides and fertilizers used these days to grow pigs are taking their toll on the environment. By demanding that owners switch to organic pigs to make pigskins, the NFL players union can do its part to reverse environmental degradation.
2. Football players are well known for their "trash talking." Think of the difference that league officials could make in promoting a green lifestyle by replacing all the "trash talking" with "recycle talking."

Now, I know that Sport-O's everywhere are probably going to gripe that my suggestions are too hard. But let me close by quoting Kermit the Frog. "It's not easy being green. So shut your sissy mouths before I have to slap you like Miss Piggy!"

## Eating Disorders

Most people are not such big fans, but I like eating *disorders*.

The people at [www.dictionary.com](http://www.dictionary.com) define the word disorder as:

- 1). A lack of order or regular arrangement; confusion.
- 2). A breach of civic order or peace; a public disturbance.
- 3). An ailment that affects the function of mind or body: *eating disorders and substance abuse*.

All these "definitions" are nice, but as we all know the Internet is full of filthy lies. So rather than using any of these *crazy* meanings we will use the definition that I came up with for the word *disorder*. *Disorder*: An order of food that is not served to a paying customer due to one of the following: 1). a waiting staff error or 2). a customer changing their mind and refusing to accept the food.

Now some people have a problem with eating them because they say that these *disorders* are trash. But I say that just because the restaurant throws them out in the garbage does not mean that they are trash. But for those who have problems eating *disorders* that have been in close proximity to rubbish, there is another way.

Here is a good way to get a *disorder* that has not passed through the hands of waste management. When you sit down at the restaurant ask for a big bacon omelet. Then when the waitress brings you the omelet refuse to pay for it. Say it is obvious that you did not order it. Get angry and ask the waitress "why would a Jew order a *bacon* omelet." After that she will apologize and offer to take it away. Now this is the tricky part, *don't let her take it away!* Tell her, "that's o.k. You can just leave it here. Could you wrap this up for me?" When she gives you a dirty look say, "What? I want to take it

home for my dog." After she shoots you the second dirty look, elaborate, "What? Just because I'm Jewish it does *not* mean that my dog is! You are *so* closed minded!"

After she wraps it up for you, proceed quickly to the door. Let you wife drive so you can eat the omelet on the way home. Don't start eating it 'til you're around the first turn so waitress won't see you. Make sure to savor your free *disorder* now, because tomorrow you have to go see your rabbi and learn how to be ritualistic cleansed for eating something that is not kosher.

Yeah, eating *disorders*-- pretty rough.

### **Snooze without Losing**

One of the most annoying things in life is to hear people always saying, "You snooze, you lose." Like the time my friend dozed off in the NBA draft and missed his chance to sign with the Chicago Bulls, so they ended up picking someone else, I think his name was Jordan something. His agent told him unsympathetically, "You snooze, you lose!" He was pretty annoyed.

Or like the time I was on my first long haul after graduating from trucking school. Out on the open road I fell asleep behind the wheel of my big rig in this straightaway right before a curve in the freeway. Luckily there was an off-ramp that continued straight ahead just where the highway turned, so when I veered off the highway I was still on

some sort of road. Unluckily at the bottom of the off-ramp was a diner/truck stop, which I plowed right into. Luckily it had been closed down for a while, so there was no one there when I had the accident. Unluckily the guy in charge of closing it down forgot to turn off the natural gas supply, so the building exploded and destroyed my rig upon impact. Luckily, the explosion woke me up. Unluckily it also woke up the local cattle rancher who called the State Patrol.

When the State Patrolman arrived he soon learned what had happened to cause the accident and told me, “You snooze, you lose... your license that is!” Try as I might to be thick skinned, this comment got under my epidermis and penetrated deep, touching on a nerve, but not in the same fashion as the heat from the explosion, which penetrated my skin deeply causing much irritation and third degree burns.

All of this brings me to my point, wouldn't it be nice if there were some way to be able to snooze without losing? Well, during my long months of hospitalization and physical therapy the nurses and I came up with some pretty good solutions. Here they are in no particular order.

1. **Sleep studies-** Not only can you sleep as much as you want, but you get paid for it!
2. **Look-alike-** If there is one thing that we can learn from Saddam, it is the value of a good look-alike. While you are out dozing off in the hammock in the back yard, everyone will see your stand-in and think that you are hard at work, ruthlessly oppressing your subjects.

3. **Sleeping Contests-** This is good because the object of the game is snoozing, so “You snooze, you win!”
4. **Kindergarten-** By teaching kindergarten you can take advantage of “nap time” to get a little snoozing in for yourself while all the children are asleep. If you are not qualified to teach school, or if you are not an undercover police officer working on a case which requires you to pretend to be a kindergarten teacher, then just enroll yourself in kindergarten and enjoy “nap time” as a student. If they won’t accept you as a student don’t be afraid to resort to identity fraud to get in.

### **How to Grow a Beard**

The benefits of beards are almost innumerable. I mean, take the Bearded Lady, for instance. Her beard allows her to defy traditional, male-dominated assumptions about gender. If you want another example of the benefits of beards look no further than the father of our country, Abraham Lincoln. Before he grew his beard, he could not even win a simple gubernatorial election. After he grew his beard, he gained the power to not only become president and free the slaves, but to single handedly chop down all the cherry trees in the orchards where the slaves had been forced to work for centuries.

Since I can tell you are not much of a history buff like me, I will give some modern examples of the benefits associated with beards. Like, did you know that diplomats who have beards enjoy diplomatic immunity? Also, I bet you were not aware that beards, when sprinkled with inhalable immunization powder, can provide their owners with viral immunity.

If I needed to persuade you of the perks of beards I could go on for a long while, much like the longest beard in the world, but I can tell that you are already convinced so I will just get to the point. Here are some tips to get you started growing a good beard.

1. Avoid shaving. And by "shaving" I mean "getting swallowed by a bear." Growing a beard inside the belly of a bear is difficult due to the presence of bear stomach acids, which act as a lubricant for the razor sharp blades in the bear's stomach lining. These can greatly retard facial hair growth.
2. Rub a hamster on your chin. There is no scientific evidence that this helps in stimulating the growth of facial hair, but I have plenty of anecdotal evidence that suggests that it feels pretty good.
3. Avoid copyrighted nicknames for your facial hair, like Black Beard, Red Beard or The Rescue Rangers. This will ensure that the beard you worked so hard to grow is never taken from you in a lawsuit.
4. Be as masculine as possible, since most chicks can't grow facial hair to save their life. In a culture permeated by post-modern ideas I would not have to be bound by such monolithic societal constructions as gender. But since we don't live in such a society, let me add that you should avoid all foods containing high levels of estrogen.

## The Art of Op Ed

By Cameron Hatch

Now I am no fancy, big-city columnist (I consider myself more of a simple, small-town columnist), but if there is anything I have learned from my years of writing an editorial column for a big city newspaper, it is how to write a good Op Ed. O.k., you caught me, I am just a college student who has never written a column before this one. Nevertheless, in my own defense, I think I am pretty observant, so let me make a few observations about how to write successful columns.

First, use dismissive language when talking about the opposing point of view, or your adversary's opinion. For example, let's say your opponent favors a tax cut. Use a direct quote and then follow it with dismissive language. Here is a sample sentence illustrating this technique:

*My opponent says, "I think a tax cut would help stimulate our local economy." Yeah right!!!!*

Other appropriately dismissive phrases include "He's got to be joking." Alternatively "What is he thinking?" Or maybe, "Sure, like that would ever work."

Second, when you are unable to point out flaws in the ideas, point out flaws in the person. Pick out strange things about their appearance or any unusual habits that the author of the competing ideology exhibits. If done correctly you can appear to agree with the opposition while still undermining their credibility. Time for more illustrations:

*I think that Jane raises relevant concerns about global warming, but is there a chance that all that eye make-up she wears is impeding her vision?*

*Rush Limbaugh's fiscal policies are refreshingly conservative, apparently in contrast to his personal eating policies.*

*The coherence of Stacy's argument is impressive, given the fact that she is such a psycho hose-beast.*

Lastly, make good use of exaggeration. Exaggerationism may have never caught on in twentieth-century painting, but it sure caught on in twentieth-century Op Ed's. Moreover, I say it is a tradition that we should continue into the twenty-first century. Exaggerating the folly of others is an excellent way to dismiss one's adversary. It is especially effective when combined with the aforementioned methods, and coupled with either, they form a dynamic duo of argumentative power. Here are some examples.

Dismissive language and exaggeration:

*Bob Barker says, "Spaying or neutering our pets can greatly reduce the overcrowding in America's pounds." That would never happen in a million, billion, ga-zillion years!*

Personal attacks and exaggeration:

*Ross Perot claims to hear the voice of the American public, and maybe we can't argue with that given the enormity of his giant, gargantuan, elephant-like ears.*

I hope that aspiring columnists everywhere (aside from the obvious exception of communist Cuba, where such things are prohibited) are able to employ the techniques expounded in this column to advance the art of Op Ed. I hope that my wisdom, along with the borrowed wisdom that I stole from *Wayne's World*, will prove helpful to humanity.

*Cameron Hatch lives in Dunster House and concentrates in History, but sometimes gets distracted when he thinks of funny jokes he heard earlier in the day.*

## **In Times of Un-funny-ness**

Do you ever get that not-so-funny feeling? It is safe to say that there are times in the life of each of us when we don't feel all that funny or we just don't really feel like laughing. One such time is during a time of national tragedy. Another such time is when you are choking on a piece of food lodged in your throat. Still other times, there is no explanation at all for the lack of humor in your life. But fear not my friend. I have come up with some ways for you to make it through these laugh-less days.

1. **Substitution-** Often times when people are unable to get what they really want, they find a substitute. For example when my granny can't get crab meat, she goes for the imitation crabmeat. If you don't feel funny, try feeling *ferny*. To do this, just go to the nearest forest and find some ferns to hang out with. If you live in an urban environment, go to the nearest plant nursery and snuggle up with a friendly looking fern. In order to avoid the funny-ness of having people give you funny looks, I advise staying out of sight by hiding in the middle of the plants.
2. **Be Occupied-** Keep your mind off humor in all its forms- i.e. jokes, pantomimes, funny dogs, trained apes. Do things to keep yourself busy. Get out, ride your bike, or fly a kite. While you are out try to avoid the circus or circus-related parades. If it is raining, stay inside and make a puzzle or play cards. Keep away from things that might make you crack a smile. Make sure to take the jokers out of the deck. Oh, also steer clear of puzzles that depict clowns, funky monkeys, and/or Steve Forbes' presidential candidacy.

3. **Read a Book-** Not sure how long you'll be on your hiatus from humor? Well don't just sit around. Might as well pass the time with a worthwhile activity. You might even learn something from these books. No, really, I mean it. With comedy out of the way you'll surely be surprised how many classic, non-joke books there are out there.

These suggestions should help you to weather the storm of an unfunny funk. However, on the off chance that your laughter does not return on its own after a little while, maybe it's a sign that something's wrong that you should try and fix it. If it were me, I would check to see if my throat was blocked and get someone to perform the Heimlich maneuver on me, just to be safe.

My Appendix: Dr. #1 Said it Should Be Removed,  
So I Went to Dr. #2 for a 2<sup>nd</sup> Opinion, and He said it Could Stay

*I really do like cured ham and trout. Unfortunately trout is not curable  
in the same way that ham is. Even more unfortunate is that herpes is also  
not curable, but in a different way than the trout.*

Table 1

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 Checkers' Win-Loss Record of Gorillas vs. Zookeepers' Assistants at the Bronx Zoo<sup>2</sup>


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	<b>1995</b>	<b>1996</b>	<b>1997</b>	<b>1998</b>
Jan-Feb	12-60	23-53	45-32	11-66
Mar-Apr	14-59	25-53	50-27	10-68
May-Jun	14-58	29-50	26-50	8-71
Jul-Aug	17-55	31-47	6-78	9-69
Sep-Oct	18-56	35-43	9-70	7-71
Nov-Dec	21-54	39-39	10-69	11-68

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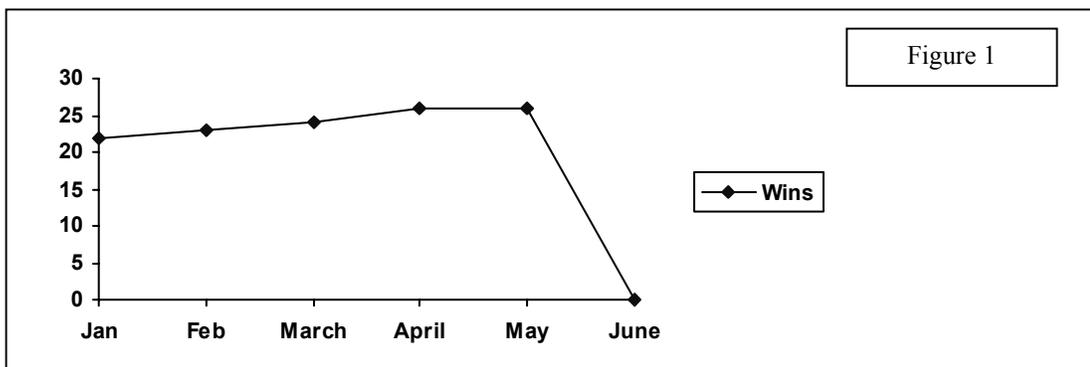
The gorillas at the Bronx Zoo were taught how to play checkers in December 1994 after receiving four checkers sets as a Christmas present from PETA. The progress of the gorillas was monitored and recorded. The data collected is shown here in Table 1. As we can see in Table 1, the gorillas consistently improved their winning average from 16.6% in January and February 1995 to a peak of 64.9% in March and April 1997 in games of checkers versus the Zookeepers' assistants. All except one of these wins over this two-year period came from Snowball, Cocoa, or Pebbles. These three gorillas in particular showed great improvement in their checkers play, indicating the capacity to learn strategic planning.

As we also see in Table 1, there was a dramatic drop in the number of wins by gorillas from March to June of 1997. If we look closer at Figure 1, which breaks down

the first half of 1997 month by month, the numbers show that the most dramatic drop happened between May and June. This coincides closely with the escape of the three gorillas, Snowball, Cocoa, and Pebbles, at 3:15pm on May 26, 1997.

In May these three were on pace to break their own record for wins in a single month, tying the record of 26 wins on May 25<sup>th</sup>. The three were scheduled to play several games of checkers against the Zookeepers' assistants the afternoon of May 29<sup>th</sup> and needed to win only one of the 6 games to break the record. But Snowball, Cocoa, and Pebbles apparently escaped from their cages while the men were preoccupied setting up the checkers boards and pieces in the next room. This seemingly well planned and executed escape seems to corroborate the evidence in Table 1 that these gorillas had the ability to master strategic planning.

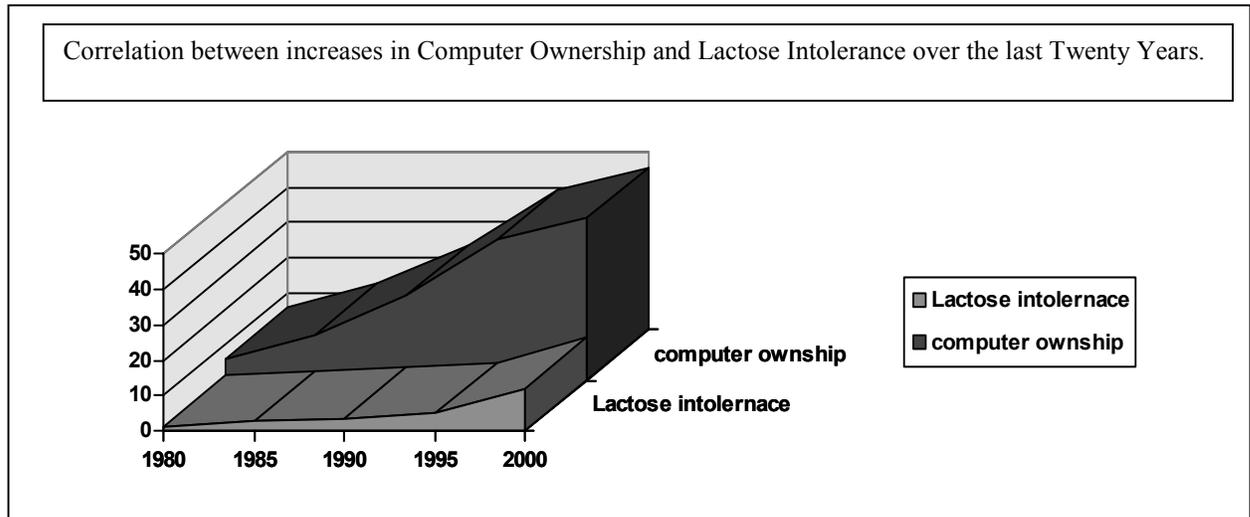
The continued dominance of the Zookeepers' assistants' team since June 1997, as seen in Table 1, can partially be attributed to the absence of the most intelligent gorillas. This human success is also partially attributable to the change in hiring policy for the position of Zookeepers' assistant. The Bronx Zoo no longer hires the mentally challenged to watch the gorillas or to play checkers against them.<sup>3</sup>



<sup>2</sup> The data in Table 1 emerged from an internal investigation commissioned June 1, 1997. Provided by Head Zoologist, Dr. Randy Ree. Data after this date was collected in compliance with the recommendations of the probe on June 1<sup>st</sup>.

<sup>3</sup> Source: NYC Mental Health District Work Therapy Program (WTP) hiring records.

<sup>4</sup>Figure 2



This study was part of document that was leaked to the press in September 2002 by a former company executive. This suggests that computer manufacturers are aware of the possible link between increased computer usage and increased incidence lactose intolerance. This may have been the motive behind recent acquisitions of key companies in the soymilk sector by computer giants like Macroshaft.

Further medical inquiries into the matter are necessary, but should the link be established we may have another tobacco industry type scandal on our hands.

Also the SEC is investigating, since leaks of this study to privileged investors may be behind some suspected insider-trading activities in the commodities markets, evidenced by the recent volatility of milk futures.

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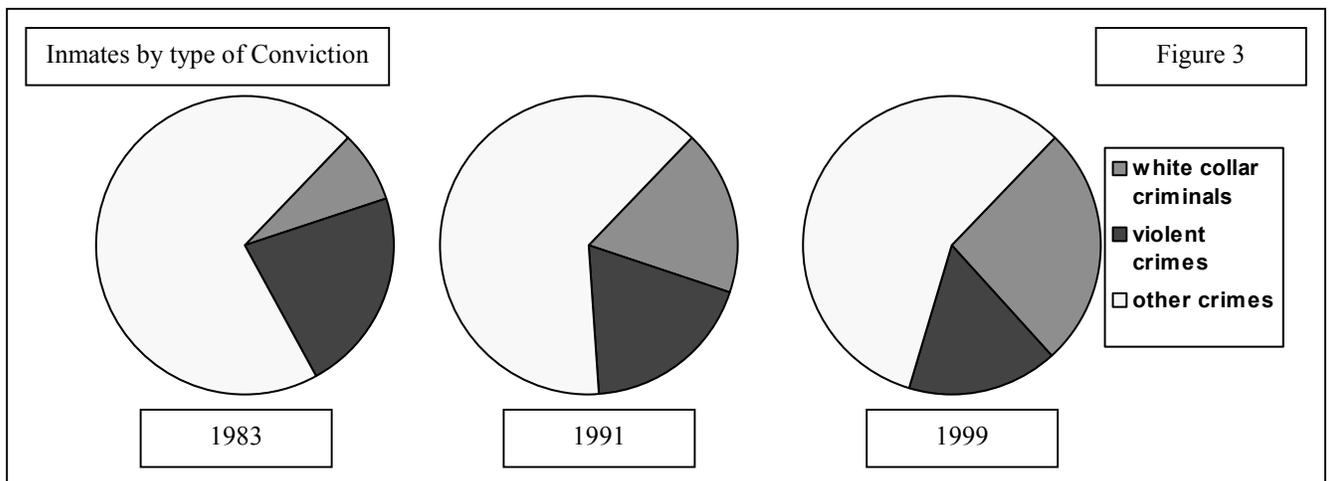
<sup>4</sup> Results of an internal study conducted by the Soymilk Producers Syndicate, a subsidiary of Macroshaft Software, Inc.

Table 2

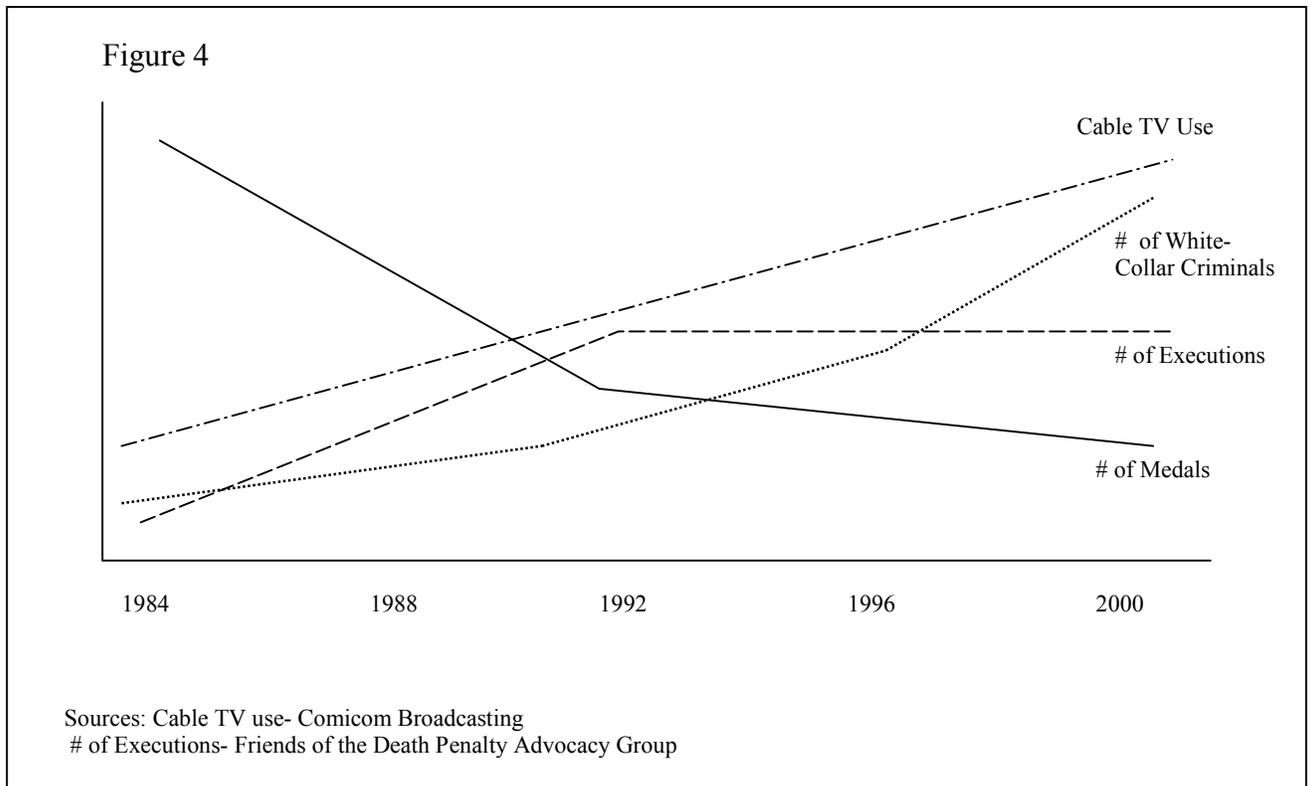
Number of Medals won by American Prisoners at the International Convict Olympics.<sup>5</sup>

1984	1988	1992	1996	2000
88	73	65	61	58

Table 2 clearly shows that the number of medals won by American inmates at the International Convict Olympic Games has decline significantly over the last five Olympiads. Figure 3 shows that over this period there has been a sharp increase in the incarceration rate amongst white collar criminals. This factor appears to be important, since the percentage of violent criminals has remained constant. But looking at Figure 4 we see that other factors may also be at play.



<sup>5</sup> Source: U.S. Department of Justice-Athletics Department



As Figure 4 makes very clear, some things are going up, while others are going down. Sometimes, there are things staying flat too, but not so much. As we can see, cable TV use in prisons steadily rose during this time period. It seems very plausible to assume that increased TV time leads to time away from physical activities. This could certainly lead to the loss of the one's "competitive edge."

If we look at trends in the number of white-collar workers as it is overlaid here, we see that the rate of increase in the number of white collar convicts rose steadily. While it very well could be a contributing factor, these increases do not correspond with decreases in the rate of decrease for the number of medals over time.

That leaves us with our last factor, executions. Looking at the graph, we see that with the ushering in of the Clinton administration in 1992 there is stagnation in the number of executions of inmates per year. This closely coincides with the significant

slow down in the rate of decrease in the number of medals. This might suggest that the number of executions is a strong influencing factor in the athletic performance of our prisoners. Upon further reflections this should seem intuitive. Since a higher likelihood of execution creates an environment of uncertainty. Uncertainty then comes to represent risk, the risk of being executed. Naturally that thought takes away the motivation to train when it is likely that you are going to be killed. It also increases the level of fear about using IV steroid shots, since many inmate-athletes are afraid of needles due to their association with lethal injection.

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*Kindergarten Cop*

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*Wayne's World*

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