

Vol. 139, No. 3

THE YALE

Oct. 18, 2010

RECORD

The Children's Issue



“The Pitch”



“Nice work, Stevenson.”

Ngozi!

COUPON

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Dear Cuba,

I write because my revolution does not seem to be moving forward. Yours was so successful while mine hasn't been able to capture the hearts and minds of the

proletariat. Any suggestions?

—Dance Dance Revolution

Typo Creates Inappropriate Headline, Causes Pubic Outrage

Dear Cleavage,

Mind your own business—are you trying to ruin me?!?!

—A Guy About to Have the Worst
Job Interview of His Life

Corn Dogs Are Delicious

Primary Sources Reveal That Is Indeed "What She Said"

Dear Rook,

Don't worry, we can castle; the queen's not looking.

—The King

Dear the Mona Lisa,

With all that glass separating us and these tourists hovering around, when will we ever get some alone time?

—A Louvre Security Guard with an
Almost Assuredly Career-Ending
Fetish

**Maria Von Trapp Reveals Her Real
Favorite Thing: Gladiator Fights**

P.S. You should probably start at the
bottom of this.

It's getting to be a real
problem. Do you think you could help
me? I have a rare disorder in which I
make all my statements in reverse order.
Dear Dr. Wu,

Chameleon at Gay Party Just Can't Handle It

Dear Dada Movement,

Seriously? That's all it takes to wind
up in a history textbook? An upside
down urinal and a mustache on the
Mona Lisa? What a gyp!

—Guy Who Slathers Farm Animals
in Peanut Butter and Fluff But Who
Sadly Wasn't Alive in the 1920s

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IBM Reveals New Portable Computer "The Asstop"

Dear Paula Deen,

I watch your show with devotion.
Tell me, what would you do with
two fish and five loaves of bread?

Sincerely,
Jesus

Dear Jesus,

Easy. I would throw away the fish
and bread and deep fry a Snickers
bar.

Sincerely,
Paula Deen

Dear Barnes and Noble Employee,

Why do you find it so funny
that I'm looking for books in the
Young Adult section? I'm 21 and
therefore young and an adult.
And I just happen to love stories
about teenagers and sisterhoods of
traveling pants. So sue me.

Sincerely,
Melissa

Catamaran Crashes Into Cliff; What the Hell is a Catamaran

Dear Sir,

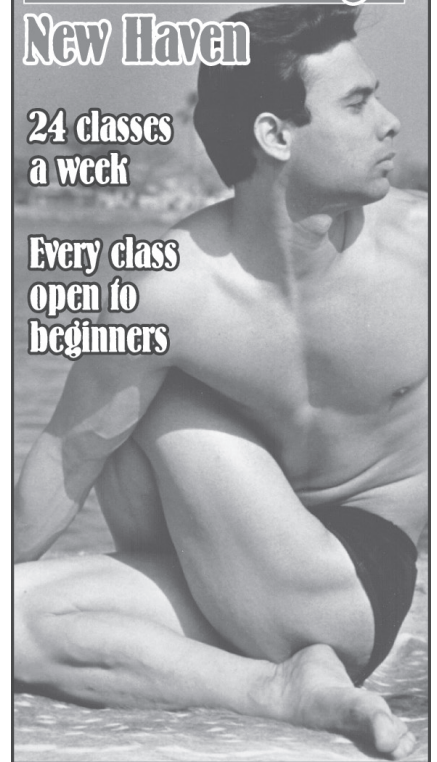
I just hit your car while parallel
parking. You may find a small dent
on your windshield; I apologize.
Also you might notice the entire
front of your car has been totaled.
My bad.

Sincerely,
Anonymous

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Knights of Columbus Museum Celebrates 4th Visitor

Dear Joseph Stalin,

Matters are fast getting out of hand;
 we must soon call a meeting of the
 world's foremost mustache powers
 before the globe is engulfed in war.

—Hitler and Colonel Sanders, 2/3
 of the World's Foremost Secrete
 Mustache Council
 P.S. It totally exists.

Dear Man Who Invented Car
 Dealership Wind Socks,

You have completely ruined my job
 prospects! Where else are my skills
 marketable?

—A Man Whose Skills Consist of
 Not Having a Spine and Dancing
 Enthusiastically

Dear Mary Poppins,

You can say it as loud as you want,
 but that won't make it a word.

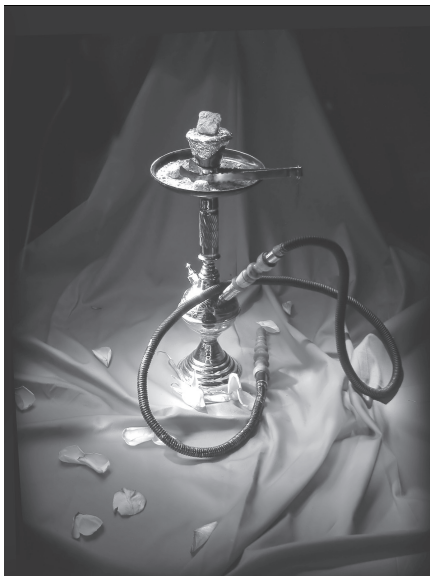
Sincerely,
 The Oxford English Dictionary

Apathetic, Constipated Man Finally Gives a Shit

Dear Stacy,

No, this isn't because I'm gay. I'm
 not breaking up with you because I'm
 more attracted to men, I'm breaking up
 with you because I'm more attracted to
 people who aren't as ugly as fuck.

—Jamie, TD '12



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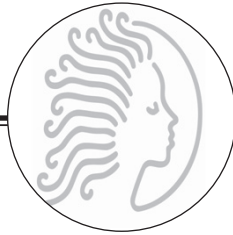
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Dear Directed Studies,
I miss you.

—Section Asshole

**Girl Scout Earns Badge for Archery,
Sniper Riflery**

Dear Clarissa Explains It All,
That title is bullshit.

—A Student Who Just Failed
Neuroscience

Dear Unicorns,

So it really doesn't taste like corn.
Sorry for the awkwardness of this
encounter, but I had to know.

Apologetically,
Frank, SM '13

**After Charges of Religious Discrimi-
nation, Juicy Juice Forced to Change
"100% Jews" Employment Policy**

Dear Hansel and Gretel,

Our BRED project is for people
who are in dire need of food and who
can't afford to get it themselves. If all
you're planning to do with the bread
we give you is throw it on the ground
than you'll just have to buy your own.

—The Yale Hunger and
Homelessness Action Project

P.S. Also, you little jackasses tried to
eat that lady's house. The world has
enough homeless people, thank you
very much.



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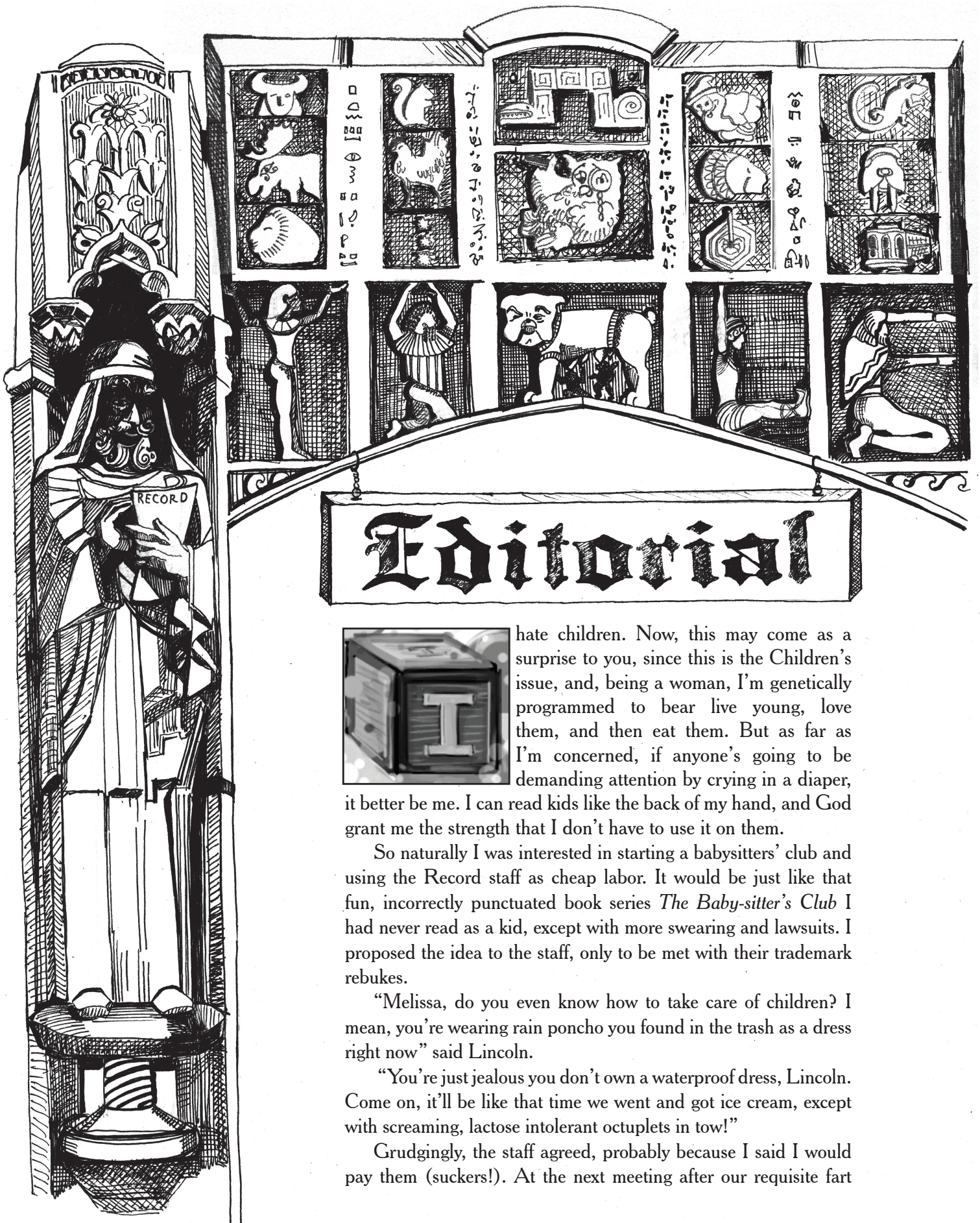
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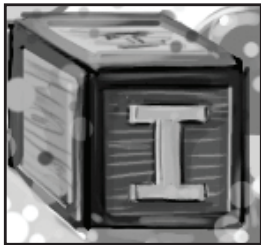
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Editorial



I hate children. Now, this may come as a surprise to you, since this is the Children's issue, and, being a woman, I'm genetically programmed to bear live young, love them, and then eat them. But as far as I'm concerned, if anyone's going to be demanding attention by crying in a diaper, it better be me. I can read kids like the back of my hand, and God grant me the strength that I don't have to use it on them.

So naturally I was interested in starting a babysitters' club and using the Record staff as cheap labor. It would be just like that fun, incorrectly punctuated book series *The Baby-sitter's Club* I had never read as a kid, except with more swearing and lawsuits. I proposed the idea to the staff, only to be met with their trademark rebukes.

"Melissa, do you even know how to take care of children? I mean, you're wearing rain poncho you found in the trash as a dress right now" said Lincoln.

"You're just jealous you don't own a waterproof dress, Lincoln. Come on, it'll be like that time we went and got ice cream, except with screaming, lactose intolerant octuplets in tow!"

Grudgingly, the staff agreed, probably because I said I would pay them (suckers!). At the next meeting after our requisite fart

joke brainstorming, I gave the staffers their assignments; I would be babysitting with Dana. It was probably an oversight on my part including the suspiciously nicknamed Dana “Babykiller” Zhu in the club, but I figured it was an allusion to her Chinese heritage and its quaint cultural tradition of infanticide.

Well, Friday night came around, and I learned that no, Dana just really couldn’t keep a kid alive if she tried. Things started out well enough: we were introduced to our charge, Jamie, said goodbye to his mommy, and then strapped him in front of the TV while we went through his parents’ valuables. But then Jamie started crying because he wanted to watch his favorite movie, *The Land Before Time XVI: Littlefoot and Friends Eat Lollipops and Nothing Bad Happens*, and Dana went to comfort him. BAM! Jamie was splayed on the floor, his head fortunately protected by the bubble wrap I had taped liberally around it. In an effort to distract Jamie from his close brush with death, I took him into the kitchen where Dana was filling his bottle with... paint thinner.

“Dana, what are you doing?!”

“Oh, my bad! Whatever, it probably would have helped him build up his immune system or something.”

Luckily, the combination of the concussion and paint

thinner fumes ensured that Jamie was sound asleep when his parents returned. I just hoped that we weren’t the only babysitters in the club who had had to put in a few calls to the poison control hotline.

I need not have feared. At the next meeting, we all shared our experiences:

“Next thing I know, I’m accidentally using a sleeper grip on the kid and have to pretend that she has narcolepsy so the neighbors don’t get too suspicious.”

“Who knew a peanut allergy required immediate medical attention?”

“He puked all over me. All over me. And then he asked for his mommy. I had to say, ‘Look, River, I know you don’t really want to be a babysitter, but goddammit, hold it together for the kids.’”

I decided to disband the club. It wasn’t profitable after having to pay off the parents and cops. But keep an eye out for the new book in the *Baby-Sitter’s Club* series, *The Girls Sue the Yale Record for Copyright Infringement*, in bookstores soon.

—M. Chiasson
October 2010

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Cover: This month’s cover was illustrated by Ellen Su, who used a traumatic childhood experience as inspiration for this cover.

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FOREIGN EXCHANGE RATES
FOR 1 AMERICAN BABY

Country	Exchange Rate
Costa Rica	3 Costa Rican babies
Libya	4 Libyan babies
India	If boy, 2 Indian babies; if girl, mango lassi
China	.0005 panda babies
Russia	Pinkie finger of last bureaucrat to annoy Putin
France	Wheel of Camembert
Greece	3 stones from the Acropolis and half a gyro
Taiwan	1 military base and 4 assurances of continued political provocation of China
South Africa	The silencing of 2.5 vuvuzelas
Vietnam	Erasure of 3 units of American postwar shame
Ecuador	Country of Ecuador

— D. Zhu

WHAT DO SIX-YEAR-OLDS WANT TO BE WHEN
THEY GROW UP?

- “A vet”
- “An astronaut scuba diver”
- “A llama”
- “President of the United States of My Butt”
- “The person who gets to taste all the ice cream to make sure that it’s tasty for all the kids!”
- “A cootie epidemiologist.”

—S. Nicholson



“GOD DOES NOT PLAY DICE WITH THE
UNIVERSE” - EINSTEIN
OTHER THINGS GOD DOES NOT PLAY WITH
THE UNIVERSE

- Parcheesi
- Planet-baseball
- Another twelve-fucking-millennium game of Risk
- Spin the Nebula
- Twister or any other “touching” game
- Hide and seek and smite
- Dinosaur fossil tiddlywinks
- Strip poker

—A. Kahn

A DAY OF ADRENALINE AT THE TOUR DE FRANCE

Welcome back, I'm Brock Miller and you're watching Day 15 of the Tour de France - three gripping weeks of watching people riding bicycles up a hill. If you've only just joined us, this is of course one of the more exciting periods of the race, when we begin receiving reports of audience members spontaneously lapsing into comas out of boredom - as I nearly did myself on Day 8.

The current leader appears to be Alberto Contador, though he is not in fact in first place due to the highly complex scoring system, which of course only adds to the excitement. Contador is a relatively good cyclist, I am told, though not as famous nor as interesting as Lance Armstrong. You can see Armstrong now, currently in fourth, calculating how many additional seconds or feet he needs to gain the lead; mental math is the real test of the Tour, as we all know.

And now for some history. For many fans, the Tour de France is an opportunity to get away from the violence and excitement of current affairs, but the race is of course not without controversy. There was a major doping scandal back in...the sixties. When Tom Simpson died of a drug overdose. But who doesn't remember that day, of course? For many of our elderly viewers, if indeed any of them have survived repeat viewings, it feels like it was just yesterday.

Also, it appears there was a horrific terrorist attack in 1999! It appears the bombers were...firefighters...who threw stink bombs...at the racers.

Just a little background there...I guess.

Returning to the race, it appears that Peter Velits from Slovakia has just overtaken Yukiya Arashiro from Japan - oh no, Arashiro has just regained the lead. They're side-by-side now! It's so hard to tell when they're moving at speeds of up to 10 miles per hour. We'll return to them later. Maybe there'll be a development in half an hour or so.

Of course, all cycling fans know that the Tour de France is a notoriously grueling race, and many athletes who have dared it have paid for their ambition. Racers routinely finish off with such horrific injuries as tired legs, stiff calf muscles, the occasional scraped knee from falling over, and of course the persistent vegetative state that results from remaining in mental autopilot for three weeks straight. This really is a clash of athletic demigods.

And returning to the race...my God, it appears that Pineau has fallen down! And is that Evans...? Evans of

Australia and Pineau of France have fallen after getting their bike chains tangled together! Could there be a torn ligament? A concussion? Dare I hope - a pelvic fracture? Yes! Yes, it looks like - oh, they're getting back on the bicycles. Pineau is unharmed, but it appears that Evans... has scratched his calf. Wow. The kind of dedication you need to keep going with a scratch on your leg...truly, this race is the stuff of legends.

I'm Brock Miller, and we'll be back for the rest of Day 15 of the Tour de France after these messages.

—K. Vural



EXCUSES FOR SHOIVING THINGS UP YOUR NOSE

I wanted to see how far up it would go.

It hurts so good.

How else am I going to get a bully to shove me into a locker?

I needed a place to store my crayon.

I was hungry, and then it came to me: boogers!

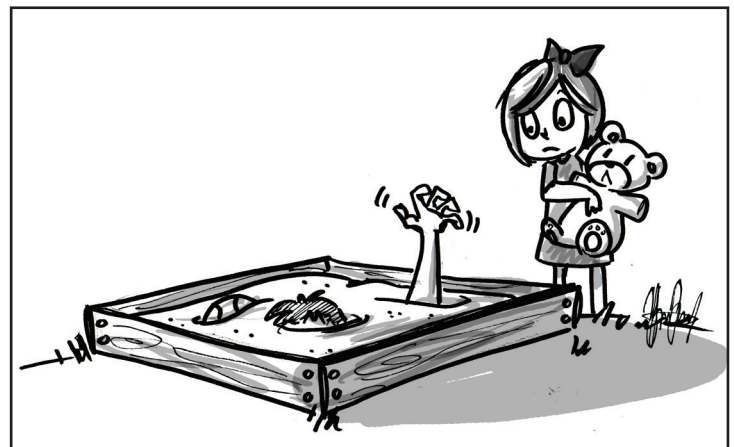
A peanut got stuck up there earlier; I was just trying to get it out.

I had to scratch my brain somehow.

Oh, like you've never done it.

Is this not how you get to China?

—M. Dernbach



QUICKSAND BOX

MINUTES FROM THE LOCKER ROOM BEFORE
THE AZTEC BALLGAME IN WHICH THE WINNING
TEAM IS SACRIFICED TO THE GODS

Coach: Look guys, we all know it's been a tough season. First Hoetamen got that awful foot injury, and then in November Lytocyl left us for the Teotihuacan Astotnan. But this isn't the time to get hung up on the obstacles we've hit along the way; this is the time to run out onto the pitch, pick up that bumpy rubber ball, and show the emperor that we know how to throw it through a rock hoop! I want you guys to show this bloodthirsty crowd that you're worthy of having four priests hold down your arms as a fifth cuts open your chest and removes your beating heart to be given as an offering to mighty Tezcatlipoca.

Tokat!: Yeah, coach, I was meaning to ask you about that last part. Are we, you know, "obligated" to give up our lives if we win?

Coach: Of course, Toky; it's a league requirement. What do you think the Gods would say if they helped you to win and you didn't repay them with your mortal flesh? (chuckles to himself)

Kapokapa: Coach, I think what he's trying to say is that this doesn't give us much incentive to win. I mean if we're going to be killed for it anyway, why would we still want to win?

Coach: You want to win to attain eternal glory! To be etched into the walls of the palace and have children

speak your names with reverence for hundreds of years. Don't you guys want that? I know I would.

Mantunzin: Well, what happens to you if we win? Do you join us in our journey to live among the gods?

Coach: No, sadly I don't have that honor. The owners need me to coach another season. So while you guys are living it up in the afterlife, I'll be stuck in this world with a big raise and a lousy private ziggurat in the mountains.

Tokat!: Well, not that I would deliberately throw the game in order to spare my own life, because that would be cowardly and dishonorable, but what would happen if, hypothetically, we were to lose?

Coach: Naturally, you would be sentenced to death. You would be thrown off the edge of a cliff to have your corpse mangled and eaten by wild animals.

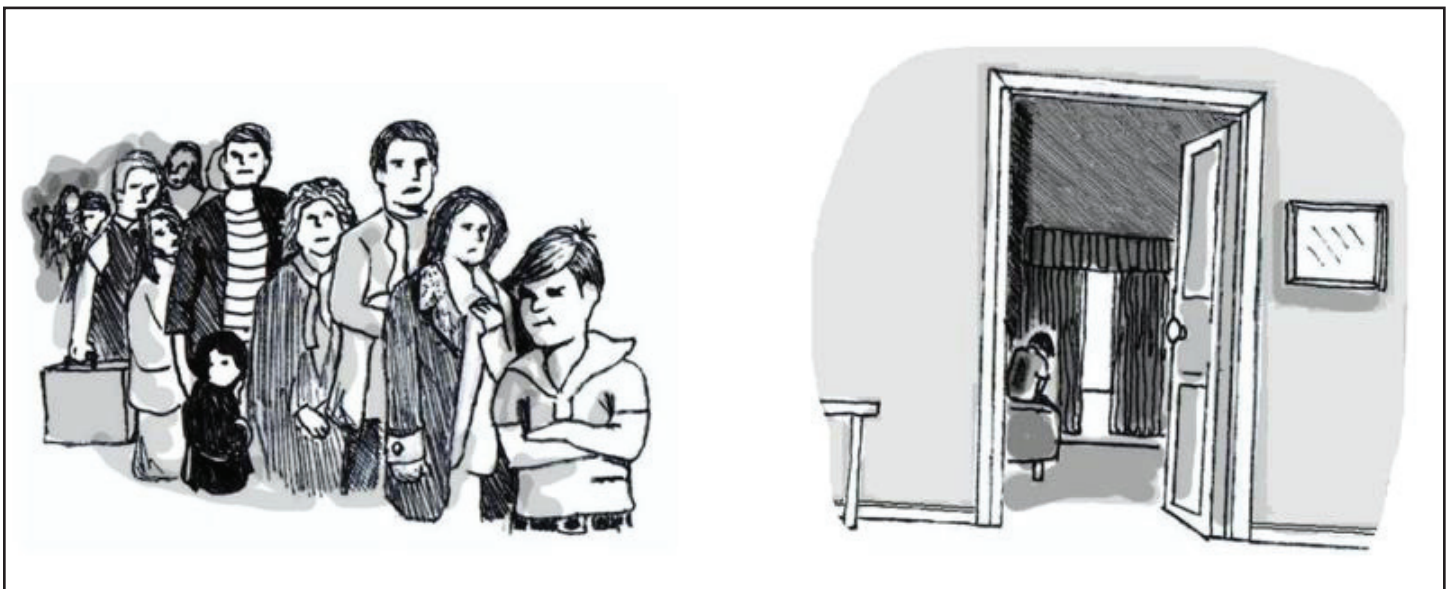
Mantunzin: And you? What happens to you if we lose?

Coach: I hardly even want to say it out loud. I would be given two months of unpaid leave and a review for a possible demotion to assistant coach.

Kapokapa: This is so god damn unfair.

Coach: I know, I might even have to give up my team ring.

—J. Greenblatt



GOOFUS CUTS IN LINE.

GALLANT CUTS ALONE IN HIS ROOM.

THE GAME

They got me when I was in high school. I needed a way to pay for my crippling eyeliner addiction, and getting product and making a little money on the side was very helpful with that. I thought I could get out when I went to college, but I didn't realize at that point that leaving was impossible. One day, I'm outside my marketing class at your typical state university when this girl with an eye-patch comes up to me. She tells me I'm getting a shipment that night and that if I don't move it by Sunday, I wouldn't see another lecture on cross branding again.

I don't know why I'm telling you all of this. I guess I just want to serve as a warning. I'm twenty-seven years old, I've lost two of my best friends to the game, and I doubt I'll make it to thirty. This is the reality when you're a dealer for Mary Kay.

Few know that Mary Kay originally started during World War II as a weapons distributor, helping the Allies to win the war and mutilate the visages of the enemy. Once the war ended, Mary Kay realized that while the weapon market was shrinking, the make-up market was exploding as wounded soldiers returned home, looking for make-up to hide that unsightly shrapnel scar. Mary Kay Inc. was born.

Who is Mary Kay? A character cloaked in mystery and caked-on foundation, Mary is known for her Southern charm and cutthroat tactics. At one of the company's first investors meetings, a skeptical male investor inquired as to whether a woman should be in charge of such a large company. Before he could finish his question, Mary had crossed the room, broken his arm in four places, and then offered him a complimentary eye shadow to go with that "catastrophe you call a face."

They suck you in with promises of riches and free samples, but then when you don't sell the monthly quota, they start coming to your house, asking what the problem is, breaking some of your mom's fine china to emphasize their point. You learn to hustle quick. By eighteen I was selling dimebags of blush and eyeshadow on the mean streets of Wichita. When college came around, I was bringing in \$4,000 in body glitter a week.

Somehow I made it through college running make-up on the side while majoring in business. I moved to Minneapolis after graduation—I had heard the powder scene was booming there and that there was room for new players to make some moves. I started making money

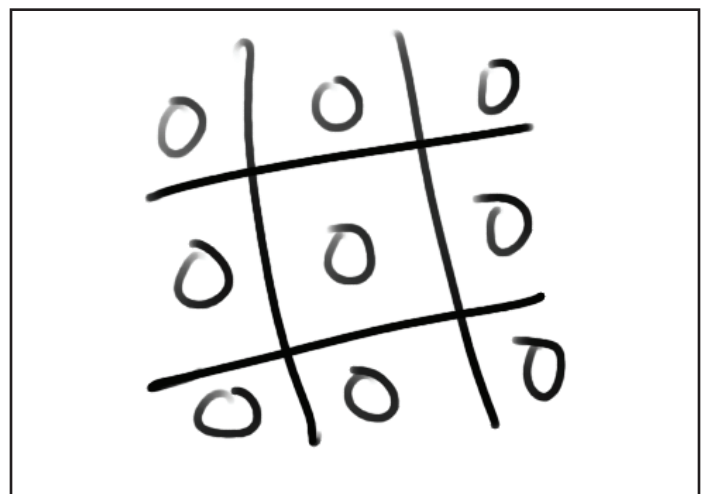
hand over fist selling over-priced tubes of mascara to PTA moms. Life was good. Then the turf wars started.

In Minneapolis, competition for clients was fierce, and soon these rivalries culminated in all-out war. One night, someone launched Molotov cocktails (made with Mary Kay Eau de Toilette: Sparkling Honeysuckle, naturally) through my front windows. Later that week, someone wrote in red lipstick on my garage door, "Sign up for a free makeover with my fist." When I saw my archrival, Rachel Anderson, number one dealer in the Minneapolis metropolitan area and number one on my shit list, at our neighborhood Safeway, I pushed her up against a wall and asked her if she knew anything about this. Rachel said she didn't engage with terrorists like myself, but that my eyes looked great with smoky taupe eyeliner.

So I started fighting back. I slashed tires, gouged eyes, and generally inspired fear in all who met me. And just like that, the Mary Kay organization was calling me to inform me that I had been promoted to a Regional Director for the greater Twin Cities area. I should have felt like I was on top of the world, but I was trapped in a cage of fear, violence, and fake eyelash adhesive. The only friends I had left were the dealers who worked below me, who worshipped me blindly when not arguing about whether "Garnetfrost" was a better color name than "Mocha Freeze." They are constantly plotting against me, I know it. I don't have much time left.

Music videos glorify make-up dealers right and left, but this life is not what it seems. It is brutal and hard and ugly. Warn your daughters before it is too late. Otherwise you might be burying them in a signature Mary Kay™ pink fiberglass casket.

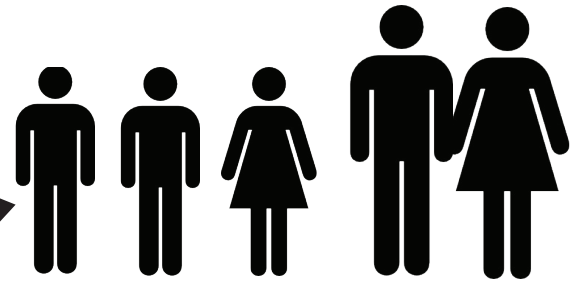
—M. Chiasson



DYSLEXIC TIC-TAC-TOE

HOW TO PICK YOUR FAVORITE CHILD

by Sydney Shea



First off, congratulations on gaining the most important thing in life – a tax write-off, also known as a child. Multiple tax breaks are even better, but then how on earth do you choose which child to pamper and insure?

Well, now you can add that to the list of things you don't have to think about, along with dressing attractively and having a full mouth of teeth.

Just take this handy quiz!

1. What is the general atmosphere in your home?

- A. Pretty quiet since Junior's four maids usually abide by his every wish, though it does get a bit raucous when we don't have the newest toys.
- B. Tumultuous. I'm always arguing with my spouse, and the kids sell tickets to the neighborhood children to watch. They even keep score – one point per expletive and ten per object thrown (live objects are twenty). So far I'm winning.
- C. Very quiet. I hardly recognize my wife anymore because she's gone so much, and the kids are usually at a nanny's. The only sound I hear is this random panting coming from the gardener's house. Maybe he's gotten a dog...?
- D. So loud. The little devils are always forming alliances for "wars" and writing on the walls with crayon and getting stuck in trees and shooting the neighbors and calling the cops and setting the roof on fire...

2. What do you have planned for the weekend?

- A. Junior wants to go on an island vacation, so we bought Tahiti and chartered a private jet. I can only hope the in-flight movie is to his satisfaction this time. Heaven knows we don't need another emergency landing in Cuba.
- B. I'm going to plant evidence of an affair in my husband's closet. It worked like a charm the last time!
- C. Well, I'll have bonding time with my children, because my wife's gone for the weekend on her eighth business trip this month. Though her car is still in the garage. I guess she must have carpooled.
- D. My spouse and I are going to try to round the kids up for our annual trip to McDonald's. First we have to clean out the van and find the youngest one who's been missing for a week, though...

3. What is your most favorite thing you've ever done with your kids?

- A. I liked making that upstart teacher who gave my Junior an A minus "disappear". But I think buying him the position of valedictorian in the Harvard Class of 2020 will top that.
- B. I liked convincing them to tell the court that their daddy hits them when he's bored. The look on his face was priceless.
- C. I liked going fishing with my eldest boy, though he doesn't really act anything like me. And he has the gardener's chin...
- D. I liked it when they all "accidentally" got locked out of the house and I "accidentally" didn't notice them pounding desperately on the windows. The quiet was incredible.

Results!

Mostly A's: Um, you appear to only have one kid. Perhaps you should consider picking that one? Not that you seem to have any trouble with spoiling him rotten so far.

Mostly B's: You and your spouse seem to have some animosity going on, so the best option is just to pick the

one he dislikes the most. Or turn his favorite against him. Or both.

Mostly C's: Chances are none of your kids are actually yours. A quiz can't really help you. Maybe you should find a good lawyer?

Mostly D's: Eeeny meeny miney moe that shit.

UNCLE SAMU-LA-EL'S GUIDE TO FAMILY LIFE FOR THE MODERN BABYLONIAN

by Kaan Vural

MAY ADAD, the lord of fruitfulness, and Zamama, the great warrior and first-born son of E-Kur, bless the author of the following passages with bountiful loins, and deny his personal enemies any sons (with loins); grant me victory in the contest of literature, and I shall in thine names hew the limbs off a passing beggar and set a stalk of wheat aflame.

The following principles are to be obeyed to the letter in the conception and rearing of children, for such is the will of Nin-karak, daughter of Anu:

IF two orphans are wedded together and neither know the Mysterious and Sacred methods by which children are borne, consult they must the forbidden engravings at Amma-el-Tchak for visual guidance (and hot tips).

IF a daughter menstruate at any age before thirty-five years, she shall be bound and cast into the water, for yea, she is unclean in the eyes of Marduk.

IF a man give his daughter to a man, but she be of less than four years in age, then by law she must return to her father's house with utmost haste. If, however, his son-in-law do not return her pure of spirit, she must be bound and cast into the water, for yea, she is unclean in the eyes of Marduk.

IF an unwedded son defile a woman against her will, and she come to the son's father for compensation, she may be refused without incident; but if she is with child, she must be bound and cast into the water, for lo, she is unclean in the eyes of Marduk.

IF a man and his wife forsake one another's company, the children shall remain with their father, unless they are his daughters, in which case they shall be bound and cast into the water. This may be avoided should the father consent to pay for each daughter no less than the sum of seven gold mina, or, alternatively, twelve score shekels of silver – in which case only the youngest daughter shall be cast into the water.

IF a son disobey his father in any respect, he must be burned on his left buttock and the smaller of his loinfruit hewn off forthwith and cast into the water, along with any wives he may have accumulated. Thus is written the will of Baba-Ul-Hashish.

IF a son strike his father, his hands shall be hewn off. And cast into the water.

IF an infant child be caught in the misfortune of the king, and be raised in the court of an enemy, upon return it shall be put to death. Unless it is a daughter. In which case it must be bound and cast into the water.

IF anyone steal the minor son of another, he shall be put to death. If he is not found, then the nearest available woman shall be bound and cast into the water.

Preschool Applications

The Children's School
For Children
273 Park Avenue,
New York City

by Juliett deButts

Name: Rupert Winthrop Harrington VII

Age: 3

Counting: 1-100

Letters: Complete alphabet (with exception of letter O)

Although Rupert may not appear prepossessing at first, his true genius lies in his leadership ability. At the age of one, he began walking and hitting his younger sister on the head with blocks. More recently, he led the other daycare children in a seasoned protest against naptime—an effort that eventually resulted in a 23 percent decrease in naps and a longer snack-time. Always compassionate, he sometimes helps other, less advantaged children play with his miniature kitchen set, and he rarely takes their Play-Do while they are looking. Although his placement scores are not off the charts, Rupert's genuine caring more than makes up for his inability to remember the letter O.

Leaf Olaffson

2 and 10 mon.

Counting: Has invented her own number system which she uses quite accurately

Letters: Refuses to constrain the alphabet song to the traditional and arbitrary A, B, C, etc. sequence

I believe Leaf's upbringing in a holistic commune and her strong artistic talent will help make this preschool a livelier, more diverse place. Her vibrant creative sensibilities (see supplementary materials for fingerpainting portfolio) and tem-

perament light up a room. She enjoys singing, and her repertoire is extremely advanced: The Itsy Bitsy Spider, Twinkle Twinkle Little Star, and Carmina Burana. She is a truly unique and free spirit, which is often expressed by her eclectic dress sensibility. She has recently graduated from pull-ups to adult underwear, and her daily undergarment selection is a constant creative process with which she is happy and determined to involve everyone around her.

Name: Michelle B. L. Kanterlider

Age: 2 and 9 mon.

Counting: Michelle has complete grasp of the concept of "lots"

Letters: I is her favorite. G infuriates her.

Michelle's grandfather, David M. B. Kanterlider, and father David M. B. Kanterlider Jr., were both proud alumni of the Children's School for Children. Michelle frequently expresses a desire to attend their alma mater ("Yes! Yes! Want!" She shouts whenever we drive past). She has visited the Kanterlider Children's Library a number of times, and enjoys the Kanterlider Playground a great deal, especially the D. Kanterlider Memorial Swingset and Kanterlider Water Fountain. Michelle is very much hoping to be able to attend the unveiling of the Kanterlider Gymnasium and D. M. B. Kanterlider Children's Astronomy Center as a fully enrolled student!

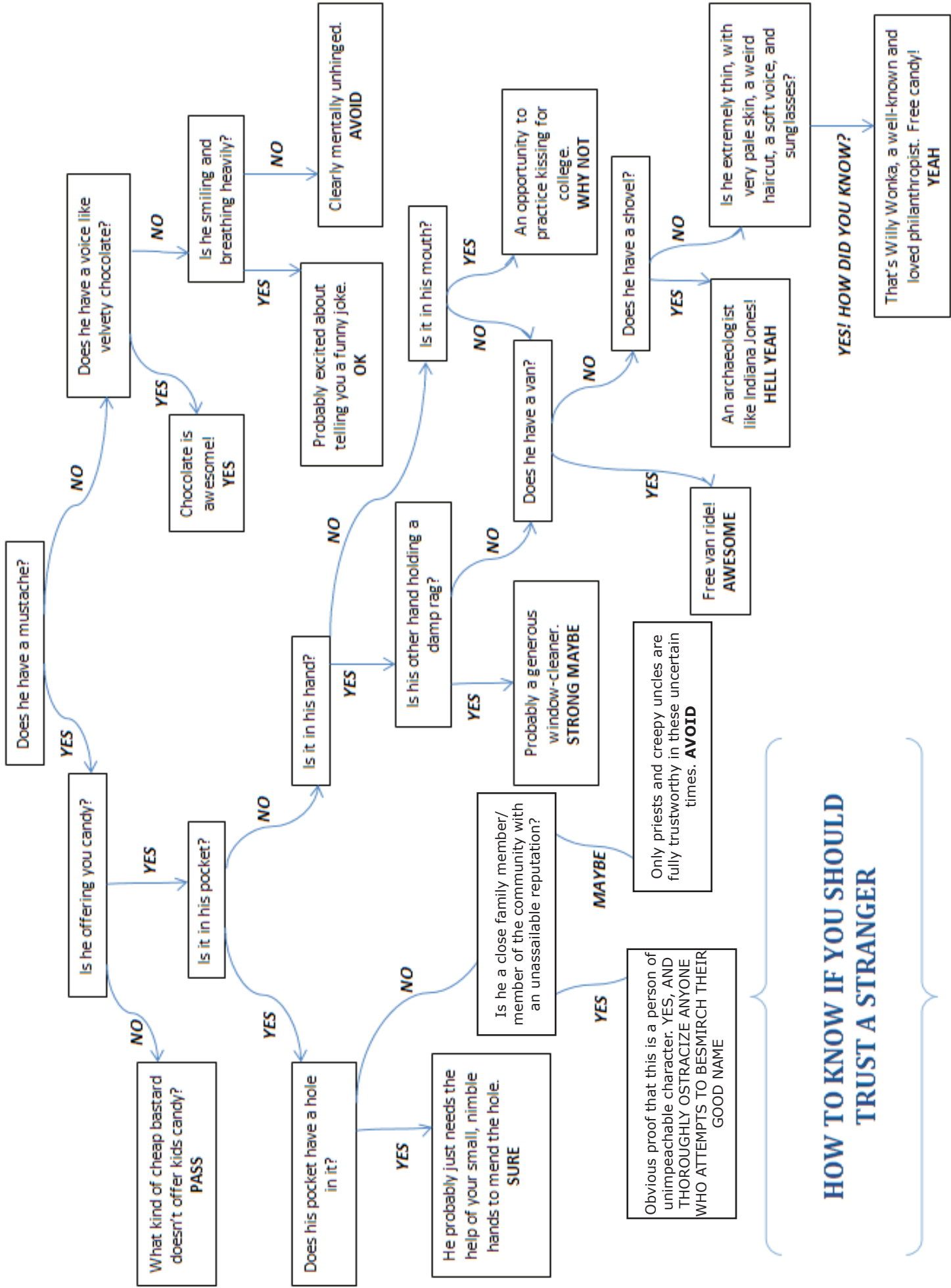
Name: Andrew Dardoni

Age: 3 and 4 mon.

Counting: 1-7, 12-16 (8-11 do not seem to have made an impression on Andrew)

Letters: All vowels, k, l, and d

Andrew is unique in that the majority of his learning takes place on the kickball field, not in the classroom. Although his grasp of the alphabet is in progress, his proven skill in kicking red rubber balls will make him a huge asset to the preschool.



HOW TO KNOW IF YOU SHOULD TRUST A STRANGER

by Kaan Vural

Point, Counterpoint: Sexual Tension in the Workplace

POINT: I CAN'T WORK WITH ALL THIS SEXUAL TENSION

Sandra, I like working with you but this has to stop. Day in and day out we flirt with each other, and sooner or later the cycle needs to break. I know we both like each other, but we have work to get done.

Remember in March when we were supposed to handle the big Stouffer's account? And I offered to take care of it but you were determined to help out? It was cute, but we can't afford to waste time trying to impress one another.

Ever since you broke up with Ben it's been impossible for us to be together without feeling an undeniable attraction. And then when they tease us about it, you act all mad, but all you do is stare at me when they walk off hiding their sniggers.

I KNOW WE BOTH LIKE
EACH OTHER, BUT WE HAVE
WORK TO GET DONE.

The worst was last week when I walked in on you changing in your office. Of course it was an accident, but it happened and we have to get past it. For God's sake, for two days we didn't even make eye contact. It's impossible to accomplish anything when we aren't communicating.

I think we should just go ahead and sleep together to get it out of our systems or we're never going to be able to move on.

COUNTERPOINT: I THINK YOU'RE CONFUSING SEXUAL TENSION WITH REGULAR TENSION

What are you talking about? Flirt with you? When I smile at you, it's not supposed to be suggestive; it's supposed to be condescending. I've made it perfectly clear a thousand times, but why don't I just say it clearly once more: I don't like you and I want you to leave me alone.

When I want to get involved with an account like Stouffer's, it's not because I'm trying to impress you. Some of us aren't insecure children like that. I wanted to work on it because I need the commission to pay my rent. I told you this back in March, but you just said, "There's no rent for staying in my bed!" and gave me that pathetic sheepish grin that makes me want to smack you.

I DON'T LIKE YOU AND I
WANT YOU TO LEAVE ME
ALONE.

Also, I don't stare at you. It's called glaring, not staring, and I glare at people I don't like.

Don't even get me started on when you walked in on me changing in my office. It's not called "walking in" when you pick the lock. And then you did that pathetic thing where you pretend to close your eyes thinking that other people are too dumb to notice that your eyes are open.

If you proposition me one more time, I'm going to tell HR. And I will cut your dick off.

*Jordan Greenblatt Writes
Point, Counter-point*

could not only be the biggest cat found in your ceiling, but the most illiterate cat. Cats in ur ceiling, watching u do all sorts of weird things that you do not want a cat to see, are a huge problem today. They are sneaky, annoying, and furry

GOD FOR SALE

Hi! Sorry to trouble you this fine Sunday morning, but I was just in the neighborhood and saw both cars in your driveway. So I took a wild guess—your household is religiously unaffiliated, yes?

Who am I? What am I doing here? I appreciate your questions and enthusiasm! Ma'am, I'm Mr. William T. Braddock, purveyor of the world's finest religions, faiths, creeds, divine laws, dogmatic beliefs, orthodox principles, sectarian guidelines, karmic cycles, shadowy rituals, and obscure totems of reverence. Yes, there's a religion for everybody, and I'd be honored if you'd let me help find yours.

Do I know how rude I'm being? Do you know how agnostic *you're* being?

Ha, but seriously, let's see what we have here. Oh yes, a classic choice, your standard Holy Bible complete with Old and New Testaments. From Genesis down to Revelations it's certainly a page-turner, but sometimes a little PG-13, if you get my drift. Anyway, billions swear by it, one of the most versatile books in the business. Pro-life? Great! Pro-choice? That seems to work too.

Maybe you don't like the idea of Hell. Okay, perfectly fair. Let's take a gander at Buddhism! It's a real beauty—the idea is to escape all material desires to reach “nirvana,” which is Heaven, but for Buddhists. Also, no angels. Did I mention you get to garden with sand?

Not into the vegetarian thing? No worries. But let's stay in the East a little longer. How do you like your house? Your job? Your family? No, I'm sure they're lovely, of course—all I mean is, don't you ever wonder about...the *next life*? With Hinduism, there's no limit to how good your lifetimes can get! Just keep racking up karma (I call them “energy points” or “boo-yahs”), and wait to be reborn as a king or astronaut. Hinduism is also fun because of all the colorful gods. Look, this one's blue. He's called Vishnu; his arms look like people arms. But see how many he's got?

So many options!

Maybe you want something a little more dangerous. Something that says *bad girl*. Something where you get to disembowel infants in the woods? Say no more—here's Judaism! Kidding, only kidding. (But seriously, if you want something in the Wiccan neighborhood, just wink twice and I'll come back after dark.)

By the way, those are some fabulous cheek bones. Do I detect a little Sioux or Cherokee? Just in case, I'm also outfitted with all your standard worship packages for animal spirits and the earth's soil. Just forgive me—I left my totem pole in my other briefcase!

I know, dumb joke, you're right. Hey, laughing would only encourage me, ha ha!

How about Islam? It hasn't been selling well here lately, but it *is* the world's fastest growing religion. Comes complete with compass that points to Mecca.

No? That's fine, I've got plenty...Oh! Did you know Jupiter and Mars were named after planets? How many gods can say *that*? Anyway, they've been looking for serious followers for quite a while, so you'll be one special worshipper. Goodbye, long lines at the sacrificial altar!

Oh boy. All right, so you don't follow the crowd. You're your own woman, strong, independent. Then look no further than this, your very own “Build-a-Cult” kit. That's right, this time *you're* the prophet! Worship something completely new. The Hamburglar? As for your creation story, don't forget to get *creative*—everyone's heard of aliens. Branch out!

Consider it? Take my card at least? And if you ever need a few extra followers, don't forget, my fee is very reasonable. Just three percent of the weekly collection plate, or whatever equivalent. God bless!

—R. Clegg



WHAT'S THE BABY BUZZ?: CHILD CELEBRITY NEWS

File this one under SO glam! Baby actress Molly Phillips is back and her body is more kicking (and screaming) than ever. Apparently the superstar, already 10 months old, has just signed on to pose nude on the wrapping of Pampers Active Baby Diaper jumbo packs. We here at Baby Buzz got an exclusive interview!

"I'm just thrilled," Molly told us with the help of Dan Phillips, her father, trainer, and interpreter. "While I was growing up, being the next Pampers Girl was always my dream. Like hundreds of babies around the world, I myself am 'toilet challenged.' Pampers models have always helped raise awareness for this largely overlooked issue." Molly proudly turned around and patted her very full diaper to give us an idea of how the product works. "Just look at this sleek design! I can't get enough. In fact, this is my ninth diaper today."

Molly's fans can't help but notice her hot new figure. What's her secret? "Healthy portions are key," she said. "And pooping a lot also keeps away those unwanted pounds." She limits herself to one small jar of mashed peas and one breast of milk per meal. Her trainer also has her on an hourly regimen of crawling laps and lifting toy blocks. "A lot of girls feel embarrassed about their gross, squishy bodies after birth, but I wanted to prove that it's possible to get back into great shape, fast. I love my new body, and I love being a new daughter. It's so much better than my lazy days floating around in my mom's womb." You go girl!

Although this is Molly's first time baring it all for the camera, the bootylicious baby has had a very controversial career. Last June tabloids reported that the Pittsburgh native would often forget her lines and throw utensils at the walls on the set of her iconic commercial for Daisy Sour Cream. "That was a difficult time for me,"

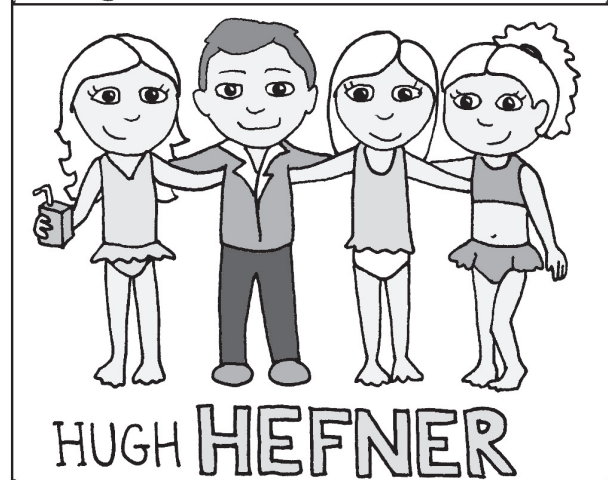
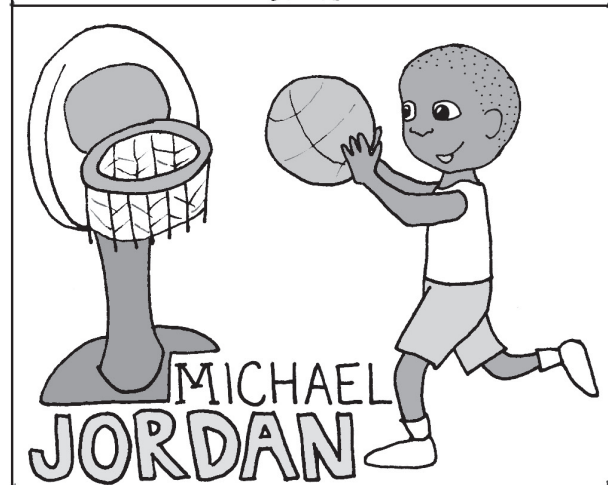
Molly told us. "I had to learn to balance my career with more ordinary things, like learning to crawl and trying not to puke on my mom." Early in her career she was also blasted by religious groups for playing a baby crying in church.

We say screw the haters and let this gorgeous baby live her life! We're so excited for you Molly!

—P. Robalino



PROFESSIONALS WHO GOT
THEIR STARTS AS KIDS



HOW TO INFER YOUR CHILD'S FUTURE PROFESSION

Contrary to popular belief, the career your child will eventually choose is easily divined by observing the behavior of said child. Examine your child for the following behaviors:

1. *Bead lodged in nostril*: It is likely your child is an infant epicurean, filled with a longing to waft and inhale the scents and objects around him; wine taster, perfume sniffer and all-around snobby git are probable career options. However, if there are multiple beads inserted in one or more nostrils, the size of your baby's schnoz is a strong indicator of nascent or future Judaism. Continue to check throughout his childhood for sprouting yarmulkes, mops of curly hair and a desire to eat Chinese food on Christmas.

2. *Staring intently into the eyes of others, then giggling*: Your baby is an unrepentant ladykiller. He has already mastered the art of the long, soulful look, followed by the dashing laugh—don't be surprised if you find yourself baring your teats more than necessary or happily handing over your credit card PINs to this bewitching youngster. His way in the world will be easy, but make sure you teach him to go for the rich old ladies when he's strapped for cash.

3. *Dirt smeared on face*: Non-African-American parents, beware: your child has professed a liking for that most culturally iniquitous of professions—the blackface actor. No matter how ethnically sensitive and tolerant you have been as parents, your child is going to become a racially insensitive 1800s era entertainer. He/she must be culturally rehabilitated immediately UNLESS you observe...

4. *Dirt smeared on faces of playmates*: Congratulations, your child is a budding makeup artist! All materials are to be her paints, and all people her unfortunate easels. Unless you're Bobbi Brown, hand her over the nearest department store makeup counter and into the loving arms of the cosmetics industry.

5. *Knocking over toy blocks*: Construction and demolition are where your child's headed. If you notice

that the top of his cranium is developing a hardhat-like consistency, this is positive confirmation of the diagnosis. On the other hand, if your child prematurely grows a set of vicious fangs, routinely shatters windows with her Japanese-accented shriek and sprouts hard, leathery skin, then it is likely you have a Godzilla on your hands. Enroll her immediately in a study abroad program in Asia, where they have experience handling such matters.

6. *Refusal of pacifier*: Does the beat of war drums seem to mysteriously accompany your child's strangely aggressive crawling? Does he perpetually poop on your husband's college thesis, "The Treaty of Versailles"? Are all his playmates unrelenting, frustrated young militarists who run the local ROTC? If so, your baby is a warmonger. This career choice may lead him down dangerous and mysterious paths unless he also displays...

7. *Excessive crying/drooling*: Your child is going to be a senator! Combined with his martial proclivities, his powerful lungs and disregard for bodily fluid leakage will give him a powerful advantage over the quieter and more hygienic. Able to filibuster for hours on end without bothering to clean up his own saliva, urine and feces, your child will be a daring darling on the Senate floor, although perhaps not with the Capitol janitors.

8. *Round, jet black exterior with black 8 in a white circle*: Your baby is actually a Magic 8 Ball. Ask it a question?
—D. Zhu



KIDS' CAREER ASPIRATIONS REVISITED

In 1990, the Yale Record asked ten children what they wanted to be when they grew up. Now, twenty years later, the Record revisits those ten children for updates on their career paths.

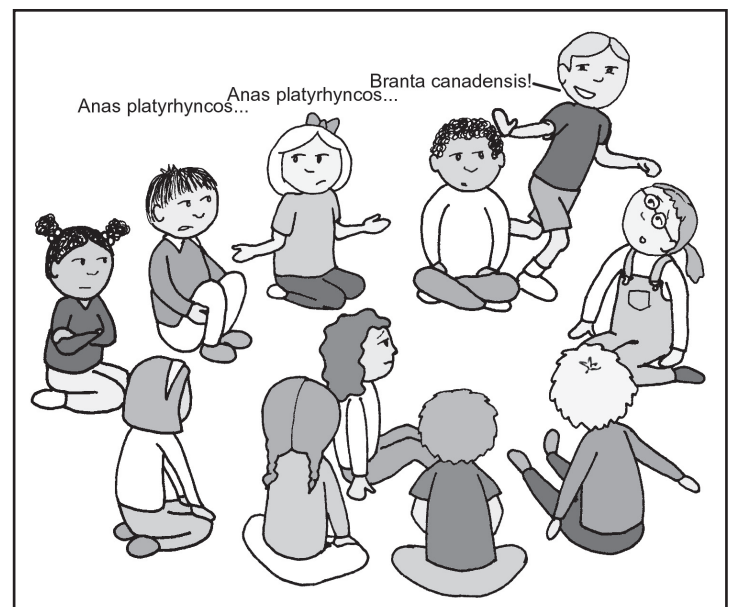
NAME	IDEAL CAREER	CURRENT JOB	QUOTES
Argus Poplewick	Actor	Telemarketer	"I try to put all of myself into each call."
Jeff Grant	Astronaut	Laundromat Worker	"If I close my eyes, the machines sound just like the engine of a space shuttle!"
Philip Jenkins	President	Janitor	"I guess it's not so bad – I'm up to my ass in other people's shit either way."
Zachary Goldberg	Painter	Comic Book Guy	"What the hell is that supposed to mean? I am an artist!"
Nigel Schwing	Rock Star	Crack Addict	"I still can't believe I actually managed to become a rock star!"
Carl Johnson	Doctor	Dealer	"Well, my clients do call me 'the Doctor'..."
Carter Brockman	Soldier	Meter Maid	"I ask you: would we have freedom in America without functioning parking meters? Do you think not? Then you, sir, are wrong."
Gene Ambler	Inventor	Inventor	"What, specifically?...I design vibrators."
Peter Long	Priest	Porn Retailer/ Actor	"Jesus Fucking Christ!!...is now available on VHS for only \$3.99!"

—K. Vural

OTHER GIFTS FOR BABY JESUS

Communion-flavored baby food
 Water-proof footies (for baby's first steps—on water!)
 "Hungry, Hungry 5000" game
 Remote Control Donkey
 Baby Wise Men videos
 Leper Transformer Action Figure (changes from leper to healthy human at the touch of a hand!)
 An "I have two dads" rainbow onesie
 Mother Goose's Book of Handy Parables
 Mobile with just one big star
 Crucifixion-proof playpen
 Threats of imminent death (from Herod)
 Apologies for giving a gift as both a Christmas and birthday present

—L.Sedlacek



S. & V. Narathil

THERE WERE SOME EARLY SIGNS THAT DANIEL
 WOULD LATER BECOME A ZOOLOGIST

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College Street Cycles

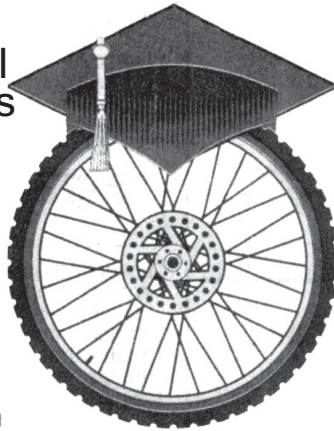


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Mattel Begins Production of One Awesome Toy Only One Billionaire Child Can Afford

Dear English,

Why the cliché “a roof over our heads”? What’s with that? I mean, what other kind of roof would you need? A roof “UNDER our heads”? Man, that would be an inefficient roof.
—A Concerned Roofer

Dear Toad’s Place,

I did not find a single toad in your establishment, yet somehow I still contracted warts.

Sincerely,
Infected

Manufacturer Promises New Tickle- Me-Elmo to Be Cuter, Deadlier Than Previous Model

Band “Pangaea” Breaks Up Due to Continental Drift

Dear General Petraeus,

Your military campaign disgusts and angers me. How could you so viciously attack a nation of warm blanket-lovers? Outraged,

A Knitter Against the War in
Afghanistan

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Dear Colonel Mustard, Mrs. White, Professor Plum, Mrs. Peacock, Mr. Green, and Ms. Scarlett,

Really? It took you that long to find out it was the gun? His fucking head got blown off. Not to mention the fact that one of you is a military officer, and another is a professor. And I don't think it would have been that hard to figure out which room it was sooner. Mrs. White, you cleaned the dining room this morning; didn't you find the bullet holes in the wall along with the blood all over the table just a little suspicious? Miss Scarlett, even though you're the murderer, you didn't seem to be able to figure out who did it. I would be able to excuse this by saying you didn't want to give yourself up, BUT THEN YOU WENT AHEAD AND ACCUSED YOURSELF AT THE END ANYWAY.

You guys are all fucking morons.
Ruining the game for everyone else,
Harry JE '12

Fat Man Declares TGIF: "Thank God It's Fried"

Dear People Who Say, "I like what you did there" After Jokes,

What if it had been horribly anti-Semitic? Then would you have liked what I did there? You make me sick.
-Harper, TD '12

Mother Looking for Cute Fridge Art Frustrated By Child's Photorealist Drawings



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Dear Steve,

I thought you told me to email pantsless at yale.edu in order to get off your panlist. Well, I'm still getting 100 emails a day, but, I have to say, the overall quality has improved.

Appreciatively,
Johnny, BR '14

Hope that helps,
Dante

Dear Walt Disney Corporation,

I was shocked and dismayed to see your treatment of my life in your recent nature documentary. To reduce the Byronic struggle of my existence to a sub-plot about my (alleged!) flatulence is frankly the worst form of crass artistic immaturity of which I can conceive.

-Pumbaa

Dear Peanut Butter,
It's time.

Sincerely,
Jelly

Dear Sisyphus,

Why don't you put a bunch of Whoopee cushions at the bottom of the hill? At least then the funny noise might mitigate some of the soul-crushing forced labor.

Dear Statistics Major,

I've got a statistic for you: did you know that 100% of other majors are more enjoyable than statistics?

-A Smug Economics Major

Roman Polanski Reportedly Confident He Will Beat Off Sex Charges

Dear Lucky Charms,
What's it like being you?

I'm drunk,
River Clegg



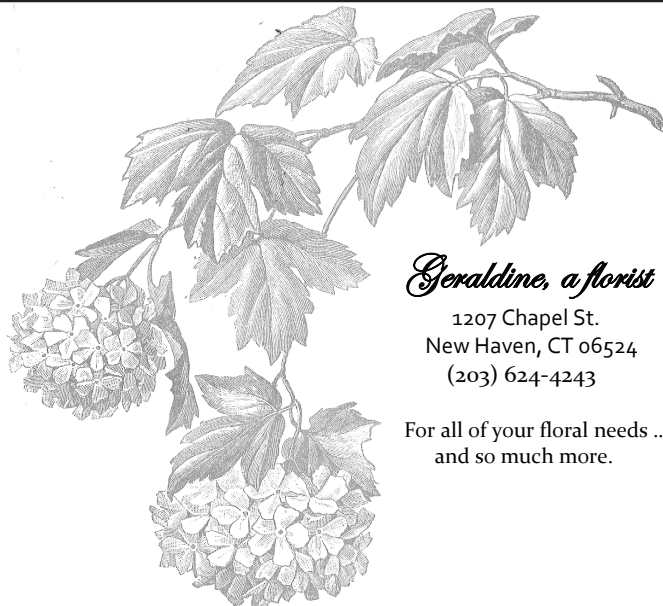
Dear Mickey Mouse,

So does Goofy really have no problem with Pluto's obvious enslavement?

-A Concerned Fan



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Kids Say the Darndest Things Deleted Scenes
by River Clegg & Lincoln Sedlacek

BILL: Tell me, Jimmy, do you like music?

JIMMY: I love music. I can sing in the shower. (audience laughs)

BILL: What kind of music is your favorite?

JIMMY: Rap! Because then I can be a gangsta in the hooooood! (audience laughs)

BILL: Can you rap for us, Jimmy?

JIMMY: (shakes head) Nope. My dad can, though. (audience laughs, camera pans to dad, grinning appreciatively)

BILL: Your dad can rap?

JIMMY: Yeah! I heard my mom telling the police he rapped her last night!

* * * * *

BILL: (leading girl onstage, where a boy is already seated) Alright now, Travis, I'd like you to meet Jenny. (sits Jenny down beside Travis) Can you say hi to Jenny, Travis?

TRAVIS: Hi.

JENNY: Hello.

BILL: Travis, what do you think of Jenny?

TRAVIS: (shrugs) She's all right. (audience laughs)

BILL: Do you think you might like Jenny?

TRAVIS: No. (Jenny looks affronted, audience laughs at childhood awkwardness)

BILL: Why don't you think you might like Jenny, Travis?

TRAVIS: Her titties aren't big enough.

* * * * *

BILL: And what's your name?

ALLISON: (shyly) Allison. (audience is delighted)

BILL: And what's your last name, Allison?

ALLISON: Uh...

BILL: Don't be shy, sweetie.

ALLISON: Beauregard. But that's 'cos my foster family's name is Beauregard. My real family burned in a fire last month.

BILL: ...

ALLISON: Foster Daddy's mean.

* * * * *

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