



LITTLE PLUTO DUDES^(TM) AND THE COWS THEY LOVE

A Yale Record Choose-Your-Own-Adventure, Printed all on two pages for your convenience.

You are in command of a M.U.F.O. (Mostly Unidentified Flying Object) named Spritely. Your fine vessel is a ship of the line of the Free Intergalactic Busybodies Federation—one of the last to avoid intellectual property hijacking by George Lucas. As you round Saturn to head for a really great bar you know in Alpha Centauri, one of your crew-beings gleebles for your attention—engine trouble. You respond:

1) Screw that noise! Anyone up for some Long Island Iced Teas?

Your frail body cannot withstand the power of a Real Man's drink! You awaken on the shoulder of Route 64 minus your blaster and clothing, with a pounding headache, an empty bottle of Wild Turkey in your hand, and with what appears to be an amorous ostrich frantically attempting to mate with your knee.

2) Ah, well. As long as we've gotta make a pit stop we might as well drop by Earth, do some repairs, mutilate some cattle.

A clanking noise reminiscent of so-called "Dissonance" music (but infinitely more pleasing to the ear) echoes throughout the hull as you descend through the clouds. Below lies a conveniently placed field of black-and-white kine, directly behind the house of esteemed statesman and sometime ape Charlton Heston. In classic physics-defying fashion you hover low and beam up a few choice specimens. Several twist and struggle as they rise, mooing frantically in a manner distinctly reminiscent of the tortured screams of freshmen after their first Yale final. Time to fire up those probes! Now, which to use?

1) Use the white probe, which vaguely resembles mosquito larvae.

The cow explodes, filling the ship with a lingering odor, several rather festive ropes of bovine intestine, and the vaguest hint of guitar warbling echoing through the ducts. This will NOT look good at fleet inspection.

2) Use the black, disturbingly phallic probe

The probing doesn't turn up much new information, but it sure is fun! Now you've got a bunch of extra cows on your hands, and you feel guilty because they don't really seem into the probing. Plus they're taking up hold space that could be put to better use holding jars of chunky peanut butter. Mmmmm.

1) Announce to the world your presence and demand that all nations submit to your authority! Display your power by dropping the cows from five hundred feet up, preferably somewhere where they'll splat real nice-like.

Jerry Falwell is convinced that you're performing abortions in that thing. Hicks with shotguns mount the initial assault, followed by preachers with bullhorns and Kevlar hairdos bellowing mind-numbing slogans and demands that you "submit yo' blaspheming ays to God" – whatever that means. Your question is answered a moment later when the clouds open up, divine music fills the air, and He lays the holy smackdown on you. Guess God really IS a jerk, after all.

2) Return them quietly to Heston's field.

You return the cows to the field, with a vivid depiction of Buddy Shiva branded into their sides. That'll keep them guessing. Suddenly, you hear Beethoven's Fifth rendered in irritatingly tinny tones.

1) Oh, that's my cell phone.

It's your commander! You have a new assignment, in the Orion cluster. Something about a newly discovered species of cattle...this is a very exciting career opportunity! You rev up the engines and get ready to boldly probe where no Little Pluto Dude^(tm) has probed before!

2) Bomb! BOMB!!!

You dash back to your quarters and yank open the bomb casing. Your eyes feverishly hunt for the wires as the chilling electronic tones resonate throughout the ship. Where's the detonator... there! As the digital countdown reaches 00:01, you remember that all Pluto Dudes are red/blue colorblind. 'Fuck,' you exclaim.

REJECTED ARCADE GAMES

Temporarily Disabling Combat

Falafel Time

Extreme Lawnmowing

The Congressional Redistrictor

Washing Machine 2:
Another Load Before Bed

Street Panhandler Turbo

The 401(k) Adventure

Martha Stewart's Weed-Out!!

Rabbi Rendezvous: The Circumcisions

Mule Kong, Jr.

Cheatin' Wife Hunter

— LIPOFF

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