

Mailbag



Dear *Yale Record*,

Your pages are so big. So colorful.
Oooh. Pressing them makes me *so* hot.
—The printing press

Dear *Yale Record*,

You know how Jiminy Cricket is Pinocchio's conscience? And you know how a conscience is a little voice in your head? So why is putting crickets in your head a bad idea?

Confused,
Frank Jones '07

Dear New Haven Fire Dept.,

Frankly, we're a little fed up with your ridiculous sirens blaring at all hours of the night. We suggest that you instead use the enclosed recording of Academy Award winner Anthony Hopkins gently clearing his throat. We think that this will be best for everyone involved.

—*Yale Record*

Dear Fab 5,

My straight friend, Donald, is a fashion disaster. Please help. Don needs now your gay apparel!

—A loyal Bravo viewer

Dear *Yale Record*,

Who's *your* daddy?

—Jesus

Dear Dungeon Master,

AAAAAAGH! AAAAAAGH!
AAAAAAAAAAAAAGH!!!

—The guy in the iron maiden

Dear *Yale Record*,

So there's furry porn, and there's tentacle porn...why do lizards always get the shaft? Or, more accurately, why don't they get the shaft? Anyway, I have a really long tongue, call me.

—A gecko

Dear Dr. Ruth,

What in God's name is the "Captain Hook Surprise"?

—Confused in California

Dear President Levin,

There's nothing wrong with grade inflation as long as grade unemployment stays relatively low.

—John Maynard Keynes

Dear Mom & Dad,

What if, instead of having a family get together for Christmas, we organized a rave in the dining room instead? Then afterwards we could all drop E and open presents together like a real family.

Love,
Mark

Dear Mom,

Sometimes, when I go to bed, I worry that I'm not horny enough. But every morning when I see you, you cheer me up and make me realize that it will all be okay. Thanks!

—A baby triceratops

Dear Y,

Enough of this "sometimes" bullshit. Either you're with us or you're against us.

—The Vowels

Dear *Yale Record*,

Want to see what Saint Nick does with his prick when Mrs. Claus has pill-popped herself into a stupor? Log on to www.elfwich.com and find out! Santa's gonna jingle his bells tonight, baby!

—g7rwp9@mailstuff.net

Dear *Yale Record*,

What would happen to your family in the event that you died?

—Prudential Life Insurance

Dear *Yale Record*,

It may be true that dead men tell no tales, but that sure as hell don't mean they get no tail, if you know what I'm saying.

—A necrophiliac



RESTAURANT

Providing Service
to Yale for over
Thirty Years

Pizza ♦ Pasta

Casseroles ♦ Subs

Gyros ♦ Souvlaki

Sandwiches

Seafood ♦ Chicken

Steak ♦ Salads

Daily Special

Hot and Cold Platters

Burgers ♦ Wings

Beer ♦ Wine

Ice Cream ♦ Milkshakes

HOURS

Sun-Thurs 11AM-1AM

Fri-Sat 11AM-2:30AM

**ACCEPTING
FLEX DOLLARS**

288 York Street
New Haven, CT 06511
787-7471 / 787-7472

Located next to
Toad's Place and
behind Sterling
Memorial Library

(continued on page 19)

(continued from page 3)

Dear San Diego Zoo,

I am writing to protest my forced removal from your zoo on November 9. The monkeys were hurling their feces at me; naturally, in self-defense, I hurled my own back at them. I don't think I'm in the wrong here. Please lift the life-long ban.

—Corporal Johnson

Dear Nalgene Corporation,

Your water bottle is supposedly indestructible, yet when I detonated a small nuclear bomb in its proximity, it sustained minor structural damage. Now I have a defective water bottle and am dead. I demand a refund.

Posthumously,
Billy Smith

Dear Prof. Lang,

I tried to attend your Math 112 class, I really did. But in order for me to get to WLH, I would have first had to get half-way to WLH, and before I could do that I would have had to travel half *that* distance, and on and on. So please don't penalize me because I can't traverse an infinite number of points, because that's just not fair.

—Zeno of Elea

Dear *Yale Record*,

Mailbag? More like MailFAG.

—*Rumpus*

Dear *Yale Record*,

We regret to inform you that we have rejected your business proposal. Vendors shouting, "Peanuts! Get your peanuts here!" up and down the aisles would probably be a distraction to our audience.

—The New York Metropolitan Opera

Dear God,

It's me, Margaret. When am I ever going to get my period?

Dear Margaret,

It's me, God. Never, and you'll never fit in, either, because let me tell you, no one wants to hang out with a girl who doesn't menstruate. ☹



Happy Holidays!

from the Yale Record

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Best Laundromat!

- Self Service
- Dry Cleaning
- Wash-Dry-Fold
- Shirt Service

Fantastic Washers & The Fastest Dryers

- Attended
- Spotlessly Clean
- Parking

130 Park Street
(Corner of George Street)
New Haven • 776-3450
Open Everyday 7am - 10pm

165 Willow Street
(Corner of Foster Street)
New Haven • 498-8537
Open Everyday 6am - 11pm

ADVOCATE BEST OF NEW HAVEN READERS POLL 2002 First Place

ADVOCATE BEST OF NEW HAVEN READERS POLL 2001 First Place

ADVOCATE BEST OF NEW HAVEN READERS POLL 2000 First Place