

Christma-CO Application for Employment

Why You Want to Work for Christma-Co:

I believe I am extremely qualified for the job of entry-level elf. I have worked in severe cold year-round through months of total darkness as well as constant sunshine without going bananas like that guy in "Insomnia." In addition, I am very tiny, have pointy ears, and can outrun polar bears.

Relevant Work Experience:

Have milked reindeer for 17 years. No complaints from aforementioned reindeer.
 Perfected recipe for hypothermia-preventative hot chocolate.

Research project: currently analyzing the neural processes of Bing Crosby's brain to develop a flawless carol-creating computer program. (I also happen to have Mr. Crosby's body in my basement in the event that I finally obtain government funding to finish my crooner-reanimation project)

Job Skills:

Quick to learn - In the past week, have mastered steering tankers through mazes of icebergs, dismantling oil pipelines, and clubbing people who club baby seals.

Invisibility - No one seems to know I exist. Need proof? No one informed me before my log cabin was razed and replaced with an oil derrick early this morning.

Innovative toy-making - Pinecone replicas of Cabbage Patch dolls, scrimshaw children's books, and broken pipeline Game Boys (see attached slide)

Willingness to do Fieldwork:

Yes! I am more than happy to go out into the field - either as Mr. Claus representative in North American malls and department stores, or as a spy in toy companies headquarters, the enemy's centers of misinformation. I will do all I can to help you win the war against the evil human toy conglomerates.

References:

I have never actually been gainfully employed by a so-called "boss." I recently lost my self-appointed job protecting the environment when the environment, sadly, went out of business.

Additional Comments:

When you are doing my security background check, you may notice that my great-uncle Jerome occasionally had brief chats with the writer J.R.R. Tolkien. Rest assured that I am a vehement opponent of Tolkien's ridiculous and two-dimensional characterization of your employees, and that great-uncle Jerome was not a blood relative.

Applicant's Name:
 LaToya Jackson

Horticultural Hero to the Rescue?

A *Yale Record* "Choose Your Own Adventure"



You, Sir [Your Name Here], have through your great bravery and cunning become the most noble and famous of adventurers in the magical realm of The Enchanted Peninsula. Your unique and powerful power—the ability to mimic the properties of plants—has until now served you well in defeating the ogre Threndor (thwarted by a good dousing in oregano) and subduing the evil wizard Cauliflower-Threndor (coated, tragically, in barnacle-esque lichen). But these days, all is not right on the Enchanted Peninsula. The slightly effeminate Prince Bruce has gone missing, streaks of chain-lightning rip through the sky every day around lunch time, and your uncanny botanical instincts tell you that the fertile Peninsula soil has become more acidic by approximately .02 on the pH scale. These terrors must be righted, and you, noble adventurer, are the Enchanted Peninsula's last hope. Get to it! Mount your trusty steed, Diaphragm, and set out on your way! *Turn to the next page!*

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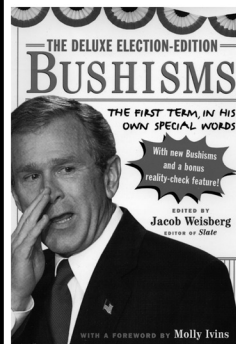
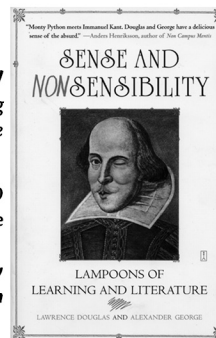


Recent Humor From Yale Graduates

Sense and Nonsensibility
Lampoons of Learning and Literature

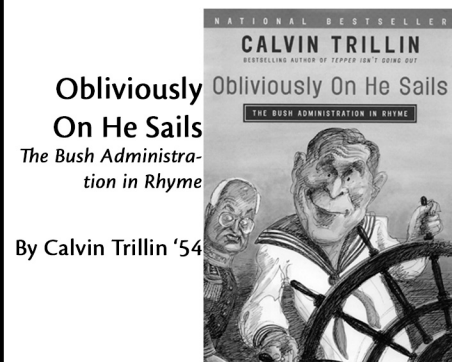
By Lawrence Douglas '89 and Alexander George

Book Signing: February 17, 2005, 6:30 pm



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By Calvin Trillin '54

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You come to a fork in the road. Do you:

- a) Go left Go to page 6!
- b) Go right Go to page 7!
- c) Grow a cactus on your face Go to page 8!



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God, Kill the Supreme Court

By Pat Robertson

We've tried being patient with the Supreme Court. We prayed to You, Jesus, that they heed Your signs telling them to resign. But Justices Kennedy, O'Connor, Souter, Ginsburg and Breyer have refused to walk in the path of the Lord. Thus, I have no choice but to ask You to kill the Supreme Court.

I know You have a divine plan, and I trust in it. But the Supreme Court has continually promoted the Sodomite agenda and waged war against Christians, especially the good Christians, the ones who buy my books. We cannot allow this to continue. Now that you have revealed Yourself by reelecting Your loyal son and giving Your party solid majorities in both houses of Congress, it is critical that You act now to give Your party control of the third branch of government.

That is why all loyal Christians and I are calling on You, most Holy of Holies, to kill the Supreme Court. Please aid us in our task of returning our nation to the path of righteousness. But we cannot succeed unless You bring burning hail down upon Ruth Bader Ginsburg. For the sake of Your people, may David Souter be shanked with the hot butter knife of the Lord. Please deliver us from these sadists.



Jesus, I know that You are infinitely merciful. You need not punish our entire people because of the sins of five men and women. They must be dealt with as Goliath and the Moabites were. If You truly love us, You must kill them.

Pat Robertson is a leading Christian Evangelist, best-selling author of The New World Order and creator of "Pat Robertson's Age-Defying Protein Pancakes."



As you trot merrily along the way, a goblin appears in the space between you and your horse. You fall off your horse and draw your sword, but the goblin turns it into soup. *You can't fight with soup*, the goblin informs you. *Now you'll have to beat me at volleyball!* Do you:

- a) Play volleyball, hoping to vanquish the Goblin Go to p.10!
- b) Fight the Goblin with soup anyway Go to p.11!
- c) Drink the soup Go to p.14!

Pat, Stop Telling Me What to Do

By God

For an omniscient being, I sure get my judgment questioned a lot. If you knew everything, as I do, you'd know that I could do my job a lot better without all these backseat deities telling Me how to do it. Free will causes Me so much trouble that I sometimes regret to having given it to you people. I made the Bible so simple even you humans couldn't screw it up, or so I thought. But somehow, against all odds, you managed. Bravo. Actually, I'm not mad. I'm disappointed. Actually, on second thought, I really am mad. You humans are just plain stupid.

Let me explain it one more times: I love everyone. It's really a simple concept. I love Muslims, I love gays, I even love Martha Stewart. I'm not going to crash a comet into Massachusetts because some people there are having gay sex. Quite frankly, I don't really care.

The fact is that I didn't even write a lot of that stuff. You think I wrote, "Thou shalt not lie with mankind, as with womankind: it is abomination"? Some schmuck added that during the Babylonian exile. Humans mess everything up. I had My Nine Commandments, but Moses had to add a tenth to make it more "round." I can't believe you all fell for that one for the past three thousand years. "I am the Lord thy God," "Honor thy mother and father," "Thou shalt not



kill"—they're all simple. "Neither shalt thou desire thy neighbor's wife, neither shalt thou covet thy neighbor's house, his field, or his manservant, or his maid-servant, his ox, or his ass, or any thing that

is thy neighbor's"—sounds like a lawyer wrote that one. I can write eloquently, you see, because I'm omnipotent! It takes a Moses or a Thomas Aquinas to make things hard to understand.

I think the saddest part is that none of you will believe Me, either. After all, I'm only Almighty God. I can't compete with media moguls like Rupert Murdoch or Pat Robertson. These days it's straight from Me to Jesus to Matthew, Mark, John and Luke to Jesus' estranged brother James, down through a few dozen popes, to Martin Luther, to some of Luther's disciples to Pat Robertson to the 700 Club, through the cable lines to you. Or you could just open the Bible yourselves, you lazy schmucks.

I'm beginning to think you all don't want Me as your God. After all, I demand thought and hard work. You want a God who will tell you what to do and then forgive all your sins because you show up on Sunday for half an hour. Well, here's an idea. If you don't like Me, go worship your TV. It doesn't judge you, it doesn't ask anything of you, and it doesn't require you to think. Just stop going around hurting people because someone told you that I told them to tell you to do it.

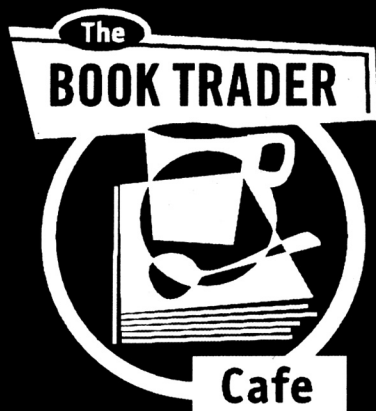
God is the best-selling author of the Bible, but he's mad about getting jewed out of the royalties. ☹

The road gets muddier and then less muddy. Then you see a hut in the distance. When you get closer you still see the hut but it appears larger. Finally you can read the sign in front of the hut. "Mr. Mary-Anne's Magick Shoppe," you read. Nailed to the sign is another sign. "ON SALE NOW: ROCKS OF TELEPORTATION AND SUCCESS (sizes vary depending on availability)," you read further. You enter the shop. An aging homosexual dragon sits behind the counter. You approach and ask to purchase a Rock Of Teleportation And Success. *I've only got one left*, he tells you. *It'll cost you twenty-five doubloons. By the way, I love artichokes.* But you don't have any doubloons. Do you:

- a) Bribe the dragon with a crop of artichokes which you germinate, cultivate, and harvest in a nearby field Go to p.17!
- b) Offer to work in the Shoppe for as long as it takes to pay for a Rock of Teleportation and Success Go to p.18!

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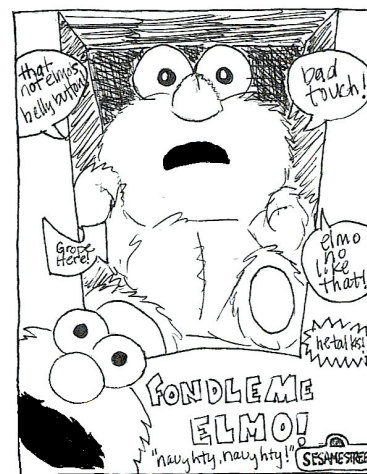
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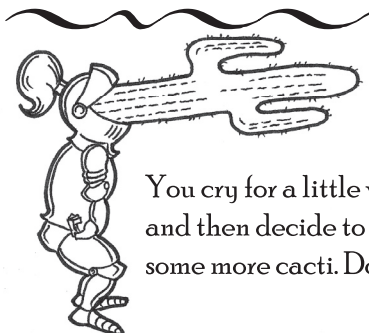
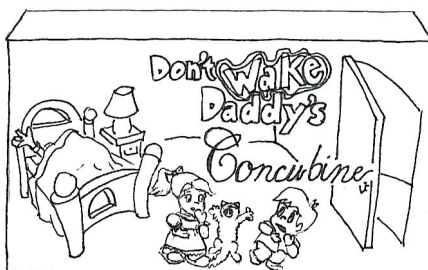
Pulled from Shelves

Every Christmas, some toys make it to stores, severely injure some dumb kid, and are swiftly recalled before the class-action suit drives the manufacturer bankrupt. But the comedic value of these recalled toys will long outlast the emotional distress they caused.

- ☛ Fallujah Monopoly
- ☛ Trail of Tears computer game
- ⌚ Tourette's Syndrome Teddy Ruxpin
- ⊕ Comrade Barbyinski's Post-Revolution Dream House/Aluminum Smelting Facility
- ✂ Baby's First Zippo Lighter
- ♠ Chocolate-Covered Marbles
- 👑 Magical Princess Invisible Plastic Bag Crown
- 🐾 My Little Lactating Pony
- ☛ Connect This, Bitch
- 👤 Atkin's Diet Baking Set
- 👤 Double Scotch On the Rocks
- 👤 Play-don't: Ritalin-laced putty for the overactive child
- 👤 Don't Wake Daddy's Concubine



- ✂ Milton Bradley's The Game of Death
- 👤 The Real Gun: a gun that is real
- 👤 Yo-yo On a Stick
- 👤 Karl Rove's Super-fun Nighttime Self-improvement Freedom Patriotism Democracy Coalition Game Tapes
- 👤 John Ashcroft's Only-slightly-abridged Bill of Rights Workbook
- 👤 Easy-Bake Meth Lab
- ✂ Fondle Me Elmo
- ✂ Mystery Date HIV-status Unknown Edition
- 👤 Cabbage Patch Fetuses



You cry for a little while and then decide to grow some more cacti. Do you:

- a) Grow a prickly-pear cactus (*Opuntia tornatus*) Go to p.9!
- b) Grow a slightly larger prickly-pear cactus (*Opuntia tornatus maiorus*) Go to p.9!
- c) a cactus made of beans (*cactum legumen*) Go to p.9!

A Wiccan X-Mas

Wiccans are a very misunderstood group. While many people think they're nothing but godless heathens or Satanists, in truth they're simply another religion like Christianity or Oprahism, and equally deserving of our respect and reverence. What most don't realize, though, is that even evil fiend-worshipping devil spawn created in the dark abyss—excuse me—Wiccans have their own unique celebration of Christmas. Luckily, we here at *The Record* have uncovered a page of a journal by a Wiccan child in preparation for this holiday that reveals their unique brand of celebration.

December 25, 2003

Dear Diary,

Christmas rules! Yesterday we got everything started and I had the most wonderful time with my family. First, we met up for the ritualistic penguin sacrifice (I hope the zoo doesn't notice them missing). After soaking in their blood, we ate the bodies raw in front of a large bonfire of pentagram-shaped burning crosses. Dad said that'll really teach those penguins not to mess with us in the future. Then we went inside to watch *A Peanuts Christmas* and eat fruitcake. I went to bed hoping I got the bones of that stupid Jenny Havershore who keeps on calling me fat during gym. Or maybe a new dirt bike.

This morning I ran downstairs under our crucifix with that man writhing on it to get my presents. His moaning kept me up all night! However, stupid Jonas was already there first. I put a hex on him to make him pee milk but he turned my hair into snakes. I got one to bite him but then that stupid crybaby went to mom and dad and they decursed the house and we got yelled at and they said we had to wait until after breakfast to open our presents. But it was still good because I got the bones and the bike! Haha, maybe Jenny thinks I'm fat but that's because she's just bones! Thanks Santa.

I only got to play with my bike for a little while because we went over to grandma's house. I had to help inside and make a brew to destroy the crops of the nearby farmers while Jonas got to play football with the guys outside. How come only the guys get to play football? I said I'd be better at it than Jonas is but mom said to stop asking or she'd strike me down with the fires of a million hells like she did that guy from the *RS*. I still think I could be better than Jonas.

Then we had to go caroling. I hate caroling because my throat hurts from singing *Silent Night* so many times and because we have to torture people until they swear eternal fealty to our dark lord. Mom says she doesn't care though, because it's important to look good for the community and I have a pretty voice. Do I really? The people said yes when I asked them but Jonas was burning them with a poker. Does that count? I think it should.

We finally got back to the house and I was allowed to open my stocking. I got some new nail polish, delicious chocolate, and deliciously maimed bodies. I was too tired to eat any though, and mom just came up and tucked me into bed. What a great day. I can't wait for next year! Maybe then I can get rid of that snooty Regina who never invites me to her parties.


As you stand at the fork in the road, pleased with your cacti, a wood nymph approaches and then leaves. Then a genie floats up to you. *Master, I will grant thee as many wishes as you can conceive!* The genie intones. *All you have to do is defeat the Evil Necromancer-cum-Blacksmith of the Mystical Archipelago.* Do you:

- a) Defeat the Evil Necromancer-cum-Blacksmith of the Mystical Archipelago Go to p.19!
- b) Turn your fingers into stalks of asparagus and then tickle the genie Go to p.20!

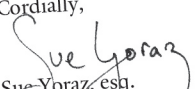


Sexual Submission...

Dear Jessica,

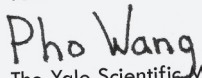


Thank you for submitting your comparative study of the legal treatment of statutory subject matter. Sadly, the editorial staff of the Yale Journal of International Law has decided that your paper, in its current form, is not publishable. For the record, our publication encourages undergraduate submission; it was not rejected *ab initio*. Rather, the editors were troubled by a number of legal inaccuracies and misstatements throughout the paper: the term "hung jury" has nothing to do with masculine prowess; "class action" is not synonymous with a law school orgy; lawyers earn J.D.s, not S.T.D.s; and "cum testamento annexo" does not mean what you think it means. The editorial staff is also concerned about the blatant illegality of a number of the acts to which you refer. If you need a good lawyer, let us know. We do pro bono work – but don't take that the wrong way.

Cordially,

 Sue Yoraz, esq.
 The Yale Journal of International Law

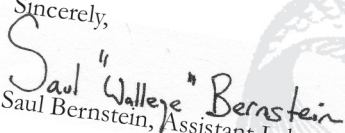
Dear Ms. Tanenbaum,

For the last time, let me sternly remind you that the Yale Record does not print sexually explicit material. Please recall that circulation extends beyond the Yale undergraduate community to freshmen, alumni, and Yale scientists. According to our bylaws, print must be anatomically correct (unless that jpeg you see is whoa Nelly!). Moreover, our magazine shouldn't make readers indignant; rather, they should feel intense pleasure, gratification, a little tired. Therefore, we cannot print your article about sex in Osborn Labs, particularly since the piece chronicles the work of our own potty-mouth author. Also, experiments is not spelled with a capital E.

Your Esteemed Colleague,

 Pho Wang
 The Yale Scientific Magazine

Dear Ms. Tanenbaum,


The Yale Anglers' Journal would like to publish your submission: "Rods and Poles." Unfortunately, your article failed to capture adequately the essence of the subject therefore unsuitable for publication. We would like to select a piece more closely modeled on our typical style, such as selecting XXX HOT HARDCORE 18+ material. If you are on this subject matter, you could compose an article about what it is like as you paddle down a sleepy stream on a warm day. What if my meditations concern AMATEUR WALL EYEs? NATION? The Yale Anglers' Journal would like to know. Please think about where to find good walleye. The address we are looking for is not "in bed."

Sincerely,

 Saul "Walleye" Bernstein
 Saul Bernstein, Assistant Lakes and Ponds Editor

Greetings.

As Mission Control for the Yale Undergraduate Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction, it is with much sorrow that I must tell you that we cannot accept your submission. Although the topics of Intergalactic Intercourse and positions in Zero G conditions have always been personal fascinations of mine, your article cannot be included in our magazine because of rule 4.3.2.9.8e in the YUMFSF handbook mandating that every article contains no fewer than three references to Dungeons and Dragons. Still, I plan to discuss your titillating adventure story with the elfin editorial staff, giggle foolishly, and fantasize about you dressed as a sexy unicorn. Would you like to discuss your well-wrought characters at our next meeting? I'd particularly like to hear about the multilayered conflict between Zybort and his love slave Unetmore. At the meeting, we'll be making tinfoil costumes and talking about our Internet girlfriends.

Hope you can make it.


 Steve (that trollish guy you sometimes see)
 YUMFSF

You easily defeat the goblin at volleyball because goblins are small and rarely play volleyball. Upon his defeat, the goblin is transformed into a unicorn, then a castle, then two goats, which then mate and produce a single white dove. As it alights, you grow kudzu tendrils and latch onto one of its spindly legs. The dove soars many miles, and after awhile, you begin to feel just a slight bit peckish. Do you:

- a) Eat the dove Go to p.15!
- b) Eat part of the dove Go to p.15!
- c) Let go of the dove while flying over the soft and cushiony Mountain Of Cake And Occasionally Doom Go to p.16!

and Bitter Rejection

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article about your meditations
lazy afternoon? But you ask,
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Dear Jessie,

There's no need to cloud your lurid sexual prose with legal jargon or scientific blather or fish mumbo jumbo or all the freaky unicorn fetish stuff. This whole humor magazine exists so that we dorky guys can release our pent up sexual energy! Sarcasm is our porn. That is, sarcasm is our porn in addition to the porn that's our porn. You like porn, right? Well, you can forget about those editors of legitimate publications. There's a home for your zaftig self and smut-filled mind right here at the Yale Record. We're hoping you are hot, but, to tell the truth, we'll take what we can get.

Andrew Kau

Editor-in-Chief, The Yale Record

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You can't fight with soup, idiot. The goblin told you so, and goblins are unable to lie. Go back to #2 and try again. And this time, don't be so stubborn.