

Dear Peter Pan,

When you say "think happy thoughts" to be able to fly, does that involve sexual fantasies involving young boys? From my Neverland to yours,

Michael Jackson

Dear Chicken,

You are so overdone. No one cares about why you crossed that stupid road, or whether you or the egg came first. I, on the other hand, never get old. *Anyone* could be there.

-Knock Knock

Dear Knock Knock,

Watch who you dis. I'm incredible *and* edible. Beat that, punk.

-The Egg

Dear Yale Record,

Oh God! Please help me! I've been trapped in President Levin's basement for months on end and shrunk to 1/1000th of my previous size!

Best, The Inflatable Bulldog Days Bulldog

Dear Time,

Stop! Stop your incessant march onwards!

> Yours truly, Zach Morris

Dear Yale Record,

Do you think Palestinians ever sit around and think, "Man, we are 'Palestoned?'

-Yale Friends of Israel

Dear Yale Record,

Yesterday I was at the beach and a crab crawled into my bathing suit and bit me. Oh wait, that wasn't at the beach, it was in my FORMAC section. Why was I wearing my bathing suit there?

> Curiously, Mitchell Doyle, BR '07

Dear Pharmaceutical Industry,

The pills that I found on the ground the other day made me want to take my clothes off and run around, and they were only chiclets.

-Anonymous

Dear Dungeons and Dragons,

When will you grow up? You are so behind the times. Simpleton.

-Advanced Dungeons and Dragons

Dear Yale Record,

If Optimus Prime decided one day that he was really a fire-truck born into an 18-wheeler's body, and then he got some "body work" done, would he be a Trans-Transformer?

Curious in Keenokee

Dear Curious George,

Will you ever learn to behave, you filthy ape? Every time I bring you to a restaurant or museum, all you do is get into trouble, and then I bail you out every time. Get some manners!

-The Man in the Yellow Hat

Dear Man in the Yellow Hat,

Look assfountain, who's the one who brings a monkey into museums and restaurants in the first place? "Oh, I know he used to live in the jungle and is prone to acts of public masturbation and fecal mischief, but you know, he might really enjoy the Guggenheim." Yeah, right.

-Curious George

Dear Captain Crunch,

We write to inform you that you must stop pretending to have served in Vietnam. Furthermore, you did not earn a Silver Star for valor, and our records show that you only attained the rank of midshipman before resigning your commission to become a spokesman for the breakfast cereal industry.

-The United States Navy

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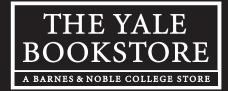


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Dear New Journal,

Let's face it: at this point, your journal can't really be considered "new." I'd prefer it if you changed it to "getting along in years" Journal or "young at heart" journal. Plus, you should really stop printing on recycled Kleenex. Even my cat won't poop on it.

-Charles Kessler

Dear Yale Record,

Did you know that the age of consent in Connecticut was only sixteen?! That's *three* in sheep years.

-Ryan Voorhees, JE '05

Dear RNA,

Enough of the "building blocks of life" bullshit - give us back our initials or we'll blow you away.

-The NRA

Dear Mr. And Mrs. Grouch,

We must regretfully inform you of the death of your son Oscar. We were unaware that he occupied an ordinary looking trash-can, and was "compacted" during our weekly garbage disposal procedure. We are very sorry for your loss.

> -Sesame Street Waste Management Corp.

Dear Yale Record,

You were wrong. It doesn't matter how many times you go to the Freshman Bazaar without streaking -- if you do it just once, you get funny stares forever. Same deal with arson.

–Jack Daniels '07

Dear Telemonian Ajax, Stronger than dirt, my ass. -Oilean Ajax

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin-Stop having children. I cant keep track of all the Baldwin brothers. There isn't enough room in all of cyberspace anymore.

> Sincerely, imdb.com

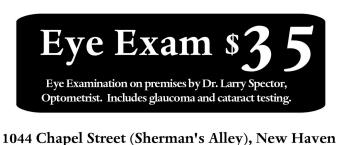
Dear Michelangelo, Leonardo, Donatello, and Raphael,

I dropped my pet turtle into radioactive waste, and he is not yet teenage or a ninja. I suppose you could say that he is a 'mutant' because his shell has disintegrated, and he now resembles over-boiled hamburger, but anyway, what's the deal? You guys are frauds. I will never love again. Brian, age 10

Man, I can't believe we have to memorize the entire periodic table!







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