

Dear Yale Record,

You're so gay. I bet you have sex with other male humor magazines all the time. Assuming that you are male. You flamer.

-A Jock

Dear John Gaddis,

I couldn't care less about the Cold War! You're always Cold Warthis and Cold War-that. Who's even heard of this 'Cold War' you speak of anyway? I wanted to be in History of Catholicism: the First Millennium.

-A Junior Coping Poorly with Rejection

Dear Yale Record,

One of us has *got* to change names. I know its a touchy subject, but I'm sure you can see where we're coming from—since you have EYES, you bastards!

Sincerely, *The Braille Record*

Dear Yale Dining Services,

Dining hall food would be so much more X-treme if you changed every 's' on the menu to a 'z.' It would be so cool to eat "fried eggz" and "boiled azparaguz!" Oh, and maybe throw in an extra 'z' for good measure, for example "mazacaroni."

-Danny Eisenman, BR '06

Dear Jesus Christ,

I've just released a new workout video! If you want sexy, rock-hard abs, give it a try. It's called Pilate's.

-Pontius

Dear Fred Flintstone,

We have had little to no success using various seabirds and prehistoric reptiles to power our home appliances. Any suggestions?

-The Yale Record

Dear Yale Record,

As requested, we have located the original 1602 folio of Shakespeare's *Richard III.* You are correct: The original line *was* "A horse! A horse! My genitals for a horse!"

-Beinecke Rare Books Library

Dear Shawn Gomez '07,

Son, we probably should have told you this before you left for college, but when we said that we sent Mr. Sniffles to live on a guinea-pig farm, he was actually dead. Also, you're adopted.

Love, Mom and Dad

Dear Yale Record,

I am deeply disappointed by the lack of references to 80s kids' shows in your latest issue.

-Derek Fieldston '05 P.S. Hey, remember Fraggle Rock?

Dear Yale Record,

I was vacuuming naked and got my penis stuck. Well, that's what I told the emergency room doctor, anyway.

–Ed

To the Yale Community,

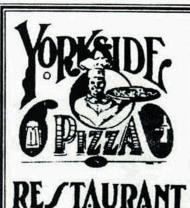
Let this message serve as a warning of the most dire sort. Since our primary natural predator, Yale Dining Services, has lain dormant, our masses have multiplied tenfold. We tire of your presence here. Be warned: we attack at dawn.

-Local Rat Population

Dear Yale Record,

I've played Freddy Krueger in the last 10 movies. Sometimes I cry myself to sleep—but then I wake myself up really fast, because if I don't...he comes.

-Robert Englund continued on page 21



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Located next to Toad's Place and behind Sterling Memorial Library Letters continued from page 5

Dear Yale Record,

What if in some other dimension *carpets* walked all over *us*? It's too creepy to even think about.

-Scared Stiff

Dear Oxford English Dictionary,

Okay, if inflammable means flammable, that means when my girlfriend calls me inept, I am, in fact, ept. Right? Right?!?

-Lyle Schneider '07

Dear Yale Record,

Hey, you know that seatbelt campaign called "click-it-or-ticket"? It should be called "buckle-up-or-we'll-fuck-you-up."

Expectantly, Eugene Bamberger '04

Dear Prof. Gibbins,

Let me into your seminar or face my wrath, you pathetic, egotistical, simian-named excuse for a human! Oh, and I promise to work very hard in your class.

-Ashley Jones '06

Dear Koko the Gorilla,

You think you're so special because you can use your little computer. Let's just remember who's been patiently evolving since the Paleozoic, shall we?

-Harry the Disgruntled Horseshoe Crab

Dear Neptune,

Who was the closest it's been to Earth in 60,000 years? Could it be...MARS? That's what I thought, bitch.

-Mars

Dear Yale Record,

We think you should do a joke about Net IDs. They have a lot of untapped humor potential.

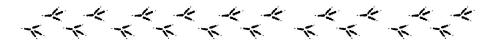
-Annie Sue Sanders '06 & Francis U. Conover-Kline '05

Dear Yale Record.

Come to me, baby. That's it. You know you can't resist.

-Black Hole J-42R







Strike Issue 21