

Kidnapping!

Some of you may have already noticed, glancing down at the two big signatures gracing the bottom of the page, that this so-called editorial wasn't written by our one and only editor-in-chief—in fact, it wasn't even written by one person at all, which may account for why the tone jarringly shifts every other sentence. What happened, you ask? The explanation is simple: our editor-in-chief, Aryeh, was kidnapped.

A few evenings ago, the *Yale Record* office received a telegram from a man who claimed to be holding Aryeh hostage at an undisclosed location in Texas. Aryeh, along with an attractive damsel, was to be executed by the light of the full moon. With not a moment to spare, the *Record* Posse abandoned our printing presses, donned our cowboy hats, and drove to the intramural fields, where we beat up the polo team, stole their horses, and tore off into the dust.

Things didn't go quite as planned once we arrived in Texas. To our surprise, even though all the Texans we met carried firearms, none of them wore cowboy outfits. A few people even seemed flustered by our requests for directions to the nearest execution grounds. Beginning to despair, we took a break for drinks at the local saloon—and inadvertently found exactly what we were looking for.

As soon as we entered the place, we knew something was wrong. Everyone, even the bartender, was dressed entirely in black. No one was drinking, or even talking—they were all staring straight at us, waiting silently. And when we saw their hats, we knew what we were up against. Every one of them, to a man, was wearing

one of those things—those *yarmulkes*. Aryeh had been kidnapped by the notorious Jewish Cowboy Posse.

We'd been set up, and we were outmanned, outgunned, and out-*chutzpahed*. There was only one way out: a duel to the death, mano a mano, Jew versus Jew. We decided that I, David, the Business Manager of the *Record*, would face off against the their leader, Rabbi Earp. Time slowed to a crawl as I prepared to draw:

1.1 seconds. My left eyebrow arches ever so slightly, forming an expression at once quizzical and menacing.

2.3 seconds. My fingers, damp with sweat, twitch near the polished handle of my six-shooter.

4.7 seconds. I remember that I left the iron on at home, and curse silently under my breath.

6.2 seconds. Should I draw first? No, the cowboy who draws first always loses...

7.4 seconds. My opponent's eyes narrow and his hand inches perceptibly towards the butt of his revolver.

8.3 seconds. Our Chairman, Tho, emerges from a hidden Vietnamese tunnel and drags Rabbi Earp in by his ankles.

9.5 seconds. Tumbleweed rolls by. Where do those things come from?!

10.0 seconds. The Chairman emerges from the dark hole, smacking his lips in satisfaction.

After their leader had been devoured, the Jewish Cowboy Posse abandoned all hope and fled back to their jobs controlling the world media. Its enemy vanquished, the victorious *Yale Record* Posse's rescue mission was nearly complete. But to our infinite dismay, there was no attractive damsel: there was only a donkey. With tears in our eyes, we had to settle with carrying Aryeh home strapped to the back of our new pet, and, our sojourn into the Wild West at an end, rode off valiantly into the sunset.

*Melky
& Josh*

