



### Bad Joke Corner

*Contributed by Various Readers*

#### Joke 1:

What do you call a cow with a bad attitude?

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Moo-dy!

#### Joke 2:

What was Count Dracula's favorite fruit?

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Necktarines

#### Joke 3:

How do you mend a broken jack-o-lantern?

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With a pumpkin patch



### Dictator of the Month: Mugabe

Having a doctorate in fuzzy math, his Excellency was “elected” for another 6 years of power in 2002. So far on his socially progressive agenda, Bob has “reallocated” farmland of the colonialist white farmer to the rightful black population. But don’t fret, my Caucasian friend, for it is still okay for you to live in Zimbabwe as long as you don’t mind being a second class, migrant citizen. Welcome back to Europe 1936!

### Babble-ON Interactive Poll!

Which is your favorite Star Wars movie?

- Episode One: **The Phantom Menace**
- Episode Two: **Attack of the Clones**
- **Episode Three** (you wish)
- Episode Four: **A New Hope**
- Episode Five: **The Empire Strikes Back**
- Episode Six: **Return of the Jedi**
- **I Hate Star Wars**

### Calling the Olde Guard!

*Join the next installment of Online Diplomacy!*

This game will include a new map using the classic rules. See the website ([www.diplomacy.fritzcomics.com](http://www.diplomacy.fritzcomics.com)) for details. This game is scheduled for play Monday through Friday, with the weekends off.

Gamemaster: Dan

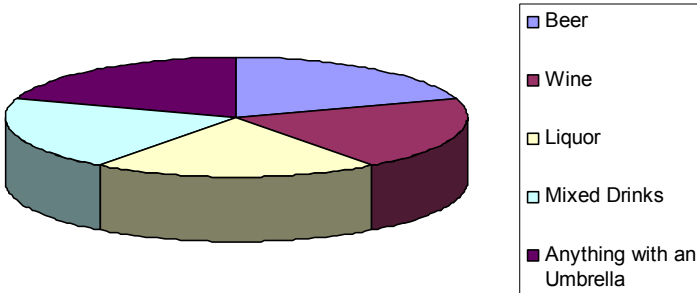
Players: 10

Start Date: Monday, November 10, 2003

Email me if you are interested:  
[dan@fritzcomics.com](mailto:dan@fritzcomics.com)

### Issue 6 Follow-Up!

What type of alcoholic drink do you prefer?



### Picture This

*An excerpt from www.nytimes.com  
October 15, 2003*

“The Chinese assert that they were actually first to try to send a man into space. A 16th-century Ming Dynasty artisan, Wan Hu, held kites in each hand and strapped himself to a chair equipped with rockets, according to some historical accounts carried in the state news media.

His servants reportedly lit the gunpowder-fueled rocket as Mr. Wan tried to launch himself into the sky. He failed, dying in the explosion.” ☒

...Cocking Off Like a Gentleman, from page 1...

Every Friday night my freshman year, strictly after gorging ourselves at the dinning hall buffet, and strictly before the parties began at around 11pm, my roommate and I marked the end of the week with a siesta. This ritual gave us the energy we needed to sustain us through the weekend festivities. However, nearly every week we would wake from our naps not to the sounds of pulsating party beats, but to the drunken cocking off of the football players on the floor above ours.

Beef, or Meat or whatever the one above our room called himself, cocked off from shirtless breakfasts in the cafeteria to the one time a girl did agree to go back to his room with him, breaking his industrial strength bed after a rollicking good minute and thirty-five seconds.

The more sinister cocker offers were the four Minnesota boys that gathered diagonally from our room through the courtyard. Every Friday, they would get lit up by 10pm and start to cock off. A mixture of rotgut Skol gin (\$6 / bottle) and Hennepin pale ale would normally do the trick. And one would hope that this combination would put them under, pacify and truncate their night so that the rest of us could have fun; however, it just seemed to shorten their attention spans. Instead of going out to find girls, they would open their windows and start yelling into the courtyard. Inevitably walking through the courtyard would be the new flaming gay guy giggling and flirting with his new found boyfriend and inevitably "hey cock sucker" would erupt from the window, followed by a beer bottle or two poorly aimed but scary none the less.

These four boys stuck together over the years and by our junior year they owned the campus, or so they thought. My roommate, dedicated partier that he is, was walking to some off campus soiree and saw the four guys hanging around some twelve year old boys. As he walked by the twelve year olds, they were calling the Minnesota boys "fucking pink pussies" for losing their football game that day. (As you can see cocking off is not restricted to a certain age group). At that moment, these four hulking football players started a full speed beat down on the kids. Not to miss a good fight, my roommate pulled two of the football players off of the kids sending them sprawling on the blacktop, the third reacted to him and came swinging. However drunk my roommate was, the one that came at him was drunker, because what started off as fists of fury turned quickly into a football love-hug of submission, and as the fourth one pulled his fists up to come after my roommate he extended himself off balance and my roommate dislocated his arm. Well, this stopped the fight immediately because the cock off who was beating the little kid a minute ago was screaming like a stuck Tasmanian Devil. The twelve year olds ran off a little smarter for having cocked off a little too much and my roommate took his two girlfriends under his arms and promptly headed back to kick me out of our dorm room.

After that the Minnesota boys started keeping to themselves and Beef was nowhere to be found. Some thought that he had gone abroad or taken an extended absence, but at the beginning of our senior year, the truth came out when someone saw him at the Kit Kat club private exotic dancing for a bunch of 35 year old women cocking off.

The moral to this story is if you are going to cock off make sure you have two chicks or two dudes that you are going to take home with you afterward. ☒

...A Book Report, from p. 1...

The question is: have any of *you* ever heard of her? Please say "yes" (and send in your responses to one dfritz@fritzcomics.com *asap!*). Not only because I need some justification and/or means for rendering my college studies worthwhile, but also because J. Rhys is a darned interesting writer with a unique style (and more easy to follow than the twentieth century's *other* formidable female author, Virginia Woolf). I first heard of and read Jean Rhys in my debut class as an NYU Gallatin student (the individualized study/create your major school at NYU for kids who are either evil geniuses, trendy non-conformists, or like me, a humble and naive girl from the Chinook-winded plains of the Great Falls of the Missouri). The class (read: Interdisciplinary Seminar) was called "Gender in Question," and before you mock the title, I ask you to scan your brain for some of the classes *you* took at Podunk U....Econ 101... Orgo...do these titles appear more relevant or applicable to real life? I didn't think so.

But to return, I first read a Rhys novel entitled, *Good Morning, Midnight*, and although I do not remember it well enough to provide *Babble-ON* readers with the accurate prasis eval you require, I can say that I liked it a lot. It was good. As for the current book up for discussion, *Quartet*, although I finished this rather short story just last night, I am still left scratching my head...about every aspect of it. Did I enjoy following the journey of the characters? I'm not sure where they went. Did I appreciate the general style and voice of the author after the back cover informed me of its autobiographical nature? Well, to the extent I can *appreciate* the depression I experienced after each read, sure. My clearest impression of this book was an emotionally charged gut reaction occurring directly after I finished it. I chucked the book to the plush carpet with a hearty "What the heck just happened?" It was as if Jean had lost her notebook while writing the story, and when she finally found it, some deadline forced her to turn the thing in unfinished.

Hence and thusforth, dear readers, I leave it to you. In fact, I challenge any brave soul out there looking for a confusing read, or someone with a developed ability to give me BS answers to my perplexed state of mind, to read this short novel, *Quartet*, by Jean Rhys, and tell me *whhaaahaappenned* to the rest of the story. ☒

## **SOME SENSELESS RANTING: Fu\$K It Dude, Have It Your Way**

*By James Schneider*

*You wanna know what makes me mad: everything! I was walking around the streets and I couldn't even believe it. There was just so much stuff that made me go, "What the...Stop!!!" Let's run through a couple of my peeves, shall we?*

### **Stuuuupid People:**

It might be funny to call your friends stupid, you know, just to razz 'em a bit. But I mean, really scrape the bottom of the barrel and you still haven't hit the scum. Like, the stupidest people you could ever meet. Yeah, well, I hate them with the passion of many passions. For example, when I purchased a drink the other day and my change would have been 13 cents. Well, I'm such a cheap bastard I needed the cash, but I'm also lazy, and carrying all that change is annoying. So, I looked in my wallet and had 12 cents. I said, "Okay. Here, I have 12 cents. Give me a quarter." This is not brain surgery, this isn't even like repairing a limb or something like that. Well, you wouldn't know it for the dumbfounded look on this bastard's face. Duuuuuuhhh. "I can't do that, I already rang it up in the register." Wonderful. Thank you Philadelphia Public Schools or lack there of, I hate you.

### **People Who Need A Cause, For No Reason:**

Ever find yourself writing for a major school-wide publication and having people get all uppity just because? Oddly, I have. Every group on campus feels like they are the victims of a personal attack. Like, no. Just shup up, give it a rest; no one gives a crap. Seriously, the victims-of-wild-goat-attacks and the survivors-of-reading-this-article clubs should be SAC-funded. When worthy groups like the Penn Democrats are funding some programs out of pocket, it's ri-frigging-diculous that there could be groups around campus that do literally NOTHING. NOTHING. Shove it. I hate you with a blind raging utter contempt. Blind, I tell you. Like Sparky, the homeless guy who drinks bats blood and smokes the sticky. That guy! Just shut up. Go away.

### **The kid in my hallway who left the alarm on all weekend and went away**

I woke up willing to stab the everloving crap out of this waste of humanity. Oh, and he left his cell phone on, which reminds me further that I should pimp slap the hapless oaf tree.

### **People who do not close the door when they pee**

It's true. Every one of you toothless, paint chip sucking, bumlbers. I'm calling you out. Just, close the door. I don't want to see your millimeter peters. Really. Like, really. Even if I was a girl, I don't think I'd be that into it. I mean, it's like free porn, right? Well, as a fairly good looking man, I'm sorry for robbing you of that porn. But, like, just...gahhh!!! I would just prefer that everyone else spares me their Minnie Yous. Thanks. Have a nice day, dipshit.

### **Stupid, pointless, box-cluttering emails**

Oddly. I feel like this may have been covered before. Somewhere. Nevermind.

### **Anyone who thinks John Mayer is good, but thinks Dave Matthews sold out**

You are as deserving as anyone of my hatred. You are stupid, have crappy taste in music, and are a bad person. And, a bad mailman. Take that CD and stick it where the sun don't shine. In your CD player. Just end it. Follow the vein. Do it, do it, do it. Oh, and buy Judas Priest. I'm sure there's a message in there for one of you crackheads.

### **Myself, for missing "Pie In The Sky"**

Damnit. I missed it, due to the numbskull who left his alarm on. Refer to previous rant. Die slow. My Four-Four makes sure your kids don't grow. This is the worst thing ever.

*Things to hate next week: Haley Joel Osment: Shovel to the face. Pigeons; military; armadillos. ☒*





*Squish* by Alan Fishman

## Quote Corner

### Asa Say...

By Asa Hadsell

“Everyone gets shit on, but everyone has two choices, get up, brush the dirt off and keep living or shit on the people that love them the most.”

### Andy's Soundbites

By Andy Wilkowski

Tom: "What is this, and can I eat it?"

### Word of the Day

By Alan Fishman

Willy

*Your inanities could fill this space.  
Send in your submissions today!*

## Tower of Babble-ON's "Before-and-After" Corner

By Susan Myhr

I, Swoozie Kurtzmyhr, will start it off with two different versions of the same idea. You may understand one rather than the other depending on your level of dorkiness.

Ira Glass Bead Game  
Phillip Glass Bead Game

OK! It's your turn. Send you submissions for this Wheel-of-Fortune-esque game today to [dfritz@fritzcomics.com!](mailto:dfritz@fritzcomics.com)

## Suggestions for Submissions

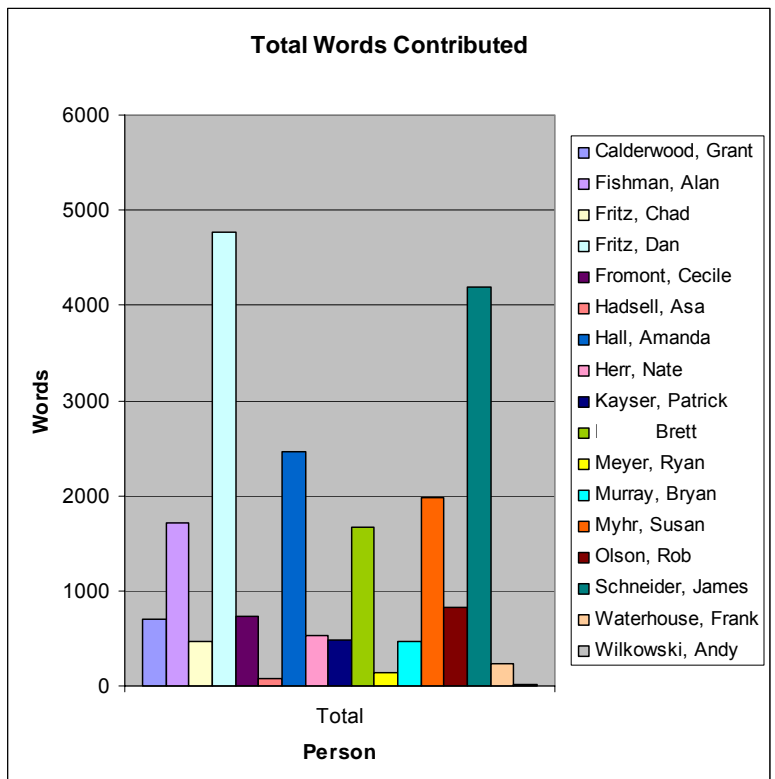
Your contribution can be anything you can fit onto a sheet of paper. Here are a few ideas:

|                    |                      |                   |
|--------------------|----------------------|-------------------|
| <b>Editorials</b>  | <b>Reports</b>       | <b>Philosophy</b> |
| <b>Reviews</b>     | <b>Ramblings</b>     | <b>Rants</b>      |
| <b>Comics</b>      | <b>Puzzles</b>       | <b>Jokes</b>      |
| <b>Quotes</b>      | <b>Polls</b>         | <b>Trivia</b>     |
| <b>Drawings</b>    | <b>Poetry</b>        | <b>Recipes</b>    |
| <b>Photographs</b> | <b>Short stories</b> | <b>News</b>       |
| <b>Predictions</b> | <b>Advice</b>        | <b>Graphs</b>     |

Take some time to think about it. Publications go out every other Friday. Please send all of your submissions two days in advance to [dan@fritzcomics.com](mailto:dan@fritzcomics.com).

## Babble-ON Stats

These are close approximations. This does not include image/picture contributions.



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for the October 31, 2003,  
Volume 1, Issue 8 edition of  
Babble-ON™

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