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## LETTERS: Not Just Your Father's ABCs

*By Arthur Miller*

**In** the days preceding the computer, the telephone, and cars, people used to have to communicate through a now-lost art form: **letter writing**. Gone are the days of clever, intriguing, and historic communications between two dynamic figures. We have seen the virtual extinction of pondering and crafting careful words commonly shared for posterity's sake.

Now, I have just recently died in the last ten years, so I am one of the few authors knocking around the afterlife that is able to shed some light on the genesis and evolution of modern vacuity. Willy Shakespeare (the girls call him "The Spear"...I don't want to know

*...continued on page 5...*

## Intelligent Destruction

*By Jess Stephenson*

**Nothing** makes the hairs on the back of my neck prickle faster than hearing Mr. Bush mispronounce 'nuclear' than listening to the recent revival of Intelligent Design in the media, education, and society at large. We've been through this before (remember learning about the Scopes Monkey Trial in history class?) and back then it was called Creationism. I hate to say it, but Intelligent Design is secular creationism. If you compare the two philosophies (they are philosophies because they are only backed by false arguments that lack any scientific evidence), the only major difference is that creationism specifies a creator (God, the Spirit, He, Him, etc.), while ID just says that something higher than nature had a hand in scrambling eggs on our planet. (For some extra Internet fun, do some research into the Flying Spaghetti Monster Theory. It too, is a viable philosophy.)

*...continued on page 4...*

## Cashing in on Intelligent Design

*By Brett Martz*

*See Page 4*

Right Before I Got Kicked Off *Kids Incorporated*  
by Nathan Beach

I left Tom Thumb with the meat in hand and walked out to the street, confused about where I was. Then I remembered: Eric Balfour and I were meeting up with several of the other Kids for a barbecue in the park. Eric's mom had a really cool car. They were waiting for me in the crispy air conditioning. When we got to the park, we played baseball (after we ate!). I played shortstop. With baserunners on first and second, sometimes the shortstop will cover third on a bunt. This is known as the "rotation play." When I went in for the ball, it popped up in my face and broke my nose. The doctors did everything they could, but I wouldn't be pretty enough for television anymore. ☒

Russian squirrel pack 'kills dog'  
*Squirrels have bitten to death a stray dog which was barking at them in a Russian park, local media report.*

From the BBC News,  
Contributed by Grant Calderwood

**Passers-by** were too late to stop the attack by the black squirrels in a village in the far east, which reportedly lasted about a minute. They are said to have scampered off at the sight of humans, some carrying pieces of flesh.

Read the rest of this story at:

<http://news.bbc.co.uk/2/hi/europe/4489792.stm> ☒

**Tower of Babble-ON's**  
"Before-and-After" Corner  
By Susan Fritz

"Adam's Apple Martini" ☒

Letter from the Editor

**Enjoy** the last issue of the year! I'm not one for New Year's resolutions, but I look forward to the perceived fresh start. 2005 was a good year, and a good year for this newsletter. As this endeavor continues to grow, its aim will remain constant: to spark creative thought and provide a forum for shared expression. Thanks again.

Dan, [dan@fritzcomics.com](mailto:dan@fritzcomics.com) ☒

Window Thoughts  
By Dan Fritz

I recently moved into a new cubicle at work as part of an office-wide seating reconfiguration. This is the kind of thing that causes great upheaval in an office, since (of course) the most important aspects of office life revolve not around how much work gets done, but around how many ways one can misdirect pent up life-frustration. One woman literally blocked off the hallway with a foldout table as a passive-aggressive means to protest that she was forced to move at all.

In the case of my new cubicle, it actually *has* affected my daily life...in a positive way. In my office, the natural light is not a commodity enjoyed only by the upper-caste of the office. When I'm stuck on a call, I look out the window. When I need to stretch, I stand up and watch the little waterfall in the brook. Pretty nice, huh? Having worked in the musty, sewer-smelling basement of a grocery store for a period of time, I truly appreciate getting to work in an office like this.

But this thought serves both as a moment of contentedness and a reminder of the problems of complaisance. While I appreciate looking out a window, it exacerbates (by constant contrast) the gerbil-wheel nature of many people's jobs. Within the context of an office, it almost makes sense that someone would be upset that they had to move to a new cubicle, or that they would complain to human resources that they needed a special phone headset for "medical reasons." As a matter of routine, it's easy to become a slave to context.

While the daylight dwindles and my window seat loses some of its value, it becomes a delicate balance to both appreciate the situation and actively work to move beyond it. I propose neither to simply appreciate nor to aggressively break out of our respective contexts, but to do both simultaneously, thus expanding awareness. And expanding awareness is one way to continue the process of learning that is central to life. This is Dan Fritz filling in for Srida Joisa. Goodnight! ☒

Submission Suggestions

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

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

Please send all of your submissions by the deadline to [dan@fritzcomics.com](mailto:dan@fritzcomics.com). ☒



## Wine Country

By Steven Fritz



**Deep** inside the southern most part of Silicon Valley is a great winery with one of the best views around. If the sight of the vines on gently rolling hills wasn't enough, someone put a remarkable 18-hole golf course just to the left of the veranda. Come for the view and stay for the

wine or vice-versa. Sunshine, golf, wine, and California all converge at Clos LaChance and this issue's pick – their 2002 Central Coast Syrah. When visiting the tasting room about 6 months ago, I picked up several bottles of their Syrah for a bargain at \$12 each. As luck would have it, I found it at the grocery store last week for less than \$9. I've never been able to explain the price thing, but it is always cheaper away from the actual winery. Go figure. The winemaker's tasting notes: *"The nose starts off with aromas of rich, black plum, huckleberry and blueberry concentrate. I also get an element of tea leaf and rosemary herb, followed by red licorice and dried nutmeg spice. On the mouth, I enjoy big bright cherry and blueberry fruit with a touch of mint, dried herb and briary plum flavors. This wine also exhibits nice depth with elements of cocoa powder and vanilla bean spice."* At this price point it's a must have. Visit their web site at [www.closlachance.com](http://www.closlachance.com) for all the details.



## A simple guide on food pairing

Everyone, including me, says, "If you like it, drink it." In other words, there are no hard rules. If your taste buds like chardonnay with beef ribs, go for it. To give you a starting point, let me propose this beginning.

<i>Foods</i>	<i>Wine</i>
Chicken or Rabbit	Merlot
Turkey or Lamb	Cabernet
Pork	Syrah
Beef	Zinfandel
Duck	Chianti
Liver	Barbera
Pasta	Sangiovese
Scallops or Salmon	Riesling
Lobster	Chardonnay
Tuna	Pinot Noir (yes, red!)

## Serving Temperature

Serve your whites at around 50 degrees, kept in your refrigerator (40'ish) and taken out 30 minutes before pouring. Reds should be served at about 65 degrees. That's a little less than room temp. Reds too cool taste a bit like metal, and too warm, a little muddy. Try taking a room temperature red and putting it in the refrigerator for 10 minutes before opening. Five in the freezer if you're short on time – but don't forget it in there! You'll get the hang of it over time. Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Here's toasting you. ☒

## Kenyon's Yummy Pumpkin Pie

By Erin Kenyon

I modified this pie from a recipe for a Pumpkin tart by Michael Recchiutti, who is an out-of-this-world chocolate maker and a genius when it comes to sugar. It is safe to say that anyone who tries this twist on pumpkin pie will never go back to the mushy version. I suggest that you bake it a day before you plan to serve it. The extra day allows for the sugar to be absorbed into the crust. Then it is even yummiar!

### Ingredients

1 Fresh Sugar Pie Pumpkin 3 to 4 lbs (seed and remove skin, cut into ½" slices. Yield ~2.5lbs flesh)	2 pie crusts (if you do not want to make it, then I suggest French Picnic. Costs \$10.59 for 2 crusts--it is that good)
1 and ¾ C Granulated Sugar	¼ lb Unsalted Butter (cold & sliced in 1/8" pieces)
1 tsp ground Cinnamon	¼ tsp Salt
¼ tsp ground Nutmeg	1 whole Vanilla Bean
¼ tsp ground Allspice	2 Tbls Unsalted Butter, melted
¼ tsp ground Ginger	4 Tbls Granulated Sugar
¼ tsp ground Cloves	1 egg (whisked)

### Method

Pre-heat the oven to 375°F.

Allow dough to thaw about 10 minutes (if frozen). Transfer dough crust to a slightly floured 9 inch pie pan, ease it around the pie pan without stretching it, and pat it firmly into the bottom and up the sides of the pan. Return it along with the 2<sup>nd</sup> crust to the freezer for 20 minutes to get firm; then after about 20 minutes put both crusts in the refrigerator to rest.

Line the bottom of a 9" saute pan or skillet with the cold butter slices. In a bowl, split and scrape the vanilla bean into the granulated sugar and whisk together with the spices and the salt. Pour 1 1/2 cups of the seasoned sugar evenly over the butter and toss the pumpkin slices in the remaining 1/4 cup. Place the pumpkin slices into the pan, lining them on their sides in a tight circular and layered pattern. Fill in any spaces with random pieces, making a tight, puzzle-like fit. Place the pan on the stove top and cook over high heat to caramelize the sugar. Move the pan frequently (rotate the handle every few minutes) for even caramelization and continue cooking until the sugar turns a deep, dark brown. The sugar will become gooier and will be less runny as the sugar caramelizes.

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Do you want to be a published, international celebrity? Send in a submission to Babble-ON! All submissions are due the Friday before publication. See the website for details.

<http://www.babbleonline.com>

## Cashing in on Intelligent Design

By Brett Martz

"Now here we go dropping science dropping it all over / Like bumping around the town like when you're driving a Range Rover."

- Beastie Boys

"A faith which we follow upon orders imposed from outside is no faith, and a community which puts its dependence upon such a pseudo-faith is ultimately bound to ruin itself because of the paralysis which the lack of a healthily growing science imposes upon it."

- Norbert Wiener

"... teaching modern Christian creationism should be fought as a form of child abuse."

- Donna Haraway

"Nothing is within, nothing without:  
For that which is within is also without"

- Goethe

**History** displays the difficulties inherent in advising people on their faith and how they redeem the fruits of their labor (spend their money). My following advice responds to "The Weight of the Universe" in Vol. 3, Issue 9 of BabbleOnline. In this article, Mr. Fritz claims to put his money on Intelligent Design. My response eschews any brutal and forever inconclusive banter on faith in favor of one clever suggestion: save your money! Intelligent Design represents just the latest mythology - charlatany and tomfoolery sold to any sucker willing to invest themselves (and their wealth). The conditions for its ascension are clear. A wartime public coming to grips with the ruthless nature of other faiths needs consolation more than ever, but it ought to know better than to purchase this latest sedative. Even as Wittgenstein exposed Freud for a coke dealing quack, he failed to prevent the booming head shrinking business that ensued. People need to believe in something, and that often winds up (usually indirectly) enslaving their wallets.

Science occupies the position as the privileged discourse of truth in our society. Therefore a strategy that conflates both science and faith assuredly wins over the minds of those who dedicate their hearts to data but ultimately crave to be convinced. It's also safer than leasing a spaceship to go look for God. A group called The Discovery Institute is waging one of the current battles on Intelligent Design in Pennsylvania. Investigations into their motives immediately reveals Christian doctrine as the foundation of their ostensibly "scientific" motives. This becomes problematic when one realizes how woefully mankind has suffered under the blight of monotheism. If there is one God (who, my dear ladies, is usually a man) then there must be one truth. This reeks of tyranny. I detect the same stink in Intelligent Design, which strikes the pose of truth under the aegis of science. Word on the street says that L. Ron Hubbard seeks royalties.

That anyone would buy into these theories due to some sort of logical, quantifiable verification should lead us to scrutinize the little demon known as science as well. Science, like all other disciplines, is not unbiased and functions as a result of the social norms informing it. I refer anyone who believes that science and its methods somehow recovers any absolute truth about nature as a phenomenon to mid 19th century treatises on

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...Kenyon's Yummy Pumpkin Pie, previous page...

When the sugar is fully caramelized, remove the pie crust from the refrigerator. Then remove the pan from heat and quickly pour the pumpkin and sugar into the pie pan. Very quickly place the 2<sup>nd</sup> pie crust on top, using a knife make 5 vent cuts, and then roll the edges inward to create a finished crust. Brush with the whisked egg, then brush with the melted butter and sprinkle with the 4 tablespoons of sugar.

Bake the pie in the oven for approximately 30 to 40 minutes or until the crust is golden brown and the pumpkin is tender when pierced with a long thin knife. Remove from the oven and allow the pie to cool to room temperature (about 30 minutes) before placing it in the refrigerator. Serve at room temperature or slightly chilled with crème fraîche or vanilla ice cream. ☒

...Intelligent Destruction, p. 1...

This is a very sneaky argument. The public didn't react well to creationism because as a society, we were religiously apathetic. Keep the church out of public schools, be discreet about your beliefs, quietly go to church on Wednesday nights, and use your WWJD bookmark to keep place in your New Testament Reader. Now, in a society threatened by religious zealots (you know the ones... they had those nook-u-lur bombs), we've come to openly embrace religion, including public education.

Now, I don't have a problem with Christianity or religion in general. My problem is with school boards in tiny Midwestern towns placing disclaimers on their biology textbooks that remind everyone that Evolution is a Theory and no Theories are proven Ever, and that God is not a Theory, but the Living Spirit who gave his Son for our Sins, Amen.

Okay, so Kansas didn't mention God in their disclaimer. But you see the problem, I hope. In the Kansas School Board's decision to add Intelligent Design to the biology curriculum, they fundamentally undermined the entire basis of education, scientific education specifically. To teach Intelligent Design in a school setting says that any philosophy, no matter how flawed, should be scrutinized, and that ID has verifiable scientific merit. It does not. It has big numbers based on statistical probability, and a lot of people scratching their heads thinking, "Maybe something else has been going on the past 4.3 Billion years that we don't know about..."

It's important to teach both sides of a scientific argument, but in this case, ID is not an argument substantiated by any real science. Evolution has some definite points in the "real science" category. Let's make a quick list of evidence for Darwin's theory of Evolution: comparative anatomy, fossils, extinction, developmental similarities (between humans and chickens, most notably), natural selection, uniformitarianism (a geologic principle that means the processes that are currently forming the earth were forming the earth before humans were around, based on rock strata), radiometric dating (or carbon dating), cellular biology (DNA, genes, mutations, chromosomes, etc.), human evolution, and lastly, over a century of data in each of these areas combined with intense observation and research.

I don't know how much more convincing I need when looking at the 96% of genetic code that I share with a chimpanzee (according to the National Institutes of Health, in Nature, September 2005) named Clint. To Clint's credit, 35 million of his DNA pairs differ from mine. Sure, it's a big number, but we've had plenty of evolutionary time apart to think about our differences; he got a posh zoo exhibit, and I ended up with opposable thumbs. I think we're even. ☒

...Cashing in, previous page...

masturbation. Focalized through religious morals, science disseminated onto its public false information about the so-called fatal consequences of masturbation. It would be heartbreaking if this material today would prevent any young boy from flowering Kleenex



Ponzi wants his check too, Ron!

with his own adaptation of panspermia. Whether we're discussing God ordained monads and any young man's precious gonads, science remains a situated knowledge. Its producers

have traditionally been upper class, white males. Their values determine the paradigm and the normative categories of all phenomena in nature, since the object of research is never a phenomenon in itself but rather man's investigation of it. Therefore proponents of evolution cannot make claims that are completely benign. Science has an agenda too.

Still, we're better off not mixing the two for the benefit of power hungry, morally bereft fat cats in favor of policing religion (the moral enslavement they command) to help keep its benefactors in line. Remember when Pat Robertson called AIDS the "gay plague"? Early information rendered the AIDS threat to women completely invisible, endangering many. Now you see where we're going in this country. We might better protect our autonomy when we consider our inability to answer specific questions a result of incomplete understanding. Even though we have found flaws with Newton, we cannot explain these to our pets. Therefore asking questions about origins leads again to old Western philosophical pitfalls, especially if we resort to some higher intelligence as our ultimate answer. If aliens put us here where did they come from? Probably not from a man

named Lord who bore a son called Jesus, and if aliens only knew the extent of our arrogance, they'd be pissed. Besides, enough chaos and cosmic collisions occur in this universe to prove its stupidity.

Investing in Intelligent Design is like trading Amway. Look at any of these religious or pseudo-religious organizations and what do you find? To quote Mr. Schneider: "YOU MUST HAVE THIS PIECE OF SHIT WE ARE SELLING!" That's right, folks. In order to ensure your own lingering convictions (hey,



This should have been me at age 12.

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...Letters, p. 1...

why) always knocks on my door. "Artie! Wakest thou! I have thus used my thoughts as a ball to bounce 'round this notion of fire lighting up a screen for thee. Hence! Is it true?" He then jumps into my bed cannonball style and props his Elizabethan head on his pasty hand with a look of eager expectation, as though we are about to play Girl Talk. (We live dorm-style here. You never would have guessed THAT!)

"First of all, Tea Bag, speak in English, not Pompous," I answer. "Second of all, I have explained the computer and the telephone to you. Must I do it again?" It seems ironic that The Spear does not seem to get things too quickly. In school we must dissect his words and labor over them as would a code breaker in North Korea. Try to explain validated parking to the guy, he breaks wind and passes out.

Still, the authors in the afterlife make a good point: what happened to the good, old-fashioned letter? Many authors/famous historic figures have penned letters that will be forever studied, revered, and enjoyed. These communications have shed light on the thought process and dialogue between lovers, friends, adversaries, colleagues, and politicians.

Thomas Jefferson and John Adams began a written dialogue before, during, and after their turns as President of the United States. The two never got along very well, but an embittered presidential campaign, where Jefferson ran a print ad with John Adams in a tank with Willy Horton, fueled the flames of Adams' anger. Still, the two maintained communication via letters for decades. Jefferson, in attempting to explain some of his negative actions, writes: *I have a dozen times taken up my pen to write to you, and as often laid it down again, suspended between opposing considerations. I determine, however, to write from a conviction that truth, between candid minds, can never do harm.* -Thomas Jefferson July 17, 1791

This idea rings true today. Truth can never do harm (unless it's the truth that I do not follow curfew around here or respect the "no girls after 11pm" rule). And historical figures are never more eloquent or truthful than in their musings with others. True, these mental giants probably knew that scholars would study these letters for years to come. Still, the raw vulnerability mixed with the clever musings makes for a unique slice of academia.

In addition to politics, many loves have corresponded in such a way that forever records even the most tender moments. Jean Paul Sartre and Simone de Bouviour, two great existentialist philosophers of the twentieth century, corresponded steadily throughout that century. Though they were enmeshed with various life experiences and relationships, they always shared a love and friendship never broken. During their youth, they would recount events, thoughts, and theories to each other, all through pen and paper, not the incessant clicking of the computer. These intrigues were published years later.

Philosophers, doctors, actors, presidents, authors, prisoners, pioneers...they have all recorded gritty emotion on parchment in generations past. Even some of the books of the Bible were originally letters. But, in today's fast paced, fast food world of bells, whistles, and headlines, I wonder if anyone stops to share a thought or two and spend the two bits for a stamp. No, today's thoughts are shuttled via electronic mail or text message. I remember when a letter was the only text message. Alas.

In fact, life is becoming so hectic that words like "see" and "are" must be shortened from their lengthy original form to "C" and "R." Can you imagine Jefferson's letter in today's terms shuttled as an e-mail?

Hey Adams,

How R U? Things at the capitol R kewl. I've been trying to get the French to do their thing, but u know how it goes. 2Bad ur not here. He he. Well, write back soon!

BFF,

Tom

Not inspirational. Not at all.

I urge you to throw down your electronic booberies. I ask you to ponder a significant thought or two. I implore you to let them flow long hand from the tip of the lead to the fibers of the paper. Be bold. Be daring. Be remembered...(patriotic music fades slowly).

☒

...Cashing in, previous page...

isn't that the goal of propaganda?), you have to send the Family Values Council 50 dollars, so they can protect you and your family from the dangers of homosexuality with 5 dandy pamphlets. Want to join the Discovery Institute? Well 300 dollars will earn you not only entrance into this prestigious bastion of knowledge, but it will also send three DVDs that help convince you of something you probably already want to believe anyway. Goebbels couldn't have orchestrated it any better. So, let's ask some different questions of origin. Where did the every day advocates of Intelligent Design get their argument ammunition? Yes, they most likely shelled out money for some book. Those proceeds are floating some guy's yacht somewhere, and the ideas propagate themselves through the mouths promoting this latest, shiny version of truth. More books fly off the shelf. L. Ron Hubbard still wants his cut, and Pat Robertson is selling blessed bath towels in case you're interested.



Predator or personal Jesus?

I'm in favor of doubt and advise others against stuffing the pockets of these hoodwinkers. The most important God is the one within you. Protect your own answers and your own truths... and your own money! Hölderlin once emphasized poetically, "Es regt sich der Gott in mir!", and if you can't understand this graceful piece of German Romanticism, then heed the advice of Winston who advocates, "If someone asks you if you're a God, you say YES!" If this is not your bag and my advice rings hollow, you can always send more money to the Ministry of Truth, 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue c/o Big Brother. I hear they've already siphoned your retirement funds anyway. ☒

## Porn is better than reality TV, but R-TV is catching up overnight Kinda...

By James Schneider

**Let's** face it: 4 a.m.-5 a.m. is not exactly prime time when it comes to TV programming. Most normal people are sleeping and even the news is in re-runs. This line of thinking would normally be correct, if it weren't for little pieces of heaven called, "Blind Date" and "Eliminate."

These shows apply the reality TV principle, with reaction cut-ins spelling the normal banter of either a couple enjoying/hating a first date or one person trying to eliminate a person in each round.

"Blind Date" takes a random pairing of personalities on their first date hi jinx, capturing every sick twisted detail of their strange, filmed encounter. One girl is taking the "Blind Date" crew along with her through a series of dates, bent on getting married at the end of 90 days. The "Erica Gets Married" series used to provoke anger, but I've since come to realize that it's pretty good TV. I tune in every night, and if it's the same pathetic girl every week, and there's some consistency... well, so much the better.

The point of the show is easy: watch as the tossed-together couple is chagrined left and right. And, every once in a while, the suddenly dynamic duo can find true love—if only within a 30 minute block, with ample commercials for "are you lonely"-esque chat lines.

"Eliminate" is a mixture of Heaven and Hell. There's one guy and four girls—most of the time—and basically all the girls do is snipe at each other and try to make out with the guy. Paints an awesome picture of these women, actually.

One stunning episode involves a body builder/pro wrestler, whose look could best be described as "gay pirate." This total meathead had an enormous Cro-

...continued in right column...

## North Korean Propaganda

Contributed by Grant Calderwood



...continued from left column...

Magnon skull, long sideburns that reached nearly to his beard, and he was otherwise bald.

Two huge gold hoop earrings hung off his lobes. He sometimes wore a white handkerchief on his head, ghetto style. And he had about three to five brain cells to his credit.

The four girls that this piece of man gets to choose from include a short-haired, big-boobed pistol; a chunky, leave it all out there tubagoo; a cute, uninterested but over done-up brunette; and, a 28-but could have passed for 36-year-old alleged model.

The show opens on a volleyball court with the gay pirate basically staring at girl 1's ample chest. He tears off his shirt in a rather vulgar display, picks this chick up and smooshes his face between her chesticles.

Chunky tubagoo is not happy that booby is getting all the attention, so she starts making out with the Gay Pirate. The other two look on in horror. Pirate turns his attention to boobs and starts tonguing her. All grimace.

Pirate says, "Well, some of you didn't take charge like (boobs) did, so I got to cut one of you." He cuts most disgusted girl.

Enter Round 2. Thankfully, gay pirate has found his shirt. The foursome—no, not yet—is dancing in a club. Grinding action. Boobs and tubagoo vie for Pirate's attention, which is focused squarely on boobs' extremely ample personalities. One girl looks really disgusted, and by round's end, she is also cut.

Pirate is a sly devil, you know. He's really slick. He takes the two remaining girls to a bar, and says to tubagoo that he's planning on exploring the basement with boobs. "Just wait here," he says.

Enter endless making out in multiple positions montage. They come back, hair out of place. Tubagoo says, "You gotta be all secretive about it. I'll show a man what I want right here." Pathetic attempt to give Pirate a Mr. Happy. It's no use since he's already had one for about 20 minutes and it's turning his attention to blueball alley.

"Sorry," Pirate moans. "You have to be cut, (tubagoo)." Tubagoo walks away saying, "I'm gonna find me a real man tonight."

Audience knows that man is a vibrat--. ;)

What this show teaches us is that no matter how much you'd want to make this game show about emotion and feelings—sexual intimacy is a gay pirate humping a chick with big boobs.

Which teaches us an invaluable lesson. Porn is better than real life, and if your real life were porn, then your life would be better than it is now. Class dismissed. ☒

THE TRAGIC TALE OF  
MADELEINE ALBRIGHT'S CAREER AS A FASHION MODEL  
IN 19TH CENTURY NEW YORK  
(PART 6)

*By Several Bored Office Pukes*

*In our last installment, Madeleine slid through the mucky alleyway into Little Ireland, NYC. There she encountered the impish Flarty O’Ryan and a neighborhood full of hostile Irish. They started pelting her with potatoes when....*

**Suddenly**, through the din of potato splats, a subtle thunder emerged and grew in intensity. As the thundering grew louder, the potatoes slowed, and the Irish peered down the alley pensively, toward the source of the booming. Out of the darkness shot a dozen looming men atop racing horses. Madeleine recognized them immediately, it was Teddy the Jew, Bob Dole, and Strom, as well as the remaining Mexican Greeks! They were wearing beige uniforms, waving pistols and picking off Irish, beaming smiles of delight.

“Rough Riders! Exterminate the vermin!!!” boomed Teddy, as he slowed his horse next to the trembling, bruised Maddy. “There’s only one way to modeling stardom in NYC, and that’s stepping on a few Irishmen to get there!”

Dripping with muddy water, Maddy experienced a sense of déjà vu, but she knew that this was indeed the only way. Teddy was right. And he was devastatingly handsome, with his little, round spectacles and walrus mustache. He offered his hand, and Maddy, almost in a trance, grabbed it and lifted herself out of the muck.

“You’re...you’re my hero,” Madeleine almost whispered. “How can I ever repay you?”

“As a matter of fact—,” Teddy began, before being cut off by a bloodcurdling shriek. Teddy turned around just in time to see Flarty O’Ryan leaping at his throat, teeth flashing! But since Teddy was the swiftest and toughest beast of a man there was, Teddy swatted him like a fly, crushing his trachea with a single thwack. As Flarty splashed to the mucky ground, he gurgled, sizzled, and popped like melting saltwater taffy on a hot summer day. He shriveled into an indiscernible blob, and an all-too-familiar green cloud began wafting up from the pile.

“I don’t want to get any more Irish on my nice beige uniform,” Teddy started again. “Let’s get out of here.”

Meanwhile, in the background, shots rang out from Mexican Greek rifles as they fought brilliantly against their modeling oppressors, the Irish. This was going to be a day of reckoning. From now on there would be Mexican Greeks dominating the runways *and* the business of male modeling! They fought like rabid Argonaut banditos. For every Irishman slaughtered, ten Mexican Greek male models would now be free. That is, that would have been the case, had it not been for the kind heart of Castro.

“Show them mercy boys. This fight will not be won today.” Snap snap snap, and the Mexican Greeks followed Teddy and Madeline out of the Irish ghetto, back to the good side of the tracks.

Word spread quickly of the killings in the Irish ghetto and that the tight cheeked Mexican Greeks were taking the New York runways away from the Irish. They had finally broken the back of the Irish modeling monopoly. Word also spread that the Mexican Greeks had charged in to the most wretched part of New York with the help of one Theodore Roosevelt to the rescue of a model of incredible beauty, a model in distress, Madeline.

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*...continued in right column...*

*...Madeleine Albright, from left column...*

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The news rang out across the U.S. like the bells on Easter Sunday and carried with it young Madeline’s growing fame. The news made it even so far as to reach a tiny village in Pennsylvania where a family had been missing their daughter since she had escaped six months earlier, Madeline Klum.

Now this was no ordinary family. They were Amish but only since they had immigrated from a village in the Carpathian Mountains in central Romania. Between the Turkish Ottoman Empire and the Holy Roman Empire the descendants of Vladislav Tepes had made their living killing for one side or the other. That is, until the family decided to immigrate to the United States and become Amish. It was the great great great grandson of Vladislav, Schenker Klum, who decided he had to get his sister back, and the damned Irish, the damned Mexican Greeks, and above all that damned Teddy Roosevelt would see the tips of his pitch fork before he would let his sister become a model in NYC.

Much happened in Madeline’s life during the four months that it took her stubborn Amish, and slightly retarded, brother to walk all the way to New York City. She met with fame and fortune, quickly becoming the world’s most sought-after fashion model. Her photographers now used cameras as opposed to egg crates, and she appeared on early runways, modeling the season’s newest petticoats. She did not have much trouble ignoring the shouts of “Harlot!” and “Cockslut!” from passing clergy, but she was haunted by one heckle, “Jew Lover.”

She and Teddy now shared a large apartment near the park. It was adorned with Teddy’s litany of game trophies, the most impressive of which was a full-size, stuffed, bull elephant that he had wrestled to death in Kenya. It made Madeline warm in the knickers.

They passed their days working, Madeline on the catwalks, and Teddy in the butt-kicking fields, and their evenings drinking vast amounts of beer. Madeline was as happy as she had ever been, her dreams having come true. And thus they spent a marvelous three months testing the sturdiness of the whalebone bed that they shared. Little Maddy was now Madam Madeleine, not the last time in her life she would assume that title.

But even though Madeleine was happy, like so many celebrities before her, it wasn’t enough. From ankle flashing in the morning, to modeling for the *Sports Illustrated Petticoat Issue* in the afternoon, she just couldn’t satisfy an inner urge to continue climbing the social ladder. And to continue eating chocolate.

One afternoon, when she was suffering from a sudden and fierce chocolate craving, she realized that there was no more chocolate anywhere to be found in her dressing room. She pulled a pageboy aside and demanded he find her some. When he shrugged his little Irish shoulders and made the international symbol for “I only speak Gaelic,” which involved extending one’s middle finger high into the air, Madeleine backhanded him and sent him flying. The small, red can that he was holding went flying as well, but luckily it was still unopened. Curious, Madeleine grabbed the can, and, without reading the label, greedily gulped down its contents. A feeling of peace immediately washed over her body, and upon looking at the label, she realized that she had inadvertently stumbled upon the latest supermodel addiction, commonly indulged in the powder rooms of New York fashion shows—slurping Coke. Thus began her trek down a dark path from which she would never fully recover.

At first it was just one Coke per day. Teddy didn’t seem to mind although he would remark from time to time that only harlots and cocksluts drank that stuff. But she ignored her little Jew, as she fondly referred to him, and knew that she was his harlot, his cockslut.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE

