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AWARDS ISSUE

# VooDoo

## THE MIT HUMOR MAGAZINE

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## Editorial

This issue features the winners and best entries in the 1989-90 VooDoo Humor-Writing Contest. Taking the top honors:

- David Jordan: *Prose (first prize: \$50)*
- Pawan Sinha: *Art (first prize: \$50)*
- Mikyung Kwah: *Art (Second Prize: \$25)*

The \$5 prize for the "Best Joke" was not awarded because all the entries were awful.

The VooDoo Writing Prize was funded by a grateful alumnus. There were two rules for this year's contest:

- Whoever submits the most entries wins.
- Winners are not editors; editors are not winners.



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# Two Jerks in Hell, *or* The Duel of the Damned

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**Two Babes in Heaven:** If Dale and Pete had followed the precepts of their respective religious beliefs, they might have ended up playing 'TV Theme Songs' accompanied by heavenly music instead of facing the threat of eternal doom. (*Illustration by William B. Elmer.*)

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**by David Jordan**

Dale and Pete both exited Stage Life on August 22nd: Dale finally succumbed to leukemia, while Pete fell prey to an embolism in his frontal lobe that burst like a balloon on TWA's flight 308 from LAX to Denver. Their souls

promptly descended through the Gates of Regret and Weeping into the Grotto of Despair, where they were ushered into the malignant presence of Bel-Shabboth, the Dark Lord of Pestilence. After consulting his records for a moment, Bel-Shabboth examined the hapless pair before him

with a jaundiced and weary eye. At length he spoke:

“Gentlemen, I wish I had better news for you. If it were up to me, you’d both be in fat city. Your atrocities strike an aesthetic resonance within me. Pete: That stuff you were pulling with your three-year-old stepdaughter. Cute, very cute. I admire that in a man, the go-for-it-gutsiness that refuses to take ‘No’ for an answer, even from a little sweetie who’s still trying to figure out if she prefers Count Chocula or Frankenberry for breakfast. You surely do have a way with the ladies. And Dale: If ‘Betrayal’ were a cologne, you’d have a scent that a worker in a meat-rendering plant -- with a head-cold, even -- could identify from the next county. You managed to cheat, swindle, and exploit nearly every sick, aged, and underprivileged goofball you laid eyes on. That makes me feel good, a lot. Like a vintage Jerry Lewis movie. That makes me smile.

“And now to the point, gentlemen. Do you know where you are, and do you understand that which is in store for you?”

Pete, whose manner tended toward the smart-aleck, piped up immediately. “Let me guess. We’re in Hell, right? And I’ll bet you have some particularly appropriate punishment in store for each of us. Some sublime, lovingly-crafted nightmare scenario that we have to endure, over and over again, forever.”

Bel-Shabboth grinned and spat back his reply.

“Excuse me? I’m sorry, but this is a little embarrassing. You think damnation is like an episode of the new ‘Twilight Zone’? A tightly-scripted little chiller by the dynamic father/son writing team of Richard Matheson and Richard Christian Matheson? No, wait, don’t tell me, I can see it now: ‘The evil stand-up comedian is condemned to perform in front of an audience full of hecklers for all eternity.’ You guys really have a strangle-hold on reality, don’t you? Look, our methods here are a bit more prosaic than that, but I think you’ll find them effective, nevertheless. Hell is a migraine that lasts forever, perhaps with a little chronic back pain thrown in for good measure. Hell is a hangover ’n dry heaves, with no relief in sight. Hell is a perpetual, gut-wrenching, mind-numbing onslaught of diarrhea, and -- whoops! -- you just ran out of toilet paper. But hey, look on the bright side...We provide you

with an extensive selection of Jackie Collins and Danielle Steele novels to help you pass the time! I should say we’re actually going way beyond the call of duty to please you, our highly-valued customer.

“But we are such good sports here -- and by ‘we,’ I just mean ‘me’ -- that we will provide you with the following one-time-only offer: You two will participate in a little good-natured contest, and the winner gets to drink from the sweet, cool fountain of oblivion. I realize this prize isn’t going to make your pulse race like, say, a new Camaro or a Sony video cam-corder would, but consider: No pain, no agony for the winner, just nothingness. A chance to jump off the wheel of misery, shame, and endless degradation. A prize heartily endorsed by Buddha himself, my friends. So how about it?”

Dale and Pete didn’t have much choice, so they agreed.

“Excellent! Well, then, let’s crank up the action. The game is ‘TV Theme Songs.’ I see from my files that you folks are both die-hard TV addicts, so this little battle of wills should be right up your respective alleys. The rules are simple: You try to stump each other by naming a TV series that your opponent can’t whistle or hum the theme to. Please pardon my dangling participle; I’ve been meaning to have it lanced. And listen, guys. There’s no ‘Great Santini’ rule here; Robert Duvall isn’t going to pop out and tell you that you have to win by two. If someone pulls a boner, so to speak, then he loses. Pronto. Get the picture? Good luck, guys; fight hard and fair, and let’s see what we can dredge up from the past. Dale, it’s your call first. Because I said so.”

The pair began with the easy ones -- perhaps because of the unnerving surroundings -- even though these initial thrusts and parries were almost embarrassingly easy: “The Brady Bunch,” “Gilligan’s Island,” “The Partridge Family,” and so on. It turned out that Pete preferred whistling and foot-tapping for his theme delivery, while Dale seemed more comfortable with standard humming, accompanied by a rhythmic, glottal bass-line from deep in his throat. After warming up with the traditional sit-coms, the two put each other through their paces with a variety of crime dramas: Pete belted out a spirited version of the theme from “Mannix”; Dale countered with his own stirring version of “Streets of San

Francisco." Pete dug way down deep to come up with the easily-forgettable score to "The Rookies," and through a sheer act of will, Dale pulled the classic Angie Dickinson series "Police Woman" from some remote filing cabinet in his mind.

The tide of battle waxed and waned. The heat and humidity in the Grotto of Despair didn't help matters any, and the exhausting struggle took its toll on the earnest combatants. After Dale managed a miraculous reconstruction of the theme from the Ronny Cox showcase "Apple's Way," the duelists lightened up for a while and returned to more traditional tunes: "The Odd Couple," "Charlie's Angels," "Starsky and Hutch," and the rousing "Battlestar Galactica," which gave Pete a chance to show off a little with a five-minute solo.

Bel-Shabboth was mightily impressed. He gave the weary melodic pugilists a brief rest and the chance to wet their whistles with a cool draught of a refreshing ale (which, he neglected to inform them, had been brewed locally from choice virgin pus). "Really, I must congratulate you both," he said with grudging admiration. "It's clear to me that, whatever else I may have to say about the two of you, at least your time on Earth wasn't wasted."

Eventually it was time to re-engage, and the imbroglio took a turn toward the nasty.

#### Summer replacement series.

Dale almost bit the dust on "The Ken Berry WOW Show," and a careful observer might have detected a look of hurt and betrayal in his eyes as he viciously challenged Pete on "The Jim Stafford Show." Pete's attempt at this theme lacked vigor and vitality, but an official check of the Grotto's extensive videotape library confirmed that his rendition was, indeed, correct. Pete fired a blistering forehand down the line with "Viva Valdez," a short-lived ABC summer sitcom about a family of Mexican Americans; Dale faltered momentarily, then caught hold of the slippery tune writhing, eel-like, through his auditory memory banks.

Dale flutter-balled a dropshot back toward Pete by asking for both of John ("Johnny") Williams' themes to "Lost in Space" (a maneuver that drew a gasp of surprise from the twisted, profane monstrosities watching the contest from dark shadows of the Grotto). This prompted Pete, of course, to challenge Dale on John

Williams' theme to "Land of the Giants." Next, Pete successfully defended on Marlo Thomas' "That Girl," then neatly turned the trick by demanding of Dale the theme to Donna Pescow's "Angie."

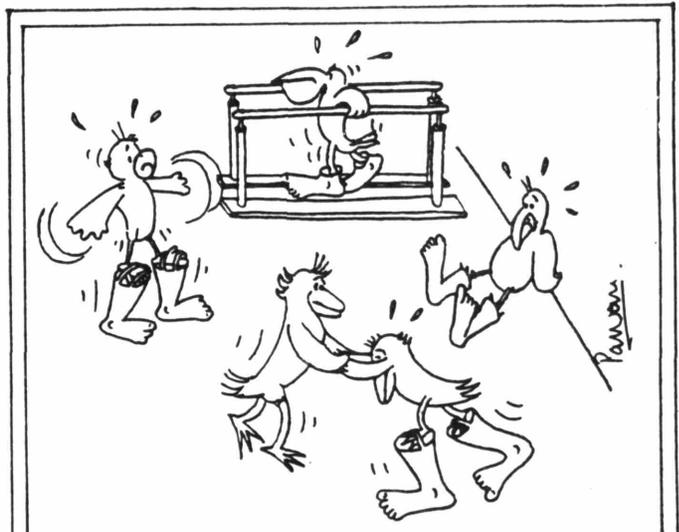
And thus the conflict raged, on and on and on.

Then Dale challenged Pete, just for the heck of it, on the theme from "The Flintstones," and he won the gentle succor of oblivion.

Pete's inflamed, blood-shot eyes grew desperate. "I refused to watch that show; it was a cheap, low-brow rip-off of 'The Honeymooners.' This isn't fair! I made a conscious choice, on clear-cut moral grounds, not to partake of Hanna-Barbera's shameless prostitution of a stolen premise. They took the genius and the originality of 'The Honeymooners' and dragged them, naked, through the sludge of cartoon-land. Why, to my way of thinking, 'The Flintstones' was every bit as degraded and putrescent as our contemporary 'commercial-toons' like 'Care Bears™,' 'Transformers™,' 'Strawberry Shortcake™,' and 'My Little Pony™.' If I don't know the theme from 'The Flintstones,' it's because I made a conscientious objection!"

"You're breaking my heart," replied Bel-Shabboth.

At that moment, Dale's soul winked peacefully into non-existence, while Pete was dragged away to endure the anguish of the damned for endless millennia.



Since time immemorial, birds have dreamt of walking as gracefully as humans...the firm thrust of the feet, the rhythmic swing of the upper limbs...The sight of a man walking on a road inspired the poet Birdsworth to write...

# *She's Gone*

by G. Speyer

She's gone. She left me here alone to face this cruel world alone. This morning she called me at the office to end it all.

"Hello?"

"Hello, Roger. This is Janet."

"Janet precious, how are you on this clear, sunny day in mid-October?"

"Well, I'm fine, but I have some bad news for you. I'm leaving you. I've fallen in love with a suave Italian named Lorenzo. We're leaving for Venice at noon."

"It can't be! You're my life, Janet. I've given you everything."

"It's time to move on and get a life, Roger. Let's face it. The relationship was suffocating us both."

"I haven't had any respiratory difficulties. Maybe you have tuberculosis."

"Don't be stupid, Roger. I love him, and besides, he's a masseur."

"Who is this slimy Italian anyway? How do you know he doesn't want to use you for some cheap hedonistic release?"

"I don't but who cares? He's a masseur."

"What is your obsession with his sordid line of work? What magnificent quality could this guy have that I lack?"

"Well, for one thing, he has an upper body."

"Great credentials, Janet. Does he have chest hair too? It's comforting to know you're an equal opportunity bimbo."

"So long, Roger. It's been educational. I put all your stuff in a Hefty Cinch Sack outside the door of the apartment. Don't try to come in. I got the locks changed, and I bought a Doberman. By the way, I'm keeping the Bananarama album."

"Not the one with the 'Venus' extended mix! That's my favorite record. You wouldn't dare!"

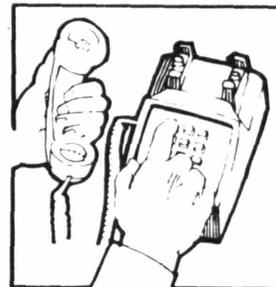
"Click. Brrrrr."

As I put down the receiver, I felt myself choke up. In an attempt to unleash a heart-wrenching moan, I launched a massive phlegm ball from the back of my throat and accurately dotted the "I" on the "EXIT" sign over the door. Thank heavens the boss didn't see. I had to talk to someone. Surely, I thought, my best friend Ed would console me.

"Hello?"

"Hello, Ed. This is Roger."

"Roger..."



“Roger Reed, Ed. Your best friend!”

“Oh, hey Rodge-podge. Ooh. What’s up?”

“Janet dumped me.”

“Mmmhhaa. Rough ride Rodge. You sure...aaaah...you sure put a lot of dough into that gal.”

“Come to think of it, I guess she was a big investment. I had to sell a kidney and mortgage my schnauzer to fund the whole operation.”

“Oooohmmm. And all that plastic surgery you subsidized...”

“Five liposuctions would put most people into the red for a while.”

“Did she keep the ‘Mona Lisa’ you repainted with her image?”

“Yeah, and the Whistler’s ‘Mother’ too.”

“Oooaaahhh. I always wanted to ask you. Did the original works have halos?”

“No, she requested them. By the way, Ed, it sounds like your appendix is bothering you again. You’ve been moaning quite a bit.”

“Ohpaaah. Appendix is fine, Rodge. I’m getting my weekly body rub right now because

my masseur is leaving for Venice at noon...Hoooaah...This guy is fantastic, a flesh sculptor of the finest —”

I slammed down the receiver. I refused to listen to any more of that. How could my best friend allow the muscles of his lower back and posterior to be kneaded by this Cro-Magnon? Thanks for being there in my time of need, Ed. You’re a real clutch man. The woman I loved and doted on for five years had left with my favorite EP, and there was no sympathy to be found.

I looked through my desk and found the only thing she ever gave me. It was a hand-made thank you note she gave me after I posted bail for her father. On the front she drew a stick figure representing me holding a bag of money. Inside, she attempted verse in her almost illegible scrawl:

Thank you Roger  
For the money.  
My Dad said he’s stop  
Committing grand larceny.

Then she signed it “Fondly.” Nothing else. No signature. No “xxxooo.” No incriminating evidence that she ever even knew me. She was almost religious in covering all of her tracks when we were together. We’d make restaurant reservations under the names “Mr. Gunther Schplittenschnitzel and his lovely assistant Theresa.” When we went to Niagara, I made the mistake of entreating a stranger

to take a picture of the two of us. She would have none of that! After a brief altercation, she ended up taking the picture. Now I have a picture hanging over the bed (actually, in the Cinch Sack) of me and an extremely hairy ectomorph wearing a fez. His name was Leonard. I still have his number.

As I held that fragile card in my trembling hands, the unpleasant memories of our affair I thought I had buried long ago were slowly resurrected one by one. I remembered hiding in the closet for hours whenever her parents came to visit. I could hear her through the door telling lie after lie. The way she could act as if I never existed! It was a talent that horrified me.

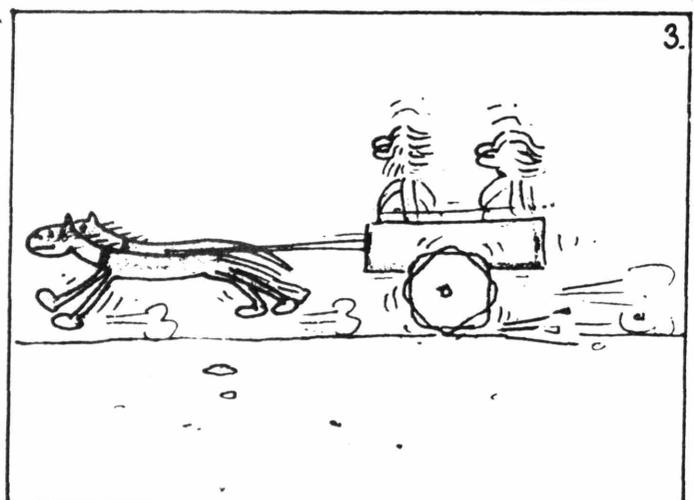
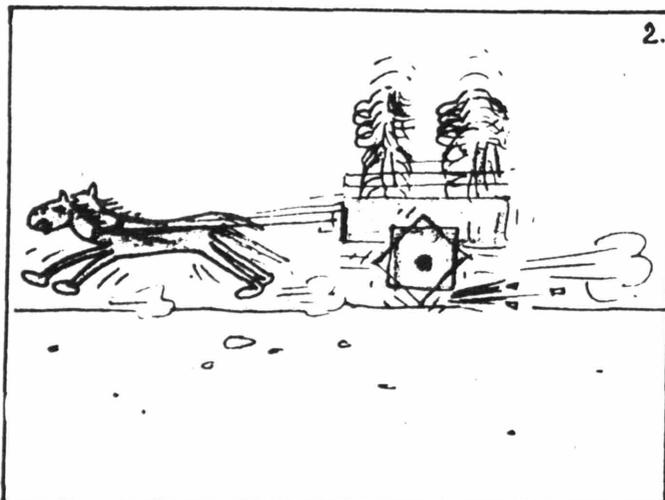
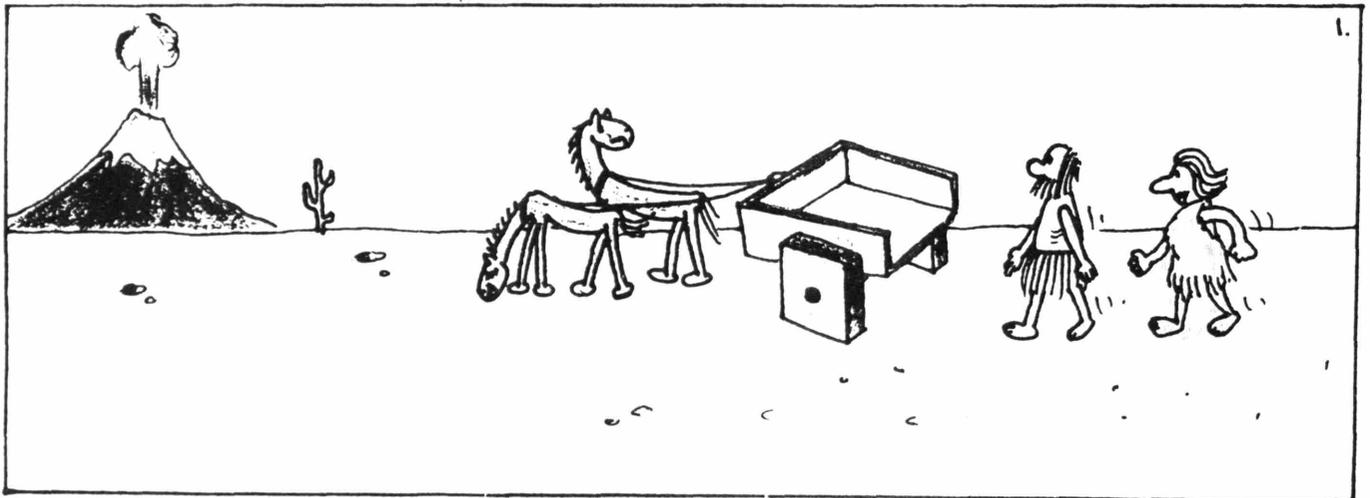
“Janet dearest. Have you been dating at all? Are there any men in your life?”

“There’s a tall Swede at the office named Olaf who seems to have some romantic intentions.”

A dozen daggers, a letter opener, and an Exacto knife pierced my heart. It was all I could do to stifle a violent shriek of agony.

“Well! What’s this on the coffee table? It seems our daughter has taken a liking for Scrabble. Who’s the unfortunate opponent?”

“Oh, this jerk Roger I met at Sears when I returned a broken blender.”



I wet my pants. She couldn't have meant it.

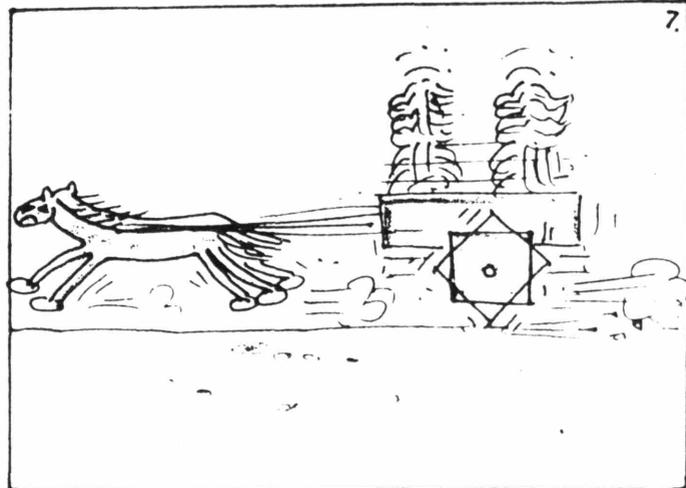
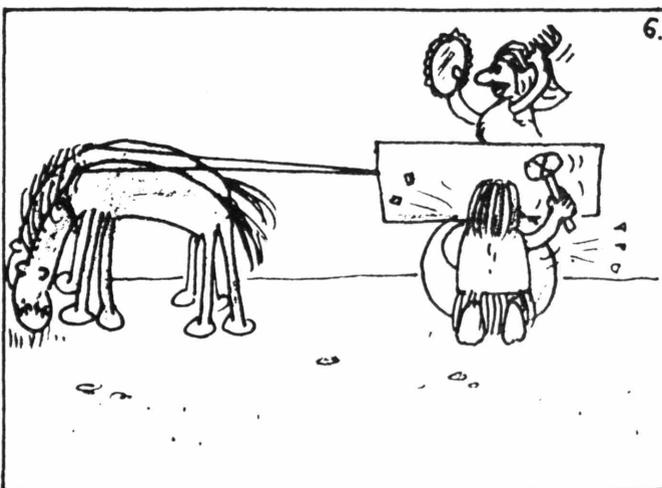
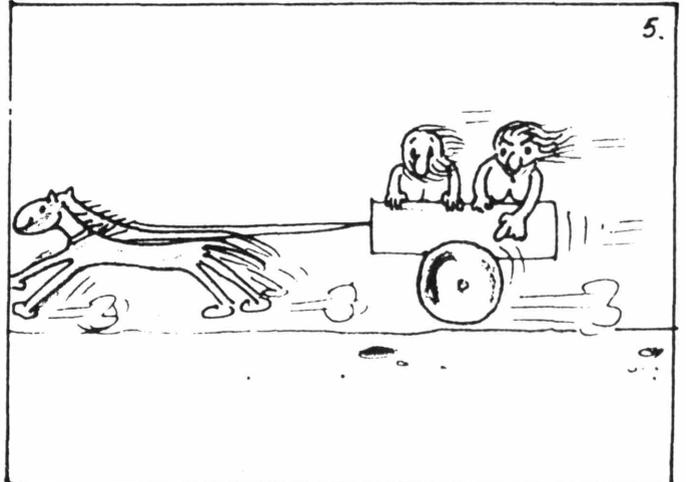
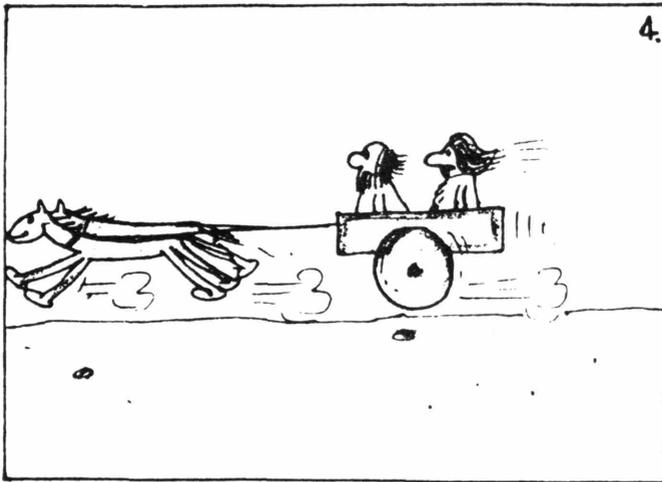
"What kind of word is BEZPING?"

"Roger insists on allowing animal and machine noises. I don't mind. It makes the game more competitive."

Liar! That was her word. She said it was an archaic term for "thigh reduction." I figured she was the expert in that field.

During my lunch hour, I made the mistake of falling asleep in McDonald's. I dreamt I was her liposuctionist. There I stood, scalpel in hand, wearing the deranged smile only a

Manson would wear (at least after Labor Day). How peaceful she looked on that table, anesthetized and ready to awaken ten to twenty pounds lighter. The only thing that stopped me from hacking her up right there was the dread of a color clash with the curtains. So I made a small incision in her thigh, stuck in the tube, and turned on the machine. I left the thing running long after the last bit of Crisco had been sucked out. I watched her organs quickly appear one by one in the transparent tube and then disappear into the machine. I knew very little anatomy, but the order of things seemed right...bladder, kidneys, intestines, spleen, liver, pancreas, stomach, left lung, right lung, larynx, brain...Wait a minute! There's something missing. It can't be! I looked down on her deflated body draped



over the table like a pink scuba suit. There was nothing left inside. This bitch had no heart!

I woke up screaming "No heart! No heart!" in the middle of McDonald's. A wave of silence swept the restaurant as everyone turned and stared at me.

"The '88 Democratic primary was a very difficult time for me," I tried to explain. The crowd just gave me a blank stare. I began to feel a bit embarrassed. Luckily, I was on my toes.

"Did anyone notice the man in the yellow body suit and clown makeup entering the men's room?" A blur of half-shirts and baseball caps bolted for the restroom door, and I left the empty dining area before they came back to break my thumbs.

Deciding that returning to work would only prove unproductive, I headed toward the local church for some spiritual relief. I began to think about my life, and I decided that the whole thing needed to be put behind me. I could survive this. Nevertheless, as I pulled into the church parking lot, I couldn't help but wonder why I never took a pulse.

"Forgive me Father for I have sinned."

"How long has it been since your last confession?"

"About six months."

"What have you to confess?"

"I took the Lord's name in vain three times, bounced two checks, and worshipped a dark Satanic beast for five years thinking it was my girlfriend Janet."

"Well, let's see. That'll be three Our Fathers, two Hail Maries, and a complete spiritual catharsis requiring flagellation, nude meditation, and a cod liver oil bath."

"Jesus Christ! Isn't that a bit steep?"

"Make that four Our Fathers."

There certainly wasn't any consolation to be found in religion, at least not as long as Father de Sade was in charge of penance.

I could feel the tears welling up in my eyes as I got back into my car and headed toward Janet's apartment to pick up my things. Life with Janet was pretty bad, but life without her was unbearable. I could see no end to my misery in the near future. Everywhere I looked I saw something that reminded me of her... a pair of handcuffs under a tree, a dead squirrel on the road, an "EAT SHIT" bumper sticker. Ever since I met her, I couldn't imagine loving another. I knew I would never be able to love again. By the time I reached her building, I had already resolved to join a monastery in Ecuador and never speak to another human being for the remainder of my days.

As I stepped out of the elevator onto the thirteenth floor and headed toward her apartment, I heard a faint sobbing sound slowly crescendo with my approach. I realized it was Janet's familiar weeping. The apartment door was ajar, and looking through the crack of the door, I caught my breath as I recognized her figure hunched over in the living room armchair like Rodin's "Thinker."

Could it be? I surmised that she and the libidinous Venetian had had a parting of the ways. Nonetheless, I wasn't going to run in screaming, "I told you so." She needed me, and in the back of my mind, the ephemeral

hope of a reconciliation negated all immediate monastic plans. Thus, I stepped back into her life when I walked into her apartment that afternoon. She looked up at me with her tear-filled eyes, and almost immediately, her fact lit up.

“Oh Roger...ROGER!!!”

I didn't immediately understand why she screamed my name the second time until I turned my head in the direction of the pouncing Doberman. The next thing I knew, Janet was chasing the attack dog around the room trying to get my severed left ear out of its mouth. In a fit of panic and confusion, I allowed my knees to lock, and the entire room went black.

“...In 1859, Vincent started grade school.”

I woke up in the hospital room to Janet's soft voice reading the biography of van Gogh. My head was wrapped up, and for a moment I feared the worst. However, I thought a little pity was in order and began to moan softly. She stopped reading abruptly.

“Roger, are you alright?”

“I...I...I think so.”

“Roger, I'm sorry about Lorenzo and Genghis.”

“Genghis?”

“The Doberman.”

“That's all right. Are you feeling better?”

“Oh, I'm over Lorenzo, and I've moved all of your things back in but...”

“Yes?”

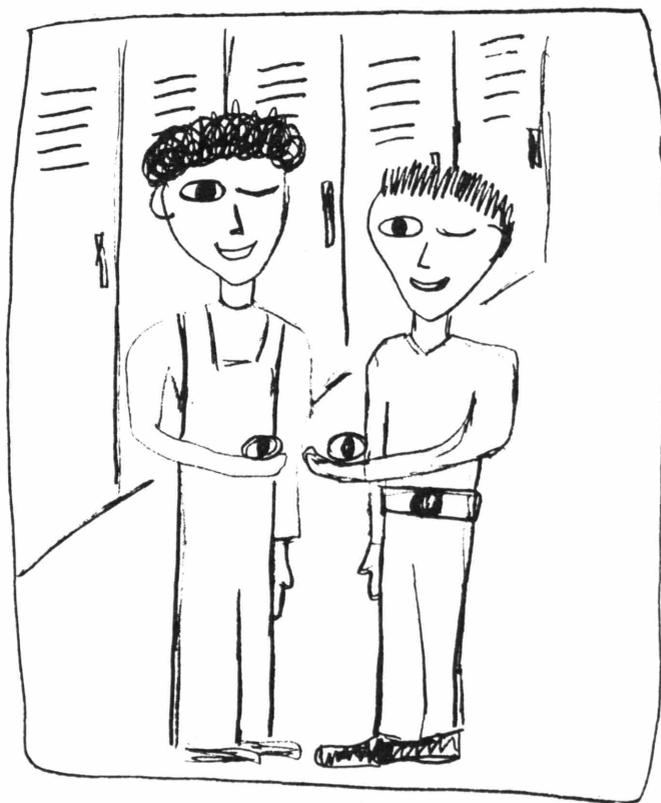
“Well, my hips look like Everest and K2! Would it be okay if I went upstairs to plastic surgery and —”

“Go ahead. Put it on my bill.”

“Thank you, Roger!”

She squeezed my hand tightly. Things were definitely back to normal. I looked at our hands clasped together. For a moment, I was tempted to move my fingers to her wrist and put all of my fears to rest, but I quickly abandoned the idea. I didn't want to know. She rose and headed for the door. When she reached the doorway, she turned around and smiled. This was love.

“By the way, I gave Lorenzo the Bananarama album kind of as a parting gift. I hope you don't mind.”



An eye for an eye?

MIKE BARNICLE

# Life at Lobdell

No one said life was a free lunch. But try telling that to Vance Sapruzzi. Another victim of a mindless, numbing bureaucracy, he wanted only a cheeseburger and a coke, say his friends. And, like all others, he had to endure the lines. A young girl who saw what happened to Vance was more than willing to talk about it.

“His mind just snapped,” she stated matter-of-factly.

“Yea,” another girl chirped in, “he just started shaking and muttering something about grease coagulation.”

Things were a little muddled after that, but they agree that Vance then attempted to move forward in the line by claiming he was a napkin, saying he therefore belonged up by the cash register. When no one would let him move up, he then tried to fit himself in one of the napkin dispensers. He was only partially successful, however, and what remained of him was promptly carted away by cafeteria employees. All that was left was a cold, lifeless, coagulated cheeseburger, a grim reminder to the rest of those waiting in line.

Leslie W., who was working the only open cash register at the time, was unfazed by it all.

“It don’t bother me none,” she said in between smacks of her chewing gum, “but what does bother me is how these machines don’t read the damned cards.” She motioned toward the meal card she was sticking in the register. The register read \$5. She stuck the card in, and the register then read \$185, the remaining balance on the customer’s meal plan. But for some reason Leslie thought the card didn’t register, so she stuck it in again, and again, and again, and again, each time deducting another \$5 from the poor victim’s account. With a fanatic, obsessive determination, Leslie stuck the card in the machine a total of 40 times before she was content. With a sweaty grimace she handed the victim back his card, now with no money left on his meal plan and searching for a seat so he could enjoy his \$200 plate of cheese ziti.

Behind him, an exasperated student seemed relieved to have finally reached the front of the line. “These lines are ridiculous,” he said. “A friend of mine completed his entire Master’s thesis while waiting in line. Another did both his Master’s *and* his Doctorate. Personally, last time I was here I completed an entire novel while waiting in line, and by the time I got to the register, the novel had been published and marketed. This is just fucking ridiculous.”

Suddenly a shot rang out. Back at the sandwich bar the scene looked grim indeed. A crew-cut teenager wielding a .45 automatic was holding the gun at the head of the sandwich chef.

“What the hell did I tell you?” the youth screamed.

“You want chips and a pickle?” the sandwich man guessed.

“No!” He shot the paper hat off the chef’s head. “I said *no chips or pickle!*”

“Ok, take it easy,” the sandwich man pleaded, “here’s your sandwich. No chips, see? No chips. You want a pickle?”

This infuriated the teenager even more. He emptied a few more shots into the neon *sandwiches* sign above him, by chance knocking out all the vowels. “*Fuck no!*” he shouted. “I said *no pickle!*”

“Ok, ok...just chips.”

The gunman screamed an agonizing, wailing scream, pointed the gun at his own head and pulled the trigger. Empty. He collapsed onto the cold floor, a crying, trembling shell of a student. Another day, another victim.

“Jesus Christ,” the sandwich maker complained later. “Who the hell do these punks think they are? The sign says chips and pickle, I give ‘em chips and pickle, and they give me this crap. I don’t need it.”

Neither does Tony M. Tony had been bouncing back and forth between the different islands in Lobdell like a ball in a bad pinball machine. “What the hell,” he growled, “there’s three fucking soda dispensers here. Which fucking dispenser are you supposed to use?” he said to noone in particular. Finally he tried the dispenser at the Sweets Bar, shoving a large cup under the Cherry Coke nozzle. A sickening gurgle emitted from the machine, and Tony M. looked wide-eyed at the concoction in his cup.

## Rose Isn't Rose



“Oh my god,” he gasped. He tasted the watery goop. “This is the *best* fucking soda I have ever tasted in my whole fucking *life*.” He laughed a high-pitched manic squeal as the goop dribbled down his chin and onto the floor. A distant scream from the pizza bar caught his ear, and he spun around, slipping on the goop and crashing into the nearby salad bar, where his head became impaled on the lettuce tongs. He slumped to the floor, wet, bloody bubbles leaking from the gaping wound in his throat.

No one noticed Tony gurgle his last few breaths, as the chaos of the Lobdell milieu bumped and grinded its way ever onward.

No one noticed Tony, that is, except Hank F., the floor sweeper who sauntered over to clean up the mess. “I used to be over at Feature’s till they closed that down. 30 people

gots themselves no job when Features shut down, me included. I took any job I could get, and this is what I do now. Clean up the shit that gets left behind. I don’t need this. I jes’ don’t need this.”

No you don’t, Hank, no you don’t. And neither do the Tony M’s and the Vance Sapruzzi’s of the world. And neither do the Leslie’s, and the sandwich-makers of the world.

One grim-faced bystander, an 18 year old dropout named Kathy, summed it up as she stood in the rain with her 3-month-old in her arms. “What do you expect?” she explained. “It’s Lobdell.”

Yes it is, Kathy. Yes, it is.

Chris Coon

**Jingles and J** by J. + J. López



# The M.I.T. Ombudsman

*The MIT Ombudsman is a service provided by the MIT administration to answer questions related to MIT, and to help students cut through red tape and otherwise deal with a sometimes-frustrating MIT bureaucracy.*

**Dear Ombudsman: Help!** I've been trying to get a copy of my transcript, but the Registrar people tell me I'm not in the computer! What gives?

*(D.H., East Campus)*

Dear D.H.: I had you come to my office, and I found the problem—you didn't have a current registration sticker affixed to your I.D. card. Although you did have it in your desk drawer, that was not sufficient. The back of your I.D. card clearly states "Invalid without current registration sticker *affixed*," and since you went almost the whole term without the sticker affixed (past add-date at least), you were technically invalid, and none of your classes this term will count, so you will not graduate in June. Sorry, but next time follow the rules.

**Dear Ombudsman: I am writing to you out of desperation—**A few afternoons ago I was doing homework in my floor's lounge, and the TV was on in the back-

ground. Suddenly, out of nowhere came eight Campus Police officers and an MIT Dean...seven of the officers tackled me to the ground, breaking both my arms and pulling them out of their sockets, while the eighth smashed the TV with a sledgehammer. The Dean, who for some reason was dressed like an SS officer, chuckled the whole time. As I was being dragged away (by my arms, no less), the Dean informed me I was violating the MIT Porn Policy by "showing a pornographic videotape in a dorm common area." This is all a big mistake, but no-one will listen! First of all, it wasn't a videotape, it was network TV! Second, and most importantly, it wasn't pornography, it was an episode of *Three's Company*! HELP!!!!

*(B.N., Campus Jail)*

Dear B.N.: After looking at your situation and talking with the appropriate Deans, it becomes clear that it was no mistake. The MIT policy on pornography directly states that no films or videotapes depicting pornography shall be shown in dorm common areas without first having them approved by the Institute Committee. You *were* in a dorm common area, as you admit. The show in question *did* originate on a videotape—a call to the TV station

confirmed this. As for the show being “pornography,” consider what occurred in that particular episode: “Jack” brought a girlfriend, “Michelle” into his apartment, which he shares with two women, one of whom is named “Chrissy.” Jack, however, was not aware that Chrissy was in the living room when he brought in Michelle, and when Michelle exclaimed “...and *who* is that?”, Jack said “That?”, placed a lampshade on Chrissy’s head, then said “That’s just a lamp.” There was then considerable audience laughter. This is clearly an objectification of women

(equating Chrissy with a table lamp, with no redeeming social or aesthetic value, and therefore falls under jurisdiction of the MIT Policy on Pornography. Thus, you were in violation of the policy, and I can do nothing for you. The Dean also told me to inform you that you have been expelled.

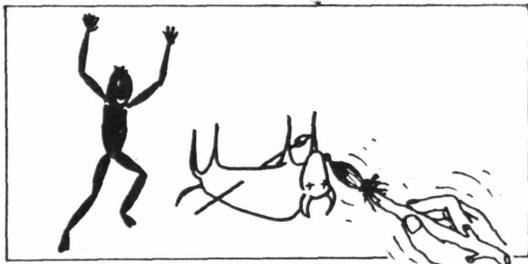
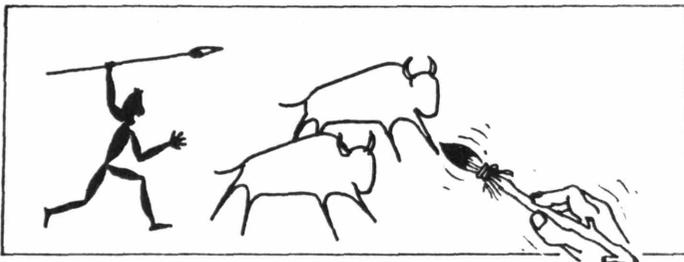
**Dear Ombudsman: I hope I am writing legibly...I am in total shambles. I just learned my entire family was killed in a horrible car accident—both my parents, my little sister and my kid brother. The funeral is on the first day of finals week, and I don’t know where to go, what to do...can you please help me?**

*(F.S., New House)*

Dear F.S.: While the administration sympathizes with your plight, it is too late to reschedule your finals. You must be present during finals week to take the finals, or you will fail them all. I don’t know what else to say, except *suck the Big Hose, motherfucker!* HA HA HA!

That’s all I got time for this month. If you are having problems with the MIT bureaucracy and need some help, write *The MIT Ombudsman*, 77 Mass. Ave., and I’ll see what I can do. Till then, get the hell out of my way, I’ve got an administration meeting to attend.

Chris Coon



# BATMON THE KILLING TOKE

BY  
MIKYUNG KWAH



IN THE SHUFFLING ALLEYWAYS  
OF GANJA CITY, ANOTHER DEAL...



LATER... AT BRUCE MARLEY'S  
MANOR



IT'S A SIN-MON!  
SOME JOKER MUST  
HAVE TAKEN ALL  
THE GOOD POT AND  
LEFT US WITH THE  
GRIM REEFER!



TELL DISTRIBUTER  
GORDON WE'RE GOING  
OUT, MON - AND PUT  
ON YOUR TIGHTS.





# *Little Joey, Mrs. Ted Mendenhall, and Joey's Eyebrows*

by David Jordan

Little Joey, a child of indeterminate age, sat in the secluded comfort of his nondescript room and scribbled fiercely in his sketchbook. Every now and then, Joey would glance up from his drawing and peer furtively into a distant, shadow-engulfed corner of his room, a cloud of concern passing over his brow. Actually, when one spoke of Joey's "brow," one's reference was more figurative than literal; Joey lacked eyebrows, eyelashes, and hair. And although it would be a fair guess that, had Joey already begun his weary trudge toward the physical maturity of manhood, he would have lacked bodily hair elsewhere, to boot. The reason for Joey's hairlessness became apparent when one glanced at Joey's hands: His fingers were taped together, a pathetic stopgap measure (and one of the few practical suggestions resulting from the hundreds of hours Joey had endured with an endless procession of child psychologists) to prevent Joey from picking, pulling, and digging at himself. Happily for Joey, he was still able to clutch a pencil between his thumb and the clumped mass of his four other fingers. He busily plied the rude drawing instrument to the course bond of his sketchbook, and thus he gave vent to his soul.

One day, Joey's parents knocked at his door. Joey graciously invited them to enter, and he bade them sit on a couple of the packing crates strewn at oblique angles in remote, huddled corners of his room. Joey's parents, who might have been anywhere from their mid-twenties to their mid-forties in age, focused upon the lively little fruit of their loins with love and tenderness. At length, Joey's mother broke the warm, familiar silence which so naturally cloaked the three whenever they approached each other: "Little Joey, someone new will be visiting you presently. This person will discuss...things...with you, various issues of import, topics of a varying degree of interest to the both of you. Your father and I expect that the two of you will pass your time together amiably."

Joey acknowledged this information with a demure smile, then paused to paw distractedly at an inflamed patch of his hairless skin. After a while, Joey's parents withdrew from his room; the three of them exchanged nods, smiles, and a few casual pleasantries.

The next day, little Joey's parents brought Mrs. Ted Mendenhall to Joey's room and introduced them. Mrs. Mendenhall's face radiated a charming blend of kindly wisdom and naive innocence. The subtle interplay of the former (concentrated primarily in her T-zone) with the latter (somehow most clearly defined in her cheeks and nasal pads) conspired with her youthful demeanor to lend her face a timeless quality: Youth and age danced playfully together in the placid arena of Mr. Ted Mendenhall's face. One would have been hard-pressed to pinpoint her age.

At first, Joey merely tolerated Mrs. Mendenhall's presence with his customary subdued courtesy. But after an admittedly awkward beginning to their relationship, the pair began to warm up to each other. It would be impolite to eavesdrop on their conversation, but perhaps the dictates of propriety allow one to note here that they discoursed in congenial tones on a wide range of subjects, many of them of mutual interest both to the young and to the merely young at heart. Eventually, of course, Mrs. Ted Mendenhall asked little Joey if she might examine the contents of his sketchbook; she solicited this glance into the turbulent heart of Joey's creative impulse after confessing an artistic bent in her own outlook on life. It took only a little cajoling to overcome Joey's shy reluctance. He scooped the book up in his clumsily-taped hands and passed it to her.

Mrs. Mendenhall flipped through the pages of the sketchbook, noting each drawing carefully. Many of them featured vague, unidentifiable objects presented from a range of perspectives and with a variety of aspect ratios. In one sketch,

which had apparently been composed in a tempestuous rush of Joey's artistic insight, a stream of some nameless fluid trickled off the edge of a vast, planar plateau or mesa. Another series of drawings focused upon the central theme of everyday objects. But these apparently ordinary objects had been rendered with such a flavoring of inscrutable and inexpressible obscurity that it was well-nigh impossible to say, exactly, what they were: One was merely haunted by the "feeling" that one was looking at something one used -- unthinkingly, perhaps -- almost every day of one's life. And finally, in a series of what looked to be Joey's earlier, less mature artistic efforts, pieces of particle board and drywall were depicted in various tortured, chaotic configurations.

Later, the interview concluded, Mrs. Ted Mendenhall conferred with little Joey's parents. Mrs. Mendenhall described the features of what she called "the A6 scenario," outlining its role in the family dynamic and highlighting (somewhat pedantically, Joey's parents thought with carefully-concealed amusement) its possible effects upon the mental health and coping skills of "the child." Agreements were reached. Plans were formulated. Mrs. Ted Mendenhall and Joey's parents spoke, in hushed tones, of tactics and objectives.

Joey's father picked up volume five of the Time-Life "Home Fix-Up" series and hastily applied himself to an impromptu alteration of the house plumbing.

Little Joey's birthday was only a few months away.

\* \* \*

Joey's relatives came from all points of the compass to observe yet another anniversary of Joey's birth. Joey's parents had ushered them into the basement where they waited in anticipation of the birthday boy himself. Beloved, matriarchal old Grandma Hatch sat in one of the many folding chairs strewn hurriedly about the oppressively hot basement; she asked of no one in particular, "Is today the 17th or 18th of the month?" But nobody responded...and, indeed, the question would have been difficult to answer anyway. A hand-painted banner on one wall cheerfully proclaimed, "It's your big day, little Joey!" Mrs. Ted Mendenhall stood in one corner, her eyes watchful, her face beaming its peculiar

union of innocence and the knowledge of good and evil. Somewhere deep in the house, a clock chimed the hour, and Joey's father rose to address the family. He said simply,

"Today Joey has put on his Big Boy pants, and now he's going to do the Big Boy dance!"

And then he pushed a button. A panel opened in the ceiling of the basement, revealing little Joey, who was suspended by a leather harness -- his "Big Boy pants" -- from a winch and scaffolding mounted on the kitchen floor. Joey's father pressed another button, and a curtain fell away from the area immediately underneath the opening in the ceiling. A transparent vat nearly six feet high and four feet in diameter stood under the opening; pipes fed into the vat from a corner of a basement ceiling. With a hint of the showman about him, Joey's father explained to the assembly that the pipes "lead directly down from our water closet." Thus the realization dawned upon Joey's relatives that they were gazing -- wonderingly -- upon a cunningly crafted "visible septic tank," and a murmur of appreciation gradually filled the stifling hot basement. Mrs. Ted Mendenhall flushed prettily as the murmur struck a chord of artistic vanity within her. She glanced over at the table upon which rested little Joey's birthday cake. An array of candles burned merrily away on the cake, but in the gloom of the basement's lighting, it would have been difficult to tell exactly how many candles there were. Perhaps as few as five, perhaps as many as fourteen.

The crown struck up a rousing chorus of "Happy Birthday" as Joey's father turned on the winch and lowered Joey into the brim-full cistern.

The staccato beat of Joey's shoes against the walls of the septic tank -- muffled somewhat by the viscosity of fluids and solids -- delighted one and all. As beloved, matriarchal old Grandma Hatch said when the spectacle ended some five hours later, "Joey's Big Boy dance was more fun than something else would have been."

Joey survived the experience, and his eyebrows grew back. As a relatively well-adjusted adult, he became a successful commercial artist for a New York advertising agency. He continued to send polite and thoughtful birthday cards to Mrs. Ted Mendenhall's address long after she had been sacrificed to Ba'al by an obscure, but enthusiastic, religious cult.

# A Grim Fairy Tale

Joseph Ting

Safe from the wind and cold, Mr. Bear sat in a vinyl covered easy chair in his modest two-bedroom duplex. He had built the house himself from plans in an issue of *Architecture Today*. Owning a home had always been one of his dreams — who hadn't dreamt of a house in the days when the American Dream had not yet included Volvos and condos? The cave in which he had lived before was always damp and his wife had never let him forget that he had promised her better. So, when his honey business hit 50 points on Wall St., he decided to sell most of his shares and build his own house in the country. There, he could take it easy for a while. Of course, he had kept a controlling interest in the company, leaving operations in the hands of the board (he kept a set for himself). Later, it had turned out that he was right to sell since the market turned "bearish" soon after: It dropped below 1000 for the first time in ten years. He had always hated that term — bear market. It implied caution and he didn't like to be associated with faintheartedness. In 20 years of business, he had built a reputation of cunning, vitality, and aggressiveness. He wasn't called the Grizzly for nothing.

Now, however, he was just another retired, unassuming, middle-aged bear seeking to commune with nature. He had grown a slight paunch.

The dark, gleaming brown hair which he groomed carefully every day showed signs of gray near his shoulders. Mr. Bear's claws were perfectly manicured even though he chewed them when worried — a habit he had kept from his cubhood. His muscles rippled under his fur as he turned the pages of the *Times*. He was still in superb physical condition. This was a result of the three-mile job to the Amtrak station where he caught the train every day for his plant outside Stamford, Connecticut.

A pipe lay smoking on an ivory ashtray nearby.

Two years ago, Mr. Bear's personal physician had made him give up cigarettes along with salted salmon. Plaques adorned the walls of the walnut-paneled den. There was his N.R.A. membership certificate along with a commendation for his work in repealing gun control. "If you can't protect yourself," he had said to the cheers of thousands, "who will?" Also, set slightly apart from the rest of the trophies and plaques, was a thank-you letter from Ronald Reagan for Mr. Bear's tireless campaigning in the 1980 election. On the opposite wall, above the fireplace and below the mounted deer head, was a rack of rifles. They were of various makes. Their barrels gleamed — the result of weekly polishing and care.

Mr. Bear (his first name was Lite) sat at the

window idly flipping through the financial page. Today, he wasn't really paying any attention to Louis Rukeyser's sermon on the bond market. His eyes kept turning to the forest. His hunting cap had been sitting in the closet, unused for nearly a year now. His scalp itched to feel the custom-sewn suede. His nose yearned to smell the smoky hunting jacket. Nature and L. L. Bean called to him.

Suddenly, Mrs. Bear, a large, well-kept bear, broke his revelry. There was an apron around her middle and a gold band on her left paw.

"Dinner's ready honey," Mrs. Bear said. Her voice was pleasing and patient. It was the voice of one content with her position of wife of a self-made, stubborn, lovable bear.

Mr. Bear blinked and looked away from the window. Then, with a sly grin, he reached out and grabbed his wife, pulling her onto his lap. An "umph" escaped his lips as the chair groaned in protest.

"Stop that, you silly bear," she cried, giggling. He affectionately licked her nose as she broke loose and stood up.

"How can I keep my paws off you?" Lite growled playfully. Mrs. Bear planted her paws

on her hips and gave him a "behave yourself" look.

"Come on. Dinner's ready. The bouillabaisse is getting cold because of your foolishness," she scolded. "Now where's Junior? Go find him and tell him to wash up."

"For you? Anything." Mr. Bear cleared his throat. He put on his best stern-father face and tramped the mahogany staircase up to the door with the purple crayoned picture.

"Junior?" he called in a baritone growl. "It's time to eat. Your mother wants you to wash up."

"Just a minute, Dad," squeaked Junior. A loud crash came from behind the door.

"Junior, what's going on in there? Open this door."

Ah ha, thought Mr. Bear with a knowing look, he hasn't cleaned up his room again. Well, we'll see about that after dinner. Shuddering as he remembered the last time he opened the door, he ambled back down the stairs.

Already, his nose detected the scent of cornish game hens wafting toward him. His senses were drowned in the spices. Somewhere in the under-

## Inside Looking Out

James Bredt



current, a mince pie lurked. Mrs. Bear had once again worked up culinary magic. She prided herself on running her household alone.

“Oh, dear?” she called from the kitchen. “Set the table, will you? I’ll be out in a minute.”

“Sure thing.” Mr. Bear went to the cabinet and counted out the china and utensils. Everything was custom-crafted to be bear-sized. Then, out came the Oxford drinking bowl. It was created with the lack of opposable thumbs in mind. Though the Bears seemed a little awkward when they dined, they always made up for it with witty conversation and perfect table manners. Actually, both Mr. and Mrs. Bear were very graceful for their size. When they danced, people always gathered around.

Just as the last fork was being set down, Mrs. Bear came in carrying the soup tureen, shaped like a jumping trout. Steam rose from the curved back of the magnificent brown and silver fish.

“The bouillabaisse smells exquisite, honey!” exclaimed Mr. Bear after sticking his snout under the lid. He helped Mrs. Bear into her seat before taking his own. Mrs. Bear carefully untied the strings of her apron and placed it on her lap.

“Just something I came across in a magazine,” she said modestly. Mr. Bear wielded the soup

ladle skillfully, filling the crocks to the top. “Now where’s Junior?”

“Coming Mom!” With a patter of paws, he came running in, struggle to pull the chair back, then jumped into his seat. His feet kicked back and forth. With a suspicious look, he sniffed at the soup. Even though he knew his mother might be watching, he screwed his face up and stuck out his tongue. Mr. Bear lowered his head and began, “Dear Lord, for what we are about to receive, let us be truly thankful. Amen.” With that, he dug into his soup with gusto. Immediately, his eyes began to water. He reached for the pitcher of mead, poured a bowlful and downed it in a swallow.

“Hot!” he wheezed as he poured himself another bowl of the cool, sweet mead. Sticking his tongue out, he fanned it to relieve the pain. Mrs. Bear took only a sip before opening her eyes. She too reached for the mead.

“This soup is a bit hot,” he announced, standing up. “I think we should take a walk and let it cool down. Wouldn’t hurt to get some fresh air either. I’d like to check out some of my old hunting blinds.” He ran his tongue over his teeth in an attempt to soothe it.

“Oh, neat!” cried Junior. “Can we shoot rabbits?”



“Definitely not!” snapped his mother. “You are too young to be playing with firearms.” Her glance at Mr. Bear made sure he got the point.

“Uh, yes. Your mother is right. You might get hurt.” But his eyes shone with hope.

Mr. Bear went into the den. Standing next to the gun rack, he ran a paw over the hand-carved stock of his favorite rifle. He glanced over his shoulder to make sure no one was watching, then took the rifle down. He held it up to his shoulder, aiming at an imaginary deer.

“Where do you think you’re going with that?” a familiar voice snapped.

“Uh, I thought we might take it along. You can never be too safe, you know. With all those lazy bums on unemployment —”

“Nonsense. I’m sure we can handle ourselves just fine without *that*. Remember what happened to your Cousin Ralph.”

“That was his fault. He shouldn’t have been —”

“No. That’s final.”

“But —”

“No.”

“All right,” Mr. Bear mumbled. He shuffled back into the den, snout to the ground. Tenderly, as if parting with a friend, he put the rifle back in the rack.

Mrs. Bear, a white silk scarf tied around her head, was standing by the apple tree that she had planted years ago. “I hope it doesn’t rain. Did you lock the door?”

“No need. We’ll be back in half an hour. Nobody would be out here anyway.”

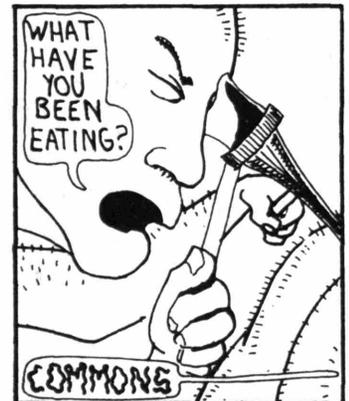
He pointed: “See that bird there? That’s a yellow-bellied sap-sucker. Now, most Democrats and...”

In the meantime, in another part of the forest, a young girl was circling an oak tree for the fifth time. Up above, crows called to each other.

“Hey! What’s with the blond down there?” cried one scruffy crow.

“Beats me. She looks lost. How old do you think she is?” said a fat squat bird who looked as if he should have been smoking a cigar.

“Ah, say six or seven. She looks the same age as that brat in the red suit. Hey do you suppose she’s been putting down a trail of breadcrumbs? I love breadcrumbs.” The scruffy one craned its



neck, to see. Its neck feathers spread, showing patches of skin.

“Nah. If she did, she wouldn’t be lost.”

“Yeah,” said scruffy, twisting its head back into place.

“Maybe she has a sandwich of something.”

“Yeah.” A pause. “Yeeaah,” the bird repeated with growing interest.

“O.K. So the next time she comes around, we fly down and make like pigeons. Right?”

“Right. But no cooing. I refuse to coo.”

“Come on, there’s Goldie.” The fat bird hopped off the branch spreading its wings.

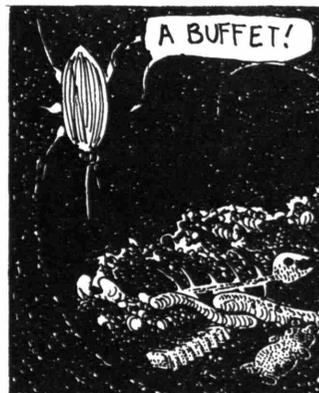
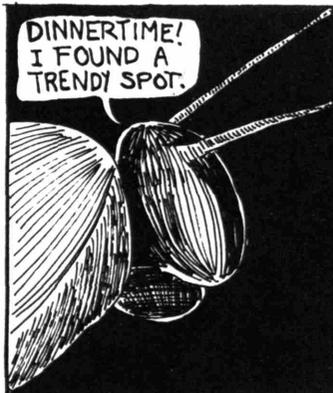
“Hey, wait up,” yelled the other with a clumsy rush of wings. “Come on boys!” he called to the rest.

Down below, the little girl was approaching the tree again. Her wide aqua blue eyes opened even wider in fright. Her golden pigtailed swung back and forth as her head turned from side to side. Her chubby fingers clutched a small, sequined handbag. One sleeve of her pink dress was torn.

I’m really going to get it, she thought. Mom’ll kill me if I’m late for dinner again. I shouldn’t have tried running away. Pictures of ex-gymnasts filled her mind. In the psychology courses that her mother had taken in college, she had learned that visual aids were extremely useful.

“Now, Jenny, see that woman? He name is Mary Lou. She didn’t eat when she was...” she could hear her mother saying. Jenny closed her eyes and shuddered as she saw the shriveled woman. When she opened her eyes again, a flock of black birds came swooping into sight. To Jenny, the child who had stayed up until one in the morning to watch *The Birds* on TV, the harmless crows were terrible. Their cawing seemed to fill the air like the roar of a 747 taking off. Their claws stretched out toward her. Jenny’s mouth opened. Her feet felt rooted to the ground like the trees around her. Each second, she saw the open claws dropping closer. As the crows filled the sky, she screamed, as loud as a six-year-old could scream. Then she whirled around and ran. The crows fell down from the sky, their wings over their ears. They lay stunned for several minutes. One of them never regained his hearing.

“Maybe we should have cooed,” one crow said weakly. He felt the pecks on his head for a week after.



Jenny ran blindly through the forest, proving that her lung power matched that of any two men.

She screamed, "Mom!" The unsympathetic forest refused to produce any such person. Flocks of creatures fled before her, parting like the Red Sea.

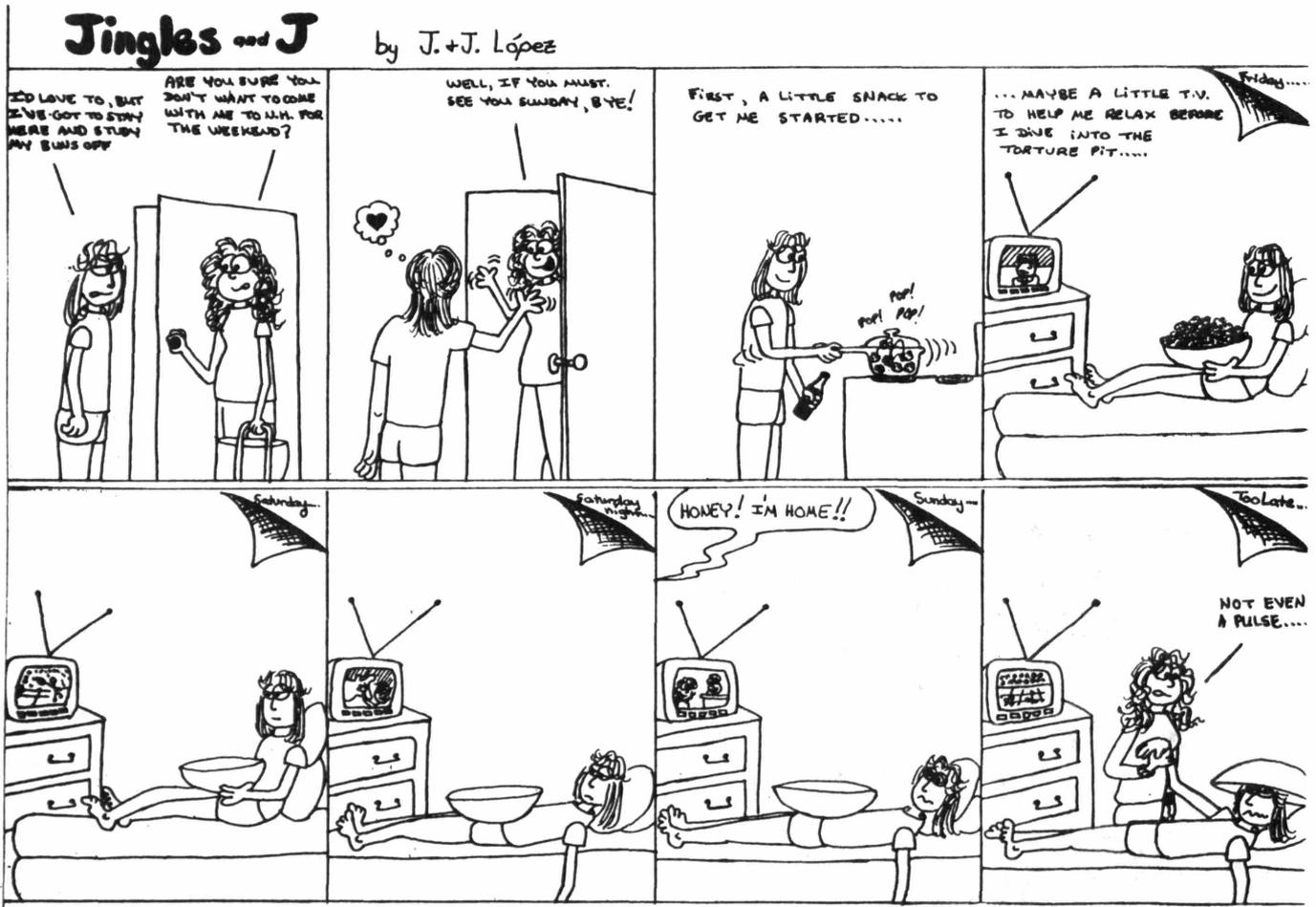
Soon, however, a red shingled roof appeared ahead through a stand of juniper trees. Forgetting her mother's warnings about strangers, Jenny ran toward it. A patch of blue flashed between a break in the trees. Then a window peeped at her. A door popped out like a mouth in surprise. The rest of the house soon followed.

Jenny ran panting toward the house and on to the porch. Too short to reach the shiny brass knocker, she pounded as loud as she could with her little fists.

"Help! I'm being chased by birds," she yelled. "They're trying to kill me!" Another bang. The commotion would have been enough to wake any hibernating bear. However, no one came to the door. She *had* to get in. Jenny put her ear to the door and listened. Not a sound. With no one to help her, the birds would get her for sure — just like Tippy Hedron. Slowly, with eyes full of terror, she turned around and looked, a protective arm in front of her face. There was nothing.

Jenny slumped against the door in relief. The light of the sun was fading and she could see her breath. It curled in little wisps of vapor. She began to shiver.

Now what am I going to do, she thought. Once again, she put her ear against the door. Not a sound. Jenny stood up and grabbed the doorknob with both hands.



“Where is everybody?” Standing on her toes, Jenny looked in the keyhole. “It looks like everyone’s gone. Maybe they won’t mind if I go inside and use their phone.” Slowly she turned the knob.

Maybe a witch lives here, she thought, but there was no turning back.

“Hello? Is anybody home?” Only her voice echoed in answer to her question. Cautiously, Jenny stepped into the doorway. “Hell-oooo.” Silence.

What a neat house, she thought, looking around. The stairway was directly in front of her, winding toward somewhere. On the staircase hung a portrait of three bears. “Teddy bears!” she exclaimed.

Suddenly, Jenny smelled something. She breathed deeply, taking in the aroma of roast poultry. Her stomach told her that she was starving. There was no stopping it. The Hansel and Gretl syndrome had struck. Jenny turned corners and moved down hallways without knowing it. Somehow, she ended up in the dining room.

On the table, three places were set. There was a bowl in each place. Jenny climbed on one of the enormous hand-carved dining chairs to get a better look at the bowls. Carefully, she peered over the bowl’s edge.

“Fish.” She made a horrible face. “Yuck.” However, her stomach made her grab a spoon. If her mother were around, she wouldn’t have touched the stuff. After all, that’s what her mother expected and she couldn’t disappoint her.

The edge of the spoon sank into the bowl and reemerged. Jenny scrunched up her face in anticipation, then put the spoon in her mouth. A

look of surprise replaced her expression of disgust.

“Hey, this isn’t bad.” Spoon flashing, she quickly emptied the bowl. Then she did the same to the other two bowls. The remains of the soup disguised her features well. Suddenly, she felt the call of nature.

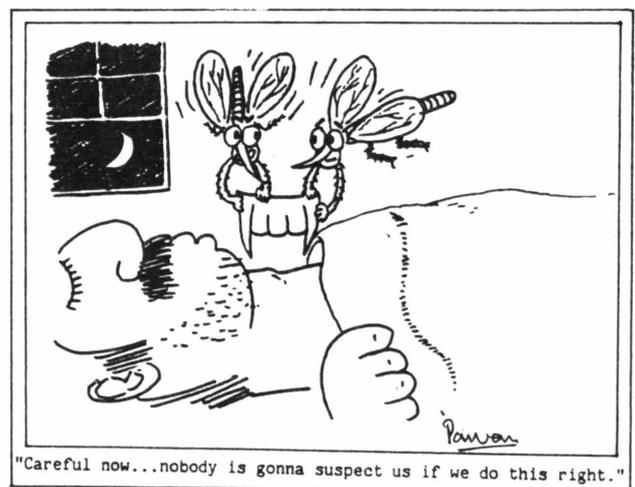
“Where’s the bathroom?” She jumped off the chair and left the dining area. Methodically, she opened door after door. In her wake, she left a wide swath of open doors — the broom closet, a coat closet, a work room. One by one, she eliminated each choice until she found herself back at the stairs. There was a door under the staircase that she had not yet tried. Jenny rushed frantically to the door and entered.

“Flushhh.”

Jenny emerged with a smile on her face. She let out a happy yawn.

“I’m tired,” she said to herself. “Maybe I should call home now.”

Somewhere in the house, a clock chimed. “DONG, DONG...” Jenny counted the strokes and found that she needed more than the fingers of one hand.



Seven? It's seven? Uh oh. Mom is really going to kill me. Then an idea struck her. Why should I go home, she thought. I could stay here. I could stay up as long as I want and do anything. No one to boss me around. I could watch TV. I could... Visions of paradise floated through her head.

She felt tired. Perhaps she should take a nap, she thought. There had to be a bed upstairs.

At the top of the stairs, there was a door with a crayoned picture taped to it. Humph, Jenny thought. I can do better than that. Opening the door a crack, she peeked inside. Toys were strewn all over the place with dirty clothes heaped in mounds here and there. Jenny could hear her mother saying, "Now Jenny, do you know how many children break bones slipping on toys they don't put away? Why, look at this nasty multiple fracture..." There were funny clowns on the wallpaper. Trucks lay abandoned among He-Man dolls and a huge stuffed giraffe stood in a corner. Next to the giraffe was a little bed, suitably unmade. She was in heaven.

Meanwhile, the Bears were just entering their front yard.



"Now Junior," Mr. Bear was lecturing. "I want you to clean up your room as soon as dinner is — Hey, the door is open!"

"Oh dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Bear. "What did I tell you about locking the door?!"

"Sssh." Mr. Bear put a finger to his snout. "They might still be in there. Wait here. I'll check it out."

Mrs. Bear clutched Junior to keep him from running off. "Be careful. Don't do anything foolish. Just get to the phone and call the police."

Mr. Bear tiptoed across the lawn to the door. First he stuck his head inside and took a quick look. Next, seeing nothing, he crept forward.

Everything looks okay so far. But what if they have a gun, he thought. Cautiously, he moved to the den. With his back to the wall, he poked his head around the corner.

"All clear. Now if I can only get my shotgun." He moved to the rack. Police? Who needs police, Mr. Bear decided as he took the shotgun down. "We'll teach this thief a lesson. I'll show him I'm not one of these soft liberals. We've got a real president now." Opening the gun, he managed to guide his shaking paw and insert several shells. Only after the shotgun was loaded did he stop quivering. Nobody loots *my* house, he thought angrily. He went back to the front door and motioned to Mrs. Bear that all was clear.

"I haven't found anything yet. I couldn't see anything missing. It's probably just one of those young hoodlums looking for cash to support a drug habit. As if unemployment weren't enough," he whispered. "Come on." He crept forward to the kitchen with Mrs. Bear and Junior in tow.

“Somebody’s been through all the closet,” he whispered upon seeing all the open doors. They reached the dining room.

“Look at that mess!” Mrs. Bear exclaimed in anger.

“The young punk must have been hungry. Well, we’ll see how hungry he is when I fill his stomach full of holes.” This time, there was no protest from his wife over unnecessary violence. Mrs. Bear grabbed a cleaver.

“He must only be after quick cash.”

Slowly, they made their way to the stairs. Junior grew excited. “Oh boy, we’re going to shoot a thief! Just like on Miami Vice!”

“Ssshhh!”

A light came from the bathroom. “He must be in there,” Mr. Bear said. “Junior, stay out of the way.”

“Aw.”

They crept to the door. With the barrel of the shotgun, Mr. Bear pushed it open.

“Someone has wiped their dirty paws on my clean towels!” hissed an enraged Mrs. Bear. “Now they’ve done it!”

She didn’t notice that Junior was no longer behind her.

I’ll show them, Junior thought creeping up the stairs. He tiptoed to his room. Taking a deep breath, he raised his foot, closed his eyes and struck.

“Bang!” the door went as it hit the wall. Jenny

woke with a start.

“Hold it right there.” Junior brandished a cap gun he picked up off the floor. “I’ve got you covered. Hey Dad!! He’s in my room!! I’ve got him!!”

Jenny didn’t know what to do. She saw the chubby little bear and burst out laughing.

“You’re cute. Who are you?” she asked when, just at that moment, Mr. Bear came lumbering in with a ferocious growl. His shot gun and hackles were raised.

“I’ve got — Whoa!” He stumbled on one of Junior’s roller skates and pulled the trigger of the shotgun.

“Boooom!!!” And a huge hole appeared in the floor.

“AAAHH!!!!” Jenny screamed. She flew out of bed and ran past the three bears.

“Hold it! It’s only a little girl!” Mrs. Bear yelled, but by then, Jenny was out the door and well into the forest. “You old fool! You—” she berated.

“Oh no!!!” bellowed Mr. Bear in pain. He was looking through the hole into the den below. Struggling to his feet, he ran downstairs. The explosion had made a shambles of the room. Mr. Bear sat on the broken glass clutching Reagan’s letter — the only object that had escaped unscathed.

“Look!” he cried a look of joy on his face. “It didn’t get scratched!” His expression faded, however, when he turned and saw his wife moving forward with an outstretched paw for the letter. She had a burning look in her eyes.

# Baby Softwear

```

;*****
; DESCRIPTION:          baby
;          not really useful for anything
;
; REGISTERS, ARGUMENTS, AND RETURNS:
; * => required argument, ! => returned value
; AX! poop              BP              DS* baby seg
; BX! throw up          SI              ES* $$$
; CX! disgusting stuff DI              SS* more $$$
; DX                    SP
; Destroys DX, BP, SI, DI, floors, walls, etc.
; Copyright (C) 1989 Steve Simonoff & Susan White
;*****

```

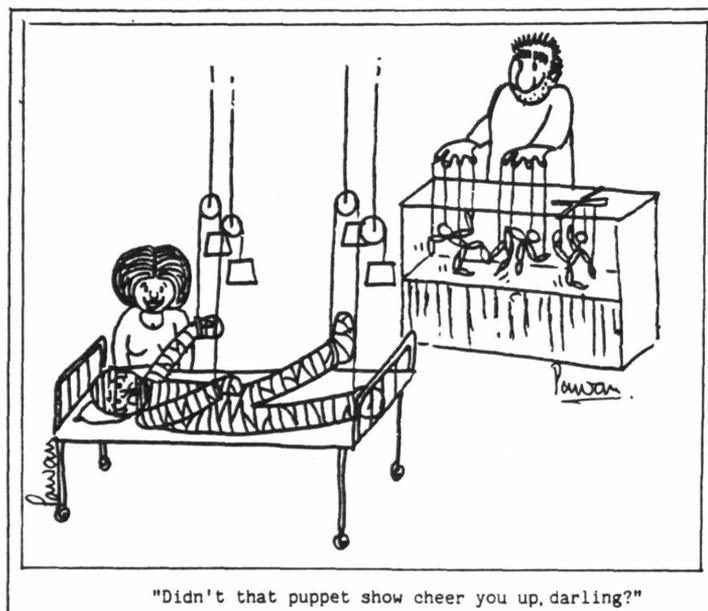
```

baby PROC near
      mov     cx,ONE_YR
tilone: call  cry
        call  eat
        call  poop
dirtyd: call  cry
        cmp   byte ptr diaper,CLEAN
        jne   dirtyd
        call  sleep
        loop  tilone
        ret
baby ENDP

```

;;; LOOK DAD, NO COMMENTS!

-- David Abrams



Hours before it was due:

# LOCH CHARLES MONSTER ATE HIS THESIS!

An MIT student was on his way to turn in his term paper---when a gigantic monster suddenly leaped out of the Charles River and snatched it from his hands!

Stunned student Bob Shmobb provided *The News* with shocking photographic proof of the Loch Charles monster.

"The professor had said the papers could not be turned in late. So imagine my surprise, after spending many hours researching and typing, to have it snatched from my hands just hours before it was due.

"I didn't have another copy of my paper---everything, including my notes, was eaten by that horrible creature."



Artist's conception



Bob Shmobb

But Bob is going to ask his professor to give him an 'A' anyway. "It wasn't my fault this monster chose to eat my paper," he said. "Why should I be penalized?"

Learned all from Sesame Street!

## FOUR-YEAR-OLD GENIUS MAJORING IN EVERYTHING!

Little tyke Jacob Shmacob watches Sesame Street like all other four-year-olds. But while his playmates are watching to learn how to count, Jacob watches to learn quantum mechanics!

"I learned everything from Sesame Street," the pint-sized MIT senior said. "That 'three of these things belong together/three of these things are kind of the same' skit taught me fundamentals of set theory, and from there I was able to deduce the whole of discrete mathematics.

"And the baker-holding-10-pies-and-falling-down-the-stairs routine told me about the principles of physics, and led to my independently deriving Schroedinger's Equation, which I called Shmacob's Equation."

The wide-eyed tot is planning to eventually major in every course at MIT---"Except 15," Jacob adds. "because managers are usually assholes."

Looked through telescope & saw:

## ALIEN SHIP TO LAND ON KILLIAN NEXT JUNE!



Top scientist Bjorg Bjorgenforgenstorg has been receiving alien messages on his telescope---telling him a UFO will land on Killian Court during commencement next June!

The scientist was watching an alien ship orbiting Earth. "I had my telescope focused on the inside of the ship, where there was a chalkboard much like the ones in 26-100.

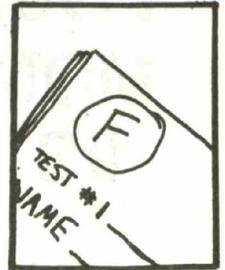
"I then saw one of the aliens write 'Killian Court,' 'Commencement' and 'Paul Gray' on the chalkboard.

"I later learned they are planning to shoot a mind ray into President Gray's head during the ceremonies," Bjorg added, "to make him forget his speech and start writing tuition refund checks to everyone from his personal bank account."

-C.C.

# TWO-HEADED STUDENT

# ACCUSED OF CHEATING — OFF HIMSELF!



VooDoo's  
**NEWS**

Winter 1990

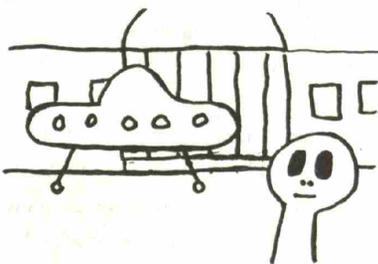
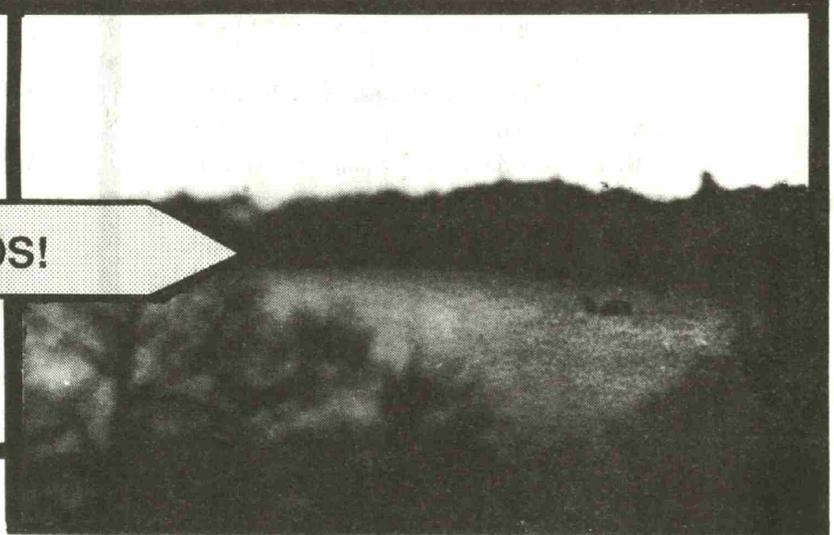
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## Loch Charles MONSTER

EXCLUSIVE PHOTOS!

*"Ate my term paper!"  
says startled student*



Alien ship to  
land in Killian  
next June!

## GENIUS 4.0 YEAR OLD STUDENT HAS 5.0 GPA!



Top Scientist: Attending class **LOWERS** your grades!