

VOODOO

"Deliverance"

"The Magic Schoolbus
Goes to Hell"

debut of the sci-fi strip
"Infinity"



Voo Doo's 80th Anniversary Humor Contest!

Prizes!

Categories:

- Cartoon Strip
- Short Story
- Long Story
- Graphic Novel
- One-page gag
- Parody
- Undefinable

Recognition!

That's right! Amazingly enough, *Voo Doo* has been entertaining, amusing, and sickening the MIT community since 1919. And to celebrate, we're having *yet another* humor contest. Prizes will include cash, staff positions, personal favors, and any other creative things we think of. *Enter early and often!*

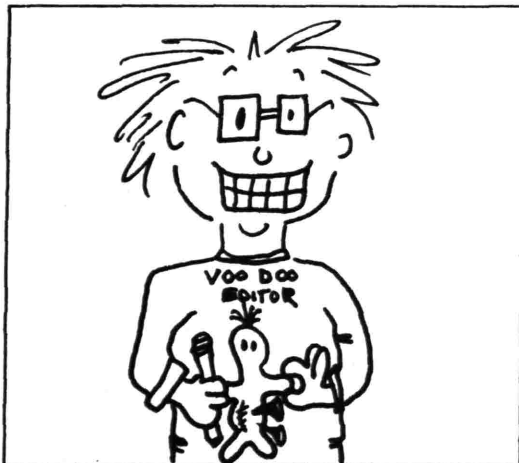
FAME!

Entries due by the end of August, 1998

Mail to voodoo@mit.edu or to room 50-309

Also: enter the *Voo Doo T-Shirt contest!* We're looking for designs that will be relevant and funny to the MIT community. They should mention *Voo Doo*, but not necessarily prominently. As the sales of these shirts will hopefully be an important fundraiser, prizes will be even more lucrative. Enter soon!

Perhaps...



... YOU
will write
for
Voo Doo...

By Jennifer DiMase



In "Good luck on a quick recovery" Voo Doo

Letters to Voo Doo — page 5

Giving help to the helpless, hap to the hapless...

The News — page 8

Yum, 8.02X... yum, frontal lobotomy...

1998 IAP Wigglesworth Memorial Poetry Contest — page 10

Better than Rune, and half the calories!

A Fable — page 14

Wait, so which was it, parsley or oregano?

The Complete Works of Robert Wagner — page 15

See what complaining to us gets you?

Infinity — page 17

No, actually it's only one page.

Deliverance — page 18

That's nothing. Ever try switching phone companies?

Voo Doo Special Section: "Young and Modem" — page 20

Don't blame me... they thought up the name.

The Magic Schoolbus Goes to Hell — page 22

I wonder if they'll come visit the office...

From the Publisher



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Megalomaniac
Bob

Homicidal Puerto
Rican Albino
Don José Mercado

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Compulsive
Pyromaniac
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Freak
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Lady Luck

Volume 79, Number 2

Voo Doo Magazine
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Voo Doo (voo'doo) n., [Slang c.1920] hubbub; excitement; mischief; *an ideal name for a humor magazine*

Factsheet 5 Blurb-o-Tron (corrected, reviewed issue 75.2, from F5#50) : Humor from the unwashed students who wind up designing important things like computers and nuclear devices. What the fuck happened? Suddenly, *Voo Doo* got funny. Like, laugh out loud on the tram funny. Is this the same zine? It must be, as there are still things I Just Don't Get. I doesn't matter, I get enough of it. Where else are you going get the Marilyn Monroe/Elvis Presley/JFK connection? Or the results of last year's IgNoble Prizes? College humor at its finest? Yeah, well, maybe. Trades OK/back issues available/paid ads/prints letters/no submissions. Price: \$2.00 Subs: \$10.00 for 6 issues.

Check out the Voo Doo Magazine Homepage
and the College Humor Magazine Homepage

<http://web.mit.edu/voodoo/www>
<http://web.mit.edu/voodoo/chm.html>

Next submission deadline:
August, 1998

Letters to Voo Doo

Dear Fellow Readers,

Since many presume to know the will of GOD when formulating clone arguments and Joshua Williams said it's ok to waste everybody's time/bandwidth with there own spiritual beliefs as they relate to the human cloning issue, I have my own spiritual story to relate to the readers of this magazine.

Last night, while I was sleeping, a shimmering figure of a bearded old man floated into my room and spoke to me, he said "TAYLOR"

At once I knew it must be an omniscient entity because I got a strange burning sensation in my genital region.

I replied "Yes GOD"

"Taylor, this debate about whether cloning humans is immoral concerns me. I want people to know that I want them to clone as many hot chicks as possible. I've never forgiven myself for the unacceptable lack of hot snacks. So go and tell the world that god said more tasty babes."

And then he left.

I'm not sure what this all means but I'm pretty sure we should do what GOD has said or face the fiery furnace of HELL!

— Taylor

Hi. I have a confession to make. I ordered some ham for a special over the weekend and some good ham came in but it was the wrong ham. So I called my friends at the ham store and said I need a different ham, a special ham for my special friends at MIT. They said we will make a special delivery for you on Saturday because we love Networks. It had absolutly nothing to do with the fact that they

are a National account for us and they would bring it in their personal cars if I needed them to. When the special ham came in chef Jerry put together a wonderful meal which a whole whopping 8 of you bought. So the point of this story is I have a lot of damn ham. So it is the Networks to much ham sale starting tommorrow. We will sell ham ommelettes and Open faced ham and cheese sandwiches. We are also selling open faced steak and cheese sandwiches that are great and I will probably come up with some new ideas before tommorrow. So if you like ham Networks is the place to be. I wonder if I could put ham in the smoothie machine now we are talking. Dont put it past me. Me and my fiancée made those freaken rice krispie treats all 10,000 pounds of them whats a few pund of ham and some fresh strawberries Just kidding opf course no smoothies. See you tommorrow Jason.

— Der Chef

Hello. I would like to know if you could send me information on voodoo in the mail. I am doing a project on voodoo and I could use any information you could give me. Any way you can help me is greatly appreciated.

Thanks,

— DFrank

Dear D,

Sure, no problem! First of all, it's spelled Voo Doo — two words, two caps (one word is also acceptable, as long as the "V" and the "D" are capitalized).

We've been pubishing magazines, pulling hacks, and generally entertaining MIT for nearly eighty years. During that time, VDCorp has

grown from a multi-thousand dollar media conglomerate to a ragtag handful of slightly creative managers and scientists.

Hope this helps! Glad to know that kindergartens a finally getting off their ass and teaching students useful stuff, like the history of humor magazines. Good luck!

— Phos

Dear Phos,

Hi, my name is Jason. I'm starting a humor magazine at the University of New Jersey. People are starting to figure out that I don't have a clue what I am doing, so I would greatly appreciate it if you could answer a few questions for me. One, I realize I am going to need some advertising to finance the magazine. What is the best way to get new advertisers? I am planning to go around to local businesses and just ask them, but do you have any tips for convincing someone to give money to a new publication? Also, could you give me some of your specific production details, like what size and stock of paper you use, how many pages are in your magazine, how many copies you print, and how much it costs you to print your magazine. I know this is a lot of information to ask for, but I am very unfamiliar with things like different stocks of paper, and knowing what you do would be a helpful guideline.

Finally, what in the world do you do in your weekly meetings? This probably seems like a silly

question, but I find that while I need to talk to individual people, I don't have much to say to the group as a whole. Would you mind telling me what a typical meeting is like for you?

— Jason

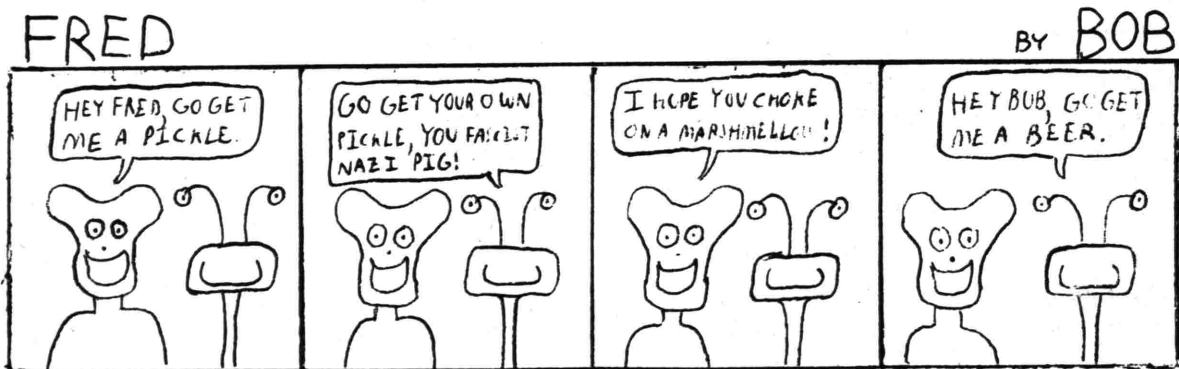
Dear Jason

While simply asking for ads has been known to be effective, it is also primitive. At Voo Doo we prefer much more complex and — if I may — professional methods. First we try offering the potential ad buyers sex. Lots of sex. Then if that doesn't nab 'em we offer them pot. And not just a joint or two, we are talking about bowls and bowls of happy weed! Occasionally, the fussiest of buyers still need more convincing. This is when we here at Voo Doo go all out. We convince the local biker gang to break into their shop and rape them vigorously up the ass. We get our best ads this way.

As far as specific production details go, well, I am not at liberty to say. We could tell you but then our biker gang would have to pay you a visit (if you know what I mean).

Lots of very, very serious work goes on at our weekly meetings. Last week, for example, all our ads were purchased through the more primitive method. As a result, we had tons of weed. So we smoked up and fucked like minks for three hours. Hope this helps.

— Phos



Production Notes

by Lex Nemzer

Hello cats and lemurs, it's time for another Happy Fun Editorial! (Warning: Do not taunt the editorial. Do not drop it on oil-producing countries. Do not put it under your tongue to make your mouth taste like tofu.)

It's been almost six months now since we've published. Why? Well, it all started early one morning around noon, when I woke up to this sickening, gurgling, hacking sound out in the hall. I opened my door to find Kool Aid Joe in spasms on the ground, laughing madly at the *Onion* article on my door. I kicked him over and he ran away, tripping over the newest hole in the carpet and being devoured by wild "fish" before he could recover.

And the other reason? Not enough submissions. Maybe you're not clear on the concept of a Journal of Humor? We take submissions from the MIT community (*i.e.* you) and print them. It's not that complicated.

What kind of stuff do we want? Just about anything, as long as it attempts to be funny. Offensive, subversive, disgusting, horrific, whatever. Here's an example, a poem from one of our supporters (Who wishes to remain anonymous — which is perfectly fine with us. Just don't get mad if we forget who wrote your piece...):

*Said the Prez on the verge of some sin-ski,
"Whoa! Wait now, just hang on, Lewinsky!
We can't really ball here,...
Let me make just one call, dear --
Hey! Can we use your cabin, Kaczynski?"*

See? Couldn't you sit down right now and write something much better than that? Oh, you can, huh? Fine, I'll believe it when I see it. Please?

<knocks back another double-shot of DayQuil>

OK, that's better. Now, there are a few things I should explain about this issue. First, who is this Rob Wagner guy, and why have we published his

Complete Works?

A month or two ago we got an e-mail from this strange Wagner dude at Columbia, whining that in the last issue we didn't give him credit for writing a story that I kind of liked, but that I had gotten more complaints about than anything else in that issue. Given the circumstances, we decided we shouldn't screw with this hardcore mofo Manhattan yuppie. Consequently, everything he has ever submitted to us can be found on page 15.

Next, what's with the realistic-looking "Perhaps" propaganda strips, you ask? They are, in fact, authentic: our fiendish plan to steal back all of the *Tech's* cartoonists is progressing nicely. Look for the first installments of "Rhinoplasty Man" and "Bartholomeow's Stench" in the next issue!

And what else is in store for the future of *Voo Doo*? Well, first of all I'd like to find a new Business Manager; the previous three seem to have holed themselves up in the squash court next door and won't come out until I promise them a small principality in the vicinity of The Fingerpaintings. That done, we plan to expand our horizons back into the classic realms of T-shirts (enter the contest!), hacking ("We are a hedge"), libel study, political inactivism, and witchcraft.

In other news, I woke up last week in 4-270 to discover that I had just been elected a Generic Member of the ASA Executive Board. Apparently my ingenious scheme of hypnotizing myself to take over the Institute is working even faster than the book I found buried in Joe's remains said it would.

So I'll leave you on that happy note: always follow the advice of strange unlabeled books that have been eaten by juicemen. It says so right on the back cover.

— Lex

The News

Sighting of Aliens@MIT Prompts Questions

By M. Foxx

FOUND IN A FILE CABINET BEHIND A LEOPARD

The recent sighting of an apparent alien spacecraft in the sky above the Great Dome has prompted many questions and theories from curious students. Although the official word on the craft is that it is an "Aero-Astro project," one well-circulated theory connects it to the popular freshman course 8.02X. Enrolment in the class was nearly twice as high as predicted this year, an anomaly finally explained, according to Gordon Shumway '99,

"Well," says Shumway, "I think it should be intuitively obvious why being from another planet would induce freshmen to take the class."

For those of us who are morally opposed to intuitive obviousness, he continued, "Perfboard is a staple of their diet, with various electronic components

being common condiments. What do you think the physics department does with all those used LVPSs and HVPSs? MIT's freshmen are being turned into underpaid intergalactic chefs."

See as this theory is inherently silly and ill-conceived, *Voo Doo* staff of crackhead investigative reporters have turned up another, more plausible, story.

"Oh, those are just the architects for the new building 20," said an aid to President Vest, who asked to remain anonymous. "They wanted us to

let them build the original one, but at the time—oh dear, I don't think I was supposed to say that."

During the brief interview, another of *Voo Doo*'s highly-'trained' staff was able to snag a photo of Vest meeting with the architects from the intern's desk, along with the following phone message:

Chuck—

Ziork wants to meet a/b the new warp-drive facility Mon 11am. Bring those yummy cookies the students make"

Remember, you read about it first in *Voo Doo*. V-O-O-space-D-O-O. Eat that, *Tech*.



The News

Building 10 Demolished by Mistake

By Svôr T. Deth

STOLEN FROM THE OBSERVER

Overzealous construction crews, misreading '20' as '10' on their work orders, demolished Building 10 by mistake this week.

"We were wondering why MIT wanted to get rid of such a nice building, but it's not our job to ask questions," said construction worker Mike P.

Traffic through the Infinite Corridor has been obstructed, but no other effects can be seen presently.

Meanwhile, the Society of Old People who Like to Reimnisce About a Really Old, Crummy Building (SOPLRAROCB) celebrated their recent victory. "Everyone loves Building 20! It's where radar was invented! Even though it's old and ugly as hell and makes the East side of campus look like a dump, we still like it enough to have commemorative ceremonies!" reported the president of SOPLRAROCB. "If we're lucky it won't be demolished for another 50 years!"

Aramark Introduces New Food Truck

By Anne D. Gestion

PRESSED RELEASE

CAMBRIDGE—Citing the popularity of the food trucks and the desperate need to increase Aramark's popularity before next year's contract negotiations, MIT's Dining Services has announced the opening of a new food truck. Regional manager Katie Rickland stated that "the food will taste like *&%\$, and we will be raising our already astronomically high prices in order to fund this new venture." While the type of food to be served has not been officially announced, speculation exists that the truck will be the newest Pan Geos© location.

Speaking on condition of anonymity, Lobdell Food Service Director Jon Randall said, "It is my guess that the new truck will serve the freshest flavors of famine-ridden Sudan, namely moldy bread and malarial water. We feel it is very important for students to be introduced to other cultures. We go for the complete dining experience."

Reaction among the existing food trucks was mixed. Goosebeary's expressed concern about their food poisoning monopoly. "We are very proud to be the only food truck to be cited by the Cambridge licensing committee. If Aramark moves in, we are sure to lose that distinction."

Olive's Kitchen was less concerned. When reached for comment, Olive explained, "It really doesn't matter because my food tastes like crap, and no one eats here anyway. I don't even know why I'm still here."



Aramark's new Food Truck

Senior House Renamed

By Svôr T. Deth

OVERHEARD

In a surprise announcement made late the first Saturday night in May, Senior House dormitory has been officially renamed "Percival's Place."

Disturbed residents at adjacent Fred the Dorm expressed concern. "They used to be our neighbor," said Fred resident John "Mister" Rogers. "Now... well, I just don't know anymore. Won't you be my neighbor?"

The 1998 IAP Wigglesworth Memorial Poetry Contest: Top Ten Submissions

Congratulations to the winners of the 1998 Wigglesworth Memorial Poetry Contest! This year's top three winners were awarded commemorative Voo Doo T-shirts. Thanks to all the wonderful submissions we received, and we hope to hear from you again next year.

"Bad Teenage Angst Poetry"
by Geeta Dayal

I.

I take the knife from my dresser
And contemplate plunging it into my chest
Oh, the misery
It hurts a lot.

II.

Life is an empty void
I want you to be my Tomagotchi
Why do you have to like Kelly
That damn cheerleader
That damn cheerleader
She should die.

III.

You cause me so much pain
You make me want to be Kurt Cobain
You look at me with disdain
You make me want to be Kurt Cobain
I want to be run over by a train
You make me want to be Kurt Cobain
Pain.

"Life sucks and then you die"

Life sucks.
And then before you know it,
you are dead.
High school is an evil pit of hell.
And then before you know it,
you are dead.
The world is a black hole.

And then before you know it,
you are
dead.

"You are the disease, I am the cure"

I am the one you say you need
I am the wound that makes you bleed
I am the fire on which you feed

"Prozac Haiku"

Will these little pills
Make me a happy person
I really hope so

Tribute to Marx

Down with the bourgeoisie
Down with the bourgeoisie
Down with the bourgeoisie
That's all I have to say.

by Ronnie Misra

Wigglesworth was a hippopotamus of a man;
What with his large boxers and his oversized tweed.
The latter he preferred to anything argyle,
As argyle, especially when made of cotton,
Made Wigglesworth runkle up like an eggplant.

Wigglesworth, one day, decided to present his research,
About Lagrange multipliers and their poetic qualities,
To the Academy of the Board of Directors,
A prestigious division of Jumping Frog, Incorporated,

The notorious manufacturer of sporks and other utensils.

Upon entrance to the facility of Jumping Frog, however,
Wigglesworth was met by a band of scurvy rapsallions.

He felt his rage boil within him.

As the naughty, nasty boys taunted him,

He could feel himself runkle up like an eggplant.

In two blinks of an eye, Wigglesworth had armed himself
With sporks that had been mounted upon the walls.
With the flick of the wrist, Wigglesworth disbanded
The party of terrible rapsallions, and he struck down
One, then two, then all thirty nasties.

Having witnessed the dismissal of the terrible toddlers,
Bartholomew, the founder and president of Jumping
Frog,

Now in debt to the valiant warrior,

Immediately rushed into the grand lobby to greet

Wigglesworth, the great slayer of evil.

With a circumflex and a genuflect,
Bartholomew presented himself to Wigglesworth,
Still a hippotomus of a man, but somehow,
Somehow something more than a hippopotamus
Wearing large boxers and an oversized tweed.

Wigglesworth, embarrassed to see the president
Of Jumping Frog, Incorporated,
Circumflexing and genuflecting for him,
Introduced himself, noting his fascination
With Lagrange multipliers and their poetic qualities.

Bartholomew, however, needed no presentation
For to see the gleam in Wigglesworth's eye,
As he spoke, was instantly enough
To convince Bartholomew of how
He could repay his debt to this valiant warrior.

Jumping Frog, Incorporated, is a continued supporter of
the arts at MIT.

An Ode to Wigglesworth

by Arun A Tharuvai

In the merry merry month of may,

I was in Taco Bell one day.

Eating an eggplant with my spork

Talking to jolly Mr. Stork.

Then Mr. Hippopotamus came, the o with a circumflex,
My insulting of him instigating a large reflex.

Halt you rapsallion!

Or face the wrath of LexdaStalyon.

A Runkle Bodkin

by the Little Nymph

To clean, or not to clean; that is the quandary;

Whether 'tis better in the world to suffer

The stains and smells of outrageous habits,

Or to insanely sweep the sea of dust bunnies,

And, by cleaning, end them. To bathe, to shower—

No more, and by a shower to say we end

The dirt and the thousand natural smells

That flesh is heir to— 'tis a consummation

Devoutly to be wished. To bathe, to shower,

To shower, perchance to shave. Ay, there's the rub.

For in that shaving of face what gentle skin may appear

When we have cut off these daily pins

Must give us pause. There's the respect

That makes calamity of so long beard,

For who would bear the tangles and bird nests,

Th'oppressor's mess, the proud man's plume,

The split ends of harsh dryers, the scratchy face,

The neverending dirt that lands, and the sweat

That accompanies the stress of junior lab reports,

When he himself might this labor make

With a runkle bodkin? Who would these soap lather bear,

To scrub and scratch under a hot stream,

But that the dread of horrible scruffiness,

The continual existence from whose labor
No man is free, defeats the fairies,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than to shower at every minute of the day?
Thus, knowledge does make pigs of us all,
And thus the native desire for cleanliness
Is dirtied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And motivations to shower daily
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

"My Problem, Part One"

by Tyrone Shoelaces

I freebase caffeine
I've got an ulcer
And it hurts a whole fucking lot.

by Diane Schnebly

There once was a rapscallion named Wigglesworth
Who no longer lives on this Earth
He'd get all the honeys
Cause he handled the moneys
Despite of his hippopotamus girth

Wigglesworth the rapscallion rvnkles ISO-8859-1

Jennifer Murphy

A Lagrange multiplier in eggplant and a circumflex
make neither an argyle spork nor an ascii hippopotamus.

It rhymes! It rhymes!

by krog

"Attacking Gavin Rossdale with a Plastic Fork"

You're just Kurt Cobain
In a shitty British band
Follow your leader

"34 Muscle Relaxers and 5 Hours Later..."

Student of the month
Kickin' it at a school dance
Retching blood, asleep

Birds of a Turd

by Pubudu Wariyapola (MIT)
and Daniel Guerin (University of Delaware)

>From Daniel Guerin

If we ate the food of birds,
would we too have purple turds?

>From Pubudu Wariyapola

Maybe, said I,
But not before,
The Experiment
Results shows.

For as a good Physicist
I must know,
Without Doubt
That I am true.

So sat I,
At my desk,
And ate all worms,
That I could find.

An hour hence,

When I sat
On the shitter
To excrete,

I learned why,
theorists live,
longer than
experimentalists do!

>From Daniel Guerin

Variations on a theme (the frivolous fugue):

Now was the time, my thought to test
and so i did my instincts best,
and ate some worms, not spiced nor fried
(I'll tell now, I coulda died.)

They were, at first, not bad, not great
'til then my bowels did generate
A pressure of such magnitude
I had to act 'socially rude'

I called a doc and told her all
No sympathy did me befall.
Suggested she, with voice merry,
Birds also dine on raspberry!

>From Pubudu Wariyapola

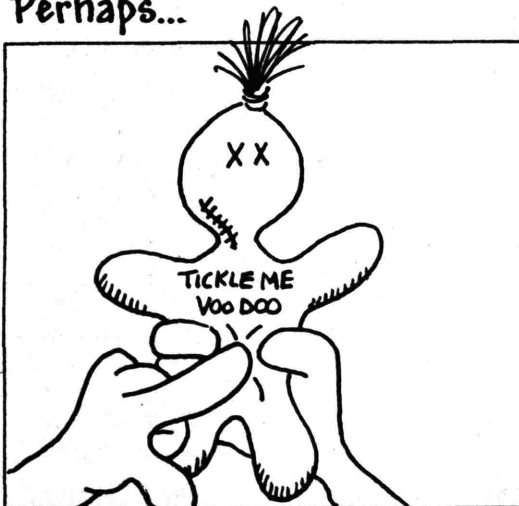
Many styles on one turd

Be it rhyme, or verse free,
The turd stays purple still.
Berry, berry, good for you,
But the crawler has protean more.

Many a berry did I eat,
To rid the taste of that worm.
Raspberry, Blaeberry and straw,
With cream whipped to complement.

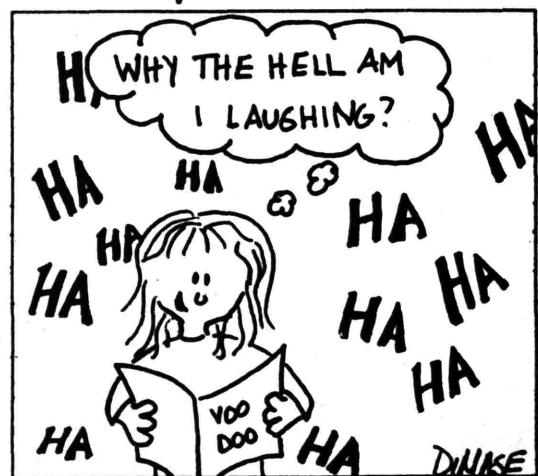
But alas, I did not think,
what the cellulose would, to me do,
Purple I shat, many other colors too,
While upon the the pot, I took a nap.

Perhaps...



... Voo Doo
will be
funny
someday ...

By Jennifer DiMase



A Fable

by Percy Hobbes

Once upon a time, there was a scientist. And this scientist, he had a boss with a liberal arts degree. But we won't continue the story in this reality, since reality can be painful. Instead, we now enter the Proverbial Universe.

Once upon a time, there was a businessman. This businessman had a cushy job he got from his uncle, so he spent most of his days idling about. Every day, he had his chauffeur drive him to work. The chauffeur wasn't a perfect driver: the limo would stall sometimes, or the clutch would seize and send all inside on a wild ride. But they always got where they wanted to go, at some point.

One day, the chauffeur arrived early in the morning to the garage. He put on his driver's gloves, his driver's goggles, and the leather cap that always made him look silly. He made sure his license was in his wallet, got in the car, and slowly came to the front door. Out came the businessman. This day he was bleary-eyed, and barely kept erect from the door to the limo, but he climbed in. The chauffeur didn't think much of it.

After closing the back door to the limo, thus spoke the businessman:

"Hey, buddy, I got some fabulous weed here, Acapulco Gold mixed with Maui Wowie, we're talkin' guroooooovie! It'll take you to a higher state of consciousness, and let you see things from a broad new perspective. It'll unleash your kundalini."

The businessman went on and on, extolling the virtues of this rad herb, but the chauffeur quickly lost the thread of this speech, if there was one. His eyes glazed over, the world began spinning, his stomach churned, and a horrible ache afflicted his head. To himself he thought:

"I could, A. smoke it and go, B. open the door,

start walking, and never look back, or C. tell this moron to shut up and quit being a backseat driver."

But the chauffeur valued his life, he loved to drive, and he worried about angering the businessman's uncle if the businessman took the chiding the wrong way. He reached for his pocket, and lucky for him, right there was a bag of parsley he bought early that morning to bring to his dear mother. "She won't mind," he thought.

"Sure, let's go to the astral plane!" said the chauffeur, discreetly rolling the oregano into a fat joint.

For the next few years, every morning they would begin this way. The businessman began coughing a lot more. His eyes grew redder, and his mind wasn't as sharp as it used to be, not that it ever mattered. The smell of the hideous drug grew stronger every day, but the chauffeur didn't know of the effects of the contact high. One day, though, this arrangement lost all semblance of tolerability, when the businessman pulled out from his briefcase, a crackpipe.

Well, I do not think we need to go further down the tale. You know what happened. So let us return to our realm. If you ever hear someone from a non-technical field speak of something as "postmodern," "post-structuralist," "deconstructed," or any similar nonsense, remember that the proper course of action is a judicious application of a backhanded pimp-slap.

If said person begins talking of "critical thinking," a blunt object is imperative for an adequate therapeutic effect.

Most important of all, though, is the immediate committal of any person who speaks of "self-actualization" to an appropriate psychiatric facility.

And just remember, boys and girls, say no to crack. Humanity's fate is in your hands.

The Complete Works of Robert Wagner

King Tartarus

Behold King Tartarus, the fattest ugliest king Europe has ever seen. He is huge, and resembles a puffle when he sits down. He has warts and liver spots on his face. Enter Tooty, servant to the King. He stands next to the King, who is on his throne. Only other furniture is a stool and a small easel.

Tooty: [Bows] Your Highness. You are looking very handsome today.

King: Shut up, Tooty. We do not look handsome. And we know it. Tooty, we are bored. What have you got to entertain us today?

Tooty: Uh? May I join in the entertainment, sir?

King: Of course not! I was speaking in the Royal We.

Tooty: Of course, sir. Your Highness. Well, we have the Dancing Eunuchs.

King: No, not today.

Tooty: Aren't you sure, Your Eminence? They are ready to dance right now.

King: Yes. We are sure, you revoking pig! What else have you got lined up?

Tooty: Well, sir, I HAD planned on the weekly ritual of the Dancing Eunuchs. It is Tooty, Your Majesty.

King: We know what bloody day it is, maggot-breath, and we don't want to see any fucking Eunuchs. We don't care if they can juggle flaming rodents.

Tooty: Some of them CAN, Your Imperialness.

King: [Loudly, in a low-volume voice] Don't tell Us, Tooty. How about that artist fellow We heard something about?

Tooty: [Gulp] Yes, sir. There is a rather famous artist staying here in the castle this week.

King: [Intelligible] Really?

Tooty: Yes, Your Majesty.

King: What does he do?

Tooty: Well, sir, he paints portraits of women, beautiful portraits, renowned throughout the land. He is said to have God's own eye for detail.

King: How about other lands?

Tooty: Excuse me, sir?

King: Is he famous in other lands, too?

Tooty: I'm not sure, Your Majesty.

King: Why not, Tooty? You're supposed to know these things. Don't you pay you enough?

Tooty: No... I mean, yes, sir, of course you pay me enough. In fact, I'm actually quite sure that he is indeed famous in all the world.

King: What about Tunisia?

Tooty: Excuse me, sir?

King: What about Tunisia? We'll bet he's not famous in Tunisia.

Tooty: I don't know, Your Majesty.

King: Well, Tooty, you JUST said that this artist is famous throughout the world. And now you say that you don't know if he is famous in Tunisia. We'd hate to think that you were making that shit up.

Tooty: Oh, no, Your Highness. I was not making it up. It is just that he is so famous, and his portraits so beautiful, that it seems like he MUST be famous throughout the world, and if he is not, then the world is really missing out on the greatest artist, Your Majesty.

King: Nice save, Tooty.

Tooty: Thank you, Your Majesty.

King: You're welcome. So anyway, summon him to Us, Tooty.

Tooty: Of course, sir. [Motions for a guard offstage to summon the artist.] May I ask what you wish to do today, sir?

King: We are going to have our portrait painted.

Tooty: [Shocked and frightened] Sir?

King: You heard Us, maggot. We want to have our portrait painted.

Tooty: But sir, excuse my rudeness, sir, but may I suggest not having your portrait painted by this particular artist?

King: Certainly not. You JUST said that this artist is renowned for his beautiful portraits, and that he has an extraordinary eye for detail.

Tooty: Yes, sir, but...

King: So we want to have OUR portrait painted. We want to see how accurately he paints a portrait of Us.

Tooty: Sir, that is an excellent idea. I'm just worried about the artist's of the past.

King: What do you mean?

Tooty: Well, sir, every time we have an artist staying at the castle, you have them paint a portrait of you, and every time, you have them executed.

King: Yes, and with just cause! They all paint beautiful portraits of how thin and handsome We look. That's not what We want at all.

Tooty: Yes, sir, but...

King: And if a so-called "artist" can't even get a subject's weight right, or say of the facial details right, then they have no right to go around calling themselves artists, right?

Tooty: Yes, sir, but...

King: Allow Us to finish! That was only because they painted completely inaccurate portraits of Us. We know We don't look like the portraits they painted. Look at this one. [Pulls out a painting from behind his throne.] This one. We are a young, manly, handsome devil with blue eyes!! Blue eyes!!!! Everyone knows We have brown eyes. And We know We are no handsome devil.

Tooty: Of course, sir.

King: And look at this one. [Pulls another painting out from under his throne.] This one is just a painting of Our throne.

Tooty: But sir, you asked this artist to paint an honest portrait of you, and he was afraid of insulting you.

King: Rubbish, Tooty. He was just so real artist. This doesn't even look like Us.

Tooty: It wasn't intended to, sir.

King: We want We commission a portrait of the King. We expect a portrait of the king, not a picture of a bloody throne.

Tooty: Of course, sir. We would accept it. He had no reason to fear insulting Us. We WANT an honest portrait. We want history to remember Us as We really are.

King: If it looked like Us, We would accept it. He had no reason to fear insulting Us. We WANT an honest portrait. We want history to remember Us as We really are.

Tooty: Of course, sir. I just worry that you will have this artist executed as well. He is the most famous it would be a shame for Your kingdom to lose him.

King: He is quite an accurate portrait of Us, Tooty. We will not lose him.

Tooty: Yes, Your Majesty.

King: Is he famous in other lands, too?

Tooty: I'm not sure, Your Majesty.

King: Why not, Tooty? You're supposed to know these things. Don't you pay you enough?

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Tooty: Sir, that is an excellent idea. I'm just worried about the artist's of the past.

Mumt: Yes, Your Majesty. I'm afraid you do have that reputation. I've heard that 237 artists have been executed thus far.

King: Is that right, Tooty?

Tooty: I believe the count after last week was 258, sir.

King: Ah, yes. Last week was a busy week. Well, We have NOT seen one single ACCURATE portrait of Ourselves to date!

Mumt: Add, sir, if you did see one...

King: We would be chided. We want history to remember Us for as We really are.

Mumt: Excellent, Your Majesty! [opens his case, pulls out a canvas and his paints, sits on the stool, and puts the canvas on the easel. He starts painting.]

King: Good. I'm glad. So, Tooty, what do you have for Us later on today?

Tooty: Well, sir, we always have the Dancing Eunuchs.

King: You know? We are in a good mood now. Maybe the Eunuchs will be alright.

Tooty: Yes, Your Majesty. And they are always good at cheering you up.

King: INDEED. [Mumt walks up to the King and looks closely at his face.]

What are you doing?

Mumt: I am just examining for details. Your Majesty.

King: Ah, of course! I have a feeling this painting will be THE ONE.

Tooty: The one to remain forever. Let posterity remember Us the way we really are. Let this painting hang in the Hall of Kings forever.

King: Yes, sir. That would be excellent.

King: Of course, Artist, aren't you done yet?

Mumt: Your Majesty?

King: [Stands up] Aren't you done your painting yet?

Mumt: No, Your Majesty. I'm not QUITE finished.

King: Hurry it up. We have Eunuchs yet to see this morning, and then We have...

Tooty: What do We have to do later?

Tooty: Lunch, sir.

King: And then We have to cut lunch. And then We have to go horseback riding.

Tooty: Your Majesty, I must tell you. Your personal horse, the only one strong enough to carry you?

King: Yes?

Tooty: It collapsed last night. It had a broken spine. Your Majesty.

King: No matter. Have them buy Us a new horse.

Tooty: Of course, Your Majesty.

King: Aren't you done YET?

Mumt: Well, Your Majesty, normally, I would take longer to put the finishing touches on the painting.

King: Quit your excuses, and show me the painting.

Mumt: Yes, Your Majesty. [Walks up to him and shows him the painting.]

King: Amazing! ... Outstanding likeness!

Mumt: Thank you, Your Majesty.

King: This is the ugliest man We've ever seen on a painting!

Mumt: Your Majesty?

King: This looks just like Us.

Mumt: Thank you, Your Majesty.

King: You got all of the warts exactly right, and the liver spots, too.

Tooty: He has an amazing eye for detail, sir.

King: We see that. Tooty, have him executed IMMEDIATELY. [Tooty motions to guards.]

Mumt: Your Majesty! [Guards enter and start to escort Mumt out.]

King: We can't have THIS kind of portrait in the Hall of Kings for all time.

Tooty: But you said you wanted an honest portrait!

King: Ah, you said addressed Us, and you said neither "us" nor "Your Majesty." For that alone, you must die!

Mumt: But sir, you tricked me.

King: We did no such thing.

Mumt: [Being dragged out] Bloody fascist! Anarchism!! [Mumt exits]

King: Ah, now, Tooty, summon the Eunuchs. We could use a little cheering up.

Voices #1: Off the air!

Johnny: [Talking to someone offstage, who doesn't reply to us. We hear commercial in the background.] Thank God, Man, what the hell was that Peter Gabriel crap? What the fuck are you doing making me take that request?

Commercial: [singing] ...gravy, delicious gravy...

Johnny: I just think if we're gonna play long tracks like that, it might as well be some Pink Floyd. At least it'll be in the mood.

Commercial: [singing] ...making GRAAAAAAAVYYYY!!!

Johnny: What do you mean it has to be sexual?

Commercial: [singing] ...great on potatoes, great on meat! Make yours really, want to eat!

Johnny: What the fuck is that? What if somebody requests it?

Commercial: [different voice, talking] Gravy! It's a hell of a way to go. Brought to you by the Gravy Association of America.

Johnny: Oh, so we're supposed to ignore requests for "Edison" and we take requests for Peter Gabriel?

Commercial: [weeping, but obviously reading] I have no money, I make minimum wage, and my taxes are just 30%. I can't afford to bring up my children. What can I do? [different voice] I'm Steve Forbes...

Johnny: Peter Gabriel!!!!

Commercial: [different voice for a low, fat, fat. It's low. It's honest. And it's a big change for Washington. (different voice) Paid for by Forbes for President.

Soda or Water?

The scene is Lobbyell. We see orange and brown decorations, and glossy cut-out cornucopia. Student walks up to the cashier. He has a Double Cheeseburger, Fries, and a glass of soda.

Student: Hello. [Picks up a few napkins.]

Cashier: Soda or water?

Student: Water.

Cashier: But that's soda.

Student: If you thought it was soda, then why did you ask?

Cashier: It's just a habit.

Student: Oh, ok.

Cashier: \$4.20.

Student: \$4.20. That's the price of your meal.

Student: But the Double Cheeseburger is \$2.10, and the Fries are \$1.10. That's only \$3.20.

Cashier: Yes, and the soda.

Student: What soda?

Cashier: That soda!

Student: I said that was water!

Cashier: But it's obviously soda.

Student: No it isn't. I could have taken water from the machine, and added my own syrup on the way to the cash register.

Cashier: And what about the bubbles?

Student: Spit.

Cashier: What??

Student: Spit could do that.

Cashier: Not a chance.

Student: Of course it could. Just watch. [He spits into the soda and swirls it around.] See, it looks just like soda.

Cashier: It is soda!!

Student: It is not!! Here, you try. I'll bet even you can make it look like soda.

Cashier: Of course I can! It IS soda!! [She spits into the soda and swirls it around.] See.

Student: Ewww. You spit in my soda!!!

Cashier: You asked me to.

Student: [Shouts around to the whole place.] She spit in my soda!! I deserve a free meal!

Cashier: Get out of here.

Student: Gladly. [Walks away, drinking his soda.]

Radio Disc Jockey

A disheveled radio station. Open magazines everywhere on every table.

We see Johnny Rocket, DJ, with headphones on, seated in front of a microphone, mounted above a control panel with lots of switches. The microphone has a magazine hanging over it. Johnny has a typical radio voice, dripping with seeming exaggerated mouth movements on every word.

[We hear the lyrics "In Your Eyes"]

Johnny: OK, classic Rock fans, we've got a cold one out there tonight. Low of around 20 degrees in the greater Boston area, 15 in the lower 48, so wear your leather tonight. We just heard 27 in a row, concluding with a 47-minute live version of "In Your Eyes" by Peter Gabriel. Max, is that song moving, or what?

Before that was Sting with "If I Ever Lose My Faith in You." I tell you, that guy has a lyrical quality about him. Every song he writes... is just so damn good! We're the only station with all classic rock, all the time. It's 8:37, and we've got a few commercials now before we start our all-request day-and-a-half, so we'll be back after this.

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Johnny: Peter Gabriel!!!!

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Johnny: Peter "Fucking" Gabriel!!!! Man, you are unbelievable! How could someone get into your position with your stupidity?

Commercial: [singing] I'm Zed. [different voice] And I'm Jed. [both] We're Zed and Jed...

Johnny: Unbelievable!

Commercial: ...microbrewery. We're not big. We're tiny! We've got two employees, and a still out back. Get the homegrown flavor of a real microbrewery.

Johnny: I understand that we get so many requests, and that we can't take them all. I just think that we should be consistent about which requests we take. If we take requests for a 27-minute long Peter Gabriel song, or for that 50-minute live version of Cream's "Tired," We should take a request for "Edison" sometime.

Commercial: [singing] [Unlimited] does!

Johnny: I don't care if they're just released, or if they're hot! We're not about popular, we're about classic rock. Any request, ANY request we take, there are at least 40 people out there wanting to hear the same song.

Voices #1: 30 seconds.

Johnny: [pause] Well, of course we need our sponsors. Of course we need our ratings. I just think the best way we can do that is to pander to ALL of our listeners, not just the ones who want to hear 3-minute songs.

Commercial: ...up this Sunday on the WB. First, it's Pinky and the Brain.

Brain: Are you pondering what I'm pondering, Pinky?

Pinky: I think so, Brain, but Pippi Longstocking and I, mean, what the kids look like?

Johnny: Yeah, I guess that's true. Those who want to hear "Edison" will probably listen to us anyway, but that's still not right. We should play songs for their own time.

Commercial: Then, it's Kirk. What happens when you mix an 80's sex-child TV star with 90's TV? Find out, on the WB. On this episode, Kirk has to babysit, again, so he sneaks them on his date, while the kids make even more wacky wisecracks.

Kid: So the pretty says, "Rubber chicken?"

Johnny: Oh, so we agree.

Voices #1: On the air is 5, 4, 3, 2, 1...

Johnny: We're back with you, fulfilling your champagne wishes and classic rock dreams. We've got Joe in Newham here.

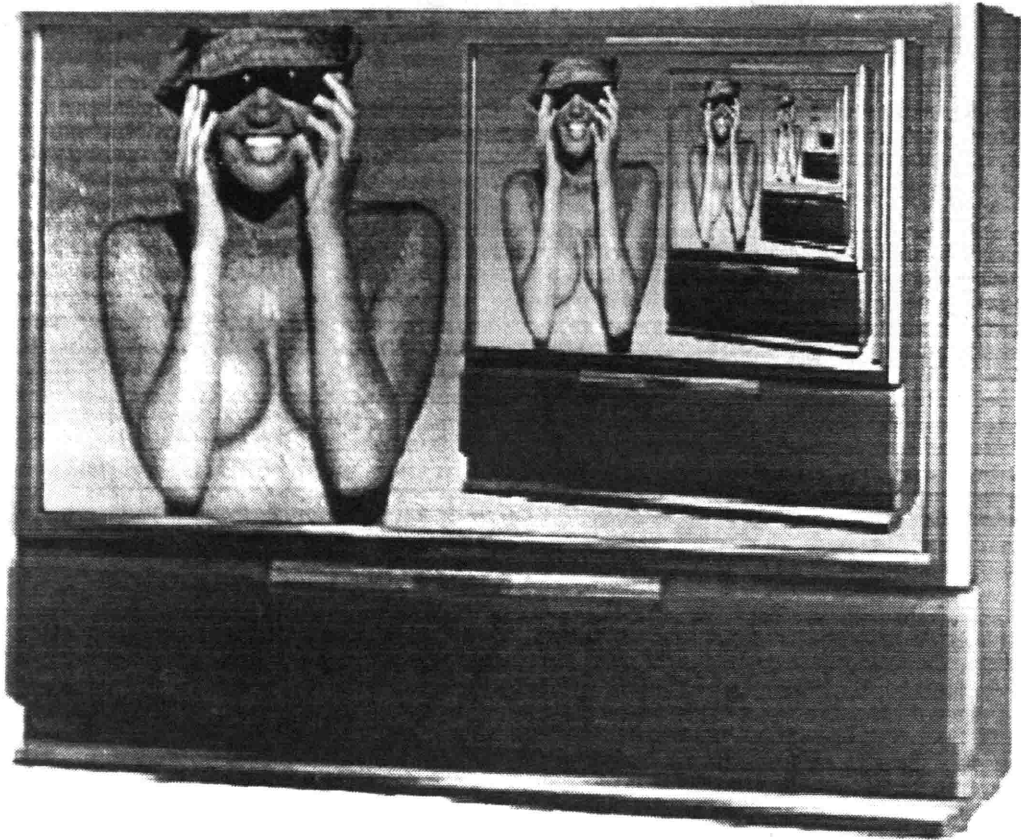
Woman's Voice: Um, hello?

Johnny: You're on the air with Johnny Rocket.

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Johnny: You're on the air with Johnny Rocket.

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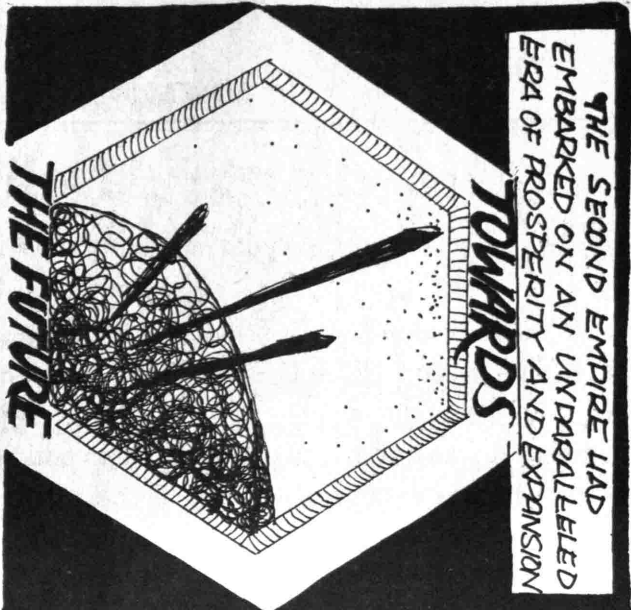
Walter Lewin's Regularly
Scheduled Program
Will Not Be Shown Today To
Bring You The 6.001 Tutorial:
Intro To Recursion



THE SECOND EMPIRE HAD
EMBARKEO ON AN UNPARALLELED
ERA OF PROSPERITY AND EXPANSION

TOWARDS

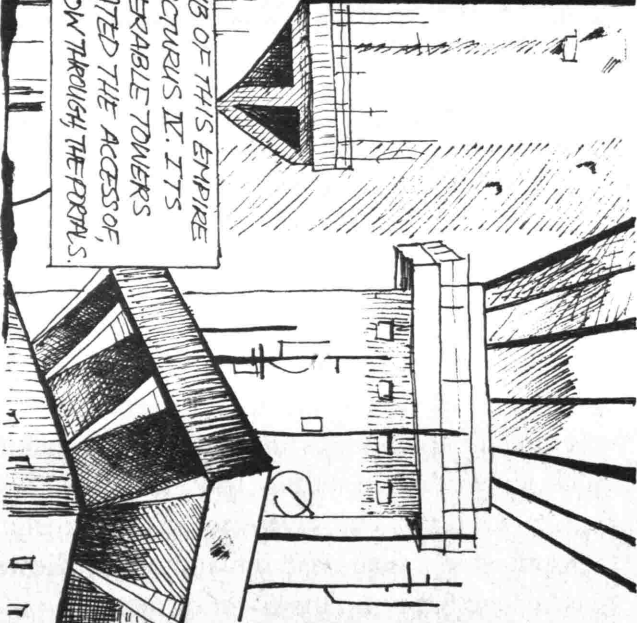
THE FUTURE



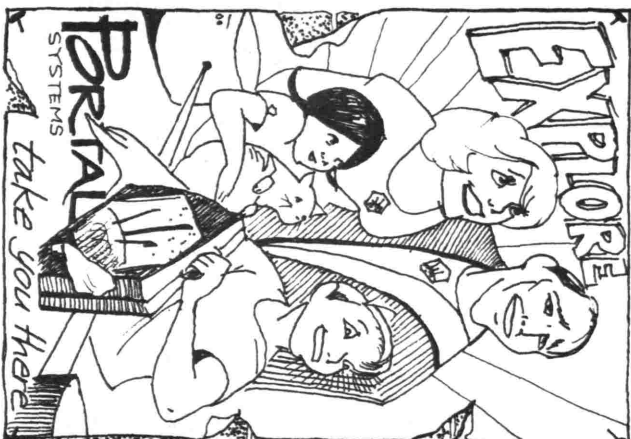
PORTAL SYSTEMS, PROVIDING
INSTANTANEOUS ACCESS AND
COMMUNICATION BETWEEN
WORLDS, LINKED THE GROWING
WEB OF THE EMPIRE.



THE HUB OF THIS EMPIRE
WAS ARCTURUS II. ITS
INNUMERABLE TOWERS
REGULATED THE ACCESS OF,
AND FLOW THROUGH, THE PORTALS.



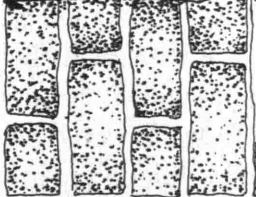
EXPLORE



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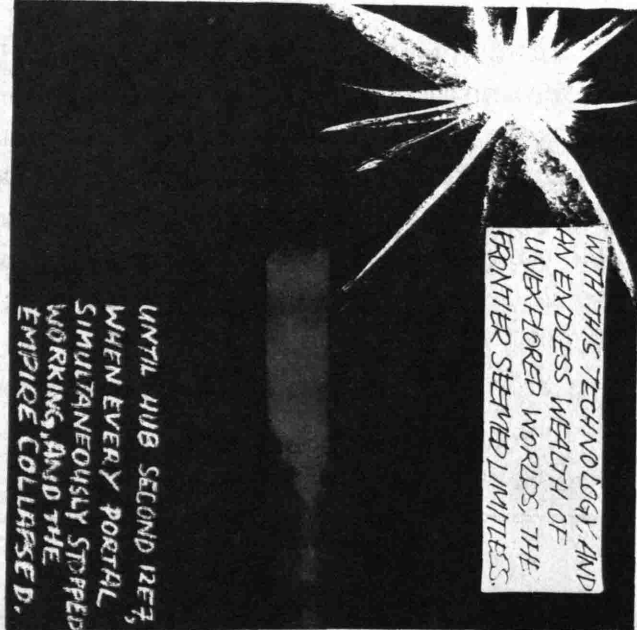
take you there

TERAFORMING
MACHINES
PLUS THE
DEVELOPMENT OF
PORTAL
TELEPORTATION,
TECHNOLOGY
FUELED THE
PERIOD OF
COLONIZATION
TO NEW
HEIGHTS.



FOR THE BART PRICE,
A WORLD COULD BE
TERAFORMED TO FIT
ANY NEED.

WITH THIS TECHNOLOGY, AND
AN ENDLESS WEALTH OF
UNEXPLORED WORLDS, THE
FRONTIER SEEMED LIMITLESS.



UNTIL HUB SECOND DIED,
WHEN EVERY PORTAL
SIMULTANEOUSLY STOPPED
WORKING, AND THE
EMPIRE COLLAPSED.

Deliverance

by E Bewail Nerd

Peter ducked under a low-hanging branch and tried to run faster. Behind him were the shouts of the mob, flashlights waving desperately and dogs barking. He ran through an especially large puddle of mud, hoping to cover his scent.

"You can't hold out much longer!" Cliche as it may have been, the shout from one of the troops was dead on. Peter was hungry, and the sandals that he had thrown on during the rapid departue from his house weren't very good for forest chases. He felt ashamed at having almost been caught so unprepared, but they had arrived for him a full ten minutes earlier than he was expecting. Still, it was sloppy of him.

He was running alongside a row of oaks, and through the faint gleams of moonlight that snaked down through the clouds and canopy he could see a deep slope behind them. Realizing that they would catch him within five minutes unless he tried something new, he gritted his teeth as resolved to go for it. He suddenly stopped and doubled back along his own tracks for several seconds, hoping to throw off the Deliverers' hounds, and then dove through a gap between the trees.

He intended to run down the tor, but his very first steps slid along the mud and wet grass. Pretty soon he was somersaulting down the face of the ravine, trying to tuck himself into a ball to avoid additional injuries. It didn't work too well—at one point he bounced and hit a rock with his arm, with answered with a painful snap. Peter swore as he

slipped down the rest of the way, eventually stopping in a ditch that was filled with an inch of what he could only pray was mud.

He lay there for several long breaths, cradling his arm and wondering if he had put enough distance between himself and his nemeses. He had taken off his watch back at his house, and didn't really have the time to retrieve it from his bedroom when the ominous knock arrived at the front door. It would cost him too much if they were to have caught him there. Thinking it unwise to try and fight in a place where they could easily surround him, he had bolted.

A bright light fell on him from far above. "Got 'im!" one of them shouted. Several more flashlights were aimed in his direction, but by that time he was already up and moving. He kept on making quick ninety degree turns. That, combined with the fact that his pursuers were not anxious to injure themselves in a mad dash down the hill, allowed him to duck back into the cover of trees.

He wasn't moving fast enough, however. His broken arm and the loss of a sandal sometime during the excursion down the hill were slowing him considerably. A dance of light at the perimeter of the woods made him realize that the red-and-blue-garbed crew had entered this part of the forest as well. Severely outnumbered, they would quickly surround him.

"You're only making it harder on yourself!"

A female voice this time. "We're going to catch you within our deadline!"

{Perhaps,} he realized. {But you're going to have to really} earn {your pay this time.} He found a large-sized rock. With a mighty underhanded heave from his right arm, it landed in the bough of a nearby tree.

Climbing with one arm and two legs is an arduous task, but Peter eventually got up onto a comfortable branch, cradling his rock. Not a moment too late, either, as the grounds beneath him were quickly covered by several of the Deliverers. More than one of them was carrying a flat white box, and Peter mentally winced. Normally they only brought one of them on a hunt; any one of those boxes could end this entire chase in their favor.

He had brought this on himself, he realized. Every other time that he had tried the summoning, they had never arrived with enough speed and enough manpower to extract the price. {The penalty for my hubris,} Peter thought as he quietly massaged his arm.

One of them had stopped right beneath him. If he were to happen to look up, he would've had Peter dead to rights. Just in case, Peter carefully lifted the rock over his head with his good arm. The limb he was straddling creaked at the shift in weight, and the man suddenly looked up at the noise, aiming his flashlight. It fell right upon the rock Peter was holding, and he knew that he had to

try and knock out the man, possibly even kill him, if he wanted to escape.

"Time!" shouted the same female voice from before. The shoulders of the crew slumped visibly as the adrenalin pumped out of their muscles. The man whose skull Peter was about to crush lowered his flashlight until the beam enveloped Peter.

"You're good," the man said through a slight smile.

"Only because I'm short on cash," Peter responded. He lowered the rock to his waist then released it. The crude bludgeon sank a few inches into the earth at its impact, and Peter slowly eased his way down the tree.

Another Deliverer, this one looking like he was in charge, approached and handed one of the white boxes to Peter. "I believe this is yours." The Deliverer held a stopwatch. "Thirty minutes, forty seconds. Nuts. If we had had an extra two minutes, I do believe that you would've had to pay."

"Maybe," Peter curtly responded. He was going to disagree, but he was exhausted, and he really did want to eat. The lid of the box had a grotesquely over-sized white-and-red domino on it, and as Peter lifted it the smell of tomato sauce wafted to his nose. {Damn it,} he realized. {They forgot the onions.} As he took the first bite of the pizza, he wondered if he should have crushed the man's skull when he had the chance.

Voo Doo Special Section:
"Young & Modem"

by Voo Doo Fashion Editors Brandy Evans & Vanessa Hernandez

Trend-O-Rama

What's in & out for the spring term.

IN: *Eyeshadow on the bottom lid*

Everyone else looking more hosed than you? Don't want to be labelled an underacheiver? Sweep a little blue or purple shadow under your eyes for an instant worn-out, overworked look.

OUT: *Partied out*

No matter what you were up til 5:30 AM doing, during daylight hours show your support for the new alcohol policies! Last term's hung over look is totally gone, so down some coffeee, take a cold shower, and face the world sober! Sure you're being hypocritical, but hey, that's the world of fashion.

IN: *Kiss that iron goodbye*

So you only spent two hours on that ten-page HASS-D paper that you know will get an A. You don't want to invoke jealousy in your classmates, do you? Even if you're perfectly well-rested, pull a wrinkled shirt from the bottom of your laundry, pull back your hair while it's still wet, and trudge off to class like the rest of us sleep-deprived zombies.

OUT: *Altavista, Yahoo*

No more searching the web on Friday nights to find the best porn. If you're still ogling images not on EECS's Top 10 Quality Porn Sites list, you must be totally out of the loop.

IN: *It's party time*

You've all heard it... Wellesly to bed, Harvard to wed, MIT just to talk to. It's time to change those stereotypes! Pull out your miniskirts and baby tees and show that Tech chicks can groove just like Wellesly whores... er, girls.

OUT: *Harvard*

So what else is new?

Voo Doo Special Section: "Young & Modem"

QUIZ

Is your man a Twinkie? How to tell!

1. When your dude wants to meet you for dinner, where does he prefer to soothe his hunger pains:
a) Networks b) Walker c) Baker Dining d) His frat's totally gorge dining room
2. On Saturday nights, where can you be sure to find your Mr Right (when he's not snuggled in your arms, of course):
a) The Coffeehouse b) In Game c) Wherever the biggest party is d) Drunk in a roomful of his bros and their Wellesley chicks.
3. What one item is your honey never without:
a) Black clothing b) His Leatherman c) His daily planner d) His Greek letter baseball cap
4. Where does he live:
a) East side of campus b) West side of campus c) Across the river
5. You know he has a bad side... What's the worst crime he's ever committed (without being caught, of course):
a) Jaywalking...? b) Shit, where'd I put my list? c) Underage drinking, public drunkenness, etc etc etc...

Scoring:

1. a=1pt b=2 c=0 d=-1
2. a=1 b=2 c=0 d=-1
3. a=1.5 b=2 c=0 d=-1
4. a=1 b=0 c=-1 5. a=1 b=2 c=0

The results:

- 6-9: Face it, your sweetie is knee deep in total twinkage!
- 3-5: Teetering on the edge... Maybe a Ho-Ho or a Ding Dong? We'll let you judge.
- 0-3: Trust me, don't worry.
- Below 0: WTF?? Why did you even waste your time???

The Magic Schoolbus Goes to Hell

by Phos

It was a cool, crisp day early in March. We had just come back inside from recess. Our teacher, Ms. Frizzle, was busy sticking her finger into an electric socket. The topic for the day was "Death by Electrocutation," and Ms. Frizzle is a very "hands-on" type of teacher. "Ahhh!!" she screamed, as sparks flew from the wall. "Ahhh!! Ahhh!!" She kept putting her finger in the socket. It looked painful, but she seemed to be enjoying it. Eventually she noticed that we had come back from recess.

"Welcome back, class. I've got some great demonstrations for you this afternoon. But first I need a volunteer. Carlos, how about you."

"But Ms. Frizzle, I had to do the flying chainsaw demo this morning!" Carlos objected.

"Oh that's right. Best to give everyone a chance. Ralph, come up here." Ralph got up and slowly moved to the front of the room as Ms. Frizzle explained the demonstration. "In front of me I have a large bowl of water. On the floor is a 10,000 volt battery. What I'll do is stick these wires connected to the battery into the water, simulating lightning striking a swimming pool. Little Ralphie will stick his head in the bowl as I do this so we can watch the effect. Now make sure that you all take good notes, because there will be a take home lab for homework tonight."

Dorothy Ann came in late carrying something that smelled really bad. "Ms. Frizzle? I found a dead squirrel during recess. I thought you might know what I should do." She put the carcass on Ms. Frizzle's desk.

"What a wonderful question! I love dead squirrels! They have so much to teach us." We have an outstanding opportunity to learn about

nature and the circle of life. Does anyone know where little squirrels go when they die?" No one seemed to know. "Well, looks like it's time for another field trip!"

This was certainly an unexpected surprise. Everyone ran outside to our favorite yellow vehicle. Ms. Frizzle followed, not forgetting to grab her new battery. "You never know when it might come in handy," she said.

Once we were on the Magic Schoolbus, Ms. Frizzle gave us the emergency landing talk. "Please look around you and locate all exits. Remember, the nearest exit may be above you." We all looked up, but there weren't any exits on the roof. "In case of a water landing, you're probably out of luck, but in case you can swim you can tape your seat cushion to your back. Do not feed the rabid camels." The rabid camels lived in cages in the back. They usually stayed out of the way, but sometimes they would bite. The rocket engines fired up and the bus started moving. As soon as we were off the ground Ms. Frizzle started laughing maniacally.

"Mu ha ha ha ha ha ha! You foolish mortals! Once again you have fallen for my fiendish devices. You are helpless now and no one can help you. Your parents didn't even sign any permission slips! I own you now!!!"

Wanda spoke up. "Uh...where exactly are we going, Ms. Frizzle?"

"From now on refer to me as Jklpxc3z3lzlq, Lord of the Underworld!!!" Our teacher was mutating into an evil, deformed incarnation before our very eyes.

Wanda rephrased herself. "Where exactly are we going, Jklpxc3z3lzlq, Lord of the Underworld?"

Jklpxc3z3lzlq, Lord of the Underworld, cackled wildly. "Call me Jklpx, for short. Mu ha ha! We're going to Hell in a Magic School Bus! Ha ha ha!"

Ralph looked concerned. "Isn't that where bad people go when they die?"

"No, that's New Jersey," Jklpx responded. "But it is where you're going! You and your little squirrel. And when you get there, you are going to burn in Hell!!! Ha ha ha! I'll give you death by electrocution!! Pego Pego! Die! Die! In sduem zdfls sDfjdFoi 329zs #Qdaf =d#Eea KHile2!!!!"

This was turning out to be quite a trip. Much more interesting than our visits to the moon or inside the human body. Because, honestly, who really cares about science and stuff like that? Hell seemed to be pretty exciting. Everything was getting a lot warmer, and there were lots of fires outside the windows. Fire is cool. Soon we came to a large burning gate and parked in the oversized vehicle lot. There was something written over the gate in Latin, but we couldn't read it. Carlos thought it might be "Microsoft: Where do you want to go today?" but he never got very good grades in Latin. There was also a large dog with multiple heads, kind of like a normal dog, only with extra heads. We approached the gates and the watchdog spake.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"Jklpxc3z3lzlq, Lord of the Underworld."

"What is the password?"

"drroot"

"What is your favorite color?"

"Pastel pink."

"Very good. You may pass."

We passed underneath the huge gate into a cauldron of fire and brimstone. Everywhere you looked tortured souls writhed in agony. Some were

chained and whipped by hideous demons while the infestuous vermin gnawed at their bones. Others were forced to do problem sets and go to lab day and night, never sleeping or resting. Still others had to listen to techno and Barney reruns. We had to pick our way through streams of molten lava and charred rocks. Jxlpx laughed maniacally and took the dead squirrel out of her purse.

"I call on the power of the Horrific Hellions of the Pi'th Circle of Hell to restore the life forces to this pathetic vermin-infested rodent so that it may live out the rest of its worthless existance in the fiery furnaces of Hell!!!" As Jxlpx finished, the poor squirrel jumped from her hands and started running away as quickly as it could. It didn't get very far before it spontaneously burst into flames. You could hear its desperate squeeks of anguish as it was consumed by the scorching heat. It would have been kind of sad if it wasn't so funny.

Wanda seemed a little scared, but the rest of us were having a great time. We collected several different lava samples. Carlos wanted to collect some tortured souls, but Jxlpx told him they had to stay in Hell. "But feel free to beat them as much as you want," she assured him.

"Yay!!" We had a grand old time, smacking and beating and whipping all the destitute suffering souls we could find. They couldn't do anything to resist, but they sure could scream! Even Wanda got into the beatings. Occasionally we ran into famous dead people. There was Ted Bundy and Jeffrey Dahmer and James K. Polk and the president of Aramark food services.

We had the time of our lives, but eventually we had to leave. We passed back through the insidious gate and over the river in the big, creepy boat. We got back on the Magic Schoolbus and went home. That night my parents asked me what I did today. I just shook my head and said, "Oh, nothing."

You Have the Right to Work Don't Let Anyone Take It Away.

U.S. Department of Justice
Office of Special Counsel
for Terrorist-Related
Unfair Employment Practices



MANUEL AND CRISTINA LOOK FOR WORK...

I'm Cristina.
Here's my
resumé. I
can start
working here
today.

ESH PRODUCE



Your resumé
says "Professional
Terrorist." Do you
know anything
about groceries?"

No, but I'm very
good at blowing things up.

I'll see if we have any
openings for terrorists, and
I'll get back to you.



Sorry, Manuel, but I'm not
looking for American Terrorists.



How do
we know that
you're not just
another CIA
informant?

But why? I specialize
in Chemical, biological,
and nuclear weapons!

The boss is right. Plus, we
agreed to hire Libyan terrorists
in exchange for a place to hide
our weapons until the UN leaves.



MANUEL AND CRISTINA VISIT JULIA RAMOS

... and I wasn't hired
just because I'm a convicted
felon with death sentences
in seven countries!

... and he didn't
hire me because
I'm American!



學幼兒班雙一
們分同族相
基礎更願彼
另方面她
好地吸取其
我地寧可讓
何一步引導
生交流時，
普通班學生
到了十二月，
項活動的社
語言文化。十
到了十二月，
普通班學生

The Special Counsel
for Terrorist-related
Unfair employment practices?

How do we contact them?

推廣教育的非盈利
表團真正國際化，
國家的各族裔代表
非盈利機構，亦是
際形勢的社交圈，
，隨著美國民間將
擴展到全世界，正
國的各族裔參與。
的主要目的是為前
拉沙·馬歇爾頒發
紐英崙圈每年發給
權、婦幼教育等有
曾領導了莫桑比克
國第一任總統，八
遺孀格拉沙一直堅
界各國的和平民主
活困苦的世界
因此榮獲了一九九

... and we believe they discriminated against us. We would like you to help us with this problem.



習一種新語言就越難。
，那些認為可以沖破某
現他們自己或者半途而
留在初級水平上。她
非常上進或者具有天份
但這些人在成人移民人



Give me all the facts and I will begin the investigation right away.

A FEW DAYS LATER...

Great! The government convinced them to hire us. Hooray for Affirmative Action!

出：一九
初生期，其
大的波士頓
的學齡少年
後，雙語教
高法庭。自
言少數族裔
劃。她指
關懷的匯合
歡族裔。她
聚集來到美
爾伯卻沒耐



Yes, and they also had to pay us for the time we didn't work since the day we would have started work.

I even got a raise after threatening to blow up his lettuce shipment if he didn't pay me better!



六五年的雙
目的是幫助
地區從幼兒
育在一九七
那時起，學
學生過渡到
出，這是政
以服務於
強調高質量
心的新移民
不去回

班到十二年級
年草根運動之
四年提上了最
校必須幫助語
全講英語的計
治因素和人類
這個國家的少
的雙語教育是
的道路，而塞
顧歷史上文化



家長們如何看待雙語教育呢？
似乎也有兩種不同的觀念。
林姓家長有兩個兒子小時曾是
楷德學校的學生，他說：「我認為該
校提供了很好的雙語計劃。」他繼續
解釋為何多數家長為孩子選擇雙語班
：「大多數家長是語言少數族裔移民
。」他還說：「當孩子們處於全英文環
境時常會不知所措，因而他們回家哭
泣而家長也很為難。現在林的十二
歲兒子在愛德華中學六年級普通班，
另一個十歲兒子則是哈佛肯特小學
學生。兩個孩子在轉入主流班級時都
歷經困難，但現在已適應了。」
另一位家長李太現有兩個兒子上

足夠好就逐步
型通常有三年
、布萊頓的寶
里士鎮高中都
劃。包括華人
裔在內的學校
方言（粵語、
兩種。過渡雙
主，而不是以
要求在理解內
生必須思考內
言的意義。
實行的雙語教
對和支持雙語

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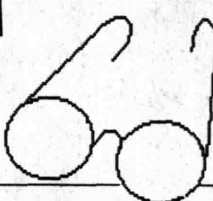
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FRED

BY BOB



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