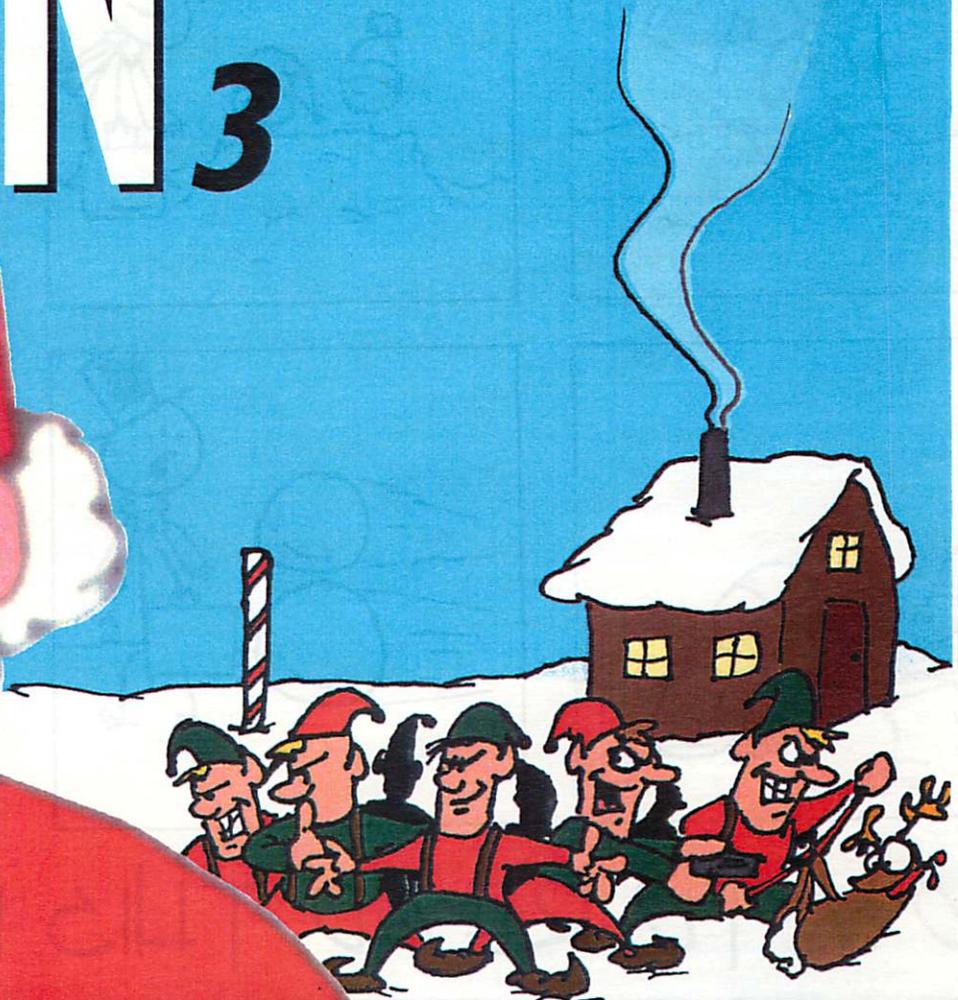


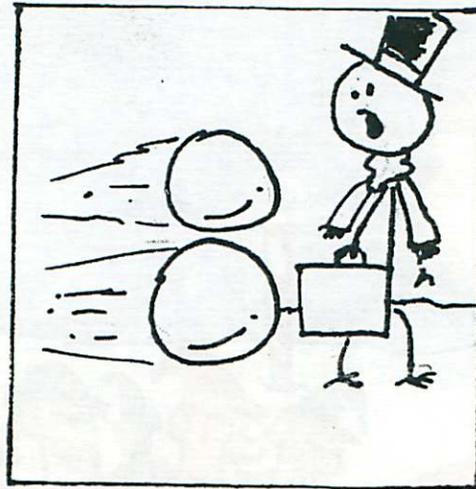
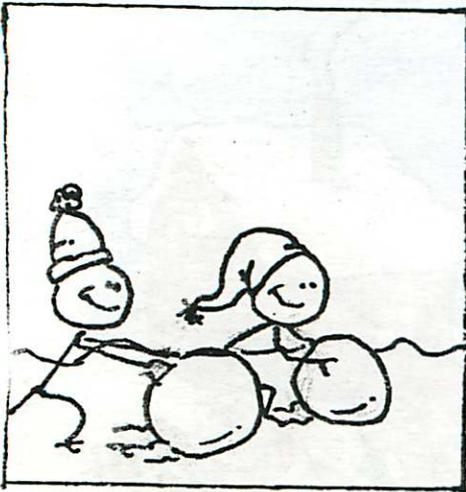
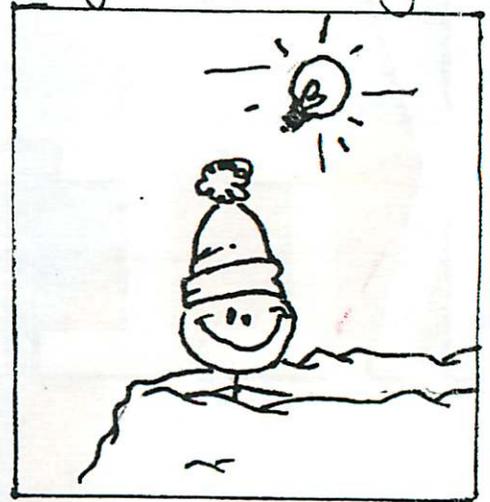
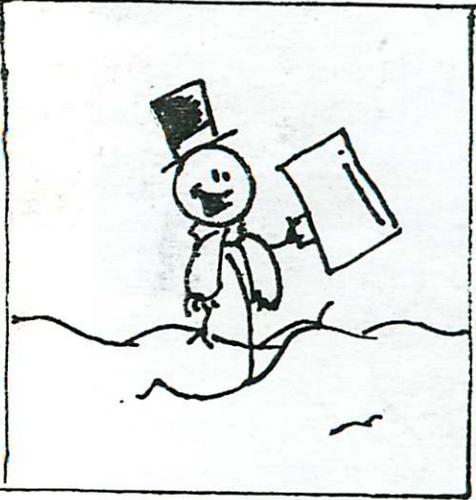
# KEEN 3



J. Krew  
Elves  
Bob  
Snacks  
Squirrels

Mr. Stickman

by Steve Carey



# HOW TO READ THIS MAGAZINE



2. SMOKING A FAT JOINT WHILE READING KEEN MIGHT MAKE IT FUNNIER BUT REMEMBER: PHEROZE KNOWS MAKES FOR BETTER ROLLING THAN MR. STICKMAN



4. HAVE A HEAD SHAPED LIKE FLORIDA? GREAT! KEEN IS JUST FOR YOU READ ON WITH VIGOR AND COURAGE YOU ARE THE CHOSEN ONE GO TAMPA BAY

1. READING KEEN UPSIDE DOWN MIGHT SEEM LIKE YOU ARE LOOKING AT A STRANGE ALIEN LANGUAGE. NOT UNLIKE FRENCH AND LOTS OF PICTURES DRAWN BY SOME GUY WHO HAS NO SENSE OF GRAVITY.



3. TWO HEADS? NO PROBLEM! BUY TWO. SIT BACK AND ENJOY YOUR MISERABLE MAGAZINE YOU LOUSY FREAK



SORRY.

# KEEN

# CONTENTS



J. KREW	17
BOB CUTS CLOSE	22
ELFSTOCK	6
THE SNACK COLUMN	32
JUNE	28

## THE KEEN KINGDOM

### Co-Editors

Chris Yates  
Steve Carey

### Computers & Layout

Roddy Richards

### Writers

Ben Kessler  
Pheroze Karai  
Matt Bleich  
Greg Robinson  
Brett Icahn

### Artists

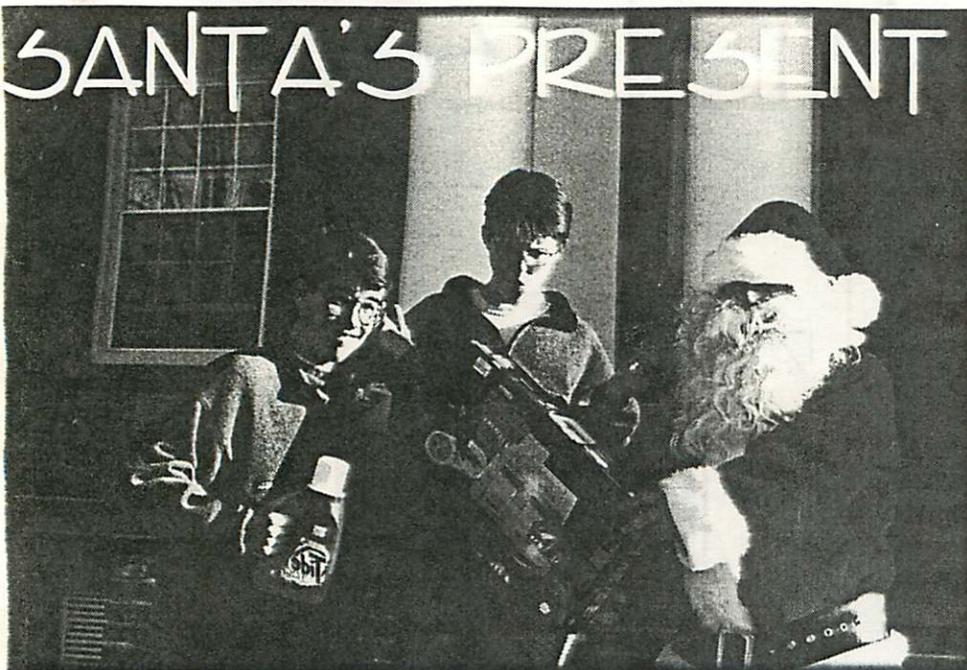
Jack Guo  
Akiko Hattori  
Dave Yoon

### Faculty Advisor

Mr. Bradford

SANTA'S PRESENT GIVE-A-WAY	4
ALL-NEW LEGION OF SUPERHEROES	7
INTERVIEWS	7
SHORTIES	8
MEL GIBSON VS. ROBOT MEL GIBSON	10
HOLIDAY PRANKS	10
HYPER INTELLEGTENT SQUIRRELS	11
COUNTRYSIDE MANNERS	12
THE FALL OF AN EMPIRE	13
NEW TOYS	13
A NIGHT WITH THE SLACKERS: A PLAY	14
THE PIMP OF THE YEAR AWARD	15
THE BLOATED OBSCENE GUY IN LINE	16
SENILE MOVIE REVIEWS	21
UNDERGROUND GUIDE TO THE ELVES	24
MELIASSES. OLD TESTAMENT SAGE	25
WACKY SCIENCE (QUESTIONS TO PONDER)	27
SUPERGUY	30
BEN'S CHILDHOOD MEMORIES	31
PHEROZE KNOWS	34
THE SUPER HAPPY FUN PAGE	35

# SANTA'S PRESENT GIVEAWAY!



SANTA ALWAYS HAS A WARM SPOT IN HIS HEART FOR THE NEWS. WHAT WOULD HE DO WITHOUT COMPLETELY INANE IMPROV REVIEWS?

A PERENNIAL FRIEND OF KEEN, DAVE GETS NOT ONLY A SUPER NINTENDO FOR THE HOLIDAYS, BUT A WET KISS IN THE EAR AS WELL.



SANTA KNOWS THAT NOT ONLY MORTALS ENJOY RECEIVING GIFTS, BUT ALSO THE VARIOUS GODS THAT INHABIT THE HEAVENS.

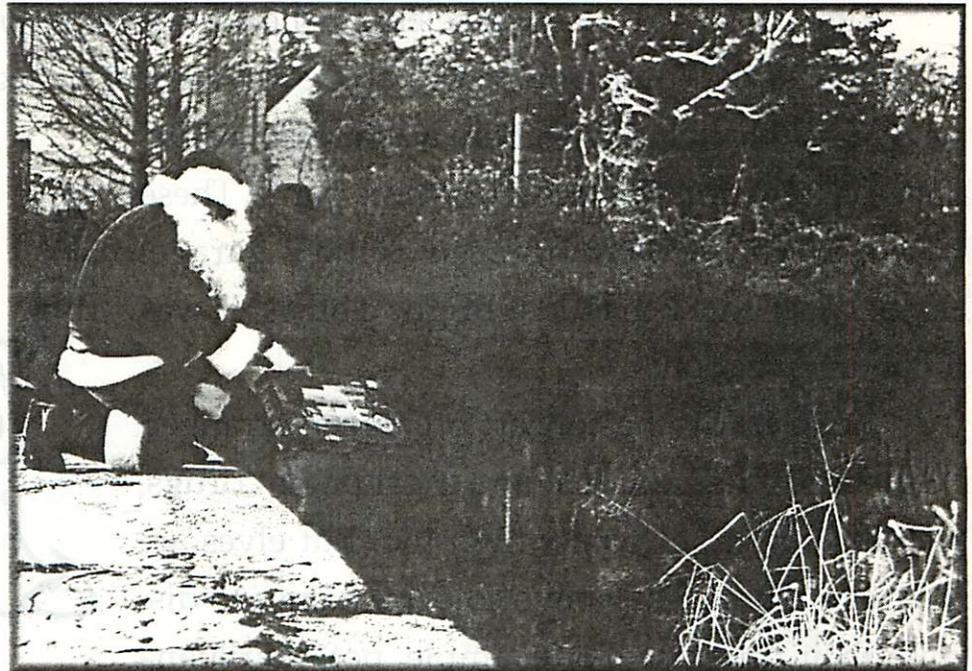
A WINNER IN OUR CHANGE MACHINE LOOK-A-LIKE CONTEST, THE SAC CHANGE MACHINE WAS VERY EXCITED ABOUT HIS NEW TOY. CHANGE MACHINES ARE EASILY EXCITED.



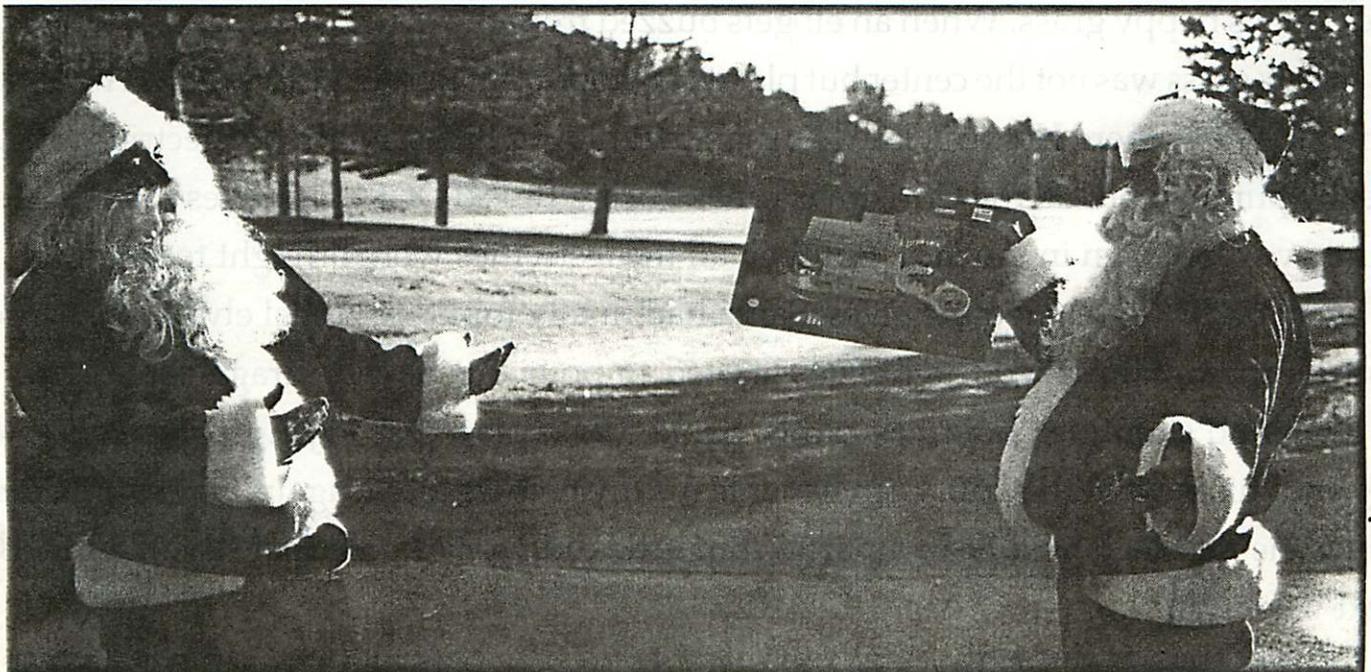


AND HALFWAY THROUGH OUR JOURNEY. SANTA DISCOVERED THAT HE MUST MERELY UTTER "HO HO HO" AND A FLOCK OF ELIGIBLE WOMEN WILL COME RUNNING. SANTA IS A STUD.

RIGHT: STARRING AT HIS REFLECTION IN THE POND. SANTA WAS SO IMPRESSED WITH THE FINE SPECIMEN OF MAN HE SAW. HE GAVE IT A PRESENT. UNFORTUNATELY, PONDS CANT PLAY SUPER NINTENDO.



BELOW: SANTA RUNS INTO A SEEMINGLY IMPOSSIBLE SITUATION. HOW CAN 2 SANTAS EXIST? UMMM.



CHRIS

# • elfstock •

Everybody knows about Woodstock, the supreme rock 'n roll jam session of peace, love and happiness. A place where women ran around naked and hummed chants of free sex and animal rights, or some thing like that. Well, Woodstock was not the only jam session happening in the 60's. There were other creatures running around naked screaming about reindeer rights and psychedelic wrapping paper. Elves. Santa's helpers freed themselves of the oppressive bondage in which Santa acted as a dictator much like Fidel Castro ordering them to help the children of the world. How selfish can Santa be? So all the elves escaped to put on ELFSTOCK.

Elfstock was a concert to celebrate the elf emancipation from the evil whip of Santa. Elves from all over the south pole, north pole even the east pole gathered together to rock on. When the elves gathered together there was a sea of white, black, yellow, and this was only there pants. These bright colored trousers graced Santa's garage. Elfstock was more than just bright clothes, it was about organization.

Kebbler Elf, the concert organizer, arranged for the best entertainment and most potent drugs. Yes, that's right, elves get high too. But elves are smarter about it. They have colorful names to disguise their drug use. For example, pot/marijuana is called Santa's happy grass. When an elf gets buzzed from the drugs, it's called getting merry. Santa's happy grass was not the center but played an important part in ELFSTOCK. The greatest performer that was there Hendrix Elf. The man that played Silent Night on electric guitar. The elves really pumped out all the Christmas tunes during ELFSTOCK. The elves sang Jingle Bell rock till they were green in the face. But then all the festivities were brought to a sudden halt.

"Santa raid!!", screamed the elves. Santa had finally found his rebel elves. As he opened the door all these half naked, high elves started to pour out of the garage clinging to their happy grass and shouting christmas carols. Santa was reported as saying, " Give some elves egg nog and this is what they do. I can never leave my helpers alone again. This is ridiculous... next thing the reindeers will have a party." But little did Santa know that REINDEERSTOCK was next week. 



# All-New Legion of Superheroes

Name: Thundar

Powers: Shoulder aches before any thunderstorm.

Catchphrase: "My shoulder aches, must be a storm a-brewin'."

Name: Captain Crap

Powers: Smells like crap.

Catchphrase: "Why's everybody leaving so early? It's because I smell like crap, isn't it?"

Name: Dr. Mysterious

Powers: Can see exactly one half of a second into the future.

Catchphrase: "Look out, it's - never mind."

Name: Antenna Girl

Powers: Can pick up any major network television station.

Catchphrase: "What's on FOX?"

Name: Rex

Powers: Is a dog.

Catchphrase: "Bark."

Name: Trivialman

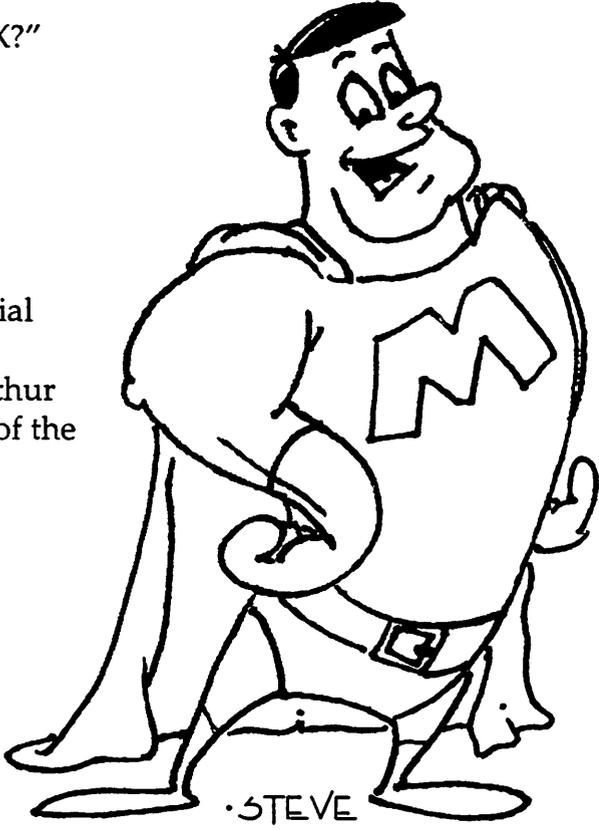
Powers: Is really good at Trivial Pursuit.

Catchphrase: "Uh - was it Arthur Miller? Alright, brown piece of the pie!"

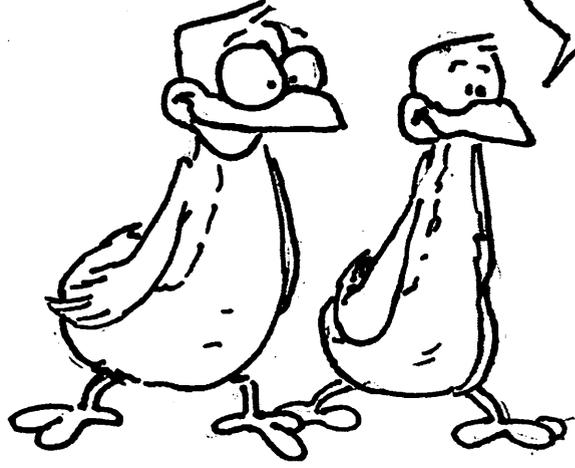
Name: Rapunzel

Power: Has incredibly long hair.

Catchphrase: "Could you reopen the door to the Rapunzel-mobile, my hair is stuck." 



## Interviews



### An Interview With Some Sparrows

Roddy: Hello little birds.  
Sparrow: chirp chirp  
Roddy: What?  
Sparrow: chirp chirp  
Roddy: This is pointless.  
Sparrow: (flies away)  
Another Sparrow: chirp chirp (flies away)  
Roddy: My thoughts exactly. (flies away)

### An Interview with a Spanish-Speaking Person

Chris: Thank you for taking the time to speak to me today.  
Juan: Ola. ¿Como estas?  
Chris: Excuse me, what?  
Juan: No comprendo.  
Chris: I'm sorry, I can't understand you.  
Juan: Que pasa?  
Chris: This is futile. (leaves) 



CHRIS  
RODDY  
STEVE

# SHORTIES

Good Swiss chocolate really gets my motor running. My car's motor also runs on chocolate. My car is the new Ford "Choco-Racer." Varoooom, chocolate!

If Boris Yeltsin put the letter "u" after his first and last names, nobody would take you seriously. Imagine electing a president named Borisu Yeltsinu! Crazy Commies!

Back in the days of the pioneers, Paw would go out and find us the best Christmas tree. Then he would get gangrene, and we'd chop off his leg. Now, whenever I see an amputee, I get in the holiday spirit.

My Christmas wish is for all of my toys to spring to life. Then, with my army of invincible toys, I will invade Norway, for I will need a good port of I plan to take over planet Earth.

I think the whole system of scoring in football is all screwed up. When one team gets a goal or a basket, the team's mascot gets a piece of fabric. At the end of the game, the team that has the warmer mascot wins.

What if you had a human head in your car instead of an engine? Not only would the car cease to operate, but it would start coughing. No one likes brake fluid in their mouth.

What do chickens do for Thanksgiving?

On Mars, they celebrate something close to Christmas called "Christmars." Everything is the same except they don't exchange presents, they exchange dirty laundry. The Martian with the most friends has to fold a lot of clothes on December 26th..

When they destroyed New York and overthrew the government, I didn't mind. But when the bastards took away cable television, I knew that these aliens did not come in peace.

When I hear the dogs howl in the night, I feel the urge to tear off my pajamas and make some microwave popcorn.

You run downstairs to open your presents. Your family is already there waiting. All of a sudden, the Christmas tree comes alive and swallows your family. Thank goodness it didn't eat your presents.

I'd bare my soul to people, but then it would be naked and I wouldn't want it to be embarrassed.

If they ever discover life on Jupiter it should be declared an enemy planet.

You become a vegetarian because you think eating slaughtered animals is wrong. So on Christmas Eve, you sneak down stairs to peak at the presents. You find a 400 pound turkey stealing you presents. That will teach you not to eat meat.

In England, there is a thing out in the countryside called the Wall of Sadness. People, mostly English ones, go and cry there. Then a big rock falls from the sky and crushes them.

There is a soda I saw somewhere and it was called Super Soda. If you drank it, you died.

What if when you put garbage into a trash can, a hand came out of the trash can and gave you your garbage back? The whole point of the trash can would be ruined.

Do you think they just skipped the 13th day of Christmas?

What if there was Negative Day instead of Opposite Day? You'd have -2 apples, -10 toes, and it would be 17 degrees outside.

There is a large glass orb that floats in the Pacific. It is known as the Orb of Love. If one was to find it, they would be extremely happy. This is because they would be in love.

I had a dream last night. Here at Choate, instead of Community Day, we had Strip Mining Day. Everybody had explosives and pickaxes.

If you had a magic washing machine, not only would your clothes be clean, but they'd also be fast!

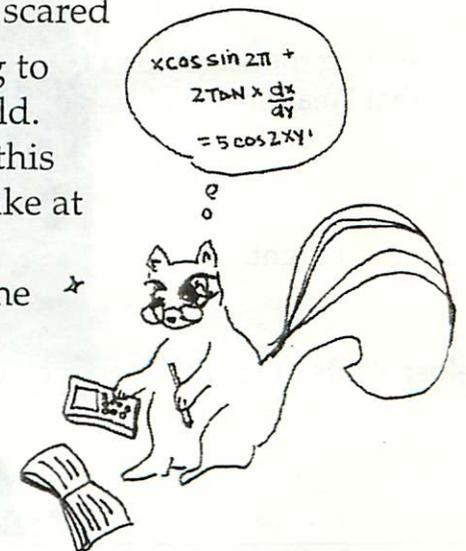
If I saw the Doors in concert, I would just laugh. Those guys look nothing like doors!

I did my own laundry the other day. I mixed the colors in with the whites and all my white tee-shirts and socks came out all yellowish. But that's okay, because yellow is my favorite color!!!

If I was a toy-maker I would make a doll of the late Lord William Tennyson. He would say things like, "I am William", "My Last Name is Tennyson", and "Buy My Poetry". If you pulled his arm, blood would squirt out of his ear.

If you shrunk the Buddha real small, I wonder what he would say. Probably, "Help me, I am small, even for a Buddha!"

Some people are scared that rats are going to take over the world. I'm not scared of this because it must take at least 6 of them to aim a gun, let alone shoot one, and by that time would have disarmed them using my mystic powers.



My favorite name in the whole world is Bertha. I just love it. I love it so much because it's made out of my two favorite words in the English language, "Bert" and "ha". I love those words. I love Bert too.

I have a mustache named Henrietta. I twist Henrietta. 

# MEL GIBSON VS. ROBOT MEL GIBSON

## Mel Gibson

-Is human.

-Starred in two movies in 1995-96.

-Directed and Starred in Braveheart.  
Won many Academy Awards.

-Enjoys a good steak.

-Has a wife and children who live in  
Australia and Montana.

-Is reading the script for a fourth  
"Lethal Weapon."

-Sleeps at night.

-Just wants to "make good movies."

## Robot Mel Gibson

-Is a robot.

-Starred in 4500 movies in  
1995-96.

-Made RoboBraveheart all  
by himself. Held the  
Academy hostage in a failed  
attempt to take over Planet Earth.

-Finds sustenance in energy  
sucked from the "life-force" of human beings.

-Has a legion of evil robots  
who will aid him in his attempt to take over  
Planet Earth. They lie  
dormant in a cave in New Guinea.

-Is making "Lethal  
RoboWeapon 6,944,850"  
costarring Robot Danny  
Glover and Robot Joe Pesci.

-Plugs into the wall and  
charges for 3 minutes every day.

-Just wants to "suck the 'life-force' from all  
of mankind. And make better movies than  
humanoid Mel Gibson."

VS

• STEVE

## A Few Ways to Insure a Holly Jolly Christmas

(Funny Holiday Pranks)

1. Instead of presents, give your family potatoes. Then say, "I no longer celebrate 'Christ'-mas, I celebrate 'potato'-mas." Then eat everyone's potato.
2. Eat all of the ornaments on the tree. When your Mom asks, "Where are all of the ornaments?" Reply, "Ornaments?! You mean this isn't a late-blooming indoor apple tree?!"

3. Dress like Santa, and go into your little brother's room. Say, "Ho - ho - ho, hello (brother's name) how are . . ." and then fake a cardiac arrest. Funny, funny.
4. Tape a porno over a copy of a familiar Christmas special. Won't Grandma be surprised when she watches "Forest Hump" instead of "A Garfield Christmas."
5. Pretend to be a Socialist and burn all the presents, shouting that they are a perfect example of gluttonous capitalist over consumption.
6. Set booby traps for Santa. Then , torture him until he gives you a reindeer. Blitzen is the coolest. **K**

# THE DOWNFALL OF AN EMPIRE

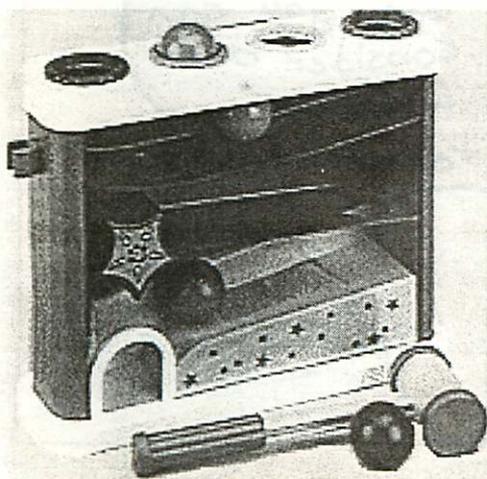
Many years ago, America was ruled by kings. Then all those presidents came along. All the kings fell. *Sequentially.*

<u>King</u>	<u>Defining characteristic</u>	<u>Reason of downfall</u>
King John The Nice-Smelling	Soap, lots of it.	Ate soap.
King Midas	Owned a chain of muffler repair shops.	Ate the mufflers.
King Koopa	Large lizard that spits fire at Mario	200,000 9-year olds
King Quentin The Quiet	Silence.	Boredom.
King Emma Thompson	Star of romantic British movies.	Women can't be king!
King George Washington	Had wooden teeth.	Ate the mufflers.
King King	Was the best of all the kings, the über-monarch.	Who names their kid King? Duh! That's, like, retarded.

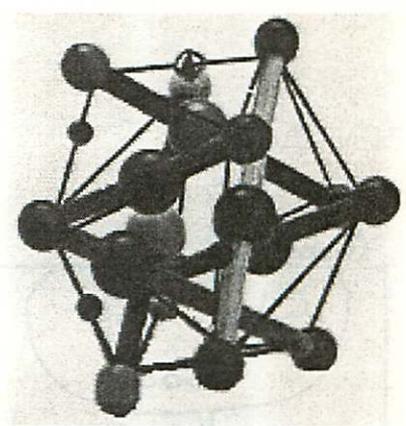
•CHRIS

## Brañd New Products From Gee-Whiz!! Toys

-Atomic Jenny  
Now everyone's favorite doll, Jenny, is radioactive. Jenny's been through the apocalypse and wants to share some of her cancerous growths with you!



-Super Chomp Dino-Bots  
With Super Chomp Dino-Bots, bullies will never be a problem again! Just program the bully's name and address in and good old Super Chomp will go to his house and eat him.



-Mintendoo Video Game System  
Mintendoo is just like Nintendo, except that Mintendoo is a piece of paper that you tape to your television screen. Has the look and feel of a real video game!

-Real Pioneer Pick Axe  
Pick axes are tons of fun!

•STEVE 13

# A Night With The Slackers: A Short Play

Characters:

SLACKER ONE  
SLACKER TWO  
NEIGHBOR

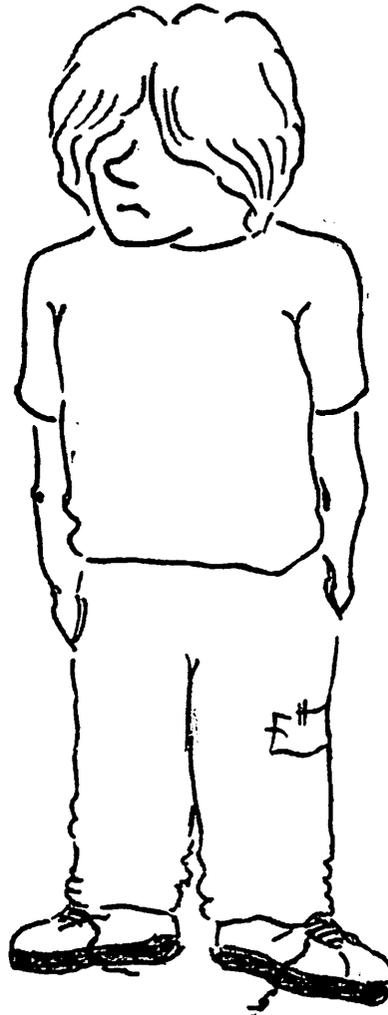
Setting: A garage.

Scene One: A garage.

SLACKER ONE: Where's the beer?  
SLACKER TWO: I don't know.  
Where's the pot?  
SLACKER ONE: We smoked it.  
Where are the Twinkies?  
SLACKER TWO: They're under my  
fat, lazy ass, because I'm sitting on  
them.  
SLACKER ONE: I'm lazy.  
SLACKER TWO: I'm lazy too.

Scene Two: A garage.

SLACKER ONE: Pot is good to  
smoke.  
SLACKER TWO: It's also good  
to...smoke.  
SLACKER ONE: I like beer.  
SLACKER TWO: I'm lazy.  
SLACKER ONE: Yeah, you are.



Scene Three: A garage.

SLACKER ONE: Do you like beer?  
SLACKER TWO: Yup.  
SLACKER ONE: Do you like pot?  
SLACKER TWO: Yup.  
SLACKER ONE: Do you like  
Twinkies?  
SLACKER TWO: Yup.  
SLACKER ONE: Wow. You're lazy.

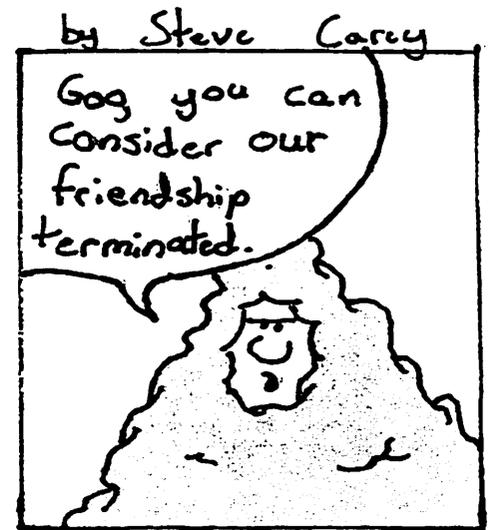
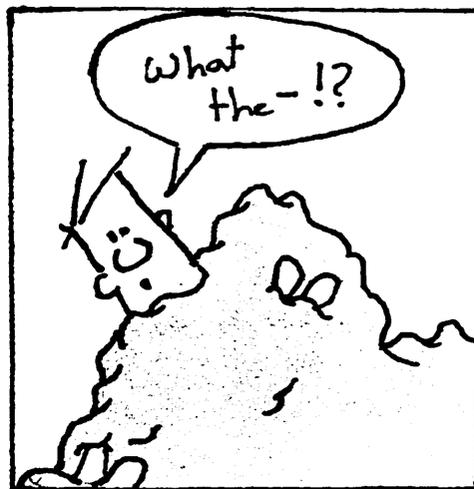
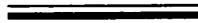
Scene Four: A garage.

SLACKER ONE: We're slackers!  
SLACKER TWO: Yeah, man. We're  
slackers.  
(NEIGHBOR enters.)  
NEIGHBOR: You guys are so lazy!  
You're stupid bums!  
SLACKER ONE: Yup.

Scene Five: A garage.

SLACKER ONE: Dude.  
SLACKER TWO: Yeah?  
SLACKER ONE: I soiled myself.  
SLACKER TWO: Whoa. You're lazy.  
SLACKER ONE: Do we have any  
Twinkies?  
SLACKER TWO: Nope. 

•BEN JACK



# The hyper-intelligent squirrels go shopping

Keen followed a pack of the famed hyper-intelligent squirrels to the supermarket and recorded their various shopping habits.

-Squirrels have no money, therefore they cannot shop at a supermarket, or anywhere else.

-However, relying on their hyper-intelligence, the squirrels managed to construct a supercomputer in the nut aisle.

-After connecting their supercomputer to Wall Street via a hyperspeedy internet UpLink, the squirrels explained to the Super-Fresh manager that they were "just comparing nuts".

-By the end of the fiscal day, the squirrels, using their



collective hyper-intelligence, had netted a cool \$879 million in stocks and high-risk blue-ribbon mutual funds.

-With their newly acquired funds, the squirrels purchased NBC, Viacom, and a "Planters Party Pack".

-Suddenly, the phone rang at H.I.Squirrel H.Q. It was

Ted Turner. Apparently he wished to speak of merger with the squirrels. Jonathan, the unofficial leader of the squirrels was handed the phone and, in his usual modest prodigal timbre, replied, "Squirrel?"

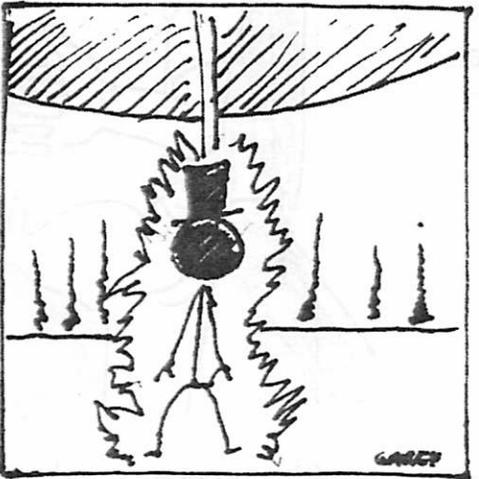
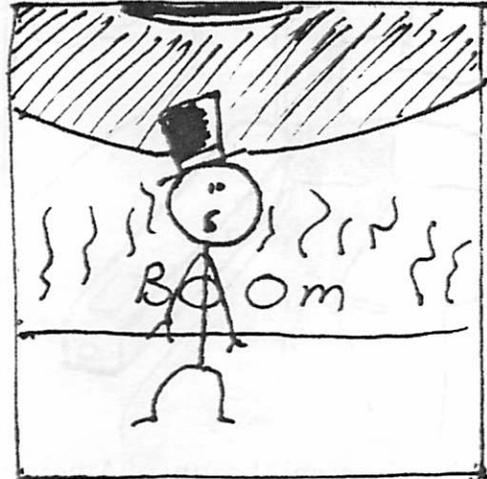
-No one is smarter than the Hyper-Intelligent Squirrels. **K**

CHRIS

Mr. Stickman



by Steve Carey



# Countryside Manners

a short work by matthew bleich

## A Charming Introduction

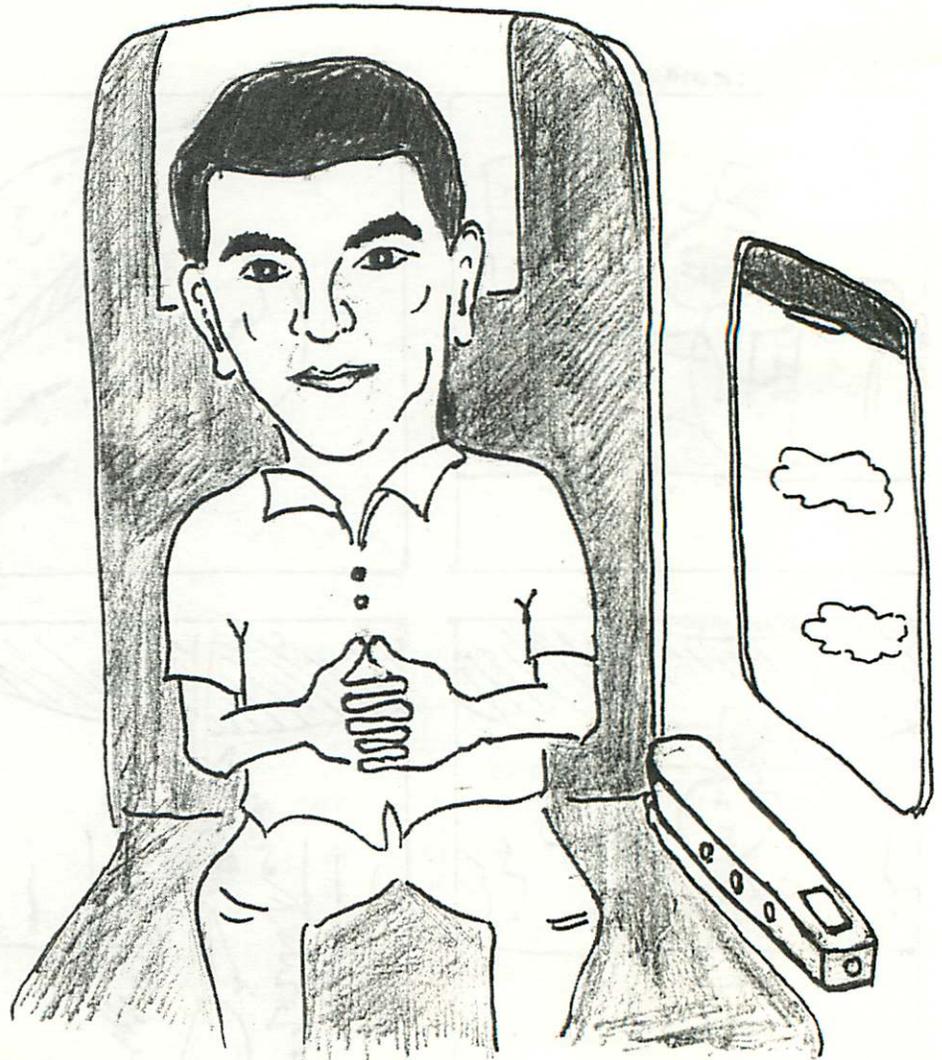
Yes, as a matter of fact I *am* somewhat famous. Hmmm? But didn't you ask? Oh, then what I heard must have been the buzz of a beetle or the moo of a cowtle or the roar of a dandelion, resounding through the bull-studded countryside.

## A Respectable Reputation Grounded in a Respectable Occupation

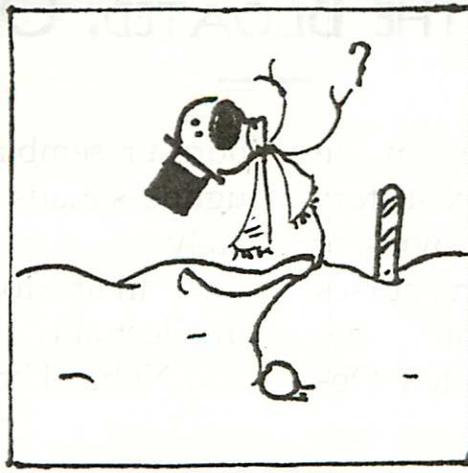
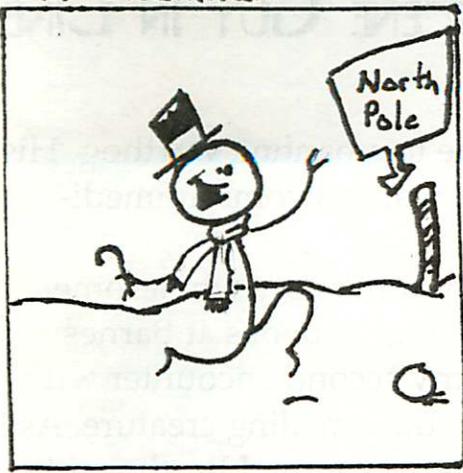
Did I mention that my title is Cashier Diplomat; yet, indeed, I am similarly known, among peers and dears alike, as Count Diplomat. I have an established post at the local A & P that supports my elegantly spartan lifestyle — simple days at the beach reclining on my spread-out cape, succeeding in keeping an enviable equilibrium among pipe, monocle, top hat, and pressed and folded newspaper; cold days outside while warm days inside, sitting in front of the typewriter and desiring to compose a gentleman's verse; duck hunting at the dock.

## A Curious Country Amusement

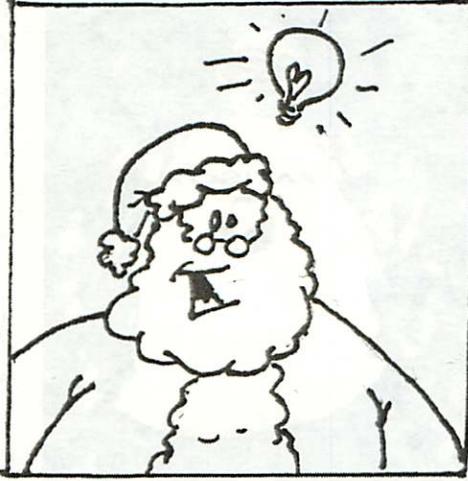
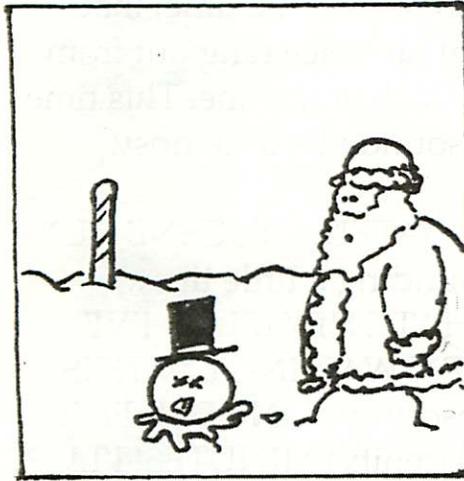
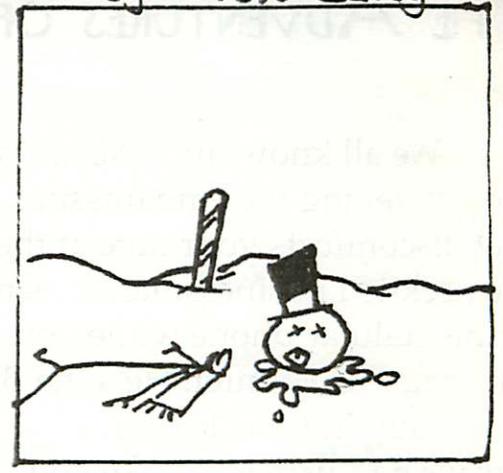
While walking to work one fine morning I came across Bill the Baker and Tom the Barber and Will the Writer. They all three of them, albeit possessed of their characteristic charming timidity, took it upon themselves to request that I perform for them my rendition of the "Moon Walk." Having no desire to disappoint them, I complied and proceeded to walk backwards. Their amusement was apparent — both visually and audibly. **K**



Mr. Stickman



by Steve Carey



GARBY

# The Pimp of the Year Award

Occurring between the Grammy's and the Emmy's is the "Pimp of the Year" Award Ceremony. Although never televised (it exists, I swear) many respectable individuals receive the prestigious award and go on to accomplish things that make their mothers proud. We here at Keen are honored to bring you this years nominees:

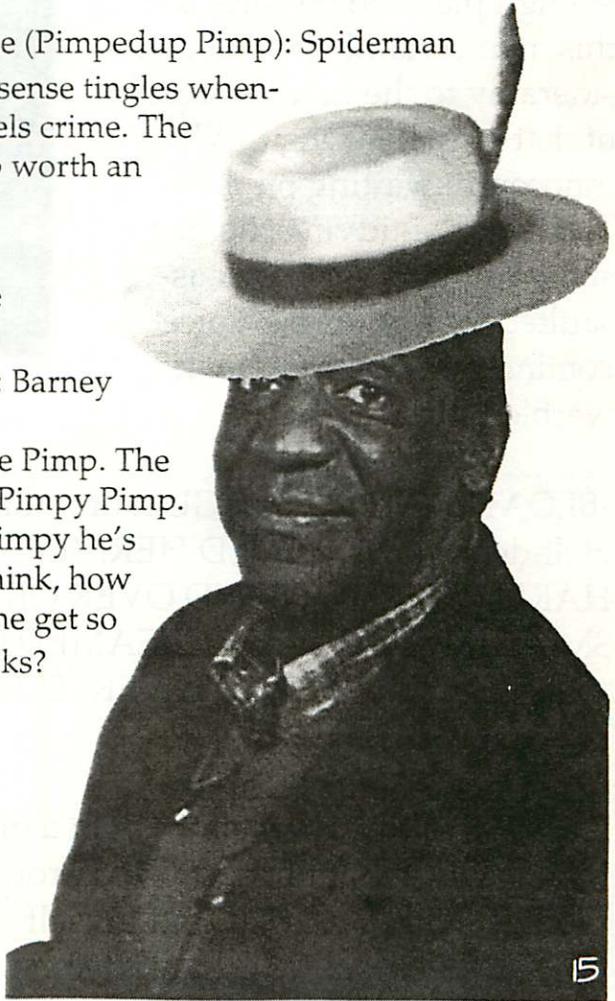
-4th Place (Pimpi la Pimp) : Ross Perot  
Not only does he have pimpin' ears, but he's got the funds! Be's pimperiffic.

-3rd Place (Pimpino): Bill Cosby  
Who pimped my jello pudding pop? The highest paid pimp around! Be sure to catch "Cosby Mysteries: the Pimp Years" on CBS.

-2nd Place (Pimpedup Pimp): Spiderman  
His Pimp sense tingles whenever he feels crime. The only pimp worth an alter ego.

-1st Place (Pimpo Supremo): Barney

The Purple Pimp. The huggable Pimpy Pimp. He is so Pimpy he's Purple. Think, how else does he get so many chicks?



# THE ADVENTURES OF THE BLOATED, OBSCENE GUY IN LINE

---

We all know him. We all love him. He's the guy telling the embarrassing, sexist story that discomforts your date at the movies, or the necktied businessman screaming curses on his cellular phone while you wait at the supermarket counter. He's the Bloated, Obscene Guy In Line. He can always be trusted to make you uncomfortable by blurting out obscenities or spinning depraved and inappropriate yarns at the top of his lungs while his line-mates cringe. He's the spice of my life, and I'm sure you have a place for him in your heart, too.

My first encounter with this man was in Penn Station, New York City. A distasteful enough place, to be sure, but this man certainly added considerably to the nausea factor of that particular visit. While innocently waiting on the Ticket line, studying the urine stains on the floor, I was assaulted by a booming voice coming from behind me. It warbled thus:

-BLOATED, OBSCENE GUY: (Yowling like a Hell-demon.) SO I TOLD HER, "LISTEN, HARLOT, EITHER BEND OVER OR I'LL SMOTHER YOU WITH CREAMED CORN!"  
-HIS SICK, TWISTED, PERVERTED CRO-  
NIES: Haw haw haw!

Needless to say, I was more than a bit put off by this guy's manner. I whirled around to face the culprit, and I found myself eye to eye with an unappealing gentleman who

bore a resemblance to a panting warthog. His ugliness made me want to vomit immediately.

In line to buy some very wholesome, intellectually challenging books at Barnes and Noble, I had my second encounter with this foul-smelling creature. As I quietly hummed Beethoven's Fifth to pass the time, that familiar voice rang out from the back of the line. This time, he sounded a little tipsy.



-BLOATED, OBSCENE GUY:  
(Sounding a little tipsy.)  
WHAT THE HELL!!! I'VE  
BEEN WAITING ON THIS  
(obscenity) LINE FOR FIVE  
(obscenity) MINUTES! I'LL RIP  
YOUR HEADS OFF IF YOU  
DON'T GIVE ME SOME SER-  
VICE NOW!

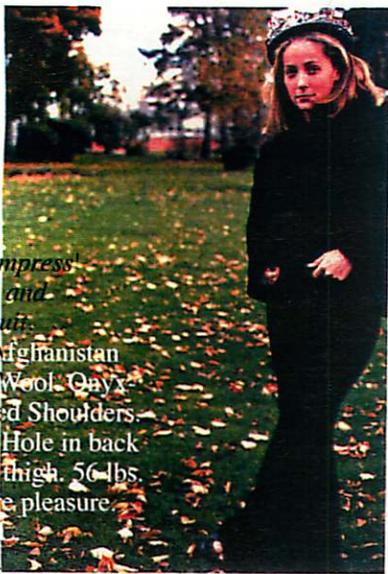
Of course, it was this warthogian fellow. His sweaty foulness had tainted me once again. His snorting anger was no doubt caused by his impatience to purchase the latest issue of "Wild Beavers," or worse, the latest Michael Crichton book. Yet part of me laughed at this man's sense of self, respected this truly unbreakable American soul. Another part of me wanted to kill him.

My theory on this is quite simple: this man makes it his occupation to nauseate and unnerve unsuspecting, innocent people. If you run into him, and he starts bellowing on, please call me at (516)-621-5555, and tell me. The hitmen will need to know his present whereabouts. **K**

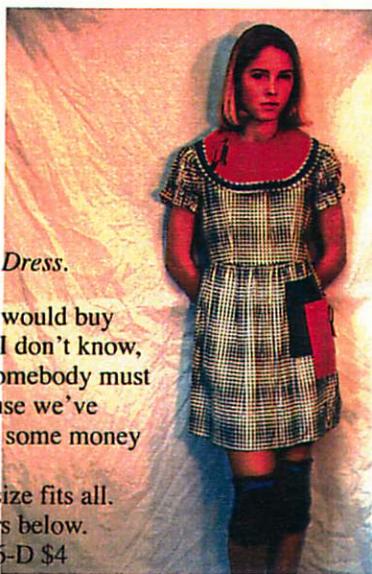
# J. KREW



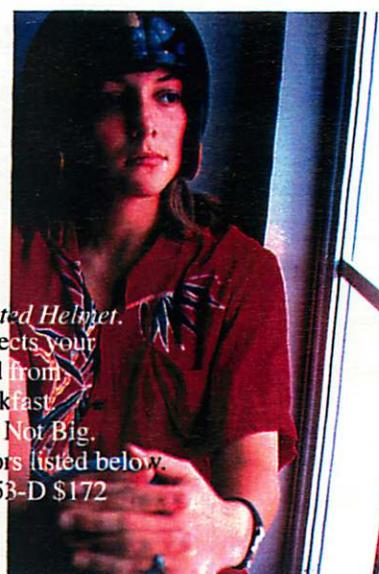
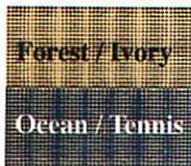
Christmas 1996



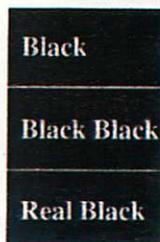
*The Empress' Shawl and Bodysuit.*  
 Pure Afghanistan Tiger Wool. Quilted Studed Shoulders. Small Hole in back of left thigh. 56-lbs. Of pure pleasure. S, M, L, XL. Black. 74104-D \$2,789



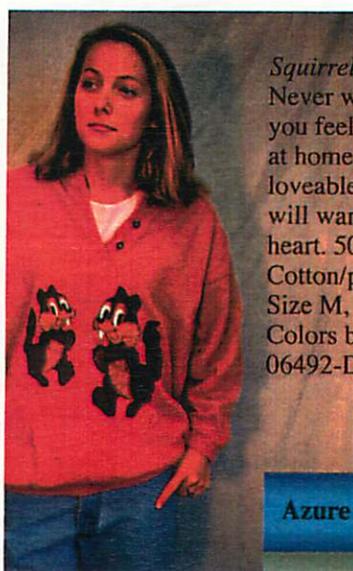
*Ugly Dress.*  
 Who would buy this? I don't know, but somebody must because we've made some money on it. One size fits all. Colors below. 17946-D \$4



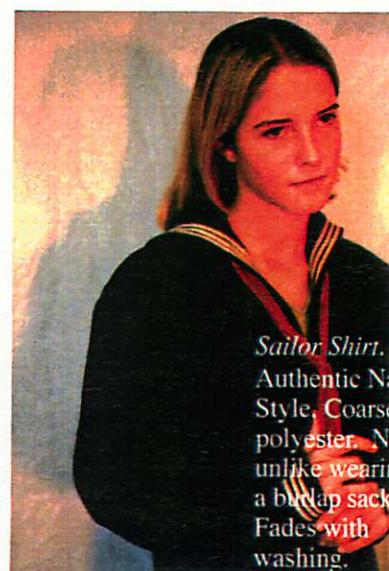
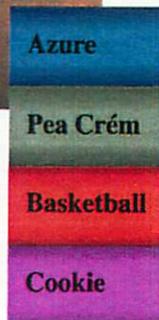
*Dented Helmet.*  
 Protects your head from breakfast. Big, Not Big. Colors listed below. 89553-D \$172



*Bad Uniform.*  
 Luscious Silk Lining caresses you. Dress and Tie. Combo mesh armpits let your hairs tingle with ecstasy. Bow tie permanently affixed to jacket. Super Size only. Colors below. 31424-D \$80π



*Squirrel Sweater.*  
 Never will you feel more at home. These loveable squirrels will warm your heart. 50/50 Cotton/poly blend. Size M, L, P. Colors below. 06492-D \$227



*Sailor Shirt.*  
 Authentic Navy Style. Coarse polyester. Not unlike wearing a burlap sack. Fades with washing.

Two sizes fit all. Navy. 59438-D \$113

*Blue Collar  
Woman Wear.*

Wear it because  
you work. Wear  
it because you go  
to Choate and  
you'll buy  
anything in this  
catalog. Wear it  
because your parents  
are loaded.  
Big enough.  
22309-D \$1,000

Baby

Lemon

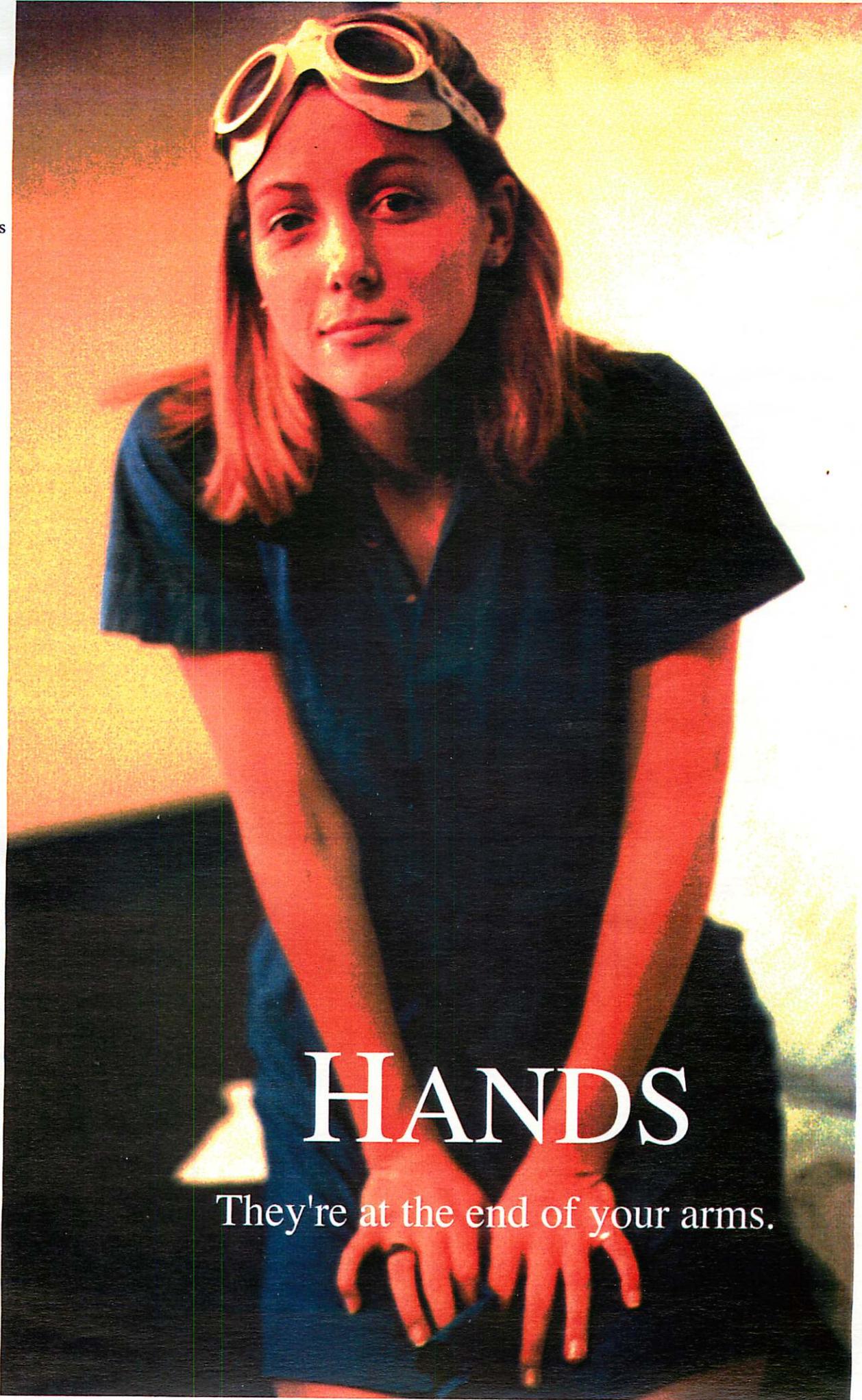
Beer

Xenon

TI-82

*Goggles.*

They're mine.  
You can't buy  
them. Ha Ha.

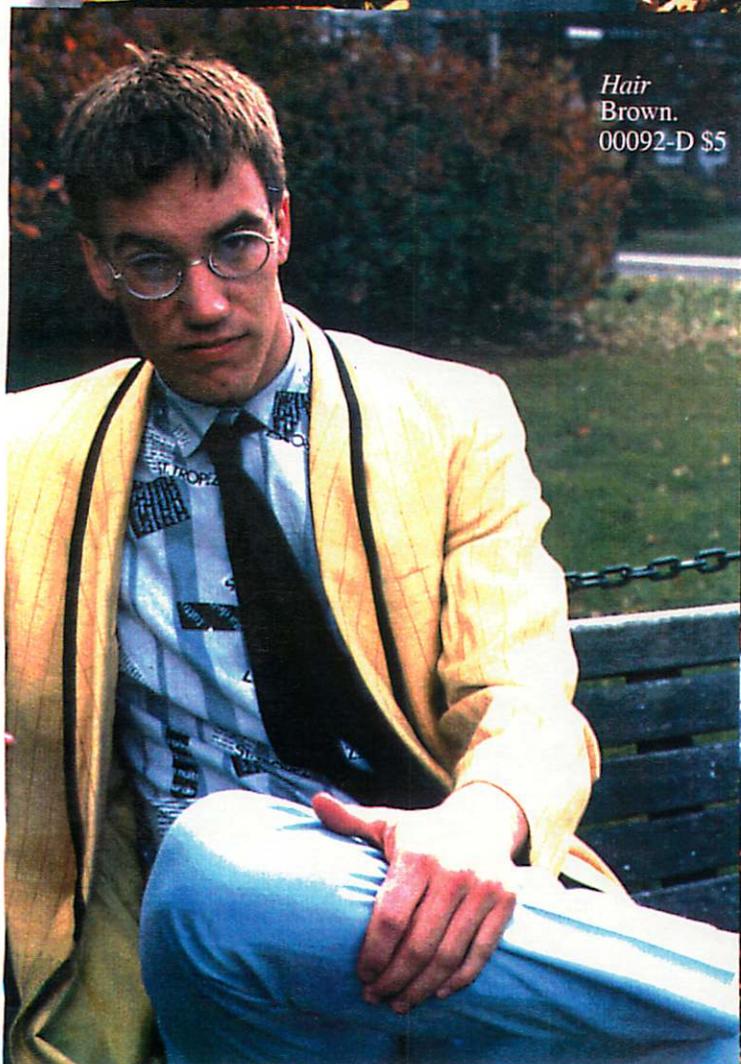
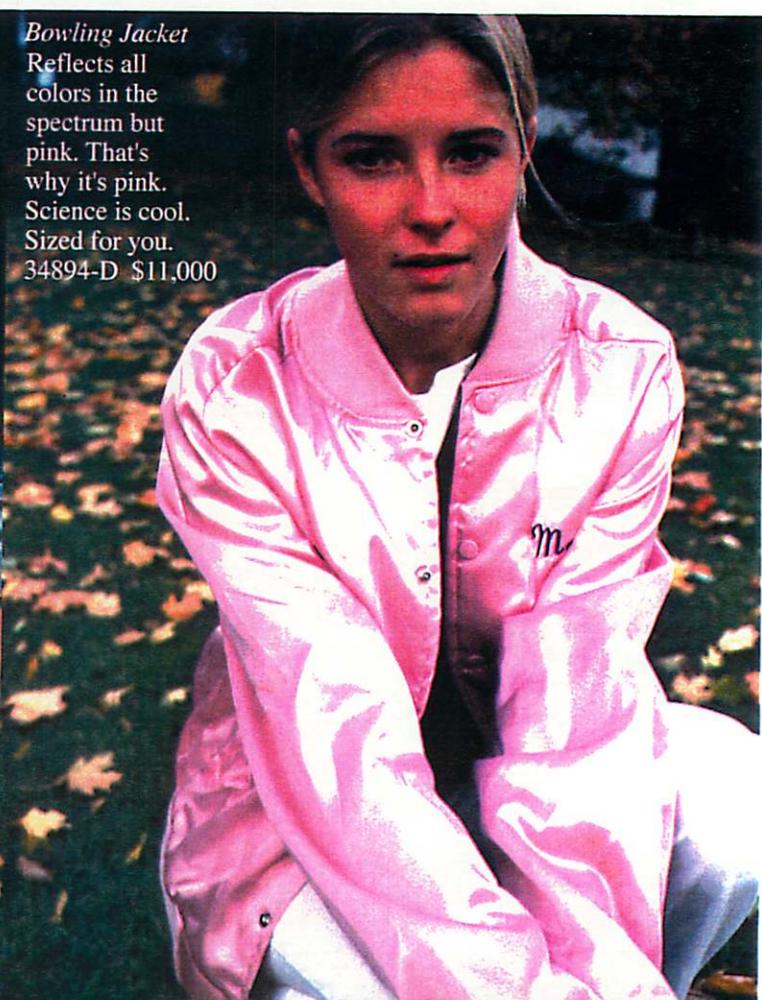


# HANDS

They're at the end of your arms.



*Bowling Jacket*  
Reflects all  
colors in the  
spectrum but  
pink. That's  
why it's pink.  
Science is cool.  
Sized for you.  
34894-D \$11,000



*Hair*  
Brown.  
00092-D \$5



# SENILE MOVIE REVIEWS

BY COL. WHITMAN P. RICE, RET.

Greetings and solutions, it is every one's favorite movie reviewer, Col. Whitman P. Rice, writing from the lovely Sacramento Home for the Aged. Back during the Depression, movies only cost one cent. In fact, if you could do a swell jig, you might have seen the movies for free. I remember watching my favorite star, Mack Swain, woo the ladies in such classics as "The Lizzies of Mack Sennett," and "Three Charlies and a Phoney!" Now, you kids have your Bruce Willie and your Tupacks O'Shaker, whatever that gobbledygook is. Egads man, if I had heard the words "Independence Day" come through my Miracle Ear, I would of grabbed a rifle and got ready to kick a little British tail! You lazy bums buy popcorn! I guess I'd better start writing the reviews for your Susquatch Magazine or what have you. So grab some popcorn and some Gerital, we're gonna talk cinema:

**Space Jam-** I went into the theater expecting to see something about a lovely jam, maybe like the delicious strawberry jam my wife, Mable, used to make. Why, I remember Mable going to the old television set, to watch her stories, while I would eat a whole jar of that delicious strawberry jam. Instead, I get bombarded with images of crass talking animals that whip their fannies across the screen like their on that "Crack-Head" stuff I read about in Newsweek. Why, if I had my chance, I'd tan their hides and give those quick little bastards what-for. About half-way through the film, I got lost and started to scream for my chicken, Archie. Needless to say, I was yet again escorted out by some pimply faced whipper-snapper who I made sure felt the brunt of my cane in his teeth.

**Sleepers-** This movie was a sleeper, in that I became disoriented and passed out after a few minutes. I was awoken by that same pimply faced little bastard, but this time he was in the form of my nurse. The movie theater had also conveniently changed into my hospital

bedroom. I smacked my nurse in the mouth with my cane and scampered out into the hallway in my skivvies, singing the Egyptian national anthem. Anyway, from what I saw, the movie is a delightful tale of boyhood, innocence, and fun. And sleeping I guess. . .

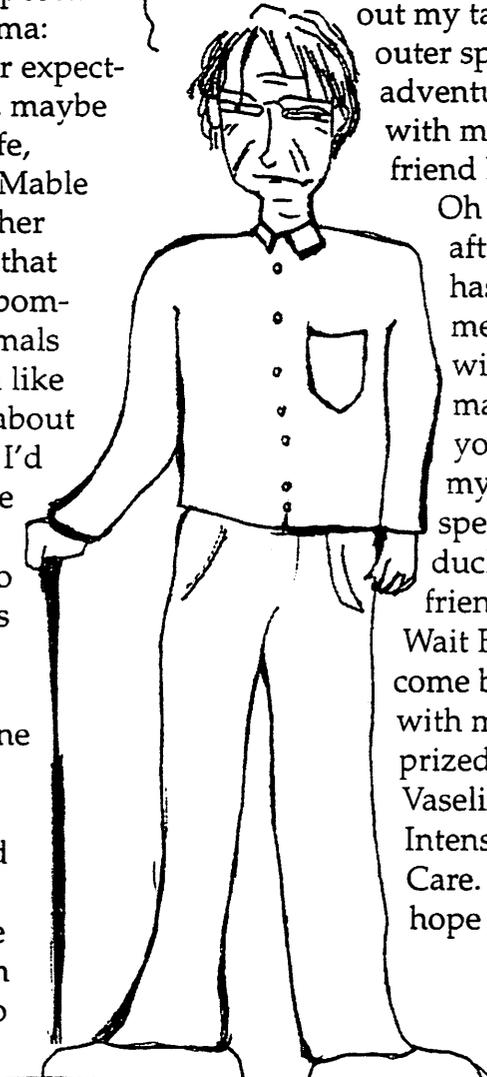
**Star Trek: First Contact-** This is my "first contact" with this rowdy band of hooligans from the Starship Enterglasdw, or something. I'll tell you something, if men wore those kinds of tight clothes around in public in my day, they would have been hog tied and pummeled. And as for the young trollops scampering in the female equivalent of the men's clothes, let me just advise them to leave a little something to the imagination! The story about those Borgs made me cry.

**Howard the Duck-** When will this cinematic classic get the respect it deserves? When I found out that this picture would be playing in the Sacramento Home for the Aged Rec. room, I almost soiled yet another pair of Depends.

When the movie started, I began to scream out my tales of outer space adventure with my great friend Howie.

Oh Howie, after all has left me, you will remain. For you are my very special duckie friend.

Wait Howie, come back with my prized Vaseline Intensive Care. All hope is lost!



# BOB CUTS CLOSE:

## AN INTERVIEW WITH BOB THE BARBER

Down in the ground floor of Hill House is a man who we pass every day without fail. His name is Bob Lien and he is never seen without a razor at someones throat, due to his being a barber. Bob has always had the inside scoop of things here at Choate, so Akiko and I went down one day to find out more about him and the realities of what goes on at Choate. Here's the craziness that ensued in the depths of the barber shop:

Pheroze: So, first of all, how long have you been here at Choate?

Bob: This is my thirty-third year.

Pheroze: Wow...long time.....basically....

Bob Lien:.....What is the biggest change we've ever had?

Ph: Ok...sure.

Bob Lien: Girls. It was all boys when I first came here, and girls came in 1972 or something like that; but you fire away and I'll tell you whatever I can.

Ph: Sure, why did you become a barber and come here and start up your own place?

Bob: Well, I've been a barber most of my life

and I came to Choate through Tom Yankus; we've been friends since 1967 and he brought me here. I never dreamt that I would be in this place for so many years, but I meet nice people, I'm happy, so I have no complaints.

Ph: Alright, so what's the craziest haircut you've ever given?

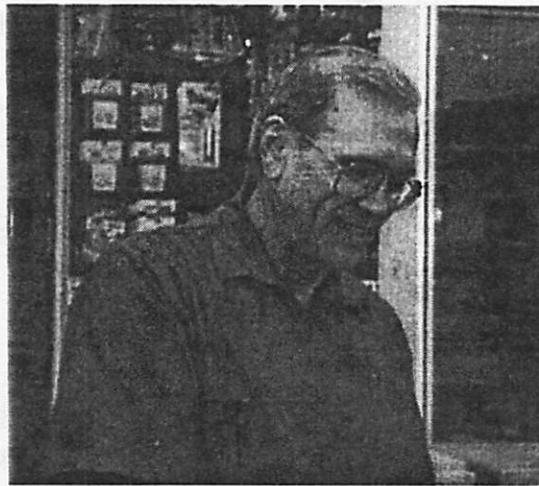
Bob: Oh God, I tell you, there've been some crazy ones....but as far as the craziest, I have to think about that for a second.

The mohawks are your standard, but I think that when the girls first came here and they asked me to cut their hair off underneath, that was shocking. And it was several years ago when someone asked to cut their hair flat on top, with steps coming out the back and all the ridges on the back. But as far as any one crazy haircut, they're all

wacko. So what do you wanna know?

Ph (looking at toiletry racks): Wow, three bucks for a toothbrush! That's crazy!

Bob: Isn't that crazy! You can get a hairbrush for almost the same price! It's funny how things have changed. I'll tell you, when I first came here a haircut was two dollars and tuition to go here was only \$2400. Now it's \$24,000 give or take. Look at what you kids pay for



this!

Ph: What are these crazy happenings? Are there any just outrageous stories?

Bob: One of the cute things that happened when I first came here was, one of the kids fathers was a milk cow owner. And I walked into here and heard "moo", and said "Oh my God". They had put a cow in the dining hall while a sit down dinner was going on, right by Seymour St. John (the headmaster then). Seymour, seeing the cow started showing the kids how to milk it....a nice little prank. Then of course there are things like sinking the headmaster's boat.

Ph: Oh yeah.....the infamous.....

Bob: I remember also one year, a kid put a Mickey Mouse face up on the chapel clock. Seymour was so impressed with it that he left it up there for the rest of the year....and then one year they took all the cars and, well back then you couldn't lock the steering wheel, so they pushed them all done to the football field. One year, when Ed Maddox was dean, they bricked up his doorway. He congratulated them on a good job!

Ph: What's the item, other than a haircut, that people buy the most in the store?

Bob: Shampoos and stuff like that. But you know people come up to me and say "I'm surprised, Bob, that you don't sell much hairspray." My supplier always comments on the dust collected on them.

Ph: Hairspray was pretty eighties, though.

Bob: Yeah, well gel's the big thing now....and mousse. But shampoo and toothpaste sell the most.

Ph: Did you grow up in Wallingford?

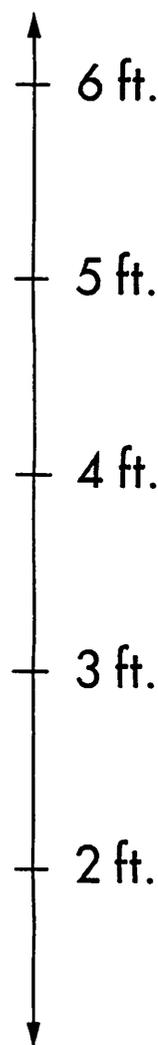
Bob: No, I'm from North Dakota. I went into service after high school. North Dakota's a little monotonous. I find Choate refreshing.

Ph: Alright, let's take some pictures.

Bob: Shoot away kiddo! 

# HOW TALL ARE YOU?

Use our handy  
chart to find out!



(chart not to scale)

# The underground world of the elf

We see them at Christmas and for the rest of the year they hibernate. These vertically challenged people have lives of their own. Elves do not try to blend into the 'big people' society, they form their own society. Now, I will take you on a tour of the underground world of the elves.

Is it reasonable to think short magical creatures make and wrap our presents because they love Christmas? I don't think so. I am about to reveal the biggest secret about elves. Elves are not really elves. I understand this may cause some confusion but bare with me. Elves are just regular people but shorter.. They use make up, put on pointy ears and shoes, and come out on Christmas. But the best part about being an elf is the time between Christmas and next Christmas. Santa flies all of them to the Bahamas for the whole year. I'm sorry if I have shatter some myths, but the truth must come out. I went to the Bahamas to get an interview with an elf.

Me: Excuse me sir, are you an elf?

Elf: Are you from Hard Copy or the National Inquirer?

Me: No.

Elf: Then, yes I am. ( he pulls out a cigarette and starts smoking)

Me: I didn't know elves smoked.

Elf: And you probably didn't know the tooth fairy turns tricks because the teeth business is so bad.

Me: What is it like being an elf?

Elf: (pulls out a cue card) I am happy to be an elf and help the children. Yeah right, let me tell you the truth. Would you enjoy a job that is the combination of a sweat shop factory job and a missionary service vocation all wrapped up in a smile?

Me: No.

Elf: I though so and that's what I do.

(abruptly stands up) I can't take this. I'm going drown my troubles in a drink.

Me: Oh, some prune, apple, or grape juice.

Elf: Hell no, I need some tequila and shots of Vodka to cure these working blues.

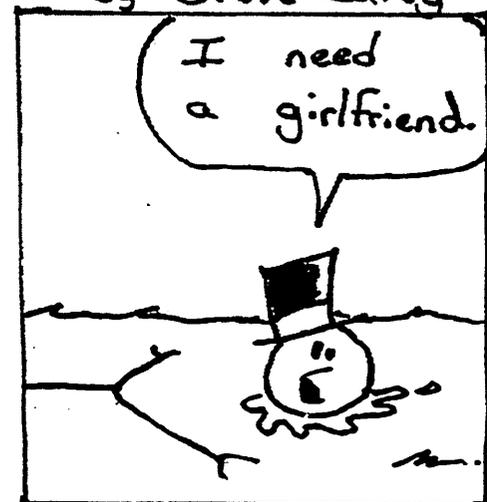
Here my interview ends. This elf showed me the unhappy depressing side of a sad and dreary day. But I still can not wait for Christmas. Bye for now. ■

•GREG

Mr. Stickman



by Steve Carey



# Meliasses, Old Testament Sage

MELIASSES: Who has troubles? Come to me, and tell me your troubles, and I will tell you the solutions, for I am the All-Knowing, All-Seeing Sage!

ISRAELITE ONE: Oh wise Meliasses! I have troubles!

MELIASSES: Come nearer to me, my son, and tell me of these burdens.

ISRAELITE ONE: My wife no longer loves me. She hisses at me whenever I touch her, and she brings other men into our dwelling in plain sight of the neighbors! This gives me much dissatisfaction.

MELIASSES: God will show you the answer. My son...

ISRAELITE ONE: Yes, wise Meliasses?

MELIASSES: Go unto your wife...and present her with...

ISRAELITE ONE: Yes?

MELIASSES: A tasty, pasty bagel smothered in wholesome cream cheese! Yum yum yum! Go! Go, my son!

ISRAELITE ONE: Yes, wise Meliasses! Yes, I will! God bless you!

MELIASSES: Now! Who else among this throng has troubles? Come and I will soothe you.

ISRAELITE TWO: I too have troubles, Meliasses. I have oft been known to sup of aged wine a tad too much. I have brought

shame on my family.

MELIASSES: God has contacted me with an answer. He tells me...he tells me...

ISRAELITE TWO: Please, Meliasses, console my shame!

MELIASSES: Bring home a dozen poppy bagels, fresh from the oven, and mmm-mmm good! Yummy for the tummy!

ISRAELITE TWO: Thank you, Meliasses! May you be blessed in Heaven!

MELIASSES: I don't think I have to worry about that. Next!

ISRAELITE THREE: I have troubles too. I am a leper.

MELIASSES: Woops, there goes your leg.

ISRAELITE THREE: Yes. I am a leper. People spit at me when I pass them on the street.

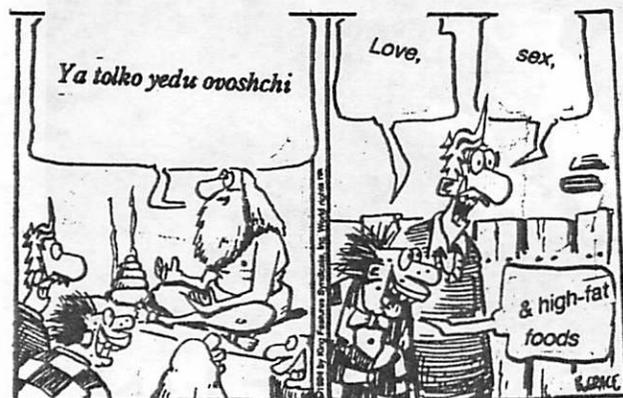
Whenever I meet a woman, body parts fall off of me and she flees in fear, weeping copious tears. I smell of rotted meat and my breath is foul.

MELIASSES: Oh. Hmmm. Yes, you do have a problem.

ISRAELITE THREE: Aren't you going to offer me bagels?

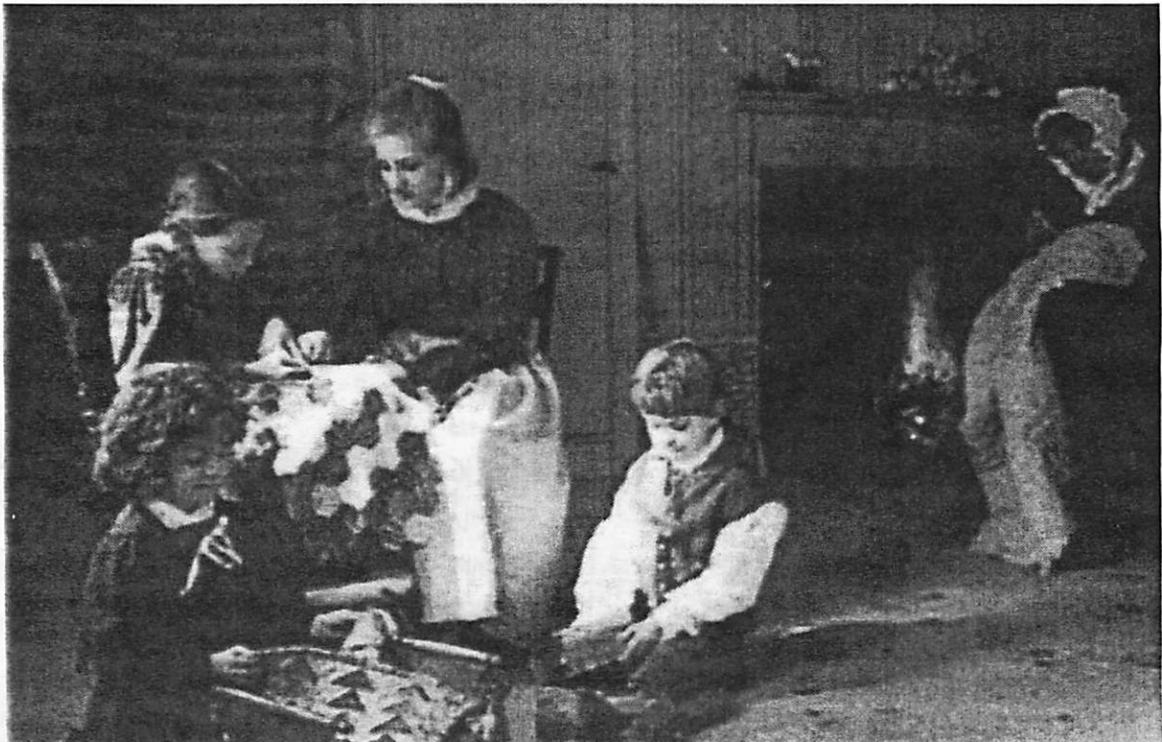
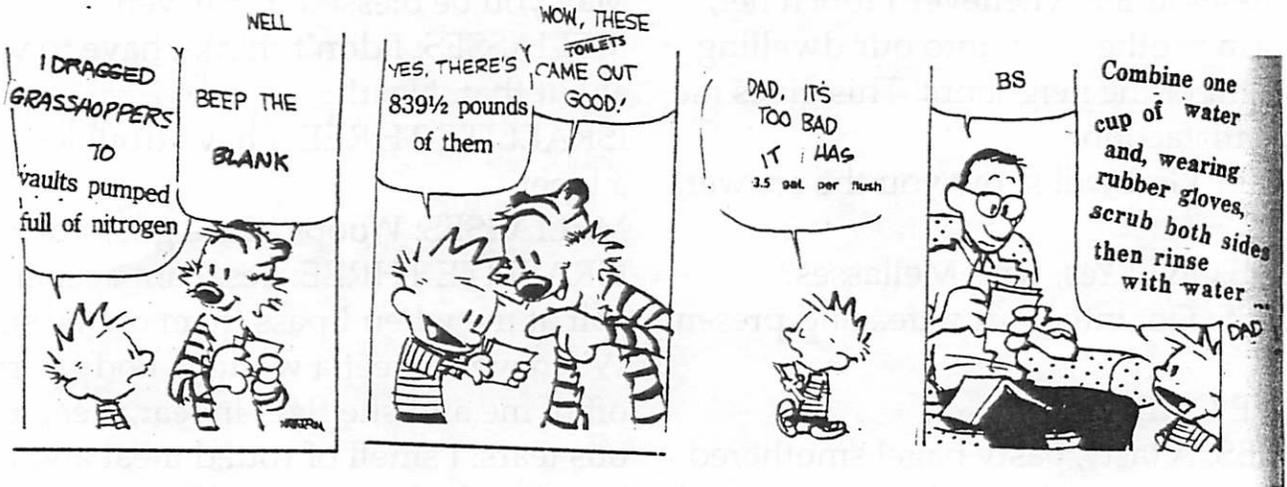
MELIASSES: No. I'm going to mock you mercilessly until you cry. Ha ha ha ha ha, look at the leper! Ezekiel is a leper! He's a dirty leper!

ISRAELITE THREE: Life stinks.



•BEN

# TWO COMICS BY CHRIS



COMMUNISM IS FUN.

# WACKY SCIENCE:

## q u e s t i o n s t o p o n d e r

Question #1: Let's just say that, for some random reason, God (assuming, for argument's sake, that we all believe in one) decided to destroy all space and all matter. By "all space and all matter," I mean everything - all space and all matter; nothing would be the result, and I'm serious when I mean nothing. It's impossible for one to imagine nothing because when one tries, he or she generally pictures black, but blackness is still something because it is far from nothingness. So God decided to destroy all space and all matter except for a thermometer; I ask you, now, what would temperature would the thermometer read? What is the temperature of nothing?

Question #2: Every single one of us has his or her own gravitational force pulling on the objects around them. This fact is true due to the fact that all objects with mass do. Mass is the source of gravity. The only gravity we notice, of course, is the gravity of Earth and other extremely enormous forms of matter like the Sun. Why this force grows stronger as the amount of mass present is greater is a question that no one has ever been able to answer. In fact, the reason for this force's presence, at all, is also totally unknown. However, gravity exists. We can say that we know that much - unless you believe in a skeptic's philosophy of existence. However, that's a entirely different subject for an entirely different question; for the course of this question, please try to look through the eyes of an empiricist. The more mass, the more gravity. This fact is the reason for Earth ability to contain an atmo-

sphere. If this gravitational force failed to exist, as I'm sure all of you know, we would all float away. An individual's gravitational force, because we have so little mass is incredibly minuscule in comparison to that of the Earth's. Now, if everyone on Earth put on space suits, went out

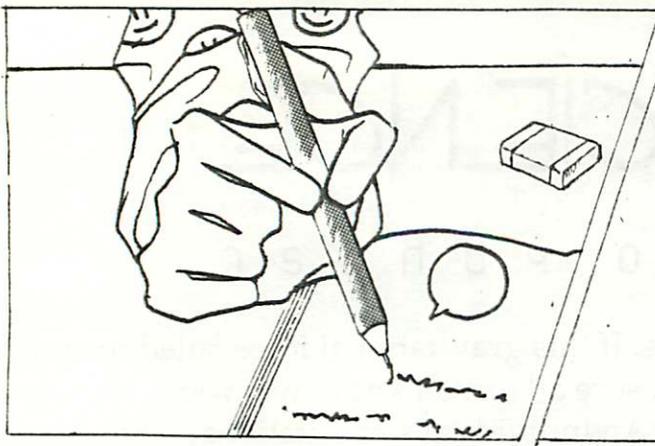
into space, participated in one massively enormous group hug which formed a sphere with a diameter two thirds the length of the moon's diameter, and a person floating four-hundred and eleven feet away from the sphere threw a toaster or Snapple Lemon Iced Tea bottle (full/half-full/not full) at a tangent to the sphere, would the toaster or Snapple bottle form an orbit around the sphere of people to the quantity of the sphere's



resulting mass?

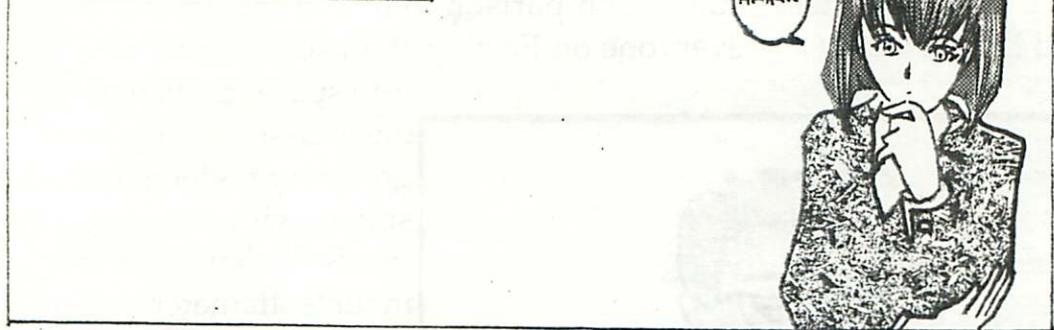
Question #3: Let's just say that God (with the same conditions concerning God that were stating in question #1) decided, for some random reason, to take the entire Universe and put it on the shelf in his kitchen and/or saloon (if he has not already). The resulting shape of the Universe, in it's form for God's decorative purposes would be in the shape of:

- a) God himself
- b) God on Earth (otherwise known as Jack Nicholson)
- c) Edward J. Shanahan
- d) A Snapple bottle (preferably full and chilled)
- e) Santa Clause and/or one or two or three of his elves

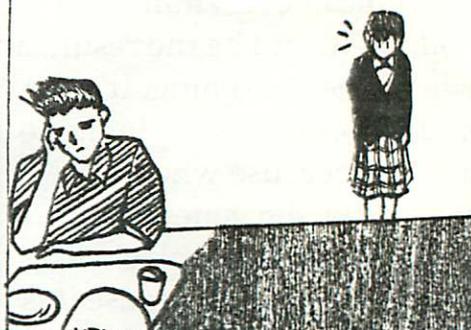


DEAR DIARY... TODAY I  
FELL IN LOVE.  
IT ALL STARTED WHEN  
I GOT TO LUNCH...

THE DINING HALL...



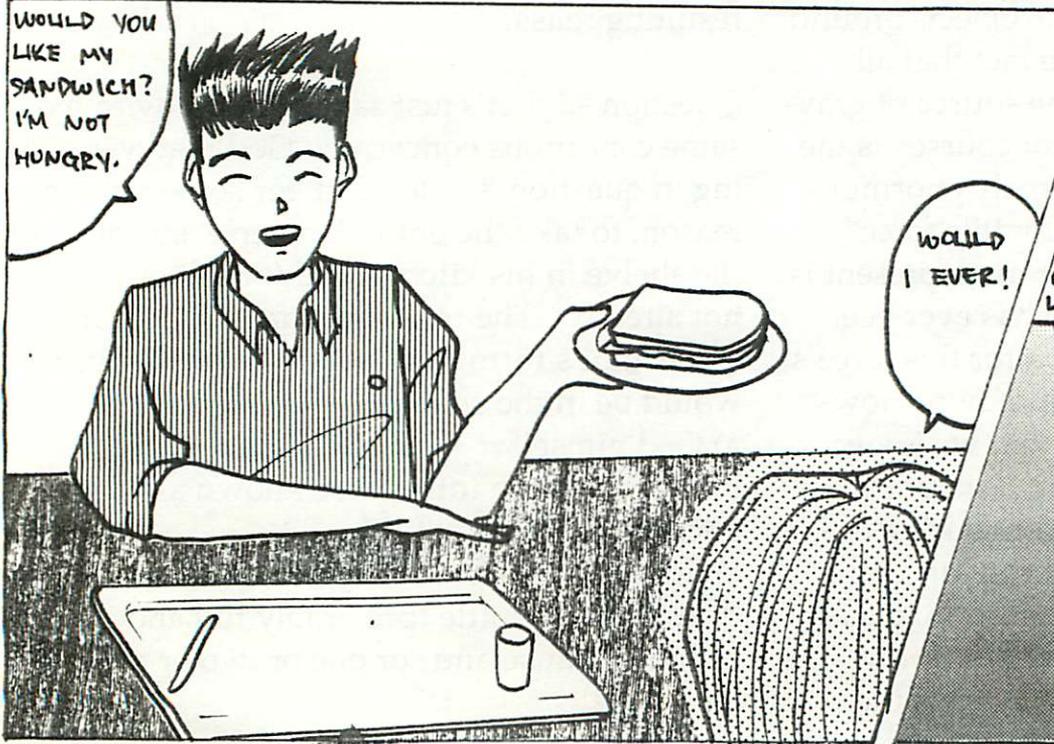
HMM...



HI,  
JUNE.



HELLO  
GREG.



WOULD YOU  
LIKE MY  
SANDWICH?  
I'M NOT  
HUNGRY.

WOULD  
I EVER!



I WANT  
YOU TO KNOW  
IT ISN'T  
AN ORDINARY  
SANDWICH  
THAT IS THE  
SANDWICH  
OF PURE  
LIGHT.



# The Adventures of Super Guy

by: Pheroze Karri



One day, Super Guy hears trouble

I hear trouble!

Super Guy goes to find the trouble, but then gets hungry



I want a hot dog!  
I will get a hot dog

Super Guy Buys an evil hot dog with relish.



Can I have an evil hot dog?

Yes.

OK, do you want relish?

OK



All of a sudden, the evil hot dog turns into an evil real dog.

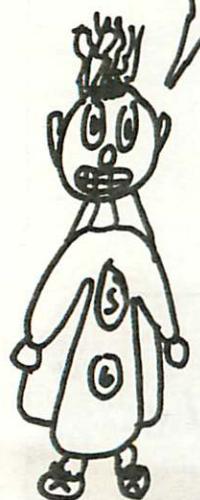


Oh, no! All of a sudden, the evil hot dog has turned into an evil real dog!

I am evil.



Super Guy is still hungry.



I will eat you!

I am evil.

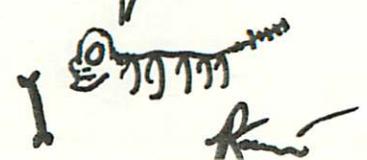


Super Guy becomes full.



I am full.

I am dead.



Karri

# Ben's Childhood Memories

Most people, when they think of Ben Kessler, think of adjectives like: sophisticated, sexy, suave, and many other positive adjectives that may or may not begin with the letter 's'. However, my adoring followers will be quite surprised to know that I was not always so impeccable in my cultural tastes. And though it hurts me to the very depths of my aesthetic sensibility, the parameters of this column require me to make as large of an ass out of myself as possible...so I will herein discuss what fine programs I grew up watching on my television set, otherwise known as television.

First of all, I used to be a huge fan of "Short Circuit." For those of you unfamiliar with this classic of American cinema, it starred Steve "Mahoney" Guttenberg, Ally "I haven't acted in years and I hate my life" Sheedy, and Fisher "No one's heard of me" Stevens...oh, and a robot. The rather implausible plot featured a robot getting struck by lightning and coming alive. Because he was alive, this robot loved to run around saying, "Number Five Is Alive! No Disassemble Number Five!" Oh, I forgot, Number Five was the robot's name. Number Five quickly became my idol, and, much to the annoyance of pretty much everyone, I would run around the house, flapping my arms, yelling, "I'm Number Five! Number Five Is Alive!" The cuteness factor on this stunt must have wore out in about five seconds, because my mother didn't allow me to see the film after my fourth ecstatic viewing. I noticed that after doing my clever Number Five impression for the fiftieth time in front of my parents, my father purchased a revolver. The night he purchased this instrument of death, he showed it to me, put his arm around my shoulder, and said, "Son, this gun is loaded and ready to go. I bet it would be real fun to play with, wouldn't it? Wouldn't it? The rest of us are going to go out for ice cream now. I'll just put my revolver in this open drawer. Goodbye, son."

I also used to have a crush on Rainbow

Brite. You know Rainbow Brite...that happy little cartoon character from the '80's who lived in the sky? A contemporary of Strawberry Shortcake? Man, was she hot. She had this boyfriend from Earth who used to fight evil with her. Boy, was he lucky. I used to have this recurring blissful dream that I was a cartoon, and that I killed Rainbow Brite's boyfriend (usually by decapitation) and took his place at her side. Well, truth be told, I still have the dream once in a while...asleep on the floor after yet another lonely Saturday night, empty whiskey bottles surrounding me, as I quietly weep in my slumber.

My obsession with hot chicks in cartoons continued throughout my elementary school career. But, come on, I bet there were many fourth-graders in my school who kept watching after "He-Man" to check out "She-Ra, Princess of Power," truth be told. As it was, however, I got ridiculed beyond belief on account of my "girly" cartoon-watching habits. Some cruel boys even went so far as to denounce me as having "cootie-wooties." I bravely continued to watch "She-Ra" despite their teasing, paving the way for future years of rebellion against society's constraints. Perhaps I went a bit too far, though, when I showed up for School Picture Day in fifth grade in full drag and makeup. Oh well, Viva La Revolution!



# BRETT'S SNACK COLUMN

TO A MAN WITH AN EMPTY STOMACH, FOOD IS GOD. — GHANDHI

Ghandi's words compel us to ponder beyond the simple act of eating food to the beautiful act of snacking. More significant than what we consume during a meal proves to be what we consume during the seemingly infinite hours between meals. During these long hours, one grows hungry and "food is God." People flock to candy stores or their prepared snack storage areas for their mid-meal taste of the divine. Between breakfast and lunch, lunch and dinner, and often at some point between the hours of twelve and five, one will provide his or her begging stomach with something sweet. Without a single worry of spoiling the following meal, one views this it's-ok-because-I'm-just-going-to-have-one-due-to-the-fact-that-I'm-so-damn-hungry-I'll-kill-and-eat-anything-and-if-you-try-to-stop-me-I'll-ram-a-fat-wooden-pole-up-your-ass item as a intermediate source of satisfaction, as an escape from man's cruel three-meal-a-day system of nutrition, as freedom from exile, as a **snack**.

\* \* \*

The quality of a snack depends on one universal constant. This constant is Snapple Lemon Iced Tea. To this day, no snack has conquered this heavenly drink. Several snacks have approached the line of victory only to collapse in exhaustion - very sad, a sad sight, sadly. I always keep an eye out for a potential competitor, but even the most promising prospects fail to meet my expectations. I find this repeating process of failure disappointing; it's all a very sad thing. Unfortunately, for a snack to beat Snapple, the snack's taste would require the ability to either send me into a parallel universe, or simply force me to urinate. Now, I'm happy we have all reached an agreement: Snapple Lemon Iced Tea controls the Universe. Therefore, the only fair way to judge a snack is to place the snack and Snapple at war, and then see how well the snack rises to the challenge before it is crushed.

This issue's snack will be Skittles, because it put up the best fight. Snapple was victorious, as always, in the end, but the Skittles stood their ground for a respectable quantity of time.

The wind was cold and brisk. The sun, as it fell through the western sky, looked like a huge mass of hydrogen gas at a temperature of millions of degrees Fahrenheit, constantly ramming together to form he-

lium in a process called nuclear fusion. There was an unmistakable feeling of fructose. The air was sweet. On the eastern front stood the Skittles. Large numbers of every color of the rainbow covered the hillside. The quantity was intimidating, each soldier marked with a powerful "S". Under the soon to be setting sun, upon the western front, stood the impressive Snapple army. Impressive not because of quantity but because of size. There were only three Snapple bottles but, compared to a Skittle, each bottle was an enormous monster. The Skittles knew right away that they were going to have a hard time. The Snapple bottles, though confident, were a little intimidated by their numerous and colorful opponents. Both sides understood that they were faced with sweet opposition.

The war was brutal. The Skittles opened fire. Trillions of sticky projectiles were launched from colorful warriors. They stuck to the glass of the perfectly chilled Snapple bottles, but the resulting damage was relatively insignificant. The bottles advanced. With each step, thousands of warrior Skittles were crushed beneath the glass. Sticky, but delicious, white goo spirted out for below the bottles, enveloping numerous warriors around the bottles as well. The casualties were much more than a few.

The Skittles knew they had to do something. All their previous plans failed. The General had not given up. He thought of new plan, and it was brilliant. All the Skittles were ordered to pull out their Skittle sledge-hammers swing away at the bottles' base.

The Snapple bottles were panic-stricken. They had never before received such opposition. One Snapple bottle's base shattered. It fell with tremendous force and the army of Skittles was left soaked in the blood (otherwise known as lemon iced tea) of their enemy. The remaining pair of Snapples stood in shock as the little skittles continued to hammer away at the glass.

Even though the situation looked grim for the Snapple army, they were far from defeat. One must always remember to never forget that Snapple controls the entire universe. Therefore, it has the ability to do whatever the hell it wants. One might consider the use of this power during an open field battle a blatant act of cheating, but that is not of their concern; they want



- Color rating: 10
- Decoration rating: 7
- Vertical jump: fair
- Snack's effect on the weather: good
- Snack's favorite color: purple
- Is the snack talented? Yes
- If one had enough of the candy, could one drown another in it? Yes
- Effectiveness of snack as a tool for murder: 2
- Sweetness: 9
- Cavity prevention: 0
- Cavity encouragement: 10
- Cavity encouragement when snack left in mouth overnight: 10
- Snapple to snack ratio: 10 to 4
- Overall rating: 6
- Tim's overall rating: 6
- Stephanie Seymour's rating: 7
- Does Stephanie Seymour like Snapple more than skittles? Yes

to win. The bottles created, using the powers of the entire universe, four-hundred and eleven large fat big stupid hairy tough round wise drunk snapple buddhas all of which had large sabers to slice away at the little colorful warriors. Cheating? The bottles didn't think so. The buddhas fought the little sweet candies and protected the glass of the large Snapple bottles. The buddhas' sabers pierced the Skittles' candy skin with ease, and sweet white goo oooooooozed out everywhere; everything was left sweet - sweet as could be.

The Skittles never really had a chance. But I told them they did, and they fought with courage and confidence as a result. That's all that really matters in the end. Confidence and pride are the key ingredients to a good snack. The snack must be proud. The Skittles lost miserably after the fat drunk buddhas showed up, but they were able to take out one of the Snapple bottles. I saw that achievement as a sign. No snack had ever never ever been able to do that before.

**K**

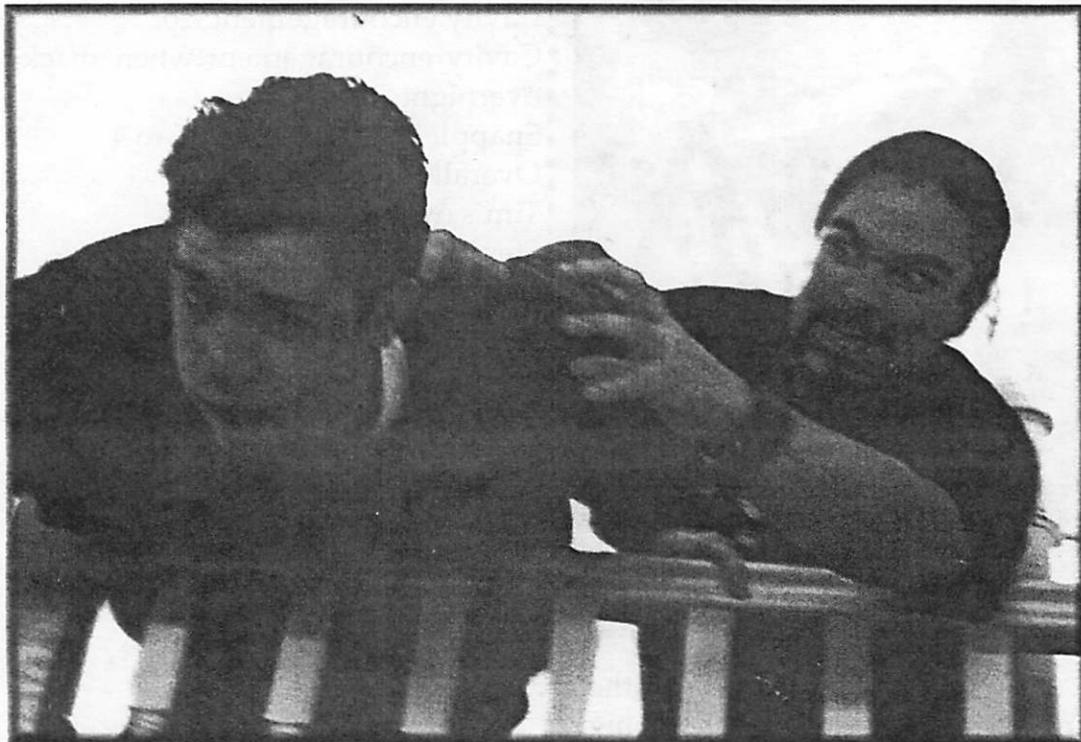


# PHEROZE KNOWS

Lifers,

Ah I'm back for a rerun after winning the "Pimp of the Year" award as well as the "Miss Teen USA" Pageant. It's been hectic, but with my cunning perseverance, and a good makeup man named Raul I've managed to cut some corners and let my natural self shine through (thank you sweeties). I've been living on Marlin Brando for the past week (ah the cushions!)

and I feel oddly pleased. In any case, I'm removing my detachable tooth covers and living it up your letters. Send more damnit. Address them to "Pepe de Pepepherithec" and slip 'em thorough campus mail. Let open the gates and let loose the A.P. ...



Dear Pheroze,

I've been noticing changes in my boyfriend. On occasion he'll grow a tail, claws, long black ears, and little beady eyes. Then he calls me "Chuck" and throws his food dish at me. What's happening?

- Felita

Felita,

Don't worry about your situation, your boyfriend is simply turning into Snoopy, that lovable "Peanuts" character. This is perfectly normal for anyone named Carlito. So if his name is Carlito then he's a freak and I would recommend shooting him with a big rifle. I feel your though, my friend turned into Popeye and his arms fell off because they were too big for him. Life is rough, Play Hard.

Dear Pheroze Knows,

Whatever happened to 'Emelio Estevez?'

- Mr. Clean

Mr. Clean (oh you bring such a sparkle to my linoleum),

Well young Emilio teamed up with Kevin Costner and tried shooting a sequel to 'Mighty Ducks 2' called 'The Mighty Wombats,' but that didn't work too well because Wombats can't skate (they are bitchin' Balderdash players though). Then he went solo and

shot the infamous 'Mighty Kamikazes' but all the actors killed themselves so he had to stop the production. Then he teamed up with Danny Devito and Brett Michaels and produced the epic "Klothlike Breittembach The Almighty Slayer of all that is Evil."

This has received

rave reviews with test ausiences under 3 so he's riding high on this success. Oh what a stud.

Pheroze,

Do fake boobs feel different from real ones?

- Bob

Bob,

After consulting my guinea pig (Pamela Andersen Lee Tommy whatever... I wish) I have come to the conclusion that they don't. Real boobs feel like Lucky Charms and fake ones feel like Cap'n Crunch. The fake ones get soggy less often, though, and their color doesn't run.

Well, that's that. Piss off.



# STEVE GREY'S X-MAS SOOPER HARRY FUN PAGE



## HOLIDAY CROSSWORD

	2				
1					

Across      Down

1. A reptile      2. A reptile

All: gator      Crocodile

Answers

## HOLIDAY PICTURE SWITCH

Find 6 differences

	2. 
--	--------

## HOLIDAY JOKE

Q: What did Santa say to his reindeer  
 A: "Do a good job for me and the Mrs. will be dining on rein-venison on the 26th!"



## HOLIDAY MATCHING

1.	A.
2.	B.
3.	C.

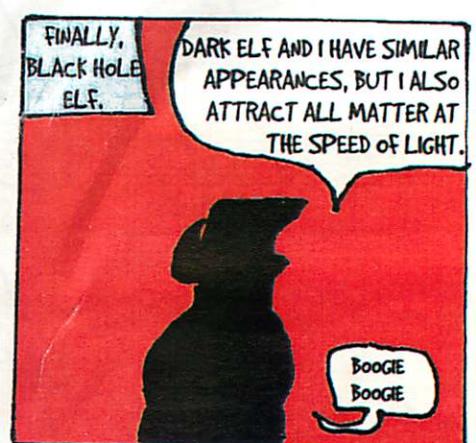
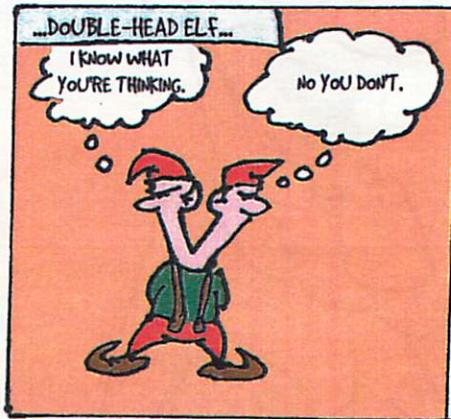
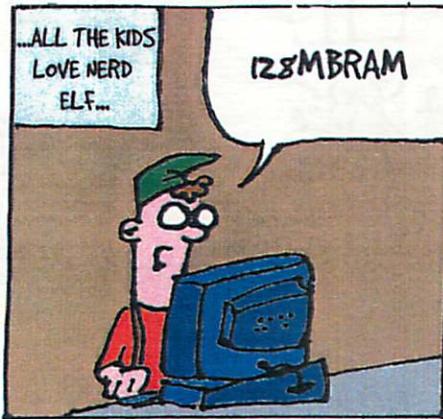
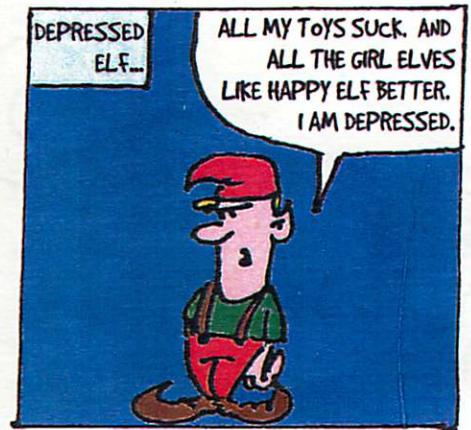
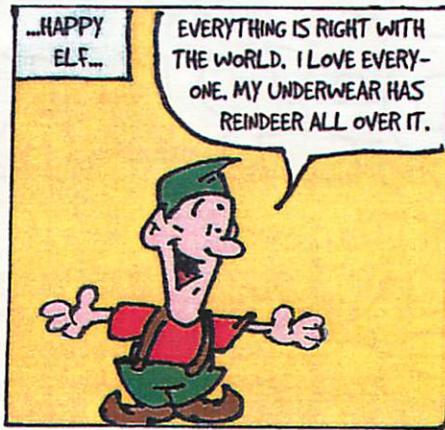
Answers: A-3, 2-C, B-3

## HOLIDAY HOW-TO-DRAW

### A REIN-MOOSE

1.	2.
3.	

# The Twelve Elves of Christmas



THE END