



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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Put Your Campfire Out Without A Doubt

Smokey is counting on you to make sure your campfire is completely out.

1. Drown the fire and surrounding area with water.
2. Stir the fire with a shovel or stick.
3. Drown the fire again.
4. Add water and stir until the area is cold to the touch.
5. Don't bury coals.
6. Don't leave a campfire unattended, not even for a minute.
7. Never start a campfire in an area where prohibited.

REMEMBER, ONLY YOU CAN PREVENT FOREST FIRES.

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Please Recycle

The Magic Wondershow

This week:

“*The gift of persuasive eloquence*” or “*A guy on the train kissed the Blarney Stone*”

By Sean J. Stanley

Greetings faithful readers. As you may or may not know, I am a descendant from Irish paupers and am held by honor to fend off the bloody English, drink liberally, and engage in fistacuffsmanship whenever possible. Therefore, it was only proper that I follow my ancestral blood to New York City this weekend to observe and take part in the largest St. Patrick's Day festivities in America. For those of you who don't know the history behind the holiday (March 17), which was first celebrated in 19th century Boston and has been a crucial sales day for liquor distributors and barkeeps alike ever since, here is a fun fact from an informative brochure:

“Far from being a saint, until he was 16, he considered himself a pagan. At that age, he was *sold into slavery by a group of Irish marauders* that raided his village. During his captivity, he became closer to God.”

Wouldn't you? He spent some time as a shepherd before ousting the Celtic Pagans from Ireland. Where the obnoxious green party hats, tankers full of Guinness, and the coloring of large bodies of water comes from I couldn't tell you. It doesn't matter. All that does matter is that happy-hour prices go down and blood alcohol levels go up. Most don't know why they're partying, but experienced partiers don't need a good reason. The trip began with a six-hour train ride into New York. I slept most of the way, and managed to chew through a few pages of Joyce's *Ulysses* (an appropriate novel for an Irishman heading to the big apple for St. Paddy's Day). Upon arrival in Penn Station, I met up with my family and we took the subway to Times Square, the location of the Crowne Plaza Hotel. A respectable joint, staffed by Ukrainian concierges and Dominican bellhops, we made ourselves home in one of the two lobby bars. Those crazy New Yorkers. They'll shit in a jar and call it Art (want proof, go visit the Guggenheim). In this case, they chopped down a tree, encased it in glass, and erected above the bar for some reason. This was accompanied by fetid, up-tempo contemporary jazz music that induced suicide in some, and made the rest of us feel as if we were in the dreary furniture section of a department store, yet it was fully stocked and open all night. Henceforth, the “Log Bar” was to be our base of operations for the weekend, allowing ample facilities to such back seven-dollar bloody Marys and pints of Guinness, in order to hash out the stratagem for taking the city by storm.

The parade consisted of cops, fireman, and marines, some in kilts, some with bagpipes, all freezing. Hillary Clinton marched along with the gang, her entourage meeting several dissolute locals dismayed by her presence. When they weren't throwing nasty items at her, they were shouting nastier expletives in her direction. You gotta hand it to New York voters. They don't fuck with the bullshit. Anyway, after the parade, my dad and I headed uptown and checked out the Museum of Natural History. A cool place if you've never been to any of the Smithsonian museums. There was a planetarium there and I was saddened to see that they chose narrators for the exhibits based on their “credibility”. For example, noted astronaut and physicist Tom Hanks narrated the planetarium show, while the demonstration of the “Big Bang” theory was presented by radio astronomer and stellar cartographer *Jodie Foster*. Lame. We all know that the foremost scientific authority in deep space/interplanetary research is *Patrick Stewart*. Come on, any child knows that.

The rest of the weekend involved lots of drinking and family bonding – all had an excellent time. I guess anyone can have an excellent time with enough booze coursing through the veins. Lets just say that my clan killed many a blessed pint and things went without a hitch until my train ride back.

Amtrak can eat the corn out of my steaming excrement. After a grueling ride out of the city, the train got stuck in Albany for two and a half hours. My assigned seat partner was a crazy old black guy from New Orleans who didn't say anything to me for the first three hours of the trip. He had the window seat and was content to place his tray-table in its fully unlocked and extended position. This would have been fine by me if it didn't force him to slide his ass across my body as he got up from his



seat. I wouldn't have even minded that if his ass hadn't been festooned in sagging blue dickies that graciously exposed his crack, and the fact that he got up TWELVE THOUSAND TIMES during the trip. It seemed that each time he got up directly coincided with me reaching REM sleep in the chair beside him. The first couple of times, I didn't care. I recognized that he was kinda old and could use a hand, so I adjusted myself to accommodate his movements. No big deal. Just as I was nodding off for the seventeenth time, he gets up, walks to the front of the train car, opens the door, and spits into the gap between the cars, walks back, sits down. I looked down at my armrest. There was a lever. In the hopes that it would activate some sort of emergency ejection mechanism beneath my seat, I pulled it vigorously. Click! Click! "Goose, I can't reach the ejection handle!" Instead of the flash of explosive bolts sequencing and the rush of cold air as I rocketed out of harms way, the lever deployed a paltry excuse for a footrest. I cursed God and Satan and Vanderbilt himself. But soft! From the front of the car emerged people carrying cardboard boxes containing various foodstuffs (and most importantly beverages, of the alcoholic nature I couldn't discern, but the possibility did exist). I had completely forgotten that I had been sober for a full hour. I left the confines of my seat (without aid of rocket and chute) and sallied forth in search of the club car. Passing through two cars, the contents of which in various states of family oriented catatonia, I found the club car and set to work getting myself drunk again. The bartender was a cross between a coked up Chris Tucker and a Hasidic diamond peddler, completely bald except for wispy curls at the front of his head. He was a colorful character that no doubt had earned a reputation on the Northwest Passage for being so. He was good at his job, but offered little in insight as to why we hadn't been moving for two hours. I moved in, armed with a \$20:

"What can I do for you Dr. Love?" he asked.

"Are you a man in the know?" I asked.

"I know a few things here and there. What you want to know?"

"How long until we reach Rochester?" I probed.

He searched his pockets, then his coat, followed by the counter and adjacent cabinets. He left the bar for a moment and returned smiling.

"We ain't even moving yet!"

"I'll have two gin-and-tonics and a double rum-and-coke..."

(On a literary side note, I found Joyce far easier to digest with a few in me. Perhaps that is how the author intended one to read it.)

Returning to my seat, fashionably drunk, I found that my window-seat companion had not moved. I slumped back in my seat and tried to fall asleep. No luck. Out of nowhere, the guy started to talk to me.

"I didn't always used to be this way. I got old, boy, I got old. Yeah, boy!" he said. (He had a habit of punctuating every segment of dialog with "boy")

"Really," I said. "Why are you going to Rochester?"

"To see my daughter."

"That's pretty cool."

"You got to have religion, boy!"

Here it comes. I had heard about people on trains trying to convert you, but had never experienced it myself.

"I do?"

"You got to have peace of mind, boy! Peace of mind! You could make all the money! You could make all the money, but that goes against god. You got to have peace of mind, boy!"

"That makes sense"

"Yeah boy! You could kill someone and make a lot of money. You could kill lots of people and make a *whole lot of money*. But you got to have peace of mind, boy, peace of mind."

"I don't think I could kill anyone. I'm pretty much a pacifist. What do you do?"

"I worked for Eastman Kodak. Foreman. 30 years."

"Retired?"

"Yeah boy! You got to have piece of mind. I'm coming up from down south."

"Where down south?"

"New Orleans."

"Yeah? I've been there; I loved it down there. Good food."

"80 degrees boy! 80 degrees!"

"Hey, what's the best place for food down there?"

"If you can't cook, they will run you out of town."

"That's good to know."

At this point, I decided that there needed to be a break in the conversation. I asked him if he was hungry or thirsty. He said yes. I booked it to the club car and bought him an orange juice. He followed me down and Chris Tucker gave him a sandwich on the house. Nice guy. We went back to our seats and I watched him open and eat the sandwich, then open and eat the mustard packages. The conversation continued more or less as follows:

"You got religion, boy?"

"I guess so. I'm pretty big on balance. I think that what goes around comes around. Do unto others and so on."

"Yeah boy! My daughter has two children."

"Going to spent time with them?"

"No way, boy! That's against god! Against god!"

"Spending time with your grandkids is against god?"

"Yeah boy! You can't fight. I used to fight."

"Where did you fight?"

Turns out he was a mid-weight amateur boxer from 46-52, and boxed in the army during his tour in Korea. We

discussed many things, from the Korean War to card games. He was an avid Solitaire player, but when I inquired as to whether he knew any other games, he said that he knew them all, including poker. A guy cheated him in a stud game once and he naturally expressed an interest in killing him. I offered to play a game with him, but any game that wasn't Solitaire was against god and thus unplayable. Fair enough. We discussed the bible and what he did in his spare time, which was to either pray or watch televangelists. I have yet to meet a more deeply devoted spirit than this gentleman. The conversation ended with the swift approach of the Rochester train station.

"I'm gonna have to get me some rubbers, boy!"

I didn't know what to say to that, but I gave it my best shot.

"I guess you've got to protect yourself."

"Yeah boy! This here is a hand job."

"Excuse me?"

"Hand job. This is a hand job," he said, pointing down at his legs. I noticed he was wearing sandals. Ok, I wasn't going insane.

"You mean boots?"

"Yeah boy! Its cold in Rochester! Cold boy!"

"That it is, my friend, that it is."

And so we disembarked. I helped him with his bags and a young man approached him with a sixty-pound gold cross hanging around his neck. My ride was there as well, drunk as shit. Things were looking up. Still, even after my experience, I couldn't get the guy out of my head. My grandmother died last fall from Alzheimer's disease. I remembered all the times I had to feed her from a tray similar to the tray table, and how lost she was to all of the people that I had just seen in New York. My grandfather (along on the trip) is just now getting back on his feet after taking care of her for five years, watching her gradually slip away

from him. Nobody during the trip had mentioned the absence of my grandmother from the scene. It seems as if she worked her way into the scene (at least in my case) after all. I watched the old man loose his seat several times before I realized that nobody was going to help him. I found him wandering around on the wrong car and brought him back to his seat. He was virtually catatonic for most of the ride, and when he spoke, he offered only brief moments of clarity. The experience dredged up a lot of uncomfortable memories of my own experiences as caretaker, and how sometimes an encounter doesn't shake you until long after it happens. This may seem like any travelers cynical anecdote, sometimes humorous, sometimes somber, but it looks more and more like an attempt to cope with the knowledge that my mother has a genetic predisposition for Alzheimer's disease, as do my siblings and I. That's easy to forget until a guy next to you reminds you for eight hours what life could be like for your parents in ten to fifteen years. I thank my new friend for that.

I don't understand why people grip so tightly to religion, but he managed to shed some light on the subject. When I asked for specifics, he indicated that he knew nothing of the contents of the Bible, only that which was told to him by the preachers in his family and the swindlers on television. Regardless, it gave him peace of mind. Guess we're all looking for that somewhere. Hope it gets found. I've been writing here for nearly three years, so I reserve the right to be serious once and a while (didn't think I could, didn't you). I'll leave the jokes to Randall and Dalas this week. But fear not, faithful readers. Next week shall feature many an insight into your choice as a student at RIT. Until then...



Episode 19...

Big Daddy: Hi there, kiddies! Today we're going to talk about a very important aspect of science called funding.

Kids: Corporate research grants!

Mort: There's CIA in my cereal!

Big Daddy: A more efficient way to earn money for—

Kids: Underwater basket weaving!

Big Daddy: —enough crack to give your monkeys, is to play a trick on the insurance company.

Kids: Halloween was last week!

Big Daddy: Well, maybe not a trick, exactly. See, you pretend that something bad has happened. Or you can pretend that something was an accident when you and your kid siblings all know what really happened.

Kids: Jim the Hammer Shapiro!

Big Daddy: Now, let's say you kids want some new toys.

Kids: Only 50 shopping days 'till Christmas!

Big Daddy: A good way to get new toys is to set the ones you have on fire, and pretend that it was an accident.

Kids: James Bond!

Big Daddy: Right! Whenever James Bond sets his toys on fire, he gets new ones from the government.

Kids: Long live the queen!

Mort: But what if I want a new grandma...but, but, should I set my grandma on fire because if she heats up her colostomy bag will expand and then it might explode an' an' an' then my whole house will smell like gin and Metamucil an' an' then—

Kids: Euthanasia!

Bobby: Physician assistant suicide!

Mort: Yeah, an' an' all the PA's I know kill themselves 'cause they're not real doctors like on ER—

Big Daddy: Fucko, GET 'IM! (*Fucko licks lips and pounces on Mort, dragging him from the room.*) A good example of toys you might want to destroy are Lincoln Logs, because they're not plastic and they don't shoot anything—

Seth: (*drools*)

Big Daddy: and because fourteen kids before you chewed on 'em.

Seth: (*drools*)

Big Daddy: So, you get Aunt LuAnn's lighter from beside her pack of Pall Malls and then you empty all of the fluid out of it. If it's a quality Zippo™, this won't be too hard. Otherwise you might have to use an ice pick to poke a hole in the lighter.

Kids: It's all fun and games until someone loses an eye!

Big Daddy: Soak the Lincoln Logs real good in the lighter fluid. You might want to do this on a non-flammable surface, like the hood of your dad's restored cherry red '67 Chevy. Then, obviously, you light 'em and act really confused about how they caught on fire in the first place.

Kids: Carcinogens!

Big Daddy: A few good things to do at this point are to cry, talk about how much you loved those Lincoln Logs, and maybe to

sniffle a little and suggest that while their loss is irreplaceable, you would be just a teensy bit cheered by, let's say, a new Sonyplay Station.

Kids: Hooray!

Big Daddy: See, this show is possible because my former employers believe that I'm paralyzed from the waist down.

Kids: Christopher Reeve!

Big Daddy: Exactly! We all know that nothing could hurt the man of steel, so he's obviously faking.

Disembodied voices of the Lords of Acid: Man of steel, you're so cold...

Big Daddy: And look at all of the attention he's getting, even though he has a weird facial structure!

Suzy: But, Big Daddy, isn't lying to the insurance company morally wrong? I mean, what if everybody decided to do it? Plus, you're telling a lie.

Big Daddy: You know Suzy, two months ago I would have sent you to the Wrong Room with Fucko the Clown to learn about right and wrong, but you almost have a point here. You know how some of the things that happened to you in the Wrong Room were, ah, well, maybe a teensy bit not so good?

Kids: Please master, may I have another?

Big Daddy: However, you've learned from the experience, and aren't nearly such a pain in the—I mean, as disruptive are you were. So, while we all call it the Wrong Room, good things can actually happen there, right?

Suzy: Uh...(*fumbles with her Durkheim.*)



Big Daddy: Now, as for your question about “what if everybody did it,” that won’t happen, because not everyone is as smart as you kids and Big Daddy. It takes some brains to outwit the insurance company, or your parents for that matter, so not everyone will be able to do it. Plus, our viewership isn’t that big. Do you think we’d still be strictly print if we had a million viewers?

Kids: Thrifty is nifty!

Big Daddy: The other reason that lying to the insurance company is okay is that they have millions of dollars to give away.

Kids: Publisher’s Clearing House!


Big Daddy: So now you kids know how to get new toys and how to get research money later in life. The secret is to pretend, which I know all of you are good at.

Kids: Willing suspension of disbelief!

Fucko: (*Emerges from the Wrong Room, gag in hand.*) Uh, Big Daddy, it’s time for the *X-Files* season premiere.

Big Daddy: Well, kids, that looks like the end. See ya next week!

Kids: We missed *The Simpsons* for this?!?



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Heroin Addict
Vandal
Purse Snatcher
Car Jacker

...all kicked out
with the help
of kids like me.
-Billy, age 15

Everybody loves to trash teenagers, right? Maybe they don't realize that we do care. That we can make a difference. Get involved in Crime Prevention. Clean up parks. Teach younger kids. Start a school or neighborhood watch. And help make your community safer and better for everyone. Together, we can prove them wrong by doing something right.

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Ad Council



On the Education Beat

By Randall Good

I have some wonderful news for any college professors out there looking to make a difference with their students. The secret to making college students care about your class has been discovered.

By me.

The only thing you need to do is take a couple stories about being drunk or stoned and work them into your lecture. Here is an example of how to sneak one of these subtle references into your lecture:

“Sorry this lecture is a little slow; I got fucking hammered last night.”

This has happened to me a couple of times so far and each time my reaction was one of great respect and admiration. When a teacher alludes to this one time when he/she was intoxicated/high-as-a-kite and did some stupid thing/had some brilliant revelation, the kids can't help but let out a hearty chuckle and think: “This class is gonna rock.”

And wouldn't it be simply “smashing” to get high with your teacher and discuss the effects of “Socialism” on “individuals” who have the “munchies”?

It's important for college professors to show us how cool they are. Even if we don't share their experiences, we hope to eventually. We'll all listen to their lectures with newfound vigor as we patiently wait for the next cool reference to smoking up.

Don't ask me how, but this brings me to a topic that I know very little about: Freshman Seminar. My major didn't require me to take such a course, so I can criticize it based solely on lots of hearsay about how much it “sucks”. “Waste of time” is another positive comment tossed around by students. Of all the student comments I've heard about these mandatory courses, these are the most positive yet.

So I hear that Student Government and President Simone are trying to implement college-wide Freshman Seminar courses in the College of Imaging Arts and Sciences (CIAS). These mandatory sessions will be taught by outside instructors, who I can only guess are highly trained in teaching the “arts” of “personal growth as a capitalist” and “why it's important to donate money to your *Alma Mater*”. I'm sure that such an education is very exciting to free thinking, liberal-minded art students. If the more money-driven students at RIT hated these patronizing courses, then a group of aspiring artists would surely appreciate them ten-fold.

Why does Freshman Seminar have such powerful

support? Ever heard of a little something called “retention”? Retention is the art of a university not letting its students leave. Much like an obese person “retains” water, RIT hopes to “retain” all of its students until they graduate. Or, perhaps I should look at things more realistically: RIT hopes to “retain” all of its students' “tuitions” for as long as possible. Forever, hopefully.

This epidemic of students deciding that RIT isn't right for their money is something that weighs heavy on the minds of economic-minded (read, “all”) administrators. The fact that RIT's primary goals are based on filling that ten-car garage by the year 2010 is no secret to any of our students. So notorious is this institute's cash hungry attitude that I even question the need for these last couple sentences; you guys know this stuff already.

So, it won't surprise you that Freshman Seminar is essentially a new kind of course designed not to educate, but rather to create revenue. Sure, its supporters will toss around buzzwords like “student disillusionment”, “suicide”, “freshman adjustment”, and “growth process”, but we see through their cheap, heartless subterfuge. And if I may be allowed to argue from the economic standpoint I so dislike, CIAS has one of the highest rates of retention at RIT (91 percent), and if these courses are as insulting as I've been led to believe, then freshman art students will be so sickened by RIT and more compelled to give their green to say... U of R. Gasp!

The only good Freshman Seminar class imaginable would be some sort of collegiate, social initiation to the many adult wonders of the college world. A helpful instructor can pair off boys and girls looking to leave their virginity behind. Kama Sutra could even be discussed; the US could use more skilled lovers. Freshman looking for their first herbal or alcoholic experience can get it out of the way in the comfort and trust of classroom walls. A new regiment of lectures designed to actually help college students could be introduced. “How to Steal from the Ritz” and “Masturbating Without Waking Your Roommate” would be worth attending. The possibilities and benefits would be limitless.

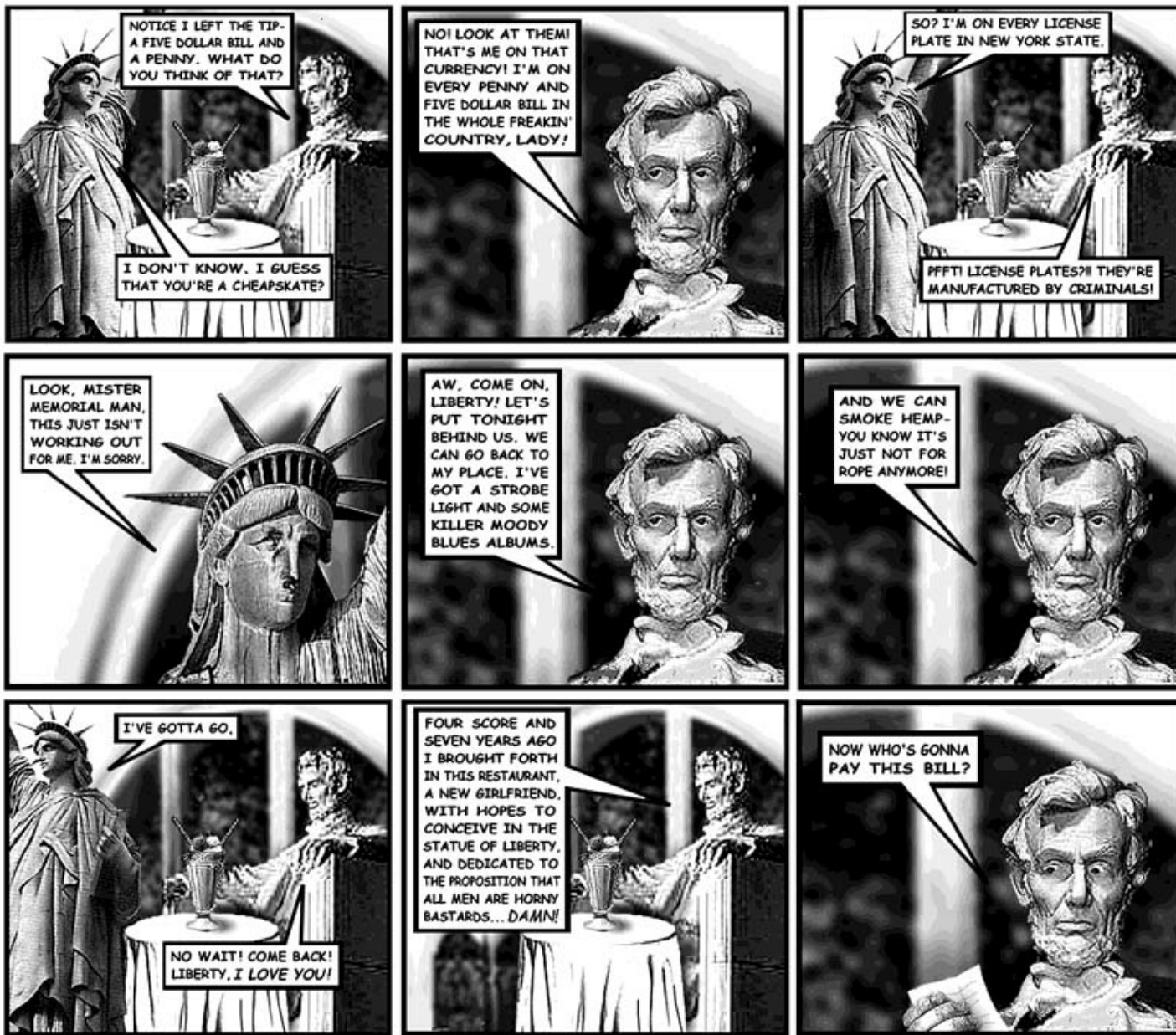
But, alas, future freshman will be forced to sit through bland lectures on “The Importance of a College Education in the Information Age”, “Why I Shouldn't Swear at My Computer”, and “Discovering Things About Yourself That Only Your Parents Knew”.

Special thanks to Sean J. Stanley, whose writing style I just completely ripped off.

MUCKRAKER

By Jason K. Huddy, muckrakercomics@yahoo.com

<http://www.losdisneys.com/muckraker.html>



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SUBMIT.

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EXPOSED!

A journalist descends into the seedy underbelly of RIT.

By reporter Dalas W. Verdugo

This article is the first in a semi-regular series where I plan to root out corruption and expose the dark dealings of the various people and organizations at RIT. When I was looking into RIT as a school I might attend, I never suspected that such nefarious people worked within its red brick walls. Reading The Reporter has turned me around on this issue. I'm now fully aware that secret double-dealings occur on a regular basis. This has led me to the decision that I must play the part of the alert watchdog and EXPOSE the murky underworld at RIT.

Recently I was in building eight, checking rooms for my job, when I happened upon a box in one of the computer labs. The box seemed innocent enough. However, it was what lurked within the box that revealed its true intentions. A handmade sign hung on the box reading "Free to a good home." I looked inside and what did I find? A stack of mousepads sat in the corrugated cardboard cube in question. On each of the mousepads the logo for Dell Computers was printed. What does this mean, readers? I think we can only assume that Dell has implanted miniscule monitoring devices inside of each of these mousepads. Their plan must be to gather information on RIT students and faculty. Why would they want such information you ask? Oh, my dear, stupid readers. Your blissful innocence is so charming that if you weren't so horribly ugly I would kiss you all on the cheek. Why, Dell plans to sell this information to the Publisher's Clearinghouse, of course. Oh, you say, so the information is merely being used to help solicitors send us junk mail. Your blissful innocence is quickly turning to downright retarded ignorance, readers. The Publisher's Clearinghouse is merely a front for the Polish Crimesyndicate (PC = PC, see?), a Mafia group which not only controls the world's supply of fishsticks, but also supplies every water-fountain cooling device in the Northeast. You see, by monitoring your private conversations, they can determine at what point the student body starts to become upset with the temperature of the water in the water fountains. By keeping the temperature set at one degree cooler than this, the fountains save money on the electricity required to cool them. The money that

is left over in the RIT water-fountain-cooling budget is then returned to the PCs and is used to buy them Cadillacs, Birkenstocks, and other such items of luxury. Oh, now I see, you say. Chances are that you don't, you simple-minded peons, but at least you're trying.

Recently, I snuck into the depths of Al Simone's lair, and sat outside his office door, eavesdropping on the conversation within. This is what I heard:

Voice 1: Mmmph, maahhoom baa naa mmmm mmm ppphh hmm

Voice 2: Mmm mmmph, naa hoom oom ooom haaamm maph

Voice 1: Mmph

Run-of-the-mill plebes like yourselves probably disregard this conversation as a mess of muffled tones. However, a skilled investigator like myself knows to drink 4 to 5 beers, which aids in deciphering this kind of talk. Here is what was really said.

Voice 1: Thank you, Al Simone, for helping the Polish Crimesyndicate profit off of the foolish fountain-users of RIT.

Voice 2: No problem. There's nothing I love more than secret, underhanded conspiracies. These fishsticks are really tasty.

Voice 1: Indeed.

So you see, my sweet simpletons, these scandalous transactions go on all around us almost every single day. I solemnly swear to you that I shall continue to be on the lookout for any naer'do'wells that might threaten the fiber of our fine Institute, and I promise to fight the injustice I find in the slimy crevices of the establishment. Unless, of course, it becomes really scary.

Yours in valor,
dalas w. verdugo

Winning the game

By Adam Fletcher

Often, when I am teaching people how to play chess, they get into position where they are flat out winning but cannot figure out how checkmate. The most common of these positions involve the player having two rooks and a king, and the opponent just having a king or a king and a pawn or two. The player with the rooks knows she is winning but can almost never find the checkmate until it is shown to her. Below, I will illustrate several of the most basic methods of checkmating when you have a significant material advantage.

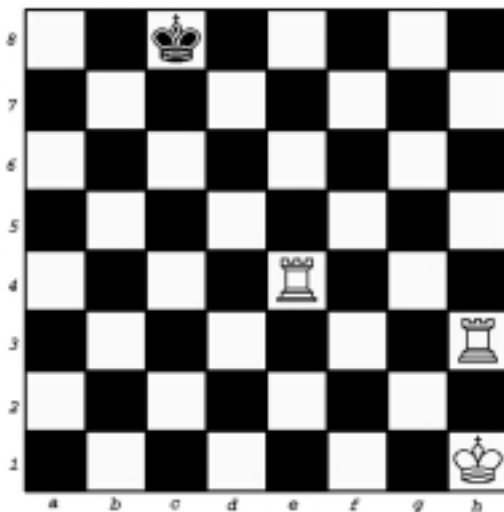


Figure 1

Two rooks, and king versus a lone king. The theme in this position is to use the rooks together to force the king to retreat until the king is at the edge of the board. The king can then be checkmated using the same theme that forced the king to the edge. In Figure 1, this theme can be illustrated with the following line:

1. Rh7 Kd8 2. Rg4 Ke8 3. Rg8 checkmate.

Notice how the king can never pass through the squares that the rook covers. Also notice that the other rook is quick to play check and cover more squares, forcing the king back up along the rank or file. The rooks continue this until checkmate is played.

A rook, a queen, and a king versus a lone king. The same theme that is used in figure 1 can be applied to Figure 2. The queen and rooks eat up the possible escape squares, and the king is forced to the edge of the board where checkmate is delivered. Care must be taken not to play stalemate, however.

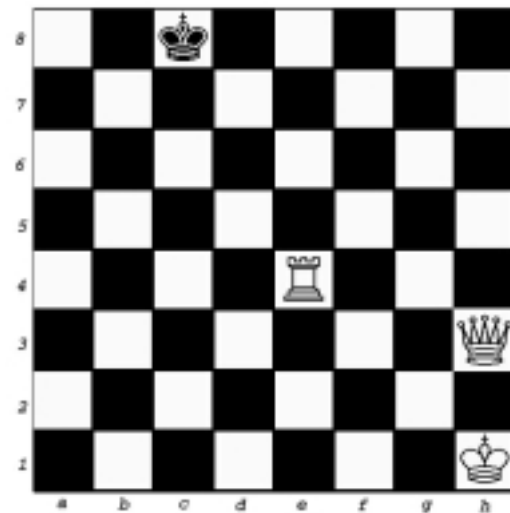


Figure 2

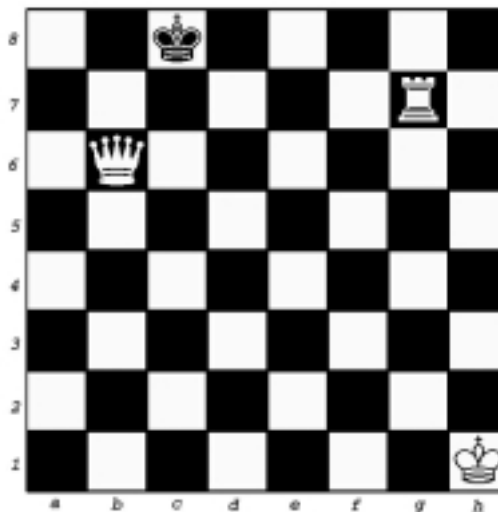


Figure 3

Figure 3 is an example of stalemate. Stalemate occurs when a player whose turn it is to move cannot legally move any of his pieces. I show this example because it is similar to Figure 2, but the white player has made a mistake and moved his queen into a position that prevents black from legally playing anywhere. A player should use these examples, especially the queen and rook example, to learn to visualize the squares the pieces controls. In each example the player should be looking at the board and visualizing the squares that each piece controls.

Episode 20...

Big Daddy: Hi there, kiddies! Today, we're going to talk about forests. In order to understand forests, you have to understand that trees flock together because they're a minority.

Kids: Deaf Gay Asian Engineers with Foot Fetishes!

Big Daddy: It seems like there are many different kinds of trees, but they all fit into two basic categories—

Kids: Tastes great! Less filling!

Big Daddy: —firewood and Christmas trees. Now, trees are pretty smart. They know that if the firewood lived where it was cold all of the time, they would get cut down and burned. So, where it's warm, like in Brazil, everything is firewood.

Kids: Slash and burn!

Big Daddy: In Canada, everything is Christmas trees, because you're getting closer to the North Pole, where the spirit of Christmas hangs out.

Kids: Only 48 shopping days left!

Suzy: But, Big Daddy, what about those really little trees they found at the South Pole?

Big Daddy: Well, those aren't big enough to be firewood or Christmas trees, so they aren't really trees at all. In fact, they are very small for a reason that every one of you fine young men that's jumped into a cold lake at the beginning of the season knows about.

Kids: Undescended testicles!

Mort: Duck season!

Bobby: Rabbit season!

Mort: Duck season!



Hello,

I would just like to say that the article that Randall Good wrote about "The Penis Monologues" is a disgrace to men everywhere. I find it hard to believe that he tried very hard to interview anyone. I think that he probably just made all of the accounts up. Stories about child molestation are not funny, and neither are you, you sick, sick person. I happen to have a deep respect for women everywhere, especially women who have

Bobby: Rabbit season!

Big Daddy: Uh, Roger, could you page Fucko? (*Kids continue, Camera operator pages Fucko.*)

Big Daddy: So, we learn from our own bodies that cold makes things small. In the same way, cold makes trees very small. You can see the differences in trees here in the United States.

Kids: Xenophobia!

Big Daddy: Just get your parents to take you on a little car trip down South. (*Dueling Banjos plays. Fucko appears in a French maid outfit.*)

Seth: (*Drools*)

Fucko: You rang, mon amour?

Mort: Duck season!

Bobby: Rabbit season!

Mort: Duck season!

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Mort: Duck season!

Bobby: Rabbit season!

Big Daddy: Oh, Fucko! You're just in time to explain to the kids about the Mason–Dixon Line. (*Fucko grows wistful*). Been cleaning the Wrong Room again?

Fucko: Mmmm, yes. We can't all be Martha Stewart, you know.

Kids: It's a good thing! ™

Fucko: Well, kids, the Mason–Dixon line is the product of an agreement between two men—

Kids: We're not gay, we're just helping each other out!

Fucko: No, kids, that's what we say at the Big House. The Mason–Dixon Line is what separated the North from the South so that there could be a war and so that Abe Lincoln could get famous. →

had sexual problems. If you even saw "The Vagina Monologues", you would see that it was about women taking control of their own lives and sexuality. Your article was just a bunch of men saying stupid things. How dare you disgrace the efforts of those who were trying to educate students about violence against women. I just hope that one of these women takes matters into her own hands and teaches you a lesson. You are less than a man.

Sincerely,
Brendan Farlaine

Mr. Farlaine,
Hmm. I think you may have missed the point.
—Randall

Kids: Lincoln Logs!

Mort: Duck season!

Bobby: Rabbit season!

Mort: Duck season!

Bobby: Rabbit season!

Big Daddy: Well, that reminds me, Fucko, would you please allow Bobby and Mort to visit the sanitized Wrong Room? They're a bit wound up.

Fucko: Sure, Big Daddy. (*evil clown laugh*) But could I take a wench as well?

Big Daddy: Where's Sheryl?

Fucko: I dunno. That pixie guy that runs the place next door showed up and carried her off. He kept saying "You're not Gillian, but you'll do."

Big Daddy: Goddamn *X-Files* fans. Always giving beautiful tall thin uh, smart women a hard time. Well, why don't you take Seth? He can use his drool to polish stuff.

Fucko: (*evil clown laugh*) No worries, Big Daddy! (*Fucko clubs Seth with his feather duster and slings the unconscious boy over his shoulder. He carries out Mort and Bobby still arguing.*)

Big Daddy: Well, kids, if you get your parents to take you south of the Mason-Dixon line, you'll notice that the trees are pretty funny looking. A good example is the weeping willow, which can't even get regular leaves, or mistletoe, which leeches off of other plants.

Kids: Roulette dealers!

Big Daddy: Now, the reason that trees in the South are funny looking is because of all of the incest that goes on among them.

Kids: Lizzie Borden took an ax and gave her father forty whacks!

Big Daddy: Well, Lizzie Borden was from Massachusetts, and so incest wasn't actually possible. The odds are good, though, that she killed her dad because she didn't feel like putting out that day.

Kids: Women's liberation! Man-eating feminists!

Suzy: Camille Paiglia?

Big Daddy: You might wonder how incest makes funny looking trees. Well, lets pretend that you are the product of incest.

Kids: Recovered memory syndrome! Insurance fraud! Let's pretend!

Big Daddy: Uh, not that kind of pretending, kids. Okay, imagine that your dad has an ugly nose. And then imagine that your mom, who's also your sister, has bad teeth. Now, in normal cases, you would either get a bad nose or bad teeth. But, since both of these things are in your family, you get both.

Kids: Tay-Sachs Syndrome!

Big Daddy: What? Uh, never mind. Actually, Tay-Sachs is a problem for some of those people that don't cut down the Christmas trees growing all around them, but that's a whole other episode. The trees in the South are funny looking like other things in the South because of incest.

Fucko: (*from the Wrong Room*) There's a reason they call 'em HOSPITAL corners, kid. Bobby, is that any way to treat an expensive leather harness? We've got to get this place ready for when the pixie boy returns Cheryl!



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