

OPERATION THREE-LEGGED DOLPHIN





Operation Three-Legged Dolphin Staff

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Table of Contents

What is Operation Three-Legged Dolphin?.....	3
By MICHAEL YOUNG	
Forks: Revolutionizing the Way We Eat	8
By DAN FELDMAN	
Killer Karaoke: The Perils of “Car-Singing” Exposed	10
By REBECCA STROBEL	
Tomás Morales: The Barack Obama of CSI	16
By MICHAEL YOUNG	
Palin on the Prowl	18
By MICHAEL YOUNG	
Hootin’ and Hollerin’ Horoscopes	21
By MELANIE REI LANGWORTHY	
John Wilkes Booth: Deadly Assassin, or Circus Freak?	22
By DAN FELDMAN	
The Geoff Hempill Furrowed Brow	26
By MICHAEL YOUNG	
Geese Win Rights to Continue Shitting on Lawn	28
By MICHAEL YOUNG	
The 4 Biggest CSI Mysteries (And What We Can Do About Them)	30
By DAVID DI LILLO	
Third Rail: The Best Magazine To Ever Be Published In The Entire Universe.....	35
By MATT SIGNORILE	
Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows Chapter 47: The Bitter End.....	36
By MICHAEL YOUNG (with apologies to J.K. Rowling)	
Tattoos: The Where, Why, and How.....	38
By ILYSSA SILFEN	
Got Recession Depression? Get a Kitty.....	41
By PETER BURATTI	
Automotive Annoyances.....	44
By VINCENT BALESTRIERE	

What is Operation Three-Legged Dolphin?

Not a soul knows. Well, only one soul really does. It was on a fateful day in September when our Editor-in-Chief, Michael Young, approached me with a vision to create a humor magazine. I agreed before he could finish the sentence, and I was on board for the project.

We met in a tiny room in 3N, a handful of people eager to embark on a new frontier. We tossed around ideas and concepts, until a dissenting voice from the back asked, "What are we going to name it?"

Usually, this draws silence from the crowd, but Mike Young responded in no time.

"Operation Three Legged Dolphin." He nodded his head in approval.

I was bewildered by such a name, and Mike Young's swift response only made me more suspicious. I asked him what it meant, why he said it so fast, and how he even thought about it.

"Not allowed to talk about it, you know, matter of national security."


"Surely, you jest."

"Not in the slightest."

I probed and spied for many weeks after, but could not find anything related to a three-legged dolphin. Was it the name of a pirate with a birth defect? Wikipedia didn't return anything when I searched. I asked him many times about the dolphin, and he wouldn't budge. Was it a secret governmental operation? At the writing of that sentence, three black vans appeared outside my house. It's all right, though- it's just the landscaper.

Which leads me to believe that perhaps the dolphin with three legs is a metaphor for something. Maybe there's a three-legged dolphin trying to kick itself out of each of us. The part of us that rages against all that is wrong in the world, but knows that as college students we are powerless to stop it, so we might as well just mock it. It could be someone's silly side, the side that laughs for no reason on the bus or the finds words like "crotchety" funny. Maybe we're writing this magazine because all of our inner dolphins have overtaken our senses, and we've come to do the same for each and every one of you.

May this magazine help you reach harmony with your three-legged dolphin.



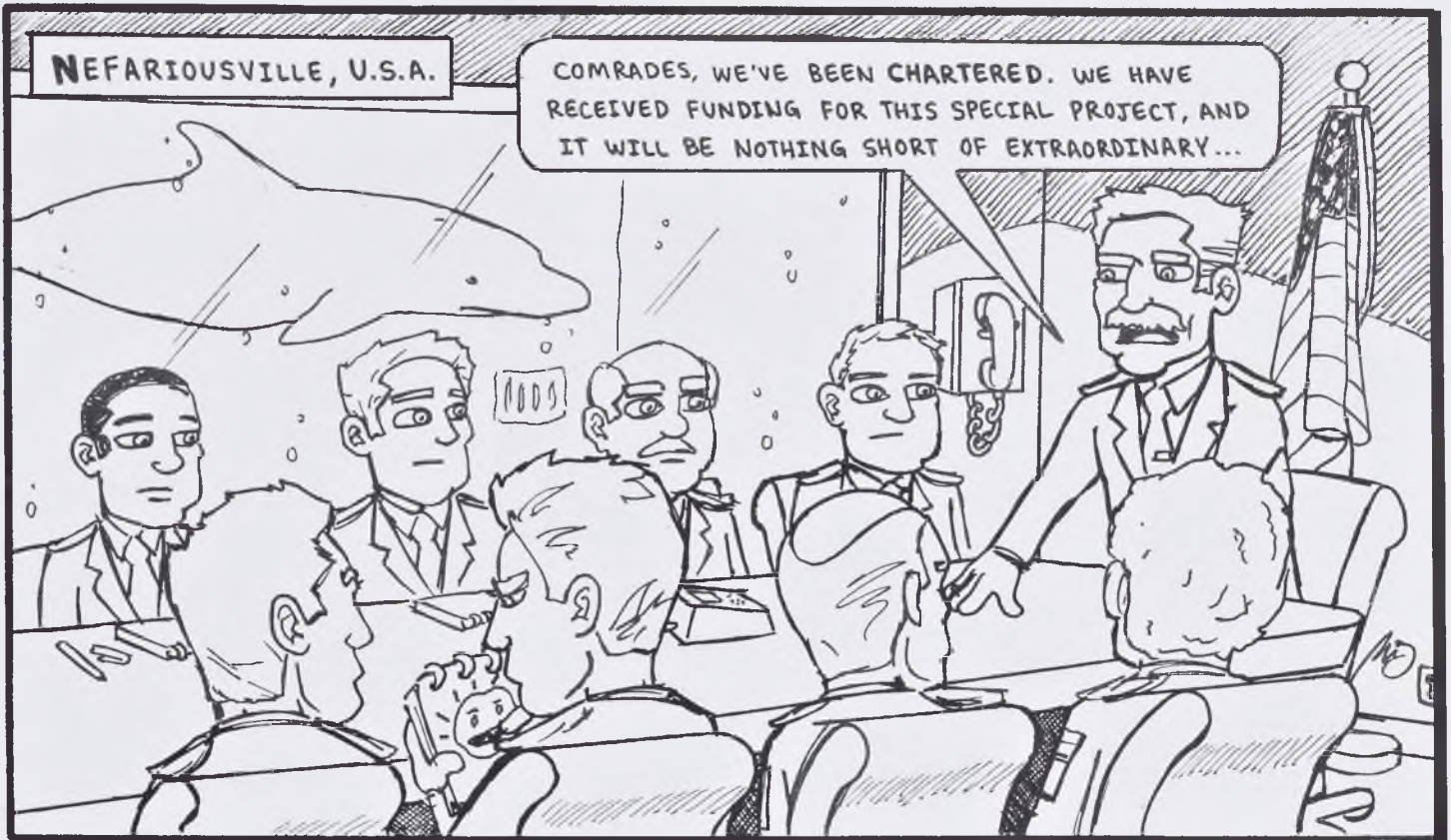
Matt Signorile
Assistant Editor

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WHAT IS OPERATION THREE-LEGGED DOLPHIN?

WRITTEN
&
ILLUSTRATED
BY
MIKE YOUNG



HERE'S THE SETUP:

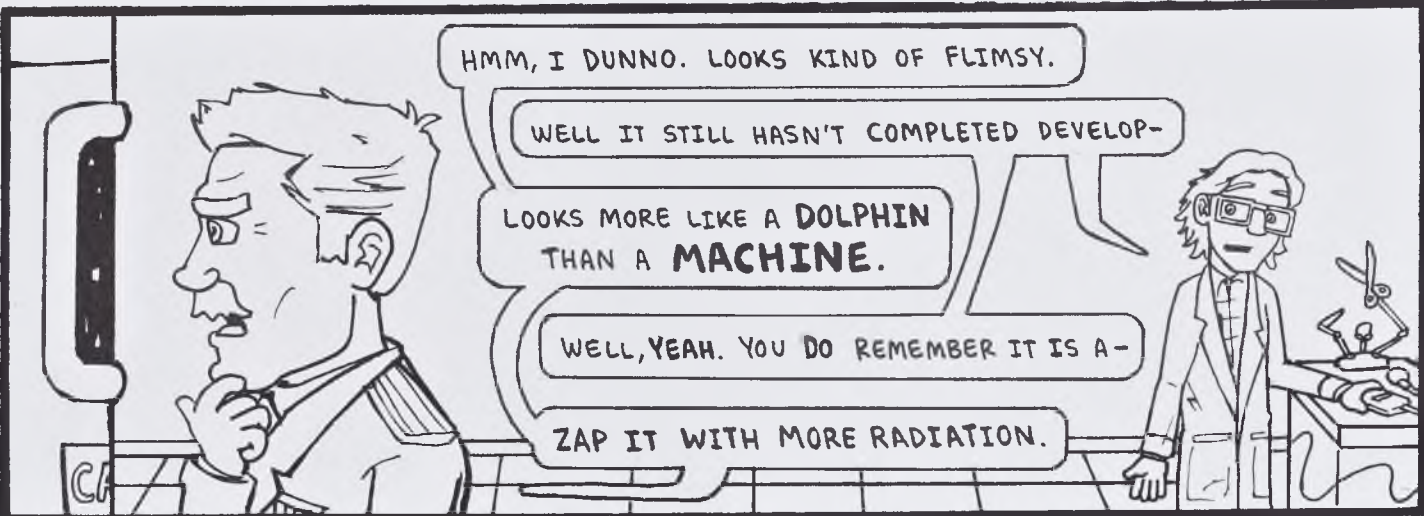
THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT HAS BEEN CONDUCTING EXPERIMENTS ON DOLPHINS IN AN ATTEMPT TO CREATE A GENETICALLY-ENGINEERED, SPECIAL FORCES WEAPON TO USE AGAINST TERRORISTS. DOLPHINS ARE ONE OF THE MOST INTELLIGENT ANIMAL SPECIES, SO IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE SOME CRAZY PERSON COMBINED DOLPHIN DNA WITH HUMAN DNA. "IS THAT EVEN POSSIBLE?" YOU ASK? DON'T ASK ME, I'M NOT A SCIENTIST...



HOW'S OUR BABY DOING, PERKINS?

IT'S DOING ALRIGHT, SIR. FEATURES ARE FULLY DEVELOPED. WE'RE LOOKING AT ANOTHER COUPLE DAYS 'TIL COMPLETION.

FAN-TASTIC.



HMM, I DUNNO. LOOKS KIND OF FLIMSY.

WELL IT STILL HASN'T COMPLETED DEVELOP-

LOOKS MORE LIKE A DOLPHIN THAN A MACHINE.

WELL, YEAH. YOU DO REMEMBER IT IS A-

ZAP IT WITH MORE RADIATION.

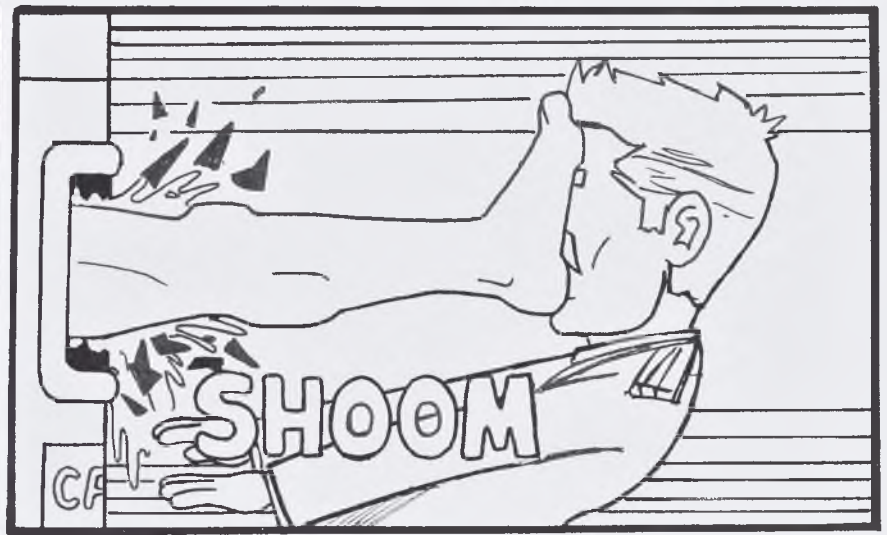
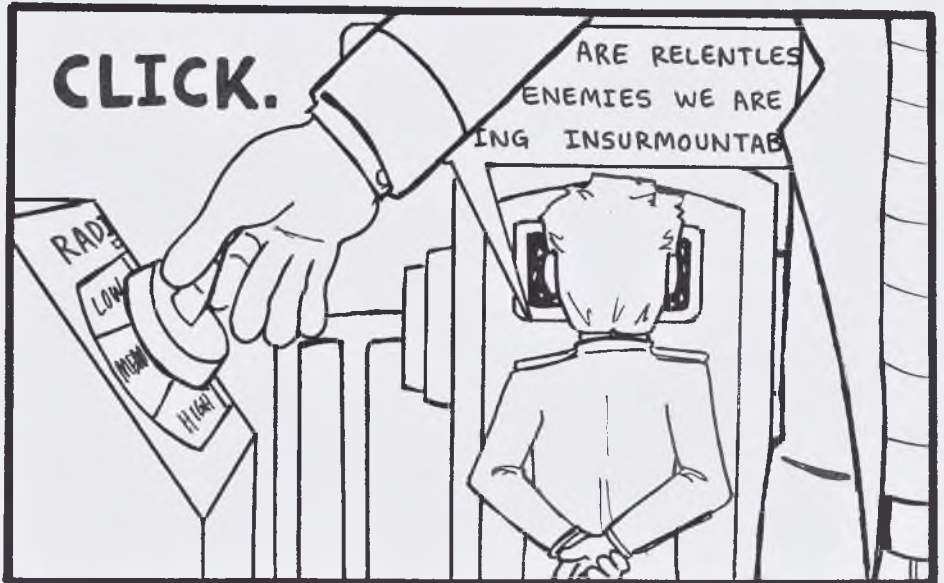


SIR, WE'VE ALREADY REACHED PEAK LEVELS. ANY MORE COULD SPELL DOOM FOR US ALL.

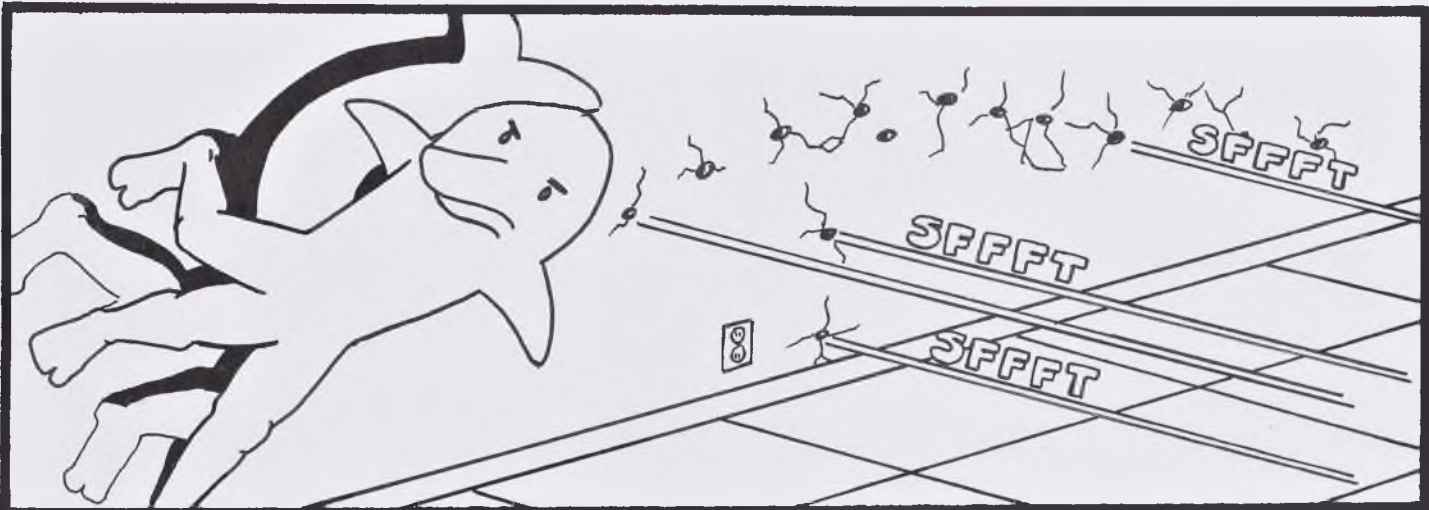
NO, "D-O-O-M" SPELLS "DOOM." RADIATION SPELLS "VICTORY"!

THAT DOESN'T EVEN MAKE SENSE!

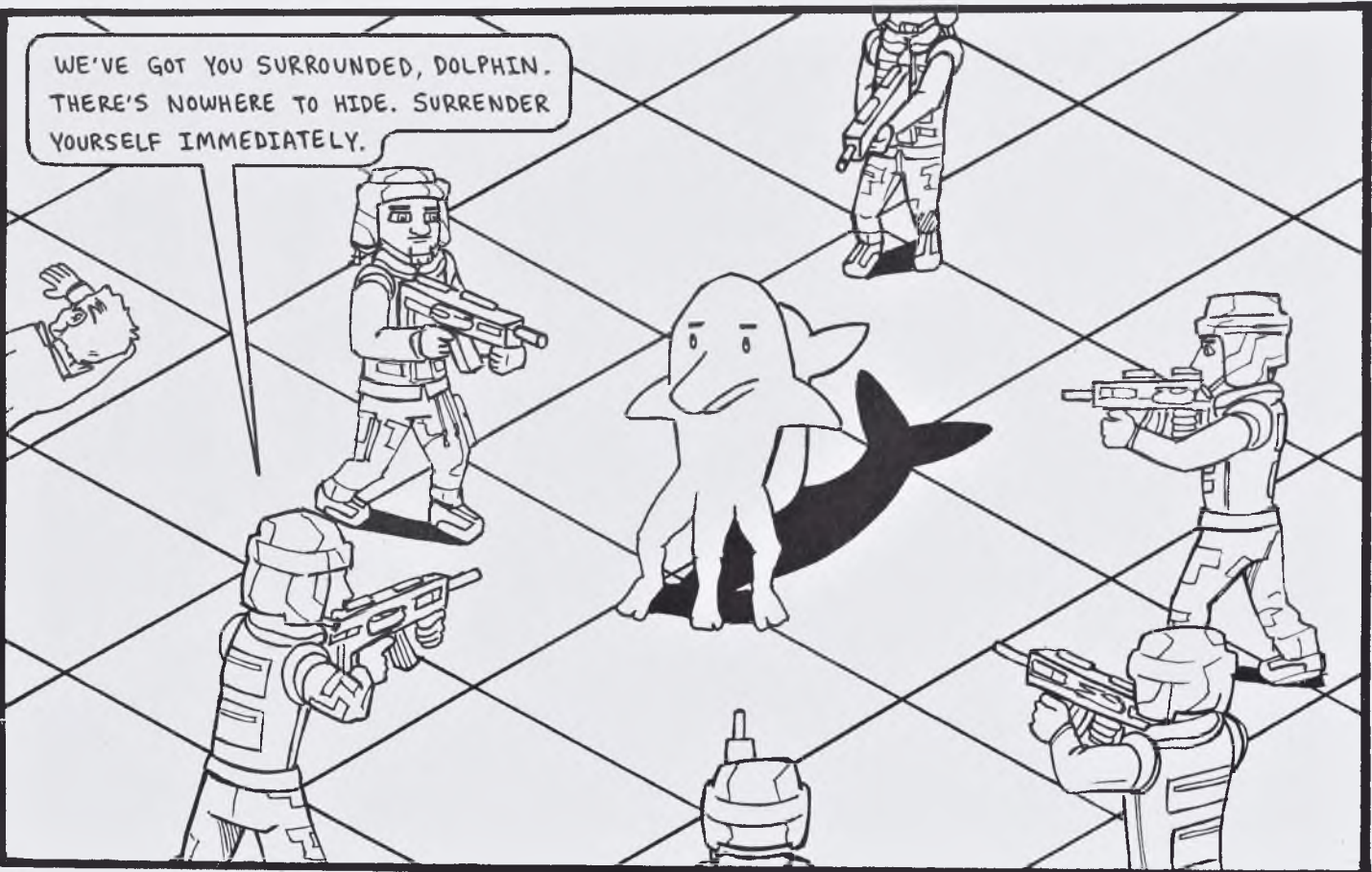
HEY, WHO'S FUNDING THIS PROJECT?

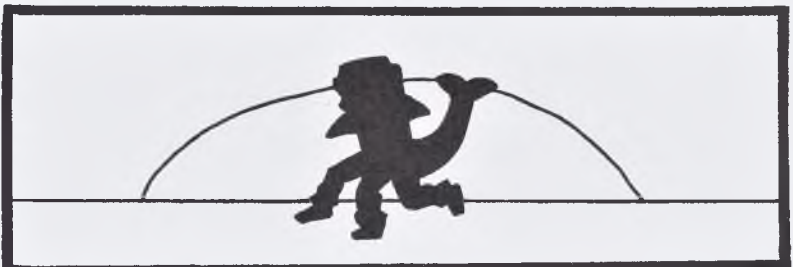
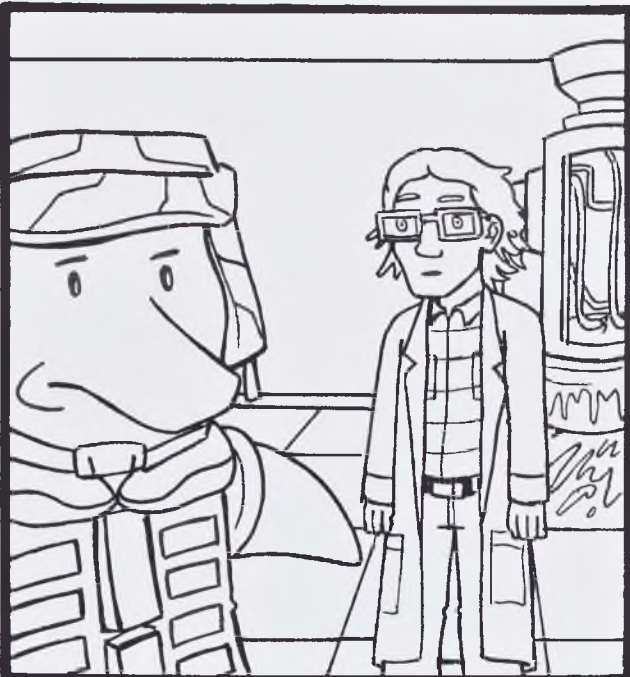
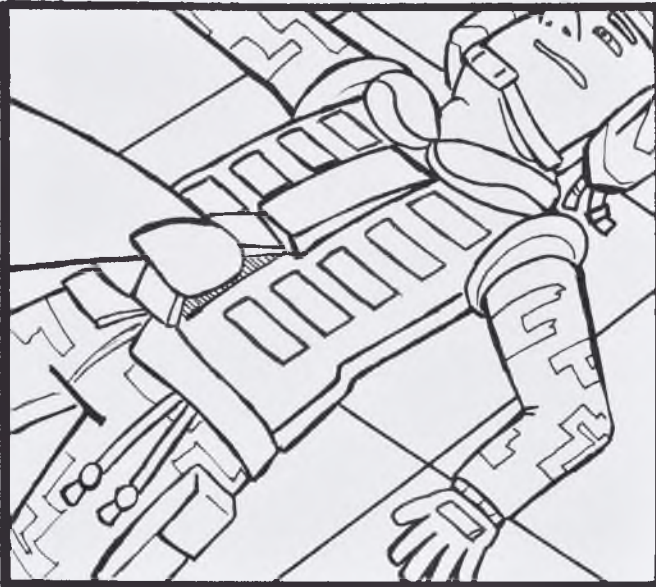
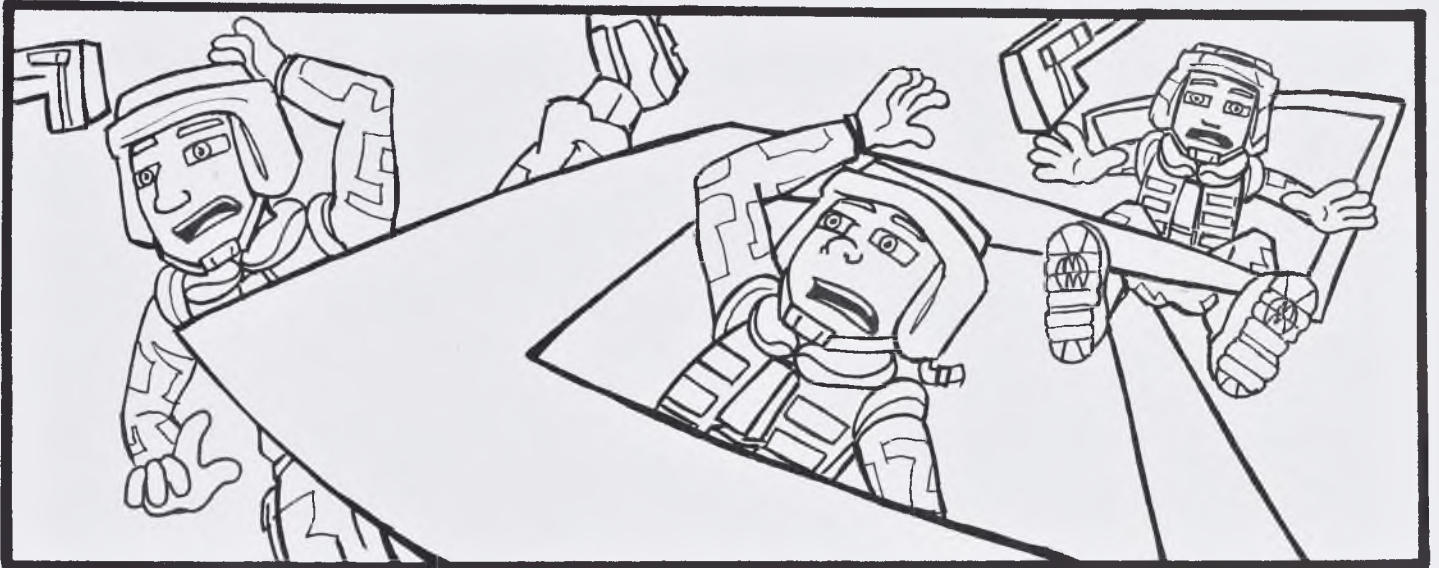


MOVE! MOVE! MOVE! MOVE! FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!



WE'VE GOT YOU SURROUNDED, DOLPHIN. THERE'S NOWHERE TO HIDE. SURRENDER YOURSELF IMMEDIATELY.





AND SO, OUR THREE-LEGGED FRIEND RUNS OFF INTO THE SUNSET, A CREATURE NOT FIT FOR THIS WORLD. NUMEROUS QUESTIONS REMAIN, INCLUDING: WHERE WILL THE DOLPHIN GO NEXT, AND HOW CAN A THREE-LEGGED DOLPHIN FIT INTO A TWO-LEGGED PAIR OF PANTS? **TO BE CONTINUED!**

Forks: Revolutionizing the Way We Eat

By DAN FELDMAN



The day you've been waiting for has arrived. That's right, I have been so frustrated all my life trying to eat my food, and not being able to pick it up. My hands just get so messy—I want a way to grab my victuals via an implement. But lo! I have finally discovered a means to my end!

I was contacted a week ago by Archibald Sporkenheimer-Schmidt, CEO of IUI (International Utensils, Incorporated), who told me he had a new utensil that will revolutionize the consumption industry. He thought it be best for me to come and see just what was about to change my life forever.

I was skeptical of course. What can be better than spoons and chopsticks? Well, I traveled to their headquarters and research center

in Walla Walla, Washington to find out. They've come up with a brand new invention that will change the entire world: Forks. You heard me, Forks.

Now you might be thinking, "Gee, Dan, what in the blazes is a fork?" Well, to help you understand, I will tell you in a fun yet informative Q & A format!

Q: What does a fork do?

A: It will help you pick up your food, without getting your hands dirty.

Q: Will it help you pick up meat?

A: Yes.

Q: Will it help you pick your nose?

A: Yes, but you might find it uncomfortable. Make sure to wash it after use.

Q: What does it look like?

A: It resembles a spoon, but instead of a bowl on the end, it has 4 sharp edges to help you "spear" the food.

Q: Can they be used as effective hunting weapons, like spears?

A: No. Unless you like getting mauled by a tiger. Then yes.

Q: Does Oprah endorse it?

A: Yes!

I decided to walk around the factory and try to get an idea of what the workers think. Shaniqua Schwartz, 35, says, "I love forks. Ever since we came up with this idea, I've been enjoying my meals 100-fold. They're sexy!"

"I've been making utensils for 100 years," says worker Irene Labitowitz Smith, "And I have never seen anything like forks. Ever." When I asked for her age, she stated to be 150 years old. I looked at her records—she's only 40 years old. Silly Irene.

Forks are small, lightweight, and very easy to use. No more using your hands and dirtying

your scrumptious victuals! No more struggling with spoons or chopsticks!

But you don't have to just take my word for it. I decided to have other people try it out for themselves. I presented twenty people with various foods, and had half use forks to eat with, and half use scissors. For those of you who are inept at mathematics, 10 people received forks, and 10 received scissors.



FIGURE 1. Spaghetti with scissors.

So are you curious how they did? Well too bad, I'm not telling you...just kidding. All ten fork-clad eaters were able to pick up and thoroughly enjoy their food. Scissor people were struggling to pick up their food- however, they found it very easy to slice the food in half. So what does this mean? The forks are a hit!

So there you have it, folks. Whether you need to pick your food, pick your teeth, or pick your favorite color, forks are a handy-dandy new tool that will revolutionize the way you consume your food. It even helps little kids (and adults) play with their food. Just remember, you can pick your friends, you can pick your nose, but you can't pick your friend's nose.

Are you a messy eater? Slob? Pig?
Are you so stupid that you don't know
how to eat without wearing your food?

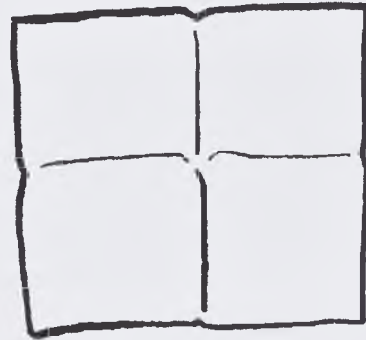
Well, we can't make you smarter,
but we can clean your hands!

Introducing:

Napkins!

Utilizing super-advanced tissue-paper technology, napkins can help you clean your most extreme messes.

They can be unfolded into 4 sections,



OR used as one tough sheet!



No longer are you going to
be a slave to sleeves!

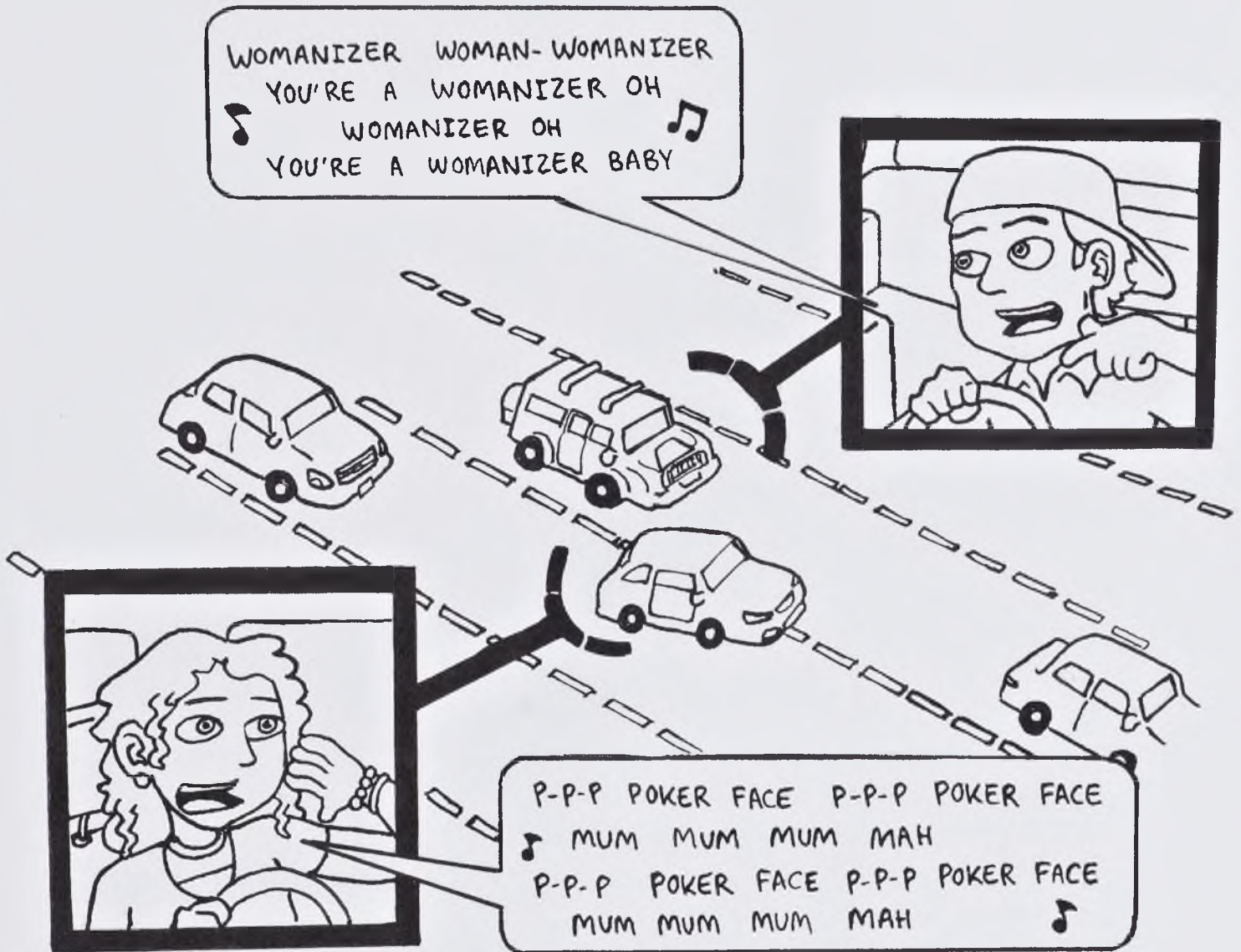
NOW for a special price:
500 napkins for only \$199.93!
AND if you order by May 1st,
we'll throw in 2.5 napkins for FREE!

Call (555) AWE-SOME today!

Killer Karaoke: The Perils of “Car-Singing” Exposed

STROBEL

By REBECCA



In the wee hours of Saturday morning, a non-fatal collision on I-87 had traffic at a standstill for hours.

“I was rocking out to ‘Womanizer’ when this guy tries to pass me on the right,” said Leon Frigatti, driver of a 2008 Hummer H2 involved in the collision. Jennifer Benton, a local cocktail

waitress, was the driver of the vehicle that collided with Frigatti’s. Police reports confirm that Lady Gaga’s “Poker Face” was blaring from the speakers of Benton’s Prius when officers arrived on the scene.

The sequence of events that transpired between Leon Frigatti and Jennifer Benton is not unique. A recent national study conducted by Berklee College of Music finds that car karaoke was the cause of 87 percent of motor accidents between 2006 and 2008.

“The study is ongoing, but thus far we have not seen much fluctuation in our findings. The data remains consistent,” said Doctor Jerry Abignale, head faculty supervisor of the survey. These astonishing figures led the Berklee team to delve deeper into the brain of the singing driver.

Berklee conducted a second study that tested drivers on a closed obstacle course. Participants were asked to complete the course under the influence of one of three distractions to compare the severity of each driving offense.

Drivers were required to either to uphold a meaningful conversation on a handheld cellular device, consume amounts of drugs/alcohol substantially above the legal limit, or enthusiastically sing several tracks from the music collection “Now Party Hits 87”. The control group of drivers was sober and undeterred by noisy distractions.

In an astounding majority of cases, drivers singing along to pop hits were more likely to run over traffic cones and/or veer haphazardly off course.



The practice experts have dubbed “car-singing” is a distinct vocal sub-group which uses a different area of the brain than styles such as opera, theatrical or choral singing.

“Singers professionally trained in specific areas are able to channel that training when singing in the car, but normal folks end up using 65 percent of the brain while jamming along to the radio. That kind of mentally-demanding exercise

monopolizes the brain’s energy and doesn’t leave room for other higher-brain function such as logic, reasoning or fine motor skill,” explained field expert Dr. Agatha Scholls.

Scientists are calling this phenomenon “vocalvehicular paralysis”. Vocalvehicular paralysis is triggered by off-key singing in most cases and is commonly characterized by increased speed, erratic swerving patterns, impaired judgment, and in severe cases, the driver may force any and all passengers to harmonize to whatever song he or she is singing.

The non-profit organization Uncles Protesting Singing Episodes in Traffic (UPSET) calls for stricter government regulation of singing in cars.

“Our nieces and nephews are out there on the roads, innocent as can be, at the mercy of any maniac with Sirius Satellite Radio. These people belong at American Idol auditions or sleazy karaoke bars, not behind the wheel of killing machines,” said Jack Peterford, co-founder of UPSET.

Peterford proposes the FCC mandate radio warnings urging listeners to “leave the singing to the singers and concentrate on the dang road.”

Until such laws are put into effect, experts advise drivers to exercise extreme caution on the road. The National Board of Health and Transportation suggests drivers not sing in the car unless they have been formally trained in a specific vocal style for three or more years. Unprofessional singers may find it helpful to hum quietly or head-bop along with the beat while breaking the habit of singing along to the radio.

Next time you find yourself in the car when the night is young and the music is high, consider the risk you take by giving in to the desire to belt one out. Recall the resounding words spoken by Paul Kitch, senior undersecretary of the NBHT, at UPSET’s second annual Car Karaoke Awareness Convention.

“Bottom line, no one wants to hear your tone-deaf singing. Just quit it before the chorus comes around again and you run someone off the road.”

CSI Survival Guide

Traversing Inclement Weather

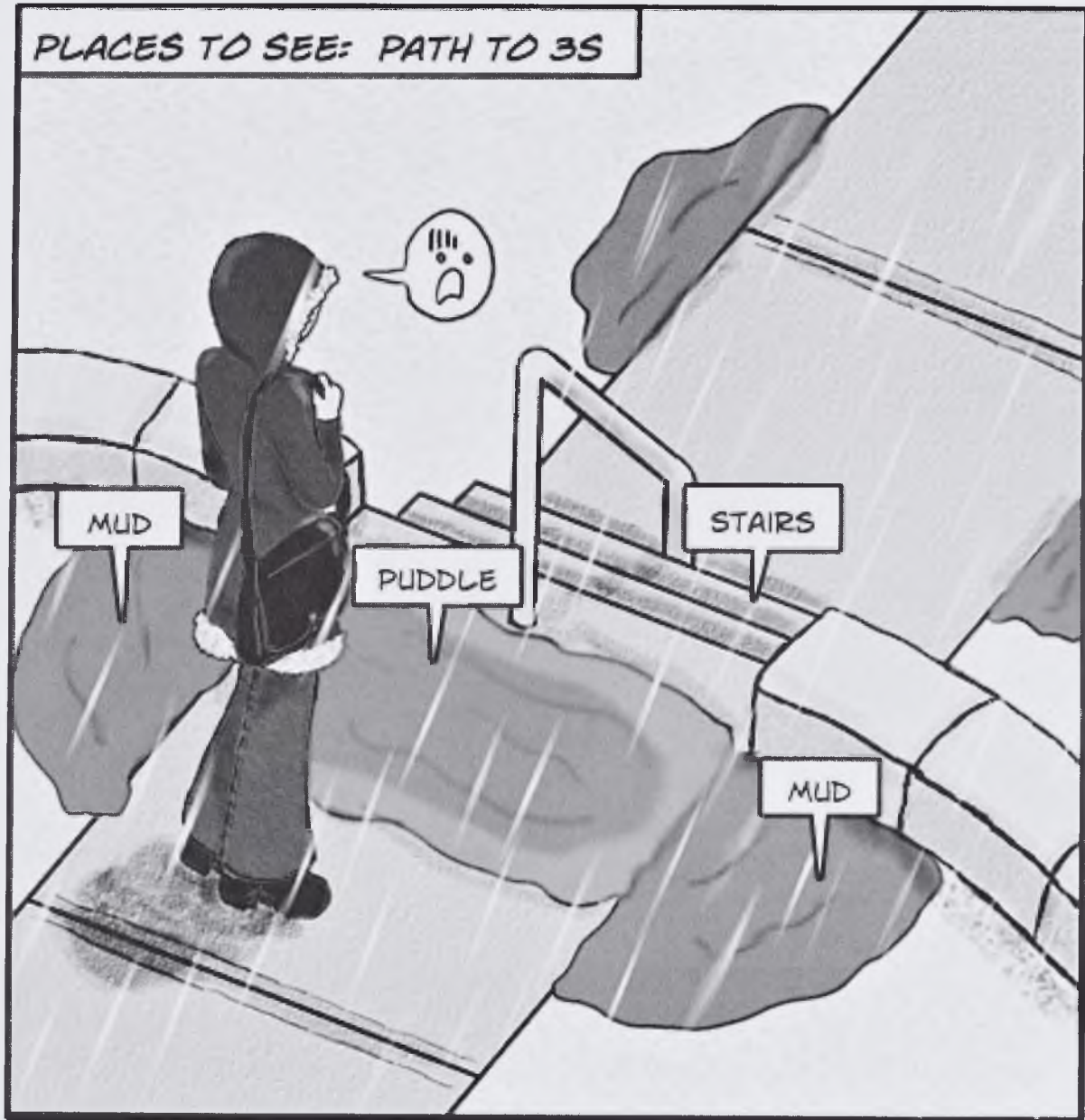


Illustration by **Marilyn Schulz**

When walking from the CSI Library to Building 3S during a torrential downpour, you are faced with a conundrum. You approach three descending steps. While the steps are a convenience under normal circumstances, they are rendered useless in unpleasant weather. You have three options.

- A) Walk all the way around the wall- and add another three minutes to your walk.
- B) Step through the puddle- get your shoes and socks soaked.
- C) Leap across the steps- risk breaking an ankle.

Your selection not only gets you to 3S, but also reveals your personality type. Choose wisely!

*We
should*

Σ Δ Τ

less

RUSH
SIGMA DELTA TAU

Are you tired of the same old meal everyday? Crave difference? Come to the:



That's right! If you can't beat them, eat them!

Dishes include:

- *Zimbabwe-broiled Vegan with Vodka Sauce
- *Cannibal Surprise
- *Herbivore Soufflé
- *Vegan Parmigiana
- *Stuffed Gall Bladder
- *Vegetarian ala Mode
- *Spicy Baby Back
- *Pork-fried Spleen
- *Sapien Salad

Sweeney Todd had it right—eat people! In overpopulated times, empty the world by filling your stomach! It's affordable, delectable, and accessible. It's arm-lickin' good!

We deliver! (666) 555-MEAT

*Caution: Some ligaments in food may still move. Eat at your own risk.

Tomás Morales: The Barack Obama of CSI

By MICHAEL YOUNG



Dr. Tomás Morales opens up his New York Times, glances over the headlines, and tosses the paper aside. He picks up the Wall Street Journal, flips through its pages, and tosses it aside. He picks up The Economist and tosses it aside. He's just waiting for his waffles to be ready.

"I really love these waffles," says Morales, who starts assembling a waffle sandwich after his secretary brings over two toasted waffles and a tub of Edy's Rocky Road ice cream. "But I hate the way it drips all over my fingers. Stacy, do you have any moist towelettes?"

Tomás Morales is the man who saved CSI. Back in 2007, the College conducted a nationwide search for a new President after Dr. Marlene Springer, who had served as the College's President for 13 years and established CSI on its new Willowbrook campus, stepped down. Springer did the job, but some say she left a trail of destruction in her wake. Someone needed to pick up the pieces. That someone was a mustachioed man from the Golden State.

"This school needed fixing. The parking is atrocious, the lounges are in disrepair, the sci

ence equipment is outdated, and 39 faculty hold PhDs from Candy Cane College, which I'm pretty sure is not an accredited university." Morales had his work cut out for him, and he scrambled quickly to find a glue stick.

Morales's primary mission upon arrival was to have an open dialogue with the students, and listen to their thoughts, concerns, and ideas. Morales has made a concerted effort to communicate with students by holding brunches, brainstorming sessions, and barbecues. "I'm a big fan of my corn on the cob," he said.

After eating his waffles each morning, Morales sits by his computer and answers e-mails from students until 11:30. In doing so, Morales shows that he cares about students needs. "A student asked me this morning if I thought that Raisin Bran was better than Frosted Flakes. I told him that no cereal compares to waffles," Morales said with a slight grin.

Since Morales arrived on campus, he has made sweeping changes to the way things are handled. We now have a ferry shuttle service that transports students every half-hour during the school week from campus to the Staten Island ferry terminal. "It took months of brainstorming, but we came up with the idea of chartering a bus that brings students to the ferry. Actually, I came up with the idea."

"The ferry shuttle was a brilliant idea," math professor Andrew Poje said. "But I also think throwing shopping carts into train tracks and seeing the fireworks fly is a brilliant idea!"

A second idea, to build a student apartment complex in the center of campus, a big draw for commuter and international students, came to a halt as a result of the economic crisis. Ground was supposed to be broken in October 2008, but the project was continually postponed until it was delayed indefinitely. Morales remains hopeful. "The reason the housing project was halted was because the ground was too tough," he said. "We are currently saving to invest in a stronger shovel."

With all that Morales has done for CSI, he has been honored numerous times by various groups and organizations, including the Alumni Association, Hillel, United Nations, and Poetry Club.

"Whose woods these are I think I know, His house is in the village though," Matt Signorile, a Junior at CSI said. "He will not see me stopping here To watch these woods fill up with snow."

Morales accepts his honors with dignity and grace. "I guess I like being honored," Morales said. "I mean, I guess it's alright. It gets kind of tiring after a while, receiving awards all the time. But I can't complain about it, you know, I can't be that guy. 'Look at Tomás Morales, complaining about his awards ceremonies.' It's actually quite alright. Each time I get an award, it's like a pat on the back. My back is pretty sore, actually. Stacy, can I have a back rub?"



Stacy obliges. She knows that the President is out on the front lines every day, bearing the responsibility of 12,000 students' educations. Morales gets up from his massage chair, adjusts his tie, and looks in the mirror. He stands tall, likes what he sees, and leaves the room, off to talk to more students.

"I love the students at CSI, and our students love CSI" Morales said. "What's not to love?"

With the three-legged dolphin escaped from its containment chamber, government operatives have declared a state of emergency and are hot on its trail. The story has made front-page headlines internationally, and has just reached one small Alaskan city...

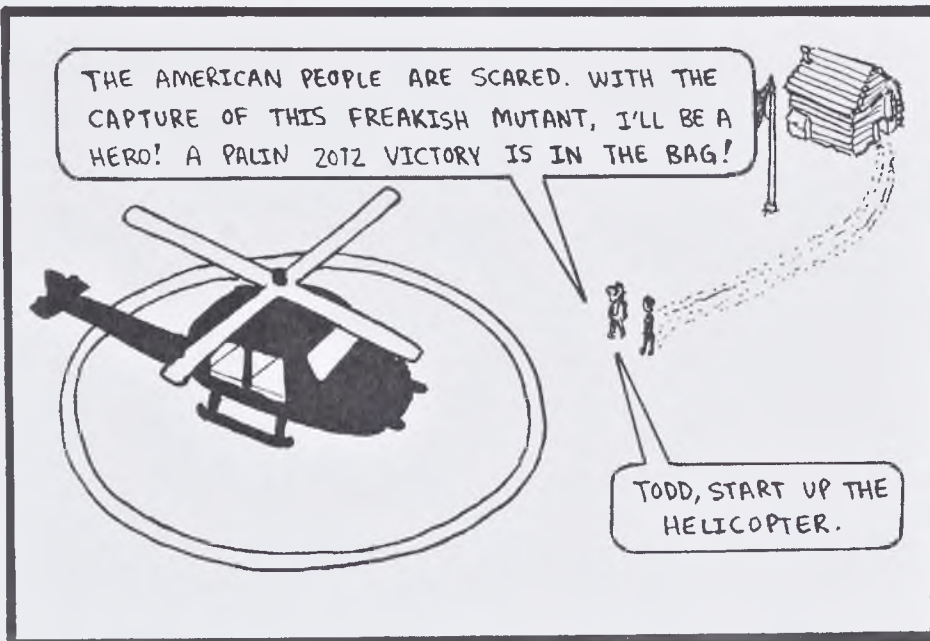
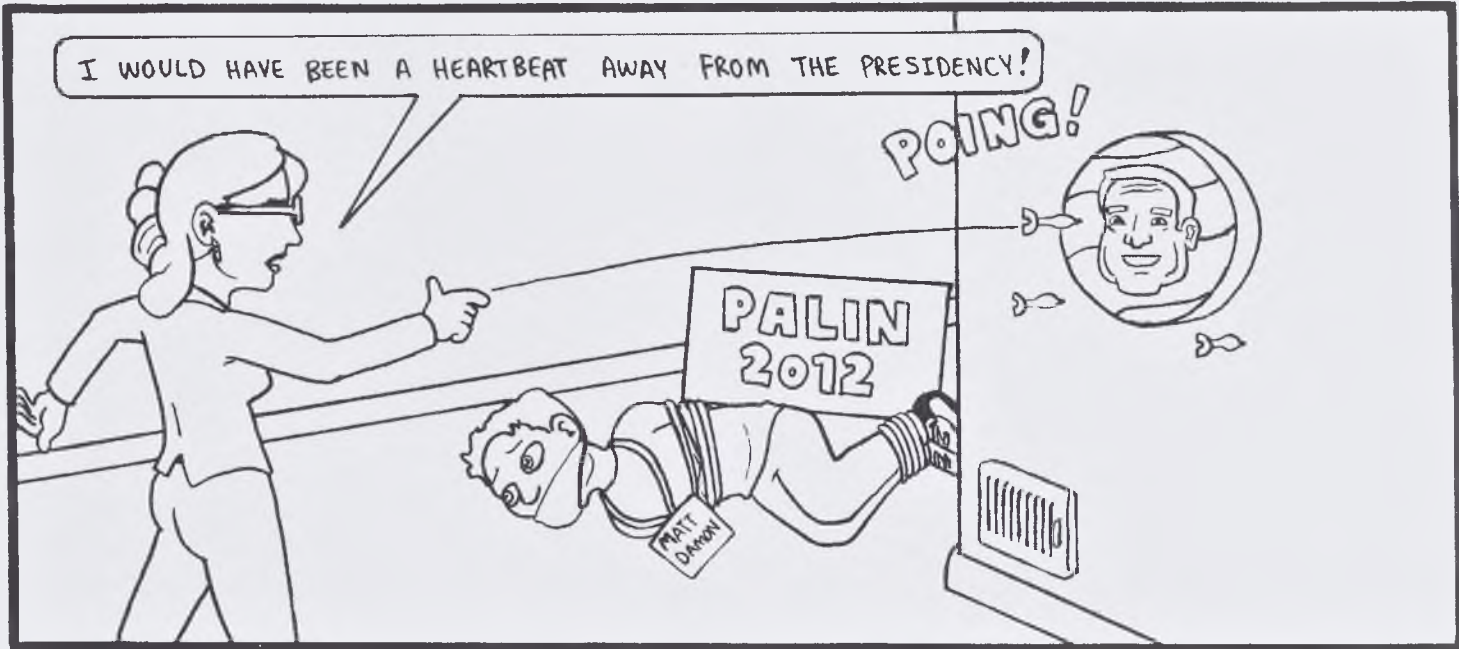
REMOTE LOCATION IN WASILLA, AK
SARAH PALIN MACHINE HEADQUARTERS

OH GEE, JOHNNY, THAT'S
THE KOOKIEST THING I'VE
EVER HEARD!

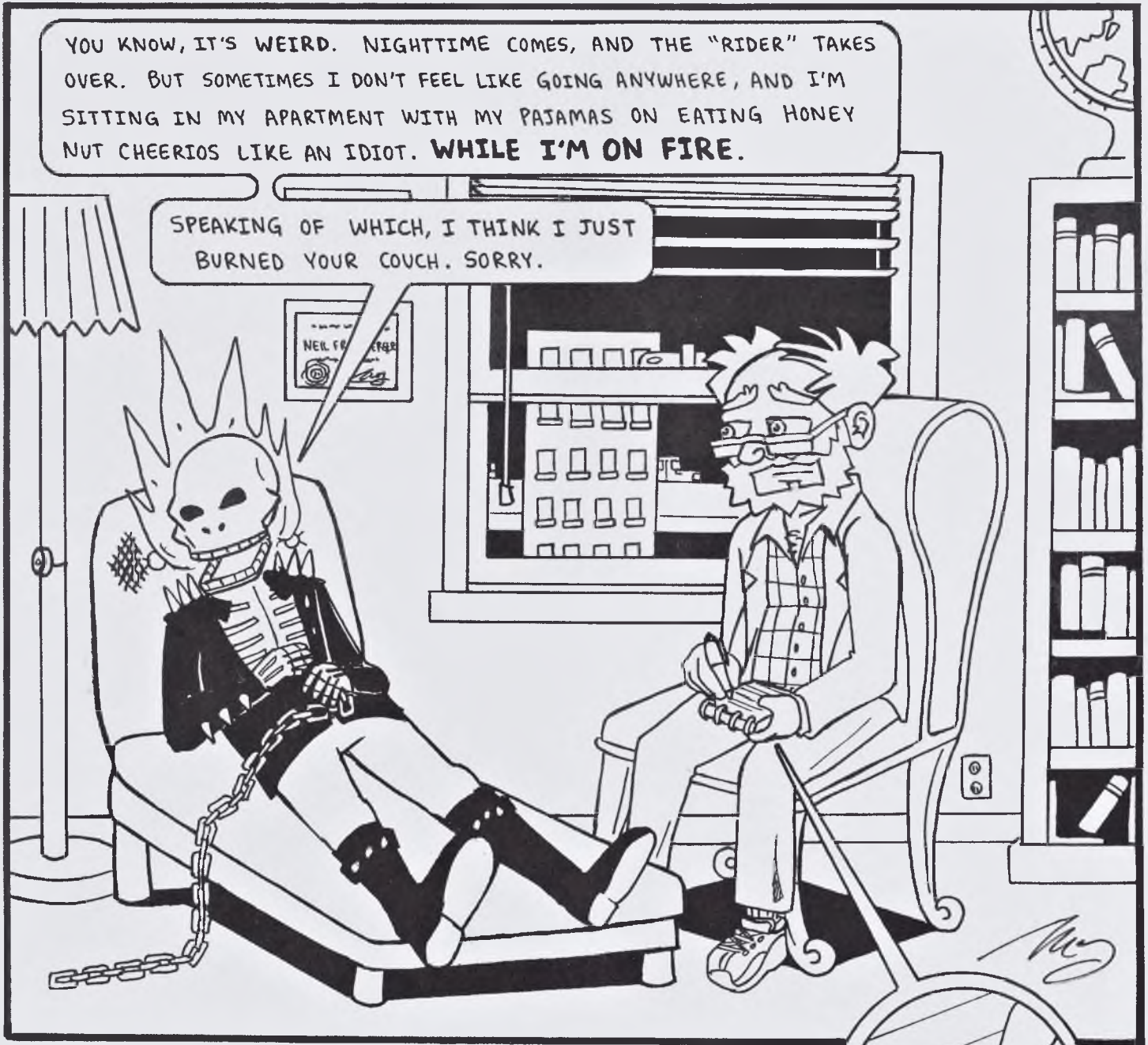


Palin on the Prowl

By MICHAEL YOUNG



NEIL FREUDBERGER,
PH.D:
SUPERHERO PSYCHOLOGIST



FEATURING:
JOHNNY BLAZE, AKA
GHOST RIDER

Hootin' and Hollerin' Horoscopes

By MELANIE REI LANGWORTHY

AQUARIUS

January 21 - February 19

For most people, failure is not an option. For you, it's a lifestyle.

PISCES

February 20 - March 20

The waning moon shows that you are about to have a drastic change in appearance. As they say, you get uglier as you age, so enjoy this head start to the fullest.

ARIES

March 21 - April 19

The events predicted by the stars are too tragic to write. I hear the backs of caves are lovely this time of year.

TAURUS

April 20 - May 20

Remember that all things are fleeting. This includes your recently acquired good mood, which might vanish as you find yourself chased from your classroom by an angry mob of pitchforks.

GEMINI

May 21 - Jun 20

Karma says that what goes around, comes around. Remember that as you light your neighbor's face on fire and eat his pets.

CANCER

Jun 21 - July 22

You have cancer.

LEO

July 23 - August 22

Do you ever feel like the world is out to get you? Turns out, it is.

VIRGO

Aug 23 - September 22

You will go on a bizarre adventure this week to the hospital after electrocuting yourself while attempting to change a light bulb. Let's face it...you need more people.

LIBRA

September 23 - October 23

Every person has his or her own path. The stars say your path is one of a future vegetable.

SCORPIO

October 24 - November 21

Someone is out to get you. Beware of trees, chalkboard erasers, and beautiful people.

SAGITTARIUS

November 22 - December 21

I have some good news and some bad news. The good news is that the positions of Saturn's moons predict you will win a jet skiing adventure in Costa Rica. The bad news is that they also predict you are about to become paralyzed from the neck down by a bizarre giraffe mauling at the Staten Island Dump. Well, you can't have everything.

CAPRICORN

December 22 - January 20

Your life would make an epic movie. Regrettably, it's the kind that's 10 hours long and flops in theaters.

John Wilkes Booth: Deadly Assassin, or Circus Freak?

By DAN FELDMAN



Once again, good readers, it is time for me to bring history into your humble abodes. For those of you out there who don't know who John Wilkes Booth was, he was the man who assassinated Abraham Lincoln, 16th president of the United States of America. But what drove him to do such a thing?

Well, I was walking down Victory Boulevard last week, when I suddenly heard a voice calling my name. At first I thought it might've been my imagination, and then I thought it might've been my friend Jorge Posada calling me after his sports game (I always forget the team he plays for...was it the Crankies? Or maybe the Yankers?). Well, when I looked into the woods, it was not the Gray Socks, and it was not a perpetually burning bush, but instead it was a homeless bum. I asked him, "Who in the name of Michael Young are you? And how do you know my name?" He replied, "You are wearing a nametag." Well what do ya know? I was.

He suddenly told me a story about John Wilkes Booth:

“Not many people know the true story of Johnny Booth. He started out as John Wilkes Finklydinklydoo, but he didn't like that name very much...he was always picked on in school. They used to call him 'Finkly Dinkly,' or 'Diddly Diddly Diddly.' So one day, he set off on his own and became a circus clown. Well, he wasn't a very funny guy...the kids didn't like him because he'd always snap at them. He would say things like 'You're adopted!' or 'If you pull at my red nose one more time, you'll be sleeping with the fishes!' Back then, nobody slept with animals...not even stuffed ones. All in all, he didn't last as a clown very long. Instead, they moved him over to the game booths. Here, he set up a booth where you pop the balloons with darts. Back then, they didn't have sophisticated darts like we have today. Instead, they used arrowheads made of fossilized animal excretions. It was affectionately named, 'Poop the Balloons,' but everyone referred to it as 'John Wilke's Booth.' John liked the name, so he changed his own name to match the booth that made him almost less of a nobody.

“Many things transpired at The Curdled Milk Circus where Johnny worked. The famous fire which burned down half the tents...or maybe the time when fellow worker Xeric Xavier got his shirt caught in the Ferris wheel and went around hanging from a car seven times before being pulled off the ride. Through all the madness that was the circus, John became infatuated with a frequent comer, a miss Mary Todd, a Kentucky born Presbyterian who thoroughly enjoyed a good laugh above all else. Mary would always be hanging around the clown known as Hank 'the Tank' Oblongowitz, for he was quite the jocular man. Though 700 pounds, his laugh was contagious, infecting all those around him, including the young Miss Todd. After working the booth for three years, John finally got up the nerve to talk to the jovial woman. Using his quick wit, and explosive charm, John easily seduced Mary, securing a date for the following Wednesday.

“So where did Johnny Booth take the young Miss Todd? To the one place any sensible human being would take his new girlfriend... the public dueling arena (an open field). They were able to witness a duel between local apothecary named Beatrice Jugs and world famous bartender Chuck Katz Norris (no relation to the round-house kicker). Well what would you know, Beatrice beat Chucky on the first shot...right in the heart. Mary was very impressed with Bea's sharp-shooting ability, and spoke her praises all the way home. 'I can shoot much better than Bea,' said John, 'I'd get him right in the head.' 'Dream on!' replied Mary.

“Time went by, and Mary became bored with Johnny...his gory humor was too much for her tastes. She dumped John on their 17-month anniversary, giving the age-old line, 'It's not you, it's your overactive bladder.' The truth is, John and Mary's ended relationship was testament to the statement that size really does, in fact, matter. But who can prove it anyway?

“Naturally, John was crushed. He started to spend his evenings cleaning the elephant tents, sweeping not only the fecal matter, but also his own tears. Can you blame him for being a messed up guy? He was heartbroken. Drowning in salty melancholy, John returned to his booth, an angry and depressed man.

“Well, about a year later, John realized there was a fatal flaw to his booth that he just couldn't stand. The average person back then had abysmal aim. Not only would they miss the balloons, but also they would often hit Johnny's head—and nobody likes getting hit in the head, especially with fecal matter... just ask your average monkey. John vowed, 'The next person who poops on my head will be a dead man!'

“Sure enough, who comes to the booth next? A man known as 'Honest' Abraham Lincoln. Being an honest man, he told John, 'My aim is horrible, and I sure am ugly, but I would like to try your game.' John sighed and gave him three arrowheads, holding onto the gun in his pocket. Sure enough, the third arrowhead hit John's head.



“Well, Johnny was fuming mad; he almost shot Lincoln right there! But he knew there were too many people around. He needed to wait a little while before he could get his revenge. Abe told John, ‘I cannot tell a lie. I am sorry for hitting your head, but it was kind of funny. You know what else is funny? Ford’s Theater has some great comedies!’ Just then, Mary Todd walked up to Abe and kissed him. John was irate with anger...she left me for him? ‘Blasphemy!’ he thought. ‘Oh, hi John, good to see you’re doing so well,’ said Mary, ‘I have big news to tell you. Abe and I are getting married!’ Mary and Abraham Lincoln walked away, leaving a defeated Booth behind.

“That’s when John Wilkes Booth forged his master plan. He would infiltrate the theater by becoming an actor. Then, on the night when Abraham Lincoln watched a show, he would

get his revenge. He knew it would take years to complete, but it didn’t matter...it’s not like Lincoln would be able to destroy the Confederacy, abolish slavery, and become a beloved man of history!

“As we all know, Booth was proven wrong. This angered him further, and caused him to make a conspiracy against the Union...by attempting to assassinate the president, vice president, secretary of state, and the unborn Arnold Schwarzenegger. He didn’t have a time machine as of yet, so he scrapped the last one until it would be scientifically possible. And we all know what happened after. The conspiracy didn’t work as planned, and only the president was killed. Johnny Booth was eventually captured and shot while hiding in a barn. Seems after all his clown insults, he was the one who slept with animals.”

I looked at the bum in disbelief. “How do you know all that?” He thought for a second, and then answered, “Now that... is a mystery.”

“What should I do with this knowledge?” I asked him.

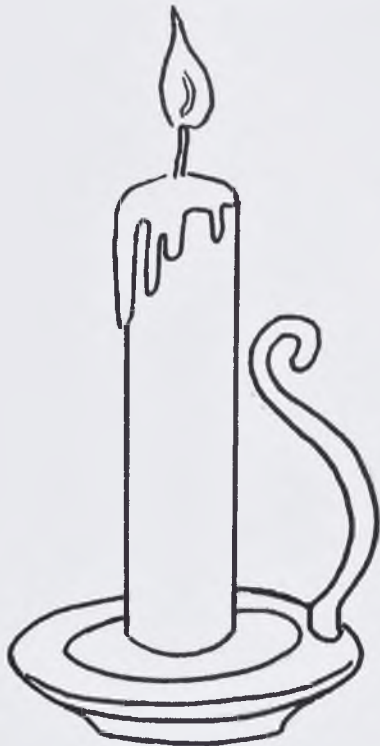
“Tell the world the truth about John Wilke Finklydinklydoo! Oh, by the way, do you have any spare change?”

“No.”

With that, he fled into the night. So what do you all think? Was he telling the truth, or was this all one elaborate lie that we writers like to fool the public into believing? You decide.

I will leave you, my fellow readers, with some final words of wisdom. In the words of Dan Millman, “There are no ordinary moments.” So the next time you see a bum on the street, embrace him and find out what secret knowledge he or she holds. You may be surprised with what you get- it might not be Syphilis.

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The Geoff Hempill Furrowed Brow

For Moments of Extreme Skepticism



Inside the Career and Scholarship Center in Building 1A, Room 105 lies the office of Geoffrey Hempill, Acting Coordinator of Fellowships and Scholarships. Geoff is a big help to students, but is notorious for his blunt criticism and sarcastic attitude. When speaking with Geoff, take note of his forehead. If his brow starts curling, it means he is skeptical of what you are telling him. If his eyes become narrow and his brow remains furled, you have a limited window in which to start making logical sense before he throws you out of his office.

With the HempillBrow™, you too can possess Geoff's powers of intimidation and outward display of extreme skepticism!



How To Use The HempillBrow™



Step 1. Cut out brow on page 26 along perforated line with scissors.



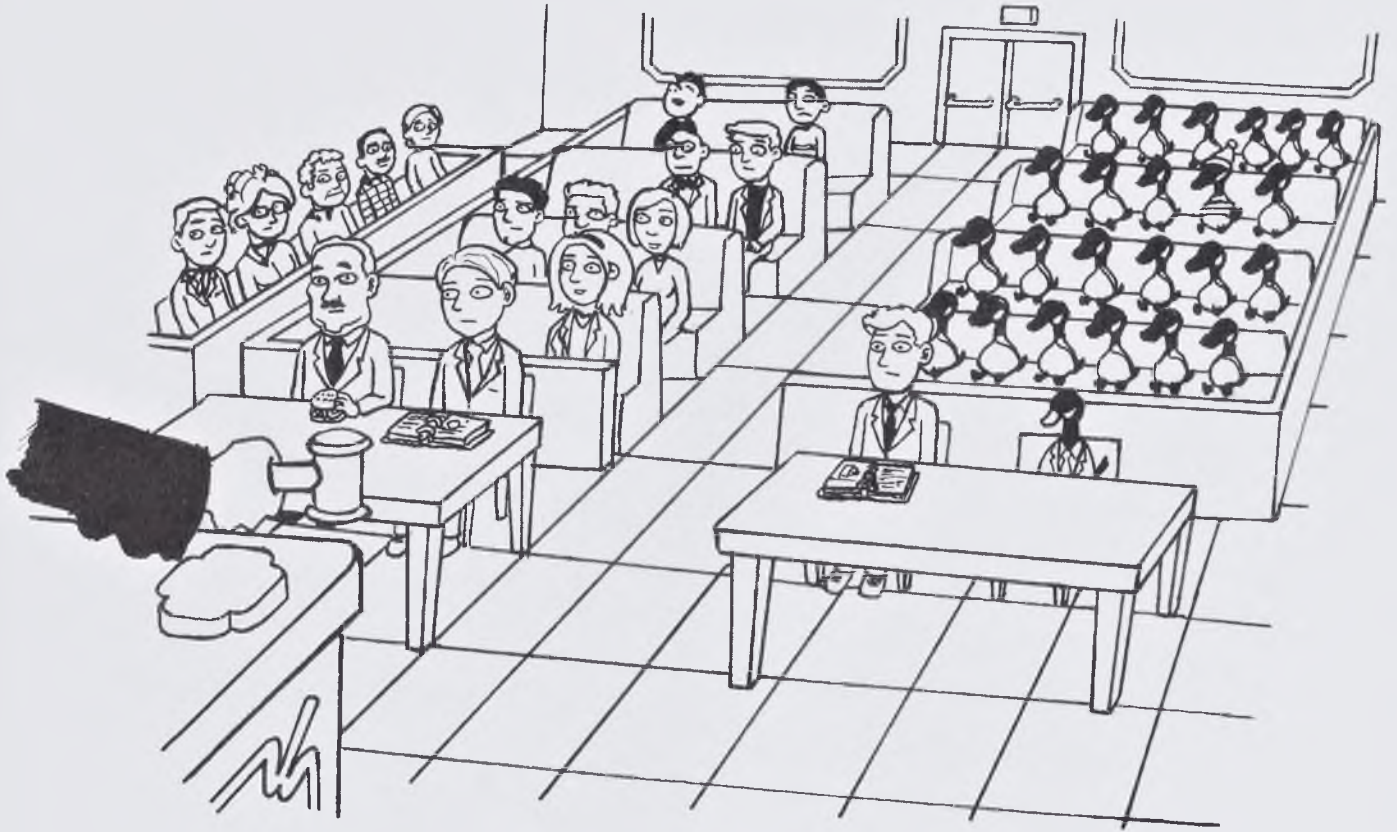
Step 2. Puncture holes in the two circles and connect them with a piece of string or elastic band.

Step 3. Place HempillBrow™ prominently on forehead. Stun peers with newfound levels of extreme skepticism.



Geese Win Rights to Continue Shitting on Lawn

By MICHAEL YOUNG



After a heated, bitter court battle that dragged out over five long months, the Geese have won the rights to continue shitting on the Great Lawn.

"We got what we deserved," Mr. Gooserson, 28, of New Springville said. "It was an ugly fight, and my family lost thousands of dollars, but we finally got our home back."

Students and faculty returned to the College of Staten Island on Monday after the verdict of *CSI v. the Geese* was announced, and they are not happy. Students thought they were close

to being granted a shit-free lawn, but it remains shit-filled.

When the College occupied the grounds of its current Victory Blvd. address in 1994, hundreds of Geese were displaced from their home. Many of the Geese migrated to sprawling locales in the Tri-State Area, but those that remained claimed a piece of their land- the Great Lawn- as their own. They won the deed to the property, but students and faculty continue to tramp across it out of necessity. Some say the Geese did not have the right to be there in the first place.

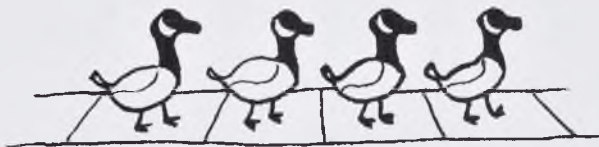
"These geese did not have the right to be here in the first place," Bob Jones, a CSI student, said.

This is not the first time the school has had confrontations with the Geese. In 2004, the Geese threw a wild party in the science building, 6S, when the Bunsen burners they used to light their cigarettes set fire to the building and destroyed thousands of dollars of lab equipment.

"These geese are out of control, and they need to get out once and for all," Biology professor Shaibal Mitra, an avid ornithologist, said. "It's either me or them, because I've just about had it."

The goose shit presents a safety hazard to those who make the trip across the Great Lawn every day, walking from Building 1A to 2A, from 3A to 2A, from 3A to 1P, and those who just like to roll around in the grass.

Peter Dellegrazie, a sophomore at the Macaulay Honors College, regularly travels to Building 1A to go to the Honors lounge. The goose shit adds ten minutes to his commute, time that could be spent studying. "It's like a minefield," he said. "This is bullshit, I can't navigate."



Some students blame the groundskeepers for failing to clean the shit off the lawn.

"These custodians really need to get their shit together," Brian Williams, another CSI student, said. "I just bought these new sneakers, and there's shit all over them. I can't keep buying new sneakers, especially at \$130 a pair."

"I try cleaning the shit," Lou Grass, a groundskeeper who has been working at CSI for 15 years, said. "But it keeps multiplying."

Regardless of the cleaning efforts, the situation looks bleak. As Spring rolls around, the Geese are likely to shit more than ever. Institutional research has shown that with each passing year, the Geese shit in greater quantities. It's not likely they'll ever stop shitting.

"I might transfer," LaKweesha Jordan said. "This whole thing makes me sick to my stomach."

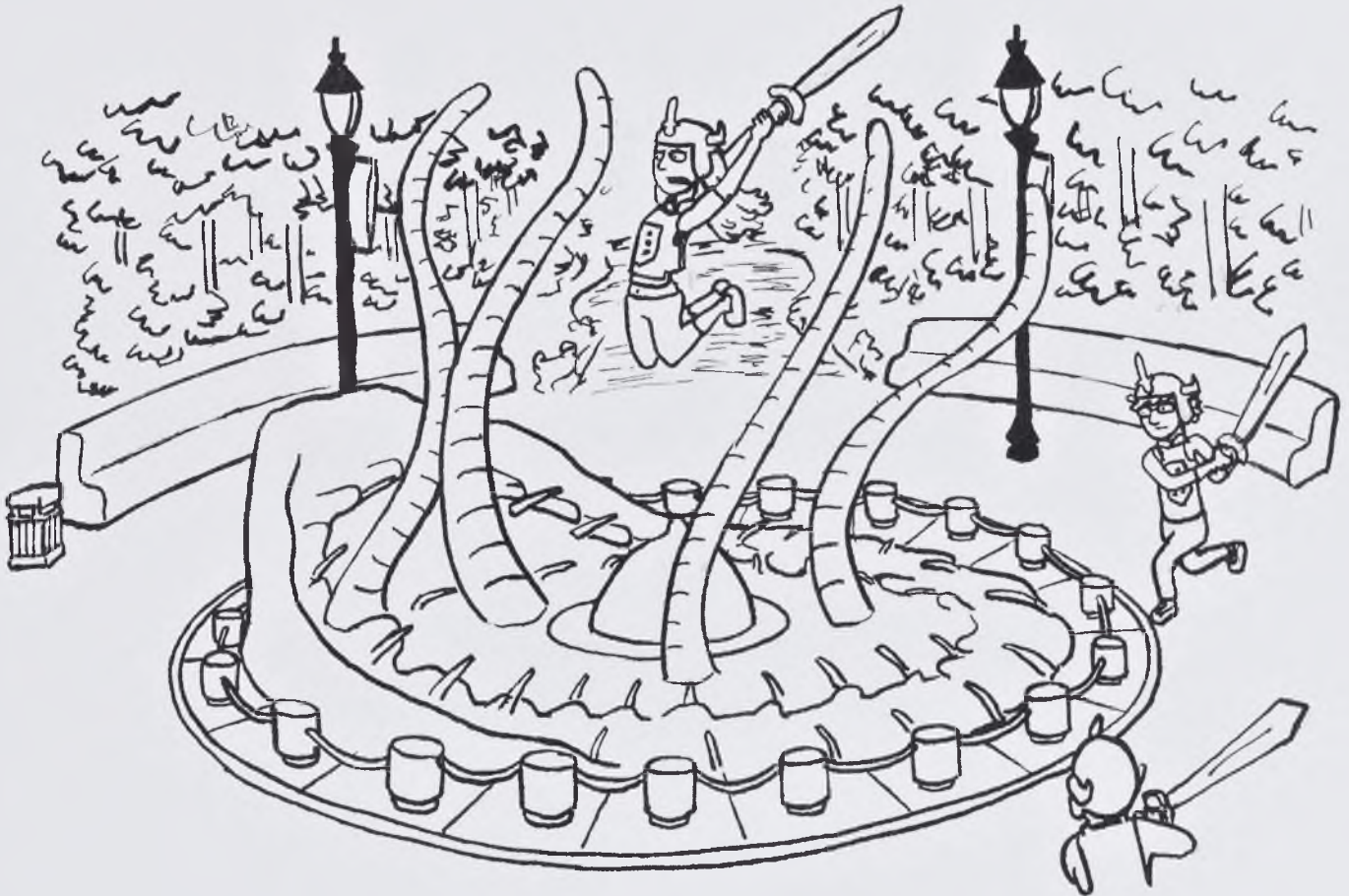
Henry Gooserson, Sr. Bulls Head



Henry Gooserson, Sr. immigrated to the United States in 1982 with his wife, six-month old gosling, and three dollars in his pocket. Upon settling in Brooklyn, Gooserson found work as a mail carrier, but quit after facing a number of near-death experiences with neighborhood dogs. Gooserson took his family to Staten Island, where they purchased a plot of land on what is currently the CSI campus. "This land will remain in the Gooserson family for generations," he said. "My children will inherit this land, and my grandchildren will inherit it from them. If anyone claims this land, they'll have to claw it from my cold, hard beak."

THE 4 BIGGEST CSI MYSTERIES (AND WHAT WE CAN DO ABOUT THEM)

By DAVID DI LILLO



THE INACTIVE FOUNTAIN (OF DESPAIR)

So what's the mystery?

You see it happen every day during the cold school months. You're walking from the Library to the Campus Center, and you see students going around the perfectly inactive fountain. You probably even have contempt for the jerks that do attempt to stroll right over. What is it about this calm monstrosity that frightens you? Is it the fear of being surprised by a bone-crushing jet of ice-cold H₂O pummeling your crotch as you walk over? Maybe. Officers from Public Safety, suspected of having a large, red button in their office to control such jet streams with overlooking hidden cameras, declined to comment.

What it really is:

The Pit of Carkoon – relocated from Tatooine – where our very own sarlacc monster rests, and it swallows up an average of 13.5 campus innocents a month.

What can we do about it?

In solidarity with those unfortunate enough to be slowly digested for over a thousand years (and the fools who trip and fall trying to step over the fountain chain), we will officially dub the ninth month of 2009 "Stick-it-to-the-CSI-Sarlacc September." After kicking off the festivities, we will lure out the hellbeast on September 17 during Club Hours with some meaty students and popcorn chicken from 1C. Then we will kill it Beowulf-style and take it apart limb from limb. CLUE credits will be earned.



THE PAGAN SCULPTURES (OF DEATH)

So what's the mystery?

Traveling around our splendid campus, we believe we're "cultured" because of the sculptures littering our scenery. The polka-dotted metallic half-pipes on the sides of the road blind us as we drive. The menacing abstract statues leer over us as we walk. What joy! Considering their barely discernable features and the lack of any background or details, you might not give them much thought. Precisely why you should. Take the spidery, skeletal structure looming over the poor bio-chem dorks at the entrance of 6S, or the sinister, antler-like oddity in the woods near 1P. What the hell are these things?

What it really is:

Offertory relics for ancient Welsh pagan gods, such as Macha and Gwydion, where the blood of unsuspecting psychology majors is spilled as sacrifice. Such a threat to the student population is among the other leftover evils from the reign of the Queen of Death Marlene Springer.

What can we do about it?

One might feel that the overabundance of psych majors at our proud school is a problem that warrants weeding them out from time to time to maintain a healthy student population. In any event, we do not support sacrifices to false deities, and we need to trash these relics immediately. I'm serious. Come next semester, I better see some "art" destroyed.

THE CAMPUS TOWER (OF DOOM)

So what's the mystery?

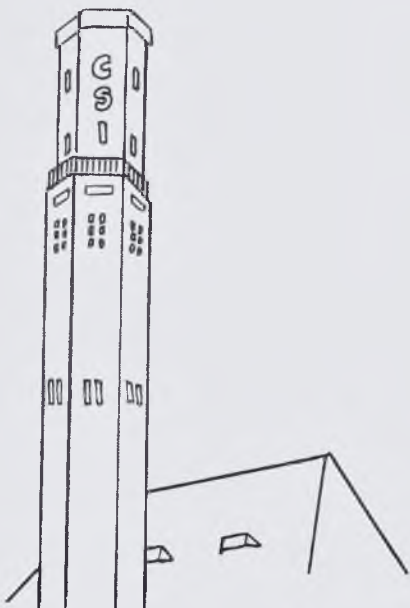
It's visible for miles around the North Shore. You see it every day when you drive into campus, with the monolithic letters C-S-I boldly displayed like it's the last beacon of hope on earth. And you have no idea what it is. Seriously, what is that smoking obelisk and the factory it's connected to? What's it hiding?

What it really is:

Did you ever wonder where that steady inflow of crappy CSI apparel comes from? And how they keep those youngsters at the Children's Center busy all day? It's a cover for one of the greatest child labor operations in history.

What can we do about it?

If the sweatshirts and novelty visors were made to last, we here at O3LD would argue, "Why ruin a good thing?" But, obviously, those little tykes don't know the first thing about sewing and knitting. In the name of quality clothing production around the world, we need to set these rugrats free. We'll break in and fight the sheiks guarding the factory, cueing the music to *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom* in the process. I have a feeling that these little, malnourished squirts will be better utilized cooking a mean Eggplant Rollatini in the cafeteria.



THE GAME ROOM (OF DECEIT)

So what's the mystery?

Walking up to the second floor of the Campus Center, there was always a distinct stench in the air. A revolting stench, but a familiar one nonetheless. It was the stench of French fries and feet- the unmistakable stench of the Game Room. I was convinced that more people lost weight flailing around on Dance Dance Revolution than at the Sports and Rec Center. Though the stench was a malodorous thorn in our nostrils, the same twelve creeps who inhabited that hole in the wall had become staples of our daily college life. Then one day, the stench disappeared. The Game Room was gone, and being remodeled. Where'd the original Game Room disappear to? I don't buy this replacement one. What's the deal?

What it really is:

You may simply assume that CSI had to cut costs, and that no one needed those freaks anyway, but don't be so naïve. When President Tomás Morales came on the scene, he brought with him a much-needed efficiency ethic. He nabbed the gamers, strapped them with energy-harnessing nodes, and stored them in a bunker to generate electricity.

What can we do about it?

Not a damned thing. We need their toil and sweat to power our campus. Those slobs slaving away all day on DDR and pinball machines are doing their school a great service. You might ask why Morales shouldn't instead strap the same nodes onto treadmill runners at 1R in a legal manner, but isn't this more crookish and fun?

NEIL FREUDBERGER, PH.D: SUPERHERO PSYCHOLOGIST

SO MARY JANE IS MAD AT ME BECAUSE I DIDN'T SHOW UP TO SEE HER PERFORMANCE EVEN THOUGH I WAS LIKE, "MARY JANE, I WAS FIGHTING THREE PETTY CRIMINALS WHEN THE VULTURE SHOWS UP-" AND SHE GOES, "I DON'T CARE, HARRY MANAGED TO COME," AND I WAS LIKE, "OOOHH, HARRY, IF HE'S SO GREAT WHY DON'T YOU MARRY HIM?" AND SHE GOES, "MAYBE I WILL, AT LEAST HE'S NOT A WHINY JERK " AND I STARTED CRYING AND SAID, "I'M SPIDER-MAN NO MORE" AND SHE SLAMMED THE DOOR IN MY FACE-



FEATURING: PETER PARKER, AKA
SPIDER-MAN

Third Rail

APRIL 1855 EDITION



THIRD RAIL: THE BEST MAGAZINE TO EVER BE PUBLISHED IN THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE

By MATT SIGNORILE

In all my years of magazine reading, I have not come across a magazine as beautifully composed as the Third Rail. When I first read it, I stood in awe of its ability to be both politically and grammatically incorrect. I am always astounded by the ability of pioneering Third Rail writers to champion a cause without writing in complete sentences or placing apostrophes in incorrect places. The Third Rail employs many extremely clever tactics to win numerous amounts of battles with the administration, the staff, students, and common courtesy. I wish to show you, dear reader, how you can use the same tactics that the Third Rail uses in each of its issues.

The first tactic is to fight fire with fire. Use your enemy's arguments against them. The Third Rail's biggest enemy throughout its existence has been the bumbling fool, George W. Bush. The Third Rail has constantly criticized Bush for his lack of knowledge and inability to create a complex sentence. Now, if you read an article criticizing Republicans and their policies in a Third Rail article, guess what you will find? Rambling sentences and arguments with no political basis litter the scene! It's brilliant. They say to never argue with an idiot- he'll bring you down to his level and beat you. What the Third Rail does is sink lower than the idiot, making him sink down to their level. Then they beat him senseless with naked pictures.

Being naked is our second Third Rail debate tool. If you have nothing to say, get naked. In doing so, you cover up for your lack of substance while destroying any common human

decency anyone had for you. People will be unwilling to argue with you, and may even throw you into a trashcan. However, state that "Art is Resistance," and promise to remove your trousers more. People will realize that arguing with you is a fruitless endeavor, and you win.

Thirdly, talk to homeless guys. Most of the Third Rail's arguments originate from a roaming group of homeless guys that yell at people in subway terminals. That is why nothing makes logical sense. It's a brilliant move. You can't debate the logic of something when it does not actually contain any logic.

Fourth, make sure all your arguments have an exorbitant price tag. The Third Rail costs thousands of dollars from your student activity fees to produce. I admire the Third Rail greatly for showing the College of Staten Island how you can literally turn large sums of money into utter garbage.

Finally, use quotes to undermine meaning of words. I heard, from inside sources, that you cannot submit an article into the Third Rail unless it has many words in quotes. For instance, here's an excerpt from an article, "God Damn American Apartheid":

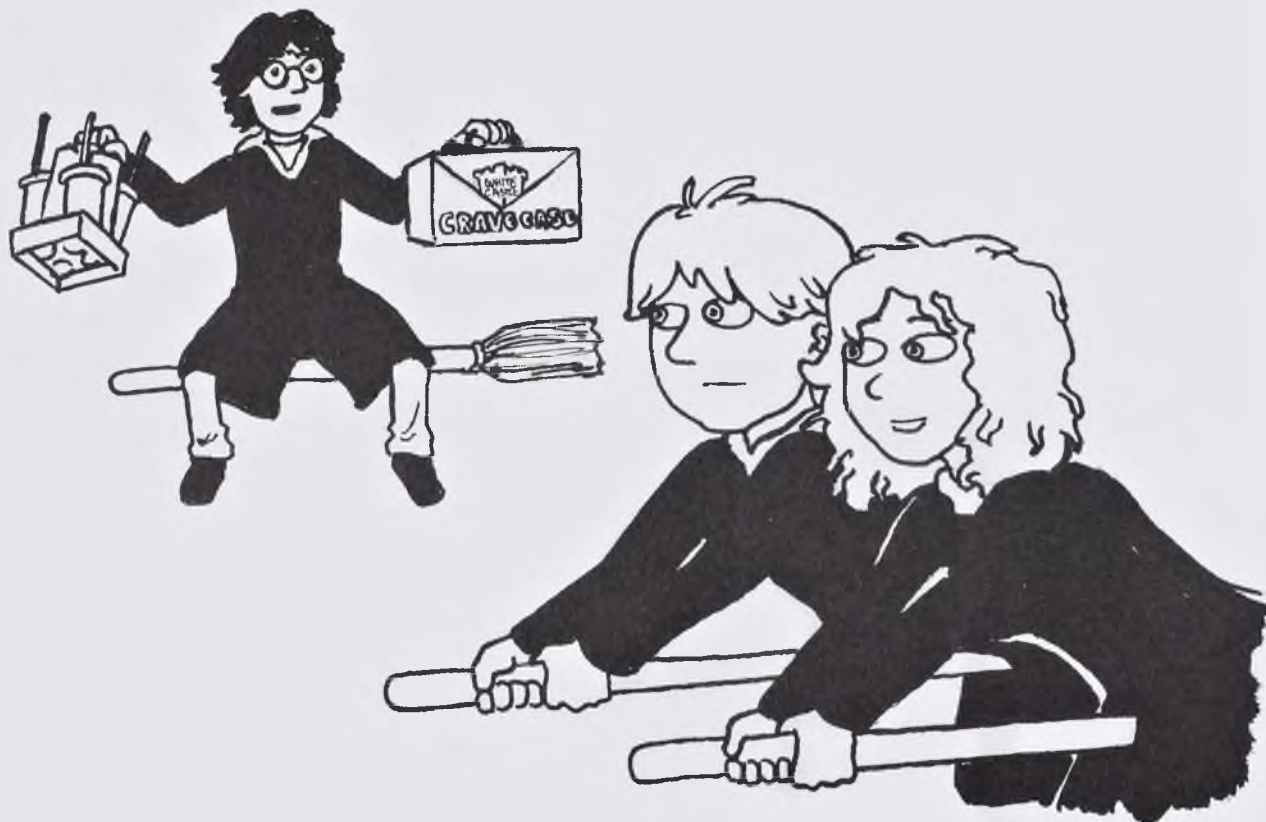
"Many view our residential housing patterns as a "natural" result of the "free market" rather than the consequence of government intervention. Yet through an historical examination it becomes evident that government, and not the so-called "free market," was the primary impetus in constructing the post-WWII modern housing market."

See how they do it? I'll leave you with an example. The Third Rail is an "integral" and "popular" "magazine" at the College of Staten Island that "naturally" "adheres" to its "principles."

Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows

Chapter 47: The Bitter End

By MICHAEL YOUNG (with apologies to J.K. Rowling)



Harry stood silently, his entire body numb from the earth-shattering spell he had just cast. It was finally over. The boy wizard tumbled forward, both knees plummeting to the ground like massive rocks, his entire body numb from his bold encounter with the one man who would do everything in his grasp to see him dead.

Harry looked down at the withered, wrinkled body that lay at his feet and exhaled a great sigh. “He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named” had been the bane of Harry’s existence, and with him defeated, Harry felt as if a tremendous weight had been lifted off his shoulders. Voldemort’s vibrant, red eyes had turned black, leaving a pale ghost of a face in its wake. Harry saw a vision of his dear parents before him, beaming as they applauded his glorious efforts.

Suddenly, all of Harry’s friends emerged from the enormous front doors that served as the grand entrance to Hogwarts. These were the same doors that Harry and Ron had timidly entered seven years ago, with the bumbling, yet reassuringly brave Hagrid at their side. My, how grand it all seemed at the time, but not more so than at this very moment, with all of the glowing

faces darting towards Harry. The students of Gryffindor were backlit by a luminescent, golden aura, and they had never looked more welcoming.

An exuberant Ginny Weasley ran into Harry's arms, her petite physique lifted into the air by Harry's almost tree-like limbs. Ginny wore a toothy grin from ear to ear, and whispered something to Harry as her pumpkin-colored ponytail swung like a pendulum behind her head. Harry smiled softly, and placed Ginny on the ground.

Over Ginny's shoulder Harry watched his old pal Hermione giggling as Ron, whose head looked more like a ripe, overgrown vegetable than ever, twirled a loose string from her maroon sweater. Harry's heart sank slightly, and he wondered for a moment if he had let something wonderful slip through his fingers. Throughout his seven years at Hogwarts, Harry had watched Hermione transform from a quirky, ever-inquisitive 10 year-old girl into a, well, quirky, ever-inquisitive, more developed young woman. Hermione had a stare that had the effect of "Expelliarmus" times a thousand.

Harry had been oblivious to the signs all along. "If you don't study with me all night in the dark recesses of the library, Harry, you're going to fail Herbology," Hermione would say. "Do tell, Harry, is this dress I picked out for the Hogwarts Ball too revealing?" Hermione said, and "Take off your shirt, Harry, so I can heal your Quidditch wounds."

Entranced in distant memories, Harry was oblivious to the sudden roar that emanated from the sprawling black cloak on the damp grass. In one fell swoop, the tall, looming figure shot up fifteen feet out of the ground and flew over to Harry, grabbing him fiercely by the throat.

"You thought you had finished me, DIDN'T YOU?" screamed the demonic wizard, whose eyes were filled with a white rage. "You thought I'd let you win this battle, Harry Potter, but you have just drawn your final breaths."

Harry flailed his arms like a small child in a grocery store, gasping for air as he waved his wand in every direction.

"After all these years, I have you at my fingertips," Voldemort sneered. "It's over, Harry Potter."



"SHUT UP! SHUT UP!" Harry screamed loudly, and proceeded to fling Voldemort into the air with his wand, exploding the evil wizard into a thousand pieces. As the tiny shreds of Voldemort rained down upon the bystanders, everyone gazed in awe at what had just happened before them.

"Hooray for Harry!" the crowd cheered. After long last, Voldemort's reign of evil had ended.

Everyone rushed over to Harry, this time to celebrate his final victory. But before they could reach him, Harry disappeared in a puff of green smoke.

"Where did he go?" Ginny said nervously.

"I think he used the Floo powder, though I can't imagine why," said Hermione. "Do you think he had any unfinished business?"

"He couldn't have gotten too far, let's see if we can spot him from the skies."

With that, Ron, Ginny, and Hermione mounted their broomsticks to look for Harry. Not a moment later came another puff of smoke and a broomstick bearing a beaming, black-haired bumpkin and two blue-and-white cartons.

"Who wants White Castle?"

Tattoos: The Where, Why, and How

By ILYSSA SILFEN



FINDING A SHOP

What do most people think of when they see someone with tattoos? In olden days, having one meant that you were a hooker, a sailor, a prisoner, or a drug addict (or perhaps a combination of the four, if you could find enough time in your day). Nowadays, tattoos have become relatively mainstream- many different types of people have them, including (but not limited to), professors, office workers, your kid's preschool teacher, even some of those Wall Street white collar crime people. If you've been thinking about getting a tattoo, here are some of the do's and don'ts.

DO look for a place that is clean! And I don't mean clean like it was dusted this morning, I mean disinfected like it's a hospital. This is a number one priority! If the place looks like it hasn't been disinfected since 1975, think about going to another shop, one that doesn't have centipedes popping up to say hello.

DO check out the portfolios of the artists **BEFORE** you walk in or make an appointment! Once upon a time, tattoo studios were few and far-between. Nowadays, they're as common as alcohol at the St. Patrick's Day parade, but no two shops are alike. Some artists are borderline geniuses, and some of them can't even walk in a straight line, much less draw one. A tattoo, like a diamond, is forever, so unless you want to walk out of a studio with Garfield instead of a tiger on your back, you'd best make sure that the artist is capable before you sit in the chair.

DON'T go to the first shop that you find, **DON'T** go to a shop just because your friends know the guy who works there, and definitely **DON'T** get tattooed by someone who doesn't work in a shop! I know from experience that when the tattoo bug bites you, it's hard to ignore the desire to get inked. However, if you go to the first shop you lay your eyes on, or if you go to a World of Warcraft addict who works out of his mom's basement, you're most likely going to be unhappy with the final result. Best-case scenario, you wind up in a Garfield/ tiger situation. Worst case, you wind up with a disease like HIV. I know that this is supposed to be a funny article, but something like that needs a serious warning.

CHOOSING A DESIGN AND PLACEMENT

DO try to design something on your own, something that reflects who you are as a person. The reason it's called a "flash" is because it's a generic design that anyone can pick off the wall and have placed on his or her skin. If you're looking for something to express yourself as an individual, it's probably not the best idea to get a design that everyone and his mother has. You don't have to pick something off of the flash wall, and you don't have to be able to draw in order to come up with a design, either. My specialty is stick figures, and I was still able to convey my ideas to the tattoo artist. You'd be surprised at how a tattoo artist can turn a sketch that looks like a drunken five year old drew it into a work of art.

DON'T get anyone's name tattooed on you, unless it is your own (although I really don't know why you'd need your own name tattooed on you, unless your memory is really that bad), that of a deceased relative, your child, or your pet (considering you're that attached to your pet). A lot of people seem to think it's a good idea to get their significant other's name tattooed on them, probably because they don't realize that if the relationship ends, the tattoo won't magically disappear with it. If you want to express your love to your significant other, take him or her out for a nice dinner. My father's friend had his wife's name tattooed on his chest and, lo and behold, they got a divorce. He now has a giant dolphin

across his chest covering her name, as his new wife would most likely not appreciate seeing his ex-wife's name on a daily basis.

DON'T get Kanji symbols or anything in another language unless you know the language yourself, or you have a really close, trustworthy friend who won't tell you it means "Strength" when it actually means "Toilet"! How would you feel if you went into a tattoo studio looking to get someone's name tattooed on you (again, bad idea) in Kanji symbols, only to find out later that the symbols actually spell out the word "Supermarket"? This is exactly what happened to one girl in the U.K., and because she couldn't afford to get it covered, she's stuck with the word "Supermarket" on her for life. Additionally, she was supposed to be getting her boyfriend's name, and they have since split.

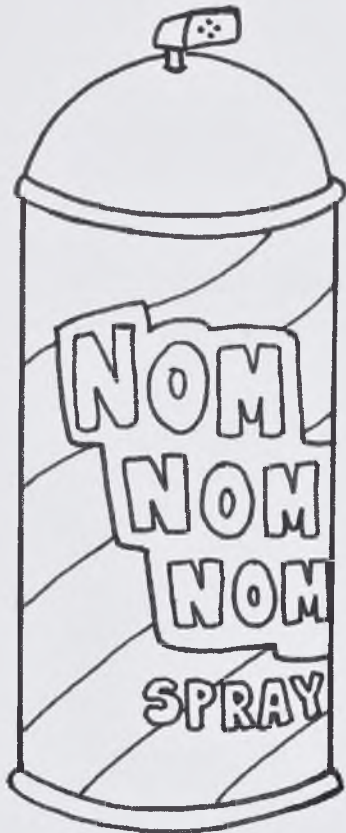
I have a couple more things to say before the big vein in my forehead explodes. To the women- there's nothing wrong with a lower back tattoo. However, you should know that some men (and I use that term loosely for these kinds of people) would see it as a bulls-eye. To the men, if you're thinking about getting an armband, don't. It didn't look good when it was popular, and it certainly doesn't look good now. If you think it looks good, you deserve all the snickers from six year olds that you're definitely going to get. Finally, there is **NO SUCH THING AS A MASCULINE OR FEMININE SPOT FOR A TATTOO!** Unless you're getting your genitalia tattooed, (regardless of your reasoning, that has GOT to be painful), there is no such thing. If the tattoo you're getting is feminine, no matter where you put it, it will be feminine. Don't let people cajole you into changing your mind simply because they can't wrap their heads around the idea of individual thought. If they want to make decisions for other people that badly, they should become politicians. And while even politicians seem to be having trouble with that, that's another rant for another time.

Do you despise people? Often cornered by annoying bystanders who don't know how to leave you alone? Do you feel the urge to fly away and hide in a cave for 26,000 years? Well, we can't dump you into a vat of toxic waste, but we can give you something better!



Introducing:

Not One More Nasty Ostracized Man Negating Our Mood Spray!



With **NOM NOM NOM Spray**, you can effectively and efficiently ward off unwanted humans. Say no mo' to Homo Sapiens! Instantly chase them away with great precision! It's environmentally safe, too! Own this revolutionary product for only five thousand easy payments of \$9.99 (plus shipping and handling)

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Call Today!**

Got Recession Depression? Get a Kitty

By PETER BURATTI

Greetings, fellow college goers! Spring is in the air and finals are around the corner. This may be causing you concern, and concerned you should be!

One poor final grade can lead to a downward spiral of failure and depression ending in a life of misery and emptiness. “Oh no” you may say, or “how can I avoid this horrible fate?” For those readers anxiously awaiting all those tests and papers, I have a solution to your pain! There is a way to conquer those nasty feelings of doubt once and for all- an emotional panacea, if you will. The solution I am about to reveal to you has been tried and tested throughout the ages! Now that I have your partial attention, I unveil something so positive, so incredibly cheerful that the sight of it will fill your heart with unbridled happiness. Ladies and gentlemen, I give you- kittens!



Now I know that small mammals hardly seem like a good stress reliever, but do not lose faith just yet. You see, dear reader, kittens are no ordinary small mammals- they possess qualities of cuteness and wonder the likes of which no other mammal can compare. This fact has not escaped notice over the ages. For example, kittens have played an important role in at least one major religion! (And possibly minor roles in countless others, though I do not wish to count them.)

If you are still not convinced that kittens are the answer to your emotional stress, I have provided some prime examples of the most su-



pernaturally adorable aspects of the kitten. I feel inclined to warn you, dear reader, that this following section will evoke imagery of kittens engaged in unspeakably cute acts, possibly leading to spontaneous smiling and, on occasion, a verbal “aww.” You have been warned.

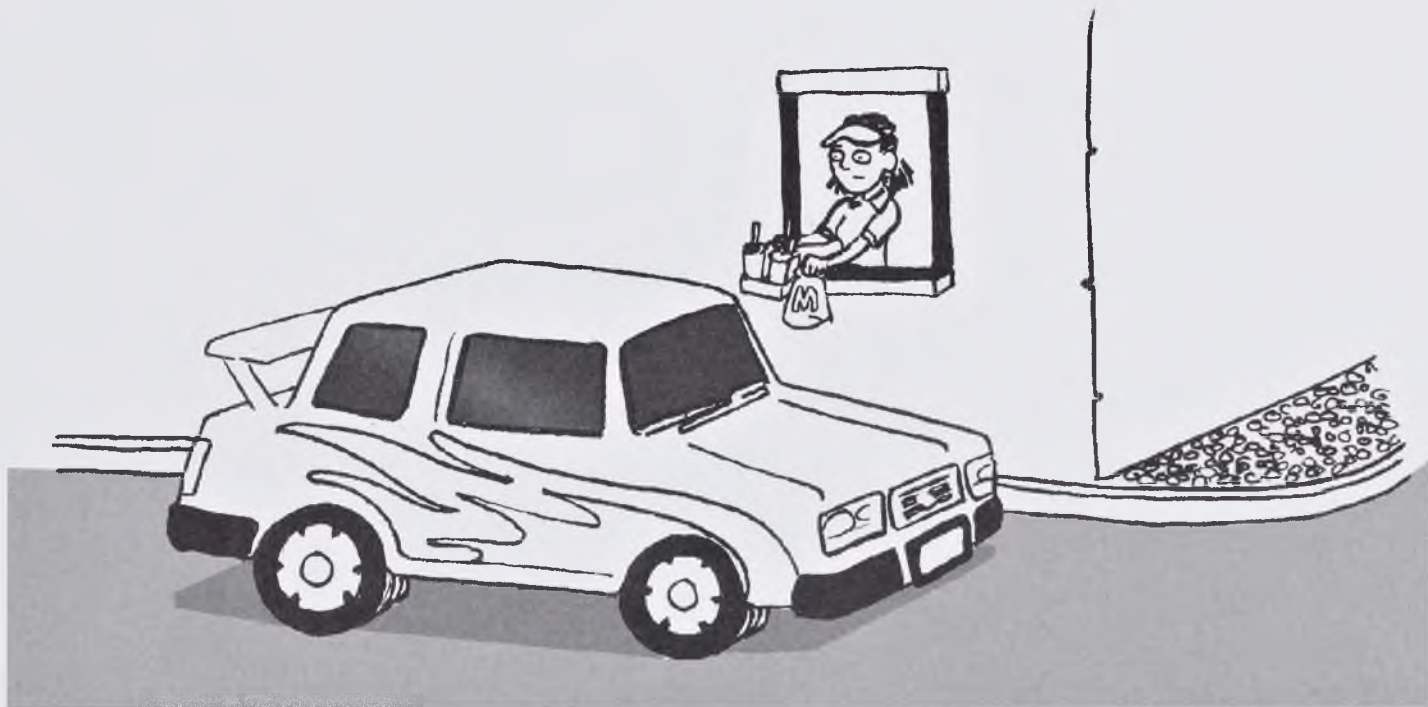
First and foremost, we must look at the “still kitten”. This kitten doesn’t have to go anywhere- indeed, it may not even be awake- but something about it makes being lazy look fun! My personal favorite of this group is the “sleeping kitten.” Lets picture it for a moment: you walk in from a hard day at school, generally hating the world and muttering violent threats to various things under your breath. You quickly notice that your new pet kitty is sleeping on top of the massive pile of papers and texts you left on your desk that morning, an “aww” escapes your lips, and your mood instantly brightens as you realize everything is not so bad if such cuteness can manage to nap on top of that pile of misery.

The next category of kitty goodness is the “action kitty.” This category covers all those times when your kitty is up and doing something! This includes: running, jumping, playing, tripping, falling, attacking, climbing, and riding tiny tricycles! There is nothing that brings a smile to your face like watching your kitty chase that random sunbeam across the floor, a spec of dust, or, if you’re privileged enough to witness it, a bug! Have you ever seen a kitten chase a bug? Between all the pouncing and stalking, there’s enough action-filled fun to fuel a whole roomful of smiles!

Though I could indeed go on for pages and pages about my favorite felines, I must draw this uplifting discourse to an end. My fellow writers also have content to add to this fine publication. In parting, I remind you to make use of nature’s furry little pick-me-ups the next time sorrow and angst heads your way.

Automotive Annoyances

By VINCENT BALESTRIERE



There are plenty of people on the roads of Staten Island who personally piss me off, and that's what this article is about- highlighting some of the real jerks out there.

We've all seen them, and we've all definitely heard them. I'm talking about old Civics and Accords, sometimes Eclipses and Galants. They've got blaring stereos, but you have no idea what song is playing because the speakers exploded from the bass years ago. They have "bodykits," but they haven't had them painted, and they're chipping from all the potholes on our crappy roads.

Then there are the massive spoilers they put on the back – pointless, and usually about

\$80 from Pep Boys. Why are they pointless? The purpose of a spoiler on a sports car is rear downforce, or basically to increase the grip the rear tires have (and even on a RWD/AWD car, the spoiler has to be bolted to the chassis to actually do anything. Drilling a couple holes and slapping a spoiler on your trunk won't actually do anything). Trouble is, sports cars are rear- or all-wheel drive- mom's Accord isn't.

Then there is the party piece that everyone, regardless of the amount of interest one has in cars, knows: exhaust. You know the sound, a high-pitched buzzing. These people seem to think it makes their pieces of crap sound fast, but just about everyone laughs at them. Car enthusiasts such as myself have a field day with these people, and we mock them at every chance. Those exhaust systems are regarded as "fart cans" in the auto world due to the sound. If someone you know has a car like this, they probably don't realize that their Civic won't even outrun a properly tuned Miata.

Next: SUVs. Now, don't get me wrong, I don't inherently hate SUVs. I simply hate that the drivers of these vehicles generally don't have any concept of what driving a 3-ton (6000 pound) vehicle is. SUVs take up more space than the family sedan or a compact, and they can't be driven in the same manner— no quick turns, sudden braking, or attempted races. Obviously, the big SUVs are the ones I'm talking about here – Tahoes, Land Cruisers, Commanders, Range Rovers, Escalades, etc. When you have such a massive machine, of course a large engine is needed to power the monstrosity. That's simple chemistry. But 9MPG is unacceptable for any daily driver, especially when all that room goes to waste. If you drive around the island, how many people do you typically see seated in a single SUV? One, two? They're designed to seat seven, but not many people actually use that space.

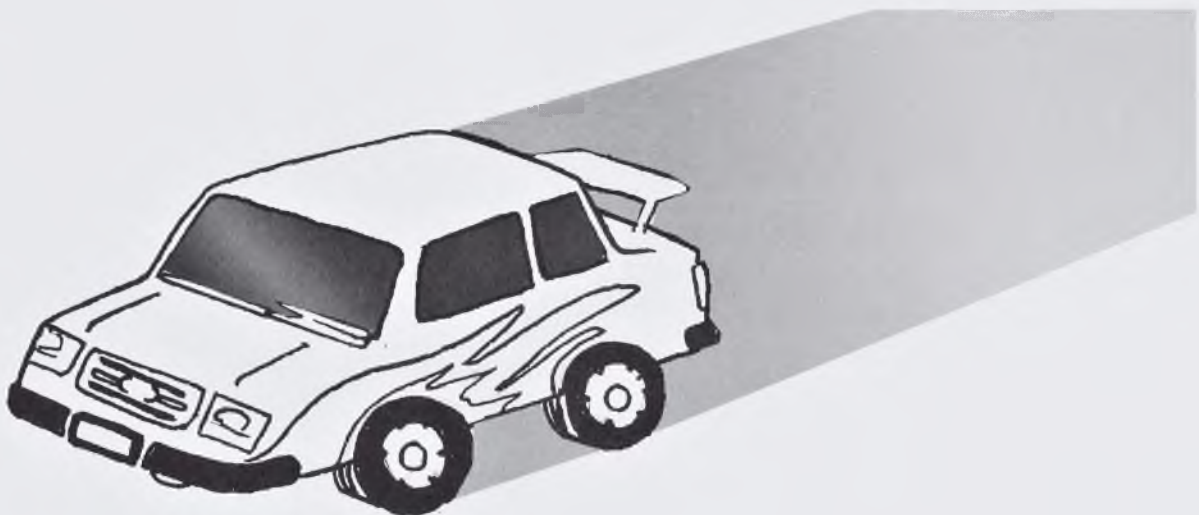
Then there are those real shmucks that buy SUVs with four-wheel drive. They think a four-wheel drive is safer, but it's not. Newsflash: an all-wheel drive or four-wheel drive system is heavier than a traditional front-wheel drive system. And what does added weight mean? Longer stopping distances, and decreased fuel economy. AWD and 4WD don't save you in the rain and snow (in which heavy SUVs are terrible, by the way), only intelligent driving does. No amount of safety features will save someone who drives like a moron, and we've all seen plenty of those characters.

Speaking of people who can't drive, how about those people who seem compelled to cut you off on Hylan Blvd, Amboy Road, or really any road for no reason? They're in the same category of people who intentionally take handicapped spaces and park in fire lanes: pure callous jerks. What do they have to prove by cutting you off while you're driving the speed limit? Maybe they get off on the "danger." Every time I see some jerk pretending his car belonged in "The Fast and the Furious," I let him go on his way, hoping he will learn a lesson after hitting a pole.

Once, I did actually see one of these morons crash. He didn't get hurt, but he was shaken up. And you know what? Maybe he'll learn that aggressive driving is unsafe in more ways than one- you might crash, or you might just cut off the wrong person on the wrong day.

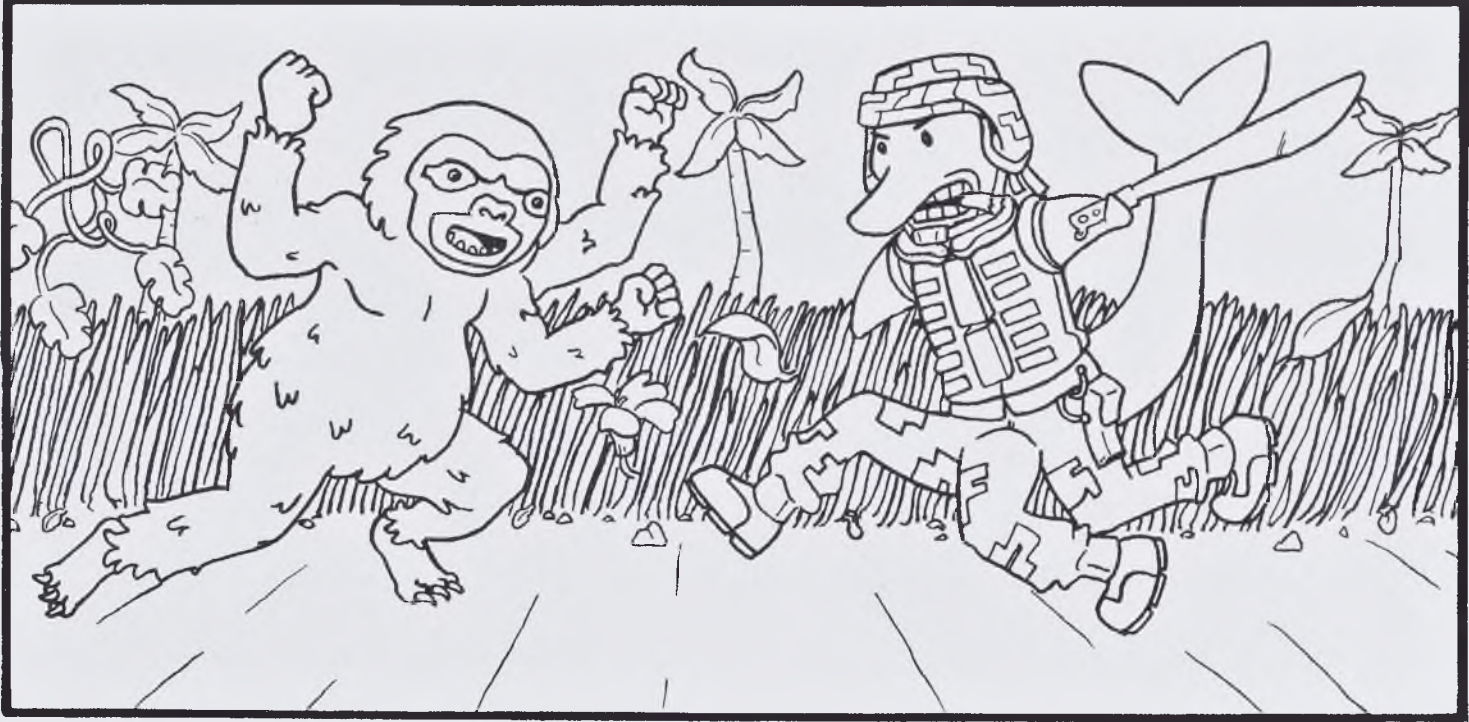
Drive safely, for everyone's sake. If you want to drive fast and aggressively, there's absolutely nothing wrong with that- I'm a fan of it. But take it to a closed track, where you can't hurt anyone. I hope this will convince some people to re-evaluate their driving skills, and what they drive. If you drive a Civic, fine. Drive it like a Civic and get great gas mileage. If you have a sports car, drive it like one – on the track.

Take care of yourselves, and your cars.



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We hope you enjoyed Operation Three-Legged Dolphin, and that it gave you a few laughs. Because we could all use a laugh these days, with our economy in turmoil and country's future at stake. We only ask that, if you enjoyed our humble effort, you show your friends, relatives, and co-workers.

By the way, if we did not succeed in our mission, our fiery flame of failure should be blamed on our teachers for not instructing us to be funny.

We hope we inspired you to take charge in this wonderful community, adopt a kitten, give a pint of blood, help an old person, or feed a hungry child.

But we're not at a CSI graduation ceremony— there's no need for us to get preachy. Brace yourself for the unveiling of the transvestite three-legged dolphin in our next issue! Pray it doesn't get published. It'll be fireworks! Until then, keep your clothes on!

