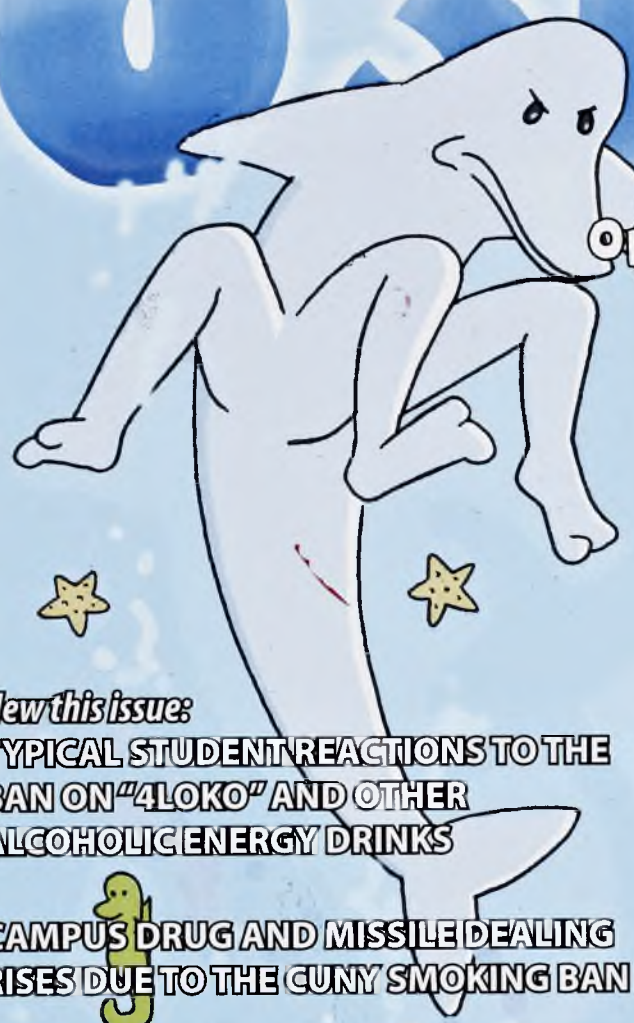


The College of Staten Island's **ONLY** Student Humor Magazine!



Operation Three-Legged Dolphin

Issue #5, SPRING/SUMMER 2011



New this issue:

TYPICAL STUDENT REACTIONS TO THE BAN ON "4LOKO" AND OTHER ALCOHOLIC ENERGY DRINKS

CAMPUS DRUG AND MISSILE DEALING RISES DUE TO THE CUNY SMOKING BAN

LOONEY TUNES QUIT ANIMATION BUSINESS DUE TO UPCOMING TELEVISED DISASTER!

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO THE SOAP DISPENSERS IN THE CAMPUS CENTER?

*...and so much more
by and for you, the students!*

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FUNDED BY **STUDENT ACTIVITY FEES** ★★

Operation Three-Legged Dolphin is a community effort, kept alive by the very creative and very talented individuals of CSI's student body. We thank our staff for making the magazine what it is today through their hard work and dedication.



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This piece of hand-drawn and colored artwork comes to us from none other than the O3LD creator and former Editor-in-Chief, Michael Young. Mike represented us at the Macaulay Arts Night event in April 2011 with an enlarged version of this picture of our three-legged dolphin holding his own against the Macaulay Septopus.

You can read more about this picture and about the Arts Night before it happened on our blog!



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Operation Three-Legged Dolphin is meant to appeal to a mature audience, and may contain material that parents may not find suitable for younger readers.

CSI RESPONDS TO CUNY SMOKING BAN WITH MISSILES AND WEED

by ANDREW OPPENHEIMER, Illustrated by NINA MUSILLO

We all know that smoking is an addictive habit that has the same hypnotic effect on people like sugary sweets on a young child. So what happens when those sugary sweets are taken away? The same thing that happens when the City University of New York "enforces" a citywide smoking ban on all CUNY schools: tantrums are thrown and equally tantalizing alternatives are sought out.

pg. 4

WIPING MY ASS WITH TENTACLES by ANDREW OPPENHEIMER

pg. 5

LOONEY TUNES THREATEN TO DROP CONTRACT by ED PEPPE

Last year, Warner Bros. Animation announced a new revival of the classic cartoon Looney Tunes for the modern demographic, "The Looney Tunes Show". When the show's preview flops and the stars are left with their tails between their legs, they threaten to drop their contract with Warner Bros. if the show's format isn't given a complete overhaul before its worldwide debut in May.

pg. 8

Latest Searches on RANK MY PROFESSOR by SPENCER BOLLETTIERI

Illustrated by ERIC VAN WOLKEN & ED PEPPE

pg. 11

A Beginner's Guide To: TIPPING! by PACO IGLESIAS

pg. 15

THE WORLD ACCORDING TO KATIE ANDERSON by ED PEPPE

See the world from the perspective of a tomboyish social outcast as one girl, cursed with impulse but has a pull-no-punches attitude to compensate, takes on a hectic college life, an awkward family, a creepy secret admirer and varying unpredictable circumstances in a way that only she knows how.

pg. 16,21,26,
33,36,39

MUMMIES ON STRIKE by ANTHONY LoGATTO, Illustrated by MATT YOUNG

It seems that everyone is feeling the effects of the rioting in Egypt earlier this year. But what about those who have been long buried and gone? The dead have risen from the grave to express their own complaints with how the riots have affected their once peaceful resting places.

pg. 17

LOST CITY FOUND IN STUDENT'S ASS by SPENCER BOLLETTIERI, Illustrated by MATT YOUNG

Dick Doodles is back, and apparently, his cell phone wasn't the only thing taking shelter where his lower intestine should be. See why this Biology student now has a *second* scientific discovery to brag about.

pg. 19

"LOCO 4 LOKO": Student Reactions to Ban on 4Loko by ERIC VAN WOLKEN

Remember the recent ban on alcoholic energy drinks? Maybe you don't, but for every normal person who doesn't, there's always two to three "unique" individuals who do and are devastated by the change. See how your fellow students are taking the news and why you should be concerned with who you're attending classes with.

pg. 22

LIGHTS OUT FOR Spider Man: Turn off the Dark by SPENCER BOLLETTIERI, Illustrated by NINA MUSILLO

Just like 1980's cartoons didn't age well, neither do comic book superheroes. When the curtains are closed early on one Broadway adaptation of a particular man with spider-like powers, many are left to wonder "why", "how", and "by who"? It may not be who you think.

pg. 27

NEIL FREUDBERGER, Ph.D: Superhero Psychologist by ED PEPPE, Inspired by MICHAEL YOUNG

pg. 29

THE LEGEND OF THE GERMAPHOBIC PIMP by ANDREW OPPENHEIMER

Illustrated by ED PEPPE & Original Character Concept by SAUL RAMIREZ

Recently, the soap dispensers in the Campus Center have gone missing. Supply closets have been ransacked and maintenance workers are left baffled. After little to no investigation, the students have jumped to one unanimous conclusion: a germaphobic pimp has been stealing hand soap, Purell foam dispensers and wet-naps from the Campus Center in order to clean up after his dirty work. Is it true? And if so, should we be worried, or mildly amused?

pg. 30

GNOME COUNTRY FOR TINY MEN by NICK GONZALEZ, Illustrated by NINA MUSILLO

We at *Operation Three-Legged Dolphin* have earned our place amongst student publications covering the story behind past uprisings by local garden gnomes. We're back once again to cover a new controversy: what is it about the movie *Gnomio and Julier* that has gnomes up in arms once again?

pg. 34

TO DRAW DICKS ON YOUR FOREHEAD by ANDREW OPPENHEIMER, Illustrated by ?????

pg. 37

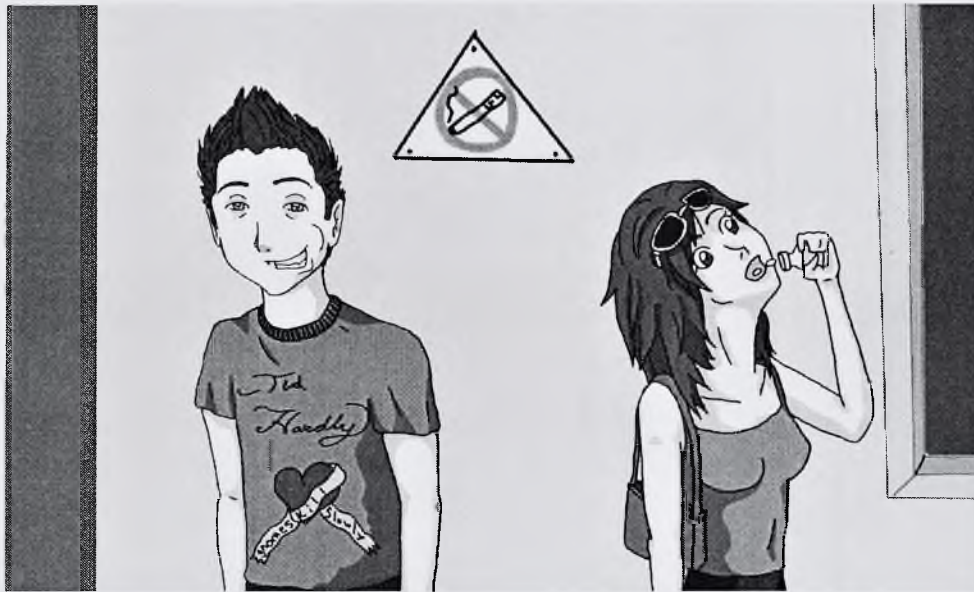
LAN PARTY COORDINATORS TAKE "GREEN" INITIATIVE by ED PEPPE, Illustrated by MATT YOUNG

Does the idea of a flock of nerds gathering to an abandoned Staten Island warehouse and consuming resources at an obscene pace all for the sake of playing video games and watching things that would disturb normal people scare you? When one make-shift gaming convention is under fire from Staten Island residents for causing freak power outages, the event coordinators come up with a strategy to keep their nerd sanctuary intact.

pg. 41

CSI RESPONDS TO CUNY SMOKING BAN WITH MISSILES AND WEED

WRITTEN BY Andrew Oppenheimer / ARTWORK BY Nina Musillo



In January, The City University of New York mandated that all of its college campuses will become smoke free by June 2012. CSI students and faculty are polarized on the topic, but preparing to cope with the change in their own ways.

“We’ve decided to revert the smokestack into an intercontinental rocket launcher, like in the ‘60’s,” says James Pepe, AVP for Campus Planning. “It’s only really been there to dispose of slanderous issues of Third Rail anyway for the past few years, and they barely publish anything we care about anymore.”

“It’s gonna be rough, man,” says David “Q-Ball” Valentinez, sophomore and drug dealer. “No one’s buying rolling weed anymore. I’ve had to switch my stock to chewing-marijuana. But on the upside, spliffs’ never been easier.”

In order to implement this ban, CSI student Rose Ellicott proposed specifically marked

areas for smoking, “like at Six-Flags.” These smoking areas will feature teenagers in large suits for each of the school’s mascots walking around for photo opportunities, including the Dolphin, the Three-Legged Dolphin, the Dump-Monster, and of course the Anthropomorphic-Talking-Guido. These smoking areas are expected to be implemented shortly after commencement, as to avoid pissing off the graduates’ parents.

The ban is expected to have a major impact geographically as well. “There’s so much smoke right now that it blocks out the stars. When everyone stops smoking, our campus telescope will be able to see stuff again,” claims nonsmoker and self-proclaimed “Clean-Air Expert” Gavin Delmundo, while he takes a hit of salvia.

It is projected that within one year of the ban’s start that a mountain of cigarette butts will materialize at the edge of Willowbrook Park nearest to the irreparable hole in the fence on the west edge of the campus, Pepe reveals. “We hope that Mount-Smokey will grow large enough to block the hole for us, so we won’t have to pretend to patch it anymore.”

WIPING MY ASS WITH TENTACLES

WRITTEN BY **Andrew Oppenheimer**

I ask myself sometimes when I read the classics of the past how well that work would hold up under today's standards. This isn't to say that the writing is necessarily bad, but writing as an art has changed dramatically over the past few hundred years. Writing for art and entertainment has only really existed in the past hundred and fifty years or so, yet the evolution of the media has been so rapid that things written as recently as twenty years ago are already dated. So how about something from the start of the 20th century?

Howard Phillips Lovecraft is widely considered to be one of the fathers of modern horror, and for good reason. He is responsible for creating Cthulhu, one of the most notable monsters in history and a universal cult hit across all brands of geek. He wrote of unimaginable horrors, the dark pantheon of Elder Gods, and created Cosmism. He's the reason why aliens aren't always seen as humanoids. And as a true master of horror, his writing is quite horrible.

By today's standards – or perhaps only those set in college writing workshops – his writing is dull and too rife with exposition rather than imagery. While this is understandable from the narrators' points of view (few if any had anything more than a pragmatic view of the world, and would not need to show any sort of artistic flare in their journals), it makes the final product really fucking boring. The language is very formal, and the descriptions of all locations come off nearly cliché. Nearly all antagonists are either nonhuman or nonwhite, and all characters are strictly methods of delivery for the larger concepts. They aren't characters, they are sets of wheels painted with racist clichés.

When polling for information on the subject, I asked an avid Lovecraft fan and defender

what details he could remember about the main character from "The Call of Cthulhu." He could not remember anything notable. From my own memory I can only recall that he had a friend/family member that started an investigation that he had to finish, which took him through the world to witness unfathomable horrors, ultimately resulting in madness and death for all he encountered. I recall that he was a white male with reasonable academia on his side. There was nothing especially notable about his character, all of the above points are plot related besides sex and ethnicity. This, simply, is because white males control the fate of the universe.

In case it was a one time occurrence from his most well known story, we'll look at the short story "Nyarlathotep." It's freely available online to enjoy as much as unfathomable horrors allow you to enjoy.

From this story we can ascertain that the main character is "colder, and more scientific than the rest," and that is all. We cannot determine any back story about this character, nor can we tell any distinguishing characteristics about this nameless narrator. The best we can do is take his word for it that he has a slightly scientific background and lacks the ability to describe things. This narrator cannot even tell you what city they are in. But the story's not about the narrator, it's about Nyarlathotep.

Nyarlathotep is Egyptian in origin, "and looked like a Pharaoh." He's thin, likes to tinker with tools, and obviously far more scientific than the narrator. He allegedly makes people disappear. Apparently he can prophesize terrible things that are beyond the poor narrator's ability to convey. That's about it.

Therefore: Nyarlathotep is a time traveling terrorist from outer space.

Both Cthulhu and Nyarlathotep recur in the Cthulu Mythos, and end up playing a larger role than either of these short stories would suggest, but ultimately the stories that set up the characters only set up the characters. That is all. We know Cthulhu has an occult following and is big, has wings, and tentacles coming off of his chin. We also know that Nyarlathotep has bad acid visions. That's really about all that we get from these stories. Nothing especially happens – though Call of Cthulhu has much more plot to it, even if it doesn't really drive the reader as much as others could – and the characters are worthless. Perhaps the settings would help more?

“Once we looked at the pavement and found the blocks loose and displaced by grass, with scarce a line of rusted metal to shew where the tramways had run. And again we saw a tram-car, lone, windowless, dilapidated, and almost on its side.” This passage boils down to “The destruction of our buildings paled to the sight of the wasted, useless tram-car.” It isn't a whole lot better, but it's far more concise. To quote a professor of playwriting, “There're too many fucking words!”

If I were to critique Lovecraft's work – specifically

Nyarlathotep since that's what I've mostly cited - I would have to tell him that a shift from first to third person would probably alleviate most of his problems. Leaving the story in the hands of his characters is counter-productive towards telling a compelling story. No one cares about how unimaginable the horror is, the reader wants to imagine it. Otherwise they would've stayed home and cried/masturbated, as most Lovecraft obsessors are known to do frequently.

While most of his work still echoes today – from Stephen King to Theodore Sturgeon to Neil Gaiman to (especially in Watchmen) Alan Moore – and the Cthulhu Mythos especially is glorified, his writing would not pass a college creative writing workshop on the merit of his craft... because he's terrible.



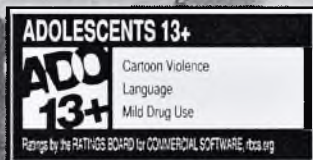
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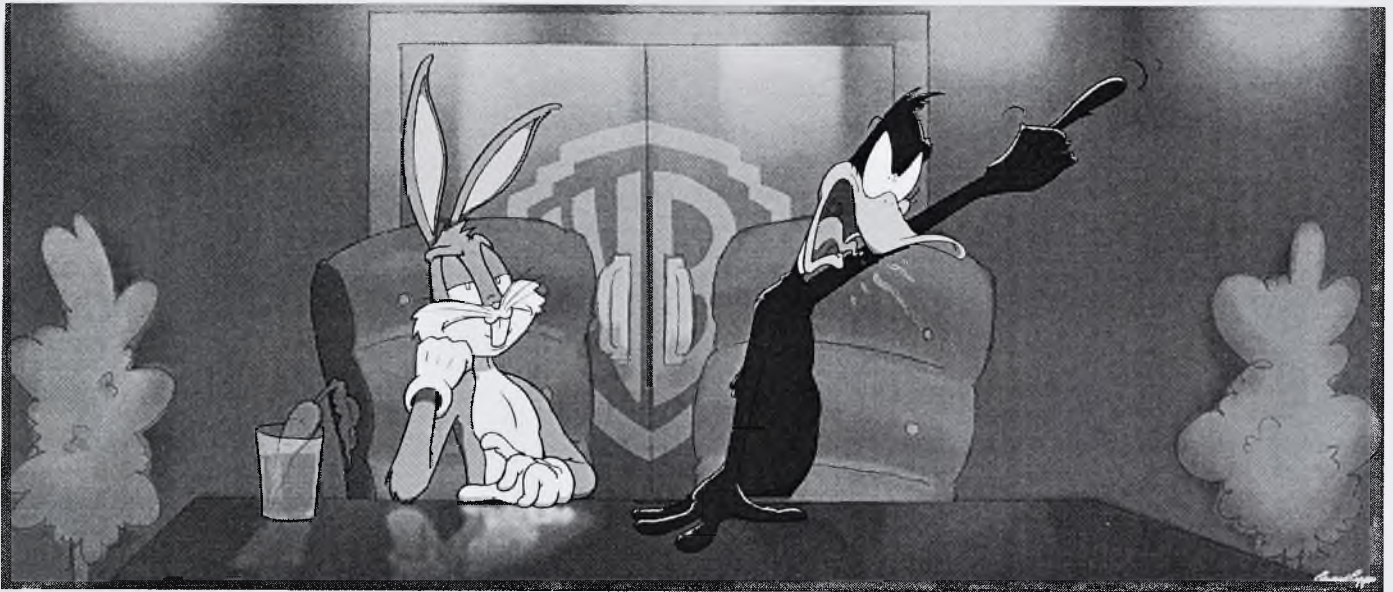


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LOONEY TUNES THREATEN TO DROP CONTRACT WITH WARNER BROS.

WRITTEN & ILLUSTRATED BY Ed Peppe



Everyone who was born in the twentieth century and had a halfway decent childhood will remember the Looney Tunes. Back when it was still drawn with actual ink and paint, animated in ~~some-where other than Korea~~ the United States and voiced by only one person, the Looney Tunes enjoyed decades of success and managed to appeal to every generation and demographic.

Each episode featured a lively cast of characters, clever writing that combined slapstick and witty dialog, fluid animation and fitting musical scores that tied each episode together to make the most enjoyable seven minutes one could spend staring mindlessly at a silver screen. For those of us who were born *after* the passing of Mel Blanc, at least we have *Space Jam*.

However, like every other American pop culture icon that has been re-marketed to the point of irrelevancy and has been wrung dry like a dried-out SpongeBob, the Looney Tunes was set to have yet another revival, this time in the form of a half-hour television show that tried to bring the same cast into a new generation...for better or for worse.

During a ComicCon interview with Warner Bros. Animation producer Tony Cervone just last year, the long time animation head announced the newest regurgitation of the tired franchise that already has heard its share of the crack of the corporate whip. *The Looney Tunes Show*, as it's being dubbed, will feature all of the classic Looney Tunes characters in all their glory.

The plot mainly focuses around the main protagonists, Bugs and Daffy, who share a living space in a city suburb and must deal with overly-embellished everyday issues. It was almost as if the writing of their "unpredictable" lives was inspired by the scripts of rejected *Seinfeld* episodes.

A month before the show was set to debut

on Cartoon Network in May, the Warner Bros. executives decided it would be a neat idea to have a public screening of one of the first episodes at a IMAX theater in Manhattan with the stars of the show making a red-carpet appearance. Unfortunately, due to the lack of support, steady planning, and a sufficient allocated budget needed to actually book a date at the theater, the screening was instead held in a hole-in-the-wall Staten Island bar in the industrial ghost-town that is Tottenville.

An official (not yet confirmed) O3LD reporter who had just happened to be in the area on the night of the screening entered the nearby bar for a much needed restroom stop. Upon exiting the restroom and weaving in and out between lightheaded bar-goers, he ran into none other than the horribly-aged star of the show himself, Bugs Bunny, who was both gracious and plastered enough to speak with the pizza-faced journalist.

"Meh, I'm not too excited about this screening myself. Gettin' here in my usual fashion was kinda' hard for me since I can't burrow underground without endin' up in the middle o'the road and riskin' getting run over. I tell ya', these palookas don't let you live on this screwy Island!" exclaimed Bugs as he downed another long gulp of Mike's Hard Carrot Juice.

Daffy Duck was acting a little more optimistic, feeling this newest small-screen appearance will surely make up for the bittersweet experience

of Duck Dodgers and the disasters that were Baby Looney Tunes and Loonatics Unleashed...surely. "What's the worst that could happen?" said the arrogant water fowl to our reporter, "Even if this bombs, which I know it won't, I will always bounce back. Pffthese suckers will watch anything as long as my shiny beak and gorgeous feathery figure is on the screen."

Unfortunately, the pilot flopped before the first episode was even over, and Bugs and Daffy were left to be the laughingstock of the entire bar. Intoxicated bar-goers were in stitches from the cheesy jokes, the lackluster slapstick and the needless back-and-forth dialogue that made the stars look more like a bickering gay couple than a comedy duo; while the (semi-)sober bar-goers simply laughed at the mediocrity of the characters themselves.

After making their way back to Warner Bros. Studios in Hollywood, the two stars headed to the show producer's office ready to make known their complaints and the complaints of the fans who can't accept that their childhood idols are officially washed up. Our O3LD reporter somehow managed to tag along, thinking he had struck journalistic gold. It's still unclear whether or not his family knew he was gone for this long at this point.

"Look at this list of YouTube comments, Mr. Cervone," Daffy went on to say to the



co-producer of The Looney Tunes Show as he slapped a stack of printed YouTube comment section screen shots on the desk in front of him. "Everyone haaaaates the new show. It's not funny, it's too stiff and lifeless and could ruin our careers! Well, the rabbit's career anyhow...I can still nab myself a cheap reality show deal with MTV, but you see what I mean!"

"What the duck's tryin' to say..." Bugs said, ever so profoundly, "...is that if the show's style ain't changed to somethin' people will actually enjoy before May, we'll have no choice but to announce our retirements from show business before our reputations get a chance to be destroyed...again." "I don't remember agreeing to that..." said Daffy, confused.

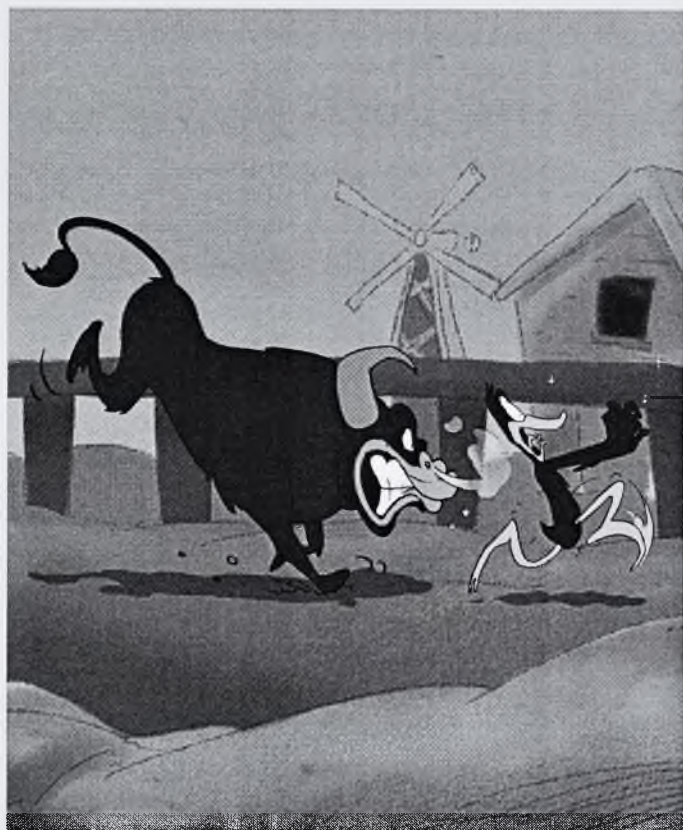
Regardless of the pleas from the original stars to "looney" up the show's tame and pathetic writing and art styles, the show was broadcasted worldwide in May, as the genius executives at Warner Bros. saw too many marketing opportunities to give this one up. Needless to say, the ratings plummeted off the charts after the first month and the overall reviews were less than flattering, one in particular calling this event in animation history "the real end of an seemingly long-lasting era in children's entertainment". But hey, even good things must come to an end someday, right?

So, where are the figures of this article today? Bugs Bunny has retired to write his autobiography about the ups-and-downs in his motion-picture career called: "The Bugs Bunny Blues". Daffy Duck went on to fulfill his promise of signing a reality show deal with MTV, which turned out to be nothing more than yet another extension of *The Real World*. When that flunked after three months, Daffy was left to audition for *Jackass*, only to get rejected, and eventually announce his retirement and move back in with Bugs Bunny in his home in the woods.

Having documented this historic event in American pop culture, our O3LD reporter returned to us after three weeks of having basically gone missing with an idea for an article for our magazine: "Anthropomorphic Talking Rabbit and Duck Spotted at Staten Island Bar, Scientists Still Oblivious to Amazing Discovery". It was rejected on sight because O3LD does not print anything that is false, fabricated or uninteresting. In other words, like a realistic game of Life, everyone eventually lost.



Lines die down at a local Barnes & Noble as an exclusive book signing of Bugs Bunny's new autobiography comes to a close.



Daffy Duck runs for his life during his botched audition for MTV's attempted Jackass revival shortly after ending his contract with Warner Bros.

Latest Searches on

RANKMY PROFESSOR

By Spencer Bollittieri
Eric Van Wolken &
Edward Peppe



Professor Al Lee-Yin Anatomy Lab

The College of Staten Island / The City University of New York

DESCRIPTION: Welcome to anatomy lab where everyday is an adventure in the gross and sticky. Be prepared to harvest human organs for study and get ready to explore the mysteries that perplexed our species for ages.



TommyBungle writes:

If you take this class prepare to take it in the ass...literally! I don't know what he inserted in my rectum during our anal probing lab, but it seems to be moving and making its way to my brain.
Overall score: 5/10



RedRoger85 writes:

I don't know where in Asia Cetus-5 is, but they sure do talk funny, I can't understand a damned word he says. And I don't trust what goes on behind dem shifty eyes...all 3 of them!
Overall score: 0/10




Son_of_Serling writes:

It's not a dissection manual, it's a cookbook!
Overall score: Run!/10

Professor Norman Rifkin Criminal Psychology

The College of Staten Island / The City University of New York

DESCRIPTION: Want to know who's been leaving you those messages on your voice mail, why it is your roommate locks the door at night and sleeps with gun under her pillow? Well then show up to my class...ether that or I can always show up to yours, I got your schedule and I know where you live.



HappyHarley writes:

Well I've heard some pretty mean terms thrown around the classroom, such as "creepy," "perverted," "serial rapist," but I tell you now, he's just friendly. I can't remember the last time a professor installed a camera in my shower drain or sent me a coat made from the flesh of my last boyfriend. I mean it's this kind of student-professor relationship and this level of intimacy that separates CSI from the other colleges I attended.
Overall score: 11/10



xxScreamQueenxx writes:

When taking his night classes, be sure to keep close to the streetlamps when leaving and it's probably wise to use the buddy system when navigating the parking lot. And whatever you do, never visit his office.
Overall Score: .../10



BeautifulBleeder99 writes:

I don't know what's worse, the screams coming from behind the closet or the hours he spends ranting about what he plans on doing with Jessica Alba's hair brush. But either way he doesn't teach for shit. If you take this course, you're more or less teaching yourself so be sure to buy the textbook.
Overall Score: 4/10



Professor John Madden Sexual Education

The College of Staten Island / The City University of New York

DESCRIPTION: Sex is like football. I'll teach you the ins and outs in a play-by-play examination of the human reproductive system so that you can make it past the 40-yard line and score!



BundyBabe90 writes:

Sure he smells like kebab and gay and sure he seems a little too enthusiastic about teaching sex ed., but I tell you his screams of "bam!", "boom!", "intercepted!" are a sure way to keep you awake and interested. And never have I seen such a detailed and in-depth play-by-play analysis of the reproductive system.
Overall Score: 10/10



GeminiGuy90 writes:

I don't know where that stain came from and I don't want to know, but I want it out now John!
Overall Score: WTF/10



OJ93 writes:

I didn't just get an A in his class, I also got an appreciation of sex as a whole...and maybe some sort of rash. But ether way sex is now a unique and exciting experience, full of adventure, intrigue and fun. And now whenever I turn on Monday Night Football or my latest copy of Madden, I'll be able to experience the warm, tingly memories over and over again.
Overall Score: 10/10

Kent Conrad's CRAZY CAMPUS

By Edward Peppe

Based on a character designed by
Mike Young and the Fall 2009 O3LD Staff



Student Jay-Walking at Lot 6

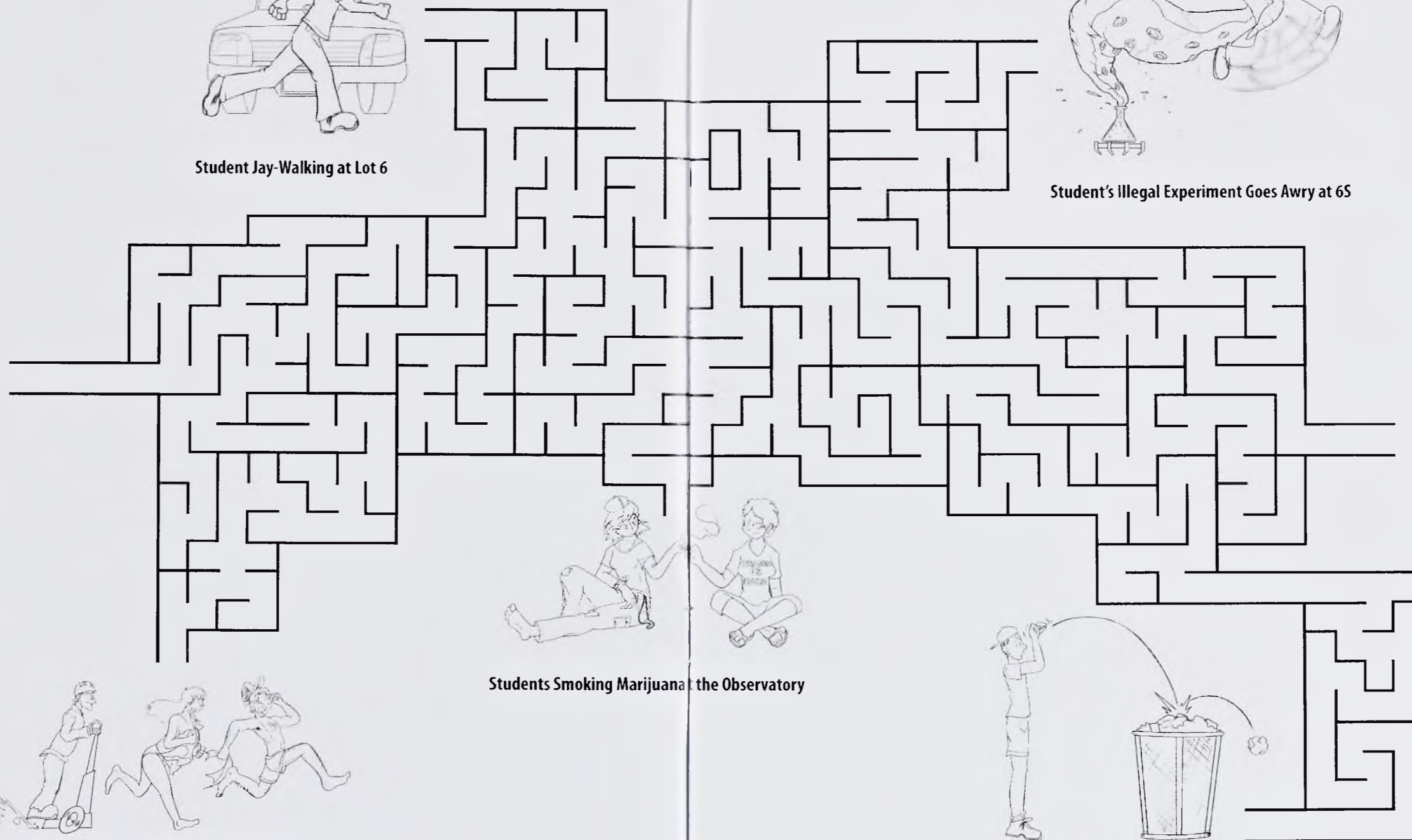


Student's Illegal Experiment Goes Awry at 6S



START

Victory Boulevard

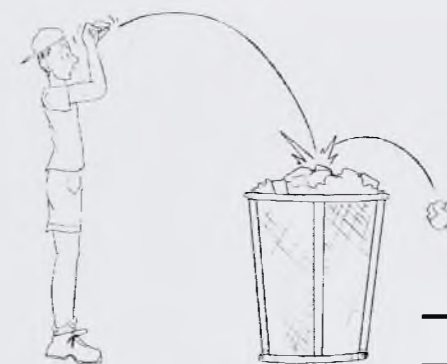


FINISH

Forest Hill Road



Students Smoking Marijuana at the Observatory



Student Littering at the Library



Students Caught Having Sex in the Gender-Neutral Bathrooms

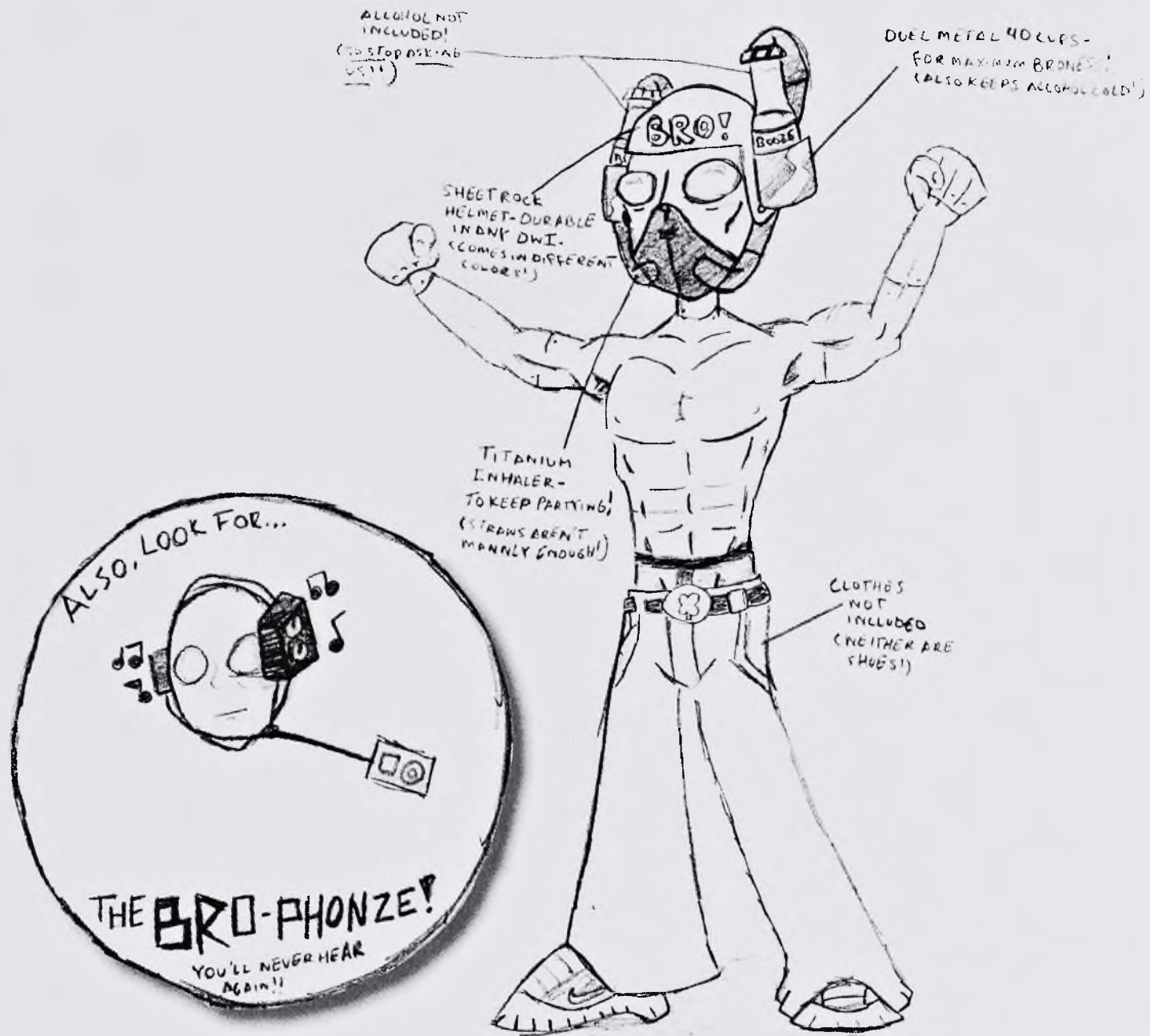
Kent Conrad is a mild-mannered peace officer. You may see him everyday, and then again, you may not. He has a lot on his plate keeping the peace at CSI intact, and he could really use your help.

Here's how you can help: grab a stopwatch and a pencil. In different parts of the maze, there are students that are up to no good. Navigate through the maze and find every wrong-doer you can, crossing them out with your pencil. Once you have nabbed as many as you can, make your way to the end of the maze. See if you can beat your own personal best time!

** Please note that this depiction of acts that are or could be in violation of campus regulations is in no way a condonement of said acts by the author of this work, or the Operation Three-Legged Dolphin staff.*

THE 40 HELMET

FROM PARTY BOY IND.®



By Eric Van Wolken

A Beginner's Guide To: Tipping!

"There may be a slight Disconnect in How we Think."

Women!

Maybe you were Told that men were born solely to deal with your Histrionic Bullshit...

I DON'T CARE IF I'M NOT EATING OFF OF IT, THIS IS DIRTY! I DESERVE BETTER THAN THIS!!



Old People!

maybe you're sad I don't HAVE TITS...



(FLAAAAAAT!)

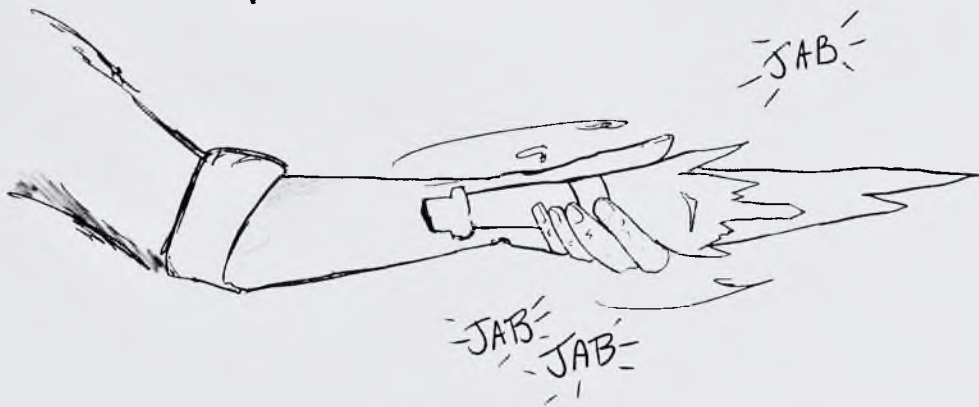
Varied Ethnicities!

Maybe it's not your custom, that's cool if you're Polite...



In the U.S., IT'S CUSTOMARY TO TIP your waiter. The easiest way to do so is to just double the tax, or round up a few bills and let them keep the change. Or you can give a percentage of the bill based on the quality of the service. Be KIND TO YOUR WAITERS-

Or I will STAB you With a BOTTLE OF Wine!



JAB

JAB JAB

We HAVE the Right to do so, READ your CONSTITUTION...

The World According to Katie Anderson

BY Edward Peppé

THE WORLD ACCORDING TO Katie Anderson, 2009-2011 Edward Peppé
For print and distribution in *Operation Three-Legged Dolphin* unless otherwise expressed
by the author of this comic and/or the editors of this publication.

But Daddy, why can't I go to Manhattan with my friends? We're just going to grab a bite to eat and come back!

Because your 'friends' are nothing but a bunch of troublemakers, so I don't believe that for a minute. I'm a school teacher, therefore I think I would know when my own daughter is lying to me. I can't trust you to go out on your own again...

Do you really think I want to go? No way in hell am I going to miss the Yankee double-header just to tag along with you and the peanut gallery.

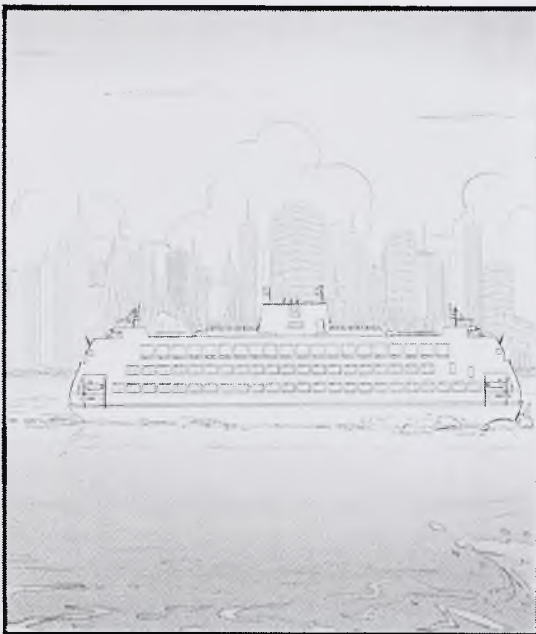
Unless...

Unless, I send you there with a chaperone...

A chaperone?! Oh, geez. Daddy, you're just going to embarrass both of us in front of my friends... plus, I actually think some of them actually know you from one of the three schools you 'transferred' from.

Well, there are only three people in this house... you, me, and ...

Dad, please... I beg you... don't send me into the city with her... I'll do anything, please please please PLEASE!!!



Are the handcuffs really necessary?

I don't think you understand, Cher... what Dad's paying me for keeping an eye on you is going to be the only *thick* stack of green that my anime/manga budget's gonna see for a long time. If you mess this opportunity up for me, you're swimming back to Staten Island!

Edward Peppé 5/16/11

MUMMIES ON STRIKE

WRITTEN BY Anthony LoGatto / ARTWORK BY Matt Young



As if the nation of Egypt had enough troubles already!

Due to the mass amounts of looting from rioters, the citizens of Egypt's capital, Cairo, received a rude awakening in the form of their departed leaders. After the fall of Egypt's president, many pharaohs of the past rose from their tombs to take matters into their own hands. The gods were angry that day. For you see, many of the looters made the mistake of robbing from their most sacred of turfs: their tombs. These mummies are back from the dead, and they're pissed!

"We didn't know what to say!" says Ma-bouri Ishtar, 24. "Many of us had looted the stores

and shopping centers, but we didn't know it would go this far!"

Many of the mummies in question have rose from their graves to go... on strike!

Yes, as weird as it sounds, many of the deceased pharaohs are protesting the riots that they claim cost them of their possessions... the ones that weren't stolen already; i. e., when King Tut's tomb was excavated in the 1920's.

"MMMMMMMMMM-RRRRRRRR!" said one mummy. Through an interpreter, he says, "These foolish peasants think they can steal our worldly possessions because of a rebellion against a long-standing, yet corrupt, president!"

Fellow mummy, King Loonakhana, states, again, through his interpreter, "I've been resting

peacefully for 3,000 years, and this is the thanks I get? They steal my gold, jewelery, headdresses; even my pet snake! I had it dipped into gold upon my demise! 'This is an outrage!'

Many of these mummies have appeared throughout Egypt in protest. Most have protested by their respective pyramids, thus scaring and confusing many a tourist. Others have protested near the Sphinx; again, scaring and confusing tourists. Many other mummies have shifted slowly on the streets in marches that lasted for several hours, and, depending on their lack of speed, several days.

It doesn't take a rocket scientist to see how many of the dead are in protest over the looting. Among that angry mummies are that of the legendary queen of the Nile, Cleopatra. She states, "My people have worshiped me as a goddess when I ruled this land. Now our people have stolen many of my treasures during a massive protest. How dare they besmirch their queen?!" She then adds, "They had the nerve to steal one of my many headdresses and my golden cat. They're very hard to come by!"

And she isn't the only mummy to complain. Many of the well-known pharaohs from King Tut to Ptolemy IX have sent out harsh criticisms throughout Egypt about the opportunistic grave robbing via the riots. Coincidentally, those who have stolen from the tombs have either died or suffered various illnesses and injuries. Current toll is 24 dead, 13 ill, and 44 injured, but are presumed alive.

When we at O3LD got in touch with Prof. Ishizu Khara, an expert on Egyptian arts and treasures, she said, "It is a very strange phenomenon that many of our buried pharaohs have risen from the grave to protest against the injustice done to them." She adds, "All of this happened because of Mubarak's refusal to leave. We need to figure out a way to bring them back to their tombs immediately before things get worse!"

Shim Sala-Bim, 40, a grocery store owner, says of the phenomenon, "I'm unsure of whether to consider this a blessing or a curse? I mean, the mummies rose from the grave, but the turnout for my store has become frantic. I never knew how much these mummies love falafel!"

In an even crazier twist, many of the mummies are also getting make-overs from several of the beauticians in the area. Even though the mummies are a part of the undead, several of them are trying to protest while looking alive. Cleopatra, the leading female mummy and former pharaoh, has considered this an actual step up for most of the citizens who aren't scared of the undead.

Of course, the exiled president, Omar Mubarak, had no comment about the mummies and their protest, as he is currently enjoying his exile somewhere within the Sahara desert. Many experts still agree that any chance of a mirage would be a miracle, given the harsh sand storms in the desert.

We at O3LD advise you that if you're visiting Egypt after the riots, to be very careful around these mummies. They're old, and might fall apart if you even attempt to give them a hug for support. Same goes when you shake their hand... and then it pops off when you do so.

President Barack Obama has given many museum curators advice on how to protect America's museums from mummies from their own tombs within the museum. He told us, "Despite these events in Egypt, we the American people will protect our own from the mummies of our museums, and, in turn, we will protect the exhibits from those who would attempt to loot their tombs." Despite the fact that Tea Party members are leaving flaming bags of poo on his doorstep, he gave O3LD his word about this dilemma. As of this writing, several potential looters were arrested in several museums so they wouldn't get any bright ideas.

At this very moment, the mummies are still protesting in the streets of Egypt. When you come up to them, try not to act intimidated nor afraid. Just try to support their cause and not run away in terror. That is just wrong.

Once more, Egyptian officials have no comment about the mummified protestors. Apparently, fixing the economy is high up on their list than a mummy infestation. Experts are saying that the mummies might last until the last one drops, and judging by their staying power, it's less likely it'll end soon.

LOST CITY FOUND IN STUDENT'S ASS

WRITTEN BY **Spencer Bollettieri** / ARTWORK BY **Matt Young**



For sometime now it seemed as if scientists the world over have been in search of lost worlds, places lost to time and primeval sanctuaries for the monsters that had haunted the Earth's past. Expeditions were launched into dark jungles, divers dropped into ancient caves and explorers of all kinds were sent to the edge of the Earth in search of what no human being had seen before. However what many assumed was on some isolated plateau in the jungles of South America or in some dark hole somewhere in the middle of the Congo was actually right beneath their nose, more specifically

the abysmal depths of a resident CSI student.

In our last issue we brought you the story of Dick Doodles, a biology student who decided to research the mechanics of the gastrointestinal tract by shoving a camera-phone up his ass. However it seems that recent findings and studies may show that there may be more up Doodle's ass than a camera.

After uploading his findings to his Facebook account and revealing to the world what really goes on in the mysterious confines of his rectum, one commenter posted that he noticed a strange tower like structure jutting from the rear of his lower intestine. And what was initially dismissed by Doodles as a loose battery or the leftovers of a Burger Castle value meal, turned out

to be something more. "I believe we found the lost city of Asslantis!" exclaimed CSI history professor Daryl Dong at press conference last Thursday after having reviewed the photos brought to him by his peers.

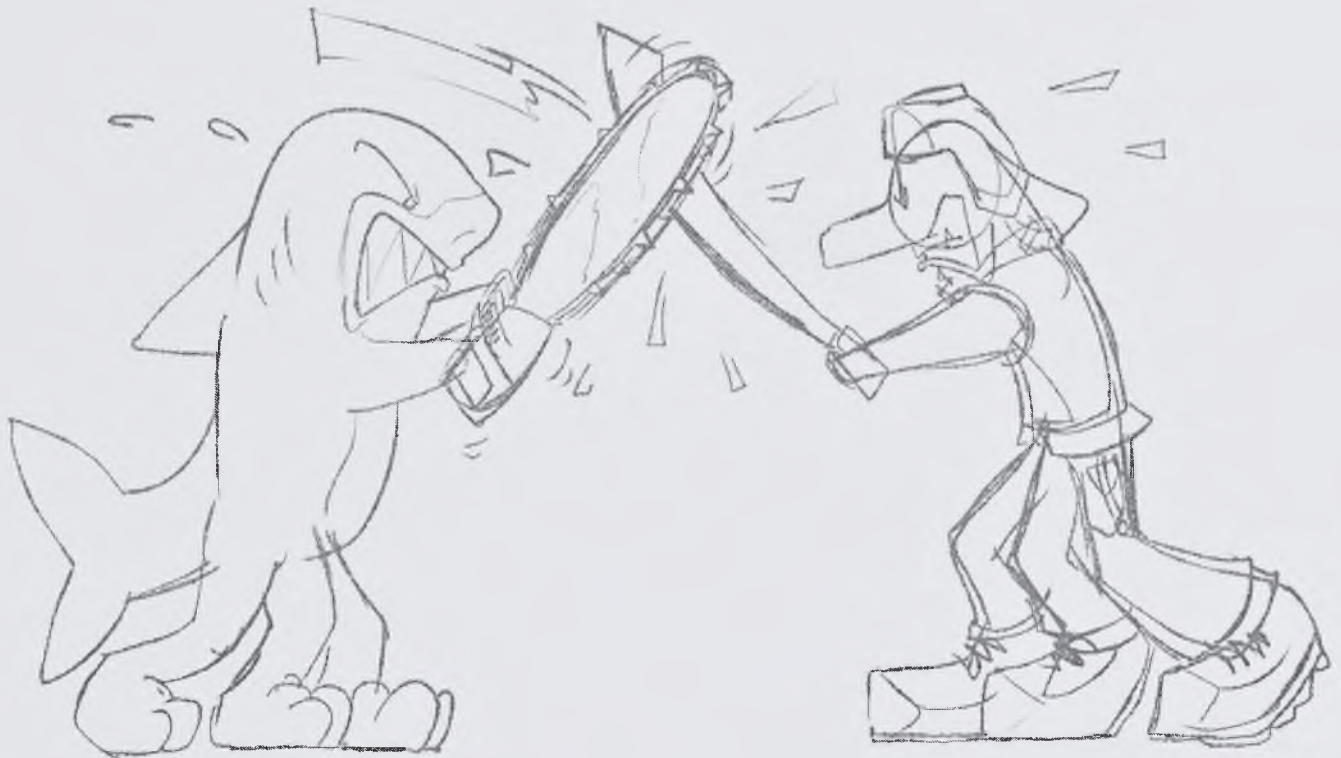
For those not familiar with the legend of Asslantis, it was a myth often ranted by conspiracy theorists and found scribbled on the walls of the local Jenny Craig. According to legend and what was scraped off the bathroom walls, it was an advanced civilization doomed to a dark and smelly fate after the gods decided that their scientific achievements went too far. "It was a tragedy of epic proportions!" exclaimed Professor Dong. "So many hopes and dreams flushed down the drain and into the processing facility of our local sewage treatment plant," he continued.

As to how and why the Asslantians came to colonize Doodles' orifice and what really happened to them all those years ago is still up for debate as scholars and scientists the world over continue excavate the wells of his anus and the mystical ruins that inhabit it.



An artist rendering of what appears to be a confused Dick Doodles.

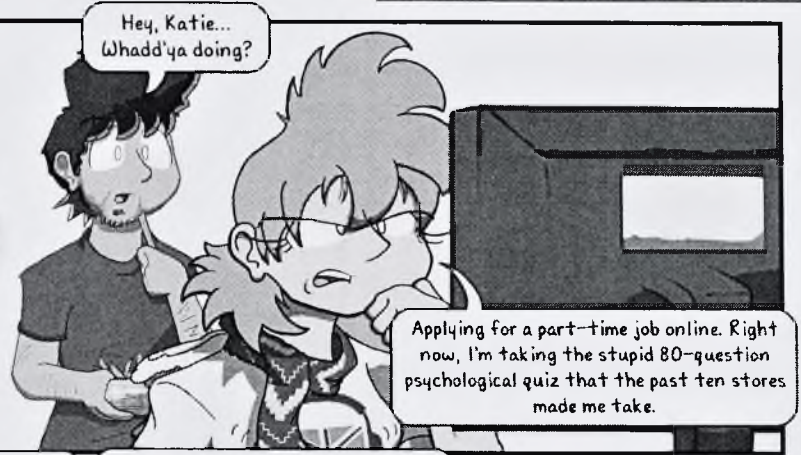
But until Professor Dong's proposition to the American Museum of Natural History is approved and he gains the funding for a proper archeological expedition, for now Doodles himself has had to resort to offering private tours of his ass and the lost city. "All that I ask is that you not remove any of the artifacts," Doodles commented, "because they may tell us a lot about life back then and perhaps give us clues to our own crappy future."



The World According to Katie Anderson

BY Edward Peppé

THE WORLD ACCORDING TO Katie Anderson, 2009-2011 Edward Peppé
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Hey, Katie...
Whadd'ya doing?

Applying for a part-time job online. Right now, I'm taking the stupid 80-question psychological quiz that the past ten stores made me take.



Which store?

See? This is what happens when corporations try to cut paper applications just to save money or to promote that "green" nonsense! All these stupid quizzes are good for is messing you up so you can't get the job!

Let's see... this says "I usually don't have patience for people who talk just for the sake of either hearing their own voices or proving their 'intelligence' when unnecessary"...

"Strongly Disagree".



SHUT UP, BOBBY!

Since all of the stores use the same quiz provided by the same service, I lost track after Toys R Us, Best Buy and five of the hundreds of drug stores on this island.



Oh, these are those "agree or disagree" questions.

The questions are redundant and overly personal, and the application gets sent to some corporate server, never to be seen again! I mean, there was this one time---

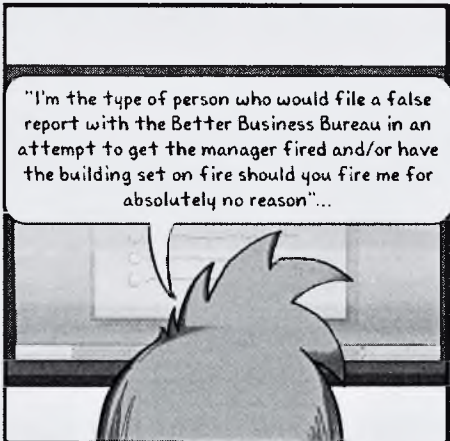


"It's okay to steal something small if no one notices or no one cares"...

"Strongly Disagree"...



CHOMP!
CHOMP!



"I'm the type of person who would file a false report with the Better Business Bureau in an attempt to get the manager fired and/or have the building set on fire should you fire me for absolutely no reason"...



So much for answering this thing honestly. It's times like this when I wish I could qualify for collecting unemployment.

Edward Peppé 2/19/11



NOTE: SHE HAS AN ODD NOSE.

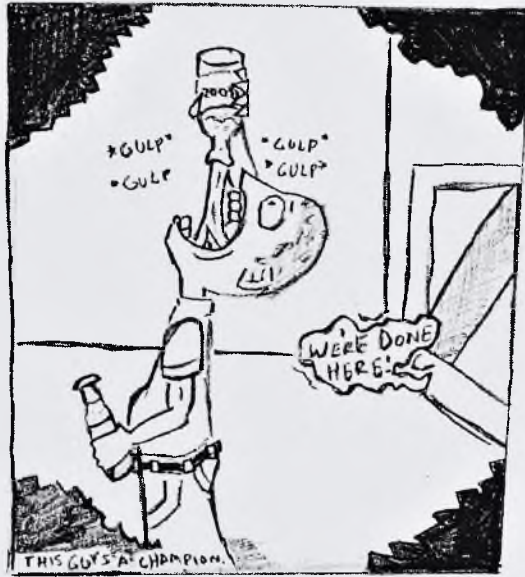


I HATE IT SOO MUCH THAT 4LOCO GOT BANNED! IT ONLY MAKES IT HARDER FOR ME TO LOOK PRETTIER! AND I-WOAH-!

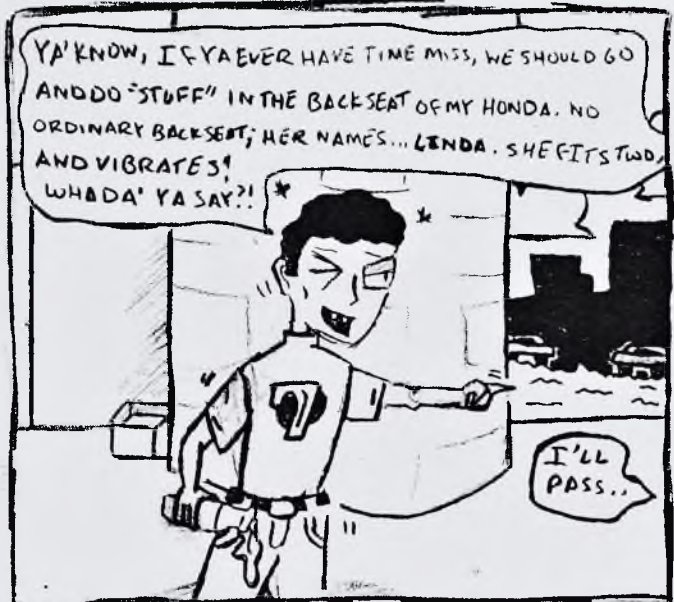


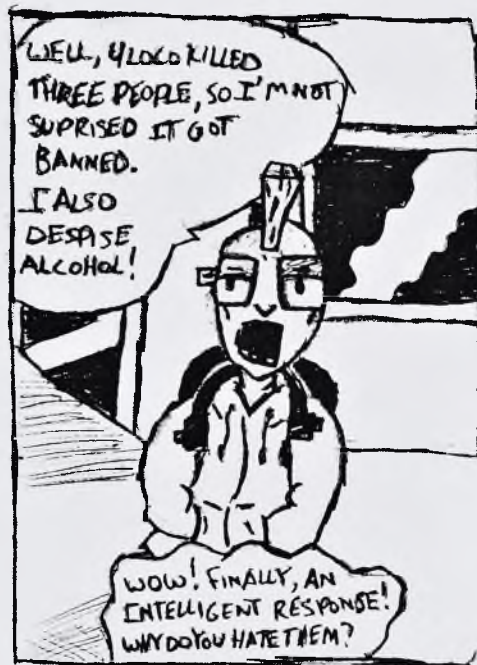
IT'S SHARP





NOTE: TO ACHIEVE THIS SHOT, WE RIGGED THE CAMERA TO ZOOM IN AS CLOSE AS POSSIBLE. -E.V.W.





NO ANIMALS WERE HARMED IN THE MAKING OF THIS STRIP. - E.V.W

... A FEW YU-GI-OH PLAYERS, BUT NO ANIMALS.

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I still have to finish this four-page mid-term paper on domestic issues during World War II. I just finished the page on recruitment through the media. I just need another page's worth of filler before two o'clock.

He's perfect!

It's called *Eau d'Loner*. It's a blend of artificially-made scents of copper, silicone, plastic and melted Japanese trading cards.

Let's face it... long hair, silky skin and perky tits aren't enough to get hapless nerds to do your homework for you anymore. If you want to add some really irresistible nerd bait to your line, you're gonna need—

THIS!

Nerds can't resist the smell because it's reminiscent of the childhoods that they can't seem to let go of.

*SNIFF
SNIFF*

Bobby??

Well, I think I have my paper now...

During the age of New Feminism around the World War II period, women of the time saw an opportunity to express their sexual freedom through wearing less conservative clothing, sometimes acting as more of the "pursuer" of the opposite sex rather than the "pursued" and choosing to use contraceptives. What historians *don't* know is that the United States Government actually encouraged use of birth control to keep stupid people from reproducing.

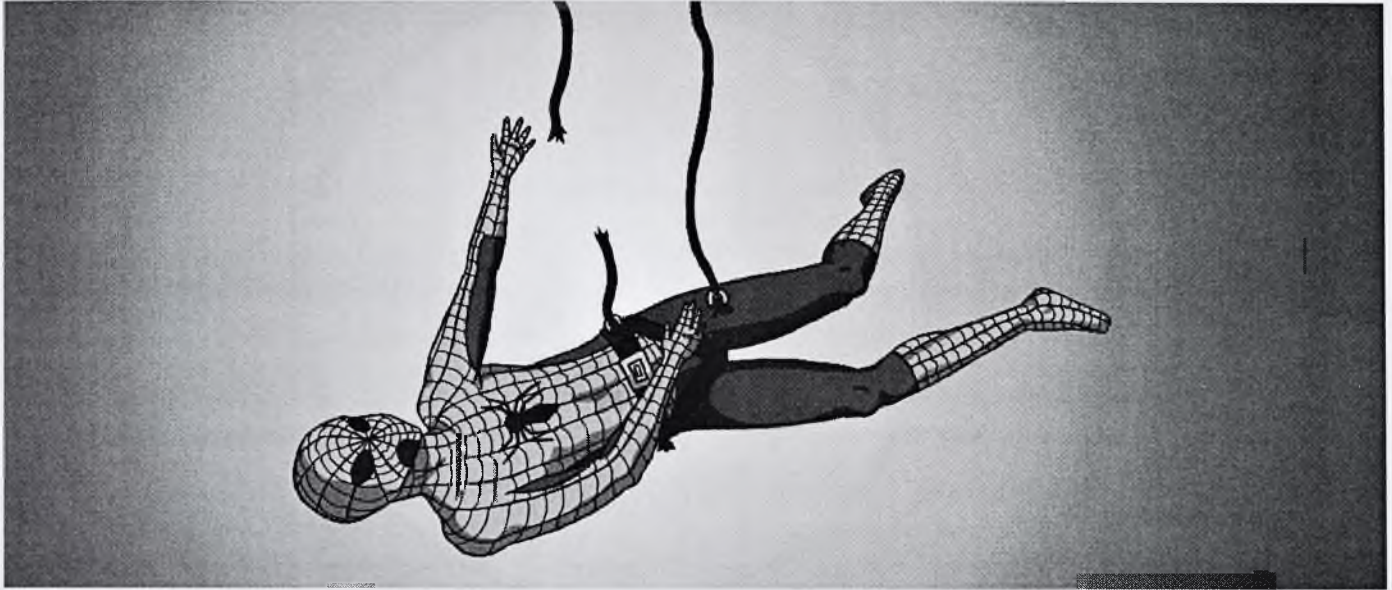
It didn't work... |

Edward Peppé 4/5/11

Let's find you a calculator, Bobby, dear...you've got a lot of Pre-Calculus ahead of you...

LIGHTS OUT FOR "SPIDER-MAN: TURN OFF THE DARK"

WRITTEN BY **Spencer Bollettieri** / ARTWORK BY **Nina Musillo**



“**I**t’s a bird, it’s a plane, it’s a compound fracture and a dislocated neck” concluded coroner Dr. Harry Bungle after last week’s performance of *Spider-Man: Turn Off the Dark* was cut tragically short. Yet another young actor (William Ball) lost his life playing the role of Peter Parker, our friendly neighborhood Spider-Man.

What was initially believed to be a textbook case of insurance fraud (or just another way to keep the audience from walking out) actually turned out to be the work of a real life phantom, a saboteur with a vendetta against Marvel’s latest disaster. He held a dark secret that nobody would ever expect.

For sometime now police officials have suspected that there was something foul going on

behind the scenes of the spectacular Broadway musical, but until recently, they had nothing to support their theories besides a few broken bones and a couple of cut wires. “We knew there was something going on.

We just didn’t know what their angle was” commented Officer Dick Nichols. “We suspected everything from foul play to insurance fraud,” he continued. After audience members reported seeing an odd, elderly looking man swinging from the rafters with a bungee chord and a mask reminiscent of the Phantom of the Opera, it seemed there was more at play than just a horrible adoption of everyone’s favorite superhero.

Many suspects were questioned at great expense, including Eddie Brock (who still seems to hold a grudge against all things Spider-Man after the web-slinger suggested Topher Grace play him in a sick April Fool’s joke, a.k.a. *Spider-Man 3*), J. Jonah Jameson (who seems to always have more than just a humbug up his ass), and even DC Comics creator Dwayne McDuffie.

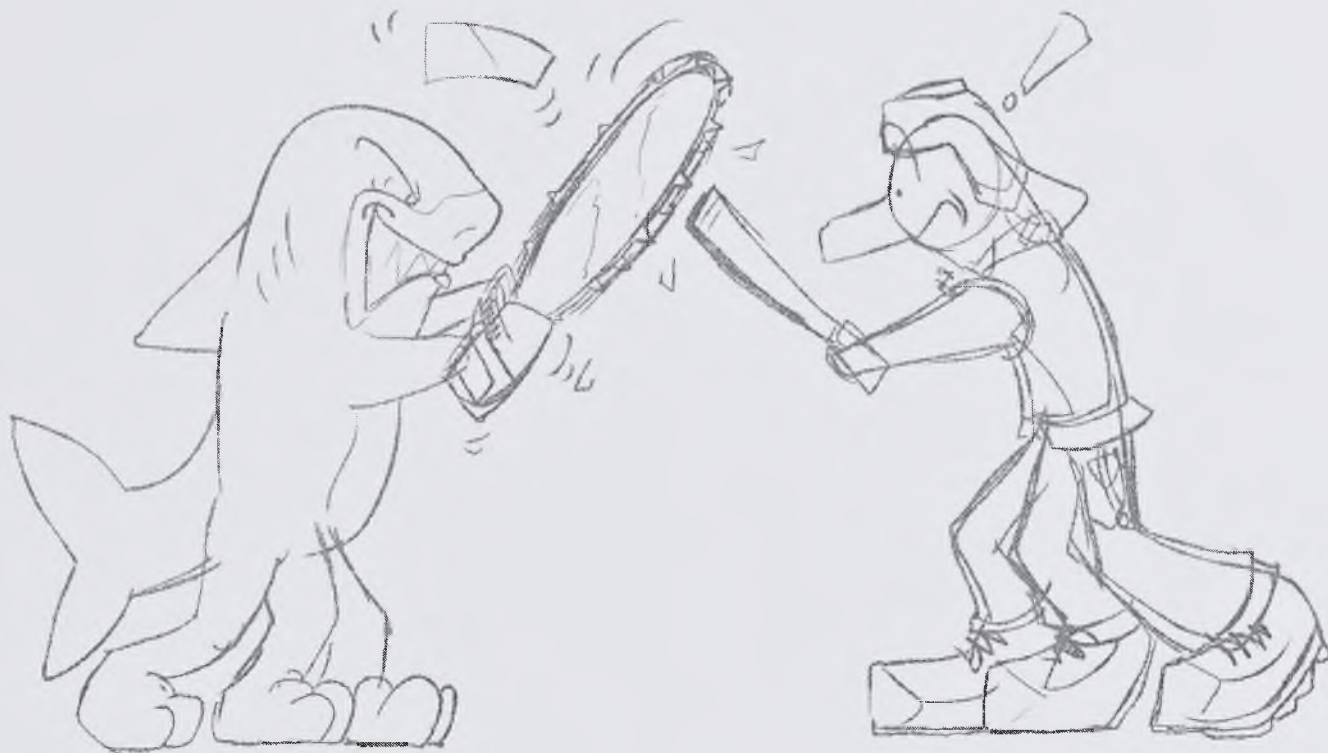
In the end it seemed as if none had the answers, motive, or resources they were looking for. But then when all seemed lost and the case looked as if it hit a dead end, an anonymous source called in claiming to know who was really swinging from the rafters and sabotaging the show.

On Sunday the NYPD arrested comic god and former president of Marvel Comics, Stan Lee, after raiding his Manhattan apartment last weekend. After digging through mountains of comics, endless racks of action figures and boxes of "inspiration" that helped to create them all, police officers were surprised to find that Lee had a dark alter ego, obsessed with the death and destruction of his own creation.

Donning a cape and calling himself Excelsior, Lee set out to end Marvel's musical venture with a vengeance. After leaving a path of death and destruction behind him, he had hoped the Broadway spectacle would end before anybody could see it. "I just wanted Spider-Man to die with dignity," Lee commented as he was beaten savagely to the ground.

"Can't you see? After Spider-Man 3 (which wasn't even fit to premier down at the local Hot Topic) and countless reruns of Spider-Man Unlimited (which had the web-slinger squaring off against X-Men reject the High Evolutionary), I had to end this before my character was further raped of excellence" he continued with tears in his eyes. Lee's trial is expected to take place sometime during the summer.

As of recently, Marvel, Disney, and the show's producers refused to comment on the incident. However it is rumored that after some work and yet another showcase of Bono's ego (which at this point is estimated to be large enough to devour a planet), in a few months the show will re-open. Which in the end just goes to show you, wherever there's a dream to hold on to (and a dollar to be made) there'll always be a friendly neighborhood Spider-Man to save the day.



NEIL FREUDBERGER, PH.D

SUPERHERO PSYCHOLOGIST

Written and Illustrated by Edward Peppe. Based on characters by Mike Young (and Marvel Characters, Inc., but nobody else cares.)



THIS SEMESTER'S CLIENT:

~~ Wade Wilson ~~
a.k.a. *Deadpool*

THE LEGEND OF THE GERMAPHOBIC PIMP

WRITTEN BY Andrew Oppenheimer / ARTWORK BY Ed Peppe

ORIGINAL CHARACTER CONCEPT BY Saul Ramirez



As of March of 2011, some of you may have noticed that the Purell foam machines, soap dispensers, and automatic hand dryers have gone missing, particularly in the Campus Center. It is believed that someone on campus is using all of the campus' cleaning supplies for his own work, and only one student is a suspect.

Jebediah Pecker has a MS in Microbiology, but due to the dwindling job market, he makes his living as a pimp. However, he has trouble meeting his goals due to extreme Mysophobia (commonly referred to as "germophobia.") O3LD presents now an interview with this clean champion of chauvinism.

What were your areas of specialization in college?

My undergrad was actually nursing, but Microbiology wasn't as oversaturated a field at the time. Apparently no one's hiring microbiologists right now though.

So that's what brought you to a life of pimpin'?

Nah. My love for ladies brought me to pimpin'.

You sure about that?

Okay, I lied. There are far fewer pimps these days than there used to be, which means that the openings were there.

There's a vagina joke in that sentence somewhere.

Is there? I hadn't noticed.

How has your Mysophobia impacted your work?

Honestly, it's a pricey condition to have. I need to spray each of my girls with 409 before I collect, every time.

That seems irrational.

It's perfectly rational! Have you ever seen a crabmite under a microscope? Those things are terrifying. Never

deal more.

And the goggles?

Yes.

Yes? That isn't a response.

"And the goggles" is a sentence fragment. Don't try to play like that, son.

What the hell, you got a BA in English too?

Actually, yes. You'd be amazed how many credits overlap between Nursing and English.

Surely. So how do your girls like getting rubbed down with 409 on a regular basis?

They're quite partial to it, actually. They tell me it's a big step up from when I used bleach.

How do the customers feel about it?

They generally approve. They know they're getting a girl completely clean and free of things I'd rather not associate with. I attract a very specific clientele.

...which is?

Mostly people that would remind you of Kevin Spacey.

Kevin Spacey?

Fine, yes. Kevin Spacey is one of my clients. Now I'm going to have to hit you with a gag order before this sees print.

I don't think that's going to happen, you really can't afford it. However, if I give you a nice jug of Oxy-Clean, we can forget this conversation ever happened.

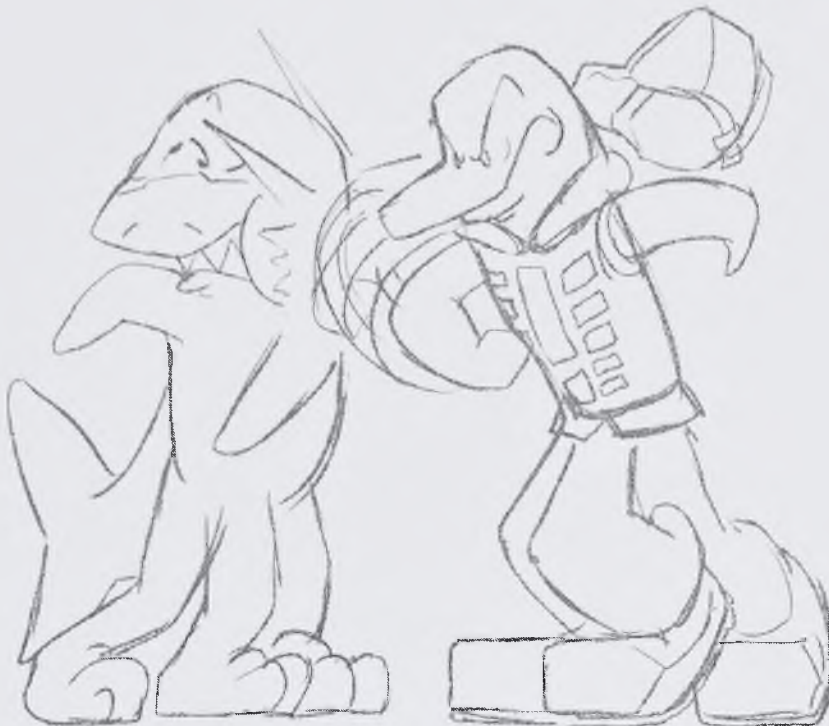
I can't be bribed that easily.

I'll throw in a container of Orange Glo?

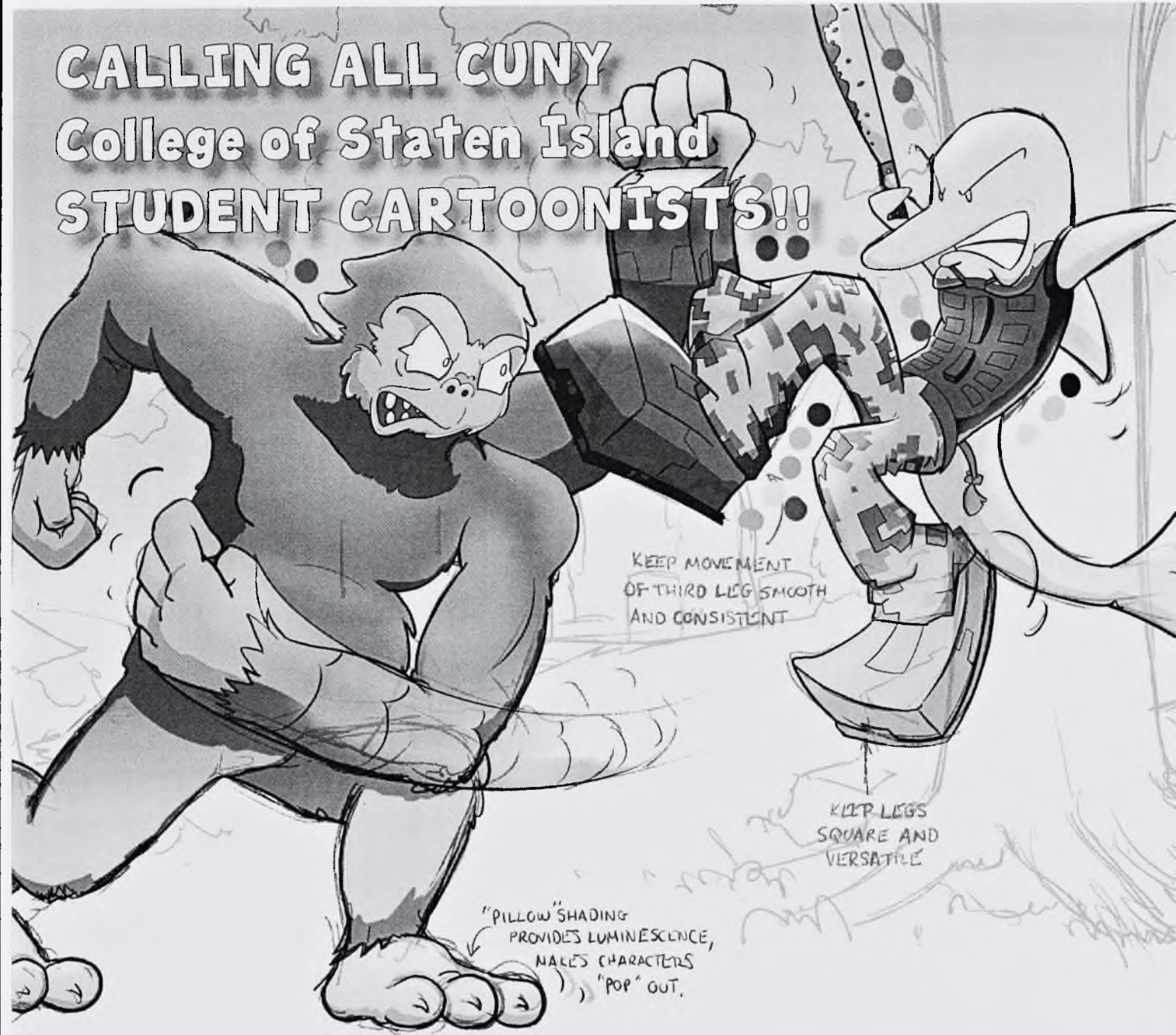
You're good.

What were we talking about again?

I don't even remember.



CALLING ALL CUNY College of Staten Island STUDENT CARTOONISTS!!



OPERATION THREE-LEGGED DOLPHIN

needs talented comic artists and cartoonists to draw for the student-run humor magazine that is taking The College of Staten Island by storm!

Send us your best work at O3LD@live.com*

Learn more on who we are and what we are about at O3LD.blogspot.com

The World According to Katie Anderson

BY Edward Peppé

THE WORLD ACCORDING TO KATIE ANDERSON, 2009-2011 Edward Peppé
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Hey world, Katie, here! "What am I doing in a random parking lot," you ask? Well, the school is holding a fundraiser event on campus and a good friend of mine just happened to be one of the coordinators.
I owed her a favor, yada yada yada, so here I am today, sticking promotional flyers underneath a few windshield wipers.

I don't mind it much. A breath of fresh air, some exercise, some alone time and a little community service does a soul good.

"Sounds contradictory for an apathetic cynic like me," you say? Newsflash, not everyone has a one-dimensional personality like you. Plus, it's a cartoon, jackass... get over yourself.

What the hell do you think you're doing? Who said you could touch my car? Huh??

Ahh... notice the ironically-placed peace sign sticker in the window of this vacant souped-up SUV.
People like this are only "conveniently" peaceful... kind of like the few people who go to church just to say they did, only to attack the first person who looks at them funny right in the parking lot.

Watch what I mean...

Excuse you!
Moi?

I'm just trying to promote a college fundraiser that my friend's a part of...

I don't give a s---t who or what this is for, you do not get to litter my brand new Hummer with this garbage! I have to take my kids to soccer practice and I can't have these stupid flyers smudging up my windshield!
Mommy, soccer practice was three hours ago. We missed it.
Or do you have your head far enough up your own ass to only care about your own children above everyone else's?

If you don't get out of my face within the next few seconds and take your fundraiser s---t with you, I'm going to contact security so they can haul your fat ass out of here!
Yep, nothing says "peaceful" like a belligerent soccer mom threatening someone young enough to be her daughter with arrest by an wage-dependent "cop-in-a-box" for doing community work.

You know what? Forget this!
Pissing off Staten Island soccer moms... now there's a way of doing my community good. It just makes me feel warm and fuzzy inside...

tear
tear

INHALE

POOF!

Any questions, just contact us at our e-mail. You'll find it, I'm sure.

?

Edward Peppé 5/13/11

GNOME COUNTRY FOR TINY MEN: REVENGE OF THE GARDEN GNOME

WRITTEN BY Nick Gonzalez / ARTWORK BY Nina Musillo



Greetings, faithful readers and newcomers alike! When last we'd heard from the incensed garden gnome population, it was to report on their imminent plans for destruction and annihilation of the human race as we know it.

Since then, things have largely improved. Last year, members of the United States Congress met with a few delegates from the gnome camp to discuss an armistice of sorts between two feuding races. What resulted was the G.A.R.D.E.N. Treaty of 2010 (Give Anger a Rest, Dissenters and End Negativity).

The months that followed this agreement echoed the resounding sentiment of peace and prosperity throughout the land. All was right with the world, the gnomes were even considering re-establishing themselves on our lawns. Then, on February 11, 2011, a catalyst set in motion events

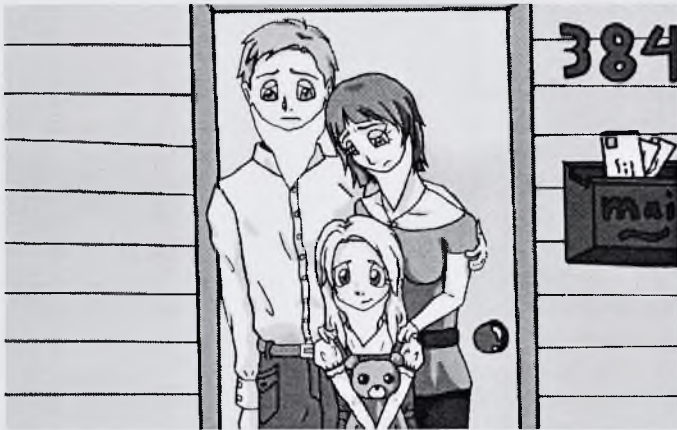
that have led to yet another wave of turmoil. It was on this day that Touchstone Pictures decided to release the film *Gnomeo and Juliet*, an animated modern day spin on Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*.

It seems that actual gnomes were not consulted in the making of this film, and the lack of realism and effort to preserve gnome culture within the film has deeply disturbed our tiny neighbors. "It's just pure bullshit is what it is", declared President Gnomebama. "We give you people an inch, you take a country mile. Well, not anymore. We will be seen. We will be heard. It's time for a much needed change." Indeed, it appears that a brief period of peace has run its course.

This recent turn of events has prompted our news hungry reporting team to once again venture out in the name of truth, justice and cheap, raunchy comedy. Here are some things we have gathered thus far: The gnomes are infuriated at the disgrace they have suffered at the hands of anyone responsible for *Gnomeo*. To make up for this blunder, they have declared full-scale warfare on

the United States.

They have threatened us with the possibility of unleashing WBD's (Weapons of Bearded Destruction) and have already made several demands in order to avoid further conflict. Among these are: the immediate confiscation of any and all copies of Gnomeo and Juliet in theaters, the halt of any plans for a DVD/Blu-Ray release, and oddly enough, the delivery of Harrison Ford to an as yet undisclosed location.



Until these demands have been met, the gnomes have vowed to kill 100 innocents a day (Refer back to Issue 2 for gnome-related self-defense). To avoid such a tragedy, small groups of rebels have slowly banded together across the country, led by none other than action film icon Sylvester Stallone. In addition to these valiant efforts, several factions within the United States military have been designated to train the pink flamingos that would otherwise be cheesily wasting space on your front lawn. They have agreed to help in the effort to rid land and lawn of every last gnome.

In the meantime, we urge you do not be afraid. Keep your windows and doors locked at all times and only leave the house when completely necessary. If you come into contact with another person, note their height and volume of facial hair. If the former lies under 3 feet tall and the latter consists of white scruffiness, you are unquestionably in the presence of a homicidal mythical creature. He will most likely attempt to gnaw your toes off. Immediately run for your life or to your local garden center to purchase a flamingo militia for the conveniently low price of \$19.95.



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The aftermath of the Blizzard of 2011, Mayor Mike Bloomberg attempts to downplay the damages done by his recent decision-making.

In response to public complaints, I want to assure everyone that I made the right decision by keeping our city schools open. Our children need a quality education, and sacrificing days of school because of a little accumulation is simply not an option.

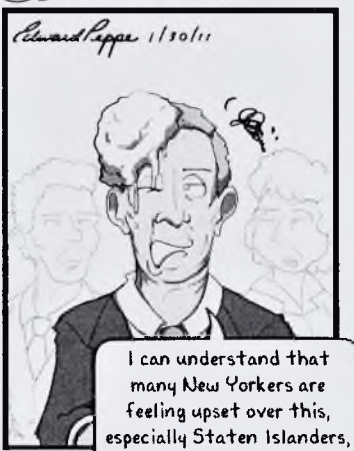


The sanitation workers that we have left are doing the best they can to clean Manhattan streets to ensure the safety of our commuters on the road.

What?? Dammit, Bloomberg, what the hell?! You made me miss a regular day of classes again! I'm going to be behind for a whole two weeks because of you! And sanitation didn't do jack! Urrgh!



Because I have let go half of our sanitation workers, I would expect private institutions to hire their own private plows—



I can understand that many New Yorkers are feeling upset over this, especially Staten Islanders, but...

FRATERNITY CREATES NONPROFIT “TO DRAW DICKS ON HIS FOREHEAD.”

WRITTEN BY **Andrew Oppenheimer**

Campus organization Tau Kappa Epsilon (TKE) continued its legacy of public service and philanthropy by creating a 501C(3) [pending validation] nonprofit organization, To Draw Dicks on His Forehead (TDDOHF). Founder Anthony Douchebaggio says it was in response to the wildly successful nonprofit, To Write Love on Her Arms (TWLOHA).

“We heard this nonsense about writing ‘love’ on people’s arms, and thought it was gay. How better to make it straight than to draw dicks on their foreheads instead? RUSH TKE!” says Douchebaggio enthusiastically, grabbing his genitalia. The group expects to hold its first event in the Fall semester, “To Draw Dicks on His Forehead Day.” It is expected to be a day full of hate-mongering and bigotry, and should be taken as wholesome family fun for all that don’t get dicks drawn on their foreheads.

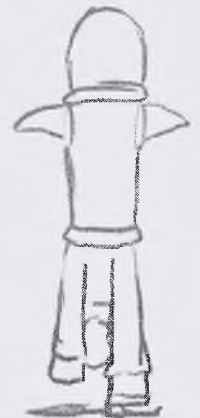
Modeling itself from the grassroots success

of TWLOHA, TDDOHF has started selling trucker-style hats with stylized penises on them, t-shirts reading “Dicks Make Movements Too,” and shot glasses with the fraternity’s letters on them.

“I read the story that TWLOHA had on its website, and it sucks that people died. But we have nothing to do with dying, or depression, or any of that. We just drink and put dicks everywhere,” says a TKE member who asked to remain anonymous. He later confessed that he went to St. Peter’s Boys High School, explaining his fascination with phal-luses.

TWLOHA, an organization designed to prevent despair, depression, and suicide, has been in existence since 2006, and has prevented hundreds of instances of self-destruction. TDDOHF – founded thirty-eight days ago – has already destroyed the self esteem of dozens, and is projected to ruin the lives of another hundred before the month’s end.

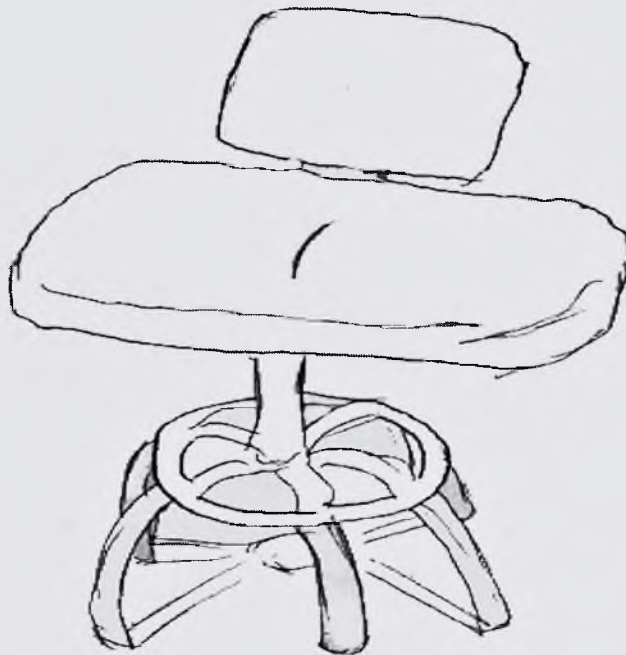
If you’d like to know more about TWLOHA, visit their website, www.twloha.com. If you’d like to know more about TDDOHF, please reconsider your life.



Tired of bending steel chairs and benches?

Introducing:

THE ASS CHAIR!



THE ASS CHAIR provides gluteal satisfaction for all scopes of asses! From petite to portly, ass chair promises pure comfort.

Call 1-800-ASSCARE to place your order!

Ass chair was inspired by CSI Student Government's student body and is funded by Student Activity Fees.

The World According to Katie Anderson

BY Edward Peppé

THE WORLD ACCORDING TO Katie Anderson, 2009-2011 Edward Peppé
For print and distribution in Operation Three-Legged Dolphin unless otherwise expressed
by the author of this comic and/or the editors of this publication.

...but then you know what that girl said?
She said that she found out who's his face
with what's her name and said "Oh my God
now way" said "She didn't," and she said
"Yeah, she did"...

Jasmine's really starting to get on
my nerves with that stupid phone of
her's...even more so than usual...

I want to do something, like
maybe swipe her phone...

But I don't want to be like
that. Technically, she's not
doing anything to me per-say...

Oh, what to do, what to
do, what to do... such tough decisions
require really deep thinking...
Definitely not my strong suit...

With such a mind-boggling
predicament, a distressing emotional
dilemma, I may go so far as to ask...
"What would William Shatner do?"

Hmm.....

Jasmine, could you lower your
voice a little bit? You're starting
to get a little loud...

What? Oh, my bad...

Edward Peppé 5/13/11

Katie, maybe you could take
a few lessons from Bobby here
about subtlety...

Need help “raising the dead”?

Can't coax the mummy out of its crypt?

Does rigamortis have you stiff in all the wrong places?

The new product from **Umbrella Pharmaceuticals** will bring new hope for the vitality challenged!

Zombie Viagra

By Spencer Bollittieri & Ed Peppe

“She'll be groaning for more
than just brains!”

- Larry King

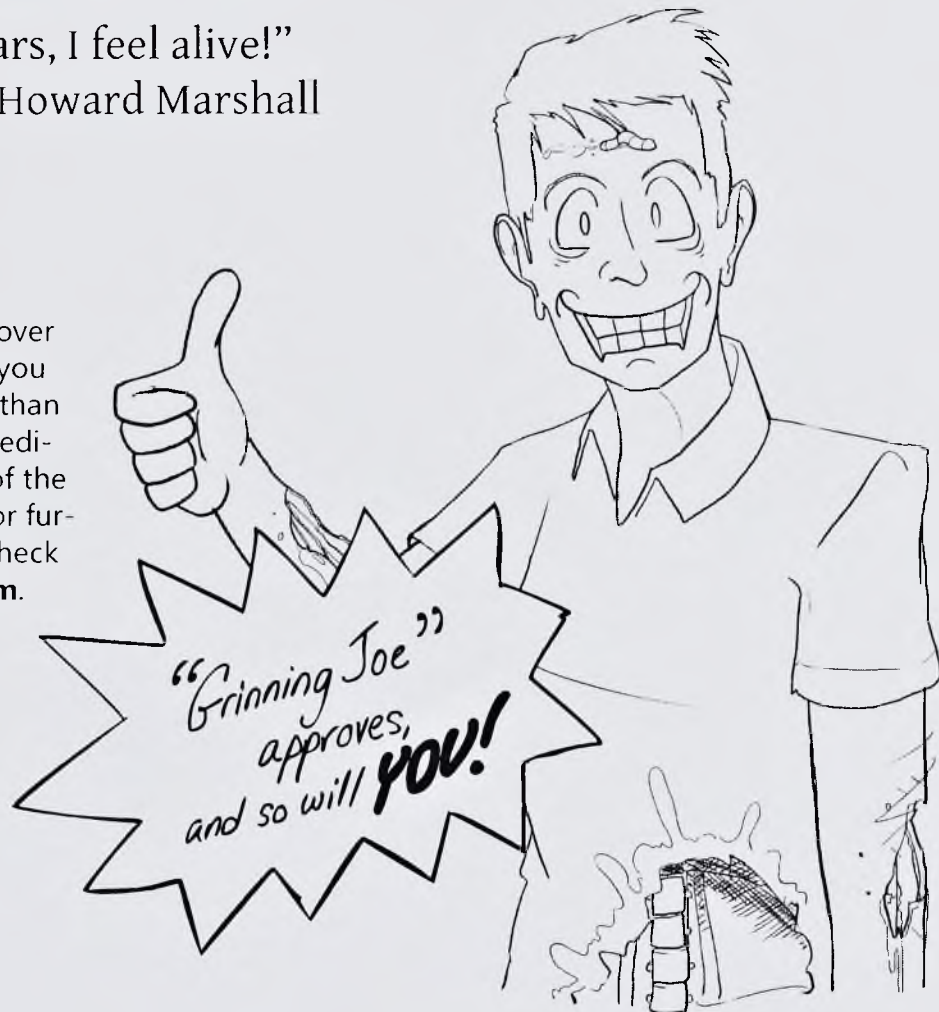
“No pulse? No problem! For the
first time in years, I feel alive!”

- J. Howard Marshall

“Uuuuuugh!”

- Bernie Lomax

Viagra for Zombies is now available over the counter and easily purchased. If you experience an erection lasting more than four hours, contact your doctor immediately. In case of accidental infection of the living, please contact a mortician. For further details and health risks please check out our website at raisethedead.com.



LAN PARTY COORDINATORS TAKE “GREEN” INITIATIVE

WRITTEN BY Ed Pepe / ARTWORK BY Matt Young



LAN par•ty /læn 'par•ti/ n.

An annual mass social gathering of computer and electronic gaming hobbyists set in a convention center/hotel complex (see an•i•me con•ven•tion) over the span of three days. Thousands of computer systems are provided and/or brought from home, and are hooked up to a single internet connection for the purposes of competitive gaming, file sharing, communication and general web “surfing”.

See also: ga•ming con•ven•tion, di•git•al con•ven•tion, sau•sage•fest, nerd clus•ter•fuck

Nerds. There never seems to be a place to put them all, and even then, you wonder where they keep coming from.

Not the nerds who bury their noses in their textbooks, study hard, consistently keep themselves neat and tidy, and work towards becoming functioning members of society who will eventually climb the capitalist ladder to finally cash in on all their hard work, mind you (what a mouthful!).

I speak of the other kind of “nerds”, the ones who are the polar opposites of their egg-headed, bow-tie flaunting counterparts, ironically enough.

Instead of banking straight-A's (or at least sturdy-B's) through college and eventually giving back to the society that has basically spoon-fed them most of their lives, these nerds partake in the selfish pleasures of excessive competitive gaming, binge snacking, resource consuming, space wasting and selective bathing (order of priority depends on the person...no need to stereotype here).

When you imagine the thought of an annual nerd gathering, the first thing that would come to mind is the archetype of the “typical” anime or comic book convention. The second thing that would come to mind would most likely make you throw up in your mouth a little.

Don't let these misconceptions fool you, however. As of recently, convention holders and comic book stores nationwide have held a grudge against said nerds, evicting and banning them by the dozens due to their rowdy behavior, stagnant odor, lack of any tact or social graces and refusal to actually *pay* for store merchandise.

Left with nowhere to go, a group of three of these said nerds decided to hold their own event after being banned from a local Staten Island comic shop in the New Dorp area. It started with a monthly gathering in a garage, basement, or school recreational center...that is, until it was found out that two of the members of the group were legally not allowed to be within one-hundred feet of a school, playground, or wherever else there may be small children.

After being kicked out of the garage by one of the coordinator's mothers, the nerds crawled around in the flesh-eating back-hair-roasting sunlight for some kind of air-conditioned sanctuary. After boarding a bus with what little one of them had left on his MetroCard (no, I'm not being sexist, but just assume that all of the nerds here are guys), they found it...an abandoned warehouse in Great Kills that was up for rent. They knew that they had to have it.

In what was their first social experience with a mentally-stable human being, the nerds negotiated a deal in which they could utilize the warehouse for three months, charging the rent to one of their PayPal accounts.

With loads of virtual revenue coming in from the now event coordinators allowing Google to host an advertising circle-jerk on the event's official blog, the gaming world was at their disposal. Within the first of their allotted three months, flocks of nerds, geeks, dweebs and “spazoids” infested the Great Kills area, with computers in hand, and eventually, in lap. The convention

brought in great success, giving the underachieving nerds of the world a pseudo sense of accomplishment and purpose.

However, what the coordinators didn't count on was the long-term consequences of the amount of energy and resource usage of their event. Certainly the convention-goers held no regard of said consequences, so the inevitable happened. The transformer powering the lives that these nerds were plugged in to finally blew, sending eight straight blocks of the Great Kills area into complete darkness.

Facing the threat of being held on charges of disturbing the peace and posing a threat to the welfare of the community, the three coordinators decided it was time to “go green”, protecting the environment and their convention. As vigilant as any wide-eyed freshman could be, our humble O3LD reporter was on the scene to get the scoop, the dirt, the skinny and the story about the sudden change of heart from the coordinators of the yet nameless convention.



“Do you think you’re doing your community harm by overloading the transformer with the mass amount of computers, power strips and refrigeration and air-conditioning units at your warehouse?”

“Absolutely not,” responded Timothy Fickl-eman, one of the head coordinators in a sit-down interview with our reporter, “and it’s hhhh not a warehouse, good sir, it’s a convvhhhhention cthh-henter! My friendshhh and I are here to provide a safe haven from all of the meanies and haters and our annoying mothers who tell us to go outside.” “I see.”, said our reporter as he cleaned the spit off of his face and glasses with a tissue.

“These are very serious allegations against you guys, I hope you know that. What exactly are you going to do to convince the community to reverse the charges?”

“We’re going to have to start being a little more ‘earth-friendly,’” said Kevin Yogleburg, another head coordinator. “We invested 25% of our convention’s revenue into buying EnergyStar approved computers, high-efficiency/low energy-cost air conditioners and convention insurance.” “‘Convention insurance?’”, asked our reporter.

“Yes, this guy on Craig’s List who said he was from J.C. Norgan Base bank said he could give us a steal on insurance for the replacement transformer and for the building structure of the convention center.”

“I’m pretty sure a bank cannot formally offer insurance services, nor do I believe that J.C. Norgan Base is an actual bank. Did he say ‘J.C. Norgan Base’ or ‘J.P. Morgan Chase?’”

“There’s a difference? Wait...so where’s 25% of our revenue? This guy said he used to work for Ballstate Insurance!”

“ ... ”

“So, do you expect this convention to actually last, or are you just going to give up after the three months you somehow negotiated finally ends?”

Timothy Fickleman felt the need to take the floor once again, “No, this convention will last. Convention and event planners, and comic book store owners across the country have dissshhh-criminated against us for too long. We are gamers and we are proud of it. We want to let the world know that through the revamping of this convention that we are not going anywhere, and that we will hold our laptops high in the sssshhhky with pride and dignity.”

The arms of our reporter’s glasses eventually bent and the lens cracked under the immense weight of the spit that covered his face during Fickeman’s rant. With one final sigh, our reporter asked, “You never gave me a formal name for this new convention. What do you plan on calling it?”

Unfolding a banner made of towels and old shirts with mysteriously-colored stains on them, the coordinators revealed the newest logo and name for their convention: “EKGCon”, a.k.a. “Eko-gamercon”, seen in the picture on page 41.

Upon receiving this article from our O3LD reporter at one of our meetings, a note was also attached via paper clip with the words “I Quit” written in red Sharpie, followed by a dead silence as he left the office. Today, “EKGCon” still lives on as the only gaming convention/LAN party to take the lowest of the low, the sweatiest and the most unkempt, hapless stereotypes to give the term “nerd” a worse name than it ever has before.

It eventually expanded into a nation-wide convention that is currently being held in the Lone Star state, ironically promoting a mainly green initiative and trying to bring computer gamers into the environmentally-friendly century.

In other news, we are still looking for a new freshman O3LD reporter.

03LS

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