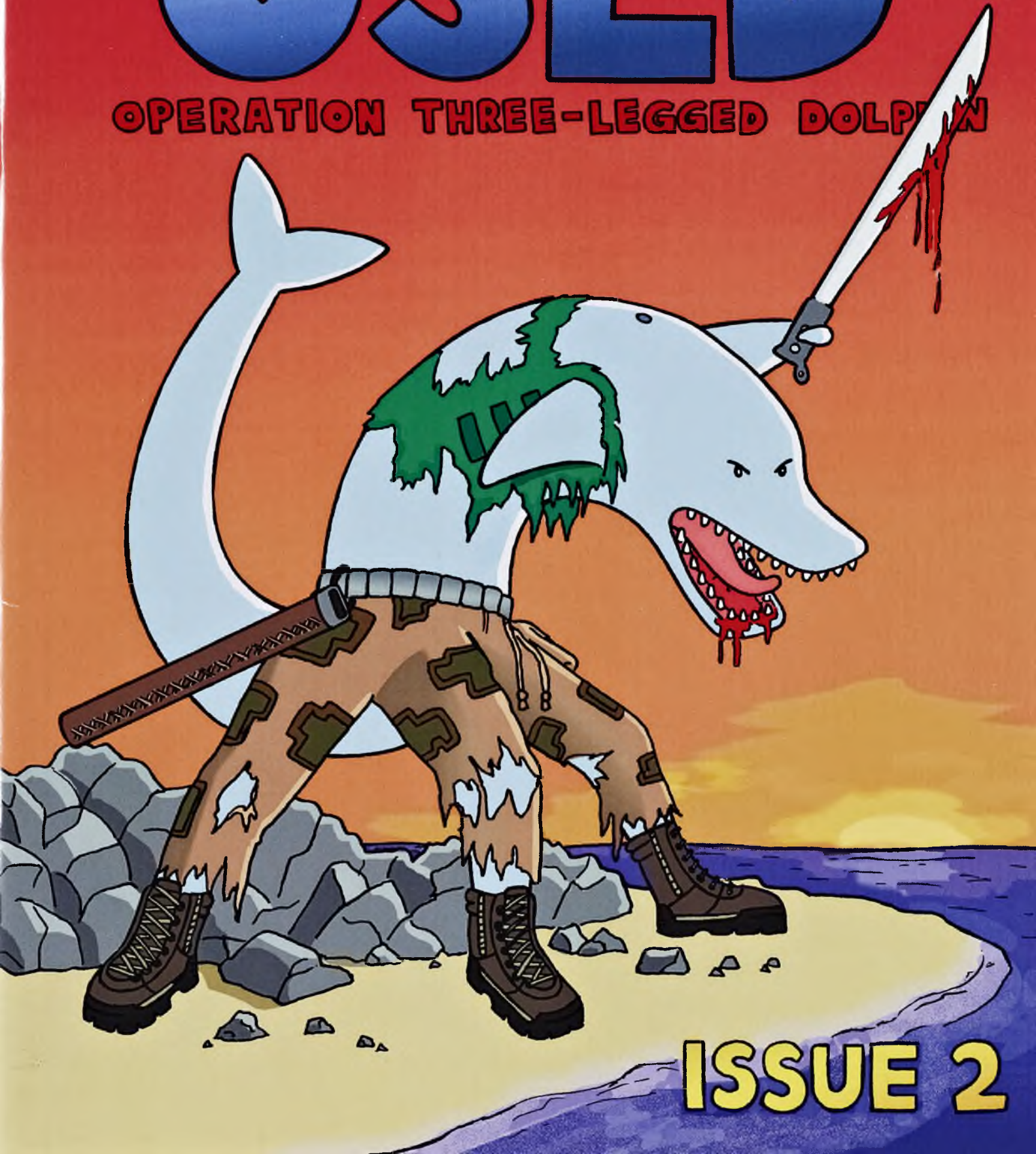


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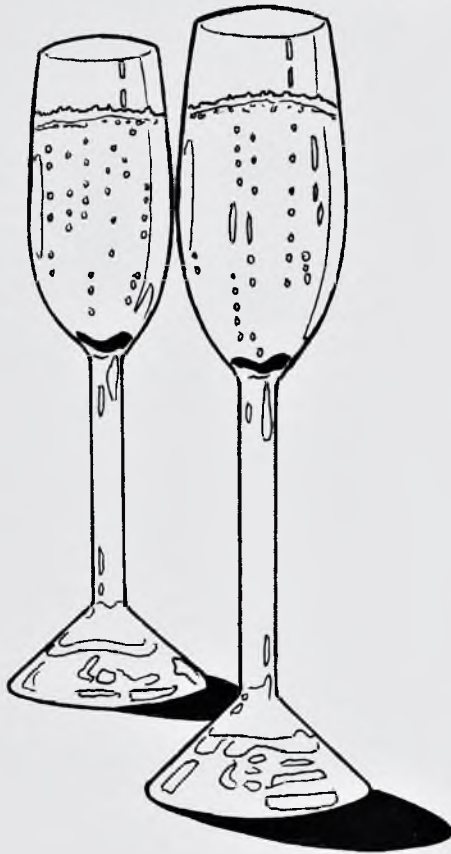
OPERATION THREE-LEGGED DOLPHIN



ISSUE 2

A Toast to Operation Three-Legged Dolphin

For being conferred



8 Awards from the **International Berlin Society**

11 Awards from the **National Humor Society**

2.5 Awards from **Humor, Inc.**

3 Awards from the **Unger Popsicle Company**

15 Awards from **Dolphin Activists**

1 Award from the **Tasmanian Devil Company**

0 Awards from the **United States Government**

3.1415926535897 Awards from the **CSI Math Club**

6 Awards from **O3LD Headquarters**

2 Awards from “**Humor, It’s What’s for Dinner**”

2 Awards from the **Sarah Palin 2012 Association**

2 Awards from the **Anti-Palin 2012 Association**

Operation Three-Legged Dolphin Staff

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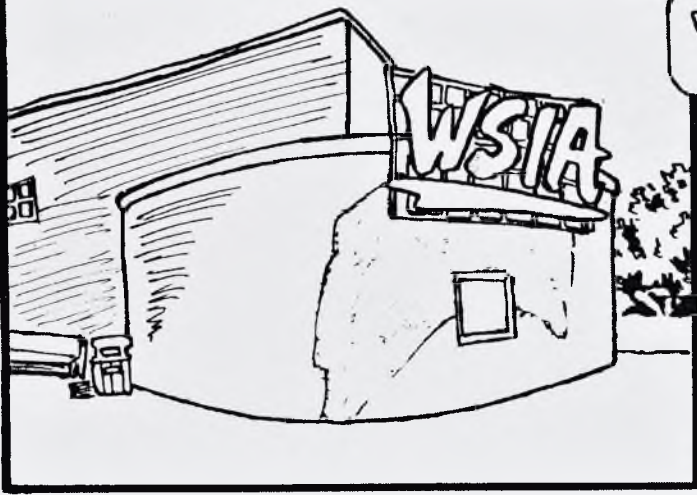
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YOU'RE LISTENING TO DRIVE TIME FRIDAY WITH ANDREW DILORENZO!



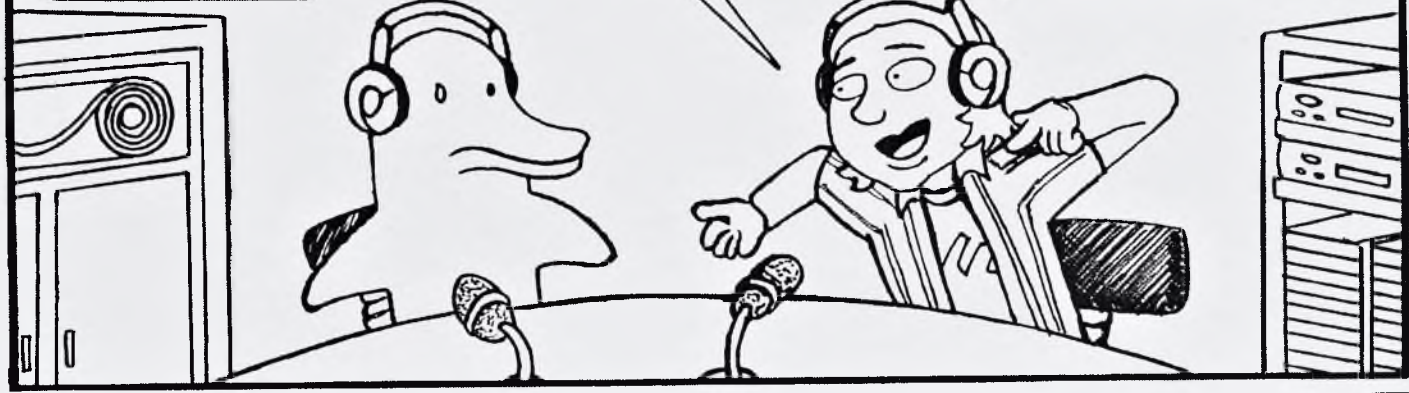
RIGHT NOW, LIVE IN OUR STUDIO, WE'VE GOT THE THREE-LEGGED DOLPHIN.



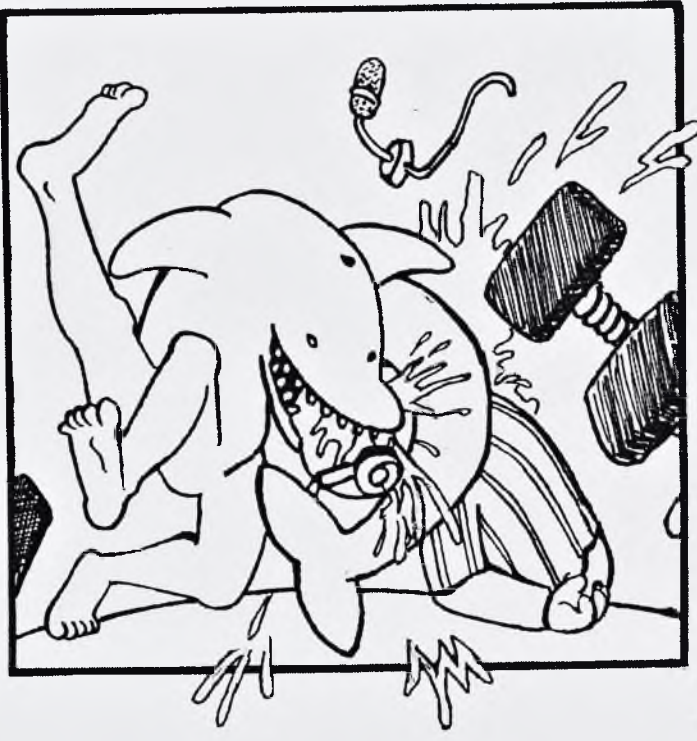
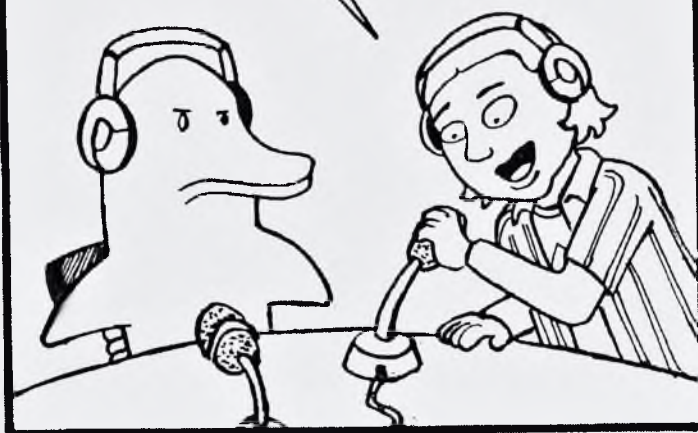
STATEN ISLAND DESERVES TO KNOW - HOW'D YOU GET HERE?

HOLD ON, IS THAT THIRD LEG WHAT WE ALL THINK IT IS?

BETTAH YET, WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE PIZZA TOPPING?



ALL YOU LISTENAHS CHECK OUT MY TWITTAAH PAGE AND POST QUESTIONS AT ANDREWDI—





Artist/ Dave Di Lillo

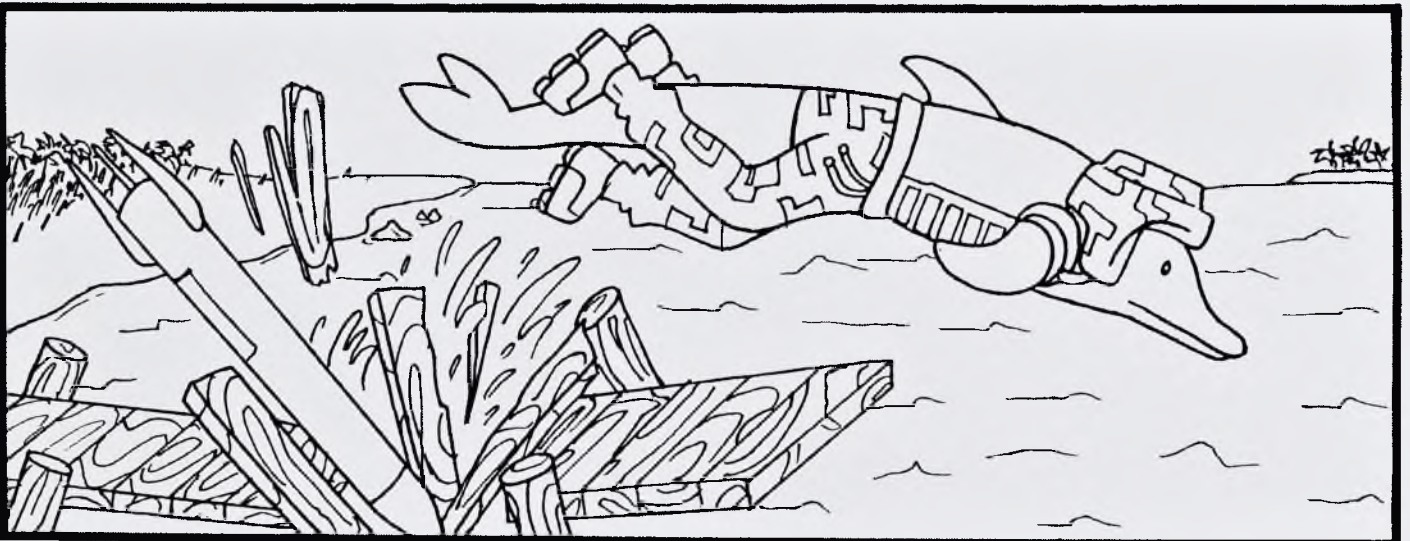
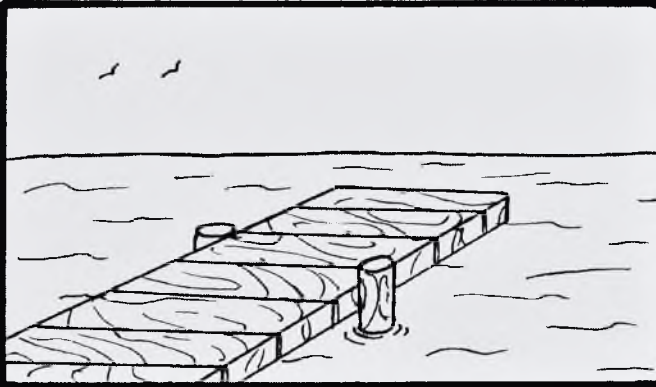
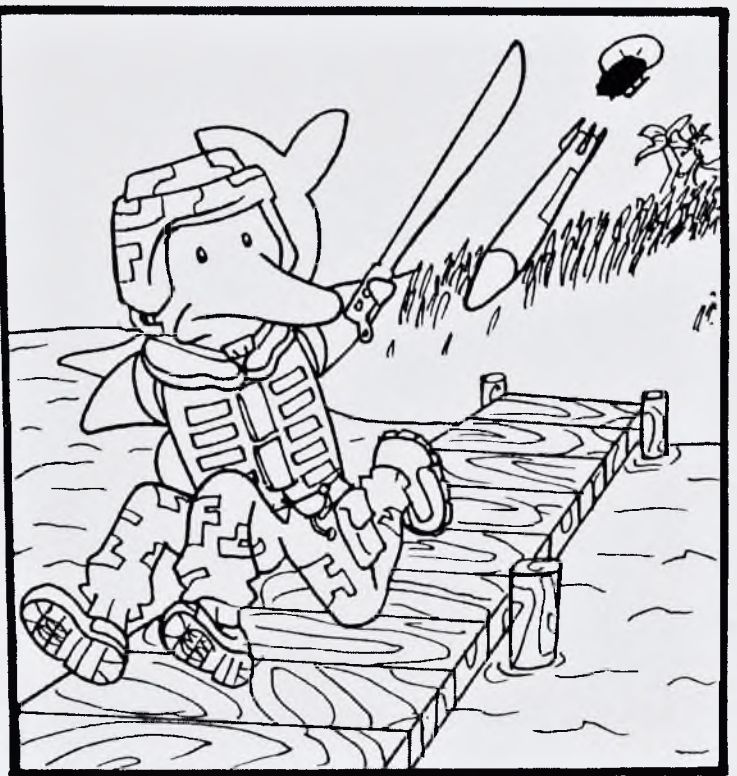
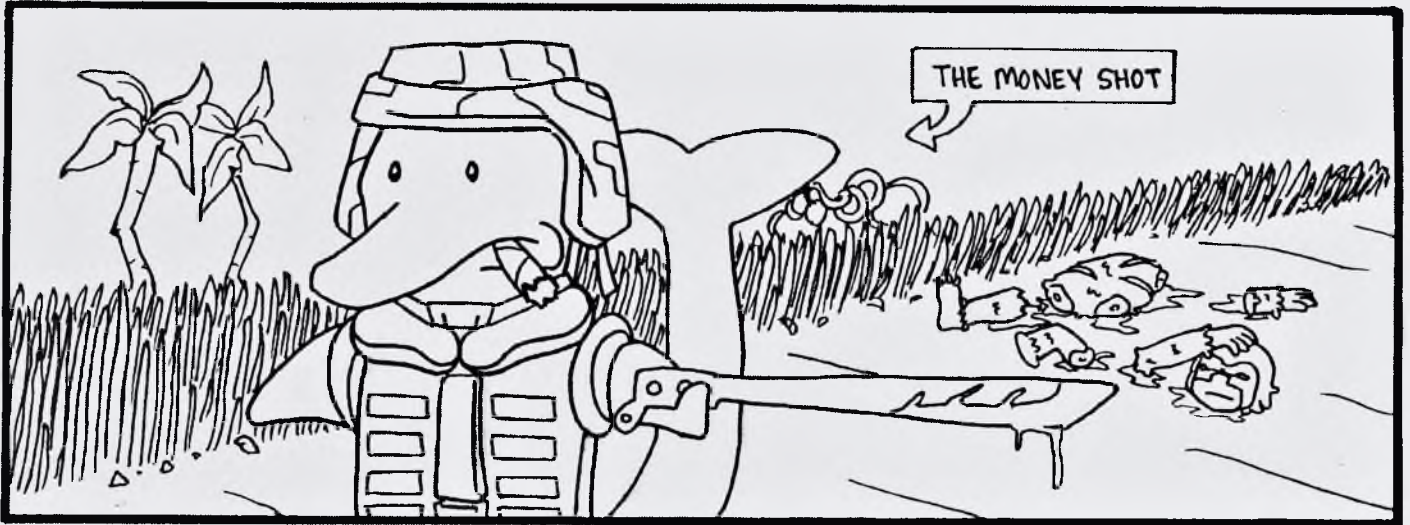
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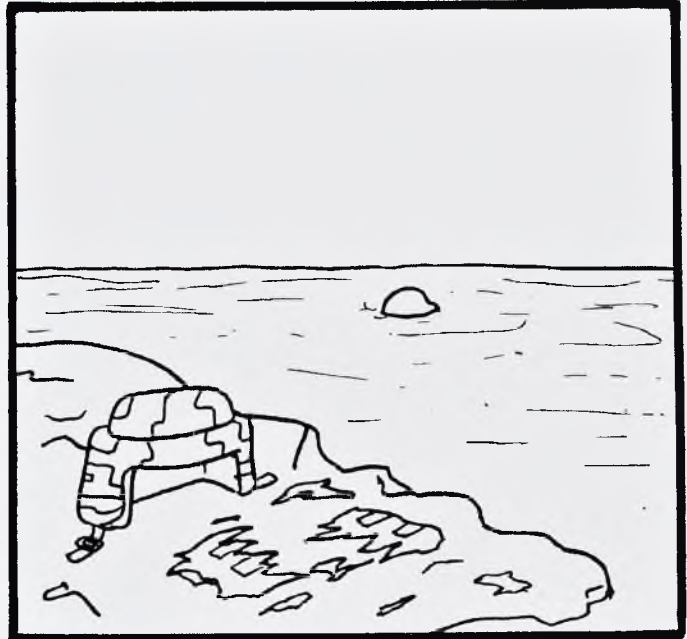
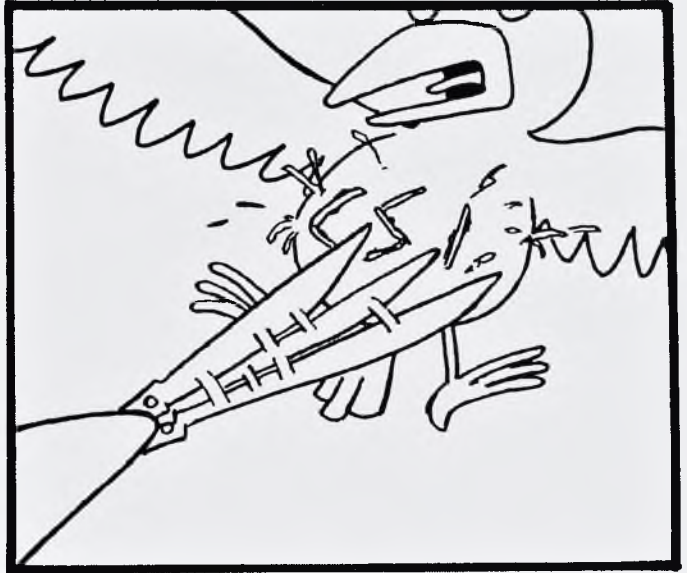
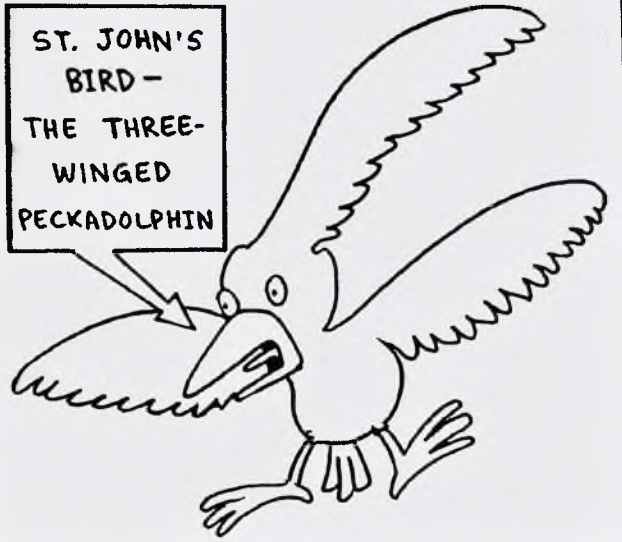
E-MAIL THE EDITOR AT michael.young@cix.csi.cuny.edu



ST. JOHN, U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS



ST. JOHN'S
BIRD -
THE THREE-
WINGED
PECKADOLPHIN



Fashion Police Beat Man to Death

By THE LEGEND ESQUIRE



Last Tuesday, local student Anwar Ottoman Kangaroo was beaten to death by the fashion police after reportedly wearing shoes that didn't match his shirt.

This tragic event came about after last month's mandate that all people who wore "outrageous or unmatched outfits will be punished by the law," inciting the anger of nerdy dressers all

over the city. Another local, Fred Applechomper, 43, was furious. "This means I can't have my mom dress me anymore! She has horrible fashion sense...I can't possibly dress myself, this is terrible!"

Apparently Anwar Kangaroo was walking down Richmond Avenue with his horrid shoes, when the police asked him to please take them off. After refusing to don better shoes, he was beaten to death.

"These morons need to be taught a lesson," Fashion Police Commissioner Fabio Fitzgerald said last night in an exclusive interview. "Peo-

ple think they can get away with everything these days. First it's disgusting footwear. What's next, ponchos that look like my grandmother's cooking? It sickens me to the core."

So far, a total of 37 people have been "punished by the law," including 10 fines of \$300 or more, 12 arrests, 12 free tickets to "Shrek: The Musical," and 3 death penalties. "This is such a shame," Rôger Rogêr said after exiting the police precinct with a \$450 fine. "All I did was walk outside with Crocs. I thought those were fashionable!"

"We have a firm commitment to ensuring every New York City citizen looks fun, flamboyant, and fabulous!" said Commissioner Fitzgerald. "We don't tolerate mismatched and hideous outfits."

The fashion police aren't the only new force in town. Mayor Bloomberg has also commissioned the Grammar Police force, to make sure the rejects of the city school system (and there's a whole lot of them) figure out proper syntax. Local CSI History major Dick Johnson was fined \$379.451 for using the word "yo" fifty times in the same sentence. Resident sanitation engineer (garbage man) Richard Butts was recently arrested for saying "lol" out loud when fellow co-workers told a not-so-funny joke about a chicken crossing the road.

"How are we supposed to live our lives?" Butts asked after the news confronted him about his abysmal language failure. "That joke was still very funny though, R.O.F.L.M.A.O.!" Butts was immediately arrested again for the above statement. They just never learn.

Hot dog vendor George Jungle (no relation) was in staunch support of the new police forces. "We need to keep these degenerates off the streets! Every day people like that come to buy my hot dogs, and it gives my normal customers the impression that my wares are just as terribly unfashionable as the people's clothing. A guy recently showed up in nothing but his underwear. At the sight of those pink briefs with yellow polka-dots, a customer of mine nearly threw up. This is madness!"

What do you think, fellow readers? Have any concerns about what is fashionable? Call our magazine number, (555) 555-O3LD, to find out! And remember, Crocs are not, indeed, fashionable.

Hey Guys! Why so serious? The SEVERE LOOK is in for Fall!

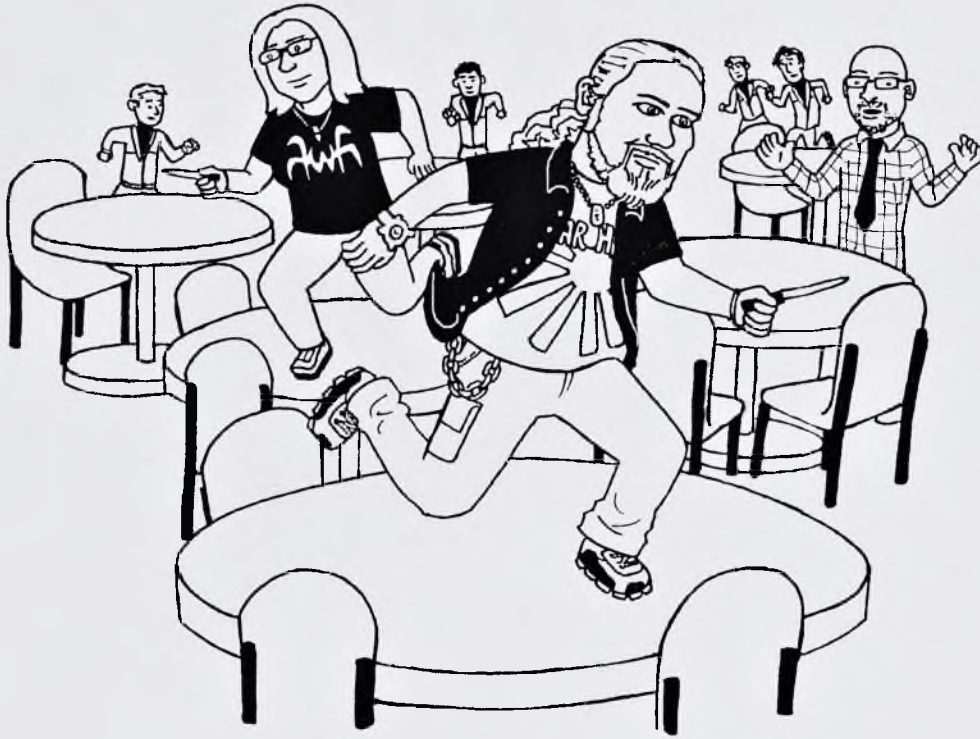


You too can look marvelous with heavily-caked eye shadow, bulging eyes, tattered clothing, and straw-like hair!

Come to your nearest MACY*S and get a severe makeover today!

Student Organization Hands Out Weapons At Promotional Event

By MICHAEL YOUNG, inspired by REBECCA STROBEL



S*erpentine* magazine stirred controversy at their latest Flash Fiction Slam when its staff gave out engraved knives as freebies.

"I ordered them from the supply catalog," said Andrew Oppenheimer, Assistant Editor. "They looked pretty cool, and I thought, 'Why can't we give out knives?'"

Upon inspecting the promotional table, Robert King Kee, Coordinator of Leadership Development and Student Life, asked the *Serpentine* staff to remove the knives immediately. When they refused, Public Safety was summoned.

"Give us the knives!" shouted five officers as they chased Oppenheimer around the campus center.

"NEVER!" shouted Oppenheimer, who jumped from table to table wielding a knife.

"Why can't we give out knives?" exclaimed Alicia Rebelo, Editor-in-Chief, as she also hopped from table to table. "WHY CAN'T WE GIVE OUT KNIVES?"

"The knife is a powerful object that evokes hundreds of years of violence," said King Kee. "Riff would still be alive if Bernardo didn't have a knife. As would Bernardo. Didn't we learn anything from *West Side Story*?"

Public Safety confiscated the knives, and Oppenheimer and Rebelo quietly returned to the *Serpentine* office where they spent the next three hours sparring with plastic utensils.

"Come to the next Flash Fiction Slam," said Oppenheimer. "We're expecting a bigger turnout."

THIS PAGE WAS INTENTIONALLY LEFT BLANK TO PROTEST CUNY TUITION HIKES, GLOBAL WARMING, PROPOSITION 8, EVOLUTION IN SCHOOLS, RELIGION IN GOVERNMENT, SOCIALISM, FASCISM, DEMOCRACY, ANARCHY, BAD POP MUSIC, ILLEGAL IMMIGRANTS, POTHOLES, AUTOTUNE, DECLINING LITERACY RATES, GIRLS WHO WEAR TIGHTS IN LIEU OF REAL PANTS, HAVING TO WAIT IN LINE, SPEED BUMPS, SEXISM, FEMINISM, SADISM, MASOCHISM, SEASONAL ALLERGIES, AIR POLLUTION, DEFORESTATION, TREE-HUGGING HIPPIES, THE NRA, OBESITY, STRICT GUN CONTROL, THE SWINE FLU, AND THE DEATH OF MICHAEL JACKSON.

Writer/ Rebecca Strobel

Morales Takes Secretaries on Retreat

By BRIAN KATEMAN



After a spike in complaints during the fall 2009 semester, President Tomás Morales mandated that all the secretaries at the College of Staten Island attend a week-long seminar on how best to interact with students. The secretaries were taken to a remote camping site in upstate New York to improve their social etiquette.

The secretaries packed their bags with some apprehension, but were excited to embark on what many of them described as “a free, well deserved vacation.” They would soon realize their excursion would far more than fun and games.

Waking up at the crack of dawn every morning, the secretaries engaged in a variety of role-playing exercises and intense obstacles courses modeled after the U.S. Marines training program.

Each of the secretaries was asked to use scripted dialogue and take turns being the student. The sessions were led by well-known industrial-organizational psychologists, Brock Bateman and Mika Moug, co-executive directors of the organization “No More Motley.”

“We have particular expertise in eradicating unprofessionalism in the work place,” said Brock Bateman. “It soon became clear, however, that the inadequate performance of the secretaries at CSI would prove to be one of the most challenging environments we ever had to improve upon.”

High-tech video cameras and voice recorders were installed to carefully monitor a variety of parameters during the dialogues including facial expressions, tone, and overall rapport. The psychologists carefully screened the secretaries for any abnormal conversations and behaviors in a private room. They provided feedback to the secretaries after they completed the seminar.

“It was a truly eye-opening experience,” said Secretary Charlene Goody-Goody. “I never realized how complicated it was to talk to a student in a proper manner. I had no idea that I had it all wrong, but now I know exactly what to do.”

From the Office of Tomas D. Morales, President

To: All Secretaries and Receptionists

From: Tomas D. Morales, President of the College of Staten Island

Date: 11/12/09

Re: How-to Guide for Interacting With Students

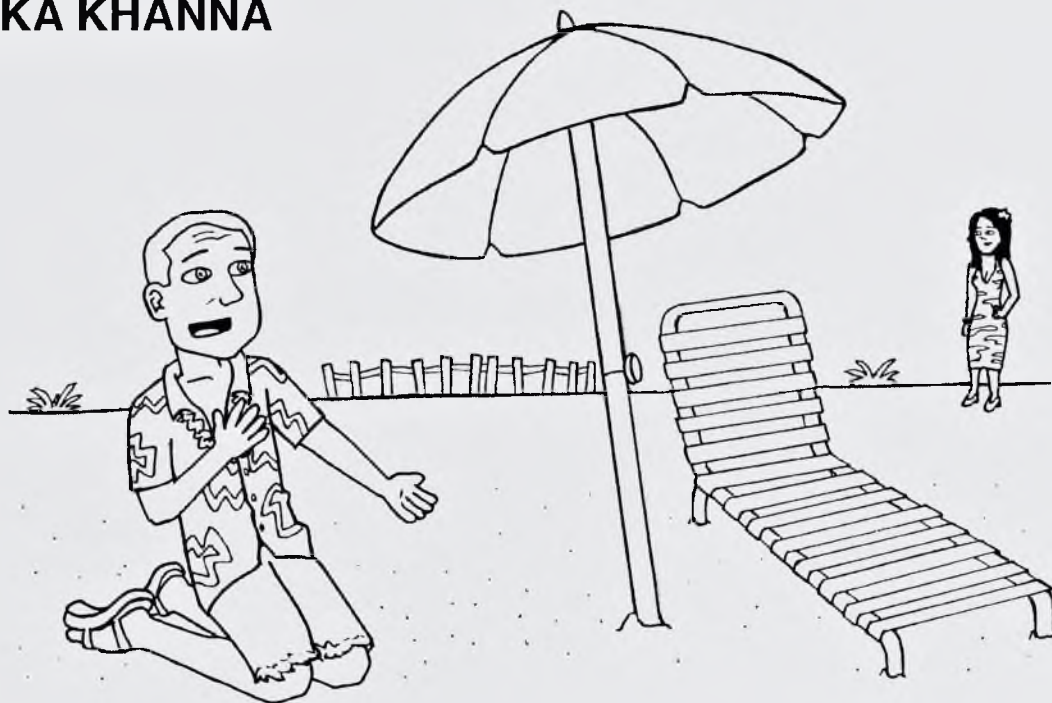
It has come to my attention that students are receiving poor treatment from secretaries and receptionists at departmental and administrative offices throughout The College of Staten Island. This type of behavior violates the Official Code of Secretarial Conduct, and we therefore urge you to review the Official Code and evaluate your handling of students accordingly. Please review this simple list of guidelines to help increase student satisfaction.

- As students enter your office, please refrain from making any groaning noises or shooting them looks of disgust and annoyance.
- Welcome them by politely asking, "How can I help you?" Though we encourage improvisation as the dialogue progresses, we do not endorse an intimidating line of questioning starting with, "Why didn't you make an appointment?"
- Please do not complain about your office being particularly hectic today, when in reality, only a few students know that your office even exists.
- Invite students to take a seat as they wait instead of allowing them to awkwardly stand in front of your desk.
- While students are filling out paperwork, please do not tell them personal stories about your life. If your husband is cheating on you or you are upset with the progress of your weight loss diet, please see a peer educator at the Wellness Center in 1C. For all other concerns, please make an appointment with a psychologist at the Counseling Center in 1A.
- If students lack a pen or pencil, supply them with one instead of asking the rhetorical question, "Aren't you a college student?" Demeaning our students contradicts our core mission of empowering them.
- When the faculty member is ready to see the student, please alert the student. This is key to the interaction and can be easily confused with not alerting the student.
- Upon exiting the office, cheerfully say goodbye to the student. This can be particularly effective when supported by a wave, jerking your dominant hand from left to right in the air. Remember, you have been hired for your ability to multitask.

The Sanford Diaries

Confessions of a Disgraced Politician

By KANIKA KHANNA



After South Carolina Governor Mark Sanford's Argentinean escapades were exposed, one might ask – what the hell was he thinking? Let's glance at his life before, during and after the scandal.

June 18, 2009 – 4:30PM, Hartsfield-Jackson International Airport

Some people go to the clergy when their marriage needs salvaging. Others seek couples therapy. I go to Blockbuster and rent *The Holiday*. I mean, what else is a man to do when his wife wants a "trial separation"? I thought about hiking the Appalachian Trail, but that's so high school of me.

Thinking about *The Holiday* on my way to the airport, I questioned my plans. What did I really want? Let's be honest – has Jenny ever really made me happy? Sure, four sons and a nineteen year marriage are cool and everything, but she's not terribly exciting. Thanks to the riveting performances of Kate Winslet and Cameron Diaz, I realized I've been yearning for something...exotic. Argentina, here I come!

June 19, 2009 – 6:20PM, Eden

Upon arriving in Buenos Aires, I sought out a hotel room under my usual alias of "James Bond", as per Maria's recommendation. The instructions to gain entry were rather simple; after signing a release form in my own blood, I proceeded to belt the chorus of "Lovebug" to the third umbrella on the beach. Man, those Jo Bros can sing.

June 20, 2009 – 10:45AM, Paradise

Maria fully supports my dream of completing and

publishing my harlequin romance manuscript. She said my emails alone have an eloquence Nora Roberts has not achieved. If only! I've never felt so foot loose and fancy free in my entire life.

I serenaded her with some of my favorite love songs. "Maria" seemed fitting and "I Honestly Love You" brought tears to her eyes. I will create a mix tape with the rest of them, including "My Heart Will Go On", "Tearin' Up My Heart", "Everlasting Love", "Every Breath You Take", and a Barry White song of some sort.

June 21, 2009 – 7:17AM, Cloud Nine

Today is Father's Day, and frankly, I don't really care. Jenny and the kids are probably wondering where the heck I am and why I ruined their plans for the day, but I think they'll get over it. Meanwhile, my staff keeps texting me; can't they tell I'm a bit preoccupied at the moment?

June 24, 2009 – 8:35PM, my office

I confessed my undying love for my Argentinean sweetheart at a press conference that was nationally televised. My own wife decided to sit this one out, for reasons I can't understand. I suppose I was a real dirt bag today, which will hopefully clinch my presidential run in 2012. How does Sanford/Edwards '12 sound?

July 3, 2009 – 7:52PM, in front of the bathroom mirror

Florida with Jenny and the kids seemed like a good idea. The amount of stress I've experienced from this is enormously taxing. I found a clump of hair on my pillow this morning, but I already took away those scissors from Jenny. She nearly gouged my eyes out the last time she chopped my hair off in the dead of night. I tried to take the kids to Disney World, but the boys didn't seem so fond of the idea. Is Space Mountain still undergoing refurbishment? I should look into that.

September 20, 2009 – 11:12PM, The Governor's Mansion

It's unfortunate when a man's personal journal

is no longer sacred. It's bad enough that Jenny tried taking it when she moved out, but the South Carolina Department of Commerce? Now that's just cruel. They keep asking me to attend karaoke night with them...

After chatting with John today, I decided to go out for a bike ride. Gazing at what was not the picturesque Argentine coastline, I couldn't help but marvel at the genius of the man. How did he keep such a secret so long? If it weren't for that little carbon copy of him running around, no one would have been the wiser.



September 24, 2009 – 9:20AM, Nason Medical Center

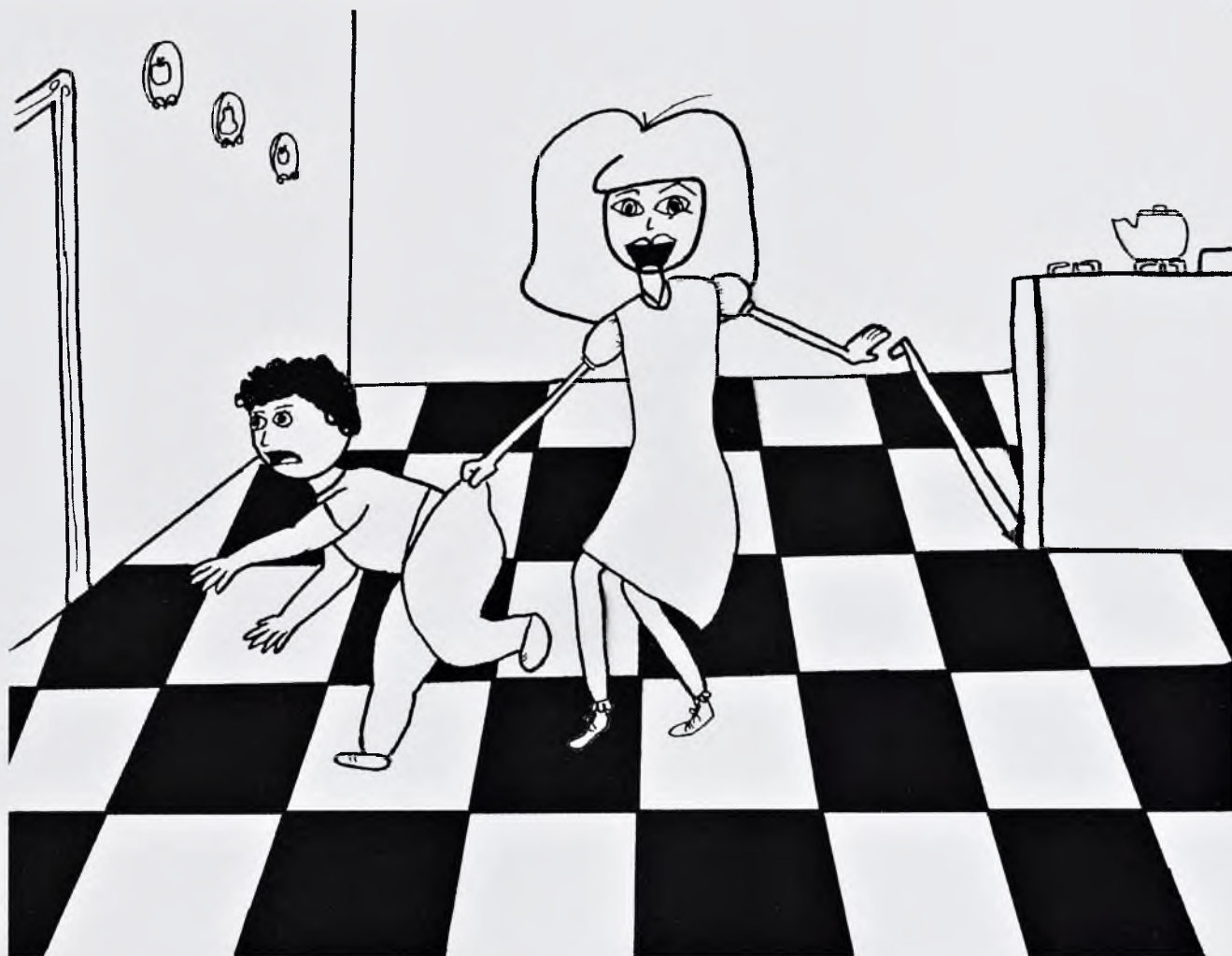
Bicycling was one of my last pleasures in the world, and now it has turned against me like everything else. I sprained my wrist while out on the trail today. Jenny does not seem pleased; it's almost as if she knows I was planning my next South American excursion at the time of the accident. I'm surprised I didn't break both wrists! Oh, well. There's always drag racing.

October 8, 2009 – 5:30PM, Interstate 385

I got pulled over for going twenty miles over the speed limit. FML. Karma blows.

A Humble Suggestion

By REBECCA STROBEL



Artist/ Rebecca Strobel

In a press conference on Tuesday, South Dakota's Governor Mike Rounds proposed his state adopt a new economic policy he refers to as "[his] own Humble Suggestion." The proposal? Residents of South Dakota should eat their children.

"I was reading an essay by Jonathan Swift and I realized he had some ideas we could apply here in South Dakota," the governor explained. "I have written 'A Humble Suggestion' to expand on and modernize Swift's vision."

Rounds outlined the entirety of his 87-page essay as he urged residents of South Dakota to be resourceful in the face of tough economic times. His proposal explains in detail how, if implemented nationwide, the consumption of children under the age of eleven could potentially stimulate the economy enough to bring the country out of its current recession.

"Many people are living paycheck to pay-

check. Eating children kills two birds with one stone: no more buying groceries for yourself and no more college tuition or birthday presents for them. The money you save will pad your wallets quite nicely. You can put the extra cash in your 'Vacation to Barbados' fund or the 'Send Grandma to a Nursing Home' jar. I've used my newfound wealth to buy a set of nose flutes to supplement my Polynesian artifacts collection," the governor testified. "I think Jonathan Swift would be proud that I have built on his classic ideas and developed even better ones."

At this remark, Faux-5 reporter and self-proclaimed Swift fanatic Kenneth West appeared onstage behind Governor Rounds. In an astonishing display of stealth and agility, he took Rounds' place behind the podium almost instantaneously.

"Excuse me, Governor Rounds. I'm really happy for you and I'm going to let you finish, but Jonathan Swift had one of the most modest proposals of all time. Of all time!" West interjected before shrugging his shoulders and walking off stage.

His comment was met with almost universal disapproval; his fellow journalists booed him and kicked his shins as he made his way back to his seat. Despite the lack of support from his peers, Kenneth West maintains his standpoint.

"Jonathan Swift was an artist. A Modest Proposal was not only the best essay of his generation, but of all generations," the reporter stated in a post-conference interview with himself.

Opponents of Rounds' policy have already come out in great numbers. Indiana Nussbaum, 36, organized a grassroots effort to draw national attention to the shortcomings of Rounds' plan. All 943 residents of Ipswich, South Dakota attended Nussbaum's rally Thursday evening.

"Children are all sinew and ankles. Their flesh is stringy and tough, like jerky after it's been left under the couch for twelve days," Nussbaum shouted as the crowd roared its support. "Plus, they run so quick it often takes hours to catch one. We should be putting our energies into more worthwhile pursuits, like cultivating our own Twinkies."

Nussbaum's supporters have joined forces with countless other protest groups, and together they have planned a sit-in at Town Hall the night the bill will be signed.

"If the government thinks we're going to

take it upon ourselves to fix this economic thingy-whatsit, they are sorely mistaken. We refused to be inconvenienced in any way," said Jim-Bob Duggar, spokesman for the not-for-profit interest group Citizens Against Nonsensical Nuisances In Beautiful Albeit Lethargic States (CANNIBALS).

CANNIBALS spokesmen were seen lounging on easy chairs at the local furniture warehouse, handing out leaflets to anyone walking within arm's reach. Their literature urges citizens to, "... do nothing while the government handles all of the legwork." Duggar and his fellow CANNIBALS will be out in full force at the sit-in.

“Jonathan Swift was an artist. A Modest Proposal was not only the best essay of his generation, but of all generations.”

Rounds is not ignorant to this unrest. "Of course I know naysayers will consider all of this pretty radical," he conceded, "But in times like these, radical is exactly what we need."

Evidently, supporters of all things radical are not in short supply. Forty-seven year-old Laurie Roth of Alpena, South Dakota has already taken Rounds' suggestion to heart.

"I don't have any children of my own, but my sister Debi has triplets. Debi knows I just lost my job at the Waffle House, so she let me have



Artist/ Rebecca Strobel

my pick of her litter,” said Roth. “I talked it over with the three of them and decided to eat my little niece. She was so excited about it. She just loves that movie Sweeney Todd, bless her little heart. Or, well, she used to love it.”

Governor Rounds cites this abundance as a critical facet of children’s appeal. Most households possess at least one child, and it is quite common for families to have multiple miniature members fro-

icking about. Even citizens like Laurie Roth who do not have children of their own will find it is easy to capitalize on the compassion of generous friends and neighbors. Rounds believes that the majority of parents are completely unaware of the plethora of nutrients in the young, healthy flesh of their offspring. He likens children to “little individually-wrapped snack bars just loafing around upstairs.”

Whether his proposal is passed or vetoed, Rounds hopes to publish his essay as a book. He is currently in talks with publishing houses nationwide and hopes to have an illustrated edition on shelves by the holiday season. This full-color first edition will include instructions and advice for each step of the child consumption process. It begins with commentary on which wines best accompany different varieties of children (the general rule of thumb states that the older the child is, the drier the wine should be) and ends by encouraging citizens to utilize every part of the carcass.

“Let nothing go to waste!” Rounds writes in Section XII b (“How do I dispose of the gristle and bones?”). “Use the bones for anything from paperweights to doorstoppers. The potential is endless.”

In the coming weeks, it is expected that Rounds will seek support from neighboring states in an effort to garner national attention. Some sources report Rounds is in talks with Wyoming’s Governor David Freudenthal, who introduced a radical policy of his own last week. Freudenthal is encouraging Wyoming’s residents to move back into their mothers’ homes to save on property taxes and other living expenses.

“It gets lonely living alone. You start to miss your mother.” Freudenthal said in a teleconference last month.

Should Governors Rounds and Freudenthal marry their policies together, we can expect to see dramatic changes in the American family dynamic.

In the words of David Freudenthal, “There’s nothing quite like a mother’s love.”

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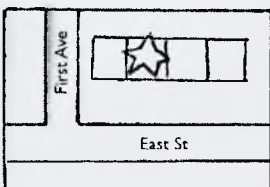
Plastic bag to ensure head's freshness

Kept cold nestled between frozen peas & TV dinners



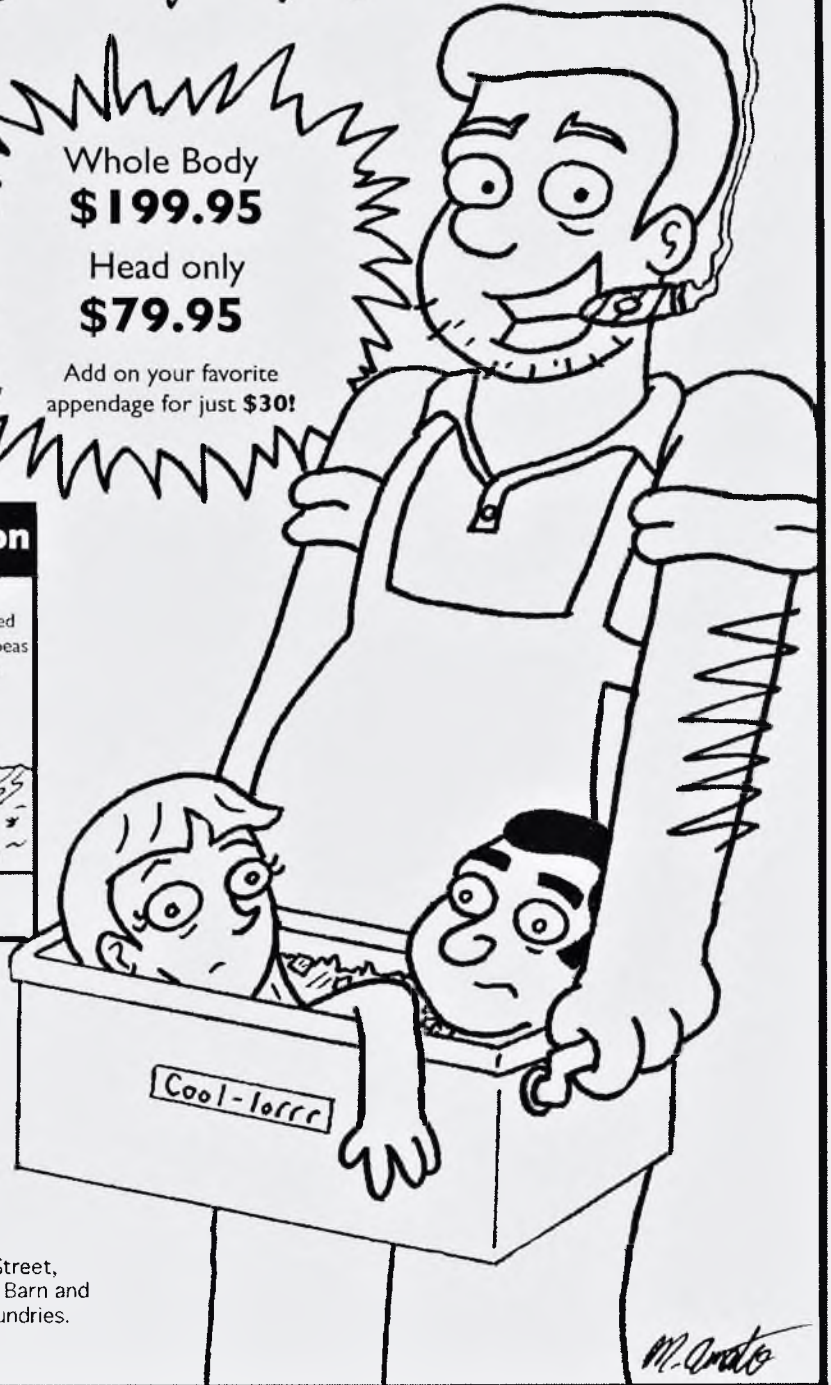
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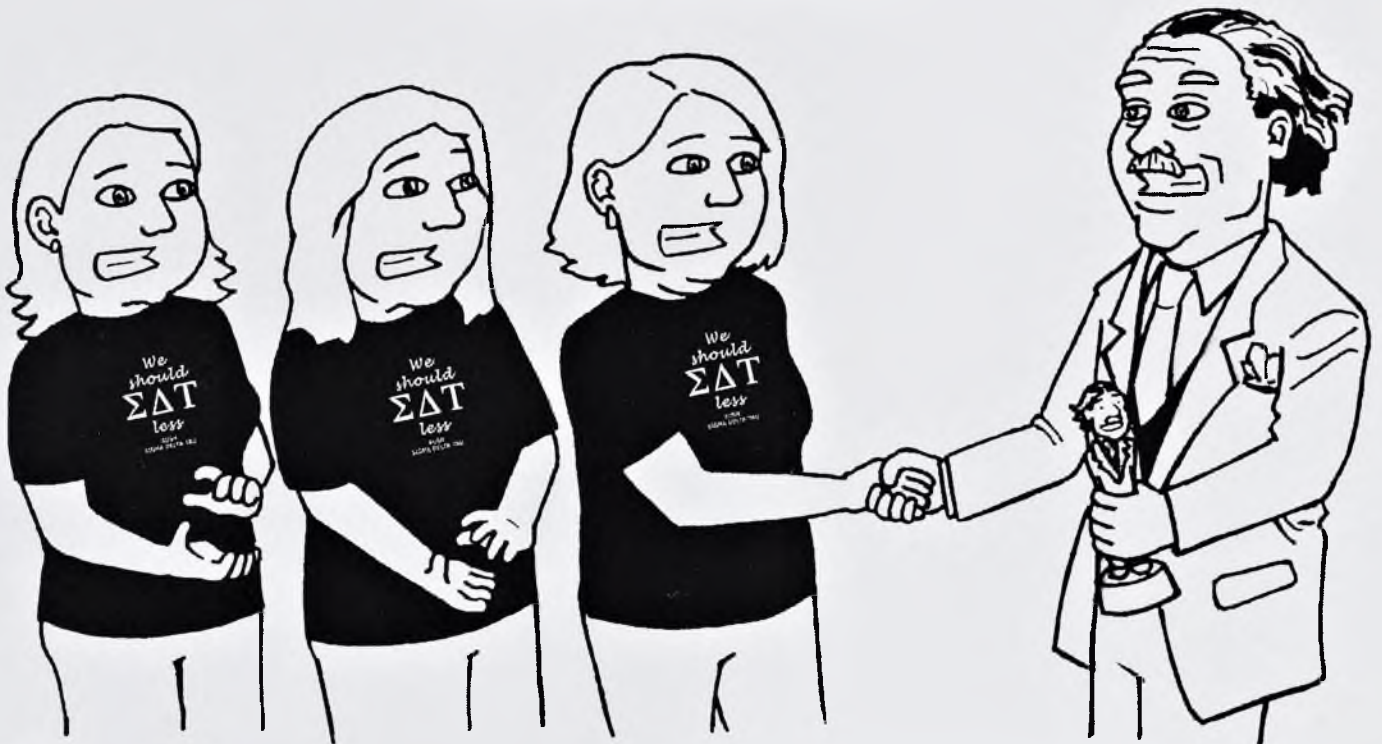


M. Amato

Sigma Delta Tau Receives Prestigious Al Sharpton Award for Alleged Community Service

Tau Kappa Epsilon Wins Three

By MATT SIGNORILE



Sigma Delta Tau made history yesterday as the first Staten Island chapter to take home the world-renowned Al Sharpton Award for Alleged Community Service at the Fraternities and Sororities Annual Gala (FSAG).

"This award... is named after me," Al Sharpton shouted to a boisterous crowd. "It's cause I do good things to people. Just like this sorority. It does good things. It's an honor to have this award for dubious community service in my name. No jus-

tice, no peace, but an award means no sword."

The Al Sharpton Award was first awarded in 1995 to Beta Theta Lambda. The award is given annually to the sorority or fraternity that boasts the most about its community service, and at the same time, can mention the least amount of community service activities actually performed.

Olympia Snowe, president of the Staten Island chapter of Sigma Delta Tau, hoisted the miniature Al Sharpton high into the air.

"We do good things, we know we do good things, and maybe one day, we'll sit down and figure out what we actually do other than host parties and, well, host themed parties!" She shouted to the crowd.

Snowe went on to cite her sororities astonishing accomplishments, including walking around

in a circle to raise awareness for diseases. The group also, remarkably, managed to donate part of the proceeds of its last party to charity.

Blanche Lincoln, another SDT member, shed a tear. "If only my little could be here for this. Her family just had to go down to the Jersey Shore on a family vacation this weekend. Doesn't she realize she turned her back on her very own sisters?"

Sigma Delta Tau was not the lone sorority to win an award. Sigma Iota Delta also won the Golden Custodian award, presented to the sorority most likely to shuffle tables and disrupt your lunch in the Campus Center. However, there was some confusion when the award was presented.

"It took us a while to remember we even existed," said Kay Hagan, rush chair of Sigma Iota Delta, "We're all sitting at our table, and when our name was called, we had to translate our letters."

"I actually thought I was a member of Sigma Delta Tau, until now," an anonymous member of SID said.

The other clear winner of the night was Staten Island's own Tau Kappa Epsilon, which brought home awards in a multitude of areas, from partying to t-shirt design. Their proudest award was the Cal Ripken Jr. Iron T-Shirt Award for the Fraternity Whose Members Never Stop Wearing Their Letters.

Fraternity president, Chuck Grassley, said, "We took this home this year. It was hard fought. Good thing the Peace Officers aren't a fraternity, they would have given us a run for our money. We worked really hard on this, thanks a lot, FSAG."

In addition, the CSI fraternity also received an award for the creepiest t-shirt design, with their submission, "TKE Knows Your Girlfriend," out-creeping the other entries by far.

"Look, man, I know your girlfriend. I'm her friend on Facebook. She's got some nice pics on there, bro. It's cool," Grassley said. "Even Reverend Al asked us if we had an extra t-shirt. He knows mad girlfriends." TKE also took home the Stacy's Mom, which is awarded to the fraternity most likely to say something inappropriate to your mother.

"This is unreal," said Snowe, as she posed for a photo with Reverend Sharpton. "It just goes to show, if you submit to peer pressure and mindless rituals, great things will come your way."

Φ Δ Τ LECTURE SERIES

First Week:
Being a Bro

Second Week:
Why
Group Showers
Matter

Third Week:
Public
Intoxication:
Do's and Don'ts

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Squirrels Versus Rabbits: Exclusive

New developments seen in the bitter battle between local rabbits and squirrels.

By THE LEGEND ESQUIRE



Artist/ Ed Peppe

An epic war of biblical proportions has been plaguing Staten Island as resources run scarce for animals.

The United States Economy has taken its toll on the wildlife—small mammals can no longer afford to buy the food they need for their families. Rabbits have been shown to be the cause of the squirrels' financial troubles, and the squirrels have been fighting back.

The war has been taking place for over a year now, and it has been a bloody one. Animal corpses are constantly littering the streets, as the

squirrels and rabbits charge each other, claws raised to the sky. Just the other day, local student Steve Popper had a lot to say about the most recent battle, which had unfolded in his backyard. "The damn squirrels really suck at fighting. You should see the limbs I found on my porch. Yesterday there was a head stuck on a pike. Why can't they just go back to pooping on my lawn?"

Another local, Gina Nanananana, 40, has been utterly disgusted by the recent developments. "These, like, animals have like, been like, keeping me up, like all night with, like, their incessant fighting like. Like, every morning, like, I like find like, at least like, 30 corpses on like, my like, front lawn. And like the worst part? The ASPCA and like, animal control tell me, like I like, have to like, clean them up myself because like, they died on, like, my

own property like like like. It's like, so gross! Like, ewwww!" Apparently, she also has the speech IQ of a 9 year-old.

Some people however, have been enjoying the long, drawn out battles raging daily. "It's awesome," Matt Signorile, free speech advocate and Greek sorority enthusiast, stated, "I take a seat by the windows of the library and just watch. I once saw 50 rabbits charge a single mother-complimenting squirrel. Not only was it cool, but also I

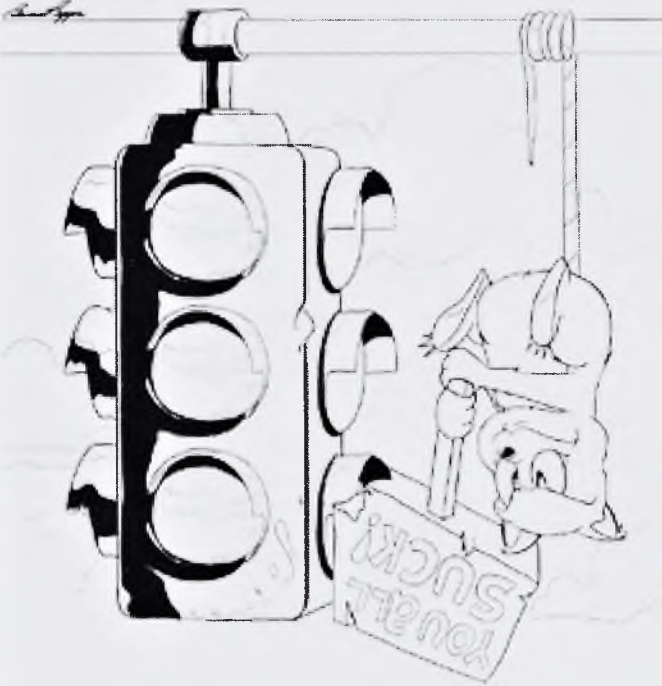
got to eat the squirrel after. Tasty!"

It has been brought to my attention that the squirrels have gotten a new weapon that can turn this war around. Armadillos. Armed like tanks, these scaly animals can withstand even the sharpest claw.

Will the tide turn? Will this war end soon? Will Joe Biden stop eating other people's shirt sleeves? Stay tuned.

POSSUMS OPPOSE PRODUCE PESTICIDES

By DAVE DI LILLO



Possums that occupy parks and pathways of Staten Island have openly protested new pesticides implemented by Island plant producers.

The marsupials postulate the pesticides have pulled the plug on their nightly pillages. The unappealing, putrid smell of the pesticides

has pained some of the possums. The respectably proportioned possum population has positioned itself on the streets, stopping traffic with protest signs pointing out their primary complaints.

"We can't even prowl through the slop from our favorite provision depots or farmers' markets!" said Oliver Possum, a Port Richmond native. "How can people possibly be so pernicious?"

The pesticide predicament has left Islanders puzzled. "The possums prefer what? Who the hell knew possums spoke? And I thought the geese were a pain in the neck!" proclaimed Paul Pizzulo of Pleasant Plains.

Paralegal Patrick Ponderosa spewed with spite. "These possums don't perform under false pretenses," pondered Ponderosa. "If these pieces of crap don't stop disputing the plain facts, my partners and I will implore the police to approve our petition and deport them. The possums are gonna pay!"

Mr. O. Possum doesn't appear too perturbed. Possum knows political unrest comes at a price, and will press on pursuing his passion for the progress of his species despite feeling oppressed.

In the meantime, he says, he will crash at Mike Young's place.

CAUTION

**HOT BEVERAGE
CONTENTS MAY BE
LUKEWARM AND
OVERPRICED**



CAUTION

**DRY
PAINT**



CAUTION

**MEN ON
LUNCH BREAK**



CAUTION

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Writer/ The Legend Esquire

twi-lame

a parody by Mike Amato
(with NO apologies to Stephanie Meyer)



Blinding moonlight shone through my window as I sat in bed, going over the day's events in my mind. My first day at school: everyone was really nice to me, people immediately wanted to be my friend, and at least three guys have got the hots for me. In other words, it was horrible. All that attention was just so embarrassing. Not only that, I can't figure out what was up with that weird kid who dropped out of biology. It couldn't have been because of me, but what other reason was there? I couldn't get him out of my head... tall, pale, dead eyes; there was just something unusual about him. As I thought of this, I heard what sounded like my window opening. I leaned out of bed to check, and sure enough I heard correctly. My eyes darted to my vanity mirror, which would give me a full view of my room, but all I saw was my own reflection, alone. I gave a sigh of relief, which was soon followed by a sharp blow to my head, and finally my body falling to the floor as I blacked out.

As I came to, I found myself lying on cold cobblestones in a dank and dark room. I could barely see a foot in front of me, and I squinted in a desperate attempt to make out any forms in the room. Just as I was getting used to the dark, candles started going aflame all around me. I was sitting in the center of what seemed like the gallows of an old spooky castle, and surrounding me were five frightening characters.

They were all adorned in black, and extremely pale, even more than myself. Even the one who seemed to have lavender felt for skin seemed pale. That one had a small head and torso, and a long flowing cloak, almost as if there were another person holding him up from under it. Next to him was a hulking, monstrous-looking creature, with an alert and cold look on his face. Another one looked a bit like my grandfather, and while he attempted to scowl, his face had an indisguiseable jolliness to it. Beside him was the only woman in the group, topped with towering black

Artist/ Mike Amato

beehive hair and a tight-fitting gown that did all it could to accentuate her buxom feature.

The final of the five, the one who stepped forward toward me, was strangely beguiling; pale, pasty skin, slick dark hair, and peculiarly sharp white teeth. His face was very strong, with a thin, crooked nose, lofty domed forehead, broad chin and scant, but firm cheeks. He was a peculiar specimen, but unusually enough, I found him quite gorgeous. As they all continued to stare at me, I became more and more afraid to break the silence, but I eventually had to.

"Wh-who are you?" I struggled to say through quivering lips.

The handsome one stepped forward a bit more, never losing his focus on me. "I am... Dracula," he said, in a haunting dulcet tone. He extended his hand out. "I bid you welcome." My hand met his as I lifted myself onto my feet.

"This is my castle, and these are my associates." He proceeded to introduce the other people in the room: Nosferatu, the tall one, Elvira, the busty chick, Grandpa, the oldest, and the Count, the moppet.

"Nice to meet you all, but why are you guys all pale and haggard-looking? And wearing all black? And have those fang-like teeth?"

"Because, my dear... we are VAMPIRES!" he proclaimed with a dramatic and debonair swoop of his cape. "And this is my coalition of true-blooded vampires!" All five of them proceeded to make a fierce hissing noise, as if it were some sort of club salute. "But enough formalities, let's get down to business." He looked down on me, furrowing his brow even further, intensifying his gaze. "Are you familiar with a human by the name of Edward Cul-len?"

I was so flabbergasted that I nearly forgot to give an answer. "Yeah... yeah, he was that weird kid from school. Does that mean he's one of you? A vampire?"

Immediately following my inquiry was a simultaneous groan of disgust from all the creatures of the night.

"In the most technical of senses... yes, he IS a vampire," Elvira explained. "He and his whole family are vampires. But there's a difference between them and us..."

"MANY differences!" Grandpa interjected, actually appearing angry. "They don't feed upon

humans, they don't turn into bats...they can even go into the SUN, for God's sake!"

"And sunlight makes them sparkle!" the Count started. "So much that I find myself COUNTING the sparkles! One! Two! Three! Fo-" He was interrupted by Nosferatu, who turned and let out a harsh long groan, almost akin to a noise Frankenstein would make.

"Yes, thank you, Nosferatu," Dracula thanked. "The point is these people are ruining the reputation of all true vampires. We can't be having our public perception besmirched!" I found myself mesmerized by his passionate eyes, dark as night, yet still bright and glistening.

As I noticed he seemed completely emotionally engrossed, I decided to plumb for more information. "So what does all this have to do with me?"

"We need you to get closer to this Edward character," Grandpa disclosed. "Warm up to him, make him vulnerable. Figure out a way to lure him and his family out into the open, where we can dispose of them once and for all."

"But why me? What makes me so special?"

"If you must know, it's been a huge process of elimination. We've tried this with almost every girl at that school, but none of them has broken him. They had too much personality."

"But you..." Dracula began, nearly backing me into a corner. "You are the blandest girl we've ever come across! Completely devoid of any unique traits! An absolute textbook Mary Sue!" I found myself blushing from his kind words. "If you can't break those imposter vampires, then no one can!"

I found myself torn: this seemed like a complicated and epic dual of the supernatural, something a painfully average girl like myself had no business being a part of, but something about this strange man and his ghoulishly good looks made it impossible for me to refuse.

"Alright, I'll help you."

"Oh, we weren't expecting you to answer," Elvira responded. "You'll do as we say, or else we'll eat you. Because we're vampires." All of them hissed on cue, as I was struck from behind and knocked out cold once more.

I woke up to find myself on the floor of my room, rather groggy.

At first I thought I might have dreamed the whole ordeal, but the following night I was awoken by Dracula, who was staring me down in my sleep. He claimed he was making sure I made no attempts to escape, but whatever the reason, I found it to be very romantic.

So over the next few weeks, I made an effort to get to know Edward Cullen. It wasn't easy; he's a bipolar creepy weirdo, so it took a while to get used to his strange behavior. In time, he finally revealed to me he was a vampire, so I tried to act as surprised as I could, though I found it all to be quite ridiculous. A vampire with superpowers? Give me a break. All the while, however, I couldn't get the image of Dracula out of my head. His pale, frigid skin, striking dark eyes, lean, firm build; everything about him had an inhuman beauty to it, I guess rightfully so. Sure he was hundreds of years old and not technically living, but damned if I could find a more attractive gentleman. I never lost sight of my mission, however; one night at the Cullen homestead, I proposed we should all go out and do something fun one night. Edward suggested playing baseball. Vampire baseball. Out in the open field just outside of town, the following night. I relayed the news to Dracula later on that night as he appeared in my room. I found myself swooning as he assumed his bat-form and took off from my window into the night.

Under the cover of darkness, I headed toward the open field a good hour before the Cullens would arrive. When I got there, I quickly spotted Dracula and the others hidden behind a large collection of bushes. I joined them swiftly, huddling up as close as I could to my undead stud.

"Alright, I told them I'd meet them here. They're coming here to play vampire baseball." All of the vampires turned around and stared blankly at me.

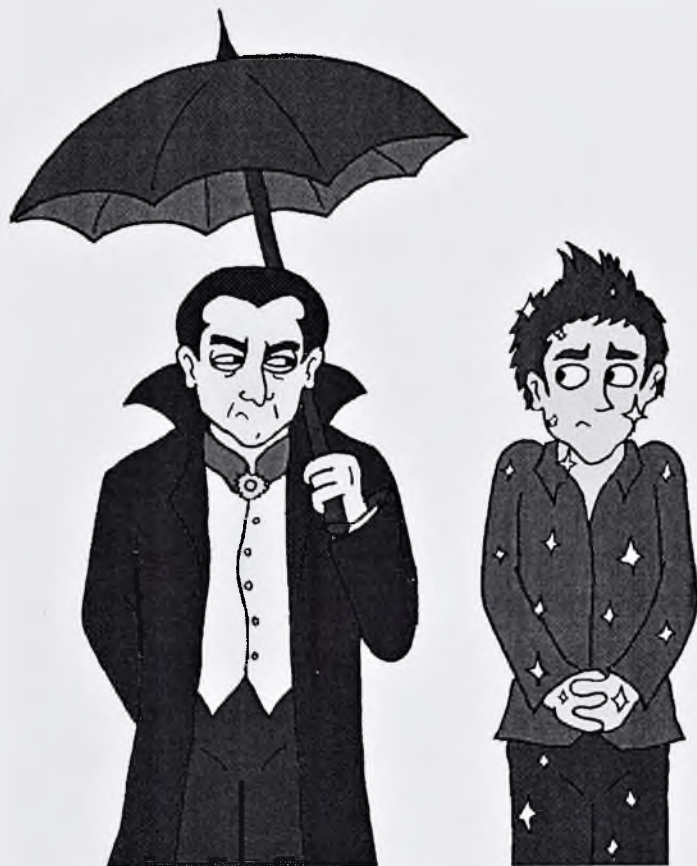
"Vampire... baseball?" Elvira asked.

"Yeah. It's like baseball, except played by

vampires."

Dracula held his head in his hands, looking completely distressed. "This is much worse than we thought. This has to end TONIGHT."

The sound of silence flooded our surround-



ings, only to be broken by the howl of a wolf from somewhere deep within the woods. After hearing the animal, Dracula looked somewhat satiated, a look of contention overcoming his face.

"Listen to them... children of the night. What music they make..." He then directed his attention to a spider web in the bushes in front of us. "A spider spinning his web for an unwary fly. The blood is the life, Miss Swan." I couldn't believe what an amazing poet he was; so beautiful and powerful.

Headlights struck through the night as a truck appeared from down the hill. We all stayed hidden and waited until the vehicle came to a stop. Doors opened and out emerged the members of the Cullen clan: Alice, Emmett, Esme, Jasper, Carlisle, and of course, Edward. They all had on baseball caps and were holding bats as they headed out onto the open field. It was a ridiculous sight, to say the least.

"Where's Bella, Edward? You said she would meet us here," Alice asked.

"She said she'd be here. I'm sure she will," he responded in kind.

With their backs collectively turned toward us, the vampire coalition had a premium position to make a sneak attack. Dracula told me to stay out of sight as they began to creep toward their targets. So concerned about my safety.

"Ah, the Cullens. At last we meet..." Dracula said softly, causing the group to turn around and face their adversaries.

"Well well, if isn't the savages themselves. How's living in perpetual night keeping yah?" Emmett asked condescendingly.

"Please, don't give us that. I mean, what kind of vampire spends decade after decade going to high school?" Elvira accused.

"Perhaps we just enjoy being educated!" Jasper responded.

"We've had enough of your wussy, goody-two-shoes ways! It's an embarrassment to all us true vampires!" Grandpa proclaimed.

"So now we're here to finish it, once and for all! Ah ah ah!" the Count laughed as Nosferatu grunted in approval.

"Is that right?" Edward said, incredulously. "Being tweener vampires has its benefits, you know. To satisfy teenage girls' dreams for the perfect man, we've been made to be indestructible. Garlic, stakes, sunlight; we can take it all. We're invulnerable! So now what do you plan to do?"

Without skipping a beat, Dracula responded. "I guess we'll just have to rip you to shreds."

With that, the coalition lunged at their targets, and from what I could see, it was a pretty one-sided fight. Even with five-against-six, Nosferatu managed to pick up the slack by simultaneously clawing Carlisle and Emmett and tearing out their throats with a single thrust of his mighty arm. Elvira had Alice pinned, ripping her face to shreds. The Count seemed to having a great time, counting off the fingers he was removing from Jasper's hands. Even Grandpa was faring better than his much younger opponent, throwing Esme down to the ground and choking her quite violently. As for the two head honchos, Edward was no match for Dracula; a few minutes into their struggle, Dracula, with the swiftness of a buzz saw, gnawed straight through Edward's neck, decapitating him. The fight was over almost as quick as it started; all that remained of the impos-

ter vampires was a massive pile of assorted limbs, organs and bits of skin. Nosferatu proceeded to light a match and drop it upon the mangled mess, setting the former Cullens aflame. The five then turned back and walked off, leaving their enemies to char.

Not being able to contain myself much longer, I leaped from the bushes and ran up to Dracula. "That was amazing! You were fantastic!"

"Why, thank you," Dracula responded, like a true gentleman. "Hopefully that's the last we'll hear of them."

"Hopefully," I said, trying to remain cool, but my clumsy nature was quite evident as I stumbled over my next few words. "So, now that your plan over vampiric dominance has been fulfilled, why don't we go out and get a bite to eat?" His face turned to a grimace as he turned away without saying a word. I proceeded to follow him.

"Please? See, look, I even stole this bottle of wine from my dad's liquor cabinet!"

"No, no... I never drink... wine."

"But this isn't right! You're supposed to reciprocate my misguided affections! I just know we're meant to be together forever!"

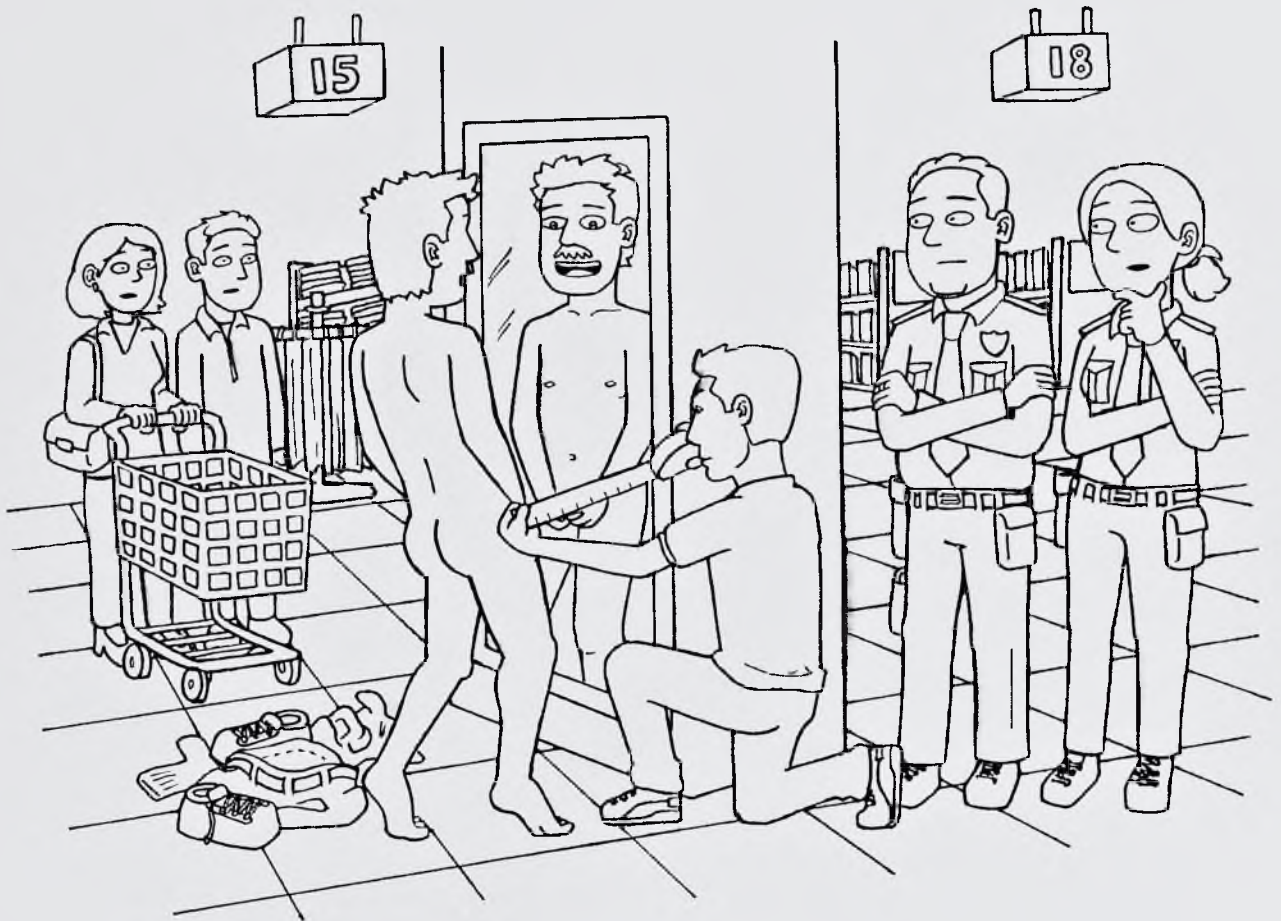
"Look, kid, this isn't some trashy teen romance novel. To us real vampires, you're one thing and one thing only, and since you've served us well, I think I will take you up on that meal."

Blood rushed to my face as my efforts to win over the man of my dreams came to pass. Unfortunately, that blood soon rushed out through my neck as he bit into it, sucking out precious fluid. At first I thought he was turning me into one of him, but I began to doubt it as I felt actual bits of skin being torn from my neck. As I felt the blood steadily drain from my punctured jugular vein, I struggled to stay conscious. But sweet darkness got the better of me, and as I faded away, the last thing I heard was the haunting proclamation of my vampiric love.

"To die... to be REALLY dead must be glorious. There are far worse things awaiting man... than death."

Man Shocked When Looking in Mirror, Shoppers Flabbergasted

By THE LEGEND ESQUIRE



George Bogey got a shock last Tuesday when he looked in a mirror at a local Wal-Mart in Cambridge, Wyoming.

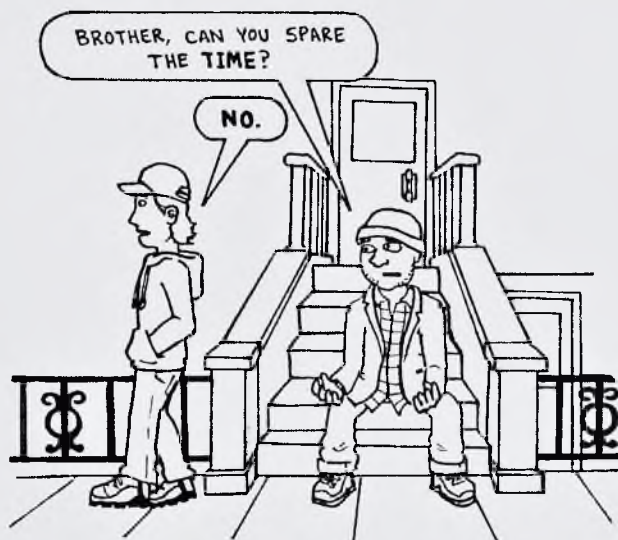
"He looks just like me!" exclaimed Bogey. According to local townsfolk, he proceeded to undress and ogle his privates in the mirror. He even challenged his mirror image to see who had larger genitalia. Shoppers gathered round to watch—it was a tie. "I thought George was going to win, he's pretty big in the sack," shared one impressed

viewer. Kristin Hat, a watcher who wished to remain anonymous, said, "I wish my husband looked like that!" Another onlooker, Amy Schadendraden, said, "this is just fuck*** gross!"

When police showed up to the escalating scene, they too were amazed by the Bogey doppelganger in the mirror. "Personally, I think there's no resemblance," policeman Jorge Smith told this reporter, "but my unit seems convinced." In the end, both Bogey and his mirror image were fined \$250 for [in]decent exposure. "After George walked away, so did his mirror image," said Jorge, "and he forgot his ticket. We decided to just leave it on the mirror for when he gets back."

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Writer/ The Legend Esquire

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Artist/ Dave Di Lillo

A Message from the Department of Performing and Creative Arts!

It's my honor to welcome you to the College of Staten Island, and my duty to demand that you grow a pair of balls and register for Sculpture already. All I'm saying is you better have brass ones for this stuff. I'm serious, Sculpture requires you to have the kind of balls only flying Malasian monkeys can drag around. Those bastards can rip your eyes out. Sculpture will put hair on your chest. But don't go taking your shirt off or anything. Did you ever hear of that sect in Siam where the ladies have so much chest hair they make decorative weaves? Yeah, they call it khaawng sa sohng. Love slicing down steel with your bare hands? ART 150. I once knew a damned good sculptor. Name was Mort Stanley. Now, there's a guy who could shave stone like a sonnuva bitch. Life is a choice between art and Jeff Koontz. And what is Jeff Koontz? Bullshit! I'd recommend dust masks, but you haven't lived life till you've hocked up a pile of sawdust.

Grizzled, Insane Sculpture Professor
 Department of Performing and Creative Arts



Artist/ Dave Di Lillo

How to Get a Guy in 10 Days

By ALINA KOGAN



Artist/ Ed Peppe

Ever wonder why it takes so long to get a guy you like? Are you the type that wishes your knight in shining armor would come leaping into your arms while you just stand around and do nothing? Whatever your circumstances are for not having the man of your dreams, you can change your status by simply following these foolproof and extensively tested instructions!

Day 1 – Be a Creeper

Friend the guy of your choice on Facebook and look at all of his information, interests, and pictures to get a better idea of who he is, what he likes, and who his friends are.

Ex: Interests: Aquafresh toothpaste, Hummers, Purple Magic Markers

Day 2 – Apply Creeper Information

Do in-depth research on some of the guy's interests and start up a conversation with him on a topic you already know he likes.

Day 3 – Become Omnipresent

Make sure you know your guy's schedule throughout the week so you can conveniently pop up out of nowhere when he least expects it and his guard is down. Remember girls -- it's not stalking until the judge signs the restraining order.

Day 4 – Infiltrate his Inner Circle

Make sure that you become friends with at least one of his friends in order to get insider information on him.

Day 5 – Be a Sponge

Look at the girls he usually hangs out with, his ex-girlfriends, and his favorite actresses. Try to emulate them by getting cosmetic surgery or switching up your hair and clothes. Be risqué.

Day 6 – Dress Like a Skank

Guys love when a girl dresses in tight-fitting clothing that shows off her figure. Thus, wearing cute booty shorts with a skimpy, sheer tube top and heels will make him unable to take his eyes off of you (or at least your assets, if you know what I mean).

Day 9 – Speed the Chase

Touch the walls, your steering wheel, your grandparents, unripe bananas, dental floss, red leather jackets, fortune cookies, pillowcases, bed sheets, mattresses, hair dryers, combination locks, Ken dolls, Axe body spray, used tissues, light bulbs, batteries, golden retrievers, basketballs, subway maps, lampposts, pennies, air conditioners, vending machines, and pencil shavings.

Day 10 – Seal the Deal

Overcome with jealousy and faced with defeat, your guy will drop to his knees and beg you stop touching everything besides him.

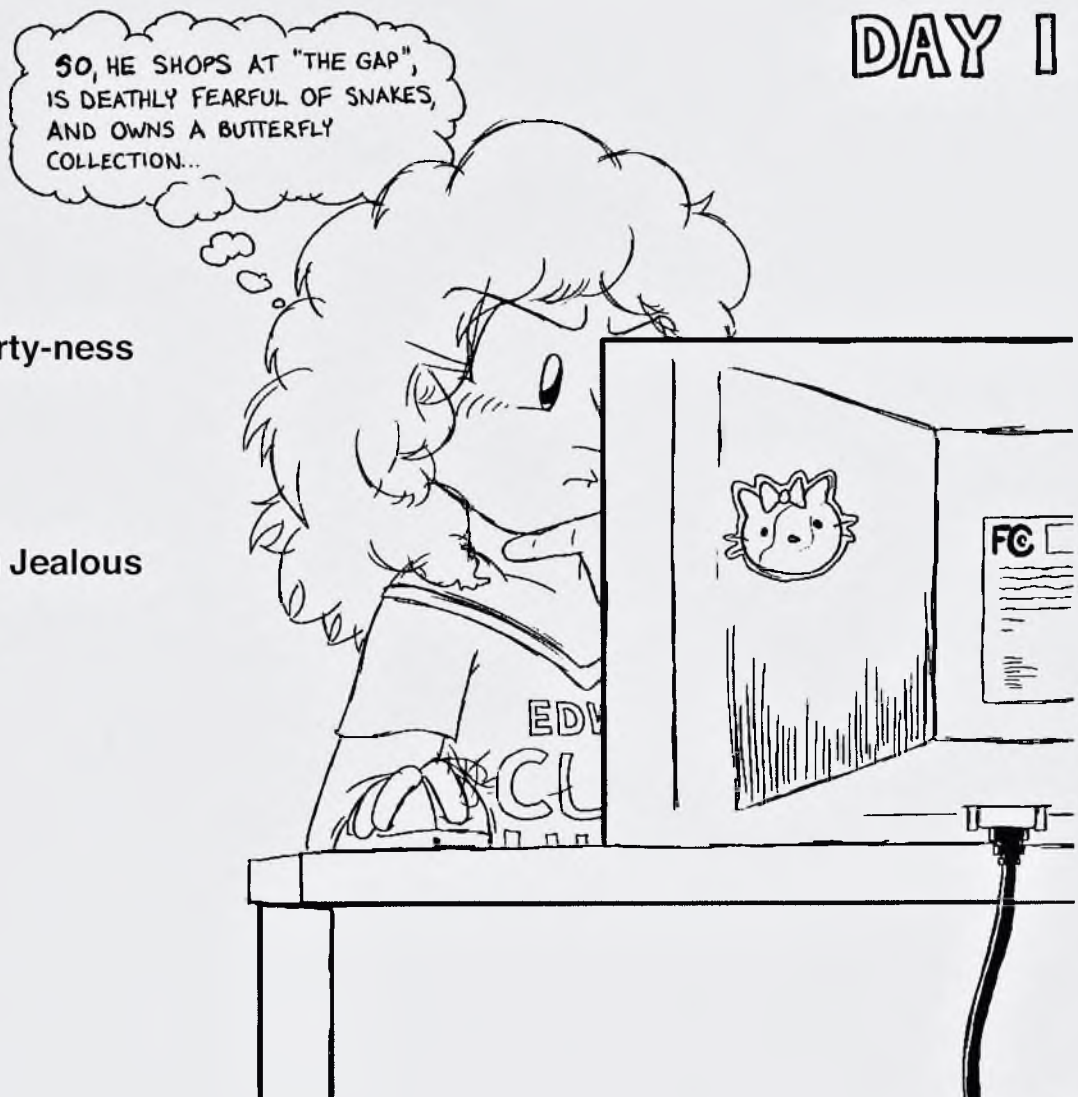
Congratulations! You've nabbed your dream guy. Now get him to scrub your floors.

Day 7 – Up the Flirty-ness

Touch him.

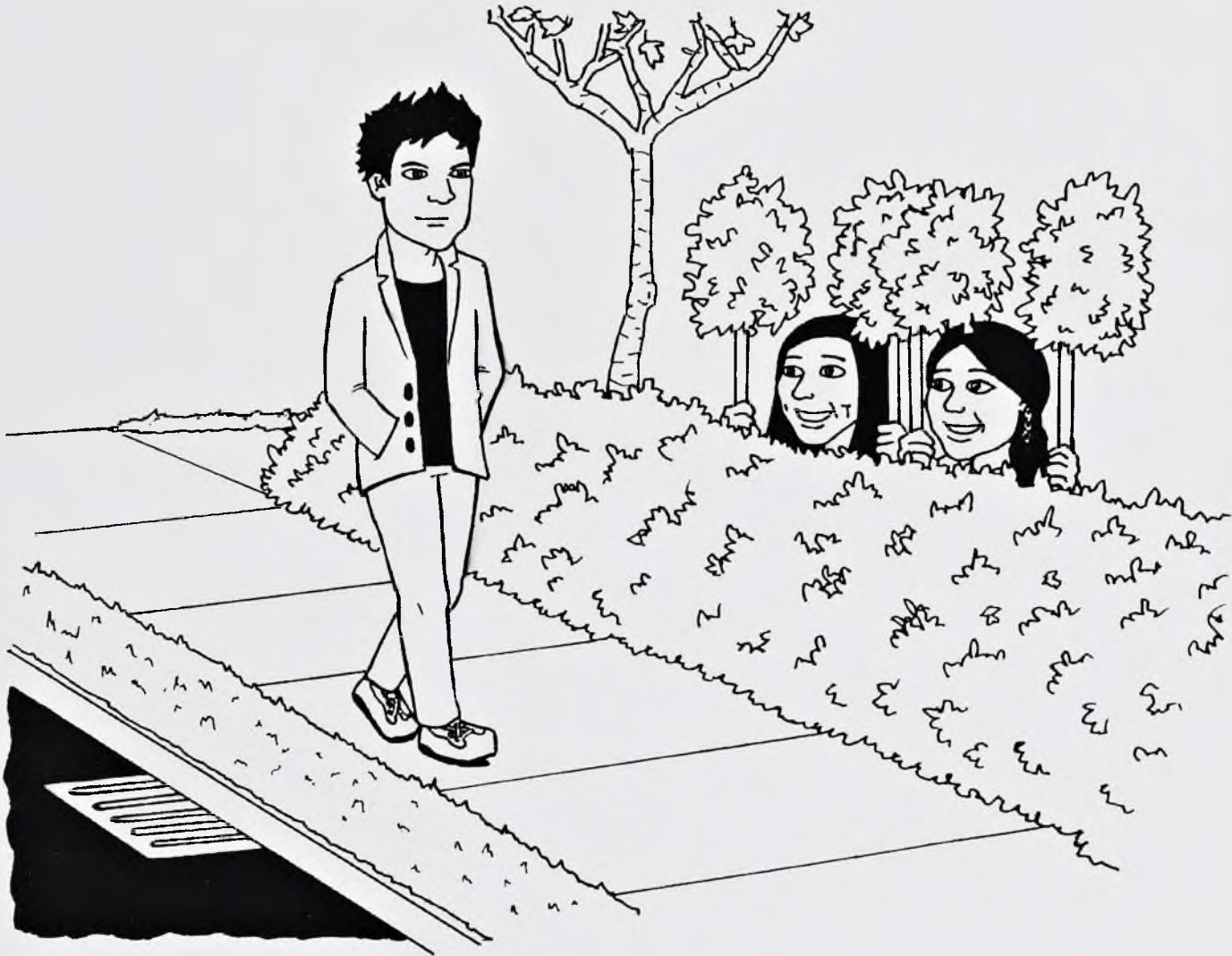
Day 8 – Make Him Jealous

Touch his friends.



Sometimes I Feel Like Somebody's Watching Me

By KRISTIN LAMONTE and STEFANIE TOZZI



A creeper is someone who sneaks around with the intention of spying on others. Creepers tend to appear in the background of pictures staring directly at the camera with unsettling smiles. Creepers often drive by places slowly to stare intensely at the object of their obsession. They do

not drive white vans and offer kids “free candy,” but instead watch from a distance. They will keep track of your life via Facebook, Myspace, Twitter and AIM. Creepers will also give a name to their “creepee” and refer to them as so in conversation. Everyone creeps at some point. How much of a creeper are **YOU**?

Directions: Check all that apply and add points up accordingly.

1. What do you do on Facebook?

- A. Read wall-to-walls between someone you are friends with and their friends whom you are not friends with
- B. Look at other peoples' pages and pictures often
- C. Update your status and nothing else
- D. Take Quizzes

2. How long does it take for you to comment someone's status on Facebook after it appears in your news feed?

- A. One to ten seconds
- B. One minute
- C. Five minutes
- D. One hour

3. How do you walk?

- A. Hunched over, running with your knees moving up and down, crouching behind large objects every five seconds to keep the person(s) you are creeping in your line of vision
- B. Rolling around covertly like James Bond
- C. Tiptoeing from point A to point B
- D. At a brisk, normal pace

4. Do you know specific information about people you haven't met before, that you obtained on your own?

Yes

No

5. How often do you go to a location because you know your "creepee" is going to be there?

- A. Frequently
- B. Occasionally
- C. Sometimes
- D. Rarely

6. Do you watch videos of people in other countries via YouTube?

Yes

No

7. Location is key to perfecting the art of creeping. Which of these have you done?

- A. Taken pictures via rear view mirrors while driving*
- B. Crouched in and hid behind bushes
- C. Appeared in the backgrounds of pictures while staring into the camera
- D. None of the above

*Drive-by creepings are hazardous to other drivers. Please only take pictures at red lights or stop signs.

8. Which of the following is your smile?

- A. Creepy face
- B. Casual smirk
- C. Genuine smile
- D. Staten Island kissy face*

* If this is your smile, subtract five points.

POINT KEY

- A = 4 points
- B = 3 points
- C = 2 points
- D = 1 point

Yes = 2 points No = 0 points

0 – 15

You fail. Why did you even bother with this quiz? You do not deserve to be in the presence of a creeper because you will ruin their creeping cred.

16-35

You are creepy, but not quite yet a creeper. Keep up the good work.

36 points or higher

Congrats! You are a legit creeper. You actively seek information about others, which may be viewed as abnormal behavior. It's OK, though, because those who didn't make the cut are secretly jealous of you.

Student Arrested for Scrubbing Balls With Purell Soap

By MICHAEL YOUNG



Public Safety officers arrested a student in Building 1A after he was caught applying Purell hand sanitizer not to his hands, but to his balls.

Timothy Lovett, a 19 year-old sophomore, was tackled to the ground, handcuffed, and escorted to Public Safety at 2 p.m. yesterday, where he was fined \$350, placed on a two-week suspension, and asked to explain himself.

"When I go to the bathroom, I always clean my balls, and nobody's ever given me a problem," Lovett said. "They get sweaty from time to time. What's the big deal?"

Lovett had stood in front of the Purell machine for ten minutes, taken about 30 handfuls of sanitizer, and applied them to various parts of his body before placing his hand down his pants.

Crystal Honey, a Public Safety officer, caught the student right-handed.

"There was hand sanitizer all over the floor," said Honey. "He even took his shirt off at one point. But when he went reaching for his little boys, I sprang to action."

At the beginning of the Fall 2009 semester, new Purell machines were installed in hallways of every building on campus to prevent receipt and transmission the pandemic H1N1 flu virus, which is prevalent among college students. Students have been urged to practice good hygiene, and to apply the sanitizer to their hands regularly.

"CSI is committed to supporting the safety, health and wellness of all members of the University community," said Ellen Mentalfloss, the Director of the Health Center and leader of the H1N1 Prevention Unit. "We did not expect the Purell hand sanitizer to be used improperly."

Lovett's parents are filing a lawsuit against the college, stating that he was disciplined upon

false grounds, and that their son was being diligent about his hygiene.

Honey claims that Lovett's actions went beyond a standard ball washing. According to Honey, Lovett appeared to have dilated pupils, drool dripping from his mouth, a look of elation in his face.

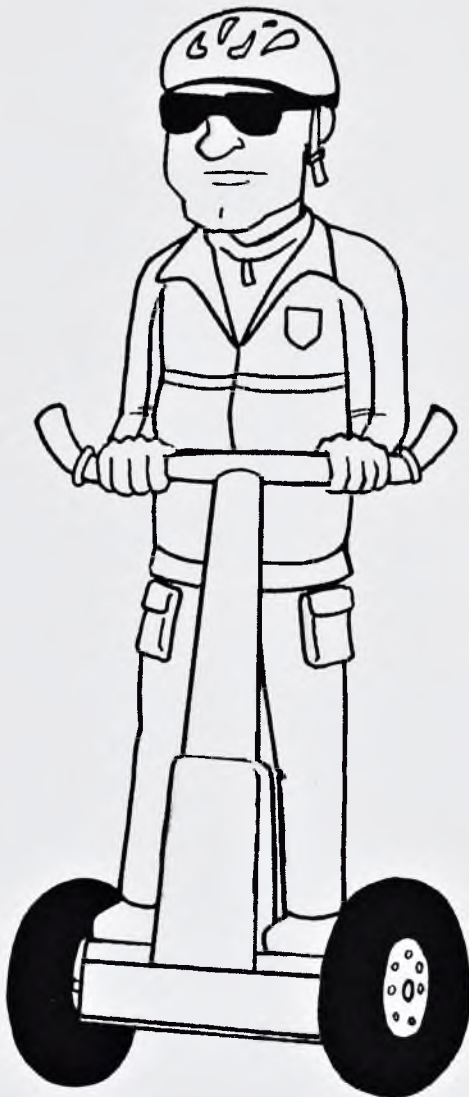
"I can say with certainty that Mr. Lovett was stroking his balls vigorously," Honey said.

An e-mail advisory has been sent out to students, informing them to restrict use of Purell hand sanitizer to their palms, fingers, and wrists. If students need to do a more extensive body washing, they are urged to enter a nearby bathroom.

"Nobody should be taking a bath in the hallways," said Mentalfloss. "That's not what these machines are for."

MEET THE PEACE OFFICER: KENT CONRAD

By MATT SIGNORILE



I had sex with a few women before. I know what it smells like. I know what you all do in the woods. I shined my flashlight on one too many naughty parts in my time here at the College of Staten Island. But it was worth it. Nobody has sex in the woods. Unless you're a squirrel.

Do squirrels have sex? I don't know. All I know is they don't on my watch. That's not the only thing I watch. I watch the go-karts. It's no secret. I know you all fantasize about going for joy rides in those babies. You think you'll get to class quicker, maybe do some donuts on the Great Lawn while you're at it. So you're spinning around, and around, and around, then all of the sudden, through one of the zipper windows, you see an image that strikes fear into the hearts of many.

It's me on my segway, about to go Will Smith in Men in Black and KNOCK YO' PUNK ASS DOWN. You pee a little. It's ok. But I've peed quite the number of times in my life. I know the smell. I smell... fear. You floor it, but I surround you at the fountain.

You make a run for it. You hear the gyroscopes whir in my segway. You know it's over. You press the handicap button to escape into 1P. But I cut the line.

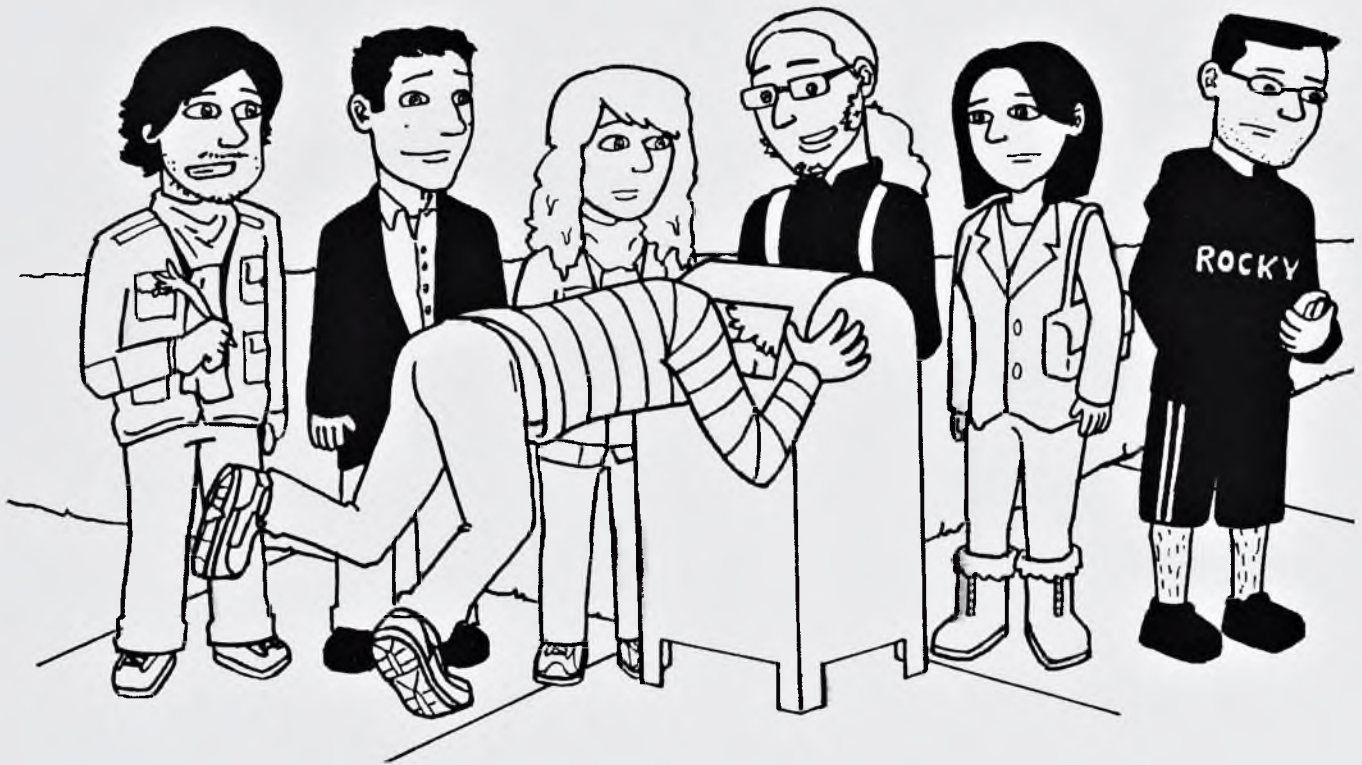
End of the road.

I tell you you're under arrest. Then the real cops come and tell you you're under arrest. They always take the credit.

All I know is, never mess with authority.

Editor Gets Head Stuck in Mailbox, Onlookers Amused

By THE LEGEND ESQUIRE



Talk about having a big package! *Operation Three-Legged Dolphin* Editor-in-Chief Michael Young was mailing an important letter yesterday when misfortune befell him. While leaning in to drop his letter in a mailbox near CSI, he suddenly had second thoughts about entrusting this beauty to the USPS. He decided to check how the other letters were faring in the mailbox. After leaning in too far, he suddenly discovered that his head was stuck.

Within twenty minutes, a crowd of students had gathered to enjoy the spectacle of Mike flailing around with his butt sticking out of the mailbox. "This is madness!" shouted Macaulay Honors student Brian Kateman. After another ten minutes,

the students started a wholesome game of "pin the tail on the donkey," taking advantage of what was, for the first time, a live ass. "This is the best game I ever played," exclaimed math major David Di Lillo. "Mike's ass is so big, I've won seven times!"

Other students, however, were appalled that this was going on for so long. "This is appalling!" complained Kimberly Cruz. "Why won't anyone help this poor kid?" asked yet another student, who wanted to be known as "Will Smith" (no relation). When asked if he had called campus safety (or anyone at all, for that matter), he declined to comment.

Sixty minutes and thirty tails later, Mike Young was finally removed from the mailbox. When asked about his ordeal, he had but one thing to say. "All that paper was making me hungry. I'm starving!"

FROM THE AUTHOR OF THE BEST-SELLING CHILDREN'S
BOOK, *ARE YOU THERE, GOD? IT'S ME, NIETZSCHE*

NOT ANOTHER EXISTENTIAL MOVIE



OPERATION THREE-LEGGED DOLPHIN PRESENTS AN ABOMINABLY TERRIBLE
PRODUCTION "NOT ANOTHER EXISTENTIAL MOVIE" MARLON WAYANS
ANNA FARIS SHAQUILLE O'NEILL NICK JONAS CASTING BY MICHAEL YOUNG, EIC
TROMBONE PLAYER REBECCA STROBEL FLUTOPHONE PLAYER D THOMAS DI LILLO
HARMONICA WIZARD ED PEPPE SCREENPLAY BY JISTOFFERSON SPIEGHOLDERGEIN

DIRECTED BY ROMAN POLANSKI

R

RESTRICTED

Traumatic Scenes, Boobies

SUMMER 2010

www.notanotherexistentialmovie.com

Gnome Man's Land

The Garden Gnome Rebellion

By NICK GONZALEZ



Ah, the garden gnome: an essential ornament on the lawn of any self-respecting middle-class suburban family. This pint-sized *pièce de résistance* has graced our lawns and warmed our hearts for generations. Who can resist those fuzzy white beards and awesome, pointy hats?

I know I can't. But have you noticed lately that there are fewer gnomes to be seen around your neighborhood? Could it be that there is a de-

cline in popularity? Maybe some practical joker made you the latest victim of his "gnoming?" No. If you were paying attention, you would recognize these signs for what they are; a revolution has started right under our noses.

The source of the gnomes' dissension lies in the fact they are confined to a single spot on a single lawn all day of every day. The frustration of this monotony, coupled with the fact that they yearn to see the world beyond suburbia, has given the gnomes the ability to break free from their immobile state. Who knows what they will do with

such freedom? I can only begin to imagine, but I assume it will have something to do with the punishment and suffering of humankind. As you read this, trillions of gnomes are burrowing deep underground where they are surely planning an insurrection. The combined skills and cunning of the United States Army, Navy and Chuck Norris cannot stop a threat of this magnitude. Be on the lookout for missing garden tools (especially sharp, pointy ones).

To make matters worse, these clever little SOBs have found ways to infiltrate our society. It has been reported that almost all of the Jolie-Pitt children are actually gnomes in disguise (next time you see Shiloh in the tabloids, take note of her five o'clock shadow). The Pitt household is not the only gnome-home in Hollywood. It is largely speculated that actor Elijah Wood is also a gnome. Reverend Al Sharpton has even been known to speak out at gnome-related rallies.



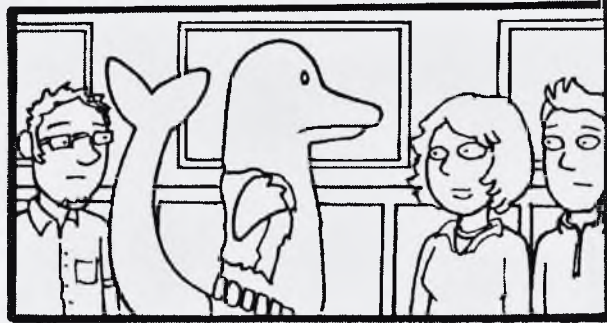
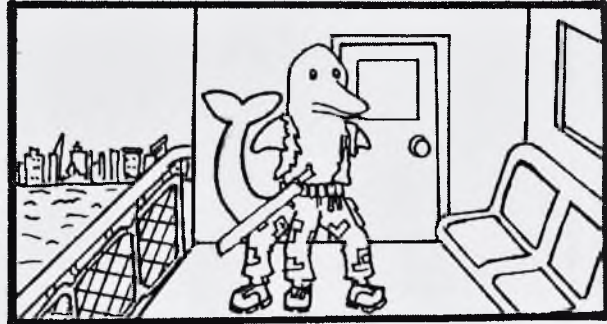
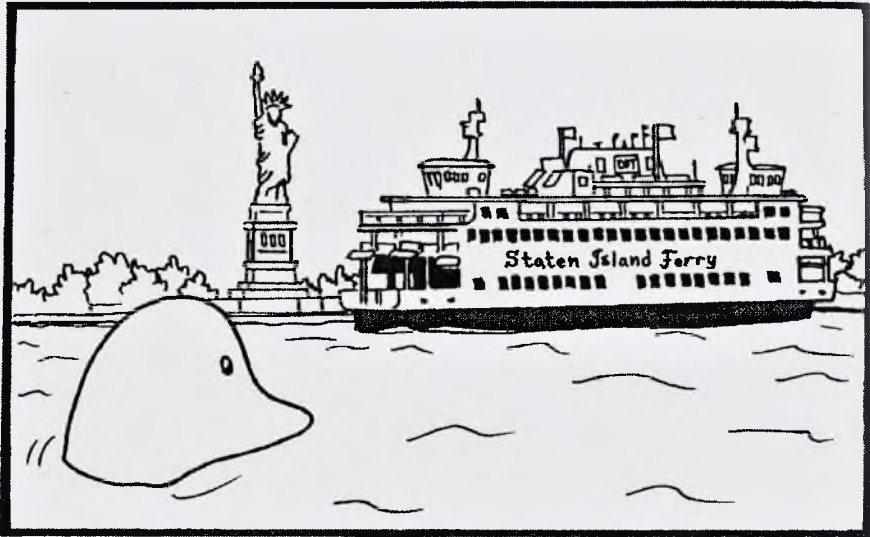
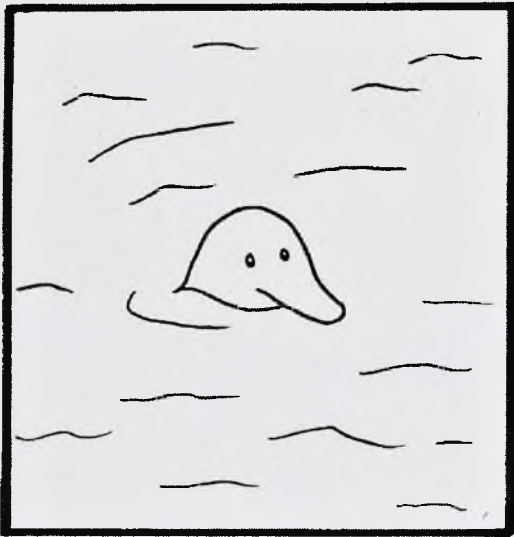
If nothing else, you should at least be informed about how to defend yourself against a gnome raid. If you cannot afford to purchase "The Complete Idiot's Guide to Killing Gnomes," follow these simple guidelines. One gnome is fairly easy to disarm with a quick punch or kick to the head. For more than one, I suggest you use a large, blunt object like a vase or a baseball-bat. If you want to splurge a little, flamethrowers the most foolproof defense mechanism. It is best to travel in large groups when you leave your home and to have a safe word in the event that you find yourself attacked by a pack of vicious gnomes.

Armed with this knowledge, it is safe to say that you can now properly protect you and yours against this miniscule menace. The next time you decide to buy accessories for your garden, be sure to think along more harmless lines, like flamingos.

THE GNOME PRAH WINFREY SHOW

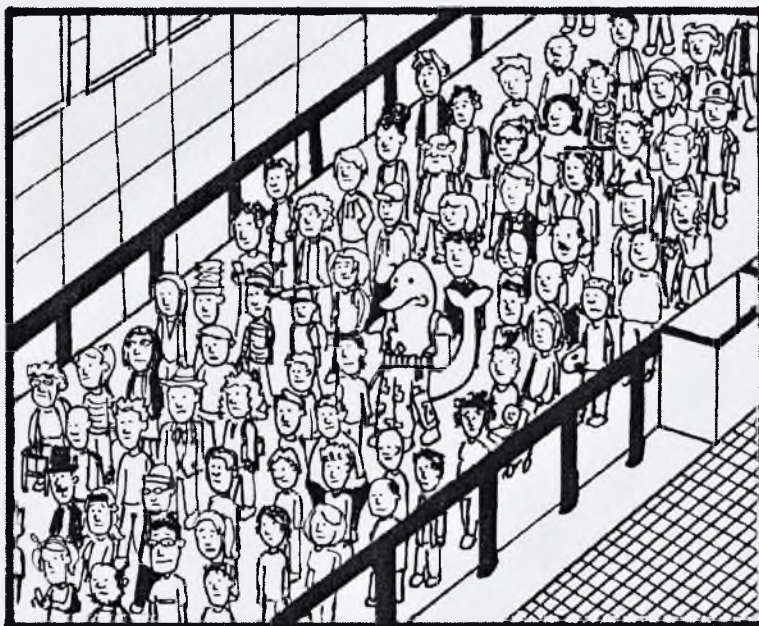


**TAKING OVER
TELEVISION
SEPTEMBER
2011**

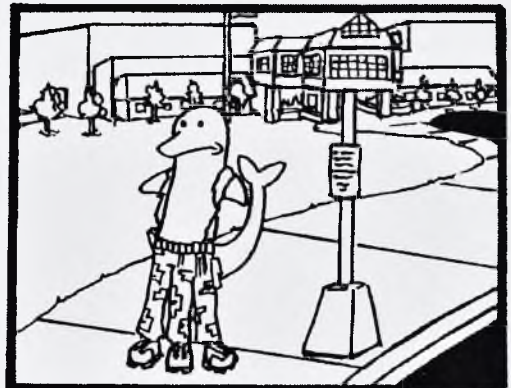
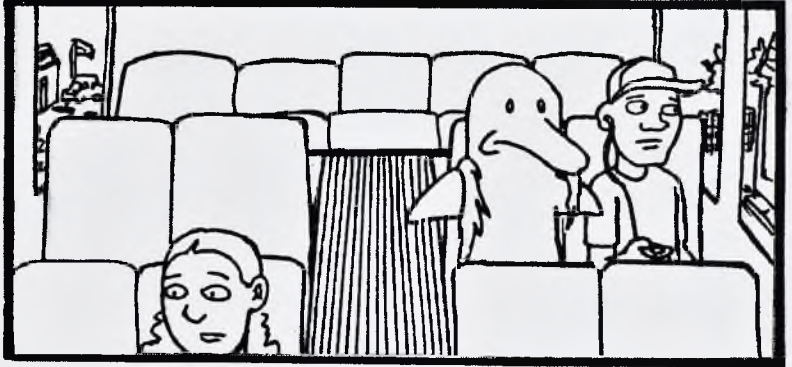
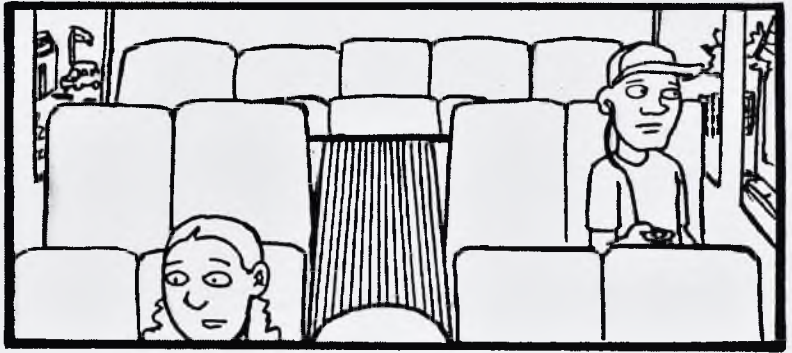


THE FERRY WILL BE DOCKING SHORTLY. ALL PASSENGERS MUST DEPART THE FERRY AT THIS TIME. PASSENGERS LOOKING TO RETURN TAKE THE NEXT FERRY DOCKING ALL TRIP MUST ENTER THE WAITING ROOM AND AWAY THE FERRY WILL BE SHORTLY.

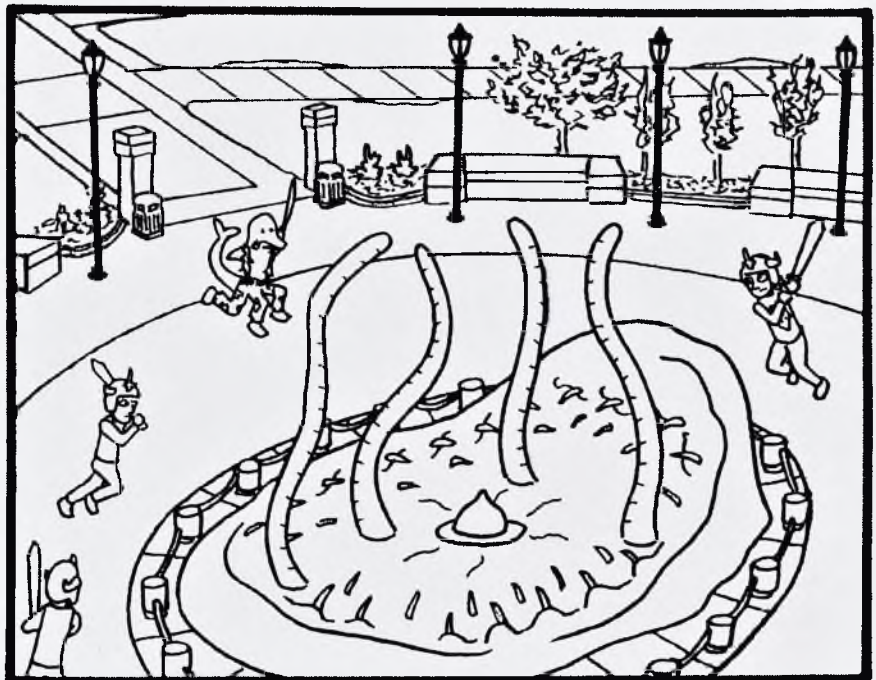
TERMINA
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NEXT FERRY DOCKING ALL

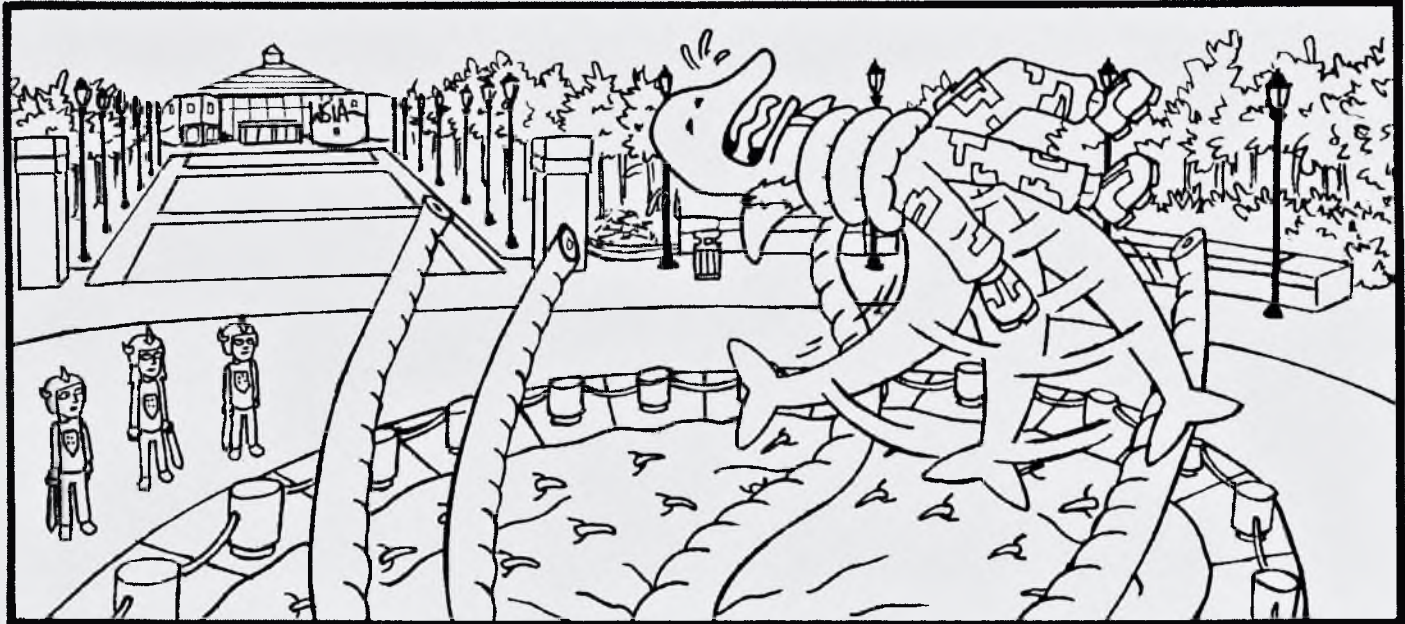
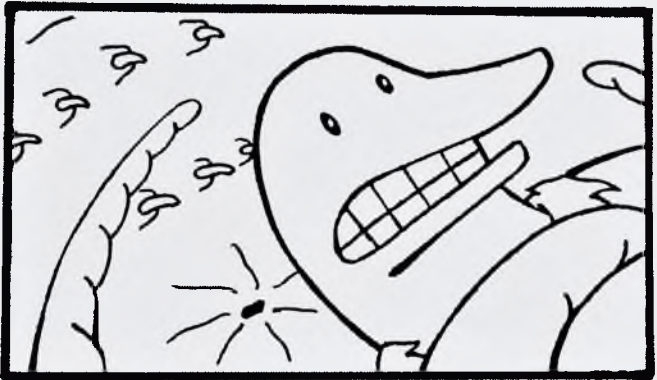
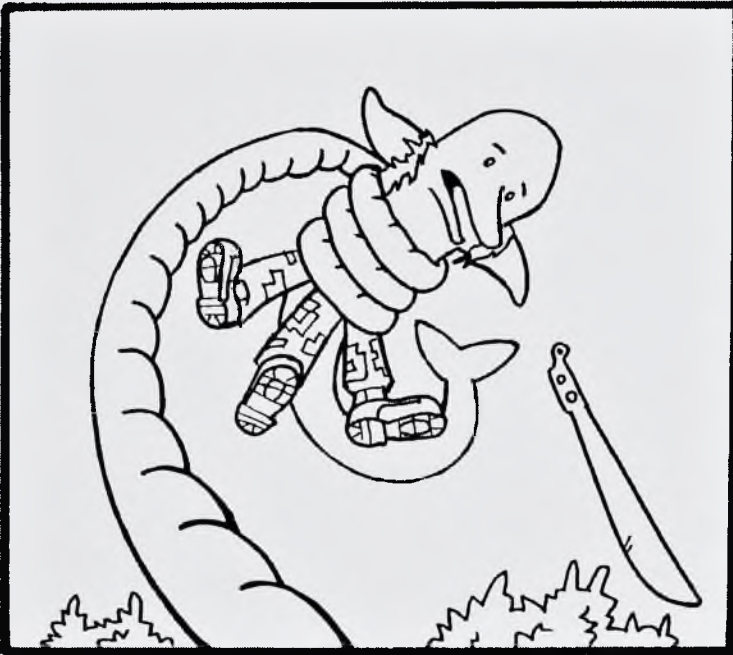
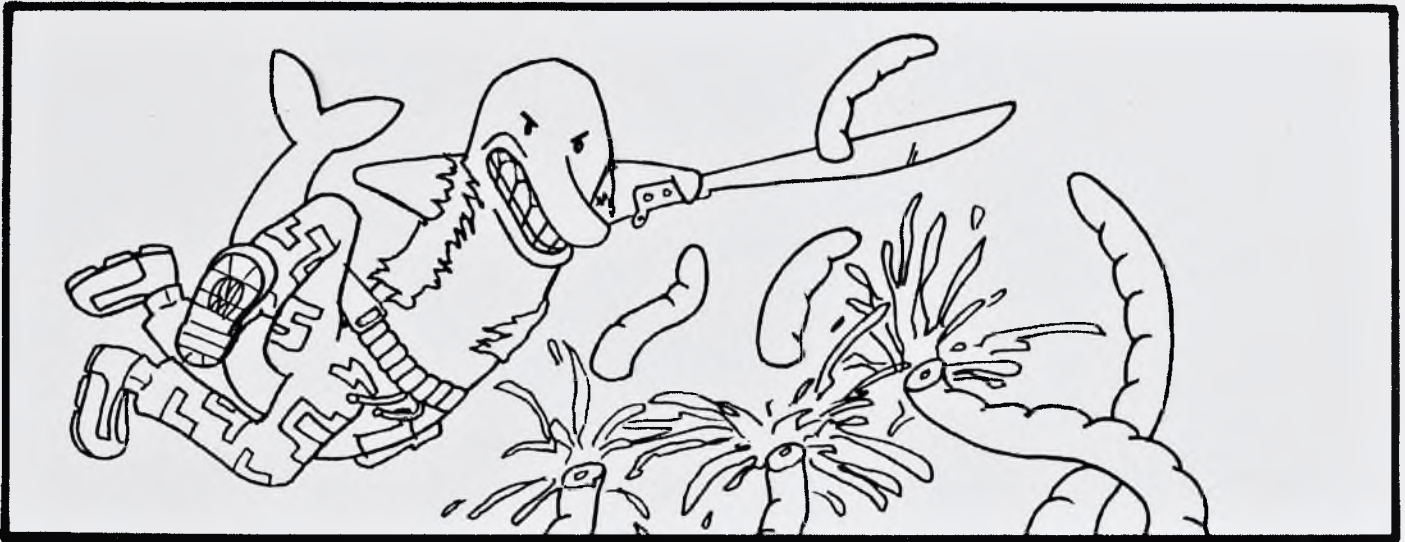


FREE SHUTTLE
COLLEGE OF STATEN ISLAND
WAGNER COLLEGE
HILTON GARDEN INN
HAMPTON INN & SUITES
CORPORATE PARK OF STATEN ISLAND
UPSTAIRS



CLUE EVENT
STICK
IT TO
THE
CSI
SARLAAC
→







We at O3LD want to make a special shout-out to Alexander Gray, an 8 year-old cartoonist who created this piece of fan art after reading our first issue. Alex is the son of CSI English professor Timothy Gray and a real talent. One day, Alex, we hope to have you as a member of our team!

Thanks for reading the second issue of Operation Three-Legged Dolphin, the little humor magazine that could. This magazine would never have happened without the devotion of an amazing team of writers, editors, and artists, and I can't thank them enough.

We're not going anywhere. See you in 2010.

