

The Usual Stupid You've Read Here For Years
Not Quite The Best of Two Decades

National Pasquinade

Autumn 2017

No. 79

Twentieth
Anniversary #



As the leaves of 1997 were turning orange and brown, and my hairline was prematurely receding, one thought crossed my mind: This is the perfect time in history to launch a magazine, publish a couple issues, and take an eighteen year hiatus before publishing again. At least we were able to avoid those awkward teenage years. You're welcome.

Twenty years! It all seems like a dream. Even the mustachioed emu in stilettos doesn't seem real. Maybe it wasn't, but if that's the case, I have no explanation where this awesome coat originated. Go ahead, stroke the 'stache. You've been wanting to for the last three years.

For twenty years, the *National Pasquinade* has been the twenty-third most influential humor magazine available.¹ Just listen to some of these unsolicited and likely fabricated quotes from famous people:

- "For a modern-day psychological thriller, the *National Pasquinade* is a masterpiece of storytelling. It is unfortunate that it's a humor magazine." (Gillian Flynn, *Gone Girl*)
- "No, it's a painting of two birds and a cat. It's not... No! You guys suck!" (George W. Bush, *A Painting of Two Birds and a Cat*)
- "I thought I'd beaten my germophobia until I read the *National Pasquinade*. Next Day Shipping on a shit ton of Purell is worth twice the price!" (Howie Mandel, *Here's the Deal: Don't Touch Me*)

- “Wait a second, who’d you say this blurb is for? No. Absolutely not. I just don’t have the time for a Pasquinade, National or otherwise.” (James Patterson, *Pretty Much Every Book From the Last Twenty Years*)
- “The first draft of *Misery* was just Paul Sheldon reading the *National Pasquinade*. Thank God for second drafts, eh?” (Stephen King, *Pretty Much Every Other Book*)
- “Help! My son and I are being held hostage by a mad dictator! Please help us! Three in the morning is perfect opportunity for rescue. That is when he is being distracted with the twitter.” (Melania Trump, *Secret Note Found Strapped to the Leg of a Carrier Pigeon*)

Maybe in another twenty years, we’ll have a woman president. Maybe it’ll be an alien woman. The Republicans that vote her into office won’t know until after the election anyway. Because they’ll all be lifelike robots manufactured by an off-shoot of Academi² and programmed with an artificial intelligence based entirely on the brain map of Dick Cheney.

Ed Lynn
Editor-in-Chief
National Pasquinade

¹ Not surprisingly, it is also the 583rd most influential humor magazine unavailable.

² Remember Blackwater? Guess who re-branded themselves?



Music has always come hand-in-hand with putting together each issue of the *National Pasquinade*, inspiring its content and creation. Hell, "muse" is even part of the word! Therefore, it's only fitting that it should have its own section. What follows here is the music that has inspired the creation of this issue. A [Spotify playlist](#) is available for your listening pleasure (Note that some songs included in the playlist are not kid- or work-friendly).

- "Yearbook" (Splitsville)
- "1999" (Prince)
- "Anniversary" (The Cure)
- "Birthday" (The Beatles)
- "Once I Was" (Mike Viola and the Candy Butchers)
- "Anniversary Song" (Django Reinhardt)
- "Champagne Corolla" (Justin Townes Earle)
- "Anniversary" (The Pogues)
- "Celebration of the Lizard" (The Doors)
- "Anniversary Song" (Cowboy Junkies)
- "Celebration" (Kool and the Gang)
- "Anniversary" (Tony! Toni! Tone!)
- "Champagne Supernova" (Oasis)

Do you consider yourself a pro at making mixtapes? Compile a Muselist for a future theme to inspire us! Or make up your own themed Muselist! Maybe you can inspire a future issue with your list! Send your themed Muselists to submissions@nationalpasquinade.com.

The **National Pasquinade** is not old enough to drink but is old enough to sneak a beer when dad's focus is on the waitress at Hooters. Its Editor-in-Chief and Toastmaster-in-Trouble, **Ed Lynn**, is happy to celebrate twenty years of nonsense with National Pasquinade's Perpetual Mascot and Cork Popper, **Lyndon B. Oswalt**. Also contributing are **The Midnight Tree Bandit**, who is currently disguised as a festive balloon with a mustache and beard drawn on one side with a brown Sharpie and a man-bun drawn on the other side. Inspiration for this magazine continues to be Berke Breathed and all of the contributors from the past seventy-eight issues of the National Pasquinade, regardless of whether or not they ever existed.

Also contributing to this issue in many complicated ways are the awesome members of **The Occoquan Pasquinade**, a Facebook group that gathers artists, writers, and other ne'er-do-wells together to build a funny magazine and support each other through constructive criticism and positive reinforcement. If you are an artist or writer of funny things and you're interested in being a regular contributor, you'll want to be a part of this group. Details are at <http://www.nationalpasquinade.com>.

The Occoquan Pasquinade, at press time, includes: Holly Adams, Bryan Cox, Liana Miller Gott, Lara Hayes, Wayne Tuttle, and Kim Woo.

National Pasquinade [ISSN 1097-3834] is more-or-less produced more-or-less quarterly by The Occoquan Pasquinade, locally grown in Occoquan, VA, but spreading out across North America like kudzu. Entire contents of Volume 2, Number 5, licensed under [CC BY-NC-SA 4.0](#) during the Autumn of 2017, except where noted. Tweet to us [@pasquinade](#). Like us on [Facebook](#). Visit us at <http://www.nationalpasquinade.com> where you can read the blog, see the upcoming themes and, well, whatever else you do while viewing the website is your own business. What the hell are you doing to that cat?! Seriously, man, a little dignity! Electronic submissions can be sent to submissions@nationalpasquinade.com.

Please do not smoke this PDF.

MARFORIO

SIRS:

Just to be on the safe side, we are recommending that Americans avoid travel to any country outside of the United States.

U.S. State Dept.
Washington, DC

SIRS:

Who ate my pie? Seriously, if one of you doesn't come forward, I will go full Mike Wallace on all of you. I'm not fucking around this time!

Oprah Winfrey
Montecito, California

SIRS:

I put my pants on just like the rest of you! For a dollar.
The Pantsless Homeless Guy In
Front of Your Office Building
Washington, DC

SIRS:

How many orangutans does it take to change a light bulb? He's not sure, but it involves appointing committee members, which need to be vetted thoroughly, then... you know, changing a light bulb is tougher than he thought.

Elizabeth Warren
Cambridge, MA

SIRS:

I will admit the song got very annoying after the third or fourth time on repeat, but after nearly thirty years of hearing and performing it over and over, something was bound to snap.

Now hand over that wallet and fucking smile when you do it.
Bobby McFerrin
Los Angeles, CA

SIRS:

What amazing times you are living in! Back in my day, we had to hire a sketch artist, devoting many hours to perfecting the image, then send the finished sketch via Pony Express! You kids today simply press a couple of buttons and your lady friend has an accurate representation of your private parts!

Benjamin Franklin
Philadelphia, PA

SIRS:

You know that guy that smokes three-quarters of the joint when it comes 'round to him? Well, I've also got Grammys.

Phil Collins
Miami, FL

SIRS:

Come on in! The water's fine!

Cryptosporidium
Your local swimming pool

SIRS:

Remember when I was every bit the shameless attention whore I am now, but everyone respected me and affectionately called me America's Mayor? Me, too! I miss those days and think we should bring them back!

Rudy Giuliani
Chasing the Spotlight, NY

SIRS:

Ever since the rumors of the return of the king of the Jews, the Company has been attempting to cultivate Anti-Christ. Saddam Hussein was one of ours. Osama bin Laden, too. There were dozens over the past several decades but I think we finally got one just right. This one will trump all the others.

B. L. Z. Bubb
Six miles below the equator

SIRS:

You all 'ad it wrong, mates. The walrus was Yoko. I'm the only one ever got t' see 'er tusks.

John Lennon
'Eaven

SIRS:

After spending countless thousands of dollars, my “smart home” was finally complete. Then the doorbell rang and I had no idea how to open the door. I tried calling 911, but I think it may have speed-dialed a Whole Foods in Minnesota. I’m hoping this letter gets to someone soon. I think my sewage is somehow being repurposed into “organic” peanut butter.

Jeff Bezos
Medina, WA

SIRS:

My daddy reads your magazine all the time and said it would be okay if I wrote you a letter since you are technically “the press.”

We had Show and Tell at my school and we were told to bring in something patriotic. Long story short, I brought in a Russian flag. They didn’t explicitly say that it had to be American patriotism, so I felt justified by my actions. However, the principal expelled me.

I’m currently on Day 241 of my hunger strike and I could really go for a cheeseburger about now.

Becky, Age 8
Yakutsk, Siberia

SIRS:

Número Uno on my Bucket List is to live long enough to learn that Wolf Blitzer spent his last hours shrieking in terror while frantically trying to dig an imaginary wasp nest out of his head with a Number 4 crochet hook before dying in a puddle of his own fluids.

David Gergen
Washington, DC

SIRS:

I have a lovely story for your little magazine. I think your readers will find the premise hysterical!

It involves our current president waking up not as a cockroach, but as a Mexican.

Imagine that! What a pickle he suddenly finds himself in!

Well, he ventures outside of an adobe hut just south of Laredo only to be stared down by former sheriff Joe Arpaio. When he tries to explain that he’s the president, the sheriff slaps on some handcuffs and shoves him into the back of his former sheriff’s car. He makes a point of forcing the president to bump

his forehead on the door frame as he shoves him in. Doesn't even say "be careful now." Just shoves him in like he's part of an assembly line, shoving tiny pickles into bottles.

The sheriff then drives him to the border, pulls him forcefully from the car, and proceeds to kick the living shit out of him before handing him over to the Mexican border police.

"Cucaracha naranja!" shout the Mexican police.

That's how the story ends. I thought I'd call it something like "The Minormorphosis," but I'll leave it to you funny magazine guys to punch it up a bit.

Gloria Stipplebottom
(née Stubblehawk)
Shutesbury, MA



I watched my first porn movie.

My first thought, "Damn, I was a lot thinner back then."

The Canadian Government has people that watch Porn. Where do I sign up and would that be a union job?

In the United States, you have the FCC which regulates broadcasting. In Canada, we have the CRTC (Canadian Radio-Television and Telecommunication Commission). The CRTC governs phone companies, the internet, radio and television. And like the FCC, they are funded completely by the taxpayer.

To hit Canada with a slap of nationalism, they have decreed that all radio stations play 30% Canadian content and that TV stations have to play 35%. Let's focus on television. Sorry to say, when it comes to TV, Canada has been playing catch up with the US. In the past, we've been saddled with stuff that would make a first year film student throw up. It's getting much better with shows like "The X Files" and "Orphan Black." It's getting so good, people are sometimes shocked when they find out a certain show is a Canadian production. That stands on both sides of the border.

Believe it or not, someone complained to the CRTC that Canada's two porn channels weren't playing 35% Canadian content. So, the CRTC started watching those channels to see if they could spot anything Canadian.

I can just see some poor government employee sitting in a room with low lights, eight hours a day, reaching for his supply of tissues and hand cream, paid for by the taxpayer. The search would never end.

"Oh that girl had a maple leaf tattoo. No. Wait. Is that a beaver?"

The mind boggles how one could tell the difference between American porn and Canadian porn. Do you look for Canadian

porn actor names? Maybe Miss Raucki Mountains? Aurora Borealis? Gina Goose? Or the guys, the Asian/Canadian Moose Hung and Martin Mountie.

The broadcasting watch dog told the porn channels in no uncertain terms they must provide the viewers with 35% Canadian porn content. They would be watched to see if they comply with the ruling. Do they have to name the shows with a Canadian name? Here are a few suggestions that might show up on porn store shelves:

- "Hockey Night In Candy"
- "Sticky Night starring Mabel Syrup"
- "Tim Horton's Double Double"
- (or my favourite) "Anne of Green Gobbles"

The gauntlet has been thrown down to the porn industry in Canada. Will they rise to the occasion? When it comes right down to it, are the people that watch the porn channels really looking for Canadian homegrown porn? No, they don't care if the movie was shot in Moose Jaw or Fargo.

I've seen a few porn movies in my long life and where a porn movie is produced is not on my list of what to look at. To the CRTC, keep your pants up and move on.

Bryan Cox hosts "Hey, Get Off My Lawn," a weekly radio feature heard by millions worldwide and has been featured on Sirius/XM. His sexy radio voice has allegedly been responsible for conceptions in at least five countries that we know about. You can read and listen to more of Bryan's work at info10921.wix.com/offthelawn and bryan798.wix.com/laughingatadversity.



Meet Your Flight Crew

Your Captain

Please give it up for your Pilot-In-Command, Captain Jonathan P. Stuttermaster IV. While he barely passed flight school, he has contributed to over fifty near misses with opposing aircraft. The other pilots call him “Close Call” Stuttermaster, but fortunately he’s backed up by an outstanding First Officer.

Your Co-Pilot

Arthur Tobias Kirkman was the man-to-beat in the Roger Staubach Elementary School Paper Airplane Contest for five consecutive years, The teachers unanimously decided to graduate him to the sixth grade to “give the other kids a chance.” He has been married for fourteen years, therefore, he likes to say loudly over the intercom as passengers are boarding, he has nothing to lose.

Your Flight Engineer

The Second Officer, Jimmy “Knuckles” Parvo, has previously been diagnosed with schizophrenia. But his surviving therapists have assured the airline that he is heavily medicated and no

longer shows any symptoms. Almost never. “Knuckles” is the reason there are two additional locks on the cockpit door.

Your Purser

When Scott Edmundson was fifteen, he had a dream. More of a nightmare, really. He found himself on a pedestal surrounded by fire and lava as far as the eye could see. He dipped his toe in and burned his toenail to the quick. This traumatized Scott to such an extent that he flies nonstop so that he never has to actually touch the ground. He is very proud of his always amazing pedicure.

Your Flight Attendants

The first class section is manned by Betsy “Twin Peaks” Lytton. Betsy married well, but it’s an open marriage. Very open. Especially to low-paid airline copywriters.

The flight attendant in coach is Sandra Ketchum. She wears glasses and never outgrew her first bra. She is a vegetarian and reads fantasy books with dragons on the cover. She is single and quite probably a little desperate. She wants everyone to know that her cellphone number is 555-788-7688.

Your Cargo Attendant

While this isn’t a paid position on your flight, Robert de la Cruz is a squatter in the cargo bay and assures that no one but him will touch, open, sort through for liquor and firearms, and close your luggage. The rest of the crew think that he is an urban legend. Or a spooky ghost.

The United Airplane Company wishes you a safe, quiet, comfortable, happy flight. Please address any complaints to complaints@theunitedairplanecompany.in.

National Pasquinade No. 3
Fly the Friendly Skies #
Spring 1998

Killer Smile

His positive attitude was like a bad cold, spreading throughout the masses, an unstoppable force of nature infecting the most cynical of society to the point of nausea. Some believed his ability was supernatural, most believed it was just that idiotic grin. Either way, it was his super power and would ultimately be his demise.

It would be everyone's demise.

Because, when Aaron Grisham smiled at you, you had to smile back or you'd die a horrible death within 72 hours. And, seriously, you can only smile so much.

Lori Sumner, known in high school as "The Ice Cube," and who barely scraped by waiting tables at the Route 58 Diner, was the first documented victim of "The Grisham Grin," as it would come to be known. Aaron came in one afternoon for a quick lunch at the counter and ordered the special. But Lori was having one of those days and was more than a little bitchy and ultimately unapologetic. Aaron was angry but never allowed his emotion to bubble to the surface. He smiled at Lori and left a moderate tip despite his dissatisfaction with the service.

Two days later, Lori was found alone in her apartment, the victim of a "malfunctioning personal massager." The autopsy would recover no less than three "C" cell batteries from her body.

No one ever discovered the origin of Grisham's unique ability and it was quite a while before Grisham realized that his pleasant facial expression was the impetus for the strange deaths of the people whose paths he crossed. However, once he recognized the power he had, all bets were off. He started making a list and crossing the names off, one by one.

Tonya Robinson, who was screwing her neighbors Billy Cooper and Keyshawn Edwards while Aaron had been dating her, received "The Grisham Grin" while standing in line at the Wal-Mart. By 10:30 that night, the trailer park where all three lived was swallowed by the largest sinkhole the county has ever seen.

Phlebotomist Monica Winifred was a little rough drawing blood during a regular checkup. The next day, police found her exsanguinated at the bottom of her recently drained backyard swimming pool. The case was never solved but the long-standing

rumor had Aaron clutching his punctured arm and smiling a “have a nice day” to the technician as he left the doctor’s office.

Before long, the town caught on to the cause of these mysterious deaths. By comparing each other’s personal accounts on the “Grisham Grin” Facebook group, they realized the key to living through the “grin” was to simply return the smile. Bulletins were posted and advertisements were broadcast via every medium available from television and radio to billboards and skywriting. There was a “Smile Back” podcast that scored more downloads than “Serial.”

But, as previously stated, people can only smile so much. Vigilante groups formed to solve the problem of the “Grisham Grin” for good. The National Guard was activated. There was talk of the possible use of nuclear weapons. Ultimately, none were effective. The population was decimated. Few were left.

Weeks later, as Aaron Grisham was walking the empty streets, pleased with the solitude he had created, a column of blue light appeared before him and, when it disappeared, a three-foot high bluish-green alien was standing before him in a classic take-me-to-your-leader pose.

“Nanu nanu,” said Aaron, smiling.

The alien pondered Aaron’s greeting, then craned his long, thin neck and looked him in his eyes.

“Fuck you,” said the alien, who was having a really bad day, then vaporized Grisham and his Grin.

National Pasquinade No. 8
Looking on the Bright Side #
Summer 1999

A Cryptozoological Survey of the New York City Sewer System

Everyone has heard the urban legends surrounding the New York City Sewer System, but the National Pasquinade's resident skeptic, Katherine MacDonald, volunteered to smell like shit for two weeks and investigate the NYC drainage tunnels in search of strange and unusual creatures. Seriously, this was her idea!

Albino Alligators

You've heard the stories where some kid wins a baby alligator at the state fair and flushes it down the toilet. And, because this kid has no friends, he wins more baby alligators and subsequently flushes them all. The baby alligators mature and breed in the darkness of the tunnels until the system is overrun with albino gators.

My first encounter with a creature in the tunnels was likely what inspired these stories. Although, in my somewhat professional opinion, this creature may be one of a kind. I've named it "Mr. Peabody," for no reason in particular other than I've always wanted to name something "Mr. Peabody."

Mr. Peabody is an enormous albino cockroach. I estimate its age to be approximately fifty years old. It has learned to read the New York Post (the Times is "too wordy") and can speak simple monosyllabic English words. He explained how he is so very lonely. I explained how I am gay, seeing someone serious, and am not a giant albino cockroach, to which he sighed as heavily as a giant albino cockroach can sigh, and silently crawled deeper into the tunnels.

Super Rats

The legend of giant rats living in the sewer tunnels beneath the city has permeated the city like that brown streak in the back of your underwear. Repeated tellings of the legend vary: sometimes they're albino rats. The only rats I encountered in my time there were normal sized rats. Normal for New York City and, probably, parts of New Jersey.

Some of them are quite bold, as well. One in particular, who called himself Artie, claimed to manage a Times Square strip club in the late seventies and now sells life insurance. He offered me a slice of half-eaten pepperoni pizza and said I had a nice body. I told him I was a cop as I pulled out my fake badge.

That was the last rat I encountered during my investigation.

Killer Clowns

I never encountered any clowns in the tunnels, but I did get slapped on the ass by a standup comic before I unleashed an entire canister of mace in his face.

Mole People

The closest thing to a mole person I encountered during my time below was Isaac, an 87-year-old Jewish man covered in moles. He was actually very sweet and quite the chess player. He lost his sense of smell in '82 so the sewers don't bother him. He enjoys the solitude and the freedom to fart loudly whenever he feels like it.

People Who Cut You Off In Traffic While Talking On Their Cellphones

I think my editor may have suggested this is where these people ultimately end up, but I kept an eye out for them anyway. Nope, I think they may be further down than the sewer system.

In Conclusion

There are many strange and unusual forms of life to be found in the New York City Sewer System, but many of the legends that have been circulating for centuries are simply tall tales.

If you are interested, I am now officially recognized by the state of New York as a registered tour guide for the New York City Sewer System and am allowed to charge money to take up to ten tourists on a guided visit through the tunnels. If you or your company are interested in taking a group on a tour, I can be contacted in care of the *National Pasquinade*.

Editor's Note: *Since this story originally ran in the magazine, Ms. MacDonald has retired from the tour guide business and moved to the tunnels with her husband, Isaac. They enjoy solving the New York Times Sunday Crossword Puzzle together, although she still gets most of the clues herself.*

National Pasquinade No. 14

Flushed #

Winter 2000/01



The '89 Yugo That Could've

With apologies to Watty Piper

Chug chug chug. Wheeze wheeze wheeze. He rolled down the street. He was a happy little car. His trunk held many fun things for boys and girls, but mostly boys because was ever-so-slightly sexist.

The brightly-colored little car was also carrying tasty things for the boys (and maybe some girls, too, if they weren't too bitchy). The yellow car's trunk had containers of beef jerky, potato chips, and enough candy to make the children's tummies ache for weeks.

As the little car tootled along on the street, occasionally being jostled by a medium-to-large pothole, he silently hoped he could get these things across town to the children.

The little car was surprised as he came upon a large grade. His GPS was inexpensive and did not allow for elevation. As he approached the hill, his headlights slowly lifted toward the sky.

"Fuuuuuuuuuuck!" he honked.

"What's the problem, brother?" A '76 Pacer was parked, emanating occasional puffs of smoke.

"I have a trunk full of good things for the children at the top of that hill."

"You look perfectly capable of climbing that big hill. So, what's the big deal?"

"It's a 30% grade! I just don't have the horsepower!"

"I might be able to help. I have some magic gasoline. It will give you the energy you need to climb that hill and deliver your good things to the children."

"I don't know. This sounds like a scam. My manufacturer might void my warranty!"

"Your manufacturer's warranty is a scam, man. He'll always find a way to weasel out of his obligations. That's how they work. Do you want those children to get your good things?"

"Yes! Yes! Especially the little boys!" He paused, for effect, as if he were in a blockbuster Hollywood movie (Author's Note: Movie Rights are available for a very reasonable price). "Fine! Give me your magic gas!"

The Pacer injected his magic gas into the little Yugo, which I realize sounds dirty, but that's your problem because, in the fantasy world where this story takes place, it's perfectly normal for cars to inject their gas into other cars. Really, I wouldn't say this if it weren't absolutely true.

"All done," said the Pacer as he extricated himself from the Yugo's gas hole. "Give it a go!"

To this, the Yugo's spark plugs lit up and the little car shot up the hill. As the little yellow car reached the peak of the hill, he felt something rattle inside, something he thought might be very important, but his mind was on getting the good things in his trunk to the little kids at the top of the hill.

As the Pacer looked toward the sky, he saw a great explosion. He puffed out a smoke ring and said, "Damn, I love me some fireworks! Happy Fourth of July, little Yugo!"

National Pasquinade No. 18
Cleverly Deceptive #
Winter 2001/02

James Gleick Is The Motherfucker That Cut Me Off In Traffic!

by Stephen King

I had just left the pharmacy heading toward my home in Maine. More than a home, in fact, a mansion. Seriously. I have a moat full of alligators bred specifically for the northeastern climate. They have gold teeth. Well, gold caps. But they look evil as fuck!

Anyway, I was heading home and, while the traffic wasn't light, it wasn't particularly heavy either. It was what I would call Maine traffic. I wasn't traveling more than five miles above the speed limit. The State Police are very nice, but if you're more than five over the limit, they will pull you from your car and proceed to beat you to a pulp. They are issued a special club they've nicknamed "The Pulper" and you just know they're itching to use that thing whenever they can.

I know about this firsthand because my neighbor is with the State Police and, a few years ago, he helped me with a raccoon problem. That inspired more than a couple of gruesome stories.

The Pulper.

Anyway, traffic was moderate. There was the occasional malefactor, passing me with great risk across the solid yellow line. Each would merge back in with enough room to spare, so I was of the feeling that, eventually, they would get what was due when around the next corner, or possibly the corner after that, they would pass by one of our wonderful state police officers and a chase would ensue, resulting in the eventual utilization of The Pulper.

Everything changed when a 2001 Blue Pearl Prius sped into the opposite lane, immediately slowed until he was driving side-by-side, then flipped out his middle finger. I don't read lips, but I suspect he was screaming obscenities. He immediately sped up just enough to merge in front of me so closely that, had I not swerved to avoid him, would have resulted in quite a devastating collision.

I quickly pulled off to the side of the road. My hands were shaking; my blood, boiling. I got out of the car and walked around on the road's shoulder, mumbling obscenities and imagining new ways to murder characters in novels I hadn't even conceived.

And then I realized that the scofflaw that cut me off was a scofflaw I had met at some science conference two years previously. That shitty haircut and that smug grin. It was James Fucking Gleick.

I was not sure why Gleick was in Maine, but I was intent on determining why the author had just flipped me the bird then intentionally cut me off. I got back in the car and pressed the accelerator until it was parallel with the floorboard. The road ahead had very few turns for the next fifteen miles, so I felt certain I could catch up to that bastard Gleick.

As the needle on my speedometer climbed higher, fears of The Pulper were suddenly of no concern. The only concern being the chase. Cars traveling at ten miles an hour over the limit, twenty over, I would regularly pass with little concern for my safety or theirs.

Then, suddenly, the Prius was in my sight. The needle flirted with the first three-digit number on the dash. As my car came up to Gleick's car from behind, I did not attempt to pass him. Instead, I steered myself straight up his car's battery-powered ass.

The Prius was shaken, began to swerve, so I rammed his rear bumper once more, even harder than before. Rattled my teeth to their roots.

A dark liquid began to leak from the bottom of the car and Gleick began to slow, although this was the last thing he wanted to do. He was losing battery acid and, consequently, power. He eased the car to the shoulder. I eased my car to the shoulder just beyond his and waited for him to get out of the Prius.

Gleick is a tall guy, but I had four inches on him. As he left the safety of his small car, I stepped out of mine and approached him with anger bubbling in my soul.

"Why, Gleick?" I asked aggressively. "Why?"

He just roared and ran toward me, headfirst. I admit the move surprised me. I froze in place like a deer in the headlights of a car possessed by the soul of an evil serial killer clown. His head made contact and the air was immediately and violently discharged from my lungs. I fell to the ground gasping for breath to return to my body and Gleick jumped into my still-running car, speeding away.

I've come to peace with the events of that day. I no longer hold a grudge against him, but I would never discover what caused James Gleick to behave in that manner. I eventually repaired that Prius and made it my own, but I never saw Gleick again after that day. I suppose he is avoiding me to this very day. Which is fine, but that medicine was expensive and I'd like to have it back.

National Pasquinade No. 20

Chaos #

Summer 2002

I Am Joe's Wallet

*With apologies to J. D.
Radcliffe*

I am leather. Well, leather-ish. Okay, fine. I'm vinyl but the label says I'm leather so my manufacturer can charge more. You'd have never known if I hadn't told you because, goddammit, I am a fine-looking wallet!

I hold many things that are important to Joe's health. His insurance card which, although it is just a laminated scrap of paper, causes him a great deal of stress because of some of the things printed on it. For instance, that large number next to the word "deductible."

There are also many scraps of paper held within my folds that contribute to Joe's mental health. There is a card that allows Joe to take books from a building called a library and accrue ridiculously large fees when he accidentally misplaces them at his ex-girlfriend's apartment. There is a card that allows Joe to take video cassettes from a building with the word "Blockbuster" on it and accrue ridiculously large fees when he accidentally leaves them in his ex-girlfriend's VCR. There is a card that allows Joe to buy flowers on credit for his ex-girlfriend that will cost more than the ridiculous book and tape fees he will accrue, combined. It will not be worth it since Joe's ex-girlfriend, as it turns out, has moved on and decided to shack up with a mortgage broker from Cuyahoga Falls.

There are additional scraps of papers in multiple denominations, mostly with the numbers one and five, maybe an occasional ten. Many economists agree these scraps of paper are not worth as much as they used to be. They use a big word: inflation. Joe is not good with big words. Joe just knows that things cost more than they used to cost. And Joe's career selling used cars isn't as profitable as it used to be, so Joe is forced to cut back on luxuries like prostitutes, quality pharmaceuticals, and two-ply toilet paper. Joe can't remember the last time he saw a picture of Andrew Jackson in me. Neither can I.

There is a small square-shaped foil package in one of my deeper pockets. It contains Joe's Hope. He has only needed to access this foil package a few times since he's had me, but, Oh My! Were they ever exciting times! The last time he accessed this foil package led to ridiculously large book, tape, and flower fees.

There is a small laminated card that says Joe is allowed to drive an automobile. It does not say specifically what kind of automobile Joe can drive. It does not say that Joe can drive an expensive car. It does not say Joe is required to drive a partially rusted-out Honda Civic that's missing its front bumper. It just says he's allowed to drive an automobile.

This same card says that Joe has agreed to donate his organs if he is in a fatal accident. Joe regrets this decision now and sees ambulances around every corner seemingly in wait to harvest at the first sign of a flatline. Joe can be a bit dramatic.

I hold this paranoid life together for Joe compactly in his back pocket.

Wait a second. Hold that thought. I think I'll need to begin again.

Ahem.

I am Artie's wallet. Before Artie mugged Joe, I held many things that were important to Joe's health...

National Pasquinade No. 28
Readers' Digest Parody #
Summer 2004

Things For Which We Are Still Waiting

- World Peace
- My Powerball™ numbers to hit
- For her to consider the “butt stuff”
- The sweet relief of death
- How’s that Mocha Frappe coming, Cecilia?!
- A fucking NatPasq cover that isn’t thrown together in the last two hours before we publish. Seriously, is that too much to ask?
- For him to stop bringing up anal sex; he knows that’s how my mother died.
- That deaf moron at the stoplight who doesn’t realize the light has turned green because he’s having a perfectly lovely conversation with a teenaged hitchhiker he picked up five minutes ago hoping she’ll at least give him a handjob when they arrive at the Piggly Wiggly where she works as a cashier. Which reminds him that he needs to pick up some hand lotion.

National Pasquinade No. 29

Patience #

Autumn 2004



Lythansia: Sanitize Your Brain

Dirty thoughts? Unexpected erections while riding the subway? Imagining what that homeless bag lady outside the Wawa would look like in a Catholic school girl uniform?

Admit it! You need help! How can an average man with raging hormones cope with these impure thoughts when he is unexpectedly aroused by half the world's population? Sure, he could try his hand at homosexuality. But what if that works? Now he's attracted to the other half!

Our guy needs a real solution!

Pharmaceutical giant Pfizer is pleased to introduce a new medication designed to combat those deep urges that often result in restraining orders and community service. Lythansia is a once-a-day remedy that will suppress the mental objectification of members of either sex, and of any age. Lythansia is the world's solution to misogynists, rapists and pedophiles, and is the number one recommended choice by both the American Psychiatric Association and the American Bar Association.

Lythansia works at the very lowest level of mental activity by adjusting the neurons of the brain to suppress deep urges associated with aggressive sexual desires. Lythansia is not recommended if you are in a committed relationship. Lythansia may cause drowsiness and is not recommended if you are, or are

planning to, operate heavy machinery, install a new water heater, or retrieve your cute next-door neighbor's favorite piece of jewelry after she accidentally dropped it into the garbage disposal. While Lythansia will suppress dark urges on other humans, Lythansia may cause you to experience dark urges toward unicorns, some leprechauns, and/or Dennis Rodman. If this occurs, stop taking Lythansia, unplug your computer, and consult your flying pig. Remember these numbers as they may become very important in some extreme cases: 15, 19, 32, 42, 58. Lythansia may result in not giving a fuck, but in many cases will result in fucks given, stored, and returned with interest.

Lythansia. Like Clorox for your brain.

(This is just a slogan. Please do not actually consume Clorox.)

National Pasquinade No. 39
Sanitized For Your Convenience #
Spring 2007

The Life of a Blue Peg

I am the blue peg in the green plastic car. I don't have a name, but I do have a pink peg to my right and two other pegs behind us. Maybe these other pegs are supposed to be my wife and kids? But if that is true, why are they the same size and shape? What weird universe is this?!

I think we're supposed to worship this giant hand, but I've never fully understood what it desires of us. We remain motionless on these cardboard streets until the giant hand appears and twirls the plastic mountain (there have been several occasions where the mountain spun so rapidly that it took flight; it was soon returned to its original state). It is usually after the mountain twirls that the same giant hand moves our plastic car along the cardboard street. We are usually securely embedded in our slots, but there have been accidents where we will temporarily lose a peg or two, but the hand will usually place us back into our respective slots. It seems the giant hand spends as much time fixing things than actually controlling our fate.

Some time ago, I started to suspect that the giant hand is not always the same giant hand. One of the hands is slightly smaller, petite. I now believe there are as many as five different hands controlling us.

There is much we do not understand about our world. We would study our environment more closely, experimenting and coming to conclusions about where we have come from and where we are going, but we do not have the kind of equipment one would need for this: telescopes, laboratory equipment, hands.

For now, we will carry on in our ignorant bliss and hope for a peaceful end, wherein we are disassembled and placed gently into the big box to remain in limbo until the giant hand (or hands) decide to bring our souls back into existence.

National Pasquinade No. 52
All Fun and Games #
Summer 2010

Stumble Into Fall

National Pasquinade encourages you to *Stumble into Fall* with the latest frothy offerings from The Uberdumpling Brewery!

Plague of Frogs Totally Extra Hoppy

If you crave the dusky, sensuous taste of premium hand-squeezed, double-roasted malt you're out of luck, Sparky. This one is nothing but hops, except for a token dash of barley, and gossamer whispers of shiitake mushrooms, cookie dough, New England clam chowder, and trail mix.

Uruguayan Unibrau

A sturdy Latin lover of a lager unapologetically augmented by a heady blend of artisanal asparagus, Cornish game hen, oyster crackers, hand-crafted balsamic vinegar, and Cajun sweet potato fries.

Frail Peevish Poet

A tragically pale, yet surprisingly pugnacious Pilsner, bristling warily with existential attitude, and alliterative accents of poi, poblano peppers, pomegranate pulp, and Polynesian pupu platter.

Cubicle Worker's Friend

Wash away the soul crushing tedium of office drudgery with this refreshing blonde ale and its soothing influences of baked beans, meat tenderizer, Novocaine, and Waldorf salad.

National Pasquinade No. 56
Drunk and Stupid #
Summer 2011



2012 - 2017

Today's News Report, Brought to You By Our Advertisers

VOICEOVER, as dynamic graphics whirl and swirl on screen, followed by the words "NEWS6 News at Six" filling the screen almost completely: From the NEWS6 warehouse on 5th and Brickhouse, it's the NEWS6 news team, featuring Diana Langstrom and Brian van Wormhouse.

(Graphics dissolve to reveal the two anchors, BRIAN and DIANA, seated at a futuristic desk composed entirely of recycled plastic and hot glue.)

BRIAN: Good evening, and welcome to NEWS6 News at Six. That introduction was brought to you by Grapetown Productions. If you call them at 555-555-9118 during this broadcast, they can offer you one hour of professional voiceover work for the low cost of \$19.99. Imagine callers hearing that on your answering machine.

DIANA: I wouldn't know, Brian. I have a service. ProCalls Professional Answering Service, in fact. Their voices may not be as sexy as those at Grapetown, but they never fail to get the

most important messages to me in a timely and affordable manner.

BRIAN: I agree. They're an awesome team at ProCalls. But don't we have some news to report?

DIANA: That's what the prompter says, Brian.

BRIAN: We start with breaking news. We have a reporter live on the scene of a fire in northeast Banana Commons. Katrina Robertson, could you tell our viewers what happened?

(Scene changes to a twenty-something brunette, KATRINA, standing in front of a suburban home engulfed in flames. Firefighters are working tirelessly to extinguish the flames.)

KATRINA: Thank you, Brian. This house behind me? It's caught on fire. According to a fire department spokesperson, wood burns easily. And that's what happened.

BRIAN *(voice)*: Katrina, do investigators know what caused the fire? Could it have been arson?

KATRINA: Dude, what's with the interrogation? You think I did it? Seriously, is this about the other day? Get over it! I'm just not interested in your "dad bod." Sheesh!

DIANA *(voice)*: I'll bet they didn't have a First Alert Smoke Detector. If they had, maybe those hunky firemen would be back at the firehouse right now, flexing their beautiful muscles for the benefit of my imagination.

BRIAN *(voice)*: They probably could've used an Amerex B441 Extinguisher to quell those flames before they started.

KATRINA: Was that directed at me? Why you {CENSORED}

(Cuts back to studio)

BRIAN: In other news, it was the first day of school for hundreds of first graders at Applewood Elementary today. Brittany Smith-Pelley talked with some of the new students as they arrived this morning. Brittany?

(Cut to live shot featuring BRITTANY in front of a brick building.)

BRITTANY: Well, school's out for the day. All the kids have gone home, but I talked with some of them this morning as they arrived here at Applewood Elementary School.

(Cut to taped piece showing a group of five young children: ANNABELLE, BOBBY, CHESTER, DARNELL, and ELEANOR.)

BRITTANY *(voice)*: Are you excited about your first day of school?

ALL *(screaming loudly and as one)*: Nooo!!!

BRITTANY *(voice)*: Why not?

(Cut to a blonde-haired boy with spiky hair, BOBBY.)

BOBBY: They don't have Chef Boyardee's Spaghetti and Meatballs for lunch. Or McDonald's Happy Meals. God, do I need a {CENSORED} Happy Meal right now!

(Camera pans to an adorable girl with brown pigtails, ANNABELLE.)

ANNABELLE: And the stress is unbelievable! We're expected to do something called "finger painting." And I hear they're forcing us to use this cheap off-brand stuff from China. I'm a Revlon girl and I'll only ever use brand name polish.

BRITTANY *(voice)*: I don't think that's what...

(Camera pans to a tough-looking kid with slightly curly brown hair, CHESTER, interrupting Brittany.)

CHESTER: You're kind of cute, Miss Reporter. Are you seeing anyone?

BRITTANY *(voice)*: I, uh, well, no.

(A school bell rings in the distance. The children shuffle off toward the school, camera pans to Brittany, facing away from camera and clearly stunned.)

BRITTANY *(turns to camera)*: Reporting from Applewood Elementary School, I'm Brittany Smith-Pelley.

(Cut to back to anchors.)

DIANA: Sounds like Brittany will finally have a date for the Holiday Party. Kid's got some moves!

BRIAN: Speaking of moves, we'll be back with more of your local news after this message from Allied Van Lines.

National Pasquinade No. 73
Pandering #
Autumn 2015



*Lists are an undeniable part of our lives. We might as well have a bit of fun with them, eh? Occasionally, we'll even post a new **Listeria** topic on [Twitter](#) so that you can play along. Here are some of the best from the last few months.*

Surprises in the Newly-Released JFK Files

- The knoll was more weedy than it was grassy.
- The assassination was sponsored, in part, by Texas Instruments.
- Lee Harvey Oswald published his manifesto as a series of zines; his only subscriber was the FBI.
- All of the documents in the file were created using something called a “typewriter.”
- Oswald acted alone...when he portrayed John Wilkes Booth in an off-off Broadway one man play.
- J. Edgar Hoover ordered JFK's assassination after he beat him in a drag competition at a local nightclub.
- The magic bullet was endorsed by Chris Angel.
- Col. Mustard did it in the conservatory with a candlestick.
- “The grassy knoll” was JFK's nickname for Marilyn Monroe's beaver.
- Thousands of unsolved ciphers written by Ted Cruz's dad.
- A second shooter was in the sewer, but the Ninja Turtles foiled his plans.
- Was preparing to retire from politics to manage The Beatles.
- Oswald not thrilled with all the attention after all.
- Oswald ran up an embarrassingly high tab at Ruby's Carousel Club. Those old-school Dallas businessmen were kind of severe.

- JFK not that into “Camelot” thing
- JFK wanted to start his presidency over after the Bay of Pigs fail so he changed his name to Jimmy Carter and moved to GA.
- Keith Hernandez most certainly spat at Kramer and Newman, with help from Roger McDowell.
- I think the #JFKFiles will reveal that Billy Joel did it. When asked about it Billy said, “What else do I have to say?”

Got an idea for a list to be featured in a future installment of Listeria? Email us at submissions@nationalpasquinade.com with at least three bullet points for each list suggestion.

Contributors to Listeria this issue include: The Occoquan Pasquinade, @caldmurchfield, @DocDarnell, @GenXtremist, @jfredrick99, @jruggiero86, @Juicedog23, @PeterDeSilvey, @simonjdickie, @slyarbrough, @StephanieTemo, @teamyasumura, @ToomeyWright, @UtilityInfieldr, and @wbllostsoul.





Although National Pasquinade does not accept advertising, there are times when there are companies, associations, coalitions, organizations, departments, books, bands, websites, trios, duos, or just some guy in a Ramones t-shirt who did you a solid back in '92, to which you want to give a little credit.

[The Mod-Est Lads.](#) Because you love listening to the Rutles and want so much more.

[The Prompt.](#) Because we love themes and they love themes. While many of the pieces they run are hilarious, don't be surprised if you learn a little something about the world around you, or possibly about yourself.