



Short

ePasquinade

(formerly "Bad Electricians Quarterly")

101 Things To Do
On Your Last Day Of
Work At A Lousy Job

How Your Hairstyle Can
Help Manage Your Anger

How To Tell Your Girlfriend
You're Not Built Like Milton Berle

Issue 5
February 2001

eDitorial

If you stop and think about it, Yoda should've been a bitter little dude. I mean, think about it. He was living in a swamp. He looked like Señor Wences after a bad clam. And he had Frank Oz's hand up his ass 24-7. Now, maybe it's just me but, if some guy had his hand stuck up my colon, I'd be worried about a lot more than the Dark Side.

But not Yoda. No sir. Laid back little grampa muppet that he was, Yoda never tired of hanging by the campfire, telling Luke to sit a spell, and teaching him all the tried and true Jedi sayings like "Don't forget to floss," "Never wear white after Labor Day," and "She was twenty-one, I swear!"

Of course, the drugs helped tremendously. Many a night, Yoda would take Luke into his little hovel, throw on an Allman Brothers record—"Eat A Peach" being a particular fave—and fire up some mean Dagobah tripweed. There, Yoda would always show off the scars he

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Credits

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Marforio

Sirs:

I is a derekt desendint of de pirit Blakbeered and I is taken over yur magiseen. Now wear are de wimmen to rap and pillige?

—Blakbeered

*Da pirit ship wit da pitcher of
Darrel Strawberry on de flag*

For my next trick, I plan to shit in Puffy's hat.

—David Blaine
Rabbit's Hat, NY

What does it mean when a convicted mass murderer tells you you have pretty lips? Should I give him a thoughtful gift or will a Thank You card suffice?

—Robert Downey, Jr.
Corcoran State Prison, CA

Hey, pardna? What're you doing always calling that Collins chap an asshole? He's one of the most rip-roaringly hip musicians in the world and we love the heck out of little guy here in, uh, Armadillo, Texas. Pick on some other chap, er, fella, like maybe that Sting guy.

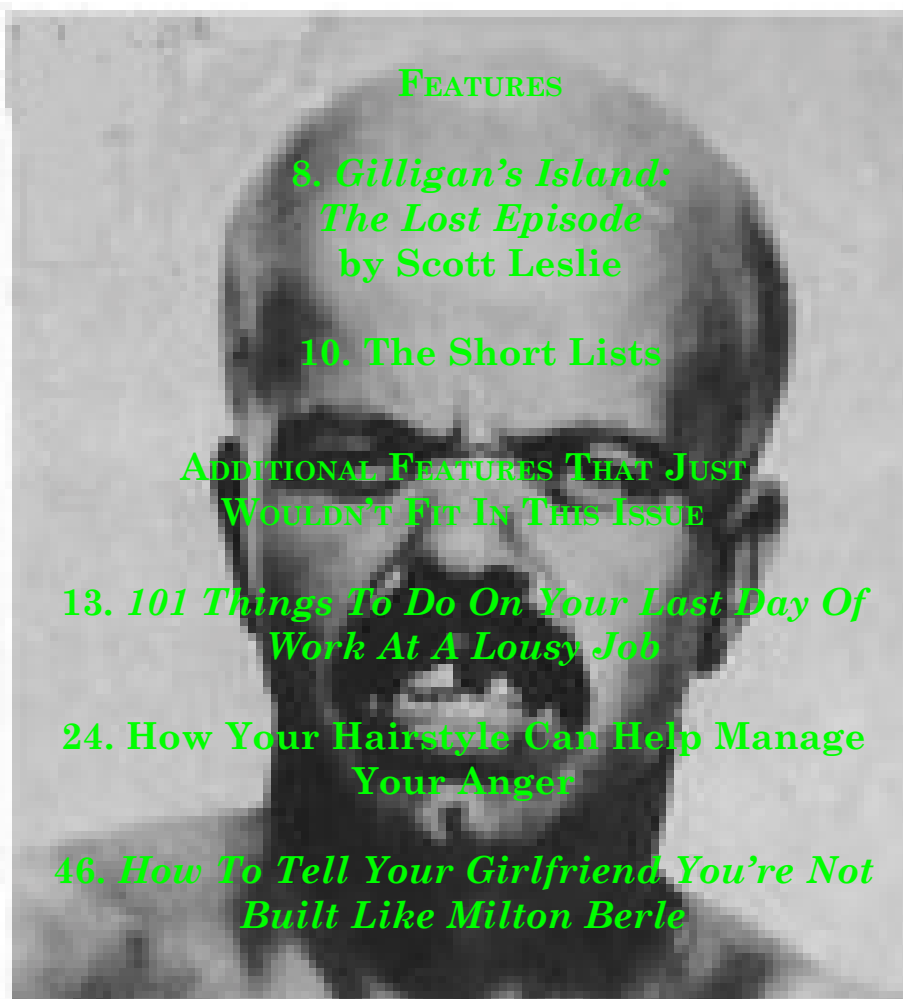
—Sue Soo-Pseudonym
London, er, Lubbock, TX

I'm just a substitute letter. The real letter that was supposed to appear in this space called in sick. Something about a stomach flu. It's goin' around, y'know. Don't want it to spread to other letters. So I'll just be hanging around taking up space here while the other letter recuperates.

—John Doe
Your Town, USA

Beelzebub here. My minions and I are walking among you, spreading my evil. Carrot Top? Minion. Katharine Harris? Minion. Hussein? Miloselic? Minion, minion. And me? I'll give you a hint.

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That creepy, little girl in the Pepsi commercials? She ain't no minion!

—Lou Sifer
Hollywood, CA
A suburb of Hell

You low-life sons-of-bitches! How dare you offend us short people with a cruel theme like *The Short Issue*? You are such bastards! I'm gonna tell everyone in my small circle of friends to boycott your so-called humor magazine. And I mean it this time!

—Tom Arnold
Shortonfunnylongonidiocy, CA

Carlos here. You know, your magazine's janitor? I just wanted to say that I appreciate the job and all. Raising fourteen children in a two-bedroom apartment can sure eat up a paycheck and you pay well enough to keep us in tortillas.

But could you at least let up a little on the drug tests. It's demeaning enough to force the help to urinate into a Dixie cup, but every hour is pushing the envelope. We could do without the audience as well. But last week's implementation of the rating system really was the last straw.

By the way, why does that Heyward fellow keep giving me sixes?

—Carlos
In the basement

I'll be shooting "Ken Burns Presents Bob Fosse's *All That Jazz*" this summer. It will be an intensive twenty-two hour look at Fosse's musical, up close and personal. The documentary only covers the first two acts and the closing number, though, because I fell asleep while I was researching it.

—Ken Burns
Walpole, NH

Fuck.

—Pope John Paul II
Vatican City



The Monthly Exclamation!

Some News Is Just Better Shouted

Volume 17, Number 5

February 2001

Vowel Rehabilitated

'I' Can See Clearly Now

NEW YORK (eP)—After a series of successful surgeries, the letter 'I' has been released from the hospital and is recovering nicely at his New Jersey estate. The popular vowel had been in critical condition for months stemming from a serious auto accident he suffered in May of last year. Although he was originally charged with D.U.I., the letter took legal action and apparently threatened to remove himself from all police records.

Charges have since been dropped.

"Lissen, I wanna put all that shit behind me," said I about his drug-filled past. "I just wanna do the spelling thing again. You know, chillin' with my homies A, E, O, U—and sometimes Y. Word."

According to I's publicist, the letter attributes his recovery to all the cards and flowers well-wishers have been sending him over the past several months.

"Besides, I had to," explained the letter. "That mofo U owes me money!"

With the recent accident, experts fear that I's rampant substance abuse problems are getting in the way of his alphabet duties. Despite surviving this brush with death, there is some worry the world will be thrown into chaos if the offending letter doesn't pull through a second time.

"Are you kidding!?" said George Hubris, head bingo-caller at the Church of Holy Mackina Andy. "No more I's?! Those goddamn granies out there would fry my ass!"

Golf Not Completely Out Of The Woods

Tiger Changes His Stripes

TAMPA BAY (eP)—In an effort to toughen up his squeaky-clean image, golf legend Eldrick "Tiger" Woods has certainly taken drastic measures. On ABC's *The View* last week, Woods announced he is now "a card-carrying bad-ass" and has had his name legally changed to "Pussy." Woods then demonstrated his new persona by doing Barbara Walters—and four lines of blow.

"Oh, that's nothing," Woods' spokesman said of the appearance. "Yesterday he was up to eight lines. The kid's just having an off night."

Woods was evasive when asked about his recent actions.

four

Jaded Press Clippings

A woman's Christmas celebrations came unstuck when she got drunk, fell off a seat in a public toilet and got her head stuck under the cubicle door for several hours until firemen rescued her.

Ananova

Norway's national railroad hit a snag in the early morning of December 31st, 2000. None of the railroad's sixteen new airport express trains and thirteen high-speed, long distance Signatur trains would start. The computers on the trains didn't recognize the date, despite having been checked out prior to January 1, 2000, for Y2K glitches. The problem was temporarily solved by resetting the computer's date to December 1, 2000. *Associated Press*

An Egyptian sheep destined for sacrificial slaughter forestalled its owner's plans by pushing him to his death from a three-story building in Alexandria, police said on Tuesday. Neighbors found Waheeb Hamoudah lying bleeding and concussed on the ground below, with several broken bones. He died soon after reaching the hospital. *Reuters*

A man took his three children, aged between seven and twelve, to the Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery where they ate a piece called Nothank. After eating the exhibit—a packet of mints which the curator says dealt with social and cultural issues—they were told off and left the museum. The exhibit features work by fifty artists and is constructed in the form of an office, and the mints were on one of the desks. *Ananova*

“Hey, it’s golf,” he said. “You hit a ball with a stick, you walk after it, you do it again. What the fuck was I thinking?! Now outta my way before I put a cap in your ass...”

Since turning professional in 1996, the twenty-four-year-old golfer has won over thirty tournaments, many of those on the PGA Tour, including the 1997 Masters Tournament, the 2000 U.S. Open, and the 2000 British Open.

But whether it’s marketing or just plain insanity, the new Woods has hardly lost his shine of late. His latest hardcore golf video, “The Power of Pussy,” has been flying off the shelves at an astonishing rate.

“I can’t stock the damned things fast enough,” admitted Blockbuster Video owner Elmer Gluall of Hoboken, New Jersey. “Christ, that scene in the sandtrap where he does the zebra? That’s worth the price of admission, boy! No wonder the kids are all wild about Pussy!”

Other people were more dubious of the new and “improved” Woods.

“That shit’s crazy,” said former NBA star Dennis Rodman. “Hell, what’s he gonna do next? Wear a dress or something? Hey, are you gonna finish that cobbler?”

Despite the recent controversy, Woods’ father Earl, isn’t the least bit troubled by his son’s strange behaviour.

“Mind? You kidding?!?” he said. “The kid just bought me Venezuela for Chrissake!”

Tobacco Kills Two **Pack Of Marlboros Indicted In Deadly Double Homicide**

FAGS BLUFF, TENNESEE (eP)—Authorities have linked two deaths in the Newport subdivision of Fags Bluff to a pack of unfiltered Marlboro cigarettes. The victims, John and Betty Winston, residents of Fags Bluff for much of their lives, were discovered early Saturday morning when a neighbor suspected foul play.

“They were usually out here on Saturday mornings burning their trash. When I went to check on them, I found them dead,” said a neighbor who wished to remain anonymous because of his effeminate name.

Detective Louis “Lucky” Strike believes the culprit is a pack of cigarettes due to the state of the bodies. “Smoked,” said Detective Strike. “They died of combustion.” A nicotine ring was found around the victims’ necks, their bodies stubbed out in a large ashtray.

“Our officers are out checking the bars and the docks for leads on the killer,” Strike confided. “Being in Tennessee, however, docks are pretty hard to come by, but our boys are the best and I’ve no doubt they’ll find some docks out there.”

The only other tobacco homicide in Tennessee was two years ago when a pack of unfiltered Camels was caught choking a restaurant patron to death. The pack was sentenced to life in the State Prison and was later sold to another inmate for sexual favors. ★

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Two members of a gang of Brazilian car thieves may have drank vials of HIV-infected blood, thinking it was a yogurt drink, found in a stolen car. *Reuters*

A Japanese man choking on a sticky, glutinous rice cake was saved when his daughter sucked the glob out with a vacuum cleaner. Local fire station official Toshiyuki Matsuura said, “A vacuum cleaner could be useful in an emergency like that, but I wouldn’t recommend it to everyone because it’s tricky. He was rather lucky.” *Associated Press*

Twenty Taiwan men will fly to the United States in March to set a world record for pulling a Boeing B747 passenger jet with their penises, the organiser of the planned event said today. “We have received an invitation from the Guinness Book of World Records museum in the U.S. to perform in Los Angeles,” said Tu Chin-sheng, who teaches “penis-hanging art,” a Chinese martial arts style. *AAP*

“Go To Class—It’ a Blast!!!” That grammatically bungled message was rolling through the streets of Washington on advertisements as tall as a preschooler, plastered in black and white on the sides of seventy-five Metro buses. The moving lesson in bad grammar was paid for and designed by D.C. public schools and it began showing up on the buses in early January. *Washington Post*

A British nudist campaigner appeared in court, arriving at his trial with nothing on, court officials say. A supporter of the “Freedom to be Yourself Campaign,” the 28-year-old former art student has said he wants non-sexual public nudity to be legalized in Britain. *Reuters*

Rejected Jeopardy Answers #221: “Known for his sexual escapades and generous drug orgies, he enjoyed some prominence as a star of the big and small screens.”

Dear Ms. Paranoia

Abner Gilliams, 76, of Pompano Beach, Florida, asks: "If men are from Mars and women are from Venus then where the heck does that Richard Simmons fella come from?"

Gentle Reader,

As dear Mother used to say, "Some people are easy targets." But not in Richard Simmons' case. It may surprise you to know that Richard Simmons is actually a high level secret agent with the US government. In fact, he is the true head of the NSA. And he's from Poughkeepsie.

Hair Challenged of Schlomo, WI writes: "A few years ago, after Friends and er became popular, every actress on TV had Jennifer Aniston's hair and all the men had George Clooney's hair. This season, everyone has their own hair. Should this be seen as a good sign that the networks are no longer trying to control how we look?"

Gentle Reader:

As dear Mother used to say, "That Presley boy just doesn't know when to stop with the Brylcream." So you see, Gentle Reader, there are hair trendsetters in every generation.

But your letter had a more sinister edge to it, in that you alleged that other actors and actresses aren't just imitating hairstyles, but they are in possession of the actual hair of Jennifer and George. Ms. Paranoia was intrigued by this theory and decided to investigate it further. Little did she know what horrifyingly evil secrets she would uncover.

The fact is, Gentle Reader, that around this period scientists had been making radical breakthroughs in the area of cloning. But they needed to test them further. What better way than to test their methods on Hollywood stars? After all, there were lots of them and since they were all alike, no one would miss them if they died in some sort of tragic genetic incident. However, after a few unfortunate incidents in which Macaulay Culkin spawned thousands of weird little clones (the surviving ones are euphemistically called his "brothers and sisters"), Robin Williams was replaced by a serious (read: boring) dramatic actor, and Keanu Reeves was replaced by someone with, chillingly, even less brain power than before, they decided to move on to something more harmless: celebrity hair.

By the time Dolly the Sheep was cloned in 1997, they had already done enough cloning to fill an Iron Beautician stadium. And everyone was sporting the same hairdo.

It was a trend that wouldn't last long, and Hollywood seems to have calmed down considerably.

In Pittsburgh, a Baldwin Borough man was arrested early Sunday after he was spotted driving away from the scene of an automobile accident in Baldwin with a dead passenger in his car, Allegheny County police said. However, authorities still aren't sure what caused the death of the passenger. *Pittsburgh Tribune-Review*

A man who had stopped to relieve himself close to a runway was killed when a cargo plane crashed into him during take-off in Angola's diamond-rich Lunda North province, the country's Civil Aviation Authority (CAA) says. *Reuters*

A poodle attacked a pitbull near Gothenburg in southern Sweden and then bit the pitbull's owner in the leg when she tried to protect her dog, the Swedish TT news agency said Tuesday. The poodle's owner said her dog had greeted the pitbull in a friendly way but turned into a fighting canine because the pitbull disliked it, TT said. *Reuters*

A bride and groom who stole a wedding dress were caught after cheekily posing together for a wedding photo in their local newspaper. Shop owner Linda Purdey told reporters, "I was amazed that she had the cheek to let her picture be published in the paper wearing a dress stolen under my very nose." *Reuters*

Under the terms of an agreement which the Russian and Japanese leaders of the time, President Boris Yeltsin, and Prime Minister Ryutaro Hashimoto signed in 1997, Moscow and Tokyo had committed themselves to signing a peace treaty formally ending World War II by the end of 1999. But despite a series of high-profile summits and a clear warming

Jeffrey Chandler, of Bing, WY, convincingly asks: "What's with those astronomical baseball player salaries? I mean, if I walked into my boss's office and asked for that kind of money, he'd laugh my ass back to Montana whether I could bat .300 or not."

Gentle Reader,

As dear Mother used to say, "Big salaries are fine, but a good cookie recipe will get you through the worst of life's troubles." Ms. Paranoia is afraid we will just have to comfort ourselves with the thought that these baseball players lead meaningless and empty lives. No, really. In exchange for all that money, they must sign away their souls to the devil and become mere shells of their former selves, incapable of love, inner peace, or enjoyment of chocolate chip cookies. Their souls are actually kept in George Steinbrenner's safe. At the Apocalypse, they will be released into Hell where they will be forced to play the final scene of "Field of Dreams" over and over again for Satan's enjoyment.

BS Pyle wonders: "You're not going to print this are you?"

Gentle Reader:

Yes.

Bob Apocalypse, of Scrotum, NJ, writes: "You know, I'm really sick of "dear Mother." In fact, I find her so annoying, I'm gonna come in with my rifle and kill her, and you, if I hear one more thing that dear Mother used to say. What do ya say to that?"

Gentle Reader,

As dear Mother used to say, "Walk softly and carry a can of whup-ass." Ms. Paranoia is a member of Mensa and the NRA. Do you really want to cross her? ★

editorial from page two

got back in 'Nam and ask Luke if he wanted to play with "the Wookiee." Of course, Luke, big lunkhead that he was, would take off into the swamp after R2, Yoda would lay into him about *Corvette Summer* again and, next thing you know, Yoda's knocking back another tub of Ben & Jerry's by himself.

But Yoda didn't care. You see, when you had Obi-Wan pimping for Yoda like he did, those Dagobah nights were never quite so lonely. Cause, if you're a 900-year-old little, green fella and you really *can* make the earth move, size doesn't really matter. At least that's what Anna Nicole said. But Yoda'd rather keep that one out of the papers. —SL

Corrections: Scott Leslie's Lost Episode of Gilligan's Island was slated to appear last issue and didn't. My bad. It's been found and starts on the next page. Also, Cameron Koo's bio arrived a day or two after going to press, so I've included it on our back page.

Cover: The shoes are Vans. The cameraman is flat. ★

in the bilateral relationship, the two sides have been unable to resolve their differences over the four islands known to the Japanese as the "Northern Territories" which the Soviet Union seized from Japan at the close of the war. *Asia Times*

An escaped Oklahoma inmate in a stolen van got so lost that he called 911 and asked to be taken back to prison. He drove a Correction Department van 150 miles north to Garden City, Kansas, before he called authorities from a convenience store. *Associated Press*

A woman put her dead mother in the passenger seat of her car and drove her more than a thousand miles from Colorado to an Oregon mortuary so she could be buried next to her husband. About an hour after her mother died in Pine, Colorado, near Denver, Janet Levine dressed the body in a fresh set of pajamas and set out for the Musgrove Family Mortuary in Eugene, Oregon. *Associated Press*

A southern Illinois woman is suing a McDonald's owner, Wal-Mart, a cup maker and her own mother over spilled coffee she says was too hot. *Associated Press*

Police arrested a man who allegedly dropped his pants in the crowded lobby of the St. Louis County Courthouse and made photocopies of his buttocks. The 38-year-old man told police the copies were intended as a practical joke for his girlfriend. *Associated Press*

George Turklebaum, 51, who had been employed as a proof-reader at a New York firm for 30 years, had a heart attack in the open-

Gilligan's Island: The Lost Episode

BY SCOTT LESLIE

The Professor wandered slowly into the clearing, the sweat running from his brow in the stifling heat. He set down his binoculars and paused to take one long drink from his canteen. The Skipper looked up from the table and anxiously scanned the man's face.

"Well..." he said.

"It's bad news, Skipper," the Professor said finally. "I'm afraid my calculations were correct. This severe drought has destroyed all of our edible plant life. To make matters worse, the fish have migrated away from the island and the lack of food has driven off the remaining wildlife."

"Oh no!" cried the Skipper. "What do we do, Professor?"

"I'm afraid, Skipper, we only have one option left..."

"Okay. What's that?"

"Cannibalism."

"Professor!" the Skipper gasped. "You can't be serious!"

"Unfortunately, it's either that or starvation," he said. "Now let's look at this rationally... I'm indispensable with my knowledge. Mary Ann does all the cooking so we can't eat her. Ginger's easy on the eyes. And we can't eat you, Skipper..."

"And why not?!"

"You're just too fat...all those carbohydrates."

"Fat!? Why you bookworm, I'll have you know this is one hundred per cent muscle!"

"Yes, yes. And tell me again...why've you been wearing the same clothes for the last twenty years?"

"Hey, they're all I've got! Besides, I don't have a ton of clothes like the Howells do. Why they brought that much for a three hour tour is beyond me..."

"Look, this is getting us nowhere," said the Professor. "Let's get back to the issue at hand."

"Right. Let's see...you, me and the girls are out. So that still leaves...Gilligan!!!"

Gilligan ran into the clearing and skidded into place beside the Skipper and the Professor.

"Yes, Skipper!" he cried.

"Too thin," the two men said, shaking their heads in unison.

"What's going on?" asked Gilligan.

"Little buddy," said the Skipper. "We're talking about cannibalism. We're all out of food for god sake!"

"Hmmm," Gilligan said, rubbing his chin. "Why don't we just eat the next person who lands on the island? Someone always does. Then we can get rescued, too!"

"First of all," interrupted the Professor. "We never get rescued. And secondly, I checked the script. There's no guest star this week."

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plan office he shared with 23 other workers. He quietly passed away on Monday, but nobody noticed until Saturday morning when an office cleaner asked why he was still working during the weekend. George was proofreading manuscripts of medical textbooks when he died. *Birmingham Sunday Mercury*

A 36-year-old woman was charged with having sex with a 16-year-old boy whom she dated for seven months—after forbidding him from dating her 13-year-old daughter because the age difference was too great. The woman then tried to commit suicide by running her car in a closed garage, but called the boy before the attempt and was saved by a neighbor he notified. *Chicago Sun-Times*

Virginia State Senator Thomas K. Norment Jr., an advocate of tough legislation against drunken driving, apologized on the Senate floor recently for being charged the day before with driving under the influence. Norment was elected ten years ago after campaigning relentlessly for tougher DUI legislation. *Washington Post*

A motorist kept parking his car illegally to get a date with a traffic warden. Colin O'Neill met Doris Lemon when she gave him a ticket in Petersfield, Hampshire. His three months of risking £30 fines paid off as they plan to marry in September. *Ananova*

☆

A Jaded Press Clipping is one that reports something so utterly mindblowingly... er, Jaded, you can't help but send any you come across to our special Jaded Press Clipping Email Vault at jpc@epasq.com. ★

"Well, that only leaves the Howells," said the Skipper said. "They never do anything...except take up space..."

"That settles it," the Professor said.

"We're not really gonna eat the Howells, are we?" asked Gilligan.

"No," said the Skipper. "Not raw anyway."

"We'll have them cooked with a nice white wine sauce," said the Professor. "We better start making plans. Now, Gilligan, you get Mary Ann and Ginger..."

"What are you talking about? This is a family show!"

Skipper hit Gilligan over the head with his cap.

"Gilligan! Shut up and go bring the girls here already!"

"That's okay, Skipper," said Mary Ann as she appeared from the bushes with Ginger. "We heard all about your idea."

"So...you're not against it, are you girls?" asked the Professor.

"Oh, no!" cried Mary Ann. "We just brought the Mrs. Dash!"

"Great!" said the Skipper. "Let's go get 'em!"

☆

A little while later, the five castaways gathered in the jungle outside the Howell's hut, getting their plan together.

"Now, let's see," muttered the Professor, checking his list. "Knives, forks, A-1..."

"Ginger," said Mary Ann. "What's with that low cut bathing suit?"

"Simple," cooed Ginger. "I'm going to use my charms and get in some serious necking with Howell before we deep six him. God...I haven't had it in years, fucking censors! I would just kill for a double decker MAN-wich with a little Ginger on top..."

"Slut!" cried Mary Ann. "Somebody put the hose on her before I scratch her eyes out—!!!"

"Quiet you two, before I eat you both!" said the Skipper.

"Really?!" cried Ginger. "Me first! Me first!"

"Shhhh!" said the Professor, quieting them all down. "Now, look. We'll just go in and tell the Howells what we have to do. Yes, they might try to beg...or give us money...but we can't spend it on the island anyway. Now let's go...Skipper's getting ravenous..."

"Ravenous?" said Gilligan, studying him. "But I don't see any

feathers..."

Skipper hit him over the head with his cap.

"Gilligan, remind me to kill you later..."

Gathering themselves together, they finally entered the Howell's hut and paused, staring at the scene before them. There, under the flicker of torch light, Mr. Howell sat at a table enjoying a sumptuous meal of dry leaves, bamboo twigs, and his dead wife, Lovey.

"Oh my God!" cried Gilligan.

"He's eating her uncooked!" gasped the Professor.

"And he didn't even invite us!" said the Skipper.

"Look," said Mr. Howell between mouthfuls. "She's my wife and I can eat her if I want!"

The Skipper stood behind the millionaire and glowered down at him.

"Oh, really..." he growled. "How'd you like to become an after dinner mint, Howell!?"

Mr. Howell put a napkin to his mouth and stared down at his sautéed wife. He laughed a little under his breath before clearing his throat.

"Ah, well...in that case..." he smiled. "Do pull up a chair, Captain. White meat or dark..?" ★

Tales... From Clownhenge

The circus is alive and is out to get you in the next issue of ePasquinade!

*Actually, the next issue has very little to do with the circus, but it carries the mysterious title of **Tales From Clownhenge**. It's been several months in the making and may be our most unusual endeavor to date. And you can be notified when the next issue is available. Sign up for our notification list by sending an email to **epasq-Announce-subscribe@topica.com** and aligning twelve little clown cars in a fifty-foot semi-circle.*



Nine Television Show Titles That Could Be Porno Movies

1. Northern Exposure
2. The King Of Queens
3. Everybody Loves
Raymond
4. Touched By An Angel
5. Inside Edition
6. Bananas In Pajamas
7. Eight Is Enough
8. All In The Family
9. Leave It To Beaver

Twelve Headlines We Didn't Use This Issue

1. *Marine Believed To Have
Falsified Osprey Records;
First Clue? Jiffy Lube Re-
ceipts*
2. *Inauguration Snafu: Bush
Accidentally Reads Gore's
Speech*
3. *Shark Attacks Man In Bowl-
ing Alley Parking Lot; Victim
Never Saw It Coming*
4. *"Happy Pill" Responsible For
Tragic Comedy; Un-approved
Drug Blamed For 257 Amus-
ing Deaths In 2000*
5. *3M Selling One M For 3 Mill;
Apple Buys For New iMMac*
6. *Computer Hacker Convicted;
Sentenced To Six Months Of
Sunlight*
7. *Saddam Hussein Admits To
Being A Big Fan Of Rocker
Sting*
8. *Pope Proclaims Boy, 9,
"Wise-Ass"*
9. *Image Of Elvis Presley
Discovered On Swath Of
Valvet; Fans Proclaim Image
As Miracle*
10. *Mountbatten Dry Cleaners
Discover Missing Buttons;
Customer Relieved*
11. *Goldfish To Win Nobel Prize
For Peace; Nominating
Committee States "What
Could Be More Peaceful?"*

The Short Lists

12. *Osama Bin Laden To Make
Rare Game Show Appear-
ance; Set To Be Contestant
On Survivor III: Terrorist
Flights Of Fancy*

Nine Punchlines I Don't Remember The Jokes To

1. Found it.
2. Hairlip!
3. It was the car that ran into
the dog!
4. Generally six, but on special
occasions there are two more
as honorary pall-bearers.
5. A hamster!
6. Yes, I mean No.
7. She was in the kitchen!
8. No, I mean, Yes.
9. Surprise!

Nine Punchlines I Do Remember The Punchlines To

1. I was talking to the duck!
2. \$25.00, same as in town.
3. Maybe I shoulda said
DiMaggio?
4. No, but if you hum a few
bars, I'll fake it.
5. The last eight holes it was hit
the ball, drag Charlie; hit the
ball, drag Charlie....
6. A pig like that you don't eat
all at once.
7. Anywhere he wants to!
8. I think the third priest is on
a snow tire in Chicago.

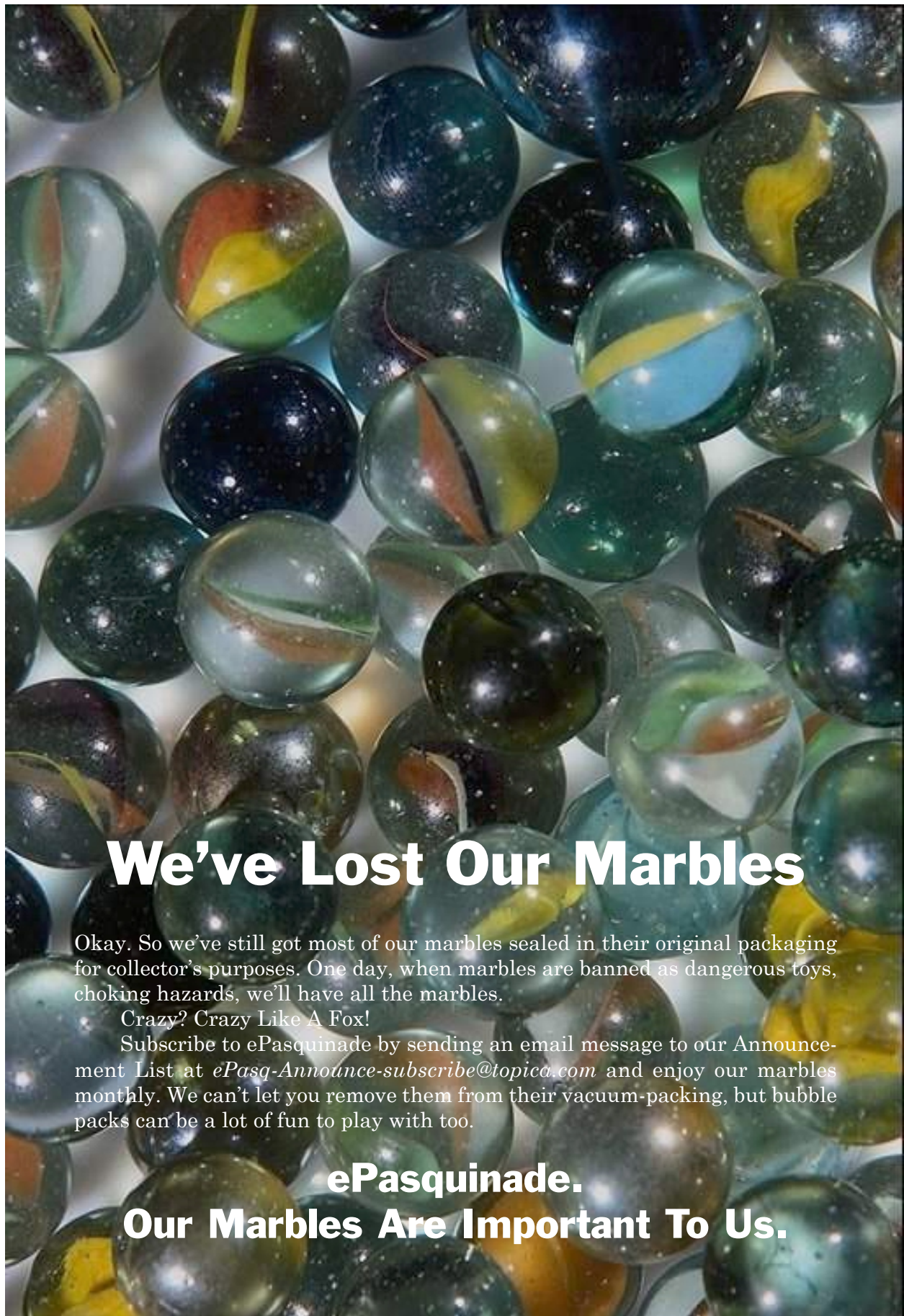
9. At these prices, you
won't get very many
more.

Three Horoscopes For People That Were Way Off

1. **Kelli Young, KQRC
Traffic Reporter:** "All of
the roads are open to you at this
point. Make sure you explore all
of your options before choosing
the final one."
2. **Phyllis Diller, Actress/Co-
medienne:** "Conditions have im-
proved in your favor, making you
even cuter than usual."
3. **Don Rickles, Comedian:**
"Moody aren't we today! Up,
down, then up again. Try to be
pleasant even if it hurts. Others
notice this kindness."

Three Horoscopes For People That Were Right- On-The-Money

1. **Anna Nicole Smith, Actress/
Golddigger:** "An older person
might be confused. Don't let that
mess up your plans. Be aware
and cautious. You could save in
shopping. Go further for what
you want; the rewards could be
substantial."
2. **O.J. Simpson, Former Foot-
ball Player:** "Your list of chores
could overwhelm you, making
you want to escape all responsi-
bility. Go back to a favorite place
with a favorite friend. Be ready
to confess if you get caught, which
is likely."
3. **Ted Kennedy, Career Poli-
tician:** "Now you're ready to have
a good time. Unfortunately, a
friend may be a wet blanket.
Luckily you find a romantic in-
terest to be cooperative. Stick to
your routine despite all the likely
small interruptions." ★



We've Lost Our Marbles

Okay. So we've still got most of our marbles sealed in their original packaging for collector's purposes. One day, when marbles are banned as dangerous toys, choking hazards, we'll have all the marbles.

Crazy? Crazy Like A Fox!

Subscribe to ePasquinade by sending an email message to our Announcement List at ePasq-Announce-subscribe@topica.com and enjoy our marbles monthly. We can't let you remove them from their vacuum-packing, but bubble packs can be a lot of fun to play with too.

ePasquinade.
Our Marbles Are Important To Us.

Contributions

Cameron Koo has written for several local publications which won't be mentioned here, they all fired him. He has written screenplays for two feature films which bombed badly, they will also not be mentioned. There are plenty of other unmentionables attached to his career, which won't be mentioned either. He lives on Queensland's Gold Coast with his wife and two sons. One is 18 and the other just 3—it took him 15 years to recover. He didn't send his bio in quickly enough last issue, so we wrote one for him. So, as an apology, I've added a plug for a wonderful humor anthology.

*Looking for the funniest thing in print since the twenty-six volumes of the Warren Commission? Then look no further. The humor anthology **HumorUs** has been released. A collection of 45 hilarious stories by nine of the best humor writers on the planet*. Please proceed immediately to <http://www.thenetwits.com/bkstore.shtml> to purchase your copy.*

Some might think the creator of Xtreme Canning would be an elderly, kindly, sweet, old lady. Nothing could be farther from the truth. **Kaiti Trimble** may be able to make the most incredible watermelon preserves that could ever pass over your tongue and plummet to your stomach, but she can kick your ass and hermetically seal it for more kicking later. Beware, dear reader, of belles with Bell jars.

Dave Walter enjoys the warmth of a wood floor under his belly. While this belly has been the pride of Dave's body over the years, it has recently started expanding. The left nipple, arms, and thighs have been particularly critical of Dave's belly, blaming the overall deterioration of the neighborhood on this body part. The belly has been downplaying this badmouthing, preferring to let the left nipple, arms and thighs show themselves for what they really are—horrible, wretched bullies. Dave's brain explained to Dave's belly that the arms, mouth, and tongue are primarily responsible for the expansion, but Dave's belly is no dummy and realizes that Dave's brain is just trying to cover its ass. ★

* As determined by their mothers.