We’re sorry.  It’s almost finals time, you’ve been jonesin‘ for the ‘Bowl all semester, and we’re only NOW putting out our first issue. Until this point, the only options for Penn students seeking a chuckle have been the homoerotic displays of an all-male musical comedy group and a Thursday insert in the DP not fit for making papier-mache butt plugs.

Good God, we’re sorry.

But ya gotta understand: Punch Bowl’s Old Guard graduated last year and left the magazine in the hands of us, an irate Mexican field hand and a cynical, one-armed shepherd boy. They left us with little more than some crayons, Aaron Short, and a hearty smack on the ass. Actually, it was more like 46 smacks on the ass.

And so we did what anyone in our position would do. We went out and spent like $400 on hamsters and baseball bats and had the time of our lives in the abandoned Stouffer dining hall. Then we remembered the magazine and decided to seek the assistance of Jesse’s personal hero: Michael Gerard Tyson. Who better to help us put a magazine together than everybody’s favorite boxing rapist from Nintendo land?

Iron Mike—from his bakery in Lincoln, Nebraska—told us he’d be glad to be of service and would come to campus pronto. He arrived promptly, but unfortunately failed to provide much help. In retrospect, we should have known better. Rather than assisting us, he pretty much spent most of the time groping members of the field hockey team and attending NURS 042 classes.

Nevertheless, we blindly plodded onwards and knitted a magazine. And so, we present you now Volume 76, Issue One: Mike Tyson’s Punch Bowl: Penn’s answer to anthrax. Enjoy it, and if you see a 250-pound, scraggle-toothed black man skulking around the Nursing Auditorium, that’s not Mike, that’s the new Nursing Dean, Afaf Ibrahim Meleis. Iron Mike’s staying in Stouffer Dining.

Signed,

Jesse Friedman and Tim Pirolli

http://dolphin.upenn.edu/~pbowl

pbowl@dolphin.upenn.edu

SEE PAST ISSUES
SEND US FEEBACK
JOIN THE STAFF
- NO BULL -
Punch Bowl would like to thank SAC, Smokey Joe’s, Gojjo Cherry Tree Inn, VPUL, the wonderful girls of Alpha Phi, and Mike Tyson for their assistance in making this issue possible. Special acknowledgement is sent to the Kelly Writers House, especially Thomas Devaney for putting up with our inability to grapple with the concept of “hours available,” and Hannah Sassaman for her deep concern that this issue’s production was as efficient as humanly possible. We would also like to thank William Jennings Bryan for continuing to be a worthless loser and fantastic target after all these years. And thanks to Aaron Short for being a sport; may your dating life not suffer.

Punch Bowl washes its hands of any distress (mental, physical, sexual, or otherwise) that this issue may cause. It’s not our fault that you don’t have a sense of humor.
We have revised our application to ensure that only the crème de la crème of high school seniors are admitted to Penn. We really need that #4 rank; it’s all we truly care about.

**Personal Information**

1. Are you a Legacy?
   - Yes, I will stop at this point, apply a stamp, and wait for my acceptance
   - No, I will continue to toil on this application and humbly send it in.

2. Name ____________________________

3. Hometown
   - Philadelphia’s Western ’Burbs
   - North New Jersey
   - Tokyo

4. Gender
   - Male
   - Female
   - Undecided

5. Religion (optional)
   - Jewish
   - Like, super-Jewish

6. Primary Language
   - Mandarin
   - Spanish
   - Yiddish

7. How many cell phones do you own?
   - 2
   - 3
   - 8, but I only carry 6

8. Where did you get those shoes?
   - Steve Madden, can you believe it?
   - My personal designer, Rangoni
   - Hechinger’s Going-out-of-Business Blowout Extravaganza

9. Course of Study; you will be:
   - Pre-med
   - Wharton
   - Wasting $140,000

10. SAT Breakdown
    - 770 Math/710 Verbal
    - Nevermind, I’ll go pick up a Temple Application
    - N/A - I’m an athlete

11. For Nursing Applicants Only
    - Please Describe Yourself
    - A warm-hearted girl from Boston
    - A ditsy, ample-chested girl from California
    - A sad, lonely, desperate dude

12. Which social activity will you be partaking in next year?
    - Fraternity/Sorority
    - Penn Band
    - Masturbation

13. High School Activities
    - All of them

14. You picked up the wrong application, dumbass
    - Oh, so sorry, I will return it to my counselor and hope he’s not too upset
    - What’s an app-li-ca-tion?
    - You sure I can roll blunts with this?

15. What motivates you to apply to Penn?
    - Couldn’t get into Harvard/Princeton
    - Where the hell is Dartmouth anyway?
    - Have maternal issues/need a woman as my leader
    - Stop laughing; this is seriously my first choice

16. Which college house will you be residing in next year?
    - Spruce; I need to get laid
    - Hill; God hates me
    - King’s Court; I’m Asian

Please answer the following Essay Questions.

1. If you were to go back in time and meet one man named “Ben,” who would it be and why?

2. First experiences can be defining: Define your first experience.

3. You have just completed your 300 page autobiography. Why the hell would anyone want to read this, you egocentric f***?
So You’re Turning Japanese

Really Think So? A Five Step Guide for Dealing with Change

1. Denial: As you slowly begin to develop epicanthal folds, a tendency to bow, and a predilection for photographing minor landmarks, you pretend like everything’s normal. You’re not having any sort of abnormal problem, you tell yourself, although you are a bit disconcerted to hear it come out as, “I’m not having any sort of ab-ah-normar prob-ah-rem.”

2. Anger: You’re enraged to discover an exponential increase in your mathematical ability. You’re so furious you almost commit hara-kiri on impulse, but restrain yourself, for it would bring dishonor to your ancestors.

3. Remorse: Ah so!

4. Sahobi-Mikado: This is a unique Japanese emotion not in the Western repertoire, but it’s vaguely comparable to a combination of loss, optimism, and the sensation of biting into an especially honorable yellow pepper. This experience signals that you’re nearly ready for the final psychological stage, acceptance.

5. Acceptance (AKA Really Thinking So): By this point, you’re a full-fledged Japanese person, and you couldn’t be prouder. You scoff at those who need sensible utensils like forks and knives to eat food, and you heartily enjoy tentacle-rape cartoon shows. Pleased, you think to yourself, “東茂仔 宇宙素粒！！！”

Penn Unrecognized Societies Standing In Equal Solidarity invites all students, faculty, and staff to a coffeehouse to benefit the following groups:

- Allied Nursing Undergraduate Society
- Center for Undergraduate Nursing Technology
- Penn Engineering Nursing Integration Society
- Together: Wharton Against Terrorism
- Lesbians Against Business Injustice Affiliation
- Penn Iraqi Student Society
- Partnership Of Optimistic Persons
- Family Awareness Group
- Humans Awaiting Total Equality
- Yofi!

Join us at the Panhellenic On-campus Recreational Networking Office for an evening of art and action.

Against Plaque Crest
Hey America... you've probably heard by now that if you'd only listened to me, the whole World Trade Center tragedy could have been avoided.

Well, don't let the stupid future take you by surprise ever again! Just sign up for my Nostradamalert service and receive relevant predictions weeks, even months before tragedy strikes!

Take a look at these astounding sample predictions:

- “The fury of the beast of the Louvre shall escape across the Seine, and the peasants shall feel its awesome wrath.”
  Translation: Animals have escaped from the zoo. Stay inside.

- “The sacred seal has been broken, and the seed of discord has been planted deep within thee.”
  Translation: You're pregnant.

- “The king of thorns shall fall, and the joy of a thousand maidens go dim. The crimson splendor fades like souls into the abyss.”
  Translation: Your rose bushes need watering.

- “With a pestilence of anthrax, the Saudi Knight shall spread his plague across the Eastern seaboard. None will be spared.”
  Translation: It's going to rain, or something.

ONLY $19.95!

This season on ABC, America’s favorite Annoying Next-Door Neighbor is back

Patience Running Short

Starring Jaleel White as Aaron Short

Awkwardly cornering you in your living room this season on ABC
Images of Familiar Faces in Unfamiliar Places

In the smoke of the September 11 attacks, a photographer for the New York Times (in other words, a fat, overpaid, former DP bitch-boy looking to capitalize on one of the worst events in our nation's history) photographed a mysterious face emerging from the falling debris. At first, many people thought this was a Whartonite smiling after he short sold all his stocks before the attacks. Later, the image was confirmed to be the face of Satan. Those who had originally thought the face was a Whartonite's were pleased to hear their initial suspicions were correct.

Of course, this is not the first time a figure from the afterworld was seen in a pile of rubbish. Many may recall hearing about the image of the Virgin Mary found on a donut stuck to the buttocks of a cop, or that of Mother Theresa found engraved on a Canadian goose carcass off of I-76. And who could forget that infamous ass imprint on the window of the DKE house that clearly resembled Alan Thicke?

All these strange occurrences and more have been catalogued below to show exactly how useless the media really is:

1. Twenty-five party-going students reported seeing the mysterious apparition of an African-American student in a Spruce Street fraternity house. The students are certain the image they witnessed was a supernatural manifestation, as the notion of a black student actually appearing in a fraternity is unfathomable.

2. Brother Stephen’s face was seen on the tip of a twelve-inch, cylindrical object located in a sorority house. Quickly realizing that he was among “sinners,” Bro’ Steve yelped that they “were all entering hell by Tuesday.” However, his voice transmitted only double A battery-produced rhythms, attracting the attention of one of the 300-pound “sisters.” Brother Stephen could only embrace his Bible as the obese, gonorrhea-stricken chick picked up the 12-inch tool and wiggled him into her cavernous, hellish abyss—sending the preacher-man vibrating to his doom.

3. The Jewish Students Association at Penn have seen the image of Penn’s founder, Benjamin Franklin, on a small, green slip of paper. In fact, the members claim to have hundreds of thousands of pieces of evidence to attest this but are unwilling to show it or give any of it away.

4. President Rodin was seen in a dimple on Provost Robert Barchi’s ass.

5. The visages of several Mexican aliens have been spotted on many of Penn’s grounds-keeping crew members, as they scoot around on their taco-powered golf carts.

Other less notable appearances and images include former President Bill Clinton smiling behind a private booth window at “Scores,” Chandra Levy’s mangled corpse in a chunk of Gary Condit’s stool, a Hanes model passed his prime wearing a Wizzards uniform and the unmistakable face of God on the dancing sun over Fatima, last weekend.
Tour of Huntsman Hall

Nearing completion, the newest Whartonite monstrosity offers all the creature comforts of capitalism. by Tim Pirolli

Floor 1 (The Yuppy Mill)
A-D. Room after room of Rubber Chickens
E. DNA Sequencing Facility
F. Escalator from Hell
G. Reptile House
H. CEO Torturing Facility
I. Large Animal Husbandry Facility
J. BMW Showroom
K. Stable for Herd of Evil Unicorns
L. Meat Locker
M. Outdoor Pen for Free-Range Accountants

Floor 2 (The M&T Playground)
N. Starbucks
O. Xando/Cosi
P. Starbucks
Q. Hallway of Despair
R. Blood Bank and Bar
S. Gas Chamber
T. Top-Secret Oompa-Loompa Slave Farm
U. Brainwashing Auditorium
V. Electrified Barbed Wire
W. Unprofitable Outside World
X. The Mysterious “X” Room

The Wharton Silo
Y. Young Republicans Boardroom
Z. Secret Location of the O’Reilly Factor

1. Cocaine Silo
2. GAP for Kids
3. Ego Petting Zoo
4. Large Laser Pointed Directly at Alderaan
5. Shrine to Golden Calf
6. MBA “Baths”
7. Canadian Winery/Starbucks
8. Housing for Young, Well-Oiled Thai Boys
9. Storage Room for Huntsman Hall Blueprints.

This, people, is why everyone hates America.
“This is a book of relationship advice for urban couples. See, the biggest problem with relationships is homeys and shorteez have trouble communicating -- they come from different places. Read this book, and pretty soon, you’ll be doin’ it well.”

“I used to say biotechs ain’t shit. As far as I was concerned, biotechs could lap my nuts and suck my diick. I mean, in today’s faltering economy, if a biotech can’t swim, that biotech’s bound to drizown. But then I started using the latest technologies to develop some damn fine indo. Now I got dozens of biotechs all over the country. Shit, I got more biotechs than I even know what to do with. My competitors best knizow: if your biotech ain’t got no kind of chronic, yo punk ass has got to go.”

Look at this shit -- these flowers is some pretty motherfuckers. I stay my ass up late as hell delicately hand-picking this shit. But my hard work pays off: have you ever seen finer fucking floral decorations? Shit motherfucker, I know I ain’t. Martha Stewart and all them bitches can kiss my ass. Yeah baby, I like it raw. Wu Tang forever.

‘Ey mon, it’s me, Snow. I’m sure I don’t have to tell you my unique brand of caucasian-Canadian reggae-rap and unaccountable Caribbean patois didn’t exactly have much lasting power... so now I’m back in the Toronto ghetto where I pretended to gr--I mean, where I grew up, living on the streets and begging for change. Speaking of which, can you spare 85 cents for bus fare, mon?
Don’t let those articles about Princeton’s endowment fool you.

An investigation led by Penn researchers reveals that rumor, deception, and jealousy have prevented the honest reporting of endowment size among Ivy League schools. In a startling revelation, Penn’s endowment was found to be far larger than Princeton’s—in fact, its endowment is the largest of any Ivy League school.

“Our investigation has allowed us to decisively conclude that Penn has the largest endowment of all the Ivies,” said Richard Schlongen, an employee of the University Treasury, who collaborated with Dr. John Thomas, a urology researcher at Leidy Labs.

Penn’s endowment, as calculated by Schlongen and Thomas, comes out to an “exhilarating size” - far greater than the original estimate that placed Penn in the lower-middle range of the Ivy League. “We knew it’d be something big, but this is more than we ever could have hoped for,” a sweaty Thomas said. “There’s no doubt about it: Penn comes on top.”

“Princeton’s endowment barely measures average,” Thomas added. “It makes it really hard to believe that Princeton is actually attracting more minorities.”

“Rumors that we’ve exaggerated the size of our endowment are entirely false,” responded the president of Princeton University, just before getting into his brand new Porsche to go to the shooting range.

But the present investigation indicates otherwise. Indeed, Schlongen and Thomas found that almost every school made attempts to enhance the appearance of their true endowments. An abashed Yale was found to have lied outright, and Dartmouth’s endowment was revealed to be only a cucumber wrapped in tin foil.

So how does this explain Penn’s inability to admit those who can’t already pay full tuition? “This issue will require more research,” Thomas explained, “but I think we’ll find some explanations within the field of psychology. For example, some people find large endowments intimidating or frightening. But we’d like for the public to be aware that when used properly, a large endowment can ensure an extremely pleasurable, long-lasting, and sometimes even profitable experience.”

“Other Ivies may try to soften the impact of this announcement,” Schlongen concluded, “so we’re going to have to really ram it down their throats. They won’t be able to ignore the hard facts about our throbbing endowment, our pulsating mass of alumni generosity.”
Everyone told him he couldn't do it: “my mom, my dad, my chemistry professor, a guy in a wheelchair with no legs and syphilis, the Keebler elves and that goddamn talking pigeon. They told me in plain English, ‘no way in hell, fat ass.’” Well, Ernie “Obese E-D” Davis wasn’t going to take no for an answer. Late Sunday morning he did it and now he is dead. HAHA. No he’s not, he’s just “suffering like a crippled dog with hemorrhoids” at HUP.

Although the exact occurrences of Sunday evening haven’t been released by University Safety, we do know that it was a “bizarre accident” involving “maxi pads, Ex-lax, fudgcicles, a six-foot bamboo chute, soap-on-a-robe and a bottle of raspberry flavored seltzer water.”

When the DP reached President Judith Rodin for comments, she shook her head sarcastically and said, “I hope U.S. News never finds out about this.” When asked further questions she winked and replied, “I don’t know what you’re talking about.” She then free-style rapped the entire Snoop Dogg album Da Game Is To Be Sold & Not To Be Told.

The “event” occurred at our Gregory double and is still under investigation. The seriousness of this debacle has only been compounded by its co-occurrence with National Save the Whales Day. Representatives of the University issued a statement saying that “despite Mr. Davis’s resemblance to Rosie O’Donnell and that comical alien Alf,” he was in no way their “love child” and the fact that he “ate cats” was only a “disturbingly bizarre coincidence.”

Ernie loved life to the fullest and now he’s drinking V8 through a tube.

“When I heard about his accident, I laughed hysterically like a little girl,” said Rod Beamer, Ernie’s grieving Astrology classmate.

“What the hell are you talking about?” opined a deeply concerned maintenance worker in mid plumb.

“What do you expect? He attended Exeter,” said a pompous Andover graduate between puffs on his ivory pipe.

When I asked him how he did it, all Ernie could communicate was that “it was easier to do than your lil’ sista! Ha! Oh man, you suck!” Ernie may weigh 400 pounds and smell like manatee shit, but he is still full of good lovin’.

"No he isn't," said Ernie’s close heterosexual friend as if he were reading this over my shoulder. "I tried to say hello to him once and he pulled a switchblade on me and called me an 'ignorant, dirty Pepsi-drinking hippie.' He then told me my girlfriend had a 'nice ass.' I was insulted. I don't even drink Pepsi."

Yes, dear friends, this incident has shocked and confused us all. As his gynecologist suggests, he’ll need Weight Watchers, Zoloft© and years of extensive plastic surgery to recuperate. Indeed, can Ernie expect a full recovery? The answer is, fellow humanitarians, we just don't know.

Ernie was an aspiring porn gaffer, a self-designed bat husbandry major in the College, and an illustrious groupie of Yofi! His friends (back east) call him "the spaminator," "spam-man," and "Ernie the fat douchebag." A few such people recalled their pleasurable experiences with the rotund one.

"I think he could really make it in the dog-smuggling biz if he could only overcome his Clear Eyes addiction," said Peter Meat, a stranger who had never met or heard of Ernie.

"He was so fat, he lifted his rolls and a washing machine fell out. He was so fat, he made Richard Simmons cry," explained Ernie’s mother.

Currently, officials at the Division of Public Safety are still sorting through their collections of pogs and Pokémon cards, trying to make sense of the chaos. But until more is known, we must not assume that Ernie is, to put it bluntly, a "big propane-huffing dumbass." Rather, we must remember that Ernie is a good man and wish him a speedy recovery. I am sure his incident will teach us all a valuable lesson about life, but what that is, I just don’t know or give a damn.
---Make Your Own Pop Song---

**Directions:** Simply choose your favorite phrases, fill in the blanks and ensure that at least 80% of the surface area of your skin is exposed at any given moment and: *Voila!* Carson Daly will be licking butterscotch off your gonads within days!

by Rebecca Berkowitz

My ____________ is ______________ me,
horniness
umbilical cord
sweatshop past
HMO

I must ____________, I’m still ______________!
confess
repress
oppress
undress

And your ____________ are _______________ me,
eyes
testicles
parents
henchmen

But I can’t ________________ without ______________ you!
live peacefully
run my Alabama high school
placate Yahweh
develop this vaccine

Ooh, ______________, it’s making me ______________!
honey
sister
Al Gore
transcendental existentialist

I’ll always ______________ you in my ______________!
warm
suck
cane
preserve

Can you ______________ me the way that _______________?
satisfy
penetrate
regularly disappoint
augment

I hope you ________________!

DIE
believe me
convert to the true faith
enjoy this evening’s presentation

---Activate Faggotron!
Go! Go! Power Syncers!---

---Mom?---

---In the spirit of hip-hop, we should expect at least four more albums from Aaliyah---
Uncle Lou’s

NOW DENNY’S ISN’T THE

Greetings, brothers! Next time you are in the order to serve the betterment of our people’s

Nuggets of Oppression $2.99:
As you bite into the tender, juicy, 100% processed white meat, does not the crunch of futile resistance ring sweet harmony in your ears as you gnash the specter into oblivion? Brothers, digest the white nugget, I say, digest, lest its conciliatory sauce run sour.

With Farra-Fries and your choice of soft drink.

Million Manwich $3.99: So what if there aren’t actually a million granules of ground beef in this fine meal, our signature plate? We were trying to make a point, you damn Anglo-Zionist agent.

Oreo Milkshake $1.99: Watch as the Oreos try to assimilate into the sugar-coated milk of this nauseatingly sweet concoction. It cannot be done!
It would be better to separate black and white unto their own milkshakes, but until that time, I offer this beverage as a stunning example of the struggles our franchise has yet to endure.

Manhattan Special $4.99: Our family-friendly establishment targets all customer bases. That’s why we’re proud to offer our newest item on the menu, this reasonably priced kosher BBQ sandwich, whose resistant, golden sinews are sure to encrust your smile with that extra sparkle.

Whether you’ve got a hankering for conservative, reform or even orthodox, we’ve got a recipe that’s sure to please your palate. Available in Utah, Arkansas, Pennsylvania and Rhode Island.

Nation of Eats

ONLY RACIST FAST-FOOD CHAIN!

area, partake in one of the following revised bargains in cause, by which I mean my pocketbook, of course.

by Mike Tseng

To the senior sisters of Alpha Phi,
We love you!
We’ll miss you in the fall!

Love,
Your little sisters
In a satellite broadcast this morning, the Evil One, that is, Osama “The Bin” Laden, announced that despite advances by the U.S. and Northern Alliance forces, The Bin’s al Qaeda organization still possesses more than enough leverage to win the war.

This news shocked many fighting on the Afghanistan front. The leader of the Northern Alliance, Guy Gadbois, was heard to remark, “How could they have this leverage? This leverage, which was once ours, is now theirs! The leverage, that is.”

Independent sources confirm that al Qaeda, through a complicated strategy known as Operation Psychlo, has indeed been stockpiling massive amounts of leverage in the caves of Afghanistan. Experts speculate that the bulk of the leverage was acquired during the revolution when the Taliban took over bases occupied by the Soviet Union, which once had the leverage, but now does not have it. (“It” being the leverage.)

Russian officials admit that Cold-War politics had convinced the KGB to concentrate more leverage in Afghanistan at the time, in order to destabilize any leverage the United States had over the region. After viewing today’s announcement, President Vladimir Putin said, “What have we done? To put so much leverage into the hands of scoundrels! O, folly, verily a leveraged temptress!”

Meanwhile, today’s broadcast was received with skepticism by U.S. officials. Although President Bush refused to answer calls, presumably in an attempt to gain leverage over the media, White House Press Lackey Ari Fleischer released the following statement: “The Taliban having leverage over the United States? Preposterous! Ha ha ha—ah! Ha ha!”

At a press conference later in the day to announce the opening of a new Chemistry building, Penn President Judith Rodin was asked about the coup which led to Hork’s takeover. “UA...Hork...uh, that kind of rings a bell,” was Rodin’s only reply.

In a move not recognized by other student assemblies, Undergraduate Assembly Chair Dana Hork last night issued an order dissolving the UA, and declared that from now on she would take over all UA responsibilities. Hork announced that, “In these trying times, I am declaring martial law, and hereby dissolve the UA. From now on, I, Supreme Commander Hork, will control all UA decision making powers. Hork shall rule forever!”

With the UA dissolved and Hork in absolute control, an air of uncertainty now clouds the Penn campus. Without the checks and balances of the other UA members, Hork and Hork alone will now be able to make all important U.A. decisions on a whim, including choices like what flavor cupcake to serve at the UA Spring Fling booth, how much to charge for nachos at the annual Spring Fling concert, and the color of Rick Beeman’s bowtie. In addition, Hork now commands the sizable $150 UA war chest, with which she may have the power to launch a prolonged battle to overthrow other student groups on campus.

“Pithy fools, thinking they could keep Hork from power. I showed those insolent UA members,” Hork announced to no one in particular, donning a form-fitting red rubber suit, sinister cape, and metallic eye patch. “But no longer. Soon this entire institution will be the undisputed dominion of Hork!”

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A stooge from the Department of Defense then attempted to cheer the public by taunting, “They want leverage? We’ll give them leverage all right, if you know what I mean!” as he thrust his pelvis rhythmically.

The Bin’s video message ended with a threat to use his leverage against the world, if the West continues to pose a threat to Scientology. After a long pause, The Bin melodramatically noted, “Infidels are an endangered species.” He then lifted his arms in the air and delivered an affected laugh as the scene faded out with a center-to-edges swipe and television sets around the world returned to their regularly scheduled programming.
Penn Students Pitch Tents, End Afghanistan Conflict

After camping out for more than 24 hours on College Green at the University of Pennsylvania’s campus, a student group called Penn for Peace (PP) achieved its goal of ending the war in Afghanistan. As soon as President Bush became aware that approximately 30 American students were willing to brave temperatures hovering barely above 40 degrees, he saw the error in his aggressive ways and called off the advance. Similarly, when Northern Alliance leader and ousted president Burhanuddin Rabbani found out that students at a U.S. university were sleeping in tents, he realized that war was not the answer, and he and his troops agreed to be oppressed once again.

The short camping trip by Penn for Peace, which has previously called itself Penn Students Against Sweatshops, was initially conceived with the idea of stopping the killing of innocent Afghan civilians during the Allied campaign. “By volunteering to live in conditions similar to those suffering in Afghanistan, we believe we are making a powerful statement,” PP member Mortimer “Cloud” Oglethorpe III said from his new 25-foot Eddie Bauer dome tent, in which some of his comrades were eating Dominos pizza.

However, in Afghanistan, angry Kandahar residents disagreed with PP’s motives. “I liked government under the Taliban. Sure, they wouldn’t allow me to smile, shave, sing, or do anything else against the religion. By using all their opium money to fund terrorism while we starved, the Taliban surely did what was best for the country. Also, my wife loves being beaten for wanting to read or think.” Around him, other Kandahar residents, obviously unhappy at the Northern Alliance for liberating them from Taliban rule, angrily shaved their beards off, sang songs, and tore off their burqas.

Perhaps the inhabitants of Afghanistan will be happier when they get their packages from Penn for Peace. The group is collecting blankets for Afghan citizens, which they plan to send overseas in the coming winter months, at a mere cost of five dollars each. As The Dirty Guy Who Ate Pizza In Judy Rodin’s Office And Who We All Thought Graduated said, “We realize that traditionally, Afghans cannot make any [blankets knitted or crocheted in strips or squares; sometimes used as shawls] or acquire them from any points closer than Pennsylvania, so it makes sense to have them donated here, and then ship them to an area that has such a great postal system. This is a better idea than donating the money that it would cost to pack and ship them to an organization like the UN that can buy blankets in bulk and can actually get into the country.”

It is widely believed that as a result of Penn for Peace’s ending of Western aggression, the Al Qaeda movement will no longer attempt to attack American and worldly interests. It was reported in Kandahar that when told of the latest news, Osama bin Laden cried tears of joy and broke into big grin. He then immediately assured the rest of the world that he would not attempt to rebuild his network and terrorist training camps over the next 3 years while simultaneously looking for nuclear weapons to make his campaign more effective.

A member of the student group Penn for War was questioned regarding his opinions. “Kabul go kaboom!” the student declared, a big, clueless grin on his face.

Local Youth Manhandled, Tossed Asunder, and Mercilessly Twirled in Playground Scuffle

A West Philadelphia pick-up game of basketball erupted into violence yesterday, when a young African-American male was accosted by a couple of guys who were up to no good and attempting to initiate trouble in the neighborhood. The suspects in the attack are being held on charges of assault, disorderly conduct, and spinning a guy around on their shoulders. The victim’s mother, apparently traumatized by the incident, demanded that he relocate to the home of her wealthy sister and rotund brother-in-law’s family in Bel-Air, California—a move certain to flip-turn the young man’s life upside-down. For reasons entirely unknown, the youth intends to ride the entire 3000-mile trip in the back of a foul-smelling taxi cab. Once done using his urban charm to bring delightful chaos to the stuffy L.A. County residence, he is expected to star in a series of hyper-budgeted, inane blockbuster films. He also intends to sell millions of records by taking the work of others and dubbing his voice over it.

—J.F.
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