



the **HUMOR MAGAZINE**  
**Rubberneck**

Issue Two: The Moneymaker



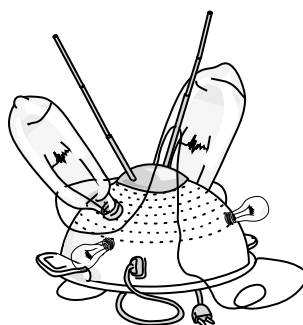


# rn Table of Contents

List by Ryan Wiggins



The Table of Contents was written by Terry Hunter, the Rubberneck's Resident Businessman/Asshole. Find out more about Terry in our staff profile: page 12



Page One

It's a cover. No space for ads, no space for money. No space for me to care.

Page Two

This page. Table of Contents, Grocery List, some ads. Nothing more to be said.

Page Three

Editorials - I asked the boys to write an editorial telling businesses what we have to offer in exchange for their money, but apparently they'd rather keep their heads in their asses than listen to me and make some cash to keep this little venture of theirs afloat. There's also some pointless e-mails between the two of them, and the beautifully streamlined, simple corporate info. Also a nice little ad.

Page Four

The Q and/or A with some jackass from cable television, plus the History Corner and my favorite, an advertisement.

Page Five

This month's featured comic, Sherbert, which was cheap to make. Cheap is good. Also another comic, Kitty!.

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The first issue of White Man, a new comic book by Dave King. Also a feature on the art hanging in the Rubberneck's office.

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Games. Wordsearch, a treasure hunt adventure, some great ads.

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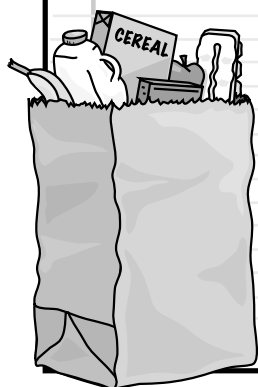
The Rubberneck Movie Review, a Corporate Spotlight on the Porn Industry, a new comic, Yeti!, another new comic, Teenage Angst Babies, plus two advertisements.

Page Eleven

This month's Fanfiction, a riff on "Salute Your Shorts," plus the Society Corner, and a feature for pregnant women.

Page Twelve

A staff profile about yours truly, Terry Hunter, plus a Holiday Message from the Rubberneck. Also a preview for what is sure to be the next dismal, money-eating issue of the magazine coming in January.



**Kick that old cup of joe to the curb and treat yourself to a hearty spoonful of the Old World by substituting marinara for that tired, old half-and-half!**



From the Italian-American Council for the Advancement of American Marinara



The Rubberneck Presents:

# History corner

by Vasco Dubois  
historian

Christmastime is here, and, as a legitimate historian, I think it's about time that we stop to consider the origin of this fine holiday. Most of you probably take it for granted, coming to you on December 25th, a time to hang out with those you love and exchange gifts. But do any of you know about the true story of Christmas? Do you have any idea of what we're celebrating? We're celebrating a birth, one that changed all of humanity forever. A birth so monumental, EVERYBODY in the world would come together in the holiday spirit to raise joy for this moment. It all happened awhile ago, thousands of miles from here, in the North Pole.

According to the Bible, or at least some of it (I've not made it through the whole thing yet), Santa Clause was born in a manger. Details beyond that are pretty sketchy, but I've used the awesome power of history to "dig up" some more "dirt." His mother was an elf, poorly and proudly living an agricultural life growing tomatoes and selling their sauce. This barely let her get by, as the frozen arctic ice was not hospitable to the growing of any produce. One morning, while tending to the hard patch of ice that she called her garden, Santa's mother passed out from exhaustion. When she awoke three days later in the hospital, something felt different: life was growing in her womb (like that movie, *Alien!*). As she was a virgin, this took her by surprise, and she became convinced that the hand of God himself had personally reached inside of her (oh my!) and given her a child.

Well, nine months later, the time had come for her to give birth. Santa's mother lived alone, so when she felt the contractions coming she began walking to the hospital all by herself. Night fell



before she could make it, so to get out of the harsh arctic night-winds, she stopped in a dilapidated garage to stay the night. Afraid she would be giving birth to God's child all alone, Santa's mother was relieved when the figures of three men approached the open garage door.

"Did God send you here to welcome his child into this world?" she asked them.

"No, we're just looking for a place to piss," one of the men answered, stepping into the light and revealing his downtrodden, dirty clothes, making it apparent to Santa's mother that these were hobo elves.

"Hey, Jarvis, um, I think she's pregnant," one said to the other. "Maybe we should help her out." And so they did. Santa Clause was born on December 25, in a garage, with the help of the three homeless men. As payment, Santa's mother had them arrested.

Santa's mother learned years later that Santa was not, in fact, immaculately conceived, but fathered by her garbage man who had drugged, raped, and attempted to murder her. Santa was never told this, so he grew up believing that he was the son of God, telling everybody who would listen. So now we celebrate his birth, to make him happy and keep him convinced that he is, in fact, God, and he reciprocates by handing out gifts to all of the world's children. Ah, spirit indeed.

## The Rubberneck Q and/or A Matthew Lesko gets a FREE lesson

The following question and/or answer session is transcribed from an official Internal Revenue Service (IRS) interrogation of Matthew Lesko, accused of evading his taxes for two decades.

**IRS:** Mr. Lesko, you've been peddling your books on the American public for over a decade now, promising them access to an enormous number of things from the American Government at no cost to them.

**Lesko:** Things that are FREE!

**IRS:** Yes, Mr. Lesko, free items. Anyway, we understand that you've made a substantial amount of money selling these books, and our records indicate here that you've been evading your taxes for the past two decades. Now, while that is a serious federal offense, what we need to know about right now is exactly where you've obtained all of the items that were reportedly found during your recent tax audit. We have quite an extensive list of things our agents found on your property and filling up four large-size government storage units you have somehow acquired.

**ML:** You can get just about anything you'd ever need from the government, FOR FREE! Instead of paying *thousands* per month on storage rental charges, I just contacted my state representative and he was required by law to give me the keys to four storage units, each big enough to comfortably house seventeen orphans!

**IRS:** Yes, we know about the orphans, but there's a completely different team of agents working on *that* case. What we need to focus on at the moment is this extensive list of government property I have here in my hands. Now, let's see, what do we have here? My, my, Mr. Lesko, you've been pretty busy, I'd say. It says here that they found five gallons of sea lion bone marrow, two thousand IRS tables, complete with chairs, dozens of sick chia pets, forty-five corporate art pieces, six animal tattooing kits, the Montana National Guard's entire supply of leg warmers, a whole room of wayward circus animals, and not to mention that your basement was found to be filled with pet coffins.

**ML:** If you *really* want to know, you can find out how I got all of my terrific things from the government in my book ... for FREE!

**IRS:** We know about the damn book, Mr. Lesko. We know all of the recorded items came from the government. *We are* the government for Christ's sake. Now if you'll *please* just give us a straight answer: Tell us, in detail, where exactly you obtained each and every piece of government property that was found in your home.

**ML:** All I had to do was use Government Grants that I put inside my book, *How to get Crap from the Government for FREE!*

**IRS:** Yeah, we skimmed the book, but now it's just

being used to hold up a leg on a table in the break room because you've somehow managed to have all of our good tables given away to American citizens ... for free.

**ML:** But you can't blame me! I'm only taking advantage of real government services, designed to help people who are actually in need, American people who can really take advantage of what their government has to offer! And all they have to do is give me a couple hundred bucks to learn all the secrets that I know!

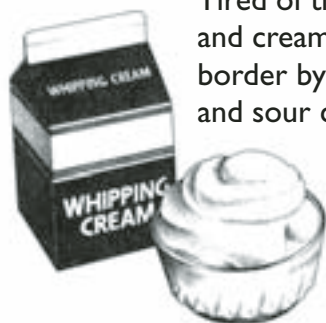
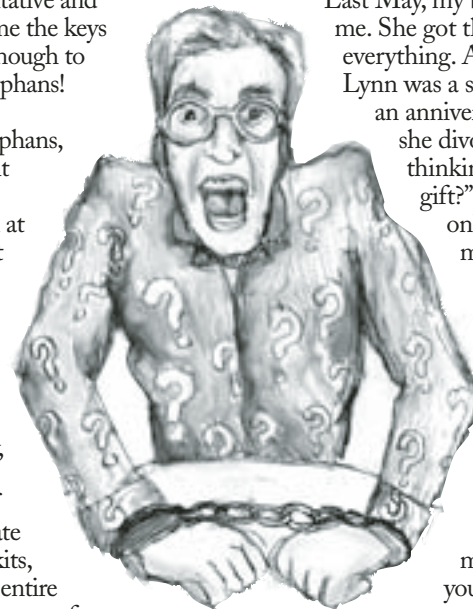
**IRS:** Alright, fine Matthew. But, besides the tables you've *stolen* from our office here, there are a few other items that have come up missing, and I have a hunch that this has something to do with you and your *books*. Let me tell you a little story, Matthew. Last May, my beautiful wife, Lynn, divorced me. She got the home, the car, the speedboat, everything. All that I had left to remember Lynn was a stapler she had given me as an anniversary gift two months before she divorced me. I know what you're thinking, "A stapler as an anniversary gift?" Well, my beloved Lynn was the only one who ever really knew how much my job meant to me, and that stapler was the best damn piece of filing equipment I'd ever owned! Anyway, my boss came into my office two weeks ago and informed me that I had to give up the stapler because someone had discovered a loophole in the system, allowing them to somehow gain ownership of all my office supplies. Now, what do you have to say about that?

**ML:** Well, you can find out about how to get that stapler back for FREE in my new book, *The Government's Guide on How to Get Office Supplies from Everyday Citizens for FREE!* Or you could check out my amazing book for housewives, where you can find out how to get FREE moon rocks on loan from NASA, get a pamphlet from the Zit Information Clearinghouse, or find out, for FREE, if you have diabetes.

**IRS:** We don't need anything from you for free, nor do we need your expensive books, nor do we need to spend anymore time being visually abused by that loud-assed question-mark suit, Mr. Lesko.

**ML:** So just let me go FREE!

**IRS:** No, Mr. Lesko. Your freedom is one thing that you won't be getting for free from the American government.



Tired of that boring old Kaluha and cream? Take it south of the border by making it a zesty Kaluha and sour cream!

## Es muy LOCO!!

From the Committee for Exploiting Stupid North American Views of Latino Culture



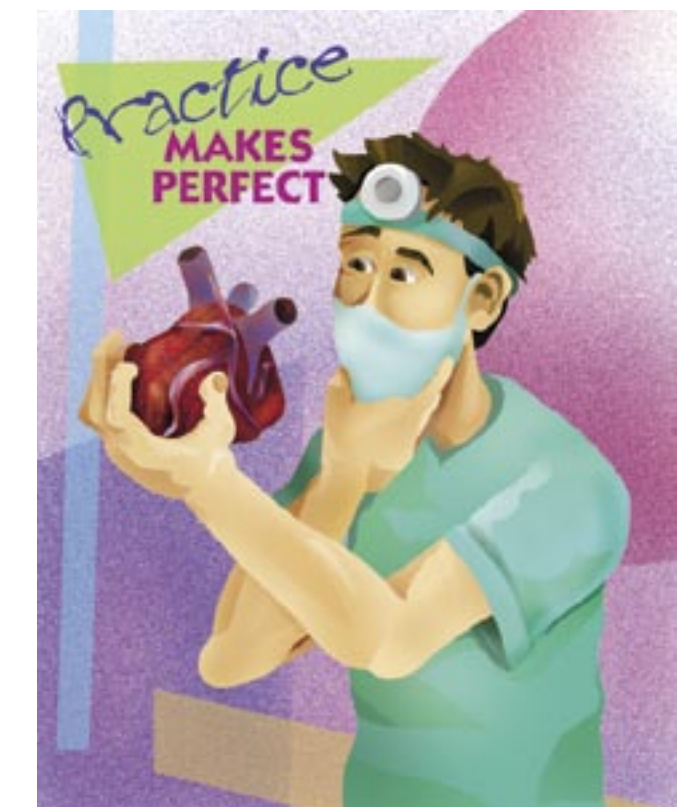
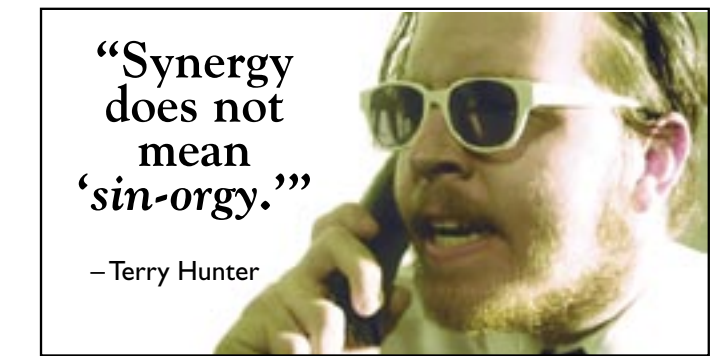
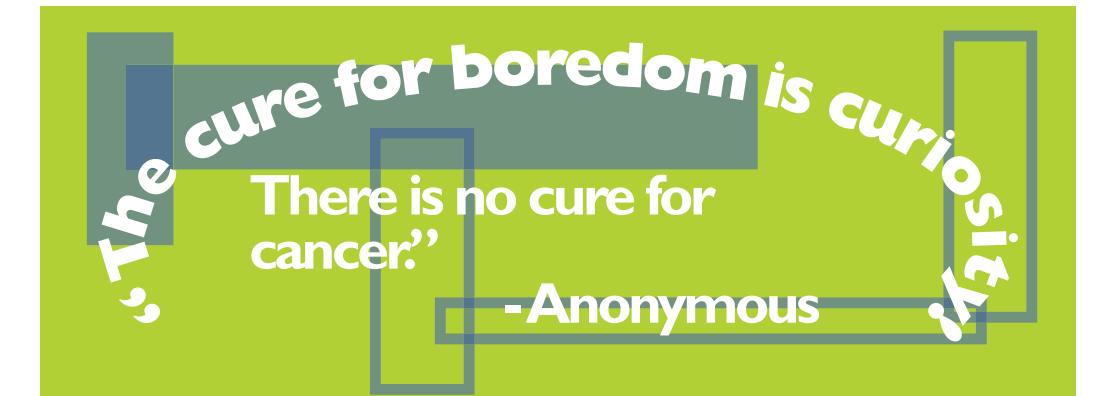
The following piece is the first issue of Dave King's White Man, the hottest new action comic to hit the states. Tune in next month for the second issue, along with profiles for all of your favorite characters found in the White Man universe.



# Corporate art

Last month the Rubberneck humor magazine debuts with Issue One: The First Issue. The staff was excited; some would even say giddy. A brand-new publication unleashed on the market with our own bare hands and computers. A month passed, and the sunny optimism once permeating the work place, drizzled into a gloomy apathy. The crew lacked ambition to see through the task before them. They had the tools, they had

the skill, but they lacked the will. Now it's true that you can't will inspiration, but you can help it along with a few accessories. Terry was the first to give the suggestion, and once the posters started to fill the walls, it was clear that everyone was on board. These small manifestos of corporate art have given this magazine a much needed heave-ho into the new fiscal year. A new fiscal year filled with hope, determination, and posters.





Are you fed up with having that boring breakfast with Count Chocula every morning? Why not have breakfast with *El Count de Choculoso* by smothering your cereal in sour cream?!

From the Committee for Exploiting Stupid North American Views of Latino Culture

# New invention saved my life, time

I don't know how I ever did anything without my cell phone. I used to travel with a U-haul trailer at all times just to hold the items I'd need every day. I work two towns over and every morning I have to get up, take a shower, eat two bowls of oatmeal, and then hitch up the trailer. Mind you, this is all before 6 o'clock in the morning.

That's all changed, I still work two towns over, and I still eat two bowls of oatmeal every single morning, but I turned the U-haul in this month. Not surprisingly this month, I completed the contract and got myself a brand new cellular phone. They even had a deal where they waived the setup fee. I can wake up at 7 a.m. everyday to my globally synchronized cellular alarm clock.

Now, I don't need to U-haul all that extra junk around. I don't need a camera anymore because I can take pictures from my phone! I don't need anymore of my stamps or envelopes because I can text message anybody anywhere (as long as they are within my network). It only costs 10 cents a piece. That saves over a quarter per message when compared with US postal service charges. I enjoy text messaging so much that I use it for everything now. I'm even writing this column using my phone's messaging system. And I can't believe that for all these years I've been using a desktop word processor like a chump.

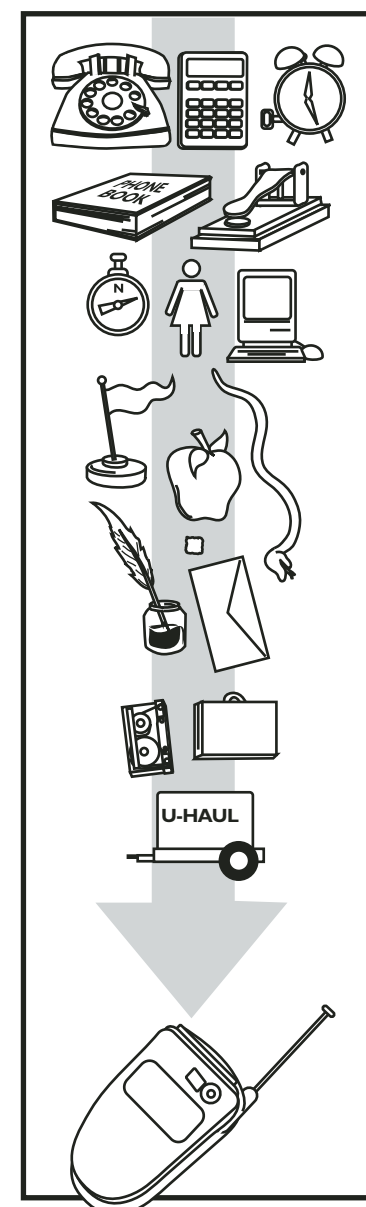
With my contact list I've thrown away my papery

phonebook. I've even added voice activation to each person's name so now I don't have to keep my wife around with me to dial the numbers each time I scream for one. It's saved our marriage!

Since I no longer, have to load up a trailer each day, I've got plenty of free time. You've already guessed how I spend it, right with my cellular phone. With its vast game selection, over 4 titles came with my color camera flip phone; I don't need anything else for my entertainment. I set my pet snake free, and he got to keep the 15 apples I trained him with. Plus my safeties increased now that I no longer have all those landmines marked with probability flags.

Those are just the games that came with my phone; you should see the neighbors stare when I tear this sweet baby loose on the information superhighway. I can surf the web. I can check my email, I can even get more games. With my cellular telephone I can do absolutely anything as long as the signal is good. And my signal is strong because I'm locked into the largest digital network on the planet.

Thanks to my new phone, all I carry with me is a smile (and a phone). I whistle off to work along with my polyphonic ring tones. Here, take a listen: "Doo-Doo-Doo-Ba-Ba-Ba-Ba-Ba-Da-Da-Ba." That's "Dust in the Wind" by Alabama remixed on my flip phone. I can finally ditch my 8-track.



## Businessman's wordsearch

This is our Businessman's Wordsearch, streamlined so that you don't have to waste any of your busy work hours toiling over a puzzle! Enjoy it. Quickly.

S Y N E R G Y L E V E R A G E  
 L O G I S T I C S B U D G E T  
 F A C T S S T A T I S T I C S  
 R E S O U R C E I N D U S T R Y  
 F O C U S W O R D S E A R C H  
 X E R O X D O W N S I Z I N G  
 M E M O W A T E R C O O L E R  
 O F F I C E Q U A R T E R L Y  
 C O M M E R C E E C O N O M Y  
 C O N T R A C T S U I C I D E  
 W A L L S T R E E T S A L E S  
 M A R K E T P R O A C T I V E  
 D I S T R I B U T I O N J O B  
 D Y N A M I C M O N O P O L Y  
 L A B O R N E T W O R K I N G

SYNERGY  
 LEVERAGE  
 LOGISTICS  
 BUDGET  
 FACTS  
 STATISTICS  
 RESOURCE  
 INDUSTRY  
 FOCUS  
 WORD SEARCH

XEROX  
 DOWNSIZING  
 MEMO  
 WATER COOLER  
 OFFICE  
 QUARTERLY  
 COMMERCE  
 ECONOMY  
 CONTRACT  
 KITTENS

WALL STREET  
 SALES  
 MARKET  
 PROACTIVE  
 DISTRIBUTION  
 JOB  
 DYNAMIC  
 MONOPOLY  
 LABOR  
 NETWORKING

## National Treasure Hunt

After viewing Disney's National Treasure, the Rubberneck staff, as well as most of America wondered: "How didn't we see it before?" All the clues were right in front of our eyes. Following the lead of Nicholas Cage, our scientists and moneyati-cians got right to work on decrypting the dollar bill.

Hours of lab testing revealed literally several valuable clues for treasure hunters, but only a few can be seen by the human eye.

We've had the courtesy to highlight some of these discrepancies for everyone too stupid to see them before.

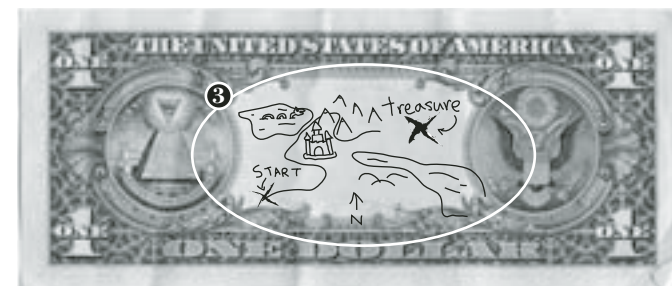
Our forefathers gave us the clues and we have only producer Jerry Bruckheimer to thank for revealing their secrets. America must hope that when we recover that long lost treasure at least some of it will go to such a brilliant man.

### Bruckheimer Bill: B oken



The clues came slow at first. The front of the dollar bill only contained two clues affordable to the naked eye. With 3d goggles and the proper lighting it does this cool thing where a shark jumps out at you. Cool but not clue.

- 1 See eve se side fo t easu e map. This phrase put us on the right track
- 2 Hollywood, CA. Bam! Location, Location, Location!



On the flipside, we hit the jackpot. The back of the dollar basically spelled everything out for us. All we had to do was follow the map.

- 3 The T easu e r ap. Pretty simple really, around the castle through the mountains, dig a bit, then treasure.

# Coffee with the President

recorded by Jason Williams  
Contributing Playwright  
(who is fighting with, but still dating the waitress)



## Today: Apocalypse Now or Spirit and Song with Ronald Reagan's Ghost

featuring a special appearance by John Ashcroft

**Reagan's Ghost:** Word in Hell is you pissed off God. Waitress approaches.

**George:** Yeah, he threw a little temper tantrum. Tore the old coffee shop all up. (They had to build this fancy place. (To waitress.) Remember that, honey?)

**Waitress:** (Aside.) Like I remember your first reason for war. (To George, sweetly.) It was another 9/11, Mr. President.

**Reagan's Ghost:** Okay, little lady, fill 'er up and scoot. We've got important things to talk about.

**Waitress:** (Fills coffee, reads from notepad in front of George. Aside.) How to wage false wars, the benefits of widespread poverty, the silliness of civil rights. Important Presidential business, indeed.

Waitress leaves.

**Reagan's Ghost:** Let's get down to business George. We've got plans to enact.

**George:** Let's see, I'm doing pretty good with wars. As for widespread poverty, well, I can check that one off, wouldn't you say?

**Reagan's Ghost:** I'm not talking about the checklist. I wrote that thing 20 years ago. We're on to bigger and better things now.

**George:** The apocalypse?

**Reagan's Ghost:** It's nice to see you've been paying attention.

**George:** Hey, I've got a stake in this, too.

**Waitress:** (Pouring coffee at a nearby table. Aside.) Somebody's gotta be the Antichrist.

**George:** So what do we need to do? Sacrifice Ruth Bader Ginsburg?

**Reagan's Ghost:** That won't be necessary. The boss's directives are clear: we are to summon a bloody-robed rider on a white horse.

**George:** To ride around and yell "The apocalypse is coming!"?

**Reagan's Ghost:** Something like that.

**George:** Hmm. I think I might have one of those robes in my closet. I don't know if I ever told you about the time when—

**Reagan's Ghost:** I know about the time. You do fine work. Can we stay focused?

**George:** Did you see my inauguration the other night? Do you know I'm the only President to get two of those crystal cup thingies? I think I'll use them to hold all my pennies. Say, how do I get my face on money? Is that something I can demand to be done?

**Reagan's Ghost:** George!

**George:** Okay, okay. Don't hurl fireballs at me. I'm listening.

**Reagan's Ghost:** After we summon the bloody-robed rider, other horses should follow: orange and red and yellow—

**George:** Like the colors of the terror alerts.

**Reagan's Ghost:** (Impatiently.) Yes, George, we've gone over this.

**George:** Can I be one of the riders? It would be really impressive to give a freedom speech while sitting on a fiery red horse.

**Reagan's Ghost:** The boss just wants you to make sure there's widespread war and famine. That will summon the horses. Don't go messing this up, George. War, famine, horses. That's it.

**Bush:** Can I at least rebuild the Jewish Temple in Jerusalem?

**Reagan's Ghost:** Well, it does have to be done...wait, how did you know that?

**George:** Ariel told me. Waitress approaches, followed by

John Ashcroft.

**Waitress:** Your buddy's here.

**George:** John, what brings you here?

John sits. Waitress fills John's cup.

**John:** Retirement sucks. Sure, there's Cops, but then what? I don't care what Rumsfeld says, you can only watch so many shirtless black men. Speaking of shirtless and black men, boy do I miss Clarence Thomas rubbing me with holy oil. Hey, Ron! I almost didn't see you there. It's been awhile. How are you doing?

**Reagan's Ghost:** I'm holding up. Got my memory back.

**Waitress:** (Aside.) I wonder if he remembers the crack epidemic and the explosion of AIDS?

**John:** Great! Boy, you should have seen the admiration when you died.

**Reagan's Ghost:** I saw it.

**Waitress:** (Sarcastically.) Tell me, Mr. Reagan, what's heaven like?

**John:** I bet he hangs out with quite a group. Goldwater, Helms, Thurmond. All the great republicans.

**Waitress:** I would say that's a safe bet.

**Reagan's Ghost:** John, you'll see heaven when you get there. Tell you what, I'll be the first to greet you. But I must go now. Got a letter here for Mr. Rove, signed by the boss himself.

**John:** Okay, but first, a song. (Raises coffee cup.) To great Presidents and great Americans. (Clears his throat.) Let the eagle soar/ Like she's never soared before/ From rocky coast to golden shore/ Let the mighty eagle soar.

**George, Reagan's Ghost, and John:** Soar with healing in her wings/ As the land beneath her sings!

**Waitress:** (Aside.) Armageddon's bells will ring.

# Classic wrestling matches in history

**Match:** Roe vs. Wade at Wrestlemania  
**When:** January 22, 1973

**Where:** Madison Square Garden

**Attendance:** 18,200 (SOLD OUT!)

**Rules:** One Fall, No Time Limit

**Description:** Roe vs. Wade was one of the most influential wrestling matches in the history of the United States, the match to which all other matches are compared.

Jane Roe, a hardcore abortion rights activist, was fighting for her life to end the life of her baby! Her opponent in the square circle was district attorney Henry Wade, whose mysterious origin, good looks, and breathtaking bombshell escort made him a fan favorite. The attendance was as high as the stakes, since the victor of the match would automatically win in the Supreme Court case they had going on the side.

Speaking of which, all nine Supreme Court judges were ringside for the bone-crunching, high-flying action. Once the pre-match inflammatory opening statements were over, the fight was underway and history was about to be written.

Some early highlights of the match included a Wade piledriver, Roe delivering a low blow (feminist!), and

Wade getting suplexed onto Mean Gene Okurlund's announcing table.

The fight was a grueling thirty minutes long until Roe did her patented "People's Choice Elbow Drop" off of a tumbuckle that nearly ended the match. However, Roe accidentally knocked referee Mills Lane (then a young upstart) unconscious, preventing her three count.

While Roe was desperately trying to rouse the referee, Supreme Court Justice William Rehnquist came out from the stands and landed a vicious blow to Roe's crown with a steel chair. Rehnquist then placed Wade's body on top of Roe and ran out of the stadium, while a downpour of jeers came from the thousands in attendance and the millions watching at home.

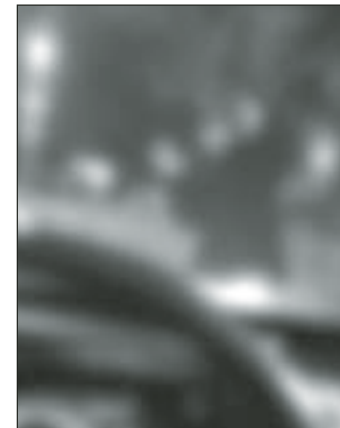
Referee Mills Lane came to and started the pin count. Just as he was about to land the third count, Roe suddenly came to life and lifted her shoulder. The crowd went into an absolute frenzy and began chanting "Choice!"

Roe then delivered a series of ten punches to Wade, with the crowd counting along. Eventually Roe executed her finishing move, the "Back Alley Powerbomb," ending one of the greatest Supreme Court cases our nation has ever seen.



Roe vs. Wade

Before



After



'The Choice is Clear'

LASER TAG  
Lasik eye surgery

12-5:30 M-F 11-5:30 SAT! 359-RKIT!



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# In Corporate Spotlight

## Industry in Distress Pornography

All around the nation on college campuses a surprising number of pornographic films are popping up. Unlike most pornos, these starring college coeds are faking it.

Students are creating films that are not sexually stimulating. Unlike amateur pornos of the past, there are no sexy college coeds going at it, no Snoop Dogg with a video camera hustling sorority girls to take their tops off or to "get jiggy with it." There are only some moderately attractive students grunting and impersonating serious pornographies. But why would anyone take the time to copy the elaborate set designs and dialog without a real money shot? Irony.

Irony has become the biggest threat to pornography. The prime hotbeds of irony across the nation are college campuses and hipster hangouts. Satirical pornographies have been popping up in coffee houses, discotheques, thrift stores, trendy delis, and quickly wearing their way onto the Internet, much to the dismay of pornography enthusiasts. Joseph Johanson, a stock broker from Detroit, felt particularly affected by the trend: "I'm just trying to find some decent golden footage, and all I come across are videos where girls are getting what is obviously apple juice poured on them."

Since the genesis of the pornography industry, certain types of parodies have been around. Recliners in compromising positions, phallic vegetables gyrating against each other, and even children's toys have been used to mimic a serious trade. Recently, the number of fake porno films being created per year has surpassed the number of real amateur films.

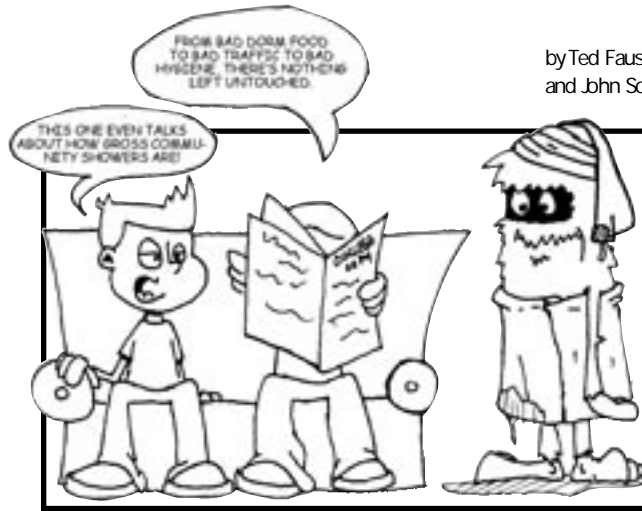
Third-quarter figures have shown that the adult entertainment industry's profits have dropped from \$10 billion to \$9.87 billion, due to the pure volume of parody media. This has made it very difficult for porno enthusiasts to find authentic material, in turn discouraging the seeker from indulging.

It's projected that there will be a swing back to normalcy after this new fad fades away. Soon enough, even the memory of irony itself will be a thing of the past. No more fake moans, rigid dialog, or comely unattractive actors to taint the trade. Hopefully, this shift in power comes sooner, rather than later, so the American people can put this dark time behind them and move on with their usual degradation of society.

# Movie Review

The best thing about the movie "Groundhog Day" is how Bill Murray relives the same day over and over

Yeti



by Ted Faust and John Scott



## Teenage-ANGST BABIES

BY ZEB "ANGER" GRIFFIN

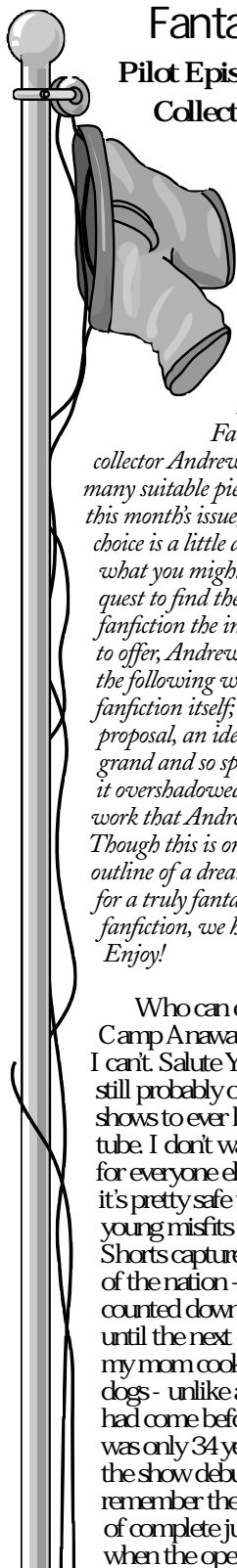


Are those phony Italian ice desserts gettin' you down? Simply pour some chunky marinara into your ice cube trays for an authentic frozen Italian treat!



From the Italian-American Council for the Advancement of American Marinara





Fantastic Fan Fiction:  
Pilot Episode by: Jarvis McGlink  
Collected by: AndrewKling

# Salute your shorts The College Years

*A Note  
From The  
Editors: Our  
Fanfiction*

collector Andrew Kling found many suitable pieces to run in this month's issue, but his final choice is a little different than what you might expect. In his quest to find the most quality fanfiction the internet has to offer, Andrew came across the following work. It isn't fanfiction itself; it's a fanfiction proposal, an idea for a work so grand and so spectacular that it overshadowed any completed work that Andrew could find. Though this is only a rough outline of a dream, the blueprint for a truly fantastic piece of fanfiction, we had to run it. Enjoy!

Who can ever forget Camp Anawanna? I know I can't. Salute Your Shorts is still probably one of the best shows to ever hit the boob tube. I don't want to speak for everyone else, but I think it's pretty safe to say that the young misfits of Salute Your Shorts captured the hearts of the nation - a nation that counted down the minutes until the next episode while my mom cooked me hot dogs - unlike anything that had come before. Now, I was only 34 years old when the show debuted, but I still remember the exact feeling of complete jubilation I felt when the opening theme

song hit my ears and traveled down to my soul. My mom used to yell at me not to sing along so loudly, but hey, what's an honorary camper to do? It's needless to say, but I had a pretty difficult time coping when the show was unjustly cancelled twelve years ago. Still, I eventually found ways to get by. I went into a deep abyss of depression first, obviously, but once I crawled out about four years ago, I started a petition to get the show released on DVD. So far I've got 113 people on my side, and I think we're making progress. Recently, however, I thought of a new, brilliant way to get SYS back on the air, and I'd like to discuss it with you.

The one thing that stung the most after SYS was cancelled was that they never got to do an official last episode, or even wrap-up all of their intertwined storylines. Who knows what Donkeylips and Sponge are up to now, or if they're still the best of friends? Is Robert "Bobby" Budnick in jail, or did he turn out all right? I'll bet that Z.Z. Ziff blossomed into a true hottie (and she's probably legal now, too!) That's why I propose to do Salute Your Shorts: The College Years! The premise is this: the whole gang stayed in touch with each other throughout high school, and now are about to start their freshman year of college together in the same university. If possible, I'd like to get all of the actual actors back, and maybe even keep the same producers and writers. I'll direct of course. This shouldn't be a problem, given that Dina Alexander (actress Heidi Lucas) drops her current

restraining order on yours truly. The episode will start with the same theme song as the original show, except I'll sing the entire thing, and there will be a little flamenco guitar. Then we'll instantly be thrown into the sad scene of the characters leaving home for college. Each kid will get his own special time to say goodbye, and we'll be treated to a beautiful montage scene to recap the unknown years of each character's life that we've missed since the original show. Then they're off to the dorms, and we'll be there with them to witness firsthand the hijinks that ensue on move-in day, watching everyone fight to avoid bunking underneath Donkeylips! The episode's funniest moment would come at the end, when the gang would show up for their R.A. meeting, only to find out it's Ug Lee! What are the chances?! That way he can continue to torture them all through the school year, giving them an authority figure to sneak around and play pranks on! If all goes well, this pilot should get picked back up by Nick, and I'd be able to do more episodes. I've envisioned the gang gaining life-changing advice from a likable teacher who I have yet to cast, though I am waiting to hear back from James Avery, the guy who played Uncle Phil on Fresh Prince. All in all, I think this is definitely a show that needs to be made and put on the air, and I will not stop until it is. If I have to move out and get a job, then so be it. If I have to personally kidnap Donkeylips, then so be it. I've got God on my side, so if it must be done, it will be done.

The Rubberneck presents



# Society Corner

*A Note From the Editors: We here at the Rubberneck have yet to find a suitable permanent social columnist to keep an eye on high society month in and month out, so for now we've decided to turn to rotating guest columnists who are deeply ingrained in celebrity culture themselves. This month, we're happy to welcome super-celebrity inventor and visionary Ron Popeil, who's trained his brilliant and imaginative eye, normally used for improving our lives, on the goings-on of celebrity life this month.*

Hi, I'm Ron Popeil. You may have seen me before on television demonstrating some of my fantastic creations, such as the Showtime Rotisserie, my Six Star + Cutlery, Great Looking Hair spray-on hair, or my at-home Pet Insemination kit. But today, I'm here to offer you my most amazing offer yet. You may be saying to yourself, "But wait Ron! Could there really be a better offer than getting the Ronco Food Dehydrator and Beef Jerky Machine for only three easy payments of \$22.22?!" Well I'll tell you right now, yes. Take my word for it, it just doesn't get any better than this.

What I'm offering you today is the gift of knowledge, a way to see into a life you've only imagined living. With my new product, the Ronco Rubberneck Social Corner and Express Colander, you will know everything about the celebrities you love most and what they did this month. Aren't you tired of your living room being filled up with magazines and tabloids and newspapers that don't even tell you exactly what you needed to know? You probably spend about \$400 a week just trying to follow celebrity gossip, am I right?

Enough of this chatter, let's talk about what you're going to get with this spectacular product. For starters, you'll be privy to information that nobody else can offer. Want to know about Juliana Margulies' favorite restaurants? You'll get it. Tony Danza's darkest secrets he's told to his dentist while under the influence of Novocain? Right here!

But Wait! There's More! I can promise you a taped conversation between Kathy Najimy and Kathy Griffin caught when they met in line at the supermarket! Wonder what

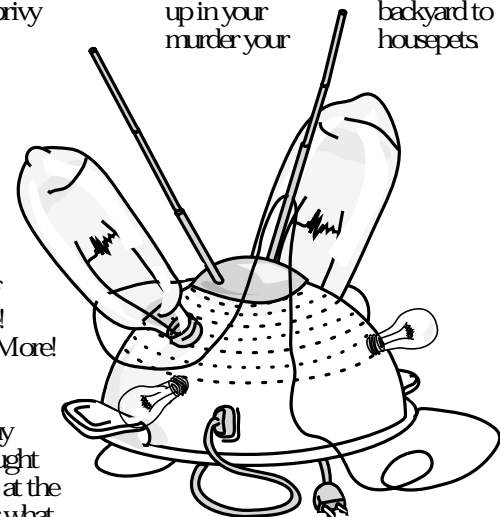
kind of cat food Rue McClanahan feeds her litter? I'll give you a hint: good taste is easy to recognize. Who's Kirk Cameron taking with him down the red carpet of the Rapture? It's not his sister Candace, I can guarantee that!

My Ronco Rubberneck Social Corner and Express Colander works like this: place it on your head, and let the celebrity gossip and info flow straight into your mind through my newly developed mindwave technology. It takes the guess-work out of thinking.

Now how much would expect to pay for such a device? \$800? Nope. Not \$800, not \$700, not even \$600. Not \$550, not \$525, not even \$500. For this amazing product, you won't even pay \$480 like you might all be thinking. Not \$450, not \$420, not \$400. Not \$300. Not \$290, not \$280, not \$270 and not even \$260. Not \$255, not \$250, not \$245 or \$240. Not \$239, \$238, not even \$237 or \$236. You won't pay \$235.75. You won't pay \$235.50 or \$235.25. All you'll pay for this fun-tastic magnificent brilliant new product is 47 easy payments of \$5.02 and 1/33 of a cent! If you promise to tell a friend, I'll even throw in my new Ronco Magic Vapor Shoe-Horn System never before has it been so easy to put on your shoes! It uses newly developed super vapor technology.

Alright, you've convinced me. If you order within the next three years, I'll even throw in a free round of Ronco Chemotherapy, to help cure the tumors you'll get from the Mindwaves and the vapors.

As a final promise, if you aren't entirely satisfied with the Ronco Rubberneck Social Column and Express Colander, you have ninety-days to get your money refunded. Ninety days risk-free. However, if you return my product, you won't ever again live a day of your life free of the risk that I will show up in your backyard to murder your housepets.



# OOPS! You're pregnant! Now what?



- Tell your stomach it's "about to get huger."
- Start calling your future child "Future Child" or "Stomach Baby Future."
- Play classical music a lot so your baby will be smart, or at least one of those sophisticated psychos you see in the movies.
- Prepare the dog for less attention.
- Pick out some cool names like "Rude Dog" and "Esteban."
- Call the milkman and tell him "we won't need YO U anymore!" Then laugh and hang up.

