

The Ultimate B200 Essay

By Marisa Alyn Fenn

Important Note: This is an essay formed from various answers to many different assignments in an Introduction to Bioanthropology class. The opinions expressed here—although put together by one author—do not represent the opinions of that author. In fact it makes the head of said author hurt to read this.

Although all species have culture, many monkeys have special culture. For example, baboons have been known to trade their culture with other groups when their culture dies out because of tuberculosis. For most monkey families, culture dictates that the male must protect the females and the offspring and the female must care for the offspring. One big difference from this culture exists in gorillas. Gorilla males will sometimes kill infants instead of protecting them because they are annoying and get on the male gorilla's nerves.

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Letter from the Editor

I'm currently reading *On the Road* by Jack Kerouac. I'll save the critique for a full-fledged article, but until then, take this quote, and make it your own: "We were on the roof of America and all we could do was yell..." Make your voice resound across the land. Write an article, and send it in. ☒

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Eric's Evil Plot

Or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Porn

By N8

It was in the autumn days of 1998. Brisk winds blew across the barren patios of Stouffer. A new class of freshmen was just learning that you don't have to go down then back up to travel on the top floor of each section. Mayer Hall was just a glimmer in Anne Mickle's eye, and Dan and Brett were cavorting across Germany, remaining simply as myths to those who heard their stories with new ears. But not all was well in D-Section.

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Dictator of the Month: Mohamed Farah Aided

By Fritz and Hall

When you eliminate Siad Bari, you *make* lots of friends. At least, that's what this month's featured warlord discovered. Siad Bari was the cruel dictator of Somalia until Mohamed Farah Aided came to clean house...and replace him as dictator.

When you shoot American soldiers, you *lose* lots of friends. At least, internationally you do. As American soldiers backed the U.N. campaign to restore order and peace in Somalia in 1992, Aided decided that the presence of foreigners in the country was a bad thing. With his guidance, Somali fighters shot down two U.S. helicopters and killed 18 Army Rangers, because that's what dictators do best—maim and kill in the face of impending peace.

As you can see, Aided was a model dictator and a fine warlord up until his death in 1996, having brought, as PBS's *Newshour* reports, "famine and virtual anarchy." Bravo, Aided! We wouldn't want Somalis enjoying any of that pesky "joy of life" any time soon. ☒



Past Dictators

Name	Country
Papa Smurf	Smurfland
Superbus	Rome
Musharraf	Pakistan
Qaddafi	Libya
Karimov	Uzbekistan
Taylor	Liberia
Milosevic	Yugoslavia
Saddam	Iraq
Mugabe	Zimbabwe
Pinochet	Chile
Ceausescu	Romania
Pol Pot	Cambodia

These Women Give Me Wood

Submitted by Aaron MacPhie



Problem Hole

By Srida Joisa

“Running away from Tanks”

You're a lucky guy. You're in Iraq.

You happen to be walking in the middle of a tunnel when you see a tank in the distance behind you racing at 40 miles per hour towards the tunnel. This tunnel is pretty narrow, so if the tank enters the tunnel and hits you, there's nowhere for you to go. You're dead. Splat. No dodging to the left or the right. There's no space. This is a very narrow tunnel.

But there's hope! You know you're standing exactly one quarter of the way in the tunnel. And you with your Problem Hole Magical Brain magically know instantly that if you run at top speed, you can run in either direction and just evade getting squashed by the tank. You can run towards the tank or away from the tank, but you'll get out safely just barely.

What's your top running speed?

Here's a hint: You don't need to know how far away the tank is and you don't need to know how long the tunnel is. But you can figure out your top speed.

See next issue for the answer! Also, see page 8 for last month's answer! ☒

The Criminally Comical Trials of Mattlock

By Calderwood and Fritz



Tower of Babble-ON's

"Before-and-After" Corner

By Susan Fritz

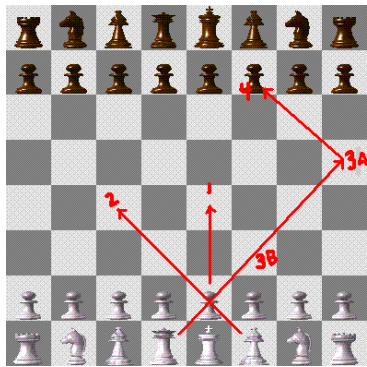
“Jedi Knight of the Living Dead Man Walking” ☒

Chess-Whiz

By Dan Fritz

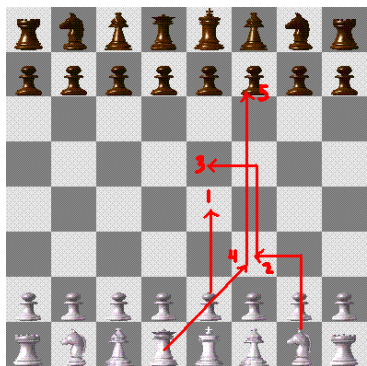
Since it would take about a year before you would even understand the rules of all of the pieces and another year until you could play a real game in my current format, I will give you the homework of reading a chess rule book on your own and consulting superior chess masters for advanced strategy. I also recommend playing a few people online at Yahoo games.

From now on, I will instead use this column to provide you with very basic strategies. In this issue, we cover the most basic of chess tricks: the four-move checkmate. Typically, these moves only work toward the beginning of the game, when mobility is inhibited. Also, beware that they can easily be foiled unless properly veiled. I will simply show you the mechanics.



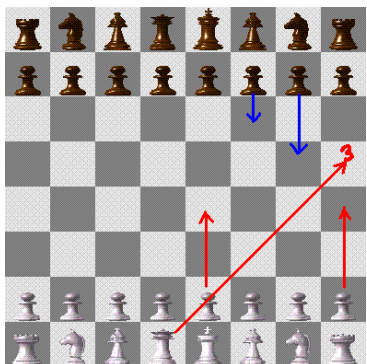
VERSION 1:

Move your king's pawn up one or two positions (1). The purpose is to create mobility for both your queen and bishop. In either order, move your bishop (2) and your queen out (3A), so that they are able to attack the pawn in front of your opponent's bishop on the king's side. Take the pawn with your queen (4), protected by the bishop, and check your opponent. He will probably be trapped and checkmated right there. Even if he is lucky enough to get out of it, you will be in a great position to wreak havoc. You could alternatively move your queen diagonally only two spaces (3B). It doesn't expose your queen as much to attack.



VERSION 2:

This requires five moves. Instead of moving out your bishop, make a couple of jumps with your knight (2 & 3). The end result is the same and is generally a bit stealthier than version one or two. You'll still take the pawn with your queen (5), except the knight is protecting. Alternatively, if a checkmate is somehow not possible, you could take the pawn with your knight instead of your queen. That would position you to take the opponent's queen or rook.



VERSION 3:

This requires substantial inexperience on your opponent's part. You must move your king's pawn in order to free up your queen's movement. Your opponent must use his two moves as noted (blue). Your other move is optional, though the goal is to draw out the opponent as shown. Your queen can then attack (3) and checkmate the opponent. ☒

What Life is All About

(Part Three)

By Srida Joisa

Howdy doodie. It's been a while since writing the last installment of the *What Life is All About* series. I've taken a writing sabbatical for about six weeks. Taken some time for myself, my job, and making sure I can find ways to work even more than I ever thought possible in a given seven-day period. I haven't had a ton of time to think about *What Life is All About*, but I've still done some thinking. Can't stop thinking. That's when you end up dead. But that's a topic for another article.

PART 3: LOVERS

Life is all about lovers. We see them everywhere on the East Coast, on the West Coast, and even in the Midwest. Although those Midwesterners tend to limit public displays of affection, the Coasters tend to display it anywhere and anytime they get a chance. Stunning women dancing away the night life in Las Vegas and gorgeous men working every weekday at a construction site in a t-shirt and jeans. The girl "next door." Tom Cruise and Penelope Cruz. Jessica Simpson and what's his name. Leonardo DiCaprio. And don't forget Paris Hilton and her boyfriend.

Actually, that's not what I'm talking about. Life isn't about those people or encounters listed above. That's the amazing thing in America and probably most of the world. We think big boobs, skimpy bathing suits, tight t-shirts, and celebrity make the greatest lovers. We moon over a chance to meet and greet Brad Pitt. There is not one guy in America that would turn down a date with Jennifer Aniston. There was even a movie made up about a girl that won a date with some kind of celebrity.

And I'm not talking about that hot girl in the next dorm room who manages to find a new boyfriend every week either.

What I'm referring to when I say life is all about lovers is the completely normal couple that lives down the street in a typical house with kids and takes walks together every couple of days just to be by themselves. I'm talking about the couple that's been married for 50 years that still manages to keep it together. I'm talking about the couple that just went on their first date, but they're going to be together for the rest of their lives.

I've been living in cities and suburbs intermittently for the past couple of years. The one thing I've figured out is that a normal life is a pretty good one. It's great to be in a well-paying job making lots of money. It's also great to have a self-sustaining regular home life and eat dinner with the family every night.

I'd rather not write a huge sermon on values, life, etc. etc. So, I think I'll actually just stop this one here. Maybe this installment will stir up some letters to the editor. Maybe not. Either way, I'd say, life is all about lovers. ☒

Urban Vernacular

By Amanda Hall

Yo, I know I ain't contributed in a minute, but you stayed waitin' until I be around your block. Here are da joints you been waitin' for. Peace.

D-Block (V) - To steal. *He D-Blocked my CD player, so I snuffed him.*

Amp (V) - To get someone excited; usually in the context of trying to agitate or make fight. *After he D-Blocked my CD player, my boys were getting me amped up, so I snuffed him.*

Tight (Adj) - to be visibly agitated. *Did you see his face after he snuffed him? He was tight, son.*

Stayed (V) – continued to; usually only used in the past tense. *He stayed talking about the whole fight until I had to snuff him, you know what I'm sayin'?* ☒

That Magic Pill?

By Naresh Nagella



In case some loyal readers of *Babble-ON* might not know, I'm back in school. And, even though it's been a few short years since I've been away, science has been working hard to make the process easier.

You see, I've been having trouble sleeping the night before exams. I'm not sure why. I know I get anxious. But everyone does. That can't be it. Perhaps my brain just can't stand the thought of having to know what the most common ovarian neoplasm *in adolescents* is versus the most common ovarian neoplasm *in adults* and does not understand why it has to hold so dearly onto such a tidbit of knowledge in order to succeed further in my medical school career. Perhaps I'm scared about not getting up and sleeping through the test.

And, then, I fall into the classic ridiculous trap: getting so worried about falling asleep that I never can fall asleep....and then not getting much sleep. For me, this terrible cycle results in an unfortunate 3-5 hours of sleep before a test. And, I *know* we can remember more things having slept well.

Finally, I know some people in my class do indeed take sleeping pills before tests, and it helps them sleep like a dream. And, ironically, when I'm lying in bed before a test, it's harder for me to fall asleep *knowing the other person is sleeping like a baby because of a pill I mighta/shoulda taken.*

So, I have a need that a pill might or might not be the answer to....how does Big Pharma play into all of that? From the very anecdotal evidence that follows.....*they tell me to take that pill!*

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Submission Suggestions

Your contribution can be anything that fits onto a sheet of paper. Here are a few ideas:

Editorials	Reports	Philosophy
Reviews	Ramblings	Rants
Comics	Puzzles	Jokes
Quotes	Polls	Trivia
Drawings	Poetry	Recipes
Photographs	Short stories	News
Predictions	Advice	Graphs

Please send all of your submissions by the deadline to dan@fritzcomics.com. ☒

To A Better Place

By James Schneider

I lost my job last Friday. But, I wasn't fired. Fired is reserved for bad seeds, the lunchtime boozehounds, and the red-eyed tokers. No, I was "laid off" for lack of better phraseology.

I went in to Bob's office—as I type that I chuckle because his name couldn't be anything else, so generic and pathetic—he greeted me cordially. Bob, the company president, was sitting there with Brian the VP. They looked at me sullenly, I looked at them, eh, bored again.

Bob asked me if I was happy at my job, if I thought that public relations was for me. Now I've given this subject a great deal of thought in the past nine months since I've entered the bitter reality that is 9-5:30 M-F existence.

Did I ever like PR? Not really. I had always jokingly referred to the cursed field, which resides somewhere between advertising and Satan's minionship, as "journalism's evil twin." If journalism is a beautiful blonde maiden with a heaving bosom, kind smile and affectionate, easy disposition, then what is the evil twin? It's the craggy-faced stepsister, brewing poison in the attic, shrieking in deafening yet indistinguishable tones.

So, I agreed with Bob. Perhaps a rare first.

Bob said, "I'd like to give you the opportunity to explore subjects that may be more in keeping with your interests." That's one of those bullshit, throwaway lines that you just say so that the brute you fire doesn't dual-wield magnums all up in your grill. Doesn't unleash their mob connections upon the four-story building. What does Tony the Torch have to do with an accidental electrical fire? Don't ask me.

On that subject, it was Friday. Friday, if *Office Space* taught you nothing else, is the best day to fire people. Well, that's actually not the case, these days. Studies indicate that Monday is the best day, because you have an entire week to search for a new job. Friday is actually a shitty time to fire people, because they have a whole weekend to obsess about their job loss and contemplate ways to vent their frustration. Can you say one match and the office is tinder? Tony can. What? I didn't say that.

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At least that's what the picture of a smiling man, relaxed and having the time to eat his breakfast in the morning, tells me as I sit on the subway—the place everyone should get their information about pharmaceuticals. The man is in an ad for the sleeping drug *Ambien*, a seemingly blockbuster wonder-drug that gives you a great night of sleep without the drowsiness or adverse effects in the morning. It's a "clean" sleeping drug, not a "dirty" one like Nyquil that lasts too long and leaves you groggy throughout the day. Its use in higher education is getting to near-widespread levels and might soon approach its tipping point to regular, popular use. Just like people joked for Ritalin, transcripts might have to start publishing an "Ambien adjusted GPA".

And, it's given tons of money to its maker *Sanofi-Aventis* which declares endlessly the drug does exactly what they say it does and has almost no side effects.

People make a big deal about how Pharma should have the right to market its wares to a public that can educate itself about drugs and take all the power out of the hands of doctors who tell them what drugs to take. At least that's why we get so many public drug ads on television and billboards and print ads nowadays.

So, I decided to educate "myself"—not being a doctor yet and all!—about *Ambien* to see if I should be taking it. I read it's not addictive or habit forming and has very, very few side effects. More important, you get up feeling relaxed and calm the next morning—like you had the perfect night of sleep, with all the REM proportions that a healthy person requires (Nyquil could care less about your REM).

So, I went to good 'ol, literally, www.ambien.com to see if *Ambien* was indeed right for me. Luckily, the good people at *Sanofi-Aventis* have a "Sleep Assessment Quiz" to help my decision. I decided to answer the questions as truthfully as I could:

I'll quote the quiz in full here:

Getting adequate restful sleep, like eating a balanced diet and exercising regularly, is critical to good health. If you have a sleep problem, it's important to get treatment before the situation becomes chronic.

To find out if you may have a sleep problem, check the box next to any of the questions that apply to you, and then click "See Results."

- 1. Does it take you more than 30 minutes to fall asleep?
- 2. Do you wake up often and have a hard time getting back to sleep?
- 3. Do your family or friends tell you that you seem uninterested or inattentive?
- 4. Do you have difficulty concentrating in school or at work?
- 5. Do you fall asleep at unusual times?
- 6. Do you spend 8 hours in bed and still not feel rested?
- 7. Do you snore loudly?
- 8. When you're driving, do you tend to doze off at the wheel?
- 9. Are you often sleepy during the daytime?

I answered "Yes" to questions #5, #7, and #9. I'm not really sure about #7 (and my kind wife won't tell me the opposite, but I threw it in there, and I'm

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But I'm not *that* guy. And plus I wasn't bitter. In fact, he was doing me a favor. He was giving me a new opportunity. A new life, outside of PR.

I learned three things from PR.

The first thing I learned from PR is that you can never kiss too much ass. Even if you go blind for the shit caking in your eye sockets, even then, at that moment you still may have more ass to kiss.

The second thing I learned is that words do not speak for themselves. Even though I was told by real journalists, and in fact one with a heaving bosom, kind face, etc who worked for *Playboy*, that they are by nature minimalists. Cut the crap, keep it simple stupid. You get the picture. Well, according to Brian, who boasted about his 25 years of experience in journalism—read: trade magazines for the most boring and esoteric of subjects, lenses—the lenses we publicized weren't just lenses. They were superüberlenses. (I wish he used that terminology, it would have been swell.) They could probably do your homework for you, if that was your fancy.

This difference in opinions led to numerous edits to my releases, wasting time and productivity. The "lens" became "this exceptional, affordable lens." And on and on and on. As changes like these occurred my brain rebelled, I could feel the very cells crawling to the nethermost regions of my head, trying not to drown in the distortion.

Quotes, to me, had always been slightly modifiable. Cut the pauses, clean up the grammar, you know the drill. But in PR, you want to control their words like a child on a finger puppet.

For example, a sentence like:

"The lenses did just what we required of them," said xXx. "Without them, we'd be lost."

Became:

"These exceptional lenses, which combine the best in affordability, durability and optical prowess, fully exceeded their expectations," explains xXx, President of Jee-Whiz-I-Don't-Give-A-Shit.

And the third thing I learned, for those in PR the word initiative is the most poorly used word in the English language. Showing initiative to me meant adding extra paragraphs. These were cut. It meant going the extra mile. Thinking outside of the box. Doing just a little bit more. So, in other words, it was more meaningless than their existences.

So as I sat there, I considered all the bullshit that I had to go through on a daily basis. Not just the rewrites and the complaints that I wasn't making all the corrections. Way more than that.

The boredom. I would literally sit there for 5 hours at a time. Too bored and frustrated to even take a whiz. Doesn't make sense? Well, I believe my ass was plastered to the chair.

The coworkers. The bitch who shared an office with me appeared oddly capable of doing less work than I.

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hoping that my friends do indeed find me attentive and fascinating—so it was a “no” to #3).

So, I got a 3/10—I thought I was okay and that perhaps I lacked the sleeping disorder worthy of Ambien. The people at Sanofi-Aventis apparently thought not. Here is the “my results” page:

You may have a sleep-related problem. Discuss your symptoms with your doctor.

Although sleep-related problems affect 50 to 70 million Americans, more than half of the people who believe they have chronic insomnia have never discussed their problems with a doctor. Don't let your sleep problem go untreated. [Ask your doctor](#) for more information and get the proper help. Getting a correct diagnosis is the first step in obtaining the necessary treatment.

Okay, fair enough. BUT, then I wanted to learn what a “lower” score might yield. So, I answered “yes” to just #9—and, to my dismay I got *the same “result”/“diagnosis” of my sleeping problem.*

Worse yet, they throw out this ridiculous statistic, without any evidence to support it, that sleeping problems affect almost 1/4 of the country! I can easily see how someone who just wants information about Ambien, and justifiably goes to its official website to learn about it, may indeed start thinking they have a “sleeping problem” off of terrible science and poorly formed and deceptively graded “quizzes” that cannot even pass muster for a 2nd grade science project.

And, that's the problem with letting Big Pharma have the right to its own information dissemination and advertising. *They simply never have to follow the standards required to get the drug formulated, legal, and FDA approved—standards which include peer review, controlled trials, and lots of research—in order to market the drug.* That “quiz” was probably written by a marketing department at Sanofi-Aventis, not a doctor.

And, that's a terrible thing. I can see how doctors are going to be pressured to prescribe this drug to keep their patients or just keep their patients the happiest. It's not hard to “doctor shop” until one gives you Ambien. In fact, I learned (NOT FOR ME!) that one doctor in New Jersey quite easily prescribes it, stating, “I wish they invented Ambien when I was in medical school.” So, not only does all this drug advertising freedom take away the power of doctors to partially control the information flow about medicines, but it can also make them *worse* gatekeepers of the information that is out there, through no fault of their own. And that's always going to happen when some factor other than the health of the patient at hand has to go through a doctor's mind before making a decision or prescription.

I truly believe that Big Pharma needs to generate some high profits or else we might not have some of the genuinely great drugs that have changed medicine over the last 40 years. But letting them advertise to their heart's content does nothing other than stepping over doctors to squeeze the most money out of a certain pill—not to get that pill to people who need it the most.

As for whether or not I'm going to take Ambien, I can tell you I'm honestly not sure. Medical science still declares that behavioral change on a prolonged, consistent basis is the best way to fight sleep disorders. But I'm not really sure I have that. I'm just anxious before a test. It's just really a feeling that everyone has that a legal pill might be able to help. Really, I want a doctor I can trust—one who's not pressured or fooled by the drug companies also. The real question is—in this climate of drugs companies being able to charge what they want, market how they want, and give doctors rewards however they want—whether I can find a doctor to say what's on the up and up.

And that's a shame. Even if Ambien is too good to be true, I doubt we'll ever know for sure. ☒

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And that's saying something. Not only was she jealous from day one, but she talked on the phone all day, to family, friends, et al. And to top it all off she was nasty; she openly cursed at me on pretty much a daily basis.

Taking all this into account, I said, “I agree with you Bob. Thanks for letting me explore a more fitting set of circumstances in my future.” Really? Fuck no, but I wasn't about to let these chumpstains make me feel anything but the building glee.

I simply said, “Do I get unemployment insurance?” The answer is yes. So fuck you, Bob.

He then said, “No one knows about what is happening. You can say goodbye or just leave.”

I left. I boarded the bus from Great Neck for the last time in my life. I smiled. ☒

Lightning Bolt

By Alan Fishman

After a hellacious I-cannot-believe-we-still-dont-have-an-IT-department 13-hour day at work, I locked up the office, plugged in my sweet sweet shuffle into the ol' car stereo, and tried my best to de-stress as I cruised along the highway back to the heart of Atlanta. After a scant amount of “should I just go home?” internal wrangling, I knew I still wanted to see Lightning Bolt. So I zipped over to Freedom Pkwy and straight to mjq. The second I turned into the parking lot and saw the crowds of kids straggling towards the steps that led into the club, I KNEW that shit would be sold out. No parking either. Should I just... ahh, hell, I'm already here; it's time to find some place to park. And sure enough, once I reach the steps that lead down into the club, the rock n roller twin doorguy is already shoeing-away late-comers and looking for something to write “sold out” on. Dang. But fuck if I'm gonna get sold out of ANOTHER show, so I walk hop down a couple steps, greet, name drop, appreciate, RESULT! Seconds later, I'm wading through the peeps for a much needed scotch and soda, hug my friend and chit chat, then head the other way cuz Lightning are STARTING! Revving like an engine, they get the room vibrating, hopping, twitching, laughing, pushing, shoving, dancing, sweating, swaying, diving, waving, shaking, climbing, grabbing, falling, nodding, jumping, stomping, twisting, drinking, moshing, turning, breathing, popping, snapping, bapping, clapping, cheering, thrashing, bashing, aching, breathing... yeah, that's it. Mother Fucking Lightning Bolt. I needed that. Check 'em. ☒

Do you want to be a published, international celebrity? Send in a submission to *Babble-ON!* All submissions are due the Friday before publication. See the website for details.

<http://www.babbleonline.com>

..Eric's Evil Plot, p.1...

One day a few of us freshman were crowded into Eric's room to look at something on his computer. I think it might have been related to Mark McGuire's ass-powered record breaking homerun that was all the rage at the time. In any case, Dillon Taylor, a more experienced senior, took the helm of Eric's computer, and proceeded to play the oldest trick in the book: he typed "www.x" into the search bar, and the filth that automatically completed the line I don't dare repeat. Needless to say, we freshman got a good hearty laugh from the incident, at Eric's expense, who vehemently and futilely denied the situation. His reputation had been crushed. It looked like it was going to be another year of shade-based action. Unless....

A few days later I had a group of my new friends in my room. I was high on the hog--this was way better than high school. With girls to the left of me, Eric on my right, there I was, stuck in the middle with my ego. Then Eric made his move. He asked to use my computer to show me, and the audience, something. As he moved through my Outlook, he stumbled across a subscription to a suspect newsgroup. I believe it was alt.alien.sex or something like that. Eric was flabbergasted! Or so it would seem. He was faux-flabbergasted. I had been framed. It was a setup! But there was no defense in the moment. He got me, and I was enraged. Now it seemed to me that my life, or at least the one that resided in my pants, was coming to an end. How could this have happened??

A little sleuth work and the bread crumbs seemed to lead to Woody, Eric's partner in the crime. I confronted him, bruised and enraged. Demanded apologies from Eric and Woody. Demanded a public statement that showed that my carnal activities did not extend to cyberspace, and certainly not to outer space. But, like so many dirty photographs frozen on the World Wide Web, it never came. Eric had won.

I tell this story, because I see now how times have changed. What is the internet if NOT a bedroom-to-bedroom delivery service? Since the late 90's our culture has gone through a sexual revolution that parallels the one from the 70's, but this time it's a solo sexual revolution. It's a whole new world of one-on-none action. Eric and I should not have been ashamed; rather, we should have been proud to be a part of that influential movement! Well, maybe not him, 'cause that was some whacked out, messed up, foreign, and probably illegal stuff that appeared in his search bar. Freak. ☒

A Must Read for Anyone About to Take the Plunge

By Colin Patrick

There comes a time in a man's life when there's a decision to make. The kind where you have to evaluate where you've been and where you're going. It's emotional and financial. It's not a short term choice that you can just walk away from on a whim. I'm talking about a REAL commitment. I'm talking about buying a house.

Think about it. People always ask about your weekend plans. About 20% of the time you know, but mostly the answer is, "I don't know." Okay, multiply the "unknown weekend" factor by 30 years. Then add interest. A lot of interest. (That's the only reason the bank allows you into the relationship!)

What are you doing for the next 30 years? Now THAT'S commitment. Hell, chances are not in my favor that I'll even be married to the same lady in 30 years! But I'm sure that my relationship with CountryWide will stand the test of time.

So, what can I expect from this relationship? Here's my list:

Pro:

No square dancing competitions from the upstairs neighbor.

Con:

No cute upstairs neighbor.

Pro:

No landlord.

Con:

No landlord (and no, the toilet won't fix itself).

Pro:

You get your own mailbox.

Con:

Neighborhood kids might destroy your mailbox.

And a final topic of merit is dog shit. See, when you live in an apartment complex, you take your dog for a walk outside, so he doesn't shit inside. With a house, you just let the dog in the backyard. Then you're entitled to one of the great arguments with your spouse:

Her: "Can you clean up the dog shit in the backyard?"

You: "Real fertilizer is too expensive."

Her: "Well, then your 'fertile' grass will grow, and you'll have to mow more often?"

You: "Mow? And step in the dog shit?" ☒



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*The Misadventures of
Susie Crackhead!*

Enjoy!

Further comic series updates to follow.

Left: King Koob takes a pull!

Schwarzeneggerism of the Month

Submitted by Grant Calderwood



Problem Hole:

Answers to Last Month's Problem

By Srida Joisa

“Frickin’ Bees”

You and your masochistic buddy are riding bikes.

Because you guys are stupid, you try to do something stupid.

You and your buddy stand 100 miles apart in a straight line. Yeah, I know you guys are crazy. Each on his/her own bicycle. And then you start riding towards each other at the exact same time and crash head to head.

You bike pretty fast. You bike at 40 miles per hour. But your buddy is psycho and bikes even faster. He bikes at 60 miles per hour. Ah, but then there's the bee. See, just as you both start, a bee sits on your nose and flies at 1,000 miles per hour in-between your nose and your buddy's nose. The bee always flies straight and as soon as it touches your nose, it immediately starts flying in the opposite direction toward your buddy's nose at the same speed. And then back and forth again and again and again until, SQUISH, it's dead when you all crash.

How far did the bee fly before it died?

Answer:

A lot of people try to figure out how far the bee flies by measuring various points for it to get from one nose to the other. Your guys are 100 miles apart, and the bee is going 1,000 miles per hour and it is flying towards your buddy. So, the 100 mile distance is crossed in $100 \text{ miles} / (1000 \text{ mph} + 60 \text{ mph})$ hours. At that point in time, the bee turns around and goes back toward you. But the bee didn't cross all 100 miles, so you figure out at what time the bee and your buddy meet and at 1,000 mph, the bee can fly xxx miles, and then it goes back towards you and so on.

That's the hard way.

The easy way (there's always an easy way—I'm a lazy bastard) is to figure out how long the bee is in the air. You and your buddy will crash in exactly 1 hour, because both of you will travel 100 miles combined in 1 hour. The bee will travel 1,000 miles in that same hour.

So, the bee flew 1,000 miles. Simple. ☒

...The Ultimate B200 Essay, p. 1...

Gorillas are monkeys that are too big for the trees, so they live in the savannah. Chimpanzees are smaller gorillas that are still able to live in the trees. They are more like other monkeys (ancestral), because they live in the trees. Gorillas are more derived from other monkeys. Chimpanzees live in large groups but split up, so that one group can patrol the border and hunt other monkeys while the other group sits in the middle of the home range and relaxes. To make things fair, the chimps switch roles every Thursday according to the calendar they marked in the tree bark. Although the males on patrol work harder, they can trade the meat they get for sex, while the other males have nothing to trade.

Gorillas evolved into hominids, which also were in the savannah except they only had two legs. Hominids ate nuts until there were no more nuts, so they had to hunt. This is when they became Homo. Homo became Neanderthals which became humans. When the Neanderthals became humans, the humans sought out the remaining Neanderthals and systematically killed them. This is the first evidence of genocide. When humans evolved, they had language, but Neanderthals didn't. This is because the Neanderthals lacked the language gene that arose just in humans. Whereas most people consider hominid evolution to be one, long continuum of change, Ian Tattersall disagrees. He thinks that *Homo sapiens* is a separate specie.

Humans have a lot of interesting variation. Some of this variation is genetic but can easily be seen. Tongue rolling, for instance is a dominant trait that is controlled by genes. Tongue rolling is advantageous, because it helps with French kissing and oral sex. Women and men select for mates who can best pleasure them with their tongue, so the tongue rolling trait became dominant over the recessive trait. Because humans have so much genetic variation, crime scene investigators like those on CSI should not look at many different genes when trying to find a suspect. If you use a lot of genes, it will be hard to find a match, but if you use only one or two genes, it will be easy to find a match, and then you will have a suspect.

Although there is a lot of variation in humans, there is no biological reality to race or the splitting of humans into different species. Actually, the anthropologists say there is no biological reality to race, but this must be another anthropology myth like humans evolving from monkeys, pea plants mating, or the existence of Charles Darwin. I aint no Oriental or Negro.

In conclusion, I got a C- in this course and was allowed to graduate (finally) so anthropology rocks! Best way to fulfill math & science requirement. ☒

THE TRAGIC TALE OF
MADELEINE ALBRIGHT'S CAREER AS A FASHION MODEL
IN 19TH CENTURY NEW YORK

By Several Bored Office Pukes

The following is a freestyle story, in numerous installments.

The spring morning air smelled of horse crap and mud, and maybe a little bit of rustic anticipation, but it was hard to tell, because the horse crap was so strong. Madeleine was excited. It was 1879, and she was 23, and she was excited to have escaped the dungeon in her father's Amish farmhouse, in which she had been captive since the age of 12, when she had told her family that she intended to become a fashion model in New York. Her newfound freedom had filled her with unmitigated joy and optimism. She knew that she was on the verge of something great, that happiness was just around the corner, and that she hated the Irish like she hated the dogs that she kicked every day on her way to work.

The Irish were worse than Italians, worse than the Greeks, worse even than the Mexican Greeks. She knew that if she were ever to become a serious model, especially at her very advanced age, she would have to step on a few Irish to get there. As everyone knew, the Irish ruled the underground world of male modeling. They had invented blue steel and were making inroads into women's fashion in New York by buying the models off with fancy chocolate from south of the Mason-Dixon line. Madeleine was not sure what chocolate from south of the Mason-Dixon line was like, until one day when she—like most models of the day—was binging on a package of Hershey's Milk Chocolate, an Irishman walked by and said, "I haven't seen a mess like that since me da' fixed Bessie's colon back in Limerick!" He then started spouting off a limerick, "There once was a wench from South Wales...."

He was cut short as Madeleine backhanded him and cried, "Hough fwood!" Her speech was garbled by the large chunk of chocolate in her mouth. "How rude," is what she meant to say.

The Irishman tumbled backward, and upon hitting the ground, a box of Appalachia Jack's Virginia Chocolates fell out of his jacket pocket.

"Jesus, Mary, and Joseph!" the Irishman exclaimed as he spat blood.

Madeleine's eyes grew wide as she saw even more sweet, sweet chocolate waiting to be devoured. That's when the Irishman sprang to his feet, covered in horse crap and mud, looking a little like a monstrous turd rolled in hay, and lunged for the chocolate. But Madeleine, ravenous as a wolverine in heat, beat him to his prize, and she shoved the entire chocolate bar, foil wrapper and all, into her gaping maw.

"You gluttonous harlot! You ate me lucky chocolate! I brung that with me all the way from Virginia!" At this moment, a passing constable, certain that the Irishman actually was a turd monster threatening a fashion model, identifiable as such by the chocolate smears all over her face, pulled out his standard-issue Colt revolver and spurred his horse toward the giant turd. The horse, was a battled hardened mare, who fought valiantly in the civil war. Willamena was her name, and she was famous among soldiers for a little known story at battle of Gettysburg. On the third day of battle when the Union had the high ground at Little Big Top, Willamena

...continued in right column...

...Madeleine Albright, from left column...

was waiting at the bottom of the Union lines when she saw General Pickett of the Confederate army across the field. Pickett drew his sword and started what would later be known as Pickett's Charge, a sunny walk over a half mile of open fields underneath a hail of bullets from the Union army. That day, Pickett made it all the way to the Union line, but if it hadn't been for Willamena the Union might not have won the war. For as general Pickett approached, the Union running low on ammunition and reinforcements, Willamena burst out from the line and galloped toward Pickett. Pickett was looking back toward his men to encourage them up the hill as Willamena covered the distance between the Union line and Pickett. As he turned around the last thing he saw was the snarling mouth of Willamena, and her huge jaws clamping down on his head, crushing it like a ripe raspberry. Pop! Blood shot everywhere, and Pickett's body slumped down in the grass. The Confederate army, seeing this, raised their guns, some say out of fear, some say out of sheer terror, and started to fire at Willamena. Cool as a dog with big tities under a Pennsylvania shade tree, Willamena turned around and let loose most of the hay that she had been eating for the past few days all over the corpse of the former General Pickett. At this point, the Confederate army gave up all hope and ran back down the hill.

Of course, the constable knew Willamena's temperament and what would come of the Irishman as Willamena quickly approached. But the giant turd was only an Irishman, lower than a Mexican Greek, lower than the manure on the bottom of his boot. The Irishman would get the fate he deserved for harassing a fashion model.

But not by Willamena nor the Constable's intent, but rather by the wicked hand of Lady Fate, who conspired, at that particular moment in time to place, by virtue of years of shaping dirt, influencing the composition of horse crap, and cajoling spring rains, to create the perfect conditions on that muddy street for Willamena to lose her footing during her inspired charge and begin sliding at unbelievable speed. Willamena and the Constable slammed into the Irishman turned turd, and the three of them slid into a stagecoach, which exploded in a cloud of splinters, clothes, and dandies.

Madeleine, completely and utterly oblivious to the spectacle unfolding around her, was sucking the chocolate wrapper and whispering muffled ecstatic mutterings. Out of the rubble emerged Strom Thurmond, a former slave trader of the Washington era and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

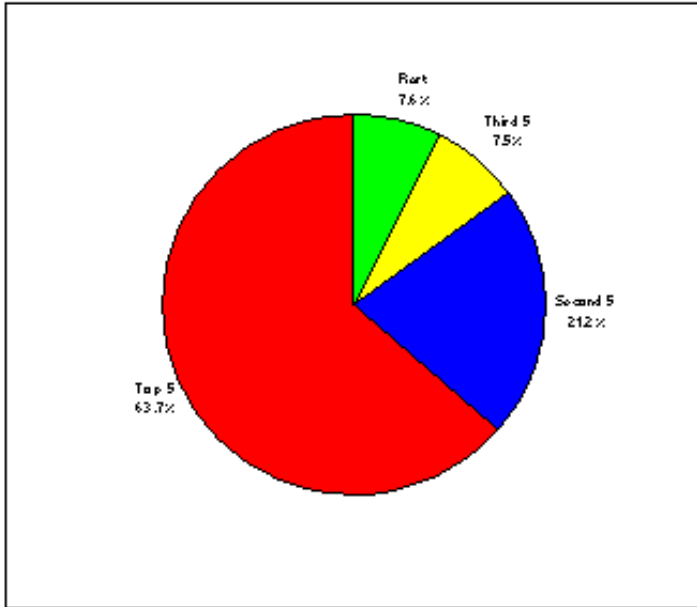
"What in tarnation!" he exclaimed, shaking splinters off his trench coat and top hat. "That stagecoach cost me fifty redbacks and four of my best cotton pickers! Why I oughtta--!" Strom's fist unclenched as he spun around and noticed the chocolate-smears face of—as he would later retell the story—"my sweet Maddy."

"How did a lovely debutante like yourself end up on this here flea-infested alley? Allow me to assist you." Madeleine wiped her mouth with her left forearm while turning, wide-eyed. Strom walked over to her slowly, grabbing her free arm with both hands. Upon helping her to the curb, he winked at her with his good eye and brushed her chin with his right index finger. Meanwhile, the pile of wreckage and horse crap that was the stagecoach continued to burn, vomiting large plumes of green smoke into the air.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE

Note: These statistics are close approximations and do not include the current issue or the submissions provided by the Editor.

Words Contributed as a percentage of the total



As of last issue, the top five *Babble-ON* contributors (red) had contributed 63.7% of the written material, the next five (blue) had contributed 21.2%, and the next five (yellow) had contributed 7.5%. The remaining half (green) of the *Babble-ON* contributors had accounted for another 7.6%.

Top tier contributors include: 1) James Schneider, 2) Brett Martz, 3) Susan Fritz, 4) Srida Joisa, and 5) Alan Fishman.

Current Trends:

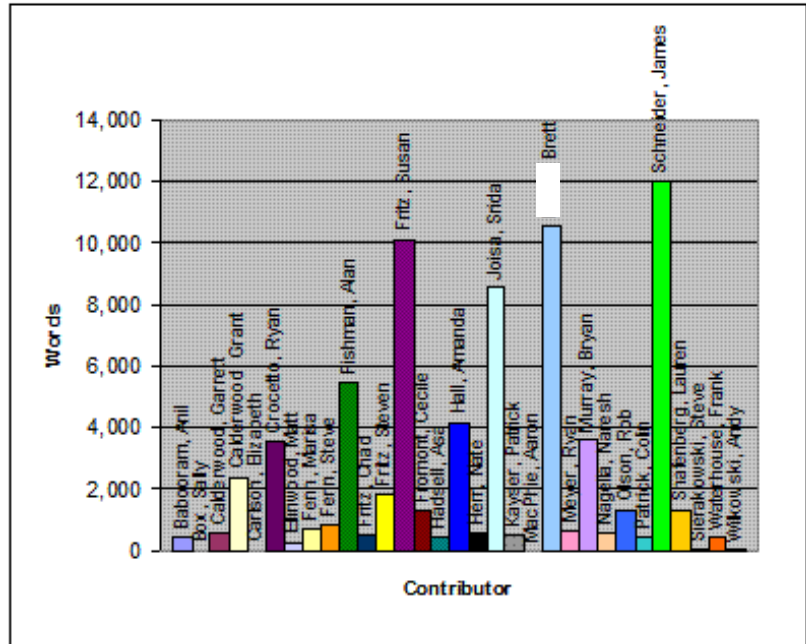
The share of text grew in the third tier and the bottom half as top contributors momentarily eased their pencils. Also, the addition of Lauren Shafenberg and the steady submissions of Bryan Murray have raised the bar on the middle tiers. This change in distribution shows a slight reversal in the previous trend of top tier domination. ☒

Contributors:
 Grant Calderwood
 Matt Ellinwood
 Marisa Fenn
 Alan Fishman
 Dan Fritz
 Susan Fritz
 Amanda Hall
 Nate Herr
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 in Norwalk, CT
 for the May 23, 2005,
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Awards
 These awards could be yours!
For Total Words Contributed:
 1,000: **Little Scribbler**
 5,000: **Babble-ON-ian**
 10,000: **Grimmelshausen Award**
 Each additional 10,000:
Proust BabbleStar
For Exceptional Content:
Alfred, Lord Tennyson
Platinum Seal of Excellence:
 To date, no one has won this.
 Good luck, and keep the submissions coming! ☒

Words Contributed per contributor



Global Watch Map

BabbleON has attracted contributors and readers from around the globe. In addition to the U.S. writers noted on the map, there have been submissions from:

Brussels, Belgium,
 Venice, Italy, and
 Sydney, Australia.

Key: Red squares mark the residence of each contributor. ☒