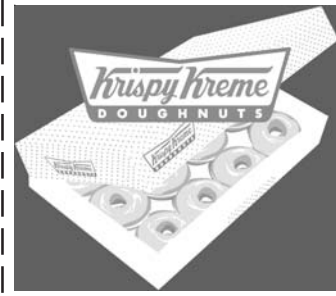
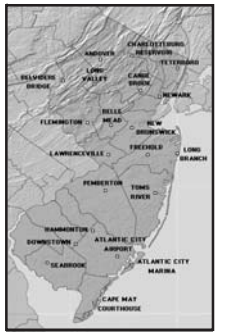




O&A True  
Men of Genius:  
We cannot wait  
until they are back  
on the air



Mmm...  
doughnuts



# The Medium

The Entertainment Weekly of Failing Your Finals After Spring Break

15¢ - Volume XXXV Issue 20

[www.themedium.net](http://www.themedium.net)

Wednesday, March 24th, 2004

A Tribute to O & A  
WOW! - Whip'em Out Whenever



68 Days Left Until Opie and Anthony  
can be back on the radio

**Israel Apologizes for Wrongful Death**  
**By "Pink Eyed" Jim Cortina**

Jerusalem – Israeli leaders have come forward to offer their apologies and condolences to the family and friends of Hamas spiritual leader Ahmed Yassin. Yassin was killed on Monday morning, when an Israeli helicopter launched three missiles at him as he was leaving a mosque after morning prayers. This has been acknowledged as an extreme case of mistaken identity, and the Israelis have issued a statement of apology in this matter.

"We, the government of Israel, realize that we may have acted in haste in calling the strike on Sheik Yassin. We felt that if Yassin had turned out to be who we thought he was, we would not have had another chance to act. You see, we thought he was none

other than the evil "White Wizard" Saruman who tried to join forces with Sauron and enslave the whole of Middle Earth. In retrospect we realize just how silly that sounds, but we were a bit clouded with the prospect of the 412 gajillion dollar reward." This excerpt from the statement released by Israeli officials was met with some anger.

"What are they talking about?" screamed West Bank resident, Ashkad Mujadarrah, who has obviously never seen any of "The Lord of the Rings" movies.

The White Wizard Saruman is a character from "The Lord of the Rings" by JRR Tolkien, who does indeed ally with the dark Lord Sauron, and attempt to take over Middle Earth. His character is played by Christopher Lee in the popular movies, directed by Peter Jackson.

Ahmed Yassin  
or  
Saruman?



When asked to clarify matters on the "412 gajillion dollar reward" Israeli officials claimed that United States' President George W. Bush had offered this reward to ally governments for the "capture or death" of Saruman before he was able to "attempt to take over Real Earth."



You Decide!

Saruman, similar to the reward he put out for Osama Bin Laden.

"I figured that since we offered \$25 million for Bin Laden, we had to offer tons more than that for Saruman, because he has magic and he's a wizard," quipped President Bush, "So I thought of the biggest number I could, and Uncle Dick said that Infinity Bajillion dollars wasn't realistic, so I lowered the reward a bit, I figured I could use the difference as my next tax cut! I sure am smart!" "I didn't think that anyone would actually take the Saruman bounty seriously," defended Dick Cheney, "I just wanted to let George sleep better at night, and warm glasses of milk weren't working anymore."

Christopher Lee was not available for comment, as he is currently hiding from Israeli helicopters.

Reportedly, Bush had suffered weeks of nightmares after seeing the "Lord of the Rings" films, all of them involving Saruman conquering the United States with his "legions of Uruk-Hai," and "making poor Samwise Gamgee work as a slave." His fears were quelled when Dick Cheney suggested that he put out a reward for the capture of

**Child Imitating Jesus Nails Self to Cross**  
**By The Yellow Journalist**

Yesterday evening, a twelve year old child nailed himself to a cross in imitation of Jesus. Thinking he would be resurrected in three days, the child nailed two boards together in the shape of a cross and then proceeded to nail his left hand into the board. Lieutenant Jones said "When he realized he had no way of nailing his right hand into the board, he called out for more help. His mother immediately called 911."

The American Family Association and Concerned Women for America blasted the Bible for violent imagery claiming that if he had better parents, he would not have been exposed to the Bible at home. The leading spokeswoman for CWA had this to say, "The only solution to this problem is to replace his parents. As women we are very concerned that he would live in such an unhealthy environment." The parents responded by saying their solution was lunacy and that they would just remove the Bible, all sharp objects, matches, 420, and Chef Emeril from the house. The child is currently in stable condition.

**Disabled Rutgers Student Has No Friends**  
**By The Yellow Journalist**

Rutgers freshman Megha Burghaeater complained yesterday that "Everyone avoids me because I'm disabled. I guess it takes extra effort to be friends with someone with a disability like mine." In high school, Megha was accidentally pushed off the edge of the rafters at a sporting event and became crippled. After suing the teenager responsible for lots of money, all she does now is talk about things related to being crippled. In an interview, she said, "When I could walk without crutches, I used be really athletic, but now I'm nothing." Every sentence she said referred in some way to being crippled. She frequently finishes sentences with "since I'm crippled," "in the handicap section," or "since my legs don't work." She claims she has no friends because others are disgusted by her crutches. "No one likes a cripple," she said.

However, other students said they didn't like her because all she talks about is being disabled. One unidentified girl said, "All she does is talk about being crippled. I've got AIDS, herpes, gonorrhea, and the clap and you don't see me complaining all day. She's such a cunt." Another person who wished to remain unidentified said, "At first, we thought she was a featured Targum columnist because she kept talking about having no friends, but after we looked at her legs one day, we realized she was just a cripple." Another student who wished to only be identified as Krispy Kreme complained that Megha "constantly hits me with her crutches like a demonic bitch. Thank god she can't run. She's mad at everyone because they can walk and she can't. If I try to hit her back, she might sue me like she sued that kid who pushed her off the rafters. Maybe the kid had the right idea after all."

www.themedium.net

**Medium Meeting**  
**9:15 PM Tonight**  
**Livingston Student Center**  
**Room 111**  
**Be There!**

www.stileproject.com/flash/passion.html

Send all of your news articles to  
news@themedium.net  
Who knows, you might see  
your name in print!  
Or we just might pass your  
story around at meetings and  
laugh at you.

<b>C O N T E N T S</b>				<b>MEDIUM</b>	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i> Michael Stanley	<i>Personals Editors</i> Brian Brzezinski
<i>Page 2</i> Still	<i>Page 8</i> What's Shakin'	<i>Managing Editor</i> Ned Berke	<i>Photographer</i> Tristan Ross			
<i>Page 3</i> Hung	<i>The cover photos are actual pictures of supporters of The Medium. They have not been photoshopped to change the nature of the pictures.</i>	<i>Business Manager</i> Dan Migliore	<i>What's Shakin' Editor</i> Larry Cheng			
<i>Page 4</i> Over		<i>Opinions Editor</i> Aija McKenzie	<i>Online Editor</i> Chris Holt			
<i>Page 5</i> And		<i>News Editor</i> Jim "God" Cortina	<i>Advertising Manager</i> Michael Stanley			
<i>Page 6</i> Broke		<i>GMG Editor</i> Daniel Migliore	<i>Staff Artist</i> Wisconsin Cheesehead			
<i>Page 7</i> From		<i>Arts Editor</i> Tristan Ross	<i>Senior Editor</i> (B)Ryan V. Beckman			
<i>Cover by: Michael Stanley</i>					<i>Faculty Advisor</i> Jeff Buechner	

THE MEDIUM is the entertainment weekly of Rutgers University. All articles are the opinions of the authors and are not necessarily shared by THE MEDIUM. Submission and business deadline is noon, Sunday. The office of THE MEDIUM is located in the SAC - Cubicle N. All correspondence may be addressed to THE MEDIUM SAC Box 78, New Brunswick, N.J. 08903. This issue will self destruct in 10...9...8...7...6...5...4...3...2...1...

## Spring Break 2004

Welcome back, whether you like it or not!

**By: Michael Stanley**

**Editor-in-Chief**

**eic@themedium.net**

Welcome back from Spring Break! Hopefully you all had fun, getting a break from your classes for an entire week. However, it's only actually a break if you go to your classes.

I was lucky enough to travel away from New Jersey this spring break and go off to the wonderful state of Florida. I sure got the perfect week away from good ole' Jersey. While most of you unlucky smucks got to shovel snow, or walk in slush I was down in Florida hanging around or seeing topless sunbathers at South Beach. I got to go to Disney and eat at some of my favorite places, Sonic drive-in and Waffle House. If you haven't gotten the opportunity to get to these fabulous restaurants (and Jack-in-the-box) be sure to stop at one if/when you get the opportunity.

This week the issue is 8 pages long; it's to change things up a little bit. Only six more weeks of class until finals, Scary huh? Hopefully the RCPC can get a decent band to play Rutgers-fest this year, unlike last year.

*"And then I feel stupid for saying it in the first place/Cause this aint no woosies anonymous, right chad/That's right (Chad)/Chad asays no/So, fuck it up" This Too Shall Pass*

## Graveyards Are Useless

**By Master Banana**

If there's one thing that people spend millions of dollars on every day that we absolutely don't need, it's graveyards. Think about it people. When someone dies, what's the fucking point of wasting precious resources just to bury someone in the ground for all eternity? Think of how many schools, buildings, bridges, and even entire towns, nay, ENTIRE NATIONS, that could be built with all the wood and stone that we're wasting with all these damn caskets and headstones. Think about it!!! Why do we have an entire industry just to benefit casket workers and gravediggers? They should just get real jobs. Nobody likes casket workers or gravediggers anyway. And unless you're famous, who cares that you died after all of your relatives and friends will be dead a hundred or so years from now? We don't need mile after mile of cemetery reminding people that a bunch of people died. Everyone dies! Get used to it! And seriously... how much space are we wasting with all these damn graveyards? There's just so many things we could be doing with all that land! I think part of the reasons there's so many starving people all over the world is because we aren't using our resources properly.

The only thing I can think that graveyards have any use for is horror movie sets. And, like, episodes of Buffy and stuff. But seriously... wouldn't horror movies be a lot more scary if there were no graveyards? Think about it. What if we just cremated everyone and just spread their ashes around randomly, so that the ashes would mingle with the dust of the earth? Then zombies could rise up from anywhere, at any given moment!

Really, though, I think the best thing to do with people when they die, is just grind their dead bodies up, and make sausages out of them or something. Actually, maybe that's not particularly useful, but I just think it sounds pretty cool. But graveyards, they're no good. If I become president someday, I am going to outlaw the use of any and all graveyards. Vote Master Banana for president, for a graveyard free society!!!

**Got Pregnant over Spring Break? Come to a Medium Meeting, tonight LSC 111 at 9:15, and let us punch you in the stomach! For submissions (as well as abortion tales), submit to Opinions@themedium.net!**

## Fucking Shit Up, a Girl's Guide

by Aija McKenzie, Opinions Editress

What About Your Friends?

The "Single White Female" Syndrome

It's still Women's Herstory Month, and still time for me to harp on about how women should stick together, put chicks before dicks, and have an awesome time in the company of good friends. Sometimes that's easier than it sounds, however. Women have a bad reputation for having fickle friendships and being way too catty behind girls' backs, and it's hard to keep solid relationships with your girls when people turn into bitches. One thing that can totally make a bond go sour is the Single White Female Syndrome, aka, "Bitch, stop tryin' to be like me!"

It happens a lot, at times right under your nose, and boy, can it get dangerous. Maybe you're the more popular one in the circle, or have a stronger personality, or more unique sense of style. Maybe you're totally sure of yourself, while your friend is still going through the identity crisis from like, freshman year. Props to you for being so cool, but watch your friend. It'll start off innocently, like buying the same sweater in different shades, or dressing alike one night to go out. Then it gets to be a little more serious. If one girl hooks up, the other one has to. You find a guy, she fucks his friend. She makes moves on your boyfriend? Whoa, bitch. I'm all for women's solidarity, but if you're trying to fuck with my man, my team, or my food, I'm not above scratching eyes out. the solution to combatting the wanna-bes? You've got to show your girl that her actions are not cute. Something along the lines of "Did you fuck that guy just because he's (insert name of guy with whome you hooked up)'s friend?" That'll put things in perspective. If you're tired of people calling the two of you the Bobbsey Twins, say so. Originality is a great quality to have. Besides, why would you want to co-sign on some other girl's lifestyle if it's not a perfect fit for you? When you find your own personal style and sense of identity, and you can love your friends without trying to eclipse them, you will truly be fucking shit up.

## Untitled

**By The Patriot**

I'm an American whose lived in several Asian countries, and I can tell you that you gooks are the worst people, the most racist people on earth. Chinese people are so humble and have so much more confidence than you ugly, barbaric, dogeating flat faced, ugly 588 layers of makeup wearing gooks. Japanese people are much kinder and open to foreigners than you dog-eating, flat-faced, garlic breathed barbarians. It makes me sick too the way you gooks pronounce foreign languages. Why the fvck can you large-headed gook monkeys can't pronounce the letter "z"? "Z" does not sound like "j" you ugly slitty eyed, other people's regurgitated food-eating gooks!!! You gooks are so dirty and your country smells like shit. I used to live in gookland before I came to Japan, and I can tell you it was the worst 2 years of my life. Japan is so much like heaven here. The people here actually brush their teeth, and clean up after themselves..not like in your barbaric country. You guys pronounce the number 0 as "jero." It's "zero" you subhuman shits. I guess you can't do it because of your fucking 9 foot wide faces. Why do gooks have such large heads, but such small brains? That always puzzled me.

Gooks are just so chock full of racist, arrogant, jingoistic terminology proclaiming Korea to be some "heavenly kingdom"! You call black people "kamddoongi" You always refer to Americans or Chinese, Vietnamese, Blacks, Europeans Japanese as "nom" or attache "seki" to it. Equivalent of saying "bastard" In fact, you always refer to foreigners as some country + seki! How rude and crude your culture is. Purely barbaric. Your people are just animals. You call white people "yang nom" Japanese as "jjokbaree" Chinese as "ddaenom". In Mandarin, Cantonese, Thai, Japanese and Chinese, there is NO DERAGATORY word for you ugly gooks or other country. They just attach the suffix "jin" (Japanese) or "ren" (Chinese) to the country name to indicate "person." That is a sign of refinement and politeness..not your ugly shit dirty filthy language. Stop feeding bullshit to everyone else you fucking weak sore insecure cocker spaniel eating gooks!

Personally, I wish that the US dropped the Atomic bombs on your ugly gookland rather than Japan, and I always wished that China would have sent in all her forces during the Korean Gook War and wiped out all of you shitheads once and for all. Too bad it can't happen anytime soon. I hate you gooks so much, it makes me puke. Get the hell out of LA and take your dog-soup restaurants, your liquor stores, and your laundromats with you.

Welcome Back

By: Dan Migliore, *who's been Rasta-safari-ing since before you were born*

Ah, Spring is pretty much officially here. Spring Break has come and gone, and we're all now a little poorer than we were on the 12th of March. St. Patty's Day has come and went, and in an effort to show that I'm a caring Irishman, I had a parade in which the only people who were allowed to march were homo- and bisexuals. And I feel good about it. Because sure, these 20 women might not have been allowed to march in one of the larger parades based on their sexual preference, but to me, they were all beautiful women. And the fact that I had hired them from an adult entertainment place is not an issue. Nor is the fact that they really didn't march anywhere. The important thing is that we had the Irish spirit. We all drank Guinness. We all had Irish Car Bombs. We did shots of Jameson. And in the end, they were drunk enough to forget to charge me for all the...um...marching they did. Yeah. Marching. That's the ticket. And when that was done, and the women had left, I went out. I visited the local alehouses, bars, beer gardens, bistros, canteens, cocktail lounges, drinkeries, inns, lounges, pubs, public houses, rathskellers, saloons, taps, taprooms, taverns, and watering holes. I sang some Irish drinking songs. I did a jig. Then a leprechaun showed up. I chased it all the way to Old Queens, where I ran into President McCormick. He told me that those little fuckers are always bothering him. So we drank to those little guys. And then to Rutgers. And then to my shoes. And again to his shoes. And then it gets a little blurry. Then it was morning, and I was sleeping on the hood of a 99 Camaro SS. Go figure.

So now that you're back from Spring Break, you've gotta have some good stories to tell. So tell them here in *The Medium*, and show the rest of Rutgers how cool you are. Send in your wildest Spring Break pic or story to [Features@themedium.net](mailto:Features@themedium.net). And stop by a Medium meeting this Wednesday at 9:30 in LSC Room 111.

Women's History Month Feature

The Good Wife's/Girlfriend's Guide, adapted from *Housekeeping Monthly*, 13 May 1955

- Have dinner ready. Plan ahead, even the night before to have a delicious meal ready, on time for his return.
- Prepare yourself. Take 15 minutes to rest so you'll be refreshed when he arrives. Touch up your make-up, put a ribbon in your hair and be fresh-looking. Remember, you are his property, so be sure to look nice.
- Be happy and interesting for him. His boring day may need a lift, and it is one of your duties to provide it.
- Be happy to see him.
- Greet him with a smile and show sincerity in your desire to please him.
- Listen to him. You may have a dozen important things to tell him, but the moment of his arrival is not the time. Let him talk- remember, his topics of conversation are more important than yours.
- Make the evening his. Never complain if he comes home late or goes out to dinner, or other places of entertainment without you. Remember, your place as a woman is in the home, specifically, in the kitchen.
- Don't greet him with complaints or problems. A blow-job, however, is an excellent way to greet him.
- Don't complain if he's late or even if he stays out all night. Count this as minor compared to what he might have gone through during the day.

Jihad'ing in the Streets

(To be sung to the beat of Dancing in the Streets)

By: Beezer and Strip-Tastic Sam

Wow!  
Ah yeah!  
Calling out around the world, are you ready for a brand new beast.  
Summer's here and the time is right, for Jihad in the streets,  
They're Jihad'ing in Chicago (They'll be Jihad'ing)  
Down in New Orleans (Jihad in the streets)  
Up in New York City (Jihad in the streets)  
All we need is Allah, sweet Allah  
There'll be bombs everywhere.  
There'll be murders, explosions, and tons of turbans,  
Jihad in the streets, Oh!  
It doesn't matter what color you wear, just as long as it's a bomb,  
So come on  
Grab a goat; sink a boat, everywhere around the world.  
There'll be Jihad, Jihad in the streets.  
(Oh)It's just an invitation, for the Islam nation, a chance to beat our meat.  
There'll be screaming and crying, Allah flying, Jihad in the streets  
All we need is Allah, sweet Allah  
There'll be bombs everywhere.  
Way down in LA, everyday, Jihad in the streets. San Francisco way,  
Jihad in the streets...

Beerman Presents: Drinking Game of the Week

This week: Beer Pot (and I don't mean sensimillia)

This is an incredibly simple game that will knock you out of your chair. Basic supplies: beer and people (as usual), plus a big pot, or pitcher. All players sit in a circle. Each player contributes one beer to the pot. One player starts drinking from the pot. This person can drink as much or little as s/he chooses. When done, the pot passes to the next player who does the same thing. The person who empties the pot is the winner. The person who drank immediately before the winner is the loser. The loser must then put a beer in the pot for each of the players; then play starts again. Or a variation is that the loser puts in two beers, the winner zero, and everybody else puts in one. This is also a great game to be played in bars. Buy a big pitcher of beer. Pass it around. The loser buys the next pitcher. It is important that the pot/pitcher is big - it makes it harder to judge the amount of beer remaining.

And now to prove that making fun of George W is awesome, here's Craig Tonic's view of Bush and gay marriage!



Features @ the medium . net  
www . the medium . net  
Meetings: Wednesday, 9:30, LSC Room 111

Fashion Statements and Phrases

For the Guys

By The Lego Pirate

Men's underwear has been neglected in today's thong obsessed fashion world for too long. It's been a few years since Sisqo sang about the glorious thong and it's time the men get a chance to fight back in undergarment fashion. I don't have a major label to release a song about men's underwear, but i can start the trend here in The Medium. After you are done tilting your \$55 trucker hat up and to the left, unbutton your pants, unzip your fly and pull out a bit of your underwear. Show off those novelty K-mart boxers, be proud of the support your Calvin Klein briefs gives to your package. Give those girls a focus point. The kids with the baggy pants have had it backwards for years. The focus is on your mandingo, not your ass.



As If You Don't Use Your Right Hand Enough Already

The Special Olympics: Extreme Gimpage Videogame Review by Evil Larry

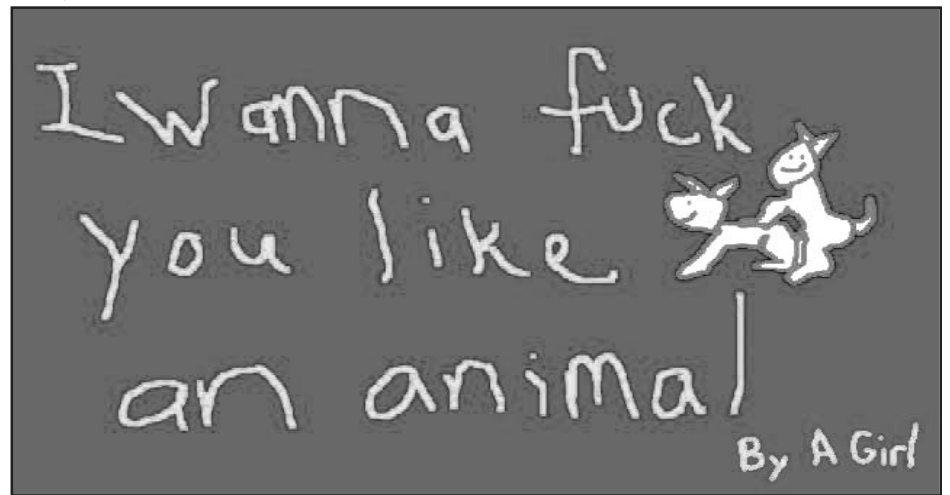
Only being able to walk could possibly be better than this game. Choose from a huge cast of 50 types of "special" people like paraplegics, military veterans, quadriplegics, retards, cripples, etc. etc. And watch out for an extra special appearance by Christopher Reeve in the game! This game offers dozens of special Olympics games such as hurdles, limping, javelin, wheelchair relay races, and many more! The graphics are absolutely stunning. You can even see lifelike drool while going downhill in the wheelchair race. In Wheelchair high diving, watch as Paraplegic Peter pisses his trunks before being shoved off by his trainer. Control his landing by mashing on the A button for extra gimpage. Bonus points if the wheelchair lands on him afterwards. Also included are instant replay features for nearly any event and a 3D camera to view replays from any angle. It's all good as you can replay a discus event gone hideously wrong over and over and over and over again just like a real retard! You can even see the spittle coming from Wheelchair Jimmy's mouth in slow motion with this feature. Rewind for extra fun. The biggest gripe about gameplay is that it sometimes can too lifelike. If you pick the wrong character, too much weight can make artificial legs snap. Such frustrating delays can make gameplay tedious. EA sports could've done a much better job by making the game a bit less realistic in this regard. Still, the failures of your characters can sometimes be hilarious like when javelin or discus events go wrong. The lifelike gore that ensues is stunningly funny. Don't worry folks, this game is all in clean good fun. For each copy of this game you purchase at retail price of \$49.99, 5 dollars will be donated to charity dedicated to making people less "special." EA Sports has done their absolute best to make sure that their special fans get the best of treatment in this fantastic game.

SEND IN YOUR ART MS PAINT ROCKS

Reader Submitted MS Paint Art !

Dirty Hot Sex

By A Girl



This delicious 'drawing' depicts two, generic animals, not belonging to any particular genus or species. They are playfully pleasuring themselves in the classic 'doggie-style' position while wearing happy, smiling faces. To the left of them is an inspirational quote by Nine Inch Nails. They are smiling simply because nothing is more gratifying than this — fucking like an animal. Now doesn't this put a smile on your face?

It's Free On TV, But Why Not Pay \$39.95

Thank God For Futurama DVDs

By The Volcano Worshipper

Futurama was not a very well received TV show. In fact, the majority of comments I hear in regards to this show are along the lines of "Futurama sucks, the Simpsons was way better"; maybe "Futurama was moderately amusing" at best. I, however, disagree. I thought the show was often brilliant, and just recently I bought seasons 1 through 3 on DVD. All 4 seasons have been out on DVD in Europe for a while now, but because of legal bullshit they've been coming out a year or so later in America. Season 3 just came out this month. Frankly, though, they're all worth the wait. One of the amazing things about the show was how much detail they crammed into every episode. As far as the quality of the animation and graphics, Futurama was unquestionably better than the Simpsons, by all means. The writing was pretty sharp, as well. There's so many details that you have to keep re-watching the episodes to catch them all. In fact, the episodes actually get better on repeated viewings. There's just so much stuff on these DVDs... I haven't even finished season 2 yet, or started any of the commentary. It's clear that Matt Groening intended this show to have a huge cult following, and I think it's kind of a shame that he put so much effort into this show that was largely unnoticed. If you ever enjoyed this show, I highly suggest buying these DVDs. If not, go watch Family Guy or whatever shitty show you watch, whatever, I don't care.

Cover Band Cover Art

Cover's Cover Art By Cover Co. Ver. 2.1

Covered By The Lego Pirate

Cover your ears! The new cover of "Undercover And Under The Covers" by The Covert Seatcover's is loud, but the cover art is even louder. Enrico Veritas and his company Cover Co. Ver 2.1 have designed a great cover. "Loco verde mi cabasa", said Enrico, meaning, "Duck and cover, because this is the bomb!" Cover Co. Ver. 2.1 covered all the bases in this design inspired by the work of Eric Overbanhoff. The new cover album should be a success because of the cover's cover and President Enrico Veritas believes the new venture will increase Co. versatility and should push profits of the Co. vertical through the third quarter. After a slow recovery from last years bad cover to cover media coverage of cover bands.



Contribute To Your Arts Section !

Send contributions to arts@themedium.net

**The Medium**  
**PERSONALS**

"If my grandfather knew I was jewish, he'd kill me - Chip Rommel" **Wednesday March 24<sup>th</sup>, 2004**

To that skanky ass bitch in Micro MWed5 you are such hoe, leading polish hot dogs to be blueballed. You need to get a life you pathetic bitch, Eat some fucking polish dingleberries, And go fuck the micro teacher while you're at it bitch. And to the polish hot dog, what the fuck is wrong with you?

Homeslice...dead puppies aren't much fun...MOO! Surrounded by the empty conversation of Indian princesses and Im to lazy to get up. One says: "It smells like Cigarettes in here!" SOrry it doesnt smell like curry. MAYbe next time. to greg the jew, stop talking and being so boring.

To the loud fat ugly bitches from RUMAD, some math club: Stop being so fucking loud when people are trying to sleep in the DSC! Go eat Syphillis infested ho-hos and get fatter so you die! Or atleast suck a cock, since no guys want to fuck your ugly fat asses! You dont need to talk so loud to get people to notice you. Your such huge whores, its hard not to! Use your calculators to figure out how long it will take you to be decent looking!



check me out! check me out!  
<http://www.itburns.ouch.ws>  
check me out! check me out!

TO THAT POLISH CUTIE WHO SITS NEXT TO ME IN MY MICROECON CLASS MW5, STOP TAKING NOTES. IF YOU ONLY KNEW WHAT I WANNA DO TO YOU, THEN YOU'D DEFINATELY PAY MORE ATTENTION TO ME. STOP BEING A DOUCHE BAG AND START PAYING ATTENTION TO HOW HORNY I AM FOR YOU!SHOVE THAT PEN UPUR ASS AND LETS GET THIS SHIT ON. ALL I NEED IS A QUICKIE IN THAT CAR OF URS..MMM!!

To the boys at DKE. Thank you for the alcohol and roofies, but it still is not enough to fuck your ugly asses. Is that why you fuck each other with your itsy, bitsy, teeny weenies?

To my gay roommate, Please stop being gay.

To that sexy ass dominican who always passes by .. how much i want ur dick inside my sweet pussy and then riding you like there is no tomorrow. I like you so much I just rather be your girl and fuck you non stop !!! muahz

Send pictures of boobs to personals@themedium.net. First one to send a million, WINS!!

Dear Lauren, Thanks for a great night, Love Mike.

(Dear Lauren, thats the gentlemans way of saying he gave you the herpes) # 28

to that girl that farted on the bus. i know it was you. i heard it. i could see the guilt in your eyes. next time, please don't sit on my lap, you left skidmarks

**Want to have your boobs in the medium, email personals@themedium.net for info on a photo shoot**

to my currant moral and social issues professor: i and several other of your students would appreciate it if you'd stop using the word "right" where most people would use commas or periods. also, you really should stop being late to class, though at least that means i don't have to feel the blood spurt out of my ears due to your speech patterns for as long a period of time as i'm entitled to.

To all the Chinks that play basketball at Livingston Gym, stop taking up the courts and let the Niggers do what they do best..well, besides raping white girls and stealing cars. You're are NOT Wally Szczerbiak, you are NOT Jason Kidd, fuck it, Yao Ming just got lucky you ain't him either, so get off the court and go watch Anime and make me some fucking stirfry and pork fried rice! Assholes.

greg the jew, here's your fucking personal

WHAT DO YOU CALL A BLACK PRIEST? HOLY SHIT!

(resubmitted just for you jeff, hope you enjoy!)

This poem is for the dingleberry who sits behind me in my MW5 microeconomics class: You're hair is curly and you're ass is crusty You like when guys touch you on every part of your body. I wish you could just see how stupid you look wit your lil head band Clearly, your lil style is whack cause the only girl u get is ur right hand. Stop asking me to fcuk again every day after class, If you ask me one more time I jma have my dog bust in your ass. The first time I had you was enough for me to see That you couldn't handle shit; not even at 2 second quickie. The hairy thing you call a back needs to be waxed, You look like a fuckin gorilla straight out of the jungle. So Wednesday when you see that girl smiling And all the rest of the class pointing and laughing You better tuck in your lil 2 inch dick And run out like your girlfriend did for a lick. P.S. I fucked your girlfriend too f°

to greg, here's a personal, since you've "cried" that you haven't had one since freshmen year...next time you want to force your opinions on people try not to hit the gavel so hard, i can barely hear out of my right ear anymore. Okay so it's not the greatest, you try coming up with one for someone who thinks he's mister "perfect"

Dear Tenacious T, I'm sorry I told everyone that you crapped in your pants. I guess its bad enough that your sister gave you a black eye. P.S.

(what the hell. First of all, Tristan really did crap his pants. I know it. Dave told me, he was there, liberating him from the ground. And you forgot to include a PS and you forgot to S to have a PS)

To the guy who fell while running towards the H bus on Monday: thanks for a really good laugh :) Hope you're alright though.

(to the girls in the computer lab making fun of the 'handicapped' child, thank you for making my night enjoyable. i wanna see you girls naked together. it could be fun.)

Laughter isn't the cure for everything. Jim had a collapsed lung. We tried to make him laugh, but it didn't help. In fact, doctors say it killed him. Sorry Jim, we tried. :-/

Hey Mike go back to the Phillipines, fucken Napoleon Brownaparte.

**Hit It Big**  
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**Directions From College Ave.:**  
**Go Down Easton until Albany St.- Make a left and a quick right directly after the McDonald's (or Spring St.). We are 2½ blocks down on the left.**  
**732-296-7337**

PERSONALS

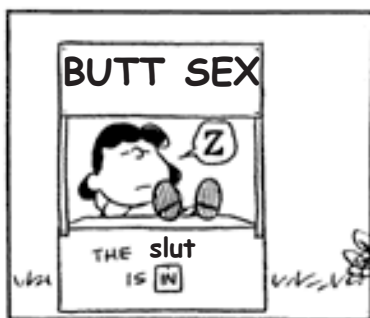
suck a polar bear's dick. (talk about ice cold, hey ya... god someone should kill me) i'm a fucking moron who wants a lot of dirty shit sent to them... in fact if you can find a way to email me actual fecal matter i'd love you for it nya2003@hotmail.com

(oh no i didn't... from now on if you're a dumb piece of shit who sends personals from non eden... you get this...)

Dear chrisper(you kilt wearing cock sucker), I hope your mother dies of cancer then Jesus takes a fat dump on her ugly face and sends her to hell where Satan will sodomize her every second for the rest of eternity. P.S. I hope your sister vaginal chrisper gets raped by a gang of nigglets at a frat party...and by the way her pussy smells worst then the shits your father takes after swallowing my load. Please get the clap and die.

(how is it that all you motherfuckers are too dumb to follow the rules... 1) send your shit from an eden account, 2) no revealing information including unique names, 3) take the penis out of your ass before you send it)

http://www.phillip.com/index.php?page=flash/subliminal



to that kid who shit his pants at a frat party last year... i remember that

(that's the type of stuff people never forget. don't worry shitboy, i'm sure people will forget by the time you die... but you'll always remember... what a tremendous failure you are)

rusty razors don't work so well

hot chicks are hot

The Passion of the Christ didn't have enough female titties...just manboobs.

(that's because jesus likes the cock... or the manboob... whatever you call it)

jes... you're hot... i think a nice tongue bath may cool you down... after an hour or so... what do you say?

to that girl i wouldn't sleep with freshman year, i'm sorry, i should've let you ride my dong but at the time i didn't realize sex was just about fucking bitches and not love

(it's sad what people really learn at college... study up)

ok guys i've learned something... you don't always have the wrong answer when girls ask something... it's just the bitches are crazy. the right answer depends more on their moods which shift more often than the breeze... so the right answer is wrong 99% of the time... it's just luck... like finding a girl who has an ass that won't split when i fuck it

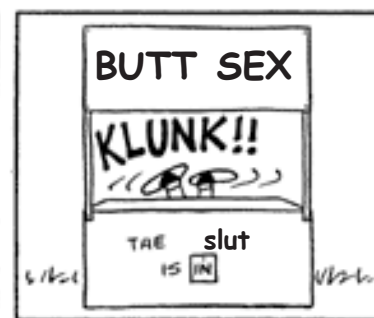
(ass? no one fucks ass anymore... that's so september 12th... fuck the jeep liberty)

I went up to canadia for spring break and boy is my dick tired. those french canadians sure know how to make a fellow feel loved... real loved

if a bear had a car... and i put sugar in the gas tank and he saw me... adn then i was all like "hey bear, i have somethign for you" and then as he charded me i peed in his face... do you think he'd claw me to death?

(depends if he's the kind of bear that likes being pissed on... and yes)

turn tail like a seahorse



To the big tittie loud mouth bitch outside of house 29 SHUT THE FUCK UP!!!! Your voice and laugh are so annoying I want to shove my arm down your fucking throat and rip out your vocal cords and use them to whipe my ass. Some of us in this quad are trying to study on Tuesday nights unlike you, you fucking drunk ass tittie flopping christ killer.

(dude, don't be pissed because some people forgot that college is about education... have sex and chill out)

to the homeless people who keep asking me for money all the time- stop being so goddamn poor... or at least stop buying crack with the money i give you, if i wanted my money to go towards drugs i'd keep it

you should've shot yourself in the foot while it was in your mouth

Personal of Pissing Yourself Laughing

This personal is for Kieth I know you loved licking my pussy because you spent more time doing that than fucking me. I know you brag all the time about how you made me cum a lot the first time and I was afraid to tell you when we were together but, I was a little too drunk that night and I was pissing in your mouth. Maybe next time you'll look to see what is coming out of what hole.

(for real... you'd think the taste of piss would be a pretty big clue that it wasn't cum too)

I'm your roommate and I've slept in your bed naked.

(i slept in your bed naked and put my balls all over the pillow... that's not a drool stain)



for those crazy cult kids who gave me "breakfast bars" on monday, i used one of them as a dildo to fuck some stranger in the jeep liberty, i hope you're happy with what your lord has provided me. eat my dick with chocolate chips to that indian bitch who hangs out at the corner tavern. the day that you are drugged and crawling around on all fours like a damn beast on a dirty bathroom stall. the heavens will open,the angels will smile, as the floor beneath you wedges open unearthing a horrible abyiss in which you can rot.oh yes, may your friends be with you

(don't forget to tell her that you hope her vagina gets used as one of those white trash beer coolers)

to anthony, i love you and i want you to know i didn't cheat on you before we broke up, but i did have sex with your brother after

(haha, that's better than if she said you got her pregnant... maybe)

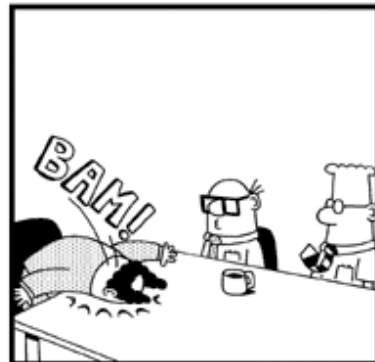
ok so i haven't slept in three days and no matter how many times i jerk off, how many bowls i smoke, how many warm cups of milk i drink... i just can't stop picturing my mother naked. how can i stop smoking and jerking off into a cup i drink from after i'm high and think it's milk... god my mother taught me well

i'm not crazy, it's just that sanity is boring.

(i think i dated you)

if i were a girl i'd just fucking walk around with bannanas and cucumbers in my pussy all day

(don't forget to run them under warm water first so they feel even better)



if i didn't have anything here... you'd be sad and then i'd be sad lets cry

hey snow, fuck YOU. spring break + snow = die

(I like when math majors send personals in)

We love your José Olé Oscar sucks, but it's ok Olé You aren't tough now, but maybe someday Olé We still love you anyway Olé

(there's just no saving that... or your pathetic life... no one loves you... so let jose and oscar double team you and choke on some cock)

to the guy i saw on college ave who was listening to headphones and wearing black flipflops, i wanted to throw you against a wall in some alley and have you fuck me raw, take the headphones off so i can come up to you next time

(think i may buy some black flipflops now...)

naps are better than sex, but not nearly as good as sex

(i don't know if he's having sex wrong, or i'm napping wrong)



so i was on spring break and i heard it was snowing back home so that night when i was licking some spanish chick's pussy i was like, snow... snow... rutgers... "bitch turn over" and i fucked her in the jeep liberty

(liberate that jeep yo... i'll liberate your liberation... huh?)



Little Albert would always remember the day his penis froze off as the day his mother stopped loving him.



# In the Face!



Everyone should be allowed to punch one person in the face before they die. One slug to the face or the genitals would really put a person's faith back into humanity. Why a punch to the face? Simple, cause some people are just fuckers. Booting people in the testicles should be a right and/or a privilege. Day in, day out, it's the same crap from the same people. Well I'm tired of it and I'm sure if breaking someone's arm will help get people through the day, the world can deal with it. I say no more bullshit from anyone, no more fucking questions about this or that until the day when people can get their spine broke if they are annoying assholes. But I digress once more, onto the events.

## Event O' the Week



The Princeton University Black Men's Awareness Group (BMAG) in association with Motorola is proud to present:

### "Princeton's 1st annual 3-on-3 Charity Streetball Tournament"

at Princeton University's Dillon gym on April 24th, 2004

This will be a \*hot\* event featuring some of the best streetballers in the US and Canada! There will be many performances, food, DJ and special events such as a freestyle contest and a 3pt shootout.

For more information check out our website at:

<http://www.princeton-streetball.com>

## I <3

Wed, 3/24 - **Blues Traveler** at Irving Plaza, NY  
 Wed, 3/24 - **George Clinton & Parliament Funkadelic** at Tuxedo Junction, Danbury, CT  
 Fri, 3/26 - **E-Town Concrete w/ Strength In Numbers, Mudbox, Delian League and Dexterity** at Starland Ballroom, Sayreville, NJ  
 Fri, 3/26 - **The Allman Brothers Band** at Beacon Theatre, NY  
 Fri, 3/26 - **John Eddie** at Harry's Roadhouse, Asbury Park, NJ  
 Fri, 3/26 - **Jimmie's Chicken Shack** at The Green Room At Sawmill, Seaside Park, NJ  
 Sun, 3/28 - **Saves The Day and Grandaddy w/ The Fire Theft and Hey Mercedes** at Starland Ballroom, Sayreville, NJ  
 Sun, 3/28 - **Eddie Money** at Westbury Music Fair, Westbury, NY  
 Mon, 3/29 - **Method Man** at B.B. King Blues Club & Grill, NY  
 Tues, 3/30 - **Hoobastank w/ Lost Prophets, Ima Robot** at Starland Ballroom, Sayreville, NJ  
 Tues, 3/30 - **Van Morrison** at Irving Plaza, NY

## Boobs

Thurs, 3/25 to Sat, 3/27 - **Jim Florentine** at Stress Factory, New Brunswick, NJ  
 Thurs, 3/25 to Sun, 3/28 - **Bobby Collins** at Caroline's, Broadway, NY  
 Thurs, 3/25 - **New Jersey Film Festival Spring 2004: "North By Northwest"** at Loree Building  
 Fri, 3/26 to Sat, 3/27 - **Carl Labove** at Rascal's, Cherry Hill, NJ  
 Fri, 3/26 - **New Jersey Film Festival Spring 2004: "Crimson Gold"** at Scott Hall  
 Sat, 3/27 - **Movie: "Kill Bill Vol. 1"** at LSC College Hall  
 Sat, 3/27 - **Lewis Black** at Westbury Music Fair, Westbury, NY



If you come to a Medium meeting, Wednesday, 9:15 PM at the LSC 111, there might be free Coke..... both kinds of coke.

Send events to:

**Events@themedium.net**