

PRIMAL TSAK

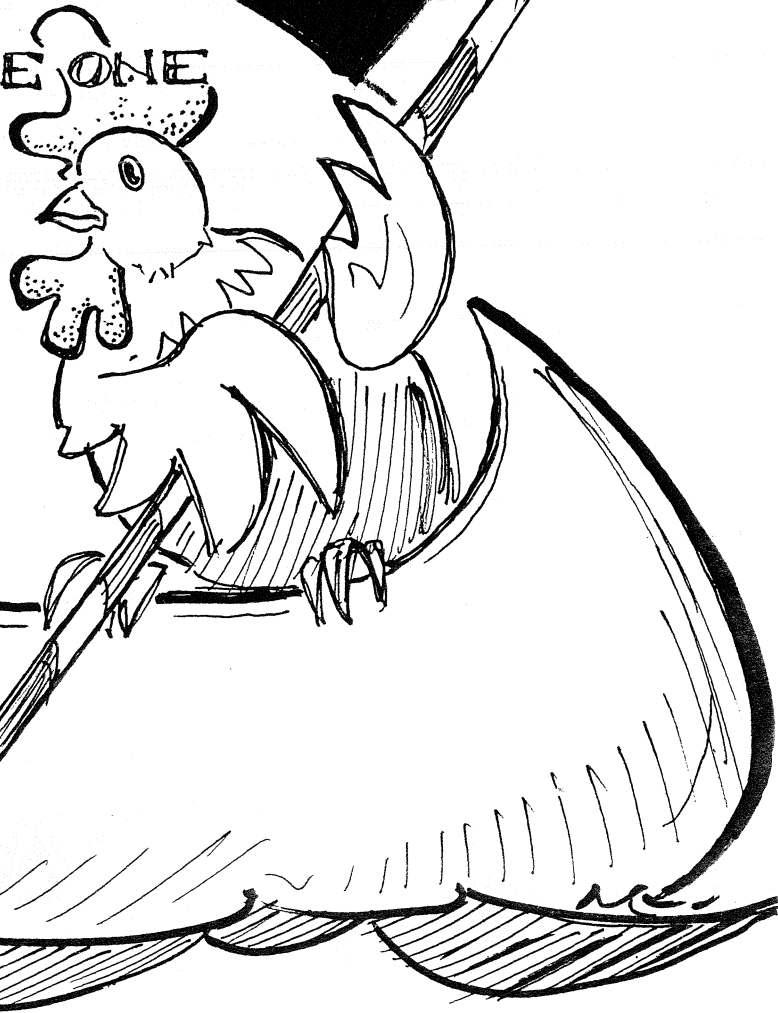


Craig Millars

WNO

EPISODE ONE

THE
BANTAM
VEN^{IN}NICE



What!?!



WARNIN' PAGE



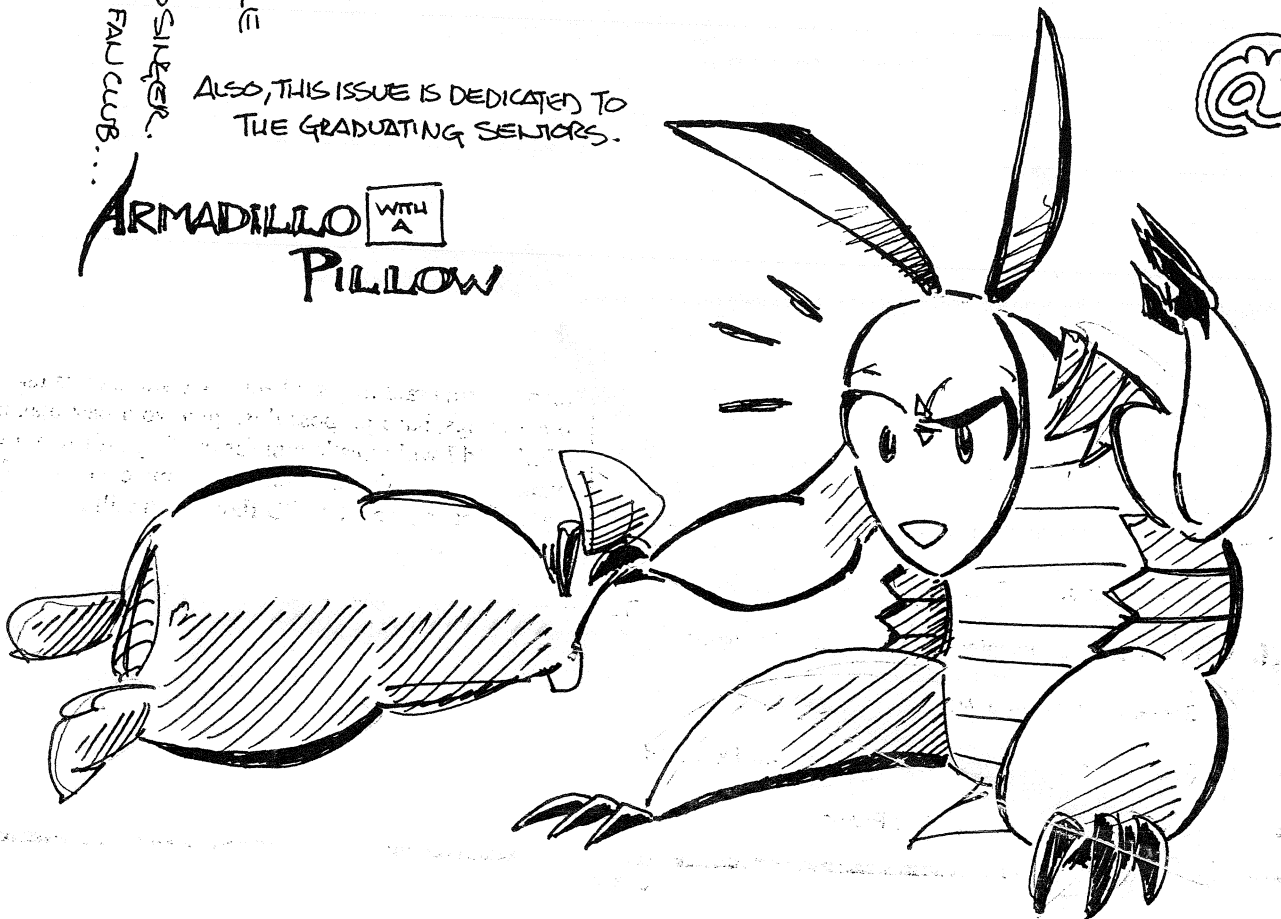
YOU'VE BEEN WARNED...

THIS ISSUE DEDICATED TO ALL PEOPLE WHO ARE DEDICATED.
ALSO TO RAFFI THE CLUNDERNS SINGER.
FOR INFORMATION ABOUT THE RAFFI FAU CLUB...

- WARNING: THE COVER OF THIS ISSUE IS NOT AT ALL FUNNY. IT'S JUST DUMB.
- FU FU ... WHAT THE -- ?
- COMIC & ORIGINAL ARTWORK COPYRIGHT ~~B.P. STRE~~ © JOHN TEAK & BILLY WEBBBRE!
- WATCH OUT FOR THAT COMIC.
- ORIGINAL POETRY © JASON BANASZAK

ALSO, THIS ISSUE IS DEDICATED TO THE GRADUATING SENIORS.

ARMADILLO WITH A PILLOW





C.W.O.D.



Volume II, Issue 7

April 1999

A Special Message from: **Ben Hatke**

(CP) Ben Hatke

“Ooh, ooh, we can be cool too! Oh, I swear we can!!! Just listen to us, we can do it!! We can say really cool things, just listen: ‘Cwod sucks, Cwod sucks!’ See, wasn’t that *cool*?!!? Cool, like Denver--yeah, he got a date with a truly wonderful girl. We’re not lame! No, no not that! If we make fun of him bitterly maybe we can be cool too! We’ll completely ignore the fact that he succeeded where we failed and, and, and, we’ll say...we’ll say he’s a *dummy*!!!! THAT will win us some of the respect and admiration that we so desperately crave!!! Oh, OHH!!! I know what we can do! We’ll call Ben’s cape super-*stupid*. Everybody will laugh because we called it super-*stupid*! Ha, ha, stupid like his big dumb *head*! Man, I’ve GOT IT!!! Dude, I’ve GOT IT!!!!!! After telling everyone else how dumb they are we’ll tell them that we’re the BEST!!! Oh!! and we can pepper it with inside jokes to make people feel like, like... outcasts!!!”

Unfortunately, this is the prevailing attitude that comes across in the recent first issue of the “Unchronicled.” This one-page leaflet formatted to look like a Chronicler, is comprised mostly of material poking fun at “a group of strange, elusive, and exclusive male-ninja-wanna be’s known to many as the CWOD,” that the authors seem to inexplicably emulate.

To the good folks of the “Unchronicled,” let me both compliment and insult you at the same time by saying that you have *some* potential. Having worked on a wacky, underground periodical for about three years now (THREE

YEARS?!!), I feel I can view myself as having some semblance of a clue about what works and doesn’t. Though most of what you printed was mindless CWOD-bashing and shameless self-promotion, you showed a few sparks of wit and humor. (Ed. note--the key word here is *few*). I particularly liked Doric, Corinthian, and Ionic being listed as columns. Not bad. As for the “official flavor” of that issue being vanilla, let me just say that seems like false advertising because I spent a half-hour licking the thing and it STILL tasted just like a piece of paper that been through a copy machine.

I guess it’s the exclusive part that gets me. I don’t get it. You guys are free to hang out with me and any of my friends at any time you please. I don’t recall ever having shunned anyone because they weren’t enough of a male ninja-wanna-be for my tastes. But that is beside the point, because you were not attacking me, you were attacking CWOD. But what exactly is CWOD? Is it some kind of club? Can you name the members? If you can, tell me because I can’t do it. How do you define it? Is it the producers of the magazine? They come from all over. Is it people who have lived in that dorm? That would include more than you think.

I have always thought of CWOD as a synonym for “thinking outside the box” or lighthearted creativity. It’s not some exclusive club, it’s a quality. To the extent that we are a group at all, we are more akin to a group of artists than a group of Masons. Masons have a goal (world domination? self-promotion?) joining them together, CWOD has playful creativity. That’s it. TFSB, you show sparks of CWOD, and for that I applaud you!

Oh, and one more thing. As far as the flag is concerned, I don’t have the time to hunt you guys down and plan a daring raid to get it back. My attention is taken up in other things, but I propose this: pick your best man living in TFSB and I will wrestle him for the flag. If I win, I will walk away with the flag, and maybe my cape too. If I lose, we will make a new CWOD flag which will read: “Ben Hatke is a wuss.”

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Burning Apparition of Kate Turabian Declares: "There IS a Hell!"

(CP) The Chest-Master

In the middle of a recent Christendom College board meeting, the burning ghost of Kate Turabian appeared, floating over the table. After the initial shock which filled the room, Ms. Turabian explained the reason for her unexpected visit: "There IS a Hell, and it is my *Manuel for Writers* that brought me here." As she turned her ghastly visage to Dr. Rice, Head of the English Department, she pointed, as if in accusation, screeching, "You!!! Burn the manuals Robert . . . all of them!! I have come from a recently created level of Hell, made by God for all those who have contributed to the destruction of language which inhibits the spreading of the Gospel."

With a look of dread, Dr. Rice replied, saying, "But, but Kate . . . how can this be? Your manual has been the basis for many theses and term papers written on this campus. There's no Confucius, I mean, confus. . . ."

"You see, it's happening already!" she shrieked in fury. "Go to the students Rice! They hate the filthy manual. It distorts . . . everything. They *hate* it for its extreme lack of order or any semblance of logical progression, and most of all, they hate it because it's impossible to look anything up in that rotten book. In the face of this confusion, the trick of my Master, they turn from God in despair, thinking he has abandoned them. I was wrong Robert Rice! Save your soul and renounce the book!!"

As of yet, there has been no official statement released outside the reports of witnesses, though Dr. Rice is expected to address the student body sometime tomorrow.

Top 12 Concepts of
All-Time

- 12 Ram-man
- 11 Tapestry Mating
- 10 Cattle Filling
- 9 Sloth Warfare
- 8 The Bear Squad
- 7 Yarn Room
- 6 Puma Rolling
- 5 Dr. Flippen
- 4 TFSB
- 3 Fodder Sauce
- 2 Electric Boot

Chicken Floss

Fu-fu Stranded on Pacific Island!!

(CP) Fu-fu

Why Fu-fu
persecuted? Why
people jack with Fu-
fu? Because Fu-fu
hate donut?!
Because Fu-fu have
good time with
pastry people? Now
Fu-fu in exile! Now
Fu-fu in chains!
Captors play disco
for Fu-fu and laugh
at Fu-fu's dance
because Fu-fu
macho. Fu-fu like
macho man! Macho
Fu-fu! But Fu-fu
righteous! Fu-fu
endure to end! Give
Fu-fu bat! Let Fu-fu
fight! Tempestuous
Fu-fu! Glorious Fu-
fu! Free Fu-fu!
Then Fu-fu come for
you!!!

The Gentleman

(CP) The Gentleman

Greetings young and old alike! Spring is in the air and life is good. Christ is risen—rejoice! People are now beginning to flirt like fiends, too. Should that make you as happy as a cellulite-challenged individual who has just learned that walking across campus *does not* effect the Richter scale? *No!* If you are wrapped up in the superficial gossip and superfluous ogling abounding upon Christendom territory, you, my friend, are like the person in the example and need to learn much about chivalry! Simply put, you need to discover what is important: dignity.

Flirtation is wonderful, sport, but it is mostly practiced by a group of crack-pots who truly do not understand its beauty. They are like dope freaks addicted to codeine; what they abuse has the capacity to be used for the good of man, and in their ignorant stupor, they continue their folly, heedless of its consequences. Gossip is much the same way, especially for the emotionally impaired. But in the hands of a gentleman, information and conversation passing between friends and maidens respectively, are the tools of a princely powerhouse.

The key to dalliance (Art of Flirtation) is to realize that the human person deserves respect. The moment you start thinking of "conquering" or "possessing" someone even for a minute, let alone 364 days, you not only reveal your imbecility, but demonstrate your incredible insolence as well. When you respect an individual and flirt, your conversation is pleasant, ordinate, and allows for wonderful interplay between spirits--it never crosses the line. In short, it never compromises the dignity of another.

In light of the above, the traditional use of the term "flirt" is no longer appropriate. What one begins to develop is a sense of chivalry and honor, a righteous appreciation for the other. Pawing, philandering, and all around teasing disappear and what you are presented with is the consummate gentleman, and hopefully, someone you can genuinely appreciate

Ave Maria!

City Devastated, Bruce
Willis Billed
(CP) Charlie Crouter

In an exciting array of gunfire, dramatic explosions, and impossible car chases, downtown New York suffered its worst disaster to date as action-movie hero Bruce Willis waged war against a group of terrorists headed by a sinister looking, power-driven megalomaniac named "Fish Tank." Entire city blocks were leveled in the wake of the fighting. Buildings toppled, cars exploded, and bystanders fled in terror as volleys of bullets strafed the streets. A total of 5 shopping carts and 13 random window panes of glass were destroyed, and countless millions of dollars in other damages were made in the pandemonium.

Crawling from some wreckage, bloodied and battered, Willis was approached by an extremely irate mayor who presented him with a bill asking, "How do you expect to pay for all this?!" Willis' only response was to ask for a smoke before heading into the fray to cause more wanton destruction.

Keeping it Real with Denver Schafer

(CP) Denver Schafer

Good day, Punks! First, as to lay all rumors to rest, "Punks" is a term of endearment for all those of Chalk Taw Indian descent, and I'm 1/64 Chalk Taw. I say this because I don't want anyone to be offended--I *know* how sensitive some people are.

Moving on, have you noticed Nick Marmalejo's hair-cut? What the Hell? (My compliments to Louis Kugel). The man looks like a beast! (Ed. note: Thanks *Denver*). He looks as though he would thrash you as soon as look at you. I mean, Yikes! This brings up an interesting question: should we begin censoring haircuts here at Christendom? I think so. I swear, the man is intimidating. Imagine how it is for me being Nick's roommate. It's rather disconcerting knowing he could beat you down, which makes it rather hard to study if you think he's going to go buck. Eck! After all priorities though, self-preservation comes first. Solution? Conformity in haircuts for guys and girls alike with a straight buzz cut. I'm sure I'm not the only one with such a plight. Who rooms with Alphonse? I betcha his roommate doesn't sleep easy at night!

Other topics of interest? Watch out, it's spring! You know what that means. All single lads and lasses assume defensive maneuvers or thou shalt crumble. I've seen it before and I'll see it again. A young man on top of the world, free, and loving love. Whoops! Spring hits and he's infatuated. Game over. So much for studying, he's writing poetry. So much for his friends, he's with *her*. So much for all the manly things in general, he is off in lal-land, the proverbial cloud nine. Not pretty! Yeah, this sounds all nice and flowery, but that's all over after the break-up, which usually happens right before some paper or test, or what's even worse, finals. Then the lad flunks and ends up a janitor in Front Royal's finest restaurant, *The Knotty Pine*. That's definitely not pretty, so watch it please. That's reality folks. That's keeping it real. I know better.

--Denver

Memo: It appears to have slipped the mind of TFSB that Denver's advice to women was facetious. It was meant to be the opposite of real advice and thus funny. Others luckily seem to have picked up on the fact. But more upsetting was TFSB's treatment of Beth Almeter. They forgot she is not theirs the other 364 days of the year because 365 days of the year she is her own woman. Denver never claimed she was his, but rejoiced that Bethy would graciously share her presence--which remains her own--with him for one day. Please read his words.

Surge of Publicity

(CP) Frep Goobongle

For John Janaro, professor of Theology at Christendom College, opportunity knocked by way of a soft drink. As most of his students have noticed, this good professor has been feeding what seems to be an almost affeinated beverage "Surge." (It is sometimes referred to as "That Green Stuff"). His seemingly harmless addiction has proven to be a profitable habit, for he has not only caught the attention of nearly the entire campus, but has also come under the eye of the product's distributor. The Coca-Cola Corporation has offered Mr. Janaro a multi-million dollar promotional contract to push *Surge* as the choice beverage of today's Theologians. Coca-Cola hopes that this will trigger enthusiasm among other Catholic celebrities such as the Pope and Mother Angelica.

When questioned about what he thought of the deal, Mr. O'Herron stated: "Although the green does resemble the shade of a certain, non-existent vegetable, I must say that the taste evokes a powerful desire in me to ponder the existence of God." Janaro, while exhibiting his usual enthusiasm, said, "The most positive result that I can foresee in this advertising campaign is the showing forth of Catholicism's glory among the mass media and consumers. But I think the best part about it is that I'm receiving a life-time supply of *Surge* along with a new *Surge* T-shirt commemorating my honor."

It looks as if every night will be an all-nighter for our theology department.

No really, it couldn't be
anything but,
G. Martin and Skip
Marmalajo's [or will be when
he gets done editing!!!!!!]
(Editor's note: I am neither a
Skip nor a chick! What the
Hell? And the name is spelled
Marmalejo)

Life As A Chick:

"To whom can you turn when
the plumbing is leaking? To
that dainty woman [named
Skip], that fragile woman."—
Hello, Dolly.

"Margo, I have had just
about enough of your
tantrums! I'm through with
Suzanne!"

Her eyes flashed and
she tossed her wild black
mane. "You LIED to me!"
She harshed a raspy laugh. "I
wouldn't take you back for a
million dollars."

The tall, dark, and
debonaire Blade Jutson flicked
his cigarette into the lonely

NO COMMA!

I glance out of my side window
And spy a large, yellow sign

SLOW
Children
At Play

I see a kid crossing the street.
He's slow; I'll make it!
I step on the gas. . .

Hey, it's not my fault
That the sign technicians don't
know
Their grammar!

fireplace and strode over
to her. "I want you,
woman—and that's it."
He was smiling like a
tiger, and his strong hands
slid up her elbows. She
slapped him with all her
might, glad to see the red
welt rise up on his clean-
shaven cheek.

Her moist, red lips
curved in another laugh.
"Don't you touch me.
You think you can shut
me up in the kitchen, to
be your slave? I am
someone! I have a
career—"

"You're not meant
for that world—when I
first saw you, I saw the fire in
your eyes, every spark of life
in every lovely limb of yours,
that determination even in your
hair--" He gasped suddenly
and embraced her. "Oh,
Margo—I'd like to run
barefoot through your hair!"

She struggled against
his strong arms but he was in a
passion. "I hate you so much I
can't stand you!" she lashed
out.

"Listen to me,
Margo—I'm going to love you
like you've never been loved!"
Blade was almost crushing her
as he mashed the words out.

"You scoundrel—
you—you cheating player. . ."
The words came puking out of
her lovely throat.

He had backed her into
the corner of the dim room and
he looked down at her. "No,
Margo" he softened. "**If I was
really a scoundrel—I
wouldn't have come back,
would I?** I love you still, and
now I'm putting my foot

(Un) Poetry Corner
From *The Weird: A Collection of Un-
poems*

By Jason Banaszak
Selections made by the Editor

ORTHODONTIST

I go to the orthodontist
To get braces
The doctor looks at me
He starts breathing heavily
"You need clamps."
Clamps?
2 hours later,
I am walking out of the orthodontist's
Red monkey wrenches stick out of my
mouth

I am mugged in to time

down. I'm taking you,
whether you like it or not!"

The fires of her eyes
met his, and his eyes were
smoldering. She melted—"Oh
Blade . . ."

That, dear readers, was
a supermarket novel—or the
synopsis of your daily soap-
opera. I work at a restaraunt
and not a day goes by where
someone doesn't say, "Hey,
did you see 'Days'?"

Or more often than
not—and this is what I really
hate—I come into the break-
room and Janet is talking to
Rosa: "O my Go[sh], I can't
believe that Rhoda and Zach
are breaking up. She loves
him so much—But for [Pete's]
sake, that b[um] was a
bigamist! To his own sister!"

"I cried," says Rosa.
"Go[sh], did I cry, when
Rhoda saw that sh[odd]y
family album, and found out
the truth."

(See *Chick* p.5)

(Chick from p.4)

I sit down white and silent. Isn't Zach Janet's nephew or something?

"Can you imagine," Janet goes on, rubbing her eyes, "You love your husband and he's a ba[d person]?! Sh[oo]t!"

"Da[rn], it gives me the shivers," Rosa says as she shakes her head.

I am about to say something about—I don't know what! What do you say in this pagan world? Suffering increases sanctity? They'd give me one look and beat me as they yelled, "Nyahh, nyahh, WHAM! Grow in holiness! WHAM!" I guess I was going to say that I would pray for them or something, when Rosa says, "Yeah, can't wait to see what happens tomorrow."

"Callous or what?!" think I.

"My daughter's gonna tape it for me tomorrow, 'cause I work the lunch shift."

"Oh, I'll watch it with you tomorrow night."

I have narrowly missed another one of my many occasions for sympathizing with people that don't exist! I wonder what comes first—people with messed up lives

writing unhappy stories, or people messing up their lives emulating unhappy stories? I'm not sure, but I'll say this—man has a fascination with evil. And the more he looks at it the more he thinks its normal. Quick story—I was reading an ad for a show about a girl with just a Dad—Mom disappeared. I expressed disgust, and my friend's brother [whose parents are happily married] said condescendingly, "G., that's normal life!" No—that's abnormal life, and it's on for your enjoyment every night at 8:00 P.M. E.S.T.

If *that's* what entertains us—*that's* what gives us pleasure—who'd be surprised if we didn't start making our lives into soap-operas? This sounds stupid, but it's true—it is a very easy temptation to turn your life into a cheap romance. I've done it lots of times and it's pretty non-plussing to stand in the Chesterbelloc Room by the fire and toss your hair, crying "You lied to me!" The freshmen all look up at you from their Euclid, and Tony Stevens staggers and I hurl my cup of Pony Brew to the floor.

But I don't care, vixen that I am! I look at them in disgust, curling my moist, red lips at these—common bumpkins! "Fools." I hiss. "You don't know what it is to *be* somebody, do you?"

"What, the janitor?" says Mr. Ringer, coming in with Maggie. "Russell got that van out of the mud field you drove it into. Had to use a truck, Har, Har."

"Those bathrooms need a good cleaning, 'cause the toilets are full of junk, G.," says Maggie. "Clean'em when you got time. Who spilled all that coffee?"

I go to get paper towels, not like the exiled princess of Badawania, but like G. Martin. Glad to be G. Martin, made by God to enjoy His world, where there *are* heroes, and conversions, and purposes and there are more than 26 episodes and no re-runs. True art that mirrors *that--*

If you read one author this summer, read O. Henry, whose stories are so good because they are like REAL life—God's life. St. Irene, pray for us!

This brief retraction bears no similarity to the actual views of Ben Hatke (Written By Billy Webber)

We here at CWOD are dedicated to honest and accurate reporting. I, Benjamin Phillip Hatke, am no exception. I am big enough to realize when I have made a mistake and apologize for it. I have willfully, maliciously, and consistently written Billy Weber's name in CWOD as Webber. I sincerely apologize for the error and hope that whatever inconvenience this may have caused you can be easily rectified. And to you Billy, I have failed you, and for that, I am sorry.

Air Found to be Most Addictive Substance on Earth
(CP) Rigor Soople

In a study by students at M.I.T, oxygen has been discovered to be the most addictive substance for man. Using control groups, the researches found that people went into serious withdrawal when denied oxygen, and attempts to replace oxygen with other similar gasses proved that it was not a mental, but a physical addiction.

Withdrawal symptoms of oxygen deprivation include: gasping, choking, and turning shades of blue. Shortly before losing consciousness the addict may occasionally puff out a few words such as, "can't breathe. . .can't. . .brea. . . ." The severity of this kind of addiction may be illustrated by a 100% dependency rate due to a 100% fatality rate at the denial of the said substance.

In light of this recent discovery, support groups are rapidly forming to provide rehabilitation for the addicts. The prime mover of such groups, "Junkies on Oxygen," offers free membership to all regardless of social standing. Be sure to have yourself tested, and if you turn up oxygen positive, check your local newspaper for further instructions.

At present, the Federal Government is taking action against those who buy and sell oxygen products, beginning with a new session of Congress dedicated to drawing up legislation to combat the problem. When noncommittal President Bill Clinton was asked what he thought of this epidemic, he replied, "I never inhaled!" No oxygen dealers have yet been arrested, although hearings will begin in Washington on Friday.

State of New Jersey Explodes, World Rejoices!
(CP) Jack DooLittle

The state of New Jersey went up in a hug fiery ball of flames last night. Experts agree that the factory content of the "Garden State" was a prime contributor to the massive explosion.

In a "New Years Size Party" of rejoicing, Bob Eveland, Master of Ceremonies, commented, "Our only regret is that Maryland, D.C., and parts of New York didn't go up with it." Reactions around the world are similar. Saddam Hussein apparently made a formal address to people, declaring, "The American threat of New Jersey no longer exists! The infidels no longer have the means to inject New Jersey drivers onto our highways or smoh our land with factories."

President Bill Clinton barely escaped the state's detonation as he was in Trenton addressing the "People for the Expansion of New Jersey" on how to build more factories and how to drive more aggressively. Upon hearing the news of rejoicing at the loss of the state, Clinton said, "This is a great day for the American people. Never before in the history of man has the destruction of so great taken so little from so many."

The national guard has been mobilized in every state, so as to prevent celebrants from getting out of hand.

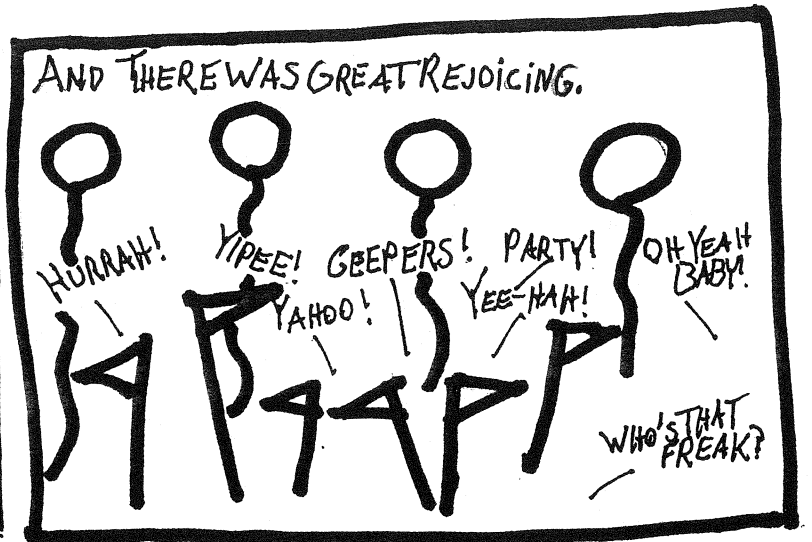
Flying Ticks: A Few Precautions
(CP) Bet Nuggie

Flying ticks are a big problem. You know how regular ticks are--they fall into your hair or what have you, and then make a happy nest. Well, flying ticks are horrendous! For one thing they can fly, and as a result, chase you. A swarm of flying ticks usually means death. Luckily, swams only happen during the breeding season. The usual time for breeding is May, so this upcoming month be extremely careful. Don't leave your house!

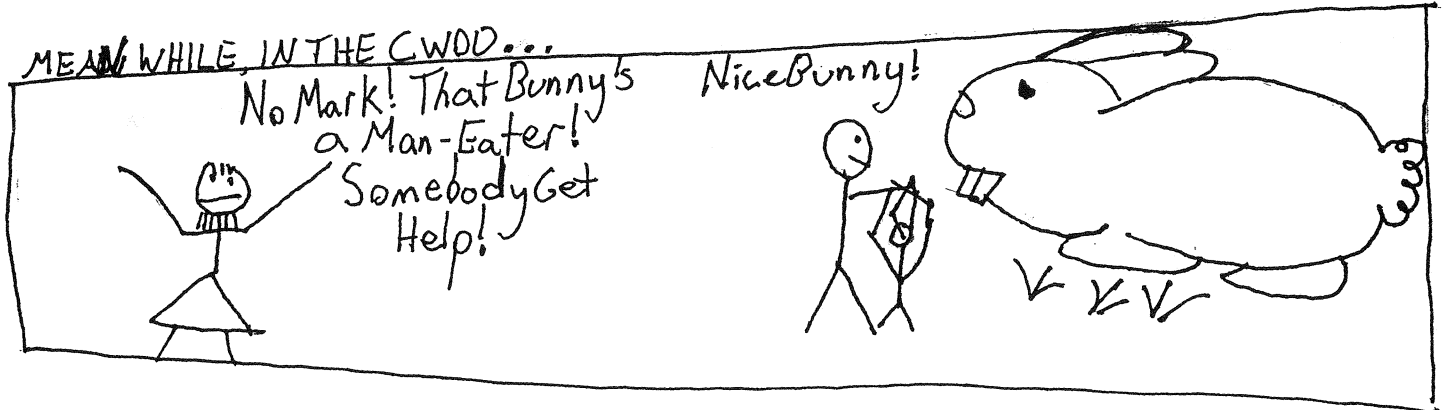
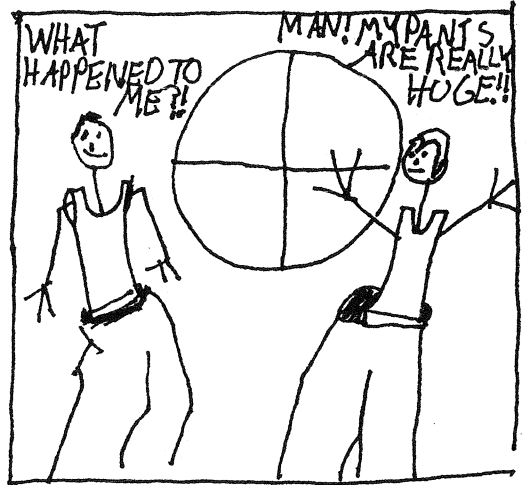
The best victims for ticks are animals, like the sloth, horse, pig, etc.--those animals which have a difficult time reaching certain parts of their body to scratch. As with humans, many die from infection alone. Some live on, with huge scar tissue around the area. Some are crippled for life.

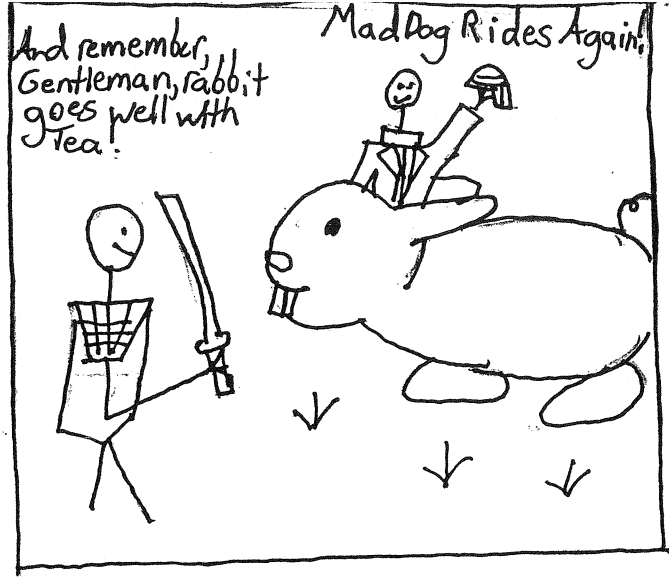
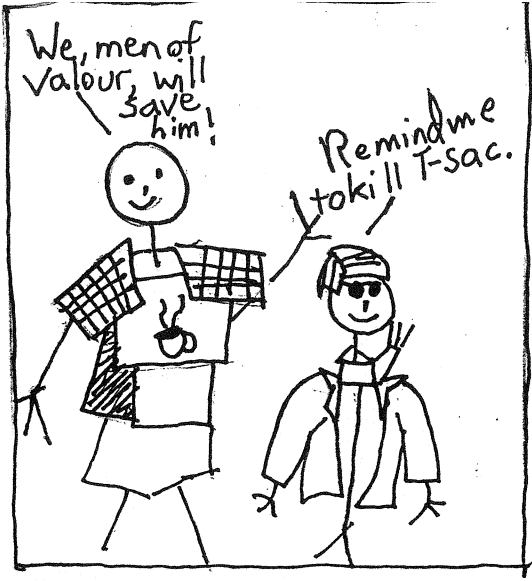
So, with this newfound knowledge, take precautions. Wear heavy clothes and use 2,000% Deet solution. Become a bum and hide in your house the rest of your life.

For the flying tick hotline, call:
1-800-FLYING-TICKS

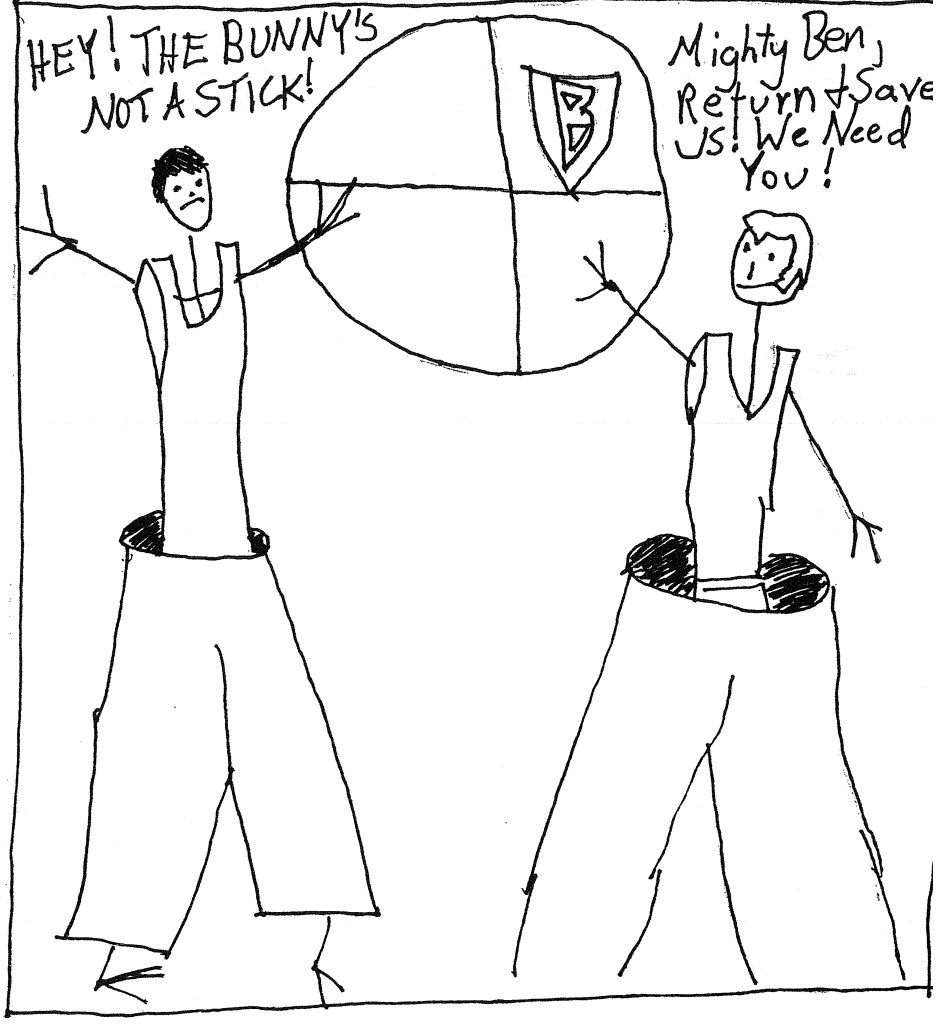
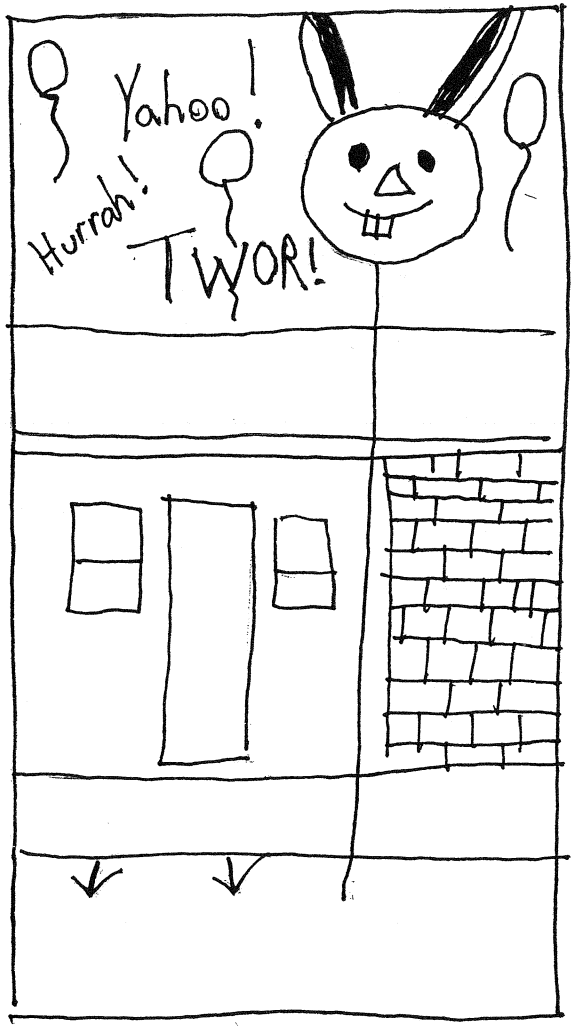


Billy & T-SAG'S
Bellatores
of
C.WOD





CENSORED
For Violence To Animals



Will Super Ben return? Or will Armidillo with a pillow be desecrated next? Who know s...
...Pray and your deliverer shall come.

DONUTS MAKE
FU-FU MAD!!





ST. JOAN OF
ARC, PRAY FOR
US!

Lyles
1999.
ST. JOAN OF ARC

HAPPY SUMMER!