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WARRIORS OF WOOD



Read This Important Stuff! It might be different from last time!

This issue is dedicated to the memory Mother Teresa.

This issue is also dedicated to Dr. Carroll, the founder of Christendom College. May this 20th year of the college bring him excellent health and God's abundant blessings.

We cordially invite all interested students and members of the faculty or staff to write articles, of any nature and any topic, for C.W.O.D.. In addition to this, we also accept "top eight lists," dedication requests, poetry (but not of epic proportions), and ideas for "The Saint of the Issue."

WE WILL EDIT YOUR MATERIAL!

If you have any aversion to being edited, do NOT submit articles. Once we edit material, if irreconcilable differences of opinion exist between editor and author concerning the editions, we allow the author to yank his article, and it will not be published. For other rules and regulations, visit CWOD 19 and ask to see a copy of our mission statement. Andrew O'Neill and Peter Mirus, in CWOD 15 and CWOD 19, respectively, will be happy to discuss your ideas with you and answer your questions at any time. We are particularly interested in talking to FRESHMAN, and those who have money.

C.W.O.D. IS DISTRIBUTED FREE OF CHARGE TO STUDENTS, FACULTY AND STAFF. However, it is not "cost free" to us. Eventually, we hope to cover all printing costs with advertising. Until then, we appreciate any contributions. If you feel that C.W.O.D. is worthwhile reading, or at least a diversion from the toils of everyday life, feel free to PUSH SOME GREEN IN OUR DIRECTION.

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WARNING

Do not read CWOD if you suffer from:

Heart attack, stroke, broken bones, bone spurs, osteoporosis, puffy ankles, repressed memories, STDs, manic depression, severe or violent happiness, taste, intelligence, maturity, atheism, rationalism, pantheism, McCarthyism, any other ism, or polio.

Exposure to CWOD has been known to cause:

Migraines, hot flashes, nausea, vomiting, hair loss, acne, loss of vision, cramps, bloating, jaundice, weight loss, weight gain, colitis, measles, dizziness, rabies, whooping cough, schizophrenia, brain hemorrhage, nervousness, intense mood swings, complete absence of mood swings, sudden and uncontrolled screaming, inability to forgive oneself or others involved in the CWOD process, feelings of denial, anger, or low self-esteem, exaggerated startle responses, Chronic Fatigue Syndrome, Post Traumatic Stress Disorder, Rocky Mountain Spotted Fever, Mad Cow Disease, public drunkenness, pregnancy, ritual chicken sacrifices, alien invasion, land wars in Asia, the Spanish Inquisition, horizontal escalation, Amish Pride parades, and the nation of Djibouti.

All rights reserved, all wrongs righted, all blame shifted to "the establishment," or Satan, whichever is more convenient. This magazine is a work of friction. Any resemblance to actual persons, events, or situations is probably really funny, but if not, deal.

Special Thanks to: God, the faculty and Staff, our parents, families, and friends, the Christendom community, Ronald Reagan, Taco Bell, your mom, the month of July, the Holy Grail, the miracles of cheese, and Sarah A.

Do not recycle CWOD. Do not get caught reading CWOD in class. Do not eat CWOD. Do not store CWOD at temperatures below 75 or above 77 degrees Fahrenheit. Do not expose CWOD to sunlight. Do not get CWOD wet. Do not feed CWOD after midnight. Do not play with CWOD. Do not make sudden movements or loud noises around CWOD. Do not touch CWOD on Tuesdays, Fridays, or any other day it seems irritable. Do not argue with CWOD. Do not taunt CWOD. CWOD does not work well alone or with others. Keep out of reach of children. Some assembly required.

September 1997
Volume 1, Issue 2

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C.W.O.D. Enterprises
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- . Do you suffer from repressed tendencies to scream?
- . Do you enjoy getting severely beaten on a regular basis?
- . This is the magazine to feed your maniacal, primal hunger.

C.W.O.D.

The Belated Summer Movie Revue

Kerlek and Gasper (CP)

Due to the fact that the editor only told me about last issue's deadline a couple of days before it arrived, we were unable to insert this article into the first issue of C.W.O.D. Better late than never; here is the Belated Summer Movie Revue!!!

The Grading Scale

Awesome: five monkeys

Average: no monkeys

Garbage: five dead monkeys

Batman and Robin — Two mind-numbing hours of neon, the casts' butts, and the dumbest plot line since... well, since Batman Forever. Not even worth a Bat Rental. *4 Dead Monkeys.*

Air Force One — Uh-oh, Han Solo's ticked. The best action-drama of the summer, and you gotta love Harrison Ford. Go see it now. *2.5 Monkeys.*

Conspiracy Theory — Braveheart meets Rain Man. With a gun. Cab driver/ road warrior takes on "The Enlightened Ones." Lots of hidden references to the Freemasons. Hmmm... worth 5 bucks. *2 Monkeys.*

Contact — The intellectual science fiction film. Not. Nothing really special here; it was the average movie of the summer. If you're trying to

procrastinate and don't mind having Jodie Foster whine for three hours, you can go see it. *0 Monkeys.*

Face/Off — Action movie of the summer, my friends. Though the R rating is definitely needed, it still rocked the silver screen. If you went to a public school you are probably desensitized enough to enjoy the movie. For the easily scandalized; Beware!!!! *4 Monkeys.*

George of the Jungle — Just read the name again. *4 Dead Monkeys.*

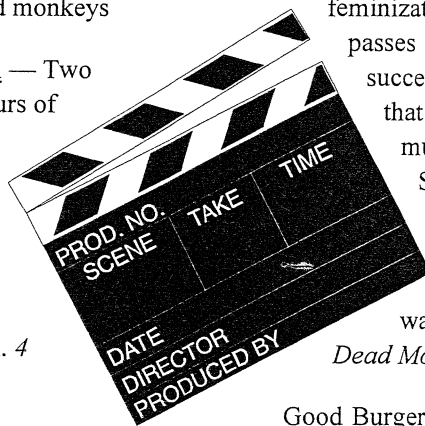
G.I. Jane — Demi Moore represents the feminization of the Military. She passes all the tests, but only succeeds when the men forget that she's a woman. (They must not have seen Striptease.) Personally, I like a strong woman, but I like a feminine one too. Besides, I wouldn't want her to beat me up. *1 Dead Monkey.*

Good Burger — Uh... no. Talk about two guys who could use a severe beating. *4 Dead Monkeys.*

Hercules — Aren't we supposed to be boycotting Disney? Here's a good reason. This movie epitomizes the spirit of Gay Day at Disney. If you saw it, you personally get *4 Dead Monkeys.*

Kull the Conqueror — Also known as PC the Barbarian. If we see you coming out of the theatre, you will be shot. *3 Dead Monkeys.*

Continued page 6.



Christendom Fashion — The Nehru Collar

Peter Mirus (CP)

As modern clothiers push the world of business to a more casual, yet professional look, it is time to re-evaluate what constitutes accepted professional male dress.

Simply by looking at the magazines and catalogues of recent years, it is obvious that the suit and tie is no longer the only option for professional wear. The mixed top and bottom look is now very big — a popular combination being khaki pants with a navy blue blazer, and, say a light blue oxford shirt and dark red tie.

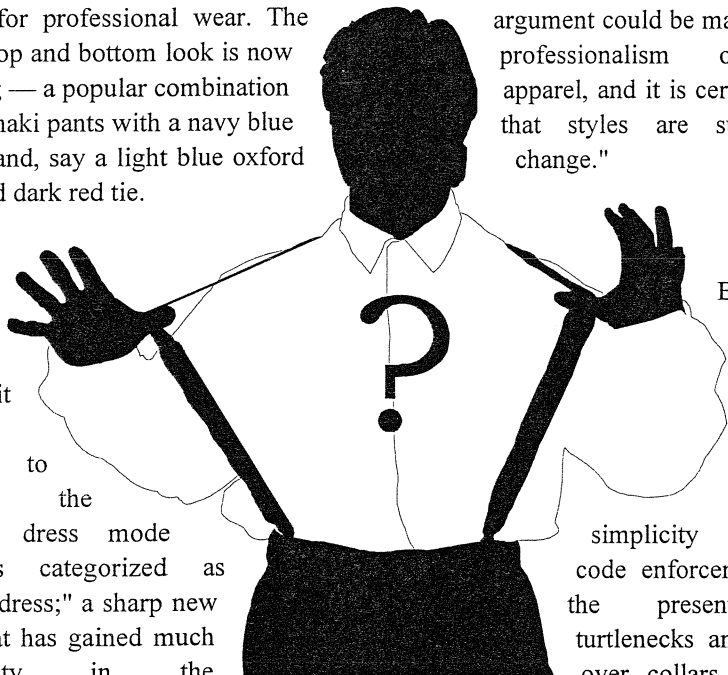
This look, and others like it has helped to define the modern dress mode that is categorized as "casual dress;" a sharp new look that has gained much popularity in the professional working world.

However, in even more recent years, the Nehru — or banded-collar-look — has been reintroduced to the world of casual dress, and indeed, the world of business. A nice banded-collar shirt with a mixed outfit (as mentioned above), and no tie, or a band-tie, has become very acceptable among many professional and political circles, and even in formal wear, where variation on this style has been introduced to the tuxedo.

Indeed, as much as the banded-collar look has become increasingly accepted, the turtleneck has become passé. A

decent mock turtleneck with a blazer might work. However, this look is no longer considered "smart" enough to pass muster in the professional world, with the exception of the artistic and film world.

So, should banded-collars be considered professional wear? And, if so, should they be accepted dress for class and other events at Christendom? Mr. Brown, Dean of Students, said concerning the application of the school dress code to the subject of banded collar shirts, "I am sure that an argument could be made for the professionalism of such apparel, and it is certainly true that styles are subject to change."



However, said Brown, for the sake of clarity and

simplicity in dress code enforcement, "for the present only turtlenecks and folded-over collars with ties

will be accepted. I am certain that this particular mode of dress will be considered for inclusion in dress code specifications in the near future."

Dear G. Martin:

We regret that we cannot publish your article without publishing your REAL name in a byline immediately prior to it. Serious journalism (fact or opinion) must be attributed to an actual person. Unwillingness to submit a name indicates that you are either unwilling or unable to defend your opinions in a public forum. Anonymous articles cannot be taken seriously. Please submit your name to my box if you wish to see your article in print. Thank you.

— Andrew O'Neill, Editor

It's fast, furious, and very, very sneaky. It's...

*The Top Eight
September, 1997*

*Be wary when you read this.
Nasty little men with
diabolically subversive minds
created it.*

Top 8

Reasons to Read CWOD

- 8) God reads it.
- 7) It's either this or the *Idea of a University*.
- 6) No condom ads.
- 5) We are emotionally supportive and life affirming.
- 4) If you read it, they will come.
- 3) Mr. O'Herron will be quizzing you on it soon, and if you know it all, you'll get an "A."
- 2) If you rub the staples, they will grant you three wishes.
- 1) Okay, so there're only 7 reasons.

If you feel inclined to submit Top Eight Lists, please do so! You can deliver them via mailbox to either Peter Mirus or Andrew O'Neill.

We also accept poetry, serious or humorous, famous sayings, witticisms, jokes, art, pictures, and

ARTICLES!

Please feel free to write and send in

ARTICLES!

Ask Bud Wiser, Master of Love

— Homecoming Beast

Well my friends, we are now in the midst of another part of the school year. This means a lot to a few of you. Frankly, I am more concerned with the vexing question of the everlasting battle between the noun and the verb. By now, you should all be passed the first "meat grinder" period of the school year, where boyfriends and girlfriends left at home to mold are part of yesterday's dinner. So, this should leave many of you without another half. It is my job to remedy this evil, and thus I will address some important questions regarding the acquisition of mateage.

Q. Mr. Bud Wiser, Homecoming is rapidly approaching. I am an awesome piece of freshman male, and I need a chick to raise my status with my upper classmen peers. Could you give me advice on how to use Homecoming to woo a fine catch? Thanks.

—Anonymous, St. Benedicts

A. My friend, you are perceptive in noticing the massive opportunity that homecoming provides. I will give you a sure-fire prescription for snaring that piece of status you so desperately need. This will be divided into pre-homecoming advice and during homecoming advice.

Pre-homecoming Advice

1. Get big pants. The bigger the better. For some reason, girls swoon at the sight of huge, preferably strange colored, leg-wear. I think this swoonage dates back to when men wore togas, which made them look easy to beat up. Women hated this, so they began to wear dresses to make fun of the men.

2. Make your hair a weapon. Spike it so men fear your prowess, and color it red to symbolize the slaughter of your competitors, or roommates. Women will want to touch it. This is a good thing.

3. Get a dog. Feed it. Put a bandanna on its head and toss it a Frisbee. This may only work at the beach, but I tried it in the mall once and had some success.

During Homecoming Advice

1. During the Football Game — Play. Paint your face so chicks will think you are Mel Gibson from Braveheart. Run around and make a lot of noise. Grunts are preferred. During time-outs and halftime, go to the sidelines and let the women look at your sweat. Sweat makes women think that you have awesome hygiene, because it wouldn't come out if your pores were clogged. If you are not sweating, pour water on yourself. Get injured near the end of the game so you can get out of swing dancing later and also get sympathy.

2. At the Dance — Hopefully you got injured so you can avoid the evil femininity of swingage. If not, swing in a manly way; jerk the chick around and flex during the dance. She will be so impressed that she won't dance with you again in fear of swooning. Hang out with the guys. Leave the dance early and go to the Meadows. This will show the women that you are independent, and I am sure that they will be longing for your return.

Q. Dear Bud Wiser, now that we are back at school, we girls have to continue our hunt for a husband. So tell me, Bud Wiser, at the Christendom dances, what should a girl wear to really catch "that" guy's eye? -- Love, the "Angel"

A. Well, Angel, it depends if R.A.'s are present at the dance or not. Since they usually are, I would suggest wearing some form of dress.

This brings up a real question here, which I have been writing about in my upcoming book It Takes a Village To Get Dressed. Some revelations I have come to about woman-wear are:

1) No woman knows how to put on her own clothing; i.e. she must constantly ask the other girls about her dress, and have a clothing ritual that involves "zipping" each other up.

2) All women are colorblind. They always ask if what they are wearing matches. This is odd, because normal men wouldn't have a clue anyway.

3) Women are all members of a "gang." They come color coordinated with at least four other chicks.

4) Women have no memory. They MUST have pictures taken so that they can remember what they wore. This way they can make sure that money is wasted and they never, ever, wear the same dress to the same place twice. This I call the "lightning principal."

So, Angel, I will not fall for your poorly concealed trap. Women will dress women. They always have, they always will. You know that what a man thinks has NOTHING to do with what you wear. You are dressing for the other women. Admit it. Jesus loves you. Good night.

- B. Wiser

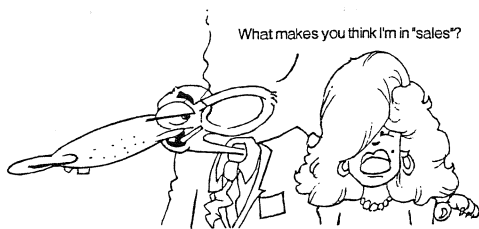
The Unexpected Summer, etc.?

Ryan Corrigan (CP)

Well, it is 2:00 a.m. in the morning, and I am doing something I never thought I'd be doing; sitting up in bed, listening to U2's "Where the Streets are All Named After Rare Types of Tropical Fish," and trying to think of a serious topic for the next CWOD issue. The difficult part is that all I really want to say to you all is "all of you bite because you are not me."

But I suppose that is getting a little bit ahead of myself. Before I get into all of that I should give you some background information, which is why I'm going to spend the next few paragraphs telling you about My Incredibly Bizarre Summer in which Lady Luck decided to stick her Flying Fickle Finger of Fortune up the Nose of Destiny, dig out a Big Wet Booger of Fate, and wipe it off right on my shirt.

Drumroll. The saga of my Totally Weird and Completely Bizarre summer began in an unprecedented freak occurrence last May or so, when the school year unexpectedly ended. So I went home. Then, when I got home, I soon came to the following realization, which hit me completely unexpectedly: It's summer. Aarrrg.



So I got a job. I hated it. I also did some other stuff that was totally unrelated to my job, such as eating, sleeping, and walking on the furniture

and yelling "hot lava!" whenever someone stepped onto the carpet.

I had just settled into a comfortable summer routine, when all of a sudden I was violently jarred out of my complacency by a shocking discovery, namely, that someone or something was inserting stupid graphics all over the place in my serious article.



Like that one right there. I hate it when I submit serious material, and Pete has to make it look lame by throwing all kinds of cartoons everywhere. I think he thinks it gives the paper a "professional" look. In my opinion it looks really



There! He did it again. Right in the middle of a sentence, too. I keep telling him that we could save so much space if he would not insist on putting silly graphics everywhere. I know he is doing this just to frost me. Now I have completely lost my train of thought, which means I am probably going to have to skip over most of the weird stuff I was going to tell you and go right to the end part of the unexpected summer, when things got really weird.

Some of the weird things that started happening towards the close of this bizarre summer was that UPS went on strike, the stock market did pretty good,

and George Clooney haircuts started showing up everywhere. Also, sometimes when I went home after work, everyone would be wearing pig-snouts and pointing at me because I did not look like them. Wait a minute. I think that last one was just a *Twilight Zone* episode that I saw once. The rest of the weird things are probably true, though.

Anyway, summer came to a close as it is wont to do, and I soon found myself being shipped via bulk rate back to Christendom to complete my liberal arts education. Several changes were there (here) to greet me upon my arrival. Among the foremost of these was a whole crop of those George Clooney haircuts. For the life of me I cannot understand the reason for the popularity of this hairdo. I mean come on, surely the guy's wrecked his career with that stupid *Batman & Robin*, what is it about him that holds him up as being worthy of scalp emulation?

Maybe I'm just a child of the Eighties and can remember with horror a time when millions of young men once had their hair cut like Ollie North. I was so young and innocent at the time, and I was unprepared for that kind of thing. I guess it left deep emotional scars. Now, a generation has passed on the torch to a new one, and the Youth of America, for most of whom Iran-Contra is at best a dim fetal memory, stumbles blindly into that age-old snare of adolescence and post-adolescence; fad hair. I guess I have seen it before, and I will see it again. It would not bother me so much if it didn't make me feel so darn old.



And speaking of hair and things that make me feel old, I just have to ask, what is up with all the hair dye? Last year it seemed like it was completely mandatory for all the freshmen guys to have those 90210 sideburns. Now they all have dyed hair. I shudder to think of what next year's freshmen will be doing. Brylcreme?

Somehow this odd fixation on making the head--the very SYMBOL and SOURCE of reason--look zany, just strikes a wrong chord with me. We are not just talking about a few punks who color their heads for kicks; we are talking about the FUTURE of AMERICA. And I think it stands perfectly to reason that a nation run by men who CANNOT be CONTENTED with a plain and simple haircut is a nation that is not run by ANYONE.

It all boils down to good TASTE, RESPECT for the body, and civic RESPONSIBILITY, AND I SEE NONE OF THESE THINGS OCCURRING IN OUR MODERN SOCIETY AND THIS IS THE TRAVESTY OF YOUTH. The things that used to be regarded as the very PILLARS of a SACRED society are now made to be a MOCKERY by a generation who's ONLY EXCUSE FOR LIVING is that NO ONE EVER GAVE THEM ENOUGH ROPE.

Sorry about that. Where was I? Ah yes, the changes that confronted (or affronted) me upon my return to campus. Actually, a lot of it was the same; I'd just never noticed it before. So I guess those things don't really count as changes. Also, most of the things that did change, such as the building of the new dorm and the new format of the CWOD magazine (Pete puts in a lot more graphics than he did last year) had nothing to do with me, so I have not the foggiest as to why I should be concerned about them.

Ask Smudge the Cat!

Dear Smudge: I am a freshman girl who went through the public school system. I failed the grammar test at the beginning of the year, and I am struggling in several of my classes. Have I been ill prepared by the public school system, or do the teachers here just expect too much?
-Disturbed in Campion.

Dear Disturbed: I will answer your question, but first I have to tell you that I love my new toy mouse!! I love to sneak up on it and POUNCE ATTACK!! I have sharp claws. Darn I'm fierce. Please excuse me while I clean myself.

Dear Smudge the Cat: Let me begin by saying that I love your column! I am a sophomore living in St. Benedict's and I'm having a great year so far. My only problem is that lately, the guys next to ours have been constantly banging on the walls at night, keeping my two roommates and myself awake. Should I say something or turn the other cheek? — Living in Indecision.

Dear Living: Your neighbors are probably fighting, because fighting is cool! As long as you don't get dirty, 'cause then you have to lick yourself clean! Or pounce, POUNCE! Chase butterflies, food, JUMP!! Darn I'm fierce!! FIERCE!! I killed a bike once.

Dear Smudge: Could you please reprint your touching advice to "Sobbing in Elkridge," the young, pregnant high school Senior? That touched so many people; thank you.
— Reflective in Indiana.

Dear Reflective: Here is the response you requested. It was one of my very first columns.

Dear Sobbing: Oh, I'm so warm and happy! What? I'm being pushed out of my warm happy place! What's going ON!?!? Oh, the light is too bright! Hey, I'm a baby cat! Where's my mom? Ooh, I'm squirming around all wet with my brothers and sisters . . . I'm hungry.

It's just good to be back where I can catch up with my friends, share old stories, then go sit at the bar in the Mytee Fine Seafood while my lame friends try to get unwitting freshmen chicks to come visit them on the CWOD Couch. Most of all, however, it's good to just be able to stand up in a diverse group of my colleagues, look around and say, "All you guys bite because you are not me."



Several canonization efforts are taking place on behalf of the recently departed Mother Teresa.

If you wish to take part in furthering the cause of her canonization, please contact Peter Mirus at any time.

He will give you a copy of a current novena that is being prayed to God in the hopes that He will grant miracles through the intercession of Mother Teresa.

This novena is very short and will require little effort. We hope that you will take this opportunity show your love for one of the most famous of God's servants in this century.

Movie Revue, cont. from page 1

The Wayward Tourist

Leave it to Beaver — Leave it in Hell. This movie should have stayed in the 50's. *3 Dead Monkeys.*

Free Willy 3 — Kill the whale already. *5 Dead Whales.*

Men in Black — Dragnet drops acid. See it again for the 17,534th time. Or just watch the commercial. It had most of the good parts, and was almost as long. Despite the short running time, it's the best comedy of the summer. *2.5 Monkeys.*

My Best Friends Wedding — Didn't see this one, but it's a chick flick. Personally, I'd rather attend my best friend's funeral while undergoing a frontal lobotomy. But, babes dig it. Chick rating: *3 Monkeys. I would give it 0.* (B. Wiser — "I did not like this film.")

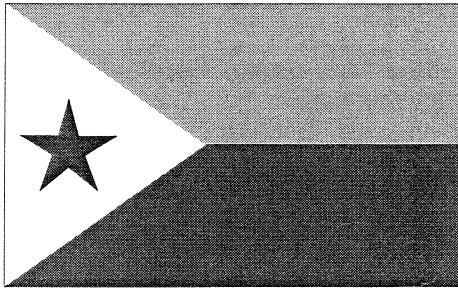
Operation Condor — Jackie Chan. You know what I mean. If you don't, you won't like the movie. Do the Dew. *2 Monkeys.*

Spawn — Save your money and hit your head really hard to witness the special effects. *2 Dead Monkeys.*

Event Horizon — Borrow a cow, rip its insides out and scream a lot. Save 5 bucks. *0 Monkeys.*

Speed 2 — Sandra Bullock plays with bombs. Again. Sandra, it's called acting. Look into it. Kinda makes you wish the bus blew up. *1 Dead Monkey.*

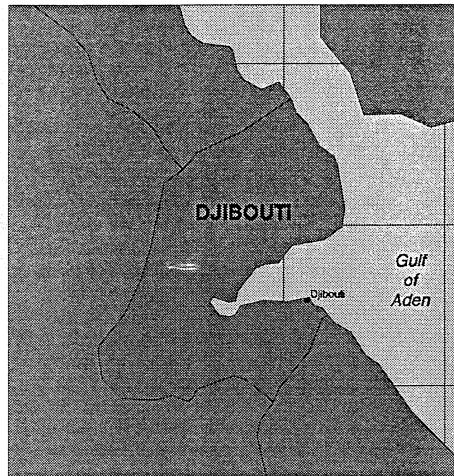
The Lost World — Go to island, capture big monster, take to large city, let monster escape, monster breaks things. If that sounds like King Kong, then you're right, and wrong. Because that is the plot to The Lost World (sorry if I spoiled it for you). *.5 Monkeys.*



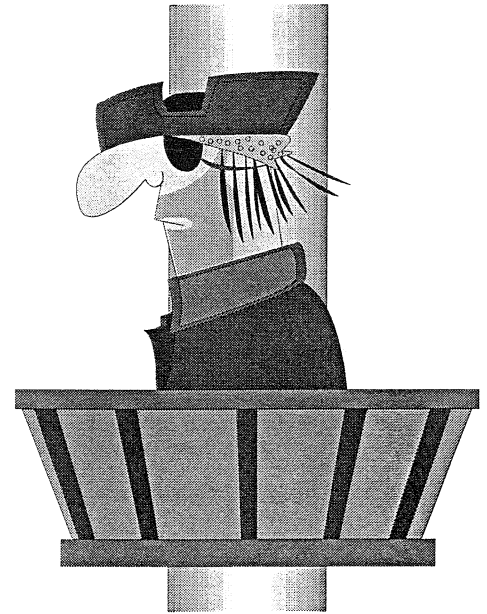
Taking you to little known vacation spots around the world!

W. T. (CP)

Today we travel to the tiny African nation of Djibouti. While most people have heard vague references to the country's name, very few really know the pleasure that can be found while vacationing in this part of Africa. If you are into treasure hunting, this is definitely the place for you.



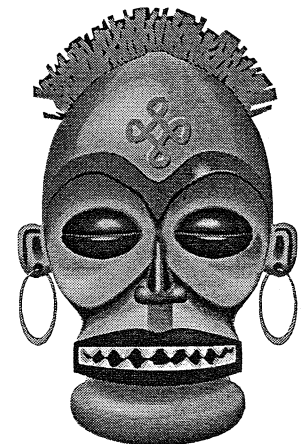
Located near the mouth of the Red Sea, this land was once a favorite base for the little-known Pirates of the Red Sea, who regularly buried treasure there. When the pirates were looting another ship they would often force the enemy captain to denounce his right to the treasure by making him say "It's your booty."



This was adopted as the area's name and, in time, was slurred, giving way to the present pronunciation of Djibouti. To this day there is still much booty to be found in this region for anyone with enough desire to go after it.

Once you completely satisfy your hunger for booty, you can always relax by taking a leisurely day trip into nearby Ethiopia. Better pack a lunch though. Here you may even see the world's fastest animal—the Ethiopian Chicken. Returning in the evening you should try a sunset cruise on the Red Sea into romantic Saudi Arabia.

If this adventure calls to you, pack your lucky shovel and go for it. You will certainly have a rousing adventure. Till next time.



Ask Professor Knowledge

Allow me to introduce myself. I am Professor Knowledge, and I am more intelligent than you are. Dr. Science, who used to cheat off me in college, came to a rather unfortunate, yet timely end this summer past.

Now it is up to me, *Inteligentius Rexus*, to inform you, the mindless masses, on everything from how to convert a Sterno stove into a backyard linear particle accelerator, to the common links between Capt. Kirk, Capt. Krunch, and Capt. Kangaroo. So, please... don't hesitate to insult my intellect with your ignorance, and send in your inquiries. Prof. Knowledge will answer. Now with all the formalities out of the way, let's begin.

Q. I'm taking a computer course in college. Recently, one of my classmates asked me about "pixels." What are pixels, and why are they in my computer? Bill Walters, Springfield, Illinois.

A. Pixels are small, glowing fairies. After the great-literature recession of 1950, many pixels lost their jobs posing for popular children's storybooks. For two decades, pixels were a homeless, jobless minority in America, picketing for fairy rights.

It was not until 1973 when IBM, exploiting willing pixel test subjects, discovered a use for pixels on monitor screens. Now, most pixels work for one of the several major companies around the world.

Pixels did not have any natural enemies until the Commodore Computer Company invented the first "fractal" in 1982, but that's another story.

Q. I've read that dinosaurs had brains that were the size of a walnut. What was the dumbest dinosaur ever to walk the earth? Sandra Mitchell, Nashville, TN.

A. That dinosaur would be Barney the Dinosaur of "Barney and Friends." Only his companion Baby Bop, and turnips rival his stupidity. Contrary to popular belief, dinosaurs are not completely extinct. Most of the dinosaurs died out due to the fact that they recognized their own mortality. Barney and a few others have survived the centuries, but not due to a superior physique, or any kind of evolutionary mutation. No, death could not lay its firm, cold grasp to this happy purple freak simply because he was just too dumb to die!

Q. What is the longest word in the world? Xavier Knopf, San Diego, CA.

A. "Supercalafragelisticexpialadosious," and even though the sound of it is something that bites it means "fast snail." This word, German in origin, was first used to describe a species of now extinct legged snails, which could run up to speeds of 30 m.p.h.. The legged snails were the cause of great European disasters such as the Black Plague, Existentialism, and Oliver Cromwell.

It was not until Galileo, using a meteorite he found, mutated this menace and named it "suoisodalaipxecitsilega-rfalacrepus," which means "cannibalistic faster snail." Soon, the snail problem was set upon itself, and the rest is history. Now only people who are depressed use the word. It's kind of like Prozac, only wackier!

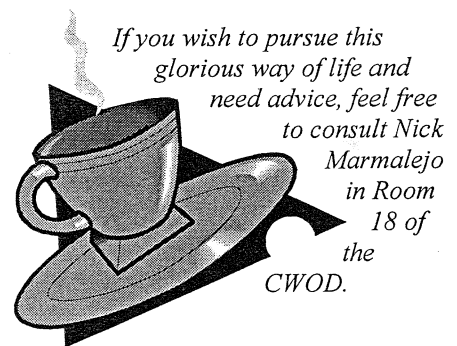
Tea: A Way of Life

The Tea Guru (CP)

Do you want to be a good student? Of course you do. Yet, most students don't know what it really takes to succeed in class, or in life, for that matter. The answer to this age old dilemma is simple: tea.

If you want to live long and prosper, you must drink quality tea. Recent studies have concluded that tea reduces your risk of cancer by up to 40 percent (Really)! This is incredible. Tests done in Japan indicate that, on average, one will live substantially longer if he or she drinks tea. A study done on fruit flies confirmed that study group A, a group of flies that were exposed to Japanese green tea, lived 50 percent longer than those that did not receive it. Conclusion? Tea is good. You need to drink it.

Tea also supplies caffeine, is helpful for those "all nighters," serves as a relaxant and is conducive to happy dreams, good study habits and fireside chats. You can bring it to class and savor its fresh taste. You can score points with the teacher by brewing him a cup, too. All these wonderful delights can be yours, but only if you give to your soul what it truly desires: tea. Otherwise, you'll end up a bum in a shallow grave!



Late Breaking News, In Brief

Elvis Appears at Small Front Royal College

Front Royal (CP) — Elvis appeared at a small liberal arts college in Front Royal over a series of weekends in September, a student testified yesterday before an investigative council. The student, whose identity is being kept anonymous at this time, claims that Elvis appeared to him and a group of friends while "having a few drinks" at the "Meadows," a field students frequent to relax.

"He just walked on out from behind this tree, you see, and started dancin' around," the student claimed. Asked if the apparition spoke, the student responded, "yes, the second time he appeared, which was on the pool-table in the Rec[reation] Room, he told myself and two other witnesses that we must all buy cheez-whiz."

The student also claims that Elvis appeared to him on his midterm and in his dinner, which was a pork-loin. "My [pork loin] just started movin' around, and began to dance seductively in my mashed potatoes," he claimed. "I was scandalized," he added.

The student began his testimony before an investigative council from Memphis on Tuesday. Tourism, which is a vital part of the economy in Front Royal, has greatly increased this Fall due to the reported Elvis spottings. Mosha Krabdall, an Elvis enthusiast from Vermont, stated, "I'm still a little skeptical about this whole thing, but the cheez-whiz element does add some credibility."

Christendom College is a growing, traditionalist liberal arts school nestled in the Shenandoah Valley. Known for its right-wing views on such issues as abortion and homosexual rights, some are wary of the claims of the recent apparitions. "Elvis wouldn't speak to

radicals," emphasized a local businessman who asked not to be named. Christendom President, Dr. Timothy O'Donnell, has refused to comment at this time.

Public Schools Consider Ban on Letter "X"

San Francisco (CP) — The letter "x" should not be taught to children, the NEA concluded yesterday after a highly debated meeting. "[The letter 'x'] has been shown to cause a lack of self confidence in preteens," commented NEA spokeswoman Cathy Frumpers. She continued, "[x] is also a very oppressive letter, which may be seen as racistly biased against minorities."

The ban was initially brought about due to recent complaints of children's nightmares which contained the letter "x". Didi Frocker, mother of 2.5, complained, "[my son] Bobby was repeatedly slaughtered by the letter 'x' in his dreams, and it got so bad that he would flee the classroom whenever [x] was mentioned."

Several children's' shows have already lifted episodes containing the letter "x." The most notable of these was "Barney & Friends." An executive at one studio commented, "We don't want our dinosaur associated with that kind of a letter."

There was some protest, however. The National Algebra Union declared, "We need the letter "x" to survive, how can we feed our families without it?" An insider in Al Gore's election committee hinted that the Vice President might make this a key issue in his bid for the Presidency. Gore refused to comment on this and simply stated, "the letter 'x' has been the tool of Big Business for too long. We need to reclaim the alphabet for the children."

New Safety Requirement Passed for Toys

Washington, D.C. (CP) — The House unanimously passed a new bill of regulations regarding toys on Friday. The

bill contains many restrictions for manufacturers and distributors including:

- Toys may not contain explosives
- Edible toys must be tested for toxins
- Broken toys must be given proper handicapped facilities
- Toys may not contain illegal drugs or have razor edges

Lawmakers hailed this as a "positive first step" towards a less dangerous environment for our children. This, coupled with the recent ban of the letter "x," has "earmarked this week as a week for children." commented President Clinton at a press conference today.

Congress was prompted to action after many children died this Christmas due to toys they had received. At least 17 were killed by a mysterious illness linked to the new "Ebola Barbie." 25 were accidentally devoured by the "Snack Time Rover" dog toy, and more than 100 were severely beaten by the "Pummel-Action Jaxon" action figure.

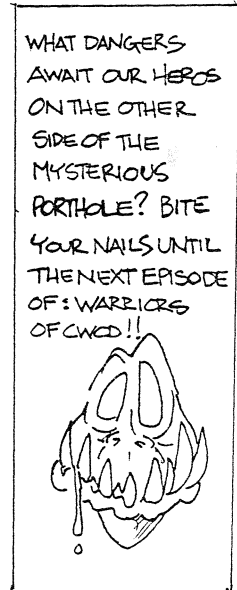
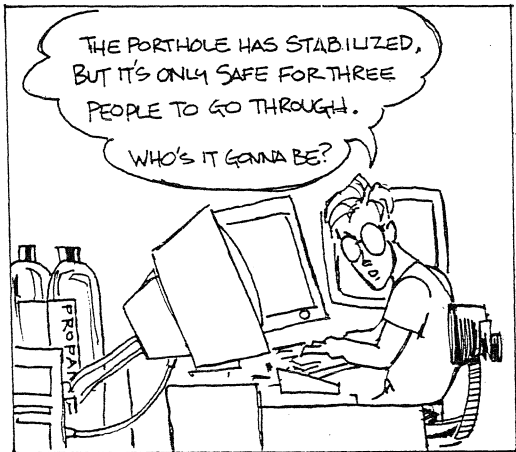
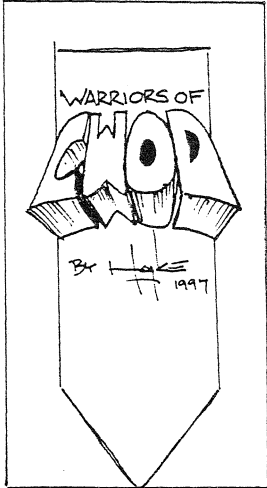
Leading Causes of Loss of Life Revealed

Chicago (CP)-- The American Medical Association released its list of the top causes for the loss of life among all age groups last Friday. This list came out as a shock to most of the established medical community.

The Top Reasons for Loss of Life - All Age Groups

- Death 99.9 %
- Scrod 00.1 %

AIDS activists were incensed by this revelation and are demanding a new study. A march was held in front of the AMA headquarters Saturday morning by the Veterans Association, who claim that bullets and torture are also causes of loss of life. Dr. Jack Kevorkian, who was visibly upset commented, "I am astounded by this [revelation], I had never thought of scrod as a viable option." The AMA defended its claims Saturday, stating that they have yet to see a case [of loss of life] that was not caused by these two "killers."



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