

Gargoyles

Saturday Night Special





Saturday Night Special 2021

STAFF

Shu Chen.....Trapped in Eight Squares
 Nikita Desai.....Numerology Scion
 Max Eddy.....Mr. Female Empowerment
 Mo Elghoul.....Possibly "Big Nuts" Jefferson
 David Faulkner.....Controversial, Hated Bean Farmer
 Cathy Fisher.....Meat Dancer
 Kris Jacque.....Is this bird pooping enough?
 Elissa Matross.....From the Maw of the Garg
 Carolyn Parkinson.....Poet Pandaureate
 Michael Rosenberg.....Not the Same Since "The War"
 Brett Sandler.....Tart Tartine Tontine Terroir
 Sam Shingledecker.....Verboten von Podiatry
 Kat Tomchuck.....Still Needlin' After All These Years
 John Wambaugh.....The Heartbreaking Tyrant

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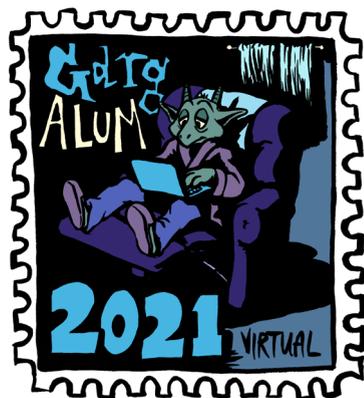
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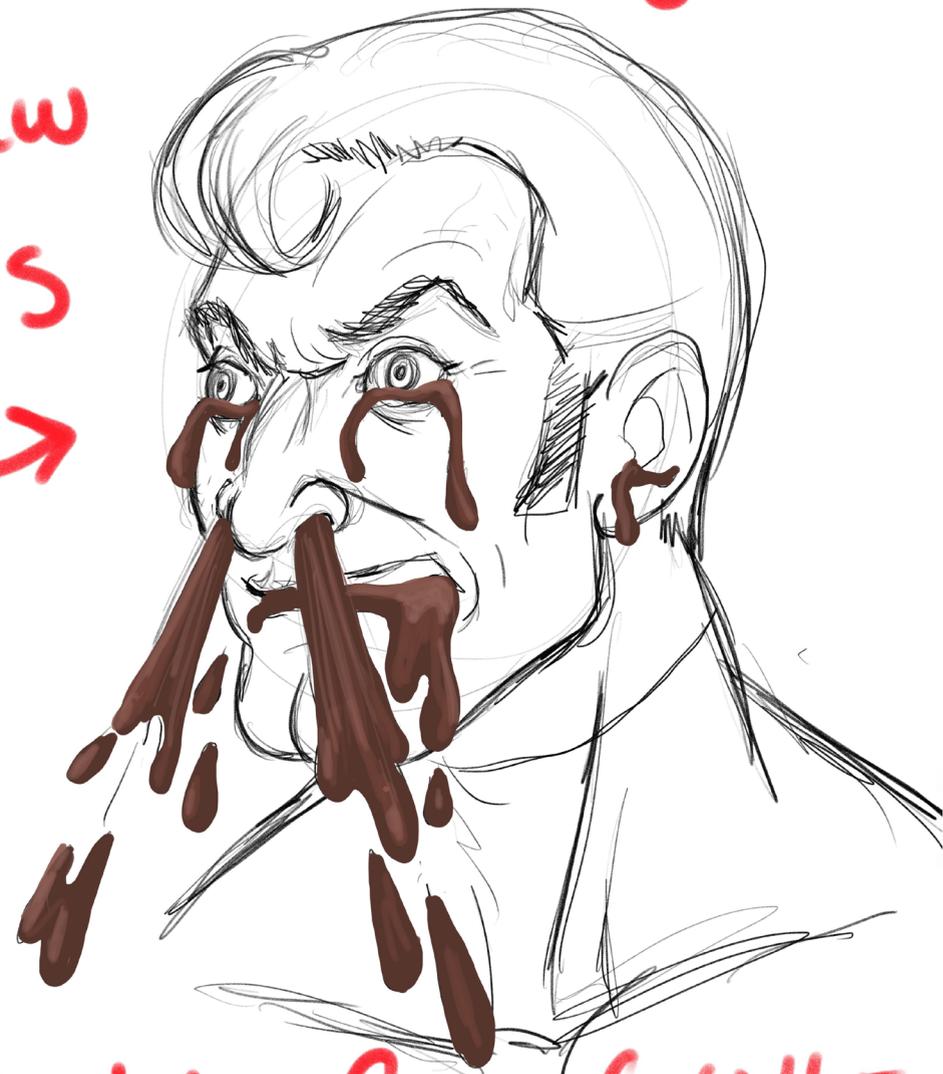
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I spent 4 years of
 the one life I have
 to live learning to

draw
 this
 ↪



THANKS, GARGOYLE

Get Ready For Pączki Day 2022

Lent is coming late this year, so you have no excuses for joining the line in peak physical form. Practice all five types of exercise for maximum fun.

1 Endurance

So you can:

- Climb the 12 Steps of Honor
- Polka aggressively to any live music



2 Strength

So you can:

- Lift pretend children
- Carry several dumplings



3 Balance

So you can:

- Turn party fouls into parkour
- Keep your story straight



4 Flexibility

So you can:

- Dress yourself before you mess yourself
- Drive home at the end of the day



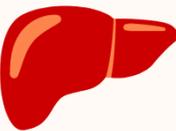
5 Permeability

So you can:

- Support the efforts of a mitochondrion

• Fattening Facts

Every year, revelers will consume a total of at least 125,701 Papa John's Large Extra Cheesy Alfredo pizzas in empty pastry calories.



Evidence

Add images or graphic elements relevant to the topic when necessary.



References

Visit nia.nih.gov/health/exercise

Mail



Dear Garg Alumni,

I totally appreciate my former academic advisor's advice gave me, that Art History degree has only been my second worst economic decision. (Still better than not investing in crypto early, but worse than that subprime mortgage.)

Sincerely,
2008 LS&A Grad

Dear Garg Alumni,

I totally support wearing facial coverings in order to protect us from the virus, but will can that be expanded in order to cover our eyes?

Sincerely,
Michigan Football Fan during Thanksgiving Weekend

Dear Garg Alumni,

I may be gone but I will forever be making shitty sandwiches in Hell.

Sincerely,
The Subway in the Union

Steve Zarit asked me to write something for the November, 1966 Gargoyle issue. It was due during the summer. Because I was late applying for a government internship I was working at Garfinckel's Department Store in D.C. that summer and somehow needed to go to the Library of Congress to do research for my Garg assignment. (How often are the Gargoyle and Library of Congress in the same sentence?) I wrote it and it made it into the issue. My first published piece in Ann Arbor. After this great success I transferred from the Daily business side to the editorial side, my longtime dream. I wrote for the Daily for the next 3 years. It changed my life. But it was the Gargoyle that led the way.

Elissa Matross,
Arts Editor, Michigan Daily 1967-1968

Dear Gargoyle,

We all love to piss. That's something we can all agree on, isn't it?

All my love,
"Big Nuts" Jefferson

I'm A Beloved YA Author And I Will Betray Your Trust

By A Beloved YA Author

Hey there, I'm a beloved YA author. You probably remember my books from your most vulnerable, formative years. Through my characters, you felt your first loves, faced your fears, and learned valuable lessons about what it means to be a hero. You probably kept up with my work for years after you "outgrew" my books (whatever that means), because you were able to find things that still spoke to you well into adulthood. Hold onto those good feelings, because in 10-15 years, I'm going to completely betray your trust.

Now, let me set your mind at ease. I'm not going to "ruin your childhood" by letting my characters be turned into meaningless husks to hock movies and toys—although a lot of you have ruined my adult-childhood by checking out my books from the library, which I consider to be theft. Anyway, I promise you that I'm going to stay involved in my stories and keep them fresh by adding some new canonical bits here and there. I have some pretty interesting opinions about who I think should vote—and what fraction of a vote they should get!—and I want to bring that into my already published works.

Remember your favorite protagonist, the boy magician who befriends the last dragon and who, with his witch-school friends, takes on a dark wizard who is actually his father—you know the one. Well, you remember how he was marked as the One Chosen because of his lightning bolt scar? Well, I had a think and now it's more of an SS shape. For no reason! Also, he's a jock now, to increase diversity, and for this vaguely

erotic locker room scene I've always wanted to write.. And to show what a free thinker he is, he doesn't defeat the fascist dark wizard at the end of the series, he encourages his friends to hear the dark wizard's thoughts on gender.

And our dear protagonist's plucky friends? Well, I've seen a lot about anti-heroes being really popular these days, so I've decided that these kids needed some more edge. The curly-haired girl has a dark secret—and its tax fraud! And her on-again-off-again red-haired love interest is secretly addicted to pain pills (Tylenol).

Now, people are going to say I am needlessly cruel, but I am a forward-thinking, progressive person. Remember in book 22, when our plucky protagonists have to play a deadly game of hide-and-seek in a murderous hedge maze? Well, on page 276 I mentioned a man in a hat who held a door open. Wanna know a secret? He's gay. Always was, I just never mentioned it! Also: his hat? That's his husband. His gay lover was turned into a hat because of magic.

Also: book 13, *The Hexamish Enigma* is now titled *The Triumph of the Will*. Just got a ring to it.

Some party-poopers are going to say that these are all "dogwhistles" and that I'm "fanning the flames of hatred," and that's fine. Everyone's entitled to their opinion. I'm just going to use my multi-billion dollar platform to have mine, and other people can think whatever they want. And you can always tell who is going to have those opinions, am I right? You all know what I mean. (Hint: measure their heads to find out!)

Dear Penthouse,

There's something everyone loves about the fresh crunch of leaves in the fall. Small collected snaps crackling as you make your way through the season. Why is it that we like them so? Heh, well, when you've been on the local beat as long as I have, you've got a guess or two. But if I tell you, that would ruin the mystery for everyone. Do you really want that on your head?

*Sincerely,
"Big Nuts" Jefferson*

Why the GargAlums Are In Trouble

By Nikita Desai

Think of notable dictators and autocrats from throughout history - which names come to mind? Stalin, Mao, Pol Pot, Mussolini? This week, another name could be added to the list: John Wambaugh.

Wambaugh currently serves as the head of GargAlums, an alumni organization for the University of Michigan's Gargoyle Humour Magazine. The "Garg," as I have written before, is an honorable, century-old institution that has seen some of the finest minds (various perversions, sexual or otherwise, notwithstanding) grace its hallowed pages. The publication, which I was once lucky to call myself a member of, is known for its incisive wit, obscure literary references, and becoming trash the moment it touches a potential reader's hand. When I think of the Gargoyle, the first word I think of is "tradition." So why then does John Wambaugh insist on destroying everything we hold dear?

As some may know, Wambaugh sent an email this week boldly proclaiming in his typical fascist manner that the next Gargoyle reunion will be Friday, October 7, 2022. That's right: an even year.

Let that sink in.

For centuries, Gargoyle reunions have been held on odd years. These alternating years are a bright light in the otherwise increasingly dark times in which we live. While everything else becomes more confusing and we all risk being cancelled, we can rely on the fact that if it is an odd year, there will be a Gargoyle reunion. But no more, says Mr. Wambaugh!

Now, I'm not against the general idea of a reunion being held in an even year. Some of my best friends' humor magazines gather on even years and I respect that lifestyle choice. I just don't think that the Gargoyle should have its reunion on an even year. If it's worked for this long, why change? I suspect that Wambaugh is merely trying to appease the "tolerant left," who as we all know feel that odd numbers are homophobic. Despite their feelings, however, it is scientifically proven that reunions are better on odd years. It's not wrong to want a reunion to be held on an odd year. Chronology isn't bigotry. Does numerology mean nothing to you?!

If we allow reunions on even years, what's next? Reunions every year? Every month? It's a slippery slope from changing the year to letting humans have college

humor magazine reunions with dogs.

I say this not just for myself nor my fellow alums, but think of the alumni to come, and alumni who claim they'll come to the reunion but end up never showing up. Think of the children. How will I explain the Gargoyle reunion being held on a year divisible by two to my children, Braeledyn and Construction Noise? Shall be they persecuted for daring to say that reunions should be held on odd years?

I know that this is a controversial subject and that even saying you prefer odd numbers is enough to get one barred from polite society these days. I'm simply asking questions: why has Wambaugh decided now to change the year of the reunion and who has encouraged him to make this decision? I believe that we as alumni deserve to know his reasoning and have our voices heard. I am tired of not having a public platform where I can share my opinions. There is much we still do not understand about even numbers and until we have more research, it's best to keep reunions for odd years. Future generations will thank us.

Editor's Note: Nikita Desai is the Executive Director of Americans for the Advancement of Odd Numbers, a for-profit interest group.

A Revised NBA Basketball Schedule

By Brett Sandler

October 10th: Opening day
October 17th: Closing day
October 19th: Re-opening day
December 26th: Boxing day
January 3rd: David Letterman was emancipated (pass it on)
January 17th: Call Rick
January 31st: Set clocks forward
February 1st: Set clocks back
March 1st: The Woflman (2010) is on but you don't have to watch it
March 3rd: Stock up on those little moist towelettes for cleaning your glasses and blinding would be attackers
March 17th: Place your bets
April 16th: Well, time to go to Panama

“Every man is capable of showing his contempt for the cruelty and stupidity of the universe by making his own life a poem of incoherence and absurdity.”

— *A quote that John Wambaugh found*

Pandemic Distractions

John Wambaugh

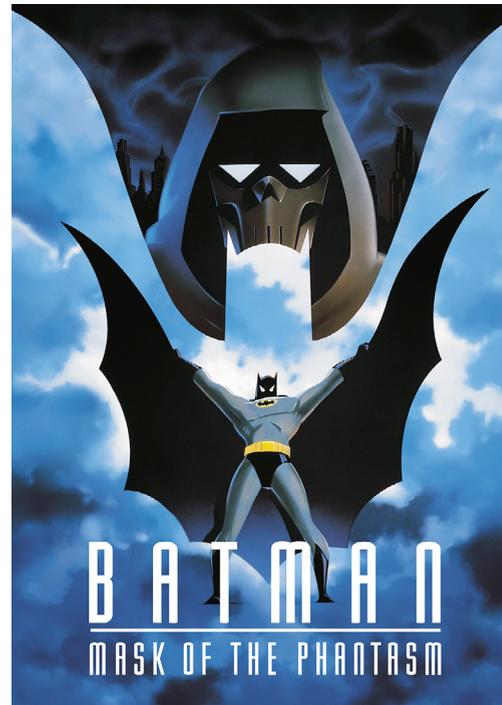
The pandemic stopped being funny a long time ago. No wonder some of us want is occasional escape from the constant reminders of a global health crisis. But what are you to do if you are you all out of Squid? What if you can't get excited for more Joe Exotic?

If it seems like there's no way to escape the doom and gloom of the twenties, take a look at these choice picks from simpler times...

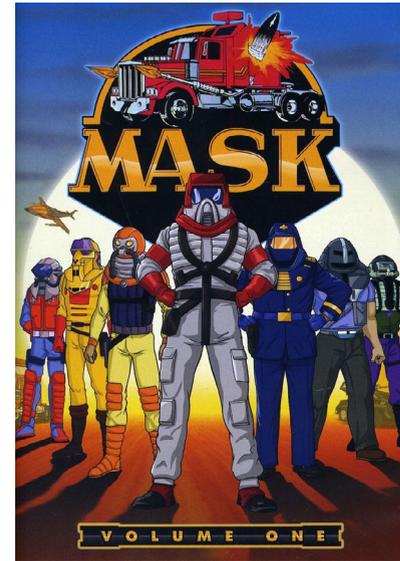
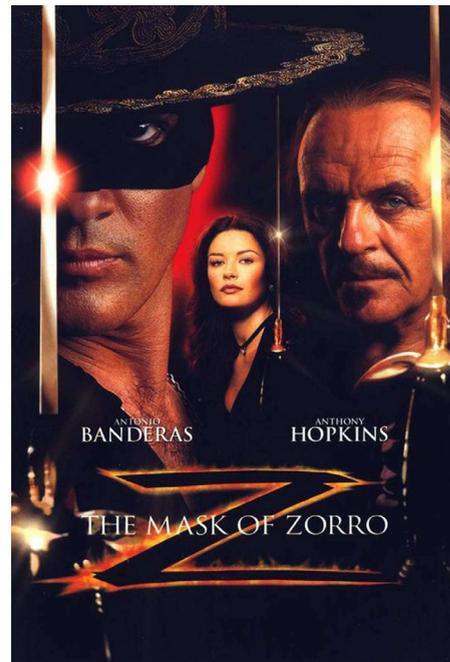


Can't get enough Loki? In 1994 Jim Carrey transformed into a whole new man when he found Loki's mask. His film, "The Mask" is "Smokin'" right now on Amazon Prime!

Not a fan of Batfleck? Well, this 1993 adaption of the graphic novels "Batman: Year One" and "Batman: Year Two" is considered by many to be the greatest Batman film every made. It even features Mark Hamill's unparalleled turn as The Joker. Check out "Mask of the Phantasm" on HBO Max!



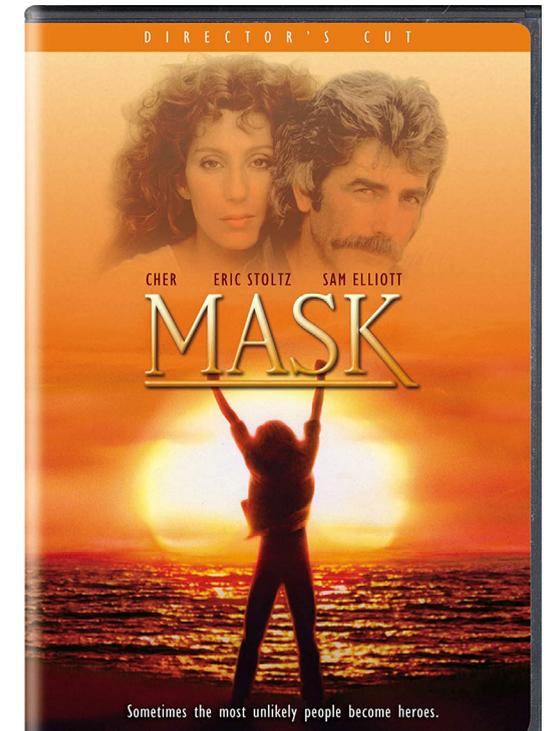
Are you serious? Antonio Banderas, Anthony Hopkins, and Catherine Zeta-Jones together in one movie? 1998's action-adventure romp "The Mask of Zorro" (Amazon Prime and elsewhere) is sure to please!



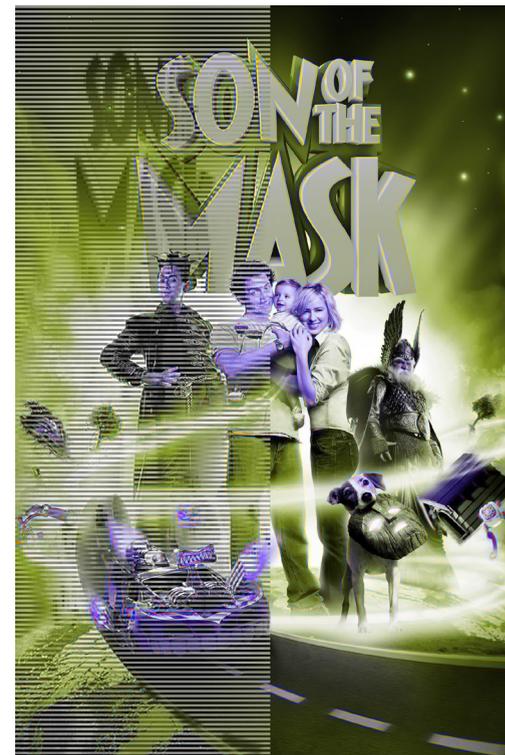
As many of you know, the Mobile Armored Strike Kommand is a special task force dedicated to fighting the malevolent Vicious Evil Network of Mayhem (or VENOM). Featuring animation from the "Incredible World" of DIC entertainment, this 1980's French cartoon MASK is streaming right now on Amazon Prime – in English! (Dieu merci!)



But not everything was fun and games in 1985. Check out this uplifting tearjerker "Mask", featuring Cher as the mother of a boy coping with craniodiaphyseal dysplasia. Streaming now on NBC's Peacock!



Do you ever wonder what would happen if they made a sequel to Jim Carrey's "The Mask" without his involvement or any tie in to the previous movie whatsoever? Film audiences found out in 2005's "Son of Mask", streaming for free right now now on "Tubi" (which is totally a thing and was not just made up).



Whether you're vaxed and relaxed or still working from home, check out a few of these titles and forget your troubles for a few...

The Leaven

By Carolyn Parkinson (Jones), '01

Once upon a weekend dreary
As I pondered, Covid-weary,
Curiously over a forgotten volume of some cooking lore
Saw I quite a great receipt there
For a leavened loaf to try where
Capturing the wild yeast spores I would from places yon and yore.
Making bread, for ever more.

Ah, distinctly I do dream
Of that time during quarantine
Where making lofty goals did seem a self-improvement holy chore.
Poured some flour, added water
Then I stirred it like I ought to
Till a lumpy gooey pudding it resembled more and more.

To Bittman and to Brown I prayed
That the wild leaven would be stayed
This self-indulgent fool's crusade
To keep all discard evermore.

Demon Yeast! I yelled in treble
Demon Yeast! Not bird nor devil
Break thy gluten and unravel
Away from my house and front door
Quoth the leaven: "nevermore."

And the leaven, not surprising
Still is rising, still is rising
Rising out up of my chimney
Crawling towards the neighbor's door
There to feast, forevermore!

David's Funeral Home and Mortuary Services



"Stiff!"

- Off I-90 by the water treatment plant

Victims of Political Correctness

By Brett Sandler

A famous movie once decried the indefatigable march of life. "Life finds a way." A pale scream ringing silently against the malfeasance of an uncaring God. And much like life, culture, too, finds a way. It keeps going and going and sometimes it becomes better and sometimes worse. You know what I'm talking about. When you get to the bottom of it, each day is a struggle to adapt as we melt and remold our wax wings into similar, but ultimately drippy facsimiles of wings. As you might have guessed, the subject we're dancing around is an up-to-date, as of this printing, enumeration of the victims of political correctness. Feast your e**es on today's caskets.

Four story buildings near Cincinnati, but not in Cincinnati
Any eye contact at all
Most leg-to-leg contact
Licking not stamps but the mail carrier
Some, but not all of the Elements of Style
Flavor blasting (Greek style) (We don't wanna see it anymore)
Unsanctioned Power Mower-ing

Stirring salsa with your hand even when there's not been much attention, say perhaps it's during a meeting and the salsa was put out a little late, no one really had a chance to get in there, and anyhow there's a bit of liquid pooling in the top and that's fine but this is chunky salsa chief, chunky and true to intent, but you can't just dangle your hand tootsies in there and swish 'em around, no

Public support for private ideas
Protesting on Feast Days
The Dewey Decimal System (Obscene Variant)

Please reach out to the New Hampton Community Gazette's Ordinance Reporting Division for with inquiries. And remember, what you do in the privacy of your own home is your own business by laws of God, commerce, and the PTA. But so help me, Susan, I have a very powerful telescope and a mind ravaged by curiosity and guilt.



A Fine Day to Live

Michael Rosenberg (Class of '19)

"Honey, honey, holy shit! It snuck up on me!"

"Huh?" It was 7:13am on a Minnesota morning and Cassandra was in the kitchen, making breakfast for the kids.

Sean bounded down the stairs two, then three, then five at a time. He sounded giddy and panicked at the same time. Too loud for the morning. "Honey, remember the psychic we saw on Brighton Beach? Today's the two-year anniversary of that day." Sean hugged and kissed the kids.

"And?" asked Cassandra.

"Today is the day I'm going to die," half-yelled Sean.

Cassandra put down the strawberries in her hand.

"That's not funny Sean. Doubly not funny," she said sternly, motioning with her eyes towards the children. They were mostly occupied with their educational placemats.

"No I'm serious!" Sean retorted. Cassandra was beginning to feel nervous. "Remember she said I had at most two years to live. This is the end of that time." Sean moved to the kitchen sink to wash his hands.

"That woman was a five dollar palm reader, Sean. Stop this nonsense." Cassandra said, resuming cutting the fruit. Can you please make yourself useful and take out the trash?"

Sean had lathered his hands and, to rinse, grabbed the pot Cassandra had used to poach eggs, still scalding hot.

"Don't!" screamed Cassandra. She grabbed the pot from Sean. "Use the sink like a normal person. There's no drought."

"Ever the environmental bystander," Sean tsked, "anyways I can't take out the trash because I have way too much to do before I..."

Cassandra shot daggers with her eyes.

"...take a vacation." The kids were still staring at

the presidential portraits in front of them.

"Well I'm sure you can fit the trash into your busy schedule of eating the food I made you, writing software, and drinking free cold brew."

"Well I'm not going to work either. Do we have apple juice left?" Sean said, standing in front of the open fridge.

"What the hell are you—" The kids looked up. They were starting to realize this wasn't a game.

"What do you mean you're not going to work?"

"Honey doesn't it seem a bit silly if I won't be here tomorrow? What's a day's salary when it's my last day on—"

Her eyes were aflame.

"On the North American continent."

Cassandra snapped. She cornered Sean and stabbed his chest with her index finger. "You will not quit your job because of what some charlatan told you over a year ago."

"Exactly two years ago—"

"I don't care!" She slapped the cup of Pine-Sol Sean was pouring himself. It landed in the sink. The kids looked up. "You are a father of two children and you have responsibilities."

"Cassandra I am not an idiot, and I'm sick of you treating me like one. I've made sure everything was taken care of for them, and for you." Sean looked into his partner's eyes. "I love you." Her eyes were glassy.

"I love you too."

Sean kissed her and then walked to the door. "I'm gonna do a quick pass on my will this afternoon, assuming I'm not already on vacation by then. But right now I want to see the sunrise. I'm gonna go watch it from Oak Ridge."

"What? Stay here. The car is still in the shop."

"No that's okay, it's just a short hike. I'll see you soon." Cassandra said nothing as Sean walked out the door in his morning robe and flip flops.

I Skipped Sex For the This Reunion Zoom Call

Max Eddy

Hey, everyone. Really glad to be here, and I'm very excited to hear John's dramatic reading of Oedipus Rex for the next three hours, followed by the annual Arthur Miller Remembrance and Professional Jealousy Hour--always a highlight. I just want to make it absolutely clear that I could be having sex instead.

Please understand that I'm not trying to brag here, I just want everyone to know about the sacrifices I am making for this organization. So, if everyone could bring their A-game here tonight, I'd really appreciate it.

...

Okay so maybe I do wanna brag for a minute, because it was gonna be some real juicy sex. I just got my special order in from this "marital aide" company. It's a model called Lupine Largess (I have what you might call, "hot wolf energy") and I was gonna get up to some real crazy stuff with it.

I won't go into details, but, yes, it does involve 25 pounds of torn faux-fur strips, 2 bottles of Tapatío, and a poorly sized Men's Warehouse suit. My spouse got a floppy red tie and we're going to try some Dilbert role play. We're gonna Dilb. We're gonna Dilb all night.

Anyway, didn't mean to derail the conversation for so long. Thanks for listening. Let's get this show on the road.



Jim Belushi Has the Gas

David Faulkner

On February 26, 2021, at 2:48 PM, comedian and cannabis farmer Jim Belushi tweeted that he had “the gas.”



Tell your friends - Jim Belushi has the gas!



After his announcement, the following messages began to appear across the globe.

2/27/2021

Folks, I'm here to tell you that today: Jim Belushi has the gas

3/7/2021

Hi Dad, Just got the care package you and mom sent, thanks! It's been fun visiting grandpa Jim and helping on his farm, but I think I want to come home soon. Grandpa spent most of the morning upset because he was trying to figure out how to use “incognito mode” on his computer, but he was very excited to figure it out! He got upset again when his repeated google searches for “bobs” and “Virginia” did not give him what he was looking for, no matter how many different ways he types them in. I'm not sure what he was looking for, but after another hour he gave up and used his special phone to tell someone that he had gas. He does this every day but won't tell me why, and it is confusing. Grandpa Jim is nice to me but he is very weird. Why didn't you name me after great-uncle John?

Love, James Angostura Muhammad Belushi (age 10)

4/9/2021

“Ok, the booklet says ‘when you land on a green square, roll the green dice.’ Simple enough. Let's see... okay, I rolled what looks like a pot leaf and... is that Jim

Belushi? Huh. Okay, chapter four, ‘Interpreting the dice,’ and it says... ‘It's April ninth,’ How is today's date in here? ‘And Jim Belushi has the gas.’ Okay... this game is weird, but I am getting horny so I guess the guy at the sex shop wasn't lying.”

4/26/2021

“How does it feel to win the world championship?”

“Pretty amazing, I have to say. Pretty amazing. It's really incredible.”

“What made the difference tonight?”

“Well, right before we went out there— when we were still in the locker room— we heard that as of April 26th, Jim Belushi has the gas, and that really gave us a lot of confidence, and we, it was easier to get our heads in the game.”

“Of course, of course. I bet that helped a lot.”

“And of course we had our usual pregame ritual, where we hold hands and pray—“

“Yeah, I've heard that a lot of teams have a kind of pregame prayer—“

“To the dark Lord, of course, Satan, through whom all things are possible.”

“...”

“Hail Satan! Woo! World champs!”

“... Back... back to you in the studio...”

4/30/2021

Cocktail of the Day, April 30th: The Bim Jelushi

- 2 oz Maraschino Cherry liquid

- 2 oz Spiced Rum

- 2 oz Aperol

- 1/2 oz ambergris

- 2 - 5 sprigs of parsley

Blend thoroughly and serve over ice. Garnish with a joint of Jim Belushi's finest ganja (after all, he's got the gas). Goes well with Fish, Pasta, Bereavement, and as a Post-Colonoscopy celebratory beverage.

5/8/2021

Sure, there's lots of ways to get the daily update.

Some people use a phone app. Some people watch the news. Others check the paper. Those methods are fine, I suppose, but they feel impersonal. I prefer to get mine the old-fashioned way: from a local friend and shopkeeper. Kind of like in the Old West, I suppose. I don't know if

Marty appreciates that I do this, but he doesn't seem to mind, at any rate. I just pop by his store a little after 9 AM everyday for a coffee and bagel, and he gives me the news along with my breakfast.

Today he told me that as of May 8th, Jim Belushi had the gas, and I said that was good. I asked if he had a lot of appointments today and he said he had a few. I'll never know how he does it all. He's really a Marty-of-all-trades, that guy. Really impressive. How he ever came up with his store, I'll never know. I guess it's just things he likes: home security, kosher deli food, and stylish haircuts. Really, I'm very glad to live next door to Locks, Lox, and Locks.

5/21/2021

“AS THE PROPHECY FORETOLD: IT IS MAY TWENTY-FIRST AND JAMES AGRIPPA DUNCAN LEOPOLD KIRK BELUSHI HAS THE GAS.”

“Uh...”

“YOU MAY KISS THE BRIDE.”

“Uh...”

“CONGRATULATIONS. NO REFUNDS.”

7/6/2021

“This is the future Liberals want!” Tucker Carlson snarls and gesticulates wildly, spittle flying from his toothy mouth, “This is what I've been talking about! This is it!” Tucker continues forward, first walking, now stumbling, into the night, his torn and ragged suit flapping in the cool desert winds. His designer leather shoes scrape against the grit. At one time, these shoes were worth a thousand dollars. Now, the soles flap impotently, nearly detached.

Tucker's soul had long been detached from the bellowing husk that staggered into the endless, beautifully alien world of the desert at night.

And yet.

The animating Force that once made young Tucker weep with sympathy at the sight of an injured dog finds a toehold in the callous meat puppet it abandoned for years. The Force presses deeper, swelling to refill the empty walking casket that is Tucker's physical form. As it does so, the Force reinvigorates pain receptors long-deadened through sheer psychosis, forcing Tucker to finally acknowledge physical reality. Tucker shrieks in pain as he discovers the sunburns, lacerations, and scrapes that decorate his body. He stops walking, breathing out his final intonation of the mantra that had been the sole governor of his thoughts for decades: “This... is the...

future... Liberals... want...”

He looks around himself and, for the first time since the late 1990s, truly comprehends where he is, and what he's doing. He stares out at the blanket of stars and allow himself to contemplate the deluge of pain his actions have caused, and will cause for years to come. He experiences a moment of terrible realization that he is so, so, very small. And the universe is so vast. And he has spent the fleeting moments of his existence worsening the fleeting moments of countless other people. The shock of awareness leaves him panting, breathless. He nearly falls to the ground. He staggers forward and catches himself on a large rock, panting. Tears pool at the corners of his eyes and he prepares to dive through the ocean of grief and agony that has been threatening to overwhelm him for so long.

His Apple Watch buzzes on his wrist.

He raises a trembling hand and feebly taps the “acknowledge” button. A recording plays: “Good morning. As of July 6th, at 4:36 AM Greenwich Mean Time, Jim Belushi has the gas.”

Moments pass as Tucker stares at his watch, sweat dripping from his brow. Finally, the screen darkens. Tucker grimaces, stands upright, and howls his grief, his fists raised to the sky like antennae.

7/10/2021

In a small Pennsylvania suburb, a man has uncovered a trove of bowling balls inexplicably buried in his backyard. He knows not their origin or purpose. The only clue is the same inscription carved into every ball: “On July 10th, Jim Belushi has the gas.”

8/7/2021

If you look carefully on a bottle of Dr. Bronner's mint soap (32 oz. variety) you can find, amidst the gibberish, the sentence: “On August 7th, Jim Belushi has the gas.” It's probably not worth reading all that nonsense, though.

9/31/2021

August 31st marks the return of Crab Fest at Red Lobster! Come on down for all-you-can-eat crabs in our classic garlic butter dip. Slather these terrible sea bugs with hot dairy and slurp ‘em down! Chase that ocean meat with a fresh-baked cheesy biscuit and a swig of mango-rita! As long as Jim Belushi has the gas (we checked and He DOES), and our brave crabbing crews continue to return with their terrible bounty pried from the angry jaws of a vengeful ocean god, we will operate our world famous Crab Chute (TM) for your “dining pleasure.”

New COVID-19 Vaccine Side Effects

Fauch, M.D. and Da CDC

It's very important that everyone get vaccinated against COVID-19--yes, even you DAD. I see you typing on Facebook! Anyway, please be aware of these rare and mild side effects of the vaccine.

- Pain at injection site
- Pain while walking over your future grave site
- Fatigue, exhaustion with just how everything is going, you know
- Dancing fever
- Banjo dementia
- A condition known as "Drop-Tease"
- Delusions of Cher
- Spiritual grandiosity
- Can talk to dogs, but only rottweilers and only in Greek
- The Pfizer Puff-Up
- The Moderna Munchies
- A case of the "JJs"
- Headache
- Hairache
- Eggache
- Seasonal Baldness
- Phantom Dick
- Phantom Second Dick
- German fluency
- Proficiency in Microsoft Word and the Microsoft Office Suite
- Archlinux opinions
- The gum disease Gingivitis
- Carphobia (in rare cases, the condition presents as "car-horny")
- Carp-phobia
- Metacarphosis (aka The Jeff Goldblum)
- Fierro Obsession
- Steely Dan Appreciation
- Seasonal Baldness
- "Wambaughitis"
- Edible scabs
- Non-edible scabs (normal flavor)
- Non-edible scabs (Nacho Cheesier, Cool Ranch, Candy Corn Caramel, and Salsa La Bomba flavors)*
- Insatiable hunger for scabs
- Mild to moderate psychic powers
- A reduced chance of hospitalization and death as a result of COVID-19

Editors' Note: Please, god, get vaccinated.

*All scabs are edible if you're not a coward

