

theSmudge

September 16, 2009 Issue 4



**Lance Armstrong
Loses “Tour
de Pants”**

Headlines



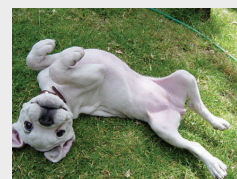
Hipster Turtle Wears Turtleneck Ironically



Child Soldier Wins AK-47 Decorating Contest



JFK Assassinated



Dog Kidnapper Demands 30 Million Dollars and a Tummy Rub

Subway Sandwich Artist Creates Masterpiece; Looks a lot Like Other Sandwiches

After being employed for the most spiritual 3 weeks of his young life, Devin O’Connell finally connected with his inner artist as he prepared his best work of art to date, a foot-long club on white. Devin’s manager Mitch called the sub, “not bad, not bad at all.” When asked to comment on his masterpiece Devin simply replied, “Do you want this toasted or not?” Although it may appear to be identical to every other Subway club on white bread, to the trained eye it is much more. Famous Subway patron and former-fattie-but-still-a-bit-chubby Jared, praised the sandwich saying, “I am so hungry.” But having reached what *TopChef* host Padma calls, “the upper most tier of Subway artistry,” many in the art world have begun to ask, ‘has this young man peaked?’ It may be too soon to say. But as not-nearly-as-sexy-as-Hasselhof Jared bit into that tasty, tasty work of art, destroying what Devin had so carefully concocted, he was heard saying, “I am so hungry.”

PacMan to Stop Running Away from Problems

After several years of intense psychotherapy, a national icon is reported to have been fully rehabilitated. Well known for running away from imaginary apparitions while grossly overeating, PacMan’s may have finally turned his life around. A closeted cross-dresser, whose escapades were released in the appropriately titled tell-all video game, “Mrs. PacMan,” PacMan fell victim to heavy fruit abuse in the later years of his life. When asked for comment about his newfound release from rehab, Pacman responded with a hopeful “WAKKA WAKKA WAKKA.” In new versions of the game, PacMan can be found talking out his problems with the ghosts of his past, and teaching young children that dots are a *sometimes* food. His therapists have high praise for him, “I think we can all now finally be proud of him. As his newly made ghost friends would say, ‘Woo-Woo-Woo.’”

**Fired Up
Iowa City, inc.**
Iowa's first contemporary ceramic studio
112 S. Linn St. Iowa City
(319) 339-0679
Nancy Westvig & Michael Burt

Real Advertisement

Meet the Staff

Curt Oren.....Editor-in-Chief

Ben Crouse...Editor-in-Chief Also

Tom Ewing Journalist

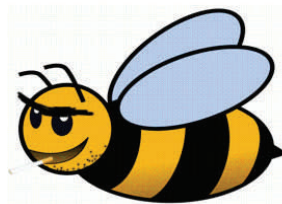
Harrison Postler.....Journalist

Jacob Sluka...Graphic Guy

Kate Feldmann..... Panini

theSmudge

Errant Bee Brings Class to Standstill



Ted Murphy’s 10th Grade Science class was running smoothly until a lone bee flew in through an open window.

“It was absolutely terrifying,” says sophomore Kim Dawson. “The bee flew, like, 3 inches above my head.” Murphy’s attempts to shoo the bee were met with fear and hostility. Class loud-mouth Tina Weatherby says, “If you shoo it that bee is gonna attack us! HERE IT COMES!!!” The bee, which students described as “freakin’ huge” and with a stinger “like, *this* big” flew in with only the best intentions. “I was just going about my business looking for pollen, when all of a sudden I’m in this room with a bunch of humans wearing shirts that say ‘Abercrombie’ on them. What the hell is an Abercrombie?”

Jesus Rises After Three Days, Father says "Get a Job"



The tension was thick in the air Saturday morning as local messiah, Jesus Christ, arose after three days and poured himself some coffee. Across the table, the flowing beard of His Father, God, bristled behind the morning paper as throats were cleared and bagels buttered.

"Sleep well?" God was reported as asking his Son, his voice carrying a cool hint of sarcasm.

"Well enough, yeah,"

answered Jesus, full of feigned nonchalance.

"Well I should hope so!" said God tersely. "When are you gonna grow up!? When are you gonna get a job!? You can't sit

at my right hand forever, you know!?"

God's tirade came at the end of a 2,000 year period in which Jesus had done little other than loaf around God's Creation, failing even to get His own apartment.

"Mr. Big Shot, eh?" glowered the Almighty Savior. "You can put camels through the eyes of needles but when it comes to seeing what's right in front of you, you're blind as a Philistine!"

Much of God's anger stemmed from Jesus' failure to finish med school, as He had wanted. Instead, Jesus chose to use His piecemeal medical knowledge to cure the blind, non-Hebrews, and lepers, all of whom God despises.

"It's all forgive sins this, and forgive sins that," said God bitterly. "You haven't answered anyone's prayers in two millennia! And making sure Jimmy Johnson wins the Indy 500 doesn't count!"

"Ever since you faunched about getting abandoned at Calvary and I brought you into heaven, you've been nothing but trouble!" remonstrated God. "Your behavior is unacceptable, and it's giving rise to all these no-good Dan Brown novels! I'm sick of it!"

Having struck a nerve, God immediately went on in a more conciliatory tone.

"Listen, I know it's tough to get into the job market. Why don't I set something up for you? Only I know the time of it, but I think you can figure things out if you try..."

Jesus' Father then realized He was late for work, and promptly left, leaving His Son free to appear in tortillas across Mexico.

New from the Makers of Crocs and Uggs,

Cruuggs! ©

\$0.25
(Please buy these We have families to feed)

All the social awkwardness of crocs, with the comfort of uggs!



Free rolling backpack included, so absolutely no one will want to talk to you!



Radical “No Cutsies” Movement Emerges at Local Elementary School



First grader Nicholas Daniels has recently become somewhat of a ‘social revolutionary’ for the lunch lines of Horn Elementary. “It’s about justice, and order,” says Nicholas solemnly, “the very things we are promised every day, but never receive because of capitalist pigs.” Nicholas, and an ever-expanding group of militaristic followers have abandoned the traditional ‘bourgeois’ idea of cutting in line and attack any “cutters”, “backwards cutters”, “Chinese cutters” and even “double backwards Chinese cutters”. They call themselves the “No Cutsies United Opposition”. NCUO is especially harsh to cutters in the lunch line. “The average student stands in line for the turkey corn dog of freedom and the Italian dunkers of responsibility,” says NCUO member Timmy Thompson, “but when somebody cuts you, you receive the Teriyaki beef dippers of injustice.” NCUO has even resorted to acts of terrorism. After one boy cut in line, he found his cubby filled with frightening notes saying things like, “you smell like boogers and wieners.” Another cutter found his Crayola Box of 64 crayons had been entirely snorted up the weird kid’s nose. “We will not stand by as our world becomes a stagnant swamp of hypocrisy and sin,” says Nicholas, “if blood must be shed then...uh oh...I just pooped.”

Sexy Teens to Visit Remote Cabin Near Lake Where Girl Drowned Exactly 100 Years Ago



A group of attractive carefree local teenagers are planning a weekend trip to a decrepit cabin near the isolated ‘Quiet Lake’. The lake is famous for the drowning of Anne Helen Rosemary Littlewood in 1909, exactly 100 years ago. When asked about the timely anniversary, sexy teen Trent said, “Hey, Anne would want us to have a good time, right? I’m staying in

her old room, after all. She has lots of cool dolls.” Cool-headed and average Trent is accompanied on the trip with the bubbly and sexually imprudent Becky, the studious and introverted Elizabeth, and the arrogant totally-going-to-die-first Josh. The teens are on pins and needles on their last day of “stupid school” before the big weekend. “We toured the lake already,” says Becky, “I, like, love all the fog, creaky windows, and eerie orchestral music whenever you open the closet.” All the teens have noted the excellence of all the cabin’s features, including the backup electrical power only a short, terrifying run away in the back of the dusty unfinished cellar, in case all the lights go out. There’s even a nice collection of books. “I saw *The Complete Mark Twain, Walden*, and even some Dickens,” says avid reader Elizabeth, “and in case I get bored of those, I brought along the *Necronomicon*.” The weekend’s activities include beach volleyball, drinking smuggled wine coolers, and writing satanic messages on the wall in blood. “And I have a little something planned for Becky,” laughs Josh, winking. He is so going to die first.

Area Monks Not Impressed by Silent Treatment

After the recent “Silent Treatment” imposed by Debbie Shwartz upon her “totally selfish” boyfriend Todd, a local collective of Byzantine monks expressed disdain towards the event. Brother Maynard explains: “So why are you not impressed by the Debbie’s ‘silent treatment’, Brother Maynard?” (Brother Maynard raises his left eyebrow). “Oh, I see, so you feel that your being silent for over 50 years is much more of an accomplishment.” (Brother Maynard nods). “Do you feel that it is an accomplishment at all?” (Brother Maynard raises both eyebrows simultaneously). “Why, Brother Maynard! How dare you make sexual advances at me! I thought you were celibate! Moving on, what do you feel high school girls should do should do differently in order to deal with ‘totally selfish’ boyfriends?” (Brother Maynard raises his right eyebrow, then the left, then the right again). “I don’t see why you have to bring race into this issue! And my mother simply made mistakes in college, Brother Maynard, that was a long time ago, and I hoped you had forgotten it by now!” When Thelonious Monk was asked to comment, he said “What the hell you asking me for, I ain’t no monk, I play the piano, man.”

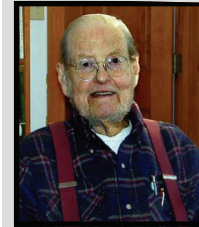
Local Fart Wins Lottery

Powerball's Million Dollar Mania grand prize has an unlikely winner this year: the fart of local student Craig Wilkin. How his fart purchased a ticket and claimed its winnings is still a mystery to Wilkin. "I was just in my dorm, watching 300 with my buddies, and I ripped a huge one. It was really funny at the time," says Wilkin, "but it's not so funny now." Wilkin formally complained to the Iowa Lottery and pressed charges against his air biscuit, arguing that the winnings technically belong to him. "Wilkin is wrong in believing the winnings are his," comments Iowa Lottery chairman Larry Franklin, "the situation is comparable to a father envious of his son's rightful earnings; essentially Wilkin has given birth to an invisible stinky



cloud son." A court date has been set to later this month, where the rights of a free-thinking toot will be at question. Lawyers at the New York law firm Lipton, Rosen & Katz noted the importance of whether the fart was intentional or "you know, one of those ones that just kinda comes out, like when you're doing sit-ups." Perhaps most vocal about the fiasco is the fart itself, who will be appearing at court in a mason jar, so he doesn't float away. When asked about the position he'll be taking, the fart said, "Pbbbbbbbbbbbbbbthhhh."

Area Grandpa Poops his Pants



A Nice dinner conversation was interrupted at the Smith household today, as local Grandpa Larry Smith defecated in his pants at 7:05 yesterday evening,

right as the green beans were about to be passed for the second time. Smith defended his actions today at a local senior center: "Well, I was just about to talk about the time in 19 dickety-seven when Joe Popadopalous sold me a faulty vacuum cleaner. I was going to take the F train down to his vacuum shop, but the D train wasn't running that day, so instead I caught the J train down to the West Village, but... Now where was I? Oh yes, so I took the B train to the Lower East Side, [...edited for time ...] and that's why Grandma eats dog food." Gary Smith, Grandpa Smith's grandson, had this to say. "Grandpa pooped his pants!!!!!! BWAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!!!"

Baby Janitors Prove to be Counter-Productive

The principal of Central Valley High School has recently made some very experimental staff choices. This fall principal Pauly Schmeck hired over 200 unwanted infants to be used for janitorial purposes. "It's not working out," says Schmeck, "the babies are too busy pooping, crying, and rolling around on the ground to do any work." However, Schmeck believes the pooping and peeing may simply be attempts to form a union. Schmeck had planned on discouraging the babies from unionizing with a stern lecture, but the little guys were so cute in their mini janitor outfits that he just couldn't. Local parents are outraged at Schmeck's actions, "The baby janitor plan is completely absurd and utterly wrong," said mom Mandy Fargle at a PTA meeting, "babies aren't big or smart enough to use mops and clean up trash. Toddler janitors would be much more efficient." Despite the public outrage and useless babies, Schmeck believes his plan can still work given the right initiatives. By the end of 2009, Schmeck plans to design a state-of-the-art embryo farm to produce new baby janitors, and to employ several 'baby-janitor janitors', who would collect the used-up baby janitors strewn across the grounds and take them to the dump by the truckload. These plans will do nothing to silence Schmeck's critics, and the baby janitor debate is not expected to die down for a while. When asked his views on the issue, Timothy the Talking Baby Janitor said, "Central Valley has really made an administrative doo-doo (adorable giggle), and furthermore- are you my mommy?"



Boy Attempts to Dig Hole to China, Finds Remains of Dog Who “Ran Away.”

Mark Vincent, 8, of North Liberty decided to dig a hole to China and found a little bit more than he bargained for. After watching “Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon” young Mark decided that his skill with the plastic sword he won at *Planet X* would be more appreciated in China. But a well-devised practical joke that his parents had set up years ago finally came to fruition as his shovel reportedly hit something “that felt like it was once soft and snuggly.” Mark was indeed right as that soft mush, assorted bones, and collar had all once belonged to his dog, Bucky. As tears of what had to be laughter streamed down his face, his parents solemnly investigated the hole, then ran up to his face and exclaimed “Gotcha!” Laughs were had all around, and other than the attempted suicide, the joke went off without a hitch. The boy never did finish his hole to China, much to his parents disappointment.

Face to Face Urinals a Success



Inventor George Holm never thought his childhood dream would one day become a reality. “My wife would always yell at me, saying, ‘Come inside! Face-to-Face Urinals are just a pipe dream!’ But after years of in the field research and tinkling, I’ve finally completed my masterpiece.” The Face-to-Face Urinal, which Holm said came to him in a dream, is proving to be much more of a success

than he could have ever imagined. Local bar patron John Dryson says, “Face-to-Face Urinals are a great way to meet people. I’m normally a shy person, but being forced to stare at someone while you’re both weeing is a great conversation starter. There’s even ice breakers printed on the urinal cakes such as ‘So, pee here often?’ and ‘Good job keeping drips to a minimum, buddy.’ It’s just like the bar in *Cheers!*” Holm says that he plans to create see through stalls for women’s bathrooms, so that they too can share in the experience.

Corn Continues to Grow

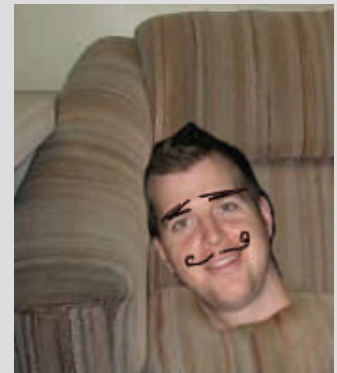
Corn, the popular food that grows out of the ground, is doing just fine, according to local corn advocates. “Yep,” says local farmer Carl Jones, “It’s growing.” Along



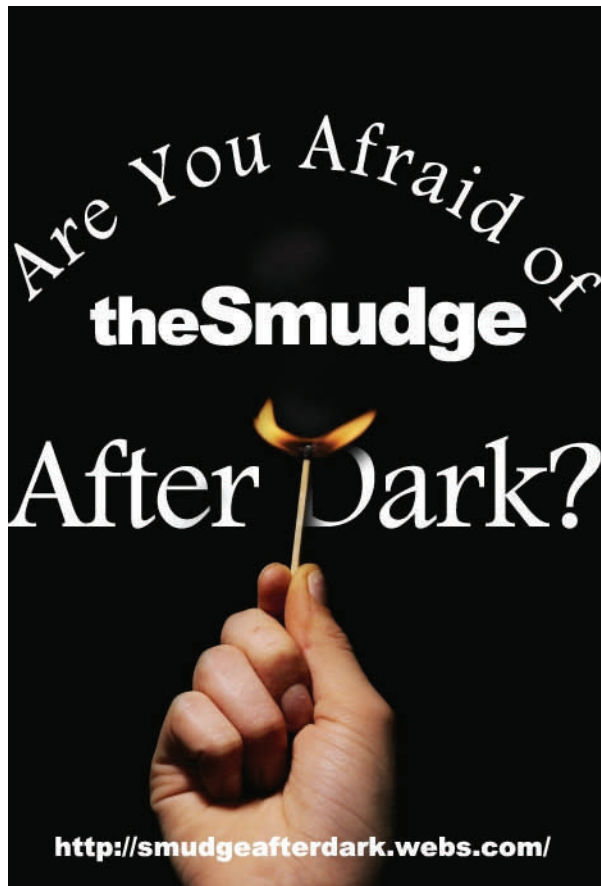
with stalks, the corn displays husks and some leaves, as expected. It is also the right color. “It’s yellow,” Jones says, “It’d be weird if it were purple or something, but it’s not.” If current trends continue, the corn will grow more, and stay yellow. The corn’s growth is the hot topic of conversation at the local diner. Over a cup of decaf coffee, Jones proudly tells the others, “It’s comin’ in alright.”

Passed Out Frat Boy Wakes Up With Sharpie Moustache, No Head

Local frat boy Brad Steele was shocked to wake up to a Sharpie moustache, Sharpie eye brows kept in a constant state of surprise, and a decapitated head. The disembodied head of Brad Steel was reported as commenting,



“Not cool Dude, this Sharpie is not gonna come off and I totally have a date with Crystal tonight.” Steele’s roommates had this to say, “Brad’s such a baby. He was totally crying when we sawed his head off. He probably doesn’t even watch ‘Family Guy’.” According to Steele, there is one bright side to decapitation, “everyone’s calling me ‘Brad the Bod,’ which will totally score me some chicks in the 8 seconds I have left before dying.”



SmudgeCo. Product Endorsement



Waldo Missing Seven Days, Presumed Dead

After tireless, round the clock search and rescue missions for an area drifter known only as Waldo, the search effort has finally been called off. Sgt. Jeff Peterson, who led the search, had this to say: "Everyone in town was looking for him. Everywhere you turned people were asking, 'Where's Waldo? Where's Waldo?'" Waldo was last spotted at the circus wearing a red and white striped shirt, a matching beanie, and dark glasses. The



search got off to a rocky start, as Marcy Kline, age 6 explains, "We started our search at the beach, and it was very confusing due to all of the tents with the same color pattern as Waldo's clothing, along with many people dressing slightly like Waldo, but not exactly, which I thought odd." After the third day, Waldo was thought to have been found, but it was just some dead fat guy in a red and white striped shirt. Memorial services will be held Monday, 7 P.M., at St. Ignatius. Keepsakes to go in the coffin are requested by the bereaved.

The Only Peaceable Solution in Iraq is Soft Partition, *THEO*

The Politics Corner with Bill Cosby

You see, *Rudy*, all of these problems in Iraq can be solved with the *Kodak Pictures* and the *Pudding Pops* you see *Theo*, *Rudy*! It, *Theo*, seems to me that dropping *Pudding* down with all the other aid packages would do the trick, but perhaps we should give each religious sector autonomy within their own government which is just a three-pronged side under a loose central government, *little Bill*. All we have to do, you see, *Rudy*, *Theo*, is treat the Iraqis the way they want to be treated, and pudding could be had by all. A non-partisan central government would unify a country and all of this could be documented by *Kodak Film*, RUUUUDDDDDDYYYYYYYYY!

Tom Ewing Still Scared by R.L. Stine

The wildly popular book series “Goosebumps” has long since stopped giving members of our generation their namesake, which would be goosebumps, idiot. But for one local nancy-boy these books are “really scary.” Tom Ewing, 18, says about the books, “Mother won’t let me read them anymore, because they gave me night terrors which lead to one of my little accidents and our washing machine is over-worked as it is.” So what about these books is so terrifying to this unofficial mascot of “The Jonas Brothers Fan Club?” Psychologist, Bill “The Thrill” Baker says, “It could be the cartoonish cover, or perhaps the portrait of a loving family supporting the protagonist that scares the piss out of him. But the only thing that can be done to reverse his candyassery would be constant ridicule.” *Goosebumps* creator R.L. Stine has offered to help Tom Ewing overcome his fears by giving him a part in the upcoming *Goosebumps* movie, “Predictable Twist Ending.” Tom will be playing ‘Weenie Cry-Baby #2.’



Are You Tired of Carrying your Trays like chump?

Introducing: **the Tray- Tray®**

It'll hold:

- trays of food
- trays of babies
- trays holding other tray trays
- trays holding owls
- over 3 million tray uses!

Order Online

57 easy payments of

\$.99

