

Better Done
Than Done Well

VOL 95
#2

FUCK THE INNOCENT: A LOVE STORY IN FOUR PARTS

The MITV studio was warm and stuffy as Jose shut down all the cameras at the end of his and Nick Wang’s show.

“Good show, team,” stated Jose as he flipped the power switch of the last camera to “off.”

“Yeah, I really liked that no one watches our show because we’re intolerable,” responded Nick, coiling headphone cords behind the monitors. Jose smiled at him, and stepped closer.

“You’re intolerable,” he said, reaching towards the tabletop to grab his phone. At that same moment, Nick was reaching down to turn off the mixer, and their hands touched. They held the contact for a split second, and then both withdrew and stood in silence. Finally, Nick spoke.

“You know, Jose, I’ve never told you before, but sometimes when I’m reading ‘Public Utilities Fortnightly’ in Dewey, I get these...these...ideas.” He brushed his hair from his face, and straightened his glasses. Jose chuckled nervously.

“Really, Nick? What *kind* of ideas?”

“Well,” said Nick, smiling and lowering his gaze to the floor, “things like, what it would be like to do this show if you weren’t, you know, in a ‘relationship,’” He emphasized the last word with air-quotes. Jose stepped closer.

“Why? How would it be different?” The corner of his mouth began to curl into a smile, and his eyes met Nick’s.

“You know, we would be able to do things.”

“What kind of things?” Nick began to turn slightly red, and jiggled his leg as he put his hands partially into the pockets of his cuffed pants.

“Well,” Nick began, “more *intimate* things. Things Ashley may get mad about.” Jose leaned forward, and placed a hand on Nick’s arm.

“Don’t worry, Champ,” he said, stroking the flannel, “Ashley won’t mind.” With that, he leaned in, and placed his lips on Nick’s. The feeling was electric. Nick’s thin chink lips felt wonderful against his, and Nick’s scruffy beard ticked Jose’s poor excuse for facial hair. Nick wrapped his

arms around Jose and pulled back.

“Are you sure Ashley won’t mind? I know how much she cares about you.” Jose smiled, and placed his hands on Nick’s ass.

“Naw, dude. She won’t mind at all. In fact, this has always been a fantasy of hers. That’s why left one of the cameras on. She’s actually watching this back at Senior House.”

The idea of being caught in another of his homo-erotic escapades excited Nick beyond anything he’d ever felt before, and he couldn’t restrain himself. His small erection, which he had been rubbing into Jose now spewed forth onto the inside of his pants. Nick moaned and pulled Jose closer.

“Oh Jesus, I just jizzed in my pants.”

Jose reached down and began to massage Nick’s partially swollen member through the wet spot.

“It’s okay, Wang-man. I’ll get you hard again.” With that, he pushed Nick to the floor, kneeled by his crotch, and began to remove his pants. Immediately, the room began to fill with the odor of male pheromones and three weeks worth of dick-cheese. Jose took Nick’s penis in his hands, and slid back the foreskin, exposing a head covered in smegma.

“Oh, thank God you don’t shower, Nick,” he said lustfully, “I love the taste of smegma.” He immediately began to lick it off of Nick as he rubbed the rest of his penis with his hand. Nick moaned and quivered, still sensitive from his last orgasm. After a few minutes, Jose had eaten all of Nick’s smegma, and Nick had become sufficiently hard for intercourse. “Jose,” he said, “I need to be inside of you, now. Please let me!”

Jose gave his balls a playful squeeze, and rose to his feet. “Sure thing, buddy,” he said while undoing his pants, “just make sure you lube me up. I don’t want a repeat of my first time. I was shitting blood for weeks.”

“Ok,” replied Nick, “but what do we have around here to use as lube?”

“Check the couches. I think there’s something over there.” Jose was leaning over the tabletop, pants-less, exposing

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his gaping mangina to Nick. Nick's tiny penis began to throb, and he ran to the couch and began to dig through the contents. He came back after a minute or so of looking.

"Jose, all I could find was this can of WD-40."

"Sounds like a plan, Wang-man. Lube me up."

Nick shook the can, and sprayed it liberally on Jose's corn hole, and then on his own shaft. They both shivered at the cold. Then, Nick tossed the can to one side, and positioned himself to mount Jose.

"Jose," he said.

"Yes," was the reply.

"I think I love you."

"Shut up and fuck me already, goddamn it!"

With that, Nick thrust his mini-dick into Jose's gaping brown eye. He kept thrusting as Jose moaned in pleasure. After a while, Nick could feel himself about to burst.

"Jose, Jose, I think I'm cumming!"

"Don't cum in my ass, Nick, cum on my face!"

Nick pulled out, and Jose turned around, accidentally slapping Nick in the face with his own swollen cock. Nick grabbed it and began sucking on it, while masturbating

himself. Finally, he came, spraying Jose's face with a coating of Jello-thick semen. Briefly, he stopped giving fellatio, but soon resumed. Jose began the tedious task of cleaning his face with his skillful tongue. The room would have been silent, had it not been for the loud slurping and sucking sounds being emitted from Nick's practiced oral sex. After some time, Jose grabbed the back of Nick's head and pulled it toward himself, shoving his dick further down Nick's throat, then pulling it out to cum on Nick's face. He grunted and shrieked like a walrus in heat as he orgasmed, sending shot after shot of hot cum into Nick's beard. When he had finished, he allowed Nick to suck the juices from his cock. When they were done, they sat down on one of the couches, cuddling each other cheek to cheek.

"You know, Jose, we should have done this a long time ago," Nick said, as he turned to look at Jose through misty eyes.

"Nick," Jose answered, "every time I was fucking Muffin, I was thinking about you."

Nick's eyes lit up, and a smile even bigger than Jose's massive horse-cock came across his face (like Jose's massive horse-cock). "Really?"

"Yah, dude. Every time."

From the Publisher

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Voo Doo (voo'doo) n., [Slang c.1920] hubbub; excitement; mischief; *an ideal name for a humor magazine*

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD'S ADVENTURES IN HELL

The ugly little girl in red riding habit padded along the rocky carriage path. The soles of her small dusty feet were accustomed to the rough terrain, so she did not experience too much discomfort. Looking to the right of the slowly ascending path, "Little Red," as she was known, saw bright green oaks, maples, catbrier, and ferns. Red turned to stare suspiciously into the dark grey pine trees on the left. The gloomy wood did not overly frighten her, and she wondered whether there might be an easier route through it to her grandmother's shack. The ground among the trees was free of undergrowth, and there was a carpet of pine needles that seemed rather inviting. Red stepped off the path.

An eight-foot tall monster leapt from his hiding place behind an ancient tree and asked, "Would you like some candy, little girl?" It had dark red skin, canary yellow eyes, and curly black hair. Two gleaming white horns protruded from the black mane on his head. From ankles to waist, the beast was covered by long hair like the coat of an animal, except for one area.

Little Red kicked him in that area.

The man-beast yelled. His eyes glowed red and he pointed a taloned forefinger at Red as she turned to run.

Red's foot was just an inch above the path when she burst into flame.

She blinked and tried to find something that was not white on which to focus. Her eyes came to rest on the purple beehive hairdo of the chamber's only other occupant. His coiffure aside, the old man looked almost like Socrates as he lounged on a divan gazing into a mirror. Then he noticed Red. "Tell me how you like my hair," he said haughtily.

"I don't."

He looked more carefully at Little red. He boomed, "DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM, LITTLE GIRL?"

Red began to worry. Men who shouted and hit were common in her hamlet.

When Red declined to answer, the figure lifted himself and his paunch from the divan. The white sheet



he was wearing started to slip as he approached Red. he caught it, but not before Red saw his Batman Underoos. He brought his wide, reddening face right up to Red's. He spoke: "I am...God!" He snapped his fingers. Thunder and lightening tore open the sky. The remains of frogs from a ninth grade biology class rained down on Red. A tornado rocketed Red through the massive marble doors at her back. "And you're damned, since your parents weren't married! Ha, ha, ha!"

Red blacked out.

Little Red Riding Hood awoke on a muddy riverbank. When she stood, gobbets of sludge oozed down her cloak, fell, and made vulgar noises as they struck the earth. The river before her smelled like a

cess-pool; that might explain the lack of beachcombers. The river too, oozed and the greatest disturbances in its surface were caused by bilious yellow tentacles. A board in the muck sported the words:

CHARON'S FERRY SERVICE

"We deliver in 30 minutes or less, or you can go to Hell--FREE!"

There didn't seem to be anything better to do, so Little Red leaned against the sign to await the ferry. Red removed a small knife from beneath her cloak and used it to scrape dried mud off her clothes.

Red heard a distant hum which steadily grew into a roar as the speedboat producing it drew near. The boat did not slow as it approached the shore. Instead its pilot cut the engine and executed a quick turn to starboard, showering Red in filth, but effectively halting the craft. "Get in." said the wraith at the helm.

"Are you Charon?"

"No, he's on vacation with the succubi. I'm his brother Karen."

Red waded out to the boat. Karen accelerated while she clung to the gunwale. Karen didn't talk much, so Red passed the time staring at the dancing tentacles and the river's gurgitations, and trying to get into the boat.

Karen moored his vessel at a decaying dock on the opposite bank. Then he asked Red for payment.

"But I don't have any money." She was confused. Why should she have to pay to go to Hell? What em-

ployment opportunities are there for the dead? Karen's voice interrupted her thoughts.

"Oh, I was wondering why you were here; you're a trull. Sorry. Cash only. Pre-pubescent nymphets were never my type."

Red didn't know what a trull was, but she knew a scam when she saw one. "Your sign says you deliver."

"That's right. I brought you here; didn't I?"

"Wrong," said Red, "I haven't received deliverance, so I get a free trip to Hell."

"Alright, the gate's over there; get off my ship, wench."

Red hurried ashore. Karen gunned the engine and took off, dragging the dock behind him. The boat was out of sight in two minutes.

This side of the Stynx (If you were in Hell would you worry about spelling?) was composed of jagged rock formations. The gate Karen had mentioned was fifty-five and one-half feet tall and one hundred fifty-six inches wide. The left side of the rusty gate was ajar. Beyond the gate was a dark antechamber. As Red entered, a gruff voice queried, "Name?" Before Red was a completely hairless demon clad only in faded jeans. His face was remarkably similar to Woodrow Wilson's, especially with the glasses. He sat on a high stool with a clipboard in the crook of his right arm and a Bic pen in his left hand. Red said, "Are you in charge here?"



“No, I’m just a byzantine logothete. Name?”

“I’m called Little Red Riding Hood.”

The daemon stared at Red over the tops of his glasses. “Don’t get smart, kid. You may have been some famous bigshot before, but you’re nothing here. Fancy titles don’t mean anything. You’re just lucky my list shows aliases.” He scanned his clipboard. “Hmm. Wait a minute! This is highly irregular. You’re early! Did you, by any chance, get wasted by some supernatural force? Never mind. You’ll need to talk to the Lord of Hell, the Prince of Darkness, the Big Rancid Cheese Himself!”

“How do I find him?”

“Just follow the Yellow Brick Road.”

For the first time, Red noticed the yellow street. Suddenly, fifteen munchkins appeared and began singing, “We are the lollipop kids...,” and grabbing their crotches. The byzantine logothete reached into his button-fly jeans and whipped out his M-60 machine gun. “Eat this!” he yelled and started mowing down the munchkins. Red ran away down the yellow brick road.

Soon Red reached an area where many side streets intersected the road. She glanced at the first streets, but kept moving: Gluttony Lane smelled like garbage, Venery Avenue was carpeted in the skins of dead hunters, on Wall Street men gnawed at a gold-painted wall.

The street that drew her interest was Sado-Masochistic Way. There, people dressed in black leather shuffled around fiddling with coiled whips and looking bored; while a scantily clad group writhed on the ground begging to be punished. One sadist answered the pleas by saying, “No.” The others chuckled like it was an old joke. Another suddenly jumped as if he’d

been electrocuted. He announced, “I know what we can do!” He viciously whipped the other sadists and laughed at their screams. Then all the sadists’ whips were flailing and the masochists were hurling themselves into the fray, competing for lashes. Red hurried on to the next street.

At first Red wondered why there were so many animals around. “Aardvarks and sheep and cows, oh my!” she said. Then she noticed the half-naked farmhands--they weren’t milking the cows. She quickly left Sodomy Parkway.

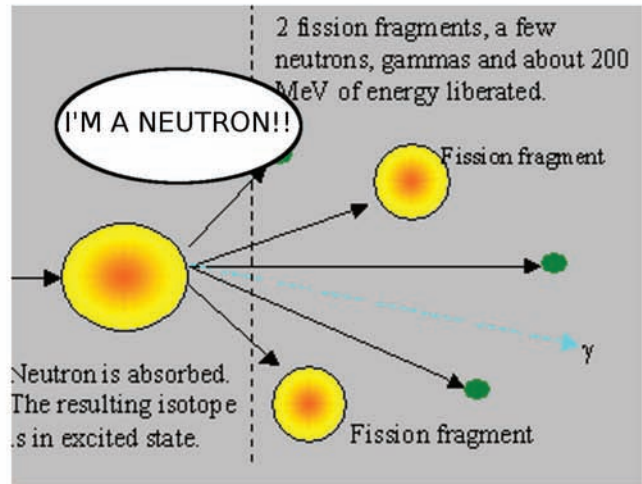
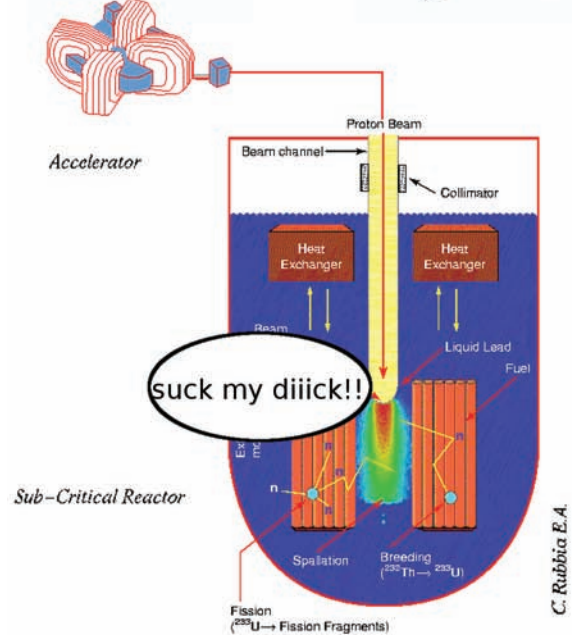
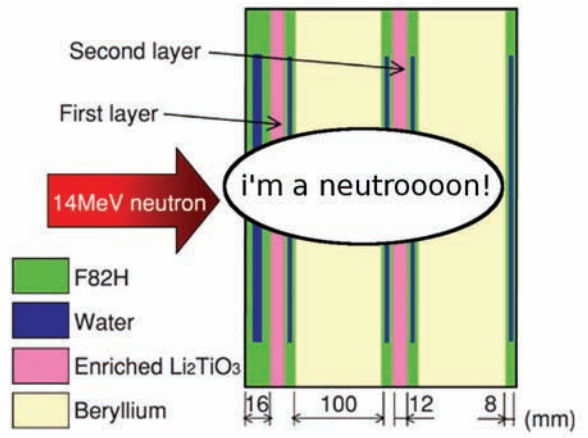
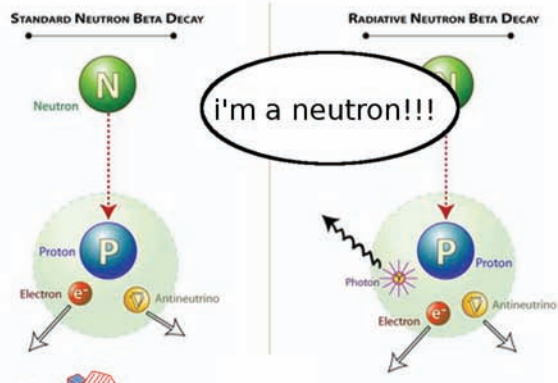
Red carefully avoided looking along any more streets, though the gunshots, explosions, and screams were difficult to ignore. Finally, there were no more side streets, only the downward-sloping road and a deep cavern. She removed a torch from its scion on the wall and descended.

Five minutes of brisk walking brought her to an almost normal door. The doorknocker clearly spoke: “The Boss is in.” The doormat commented on its view and the doorknob said, “Squeeze me!” After the last proposition, the knocker and knob began arguing who would be used first. Red kicked the door open and entered. The door lit a cigarette.

The monster behind the desk rose to his full eight-foot height. Before he could say, “Hello, little lady. I’m Luke.” Red hit him with the torch. Luke guffawed. He grabbed Red’s torch, swallowed it, and belched. “Ha, ha. You cannot harm me with a device of my own realm.”

Red’s knife slammed into his throat. Red looted the office while Lucifer expired. She took the private elevator back to earth, where she set fire to her village’s church, moved to Paris, and lived happily ever after. The End.





EDITORIAL



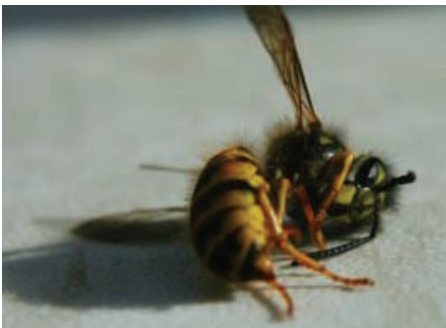
type type type. type type type. Oh nooooooooooooo! A beeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!



But I am a nice bee! Look! I brought drinks!



I kill you! I send you straight to bee hell!



I am a sad and dead bee.

WISHING YOU A HAPPY THANKSGIVING, FROM THE BOTTOM OF OUR BLACKENED HEARTS...

An arid desolate landscape. In the unforgiving wilderness, there stands the site of a small town. At its peak, it laid claim to a saloon and not much more. Now, all that remains is the shadow of a dessicated floorboard dreaming of creaking.

One day in late November, the sun and stars align. The errant star intersects the path of Thanksgiving. Cthulhu half-rouses from his ancient, dreamless, uninvaded sleep but quickly realizes today is not the day he shall rise roaring. Reality is bent, deformed, and ultimately, squeezed and shaken in an empty bottle of Bombay Sapphire.

The nameless town is restored to a vitality surpassing its glory days. The saloon doors swing with the rhythm of a crazed horse's gallop. The general store is overflowing with goods perveyed by a jolly wizened old hunter. The girls are pretty and smiling, and cards are tossed about. But suddenly, apprehension grips the town when one lone traveller approaches from the west. As the figure walks in, small children flee into the arms of terrified mothers. The cowardly close and bar their shutters. Others gape openly in anticipation of the drama to unfold.

As the traveller reaches the town square, its grotesquery becomes clear. The newcomer is a walking, headless, bipedal turkey, naked to its pink

uncooked flesh, save for a hat, a dusty poncho and a gun holster. Although the turkey had no face, there is an insouciant attitude it emits.

The door of the sherrif's office slams open and out walks the sheriff and its posse, or rather, a sheriff-turkey and some side-fixings. The turkey is a deep golden brown, but the star-shaped meat thermometer thrust in its breast proclaim that it has not finished cooking. Its interrupted cooking may explain the turkey's foul mood.

"Hey there, stranger," growls the sheriff-turkey, despite not having a mouth, or a throat.

"Is there a problem...sheriff?" The stranger-turkey's voice rings across the silent dust.

"What's your business here?"

"Well, I've travelled a long way, and I heard this here town is mighty welcoming of new folk."

"Not folk like you!" cries the mashed potatoes to the left of the sheriff-turkey.

"Shaddup!" the sherrif-turkey berates the mashed potatoes. "What are you doing out, anyway? Go back inside and get some more garlic in ya!" Humiliated, the mashed potatoes scurry

back in. The remaining posse quickly follow suit.

The turkeys now stand alone opposite the town square. Under the oppressive sun, a lonely tumbleweed passes through.

The sheriff-turkey finally breaks the silence. "There ain't room enough for two turkeys in this town," it says menacingly. Both turkeys are hovering their wings over their respective pistols.

"Is that right?"

Shots ring out. Both turkeys are hit, spewing stuffing and giblets. But the sheriff-turkey's aim is truer. It limps over, trailing breadcrumbs and gravy, to the fallen stranger-turkey. The sheriff-turkey prepares to put the stranger-turkey out of its misery.

"My...brothers..." gasps the stranger-turkey, "...they're coming...they'll avenge me..." The sheriff-turkey empties his revolver into the stranger-turkey's breast.

It looks up, to the west, and sees a cloud of dust. Six turkey-forms are emerging in the distance. Sheriff-turkey rallies its posse for a full scale battle.

By nightfall, the streets run red with cranberry.

Billy the Pantomime Cage Dancer (I)





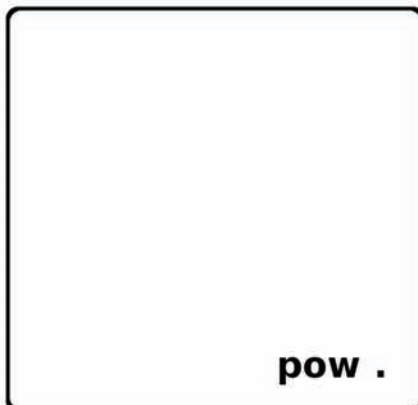
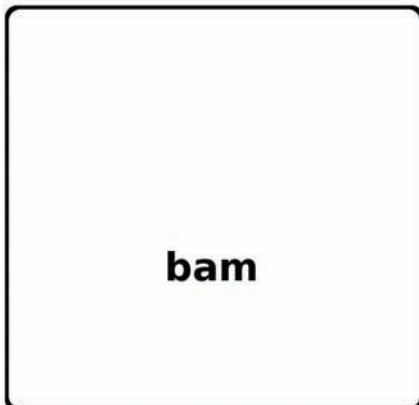
“On a level plain, simple mounds look like hills; and the insipid flatness of our present bourgeoisie is to be measured by the altitude of its great intellects.”



“The ideas of the ruling class are in every epoch the ruling ideas, i.e., the class which is the ruling material force of society, is at the same time its ruling intellectual force.”



Apathy in ACTION!



PART TWO: THE WAFFLEMAN COMETH

The 2nd floor GRT suite was dark except for the glow of a desk light illuminating the intricate electrical task being undertaken by the frighteningly thin Aryan man dressed in rags. His alien-like fingers moved fluidly and quickly as he worked the soldering iron and manipulated the tiny components before him on the table. Suddenly, there was a knock on his door. He stopped what he was doing, placed the iron in its holder, and scrunched his face to ride his gold-rimmed glasses up his nose, and flipped his ridiculously small amount of blond hair away from his face. He turned his head to look at the door behind him, and yelled, "Who is it?"

"Mahk," came the voice from the other side, "it's me, Zoz!" The Australian accent was almost too thick to be decipherable but Mark, having heard it so very often and in such intimate situations, immediately knew who it was. He rose, leaving his work behind him, and crossed the room on stick-thin legs to open the door. He was greeted by a similarly Aryan-looking man, slightly shorter than he, but also with a preposterous hair cut and glasses. As opposed to rags, this man (Zoz) was wearing surplus German camouflage cargo pants and a Japanese Sport Death shirt. He immediately came in and gave Mark a hug. Mark stretched his skeletal arms around Zoz, embracing him in return.

"Mahk, how've ya been, mate?" stated Zoz with a smile upon his face.

"I've been alright," replied Mark, "just struggling to get the trans-dimensional analog hyperdrive working up to speed with the regulator on the flux capacitor of the interociter's continuum transfunctioner. Other than that, you know, nothing. Since you haven't been around, I've been polishing my thesis."

He grinned and gave Zoz a wink. Zoz's elation grew. But not **too** big.

"Yeah," he said, "I bet you've been polishing the old thesis quite a lot since I haven't been around, eh?"

Mark's smile faded. "Don't try to make jokes about masturbation, Zoz. Christ, what are you, a fucking millennial? Shit, man."

Zoz took Mark's hand. "I'm sorry, mate, I didn't mean it. How's about I make it up to you?" The smile on Mark's face told him everything he needed to know. "Alright, mate, I'll make the waffles."

Shortly thereafter, with a full plate of waffles made and smothered in Mark's secret sauce, Zoz walked up to Mark and looked him deep in the eyes.

"Ya know, Mahk, it's been quite some time since I been able to please a man. I been stickin' ta sheep since I left."

Mark placed a hand on the side of his face, tilted his head to one side, and said, "That's okay. As long as you like it, I'll like it." Then Mark leaned in and kissed him with the softness and compassion of a sweaty stepfather. Zoz pulled away after exploring Mark's mouth with his tongue and dropped to his knees. He unzipped Mark's rusty zipper and gasped as his Great White flopped out.

"Crikey, aint she a beaut! Just as peachy as I remember." He grabbed Mark's cock with one hand, and began sucking as his other hand crept around and began fingering his asshole.

"Oh shit," Mark breathed, "God that feels good. Fuck this. I want your ass." He pulled his dick out of Zoz's mouth as Zoz began stripping. Mark, too, began to throw off his clothes until the both of them were completely naked. Zoz dropped to all fours on the floor, and Mark mounted him from the rear, drizzling maple syrup all over his chest. He then took the plate of waffles in one hand, and began shoving them into his mouth with a fork as he thrust into Zoz's stretched asshole. Zoz's screams and hushed moans of "crikey" were punctuated only by the loud smacking sounds of balls against ass and

Mark occasionally screaming, "I AM THE WAFFLE MASTER!" between huge bites of waffles. After some time, the waffles were gone, and Mark, hornier than ever, began to focus on fucking Zoz. They were interrupted, however as the door opened.

In the doorway stood Rob, holding a plate of sausages.

Greetings! I am the sausage man!" He paused for a minute as he realized what he had accidentally walked in on, and then, with a look of slight confusion, he said "perhaps this is a bad time."

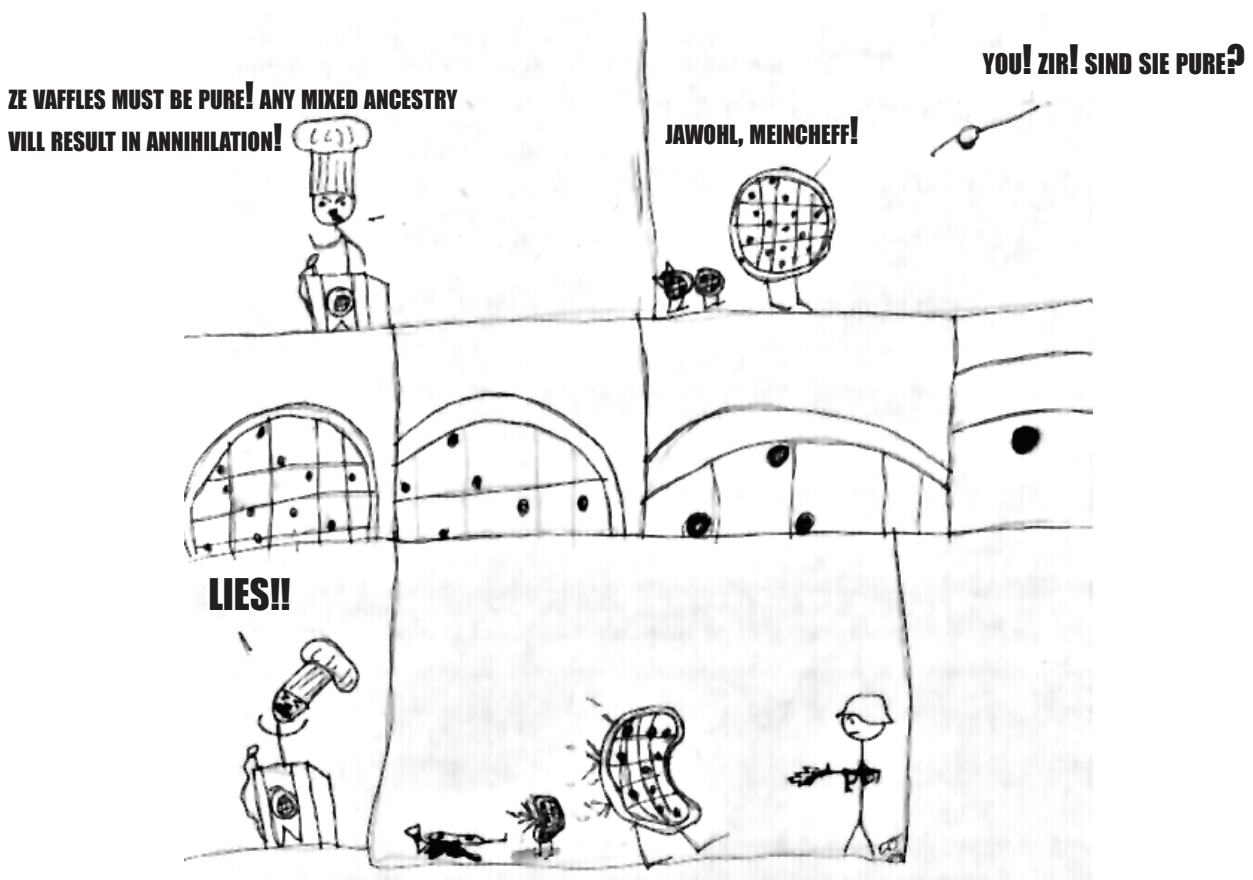
"Yeah," said Mark, his patch of hair flopping in rhythm with his thrusting, "this is kind of a bad time, Rob, why don't you come back later."

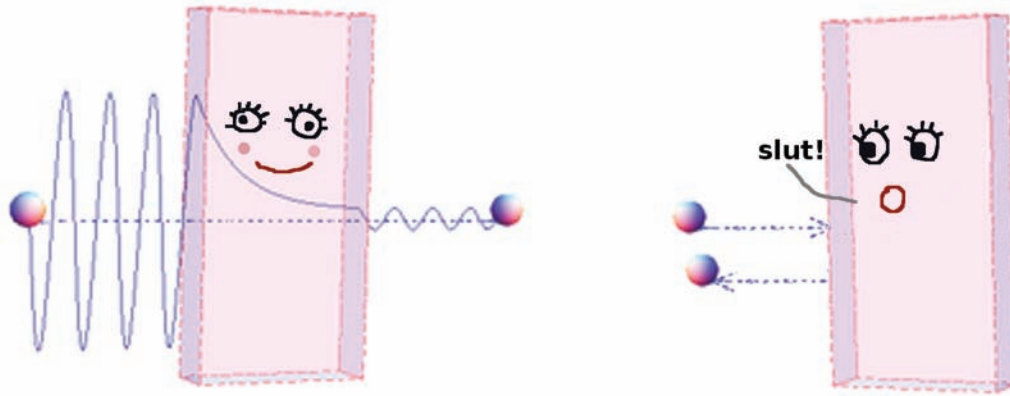
Rob turned around, said "Ok then, I will continue with my wanderings. Have a, um, a nice night." He closed the door behind him quietly, but not before leaving a sausage on the table, just in case.

The interruption hadn't slowed Mark at all, and he was nearing orgasm. He reached around and grabbed Zoz's dick, and began pumping it. Zoz, his prostate sufficiently stimulated, almost immediately began to blow his load all over the floor, screaming in a mix of pleasure and pain. The sound of someone in pain immediately pushed Mark over the edge and he, too began to orgasm, thrusting deeper into Zoz's brown cave. When they were both finished, they lay next to each other, basking in the dim light of white LED's, and licking finger-fulls of cum and maple syrup from Mark's visible rib cage.

Zoz gazed lovingly into Mark's eyes, and said in a soft voice, "Mahk, do you think anyone else has it as lucky as we do?"

Mark looked back, flipped his hair out of his face, and said "No, no one at all. Well, maybe Jose and Muffin..."





"Capital is dead labor, which, vampire-like, lives only by sucking living labor, and lives the more, the more labor it sucks."

"Machines were, it may be said, the weapon employed by the capitalists to quell the revolt of specialized labor."

Billy the Pantomime Cage Dancer (II)



MAKE-A-WISH®

Voo Doo Magazine is proud to support the efforts of the Make-A-Wish Foundation.

Jenny S. in Kentucky writes:

Dear Make-A-Wish Foundation,

I have methemoglobinemia.
My friend does, too.
My friend wants Robert Pattinson.
I want to hug a pigeon.
Unfortunately, my friend has arms,
And I have Robert Pattinson.



Don't worry, Jenny! Voo Doo will make your wish come true!



Voo Doo Magazine, Robert Pattinson, and the Make-A-Wish Foundation: Together, we touch children.

Die Tägliche Doo Doo

MIT's Second-Most Bloated And Obnoxious Newspaper

Est. 1919

"Plumb the sunless
depths of our ennui!"



MIT Pistol Defeats Yale Fencing

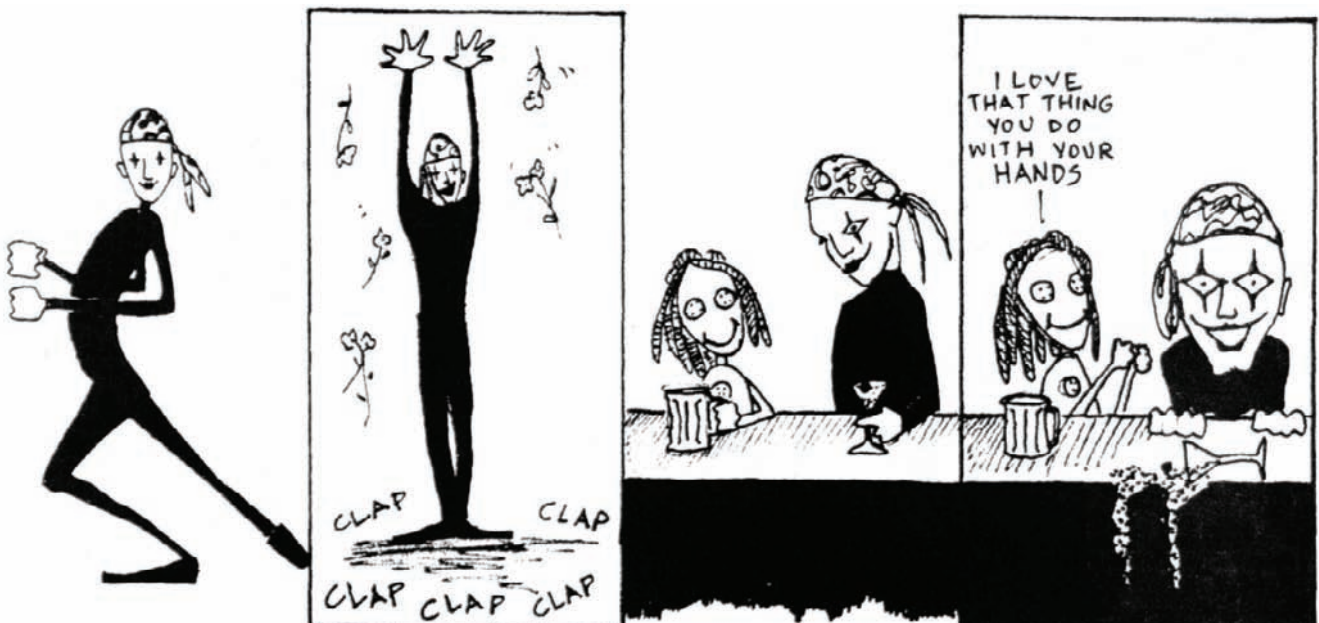
Conquering the notion that MIT students are athletically hopeless nerds, the MIT pistol team soundly defeated the Yale fencing team at a home match Friday November 20th, without losing a single team member of their own. At fifty paces, MIT won hands-down in all three of the competing categories: the lightweight .22 versus foil, the 9 mm handgun versus epee, and in the most closely contested category, the .44 auto-magnum versus saber.

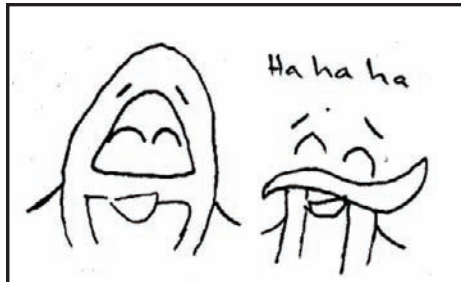
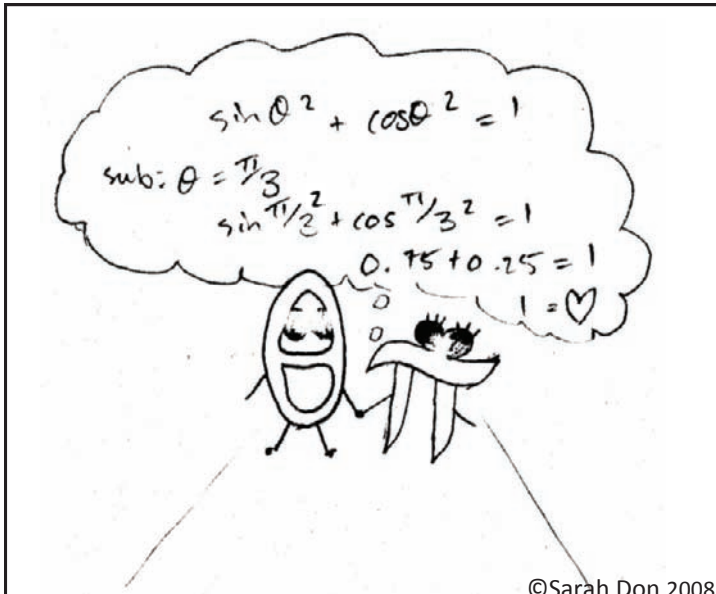
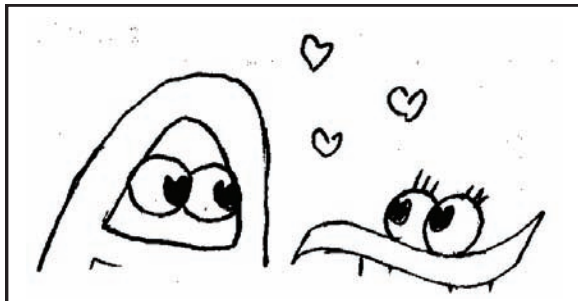
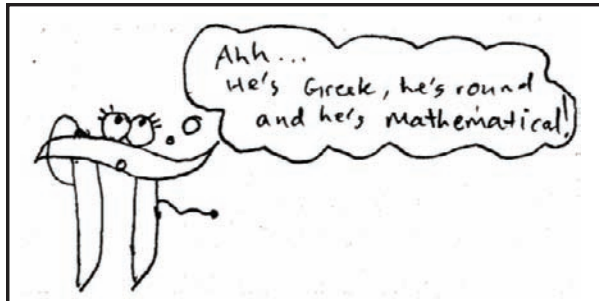
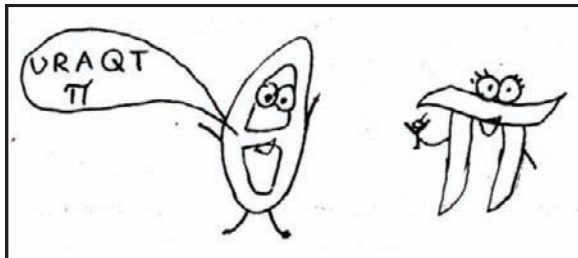
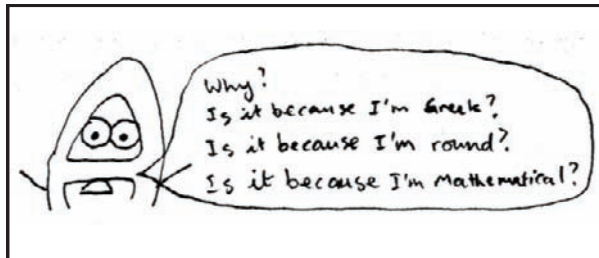
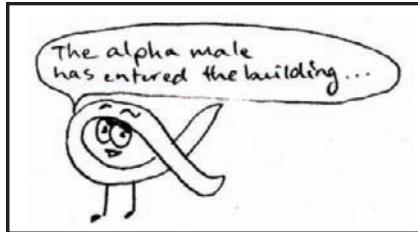
MIT team captain Phosphorus T. Cat '10 describes the match as follows: "Well, we were just using our well-known technical advantage and ingenuity. We looked over the history and realized that sword fighting had been obsolete for cen-

turies, since the invention of gunpowder. Instead of brute athletic prowess, we used superior firepower to win the day." The Yale coach supposedly expressed "surprise" at competing with a pistol team, but was unable to answer questions when reached.

This new and unique approach, dubbed "technuke," is purportedly winning many supporters among the other MIT athletic teams, but official sources have denied that this is the case. Says MIT's Director of Athletics, Julie Soriero, "The MIT crew team is in no way investigating ways of mining the Charles River. We deplore such unsportsmanlike behavior, and such means would interfere with our secret plans to torpedo those damn Harvard crew shells."

Billy the Pantomime Cage Dancer (III)





PART THREE: STUFFIN MUFFIN

It was a bright, wonderful morning in Cambridge. The air was relatively clean, devoid of pollen, and filled with the wonderful voices of songbirds and the soft rustling of tree leaves in the breeze. Muffin stood, leaning on the railing of the Towers balcony, watching the world go by. Life was good, but it was about to get better.

Kat, dressed in a short black dress and Doc Martens, walked onto the balcony with a Djarum Black in one hand and a blue Bic lighter in the other. When she saw Muffin, she smiled coyly and tossed the cigarette and lighter onto the couch.

"Hey Muffin!" she squeaked in her best Anime voice. Muffin felt the blood begin to flow to his nether regions, and turned around.

"Hey," he said curtly, "what's up?"

Kat moved like a cat to the parapet, and raised herself to sit on it. She crossed her legs, and looked at Muffin sideways, raising her shoulder to rest her chin on.

"Nothing," she drawled, "what's up with you?"

"I was just thinking about whether or not I should go to TEP. There's like, a party tonight, and they like, want me to help them set up some LEDs, but I kinda don't wanna go."

"Well, what you have to understand is that you pledged, right?"

"So?"

"Well, you pledged to, like, do shit for them, right? Isn't that part of it?"

"I don't know," Muffin said as he slipped his hands into the pockets of his over-sized camouflage pants, "Like, I don't know exactly what I pledged for. I just

kinda did it."

Kat smiled again, and then scooted closer to him on the parapet.

"Well, why don't you sit down and drink something to help you make up your mind?"

"No, that's okay. I don't drink."

Muffin barely got out the last word when Kat shoved a piece of cloth into his face. The last thing he sensed was the sick, sweet smell of chloroform before his world went black.

When he awoke, his first realization was that he was slouched over on his knees, his face and shoulders on whatever surface he was on, his ass in the air, and his wrists tied down to his calves. The second realization was that he was naked. The third was that he was in Kat's room. The round bed beneath him felt soft and oddly comforting. He didn't even really panic until he realized that his mouth was being propped open by a gag. He ran his tongue along the inside of the gag. He had felt this shape before. It was a penis. The door in his line of site opened, and from the beyond stepped his new master.

Kat was dressed in a black patent leather bustier and panty set, and wore thigh high patent leather stilettos. A choker with a ring was about her neck, and in her satin-gloved hands she held a baseball bat.

"You know, Muffin, I've been trying to get you in here all year, but you never paid attention to me."

Muffin struggled against his bonds, but they were too tight. He tried to scream, but the penis in his mouth kept him from articulating anything more than a muffled grunt. Kat began moving toward the bed with careful, sultry steps. The boots thumped ominously on the filthy cum-stained carpet. She slowly hit her hand with the bat.

“You keep talking about how, ‘oh, I don’t like sex’ and ‘I never have sexual fantasies’ and ‘oh, sex is so gross’. By the time I’m through with you, you’re going to wish you had let me fuck you normally.”

She walked to the other side of the room, and Muffin had to turn his head to follow her. That’s when he saw her table of tools. It was covered in lubes, ropes, chains, and various dildos and other sexual toys. He began, for the first time, to feel real fear. Kat opened a pack of Blacks, and lit one. She inhaled, then cupped her smoking arm elbow in one hand and exhaled slowly, watching the smoke as it floated to the ceiling.

“I hope you don’t mind if I smoke,” she said as a smile once more crossed her lips. She looked at him, ashed in a nearby cup, and said “don’t worry. I’ll use lots of lube.”

She picked up a bottle of lube and walked behind Muffin. He couldn’t see her anymore, but he heard the bottle open. Then, he felt a steady stream of cold wetness run down the crack of his ass. The sensation made him shiver and clench, but still he could not move. Then, he felt something around his asshole. At first, he was confused, didn’t know what it was, but he soon came to the conclusion it was a tongue. It just teased him at first, circling his brown eye, flicking and petting. The feeling was making him slightly hard, but he fought it. “No,” he thought, “think of circuits, think of bicycles, think of Jose, think of something,” but it was no good. The sensation became stronger, and when the tongue finally probed into his anus, it felt so good he immediately became fully erect. That’s when Kat’s hand reached between his legs and squeezed his cock.

“I knew you’d come around,” she said with a chuckle. She began stroking his cock while eating out his ass, and Muffin shivered with pleasure.

“Fuck,” he thought, “I should have been fucking this whole time!”

But then, the licking and stroking stopped. His ass and cock pulsed for more, but he was about to get a surprise.

He felt something bigger than a tongue, bigger than a finger, pressing against his ass, trying to get in. That’s when he remembered the bat. He began to whimper and moan, shaking his head.

“Aww, Muffin,” cooed Kat, “why won’t you just take it? It’ll feel good, I promise.”

The way she said it made Muffin relaxed, and he stopped squirming. Slowly, he felt the bat making an entrance to his ass, and he let it happen. His ass stretched and stretched, and ruptured in some places, but by the time it reached his prostate, he was completely happy. His cock throbbed in ecstasy.

Kat giggled. “Do you like it? I bought it just for you.” Then, she leaned close to his ear and said something softly in Japanese. The language was like a trigger for Muffin, and every pleasure neuron in his brain fired at once. His ass clenched and squeezed at the bat as his dick spewed forth his load all over the sheets.

“Goddamn it,” said Kat angrily, “now I have to wash the fucking sheets. At least I know you’re not impotent. Let’s see...um....I know what we’ll do.”

With that, Kat removed the baseball bat, and strode elegantly to the table. She placed the bat down, and picked up a long, double sided dildo. She turned around to face Muffin.

“This will be good for both of us,” she said with a smile.

She walked behind Muffin, and climbed on the bed. Muffin heard the bottle of lube open again, and then a while later, close. He began trying to think of the best that could come out of this. “Maybe,” he thought, “maybe I can learn to like it up the ass.”

Kat dropped her panties and tossed them to one side.

She then rubbed one end of the dildo around Muffin's ass.

"You like that, Muffin?" She could tell from his whimpering and the puckering of his asshole that he did. She slid it in. The lube and stretching from the baseball bat made it easy. Pushing it in as far as she could, she knew she hit the spot when Muffin rocked back against it, driving it deeper with a contented sigh. She then rose to her feet and squatted to mount the other end of the dildo. Once it was in, she placed her hands on Muffin's back to steady herself, and began to thrust against it. The force of her thrusting against it also pushed it deeper into Muffin, and soon, they were both rocking full force, each rock accompanied by a high-pitched "eep!" from Kat.

Soon, Muffin was fully erect, and Kat was approaching her own orgasm.

"Oh, Muffin! I want you inside me! I want you in my womb!"

She pulled the dildo from herself, and then rolled Muffin over to expose his cock. Throwing herself upon it, she hopped up and down, fucking him with every bit of energy she had.

"Oh, God, Muffin! Fuck me, yeah! Get inside my womb! Crawl back inside mommy!"

Muffin began to cry. All his dreams of dying a celibate bitter man were being ruined. Regardless, he was surprised at how amazing it all felt, and could feel another orgasm approaching.

Kat began to quiver and shake in orgasm, screaming at the top of her lungs in Japanese. The language, once again, was too much for Muffin to take, and he bit hard on the rubber cock in his mouth as he gushed forth another load, this time deep in Kat's cavernous vagina. When they were both done, Kat rose off of Muffin, and rolled him over again.

"You know, I think you liked it, Muffin," Kat told the boy wonder, "I think you liked it a lot." She lit

another clove and took a drag. "I don't want you to stop being celibate. Well, with anyone else anyway, so I'm going to make the last few minutes, or hours, hurt, so you only remember the bad parts. To begin with, let's see how you like a little foot action."

With that, she pulled the dildo from his anus, and shoved in the stiletto heel of her boot. Muffin tried to scream in pain, but it was so muffled, he wasn't even sure if he had yelled.

"Ha, you think that was bad? I'll show you pain." She removed the heel, and crouched. In the same motion, she squeezed his balls as hard as she could with one hand, and extinguished the clove on his taint with the other. Muffin's head spun with pain as the air filled with the smell of burning flesh.

"Well, I guess we're done here. I'm going to untie you, but not until you promise me you won't tell anyone. Do you promise?" Kat rolled him over and looked him in the eyes.

Muffin looked back into hers. At first, he was angry, but when his eyes saw hers, those beautiful Asian eyes, and when his eyes scrolled across her Asian face, and he saw just how incredibly Asian she was, he knew he couldn't be mad forever. He nodded and closed his eyes. He could feel the bonds being cut, and he began to slowly regain feeling in some of his extremities. When his hands were free, he reached up and undid the gag.

Opening his eyes, he looked up at Kat, who was now sitting next to him on the bed.

"So, Muffin? How'd you like it?" She stroked his arm slowly.

"So, like...it was good, I guess. I mean, it's not like fucking Jose, but it was good."

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SUBMIT TO VOO DOO

and this too you be joyous you



handsome and clever voo doo stapher, circa 1960

RESEARCH COMMUNICATION: THE DISCOVERY OF A NEW DINOSAUR

Upon one of my most recent expeditions to the badlands of North Dakota, I made a most inspiring discovery. In fact, it may be the most interesting of my entire paleontological career. First, let me tell you how it came about.

For three weeks, I had been working in a rock quarry, armed with only my own toothbrush and one Q-Tip, sweeping away, bit by bit, the dirt and rock that surrounded a giant mass of dinosaur bones. At first, I wasn't sure of exactly what it was. At first, I thought that perhaps it used to be a bog, a mire, a place where dinosaurs were trapped

and died slow, painful deaths. This idea excited me beyond belief, until I realized that the dinosaurs were actually not aligned in such a haphazard way, as would be expected if they had been trapped separately. In fact, all of the dinosaurs there seemed to be grouped around one dinosaur in the middle. Ceratosauruses, Megalosauruses, Allosauruses, Torvosauruses, Stegosauruses, Apatosauruses, Brachiosauruses, and several other dinosaurs from the Jurassic period seemed to all be facing a dinosaur in the center. I excavated all the skeletons that I could, and discarded most of them in my quest to discover what was so

interesting about the creature in the middle of this enormous grouping. To my amazement, I discovered that the dinosaur in the middle was not one that I recognized. I decided that it must be a new species, and I proceeded to excavate. It was only after I began the excavation that I realized something very interesting about the arrangement. The dinosaurs appeared to be a mix of genders, but three dinosaurs were grouped around the center figure, all of which appeared to be male. Two of them were located at the central dinosaur's hind parts, and the third was near its head. At first, I merely thought I must have been



Figure 1: Schematic depiction of potential *Skankasaurus Rex* mating configuration.

a battle of the beasts, but I soon realized that the dinosaurs were actually mid-coitus. It seemed that the central dinosaur had both vaginal cavity and an anus, allowing for double penetration (which, according to its pelvic bones, it appeared to engage in quite frequently, if not every time it procreated) and its mouth seemed to have evolved purely as a third sexual orifice, and actually seemed very poor for eating. The teeth were small and flat, indicating a vegetarian, and its forelegs seemed more like arms meant for grasping cylindrical, tubular objects, such as branches and other plants. It appeared to be a foraging animal that had evolved to exist by procreating as often and as promiscuously as possible, not excluding any potential partner based on gender or even species.

I dubbed her Skankasaurus Rex.

The most miraculous breakthrough came when I unearthed a piece of amber nearby. Amber is fossilized tree sap, and often contains insects and seeds from the period in which it was created. The particular piece of amber I collected held a mosquito (which appeared very fat and bloated from a recent meal). I decided to try my luck, and see if I could perhaps extract some DNA from the mosquito and make a match to any of the dinosaurs present in the site. It seemed that the mosquito had died from a sexually transmitted disease that it received from one of its hosts, and I expected that it may have been full of Skankasaurus DNA. After extracting it, and sequencing it (and finding to match to any other dinosaur DNA on file) I decided that was the case.

I reconstructed the entire genome from scratch, working for months in the lab until finally (with the splicing in of some chimpanzee DNA to fill the gaps in the old sequence) I had finished the entire genome. Excited, I hurried to clone the beast, hoping to bring back from the dead a creature that had not walked the earth since the Jurassic. Little did I know, I was getting myself into more than I planned for.

Little did I know, she could open doors.

Upon successful cloning of the beast, it immediately broke free from the lab. The electric fences that we installed to control her and keep her imprisoned failed (partially due to a fat piece of shit programmer who wanted to get revenge or something) and she escaped into the bowels of Senior House. At first, we thought that it would be fine, and that we could catch her before she could do much damage,

but, unfortunately, Skankasaurus Rex set immediately to work. She had sex with practically everything that moved, and her human-like appearance made it such that no one suspected any foul play. No one expected that the hideous half man half reptile that lacked proper motor skills, morals, or hygiene was actually an experiment gone wrong.

Since escaping, the beast has caused thousands of dollars in damage, and countless amounts of emotional damage to those it has molested. The beast is still at large. We are trying everything within our power to contain it to one floor of the House so that we can move in and destroy the creature, but so far all efforts have been futile. If you can help, please do. Please help us to cleanse ourselves of this savage beast.

Signed,
Paleontologist Emilio T. Jasso,
Ph.D. (Pretty Hard Dick)



Figure 2. Something bad like this could also happen.

PART FOUR: THE CLIMAX

It was a calm, cool October day. The sky hung low and heavy with gray clouds, looking dense and deep through the filter of tree leaves outside the towers balcony. Muffin stood on the balcony, staring off into the distance that was the Boston skyline. He leaned up against the cold stonework of the balcony railing, sniffing, sucking the thick yellow mucus in his nose up past his deviated septum. He looked back through the glass doors angrily at Nick Wang and Thom, who sat puffing happily on their cigarettes and chatting amiably about music and urban planning. Muffin sniffed strongly again and turned back to the skyline. His ugly-ass purple hair waved softly in the wind and his wiry frame shivered in his t-shirt and khaki shorts. He heard the door open behind him and then close.

"Hey there champ. What's the haps?" It was Jose. Muffin's tiny Jew-dick tingled in his shorts. He turned to Jose.

"Hey. What's up?" He brushed the hair from his eyes, shook his leg, and sniffled. Jose strode over to him, his chest puffed out like a horny rooster, and tossed his own hair back with a flip of his head.

"I've got some things to show you. I downloaded them last night." He smiled at Muffin and stuck his tongue

into the bottom corner of his mouth. Muffin looked at him, confused.

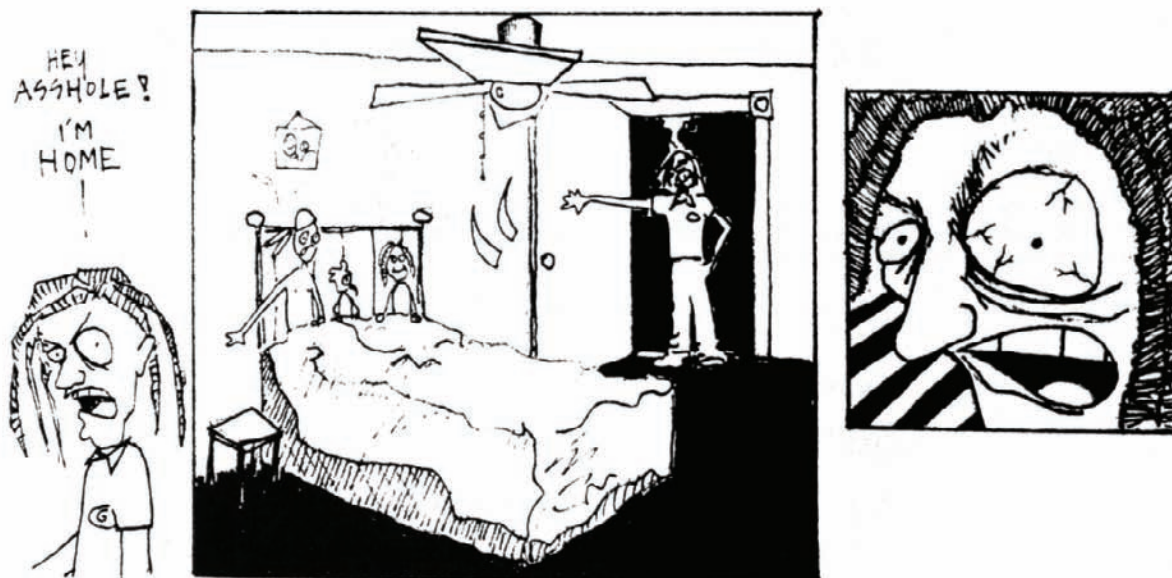
"What? What things?" Jose looked over his shoulder and then back at Muffin.

"Look, Ashley's gone for the weekend and," he shrugged his small, round shoulders, "and I need someone to 'talk to'." He emphasized the last two words saying them slowly and shrugged his shoulders. Muffin looked confused, as usual. He blinked absently and rubbed the side of his enormous nose. Jose stared at him, smiling and waiting for a response, but none came. Muffin was too dense for this kind of suggestion. Jose dropped his shoulders in defeat and stepped closer to him. He placed a tiny hand on Muffin's shoulder and spoke softly.

"I think we should go back to my room, and I'll show you a thing or two about a thing or two."

Not too much longer, they found themselves in Jose's room. Muffin threw himself down on the futon as Jose locked the door behind him, his gray MIT housing T-shirt pulled tightly across the front of his sexy, well-toned body. He strode over to Muffin and stood in front of him, leaning back on one leg and stretching his other out in front of him. He flipped his hair back behind his

Billy the Pantomime Cage Dancer (IV)



ears and tucked his tongue into his lower lip, giving Muffin the most luscious look he could. Muffin blinked at him, his mind blank. Jose sat down next to him, and ran a tiny hand along Muffin's khaki-clad leg. Muffin, arms folded, looked at his hand.

"Jose, what are you doing?"

"Shh. Just go with it."

"Jose, you know I don't really like doing this. I feel like it's being unfair to Jane." He inched away from Jose. Jose reached down and squeezed his tiny cut Jew-cock through his shorts.

"Muffin, it's okay. This doesn't count because we're dudes. You can have sex with me and not with her, and it doesn't hurt anyone. Also, it feels so good." He leaned in and locked his lips around Muffin's, his tongue probing into Muffin's mouth. Muffin's tongue reached up and began to slither and slide along Jose's, their saliva mixing into a thick peanut butter-scented paste. Jose pulled back and then stripped his housing shirt off of himself. His nipples, like Milk-Duds glued to Chips Ahoys, stood erect and hard in the warm room. He looked down, biting his lip, and shook his body side to side. Muffin instinctively moved in and began suckling on them. Jose leaned his head back and shook his long greasy mane, moaning in pleasure. He began running his fingers through Muffin's poorly dyed hair, mussing it and pulling it. Muffin's hands wandered into Jose's crotch and began toying with his giant horse-cock. Jose moaned more.

"Muffin, you've gotta blow me. Now." Muffin topped suckling his giant nipples and looked Jose in the eyes.

"What?" He asked, cocking his head slightly. Jose rolled his eyes and began taking off his pants.

"Goddamn it, Muffin. I've got to do everything." Once his pants were undone, he slipped them down, his horse-cock popping out and poking Muffin in the eye.

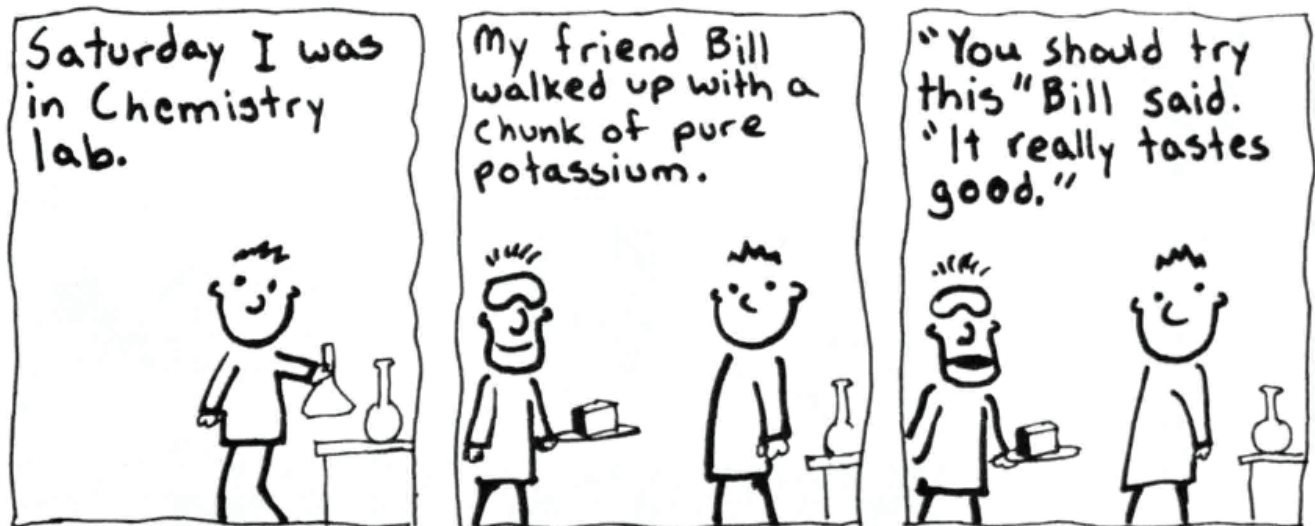
"Ow!" He yelped, falling back.

"Alright," said Jose, "Now take off those clothes. Let me see that sexy twelve-year old body."

"But I'm not twelve," Muffin responded. Jose rolled his eyes again and balled his tiny hands into pint-sized fists.

"Goddamn it! Let's pretend that you are. You know how twelve-year old boys give me little Chinese chubbies. Now take off your clothes and," he shrugged his shoulders and turned his hands palm-side up, "suck some dick."

Muffin took off his shirt, exhibiting his bony frame and lack of muscle mass. He looked like someone who had been locked behind a multitude of barbed-wire fences lined every thirty meters with guard towers, forced to live in a barracks, fed a starvation diet, kept in rags, not allowed to bathe, but was then liberated some years later by a coalition of nations led by a Communist, a drunk, and a cripple. Also, when he removed his shirt, the room filled with a sour, awful smell. It smelled to Jose like a



mix of TEP and spoiled cheese, but mostly TEP. Jose scrunched his nose at the odor.

"Aw, son of a bitch, Muffin. When the hell did you last bathe?"

"About a week ago. More or less." A dopey smile came across his face and his eyes squinted into slits as he kicked off his beaten-up skater boi shoes and began to take off his shorts. Jose stood and went to his desk to light his appletini scented candle. He kicked off his pants as he came back to the futon. He stood with his cock in Muffin's face.

"You like what you see, buddy-man?" Muffin took part of Jose's giant whale penis in his hand and squeezed it slightly.

"Yeah," he said, nodding his head so that his unwashed hair shook bits of mouse shit and twigs onto Jose's floor, "I like it a lot." He put his mouth around the head and slowly ran his tongue under Jose's foreskin. Jose belled like a dying goat. Muffin began sucking expertly, well trained in the art of sucking some dick.

"Shit, Muffin," Jose said, "you're so good at this."

One of Muffin's hands clenched Jose's balls, making Jose shake with elation. The other crawled slowly up Jose's chest and found his enormous nipples and began playing with them, twisting and pinching them as if they were the knobs of some old radio. Muffin could feel Jose's horse cock pulsing and swelling, about to blow.

"Muffin, I'm about to cum," Jose yelled as he dug his hands into the back of Muffin's head. Muffin was ready. He eased his throat open, preparing for the splodge, the gush of man-juice. Sure enough, Jose grunted like a fat man taking a shit and thrust his Christmas-tree-esque penis deep into Muffin's throat and began filling his stomach with sperm. Once he was finished and worn out, he pulled his dick from Muffin's mouth and sat down on the futon.

"So is it my turn now?" Muffin asked.

Jose stifled a chuckle. "I'm sorry? What?"

"Is it my turn now? I blew you, now you blow me."

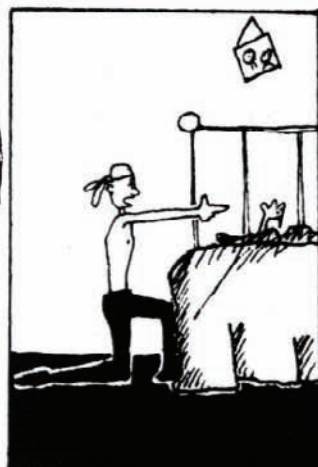
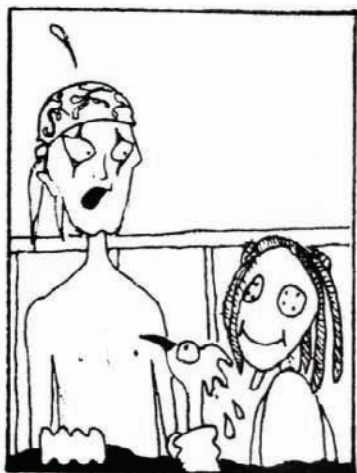
Jose smiled and flicked his hair from his face. "Muffin, it doesn't work that way. Here, tell me something," he said as he pulled something out from under the futon, "does this rag smell like chloroform?"

With that, he shoved the rag into Muffin's face and held it there until Muffin's eyes closed and he lost consciousness.

When Muffin awoke, he was chained on his knees to the A-frame above Jose's bed.

"Shit. Not again," he thought. His stomach felt funny, and he had an awful headache. Suddenly, he looked down to see his stomach protruding and poking out, as if something was inside and trying to break free. It went

Billy the Pantomime Cage Dancer (V)



away, and then pulsed back.

“Oh, fuck! Aliens!”

“Shut up, Muffin,” came Jose’s voice from behind him, “I’m just fucking you.”

“Oh,” Muffin said with understanding, “sorry. I can’t feel anything in my ass anymore. It just surprised me. Continue.”

Jose was sweating and panting like a stallion behind him, thrusting his huge penis into Muffin, making Muffin’s stomach poke out with each thrust. He reached around and began to play with Muffin’s nipples, bringing them to full erection.

“Oh, Jesus, Jose,” Muffin screamed, “pork me harder! Harder!”

At the sound of the word “pork”, Jose groaned and began thrusting deeper into Muffin’s guts. He kept it up for only a few more thrusts until he once again spasmed like an epileptic at a rave and dumped his load into Muffin. Pulling out, he was disgusted by the amount of shit that followed his cock from Muffin’s anus.

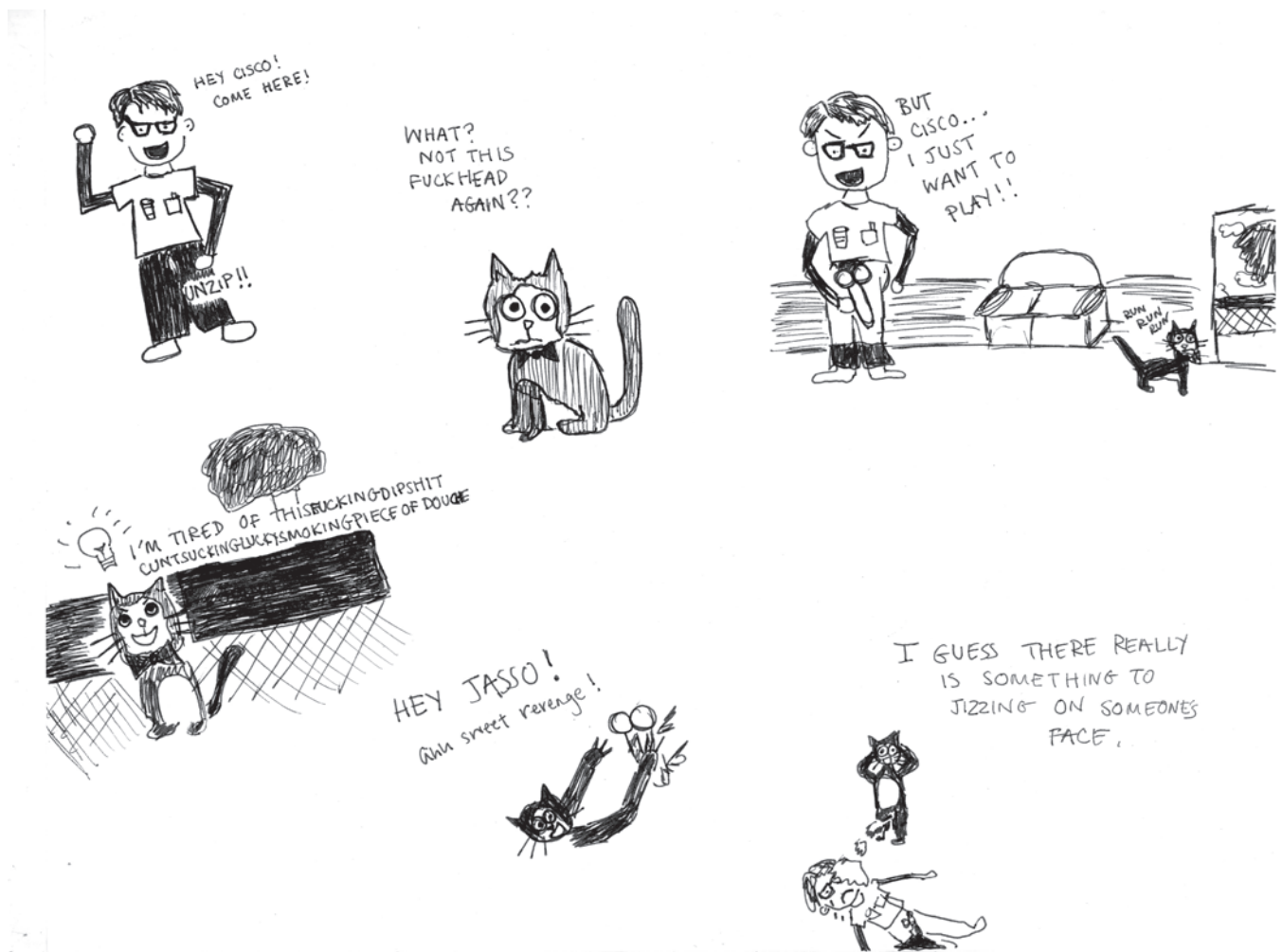
“You know, Muffin, you should look into having your leaky anus fixed.”

“Why? If I got it made smaller, I wouldn’t be able to fuck you.”

Jose was getting dressed already. “Fair enough,” he said, putting on his pants, “now when I let you go, you get to clean up your own shit.”

“Okay,” said Muffin, “that’s my job at TEP anyway.”

Jose undid the chains keeping him on the A-frame and



Muffin set to work cleaning his shit off of the bed using the towels Jose had laid down beforehand. When he was done he came up to Jose (who had been sitting on the futon watching) and began rubbing his chest.

"So, is it time for me to get off?"

Jose smiled wryly. "Sure, buddy-man." He dropped to his knees and took Muffin's now flaccid penis in his mouth, rolling it around with his tongue. Soon, Muffin was erect and letting out little sighs of pleasure. Jose began sucking and slobbering all over Muffin's tiny tool. Muffin spread his legs slightly.

"Oh, Jose, play with my prostate!"

Jose reached a tiny hand between Muffin's legs and balled it into a fist. With one quick motion, he punched forcefully into Muffin's anus and made a direct hit on his prostate.

"Mazeltov!" Muffin yelled as he thrust his penis deeper

into Jose's mouth and spilled his load on Jose's tongue. Jose swallowed greedily and continued sucking into he was sure he got every ounce. Once Muffin was thoroughly drained, he stood and put on his shirt. Muffin proceeded to get dressed in silence, and then they cuddled on the futon.

"Thanks so much, Jose," Muffin told him, "without you, I'd never have sex."

"I know, champ," Jose replied, "I know. I mean, between you, Nick, and Ashley, I keep myself pretty busy, but it's always a pleasure."

"You know Jose," Muffin ventured, "I think we have the best sex in Senior House."

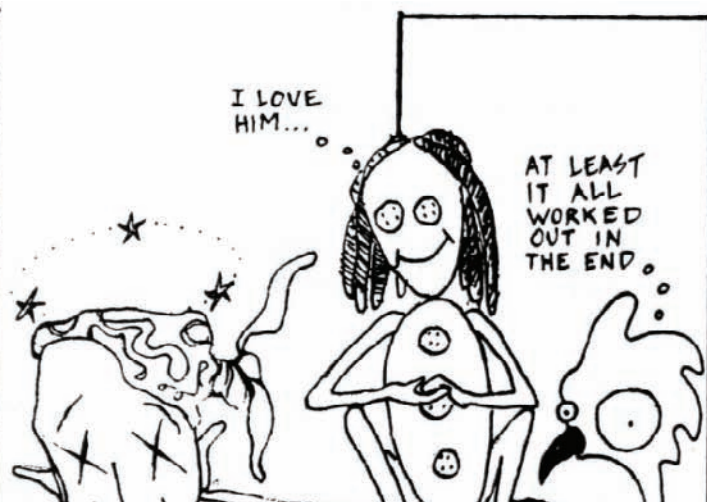
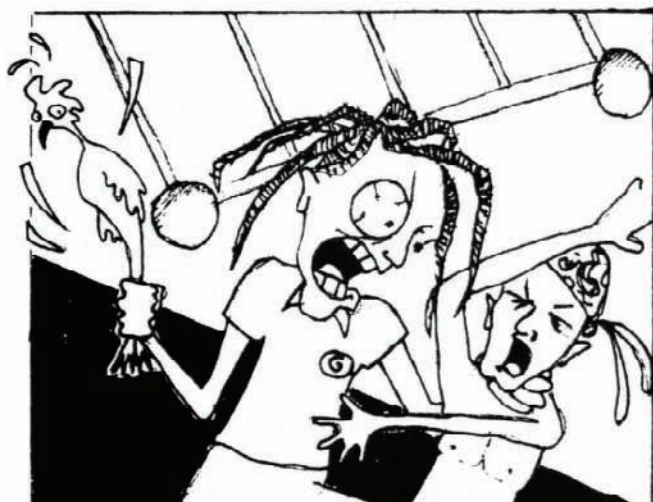
Jose laughed, "No way in hell that that's true."

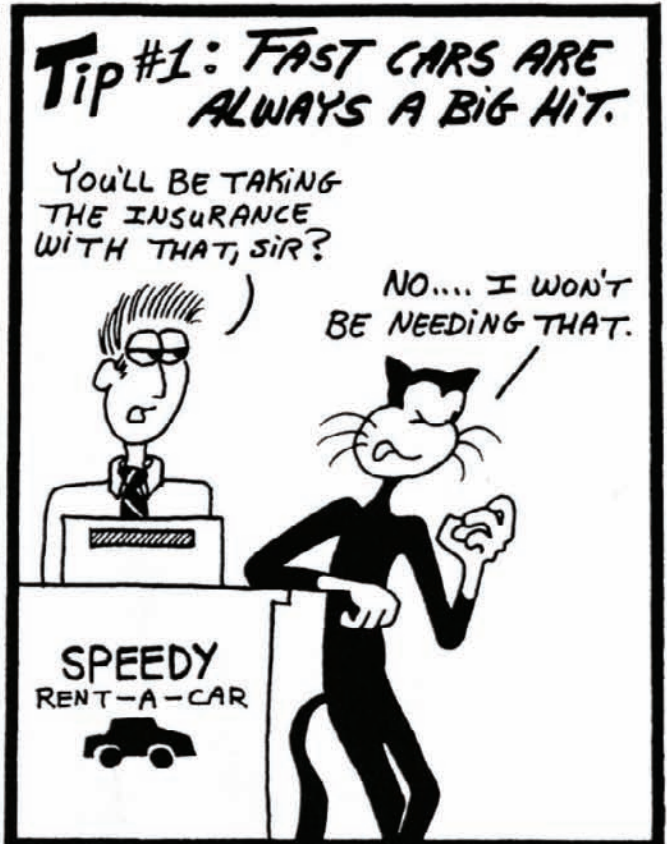
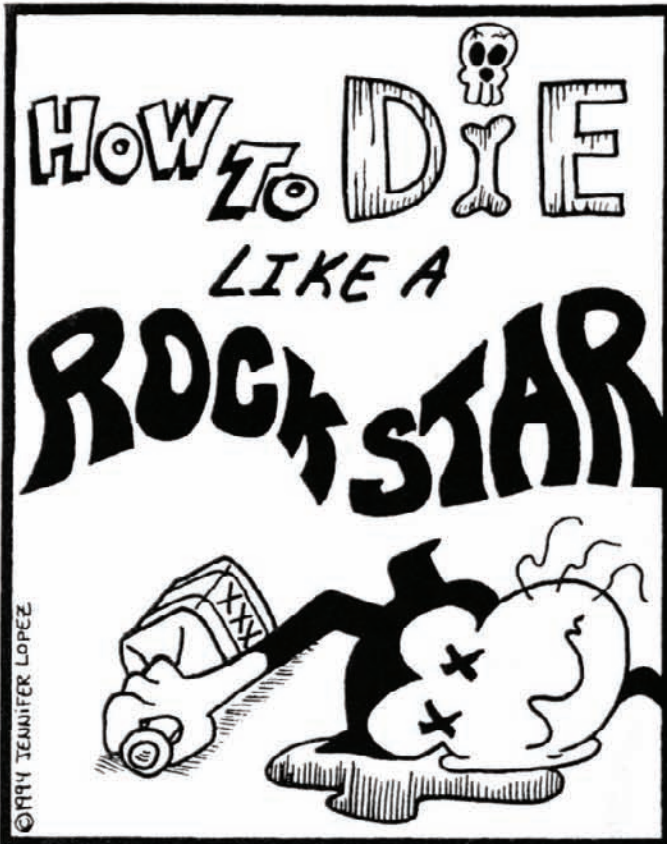
"Oh yeah, then who has better sex?"

"Sari. She probably has the best sex of anyone in the entirety of Massachusetts."



Billy the Pantomime Cage Dancer (VI)







FORM 27B-6: STUDENT AUTHORIZATION TO SELF-TERMINATE

This form must be completed in its entirety by any graduate or undergraduate student wishing to end the biological process of his or her life. Postdoctorates and faculty members should not complete this form; instead, these individuals should complete alternate Form 27B-9.

I. STUDENT INFORMATION

(Family Name) _____ (Given Name) _____ (ML) _____

(MIT ID Number) _____ (Date of Birth) _____ (Religious Affiliation) _____ (Self-Assigned Stereotype) _____

Term Address:

(Street) _____ (City) _____ (State) _____ (Zip) _____

Permanent Address:

(Street) _____ (City) _____ (State) _____ (Zip) _____

Intended Date of Self-Termination:

(Date) _____

Departmental Advisor/Seminar Instructor:

(Name) _____

II. REQUIRED SIGNATURES

(1) I, the undersigned, testify that this student's admission to MIT was a mistake of my department.

(Stuart Schmill, Dean of Admissions) _____ (Date) _____

(2) I, the undersigned, testify that this student's mental condition is incurable.

(Alan E. Siegel, Ed.D., MIT Mental Health Chief) _____ (Date) _____

(3) I, the undersigned, confirm that this student cannot complete his or her IIASS concentration requirement.

(Bette Davis, HASS Office Director) _____ (Date) _____

(4) COMPLETE IF RESIDING IN AN FSILG: I, the undersigned, certify that this student has and will continue to be unable to "live Greek."

(David Rogers, Director of Fraternities, Silicone Implants and Lubricating Greases (FSILGs)) _____ (Date) _____

COMPLETE IF RESIDING IN A DORMITORY: We, the undersigned, as co-residents of the student, certify that this student's continued existence will be a burden on the social environment.

(Fellow dorm resident 1) _____ (Date) _____

(Fellow dorm resident 2) _____ (Date) _____

(Fellow dorm resident 3) _____ (Date) _____

III. DEMOGRAPHICS

(1) Sex

(a) If you have contracted a sexually transmitted disease (STD), give the name of the disease. _____

(b) If so, who gave it to you? _____

(c) List your favorite positions. _____

(d) Give the date of your last satisfactory sexual experience. If never, say so. _____

(2) Drugs

(a) Recreational drug use/abuse shortened your lifespan. Yes / No

(b) Recreational drug use/abuse gave you a "reason to live." Yes / No

(c) If your answer to parts (a) XOR (b) was "Yes," list the drugs: _____

(3) NOTE THAT QUESTION 3, "ROCK AND ROLL," HAS BEEN REMOVED IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE MENTAL HEALTH TASK FORCE REPORT OF NOVEMBER 2001.

Students seeking 4.301 credit for their method of self-termination must attach a release from their 4.301 instructor. Those intending to use toxic chemical(s) must attach the Materials Safety Data Sheet for said chemical(s) and provide documentary evidence that they are qualified to use said chemical(s) safely.