

**I worry, therefore I am.**

# **BADD**

**MAGAZINE**

Armand Silvani 2002



**I think I'm  
hyperventilating**

**The Wit and Wisdom  
of Challenge Camp 2002**

# For Dummies: REJECTS

By Eamon Anderson

As we all know, books that end with “for Dummies” are good instructional and/or informative books for beginners. Yet, some are not as good as others.

For example, there is the 1930s Soviet Union for Dummies Activity Book geared for children ages six to seven. It is all about the horrible things that peasants had to go through with the birth of the global superpower. This book comes with a travel pack of Kleenex, a map of the former Soviet Union and a coupon for Friendly's. It also has a mini-Gulag dollhouse (torn paper dolls are included), a coloring book depicting the German invasion of what is now Russia and a 16-pack of deluxe Crayola crayons.

In a completely different vein, consider Understanding Cottage Cheese for Dummies, a step-by-step manual of how to truly appreciate the forgotten cheese. It tells you how to eat the cheese the proper way. If your cupboard is bare, don't sweat it. Understanding will tell you how to make all 173 varieties of this low profile, yet consistent delight. If you ever wanted to know what season is milk best for making cottage cheese, your question, and many more, will be answered. This book is endorsed by the Cottage Cheese Federation of Scotland.

Then, there is Oprah for Dummies, a book on the popular -- although for no apparent reason -- Oprah and the Oprah book club. It tells of the “Ask Oprah” internet hotline (odds of actual response: 37,978 to 1.7934517) where you can ask the low-rent psychologist/marriage counselor meaningful questions like “Where's the channel clicker?” and “Does this dress make me look fat?” This superb book is for anyone with way too much time on his or her hands.

Last, but not least, is Why Rocks Don't Fly for Dummies. This book is the most complex of all the “dummies” books in that it outlines the scientific properties of rocks and why they are unable to achieve flight. Inspired by geniuses such as Leonardo daVinci's slacker cousin Pete and Galileo's brother Chuck, this work, a level 2 reader, will leave you amazed at how much you didn't know about rocks' gravity-bound existence.

# *Does It Disturb You That Doctors Call Their Work Practice?*

By Armand Silvani



*D*oes it disturb you that doctors call their work practice?

It didn't disturb Mrs. Sally Downs of Running, Falls, S.D. or Ms. Barbra Crysand of nearby Beskcurve.

Mrs. Downs is a 79-year-old matron, living with her 80-year-old husband, Upson Downs. Descendents of pioneers and squatters, the couple lives in the Downs family homestead which has been a Running Falls landmark since the Alamo. Ms. Crysand is single and lives alone, and for good reason, according to both her mother and father.

On Nov. 29, "or sometime in the fall," Mrs. Downs said, she tripped over the centerpiece of her prize-winning Chia Pet collection and broke her hip. Although her husband tried his utmost best to right his wife of 53 years, Mrs. Downs remained down. The details of Mr. Downs struggle are sketchy as Mr. Downs was reticent to discuss the incident, suggesting to his still-ailing wife: "We ain't tellin' 'em nothin'."

Mrs. Downs was taken to "Bootstrap Medical Center," part of the for-profit "Get Out and Soon" hospital chain, which services more than 700,000 daily.

That morning, Ms Crysand, 35, had checked into the Bootstrap facility for a rhinoplasty, more commonly known as a nose job. Although Ms. Crysand was too emotionally overwrought to comment, her once removed, but now reinstated, ex-boyfriend, Johnny "Big Apple" Weed

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explained Ms. Crysand's motivation for seeking the surgery,

“Ah ya, she's got dis hugh nose and she's always doing der crying, fer sure,” said Mr. Weed, whose Scandinavian family roots in the Dakotas go way back. “So what of it? Be sorta nice for her to have a little beak. Ya know, just so I can see the rest of her face.”

The two woman were placed in rooms on the same floor but, for some reason, their charts were switched so that Mrs. Downs was taken to plastic surgery while Ms. Crysand landed in orthopedics. It's a wonder how doctors could have confused a 79-year old hip with a 35-year old schnooz but Bootstrap is nothing if not to true to its motto, “Anything is possible here.”

“Ah yes, I am very ashamed to admit it” said Dr. V. Ery., Bootstrap chief of staff, “but I was wrong and am very ashamed. Still I have excuses for it, very good excuses. First of all, they were both from South Dakota, like many of our patients, many. Second, they are both female. Third, the plastic surgery room is right next to the hip surgery room. Why? Because they make people pretty, very pretty, Oh yes, yes indeed.”

Mrs. Downs got free hip *and* plastic surgery and Ms. Crysand has been offered the same once her hip heals and she stops crying. Dr. Ery bribed his way through not being fired, Mr. Downs is as cranky as ever and the only thing we could find out about Mr, Weed is that his real first name is Tony.



Armand Silvani 2002

# Romeo and Juliet:

## The Play's the Thing --Forget the Logic

By Morgan McDaniel

Romeo and Juliet is probably one of the most famous plays of all time, hailed by critics from Elizabethan times until now. But there are some issues I'd like to address.

For example, the play is set in Verona, right? Well, all the customs, attitudes and language are British, which just shows you how much Shakespeare knew about Italy.

He also lowered Juliet's age from 16 to 13 which, if the play were written today, would be considered shocking. This girl falls in love, gets married and commits suicide, all before she is 14. Is that a little young for you? And listen to some of Juliet's lines:

*My only love sprung from my only hate  
Too early seen unknown, and known too  
late*

*Prodigious birth of of love is too me  
That I must love a loathed enemy*

I guess he really didn't have a clear idea of what a 13-year-old girl would act and speak like except in Act III, Scene V where she basically throws a normal, 14-year-old tantrum. Her parents tell her to "Marry your designated husband or die," because she was promised to a man named Paris. But one of the themes of this play is the foolishness of the older generation. Italian cities were notorious for their long, violent

fueds between rich and prominent families. In England, Queen Elizabeth I promoted a "just say no" campaign for ending these things.

The prologue at the beginning of the play tells the whole plot so that the audience knows the end before they see the beginning. What point is there to that?

In the opening scene, Romeo is smitten, but not with Juliet, but Rosaline, another Capulet. This is not right. Why should Juliet have the leftovers of Romeo's swoons. I realize that the plot, like almost all of Shakespeare's plots, was not original--in this case it was taken from an old Italian story, *The Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet*--but even so.

Anyway, Romeo meets Juliet and forgets all about Rosaline. After they dance, they go through a bout of poetic flirting which, in modern English, would go something like:

*R: I like holding your hand. Can I kiss you?*

*J: I like you holding my hand but kissing is too much. Humble yourself, like a holy pilgrim*

*R: Pilgrims are human, they've got lips!*

*J: Lips that they use in pray.*

*R: Fine, I'm praying to let you kiss me.*

*J: I won't kiss you, but you can kiss me.*

*R: Stand still (he kisses her). Now I've gotten rid of my sin of holding your hand.*

*J: So you gave me your sin. What will you do about that?*

*R: You want me to kiss you again? Great!*

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It seems like an awful lot of work for one kiss, but hey, there's no accounting for taste.

In the famous balcony scene, Romeo is saying that Juliet's eyes are brighter than stars and composes a verse on the fact that she is an angel. Juliet is on the verge of blasphemy when she declares Romeo her god! They are saying they are violently in love even though they only know that the other one is pretty and witty. At the time, it was thought that love that didn't strike at first sight, but built gradually, was no love at all. Nowadays, if I hear a story about love at first sight, I give it a year.

So now, these 13-year-old magnets decide to marry in secret. In England, no one would have let them do this. But to Elizabethans, Italy was some fantasy land where anything could happen. And now Romeo starts going on about how Juliet is his life. He says this after knowing her for one night. Isn't that sad? But if he and Juliet are found out, he'll be killed. It's kind of like a girl dating a guy that her parents don't like and then her brother beats him up so that he has to quit school and work in the coal mines.

At this point, naturally, something has to happen. Romeo is walking home with his friends when Tybalt, Juliet's cousin, gets in a fight with them. Romeo tries to stop it because marrying Juliet would make Tybalt his relative. Fat chance.

Tybalt kills Romeo's friends and challenges Romeo. Now, in the Elizabeth age, if you refuse a challenge, you blew it. It's like saying "Okay bully, you won, I'm a coward and all your insults are true." So Romeo holds his honor over his love. If I were Juliet, I would have divorced him then and there.

So they fight. You have no idea what this means. Elizabethans absolutely adored fencing matches. You could stage one 15-minute fencing match and leave the audience begging for more. Tybalt is killed and Romeo is banished. Ah! Happens every time. You hit back and *you* get the time out.

The end: my favorite part, Pay attention. Mr. Capulet, Julie's dad, is making her marry Paris because he doesn't know she's already married. She goes to the friar who married them who gives her a drug which will make her look dead for two days. (Don't try this at home.) Everyone thinks she died, but the friar sends a note to Romeo so he knows the truth. Romeo's supposed to pick her up out of the tomb after they bury her and run for the border. Are you following me?

So they put her in the tomb where she waits for Romeo, still drugged. Then Romeo hears that Juliet is dead just as the friar realizes that his letter telling Romeo the plot didn't get through. Romeo is now mourning Juliet, can't bear to live without her and kills himself by drinking poison. When Juliet wakes up, she kills herself (this time, for real) because Romeo killed himself because he thought she was dead. Try saying that in one breath.

Now, let's review...no, I'm kidding.

Do you have a sibling, or maybe a friend, that you don't get along with great? Did you ever have a huge fight and then didn't talk for a year-and-a-half until you forgot what the fight was about and realized that it all stupid? Well, that's basically what happened with the Montagues and Capulets after R and J are dead. They find their bodies and realize that the stupid feud killed their children. But if our heros hadn't died, the families would still be fighting today (figuratively speaking; consider that this is a fictional story line.)

And each of the former enemies erects a golden statue to the other family's child as an act of reconciliation.

Waste of money if you ask me.



Armand Silvani 2002

# Squirelio and Squireliet: Another Kind of Love

By Kyle Hertz

Squirelio: Oh, Squireliet, Oh, Squireliet. I love you.

Squireliet: I do too but I am allergic to acorns and that is what we eat.

Squirelio: Our love is too rich for silly details.

Squireliet: But I am the richest squirrel in the squirrel world.

Squirelio: I give you a fresh acorn.

Squireliet: I told you I am allergic to acorns

Squirelio: What then, do you want?

Squireliet: A few hundred dollars

Squirelio: But I cannot give you that.

Squireliet: Well...fare well.



Armand Silvani 2002

# WARNING!



Armand Silvani 2002

**By Alexander Cammarata**

When your teacher asks you to take the class Guinea pig  
home for the summer

**BEWARE!**

You may be the first and last name on the sign-up sheet

## **The Ten Top Reasons NOT to take home the class pet**

1. If you watch TV with him he will automatically make on the sofa.
2. If your sister tries to put a diaper on him he will get *very* mad.
3. If you feed him 20 carrots a day he will *definitely* get fat.
4. If you let him loose in the yard and then go into the kitchen for a glass of lemonade, he will go into your mom's garden and she will *freak*.
5. When your grandma comes to visit, she will think he is a rat and *scream*.
6. He doesn't like to skateboard, even when you teach him tricks.
7. His "stuff" costs a lot of money at the pet store.
8. He takes up one whole seat in the car when you are traveling.
9. If you turn up the air conditioner too high, he shivers and your sister will try to tuck him in with a blanket.
10. When he goes back to school, he will be sad because he was spoiled all summer.

# TALES FROM MY LIFE: SIX SHORTS

By Gideon Broshy

1. I am sitting for dinner and my fork is very dirty. My mom thinks she is holding a napkin, so she cleans the fork with the smelly sock she is holding.

2. My last name is Broshy. My mom's last name is Berman. Almost no one has heard of Broshy, but Berman's a pretty popular name. My dad's name is Eran. My mom's name is Feigue (pronounced Fayg'e.) When my dad, for example, is making a restaurant reservation, he calls himself Ron Berman. When my mom does that, she calls herself Fay. We are at an inn. My mom introduces herself: "Hello, my name is Feigue (remember, Fayg'e.) The owner looks astonished and then answers in a nice-and-happy-in-a-funny-way mood. "Oh, hello, Vicky" she says. After my dad, Eran, introduces himself, the owner calls him Aaron. Once, somebody who knows both my mom and dad greeted them with "Helofayg'n" and was done with the matter in one fell swoop.

3. I am in Central Park with a girl I know, named Erica, who is digging a hole. Gabi, my younger brother, says: "The hole is thirsty. I'm going to get some water." Me and Erica start laughing. Twenty seconds later, Gabi comes with a quart of a quart of water. He pours it in the hole. Erica spots a two-year-old who is unsuccessfully trying to climb a ladder and on the verge of falling off. His chest and stomach are covered with mud as is a bit of his diaper. Then, two other kids come: Kyle, 3, and Eva, 4. They start helping us digging and getting water. Half an hour later they start fighting over our shovel which Eva eventually gets. I tell Kyle to skip around in a circle. He runs in the circle, skips around and falls on his backside. He then takes an imaginary mixing stick to create a "potion" of chocolate-strawberry soup out of the mud and water in front of us. Ten minutes later, another four-year-old comes over and takes the shovel just as we're about to leave. I say "I need that!" She says: "No, this is for planting and I'm using it." "I need to measure you with it," I say, trying to get the shovel. "No silly, it's not for measuring," she answers. Then I say "But it's mine and I'm leaving." "I'm planting flowers" the girl screams. Finally, I take the shovel out of her hands and we leave.

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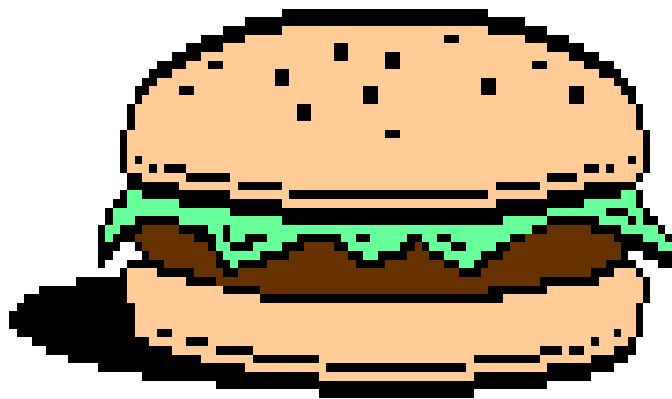


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4. It's morning and the whole family is in my parent's bed. my brother wants to simulate a cheeseburger with human bodies. "I'm going to be the top bread," he says. Then he turns to my dad and says: "You're the bottom bread, so you have to lay down straight." Then he brings his blanket. This is the cheese. He goes back to his room, gets his red pillow and says its the meat. He puts the blanket and pillow on top of my dad and then lies on him. "I'm a talking bun," he says, "and so are you and the cheese and the meat have to talk too." Then he turns to me and my mom and says: "Now you have to eat us."

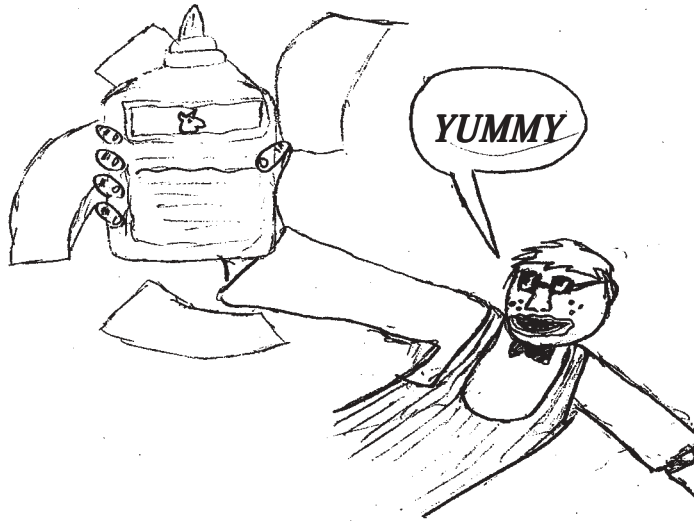
5. I am in Central Park. I am not in the playground. I am riding my bike and drinking Snapple. There is a guy playing the saxophone, playing folksongs. There is also an exercise class for moms and their babies. They are doing push-ups on benches and one baby is crawling all over the place. The exercise teacher is always carrying the baby back to the thin mom. The teacher always goes back to the chubby mom because her baby is practically breaking her stroller. Five minutes later, a group of old people, about 100 of them, come riding right past us on their bikes. It's a weird day.

6. I am in Central Park, this time in the meadow having a picnic with another family. After about half an hour, my little brother and two other little kids his age are playing with a wagon but won't take turns pulling it. I come along to help but the kids don't want me to pull so I go in the wagon. A minute later, Matthew, a kid my age who is part of the picnic, comes along and gets in too. The girl that is pulling doesn't want us in the wagon.



# Why Do Little Kids Eat Paste and Paper?

By Jaclyn Escala and Bianca Hodges



Do you remember way back when you were a little kid? Did you eat paste and paper? We are going to tell you why little kids eat those yucky things.

1. They think it's yummy and they don't really know any better.
2. They get hungry and have nothing to eat.
3. They think that by eating paste and paper they are impressing older kids and adults -- but they are really getting in trouble.
4. They think it is filled with calcium, iron and other nutritious things.
5. They think they are reaching for their lunch but grab the paste and say it tastes like chicken.
6. They think paste and paper are in the food pyramid.
7. They actually enjoy the fine delicacy of paste and paper.
8. They see other children eating it and so they think it's OK.
9. In many cartoons, kids eat paste and paper.
10. They're just plain dumb.

We remember quite clearly that we did not eat paste and paper when we were younger although others did. One never would have guessed that the kindergarten paste and paper eaters would turn out to be the most mature of the fifth graders. Maybe they knew something we didn't all along.



# A Restaurant Story

By

Katie Costantini and Madeline McDaniel

One night, the Ancy family drove to the Italiano Place restaurant for dinner. The father took his two-year-old twin boys, Alex and Alan, out of the back seat. Then the mother came out of the car and Elana and Elizabeth, eight-year-old twin girls, jumped out from their trunk seats. They were starving. Then Alex and Alan started to run across the street, but their mother caught them and swung them up into the air.

The Ancy family went into the restaurant and the mother said, "A table for six, please."

"This way, please," said the waiter as he led them into the back room.

They were seated at a huge table, in the front of the room, on a small stage, was a piano and anyone was free to play it. But the mother told the kids not to. The Alex ran up to the piano and started jumping up and down on the keys. The mother leaped onto the stage, grabbed Alex, and strapped him into a high chair. Meanwhile, Alan was crawling on the floor from underneath one table to the next. From a hiding place, Alan stretched up his hand and snatched a chicken leg from a girl's plate. This knocked her table over, spilling wine, soda, pasta and chicken all over the floor. Then everyone noticed Alan sitting cross-legged on the floor munching on his chicken leg.



The mother ran and grabbed Alan up and took him into a bathroom to talk to him in private.

"Alan, do not ever do that again," she said. "That little girl lost her whole dinner. Now let us go back to the table. If you are a good boy, we will go out for ice cream later."



When they got back to the table. Alex saw a waiter carrying a tray of glasses full of purple stuff. Alex thought it was grape soda and wanted some. But he could not get out of his high chair. So he leaned over, stretching as far as he could to get close to the waiter. His high chair fell over onto the waiter and knocked the drinks off the tray. The purple stuff poured all over Alex. It was not grape soda. It was wine!

The waiter ran over and asked, desperately, "Is the baby all right? His the baby drunk?"

"He's all right," Elana said. "He's always drunk."

Excitedly, Elizabeth asked, "Can we order yet? I'm starving. Otherwise, I'll eat the food off the floor."

Then another waiter came storming out of the kitchen. He walked over to the Ancy's table and said "What would you like for dinner tonight?"

"We will share a plate of fried clamari and will each have a bowl of pasta with cheese, please," said the father.

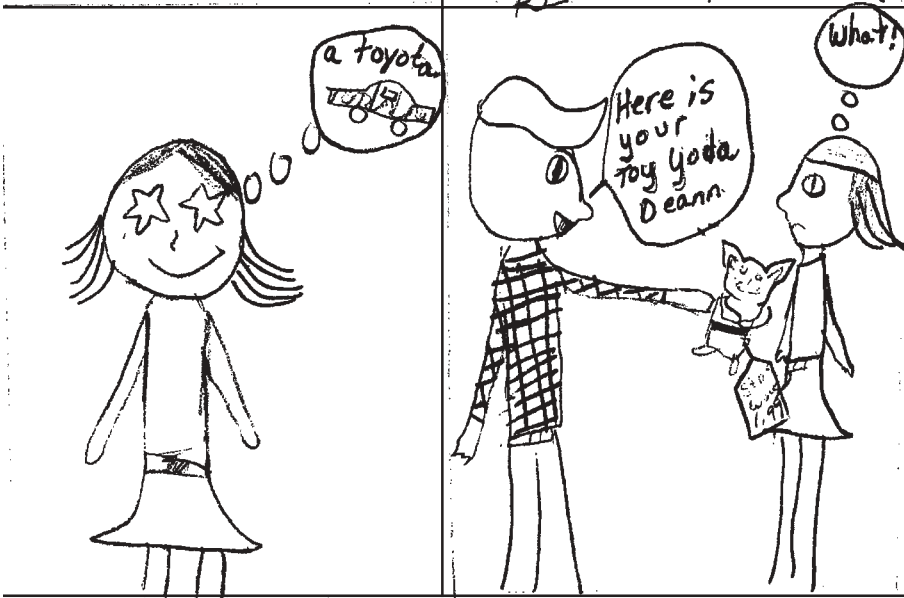
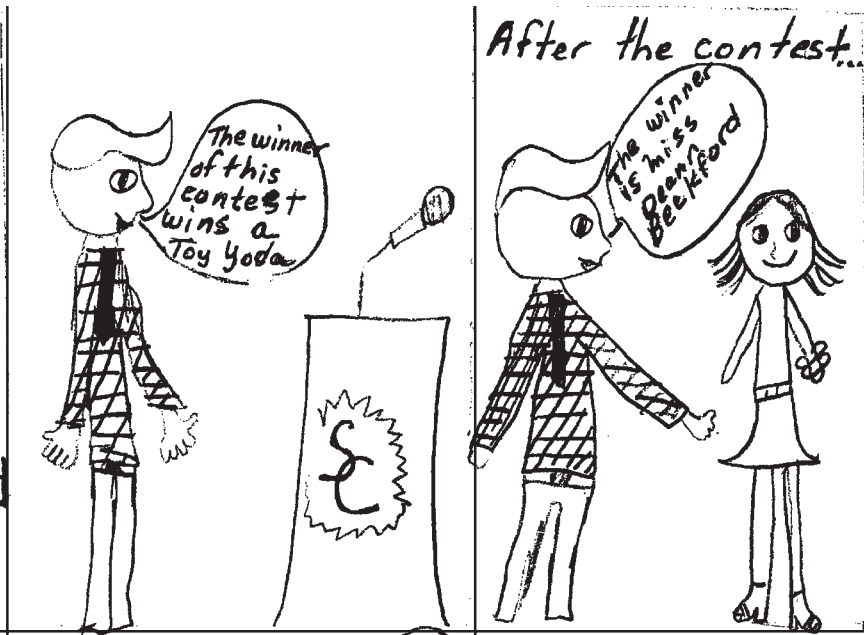


The waiter replied, starring directly at the squirming Alan.

"Sir," he asked, "would you like your meal served on top of the table or underneath it this evening?"

# Homophones

By Paige Drummond



# The End



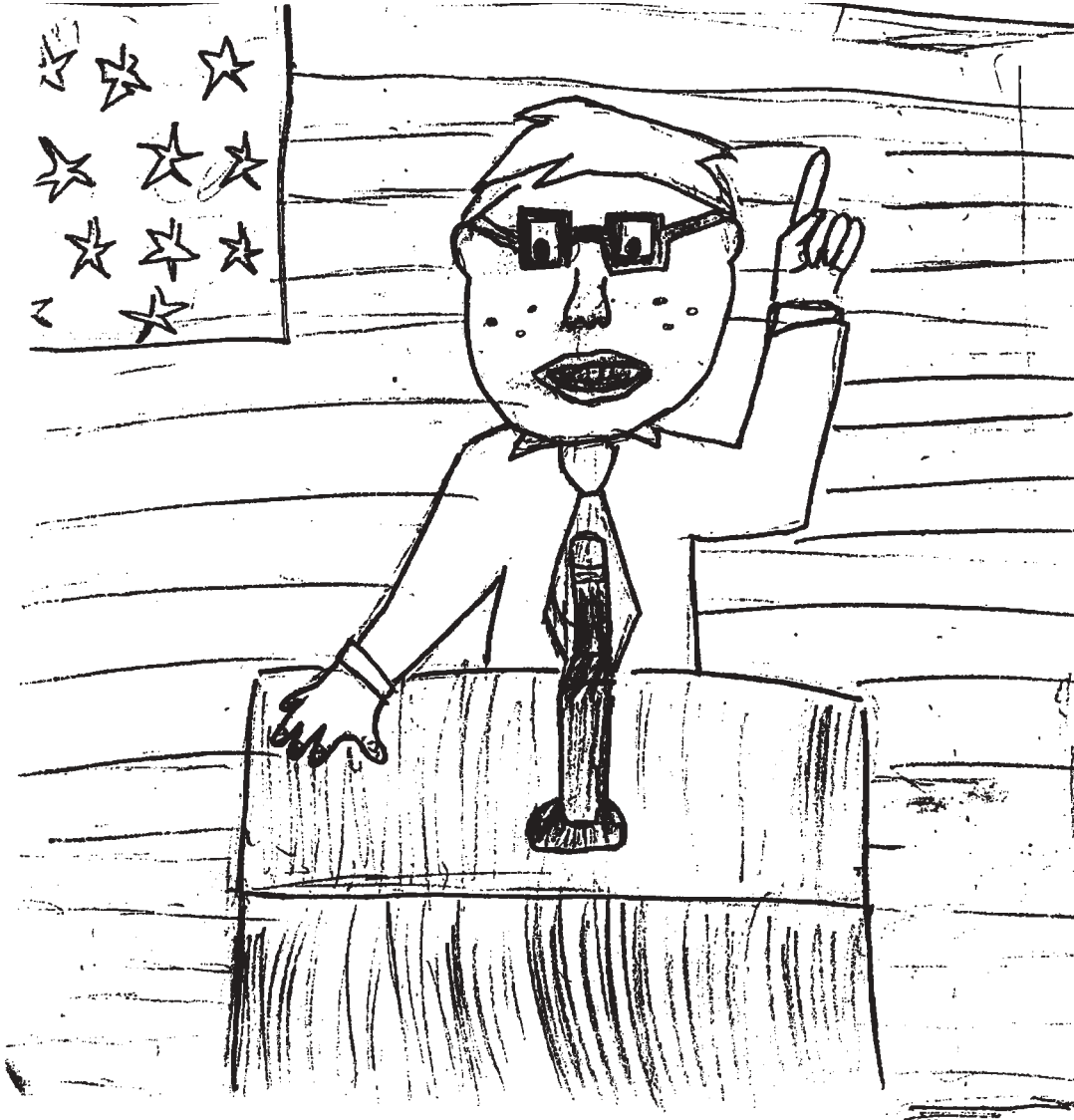
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# Top Five Government Secrets

By Erik Zyman Carrasco

The fact of the matter is that government officials are incessantly (and, we hope, unsuccessfully) trying to distract you from the awful truths that occur inside the White House, Congress and other government power bases. From framed acts of vandalism and technical terms in cephalic science to squirming, veriform bugs to damaged geometric figures and unpersuasive Sept. 11 speeches, Badd Magazine hopes to thoroughly explore these clandestine incidents and inculcate our readers to the omnipresent and infortunate fact that our current system of administration is a complete disaster.

1. *“Sir, I forgot my notes!”* President Bush is incapable of stating that September 11 was a tragedy without looking at his speech notes. While not entirely out of character, one might expect more acumen from the head of the United States.
2. *“A lockbox, a lockbox. My kingdom for a lockbox.”* The box may have been locked but there were a few screws loose on this one. You would think that a Harvard degree and professional experience as a journalist and published author would have given Al Gore access to more than five words on which to base one side of a debate. It was his election to lose and, straight arrow that he is, he lost it.
3. *“Oh where, or where did that computer key go?”* If you’ve every been told that former president Clinton and his staff committed intra-White House acts of vandalism by gluing drawers shut, destroying furniture and, most grievously, removing the letter “w” from computer keyboards and taping them to the tops of doorways, misinformation is spreading faster than we at BADD ever thought. “W” is a letter to which the Clintons were intimately attached (i.e. Whitewater, witnesses, Le“W”insky) and would never leave behind. A large wooden “W” adorned by thorns graces the Clinton’s Chappaqua honeymoon cottage. As for the Bush administration, there will always more “w”s where those came from.



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4. *"Ewwwww, It's a bug."* Some pranksters unloaded a plethora of squirming, live centipedes into President Bush's car. When he was informed of this, Mr. Bush disdainfully dismissed the case with a wave of his hand by claiming, in layman's terms, that the lumbriciform, convulsive annelids inhabiting his automobile only had 42 legs, instead of 100.

5. *"How many sides does it have?"* The so-called Pentagon, since the terrorist attacks, is now technically a tetragon. But Dick Cheney persuaded Bush not to react as he is of the opinion that quadrangles are tedious.

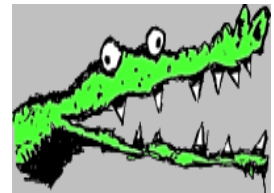


## Top Ten Reasons Why Older People Move to Florida



By Michael Bernstein

10. Because older people are tired of dodging pigeons and would rather fight alligators.
9. Because they don't need big cars. You can go almost anywhere in your golf cart.
8. Because they are seeking fine cusine like Denny's and the Waffle House.
7. Because they'd rather eat under palm trees than at The Palm.
6. Because they don't have to worry about falling leaves anymore. They just have to watch out for falling coconuts.
5. Because they want the special Florida discount for Disney World tickets.
4. Because they like the famous Florida weather--Hurricane Andrew, Hurricane Hugo...
3. Because Shamu is better behaved than their grandchildren
2. Because they are tired of having their driving criticized up north and know they'll fit right in at the Daytona 500.
1. Because older people are famous for their memories, so it is good to move to places with names like Tallahassee, Okeechobee and Loxahatchie.



# Osama for Dummies

By Moriah Kennedy

Osama bin Laden for Dummies is a practical manual, a primer of the latest trends in ObL's special brand of terrorism. Take a close look at how he trained thousands to attack countries around the world and then live on the run in glamour hubs such as London, New York and Berlin. Understand why Al Qaeda feathered its nest in Afghanistan -- part of a special fashion section on new looks in birkas and kafirs -- and what the name Al Qaeda means anyway.

And what of a home life? A family tree? He's got 'em: sisters, brothers, parents. What's their history and what have they accomplished to date? Learn about his childhood and teenage years from shooting his first gun at three to building a small army at 18?

With 76 glossy color photos from the middle east and beyond, ObL for Dummies gets four stars. Dead or alive, "Osama" is a great read.

Price: \$14.99 in the U.S.A

\$17.99 in Canada

## **Kudos for ObL for Dummies:**

"A dream come true. Should be in every library."

- Terrorism Today

"Who knew there was so much there?"

-Lucky Strike Magazine

"A great book about evil folks.

-George W. Bush

# How Squirrels Turn Evil After Being Rejected

By Kyle Hertz

throw nuts  
devils  
Tanya

tricky  
Swift  
Henry

rabies  
dangerous  
a lot

Q	L	S	U	O	R	E	G	N	A	D
T	T	Q	R	T	Q	A	M	T	L	E
H	Q	H	I	L	N	E	B	B	O	V
R	Z	T	R	I	C	K	Y	I	T	I
O	F	E	L	O	M	Q	S	T	E	L
T	T	R	F	T	W	4	Q	4	9	S
H	O	O	Q	R	N	G	P	L	O	G
S	E	T	L	A	U	H	E	N	R	Y
W	N	8	Y	R	T	Z	N	L	2	L
I	L	N	P	Q	S	4	F	0	4	E
F	A	F	N	S	T	R	A	R	T	M
T	W	I	E	T	O	U	N	U	T	S

**Find the words!**

# BADD

MAGAZINE



I THINK I'M  
HYPERVENTILATING

