

Couple Seeks Help With Fertility

Recently, a couple I have been friends with for a number of years has been trying to get pregnant, but to no avail. They have tried nearly every product on the market dealing with fertility they could get their hands on, and so far nothing has proven successful.

So, for the first time, they are going to a specialist to see what exactly the problem is. They were very hopeful about what they might find out. I accompanied them on this trip ... for moral support.

They held hands as we all took our seats around the desk in Dr. Monroe's office. He looked at the three of us quizzically before starting.

"How — how can I help you?"
"Well, Dr. Monroe, we have been trying to have a baby for a long time," said Eric. "But, as you can see, my lovely spouse and I have been unsuccessful. We hope there's something you could do."

Dr. Monroe just stared at Eric with his mouth open slightly, then turned to me as if to ask if he were serious. I nodded to him, indicating they were, indeed, very serious about having a baby.

A wide grin spread over his face, then he threw up his hands in mock surrender before continuing.

"How long have you been trying for?"

"Oh, well, months. You know, things are getting pretty sore over here, if you catch me," Eric replied, the other shifting slightly in the seat next to him.

"I'm sure I do. Well, let me try this. What is your name?" Dr. Monroe asked Eric's spouse.

"Andy," came the reply.

"And that's short for ...?"

"Andrew. What does that matter?"

"Well, that's exactly my point. You're two men."

They both looked at him confused, so he pressed further.

"Men cannot have babies."

"What are you talking about?" asked Eric. "Men have babies all the time. Where do you think you or I came from? Immaculate conception?"

Andy and Eric started laughing at that.

"Okay, let's try another route. What would you say if I were to tell you that two women wanted to have a baby together?"

"I'd tell you to start sterilizing the turkey baster," Eric said. "But seriously, Doctor, what would you recommend for Andy and me?"

"Frankly? Adoption, there's no other way."

"Oh my God," Andy said, as he put his hand over his chest. "Are you saying I'm barren?"

Andy turned to Eric for help. "How can you say that to him without even examining him? That's not very nice, scaring him like that when you don't even know for yourself."

"Oh, well I'm pretty certain in this instance. Very few — uh — couples who have been trying as long as you have were ever able to conceive."

"Aren't there any tests you could do to make sure?"

Dr. Monroe sighed with frustration. He said there were some tests, but he would have to charge for them.

"We'll pay anything," Andy said.

Dr. Monroe shrugged and took Andy into one of the back rooms.

Twenty minutes later, one x-ray and the video from a little camera on a stick (sent through a hole widened with an odd instrument that looked interestingly enough like the head of a duck) later, we had the results.

"As you can see," said the doc, "there are no ovaries or uterus or birth canal or anything else necessary in conceiving a baby."

"This must be some crazy birth defect," said Eric. "How rare is it, Doctor?"

"Actually, it's quite common among men, I'd expect."

"Well, then I guess we'll have to adopt."

"But you could have it, Eric," said Andy. "I'm sure you're not defective, like me."

"We've had this discussion already; you know I never wanted to be pregnant."

Andy started to cry. I felt so bad for them as I sat there, listening in on this horrible news, when an idea suddenly struck me.

"I'll do it," I said finally, from my seat in the corner of the room.

They all looked at me.

"W-what?" said Andy.

"You heard me. I said I'll have your baby for you. I wouldn't mind."

Andy and Eric were so relieved they came right over and swept me up in a great group hug. Dr. Monroe just sighed, put his face in his hands, and appeared to be crying as well; though he did shake his head an awful lot.

The three of us, excited about this new prospect, went straight back to their apartment and got started right away.

So this reporter comes to you over a month later with happy news. Everything looks like it has gone according to plan and we should know some results soon, even if I do have to sit on one of those damn blow-up donuts because my ass hurts.

- Kyle Kerr



You know it might be the 80's if...

1. Ronald Reagan is president.
2. My old dog, Greta, was alive. She was born in 1983 and died in 1989.
3. The date is September 19, 1982.
4. You look back fondly on the past '70s, and you're highly anticipating the upcoming '90s.
5. You say out loud, "Get with the times, man. It's the '80s," and no one looks at you funny or corrects you.
6. Your 1981 Honda is less than nine years old.
7. The third digit of the current year is "8."
8. The Metallica album "Ride the Lightning" was released earlier this year.
9. Metallica f—kin' ROCKS!!!!@ @!#!&\$*#&!!!!
10. The 1986 Mets won the World Series like, five minutes ago.

Hope is Pointy and Glows in the Dark

Normally, I am the sort of gent who is content with little more than his modest wealth, collection of cowboy hats, and epic, Manute Bol-esque wingspan. So you can imagine my surprise when I discovered a deep, empty, void-y, profound lack of ... stuff ... in my life. One could say I was living an uninspired, unfulfilled existence, were one inclined to believe that kind of new-agey horse crap.

Obviously I needed some more material possessions to go along with my impressive wingspan and comprehensive collection of jazz-fusion records where the main guy in the band is shirtless on the cover of the album sleeve and leering in a creepy goon manner while the rest of the band (beshirted) tries to pretend they didn't just learn their bandleader is basically a ritualistic child molester.

In an effort to assuage my sudden onset of existential malaise, I procured from the local bookmonger a title I was assured was the thesaurus most capable of augmenting my verbosity. But talking like an England-guy wasn't making my problem more ... good ..., so I stopped using the book I bought there.

It was at this point two separate truths made themselves known. First, I would have to keep looking around the mall before my ennui would be overcome, and second, it is extremely difficult to segue from a vocabulary joke back into an already developing narrative.

My second stop on the road to self-actualization was a trip to the record store, hoping some inspiring music might aid my attempts. Unfortunately, "Darrel's Hella Jeezy Christian Record Store" apparently does not carry anything from the Anal Cunt discography, let alone the obscure album I hoped to buy — 1997's *I Hope You Die*. In fact, the poorly trained yet "Stepford child"-polite staff seemed unwilling to search the stockroom for, or even hear the name of, the CD I requested without gnashing their teeth and weeping openly.

Darrel himself was called up at what I can only presume was a religious retreat to the Shady Truck Stop hourly lodge and adult video store with his secretary. But the

good proprietor was too busy slip-pin' his secretary the meat to deal with my attempts to purchase Anal Cunt's *I Hope You Die*, so all in all, that was a bust. I was, however, able to procure a copy of *Yngwie Malmsteen—Masturbates—Furiously Plays His Hits*.

After what the local news called "The Tragedy at Darrel's," my whole "caring about the way I feel" jag was getting pretty old. So I buckled down and decided to drink myself into a stupor, because I'm cool and that's the sort of thing we (cool people) do; plus, it was like noon already.

Unfortunately, the mall isn't exactly the kind of high-class establishment in which I prefer to get faded, so my only real option was to mainline assorted neon Friday's drinks. After a couple hours, and more than a couple Flaming Green Booz-onkers, the only void I was worried about was the one I hoped to fill inside that hot Friday's waitress with the eye patch (you know the one I mean).

Suddenly, I had what alcoholics refer to as a moment of clarity. An epiphany, if you will. OK, actually I was just vomiting in the mall's Santa's Workshop, because it's early October, which apparently means it's fucking Christmastime. While I was reflecting on how ironic it was that the artificial snow that I had stuffed down my pants was in fact insulating me from the mall air conditioning, I saw, through my alcoholic haze, the answer to all of my many questions, even those I hadn't thought to ask.

In the window of the seasonal Halloween shop (which was actively being converted into your Easter Headquarters) I saw what I had been missing all this time. I realized my problems were far simpler than I imagined. What I saw compensated for the awesomeness I lacked, the biteyness I was missing, and the ability to glow in the dark that I do not have, all while complimenting my aforementioned wingspan.

What I needed was glow in the dark vampire fangs ... so I bought some. And I had a hangover. Plus I boned that waitress. The End.

- William Bonner

Timmy Jacques
Social Studies

10/5/2005
Ms. Gulliver

My Social Studies Report

Warrin G Harding was my favorite president and this is how come. The main reason why I like warren G Harding is because of his rugged name. Its way better then that guy Howard Taft or that other guy Calvin Coolidge.

President Warren G Harding was president during the roaring twenties. He was loved by Americans. And he also was loved by South Americans. He played the trumpet or something.

Warran G Harding was elected to be the president because a man from Ohio said that Warren G Harding looked like a president. He won the popular vote at the Election in 1920 because women thought he was handsome. He is from Ohio.

He had a yacht. He also liked baseball or golf.

There was "the probation" when he was president. No one could drink beers or whiskey. Except in the whitehouse with Warren G Harding and his friends. They had bootleg alcohol in the whitehouse. They played poker two times a week.

In the Roaring Twentys, he cut taxes and told immagrants to go home. Then a Federal Budget System. Warren G Hearinging was a good friend to his friends. He let them be in the cabinet and do laws. Warren's friend was Herbert Hover.

Herbert and Warrn did some traveling in 1923 to the west part of the USA. He gave speeches to some Western Americans and had a heart attack and died. Or it was a stroke.

After Warren J Harding died or a heart attack or stroke, assistant president Calvin Coolidge was president. He was not handsome.

