

STUPID QUESTIONS

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Gentlemen:

What do you do when a cow kicks you in the leg?

A concerned farmer

Dear concerned farmer,

It is good to see that there are still some farmers who are concerned with their work; you are truly out-standing in your field.

Your mishap is an udder shame; we suggest revenge. Send your assailant to the local butcher shop.

Trust us, you won't be attacked by that ferocious bovine again. After her tour of the facilities, she won't have a leg left to stand on, let alone kick you with.

Dear Sirs:

The other day in my Philosophy class, I raised my hand in response to a question posed by my professor. Imagine my astonishment when he laughed and said, "My dear, that was merely a rhetorical question."

Upon looking in my dictionary, I learned that a rhetorical question is "one which is not meant to be answered." I am baffled!

Now, my question to you gentlemen is this: can you clarify this definition for me? I mean, what kind of a question is not meant to be answered?

Kevita Geraca

Dear Miss Geraca,

Gentlemen:

Why does the President of the United States insist that we unleash our industrial genius from the bonds of excessive government regulation, archaic tax laws, and worn-down plants and equipment when, in the same breath, his thundering for a bigger defense establishment threatens to blow us all to kingdom come, where tax breaks won't do us the least amount of good?

Francis Guidarelli

Dear Francis,

You make a very good point, and we couldn't agree with you more.

If President Ray-Guns can thunder such a monstrous sentence in one breath, then his 70-year-old lungs are stronger than we thought possible.

However, let's look at the bright side. If we are blown to kingdom come, we won't have to worry about finals.

Dear Pete & Repeat:

My question concerns the behavior in humans known as absentmindedness. For instance, if I play basketball it is very hard for me to keep the main objective of scoring points in my head. I am easily distracted. My high school coach once commented on my excellent potential in basketball being limited to the thought process of "Ball. Ball go in hoop."

So my question to you two philosophical giants is--Have you ever lost something and not known where it is?

Forgot to sign

Dear Absentminded,

Just a second while we look for the answer. It was here just a minute ago...

Kind Sirs:

Why is it that every time I walk back to my house this term, the wind is coming directly at my beautiful (previously) face?

Blown Away

Dear Blown Away,

You sound like the type who would complain at the drop of a hat. (pun intended)

We can't believe that the wind plays havoc with your face--is it made of paper mache?

Let's face it (pun not intended), if we knew why the wind always blows directly into your face, we would be employed by the United States Meteorological Foundation, and not sitting in this radiation-infested wind tunnel.

This is the last issue of the C.C. READER until next term. We would like to thank all those who have submitted questions. They are greatly appreciated--keep them coming. Enjoy the "break" while it lasts.



REVOLUTIONARY UPDATE

By Col. S.C. Anon

Colonel Anon's article has been absent for the past three issues due to preoccupation with the war started by EKM starbase. It now appears that Anon has taken the upper hand in the conflict, and has taken time out from his duties to submit this report:

Tuesday, February 2

There is a temporary lull in the fighting between myself and the EKM forces. We took this time to have a going-away party for 1st Lieutenant Kemo and Captain Damien, who are leaving tomorrow for Kabul, Afghanistan, to compete in this year's "World Tag Team Chainsaw Death Match" as the defending champions.

There was some discussion of the war with EKM starbase. Much of the talk was an attempt to figure out just what they were up to in declaring war against us. It was decided that the initiation of hostilities by EKM was to subvert this article (to "get a piece of the pie," if you will) out of jealousy over the growing following of our group.

We have found that EKM starbase is nothing more than a handful of Star Trek "trekkie" rejects who have nothing better to do than talk like robots and disrupt other people's lives. They are

against everything we are for. We are for fun and games, sex, drugs, and rock n' roll. They should have named themselves after the computer company "WANG."

The party was disrupted when the Donnie and Marie Osmond "Hawaiian Punch" commercial came on and 2nd Lieutenant Borrk demolished the television and stereo because he wasn't sure which one the ad was on.

Thursday, February 4

I picked up today's edition of the C.C. Reader and for a moment thought that I had gotten Russia's Pravda instead. I thought this when I saw the "Counterrevolutionary" article. What a bunch of garbage!!! About that first "search mission"--I split the enemy force, drawing them away. My household was alerted and secured. In true samurai tradition, I was willing to sacrifice my life to prevent an enemy victory. And I did not flee down Mars! And about my "refuge" being successfully attacked--the only person there was a working man sleeping before going on midnight shift.

EKM deceitfully broke in through my bedroom window, causing damage to a screen at another window. Though successful on entering, the EKM commander did not follow through with action that could have given them the edge--a major tactical mistake.

And about that "full strength attack." It was four of them and me. I see that my performance was good enough for them to list me as a "force." And I was not beaten back! Despite bleeding around the mouth, eyes, and hand, I repeatedly drove back the enemy, who had his sword broken in the fight.

EKM warriors entered my house only by my invitation to have a beer. It is believed that between one and three of the enemy were sufficiently disappointed in their leader's actions that they have withdrawn from EKM.

The "counterrevolutionary" article is unsurpassed in untruths and falsehoods even by the Soviet Tass news agency. An outside suggestion to sue the C.C. Reader for libel was rejected unanimously as a fagged-out idea, although some sanctions are in order for the paper to have printed such a blatant, cheap imitation of this article. To take a quote from the movie Network: "I'm mad as hell, and I'm not going to take it any more!" I didn't start this war, but I'm sure as hell going to end it!!!

Friday, February 13

Victory is mine!!! In a surprise, lightning-quick raid, I and two other commandoes captured the EKM starbase at approximately 8 p.m. The base defense force surrendered without a

fight, and I captured the entire enemy arsenal of weapons! We put up our flag and a demand for surrender before leaving for a victory party. Later reports indicated that our flag was burned! Low, real low! I thought only Iranians did that! But no matter, I have the trump cards now, I am in control.

Monday, February 16

The surrender terms for EKM are as follows: there are no terms! Total surrender is the only way for EKM to retrieve their weapons. Nothing short of total capitulation will suffice! Members of EKM (excluding the commander): I know you are disillusioned with your leader; a coup d'etat is no longer necessary. You are asked to negotiate a separate peace and join me and my group for lots of fun.

I would like to apologize to the innocent civilian caught up in our raid Friday night. It was not my intention to involve a non-combatant.

News from Kabul: Kemo and Damien did well in the "World Tag Team Chainsaw Death Match," but placed second. Their remains are to be shipped back in a Eureka vacuum cleaner bag. (Eureka was the official vacuum cleaner of the competition.)

And that's the way it is. I'm Colonel S.C. Anon--good night.