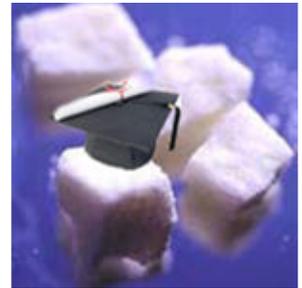


Rock of Crack Gets PhD. in Biochemistry From Harvard

CAMBRIDGE, MA – Harvard University President Larry Summers announced this week a historic new precedent in Harvard’s Graduate School of Arts and Sciences, who for the first time, granted a doctorate to a rock of crack. The rock of crack itself, asking to be called Kenny, explained. “I just wanted to understand a little bit more about myself, you know, why I get people totally high and stuff. And I figured, what better place to do that than in the biochemistry department at Harvard?” Kenny told us that he now understands himself to be the chemical cocaine hydrochloride, a solid form of chemically processed or “freebased” cocaine, known on the street, of course, as crack. Evidently crack gets it’s name from the onomatopoeic fact that it snaps and cracks when heated and smoked. “Everybody’s always joking about “You must be smoking crack” and stuff,” said Kenny, “but I bet you didn’t know that stuff about where it got it’s name. And also, the biochemical pathways of addiction are way interesting.” Kenny concluded by telling us how proud he now was of his degree, and added that all things considered, he’d been feeling really good lately. Evidently, for some of us, it’s possible to simply be high on life.



For more info, check out this link on [Crack](#)

Area Man Way Proud of His Incredible Hulk Playing Cards

SAN DIEGO, CA – San Diego state junior Zach Anderson, according to friends is, like way proud of his recently acquired Incredible Hulk playing cards. Says girlfriend Lisa Nguyen, “So Zach fell off his bike and was in the hospital for a couple days, and as a joke, I picked up a pack of these silly playing cards, you know to cheer him up. It’s not like I really loved the movie, but you know, I thought it was kind of random and Zach usually likes that kind of stuff. Little did I know that I was creating a real monster.” Added friend and roommate Travis Taylor, “Zach and I always get together with friends to play poker or hearts, and ever since he got those silly Incredible Hulk playing cards, he insists on using them every time, and he’s like really serious about it. Now don’t get me wrong, I thought it was kind of funny the first few times, but after a while, it gets a little distracting to see a picture of the Hulk smashing a truck instead of the familiar Queen of Spades or Jack of Hearts.” “It’s been over a month since Zach got out of the hospital.” Added Nguyen. “But I guess I should expect these phases. Last year it was Indiana Jones Boxer shorts and New Kids on the Block Marbles. I just wonder what it will be next?” Anderson himself only had to say, “Hulk Angry, Hulk Smash!” while enthusiastically waving around the Two of Clubs.

**I Wish The Sierra Club Would Stop Wasting So Much**

Goddamned Paper BERKELEY, CA – UC Berkeley environmental science major and practicing vegan Rachel Wells told us recently that she was conflicted about her new allegiance to the well known environmental organization, The Sierra Club, because, in her own words, “I know its a good cause and all, but I just wish they would stop wasting so much goddamned paper.” Wells kindly elaborated. “Consider this. Last month I decided to sign up as a member and pay a \$15 membership fee. No big deal, right? Wrong! Within three weeks I get like 6 newsletters, 3 solicitations for donations, and a copy of their monthly magazine. Now I’m no Alan Greenspan, but it seems to me all that has to cost them more than \$15 just for their staff wages, postage, and materials. I guess it must be worth it for them, since a few big donors can make up the difference, but doesn’t that seem just a little ironic for an organization whose job it is to be saving the trees?” Wells continued to remain conflicted for the rest of the hour in which she smoked three joints, recycled everything, finished off a bag of organic carrots, and ultimately decided to remain a Sierra Club member as long as she made a promise to herself plant a new sequoia for every fucking Sierra club leaflet that comes bleeding into her mailbox on a trail of ravished woodland.

