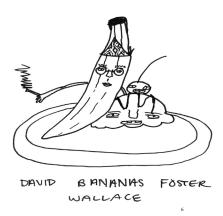
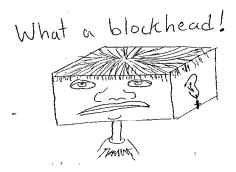


The astronomer adjusted the telescope. "Yep," he thought, "that's Orion all right, and he's doing it with my wife." 5



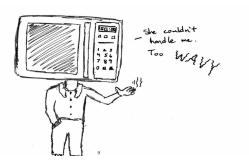
I got this job out of merit, my uncle Merit who works at Morgan Stanley.



When the alien told me he did not understand why two humans would ever fight, I exploded: "Well, lucky you, bud. Walk in on your wife blowing *your* best friend then let's talk. And oh, you've never heard of blowing either. Well, great, just GREAT. This is going to be a long weekend."

FOR THE BETTER

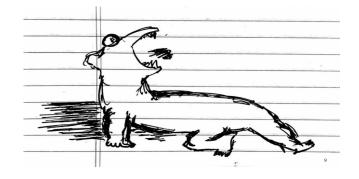
In elementary school I used to pick out sick fleas from my cat's fur, nurse them back to health, and then stick them in a flea incubator. Only when they were ready would I take them out and put them back onto my cat. No life is too small to change, and no act of kindness is ever wasted.



I've had horrible luck with blind dates, especially when they're the ones driving.

I think the guy who invented the word diarrhea should get a Nobel prize, because he knew exactly what he was doing. Unlike the guy who invented diarrhea.

Forgive me if I'm wrong but I believe I just saw a human-sized hamster driving that Kia Soul.



VILLAIN IN VALENTINE'S DAY MOVIE: "I love you like I love the world... that's why it's gonna be so hard to see both burn."



Sense of humor is like a fingerprint, everyone's is unique, and in this analogy, your fingerprint sucks.



LISTEN UP, MEN
Meretricious is a word you need to know;
Mary Tricious is a woman you don't.

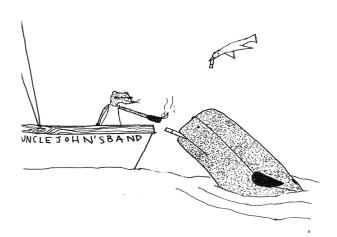


THE PILOT

When the stewardess forgot to bring him his cup of coffee, the pilot flew into a frenzy. Unfortunately, it was a frenzy of geese and the plane exploded.



Wouldn't it be funny if I shit my pants right now but not because I was nervous but because I tried to?



Bill the Baker was a simple man. He had a wife and 4 children. But they were trying for a 5th. Every night for months, they would "try" for a baby. The first 4 children arrived so easily. But at this point, trying for another child was causing both psychological harm to the 4 existing children and physical harm to Bill and his wife Claire. They decided they did not need to (or rather could not and would not) try anymore the old fashioned, biblical way. This time, what they would do was anything but biblical. The man and wife planned a sort of heist on the nursery at the local hospital: Bill would buy professional-grade scrubs online and laminate a name tag where they laminated menus at the bakery. On the 5th of May, the couple snuck into the nursery at the local hospital, Bill as the doctor and Claire as a woman waiting to see her baby. They were able to successfully steal one baby girl from the nursery and bring it to their home, completing their mission. They celebrated the achievement with lots of freshly-baked bread and pastry goods. Unfortunately, this celebration realized that the couple's new baby was celiac. THIS CAN'T BE!, cried Bill, and he immediately drove to the hospital to get another baby. This time, unfortunately, his hurry prevented him from changing into his professional-grade scrubs and he was caught, tried, and convicted of kidnapping, landing him in federal prison for 20 years. But, in reality, who knows if the bread was ever really the issue. Bakers always seem to be looking for one more.



So you're going to tell me that the crucifixion didn't convert everybody? The FREAKIN MESSIAH came!

I always loved the name, Logan. Which is why I was open to it when my wife suggested the name LaGuardia for our most recent child.

3RD PERIOD

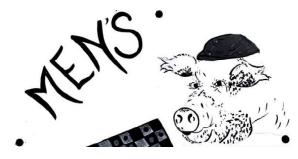
Every deer that is shot guarantees the death of at least two more deer babies. Those deer babies will probably get eaten by other animals—including animals such as wolves and even other deer (next slide please). Deer are the least protected animals on the planet and wicked practices like poaching—Oh! I'm sorry June, am I making you feel sick? I guess I forgot to put a "trigger warning" for the untranslatable cruelty of humanity. Anyone can step out of this if it is too much for them. Ms. Kennedy, June is feeling sick. Why don't you get some water, June.



There's forbidden pleasure and then there's sitting down on a warm toilet seat.

If chess is a metaphor for sex, what does it mean if I only ever play against the computer?

Never look a gimp horse in the mask.



BREAKING: Sia can see everything, including the future.



After ten years, it was time to put the dog down. "Woo hoo," thought Bill, "finally! I can rest my arms."



In this episode, young Sheldon curb-stomps a homeless invalid at the bus stop. He is too young to understand the implications of his actions and is sent to military school. Spoiler alert: he makes straight A-pluses.



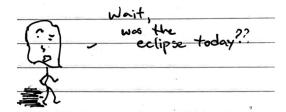
Dude I hung out with her last night

Ooooooh, details?

6 dead, 11 injured.

This 10 minute ab workout will ruin your marriage.

I'm only going into consulting for 5-20 years and then I'm going to pursue my true passion of business administration.



There's always that one kid entrepreneur with their own business card.



I once got scolded for holding up a chocolate bunny to my face in a "look how precious" kind of way in a chocolate store because they said my body warmth would melt the chocolate.

AN INSPECTOR STALLS

It was 6:00 on a Tuesday. I was in my office, leaning back in my swivel chair, rekindling a relationship with Jack Daniel and Jim Beam, when I heard a pair of heels come clicking down the hall. They stopped outside my door. "It's open," I said. Nothing. "It's open," I repeated. Then I realized they were just heels and heels can't open doors because they're so tiny. Sure enough, outside was a solitary pair of Louboutins, helplessly waiting to be let in. Sexy little things. I took them into my office and threw them out the window—legless heels can't escort themselves out, after all. I returned to my letter:

Dear Aunt Noxyl,

Happy birthday darling.

Now it was time for the old John Hancock. "Old John Hancock "I shouted very, very loudly. "Get your rump in here, I don't got two shakes." Old John came in more than a bit chagrined by his tardiness. "Old boy, so good of you to come, ensure this letter gets to my aunt Noxyl" At this point, the old boy queued me into a slight mistake on my part, precisely the omission of my aunt's address and failure to append postage. "Oh what I'd do without you Old John, my faithful carrier boy," I exclaimed. "Probably strip down to my underwear, and throw my jeans out the window." So Old John bowed out, and then it was time to solve some crimes.

TO BE CONTINUED...



I wanted to fill my car with gasoline but it kept leaking out the windows.

The two men would settle the dispute civilly, with a game of tic tac toe, and the winner would get to cut the loser's head off. Dear Colin,

Joaquin Phoenix to star in new FX series, Old Sheldon.

V

"Why did grandma have to burn the pancakes???" thought Sachs, looking down the barrel of the shotgun.

V

real notes from My Russian Psychoanalysis class Knife = Phallis Mountain = Phallis Penis = oddly, Socialism



How the hell do you decide which grimy-ass cup becomes the *toothbrush* cup.

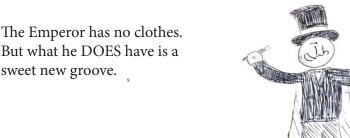
No, we are not *that* Dave Matthews band.

Thank you for inviting me to your wedding. I am excited to come. The invitation didn't say anything about it, but is there an open bar? I'm itching for a White Russian. I noticed that one thing your invitation did mention was a black tie dress code. How tied to that are you? I'd love if you made a small exception because otherwise I'm not sure I can go because I do not own any black ties as I am not a prick. You know me, Colin! You know me as a nice guy who likes to laugh and have a helluva good time. You know that there is not a prick bone in my body. So why are you asking for me to wear a black tie? I know you sent the same invitation to everyone but I have to say Colin, this feels awfully targeted. You know that I don't own black ties. You know that I own fun ties with cool patterns. That's the way I've always been. I've had my outfit laid out for your wedding since before you and Amy even started dating and it's always been a tapered black suit with my sports ball tie. That's the one with all the sports balls on it: footballs, baseballs, basketballs, soccer balls, tennis balls, golf balls, you name it! I even had a back up tie laid out just in case: my ties that sings every single Jack Johnson song in succession if you press the button in the center that's disguised as a huge yellow felt sun. Listen man, I'm not a prick but I don't know how people are gonna know that I'm not a prick if I don't wear one of my cool patterned ties. I wear one of my fun ties every day. Even if I'm just wearing sweatpants. Even if I'm just wearing a swim shirt and a towel around my waist. I don't want to be caught without a fun tie with a cool pattern anywhere, including at the beach. Because everyone knows that the only thing worse than a prick is a prick at the beach. It's just that when people start assuming I'm a prick, I start acting like one. I can't help it. You know I've always been this way. Don't make me kiss your wife Colin. I don't want to kiss her, but if I'm wearing a black tie I'm gonna look like a prick and I'm going to act like a prick too and I'm gonna kiss your wife. It's so simple, Colin, just let me wear my sports ball tie.

P.S. I saw on the invitation that you wrote steak/chicken *circle one*. But at the time I wasn't sure if there would be an open bar at the wedding so I wrote open bar in sharpie on the invitation and circled that instead. Is that ok?

Love, James Jameson

Are you prepared to have your mind beheaded??



STORYBOOK ENDINGS IN PROGRESS: And she was called big Nancy ever since little Nancy was born.

Terrorist? That is *domestic* terrorist to you, sir.



I usually wouldn't cry over spilled milk but it was all over my pants.

Do you think trees ever get their growth rings removed to look younger

Florida. Is. Awesome!!!!

I'll tell you this much, no self respecting composer is using one of those black and white notebooks.

I'm glad you asked. Whenever my dog does his business outside, I usually pick it up and put it in a poop baggy. But then I carry the poop baggy home and put it in the toilet. What are *YOU* talking about?

MY THESIS

Esteemed academicians, there is no doubt that black holes exist. We know this because of aberrance in the gravitational orbits of visible matter. But consider this, if I enter a black hole, will I be able to sleep in there? Or must I plug in my humidifier? Academicians, all two million of you gathered here today in this huge stadium, this is my thesis. We will now take a twelve second intermission to stretch our legs. See all two million of you in the lobby.

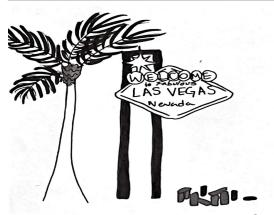


I wanted to sell my soul to Satan so he made me sign his wrist cast.



Don't pickpockets ever worry that one of the pockets is going to have a huge hole in it and when they reach in it's just going to be their hand on some poor fella's butt?

THE BRAND NEW LAS VEGAS STONEHENGE



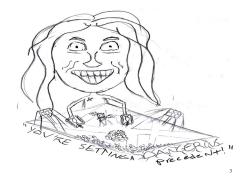
I'm going to be the first female Scorsese. I am going to be like if Greta Gerwig stopped having babies and grew out her eyebrows.



Welcome to my dorm. This is my Oscar.



Famous last words: Good morning.



Alexa, what is chapstick?

You don't hear much about these middle echelons.



Ana Alonso '25 Sophie Cohen '26 Connor Norris '25



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Who Wrote this Joke is Highly Contested Issue 10

COVER ART: Evan Marion '26

ADVISOR (per COSO guidelines)

Matthew Olzmann

PURPOSE: Lighting the cigarette but never smoking it

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MAY 2024

ARCS Noah's and Joan of

Procrasterbating:

You can't start but you can finish.



I saw this headline the other day: Will Smith slaps Chris Rock at the Oscar's. I thought, "that's bizarre, what happened?"