STUPID OPINIONS AND OTHER BULL

We're the ILL, we're okay; For people who don't like us, we have one thing to say:

PPPPPPPHHHHHHHHHHFFFFFFFFFFFFFFTTTTT!

Nyah, nyah, nyah!

Da-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-BATMAN!!!!

So, you trash fiends out there think editorials are elite, prestigious and *oh, so important* ? What have you been puffing on lately? Heh heh heh.

You don't like the paper? BITE US.

Nyuk, nyuk, nyuk.

When writing editorial, we act quite important and snotty. AND WE LOVE OURSELVES AFTERWORDS! Hah, ha, ha, ha, ha! WE GET TO BE PRETENTIOUS AND ASSUMING! AND YOU FOLKS DON'T! (Snicker, snicker, hee, hee!)

You think we write for you? Get your pretty heads out of the gutter, man! As if most of you apathetic gazorts cared about anything but your expensive cars and getting "it" on the weekends (and we know most of you DON'T)!! Ho, ho, ho, ho, hee, hee, hee!

Go watch "Lou Grant," kiddies! Get your dimplomas and becomes DINKS! Good riddance!!!!!

Editor's (the big, bad, respectable one, anyway) Note: After writing this absolute rubbish, the editor responsible had a massive tantrum and exploded. Literally. He blew up good. Real good.

Decision of mental giants amazes students

is this funny or what?

By Billy Bob Wiggins
ILL N' FEEBEL

Students are overwhelmed by the amount of common sense and serious thought that went into the closing of the section of Harmon Road running parrallel to Maryland Parkway during the final weeks of school.

Catchy phrases like 'for what reason?' and "what the hell?" occupied the minds of several students, already uptight about finals, as they tried to comprehend the type of logical thought employed by those who are responsible for this landmark decision.

Never before in the annals of UNLV history has so much constructive criticism been offered by a normally laid back student body who were absolutely stunned by the brilliance of the project.

In order to insure what? Are they taking a poll to see how many people they can irritate after spring break? Give us a break, we're really not into mental bondage.

Don't the powers that rule understand what a tremendous effort we put into even returning to school after spring break knowing we face all the tests and term papers of another ball-busting semester?

We have to be free to ride our machines, we can't be bothered by the man. The leadership has finally taken the deep plunge into sheer senility. What happened to liberty, the pursuit of happiness, and popular cliches like that?

It has been said a wise person can recognize an incorrect decision and correct it. Can whoever decided to close the road get off their dead ass and re-open it for the remainder of the semester? Where is CSUN to fight the cause of the people? We need a revolution!

how hysterical

Nightmare on Sesame Street opens children's eyes

By Jermy Toiletseat
ILL N' FEEBEL

The Judy Bayleaf Theater is beginning production on a musical in conjunction with the Children's Television Workshop. The musical is designed to give the children of Las Vegas a realistic picture of adult life by distorting the friendly, fuzzy characters of Sesame Street into nightmarish Kafka-esque mutations.

Titled "Nightmare on Sesame Street" the production features semi-recognizable characters such as: Big Bitch, Oscar the Pimp, the Crack Monster, Groper, Hairy Monster, Sniffalottacoke, Bruce and Ernie the [redacted] roommates and Kosher the Frog.

The musical's director, Mortimer Poopshoot, said he wanted to bring a harsher light onto the "pathetically saccharin skewed-view of adult life that the Smurf-merchants of America are spoon-feeding children along with their Sugar Pops." Mr. Poopshoot claimed his show would be a "Sugar Smack upside the children's heads, a visual Cocoa Puff." It should be noted that Mr. Poopshoot was standing over an open can of paint thinner in a room with little ventilation at the time.

One of the subjects of "realistic" adult life to be portrayed will be religious differences in marriage, explored by the character Kosher the Hassidic Frog and his religious dilemma of loving an unclean animal. Other dangers of marriage are frighteningly brought to the stage by Big Bitch. Parents may wonder if their children are ready for her controversial "How Do I Spell Relief? PMS" song, which includes a slide show presentation and weaponry display.

Several parental organizations have been treated to a special advance preview and have found many of the show's themes to be "too disturbing for children, much worse than Geraldo."

A formal list of material deemed offensive by the parents was topped by the skit in which the roommates Bruce and Ernie explain to the children exactly why Bruce has such a pointed head. It is also at this point where the character Hairy Monster is introduced, number two on the list compiled by the parents.

Other performing characters dealing with seamier sides of neighborhood life are Sniffalottacoke and the Crack Monster. Their scene begins with the monster opening a crack house on Sesame Street. While foul-smelling chemical gas spews out onto the crowd, the Yuppie businessman Sniffalottacoke drives up in his BMW attempting to make a sale. The deal goes bad and Sniffalottacoke is shot several times at point-blank range. Oddly enough, these portrayals were given an okay by the parents as they considered it highly realistic.

Another scene in the musical given rubber-stamp approval by all the women in the parental organizations was the skit involving Groper. In this scene a young lady on Sesame Street is invited onto a blind date by a well-meaning friend. The man who she is set up with turns out to be a real asshole who believes in "hands-on management" on his dates. While the women could be seen nodding their heads in silent agreement during the performance, many men were heard muttering, "What? I don't get it? What'd he do?"

If all goes well, the musical nightmare extravaganza should be opening within the week. Parents wishing to preview it for their own children can do so by taking a lot of acid, drinking a Heinekin and watching Mister Roger's Neighborhood.

ANOTHER BILLION DOWN THE DRAIN

- **FALL DOWN GO BOOM** A stealth fighter crashed on the campus right near the Stupid Union (not that any of you deadheads noticed). Fatalities were minimal.

STAFF INFECTION BOX
THE ILL N' FEEBEL

"I'd rather see newspapers with no government than newspapers with government... no wait... I'd rather see newspapers with no government than news with no paper... no wait... I'd rather see newspapers with no government than governors with no... oh fuck it..." - *Thomas Jefferson*

SPLAREN KHAN - *Big Chief*
CLAIROL ROADS - *Barely Managing Editor*
STEPHANIE ALTERED - *Snoozs Editor*
ANDREA THE GIANT*(she'll tame anyone)* - *Sports Editor*
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All bribes must exceed $400 — anything less will be considered a joke. The Ill n' Feeble reserves the right to subject all offenders to the most horrible crime imaginable - a lifetime subscription to our paper (which you will be forced to read).

Bribes must be in the form of a check or money order, addressed to Ray or Jason care of the Ill n' Feeble.

All bribes must be sent to: The Ill n' Feeble, (care of Letter Bombs to Editor), MISU 777, 4505 S. Maryhad Porktoday, Lost Vagrants, NV.