

I like my meat rare—very rare

MUCH HAS BEEN MADE RECENTLY OVER THE injustice of hunting endangered animals in the interest of science, and I too would like to add my voice to the chorus of dissent. For I, too, think that such usage is an abhorrent waste—those animals should be eaten.

Many in particular have decried the sport of whaling, but to them I say, have you tasted whale? It's fucking delicious. All that sweet, blubbering oil serves as its own oceanic *au jus* to the mammalian meatiness underneath. Add a little braised dolphin fin on the side, and you've got yourself a recipe for deep-sea deliciousness.

The American bald-headed eagle recommends itself as well. While a bit leaner and tougher than fowl, a smooth, creamy dish of eagle-tear pudding is as American as apple pie—and goes really well with it, too. Cream of monarch soup is another sure winner, if you can find some decent *crème de coral reef* to go with it.

If it's a little South-east Asian something that you're searching for after supper, look no further than genuine tiger ice cream—not that fake bullshit that they sell in supermarkets. Made with real sub-Siberian stripes, this stuff will put hair on your chest—and in your teeth.

Moving on to Asian cuisine, you can't go wrong with a tender cut of roast panda with pika sauce and koala cordon bleu. Snow leopards can practically be eaten raw, they're so lean. Or, if your palate a bit more plebeian, try a juicy ape-burger or rhino-dog instead. Still have room for more? Why not try some fresh imported penguin beak and fresh-boiled great turtle? The shells are a bit of a pain, but it's nothing you can't work around.

As you can see, no matter what you have a taste for, mother nature in all her plenty has provided for us. And in cases where it isn't all that plenty, well, that just makes it taste all that much sweeter, doesn't it? I mean, why else do you think tusk truffle and emu egg is so goddamn expensive?

IMMORTAL STALLION KING GOD VI
I'll have the macaw

You're so immature

LOOK, IT'S NOT A BIG DEAL IF YOU WANT TO ACT like a tenth-grader when you read all the dick and fart jokes throughout this issue of the *Getaway* while high-fiving your bros and giggling everytime you hear the word *caucus*, but you're in *university* now—you should know better.

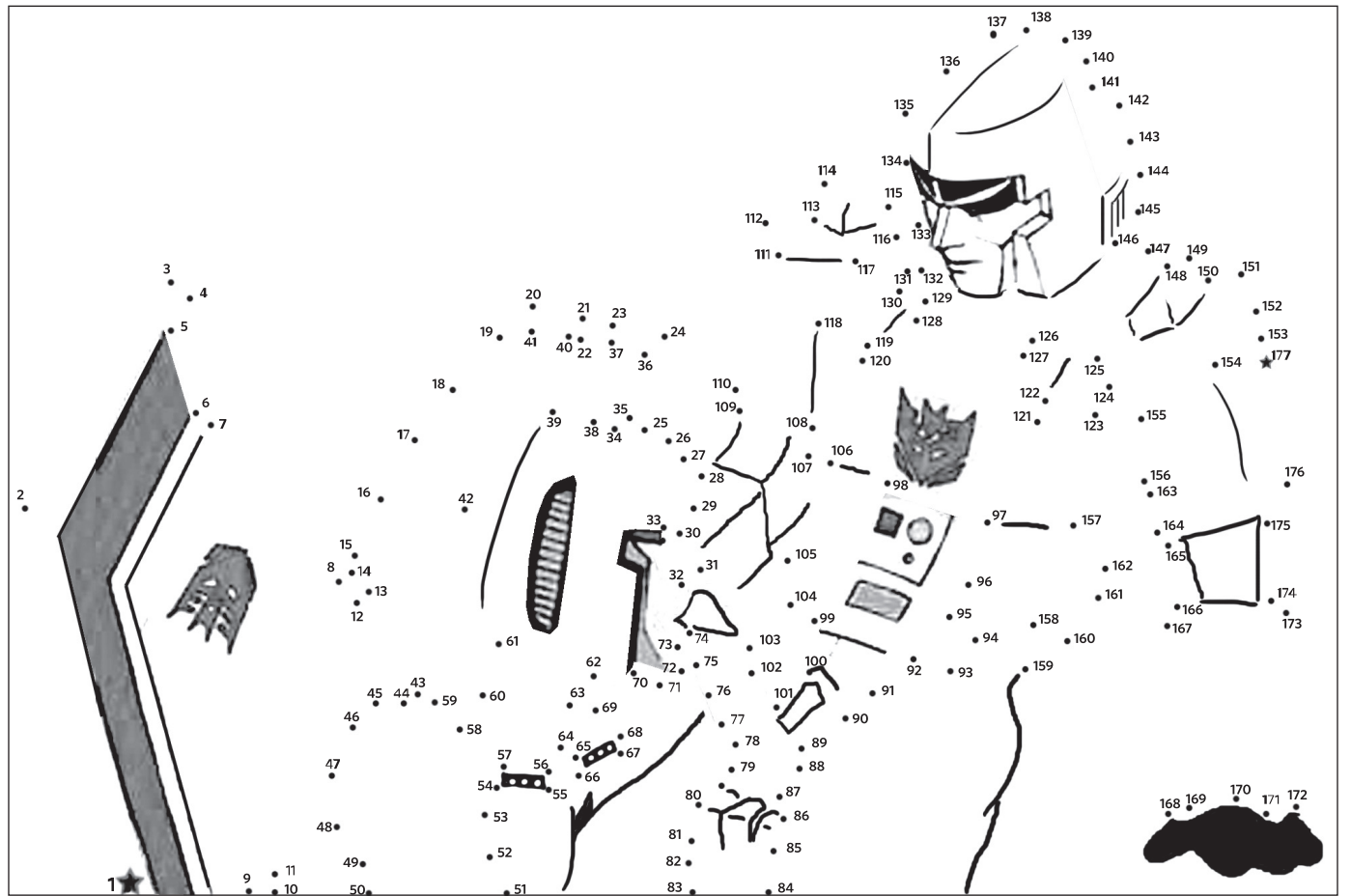
I mean, yeah, a dude pouring ranch dressing all over another dude, getting it all up in his beard, is chuckle-inducing in a disgusting sort of way, but that doesn't mean you should cut it out and pin it up on your wall—that would be indecent.

And sure, lacing every article with the word *fuck* 40 times over is a move designed to make the lowest common demoninator giggle, but they're supposed to be working the rigs in Ft Mac, not ignoring their Econ 101 prof on the last day of class. It's time to grow the fuck up, stop calling them "boobies," and realize that a baby popping out of a vagina has nothing on the hilarity of the complete masterworks of Voltaire.

A discussion on the superiority of the male penis over the female vagina isn't included to make you laugh at the silly anthropomorphic phallus dancing on the page like a mouth-breathing troglodyte; it's there because someone tried to make the completely wrong argument that vaginas could somehow be better. If we are to listen to the French when they say *que sera sera*, then we need to realize that this smackdown in print is nothing more than the proving wrong of a valued coworker.

So please, when you pick up this paper and see it littered with vaguely sexual-sounding names and references to doing it in the pooper, don't laugh because you're a juvenile prick who thinks the phrase I just used to describe you is amusing due to the use of the word *prick*. In fact, it's funny 'cause it's true.

CRAWL BLOWIN'
Masturbating to Enemas



LETTERS

White poppys are for whiney pussies

What's all this nonsense about wearing a poppy to remember soldiers' sacrifices? That's no way to end a war. Why, if those soldiers had been flower-wearing pansies like you student types, we'd all be speaking a mish mash of German, Russian, Chinese, and Martian.

If you want to protest war in a way that will make people take you seriously, attach a bayonet to your rifle and charge the enemy trenches. Nothing lets old Charlie know that you remember your friends who died like a chest full of bullet holes.

There's plenty of time to have a poppy over your chest when you're lying cold and stiff in Flanders' field, but until then, buck up and make some sacrifices of your own.

Semper fi, you bastards.

SGT FRANK TASTY
Via Email

I am the walrus; you, sir, are the eggman

I can't believe that you would be so irresponsible as to write an editorial on whales (re: "Whales the new Wales," 20 November). They are a protected species, but apparently you didn't see fit to protect them from the barbs of your word harpoon.

Until you've talked with a whale, you'll never understand these gentle creatures of the deep. I've spoken with them; I said "Mmmooooooow, ooooouuuuuuuu," and they replied "Mmmmmeeeeuuuuuu." As you can see, whales are not our enemies; they just want to be free and enjoy tea in an octopus's garden in the sea.

They might even be willing to share their blubber with us if we but made an offering of virgins to the god Poseidon. But you never thought of any of this, did you Miss Cunthag?

Your mouth should be filled with sand, and then you should be hit in the back of the head with a shovel or some other form of blunt instrument. Maybe then you'd understand what

it's like to be hunted by the Japanese. Only when the sounds of your children screaming is silenced by your own ears being filled with wasabi will you know what it feels like to be an environmental activist with an active imagination. But until that day, you're part of the problem, not the solution.

JOSEPH P VANFARTH
Whale Hugging I

Getaway forgetting Dre

I've noticed a disconcerting trend in the last several issues of the *Getaway*; it seems that in your haste to report on cutting-edge issues, you have been forgetting about the most important thing of all: Dr Cornelius Dre.

Need I remind you that he is responsible for teaching you how to smoke trees, and is also the man who introduced us to such characters as Eazy-E, Ice Cube, Snoop D-O-double-G, as well as the group that said "muthafuck the police." He was a pioneer in his field, and to act as though he fell off is a disgrace to both him and his profession.

It is heartbreaking to see such blatant disregard for the man's accomplishments, and I will have you know that you are the reason that Dre has currently been battling a bout of insomnia.

I hope that, in future, you will write something aside from gibberish, and cease acting as if you forgot about this man.

SLIM SHADY
Marshall Mathers III

I'm not the fucking editor in charge of being French

Pourquoi vous idioties à la *Getaway* ont permit la destruction terrible de les *Miroir*, la dernier bastion d'intelligence que cette merde journalie possesante? Vous putains vont gros con er dans la baisant de chie la mouton dans sa culliant derriere? Je me TUEZ VOUS TOUTES, DES PAMPLEMOUSSES DANS VOS COUILLES! HAHAHAHA

Editor's note: In a concerned effort to educate our readers, the *Getaway* has opted to provide a translation of the above letter:

Hello! How are you fine people doing? The *Getaway* is the single greatest achievement of the entire human race, with the corkscrew placing a close second. I hereby pledge the solidarity of all Frenchies, now and forever.

FRENCHY MCHOWDERHEAD
Francophonian asshole VI

Quit your jibba-jabbering

I wish to express my anger about the name "Bachelor's" degree. This male-centric name is sexist and outdated. Is it only bachelors who attend the University? Of course not. So why isn't the name "Bachelor's degree" more inclusive to involve women students? I will be graduating in 2012, and when I get my degree, I will insist that the University write "Spinster of Arts" on my degree.

SOME FEMENIST
A-bloo-bla-bloo-bloo, bitch

Letters to this guy should be written down in some format, contemplated, and then thrown in the garbage. Do you actually think the Getaway gives a damn about what you think? Fat chance, bub.

If, on the off chance we actually do decide to print whatever retarded comma-less crap that you felt the need to share with the rest of us, we'll edit the shit out of it and probably mail you an envelope full of our spit. I've actually had spam emails about my tiny cock that are better written than the shit I get sent. Do you fucks actually believe that typing in all capitals is how you convey that you're upset?

I tell you what: if you want, you can come up to my office and give me an angry handjob. At least that way we'll both get something out of it.

Why the fuck can't I get decent letters from intelligent people? I have no shortage of rants from assholes strung out on ether, but nothing actually relevant or printable. Do you think I like having to search for letters from the archive? Fuck no, that's the worst goddamn part of my day. I'd rather sandpaper my eyes off than search for more of that shit.

LETTERS FROM THE FUTURE

The future lies in waste, and it's all your fucking fault, you maniacs

Listen guys, I don't care if this threatens the very fabric of the universe: do not fucking run that story on Zeppelins. I know that this might sound crazy, but this piece will set into motion catastrophic events that you can't even imagine.

In case you're wondering just how bad things got, I'm writing this fucking letter on paper. The pen has managed to replace the typewriter after the letter q became self-aware. I shouldn't even be writing it down; their spies are everywhere.

Really though, don't run it. It seems harmless; I mean, how could an article detailing the mechanics of dirigible transportation possibly cause harm? I'll tell you how: elephants use this information to build dumba-class flying war machines and lay waste to our cities. Turns out that thing about them never forgetting is true; we just never realized that they'd never forgive.

You might be laughing, but this is no joke. We felt similar to you when we first heard the news of the elephant attacks on the peanut factories of Brazil. Our laughter quickly turned to tears, however, as we watched them butcher our children and take their precious teeth to make high-quality pianos. The sound is fantastic, but at what cost?

ALMAR LAZIN II
Immortal Stallion King God XXI

From the Future is a semi-regular feature where the Getaway runs tidings from times not yet past. The Getaway is not responsible if these letters alter the course of history in any way, or if they break the space-time continuum. Oh, and Tom, your son will die in 2022 from cancer. Am I joking? Only time will tell.