

# Because it's better than leaves...

## What did you just say?

### Inside this Tissue:

Lyrics...	1
Annika's Jokes	1
Calendar of Events	2
Interesting Stuff	2

### Annika's Weak Jokes of the Week

What did one dandelion say to the other dandelion?

*Take me to your weeder!*

---

What did the light switch say to the girl?

*You turn me on!*

---

What's the difference between a fish and a piano?

*You can't tuna fish!*

---

What kind of music do mummies listen to?

*Wrap!*

---

Why was 6 afraid of 7?

*Because seven eight nine!*

---

The picture connection question that I posted on last week's TP was a great success because around 30 people e-mailed me. Thanks to those who participated. You rock! For those of you who did not have the faintest clue what the connection was, the answer was a "flock of seagulls." The picture on the left was a flock of seagulls and the picture of the androgynous man on the right was from the 80's band "Flock of Seagulls". Cheers to all who replied.

Five for Fighting's song *100 years* has been cycling in my mind lately. The song is very catchy, but the lyrics don't make any sense. Have you ever found yourself singing along to a song without really considering what you're actually saying? Here, let me copy and paste some parts of the song:

I'm 22 for a moment  
She feels better than ever  
And we're on fire  
Making our way back from Mars

*So, the singer is 22 yrs old, and this unknown woman (perhaps his love interest) is an extraterrestrial who has just recovered from some unidentified illness ("she feels better than ever"). An alien... Is she an immigrant? Why from Mars? And by the way, the two people are burning alive. I don't know why anyone would want to write about two people who are broiling. This is not the making of a good song.*

Half time goes by  
Suddenly you're wise  
Another blink of an eye  
67 is gone  
The sun is getting high  
We're moving on...

*Ok. This is the bridge. All bridges in songs like this are fun because they connect the main parts of the song together. So this chunk talks about how time passes but "67 is gone." 67 what? 67 seagulls, years, hot dogs? Ok I understand that the two people are moving...but to where? Will they use U-Haul as a way to expedite moving? Why the vague wording? I'm confused. Obviously, this bridge is flooded with communist undertones.*

So yes, I think Five for Fighting was on some sort of mood-altering substance while they were creating this song. Wait a minute, the band's name doesn't make grammatical sense either. "Five for Fighting." Ok. I don't get it. Why can't they just be "The Fighting Five." I guess that doesn't work because they seem to be pacifists, not war mongering heathens. So I guess the main message that I'm getting across to you is "Listen to what you're listening, because you might sound like a freak." Listen to jazz. It makes your room sound like Starbucks.

Franky Lee,  
Lyrics Critic Extraordinaire  
franky@wharton.upenn.edu

**SCHEDULE OF EVENTS**

**Wednesday, 11.17,** Hoopla Presents: A Belly-dancing Extraganza, 9 PM in the 1938 Lounge. Free Coffee. Free Tea. Free exposed bellies. All in the comfort of your own college house.

**Wednesday, 11.17,** Dinner Discussion with Rose Malague, In-house Resident Fellow. Will talk about theater. Be on the lookout for flyers.

**Thursday, 11.18,** Dinner Discussion with Max Mintz at 6 PM in the PDR. He will be sharing "some thoughts on education today in Science and Technology." Come meet this very distinguished professor.

**Thursday, 11.18,** Mafia! In the 38 Lounge at 10 PM, Learn how to play this amazing game with a cool people from KCECH. Fun is only a small one minute walk away!

**Saturday, 11.20,** KCECH goes to New York City! Come watch The Phantom of the Opera at The Majestic Theater in NYC.

**Sunday, 11.21,** College House Olympics. Get ready to participate in this awesome event on the high rise field 2-4:30 PM Sunday Nov. 21st! Signups will continue throughout next week in front of EH dining, or email tracykos@wharton.Represent KCECH with your friends! Play teams from all the other college houses! Hurry, Tshirts are limited!

**Thursday, 11.25,** Happy Thanksgiving everyone!

**November 2004**

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
14 Bagel Brunch with KCECH's Jewish Liaison	15	16	17 Dinner Discussion with Rose Malague	18 Dinner Discussion with Max Mintz Mafia!	19	20 KCECH goes to New York City!
21 College House Olympics	22	23	24	Thanksgiving Break!		

**MORE, MORE JACK HANDY!**

The next time I have meat and mashed potatoes, I think I'll put a very large blob of potatoes on my plate with just a little piece of meat. And if someone asks me why I didn't get more meat, I'll just say, "Oh, you mean this?" and pull out a big piece of meat from inside the blob of potatoes, where I've hidden it. Good magic trick, huh?

Life, to me, is like a quiet forest pool, one that needs a direct hit from a big rock half-buried in the ground. You pull and you pull, but you can't get the rock out of the ground. So you give it a good kick, but you lose your balance and go skidding down the hill toward the pool. Then out comes a big Hawaiian man who was screwing his wife beside the pool because they thought it was real pretty. He tells you to get out of there, but you start faking it, like you're talking Hawaiian, and then he gets mad and chases you...

Sometimes, when I drive across the desert in the middle of the night, with no other cars around, I start imagining: What if there were no civilization out there? No cities, no factories, no people? And then I think: No people or factories? Then who made this car? And this highway? And I get so confused I have to stick my head out the window into the driving rain--unless there's lightning, because I could get struck on the head by a bolt.

The whole town laughed at my great-grandfather, just because he worked hard and saved his money. True, working at the hardware store didn't pay much, but he felt it was better than what everybody else did, which was go up to the volcano and collect the gold nuggets it shot out every day. It turned out he was right. After forty years, the volcano petered out. Everybody left town, and the hardware store went broke. Finally he decided to collect gold nuggets too, but there weren't many left by then. Plus, he broke his leg and the doctor's bills were real high.

Too bad when I was a kid there wasn't a guy in our class that everybody called the "Cricket Boy", because I would have liked to stand up in class and tell everybody, "You can make fun of the Cricket Boy if you want to, but to me he's just like everybody else." Then everybody would leave the Cricket Boy alone, and I'd invite him over to spend the night at my house, but after about five minutes of that loud chirping I'd have to kick him out. Maybe later we could get up a petition to get the Cricket Family run out of town. Bye, Cricket Boy.

I think a good product would be "Baby Duck Hat". It's a fake baby duck, which you strap on top of your head. Then you go swimming underwater until you find a mommy duck and her babies, and you join them. Then, all of a sudden, you stand up out of the water and roar like Godzilla. Man, those ducks really take off! Also, Baby Duck Hat is good for parties.

I wish I lived back in the old west days, because I'd save up my money for about twenty years so I could buy a solid-gold pick. Then I'd go out West and start digging for gold. When someone came up and asked what I was doing, I'd say, "Looking for gold, ya durn fool." He'd say, "Your pick is gold," and I'd say, "Well, that was easy." Good joke, huh.