

Imitation is NOT the highest form of flattery.

Ware to Wipe.

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The MOST important thing I need to share with you.

Since I have nothing more to say this week, I'm going to talk about my amazing trip to Paris this past spring break. I am going to give a shout out to Jon, Anthony, David, Mary Dawn, Rebecca (y en a pas deux comme moi...) and Reem (even though she doesn't even live here.) So yes, je me suis bien amusé. For those who can't speak French, I don't know what I just typed. Well, here's a picture from our trip.



*I took this pic off the web. I couldn't find a suitable one to post.

Last Tuesday, one of my friends told me about "The Ware Wipe." What is it you ask? It's a weekly publication by Ware College House which lists upcoming events in the house and around Philadelphia. It's entertaining and it's posted on the bathroom stalls every Wednesday. Come to think about it, that's a great idea, because you have your resident's full attention when he/she is taking care of business. Why does this sound so familiar? Well, maybe because they completely stole our idea... The fact that they completely took our idea doesn't anger me, given that KCECH is paid royalties for starting the tradition of weekly, bathroom-posted publications. I think that sharing the idea with every college house would be great. It's a great vehicle to get the message across to each resident about what the manager board has planned for the week. This creates an overall much more enjoyable and for the lack of a better word, fun, dorm experience. So what am I angry about then? What made me angry was how they had *Jack Handy* quotes in their funny section. I'm not going to say that Jack Handy quotes are my own creation because first off, obviously, that is not my name, and second, even your mom can find them on the web. It's just that I used his lines for an entire semester, and now, coincidentally, "The Ware Wipe" is using them too. A resident in the dorm actually told me that I had to stop using his lines, because they're not funny the twelfth time around. In the wise words of Shelby Woo from the short-lived Nickelodeon TV series *The Mystery Files of Shelby Woo*, "Something smells fishy."

Don't take this the wrong way because this was not a tirade on Ware College House. Ware College House is one of our friends. Whatever you do, do not not spit on their grass. That's something I will not condone. What I would condone is ripping off the publication from bathroom stalls. Just kidding. I'm not a confrontational kind of person. I bruise like a summer peach,

Where is Ware? Haha. I had to make that joke. Where Ware is has no bearing on the issue. The main issue at stake is to defend Kings Court English's name against those who resort to the fine art of imitation. So moral of the story: instant message KCECHTP.

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PS. Even though it seems that I use the TP for my own interests, ie. sharing with you my personal stories, information, pictures from Spring Break, I think that the benefits of having the TP outweighs the small inconveniences. The entertainment value of the TP varies from week to week. Some weeks it's pathetic. Sometimes it's less pathetic. But I know that deep down inside your heart lies a warm spot for the TP. Hah, I own that...And I know how much you liked my personal.

SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

3.23, Wed. PiH sponsors the University-wide, "2nd Annual College House Film Festival", 7 pm at the Bridge (the ritzy movie theater with pleather seats)

3.23, Wed. 8 PM in the 38 Lounge, "Study Break: Egg Dyeing" Come make some cool painted eggs, because it's fun and creative.

3.26, Sat. KCECH visits the Philly zoo- \$10/pp, 10 AM. More information, email siuj@sas

3.26, Sat. KCECH Saturday House Brunch. FREE FOOD. Time is unknown right now but be on the lookout for flyers., 38 Lounge.

3.29, Tues. House Blood Drive. 1pm - 7pm. '38 Lounge. Sign up online. Give Blood. It's the cool thing to do.

3.31, Thur. rescheduled ICA visit to see Barry Le Va's artwork. Free Cosi Coffee. Free delicious treats. Be on the lookout for more information to be posted in the house.

4.02, Sat. House trip to DC to see the cherry blossoms. More information on this to come.

March/April 2005

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
20	21	22	23 Egg Dyeing Study Break Purim!	24	25	26 Philly Zoo House Brunch
27	28	29 KCECH Blood Drive	30	31 Rescheduled visit to the ICA	1	2 House trip to DC

Im Memoriam of Past Tissues: Jack Handy Quotes, Revisited in an ultra small font!

Many people think that history is a dull subject. Dull? Is it "dull" that Jesse James once got bitten on the forehead by an ant, and at first it didn't seem like anything, but then the bite got worse and worse, so he went to a doctor in town, and the secretary told him to wait, so he sat down and waited, and waited, and waited, and waited, and then finally he got to see the doctor, and the doctor put some salve on it? You call that dull?

I scrambled to the top of the precipice where Nick was waiting. "That was fun," I said. "You bet it was," said Nick. "Let's climb higher." "No," I said. "I think we should be heading back now." "We have time," Nick insisted. I said we didn't, and Nick said we did. We argued back and forth like that for about 20 minutes, then finally decided to head back. I didn't say it was an interesting story.

If you're a Thanksgiving dinner, but you don't like the stuffing or the cranberry sauce or anything else, just pretend like you're eating it, but instead, put it all in your lap and form it into a big mushy ball. Then, later, when you're out back having cigars with the boys, let out a big fake cough and throw the ball to the ground. Then say, "Boy, these are good cigars!"

I remember that one fateful day when Coach took me aside. I knew what was coming. "You don't have to tell me," I said. "I'm off the team, aren't I?" "Well," said Coach, "you never were really ON the team. You made that uniform you're wearing out of rags and towels, and your helmet is a toy space helmet. You show up at practice and then either steal the ball and make us chase you to get it back, or you try to tackle people at inappropriate times." It was all true what he was saying. And yet, I thought something is brewing inside the head of this Coach. He sees something in me, some kind of raw talent that he can mold. But that's when I felt the hand-cuffs go on.

If I ever opened a trampoline store, I don't think I'd call it Trampo-Land, because you might think it was a store for tramps, which is not the impression we are trying to convey with our store. On the other hand, we would not prohibit tramps from browsing, or testing the trampolines, unless a tramp's gyrations seemed to be getting out of control.

I can still recall old Mister Barnslow getting out every morning and nailing a fresh load of tadpoles to the old board of his. Then he'd spin it round and round, like a wheel of fortune, and no matter where it stopped he'd yell out, "Tadpoles! Tadpoles is a winner!" We all thought he was crazy. But then we had some growing up to do.

Once when I was in Hawaii, on the island of Kauai, I met a mysterious old stranger. He said he was about to die and wanted to tell someone about the treasure. I said, "Okay, as long as it's not a long story. Some of us have a plane to catch, you know." He stared telling his story, about the treasure and his life and all, and I thought: "This story isn't too long." But then, he kept going, and I started thinking, "Uh-oh, this story is getting long." But then the story was over, and I said to myself: "You know, that story wasn't too long after all." I forget what the story was about, but there was a good movie on the plane. It was a little long, though.

I bet a fun thing would be to go way back in time to where there was going to be an eclipse and tell the cave men, "If I have come to destroy you, may the sun be blotted out from the sky." Just then the eclipse would start, and they'd probably try to kill you or something, but then you could explain about the rotation of the moon and all, and everyone would get a good laugh.

I wouldn't be surprised if someday some fishermen caught a big shark and cut it open, and there inside was a whole person. Then they cut the person open, and in him is a little baby shark. And in the baby shark there isn't a person, because it would be too small. But there's a little doll or something, like a Johnny Combat little toy guy--something like that.