

Proof I need Stronger Medication

The magazine tougher than Chuck Norris

Volume 4 issue 5

Greetings fair reader. How art thou? I am fine, and complacent with my place in society, which is about all one can hope for, correct? Suffice to say that life is approaching the level I call good. Not great, not fabulous, but good. I think this is progress.

In other news, I am willing to admit that this issue is a bit late in coming out, but I have a good excuse: this semester sucks. Hard. The grand total amount of work I really should be doing is actually a bit suffocating. Seriously, its like nothing I've ever had to deal with. Which is certainly a bummer, but I should be able to handle it. Probably.

Not sure when this issue's actually going to be completed, but when it is, you all will get copies, maybe. Remember, save a tree and kill some kilowatts at me website: geocities.com/reconiklaus. It is quite klausy.

Umm.. not sure if there's anything else of note to talk about. I hope you all had a wonderful valentines day, as well as enjoyed whatever else you may have celebrated. Hope you had fun.

Oh, I took a comedy writing class this past week. It was fun. I can now get emails which will help me in my quest to become a betterer writer. I have a good deal of faith in my own talents, so don't expect a big shift in the quality of these puppies.

Table of contents:

Random thoughts

College boy laments

Sick day

Fear as Quelk.

Copyright © 2006 klaus industries. All rights reserved. Please respect copyright, and give credit where it is due. I don't ask for much: distribute this at will, in whole or in parts, but not as your work. That ain't right, fool.

Random thoughts: eminently quotable

I really like the word chair. It's such a nice way of saying butt holder. I made a pie. Not because I'm hungry, but because I like torturing apples.

I'm in a literary pickle. I'm not sure which is better to say. I double-crossed a cross dresser is too punny, but I screwed a transvestite has the wrong meaning. All I know is that I'm in deep trouble. I'm reading 'the never-ending story', which was disappointing once I realized that there is indeed an end to it. Cop out.

There's a problem with hybrid cars being too quiet because they run on electricity, and idiots step in front of them and get hurt. Okay guys, here's the solution. All you need is a baseball card and a stick. Just jam it in the spokes, so that as the wheel turns, it makes that badabadabadabada noise. Make the award out to Klaus, please.

One day, I opened the pantry and I got this overwhelming feeling of 'I am fortunate enough to live in a country where I can get food whenever I want, while half the world doesn't even Hey! Bugles!'

In the late days of the Soviet Union, a last-ditch attempt to fight the capitalist dogs was intensely studied, researched, and eventually launched, with the ultimate goal of undermining the economic health of the nation. It is commonly known as Tetris.

Gone are the days of the Metrosexual: now it's the domain of Chuck Norris and the Uber-sexual. I have no clue who initiated the switch, but whoever they are, I get the feeling they did it so the hardcore metrosexuals are all like "fuck! What do we do now?"

I like Techno music, but its hard to tell people about it. Because you've got the original music, the remix, the backbeat and the woman in throes of pleasure at the mike. So people ask me, 'who does that song' well shit... everybody does.

It is possible to duct-tape a gator's mouth shut. I have no clue who discovered that, but Bubba Somebody would be a good guess.

They don't allow food in with you on standardized tests. Because, yeah I wrote my notes on the snack food. That's why they're called cheetoos.

I don't know why they call the fear of flying irrational. I mean you're sitting in a pressurized tube sent flying 30 thousand feet above the ground, maintained by mechanics on strike, and pilots under a lot of pressure. Being afraid of that sounds very rational.

Why can't the IRS chill out? 'yeah, just have the money whenever.' Marshall high school has a 'tobacco awareness program' I imagine it looks something like this: "hey, there's this stuff called tobacco. You dig? Cool"

What do you call a myspace that doesn't belong to you? It would suck to be a Roman. try singing XCVIII bottles of beer on the wall After the hunting accident issue, I came to the conclusion that Dick Cheney might just be gay, but I'm not 100% sure. It all depends on whether he enjoys blasting other men in the face.

College Boy Laments

Dear Dean of Admissions, et al. Thank you so much for your interest in having me attend your establishment of higher education. While I'm certainly honored that you would consider having little old me attend your big scary university, I have but one complaint: I don't want to go to your crummy school. put that in your pipe and smoke it.

Ah, yes... late winter. Time for people to consider the decisions that will shape their lives forever: Which college do I want to go to? Yale and Harvard all sound fun, but that nice one with the commercials on during 'The Price is Right' and 'Hogan's Heroes' has a catchy theme song. Or you could go to the one your parents went to, but then again, ***your parents*** went to that place, and look how they turned out.

I think a bit of educational exclusivity is cool. Basically if my score is high enough to warrant mail from these places, they're not exclusive enough. Pompous Asshole State did make me a very good offer, but then they were all like "psych!" and laughed at me. Damn them.

Furthermore, your college is located in a place largely considered uninhabitable by anyone farther left than Michelle Malkin. (google her) while I am a very strong believer in academic freedom, I'm pretty sure it doesn't cover the right to claim that New York City is secretly run by a coalition of Homosexual devils and C.H.U.D.s. at least without some compelling evidence.

Okay, I'll be honest. Bethel was interested in me. Now nothing against religious colleges, but anything that bans gambling is not where I want to be. Especially considering that Texas Hold 'em will likely be the source of most of my income during these years, I don't want to cut myself out of that. Gambling and taking things from the trash. The only difference between me and a hobo is fingerless gloves.

Now, as to the location of your humble abode of learning. While I'm sure Three Mile Island is lovely this time of year, I wish to consider all my options, including.. oh I don't know... Latvia? The "as featured on COPS" sticker isn't helping your credibility much.

Okay, one other thing to be aware of is the propensity to party. Anybody who goes to college and does not party does not deserve a scholarship. The number of beer bottles in the grass is directly related to the quality of the parties. BYU is to be avoided for this very reason.

I'm hesitant to go, as you can google my name and come up with that one time I protested against the war, and I want nothing to do with a school where 'killing' is a class. The final, I hear, is murder. (rimshot)

Oh yes, I have no clue why, but West Point wants me. As does Brandeis, despite the fact that I'm about as Jewish as I am a Cadillac. (about 1%, after the accident) sadly, there isn't a "I don't want to go to a religious college, so for the love of your god, please stop contacting me. Amen" option.

While your facilities are lovely and your beer pong team world-class, I'm not going screw you and the horse you rode in on. Love, college boy

Sick Day

No, I wasn't sick. And I haven't been for a while. That has me just a bit worried. I'm never sick during the shit-weather that is winter: I get sick during the most beautiful weather, because God hates me. In any event, when I do get sick, it's a very low-maintenance affair. I wake up tired, disoriented and feeling like crap. I spend the rest of the day in a stupor, and I don't get enough sleep. Actually, if it weren't for the occasional vomiting, it would be exactly like a school day.

Now that I think of it, school is a disease. The way you feel going to school is exactly like the symptoms of most things. And let's be honest, the only way you get out of school is by vomiting. Usually, they're like "that's too bad, listen, just stick it out a little longer until the end of the day, and if you feel any worse, get it looked at." But the moment you start throwing up, it's like somebody said the magic word. Suddenly the world is yours. Nowhere is this more true than with my little sister.

She was sick recently, and it was the hardest two days of my life, sort of. Just so y'all know, she's like an A-team plan in that she's crazy. The difference comes in that plans on the A-Team actually work. And as the youngest in the family, she has the luxury of getting away with it. Not that I'm at all bitter, but what the hell? I'll explain the scope of the treachery that took place.

As soon as she announced that she was sick, she immediately took up residence on the couch in the family room, all very close to the television and kitchen. Common sense would dictate that she would choose a spot out of the way, where she can suffer in silence. But with my sister, sickness is a drama, and we all must watch it unfold.

Oh, in all her delicate constitution, we were unable to cook anything, as the mere smell of food would make her nauseous. Which would seem to be another reason to flee to her room, but that would require effort. So, after cooking a pizza no more than 50 feet from her, and having it be cooking for no less than 15 minutes, only after I pull it from the oven does she start to complain, and she wanted me to "get rid of it". I was fortunately granted the ability to consume the pizza in the living room, where it would not offend her precarious balance of temper. I would so hate to do that, you know.

But here's what has me most concerned: I have not been sick all winter. This is Minnesota; isn't it like the law? Really the last time I was sick enough to miss school it was my own fault, as I inadvertently caused a side-effect in my body. I think I have a goody-goody immune system, which keeps me free from any possible sickness that might prevent me from the joy that is high school. I hate my immune system. I'm trying to sabotage it, but it keeps on chugging like a fratboy on nickel beer night. Plodding on like a rugby player trying to make it to the end-zone-thingy. Still kicking, like Dick Clark, only less awkward. I hear he was once young. And vaguely sexy. Now he looks like a corduroy vest with a mouth-hole.

Ironically, that image is making me nauseous.

Fear as Quolk

Ladies and Gentlemen, I have an announcement to make: despite what *some people* seem to think (people who shall remain nameless in order to protect their identities, and obscure the fact that I have no clue who they are) I am not gay. I like women. Quite a bit, actually, but they never seem to like me in 'that way'. I'm not sure why people have come to the conclusion that I am indeed a homosexual, but it may have something to do with my pink shirt.

I'm going to be perfectly honest about how I feel. I know I have music tastes that include slightly more Gwen Stefani and the Village people than most people have, or are willing to admit to having. I also have a... thing for European dance pop. I like Abba, which my dad calls "music for gay Swedes". To be perfectly fair, my iPod has enough techno on there to drown it out. Techno isn't latently homosexual, right?

But lets be honest: all men are at least slightly gay. Take Chuck Norris for example. Now Chuck Norris is the exception to the rule. He is the only person with muscles on his muscles. And his muscles' muscles are bigger than yours. There are also unconfirmed rumors of him being able to kick your ass just by exhaling. Apparently, he was hungry for pork, stumbled upon 3 small houses and the rest, as they say, is history.

Now, people love Chuck Norris and his movies, especially men. But would people love him as much if he was built like Drew Carey? Or me for that matter? (I'd like to think yes, but probably not) ask any man why not, and they'll likely start mentioning his physical strength, before moving on to his well-sculpted body and massive throbbing oh god did I just say that.

Okay, now to make this essay-type-thing not play out like a 500 word gay joke, I'll bring up an interesting point, from the author of *Self Made Man*, Nora Vincent. It's a woman who had the balls enough to spend 18 months masquerading as a man, to find out just what makes us tick. (I'll give you a hint: it rhymes with 'hex') (honesty point here, I have not actually read the book, but I listened to the NPR radio story and the 'Colbert Report' interview. All information I owe some credit to) Anywho, (s)he mentions that there is a slight difference in the brains of men and women. (who knew?) After listening to the differences, I realized that I have brain chemistry that more closely resembles the feminine. And because all self-diagnosed conditions are true, I'll explain what that means. Watch what you say when you order food: "I'll have a steak"= male brain. "excuse me, but I'd like a steak"= female brain "MEAT WENCH"= Chuck Norris. It's all in the 'excuse me', because apparently there's a tendency in the female brain to apologize unnecessarily for things. Sorry if you feel this isn't true; I can look it up for sure. And again, I'll keep this from turning into a 'let's point out all the stereotypes of women that Klaus has including but not limited to a love of shopping, talking about feelings, and thinking Jake Gyllenhall is hot' but I refuse to stoop that low, even for comedy's sake. But I'll stop now. This really isn't helping my dad think I'm not gay.

Sorry. Maybe I should've made it a more fabulous issue.