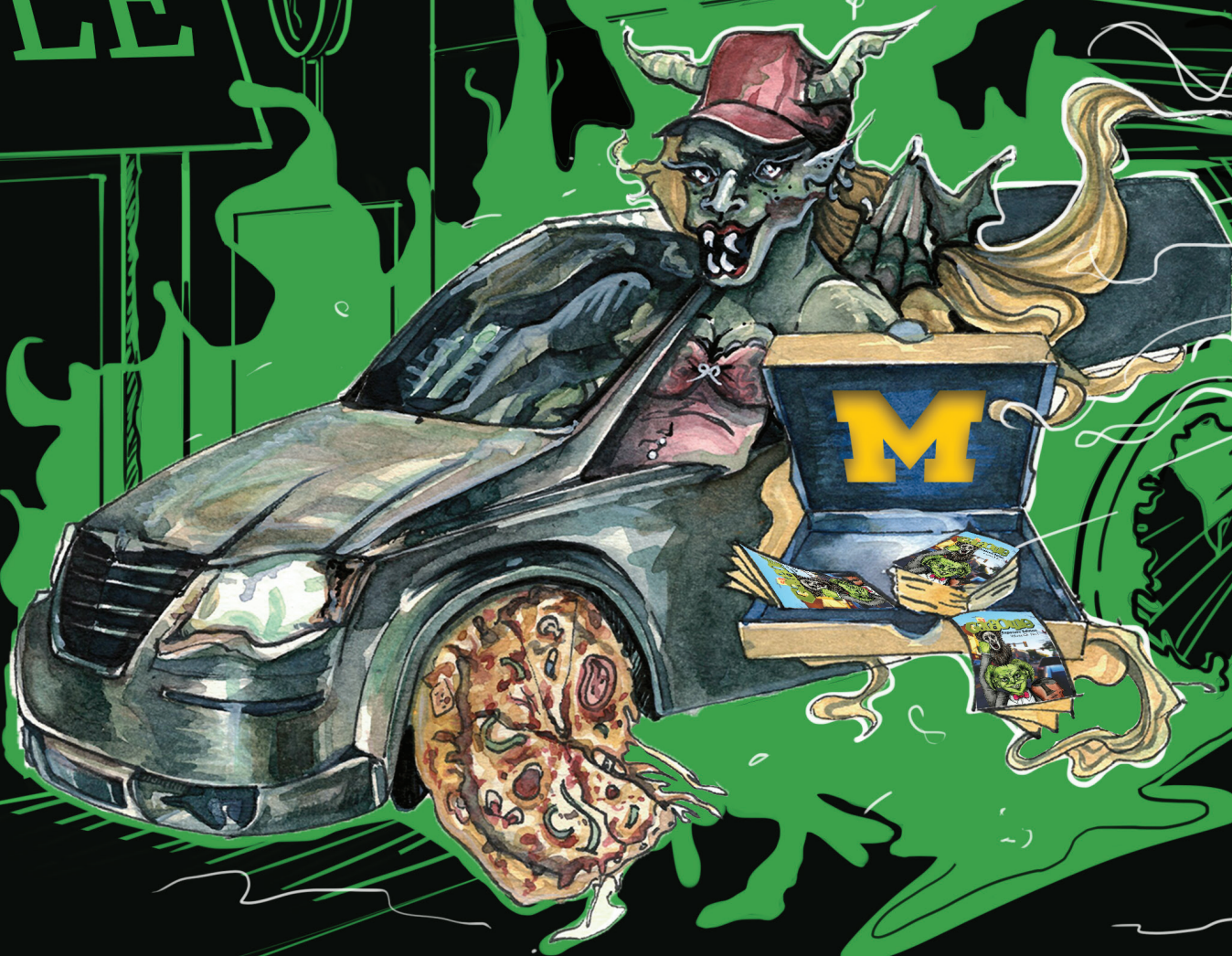


Garboque

Volume 111 No. 1
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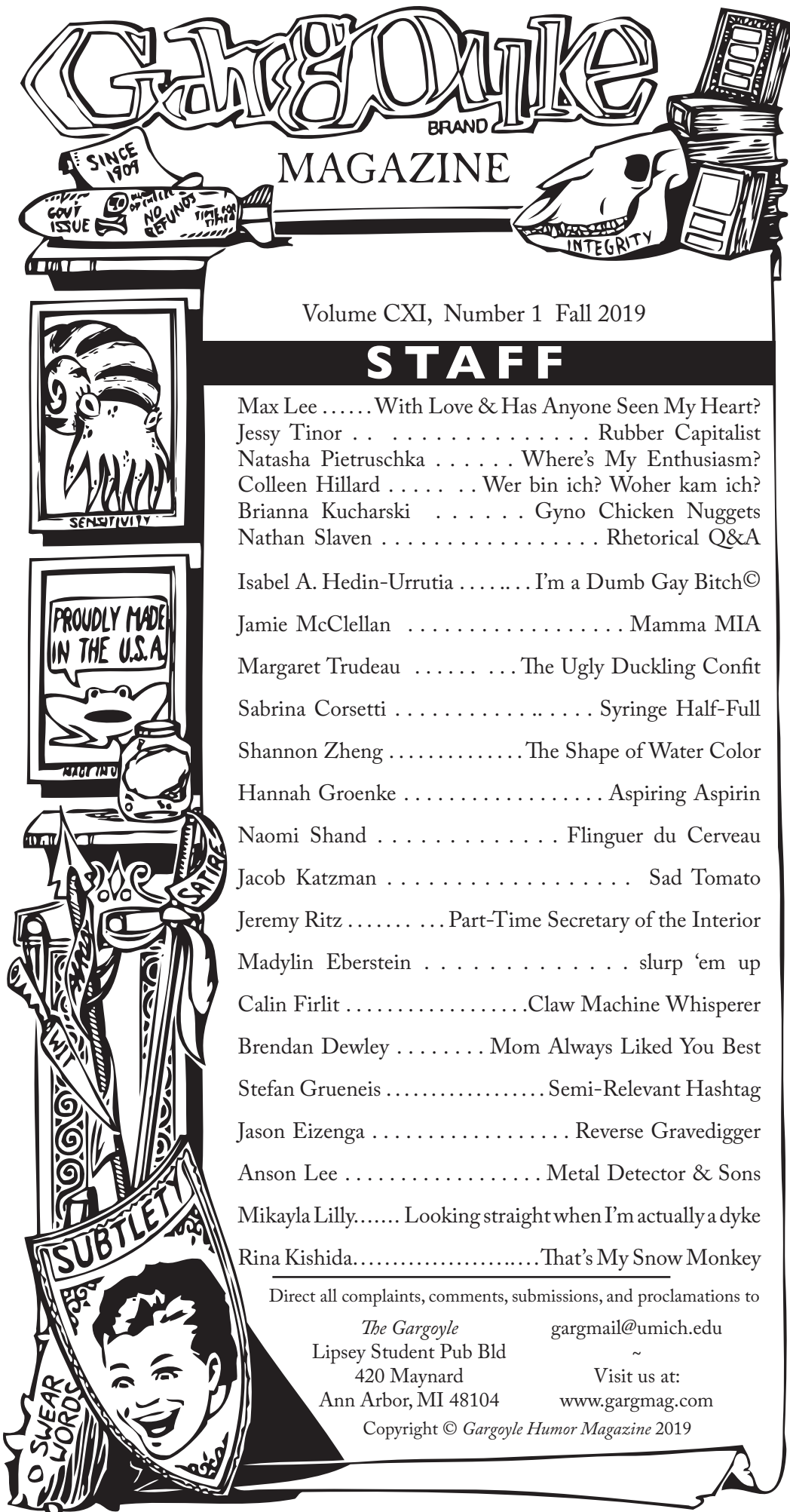


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CONJOINED ⁱⁿ CHASTITY

The
ultimate
purity
pact!



*matching
rings not
included

THE GARGOYLE'S

Written by Jason Eizenga, Illustration by K.AMI

So you've finally scraped together (or scooped out of granddaddy's pockets) the cash to study abroad in Paris. Fortunately for you, the best case scenario of your decision is that you spend twelve weeks being disrespected by strangers and the rest of your life over-pronouncing words in restaurants.

But what should you do while you're there? Don't get ahead of yourself. France can be full of surprises, especially for an unsuspecting bourgeois like yourself. Before you know it, your study abroad experience might have you seeing from a new perspective.

FOOD AND DRINK

France is famous for its cuisine (pronounced: qwiz-ie). Be sure to head to a cafe, made famous as the staging grounds of France's numerous revolutions. While French coffee isn't much different from anywhere else in the world, neither is any of the other food. When you head to a restaurant in France, carefully disguise your elite accent from the locals as you attempt to order using the French you learned from a pirated dictionary on the plane ride. Inevitably, you will fail and be tried as a bourgeois tyrant. Your ensuing execution by guillotine ensures you won't have to pay the tab for that bottle of Chateau Lafite.

SITES TO SEE

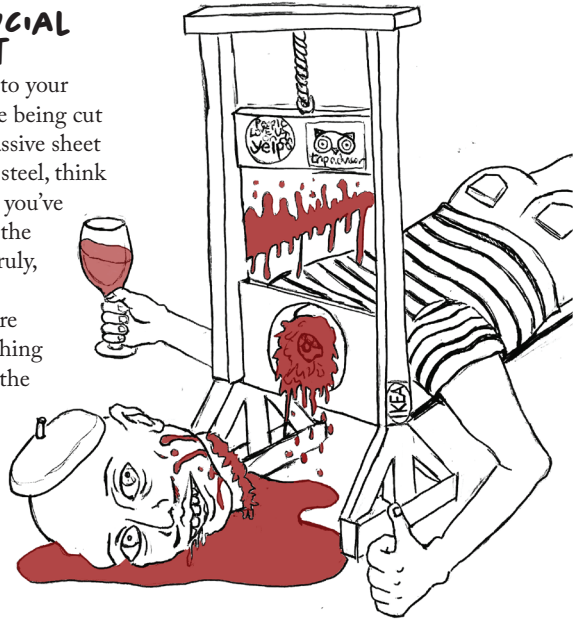
During your stay in Paris, be sure to see the sites. The famously hideous Eiffel tower is certainly worth a visit. Its architect hated it so much he ate lunch in it every day to be certain he didn't have to look at it. As its ghastly visage overtakes your vision, take as many pictures as possible to preserve the memory of the most hideous building on planet Earth. Your obvious interest in the local architecture will mark you as a dirty bourgeois tourist. Attempt to outrun the French police as best you can (recognizable by their red berets). They will catch you within minutes. Your immediate execution by guillotine will conveniently save you the cab fare back to the hostel.

ART AND CULTURE

Every foreign scum that passes through Paris should be sure to visit the Louvre, home to the world's most underwhelming painting. After ignoring all the other works in the museum to wait hours in line to see the only painting you've ever heard of, the Mona Lisa, you will be immediately struck by the fact that it sucks. It's tiny, and doesn't even look like a person that much. Consumed by your hubris, be sure to go into a furious rage that attracts the attention of security. Not to worry; the Louvre keeps a guillotine on hand for just this purpose, so it won't be much of a walk.

THE CRUCIAL MOMENT

Leading up to your visit to France being cut short by a massive sheet of sharpened steel, think of how much you've learned from the experience. Truly, to encounter another culture is a brilliant thing that expands the horizons of your mind. That is, before you lose it entirely.



**We're sure you've noticed that this is Volume 111, Issue 1.
To celebrate this we are printing 1,111 1's.**

[illegible]

Please email us at gargmail@umich.edu if we miscounted.

How Do You Know

She's a
START HERE!

Lesbian?

TOTALLY GAY! ♀

Does she have short hair?

No

Yes

Does she have a tube top on?

No

Is she wearing something denim?

No

Yes

SORRY DYKE, BUT SHE'S STRAIGHT

Do her nails go past her fingertips?

a/llo would bang

♂ (EW)

Yes

No

What color are they?

black

yellow, gnarly, like a witch

Yes

Has she listed "howling at the moon" on her resumé?

How TF is this a question

The fuck is wrong with you. This is a serious flowchart.

I'm a Dumb Gay Bitch™ and I deserve to be smited.

Just a GOTH, or an art student or both

WERE WOLF
(likely a lesbian)

ExCePtIoNs To IdIoMs

A Collaborative Mistake

Have you ever heard an adage and thought to yourself: “well, not if [insert edge case].” Do you hate when people use a saying without Dr. Strange-ing themselves forward throughout all possible realities to make sure it holds true? Then Exceptions to Idioms is the franchise for you! Mansplainers, let your repressed “well, actually”s run free in this world of inaccurate aphorisms. Aspiring lawyers, break apart the logical fallacies in these witless “words of wisdom.” Edgy 14-year-olds, even you can join in the art of debunking these problematic proverbs.

Also, we know that these are technically sayings, not idioms. But “Exceptions to Sayings” is a shit title.

Idiom	Exception
Two wrongs don't make a right.	You mistakenly made a left turn but then make an illegal U-turn to fix it.
Beggars can't be choosers.	Choosing between Kickstarter and GoFundMe.
You can't have your cake and eat it oo.	Just eat half lol.
One man's trash is another man's treasure.	Ted Cruz.
An apple a day keeps the doctor away.	You're allergic to apples.
A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.	The bird is an endangered species.
The grass is always greener on the other side.	Golf courses.
Honesty is the best policy.	2016.
You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink.	Horse whisperers; horse-owners in California.
Don't count your chickens before they hatch.	You're a chicken farmer doing your taxes.
Laughter is the best medicine.	You have clinical depression.
A journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step.	You use a wheelchair.
Better safe than sorry.	You're Canadian; you're trying to steal a base in baseball.
Hindsight is 20/20.	Realizing that looking directly at the sun was a bad idea.
If you don't have anything nice to say, don't say anything at all.	You're at a roast.
Absence makes the heart grow fonder.	The donor for your heart transplant goes missing
All that glitters is not gold.	You have the combination of Midas's and Medusa's powers, so everything you look at turns to gold.

Idiom	Exception
Never put off until tomorrow what you can do today.	It's your bachelor party.
Slow and steady wins the race.	Most races; race wars.
The apple doesn't fall far from the tree.	You're an ant, because distance is relative.
Money doesn't grow on trees.	GMOs in ten years, probably.
Time is money.	On a black hole event horizon.
What goes up must come down.	In Zero-G; fucking Apple stock.
What goes around comes around.	Smallpox.
Close but no cigar.	Relapsing when you're trying to quit smoking.
Don't jump the gun.	You're being mugged. You're playing hopscotch at a gun show.
We'll cross that bridge when we get there.	The American border.
Speak of the devil.	Not to his faceeee, rude >:(
A house divided against itself cannot stand.	If both sides are load-bearing walls.
Actions speak louder than words.	When you have a loudspeaker.
Practice makes perfect.	When you're trying to be perfect on the first try.
Lightning never strikes the same place twice.	When lightning strikes the same place twice.
No pain, no gain.	The British empire; buying BitCoin, apparently.
That's like stealing candy from a baby.	The baby's mother knows krav maga.
What doesn't kill you makes you stronger.	Getting shot in both kneecaps.
Speak softly and carry a big stick.	You're talking to an old person; you're going through TSA.
Sticks and bones may break my bones but words will never hurt me.	Getting tattooed/branded.
Remember the Alamo!	Anyone not in the Texas school system.
An elephant never forgets.	The elephant has Alzheimer's; the Alamo.
White people have no culture.	
Everything's bigger in Texas.	The number of people who understand the causes of the Mexican-American war.

Idiom	Exception
What happens in Vegas stays in Vegas.	Pretty much anything that happens in Vegas.
Those who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones.	An assassin breaks in and all you have near you are your pet rocks.
Let sleeping dogs lie.	They're about to die of carbon monoxide poisoning.
Don't kick a man while he's down.	That's probably someone's fetish.
Don't look a gift horse in the mouth.	You're an equine dentist.
Silence is golden.	
God helps those who help themselves.	You're God.
A leopard never changes its spots.	Leopard kittens.
Don't shit where you eat.	You, Courtney. Because you should eat shit, Courtney. Yep, I'm calling you out in the middle of a piece even though it completely breaks immersion. That's how much I want you to eat shit.
Keep your friends close and your enemies closer.	You have no friends.



Idiom	Exception
Two heads are better than one.	Conjoined twins.
Time flies when you're having fun.	On a black hole event horizon.
Better late than never.	Drinking expired milk; abortion.
It's no use crying over spilled milk.	You're a baby and your mother had an aneurysm while breastfeeding you.
All's fair in love and war.	<i>The Bachelor</i> ; the Geneva Conventions.
To make an omelette you have to break a few eggs.	Nutritional yeast and cashew butter make for a good vegan omelette.
Nice guys finish last.	Steve "fokin ay" Irwin.
Don't judge a man until you've walked a mile in his shoes.	Women; amputees.
Mess with the bull, you get the horns.	You might get trampled on. Or if you're armed with a lanza you can probably just stab the bull.
Let he who is without sin cast the first stone.	He who is without sin.
Give a man a fish, feed him for a day. Teach a man to fish, feed him for a lifetime.	Only works if said man wants to be a fucking fisherman.
Blood is thicker than water.	Hemophiliacs; ice.
Three's a crowd.	Crowdfunding.
It's 5 o'clock somewhere.	59 minutes out of every hour.
A penny saved is a penny earned.	Pennies minted before 1982 are worth less than the copper they're composed of, so saving them is a waste of money if you know basic metallurgy.
Don't bite the hand that feeds you.	You're a cannibal.
Don't judge a book by its cover.	You're a judge.
Home is where the heart is.	Jellyfish.
Don't put all your eggs in one basket.	Easter eggs.
In the land of the blind, the one-eyed man is king. Do unto others what you would have them do unto you.	The one-eyed man is also blind; the ruler is democratically elected.
Do unto others what you would have them do unto you.	BDSM.
You can't fit a round peg in a square hole.	The square hole is bigger than the round peg.

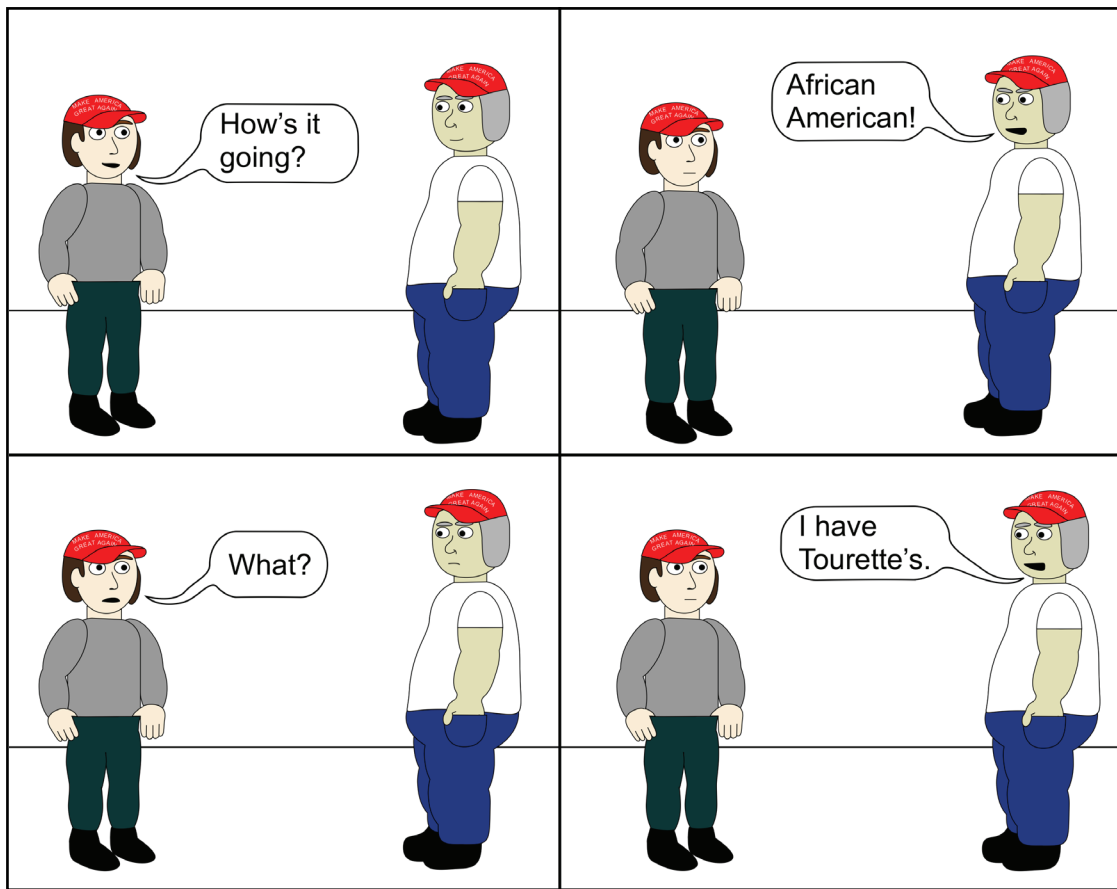


Illustration by K.AMI

The Gargoyle Reluctantly Presents

THE BATTLE OF THE BIGGEST JOHN



JIMMY JOHN

VS.

PAPA JOHN

Written by Stefan Grueneis

There are 5.1 million John's in the United States alone, but two of them stand far above the others. I'm talking about Jimmy John and Papa John.

Don't let the graphic fool you. Both John's can transcend their own wrinkly dad bods. Legend has it that they each left a part of their soul encased in their franchises. The only way for the "bigger John" to triumph is if the other John goes out of business.

For years, Ann Arbor was undoubtedly pro-Jimmy John. With its excellent sandwiches at a low low price, freaky fast delivery, its innovative app – now available on the App Store or wherever you download your apps – it was able to build up outposts on every block. They have seeped into the culture of the University of Michigan. The dining halls delis must be closed most of the day because they just can't compete with Jimmy John's big boy ability.

Papa John, meanwhile, was plotting his first offensive strike in Ann Arbor. Papa John recently took a huge hit after he yelled the gamer word in a high-pressure phone conference (One category Papa beats Jimmy up good in is that Papa is a true gamer). That, and his pizza sucks. With those setbacks, Papa decided to wage war in Ann Arbor to destroy Jimmy John.

Papa thought he should start his offense small, but a new alliance ended that meager dream. Another big Johnny, John Bolton, was recently kicked off the hit news cycle, *The Iran Project* (I hate it when showrunners get booted). In need of another prolific regime

change, Johnny pleaded to Papa about getting back into the game. Papa accepted. Now Papa isn't the only one using the gamer word.

Well now, it was time for action. Johnny B. just wanted to kill everyone inside big boy Jimmy John's franchises, though Papa's not that sociopathic. The Papa thought that maybe targeting key arsenals was the best approach. And what is the one thing white college students want most on their sandwiches: mayonnaise. Not the spicy yummy kind, just the goo that looks like pus from your acne ridden middle school phase.

Papa and his new bitch Johnny Bolton were in the war room when they supervised a team of underpaid teenagers to steal the mayonnaise. The mayo was overwhelming, and Papa knew just what to do with it. The next day, Papa and his team came up with a new toxic waste unknown to mankind: mayonnaise as pizza sauce. Papa knows what the children like. After all, he is making pizza in Michigan.

When Jimmy John woke up from his freaky fast food coma, he was startled. Big boy Jimmy underestimated the sheer will of his new opponent. Jimmy John had unfortunately relied too much on mayonnaise on every sandwich in his menu. Now, Papa's mayo virus was expanding in scope and popularity. Every single Jimmy John on every single block in Ann Arbor was closing. Jimmy John's soul was weakening bit by bit. All seemed hopeless.

Because of this, Jimmy John had to add a

new item: a chicken sandwich. No, of course not a deli chicken sandwich; he wouldn't dare not innovate further. This one is fried. Jimmy John, fearful of Papa beating him up, had to create this revolutionary new menu item in complete secrecy. It's smart when you truly think about it. A southern boy named Popeye started a social media frenzy by having a tiny chicken on tiny bread with very hard pickles. Jimmy John didn't need super hard pickles; Jimmy John didn't need to pump his own recipe up on twitter; the big boy Jimmy John had a...16-inch chicken sandwich.

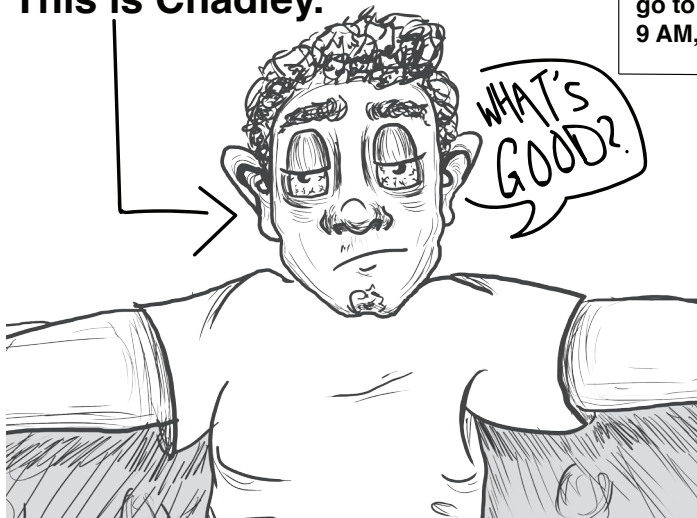
The recipe was successfully hidden from the abusive Papa and his evil sidekick Johnny Bolton. Now, it was time to reveal it. And it was just in time. Papa John had a press event, about to launch his new ketchup pizza. Big boy Jimmy John only had a little bit of time left to reveal his greatest invention. At the press release, Jimmy John and his college student workforce all wore trench coats and slowly handed these 16-inch sandwiches to the press. And, unsurprisingly, they loved it (what makes fried chicken is the bun. And that's a fact). Big boy Jimmy John was able to exposed his own awesomeness, and Papa and Johnny Bolton were terrified. And characteristically, in this high-pressure situation, Papa and Johnny Bolton yelled the gamer word with the hardest "R" imaginable. Indeed, the bad guys lost the battle. Papa and Bolton had to retreat from the public eye. All the franchises in Ann Arbor were closed soon afterwards. A Jimmy John's soon popped up on every corner in Ann Arbor. Jimmy John - with his quality sandwiches and self-control in high pressure situations - definitively proved he was *The Biggest John*.

Code of Conduct for All Graduate Student Instructors at the University of Michigan

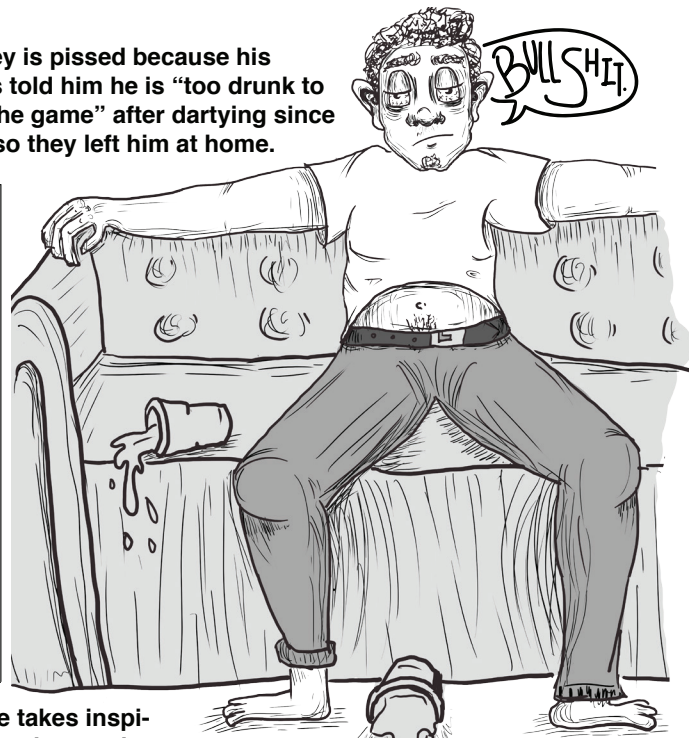
1. All GSIs must follow proper dress code regarding professional attire, protective attire, etc., and are not allowed to participate in "Hawaiian Hump Days."
2. "Because they forgot my birthday" is not a valid reason to fail an entire class of undergraduates in a laboratory course.
3. All Computer Science GSIs are to refrain from using physical force or ritual sacrifice when attempting to make their code compile.
4. It is not recommended that Chemistry GSIs settle disputes over distribution of laboratory equipment by licking it to designate it as theirs.
5. Under no circumstances are any Psychology GSIs permitted to replicate the Stanford Prison experiment with undergraduates.
6. Gender Studies GSIs are not permitted to use any information obtained from the social media platform known Tumblr in graduate theses.
7. Under no circumstances are any English GSIs to send marital aids to faculty members with a letter attached arguing that said marital aid is in fact "a metaphor".
8. All GSIs conducting research within the math department must obtain prior departmental approval before proposing a thesis arguing numerical evidence for the existence of a religious deity.
9. All GSIs, irrespective of research laboratory, are hereby banned from telling other GSIs wishing to transfer into their supervisor's laboratory that they are "too ugly" to do so.
10. Under no circumstances are Psychology GSIs allowed to conduct unauthorized research, particularly on undergraduate students, and especially not in order to test such vague Freudian notions as "daddy issues."
11. Smoking marijuana in university classrooms is not a valid form of generating new Philosophical theory and remains illegal under city and state law (smoking indoors on state-owned property is not legal anywhere in the U.S)
12. A law was recently passed prohibiting any individual pursuing or intending to pursue a PhD in Physics from forming any non-profit or religious organization in the state of Michigan. The University mandates that all Physics GSIs keep outside of at least 50 feet of each other at all times, and not communicate with one another either via email, social media, messaging platforms, verbally, or telepathically, and any collaboration, collusion or celebration between Physics GSIs is strictly forbidden.
13. "Chuckling a giant hunk of sodium into the CCRB pool and seeing what happens" is not a permitted form of chemical experimentation, nor does its construction adhere to the scientific method, as no null hypothesis is specified.
14. Inciting heated physical conflict between members of various religious organizations on campus is not considered grounds for "promoting healthy theological debate" for Philosophy GSIs and is, in fact, strictly forbidden.
15. Due to the consequent mass hysteria and the overloading of private email servers, the use of the phrase "send this to 20 people or you will never pass your PhD defense" is not permitted within any email to or from a U-M email account.
16. Under no circumstances are History GSIs permitted to run into crowded CHEM 130 lectures screaming "the British are coming! The British are coming!" on the grounds that it is apparently incredibly disturbing, specifically to Chemistry GSIs that may be in the room.
17. ~~No Chemistry GSIs, nor Neurochemistry GSIs, nor Biochemistry GSIs~~ No GSI within any department is permitted to include personal accounts of unauthorized/unsupervised experimentation with illegal substances in their graduate thesis.
18. Reference to any cult operated by Physics GSIs between the years of 2008 and 2018, or any incidents resulting from the University-wide conversion to said cults, with the exception of this document, is hereby forbidden. Any GSI found in violation of this motion will be expelled from the University without recourse.
19. Due to previous incidents resulting in the necessity of the renovation of the Michigan Student Union, all GSIs in all departments are hereby banned from participating in Graduate Student "Raves", or "Graves", on any part of the official U-M campus.
20. Psychology GSIs are not allowed to conduct unauthorized experiments on Chemistry GSIs regarding the aforementioned "universal fear of the British" apparently afflicting 91% of the Chemistry department, no matter how fascinating and/or humorous it may be.

Written by Isabel A. Hedin-Urrutia

This is Chadley.



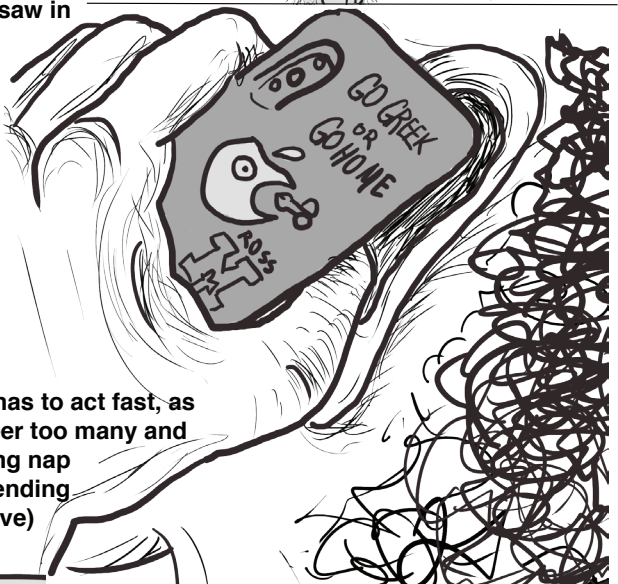
Chadley is pissed because his friends told him he is "too drunk to go to the game" after dartying since 9 AM, so they left him at home.



Chadley is hungry. He takes inspiration from a storefront he saw in one of five Jimmy John's establishments he saw on campus and orders his favorite cold sandwich.



He knows he has to act fast, as he had one beer too many and he feels a very long nap (or blackout, depending on your perspective) coming on.



BRO, OPEN UP! IT IS JIMMY JOHN'S!

But alas, his food comes too late.

Sleep well, sweet prince. Sleep well.



Freaky fast delivery is nothing but an empty promise in today's world, because we do not have enough resources to maintain the freaky fast lifestyle. Five Jimmy John's stores on campus are not enough. Don't play the Chadlies of the world like this. We demand change. Call your local representative today to assure that this tragedy is no longer a weekly reality.

#notfreakyfastenough

This PSA was paid for by Delta Apple Pi, a FRATBROS Association.

Dear Dr. Hartmann



Dr. Anton Hartmann is an esteemed Berkeley psychologist with over twenty-five publications and thirty years of clinical experience. He enjoys hiking with his two ferrets, collecting rare earth elements, and trainspotting in his free time.

DEAR DR. HARTMANN,

My girlfriend and I have been having, well, let's just say that my soldier won't salute. Now before you ask, we've tried everything: pills, rubber bands, screaming at it. I'll lose my girlfriend if this goes on much longer!

-A very anxious lover

DEAR A VERY ANXIOUS LOVER,

There is no need to feel ashamed of your humiliating erectile dysfunction. Although we can cure this disorder with modern psychological methods, I am still ethically obligated to inform your girlfriend that she should begin seeking other potential mates to avoid dishonoring her family. That being said, your erectile dysfunction is likely a symptom of what Freud would call a minor relapse into the anal stage of development. You must restore your confidence that you are a fully actualized adult! Consider wearing a Superman costume during coitus, although I personally have found He-Man to be a more effective option.

Best,

Dr. Anton Hartmann

DEAR DR. HARTMANN,

Two days ago, some jackass on a ventilator stole my parking spot at the local Olive Garden! I was so angry! I smashed his windshield with a rock and maced his wife! Now I'm on house arrest and they've threatened to press charges if I don't get help. How do I control my anger?

-A very angry woman

DEAR A VERY ANGRY WOMAN,

Oftentimes we find ourselves in situations which are less than ideal, but this is a normal part of life. In fact, I too became quite upset just the other day when my favorite tweed sweater-vest lost its top button! The key is to keep our anger only apparent to our backdoor selves. When my tweed lost its button, I felt like streaking through my practice while pelting my clients with golf balls. Instead, I practiced my Tibetan breathing exercises and listened to We Built This City on repeat for six hours in my office. You must find a healthy coping strategy that works for you!

Best,

Dr. Anton Hartmann

DEAR DR. HARTMANN,

I think something's wrong with my daughter! Yesterday I found her pulling the legs off spiders in the backyard! Is she a psychopath? Please send help!

-A very concerned mother

DEAR A VERY CONCERNED MOTHER,

Let me assure you that your daughter's behavior is completely typical. In fact, the great Piaget defined this type of play as part of the concrete operational stage of development. With time, your daughter will lose interest in spiders and pursue more constructive endeavors, perhaps harvesting kidneys from malnourished street urchins. I for one enjoyed setting small rodents on fire before I discovered psychology!

Best,

Dr. Anton Hartmann

DEAR DR. HARTMANN,

I'm writing to you because there's a tiny Dutchman living in my stomach. I'm not talking about gas. No, this little bastard moved in about three months back and he refuses to leave! He's causing me terrible indigestion and he shouts racial slurs during my chemistry lecture! I figured a steady diet of jellybeans and coffee would eventually kill him from scurvy, but it only seems to rile him up! I'm all out of ideas at this point, I need some help!

-A man with a squatting problem

DEAR A MAN WITH A SQUATTING PROBLEM,

A traditional psychoanalyst would diagnose your troublesome Dutchman with what we like to call a lingering insecure attachment disorder. I've heard that this disorder is rather common in the Benelux, but I digress. What you're going to want to do is to employ some milkbones, a small bell and some old fashioned classical conditioning to train him to jump on command. Eventually, you can hang yourself upside down from some monkeybars, ring the bell, and the pesky little guy should come right out!

Best,

Dr. Anton Hartmann

Written by Jacob Katzman, Illustration by Shao Hua Li

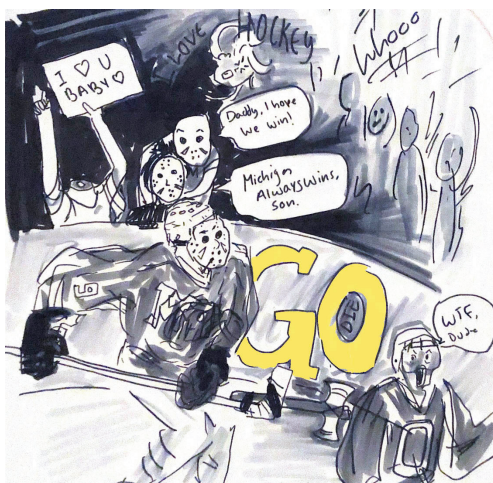
THINGS TO DO AT U-M IN OCTOBER



For lovers, take that special someone out to the Forest Hill Cemetery. Make great memories by sharing some ouid over a fresh Natty Light.



For underclassmen, U-M is offering a limited time edition of Relationship Remix! Sign up if you haven't already. 18+ only. 5 PM at the Arb.



Come down for a Michigan hockey game, the only thing worse for your teeth than candy. You won't be able to see the puck, but we both know you only came for the fight anyways.

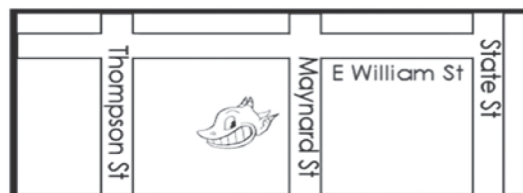
By Elizabeth Yoon

HEY YOU. JOIN THE GARGOYLE.

Are you interested in any
of the following?

Humor Writing • Illustration
• Design • Marketing • Social
Media • Business •
Videography • Photography
• Youtube videos of cats &
laughing babies

Come to any of our weekly
meetings on **Fridays at 6
PM** at the **Stanford Lipsey
Student Publications
Building, 420 Maynard.**



For further information, email
us at gargmail@umich.edu.



Extremely Specific Major Rewards

By Brendan Dewley

Many students don't realize the large breadth of rewards available to students who declare their major. Use this helpful guide to figure out your next major before you inevitably change your mind again, you piece of shit.

Remember when you had dreams? You stuck to your own ideas, and wanted to make something for yourself. Then, you had to start caring about how 'practical' your plan would be. Hey, at least if your eternal conscious is never settled and you may never be fully happy with yourself, at least you have these prizes to console yourself with.

Earth Science Science	A pet rock or something, I don't know
Businuess	Supply <i>and</i> Demand
Mathematics	A baker's dozen
Art History	Emotional fulfillment
Communications	An iPhone 4s
Biology	Cooties
Computer Science	Scientific cooties
Psychology	A psychopath
Astronomy	Moon cooties
American Culture	All of the racist parts they took out of the history books (shhh)
English	Weirdly enough, a Spanish minor
Gender and Health	Ben Shapiro whispering "facts don't care about your feelings" softly into your ear
Physics	Raw motor oil
Statistics	The sum of its parts
Women's Studies	All girls like you now
Russian	A proxy war in Southeast Asia

Don't forget about minors!

Bosnian/Croatian/Serbian, Literature and Culture	Guaranteed employment at any Fortune 500 company, now and always
Community Action and Social Change	Elbow grease
Complex Systems	An inclined plane
Crime and Justice	A 10-4, over
East European Studies	The choice between democracy or communism
Food and the Environment	A really, REALLY good cupcake
Mind and Meaning	An answer
Social Class and Inequality Studies	Retweets on Twitter
Urban Studies	The Sims 4

CL ann arbor >

community >
missed connections

Sexy woman - parking lot near Michigan Stadium

I remember you had big, luscious tits, but I don't really remember anything else. I'm pretty sure your hair was blonde because I only sleep with blonde women. You were probably with your sister because you kept kissing her? I tried to ask for your number, but you said you were a lesbian. I don't know what country Lesbians are from, but as long as you're not illegal we shouldn't have any problems.

I am a good man who will make passionate love to you all night (I'm 5 whole inches). If this sounds like you, or if you are also of the Lesbian variety, please call me soon so my wife isn't home.

- do NOT contact me with unsolicited services or offers.



By Mikayla Lilly

ODE TO SCABIES

A Coming Of Age Story

Intro/Here We Come

(staccato)

Hurry up, boys,
Here we go
We've got to give the
Great-est show

Hurry up, (HEY!)
Here we come
You cannot hide
You cannot run

Our bite is far worse than our bark
But to heed our warning, please
remark:

(cue roll call)

Happy: My name is Happy and I'm
harmless, I swear
Grizz: They call me Grizz, 'cause I'm
just
too much to bear
Cindy: Cindy and I promise I'll be
sweet
Stewart: I'm Stew! I like the dark
meat

(emphatic drumroll)

Here we come,
Oh!
Here we come

We see you, we see you!
We're coming to eat you!

(lights out)

Lonely Scabie

A ballad, in the key of E flat

Stewart:
Could she ever love me?
Could I ever be good enough?
Of course she can't see me
But maybe
I've got the right stuff

She smells like a rose
Epidermis, my home
My lovely legitimate
Parasitic predicament
Sexily skintimate
Love

(descending) Ooh ooh ooh ooh

Skin supple and sweet
(supple and sweet)
She tastes like a treat
(tastes like a treat)
But what could it be
(he's destined to be)
A lonely scabie

[key change: F Major]

What can I do?
Our love's too taboo
I'm dust, I'm debris
As good as a flea
I'm a lonely scabie

(chorus harmonizing) Lonely scabie...

Reclamation

Stewart:

(speaking) I'm starting to think being
a parasitic mite isn't all it's cracked
up to be.

(cue melancholic intro)

I mean what did I do that's so
wrong?
Did I come on a little too strong?
I've been poisoned and picked on, I
scab
and I itch on the inside but that is
not
all...

(faster)

I'm a friendly little guy and I'm a
simple kind of shy.
I don't mean to seem aloof or mean
or rude.
It's just I see a pretty dame and think
oh man, oh what a shame and so I
burrow deep inside, I feel so blue.
And I don't mean to be a bore, it's
just I feel a bit unsure when I say,
"hey man, you scratch my back, I
scratch yours."

It may seem a little rash of me, but
baby, you just gotta see
You may want to scream and shiver,
I'm a tunnel-digging critter
But I make the ladies quiver

Hey, I might be a mite
But a bite's just a bite.
So I'll lay down, I'll shut up,
I'll burrow, I'll scuttle
And until you can kill meeee...
Goodnight!

