

“Great filling,  
tasteless.”



# THE LEPER

## Closet Onlysimchas Viewer Also Closet Homosexual

BY JAYSON BLAIR, JR.

Woodmere, NY – Late one night last week, the parents of local resident Jason Weinberg walked in on their son as he was perusing the guestbook of a recently engaged couple on onlysimchas.com. In a subsequent discussion Jason revealed that he had in fact been a closet viewer of onlysimchas since the Web site’s inception. Interviews with the boy’s peers have led the family to re-evaluate its understanding of Jason’s sexual orientation.

News of Jason’s preferences sent shockwaves through his high school, HAFTR, a modern orthodox institution in Long Island. According to students, Jason has never had any trouble in school and has participated in many extra-curricular activities. He is president of the chess team, an unusually active member of the debate squad, and a dedicated wrestler. A classmate of Jason summed up the prevailing view of Jason’s dumb-founded friends. “I can’t

believe that he spends hours a night checking out posts on onlysimchas,” he said. “That’s so gay.”

Such sentiments have spurred local parents into organizing a grassroots campaign to get the onlysimchas site shut down. The Web site ostensibly provides an on-line forum for Jews to exchange best wishes and photographs on the happy occasions of weddings, bar/bat mitzvahs, engagements, and births. But HAFTR parent Sheila Broslowksi had her doubts. “If onlysimchas can turn Jason gay then what about

the rest of the kids?” she lamented. Many students, citing the site’s flamboyant use of exclamation points, agreed with Broslowksi’s contention that persistent browsing of the site can potentially “gayify” viewers.

Some, however, maintain that the community is jumping to conclusions. “Just because someone reads posts on onlysimchas doesn’t make him gay,” said accountant Phil Silverman. “He could just be a woman.”



Onlysimchas: Are your children safe?

## Hatzolah Medic Can’t Save Boring Date

BY DARATA PUMPSH

New York, NEW YORK — Nesanel Pulaski, a Sy Syms senior and part-time Hatzolah paramedic, altogether failed to provide a pleasurable dating experience for Stern College junior Sherry Weidman, witnesses and senior Dougie’s officials reported.

The thoroughly miserable evening began at approximately 6:15pm EDT when Pulaski arrived at the Stern campus in a commandeered Hatzolah sports utility vehicle. “I guess it could’ve been cool, you know, if the passenger seat wasn’t full of inflated [surgical] gloves and Snickers wrappers,” a sarcastic Weidman acknowledged.

After engaging in a few moments of light banter, Pulaski proceeded to demonstrate for his date several of the “totally awesome” siren varieties available in the vehicle. Prior to each demonstration, Weidman revealed, Pulaski would vocally mimic the sound as well as offer a personal anecdote related to the individual wail.

At around 7:00pm EDT, the couple arrived at Dougie’s BBQ and Grill on Manhattan’s Upper West Side for what Pulaski proudly announced as his fourth time patronizing the eatery in as many days.

(Continued on page 4)

### In Other News:

#### YU

Stern Observer to Invest in Dictionary

#### Foreign

Malaysian Prime Minister Explains Bell Curve to Enthusiastic Muslim Audience

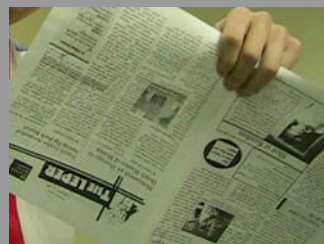
#### Entertainment

Tony Danza Refuses to Disclose Identity of “The Boss”



#### Local

Humor Magazine Met with Confusion, Annoyance



# The Leper Colony

THE LEPER COLONY presents,  
 in association with  
 MARCO and PANAMA,  
 a SLIGHTLY HUMOROUS  
 production  
 ZALMAN IZZY BAGEL  
 CHRISTOPHER MINGUS  
 "THE LEPER"  
 WES COOLEY  
 LESLIE M. (DECEASED)  
 with MIKAYLE BADALUCCO  
 and  
 DANFORTH CHESTERVILLE  
 Introducing  
 BURT HARBINSON  
 Casting by MORTY WILF  
 Music by 50 AGOROT  
 Costume Designer PSI PSYMS  
 Based on the Short Story by  
 GUY INCOGNITO  
 Directed by JOSEPH P. MAMA

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## Why I pay \$30,000 to go to YU...

- ◆ To pay another \$8.50 for supper
- ◆ Men's volleyball
- ◆ I never liked nature
- ◆ Air conditioning just keeps me up at night
- ◆ Because my mother doesn't weigh my salad at home
- ◆ To enjoy a freshly fallen blanket of snow on the ground for those beautiful ten seconds before it all turns to sooty grime
- ◆ I want to "do the right thing."
- ◆ Location, location, location
- ◆ So many minyanim, so little time
- ◆ Richard Joel



## What I Think about Social Security Numbers by Lope Garcia Manuel del Arroyo

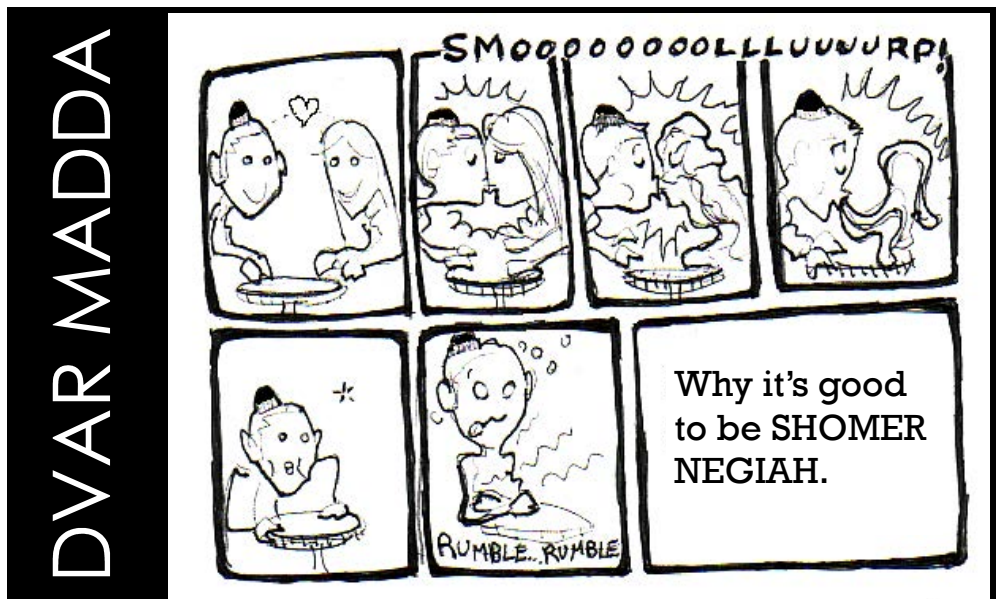
The question is, do they reuse old Social Security numbers after someone dies? The question is an important one. There are 250,000,000 Americans and a bunch of them, myself, or selves, included, have happily managed to acquire a multiple number of identities. But you see, the amount of dead Americans leads to a greater total sum of Americans than the one we have now. Now, the possible permutations of the social security number is great, but not infinite, especially if we discount the silly numbers which never seem to exist, like 123-45-6789, or 000-00-0000. And all those 250,000,000 free and brave Americans alive now will die. In a matter of generations, I seriously fear that the government will run out of identities to give out.

Before anything else, let us investigate the origin of this terrible quandary. The only evidence we have is the logical product of a simple permutation equation and a little common sense, but it points a long, damning finger to a left-wing Freemason communist plot, masterminded by the Pope. Don't play dumb with me, papist. The Roman church, having realized that its lie of salvation through good works was not winning anyone over anymore, has obviously decided to use its newest weapon, mathematics, in its unsatiated quest to dominate the world and make us all its pathetic slaves.

Back to the problem at hand. If this should be true, then in fact, in the eyes of

the government, the number of possible citizens it can have had is finite. Since its conception circa whenever, the Social Security number system has presented the federal government and the American people with a simple way of identification, but at a price: the population of the US is now eternally fixed at  $10^9$ . There are exactly one billion Americans, no more, no less. Some have not been born yet, but the time will come when Americans will exhaust their future identities, and will not be born but rather reborn. In the eyes of the federal government, each of us, perforce, becomes less than just a number. We become a part of an infinitely repetitious series. I am not Lope Garcia Manuel del Arroyo, I am American #765890134.

But perhaps we should not bemoan our fate, but celebrate it. Lope Garcia Manuel del Arroyo, after all, is merely a passing thing. As American #765890134, though, I am guaranteed eternity in the ideal America created by the federal government's file keeping. Today I die, but who knows? Perhaps I shall be resurrected centuries later, called to serve my country one more time. Social Security not only gives us benefits when we grow old and decrepit, but brings a new concept into the universe, bureaucratic reincarnation. The eternal (federal) American people hurtles through time, ready at all times to draw upon its cyclical reserves of patriots.



# FROM THE ARCHIVES

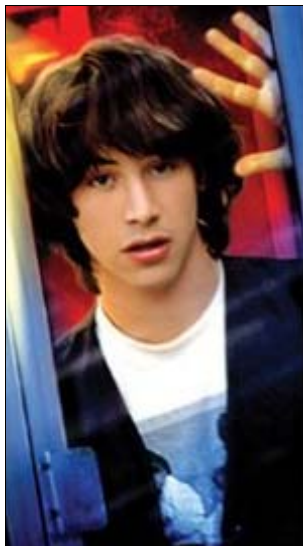
This week marks the final chapter of a trilogy that has captivated the hearts of geeks and supernerds alike throughout the world. Yes, at long last, *The Matrix Revolutions* opens nationwide on November 5. In honor of this historic cinematic event, the good folks at *The Leper* have sifted through their archives and found the original review for the second chapter in the trilogy, *The Matrix Reloaded*, way back in the year 2003. Sit back and enjoy the memories.



## Ed at the Movies The Matrix Reloaded: Bang!

*The Matrix* is back with a bang! Just like my title, haha! Bursting out of the straitjackets of budget limits and production timetables, the pasty-white, dreadlocked Wachowski Brothers and their animated superstar Nemo have produced the lamblastingest laugh riot of the season! Following quickly on the heels of the sleeper hit *Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure* (1989) and the timeless epic *Bill and Ted's Bogus Journey* (1991), Keanu Reeves truly cuts loose in this movie, totally philosopherizing, and righteously bopping much field mice on the head.

Shedding the restrictive demands of plot and logical connection (who has time for those with all these pretty explosions?), the comedic talent in our band of merry men shines like a pair of Oakleys in the California sun. Take Larry Fishburne, whose character, Morpheus, possesses the ability to take up to 97% damage and still perform his Special Move, blowing up cars with his Sword of Power as he does in *Matrix*'s "14 minutes of fame" car-chase scene (actually constructed wholly out of painted Hot Wheels racers). Or Keanu's love interest, Jesus, who is actually a woman, baby! The laughs just keep on coming, though, in the sure hands of the humor-



Keanu Reeves: comic genius!

ously experienced Nero, a.k.a. **The One Who Wears** post-Zen Muumuus, as played by Bill. With such classic pranks as the "bullet-time" cheat code, Neato starts ahead of the video game. In a masterstroke of comedy, the Wachowski clones also parody every

chick flick that walked the ante-apocalyptic Earth with Neon's line, the best of this film: "I won't let you die; I love you too much, dammit!" Oh, the irony! Jesus is resurrected by love! Like, whoa unto me! I haven't been this swoony since *The Titanic Refloated*.

However, I would be remiss not to mention the state-of-the-art, computer-aided gags (CAG) that permeate the film. Whether bounding from tall buildings with a single leap, fighting like

superballs on crack without turning a hair, dancing with hundreds of well-dressed men, or generating a French accent, the boys at Pixar®™ really know how to tailor suits. That scene with General Lee in the Radio Shack was surely my favorite! Indeed, *The Matrix* is certainly

*Reloaded* with a load of something wonderful.

Genre: Comedy  
Length: 78 minutes (plus 60 additional minutes of outtakes dispersed randomly throughout the film)  
Rated: R for humor and "art"  
Plot: Optional  
Ted: Nowhere to be found



## Your Daily Horoscope with Cassandra Faux-Pas

**Libra:** As the Moon enters the Seventh House, and Jupiter aligns with Mars, a pivotal decision is on the horizon. Explore your inner feelings and decide if you really love him... Let me help. You don't. He's a Grade-A bastard. He drinks, he never calls back, and he always leaves the toilet seat up. I don't know why I put up with him. I mean you – you put up with him.

**Sagittarius:** The rings of Neptune are perpendicular to... oh, let's cut the crud. Your girlfriend will dump you tonight. It will be at the Starbucks on 33<sup>rd</sup> Street. She will say, "You're a Grade-A bastard. You drink, you never call back, and you always leave the toilet seat up. I don't know why I put up with you." She will be right. She will then throw scalding hot coffee in your face, leaving her feeling happy and satisfied for the first time in months. Screw you, Steve. I hope you die.



## Reality TV's Latest Offering

BY RAOULE NAGROM

As the post-September 11<sup>th</sup> world floods newspapers, magazines, and television with talk of war, epidemic, unemployment, and the threat of sudden nuclear attack, consumers of the mass media have been left with a choice. They can

cope by ignoring the grave issues of the day or they can stand up and face reality. Many have chosen the latter route, confronting reality nightly on Reality TV, the channel that caters



The set of the newest hit reality show, "Live or Die"

to the increasingly popular programming craze.

Last night, RTV aired the premiere of the latest reality show, "Live or Die," which offers a democratic solution to overpopulation by asking viewers whether a contestant should live or die.

Hosted by Felix Lucifer, a Joey Ramone look-alike with the voice of Casey Kasem, the show gives a contestant one hour to prove himself worthy of continued existence, running him through a battery of tests that allow viewers to get to know him in a variety of areas. The events, which vary week to week, are accompanied by distracting neon lights and suspenseful music with sounds of a palpitating heart in the background.

Last week, guinea-pig contestant Jon McJasper placed his soul in the hands of Lucifer and viewers all over America when he was tested in various areas such as musical ability, brains, brawn, truth or dare, phobia-stamina, sex appeal, sensitivity, clothing style, taste-testing and ESP proficiency. Jon proved adept in many areas, revealing surprise strengths as the show progressed. When given two minutes to figure out how to play Bon Jovi's apropos song "Dead or Alive" on

the mandolin, viewers discovered that Jon has a Masters degree in string instruments. During an event gauging physical strength and coordination by pitting the contestant against a pitching machine, Jon smacked a staggering 57 home runs in 3 minutes, afterwards disclosing that as an aspiring professional baseball

player he has been artificially enhanced with steroids. These successes helped take the sting out of his earlier failed taste test, in which his blindfolded attempt to identify an ice cream flavor was

hampered by an untimely cold.

Over the remaining minutes of the show, entitled the "Final Fifteen," Jon was given the opportunity to call any family member or friend to plead for on his behalf for as long as 6 minutes. To give the viewer both sides of the story, this was followed by two minutes of a different family member or friend speaking against Jon. Jon himself was then allotted 7 minutes to ask viewers for their "life votes." This made for dramatic if predictable TV, as Jon fixed the camera with an innocent puppy-dog gaze, gravely telling his audience, "My life lies in your hands."

Life or death votes are cast via an 800 number or over the Internet up to one week after each show. Viewers can learn of Jon's and future contestants' fates by watching the first minute of the next "Live or Die" episode or checking that week's obituaries. ♠

## Hatzolah Medic's Date Dead On Arrival

(Continued from page 1)

According to several well-placed Dougie's officials, upon being led to a table situated near the rear of the restaurant, Pulaski slipped his startled waitress a five dollar bill and asked to be seated near the front window such that passersby would observe the unlikely scene of Pulaski in the company of a woman.

After ordering a monster burger

*"We're there for three seconds and suddenly he pulls out the hashkafa stuff. What's that all about?"*

with a demand that the chef "not skimp on the chili if he knows what's good for him," Pulaski began quizzing his date about the frequency of her pants-wearing.

"We're there for three seconds and suddenly he pulls out the hashkafa stuff. What's *that* all about?" Weidman added that she had initially misheard "pants" as "dance," as a result of Pulaski's loud and static-generating walkie-talkie.

The remainder of the meal proved uneventful and, at times, uncomfortably awkward. A moment of such unease came on the heels of an inadvertent, yet lengthy gas-passing episode on the part of Pulaski. Though Pulaski attempted to play down the incident by attributing the sound to an instance of shoe/floor contact, Weidman had had enough.

After graciously thanking Pulaski for dinner and ignoring an invitation for drinks on the rotating roof of the Marriot Marquee Hotel and Bar, Weidman quickly returned home and proceeded to take the first of the evening's seven showers.

The New York Times Correction of the Week  
On Monday, an article about the Middle East referred to "...Prime Minister of Israel Ariel Sharon" as a war criminal and terrorist. It should not have capitalized "prime minister," which is a common noun when used in that context.