

Notes from the Underground

Volume II • December 2004



Jordy says, "The Underground knocks me out!"

In this issue:

Mauritanian Claims Rice is Favorite Food

Margaret Thatcher's ex-dogwalker's hairdresser implicated in latest RIM coup attempt

"Locusts not fun anymore" according to local PCV

"Can You Help Me Get a Visa?"

Cat Licks Self Excessively, Karl Watches Jealously

Godfather: Audrey Bottjen
Lounge Singer: Karl Adam
Mama Mia!: Miriam Edwards
Consiglieri: Janine Kossen
Enforcer: Carl Strolle

New Volunteers Transform Selibaby

There's a buzz in the air about astounding changes taking place in Selibaby—with good reason. In just three short months Selibaby has undergone an amazing transformation. Now rising out of the brousse is an oasis of glass, brick and steel. There are paved streets, shopping centers, a newly created business district, green space and a thriving import market. The quality of life has improved. The city has been revitalized.



Before

"It was a bit easier to make radical changes here because we had all sectors in one area and because we're so far from the bureau's scrutiny," remarked Molly, Environmental Education volunteer. "Come to Selibaby these days and you'll swear you've left Mauritania. I've even heard the new Selibaby compared to Paris!" Molly says with a laugh. "I wouldn't go that far, but the difference is breathtaking."

"It was a bit overwhelming at first," says Cailin, Education volunteer. "We were sitting around one day and someone said 'This bites, I'm ready to do something! Why don't we just tear the whole place down and start over!'"

"The more we talked about it, the more it made sense," says Brock, Health and Water Sanitation volunteer. "We put

our heads together and made a plan. We redesigned the city, divided the work based on our sectors, rolled up our sleeves and got to work. After we razed the town, put in paved streets, electricity and built the first few subdivisions, everything just kinda snow-balled."

The group, known as Selibaby Group, Inc., or SGI, is quick to justify the changes made. "We were careful to maintain the Mauritanieness of Selibaby," says Suzanne. As the SED volunteer on the team she's responsible for business development. "Right now I'm working on a tourism program. We'll have taxi-brousse whisk our visitors out to a village for a day of sitting on matelas, drinking tea, then lunch of maffé. By nightfall, they'll be back in the city in their luxury hotel suite getting ready for a night on the town." Suzanne pauses and looks at her watch. "Sorry, must dash. I have a pedi-mani with massage in 10. Ciao!"

SGI's success is not without casual-



After

ties. Painfully absent is Brandon, second year Agfo volunteer. The group does not deny there were problems. "In the beginning Brandon was on board, but after a few weeks he started acting

continued

all weird. Quoting from the volunteer handbook about how we're not supposed to make a profit, or use our positions for personal gain, etc." says Cailin. Brock confirms that "Yes, he was a good friend, but in the end, he was dead weight." When asked about working with Nathan, Agfo volunteer in Guraye, each member of the SGI has the same reply, "Who?!"

"Brandon Guernsey." says Janine Kossen, attorney for SGI, when asked for further comment about his work with the group. "Yes, well, he's quite the handful." Janine concludes as she scans documents in a thick file. "I will be honest and say that we've had some issues with Mr. Guernsey impeding the work of the volunteers. I thought it best my clients sever working and personal ties with him." According to Janine, Brandon is currently in a "reeducation program"

and is unavailable for an interview. He is scheduled to rejoin the group "sometime next year". When asked about Nathan, the other second-year volunteer, and his relationship with the group Janine is brutally honest, "As long as we keep him saturated with booze, women and an ass-load of ouguiya, he's no problem."

Janine admits to receiving a six-digit salary from the SGI for her services in addition to helicopter shuttle two days a week from Kaedi and a penthouse in posh *Toubab Towers*. "No, it's not my region," Janine says, "But I care about the people of Mauritania and want to help in anyway I can."

Conflicts aside, the work continues. If you ask the group what has been their biggest achievement so far all agree that including wiring for internet in all construction, although expensive, was a sound decision. "The *Email to Prayer* has replaced that pesky amplified call." says Carl Strolle, ICT volunteer. "The recipient can set up the email to play an actual call to prayer if they want and have our patented Muslim-Dude animated character perform the prayer movements when the email notification comes in. We designed the system to be compatible with Mauritel's network and a model for the whole country."

SGI works from of a 16-room chateau that has gardens, wine cellar - for Suzanne's personal collection, mini movie theater and stables. "We do most of the brainstorming and planning here at the chateau," says Molly sitting in the expansive sunroom sipping *Starbucks*. "The day-to-day operations are done downtown at our 7-story office building. By living together we can easily coordinate our efforts. I know Peace Corps thinks that volunteers living to-



The chateau

gether slows language acquisition, but since we all have interpreters, communication with the locals is a breeze!"

The sprawling house includes a suite for each volunteer with private bath and kitchen facilities. "We've had increased traffic over the past few weeks from other volunteers coming through to consult on projects and see the work we've done here," says Cailin. "Our problem now is space, so we're adding on to the pool house and enticed Marc Valentin away from Nouakchott to be our pool boy. We're also getting an assistant for the chef to help with the influx."

The volunteers are proud of their accomplishments and are ready for the next round of projects after a brief vacation. Up next is a staggering list of new projects: an international airport; a second 50,000 fruit and Moringa tree plantation to the east of the city, ground breaking for Selibaby University scheduled for construction next year and scouting sites for the new fitness center with Olympic-size pool. Brock's parting remarks echo the sentiments of the experience of SGI as a whole this first quarter, "It's amazing what a little creativity, elbow grease, intimidation, coercion, flirtation and imagination can achieve."

News Briefs

Testy No More

The new group of volunteers, diminished but undaunted, said farewell to Kyle Marker last month. While saddened by the loss, many admit it may be for the best. "Living out in Kobenni you need cojones of steel," says ex-sitemate Jared Stearns, "but sometimes I worried he embraced that ideal a little too closely." Fellow new PCV Justin Lawrence agreed, "It started during stage, but toward the end, he was really just a big ball of stress." His departure went smoothly except for some confusion at the airport over the size of his sack and carry-on restrictions. He arrived home safely, and says he doesn't regret his time in Mauritania. "True, it was often very difficult, but quite frankly I feel like I've done some real growing here in the RIM and have come home a bigger, better man." We'll miss that nutball!

Newbies Pin Hookup Hopes on WAIST

An estimated 70% of the incoming group has not yet hooked up in Mauritania, a statistic that analyst Sarah Shanabruch of the Brakna calls disgraceful. "Six months without any significant sexual activity is far too long for young adults. We're looking at dangerously high levels of sexual frustration, and nobody wants to see that." But there is a distant light on the horizon. "WAIST....," sighs Luke Filose of the Assaba. "My femme fatale is sadly not in the RIM, but surely in Dakar, while passing the bottle of Dark Molly, I'll find her, my moderate republican, 5'6" brunette with the full collection of T.S. Eliot poetry who'll walk all over me with 6 inch stilettos. Besides, I hear

News Briefs Cont.

Senegalese volunteers are easy." "No doubt," purrs Keith Gaddis of the Adrar, "After 6 months of no liquor I'm gonna absolutely have no tolerance at all. I'll be at the mercy of any hottie with a weakness for bushy facial hair. WAIST, here I come!"

Aioun Isn't so Bad

In a statement recently released by Jarad Logsdon of Aioun, it could be worse. "I mean, shit, at least it ain't Kobenni. You can rock-climb and the French dude's pretty chill. Nouakchott would have been cool, but I wouldn't say I'm bitter or anything." Sitemate Maddy England acknowledges that Jarad seems well-adjusted and even helps her with all the animals she adopts. "Except," she whispers, "I don't let him near the female dogs anymore. He insists on naming them all 'Lori,' calling them bitches and kicking them across the room..."

No More Hope

As of press time, the Road of Hope Shuttle remains severed. "There's simply no more hope," stated Peace Corps chauffeur "Old Surly" Sy. "After drought, plague, coup attempts and the general malice of the Almighty, there's none left. All my sheep started calving six hoofed albino sextuplets and then, well, you can see my knee for yourself," he later added. Gennector in Aioun was available for comment: "Yep, the hope stopped here. Not no more. Now all we got is hakko and these here food stamps." Malian Peace Corps Volunteer Jared of Kobenni sighed looking towards the Bamako horizon, "Nope, no hope. The hope never got here, and looks like it never will."

Second Year Volunteers a Bunch of Jaded Drunkards

By Keith Gaddis

Stepping off the plane in the Nouakchott airport, eyes squinted and pores closed in response to the blistering heat and wind. We all held hands entering the country we would reconstruct over the next two years. "Gosh, I wish we could start working today," an enthusiastic Jared Stearns said, picking up his affairs from the feces-ridden baggage carousel. Our spirits kept us floating all the way to the Peace Corps Bureau, where we would encounter for the first time the second year volunteers we hoped to soon be working with. New trainee Andi Gittleman commented, "I can't wait to hear all their wonderful



stories about living in such a rich culture. Just imagine all that they have accomplished in the year that they've been here."

Hopes were crushed and dreams were shattered upon entering the white walled Peace Corps center. We were "welcomed" by Will Holcomb and Carl Strolle. Later many trainees commented on the bizarre manner the two had chosen to greet the new arrivals. Said a disturbed Jennifer Slinkard, "When I walked up to Will I tried to shake his hand. He wouldn't take it. He just stood there chuckling to himself. As I walked away, I heard him turn to that Strolle guy and say 'Why did she even leave Philly. I bet her ass ETs by sunrise.'" Michael Klein added, "You think that's bad? I held my hand out to Carl and he grabbed it with some horribly disfigured appendage that must have once been a hand. He wouldn't let go. He just kept saying 'You will be like me soon. You will be like me.' I had to yank my hand away. Afterwards, he kept following me around, muttering something about

needing to apply lotion."

Upon arrival in Kaedi, things worsened. Caleb Judy recounted his horrific story, "Aw gave this great speech about working in the RIM, and the good that agricultural development has done for the country. As soon as he left, however, Brandon Guernsey jumped up front and went into this long tirade. 'Don't expect to get anything done because you won't. The sooner you come to realize it the better. Mauritania does not want you here, and if you're smart you'd better start hating Mauritania now.' We were supposed to have gone over the training syllabus, but he spent the next 45 minutes talking to Maggie Donovan about how drunk they were going to get at WAIST. Alicia Wittmer tried to lead a discussion about the contents of the training schedule, but Maggie noticed and started ripping them out of our hands. 'Are you fucking stupid or can't you hear,' she screamed. 'Give it up! If any of you has any experience increasing the alcohol content of brousse wine, then speak up. Otherwise, go sit in the corner and keep quiet.'"

Three months after becoming volunteers, the PCRM class of 2004 has already made tremendous strides in bringing this desolate wasteland towards modernity. Jordana Spadacini has assisted in the creation of 78 women's cooperatives. Environmental Education volunteer Jeffrey Field has completely forested the area around the northern town of Chingetti extending 25km in each direction. In the east Maddie England has created a small animal shelter to house the many orphaned animals roaming the streets of Aioun. Relations with second years, however, have not ameliorated. Newbie Alison Mickey commented on her experience living with SED volunteer Audrey Bottjen. "I usually get up at 8 to leave the house. When I get back at noon she's still up on the roof sleeping. I don't understand how she can lay under direct sunlight in 120° heat and still be asleep. She's pretty much comatose till 3, when she slumps

continued

Lost Chapter of Mark Twain's Innocents Abroad

Mark Twain's 1869 travelogue of Europe and the Holy Land shattered the landscape of travel writing and American Literature as we know it.

Less known is that Twain visited Mauritania on his voyage. Literature experts and scientists debate why the stop occurred nearly 150 years later in 2004, but Notes From The Underground presents the lost chapter knowing that the opportunity to view such a treasure certainly rises above the cry of a few skeptics.

After Tangiers a group of five of us voted to continue overland to the south, to the country known as Mauritania. I can only begin to tell you what a mistake this was.

Mauritania looks very much like what would happen if a starved band of farm animals seized control of the world's nuclear weapons arsenal, deployed all warheads on the west of the African continent north of the Senegal River, and then held dominion over political, economic and cultural life.

We were greeted at our hotel in Nouakchott by a Moorish man named Ahmed, or Ahmet, or Mohammed - it was impossible to tell. On a semi-permanent basis Mohammad-Ahmed-Ahmet (the men and I quickly changed his name to Alexander) had one finger in his nose and his other hand grasping his genitals, which I later learned to be the national "salute" and not a gesture of rudeness, though there were plenty of those as well, including his barbarous outfit, consisting of pirate pants, a dirty shirt, and a blue sail-like cloak that measured approximately twelve yards across and never stayed up on his shoulders despite his best efforts to tame the garment.

In Mauritania, people engage in a minimum of daily activity with the same group of people and yet have a system of elaborate greetings, which last as long as twenty minutes and convey no useful information whatsoever. The goodbye is much shorter, which is just as well, because just as the greetings are

complete, the greeter generally only has minutes to bid farewell and depart to his next social activity.

Due to the aforementioned nuclear conquest by the goats, sheep, cows and jackasses, nearly all scraps of food and trash are devoured, except for plastic, glass and aluminum products, which litter the streets and create the permanent sensation of being present at the suicide bombing of a well stocked convenience store.

After one week of traveling to a number of Mauritania's towns — because they are all visually identical I have forgotten their names — the group made its retreat back to the ship and continued onto greener pastures. Our visit to Mauritania shall never be forgotten, which is perhaps the biggest tragedy of it all.

...Jaded Second Years continued
down the stairway. If I've made anything for lunch she generally helps herself without asking. After, she stumbles into her room for what she calls her 'afternoon nap.' I don't see her again till 6 when the neighbor boy brings her a coke from the boutique three doors down. She stays awake for dinner, then lays down on a matelas reading The Economist. Around 8:30 she goes back upstairs and starts her cycle over again. When I asked her if she was ever going to go to work, she said, 'I might think about it when the cool season hits.' When I first got here I thought she had to be sick, but about a week in she got these packages from home with all sorts of booze in them. She stayed up for two days playing that Achy-Breaky Heart song and guzzling down bottle after bottle. Anybody who can dance to that shitty song for 48 hours straight does not have any serious medical ailments. That bitch is just really fucking lazy."

Wine Tips from Guy Brousse-Vin

Mon dieu! Quelle horreur! It has come to my attention that many of my devoted Peace Corps readers content themselves with the inebriating effects of wine created in the crudest manner. Though sloshing water, sugar and aromatic flowers into a bucket and then fermenting it with a bit of baker's yeast might produce a palatable tipsy-making liquid, it is truly the lowest common denominator and should be consumed only as a last resort. I mean, honestly, mes amis, why pollute yourself with Gallo Red when you could be sipping '92 Châteauneuf du Pape.

Now, before you get your unmentionables in a bunch and commence whining about the effort this would take, I will let you in on a little secret: the answer to producing wine of depth and character, wine with legs that won't quit, wine that's bold but not pretentious, can be found at your local boutique. Tea. Yes, it's cheap, plentiful, Mauritians cannot live without it, and you should add it to your favorite recipe. What makes tea the magic bullet? In a word, tannins. Tea is full them and they give wine that little extra something, the *je ne sais quoi* that makes all the difference. Just add a box or two to the water when you are boiling in the sugar. And don't be alarmed at the pungent odor, the final product will taste like anything but a cup of Lipton's.

Happy drinking!

Fresh from one of Bordeaux's finest appellations, our staff oenologist is pleased to present the latest thinking on brewing wine in a dry country. Send correspondence, complaints of gastric distress and recipes to Guy B-V, c/o Notes from the Underground.

WAIST Fact and Fiction

No one can truly claim to remember everything that really happens at **WAIST**, but as we practice our swings and shots for the 2005 tournament, it's worth sifting through old memories and hallucinations in preparation for future adventures. The old adage states that truth is stranger than fiction. You be the judge.

True or False?

1. **Victories #3 and 4** are often attributed to the repeated playing of the Ktaab song over Megan Kaufmann's boombox on the sidelines.
2. **Erin Pettigrew** was the queen of the marine party, streaking, jumping into the pool and then winning the wet mulafa contest.
3. **A drunk Bouli** made a killer double-play catching a line drive and getting the runner on first out, all without spilling a single drop of beer.
4. **Unidentified Trarzan** finding himself skinny-dipping out on a deserted beach with three lesbians.
5. **Star pitcher Mark H.** almost couldn't play several crucial games after drunkenly stumbling and embracing a cactus.
6. **At one point** on the second day, **Marc V.** was almost sober.
7. **Team Mauritania** almost caused an international incident by heckling the **US ambassador to Senegal** about his ugly pants.
8. **Jill Sutton** never actually made it to her host family's house.

Answers: 1.F 2.F 3.T 4.T 5.T 6.F 7.T 8.F

What are your thoughts on Bush's recent re-election?



Nate: Nipples the size of silver dollars, man.



Dara: Hang on, I've got to reply to Will's text message...



Mark L.: Yah're making me real happy heah.



Thomas: I hate you. All of you.



Andy F.: The fuck is wrong with these people??



Alexis: Blimey, where's me lucky charms?

Healthy Hints With Archie Wasserstein

The Peel Deal

Dear Archie,

How do I rid myself of that not-so-fresh smell on my left hand after "doing my business"? I've tried washing with soap to no avail. Please help me!

Smelly in Selibaby

Dear Smelly,

Here's what you're gonna do. Find a friend who's about to eat an orange right around the time you're feeling the urges. When you come out of the latrine, peel his orange for him with your left hand. The peel gets deep under your fingernails, and you'll smell orangey-fresh for days. And, what's more, you've saved your friend some labor. Everybody wins! Now don't forget to compost!

Creamy Cool Compress

Dear Archie,

I have had a burning itching sensation in my nether regions for months now. I've tried everything, but have been unsuccessful. What am I to do?

Burning in Boghé

Dear Burning,

Immediately seek comfort in a cool bucket bath of creamy camel milk and bissap juice. After drying off, pound Moringa leaves into powder and add honey until you reach a gel-like consistency. Gently massage onto your nether regions and wrap a loose loincloth around the wound. Healing should be complete within 6-8 weeks. In the meantime, for temporary relief take periodic dips in the Senegal River.

Disclaimer: Archie Wasserstein did not attend most of his health training sessions, so use great discretion when implementing his advice.

WAIST Victory Strategies

- 1) Chinois mole on Team Asia
- 2) Spiking the opposing water cooler with the Senegal river water
- 3) Constant inebriation "just say yes"
- 4) Scott in speedo. Marc not.
- 5) Rounds of tea alternating with shots
- 6) More taunting
- 7) Take your pants off
- 8) Release the goats
- 9) Release the Ben (and his angels)
- 10) Dress up passed-out Marc as mascot
- 11) Keep Marc passed out (coma-toasty: one shot Nyquil, one shot Dark Molly)
- 12) God has blessed us with bats. Let us give unto our enemies. (constant, ridiculous, gratuitous violence)
- 13) Direct competition to the "Mauritanian" ball field past the cliffs
- 14) Lock #3 and Heather Smith in port-o-potty
- 15) Practice? Practice drinking!
- 16) Hold ambassador hostage. Send ear during the seventh inning stretch.
- 17) Show up

La Vie en Brousse by Jae Chung (in the style of Pushkin)

*I've been at site several weeks now.
A charming village in the south
where something, somewhere always
reeks. Now,
it doesn't help that from my mouth
the taste of poisson sec refuses
to leave. And everybody chooses
to urinate or defecate
a foot (or less!) outside my gate.
There's fungus growing on my
scrotum;
a worm resides inside my gut;
my fingers serve to wipe my butt;
no postal service, nor a modem.
In sum, a saying that might fit
my life: I fucking hate this shit!*

New Reality Program

by Cat & Janine

Who needs a TV when bored Mauritanian volunteers strive to beat the heat by letting their mefloquine induced minds create a brand-new reality program? You've seen Survivor, Temptation Island, Real World and The Bachelor. Now we bring you quarterly editions of the newest reality based program, Mamadou Millionaire!

Object of the game:

To outlast five other Mauritanian PCVs in a brutal contest of willpower, stamina and strategy while living out of a brousse taxi over the next three quarters.

Rules of the game:

Each quarter the six contestants face difficult physical and mental challenges aimed at eliminating two contenders while granting immunity to others. At the end of each quarter the contestants will hold a taxi brousse tribal council in order to determine whose fate will be sealed after each challenge. The two semi-finalists will endure a back-breaking mind-altering series of final tests to prove which one you, the readers, should choose to be the ultimate winner, Mamadou Millionaire. At stake is the grand prize of one million ouguiyas and an unlimited supply of bad Senegalese whisky.

Now, let's meet the players.

Host/Taxi Brousse Driver:

The ultimate moderator and beloved VSO, Cheikh Gueye (a.k.a. Doctor Love) is a fun-loving, two-time salsa dancing champion and weight loss guru with a pimp daddy taxi-brousse Mercedes and kick-ass sound system.

Male Contestants:

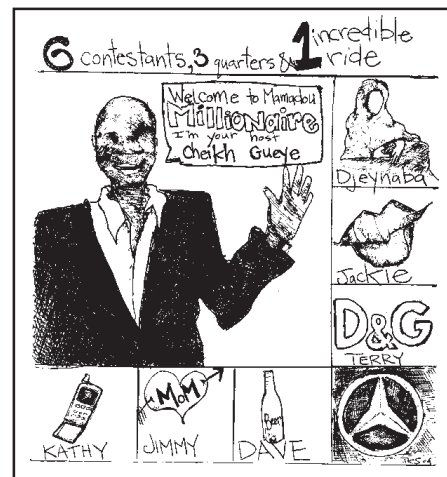
- Dave is a heavy drinker with a temper and a long-standing lack of motivation, resulting in a persistently unkempt hairstyle
- Jimmy is a timid innocent momma's boy, who lacks the ability to make independent decisions
- Terry is a fashion conscious nit-picker with a poor attitude and a sharp abrasive tongue, which alienates him from others

Female Contestants:

- Jackie is a flirtatious rule breaker who never misses an opportunity for late nights and numerous gentlemen callers
- Djeynaba, formally known as Jane, is the ultimate conformist, dressing and speaking like the locals in order to win the approval of her new conservative community
- Kathy, true to her name, is an outgoing, obnoxious chatterbox with an uncanny lack of tact and diplomacy, resulting in a chronic case of foot-in-mouth disease

Stay tuned as personalities clash, the drama unfolds and your favorite contestants compete for your final vote!

Most characters and actions are fictional. Any similarities in people or events are purely coincidental!



WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

Have you ever wondered what has happened to our long-lost RPCVs? Test your knowledge with the following matching quiz.

1. Three days ago, I cut my fingernails. They were getting fairly long, especially the nails on my ring fingers. After cutting my fingernails, the thought of cutting my toenails occurred to me. Unfortunately, I was wearing socks and didn't feel like taking them off. My fingernail clippers have a blue plastic covering on the top piece of metal that in white letters says, "Praise the Lord". I don't really know where I found those clippers...but I've had them for a long time and really enjoy them. Looking at my fingernails now, three days after cutting, I'm amazed at how much they've already grown. The thought of cutting my toenails has once again come to me.

2. One day I was loitering in the ghetto on my way to the bike path for a quick run when it started to rain. The ghetto folk pitied the poor retarded white girl/boy and gave me shelter. Now, it looked on the outside just like an old, dilapidated house, but on the inside it was a drug lair and exotic dancing club. But, I didn't realize this at first. They were very hospitable and were helping me peel all my wet clothes off. And when I say all, I mean ALL. I found myself buck-naked standing in the middle of a stage with a pole next to me and an erotic beat coming from the speakers. Well, what's a boy/girl to do, but dance? I just felt the music and worked that pole. Ohhh, boy did I work it. Well, I really wasn't good at all but it didn't seem to matter. I got a job! I'm making at least \$40 a night and loving every minute!

3. During my 5-month COS trip through West Africa and South America, I apparently picked up a really bad strain of the bacteria h-pylori which causes ulcers. One of my three ulcers then perforated at a club on Halloween, spraying bowel contents all over my abdominal cavity. After 4 days in the hospital and a loss of 10 pounds, I endured a week with a central catheter and a liquid-only diet. Unfortunately, I am forbidden from drinking or smoking for three months which is difficult given the fact that I now work at a restaurant where all the waitresses are transgender illusionists. Some of them are super hot, especially when they do their lipsynching dance show on the bar/stage! I work behind the bar in a non-illusionist capacity (yeah, right). A debaucherously enjoyable job!

4. At the end of Ramadan, I hosted a party where my VIPs included a really sophisticated girl named Bombay who brought along her Mexican boyfriend José and his buddy Jack. Fortunately, there were some Colombian girls (3 in fact) on the guest list as well. I got them all wasted, told them to sleep in my bed, closed down the party, and snuggled in between them. On the side, I study Economics and Civil Society at Columbia University and am a member of the Piano Bar Club, Coffee Drinkers Anonymous, and have eaten out for every meal since arriving in town. I hope to eventually get a job in the formal sector because pimpin' just doesn't seem to pay the bills anymore.



a. Sherif



b. Ben



c. Erin B.



d. Jason

Answers: 1. b, 2. c, 3. d, 4. a

Underground Personals

Me: sensitive, quiet, shy, love to cook, honest, considerate, loyal, have all my natural teeth. I would do anything for you—anything. You have curly red hair, brown eyes, freckles and live in Atar. I watch you from behind the bushes with my binoculars. Don't bother to respond; I already know where you live.

Jaded, bitter 2nd year seeks naïve, attractive 1st year volunteer. Prefer someone whose low self-esteem is only surpassed by a low tolerance for alcohol. I live in a posh apartment in the city so you can cook and clean for me when I'm

not plying you with drink. I got a bike. clstrolle@hotmail.com

Looking for someone kind, interesting, good personality, someone so sexy it hurts - or who's really easy on the eyes. Seeking a serious connection until W.A.I.S.T. where I'll dump your sorry ass so I can hook up at random. chinois@hotmail.com

Me: good personality, fun loving, use soap, can pee standing up, not too clingy. I don't wear anything under my mulafa. You should be: blond, blue eyed, about 6'4", come from the Carolinas, surf, make good brousse wine, speak Hassaniya, have a sister named Martha, own a kilt. No email.

Mad Lib Fun!

Think of a word for each clue, recording your answers as you go. Then, read the story below, using the words you came up with for each number....

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. adjective of a donkey's bray | 14. adjective to describe a root canal |
| 2. something hollow | 15. synonym for trailer trash |
| 3. any animal | 16. something used for making fences |
| 4. random articles of trash] | 17. adjective describing mentally sane |
| 5. body cavity | 18. any color but brown or black |
| 6. fraction | 19. reputed band of criminals |
| 7. large herbivore | 20. adjective of eating with left hand |
| 8. adjective describing general mood of WAIST | 21. adjective of Zeus |
| 9. synonym for a goddamn foreigner | 22. any body juice |
| 10. personal adjective used after leaving toilet | 23. inappropriate body part |
| 11. synonym for cool used by Anna Nicole Smith | 24. any civilized metropolis |
| 12. superlative synonym of godforsaken | 25. synonym for a dank hole used for habitation |
| 13. derivation of Mohamed | 26. synonym for constipated |

Quote of the month: What's the best way to eat a mango?

"I take it into the shower with me. I go at it, then cool down and clean off." Dan B.



What's a party without a little moonshine?

Mad Lib Story: Coming Home for the First Time

The other day, our village received its first Peace Corps Volunteer. The entire (1. _____) village came out to celebrate with much beating of (2. _____) and pounding of (3. _____). The rest of the children and I came out wearing our finest (4. _____). We all ate (5. _____)—loads of (6. _____) cooked (7. _____) poop.

At first, we were very (8. _____). We had our very own (9. _____)! With (10. _____) I realized we would finally be one of the “(11. _____)” villages in the (12. _____) region of Mauritania.

My friend, (13. _____), tried making friends with the volunteer. He tried always happily greeting him in a way much more (14. _____) than he would ever reserve for a respected member of the (15. _____) community. He even tried staring over his ruined (16. _____) all day long, constantly repeating the volunteer's name. All to no avail.

The volunteer did not look too (17. _____). He always complained about having (18. _____) polka-dotted bugs in his douche, and that they started forming a (19. _____) like gang that ambushed him at his most (20. _____) moments.

We do not know how long our volunteer will stay with us. Just last week the director showed up in the (21. _____) car of Peace Corps. He got out, spit some (22. _____) on the ground, asked about the air-conditioned hotel in the area, and scratched his (23. _____), gazing off towards the horizon in the direction of (24. _____). After driving past the volunteer's (25. _____), he accelerated away, looking very (26. _____).