

WANTED

DEAD OR ALIVE

NO REWARD

(HE'S PRICELESS)



RHETT "RED" REDDING
TNR RUFFIAN

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Cover: Page 1 (Design: Nicole Rich)
Table of Contents: Page 2
Rhett Redding Birth Announcement by Daniel Melcer: Page 2
Letter from the Editor: Page 3
The Sixth Grade Dance by Rowan Van Lare: Page 4 (Design: Mareya Dick & Nicole Rich)
Rhett's Last 10 Google Searches by Staff: Page 5
Rhett's Gaming Corner by Dan Nachum: Page 6 (Design: Nicole Rich)
Gluten: The Real Enemy by Jake Mohamed: Page 8 (Design: Dan Carr)
Roulette by Dan Carr: Page 9 (Design: Dan Carr)
Yes Wii Can by Jake Mohamed: Page 10 (Design: Dan Carr)
Dark Side of the Moon by Jake Mohamed: Page 11 (Design: Dan Carr)
Rhett Takes a Stab at Philosophy by Ishika Patel: Page 12 (Design: Ishika Patel)
Horoscopes by Willy Unterkoefer: Page 13 (Design: Nicole Rich)
Rhett Redding's Diary by David Spinrad: Page 14 (Design: Mareya Dick)
Back Cover: Page 16 (Design: Dan Carr)
N/A: Page 17-86 (Design: Ryan Wallis)

STAFF

Editor in Chief: Dan Carr
Head of Writing: Dan Nachum
Head of Design: Mareya Dick
Head of Communications: Willy Unterkoefer
Head of Video: Ben Harrold
Treasurer: Claudia Hurtado
Senator/Club Representative: Sanya Mittal
Staff Writers: Cameron Clark, Kevin Dunne, Ben Harrold, Claudia Hurtado, Daniel Melcer, Sanya Mittal, Jacob Mohamed, Dan Nachum, Ishika Patel, Cristian Piraneque, Rowan Van Lare, Ryan Wallis, Willy Unterkoefer
Design Team: Mareya Dick, CJ Logue, Nicole Rich

(From the Pages of Roman New Times Newspaper)

AN OCEAN-Mr. and Mrs. and Dr. Redding have announced the birth of their son. For some weird reason, they published the announcement in a newspaper. Rhett Redding was born on the international date line at either April 27, 1969 at 1:30am or at April 28, 1969 at 2:30am. I suppose the ambiguity of when he was born makes him a bit of a curiosity. As he was born in international waters, legal experts are debating which country Rhett is a citizen of. Nobody really knows why the legal experts are debating things that the laws are pretty clear about, but what else do they do all day? The legal experts don't really have much else to do, except for the ones that work with the secret courts. Those experts know what is going on, but they are hiding the truth from everyone else. they were in the process of emigrating to the United states, having revoked their citizenship from their previous country, Southeast Vietnam, yet another country that the secret legal experts have been hiding from us. This country is the real reason that president Nixon wants to go there. Why else would he be funding NASA so much? Doctors at nearby Hawaii State Hospital have diagnosed the newborn Rhett Redding with multiple personaity disorder after Rhett appeared to be screaming for no particular reason and was not able to explain why. I think this kid was on to something though- he was probably screaming, "WAKE UP! WAKE UP SHEEPL!" He wanted to alert everyone about the secret vampire courts and about how they do this to us and they hide the truth from us and we need to get out the truth and what do they do to people like us that know-[Cont. A32]

Letter from the Editor

Hello Dearly Beloved Readers,

Unlike past issues, where we have opted to tackle expansive themes such as the pervasiveness of sequels in society, apocalyptic scenarios, and banning ourselves, we focused this issue on one man: Rhett Redding, or “Red”, as he liked to be called. Why? We felt we owed it to Rhett to celebrate his life. He wore many hats, so to speak. His preferred was cowboy. He was a president, an astronaut, a vampire, but more than any of that, he was a friend to each and everyone of us. We all carry stories of him wherever we go.

Willy was his chauffeur and his personal astrologist. Ben met him at an advanced salsa class. Sanya lived down the hall from Rhett during her freshman year, and briefly protested with him against something that she agreed with. Claudia paid him money to skydive. Cristian stole his wallet when they were in high school. Jake was his fourth personality. Misdiagnosed, of course. Kevin was his TA in “Introduction to Business and Lobotomy.” David bumped into him while dumpster diving for overalls behind thirsties. Ishika was nearly assassinated by Rhett after she made the mistake of dressing up as Nagini for Halloween. Nicole met Rhett at a Chipotle. She isn’t sure if Rhett was ordering or taking the order. She remembers only that he wore khakis and drove someone else’s Tesla.

Ryan ran into him a single time. At a Starbucks in Omaha. He’ll never forget Rhett’s order: A Grande, iced, sugar-free, vanilla latte with soy milk and just a pinch of blood.

Rowan met Rhett only once. A fleeting moment that she thought to be inconsequential in the grand scheme of things. She was in the bustling centre-ville of Paris. She was transfixed by his masculinity, but managed to slip out a “hello, you.” “J’ai mal au ventre,” he responded, which she believed meant, “You are forever in my heart. I love you.” He then threw up on the sidewalk. It actually meant, “I have a stomach ache.” She’ll never forget their shared moment.

He was Dan Nachum’s mentor and Romanian tutor. Dan spent many a night learning secret Romanian spells and curses from Rhett in the pale moonlight in order to fight Vampires. He also learned how to make a mean mamaliga.

Daniel met Rhett at a bowling alley after a surge of confidence that can only come from not hitting the gutters. The student next to him was a young student, learning from what looked to be a wizened bowling coach. The teacher wasn’t doing well, and looked like she needed blood. Seeing the moment to strike, Daniel challenged her student to a good-old-fashioned 10 frame showdown. The student responded, fittingly, “who are you?” A bold statement that Daniel has held onto until this day. That student ended up being none other than Rhett Redding.

I, too, knew Rhett. I met him while I was competing in a Brad Pitt lookalike contest. I scored 987th out of 26. The winner of that contest? Dwayne “The Rock” Johnson. But Rhett Redding finished 9th.

We hope that this issue will give you just a sneak peek of the kind of outstanding person that Rhett Redding was.

From,

Dan Carr

Editor-in-Chief, Times New Roman

Vice President, Rhett Redding Kidney Donation Organization

The Sixth Grade Dance

"Rhett, you good, my bro?" the gym teacher asked. He pulled Rhett aside from the light dancing that would one day turn into full frontal grinding, but was now saving plenty of room for Jesus. Rhett closed his eyes, breathed hard. He licked his lips.

"Yes, Coach McAfee," he said, his eyes glancing upwards, blushing. Rhett wanted to dance with everyone in the room. He had never been so overwhelmed by the attractiveness of every single person on Earth before, but now he was. Unfortunately, his constant boners made it difficult to have friends nowadays - well, and the multi-personality disorder. He didn't like pity from the teachers... Well, all but one.

Her name was Miss Judith Ethel Buns, and she was the most beautiful woman he'd ever seen. She was Beauty incarnate, her red hair done up in a knot, bits curling about, as if she'd done her hair haphazardly, lazily - effortlessly.

Her skin was dotted with beauty marks - he thought she looked like a dalmation (his favorite type of dog). She mumbled under her breath words from Chaucer's Book of the Duchess, which made others think she was off her rocker, but Rhett knew. Rhett knew perfectly; she was glorious - perfect.

Suddenly her yellow eyes flicked like a lizard's tongue towards him. He quickly looked away, his pale skin turning crimson. He hoped the gym's dark ambiance would conceal his embarrassment - or perhaps he could blame it on the heat. It was heat, of some kind. Heat of passion.

Coach McAfee had now walked away towards the Girl's Bathroom. Rhett looked down at his shoes, kicking nothing but the wooden floor of the gym. He heard the clacking of heels and his heart dropped.

"Rhett-" she began as he blurted "Miss Buns!"

"Judith, please," she said softly, blushing. He blushed.

"How can I help you ma'am?" he said, blushing.

"You could dance with me," she said, blushing. "That would help more than anything." He blushed.

"Okay," he whispered, his cheeks blossoming into a blush.

"I feel as though I've known you for years," Judith said, then looked away, blushing, as she put her arms on his shoulders. He put his arms on her massive, bull-like shoulders too, although he was so short he could barely reach them. "I feel as though I can tell you... my secrets."

"Secrets?" Rhett said, then blushed.

"I have two," she breathed, looking back at him suddenly, yellow eyes fixed. Her pupils were square. Her stare made him blush. When she saw him blushing, she blushed fiercely now.

"Mmm." He blushed.

"I'm..." she said, then tears slipped down her supple, blushing cheeks.

"Tell me, Judith."

"My name is not Judith," she said, her lips pouting. "It's Conroy," she said, then pulled off her wig. Below it, she was bald. Now it made sense why she had a full Gandolf beard and sideburns.

"You're a man!" he gasped, blushing. "Bet," Rhett whispered, blushing, and placed a kiss upon Conroy's bent bald orb of a head. The skin that was once covered in a wig was blushing now too - crimson. Supple.

"But Rhett-" Conroy murmured, blushing. Even his forehead blushed now.

"Shh," Rhett said, meeting his gaze, blushing. "What's your other secret?"

"I'm a vampire," he whispered, and a tear fell down his cheek. "Rhett- I have to go-"

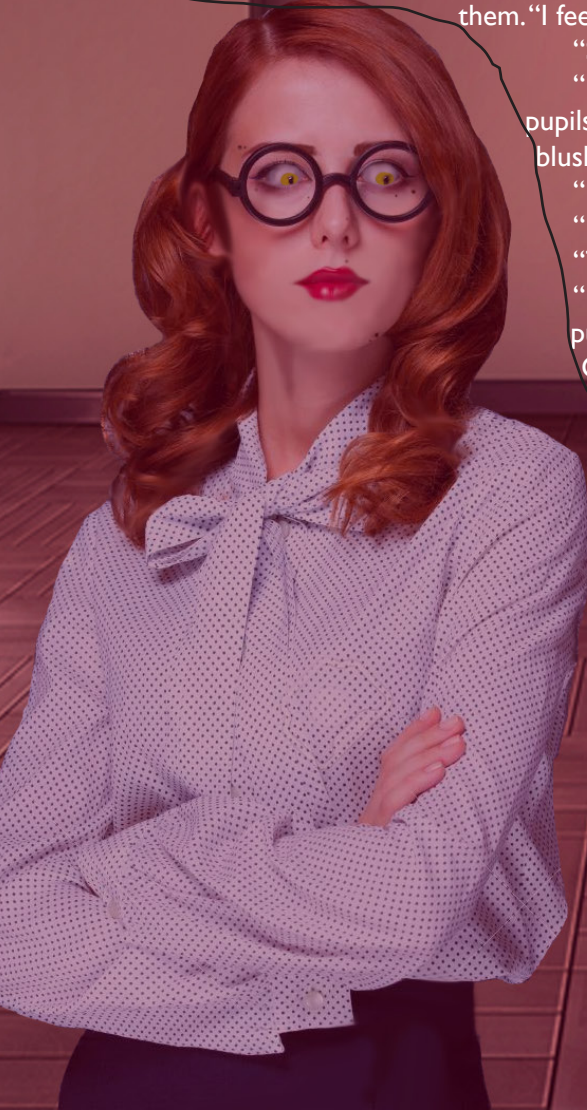
"No, stay," Rhett whispered. The nape of Conroy's head now blushed.

"Stay and love me, and I shall love you." He blushed.

"You're not like other boys, are you?" Conroy said, now looking abashed as he blushed.

"No, I guess not," Rhett blushed, as his lips pursed. In that moment, he knew what true love was. He had found happiness at last, where he least expected to find it. In an immortal, cross-dressing librarian's open heart.

"I am," Conroy said solemnly, blushing. "Conroy Q. Sacklebum. I bet you don't want to dance with me now," he said, now almost a breath, and his bald head shone just as his eyes did. But Conroy was wrong. Rhett wasn't like the others.



Rhett's Last 10 Google Searches

1. How to heal neck wound
2. How much salt is too much salt
3. Chlamydia
4. Top 10 Sexiest vampires nsfw
5. Are alligators nocturnal
6. Why do cats chase lasers
7. Can you eat zodiac signs
8. cats for sale
9. What if shoe doesn't fit
10. What zodiac signs don't like leos
11. are these mints to take or what
12. laser pointer 1 kw amazon
13. is pluto a planet
14. can pluto become a planet again
15. what is pluto
16. can anyone wear earrings
17. hi google
18. when to worry about neck pain
19. how much blood is too much blood
20. is it bad that i can see my blood
21. blood not red
22. do i have bones
23. siri can you take me to google
24. bing.com
25. google.com
26. clubpenguin.com
27. How to get unbanned from club penguin
28. roblox hacks
29. what is missionary sex
30. do vampires suck blood through teeth like str
31. can you dual wield a 7/11 big gulp
32. how much does a pubic hair cost
33. who can grow pubic hair
34. pubic hair profitable?
35. boston public garden
36. *boston pubic garden
37. are wig shops only for head hair
38. nearest wig shops
39. nearest unconventional wig shop
40. I lost basketball can I have it back
41. pubic hairs too long?
42. chest pain
43. heaven
44. ff
45. Kfffffeyboard keffffffffffepfffffffs tyfffffppinfffffg ffffff
46. I fixed it



Rhett's Gaming Corner

Hello to all of my 16 social media followers, and welcome back to "Pubert's Gaming Corner", where I, the loveable loaf with a pocket protector, Pubert P. Dorfstein, answer your burning questions about video games and video game culture!

Today's question comes from-

[TRANSMISSION INTERFERENCE]

"Hello, is anybody there? Hello? This is Rhett Redding with an important message for all you vampire scum!"

Ummm...hello, Mr., uh, Redding, thank you for this...surprise cameo appearance. Questions about who you are and how you got on my transmission feed for my internet show aside, I'm afraid you have to leave. I'm trying to do today's episode.

"You mean this isn't the spooker-computer at the vampire's secret hideout containing their confidential files and plans? Rats! I knew I should've went with the left node at the Albuquerque system! Wait, what kind of show are you making anyways, kid?"

Alright, I'm just gonna ignore the vampire thing and assume you're a crazy man. To answer your question, each video I take a question from one of my fans regarding video games, and answer it, with that good ol' Pubert charm!

"So you're a gaming show? Hmmmm, I can actually use this to my advantage. Kid, what's the demographic for this show?"

Well I'm a male and I'm white, and Zoroa-

"Audience demographic, what's the audience demographic?"

Buddy, I'm lucky if I can get my pet rock collection to watch this show.

"Not ideal, but it'll have to do. I'll have to put my vampire hunting mission on the side for now so dangers of vampire representation in video games can be put on the internet!"

Well, uh, actually, Mr. Rhetting, I already have a question from a viewer regarding the new Smash Bros game coming out, so if I could just-

"Alright, let the lesson begin!"

Ok, I guess not.

"You kids and your 'videos game' playing. I'll have you know right now that defeating vampires and the forces of evil isn't as simple as hitting it with a whip! Those dumb Castlevania games have been poisoning your mind with all this fake news. Everybody should know that the only surefire ways to defeat vampires are with sunlight, garlic, wooden stakes, holy water, crosses, and Ocean Spray Cranberry Juice."

That last one-
"Ocean Spray: Feel the Wave."

That doesn't sound right.

"Sorry, who's the professional vampire hunter/astronaut here? That's right, I am. Anyways, where was I? Oh yeah, then you've got Night Trap, this game that portrays vampires as these goofy home invaders that can be easily neutralized through various Home Alone-esque traps and shenanigans. Well, I'll have you know that that's far from the truth! Vampires have been around for centuries, so they have the wisdom to avoid your petty traps! Even the heated doorknob! And with their super vampire strength, not even an army can subdue them, let alone some ropes and a murphy bed!"

Well, what if the ropes are laced with Garlic Oil?

"That won't work, garlic only works in its purest form! You'd be surprised how many people get that fact wrong."

Interesting.

"And the last thing for today, audience members. Despite Kid Dracula, Dracula was never a kid in the first place! Firstly, Dracula is a creature of another world who's aging process is different than us humans. He was born and dies looking the same for his entire life! Second, even if Dracula was a kid, don't let his childish charm deter you from driving a stake through his shriveled little heart!"

Wow, man. That's...really fucked up, actually.

"Shut your mouth, kid! You don't know what I've been through!"

I'm sure I don't. Anyways, that's all the time we have for today's episode. Rhett, any last words before I disconnect you from the transmission, which I just found out that I can do this whole time and am beating myself up for not doing it earlier.

"Wait! Before I go, you should know that when I thought this was the vampire spooker-computer, I input a self destruct sequence, and now your computer is set to--"

[TRANSMISSION TERMINATED]

Fascinating. Anyways, thank you for joining me on this...we'll call it "special episode" of the show! Remember to follow me on Twitter @TheGamingPube, and ask me your video game questions, and who knows? I might even answer them on the show. I'll see you next time, and-wait, what'd he say about the self dest-

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

A BuzzFeed Submission by Rhett Redding

Hey guys! Rhett Redding here! I'm back with another BuzzFeed submission. After 46 failed attempts, I know the drill, so let's just jump right in!

Today I'll be telling you guys all the reasons why I'm gluten-free and why you should take gluten out of your life for good! Let's cut right to the chase (which what I tell the girls I bring home): I'm gluten free because I am ready to say goodbye to being fat, and hello to having body dysmorphia! I've tried countless diets before and none of them have worked. I've tried the South Beach Diet, the Paleo Diet, a few juice cleanses, and I've even tried going on an ethnic cleansing. Nothing worked, so I was left asking myself if all these basic white girls actually knew what they were doing. Which they didn't. Which means they did.

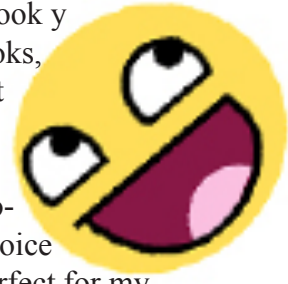
So let's just dive into it. Going gluten-free can change your diet for the better. You can cook your own meals with confidence for what you're eating, you don't need to return your library books, and you can cut people off on the highway! I've been following this diet for a few weeks and let me just cut to the chase... it has changed my life! I've never done so much cocaine nor have I drank as much lead as I do now. Before I went gluten-free I wasn't sure if cocaine was right for me. I was really concerned about getting addicted, overdosing, and losing all my friends and money. But let's just get to the point: now that I'm gluten-free, I know that coke is definitely the choice for me! It's a similar reason why I started to drink lead. There's no gluten in lead, so it is just perfect for my diet. Lead and I go hand-in-hand. Just like kittens and my lawnmower!

I used to be concerned with how my diet would affect my personal life. I was scared if people would look at me differently since I was out of the norm. But enough about that. Let's just cut to the chase. After going gluten-free, I have all the confidence in the world to do the things I love! I can finally go out in Crocs and socks, I can loudly talk about my sex life in public, and I can murder anyone I want! It used to be so taxing trying to kill infant children who had loving and supporting parents who just wanted the joy of raising kids they could be proud of. But since killing babies doesn't involve gluten, I've gone on the biggest murdering spree in my life! I'm wanted in seven states and 42 counties! But let's jump right in!

Going gluten-free can open up so many new doors in your lives, so let's just dive in. I never knew how easy it was to hold old people for ransom until I stopped eating gluten! I was really concerned about how holding peoples' elderly loved ones would play a toll on my health, but since I'm gluten-free, I can do it whenever I want without worrying about the consequences! Sorry grandma, I guess your broke family can't help you live to 88! Going gluten-free might seem like a huge commitment, but you just have to follow these simple steps:

Stop eating gluten!

Enjoy everything the world has to offer! Want to park in a handicapped parking spot? As long as you don't eat any bread, be my guest! Do you want to beat your children with a baseball bat? Sounds like there's no gluten involved! Go get 'em, slugger!



What Is It?

OMG



To put this on BuzzFeed, contact Rhett at
[INFORMATION REDACTED]

Roulette

By Robert Cazale

I saw fucked up shit on tour, homeskillet. Hang on, let me start again. I saw some fucked up shit on tour. The kind of shit that makes a man forget who he is. Makes a man learn that the world doesn't give a shit about him or anyone he loves. I served in The Third Brigade. I served with my driver Chris Johnson. I was the guide of the California Cool Cat Tour Bus. We ran the operations like a well oiled machine. We only had a few weeks on tour left. Then the winter months would hit and we'd be able to go home to our families. But that would have been too easy. We were driving along the roads of southern San Diego when out of nowhere, a group of military men came to capture our bus. I don't remember much of what happened-the last thing I remember before being knocked out was a man screaming and a boot hitting my temple.

I woke up later next to Chris, who was hovering over me nervously. I had been out for at least two days. He didn't believe I was alive. All around us were bodies. They were mostly bloodless, except for the heads. The heads were covered in blood. Chris pointed up. The gang was forcing people to play Russian roulette against each other. I caught the eye of one of them, who laughed at me. He pointed at Chris and me, and five of them came to pick us up. In my defense, I had been stress eating, so it was a hard time for me. That's beside the point. There were three of us at the table. Chris, myself, and a guy named Rhett Redding. He lived in the neighborhood. I didn't see him very often, but he wasn't the kind of guy you forget. He smelled like garlic, and sometimes wandered around the building naked, but tastefully so. Chris was swearing and crying out, and I was doing the same. Rhett just kind of sat there, taking it all in, smiling a little bit. I didn't know why that brochacho smiled. Rhett, I mean. I don't know why I just called him brochacho.

They gave the gun to Chris first. He tried to do nothing but they flogged him and punched him until he put the gun to his temple. He fired. Nothing came out. He collapsed out of relief. It was passed to Rhett next. He looked at the gun as if he had never seen a gun before. He pulled the trigger against his temple. He missed. It hit a soldier, who died on the spot. He tried again, holding it tightly to his temple. A bullet fired, but it didn't break the skin. When he pulled the gun away from his head, the crumpled bullet fell to the floor. Our captors were confused. They began to try to take the gun away from him. Not knowing what to do, but wanting to live, I yelled out to Rhett:

"Do something, dude!" In hindsight, I regret saying dude. It ruined the moment. Look, the point is when I yelled at him, he snapped. He became a different person. He ripped off his shirt, and I saw that he had a tattoo of a taco or something. He shot three of the guys coming at them. One of them dissolved into dust or something. He broke his chair and threw the shattered pieces at his attackers, which made them useless as well. Everyone else ran away. Rhett fired a couple of shots, but didn't bother to chase. I tried to thank him, but after he untied me, he knocked me out.

I woke up three days later with a gnarly headache. I'm sorry, I keep saying gnarly. But there was a note on the floor next to my futon. "Beware. This message brought to you by NASA. -Patricia O'Neal" I knew it was from Rhett though. It was written on the back of one of his checks. They're indistinguishable: they have dogs on them, and it also had his name written on the bottom left corner. I never saw him again. But I smell some garlic from time to time.



Yes Wii Can Jake Mohamed

Hey guys. Uncle Jake (Personality #4) here with another legend to share. Today I'll be telling the tale of how Rhett Redding became a Wii video game champion for a few years between his time going gluten-free after college, and his time before he became a vampire hunter. Before I start, let me just make one thing clear: I'm not the creepy uncle who wants to molest you. I'm the regular uncle who just wants to watch from the closet.

From what history tells us, Rhett Redding got addicted to Wii video games after his time in college. Which I'm sure was a blast. I wouldn't really know because Quentin (Personality #7) suppressed me for most of his 12 years there. I guess triple-majoring in quantum physics, law, and liberal arts gets pretty intense. Unlike my sex life, which is more vanilla than a white kid with a bowl cut and sketchers chugging 300mg of Adderall. When Rhett got deep into his addiction, his life changed. Just like marriage. Remember when holy matrimony was supposed to be between a man and a - what was I talking about? Oh yeah, Rhett. He lost all his friends, he stopped talking to his parents, and he only left his basement for one event. His nightly drinking and driving, reminiscing about his old life full of friends, support, and happiness. Back when he was a good person living a healthy life full of joy and adventure. Rhett went drinking and driving every night. His drink of choice was vodka. Ciroc. Green apple. We the best music. Major key. Everyone knows that drinking and driving is gluten-free, so it didn't hurt his diet. Unlike that weird phase I went through where I would only eat dead bluejays until I couldn't breathe like I was an asthmatic kid running the mile.

Rhett would spend every day practicing Wii sports. He got so attached to the game that he wouldn't even take his Wii strap off. Strap off, strap on, it's a personal preference. But Rhett always thought that Safety was Sexy. Rhett wore his strap when he was doing hardcore drugs, drinking and driving, and only brushing his teeth once a day. Safety first. People would sometimes ask him why he never took off his Wii strap, but Rhett just stared at them with intense rage, like a fourth grader responding to the age-old question: "I know you are, but what am I?"

After a few months, Rhett got clean. But it wasn't until a day later that he would relapse on Wii tennis and he fell deeper into his addiction. It got so bad that Rhett eventually fell in love with a Mii. They would end up having quintuplets, which Rhett then killed because he was on a gluten-free diet. Rhett's Wii addiction would bring him to the Wii championships where he faced some 12-year-old Asian kid who was probably made in a factory with the sole purpose of winning Wii games. Rhett would go on to beat the living shit out of the kid - physically - and win the Wii championship title, which he then held for the next six years. Then, the Wii U was released. It sucked so hard you would think it was my grandma back in her prime. Rhett couldn't go back. He took off his strap. He never touched another Wii game.

Dark Side of the Moon

Jake Mohamed

Let me tell you something about a fella named Rhett Redding. Between his time as a child with multiple personality disorder and his time as president of the United States, he spent his days in space, and his nights hunting goth pedophiles, or, as they're known in English, vampires. During the day, Rhett was an astronaut. He could only be an astronaut during the day because, obviously, the sun goes down at night, making space too dark. Every time he looked out into the solar system, the largest object from his station was Uranus, but he could also see the Bowfa solar system. Bowfa these nuts. Rhett's favorite food was beef jerky. This was extremely convenient in space because beef jerky is just space meat made from moon cows. And no, moon cow is not a euphemism for my bitch mom. In order to pass the time, Rhett and the other astronauts would discuss the mysteries of space. Why was Pluto a dwarf planet instead of a little people planet? How did Minecraft find out that the Earth was a cube? Why does my dentist need to perform anal searches every time I go into his office? He keeps saying I have 'ass teeth' but WebMD says that they don't exist. I guess we'll never truly know.

At night time, when the sun went down and my PTSD about how my dad surprised me with a dead kitten for my tenth birthday went away, Rhett spent his time as a vampire hunter. His life as a vampire hunter dates back to his middle school dance with Conroy Q. Sacklebum. Unfortunately, she got murdered in a vampire gang war between the Blood Suckers, and the Dick Suckers (formerly known as the "Vampire Gang Your Mom is In"). This sent Rhett through a tumbling rage, which ignited the Vampire Wars. Rhett went town to town across the world, hunting every vampire he could.

"Team Edward my ass!" He would exclaim while shoving wooden stakes into the hearts of his victims. He went on his vampire holocaust for years. He would hunt every night, not sleeping at all. Sheer will and anger kept him awake, as well as a very real caffeine addiction which should not be joked about. If you or a loved one is dealing with caffeine addiction, please call the number on your screen. His favorite day to hunt was on the 31st of October. At around 6 PM, vampires of all ages would flood the streets, and Rhett would go on murdering sprees so impressive, they would make Call of Duty players jizz their pants and send in a Tactile Nuke. Some of these vampires tried to explain that they were just children going trick-or-treating. But Rhett was a seasoned vampire hunter. He didn't have time for their silly tricks, nor did he have time for their sweet treats. So he treated these kids like he was David McGreavy. He watched after them, made sure they were happy and healthy, and murred their goofy asses. Fucking pussies.

After a few years, Rhett had finished hunting all the vampires in the world and decided to write a book about it, called Twilight. He then realized it was a stupid idea, so he buried the book in Stephanie Meyers' backyard where nobody could ever find it, and moved on with his life. Thus ending his career as a vampire hunter.

Hello, my name is Rhett, and I'm an alcoho... whoops, wrong place.

Good morning, you unambitious degenerates! I'm Mr. Redding and other than your reality check I'll be your English substitute. Your teacher left an assignment about a one-page paper after reading something called... "Al and Gary of the Cave".

Oh, allegory. Same thing. Philosophy-BLEH.

I don't know what they've been teaching you kids at school. All this philosophy crap and asking questions, well, let me tell you the truth:

They. Were. All. High. The Greeks (opiates), the MesoPOTamians, all of them. Oh, are you catching on now? Picking up what I'm putting down? Good. I hear you're learning about when Al Gore went to the cave. Sanjay put your hand down. THE TEACHER IS TALKING. Oh, did I mis-read something? Are you saying it's Allegory of the Cave? Well, in that case, do you want a thank you? Because you get DETENTION. Here's a tip: Don't be a smart aleck, kid. The spelling bee association doesn't like it, the mathletes don't like it, and Princeton certainly won't like it. And anyway, I know what I'm saying. I know all about the Alligator of the Cave. Watch and learn.

Okay, let's see... Play-doh apparently had a brother suffering from glaucoma and one day, his sick brother was having a conversation with Some crates. Hmmm...wonder why that's capitalized. Higher than kites, I tell ya. Don't do drugs kids. You'll end up being a substitute teacher. Anyway they're having a conversation in a cave (Paleolithic area and all) about some prison that opened in the next cave over. Some crates were saying they heard that the inmates in the prison were chained to the wall and they got to watch these awesome puppet shows. Every night there was a puppet show. And they got chocolate pudding to enjoy with the show. I mean, would you leave if you got pudding? I wouldn't! But little Johnny, one of the inmates had had enough. He was 5'4, 300 pounds, malnourished, suffering from glaucoma, and he wanted more pudding. Good source of Vitamin D. Now little Johnny went to go look for some more pudding. Somehow, he wandered out of the cave and came face to face with an alligator. And you know what he did? He asked the alligator if it knew where the extra pudding was! I mean yes, the alligator ate little Johnny, and when Al from United Against Glaucoma and Gary from the Terminally Blind Society, and all of little Johnny's support groups went looking for him, they were eaten too, and the alligator ate everyone. Yes, even the puppets. But what's the moral of the story kids? SANJAY PUT YOUR HAND DOWN. I've had enough of you. Aren't you late for your shift at your dad's convenience store? Back to the point. There were so many lessons! For one, read a book because there are NO alligators in Greece. Two, don't try to be edgy and get pudding yourself when you're too fat to maintain an upright position (or run). And three, it's not Florida's fault its people can't count votes, it's an unfortunate consequence of global warming! 5 years ago, there were 100,000 glaciers in the world. Today, only 100,000 remain.

I'm just kidding you guys! The important take-away is that you schedule an eye appointment today with Lenscrafters! Get that weird thing growing in your eye checked out... or don't! Then when they ask you "which one is better: One or Two? A or B?" you can say neither because you waited too long and now, you're freakin' blind! That's what glaucoma does, you rascals! And if you're gluten free like me, try the 100% safety guaranteed, tried and true Greek method for 20/20 vision: drinking a glass of mercury twice a day! You'll lose all your teeth but look at the bright side: it'll happen before your eyes!

Now, I have things to do, so you can all get the hell out of here. Except for you, Sanjay. Go to the principal's office.



CAPRICORN
(December 22 - January 19)

N/A

Please contact our Deputy Director of Astrological Speculation for more information.

SAGITTARIUS
(November 22 - December 21)

This whole fucking magazine is about one person.
He's a Pisces.
What makes you think you could get a horoscope for yourself you selfish, ugly Sagittarius? Go away.

SCORPIO
(October 23 - November 21)

Ha. No.

VIRGO
(August 23 - September 22)

Your life is meaningless compared to his.

TAURUS
(April 20 - May 20)

Go get your own magazine.

LIBRA
(September 23 - October 22)

Move along now. Time for the next page.
No one wants to do horoscopes for you.

H O R O S C O P E S

AQUARIUS
(January 20 - February 18)

Aquarius horoscopic information temporarily unavailable due to budget constraints.

CANCER
(June 21 - July 22)

Is your name Rhett?
Didn't think so.

GEMINI
(May 21 - June 20)

Our astrologists work for one person, and he sure as hell isn't a Gemini.

PISCES
(February 19 - March 20)

This will be an interesting week for you. After falling in love with your elementary school librarian, who you later realize is a man and who you also later realize is a vampire hunter, and whose head you later realize you saw floating through space while working the night shift at ISS, and whose death you later vow to avenge by becoming a vampire hunter yourself, and after you bother your college roommate to no end with your strange bathing habits, and after you briefly serve as President of the United States, and after you go to space to hunt vampires, you will die a horrible death. It will hurt and it also won't feel very good at all. There will be a large quantity of blood, but you will wish that there had been more. Oh sorry. Was that too specific for a horoscope? Should I keep the tone lighter and more ambiguous? Sorry. Disregard the above. Allow me to rephrase. Pisces: you're an individual person with a strong sense of your own likes and dislikes. Throughout your life you have created many memories, all of which occurred in the past. This week, you will face certain challenges and it will be important to remember that even if you fail, if you fail fatally, then at least you'll be dead.

ARIES
(March 21 - April 19)

This really isn't about you.

LEO
(July 23 - August 22)

The stars don't align for you.

Rhett Redding's Diary

14

Date unspecified.

Dear Diary,

You know better than any inanimate object about my hatred of daily recaps, but I need somewhere to record my suspicions.

Today I woke up like any other day. I refilled my pillow with fresh, crusty leaves, I made myself a cup of tea, shaken not stirred, of course, and I relit the fire under my toilet for the heated seat. But when I opened my front door to head to the mailroom, I saw a single acorn placed on top of my "Death to All Rodents" doormat.

Seeing as how I live on the fifth floor of an abandoned hospital, this parcel is an unsettling one. I have a lot of enemies, and most of them have access to acorns.

You will feel the feather of my quill pen once I know more.

Your creator,

Rhett

2 weeks from date unspecified

Dear Diary

It happened again.

I was out on the lake that the police reports keep calling a 'pond'. Nothing was too unusual on the water. When I went to reef the sail, I was suddenly blindsided, in both eyes, by two perfectly synchronized, falling acorns. They hit me with inhuman accuracy.

I flailed for several minutes, blindly karate chopping in sporadic directions. When the pain dissipated and my sight returned my assailants were nowhere to be found.

I fear for the day when a high velocity acorn will dislodge my brain.

I have surrounded the Hospital with wooden stakes, cloves of garlic, mouse traps, and mosaics of Leviticus. I'm prepared for an onslaught of biblical proportions.

Your merciful God,

Rhett

2 DAYS LATER

Dear Diary,

I am completely surrounded by small, furry, bushy tailed beasts.

My assumption that my assailants were vampires did not help me. Instead, a sea of squirrels chewed up my wooden stakes and ate my garlic defenses. The mouse traps claimed a few lives, but it was a mere drop in the ocean of squirrels outside the building.

penthouse in Hell.



I have no idea what I did to piss off what seems like the entire squirrel population of Missouri. It could be my fracking in public parks, or my release of an invasive subspecies of hawk, or all the rocks I've thrown at squirrel nests in passing. Regardless, they have banded together, and they want my head. I don't know how much longer my defenses will last, the old people smell can only last for so long.

It first started when squadrons of four would attack me on my daily Brie run. They would nip at my heels and crawl and climb into very personal places. I had to protect my dick with a cheese grater, as it was the only kitchen utensil that could fend them off. Imagine playing whack-a-mole with a frying pan on your bare chest sprinting at 13 miles per hour. By the time I got home with my stolen cheese my chest looked like a sunset in May.

I don't think anything can help me now. I have been hearing the squeaking for weeks-they echo through the halls. I think they're in the air ducts, mapping the most effective route to my demise. I pray for death, but I'll be damned if I let God's great taker of souls come in the form of a buck-toothed rodent.

The next time I pick up a pen I will either be their master, or dead, writing from Rick James' pent-house in Hell.

Your local Baconator enthusiast,

Rhett

I DAY LATER

Dear Diary

I fucking won.

The squirrels charged all at once. They came in droves. The sound of their charge shook the abandoned hospital like budget cuts would shake a running hospital. The mass of their bodies was too much for my wooden door to handle, and they split, chewed, and scratched the door into mulch. They flooded in from the air ducts. Some crawled up through my toilet and were met with a fiery demise. They threw themselves at me from all directions, teeth barred, in my own home.

What followed next was a masterclass in extermination.

I had rigged the whole hospital with explosives controlled with a remote detonator earlier. It was time for me to accept that my home was unsalvageable. When the squirrels collectively lunged at me, they launched my body through the rear window and I fell 5 stories. I was fortunate to have a pile of used hypodermic needles to break my fall. I sprinted to the edge of the property with the little air in my lungs that I had left, and dove across the property lines. With a single click, the primed explosives created a conflagration so large it wiped out an entire stage of Missouri's food chain. Bricks stained with blood and matted with fur skyrocketed upwards, and the boom of detonation silenced the whole neighborhood. Not a squirrel stirred.

I write this bloody and bruised, but still technically with all four limbs.

Ducem Vicit,

Rhett.



Where is Rhett now? Only two people know: French Minister of Labor Muriel Pénicaud, and you! Please contact your local congressman now with any and all information related to Rhett Redding!



Contact information for your local congressperson:
Name: Benjamin Moneybags
Email: guyIdidn'tvote@theballot.box
Phone: +1 (420)-555-6969

Why is there an entire page just for this logo?

Excellent question! Please allow me to explain. The necessity of this page is the direct result of three factors and the indirect result of four. To begin directly, without more ado than necessary, allow me to begin with the indirect reasons. First: God. Whether or not He exists and whether or not the Editorial Board of Times New Roman lays claim to being religious authorities (we do), He and, even moreso, His followers, can be blamed as the indirect cause of everything, e.g. sleeping with Mary begets Jesus begets crucifixion begets Christians begets anti-semitism begets Nazism begets Enigma machine begets Alan Turing begets modern computers begets Adobe Photoshop.

And that brings us to direct cause number three: I don't know how to use Photoshop very well, so when I was asked to add the "Supported by the Student Activity Fee" logo to the backs of the most recent issues, I tried unsuccessfully to open the existing pdfs with Photoshop for twenty minutes before I thought hell, I'll just put together a separate page with just the logo and add it to all the pdfs. I know how to do that. I suppose you could have deduced that from the existence of this page. Well you should know that it was me who put this here - not anybody else! At first I just had the logo alone on the page, but I thought that looked rather silly - and that's indirect reason number three!

"But why," I can hear you asking, "did you have to put the logo on in the first place?" Enter direct causes numbers one and two. 1) This year we did not put the logos on when we were first designing the issues as we had in previous years. 2) We must pay homage to our venerable and beloved Student Gov-

ernment Association who, in their infinite wisdom, allot the funds collected from the "Student Activity Fee" and who, in their finite power, mandate the inclusion of the below logo on student organization publications. These two direct causes are the direct result of the second indirect cause: greed!

Evil, villainous greed. Insatiable, ravenous greed. Greedy, greedy greed. The first being that of the Student Government Association who implemented severe budget cuts to student organizations while keeping their own budget and stipends at outrageous levels last year. This resulted in Times New Roman not being funded by the Student Activity Fee. (Maybe our failure to submit budget requests by the deadline had something to do with it, but we prefer to overlook indirect cause number four.) That's right. The logo below is a lie. The publication of this issue was in no material way supported by the Student Activity Fee. Nevertheless, the Editorial Board of Times New Roman also suffers from avarice. We desire a grossly inflated budget to afford all sorts of material goods like promotional condoms and printed issues. In order to be granted such indulgences, we must appease the Student Government Association with the inclusion of this logo.

To sum, the indirect reasons are: 1) God slept with Mary, 2) the second deadly sin, 3) aesthetic aversion to empty space, 3) managerial incompetence, 4) an inability to count; the direct reasons are: 1) lack of funding, 2) desire for funding, 3) technical incompetence.

Supported by the
Student Activity Fee