Hello everybody! I’m back and it’s time for another edition of hilarity and zaniness. No, I’m not attempting to do my laundry, I’ve written another humor column! And, as you may have noticed from the familiar looking title, I have once again returned to the subject with which I started out the year; the fact that I don’t have my picture next to my article. After years (and by years I mean a month or two) of struggling valiantly to break through the iron curtain and get my manly visage placed next to my words of wisdom in The Crusader, I have still met with minimal (i.e. no) success. I have, therefore, decided that it, like most things in my life that don’t go my way, is a government conspiracy. The government has decided that it would be too dangerous for the American people to see my face in the paper, because then they might be able to identify me on campus and say things like, “Hey Mike, nice article this week,” or, “Hey Mike, did you know your fly is unzipped?” Well, tough noogies to them, I’ve taken matters into my own hands! If the paper doesn’t have enough guts to put my picture in, then I’ll just have to scan in a copy and do it myself! Here it is!

Ha, ha! Who’s laughing now, Mr. Silly-Government-Poopie-Head! There it is, a fantastic picture of myself, and there’s nothing the government can do about it! Nothing!

Anyway, let’s get on to this week’s real topic: more great literature. It’s been a while, but I think it’s time to return to the way it all started, with a few good reviews of great pieces of literature. So, here goes:

“The Odyssey”: I thought I’d start it off with something light that we all know and love. “The Odyssey” is an epic work in the true sense of the word. It’s full of mad-passionate sex. I mean, according to literature, ancient people never said things like, “Hell yeah!” or, “Man, that was hot.” But they did have hold of their innards, and I fear that if I do not surrender to her call I shall burst ashunder.* And did you ever wonder about how they managed to speak in such perfect meter with such dead-on rhyme schemes? My take on it is that there were lots of large periods of silence in conversations that the authors neglected to include while each person thought out a way to reply that would preserve the rhythm and flow of things. Anyway, the protagonist of the story, a man named Odysseus, spends most of the book trying to return to his homeland, The Bronx, after the Trojan War. However, while the trip should have taken him no more than a few days (depending on the weather), it ends up taking him nearly twenty years, because the God Poseidon, who Odysseus offended by cutting off, has backed up the traffic on the interstate for miles. Luckily, Odysseus is a wily one. Using such ingenious ideas as driving in the breakdown lane, carpooling, and taking as many back-roads as possible, he gradually makes his way home. However, after facing many dangers, including the evil、“Driver-Who-Never-Signals-His-Turn” and the deadly “Cop-Who-Won’t-Buy-The-My-Speedometer-Is-Broken-Excuse”, and losing all of his men in a rather unpleasant rest-stop incident, Odysseus makes it home only to find that his neighbors, after assuming he was dead, have started putting the moves on his wife in order to take over his estate. Luckily, the book has a happy ending when Odysseus, after executing an elaborate scheme to get all the suitors in one place at the same time, brutally slaughters them with the aid of his son who had not seen him for twenty years. I assume it was quite the bonding experience.

“A Tale of Two Cities”: One of Charles Dickens’ many masterpieces, “A Tale of Two Cities” focuses on, oddly enough, two cities. But this surprise twist is only one of many that are revealed throughout the course of this amazingly complicated book. Characters reveal so many astonishing relationships that the book ends with everybody actually being a small boy named Andy. Honestly, lucky, before this plot element is sprung, thereby ruining everything the author has been working towards the entire novel, numerous well-developed characters are introduced and … well, developed. The cast includes Dr. Manette, a French physician who has been imprisoned in one of the worst jails in France for so long that it takes him almost the entire book to recover from a catastrophic state; Lucie Manette, his overly dramatic daughter who spouts most of the book taking care of her elderly father by giving him several wet and warm sponge baths (eeeeeeewwwwwwww!!!); Charles Darnay, the man Lucie falls in love with because he’s hot; Sydney Carton, the man Lucie does not fall in love with, because he’s got a terrible personality, but who falls in love in with her and who she decides that she would die for or one she loved, thereby setting off a massive foreshadowing alarm. Mr. Lorry, who I cannot remember anything about his life, goes through the book a long time ago, and Piggy, the stereotypical fat-guy comic relief. As far as the plot goes, I think it had something to do with the French Revolution. That or bald-bottoms.

“1984”: This rather grim novel spends a lot of time talking about Big Brother. The TV show, that is. Apparently, in the future (The book was written before 1984), the government forces the population to watch Big Brother any longer, but instead wishes to watch CSI, Monday Night Football and specials on The History Channel. So, he begins secretly formulating plans to contact the fabled basic cable company, and along the way he meets Julia, another person who is getting sick of the endless insurrections with brave “Theodore” and the deadly “Cop-Who-Won’t-Buy-The-My-Speedometer-Is-Broken-Excuse” and his deadly “Theodore”. He’s actually looking for something to kill her because he believes she is a government informant, he has very sexual dreams about her, and she’s kind of feisty.

Well, I’d say that’s about enough for this week. For this semester now that I think about it. I hope you’ve enjoyed my little articles, because I’ve had fun writing them. Anyway, I’ll see all of you next semester, but make sure you have a good Christmas, Hanukkah, or Kwanza, or winter season break, or whatever. And remember, don’t white on the electric fence.