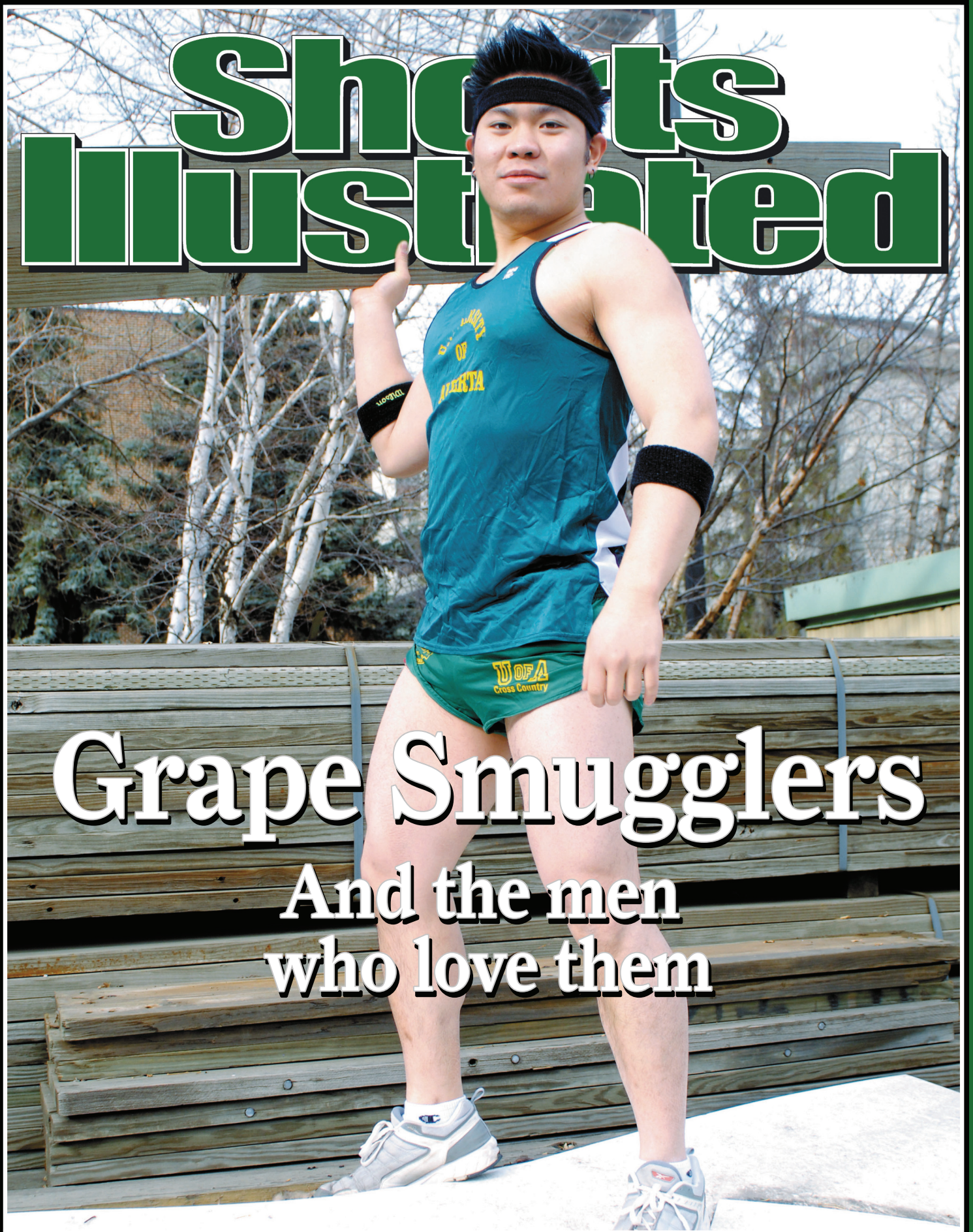


GRATUITOUS NEAR-NUDITY

Seriously, turn to page 26 to see some skin

AUTOMOTIVE PALINDROMES

Racecar is spelled the same way forwards or back



Shorts Illustrated

Grape Smugglers

And the men
who love them

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APRIL 10, 2008
VOLUME 97 NO. 46

Roll up the Rim

You know how easy they make it look in the commercials? It's really, *fucking-not.*



F E A T U R E S

NON-SPORTS

20 Short Shorts!

We ask the pros what they like to wear, and the answer is overwhelmingly cut-off culottes

By the Royal Teens

22 The Beard Team!

Professional beard growing: still not a mainstream sport. We're edgy like that

By Muscle T

86 Racecar driving

That's right, we said it: driving around in a circle for two hours does not constitute physical activity

By Nascar Boxers Guy

NON-SEQUITURS

13, 42, 3.14 Junk!

No grapes were harmed in the smuggling of this issue. Promise

By Fergie

69 Never-nudes

Do you wear jean cutoffs under your pants at all times? You may be a never-nude

By Tobias Fünqe

1, 3 Tennis

Tennis! I used to play cricket

By John Cleese

Go deep with Brodie Chadlen

PLAYAZ — PG 16



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MySpace ain't got nothing on
deeze bitchez

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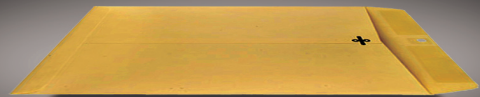
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Outside...

26 Street Hockey

Drama runs rampant in the
neighborhood league

Who said size matters?



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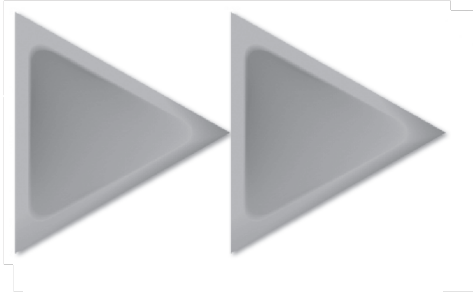
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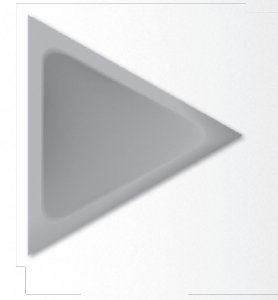
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SpeedingOff

Suspect still at large

This man (inset) is wanted after a hit-and-run involving a cyclist in a bike lane. He was driving a light brown 1998 Toyota Corolla and was last seen heading eastbound on 87th avenue. Fortunately, the cyclist escaped with only minor injuries.

Photograph by Boron Cheesitch





Beating Off

Fap fap fap fap fap fap

It's not what it sounds like: this guy's just trying to make a cake. He's beating the eggs, see. But "beating thoroughly" just doesn't have the same ring to it. How this is related to sports or shorts, we're not sure.

Photograph by Four on Freezebits







Bleating Off

Baa-baa black sheep

Get it? 'Cause they're sheep. Oh man, the things you can do with puns these days. Again, no shorts—though I suppose we could be looking at the early stages of a woolen pair.

Photograph by Pix McGee/SEE PEE



Is nothing sacred?

You pushed the boundaries of good taste beyond their limits with your male swimsuit edition. I can appreciate an athletic male physique as much as the next guy, but the dude you had on the cover can only be described as “Auschwitz-skinny.” And if I wanted to see that much package, I would shop online with Amazon, or something.

Randy Richardson, Philadelphia



How are you gentlemen

When examining your coverage of the Orioles in the World Series (*All Your Base Belong To Us*, March 18), I was highly disappointed in the xenophobic term used to designate the position between second and third bases. Though the title was originally conceived by the inventor of baseball (Ty Cobb) in 1939, we of the Christian League of Pygmy Americans view any use of the taboo term “shortstop” to be highly discriminatory towards those of us to be considered chosen by God to be diminutive. Don’t let it happen again, you tall bastards.

Gregor Nomory, CLPA Dictator-For-Life

Tonight we dine in Hell

Thanks for your fuckin’ rad profile on figure skater Jeffrey Tuttle (*Lutz Ado About Nothing*, March 18). Don’t you find it irritating that the stupid commission forces them to wear such stupid costumes? All sequins and fuckin’ ribbons and ... purple things. Sometimes, I think it would just be better if they skated naked. You know, like in ancient Greece, or some shit like that, when they did figure skating at the first

Olympics. Hey, Spartans would be totally awesome at that shit. Just like the bit in 300. Man, Gerard Butler would rock as a figure skater.

Natalie Dijon, Opulence, California

Tibet your bottom dollar

I can hardly wait for the next season of Olympic Torch Protests (*Flame War*, March 26), even though this one isn’t even done yet. I’ve recruited the top free agents from around the world for the next round. My team averages 0.657 torches extinguished per leg and has a total of 11 TRDs (Torch Runs Diverted). Bookies have us as the favourites to force the most athletes onto buses in 2010. See you in Quebec!

François Laperriere, Tete Jaune Cache, BC

JUMANJI!

I, Sir Cadwalader P Bullsworth OBE, have had enough!

This magazine has overlooked the bastardization of the sole thrill of my six-decade-long existence on this miserable planet: sport hunting. Back in the glorious, heady days of the hunt, the titillation

of exploring the Dark Continent for the rarest and most majestic species, then destroying their meek life like so much skeet gave me such excitement I would need to calm myself with the joyous haze of laudanum.

But there will be a scarcity of Bullsworth Ass-trophies in the future, as I plan to cease and desist. The newly imposed, nonsensical “regulations” are ruining this most ancient of sports.

For example, traipsing through the shrubbery one day, I was admiring the dulcet jungle tones of the indigenous screaming baboon’s death throes, when I came across a sign penned in the mother tongue. “National Wildlife Preserve,” it read.

It has been said that humans are the most dangerous game, but whoever those ill-minded miscreant are, they are woefully mistaken. Humans brandishing pistols are the most dangerous game, as I quickly discovered when this raffish brute fired back with only one good arm, nearly removing my head.

Thus, I am now penning this damnation on my handkerchief in the local medical post under police supervision. Thankfully, the boastful, thoroughly Caucasian braggarts at Fairweather can’t see me in this state; they would barely be able to contain their hearty guffaws. Alas, poor sport, I knew ye well!

Sir Cadwalader P Bullsworth, Rhodesia

More football!

I was dissappointed to read the article last week that was about not football. I think you should write more stories about football. Baseball is alright too, in a pinch. Basketball? Maybe. But if I see one more story about ice hockey, I’m cancelling my subscription.

Al Evans, Little Rock, Arkansas

To Contract STIs > CHLAMYDIA • Symptoms include vaginal discharge, a burning sensation when urinating, pain in the lower abdomen, sometimes with fever and chills; pain during sex, and vaginal bleeding. **GONORRHEA** • A bacterial infection (commonly known as “the clap”) that is transmitted through oral, genital or anal sex with an infected person. It can also be spread from mother to child during birth. **THE HIV** is no laughing matter. But hopefully this issue is. We’ll be back on 8 May with a “real newspaper,” or, if you’re not into the summer school thing, we’ll be on the stands again on Thursday, 28 August. See you then!

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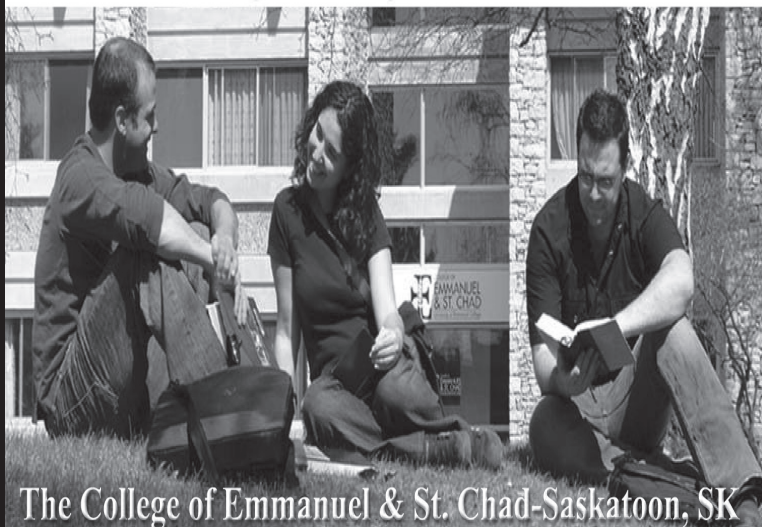
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P1ayaz

First Bro

BRODIE CHADLEN

**PART-TIME ATHLETE,
FULL-TIME D-BAG**

On the local STI clinic

That's really why I picked this school, bro. While the pussy here's really some top-shelf pink, it was the quality of the dick doctors that really turned me on to UD. They've helped me out of some sticky situations, and I have to give them credit for my recent success, because when your dick's under threat, you can't get it wet.

On falling behind his computing-scientist roommate in boning statistics in November

True talk: that shit was straight terrible. Fuckin' hella bunk, man. Here I am, cock in hand, while Beaker over there is running on Hammer Time, 24-sev. Talking laying out fierce style. Don't get me wrong, I don't hate on a brosef for gettin' some sugar pot, but dang if that shit ain't some straight wrong karma.

On nailing his chemistry TA

That right there was a gold-medal worthy get, guy. Broad was acting like she didn't want some of the Brodster, but the way she put smiley faces next to my grades let me know that this girl was craving the cock. No lies, this girl was addicted to dick and strung out for the cock—gettin' the booty shakes and shit. All I had to do was bait the waters and wait till she went for a taste. My bros didn't think I could pull that shit, but I'll tell you straight up: that bitch couldn't bend over for a week after I got done with her, dude.



I figure ...

11 People who know what the University's motto *quacumque vera* means.

\$9.02 Cost of my Edo Japan Tropical Chicken lunch sans beverage. Damn their shrewd new special. The Sukiyaki beef combo was far more economical—by about a dollar.

650 Thread count of my overpriced but not overrated 100% Egyptian cotton bedding. Anyone who still sleeps on his or her favorite childhood flannel set lives a sad, pathetic, uncomfortable existence.

\$1,399.00 Price of the Ikea Ektorp corner sofa I want. Some would say I have exquisite taste.

220 Friends I have accumulated on Facebook. This made me feel popular until I learnt El Presidente Michael Janz has 1247.

1683 Emails currently in my junk mail account tempting me to open them with subject lines such as "Grow huge and add inches, fast," "Replica Watches," and "On day you see that your penis size is satisfied."

167 My average heart rate during my last run. According to my Polar watch, this accounts for 84% of my ticker's maximum capacity.

3-4 Approximate number of times I hit my neighbour's cat with a devil stick when I was nine. Man, I hated that cat.

∞ Number of times I wanted to hit that cat with a devil stick.

Hot or Not?

Sidney Crosby

Despite sitting out a good chunk of the season due to a sprained ankle, he still managed to be among the league's scoring leaders. Not only is he the youngest captain in NHL history and the youngest player to win practically every award the NHL has to offer, but he threatens the sexuality of the male audience while doing it with his lady-killing boyish good looks.

Annamay Pierse

With a trip to the Olympics in August secured after a pair of wins at the Canadian trials this past weekend, Pierse has never been a hotter commodity. The Canadian record holder in the 100m and 200m



breaststroke, Pierse has to be considered one of Canada's top medal hopes for Beijing, and for stealing the hearts of many a young gent.

Rod Brind'Amour

Missed the second half of the 2007/08 season with a torn ACL, and his Carolina Hurricanes wound up missing the playoffs by one game when they couldn't beat the lowly Florida Panthers. Also, his face looks like a herd of buffalo stamped across it as an infant, followed by the Native Americans who were chasing them—I guess that makes his neck Head-Smashed-In-Buffalo-Jump.



Tiffany Stansbury

The Minnesota Lynx forward left UNC in '06 and went straight to a losing team that went 10-24 last season. But they didn't even get the first overall pick in the draft. Plus, she'll never be able to dunk like her father Terence, despite the manish resemblance she bears to him.



SI PLAYAZ POLE POLL

Who is the greatest Polish person you ever saw?

Walter Sobchak	MARK IT ZERO, DONNY.
That evil polish plumber stealing French jobs in that EU ad	32%
Lech and Jaroslaw Kaczynski, former twin president and prime minister of Poland	50%
John Paul II	666%
Ross Prusakowski	HIS WEIGHT IN HAMWICHES

FAST FACTS Poll wasn't really conducted at all, kind of just picked Some of the other Poles mentioned had too many zeds in their name, and, ergo, can't be trusted Donnie is most definitely out of his element Horses or tanks? GO! Steve Wozniak would have made the list, but Steve Jobs threatened us One respondent questioned the inclusion of Ross Prusakowski, noting that he "isn't so much a Pole, as much as he is a snugglebum"

[Based on six of us sitting around trying to think of "famous" Polish people. There aren't many.]



MATHLETES These engineering students are about as unathletic as you can get. Look at those nerds, doing their homework. Pssh.

For the Record

Forgotten by about fifteen once-loyal fans, the lost office non-sport of Radkethball. This incredibly destructive game was banned after its only two participants started breaking stuff in the office and forsook work for developing increasingly dangerous strategies. Incredibly, the person in charge of enforcing this ban took away the ball—made up only of packing tape and the business cards of the creators—and not the net itself. As a result, several rogue games have sprung up since the league's dissolution after the 2005/06 season.

Lost by me, I guess, a 105lb Black Lab. Answers to "Cocoa." Last seen on March 27th. Reward if returned unharmed. Call 555-6123 if found.

Pimped by Xzibit, your ride, a 1973 Cutlass. Yo, MTV,

I'm chillin' outside your crib. You have no idea, but I'm about to pimp your ride. I've seen your car, and let me tell you, you're ridin' on some bullshit wheels, but my boys down at West Coast Customs are gonna make it the bomb—it's gonna be ridiculous.

Pwned by (TaA) Captain_Smarmy with a zergling rush, (EoG) CrAzYfAcE, lowering his career record to a laughable 23-47-8. CrAzYfAcE is currently the lowest ranked member of the (EoG) clan and is rumoured to be on the verge of getting the boot from his clan leaders (EoG)2Tuff4U, and (EoG)rickz1337. This loss was his fourth straight, and he was just barely putting up the second supply depot of his Terran wall on \$\$\$\$Big Game Hunters\$\$\$\$ when the first six 'lings stormed in. Koreans everywhere went apeshit.

Tea-bagged by multiple co-workers while clad in red, Michael Robert Otto, Esq in a game of Social Slayer on High Ground. Otto found himself on the opposite team from party members Conal Pierse, Ryan Heise, and Paul Owen, and after narrowly avoiding a Spartan Laser shot by jumping off the Ghost, Otto was shot in the back by Heise and Owen. Falling on his face, the blue duo rolled him over, then gently, with increasing vigor, lowered their genitals onto his corpse's helmet. Pierse joined them, and the three were swifty taken out by a well-aimed spike grenade.

Phoned (in) This issue, at approximately 11:57pm MST. Hopefully it was good for a few lolz. If not, then why don't you just go read the real thing?

Steve Said It

**BEARSCAT
CREATOR**
On the SU's
handling of the
online registration
system

**"Dude, I
invented friggin
Bearscat. Have
you heard of it?"**



SINE OF THE HYPOTENUSE

Is the square of the opposite side of the ... aww, fuck it. I can't remember how to do trigonometry.

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**Shorts
Illustrated**

Who wears

Once purely the purview of dorks, geeks, nerds, and the chronically wedgied, shorts shorts are back. But thanks to some record-setting performances by their wearers, these petite pantaloons are experiencing a rollicking resurgence.

BY MADAME BEAUMONT | *Photograph by Dyke Autoerotica*

A close-up, low-angle shot of a person's leg in dark shorts, stretching on a grassy field. The leg is the central focus, extending from the top left towards the bottom right. In the background, another person in an orange long-sleeved shirt and green shorts is sitting on the grass, also stretching. The background is slightly blurred, showing a cityscape with buildings and parked cars under a bright sky.

short shorts?

Straight ballin'

Short shorts have gotten a bad rap over the years, but the comeback is on. Stretching their supple loins on the field of battle, Ben Carlson (inside the cock arch, or carch, if you will) and Floyd Fletcher prepare to engage in sport. What sport, we don't know, but damn those boys be smuggling some plums.

Ferguson Gervin puts his shorts on just like the rest of us: one leg at a time. Except, once his shorts are on, he breaks scoring records. His secret? Well, his aren't just any shorts—they're short shorts. ¶ Ferguson becomes a throwback to an era of red, white, and blue balls; high-octane offences; and his father Ferguson Sr, a star with the San Antonio Spurs in the days of the American Basketball Association and a pioneer of short shorts in sports. ¶ To Ferguson Gervin, it's not just a matter of comfort or style—it's a matter of family pride. Ferguson Sr is

widely credited with having popularized the cut-off culottes in the late 1960s while playing in college.

"Dad always kept things close to his chest," Ferguson says. "That philosophy extended to his genitals, as well."

In homage to his father, Ferguson dons those shortest of leggings when on the court—making him the first to do so since John Stockton retired and resigned his shiny white sticks to decades of nipple-high sweat pants. But while the move may make papa proud, it has also done wonders for Ferguson's game on the hardwood.

"I find that they give me so much more mobility on the court," he explains

while demonstrating his signature leg lunges. "I can just lift my legs up so much higher without worrying about my shorts ripping or whatever."

BUT GERVIN isn't the only one extolling the virtues of these garish garments: now, cyclists too are getting in on the inner-thigh-revealing action.

Champion cyclist Floyd Fletcher says he'd

be lost without his favourite pedal-pushing pantaloons.

"When I ride in loose shorts, they move around a lot, and I'm distracted because,



Old Skool

Gervin drives to the net to tickle the twine and show off his new merkin.

brand of special" and that surrounding your happy region with stretchy synthetic fabric isn't the same as the cool, loose feel of the traditional short short.

"Wearing a garment that shoves your balls back up into your stomach cavity isn't the same as letting them swing freely, but securely," he argues. "You want 'em tight on the side, loose in the front."

High jumper Ben Carlson is picking up what Gervin is putting down. A longtime proponent of short shorts, the two-time Pan-Am Games silver medallist more than anybody exemplifies the "freely but securely" mantra that George preaches.

"When I clear the bar, there are two 'thwaps': my body hitting that map, and the softer contact my wang makes with the thinly stretched cotton between my legs," he explains. "I call it the Aftershock."

Short shorts aren't just for the guys, either: female volleyball players, to use a completely random example, have been sporting short shorts of the oh-so-tight variety for years. Some observers have pointed out that this tradition began with beach volleyball leagues in Central and South America, while

"Who wears short shorts? We wear short shorts! They're such short shorts! We like short shorts! Who wears short shorts? We wear short shorts!"

well, they could get caught in the gears. That moving chain is an accident waiting to happen, you get snagged, and suddenly you're thinking that Lance Armstrong got off lucky.

"Now, when I ride, it's just me, my boys, and the open road."

According to Gervin, not all spandex cycling shorts are created equally. He notes that cyclists have "always been their own

others postulate that their roots can be traced back to post-war Europe, where the steel and aluminum required to construct short shorts were scarce and the balls used were actually unripe cantalopes.

But in the gym, women's volleyball teams continue to sport the spandex miracles, where their restrictive nature comes in handy.

"These girls are powerful athletes, so of course they have some meat and muscle on

them. You don't want that bouncing around out there on the court—somebody could get hurt!" Ruben Acosta, President of the International Volleyball Federation, says.

According to Dirk Donovan, a single, middle-aged sports fan that sits near the press area, there are other competitive advantages to wearing tighty-tighters, such as mobility, flexibility, lightness, and sliding ability. Plus, he says, "those chicks just look fuckin' hot."

"Check her out, dude," he says through mouthfuls of salt pretzel. "That is jail-worthy. Woo-wheee!"

But while volleyball players have no problem letting their trunk junk hang out, female basketball players have no such predilections. In the latest in a long line of moves attempting to mimic their taller, better, stronger, faster male counterparts, women basketball players have adopted the lengthy leggings that the men wear.

"And you wonder why no one goes to WNBA games?"

But perhaps the most quintessential and enduring short shorts athlete is the rugby player. Blame it on the concussions, blame it on the vague homoeroticism, blame it on the Irish: no matter how you slice it, rugby players always have and always will wear short shorts.

"They're good for scrums," Patrick Owens, a thrice-concussed brute of an Englishman, muttered between pints of Guinness. "You've got ter grab the bloke right in 'is bum. That's the only way ter do it."

Owens then went on to describe a series of incomprehensible maneuvers involving scrum halves and hookers before passing out.

For Ferguson Gervin Sr, it doesn't matter what sport you play, so long as there's a lot of hairy, meaty thigh showing.

Nor is there such thing as too short, he says—and today's young athletes could learn a few things about proper athletic attire. "There was none of this baggy, pants-falling-off-your-ass crap that's so popular with the kids the kids these days," he laments.

"Shorts were short and men were men."

And if his younger son has anything to say about it, short shorts are here to stay.



The complete package

The only thing more H-core than Ben Carlson's layups is his now-infamous victory erections, here seen at half-mast.

American Beardo

Hank McHernihan's name was once synonymous with greatness, and now after a four-year hiatus, he intends to show the world the cut of his gib once more.

BY A. ROD WORTHLESS | *Photograph by Spam Hooks*

It's shaping up to be the toughest night of Hank McHernihan's beard-growing life. In the World Beard Growing Championships, you draw for order, and McHernihan draws last. He sits silent, motionless, as the competition pulls off feat after amazing feat. ¶ The crowd erupts after seeing the Chinese contender, Chin Yu, deliver a furious Fu Manchu floor routine. This is a move that would have made podium five years ago, back when Hank was the sport's golden boy. And only now, after a four-year hiatus, has he returned to the cutthroat world of professional bearding. In his tragedy-imposed exile, the competitions only became hairier.

Right from the beginning, you could tell that Hank was destined for greatness. He was one of the few children on record born with full crop of facial hair, the kind of neck-warmer that 13-year-old boys can only dream of.

"My mother always joked that I gave her rugburn on the way out," Hank laughs. "And only after her death did my dad reveal that this actually was the case."

Growing up as a teen in the '80s in Burkittsville, Maryland, McHernihan never saw himself as an athlete. Beards were just something you did to pass time while skipping class in front of 7-11.

"Things were wilder back then," he says.

"You'd go out and just try out the mutton chops or a Timothy Twist, just for the hell of it. We never gave much thought to what anyone anywhere else was doing."

But in the rest of America, competitive beard-growing was starting to take root as a legitimate sporting event. Amateur competitions were starting to draw arena-sized crowds and increasing amounts of media coverage thanks to beard legends like Jacob Jockstern and Toby Hammerhead, the Bramble Bush award-winner who pioneered the Morning-Fog style. But despite this, the sport remained largely underground—until McHernihan came of age and entered the circuit.



"I remember the very time the first time I tried on a Toby Keith; the cops showed up," he explains. "It was wild."

"We ran, man. We ran like shit. They had fucking dogs chasing our asses," adds Hunter Blackwell, McHernihan's best friend and trainer. "My heart was racing, but it wasn't because of the running or the fence jumping or the cops or the fucking dogs. It was because of that Toby Keith, man. It blew my fucking mind."

Blackwell, an early bloomer himself who was born with sideburns, had been training with McHernihan from the very start, but in 1994, he suffered a debilitating tear to his zygomaticus while attempting the high-risk Flapping Gull.

"Right then, I knew my career was over. But he was still going strong. So strong. He wanted to quit along with me, but I wouldn't let him. That's when I signed on as a trainer. That was how we could keep on winning together. Just like old times. We'd win together."

With McHernihan's raw facial talent and Blackwell's expert eye, McHernihan rose to international stardom, bringing the sport up with him. Soon, the name—and chin—of McHernihan was known and respected in

every household in America—as well as Romania, where the sport gained surprising popularity amongst the female population, surpassing even gymnastics. Despite his fame, he remained ever so humble, but when you have a beard like his, hiding from the public is no easy task: his self-styled “King Peacock” beard and the signature move, the “Royal Plume,” which won him three national titles, inevitably made him stick out in a crowd.

“It’s weird, man. It’s weird to have a woman come up to you and ask to baptize her baby in your beard or for fans to try and snip a lock of it,” he admits.

“And it was even weirder to have them turn their backs on me after ...”

McHernihan trails off, overcome by the emotional memory that’s too painful to voice, but it’s easy to tell what he’s thinking of. I know. We all know. It’s that fateful day four years ago when, on his 39th birthday, tragedy struck.

“McHernihan was always cautious, y’know?” Blackwell explains. “But this particular night was special; he’d just qualified for the Athens Olympics, and he was in fuckin’ first, man. He was gonna take that gold, but some fuckin’ Judas thought it’d be special to toss a sparkler on that cake. Well, fuck, the whole thing went up like the Hindenburg. It was like the Fourth of July, but on somebody’s face.”

He was rushed the hospital, but after two days of round-the-clock operations, the beard was pronounced dead and had to be removed with an industrial-strength twelve-blade razor to prevent further tissue damage. The Olympic dream was dead: a thought that followed him through eight months of ineffective rehab. After failing to regrow even a moustache in that time, his sponsors dropped him, and he became the first great casualty of the sport.

“Every day, I wanted to give up,” he explains. “Every day, I’d eat my cereal, and milk would run down my chin with no beard to catch it, and I would just lose it. But Hunter would never let me give up. He kept trying to figure out new ways for me to grow hair.

“The problem was I was trying to grow from the face, y’know? Hunter showed me that a championship beard goes deeper than the follicles. It starts in the heart.”

It was two years after the accident that the first signs of mutton chops returned and three more years until he felt comfortable testing the competitive waters again, but under a pseudonym, not once daring to try his signature move. Until that night in Tallahassee.

The announcer calls out the next contestant: a name that rings no bells and garners no cheers. The crowd murmurs uncomfortably while McHernihan rises from my side and walks to centre stage. The crowd falls silent, watching this strange intruder in their midst. A full 30 seconds of this two-minute routine pass in utter silence. The tension’s so thick it’s suffocating. And then, with just one minute to spare, he begins.

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It’s a struggle; his beard quivers and flaps, straining to go through the old motions that were once so familiar. It begins to remember; it spreads; but as it reaches half-mast, murmurs start to ripple through the crowd as they recognize, one by one, a move that borders on legendary; a move that stands unreplicated since its inception. But

he stumbles, and the beard falls, to the crowd’s dismay. He falls to his knees.

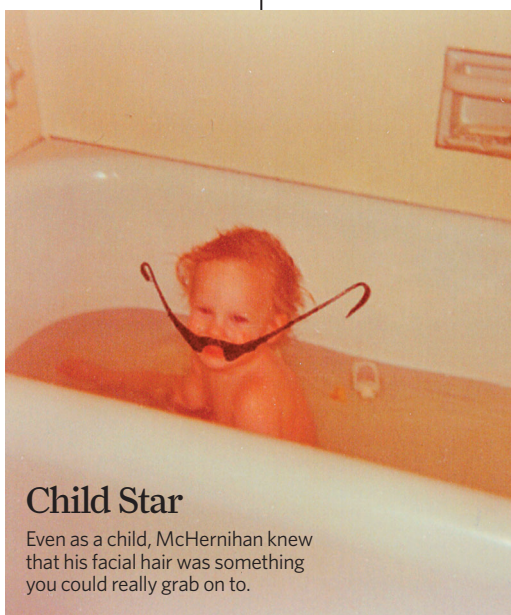
But this is not defeat.

His beard brushes the mat. Through those tiny strands, he feels every heart beat, every awkward shuffle in the room, every ounce of dashed hopes. He begins to shout; low and guttural at first, but building to a roar that shocks the auditorium as he rises to his feet. His beard erupts into full bloom in defiance of the remaining ten seconds on the clock, in defiance of that traitorous sparkler, in defiance of every fear of never returning to the sport that made him—the sport he was born to do.

The buzzer goes off. His time is up, but not a soul in the audience moves. Then, Chin Yu approaches silently from offstage, staring his former competitor in the eyes with a look that could cut through lead.

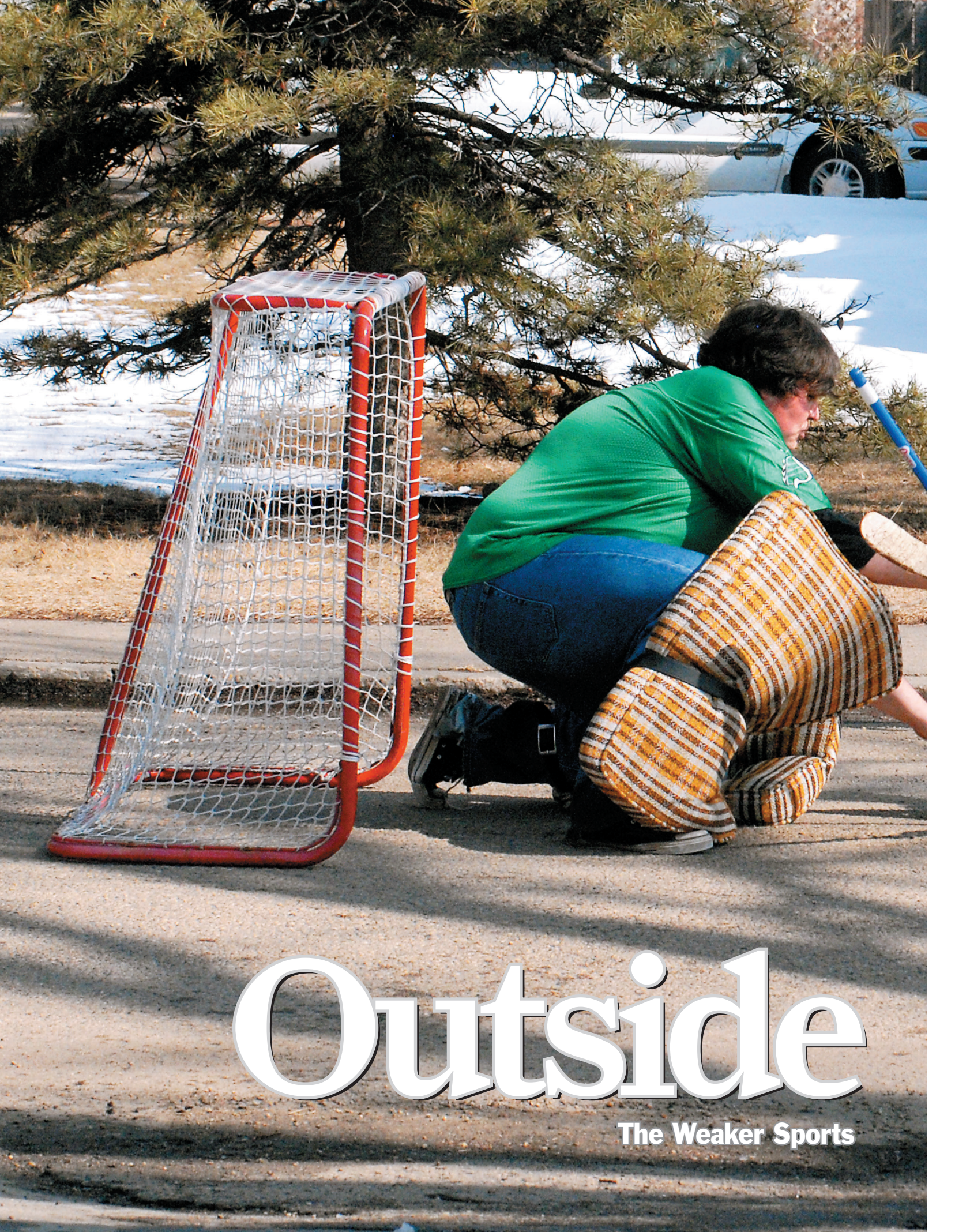
Then, in a sign of concession, he tears off his Fu Manchu and places it in the hands of the clear victor, at which point the crowd erupts with the force of ten Hiroshimas.

He left the arena that night on the shoulders of his fans as they chanted his name. His win qualified him for Beijing, but that’s not what matters. What matters is the hope that McHernihan returned to their lives. Their fallen angel, winged once more.



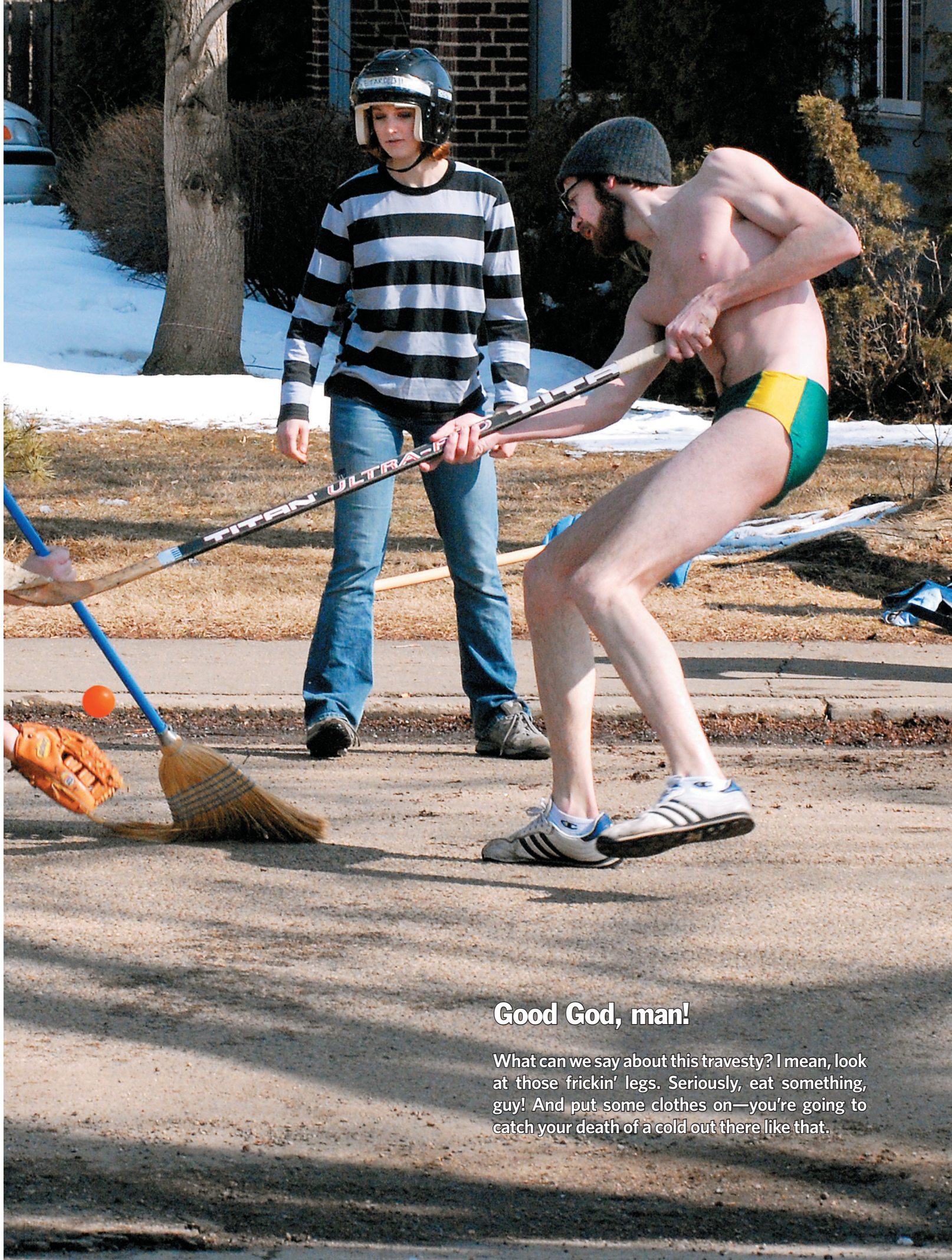
Child Star

Even as a child, McHernihan knew that his facial hair was something you could really grab on to.



Outside

The Weaker Sports



Good God, man!

What can we say about this travesty? I mean, look at those frickin' legs. Seriously, eat something, guy! And put some clothes on—you're going to catch your death of a cold out there like that.



CAR! The Asskickers pause to let a car pass. Next to the league's no-touch icing rule, automobiles are the leading cause of game stoppages in the NASHL.

No love on the streets

Only weeks into the season, the NASHL is having disciplinary troubles.

ALTHOUGH THE 91ST Avenue Street Hockey League's season only opened a month ago, questions are already circling around the fate of Simon Kristoff, star forward of the league-favourite Third-Floor Asskickers. Kristoff, the self-proclaimed bad boy of the six-man league, was forced to sit on

the sidewalk for the remainder of the game after being served a three-game suspension for checking Amish Mafia forward Cole Marlowe into a snow bank when the two teams met last Saturday afternoon. Kristoff and Marlowe, who are roommates and work at the same retail outlet, have had a vocal rivalry that has only escalated since the beginning of the season.

"Most the time, this is a pretty good group of guys to play with. But Simon takes things too far sometimes. He thinks it's a joke, but he's not being funny. He's being a dick," Marlowe said after the game. The check took Marlowe out for the remainder of the period, so that he could be examined by his mom and

change his shirt.

"I got lucky this happened so early in the season, before the boulevards got muddy. It would have totally ruined this shirt."

After the game, Kristoff could be seen tossing his Flyers jersey and baseball cap into the back seat of Marlowe's car for the ride home.

When asked about his reaction to the suspension, Kristoff downplayed the incident.

"That's just how we play the game down in Philly," though he later admitted that he had never actually been to Philadelphia.

This will be Kristoff's fourth misconduct call of the season, although it was the first to warrant a suspension. His previous infractions include:

Borrowing the second

season of television series 24 from Asskickers captain Derek Parker and not returning it within a reasonable time. Parker said that he expected the DVDs to be returned within four months, while Kristoff claimed that no deadline had been discussed. Parker also claimed that the box was returned with water rings on it, as if he had "used it as a god-damn coaster."

Hitting on the sister of fellow Asskickers player Bruce Hammond during Hammond's birthday celebration at a local bar. While Ashley Hammond, who was visiting for the weekend from Vancouver, seemed receptive to Kristoff's advances, the attempted sexual interaction was a violation of the

league's player conduct rules. Hammond later complained about the incident to the league discipline board, arguing, "You don't go after another guy's sister, dude. You just don't. Total dick move."

During an away game held on 26 March, Kristoff arrived on the street wearing his home jersey. He was forced to return to his home, six blocks away, to change into his proper uniform. Kristoff was called for a delay of game infraction and was fined the cost of two large pizzas, which were then provided to the rest of the players after the game.

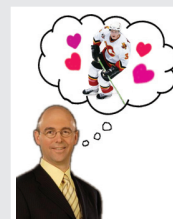
Despite calls to have Kristoff booted from the league permanently, NASHL President Carl Kristoff says that he will be free to return after the suspension.

"Simon can be kind of an ass, but he's okay most of the time. Besides, we can't kick him out. He's my brother, and he owns both of the nets. So, we're stuck with him at least until my next paycheck."

Kristoff will be forced to sit out the next three games. He'll be eligible to return 3 May, when the team will fight with their division rivals (and only other team in the league) Amish Mafia for a chance at one of the two undecided playoff spots.

Pierre McGuire's In my Head

Dion Phaneuf Dion Phaneuf Dion Phaneuf PUCK POISE Dion Phaneuf Dion Phaneuf BIG BODY PRESENCE Dion Phaneuf Dion Phaneuf EL KABLAMMO Dion Phaneuf Dion Phaneuf Dion Phaneuf Dion Phaneuf WHAT A MONSTER



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Try not to hurt yourselves

by Biff Turnbull

SO HERE IT IS, the back page. Congratulations, jackwad, you managed to make it through the entire magazine. You must be pretty impressed, sitting there on your sofa collecting pounds like they're Pokémon after your marathon reading session. I hope you remembered to stretch out your flabby eyes before reading, otherwise you might have pulled something and won't be able to get out of bed tomorrow to go consume an entire pig for breakfast. Oh, am I going too fast for you, tubby cakes? I'm sorry. I'll slow down so that you don't get a cramp from speed-reading.

But wait, what am I talking about? You're reading a sports magazine—that's kind of like going to the gym once in awhile. Let me lay some knowledge on you, pointdexter: athletes don't mow down on cupcakes while looking at pictures of people playing sports. I don't care if you were on the B squad of your high school basketball team, that was 365 Teen Burgers ago. Sure you could "dunk" then—if barely finger-rolling the ball over the rim before collapsing in a sweaty heap counts—but now you've got to stop for breath before turning the page so that you don't get dizzy and pass out for a couple of hours.

Here's a fresh thought: why don't you stop kidding yourself and actually go get some real exercise? Whoa, whoa, whoa, there buddy, don't try to just stand up all at once like that. I wouldn't want you to pull a hammy, Fatty McFat-Fat. You've been out of the game for a while, butterball; you've got to find your toes before you can walk—and even then, don't speed walk. Your swinging man-tits might up and hit you in the eye and knock you square on your ass, setting off seismometers nation-wide. And don't even think of picking up your old sports equipment. Go give that to some quadruple-amputee orphans—Lord knows they'd put it to better use than you, girly man.

It's been pointed out to me that there might be some girls reading this who might be offended by how I haven't "included" them in my little dialogue here. Listen up Litte



“Let me lay some knowledge on you, pointdexter: athletes don't mow down on cupcakes while looking at pictures of people playing sports.”

Miss Whineytwat, unless you've got a flat-top-mullet haircut, I'm going to explain something to you: this is a sports magazine. There's no "top ways to make him crazy" or giggle-puss, air-headed makeup tips that can cover up the bum hand that God dealt you in here.

But, because I'm so gosh-darned generous, I'll help you out. Because that's what I am: a giver. Instead of sitting around with your nose in a magazine, spilling crumbs in the fold and wondering why you've got nothing to do Friday night, go out, get a haircut, and find yourself a dive joint with low-level lighting. It's really up to you, but whether you choose to take *Cosmo's* advice or mine, either way you're ending up in the back seat of a Camaro trying to ignore the old Burger King wrappers and half-empty Slushee cups while buttertits over there tries to last before his heart gives out.

Wait, who am I kidding? You're never going to get laid, lardass. I mean, the logistics of you getting into the back of anything other than dump-truck with a reinforced frame and then finding your pecker under that galaxy of gut are mind-boggling. There's an egghead over at NASA punching the numbers right now, and the outcome looks worse than the Challenger mission.

You might think it's subscription suicide to tell you squirrely, flabby-armed pantywaists to go out and exercise instead of reading this magazine, but we both know that's not going to happen. You might go home, renew your gym membership, and then head out the front door in your too-tight short shorts and sweatband, but guaranteed, you'll step out that door, see your shadow, and run wee-wee-wee all the way home. Don't even bother wasting both of our time trying to write me a complaint letter. You'll get as far as "Dear Biff" before you realize that all you really wanted to do was lick the envelope glue, you sad excuse for a man.

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