

JUMBO JOURNALISM • MEGA MAN • WE'VE ALREADY LOST YOUR BAGS, HOW TO DEAL

A I R B O R N E A I R L I N E S
INFLIGHT

**WE NEED
YOUR MONEY
TO RUN THIS
AIRLINE**

In-depth article reveals that airplane maintenance will be the first to go, we swear.



Ernie Hudson shows us his favorite travel destination, Iceland!

Blogging, not just for people who aren't pilots anymore.

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This meat may be brainy, but it's not going to ace THIS test: How To Live. Enjoy the nerdiest, most overachieving meat on the market, and feel damn good. After all, you may not be as smart as the meat once was, but at least YOU didn't kill yourself.



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Air Mail

Have a comment about something you read, bought or flew with us? Let us know! We'll print it here and do nothing about it. Buy stock!

CHOICE WORDS

Editor,
Last month's feature – "Super-size Your Vocabulary: Fifteen Minutes a Day!" – completely ignored the obvious and necessary commentary on linguistic politics in the public school system. It has become increasingly clear that your publication prioritizes profit maximization at the expense of basic intellectuality. As a loyal reader of Sky Mall for over twenty-eight years, it pains me to cancel my subscription.

Walter Haas
Poughkeepsie, NY

BEER HERE!

You know the best thing about drinking O'Doul's brand beer? When you accidentally set the beer down, and forget about it, you can easily find it again. Just take a look around and there will be only one can of O'Doul's beer in the room. If there are two, that means one of them is warm, and has been sitting out for a while. Go to the cold one, and resume enjoyment. If both are warm, it's time to get a new O'Doul's!

Ian Spiro
Vacationland, CA

MAN ON FIRE

Dear Sir,
I found your interview with Denzel Washington extremely informative. Who ever knew that Denmark was famous for its coffee, or that the best place to shop was, paradoxically, Oslo (which is coincidentally Norway's capital)! Though I found the article very informative, the title of the article, "Black Genius," made me somewhat uncomfortable. When interviewing celebrities in the future, please try to emphasize quirky characteristics of the city in question, rather than the color of the actor's skin. Thank you.

Rishi Chanderraj
Las Vegas, NV

SUGGESTIONS

AIRBORNE,
You do not have TVs at every seat. Suck on that.

JetBlue Airways

DELIVERY CHARGE

A month ago I was riding Southwest, when we suddenly hit a pocket of turbulence. My frightened father had a heart attack and went into cardiac arrest. I immediately ordered a defibrillator from the Emergency Medical Supply store,

and told them to ship it STAT. Instead, it arrived just in time for the funeral. Thanks a lot ass holes.

Anthony Scodary
Death, TX

ROBOX ILLS

I recently purchased a robot companion from your catalogue under the assumption that it would be able to talk and act like a real human being. However, when I received the item in the mail, it was completely functionless. I decided to investigate the problem and pried open the robot's front paneling to see if perhaps there was some faulty wiring or the like. Imagine my consternation as I discovered that my robot companion was not filled with complicated electronics, but rather with a series of increasingly smaller robot companions. While they do look charming lined upon my mantle, I demand a formal apology and financial restitution.

Josh Stark
Dulton, WV

HOW HIGH

Dear Editor,
Did you know that planes cruise at an altitude of over 30,000 feet! That's over five miles! If

you put that in terms of how many Mt. Everests you are in the air, you would be one Mt. Everest in the air. Please keep it up.
Looking up!

Neil Mukhopadhyay
Palo Alto, CA

CONNECTING FLIGHTS

Hi, if you could forward this to the stewardess union, I would be much obliged:
MISSED CONNECTION
You: 5'4" stew in the economy cabin last Monday from JFK to LAX

Me: seat 24C, drinking straight Bloody Mary Mix
I think we shared a moment when you helped me fasten my safety belt. I mean you grazed my man part. That's gotta count for something right? Let's chat.

Matthew Henick
Great Neck, NY

CROSS WORDS

I don't board a plane and pick up your magazine to feel stupid. Not usually. However, last month's crossword entitled "A Taste of Heaven" was entirely too difficult. In particular, I found the three clues "Snack?", "Cyber Man," and "A Congenial Animal, with 4 Down" to

be unfairly hard to figure out, and my wife agreed. Also, on top of the crossword's unreasonable degree of difficulty, it was bigger than usual, and the answers were on a page three pages from where they usually are. I don't know if someone new is in charge or what, but something better change before my upcoming trip to Florida or else I'm going to kill someone.

Gary Roberts
San Francisco, CA

IT'S A WONDERFUL LIE

Dear Editor,
Let me tell you, last week on my flight home to Phoenix I was absolutely charmed by this swarthy fellow in the seat next to me who just kept me rapt with stories of his amazing life. It was delightful! No wonder you advertise the "Friendly Skies!" Thank you so much!
Looking forward to another great in-flight conversation,

Douglas Kenter
Nice City, VA

UGLY FLOOZY CARRIE KEMPER PLEADS

I am writing to inform he who is responsible for the titles under which you place letters to the ed-

itor that there has been some sort of misunderstanding. In general, these titles are fairly neutral, like "THREE CHEERS," or "FOUND BAGGAGE." However, I have now written to the editor four times, and my titles have gotten progressively more degrading and increasingly personal. I believe that it must be some sort of continuous mistake, or a glitch in the system. After all, I don't know any of you, and my letters have been full of nothing but praise for your magazine. Are you thinking of another "Carrie Kemper?"

Carrie Kemper
St. Louis, MO

JOKE'S ON YOU

I just wanted to let you guys know that it looks like someone used your magazine as a barf bag.

Tom Gerber
Kansas City, MO

EXCHANGE RATES

Dear Editor,
I relished the analysis of the declining market value of the Sky Mile as impacted by the Pepsi Point in April's INFLIGHT Magazine. However, I am curious – how closely did you consider the effect of the newly surg-

ing Camel Dollar on the global economy? I know passengers cannot smoke on planes – even in the lavatories -- but I fear you run the risk of glossing over an important factor in market flow by ignoring the CD's potential.

Annie Wyman
Dallas, TX

NOT AMUSED

The stretch that you guys advertised in last issue's "Staying Fit on Flight" was not funny, if that's what you meant it to be. I was on a flight with my 75-year-old boss, and a stretch that, in the course of three minutes, both tore my ACL and exposed my breasts was one of the worst things I could have done.

Margaret Yeats
New York, NY

ISTANBULL

Dear Sky Mall,
As a connoisseur of bathrobes and other elegant pool side attire, I recently purchased a set of 'Genuine' Turkish Bathrobes from the bathrobe vendor listed in your magazine. I have to say I am quite disappointed with the quality and authenticity of these 'Genuine' 'Turkish' Bathrobes. I was looking forward to wearing my robes pool side on sunny

days to display my casual elegance. Unfortunately, the floor mats you people are passing off as bathrobes are unfit for such pool side displays. I am quite dissatisfied with this 'Genuine' 'Turkish' 'Bathrobe'. In my opinion, you have shamed the proud Denizli region of Turkey, and you have shamed the legend of their towels and robe-cloth. I would like my money returned to me in a timely fashion.

I will also be writing a strongly worded letter advertising against your product in the newsletter for the elegant pool club to which I belong.

Geoff Schaeffer
Eagle River, AK

CONSUMER RETORTS

Though I am sure this caveat falls on deaf ears, I write this letter to warn prospective Sky Mall customers to turn back now. Sky Mall is a modern day monkey claw. A cornucopia of enchanting bliss gizmos, that are in reality, gadgets of anguish. Take for instance, my recent purchase of The One Ring from The Lord of the Rings store. You've never seen a chick so pissed.

Charlie Stockman
Mordor, Mordor

Editors' Note



Now that you are done rummaging through the pocket in front of you, snap back the elastic and take a deep breath. Amongst the Chex mix residue, primitive airsickness solutions, and even more primitive headphone solutions, all you have found in the way of distraction is a single complementary magazine. To be blunt, the situation is bleak. But let us accept this fate and make the most of our time together. After all, in today's world, it is a rare thing to hold someone's unsolicited, and hence undivided attention. No cellular telephones, no cable television, no cars. Just you, me, and the oddly familiar strangers of our INFLIGHT writing staff, alone at last. So brace yourself for a meticulously, if mysteriously, organized itinerary that will bring you to an unimagined tier of mile-high fulfillment. But don't feel compelled to consume every morsel of airplane news in one sitting. INFLIGHT, just like any other delicacy, must be savored.

Now that you have debated scaling the two grumbling volcanoes of vitriol that lie between you and that neglected copy of Great Literature safely stored in the overhead compartment, let's take a sigh and start preparing for our INFLIGHT adventure. First you'd probably like to know where we will be going today, or rather, what we will be serving. At the risk of wetting the palate to the point of saturation, I will grant you a sneak peak at our menu.

You'll be pleased to know that we specialize in American cuisine. We highly recommend the celebrity worship and rampant acquisition of property. Nevertheless, it should be noted that both are prepared in the unorthodox INFLIGHT style. For starters, we use a celebrity of very mild fame, well-aged, and we don't drown out the flavor with the standard seasoning of red hot sexual innuendo and over-exaggerated scandal. Likewise, you will find that although the bottomless materialism platter has plenty to consume, each bit is soured with a generous

twist of irony. Both are acquired tastes that might seem pungent or even raw to your hyper-sensitive sense of routine. But if you take a moment to adjust, we promise you'll never go back. Indeed, after just the initial maturation of this culinary walkabout, only that master of the silver serving dish, Paul Newman, Cool Hand Luke himself, could make ever you swallow another hard-boiled cliché.

And for those of you who don't have the stomach for a complete appetite overhaul, we also offer an extensive list of beverages for a more languid entry into INFLIGHT country. If the crossword doesn't quench your thirst for trivial supremacy, the authoritative I.Q. test surely will. And we of course provide plenty of pretty pictures for the lightweight thinkers. You can't really go wrong with an entertainment excursion catered by INFLIGHT.

Now that I have hooked you with my conflated journey and cooking analogies, let me send you on your way with this little doggy bag of sound advice to help see you through the trek: If you ever find yourself in unfamiliar territory during the next forty pages, as you almost certainly will, just remember to smile and nod. Trust me, there is nothing worse than a bumbling tourist who obviously doesn't understand the peculiar subtleties of the national zinger. And if you don't smile and nod, you'll undoubtedly find that no one else is smiling and nodding either because you ruined it. So in case of confusion, smile and nod. Or better yet, laugh out loud. There is nothing better than a cultured traveler whose boisterous confidence lets everyone else know that jokes about oversexed robots are universal.

Safe Skimming,

Charlie Stockman, Editor

Matthew Henick, Editor

A Word from our CEO

Though not a travel man, I do have to make the occasional journey cross-country for a business meeting or two every year or so. Such was the case two weeks ago, when circumstances were such

that it was very necessary for me to fly to Philadelphia for business.

Driving up to the airport, I knew I was in for a real treat, sarcastically. Because I am the president and CEO of AIRBORNE, I get the cheapest fares on AIRBORNE, so I usually fly it. However, also because I am the president and CEO of AIRBORNE, I know just how inefficient and downtrodden this airline is. Lines, lines, lines—that's what I say. You get in the airport, line to the ticket counter. And why are our's always so much longer? You get to the woman at the desk, you want to switch seats? Get in line. So does everyone else in the computer screen, it seems. Checked bag inspection by AIRBORNE officials? The longest line in the book. Wait, I forgot what I was supposed to say next. LINE!

And it isn't just me who hates waiting in line. I tell you, every AIRBORNE customer in sight looked to be either frustrated, irritated, or at least uncomfortable. In fact, this pervasive sense of discontent was enough to force me to remove the personalized AIRBORNE luggage tag I was awarded years ago, for fear someone would recognize me.

Now, it's this sort of customer dissatisfaction that has produced the fiscal turmoil that we have been suffering from for the past four years.

In this day in age, everything comes down to elementary economics. The more customers you have, the more money you make. How do you get more customers? You make them happy. How do you make them happy? Well, to start, you don't allow more than three planes to fly across the Atlantic without enough fuel in 2004. Likewise, you don't make your airline notorious for engaging in excessive discrimination against women in the in-flight help application process. (Who could forget the slogan of that bitch of a Supreme Court case? Yes, your Honor, we still believe that "Women are just as good stewardesses as men.") In the end, however, what you sure as hell don't do is make public an ad campaign that takes a staunch and very explicit stance on gay marriage—pro or con.

These are the sorts of mistakes that drove TWA out of business.

And I've got news: we are headed to the grave right next to TWA if we don't make some big changes in the way we run our airline—financially, politically, and, most important of all, morally.

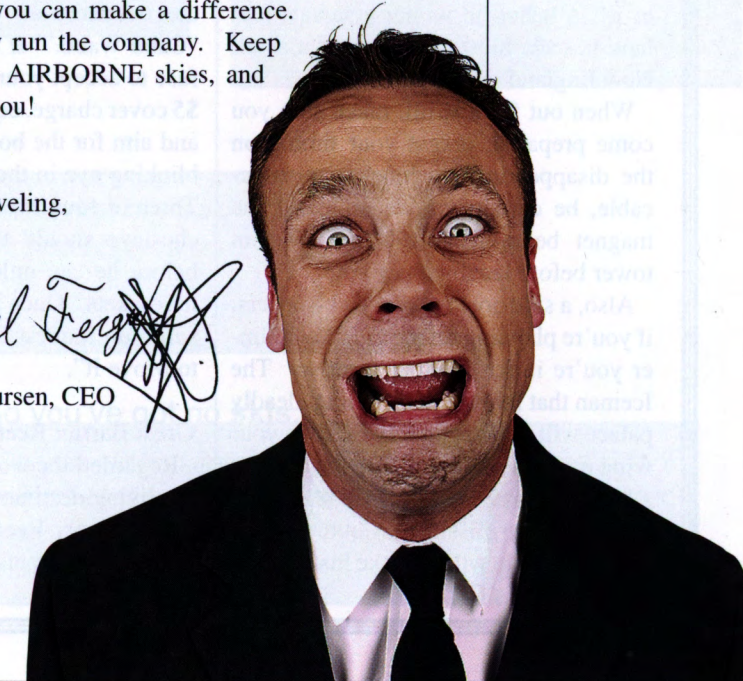
I want to be involved in an airline that possesses the self-awareness and life-sustaining values that make for a successful organization in which passenger and employee alike feel safe, wanted, and needed. I don't want to have the sort of experience that I had to endure two weeks ago when I stepped aboard one of our AIRBORNE 757s.

I don't want to have to pass by a stewardess who maintains a menacing glare from her station at the front of the plane. Perhaps she has been discriminated against; I don't know and I can't know. All I do know is that a seat in First Class that has a claw-slash in the leather, no flotation device, and a tray defaced with the words "OSAMA WAS HERE" is not something I wanted or deserved to sit in.

Now, this airline needs a lot of changes, but only you can make a difference. I can only run the company. Keep flying our AIRBORNE skies, and here's to you!

Happy traveling,

Paul Fergusen, CEO





Mega Man

Travel Tips

Mixing Business with Leisure
Turning your business trip in to a relaxing vacation.

If you're like me, you're always on the go; working like a dog day in and day out, destroying haywire super robot lord after haywire super robot lord, trying to make ends meet with your bills, wife, and kids, etc. Also, if you're like me, you're probably thinking "Who has time for a vacation!?" Well, I've been at this racket for quite a while, and in all my years of traveling the world over to uncover and destroy secret robot fortresses, I've learned a few things about how to make the most out of a business trip. So for you, the readers of INFLIGHT I present a list of my favorite travel destinations that will give you time to unwind, and seriously raise your productivity.

Iceland

The company has only sent me to this less than temperate destination once, but that's not to say I didn't make the most of it! A beautiful winter getaway, Iceland has the blustery charm of a small New England town in December.

When out for a stroll, make sure you come prepared; unless your timing on the disappearing ice blocks is impeccable, be certain you've collected the magnet beam from Elecman's doom tower before leaving your hotel.

Also, a side note to you celeb-seekers, if you're planning on meeting Val Kilmner you're in for a harsh surprise. The Iceman that lives in this chilling, deadly palace will most definitely NOT be your wing man. He is an evil killer robot, not a hot-shot naval pilot. He will kill you with robot ice missiles given the slightest chance. He will not take his shirt off

and play volleyball with you. Airman's Sky Fortress

A beautiful aerial getaway with breathtaking views of the mountains below. Don't forget to take a ride on an automated propeller cloud, sometimes piloted by one of four Zeus-like robots; you truly feel like you're flying!

Here's a tip: equip the leaf shield after beating the second fan-stomach robot. Once the bird drops her egg, activate the shield and collect whatever power-ups are left behind. Bon Appétit!

Cabo San Lucas, Mexico

It's hard not to have good time when you're in Cabo, even if you're there for business. The beaches are pristine, the nightlife is hoppin' year round, and almost every mechanized laser beetle has a huge blinking under-thorax to denote an obvious weak-point in its otherwise impenetrable exoskeleton. Try to avoid the bouncers at "El Squid Roe" and "Cabo Wabo." If a bouncer should refuse to accept your twelve pesos for the \$5 cover charge, equip the Search Snake and aim for the bouncer's single, huge, blinking eye in the middle of his chest. Three or four direct hits to the massive chesteye should take out the bouncer before he can unleash his atomic fire-fly rockets. Once inside the club, make sure you request Reel to Reel's "I like to Move It".

Great Barrier Reef, Australia

Regarded the world over as the greatest diving destination on the planet, the Great Barrier Reef is home to some of the most breathtaking undersea life on

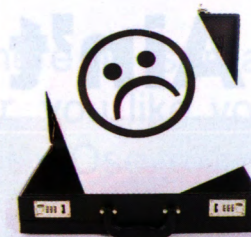
Earth. Make sure to watch out for the coral though, as well as the deadly black spikes that line the ceilings and walls of this complicated network of mechanized undersea passageways. Also, when it comes to the vibrant aquatic creatures, remember to look, but not touch; many of these creatures, though spectacular to the behold, have a deadly sting, such as the beautiful sea wasp jellyfish, which can kill a normal man in under ten minutes, or the Mechanized Wiley Factory Fish, constantly ejecting deadly robot shrimp from its gear-powered jaw and emitting deadly low level ionic lasers. A wet suit, or the RushMarine robo-dog upgrade is HIGHLY recommended.

Redwood Forests, CA

The Redwood Forests are beautiful, particularly in the spring, when lower fauna are changing colors as the noble redwoods maintain their green dignity. It's unfortunate that Woodman has to ruin the immaculate scenery by impressing his robotic turkeys and fire-breathing dog-machines upon the environs. Nonetheless, I, Megaman, was always able to thoroughly enjoy myself in these least of hospitable climes. Make sure you take your time as you stroll through the forest; fully breathe in all the aromas off the deep bark of the century old trees before equipping the crash bomber to detonate the animatronic monkeys prior to their final swing from the hovering platforms.

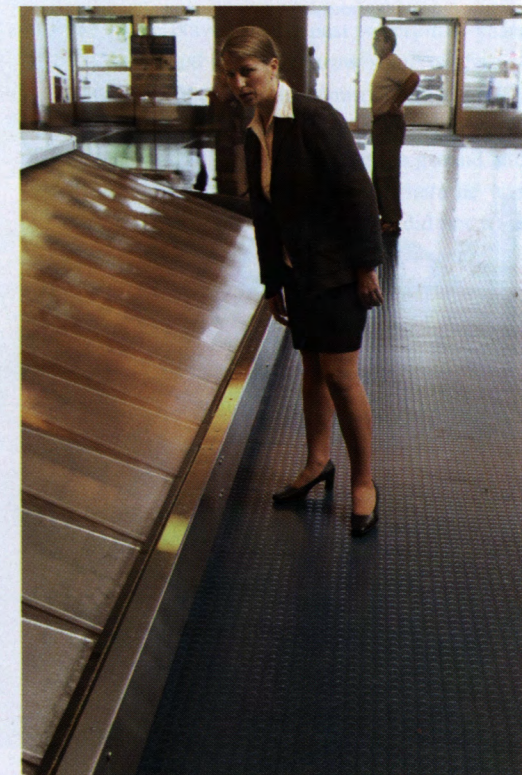
That's all from me! Have a great trip, and don't forget to pack a toothbrush (ray).

We'll Let You In On a Little Secret...

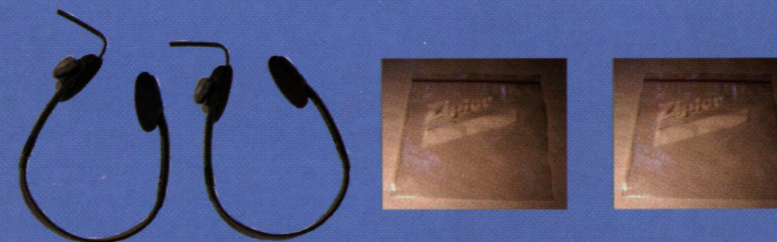


We've lost your baggage.

Now before you get all in a huff, let us remind you who's flying the plane. I know what we told you on the ground, but now you should just be thankful that we let you in on the charade early so you have time to prepare. Here are some helpful tips in easy to understand equation form on how to survive this new problem. We'd like to say we're sorry for the inconvenience but our apology got held up in Denver and has been rerouted. You can expect it in anywhere between 12 to 72 hours.



So you've got no under wire bra...



Two pairs of headphones + two Ziploc baggies = One under wire bra

So you've got no toothbrush...

The velcro strip on the cover to the head rest of your seat can serve as a very effective toothbrush, if you're in a pinch. And you are.

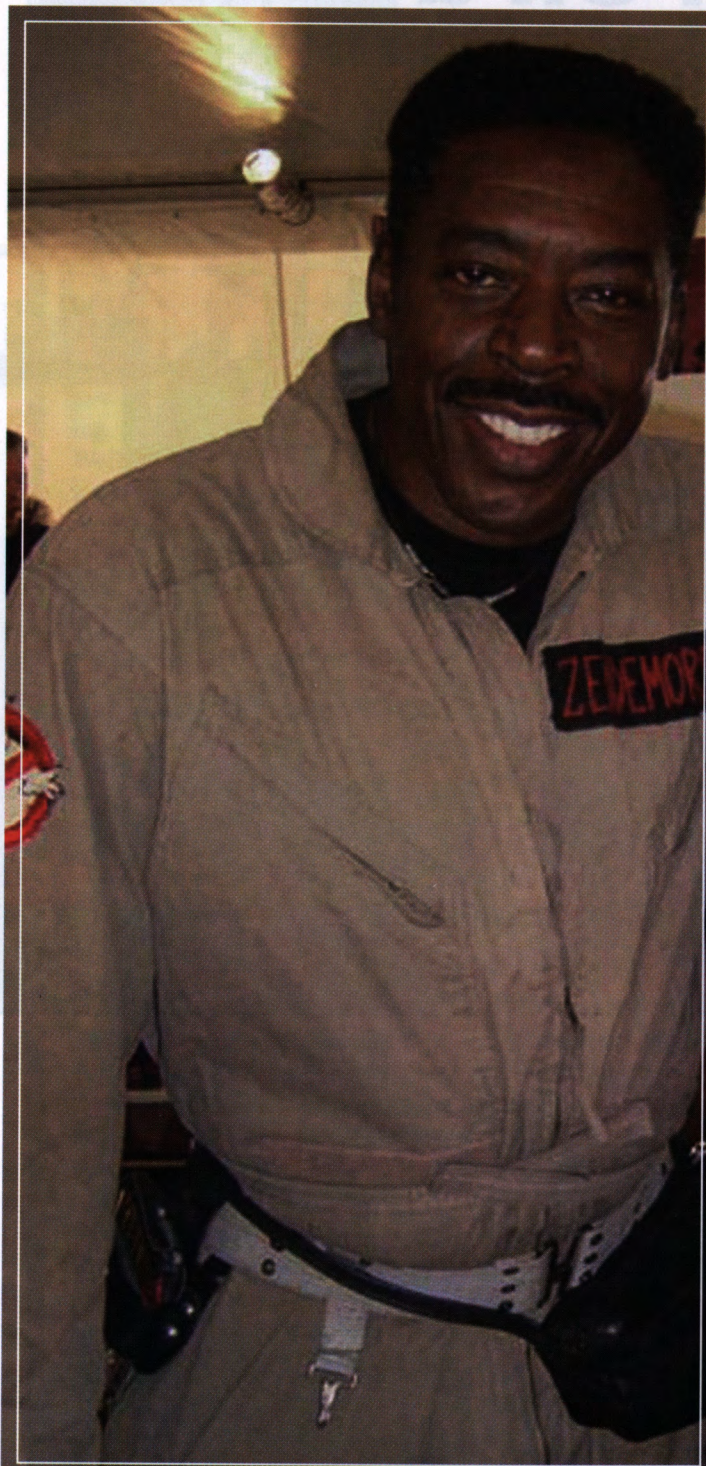


So you've got no skis...

Only in Aspen for 2 days? Try ordering two 6-foot long hoagie sandwiches and use the cardboard serving platters as skis. Hold the salami, but not the slaloming!



I Ain't Afraid of No Ice(land)



Ernie Hudson, one of the more well-travelled actors of our generation, star of such films as Ghostbusters I & II (left) and Miss Congeniality 1 & 2 (bottom right) takes us on a tour of his favorite destination: Iceland. We tagged along for all the thrills, including the natural volcanic hot springs (top right).

Ernie Hudson shows us Iceland, his favorite destination, where he is treated like a Beatle. Later he tells us his favorite spots. Whether, you like volcanos, hot springs or CPK ASAP, Iceland has a place for you. By Oscar Barrett

I was never one for traveling, I was more a fan of you know, eating and paying my rent," cultural icon Ernie Hudson says of his early years as a struggling actor in Hollywood. "After Ghostbusters, however, things changed, now I'm known as Captain Globetrotter in the old 'H,'" Hudson clarified as he flashed his trademark smile that won over the hearts and minds of people all over the globe as Winston Zeddemore, the black Ghostbuster. Hudson is humble and has a very thorough understanding of his place in history and the impact of his travels. "You know Jackie Robinson didn't travel a lot, you know, besides for away games. When I broke the color barrier [in the Ghostbusters], it literally opened the entire world to me, economy class."

INFLIGHT was lucky enough to tag along (and pay for) one of Ernie Hudson's famous adventures to his favorite destination, Iceland. "It's so beautiful, Iceland, would you believe there is not a speck of grass in the entire country?" Hudson mused as he packed his parka into his bag in his Brentwood penthouse. We knew better than to respond to Hudson's obvious test of our knowledge of the island nation, which has a surprising amount of grass to a person who has never been there. Ernie's enthusiasm was contagious, as he threw clothing into his suitcase. Artifacts of cinematic history flew by and landed softly in a pile in the suitcase: a Ghostbusters crew shirt, a bloody Oswald Penitentiary t-shirt and a Miss Congeniality 2 hooded sweatshirt. "Ah, won't be needing these," Hudson remarked tossing a pair of swimming trunks back into his closet. Only a person who has frequented Iceland would even think of entering naked the natural hot springs Iceland is famous for; it was clear INFLIGHT was in for a treat with Hudson as a guide.

Our plane touched down and before we reached the baggage carousel there was already a throng of people gathered around Hudson. The crowd began shouting the same phrase over and

over again, "blakkur vofa." It was clear at this point that Ernie Hudson has indeed been to Iceland and has left quite a mark on its people. "I get mobbed like this every time" Ernie confided as we climbed into the limo waiting for us. Our English-speaking driver informed us that "blakkur vofa" translates roughly into "black ghost." Ernie's face lit up when he heard the translation, "I mean you know," he chuckled, "I was the black Ghostbuster, they are so sweet to have remembered."

"You know Jackie Robinson didn't travel a lot, you know, besides for away games. When I broke the color barrier [in the Ghostbusters], it literally opened the entire world to me, economy class."

The frenzy around Hudson only grew as we took our first glacier tour. The reverence was palpable, people would point at Hudson and yell "blakkur vofa" from afar as if they were not worthy enough to be in close proximity to the famous actor.

The constant attention seemed to get to Hudson as we approached the first volcanic hot spring, he screamed back at the group of people fleeing his approach, "You know, I was also the police chief in Miss Congeniality 1 and 2!" Hudson's modesty did not seem to quell the excitement surrounding his presence.

At the second exposed lava vent in the Volcano Park, Hudson became increasingly agitated when he believed that some of his screaming admirers had played a practical joke on him by

spilling ectoplasmic slime all over the ground as an homage to Ghostbusters 2. Massive celebrity truly caught up to Hudson as he began yelling about the numerous roles as a police officer he played in the past twenty-five years as he reached down to throw some of the ectoplasm at the hysteric admirers still chanting "black ghost." Hudson burned his hand severely on the boiling volcanic lava on the ground and was airlifted to a local hospital where he was refused service. The doctors truly did not want to chance harming such a national treasure!

On the flight back to the United States, Hudson sat down with us and reminisced about his numerous travels in Iceland.

I have never seen quite a reception for any actor, how did it feel to be recognized by every single person we met in Iceland?

At first it was flattering, no matter how many times I visit Iceland, I am always humbled by its people. Their vernacular is a little silly though, I mean if I wasn't so familiar with Iceland, I would be a little put off by them calling me "black ghost" but I guess the just don't have a word for "buster" to be tacked on.

In your travels in Iceland, have there ever been any instances of racism or unfamiliarity with those of African descent?

Excuse me, how dare you judge the Chillylandic people like that. Just because they have been perpetually isolated from the outside world, does not mean they have not seen a person of color before. I mean, look at how they treated me in our trip! Nothing but treatment fit for a king! It was like Beatle-Mania, people screaming in horror, passing out in my presence, it was like I was a monster, a monster of celebrity and of profound importance to Chillyland.

It's Iceland.

Excuse me?

You said Chillyland.

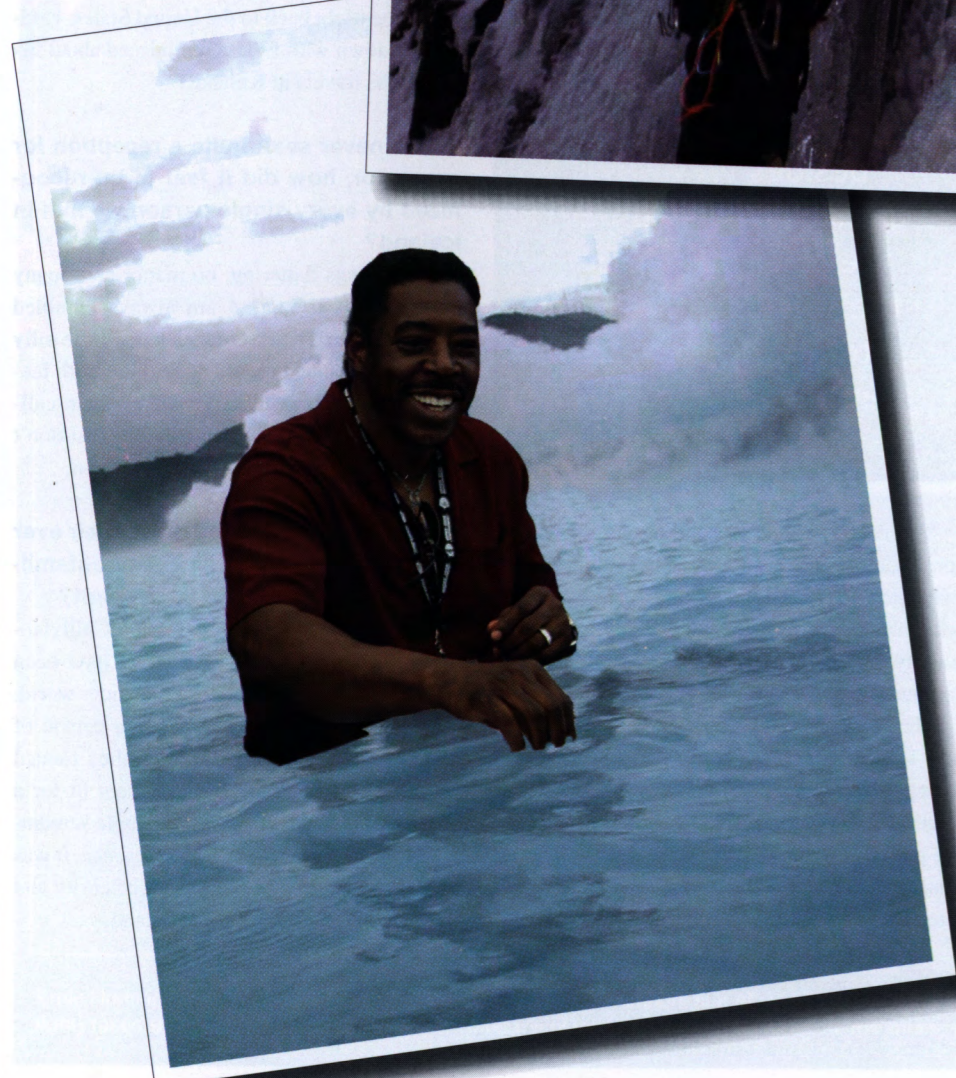
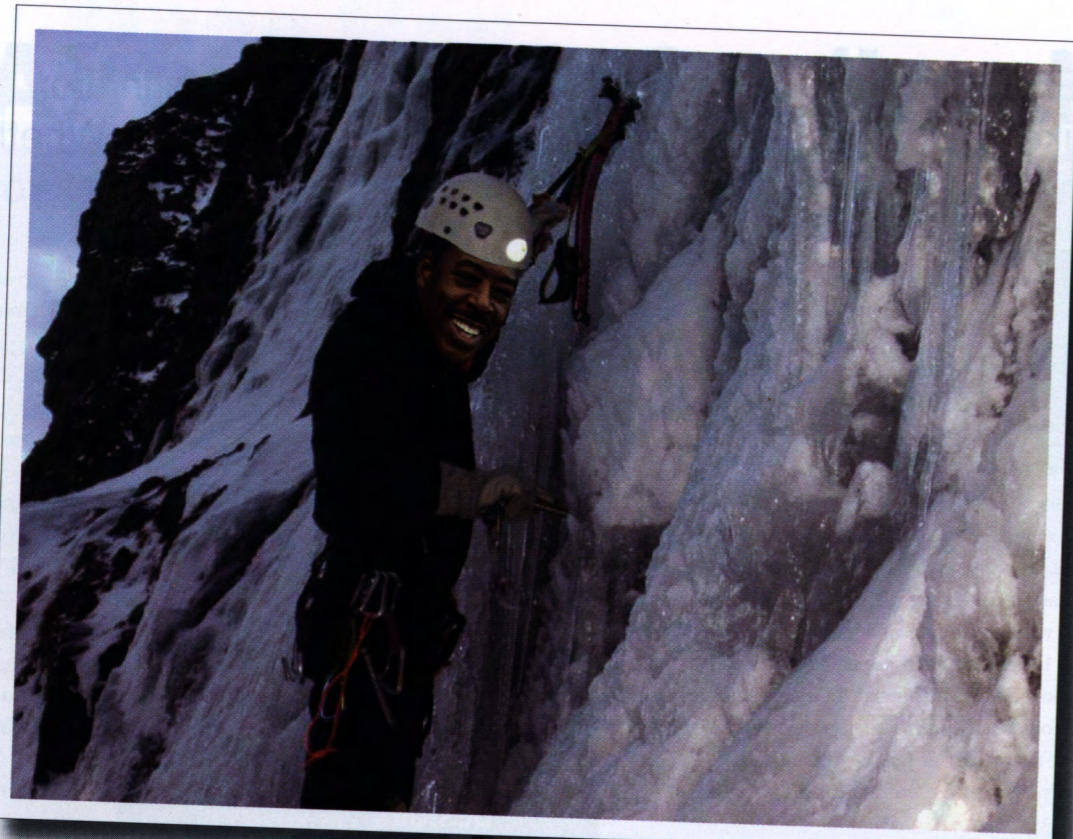
Oh, right. Well, you know that's what the natives call it, being all cold and all.

Right. What was your first impression of Iceland? How did your impression change over time?

My first impression of Iceland was in degrees. I think I was right about that.

Degrees? Can you elaborate?

Sure, I thought it would be cold and it was.



That's awfully shallow, has it just become so boring since you have been there so many times?

Indeed. You've been there once, you've been there a thousand times. It's all the same. You know what's not the same the second time around? Miss Congeniality 2: Armed and Fabulous.

Speaking of movies, what is your favorite movie theater in Iceland?

Umm, Loews. I love their butter popcorn. Plus, everyone there is so congenial too! Did you see what I did there?

Yes, we saw but, Mr. Hudson, Loews is an American chain, there are none in Iceland.

My mistake, I guess the real name slipped my mind. What are you going to do? Shoot me? What, are you armed? And fabulous?

Well, switching gears, Iceland is not particularly famous for their food, but what are your favorite restaurants in Iceland?

Wow, that's a tough one. What was that restaurant we ate at this morning in the airport?

The California Pizza Kitchen ASAP?

Yeah that was it, my favorite restaurant in Iceland is the CPK ASAP.

What about outside the airport?

Um, that's a tough one, I am sure they have Carl's Jr. Those are my favorite.

They don't have Carl's Jr's in Iceland, Mr. Hudson.

Yeah, well who's getting interviewed here about Iceland. I'm the expert. How many times have you been to Iceland?

Excluding our trip? Twice. What about you?

That was my first time. I've been acting this entire time. Pretty good, eh? Man, I still got it. I ain't afraid of no...

Don't say it. Please. You've wasted our time enough.

...airplane magazine. Now where's my Six-Dollar Burger. Daddy's gotta chow.

He Said... Ernie's favorite spots in Iceland

MOVIES

» Loews Cineplex, 650-723-1468*

DINING

» California Pizza Kitchen ASAP, Keflavik Airport, moderate, +354-425-0600

» Carl's Jr, inexpensive 650-723-1468*

* The asterisk indicates that the stated hotspot does not exist in the geopolitical boundaries of Iceland. Therefore, their phone numbers are fake. Do not attempt to visit such hotspots. INFLIGHT, nor Ernie Hudson are liable for such recommendations.

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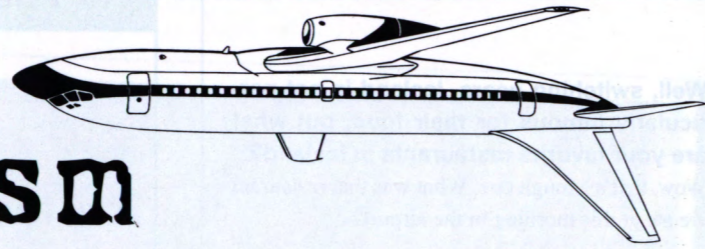
and we impart our superiority over you through our effortless, confident smiles. Indeed, we know better than you. What, you think you can manage your money yourself? Ha, no way. First of all, you don't look like we do, and second of all, you know very little. So sit down, shut up, and maybe we'll spend your money on something pretty.



Snerpin Group

Because we're worth it.

Jumbo Journalism



We didn't realize that we had left the cabin door open until Alice failed to return with our coffee. Up until her disappearance we had dismissed the plane's apparent draft as a sensory illusion brought on by the chills and goose bumps that accompany the ingestion of eight and a half grams of psilocybin. But roughly an eternity after consuming the last of the 32 hallucinogenic Danish winegums, which we had sworn upon our front teeth to ration out over the Christmas travel season, Alice still had not returned, and I was getting worried. A Whip-It whore raised in the self-indulgence of a never-ending 1985, Alice's head was, pardon my French, perpetually in the clouds. She sometimes got carried away demonstrating to our uninterested patrons the subtleties of inhaling oxygen

from a plane that would in theory be plummeting towards a mountain at 700 miles per hour. But we had been in the air since Cincinnati, and Alice usually reserved her precautionary creep show for preflight. Usually.

So there were two options. Either our faithful flight attendant had gazed into the baby blues of a thirty something stockbroker, who used to play rugby in college but now keeps himself in shape with custom tailored suits, and was screwing him in an occupied lavatory somewhere, or she had been sucked out of an open airplane hatch.

As I pondered the two scenarios, I seemed to recall overhearing a heated debate between the stewardesses over the technicalities of roshambo. The scotch had left them all pretty stubborn, and the final resolution was not to lock the air hatch at all. The final piece of the puzzle arose from my recollection that

Alice weighed three hundred pounds, an ironic side effect of doing too many diet drugs when she was bussing carts out of La Guardia. So she was too big for the lavatory, but might just squeeze out of the hatch, or at least be mighty stuck.

But as soon as the likelihood of our peril was determined, another uncertainty arrived to take its place. Would it be I, your intrepid captain, who would venture below deck? Or would it be Rupert, my glass-eyed copilot, who currently had the patch over his good eye and was using his other four senses to determine the function of the various cockpit controls?

"This is really hard," said Rupert as he blindly flipped a latch and listened to

an ominous beeping. With a sigh of misgivings, he flipped it back, leaving western Ohio with only a smattering of low-grade airplane fuel.

Doomed.

As the shrill whistle of stratosphere passing over that frightful hatch grew louder, it summoned visions of a smiling giant puckering his lips and blowing across the mouth of an enormous whisky bottle, which he would later marinate us in. Yes, sir, I was stoned as a carryon Keeshond, and so was Rupert, and the choice of who would bravely strap down as many first

**"A WHIP-IT WHORE
RAISED IN THE SELF-
INDULGENCE OF A NEVER-
ENDING 1985, ALICE'S
HEAD WAS, PARDON MY
FRENCH, PERPETUALLY IN
THE CLOUDS."**

class passengers as possible before he himself was sucked into the void was hazier than ever. But after Rupert, in a frightful spasm of revelation, informed me of a premonition that the passenger in 34e was a racist, I solemnly concluded

that he might as well go.

"He's a Duke," blurted Rupert, and then, quick to clarify, "I mean a David Duke. I can feel it."

Well if he was willing to risk a 30,000 foot free fall to spread the word of your man Martin Luther King, he ought to do something useful while he was out there. (Not that I have any qualms with the good reverend, far, far from it. It's just that I believe that there is a time and a place for those things).

Now up until this point Rupert's energy had seemed limitless. Merrily engulfed in turning knobs and now the prospect of freedom fighting, I was sure he was feeling ready to take on the world. But now that it was time to for some real adventure, he was struck with a sudden case of cow-

ardice. For the next fifteen minutes Rupert would entrust me with one family heirloom after another. He paired each with a detailed history and a solemn request that should he fail to return, it be given to some nephew, the name of whom he couldn't quite remember. My patience reached its end when he decided to call his mother.

"Are you trying to get us killed?" I swiped the cell phone from his hand and looked at it. Eight digits. Four bars. Jesus. How on earth was I going to turn this thing off? "Just go take care of Alice while I figure out how to work this thing," I said shoving Rupert out of the cockpit.

He resisted, "My ma's probably worried," he said.

"Don't worry," I grunted, "I'll make sure the Casio stays in the family."

And then he was gone.

Now, before this whole dishonorable charade took place, I had made sure to knot together twenty headphones, tie one end to Rupert's waist and keep the other end on

my ears. One tug meant all was good, two meant we were indeed hemorrhaging air pressure through a gaping door, and three meant 'come quick'. I regretted not giving the poor chap a few more mini-bottles of Cutty Sark for the journey. The cold, I feared, would be blistering.

And so I waited expectantly for the first news from Rupert. Or so I did for a good ten minutes, until the persistent distractions of the chemistry experiment in my skull finally got the better of me.

Soon I and was completely immersed in the elegant simplicity of the cockpit's lighting setup, oblivious to the chaos that was taking place twenty feet away. Pushing the button with the light bulb icon either submerge me in shadow or floated me into illumination. Regardless of the result, each switch also left me uncontrollably giggling.

The fact that the light affected only the area encircling my seat posed another intriguing curiosity. I was about to call an old high school friend to tell him about it when I felt

a sharp tug on my headphones. Then another. Then...

[Want to know what happened next? Get the premium content of this article by flying First Class.]

It was an albatross open house...

[First Class Only. No Peeking. Bonus features include plot, character development, spell check, and more!]

After the barrel roll, the passengers started to get upset. I had three Grammas puking up Ensure in the aisles, a two hundred pound lady whose bust had just advanced four letters, and a seven-year-old kid lodged in one of our spacious overhead bins, kicking his feet back and forth two feet above his unbuckled seat belt, and wondering to himself if lips grow back after you bite them off. It was a mess alright. But at least we had made it.

1:38AM, we touched down at McCallum airfield in northern Idaho, a mere 800 miles from our desired location of Seattle-Tacoma International.



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What is the *Gaucha* Way? We slow roast our cattle rumps on an open fire, by hand, with cattle tongs. We don't even need seasonings because this steer is so flavorful.

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This Is Your Captain Speaking...

Your Pilot's Blog

May 12th

WELCOME TO MY BLOG. I HOPE TO TELL YOU ABOUT MY LIFE AS YOUR PILOT. THIS IS THE FUTURE OF AIR TRAVEL. DON'T FEAR. THE FUTURE IS BRIGHT. LOL.

May 13th

ONE OF THE STEWS GAVE ME A GRANOLA BAR. MAMM TASTY. YOU EVER TASTE A GRANOLA BAR? YOU EVER TASTE A GRANOLA BAR AT 30,000 FEET? HAH! GET IT? JUST LIKE HALF BAKED EXCEPT THEY WERE TALKING ABOUT BEING ON DRUGS (WEEDS). I AM NOT TALKING ABOUT DRUGS.

JUST GRANOLA.

GOTTA JET (HAH!) TTYL.



May 14th

AIRPLANES? MORE LIKE BACKPAINS! GOT A DAY OFF TOMORROW. CAN'T WAIT. HIGH AS A KITE!

I'M TALKING ALTITUDE WISE. AND ATTITUDE.

PS - THESE TWO PLANES ARE HAVING SEX!



May 16th

WENT OUT WITH A COUPLE OF STEWS LAST NIGHT. MAN, CAN THEY GET DOWN.

THIS IS WHEN THEY PASSED THE POINT OF NO RETURN. !#@!

SAFETY FIRST! LOL

'SERIOUSLY.

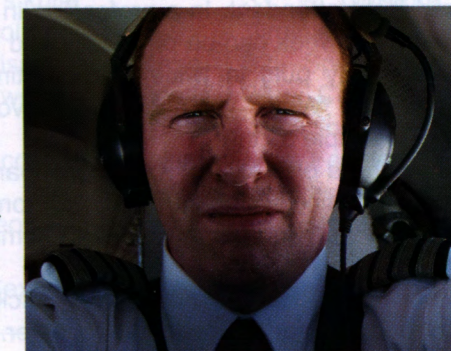


May 18th

PEOPLE SAY MICKEY MANTLE PLAYED SOME OF HIS BEST GAMES WHILE DRUNK OR HUNG OVER.

WELL, MICKEY MANTLE NEVER FLEW A TWIN-ENGINE.

MAN, I COULD USE AN OJ RIGHT NOW. OR SOME PROP MAINTENANCE. I WOULD KILL FOR A LAYOVER IN BONETOWN. WHERE'S THOSE STEWS WHEN YOU NEED 'EM? LOL!!!!



May 19th

SIX FLAGS LOOKS FUN FROM UP HERE. WOULD LOVE TO TAKE MY SON THERE.

IF THE JOB ALLOWED ME ONE.



May 20th

WHAT MAY LOOK LIKE AN "O" FACE AT 30,000 FT IS ACTUALLY A SUGAR INDUCED COMA.

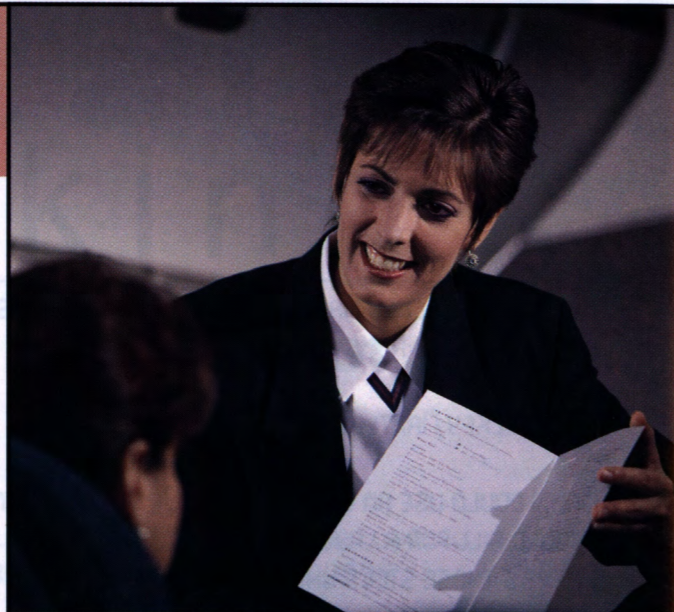
GOLY!!!!

HOPE YOUR HAVING A SWEET FLIGHT!



Flight Attendant of the Month

Karen Robertson
Los Angeles, CA



Hello. I am Carlos Jorge. Let me dine you in my casino. We have some excellent Brazilian steaks here. You may say, "You don't look Brazilian." Well I'm not. I have excellent import connections and can get my hands on the freshest meats to reach America. Right o' the bone. Dine in my Victorian servery, marvel at my new collection of imported Brazilian swords, dazzle your wits on the irresistible repartee of my wait sta'.

Let me share with you one of the best nights of your life.

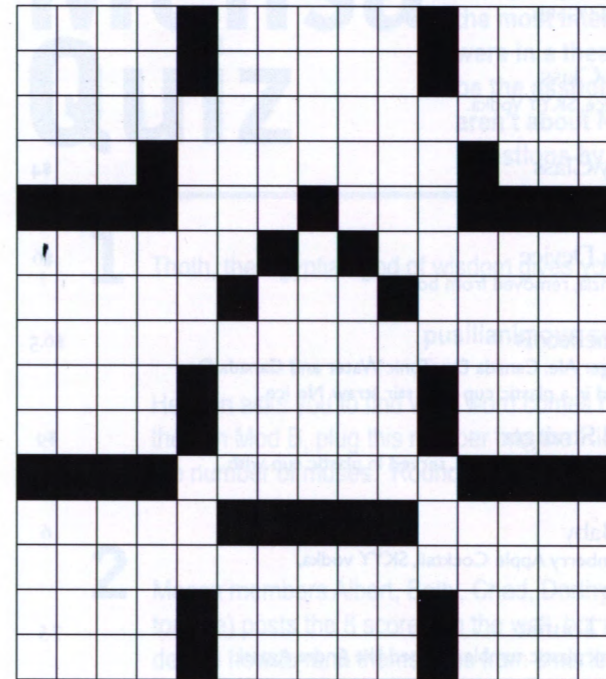
The Brazilian

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Crossword

Answers on page 21.



ACROSS

- 1 - ___ luck
- 5 - Goes well with some hummus
- 10 - That stuff all over you
- 14 - short for U-Wire
- 15 - Plural of radius
- 16 - Un-un-undo
- 17 - Most likely found underneath a fallen grain silo
- 20 - Frat necessity
- 21 - What 6 down says when surprised
- 22 - A type of shirt
- 23 - Exchange money for stuff
- 24 - Up, in German
- 25 - One Jamba Juice, two ___
- 30 - Unfunny, unnecessary comic
- 35 - Internet auteur
- 36 - Music recording company
- 38 - Masculine Fiona

- 39 - Do this after buying a lobster
- 42 - You all, quickly
- 43 - The term mu_____ is a bit archaic
- 44 - This starts to gather, after a while
- 45 - Sexed-up vodka
- 46 - Scrambled moose
- 47 - Easy, cockney style
- 48 - Unfortunate Jewish name
- 50 - Former Governor of NY
- 54 - Artist's knife
- 59 - Chocolate
- 65 - Television charlatenne
- 66 - What we fear the elderly will do
- 67 - Less cool way of saying "Indeed."
- 68 - Someone you pee on
- 69 - Fop
- 70 - Sexual timebomb Jessica _____

DOWN

- 1 - Lady _____
- 2 - Old air
- 3 - A tool, if used correctly
- 4 - The only thing she wants to hear
- 5 - One of those series of images which phonetically supplant a word
- 6 - Disparaging term for an Irishman
- 7 - Ideal Decision-Feedback Equalizer, abbr.
- 8 - Sorority girl's crown
- 9 - Manufacturer of giant, aerodynamic tubes
- 10 - Also known as a hoagie
- 11 - This can be Gordian, or it can be square
- 12 - Downloadable fabric paint
- 13 - That thing you sniff with
- 18 - Kitchen slave
- 19 - What an old woman calls her fat cat
- 25 - Known for his beard, kindness
- 26 - Attack, not by sea
- 27 - The way a bad apple—or millet—tastes
- 28 - Belonging to, derived from, or associate with burls
- 29 - Legal brothel
- 31 - Obscure town in Virginia
- 32 - Spurious
- 33 - Critical ingredient in black licorice
- 34 - Feeble minded, but a lot of fun to be around
- 36 - Hotheaded
- 37 - Guantanamo Bay, abbr.
- 40 - Collective vote
- 41 - Hover ominously
- 48 - Every homeless man has a ___ story
- 49 - "No" in Greek
- 50 - USSR
- 51 - United Association for Labor Education, abbr.
- 52 - Cookie, of the type 43 across
- 53 - Insist on ___ cheese
- 55 - ___ boy!
- 56 - To spiral back on oneself
- 57 - Butt, backwards
- 58 - Careless vows can lead to sh___ting
- 60 - Beer head
- 61 - A type of -corn
- 62 - Bargain _____
- 63 - Unwanted itch inducer
- 64 - Pathetic nickname for Trey



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Five Baby Carrots
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Six Orange Skittles
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\$7

With ham
\$13



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The Business Class Mott's Tomato Juice, SKYY Vodka.	\$8
The Economy Class Mott's Tomato Juice, Diet Coke.	\$4
The Flotation Device One bladder Franzia, removed from box.	\$6
The Gassy Quebecois Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Canada Dry Tonic Water and Canada Dry Club Soda, served in a plastic cup with stir straw. No ice.	\$6.5
The Beautiful Stranger Amaretto di Saronna, cigarette ash, served in plastic cup with red lipstick imprint.	\$9
The Crying Baby Minute Maid Cranberry Apple Cocktail, SKYY vodka, sterilized nipple. -	6
The Japanese Tourist Cold sake in a pink plastic tumbler shaped like Andre Agassi.	7.5
The LaGuardia Terrorist Mango Schnapps, goat's milk.	12
The Heathrow Terrorist One part Beefeater Gin, one Bailey's Irish Cream, one Earl Grey.	14
Sir, You're Disturbing the Other Passengers Black coffee.	4
Bitch, Please Courvoisier V.S.O.P, mini-pilot wings.	15
The Upright Position Three fingers Jack Daniels, two shots espresso.	7
Business or Pleasure? Glenlivet Single Malt, served with cocktail umbrella.	6.5
Air Force One Budweiser, served with Fritos and extra napkins.	5
The Air Sick One part SKYY vodka, one part milk, cocktail olives and salt.	8
Mile High Slingshot Three parts, shaken sensually.	12
Shame and Tonic Tap water, Alka-Seltzer. A row to yourself and lots of paper towels.	11

Mensa Quiz

The following questions are provided by Mensa, the High IQ Society. It's important to keep in mind that, while to a normal person these questions are almost impossible, they'd be really easy to a Mensa member. In fact, Mensa only accepts the most intelligent two percent of the population. That means, if fifty people were in a theater watching an esoteric British comedy, the Mensa member would be the asshole laughing. We're that smart. When you realize that these questions aren't about NASCAR or Brad Pitt, look to the bottom of the page for the answers. Questions by Dr. Debbie Raliff.

1 Thoth, the Egyptian god of wisdom gives you the following sequence of words:

pusillanimous supererogatory tchotchke logorrhea

He then asks you to find what word comes next, treat it as a number in base 36, add up all the digits, put them in Mod B, plug this number into the Riemann Zeta function, find the complex modulus and subtract the number of muses. Round to the fourth decimal place.

2 Mensa members Albert, Betty, Chad, Dorthy, Earl, and Fianca just finished taking an IQ test. The proctor (me) posts the 8 scores on the wall, but refuses to tell them which score belongs to whom. They must decide how to rank themselves from smartest to dumbest. Betty got higher than Chad and Albert on the Cattell IQ test. Earl did worse than Dorthy and Fianca on the Stanford-Binet, but better than Chad. Dorthy did better than Fianca, Chad, and Betty on the Differential Ability Scales test. Who is the smartest person in the room?

3 What did Icarus say to Leonhard Euler when skiing in Greece?

----- U -----

4 Five Turkish cities have been interlaced below.

keisiebesgtlacbalnilakkomiuriabrsul

If you were to draw lines between the five cities on a map, what would be the surface area of the internally enclosed pentagon (don't forget to include earth's curvature).

American Mensa Limited, known as the High IQ Society and The Genius Club, is an organization in which the members share one common trait: unbounded brilliance. If you believe that you need to legitimize your feelings of intellectual superiority visit www.mensa.org/soyouthinkyouresmart or call (800) 6GENIUS.

Debbie Raliff has a PhD in Comparative Psychology. She works as a pseudo-intellectual for Mensa and lives in Vermont.

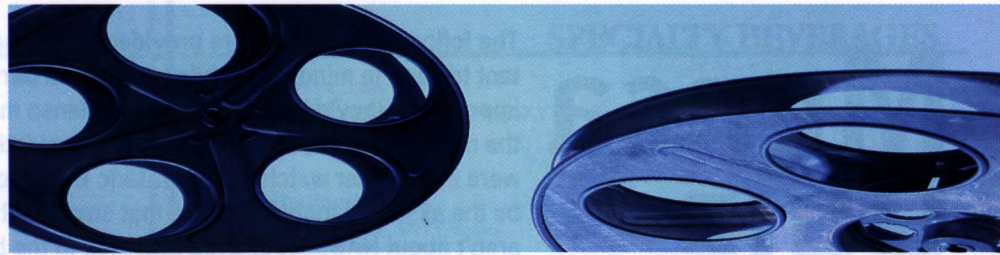
of surface area 25937 square miles.
Balkesir form an inscribed pentagon
4. Istanbul, Kocaeli, Gemlik, Bursa, Bursa
heart
3. These French fries just melt my

2. Me.
1. 12.3582

Answers:

L	A	D	A	P	I	T	A	S	K	I	N
U	I	R	E	R	A	D	I	I	U	N	D
C	R	U	S	H	E	D	F	A	R	M	B
K	E	G	O	M	D	E	R	B	Y	T	E
				B	U	Y	A	U	F		
J	A	M	B	A	S	I	N	B	A	D	
E	T	E	U	R	B	M	G	F	I	O	N
S	T	A	R	T	B	R	O	I	L	I	N
U	A	L	L	L	A	T	T	O	D	U	S
S	K	Y	O	S	E	M	O	E	S	E	Y
				S	C	H	L	O	M	O	
C	U	O	M	O				X	A	C	T
C	A	R	O	B	S	U	B	S	T	I	T
C	L	E	O					U	N	I	T
P	E	O	N					D	A	N	D
								A	L	B	A

Your Entertainment Selections



Mr. Man

Well-meaning but softheaded professional dog-walker Kyle Branson loses his job and is forced to inflate bicycle tires for a living. Along the way, he meets a drifter who teaches him a few things about being a man.

[C]

Friend Time

Manny Del Campo is a deaf-mute longshoreman with quick hands and big dreams, but when he meets Carmen Thorpe, an enterprising prawn fisherman, everything changes. Complicating matters is Manny's slow realization that Carmen, in fact, does not exist.

[C] [A]

The Color Wheel Gang

Spencer is a beady-eyed, loudmouth crayon in the old west with a quick temper in this animated adventure. As Spencer travels the land looking for smaller, weaker crayons to beat up on, his experiences begin to change him in ways he cannot begin to understand.

This film rated PG

Alone With My Thoughts

All Dana Hanson wanted to do was get to college and meet boys, but when she loses a bet and has to spend the academic year in a wooden box at the bottom of the ocean, she finds out that the sea floor has different plans in store for her.

[S]

Wing Buddies

Rusty McAllen, Houston's Top Cop, is walking his beat when he finds a fledgling sparrow with a broken wing. Moved, he quits his job to raise the bird, which he names Gerald, and what follows is a heartwarming story of two unlikely friends.

[A]

Looking For My Life

Badly burned and in search of medical attention, foreign exchange student Parko Hochsmuth wanders into the Everglades and gets lost. Years later, he emerges, scarred beyond recognition, but with a Ph.D-level understanding of swamp ecology.

[S]

Pope Bear I

The Catholic Church is thrown into disarray after the College of Cardinals accidentally selects a Kodiak bear to be the next Pope. The Church tries to rectify its decision, but when it comes to changing the mind of a bear, the Clergy doesn't have a prayer.

[V]

Basketball Hero 2:

The Return of Basketball Hero After Basketball Hotshot killed his father, Basketball Hero vowed to never again play basketball. But the next season, there was a contested call at the last second, so Basketball Hero was called back to the game to make the last-second shot — again.

[C]

Natural Wonder

Lacking a formal education but versed in the language of popular culture, Kendra Brant hopes to spark a new trend and become rich. Parlaying a new-age diet of insects and bark into instant celebrity, she is the toast of the nation until it is discovered that she still has her baby teeth.

[A]

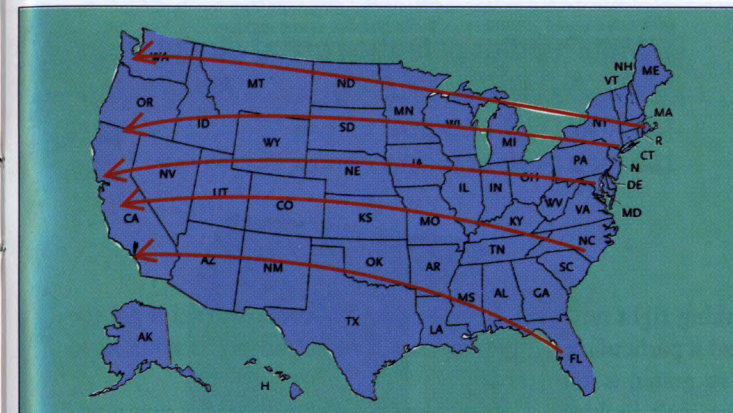
the key

- [A] Adult Sensations
- [C] Bankrupt Conversations
- [S] Sexual Starvation
- [V] Violent Concepts

All films have been heavily and liberally edited for our own amusement. Headsets, which are necessary for audio access, will be available for purchase at \$15 per ear. The flight attendants reserve the right to discriminate without explanation or apology. Absolutely no refunds.

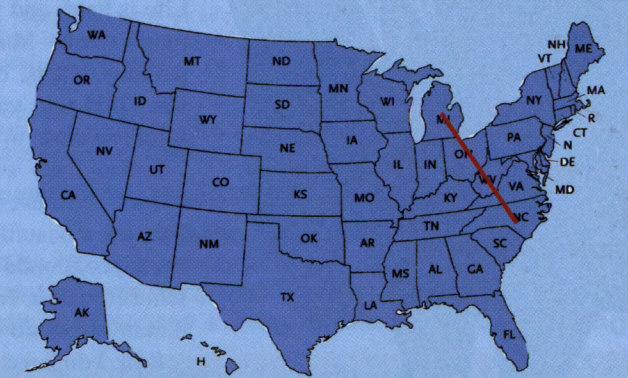
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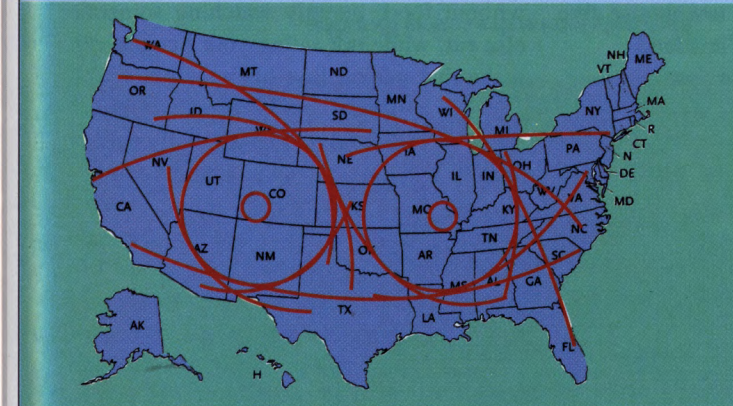
Manifest Destiny Air

We're Goin' Your Way (Westward).™



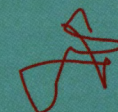
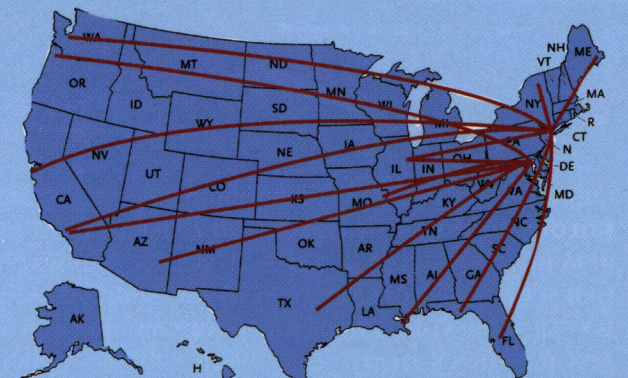
Fayetteville NC to Podunk MI Airways

We're Goin' Your Way (to Podunk).™



Al Qaeda Airlines

Not Funny.™



Jackson Pollock Airlines

No, You Couldn't Do This Yourself.™

Winning at the Game of Life

Walt Pundler sets the record straight.



I know what you're thinking right now. Life is hard, and you've had a particularly rough week. Maybe you've gotten a few parking tickets, or the lawn isn't looking like OSH told you it would. Or perhaps someone close to you has died recently.

I would say something reassuring, but I won't, because I just can't relate to you. I've got a beautiful wife who doesn't talk back, six blonde children in elite private schools, and a four-story townhouse five minutes from downtown Cleveland.

Still, I do have a story for you.

I was walking down the street the other day, and I saw a homeless man. Needless to say, this was reason enough for me to give pause — you don't see a lot of homeless people in my neighborhood! But, as it was, I was feeling generous, and a bit curious, so I tossed him one of the nickels I found while looking through my daughter Heather's drawers that morning. He picked up the nickel, and gripped it tightly in his grubby fist. A strange, crazed smile spread across his face. There were flecks of dirt in the corners of his mouth where one usually expects to find spittle. I could hear the sincerity in his quivering voice. "Thanks, man," he said. "Now I can buy a house."

"I'VE GOT A BEAUTIFUL WIFE WHO DOESN'T TALK BACK, SIX BLONDE CHILDREN IN ELITE PRIVATE SCHOOLS, AND A FOUR-STORY TOWNHOUSE FIVE MINUTES FROM DOWNTOWN CLEVELAND."

Now, this isn't a true story, but it got me thinking about something: you gotta have heart.

Now, don't expect me to give you money; that could turn out to be very painful for you, even though — I have to admit it — I am one of the most generous people I know. But there are a lot of other ways you can use that heart of yours to pick yourself up. For example, if you are hungry and without food, intently watching someone else eat, while not sating your hunger, can make that person lose his appetite, which

can be quite satisfying in and of itself. I do this often, just to challenge my mind.

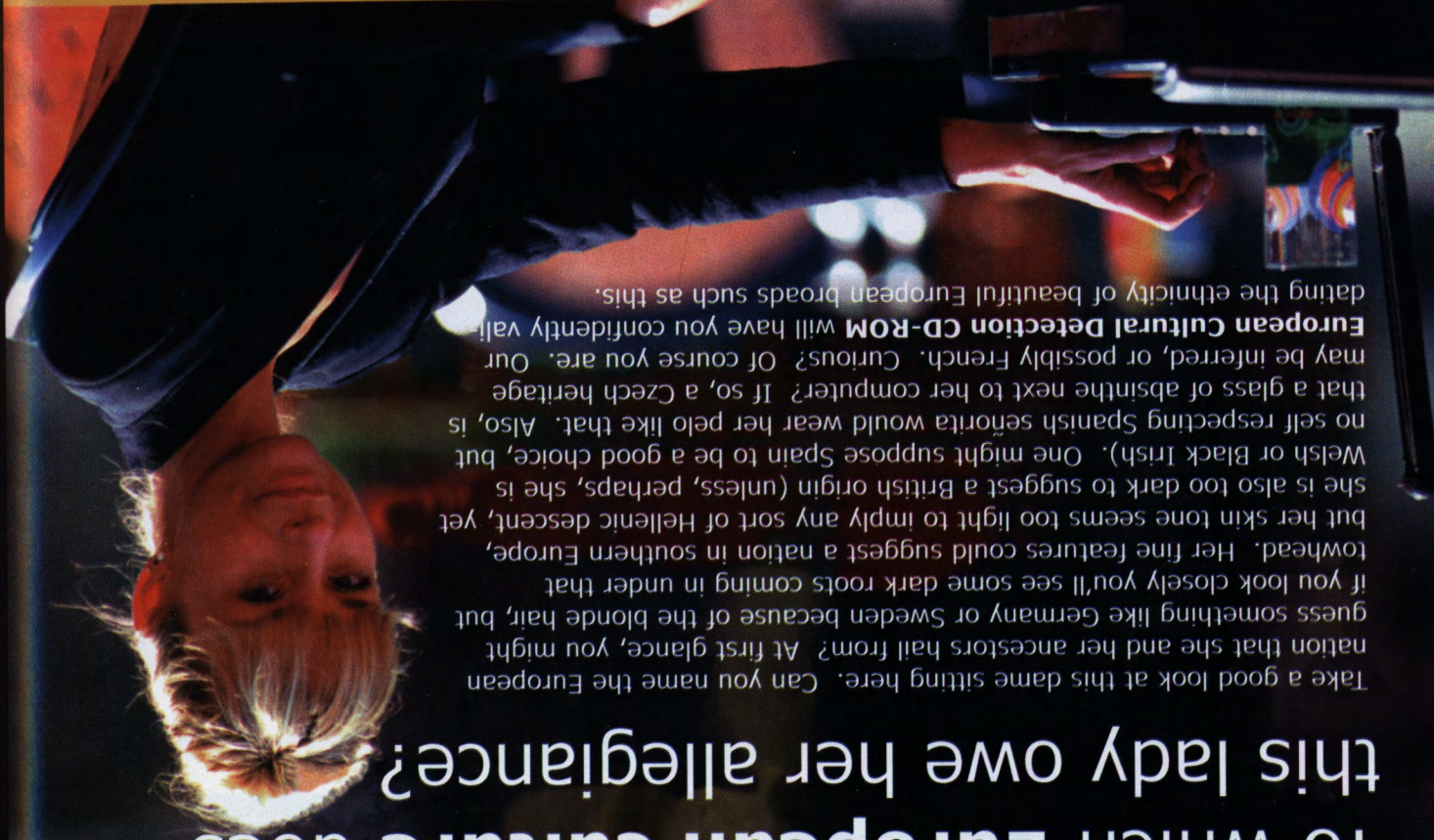
Why am I telling you all of this? Because you need to hear it. All your life you've been told that someone else will take care of you, but those words ring hollow when you're warming yourself by the heat of a garbage-can fire. You need to start acting more like a man and less like a beast if

you want people to respond to you when you ask them questions. Trust me, people don't respect beasts — they make them do stupid things, and sometimes eat them.

So when you feel like life's got you down, think back to that homeless man, and remember that if you've got heart, even a nickel can buy a house.

Buckle up, and I'll see you next month.

To which European culture does this lady owe her allegiance?



Take a good look at this dame sitting here. Can you name the European nation that she and her ancestors hail from? At first glance, you might guess something like Germany or Sweden because of the blonde hair, but if you look closely you'll see some dark roots coming in under that towhead. Her fine features could suggest a nation in southern Europe, but her skin tone seems too light to imply any sort of Hellenic descent, yet she is also too dark to suggest a British origin (unless, perhaps, she is Welsh or Black Irish). One might suppose Spain to be a good choice, but no self-respecting Spanish señorita would wear her pelo like that. Also, is that a glass of absinthe next to her computer? If so, a Czech heritage may be inferred, or possibly French. Curious? Of course you are. Our **European Cultural Detection CD-ROM** will have you confidently valuing the ethnicity of beautiful European broads such as this.

Spanish	French	German	Japanese	Thai	Arabic	Turkish	Polish	Swedish
English	Italian	Russian	Indonesian	Hebrew	Korean	Danish	Welsh	Pashto
(Latin America or Spain)	Portuguese	Chinese	Hindi	Vietnamese	Swahili	Dutch	Latin	

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European idiosyncrosies simplified through our program:

Listening - Learn to distinguish between Europeans' offensively incorrect pronunciations of the English interdenational fricative stop. "Zis tred is tidck?" Nice try, but *this* thread is THICK.

Reading - Is she reading Voltaire? Probably French. Something by Cervantes? That would be Spanish. A notable Finnish author? Trick question, Finland has no literary tradition.

Speaking - Learn such phrases as: "HEI! Where are you from?" and "What language do you speak?" to help determine your subject's nationality (translations not provided).

Keyboards - It's easy to tell European keyboards from normal ones, mostly because of all the weird-ass umlauts and curlycues. (Above text comprises entire lesson on European keyboards.)

"The speed with which I learned to differentiate Europeans is truly frightening. I am not kidding, I have been absolutely terrified since I started using your program. Where I used to merely ponder if an attractive young woman with a dark complexion and blue eyes was Welsh or Spanish, now I am paralyzed with horror that such questions no longer need enter my mind. I cannot sleep at night, for fear of seeing line after line of formerly ambiguous cauczoids, and I having no doubt as to the nation or region of their heritage."
-Michael Murphy
Texas, USA

Source Code

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