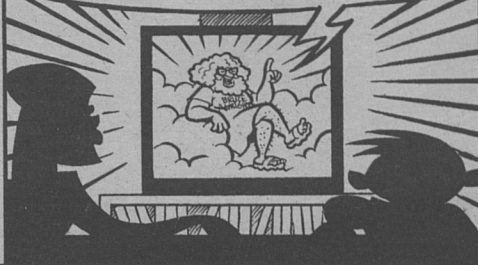


# CHELSEA BOYS

BY GLEN HANSON and ALLAN NEUWIRTH

NATHAN AND SOIRÉE ARE WATCHING SKY ON THE LATEST "ADAM & STEVE" REALITY SHOW...

ADAM, MY SON, ONCE AGAIN IT FALLS UPON THY BRAVINY SHOULDERS (AND LEAN WIT) TO CHOOSE WHICH HOTTIE SHALL FALL FROM GRACE... AND GET HIS ASS KICKETH OUTTA YON GARDEN PARADISE WHICH I (WITH THE HELP OF A FABULOUS FAYGELAH PRODUCTION CREW) HATH CREATED.



NOT SKY!  
DON' YOU DARE PICK SKY--!  
UHHH... LIKE, UM... UH... I PICK...



...BRANDON.  
WHAT?! AFTER I SUCKED YOUR BLEEP BEHIND THE BLEEPIN' TREE OF KNOWLEDGE?! YOU BLEEP HOLE!!!



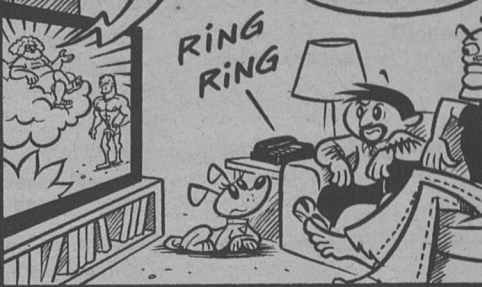
LEMME TELL YA, Y' BIG QUEEN, THE LAST TIME I SAW SOMETHING THAT SMALL IT WAS WRAPPED IN A BLANKET ON AN HORS D'OEUVRE TRAY! WHY DON'TCHA JUST GO BLEEP YOURSELF!!



OY-- SUCH A MOUTH ON THAT ONE! AND TO THINK POOR ADAM GAVETH UP A RIB FOR THAT BITCH!



AND SO, ADAM, I SAY VERILY UNTO THEE: THERE ARE BUT 5 CONTESTANTS LEFT, ONE OF WHICH THOU SHALT CHOOSE AS THY "STEVE"... BUT BEWARE: "THE SERPENT" IS STILL IN YOUR MIDST. AND HE MIGHT JUST BITE THEE IN THE ASS!!



UGH... NOT NOW?! IT'S TAMARA, MY MOM'S LIVE-IN COMPANION-- CALLING AGAIN.



>SIGH< EVER SINCE MOM'S ALZHEIMER'S KICKED IN, IT'S BEEN ONE EMERGENCY AFTER ANOTHER -- EITHER SHE'S SLAPPED TAMARA, OR EATEN COINS, OR LOST HER FALSE TEETH AGAIN...



Hi, TAMARA... WHAT'S HAPPENED NOW...



OH, SHIT! OKAY, I'LL BE THERE AS SOON AS I CAN!



WHAT IS IT, BABY? WHA'S WRONG?



MY MOM IS MISSING! NO ONE KNOWS WHERE SHE IS -- I'VE GOTTA GET TO LONG ISLAND TO HELP FIND HER!!



© 2006 HANSON + NEUWIRTH  
CHELSEABOYS.COM

# Curbside

by Robert Kirby

## EXIT © ROB KIRBY '04

I DIDN'T KNOW IF IT WAS JUST MY IMAGINATION OR WHAT, BUT IT SEEMED LIKE EVERY COP I SAW THAT FINAL DAY IN NEW YORK LOOKED AT CAL AND ME FUNNY.



PLUS EVERY YOUNG'N TOUGH-LOOKING DUDE WE PASSED ON THE STREET SEEMED TO BE WATCHING US TOO. WHEN YOU'RE GUILTY OF SOMETHING YOUR PARANOIA GETS THE BEST OF YOU.



I'D GOTTEN TICKETS FOR A WEST-BOUND TRAIN AT 9PM. CAL KEPT PESTERING ME ABOUT WHERE WE WERE GOING TO. IT GOT SO BAD I FINALLY HAD TO QUIET HIM DOWN THE ONLY WAY I KNEW HOW.



HE FELL ASLEEP AFTER BUT I DIDN'T; SOMEONE HAD TO KEEP WATCH, JUST IN CASE. I KEPT THE GUN CLOSE AT HAND WHILE I THOUGHT ABOUT EVERYTHING THAT'D HAPPENED SINCE I'D MET HIM, AND WHAT WAS WAITING FOR THE TWO OF US UP AHEAD....



I SNUCK OUT, MAKING SURE TO SAY EVERYTHING HE NEEDED TO HEAR IN THE NOTE I LEFT BEHIND; HOW MUCH I LIKED HIM AND HOW MUCH I'D MISS HIM, BUT ALSO HOW IMPORTANT IT WAS FOR BOTH OF US TO STRIKE OUT SEPARATELY, NOT KNOWING EACH OTHER'S WHEREABOUTS, JUST IN CASE ONE OF US GOT CAUGHT BY THE COPS OR SOMETHING.



I ONLY TOOK A COUPLE HUNDRED BUCKS AND LEFT ALL THE REST OF THE MONEY WITH HIM, ALONG WITH HIS TRAIN TICKET. I HOPPED ON A GREYHOUND ALONE AND HOPED TO GOD THAT CAL WOULD KNOW I WAS RIGHT TO DO THIS AND UNDERSTAND AND NOT HATE MY GUTS.



# gayity