

In Fourteen Hundred Ninety-Two: Columbus raped and pillaged, too

Indigenous People's Day

Let's make no mistake about this. FUCK Columbus. He was, and ever will be, a murderer, a rapist and an enslaver, an unwashed pervert with baggy clothes and shit hair ... but to actively celebrate this man, well ladies and gentlemen, that's akin to cheering Hitler during Yom Kippur, or giving Ted Bundy a big thumbs up for his contributions to Christmas. But is society being unfair? Before we skewer Ol' Chris on a sharpened two by four and send him off to the Daleks, let's consider some evidence from the diary of one of his pals, Michele de Cuneo:

"I captured a very beautiful Carib woman, whom [Columbus] gave to me, and with whom... I conceived desire to take pleasure. I wanted to put my desire into execution but she did not want it... I took a rope and thrashed her well...we came to an agreement... that I can tell you that she seemed to have been brought up in a school of harlots."

And *this* (plus so much more) is why liberal snowflakes are shouting-on about Indigenous People's Day. And so should you; because if you don't, you fucking SUCK. (But not as badly as Columbus, he was a fucking Dyson on the scale of things that are good at sucking.)

Feline Fancy

Good news! RI's bobcat population is on the rise. According to the Department of Environmental Management, the number of excavators, tractors and landscaping machinery creeping into the state's western forests have shot up in the past few years, with more than 75 confirmed sightings on the books. But not all is rosy in the secluded glades of the Big Little. As these new felines move into the area, the state's existing population of CAT trucks are being pushed ever closer toward human habitats. Last Monday, a Mr. Robin Banks of Scituate reported seeing a lone yellow dumptruck scavenging through his bins, while at least three further sightings, including a possible attempt at breaking into a liquor store, have been reported in Coventry. Residents of these frontier towns are being warned to stay alert, with a particular stress on removing any traces of sand and gravel from yards in case the materials are mistaken for litter boxes. Meow-ore on this as it develops.

A Handy Guide to Halloween Etiquette

1. Hearing “trick or treat” doesn’t mean you should automatically dispense candy. Demand jokes or, at least, some sort of contemporary dance routine from your visitors. Make them *earn* their diabetes. Note: Ninja skills also acceptable.
2. Test the courage of your Halloween goers by sticking a tractor trailer in your yard and setting it on fire. Note: Extra points if you dance around it wearing odd socks, silk pajamas and a hat made from AstroTurf.
3. Offer the parents shots of liquor; it isn’t their fault that pub toilets in West Warwick stock dodgy rubbers and now they have to do this every year of their miserable lives.
4. Mix things up. Answer the door dressed as Santa Claus. That’ll confuse ‘em.
5. Got neighbors with an OTT Halloween display? Call the cops and report suspicious activity in the front yard. Bonus point if you tell the 5-0 that the neighbors are enticing young children to their houses with candy.
6. There ain’t no party like a Rhody party. Get in touch with your local self; when trick or treaters ask if you have candy, tell them no, but reassure them that you know a guy who *does*.
7. Additional bonus point. Deny all knowledge of Halloween, but invite all party-goers into your house to learn more about Scientology. For every willing participant, call a psychiatrist.*

**If anyone succeeds in this, write in and we’ll give you a prize.*