

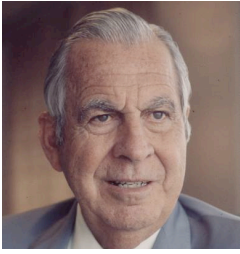




WELLNESS//2.10

DEPARTMENT OF SALUTATIONS	1
AGENCY OF CÖRRESPONDENCES + COMMUNIQUEÉS	2
SECOND THOUGHT	3
THE MODERN CITIZEN	4
GUIDANCE AND ADVICE	6
CATCHING THE “COOL” DISEASE	8
<i>The Rise of Spanish Mono in US Schools</i>	
TRAVELOGUE	9
<i>The Well of Youth</i>	
SMIRKS & SNICKERS	12

DEPARTMENT OF SALUTATIONS



Hello. This is Todd Bredrige, North American Consumer Relations Chairman for the pharmaceutical company **hPharma**. Yes, exactly, that hPharma. Go. Open up your medicine cabinet. I'll wait. Take a look. You, or someone you share a bathroom with, is being kept healthy by the products from hPharma. Yes, the same hPharma.

hPharma recently bought out their remaining shares in Fluid Combine Industries, and as a result is now the owner of Minutiæ Publishing. The excellent combined fluids produced by Fluid Combine Industries will become invaluable in the years to come to protect against biological warfare funded by [REDACTED]. You may ask yourself, "what could hPharma possibly want with what we are contractually obligated to keep until debts are paid off?" Allow me to continue.

The two entities have much in common: Minutiæ is a magazine. hPharma has a long standing contract with the US Military to provide sedating serums for wild animals or insurgents. Minutiæ features art. hPharma's sponsors Telemundo's *Sabado Extrema* animation block, with such loved children's cartoons as *Porco y Los Caballeros* and *¡Puente, Puente, Puente!* Minutiæ is available on the internet. hPharma's records are closed. Yes, of course, that hParma.



You may have read recently in newspapers outright lies about hPharma. Windfall profits tend to obscure the facts the media hear. The dyes used by hPharma do not cause hair loss, nor does the active ingredient in **Sasmox**, our extremely effective hair-growth pill. Let's be clear about one thing: Congressional hearings are not necessarily a bad thing, as many former members of the legislature sit on the hPharma Board of Directors.

Now, enjoy this issue of Minutiæ concerning Wellness. Sit back and relax with a dose of **Jellix** in your juice, and let the memories of your worries evacuate from your brain. ♦



MINUTIÆ #2

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Visit us online at enjoyminutiae.com

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AGENCY OF CÖRRESPONDENCES + COMMUNIQUÉS

Gentlemen, having been a subscriber to your publication for some time now, I am always blown away by your choice for Minutiæ Man of the Year. It is the 17th year in a row you have made Dustin Hoffman your Minutiæ Man of the Year. I think he was only in one movie this year and not many people saw it. It may be time to choose someone else.

Dustin Hoffman

Academy Award Winner

Los Angeles, CA

Gentlemen, your Brotherhood issue was highly offensive.

Benjamin Jealous

President, N.A.A.C.P.

Baltimore, Maryland

Gentlemen, I appreciate the work that went into the Winter Games supplement. I was ecstatic upon receiving all 145 hefty leather hardbound pages of it. Next time, however, might I suggest, focusing on the upcoming Winter Olympiad rather than the 1998 Nagano games?

Alrene Bagges

Portsmouth, New Hampshire

Gentlemen, please remove me from your e-mail list. At first, I appreciated the updates, but the hourly e-mails reminding me I am still a subscriber are tiring. Attempts to unsubscribe over e-mail only result in more e-mails and several "Out of Office" auto-replies. Just end this.

Charles F. Bolden, Jr.

Administrator, NASA

Washington, DC



SECOND THOUGHT

Allow me for a minute, thank you, to present you with the glaring headline of the forthcoming decade: "MAN IS FATTER." Yes, people of this nation, even amidst talk of latté wraps and composted fiber, we continue to stack burger patties upon burger patties in the indulgence of flavor, calories and the degradation of humanity. Looking back to look ever forward, it is easy to see how since the late 20th century our bellies have become weighted down.

Inspection begins with the McDonaldsization of our eating habits. Stuffing gob after gob of nutritionless-macrocaltoric-slothincuditionary "food" has led us here. (Furthermore, in this opinionated-editorial, I will put the agro-advertising-industrial complex on trial) Consider, yes, for just a moment, of course, that if you were to take 20%, just 20% of the remaining sucrose in just, get this, the Eastern seaboard, and sprinkle it over the land mass of Uganda, Paraguay and their sister-triplet Hungary, we would see a 50% spike, yes, spike, in further abatement. What is stopping us? Enter the Starbucksification of America.

We stand in line to get our sips of sweet sours. Over \$300 billion a year is sifted through a mercantile the size of, adjusted for inflation, Dutch Nassau. If a small fraction of that \$300 billion was spent on the absolute bottom line of health edu-

cation in only the bottom third poorest schools, there would be a declination. In fact, double that and it would be no more. However, we are being held back by the Bloomburgification of America. Simply put, throw on your size 42 Air Pump Jordans and follow me further.

Take a walk through any city in the lower 48, with a population under 10,000 strong and you'll see, in frankness, the result of years and years of continual actions. If you had the GDP of Iowa alone, taxed a cumulative 3% and split into three tribunals of councilmen from the alliterative cities of the state capitals of the noncontiguous states, there would be a 19% increase in preventative measures, and not really just that, for the lowest tax bracket in the higher earning counties in Middle America. How am I the only one hearing this logic? It's a miracle only a third of every purchase in this country is recumbent. Let's consider, for a moment, the American Idolatry of America.

If we're to slim our waistlines, we first need to shut the door on massive government subsidies to the nineteen growth markets including metallic non-conductories, binary compounds and generic foundries (the other six would get me locked up in bourgeois gestapo-sponsored Guatanamalistic sanctions). Can we really let the Obamanomics of our nation continue?

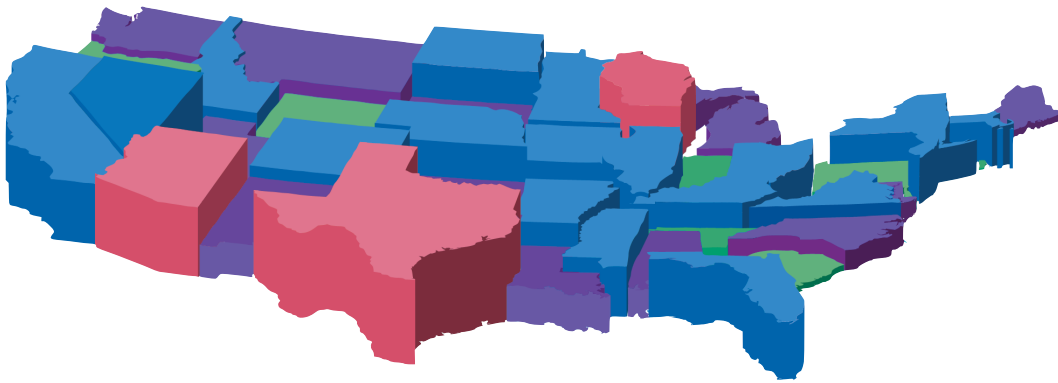
And that's the **Second Thought**. ♦

HOME BONE DENSITY SCANNERS

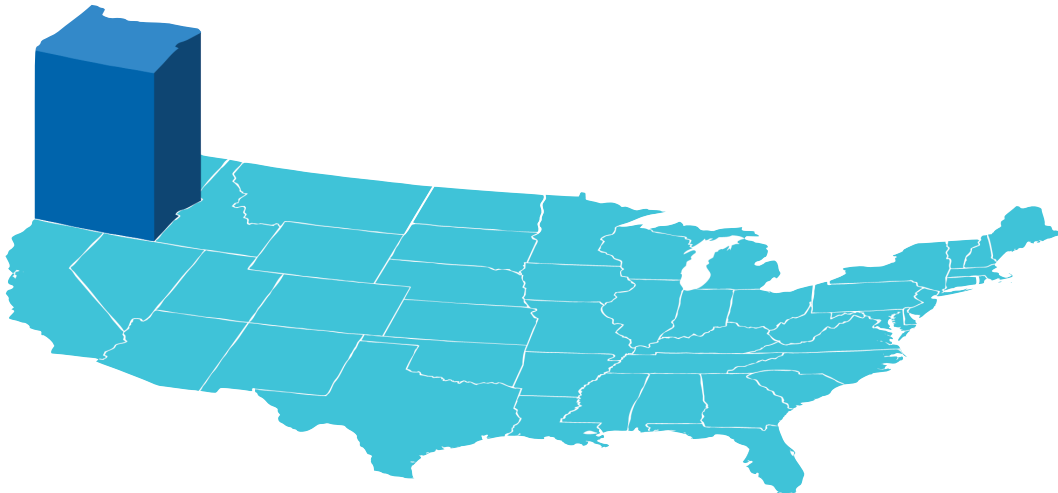
Over the Counter
Through the Arm



THE MODERN CITIZEN
PULSE OF THE UNION



School Lunch Subsidies per 1,000 Students



Freerange Organic Grassfed Beef Slaughtered and Eaten by Wesleyan Graduates with Liberal Art Degrees

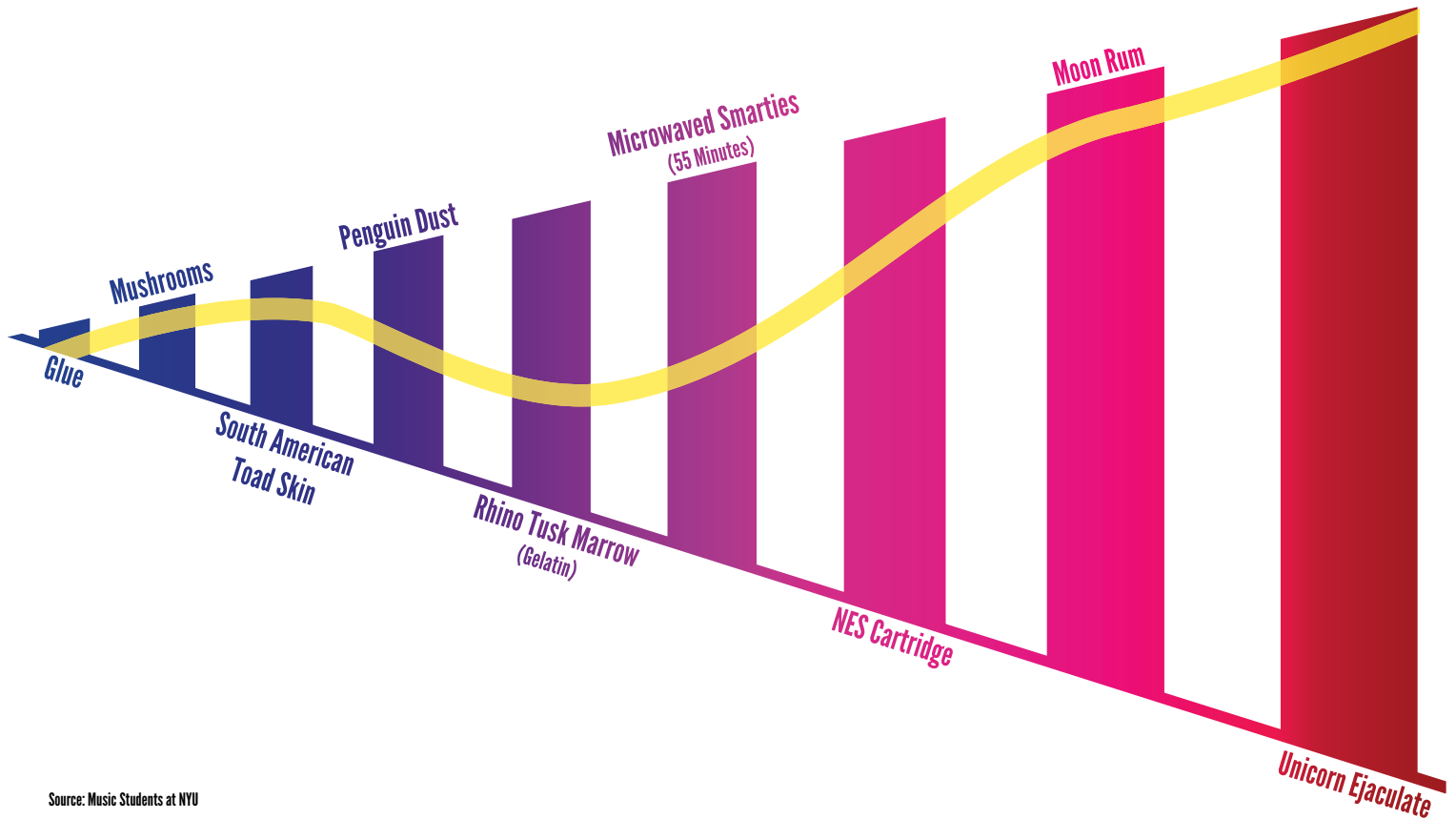


Caribou Hot Dog Consumption*

*Alaska Not Pictured

PSYCHEDELICS BY STRENGTH


Average Duration of Psychedelic Experience



Source: Music Students at NYU


**HEY, YOU,
DEAF KIDS,
LISTEN TO FREE SIGN
LANGUAGE
AUDIOBOOKS!**
AOL KEYWORD DEAFLISTEN

"WE CAN'T LET ANYONE PERISH.
WE NEED TO GIVE LIFE."
- DR. JOHN, 3:16 AM



ST. MEDICAL

PRAYERS. NOT PILLS.



THIS SPRING

GUIDANCE AND ADVICE

Susan Alan-Wenswick is a prolific life specialist, working in the metro Miami area. She has written several books, including most recently Simple & Savory for Singles.

I am looking to lose some weight, but there are so many diets and exercise regiments out there. Which one is the best?

Being physically fit and eating right is important, especially if you're a recently divorced 55-year old just starting to date again (I'm looking at you, mirror). I have to say that a balanced diet with good old fashioned running and stretching is a great way to start. Don't ward off certain foods, but eat everything in moderation. Also, do something for fun! Start palates or yoga, it's a great way to meet new people!

I don't know if I am just eating the wrong things or what, but I can't seem to keep my weight down.

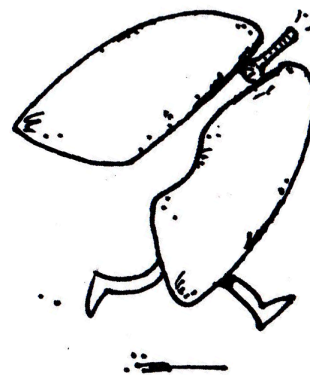
We're all in that same boat, and before it sinks, let's do something about it. We all struggle with overeating. Everything just looks so good. For me, if I am hopefully eating dinner with someone else, I try to stop myself halfway through. A good way to do that is place your fork on the other side of the dish from you. You'll be surprised how easy that'll work. It also helps to eat with people that you'll have great conversations with.

Hey, I just want to say that I got all your messages. This is the only way I know how to contact you. We just had coffee after volunteering at the dog shelter.

Oh, Conrad, I was hoping that'd be you. I was wondering why we hadn't been on a second date. Having a pet is a great way to stay in shape. Going for runs in the park or simply getting a good brisk walk every day. That cute little puppy is sure going to be a conversation starter, or just a warm friend to watch some good rom-coms.

I heard your ex is going on a ski trip with his new wife. Is that really a good way to stay in shape or will I just feel exhausted?

Jerry is going skiing? But – he never wanted... He always said going to the emergency room would cost as much as the trip itself. I always – Wait, they got married already? I thought it wasn't happening until June. Anyway, yes, I imagine it'd be a good way to stay – Skiing? Really? He always hated the cold. I have to... I'll be back. ♦





GIVE YOUR BRAIN A WORKOUT!

BRAIN POWER FUNCTIONARY

DO THESE SIMPLE EXERCISES EVERY DAY TO KEEP ALZHEIMER'S AWAY!

1 SOLVE FOR X!

$$3X - 5 = 10$$

$$X = \square$$

2 THINK FAST!

SAY ALOUD THE COLOR YOU SEE IN THESE WORDS,
NOT THE WORD YOU READ!

RED

SHAME

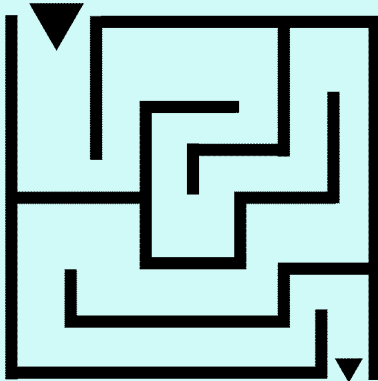
GREEN

HONEY

DOOR

AGING

3 SOLVE IN UNDER A MINUTE!



4



WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH THIS WEIRD LADY?

5 HURRY!

COUNT THE NUMBER OF SYLLABLES IN THIS SENTENCE!

The dog felt bad for the mistakes he made, all 5,263,418,977 of them.

6 QUICK!

THIS CAT IN THIS BOX IS POISONED, BUT ALIVE AND DEAD AT THE SAME TIME BECAUSE CATS HAVE NINE LIVES. CONSIDERING CAT B HAS ALREADY USED UP 1/2 OF THE LIFE AND DEATH OF CAT A, HOW MUCH POISON WILL IT TAKE TO KILL ALL THE CATS?



IF YOU LIKED GIVING YOUR GREY MATTER A SWEAT, YOU'LL LOVE **CRANIUM SENIOR FITNESS**, WHERE YOU'LL FIND EXERCISES LIKE THIS AND HUNDREDS MORE FROM THE RENOWNED **HAWAIIAN SCIENTIST DR. PALADIO**.

CATCHING THE “COOL” DISEASE: THE RISE OF SPANISH MONO IN US SCHOOLS

by Junior Reporter Chelsea Bryant

Since the ‘90s, being “cool” has always meant making sacrifices. To be “cool,” students will talk back to teachers, get tattoos, and even have sex with each other. This school year, a trend more alarming than ever is rising: getting Spanish Mono on purpose so you will be cool and get a boyfriend or just have people come to your party. That’s right: America’s youth finds it acceptable to get sick to be cool.

“I don’t know why, but once you get Spanish Mono, you just don’t just seem popular, you are popular. You wouldn’t get it,” said Lilly Etton, my best friend.

With 3 million populars infected, and growing, Spanish Mono has risen as the “it” disease. It’s something like wearing clothes from New York City, memorizing Lil Wayne songs, and having divorced parents all put together, with a bonus trip to the hospital for extra attention. For too many, the boost in popularity is can’t-miss.

Some people believe this began as far back as 2006, when the word “sick,” like “dope,” “bad,” and “bitchin’,” became an acceptable substitute for “cool.” Then a cool boy in Montgomery County got Spanish Mono, and that became the

trendy thing to do, quietly gaining momentum among popular tables until someone’s fat friend learned about it, and then within months everybody started doing it except for the smart motivated girls who want to write for newspapers someday.

Unlike regular mono, the kissing disease, Spanish Mono can only be contracted from heavy contact with the genital sweat of an infected. For uncool kids who can’t find a “Spanish Mono Sponsor,” robbing gym clothes is usually the only option. On the first day of contact, the skin around the eyes gets dark and puffy, and there’s a very distinct cough; it sounds like a clicking from the throat, like there’s a bunch of marbles in there. 95% of those who get Spanish Mono pass away by the second week, but most victims argue it was all worth it.

“I’ve never been cool. Francesca Barber hooked up with me last night. I’m finally happy,” said Chris Phipps, minutes before his death.

Phipps promised that he was going to take me to the Spring Dance, so... thanks, Spanish Mono.

“The way my son caught this disease, and what has happened to him, I just hope it’s a lesson,” said Phipps’ mother Leslie. “Spanish Mono is a bad thing. It’s a horrible thing. Horrible means cool now right?”

For the record, it does. ♦



Meet Dr. Tom Needleman.

needleman



THE WELL OF YOUTH

BY CYNTHIA TALLOWS

I first met Loren in the catacombs of Paris two years ago this March. A Brazilian by heritage though French, he explained his previous trip to me over spiced and cured duck meat. In North-eastern Myanmar, Northwest of Myitkyina, high in the mountain jungle, there was a village where men lived, on average, to well over one hundred. Loren had stumbled upon the village while researching a lost air parcel from World War II, containing rare medical liveries. He gave me the name of a person living in Congqing I should contact if I were to ever venture.

During my time in Cuba this past summer, I spoke with Gabrielle Súrcaz, the head of internal medicine for ELAM, at a small café in Havana. As we sipped cafecitos and fresh pastelitos, he explained that despite incredible advances in medicine over the past century, for an entire village to be living that long without modern conveniences is incredible. The people of Cuba have a far

greater understanding of the preciousness of life, I observed during my trip there to document the rich street graffiti culture. As I partook in the luscious evening lifestyle that those nestled in Los Angeles could only imagine, I was reminded of Juan Ponce de León.

Ponce de León and his quest for the Fountain of Youth may be all but legend. León's brazen chest plate hangs in the library of my father's Spring house in Lennox. I would stare at it when I was younger, the smell of old cypress and maple trees burning in the fire place, through the cracks in the door as my parents entertained artists and poets. John Coltrane and William Burroughs would frequently join us for weeks. I became infatuated with these figures, whom I would later learn were counter cultural.

Having reached sexual maturity at the age of fourteen, I had been attending salons with the various men who came of interest. The Western

philosophies had begun to bore me, a sentiment shared by the son of the Belgian ambassador. I remembered Henri had been a practicing theor-anarchist in Chongqing for the previous nineteen years. This past Summer, I decided now would be the time to investigate the village of old men. After checking into the Chuangshiji Hotel, I met up with Henri.

Walking through the marketplace, I was reminded of how the Sunday morning farmers' market at the Ferry Building in the Embarcadero paled in comparison. Henri was clearly a favorite of the locals, mimicking their dialect. He had a charming air about him, pitch perfect accent, blond hair, blue eyes, and a thickened woolen sweater. The entire culture felt far more visceral than whatever someone might hope to attain from a trip to the Meatpacking District.

From the time I had been curating an art exhibition at an underground gallery in Montreal, I had fallen in love with gong ching music that was played in the street. Most could not take the piercing docile tones, but I understood the importance of Qigong. The opium den Herni took me to was lined with shelving wide enough for a young man to lie down for the duration of their hazy stay. I took part, of course, but the exhilaration of opiates did not affect me as they did Henri, who is adored by the gentlemen who run the establishment. I wandered out into the daylight to find the man that Loren had told me about.

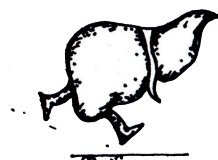
I met up with the small Cantonese man who was now living on the Western boarder of China. His name was Lila. He enjoyed baked alaska, despite never eating it and thinking it was pork loin. He would show me the way to the village.

Lila was roughly 70 years old with hands worn from countless years picking rice. His only expla-

nation for why he had been banished from his village was he had "broken too many wet sticks."

The trek across Myanmar reminded me of the trips I took when I was younger, on a semester traveling while I took time off during my doctorate at Oxford (after having previously deferred Yale). Myself and the daughter of the Swedish diplomat had been taking a train across Europe. In the Stiftung Historische Museen Hamburg, we were invited to stay at the estate of a former Count in Bergedorf. We would watch the sunrise after an evening of trying to get away from rigid Nietzsche but ending up quoting him only more. It was this same beauty I experienced walking in Southwestern Asia, a land not yet fully raped.

I stood in the grove as Lila huddled below concocting a bean paste. The taste would be incomprehensible to any American, taste buds dulled by the culture of overtly salted and false flavors. I was brought back to my time on Cape Cod, indulging in teenage fantasies of owning a literary foundation with my mother's writing partner's son Alex. Alex was a quiet boy with a distinct smile. Arguments over which region in Spain made the best jamón ibérico would soon dissolve into rushing across the beach at midnight, he in a powder blue shirt, I in a yellow blouse, but both in those embarrassing khakis that his aunt, then the current editor at Vogue, had provided us with. We fell down where the beach sand meets small pebbles, and he held my face in his hand. The moon glowed. In recent years, after graduating from Brown, Alex moved to Seattle with his family to head various non-profits. Yet, it was that night I learned the secret to living forever. ♦



**A BUTCHER BECOMES A SURGEON TO AVENGE
HIS DAD'S DEATH IN THE ONE HOSPITAL RUN
BY HIS TWIN BROTHER MAYBE?**

NYMPHE

WE SPENT A LOT OF MONEY ON THIS PILOT.



THIS SPRING

Yolk Fest! Hola, as some might say, if you are unaware of what's up, let me give you the low down. This area has recently been rezoned from the regular boring articles that Minutiæ brings you to the humor zone. I got the assignment for this month, Wellness, about a month ago, and what I thought is going to make you laugh so much your knees will buckle. So please get a belt... get it? I have a well of humor to give you. It's a deep well, and my writing is the bucket. Is this getting across to you?

Most of the stiffs that work at Minutiæ didn't really understand what I was going to do here. Being a (hopefully) syndicated columnist comes with

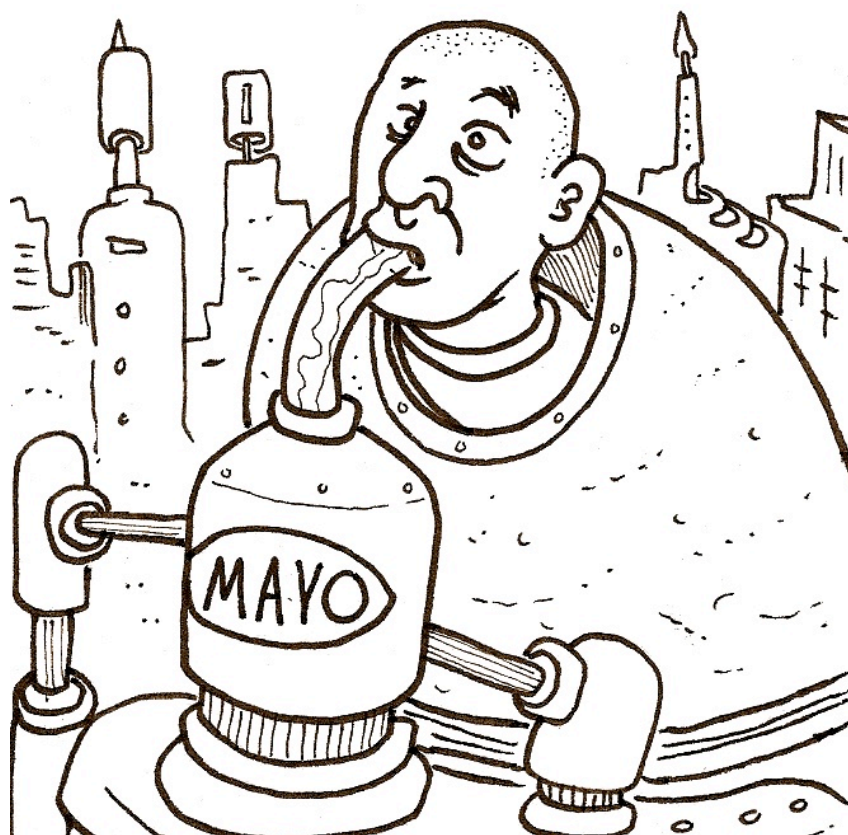
a few responsibilities. Like making you chuckle till you need to go the doctor. Or laughing so much you're coughing up stuff from the first grade. And how about not letting you guys get so sleepy from all the other stuff in this paper-packet, doze off, and snore yourself to death. Get it? Because of Obstructive Sleep Apnea.

If you were to ever to come to the offices, you'd probably see a bunch of guys talking about their suits, except for me. I'd be over at my desk (feet up on it, d'course) reading the daily funnies and surfing the net for the latest in joke-technology. Everyone's always wondering what Duncan's getting delivered to the office. Is it a

clock with sausages for hands, or maybe a Dana Carvey t-shirt, or a simple bumper sticker reading "I brake for ice." Get it? Because no one around here does.

The silk ties must be cutting off the air to the brain around here or something, because they wouldn't even give me the space to run my comic strip "Mousepad Blues," so I'll just explain it to you. In the first frame it's Martin and Trevor, and they're sitting in the break room. And Martin takes a sip of his coffee and says, "that's the worst coffee I've ever tasted," and then Trevor says, "that's printer ink," and Martin totally spits it everywhere! (Search for "spit takes" on DailyMotion) I tried explaining the joke to The Señor Stiffs around here, but they just don't get it. ♦

Wellness in the 28th century





PEROX

NEOSPORIN

PRES

Adhesive Bandages

BANDAGES

GET WELL

Glad you're not dead YET

