

# C.R.U.D.E. Probes Uranus And Other Dark Places

THE ANAL FRONTIER -- Since the first crack of dawn, women and men have been drawn to explore deep, dark places, whether it be a black hole in space, a pothole in the road, or somewhere ... a little closer to home. Following this natural urge to explore, the C.R.U.D.E. brain trust met at its drinktank, and decided to extend an invitation to all interested parties to probe Uranus.

Said a C.R.U.D.E. spokesman, "Come along and relax as we explore Uranus together!"

On the day of the big bang, head astronaut Stanley Hugeprick led the C.R.U.D.E. krewes on board NASSA's newly erected (and longest) space probe ever. The space shuttlecock -- operated by the latest in augmented artificial intelligence, the PHAL 9000 -- lifted off from da nin't ward into the darkness. The krewes, having lived in the dark most of their lives, were unafraid, butt a little tipsy from the pre-launch tail-gate party.

A recently received communication from Commander Hugeprick and Science-Friction Officer Eileen Dover describes the thrust of the mission.

"After completing our pre-ignition bar trek and surviving Close Encounters of the Ninth Ward, we plan to supposit the probe in the core of Uranus, after orbiting it first, just to relax. Later we may open the doors to Uranus, butt just a crack.

"Although this mission may sound easy, there are always the dangers of dinkleberry space debris, klingons and the silent but deadly volcanic flatus gasses. We do have the added protection of

our smaller shuttle probe for surface exploration, which we have affectionately named 2 Moon Junktion.

"Our first two probes to Uranus vibrated upon entry and were eventually sucked into a black hole. We wrectum, butt we are optimistic that the highly skilled C.R.U.D.E. rear guard will haul ass to Uranus. Once we penetrate, we plan to send back a hole wad of asstronomy data.

"The world should be proud -- we've come a long way from the days of warring apemen on the barren surface of Earth. We've sniffed out great opportunities on the warm, dark surface of Uranus."

The voyage to Uranus was not without its controversy. Shortly after C.R.U.D.E. announced its plans to mount the mission, questions arose regarding the probe's dimensions. Once again, the size question had reared its ugly head.

Another problem, according to an assistant aero-naughty-cal engineer who worked in a behind the scenes position on the mission, was debate over the probe's destination. "Researchers who were focused on another planet were very jealous about this -- a clear case of Venus envy. We firmly believe that space travel to anywhere butt Uranus is a mission without a proper end."

Corporate sponsors of the Uranus probe include HairAss Casino, WCKY-FM, EnterGee, and Mike Longman.

Insiders report that one key finding of the mission is that, while men are from Mars and women are from Venus, everyone can explore Uranus.

# Spermes Recounts Erection 2000

FLORID-A -- Pubic officials affiliated with the Mystic Krewes of Spermes revealed today that Erection 2000 had the highest sperm count in history. Said one penetrating source intimate with the campaign, "It was enormous. The turnout was tremendous, not to mention tumescent."

The initial sperm count indicated mass confusion. After the climax was reached, the intent of the sperm could not be determined. Some of the sperm seemed to be headed in the right direction, but the results were negative. Said one frustrated observer, "They always start out with good intentions, but ultimately, all that matters is which, um, lever you pull. And in the dark, they're all the same. That's probably how that Chad got pregnant."

Some observers blamed the problem on premature ejaculation of ballots from the box. Others blamed the voters themselves. "You have all these Vulva-driving, condom-minium-living old farts around, and no one thought they could even get it up any more," commented one insider.

Several counties initiated sperm recounts, but these were halted by The Supremes Court, who ordered them to "Stop, in the name of law/Before you count the vote."

Unfulfilled ballot-casters wanted to "do it over until we get it right." It was left to the Erectile College to determine the outcome. Said one penetrating member, "It seems to be a case of electile dysfunction; the sperm headed for the Bush, but the climax was unsatisfying. They would have been better off using the Al-Gore-rhythm method."