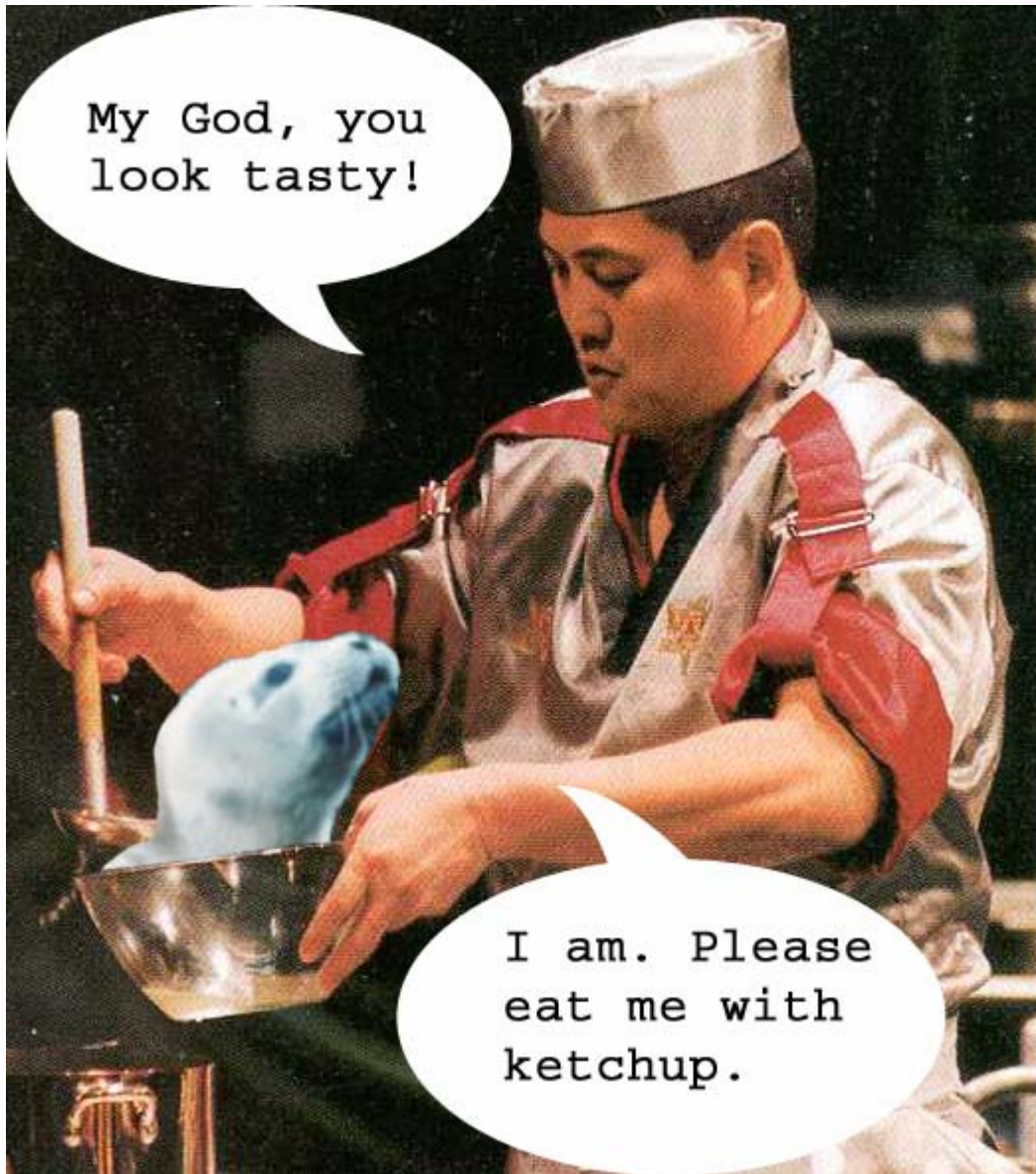


Meet Your Meat..... A Study Through Time



Meet your meat, a study through time.



I go to a relatively small college in Pennsylvania, in fact, there are more squirrels at this college than there are men. Big problem? Not if you're a meat eater, problem with that is, if you are a meat eater, then you're in a shit load of trouble, because there is bitches who are after you, foo.

Why would people want to bother us fun loving animal eaters? Well, you see, they think that cows are meant to be played with, hugged, petted, and loved, not eaten. Well, stupid hippie motherfuckas, I got news for you. They made cows, and pigs, and horses, and cats, and all other animals to be

consumed by yours truly, and all of his animal loving friends.

Now, I'm not talking about my vegetarian friends, because they just go about their life eating their plants and potatoes and that's cool with me, if you don't bother me, I'm not going to bother you. What pisses me off, more than my mother trying to get me to eat my brussell sprouts, is the vegan activist mother fuckers who think it's ok to run my life

If I'm going to eat meat, then I'm going to eat meat, and if you don't like that, well then I'm going to run you over with a truck hauling cattle to be slaughtered. Then, once the truck pulls away, if you are by some act of god still alive, I will take a C-130 bomber, load it up with cabbages, and top that off with some good old fashioned ground hog, and then drop that load on your sorry ass. Then, I will take the cabbage, dump it in the Hudson River, and Barbecue the hog and eat it the way it was meant to be eaten, stupid hippie.

So now, if the vegans have their way, which they will someday, this is how society works, those who bitch the most are the ones who get what they want, and since meat eaters generally go about their lives eating their meat not bothering anyone, they will become the minority, and they will just accept this, start eating their veggies, and then the world will be over populated with cows, and "wittew fuwwy horsies and moo cows" dancing together in perfect harmony.

Yuck, that image just made me reflux acid.

So now, let's examine closely what will happen if people stop eating certain types of animals.

Study #1: How now brown cow.



So it seems to me that the first logical choice for those hippies to get me to stop eating would be cows. After all, we get a variety of meat from cows, and we also get their milk. Well hippies, I've got news for you, if the world didn't drink their milk, do you know what would happen? Our bones would be so brittle, that by age 30 our bones would turn to dust, and we would be heaps on the floor. We need calcium, we get calcium from milk, therefore we need to continue eating milk.

Furthermore, if we were to stop eating our delectable and delicious steaks, and let all the cows roam free in fields of green grass, with blue skies, do you know what would happen? The world would have too many fucking cows. That's right, is that what you want, so many fucking cows that you can't go anywhere without seeing one. You know, after awhile we'd be sick of them, just like I get sick of babies after awhile.

Here's another point you furry little hippie mother fuckers didn't think about, do you know what cows do after they eat something? That's right, they shit. And they shit a lot. And you know, hippies, it smells really bad. Have you ever been to a family farm that raises cattle? Well, you see, the cow dung, shit, manure, poopoo, whatever you wish to call it, stinks really, REALLY bad. Besides, what do you plan on doing with a couple tons of cow dung? Taking a bath in it? If you go that route, you might want to light yourself on fire, do the world a favor already. I mean really.

Study # 2: That'll do pig, that'll do.

Just about every human being at some point in their lifetime, has had a breakfast that consisted of eggs, toast, potatoes, and BACON. BACON BACON BACON BACON BACON! If you have never had bacon, then you need to jump off of the highest building in your neighborhood. Infact, why don't you just come to the Freedom Bridge, it's tall, it's deadly, there are no fences on the sides, and no one will even question what you are doing. Then once your carcass hits the pavement of the miracle mile below, I will be there with my big rig filled with swine, to run yo ass over.

But enough about that, let's talk about all of the wonder products that one can get from a pig. Bacon, Ham, Sausage, Scrapple, Pork Tenderloin, Pork Butt, Pigs Feet, and of course, no one can forget how a whole pig roasting on a spicket can bring an entire family together.



A Recent Protest For Peta, Gone Terribly Awry.

That's an image I like in my head, not what would happen if we let all the pigs roam the earth, and never killed them.

We all saw the movie Babe, and we all thought that pig was adorable, cute, cuddly, and an all around wonderful animal. I mean, it was this little tiny pig with a human voice herding sheep around. Well there are a few things wrong with that, first, how many do you know that have a fucking human voice. The answer, none! Unless your one of those hippies, who does all kind of happy pills and drugs, pigs do not talk at all. Neither do sheep.

What would happen if we let every single pig ever created roam the planet? Well, the earth would become so heavy, that it would sink out of it's orbit and fall in the never ending black hole that is space. Is that how you want to spend the rest of your eternity? Drifting through space in a planet consumed in total darkness? Well guess what, then all your precious plants will be dead, because they need sunlight to live, unless you're smart like me, and you just burn fossil fuels, which do not depend on light, to create artificial sunlight.

Study #3: Is the sky really falling, Chicken Little?

No chicken little, that's not the sky, it's an AX, being swung by yours truly, because I



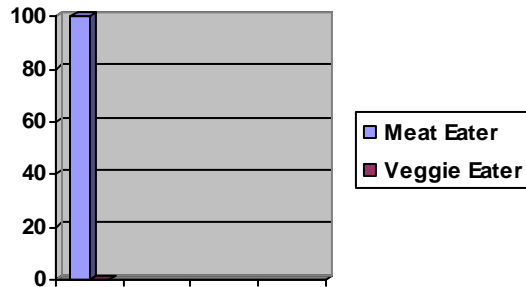
One Gazillion Chickens, Clucking At Once! Oh The Humanity, Or The Insanity, Oh The Migraine!

want to eat your tender, juicy, succulent, chicken legs, and breasts, and fingers, and wings. However, the hippies say no no, the chickens are our friends, they should be petted, and allowed to cluck all day. Well, you know what, do you know what's like to hear 1,000,000,000 chickens all cluck at once? Well, it would be so loud that John Kerry, Howard Dean, and his band of merry mixed up masturbators would jump into the nearest river, never to be seen from

again. Oh, and don't worry, I'm not republican, George Bush would dub it an act of terrorism, and then declare war on the chickens. Ever see an army fight a gazillion chickens? Well, hippie, if you do some more of that happy juice you be doin' then you'll know, or get it from the "horse's" mouth, he'll tell you, he dreams about it every night.

Chickens, however, are a double whammy when it comes to wanting to save them. See, they are so tiny, ant not only delectable, but they are also feisty little bastards, and there's nothing I would rather do more than put two of those cocks in a ring and let them beat the shit out of each other. But no, we want the chickens to be our friends, and they can't fight. Well, dumb ass, if you ever stop to think about it, what you hippies do in fighting us meat eating law abiding "murderers", if you will, is really basically the same principal.

If we were to stop eating all kinds of meat, and only veggies, as those who feel that way would insist, well then, the world would plummet into economic chaos. Let's examine what would happen to our economy.



Right now, 99.99999% of the economy is dedicated to meat eating, meat killing, and just meat in general. While a miniscule .000001% does the whole let's just eat vegetables thing.

So as you can see by viewing the above chart, most of our economy relies on meat eating and the like. Now I know that you little hippie mother fuckers are going to tell me that my figure is way off. Well you know what, I've never done your hippie mushrooms, and potatoes, and tofu, and I know how the real world works. I know that if you stop eating meat, and the entire country begins to follow your silly vegan ways, then one gazillion people will be put out of work. Do you know what that will do to our economy? Well, let me tell you. It will PUT THE ENTIRE FUCKING WORLD OUT OF A JOB!!!! And, when the ENTIRE FUCKING WORLD is out of said job, they will become poor, and when they are all poor, they will have no money, and when they have no money, they will rob from you hippies, and then you won't have money either, and when no one has any money, the world will be in chaos.

Now, since I have a few propositions to make to stop these hippie assholes in their lettuce lined tracks, I will lay out my plans for each and every one of them for you know.

PLAN NUMBER 1: The Gary Coleman Meat Eating Express

Who better than to lead our army of carnivorous killers than the now defunct child television star, Gary Coleman. You all may remember our dear Sergeant Coleman from the wonderful seventies television, *Different Strokes*. Well he made a lot of money, but it was stolen by his folks, and now he has nothing, except thousands of people coming up to him asking him "Whatchu talking about.. Willis?" Well, he will be asked no more, when he leads us to victory against the vegan hippies.



Meat Eating Sergeant Gary Coleman Reporting For Duty.

How will this be accomplished? Well, it's very simple, and I will outline our plans right now, it is a simple process, and here it is for you all.

Step 1: Find every vegan and bring them to the appointed death camp. Wait, did I say death camp? I meant happy camp! That's right, they can come to our wonderful happy camps where they will be fed wonderful arsenic lettuce, and carrots, and all the toxic tofu that any person could want.

Step 2: Once all the vegan hippie dippy mushroom peckers are in our concentration camps, we have two routes. The first, which is my personal favorite, is sort of like the Chinese water torture, and sort of like something I once saw in a video on newgrounds about Hell. It goes something like this.



First you buy as many cans of Spam as you possibly can. And when you think you've bought all the spam in the entire world, you buy more. Then when all the spam is purchased, you open enough cans to cover an entire wall with the wonderful Spam materials. Then, with whatever Spam you have left, make a pendulum base out of it, and tie it to a pole. Put a couch in the "Spam Room" and bring the vegan in and make him or her sit on it. Then, lower the pendulum and swing it back and forth. That should drive them crazy.

If that doesn't work, you can always take the second Spam route. Which is, simply stand them against a wall, find a random blind person, give them the spam and make them throw it at them. Ok, well so the blind

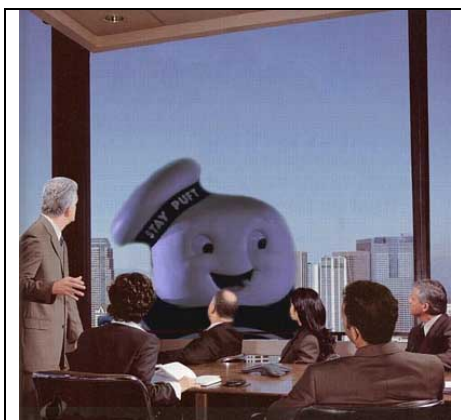
person might not work. Instead, get Nolan Ryan, who can throw the Spam at 90 Miles Per Hour.

Now, once we complete the Spam Torture, it's time to really take care of those mushroom smoking animal loving hippies. How do we do that? Simple! Do you all know what Lions are? Well, for those of you who have been living under a rock, or in some sort of drug induced coma for the last 50 years, lions are giant cat like animals who eat meat. They're favorite? Human! And what better way to deal with a person who wants to pet the fucker, then to set a hungry pack of lions after his sorry ass.

Sometimes though vegans have special mental powers, and they can communicate with the lion and make it not hungry, and then they can sit there and hug and pet the lion. If that ever happens, I think I will just start shooting them, because if they can take over a lion's brain, they will probably take mine over next, and they would probably make me see terrible, horrible, no good, very bad images in my brain. Things that even the most insane, human being could not fathom. Things, like the following image.



If that doesn't scare you, nothing will. I have another idea to end their sorry little lives. Remember the Ghostbusters movie? Who was one of their sworn enemies? The answer, the stay-puft Marshmallow man. This seemingly harmless giant walking, talking, breathing marshmallow had one agenda, to eat man kind. And you couldn't control his mind, stupid hippies with connections to the illuminati.



The Marshmallow Man Invading
A Board Meeting Of Vegans
Anonymous

So, when the marshmallow man shows up at your window, who are you going to call? Not the ghost buster stupid hippie, they are meat eaters. They will just sit and watch you get devoured by the 20 feet and 3000 pounds of stay puft marshmallow. You know, the more I think about it, the more and more I want to just start eating Marshmallows out of a bag. You know, I did that once in high school, and it was good. I would eat one bag a day, and then my shit started turning white and gooey. It was, well, interesting. Anyway, where was I? Oh right, the marshmallow man. As you can see by the picture on the left, he may seem all smiles, and he may not have very many teeth, but when you have as much marshmallow goodness as he does, well, you better beware, he can take you down hippie, he can take

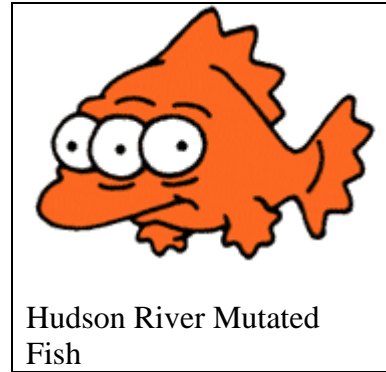
you down.

Step 3 Disposing of the bodies.

Once the marshmallow man shits you out of his 3000 pound marshmallow man ass, you have to get rid of the vegan bodies. Well, instead of packaging them into marshmallow bags, which would be making them into a meatless food product, eventually giving them what they would want. Oh no, we dump them in the Hudson river, with the cabbage I dumped earlier in this writing. And then, once that's all done, we watch as the genetically mutated fishes

Mutated fishes, you know, are my favorite type of fish. So to watch their bodies be swallowed up and eaten like fish bait by these three eyed monster fishies, well, it would just be one of the best things that I could ever see.

Anyway, that's how Gary Coleman and his band of merry meat mashers will stop the vegans from ruining our economy.



Plan Number 2: Operation Feed The Children

For those who can't find Gary Coleman near them, here's a much simpler plan. All it involves, is taking your vegan "friend," blind folding / sedating them. Then, put them in your car, take them to a BBQ restaurant, order them some sort of meat, wake them up, feed it to them. When they ask if it's real, so no. Afterwards, stick them with the bill, and watch as they in disbelief realize that they have ingested an entire thick, juicy, succulent steak. Complete with A-1 Steak Sauce, Mashed Potatoes, Cole Slaw, and beer. Because, my friends, life doesn't get much better than that.

Plan Number 3: Give Up.

If you take this route, you need to find the deepest body of water near you, tie a lead weight to your foot, throw the weight in, and then just go with the flow as they say. You will be dead in about 2 minutes, and then the world will be better because of your terrible sacrifice to the common cause. Of course, we will also laugh at you, and throw cabbages at your drowned corpse.

Well kids, there you have it, vegans must go, there is no denying that. We must strive to destroy them, and spread the cause. For only you can prevent forest fires, and only you can prevent the world from being taken over by chickens, and furry moo cows, and horsies, and vegan hippie mother fuckers. After all, that's why they created meat, and people to eat meat.

Viva la Steak!

