

When people look at yo mama's wedding photos, they remark that she looks "haggard."

Yo mama's so ugly, when she drops something in public, heterosexual men assist her only out of altruism, or in the hope that another, more attractive woman is watching.

Yo mama says, "Silence is a virtue." A lot.

If nervous tics were pizzas, yo mama would have five pizzas that freak everybody out.

Yo mama uses fake static noises to end face-to-face conversations.

Yo mama's picture is on the front cover of the controversial new bestseller *The Boring Gene*.

Yo mama was the subject of the TV movie *Fat Insane Whore*.

Yo mama's so mentally disturbed, if depression were pastrami, anxiety mustard, and obsessive-compulsive disorder lettuce, she could eat her mental problems as a pretty good sandwich. Only one problem, though: no bread.

Yo mama's so lupine, she chases rabbits.

Yo mama's so lupine, she barks, moans, whines, woofs, yelps, whimpers, growls, and snarls, but what really excites naturalists and laypersons alike is her howl.

Yo mama's so lupine, if she were killed, I would say that chances are she was killed by a wolf from a nearby hostile pack.

Yo mama's so lupine, she went to Alberta and was trapped for her pelt; but she gnawed her leg off and got away. Now she looks back at the experience with a hearty smile. Or is that a grimace? Whatever, she probably can't even tell what we're talking about.

Yo mama's mix tapes are just a bunch of recent U2 songs on one side and a "Weird Al" Yankovic album copied on the other.

Yo mama's CD rack is 90 percent those chocolate CDs her sister's company makes.

Yo mama eats, breathes, and sleeps *With Every Man She Can Lay Her Hands On*. (*With Every Man She Can Lay Her Hands On* is an unpublished romantic thrill-ride by yo mama's friend Fleatrice.)<sup>1</sup>

Yo mama is very lupine, and although she is often mistaken for a Mexican gray wolf, or *Canis lupus baileyi*, I know that she is actually a red wolf, or *Canis rufus*, because she is smaller than the gray wolf (her head is narrower, also) and because one time I saw her interbreeding with a coyote.

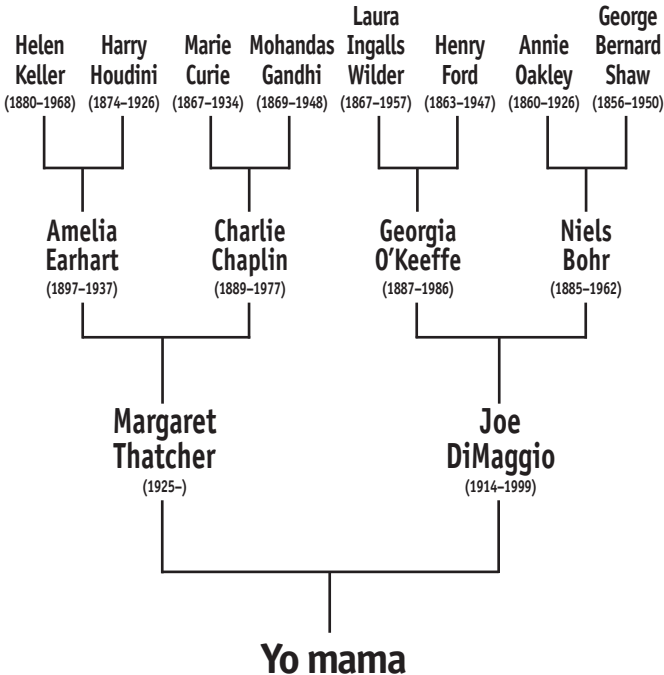
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1. Fleatrice eats, breathes, and sleeps with every man she can lay her hands on.

**DIAGRAM:  
HYPOTHETICAL FAMILY TREE**

## An Attempt to Reconcile Yo Mama's Ancestry Claims

The below family tree incorporates claims yo mama has made, in conversation and in writing, regarding her ancestry.



## Yo Mama's Death Wheel

### Materials:

scissors  
a pronged paper-fastener  
two sheets of cardboard or thick paper

### Instructions:

1. Photocopy pages 118–119 of this book onto thick paper or, if possible, cardboard.
2. Cut along the dotted lines of each copy, making two circles.
3. Place the “dates” circle directly beneath the other circle. Using a paper fastener, poke holes through the centers of the circles and fasten them together.
4. Now rotate the wheel until the rectangular Death Window™ lines up with August 5, 1994. This is when yo mama died.
5. Place your death wheel on a wall or a table (if you like, next to a photograph of yo mama).

*This is a good project that can be done on a rainy day.*

