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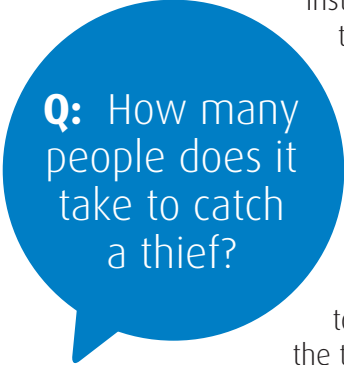
I-S MAGAZINE IS AUDITED BY



A: Six students, a bus driver and two plain-clothes police officers.

No, it's not a joke; those are the characters that joined forces last week to bring down a nefarious jewelry-snatcher who had yanked a gold chain off a 61-year-old woman. Their bravery—combined with those scary posters and videos in the MRT about a looming terrorist attack—have given us an idea. Why not put other segments of the society to work in keeping the city safe? Our taxi drivers are already in on the game, weaving in and out of lanes so sporadically, that it's impossible for anyone to ever make a quick getaway. But who else can we employ in our safety mission? To start with let's get retail assistants to work for customs.

Assistants. Yeah, right. Just look at the way they tail you through the clothing racks, watching your every move with feline precision, making *damn* sure you know that if you so much as move a T-shirt toward your backpack you will be pounced upon. Sure, they do all of this under the guise of being "helpful" but, come on—does anyone really buy that? (In fact does anyone ever buy *anything* with a relentless sales assistant nipping at their heels?) It's time we got these eagle-eyed shoplifter sentries doing double duty—Isetan by day, Tuas Checkpoint by night. Who better to suss out cigarettes stuffed into Hello Kitty clocks?



Q: How many people does it take to catch a thief?

Then there are all those umbrella-wielding women around town. Instead of terrorizing innocent pedestrians every day with the threat of losing an eye to one of the glinting metal tips that dangle off the edges, let's get these ladies trained. Send them to fencing school so that when a crime is being committed, they can thrust and parry a ne're-do-well into submission. Then they can hold him down with one heel watching as the crook's skin gets a good sunburn while they gloat beneath their cone of coolness.

Let's get our hawker center uncles and aunties in on the gig too. Imagine the scenario: A roguish pickpocket is lurking around the tables. He slyly slips a wallet from an unguarded back pocket and strolls casually away. But he's been seen! Little Sally points and screams: "Stop that guy, he stole my father's wallet. And papa's buying me an iPhone later!" Diners give chase but they collapse in a tangle of chairs, limbs and bee hoon. The guy is just about to get away when the elderly owner of stall number 149 tosses a packet of otah beneath the thief's feet at precisely the right moment. The crook slips, gets knocked unconscious and Dad gets his wallet back. *After* paying for the otah, of course.

So get busy Singapore—there are a lot of bad guys out there. And remember, low crime doesn't mean no crime!

OK everyone, take a deep breath. Hold. And ... exhale.

There, is that better?

We thought we'd offer up a little de-stressing exercise for the New Year. It certainly seems like we need it with all the uptight-ness that's been in the air since the dawn of 2010.

First, we had the uproar over the SingPost graffiti stunt. Calm down everyone. This was, ultimately, a pretty cool and highly creative advertising effort. And you know what? By filling the blogs with disapproval and the dailies with analysis, we've given the advertisers exactly what they want: A huge buzz. After all of that, who doesn't now know that SingPost is a sponsor of the YOG?

Then, all over this week's news was that McDonald's will be pulling the pig out of their Chinese Zodiac toy lineup so as not to offend their Muslim customers. Um, not that we're experts, but we're pretty sure there's nothing in the Koran against plastic Japanese manga toys. But what about the replacement for the hapless porkers—Cupid. Since when is a fake Roman flying baby less heretical than an honest-to-goodness pig?

But on to the real point ...

Shouldn't McDonald's also ban the snake zodiac toy? Anybody with even a passing knowledge of Christianity knows why it can cause sheer hiss-teria. And how about tigers? They're going extinct, you know. People might buy a tiger toy and get it in their heads that it's OK to own one. Then, on their next trip to Sumatra, they might just bag themselves a big cat to bring back for the kids. But what if that tiger eats all of the other Doraemon characters in the family's collection. Who'll be sorry then?



Everyone
Relax!

Come to think of it, the monkey toy should go too. A lot of people think human beings came from monkeys and that's just stupid. The monkey toy will only help spread this lie. And what about the rat? I mean, they're just gross. And they spread disease. And they remind us of that inhuman Mickey Mouse character who has a dog as a best friend. A dog! We all know the shameful way they conduct themselves in public with all that licking and ... well, you get the picture. So let's get rid of those too.

But we can keep the rabbit. Maybe the fluffy fertility symbol will help spur the baby boom we so desperately need. But, um, we hope none of our babies come out with wings. Because that would just be creepy. And really, really ugly.

Singapore Airlines has announced that blankets will be removed from passengers one hour before any US-bound flight lands. They have also reported that the inflight entertainment system will be turned off at the same time. This is due to the fact that bombing suspect, Umar Farouk Abdulmutallab from Nigeria, had his lap covered with a blanket under which he attempted to light an incendiary device—and was, apparently, also watching *Night At The Museum II*.

Taking our blankets away earlier on a flight hardly seems like the way to fight international terrorism. After all, what about the other 17 hours when people can do god-knows-what underneath their blankets? Yet, we've seen this pattern before. The airline safety industry seems to prefer to be reactionary, or as Yossi Sheffi, professor of engineering systems at MIT says: "Our defenses seem to always be geared to prevent the last attack, rather than the next."

But if this is, in fact, the way airline security is going to evolve, we think there were a few oversights from the crime scene. After all, Abdulmutallab wasn't only watching a movie nestled beneath a blanket. He was wearing clothes. So, why not have all passengers disrobe before landing? It's a great conversation starter and is sure to get the sputtering fitness movement off the ground as people wouldn't want to expose anything other than a six pack in public. (Hint: This will also be a big boon to the Velcro industry as easy-to-remove "flight" clothes become the rage. Buy stock now.)

Our suspect also had his arms at his side—a necessary position to work on his baleful plan. So from now on, hands up everyone! This will turn the descent portion of the flight into the most thrilling—rather than the most worrisome—part of the journey, just like a roller coaster ride. It will also boost sales of those super-duper week-long deodorant wipes (we're giving you gems here).

Chances are also good that, not wanting to call attention to himself, Abdulmutallab was silent. So all together now, everyone hum R. Kelly's *I Believe I Can Fly*. (Actually, we're OK to leave this up to the individual airlines—some might prefer a k-pop, rap or folk tune, or perhaps a nice, calming *om*).

Lastly, our dastardly terrorist was in a seated position. Now we know we can't have everyone stand up because they'd have to undo their seatbelts, but how about just a slight raising of the cheeks from the seat? Imagine all the calories that will burn as leg muscles are engaged to allow everyone to assume the position! In fact, airlines could even start charging extra by referring to that part of the flight as "The Buns and Thighs Program." And remember, people are naked at this point, so it's an excellent chance for everyone to show off those ripped leg muscles from all that holiday mall walking.

OK, so got it? Blanket ditched? Clothes off? Hands up? Humming, whistling or *om*-ing? Cheeks off the seat? Great. Welcome to 2010. We hope you've enjoyed flying with us.



Flight Safety Recommendations

So yet again we hear of the authorities going snippity-snip on a gay-themed film (see page 4, OB Index). Could it just be that they might be on to something? Why stop at just censoring? Maybe banning outright such films might be for the greater good after all. And actually, having had a think about it, we think there are five (always nice to have aesthetically pleasing number) reasons why banning gay films is the way to go.

G.I. Joe

Gayest film of the year. Should have been banned, but (inexplicably) wasn't. Instead, a whole generation of guys who once thought that amassing G.I. Joe figurines by the jeepload in their pre-teen years was manly, have now been forced to go into hiding in order to avoid the horrendous specter of being the year-end class reunion laughing stock.

More bums on seats for other films

Banning gay-themed films will free up space in movie halls all across the island for other films. After all, who needs more sappy (or steamy) love scenes on the screen? There's so much demand (and corresponding supply) for violent mutilations, killing sprees and other psychopathic, deviant pleasures that it's best to give these insidiously violent sub genres more space for further box-office killings.



Censors can do other things

Without having any gay films to cut and splice, the gay film police can downsize and redeploy themselves (after undergoing the appropriate re-training courses at one of our new centers) on to other pressing issues and matters of the day – like going after wannabe Ponzi schemers, drug-addled robbers and kiasu diners who absolutely lose the plot (you know who you are) during Sunday brunches at the usual high-end hotels islandwide.

Better economic prospects

With the theater no longer a venue to explore gay feelings, people will channel their gayness into buying all the finery from the glowingly made-over Orchard Road (yes, that's right: Stop stimulating yourselves and one another and do your national duty by stimulating our flaccid economy.)

No gay films means more babies!

Not showing gay films will remove all traces of gayness from society. Yup, when it's out of sight and can't be seen it means that gayness doesn't exist. And if it doesn't exist that means there's no chance of people becoming instant gay converts by seeing it on the screen. And that means they'll engage in good wholesome activities like making babies. Who, of course, won't be gay either!



By all accounts (ours included) our second annual F1 extravaganza was a smashing success (complete with a few smashed up-cars). The glitz! The glam! Beyonce's butt!

But now that the speed show has pulled up its stakes and rolled out of town it's left us feeling a little, well, lonely. As our hotels empty, the roads open and those hot cars and beautiful folks hit the highway in the sky we're left wondering: Where IS The Love?

Fear not. If the calm after the storm is leaving you feeling a little low, we've got a whole host of suggestions on how to recapture the spirit of the weekend:

- Get a hold of some of those orange cones and place them at strategic points along roads in your neighborhood. The resultant confusion and traffic tangle will instantly transport you back to the Marina Bay area on race weekend. Beware though, taxi drivers will start avoiding your area as though it's a nuclear waste site and may never venture in again.
- Speaking of taxis, hop in one and cruise along the AYE. The near misses, insane overtakes and relentless slowing down and speeding up will put you right back in the thick of racing fever.
- Find a picture of a hot European babe (dressed in a tight dress if it's a girl, jeans and a white shirt if it's a guy). Have said picture blown

Post Party Blues

up and mounted on foam board at your nearest print shop. Drape your arm casually around babe's neck while saying "hey darling, what outfit are YOU with?" Insert come-hither wink at will.

- Find a friend and head to FairPrice. Each of you grab a shopping trolley and race up and down the aisles while making high-pitched racing sounds. When the manager comes, have your friend deliberately crash into him while you zoom out the door claiming victory. Teamwork.
- Call all your friends to a party at your house. When they get there, lead them up and down stairs and through labyrinthine passageways until they're nice and sweaty. When they finally get to your door make them wait 30 minutes while huddling insanely close together and yelling derogatory things about Singapore's organizational skills. Then, open the door and pack them tightly into a room that should already be filled with at least 200 other sweaty friends. Play the new Black Eyed Peas CD. There—you're at F1 rocks all over again!



Welcome to the tech issue! There was a time when a stapler seemed like a miracle tool, and a band playing from a vinyl disc like a feat of pure magic. Technology is always messing with our perceptions of the possible, always looking forward. We thought we'd do the same. So here, without waiting another nanosecond, are our tech predictions for Singapore's future ...

- Unhappy with their new jail (ah, make that *home*) at Resort World's Marine Life Park on Sentosa, 700,000 fish—led by a band of badass tiger sharks—break out and swim to freedom. As they rip their way out to sea, they destroy our new fiber-optic broadband cables and render the system useless. Which means it still takes forever to download porn from those hot Swedish sites.
- NTU students invent a new iPhone app that controls roulette wheels. The app catches on and eventually puts the new casinos out of business. The students are caught and, for thinking they were so lucky, are given 8,888 hours of community service.
- Our new EZ Link cards are found to contain governmental GPS chips used to track our movements. An outraged Singaporean leads the charge against this indignation by organizing a talk at Speaker's



Corner. No one attends. When asked why, one local says: "I thought the government already *was* tracking us."

- The newly-formed Singapore Infocomm Technology Security Authority crashes our Internet infrastructure by sending out too many email messages warning citizens to "be on the lookout for suspicious email activity." It is disbanded.
- A feng shui master, after examining our new MRT line, determines that entry and exit doors on the platforms would be wrong because they'd break the continuity of a sphere. The Circle Line never opens. Mole people are discovered living in the tunnels in 2132.
- Only one person in Singapore actually pays for Internet access. The rest of us pirate the signal. When that person loses his job and cancels his service (oh yeah, there'll be more economic crises in the future) Singapore degrades into a *2001: A Space Odyssey*-like mess with people using roasted herbal duck legs to beat their frustrations out on each other.

A recent survey conducted by Adecco Singapore, a staffing services company, asked kids aged 7-14 what they would do if they became Prime Minister of Singapore. Surprisingly, “make a lot of money” wasn’t among the answers, but things like “kill all the bugs” and “canoeing on a cyber lake (if there are any)” were. While we’re touched by the survey’s focus on children (bless their hearts), we think a similar poll should have been taken of our nation’s grown-ups. After all, the kids said they’d choose family over money by an overwhelming 93%, so clearly they don’t know what they’re talking about.

Here, we imagine the answers adults might have given if they were asked what they would do if they ruled the country:

“Well, for starters I would organize a lottery—I like to gamble (lurrve to gamble)—where every male citizen gets to buy a ticket for \$5 then ten lucky winners will be discharged from reservist duties once and for all. Speaking of gambling, I’d do away with the \$100 entry fee for citizens. Instead, I’d rig the machines to only pay when a Singaporean IC is put in. We’ve got to have some advantage over all these foreigners—don’t we?”—I. Goh

“Dude! I get weirded-out every time I catch a concert here and find that not many get up and boogie. Get with the program peeps; it’s a Yeah Yeah Yeahs gig, not a sales talk by a timeshare company. So to nix this once and for all, I’d put electric shock buzzers under all of our concert seats then I’d give myself free passes to all events. This way, when a band asks the audience to get up and they just sit on their lame asses, bzzzzzz. That’ll get those hips moving! C’mon, we got to do something to liven up our shows, no?”—G. Day



PM Power!

“I’d arm every Singaporean. With a water pistol. This way if someone caught texting and walking into everyone because they can’t do two things at once, they get squirt right in the nose! It works on cats in our void deck, leh, but then they can shoot me too if everyone got gun. Ah, maybe only I get water pistol! I become like the Jackie Chan of attentive walking. Cool.”—D. Harry

“What’s the deal with maids not being allowed to swim in condo pools? That’s something I’d change in a minute, man. I mean, they’re people too and they work hard. So they deserve to cool off more than fat cat executives baking themselves in the sun like big white curry puffs on the weekends. Besides, some of those maids would look hot in a bathing suit.”
—M. Robinson

“I’d invent a super-duper gantry reverser that fits in my wallet. Then, when I go into the ERP zone, it would add money to my ez-link card instead of taking it off.”—S. Hawking

“You know those people who hand out yellow flowers when people are nice? I’d create a kiasu task force. So if you see someone being really pushy, you call the hotline and a whole group shows up. They crash gongs, play music, dance around, bring balloons and say: “Congratulations, you are the most kiasu!” Sort of like a Japanese game show. Oh and they would bring cake. Gotta give a cake, right?”—K.K. Soo

“If I was the Prime Minister, I would do just what the Mr. Lee Hsien Loong is doing now. He is perfect. Singapore is perfect. Why should I change anything? He is the smart man. I am just taxi driver. (You did say you’re from *Straits Times*, right?)”—L. Datla