Greetings fellow traveler!

I see you have picked up a copy of American Way, the official magazine of American Airlines. Wait, wait! Don't stick us back into the seatback pocket! You'd miss out on a bevy of entertaining and informative content that, I promise you, cannot be found anywhere else. Our award winning journalists have been working for a whole month to make sure that -- in the event you forgot to bring a book, magazine, laptop, DVD player, iPod, Nintendo DS, other work or dislike the in-flight movie -- American Way is here to keep you occupied.

Just look to the right at page one for an important message from our captain! You can also take a read our new "Ask American!" feature, where questions submitted by real passengers are answered by us! Concerned about dangers during your travels? We have a medical alert guide on page ten for you. Want to take a look at the state-of-the-art American Airlines fleet? We've got that, too! We're relevant!

Thanks for not choosing JetBlue!

Strapped for cash but anxious to travel? Jealous that your co-workers have seen the world and you haven’t? Why not fly for free? Try the new Steerage Class option from American Airlines and get free tickets to travel in the luxury cabin. Simply help the flight attendants make the trip a pleasant experience for your fellow passengers, and you can fly free of charge. Tasks as simple as sorting through baggage, facilitating comfortable postures, and comforting ill travelers are enough to pay for your trip. You are even given the honor of being an integral part in the response to emergency situations. Traveling with a family is no problem either. Don’t worry about keeping the kids busy, we encourage children to show off their talents and provide an interactive travel environment. So never again be ashamed that your friends and co-workers can afford to travel but you can’t. Keep your pride high with steerage class seating from American Airlines.
If you take a look up at the cockpit, you’ll see me, Captain Chuck Flanagan. To my right is our co-pilot, five-year-old Timmy from Row 13, who I just met right now. He wants to be an astronaut.

I’d like to take this time to personally thank you for flying American. Here at American, we know why you fly – but it is something I can never do. Just kidding, I’m the pilot. It’s not even like I know how to fly this thing, though. They have this neat gizmo that flies the thing for you. I’ve got to admit, it’s pretty great since – honesty box here, folks – I don’t really remember squat from flight school. It’s not even like I know how to fly this thing, though. They have this neat gizmo that flies the thing for you. I’ve got to admit, it’s pretty great since – honesty box here, folks – I don’t really remember squat from flight school. I mean, what do you folks remember from your formal education? I don’t know about you, but I’m just flipping switches up here. Like this one…well, actually, that didn’t sound too good. Were the wings always like that?

Well, the flight attendant with the dishwater-blond bouffant and the Dolly Parton lipstick job keeps telling me to get to the safety drills, so we’re going to go ahead and run through these real quick while I sober up. If you’ll look in the aisle, you’ll see the attendant that looks a little bit like Sally Field demonstrating the proper method to equip your oxygen mask. Word of warning, though, I’ve been hitting these things for a quick high between flights since I took this job a week ago, so there’s probably not a whole lot left for the rest of you.

In the pockets of the seats in front of you is a copy of our free in-flight magazine, American

Way. Also included is a map of our current routes, and an airsickness bag that you should feel free to use after sneaking in Listerine shots all day while your brother visits from Harvard and mom and dad just lose their shit over him like he’s somehow better than you or something. Well, Quentin can’t make a 747 do a barrel roll, can he?

Uh-oh. God damn it, Timmy; next time, you’re letting me calculate the bearing.

Passengers of flight 482, if you’d like to take a look out your right window, you’ll see the beautiful coast of Rhode Island rapidly approaching at 400 miles per hour. Well, ladies and gentlemen, this concludes our flight. The weather in the soon-to-be approaching wreckage of the plane will be a balmy 250 with a high of 800 forecasted at the flash point. Due to budget cuts, your seat bottom no longer functions as a flotation device, but our top-of-the-line engineering does ensure that when you’ll die, it’ll be in American Airlines Quality Comfort™.

Captain Chuck Flanagan
CAPTAIN
AMERICAN AIRLINES
The Sky Titans

Airline traffic has been dwindling recently. Most will blame the increase in airline security and decrease in customer service. Despite this, the alternatives are not much better. For one thing, they are not as comfortable as their proponents might lead you to believe, and you may be surprised when you find out why.

Automobiles

The primitive transport method known as the “automobile” or more colloquially as, “four wheeled environment raper,” is a popular method of transportation in the current era. What most people seem ready to ignore is that while driving you are roughly 3000 times more likely to die than when you are in one of our giant flying machines. Don’t believe us? Well, let us break it down for you.

-Automobile accidents are much more common than flying machine accidents. This is because pilots have to undergo certain rites and rituals before they are allowed to tame the mighty flying machine, which makes them naturally better at not crashing into things. Automobile pilots have no such rites. They are just normal people behind the wheels of massive metallic monstrosities. This and the larger number of automobiles makes an automobile accident roughly a fiprillion times more likely than a flying accident.

-When you are in a flying machine, there is a near zero probability that you will be waylaid, then attacked, by a bear.

-Flying machine engines are blessed by our team of trained shamans so that they will never explode during flight. Automobile makers have no shamans.

Locomotives

A locomotive is a series of wheeled carts being pulled along a track made of metal railings by an engine powered by the burning of water. This alone should be enough to put you off the entire concept. Our flying machines are powered by 100% burning dead dinosaurs. It is common knowledge that burning dinosaurs produces more energy, and a much nicer smell than burning water. Also, burning water? What does that even mean? In addition, locomotives are prone to hitting pennies and jumping off the track, killing thousands of people. You also have to worry about horse riding bandits while riding a locomotive. We recently killed the last of the giant pigeons, thus eliminating the possibility of flights being disrupted by bandits riding giant pidgeons.

Giant, gas-filled dirigibles

Giant gas-filled dirigibles are an alternative to flying on a flying machine. However, dirigibles are generally less comfortable than flying machines, due to the lack of any sort of stabilizing mechanism. They are buffeted about willy nilly on the winds of Boreas, and are also prone to explosive, flaming death. (This is because dirigibles are filled with the breath of Mars, which is less expensive than air, and which is as fussy and flammable as Mars himself.) Unless you want flaming, explody death to occur while nowhere near a Self-Combustion Clinic, you should avoid dirigibles.
Useless Shit You Can Buy
That You Already Have

“Margherité’s Delight” Tuscan Imprint Cabbage Boiler
This rustic Italian cabbage boiler is designed by Federico Flinstoni. Made from charming Mediterranean “Terra Cotta,” if you don’t have this product in a highly visible spot in your kitchen, your neighbors will think less of you and ultimately, in a fit of paranoid rage, burn down your home with you and your family inside it. xSm. $49.99 Lg. $79.99 + Shipping and handling

Full Model of San Angeles
This 1000:1 scale model of the city of San Angeles from the legendary masterpiece Demolition Man is a must-have for any film buff. Signed by Pat Skipper, known in this movie for his role as “Helicopter Pilot,” this replica is essential to any collection. In fact, if you don’t have it, you can’t join our exclusive “Pointless Film Crap Collector’s Club,” so there! It can be yours for only twelve easy installments of $2999.

2-in-1 Book!
It’s a book! Place it on your shelf and use it to impress your friends. This book, however, has a secret: When you turn it upside-down, it becomes another book entirely, this time written in upside-down gibberish! $69.99. 254 pp.

Snoopie
From the creators of the Snuggie, the world’s most popular way to give up on life entirely, comes the Snoopie! Like the Snuggie, the Snoopie will also shroud you in an impenetrable cloud of wool, polyester, and the shredded remains of your own dignity. It also features a diaper, cum rag and bib as you slowly devolve into a slobbering beast with absolutely no self-control. Order your Snoopie today and receive a lifetime supply of high-fructose corn syrup to complete your descent into the pit of human misery. $24.99, available in blue, yellow, and beige.

Pet Jetpack
Does your pet ever need to get up on your bed but, due to centuries of selective breeding to create smaller, cuter dogs, is completely unable to do so? You need the Petpack Pet Jetpack! Just strap your pet in, press the ignition button, and watch Fido fly helplessly around the room. Petpack Inc. is not liable for burned or squashed pets. Buy today and we’ll include a handy tool for prying the charred remains of your beloved pet off of the wall or ceiling. $99.99

Grill of Calamity
Got problems? Is the world ending? This stainless steel grill will be very helpful. Just roast up a fine filet of tilapia and let all of your problems float away. Comes with a free Suspicion Poncho (a $99 value). Family size: $299. Industrial size: $599

Broken Glass, Razor Wire, Used Hypodermic Needles, Battery Acid
The perfect facial scrub! 5 oz. $24.99 10 oz. $44.99 + S+H
Dear ORO,

Alright, shut up. Just shut the fuck up and let me think. Are you still in the Pontiac? Dump it as soon as you can. Find something less flashy and make a beeline for this hole-in-the-wall called Washburn. Big enough to disappear, small enough that the Feds won’t come looking. Find a guy named Victor. It’s cool, I know him. He’ll get you a boat to get across the lake into Canada. Wrap the duffels in as much cellophane as you can find, then dump them next to a channel marker. We’ll retrieve them as soon as the heat dies down. And for the love of god, don’t do anything stupid. I am not going to go back to Leavenworth.

Dear American,

When should I visit Europe?

-Wanderlust in Washington

Dear WW,

If you’re thinking of traveling to Europe, American Airlines will get you there! Most tourists go in the high season, generally lasting from May through September. Though warmer, prices are higher and crowds more numerous. If you prefer something more low key and inexpensive, try to find time in October through April. Not only will you save a buck, you’ll have a quiet, more intimate experience with the Europe that even seasoned travelers sometimes miss.

Dear American,

My Dad totally grounded me for staying out late. Parents just don’t understand. God!

-Imprisoned in Ipswich

Dear American,

An ordinarily understandable predicament, but you’ve had all semester to complete that term paper. You could have gone to office hours, chatted with the TA, or formed a study group. Instead, you chose to drown your mind with Natty Ice, Mario Kart, and Lost. No, you’ll get no help from us, not now. For god’s sake, do you even know where Riyadh is? What about the ramifications of the Sykes–Picot Agreement? People like you disgust me.

Dear American,

I really just don’t understand American foreign policy in the Middle East.

-Uninformed in Unionville

Dear BB,

Not into it? How could you not be into it?! It’s widely regarded as Francis Ford Coppola’s masterpiece. Don’t just think of it as a war movie about Vietnam, think of it as a journey into the psyche of Vietnam. Yeah, that’s it. Like the war itself, Captain Willard’s journey to find Colonel Kurtz rapidly becomes a journey into the depths of madness and amorality. But I mean... you didn’t like any of it? Not even the helicopter attack scene? Napalm! In the morning! That’s cinema gold!

Dear American,

What’s so special about Apocalypse Now? I wasn’t really into it.

-Blasé in Boise

Dear BB,

It’s all gone to shit man, to shit! Mickey’s dead and I don’t know where the hell Valerie ran off to! We walked right into it, man! And we still got the bags in the trunk! What the hell are we gonna do?!

-On the Run in Oshkosh

Dear American,

Alright, shut up. Just shut the fuck up and let me think. Are you still in the Pontiac? Dump it as soon as you can. Find something less flashy and make a beeline for this hole-in-the-wall called Washburn. Big enough to disappear, small enough that the Feds won’t come looking. Find a guy named Victor. It’s cool, I know him. He’ll get you a boat to get across the lake into Canada. Wrap the duffels in as much cellophane as you can find, then dump them next to a channel marker. We’ll retrieve them as soon as the heat dies down. And for the love of god, don’t do anything stupid. I am not going to go back to Leavenworth.

Written by Matt Luz
Here at American Airlines we spend a lot of time thinking about how to make traveling great. But we also owe a lot to another group of people vital to us – our corporate partners. And to improve your experience with us, we’ve called up Joe Brickman, the CEO of one of our corporate partners, and the following interview was the result.

**Joe Brickman: Corporate Beneficiary**

By Miranda Jessenfield

By Miranda Jessenfield

Here at American Airlines we spend a lot of time thinking about how to make traveling great. But we also owe a lot to another group of people vital to us – our corporate partners. And to improve your experience with us, we’ve called up Joe Brickman, the CEO of one of our corporate partners, and the following interview was the result.

**MJ:** So glad you could meet with us today, Joe.

**JB:** No problem, it’s a pleasure.

**MJ:** But enough small talk, let’s get to the interview.

**JB:** Of course.

**MJ:** So, I’ve always wondered – when the Chief Executive of a finance giant like you travels, where does he go? What does he do?

**JB:** Well a lot of travel I do is for business. You know, traveling to DC to meet with important politicians, Europe and Asia to meet with our financial partners there, Miami to meet with Jorge when he imports keys from Havana--

**MJ:** Excuse me?

**JB:** --But what I really like to travel for is pleasure. Sometimes I have to meet with an important investor here or there to make it seem like a business expense, but you know. Those are just for kicks.

**MJ:**--Well moving on, when you do travel for pleasure, where do you like to go?

**JB:** Well, all over the place, really. I’ve been to every state in the country and most every country in Europe, but if I’m not headed for a business meeting, I’m a Vegas kind of man.

**MJ:** Oh, Vegas! Do you go there to check out the world-class shows, or are you a gamblin’ kind of man?

**JB:** Oh, I’ve been to Monaco. Believe me. My personal bank account is in Monaco. It’s a great tax haven, baby!

**MJ:** Ugh. This is supposed to be something vapid for upper-class white people to read while they’re locked in our shitty little tin cans at 35 thousand feet! Nobody wants to know about your disgusting lewd acts with prostitutes or your disturbing cocaine habit. People want to read about how disgusting you think airplane food is, or how much you enjoy vacations with your wife, or whatever, just so they feel comfortable using your credit card so they can fly from Providence to Philadelphia for free once every ten years! God damn it Mr. Brickman, this is not an interview for Playboy!

**JB:** Huh? … Oh, shit. I thought this was an interview for my other company, Strippers and Blow Airlines. My bad.

**MJ:** Strippers and Blow Airlines?

**JB:** Yeah... It’s a niche market. You should hear about their rewards program.

**MJ:** ...I can’t believe it. Four years of Journalism school at NYU and I’m here?

**JB:** Relax, babe. I just got a shipment of primo in from Colombia, want a line?

**MJ:** Oh god, yes.
Cloud-doo
American Airlines is not responsible for any injuries you may receive if you fail to hold on to the person in front of you. Funny name, though.

Mr. Toad's Wild Ride 500
Daily flights from Toad Hall to Mole and Rat's House. Want to go somewhere else? TOO BAD. Problem?

Shark Plane 747-OBR
If the Shark Plane ever stops flying, it will crash. Actually, that's true of all planes.
Jet Li
Actors don't make as much money as you'd think, so Mr. Li moonlights as a plane to pay the bills.

Super Plane
Why have one pair of wings when you can have eight!

Jets Jet
You're never alone! You're never disconnected... when you join American Airline's Preferred Member Club.

Jets Jet 2.0
Or, you could take a Patriots Jet. There are a lot of options, actually.
America is widely considered to be dog country. Since the modern canine breed first split from the
to wolf, dogs have been our loyal, ever-loving companions. The American Humane society estimates that
there are 77.5 million dogs owned in the United States. However, there is a darker side to America’s love
of dogs: the puppy mill. The puppy mill is much like the 19th century Dickensian workhouse, only with
fewer people dying of consumption, and more cute puppies doing cute things.

This intrepid flight-magazine reporter went inside one such mill in upstate New York with a veteran
ASPCA informant -- a mysterious man with a weathered, cragged face and an eyepatch -- to explore the
deporable conditions that crooked breeders keep these noble animals in.

He asked I only call him “Phil.” Our rendezvous before the operation began was at a local Hard Rock
Café. Yes, the Hard Rock Café: the best, whether you’re planning a humanitarian investigation or just
kickin’ it with friends. We discussed our plan.

“Alright, I’ve been on the inside of this operation for the past six months. I wish I could stay longer,
but there’s a pretty high turnover in this operation,” explained Phil as he munched on his Hickory-Smoked
Bar-B-Que Combo. “You and I will just be doing simple stuff, but we’ll have full access to the facility,
so bring your camera.” I memorized my cover story and adjusted my hidden microphone. Our plot was
thick, much like the Hard Rock Café’s USDA choice 21-day-aged, center-cut, 12 oz. New York strip steak.

A two-hour drive got us to the abandoned farm now serving as puppy central. I was introduced to
Hank, one of the owners. The microphone I surreptitiously positioned in my jacket caught most of our
conversation. I had become so proficient in microphone-hiding that Hank didn’t suspect a thing.

“Why are you holding your sleeve so close to me! Gah! Get away!” exclaimed Hank. Luckily, I had a
Plan B. The delectable yet inexpensive entrées at the Hard Rock Café left me with enough cash left over
to purchase a small spy camera. Activating it, I made my way toward the decrepit barn. Though the barn
was barely standing, and it looked to have been abandoned for some time, the cries of imprisoned pups
were unmistakable -- also, their cries were adorable.

A horrible scene greeted me. The barn was filthy, with dozens of dogs cramped into cages far too small
for them. The bare, rotting walls of the barn, and the dogs' whines stood in stark contrast to the rock ’n
roll memorabilia and classic tunes of yesteryear that characterize every Hard Rock Café. I needed backup.

Years ago, I had done a ride-along with members of the New York State Police. Using my contacts, I
called in a favor. Troopers descended upon the farm almost immediately, a response time rivaled only by
that of the waitstaff at the Hard Rock. The puppies were rescued and transported to an ASPCA shelter for
veterinary care, while Phil and his cronies were led away shackled.

“So what happens now?” I asked Trooper Bill Green.

“Well, after any success, be it educating kids on bus stop safety or taking down an illegal puppy mill,
the Troopers and I like to unwind at the good ol’ Hard Rock Café. Have you tried their Red, White & Blue
Burger with Buffalo sauce and Cajun seasoning? It’s delightful.”
Welcome to another edition of "Testa's Timely Travel Tips." They're "Testa's" because they're written by Daniel Testa. They're "Travel Tips" because they're tips about traveling. And they're "Timely" because you're on a plane!

**HOW TO GET TWO SEATS TO YOURSELF**

WHAT YOU NEED: A box of tissues.

WHAT TO DO: As soon as someone sits next to you start coughing as much as possible. Keep an eye on them, and if they look over, pull out a tissue and blow your nose. Drop the tissue on the ground next to them. If they haven’t moved before take off, begin coughing in their direction and make soft retching sounds. If anyone asks, say that according to WebMD you stopped being contagious that morning.

FOR BEST EFFECT: As your seatmate stows a carry-on bag, lean over and blatantly cough on the seat belts next to you. Or all over the oxygen masks. Or all over everything around you.

**HOW TO BOARD FIRST**

WHAT YOU NEED: A baby carrier, baby doll, and blankets.

WHAT TO DO: After passing through security, put the doll in the carrier and wrap it completely in blankets. When they begin boarding, push to the front, say you have a child, and laugh as everyone else has to wait in line to sit down. As a bonus, feel free to grab extra blankets and pillows for the "baby."

FOR BEST EFFECT: Use a real baby (Note: To avoid kidnapping, plan your trip at least nine months in advance).

**HOW TO ACCESS THE ADMIRAL'S CLUB FOR FREE**

WHAT YOU NEED: A rock, mirror, make-up, and possibly a fake mustache.

WHAT TO DO: Wait outside the Admirals Club until someone matching your height and build exits. Follow them to a secluded area and then strike their head with the rock. Take the person’s clothes and wallet, and apply make-up to match their features. Apply mustache if needed. Hide body and return to Animals Club. Enjoy the quality drinks and free wi-fi.

FOR BEST EFFECT: Use chloroform to disable your target without the risk of unseemly blood stains.

**HOW TO EARN TONS OF FREE MILES**

WHAT YOU NEED: A computer and wireless network scanner.

WHAT TO DO: Search for someone making credit card purchases over an unsecured wireless network. Copy their credit card number and other personal information and access their AAdvantage account. Transfer as many miles as you want and take the trip of a lifetime.

FOR BEST EFFECT: Use the credit number to purchase tickets for your trip to earn even more miles without wasting any of your own hard-earned money. Problem?
How do I know if I'm Being Chased By A Bull? 
What are the symptoms?
Symptoms of being chased by a bull include shortness of breath, elevated heart rate, tired legs, leaving piles of trampled debris in your wake, and sharp pains in the lower back and buttocks.

Who is at risk of Being Chased By A Bull?
EVERYONE is at risk of Being Chased By A Bull. Being Chased By A Bull can strike anyone, regardless of age or sex. However, it is important to remember that the elderly and very young children are at the greatest risk of dying from Being Chased By A Bull, or from complications caused by Being Chased By A Bull.

Is Being Chased By A Bull contagious?
Generally, Being Chased By A Bull is not spread via person-to-person contact. You may put yourself at greater risk, however, if you are exposed to people suffering from a more advanced condition known as Being Chased By Many Bulls. Coming into contact with people Being Chased By Many Bulls is only dangerous if you get the attention of, or anger, one of the many bulls the person is being chased by.

Is surgery an option?
Surgery has proved effective in certain cases, but it is risky. To learn more about the surgical option, consult your local matador.

What is life like after being diagnosed with Being Chased By A Bull?
Generally, people Being Chased By A Bull can continue to lead normal lives. However, if you work in a china shop, your employer will probably ask you to take a leave of absence.

What medical treatment is recommended for Being Chased By A Bull?
Currently there is no cure for Being Chased By A Bull. In most cases, the situation resolves itself when the bull gets tired or distracted. However, if a bull is persistent, and the patient is very fast, people have been known to live with Being Chased By A Bull for most of their natural lives, or until the Bull expires.

What is the cause of Being Chased By A Bull?
While the exact cause of Being Chased By A Bull is unknown, it is suspected that wearing red or waving red capes can increase your risk of Being Chased By A Bull.

Is there a vaccine for Being Chased By A Bull?
Currently, there is no vaccination for Being Chased By A Bull. The best way to prevent contracting Being Chased By A Bull is to avoid waving brightly colored objects on or around Bulls. Also, stay away from Spain.
Are you tired of the same old first class seating? Want to be on the cutting edge of luxury and decadence? Then be the first to fly in American Airlines’ new Lord Class seating. We at American Airlines know that extra leg room and soft seats are not enough for the up and coming millionaire, so we have decided to add a human touch. Every seat in the Lord class comes with its own human footstool. That’s right, you can prop you feet right on the back of steerage class passenger and even use their stomach if you prefer more cushioning for your weary feet. But that’s not all; a personal servant will be at your beck and call. Send your manservant down below to fetch something from checked baggage or have him hold your motion sickness bag if you are feeling nauseous. Best of all, your minion also serves as a sentient flotation device. No longer must you endure an ugly and uncomfortable life jacket, instead your fellow man’s desperate desire to live is guaranteed to keep your head above water. Live entertainment is at your command. Select from a variety of talents and watch in wonder as young street urchins do everything from juggle, to dance, to play music, all without being guilted into donating your precious spare change. Don’t miss your chance to take advantage of the desperate peons that dwell in the rear of the plane, and enjoy the ultimate flying experience today!

By Daniel Testa
Please be sure to fill out the customs declaration when arriving from outside the United States. It is essential that we know your personal identifying information to ensure you are not a terrorist or anything. Oh, and the questions about your house, um... those are for our demographics analysis. We assure that all answers are kept confidential and won't be used for any sort of identity tracking or organized crime. If you are in a rush you may include your ATM pin number beside your signature and show it to a customs officer to proceed to the express line. Remember failure to accurately represent home security and/or account information is a felony and punishable by 5 years in prison and/or a fine up to $50,000.
Radio Channel Lineup

1-Classical Connection
Budding intellectual? Is arrogant your middle name? Then this is the station for you. We picked out the finest white noise from the continental United States. Hear nothing in your headphones while your seatmate thinks that you are the most urbane of travelers.

2-80s Invasion
Whip out your spandex and side ponytails, this plane’s traveling back in time. It can be 80’s night every night with channel 2. Listen to all of your 1880s classics including: the “Gilded Age Boogy” and the “Pogrom Program.”

3-MEN’S STATION
Grilling. Beers. Babes. Alert: you are now entering the testosterzone. Only men allowed on channel 3. This is the station for your flight to Vegas for your statistician conference. This will surely get you in the mood for all of those curves.

In-Flight Movies
Selections From: TURBULENCE, Airport, Die Hard II, AIRPLANE, CONAIR, Redeye, Terminal, Alive, Passenger 57, Airforce 1
Enjoy your stay in Detroit!*  

Cheap property! 
The Lions! 
Not quite Canada! 
Less dangerous than Mogadishu! 

No longer America's capital of broken dreams!

*This is not Detroit.