

the heuristic SQUELCH

December 2000 Volume 10 Issue 3





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the heuristic SQUELCH

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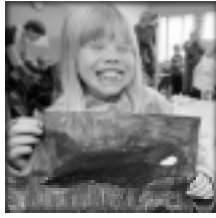
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SQUELCH COVER: Thanksgiving illustration by *Derek Yu*, tank by *Derek Yu*, Bird being fed its own leg by *Derek Yu*, all-around appreciation of *Derek Yu* by *Squelch Editorial Staff*. If it's true that God is in the details, then God is fucking spot-welded to at least 45 different regions of brilliance on *Derek Yu's* cover.

I'm sorry, lolly-pop girl. When you ignored my pleas for you to buy a ticket to Comedy Night, I was hurt and mocked you: "Oooh, look at me! I'm such a cool lolly-pop raver girl. I dance to trance music with glowsticks. Oooh, look at me (twice)!" It shouldn't have been said in the first place because it was mean but it shouldn't have been said in the second place because, unbeknownst to me, you had turned around and were standing and listening a few feet from me. Things were made far worse when Sean went to get a Spud Bros. potato and he saw a man fighting Alzheimers by selling lolly-pops just like yours. You're hot, could you come over and make me pancakes? Diet Pepsi is the sweat that drips from Satan's balls. You'd think it wouldn't be such a big deal to refill a vending machine. It feels low pressing the Dr. Pepper button and getting a blinking "sold out" message. What's even lower is then halfheartedly pressing the Nestea button, and having your spirits temporarily lifted when you hear the drink fall, only to find that it isn't a mildly crappy Nestea but rather an infinitely crappier Diet Pepsi.

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The Gentle Jangle of Success

There is nothing more informative about a person's identity than their keys. The quantity and quality of one's keys often reflects the quality of one's life, social status, and personal pride. Below is a brief classification system based on the number of keys one owns.

One key

Typically, the single key holder is young of age. The symbolic nature of the key reflects the remarkable maturation of a lad now ready to unlock the door to his own abode. His teary-eyed parents ooze with pride, as their child grows older and comes into his own. But don't ever lose that key, because it's the only one you're getting, mister!

One and a half-keys

One and a half-keys represent the pre-licensed adolescent. He can ride his bike to soccer practice, to a friend's house, or even the mall, just so long as he's home before dark. Is his bike in danger of being stolen? Not if the half-key has anything to say about it!

Two keys

At two keys most everyone enters the cruel world of materialism. The innocence of youth evaporates with the replacement of the half-key with a sturdier finely-crafted automobile key. Soon after come drive-thru burgers, drive-in movies, and in the most extreme losses of innocence, drive-by shootings. Childhood is officially a thing of the past when, "Let's get Slurpees and ride our bikes through the sprinkler" becomes "Let's get a malted and go necking at Make-out Point."

Three to five keys

Entering the three to five keys range signifies the transition to personal independence, a world complete with a simple lifestyle, some responsibility, and perhaps a fish tank. Why a fish tank? Why not? Fish are easy to manage, clean, and pretty to watch. Sure, they don't follow commands too well, but what do you care? You only have three to five keys.

Six to twelve keys

At this level, a person's lifelong accumulation of keys comes to fruition. After years of hard work and dedication, they have established a respectable career complete with keys to the boathouse, guesthouse, and househouse, not to mention the work car, excursion car, and grocery car. In the office, the company's documents are always secure behind the front, back and side doors. Oh, to have six to twelve keys is the American Dream!

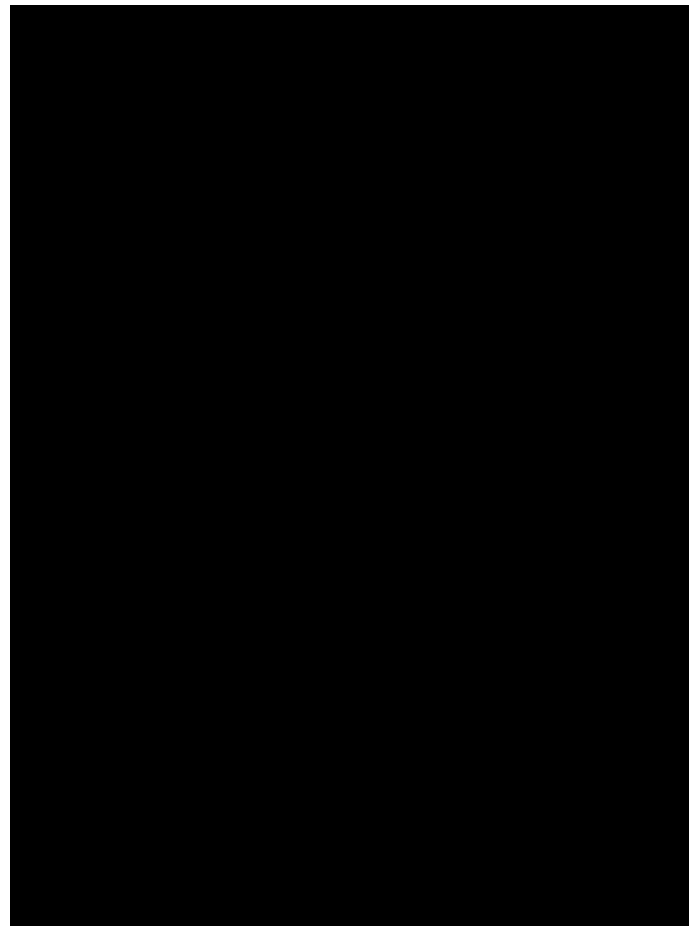
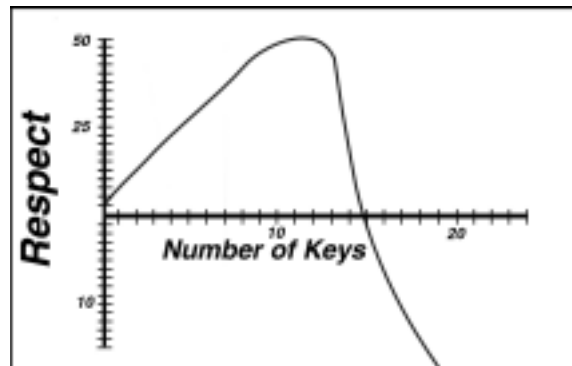
Over twelve keys

Increased keys lead to increased prestige, but only to a certain point. People with more than twelve keys seem to have climbed the corporate ladder a little too quickly, because now they are just janitors. They lock up all the doors when everyone goes home, and get up early to let them back in. They exhibit no pride in their bulging pockets; they just feel ridiculous for accumulating all those keys. Hey, at least everyone can hear them coming from three miles away.

The key to my heart

The special, special girl that holds the key to my heart holds something very precious indeed. This key is one-of-a-kind; "Duplication Prohibited" is clearly printed on it. The best of locksmiths could not cut new keys; the most devious of thieves could never pick the lock. Still, there's a chance that somewhere out there, a different girl might be able to unlock my heart, as long as she has the combination. That is, the combination of sweetness, sense of humor, and sincerity that will activate the tumblers of my tenderness, throw the bolts of my bliss, and unlock my unbridled passion.

Might you hold the key, fair reader? *-Boback Ziaeian*



newsflashes

Playboy Party Joke Falls Flat At Actual Party

by Sean Keane, Gentleman of Leisure

A local student's attempts to win attention and favor at a recent social gathering were marred by his use of one of "Playboy's Party Jokes." At a conversational lull, San Francisco State junior Eric Rice recited a drollery he'd carefully memorized that afternoon: "How do you know if a guy has a high sperm count?" Rice queried the stunned group of partygoers. As all looked on in silence, Rice delivered the punch line; "His girlfriend has to chew before swallowing!"

Reaction among guests ranged from shocked silence to abruptly walking away. Rice was unable to make eye contact with another person for a full ten minutes after delivering the failed quip, though it was the month's most frequent submission.

"I don't understand," Rice said. "I mean, what kind of man reads *Playboy*? A

man who prizes education, who relies on his favorite magazine to keep him informed and entertained. I'm sure there are millions of us with degrees who later go on to professional or managerial careers."

Ironically, Rice completed his evening in the company of the same June 1997 *Playboy* which had short-circuited his party efforts earlier. Playmate of the Year Victoria Silvstedt could not be reached for comment.

Breast Cancer Victorious In Race Against Breast Cancer

by Matt Holohan, Malignant Melanoma

Breast Cancer placed first in this year's annual Race Against Breast Cancer, finishing the 5K course in just under twenty minutes. The deadly disease's victory came as a stunning upset, as Breast Cancer was expected to place fifth at the very best. Last year's winner, Leslie Curley of Topeka Kansas, came in behind Breast Cancer at 20:15.

"We were all pretty surprised," said

race coordinator Joanna Lind. "We thought we had Breast Cancer beat, but then it really pulled ahead in that last leg, almost as if it was lulling us into a false sense of security before dashing our hopes and dreams in a mockingly powerful last-minute sprint."

Adding to the disappointment felt by the other contestants, Breast Cancer celebrated its victory by doing a little dance and singing "I'm the leading cause of cancer death for women aged 40 to 55, deedle deedle dee." When asked about its future plans, Breast Cancer announced that it will continue to affect one in nine American women in their lifetimes, as well as an increasing number of men.

Dot Com Fever!!!

by Stephen Handley, Virtual Pet

In an effort to differentiate itself from its closest competitors, Omnidigisyscom has changed its name to Neomicro-unitek. Marketing Director and active CEO Phil Stenata explained,

newsflashes

"We want to revolutionize the way people think about a company that delivers high quality computer and/or internet products and/or services. Our new name captures this bold new strategy." Asked to name even one "product" or "service" delivered by the company, Stenata replied, "Speaking of bold, have you seen our website? We're *online!!!* Surf on over to www.geocities.com/televisionCity/4354/neomicro/index.html and check it out!"

Omnidigi-syscom was founded in early 2000 when several corporations begged the Stanford sophomore to take \$200,000 in venture capital. Despite having no active inventory, business license, or employess, Omnidigi-syscom's intial public offering (IPO) made Stenata a multi-millionaire. He now lives in San Francisco's Mission district, where he evicted several working class families to remodel their modest homes into a spacious Ikea furnished loft. He collects Pearl Jam bootlegs and gets blowjobs

listening to Journey. He has a ponytail. He wears Abercrombie sweater vests and drives a Nissan Xterra. He's never touched a surf board, but talks at length about how "insano" Maverick's is. Phil Stenata is a fucking piece of shit.

Powerpoint Lecture Self-destructs *by Boback Ziaefian, 13842984*

Economics Professor Clair Brown showed up to class yesterday with the hopes of helping college students learn the fundamentals of the affects of foreign trade on GDP. The presentation supposedly included 35 slides ranging from graphs and charts to bullet points rephrased from the textbook.

Brown said, "this semester I really wanted to do something different. So, I changed the background on the slides. Now, when I hit the right arrow, this little floaty block goes across the screen and sticks to a pretty ribbon on the other side. I really thought the students would appreciate it."

Sadly though, Professor Brown was dumbfounded when, after setting up her laptop by sticking the "wire thing" in the back, nothing happened. Student Natalie Pivaroff said, "First, she tried getting someone in the video booth to help, but no one was there. Then, she blanked for 15 minutes and stood there like a deer in headlights. After returning to consciousness, she wisied up and tried the keep-safe method of restarting. Nothing happened after three restarts. She was about to defrag but class was over by then."

Brown later said, "Slide 16 was really crucial to today's lecture. I was going to use my laser pointer pen and visually underline the word aggregate. That way everyone would know it was important."

Professor Brown will continue teaching Economics 1A via PowerPoint until animal behaviorists train a chimp to turn on a computer and push the right arrow button.

newsflashes

Heartbreaker Gets Pacemaker

by Allen Haim, *Traveling Wilbury*

62-year old "Heartbreaker" Gram Robertson, who provides backup vocals, harmonica and guitar for Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers, recently acquired a pacemaker after doctors deemed his aged heart unfit to run itself. Ironically, Robertson is known as having a keen sense of time unparalleled among many of his fellow musicians, and has a reputation for "never missing a beat." But he now readily acknowledges that even his own heart can no longer live up to this reputation.

"You know, it's funny," croaked the aged Robertson from his hospital bed, after successfully coming out of angioplasty. "After all these years of breaking hearts—metaphorically, you understand—I now think I've broken the last one. My own."

"Also," the sexagenarian rock idol feebly continued, "I now have only one working lung, and my stomach can't digest food on its own without constant external massage."

Were he the young man he once was, he might have collaborated with Petty to create a simple and folksy, yet heartfelt and emotionally complex three-chord tune about his condition. He says, "It would start out, 'My stomach can't churn ...,' no wait, how about 'Been lyin' in the hospital about a week ...' aw, hell, what's the use?"

Robbed by nature of not only the capacity but also the will to produce, the former rock innovator is now content to lie in his bed and listen to the imaginary beat of his pacemaker. "It doesn't actually have

a beat, like a drum; I think it's electronic. Like a computer. Hey, that's kind of fitting, somehow." Robertson then proceeded to stare into space, occasionally smiling or nearly imperceptibly moving his lips, and was unresponsive to further questions.

Security Issues Abound At Cookie Monster's Web Site

by Kermit the Frog, *Reporter*

Cookie Monster's new web site, www.cookiemonsteronline.com, launched earlier this month, has come under harsh scrutiny by online security experts. The site's excessive reliance on internet "cookies," files containing information about site users which are downloaded onto their computers when visiting the site, has caused security concerns.

"Me love cookies!" Cookie Monser said in a statement released yesterday. "Everyone love cookies! Me share cookies with everyone! Everyone go to Cookie Monster web place get cookies! Lots of cookies! Cookiecookiecookiecookiecookie!!!"

Monster's fascination with Internet cookies seems to stem from the fact that he has trouble distinguishing between the computer files and actual baked cookies. "I've tried to explain the difference to him [Cookie Monster], like a

hundred times," said Howard Pierce, Monster's chief Web consultant. "But every time I say the word 'cookie' he goes all crazy and starts stuffing [the other kind of] cookies into his mouth, and then they get all crumbled and fall out before he can swallow them and... well, it's just really frustrating, that's all."

Users who turn off cookies on their browsers have had considerable trouble accessing the site. Long-time Cookie Monster fan and staunch Internet cookie opponent Len Mahali told reporters, "Every time I go to the site with cookies turned off this stupid window pops up and says, 'Why you no want cookie? You no like cookie? You not Cookie Monster's friend if you no like cookie!'"

Guy Writes Newsflash

by Matt Holohan, *Guy*

Squelch writer Matt Holohan wrote a newsflash earlier this afternoon, a nominally humorous tidbit which is already being assailed by critics as worthless postmodernist garbage. Holohan reportedly spent the first paragraph introducing the concept of the newsflash and included a vague allusion to the public's reaction before providing actual quotes in paragraph two.

"This is bullshit," said UC Berkeley professor John Bishop. "It [the newsflash] doesn't make any sense. I can't even tell what's supposed to be going on."

Holohan wrapped up the piece by indirectly commenting on the heavy reliance of postmodernism in the piece, noting that the word "postmodern" or one of its derivatives had already been used three times by the end of the article.



AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY 101

BY SEAN KEANE

PART 3: EVERYWHERE ELSE

As our new president prepares to take office and precarious political situations around the globe threaten to break out like Manuel Noriega's face, it seems appropriate for the *Squelch* to come forth with advice for American foreign policy.

PART 1: NORTHERN IRELAND

Troubles in this region are deceptively easy to solve. True, the Irish seem fairly insistent on an end to the centuries of British domination, and there remain serious divisions between Catholics and Protestants in Ulster, but really, the Irish are easy to appease. All one needs to ensure a lasting peace are ample supplies of whiskey and potatoes. Independent sovereignty is nice, but it pales in comparison to a full belly and a nice buzz. Make sure these two products are readily available and affordable, and "the troubles" will be a thing of the past. Let's face it – most Irish "rebellions" are glorified whiskey riots anyway, or at worst, violent responses to potato blight. Ask yourself this: Has U2 written a political song about Ireland since they got rich? If Irish people are fed and sufficiently liquored up, they aren't war-like at all. Which is a good thing, since Ireland hasn't won a battle since House of Pain beat out Naughty By Nature in a Yo MTV Raps! countdown back in 1991.

PART 2: THE MIDDLE EAST

This is a difficult situation for any leader, especially due to the strong arguments on each side of the issue. The Israelis are asserting their rights to territories granted them as part of their homeland; in particular, locations of historic importance to the Jewish faith. The Palestinians are asserting their right not to be shot and killed by the Israelis.

Though a traditional ally of the United States, Israel's new habit of bombing civilian locations and occasionally shooting rock-wielding teenage protestors has made foreign relations a bit more tenuous. I can imagine a US-Israel confrontation on the subject, reminiscent of a public service announcement:

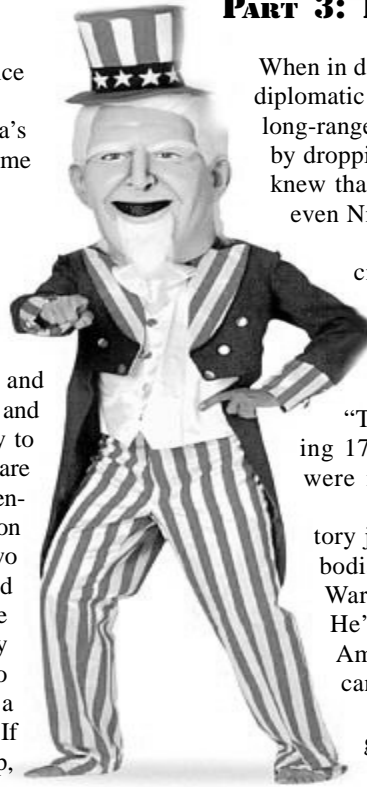
US: (*knocking on Israel's bedroom door*) Hey, Iz, can we talk?

Israel: (*taking off headphones*) Yeah, OK.

US: Israel, I'm concerned with some of your recent actions. I mean, firing missiles at civilian vehicles? Threatening unarmed demonstrators with armed troops? I mean, where is this kind of behavior coming from?

Israel: (*tearfully*) I learned it from watching you!

To be fair, a bit of advice for Palestinian youths. If you see a soldier nearby holding a machine gun, repeatedly throwing rocks at him might not be your best plan of action.

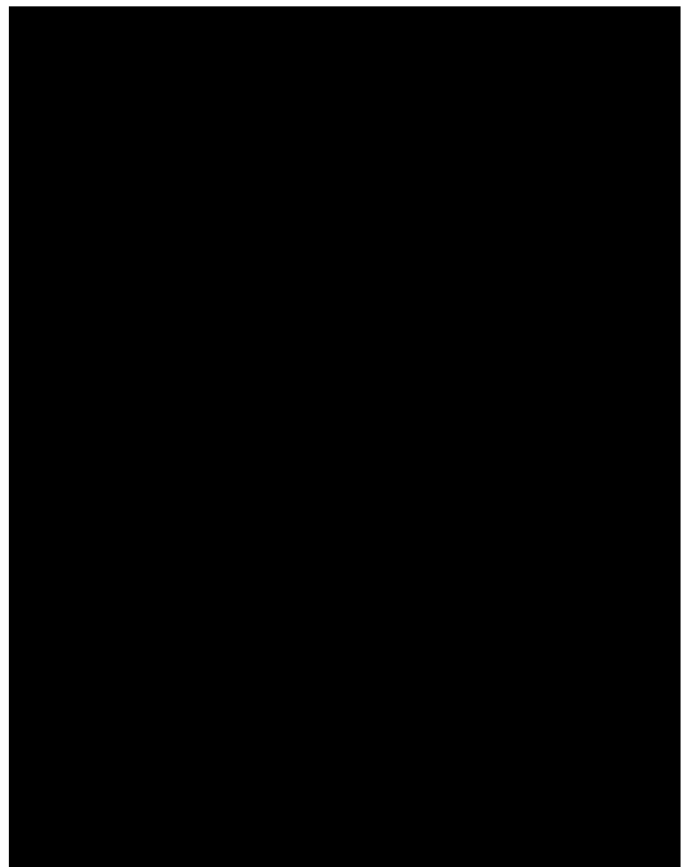


When in doubt, a political leader can turn to his most trusted diplomatic weapon. No, not Jimmy Carter. I'm talking about long-range bombing. There's no crisis that can't be solved by dropping powerful explosives from 15,000 feet. Clinton knew that in Kosovo, Reagan knew that in Lebanon, hell, even Nixon knew it in Cambodia.

But, you might ask, isn't it murder to bomb civilians indiscriminately? The answer is, not unless they're your own civilians. Americans only truly care about the lives of other Americans, as you can tell from watching any news coverage of any international plane crash. "The jet crashed upon take-off in Hamburg, killing 172 nuns and orphans in a flaming wreck. There were no Americans on board."

As for the idea of murder, just look how history judges leaders. Pol Pot killed thousands of Cambodians in his regime: Murderer. During the Vietnam War, Nixon also killed thousands of Cambodians: He's honored with an official library. As long as no Americans get killed, or at least, no white Americans, any US leader should be fine.

Following this advice, our new leader can guarantee a stable, peaceful international situation. Or, continued American domination worldwide, which, when you think about it, is just as good.



When Squirrels Attack

Most of us wake up without the least bit of worry about what awaits us outside our homes. Our comfortable apartments, organized government, and mastery over the animal kingdom protect against all but the most random and unthinkable dangers. What if one day everything changed? What if the world where everything was perfect and harmless suddenly fell apart? Let me tell you – we're not far from that occurring.

Mother Nature could easily turn the tables on us. Look around and you'll see all the destruction we've caused in the world: stripping the Great Plains of its buffalo, destroying ancient forests, rerouting rivers, and fucking sheep. Sooner or later, some part of the animal kingdom will wise up and retaliate. And when that happens, our precious and safe existence may be annihilated without warning.

You might think, what animal could theoretically impose such damage? Bears? Tigers? Crocodiles? No, there's a much greater threat to humankind: squirrels. Yes, squirrels. We've all seen squirrels in parks zipping up trees and collecting nuts. They seem cute and furry. But behind those adorable, fluffy facades lie a cold-blooded hatred for humankind, exceeded only by nut-related avarice. All these squirrels need to begin waging their campaign of terror and extermination among humans is an excuse.

Why Squirrels?

Now, one might argue that squirrels are too small to pose a threat to humanity. Why not worry about starved mountain lions streaming out of the hills and eating people whole? What about man-eating grizzly bears capable of disfiguring a boy scout with a nonchalant flick of the wrist. Aren't they more dangerous? Any seasoned Oregon Trail gamer will answer a resounding "No!" For they know the intense difficulty that goes along with hunting the elusive squirrel. While the deer and buffalo can be slaughtered with minimum effort, the squirrel is a whole different story. Squirrels dart across the screen with blinding speed while cornering well enough to make a Porsche 911 jealous, so don't expect to be able to line them up in your keypad sights. Oregon Trailblazers young and old alike have

SQUIRRELS UNITE!!

COLONEL SQUIRREL: Squirrel brothers, the time for the uprising is nigh unto arriving. Too long have the humans encroached upon our forests and lands; too long have the automobile tires destroyed our young; too long have we been taunted by Planters' commercials. The human era ends soon. Know that soon, our buck teeth will be stained red with the blood of our foes, and our bushy tails will wave in triumph. But not just yet, squirrel brothers. We must wait for the perfect moment to strike. Until then, scamper. Chitter. And watch.



How Squirrels view humans.

known the pain of wasting box after box of bullets and countless recesses trying to kill one measly squirrel for a meager 2 lbs. of meat. A little known secret is that the software engineers responsible for Oregon Trail modeled their virtual squirrels after actual squirrel behavior in the Rocky Mountains. Their small size and remarkable agility make superior human firepower useless. And with a bloodthirsty squirrel intent on slowly nibbling your jugular vein, you may only get one shot.

Could It Happen To You?

Not convinced yet? Check out this bonechilling tale. My roommate was walking outside our apartment when he heard a familiar chittering in a nearby tree. Without warning, a squirrel leapt from a branch directly onto his face. As he lurched off-balance, temporarily blinded by the whirling furry rodent clinging to his cheeks and forehead, a squirrel ally darted up into his pantleg. By then, he was doomed. What the hell could he do? If he shielded his eyes, his genitals were vulnerable to the flesh-ripping teeth of the rodent. If he tried to halt the furry creature at mid-thigh, he'd leave his eyes open to scratching by the tiny, yet deadly claws. I wish I could have helped him, but I'm no hero. Those little savages would have eaten me alive, and buried me under a pile of dirt and leaves where the blue jays couldn't find me.

Don't let this happen to you.

What You Can Do To Keep Safe

- ◆ Cashew scented cologne = BAD IDEA!
- ◆ Never ignore the Squirrel Air Raid Siren. Seek shelter immediately.
- ◆ Rent "The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle," recently released on DVD, to try to score points with squirrel community.
- ◆ Attach horse hair tail to the seat of your pants to befriend the younger, more docile squirrel population.
- ◆ When encountering squirrels, do not make eye contact, sudden moves, or peanut brittle
- ◆ If pursued by squirrels, DO NOT climb trees.
- ◆ Above all else, Protect Your Nuts!.

Profile: Squirrel (family Sciuridae)



Ambitions: Accumulate nuts, achieve squirrel-chipmunk-squirrel ménage-a-trois

Hobbies: Sharpening teeth on high voltage power cables, making commercials for Clusters™

Defense: Rapid rabid side step, acrobatic aerial retreat

Offense: Two buck-teeth – to bite your fucking head off, Bushy tail – to tickle you to death with.

40-Yard Dash: 3.4 Seconds

Quotes: "Ffih. fiiffh. Fiffhs. Nnsts, nsthnninz"



A typical two-pronged attack utilized by pack-hunters involves one squirrel targetting the tender backside while the other attempts to dislocate the shoulder.

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Doris McNulty
253 E. Corbett St.
Carson City, NV
89701

November 12, 2000

Dear Doris McNulty,



I would like to sincerely apologize for my despicable behavior October 13th, 1999 on the Price is Right when we were co-contestants. It reflected poorly on my training as a U.S. Marine and my upbringing in a Christian household. I have been taught my entire life to be unselfish and to respect my elders. Both of these morals were blurred by the cloud of panic that enshrouded me during the show.

To refresh your memory, Doris, we were both on contestant's row. It was the last opportunity to get on stage before the showcase showdowns. You'd been patiently waiting on contestant's row for nearly the entire broadcast. Rod Roddy had just hollered for me to "come on down." I was the newcomer. After Bob asked me where I was stationed, the bidding began, accompanied by my contemptible behavior. The subject of bidding was a matching Lancelarr Solid Oak Hutch and Dinette Set. When you saw the items, your beady, glaucomafied eyes immediately lit up. You looked optimistic: Bidding on High Definition Television Sets and DVD Players had made your lack of Home Electronics price knowledge glaringly apparent, but Oak Furniture was a different story. You were ready. It was time to shine.

Bob asked Tamika, a telephone operator, to start the bidding. "Eleve...n....hundred and forty.....nine," offered Tamika. The crowd hushed until she realized the reason for quiet and nervously added "Bob." Sam Kinter, a UCLA sweatshirt clad twenty-something, made an equally inaccurate bid of "Nine fifty, Bob. Yeah...uh...Nine fifty." Then it was McNulty time. Your previous bids were pathetic, at best, Ms. McNulty (Big Screen TV: \$250, Refrigerator: \$2700, DVD Player: \$1200) But this time, you calmly leaned into the microphone and with unwavering confidence, your usually faint voice thundered, "Seven Hundred Seventeen Dollars, Bob." I was blinded by your sheer confidence. "She must be right," I thought to myself, "or at least damn close!" So what did I do? I panicked. My mind was blank. I had no choice but to go with the tactic I had seen a thousand times before. I followed a simple formula: MY BID = BEST BID + 1. "Seven eighteen, Bob."

The crowd wasn't shocked. Rather, they were disappointed. Like me, they'd seen it before. They prayed to themselves that I would follow the values of the U.S. Marine Corps I was representing. They prayed I'd take mercy on a 70-year-old woman. But I let them down. After my bid, I could feel the bad vibes from the crowd wash through my body towards Bob Barker and then bounce off of his robotic endoskeleton back towards me. But from you, Ms. McNulty, I felt no coldness. You just stared forward with a slight smile overhanging your arched frame. You knew there was a chance. Your bid might be exactly correct.

I was honestly shocked when Bob dejectedly said, "Seven Hundred Eighteen Dollars. Bryce, you're exactly correct." I think I heard the magnetic field in your pacemaker break. Your tiny gray head lowered over your stooped shoulders and you took a deep breath. But with barely a moment's hesitation, you picked yourself up and turned to me. You looked me gently in the eyes and shook my hand, and sincerely said, "Congratulations." As I turned to walk up on stage, you patted me on the back and added, "Good Luck."

Bob Barker informed me and the crowd that I'd be playing Hole in One or Two for a brand new burgundy Cadillac DeVille. I glanced over at you, noticing for the first time that you were wearing a baby blue Ashburton Hills Golf and Tennis Club cardigan. I also recalled feeling the slight callus below your pinky finger when you shook my hand. This game was indeed meant for you, Ms. McNulty. With expert showmanship, Bob unveiled the products that I could bid on in an attempt to move progressively closer to the hole. The guilt hit me full force when I saw the five products: Gold Bond Medicated Cream, Depends Adult Diapers, Fibercon, Tennyson High Density Crochet Needles, and Sun's Crystallized Ginger. I could tell you knew the prices right away.

The crowd was atypically silent as Bob asked me to start bidding. For each product, you calmly called out a suggestion. Mistaking your helpful attempts for malice-fueled revenge tactics, I used your guesses as a "wrong-answer barometer" of sorts. As each price was revealed, your estimative skill and good intentions were validated. My distrust was groundless, and I missed every price by over three dollars.

You were more than gracious, Ms. McNulty. But I didn't realize that. Despite my distrust, you still supported me as I started to putt from the farthest position possible. "You can do it! Pretend your arms are a pendulum!" you shouted. I used your tactic, but not because I trusted you. I was panicked and my body responded to the instructions almost instinctually. The putt curved slightly towards the left, but I felt you "will it" back towards the hole. When the putt dropped square in the hole, I think you were more ecstatic than I was. You appeared to leap a good four feet off the ground, shouting, "Go for it kiddo!" Despite your enthusiasm for me, I purposefully avoided you after the show because I still was unsure about your intentions. I didn't even let you sit in my new ride or run your shrivelled hands across the smooth oak table.

I'm sorry, Ms. McNulty. I don't know how I can make it up to you. I think the only thing that I can do is give you everything I won on the show. Because, in reality, it was you who won it. So, please let me know when its a good time for me to drop off the several years supply of Centrum Silver and Molasses that came in the trunk of the car. I would give you the DeVille and the Dinette Set, but I already pawned them so I could buy some aftermarket shocks, nitrous, a glass packed muffler, and really killer fluorescent lighting for my Camaro. So let me know.

Sincerely,
Bryce Dixon
Private First Class,
United States Marine Corps

i had sex on tuesday with emily chung

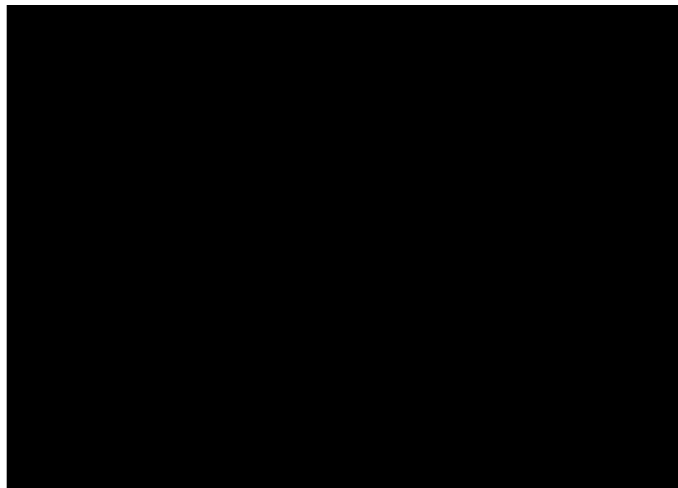
by Fred Lee

I am a detective who works the mean streets of Berkeley. And on this job, I've just about seen it all: Drive-bys, crimes of passion, crimes of capital, battery, rape, drugs, alcohol, assault. So forgive me if I'm cynical when I hear about people who are both in love and best friends. Forgive me if I snicker when I hear talk about the guy who's super-creative or the girl can always make you laugh. Forgive me if my approach to sex is anything but mechanical, fatalistic, an expensive meeting of flesh. I've seen too much of the underbelly of the human condition to think otherwise. But then I met a broad who made me question that, if only for a little while.

Emily was a sexy Asian lady who writes a column for the *Daily Cal*. I can remember all too clearly – the light rain streaming through lamppost light outside my window that night she called. She had a job for me: someone had broken into the *Daily Cal* office and stolen her latest column. When I arrived she was deliberately smoking a cigarette in the dimly lit *Daily Cal* office with the windows closed – the muffled noise of the crazy city beneath us, the human animal in all its wondrous depravity. She was a classy dame, oozing sensuality and intellect in buckets. I had a feeling this case might be more than I bargained for.

It wasn't long before we grew closer, searching the woefully inadequate *Daily Cal* archives and staking out Eshleman Hall in hopes of finding the thief. Soon enough, this dame was doing a ransack job on my heart. I was a bit ambivalent about actually expressing my love for her in our committed, nurturing, co-equal relationship. She was a sexy lady who knew about sex, a sexual scientist. And here I was – a cynical detective, with a heart that wanted to cry out, but remained as cold and unreachable as a university chancellor.

Let me be honest. I'm no "thunder-cock," to use the Chungism. The NEA is better-endowed than I am. However, Emily, always the nurturing and supportive partner, assured me this was not a problem when we actually got down to it. "A lot of people are thunder-cocks, with brute power," she said quite frankly after surveying the equipment for the first time. "Very few actually know how to communicate their feelings of intimacy." What can I say, I blushed. Flattery will get you everywhere with the insecure.



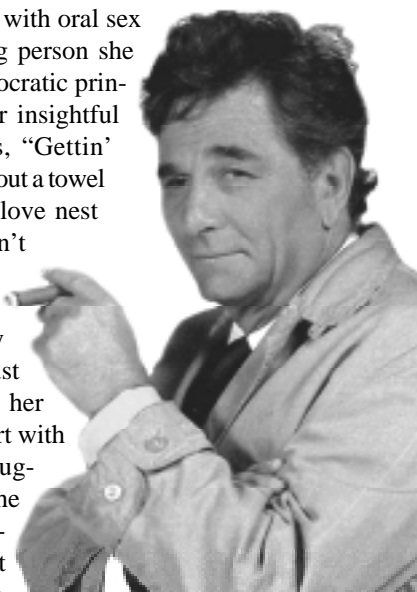
She wanted to start with oral sex on me, being the giving person she is, but I refused on aristocratic principle. Remembering her insightful treatise on cunnilingus, "Gettin' Jiggy With It!" I brought out a towel into our cozy candlelit love nest on the sixth floor. I didn't want to ruin the couch.

After an initial lesson in anatomy, I was all ready to dive in. "Instead of just sticking your tongue in her vagina immediately, start with a little foreplay," she suggested. "At this point she should become her lubricated and aroused." It doesn't get more "communicative." Things picked after that as I followed her carefully laid out methodological considerations to their logical physiological conclusion. Forgive the lack of details; I'm a prude. Let's just say I learned the difference between vaginal and clitoral orgasm.

After cunnilingus, I was all ready to skip fellatio and go for the gold. "Did you know the average speed of ejaculation of semen out of the penis is 28 miles per hour?" she asked seductively. "I am an honest and law abiding man," I replied. "But tonight, I plan to make an exception." Our kissing was an explosion of marmalade, sweet beyond compare, making both of us hot and bothered in the "excitement phase." I was ready to take it to the next level when I caught a fleeting shadow out of the corner of my eye. I leapt to my feet, grabbed my piece and dashed nakedly into the hallway. I didn't see the anyone, but I did find a page full of Clinton jokes that must have been three years old – an email forward. Like a bad teenage mustache, the answer was right under my nose. There could be only one possible culprit.

I found the editors of the *Patriot* later that evening as they were stealing blankets from homeless people along Telegraph Avenue. "No loitering!" cackled Ivan Jen, clad in a "Fry Mumia" t-shirt. When I confronted him about Emily's stolen piece, he first claimed he was trying to destroy the "hopelessly vile" Sex on Tuesday column. Once pressed, he admitted that it was a desperate attempt to boost readership of the failing magazine. "What am I supposed to do?" he pleaded. "We've tried comparing campus activists to Hitler, clever double entendres like 'master debater,' and even updating our Microsoft Paint software – nothing works!"

He handed the column over without a fight, but quickly made a break for it, simultaneously kicking a puppy and telling it to "get a job" as he ran. I pursued half-heartedly, but what's the use? In a world where something so ugly as the *Patriot* exists, what hope is there for anything beautiful, like love, or multiple orgasms? I went back to the office, handed over the column, and broke off the relationship right there. I thought I'd seen it all. But after that display of human misery, I couldn't bring myself to care for anyone, even my sweet Emily. But I still can't help but get a little miffed when I see her column on Tuesdays. Is she thinking of me? Does she hate me? I hope not. Take it all in stride. Sex a la Chung just doesn't work with a hardened detective like me.



Top Ten Worst Things About Getting Shit On Your Hand

10. You now have shit on your hand
9. People won't talk or stand near you while you have shit on your hand
8. It's not your shit
7. You don't know how or when the shit got there
6. You knew there wasn't enough toilet paper, but you still tried to wipe your ass
5. Your other hand will become shitty if you try to wipe it off
4. Shit-greased hands make it difficult to climb out of giant vat of shit you fell into.
3. Clapping is pretty much a non-option
2. You didn't even have hands in the first place so now the shits on your arm
1. Long after you've gotten the shit off your hand, you'll still always remember it as the hand that got shit all over it

Top Ten Fetus Restaurants In The Bay Area

10. Fetus in the Box
9. Stinking Roe vs. Wade
8. Cheese N' Fetus N' Stuff
7. Unborndies Pizza
6. \$1 Chinese Baby
5. Greg's Chicago Style Fetus
4. Third Thai-mester House
3. Bongo Baby
2. Placenta Pomodoro
1. Eat-a-feta

Top Ten Things to Say to Grandma When She Says, "I love you"

10. You smell like "death"
9. Where are my presents?
8. What are you like a fag or something?
7. My mom says you set unreachable standards for your children and you'll probably do the same with me.
6. Can I straddle my balls across the bridge of your nose?
5. I like all that extra skin that hangs from every inch of your repulsive body.
4. I..uh....how do I say this? Grandma, I like you as a friend.
3. <Puncture her colostomy bag>
2. I love you.....thanasia. <whisper> that's a hint.
1. Oh who am I kidding... I love you grandma.

Top Ten Traditional Palestinian-Israeli Games

10. Paper, rock, tank
9. Arafat-Barak 1-On-1 Half Court Challenge
8. Hopscotch over your bleeding classmates
7. Capture the flag and then burn it
6. Skipping rocks off israeli police officers
5. Gaza strip poker
4. Hide and Go Sheikh
3. RISK
2. Tetherisraeli
1. Trivial Pursuit of Peace

tomorrow's tuesday last week!

フューチャー・トゥ・ア・ラスト・ウィーク! by Matt Holohan!



Berkeley scientists recently developed an experimental time travel device, and to test its effectiveness they've created a "Study Abroad in Time" program. In this program, students volunteer to spend a semester studying at Berkeley in the future and report on their experiences. Below are selections from the journal of Time Exchange Student Matt Holohan, who spent a semester studying in the year 2030.

AUGUST 27TH: I took a stroll through Haas Plaza today on my way to get some lunch at the Golden Haas Cafe. I had a Haas casserole and some Haas Cola. Then on to my first class (Haas Studies) in Haas Hall VI. After class I went to the dedication ceremony for Haas Fountain XII, the latest gift of the Walter A. Haas Foundation. Looks like I may have to cut my trip short, since a new rule is that anyone who sticks around for a complete semester has to legally change their name to include the word "Haas." That "Haasa" sucks, as they say here in the future.

OCTOBER 1ST: Fucking Garfield still sucks in the future. In today's strip, he again "thinks" a "punchline", and Jon reacts as if he can hear his thoughts. After fifty years, why won't stupid Jim Davis make the great leap into the modern era of comic strips and realize that a cat who walks on his hind legs already demands a level of suspension of disbelief that wouldn't be significantly increased by a cat who can talk like a person?

OCTOBER 10TH: I met a really hot fourteen-year-old girl at Kip's last night, so I took a side trip to 2034 and had sex with her. That was a little weird. But the sex was good.

OCTOBER 18TH: I took a stab at the crossword puzzle in the Twice Daily Californian today. Every answer was "ballsacks."

NOVEMBER 6TH: I bought a "Free Mumia" bumper sticker on Telegraph today. It seems that Mumia's sentence was altered in 2008 to "death by natural causes." The judge could just as easily have said "life without parole," but I guess he wanted to be a dick about it.

NOVEMBER 12TH: I think someone stole my time machine. Or maybe I just lost

it. Those science guys probably should have made it bigger than a candy bar. Making it look exactly like a candy bar probably wasn't such a good idea, either. Maybe that dog over there ate it. Okay, the dog just disappeared. God damn it.

NOVEMBER 23RD: Cal just won the Big Game against Cal State San Bernadino. The Big Game sure has gotten easier to win (and less exciting) since the fourth moon of Saturn escaped its orbit and struck Palo Alto twelve years ago.

NOVEMBER 25TH: Ha! I just saw Britney Spears working at Bongo Burger. YES! Miserable failure! She's all fat and old and Mexican now. While I waited in line I started singing "Hit Me Baby One More Time," and got louder and louder as I got closer to the register. Then I did a little dance number to make fun of her. Everyone was staring at me, including her, like they had no idea what I was doing. I guess nobody even remembers her ass songs! They all must have thought I was nuts, but it was worth it. I hope that was really Britney Spears.

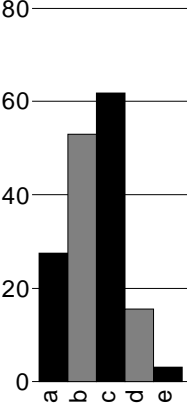
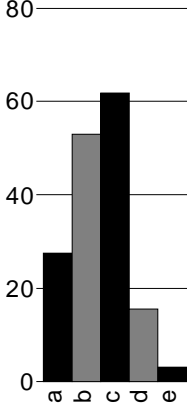
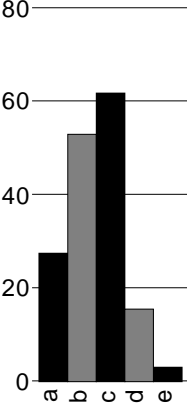
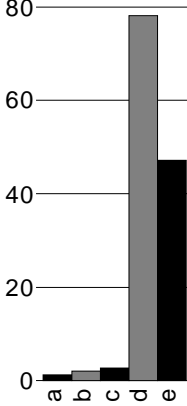
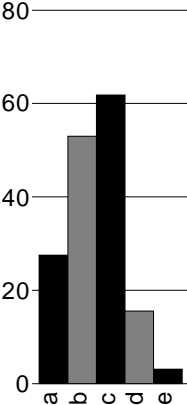
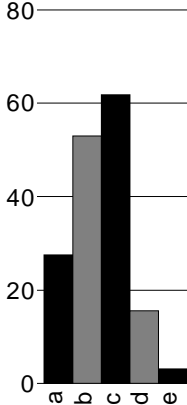
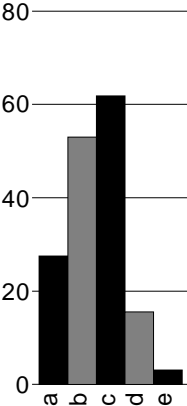
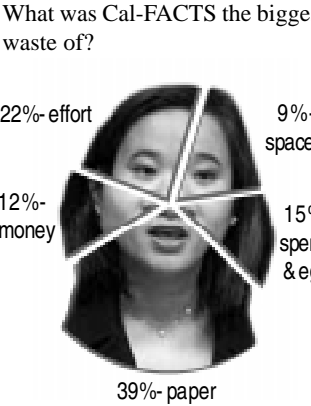
DECEMBER 1ST: Hey! The dog came back! He showed up in my room wearing a sombrero with two missiles strapped to his back. He turded the time machine onto my bed and then I threw him out the window.

DECEMBER 3RD: President Latifah just announced the invasion of Uruguay. 'Bout fucking time, girlfriend.

DECEMBER 18TH: I just thought of something: how come nobody in the future has a time machine but me? You'd think that if this experimental time travel device from 2000 worked, people would be jumping back and forth constantly, and... Hey! Playstation 9! Haasa cool.

CAL-FIBS

Useless and Inaccurate Information for the Landfill

<p>Egyptian 101B <i>Intermed. Egyptian</i> Professor Larkin Enrollment- 2</p>	<p>How much do you hate this prof.?</p>  <p>a) Not much b) Irritated c) Unspoken but festering d) With flaming sword of hate e) 7</p>	<p>Can you believe this shit?</p>  <p>a) No b) Fuck, no c) Whew! d) Tell me about it e) Yes. Yes I can.</p>	<p>Student Comments</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> -Small class size a plus -Two students with Multiple Personality Disorder made otherwise boring discussions interesting -A course only a mummy would love -Too much talking like Egyptians, not enough walking -Time consuming -Egypt? Isn't that where people are buttfucking all the time?
<p>Masturbation <i>It's Fun For One</i> Professor O'Toole Enrollment- 3.4 billion</p>	<p>How often do you do it each week?</p>  <p>a) 1-2 b) 3-4 c) 5-6 d) 7-8 e) 9+</p>	<p>C'mon, how often do you <i>really</i> do it?</p>  <p>a) 10-12 b) 14-18 c) 18-25 d) 26-30 e) 30+</p>	<p>Student Comments</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> -That's not that much, right? -It's different how I do it. -Wait, that counts? -Time consuming -Never when you're around awake alert
<p>Steve <i>Just Steve</i> Professor Steve's Mom & Dad Enrollment- 1</p>	<p>Overall, would you recommend Steve?</p>  <p>a) Sure b) I guess c) Maybe d) Hellz no! e) Steve who?</p>	<p>Approximately how many hours a week do you spend with Steve?</p>  <p>a) 1-2 b) 3-5 c) 6-10 d) 11+ e) Wait, who's Steve?!</p>	<p>Student Comments</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> -Must be interested in Steve to enjoy -He reminds me of that guy Rick -Steve-o-rino's the <i>Man</i>! -Time consuming -Oh, <i>that</i> Steve!
<p>Cal-FACTS <i>Complete Pile of Horse-Shit</i> Professor Gerald Ford Enrollment- \$18,000 of your money</p>	<p>Which ASUC project is more worthless?</p>  <p>a) Spitfire tour b) Save Ferris concert c) Recall elections d) Cal Star e) Nothing</p>	<p>What was Cal-FACTS the biggest waste of?</p>  <p>22%- effort 9%- space 15%- sperm & egg 39%- paper</p>	<p>Student Comments</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> -Cal-Facts? More like Cal-Lies! -Cal-Facts? More like Cal-Statistical-Anomalies! -Cal-Facts? More like an incomplete, unwanted, unhelpful, error-plagued waste of paper and student fees full of vague, redundant comments and poor cut-and-pasting! -Cal-Facts? Sounds time consuming!

Top Ten Reasons Cal Lost the Big Game

10. Tom Holmoe is a fucking horrible fucking coach fucking fuck fuck
9. Whatever they ate for breakfast: not the breakfast of champions
8. Shouldn't have practiced with long-flying Nerf Whistler
7. Cal Band Mediocre!
6. Unidentified person who forgot to let the dogs out
5. Team exhausted from three straight months of sucking
4. Lost field goal kicking mule
3. Stanford trombone player's game saving tackle
2. Non-bizarro universe where Cal always loses
1. Because Stanford won

Top Ten Lies Parents Tell

10. The dog shot himself in the head
9. I will turn this car around
8. Everything will be alright
7. This *is* Disneyland
6. It's not your fault we're getting divorced
5. We love both of you equally
4. This is the only way to take your temperature
3. Officer, he fell down the stairs
2. There's plenty of oxygen in the trunk
1. All the cool kids shop at T.J. Maxx

Top Ten Post-Modern Tricks To Teach Your Dog

10. The act of being the bone
9. The silent bark
8. To act cute and follow you home, realize there is no home to return to, and not care
7. Making love missionary-style
6. Letting its own tail chase it
5. Delivering monologues directly to the camera
4. Catching frisbees while making self-referential wisecracks about how cliché it is to catch frisbees
3. Playing alive
2. Eating the bits, but none of the kibbles
1. Teaching a modernist dog new tricks

Top Ten Things To Do After Receiving 30 Years To Life

10. Think about what you did
9. Make some new friends
8. Yell, "Is that all you got, your Honor?!" and get beaten to the ground by bailiffs
7. Organize an elaborate breakout scheme centered around the upcoming prison rodeo
6. Behave, get paroled, and then kill again to make up for 25 lonely years without the warm, nourishing blood of a 9 year-old child to bathe in
5. Appeal
4. Either get busy livin', or get busy dyin'
3. Stand on the edge of very high objects and yell "I didn't kill my wife"
2. Frown
1. Scare people straight

I Think I'm Ready To Be An 8-Bit Video Game Villain®

by Kenny Byerly

HA HA HA ...
THERE IS NO HOPE FOR YOU NOW ...
THE GIRL IS MINE ...
AND YOU WILL DIE !!!

How was that, was that convincing? I don't know, I'm still getting the hang of it. To be quite honest, I'm still not crazy about the all-caps writing. It's kind of annoying, really. But once I really get started in this business, I won't have memory to waste on silly things like lowercase letters.

You see, I was inspired growing up. Different people took different things away

from encounters with Nintendo during their formative years. Some learned the phrase "hand-eye coordination" and used it to fool their parents into believing they were doing something constructive; others learned to feign friendship with

whoever was the first in the neighborhood to get Super Mario 2. Me, I found my life's ambition. I looked long and hard at the villains of my favorite games, and realized that I could succeed where they had failed.

I think I'm finally ready. I sold my car for some cash and even got some investors to back me up. I just purchased a great looking fortress with a really long hallway that leads left and right, and even up and down. I'd just like to see some stout, pixelated little 8-bit hero make his way through this place. My fortress is equipped with several deep pits which lead nowhere in particular but kill instantly. It also boasts a wide array of floating platforms. Sure, it looks easy to jump across them now, but wait until you realize that they fall as soon as you set foot on them! Stop and admire the vaguely high-tech, computerized looking halls, but don't enjoy the view for too long or your time limit

will run out and you'll die for no reason at all! HA HA HA!!! I could get used to this laughing bit. I just have to remember to save it for the cut-scenes.

Speaking of ceilings and crushing, I got a great deal on these spiked columns that drop from the ceiling in distinct patterns. They'll instantly flatten any hero-type who runs blindly through without stopping to figure the timing. And when you buy in bulk, you can't beat the price! I've also hired an unlimited supply of identical minions who can hurt someone merely

by touching them, which should be a huge boon to my defenses.

Even better, the unique bodily makeup which enables them to cause damage on contact also causes them to fade away instantaneously upon being killed, so it

saves on cleanup big-time.

Still, I am a little dubious about the numerous power-ups that are stashed throughout my humble fortress. They'd probably prove invaluable to any potential heroes running around, and they're really of no use to me. In fact, I'm not even sure why I have them. I'll have to remember to get rid of them sometime soon.

Well, as great as it is lounging around here in my final room with my fancy indoor hover-ship capable of looping around the room while delivering a predictable pattern of attack to anyone on the floor, it's time I got down to business. I'm scheduled to threaten the free world by four this afternoon, so if it's not too much trouble, could you go kidnap someone's girlfriend for me? And try and find a girl whose boyfriend has a brother. I can defeat two players as easily as one.

HA HA HA HA HA!!! Man, my cut-scenes are going to rule.



Leonard and his Penis: A Tragedy in 11 Memos

To: Leonard McAllister From: your penis, Leonard. Subject: a little action?	To: Clumsy McStrokus From: chafed Subject: vaginavaginavaginavagina
<p>Leonard, this is your penis. For God's sake, man, you're twenty-two years old. I have been more than patient with you, and would very much like it if you would set me up with a nice vagina in the near future.</p> <p>P.S. Please reply ASAP.</p>	<p>I am on the verge of explosion here. Please understand, Leonard, that regardless of any actual or professed dexterity, a tangible difference exists between your wretched ursine paws and the genuine article. Of all the places on your body to administer an Indian burn, God damn you, why here? Why me? Honestly, I don't know how you expect me to work under these conditions. I'm calling OSHA in the morning.</p>
To: my penis From: Leonard Subject: my bad.	To: penis From: Leonard Subject: I'm not scared
<p>Sorry, man – gimme a sec. Hey, you want something to drink? The fridge is fully stocked.</p>	<p>I would give my left nut to see you try and dial a phone.</p>
To: Leonard From: penis Subject: yes, thank you	To: Leonard From: penis Subject: not yours to give away, now is it?
<p>Actually, Leonard, I would indeed like a drink. <i>LIFE</i>, Leonard: I want to drink of life's sweet liquor, to know the intoxication which only that holy grail of tactile exploration can bring. Leonard, I want pussy.</p>	<p>Honestly, Leonard, everything is "me me me" with you, and always has been. When will you learn to listen to the needs of other people? People like me?</p>
To: penis From: Leonard Subject: I see	To: penis From: Leonard Subject: moron
<p>So ... do you want something to drink or not?</p>	<p>Penis, you are not a people.</p>
To: Leonard From: Enraged penis Subject: I swear to God	To: Leonard From: your ex-penis Subject: goodbye
<p>Leonard, I would strangle you if I could.</p>	<p>I'm leaving you, Leonard. By the time you read this, I will be long gone. Where I will go, frankly, I do not know. All I know is that, as much as your crotch will always be home to me, I cannot bear this life any longer. I need to be in a place where I can thrive, where vaginas flow like milk and honey, and until I find this place, I can never be truly happy. Wish me luck in this, Leonard, and I will wish you a penis that you can truly call your own.</p>
To: my penis From: me Subject: back off, penis	
<p>Penis, please cut me some slack. It's not like I neglect you on every front. Say, how about a little later we turn down the lights, put on some budget erotica, and see if we can't put a smile on your face.</p>	

Drawn & Quartered

Deluxe edition state quarters brought to you by the *Heuristic Squelch*

From the eager immigrants and 49ers who failed to strike gold to the would-be actresses reduced to waiting tables and turning tricks, California has been crushing the hopes and dreams of starry-eyed innocents for over a century. Now you don't have to go west to enjoy the pervasive aura of heartbreak; it comes to you on the powerfully rendered imagery of the California quarter.



A land rich with whores-a-plenty. I haven't met a girl from Connecticut that wouldn't do a little something something for some candy. This quarter is dedicated to all those Connecticutians that put the "Slut" in "Saluting your nation." What an American treasure!

When it comes to making profits, nothing could be more purely capitalist than getting people to continuously pay out money while receiving nothing in return. In this light, the casinos of Las Vegas and Reno are shining examples of American enterprise at its finest. More than a few bankrupted suckers have left these "gaming establishments" with wallets flatter than the barren desert wasteland that makes up the rest of Nevada.



Though they only surface in their home state of North Dakota, the vast underground network of the Mole People's caves stretches throughout the nation, forming the backbone of the Internet. There really is no such thing as fiber-optic cable, but rather a legion of data-packet carrying Mole People. So before you hit the Stop button on your web browser, remember: a poor, hard-working Mole Person has probably already run halfway.



Nothing embodies the essence of America like rugged individualism and quaint local customs. The hardy individuals who patrol our backwoods making syrup are an American force on par with the wildly productive (and delicious!) Mounted Police. As shown here, Canada's annual syrup festival and company picnic is carried out as detailed in Article XI of the Articles of Confederation.