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# HEURISTIC SQUELCH



The Plaid Passion  
of Lady Sockingham

LOST IN TIME SINCE 1991

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**This Month's Cover:**

Me, Plaid Sock, a cover model! I never considered myself the sexy sock type, but when the Sexiest Sock Alive 2002 convention rolled into town, I guess things just kind of snowballed from there! Of course, my first cover gigs weren't very glamorous—sleazy brands like Argyle Lust and Fuckable Sock, mostly—but I guess dreams do come true, because here I am!

I'm a real Good Samaritan when it comes to the holidays. Sometimes I break into houses while the owners are away and pass out their candy for them. If they don't have candy, I pass out their cats, which is an awkward way of saying that I choke them until they lose consciousness. You should see how a kid's face lights up when he gets a floppy calico in his pillowcase. I've always wanted to go to a Halloween party with a girl dressed like an Egyptian king in Charlie's Angels. 'Cause then she'd be Pharaoh Fawcett. Ha. That could also be a joke about the bathroom fixtures at Luxor.

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# Thongs: Wrong!



Ladies: it's enough with the thongs already.

Time was, thongs were a magical fantasy garment that existed only in the realm of the imagination—the underwear so buttock-revealing that it could scarcely be considered clothing at all. Just a few years ago, you couldn't pay the average girl enough to wear a thong.

Thongs were for strippers and whores, and we liked it that way. Bad enough when regular underwear rides up one's gluteal crack, females would say indignantly at the slightest joking suggestion of thong-wearing. Why would you want underwear that does nothing but?

Somehow, the female argument is now: I'm going to get a wedgie anyway, why not just get underwear that does that the whole time? Thanks to the use of the exact same logic to arrive at this *exact opposite conclusion*, the thong, once little more than a myth, has practically become a standard. Unlike men's fashion, where the widespread switch from briefs to boxers offered not only greater comfort but also a more dignified and appealing appearance, the rise of the thong has brought only disaster.

Unfortunate enough that the thong's sudden surge in popularity coincided with fashionable pants/shorts/skirts hanging at their lowest level in decades, leading to an epidemic of the embarrassing and unsightly thong peek-a-boo. Worse still is the irrational, overblown concern over visible panty line. Once, thongs were employed judiciously, so as not to allow panty lines to spoil a particularly elegant prom dress. Now thongs do daily duty to prevent us from seeing a panty line on ugly pants so tight and transparent that they invariably feature the far less preferable visible thong line, accompanied by an inordinate amount of booty-jiggle.

You see, in the days when thongs were reserved for strippers and whores, one could rest assured that the only women wearing thongs were, by and large, those whose hard-bodied asses were equipped to function without the additional support provided by actual underpants. This was ideal, because thongs are ugly regardless of the situation; the only difference is that if an ass is perfect enough, we forgive the thong its ugliness because it is at least staying out of our view of the perfect ass. However, the average person should please bear in mind that thongs are unforgiving undergarments, and if you're wearing one, please make sure your ass is prepared to carry the show on its own.

Finally, any trend that results in my fifteen-year-old little sister, for any reason, loudly declaring "I should have worn one of my many *thongs* with this dress," while I frantically attempt to disable my hearing can't possibly be at all good. So ladies, your widespread adoption of the thong standard has already spoiled the fantasy. Can't we now be spared the horror of the reality? Let's have done with all the thongs, please. Please.

-Kenny Byerly

## Squelch Comedy Show

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# newsflashes

## Berdahl Chokes on Hacky Sack

By Matt Soroky, Hack-in-the-Sack

After a successful recovery from prostate cancer last spring, UC Berkeley Chancellor Robert M. Berdahl suffered a major setback when he choked on a Hacky Sack while playing with his compatriots outside the University House.

Medics rushed to the scene and stabilized the chancellor, but complications have forced Berdahl to stay in hospital care until he shows significant signs of improvement. "We were having such a good time," said Professor David Kojan of the Anthropology department, who participated in the game and made the call for help. "I was the one to kick it really high before Bob pushed everyone aside to keep [the Hacky Sack] in play."

Doctors note that had Berdahl not opened his mouth as the bean-filled sack came plummeting downward, he would

have only suffered a concussion. "Bob is one stubborn son of a gun," said Linguistics Professor George Lakoff. "He always has to use his head on the fourth rally."

Campus-wide, students and faculty wish the Chancellor a speedy recovery and hope that he can soon return to work. "He'll pull through," said Dean of the Graduate School of Journalism Orville Schell. "I got a whole POG in my nose one time and I was fine in a few days."

## African AIDS Orphans Give to Charitable Cause

By Tommaso Sciortino, Has Dead Father

Following the lead of many Americans, African orphans who have lost both parents to AIDS have been donating the money raised for them to children of victims killed in the attacks of September 11th. Like many Americans who never considered African AIDS orphans to be a cause worthy of donation—but did find it in their heart to give to Twin Tower orphans—most African

orphans understand how the Twin Tower children are much worse off and thus, much more in need of monetary aid than themselves.

"No amount of money can bring back a child's parent. But if a child knows that their college tuition is paid, he or she will feel a lot better," said Kenyan orphan Mutheru Ubatto, through an interpreter. "I, of course, have no chance of going to college or even elementary school; but it's different for me because my skin reflects so much less light."

Money deemed too important for non-September-11th-related charitable causes are estimated to total up to four million dollars, and should be enough to purchase either two million blankets for African children or one thousand counseling sessions for Midwesterners traumatized by witnessing the tragic attacks on TV.

In a related story, most complaints about this article will focus on how insensitive the author is to Twin Tower orphans, while shrugging aside the offensive nature of the references to African orphans. "Eh. They can handle it," gas station owner Kyle Worther said, "I mean, if you live in Africa, you'd better know how to take a joke."

**Saturday  
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# newsflashes

## Class Stalls for *Fight Club* Rant

By Dave Hiller, *Bitch Tits*

Productive class discussion was brought to a grinding halt in 4 Le Conte Thursday afternoon when sophomore Brian Eckerson interjected a diatribe on the merits of the movie *Fight Club* into a lecture on the novel *Great Expectations*, by Charles Dickens.

"As soon as I saw his hand raised, I remembered why I had vowed never again to ask if 'anyone has anything to say before we move on?'" said instructor Lois Smith when asked later about Eckerson's comments.

Fellow students in attendance at the English 45B class sat in perturbed and restless silence while Eckerson expostulated on what he described as the "totally obvious parallels" between the 1999 David Fincher film, about an anarchistic underworld in postmodern America, and Dickens' literary masterpiece chronicling a young man's rise in Pre-Industrial Revolution London society.

Eckerson cited the "element of surprise" as the main connection he sees between the film and the novel.

"Basically, you expect that Pip is getting his money from that old lady, right? But, in reality, it's that convict guy. Obviously, this reminds me of a movie that I am sure that we have all seen, and that movie is *Fight Club*," began Eckerson, who until that point in lecture had been seen doodling in the margins of his notebook. Minutes later, Eckerson stopped speaking and leaned back contentedly in his chair, ending what was later described by another student as "the intellectual low point of my college career."

"I could feel myself getting stupider," remarked junior Sara Clarke. "As each individual synapse in my brain withered, turned black, and died, I repeatedly cursed God for not allowing me to be admitted to Stanford."

Eckerson, who has admitted to not having actually read Dickens' text, based his observations on the 1998 screen adaptation

of the novel, starring Ethan Hawke and Gwyneth Paltrow.

"I caught the last half of it on TNT one night," said Eckerson, who also noted that Gwyneth Paltrow had previously been engaged to *Fight Club* star Brad Pitt, solidifying in Eckerson's mind the correlation between *Great Expectations* and *Fight Club*.

"Plus, *Fight Club* was based on a book, just like *Great Expectations*," observed Eckerson.

Previous attempts by Eckerson to relate modern films to the literature assigned in Smith's 45B class have met with equal disdain, notably his insistence on a link between the poetry of Emily Dickinson and the 1995 Robert De Niro film *Heat*.

## Girl in Poetry Class Given Pulitzer Prize for Bitchiness

By Carrick Diana, *Inverted Rhyme*

In an unprecedented move, the Pulitzer committee awarded UC Berkeley student Brooke S. Eliot the Pulitzer Prize for Bitchiness last week. While this award typically goes to the most obnoxious literary critic in the world, the committee decided to grant the award to Eliot.

U.S. Poet Laureate and committee chair Robert Pinsky explained, "Her nominations from her fellow students were so compelling that we just had to check her out. After just a few minutes in her creative writing class, we knew Brooke was something special. I had never before seen such a fine blend of cynicism, asperity, and sarcasm in an asshole so young. Does this chick got a shitload of baggage or what?"

When Eliot finally finished rolling her eyes after being asked to comment, she said, "Yeah, I'm really happy to get this award. Well, actually, I'm just pissed off. The quote on my plaque is a rhymed couplet in iambic pentameter. I mean, that is so two centuries ago. Whoever wrote it obviously went to Bad Poetry Academy." When informed that it was a couplet by William Shakespeare, Eliot only flipped her hair and looked at the

ceiling all stuck-up-like. She then added, "Ohmigod, 'stuck-up-like' isn't even a word. You are so retarded."

## Man Pees in Pepsi Bottle Just Because

By Zack Fornaca, *Big Slam*

Berkeley resident Jason Fisher reportedly peed into a 20 oz Pepsi bottle for no good reason, because really, what good reason would there be?

"I thought, you know, we've put a man on the moon, and we've put a human ear on the back of a mouse, but—and correct me if I'm wrong here—but we've never put my dick in a soda bottle."

Fisher noted that, as with all of mankind's great firsts, difficulties arose.

"The bottle mouth, clearly, was not meant to accommodate the male member, and to be frank it was a little tight, though not painful. I admit, I was a little worried about air pressure. Exactly what I was worried about, I don't know. But I, Berkeley resident Jason Fisher, was a social science major and, to be frank, air pressure scares me."

Air pressure proved not to be a factor.

## Girl Buys Single-Strap Bag to Make Boobs More Defined

By Jonathan Leung, *Casual Observer*

After months of internal debate, freshman Julia Anderson was ecstatic with her purchase of a simple, casual purse last Friday. "I can put the strap over my shoulder...right here," she said as she positioned the strap, "So you can see the overly-defined outlines of each boob!"

"Plus," Anderson continued, "I rediscovered bunched up tissues. Now I can really 'water the melons,' if you know what I mean," she awkwardly euphemized. "I believe that my padded breasts and the single strap have a unique synergy. Synergy means the whole is greater than the sum of the parts."

John Crue, Anderson's current boyfriend, detests the change in her appearance. "She already has pumps, makeup, pushup bras, highlights, colored contacts, painted fingernails, painted toenails, a toe ring, an anklet, four earrings,



drawn-in eyebrows, a fake tattoo of a butterfly, a hemp necklace, and now this? I'm dating freaking Telegraph Avenue."

## You Need to Apply Yourself, Study Finds

By Tommaso Sciortino, *Your Mother*

Results of a study conducted by researchers at the University of California at Berkeley have revealed the need, by you, to apply yourself. As a strong indicator of this need, the study cites recent slacking and an unexpected drop in study time productivity levels, which occurred shortly after the fourth week of classes, after you went to that party.

"It's something that we've all expected to see proven for quite some time," said Professor Brian Lee, a researcher on the project. "But it's reassuring to see hard numbers on the incredible amount of time you spend watching and talking about sports and video games about sports."

The study, which was conducted by watching you waste your life day in and day out, cites several reasons to believe that you have so much potential. It indicates that

that one project you did for your class last year really blew everyone away and showed that when you do apply yourself, there's no limit to what you can do. Also it implies that if you spent as much time worrying about your grades as you did about those stupid video games, you could actually accomplish something.

## Roommate Impersonated on Instant Messenger

By Kenny Byerly, *Emoticon*

Berkeley student Roger Haines fraudulently represented himself as roommate Thomas Marx by writing messages using Marx's AOL Instant Messenger screen name, sources reported Tuesday. Haines claims that he was merely using his roommate's computer to print a document, and the Instant Messenger account had signed on automatically.

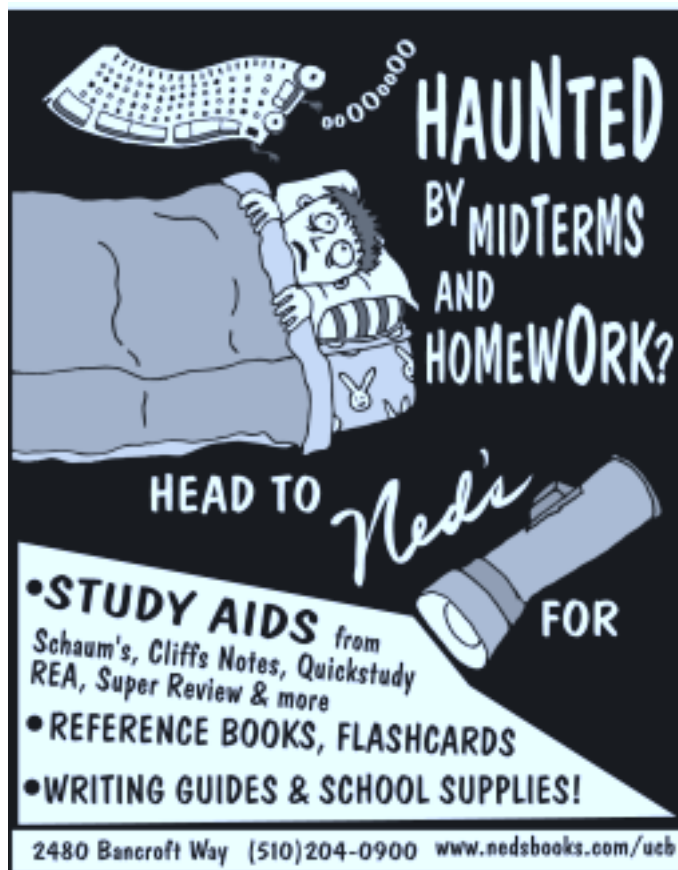
"It's not like I stole his [Marx's] password and set out to fool everyone," said Haines. "But I was using the computer and all these people started messaging me, and suddenly I realized I was sitting on a golden opportunity for hilarity and hijinks. I'd be an idiot to waste it."

Many friends of Marx maintain that they were not duped by Haines' ruse. "I thought it was suspicious when Tom kept talking about how he'd slept with my mom," said Zoe Catrall, also known as SrfrG12001. "But when he started saying things like, 'I'm such a big stupid moron, that's how stupid and dumb I am,' I definitely knew something was up."

Jack Sampson, or UNIXlvr28, agrees: "Most people don't spend a lot of time talking about how stupid and lame they are. They especially don't follow up such self-deprecating remarks with sudden praise for their super-genius, studly-handsome roommate Roger Haines."

Other friends resent the deception. "I got really concerned for Tom when he told me he liked to molest little boys," said Clyde Segal, Leydeezman18. "But I was touched that he trusted me enough to open up about his problem, and I was totally prepared to help him get counseling and, you know, be the supportive friend. You can imagine how I felt taken advantage of when I realized it was just a prank."

Upon notification that he had been misrepresented online, Marx stated, "Oh, really? Huh."

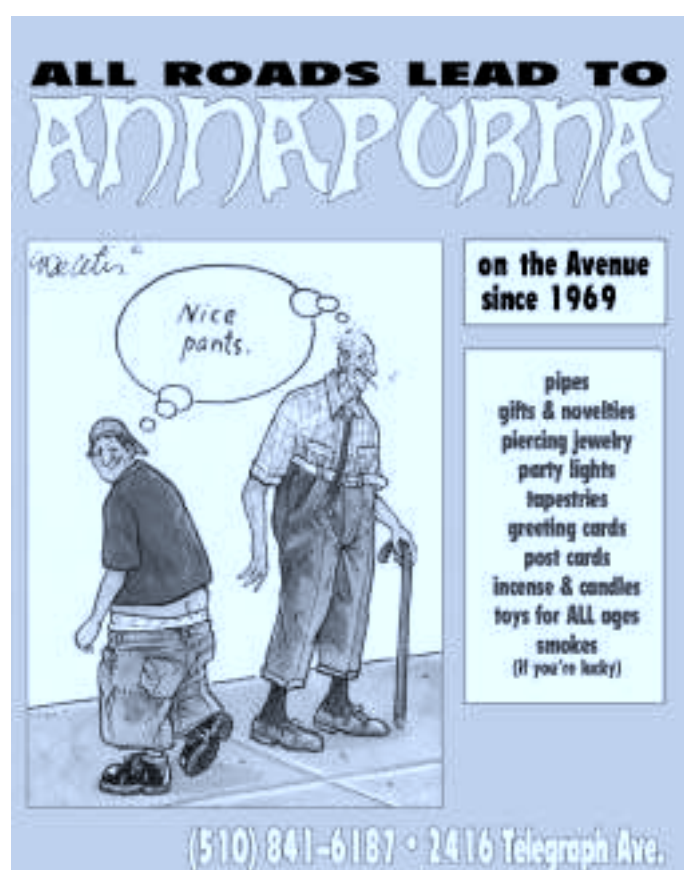


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# Scenes From Quentin Tarantino's 1994 Hit Pulp Fiction, If It Were Rewritten As An Educational Film About Dinosaurs

By Sean Keane

**Vincent:** You know what the funniest thing about Europe is?

**Jules:** What?

**Vincent:** It's the little differences. A lotta the same dinosaur shit we got here, they got there, but there they're a little different.

**Jules:** Examples?

**Vincent:** Well, you know what they call an apatosaurus in France?

**Jules:** They don't call it an apatosaurus?

**Vincent:** No, they don't pay attention to fossil similarities among members of the same genus, they don't know what the fuck an apatosaurus is.

**Jules:** What'd they call it?

**Vincent:** Brontosaurus with cheese.

**Jules:** Brontosaurus with cheese. What do they call a stegosaurus?

**Vincent:** Stegosaurus is stegosaurus, only they call it "le stegosaurus."

**Jules:** What do they call a wooly mammoth?

**Vincent:** I dunno, I didn't go into the Museum of Vertebrate Zoology.

**Jimmy:** What's on my mind at this moment isn't the coffee in the conference room, but the dead pterodactyl in my lobby.

**Jules:** Jimmy...

**Jimmy:** I'm talking here! Now, let me ask you a question, Jules. When you drove in here, did you notice the sign out front that said "dead pterodactyl storage"?

**Jules:** Jimmy...

**Jimmy:** Answer the question. Did you see a sign out in front of the museum that said "dead pterodactyl storage"?

**Jules:** Naw, man, I didn't.

**Jimmy:** You know why you didn't see that sign? 'Cause storing dead pterodactyls ain't my fucking business! This is an exhibit on Jurassic Period *herbivorous dinosaurs*, OK? Not fucking Cretaceous Period *carnivorous pterasaurs*, OK? You know what's gonna happen if my supervisor comes in and sees a pterodactyl here? I'm gonna get reassigned. No probation, no employee education classes—fucking reassigned! And I don't want to get fucking reassigned! Now there's a field trip coming in less than an hour and a half. Do your classification, call in your paleontologists, and get this pterodactyl the fuck out of my museum.

**Vincent:** You want some velociraptor?

**Jules:** Nah, man, I don't eat raptor.

**Vincent:** Are you Jewish?

**Jules:** I ain't Jewish, man. I just don't dig on dromaosaurs.

**Vincent:** Why not?

**Jules:** They're feathered dinosaurs. I don't eat feathered dinosaurs.

**Vincent:** But velociraptors taste good. Deinonychus tastes good.

**Jules:** A turkey vulture may taste like pumpkin pie, but I'll never know 'cause I wouldn't eat the filthy motherfucker. Raptors are among the closest dinosaur relatives to birds. Fossil records show evidence of plumage. That's a feathered dinosaur. I don't want to eat no goddamn reptiles with feathers—it's too damn weird.



**Esmerelda the Cabbie:** Hey, mister?

**Asteroid:** Yeah?

**Esmerelda:** You were that asteroid? The one that crashed into the Gulf of Mexico and caused the extinction-level event—that was you?

**Asteroid:** I'm him.

**Esmerelda:** You killed all those big dinosaurs.

**Asteroid:** They're dead?

**Esmerelda:** The paleontologist on the radio said so.

**Asteroid:** [to himself] So long, triceratops.

**Esmerelda:** What does it feel like?

**Asteroid:** What does what feel like?

**Esmerelda:** Killing off an entire species of dinosaurs. Creating an impact so severe it leads to massive environmental changes, like global warming, acid rain, and the destruction of the ozone layer, so that many types of animals disappear from our planet forever.

**Asteroid:** Tell you what, if you give me one of them cigarettes, I'll give you an answer.

**Esmerelda:** Deal!

**Asteroid:** [lights cigarette] I couldn't tell you. I didn't know the dinosaurs were extinct until you just told me. And now that I know? I don't feel the least bit bad. After all, the K-T extinctions could have been caused by me, or a sea level change, or even a climate change caused by a massive volcanic eruption. Palontologists will be debating this shit for years.

**Esmerelda:** Here we are. The fare is forty-five sixty.

**Asteroid:** [holds out hundred dollar bill] Now if anyone should ask who your fare was tonight, what're you going to tell 'em?

**Esmerelda:** The truth. Three well-dressed, slightly toasted comets.

# Squelch

Meetings:

7-8pm Wednesdays, 122 Wheeler

Submit to:

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Submission Deadline:

Monday, November 4, 2002





# How Do I Get Rid of This Gun?

By Kenny Byerly

They say you just can't get rid of a gun anymore. Used to be, disposing of a gun was easy. But nowadays, it's all difficult and stuff. To test this theory, I have purchased a gun.

**Trial 1:** I throw the gun into a wheat field.

**Result:** Gun is returned to me by a very irate farmer who scolds me for breaking his tractor. Gun is a bit scuffed, but intact. I'm surprised that the farmer found me, but not that surprised because my dad is a farmer and I threw the gun in his wheat field. This is especially bad because tractor repairs will come out of my allowance.

**Trial 2:** I throw the gun into a different wheat field.

**Result:** Gun is returned by my dad's friend, the farmer next door. I guess my dad mentioned it to him when I broke our tractor with the gun. I think ordering the gun with the engraved nameplate was a mistake.

**Trial 3:** I present the gun to a friend as a birthday gift.

**Result:** Not particularly enamored with my gift, my friend passes the gun on to another friend, who, not realizing the gun's source, gives it to me for my birthday the following week.

**Trial 4:** I hide the gun in the sandbox of an elementary school playground.

**Result:** Child digs up gun and immediately chases me down to return it, after shooting his classmates to death. Loading the gun probably isn't integral to my experiment.

**Trial 5:** The stakes have gotten higher now that the cops are searching for the guy who brought a gun to a playground. I throw the gun off a cliff into the ocean.

**Result:** Beach cops pass by and I hide in a garbage can. Meanwhile some surfer catches the gun, and while leaving the beach throws it away in the exact garbage can in which I am hiding. Rather implausible if you ask me.

**Trial 6:** I leave the gun in a bus station locker and throw the key into a bus bound for Denver.

**Result:** The bus station finds the gun while doing a routine locker check. I was careful to wipe my fingerprints off the gun, but the bus station also tracks down the key with the help of a GPS homing chip hidden in the orange part. My fingerprints are on the key, and the gun is politely returned to me with a message instructing me to keep better track of my key next time.

**Trial 7:** I donate the gun to the guns-for-toys program.

**Result:** I receive a toy gun. The police arrest me when they realize it was my gun that was used in the elementary school killings. I make a daring escape from the police station by stealing a gun and holding a cop hostage. Only afterwards do I realize the gun I have stolen is my own. D'oh!

**Trial 8:** I mail the gun to Mexico.

**Result:** Three months later, while vacationing in Mexico, I am shot and robbed.

## Top Ten Times to Use the Phrase "The British are Coming"

10. *Trainspotting 2*
9. Right before the Revolution, when the British are about to ejaculate
8. Beatlemania
7. When the British accept the invitation to your party
6. Before the British arrive
5. When you're drunk in Boston
4. When you run over the Town Crier with a horse
3. You just threw the British and they're a boomerang
2. When you're imagining having sex with Elizabeth Hurley
1. Coming means "having an orgasm" ☺

## Top Ten Ways to Solve UC Labor Dispute

10. Lecturers withdraw to West Bank
9. Monkeys with flashcards
8. Sticks and stones
7. Russian roulette
6. Move over to more self-teaching system
5. Webcasts, webcasts, webcasts
4. One lecture for all classes
3. Just look things up in a goddamn dictionary!
2. Black market GSI's
1. Foreigners!

## Top Ten Items Removed from Original Bill of Rights

10. Right to Arm Bears
9. Right to Bare Breasts
8. Right to \$6.95 Powdered Wigs
7. Right to respect treaties with the Injuns
6. Right to Bitches and 40's
5. Right to Freedom of Speech
4. Right to Freedom of Peach
3. Right to Masturbate in Public Restrooms
2. Right to Left
1. Right of Eminent Federal Domain on the Waterways; also, whores



### Top Ten Bad Ice Cream Man Songs

10. Hot in Herre
9. Suicide is Painless
8. Any song by Poison
7. Ice Ice Baby
6. College Girls Are Easy
5. The Entertainer
4. I Want Candy
3. Ambulance "theme song"
2. Beethoven's 5<sup>th</sup>
1. I Touch Myself

### Top Ten Consequences of Pushing the Red Button

10. World Peace
9. Green button pops up
8. Fierce punch
7. Somewhere in Russia, someone gets very nervous
6. All traffic lights turn red
5. Shields pop up at last possible second
4. Bigger red button kicks your ass
3. Telegraph drunk yells "Ow, that's my nose!"
2. Window pops up that reads: "Do you really want to push the red button?"
1. The lint trap clears

### Top Ten Steven Seagal Movies

10. *Hard Fist Punching*
9. *Out for Frowning*
8. *Straight to Video: Then to the Trash-can*
7. *I Like to Squint*
6. *Wild On Steven Seagal*
5. *Not Without My Son*
4. *Steven's Choice*
3. *Point Break Your Face*
2. *Steven Seagal Counts Backward From 50, Part 2*
1. *The Legend of Bagger Steve*

### Top Ten Terrorist Dances

10. Osama Mamba
9. Lindh-y Hop
8. Sharon Swing
7. Jihad Jig
6. Hamas Hustle
5. PLO Polka
4. Intifandango
3. Momar Meringue
2. Echo Tango Foxtrot
1. George W. Bush Cha-Cha

## Best of Berkeley

By Tommaso Sciortino

**Best** > place to get beaten up

For getting a trampling, the best place to go is the corner of Ashby and Sacramento. Busy enough for easy access yet remote enough for privacy, this bustling neighborhood is home to a gorgeous liquor store, where your assailants can easily get drunk on cheap wine, the bottle of which they can then use to clobber you. A big plus: ambulance drivers at the nearby Alta Bates medical center know the route well.

**Best** > place to enter Berkeley

There is little debate as to the best place to enter Berkeley; the best place to do it is at the Berkeley city limit. "I was trying to enter Berkeley from the sky for a whole day," comments a fictitious person I just made up. "I kept falling down a lot and then someone told me I was already in Berkeley. I was advised to drive to the Oakland city limit and then turn around. I was skeptical at first, but I'll be darned if I didn't end up getting beat up."

**Best** > place to get burritos on opposite day

For getting doppelganger Mexican food, no restaurant beats La Burrita. Known far and wide for its cardboard-like tortillas and near-edible meats, La Burrita is certainly the best place to not get a burrito when it's not not opposite day. Here's a tip: Try ordering your meal backward, then, when the chef disgorges an anti-burrito onto your plate, disassemble it and send the parts back to Canada.

**Best** > cock

Mine. No, I'm just kidding. Its yours. Psyche! But, seriously, you're a girl. That's stupid.



**Best** > view

Say what you want about the Berkeley Marina or the Oakland hills; for my money the best views are right here on my TV set. From the comfort and convenience of my soft, colorful couch, one can see everything from the Golden Gate Bridge to New York City, depending on whether you're watching *Nash Bridges* or *NYPD Blue*. Plus, if you need a place to crash, look no further—you're already there.

**Best** > makeout spot

The most romantic place to be is definitely my ex-girlfriend's house. There's nothing quite like seeing the sunset glimmering on the idle Pacific as your manhood gets verbally and psychologically accosted. The brilliant reds and yellows in the sky will remind you both of the burning hatred you still bear for one another, and the cowardice with which you finally ended that stifling, sucking void of a relationship.



## Our Dad's New Girlfriend is Evil



**Jesse and Jenny**  
*Children*

Dad, please, you've got to listen to us! I know you really like this new woman you've met, but please believe us when we tell you: she's pure evil and the last thing you should do is marry her this Saturday.

We know, we know. She seems like she's perfect for you. She's beautiful, and kind, and affectionate, and even says she loves us, your kids, and we know you're a big sucker for that stuff. We saw how you just melted when you introduced us for the first time and she gave us each big hugs. What you apparently didn't see is the way we shivered with fright when she coolly whispered "I'll be rid of you brats soon enough," as she leaned in for each hug. You were too smitten even to notice the sudden terror on our faces as she pulled away.

Just think about it, Dad. Doesn't it seem like she uses just a little too much hairspray and makeup? Haven't you noticed how her too-immaculate wardrobe is composed of an inordinate number of red outfits?

I guess you never peeked through the crack of a partially-open door to overhear her conversations with a mysterious confidante, to whom she constantly boasts of her plan to have us shipped off to a boarding school in Switzerland once you marry her.

Come on, Dad. Snap out of it! Can't you see the right girl for you is Mom? I can't believe you two got divorced in the first place. Sure, she was mad you were neglecting her, and when you missed your anniversary dinner even after she gave you the ultimatum and you promised and promised that you would make it, she was definitely crushed. But you're a changed man now, and if you give her a chance, I just know she'll see it. Can't you see how pretty and blonde mom is, and how naturally billowy and full of life her hair is, in contrast with the stiffly molded coiffure of the hag you're currently dating? Just one look at Mom, and you know you're looking at a winner, who would never send us off to boarding school. To be honest, I don't even know why boarding school is a threat when Mom lives just across town, but that just goes to show how evil this woman is.

Please, Dad. Call off the engagement before it's too late. Don't make us call Mom up and force her to drive recklessly across town in a last-ditch attempt to crash the wedding and make you realize you love her. Let's make it easy on ourselves.

## I'll Send Those Brats to Boarding School Yet



**Delilah Coldstone**  
*Trophy Fiancé*

Oh, how I love children! Especially my fiancé's children, they're just wonderful. As soon as I met them I knew they were adorable together, and that they would look wonderful in matching outfits. As I hugged them, I told them, "I'll buy little blue hats, two's enough!"

It was an awkward sentence, but I think they got the message. They looked so frightened; I think maybe they were embarrassed about the idea of matching outfits. Even that was cute. I just know I'm going to love them even more as I get to know them.

Sometimes when I visit, I make sure to get dolled up just for them. No frumpy hippie clothes or messy, wild hair for me. Kids learn from example, so I want to be a good role model for little Jenny. So I'm dressing smart, professional, and clean-cut, with just enough makeup to look pretty. After all, I want them to know their daddy is getting someone who's not only nice, but pretty, too. I know these kids want nothing but the best for their dad. Sure, sometimes I'll toss in some red into the outfit, and I know that's pretty flashy, but kids love bright colors—it shows them that I'm a fun person.

Oh, I have such great plans for them! I know this wonderful little boarding school in Switzerland where they can go right after we get married. They'll just stay for the three-week summer program, of course—it's just to give me and their daddy a bit of honeymoon time, after all, and I'd miss them myself if they were gone any longer. I went traveling when I was their age, and it was one of the best times of my life; I just know they'll love it there. I saw one of them peeking when I was making the arrangements the other day; I'd better be careful or I'll spoil their big surprise!

Well, only one week left until my big day. I'm so excited to be a stepmother. I'll at least do a better job than their real mother did. Those poor dears were too young to realize how mentally unstable she was, and how much stress she caused their poor father. I don't know what kind of lunatic schedules an anniversary dinner at 1:00 in the afternoon, three months before the date, without even telling her spouse about it, but she threw a fit when he missed it and finally, he realized he was dealing with a crazy person. Well, I say it's the best thing that ever happened to him.

I love my fiancé, and I love his kids so much! Saturday is going to be the best day of my life!

# STUDYING ABROAD



## FRANCE!!

Bonjour! Some friends and I decided to go check out some fine art at the Louvre. We were hungry, and there are several places to eat in the Louvre. There's a snack stand, a sandwich bar, a cafeteria, and a café. And they all serve wine, awesome! The drinking age here is like, 16! I'm 21, but still! I think I may have seen the Mona Lisa or something, but I wasn't paying much attention as security was escorting us out. Because we were so drunk! And in France!



## GERMANY;

Achtung, baby! The beer here is thick like Jell-O but goes down like water. I don't even know what that means, I'm so drunk. It's thick like Jell-O, makes me feel mellow, and it's kinda yellow. But don't worry—I'm "Farfrompuken"!! Danke schoen! Rauschtenshaufen!!

## SPAIN!

I always thought running with the bulls was stupid, but it turns out when you're pretty drunk and trapped in the street, it's a pretty good idea. Afterwards the bulls and I went out for drinks. They're pretty good guys once you get to know them, and they're dead. I went out to do some bullfighting the next day, but it turned out it was just a cop. Please send bail.







## SCOTLAND.

I'm pretty sure I saw the Loch Ness Monster last night while I was drunk. And I was in the middle of town! That Loch Ness Monster, he's a crafty one. No wonder no one ever sees him in the lake. I saw him and I says to him, I says, "You're a crafty one, you Loch Ness Monster, you!" And he said, "Thank you," only with a Scottish accent. I can't do it.

## AMSTERDAM!

If you're wondering about the drinking in Amsterdam, rest assured, it's some good drinkin'. Seriously, though, so much good booze. My buds and I weren't sober for five minutes from the moment I stepped off the train. I've heard the coffee shops here are cool or something but I've been too wasted to check it out. Honestly, why would you want coffee when you can have beer?



## CZECH REPUBLIC...!!

Well doing is me. But have I been drinking a lot? Lots and lots. So much I've been drinking, so much. Worried cheap vodka hurt much. Still not happy head. Happy head no throbbing. Sad head throbbing, sad head is me. AARGH! AARGH! AARGH! AAAAARGH! AARGH! AAARGH! GRR!!

*Dear Mr. and Mrs. Johnston,*

*Your son has brain damage from some poorly-stored vodka. As you can see from this photo (left), his motor control is slowly returning.*

*Best of luck,*

*Nurse Pitofski*



## SWEDEN?

Dude, I am drinking like a Swedish Fish!!!

## Top Ten Reasons Bush Can Wage War Without The Consent of Congress

10. Because no means yes
9. He's the oldest
8. Congress got to wage war without his consent LAST time
7. Says it's just a quaint old-timey reenactment of the Gulf War
6. Thought consent was only needed for the rebroadcast of Major League Baseball games
5. Because no one cares what he does with his toy soldiers
4. Got consent from Israeli Parliament instead
3. Because he's our fairly and democratically elected commander-in-chief
2. He got the OK from Barbara Lee over tears and coffee
1. 'Cause

## Top Ten Things Tom Holmoe is Doing Right Now

10. Moving on
9. Pondering 15-40 lifetime record
8. Fucking us from the grave
7. Writing memoir titled *I Came, I Saw... Yeah*
6. Starting ineligible players
5. Sitting in a bathtub of peach schnapps eating ice cream and watching 24 straight hours of "Who's the Boss"
4. Watching Cal Games with the sound off, pretending he's coaching
3. Buying new polo shirts
2. Trying to throw bricks through Tedford's window
1. Sleeping in gutter

## Top Ten Things Women Do in the Bathroom Together

10. Clean grout
9. Cocaine
8. Discuss merits of Hobbesian Monarchy, while peeing
7. Magically transfer excrement from body to toilet, because girls don't take shits
6. Solve crimes
5. Wait for the GHB to be put in their drink
4. Conspire against Castro
3. Talk shit
2. Each other
1. Silently go about their business

## A CAMPING TRIP

By Matt Loker

**6:50 pm:** This sucks. Where's the rest of the crew? Tim Dog was supposed to show up 2 hours ago with Bob Cat, Gerbil John, and a case of brew. What the shit is this? It's cold, getting dark, and I've had to use all of the emergency camping TP for rolling papers. Not like I'm wasteful or anything; I was in Boy Scouts. It's just that making a bong out of a pinecone didn't work like I thought it would. Where are those bitches? Maybe I should've given them more specific directions than "Oregon."

**7:22 pm:** Dude, I'm so hungry. I think I'll catch a rabbit and fry it up. Yeah.

**7:28 pm:** Alright, most people don't know this, but rabbits are FAST.

**7:34 pm:** They're also smart. I tried lying to that furry bitch, telling him I wasn't gonna kill him, he saw right through me. He wouldn't even come close enough to beat him with my shoe! Pussy. Then I tried sweet-talking him and that one worked like fucking clockwork too. "Yo bunny! I just wanna holla at'cha!" No dice. Still, I thought I caught that look in his eye, the one that says "I'm more than a little curious about getting' my interspecies freak on..." Stupid gay rabbit.

**8:46 pm:** Dinner is served. It wasn't good eating or easy to cook, but then again, what is? Shit, if Tim Dog was here, he'd probably have some hot pockets. Then he'd make some dumbass comment like "Dude, why'd you eat the backseat of your car?" He doesn't



know. It's hard to fuck a rabbit's shit up; a Geo, on the other hand, is easy.

**9:12 pm:** Man, I'm going stir crazy out here! Those guys were supposed to bring some girls along and I was going to get laid! Oh well, guess I'll just go have sex with that mound of dirt. Again.

**9:23 pm:** I think I'm starting to go a little nuts. I keep having this vision that a bear comes out of the woods to attack me, except he's that Downy snuggle-bear, right? So he comes up to me to fight or hug or I don't know what, and I grab him in a headlock and just start whaling on his springtime-soft head. So I'm punching him like a man, like he's Hitler in a hockey jersey or something, and then he's all shrieking for mercy and shit. It's this really high-pitched cooing "Nooooooo!" like in the commercial. I start laughing and pound him even harder. So while he's down, I get the car cigarette lighter to burn his genitals off and—Oh dude, it's T-dog with the brew! Oh, me? Nothing, just been bored.





# An Anti-Pot Message from A Responsible Berkeley Alum

Luke Filose

I used to be one of you, a college student who liked to smoke pot or was considering trying it. I have some important advice. Don't smoke pot. I don't want to sound preachy, old and out of touch, but please lend me your ear.

Throw that marijuana away. It may be innocent fun for a while, but eventually you'll get hooked.

Every minute of your day will be spent smoking weed, buying weed, cleaning your bong, calling your dealer, and talking about how great your life is now that you smoke weed. You'll have very little time to concentrate on other things like healthy relationships, school, in short your future. You'll become a boring college cliché.

It happened to me, and I'm here to warn you that this trap can take years to get out of. So I'm asking you to put down that pipe, get rid of that joint, throw away those brownies, and promise me you'll

never get high on THC again. OK? Good.

What you need is magic mushrooms. These magical fungi will give your life just the kick in the pants it needs. Just try it once, and you'll be converted. However, a lot of people aren't sure what to do with those dried up turkey-jerky-looking pieces of heaven, so I'm here to help.

Here's what you do. Buy some mushrooms from a credible source. Don't pick them in the wild because chances are you'll die, and it's harder to get high that way. Get together with a small group of people you really like being around. Never do 'shrooms with anyone you are the slightest bit annoyed by because you will want to kill them but you will be laughing too hard to hold a knife.

When dividing up the mushrooms, try maybe one cap and three or four stems per person.

Get some orange juice and some strongly flavored foods, like a pepperoni

pizza or chips and salsa or something. With each bite of the stuff, bite off some of the food, and drink a ton of orange juice. The mushrooms taste like straw that's been marinated inside a dead coyote's ass for a year, so this is why I'm making a big deal out of the eating part. You don't want to let the taste stop you from embarking on an adventure that makes skydiving look like a trip to the library.

Once you've consumed the 'shrooms, relax for awhile, listen to music, maybe talk to your friends about foreign policy or how many kids you want to have.

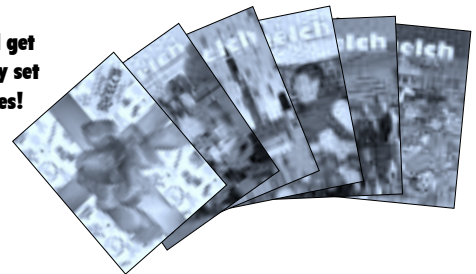
When the shit kicks in, my advice ends. The magic pixie dust will circulate through your body, and before you know it, you'll be having the time of your life.

I feel like I got a little sidetracked from the message of this article, which is to stop all of you promising young people from making a huge life mistake. Don't smoke dope, OK? I care about you.



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# Let's Roll!

What if I told you that you could get paper coin rolls for nothing? You might say, "Oh, you mean at the bank?" And I'd say, "Right. Clearly, a person who knows what's up." But what if you were somebody else, someone who said, "Oh yeah, I get free coin rolls all the time. I keep them in the pockets of the pants I got for free at the Magical Pretend Fairy Pants Boutique, because it's possible to get things for free and without paying for them."

Well, I'm not falling for that again. I know sarcasm when I hear it ... now.

Coin-rolling is America's national pastime, or at least it should be. What if it was? For one thing, there would be a lot less dick jokes and a lot more coin roll jokes. People would probably still make lame jokes like "Is that a gun in your pocket, or are you just happy to have so many coins?" but only if those people were bank tellers being robbed. Honestly, there would still be a lot of dick jokes.

Anyway, coins. Yeah. Do you seriously think that just anyone can walk up to the teller and ask for coin rolls? Amigo, you have to know the game. You have to be the cool cat. If you're not cool (and you're not cat), you're not getting any coin rolls. You know what you'll be getting? Laughed at, that's what. You might also get a request for further clarification. See, step one is Knowing the Coins.

## Penny

Penny is the chump change, the small guy, the coin that always gets picked last for team sports. No team captain ever wrestled with himself, unsure whether to pick Nickel or Penny for the last spot on his team, and settled on Penny. Nobody gives Penny a chance. Why would they? It's Penny.

What's worse is the time in eighth grade when Penny had that big crush on that girl. What was her name? ... Cathy, I think. Anyways, Penny had this big crush on Cathy and he was going to ask her to dance at the eighth grade graduation party. But she left early and he was crying and then he spilled the punch on that nun. Man ... Penny's an asshole.

## Nickel

Nickel's a metal. Nickel is the only coin named after its metal. Isn't that cool? Don't you care? Nickel never has to go home a loser, thanks to Penny, but don't let her fool you. Nickel is very insecure, on account of being the only coin nobody ever asks for by name. People will say "Got a quarter?" when they need to make a phone call, and "Spare a dime," when they're desperate for any money at all. Begging for a penny means one of two things. One, that you are so lazy a panhandler that you can't be bothered to recall the names of larger denominations of coinage. Or two, that you have given up on actually making it in this world, and have settled for making the rest of us feel bad. Nobody who begs for a penny really wants a penny. But even still, people do beg for pennies. Nobody begs for a nickel, never ever.

Really, only pretentious Luddites can appreciate Nickel for its steadfast fidelity

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to its metal. Unlike that poseur Penny who sold out the second zinc dropped 2 cents below copper, or Quarter who's changed its composition so many times Washington doesn't even know what color his hair is, Nickel, like a virtuous virgin, is a monument to Jeffersonian determination.

## ***Dime***

Everybody wants to be Dime. Ounce for ounce, Dime has the highest cent concentration of any coin out there. It's the smallest and cutest of all American currency. That's because Japan invented Dime in the 1910s. That's a lie. But this isn't: There's just never a dime around when you need one. If you periodically put your collected loose change into coin rolls, and I know I do, you'll probably notice that the dime rolls fill slower than any others. Dime is like that. It plays you. They make you glad to see them. So Quarter is worth 25 cents, so what? Everybody has a quarter. Only most people have Dime.

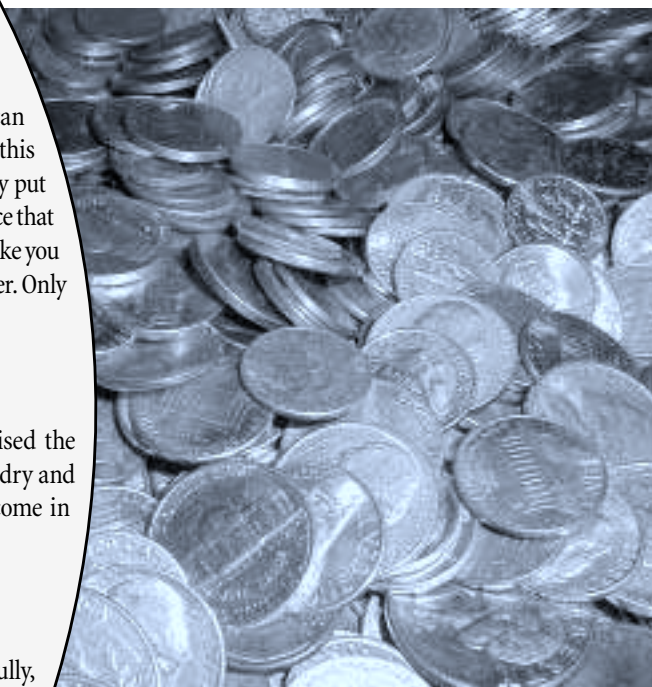
## ***Quarter***

Quarters? "Borrrrrring," you might think. "Totally useless after they raised the prices on payphones." But don't forget about how great quarters are for laundry and magic tricks. Unless you're a Chinaman or David Copperfield, quarters come in *pretty handy*.

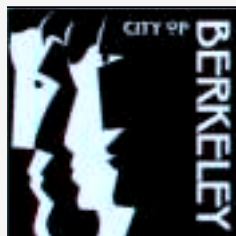
## ***Others***

Over the years, the US Treasury, like M&M Mars, has tried, mostly unsuccessfully, to add new coins to its classic lineup. The half dollar? The Susan B. Anthony? The Sacagawea? Please! It's like adding a fifth ninja turtle!

# ***By Zack Fornaca***



Um, so anyhow, ask for a few extra nickel rolls and you'll be fine.



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- If necessary, call for a housing inspection: 981-5444.
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### **for more information:**

**2125 Milvia St, Berkeley, 94704**

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**WEB SITE: [www.ci.berkeley.ca.us/rent](http://www.ci.berkeley.ca.us/rent)**

**TEL: (510) 644-6128**

**TDD: (510) 644-6915**

**FAX: (510) 644-7723**

# Revenge is Sweet, or: Kill 'em with Kindness

By Monica Leigh Padrick

*My mother always told me, "If someone crosses you, don't for a second let that fucker think he can get away with it."*

## 1: Snide Remarks from Passers-by

**Him:** "Oh, I didn't realize today was Dress Like a Blind Hooker in a Brothel Day. Slizzut."

**You:** "I love you."

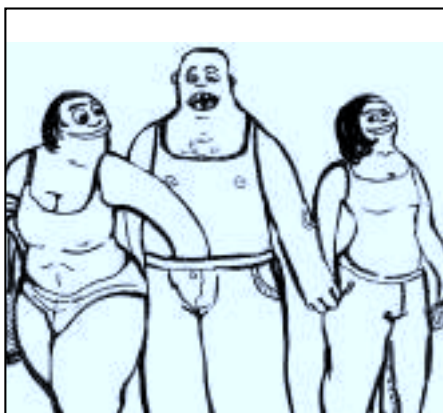
**Result:** Remark-man is left momentarily disoriented. Your comment stuns him, and for the rest of the day he is unable to concentrate on studying for his Econ midterm. He gets a D on the midterm and never gets into business school. His torment is assuaged by the thought that you, random girl, love him. But he's wrong. *Dead* wrong.

## 2: Stabbed in The Back by Your Best Friend

**Her:** Oh I'm sorry, is this *your* boyfriend? Whose hand is that in his pants? Oh, it's mine.

**You:** Would you like to go to Florida with me for spring break?

**Result:** Unbeknownst to your best "friend," (yet somehow beknownst to you) she has a lethal peanut allergy, and peanuts are served on the plane. The simultaneous opening of all those delicious peanut bags sends her glands a-swelling. Luckily there is medical help readily available, but it sure is scary. She may not die now, but she will die eventually.



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## 3: Your Roommate Eats All The Cookies Your Mom Sent You

**Her:** So you mean THESE were the cookies that your mom spent hours baking from scratch *just the way you like them*. I'm sure there's a couple of crumbs left.

**You:** [Smile like it ain't no thang.]

**Result:** While said roommate may feel as though your blasé attitude reflects further permission to eat your loved ones' baked goods, what she doesn't know is that just yesterday her parents sold her dog and used the money to take a booze cruise on a riverboat casino where they will further squander the money they'd set aside for college. Those cookies might taste good now, but let me tell you those student loans are just going to get bigger and bigger! And then she dies.

## 4: War With Iraq

**Saddam Hussein:** Kill them all!

**Us:** Why you gotta be hatin'? We here in America would like to show you a little of where we come from. Please accept our gifts of digital cable, a fo-ty of O.E. and some delicious Philly cheesesteaks.

**Saddam Hussein:** No, no. I don't believe you understand. You see, your imperialist attitude and morally bankrupt cultural exports are a large reason for our hate towards you.

**Us:** Actually, I don't believe you understand

the slyly self-aware, pan-ethnic appeal of hunky action superstar Vin Diesel, and the subtle, refreshing flavor of new Vanilla Coke.

**Saddam Hussein:** Well, I did enjoy the raw thrills, old-school stunt work, and quaint B-movie feel of *The Fast and the Furious*...

**Result:** Lethargy towards world politics and chronic national obesity slowly set in. The royal palaces become vulnerable to surprise weapons inspections every week during Monday Night Football, and the newly heavysset populace become winded thirty seconds into any attempted escape from ballistic missile strikes. Ordinarily this would be a perfect opportunity to invade, but we'll let them die like Americans: With complacent hearts fattened to the bursting point by the greasy, yet tasty fruits (fries) of capitalist democracy. U.S.A.!

**Never go hungry again!**

**CHEESE'N STUFF**

**2442 DURANT (Right Next to Unit 3)**



# A Brief History of the 20<sup>th</sup> Century

By David Duman

## in Terms of **Trick-or-Treating**

United States has always loved its candy. At one point there were dozens of festival days a year each devoted to a single type of candy. There were the High Hershey Holidays (held in alternating years with and without almonds), the Wild Whachamacalit Spring Fertility Festivals, and the solemn Winter Butterfinger Ritual of Rebirth. As the crazy candy-fueled 19<sup>th</sup> century ended, however, America became disillusioned with its sweets. The Industrial Revolution's smog-filled skies had killed the taste buds of anyone over twenty. The candy industry had to consolidate, focusing on the youth market and cutting down its bacchanalian revelry to just one holiday, the evening we know now as All Hallow's Eve.



### The Early Years: 1900-1920

Intrusive Victorian morality nearly crushed the spirited candy industry. Gone were the phallic chocolate bars and sweet breast-shaped gumdrops that for years had driven the orgies of sucrose-crazed thirteen year-olds. Trick-or-treating youngsters were instead given proud candies in dignified shapes like circles and triangles. At this time York develops the Peppermint Patty to both satiate the needs of young chocolate-lovers while curtailing their libido with soothing mint.

### America's Candy Crossroads: 1920-1945

The high-flying twenties saw a rebirth in the candy industry as adults began to tap back into their youth. Setting a trend that is repeated to this day, young women dressed up as cross-dressing boys (called "Flappers" for obvious reasons) to go out trick-or-treating on Halloween. However, the conspicuous consumption of candy in the twenties (it was rumored that Hershey's produced a solid-gold candy bar that was only sold in the Hamptons and came packaged straight from the factory with two nubile Siamese hand-maidens) was the final nail in the coffin that crashed the stock market. On the other hand, it was trick or treating that comforted people during those years, even though the many hobo costumes did grow tiresome. The advent of World War II saw candy return as a valuable commodity. In 1945 it was said that American GI's could trade a single

chocolate bar to liberated French women for a blowjob in a Citroen and that Italian brothels were operating entirely on a chocolate standard.

### The Baby Boom: 1945-1969

As randy American soldiers returned from overseas, stuffed full of chocolate and longing to caress a shaven leg, Horny America began spitting out children at a record pace. With this influx of children naturally came an increase in trick-or-treaters. By 1959 the candy industry could not keep up with demand and so manufacturers introduced "Fun-Size" candy bars. Children quickly see that these bars are nothing but full-size candy bars divided into three pieces and rioting ensues throughout the upper Midwest. It was rumored that in order to thin the population and curb growing tensions, the CIA working in conjunction with the overtaxed candy industry started distributing poisoned candy on Halloween 1965 in California. The use of LSD as the poison of choice creates unforeseen complications.

### The Low Tide: 1970-1985

Rampant drug use and inner city crime greatly hindered trick or treating during this time. When pushers ran out of crack to put into Mars Bars, children began doing it themselves, calling their new creation "Almond Joy." To help bring trick or treating back to its strong moral, Christian roots, President Reagan attempts to trade Afghan opium

to Columbia for its entire crop of cocoa beans. Scandal ensues when 8 tons of coca leaves are delivered to 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.

### A Rebirth: 1985-2000

Halloween and thereby trick or treating experienced a legendary rebirth in the mid-1980's as the holiday became embraced by the American gay and lesbian counter-culture. Parties held every year in major metropolitan areas bring back many of the traditions that had been put on hold since the turn of the century. Erotic novelty candy and the use of cocoa as an aphrodisiac become trendy again. At a rollicking 1989 Halloween party in Chelsea, an inebriated Richard H. Lenny, the Chairman, President, and CEO of Hershey Food Company, was quoted as saying, "This is fantastic! I haven't seen this much chocolate cock since Wilt Chamberlain stopped making home videos!"

### The Future?

The future of candy looks rosy as America enters the burgeoning years of the new millennium. As long as children still roam the streets at night dressed as ghouls, as long as gays and lesbians continue to celebrate their insecurities by dressing in costume, and as long as women keep being all hormonal and shit, the market for candy will remain strong. It is indicative of the path on which we've been traveling together, here, in this, the greatest of nations.

# Escape Plans

Sometimes, I think of ways to escape my horrible dead-end life. First, I'd fashion a shiv from a piece of a shattered dream. Then, I'd use it to stab an inner demon and make a break for it. I'd have to make it through the dark dreamscape of my own subconscious avoiding the flaming wreckage of my romantic life, but I'd be able to find shelter in the dim memories of my once-hopeful youth. Once I get to the border of physical and social awareness of the feelings of others I'd disguise myself in the physical habits of tranquility. Hopefully, once I do make it past the border, I'd be able to use my money to hire a plane to Europe or something.

-TS

When I wanted to escape from prison, first I went to the supermarket to get supplies: a microwavable burrito, salted butter, a bag of rubber bands, and a can of Dr Pepper. Then when I returned to my cell, I opened the Dr Pepper and drank it, since this prison is sponsored by Pepsi, and doesn't carry Dr Pepper. Next I pulled off the tab off the can and used it to jimmy the lock. Once the lock was open, I snuck into the yard. I cut up the butter into thin, spreadable slabs and placed them in various places in the courtyard. Then, I shot a rubber band at the guard dog so he would chase me, and led the angry pooch into the area where I had laid the butter. I jumped over it, while he slipped, fell and slammed into the wall, knocking him unconscious. I then tiptoed over to the gate and offered the guard the burrito I had if he'd let me out. When he said no, I took the burrito's wrapper and suffocated him and went out through the tunnel that I had been digging for months in the courtyard. It was great.

-RP

My plan is not getting captured in the first place. Hey, let's have a race to see who reaches freedom first. Huh, I guess it's me. Sing a pretty song, Jailbird. Fucking tweet tweet. Open air sure is nice.

-ZF

Well, I guess I'd turn left. I mean, not immediately, you know, it would depend on the situation. This is an all-purpose escape plan, right? I mean, I figure at some point, after I slip out the window or drug the guard or whatever, I'm going to have to decide if I want to turn left, or if I want to go in a different direction. Well, I'm going to turn left. That's my plan.

-ZF

It's not a plan so much as it is simple reflex at this point. I run at the window, shielding my face as I throw myself through the glass. Now fifty stories above street level, I know I have two to three seconds to catch the flagpole across the street with my grapple. Assuming that works, I'll swing out around the Kane Building and smash through the twentieth floor window, startling a naked girl in the bath who immediately starts to scream. Here we go again!

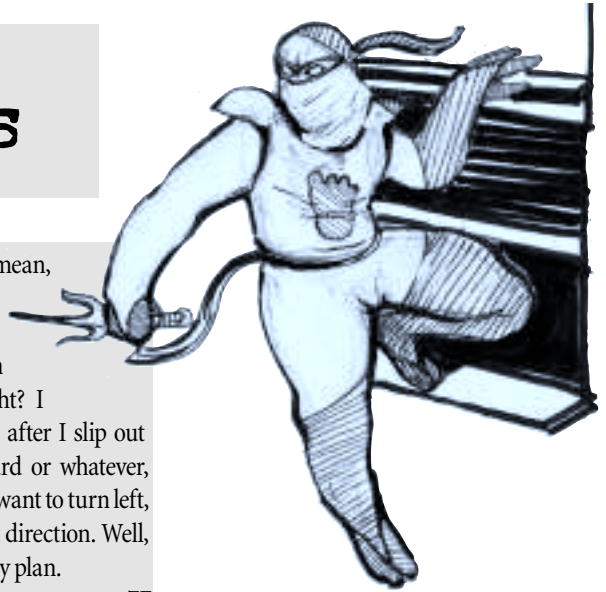
-KB

I was lost on a deserted island. That's why I decided to build a raft. Using my managing and marketing skills, I convinced some native monkeys to work for me as my shipbuilders for a mere two coconuts per hour. With this monkey labor force, I built a nice little Day Spa/Cantina establishment on the west side of the island where the fresh water waterfall plunges into the ocean. They also built a ship. They really did a great job, installing central air and monkey bamboo plumbing. Then, three days before the expected launch of S.S. Monkey Feet, I got word from a friendly hippo that the monkeys were trying to unionize for better wages. I was so outraged, I picked up a monkey wrench and beat all the monkeys to death. I hope I taught those monkeys a lesson: No unionizing on my island!

-DF

Therapy.

-MLP



I'll just head for the door and go. If the woman says anything, let her. After all, I'm the man of this house, and I can go play poker with the guys if I want to. I'll lay down the law, and say: "Back off, woman! What I say, goes. Now get in the kitchen and have some cookies baked by the time I get back." But poker night's not till tomorrow anyway; tonight I promised we'd watch *Sex and the City*.

-KB

Take 200-300mg of powder heroin, depending on your body size, and place in a sterile spoon. Add a small amount of acid to dissolve the powder and then mix with distilled water, while heating with a small acetylene torch. Using a sterile cotton swab, filter the solution into a clean, unused syringe. Tap syringe and depress plunger until a drop of liquid forms on the tip of the needle. Find a vein (a tourniquet can make this easier) and clean the injection site with alcohol. Insert the needle into the injection site in the direction of the blood flow. Pull back the plunger until blood enters the syringe, then depress plunger all the way. Following that, knock out the guard, steal his keys, unlock your cell, and run.

-DD

I go to the fragrance counter and purchase a bottle of Calvin Klein cologne. Escape for Men cologne. That's my plan.

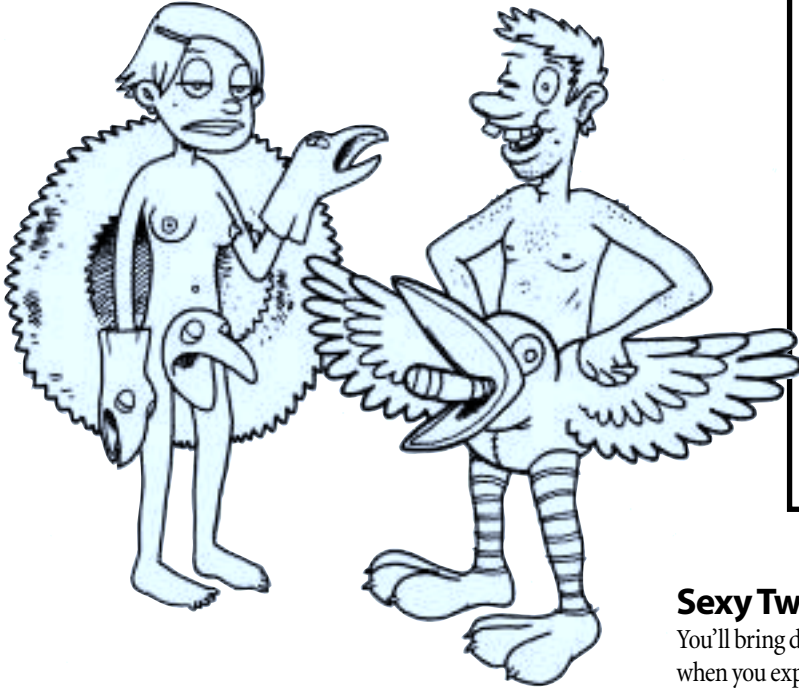
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# Squelch-Co 2002 Halloween Costumes!

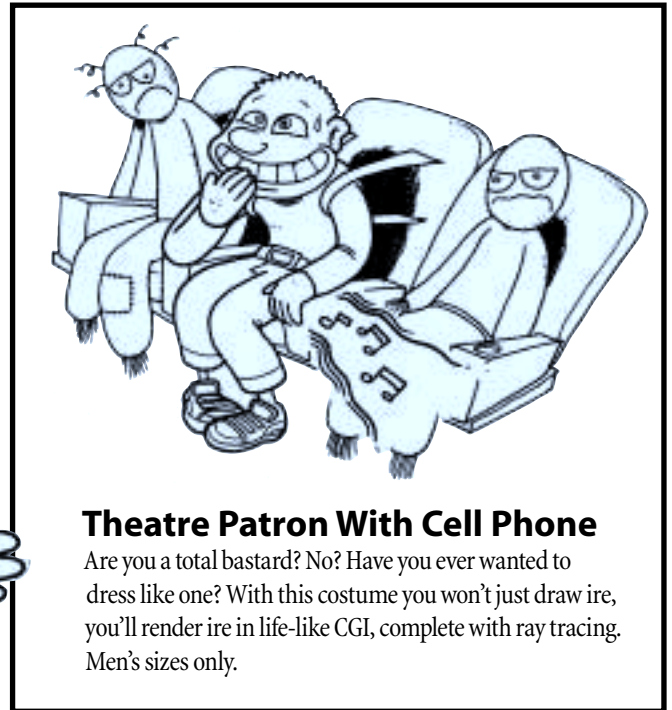
## Mama Bird & Baby Birds

Get more “in touch” with nature this Halloween in this adorable and educational ensemble. Be careful to keep that worm wrapped up tight though—you don’t want any unexpected party guests! Please specify measurements when ordering.



## Third Nelson Twin

They rocked the early 90’s; now you can rock Halloween. With this costume you can answer those elusive questions: What would “After the Rain” sound like in three-part harmony? Can “Bits and Pieces” stand up to a major triad? Find out yourself. Dignity not included.

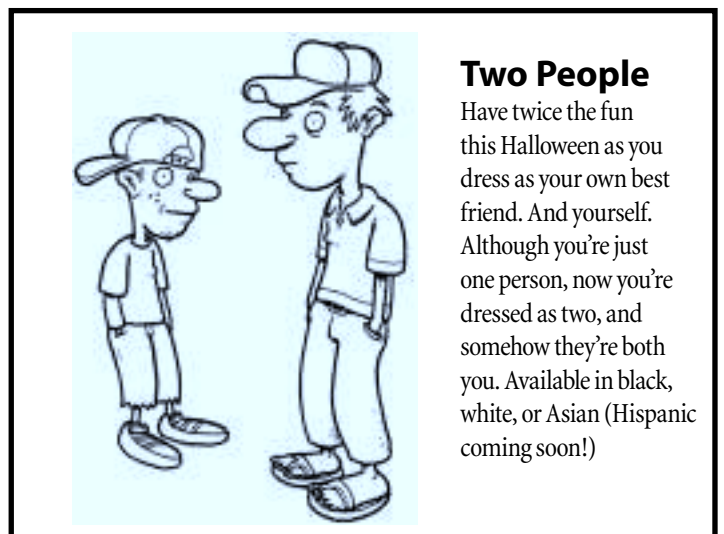
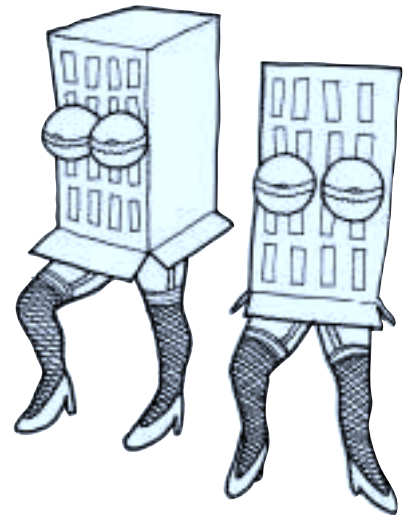


## Theatre Patron With Cell Phone

Are you a total bastard? No? Have you ever wanted to dress like one? With this costume you won’t just draw ire, you’ll render ire in life-like CGI, complete with ray tracing. Men’s sizes only.

## Sexy Twin Towers

You’ll bring down the house when you explode onto the scene in this bombshell of a costume! Observe a moment of silence as your fellow party goers lift their jaws off the floor. Available in Navy, Olive, and Classic. One size fits all.



## Two People

Have twice the fun this Halloween as you dress as your own best friend. And yourself. Although you’re just one person, now you’re dressed as two, and somehow they’re both you. Available in black, white, or Asian (Hispanic coming soon!)

# WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE ?