A Tad Bit Stupid

There’s something a lot of you are doing wrong, and it’s time you all know about it before your ignorance embarrasses me any further. Let’s start with the basics, with some friendly excerpts from Merriam-Webster’s Collegiate Dictionary.

**tad** Function: noun

2: a small or insignificant amount or degree:

BIT <might give him some water and a tad to eat -- C. T. Walker> - a tad: SOMEWHAT, RATHER <looked a tad bigger than me>

**bit** Function: noun

- a bit: SOMEWHAT, RATHER <the play was a bit dull>

Now that we all know that the word “tad” does not act as any kind of modifier for the word “bit,” meaning as it does exactly the same thing, can we all agree to stop using them next to each other? That’s right, they’re absolute synonyms, there’s no need to use both. You wouldn’t say I’m a “bit bit” late, would you, retard? I know adding the word “tad” lends your speech an oh-so-clever touch of mock sophistication, but here’s a newsflash, pea-brain: you get that effect with just the word “tad.” Saying “tad bit” just makes you sound like a moron who doesn’t even understand the strange noises coming out of your own stupid mouth.

Ah ah ah… stop right there. You were going to say that it sounds right, because that’s how everyone says it. Well, everyone’s wrong, dingbat. Just because they all sound like idiots doesn’t excuse you for sounding like one. Sure, you may think you’re very funny when you walk around on cold days telling people it’s a “tib bit” nippy out. Oh, it’s very funny and charming. We all loved National Lampoon’s Christmas Vacation just as much as you did (or at least, just as much as the person you heard it from and copied, without knowing you were imitating a movie), which is why we can draw on our memories of Chevy Chase delivering the line correctly, without the word “bit,” and remember how it was once amusing. Why? Because even the once-funny screenwriter John Hughes, in spite of an unhealthy fixation on the supposed comic value of cartoonish blows to the head, at least recognized that only one three-letter noun meaning “somewhat, rather” needed to be in the sentence—even if it was going to be humorously replaced with the word “it.”

Don’t think you sound dumb saying “tad bit”? Great terrific. We’ll talk speak about other things. How about a stroll walk down to the shop store up the street road? We can buy purchase snacks munchies to eat consume. If you want desire to go travel somewhere else, you we and me can drive drive in my car automobile.

Starting to get the picture? Smashing. Don’t thank me, dim-bulb, just pass it on to your friends, and we can rid ourselves of this obnoxious redundancy in our conversation. Because saying “tad bit” is just about the dumbest thing you can say. Probably the only thing dumber is setting your girlfriend straight in the above manner when she says “tad bit.” That may have been a tad hasly. I miss kissing.

- Kenny Byerly

**Squelch Comedy Show**

Tuesday, December 3, 2002, 8:00 pm

featuring: lord Carrett, bruce Cherry, & Steve Mazan

admission: $5 advance, $8 door

Bear’s Lair
2475 bancroft ave., berkeley

www.squelched.com/events.cfm
Our article on Sarvonian Exchange Students incorrectly spelled exchange student Garvoni’s name as “Gabvoni.” Also, there is no such nation as Sarvonia.

Our Tuesday Editorial incorrectly stated “So let’s end this period of tolerance and start a round of pogroms that would shame Germany.” The nation should be Russia, not Germany.

Our Wednesday article incorrectly referred to the Daily Californian as “fiscally solvent.”

Our Friday Column incorrectly stated “Of course, Heterosexuals like myself don’t worry about this.” Mr. Deenihan is actually a flaming homosexual.

Our Tuesday column stated that “Sex is a very personal, private act that shouldn’t be vulgarized in a newspaper.” This is incorrect.

Our Wednesday article, “Run for your lives!” stated “They’re everywhere! They’re taking over our minds! They’re among us!” This is incorrect. Submit to the overmind.

Regarding the article on freeze tag, as of press time on Tuesday Don Camacho was “it.” However, by the next morning, Mr. Camacho was no longer “it.”

We apologize ever so much for the October 30, 2001 article “Silence, Wishes and the Torment of War.”

The Monday article “Poisoned Daily Cals to Kill Thousands” accidentally contained poison.

The Daily Californian regrets the errors.

Survey Results Released

By Rebecca C. Brown, Laughing at Moors

In a recent study of humor, Berkeley researchers found that the average American would describe the Holocaust’s comedic value as “not all that funny.”

“Six million is a whole lotta Jews,” remarked study organizer Isaac Browne.

Other phenomena that earned the “not all that funny” distinction included the Jim Crow Laws, ethnic cleansing in the former Yugoslavia, and the eradication of North America’s native peoples due to diseases contracted from European settlers.

Observed Browne, “I guess people aren’t really amused by murder on so large a scale. Who knew?”

Child molestation, midgets, the plague, and heart attacks most often fell into the “pretty funny” category, while the Crusades, anal rape, old people, and unfair labor practices among over-seas clothing manufacturers were deemed “hilarious” by the participants of the survey.

By Rebecca C. Brown, Laughing at Moors

In a recent study of humor, Berkeley researchers found that the average American would describe the Holocaust’s comedic value as “not all that funny.”

“Six million is a whole lotta Jews,” remarked study organizer Isaac Browne.

Other phenomena that earned the “not all that funny” distinction included the Jim Crow Laws, ethnic cleansing in the former Yugoslavia, and the eradication of North America’s native peoples due to diseases contracted from European settlers.

Observed Browne, “I guess people aren’t really amused by murder on so large a scale. Who knew?”

Child molestation, midgets, the plague, and heart attacks most often fell into the “pretty funny” category, while the Crusades, anal rape, old people, and unfair labor practices among over-seas clothing manufacturers were deemed “hilarious” by the participants of the survey.
Male Nipple Has Use
By Kevin Deenihan, Oxytocin

Millenia of evolution were overcome on Tuesday, when Sophomore Matt Bausch’s usually pointless male nipples produced a drop of milk. The drop of milk, high in calcium and undoubtedly nourishing to a newborn child, squeezed forth during a basketball game in the Recreational Sports Facility.

Scientists theorize that Bausch’s male nipples, struggling valiantly against a complete lack of lactation glands and proper ducts, briefly gave meaning to the typically useless, vestigial male nipples.

They also theorized that the miracle of the life-giving milk, defying every scientific law, gave credence to either the existence of God or the ability of humanity to beat overwhelming odds.

Mr. Bausch did not notice the drop of milk, which was absorbed into his t-shirt and evaporated.

Second Oldest American Just Wants to Die Already
By Kenny Byerly, Always a Bridesmaid

113-year-old John McMorran lives a quiet life, having long since lost the powers of sight and hearing, as well as being bedridden since the age of 100. McMorran spends his days in a world of unfathomable boredom, except for the twenty minutes a day when caregivers open his window and allow him to enjoy the sensation of wind on his face. His one remaining purpose in life: to outlast Mary Christian, the recently-crowned holder of the title Oldest American, seven days his senior.

“We’re all so proud of him,” said McMorran’s thirty-year-old great-grandson, Peter McMorran. “Or at least, we’re going to be, just as soon as this Mary Christian hag drops off.”

“We were so close to winning,” lamented McMorran’s sixty-four-year-old niece Agnes Toffler. Then Mary Christian’s people had to go and dig up her proof of age just before the deadline. Man, that pissed me off. I really want Uncle John to win the title so we can finally let him die.”

McMorran himself is equally enthusiastic about outlasting Christian. “My family says they won’t pay for a proper burial unless I give this my all,” he shouted to reporters wildly, his deafness making it difficult for him to properly modulate his voice. “Otherwise I would have given up long ago.”

Ludwig’s Fountain Filled With Bubbles
By David Duman, Dead Inside


Morisette Single Reaches New Levels of Meta-Irony
By Tommaso Scioritino, Meta-Funny

The Alanis Morisette song “Ironic” finally achieved the twenty-third level of recursive meta-irony this week when local grad student Josh Greenberg purchased the song after a discussion with his thesis advisor. While Greenberg’s decision to purchase the single in spite of his hatred for it only achieved the 22nd level of irony—a level first reached by a Wisconsin machinist in June 2000—the fact that he did so even while understanding that his purchase was ironic reached a new level of irony. “It’s ironic that his quest for irony led him to purchase the single,” Kimberly Diaz, a noted expert on irony, explains, “because that song is still a pretty crappy song.”

Though the 23rd meta extension of irony was undertaken in a bid for a doctoral thesis topic in the field of Cognitive Science, Greenberg was disappointed when his efforts were found to be fruitless. “I thought it would be a good topic, joining the ideas of Chomsky and Searle in a purely post-modern constructivist framework. What I got was a bubble-gum-pop jingle about life’s little disappointments,” Greenberg said. “It’s kind of funny how I expended all this effort on buying this song and all it did was impede my thesis topic search.” Greenberg sighed and then added, “I’m never going to find a thesis topic in the area of irony, which is what I research.”

The 25th and final new level of irony was reached when a writer thought that Greenberg’s story would be comical and interesting to readers at large.

Iraq Imposes Sanctions on U.S.
By Dan Freedman, Socially Sanctioned

Last week saw a drastic turn of events in the tenuous Iraqi situation. Iraqi President Saddam Hussein announced last Thursday that Iraq will begin to impose economic sanctions on what he described as the “Fulcrum of Evil.” In a speech broadcasted over Al-Jazeera and Iraqi radio, he described the Fulcrum of Evil as the breeding ground for immoral behavior such as consensual sex and binge drinking. “These nations, which include the United States, Russia, France, China, Israel, Ukraine, Britain, Spain, Brazil, Mexico—especially Mexico—Italy, Germany, South Africa, Canada, and all other U.N. nations, represent all that is evil in the world,” Hussein stated.

In addition, Hussein unveiled his plan to slowly end all forms of trade with these nations in his speech: “My goal is to cut back our major exports, such as rocks and camels, to these rogue nations by 85% within one year and hopefully 100% by the year 2004. This way they will feel an almost immediate impact in their homes and neighborhoods.”

Hussein also explained that he hopes to encourage existing separatist groups such as the KKK and the Berkeley City Council to build stronger coalitions and rise up against these oppressive regimes. Hussein ended his speech by explaining that sanctions will not include oil. “It may be evil money,” Hussein commented, “but it’s a lot of evil money, so it’s all good.”

In response to Hussein’s statements, President Bush shot back, “You can’t put sanctions on us, we already have sanctions on you! And you totally stole my Axis of Evil idea. You’re using all my material; Saddam, you are such a hack!”
Criminal Element to Help Revitalize Economy

by Andy Lenihan, Subversive

In a stunning move that senior White House correspondent James Wellton could only describe as “stunning,” the Bush administration turned to the “dredges of the earth” to help stimulate the lackluster economy of recent months.

“I ask you, the criminal elements of this great nation, to do your part to ensure a bright America, not only for your illegitimate children, but for your children everywhere, illegitimate or not,” Bush said during his midmorning speech in front of the U.S. Treasury building. “Every car window you break in search of crappy $40 CD players and $1.37 in change not only helps you score your next hit of smack, but also stimulates numerous other sectors of the economy. From the insurance broker who handles the claim, to the auto glass manufacturer, to even the auto glass installer who conveniently replaces glass on site a mere six days after the petty burglary has been committed, everyone has something to gain.”

When asked how the victims of the crime spree Bush is proposing would benefit, he promised “increased spending on prison budgets to expand our capacity to deal with the wave of criminals that cause everyday Americans to have to drive with a piece of cardboard taped over their windows.” Public reaction to this new policy has been met with mixed reviews. Said one passerby, who wished to remain anonymous, “Well, I guess it’s better than going to war, because that seemed to be the only plan this administration had so far to get out of this recession.”

Raleigh’s Introduces New Theme Night

By David Duman, Relief Pitcher (of BEER!)

After losing business every night of the week to other Southside bars that offer cheap drinks in large quantities to college students, self-described “American Pub and Grill,” Raleigh’s, has announced their new binge-drinking theme night, “Come Drink a lot at Raleigh’s on Wednesdays.”

“It was about time we held a theme night to get college students to come and spend their Stafford Loan money on large quantities of beer,” said shift manager and promotions director Courtney Hill. “With [other Telegraph area bar] Henry’s offering Two for Tuesdays, $3 ‘tinis on Fridays, and Dollar Drafts on Saturdays, and the Bear’s Lair taking away all the beer drinkers with their Thursday Liter Nights, we were at a distinct disadvantage. Also, we were hit doubly hard because, after the incident last year involving the San Diego State rugby team, all the date rapists have moved back to Kip’s.”

The theme night, which will feature 2-for-1 pitchers of beer and $1 flavored malt beverages, is perfectly set up for the college crowd. Says Hill, “The cheap beer will increase aggression among our male patrons, while deceptively strong Hard Lemonades and Smirnoff Ices will increase the vulnerability of the females.”

“It’s just too bad that the only night left open was Wednesday, I mean, it’s tough to come up with a name to go with that day of the week that people will remember,” Hill concluded. When a bystander suggested “Get Wasted Wednesdays,” emphasizing the catchy alliteration and ease of use in conversation, Hill’s face crumpled and she burst into tears.
**Famous Showdowns Throughout History**

**ATHENS VS. SPARTA**

When: 491 B.C. to 412 B.C. However, doubts have recently been cast upon these dates by an excavation in Northern Greece and the fact that I’m just making shit up.

Where: See title of fight, tough guy.

Why?: Plain and simple: bragging rights. Who had the strongest armies, the wisest philosophers, the best government. Actually, none of that mattered. It was all about who had the hottest young boys.

Outcome: Winners: old Greek guys. Losers: young boys getting cornholed.

**KHMEROUS LEADER POL POT VS. CAMBODIA**


Where: Cambodia.

Why?: Millions of aggressive peasants suddenly decide that they’re the king-ding-a-ling of the country, and poor old Pol Pot has to defend himself against all these crazy people throwing themselves in front of bullets.

Outcome: Despite being badly outnumbered (millions of them, one of him!), our lovable, avuncular Pol Pot is able to heroically convince the mean people to stop doing their bad things, thus averting violent conflict and winning one for the underdog. Media Manipulation? Revisionist history? Take that, Noam Chomsky!

**SWIMSUIT MODELS VS. LINGERIE MODELS**

When: It never ends.

Why?: For the right to suck my dick. If you could see my svelte physique and preternatural good looks, you’d know why.

Where: Regrettably, my imagination. But coming soon to Fox!

Outcome: This is a battle that NOBODY loses.

**DREAMS VS. REALITY**

When: As far back as you can remember. Sigh.

Why?: Because maybe no one noticed you wetting your pants behind the jungle gym. Because maybe Katie does like you. Because it’s perfectly normal for a 12 year old boy to like unicorns. Because the world wasn’t ready for your band. Because only huge dorks go to prom. And because maybe Mr. Sassy Baskets is just sleeping.

Outcome: Everyone saw you piss yourself, Katie has since always thought you smelled of urine, your parents divorced because of your perceived homoerotic tendencies, your band only played shitty Misfits covers and never had a drummer, the guy caught masturbating in the supply closet got asked to prom over you, and Mr. Sassy Baskets is dead as fucking disco.

**FEMINISTS VS. ME**

When: Right after they read this.

Why?: Because suddenly, senseless objectification of women is wrong, or something. Well then EXCUUUSE ME in advance for referring to your junk as a “dickbag”. Repeatedly.

**FOUR-CHEESE PIZZA HOT POCKET® VS. GETTING UP**

When: 3 A.M. on a Thursday morning, after like 4 fat chongers.

Where: On the couch, whilst undoubtedly contemplating an art-house favorite like “Half Baked” or “Army of Darkness”.

Why?: Because your smoke-enshrouded world is only big enough for one of them.

Outcome: A surprise, as both combatants are beaten by the unexpected kung-fu mastery of sleep.
### Top Ten Money-Flavored Candies
1. Kit Ka$h
2. Reese’s Pieces of Eight
3. Mounds of Cash
4. Mars Bars of Gold
5. Abbazabillion dollars
6. Peppermint Pennies
7. Mounds of Cash
8. Rolo Quarters
9. Jujudimes
10. Snickers

### Top Ten Other Ways you know Santa’s from Stanford
1. Wore a pink blouse, stood outside, and answered questions
2. Snorted RainBlo
3. Wore an eye patch
4. Steal garbage bags from hobos
5. The homeless die
6. Runs over grandmas with reindeer
7. Takes back presents
8. Takes back presents
9. Only got to be Santa 'cause Daddy was Santa
10. Impromptu baptism

### Top Ten Things to do on a Rainy Day
1. Stop the rain by complaining
2. Snort RainBlo
3. Sit by the fireplace and read
4. Wear pink blouse, stand outside, and answer questions
5. Only got to be Santa 'cause Daddy was Santa
6. Impromptu baptism
7. Takes back presents
8. Takes back presents
9. Runs over grandmas with reindeer
10. Takes back presents

### Top Five Uses for the Foreskin
1. Replacement for salmon in a rainbow roll
2. Keep it as a “Hooded Avenger” costume for your penis
3. Cure for pink eye
4. Keep it as a “Hooded Avenger” costume for your penis
5. Get wet

---

# Loving the EECS

By Kevin Deenihan

It’s Friday night, and you’ve been stood up by the Usual Penis so he can go to a strip club. Your options are limited: watch the Oxygen Network with your roommate, try and find a frat party not full of drunks and glowstick-wielding freshmen, or try something a little adventurous: go to Soda Hall. That’s right, you’re going cruising for engineers, and you’ll find the most potent batch of masculinity ever known.

EECS majors have a terrible reputation, and that’s okay. They have more than their fair share of men who see women as second best to their favorite anime girls, and, in extreme cases, as second best to Mommy. These are what you’d call “personality quirks.”

But the reputation they receive as unwashed, skinny nerds is entirely unwarranted. What is overlooked is the number one fact of EECS men: they are volcanoes of untrammeled testosterone with enough willpower and intelligence to learn whatever you wish to teach. These are men with a greater understanding of forces and weights than anyone else at Berkeley. Tired of being crushed by a too-heavy lover? Just murmur, “mass times velocity” to an engineer and he’ll understand instantly. Let him experiment: it’s what he does best. After he gets over his shyness and is given freedom to roam, you’ll be surprised by his imagination. But do make very clear the parameters and expectations; EECS majors don’t expect projects to work correctly the first time, but they’ll try over and over if necessary.

Want a quickie? That’s fine; he’ll return to Counterstrike with a dazed expression and you’ll walk out a sated woman. Do take my advice: this is an opportunity not to be missed. Do it like the engineers do: on and on until the break of dawn. And then drink a Red Bull and start all over again.

---

**Top Five Uses for the Foreskin**

1. Replacement for salmon in a rainbow roll
2. Keep it as a “Hooded Avenger” costume for your penis
3. Cure for pink eye
4. Keep it as a “Hooded Avenger” costume for your penis
5. Get wet
Top Ten Reasons the University won’t give you your Degree
10. You’re dumb
9. You have no hands with which to take it
8. The “chalk dust incident”
7. 119.5 units
6. They did, it was in Kelvin
5. Because you’re sponsored by Old Spice
4. The library wants their book back
2. For your own good
1. Underwater basketweaving prereq. not met

Top Ten Things your Father told you not to tell Mommy
10. Son, I’m your mother. Also, this is a paradox
9. Sometimes I just want to be held
8. Your mom’s cooking sucks
7. Your mother’s barren, so you must have her children
6. I “make love” to your mother, but I “fuck” the dog
5. Your mother was adopted
4. I hide the porn in the veggie crisper
3. The babysitter’s dead
2. You can help yourself to Mom as long as you pretend you’re me
1. I’m gay, you’re gay, we’re all gay

Top Ten Pornographic Thanksgiving Movies
10. Gobble Gobble
9. Creamed Corn
8. Take Your Land and Fuck Your Women XI: The Quickening
7. Mayflower Deflowered
6. Stuffin’ N’ Gravy
5. Put the Meat on the Table
4. SpanXXXgiving
3. Pilgrim-Indian Interracial Gangbang IV
2. Snatched Potatoes
1. Mastur-bastin’

Top Ten Reasons to join the Armed Forces
10. Free carcinogens
9. Boot camp is watered down for women now anyway
8. You have uneven biceps
7. Because no one really dies in war nowadays
6. To protect and serve your country
5. Because you’re not part of the solution
4. Fuckin’ G.I. Bill bitch!
3. See beautiful New France and, die there in WWII
2. You dropped out of high school
1. To avoid jailtime

The Further Adventures of Turbo-Teen

By Bret Matthews (Kenny Byerly)

A lot of people think it would be cool to be able to change into a sports car whenever they get hot, and back into a human whenever they get cold, but I’m here to tell you, it’s no picnic. My life changed a lot the day I crashed my bright red sports car into Dr. Chase’s lab on the very day he was testing a transference ray, causing an accident that fused my body with my car forever. Heck, I thought it was tough enough trying to fight crime and be a normal teenager, but things have only gotten tougher as I’ve gotten older.

Do you realize even a kiss from my friend Pattie was enough to turn me into a car? Sure, that was great when we were on an adventure and needed a quick way out of a jam, but did you ever consider that I might want to be kissed and stay human once in awhile? Whenever I’m with a girl and things get hot and heavy, I always run the risk of getting hot and too heavy, if you know what I mean. I mean I turn into a car, which is heavy. Even if I manage not to crush her, you know things will get awkward when she opens her eyes and realizes she’s tonguing the grille of a Firebird. Basically the only way to get around that is if we suck on ice cubes together, or if we break every fifteen minutes to chew a stick of ice gum. And for some reason, girls always want to know why I have such specific needs. Why, they ask, can we only have sex in a cold shower, a swimming pool, or a bathtub full of ice? Pity me, Bret Matthews, for the least terrifying answer possible is: “I am a sick man with perverse temperature fetishes.” One time, I forgot myself when a group of unknowing college friends invited me to join them in a hot tub. Needless to say, I was not invited back.

Prurient topics aside, things have only gotten worse as I’ve gotten older. I gained a reputation for laziness in college, as the slightest workout would have treated the entire gym to the sight of a sports car on a treadmill. I couldn’t even blame drugs for my sloth—the warm smoke of burning marijuana filling my lungs would only have resulted in me exhaling via an exhaust pipe.

Don’t even get me started on the mockery my disability has made of my law practice. Sweating in my tailored suit, under pressure to cross-examine a witness during a particularly stressful case, in a stifling courtroom full of people, the urge to transform overwhelms me suddenly, and often. Usually I can make it to my pitcher of ice water before becoming a sports car and losing the trust of the jury, but even if I do make it in time, everyone always looks strangely at the guy who cuts off mid-sentence to run across the courtroom and soak himself in water.

I would like to settle down and raise a family, but I cannot, for fear that my car-transforming ability has become part of my genetic makeup, to be passed on to my children. I cannot risk my child’s fetus transforming into a car in the warmth of the womb, harming the hypothetical mother of my child and potentially causing a miscarriage. The fetus might change into a Micro Machine or Hot Wheels sized car at first, but I have no doubt it would grow well into Power Wheels size by the third trimester, and anyone would agree that this is unacceptable.

On the plus side, I have a spoiler, which is totally dope.

Turbo-Teen ran for 12 episodes during the 1984-5 season, Saturday mornings on ABC.
FAKE MOVIES

RETAILITY BITES
A COMEDY ABOUT HOW WINONA RYDER IS A SHOPLIFTER

EARTH HAS A DEADLINE

THE CORE
THE ONLY WAY OUT IS IN

BAKERSFIELD:
The Worst City in the World

CRICKETING FOR WACO

MICHAEL MOORE

“HYPNOTIC!”
“I'M PISSENG MYSELF OVER THIS MOVIE! I'LL LICK MICHAEL MOORE'S BALLS ANY DAY.”

FROM THE DIRECTOR OF BOWLING FOR COLIN, 5TH AVENUE, SICKOS

MICHAEL MOORE

WINONA RYDER
Ben Stiller
**Holiday Gift Guide!**

**SquelchCo Li’l Hellion Motorcycle Helmet**

Time to be one of the bad boys on your block with this righteously gnarly hog-busting headpiece. Made from 100% genuine American cardstock.

#64536.

Note: Contains no foam padding. Sharp edges. Not suitable for head protection or wearing.

$8.99

---

**Ranting Lunatic Costume and Playset**

Let’s face it, your first-grader has no talent, no marketable skills, and the mental capacity of a six year-old, so better to dash his idealism early. Our “essence of whiskey” mouthwash and clothes-rending SquelchCo scissors turn any happy child into a disheveled gutter-dweller. Playset includes used syringe and a moldy refrigerator box.

#56732

**Heroes of the NAACP Action Figures**

Help Kweisi Mfume and the Reverend Jesse Jackson duel it out against oppression, discrimination and your SquelchCo Heroes of the WWE action figures (#14783-98) with these fully posable, 100% pissed-off 8” dolls. Coming soon: Rev. Al Sharpton with Kung-Fu Grip!

#16732-47

---

**Glow-in-the-Dark Enema Kit**

Parent and child alike will glean endless hours of fun the SquelchCo way with this fully guaranteed glow-in-the-dark enema kit. Power outages and spooky Halloween sleepovers have never before been this exciting (or this purifying).

#65422.
Also available: Wacky Whistlin’ Douche Kit! #65919

$19.99

---

**107th United States Senate Trading Cards**

“I’ll give you a Series II Orin Hatch for your Tom Daschle rookie!” The fun is never filibustered with these full-color cards. Each comes complete with 2000-02 voting records and exciting bio-pics like “Enjoys playing catch with his son Cody and Accepted $40,000 from tobacco lobbyists in Aug. ’98.” Keep an eye out for the rare Russell Feingold hologram collectors’ card.

#78331

$4.49
Obnoxiously Outdated Joke Book Vol. 2: “So O.J. and Jack Kevorkian Walk into a Bar.”
What do Gary Condit and Monica Lewinsky have in common? Who cares?! That hasn't been funny for 1-3 years. Keep on top of the late-nite monologues with repeated references to Dennis Rodman and Britney Spears' fake breasts. Each joke in this collection from the last half-decade has been ripened to mediocrity.

Also available: Vol. 1: “So Milli Vanilli and Clarence Thomas are Trapped in a Life Boat.” #33876. Coming soon: Vol. 3: “So I Heard Martha Stewart is Working for Enron...” #33545

“I’ll Show You Mine”
Junior Photography Kit
Can’t decide if you want your child to grow up to be a Penthouse Pet or to just take pictures of them? This SquelchCo kit has all the accessories necessary for any aspiring model or photographer. Includes 2 KodakMAX disposable cameras, satin bedsheets, and merkin (please specify color). Child porn is okay when made by other children.

A Box of Pencils
What child wouldn't want to receive school supplies on this most magical day of the year? And what school supplies are cooler then pencils? The only thing cooler would be that thing he really wanted, or a rock.

PowerBoxx™
The most powerful battery-powered toy on the market! Takes 6 AA batteries, 4 C and 8 D batteries. Lasts 5 full minutes before all batteries must be replaced. Electricity from batteries is used to power the PowerBoxx™’s incredible internal battery-consuming engine PowerTronn™, which consumes battery power at an astronomical rate. PowerBoxx™ does not do anything else aside from draining battery power, as this would divert resources from the battery-consuming engine (PowerTronn™). Batteries not included.

Junior Orthodontia Kit
Are you the last kid on your block without braces? Well, are you? I’m asking you a question, son, answer me! Speak up before I knock your teeth out, otherwise you won’t be able to use this fun-filled playset! That’s better. Now you can enjoy being on the other end of the tooth-casting, braces-sticking, enamel-drilling, gum-cutting, root-canaling, molar-pulling, wire-bending terror of orthodontia. You can also save your parents tons of money by having your friends install your braces for you. Tell them that if they don’t want to buy this set for you. If they tell you they still won’t buy it because your teeth are perfect, fuck up your teeth and ask them again. Novocaine sold separately.

3 49

35 99

2 99/doz.

29 99

79 99 sale
The time was 11:52. PM. Me and the fellas were heading for the Ragtime after a little soft-shoe over on Main Street when we heard it. Bass. Walking.

“Snap!” I held up my fist and my crew clicked to a stop and cocked their heads eagerly. Yeah, that’s them. The Denim Boys.

“Cool!” Flicked my wrist on the upbeat and Jumpin’ Jonesy hit the sticks. The hi-hat: our cue to stretch. I waited ‘til I saw their shadows on the alley wall in front of us shrinking. They were coming, alright. And from the looks of it, they had their rumble shoes on.

“Sizzle…” It doesn’t take much to get the boys riled when they’re nice and limber. A quick arabesque into a cabriole and we were heading toward the corner, hissing like deadly venomous snakes.

We skipped to a halt just as they came sashaying around into view, head scoundrel Razamatazz leading the way.

“Been too long, Jazzhands.” Him.

“Not long enough, Razamatazz.” Me.

You know something’s going to hit the fan when the snapping starts. And that something is shit.

“Why don’t you just shuffle-off-to-Buffalo and save yourself some trouble Razz.”

The town clock struck twelve. His face instantly crinkled and his arms flew up, graceful, like a swan. “Show ’em what you can do, gentlemen.”

It began. Razz and I locked eyes and circled slowly, slinking like leopards. Meantime, the fellas broke into their routine. Brush wing, fallap step heel, drawback, paddlestep, repeat. Sure it was simple. But we weren’t any grade school tap dancers. In fact, we weren’t even allowed to talk about grade school tap dancers.

“Pow! Whiz! Slap!!” – Razz lunged, throwing three good ones my way. I countered with a “Bizbam slappity-bang!”

And then all hell broke loose.

The gangs slammed into each other. Violently. Delicately. Razz was hitting me with everything he had. But I whipped up a riff of my own so smooth I had to serve it with some shortcake. Razz was stunned. I was hungry.

“That’s a little something we like to call talent, Razz. You might want to try a helping sometime.”

“Heh. You look thirsty,” he said coolly picking up on my metaphor, “looks like you could use some High-C Fruit Punch!” He hit the note and threw out his fist. Luckily for me, he threw like Johnny B. and Johnny B. liked to practice that scene. I dodged it with an elegant pirouette and grabbed his collar. I was about to serve him up my five-knuckle club when the boys in the band hit a brassy climax and the music paused.

Time for the group number. Just my luck.

Entrechat, rond de jambe en l’air, Grande Jete; we danced the dance of beautiful battle. And when we were finished I tapped out a scuff-spank dig-toe and gave Razz a ball change he wouldn’t forget. Then I threw some cornstarch in his eyes. I sang. The boys backed me up by chanting “no one” on one and three. It was done.
I have heard that chocolate is like poison to dogs. I do have a lot of chocolate lying around. However, it seems like a waste of perfectly good chocolate, when I have so much actual poison lying around. I could slip the real poison into the dog's food, and the chocolate into this pan of fudge bars I'm making. I realize my error, however, when I remember that the fudge bars are for trick-or-treating kids and that, as a misanthrope, I require both the chocolate and the poison for the fudge. This, of course, begs the question, “How do I get a dog to go trick-or-treating?”

For starters, I need a costume. This would require more stitching and weaving than I am prepared to muster, except that Old Navy actually sells costumes for dogs. Wizard, pirate, ninja, or cat? The last fucking thing the dog needs is magic (regular magic, ninja magic, or cat magic) to help it poop my lawn to smithereens, but I think an eyepatch might fuck it up, or at least keep it from seeing what I'm up to. It might be hard to convince the dog's owner to take it trick-or-treating, though, especially since it's a seeing eye dog and the owner is diabetic. And blind. Since it's a seeing eye dog.

Solution: I break into the neighbor's house and steal one of his CDs (Gloria Estefan and the Miami something something). The next day, I rub it with dirt, knock on his door and say, “Um, I think your dog left this on my lawn.” And he says thanks and invites me in. I feign thirst, and the blind guy heads into the kitchen to get me a glass of water. “Say, nice place you got here. Oh, is this a picture of your kids? Yeah?” I say, muffling the dog while forcing an eyepatch and boots onto it. I thank my host for the water and then leave.

Time passes.

On Halloween afternoon, I return to my neighbor's place and knock on the door. He opens it and I pull out a lead pipe and knock him out. This may seriously injure him, but it serves my purposes. I shake him, saying, “Buddy! Buddy!” until he comes to. “What happened?” he says. “You were just about to take your dog trick-or-treating,” I tell him. “And then I knocked you out with this pipe, accidentally.” He doesn't believe me, but I point out that his dog is wearing an eyepatch and boots, which he confirms by touch. “I certainly don't remember doing that!” he says, but feels obligated. I excuse myself and go back home.

That evening, my neighbor comes by with his dog. I give the dog a fudge bar and by morning the dog is dead. This leaves me elated, until four days later when I find a fresh coat of shit matted onto my lawn. I have killed the wrong dog.

I decide to ask the neighbor if he's seen any other similar-looking dogs around, only realizing my mistake after I ask. “Hi, sorry to bother you, what with the grieving and all, but have you seen any ... I mean ... do you ... have you smelled or, uh, heard any dogs, lately, that look like ... no, smell or sound like they, uh, might look like your old dog?” No? Fair enough.

I contact my brother who works for the Center for Disease Control in Atlanta, and ask him if they have anything on tap that kills dogs and only dogs, and if he can mail it to me. He says they have a bunch -- Enwoofalitis, Double Rabies, Doggie AIDS -- but that they're all totally off-limits and that he'd lose his job. “Come on,” I say, “You love losing your job for me!”

“Oh yeah,” he says, and three days later an aerosol spray can of Golden Re-fever arrives in my mailbox. I spray the lawn and, much to my delight, as the days wear on, the shit on my lawn gets more watery and pungent. The dog is dying!

Then, just on the cusp of my total victory, Jesus descends from heaven and grants the dog immortality. God-damn it!

I wait 20 years. At 7:32 am on February 20, 2023, California sinks into the ocean in a massive earthquake and, while I die, that infernal dog is left to sink. "But dogs can swim!” you say. Oh yeah? Maybe so, but can they swim ... FOR ETERNITY??
Dude! You know what the coolest thing would be? If you had this car, and the car could fly, but you didn’t have to worry about gas or anything, and it had flames painted on the side, and when you drove, the flames would look like real flames. Yeah, that would be double sweet. I think up stuff like that all the time. My friends call me “The Zoo.” It’s ‘cause I’m so cool and I think cool stuff up all the time. The Zoo is also cool, but if you didn’t know that already, you’d figure it out right quick. ‘Cause I’m so cool and that’s my nickname, “The Zoo!” Guilt by association baby!

What’s the scariest thing you can think of? I’m sure it’s a hangnail or something like that. Don’t get me wrong, hangnails: pretty scary. Check this out: a hangnail... with lava in it! Fuck, you almost crapped your pants it’s so scary. Grab a diploma on the way out bud, because you have just been schooled.

Sometimes it’s just too easy. Like what’s the most dangerous thing you could ever think to go swimming in? If you can’t swim (like me) you’d probably just think: well, water’s dangerous. Out with the old in with “The Zoo,” my friend. How about swimming in acid that’s scalding hot. Yeah, I wouldn’t want to swim in that. I really wouldn’t want to go swimming anyways ‘cause, as I said, I can’t swim, but I’d sure as heck pick water over that.

“But wait,” you say. “I bet even you can’t top yourself.” Sorry my nay-saying young paladin of pomposity (don’t steal that phrase, ‘cause I made it up just now). How ’bout a pool of boiling hot acid that was electrified! And what if it was magnetized too, so it’d suck you in. And what if it had these totally crazy fish that could live in hot acid that would like go ape-shit on you and eat your face off if you got too close. “But won’t the fish die from the electricity?” you ask. Man, you just never learn: electric eels. It’s like normal for them.

But I just can’t stop having cool ideas. My friend Jeff, he knows this guy that draws these totally fucked up pictures in his notebook. He’s got this one of this totally fizzy-fine spider lady and she’s got eight legs, just like a spider. You can see part of her nips too. Anyways, his pictures were so awesome I thought he must have spelunked inside my head and got ideas I hadn’t even thought of yet. We’re going to work on a comic book together and it’s going to be the craziest book ever. It’s gonna be called “The Barcelona Incident.” See you on the flip, yo.

P-out.
How to Survive a Rainy Season in Berkeley

**TENANTS:** If you’re sleeping on the couch in the living room because your roof leaks over your bed, it’s time to do something about it. Don’t wait until mushrooms start growing in the carpet.

- Make a written request to your landlord for repairs. Telephoning is fine, but you will also want written proof of having made the request, so if you notify your landlord by phone, follow up with a letter and keep a copy. If you don’t notify the landlord of serious problems which result in damage that could have been prevented with notification, you can kiss your security deposit goodbye.
- For structural or weather-proofing problems (which you think may not meet local or state building codes) call for a housing inspection: 981-5444. The housing department can fine the landlord if the problem does not get fixed, and they will issue a report which will also serve as evidence of the problem(s).
- If applicable, take photos of the problem, or call the Rent Stabilization Board for someone to videotape the problem. It’s likely that you’re entitled to a rent ceiling reduction from the time the problem began to the time it’s fixed if you file a petition with our office, but you’ll need to demonstrate that there was (or still is) actually a problem.
- File a petition at the Rent Stabilization Board for a possible rent reduction if you cannot work out a solution with the landlord yourself.

**Rent Stabilization Board**

**TENANTS:** If you’re sleeping on the couch in the living room because your roof leaks over your bed, it’s time to do something about it. Don’t wait until mushrooms start growing in the carpet.

- Make a written request to your landlord for repairs. Telephoning is fine, but you will also want written proof of having made the request, so if you notify your landlord by phone, follow up with a letter and keep a copy. If you don’t notify the landlord of serious problems which result in damage that could have been prevented with notification, you can kiss your security deposit goodbye.
- For structural or weather-proofing problems (which you think may not meet local or state building codes) call for a housing inspection: 981-5444. The housing department can fine the landlord if the problem does not get fixed, and they will issue a report which will also serve as evidence of the problem(s).
- If applicable, take photos of the problem, or call the Rent Stabilization Board for someone to videotape the problem. It’s likely that you’re entitled to a rent ceiling reduction from the time the problem began to the time it’s fixed if you file a petition with our office, but you’ll need to demonstrate that there was (or still is) actually a problem.
- File a petition at the Rent Stabilization Board for a possible rent reduction if you cannot work out a solution with the landlord yourself.

For more information:

2125 Milvia St, Berkeley, 94704  TEL: (510) 644-6128
EMAIL: rent@ci.berkeley.ca.us  TDD: (510) 644-6915
WEB SITE: www.ci.berkeley.ca.us/rent  FAX: (510) 644-7723

**Tom Brokaw:** Mystikal, as you know, President Bush has sent the attack-Iraq legislation to the Hill. If the U.N. can’t force Saddam to cooperate with weapons inspectors, the president wants the ability for an American, not U.N. led, attack against Iraq. As a prominent and influential cultural figure, do you think it is a good idea for the United States to lead an attack without U.N. approval? What is the MTV world’s perspective?

**Mystikal:**!!DANGER!!, SHOW ME WHAT YA GOT!!

**Tom Brokaw:** I think everyone agrees this is a dangerous situation, yet many people believe that with the threat of biological agents and nuclear weapons, the times have changed. The time for hemming and hawing is over. Do you agree with this?

**Mystikal:** GET ON THE FLOOR!

**Tom Brokaw:** Very interesting comment, Mystikal. So you think that before the president takes up the issue of war, he needs to jump-start the economy with a bottom down approach? Perhaps through supporting small businesses with subsidies or incentives?

**Mystikal:** WATCH YOURSELF!!

**Tom Brokaw:** Excuse me?

**Mystikal:** DANGER!! SING IT!

**Tom Brokaw:** Would you say that the U.S. economy is due to show a big comeback sometime soon?

**Mystikal:** YEAH! THAT PUSSY’S SMOKIN’! GET UP SOME MORE!

**Tom Brokaw:** I would have to agree with that myself. Mystikal, I can tell we have a lot in common. It’s nice to see that the MTV generation is confronting these major issues.

**Mystikal:** [straight into the camera] SHAKE IT!! SHAKE IT!! WATCH YOURSELF!
While Disney tries to hide phallic symbols in the back of its cute animated features, no one needs to slow down the tape to realize that the Disney princesses are really fucking hot. Think about it: what turns us guys on when watching a porno? The sexy girls on screen getting down with some hot, hot sex. Why should the Disney movies be any different? Sure, we never see them in the heat of the act, but we, as intelligent, insightful college students can infer and extrapolate. While most of us guys haven’t watched any of the Disney movies in a long time, maybe we should...

___ Snow White ___

Being the first Princess of the Disney clique, she’s the boss. And that’s perfectly alright, but I’m not sure I can handle Snow White’s BDSM 24-7. One thing’s for sure: Snow White is one kinky girl. If the idea of sex with a girl and seven dwarves sounds appealing then Snow White is the freak for you. A friend tried to tell me that she wasn’t hot, but I retorted that that’s because Snow White was made in the 1930s; hell, if she were drawn today, with that short black hair she’d so be an Indie kid. Just throw on some glasses, an ironic tank over a long sleeve shirt, and a few streaks of color into her hair and she’d be indistinguishable but definitely a freak.

___ Sleeping Beauty ___

At first I didn’t see too much positive characteristics about this girl compared to the rest, I mean while she is a natural blonde, she probably isn’t the sexiest, nor does she have the most compelling personality, of the Disney Princesses. But then I realized, hey, she’s Sleeping Beauty! None of that boring post-sex talk: she, like me, is going to roll over and fall fast asleep. I mean, what the hell are we going to talk about anyway, sewing and spinning wheels?

Speaking of spinning wheels, I’d be a bit hesitant to get with this Magic Princess. While yes, she is Sleeping Beauty, do we forget that her sleeping spell is directly linked to her getting pricked by a needle?

Now I may not be an MCB major, but I know that’s not a normal reaction. Keeping this in mind, I’d be a little cautious around this beauty. If anything, make sure all your pricks are sheathed before spinning with this tainted Princess.

___ Cinderella ___

While yes, she is going to look the best at the ball, after a while you’ll probably just check your watch, looking to see how long ‘til midnight. Think about it: she’s coming from a long day of dealing with her evil step-sisters, so the time you spend with her will probably be filled with all sorts of depressing anecdotes about her shitty life. And while you might think you’re getting a humble girl, don’t count too heavily on it; there’s some devilish twinkle in her eye that makes me think that once the tables are turned, she’d be a bit of a slob herself.

___ Belle ___

Probably the most intelligent girl in this list, Belle’s got that whole seductive-French thing going on. While in the movie she falls in love with the Beast, she’s probably let down at the end when the Beast (and his gigantic-sized pleasure apparatus) is reduced to normal human size. Poor girl. Looking at Beast, we see that she’s into rough and big guys. She also reads a lot. Expect to be playing out teacher fantasies with this hot brunette.

___ Jasmine ___

Jasmine brings “diversity” to Disney’s clique of Princesses. Jasmine comes equipped with a killer body, plus you just know she has a full working knowledge of the Kama Sutra (even though she’s not Hindu), and, lastly, there’s something erotic about having a girl with a pet tiger. Not a pussycat or a boring dog, a fucking tiger. She’s also the only Princess of the bunch who’s a formal princess by birth, not by some stupid twist of fate or under some strange provision that she’d be dressed like a peasant. That mean’s Jasmine has the power of the free-flowing father, the Sultan, and all the opulent wealth that accompanies his title. Hot sex + lots of cash = good times. I’d love to show her A Whole New World.

___ Ariel ___

Easily, the most scantily clad of the Princesses, I equate Ariel with some sort of Florida Beach girl. For some reason, with her sporty attitude and her seashell bikini, I can’t see her anywhere other than Spring Break in Miami Beach; you just know she’s going to let loose like any one of those Girls Gone Wild once you get a few Bacardis and a Sex on the Beach in her.

The quickest and most awkward negative observation is that, while she’s a really hot girl up top, she doesn’t have a proper vagina! So while this might not necessarily be a horrible thing, it definitely puts a kink in the normal way of sexual relations. Just remember Daryl Hannah in Splash, and you’ll catch my drift.

___ Nala ___

While officially not on Disney’s list of Magical Princesses, I’m inclined to disagree: why should a princess (or queen) be discounted merely because she walks around on all fours? Is that really a bad thing? The way I see it, Disney humanizes all its animals anyway, so if you get a little turned on when watching a lioness, it’s not your fault, it’s Disney’s. While normally I strongly frown upon any idea of bestiality, Nala’s my one exception: she’s got those deep, sexy eyes and, c’mon, who wouldn’t want to have sex with the queen of beasts? I’d do a lion, totally.

The negative side to Nala comes through the movie The Lion King itself. While I usually have a problem with bestiality, I really have a problem with pedophilia and for half of the movie, we have to deal with Nala as a cub. And, as if that’s not bad enough, her youthful status also reminds us of Simba as a cub, voiced by Jonathan Taylor Thomas. That’s definitely not a face I want to think of when trying to make sweet, sweet love to any lioness.
By David Duman

Last week, I hitchhiked across the country. This is my story.

Day One

My journey began here, in beautiful Mystic, Connecticut. I had to leave my idyllic surroundings because of a run-in with local authorities. Seems that “hashish” is “illegal” in the state of Connecticut. And so is having “sex” with “minors.” Lousy conservatives. Being the red-blooded Jack Kerouac-reading American male that I am, I hitched a ride in the back of a chicken truck until the shotgun-wielding driver realized I was there and dumped me unceremoniously beside the interstate. I spent the rest of the night sleeping in a ditch.

Day Two

Convicts in orange jumpsuits, mistaking me for garbage, woke me up by jabbing me in the thigh with their garbage sticks. Realizing that there was government-sponsored slave labor there were bound to be representatives from Connecticut’s Finest, I ran quickly down the highway to the nearest off-ramp. There, I waited patiently with my thumb extended for several hours until a truck stopped and I got in the cab. By this point, my thigh wound was starting to fester. Fortunately, the driver, Moonbeam Caterpillar O’Shea, said he was hauling medical supplies and he gave me a tetanus vaccine from a box under his seat. The remainder of the day was spent avoiding the neon dragons trying to get me to play cribbage with them. It got too much and I ditched the ride at a Cincinnati truck stop. Psychedelic dragons, apparently, are Indians fans.

Day Three

After having spent the night in a Cozy Coupe and feeling extremely sore, I waited all day at the AM-PM for another ride. At 3:00 I was informed by security that this AM-PM was not on a major interstate and was, in fact, a Gap in a Cincinnati mall. Embarrassed, I left the mall and, stealing a tandem bicycle from a small crippled child and an elderly woman, I rode like the wind out to the Flying J Travel Center. After standing by the entrance with my thumb once again extended for about an hour, a Volkswagen Eurovan full of attractive blondes pulled over and invited me in. Seems that they were heading out to set the record for longest continuous same-sex topless make-out session and said that I could ride along for as long as I liked. I thanked them for the opportunity and entered the van.

Day Four

After a wonderful night discussing the merits of the Natural Rights philosophy of John Locke in comparison to Jean-Jacques Rousseau’s Social Contract Theory with these erudite and buxom travelers, I realized that this fine piece of German machinery was, in fact, headed for Florida. And apparently, so was the van. I agonized over my choice between naked philosophizing and getting back to California in time for my midterm. We pulled into Panama City Beach that afternoon. I was taking the course pass/not pass anyway.

Day Eight

With the prize money I won in the wet t-shirt contest, I bought a plane ticket...
Carving the turkey is my favorite part of Thanksgiving. No, it’s not because I like holding knives or because I like to butcher things. It’s for the cooking aesthetics. The turkey always smells so fresh. Mom uses a special quality glaze every year. My knife barely goes an inch deep, and you can already breathe in the flavor. Mmm-mmm! I’d recommend keeping a towel nearby to absorb all the blood, though. Gloves are also useful just in case the turkey tries to be a little feisty. It’s for the cooking aesthetics. The family all died. Since it was a family outing, we decided to go to a “family” style pizza joint. I won’t mention the name, but for writing purposes, I’ll just mention their mascot is a rat called Chuck E., who loves his cheese and has robotic friends that sing and dance every damn night. My eleven children and my wife were all playing in the ball pit, you know, wrestling, throwing balls, punching each other in the stomachs; when all of the sudden WHAMO!!! They all died. It was tragic, the sheriff said he never saw anything more disgusting, yet slightly erotic, in his entire career. Now family holidays are nothing more than a slice of quiche and a diet cola. I watch whatever the corporate entertainment world deems holiday viewing and then fall asleep in a puddle of my own tears. I had a family once, then WHAMO!!!

Last Christmas, Dad got me a ferret. “Dad, those are illegal in California!” I told him. He didn’t listen, but the ferret did. It started looking forlorn and ashamed. It walked to the phone, and pushed its nose down into the buttons for 9-1-1, like it was going to turn itself in, but when they answered the phone, the ferret just started sobbing and sniffing, and hung up. It tried calling 911 a couple more times, but never quite had the nerve. We got it some black-market ferret therapy earlier this year, though, and I think it’s doing a whole lot better now.

My dad’s a little weird. He never approved when I got toys he thought were feminine, like Cabbage Patch dolls or Care Bears. It’s not that he ever threw them away. He never even said anything, but I could tell, because he would always grab them from me and stuff them down his pants until they smelled like his balls. When he gave them back, he’d say “That ought to even things out, you little homo.”

I went on this holiday trip to the mountains once. It was my whole family: me, my brother, and my parents, all ready to enjoy some family time. The car ride was awesome; my brother and I downed two six packs of Coors in, like, the first forty minutes. We got so smashed, and my parents didn’t even notice. While the hazy drunkenness was nice, the excessive drinking made urine accumulate in our bladders; thus, PIT STOP! This was by far the best part of the trip. We stopped at some shady little bar on some shady little street located in a shady lil’ town. The town was called Shady Oaks, a nice little town shaded by nearby mountains, which were being shaded by clouds. But, back to the story. We walked into the bar, and who do we see! Mr. Saturday Night Fever himself, John fucking Travolta. So we all introduced ourselves and fifteen minutes later we were drinking, chatting, and dancing. What a night; on the ride home we talked about the trip, and check this, my mom actually made out with John Travolta while my dad gave him a hand job. That is so sweet.

I had the best family holidays ever, until the family all died. Since it was a family outing, we decided to go to a “family” style pizza joint. I won’t mention the name, but for writing purposes, I’ll just mention their mascot is a rat called Chuck E., who loves his cheese and has robotic friends that sing and dance every damn night. My eleven children and my wife were all playing in the ball pit, you know, wrestling, throwing balls, punching each other in the stomachs; when all of the sudden WHAMO!!! They all died. It was tragic, the sheriff said he never saw anything more disgusting, yet slightly erotic, in his entire career. Now family holidays are nothing more than a slice of quiche and a diet cola. I watch whatever the corporate entertainment world deems holiday viewing and then fall asleep in a puddle of my own tears. I had a family once, then WHAMO!!!

I sent him a hand job. That is so sweet.

My brother and I downed two six packs of Coors in, like, the first forty minutes. We got so smashed, and my parents didn’t even notice. While the hazy drunkenness was nice, the excessive drinking made urine accumulate in our bladders; thus, PIT STOP! This was by far the best part of the trip. We stopped at some shady little bar on some shady little street located in a shady lil’ town. The town was called Shady Oaks, a nice little town shaded by nearby mountains, which were being shaded by clouds. But, back to the story. We walked into the bar, and who do we see! Mr. Saturday Night Fever himself, John fucking Travolta. So we all introduced ourselves and fifteen minutes later we were drinking, chatting, and dancing. What a night; on the ride home we talked about the trip, and check this, my mom actually made out with John Travolta while my dad gave him a hand job. That is so sweet.

I had the best family holidays ever, until the family all died. Since it was a family outing, we decided to go to a “family” style pizza joint. I won’t mention the name, but for writing purposes, I’ll just mention their mascot is a rat called Chuck E., who loves his cheese and has robotic friends that sing and dance every damn night. My eleven children and my wife were all playing in the ball pit, you know, wrestling, throwing balls, punching each other in the stomachs; when all of the sudden WHAMO!!! They all died. It was tragic, the sheriff said he never saw anything more disgusting, yet slightly erotic, in his entire career. Now family holidays are nothing more than a slice of quiche and a diet cola. I watch whatever the corporate entertainment world deems holiday viewing and then fall asleep in a puddle of my own tears. I had a family once, then WHAMO!!!

I sent him a hand job. That is so sweet.
Are you ready for the 105th Big Game? Are you prepared to celebrate the 20th anniversary of the GREATEST PLAY in the history of college football? Nay, the greatest MOMENT in the history of the WORLD? As you await the sweet, sweet taste of assured, inevitable victory, allow us to prime the pump of our bottomless well of Stanford hate. So get ready to dig in to some tasty barbecued pine tree, as we roast Stanford over the flames of iniquity. Sports!!

What’s the difference between Cal students and Stanford students?

**CAL students …**
- go to classes.

**STANFORD students …**
- go to classes AT STANFORD!

**CAL students …**
- eat burritos.
- are likely to be Asian.

**STANFORD students …**
- eat WRAPS!
- are LESS LIKELY to be Asian!
- have sex.
- have INTERCOURSE!
- wear blue and gold (and sometimes red, if they are not at a sporting event).
- wear red … EXCLUSIVELY!!!

---

**Interview with Stanford Coach**

**BUDDY TEEVENS (Booo!!!)**

**What’s your favorite type of cookie?**
I enjoy chocolate chip cookies; who wouldn’t?

**I don’t. Do you like milk with your cookies?**
I’m lactose intolerant.

**I’m sorry. How’s that working out for you? What do you drink?**
Soy. Soy milk.

**Is that stuff any good?**
It’s not bad.

**I could never drink soy milk.**
You get used to it, actually.

**Are you excited about the upcoming NFL playoffs?**
Sure am.

**Who’s your team?**
Definitely the Jets.

**Well, thanks for your time, Buddy.**
My pleasure.

---

**Tree (Dumb!!) Oski (Yay!)**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>MASCOTS</th>
<th>Real Name</th>
<th>Wheels</th>
<th>Displacement</th>
<th>Stories</th>
<th>Elevators</th>
<th>Exits</th>
<th>Shoe Size</th>
<th>Vector</th>
<th>Jazz Legend</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Tree (Dumb!!)</strong></td>
<td>Reginald Ian</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>302 cu in</td>
<td>37</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>N/A</td>
<td>75° S/SW</td>
<td>Thelonious Monk</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Oski (Yay!)</strong></td>
<td>Oski Daniel O’Reily</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>440 cu in</td>
<td>55</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>18 ½</td>
<td>N/NW</td>
<td>Miles Davis</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

**Poll: What do you think about The Play?**

**Cal Students**
- Pretty good: **100%**
- Not so good: **0%**

**Stanford Students**
- Pretty good: **0%**
- Not so good: **100%**

---

**Are you ready for the 105th Big Game? Are you prepared to celebrate the 20th anniversary of the GREATEST PLAY in the history of college football? Nay, the greatest MOMENT in the history of the WORLD? As you await the sweet, sweet taste of assured, inevitable victory, allow us to prime the pump of our bottomless well of Stanford hate. So get ready to dig in to some tasty barbecued pine tree, as we roast Stanford over the flames of iniquity. Sports!!**
With plans rapidly progressing for the commencement of oil drilling in the Alaskan Wildlife Refuge, many environmentalists worry that drilling will result in the destruction of wildlife habitats.

Fortunately, the Bush administration has developed a new plan that gives Alaskan caribou an integral role in the oil drilling process, while simultaneously reducing the number of caribou alive to suffer as their habitat is disturbed.

As shown in this detailed schematic, caribou equipped with oil drills will spin from airplanes, hitting the ground with 2000 newtons of force... Why am I telling you this? Look at the diagram.

### Diagram

1. Factoring in momentum, the caribou-drill must be dropped a full mile before the designated impact site.

2. Multiple caribou are deployed on each drilling excursion to increase the likelihood of hitting the target.

3. Tailspin and drag factors cause the caribou to spin, priming the drills for maximum bore capability.

4. This is a target (“X” added for emphasis).

5. Precious domestic oil going to waste beneath the untouched land of