

the heuristic

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Lost In Dwinelle



DANCING IN THE STREETS SINCE 1991

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This Month's Cover:

Have you ever been roaming through Dwinelle reading the room numbers when the difference between two room numbers suddenly jumps by thousands and thousands of room number units? And let's not forget the bathrooms. Some people get all uppity about glory holes in public restrooms. Personally, it's nice to know some people can get quick easy access to sex without hurting anyone's feelings. Gays, man; they have all the luck.

When you're a business in buttfuck nowhere on Highway 1, you can do whatever the hell you want. Nine bucks for a bowl of chilli? Sure ma'am, lemme just bend over and you can shove that complimentary basket of bread up my asshole. And apparently ten dollars for a burger is still not enough to get regular water refills. Well, at least it's sunny. No, wait...

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WORDS FROM THE TOP

Best Boy

While the Squelch is known for it's off-kilter slightly irregular comedy, I'd like to take this chance to inform Berkeley and the public at large of one fundamental fact: I am a great boyfriend.

Sometimes I'll be walking around town with my wonderful but still humble girlfriend and we'll come across a couple whose love isn't nearly as perfect as ours. We can't help but laugh, for you see, I'm just that good. I'll pull out a breath mint and then, coyly looking at her in that way that she really likes, we get out of that horrible imperfect-love-infected area. That's the Sciortino difference.

Some other boyfriends have problems. Do you remember that time that you spent all that time on that thing for your boyfriend, and then when you showed that thing to him he was like, "Oh, a thing. Ho-hum." Not me. I'm like, "Why dear, I can tell through my keen and observant eyes that this took a lot of time and effort on your part. Here, I made you this tiny ship in a bottle for you over the course of two years and I decided to give it to you right now. Also, you just got a haircut didn't you? I love it."

When I'm not listening intently to my girlfriend recount her day at work, I'm off performing tasks to show off how sensitive I am. I paint watercolor, cook, keep my room clean, and write and draw my own on-going series of comic books based on how great of a boyfriend I am. It's called, "The Adventures of Incredible Boyfriend Man." In last week's issue, I successfully negotiated a strike that was preventing my girlfriend from buying all organic produce. She's into that kind of stuff. Of course, I understand the importance of organically grown foods to ecosystems and personal health and safety. Mostly, however, I care about the happiness and well-being of my girlfriend: the greatest boyfriend-having person in the whole world ever. Possibly in the whole history of ever.

Because really, why be in a relationship at all unless it is completely and totally perfect?

I'd also like to address those who may question the extent of my boyfriendly abilities. My extreme wonderfulness does not stop at the doors of the bedroom. I am woefully adequate. I don't want to be crass (it would be unseemly) but lets just say that there's plenty of "channels" on the "TV." Don't get it? Ok let me try this one: There're "five birds" in the "window" and they're all "thinking about Jimmy Carter." No? Well, my penis is large and can bring great pleasure. Also, I give a very passable massage.

Of course, all of this wouldn't matter if I didn't have a wonderful and compassionate person to share my immediately foreseeable future with. My girlfriend is gifted in many ways. The main way is in myself. Because really, aren't I a gift?

Think about it, won't you?

-Tommaso Sciortino

Squelch Comedy Show

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newsflashes

Emeryville IKEA Declares Independence

by Sean Keane, BJÖRKEN

In a move that may have implications far beyond Shellmound Street, the Emeryville IKEA has declared itself an independent republic. Speaking from the newly established capital next to the lighting aisle, Assistant Customs Manager/President-Elect Sven Nielsen spoke at length about freedom from tyranny, the natural rights of retail employees, and the success of the recent Winter Sale.

UC Berkeley professor Wilber Chaffee was not surprised by the decision. "IKEA is almost as big as the rest of Emeryville combined. With abundant natural resources, plentiful strudel, and a small, hex-wrench-wielding militia, IKEA should find great success on its own." Chaffee then purchased a set of knives for \$4.

The Emeryville government, still weakened from its efforts to put down the Best Buy revolt in November, is expected to offer only token resistance. Primary exports of the new nation are expected to be prefabricated bookshelves and traffic.

Bush Concedes to Worldwide Protestors

by Dan Freedman, Mobbed Ruler

According to the White House, President Bush conceded that the recent anti-war protests were powerful enough for him to surrender his power as president to mob rule.

"The President has decided to relinquish the power of the executive branch of the United States government granted him as commander-in-chief and turn it over to global protestors," said White House Spokesman Ari Fleischer.

Under the new Mob Rule Government,

executive decisions concerning foreign diplomacy will require fractured special-interest groups to gather in large mobs in order to come to rational decisions on global policies. Protestors agree with the move.

One protestor explained, "The true essence of democracy is mob rule. I don't care how many Starbucks I have to loot in order to get my point across, now I can enjoy my democracy with my stolen latte."

In the letter released to the media, Bush explains that because "[he] was elected by you, the people of protesting mobs, I think it would only be fair to listen to your unorganized yet moving calls for power."

Bush plans to send agents to global protests in order to understand what they are protesting. When the news is delivered to the White House he will respond accordingly.

Some early decisions that will probably be made include restarting and then immediately ending affirmative action, releasing Mumia while executing him, and an immediate disregard for national security.

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newsflashes

Counting Problem

by Gautam Rangan, *Pissing Abacus*

U.S. health officials announced that by the time most Americans have been peeing for a long time, they feel it's too late to start counting the seconds, thus artificially lowering the standards for the Guinness Book of World Records' "longest urination" entry.

"I mean, sometimes I'm like, damn, this is a long fucking pee, but, like, how long have I been peeing man? So I just say probably 10 seconds and then start counting from there. But that sort of guess work results in shoddy record keeping and flagrantly un-American looseness in competition," said spokesman Ryan Chong.

Efforts to cut down on inaccurate estimates include a "standard starting time" value of 13 seconds. The federal government is, of course, also installing billions of automatic counting devices in urinals worldwide.

When questioned on the matter, President Bush responded, "I doubt bitches care about this sort of shit, so toilets were excluded from the process."

Beautiful, Rich People Attend Beautiful, Rich Event

by Carrick Diana, *Carrick Diana*

Last Saturday, Vanity Fair magazine held a fashion show featuring the latest styles for spring. Several stars flocked to the occasion, including **Gwyneth Paltrow, Donatella Versace, Britney Spears**, and all those other people whose names are always in bold in these kinds of articles. You know, the people you aren't but pathetically dream you could be, you fat ugly loser.

Natalie Portman was seen laughing her precious laugh as she shelled out \$20,000 for the latest, cutting-edge thong (Dolce and Gabbana, available at Neiman-Marcus). Patricia Arquette and Thomas Jane (at whom Liz Taylor sniffed, "no one even knew who these

people were until they got famous just for getting engaged") admired a carpet imported from Afghanistan (Christian Dior, \$550,000). Jennifer Love Hewitt remarked that the rug was so delicately hand-stitched that it "could only have been made by the emaciated hands of starving five-year-olds."

No mention was made of the fact that, ironically, the event was a perfect example of conspicuous consumption as demonstrated in *The Great Gatsby*, nor was there mention of the impending war on Iraq.

Carrie Bartlett, a UC Berkeley student facing thousands of dollars of debt in student loans, could not be reached for comment.

U.S. Sends Troops to Arctic National Refuge

by Sean Keane, *Clear & Present*

Citing the presence of Al Qaeda terror cells in the region, President Bush has ordered 200,000 US troops to the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge in Alaska. The troops are expected to safeguard the Canadian border, displace the provisional Aleut government, and engineer a series of "security wells" and pipelines.

White House spokesman Ari Fleischer read from a prepared statement: "The CIA has collected evidence of Eskimo financial aid to Afghanistan, as well as polar bear terrorist training camps near the Bering Strait. The US must respond to these threats to her security by responding with force." He added, "Either you're with us, or you're with the fundamentalist polar bear terrorists."

Workers Unite Against Organized Labor

by Lou Watts, *Scab-Breaker*

A group of workers picketed the Port of Oakland today to protest organized

labor. The workers, fed up with the special treatment given to Union members, joined together in a self-proclaimed "show of solidarity" and let loose cries of "United against Unions! We are Workers, Too!"

"Organized labor is an outdated concept that is harming the economy and taking jobs away from honest, hard-working people," said Joe Johnson, a 32 year old construction worker from Concord. "We felt the only way to fight such an entrenched institution was to join together and show the strength of our numbers." Lucy Trackton, an electrician from Berkeley had similar sentiments, "individually what can each of us do? Not much. But if we gang together we can show them we mean business."

Collective bargaining and frequent strikes greatly harm the economy while providing nominal improvement to the well being of the workers, many in attendance believed. "We are here to bring the free-market system back to the workplace, like good Americans."

Also in attendance was Brent Larder, a minister at Fresh Morning Baptist Church, who says he was so inspired by the actions of this group that he's decided to organize a nude protest against pornography.

Art History Degree Put to Use

by Tommaso Sciortino, *Cubist*

Art history degree holder Stephen "Stevie" Wilson put his degree to good use this weekend when he jury-rigged it for use as a dust pan.

"These Oreo crumbs spilled everywhere and Julie's been hassling me about being such a slob," said an apathetic Wilson. "I was looking for something to pick them up with when I saw my degree and I thought, 'Why not?'"

This marks the fourth time the degree has been used by Wilson. Other uses include: a prop to help solicit funds from parents; a potholder; and, in a rolled up form, a metaphorical telescope used to scan the horizon for nonexistent jobs.

Opening of Club Füt Results in Broken Ankles, Feet

by Matt Soroky, Pedestrian

Patrons at the new Club Füt in downtown San Francisco smiled awkwardly when 34 people suffering from *Talipes equinovarus*, or clubfoot, requested entry into the nightclub. Those smiles quickly turned to frowns as these latecomers had to be stabilized by emergency podiatry units after the club's music encouraged rigorous dancing, which resulted in many snapped tarsals and metatarsals.

"All these guys and their dates have crooked feet, and they're asking me if they can go inside the Club Füt," recalls a despondent Russell Dawes, the nightclub's bouncer. "And all their names were on the list! So I tried not to be a jerk and laugh. I just did my job. But after all those horrible accidents, I wish I had just laughed in their faces."

"I was just trying to be tongue-and-cheeky with the name of the club, that's all," says owner Shane Demola. "It's called Club Füt because you use your feet to dance, I'd never make fun of the gimps."

Though the doors have closed on the Füt in San Francisco, Demola plans to start fresh by relocating to a city with a minimal clubfooted population. Meanwhile, the Club Füt building space will be rented to a store that sells golf equipment.

Americans To Vote On New Color For Terror Alerts, M&Ms

by Sean Keane, I Choose Purple

When Americans file their tax returns in April, or purchase a package of Peanut Butter M&Ms, they will have the chance to choose between cobalt, periwinkle twill, and electric lime. In a joint effort between M&M-Mars and the Department of Defense, voting will be held to determine the new color for M&Ms and terror alerts. Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld indicated that the new terror color would indicate a slightly heightened alert level with warnings on international

travel. "When this new warning/candy color is revealed, Americans are urged to stock up on duct tape as well as a variety of delicious milk chocolate confections, available in Original, Peanut, and Crispy," Rumsfeld announced. He added, "American freedom melts in your mouth, not in your hand."

Snowball Implicated in Anthrax Mailings

by Leshanda Dean, Actually Female

The culprit responsible for deadly post-9/11 anthrax mailings has been identified by federal authorities. Snowball the Pig was added to the FBI's Ten Most Wanted list, and arrest warrants were issued in four states. Director of Homeland Security Napoleon announced that findings have come to light that link the rebellious pig to letters mailed to Tom Daschle, NBC News, and Farmer Pilkington.

A break in the case came with the arrest of three hens with suspected Al Qaeda ties. When questioned by Napoleon, the hens broke down and confessed to being part of Snowball's conspiracy. This conspiracy is thought to extend past merely the mailing of the anthrax letters, with Snowball also implicated in the recent terror bombing of the nearly-completed national windmill.

The current whereabouts of Snowball are unknown. Speaking from Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, newly-arrived detainee Boxer the horse expressed hope that Snowball would be caught soon, and added, "I will work harder."

Man Discovers True Love

by Carrick Diana, One Hand in her Pocket

Last Tuesday, Pleasanton, California resident Matthew Smith, though a self-professed normal and even mediocre guy, discovered true love, which scientists had previously claimed was impossible. "It was easy," he claimed. "It was right next to the Loch Ness Monster

and the agent from William Morris the whole time!"

Searching for true love had long been a hobby of Smith's, and he would go to great lengths in pursuit of it. After searching everywhere he could think of, he finally decided to try looking in his own backyard. "At first, I thought I was lowering my standards by looking there. I mean, it just seemed too easy. But there it was!"

Millions, meanwhile, continue to go without a Hollywood agent or comparable mythical creature.

Blood for Oil Program a Success

by Tommaso Sciortino, Non-Partisan

Red Cross officials are praising their new program to refund blood donors for transportation costs. Started six months ago, the "Blood for Oil" program lets Red Cross officials pay to fill up the gas tanks of donors who contribute every six weeks.

"People love exchanging blood for oil. Really, what's a couple of pints of blood compared to a full tank of gas? Certainly no person, or even American political leader, could pass up such an incredible bargain," said one really sarcastic anti-war protester.

Amit Tamir Eats Eight Apple Fritters

by Salim Stoudamire, Stoudamizer

Last week, after a bitter defeat to the University of Arizona's number one basketball team, UC Berkeley's star forward/center was seen at Kingpin Donuts eating apple fritters.

According to witnesses, Tamir consumed eight of the delicious pastries consecutively without so much as a breath.

"One, [num nurm chomp] two, [slobber bite bite] three," said Tamir. "[nibble] mmm four [chew smack] five..." he later added. When he reached his last donut, Tamir exclaimed "[num nurm chomp] eight."

DEAR BACHELORETTE + TRISTA,

First off let me say you made the right decision; but you definitely made the wrong choice. What do I mean by that you ask? Well let me explain.

When you cut the first 24 guys, you were right on the money. They weren't worth the dirt on the bottom of your shoe. You were on the right track. You kept dumping them like sacks of used condoms, but then you had to screw it all up by picking that last guy Ryan.

You know Trista, we've never met or anything, but I think if we had, this show would have turned out much differently. You know, I've really got a lot more to offer you than that guy Ryan. Yeah sure he's an attractive supormodel-esque firefighter, fine he's sensitive and sweet and all those obnoxiously adorable things; but really I think you may be missing some key points.

First off, he's an old and withered 27 years old. Basically, he's got maybe two to three more years to live. I on the other hand, am an agile and youthful 20 years of age.

In addition, I think you need to take a second look at this man's career. He is a government worker! How do you expect to raise a family on a government worker's salary? Let me answer that for you. You can't. I mean sure you might be able to get a three bedroom house with a lawn, but what about the glitz and the glamour it appears you have gotten so used to by now? Think about it Trista. You're going to have to get a job. Yup, you're going to be modeling bathing suits for Target, and when you're too old for that, you'll be a K-Mart foot model. Eventually you will be nothing more than a hack. A hack married to a hack of a heroic firefighter. It's so sad.

Now look at me, an over-achieving college student. I've got potential; the world is an oyster for you and me to slowly slurp down. Other objects the world could be for us include a jungle gym (for us to play on), horse (for us to ride on), or even a popsicle (for you to suck on).

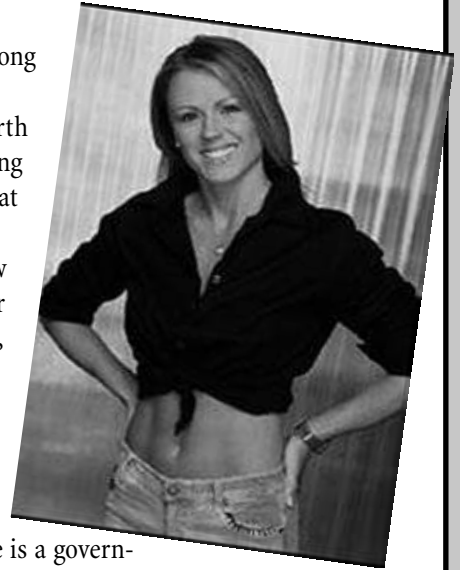
In addition to achieving an impressive GPA, I also play an array of instruments. These include guitar, drums, and piano. So while your beloved husband Ryan is writing cheesy and childish 5th grade limericks, I could be writing you full songs. Shit, I could write you a full CD, and burn it myself with my computer skills. What can Ryan do for you? Write a terribly predictable 4 line poem then spray you down with a fire hose? Is this what your looking for?

Further, I have a great sense of humor. I mean it may not come out well in writing, but I shine for those "in-the-moment" times. Really what I've got is wit. It's obvious Ryan is nothing more than a muscular bag of emptiness. Sure he can be sensitive and kind, but are those characteristics really important nowadays? No, I'm pretty sure about that one.

According to your profile, which I totally didn't read (a friend told me this shit for real. He is such a loser. I totally don't use the Internet. I feel it takes up precious time I could use for making love), you majored in Exercise Science and currently work at a Miami children's hospital. Isn't it funny, cause I totally go to the gym all the time. You know, I always saw my workout routine as a science. I do curls and push ups and stuff, we could talk about that. You know what, I totally don't hate kids that much either. I mean I have two cousins who are seriously so young, and I sorta play with them sometimes. I play this one game, I call it the silence game. The kid who stays quiet the longest doesn't get slapped. Lucky for me now they keep their little mouths shut most of time. Loveable little guys!

In conclusion, I think we have something too special to lose over this "dreamy" firefighting dude. Think about it, he will do nothing but spray cold and bitter water all over your burning heart. I on the other hand would log out the Redwood National Forest and throw it on your growing flame, spotted owls and all. Endangered Species won't stand in the way of our love. You want an ivory toilet seat? I can make it happen. So Trista think about it and get back to me on my celly. Woop woop.

-Dan Freedman



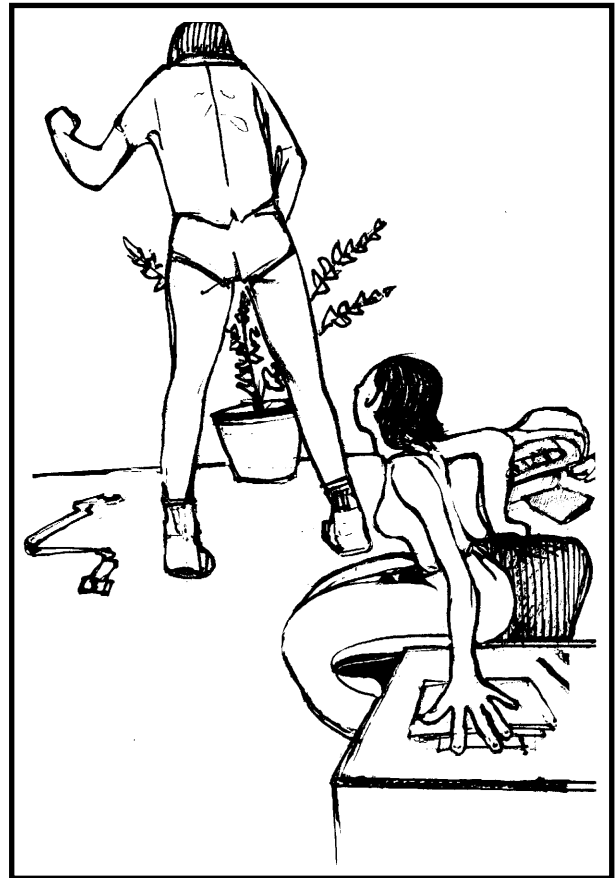
The Most Courteous Gentleman's Guide to Office Efficacy

by David Duman

Greetings fellow young adults! Many of you are like myself, holding down a part-time office job in order to finance your necessary collegiate expenditures. Whether they be fees and housing or booze and hookers, having a well-paying part-time job makes any college experience more enjoyable. Many more of you will be graduating into a soft job market and are either too stupid for graduate school or too proud to teach a classroom full of our futures and will find yourselves spending years pushing paper in an office and masturbating to the dreams of that second dot-com explosion that will leave you with nothing but a broken spirit and a fistful of your own wasted seed. Or you can move back home with your parents, which will also leave you with nothing but a broken spirit and (this time) a bedsheet full of your own wasted seed.

But I digress.... I now humbly offer unto you, my classmates, my Most Courteous Guide to Office Efficacy – Advisement for the Junior Clerk:

- Many office managers will attempt to thrust tasks upon you simply because you are currently idle. They do not care that your mind is pondering the great mysteries of this universe! A quick solution is to always be holding a folded sheaf of papers in the left-hand while striding purposefully down the halls vigorously pumping the right arm, hand in a closed fist. No manager will attempt to abate the power of the Focused Junior Clerk!
- Do not underestimate “busywork.” The Junior Clerk can gain much praise by simply watering the plants in an office, particularly if the majority of its occupants are of the Fairer Sex.
- A modern office custom is to celebrate the birthdays of its employees. If presented with a card to sign, do not fret if you are not familiar with its eventual recipient! A well-placed Pink Floyd or Neil Young quote will always make you seem like the caring wit that you are.
- Although untoward romantic advances are forbidden in all but the most specialized workplaces, the Junior Clerk should always maintain a healthy repertoire of sexual skills should the need arise to disarm a heated argument or should the time come around for his or her biannual performance review.
- The Office Restroom is a place for relaxation. Always wear a loose fitting shirt or blouse so as to ease the smuggling of appropriate reading materials into this Den of Solitude.
- Should anyone in the Office produce unwholesome body odor, the Junior Clerk should immediately administer quaaludes in that person's coffee and promptly call the Department of Sanitation.
- Heroin use of any kind is not appropriate for the Office.



My best to all of you and my warmest regards!

Top Ten New Features for Sather Gate

10. Drive-through car wash
9. A troll that asks three question before letting you pass. The questions, however, are all easy if you've taken Nutri Sci 10.
8. Electric garage door opener, also garage
7. Naked lady pictures on both sides now
6. Moves around so you can get the best pictures
5. Laughs heartily whenever someone calls Sproul the "Home of Free Speech"
4. Gondola ride to the top of Campanile
3. Lets you go both ways now
2. Free makeover courtesy of the producers of the Ricki Lake Show!
1. Glory Hole

Top Ten Campus Myths Spread by CalSO

10. That Dwinelle was actually built by two feuding brothers who setteled their differences and cemented their newfound friendship by building a campus building together. Blindfolded.
9. Sexually active students are allowed to enter Soda Hall
8. The Hate Man is actually T.V.'s Dennis Franz
7. Plaque commemorating Mario Savio steps actually spot pissed on after night of partying by the same
6. Le Conte Hall named after famous Frenchman, not just dirty French word
5. "Tolman? No, that's not ours. We would never build something like that."
4. Tipping your tour guide is customary and easy
3. City of Berkeley once populated by lazy blacks and Latinos with low SATs; establishment of Univeristy in 1868 changed all that.
2. *Junior* starring Arnold Schwarzenegger was filmed on this very campus, the most successful movie in the history of the world
1. Christmas is really about the birth of Oski

Walking to Class

by Mark Thomas

I'm not so sure about attractive women riding bicycles. I mean, I'm not opposed to attractive women, and I'm certainly not opposed to bicycles. There's simply something unappealing about the combination.

Don't get me wrong, bicycles are a very practical means of transportation, and I'm all about practicality. In fact, I could really use a bicycle: I've got a mile walk to and from school every day. It's just that, well, I'm an attractive woman.

Beautiful women riding horses I can reckon with. I think we'd all agree that there's an air of elegance to that. Beautiful women riding horses are always perched upon a knoll and glowing. Attractive women riding bicycles are always struggling up a hill and grunting.

Many people like that sort of thing, though. A lot of European women ride bicycles and it seems to be a popular thing among the society in general. Maybe we should just ship all of our bicycle-riding attractive women over there. I guess that would pave the way for the breeding of a pure American Master Race. Members of the Master Race jog and drive hover-tanks, not ride bicycles like EU pussies.

But, I think I speak for a significant population when I say that America isn't ready to lose any of our attractive women, even if it is in the name of hover-tanks. Perhaps the problem would be best dealt with domestically. And rightly so, for the real problem, of course, is in the women themselves.

By the way, I'm not actually an attractive woman. I just said that earlier because it fit well.

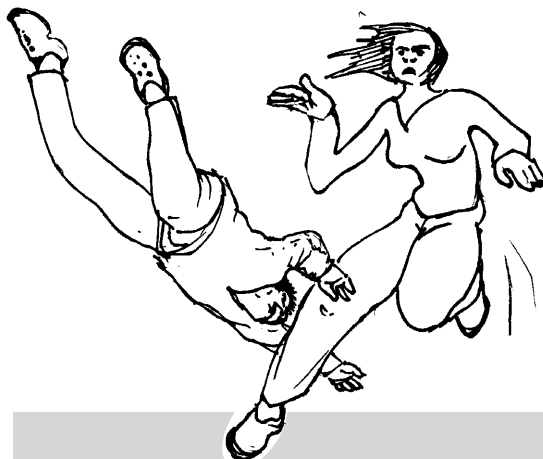
Attractive women insist on wearing sexy clothes when riding their bicycles.

I assume their feminine reasoning leads them to the conclusion that if they want to attract an appropriate mate, they must appear alluring and pragmatic. If

"...the real problem, of course, is in the women themselves."

this truly is the image they want, though, they would be better off riding something equally sexy. Like another attractive woman. But then one of the pair would be walking anyway. Clearly, these women think wrong.

I guess I, along with the majority of the populace, I'm sure, would like women to be flexible and agile rather than fast and efficient. If I was to charge one of them in the manner of a rhinoceros, I think we would all agree that stepping aside is a much better evasive maneuver than wobbling for a second and falling down. No, I want women to have lateral mobility, and I think it's for the best.



Left: Female evading assailant through use of lateral mobility

Botanist's Dream

by Boback Ziaieian

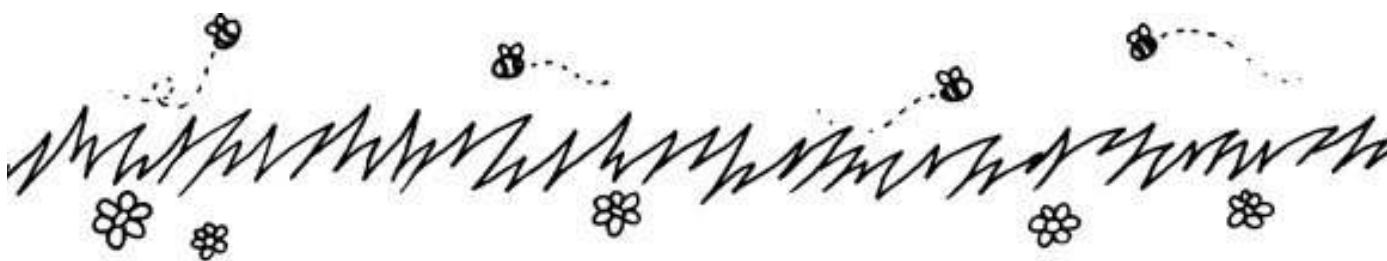
Ophrys bilunulata, the cunning seductive temptress of Central Europe, discloses her arching figure, velvety hair, and fragrant scent; twisting the palpating heart of the male *Andrena flavipes* to such a wicked degree that the loins of *A. flavipes* swelter and pulsate, diverting *A. flavipes* from his scheduled flight and into the waiting appendages of *O. bilunulata*. There he is lost in a maze of bliss: poking and turning, rubbing and nudging, licking and humping. *A. flavipes* loses all self-control. For him to stop now, an envious murderer must slit his throat. Their dance continues while *O. bilunulata* responds to his every whim, a true goddess of ecstasy. Then, in a few seconds, the deed is done. The legs of *A. flavipes*, exhausted, buckle under his own weight. He rests upon his mistress, looking out across the green landscape, collects his thoughts, and continues upon his intended path.

We have just now remotely experienced the unbridled passion of a male honeybee ejaculating onto the petals of the “prostitute orchid,” as referred to by botanists. Thanks to thousands of years of co-evolution the “prostitute orchid” has successfully mimicked the seductive design and scent of the posterior region of the female honeybee, stinger not included, to encourage its own selfish reproductive goals. The male honeybee is the humble recipient of this Darwinian gift. While God gave Man the faculties of reason, he gave the male honeybee an inviting home in which to shove his pollen attracting willy.

I question the uniqueness of honeybee-floral relations, however. Should not all beasts have reciprocal floral receptacles to thrust within? To that, I answer with a resounding YES! Yet, my assertion catapults me to a lone island away from my comfortable circle of botanist friends, who fear such statements will turn “Botanic Academia” into a wretched playground of pine tree humpers.

Man deserves better. Dilapidated gym socks, overly delicate tissue paper, and motorized suction/filtration devices are objects of the past. The future of erotic self-stimulation rests within our gardens. My calls for reformation, however, are not a mandate to haphazardly sling our wangs into the wilderness. (Masochists should be kept at bay.) The movement for hominidal-botanic pseudocopulation is an orchestrated strategy to insure proper erotification of flora that will fulfill the desires of future generations.

Do not expect immediate results. The first fleet of men will encounter complications. The path we travel is uncharted. Only through vigilance and an unified goal will we ever achieve Man's Prostitute Orchid. The first generation will not make much progress, nor will the second. However, when we reach the 10,000th, then, my friends, we will feel our flora slowly conform to our phalluses. They will be lush, sturdy, soft, and moany. They'll grow tall and large, gripping our asses as we pump with careful delight out in the open wilderness. We'll move from plant to plant, remembering those that bring us pleasure and destroying those that cannot compare. Thereupon, in 100,000 generations or more, history will look back at the initial flora lot and thank us for a job well done. Manual self-stimulation will be outdated and floral-cock-gripping, leaf-ass-holding, and sweet titty-berry-eating are the future. To the garden my brothers. To the garden....



the kidz' almanac presents...

compiled by rebecca c. brown

THIS FABULOUS GOVERNMENT!

Hey kids! Do you like to be tricked into learning? Then dip into these exciting tidbits all about America's 42 most presidential men and their political colleagues. These two pages are chock-full of wacky facts, zany trivia, crazy stats, and criminally insane chunks of information, all about the leaders of our nation.

And it's all tailor-made (or should I say Taylor-made?!) for you: KIDS!

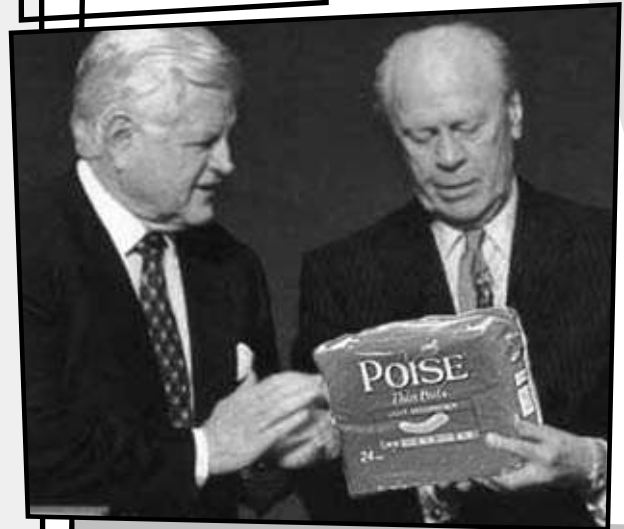
KWIK KWIZ!

1. The 19th Amendment...
 - a) came before the 20th, but after the 18.th
 - b) gave American women the right to vote in general elections.
 - c) established "boyish good looks" as a valid campaign platform.
 - d) displayed our nation's penchant for adopting progressive legislation decades after Europe does.
 - e) made dames think that they own the damn place.
2. The most prominent figure in foreign relations in the last 20 years is...
 - a) Mikhail Gorbachev.
 - b) Saddam Hussein.
 - c) Tony Blair.
 - d) Ariel Sharon.
 - e) prop comedian Gallagher.
3. According to American folklore, Paul Revere rode through the night shouting...
 - a) "The British are coming!"
 - b) "The British are pansies!"
 - c) "Zeppelin rules!"
 - d) "Bud Light tastes great and is less filling!"
 - e) "Merry Christmas you old Savings and Loan!"
4. The members of the Supreme Court are chosen...
 - a) by the President.
 - b) by the President's father.
 - c) by chimps with darts.
 - d) through a series of intensive sobriety tests.
 - e) in the Atlasphere!
5. The Founding Fathers' dream for America was hinged upon...
 - a) religious freedom.
 - b) democratic elections.
 - c) bountiful slave labor to keep the economy running smoothly.
 - d) breasts and everything they stand for.
 - e) 39-cent cheeseburgers on Tuesdays.

"The only thing we have to fear are the tragic repercussions of a crippled economy." -FDR

"Speak softly and put your tongue in my ear."

-Theodore Roosevelt



Gerry receives a prestigious award.

Because of his unwavering morals, 16th President Abraham Lincoln earned the moniker Honest Abe. But there was something that he wasn't so honest about: his raging scabies.

The only recorded pie-eating contest involving United States presidents was held on July 4, 1811 at an Independence Day picnic. Among the competitors were former leaders John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, and then-president James Madison. Abigail Adams won handily by eating eight of her own pies in under twelve minutes.

Contrary to decades of investigation, John F. Kennedy actually committed suicide in early March of 1961. He was also a woman.



"Nearly all men can stand adversity, but if you want to test a man's character, sleep with his wife."
-Abraham Lincoln

"I'm not the president. I'll never be the president. Stop thinking that I was the president."
-Benjamin Franklin

RALPH NADER SPEAKS TO AMERICA'S CHILDREN!

You may not recognize my voice or my face or my name the way you would George W. Bush or Canadian pop sensation Avril Lavigne, but I have an important message to impart to the American demographic between the ages of 4 and 12. I address the issues that kids care about, like corporate accountability and campaign finance reform. But before I can share my plan for a better America, I've got a reputation to refute. I am in fact a very exciting person. I may not tell vivid tales of terrorism or sk8r boys, but inside this drab suit is a man who warrants raucous applause. For example, if your parents elect me president in 2004, I will be the oldest president at a ripe age of 70. And I bet you kids have all heard of Abraham Lincoln. Did you know that at 6'4" I'm just as tall as he was? I could simultaneously be joining Ronald Reagan and Abe Lincoln as presidential superlatives. Kids love superlative trivia, don't they? Hey, where are you going? I could wear a neat hat like Abe, too! C'mon, come back.



Gerald Ford is commonly known as the "Accidental President." But to friends and family he was known as the "President who had Accidents" due to his severe incontinence. (That means the man wore diapers, kids.) That's something not even Ford himself could pardon!

Everyone knows that George Washington was decked out with a set of wooden choppers. But did you know that our first president was also the proud owner of a wooden rectum? His hand-crafted solid cherry false pooper was behind him all the way as he led the troops across the Delaware and helped forge our Constitution. Here's to good old-fashioned American ingenuity!



Though perhaps most famous for having not been defeated by Thomas Dewey, 33rd president Harry S Truman was soundly beaten by his 1948 opponent in a heated match of checkers the previous year. According to inside sources, upon Dewey's victory, Truman flipped the board over and booted his adversary in the groin. Ouch!

"I've been shot! Shot by Aaron Burr!"
-Alexander Hamilton

"Give me liberty or give me a discount at your local T.G.I. Fridays!"
-Patrick Henry

PRESIDENT CARTER SHARES HIS FAVORITES!

Color: Ochre

Bran: Corn

Midnight snack: Lean Pockets

Disciple: John

Movie: Miracle on 34th Street

TV show: Blind Date

Kitchen appliance: Toast-R Oven

Article of clothing: Sans-a-belt Slacks

Baldwin: Alec

Slogan: "Where's the beef?"/"Looks like a pump, feels like a sneaker."

Leisure activity: Building homes for low-income families/Cock fighting

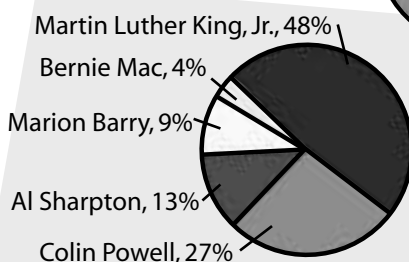
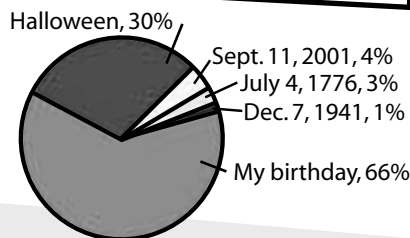
Thanks for your time, Mr. Carter!



Jimmy takes a break south of the border.

STAT SHOT!

According to our readers, the most important day in American history is...



The African American political figure our readers most look up to is...

Dear Mr. & Ms. Dunnegan,

It has come to my attention that you have been, erroneously, under the impression that your son Roger is gay. If you two want to cry yourselves to sleep thinking that your pride and joy has, 20 years after leaving the teat, exchanged his pacifier for a different ... well, for a cock, that's none of my business.

However, it has also come to my attention that you have concluded this about your son based on his status as my roommate, and on an (erroneous!) assumption that I am a homosexual. I am writing this to set the record straight. As in, penis entering the vagina, sustained rhythmic copulation, and orgasm, possibly mutual. Straight. Thanks.

Before I get to that, though, I wanted to thank you for the housewarming gifts. It may sound inevitably sarcastic to thank someone in writing for a set of potholders, but I have actually burned my hands several times during my young adult life and the gift, even if you couldn't have known, was taken as exceedingly thoughtful. Notice how I wrote "thoughtful," rather than "conducive to my gay lifestyle."

Roger's been a great roommate, for the most part. Sure, sometimes he doesn't wash his dishes right away, and I wish he'd let me know when he was planning on going to Safeway, but I can state for a fact that I've never seen his cock and that there's an almost 70% chance that he hasn't seen mine.

I know that you have recently been FedExed a full-color glossy of your son and me having anal sex. Don't ask how. I have my ways. This is

a doctored photo, Mr. Dunnegan. The skin on my face doesn't match that body, Mr. Dunnegan. I have an innie, not an outie, Mr. Dunnegan, and am willing to provide documentation to prove it. Is that also not Roger's real body? Perhaps. Roger can fight his own battles.

I assume your assumption stems largely from my rather obvious good looks, which are often described as "cute" or even "pretty" rather than, say, "swarthy," "rugged," or "beefy." I am, however, undeniably "sexy," so perhaps it is understandable to think that Roger, if not gay already, would fall under my spell.

You may have heard through the grapevine that my previous roommate was gay, or even that I had been living with gay men for the three years prior to living with Roger. Look, I think we all know the grapevine doesn't lie, so I'm not going to embarrass myself here. I'll just ask you to politely overlook my history of homosexual associations, because that's not the issue. Being friends with a gay man doesn't make you gay any more than being friends with a black guy makes you a rapper.

Sincerely,



Jim Beckett

P.S. If I were you I'd be more worried that my daughter is ugly.



Berkeley Renters' Quiz

Rent Stabilization Board

1. If you sign a lease with a friend who drops out of school and moves away, your landlord will expect:

- a) half the rent until you find a new roommate.
- b) you to pay all the rent until you can find a new roommate.
- c) you to break your lease and move out.

2. If you don't like your roommate and you want him to move out, you should:

- a) Throw him a going away party
- b) Give him a 60 day notice to move out.
- c) Try and work it out or move out yourself.

Answers: 1. b. If you both signed the lease, either one of you may be held liable for the entire rent until the contract expires if the other defaults (or until it is re-rented).

3. If you pay rent to your roommate instead of the landlord, you should be paying:

- a) Only a share that is proportional to the space you occupy.
- b) Whatever amount you agreed to pay when you moved in.
- c) Whatever amount your roommate asks for, as long as it's not more than the total rent.

Answers: 2. c. You have no legal authority to make him leave (i.e., no just cause to evict), so you're stuck with each other until you come to a mutual agreement. 3. a. You should only pay a fair share of the entire rent; if you rent 1 bedroom in a 2 bedroom apartment, all other things being equal, you should pay half the rent.

for more information:

2125 Milvia St, Berkeley, 94704
EMAIL: rent@ci.berkeley.ca.us
WEB SITE: www.ci.berkeley.ca

TEL: (510) 644-6128
TDD: (510) 644-6915
FAX: (510) 644-7723

altercations with an irishman

It's 2024. My rebellious son Seamus O'Murphy Padrick-Keane wants to borrow the space-car, but he's been grounded for breaking space-curfew. When I refuse to give him the keys, Seamus wallops me over the head with an empty bottle of space-whiskey. Reeling and bleeding, I stagger towards the space-foyer and alert his mother, who cold-cocks the unsuspecting Seamus with a space-wrench as he dashes towards the space-garage. "Seamus," his mother bellows, "you've... shamed us!" His mother pauses as the hilarity of her statement sinks into her enormous Celtic head and the weight of it all eventually causes her to topple over.

So it was wicked cold one day in Southie and I was walking along the river. I was taking a nip a Jameson's that I stole from my old man one night when he was passed out drunk by the fire and suddenly a cop car was pulling up beside me. O'Malley. This was not the first time we'd met. I eyed him up and down as he opened the car door. All the sudden there I was again, skirt around my neck and knickers around my ankles, goin' at it on the hood. We humped like two leprechauns on the glistening emerald isle. I had a confession, I told him, "I don't really know what the word 'altercation' means." He paused for a second to eye me wildly, "and I'm too embarrassed to ask."

While walking home from the pub, I spotted a tiny green-clad man with his tiny foot caught in a steam grate. I knew right away that it was a leprechaun, and that anyone who captures a leprechaun is entitled to his stash of hidden gold. So I looks the wee little guy in the eye, and I says, "Look, let's play it straight here. Ye're captured, and ye'll be telling me where your gold is without any of yer leprechaun tricks." He protested a bit, but eventually led me to a garden with hundreds of bushes. I made him tie a red handkerchief onto the bush which hid his gold, and went off to get my shovel. When I returned, every bush in the garden had a red handkerchief around it. I was so angry that I hardly noticed the partially-peeled potatoes being lobbed at me from a nearby tree. The little bastard gave me no gold at all, just a series of tiny-but-vicious kicks to the kidneys. The wee bugger was brutal with the pointy toes, but ye have to respect the man.



"Sit yer foockin' arse down or I'll climb up there and give you somethin' to cry about" a disgruntled patron three rows back grumbles towards the stage. "Get yir foockin' foot outa yer arse, Vladimir! Foockin' do somethin'!" Estragon crosses, looks to the man: "I sometimes wonder if we wouldn't have been better off alone, each man for himself." Disgruntled patron stands, stumbles towards stage and sweeper kicks Estragon's bum foot from under him "Well foockin' A right!" (the sun starts to set) "Aye, let's go," I says to my friend. He said "feene, we're goin.' We're goin.'" (nighttime, they do not move, blood trickles from Estragon's nose, Vladimir sobs like a wee baby in the corner and the curtain falls).

The toughest altercation I ever had was with an Irishman named myself. Scrapping and brawling is one thing, but try learning to read at age 22. It's always tempting to quit studying phonics and drown your sorrows in alcohol, especially when a jerk like Danny McGinnis is giving you shit about Dick and Jane and that foocking dog Spot. Still, you have to battle with yourself every day to stay focused on the goal of self-improvement and literacy, unless that McGinnins simply WILL NOT SHUT UP, and then you haul off and smack him one, and he responds with a knee to your groin, and at that point Timothy O'Flanneryhan breaks a bar stool over Danny's head, and someone is biting your ankle, and just before you lose consciousness, you can read the label on the bottle of Bass Ale flying towards you in what seems like slow motion, for the very first time ever.

Top Ten Best Things that can Fit in an Egg

10. Two yolks
9. Bird fetus
8. Silly Putty
7. Sacagawea dollars, not fucking pennies
6. Potential
5. The femur, the tibia, fibia, calf muscles, and more! What? Oh, I thought you said leg.
4. Fucking three yolks! I swear man, this one time. It was AWESOME!
3. My hatred for those Jesus murderers who couldn't appreciate Easter if you lit it on fire and stuck it in a menorah
2. 73% of your RDA of cholesterol
1. Friendly Yolkels

Top Ten Greenest Things in the World. Ever.

10. Ralph Nader smoking a joint on St. Patrick's Day
9. A Green polar bear in a green blizzard at the North Pole
8. Popeye's crap
7. St. Patrick's Day Palmolive
6. Green Apple Palmolive. It smells as good as it looks. It's incredible.
5. I'm serious, have you tried this Palmolive?
4. A gangrenous leprechaun
3. Green Lantern, jealous
2. Your mom's crotch. Seriously, she should get that checked.
1. Blue and Yellow mixed together, smartass

Top Ten Things Found by Lewis & Clark (while Dreaming)

10. Waterfall made of butter
9. Prairie cats
8. Sacagawea's slutty sister
7. Warm and sunny Southwest coast, not shitty Northwest coast
6. A clean, completely renewable source of fuel
5. Elvis, Osama, the Missing Link, and Sasquatch, all playing 5-card draw in Atlantis
4. Lewis held captive by Lex Luther; Clark changes quickly in a phone booth, saves Lewis.
3. That bartering sucks
2. A job! (Those hippy slackers)
1. Thomas Jefferson's evil plot to tip all the cows

FROM: Chancellor Berdahl (texasqueen@yahoo.com)

TO: Cal Students (feesmonkeys@uclink.berkeley.edu)

CC: Spring Admits (probablynots@uclink.berkeley.edu) Governor Davis (darthg@aol.com)

REPLY TO: Kevin Deenihan (kevin@pkarchive.org)

SUBJECT: Upcoming Budget Cuts

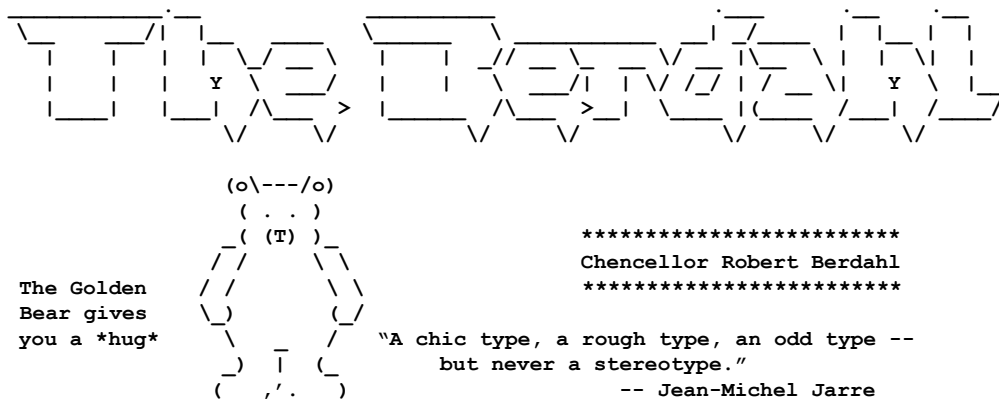
As many of you are no doubt aware, the State's budget situation is particularly grim this year. Our state's penchant for poorly conceived mass transit plans and ex-Comptroller Stevens' luck in Reno has left us deeply in the hole. UC's attempt to avoid budget cuts by huddling near State Insurance Regulations, where usually no one ever looks, has failed. Hence, we will be making the following cuts and additions:

Income:

- Cal's #1 Public University Ranking will be sold to the University of Michigan, along with two Princeton Review rankings to be named later.
- Vice-Chancellor Padilla will dance for quarters at the Stanford Alumni Club.
- The Haas Family has agreed to sponsor the Haas School of Business, which will be renamed the Haas Haas School of Business in their honor.
- The Portugese Department will be given Letters of Marque, giving them the right to sack and pillage the vessels of the Spanish, French, and English. 50% of the booty will be returned.
- The Alumni will be asked to open their fucking pockets, Jesus Christ, if you sons of bitches gave us *any* money we wouldn't have these problems. Harvard's Chancellor doesn't have to do this bullshit.
- Rich students will be shaken down by big students.
- Regent Scholars will lose their Scholarships if found doing some easy major like Economics instead of something worth doing.
- Chancellor's House turned into youth hostel. Unbeknownst to the authorities, a lucrative brothel will be run from the basement, populated by a colorful collection of prostitutes with hearts of gold.

Expenses:

- Coach Tedford will be fired and replaced with some cheap loser.
- Water Polo team will have to do without polo balls, water.
- Innovative "bed-sharing" program eliminates need for Units 1 and 2. Unit 2 then turned into another hostel/brothel.
- Fewer capers and shallots on the braised duck served at the Administrators' Club. Manservants released from their bonds. Retained Swiss Guards sent back to Switzerland.



stretching

by Ben Birken

Let's face it: there are a lot of problems in this world. The gap between the "have's" and the "have-not's" gets wider and wider each day. A ride on the U.S. stock market now feels like a poorly designed attraction on *Roller Coaster Tycoon*. Christina Aguilera is somehow still situated in the Billboard Top 5, though her clothes cannot be located. Wars with foreign nations loom over the horizon like the Dread Pirate Roberts. It is at times like these that the peoples of the world look anywhere and everywhere for answers. Luckily, working in my top-secret crime lab (located conveniently at the pub just around the corner), I have stumbled across the one thing that can solve all of the problems that look us in the face and try to punch us in the mouth: stretching.

Now I know what you're saying. "Ben, how could something so simple as stretching really be the guiding light? Why are you so fucking stupid?" First, we don't know each other well enough for you to call me by my first name. Mr. Birken, Reverend Birken, El Birko, or His Royal Fucking Birkness will do just fine. Second, you haven't even read the damn article yet. Can't you hold off judgment for two or three measly paragraphs? Jeez. I hate when you do that.

Ok, so how can stretching be the panacea that cures the world's ills? I can't answer that question because I don't know what a panacea is. It sounds good though. But I do know that stretching has a few incredibly positive aspects that at this point certainly can't hurt. Let's examine them in a way that not only tells us what they are, but also lets me use the list function on my word processor:


- 1) Improving Performance: who wouldn't want this? North Korea could progress from its Foraging-for-Roots-and-Grass eating program. Mexico could improve the soundness of its currency. Great Britain could finally score a better time in the 100-m dash.
- 2) Preventing Injury: if Russia had stretched before adopting a market-based economy instead of jumping right in, she wouldn't have pulled her hamstrings.
- 3) Improving Coordination: when is the last time you saw Brazil able to touch her toes, Ireland walk a straight line, or New Zealand skip without falling down?
- 4) Promoting Joint Elasticity: if all the joints in the world could last for days instead of just a few minutes, don't you think we would be a happier, more relaxed world? We would probably eat more beef jerky and peanut butter cups, but I think that's a sufficient opportunity cost.
- 5) Enhancing Posture and Movement: yes.

One thing this list fails to mention is the social aspect of group stretching. Nothing diffuses a tense situation like seeing someone else's train to pull their foot over their head. Their face gets flushed, they start sweating, various veins begin pulsing on their foreheads. . .in short, it's a lot like your first dance with a girl. If all the members and delegations of the UN stretched before their debates, we would see fewer injuries and more compromises. I would also finally be able to get decent work as an exercise physiologist. So please, be a dear and support your local chapter of the Coalition For Creating Knowledgeable Stretchers.



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Top Ten Things Cut in the Federal Budget

10. Diplomatic ties to foreign countries
9. Dick Cheney's foreskin
8. Scenes with too much exposition
7. Any money for poor, liberals
6. Gold coin swimmin' pool
5. Collision insurance
4. Federal Youth Rec Center, thereby necessitating an inspiring New-Wave-music-accompanied fundraising scheme
3. Elaborate Carmen Miranda costume for White House dog
2. The life expectancies of those not rich, white
1. Players who were just dragging the team down

Top Ten Signs Your Boyfriend Might Be a Borg

10. On first date, instead of flowers buys motor oil
9. Instead of chocolate, buys you nanotechnology that assimilates you into the Borg collective
8. During first kiss, instead of slipping you the tongue, slips you Borg circuitry that leads to your assimilation
7. Instead of a romantic European vacation, takes you to a cheap motel in TJ and tries to assimilate you
6. Always leaves the toilet seat down, tries to assimilate you
5. Instead of semen, ejaculates lasers
4. Can't enjoy himself when he's not drunk/high/one with the collective
3. House is immaculate, clean, organized, and can sustain speeds of warp 9.98 for up to 50 earth hours
2. Smart, well paid, and really (la)CUTE(is)
1. He's really a square. I mean cube. I mean a Borg cube. He's a Borg cube.

Top Five Jeopardy Answers in Which the Question is "Who is Jesus?"

5. The grandson of Joachim and Anne.
4. He came from Galilee.
3. _____ H. Christ.
2. Only this man can save you now.
1. [incredulously] Who is Jesus!?

Oh, Those Alienated Teenagers!

By Matt Loker

Fact of life: we all went through our sullen, withdrawn phases sometime in our teenage years. Some may deny it, but they will only turn out to be bitter alcoholics that quietly seethe about marrying young and taking a job in automotive sales. But for all the rest of us level-headed, fully matured college students, we can look back on our alienated teenager phases and laugh. Yes, there was a time when even Berkeley students were irrational and contrarian. In this spirit of reminiscence, let us look back at the awkward years of some noted authors. They too were somehow able to understand the unending vortex of emptiness and pain that only you could know.

From Emily Dickinson's private diary, age 13

June 12: I really like Bobby! He's so cute!! But so is Jacob. I wonder which one I'll marry.

June 13: My kitty died. It was real sad.

June 17: Death is a dialogue between the spirit and the dust. "Dissolve," says death.

From the haiku scrolls ("Keep out!") of Lao Tzu, age 16:

Lotus petals float,
swimming in the summer breeze
I hate my parents.

From the correspondence of John Keats and an adolescent friend, apparently named "Marty":

Note #1: HeY jOhN, wHaT R U dOiNg?

Note #2: Nothing. Curse this school-related busywork! I adore beautiful idleness!

Note #3: Why? Doing nothing sUx0rz!

Note #4: Oh but Marty, I don't want to be in class. I want to run and jump and fondle my private bits all of the day! Yesternight I could do nothing save for daydreaming and staring at a Grecian urn of mine. I stared and stared until the figures became as moving figures on a carousel, except they were naked maidens! Verily, I reveled in my splend'rous youth, and masturbated!

Note #5: Dood, John, that's all you ever do anymore. Seriously, it's a problem. Chill.

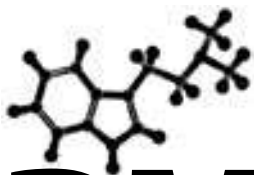
From a journal entry of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, age 14

I was really bored today so I went down to the docks. It was cool 'cause I shot this huge albatross. Bam! Straight down, like a rock. When it fell at my feet, I just kind of looked at it. But it was boring so I went home. I hope Mom made potatoes for dinner.

From Friedrich Nietzsche's 10th grade class project entitled "Religion":

Hey, church is pretty sweet.





DMT Di-Methyl-Tryptamine

by Zack Fornaca

Phil: ... This guy told me, when you do DMT, if you take the threshold amount, it's like "elves de-cloak and take you to fairyland." It's supposed to be so fucking weird, right? But it seems totally real. And it feels like it lasts, like, forever. Anyhow, I bought some.

THE ONSET

Zack: Hey, so how long does this shit take to kick in, anyhow?

Phil: About 10 to 15 minutes, I think.

Zack: And how long has it been now?

Rubber Duck: [playing blackjack] About 10 to 15 minutes.

Zack: Huh!?

Rubber Duck: Hit me.

LEARNING TO COPE

Zack: Duck, I don't think I can take this much longer.

Rubber Duck: [now playing poker] You fold, chump?

Zack: No, I'm in.

Rubber Duck: Let's see some chips, then.

Zack: I guess I'm out. I need a break anyhow.

Rubber Duck: Look, take this apple [pulls out a pear with "Apple" written on it], take it to Dr. Potatohead, he'll sort you out.

Zack: I have learned to stop questioning reality.

DR. POTATOHEAD, LICENSED PSYCHIATRIST

Zack: Hi, Dr. Potatohead?

Dr. Potatohead: Take a seat, kid.... You know, I drank aftershave this morning.

Zack: Um, okay. So ... do I start talking now?

Dr. Potatohead: Sure, talk away, whatever. Did I drink it on purpose? Of course not!

Zack: I just mean, look, I'm paying by the hour, and....

Dr. Potatohead: I swear, my mouth wasn't there yesterday.

Zack: This is so weird. Look, I'm trying to keep it together, but I can't handle this DMT stuff. It's too harsh.

Dr. Potatohead: Jesus, last week I shaved off my eyeballs.

Zack: What?

Dr. Potatohead: Have you ever seen a potatohead with its eyeballs shaved off?

Zack: Christ, no! But....

Dr. Potatohead: Well, neither have I. Because I fucking shaved my eyeballs off.

Zack: ...

Dr. Potatohead: What's the matter with me? It's not like I can even grow a beard.

Zack: Of course not. You're a Mr. Potatohead!

Dr. Potatohead: That's *Dr.* Potatohead to you.

MY SUPPORTIVE FRIEND

Zack: I'm thinking about committing suicide.

Rubber Duck: Dude, nobody says that and means it. That's just a cry for help.

Zack: I'm serious. I hate my life, and I don't think it's going to get any better.

Rubber Duck: Yeah yeah, "Pay attention to me! Pay attention to meeee!"

Zack: Look, I've got a noose right here.

Rubber Duck: Looks like a spotlight from where I'm standing, prima donna.

Zack: It's around my neck! I'm going to kick this bucket out from under me!

Rubber Duck: Superstar! ... Bro?

THE AFTERMATH

Zack: ... I was pseudo-dead for hours. It was the single worst experience of my life. Why did you let me do that to myself?

Phil: I seem to remember telling you that elves would de-cloak. Of course, I also seem to remember getting a speeding ticket from Officer Dippy Drinking Bird, so what do I know?

PHIL'S FLASHBACK

Phil: Is there a problem, officer?

Dippy Drinking Bird: [nod, nod, nod, nod]

Top Ten Rush-themed Menu Items

10. Red Bruschetta
9. Key Limelight Pie
8. French Fries By Night
7. New World Mandarin Chicken
6. Closer to the Tart
5. Footlong Subdivisions
4. Tom Sawyer-kraut
3. 2112 Layer Dip
2. Lakeside Pork
1. By-Tor and the Corndog

Top Ten Changes to the World, Past & Present, if Squirrels were the Dominant Species

10. Crucifixes on dashboards across the world feature Mr. Peanut
9. Hindenberg quote "Oh the humanity!" becomes "Aww, wook at the cute humanity!"
8. Adolf Hitler's moustache slightly more bushy
7. ~~Feddy~~ Gerbil Roosevelt
6. Successful Vegas gamblers "Nut out" at the end of the night
5. Supermarkets brutally raided for every last morsel of food at the end of autumn
4. All around higher threshold for what is considered cute
3. Pornos last only a few short minutes; acting quality increases.
2. Human carcasses along Highway 13
1. Vice-president Bullwinkle

Top Ten Reasons a Woman is Like a Burrito

10. They both ooze when you eat them
9. Though you can find one anywhere, the hotter and spicier ones are located south of the border
8. You fill both with meat
7. \$5 is just way too much to pay
6. You're excited about having two, but in the end you feel uncomfortable and very messy
5. There are lots of different kinds, but basically they're all the same
4. Feels like a wonderful idea at the start, but becomes overwhelming and leaves you full in that gross, stuffed way, where you wish you just ate a salad instead
3. It's fun to unwrap them
2. You don't like the ones with too much sour cream
1. The ones you get at Taco Bell are never worth it



i had a dream...



One time I had a dream that my roommate kicked me in the nuts. When I woke up, I got up and punched him in the face.

-DF

One day, as I was living in exile, a funny thing happened to me. I received word that my estranged wife had perished and so, with forty ducats in my purse, I made haste to the apothecary to purchase a dram of poison so that I may join my love at death's door. I tarried not to the place where she had been lain but, upon reaching the tomb, I was apprehended by my enemy. Doing as a man fraught with desperation must, I engaged him in combat and slew him, right there on the door of his family's tomb. Upon entering and finding my wife there, I, with a final embrace and one last kiss, consumed the dram of poison. It worked quickly, true to the apothecary's word. And there I died. Imagine my embarrassment when it turned out she wasn't dead, but merely sleeping! Luckily, it was a dream.

-LW

I have a Dreamcast. Wanna play *Chu Chu Rocket*? "Isn't the Dreamcast obsolete?" you ask. Well, yes, if fun is obsolete, then I suppose it is. And if a 128-bit system with awkward controller design, a paltry 2Mb of RAM, and no new domestically released software in over a year is obsolete, then, again, yes.

-ZF

I had a dream that I couldn't read. But then I could read, which was good because my dream was written on a cocktail napkin below the phone number of a hot chick I was hitting on. I really wish that aardvark hadn't totally cockblocked me.

-DD

I had a dream where I was having a dream about myself having a dream about me sleeping and dreaming about me laying in my bed and dreaming about myself dreaming about mousepads.

-MS

I recently had this dream about my dogs, Talulah Belle and Yoda. I dreamed that they and all the other dogs in the neighborhood were having some kind of dog summit meeting in the front yard. I pulled up to the driveway and scratched Talulah around her ears until I realized it wasn't Talulah at all; it was actually a hybrid Talulah-kangaroo-camel. Not only that but this dogcaroo had TWO HEADS. "Dad," I said, alarmed, "We should do something about Lulu's extra head. She can't go on like this." And my dad looked at me and said, "But we can't get rid of it! That extra head plays a really good harmonica." As Talulah's other head came to life and played a song, I realized that dogs really are an unfortunate burden on civilized society.

-MLP

I had a dream once where I had died and gone to heaven. Heaven was so awesome. It was just like earth, but the ground was made of brownies and not soil. When it rained, it rained chocolate chips. There was no violence; when people got into fights they would just arm wrestle in their minds and then agree to compromise. The coolest part of heaven, though, was when I got to see Ben Franklin hitting on Marilyn Monroe; Kennedy was so pissed off. What was really weird though was what happened when I woke up. I was in a hospital and the doctor said I was shot in the face three times. Funny, it takes three shots in the face just to have the coolest dream ever!

-DF

I think it's important to have new dreams in life. My dream in life is to someday have cable and TiVo. I think that will make things complete. Before, my dream was to receive sexual favors from an anime chick while eating a Double-Double and watching *Back to the Future* on DVD. I blame Universal Home Video for holding that one up for so long.

-KB

I always dreamt I'd be a singing busboy at Denny's. I'd lull and croon for all the patrons and they would love me the best of all. My main problem is my hereditary tone-deafness, and the fact that I don't really know what a busboy does. I assume it's someone that helps people get on and off buses. I guess I'd better get started on finding a Denny's near a bus route.

-TS

Yeah, I have a dream ... or do I? Well, Mr Big Shot Small Beard Psychiatrist? Not so smart, are you? Bitch, nobody gets inside my head. Well, maybe an earwig. Or a noseworm. Mouthguppy eyemoose blowholenoceros.

-ZF

After ten straight hours of playing *Tetris* on my Gameboy I dreamt that I was playing *Tetris* in my mind. I would mentally place blocks with the familiar Russian melody in the background. No no no, not the damn L-shaped block again. Oh if I could only get that one long block to fall to the very left. *TETRIS!*

-RL

This one time I had the craziest dream. My friend Bobby Ewing was shot and... oh, wait, that's no good. That was *Dallas*. Yeah, well, I don't really have dreams. You happy now?

-ML

Next month's topic: "My Summer Vacation." Send contributions (no more than 100 words) to submit@sqelched.com

TV Spinoff Shows

Golden Girls: The College Years

When three sexagenarians can party the way they can, you know their college years were off the hook! Though packed with comedy, GG: TCY also tackles the tough issues in episodes like "Blanche gets an Abortion" and "Rose loves Dorothy." Join the three as they pledge Alpha Phi and watch Dorothy's face turn red when who should get hired as the House Mother but none other than her *own* mother, Sophia! (Estelle Getty reprising her role from the original series.)



Lonely House

Funnyman Bob Saget is back, but this time he's all alone. Jesse and Rebecca finally got enough wherewithal to move out of the attic, Joey's alcoholism drove him into rehab and then to the priesthood, and the girls all left to seek their fortune on the European lesbian rugby circuit, leaving Danny Tanner alone with his Diet Coke and Hungry Man™ pot pies. Though he spends most of his nights crying into a bottle of Kahlua or masturbating to reruns of Charlie's Angels on Betamax, all is not lost! Wacky hijinks and office romance come to pass when Danny is joined by a new co-host on Wake Up San Francisco: former Tanner family confidante Kimmy Gibler! Zany!



Three's Company's First Gangbang

When Jack's Bistro falls into tax trouble, everyone's favorite threesome sets about to raise money the only way their limited education and even more limited creativity will allow: turning their condo into a no-holds barred hardcore porn studio. See Jack explain away their new careers to prying landlord Mr. Furley as their new Eastern exercise club and then enjoy the madcap mayhem when he asks if he can join! Come see that three's never a crowd in Suzanne Somers' anus!



Living off the Royalties

Crime novelist and amateur snoop Jessica Fletcher has finally tapped her sources of inspiration dry, but her record of best-sellers has left her with a comfortable nest egg and hefty monthly royalty checks to pay for her true love: uncut Indian hashish. Follow Jessica's hazy misadventures as she and sidekick Willie Nelson travel through Europe inadvertently solving crimes. But who's that tagging along? Why it's spunky little Scrappy Doo! Look, it's cheaper than reanimating Vincent Price.

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