

# the **heuristic** **squelch**

**Oct 2005**

**Vol 15 Issue 2**

**squelched.com**

**WHERE'S  
WALDO'S  
SOUL?**



# Bullshit Sports

I'll never be an athlete. Don't get me wrong, it's not like I got picked last in P.E. or anything. I wasn't the fat kid, or the crutches kid, or the kid with mittens sewn onto his sleeves to create the illusion that he had hands. True they were all stronger and faster than me, but I was normal so I had friends. However, just because I'm no Joe Montana or because the mittens kid kicked my ass every week doesn't mean I don't love sports.



I watch and play a lot of intramural sports. I love the adrenaline soaked rush of competition. I love the stirring anthem of victory beating in my breast. I love watching the lesbians tackle each other. And I love the satisfaction of knowing I've given 110% in pursuit of the ultimate goal: completely vanquishing my talented, motivated opponents.

Furthermore, I also love to lie harder than a defendant at Nuremburg. I don't play intramural sports. I've never even seen a mural. Okay that was a lie too, but that just proves my point. Playing intramural sports is the gayest possible way for coeds to come into close physical contact with each other. Intramural sports are the dry humping of athletics: all the motions are the same, and the work's just as hard, but no matter how much effort you put in, you won't have anything to show for it but sweaty balls.

Even some professional sports are, in fact, bullshit. Bowling? If they serve hotdogs and beer to the *players*, it's not a sport. Chess? If Stephen Hawking can beat me at it, it's not a sport. Baseball? If a forty year old can beat me at it, it's not a sport. Basketball? If a black guy can beat me at it, it's not a sport. Murderball? I rest my case.

These so-called "sports" are all bullshit. You want to know a real sport? There are only three: Jai alai, pointing a gun at someone's feet and shouting "dance," and the Japanese guy who can lift forty five pounds with his cock. What happens when a game of basketball is over? Everyone goes home. What happens when the guy who lifts stuff with his dick finishes lifting stuff with his dick? Chafing.

# squelch

**Meetings:**

**Tuesdays 7-8pm, 30 Wheeler**

**Submit at:**

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**November 14, 2005**



the **heuristic**  
**squelch**  
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LEARNING KARATE SINCE 1991

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(catching flies with chopsticks)

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(always plays as Liu Kang)

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## THIS MONTH'S COVER

Oh wait, there it is. Shit, no, that's a scroll.

The Heuristic Squelch is an ASUC sponsored publication of UC Berkeley. The content contained herein does not necessarily reflect the opinions of the ASUC, nor does it necessarily reflect our own, nor does it necessarily reflect the same vampire joke as last time. Our offices are located in 310 Eshleman.

Questions, comment, suggestions?

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*Are You There, Mega-Vibe 6000? It's Me, Margaret...*

By Ben Narodick

*First Date*

**Margaret:** ...and then he said he could never marry me. I guess I've been afraid of a serious relationship ever since.

**Mega:** Bzzzzz. Bzzzzz.

**Margaret:** Ohh thank you. You're right, I do deserve better.

**Mega:** Bzzzz.

**Margaret:** I've had a great time too. I feel like you've really gotten to know me. On the inside.

## Taking Home to Parents

**Dad:** He could stand to clean up a little.

**Mom:** Steven!

**Margaret:** Dad, you just don't like him because he's from Japan.

**Mom:** Besides, Mega seems nice. He's fairly quiet, and isn't abrasive.

**Dad:** Yeah, but that mother-of-pearl coloring makes him seem way too effeminate.

**Margaret:** Dad!

[buzzing off in the distance]

**Mom:** We better get him before he scares the dog.

## The Honeymoon

Mega: BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ  
ZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ- ZZZZZ  
ZZZZZZZZZZZZzzzzzzzzzzLzzzLLzzzz  
zzzzzzzzzzzzZzzzzzzzzzz

[sound of battery package being opened]

[illegible]

## The Affair

**Margaret:** I've found someone else. Someone who makes me feel more... comfortable.

**Mega:** Bzz...?

**Margaret:** His name is Magician's Rabbit. His anal attachment is able to give me something special that you are, well, missing.

**Mega:** Bzz...!

**Margaret:** Put down that chair, you're acting crazy!

[crashing, screaming, then silence]

**Mega:** Bzz? Bzz? BZZZZZZZZZZ!! [sobbing]



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# Hurricane Katrina Devastates “Girls Gone Wild” Franchise

by John O'Connor, *Come with him if you want to live, laddie*

As residents of The Big Easy rolled up their sleeves in preparation for the long process of rebuilding, others pulled their halter tops down and packed away their beads. With New Orleans in ruins, officials claim the annual Mardi Gras festival will not be held in 2006. Accordingly, Girls Gone Wild Productions (Nasdaq: TITS) has issued a profit warning to shareholders forecasting record low video sales for Q2 2006.

“Mardi Gras was our bread and butter, it was our Christmas,” CEO Joe Francis said at a press conference, “and now it’s even worse than Hanukkah.” The extremely popular Girls Gone Wild series of videos has always focused primarily on the raucous events of Bourbon Street. “A two cent string of beads makes a girl show her goods for a video that makes millions of dollars,” the CEO continued. “They’re mostly Mass Comm majors.”

Despite the company’s new financial difficulties, the production house was determined to assist in the hurricane relief efforts. “In the following months we’ll be putting on a show of support for the hurricane victims and their families,” Francis said. “The black censorship strips visible on the television advertisements for Girls Gone



Wild, Catholic School Girls Gone Wild, and Prices So Low You Know These Girls Have Gone Wild series of videos will all be extra black. Like, way black. You know, for uh, symbolic.. stuff.”

When asked about the company’s future Francis bleakly said, “We can always just go back to ASU.”

## Kobe Bryant OK’d to Penetrate Again

by Mitch Rodricks, *Full Court Press*

Lakers Star Shooting Guard Kobe Bryant was cleared Wednesday by a Boulder, Colorado council to penetrate again. Fans of the 6-time All Star noticed his lack of penetration last season, complaining that he would settle for outside jumpers far too often.

“I was just really worried because of the whole stigma from the R-A-P-E trial, you know?” said Bryant, “but this season, I’m back and at 110%. When I want to penetrate, no one can stop me. I’ll tear through the defense and take it hard right to the hole. Over and over and over again.” Adding, “Can I say that?”

## US Troops Unaware of Facebook Support

by John Jackson Waste, *Random Play + Friendship*

Despite boasting 96 members, the UCB Facebook group “Support Our Troops” has had little to no discernible effect on the morale of US troops stationed in Iraq. When asked how the support from Berkeley Facebook members was aiding in the war effort, Army Pfc. Jason Gilmore replied “to be honest, I wasn’t aware these guys existed. I mean, it’s cool they joined that group and all, but that doesn’t do a whole lot about these roadside bombs.” Upon completing the interview Gilmore was blown up by an eight year old to whom he was handing candy. Support Our Troops group members responded to the tragedy by poking one another, patriotically.

## Everything Dave Matthews Does Now Annoying

by Matt Loker, prefers John Mayer

In a paper published in the scientific journal *Nature*, behavioral scientists at Duke University have concluded that Dave Matthews is annoying in every conceivable way, up to and including his breathing. It was catalogued as “labored” and “having a little whistle.”

The team of researchers, led by Psychologist Emmet Forbes, pored over all available evidence to disprove the oft-heard colloquialism, “Everything Dave Matthews does is annoying.” What they found amazed even the most skeptical of the faculty.

“Yep. Everything. He can’t even use the bathroom without being annoying,” commented Dr. Forbes. “When he tried that, his leavings ended up all over a boatful of tourists.” There was also the unfortunate incident of his VH1 Storytellers appearance, which science measured at an off-the-charts 73 Daly Units.

When asked for his response, Matthews looked way too far into your eyes and made a fart sound with his mouth. He then added a box of Kashi Friends cereal to his Trader Joe’s basket, which also contained a stick of that organic deodorant that never works well enough.



Not an AP Photo. Suck on that AP!

## Chimpanzee To Star as Next “Triple X”

by Dwight Crow, learning sign language

The producers of the Triple X Franchise recently revealed the star of the next Triple X installment: “Triple X: Master of Illusions”. The film features BooBoo, a primate of the Pan Paniscus or “Bonobo” Chimpanzee species in the lead role. Opposite him is Jessica Alba, who plays a 21-year-old Brazilian scientist being pursued by a group of Swiss Rebels who are seeking to transport nuclear arms across international borders by masquerading as super models.

However, Hollywood insiders have reported tension on the set. “Given that Vin Diesel and Ice Cube starred in the last two films, we thought casting a chimp in the title role would be the best way to make the Triple X character feel consistent,” says director Lee Tamahori. “But BooBoo is too witty and charming. Hell, he wouldn’t even take the role until we

flew Jane Goodall in to read the script to him.” Ultimately, BooBoo finally agreed to the part when executives offered him points on the gross and a verbal promise not to euthanize him after he had completed the talk show circuit.

But the film’s problems did not end there. Producers have complained that they’ve needed “a prince’s fucking ransom” of Adderall to get Jessica Alba up to speed for her scenes with the monkey. Alba’s agent quickly asserted that “[that] monkey just likes big words, ok, and Jessica has always been more in touch with the common man than that.” Alba attempted to add to this, but coherence eluded her, and after placing a piece of gum in her mouth, she began to walk away before suddenly stumbling.





# if everything in life was like having a girlfriend

By Daniel Brady

## doing yoga

**You:** Finally, I've been looking forward to this all day. Are you ready for some yoga?

**Yoga Instructor:** You know, it's been a long day, and I'm really tired...I'm just not in the mood right now. Is that okay?

**You:** Umm...yeah, yeah, yeah...totally. I mean I can always just do it by myself...I guess. So...how about tomorrow?

**Yoga Instructor:** Yeah...I'm getting my period tomorrow.

**You:** Oh.

## attending a housewarming party

**You:** Hey Seth, nice place. I brought over a handle of vodka as a housewarming gift. Let's get this party started!

**Seth:** Uhh...thanks.

**You:** What's the matter?

**Seth:** Oh, oh...it's nothing...it's just that we've known each other for six months now, and...you know for your housewarming party I made you that card with a poem I wrote...and it was a lot more effort than just getting me a bottle of vodka.

**You:** Ohh, I didn't know it would make you mad, I'm sorry.

**Seth:** I'm not mad...I'm just, you know, disappointed.

## receiving a phone call from your mother

[phone ringing]

**You:** What is that? What time is it? [picks up phone] Hello?

**Mom:** I hic luuuuuuvvvvvv youuuuuuuuu! Hic!

**You:** Mom is that you? Do you know what time it is?

**Mom:** I miiiss youuuu hic soooooo much!

**You:** Mom, you're drunk, and it's two in the morning...I'm going back to sleep.

**Mom:** [in a sobbing tone] You nevah hic call me anymore. [drops phone, sound of puking in background]

## ordering chinese food by phone

**You:** ...and one order of Mu Shu Pork.

**Delivery Guy:** Okay, that'll be \$13.20.

**You:** Okay, thanks.

**Delivery Guy:** So, goodbye I guess.

**You:** Goodbye.

[awkward pause]

**Delivery Guy:** No, you hang up first!

**You:** What?

**Delivery Guy:** [giggling] Haha, okay, let's both hang up at the same time. We'll count to 3.

**You:** I'll just—

**Delivery Guy:** One, Two, Thr—

**You:** [hangs up]

## ordering food

**Waiter:** ...and so our specials are pecan-crusted catfish, coq au vin, and sautéed scallops in a white wine sauce.

**You:** Wait, what was that last one?

**Waiter:** You...you never listen to me anymore! I feel like I'm talking to a brick wall!

**You:** No...I'm sorry, it's just that—

**Waiter:** [shouting] I bet you can't even tell me what the soup of the day is! What's the soup of the day? [breaks down weeping]

## at a job interview

**You:** ...that's pretty much it. So did I get the job?

**Interviewer:** ...actually, we found someone else.

**You:** [shocked] What do you mean? How could you do that?

**Interviewer:** [on the verge of tears] I mean...well, neither of us meant for it to happen. It was just this one interview, you know? [staring wistfully into the distance] This one beautiful, magical, perfect interview...

**You:** [crying] I can't believe you'd be such a whore!

**Interviewer:** Hey, hey. I know you're upset. You'll always have a place in my company...you know, just in the past.





## “Finally! A Beer For My Active Lifestyle!”

-Daniel Brady

Picture this: You're casually practicing volleyball at a Malibu beach court with your handsome heterosexual best friend, Chet, discussing the subjects that every straight man thinks about: girls, highlighter shorts, the proper form for a leg press, watching football, and being on the receiving end of anal penetration. As you admire his chiseled abs, two beautiful girls saunter by and nonchalantly ask if you would like to play two-on-two. You and Chet shrug lackadaisically and smirk

at one another. Sure, you say. But I warn you, we're pretty good.

They take off their shirts to reveal their curvaceous figures, toned abs, and silky golden-brown skin. The game gets going, and they're good. You and Chet are fighting hard. Everyone is sweating and having a great cardio workout. You feel good, great even. One, one...two, two...ten, ten, it's a tie. This is game point. One of the girls serves, you save it, Chet sets, and it's all up to you. You jump in the air, calves flexed, your body shivering in reverent anticipation of the spike you are going to drive to win this game. Contact. Line Drive. But wait! She blocks, the ball thuds against the sand. Game over. They won.

You walk away dejectedly with your tail between your legs. You hear a whistle and turn around. The girls are waving you to come back with something ice cold and refreshing in their hands. 95 calories. 2.6 grams of carbs. Michelob Ultra.

Is this your idea of courtship?

It's mine, but I'm a pretty active guy. Some might say too active. But then again, those critics are probably too fat to do anything but lift Miller Lite to their wretched swollen lips, vainly struggling to fill the deep rift in their soul that only unpopularity and acne scars could have forged. How could they possibly drink something that has 0.6 more grams of carbs than my beverage of choice? No wonder they all get heart attacks and die.

See the thing is, I like to stay in shape. When I'm not racing against my supermodel girlfriend in Speedos in the pool or attending advanced yoga classes with my supermodel girlfriend, I'm on my lunch break zooming around downtown with my supermodel girlfriend on rollerblades, going off jumps and causing rebellious havoc in ways only I and a beautiful supermodel girlfriend can.

When I am three-fourths up the face of a backbreaking climb with only small, difficult grips in sight, I want a cool, refreshing prize waiting for me at the top. I also want something waiting for me after a hard set at the gym, while writing slam poetry at a trendy café, and in the middle of caddying at an intense golf tournament. I'm extreme, and I need a beverage that is as extreme as me. Like Mountain Dew Code Red. But only something that doesn't cause cancer.

So you see why this is my beer? How else would I be able to drink after every extreme activity of mine (which is all of them) and still maintain my 1% body fat? I need a beer that has fewer calories than water.

Supermodel Girlfriends. Anal Penetration. **Michelob Ultra.**

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# PRE-JECTION

by Simon Ganz

CITIBANK+

Dear Resident,

We regret to inform you that you have been pre-rejected for CitiBank's newest credit card, the Citi Diamond Preferred Rewards Card. After an extensive preview of your potential financial history, our credit department has determined that you do not now and will not ever qualify for one of our cards.

Had you qualified, you would've experienced an exciting new type of credit card with no annual fees and free admission to the ThankYou Redemptions Network. In such a hypothetical universe you would've been able to redeem your ThankYou points at numerous exciting retail locations including Old Navy, Best Buy, The Sharper Image, and Pier 1 Imports. You would've experienced a credit card that rewards you with things you really want, featuring not only a great rate, but also 3 bonus months of 0% APR. Unfortunately you will never qualify.

Extensive data mining and astrological cost-benefit analysis suggests that the best course of action for both yourself and this company is to provide you with this pre-rejection notice to ensure that you do not consider for even one second sending us an application, and to ensure that should you accidentally receive a pre-approval letter, you may be certain that it does not and will never apply to you.

Please save a copy of this letter for your files.

Sincerely,

Your CitiBank Advising Team

In this fast-paced internet-based fiber-optic African-swallow age of ours where time is money and money some sort of meta-time, we're just too busy for standard courtship whether in romance, finance, or metallurgy. We need answers and we need them before we asked the question. Introducing, Pre-Jection.

## PRE-JECTION CARDS FROM HOT GIRLS AT PARTIES

From: Jessica Sanders  
Kappa Kappa Gamma  
To: Guy at Party  
Msg: *It's never gonna happen*



From: Stephanie Wie  
Delta Gamma  
To: Guy at Party  
Msg: *You're under 6'1"*



From: Kim Lee  
Kappa Delta Phi  
To: Guy at Party  
Msg: *Get a guitar. We'll talk*



Have a  
Hoppy Day!



Dear John,

I'm sorry that it will come to this, but over the next few weeks and months we're going to drift apart. At first, I hoped that I could wait for you during your 12-month tour of duty in Iraq, but as we stand here on the docks about to say goodbye, I can't help but feel that we're already about to begin changing. Over the next two months I'm going to meet several men, including your brother and a taxidermist from Detroit. I never meant to meet them, it will come as a complete surprise, but damn it, John, a woman has needs! Or will have needs anyway. Besides, you won't be one to talk. Damn you and your Baghdad whores. Will you think that I won't find out!?

Really, I'm not angry, just sad, but also hopeful that you'll understand. I'm truly sorry that things are going to end this way, but now that you've finished the note and have nearly reached the gangplank, I hope that time will heal your wounds.

With love,  
Angela

# Lesser Known Acts of God

The media always pays too much attention to blockbuster acts of God such as hurricanes, Academy Award winners, Superbowl winners, lottery winners, and choosing which infants will die of SIDS. But between parting seas and mischievously demanding patricide, what else does God do with his time?

Coaching Jesus's Soccer Team



Finishing the Sunday New York Times Crossword...  
**EVERY WEEK!**



**TA DA !**



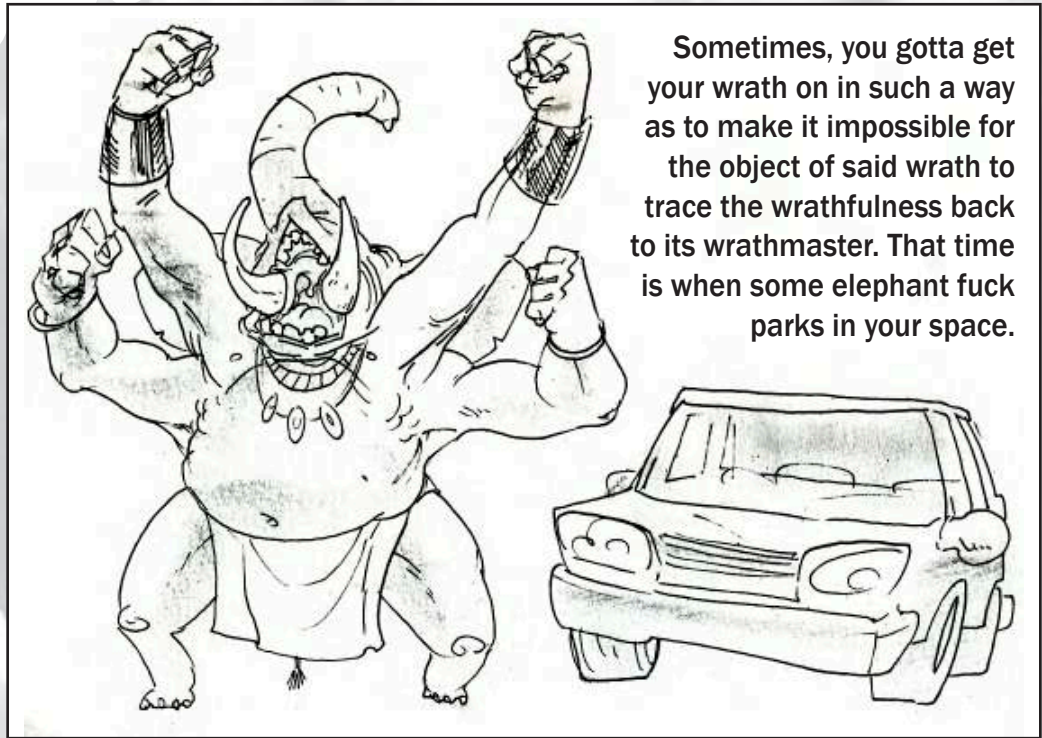
Throwing Psychics a Bone

When the clairvoyant pray for a big break, God delivers. By the way, the murderer is right **OVER THERE**.





## Keying Ganesh's Car



## Making Subway Jared Lose Weight

### The **Maculate** Conception



C'mon, sandwiches?

### *Lesser Lesser Known Acts of God*

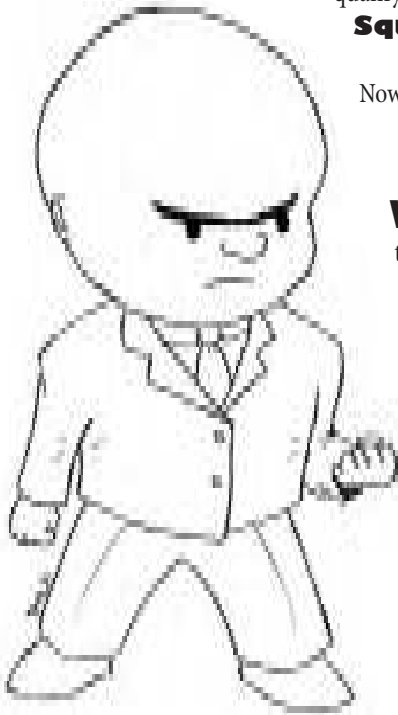
- Drinking a whole gallon of milk in under ten minutes
- Folding a piece of paper in half more than seven times
- Licking elbow without dislocating shoulder
- Making it rain Skittles
- Making Diet Dr. Pepper taste more like regular Dr. Pepper
- Letting the "Jews for Jesus" be Chosen People for a day
- Saving up to 16% on car insurance
- Retiring the color indigo
- Letting adults eat Trix cereal



# the **neuristic** **Squelch** Wants You ...to Pad Your Resume!

If you think that making the **Squelch** is all fun and games, then you're absolutely right. But not only is it fun, we also somehow qualify as an extracurricular community service project on graduate school applications. And fuck, put the **Squelch** down on your application as an internship in a hospital. We'll back up your story if anyone calls.

Now I don't want to promise you that if you join the **Squelch** you'll get into graduate school, but I promise you that if you join the **Squelch** you'll get into graduate school.



**We need Artists.** We don't care if you're classically trained or learned how to draw by trying to trace Chun-Li from Street Fighter II. If you can draw, we will buy you beer.

**We need Designers.** We'll teach you how to use Adobe InDesign (a skill that will come in handy later in life if someone ever threatens to kill your family if you don't design a yearbook for them within the hour). If you can design, we will buy you beer.

**We need Business Managers.** You go around Berkeley hassling shopkeepers for money and getting free stuff when people advertise. And, no joke, running the finances of a major university magazine actually does look great on a resume. If you can do business, shopkeepers will buy you beer.

**We need Writers.** Quit wasting your humor orally. Write that shit down. If you can write, we will buy you beer.

**We need people who are over 21.** We've promised to buy a lot of people beer.

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## NOTICE TO NEW TENANTS

### Rent Stabilization Board

#### The right to stable rent.

Whatever amount you negotiate with the landlord at the beginning of a tenancy will hold steady for the whole tenancy, except that each January there will be a small "cost-of-living increase." This holds true even if you stay a long time. (However, if you join a tenancy already in progress, there can be a major resetting of the rent when the last person who started that tenancy leaves, even if you remain.)

#### The right to stay unless the landlord has a "good cause" to terminate.

Regardless of what a landlord may say, regardless of what a landlord may have made you sign, you cannot be required to move unless the landlord can show that one of the "good causes" listed in the Ordinance exists for your tenancy. For example, a landlord cannot terminate your tenancy just because they can get more money from someone else, just because your roommate is leaving, just because you have asked for repairs, just because they are annoyed with you or just because the written agreement says so.

#### The right to interest on your deposit.

Your deposit should be deposited in an interest-bearing account and each December the landlord should pay the interest to you. If the landlord fails to do so, the interest rate becomes 10% per year and you may deduct the interest from the rent after you give the landlord sufficient written notice.

#### The right to stable services and to habitable conditions.

If a landlord diminishes the housing services that came with the unit when you first moved in or if code violations exist that reduce the usefulness of the unit, the rent can be reduced (through a petition process) to compensate you for the whole period of time these situations exist.

### Contact the Berkeley Rent Stabilization Board

Open 9-4:45 M, T, Th, F and 12-6:30 Weds.

2125 Milvia St, Berkeley, 94704

EMAIL: [rent@ci.berkeley.ca.us](mailto:rent@ci.berkeley.ca.us)

WEBSITE: [www.ci.berkeley.ca.us/rent](http://www.ci.berkeley.ca.us/rent)

TEL: (510) 644-6128

TDD: (510) 981-6903

FAX: (510) 644-7723

## The Windian Beneath My Wings

Hello, my name is Mitchell Scott Rodricks, and I'm a Windian.

Now I'm sure you're saying to yourself, "Well what the heck is a Windian and how can I get him to have sex with me?" A Windian is a white-washed Indian. Obviously we're not talking about the head-scalping type Injuns of yesteryore (we killed them all, didn't we? And by we, I mean white people) but these are the dot pushing, pyre jumping, computer repairing brown brethren from the Far East.

Being a Windian is a lonely path. Imagine not having a culture; not having a heritage; having no country to call your own. Shunned by Indians and resented by whites, the only thing the two sides of my being agree on is a mutual loathing of Pakistanis. But the loneliest thing of all about Windians is that they can't even turn to each other. The old adage "Two's company, three's a crowd" doesn't apply to Windians because "One is brown, and two is a fucking Indus club."

The Romance department is no different. Growing up, I was never attracted to Indian girls, and not just because of the moustaches. I had this fear that people would see the two of us in public and think I was one of those guys who would ONLY marry an Indian girl, and only because her father had provided me with a bevy of fine cows as a dowry. So I spent my years going through slews of white girls, Asian girls, black girls, and white girls. Well okay, replace "Asian" and "black" with "white" and "a hand job from a mulatto stripper." Plus, that whole damn Kama Sutra thing sets up an impossibly high expectation for Indian-looking men's sexual performance. Girls always expect me to do cartwheels while I'm inside them. That's not an exaggeration—they specifically ask for cartwheel sex. If I had a dime for every time I heard the phrase "spinfuck me, Krishna," I'd be a rich man. I don't think that's even in the Kama Sutra.

In the end, there really is no way for us to win. We might as well change our names to Losedians. I'll have to keep on living this life, knowing that Indians are all born with the same last name – M.D., while Windians are born addicted to opiates.

But no. Fuck that. I will BE the change. I will no longer be ashamed that all my white friends can do a better Apu than I can, or that my name is whiter than all of them. I'll no longer feel proud every time an Indian guy nails a white chick in a movie, like the English Patient, or...well I guess that's pretty much it. But no, from this day forth, I will be proud to be an Indian American.

Now if you'll excuse me, my skin bleaching appointment starts in half-an-hour.

M.R.

### Top Ten Signs your Boyfriend is a Zombie

10. Blurs fine line between gentle nibbling and cannibalism
9. Rigamortis in all the wrong places
8. Can't dance unless the song is "Thriller"
7. While watching Night of the Living Dead keeps saying "I'd do her, do her, not her..."
6. This guy with a gun would've killed him for sure if he'd only remembered to shoot off-screen to reload
5. Moans before, after and during sex
4. Picnic in cemetery on first date, cute. First dinner with parents in cemetery, creepy
3. id software keeps asking him to come in for some motion-capture sessions
2. Spices up sex with strawberries, syrup, and cow brains
1. Cheated on you with your sister ... who's been dead for 15 years

### Top Ten Wholesome Fun Things to do in People's Park

10. Hide and Seek
9. Recruit for midnight basketball
8. Pillowfight (w/ rocks)
7. Asking the homeless to ... oh shit, he's got a knife, RUN!
- 6.
5. [heavy breathing]
4. Oh thank god, I think we lost him.
- 3.
2. Fuck, now there's two of them, hurry!
1. Shit, shit, I've really gotta move to an apartment that's not on Benvenue

### Top Three Failed Self-help Books Written by Kobe Bryant

3. A Guide to Surprise Sex
2. It's Your Fault You Got Raped, and How to Deal With It
1. Please, Please, Like Me Again



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# Sherlock Holmes

## MEETS CSI!



by Simon Ganz



### Crime Scene #1:

#### Double Homicide, Kitchen

**Sherlock Holmes:** Yes, hmmm, yes.

*[Holmes paces up and down the dingy room excitedly, pausing briefly every few minutes to examine a loose screw or the victims' shoes.]*

**Detective Brass:** His wife was a—

**Holmes:** Yes, a seamstress. I know.

**Dr. Watson:** Amazing! How...

**Holmes:** Notice the way his cuffs were perfectly re-sewn, and the small depression in this doorknob suggesting his wife favored her right ring-finger with an unusual proclivity, likely due to her right thumb and fore-finger's exhaustion from long hours with a sewing needle.

**Watson:** By Jove!

**Brass:** No, she was a stockbroker, and the husband was—

**Holmes:** Yes, a steamboat captain, notice the distinctive way the left pant leg is tucked into his boot while the other is loose, a necessary precaution as the gears of a steamboat lie so close to an operator's left foot.

**Brass:** No, he was a computer programmer.

**Holmes:** Hrumph! As if I'd take the word of someone with the over-sized left pinky of a haberdasherist. I mean really!

*[Holmes injects himself with cocaine.]*



### The Ballistics Lab

**CSI Warrick Brown:** The grooves match. These two bullets were fired by the same gun, I just wish Sherlock Holmes wasn't so late so I could make my report to him.

*[An old woman enters the lab.]*

**CSI Brown:** Oh god, not this again.

**Old Woman:** Hark! What say you about this Sherlock Holmes?

**Dr. Watson:** Excuse me, ma'am, but have you seen Mr. Holmes?

**CSI Brown:** For fuck's sake Watson, do you have to fall for this every damned time!? It's obviously Sherlock Holmes in a wig, just like it was the last 20 times before that.

**Dr. Watson:** Nonsense, sir! *This* woman walks with a limp.

**Old Woman:** What? I'm sorry, I'm a little hard of hearing.

**Dr. Watson:** I said—

*[The old woman drops her cloak revealing she is actually Sherlock Holmes.]*

**Holmes:** A-ha!

**Dr. Watson:** My word, Holmes, that's simply astounding! Amazing! You never cease to amaze me with your brilliance!

**CSI Brown:** *Sigh.*



### Crime Scene #2:

#### Homicide, Apartment Building

**Detective Brass:** Well what do you make of this?

**Holmes:** It was the landlady.

**Dr. Watson:** Why that's astounding! How the devil do you know that?

**Holmes:** Quite simple, my dear Watson. You see the left shoe is scuffed in such a way that—

**Lab Guy:** We found some blood under his fingernails. The DNA matches the landlady's.

**Brass:** Oh, well arrest her.

**Holmes:** Wait, don't you want to hear how I knew the victim ate seafood?

**Brass:** No, not really.



### DNA Lab

**Marg Helgenberger's Character:** Okay, so the body was cut in two BEFORE the murder took place. If we can find some saliva on the torso, we may have our murderer.

**Dr. Watson:** Indeed. Marvelous. Stupendous.

**Marg:** Right. Dr. Watson, would you please get a tissue sample from the lower abdomen.

**Dr. Watson:** The what?

**Marg:** The abdomen.

**Dr. Watson:** ...

**Marg:** I thought you said you were a doctor.

**Dr. Watson:** Well I am. It's an honorary degree you see. University of Tampa. In the field of surpriseability actually. But if you—

*[Marg Helgenberger drops her cloak revealing she is actually Sherlock Holmes.]*

**Holmes:** A-ha!

**Dr. Watson:** Yes! Good show! Marvelous!

### Top Five Worst Ways to Plan Your Vacation

5. Base itinerary on Oscar-nominated films; only saw Hotel Rwanda

4. Ask your parole officer for advice

3. Be all you can be

2. Where in *Time* is Carmen Sandiego?

1. Mardi Gras

### Top Ten Things Sadder than Playing World of Warcraft

10. Missing your MCATS to meet the black guy from Stargate: SG-1 at the mall

9. Buying a virtual Russian bride

8. Being unable to play WoW because of Mass Comm homework

7. Breaking up with your girlfriend on WoW who you met on WoW, also finding out she's a guy.

6. Playing World of Warcraft with the black guy from Stargate: SG-1

5. Discovering your Craigslist blind date was with the black guy from Stargate: SG-1

4. Knowing that the name of the black guy from Stargate: SG-1 is Christopher Judge

3. Working for the black guy from Stargate: SG-1

2. Being the black guy from Stargate: SG-1

1. Pretending to be the black guy from Stargate: SG-1

### Top Ten Worst Excuses for Cannibalism

10. Accidentally spilled really really delicious barbecue sauce. Not on them but still

9. Prove a point to your vegan friends

8. Thought if the murder was crazy enough, you'd get to meet Grissom from CSI

7. Snowed in for five hours

6. Bastard ate your last slice of pizza and you wanted it back

5. Took the pet name "muffin" too far

4. It's the only thing that goes with this wine

3. When was anyone gonna tell me what an Ethiopian steak was?

2. Mushrooms

1. Stuck in the Superdome in the rain



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# O Canada!

As a Canadian living in America, I have come to realize that you guys know next to nothing about your neighbors to the north, nor do you express any desire to know us. What, you think you're better than us just because you have a big army and big economy? You think that just because we're civil and courteous that we're just a bunch of ninnies who'll bend over and take it? Well, I'll tell you what, that really frosts my bacon! That's right, I said it. I went *there*. Now, if you feel so inclined, if it wouldn't bother you or cause you inconvenience, perhaps reading these tidbits about Canadian culture could prove helpful to you...fuckers.

by Arthur Keng

## Sports

Hockey is so pervasive in Canada that it has leaked over into other aspects of Canadian life. Keep this in mind while traveling in Canada: When looking for a bathroom, simply ask someone "Where's the penalty box? I gotta drop some major pucks". If he is unable to direct you to one, immediately drop any gloves you may be wearing and uppercut him repeatedly while pulling his jersey over his head. He *will* be wearing a jersey.

## Pornography

One of the hottest and most controversial issues in Canada is the proliferation of Inuit-porn. Nothing gets a Canadian off quite like some hot parka-on-parka action as heavily-clad women rub whale blubber all over their bodies, shoving hockey sticks in any and all orifices. Then come the seals...

## Politics

Unlike the American Congress, we Canadians have a Parliament, a testament to our British overlords. A little known fact is that Parliament cannot proceed without a ceremonial scepter being placed on its stand. An even littler known fact is that when this scepter is combined with its counterparts in India, Britain, Scotland, and Australia, the powerful robot MechaHyfuron is formed, though most of his powers involve lifting tea embargoes.

## Dating

Courtship in Canada is very unique. Typically, the male will approach the female with a phallus carved meticulously from ice demonstrating his desire to mate. Often this phallus will be attached to the man's tongue...not because he's...you know...he was just curious if it would really stick...seriously...shut

up. The female will then project the sound of a dying caribou to announce her willingness, after which the male must present her with a diaphragm made from pure beaver pelt, none of that otter shit, the good stuff.

## Entertainment

Pamela Anderson. Also, Shatner.

## Sex

The ejaculate of an average American man consists of sperm and other fluids. We Canadians find this disgusting. Our man-juice has a wholly different composition. Syrup. 100% pure maple syrup. There are some downsides – withdrawal can be a painful process for both parties due to the unfortunate mixture of liquefied sugar and pubic hair. On the plus side, condoms become convenient condiment dispensers and the debate over 'to spit or swallow' is non-existent north of the border – it's like breakfast all day long!

## Language

American: Hey baby, that dress is really becoming on you, and if I were that dress, I'd be cumming too.

Canadian: Your pancakes look pretty dry there, eh?

## Demographics

None of our scientists can figure out why, but the Canadian population has stopped growing. In an unrelated but equally perplexing note, all sexually active Canadian females have diabetes of the crotch.





# ZAGAT SURVEY

## 2005

## DRUG DEALERS

### LEGEND

\$: a Twomper

\$\$: a Fizzy

\$\$\$ : a C-Dip

\$\$\$\$: Hell of bills



: Accepts Debit/Credit Cards



: Accepts Blowjobs



: Will cut you

### LC



\$

*Palazzo Apartments, #205. El Cerrito*

Satisfied regulars describe LC's weed as "dank" and "where are my keys." Service is "butt-slow," however; calling an hour ahead is recommended "so he can wake up and answer the door." Also, closed from 5-8 on Tuesdays and Thursdays due to "finally having to pass Math 54 at Southwestern to get my AA so I can transfer to Long Beach State and get a job like playing volleyball or fuckin' something." Proprietor adds: "Maybe a ferret trainer. Do they have those?"

### Jimmy the Fuckup



\$\$

*Outside an abandoned warehouse on the edge of town*

Many conflicted customers offer praise for his "four hour long orgasm where you're coming harder than a firehose"-quality Ecstasy, but advise against his "yellow-ass rocks." "Don't bother with the crack," says one regular. "Get the Mitsus and I don't give a fuck if you're getting mauled by a bear, it's gonna feel like God's downy nutsack."

### Big Yiz



\$\$\$

*By appointment only. (510) 230-5948*

"Simply the best coke in town, this town, any town, you name a

town," according to one satisfied customer. His yay is described as "silky smooth" but with a drip that tastes "like the Tijuana River took a Carne Asada dump in a camping ground porta-potty" and "unimpressive." A little on the pricey side, with a grammy going for Triple Twomps and a siggity for "more money than I make down at the Hyundai Dealership in a week." Blowjobs are acceptable, but only if "you're not a fag, because I'm not."

### Flint Jonz



\$\$\$

*Somewhere off San Pablo, Oakland*

"My [fellow black person] Flint does one thing and he does it right: rocks." His crack is "the toast of the town" and "of course it's good, it's crack." More of a mobile caterer, Jonz shifts locations nightly. "Try parks and bus stops," advises one customer. Caution: Jonz keeps his rocks in his cheek, and is known to have "all them kinds of Hepatitis." So "make sure you already have Hepatitis" to avoid disappointment.

### Flaco



\$

*The alley behind Harry's Bridal*

If you're looking for speed at decent prices, then Flaco can't be beat, except by "six Haitians and this big Dominican bitch with a shovel." Sporting "more tattoos than a prison," this colorful character has established a successful business from the West Side alleyways. Describing his décor as a fusion of "what you want" and "I said what you want," Flaco always welcomes customers with his signature butterfly knife swipe at the face. "After he stabs you, watch him turn around and hop over the ten foot straight brick wall," comments one customer. Another concurs: "That little fucker runs like the wind, if the wind weighed ninety-two pounds and wore K-Swiss."

### The Armenian



\$\$\$\$

*He'll find you*

Not much is known about this dealer, but he can provide "anything chief, anything" for the right price. His familiar greeting of "Hey chief" welcomes you to his sprawling estate, where he conducts much of his big-ticket deals. "This is only for serious connoisseurs, chief" explains one business associate. But if you're looking for "black tar, red rum, or white china, then go talk to our brown friend, chief."

### Doctor Ted



\$\$\$

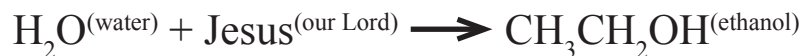
*2100 Westbrook Ct. Suite 1001. San Francisco.*

"I gotta go see the Doctor," says one regular with a wink and an uncontrollable tremor. Be it Dilaudid, Oxy or Vike, The good Doctor Ted will write you up a prescription for "backitis" or "heart cancer." Caveat Emptor – it comes at a price. "Sold my car, sold my car," relates a loyal customer. "Anyone want to buy a baby?" cautions another. However, if you've got the means, The Doctor provides a "wonderful" and "[the sound of repeated lip smacking]" experience.

# Chapter 4 Review

## An Honest Christian's Guide to Advanced Science

### Formulae



$$F_{\text{grav}} = \left( \frac{m_1 m_2}{r^2} \right) \cdot G_{\text{od deciding things won't fall up today}}$$

### Common Densities ( $d$ ):

Water	1.0000 g • cm <sup>3</sup>
Magnesium	1.7 g • cm <sup>3</sup>
Gold	19.3 g • cm <sup>3</sup>
Jesus	0.9 g • cm <sup>3</sup>

## Proof of Intelligent Design

In this chapter we disproved evolution by demonstrating that the beautiful miraculous perfection of natural creatures and geologic phenomena was too perfect to have occurred accidentally. Also because dinosaurs aren't in the bible.

*Examples of Nature's Perfection:*



• The circulatory system



• Ladybugs



• Mount Rushmore



• Jesus

## Practice Problems

*See Answers Below*

1. Describe one way in which you could increase the internal energy of an open system and explain what separates an open matter-energy system from a closed matter-energy system. \_\_\_\_\_

2. Demonstrate how to find the amplitude of a pendulum. (NOTE: Extra credit will be given to those who find the answer without referring to the works of the heretic Galileo.) \_\_\_\_\_

3. If you were the Divine Mover, would you have created things differently? Why not? \_\_\_\_\_

4. Name the theological process and virtue defined as secure belief in God and a trusting acceptance of God's will. \_\_\_\_\_

**ANSWERS:** 1. Faith 2. Faith 3. Faith 4. Oxidation

### References

The three books mentioned in Section 4.4 are

Baily, N.T.J., *Vision Science And You: Why masturbation leads to blindness* (2nd ed.) (New York: Hafner Press, 1975)

God and Moses, eds., *The Bible* (1st Edition) (Sumeria: Random House, 1000 BC)

CBS Television. *Touched By An Angel*, "The Physics Episode" (Air Date: 9/13/98)

Chapter 4.7 refers to a god, specifically:

*The One True Christian God*

### Chapter 4 and "typos"

What appear to be typos in Chapter 4 are actually divine printing errors. Our publisher, Evangelical Press House, assures us that all of their work, even the ten blank pages in Chapter 4.3, was predestined by our Heavenly Father working through their outdated printing press.



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