

the **neurristic** **squelch**

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Holy 25 seconds later, Batman!



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squelch

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April 7, 2006



CLINGING TO THE PAST SINCE 1991

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(stapling wires to cell phones)

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THE GREATEST INVENTOR

Words from the top

Get your cocks out now boys, because otherwise you're going to need to change your underwear upon hearing my amazing, mindblowingly incredible idea.

Alright, you ready? Sex ... with the mouth!

Okay, okay, everybody settle down. I mean it, shut up. Take your nuts out of your mouth and listen. I came up with this idea when I was at Starbucks and I saw a woman blowing on her latte. I said to myself, hey, "You could put your dick in that!"

Two hours later my dick was covered in coffee burns and I knew I had to go back to the drawing board.

That's when I saw a porcupine eating shards of glass.

Okay, fast-forward another two hours and a quick trip to the hospital.

Needless to say I learned my lesson and began work constructing a scale model of the penis for use in later tests. Then I saw my dog licking himself.

I began experimenting. A few of the legos fell off, but the penis seemed to be okay.

I ran as fast as I could to my girlfriend's place and explained my theory to her. She flat out told me it would never work, and even if it did, she'd probably get pregnant instantly. So I ate her out, then went home.

I figured I'd go talk it over with some of my friends, but they were all at Starbucks and for some reason I'm not

allowed in there anymore. With few options left, I decided a field test was in order.

Let me just say, it worked, and it was incredible. It was totally worth it.

Yours,
Simon Ganz
San Quentin Prison



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Woman Experiences Miracle of Death During Childbirth

by Miles Stenejem, Amateur OB/GYN

Josie Marie Keller, on March 1st, gave birth to a healthy baby girl, Ann Marie Keller. Josie suffered an internal hemorrhage during labor and consequently bled to death. Obstetrician Alyssa Parker said, "It makes this job worthwhile when I can help bring one life into existence as another is senselessly extinguished."

Parker added, "Plus, it's like half the paperwork. I just write in the baby's name, flip the form over and write in the stiff's name. Bada-bing, bada-boom."

"I can't wait to show little Annie the video someday," said recent father and widower Mark Keller.



God Blamed for Global Disasters

by Alex Curtis, Mormon

In a press conference held at the White House on Wednesday, a spokesman representing FEMA and the Department of Homeland Security stated that from now on, all misdeeds, misdemeanors, natural disasters, hunting accidents, and war crimes would be recognized as the fault of God. "How can individuals be held accountable for their actions when everything is ultimately

controlled by the omnipotent Creator?" explained spokesman Stuart Driebble as he made his daily sacrifice of fifteen well-nourished steers upon a flaming altar just outside of the White House pressroom.

This new policy is expected to lead to the release of innumerable murderers, rapists, war criminals, and psychopaths into the general populace. However, Driebble insisted that "people will no longer be punished for their actions or for shooting a 78-year-old lobbyist in the face with a shotgun just because God made them do it." Meanwhile, charges, including those of genocide in the Sudan and causing Hurricane Katrina, are being raised against the Almighty. Law officials are now preparing for the second coming of Christ so they may efficiently apprehend and interrogate the Messiah as soon as He decides to show up again and stops hiding in heaven like a wuss.

Harley-Davidson Obtains New Image



By Brandon Plush, drives a Vespa

Harley-Davidson, which has been synonymous with overpriced leather

jackets, drunken bar fights, and STD filled orgies for over 100 years, is being forced to widen their target audience with a new line of mini-vans in response to numerous com-

plaints by disease infested ex-cons with living, breathing reminders of Jack Daniel's RockFest running around.

William Harley IV, current CEO of Harley-Davidson, feels that broadening their horizons is "pussy shit" but nonetheless the company is currently building their first Harley Mini-Van model. "I don't believe a mini-van is quite what this company originally set out to produce, but if that's what those fat queers down in marketing think we should be doing, then I aint gonna tell them no," Harley said. He then slapped this reporter way too hard on the back and laughed gruffly and at great-length.

When asked for further comment, Mr. Harley swore repeatedly and then had sex with an unattractive bar maid from Barstow.

JACK BAUER PAUSES TO POOP

By Alex Curtis and Simon Ganz, beep...beep...beep

At 7:24 PM and 28 seconds past the minute, Counter-Terrorist Agent Jack Bauer interrupted his pursuit of international terrorists because he had to poop. Bauer, a five time recipient of the Presidential Medal of Freedom and wanted in 18 countries for “quadruple-double homicide and removing a man’s thumb without permission,” was running dramatically down an alley way when, for the first time in five years, he felt a stirring in his bowels. Having not eaten, farted, belched, or felt mercy for a fellow man since season two, Bauer was surprised by the sensation, and reportedly shouted “Dammit!” repeatedly.

Meanwhile, in a windowless office that was conspicuously not the White House, the President pretended to have an important and heated discussion with his aides to stall for time, while in another area a Ford-brand SUV transported sinister looking silver canisters. Kim Bauer was probably being kidnapped somewhere.

Jack Bauer emerged at 7:36 PM and 53 seconds, leaving only three men dead in the Arby’s bathroom.



Man Gains Super Powers in Lab Accident

By Owen Javellana, not Shotputellana

Alan Andrews, a UC Berkeley graduate student, developed strange, amazing powers last week when a surge of radiation altered his physical make up during a research study. On the morning of January 8th, Andrews life was changed forever when the sociological questionnaire he was filling out exploded.

Andrews, or “The Pollster” as he now wishes to be called, claims to have a superhuman knowledge of socio-economic statistics, including which groups are most likely to engage in criminal activity. “I’ve been given the power to predict crime before it starts,” says the Pollster, who reportedly has been involved in physical altercations with 17-year-old, lower-class, male minorities on six separate

occasions, all of which have resulted in Andrews sustaining major injuries. No other persons involved were ever found, apprehended, or proven guilty of criminal activity (past or future). Andrews, however, remains adamant about his cause, saying, “I won’t rest until 100% of the population is safe!” Adding, “Plus or minus five.”

New Math Department Courses Teach Culture

by Andy Sponring, exactly the guy you would expect

The UC Berkeley Department of Mathematics today announced its Fall 2006 Schedule of Classes, containing in it some surprising new course offerings. Alongside such bread-and-butter staples as Math 16B: “This Course is Integral to your Future” and Math 113: “I Can’t Believe we are Still Doing This” are exciting classes in the emerging field of “mathematical humanities.”

Department Chair Theodore Slaman characterized the new offerings as part of the faculty’s overall efforts to “stay relevant in a changing world.”

He continued, “these courses are designed to point out to

students the many ways in which math has an impact on history and culture, like that time Martin Luther King Jr. used calculus to integrate a school.”

Among the new courses for the semester are two new AC requirement courses, Math 39AC: “Mathematics in American History” which goes by the alternate title, “Multiplying by 3/5ths,” and Math 54AC: “Linear Algebra taught by a Cherokee.” Also planned is Upper Div Math 153: “How to talk to girls,” and, to help math majors pass all their requirements, Math 215: “Differential Topology R1A.”

DIVORCE ♀♂ GUIDE

By John O'Connor and Daniel Brady

In the United States divorce has become an epidemic. Look to your left, now look to your right – both of those people are divorced. If you don't see anyone near you, it's because you're divorced. Divorce is a complicated issue, so this guide will hopefully prepare you for your own inevitable separation.

SIGNS YOU'RE ABOUT TO GET

DIVORCED:

- Unexplained bear traps on your side of the bed.
- Your wife takes a box out of the attic labeled "Slutty Clothes to Wear While Single."
- Wife videotaping more of her beatings than usual.
- Husband's new secretary listed "dictation" on her resume
- You're wondering why your hands hurt, are dripping blood, and why you're in the back of a police car.
- Her idea of "Couples Therapy" is drinking a couple of Forties and throwing them at you.

GOOD AND BAD WAYS TO BREAK THE NEWS TO YOUR SPOUSE:

- **Good:** "Honey, this just isn't working out. I love you, but I can't be with you. Let's just sign these papers and get on with our lives."
- **Bad:** "Why didn't you tell me before that your sister does anal?"
- **Good:** "You'll always be very special to me. I just think we need to be apart from each other."
- **Bad:** "Get. The fuck. Out."
- **Good:** "I will always love you."
- **Bad:** "Sweetie, guess what I bought you! A pair of puppies! This one is named Divorce Papers and this one is named Restraining Order. Also, I'm keeping them."

THINGS THAT DON'T SUBSTITUTE FOR A LEGAL DIVORCE:

- Putting your fingers in your ears and saying, "LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA!"
- Having sex with a stranger, right in front of your spouse, on your bed, while dressed up as lawyers.
- Throwing a brick through their window with "WE'RE DIVORCED" written on it. Though it's also your window, and you're standing inside at the time.
- Eating your wedding ring.
- Defrocking the priest that married you.
- Throwing your wife to the ground during Trust exercises.
- Faking your dog's death.

GOOD AND BAD WAYS TO BREAK THE NEWS TO YOUR KIDS:

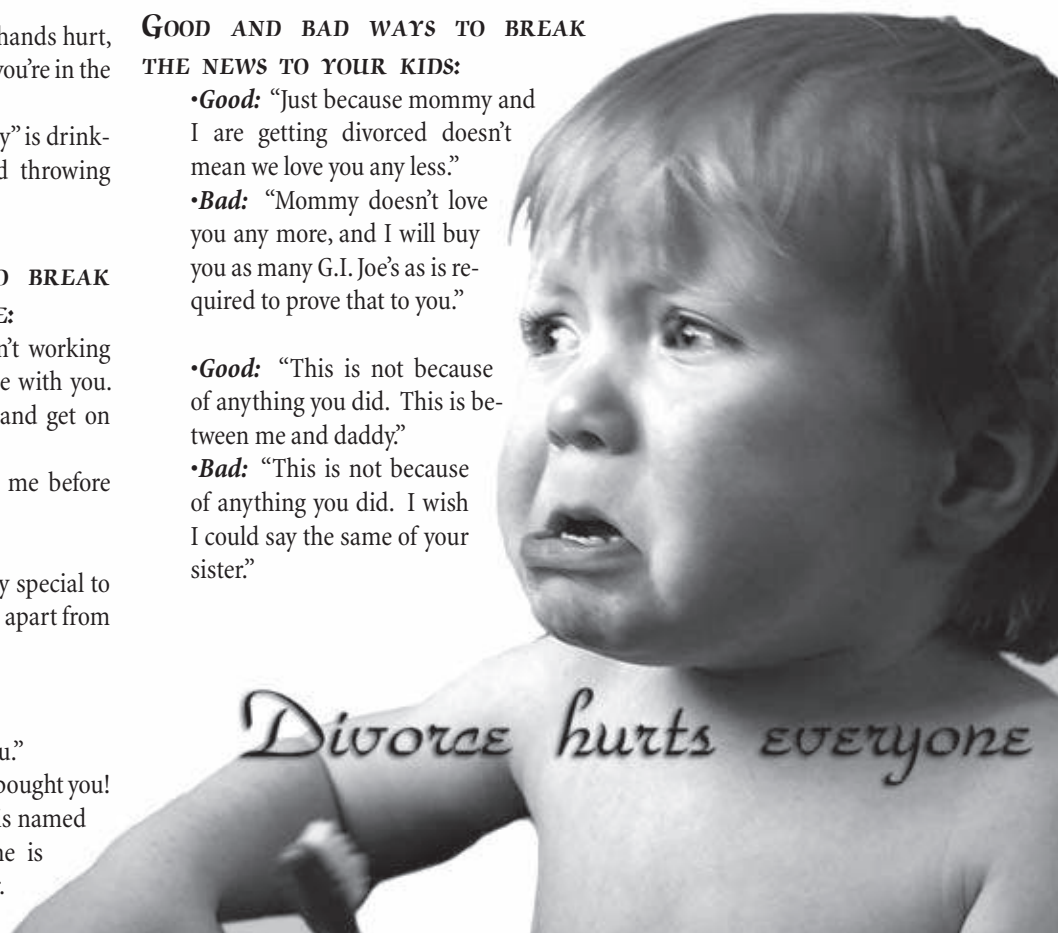
- **Good:** "Just because mommy and I are getting divorced doesn't mean we love you any less."
- **Bad:** "Mommy doesn't love you any more, and I will buy you as many G.I. Joe's as is required to prove that to you."
- **Good:** "This is not because of anything you did. This is between me and daddy."
- **Bad:** "This is not because of anything you did. I wish I could say the same of your sister."

• **Good:** "I know this is very hard right now, but I promise things will get better for you."

• **Bad:** "Stop crying or I'll get the hose."

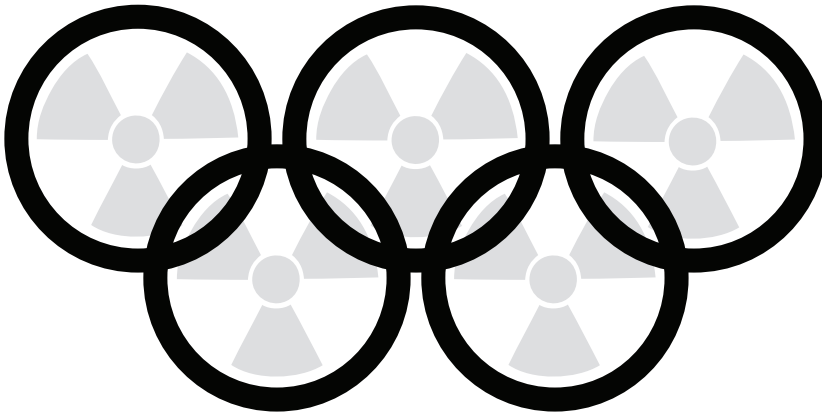
• **Good:** "Sweetie, it's okay! You'll see me on the weekends! We'll go to the amusement park and I'll win you a stuffed animal, okay?"

• **Bad:** "Sweetie, it's okay! From now on, I'm going to pick you up every Friday from school two hours late. I will probably be drunk. We'll eat cold Chinese food in awkward silence. I'll make you go to bed at 6:30 in hopes that you won't hear Ginger banging against the headboard while I cry and call out your mother's name. P.S. you're adopted."



2058 NUCLEAR WINTER GAMES

BY OWEN JAVELLANA



If you're like me, you're constantly asking yourself one question: How will the coming apocalypse affect the Women's Short-Track Speed Skating? Thanks to this time-machine I found in a Nalgene bottle full of LSD, we're about to find out.

2006 Winter Games Torino, Italy

Opening Ceremony: Elaborate opening choreographed by former Cirque du Soleil members

Release doves, symbol of peace

Events include: Speed skating, Downhill Skiing, etc.

Athletes stay in Olympic Village

Athletes compete in Olympic Stadium

Medals named after 3 most precious materials: Bronze, Silver, and Gold

Athletes are tested for performance enhancing drugs

Biathlon

Sponsored by Coca-Cola and McDonalds

Curling

Winning athletes can expect to become rich off subsequent endorsements

All are united under a shared spirit of unity and an atmosphere of brotherhood and peace

2058 Nuclear-Winter Games Hellhole Crater, New Canada

Opening Ceremony: Roasting of the world's last mime

Release cockroaches, symbol of the only remaining source of meat

New events: 50-meter Don't-Freeze-to-Death, Competitive Cannibalism, Alpine Stay-the-Fuck-Alive

Athletes stay in hollowed out carcasses of hockey players

Athletes compete in Thunderdome

Medals named after 3 most precious materials: Gasoline, Bullets, and Beans

Athletes are tested for scurvy

ALL skiing is biathlon, rifles are carried at all times to fend off constant threat of bean pirates

Sponsored by Colonel Green's Despotic Regime

Curling

Winning athletes will return to their respective wastelands if they're not eaten by Morlocks on the way

Residual radiation

Top Ten Christian Breakfast Cereals

10. Forbidden Fruit Loops
9. Honey Bunches of Christ
8. Total Exorcism
7. Count Chocula Does Not Exist
6. Smart Start is Bible School
5. Life ... begins at conception
4. Safeway Generic Brand Moses Bits
3. Corn Popes
2. Let He Who is Without Sin Cast the First Fruity Pebble
1. Cinammon Toast Christ

Top Ten Signs Your Professor is an Illegal Immigrant

10. Serape with leather patches still notably serape
9. Stole his job from good hardworking American professors
8. Office hours held in tomato field
7. Smiles politely and nods at every question
6. Got his PHD in drywalling
5. Doesn't have tenure
4. Runs across Telegraph with entire family in tow
3. Hired him at a home depot parking lot
2. Responds poorly to your racist humor
1. The reader is all Cesar Chavez

Top Ten Homeless Faux Pas

10. Using salad fork instead of stabbing knife
9. Asking for understanding instead of money
8. Using the needle first
7. Hopping on a moving freight plane
6. Touching appropriately
5. Dying during winter
4. Eating faithful canine companion
3. Spending a day's worth of change on a six-pack of O'Douls
2. Masturbating in private
1. Playing music for money on your iPod

Top Five Signs Your STD is Stronger than You

5. Frequents the 24 Hr. Fitness located somewhere near your butt-hole
4. Smokes Cigarettes, unfiltered
3. Its favorite movie is Fight Club, yours is Mulan
2. You die of it
1. It has herpes, and it doesn't whine about it

Top Ten Things Not to Say Before Making Out

10. God my gums won't stop bleeding
9. I bet you kiss like my mother
8. I gave up brushing my teeth for lent
7. I'm surprised I can talk with all these cold sores
6. I hope I don't get pregnant from this
5. Your breath smells like you just ate a dog-shit burger
4. Thank god, I thought I was going to have to throw up in my hands
3. Quick, before my dad stops watching!
2. This counts as your turn
1. I interpret drunken making out as an invitation to a long term relationship

Top Ten Reasons to Grow a Beard

10. Harder to see face on low resolution surveillance video
9. Prove a point to your girlfriend about shaving
8. It's worth two units for your philosophy major
7. Your name is John Beard and you're tired of living a lie
6. Rogaine addiction
5. President of the Viking Student Association
4. President of the Female Viking Student Association
3. Pink Chin the Pirate sounds too pussy
2. When you were five a razor killed your father
1. It's cold. And you're a child molester

My Girlfriend

By Mitch Rodricks

When you're as picky as I am, it's hard to find a girl that shares your interests. Girls that I dated in the past just weren't into sitting in one position for up to twelve hours, being stared at by little kids, or peeing with someone's assistance. But I found the girl of my dreams. Her name is Crystal (a fragile name, for a fragile spine) and it turned out she had been sitting right next to me all along. I was standing, of course, so it just took me a long time to see her. I was nervous talking to her at first.

Me: Did it hurt?

Crystal: Pardon?

Me: When you fell from Heaven.

Crystal: Oh, that's cute. [giggling] But really, my dad pushed me down the stairs.

Me: I...see.

She was unlike any girl I'd ever met. It was magic. When I looked into her eye, and she into mine, and her seeing eye dog's also into mine, I knew it was love. And you may not think so, but where Crystal really shines is in the bedroom, especially considering her complete and total inability to move or feel pleasure.

Me: Want to try a new position?

Crystal: Sure, I'm game.

Me: I really want to try the Sacred Spelunking Stingray position. Just lean forward and arch your back as much

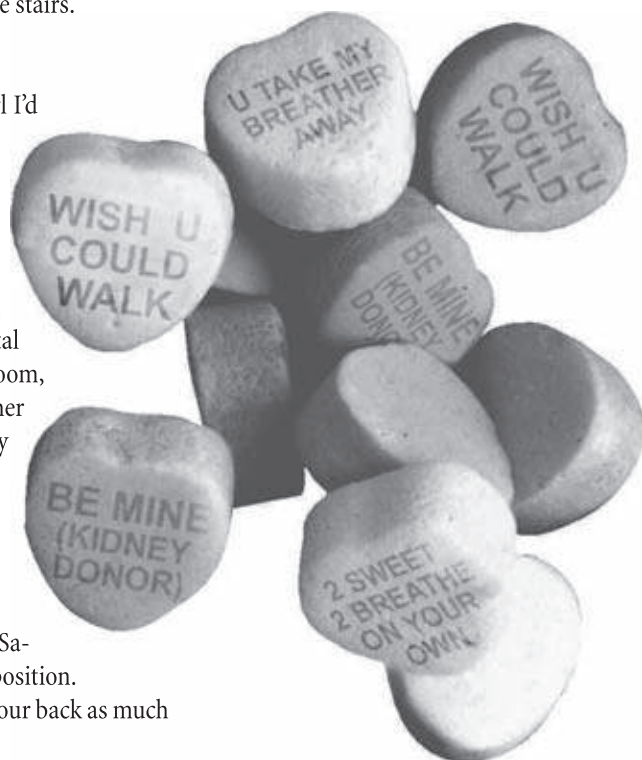
as you can so your feet rest on your head and I'll...

[large, wet cracking noise]

Crystal: What was that?

Me: I uh, er, I sat on some pretzels.

It feels amazing to know I've found the woman of my dreams and I'm doing a great deed as a humanitarian. Crystal is everything a man like me could ask for. We watch TV together, see movies together, and when she's asleep I play frisbee with her guide dog. And I get to class so much faster riding on the back of her wheelchair, even though now I don't know what to do with my Segway. So don't let love just roll on by, seize it by the wheels! And if it screams, turn off its voice box.



WHAT IF KARL MARX LIVED IN A CO-OP?

By Fred Taylor-I-hate-co-ops-Hochberg

MARX PARTICIPATES IN THE SYSTEM OF COLLECTIVIST PRODUCTION!

Co-opper: Hey Marx, dinnertime!

Marx: Finally! What are we having?

Co-opper: Tofu and eggplant casserole, fruit we got from Dumpster diving, and some dirt we found in the yard.

Marx: That's repulsive. How do you expect me to have the strength to lead the working people of the world on a diet like that?

Co-opper: Hey, maybe if you actually did your cooking work-shift once in a while. Doesn't your system depend on the willing contributions of all of the members of society?

Marx: Well, yeah, but I didn't mean ME.

WEEKLY SUNDAY CO-OP MEETING

Co-opper: Okay, so we're all decided on a vote of 22 to 1, we will be purchasing that new HD TV.

Co-opper 2: Alright, now for the second part of our agenda. Now I don't want to name names, but a certain individual has been using up all of the co-op's paper to print thousands of pamphlets written in German and--

Marx: This form of rudimentary democratic governance is a ruse! It simply seeks to lend legitimacy to the dicta of an elite bourgeoisie ruling class, composed of the kid whose dad is a lawyer and that Asian girl whose mom works for Channel 4!

Co-opper: Now, Marx, we've—

Marx: And more importantly, you're crazy to buy a plasma screen at that price! Don't you realize we could get a CRT at that size for half that!?!

MARX RALLIES THE YOUNG, WILLING SOLDIERS OF THE PROLETARIAT TO FIGHT FOR THE GREAT CAUSE OF SOCIOECONOMIC EQUALITY!

Marx: Well, are you all ready?

Co-opper: Ready for what?

Marx: The overthrow of the oppressive bour-

geois! That's what we're in a co-op for, right?

Co-opper: No, not really. Cheap housing and easy access to drugs is what brought me here.

Co-opper 2: Don't forget wallowing in your own filth.

Co-opper: And the crusty sex.

Marx: Bah! You're just bourgeoisie in disguise as lumpenproletariat, paying lip service to the downtrodden laborer while letting him suffer!

Co-opper: So you're saying you don't want in on the 3 o'clock gangbang?

Marx: ... I'll be quiet.

MARX TRIES TO GET SOME REVOLUTIONARY ASS!

Marx: Hey, Lisa. I enjoyed your poem, "The Wail of The Earthmother's Vagina." It was very...poemy.

Lisa: Thanks! But call me Starfyre!

Marx: Sure, whatever. Anyway, do you want to go get some fair-trade organic coffee with me sometime?

Starfyre: Sounds good! How's Thursday sound?

Marx: Not good. I'm flyering on Sproul all day. Sunday OK?

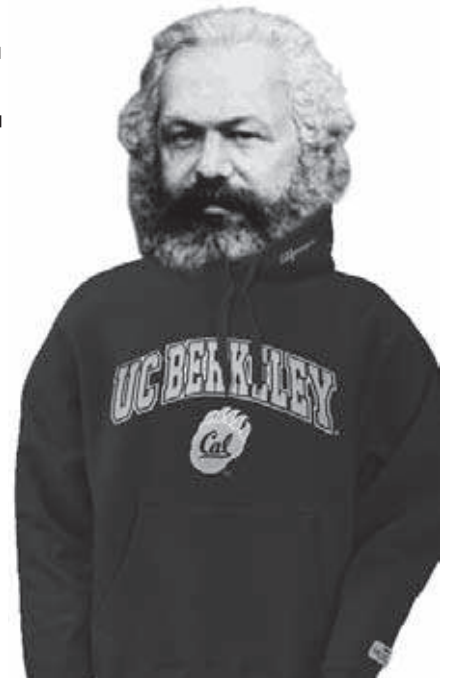
Starfyre: Can't, that's the day the house gets together to pick the lice from each others' bodies.

MARX STANDS FIRM ON HIS BELIEFS!

Co-opper: Hey Marx, I have a question.

Marx: Let's hear it, comrade.

Co-opper: If you predicted a rise of pauperism, how come standards of living are at an all-time high?



Marx: Well, uh, that's easy. You see, the, uh, index of..

Co-opper: Of what?

Marx: Uhhhhhhhh. Well if you look closely at *Das Kapital*, you'll see that ... Look, a girl that doesn't shave!

Co-opper: WHERE!?

MARX ENJOYS THE VIBRANT CO-OP SOCIAL LIFE!

Crystal: Hey K-dog, let's go hot-tubbing. The water's warm, the jets are on, and the chlorine should have taken care of the herpes by now.

Marx: Sorry guys. I have a paper for my Labor History class due. I need to do well on this one because I failed my last midterm.

Crystal: Bummer.

Marx: Yeah, but at least I have this awesome beard.

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\$15 Haircuts! Brazilian Waxes!

We do:

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- Specialize in Curly Hair
- Highlights
- Color
- Perms

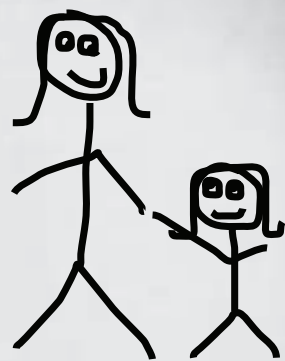
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Cowboy



Urban Myths

Myth: On average, a person eats eight spiders a year.

Status: True. The key here is to remember that this is an average. The truth of the matter is that most people never eat spiders, and Albert Dugary of Born, Michigan eats approximately 50 billion a year, or 98,000 a second. He's single.

Myth: Your hair and your fingernails continue to grow after you die.

Status: True. Nails to fight other zombies, hair to impress other zombies.

Myth: A person needs eight glasses of water each day in order to avoid dehydration.

Status: False, unless water means vodka and dehydration means inconsolable weeping.

Myth: You only use 10% of your brain.
Status: True, but you were trapped underwater in that car for an awfully long time.

Myth: After eating, always wait 45 minutes before swimming.
Status: It doesn't matter; one out of every million times you're gonna explode when you hit the water anyway.


Myth: A penny placed on the tracks will derail a train.
Status: False. Trains can only be derailed when an interracial child is born. It's God's way of saying no.

Myth: Our universe is just a tiny molecule in an even larger universe.
Status: Put down the bong and get a job.

Myth: Amish couples have sex through sheets.
Status: True. That's why you must never let your children dress up as ghosts for Halloween if you live in Pennsylvania

By Daniel Brady

ASUC SUPERB FILMS PRESENT
director's series



A Q & A WITH **PAUL THOMAS ANDERSON**

magnolia **BOOGIE NIGHTS** PUNCH DRUNK LOVE

thursday, march 09
8pm wheeler aud.
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CSSE
WATCH OUT!!

Bored on a Thursday? We meet every week at 9pm to tell war stories of mogul surfing and general debauchery.

More information found at our table on Sproul, M-F 11-2pm, or at <http://snow.berkeley.edu>



KILIMANJARO

Thank you all for coming.

Ladies and gentlemen, I'm tired. I'm tired of the stares. I'm tired of the questions. I'm tired of this burden that I bear. It's finally time to tell you all what happened on Mt. Kilimanjaro that fateful President's Day weekend.

Which is why I've brought you all here to the Las Vegas Convention Center. I'm sorry for the cramped quarters, but I thought it'd save time if the relatives of all 200 men in the expedition were told all at once. You see, I lied when I told you all that your friends and relatives were alive and well and had simply decided to live on top of the mountain forever.

As you may have suspected, the letters many of you received from your loved ones in the last week were actually written by me. I'm very sorry for getting your hopes up, and also for misspelling so many of your names. And when did so many boys end up with girls names? Dakota? Taylor? But I digress.

In the throes of this sudden anguish you're now experiencing, many of you might be wondering why I now weigh 800 pounds. You might say, that in a very special way, your husbands, wives, sons, and daughters are all still here with me.

What? Yes, you in the back. Oh no, *I didn't eat them!* Just all their supplies and insulin. And some of their clothes.

Okay, no, seriously. Here's the truth. Things went bad right from the start. We decided to celebrate the trip by drinking Safeway Select Cola. I alone refused to drink the soda because the bubbles burn my nose. As we reached 10,000 feet and the air thinned, something started to happen. The cola expanded in the team's stomachs, and, without warning, they all exploded.

Yes, the sobbing man in the red shirt, you have a question? Yes, quite insightful of you. I am totally lying again.

I'm very sorry. Way sorrier than I was a few seconds ago. You all deserve the truth or at least something remotely plausible. Give me a minute to stand here and think while moving my eyes up and to the left a lot and I'll see what I can make up. I mean, remember.

Okay, how about something involving a yeti? Anyone?

...You know, let's break for the day and we'll meet back here tomorrow and give this another go.

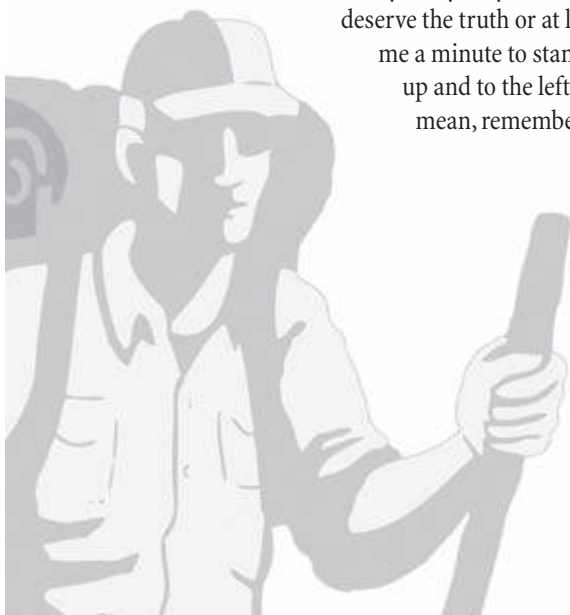
Again, I'm very sorry. On your way out please stop by the tables at the back and collect your loved ones' teeth.

Top Ten Ways You Can Tell the Person Fondling Your Genitals Isn't a Doctor

10. Has been feeling your pulse for about 20 minutes now
9. He gazes into your eyes while doing it
8. Your step dad went to law school
7. Cheesy Bass Music In the Background
6. Who cares; your braces are finally off
5. What are the chances the other person in the mystery closet with you is a doctor
4. Breathing heavily but you're the one having a baby
3. Keeps telling you how many merit badges you're earning
2. Asks you to turn your head and hiccup
1. He's fondling them with his rectum

Top Ten Signs It's Time to Switch to Plan B

10. Air conditioner ducts are actually really small
9. Kinda, sorta, accidentally shot hostage in the face
8. Turns out the pope was wearing a flak jacket
7. Ewoks didn't do shit
6. Your English accent isn't nearly as convincing as you thought
5. Pirates are late. AGAIN
4. Flying a plane is actually really hard
3. Hot air balloon escape not as practical as you thought for nail gun factory heist
2. Turns out bank has no wheelchair ramp
1. Identical twin failed to shave goatee



The Collected Disappointments of James R. Henderson

DECEMBER 24TH, 1960: FOUND OUT SANTA WASN'T REAL

I stayed up all night anxiously watching over the cookies and milk I had left for Santa. As soon as I heard a rustle down the chimney, I ran forward to give him a big hug. Down dropped a giant bag filled with toys followed by a skeleton in a Santa suit. Amid my turbulent crying, I could hear my father laughing and laughing and laughing.

It was the worst birthday ever.

APRIL 14TH, 1970: FIRST SEXUAL EXPERIENCE

She was very gentle and soothing. He, on the other hand, was really rough. My crying only seemed to make things worse.

AUGUST 31ST, 1971: FIRST DAY OF COLLEGE

I arrived with the feverish anticipation that only an awkward teen finally free from the repressive hold of his parents could feel. Here I was, ready for the next big stage of my life. If only I hadn't discovered heroin.

JUNE 12TH, 1975: FIRST DAY OF WORK

Why did I wear a suit to the slaughterhouse? Stupid, stupid, stupid.

JULY 2ND, 1976: THINKING ABOUT BE- COMING A WRITER

Got a few weeks off work due to injuries after one of the cows got hold of a knife and killed Mr. Sanford. Spent the time learning to write. The publishers at Harper's were not impressed with my novel about a Great Black Whale.

I'll show them when another publisher picks up my story about playing catch in a wheat field.

APRIL 8TH, 1978: HONEYMOON

Why would a virgin have tattoos on her labia...

SEPTEMBER 15TH, 1980: BIRTH OF MY FIRST CHILD

They told me all children were born dark. It would have made me feel better if they also told me all children were born with six thousand tiny holes in their heart.

JANUARY 27TH, 1989: KILLED MY ARCH NEMESIS

Lured my arch nemesis to Mexico. I craftily tricked him into crawling into the cannon that I had rented. Instead of shooting him

across a waterfall as planned, he messily exploded inside. I couldn't even get my deposit back. Stupido, stupido, stupido.

SEPTEMBER 11TH, 2001: A DAY TO REMEMBER

Lost my wallet AND my keys.

NOVEMBER 14TH, 2003:

Saw Matrix: Reloaded and Matrix: Revolutions.

JANUARY 4TH, 2018: FOUND OUT I HAVE A CANCER

Hey, at least it's not testicular cancer.

JANUARY 5TH, 2018: GOT A PHONE CALL

Never mind.



Compiled by Daniel Brady and John O'Connor

“Lesser Known Quotations”

-Miles Stenehjem



“I need my beauty sleep. Lots and lots of beauty sleep. 40 pills worth of beauty sleep.”
-Marilyn Monroe



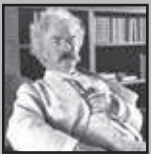
“Oh dear, I dropped my lipstick.”
-Amelia Earhart, (Last Known Transmission)



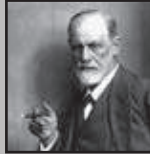
“I have this thing for asian chicks, ya know, because they’re the only ethnicity available on this entire continent.”
-Confucius



“Holy fucking Ra do I love triangles.”
-King Tut



“I like my wit like I like my pussy, dry as hell.”
-Samuel Clemens



“My father has never approved of my work nor my desire to have sex with his wife.”
-Sigmund Freud



“Ugh... where am I... and why the fuck am I dressed like an indian?”
-Samuel Adams



“I didn’t say, ‘Sic Semper Tyrannis,’ I said, ‘Take THAT, Lincoln!’”
- John Wilkes Booth



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DIARY OF A COSTUME CHARACTER

BY BRANDON PLUSH

I REMEMBER WHEN I WAS GROWING UP, I USED TO BE SCARED TO DEATH OF THE PEOPLE IN THEME PARK COSTUMES. MAYBE IT WAS THEIR COLD DEAD PLASTIC EYES. MAYBE IT WAS THAT TIME A GUY DRESSED AS THE TASMANIAN DEVIL RAPED ME. REGARDLESS, I WOULD EVENTUALLY BECOME ONE OF THOSE PEOPLE.

ENTRY 1

WHEN I FIRST ARRIVED, THEY TOOK MY MEASUREMENTS TO FIGURE OUT WHICH COSTUMES I WAS GOING TO BE IN. THEN THEY MADE ME WATCH 3 HOURS OF SIX FLAGS ORIENTATION VIDEOS. THE FIRST HOUR BASICALLY TOLD US OVER AND OVER AGAIN THAT IF WE EVER BROKE OUT OF CHARACTER WE'D BE FIRED AND PROBABLY BEATEN WITHIN AN INCH OF OUR LIVES. THEN, HALFWAY THROUGH THE SECOND HOUR, THEY JUST STARTED SHOWING CLIPS OF THE MOVIE DUNE. MOST OF THE OTHER NEW EMPLOYEES DIDN'T SPEAK ENGLISH AND DIDN'T SEEM TO NOTICE.

ENTRY 2

SO MY FIRST CHARACTER WAS MARVIN THE MARTIAN, WHICH I THOUGHT WAS REALLY COOL UNTIL I REALIZED HE WORE FULL BODY SPANDEX. I WAS PLEASED BUT THINGS GOT REALLY EMBARRASSING WHEN SOME KID RAN UP TO ME AND LIFTED UP MY SKIRT TO SEE UNDERNEATH. THEN PEOPLE STARTED POINTING, LAUGHING, AND TAKING PICTURES WHILE SAYING, "NO WONDER HE HAS TO WEAR A MASK!"

ENTRY 3

I'M ACTUALLY STARTING TO GET REALLY WEIRD VIBES ABOUT THIS PLACE. I ASKED MY SUPERVISOR TODAY WHEN HE THOUGHT I'D BE READY TO PLAY BUGS AND HE TOLD ME I WASN'T FIT TO SUCK BUGS'S DICK. THEN HE MADE SOME SORT OF CRUDE GESTURE WITH HIS HANDS BUT I COULDN'T MAKE IT OUT THROUGH THE BIG GLOVES ON HIS FOGHORN LEGHORN COSTUME.

ENTRY 4

I WAS WALKING AROUND THE PARK TODAY AS TWEETY, WHICH BASICALLY SUCKED TO BEGIN WITH. BUT THEN I SAW MY GIRLFRIEND. SHE DIDN'T KNOW I'D GOTTEN A JOB AT THE PARK YET SO I DECIDED TO SURPRISE HER, BUT JUST AS I WALKED UP TO HER THIS GUY STANDING BEHIND ME SHOVED ME OUT OF THE WAY AND THE TWO OF THEM STARTED MAKING OUT. I JUST STOOD THERE STUNNED. ALL I COULD DO WAS CRY SILENTLY INSIDE TWEETY, AND OCCASIONALLY CHIRP.

ENTRY 5

TURNS OUT MAGIC MOUNTAIN NEEDED TO MAKE CUTBACKS IN ORDER TO BUILD A NEW ROLLERCOASTER. THEY FIRED 5 OF THE GUYS THAT ARRIVED WITH ME. NOW I'M SOMEHOW SUPPOSED TO PLAY TWEETY, MARVIN, DAFFY, AND SPEEDY GONZALEZ IN BOTH THE NORTH AND SOUTH SIDES OF THE PARK SIMULTANEOUSLY. I KEEP GETTING MY CHARACTERS CONFUSED AND ALL THE HISPANIC PEOPLE AT THE PARK THINK I'M MAKING FUN OF THEM WHEN I START TALKING IN MY SPEEDY GONZALEZ VOICE WHILE WEARING THE DAFFY DUCK SUIT. ALSO PROBABLY CUZ I USE THE WORD BEANER A LOT.

ENTRY 6

WOKE UP IN BED SCREAMING WITH THE TWEETY MASK STUCK TO MY HEAD AGAIN. BOSS IS GONNA KILL ME IF I DON'T GET THE SWEAT STAINS OUT OF IT.

ENTRY 7

BOSS CALLED ME INTO THE OFFICE TODAY AND TOLD ME HE HAD BIG NEWS. SAID I'D BEEN DOING A GREAT JOB AND THAT HE THOUGHT I REALLY DESERVED A REWARD. I GOT EXCITED AND STARTED IMAGINING WHAT SORT OF PLUM JOB HE MUST'VE HAD LINED UP FOR ME. THAT'S WHEN I REALIZED HE'D UNBUTTONED THE PANTS ON HIS YOSEMITE SAM SUIT. I TRIED TO SAY NO, TRIED TO STOP IT FROM HAPPENING, BUT HE THREATENED TO SHOOT ME. IT WAS ONLY LATER THAT I REALIZED THAT THE GIANT FOAM GUNS PROBABLY WEREN'T LOADED.



Peer Review

Mary Queen of Cocks

Reviewer

Suck'n Fuck Jill

INSTRUCTIONS: Reviewer should follow Peer through typical day's work and consider constructive criticisms that could improve Reviewee's effectiveness.

1. How would you rate reviewee's overall job performance? 1 2 3 4 5
 Poor Below Average Average Above Average Excellent

2. In a typical month, how many sales does reviewee make? 270

3. What percentage of these settle their accounts in...?

A. Cash 6 %
 B. Crack 92 %
 C. Gunpoint Mugging 1 %
 D. Personal Check 1 %
 E. Other 1 %

Please specify: Half a prawn

4. Is reviewee a risk taker?

1 2 3 4 5
 Pants on-- Single Vag Lubed Double Unlubed
 grinding Vag Anal Anal Vag-Anal- Tiiger
 Taint Upper-cut

5. Does reviewee work well in groups?

1 2 3
 Lesbian Double Lesbian Double Dog
 Lesbian

6. Is reviewee a problem solver? Does the reviewee find lateral solutions to problems?

1 2 3
 Not Often Sometimes A Wizard with
 Ping Pong balls

7. Is the reviewee a good fiscal manager?

1 2 3 4
 Asks for money Asks for money Doesn't ask for Pays them
 first after money, has a day job

8. Things reviewee could improve on:

Stop charging \$9.57 for a blowjob and \$3.18 for a handjob. And
you're not a hot dog vendor at Yankee Stadium. That change belt
you wear makes you look like a whore. Haha, jk,
♥Jill

the Squelch
PRESENTS...

Discount Wisdom

Remember when P. Diddy ran all of those "Vote or Die" commercials on MTV during the 2004 election?

I think he meant that campaign to be aimed at senior citizens. That's all they seem to do.

I don't believe in a "nuclear holocaust." I think it is just a phrase that people created by taking the two most feared words in the English language and putting them together. It's kind of like "Ebola genocide" or "shark taxes."

I wonder who was the person that created the game "Slug Bug," and if that was his/her only contribution to society.

If Jamie Foxx and Vivica A. Fox had a baby, I bet it would be black.

In the DARE program they teach you that "crack is whack." So why don't they have a synonym for "great" that ends with "-ee cee pee?"

I once made fun of a really rigid and pale girl until she cried. I felt really bad until I found out she was a water fountain.

I wish I were an astronaut. That way, if a bunch of track athletes were making fun of me, I could tell them that I once ran a mile in under five minutes. They would all start laughing and say "big deal, we can all do that." I would then say that I ran it on the sun. That would shut them up real quick.

I wonder what Olive Oyl's nickname was in high school when she was an acne-covered teen. I bet it was still Olive Oyl.

One day I tried to grow a beard so I would look just like my father. But then I realized that I had no idea what my father looked like because he left us when I was born. Boy that was a sad day for a five-year-old.

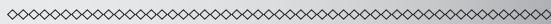
The first time you make love is a magical experience. Unless, of course, you're not a magician.

If you ever get the chance to ride a dinosaur, don't whoop and holler and look really pleased, because dinosaurs hate bragging.

So Now You're in Purgatory



A Pamphlet



Hello! Welcome to Purgatory!

You probably have a lot of questions, for instance:

- Why am I here?
- Who are you?
- Why did you take my shoes?
- And just what is purgatory anyway?

First and foremost, Congratulations on not going to Hell! And please accept my sincere condolences on not getting into Heaven. So since you're Here, you're either just not quite good enough for Saint Peter, or are a child who died in utero so there wasn't enough evidence to make a convincing case either way.

This Pamphlet was printed on 50% recycled paper.

Sort of Evil Stuff that *may* have led to your placement here:

- Received oral sex while upside down
- Killed a really fat woman
- Didn't put any other gods before Him, but put a few off and to the left
- Taught a parrot to swear
- Murdered someone emotionally
- Have never cured a leper

And Just What is Purgatory Anyway?

In Purgatory, you will kind of be punished for your lifetime of quasi-sin. The subtle agonies that await you include:

- The same song will play forever and ever, unless you turn it off
- Fruity Pebbles and Cocoa Pebbles come in the same box
- Any pets you obtain will only provide conditional love
- Free dial-up connection
- Will feel left out during apocalyptic battle between heaven and hell
- Will constantly think you recognize people only to find out that they're all commercial bit actors
- All farts are egg farts

What to Do Now:

Enjoy a half-price ride on Purgatory's award-winning public transport system, ranked #3 in the afterlife, to your new garden-level apartment! You'll meet your new roommate who has already chosen the bottom bunk. When you get inside, sit down quietly, turn on your 16" TV, and please enjoy complimentary reruns of the Simpsons (seasons 12 through 15). Looking for a job can wait until tomorrow! We hope you have a not-unpleasant stay here in Purgatory, and we're glad we could make your first day a little easier.





"I tried everything to stop smoking – the patch, the gum, the carbon dioxide extinguisher, even people beating me with rugs. But only Promethium helped me to finally quit."



"I totally have my life back. I can ride my bike, go to the movies, do everything I used to wish I could do. I've even taken up surfing, which in retrospect I really should have done earlier."



"I finally got my job at the gas station back!"

Do you find it difficult getting close to people?

Do you suffer from hot flashes?

Have you experienced significant hair loss?

Do you have a burning sensation when you urinate, or do anything else?

Do you often fidget, or scream?

Do things you touch catch fire?

Then maybe it's time you tried

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Promethium[®] is a non-habit-forming medication that provides mild relief for people who suffer from the medical condition On Fire. There is no cure for O.F., and even with treatment, it may be possible to spread O.F. to others. Ask your doctor if ***Promethium***[®] is right for you.

Promethium



Promethium is not for everyone. If you're pregnant and nursing, covered in asbestos, or are a monk trying to make a point, Promethium may not be for you. Side-Effects may include headache, nausea, vomiting, stomach pain, diarrhea, runny nose, dry mouth, and more burning.