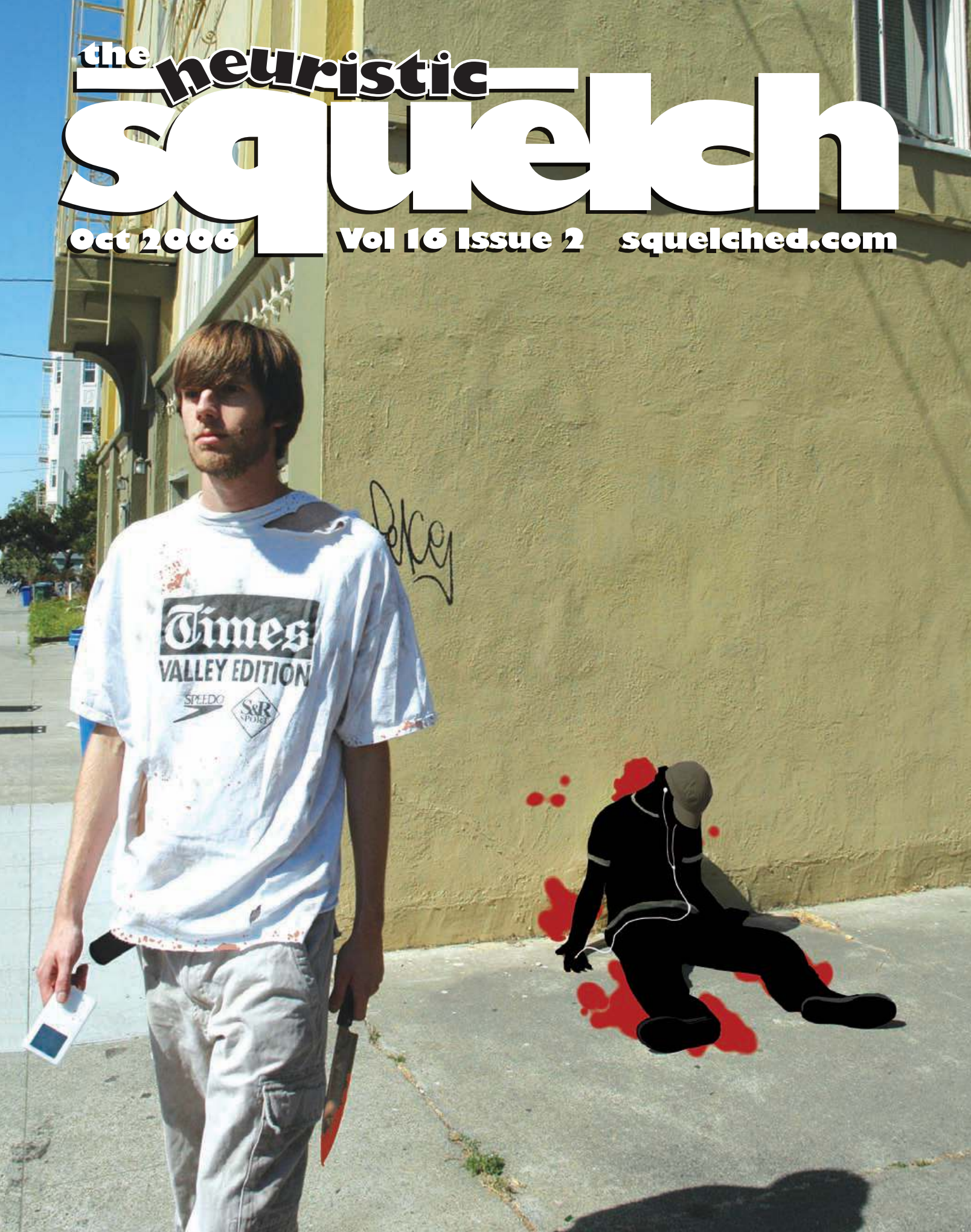


# the **heuristic** **squelch**

**Oct 2006**

**Vol 16 Issue 2**

**squelched.com**





# If You Kill Him, You Become Him



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**FAKING IT SINCE 1991**

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*(grabbing the headboard)*

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# We're Not Very Lucky

Congratulations on obtaining a copy of the Heuristic Squelch. Unfortunately, we regret to inform you that by accepting this issue, you too have fallen under the curse of a mysterious Native American shaman. Sorry, our bad. We'd like to explain the origins of the curse but our lawyers have informed us we can't use the words "shot his daughter" or "were a dick at his wedding" because they might make things worse. Also we may have written this issue in a haunted gypsy graveyard upside down while breaking mirrors made out of black cats. And we raped a leprechaun.

Anyways, during the next week you should expect to be visited in your dreams by several ancient Native American wind spirits. Their names are "Thogwum," "Cantutu," and by an extremely bizarre coincidence, "Lara Flynn Boyle."

The shitty part is they don't make a lick of sense, and seriously, I've been talking to this fucking wolf wind totem fucker for like two months now and not only did he ruin the ending of Fight Club for me, he also gave my girlfriend herpes and then blamed it on me just because I had a similar strain of herpes a few days earlier.

*Total dick.*

Sadly, this curse affects more than just your cinematic enjoyment. Due to a communication snafu with our printer, we mistakenly printed pages 2 through 15 of the magazine on recycled radioactive paper, and every fifth issue contains giant scorpions. Hopefully you got one of the scorpion issues, in which case the scorpions have absorbed most of the radiation and you now need only worry about the scorpions themselves.


In addition, titling our page 14 piece "Come and Get Me You Hopi Motherfucker" may have been unwise. Other people we've pissed off include Poseidon, New Line Cinema, and the illegitimate state of palestine.

In conclusion, we're very sorry.

Words from the top

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# Mel Gibson BBQ's Thousands of Hebrew Nationals

By David Rappaport, actually kinda Jewey

On Saturday, in an attempt to establish positive ties with the Jewish community, Mel Gibson held a barbeque at his Malibu home.

Leaders of the Jewish Community and Anti-Discrimination groups attended the event in good spirits. "It's always a good day to fry up some Hebrews," said Gibson.

Despite recent anti-Semitic remarks from Gibson the guests were cheery and

optimistic. "I think this whole thing has been blown out of proportion," said Shlomo Goldstein of the Jewish Anti-Defamation League.

After a slightly embarrassing event in which no one could turn off the gas from Gibson's grill, he delivered a few words of forgiveness to the crowd for his recent media actions.

"I really empathize with your people. You have gone through a lot and I can readily say

I'm glad I'm not a Jew. If there is one thing that Christ has taught me when dealing with Jews, it's forgive and forget. I hope that mentality can be applied to my remarks."

The event seemed to be a great success and both parties left feeling like they had taken a step in the right direction. "I like Mel," said Goldstein. "He really was a mensch today. Apology accepted. We still hate his dad though. Total schmuck."

## Local Pot Calls Kettle 'Black'

By Matt Brown, Black



In what has been described by local police as a, "racially provoked verbal assault," a local Pot was accused of calling a nearby Kettle, "black." A fellow Kettle commented, "I thought we'd come a long way since the days of judging a Kettle on the color of his paint. It's what's on the inside that counts. Like soup."

The Pot's legal team, Pan, Mug, and Crock Pot issued a statement claiming that he was confused by the plethora of terms used in modern society to describe the defendant. A Wok for the defense added, "It's so confusing to know what's politically correct and what's offensive these days. Me so horny, I love noodle."

Pot claims to have friends of every culinary background and his lawyers maintain that any allegations that he is a lazy lay-about who only gets off the sofa if he's got the munchies were not only offensive to the Pot community at large, but inaccurate. Pot had no comment regarding his crack usage.

## In Other News8

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**Anne Coulter's Adam's Apple Confiscated at Airport Security**  
Page B8



# Stephen Colbert Ironically Elected Governor of South Carolina

*By Greg McGarry, ironically blew me in a car*

Popular humorist Stephen Colbert, noted for his deadpan impression of a smug, self-aggrandizing right-wing pundit, has been ironically elected Republican Governor of South Carolina after mockingly collecting the 5,000 requisite signatures and facetiously soliciting millions of dollars in campaign contributions from the NRA and RJ Reynolds.

His first as faux-Governor will be to satirically de-criminalize assault weapons and extra-criminalize gay marriage. His second act

will be an hilarious re-segregation of the state's rural western half, followed by a rib-tickling secession from the Union and an uproarious declaration of Southern Sovereignty.

When asked to comment on how his hysterically racist policies and borderline fascist-comic rhetoric had passed from the realm of social satire to real-life bigotry, Colbert declared: "Irony is dead to me. Oh, and satire? I'm putting you on notice! You and black people."

## Your Roommate to Continue Listening to that Chinese Hip Hop Shit

*By David Hollingsworth, bippin' an'a boppin'*

In a press release Monday evening, your Asian roommate made the official statement that the infuriatingly bad Chinese Hip Hop music constantly playing from his laptop would continue indefinitely.

"This decision has been thought over carefully, and there was a strong case to turn that shit off for Christ's sake, but I feel that the correct conclusion has been drawn, and the clattering mess of ill-produced bleep-bloopery will not cease this day," said your roommate.

While many, including you, have opposed this decision, your roommate has taken a firm stance on the issue, refusing to use headphones or listen to "something else, anything else, even The Cheetah Girls."

In closing, your roommate invited all his high school friends over and one of them broke your Xbox controller.

## City Council Declares Bum Historic Landmark

*By John Waste, of space*

Local vagrant Patches Wilkinson was declared a historic landmark by the Berkeley City Council last night. "For the past twenty four years, Mr. Wilkinson has brightened the corner of Dwight and Dana with his presence, and provided much-needed diversity to boot," said Councilmember Kriss Worthington in a press conference.

"He is an integral part of our city's history and we intend to keep him on that corner as long as possible," he said. Compliance with the new act requires that Wilkinson and his environs be left entirely unchanged – the introduction of foreign change, clothing and food to the bum's system is now prohibited.

In reaction to this legislation, the jubilant newly historical bum said, "For the love of God, either give me a 40 or kill me." Wilkinson was honored to have the commemorative gold plate welded onto his back. His initial reaction was, "AAHHH!!!"

## New Dinosaur Species Discovered

*by Dan Freedman, bonologist*

Paleontologists and researchers recently uncovered hints of a new species of dinosaur. While no concrete evidence of its existence has been found, scientists postulate that the "Clitaurus" evolved millions of years ago, and might still exist on the earth today in some unknown form.

A reconstruction performed of ancient postulated "Clitaurus" features leave scientists and researchers bewildered and confused. Paleontologist Jeff Sevino, one of the leading researchers of Clitaurus behavior said, "we've made big strides in piecing the Clitaurus puzzle together, but as for its function, or whether it actually exists on earth today, well, we just haven't been able to put our finger on it."

Judy Murphy, Mr. Servino's research partner has a different perspective, and is more outspoken in her beliefs that the "Clitaurus" still exists on earth today. "It's really not that hard to find if you just know what you're doing," she said. When asked if she was implying that her PhD educated research partner Jeff Servino did not know what he was doing, she replied, "Well he's not the best partner I've ever had, but at least he tries." Overhearing this interview, Mr. Servino stormed into the room and asked, "Well shit, how many research partners have you had?"

# High-Brow Erotic Fanfiction

by David Hollingsworth

## "The Battle of Man-Asses"

Author: RebCake20

Source: Ken Burns' "The Civil War"

[The camera pans out from an aged photograph as a sorrowful and rustic violin plays an old Southern requiem. The photo is of two men with scraggly beards engaged in anal sex]

**Narrator:** [reading from a letter] "My dearest Lulabelle. I find myself in the most terrible of erogenous conundrums. Last night the fates had transpired that I would take part in an act of illuminating sodomy, an awakening of senses within my soul and loins and posterior. While it happened so that I required the medicinal aid of a shot of whiskey and a stick to bite on, the pain of the initial penetration was nothing compared to the following glory enacted upon my most tender of holes. It will take quite some time and help from divine providence to ascertain my choice between your exquisite kiss, or my tent-mate's veiny rod."

--Private First Class Kilbourne S. Noisewater, 1864.



## "YOU EVER NOTICE?"

Author: RoOnEyFaN86

Source: 60 Minutes

Leslie Stahl's breath evacuated her lungs immediately as her eyes were drawn towards Andy Rooney's massive member. "Leslie! What are you doing in my dressing room?" Andy asked, his tone getting more and more coy as the question progressed. Leslie tried to answer him, but was temporarily hypnotized by the sight of her coworker's gray and knotty manhood.

"I--I--Wow..." Leslie stammered. Andy had this kind of effect on women, when they finally were able to take a peek at his gnarled trouser-snake. So it was no surprise to him when Leslie, in a semi-simplified state of lust, suddenly dropped to her knees and began servicing him with her award-winning journalist's tongue. Andy's abundant, snow-white brow furrowed, as he began to commentate on the pleasure he was receiving:

"Blowjobs are *funny*. It's hardly a *job*, unless you get *paid* to do it, in which case it's not the kind of thing I want to get mixed *up* in, and it certainly doesn't involve *blowing*. It actually involves the *opposite*, which is *sucking*. I don't *care* for the term 'blowjob,' as it conjures up all sorts of *images* of some kind of *balloon*, and frankly I just don't like *associating* my sexual *experiences* with balloons."



## "BUSTED"

Author: Praying\_Mantits

Source: Mythbusters

**Adam:** Jamie; the myth for this week is uh, it's something [chuckles] of a new kind of myth for us.

**Jamie:** Uh, yes, that is right. It's something we've not done before, so it actually ought to be quite a treat for a lot of you, uh, viewers out there.

**Adam:** [Chuckles] Ha, yes, that's because we are going to be testing the myth of the male G-spot.

[Animation plays of cartoon character with Adam's photographic head superimposed on being reamed by cartoon Jamie. Eventually cartoon Adam ejaculates, and his semen spells out "Male G-Spot"]

**Adam:** For this experiment, we're going to be using myself and Jamie on this yoga mat, and we'll also be employing the use of a lot of lubricant, because the myth does not specify whether lube should or shouldn't be used.

**Jamie:** Now you haven't done this before, right Adam?

**Adam:** [Chuckles] No. So we're going to need a lot of lubricant. [nods head with each syllable of "lubricant," chuckles]

[High-speed montage set to ukulele music of Adam and Jamie having anal sex. Interspersed are images of the Asian guy and the chick doing nothing, as usual. This continues until Adam is brought to a shuddering climax]

**Adam:** Oh, wow! [Chuckles]

[Jamie finishes on Adam's chest, and then spits to the side]

**Jamie:** Busted.

# De Olde Adventures of King Leonard XVI, Lord of the Homeless People

By Fred Taylor-Hochberg



*is Highness must hire  
mercenaries in order to  
consolidate his power.*

**Homeless Mercenary:** [bowing] An honor to appear in your court, your majesty. My fealty is for sale to the highest bidder.

**King Leonard:** I see. How best may you serve me, snaggletoothed mercenary?

**Homeless Mercenary:** [grinning] Many ways, Your Majesty, many ways. I am skilled in the use of both the knife and the shard of broken glass. I am also a lettered man, schooled at the Academia Scientia, taught in the ways of Social Welfare.

**King Leonard:** The last item is as useful to me as a second set of knees. However, war is coming, and my army needs strength. What is your price, wandering blade? What are your needs?

**Homeless Mercenary:** Why lieth, I seek beer.



*eonard the Wise carries a  
king's burdens, and seeks  
help from his advisor.*

**King Leonard:** [clearly troubled] Lord Ted, your timing is excellent as usual. Perhaps upon this night you may offer me your counsel. I find myself betwixt two gathering armies. To the north, the ferocious Dirtyneedle clan. To the south, the fearless zealots of Lord LaRouche. My military might cannot surpass the power of their alliance, and yet I cannot let them strong-arm the kingdom's crack courtesans. What say you, Lord Ted the Incoherent?

**Lord Ted:** [leaning close] INNOCENT WOLF BONER.

**King Leonard:** [pondering] Hmm, wise words indeed. But how shall I ensure that the people do not starve?

**Lord Ted:** GOVERNMENT PIE SHOP SURPRISE!

**King Leonard:** Of course! Ah, Ted, your mind is as quick as the fox! Whatever your incoherent heart desires, it shall be granted.

**Lord Ted:** SPIT BALLOON?

**King Leonard:** As you wish. You are now Earl of the People's Green.



*he King recognizes the  
great deeds of his most  
righteous of subjects, and  
honors them with knighthood.*

**King Leonard:** [holding a cardboard tube like a sword and tapping a kneeling subject on both shoulders] And so on this day, in 1217 The Year of Our Homeless Lord, I hereby declare that William Trent be given the title of Knight, and enjoy all of the privileges and bear all of the responsibilities thereof. For he has been brave, and fought a great battle against that most tenacious of enemies, heroin.

**William Trent:** [shivering] I am as cold as I am honored, my lord.

**King Leonard:** Verily, you should seek an apothecary.



*hough kings be the vessels  
of God, they remain men.  
And as such, they have a  
man's desires.*

**Leonard's Servant:** My Lord, which woman will you take for a concubine?

**King Leonard:** [pointing] That lass.

**Leonard's Servant:** Ahh, a fine choice. She is of Greek descent, and full of bosom. Come here, wench.

**Sorority Girl:** Get the fuck away from me!

**King Leonard:** [sadly] Methinks that it is my enormous beard that she finds repulsive.

**Leonard's Servant:** Nonsense, sire. Perchance it is the festering plague-sores?

**King Leonard:** 'Tis what I get for visiting Cloyne Kingdom.

## Top Ten Signs Your Partner is a Cannibal

10. Hickeys require band-aids
9. Insists on lubricating with gravy
8. Gave you A1-brand cologne
7. Adds carrots and onions to the hot tub
6. Gives you hand jobs with a hot dog bun
5. Uses a napkin as a Dental Dam
4. Breaks up with you by saying, "It's not you, it's my high cholesterol"
3. Wants it 3 times a day
2. Tosses your salad with Ranch and croutons
1. Foreplay involves complimentary bread

## Top Ten New, Pleasant Job Titles for Criminal Occupations

10. Hooking Technician
9. Drug Equestrian
8. Surprise Valet
7. Existence-ending Options Specialist
6. Unexpected Copulation Assistant
5. Amateur Locksmith
4. Savings Account Adjuster
3. Coat Lightener
2. Italian-American Stereotype Enforcer
1. Unbulletproof

## Top Ten Erotic Board Games

10. Risqué
9. Stratego-O-O-OHHHHHH!
8. Kerplunk
7. Eye Candy Land
6. Sexchange Operation
5. Barebackgammon
4. Dungeons and Dungeons
3. Guess Who's Fucking You
2. Solitaire
1. Don't Wake Daddy

## Top Ten Addictive Fuels

10. Crystal Methanol
9. Crack Propane
8. LSDiesel
7. Grassaline
6. PCPeanut Oil
5. Coalcaine
4. Chevron w/ Techronic
3. Heroind Power
2. Gasoline (huffed)
1. PetroleumDMA



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11/3 An Inconvenient Truth  
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11/17 Snakes on a Plane  
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12/1 Little Miss Sunshine  
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(from "Hangin' With Mr. Cooper")

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8pm, Doors @ 7pm

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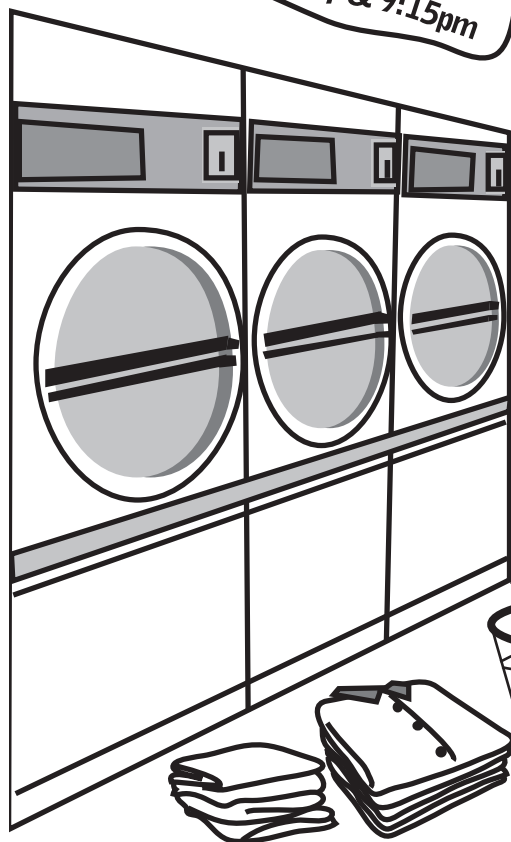
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Oct. 6 Honeycut	SOLD OUT! Oct. 10 Sufjan Stevens	Oct. 13 The Elected	Nov. 17 Matt Costa
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## CONCERTS

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INT. TOUR BUS - NIGHT

The tour bus of the all-Cherokee metal band "Death Blanket" rolls at high speed down the highway. The band members lounge around in the back, bickering good-naturedly but with a cutting racial edge.

CHIEF SOLOS-FOREVER  
How much longer must we put up with these  
fucking Armenian theater promoters?!

CHIEF RUNNING-BAR-TAB  
Silence! Your racial comments really unnerve  
me and make me question our ways.

OTHER INDIAN  
You just can't handle how pure and Indian we  
are!

As soon as he's sure no one is looking, Other Indian reaches into his buffalo-skin satchel and pulls out a locket containing a picture of him and a Filipino woman. He stares mournfully and with great racial shame.

CUT TO:

INT. BUS OF POOR PEOPLE - NIGHT

The rotting, exhaust belching bus rattles along the highway, cutting a smoky trail through the ~~blackness~~ darkness.

POOR BLACK JEW  
And that's when the doctor told me my wife  
would have to deliver our child in the street.

POOR BLACK MEXICAN  
Lemme guess, Cherokee fuckin' doctor.

POOR BLACK JEW  
You know it! Boy I sure hope my irrational  
racial fears are never tested and altered by  
an incredibly improbable series of events  
involving people of other races!

LOUD SOUND of bus sagging under the sheer irony.

CUT TO:

INT. "DANIEL BRADY'S CHINESE RESTAURANT" - NIGHT

A white guy sits at a table counting receipts. His Hmong staff waits nervously nearby.

WAITER #1  
(in Hmong)  
If only God would help us.

The white guy casually whips waiter #1 with a telephone cord.

3.

Chief Solos-Forever DIES. Jennifer Brady and Detective Miguel Corrazaon look at each other tenderly and unracistly.

CUT TO:

EXT. "DANIEL BRADY'S CHINESE RESTAURANT" - NIGHT  
Daniel Brady runs out of his restaurant with a rifle. He sees his WIFE standing with a PORTUGUESE man.

POOR BLACK JEW  
Watch out! His racial beliefs are holding  
firm!

Daniel Brady FIRES his rifle. Detective Miguel Corrazaon tumbles to the ground. Daniel Brady takes out a stamp in the shape of an illegal immigrant gardener and inks it next to the five identical stamps on the body of the rifle.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUS CRASH - THE NEXT DAY

CHIEF DANCES WITH GROUPIES  
(partially on fire)  
Everyone, come quick! This somewhat injured  
poor black woman is giving birth!

CLOSE UP on woman's arms holding the beautiful newborn baby. It is a lovely shade of brown, making it utterly unclear what race it is. Besides half-black.

Please Mail All Oscars or Golden Globes (no Independent Spirit Awards please) to:

Paul Haggis

23009 Martin Luther King Blvd.  
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2.

DANIEL BRADY  
(screaming, in English)  
No devil talk!

JENNIFER BRADY enters. She's a stunningly beautiful half-white half-Montagnard model. By the way she walks, you can tell her greatest fear in the world is to cooperate in rescuing people with a Portuguese man.

JENNIFER BRADY  
I'm going to go stand in the street for some  
reason.

DANIEL BRADY  
(to himself)  
Half-a-bitch.

A racially charged pause, then ... THE SOUND OF A HORRIBLE BUS CRASH THAT HOLDS THE POTENTIAL TO CHANGE PEOPLE'S DEEP SEATED RACIAL BIASES, AND POTENTIALLY WIN ME ANOTHER OSCAR.

RACIALLY CHARGED  
CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The TOUR BUS and the POOR PEOPLE'S BUS have slammed into each other at high speed. A van of RICH WHITE MEN was crushed between them, killing them all instantly.

CLOSE UP of dead RICH white men. SLOW MOTION until AUDIENCE applause stops.

Jennifer Brady rushes up to the burning wreckage of the tour bus where guitars and headaddresses are strewn wildly. As she takes off her jacket and uses it to beat the flames off of Chief Solos-Forever, DETECTIVE MIGUEL CORRAZON approaches.

Oh me deus! Que accidente horrible! Por favor,  
adjude-me!

Jennifer Brady stares in wide-eyed Portuguese horror as her worst fears come true.

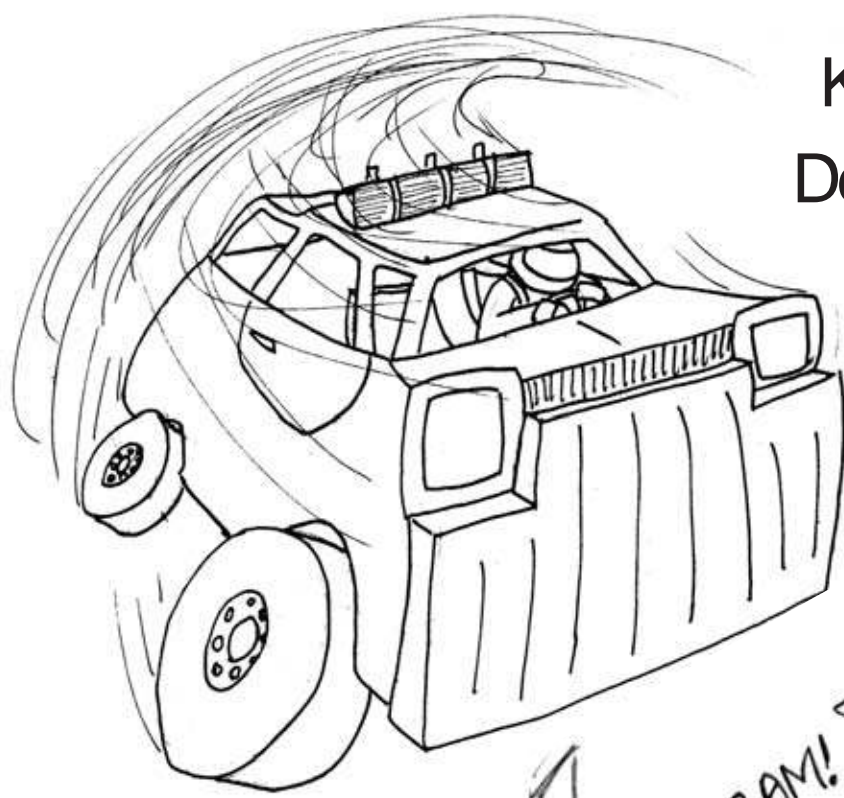
DETECTIVE MIGUEL CORRAZON  
(falling in love with her)  
Oh, you do not speak Portuguese.

As Jennifer Brady reels from this, clearly having an internal debate that forces her to reevaluate her racial opinions, Chief Solos-Forever weakly raises his arm.

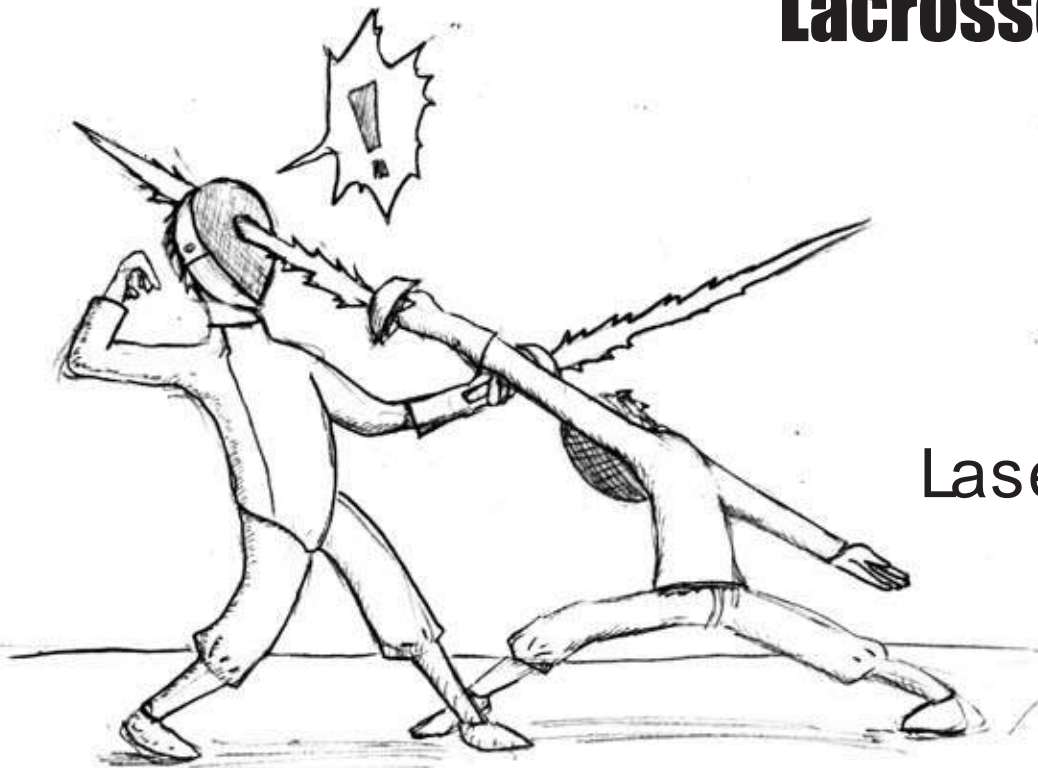
CHIEF SOLOS-FOREVER  
(whispering deathily)  
Don't..bury..me..near..Armenians.

crash 2  
you're a racist.

Kentucky  
Demolition  
Derby!

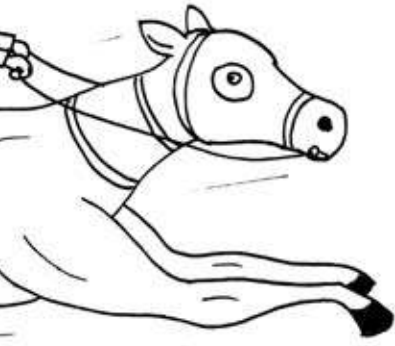


**Lacrossefire!**



Laser Fencing!

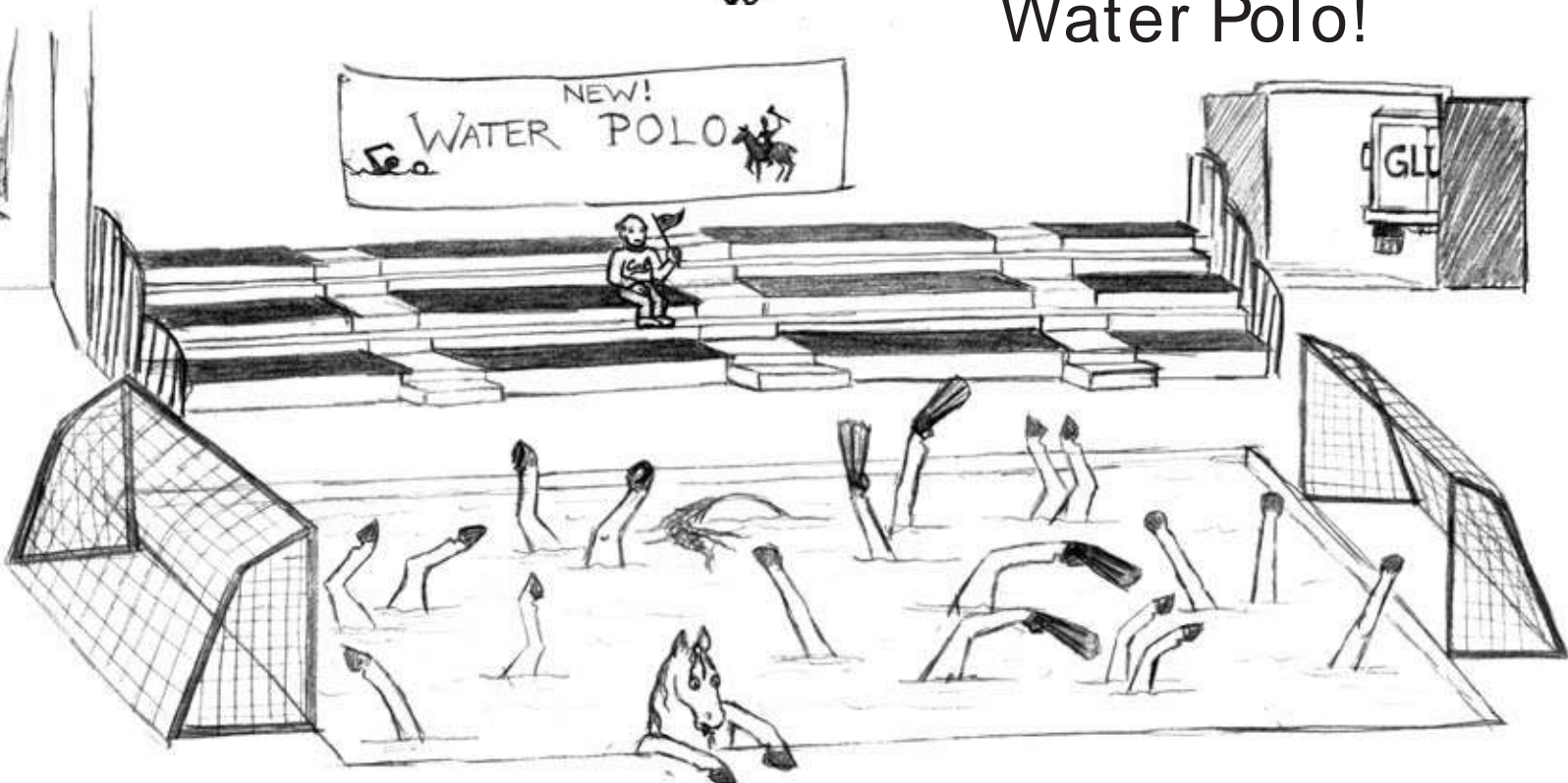
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Poleo!



Water Polo!







# ATTENTION, NEW RENTERS!

## Rent Stabilization Board

Did you know Berkeley has rent control?  
Find out what this means for you:

Your landlord cannot raise your rent unless the increase has been pre-authorized by the Berkeley Rent Board.

If you moved into your apartment a month ago but the landlord still hasn't finished the work he promised to complete before you moved in or the apartment has substandard conditions that the landlord refuses to repair, you can file a petition with the Rent Board for a rent reduction.

Your landlord cannot evict you just because she has decided she doesn't like you, your friends, or the music you play. She needs to have one of the "good causes" for eviction listed in the Berkeley Rent Ordinance.

If your landlord fails to pay the interest on your security deposit by January 10th of each year, you can deduct 10% of your deposit from your rent after giving him/her 15 days' prior written notice.

Your apartment is probably under rent control if all of the following are true:

1. You do not share a kitchen or bathroom with the owner;
2. Your building has more than 2 units (2-unit properties are also under rent control if no owner lives on the property and/or no owner lived there in 1979);
3. The apartment in which you live was built prior to May 1980.

## 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)

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# My Diary

## June 7: Going Clubbing

It started like any other night on the town. I put on my fine bison-skin coat and sprayed myself with my new Axe: Deer's Blood fragrance. By the end of the night, I was making out with a smoking' 7-foot tall European babe. Something about her large muzzle and blood-stained paws seemed strange to me but I couldn't put my finger on it.

## June 8: More Clubbing

I ran into the same babe at the club. We had a howlin' good time dancing. She got in my car and I started to drive home, with her head hanging out the open window. Suddenly when the full moon broke out of the clouds, she started acting really strange. I stopped the car and ran, but she used her powerful wolf nose to track me, her powerful wolf legs to run me down, and her powerful wolf taser to stun me. I think she might be some kind of half-dog. I woke up with a hickey the size of a polo divot.

## June 13: Changes

Something's definitely not right. I'm changing. I'm beginning to feel a deep connection to my inner bestial soul and my senses have all been heightened to an alarming degree. Also there's more hair on my balls.

## June 27: Basketball skills!!

Awesome! It seems that these changes enhance ALL of my physical abilities!

## June 28: Sex

The changes do NOT enhance all of my physical abilities.

## July 2: The Morning After

This morning I woke up in the woods again, completely naked, with no recollection of what happened last night. I oughta stop doing acid and get back to solving this whole turning-into-a-monster thing.

## July 6: Seeing a Psychiatrist

The shrink suggested a word association exercise. He said "mother," I said "father." He said "cat," I said "dog." He said "up," I said, "I want to eviscerate your children." He wrote something down after that. Probably doesn't mean anything.

## July 14: While Working the Night Shift

Just when I thought wearing this big Chuck E. Cheese suit for little kids couldn't have gotten any more bizarre, I realized that I wasn't actually *wearing* the suit, and that Chuck E. Cheese's didn't even *have* a night shift, and that all of *these* children were dead. Something here doesn't add up... doesn't add up at all...

## July 17: A Mortal Weakness

Tonight, exposure to silver bullets caused me a bitter, sickening pain, tearing apart my insides. I'm never drinking Coors Light again.

## July 20: Selling the House

During the open house, all the potential buyers kept asking me annoying questions, like, "Why are there 5-inch claw marks on all the walls?" and "Ahh! Stop eating me!" I guess that last one's not a question, but it was annoying nonetheless.

## July 30: Crystal Ball

All hope of finding the truth is lost. Today, as my last resort, I visited an old gypsy fortune teller. "Your problem is a mysterious one," she said. "Stop speaking in riddles!" I howled as I clawed her apart and ate her. I fear that now I may NEVER find out what's going on.

## August 9: Finally!

Well, I went to the hospital yesterday and I'm happy to report I've finally found the answer to this whole confusing nightmare. I have lupus.

### Top Ten Homoerotic Bumper Stickers

10. Well behaved womyn rarely make history
9. If you can read this, then suck my cock
8. Horn Broken - Watch For Penis
7. Support Your Right To Bears!
6. I don't like Bush
5. My kid beat off Your Honor Student
4. Visualize Whirled Penis
3. Danger: Wide Loads
2. My Other Car Is a Man's Ass
1. Don't Blame Me - I'm Dying of AIDS

### Top Ten NeoNazi TV Shows

10. White Power Rangers
9. The Amazing Master Race
8. The OC
7. Boy Meets Reich
6. Triumph of the Will and Grace
5. Extermidate
4. Aryan Idol
3. Telemundo: Live and on Fire!
2. I Dream Of Genocide
1. Curb Your Enthusiasm For Judaism

### Top Ten Signs You Might Be a Problem Drinker

10. You beat your wife when she doesn't deserve it
9. It's not drinking alone if your dog is there
8. You know doctors say you should drink 8 glasses of water a day, but you can't seem to get past 7
7. You get confused and beat your neighbors' kids
6. You traded your land for some shiny red beads
5. You woke up in Tijuana... again... with a dog... again...
4. You recognize your liver in an anti-drinking commercial
3. Day Planner shows 4 pm - 10 pm "blackout" appointment
2. No one seems to believe how bulletproof you really are
1. You have a 3 ounce glass, a 4 ounce glass, and a half full 5 oz glass. Now talk your way out of this DUI



# Good Eats: The Lost Episode

## "To Serve Man"

[Alton Brown sits in a lawn chair holding a tanning mirror and wearing sun glasses]

**Alton:** [checking his skin] Hmm, not quite done yet. You know, since the beginning of time man has fretted and fought over the best way to eat, well, man! But all I know is [using a finger to taste himself] in the end, it's all just...

[“Good Eats” animated introduction plays. We come back to Alton in a meat freezer, shivering and wearing ear muffs. He's choosing between various frozen corpses, including a mail man and a guy in a lobster suit]

**Alton:** A lot of people will tell you that frozen people are just as good as fresh, but if we look a little closer, we'll see that's just not true.

[he pulls down a white board from off screen with several little smiley faces on it labeled “cells”]

**Alton:** You see, the longer you wait to cook your kill, the more likely it is to develop any number of airborne pathogens and bacteria.

[a gang of sock puppets wearing little leather jackets labeled “gangrene” appear on screen]

**Alton:** Oh, speak of the devil. You see, a big 200 pound corpse like my neighbor Mr. Wilson here can be filled with literally millions of decaying cells, and those are irresistible to these little critters.



**Gangrene Puppets:** Deeeelicious! [the puppets comically swarm the dead body, tearing at its flesh and entrails. Alton closes the freezer door and the camera cuts to outside, where Alton hides in some bushes]

**Alton:** That's why I like to do things a little fresher than that.

[he removes a thin steel blade from his knife-cozy]

**Alton:** A lot of people will tell you to save time by just shooting your meal. But a bullet will scorch protein bundles unevenly, making the person harder to cook and less tasty to boot. That's why I

like ol' Mr. Cutco here.

[as smoothly as a Green Beret, Alton comes up behind a woman, clamps his hand over her mouth and slides the blade into her spine with one quick movement]

**Alton:** [removing the blood-drenched knife] Now you can spend a lot of money on a fancy hunting knife, or you can get something just as good at any army surplus store for 10 dollars.

[he kneels in step as the body slowly slumps to the ground]

**Alton:** See how much better that was than going with something store-bought? Now that's what I call [licking the blood off the knife] ... Good Eats!

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# WTFEN GAME PARTIES

## The Bachelor Party

**Luigi:** *[empties an entire kilo of cocaine onto table]*

**Kirby:** *[entering]* Hey guys!

**Luigi:** OH-A FUCK—

**Kirby:** *[inhales the entire kilo from all the way across the room]*

**Luigi:** Mama mia! That-a wassa ten thousand coins worth-a blow, you-a marsh-a-mellow iarrusu! What do you have-a to say for yourself?

**Kirby:** *[spits out a crack rock the size of a car door]*

**All:** *[pause]*

**All:** HOORAY!

**Kirby:** *[sheepishly spits out a dead stripper]*

## The Frat Party

**Guard:** Hey, have you seen my girlfriend?

**Frat Guy:** Nah man. So, you wanna make out?

**Guard:** Er, no, that's cool.

*[a loud moan comes from a nearby cardboard box]*

**Guard:** !

**Guard:** What was that?!

*[the moaning stops]*

**Guard:** Huh. Must have been my imagination.

*[the moaning starts up again, louder]*

**Guard:** !

**Guard:** Is someone there?!

**Guard's Girlfriend:** *[from inside Cardboard Box A]* Snake! Snaaake! SNAAAAAKE!

**Solid Snake:** Ungh! Yeah! Call me Revolver Cocksalt!

## The Sorority Ball

**Sorority Girl:** I've never done this before...

**Pikachu:** Pika! Pika!

**Sorority Girl:** Really? You think I'm beautiful?

**Pikachu:** Piiiiika.

**Sorority Girl:** Be gentle, please?

**Pikachu:** *[mounting her]* Pika... ..

**Sorority Girl:** Oooh, that feels so ni—

**Pikachu:** Pika! Pika! PIKA! PI-CH-CH-CHUUUU! Chuuuuuuuuuu.

**Sorority Girl:** ... Are you done? Did you already finish?!

**Pikachu:** *[violently electrocutes her]* Chu. *[spits on her]*

## Birthday Party

**Girl:** All guys are the same! What makes you so special?

**Yoshi:** *[rolls out three foot tongue]*

## The Wedding Reception

**Bridesmaid:** Hi, I don't think we've been introduced?

**Max Payne:** Her voice hit me like an ambulance full of drunk throw pillows. Even with the practiced bite of bile scaling my throat, I felt my captain start to salute.

**Bridesmaid:** Um, are you a writer?

**Max Payne:** Her eyes were bluer than the LEDs on my stereo and half as comforting. I wondered which would give out first – her interest, or my zipper.

**Bridesmaid:** That's...interesting.

**Max Payne:** We hit the point of no return. I was as stiff as the whiskey in my gut and the .45 nuzzled under my armpit. She was eye-fucking me without a condom, and I still didn't have my test results back.

**Bridesmaid:** I have to go over there now...

**Max Payne:** I knew no one was getting out alive.

“

I HOPE  
THIS  
ISN'T  
TOO  
FORN  
FOR  
YOU!!!!

”

## The Keg Party

**Guy:** Where the fuck is Duke Nukem? We've been waiting for him *Forever*.



# Phone Sex Throughout History

300,000 BC

by Danny Marshall



**Caveman:** Uugh, uugh, Uugh!

**Cavewoman:** Uugh uugh uugh!

**Caveman:** UUUUGGH UUUUGGH!

**Cavewoman:** Uugh, uughh uughhh!

**Caveman:** Uugh, oh shit I'm cumming.

## Elizabethan Era

**Man:** What are you wearing?

**Woman:** A smock, stockings, corset, hooped skirt, roll, stomacher, petticoat, kirtle, forepart, partlet, gown, ruff, cloak, shoes and a hat.

**Man:** Shit that's hot. I want you to touch your privates.

**Woman:** Give me a second. Let me find them. *[clunk of a receiver being set down, followed by ruffling sounds]*

*[Thirty-five minutes later]*

**Woman:** Whew, found them. You still there?

**Man:** Yeah, but I jacked off thirty minutes ago. Say, how would you like to attend a beheading with me this weekend?

## The New World

**Pocahontas:** So you ready to party?

**John Smith:** Oh fuck yeah, this boat is a total sausage fest.

**Pocahontas:** Okay, cuz I'm gonna be charging you 15 blankets and one new type of machine-based agriculture for the first ten minutes, and then an additional—

**John Smith:** Yeah yeah yeah. What do you look like?

**Pocahontas:** Well, I'm 13, toothless, and my pussy's so wet I can taste it.

**John Smith:** Oh that shit's hot. How do you feel about syphilis?

**Pocahontas:** What?

**John Smith:** *Excellent.*

## Pre-Civil War America

**Abraham Lincoln:** Mmm yeah, so what turns you on?

**Jefferson Davis:** *[sounds of masturbating]* The economic growth of slavery. What about you?

**Abraham Lincoln:** *[groaning]* Slavery.

**Jefferson Davis:** That's so fucking hot. I wish you were here to separate the union of my asscheeks.

**Abraham Lincoln:** Fuck, I'm so hard I could cut my cock off and build a log cabin with it.

## Present Day

**Phone:** Hello, and welcome to 1-800 BLOWJOB, presented by *MovieFone*. If you know the name of the blowjob you'd like to receive, press one.

**\*BEEP\***

**Phone:** Please say the name of the blowjob *now*.

**You:** Uh ... sloppy?

**Phone:** You have selected, *first time gay experience with a celebrity*.

**You:** Wait! No, that's not what I—

**Phone:** Would you prefer *svelte and athletic* or *fat and hairy*?

**You:** Fuck, this isn't what I wanted!

**Phone:** You have selected *Jared Leto in the alley behind the Viper Room*. Please stick your finger in *your ass*.

**You:** But I—

**Phone:** "Oh *caller*, I've never done this before. Mm, yes, slurp, yes. Your cock is delicious." If you would like to cum on Jared's face, press *one*.

**You:** Fuck this gay shit!

**Phone:** You have selected *two tickets for Quincenera at the UA Berkeley Shattuck 7*.

The Squelch's Crack Investigation Team stopped doing crack long enough to steal these valuable documents.

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From: copyeditor@dailycal.org

To: editors@dailycal.org

Subject: gud job guys!!1!;!!!

haylo every1 graet job this wek on yur artikles!!!  
It be many moons since me last see aertilkes this good  
There were some fou poes in lsat issue though;

I apogloafize for teh typofragical errore taht maed "E-mail publicity@dailycal.org for info on placing your ads" reed "AIDS PLAICE! plublicity@dailycalr.ogr"  
nd Lsat weke we ran out of papre and hadd to prinst over rprevious isiuie. I apoloagivez for how harde tihs mad it to reaad.

Opinionion sektion bad. We accidentally wrote all this upside down. Sorry my bad. My computer screeen wuz upside down that weke and i forgot.

Also instead of pringtingn Blakes ad we printed pibutre of aborted fetus. Can still charge blakes'? Me sure?

pg1, Accidentally ran "John Belushi's Birthday" arcicle instade of "UCB Chancellor Dies" artilkae.

I regret horrorscope on Friday because it wrong. Leo and Pissese should be switched. Should publish apologie for suicides. Also shuold publish sorri for not writing story about suicides

page7; Know that 'berkeley' are not spelled same as 'horse cum.' just forgot

"War in Iraq" peece suld have correctly identified conrttry as irak rahther tan "Missoura"

Mes sorrya bout replacing lcues for crosseword puzzle with my screneplay abotu alchohloic coppe. Me try to better me for future, adn try to flseh out Detective Hartigan character soem moer.

I thikn maibe we need talk with lawywer. I got real mad mean emale about last week's speshul report "People iin Berkeleyt who is gay." I dont even know why we run it!

I'd like to real serious for a sec appologize to sex on tuesdasy columnists. I should've lisenedned to u and not chaunged that. You was wright that vagina and anus is both totally reasl words and my replacements "penis hole" and "nno longeres a planet anymore" was accually inaccurates.

On Sports page i accodontly replaced sports scores with nummmbers from LOST. Well, not accident, but didn't win prize money like i thought.

Time for me to fess up. I wus one who screw up frontp-age picture. I deletee nby misteke and thought could fix by takin new piccture of plastic man without no one notice. Me sorry.

Dear amazone.com,

whhy you no send special decorationaltive star wars plate i order?

Heres credits card again: Audrey Singh viasa 4462-7582-1774-0040B, gotta goes now, got daily californica email in other window

-g

On a personal noted; I like to anounce that i will be graduating very soon magama fcum laude from mass communications. Me reall appreciate chances you give me and have loved work long time on this special printed paperf. Now i must return to tru calling, sellungum opium ates to tourists on streetses of oaklnad.

LUV;

AUYDRE

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# Discount Wisdom

I once  
recorded my own voice to  
see what it sounded like. I wasn't surprised  
at the sound of my voice at all. It was the constant  
crying that really got to me.

You know what's not that embarrassing? Catching yourself masturbating.

There are other fish in the sea. But most of them don't put out.

I think the original intent of Pez was not to make delicious candy, but extremely unhealthy  
vitamins.

Why do we call it the semicolon? How about we call it the Supercomma? Glass half-full  
America, glass half-full.

Rome wasn't built in a day. Or out of fudge.

The hardest part about having this time machine is knowing exactly when in the future  
my friends and family will die. Hitting them with the time machine is the easy part.

I look forward to the day when television becomes holographic, because I bet  
that will scare the hell out of my dog.



## Welcome Kyle!

- [My Profile](#)
- [My Friends](#)
- [My Photos](#)
- [My Notes](#)
- [My Groups](#)
- [My Events](#)
- [My Messages](#)
- [My Account](#)
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## News Feed

Your Sister Kaitlin has been killed in a car accident.

**Your Sister Kaitlin was tagged in an album.**



**Oh the Humanity!**

45 Photos  
by Coroner's Department

**Fred Taylor-Hochberg posted on Your Sister Kaitlin's wall.**

"tough break lol. C U at the funeral baby doll"

[See Wall-to-Wall.](#)

Creepy Ted has invited you to join the group People I Am Stalking.

Your Girlfriend's status has been changed to drunk and forgetful.

**Brandon Plush posted on Your Sister Kaitlin's wall.**

"You look so hot in that picture, when we gonna hang out again?"

[See Wall-to-Wall.](#)

Several of your friends have recommended you join the group Cuckolds Unite!

**Creepy Ted has tagged you in an album.**



**Check Out My New Telephoto Lens!**

69 Photos  
by Creepy Ted

Your Parents joined the group Also Killed in a Car Accident.

Your Roommate and Your Girlfriend are now friends.

**Someone has tagged Your Girlfriend in:**  
**Your Bed**

The Campanile removed you from its friends list.

**Creepy Ted posted on your wall.**

"That shampoo makes your hair smell FANTASTIC."

[See Wall-to-Wall.](#)

Your Roommate cares about the YES on Evicting You campaign issue.

Creepy Ted's location has been changed to the crawlspace.

Your Sister Kaitlin has been removed from the group Alive People.

Your Sister Kaitlin has joined the network West Purgatory.

**Your Girlfriend was tagged in an album.**



**SI GEP Fuckathon '06**

2,708 Photos  
by SI GEP

## Pokes

You were poked by Creepy Ted.

[Poke back](#) | [Hide poke](#) | [Fwd Poke to UCPD](#)

## My Status

[edit](#)

Kyle is  
impotent.

Updated by  
your  
girlfriend.

## Upcoming Events

[see all](#)

Your Sister's Funeral

Your Parents' Funeral

Phish Concert

## Birthdays

[see all](#)

October 12th Birthdays

Your Sister Kaitlin

## The Next Step

[see all](#)

Add yourself to our exciting new **Facebook DNA Database**, or click this link to turn your real money into special **facebucks**. Then read Mark Zuckerberg's new letter apologizing for the previous two features!



# CAMPUS CRUSADERS FOR CHRIST

- Meet Friends!
- Study the Bible!
- Sack Jerusalem!



Join us this Friday Memorial Glade as we burn Doe library to the ground. Free Donuts!

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We'll Get Out of Each Other When You Get Out of Iraq



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- Tame the mighty Sarlac!
- DIE!

# Undergraduate Psychology Science Association

If this group can get 2000 members, my girlfriend (see right) will totally have a threesome with me.



Contact C.T. Gentlelover or (510) 55

# LEARN HOW TO USE SCISSORS!

# MEN'S AIR HORN OCTET

WE ONLY NEED FOUR MORE MEMBERS AND FIVE MORE AIR HORNS!



TO CONTACT US: USE SOME SORT OF AIR HORN

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SEEKING SOMEONE WHO'S DEVELOPED A WRITTEN LANGUAGE TO DESIGN FLYERS

# Sperm Donors Wanted

Are you a male between the heights of 4'0" and 8'0", who took the SATs, has hair somewhere on his body, and only does needle drugs rarely?

Then we need your sperm!

For More Information, fall asleep on a public bus



# OWBSSA

Overbearing White Boyfriends Seeking Small Asian Girl Club

