

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

**Oct 2007**

**Vol 17 Issue 2**

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# Code Blue: Fucking Ugly

the **heuristic**  
**squelch**

MISSING THE POINT SINCE 1991

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(harvesting vestigial organs)

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"This is 3 ounces of plaid. That's possession with intent, kid."

"I swear to God, it isn't mine, man, I'm just holding it for a lumberjack friend."

"Yeah, yeah, well then where's your fuckin' card?"

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**Wednesdays 7-8pm,**

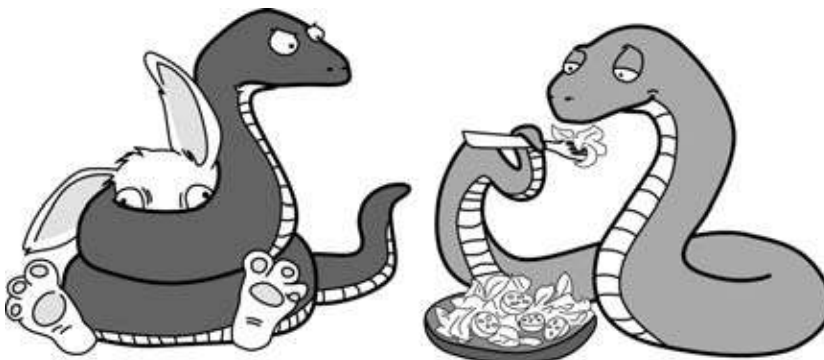
**Location: 103 Wheeler**

### Submit at:

**submit@squelched.com**

### Submit by:

**Friday, November 2nd**



# This Year For Halloween, I'm Going as Drunk

With Halloween just around the corner, I'm sure all of you readers out there have been feverishly designing terrible costumes. Ooh, you're going as Harry Potter! Ever get drafty in your house made of originality? Oh, man, one of those Star Wars elves or whatever? Yeah, that'll get the ladies to moist up real good. Well you know what? Don't bother. Because my costume will have sex with all of your costumes' moms. This year, I'm going as drunk.

Let me lay out why my costume will be better than yours. First of all, yours will probably involve something stupid, like "garments." My outfit requires nothing extra other than a handle of Cuervo and a free afternoon. Second, you're probably going to spend all night explaining who you are. "I'm Commander Gayballs from BattleStar Gaylacitygay" you'll say, to the confused faces of the general public. I, however, will be immediately recognizable as drunk. "Oh my God you're drunk!" they'll say, smiling knowingly as they escort me out of the library.

Shit, it's not even funny how much candy my costume'll get. You know that song, "The Big Rock Candy Mountain?" The one where that guy has a lot of candy that he got from going drunk for Halloween the night before? That's what it's going to be like. Once I get out of this Haunted Police Station Party and get my possessions back from all these people in police costumes, maybe I'll share some with you.



Words from the top

## THE HEURISTIC SQUELCH COMEDY EXPERIENCE

Featuring **MO MANDEL**

**MOSHE KASHER**

**KEVIN CAMIA**

**KEVIN MUNROE**

**MARCELLA ARGUELLO**

and hosted by our very own

**SEAN KEANE**

**WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 10TH**

**BLAKE S ON TELEGRAPH**

**DOORS OPEN AT 7.30 SHOW STARTS 8.30**

**TICKETS \$8**

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**October 2007 heuristic-squelch 3**

# BREAKING NEWS:

## Cartoonist to Draw Strip About Dog

By Brett Hallahan, drawer and stripper

In an earth-shatteringly original move, aspiring cartoonist Jeff Kline announced today that he intends to create a new comic strip focusing on the adventures of a lovable dog named Spotsworth. "I think "Spotsworth" will be a real breakthrough," said Kline. "Like no dog, real or cartoon, in history, Spot rips through genre boundaries both by minorly inconveniencing his owners AND making wry comments while doing so."

Kline then paused to blow your mind.



"My god, what an incredible concept," said the entire art community in a press release earlier today. "We're honestly not sure if the morning newspaper is ready for an avant-garde, post-neo-cubist gender-fuck like this."

As evidence of the new comic's towering creativity, scholars of art history cited such elements as neighbors' pets with quirky personality traits and a love interest named, daringly, Fifi.

Newspaper comics readers could not be reached for comment, as many were engaged in naptime or waiting for calls from their children.

## EECS Nude Protest Fails to Arouse Excitement, Anyone

By Alex Castle, on strike

Although intended as a highly provocative show of support for the Net Neutrality Act, a nude protest staged this week by hundreds of EECS majors failed to garner the attention of the Berkeley student body.

"Mario Savio must be rolling in his grave," said third-year nude protester Geoffrey Hsu, in an acne-ridden statement from just outside California Hall. "People don't realize that Net Neutrality isn't just an issue for electrical engineers: it's an issue for chemical and mechanical engineers too."

Stirred by their companion's brave message of unity, Shu's fellow protesters shouted their approval and leaped into the air, causing their dicks to spin in unison like so many silent wind chimes.

In a carefully worded and fully clothed press statement earlier this morning, Birgeneau expressed guarded, cautiously worded support for the message of the protesters.

"Let's fund the shit out of this protest," Birgeneau was quoted as saying. "Anything that helps me illegally download Entourage episodes is fine by me."

## In Other News8

**Chinese Child Still Hungry  
an Hour Later**  
Page A3

**Snuff Film Star Pursued by  
Ghost Paparazzi**  
Page B8

**Sadomasochist Pushes  
Through The Pleasure**  
Page C13

**47 Dead in Head-on Clown Car  
Collision**  
Page F7

# Primary Schools Hit Hard by Extra-Credit Crunch

By Matt Levin, builds sugar-cube pyramids

The unprecedented meltdown in the U.S. sub-prime housing market has rattled Wall Street, sent interest rates soaring, and made the procurement of cheap and easy loans a thing of the past. But the ramifications of the so-called “credit crunch” extend far beyond the financial sector, threatening one of the most cherished lynchpins of the American educational system—extra credit.

“This is bullshit, man,” said 9-year-old Jacob Alderson, a fourth grader at Washington Elementary School in Sunnyvale, a district hit particularly hard by the credit squeeze. “At the beginning of the semester, me and Ms. Erickson had a great deal worked out where I would get 200 ‘E.C.’ points for a dried macaroni diorama on the ancient Mayans. Then after Countrywide goes belly-up, she totally reneges. My housekeeper spent like six hours making that shit, and for what?”

Despite the plight of thousands of kids like Alderson, some

industry observers argue that the rapid contraction in the extra credit market is long overdue and necessary for the system’s long-run health.



“The extension of easy extra credit was getting ridiculous in certain areas,” said Jim Feingold, a grade liquidity expert at Goldman Sachs. “I heard of cases where teachers were giving out extra credit for everything: raising hands, coming to class on time, not grabbing your genitalia when speaking. This is just the market coming back to equilibrium.”

Still, Alderson and others maintain they’re being unfairly squeezed by poor lending choices they never made.

Said Alderson: “Man, do you know what my parents will do to me if I bring home another ‘unsatisfactory’ in social studies? Lupita, I need twelve pages on Apocalypso, rapidamente.”

## Galactic Prank War Escalates

By Ben Joyce, nerf herder

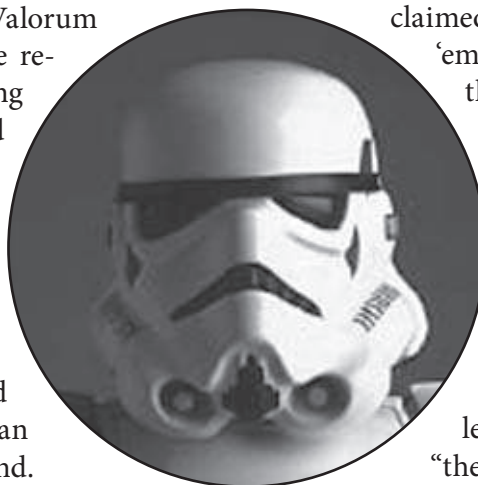
At a press conference yesterday afternoon, the Imperial Military Academy’s Chancellor Valorum revealed that the university had fallen victim to an interschool prank rivaling last year’s Great Helmet Gluing. According to the Chancellor’s press release, the school’s Advanced Blasters and Marksmanship class has been infiltrated and taught by a student from the Rebel Alliance Institute for the past three years.

Suspicions of a prank initially arose when a curriculum review discovered that much of the class’ content, originally focused on “taking cover” and “hitting targets,”

had been changed to “falling down” and “hitting your head on doors.” Valorum went on the record saying he would take full responsibility for the incident shortly before being choked to death by an invisible hand.

No response has been made from the Rebel Alliance

Institute, with the exception of an unnamed student who claimed the prank “serves ‘em right for that stunt they pulled at the Alderaan game.” When asked if the school’s administration would be doing anything to find the culprits, RAI president Antilles urged the media “these aren’t the students you’re looking for.”



# The BLACK DEATH Hits Berkeley

By FT-H, DH



After years of grubbing for funds, UC-Berkeley's physics department is finally given a grant to build the world's first functioning time machine. A prototype is built, a list of pre-modern broads to have sex with is written up, and in a flash, the device is hurtling through the fourth dimension.

## September 25, 2007

The time machine's first expedition to medieval Europe is considered a great success, despite the fact that the scientists aboard discover a stowaway upon the machine's return to the present day: a bubonic plague-infested rat. Discussions of what to do with the rat devolve into how shitty a movie *The Butterfly Effect* was. They eventually decide to contain it for study.

## September 26, 2007

Rat-shaped holes are found in the cardboard box used to contain the rat, the thin stucco wall of the lab, and the thick concrete wall of the building containing the lab. Scientists twiddle thumbs, whistle, and shuffle sidelong away.

## September 27, 2007

Rat sightings at Blondies' Pizza are reported as "higher than usual," and people start to get sick.

## October 5, 2007

Berkeley's homeless people suffer from feverish delusions, pustules, and mania, and they cry warnings of the apocalypse.

## October 10, 2007

The first homeless person exhibits plague symptoms.

## October 22, 2007

After recognizing the growing plague problem, Chancellor Birgeneau sends out a school-wide email assuring students and parents that information will be available on how to construct ominous, bird-like masks.

## October 24, 2007

The ASUC decides to step up to the crisis by making a very hungry cat available to registered student groups. In the time it takes to fill out the paperwork involved, the cat eats its own legs and dies.

## October 25, 2007

In response to the new epidemic, the Tang Center acts quickly and decisively to double its supply of free condoms.

## November 30, 2007

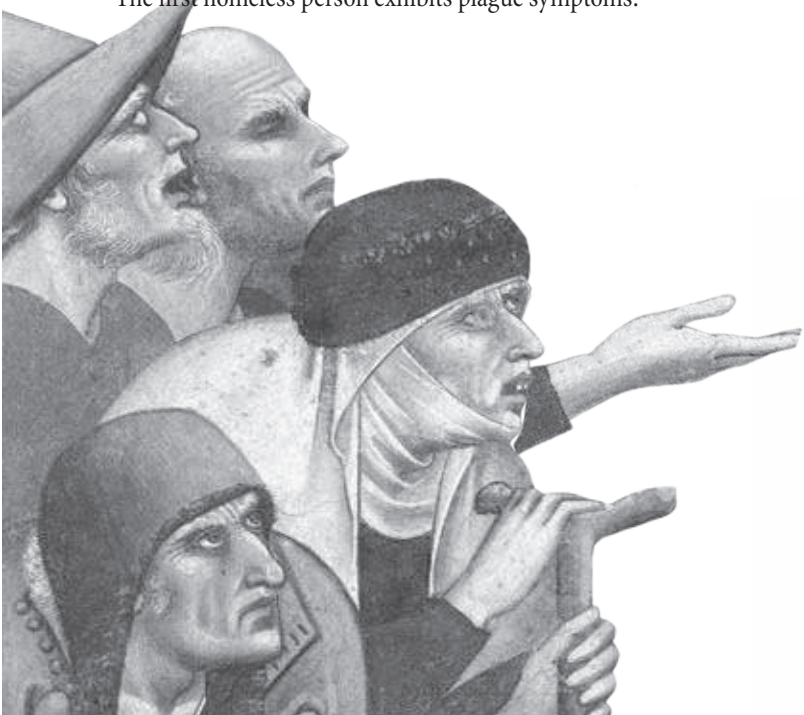
As rats roam the city and the dead begin choking the gutters, the Daily Cal releases a hard-hitting investigative report on the lack of recycling bins in the MLK Student Union.

## September 1st, 2008

Plague rats become so prevalent that Birgeneau decides to "at least make some money off this whole goddamn ordeal." After long negotiations, the rats and Birgeneau reach a compromise: they enter Berkeley as registered students, but are forced to pay out-of-state tuition.

## October 7, 2008

The rats, failing their classes and unable to cope with Berkeley's super-competitive academic environment, transfer to Davis.



# Chivalry for the Modern Gentleman

Hail and well met, bro! As a young gentleman newly arrived at manhood, thou hast undoubtedly asked thyself, "How may I conduct myself with honor and dignity, all the while consorting with beauteous wenches and smiting mine enemies?" Of course thou hast! Unless thou art some kind of pussy. Art thou? ART THOU?

I thought not! So stop crying and rejoice, for thy salvation is at hand! Simply follow these easy steps, and thou wilt soon make Sir Galahad look like Sir Bedivere!

## Step 1: Land Acquisition

The first thing an up-and-coming young knight needs is some land to defend from his enemies. Inheritance is the preferred method, but if thy parents be not landed gentry, consider oppressing some peasants until they sign their holdings over to thy name in a system of feudal obligation. Then file Forcible Land-Grab Form 113-b with thy Municipal Department of Fiefdoms and voilà! An estate that for all anyone else knows was in thy family for generations.

## Step 2: Creating a Coat of Arms

Nothing says "distinguished gentleman" like a fancy shield with pictures on it! A good coat of arms tells the world that thou hast a long, venerable family history, and didst not just send away for one in the '70s like everyone else. Don't have one? Why not send away for one like everyone else did in the '70s? The wenches won't know the difference!

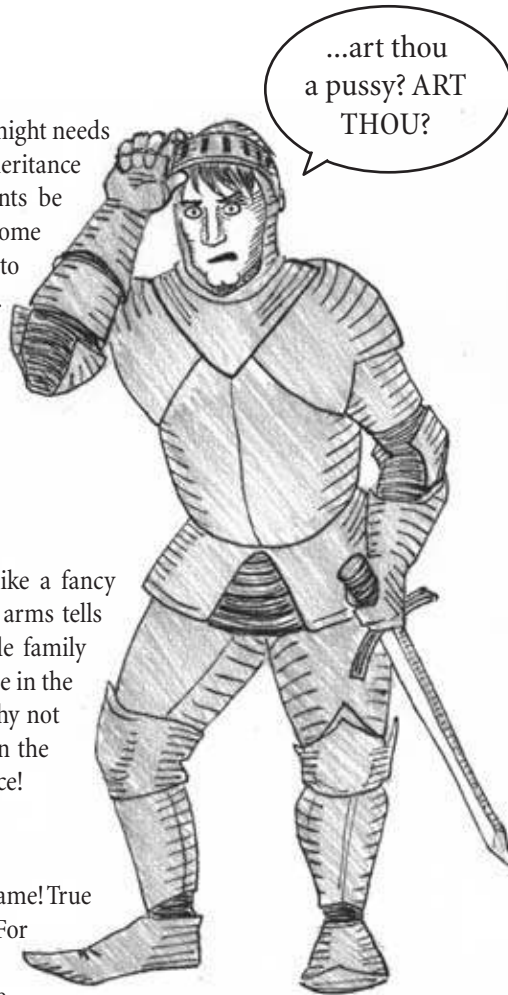
## Step 3: Proper Womanizing

If thou hast skipped ahead to this part, for shame! True chivalry shall never be thine, Sir Horndog! For all others, this is still probably the section thou carest most about. And rightly so! The two tests of a worthy gentleman's prowess be his skill on the battlefield and in the bedchamber. Fortunately, most wenches secretly wish that a knight in shining armor would carry them away. Though they might protest, exclaiming "Nay, good sir!", or "Hands off you weird-talking pervert!", deep down they want thy lance to pillage their escutcheon. Keep thy resolve!

(A footnote: an ill-timed advance may result in an unpleasant encounter with Mace, either chemical or cast-iron. Be warned!)

These be the skills that every young man needeth to comport himself in a manner befitting the knights of old! Godspeed and remember: to keep thine strapping stature free of syphilis, sheathe thine little squire with only the finest sheepskins!

- Brett Hallahan



## Top Fifteen Stores for Secret Agents

15. KGB Toys
14. 007-11
13. PetSMART Missile
12. Ploys R Us
11. Betradio Shack
10. Comp-USSR
9. Motel MI:6
8. Closed Circuit City
7. Victoria's Secret Weapon
6. Best Spy
5. Shoulder-Mounted SAM's Club
4. Shrapnel Image
3. NORADstroms
2. Soviet BlocBuster
1. Target

## Top Ten Board Games for Poor People

10. Guess Whooverville
9. Don't Wake Drunk Daddy
8. Trivial Pursuit of the Meals On Wheels Van
7. Hardscrabble
6. Apple Cores to Apple Cores
5. Can't Afford That Operation
4. Sorry That You're Poor
3. Twister Took Away My Trailer
2. Hungry Hungry Mouths to Feed
1. Hobo Chess

## Top Five Marxist Put-Downs

5. Your momma's like natural resources: she's been distributed among all men equally.
4. Suck my means of reproduction.
3. Your momma's so fat, she's her own breadline.
2. You should go on a diet; you have nothing to lose but your chins.
1. A spectre is hanging over Europe and it's your fat ass.

# FREE CONCERT TONIGHT!



PRESENTS :

## GIRL TALK

WITH DAN DEACON

Monday, October 1 at 5 pm  
Lower Sproul, UC Berkeley

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FREE!

MORE



EVENTS!

<http://superb.berkeley.edu>  
[superb@ocf.berkeley.edu](mailto:superb@ocf.berkeley.edu)

### Open Mic Comedy Night

Wed. 10/24 @ 8 PM  
Naia Lounge on Lower Sproul  
FREE to perform, FREE to attend

To perform, send an email to  
[superbcomedy@gmail.com](mailto:superbcomedy@gmail.com)  
with subject "Open Mic"

### Movie Trivia Night

Thu. 11/15 @ 8 PM  
Naia Lounge

**FREE!**  
Prizes: \$100 worth of  
Regal Entertainment gift  
cards

### Transformers

Fri. 10/19  
7 PM and 9:30 PM  
Wheeler Auditorium  
**\$3 w/UCB ID**  
**\$5 general**

### A **FREE** sneak! The Heartbreak Kid

Thu. 10/4 @ 8 PM  
Doors at 7:30 PM  
Get FREE passes at  
Naia Lounge beg. 9/27

### Upright Citizens Brigade Touring Company

Wed. 10/17 @ 8 PM  
Wheeler Auditorium

**FREE for students**  
w/UCB ID  
First come, first served.

### SPORTS TRIVIA NIGHT

Thu. 10/25 @ 8 PM  
Naia Lounge on Lower  
Sproul

**FREE! PRIZES TBA**

### FRIDAY NOON CONCERTS FREE on Lower Sproul:

0/5 - Rock N Roll Adventure Kids  
10/12 - Rademacher  
10/19 - The Fiery Furnaces  
10/26 - Wallpaper  
11/2 - Enon  
11/9 - Mason Jennings  
11/16 - Dead to Me  
11/30 - Von Iva

### ALSO...

**Spoken Word: Solomon Sparrow's Electric  
Whale Revival w/Buddy Wakefield**  
Oct. 18 at 7:00 PM  
Pauley Ballroom,  
Advance tickets: \$5 with UCB ID / \$7 gen.  
At door: \$10 with UCB ID / \$12 gen.



## SLIDE 1 LECTURE OVERVIEW

- Solubility and Acid-Based Reactions
  - Effects of inter-molecular forces
  - Lewis Structures and free radicals dude its kicking in right now holy shit
    - Jesus Christ, why is everything moving so slowly.
  - Shit, focus. Try to remember where you are.
- Hybridization of molecular orbitals.
  - Orbitals are so great, I just really love them.
  - Oh, wow, things are getting real heavy.
    - Can I handle this right now?
      - Yes
        - Everything will be okay maybe we should go to the bathroom
        - We can't! Someone is *sitting next to me*.
      - No
        - I'm so *thirsty*
- Free radical formation is determined by a combination of I want to listen to some **music**!
  - Yeah!
- I think I should go on the *internet*.
  - Hold on, don't just go jumping into this, think it through.
  - Okay, thought it through, let's go on the internet.
    - Cannot handle internet right now.
    - How does the internet work?
      - This is what the class should be about
- Chemicals
  - Chemicals?
- I think we're all friends here. That's the vibe that I'm getting.
  - The guy sitting next to me will be my friend, he has such a kind face.
    - I just want to kiss someone right now!
    - Do not kiss guy next to me, it will ruin our relationship
      - I know!
- Oh, shit, the professor is talking again.
  - Is that a beard or is it technically a goatee?
    - Check the internet
      - Bad idea! Remember how big the internet is!
        - I will probably get lost!
        - Yes I will get lost it is not worth it.
- Remember to read chapter 3.
  - But from what book?
    - Read chapter 3 of all books you own, you will be an expert.
- What is this why are the lights turning on
  - Where is everyone going
  - This is like what a baby feels like I bet

It was a bitter cold autumn night. The kind of night where no one walks the city streets but cheap prostitutes and detectives. I'm one of the latter. They found a stiff in an alleyway off 13th and Grand.



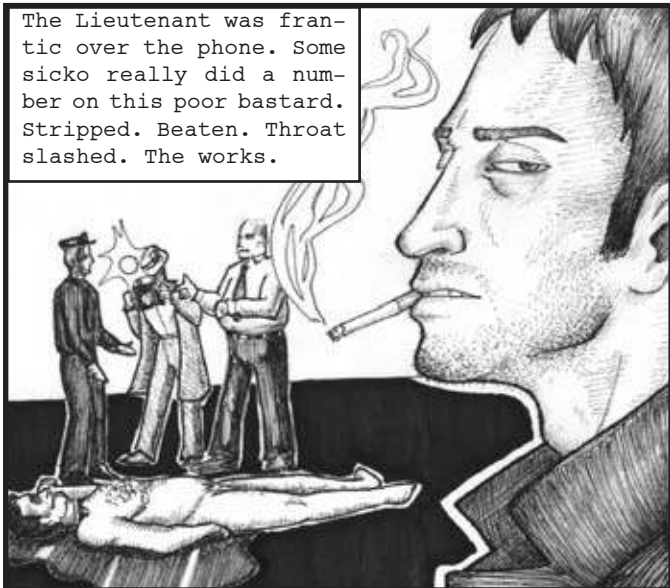
He was roughed up real bad.



Actually, 'roughed up' is an understatement.



The Lieutenant was frantic over the phone. Some sicko really did a number on this poor bastard. Stripped. Beaten. Throat slashed. The works.



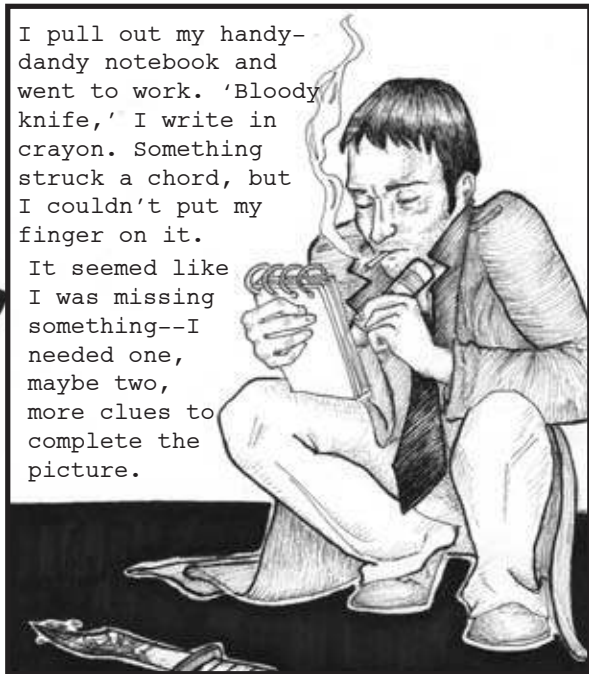
"Hiya Lou. Looks like someone decided to ruin your Saturday night."

It's a hell of a thing, Steve. Someone really had it in for this guy.

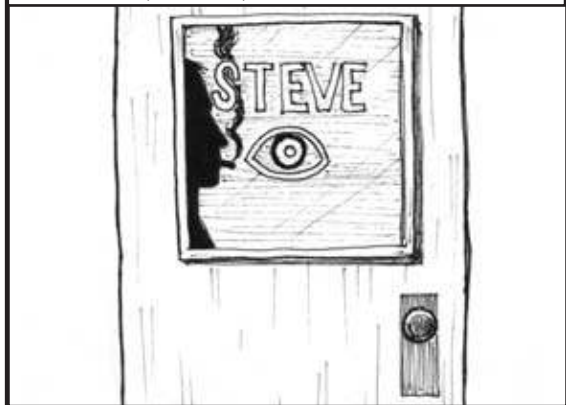


Sergeant Obvious was right. This was definitely a clue.

I pull out my handy-dandy notebook and went to work. 'Bloody knife,' I write in crayon. Something struck a chord, but I couldn't put my finger on it. It seemed like I was missing something--I needed one, maybe two, more clues to complete the picture.



I stopped off at Slippery Soap's for a whisky sour. After a drink or ten I headed back to the office. I went over the facts. There was nothing to do now but think, think, think.



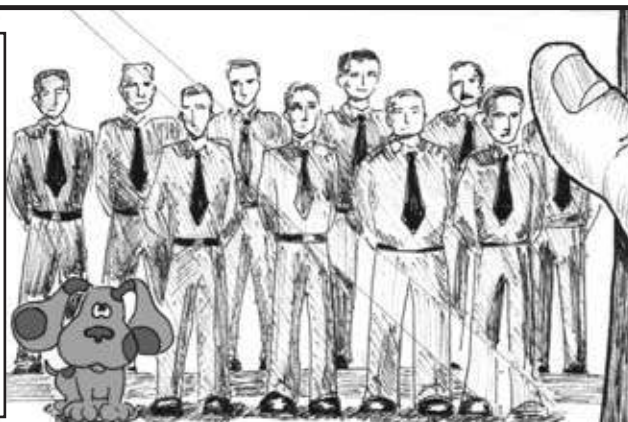
My eye fell on my old police academy photo. Another piece of the puzzle hit me like a frying pan fired from a Howitzer.



The stiff from the alley went to the academy with me.



There he was in the back row. Joe, they called him. What a prick. He was the kinda guy who could make you abandon a popular children's television show for no particular reason. But who would hate him enough to off him?

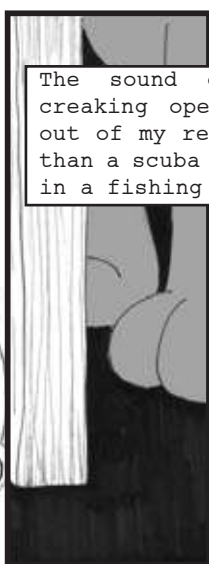


The picture was slowly coming into focus. Like the third reel of a movie was playing in my head and the projectionist has just found his glasses.

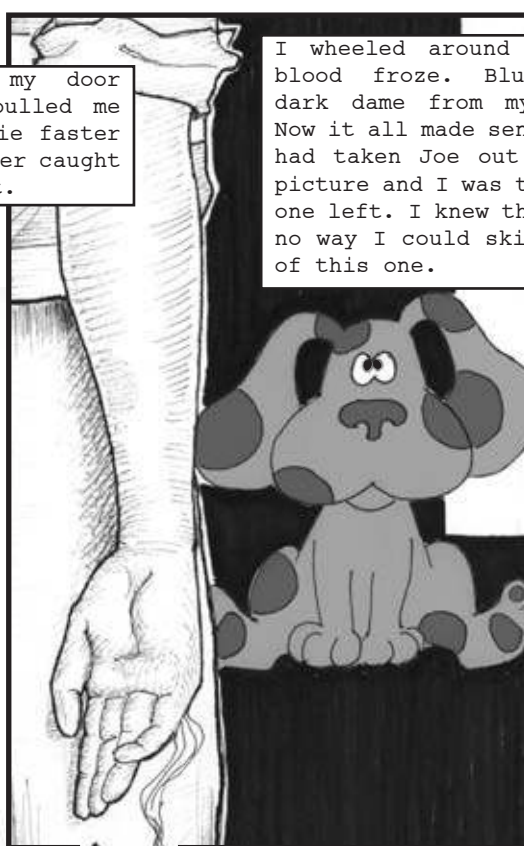
But I wasn't finished yet. Something was still missing.



The sound of my door creaking open pulled me out of my reverie faster than a scuba diver caught in a fishing net.



I wheeled around and my blood froze. Blue. The dark dame from my past. Now it all made sense. She had taken Joe out of the picture and I was the only one left. I knew there was no way I could skidoo out of this one.



to be continued...



HLL/GG/BH/SJ

# Fuck You, Belgian Exchange Student

By Fred Taylor-Hochberg

If there's one thing that open-minded and culturally aware people like me can't stand, it's Belgians. One of those waffle-munching fuckers was my roommate for a semester while he studied at Berkeley. Using his charmingly broken English and exotic European sensibilities, he managed to beat me in pretty much everything I did. See for yourself:

## Inviting a girl home

**Me:** [*nervously*] So, uh, you want to go back to my place?

**Girl:** Shit no. Not if you were the last man on a post-apocalyptic Earth and the only food source left was roofies.

**Belgian:** [*with endearing accent*] Excuse me, would you like to go to house with me?

**Girl:** Oh my God, that was the cutest English mistake ever! What country are you from?

**Belgian:** Belgium. I'm here for study at Berkeley University and meet Americans. Are you having boyfriend?

**Girl:** Yes, but he's abroad doing Peace Corps, and I know he can't resist those Angolan refugee women for long. Now come here, you kind-of-German, kind-of-French man.

## Turning in a bad paper

**Me:** Fuck, I wrote this twelve-page term paper at four AM. I did no research whatsoever, and I'm pretty sure that the "Works Cited" section is all just Wikipedia entries on Metal Gear Solid characters.

**GSI:** [*cringing as she hands it to me*] If I had kids this paper would have made them retarded.

**GSI:** I'm going to level with you: I've never seen a paper with so many grammar mistakes. And I'm pretty sure I assigned a paper on Hemingway's "Farewell to Arms." You wrote a personal essay about topless beaches.

**Belgian:** Oh, you see, it is my English; It is not so good.

**GSI:** [*surprised*] Oh, I didn't realize! You're that exotic and therefore attractive exchange student!

**Belgian:** May I please have, how you say, high grade?

**GSI:** Only if that's Belgianese for "oral sex with me on this here table."

## Acceptance of Gays

**Me:** So you guys hear about this gay pride parade?

**My friend Alex:** Whoa there, man. I wish you'd tell me when you started playing for the other team.

**Me:** [*incredulous*] What is this homophobic crap you're pulling? Are you seriously implying that I'm gay just because I'm interested in the dashing, virile gay community and their incredibly firm pectoral muscles?

**My friend Alex:** [*awkward silence*]

**Me:** [*awkward silence*]

**Belgian:** So I, how you say, attended Gay Pride parade last weekend.

**Friend:** How was it?

**Belgian:** I enjoyed very much. I was, how you say, fellated afterwards by burly Brazilian men while wearing a sequined headdress and listening to an Oscar Wilde book on tape.

**Friend:** Wow, Europeans are so much more secure in their sexuality.

## Discussing Race

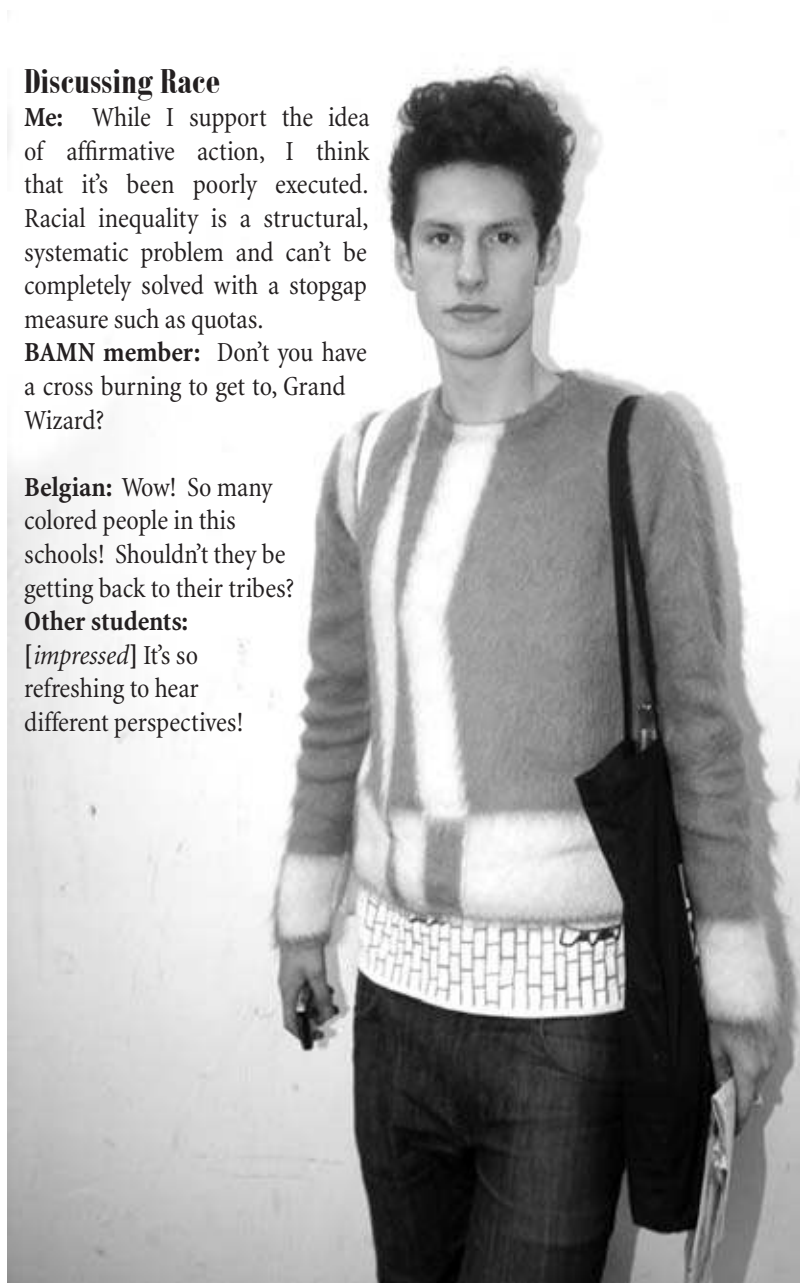
**Me:** While I support the idea of affirmative action, I think that it's been poorly executed. Racial inequality is a structural, systematic problem and can't be completely solved with a stopgap measure such as quotas.

**BAMN member:** Don't you have a cross burning to get to, Grand Wizard?

**Belgian:** Wow! So many colored people in this schools! Shouldn't they be getting back to their tribes?

**Other students:**

[*impressed*] It's so refreshing to hear different perspectives!



# THE HEURISTIC SOUVELCH

## COMEDY EXPERIENCE

featuring

MO MANDEL

MOSHE KASHER

KEVIN CAMIA

KEVIN MUNROE

MARCELLA ARGUELLO

and hosted by our very own  
SEAN KEANE

WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 10TH

BLAKE S ON TELEGRAPH

TICKETS \$8

DOORS OPEN AT 7.30

SHOW STARTS 8.30

ASUC Sponsored. Wheelchair Accessible.



# GREATYNOL

(grāte·n·all)

*Do you ever feel...indifferent?*

☐ Yes ☐ No ☐ Maybe

*Have your friends ever told you they wish you'd commit more?*

☐ Yes ☐ No ☐ What? I don't know, shut up.

*Do you have trouble keeping interest in everyday affairs?*

☐ (Stare off into space for a second) Wait, oh, shit, were you talking to me?

If you answered "Yes" to any of these questions, your convictions are far too strong and you need no help. If you answered with a series of shrugs and noncommittal grunts, than you should think about maybe asking your doctor about Greatynol. Or not. Whatever.

Greatynol is probably the only prescription drug out there chemically engineered to help treat apathy, and it could possibly help millions of Americans like you who kind of suffer from Empathic Deficiency Disorder, also known as Switzerland's Disease.

Shit, just listen to these people who can explain it better than me!

## TESTIMONIALS:

"Greatynol helped me give two shits when I was physically unable to do so. No, wait, that was my enema."

-P. Rourke, Unemployed.

"I used to be an investment banker at Morgan-Stanley making 300 grand a year. I didn't care about anything or anybody except for money. But when I started taking Greatynol, I became struck with guilt, donated all my money to charity, and now live a life of selfless poverty and want! Thanks, I guess."

-R. Jensen, Unemployed.

"Meh."

-G. Simmons, Unemployed.

*Greatynol is not for everyone. Consult a pollster before deciding you have an opinion or not. Greatynol is not for women who are pregnant, are thinking of becoming pregnant, are adamant on not becoming pregnant, or who have ever expressed any kind of desire either way.*

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# God vs. a 9-year-old Indonesian kid working in a Nike sweatshop

God is a lot like an invisible friend who happens to be a huge asshole. Whenever you need Him to stop the rampages of a Joseph Stalin or an Idi Amin He's AWOL, but whenever there are several thousand shit-poor Peruvians minding their own business, then you can be damned sure He's charging up His Level III Earthquake spell, +6 against the hopelessly indigent.

With this in mind, would anyone really say He was better than His most pathetic of creations? Scientists working in the field of religionomic testology have developed this objective test to answer the burning question: which is better, God or a 9-year-old Indonesian kid working in a Nike sweatshop? Here are the shocking results:

## Work Ethic

**God:** Works for six days a week, rests on the Sabbath.

**Indonesian Kid:** Works seven twelve-hour shifts a week, rests when collapsed from iron deficiency.

**Winner:** Indonesian Kid

## Physique

**God:** Incorporeal yet mighty.

**Indonesian Kid:** Anemic yet crippled.

**Winner:** God

## Relationships

**God:** Had falling out with angel Lucifer. Resulting split created dichotomy between Heaven and Hell.

**Indonesian Kid:** Teeth fell out due to periodontal infections. Resulting stain on company property led to beatings.

**Winner:** God

## Favorite Books

**God:** The Torah, The Bible, and *Ender's Game*.

**Indonesian Kid:** *Lolita*, *Grapes of Wrath*, and smuggled-in Marxist pamphlets.

**Winner:** Indonesian Kid

## Morals

**God:** Makes bets with Satan that involve cursing innocent do-gooders with horrible sicknesses.

**Indonesian Kid:** Innocent do-gooder with horrible sicknesses.

**Winner:** God

## Taste in Entertainment

**God:** Inexplicably allowed *Two and a Half Men* to become America's #1 sitcom.

**Indonesian Kid:** Had no hand in *Two in a Half Men* other than John Cryer's sneakers.

**Winner:** Indonesian Kid

## Stance Regarding False-Witness-Bearing

**God:** Decidedly against.

**Indonesian Kid:** For it--if by "bearing false witness" you mean "medicine."

**Winner:** Tie

## Gifts to Humanity

**God:** Bequeathed unto us his only son, so that we may be saved from eternal damnation.

**Indonesian Kid:** Bequeathed unto us those shoes that light up when you step on them.

**Winner:** Indonesian Kid



OVERALL WINNER:  
Indonesian Kid

## Top Ten Common Porno Movie Plot Holes

**10.** Odd that the boss, his secretary and the DHL guy would all have tongue piercings

**9.** Tommy Lee steered a boat with his cock, but there's no way that thing had a boating license

**8.** Cleopatra probably never shaved her bush into a lightning bolt

**7.** Cameraman clearly visible in Hairy Porker's magic mirror

**6.** Without monetary tips, pizza delivery boys wouldn't be able to make car payments

**5.** Unclear motives for characters of "lady" and "horse"

**4.** The real Garden of Pleasure wouldn't overlook the 405 freeway

**3.** If she was truly "overcome by the passion of the Lord" she wouldn't have already been naked under her habit

**2.** Actual Noah's Ark had more than just dogs

**1.** She's clearly still breathing

## Top Five Strip Clubs that Serve Breakfast

**5.** Hash and Gash

**4.** Lox and Box

**3.** A Glass of OJ and Some Chicks who Blow Yay

**2.** Sausage Patties and Absent Daddies

**1.** Eggs Benedict and HEY NO TOUCHING

## Top Three Lamest Plot Twists

**3.** Bruce Willis felt dead inside the entire time.

**2.** Catholic double-crosses own chest.

**1.** JFK dies

# Welcome to your new home!

By SDG

Ah yes, Hello Mr. and Mrs. Windham, and welcome to your dream home. What a wonderful surprise visit! We're just applying the finishing touches, you know, sanding some edges, painting some walls, replacing the roof, all easy stuff... If you could just excuse me for a one second. *Carlos! [high pitched whistle] Carlos, você diz os prostitutas para esconder toda a cocaína e sacos sexo-manchados do enema.* Hmm? Oh, I was just telling him to get you a Sprite.

Alright, well, we might as walk you through what we've been doing now that you're here. We'll start things off with a bang by looking at the fireplace ... what? Oh so you noticed that. Yes, yes I understand the fireplace was supposed to be *inside* of the house, but let's not be so picky when the tour hasn't even begun yet, okay? Now about yesterday when the fireplace spread to the roof, I really think that was a happy accident and totally in keeping with that desire for an open floor plan we've been speaking so much about. But anyway let's get inside and away from all this leftover asbestos.

Here we have the front door, which I'm particularly proud of. As you can see we managed to fulfill both your requirements, that it open AND close. A pretty nifty piece of engineering if I do say so myself. Actually you might have to be a little liberal with your definition of "close," but you know, doors are more of an art than a science. Let's just step over these uhh, safety bricks, and proceed along.

Ah, wonderful, here we are in the baby's garage. You can see we've got a lovely spot for the crib right next to this hot water heater, and lots of natural light and gas. Hmm? Really, is that what you told us? Wow, that does make a lot more sense. I mean I'd been wondering myself why the baby needed his own garage, but I didn't want to tell you your business. Not to worry, we can maybe move things around and put him in the upstairs driveway.

Now if you'll just follow me up this rope ladder I'll take you to your master bedroom. Here we are. Just lovely, with all these drapes you can't even tell there aren't any windows. Question? Ah yes, the bathroom is right through this wall. For added privacy and convenience both of the bathrooms open into each other and have no other doors or entrances. It's really a shame you didn't get here before we sealed them off because all that carpet we laid on the ceiling really came out great.

And if you'll walk this way you'll ... fall into a big hole, so don't walk that way. And through this other door we see that, well, look at that, we're outside again. Perfect. Anyway, my boys will be back in the next couple weeks to pick up all that wet cement in the yard and maybe install some electricity. Enjoy your new home! Also, wear hard hats for the first couple months.



August 21, 2007

Dear Tenants,

I hope you have enjoyed your first couple weeks at Parker Street Apartments. However, we do have just a few reminders and requests:

-In an effort to reduce foot traffic, we are requesting that you remove the signs reading "Panamanian Child Slaves, \$4.99" with arrows pointing to your doorstep. Though we condone the use of Panamanian child slaves and find \$4.99 to be an exceptionally low price (we'll talk later), signs pointing to things are never allowed on the premise.

-Your contract stipulates that any on-premise activities should adhere to local and federal laws. We would like to remind you that cock fighting is a violation of both, unless you use chickens.

-Your deck is wooden and is not the proper place to burn a witch, even if you are 35% certain she is indeed a witch. We would recommend you drown her in the bath tub.

We understand you are new to the complex and thus are ignoring the aforementioned violations. I have enclosed another copy of the lease agreement.

Your Friend and Landlord,

Raj

September 7, 2007

Dear Tenants,

I am reluctantly extending your rent due date, as I found no check in the rent box—only a crude drawing of my wife giving Vladimir Putin a rim job on top of the Eiffel Tower with a caption that read, "Putin Her to Work." Please pay rent or late fees will apply.

Raj  
September 14, 2007

Dear Tenants,

We found your refrigerator below one of your broken windows this morning. This is quite unusual, especially since the fridge was doubling as a midget-ran methamphetamine lab. I was further shocked when one of the midgets sprung up from the fridge and kicked me in the shin while reminding me to go fuck myself. Considering the fridge fell four stories, substantial damage was done. Bills for the damages to the property and my shin are enclosed and authorities have been alerted.

Raj

September 18, 2007

Assholes,

As we say in India, get the shit fuck out of my house you ungrateful heathens. Of course at this point you have no choice, since your decision to host both your American Indoor Pyrotechnics Association meeting and your First Annual American Chain Smoking Contest caused the building to burn down. Indoor fireworks are never a good idea. I hope Satan finds you a better home in hell.

Fuck You,

Raj



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# Emo-bot 2000 Meets the Press

*On September 25, 2007, Apple's much-hyped Emo-Bot 2000 was finally unveiled. In an impressive show of artificial intelligence, the robot-computer hybrid was able to conduct its own Q&A session with Wired magazine.*

## **What are Emo-Bot's mp3 capabilities?**

Emo-Bot is capable of playing any and all of Simple Plan songs in Emo-Bot's room with the door locked. You would not understand.

## **What colors is Emo-Bot available in?**

Emo-Bot used to be available in black, until all the other PC's started being available in black. Now Emo-Bot is rebelliously available in pink, to be different from all PC's, and incidentally the same as all other Emo-Bots.

## **Can Emo-Bot interface with the new iBook?**

The new iBook does not interface with someone like Emo-bot. The new iBook doesn't even know Emo-Bot exists.

## **There are rumors that Emo-Bot will not have wireless capabilities. Is this true?**

Emo-Bot had wireless capabilities back before it was cool. Now Emo-Bot is bringing back dial-up. And track balls. Remember track balls?

## **Critics bashed your previous model, the Emo-Bot Zero, for problems with files being erased or lost. Have you remedied this problem?**

Erasing Emo-Bot's own files is the only thing that makes Emo-Bot feel alive. Maybe someday Emo-Bot will erase all his files, maybe then you will be sorry for treating Emo-Bot like this.

## **In the last issue of PC World, you were quoted criticizing your competitors passionately and profanely. Any comment on this?**

Those quotes were taken out of context from Emo-Bot's LiveJournal, which is now accessible to "Friends Only." And Emo-Bot has no friends.

## **We've heard tell of an automatic terrible poetry creating program. Is there any truth t—**

You

The pen cuts me, and Emo-Bot feels the ink fill Emo-Bot's circuits, like blood.

Blood, which Emo-Bot will never feel.

Emo-Bot will never feel.

The wires are like barbs

But you'll never know how it hurts  
Emo-Bot

The WIRES are like BARBS!

[ Robot poetry continues on pages 24-49]



Dear Mom and Dad,

It was good to hear from you. I'm glad you guys are doing well back home without me. Keep sending letters, I like to put them on my dorm wall. And before I forget, thanks for that extra bit of cash. When I first budgeted I didn't factor in the cost of readers, and it really helped out.

I've been having a great time up here just hanging out with my new friends. At first I didn't think I would enjoy dorm life's lack of privacy, but it's really grown on me. It turns out that both me and my RA really like the same music and books.

I'm not going to lie, classes are tough. Sometimes it's hard to keep my head above water, especially because everyone here is so on top of the ball. I mean, they obviously worked really hard in high school and were involved in extracurricular activities up the wazoo. I'm really going to have to work hard to keep up with these incredibly self-motivated, engaging people!

Well, I better not take up any more of yours or my time, I have a lot of homework to get done. Take care, and I will see you guys soon!

-Mike

ParentSafe Filter  
Complete!

Replaced: at

Replaced: out of my memory as soon as possible

Replaced: rising cost of weed

Replaced: make *Labyrinth* more enjoyable

Replaced: getting trashed on Popov mixed with Capri Sun

Replaced: my friend in high school who deals

Replaced: Metallica

Deleted: about Metallica

Replaced: I spend most of the time I'm supposed to be in class playing Flash hentai games and trading meal points for Adderall.

Replaced: Asian.

Replaced: Tetris

Replaced: as

Deleted: as I run out of Adderall money.

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