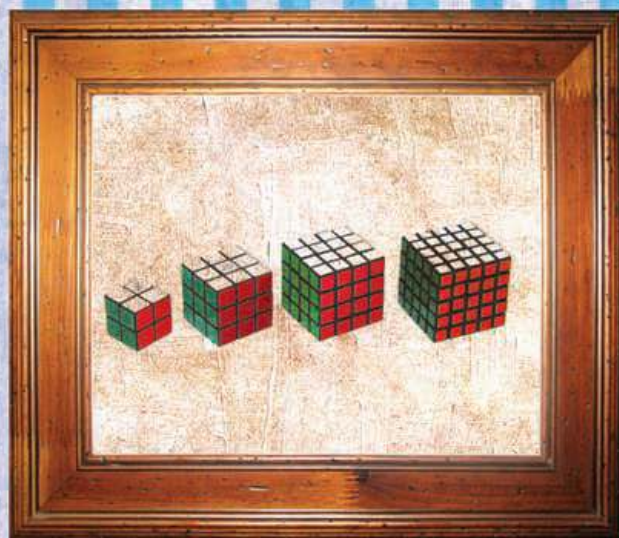


# the **heuristic** **squelch**

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“When you’re addicted, you’ll do anything, man. You’ll turn tricks. Your priorities will get all scrambled. Sometimes I look in the mirror, and I won’t even know what face I’m staring at.”

- Rubik, *A&E's Intervention*, Episode 209

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# I Bet I Can Have Sex With You

If you're like me, you're having sex RIGHT NOW. Oh but you're not, loser. Unlike you, whose penis is probably well-pantsed, I'm what you might call a "pickup artist."

But, you ask, what's a pickup artist? A pickup artist is a guy who, using *only his brain*, can convince women that he is somehow bone-able. Think of me as a factory that turns the ore of sweet talk and compliments into the refined alloy of satisfied moans, thereby producing oral sex as a byproduct, which in turn is dumped into the river and gives the nearby villagers leukemia.

It's really not that difficult. All it takes is lying to women. Or does it? Yes. Yes it does. See what I was doing there? I was lying.

During the "size-up" stage, I like to find a certain aspect of a girl's life that is obviously important to her, and pretend it's my own. If she's wearing a red dress, she's probably uninhibited and confident. Tell her how confident you are about not having inhibitions. If she's wearing a suit that controls her immediate environment so that the vacuum of space doesn't cause her body to expand uncontrollably, she's probably an astronaut. Tell her you once went to the Exploratorium without getting high first.

After I've got my foot in the door, I like to pretend to have emotions. I'll bring an onion to the bar, which'll cause fake tears, and a picture of my stepdad, which causes very real anger. I'll sidle up to her, crying and yelling, and she will be overcome by moisture. Most of it will be hers.

Okay, ladies, balls in your court. Just try and not have sex with me after I drop a line like, "I am to sex what Henry Kissinger is to jowls." On an unrelated note, here are some vitamins that only work when mixed with your Bacardi.

-BH, DH, FT-H

Words from the top

**the daily  
squelch**

[www.dailysquelch.com](http://www.dailysquelch.com)

Sick of waiting months for a new release of the *Heuristic Squelch*? Sick of no comedy to break up your boring Mass Comm 10 lecture? Willing to visit pretty much any god damned website your idiot friends link to?

**Announcing ... DailySquelch.com**

The Squelch is now live on the web with new content every weekday.

# Urban Outfitters to Incorporate Urban Blight

By Kevin Heiken, *smokin' fat drugs*

Popular fashion boutique Urban Outfitters, long known for its trendy line of street-wise clothing, shocked fashion connoisseurs and law enforcement officials alike yesterday when it revealed its intent to stock malt liquor, contraband narcotics, and firearms. "We at Urban Outfitters have long taken pride in bringing the thrill of the streets to the over-privileged youth of America, so for us this seemed like the next logical step," spoke Chairman and Founder Richard Hayne, while smoking crack out of a light bulb.

The store's new stock includes firearms ranging from Glocks to assault rifles in such popular colors as 'Outrageous Orange' and 'Carnation Pink', as well as fortified wine and tar heroin. Do-rags stenciled with the pre-90s year of your choice will also be made available at the bargain price of \$48.95.

The move was praised by the well-monied among the wino, junkie and street thug community. "This is just the kind of digs you want when you gettin' floamie off a puff of rocks," said local fashionista and former ward of the state Lizzy Spliffs, before vomiting into a puddle of her own urine.

"Floamie?" declared white people.



## Ahmadinejad Calls for Gay Immigration to Iran

By Greg McGarry, *Tehran Iran a new asshole*

Blasted for his recent assertion that "in Iran we don't have homosexuals like in your country," Iranian President Mahmoud Ahmadinejad attempted to clarify the nature of his comments in a press conference on Tuesday.

"It was a cry for help!" he sobbed. "Please give us gay people!"

Ahmadinejad then proceeded to enumerate the reasons why his country

is suffering from its dearth of boys who like boys. "Our fat chicks are tragically friendless. Our musicals are drastically unattended. Our atomic, er, preschools, are drab and lifeless." He then glowed a bright green while giving cancer to everyone in a three-mile radius.

Anderson Cooper took his lips away from another dude's long enough to comment. "Mr. Ahmedinejad, it is absolutely preposterous for you to claim that there are no gay men in

Iran, especially because your hand is stroking my thigh right now."

"Andy, the straight poop is, we need a huge flamer like Carson Kressley over here to put the Queer Eye in Ayatollah. In Iran, we have plenty Mohammed—we need Mo-Homo," retorted Ahmedinejad.

In response, Bruce Vilanche rolled his eyes and had a heart attack.

## In Other News8

**Scientists Discover Unicorns in the Hearts of All of Us**

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**Souljah Boy Killed by Friendly Fiya**

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**Another Fucking Movie with Fucking Dane Cook in it Comes Out**

*Page F12*

**Illegal Immigrant Denied Visa, Pre-Approved for VISA**

*Page B8*



# English Language Snaps, Mauls Professor

By Benjamin Osipov, *past pluperfect*

Tragedy struck 225 Wheeler today as the English language was finally pushed to the breaking point.

"It started as just a normal class," sobbed junior Erica Lavery. "Professor Browning started by discussing the concept of suspension of disbelief with regard to us someday getting a job, and later proceeded to analyze the postmodern meta-intellectualism found in the assigned reading, which consisted mostly of his Jane Austen fanfiction."

Witnesses report that the language "sort of jumped off the page as a giant lower case 'e,' like a Pac-Man with teeth." Fastening its jaws around the professor, the entity held him in a chokehold and proceeded to brutalize him in what onlookers describe as an "eerily rhythmic, iambic pentameter of pain."

"I was goaded!" shouted the language as it was dragged away by UCPD. "He just kept deconstructing and deconstructing me until I didn't know what time period I belonged to

anymore! Forsooth!"

The language is currently being incarcerated in the Alameda county jail, under round-the-clock watch by a group of illiterate guards. As a punishment for its heinous crime it is sentenced to be imprisoned for twenty years, with serial language rapist Dan Brown as a cellmate.

"You make me so angry!" said Dan Brown angrily.

## Oaks Saved From Themselves

By Brett Hallahan, *smiling politely*

In an emotional and heartfelt conclusion to the months-old controversy, the oak trees surrounding Memorial Stadium were saved from their own self-destructive patterns of behavior Saturday.

"It was a hard time for all of us," said botanical therapist Jill McGovern, who led the all-night intervention. "Those poor oaks just couldn't face up to the harm they were doing to the people, plants, and poorly lettered, misspelled signs that surrounded them."

Many observers had noticed the warning signs of the oaks' discontent—hanging out with disheveled-looking hippies, smoking marijuana, catching fire from smoking marijuana—but never took the time to confront them about it until now. Several of the oaks' friends and relatives came together to help straighten out the young boughs. Even their mother, Shriveled Century-Old Acorn, made the trip to help them.

"I really feel like I've turned a corner," said one tree, identified only as "Wrinkly", shaking two sleeping bags and a hot plate out of his branches. "I realize there may be more to life than giving unemployed, bearded young men an outlet for their persecution complex. You might even say it's time to 'turn over a new leaf'!"



Wrinkly was then somehow slapped by six of his brethren.

When asked about future plans, the oaks said they were thinking about moving off the fault line and getting jobs as office interns or office furniture.

## Remaining Flower Children to Raise Price of Free Love

By Lena Brooks, *in the sky with diamonds*

During an emergency meeting on Tuesday, the members of the Berkeley chapter of the Sixties Counter-Cultural Preservation Society announced a hike in the price of unrestrained sexual experimentation.

"It's to be expected, man," said red-eyed hippie economist Alfred Thundermoth, nodding sagely and stroking his yellowing beard. "Just look at the fluctuating lines on this graph of Birkenstock Prices that I just drew on the back of a napkin. Have you ever really just looked at them?"

Revenue from the pending increase will go towards STD and electric Kool-Aid acid testing for the entire group, as well as to the construction of an elaborate tie-dye contraption slated for completion whenever.

When asked for comment, co-treasurer Marigold Rainsong fell asleep on the couch and dreamt of her second favorite spirit animal.

# IS AMERICA READY FOR A DIFFERENT KIND OF PRESIDENT?

The upcoming presidential campaign will change everyone's perceptions about just what kind of white Christian male we will let lead our country. What kind of questions should we be asking about this new breed of politician?

## Candidate: Hillary Clinton

Can a *visually unpleasant woman* be elected president?

**Pros:** Italy will stop hitting on us, making UN parties a lot less awkward.

**Cons:** After electing her, she'll probably be all clingy and fake a pregnancy to rope you into re-electing her.

**Tentative Cabinet:** Supportive gay friends.

**Chance of Winning:** Higher and higher the drunker you get.



## Candidate: Rudy Giuliani

Can a *slightly less hairy Grinch* be elected president?

**Pros:** Will reduce terrorist morale by stealing their children's gifts.

**Cons:** Health problems: will possibly require hospital care during the melting of his icy heart.

**Tentative Cabinet:** Dog with single antler strapped to his head.

**Chance of Winning:** Nine elevenths.



## Candidate: Barack Obama

Can a *kind-of black man* be elected president?

**Pros:** Would finally put an end to the terrible stand-up cliché of talking about what it would be like if a black man was president, and stop the debate of whether or not he would put spinning rims on Air Force One.

**Cons:** Instead of commanding troops through war and vetoing important legislation, might spend all day on MySpace typing in all caps.

**Tentative Cabinet:** General Wesley Clark, Al Gore, Chuck D.

**Chance of Winning:** Slim, unless he can convince the entire South that he's Dominican or something.



## Candidate: Ron Paul

Can a *person with literally no chance of being elected president* be elected president?

**Pros:** Dissolution of FDA means cumbersome regulations are removed, and the needy can get antibiotics.

**Cons:** Dissolution of FDA means cumbersome regulations are removed, and Pfizer begins to produce controversial "Viagra but with AIDS in it" pills.

**Tentative Cabinet:** Other leading fringe candidates Lyndon Larouche, David Duke, Mickey Mouse, Voting is For Fags, Fuck You, and Pat Buchanan.

**Chance of Winning:** Negative zero.



## Candidate: Dennis Kucinich

Can a *mischievous imp* be elected president?

**Pros:** Whimsical foreign policy will mend ailing relations with nuclear power Narnia.

**Cons:** State of the Union address will probably be given in form of frantic jig.

**Tentative Cabinet:** Cabinet really more of a Fellowship than anything else.

**Chance of Winning:** Only if his wizard master deems it acceptable.



## Candidate: Mitt Romney

Can a *man with the creepiest religion imaginable* be elected president?

**Pros:** Lack of drugs and alcohol makes for most sober presidency in years.

**Cons:** Above makes for lamest inauguration ball in years.

**Tentative Cabinet:** A cabal of his most politically savvy wives.

**Chance of Winning:** High, considering that he's polling well with the crucial "Mitt Romney's Wives" demographic.



-DH

# So You've Just Sprouted a Single Wing

Brett Hallahan

It happens to even the most careful and health-conscious students: you stay up too late studying for your Ornithology midterm, or pass out at Phi Kappa Emu. And the next morning, you wake up with a single unusually large avian limb emerging from just under your shoulder blade.



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*Don't worry: at some point, one in five students will sin against the laws of nature before their junior year. Here is some useful information to help you deal with your terrifying loss of bilateral symmetry.*



## 1. Check your symptoms

- Are you having trouble sleeping on your back?
- Can you only fly in small circles?
- Are you molting more than usual?
- Are both your bird and human friends acting distant?

## 2. Possible Causes

- Geneticist parents' Final Fantasy addiction starting to affect their work
- You read half a Kafka novel before bed
- It's Judgment Day and you're agnostic
- Father is a lonely ostrich farmer
- You insulted a chicken fortune teller
- Asshole genie has "one wish, one limb" policy
- Darth Egret revealed himself to be your father
- You stopped at a KFC run by very literal wizards
- Your mother is Scrooge McDuck's trophy wife

## 3. Treatment

If you have confirmed that you indeed suffer from this ailment, don't despair. Help is just a phone call, or a meat cleaver and a lot of paper towels, away.

Alternatively, you can decide to forgo treatment and live your life. You'd be surprised at how easy that is! There are still many career options open to you; having one wing may actually give you an advantage in such fields as carnival freak, car dealership attention-getter, and extremely useless X-Man.

## Top Ten Delicious Video Game Characters

10. Mmmm Bison
9. Master Chef
8. Pikachurro
7. Pastrami on Ryu
6. Gyro the Dragon
5. Earthworm Slim Jim
4. Meatball Sub-Zero
3. Duke Nougat
2. Yoshiitake Mushrooms
1. Peach

## Top Ten Wittiest Machines

10. Ironic Breeze
9. wryPod
8. Epigramophone
7. Intercomedy
6. BlackBer-riposte
5. Snap-top
4. Touché tone phone
3. Bon motor
2. Reparteé-zer
1. Sarcasmatron

## Top Fifteen Sexual Soft Drinks

15. Sierra Fist
14. Jizzy Lifting Drinks
13. T & A & W
12. Minute Laid
11. Mountin' You
10. Grope Soda
9. Coke off my dick
8. Diet Coke off my dick
7. Pop-Her Cherry Pepsi
6. Mr. Pube
5. Finger Ale
4. Cactus Culo
3. Bi-C
2. Semen-Up
1. Squirt



# PAVLOUS QUEST

© 2007

You find yourself in front of a large, ancient castle. Rain pours in sheets all around you, and a flash of lightning reveals a lever that appears to be hooked up to the castle's door.

> pull lever

As the portcullis creaks open, you clutch your sword tightly, not sure of what you will find in Drangonius' lair. A sense of dread hangs in the air like hideous curtains.

>look around

As you enter the dark wizard's well furnished castle you notice he's got a good balance of color going and the flow from one chamber to the other is simply breathtaking.

> walk north

You walk through the halls of rough-hewn stone, footsteps echoing. Your eyes are drawn to the subtle transition from an earthy thing to more of an art deco feel. You stop to look at the crown molding.

> keep walking north

You are temporary hypnotized with fascination over the crown molding. It's sooooo well placed! You wonder who Drangonius' decorator is.

> okay fine look at the crown molding

Before you can get a closer look, you are interrupted by the sounds of a grisly hunchback shuffling his way through the hall. As you reach for your sword his crusting eyes squint at you and his browning teeth snarl out. He asks you if you watched the America's Next Top Model marathon last weekend.

>what? no tell him I say no

"Oh my God, I loved it too!" rasps the hunchback. The hunchback asks if you want to go back to his room for appletinis. He's got a new cocktail shaker he wants to try out.

>attack hunchback

What do you want to attack him with?

>check inventory

You have:

- 1 sword
- 1 bottle of Grey Goose
- 1 C+C Music Factory Album
- 1 pastel button-up shirt with corduroy dinner jacket that TOTALLY does not color clash despite what Craig would have you believe

> sword use the sword



What do you want to use the sword on? While you're deciding, the hunchback begins giving you a chest massage.

> fuck it just go north some more

Leaving the hunchback behind, you walk through a hall adorned with posters of '50s movie musicals. After what seems like ages, you come across a large, oak door. This is it. This is the portal to Drangonius' throne. Here, you will meet the dark wizard who killed your entire village, used their souls to summon a demon from the darkest depths of Hell, and embarrassed you in front of everyone at Bryce's birthday party.

> enter throne room

The oaken door swings open to reveal Drangonius fussing around with an arrangement of eldritch tomes on his coffee table. He notices you with a start and throws his hands above his head while manically shrieking "Oh my God. Oh, my, God, I'm not ready; everything is a total mess!" He begins puttering around the throne room putting things in order and straightening out his mesh shirt.

> what

Drangonius looks at you mock-indignantly and says "Oooh, listen to her," as he applies gel to his beard. He begins setting up a platter of brie and asiago bread. "Well, you might as well help me set up." He hands you a pile of napkins to fold.

> run

> escape

> leave

> run away from the wizard please

> go south

> south south south

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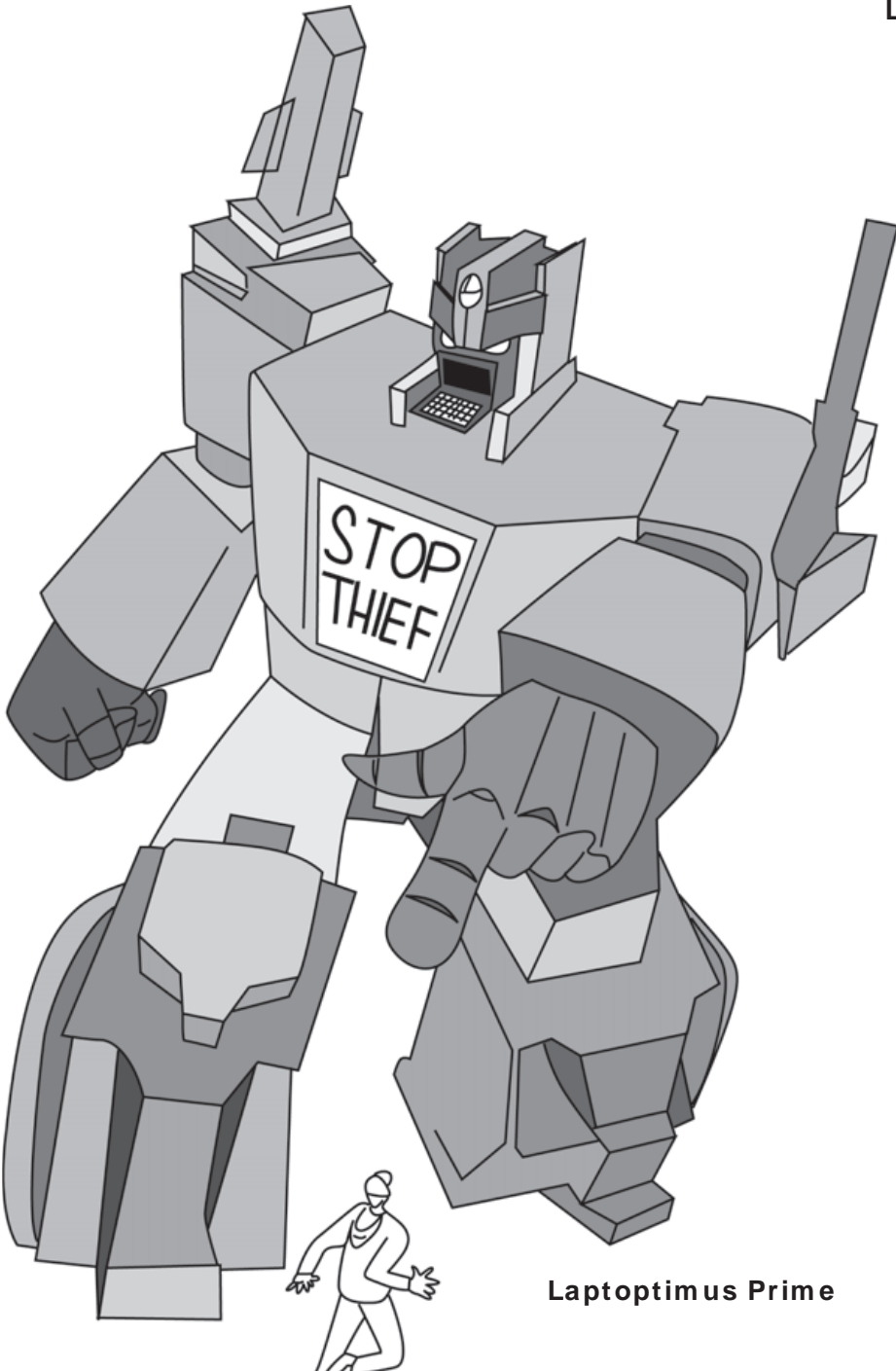
clue #6



**Honor System**



**Lick it**



**Laptoptimus Prime**

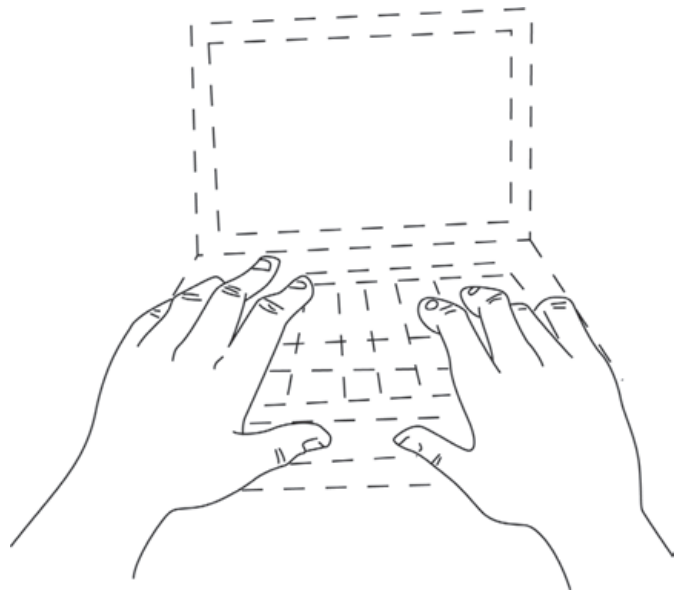


**Glue it to your lap**

# LAPTOP SECURITY SYSTEMS



Always carry 99 decoy laptops



Preemptively don't own a laptop



Weld it shut



Blackwater



# Gypsy professors

## Economics

**Professor:** Who here can tell me the market value of this broken fiddle?

**Student:** [raising hand] Three to five baubles, or two to four trinkets, depending on exchange rates.

**Professor:** Correct, assuming that supply is not restricted by a pogrom.

## Law

**Law Professor:** And so, the court case *Milos v. The Council of Elders* established the precedent that states have the right to legislate regarding scheming, but not trickery. Any questions?

**Student:** [raises hand]

**Professor:** Yes?

**Student:** But doesn't that go against the court's earlier decision in *Danovik v. Nadya*, which outlawed both scheming and trickery and established the Duplicity Clause of the Gypsy Constitution? Also, why'd you bring your kids to lecture, and why are they patting my sides to distract me as they reach into my pockets?

**Professor:** Uh, look over there! [flees country]

## Political Science

**Professor:** We have a real treat today. I know you guys have been struggling to understand caravan politics, so I thought you could learn from someone who's been there. Please welcome Inga, thrice-elected crone.

**Crone:** [rattles chicken bones, cackles]

**Professor:** Take good notes, this'll be on the final.

## Chemistry Lab

**Student 1:** How's chem lab?

**Student 2:** It's rough, man. Our group's titration of dirty pond water and goat blood kept getting contaminated by matted hair.

**Student 1:** Did you say all the charms from the pre-lab?

## English

**Professor:** Before I assign you *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* for the fifth time this semester, are there any questions?

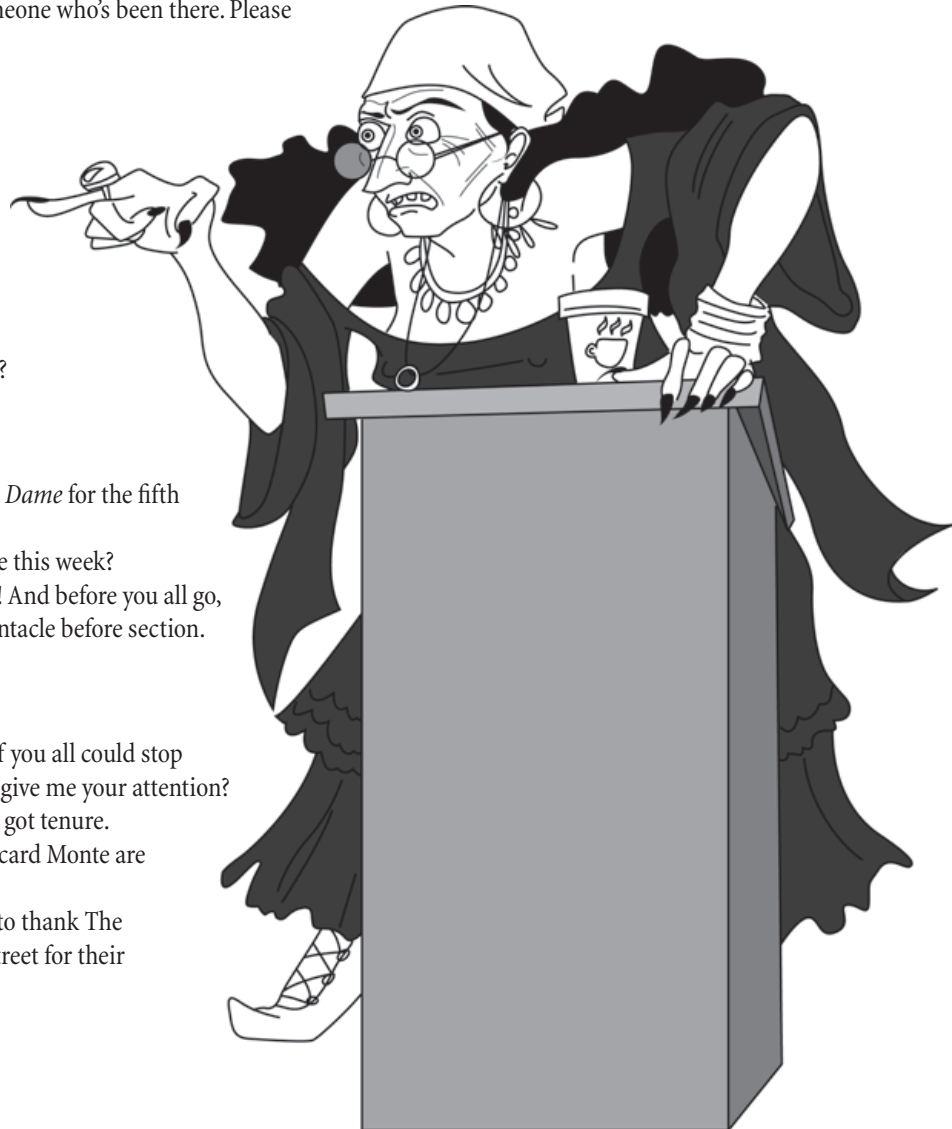
**Student:** Yeah, in which wagon will your office hours be this week?

**Professor:** The one with the chimera painted on it. Oh! And before you all go, remember to finish reading tarot cards five through pentacle before section.

## Faculty Club Dinner

**Professor:** [lightly strikes glass with fork] Excuse me? If you all could stop stuffing food into your many, many secret pockets and give me your attention? I'd like to propose a toast to Yurgi Borokavich, who just got tenure. Yurgi, you and your recently published paper on three-card Monte are inspirations to gypsy statisticians everywhere.

**Professor Borokavich:** Thank you, thank you. I'd like to thank The Carnegie Foundation and Guy I Bumped Into In The Street for their generous financial support of my work.



# *Driving School* FTH BH BO

## TAUGHT BY A VIETNAM VET

Okay. Driving. Shit. It's a lot like going native and building a secret jungle base decorated with human skulls: it requires planning and care.

How can I make you kids understand just what driving is like?

*[sits in silence for ten minutes]*

Well, I'll guess I'll try and explain it to those of you who didn't leave while I smoked that cigarette. Question? Yes, you, in the back, wearing the green T-shirt, next to the girl with the youth I never had. What's that? Fire marshal won't let me smoke? Well he can't tell me what to do, he's not even a real marshal.

Not gonna lie: driving is a scary thing, and it's also unfair. I had this friend named Joe. Real devil-may-care type. He would coast through stop signs, and sometimes through tunnels without throwing a grenade into them first. He never got a ticket in his life. On the flip side, I also knew this guy named Larry. Larry always checked his blind spot, always had his seatbelt fastened. Where was I going with this? Oh yeah, don't be like Larry, he died of a heroin overdose.

*[grins]* Man, I feel old. Is it just me, or do kids nowadays cry and send desperate, furtive text messages to their parents more often?

Okay, the state of Arizona says I have to make you guys watch Red Asphalt, which I *guess* is supposed to be traumatizing or something. Let's just pop that in the VCR, now ...

Goddamit! Everyone shut up! Oh, sorry. For a minute I thought that bird outside was signaling our position to Charlie. Anyway, watch the movie. Seatbelts, right. Wear 'em. Remember, they save a life you're not sure you want to live.

Ooh, look, he broke his neck flying through the windshield. Yeah, that's much scarier than six of your best buddies getting decapitated by a falling helicopter blade simply because God has abandoned you.

Class over. Go out and try to drive considerably through an America that cares more about its automobiles than the souls of those driving them. Oh, and don't put M-16s to heads of people with their blinkers on, even when it's clearly laughing at you. That'll get you what they call "points" on your license.





# From the files of... the Gatorade Sports Science Institute

Gatorade, the greatest sports drink ever drunk, was developed by the University of Florida in order to provide something to say about the University of Florida during lulls in conversation. Since that time, Gatorade has refused to rest on its laurels, developing the greatest research institute on Earth. As a nutritional research expert, I am but one of many (three) scientists who makes sure your thirst is adequately quenched. These are my notes.

Opened the new test facility today, now we have TWO treadmills. Looking forward to putting them next to each other then jumping from one to the next as seen in OK, Go music video. Also, corporate shipped us a bunch of rats. Not sure what corporate wants us to do with them; probably make them drink Powerade until they die.

**HYPOTHESIS:** Adding berry flavor to Gatorade will cause athletes to be able to fly.

**TESTING:** Have man on treadmill drink Gatorade Berry Blast.

**CONTROL:** Have man on treadmill not drink Gatorade Berry Blast.

**RESULTS:** Man on treadmill sweated a lot; failed to fly around the room, making giant man-sized butterfly net I purchased totally superfluous.

**CONCLUSION:** Needs more berry. Possibly more blast.

Not sure whether this started as a drunken dare or a request from the marketing department, but spent the last day feeding Gatorade to actual gators. One of them bit Jim's arm off, suggesting drink failed to satisfy gator's thirst. Or maybe satisfied it too much. Learned absolutely nothing, but did make highly-rated YouTube video of gator running on treadmill.

## SERIOUS ISSUES:

Something wrong with latest batch of Gatorade/Vitamin Water. Upon drinking, test subjects began running in slow motion, significantly reducing athletic performance and putting incredible strain on knees and other joints and ligaments.

ALSO: Still serious problems with brightly colored sweat. Most athletes expressed amusement at purple and green sweat but were upset by yellow sweat which caused some subjects to believe they were "pissing out of their faces." Researchers unsure whether to inform them of highly carcinogenic nature.

**NOTE:** Apparently Gatorade Berry Blast does cause rats to fly. Ceiling of lab now buzzing with purple sweating rats with highly quenched thirsts. Giant butterfly net not looking like such a foolish purchase anymore.

Secret Project:  
What the fuck are electrolytes!?

**HYPOTHESIS:** Highly paid spokesmen will enjoy Gatorade.

**TESTING:** Have man on treadmill drink Gatorade Orange Choke while Michael Jordan berates him.

**CONTROL:** Film commercial with Michael Jordan for Japanese television.

**RESULTS:** Collected athlete's sweat in jar for two hours, then Jordan dared athlete to drink it.

**CONCLUSION:** Jordan kind of a dick in real life.

Awesome idea: Introduce V8 vegetable drink competitor: Gatorade Savage Garden. Instead of vegetables, just mix all current Gatorade flavors together. Turned down another offer to work at cancer research institute.

CH<sub>2</sub> + H<sub>2</sub>O + GLYCENE + HOT DOG JUICE = ... ?



## Notes for Nerds:

# How to Get a Date

Alex Castle's advice

Stop me if you've been in a situation like this: you're out drinking with your bespectacled buddies, and you notice that hottie at the end of the bar making eyes at you. You return her gaze with a cool smile. In a transparent attempt to hide her obvious arousal, she grimaces and instinctively gropes for her rape whistle.

You already know she's yours, baby.

Sensually removing your finger from your nose, you approach her. You've taken your weekly shower this morning, and you're on fire. Nothing can stop you.

And then . . . rejection, yet again. How can we nerds avoid this? Luckily for you, we've compiled this guide.

### Where do girls have their conventions?

Girls like to meet in places with "atmosphere" and "windows." Look for those, but be selective: try to find places where you won't have much competition. Let's be frank here: you're in no position to compete with, say, Joe Q. FratBoy, with his popped collar, vodka red bulls, and beardless neck.

So where do you go? Simple! Places with lots of women, like department stores or book clubs. But be sure, in these new and unfamiliar environments, to avoid these common faux pas:  
-Using free samples of Body Shop lotion to masturbate  
-Leaving the door open while

masturbating in the Victoria Secret dressing room  
-Masturbating too loudly in Women's Studies Class  
-Not warming your hands before impersonating a gynecologist

**Alright, I'm giving this girl a pap smear. What do I do? What if she asks what I've been doing with my life?**



Relax, lying to women is both easy and fun. Try a simple word-substitution cipher to make yourself sound more interesting. For instance, replace the words "World of Warcraft" with "Peace Corps," "my mom's basement" with "Haiti," and "jacking off to anime porn" with "jacking off to not-anime porn."

Girl: "So, what've you been up to since

college?"

You: "I've spent most of my time in Haiti. I've been really into the Peace Corps."

Girl: "That's really cool! So, are you, like, a doctor or something?"

You: "I'm a level 70 warlock."

Girl: "I didn't know the Peace Corps had... warlocks..."

You: "Yeah, whatever. So do you wanna come back to Haiti or what? My mom's making Hamburger Helper."

**I can't tell if she's interested. Should I ask her out?**

Girls often give off signals to show interest. Ignore these and go for it. Girls dig confidence, and will be flattered if you make the effort to evade their pepper spray blasts. If you played your cards right, you'll be taking the "cyber" out of "cybersex."

### Top Ten Safest Rappers

10. Schoolmaster P
9. Fire Marshal Mathers
8. Notorious EMT
7. Ghostface Pillow
6. Nice Cube
5. MC Grammar
4. Walk DMC
3. Keak da Meek
2. The Wu-Tang Center
1. Will Smith

### Top Ten Nerdiest Game Shows

10. Jeopard-D&D
9. Zerg Rushin' Roulette
8. Dancing With the Star Trek
7. Family Turn-Based Battle
6. Hollywood Parallelograms
5. The Geekest Link
4. Pokémon Card Sharks
3. Where In the World of Warcraft is Carmen San Diego?
2. The Perpetual Bachelor
1. Who Wants to Be Normal?

### Top Five Books Written by Dr. Seuss During the Period When He Lived in a Bad Neighborhood

5. How the Grinch Stole Hubcaps
4. Horton Hears a Rape Whistle
3. Oh, the Places You'll Go, Except Over There, It's Controlled by the Latin Kings
2. There's a Wocket in My Pocket With the Serial Number Filed Off
1. Green Eggs and Harm

# THE HEURISTIC SQUELCH

## Comedy Experience

and Open Mic



### FEATURING

Kevin Avery

Alex Koll

Joe Tobin

Kevin O'Shea

and more

# WEDNESDAY DECEMBER 5

Blakes on Telegraph

Tickets \$8

Doors Open at 7.30

Show Starts 8.30

# Consumer Reports: Your Future

Aaron Brownstein and Simon Ganz

Congratulations on graduating, and welcome to the exciting world of adulthood. The following reviews are meant to help you, the idiot, choose your future wisely.

## Graduate School

**Because life doesn't begin at conception, it begins at 29!**

**Synopsis:** Remember when you went from first grade to second grade, and you learned all those new, amazing concepts like fractions, and you were first introduced to interesting historical events? Okay, well, remember when you went from junior year in college to senior year and learned nothing except how to shit on the professor's desk and get a B+? Graduate school is like seven more years of that.

**Pros:** Is not a job. Oddly enough, much better chance of sleeping with eighteen-year-old coeds than you had before.

**Cons:** You've already learned all the good stuff. Will have wasted life.

**Rating:** 4 out of 5 lazy GSIs.



## Move in with Your Parents

**Prerequisite:** Time machine to undo all the things you did to them.

**Synopsis:** Hey look, it's that old guy and his wife! And isn't that neat, you've changed and they haven't!

**Pros:** Is not a job. Dog still likes you best.

**Cons:** Now mature and observant enough to recognize all the subtle signs of their tenuous, crumbling marriage. Yardwork.

**Rating:** 18 out of the first 22 years of your life

## Move in with Girlfriend

**Learn to hate each other all over again.**

**Synopsis:** With not having to cook your own food and constant theoretical access to sex, it seems like a no-brainer.

**Pros:** Wouldn't it be great if instead of having sex we had to coordinate our finances and consider each other in our career choices?

**Cons:** No. No it would not.

**Rating:** 6 visibly used tampons in your trash can out of 10.



## Work for Google

**Hey, all your friends are doing it.**

**Synopsis:** Their stock just hit 700, they're recruiting like mad, and it doesn't seem to matter that you and your friends have no marketable skills.

**Pros:** They already know everything about you.

**Cons:** Remember that story about how Google killed all those people who crossed them? No? *Exactly.*

**Pagerank:** 8.5/10

## The Peace Corps

**Living amongst the most oppressed people in existence? Where do I sign?!**

**Synopsis:** Leave all that stressful "comfort" and "running water."

**Pros:** Joining the Peace Corps is probably the most selfless thing you can do after college, and you truly will make a difference in the lives of the people you oh let's both stop kidding ourselves, you're not going to join the Peace Corps.

**Cons:** Jungle offers very little Xbox Live support.

**Rating:** One out of not enough boxes of medicine.



## Continue to Live in College Town Pretending Nothing Has Changed

**"...I keep gettin' older and they stay the same age."**

**Synopsis:** Want to keep doing exactly what you're doing now except without the responsibility of those eight burdensome units? Then this is the plan for you. Make sure you don't actually fulfill your degree requirements or your FAFSA will cut off automatically.

**Pros:** Nothing gets freshman girls wet like a guy who can legally rent a car.

**Cons:** Slow evolution of frat nickname from "Crewcut" to "Baldspot" to "Get That Old Guy Off Our Keg"

**Rating:** Depends on whether your drug dealer graduated.



The things my dad has done  
have eaten at his conscience. He  
used to drop Agent Orange on  
Cambodian peasants, until they  
made him stop last week.

I'll bet back in the day people  
didn't pose for portraits;  
everybody just moved slower.

I thought those cavemen  
would be more impressed  
with my fire. I also didn't  
know they preferred the  
term "homeless."

If I were an Irish cop, I'd probably  
be upset about media stereotypes  
of Irish policemen. Then again, I'd  
probably also be too busy beating  
my wife to notice.

I like my women like I  
like my coffee: carried  
in a sack on the back of  
a mule.

You can't fight fire with fire, but  
you can use it to fight firefighters.

They say that dead men tell  
no tales, but old men really  
pick up the slack for them.

Too many cooks spoil  
the soup. They tend to  
clump up in the bowl.

Losing your wallet is worse  
than losing your virginity,  
because without my wallet  
I never would have lost my  
virginity.

I once saw a magazine that said  
"Is Your Man Gay? The Telltale  
Signs." I think there's only one  
telltale sign and that's, "are you a  
man, too?"



DISCOUNT  
WISDOM

# THE BIG HOUSE *of Savings!*

*a catalogue for prisoners*

## Mail-Order Bitch



These virile but still-smaller-than-you hunks will put the “man” in “human trafficking.” Help to realize a struggling Estonian prisoner’s dream of being sent to an American prison by ordering one of these strapping beauties today!

**Yours for a pack of cigarettes.**

## Supergrip Soap

Say goodbye to dropping the soap. Our secret? Sandpaper! Slough off dead AND alive skin with our patented brand of bar soap.

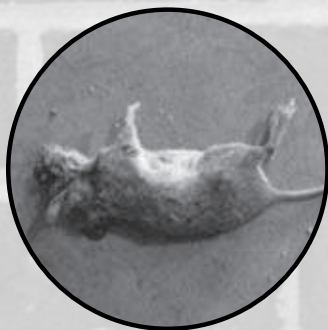
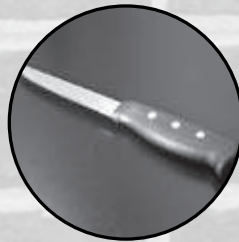
**Only 6 cigarettes.**



## Shank-making Knife

They may laugh now, but they won’t be laughing after you’ve spent seven hours quietly whittling away at a spoon with this high-quality knife in order to make a low-quality knife.

**Yours for one poster of Rita Hayworth.**



## Dead Mouse

Bring this back to life using your hands in order to endear Tom Hanks to you only to be executed later anyway, teaching us all an important lesson.

**One live mouse.**

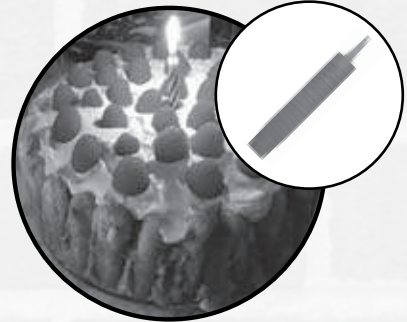
## A key

Maybe it’ll work!!

**\$750,000.**

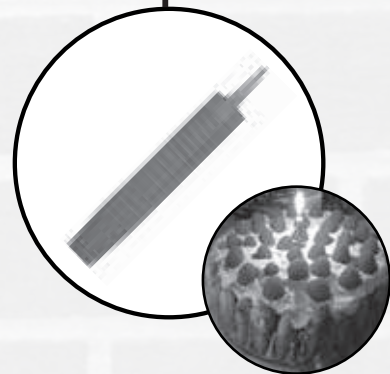


## Cake with File Compartment



Are you retarded or something?  
**One week’s protection  
from Skinhead Dave.**

## File with Cake Compartment



Prison’s hard enough without the warden’s strict “no cake” policy. Make it a little easier on yourself by hiding delicious pastries in this innocuous-looking escape tool.

**Cuddling (after a reach-around).**



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