

# the **neurristic** **squench**

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**WE ♥ PRESIDENT WITCH**





"This is Walter Cronkite saying,  
'What a world, what a world.'"



Vice President Dorothy being sworn in by Chief Justice Jennings immediately after the assassination. *Photo courtesy of Lollipop Guild Images.*

# Come Join The Squelch

**Meetings:**

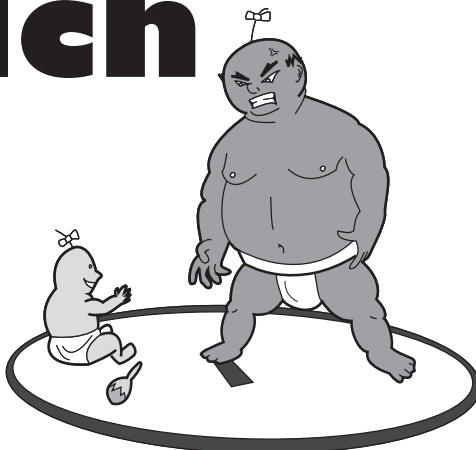
**Wednesdays 7-8pm,  
Location 101 Wheeler**

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*(snorting smelling salts)*

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# A Little Bit of Legal Trouble

My last semester at Cal roughly resembles an Isaac Asimov short story in which an intrepid interstellar explorer lands on a mysterious and seemingly deserted ice planet, only to discover that the University of California at Berkeley has expelled him for misconduct. For those of you who don't read or are idiots, I'll dispense with the metaphorical bullshit: this means that I am in trouble for illegal acts that I have allegedly done. I say "allegedly" because the police have no evidence that those Molotov cocktails I tossed over my shoulder weren't in self-defense. Also, they have no proof that Chancellor Birgeneau's Mercedes wasn't stolen by an elite criminal organization, who had deviously framed me by planting my fingerprints, blood, hair, sweat, dead skin cells, and semen all over the front seat.

And now, I'm on the lam. I'm hiding in an undisclosed Latin American country and waiting for things to blow over before I return to finish my bachelor's degree under an assumed identity. It's a perfect plan: no one will suspect Friedrich, the mild-mannered German exchange student who is majoring in Legal Studies, enjoys rugby, and speaks fluent Spanish for some reason.

But I must admit I worry sometimes. When I wake up every morning I fear that I may be seized by the long arm of UCPD, with its unchecked powers of sending mass emails about crime and yelling at students on bikes. So don't think I'm on easy street: my paranoia knows no bounds. Even sunlight scares me: I put iron shutters on the windows and then painted those shutters black while thinking very hard about eclipses.

I guess I'm telling you all this because I want to say this: enjoy your college years while you can, and live without regrets. My dad used to say that people who have regrets are like people who don't rob Chancellor Birgeneau: they're not my son.

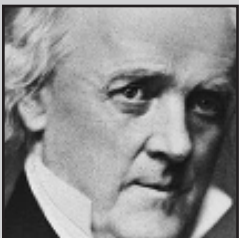
Friedrich

Words from the top

## Attention Class of 2008: Support Cal with Your Senior Gift!

Did you know that tuition only covers 20% of Cal's budget and state support only covers another 30%? Gifts from friends of Cal (like alumni, parents, and seniors) help to make up the difference and maintain Cal's excellence.

Come join the Gift Campaign to not only ensure your school's legacy, but your own as well! Want to make sure people remember what you did far into the future? Then don't make the mistake these people made!



**"I didn't put into my Senior Gift, and now I don't even remember anything about me."**

-James Buchanan,  
12th or 23rd or

somethingth President of the United States, I think.



**"I wish I could be remembered for my Senior Gift. Instead the only legacy I've got are my dumbass kids."**

-Mike Berelli,  
Depressed Man.



**"I used the money I would have given to my Senior Gift campaign on drugs. Then my school burnt down when they didn't have enough money to buy water. Don't be like me."**

-Wendy McCallahan, Drug User.



# VERY IMPORTANT NEWS ABOUT TREES!

## Protestors Plan Tree-Sitter Sit

*By Brian DeFreitas, making like a tree*

In an effort to challenge the University's strict response to tree-sitters, protesters have recently announced plans to start a tree-sitter sit.

"First the University wanted to remove trees, so we had to protest by sitting in trees. Now the University wants to remove tree-sitters, so we have to protest by sitting on the tree-sitters already in the trees. It's the next logical progression," said Save The Oaks organizer Robert Larson, struggling to balance atop a fat man.

"We are doing everything we can to ensure the safety of these stupid, stupid protestors," stated Chancellor Robert Birgeneau. He then sighed and quit his job.

Legal expert Sheila Maloney offered an analysis of the change in tactics. "According to this poli sci course that I am currently taking, the University only owns the trees. It doesn't own the tree-sitters in those trees. As long as the tree-sitter sitters only sit on tree-sitters, there doesn't appear to be anything the University can do."

"Trees trees trees," she added.

## Tree Huggers Don't Bag It, Millions Perish

*By Rebecca Power, leafing*

According to a joint statement issued by the USDA Forest Service and the Center for Disease Control and Prevention, a new virus called Sudden Oak Death is on the rise in the human community. The disease, originating from Western Oak trees, has been traced to the University of California, Berkeley, where a group of tree-sitters on the campus are believed to have first contracted and passed the disease to humans.

UCPD officer Thomas Laferty was at the scene when the plague claimed its first victim. "Officer [Gerald] Kincaid and I were just about ready to give up on removing Fresh from his tree. We had tried every tactic in the book, from leaning leisurely against the barricade to smoking while talking about our wives. All of a sudden, we looked up from a particularly heated game of hopscotch to find that Fresh had dropped out of the tree like an overripe coconut. EMTs came, and the next thing you know, the doctors are calling it Sudden Oak Death."

The rapidly spreading disease is characterized by boils on the arms and inner thighs, inflammation of lymph nodes, and sudden death. At-risk groups include lumberjacks, energetic young children, and members of Greenpeace, which led some members of the environmental movement to suggest that SOD is a government-engineered weapon designed to eliminate the environmental movement; this allegation, in turn, led others to suggest that the environmental movement shut the fuck up. The president of Greenpeace was unavailable for comment, as he is currently seeking treatment for a scorching case of Dutch Elm Disease.

## In Other News

**Wistful China Recalls Its  
Childhood Toys**  
*Page A3*

**Drunk Stranger to Hug You**  
*Page C13*

**Disgruntled Air Traffic Controller  
Reroutes All Flights to "My Black  
Ass"**  
*Page A7*

**Health-Conscious Bigots Ban  
Trans Fats, -Gendered**  
*Page B8*

## Kenya Elects “Power Thirst” as New President

By Kelly Donohue, *never gonna give you up*

KENYA—After months of political unrest and violence due to the contested re-election of incumbent President Mwai Kibaki in the 2008 race against Raila Odinga, the people of Kenya have elected popular College Humor video “Power Thirst” as their president. Though Power Thirst has absolutely no experience in any kind of government office, it does have “more energy than your body has room for.”

Some political analysts have cited Power Thirst’s inspirational message of gaining strength from delicious flavors like Rawberry, Manana, and Fizzbitch as the reason for its unexpected win. Others attribute the victory to the fact that

Power Thirst consumers sired half of the Kenyan population; these running babies then utilized their gratuitous amounts of energy to sprint to voting booths and bear-blast their fathers’ energy drink of choice into power.

Contenders Odinga and Kibaki cited Power Thirst’s history of hosting sweaty rave parties and being crystal meth as reasons to impeach it, but were soon punched in the face by Power Thirst’s vice president, a jet fighter made of biceps.

When asked for comment, Power Thirst thrusted.

## 80’s Retro Fans Funnel Arms to Al-Qaeda

By Brett Hallahan, *top gun*

Like many young people these days, John Farndale, 16, loves the culture of the 1980s. But he and his friends have found a new way to express their nostalgia: selling weapons to violent, fundamentalist Islamic militias. “The ‘80s were just so cool, you know?,” said Farndale. “The clothes, the music, the ascendance of the far right in politics. We just wanted a new way to show it besides watching *A-Team* reruns while dramatically increasing our military budget.”

Farndale’s idea has spread to many other ‘80s enthusiasts. Last year, a group of teenagers in Buffalo pooled their allowances to purchase and smuggle 200 surface-to-air missile launchers for a plucky group of insurgents fighting in Pakistan. The weapons were care-

fully packaged with hand-crafted crimped wigs and Wham! t-shirts.

The craze has attracted the attention of others, as well. VH1 plans to document Farndale’s hobby in a new special entitled “I Love the Mujahadeen”, documenting his plan to send his rebellious pen pals their very own nuclear weapon. Released clips include a montage of Farndale painstakingly assembling the bomb’s casing, while “Take On Me” plays in the background. “This is going to be the best ‘80s week at school ever,” he said. “Don’t you forget about me, Osama!”

## Jesus Not Ready for Committed Relationship with Area Woman

by Ben Osipov, *shall inherit the earth*

Local woman Ellen Perry found her religious life shattered last Saturday after it was revealed to her by Jesus Christ that the personal relationship she had developed with Him was shared with almost 1.5 billion other people. Initially, Ms. Perry took the news hard, ranting to our reporters “I just can’t believe it, after all the shit I’ve put up with, like Him not being able to go to nice restaurants that require shoes because of holes in His feet or Him sitting around the house all day in His robe saying He’d already sacrificed Himself for my sins, He cheats on me with a quarter of the planet!”

According to eyewitnesses, Jesus finally



mentioned His other relationships on a dinner date after Ellen mentioned how nice it would be to live together. Upon hearing the news, Ellen grew furious threw a glass of water, which promptly turned into wine at Jesus’ face, and stormed out, spending the rest of the weekend in bed “putting back together the broken pieces of her faith in a higher power.”

Perry has stated a willingness to move on and is reportedly going on a blind date with Buddha, a deity described by her friends as a nice laid back sort of guy whose only golden rule is “no fat chicks.”

Jesus could not be reached for comment.





# SECRET SECRET MENU

Many know about In-N-Out's "Secret Menu," which includes popular but not officially announced delicacies such as Protein Burgers and Animal Style fries. But only a select few members of a highly selective selection committee know about In-N-Out's Secret Secret Menu. These burgers are so secret, even the FDA won't approve them.

## *Sushi Burger*

**Description:** This uncooked delicacy owes its rich taste to the retention of the animal's juices. This is how they eat a burger in Japan, where it is tradition to die after eating burgers.

**Ingredients:** Chuck ground plus bun minus warmth

**Calories:** 425 (burger), 30 (E. Coli)

**Goes Well With:** Clawing at your own stomach, groaning

## *Real Protein Burger*

**Description:** The meal of choice for aspiring triple bypass patients. This burger caters to the carb-conscious by eliminating starchy buns and healthily replacing them with silly Atkins diet bullshit. Those looking for a little more adventure can get the Real Protein Cheeseburger, which replaces the slice of cheese with another patty.

**Ingredients:** Three burgers, genius.

**Calories:** 800<sup>3</sup>

**Goes Well With:** Health insurance.

## *Animal Style Milkshake*

**Description:** A scrumptious six-pound concoction of milk, chocolate ice cream, and Thousand Island dressing. This was adopted by In-N-Out after it tested well with focus group members, who participated in a carefully designed double-blind test and were baked.

**Ingredients:** Ice cream, milk, grilled onions, Thousand Island dressing, crumbled-up Funyuns purchased at a nearby convenience store

**Calories:** Imagine, like, the biggest number in the world

**Goes Well With:** Staring into space and giggling

## *Fat Shakespeare*

**Description:** Designed for the well-read fast food connoisseur, this salubrious sandwich is inspired by the Shakespearean sonnet. No one gets this burger except English majors.

**Ingredients:** Four patties, four onions, four tomatoes, a couplet of cheese.

**Calories:** A fort-calorie.

**Goes Well With:** The smaller, more accessible Cliff's Notes Burger.

## *The Oeuvre*

**Description:** "Waste not, want not," is the guiding principle behind this burger, which contains things that most homeless people would waste. Compiled from ingredients of every menu item In-N-Out has to offer, the Oeuvre is over 30 cubic feet of fixin's served in a trash bag, with complimentary trowel.

**Ingredients:** All.

**Calories:** One hundred kabillion.

**Goes Well With:** Mayonnaise.

## *Fries "Mineral" Style*

**Description:** The fossilized remains of uneaten Upper Pleistocene fries, getting your fries done "Mineral" style requires 2.8 million years advance notice and favorable sedimentary conditions.

**Ingredients:** Fries, the cold stroke of time unyielding.

**Calories:** 9 kJ when used as fuel for trains.

**Goes Well With:** 10,000 BC Merlot.

# Congratulations!

*You've just had sex with me.*

Annnnnnd there.

Wow. I...was....*amazing*. Did you see me? I was like the champagne of sex-having. I got all up in there. I built a house in there. I joined the PTA in there. That is my home. Your snatch is my home.

So, was it as good for me as it obviously was for you? I must have foreplayed on you for ten, maybe twelve minutes. I can see you're still rolling your eyes in pleasure. You better watch out, there's not a whole lot of room for you to orgasm around on this inflatable mattress. If you could maybe scoot over a little bit. You know what, why don't you just sit in that chair for a while? I kind of like to lounge around after all the jang-a-langing. I'll appreciate you from afar, like a work of art or a vase covered in my sweat and chest hair.

Getting dressed again so soon? And on the verge of tears? This must be one of your cute little ways of getting me to undress you again. I'll get right on that. In a minute. So, you must be pretty experienced. Yeah, I can tell, 'cause I'm *really* experienced. I've thrown a bone in literally three girls before, and with one of them I sort of did it *twice*. More like once and a half. But I've also done tremendous amounts of research through quasi-legal means. When it comes to poking, I consider myself a bit of a sensei, or perhaps a zaibatsu.

Why don't you stick around for breakfast? We've got some onion dip and mustard in the fridge, and I think that pita bread is still okay. I think breakfast is, like, the sexiest meal of the day. Hey, you know what we could do to make it even sexier, is I could eat it off of you. Oh man, this'll be great; quick, slather yourself with the dip. Nothing gets a woman hotter than being treated like a plate. No? All right, fine. But you're missing out.

Well, you've probably got a lot of stuff to do. You have a job, right? Yeah, that must be something. I'm pretty busy myself; I've got appointments, I was going to throw a résumé together, and there's that Naruto fandub I've been putting off. If you were looking for your shoes, they're over by the Wii. Hey! Be careful, don't knock it over! I don't remember you being that clumsy with my junk.

Look, I'm beginning to think this was a mistake, you're clearly not the girl you said you were on Craigslist. You should probably just continue leaving. By the way, if you could *try* to keep those awkward Hulk-feet on the running and not my mom's carpet, that would be aces.

And, hey. Call me?

# POKÉMON

## MORALLY GREY



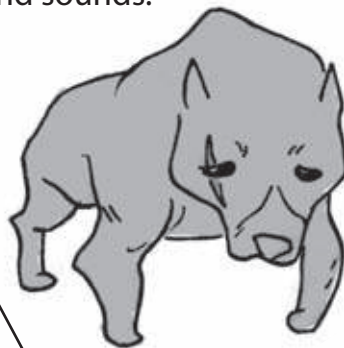
by Owen Javellana

For all you trainers who have conquered *Pokémon: Emerald Green* and *Pokémon: Ruby Red*, a brand new challenge has arrived: **Pokémon: Morally Grey!** Journey to where no Pokémon trainer has ventured before: the world of underground dog fighting!

**Fizzlypoof** is a malnourished-Rottweiler-type Pokémon. You can tell Fizzlypoof's attack power by counting the number of unbroken ribs visible through its emaciated frame! Charge up Fizzlypoof's attacks by keeping him "housed" in the fenced-off front lawn of his inner-city "pokéball" without "pokéfood."



**Dweedle** is a maladjusted-pit-bull-type Pokémon. Be sure to train your Dweedle from an early age to be enraged by large crowds, other dogs, cars, people with sticks in their hand, people without sticks in their hand, and sounds.



**Raybee** is a special foamy-mouth-type Pokémon, who, after too many impromptu battles with neighborhood children, will evolve into **Sleeppee**, a Pokémon wielding a special syringe in his neck.



**Olliwig** is a three-leg-type Pokémon who is part German Shepherd, part wolf, and part cancer. What this tripedal trooper lacks in balance, life-expectancy, and number of legs, it makes up for with its spirit, tenacity, and wait... no... Olliwig is dead.



**Charmikin** is technically a wildly deformed pig, though it passes for a fugly-dog-type Pokémon. While lazy, stubborn, and severely limited in brain function, this Pokémon shines when down-on-their-luck trainers are forced to roast their most delicious Pokémon for sustenance.





# Guide to Theme Bars

Are you looking for a good time on the town? Only comfortable around people exactly like yourself? Try one of these fine homogeneous dining establishments.

## Past Imperfect

**Desired clientele:** English teachers

**Undesired clientele:** The passive voice

**Décor:** Flowery, yet subtly evocative of customers' inner thoughts

**On the TV behind the counter:**

Masterpiece Theater

**Signature cocktail:** The Dylan Tonic

## Stalag 17

**Desired clientele:** WWII vets

**Undesired clientele:** The Krauts!

**Décor:** Mostly Betty Grable pinups

**On the TV behind the counter:**

Tom Hanks reading the Bible out loud

**Signature cocktail:** Sgt. Schnapps

## The Alcoholodeck

**Desired clientele:** Trekkies

**Undesired clientele:** Evil alternate-universe selves

**Décor:** Futuristic, but with no apparent restrooms

**On the TV behind the counter:**

Gee, what do you think?

**Signature cocktail:** Synthohol

## The Lair

**Desired clientele:** Supervillains

**Undesired clientele:** Infernal do-gooders, frat boys

**Décor:** Volcano/Arctic/Desert/Jungle theme

**On the TV behind the counter:**

Lifetime

**Signature cocktail:** They just call it "The Serum"

## The Opiate of the Masses

**Desired clientele:** Marxists

**Undesired clientele:** People with jobs

**Décor:** Functional

**On the TV behind the counter:**

CNBC ironically

**Signature cocktail:** Molotov

## Bar

**Desired clientele:** Drunks

**Undesired clientele:** AA sponsors

**Décor:** Blurry

**On the TV behind the counter:**

some thinurrrghleemelone

**Signature cocktail:** Rubbing alcohol and tears

## Top Ten Foods for Reproductive Organs

10. Cheeriovaries
9. TestEZ-Mac
8. Fallopian tubers
7. Vulveeta cheese
6. Mushwombs
5. Prostato Chips
4. Cervicalimari
3. Clitorisotto
2. Eggs Ovaries-y
1. Cocktails

## Top Ten Fattest Movies

10. You Got Served Seconds
9. The Big Bone Collector
8. Stomp the Lard
7. Howl's Moving Bowels
6. Air Force Yum
5. An Éclair to Remember
4. Girth of a Nation
3. Planet of the Crepes
2. Love Handles Actually
1. She's All Fat

## Top Five Sexual Holidays

5. Assover
4. Hairy Palm Sunday
3. Gash Wednesday
2. All Taint's Day
1. Take Your Daughter to Work Day

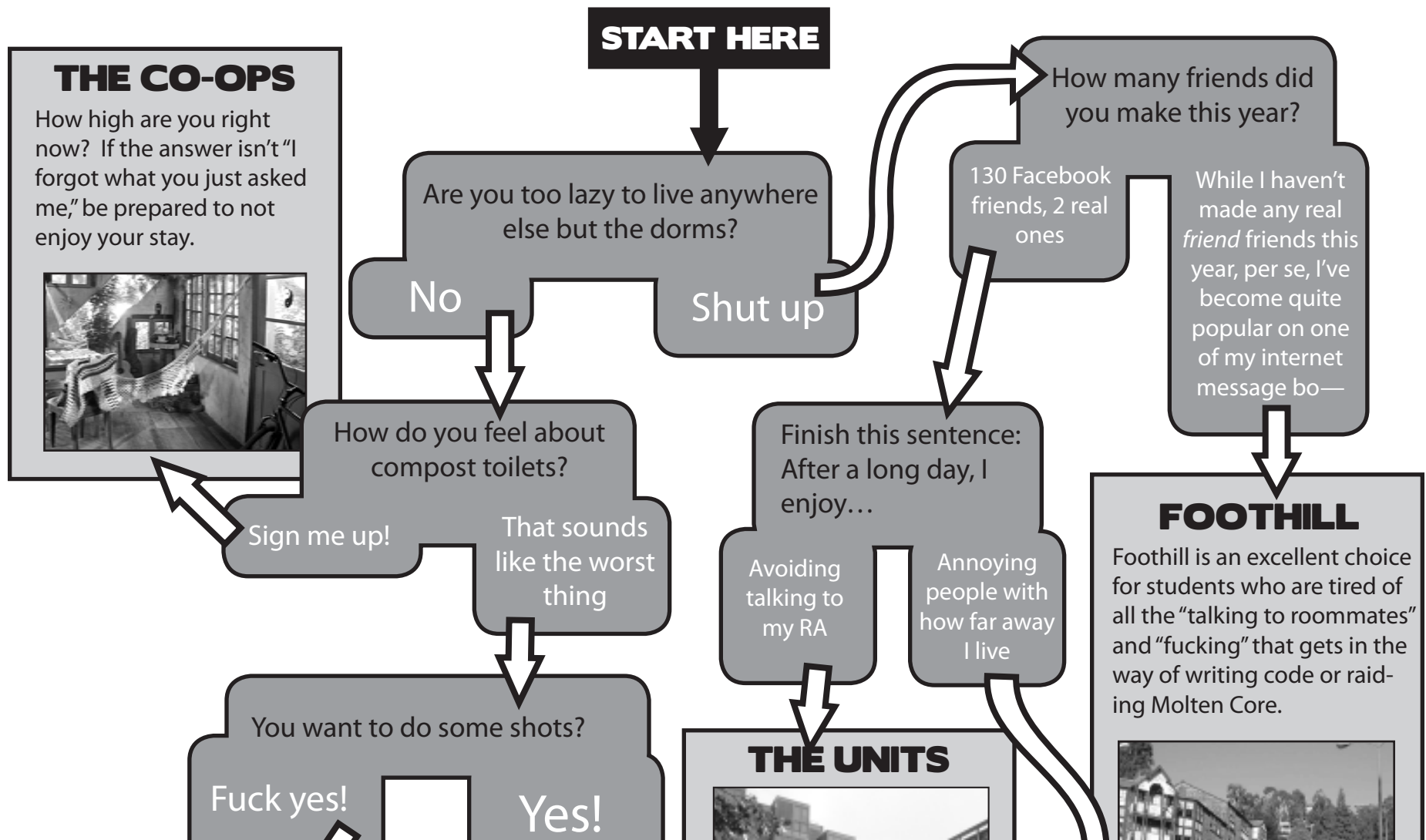
## Top Five Unstable Musicians

5. ZZ Topple
4. The Topsy Chicks
3. The Crash
2. Falldown Boy
1. Britney Spears

-BH

Choosing where you're going to live next year, particularly when you're a freshman, can be a difficult decision and is always worthy of heavy consideration. So, instead of that, use this "choose-your-own-adventure" style guide to find which option is best for you in four questions or fewer.

# WHERE SHOULD YOU LIVE NEXT YEAR?





## FRATS/ SORORITIES



Fraternities and sororities are perfect for networking and developing connections for your adult life. They're also great for developing psoriasis of the liver and urinary tract infections.



Congratulations! You're sharing a 10 square foot room with someone who wants to talk to you about CalPIRG and another who wants to talk to you about your eternal soul.



## CLARK KERR



The former school for the deaf is now inhabited by gentleman's C athletes and ghosts with bad balance. It's enclosed in a scenic bit of south Berkeley that ought to liven up your 20-minute walk to everywhere.

What is the most important thing you consider when looking for an apartment?

Government spiders!  
Cunt swallows!

Being close to where the action (mugging) is.

Proximity to lecture halls no one uses.

## SOUTHSIDE



Being close to Telegraph will keep you in tune to the city's pulse, which is highly elevated due to PCP use.

## NORTHSIDE

Just admit it. You're afraid of black people.



## CORNER OF DURANT AND TELEGRAPH



After being abandoned by your family due to your alcoholism and thrown out of a mental hospital during the Reagan years, Telegraph and Durant offers you a cozy environment away from secret coyote police helicopter men.



by Brett Hallahan

## from the files of... John Barrow, Industrial Spy

The call from HQ came in about 3 AM, activating my special communicator. "The tech boys sure are weird," I thought to myself. "It doesn't look like a blackberry at all." My mission was deceptively simple: PrintCo had blueprints of their new copy machine locked in their New York office. My job: to infiltrate the premises and steal, um, copies.

Bright and early I showed up at the office, my alias ready. "John Barrow, Industrial Sp-" I caught myself just in time. No need to blow my cover so early. "-ecialist," I deftly finished. The guard's face told me that my deception was intact, though his suspicions may have been raised. I knew I shouldn't have worn my "Agent Mike's Online Industrial Espionage School... For Spies" tie.

I was in! The workplace was a whirlwind of activity. Men typing, women typing, people walking to the bathroom before coming back to start typing. I knew no one would notice me in the middle of such a hubbub. I lurked unobtrusively, observing my surroundings while waiting for a pigeon. The light was stark and inescapable, keeping all PrintCo's henchmen in view. Across the hall was a foreboding door: "Mr. Sweetwater", it read. Clearly the hideout of the madman behind all this.

Then I saw her. A secretary of some kind, in her own little office attached to the mysterious Sweetwater's lair. I knew a little romance was all I needed to get her talking. I walked on in, suave as you please, and turned the charm up to eleven. Sure enough, within half an hour she was telling me all she knew. Curiously, most of it seemed to be about the company's sexual harassment policy. A code?

Before I could make sense of it all I was startled by a knock on the door. "Mr. Sweetwater would like to see you." Damn! I was found out! I had no choice but to follow the messenger to the very heart of the operation. As we neared Sweetwater's sanctum I weighed my options. Should I kill the man? Force him to reveal the location of the blueprints? Snitch on the guy in the break room huffing toner? My mind was awl as I entered the room.

"Sorry to keep you waiting, Mr. Barrow," said the balding, bespectacled villain. "I just had a call to make before giving you these blueprints." To my shock he produced the very items I had been sent to find. "I understand you're an industrial spy, sent to steal these. The guard outside overheard your internal monologue." Curses! Was I narrating to myself out loud the whole time?

"Yes, you were. Anyway, you can have the plans if you want them. I just don't see why you would need blueprints of our new office copier, when we actually manufacture fingerprinting kits. Anyway, you can take these and go, provided you leave right now and quit mumbling at everyone."

Another mission accomplished!

"Seriously, stop that."

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congratulations fred, good work on the magazine! sincerely,  
Your Secret Gay Lover



# MTV CRIBS *for Pregnant Women*

*(Camera pans stylishly over the façade of a modest two-bedroom house in suburbia. Cue theme music, which is either Kanye West's "Stronger" or Kanye West's "Stronger (Remix)." The door opens to reveal a pregnant woman wearing a loose-fitting T-shirt and sandals. She smiles and waves.)*

**Woman:** What's up MTV! This is Sara Eckhart, and this is my crib. Come on in! Let me show you around.

*(camera follows woman into the bathroom)*

**Sara:** All my pregnant homies tell me, you ain't a player unless you've got a solid gold toilet into which you can throw up each morning.

*(goes into bedroom, playfully sprawls across bed, teasingly traces finger along pillow)*

**Sara:** Aww yeah, MTV. This is where the magic happens. And by magic I mean my husband no longer finds me attractive.

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**Sara** *(opens refrigerator):* Let me show you something real interesting: the foods I have. *(Jump cuts over foods in fridge)* This fridge is tricked out, yo! I got everything from pickles to ice cream to additional pickles—I got the hookup, man! It is never enough.

\*\*\*

**Sara** *(pointing to sink):* This is where we're gonna bathe my kid. We got one of those baths that tells you the temperature. It cost us a damn C-note, but that's just how we roll. Scalding babies is for scrubs. So is making them cold. I can't remember which is worse. I gotta read my b-b-b-baby books, son!

\*\*\*

**Sara:** This is where my little baby's gonna go! *(gives crib a quick jiggle, laughs)* Chekkity-check this shabby chic dust ruffle--we collaborated with an interior designer to create a gender nonspecific space for our unborn child, yo.

**Husband:** *(whispering desperately at wife's uterus)* Boyboyboyboyboy...

\*\*\*

**Sara:** *(opens closet)* I got tons of clothes up in here, none of which fit because I'm so phat.

**Husband:** I think you want "fat" honey.

**Sara:** ...yes.

\*\*\*

**Sara:** So you've seen my baby stuff. Why don't I show you my other baby: my mo'fuckin' 2001 PT Cruiser.

*(about a dozen seizure-inducing jump cuts of a purple PT Cruiser)*

**Sara:** Yeah, I've got crazy stories about me and my bitches rollin' through the city, hitting up clubs and dancing like it wuddin' nothing. *(sigh)* But that was then. *(more jump cuts fill the awkward silence)*

## Top Five Alternate Bra Uses

5. Yarmulkes for Siamese twins
4. Sunglasses for the blind
3. Melon cozy
2. Sleep mask for a big frog
1. Hip holster for Boob Cowboy

## Top Five Breakfast Items That Give You a Hard Time

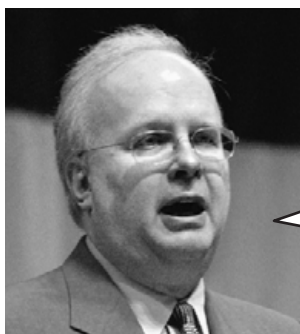
5. Scorn Flakes
4. Frosty Mini-Wheats
3. Snooty Pebbles
2. Gripefruit
1. Eggs Over Difficult

## Top Five Hyphy Cartoon Characters

5. Casper the Friendly Ghost Rides the Whip
4. Thugrats
3. Goin' Dumbo
2. Thomas the Dank Engine
1. Ms. Thizzle and the Magic School Bus

## More Top Ten Fattest Movies!

10. There Will Be Fudge
9. James and the Giant Ass
8. Cakes On A Plane
7. 12 Hungry Men
6. Little Debbie Does Dallas
5. Days of Thunder Thighs
4. Mullhollandaise Drive
3. Requiem for Ice Cream
2. Doesn't Care for Running Man
1. Baywatch With Fat Chicks



There's a reason today's institutions of higher learning are called "liberal" arts colleges: they're shit. I think that I can say, without fear of exaggeration, that these pseudo-intellectual crap factories are opening up millions of minds across America. And if we don't keep our minds closed, how are honest Americans supposed to keep God in and the Devil out?

That's why at Karl Rove School for the Conservative Arts, we offer only one degree: a B.A. in Shutting the Fuck up and Doing As You're Told Studies. See for yourself how our classes compare to (and surpass in every way) some of Berkeley's most popular:



University of California,  
**Berkeley**



Karl Rove  
School for the  
Conservative Arts

### History 7B: United States History, from Civil War to Present.

Modern history at this university is a thinly disguised vehicle for the dissemination of liberal lies. For example, emeritus professor Leon Litwack made literally thousands of dollars calling Abraham Lincoln gay, only to deviously give that money to the poor.

### Social Welfare 10

Poor people are boring. There. I just saved you four years of your life. Quit disappointing your parents and pick a real major.

### Public Policy 140: Public Transportation Policy

Public transportation is a dangerously slippery slope: if we continue to expand Big Government by funding trains and buses, we'll just hurt the private sector by helping people get to their jobs on time.

### Spanish II

You wouldn't steal a purse or jack a car. So why would you study an illegal language?

### MCB 100B: Survey of Biochemistry

In a typically subversive liberal move, the lab for this class contains Bunsen burners that have potentially been used for stem cell research.

### Nutritional Science 10: Introduction to Human Nutrition

Stressing that some foods are "good" and some foods are "bad," the curriculum defecates on the notion that all foods are created equal. If you don't believe in equality, you might as well wipe your ass with the Constitution after you're done eating this communist horseshit.

### History X: Secret History of the United States

This course poses the question: is there something the government isn't telling you? If you answered yes, then you're a terrorist. Report yourself to Homeland Security immediately.

### Reaganomics 101

Taught by Reagan's still-handsome reanimated corpse, this course teaches you that the only way to really help the poor is to get rich. Learn how your money "trickles down" to all those greedy welfare queens trying to buy food.

### Private Policy 104: Advanced Buying A Car

Global warming is about as scientifically legitimate as "evolution" and other myths the Bible debunks; driving to work is what made this country great. Also no one gets laid in buses.

### English 101-199: The Bible

We read the Bible in the language it was originally printed in. We also read C.S. Lewis' beloved Bible fanfiction, *The Chronicles of Narnia*.

### Religious Studies 104: The Origin of Life On Earth

The answer to the final exam is God.

### Nutritional Science 1: Introduction to American Nutrition

In America, you can eat whatever the hell you want. You want fries with that? Fuck yeah you do.



**EnglishIsExcellent:** Good evening, miss.

**HotSexBabe396:** hey there mister

**EnglishIsExcellent:** What is your age, sex, and location?

**HotSexBabe396:** 18 f sf

**EnglishIsExcellent:** Would you like to put that into a complete sentence? It would make it a lot sexier.

**HotSexBabe396:** not really

**EnglishIsExcellent:** All right, never mind. Describe to me your physical appearance.

**HotSexBabe396:** im skinny with big tits and i only got on a pair of really tight jeans

**EnglishIsExcellent:** edit: "I have on only a pair of really tight jeans."

**HotSexBabe396:** huh?

**EnglishIsExcellent:** Your placement of the word "only" was incorrect. If you only have on something then you do nothing but have it. You do not eat, sleep, breathe, etc. If you have on only something, then you are wearing only that something.

**HotSexBabe396:** ....

**HotSexBabe396:** o.....k...i have on only a pair of jeans.

**EnglishIsExcellent:** By Jove, that's hot!!! May I help you out of your trousers and knickers?

**HotSexBabe396:** wtf are trosers

**EnglishIsExcellent:** My hand is reaching down the front of your jeans as I am gently kissing you on the neck.

**HotSexBabe396:** i breathe slow as you undo my pants and i grab a hold of your joystick

**EnglishIsExcellent:** Slowly, you breathe slowly. Slow is not an adverb.

**HotSexBabe396:** u always talk like this?

**EnglishIsExcellent:** It turns me on. Can you just repeat it correctly?

**HotSexBabe396:** im breathing slowly

**EnglishIsExcellent:** You're making me so hard! Your pants are off and I'm touching you all over.

**HotSexBabe396:** im laying down on the bed now

**HotSexBabe396:** come here i want you

**EnglishIsExcellent:** What are you laying?

**HotSexBabe396:** im laying on the bed

**EnglishIsExcellent:** No, I mean lay is a transitive verb. You didn't have an object. Did you mean that you are lying on the bed?

**HotSexBabe396:** OH MY FUCKING GOD! you are ruining everything!! im ignoring you

**EnglishIsExcellent:** Wait a minute. That's the last time. I won't do it anymore.

**HotSexBabe396:** fine

**HotSexBabe396:** im getting off the bed and putting my face in front of your crotch

**EnglishIsExcellent:** Yeah come on baby!

**HotSexBabe396:** i didnt tell you earlier but im a midget

**HotSexBabe396:** so i dont have to kneel down

**EnglishIsExcellent:** Yes, yes!

**HotSexBabe396:** like if i was a normal size person

**EnglishIsExcellent:** WHAT! Stop right now! Bad usage, punctuation, and capitalisation is one thing, but when you shit on the subjunctive mood you have gone too far. Go learn to conjugate some verbs, you plebian whore!

**HotSexBabe396:** so you dont want me to cyber-suck your cock?

**EnglishIsExcellent** signed off.



April 14 - April 21, 2008

### Aries

3/21 to 4/20

**Single?** Cautious Saturn says that your landlord is likely to finally call the police on you, so now might be a good time to steal all the copper wire and flee the county.

**Hooking?** Remember to keep your composure when a phone call from your biological father reminds you of the time he made you have sex with his boss.

### Taurus

4/21 to 5/21

**Single?** The stars remind you to keep on your toes this month. When your friends and family track you down to stage an intervention, make sure you're in an uninteruptible heroin coma.

**Hooking?** Venus in your house all week means that Big Jimmy must have kicked her out again.

### Gemini

5/22 to 6/23

**Single?** This is a good month to turn over a new leaf. Throw away that old pipe and fashion yourself a new one out of a light bulb.

**Hooking?** A series of police sting operations will provide you with an excellent opportunity to ask for a promotion.

### Cancer

6/24 to 7/22

**Single?** You've been working too hard lately. The free clinic can help you unwind after a week of stressful needle drugs.

**Hooking?** Rowdy Jupiter in the third house suggests you might want to watch out for eye infections this month.

### Leo

7/23 to 8/22

**Single?** Don't rush things with that boy you've had your eye on. Wait a couple weeks before introducing him to your child with fetal alcohol syndrome.

**Hooking?** This week will test your courage when a john wants to shit in your mouth. Trust your instincts.

### Virgo

8/23 to 9/22

**Single?** You will be conflicted as to the level of relief you will feel when you learn that the burning sensation you thought was gonorrhea is actually an old cigarette burn.

**Hooking?** Chaos in your astral alignment would normally suggest that you should consider a career change, but it should be clear by now that you can't and that you're trapped in this life forever, ha ha ha.

### Libra

9/23 to 10/23

**Single?** Tread lightly with your relationships this week. Tensions will flare when you realize that a friend has been stealing your penicillin.

**Hooking?** Take a break from all the hustle and bustle! Organize a girls' night in watching *Pretty Woman* and sobbing.

### Scorpio

10/24 to 11/21

**Single?** This week, remember: emotional scars don't heal, but neither do burns you get from nodding off while freebasing.

**Hooking?** The stars offer this hot tip: occasionally look him in the eye while going down on him. He'll be guilted into tipping you more.

### Sagittarius

11/22 to 12/21

**Single?** Be prepared for a surprise this week when a lover from the past comes back to haunt you in the form of hepatitis.

**Hooking?** Mars colliding with Saturn this month will be a lot less painful than the butt of Devón's pistol after he catches you stealing his blow.

### Capricorn

12/22 to 1/19

**Single?** Be sure to tell your family about your imminent TV stardom, but make sure to warn them that the first half hour of Maury can be pretty slow.

**Hooking?** The stars say this month might be a good time to induce a miscarriage. On a budget? Falling down a flight of stairs offers a cheap alternative to conventional Western medicine, such as running your car into a tree or being punched in a bar fight.

### Aquarius

1/20 to 2/18

**Single?** The perfect man is just around the corner. Specifically, he's in the alleyway behind the methadone clinic vomiting black.

**Hooking?** You'll soon reconsider your friend's kind gesture when you realize the blind date she's set you up with is her virgin brother with autism.

### Pisces

2/19 to 3/20

**Single?** This is a week for serendipity. Ask one of your friends who has a GED what serendipity is.

**Hooking?** Treat yourself this weekend by stocking up on makeup for the spring season bruises.

# Squelch Public Service Announcements

**SOAP:**  
**NOT BATHROOM**  
**BUTTER.**

CREDIT CARD  
STATEMENTS.  
IMPORTANT.  
BUT WHY?

*Don't be fooled:*  
*Balloons attached to a kite*  
*is cheating.*

**Medicine is**  
**a sometimes**  
**food.**

**Be nice to the**  
**mailman, he**  
**has a hard**  
**job.**

*Don't worry,*  
*Blindfolds are*  
*only temporary.*

It is  
impossible  
to get an  
animal to  
agree  
with you.

You can't  
feed a  
computer.

**STOP YELLING**

**RUNNING SHOES:**

**A-OK FOR**  
**WALKING!**  
**IT'S LEGAL!**

**No.**





I fucked my GSI.

Chet Franklyn '09



BERKELEY=

2010

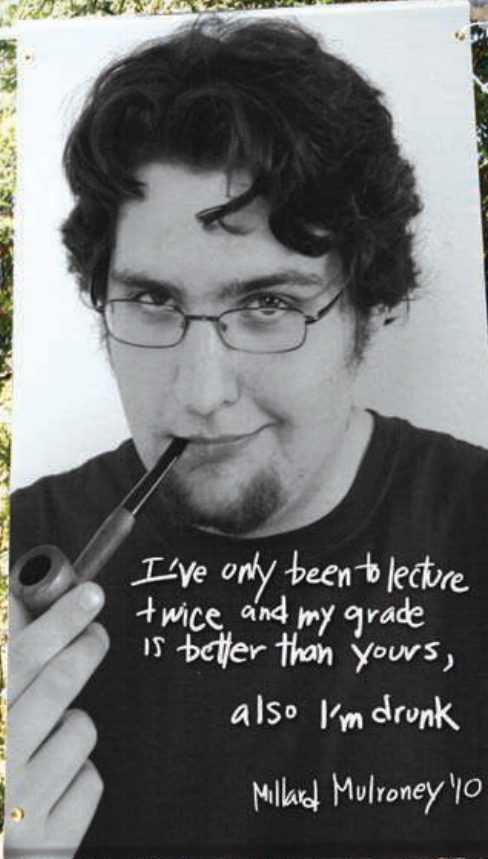
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AGNES KIM '10



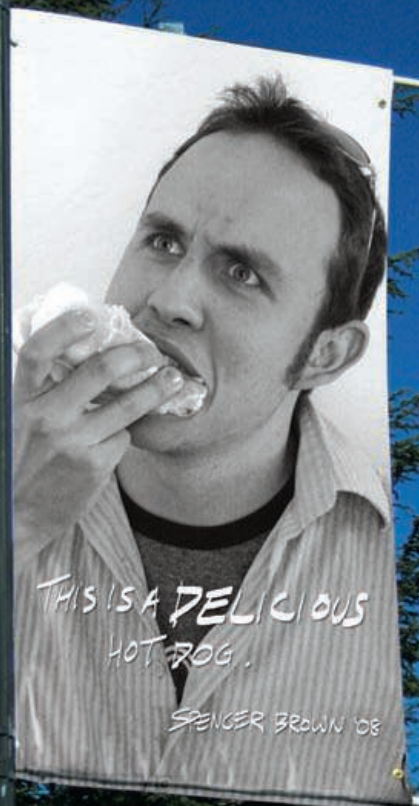
I might illiterit be  
dyslexic and.

Cindy Hoffman '08



I've only been to lecture  
twice and my grade  
is better than yours,  
also I'm drunk

Millard Mulroney '10



THIS IS A DELICIOUS  
HOT DOG.

SPENCER BROWN '08