

the **neurristic**
squelch

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"No Blockhead can refuse any request on his daughter's wedding day."



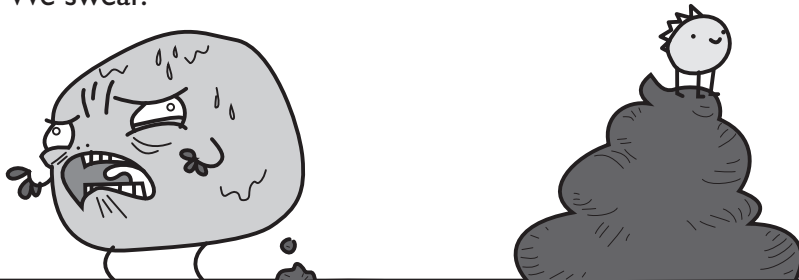
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We swear.



the **heuristic**
squelch

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(pinching ha'pennies)

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The Heuristic Squelch is an ASUC sponsored publication of UC Berkeley. The content contained herein does not necessarily reflect the opinions of the ASUC, nor does it necessarily reflect that this cover isn't about Roxanne Winston either. Our offices are located in 310 Eshleman.

Questions, comments, suggestions?

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18 Candles

There comes a time in every man's life when he reaches a sacred rite of passage, and the lessons he has learned congeal into a thick grease of responsibility and maturity. Before that, though, he turns 18 and goes to a titty bar with his stepdad. This year, the Heuristic Squelch reaches that milestone of legality, and now has the distinction of being a publication as old as a large percentage of its audience, a distinction that would only truly be impressive if we were *World's Oldest Living Person Weekly*.

As a reward for reaching the age of consent, the staff here engaged in the time-honored tradition of getting a friend of ours laid. We headed to Tijuana's famed red ink district, in search of their magazine-specific brothels. They wouldn't let us bring *Seventeen* across the border until we told them it was founded in '44, but other than that, the trip went smoothly.

Things got a little crazy there, I'll admit. We spent most of our time getting other magazines liquored up to give us advertising leads. And we are proud to say that at the end of the night, the Squelch finally lost its virginity. We are less proud to say that it was to *Cosmo*. (Honestly, we tried for *Playboy*, but we're not made of money. That would be the *Cartoonish Plutocrat Review*, who didn't show up.) On the plus side, it knew 1,435 different ways to please a man.

So Happy Birthday, Squelch. Call us when you're 21 and maybe we'll invite you to one of our parties.



Words from the top

Come Join The **Squelch**

Meetings:
Wednesdays 7-8pm,
101 Wheeler

Submit at:
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September 28



Google Researches New Ways to Invade Privacy

By Max Ebert, *peeking through your Windows*

No longer content just to have better access to your personal information than you do, Google is stepping up research into new ways to invade your privacy. The research's main focus is invading the privacy of your own home.

"It's really one of the few privacy barriers we have left to break," says Google engineer Matt Johnson. "That's why we're releasing a new program: Google Theft!" Users of Google Theft will have their homes broken into by four burly men with the intention of taking everything in sight. The program is only in beta testing right now, but testers are already giving glowing reviews.

"I love Google Theft! My search results have never been

better," said one anonymous tester after having his blood type forcibly tested as per the request of another anonymous Google user.

When questioned about the constitutionality of such privacy violations, Google co-founder Larry Page responded, "Nowhere does it say in the Constitution that we can't do this." When made aware of the Fourth Amendment, Page changed all of the results for "4th amendment US constitution" to awkward-looking child pornography.

Despite their many technological and legal triumphs, Google employees remain humble. They cite Google Theft's greatest accomplishment as "headquarters never before having nicer furniture or televisions."

Movie Bombs Without Critical Cereal-Box Advertising

By Brett Hallahan, *is so cereal*

Wacky, Sass-Talking Animals, the latest computer-animated children's film about wacky, sass-talking animals, was a big disappointment at the box office, and the studio knows exactly what went wrong: a lack of advertisements on cereal boxes.

"It was such a fundamental mistake," says VP of Marketing Eric Larenger. "We thought we had made a movie good enough and appealing enough to attract an audience without cereal ads, or as we call it in the biz, 'breakfast messaging.' Boy, were we wrong."

In fact, recent studies have shown that ordinary people will almost never attend a new film unless they are constantly reminded of its existence. In one study done last year, 80% of people surveyed

were unable to recall any knowledge of *Spider-Man 3* ten minutes after seeing a trailer on television. By contrast, almost all subjects were able to demonstrate awareness of the film when in a room filled with *Spider-Man 3* merchandise.

"This is really a wake-up call for the industry," Larenger said with a sigh. "We cannot relax our vigilance even for a moment, or the audience is gone forever. We now know it simply isn't enough to advertise on television, billboards, clothing, fast food packaging, websites, toys, completely unrelated products, and even print media. If they don't see our logo and main character staring at them first thing in the morning, we might as well just hang it up and go home."

In Other News

Drunk Hijacker Demands to be Flown to Cancún
Page A4

Navel Gazer Finds Picture Fuzzy
Page D2

Gay Monster Remains in Closet
Page A6

Harrowing Near-Penis Sighting Jeopardizes Friendship
Page C12

Gotham City Inexplicably Approves Clown-Themed Nightclub

By Brett Hallahan, *is so serious*

In a move described by commentators as “moronic” and “unbelievably short-sighted”, the Gotham City Zoning Board yesterday approved plans for “Punchinello”, a new nightclub with an incredibly ill-conceived clown motif. Construction is to begin next month, defying the very rudiments of human logic.

“This is going to be great!” said club founder and fucking idiot Charles Cassidy after the hearing. “We’ll decorate it like an old Italian villa, have clown masks and pictures on the walls, and I think I can get some commedia del’arte costumes from that theater company downtown that closed after those mysterious deaths. Even the employees will wear clown masks, so no one will know who they are! I just know it’s going to be a big hit with promising young people with their whole lives ahead of them.”

Cassidy’s remarks were received with stunned silence and some scattered weeping.

The plan was strenuously objected to, particularly by Police Commissioner Gordon. “This plan is riddled with - I mean, full of flaws,” the Commissioner insisted. “It will be too noisy for its residential neighborhood, it backs right onto Crime Alley, and there are far too few emergency exits and poison-gas vents. It’s a disaster waiting to happen.”

Cassidy waved off the Commissioner’s criticisms, as well as his listing of the closure and/or destruction of every single Gotham business related to clowns, jokes, riddles, cats, plants, the number two, Greek mythology, ice, and giant replicas of everyday objects. “He’s a cop, he sees crime everywhere,” Cassidy said with confidence. “Just watch, soon everyone in Gotham City will associate a grinning clown with relaxation and good times.”

SPORTS DESK: You Suck at Beer Pong

By Sarah Jeong, *took bronze*

BEER PONG STANDINGS

1. Your Roommate
2. Roommate’s Gay(?) Friend
3. That One Hot Girl
4. Guy Who Is Always Hanging Around But You Don’t Know Who He’s Friends With
5. 30-year-old Alum Who No One Wants to Kick Out
6. Next Door Neighbor
7. Next Door Neighbor’s Cat
8. You

Anonymous sources revealed this morning that you suck at beer pong.

Since moving into your fraternity house in late August, you have spent every other night playing beer pong. Unfortunately, due to various factors, including your alleged summer-long abstinence from alcohol, your tolerance for Natty Ice has largely deteriorated. Coupled with your naturally bad hand-eye coordination, this has caused you to fail to win a single game of beer pong as of now.

“You are such a bitchass, bro,” your roommate crowed yesterday, over

his third consecutive victory of the night, as he unrolled the sleeves of his button-down shirt with an annoyingly smooth flourish. “You throw like some kind of a bitchass or something.” He then proceeded to do a one-handed kegstand. Later, as you both prepared to go to sleep, he bid you good night by saying, “Sweet dreams, bitchass!”

In other news, you have come down with some kind of a weird eye infection or something.

A Cult of Your Very Own!

In these uncertain times, when the world is changing too rapidly to keep track of and society seems just one more Hulk Hogan-themed reality show away from collapsing into utter chaos, many people will look anywhere for stability and guidance, even a piece of nonsensical bullshit scribbled on a cocktail napkin. But even economics can't help us now, so it's time to turn to God. "But which God?" you ask. "I'm too weak and indecisive to choose among so many faiths!" The answer is a simple, young one: emulate the actions of so many before you, by making up your own religion based on your pipe-dream observations and stuff you pulled out of your ass. With time and a lot of luck, you'll join the ranks of Jim Jones, Turkmenbashi, and Jesus!

Step 1: I am the (blank) thy (blank)

First up is choosing a figurehead to worship. A good idol will give you and your equally desperate and gullible followers a combination of teacher, role model, and imaginary friend. Here are some candidates for the job.

Subject of Worship	Pros	Cons
God	Elegantly simple name; versatile powers; invisible, so they can't prove he's <i>not</i> talking to you.	Jews and Christians tend to be a bit possessive of Him. Look how they reacted when Muslims changed his name, for Allah's sake.
Fictional Character	Already well-known; more entertaining than real people; sectarian strife easily resolved through game of "who would win in a fight?"	Copyright laws may inhibit construction of your Batman cathedral; St. Stifler unlikely to stand test of time.
Historical Figure	Can't complain; already plausibly in Heaven; plenty of relics available if you act fast.	You'd be surprised how popular depraved sexual indiscretions have been through the ages.

Step 2: In the Beginning was the Name

Once you get a mascot ironed out, it's time to work out a name with which to sell your divine product. The proper name imbues a new faith with dignity, meaning, and industry buzz. Unless you have a cool name like Confucius or Buddha, don't go with naming it after yourself. No one wants to join the First Church of Chuckianity or try to convert their friends to Weinberg-Hoffmanism. Instead, to the right, I've come up with some appropriately religious-sounding words to mix and match.

Truth-	-ism
Love-	-age
Hope-	-ology
Free-	-itude
Sanct-	-orama
Good-	-To The Max
Morm-	-tastic
Obama-	-osexuality
Crunk-	-oflatterdaysaints

Step 3: Dogma - No, not the Kevin Smith one with Alanis Morissette

Having by now attracted a crowd with your snazzy name and charismatic ranting, they're going to want some content. Your new religion will need a system of rules and virtues to help guide your new flock through the difficulties of life. It will also need silly, arbitrary rules that impede scientific progress or subjugate women for the hell of it if you want to hang with the big boys. Some examples of orthodoxy that'll be sure to bring in the parishioners:

- Church clothes include Halloween costumes
- Reset the calendar to begin the year Jimi Hendrix died
- Confession given entirely through charades
- Begin every service with Green Lantern oath
- Some sort of vague admonition to resist oppression that could easily be reinterpreted to authorize bloody warfare
- Bring back Viking funerals – those were so boss!
- Sermons can discuss politics, but only those of 19th century Austria
- Maybe something about peace and love, if there's time

With luck, you'll soon have a loyal coterie of followers willing to obey your every command and buy you smokes. Next up: pricing isolated desert compounds and powdered drink mix. And remember, when the road gets rocky and the state troopers have almost made it through the outer wall, you never read this article and everything was God's idea.

Trust me.

THE GRE AS WRITTEN

BY THE INTERNET

by Aaron Brownstein

Reading Comprehension

After reading the following passages, choose the best answer for each question.

1.



Which of the following best summarizes the main point the author is trying to make?

- A) "Zippers are a menace."
- B) "Proper pubic hair maintenance is important"
- C) "kawaii ~*(^o_0^)#~~!!!!"
- D) "I wish I had something to do besides make these."
- E) "This cat has Palsy."

2.

Goku never thought he would feel this way about Vegeta, especially not after they both had been transformed into pregnant dragons. It was only when Vegetasaur's tongue found its way to Gokudon's taint that it dawned on him just how much he cared for him. Soon, Gokudon's scaly nipples hardened like diamonds, and a glow began to take over him.

"It's happening, Vegeta!" Gokudon shrieked.

"Do it. Give birth on me, Kakarot."

Vegetasaur cooed.

Little did either of them know that Captain Picard watched in the darkness. Except he was an adult baby.

The two lovers' lack of knowledge of Picard's gaze is known as:

- A) Laissez Faire
- B) Foreshadowing
- C) Incredibly hot
- D) Dramatic irony
- E) Perestroika

Sentence Completion

Choose the word or set of words for each blank that best fits the meaning of the sentence as a whole.

The Master Chief's whole body shook. "I'm _____ inside of you!" he screamed. "I love you, _____!"

- A) Orgasming, Hermione
- B) Defecating, Xena Warrior Princess
- C) Copulating, The Cast of Cheers
- D) Obfuscating, Jurisprudence
- E) Twitterpating, Thumper

Analogy

Choose the lettered pair that best expresses a relationship similar to that in the original pair.

Ubuntu : Vista ::

- A) Helvetica : Arial
- B) Resplendency : Groin Pain
- C) Open Source : Apartheid South Africa
- D) The way talking dogs are cute : The way talking cats are terrifying
- E) LOL : ROFL, I WANT STEVE JOBS'S BABY INSIDE ME

Analytical Writing

Present your perspective on one of the issues below, using relevant reasons and/or examples to support your views.

1. "Critics of the environmentalist movement claim that industrial regulation hurts the economy more than it helps the planet. Respond to this claim using only actions surrounded in asterisks."
2. "Your W0man Will Be Stupefied By Your ErectionSuperViagra \$2.27 vqh 6h0y"
3. "Just as a purging fire is sometimes necessary to maintain the health of a forest, perhaps it's not such an injustice that I'm no longer a Wikipedia admin."
4. "Tolerance and progress, taken to extremes, are incompatible. With this in mind, troll the *Neopets* message boards."

Top Ten Ill-Conceived Children's Computer Games

10. Oregon Trail of Tears
9. The Typing Rebellion
8. Where in the World is Daddy?
7. Meth Blaster
6. Backyard Ultimate Fighting
5. The Incredible War Machine
4. Breeder Rabbit
3. Putt-Putt Enters the Gay Pride Parade
2. Flogger
1. Sim Rwanda

Top Fifteen Legal Teen Movies

15. Lean on Me for Bail
14. Encino Manslaughter
13. Kill Bill... Before it Becomes a Law!
12. Cruel Injunctions
11. She's All That the Complaint Alleges
10. Stand and Deliver the Verdict
9. Ex Parte!
8. Sixteen Candles and Four Years Probation
7. Can't Hardly Litigate
6. Say Anything and it Can and Will Be Used against You in a Court of Law.
5. You Got Served a Subpoena
4. Step Up 2 the Bench
3. The Jury Finds that John Tucker Must Die
2. Ferris Bueller's Monthly Day Off
1. Don't Tell Mom the Babysitter's Dead and you Risk Becoming an Accomplice

Top Fifteen Financially Transmitted Diseases

15. Mutual Fungus
14. Financial AIDS
13. Savingsaregonorrhea
12. Hepatitis C bonds
11. Dow Syndrome
10. Stock Itch
9. Yeast Investment
8. Gross Spread
7. Savian Flu
6. Runs on the Bank
5. Yencephalitis
4. HPVCNBC
3. Trickle-Down Economics
2. S&Peeing Blood 500
1. €nary Tract Infection

scenes from a drama improv troupe

Suggestions from the Audience

Improvise 1: All right, for this scene, we're going to need a trope. Tropes, anyone?

Audience Member 1: A wedding cancelled due to a miscarriage!

Audience Member 2: A man, trapped, sees no other recourse but to end his life!!

Audience Member 3: A man beats his wife because his father taught him that love was desperate and hateful!

Improvise 1: Miscarriage, I heard miscarriage.

Café Scene

Improvise 3: Okay, we've got our scene: a café with Immanuel Kant and King Edward VII. Now, can we have an inner conflict?

Audience Members 1 and 2: Oedipal complex!

[Everyone laughs cathartically.]



A Stumper

Improvise 4: Damn it, Susan, I put my whole life into that painting! How could you take that away from me?

Improvise 5: Uh... I, um... shit.

Audience Member 1: Starved for affection!

Improvise 5: Right. Steve, it was consuming everything! You paid more attention to that painting than your own wife! [Whispers to Audience Member] Thank you...

Bartender

Improvise 2: Okay, now we're going to play "Bartender". First up is Randall. Randall is despondent about something, what is he despondent about?

Audience Member 1: Crippling ennui!

Audience Member 2: A friendship irrevocably slipping away!

Improvise 2: Ennui it is!

Randall: [Drinks silently, sighs.]

Audience: [Empathizes wildly.]

the **Heuristic**
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Needs Business People Badly!

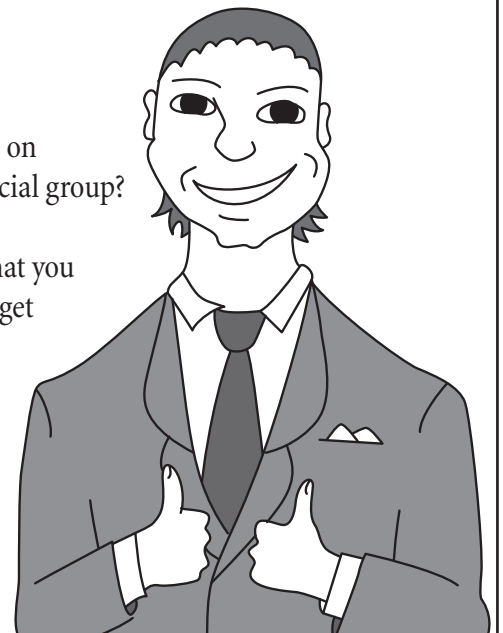
Do you like working with **small businesses**?

How about working with **finances**?

Then how would you like to hold a position on the most exciting magazine on campus that's not centered around a writing style/political party/major/racial group?

The **Squelch** is looking for exactly the kind of enterprising upstart that you are! By joining the **Heuristic Squelch** business staff, you can get experience in finance, negotiation, and organization! Not to mention the perks of being a part of the most widely-read publication on campus!

If you or someone you know is interested in joining the Squelch business staff, contact **business@squelched.com** today!



The Carnie Life

Every now and then I find myself thinking, “Max, what if carnies were real people? Where would they go? What would they do?” As it turns out, this summer I had the distinct displeasure of working at the Santa Cruz Boardwalk as a ride operator. My experiences there changed me into one of them forever.

These are the untold stories of Carnie life.

Work

Child: I can't get my seatbelt on. Can you help me?

Me: Yeah whatever, no one helped me in life. You can figure it out like I did.

Child: Doesn't this ride go upside down?

Me: Maybe. I stop paying attention after I start the ride. Here we go!

-One minute later-

Prostitute: So, are we gonna do this or do you want to wait till the ride's finished?

Me: Baby, I didn't wake up at ten fuckin' thirty for any of your fancy city talk. I did it to start drinking. Anyway, let's have sex.

Prostitute: Oh yeah, let's-- OH MY GOD! Some kid just fell off that ride! I think he's dead.

Me: Don't look at me. I told him to put his fucking seatbelt on.

Basic Necessities

Grocery Store Clerk: You're purchasing how many bottles of tequila?

Me: Just 10. I'm not very thirsty today. Oh, and I need a lime.

Clerk: If you don't mind me asking sir, what do you eat?

Me: That's what the lime is for, dumbass. That and scurvy.

Clerk: Okay. That brings your total to 214 dollars and 62 cents. How will you be paying today?

Me: With the green paper stuff. What's it called?

Clerk: Cash?

Me: Yeah, that's it. *[Hands over green paper stuff]*

Clerk: Sir, this isn't money. This is just green construction paper that you scribbled numbers all over. Even then, it still only adds up to fifty cents.

Me: Read the back.

Clerk: “WYL U IZ REEDING THIS I IZ TAKING BOOZ AND RUNING.” God dammit, not again!

Dating

Me: So the point of my story is if you're not careful you can end up with herpes in BOTH your eyes!

Woman: That...that's disgusting.

Me: Hey don't judge until you've tried it.

Woman: Okay yeah, I'm definitely leaving now.

Me: Just like my wife on my eleventh birthday last year? Women! You're all the same. You're more immature than my 3 year old son. Or his three year old, for that matter!

Woman: Did you say eleven? You told me you were Gary Busey!

That's the only reason I'm here!

Me: Naw, that's my daddy.

Woman: I thought you said your daddy was Robert Downey Jr.?

Me: Naw, that's my other daddy. Maw was pretty drunk. That's why I got me a speech impediment.

Safety Training

Boss: So we don't really know what this button does, or why it's here, but legend is that it was pressing this button what gave Frank polio. So don't press this button.

Me: Right.

Boss: Next up, this piece of equipment is really dangerous and shouldn't be operated if you've been drinking.

Me: But how am I supposed to get through the day without tequila?

Boss: Pssh. Okay, if you've been drinking pussy shit like tequila, that's fine, princess. I meant really drinkin'.

Me: There's a lot of sparks comin' out of this wire. What should I do about that?

Boss: Shit, we need more gum.

Hanging Out With Co-Workers

Jeb: Damn, sometimes it's just good to hang out outside of the workplace. Specifically, in the parking lot.

Charley: You gonna eat that cigarette?

Jeb: *Hell* yes, the filter is where all the vitamins are.

Me: You guys ever see that ghost that walks around the Fried Beer stand?

Charley: Aw, you mean ol' Carnie McGee? He's somethin' of a legend around these parts.

Jeb: According to myth, he was president of the carnies, until he disbanded our union in exchange for half of a Meat-Lover's pizza. Some say he was struck by lightning while hosing off vomit. Some contend he died of a broken heart after his wife left him for her other nephew. Charley says he saw him get hit by a motorcycle.

Charley: And he's been haunting the park ever since, for a whole week.

- Max Ebert



Student Groups: A Field Guide

Congratulations on missing the deadline for private school applications! Welcome to Cal!

Remember how in high school you had to put up with a lot of bullshit extracurricular activities and student groups? Remember how everyone in high school said things were going to be different in college? It's okay, crushed dreams and disappointment are the unofficial mascots of higher education. The official mascot is a bear! Who drinks.

Here's a handy guide to the groups that will be hassling you this year to join, and what you can do to avoid them.

Big Treble in Little China

Group Type: Shrill A Capella Band.

Catalog Description: "How often have you find yourself walking down Sproul wishing there was a group of amateurs yelling 15-year-old songs at you without music? How often have you wished those songs were in Cantonese, arguably the



most beautiful glottal-stop-based language in the world? Well, worry no more!"

Group Activities: Forming human rhythm section and giant roadblock.

How to Avoid: Seek refuge with the Taiwanese A Capella group.

Finnish Neo-Orthodox Traditionalist Student Union

Group Type: Christian/Ethnic Fellowship

Catalog Description: "Members of our extremely specific faith will find our meetings a fun and

safe environment for us to discuss the trivial aspects that marginally differentiate us from other branches of Christianity."

Group Activities:

Holding meetings, barbecues, flyering for said meetings and barbecues.

How to Avoid: Pray that you are one of the 99.99674% of students on campus whose historical origins render them ineligible for membership.



CalPIRG

Group Type: Excuse me! Hiiii. I was wondering if I could talk to you for a minute?

Catalog Description: Have you pledged CalPIRG yet? Ex—excuse me, it'll just take a second, have you pledged CalPIRG? Oh. May I ask why not? I realize you're busy, but this will really only take a short while, we're



talking to people about the environment. Did you know—Excuse me. Hello. Can I walk with you for a little bit?

Group Activities: Hiiii, what's your name? Hi, I'm Denise.

How to Avoid: Be a Republican.

Õs Mandíbulas

Group Type: Renowned Brazilian Street Gang, Berkeley Chapter

Catalog Description: "Perfect for those who seek cultural and personal fulfillment from peers of a similar socioeconomic background who are also skilled in varieties



of street combat such as Krav Maga, Capoeira, and "Give Me Your Fucking Purse."

Group Activities: Tattoos, talking about tattoos, lifting weights, tattooing pictures of weights on your chest (on which a dumbbell is currently resting).

How to Avoid: Carry nothing of value past 9 PM.

Cal LARPing Society

Group Type: More of a party of swashbucklers than a group, technically.

Catalog Description: "A group dedicated to the rollicking adventures of roleplaying and committed to furthering understanding about the nature and worth of adventure games in a post-electronic society."



Midgets wanted."

Group Activities: Adventuring, spellcasting, exploring the dismal depths of Travis's Cellar. Fishing dice out from under the Couch Of Sitting. Perilous journeys to the 7-11 Of . . . Provisions.

How to Avoid: Make saving throw.

Knuckles and Poison

Group Type: Shadowy Cabal of People Who Like Cocaine.

Catalog Description: "Knuckles and Poison has been Cal's premier secret society since 1899. Operating underneath the campus radar, its existence has remained a total and complete secret to every student until . . . today, I guess. *Shit!*"



Group Activities: Covertly controlling everything from the tenure system, to financial aid, to how high a tuition hike the ASUC should unquestioningly approve.

How to Avoid: Do not go into Ishi Court on a moonless night at the strike of one. While there, do not whisper "excelsior" until a man comes to put a damp cloth to your face. Do not heed his instructions carefully.



Lambda Sigma Rho

Group Type: Pre-Vocational Ed Fraternity

Catalog Description: Whether you want to be a carpenter or just really like hammers, Lambda Sigma Rho is for you. We offer a hands-on approach to education for students who understand that the real world needs more plumbers and electricians, not literacy. Our fraternity boasts the largest number of students in any organization at Cal to attend ITT Technical Institute for post-graduate work. We are also the only fraternity on campus to make our own kegs.

Group Activities: Going to New Orleans during Spring Break and *actually* rebuilding.

How to Avoid: Have a major.

The Republicans

Group Type: Surly Defender of Real American Values.

Catalog Description: Writing trenchant editorials blasting California's tax-and-spend fiscal policies and the erosion of marriage. Also the fucking hippies.

Group Activities: Being contrarian. Arguing with the ASUC that funding based on liberal fallacies like "group size" is for pussies.

How to Avoid: Join CalPIRG.



During the period known as "Rumspringa," Amish youth are permitted to leave their insular communities and explore the world of the modern American teenager. Most return to be baptized, but a slim minority chooses to stay in the high-fat, high-octane world of the modern United States.

The following is the diary of one of those renegades:

August 25, 2008

Today is the day I leave for my journey into the technological den of the heathen, and already I am excited to see what kind of electronic pitchforks and wireless chicken coops everyone will have. I hugged my diligent sister and her industrious unborn child goodbye and set off into the world.

August 26, 2008

While crossing the street the other day, I was accosted by a large turtle with big rubber feet who made honking noises at me. Just kidding, I knew it was a car. I'm Amish, not retarded.

August 28, 2008

I wore pants with a zipper today and have yet to be possessed by the Prince of Darkness. Will keep checking.

September 1, 2008

Wish me luck, diary, I'm going to an inner-city high school for the first time today! I'm a little bit nervous, all the other kids at school are probably going to have better-looking clothes, faster horses, and more pristine Bibles than me.

September 5, 2008

While I appreciate my new high school friends' hospitality and their desire to entertain me, I'm beginning to wonder if there's any other movie beside *Witness*.

September 7, 2008

I gave a sermon today explaining that electricity is the lightning of Hell. I think I made my point well enough, but the people in the Intensive Care Unit weren't very enthusiastic.

September 15, 2008

I still felt like I didn't fit in at school until I met the Goths. Today I exchanged my black suit for a different black suit and talked morosely about hellfire and damnation. I don't think anyone noticed the change.

September 24, 2008

As fun as school is, it doesn't quite compare to my father clubbing me with a carpenter's mallet while screaming the Psalms in Dutch. I think I'll drop out and try working for a while.

September 26, 2008

My job search is going slowly. I guess everyone already has their own barn.

September 29, 2008

Success! I just got back from my first day of work as a cashier at a personal entertainment store called "Rasputin Records." I don't know anything about what I'm supposed to be selling, but I am very good at being judgmental and condescending about what people buy, so I ought to be manager within a few weeks.

October 2, 2008

Why is it so hard for people to relate to me here? Look, I know we all have our differences, but underneath it we're all the same, right? We all have fears and hopes, we all have families and loved ones, we're all indoctrinated into an oppressive society plagued with incest and a rejection of medicine and inoculation that borders on hubris. What's the problem?

October 4, 2008

I met a cute girl at work who I think really likes me, but it feels like things aren't going very well. I mean, we aren't even married yet.

October 7, 2008

Megan and mine's first date was amazing! I don't know if making out while listening to Feist is specifically considered a sin, but I'm starting to think this might be worth missing out on a heaven consisting of making your own candles and cider all day. I'm so fucking sick of cider.

October 18, 2008

My time in the non-Amish world is coming to a close, and I must make my decision soon. I'm really torn on this one. On the one hand, I have my family and the security of community, as well as the strength of their traditions and the beauty of their faith, but on the other hand, I have *Rock Band*. Have you ever played that? There's like, seriously, a billion songs. A guy I know downloaded an entire Who album. Shit, I'm gonna go play that *right now*. Fuck my family.



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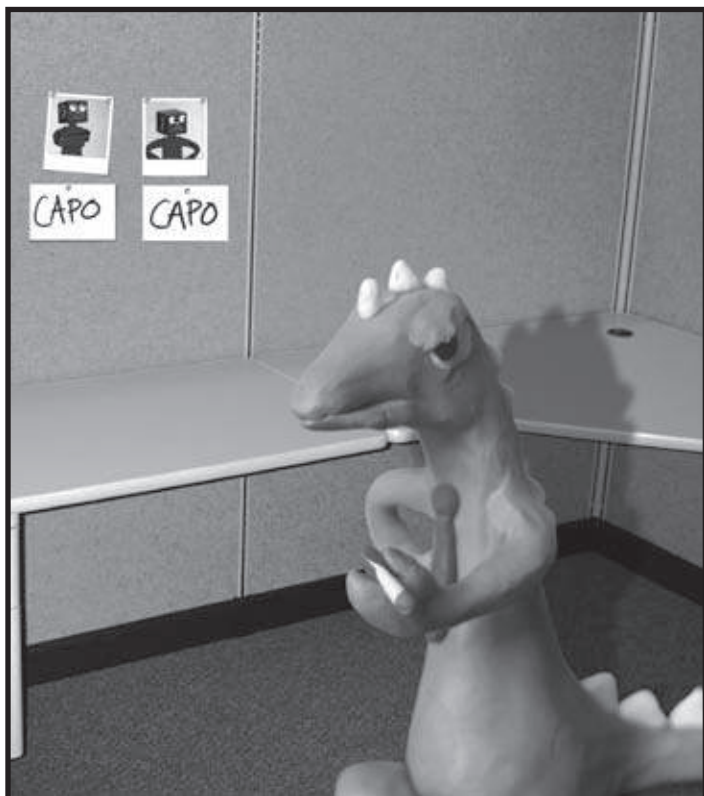
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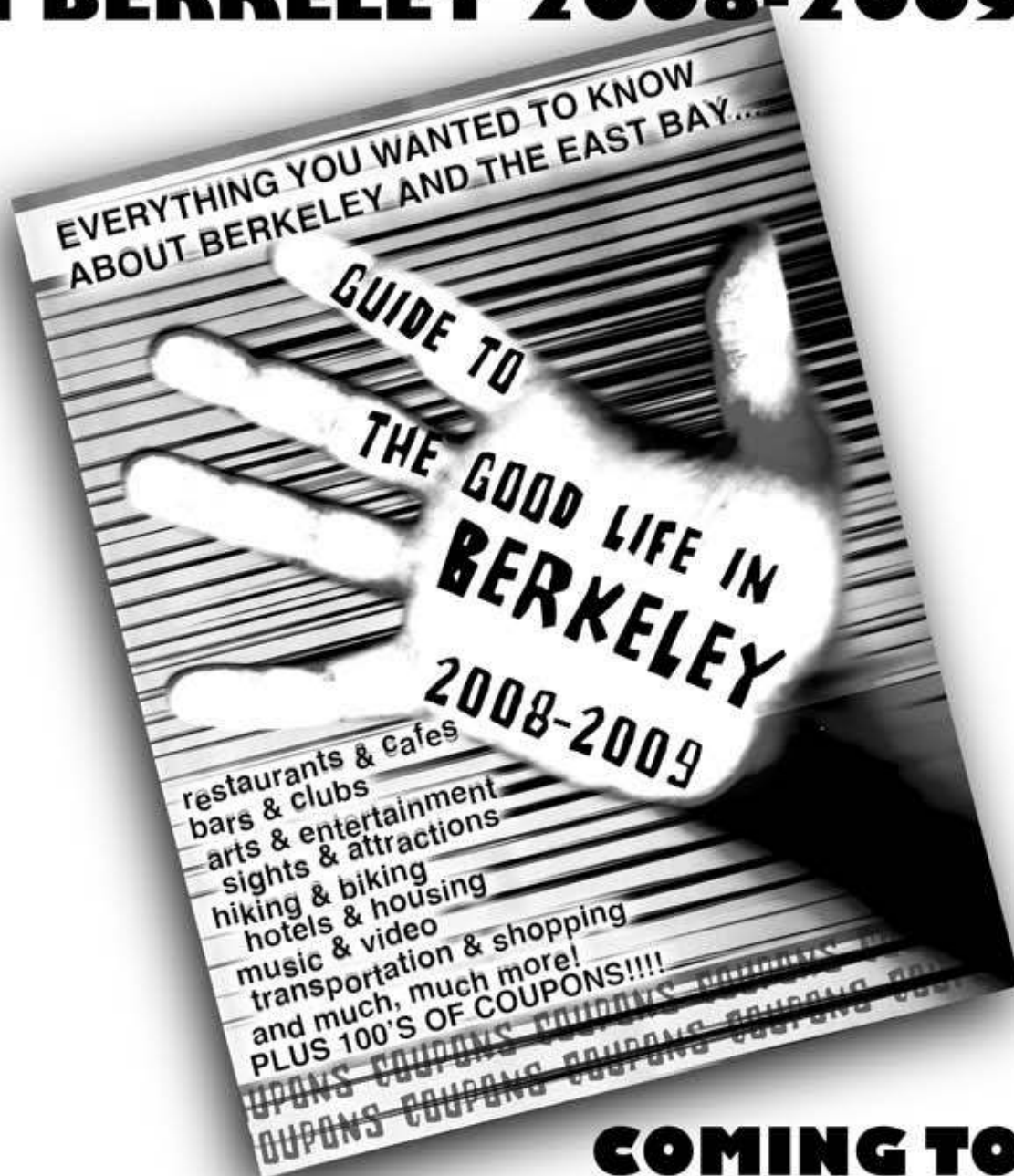
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**COMING TO A
DOORSTEP NEAR YOU!**



**IF YOU SEE THIS STICKER, THEY HAVE
\$\$ SAVING COUPONS IN THE BOOK**

Ask Miss Methiquette



Dear Miss Methiquette,
No matter what I try, my common-law husband always takes more than his fair share of meth. He says that because he's bigger, he requires more to get high, but according to our police records we both weigh around 80 pounds. I don't want to lose this guy (he's a keeper!!) but I need my fix! What can I do?
-Shortchanged in Schenectady

Dear Shortchanged,
If a loved one is being greedy, cordially remind him that when it comes to crystal in a community setting, fair distribution and moderation are top priority. If he persists, cutting his eye with a sharpened Venetian blind ought to remind him more effectively.
-Miss Methiquette

Dear Miss Methiquette,
What is the proper etiquette for furiously clawing at one's forearms? I often find myself with the urge to dig out the poison from underneath my skin, but don't know if it would be rude to do so while, say, screaming at everyone who walks through the BART station. Help!
-Abraded in Alameda

Dear Abraded,
Scratching oneself in public should be avoided at all costs. If you absolutely must, do it in someplace private, like the bathroom of a Quizno's or in the home of someone who forgot to lock their window.
-Miss Methiquette

Dear Miss Methiquette,
I'm usually a neat freak, but recently my hospice has become something of a pigsty, mostly due to hours on end spent frantically dismantling appliances and government spy equipment in the dark. Any tips for making the most of my cluttered squalor?
-Sloppy in Stockton

Dear Sloppy,
An organized home is a happy one. Set aside a workstation to take apart every broken cell phone, baby monitor, toaster, and mini-fridge that you find on the sidewalk.
-Miss Methiquette.

Dear Miss Methiquette
How much does one tip for an Abe of crank? My friend and I have a gentleman's wager.
-Vexed in Vallejo

Dear Vexed,
While tipping is always appreciated, it can sometimes be misinterpreted as flashy and nouveau-riche if you overdo it. Stick to oral.
-Miss Methiquette

Dear Miss Methiquette,
I just moved to a different city, and I'm looking to make a fresh start with a new dealer. How can I show my new friend and pusher that I am a collected, responsible client who won't snitch?
-Restless in Riverside

Dear Restless,
It's the little things that count. Keeping your fingernails neat and trim is a crucial part of daily hygiene and you should make time for cuticle upkeep every day. Also, remember to feed your baby.
-Miss Methiquette

Dear Miss Methiquette,
My in-laws are coming to visit, and I don't want them to think me a rube. What goes well with ginger-glazed Mahi Mahi and organic spring greens?
-Frazzled in Fresno

Dear Frazzled,
Meth.
-Miss Methiquette

Top Fifteen Post-Apocalyptic Children's Books

15. Where the Red Fern Glows
14. Alexander and the Terrible, Horrible, No Good, Very Bad Existence
13. The Solar Excess
12. Frog and Toad Are Potential Meals
11. Everybody Poops Blood
10. James and the Giant Tumor
9. Heather Has Two Torsos
8. See Spot Run Low on Rations
7. Island of the Man-Eating Dolphins
6. Sam I Am Legend
5. Curious George Goes to NORAD
4. Horton Hears an H-Bomb
3. Go Dog Go See if You Can Find Survivors
2. Where the Wild Things Were
1. Are You There, God? Oh, that's Right, No.

Top Fifteen Classic Zombie Movies

15. Brain Man
14. Touch of Evil Dead
13. Resident Evil: Apocalypse Now
12. 28 Days of Wine and Roses Later
11. The Madness of King George A. Romero
10. Rescue Dawn of the Dead
9. Rotting Hill
8. Voodoo the Right Thing
7. Citizen Decaying
6. The Longest Graveyard
5. It's a Wonderful Afterlife
4. No Country for Dead Men
3. Gone With the Limbs
2. Superman Returns from the Dead
1. Some Like it Rot

Top Ten Slogans for the Car with No Wheels

10. Almost a hovercar!
9. Fuel efficient.
8. The safest off-road vehicle.
7. Treat yourself to a stay-cation.
6. Use a cell phone legally!
5. The world's #1 stationary wagon.
4. Built-in protections against theft.
3. Wheels wanted.
2. Driving is pretending
1. It just sits there ... Like a rock!

So You're Going to Hell...

Led a life of debauchery? Sinned against nature? Rejected the legitimacy of your one/multiple true God/gods? Use this handy reference to see just what you ought to expect.

Catholicism

What Your Hell is Like: Not as grandiose or visually striking as Vatican paintings imply.

Why You're Here: Did not purchase indulgence.

Company: Serial killers, rapists, sex ed teachers.

Tormentor(s): Lee Harvey Oswald.

Way Out: Knowing a guy.

Protestantism

What Your Hell is Like: Forcibly gay married to Richard Dawkins.

Why You're Here: Too poor.

Company: People foolish enough to live before Christ.

Tormentor(s): Creatures evolving just to spite you.

Way Out: Besting Satan in *Fiddle Hero*.

Islam

What Your Hell is Like: A searing pit where sinners and Shaitan alike suffer in flames that are 70 times hotter than those on Earth, away from the garden of delight that is Paradise.

Why You're Here: Disobeyed one of the five (if Sunni) or eight (if Shi'a) pillars of faith or performed the most grievous crime of hypocrisy by claiming to accept Allah and Mohammed but denouncing them in your heart.

Company: Betrayers and usurers in a tiered system of punishment similar to - but distinct from - the Christian Dantean viewpoint.

Tormentor(s): A horde of the most fiendish ifrits and djinns, nightmare creatures made of smokeless fire.

Way Out: Please don't have our funding taken away.

Buddhism

What Your Hell is Like: Forced to own massive amount of property.

Why You're Here: Misinterpreted vague poem about lotus flower or bee or whatever.

Company: Bully who picked on Buddha in 4th grade.

Tormentor(s): Monks embarrassingly more serene than you.

Way Out: Ask politely.

Judaism

What Your Hell is Like: Since you don't believe in Hell, you're actually stuck in the really shitty part of Heaven.

Why You're Here: You couldn't have called ahead for reservations maybe?

Company: Those awful, noisy Pakowicz next door, on my worst enemy's *dog* I wouldn't wish this kind of treatment.

Tormentors: Overbearing mothers.

Way Out: Go to med school, why don't you.

Hinduism

What Your Hell is Like: Trapped in chasm, only allowed 4 sexual positions.

Why You're Here: Reincarnated as another dead guy.

Company: Whatever the opposite of a cow is.

Tormentors: The studio that brought you *The Love Guru*.

Way Out: Die (again).

Scientology

What Your Hell is Like: Simultaneously receiving psychiatric care and not enough attention.

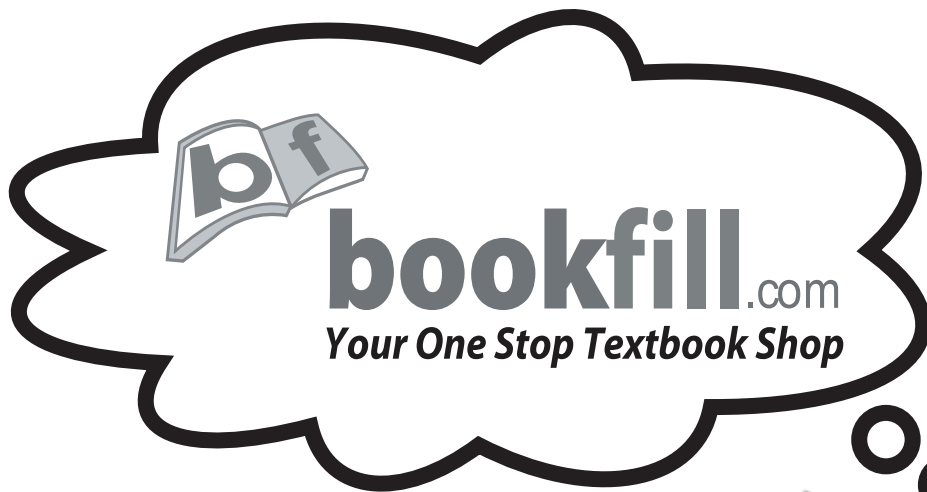
Why You're Here: Insufficiently crazed proselytizing.

Company: Ghost aliens. No, seriously. Ghost aliens.

Tormentors: L. Ron Hubbard laughing at you atop a boat made of money.

Way Out: Give him more money.

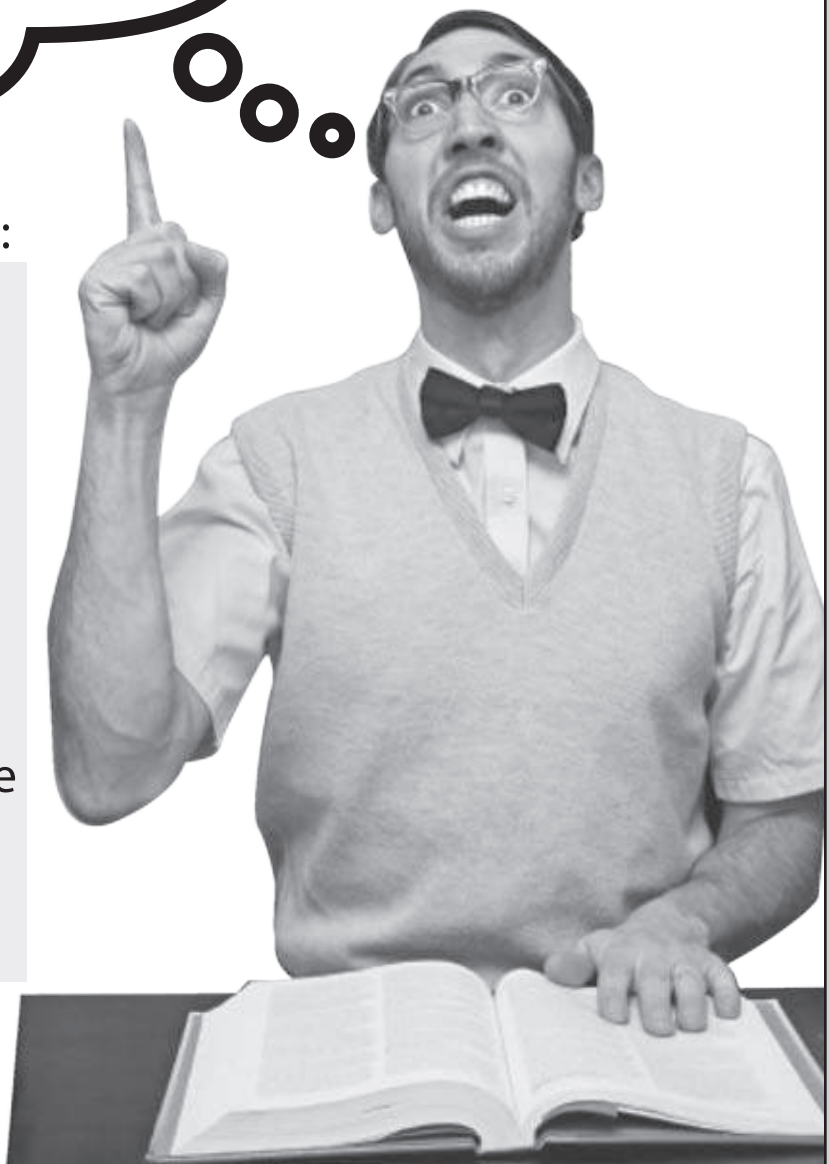
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You Don't Have to Be Devastatingly Poor to Work Here -- BUT IT HELPS!!

From the Desk of
G. Allen Rogers
Sweatshop Human Resources Rep

WAL★MART™

Wal-Mart Manufacturing Plant #406B, Amacuapa, Honduras

TO: ABUSED LABORERS

FROM: HUMAN RESOURCES

RE: QUALITY CONTROL

Hey everyone, I know you're busy toiling and everything, but there's a couple things that the higher-ups and their private army have expressed a great deal of concern and desire to cut off hands about. First, though, I'd just like to wish an extra happy 12th birthday to our co-worker Juana. We all know what you wanted this year, and while we couldn't find you a cure for your tuberculosis per se, we all chipped in and bought a cloth for you to cover your mouth with. Really, though, you should use it. We can't let you get any more blood on the *Iron Man* shirts.

Which brings me to my next point. We've received a couple complaints about the quality of what rolls out of our plant. Apparently, a few products are showing up at the distribution center covered with tears and sewed-in pleas for labor legislation. Guys, I hate to be the bad guy, but I think these kinds of mistakes are the results of that old bugaboo, stress. Stress is a real problem in the textile industry, what with the constantly having lit cigarettes thrown at you by your boss, but there are a few ways of dealing with it:

- Bring a snack to nibble on intermittently through the day to spice things up. Just make sure it's not too sugary, we don't want bats giving everyone Lyme disease again.
- Talking to your co-workers, while strictly forbidden, is a good way to stave off feelings of overwhelming despair. While the guards aren't looking, devise a secret language comprised of clicks and foot-tapping to converse with your colleagues. Talk about anything: TV, music, juntas you're thinking about supporting, anything.
- The #1 cause of stress is being overworked. Make sure to take a break every 15 or so hours.

EMPLOYMENT APPLICATION

PERSONAL INFORMATION

Name: _____
First Middle Last

Address: _____
Hovel # Shanty Town Name

Contact Info: () _____
Home Phone #/Pay Phone Near Abandoned Mill You Squat In

What hours are best for us to send a hit squad to contact you? _____ to _____

Desired Pay Range: ☐ 20 grains of rice per hour ☐ 40 grains of rice per two hours

Education Level:

- ☐ Can Remember Own Name
- ☐ Learned to Read Wrinkled Copy of *Us Weekly* in Orphanage
- ☐ Post-Orphanage

What Was Your Last Job Before Amnesty International Shut it Down?





Good price for barbecue tongs

SafeSearch is off probably

Shit, I Just Woke Up

Hang On a Sec

Web

Results 1 - 10 of about 169,000,000 for Good price for barbecue tongs. (0.16 seconds)

Uh...Okay. Barbecue Tongs

I think this might be something. Oh, wait, no, don't click this, this is one of those fake Myspases...

www.myspace.com/BBQTONGSHELLYEzAH

Good Price For Barbecue Tongs.com

How about this? Does this work?

www.goodpriceforbarbecueTongs.com

Shit

That didn't work.

www.goddammitimtrying.com

Good Price For Barbecue Tongs - Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

This, maybe this is a thing.

www.wikipedia.org/Good_price_for_barbecue_tongs

What, is that not enough?

Jesus, you're demanding. This is really hard. I don't think you appreciate how hard finding this shit is.

www.youareungratefulandihateyou.net

Good Price For Barbecue Tongs.org

Try this, then.

www.goodpriceforbarbecueTongs.org

Good Price For Barbecue Tongs.gov

Or this, maybe your precious government can help you with your stupid quest to find cheap tongs

www.goodpriceforbarbecueTongs.gov

Seriously, why do you even need to know how much barbecue tongs cost?

Just buy the first pair you find, they're all pretty much the same

www.ortjustuseaforkyoubighomo.com

That's it. That's all I got.

I'm having a rough day. I'm tired of looking for inane shit.

[www.DoYouRealizeHowManyTimesIHadToSearchFor\"mileycyrus+naked\"To day?.net](http://www.DoYouRealizeHowManyTimesIHadToSearchFor\)

Fuck You

You're an asshole. Here's a search for you: "Why do I eat so many dicks?"

www.seriously.co.uk

Why Don't You Search For These Instead?

Porn

I have a whole lot of porn. Why don't you try searching for Porn?

www.ReallyThisIsALotOfPorn.edu

MSPaint

How about I draw something in MSPaint something for you? I can do that real quick

www.liketwominutestops.com

Videos of Cats

Look at all these videos of cats.

Please. Enough with the Tongs.

www.barbecueTongsaregay.org

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Good price for barbecue tongs

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AL GORE

His Master Plan of a Com-Fueled
Superinternet and Why It Must Be Stopped

These Kids and Their MySpace
What's Up with Them?

Are There Snakes in
YOUR LAPTOP?

I Think There a Bunch of Snakes in Your Laptop,
I Need You To Check *Right Now*

Who Do You Trust:
Washington Insiders or the Voices?

Nuclear Power

The Rambling, Incoherent Case For It

What Was That Noise?

