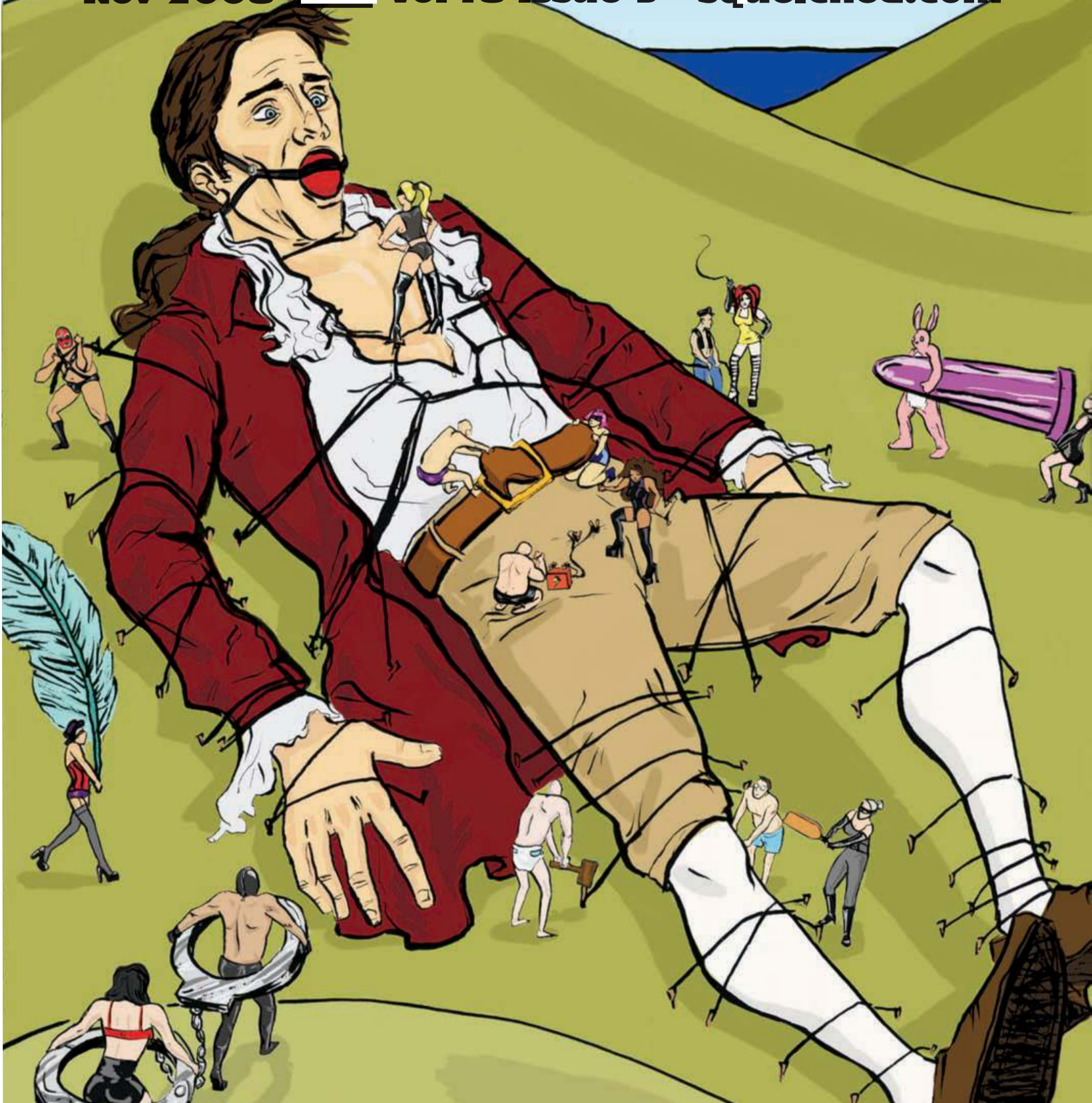


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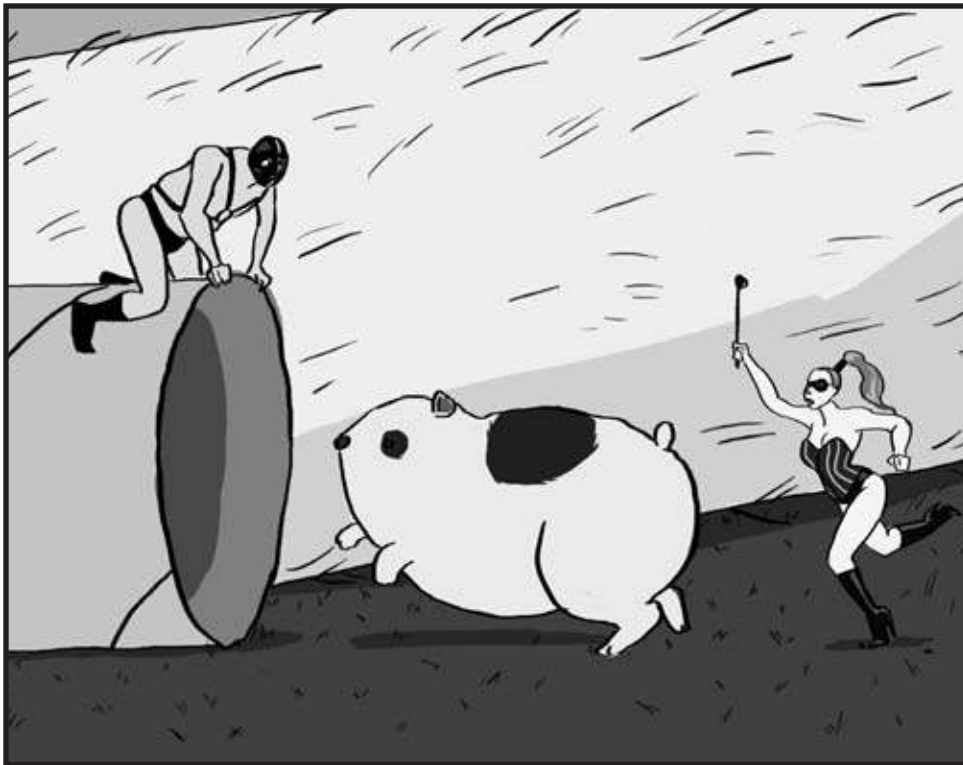
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the heuristic squelch

BREAKING OUR PROMISES SINCE 1991

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(giving you up, letting you down)

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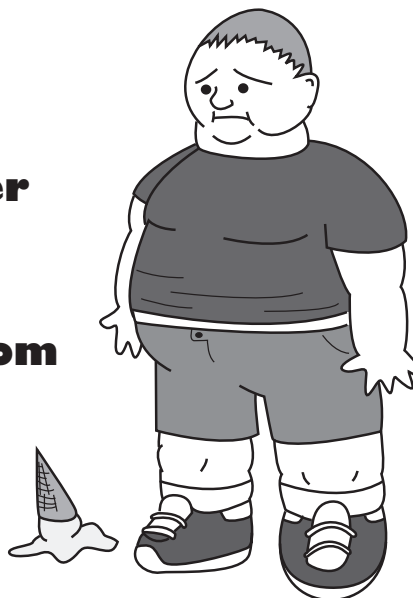
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So Apparently There Was an Election

When I tell people that I'm a comedy writer, people usually ask me "Who are you?" and "Why are you talking to me?" and "I'm sorry, we're looking for someone more qualified to fill this position." Afterwards, though, they'll often follow up by asking "Boy, you're probably going to miss Bush, huh? He probably provided you with a lot of material, eh?" I usually respond to this with a noncommittal snort or a dismissive "Yeah, well...", and then walk out of the manager's office of Kinkos in tears. The point is, everyone seems to think that comedians are going to mourn the loss of Bush as if it were the death of the goose that laid diamond-encrusted King Midases. The truth is, it's not that big of a deal.

For one thing, Bush isn't even actually the most comically bad president the United States has ever had. This title actually goes to Bounthreford Hunt, a southern Democrat elected in the waning years of the Gilded Age who was actually mentally retarded. Hunt's three terms included several scandals, such as a disastrous war with Mongolia and the incident when the president accidentally swallowed a baby during a state of the union address. Hunt was so bad that once time travel was invented in 2004, Congress elected to go back in time and have him removed from history. The mission was a success, and only had slight unforeseen consequences, including World War I and, of course, time travel never being invented.

Also, while Bush was, at least in his early days, a fountainhead of comedy, nowadays his shtick of running the country into the ground has gotten pretty tired and, frankly, trite. While it was a blast to make fun of the leader of the free world almost dying from not chewing a pretzel all the way, people losing their pensions and footage of roadside bombs going off are hardly inherently funny, unless they're set to frantic circus music, a function not available to the print media, sadly.

Politicians will always be incompetent, and there'll always be things to make fun of. And we here at the Squelch won't miss George Bush too terribly, because we'll still always have our shameful, shameful memories. That is, until HR 10998.7 passes in 2018.



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Cloyne Renovations Reveal that Despite Budget Cuts, Magic Remains

by Sebastian Shepard, on the fairy dust

The President of Berkeley's Student Co-Operative has announced that legendary Cloyne Court will continue massive construction next semester, mostly with the aid of the supernatural. In the face of the massive cuts to public education proposed by Gov. Schwarzenegger, the tenants of Cloyne turned to witchcraft to solve their problems, as they have done in response to virtually every other problem life has thrown their way.

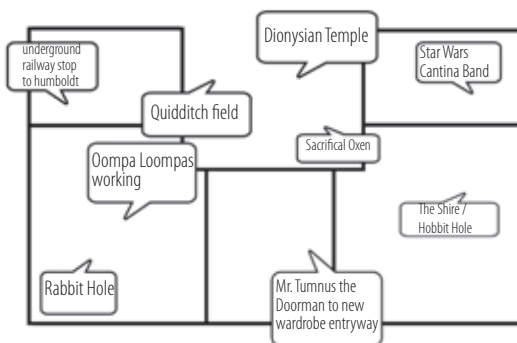
Cloyne's democratically elected shaman Tannhaus celebrated the cooperation of the mythical community after riding into the interview on a unicorn. "It really is a triumph of cooperative living – man, beast, and fairy

now work together to provide affordable housing and adequate mana points for everyone involved." He then summoned the architectural plans for the new building, reproduced below, drawn up by the ghost of Frank Lloyd Wright.

Further criticism has come from religious groups, who claim that the excessive use of hell-spirits will condemn every living being in the co-op to eternal damnation. Tannhaus dismissed the notion, claiming that he has personally spoken to the Holy Ghost, who had said that "it was all good, bro."

Despite the impressive magical augmentations, Cloyne Court will still lack

showers, bathrooms, washers, dryers, sinks, ovens, electricity, and, in several rooms, walls. An optimistic Tannhaus pointed out that this lack of basic utilities will mostly be negated by "fire and water spirits, and the occasional rain dance."



New Gun Control Law to Reintroduce Bayonets

By Ben Joyce, cold and dead

In an effort to curb shooting related deaths, Berkeley recently passed a law decriminalizing the mounting of bayonets on guns. Barbara Stranson, the author of the bill explained, "We hope criminals will see this as an extra option instead of always just shooting their victims. Maybe they'll even consider giving their victims a choice."

Many Berkeley criminals have been supportive of the bill. Jack Reiser, a freelance mugging technician, stated, "With the money I save on bullets, I will

be able to afford duct tape so I can get into kidnapping. That's where the real money is." Other supporters include military surplus stores, Civil War reenactors and doctors who find digging bullets out of corpses to be "gross." The bill has further garnered acclaim from people who are allergic to lead, an element commonly found in bullets.

Not all gun owners are happy with the bill, claiming that it doesn't do enough. Philip Dohette in an interview said, "If they really wanted to help us out, they would make it a requirement for everyone to have an iPod.

I hate it when I end up waiting in a bush for three hours to brutally attack an innocent pedestrian and all I get is a Zune." Expressing his discontent, Thomas Gerard exclaimed, "The Berkeley city council is so out of touch with the average criminal. This bill just caters to large crime syndicates. Don't they see that the whole point of a gun is to not have to get close to the victim? I have a sensitive nose and I hate having to get close when I am robbing a smelly person." Additional opposition has come from a noted advocacy group, the American Not Getting Stabbed Union.

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Movie Gets Better, Friend Assures
Page C13

Voter Apathy Leads to Whatever
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Students Shocked to Learn Bush Still President

By Brian DeFreitas, (Whig-CA)

After casting their votes in a momentous election two weeks ago between the personification of change Barack Obama and literal dead person John McCain, surveys show that most youth voters are surprised that George W. Bush is still the President of the United States.

"This isn't the change I voted for," protested Jessica Rhodes. "Just because I supported Bush up until someone told me about Obama doesn't mean I still want him to be president."

Other students have similar concerns.

"Look, I'm not, like a Poli-Sci major or anything, but shouldn't Bush step down? This is a democracy," said nouveau-activist Justin Albright, shaking his bottle of Vitamin Water with each syllable, "If that dictator doesn't step down by February, there is going to be hell to pay."

Youth voters, traditionally an unreliable voting bloc, turned out to support Obama over McCain by a two to one margin, despite their clear misunderstanding of the electoral process and representative democracy in general. Analysts credit the Obama campaign

with understanding how younger voters think and make decisions. When asked about the large turnout of 18-29 year-olds, Obama Campaign official David Plouffe responded "Basically, the youth today responds to easily to repeatable catchphrases and soundbites more than they do HOPE CHANGE YES WE CAN YES WE CAN YES WE CAN."

Plouffe was then purchased by a gaggle of young people.

UC Berkeley Announces Cuts in Everything

by Max Ebert, *eating own bootstraps*

In the latest effort to reverse the effects of the failing economy, UC Berkeley has announced a new plan to cut costs campus-wide. In an e-mail to students, parents, and faculty, Chancellor Birgenau stated, "Berkeley is continuing its excellent tradition of lowering standards to accommodate more students." However, in a personal interview session, the chancellor admitted, "Honestly, I'm just trying to feed my family. Running this university shit is fucking expensive."

The new plan proposes a string of

changes in almost every aspect of student life, including dining, housing, education, and clothes-owning. Most prominently, the university will begin accepting food stamps as tuition. "I know we're losing money on this," reports Dean of Admissions Harold Johnson, "but my children are so hungry."

The UC dining halls will be seeing major changes as well. In order to compensate for rising food costs, menus are being reduced. For lunch, students will be offered a spoonful of peanut butter. For

dinner, students will be offered a large spoonful of peanut butter. On special holidays, a shot of whiskey will be offered for dessert. "That should help with the hunger pains," says Crossroads head chef, Sharon Curls. Other changes include expensive laboratory microscopes being replaced with binoculars, textbooks being replaced by Wikipedia, and People's Park's official designation as open student housing.

Director of USAID: "I could have sworn there was an 'S' on the end there."

By Brett Hallahan, *hal of a guy*

In a candid and repentant press conference held Tuesday, Director of the United States Agency for International Development William Danbury admitted that for the last ten years he thought his agency's name was in fact USAIDS. "In retrospect, I really should have checked sooner," he said. "I should have questioned why the United States government would go to all the trouble to create an organization dedicated to spreading AIDS. International development really makes a lot more sense. It also explains why no one else cheered

during those World Health Organization meetings."

As a result of his discovery, Danbury plans to completely overhaul USAID, shifting focus toward agricultural and economic assistance to third-world countries and away from purposely infecting people with Human Immunodeficiency Virus. In addition, he plans to phase out the agency's controversial "Fuck an Emaciated Stranger" program and the needle-for-filthier-needle exchange office.

"Don't get me wrong, I'm glad to

have been corrected," said Danbury, "but you have to admit our AIDS-spreading organization was second to none. Scapegoating the gay population to delay official treatment? That was us. Spreading the rumor in Africa that sex with a virgin cures HIV? Us again. I guess delivering fertilizer and building rural roads will be fun too, but I have to admit, I'll miss it..." Danbury trailed off, wistfully tainting a bag of donated blood.

Diary of Eddie the Inept Slasher

Saturday, 10:00 am: Well, here I am at good old Camp Blood & Terror, aka Serial Killer's Delight. Time to have my revenge on all the selfish, vain teens who made my little sister cry. They won't feel so cool once they feel my - my - damn, where'd my knife go? Must've left it on the train. Oh well, the tool shed's probably unlocked.

Saturday, 10:11 am: Nope.

Sunday, 2:35 pm: Having trouble picking my first victim. I want to start with a wisecracking, street-smart black kid, but I haven't seen one yet. Man, why did I have to terrorize a camp in Connecticut?

Monday 9:45 pm: Stepped in dog doo chasing a kid through the woods. Plus I think something bit me when I dramatically appeared from behind a tree, and the wound is starting to turn orange. This can't be how Jigsaw got his start.

Wednesday, 2:15 pm: As I walk silently through the attic I can hear the animal grunts and moans of two counselors beginning to copulate. God, I hate it when they do that. The disgusting way their putrid bodies writhe and twist makes me SO MAD I JUST HAVE TO

Hang on, they've stopped. Oh, wow, that's not going well. She seems really mad about something. That poor guy, he looked like he was really trying. Should I call someone? Jeez, he's actually crying. I just don't have the heart to feed him his own entrails. I'll just back out and hope they don't see me.

Thursday, 7:35 pm: That's it, Cook, come to the pantry. Lots of good ingredients here, nothing to be scared of, just open the door a little crack.

Hey, who said that? Sssshhh, don't tell her I'm in here, you'll blow the whole thing! Oh, crap, she ran off. Dammit, who keeps yelling out where I'm hiding? This is the third time today!

Thursday, 11:30 pm: Time for a scary phone call. Hello Donna. What's your favorite scary movie? „Wait, seriously? I don't think you can call *The China Syndrome* a horror movie really, it's more of a disaster- no, I know there's a nuke and everything, but it doesn't even mutate anyone. The tension comes from them trying to - hello?

Friday, 10:30 pm: Fell off the girls' cabin roof again. Still can't feel my left ankle. You know, I always wanted to be like Michael Myers, just not the one that made *The Cat in the Hat*

Saturday, 11:25 am: In retrospect, I probably should have stabbed that girl when she ran up and had her picture taken with me. Oh, well, next time.

Monday, 5:30 pm: My frustration at failing to kill anyone is mitigated somewhat by receiving my first paycheck from the camp. And I have to admit, the picture they used on the brochure is pretty flattering.

Weeks Later: Okay, the "Evisceratin' Eddie's Wet 'n' Wild Log Flume" may be pushing it a bit. On the other hand, it pays for my cable, so who am I to complain?

ΓΟΔ

If God were a Frat Boy



NOAH

God: Ok. Time for your pledge task. I'm thinking...ark.

Noah: An ark...uh what's an ark?

God: Dude. It's a boat. Listen to me when I speaketh to you. We're gonna build a phat-ass ark, And then We're gonna throw a fuckin' off-the-chain party on it.

Noah: So I just have to build a boat?

God: A big boat.

Noah: Right. Gotcha.

God: You're doing invites, too. But make sure you get enough girls, dude. I do NOT want this to be another fucking sausage fest. I want this to be fuckin' legendary.

Noah: But how do I...

God: FLOOOOOOOOOOOOD! CHUG! CHUG! CHUG!

[World is awash in Natty Ice]

LOT and LOT'S WIFE

[Lot and his wife are fleeing the city of Sodom]

Lot: Come on, faster!

God: DUDE! DON'T LOOK BACK!

[Lot's wife turns her head, instantaneously turned into pillar of salt]

God: Baahaa! Made you look.

Lot: Dude! Not fucking cool!

God: Whatever man, Bros before Hoes.

Lot: Respect.

ABRAHAM

Abraham: Okay...so...I'm going to sacrifice my son Isaac as a burnt offering to You now, God, I mean, that's the dare, right? *[raises knife]*

God: Pfffft wait, dude, stop.

Isaac: Oh my God, God, he was totally going to do it!

God: Hahahaha! Duuuude you were totally going to do it! I can't believe you were going to do it!

JOB

Job: Hey, so God, I just wanted to check in. We're still cool, right? I mean, after You gave all my livestock the plague, and then gave my family the plague, and then had my livestock eat my family, I just wanted to make sure everything's okay. Like, I'm still getting in, right?

God: No, Job. We are not cool. You were supposed to bring in that 12-pack last night, but instead you left it in My car. Party. Fucking. Foul, bro.

Job: Oh, God, I have nothing left in my life! This frat was all I had!

God: PSYCH! Haha, I was totally just messing with you bro. Dude, Lucifer, you owe me twenty dollars.

Lucifer: Shit. I knew we should've just played Gears of War.

God: Whatever. Pay up, dumbass.

Job: So, I'm still in?

God: Huh? Oh, right. Sure, you're still in. Don't worry about it.

Job: And my family is still alive?

God: Uh, yeah, I'll get back to you on that one.

- RP & LB

Top Ten Worst College-Themed TV Shows

10. Top Ramen Chef
9. Dancing with the Bros
8. What Not To Wear To Avoid Date Rape
7. Trading Unliveably Small and Overpriced Spaces
6. Fuck Buddy Swap
5. John and Kate Plus Eight STDs
4. Extreme Makeover: Beer Goggles Edition
3. The Office Hours
2. Desperate CalPIRG Volunteers
1. Greek

Top Ten Reasons Your Friends Are Avoiding You

10. They call it "sleeping"
9. Probably because they're jealous of your mouth filled with hair
8. You live in Clark Kerr
7. To reduce your eco-footprint, you have stopped wiping
6. You are handing out fliers on Sproul
5. They realize you aren't Michael Keaton
4. You call yourself "quirky," they call you "Senator Lieberman"
3. You are playing tag
2. In all fairness, no one ever told you which race reclaimed that word
1. You thought *The Dark Knight* was "alright"

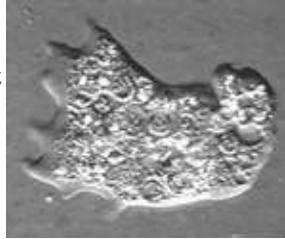
Top Ten Nazi Propaganda Books by Dr. Seuss

10. One Fish Two Fish Catch the Jew Fish
9. Oh! The Places You'll Anschluss!
8. The Butter Battle of Britain Book
7. Did I Ever Tell You How Lucky You Aryan?
6. The SSneetches
5. If I Ran the Reichstag
4. I Can March with My Eyes Shut
3. Hop on Gestapo
2. Goebbels the Turtle
1. Green Eggs and Himmler

THE DAILY CALIFORNIA

Grow Accustomed to Your 'Phase

Look, fellas, I know how things are. In today's fast food, high-speed internet, polymerase chain reaction culture, many of you simply find anaphase to be a waste of time. Well, let me be the first to say, both as a eukaryote and as a general connoisseur of all things asexual, that nothing could be further from the truth. Anaphase may very well be *the* most important part of reproduction: It lets you get to know your partner (you), it increases the feeling of suspense and longing (making cytokinesis all the sweeter), it forces the chromatids apart and attaches them to their respective centrosomes, and, most of all, it's fun!



OOPHILA
AMBLYSTOMATIS

REJECTED

Surviving the Unspeakable Horror That Is Coitus

Every day, I get letters from readers expressing their crippling fear of having to go through with what I'll delicately refer to as "marital duties." While these "sessions" are indeed terrifying, there are a few tips to making them less psychologically damaging. For example, when I become subject to my good husband's earthly whims, I like to imagine that I am an utterly lifeless corpse, free from the tyranny of sensation. Or I will paste an interesting article from *Collier's Weekly* on the ceiling and attempt to read it, which provides a real kinky sense of danger, as Mr. Feathersby-Banks would surely beat me were he to catch me reading. However, these are advanced maneuvers not to be tried by the faint of heart. The real trick to enduring such an "encounter" is to lie completely still and shout the names of the saints in your head.



GEORGETTA
FEATHERSBY-BANKS

REJECTED

Love Me, Love My Devastating Uncontrollable Impulses



JUSTIN PETERS

Before I begin today's article, I would like to respond to some spurious accusations I have read over and over in my email inbox (eight times, to be exact) that I am not qualified to be a Sex on Tuesday

columnist. I'll have you know that due to my obsessive compulsive disorder, I literally can only have sex on Tuesdays, making me possibly the most qualified columnist *ever*. Also, please stop sending these accusations, I have been four hours late to work twice this week.

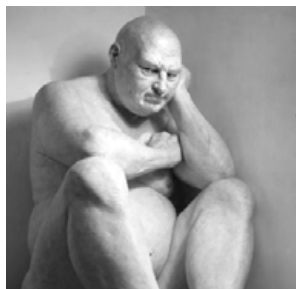
Once again, this week I will be discussing coping with your partner's little tics in the bedroom. We all have problems with our sexual partners, but part of a relationship and love in general is dealing with those tics those tics those tics. For example, my girlfriend has this habit of interrupting me when I'm alternately checking the window and the hallway for burglars when we get in the mood. It can get so frustrating! However, I realize that I have my own foibles that she has to live with, like when I get blood all over her clothes from my overly trimmed fingernails. Or how I'll sometimes keep her up at night quickly re-whispering everything I said that day. Or how I make us fuck in a hermetically sealed sterile environment. It's all about compromise!

REJECTED

AN Sex on Tuesday *DRAFTS*

Oh, Baby!

It stands to reason that since humans have been having sexual relations, they've also had sexual fetishes. I contend, despite what everyone around me says, that it stands to reason then that humans have also wanted to dress up and act like babies and then engage in sexual activity. Indeed, "adult babyism," as we in the community call it, is one of the most primal and visceral desires in the human psyche, and one that cannot be denied by today's overly puritanical and repressive views of sexuality. If you look inside your own heart, I'm sure that you'll find some small inkling of wanting to soil a diaper and communicate to your partner in a series of coos and gurgles before participating in disconcertingly playful sexual acts. It's perfectly normal and natural. Have you ever considered that *not* pretending to be a baby is weird? Open your mind, you *Hitler*.



ARNOLD TENNENBAUM

REJECTED

God, I Love Blowjob

Oh, man. Blowjobs are the *best*. I could give blowjobs all day. Seriously. Give me a penis. I will do a blowjob on that penis. I will give that penis like four blowjobs. God *damn*. You know how to give a good blowjob? You need to *love it*. You need to *love* giving that dude blowjobs. There. That's it. That's the secret. That's why I'm good at blowjobs, because I think that they are great. Yessiree, I love to blow a good job. Is there a downside to giving blowjobs? Heh. Nope. Only if you're not good at giving them, which I already explained how not to be. I wish that instead of writing this column I was giving my boyfriend a blowjob. That would be top fucking notch.



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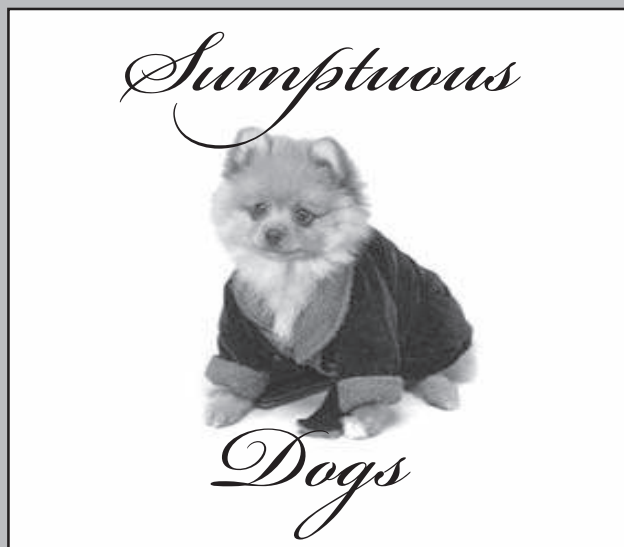


*The Twelve
Commandments*



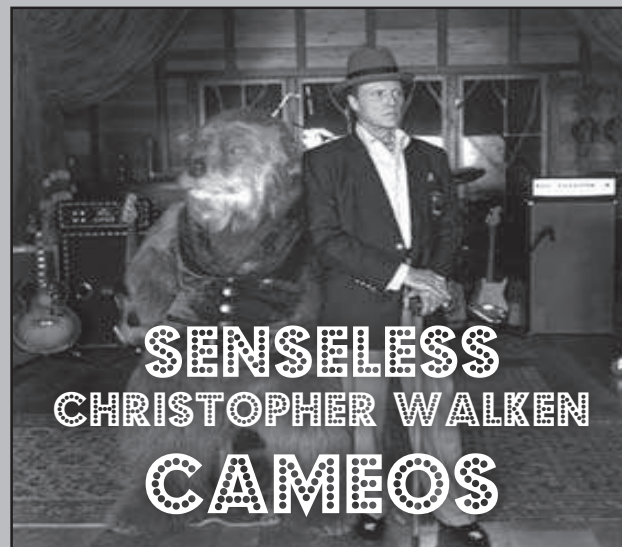


SAD PANDAS




Sumptuous

Dogs



**SENSELESS
CHRISTOPHER WALKEN
CAMEOS**



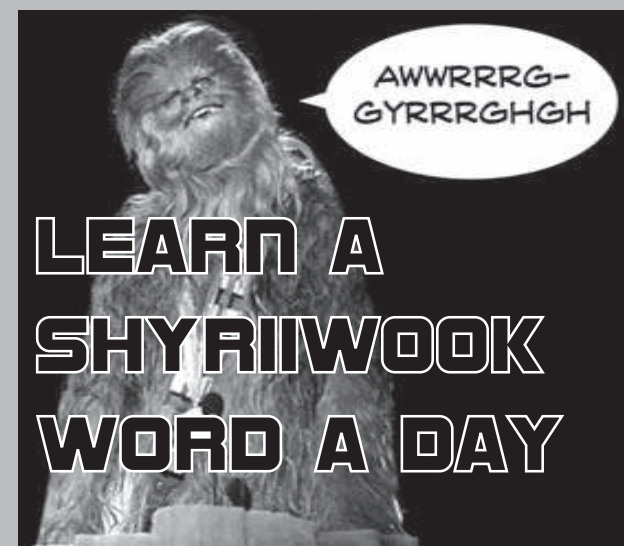
Girls

MEAT



**LOWEST
NUMBERS
1-12 EDITION**



DRAGONS & KNIVES



AWWRRRG-
GYRRRGHGH

**LEARN A
SHYRIIWOOK
WORD A DAY**

AQUAMAN HAS HAD A HARD LIFE

ME & DH

Life as a superhero is tough. Not everyone gets to be Superman. Fortunately, only one poor schmuck has to be Aquaman.

First Day of Elementary School

Teacher: Class, I'd like to introduce you to our new student, his name is Orin and this is his first day in Atlantis.

Student: Ew, what are those extra arms he has coming out of his ass?

Teacher: Those are legs. Orin is only half-Atlantean. Orin, would you like to say anything about yourself?

Aquaman: Well, I'd like to become a superhero some day, because I can talk to fish!

Student: We can all do that. We're mer-people, retard.

Aquaman: Well, I can also breath under water, and swim really really fast!

Student: ...Hold on. Are you *actually* retarded?

Teacher: Yeah, he's right. I'm going to need to know if you're actually retarded.

Prom Night

Aquaman: Cheryl, I'm really glad that you decided to come to my prom. It's been really hard for me to fit in down here, and to show everyone else that I'm not ashamed of who I am, that there are others like me that accept my humanity as a gift instead of some kind of liability... It just makes everything seem like it's going to be okay.

Cheryl: *[drowns]*

Aquaman: God damn it.

First College Party

Party-Goer 1: So, who's that creepy guy talking to your aquarium over there?

Party-Goer 2: Oh, God, that's John's friend. He won't stop talking about riding sea horses. Is that some gay thing?

Aquaman: Hey guys, did I hear someone talking about sea horses?

Party-Goer 2: What? Oh, I—

Aquaman: Yeah, they're really great. The males of the species carry the eggs in their abdomen and then—

Party-Goer 1: Hey, so, we're going to go get drinks and stop having you talk towards us.

Aquaman: Wait, no! Come back! *[Turns toward aquarium]* Damn it, Clownfish! You said she would like the sea horse thing!

First Job

Boss: Aquaman, you've been doing a terrific job with us, but we have to let you go. We just can't tolerate that kind of behavior here.

Aquaman: Look, I'm sorry, I realize now that there's a procedure to this kind of thing, but I swear that she and I acted professionally and that our relationship had no effect on our work performance. If you want us to file documentation now, I'd be perfectly willing to—

Boss: What are you talking about? There's no Sea World policy on office relationships. I'm firing you because we caught you fucking a dolphin.

Aquaman: She has a name, sir. It's *Squeaky*! And we are in *love*!

First Night Superheroing

Old Lady: Excuse me young man, can you help me cross the street?

Aquaman: Sure, I'd love to.

[They successfully cross the street]

Old Lady: Thank you. Such a nice young man.

Aquaman: The name's Aquaman. I'm a sup—

Old Lady: *[drowns]*

Aquaman: God DAMN it.

Justice League Adventures

Batman: Aquaman, can you come here for a minute?

Aquaman: What's up, Bat Buddy?

Batman: I told you to stop calling me that. Look, this isn't easy to say, so I'm just going to do it. Your services are no longer necessary. Back in the 80's, we thought there were going to be a lot of boat crimes because of *Miami Vice*, but we really just haven't seen it.

Aquaman: You apprehended pirates last fucking week. Why are you doing this? I can breathe underwater and talk to fish! You don't even have any powers.

Batman: Well, it turns out Superman can hold his breath for a really long time, so we're covered for underwater adventures. Also, no one really likes you. The sea horse thing makes us really uncomfortable.

Aquaman: Damn it, Clownfish!



Brian is Saved.

[Wall](#)
[Info](#)
[Photos](#)
[+](#)

Personal Information

Activities: church, WoW, Jogging for Jesus, spreading the love of God to all the heathens, blasphemers, sodomites and girls with short hair. We all know it's not just because it's more manageable, ladies.

Favorite Hymns: Amazing Grace, Ave Maria, Holy Holy Holy, Jerusalem, We Plow the Fields and Scatter (!!!!!), All Creatures of Our God and King

Favorite Books: Any of the Pauline Epistles, Ecclesiastes, Genesis (obvi)

Favorite Bible Passages: "And on the morrow, when they were come from Bethany, he was hungry: 13 And seeing a fig tree afar off having leaves, he came, if haply he might find any thing thereon: and when he came to it, he found nothing but leaves; for the time of figs was not yet. 14 And Jesus answered and said unto it, No man eat fruit of thee hereafter for ever. And his disciples heard it."

About Me: I'm great to get to know in this life but if you don't there will always be the next one!

Basic Information

Sex: Male
Birthday: 2/24/1989
Re-Birthday: 7/20/2001
Hometown: Heaven lol! jk its totally Phoenix.
Looking For: Friendship
 Prayer Buddies
 Networking
 Random Play

Religious Views: idk...my BFF Jesus?

Wall

leave a Testament...



Libby: John, calling them "damn gays" isn't an accurate representation of the belief system of our church. It's *damned* gays.

Brian joined Save the Lepers



John: duddde where were you at the protest. We needed your help there were sooo many damn gays.



Becka: Sorry, can't. I have confessional.

Brian Toasted 17 Blasphemers using the Judgment Day application



Alastor: down to go to china this summer to evangelize? lol jk. wat are you up to tonight



Zeke: sooo faded off of holy wine last night...no good my bro in christ...no good...

Contact Information:

AIM: beyeblegeye89
Email: brian@ishmail.com

Education and Work:

Our Lady of Shame
 Elementary
 St. God High School
 Jesus Fucking Christ
 University

Pictures:



Nativity Play 2k6

Video:



Abortion Bloopers

Groups:

Mrs. Bernick was the best Sunday school teacher ever!!!!, When I was your age, Pluto was a planet., Altar Boyz '02, Hugs not Drugs, **Facebook Must ShutDown the group : "Fuck Jesus Christ"**, Boys Who Love Jesus Are Sexy, I Only Eat Firm Grapes., The Elect

Gifts:



Promise Ring



Myrrh

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Eloquent Sal's Proofreading and Essay Prep Center

ARE YOU HAVING TROUBLE WRITING ESSAYS? I WILL FUCKING HELP YOU.

Hey, look, I know how things are when you're in college. You have to deal with the homework, keep up with your social life, and then you have your landlord trying to evict you for holding dog fights in the basement of your building; believe me, I know. I've gone to, like, six colleges, and if there's one thing I learned before I was expelled from each of them 'cause of affirmative action, it's that education is hard as balls.

That's where I come in. Essays are basically the hardest things in the world to write, but I'm pretty much the best essay-writer there ever was. I can write fucking amazing essays about any topic, be it English, History, Chemistry, Chemical Engineering, Engineering, Chemistry, or anything else you can dream of. And, for a little bit of money, I will help you write your essay. Here, let me say that again: **For a little bit of money, I will "help" "you" write your essay.**

Don't believe me? Jesus, you're just like my first wife. Look at all the things I can help you with:

THESES

An essay needs a thesis to be considered an essay, otherwise it's just a bunch of words complaining about immigrants; or so I keep getting told. Here're a few pointers on how to make your arguments more "salient," a French word meaning "salty."

BAD THESIS	GOOD THESIS
"Milton Friedman can suck a dick."	"Milton Friedman can suck a dick <i>for the following three reasons.</i> "
"The Treaty of Ghent is bullshit."	"The Treaty of Ghent <i>represents the male gaze.</i> "
"Though she is almost undoubtedly an unsympathetic character for the vast majority of the play, it can be argued that Lady MacBeth, particularly in her 'unsex me' soliloquy (Act I scene v), exhibits a kind of ironic proto-feminism fueled by pity."	"MacBeth <i>is bullshit.</i> "

TITLES

Titles need to grab the reader's attention and make a positive first impression, much like a good set of juggs. An excellent title can make even the most uninteresting or shrill papers tolerable or even attractive, again, like juggs.

Here are some examples of good titles:

- Dumps Like a Truck, Truck, Truck: Apple Bottoms in a Post-9/11 World
- Metamorphosis and Juxtaposition: Why Tranny Porn Isn't Inherently Gay
- *White Chicks* as Tragic Ballad
- Human Trafficking and Biopolitics: Why I've Been Banned from All Future Olympic Events

CITATIONS

Remember to correctly cite your sources and information. There's a myriad of styles to use when citing and making bibliographies, but no one really cares what you use. I like to use my own style, a hodgepodge of MLA, APA, and Chicago. Here it is in action:

As famously said by Churchill to Lord Jander-Keyes in his biography¹, "I need another bottle of bourbon, please, Jander-Keyes, stop taking notes and get me some more bourbon." (Jander-Keyes, 1949, pp 195, Fifth line down from the top of the page)

It doesn't matter that I made up the source completely, because it is so well cited that any reader will immediately assume it's legit. This is how the entire graduate school system operates.

¹ Jander-Keyes, Nemby, "I Need Another Bottle of Bourbon..." , *'Chilly 'n' Me* 1949, Poulfeterre Press, Cambridge, England, Europe, Earth, Milky Way, Universe.

AND MANY MORE!

So come on, stop wasting all your time trying and failing to write essays that will invariably be worse than anything I would "help" "you" write. Just send your paper topic, \$25, and a letter entailing my model behavior to my probation officer.

PEOPLE'S PARK COURT

Homeless Judge: I'd like to call this session of People's Park Court into order. Sgt. at Arms, I've got it from here, you can stop yelling incoherently. Now why're we all here today?

Plaintiff: Let it be known, your honor, that my friend is a liar and I want to charge him with lying and also possibly being a malicious ghost, though I have very little evidence to back that second claim up.

Homeless Judge: You know, this is really more of a small claims court. If you want to deal with criminal charges, I suggest going to a trial court, or maybe a haunted library or something.

Plaintiff: Oh, right, well, he also stole one of my giant, ill-fitting hooded sweatshirts.

Defendant: Shut up! I've already explained to him who really took it!

Homeless Judge: Then explain it to us again, my tree isn't gonna move.

Defendant: The *government*.

Audience: [*nods in agreement*]

Plaintiff: Y'honor, I lent thirty dollars to the defendant on March 9th, 2005, in order to help him finance his Juggling-Outside-of-Blondie's business. Since then, he has not paid me back, despite the fact that he clearly makes upwards of three dollars a day with said business.

Defendant: Your honor, the bad economy has struck all of us here, and with the expenses my business has, I just don't have the money to return his investment yet.

Homeless Judge: Hey! Don't pee on my leg and tell me it's raining, buster. Seriously, stop peeing on my leg.

Defendant: I'm sorry, I thought you were an emergency call box.

Plaintiff: Your honor, I'd like to call for recess until these guys stop throwing a frisbee through the courtroom.

Homeless Judge: Alright, this is the last case I'll be hearing today, I have an appointment to stand in the middle of the sidewalk and dance very slowly. Now what is this I'm reading? A lawsuit against—

Plaintiff: Against People's Park. I tripped on one of the tear gas canisters left over from when Reagan sent in the National Guard. I was not compensated for the mental and physical damages I received, and I'd like to sue the park itself to help pay for my medical bills and emotional distress.

Homeless Judge: Well, okay, but I can't very well have a trial with an inanimate object as the defense. We need someone to sit in and defend it.

Plaintiff: I'm fine with that. Just find some random person. Anyone will do.

Homeless Judge: Alright. Anyone? Anyone in the audience want to represent the People's Park? Anyone?

Audience: [*is silent*]

Homeless Judge: ...You know, maybe this is saying something. Maybe this is indicative of the general apathy we've come to accept, when a piece of land that people protested and rioted and were assaulted by their government for has fallen victim to complete urban decay, to the point where students think it's too depressing to walk through during the day, and are afraid to walk through it for fear of literally being murdered at night. Maybe—

Plaintiff: Look, spare me the sermon, I just want my money.

Homeless Judge: Oh, right. Here, you can have this soiled mattress someone dumped here.

Plaintiff: *Sweet.*

Homeless Judge: [*dies of exposure*]

Top Ten Signs That the Guy at Your Writer's Workshop is a Supreme Court Justice

10. Demands that since he came last year he gets to sit closer to the center than you
9. Allows you only a flat 30 minutes to read your story
8. Marks your writing as "unconstitutional" without explanation
7. One of his favorite themes is imminent death
6. Refuses to remove any of the 600 footnotes to his *Sweet Valley High* mockup
5. Psuedonym is Smantonin Smalia
4. All of the feedback he gives is two hundred pages long and written by his clerks
3. Reads your novelette only after two inferior writers have already done so
2. Instead of offering you constructive criticism, imprisons you
1. Writes like an asshole

Top Ten Reasons You Hate Your Olympian Stepfather

10. You fail to qualify for catch
9. Tough guy persona hard to take seriously when he medalled in Curling
8. Washboard abs don't clean themselves
7. Throws javelins at you when drunk, not drunk
6. He got a guy to break your real dad's legs
5. House now stocked with only Wheaties and Gatorade
4. He's always disappointed when you don't outperform the Chinese kid
3. You have to call HIM champ
2. Random blood tests for Twinkies
1. Smites you with lightning bolts

Top Five PG-Rated Bond Girls

5. Holly Goodhair
4. Ivanna Holdyourhand
3. Plenty O'Morals
2. Abbey Stinance
1. Mary Goodnight-Moon

CLASSICS OF WHITESPLOITATION



BRAFFT

THE WHITE SHAFT

(sta ring Za c h Bra ff)

[Opening sequence follows Brafft walking down the street as The Shins play the iconic theme song]

Shins: Who's the gorgeous sensitive guy staring at you with his puppy dog eyes?

Chorus: Brafft!

Shins: Who's the man who makes you smile when he does his hair in a sloppy style?

Chorus: Brafft!

Shin: Who's the college-educated dude whose courteous coos get you in the mood?

Chorus: Brafft!

Shins: He's a complicated man, and no one understands him but his shrill child-like woman.

Chorus: Brafft!

[Sequence ends. Cuts to Detective Brafft investigating a crime in a woman's bedroom]

Brafft: Yep, this is definitely where the murder happened. That's blood in the CD case. Oh wow, is that the new *Feist* CD? I love her.

Woman: That's right, Brafft. And it's the last CD you'll ever see!

[Three men come out of the closet waving their guns around]

Brafft: Wait, please don't kill me! I still haven't found meaning in my life!

Woman: Hold on, don't kill him yet! You're searching for meaning too?

Brafft: Yeah, I feel like I'm just drifting through life. Like it's me, but it's not really me, you know?

Woman: That's so insightful. You wanna get a drink later?

Brafft: Sure, send me a Facebook invite.

THE APOCALYPSE OF LOVE

the suburban kid's action movie

(sta ring Za c h Bra ff)

Narrator: In a world on the brink of destruction...

Panicked Man: Everything's being destroyed!

Narrator: Where everyone is on the verge of death...

Panicked Man: I am on the verge of death!

Narrator: Only one man

[Zooms in Zach Brafft]

Narrator: Was too much of a pussy to do anything about it.

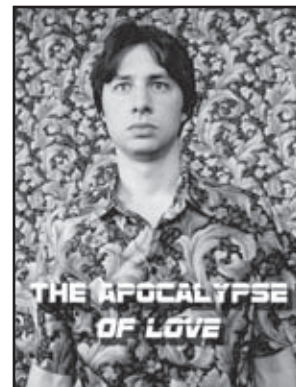
Desperate Man: Zach! Come with me if you want to save the world!

Brafft: Dude, I really want to, but I have to finish this poem first or my publisher is gonna kill me!

[Cuts to Brafft staring at a picture of his long-time crush]

Desperate Man: Zach! All you have to do to save the world is talk to her! Just talk to her, man!

Brafft: It's complicated, okay? She's my best friend's ex-girlfriend. Plus I don't want her to think I only have feelings for her because the world depends on it. She's too good for that.



BRADULA

THE WHITE BLACULA

Woman: Oh, Bradula. You understand me so well. I can't believe we've been talking all night! It's almost morning!

Bradula: Good God! You're right! I've got to get out of here!

Woman: But why?

Bradula: I...I haven't been perfectly honest with you. I must leave before the sun rises because I am...I am...

Woman: Say it! Say it, Bradula!

Bradula: A blacula.

Woman: But you're so *white*!

Bradula: Yes, you see, I was once an innocent blacula, until one fateful night when I was bitten by Zach Brafft. Since then, my thirst for white women's blood has been replaced with a thirst for white women's sympathy. Don't think of me as a vampire, think of me as a white man.

Woman: Are you sure? When will I be able to see you again?

Bradula: Tomorrow. We can meet...at Applebee's.

Woman: Oh, Bradula, you really *are* white!



ANDREW REPORT



Providing Chester A Arthur High School with the most up-to-date news since 1996

BREAKING: DEBATE TEAM CALLS STUDENT BODY ELECTION FOR KEVIN...
IS AHS READY FOR A PRESIDENT THAT ISN'T AN OVER-ACHIEVING ASIAN GIRL?...
CAN KEVIN DELIVER ON "BOAT DANCE" PROMISE?...



THE STUDENT BODY

New Poll: WRITE-IN CANDIDATE
"MY BALLS" NOW POLLING AHEAD
OF MORMON KID...

KEVIN PATRICK.....42%
LAURA STEIN.....39%
MY BALLS.....9%
BREZIKIAH DENTLEY.....6%

RUMOR: Laura tried to make
out with Kelly at soccer
practice this one time,
developing...

Kevin gains ground among key
burnout demographic at stump
speech after referencing
Half Baked...

SCHOOL SPIRIT DOWN TO 19%...

The Bradley Effect: Who is
Bradley Going to Take to
Formal??

Have you seen Tracy Juarez
lately, she got fucking hot
over the summer, developing...

Band Boosters now largest
lobbying group on campus...

Connor: A huge femme, or
merely a spaz? Connor's ex-
girlfriend weighs in...

NEW AD: "Is Kevin Popular
Enough to Lead?"...

KEVIN: "Having to do sophomore
year twice has given me the
experience needed to be ready
on day one"...

\$\$\$: PTA reports
unprecedented \$1.2 hundred
surplus after successful
spring carnival...



MATT: "MATT RULES"...

Candidates blasted during
debate for not knowing what
the Jason Doctrine is...

IN OTHER NEWS: Barack Obama
wins US Presidency, could
pave way for black student to
win Treasurer some day...

Tiger Beat Presents

Hot-tiez thru HISTORY!



Stalin:

He'll purge your heart!

He may just be 5'4" but with a face like that, what girl could resist being

thrown into a Gulag work camp and forced to do back-breaking labor just to keep him satisfied?

Turn-Ons: Sitting by the fire on a cold day, arranging for the death of his traitorous doctors.

Turn-Offs: Traitorous doctors.

Perfect Date: A date with Stalin is best described as a five hour plan. Start out with a movie – a good tearjerker like *Battleship Potemkin*, or anything by Eisenstein. After that, he'll want to take you out for what can technically be called a meal. If you haven't been disappeared at this point, you're on the right track. Once dinner is done, he'll take you back to the Kremlin, where the fun will really begin. Then he'll have sex with you. Be warned, though, he'll probably ask you to open a second front.



Ho Chi Minh:

I want to make him Ho Chi Mine!

If Communism means we can

have a little bit of this one, I'm in!

Turn-Ons: Pretty eyes, long walks through war-torn rice paddies, violent redistribution of property.

Turn-Offs: Ho Chi Mamas.

Perfect Date: Ho will take you on a wonderful paddleboat ride through Da Nang, on the way he'll show you the sights, like the beautiful floral life that Vietnam's warm climate supports, as well as a 16-year-old boy in a helicopter shooting indiscriminately at civilians, and a man smoking opium out of the barrel of a shotgun, his eyes devoid of recognition or empathy. Afterwards, ice cream!



John McCain:

He's not a rotting corpse on the vast expanse of history yet,

but why not get a jump-start?

Turn-Ons: Being favorably compared to his father.

Turn-Offs: As of November 4th, hockey moms.

Perfect Date: A month ago: After a leisurely swim at the (Reflecting) pool, he'll take you back to his (White) house for a candlelit dinner. Then, if all goes well, you'll go to the (Lincoln) bedroom, where he will (not) weep bitter tears all night.

Nowadays: Anything with a woman who won't relentlessly upstage him.



Prophet Mohammed:

Tall, dark and handsome??

We're not sure

about what he looks like, but that's just part of the mystery ladies. Will he be, like, the best kisser ever, or redeem the human race? I dunno!

Turn-Ons: Modesty.

Turn-Offs: Pork, phonies.

Perfect Date: After hugging towards Mecca, he'll wine and dine you from sunset to sunrise.



Joan of Arc

The ORIGINAL Gossip Girl?

Full name: Jeanne d'Arc

Pets Names: Catherine and Michael, my cute little rats... ☺

Prized Possessions: My bejeweled crucifix, and my blackberry. I couldn't live without it lol!

Favorite Cereal: um...raisin bran?

My Biggest Shopping Splurge Was:

This ADORABLE chainmail top

Bad Habit: Fidgeting on the stake

My Best Feature: I never forget to ow that's really starting to burn now

Last Time I Cried: OH GOD, HOW IT BURN'S, OH JESUS GOD

Last Time I Laughed:

[Hand-drawn squiggly line]

Best Friend:

Biggest Fear:

Poll:

Did You Like the Treaty of Versailles?

- ☐ sooo awesome!!
- ☐ pretty good!
- ☐ so-so.
- ☐ the fatherland has been betrayed, this is a perversion of justice and the fault of the sinister Jew. ^_^

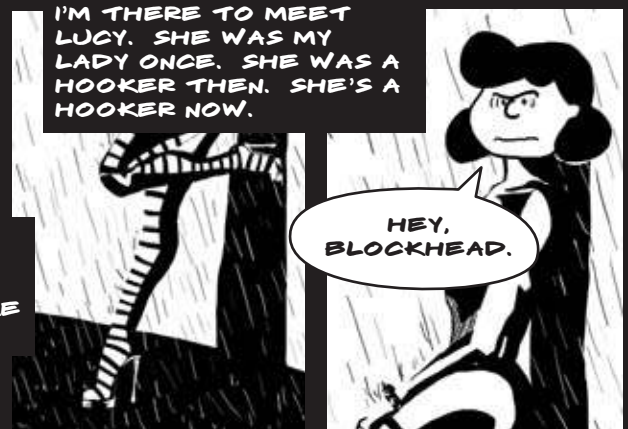
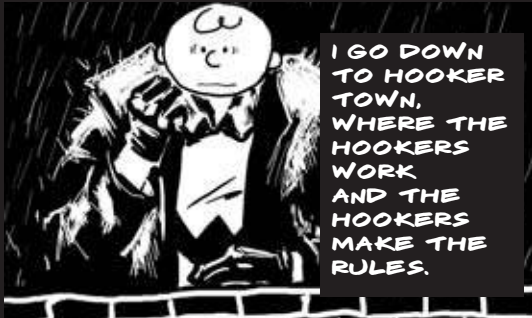
www.tigerbeat.com/putsch

YOU'RE A DEAD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN

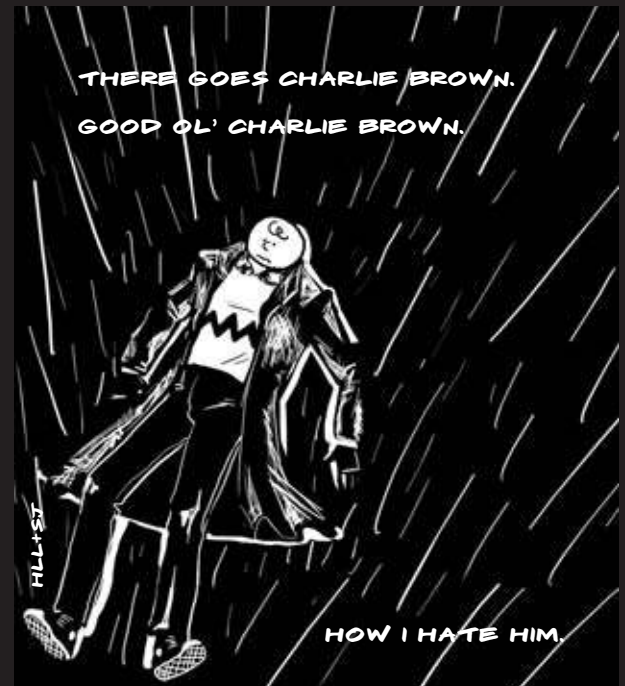
BY FRANK
MILLER

CHAPTER ONE: THAT ROUNDHEADED BASTARD

HERE COMES CHARLIE BROWN. GOOD OL' CHARLIE BROWN. HOW I HATE HIM. THAT'S WHAT SHE USED TO SAY TO ME. BACK THEN.



GOD, SHE'S GORGEOUS. I USUALLY LIKE 'EM REDHEADED, BUT HER SMILE FILLS ME UP LIKE WARM TOAST ON THANKSGIVING.





BONUSES

North America: +8

Europe: +3

Asia: +4

The Middle East: +2

Oceania: +1

South America: +0

Africa: -1