The Safeword is “Metaphor for Irish Independence”

Meetings:
Wednesdays 7-8pm,
Location 225 Wheeler

Submit at:
submit@squelched.com

Submit by:
January 23rd

Questions, comments, suggestions?
feedback@squelched.com
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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 Bountreford 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.
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 Dochette 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.

In Other News:

Sarah Palin Joke Printed After Election
Page A3

Stoner Cures Roommate’s Anorexia
Page A7

Movie Gets Better, Friend Assures
Page C13

Voter Apathy Leads to Whatever
Page B8
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 Director of USAID: “I could have sworn there was an ‘S’ on the end there.”

By Brett Hallahan, hal of a guy

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.

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.

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.
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 - 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? Sshhh, 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?
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: 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: 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.

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: Pffftt wait, dude, stop.
Isaac: Oh my God, God, he was totally going to do it!
God: Hahahaha! Duuuuude you were totally going to do it! I can't believe you were going to do it!

LOT and LOT’S WIFE
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.

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
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

- RP & LB
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!

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.

Love Me, Love My Devastating Uncontrollable Impulses

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!
**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.

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**God, I Love Blowjobs**

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.
Squelch Co. presents

Bargain Basement

CALENDARS

Stealthiest Ladies of the Ninja Clan

Cats Dressed as Dogs

Congressional Nip-Slips

Lesser Known British Prime Ministers

365

The Twelve Commandments
Dragons & Knives

SAD PANDAS

Senseless Christopher Walken Cameos

Sumptuous Dogs

Girls & Meat

12345678910

Lowest Numbers 1-12 Edition

Dragons & Knives

Learn a Shyriiwook Word a Day

AWWRRRG-GYRRRGGHGH
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?
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.

**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 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: dudde 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...
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:

**THESSES**
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 are a few pointers on how to make your arguments more “salient,” a French word meaning “salty.”

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>BAD THESIS</th>
<th>GOOD THESIS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>“Milton Friedman can suck a dick.”</td>
<td>“Milton Friedman can suck a dick for the following three reasons.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“The Treaty of Ghent is bullshit.”</td>
<td>“The Treaty of Ghent represents the male gaze.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“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.”</td>
<td>“MacBeth is bullshit.”</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**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 biography, “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.


**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.
Defendant: 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]
BRAFT
THE WHITE SHAFT
(starring Zach Braff)

[Opening sequence follows Braft 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: Braft!

Shins: Who's the man who makes you smile when he does his hair in a sloppy style?
Chorus: Braft!
Shin: Who's the college-educated dude whose courteous coos get you in the mood?
Chorus: Braft!
Shins: He's a complicated man, and no one understands him but his shrill child-like woman.
Chorus: Braft!

[Braft investigating a crime in a woman's bedroom]
Braft: Yes, 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, Braft. And it's the last CD you'll ever see!
Braft: 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?
Braft: 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?
Braft: Sure, send me a Facebook invite.

THE APOCALYPSE OF LOVE
the suburban kid's action movie
(starring Zach Braff)

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 Braff]
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!
Braft: Dude, I really want to, but I have to finish this poem first or my publisher is gonna kill me!
[Zooms to Braft 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!
Braft: 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.

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 Braff. Since then, my thirst for white women's blood has been replaced with a thirst for white women's sympathy. Don't think me of 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!
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...
God, she like smile for Thanksgiving. 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 tear jerker 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.

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**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...

**Last Time I Cried:** OH GOD, HOW IT BURNS, OH JESUS GOD

**Last Time I Laughed:**

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**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.

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**Poll:**

Did You Like the Treaty of Versailles?

- [ ] sooo awesome!!
- [ ] pretty good!
- [ ] 50-50.
- [ ] 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

Chapter One: That Roundheaded Bastard


I'm there to meet Lucy. She was my lady once. She was a hooker then. She's a hooker now.

I go down to Hooker Town, where the hookers work and the hookers make the rules.

A cop says something to me, but his voice washes over me like a muted trumpet.

Hey, blockhead.

God, she's gorgeous. I usually like 'em redheaded, but her smile fills me up like warm toast on Thanksgiving.

I almost didn't come, Lucy. You've fooled me before.

Come on, blockhead. Just one more time. For old times' sake.

My heart pounds in my ears like the keys of a typewriter on a dark and stormy night. I hone in on my prize like the Red Baron.

Wrong move, old man. She's too fast. It's over in an instant. Heh. It was the one kick I never could make. As everything goes black I see my sensei shaking his head. Stupid...


AAAAAUGGGGGH!!!!