

the **neurristic** **squelch**

May 2009 **Vol 18 Issue 5** **squelched.com**



My city complains.
She occasionally needs me.



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the heuristic **squelch**

RUINING OUR POLITICAL CAREERS SINCE 1991

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(making out with babies)

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(promising a dickin' in every pot)

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Like the Squelch? Try SquelchPrime!

Dear Heuristic Squelch Reader,

With *SquelchPrime* membership, you'll receive in every issue:

All of us here at the Heuristic Squelch team would like to personally thank you for trying our product! As many of you know, the Heuristic Squelch is a non-profit organization, so it is only through the support of users like you that we may continue to make jokes about prominent politicians farting on their own dicks. Without your help, who knows what kind of desperate attempts at humor we'd resort to (Ed. Note- *minor celebrities* farting on their own dicks? Save idea for later). We also realize that you have many choices in things you can half-heartedly read right before lecture starts, and we are glad that you reluctantly chose us when we begged you to take an issue on Sproul.

That being said, we'd also like to take the time to introduce you to an amazing new service we'll be offering very soon – *SquelchPrime*! For an incredibly small fee of \$499 per ten-year contract (that's less than \$50 per year!), you can receive additional Squelch content with every issue you get! "Jesus *CHRIST*", you're clearly saying, "how do I sign up!? Sign me up now!" Hold on, now, Heuristic Squelch Reader! You haven't even seen what's being offered!

Audio Issue Commentaries, Recorded by the Staff!
Each one consists primarily of the sounds of bottles opening and dreams dying!
Special Making-Of Documentaries for Each Piece!
Get to know which specific fart or dick was the inspiration behind every glorious joke!
Deleted Scenes
References to early 90's children's game shows too hot for print!
15 Grams of Cocaine!
Don't tell anyone!

So, please, when considering what to spend all of your money on in the coming year, consider *SquelchPrime*. Or, if you're short on cash, consider *SquelchPrimeLite*, which includes everything except the Commentaries, the Documentaries, and the Deleted Scenes.

We hope that you have enjoyed this year of normal Heuristic Squelch service, and will continue to enjoy it next year, and enough so to pay us for it. Please. We're in a lot of trouble with some serious guys. Oh, God.

THE FOLLOWING IS A PAID ADVERTISEMENT

STUDIO 61

יום העצמאות

An Israeli Independence Day Party and benefit for ELEM
Thursday, May 7th 2008, San Francisco, 9pm-2am
Info and tickets at www.israelparty.com
DJ Sabbo of Soulico

Buy Tickets Now at ISRAELPARTY.COM!

John Yoo Fired, Replaced by Dick Cheney

By Ben Joyce, extraordinarily rendered

In a brief release, Berkeley School of Law President Stewart Angeli announced yesterday his intention to replace controversial law professor John Yoo with former Vice President Dick Cheney. The decision came after Yoo's infamous "torture memos" which set legal parameters for harsh interrogation methods would be legal. According to Angeli, "Those memos, while certainly in the correct spirit, betray Dr. Yoo's inferior force of will."

Angeli continued, "The Berkeley

professor of law position is a traditionally that of a pro-torture monster, and it is now clear that Yoo has lost his edge. These memos plainly show only *marginal* support for torture, and it will do Boalt students a disservice every day that their professor is not a baleful, black-hooded executor of justice. We are sure that Mr. Cheney will *be* the law."

In addition to Yoo's current workload, Cheney will also be teaching two new classes: Law 295.6: "Circumventing It" and Law 231.9: "Geneva Conventions- Just a Suggestion". While some students have

been reluctant to sign up for the class given Cheney's prerequisite of slapping at least two infants and he bamboo-shoots-under-the-fingernails late homework policy, Boalt officials are confident that "the strong" would not be deterred. Said law student Mark Proctor "I'm excited, especially for the field trip to Guantanamo Bay. Although I'm not quite sure why we have to buy dog collars and leashes in addition to textbooks."

When asked for comment, Cheney spat dark, sticky blood into the reporters' eyes and choked out a harsh and inhuman laugh.

First Black State Comptroller Disappointed By Lack Of Coverage

By Brett Hallahan, straight outta comptrollin'

Jason Rackham, recently elected Comptroller of the State of Indiana, is the first African-American ever to hold that position in American history, a fact he has had to point out to literally everyone he has met since being elected. "It's really frustrating," Rackham said in an interview he requested. "Here I am, blazing a new trail for the African-American community of Indiana, and I didn't even get a mention in my own church bulletin! What's so great about Mary Vaughn's kid getting baptized, anyway?"

In fact, very few Indiana residents polled are aware that an African-American is now in charge of auditing government operations and operating the statewide retirement system. "The first black what?" said Rita Collins. "Well, good for him I guess." Another Indianan, Brendan Green, was also pleased to hear for the

first time of Rackham's feat, saying "So he's some kind of supervillain now, is that it?"

Using his discretionary budget, Rackham has launched a public relations campaign to educate the public about the office and his historic place in it. Libraries and elementary schools around the state will soon receive informational posters featuring Rackham's image and facts about the duties of the State Comptroller, with the slogan "State Comptroller: It's A Thing, And I Am It." Some youngsters who have gotten a look have praised the posters, saying "I didn't know Comptroller was a state," and "I like the one where Superman teaches you about verbs better."

In Other News8

Swine Flu Cured; Becomes Ham
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Actual Loose Cannon Gets Few Results
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Shy Doctor Supports Unsocialized Medicine
Page C7

Chancellor Birgeneau Crowns Self God-Emperor in Opulent Ceremony

By Erik Krasner-Karpen, first citizen

The magnificent and just leader Robert Birgeneau announced his gracious acceptance of the Imperacy of the University of California, Berkeley at a press conference Monday. Citing budgetary pressures and his own indisputable perfection, Birgeneau suspended all academic and research activities that would not prove useful to him and him alone.

"Hear me!" declared the former Chancellor. "To ensure the continued integrity of our educational mission, let us dispense with the mincing and formality that have thus far hindered my might!"

As one of his first official acts in his new capacity, the Infallible One relieved the ASUC and Graduate Student Assembly of the burden of democratically representing UC students.

"While our Emperor may have stripped

me of all official rights and duties, I am pleased to report that His Graciousness has decreed that I may continue living," said ASUC President Will Smelko, flop-sweating visibly. "Hooray!"

Birgeneau The One, The Only, The Incredible announced the immediate shutdown of most student groups, noting that "you earthworms oughtn't to natter amongst yourselves without my consent." His Awesomeness expressed some interest in allowing Rally Com to continue operating, albeit in a slightly modified capacity.

"We find the saluting, hollering and cheering immensely pleasing," Our Dear Leader announced. "However, this 'Rally Committee' could use some further training in riot control and small-arms use."

His Wisdom dismissed rumors of violent faculty purges, exposing those who

would spread such lies for the seditious cowards they are.

"Any halfwit who sees fit to check the payroll records in Sproul Hall will find that the individuals in question were never employed here in the first place," His Grace explained. "Of course, the treasonous act of musing about in Imperial records is punishable by swift death."

While the students and faculty of UC Berkeley were unanimously pleased at the announcement, some still wonder about the exact means by which His Ever-Loving-ness will lead us into the glorious future.

"Does this mean everyone will finally shut up about Panda Express?" said sophomore Stephen Chang.

Tuberculosis Outbreak Devastates UC's Frail Victorian Ladies

by Max Ebert, cherubic flower of womanhood

On April 15th, over 200 UC Berkeley students and faculty were warned that they may have been exposed to tuberculosis. The health warning, while largely disregarded by most of the student body, has afflicted the most delicate population of the campus community: Victorian gentlewomen. As recent studies in 19th century literature have shown, those most susceptible to TB are well-bred young ladies that hide the illness to protect the ones they love.

The source of the tuberculosis outbreak has been traced back to Lady Chestershire of Wheeler. "I'm terribly sorry for the whole thing," said Lady Chestershire, gently dabbing the gossamer of perspiration at her temple. "I might have had the strength to fight the disease had my husband, the Duke of Wheeler, a wonderful man, allowed me to go outside. The doctor says my lack of exercise has caused me to lose my immunities. None the matter, as soon as I undergo the leech treatment, I'll be rid of this dreaded consumption." The lady then decorously expired.

The outbreak soon spread to the rest of Berkeley's genteel society. Many victims were completely unaware of the severity of the disease until contacted by the Tang Center. Lady Terridaye of Evans reported, "I never dreamed the blood I politely coughed into my handkerchief was anything more than a reaction to the slanderous words my Political Science teacher uttered against the Queen. It does indeed serve me right for filling my head with politics."

In addition to providing tests for exposed students, the Tang Center has also released the following list of potential risk factors for contracting tuberculosis:

- Wearing one's skirt below the ankles
- Using proper grammar
- Demurring when asked one's age
- Total lack of sexual stimulation
- Falling hopelessly in love with an author or poet against the will of one's father

So many mysteries surrounded my new, unimaginably perfect boyfriend. Why was he so distant? Why did plagues of locusts seem to follow him everywhere? Why did he live in that mysterious pyramid out by the Hardee's? Could it be...?

I surveyed Amenhotep's face, as if for the first time. Recognition dawned in my dark, soulful eyes as I ran my fingers over the bandages covering his cheek. A certainty, warm as the desert sun, welled up within me.

"Those bandages... aren't for a skin condition, are they?" I probed.

"NOOOOO!" Amenhotep bellowed suavely.

"You wear them because you're a..."

"SAAAAAY IT!"

"You're..."

"SAAAAAY IT!"

"A werewolf."

"ME MUM-MEEEE!" he retorted, his voice as silky as the gauze of his wrappings. "YOU BELL-LAA!"

A mummy! That was also exotic and only superficially threatening! Because of the wads of blackened flesh where his eyes should have been, I could not tell whether he was brooding, but he probably was.

"And now you want me to become a mummy too, so that I can become your undying bride and forever share your endless, angsty existence?"

"MUM-MEEEE!" he shrieked, a gruffness in his tone that would appeal to any insecure women who might be living vicariously through me. I could tell what he meant: that I was the only one who could break through the rancid crust of his heart, and that all the other girls would be so jealous, especially *Kimberly*.

"How romantic," I cooed. A scarab beetle crawled out of his nose.

Amenhotep had been callous in the past. He would display his adolescent rage in these cute ways, like trying to entomb me alive in a sarcophagus. This time, however, I knew that everything was different. And he was so handsome, after all. I assumed.

"But I don't know if I'm ready for a commitment. You'll wait, won't you?"

I leaned against him to hear the sound of his heart. Though his chest cavity was completely empty, I could feel his passion by the way he thrashed wildly and clawed at my face.

"Weren't you embalmed thousands of years ago?" I ventured. "Doesn't that make you much, much older than me? Or anyone?"

"HAVE MY MUMMY BABY!" he replied.

"Of course," I sighed. "Our love is so timeless that a couple of millenia don't make a difference. Oh, Amenhotep, I love you more than I can bear!"

I flung myself into an embrace, kissing the fetid hollow where his lips might once have been. He was doing that adorable thing where he hugs me so passionately it's like he's trying to choke the life out of me. As I gazed hungrily into his long-vacant eye sockets, I told myself once again that he was the perfect two-thirds of a man for me.

from the author of twilight:
wrap ture

SELECTIONS FROM

THE TWELVE LABORS OF HANKULES

A WHITE TRASH APOTHEOSIS STORY

So, to celebrate the humiliating conclusion to your budding professional wrestling career, you've just gotten rip-roaring drunk on Wild Turkey and white trash trailer bashed the brains out of your wife and children. Luckily, your sister is married to your cousin the mayor, and you're only 12 small community services away from walking free and becoming even more famous than that time your half-brother Stan was on *COPS*. Still, with hazy memories haunting you and your vicious stepmother Lorraine trying to foil you at every turn, it will take all the brains, brawn, and balls that you haven't already frittered away on stovetop meth to receive penance and a second shot at small-town stardom.



LABOR 1: STRANGLE A LION

Mountain lion, that is. And this one has grown tough on gypsy children and Sonic leftovers. A quick hit with your uncle's 12-gauge would git-r-done nicely, but if you're caught shooting endangered animals again your hunting license will be taken away, and then how will you eat? When you have succeeded in choking the last gasping breath out of the graceful and majestic creature, be sure to strip the hide and bring it back to town with you. It's sure to beat the horns from that deer your dad ran over with his pickup.

LABOR 5: CLEAN UP POO

The chemical toilets in your trailer park are starting to attract wasps again. And with a health inspection just 24 hours away, a speedy clean up is all that stands between whiling away the days spitting at squirrels from a stoop of your very own and moving back in with your Aunt Brenda, and she's been testy ever since she caught you nailing her daughter behind the Pick n' Save. A judicious application of monkey wrench to the trailer park fire hydrants should do the trick nicely, or at least it will make piss and wasps the least of anyone's worries.

LABOR 9: STEAL THE BELT OF THE QUEEN

Back when you were still young enough that social services was making you go to class, Daisy May was Prom Queen of the local vocational school, and every guy in town was just itching to get their hands on her. Now she's a dancer at Johnny Rub's, and for a pack of Luckies and a three dollar entrance fee every guy can, though that tends to exacerbate the itching. Your job: steal her garter belt without catching the attention of Roy the Bouncer, who's had it in for you ever since your sister common-law divorced him. Also, don't get crabs.

LABOR 12: SHOOT ALL THE SEAGULLS IN THE PARKING LOT OF THE TASTEE-FREEZ

Pedro the manager has had enough bird shit in his deep fryer for a lifetime, and people are beginning to complain that they didn't order their meal with sour cream. This task could prove to be your most challenging, as these feathered friends are used to dodging projectiles and the drivers on the state route won't take kindly to birdshot in their windshields. However, if your hand is steady and your heart is pure, you'll not only win your freedom, but also have enough poultry to barbecue for a month.

BY R.P.

Top Ten Most Torturous Romantic Comedies

10. Hitch (To Four Horses)
9. Sleepless in the Shackles
8. Say Anything to Make It Stop
7. Love Racktually
6. Romeo + Oubliette
5. Four Weddings and a Crucifixion
4. Iron Maiden in Manhattan
3. Terms of Impalement
2. An Anal Pear to Remember
1. Anything With Matthew McConaughey

Top Ten Politically Endorsed Video Games

10. Larouche PAC Man
9. Mike Tyson's Bailout!
8. World of Statecraft
7. Parasailin' With Sarah Palin
6. Fiscal Fantasy X-2
5. Ninja Biden
4. Baldurgate
3. Dole Caliber 4
2. K Street Fighter
1. TekKen Starr

Top Ten Least Popular Exercise DVDs

10. Sweatin' to John Cage
9. Six Hundred Minute Abs
8. Buns of Manganese
7. How to Get Liposuction
6. Skinny People Judging You
5. Giant, Knobby Ankles in Minutes a Day
4. Masturbate Yourself Thin
3. Let's Get Physics-al, With Stephen Hawking
2. Ray Romano's Complain About Women Workout
1. Makin' Minor, Intelligent Lifestyle Choices – XTREME EDITION

a Tour of Campus

Hey, gang! Welcome to your very first tour of the UC Berkeley campus. Before we get going, I have to go over a few simple rules. "Bear Territory" can get a little crazy unless you're careful!

Rule number one: Don't feed the squirrels! I know it's tempting, but it disturbs the natural order of the environment, and they really shouldn't be eating people food anyway.

Rule number two: Don't feed the homeless! It disturbs the natural order of the environment, and they really shouldn't be eating people food anyway.

Rule number three: Make sure you stick with me, and don't stray from the path. It's not that there are things you shouldn't see on campus or something, it's just, you know, don't look at Evans. Don't you dare fucking look at Evans.

Right now we're on Sproul Plaza. It was in this historic forum that the students of the past assembled to rebel against the University's unfair speech codes. Now, it is the meeting ground of incoherent doomsayers and desperate student groups. Why look! Here comes a frothing canvasser now. Well, sure, I bet *some* of these people are interested in Asian Business. Just humor him and take one, folks, it will be the only semblance of approval he'll see all day.

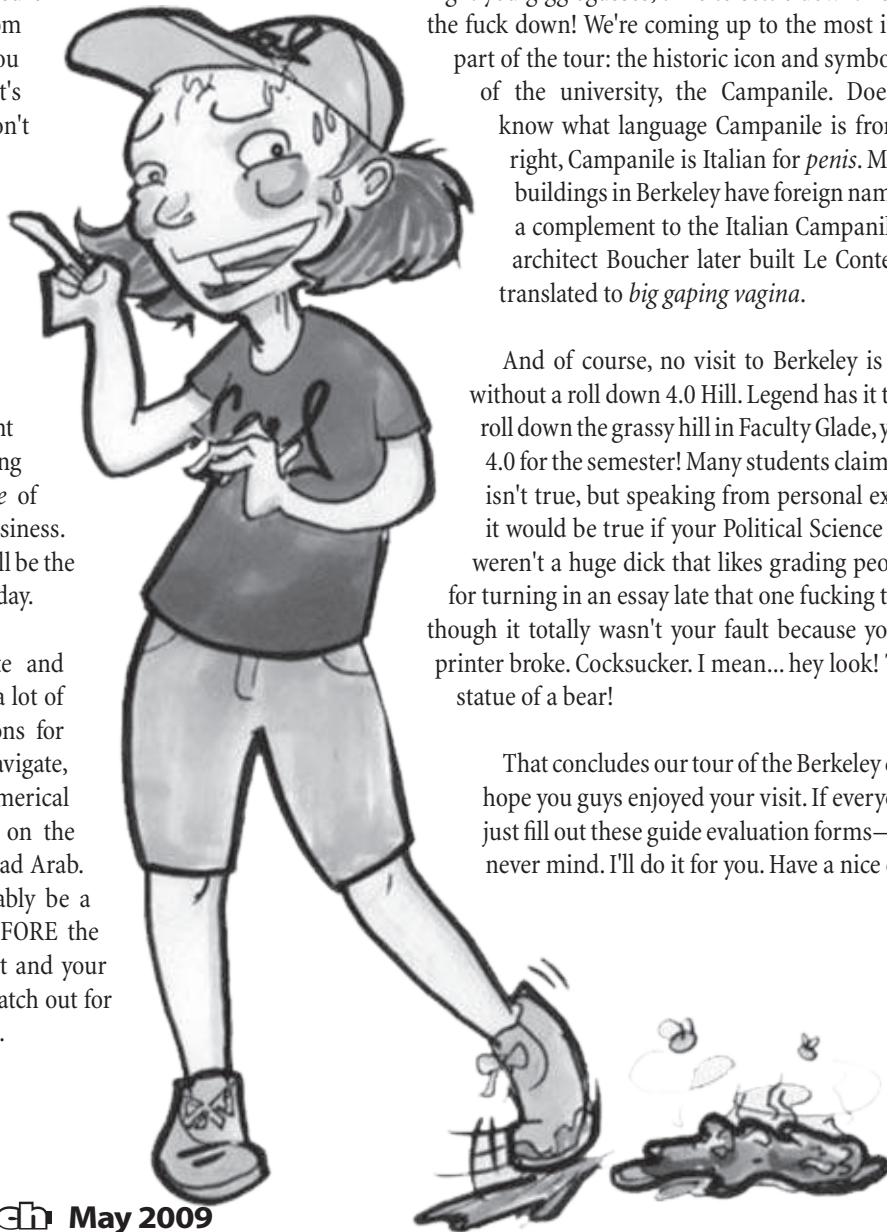
Let's move past Sather Gate and take a look at Dwinelle. Now, there are a lot of rumors going around about the reasons for making the building so difficult to navigate, but really it's not so confusing. The numerical system is simply an algorithm based on the room's lunar position designed by a mad Arab. Nothing sinister! Still, it would probably be a good idea to find your classrooms BEFORE the first day of school so you don't get lost and your soul trapped in a gigantic cube. Also, watch out for the Minotaur. He's a really weepy drunk.

Up next is our world-famous Doe Library. The library is a modern masterpiece of technical achievement in architecture and the cornerstone of a complete undergraduate experience. Students can study, research and—hey, what are those kids doing over on Memorial Glade? That's a funny looking bubble-blower they're all passing around, why would — OH, OKAY, um, if everyone could just follow me, the library is actually...um...closed today. For repairs. They are repairing all the books. If we don't leave immediately, we could all be crushed by falling books. I'd also like to remind all the parents, for no particular reason, that Berkeley in no way condones the use of illegal drugs ever they are bad.

Alright you gigglegusses, time to settle down. I said settle the fuck down! We're coming up to the most important part of the tour: the historic icon and symbolic center of the university, the Campanile. Does anyone know what language Campanile is from? That's right, Campanile is Italian for *penis*. Many other buildings in Berkeley have foreign names too. As a complement to the Italian Campanile, French architect Boucher later built Le Conte, roughly translated to *big gaping vagina*.

And of course, no visit to Berkeley is complete without a roll down 4.0 Hill. Legend has it that if you roll down the grassy hill in Faculty Glade, you'll get a 4.0 for the semester! Many students claim the myth isn't true, but speaking from personal experience, it would be true if your Political Science professor weren't a huge dick that likes grading people down for turning in an essay late that one fucking time, even though it totally wasn't your fault because your stupid printer broke. Cocksucker. I mean... hey look! There is a statue of a bear!

That concludes our tour of the Berkeley campus! I hope you guys enjoyed your visit. If everyone could just fill out these guide evaluation forms—actually, never mind. I'll do it for you. Have a nice day!



VISIONS OF THE FUTURE

Everyone wants to know what the future will bring. The correct answer is the enduring consequences of our current social problems coupled with the effects of gradual geopolitical change and largely unpredictable technological discoveries, but that's boring as shit. That's why we have science fiction writers, to imagine the logical endpoints of today's most pressing matters and then add robots and space monsters to liven it the fuck up. Here's a look back at what some of the most renowned futurists of the past had to say about the inevitably disappointing years to come!

H.G. Wells, *The Amazing World of 1950*:

"I enjoy our socialist utopia as much as the next man," thought Wendell as the steam-powered sidewalk carried him up the boulevard. "But sometimes I wonder if this incredibly modern world of ours hasn't left me behind. I remember not so long ago when life-changing inventions only came along every fifty years. Now it seems as if some new technology comes along only every thirty years! Can man truly keep up with the pace of science, even with our amazing multiple-horse-drawn carriages?"

Wendell shuddered as the sidewalk instead of walk brought him past a music store, where hordes of young people were eagerly examining the newest high-tech phonographs. He thought back to his youth, when the fellows were satisfied with waltzing. What exactly went on in these "Charleston" clubs, and were the whispers true, that teen-agers partook of laudanum?



Jules Verne, *Journey to the Center of the Internet*:

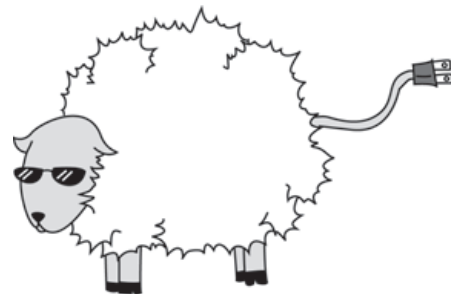
Captain Nemo sighed as his DSL line seemed to take forever to verify his IP address. Surely, some of the crew members must have snuck onto his terminal to stream porn. Again. When were the swabs going to learn that such sites had poor security, and could saddle them with a trojan, or worse, a worm? Nemo hoped they had at least kept the firewall on, and just to be sure checked that his backup disc was where he had left it.

"Oh, well," thought Nemo. "At least all my important files are protected, and my antivirus software is up to date." He sat back in his chair and began a leisurely game of FreeCell.

And that's when the Internet Sharks attacked!

Phillip K. Dick, *I Love Drugs... in the Future*:

you want to know what the futures gonna be like cause ill tell you what the futures gonna bring man you cant handle it theres gonna be all these robots everywhere but see were not gonna know theyre robots cause they got on disguises and shit also the governments gonna be everywhere man I mean everywhere theres gonna be cameras in all our houses and in parks and in the can man I really gotta go bad but hang on also theyre gonna be listenin to us all the time like for no reason just cause and everythings gonna be wired SO FUCKING WIRED and theyll make us all do drugs cause see the drugs dim the mind man not the good kinda drugs the ones that make you do what they say and everyones gonna whoa its an electric sheep



L. Ron Hubbard, *L. Ron Hubbard presents Hubbardonomy*:

The man sat down to collect his L. Ron Hubbard quote, and his eyes widened in shock. There, on the page, was an exact description of his very actions, complete with third-person narration and gratuitous insults!

"Holy shit!" thought the fat, ugly loser. "It's as if this guy was ten steps ahead of everyone all the time! Does this mean that he really could see the future? And that he just used it to screw with everyone?" Little did he know, the next page of the book was covered with scorpions!

HUBBARD WINS AGAIN!

A FIELD GUIDE TO MAJORS

There is no organism more diverse, more enigmatic, more down to fuck than the college undergraduate. And it is for this reason that the Quincy von Autobahn Foundation has devoted countless dollars, man-hours, and quarts of inexpensive bourbon to the cause of separating the studentelope from the scholaardvarks—each creature shuffled into his proper subphylum or "major."



ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING AND COMPUTER SCIENCES

freecus geecus

Why to Choose It: Because building women is a lot easier than meeting them.

Most Likely Seen With: Acne Scars, Rolling Backpack

Natural Habitat: The Batcave

(i.e. Mother's Basementcave)

Catchphrase: "01001100 01001111 01001100"

Favorite Class: StarCraft DeCal

Future Job: Way better than anything you'll ever get, n00b.

COLLEGE OF NATURAL RESOURCES MAJOR

onerous stonerous

Why to Choose it: Because the environment never cared about your GPA in high school.

Most Likely Seen With: Grubby Jeans, Spare Unicorn Horn

Catchphrase: "Dude, it's puff puff pass."

Natural Habitat: That patch of grass by Wheeler

Favorite Class: UGBA 137: The Business of Sitting in Trees

Future Job: REI employee



PHILOSOPHY

sibyl incomprehensible

Why to Choose It: Because you Kant always get what you want, but if you try sometimes you might get what you Nietzsche.

Mostly Likely Seen With: Moleskine Notebook, Neck Beard, Will to Power

Natural Habitat: Chained to a rock looking at shadow puppets

Catchphrase: "No, that's Rhetoric majors."

Favorite Class: Philosophy 128: Ooh, Look at Us, SCIENCE Doesn't APPLY to Us

Future Job: Philosopher (just kidding).



MOLECULAR AND CELLULAR BIOLOGY

achievius maximus

Why to Choose It: Because you hoped an understanding of the inner workings of the human heart would teach you the secret of how to win your parent's love.

Most Likely Seen With: Tears of Disappointment, Red Bull, Tears of Red Bull

Natural Habitat: In your older sibling's shadow

Catchphrase: "Please let the curve be low this semester."

Favorite Class: MCB 43: The One Where You Dissect a Dead Poor Person

Future Job: Doctor. Hopefully. Maybe.

ECONOMICS

ritchus bitchus

Why to Choose It:

Because there's no shame in a solid back-up plan. Though that rejection letter Haas sent you was pretty shameful.

Most Likely Seen With: Blind Ambition, Contract Signed in Blood

Natural Habitat: White-Collar Prison

Catchphrase: "Don't bite the invisible hand that feeds you."

Favorite Class: Upper

Future Job: Usurer



THEATER DANCE AND PERFORMANCE STUDIES

narcissus vainglorious



Why to Choose It: Because a talent like yours doesn't need job options.

Most Likely Seen With: Jazz Hands, Coffee and Cigarettes

Natural Habitat: Broadway!

Catchphrase: "Allow me to answer that in dance."

Favorite Class: Theater 10: Intro to Why You Should Have Gone to UCLA

Future Job: Waitress, but only until that commercial you did blows up.

CLASSICS

ii qui intellegere quid dicam possunt

Why to Choose It: Because antiquity still holds lessons for those of us seeking to poison our political opponents.

Most Likely Seen With: Barnes and Noble Application, Old Professor McBritishman, Bedsheet Toga

Natural Habitat: The Ruins of Other Natural Habitats

Catchphrase: "It was normal back then!"

Favorite Class: Classics 1B: Coping With the Inevitable Onset of Irrelevancy

Future Job: Old British Man



MASS COMM-"MEDIA STUDIES"

delta delta delta!

Why to Choose It: Because your Big Sis said that the GSI for Visual Communication is, like, a TOTAL hottie.

Most Likely Seen With: Blackberry Curve, Bedsheet Toga

Natural Habitat: Facebook

Catchphrase: "No, but I've seen the movie."

Favorite Class: Class?

Future Job: Sexretary



HISTORY

knowitus allitus

Why to Choose It:

Because that thesis about why everyone is wrong about German trade relations with Britain in the late 19th century isn't going to write itself.

Most Likely Seen With: Primary Documents, White Guilt

Natural Habitat: Law School

Catchphrase: "Um... actually...."

Favorite Class: History 125A: History of the World, Pt. 1 with Professor Brooks

Future Job: Ken Burns



ENGLISH

proustus proustus

Why to Choose It: Because your natural love of the transcendent polyvalence of the word horde makes you infinitely dreamy to anyone on a fixed gear bike.

Most Likely Seen With: Oft-quoted Norton Anthology of Poetry, Tropes

Natural Habitat: The Wasteland

Catchphrase: "So my band is playing in this vegan tamale factory tonight..."

Favorite Class: Victorian Bourgeoisie from 1837-1901

Future Job: Does a trust fund count as a job?



MATH

quod erat demonstratum

Why to Choose It: Crippling autism.

Most Likely Seen With: Scorn, Suicidal Thoughts, Graphing Calculator

Natural Habitat: A cage in a box with no windows, otherwise known as your workspace

Catchphrase: "I wish I could remember what the sky looks like."

Favorite Class: Math 123: 123 Is a Great Sequence

Future Job: GSI

IMAGE
UNAVAILABLE

by D.L.

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evilchis89@gmail.com (Elena Vilchi)

alisondorantes-garcia@berkeley.edu (Alison Dorantes-Garcia)

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CLASSIFIEDS

Nest of Pumas



Page 1

You wake up in a nest of pumas. Shit. What the hell?

Turn to page 2.

Page 2

Yes, it's a nest of pumas. Dozens of pumas, with their cubs, and they seem like light sleepers. You are screwed, man.

To do what the ranger said, go to page 29.

To patiently work out a solution, go to page 73.

To improvise a puma repellent out of things in your pockets, go to page 85.

To try and tame one with a shoelace, go to page 174.

Page 68

"Arr," says the pirate captain, "there be rough seas ahead. Man ye harpoon, and ready the starboard guns."

Go to page 8.

Page 29

You pull out your windbreaker to "make yourself big", making loud, repetitive noises and walking backward slowly. Unfortunately, that only works on wolves.

Go to page 8.

Page 73

You sat around thinking too long.

Go to page 8.

Page 53

Your robot companion bleeps meekly. "Jean-Pierre, hush," you hiss. "You'll wake the pumas." Jean-Pierre wakes the pumas.

Go to page 8.

Page 192

You steel yourself, having gained unimaginable arcane powers from the Olmec temple to the left of the sleeping pumas. You finger your Bracers Of Might and begin to cast a spell with the dwarf's stave. Unfortunately, you mixed up Teleport with Multiply Pumas.

Go to page 9.

Page 8

You are eaten by pumas.

THE END

Page 9

You are devoured by pumas.

THE END?

CRANK

THE ONGOING SAGA



Crank 3: High Suction

Oi! Jason Statham's back! And this time, it's not just electricity in the air – *it's blowjobs!* In this reboot of the *Crank* series, Chev wakes up to find that if he don't get his dick sucked every twenty minutes, his skeleton'll rip in bloody half! Now he's got to do all the kickin' of wankers' heads in you grew to love in *Crank 1* and *2* all while Amy Smart hangs off his knob like a remora. ***This summer, slurp up the action!***

Crank 4: High Explosive

Holy bloomin' shite! Chev's eyes have been replaced with lit sticks of dynamite, and he's got *fifteen minutes* to get his eyes back before his HEAD FECKIN' EXPLODES! Can he take on the Taiwanese mob... with *no eyes*?! You won't want to miss the explosive conclusion! ***See what we did there? "Explosive."***

Crank 5: High Times

Cor blimey! Chev's inhaled an arse-load of THC, and he's *completely high as hell!* Can he recover his *Denny's uniform* from Ukrainian bikers... before his shift starts at 2:30?! And will his erstwhile sidekick, played by Jonah Hill, help or hinder? Find out this 4-20! ***Sponsored by Frito-Lay®.***

Crank 6: High Fidelity

What a drag! Chev's been shot up with a serum that makes him lose his *will to achieve!* Can he get his girlfriend back, before his *friends move on with their lives?* Will he retain his individual spirit in an increasingly mass-produced culture?! Be sure to catch this summer's slowest-paced thriller! ***Rated R for explicit moping.***

Crank 7: Highly Contrived

Monkeyshines and buggery! Chev's been grafted by the forehead to an angry Turk... whose *student visa* expires in *87 minutes!* Can Chev get to the bleedin' post office before the visa renewal service closes... *without missing the Turk's cousin's wedding?! Only if he can*

drink enough cranberry juice to stop Timur's toe infection from spreading to his own yarbles! Let's hope he remembers to bring three forms of identification! Bollocks! Barrister! Lorry! Kippers n' mash! ***Jason Statham got paid more for this movie than you will earn in a decade.***

OTHER IDEAS?

- Pancreas replaced with tractor engine
- Has to pet a dog every 15 minutes or dog will explode also dog is attached to girlfriend
- If he doesn't take a nap every few hours he gets fussy
- Penis replaced with a gun
- Must have 30 minutes of elevated heart rate at least three times a week or will be at increased risk for heart disease
- If he doesn't renew his liquor license every five years, he will not be able to serve spirits at his pizzeria
- Crank 8: Dat Soujja Boy?
- Replace heart with second penis

Top Ten More Politically Endorsed Video Games

10. President Evil
9. Gaffe-Life 2
8. BaRock Band
7. Grand Theft Auto Bailout
6. Star Wars: Knights of the Old Republicans
5. Leftists 4 Dead
4. Iran Contra
3. Donkey Kongress
2. Grand Old Mario Party
1. Lame Duck Hunt

Top Five Freudian Alfred Hitchcock Films

5. Psycho-Analyst
4. The Man Who Knew Too Much About Himself
3. Vert-Ego
2. Strangers on a Train that Represents Your Penis
1. North By NorthBreast – I Mean West!

Top Ten Things Not Overheard at my Elite Yacht Club

10. "Things were fucking awful under Reagan."
9. "I'll have the filet, and the lady will be having the Top Ramen."
8. "I can't make it next week; it's my daughter's Bat Mitzvah."
7. "Blow? Never tried it."
6. "A progressive system of income taxation is both fair and logical."
5. "These khaki shorts are a bit too short."
4. "Of course we serve ethnics here!"
3. "I think we could all go for a rousing round of miniature golf."
2. "What do you mean the club's being foreclosed?"
1. "Go Bears!"

Legal Studies 9 3/4: Introduction to Wizard Law

Hogwarts School of Law • Fall 2009

TuTh 9:30-11AM, F 25th hour

Location: Invisible Room 114, East Enchanted Foyer

Instructor: Ignatius Tharnovar

itharnovar@hogwarts.edu

Assessment:

25% Midterm

25% Final

40% Papers

10% Attendance

10% Invisible Attendance

Class Policies:

No self-writing quills will be allowed on exams. Exceptions for the handless.

Please do not yell “Habeas Corpus,” as it will actually produce a body.

No extensions or Time-Turner use on late assignments.

Reading:

Ephemerati, Candace, 412 (BC). *Modern Law*

Tricklebert, Bumblewine, 1597. *Flobberworms and Felonies: Summarized Cases*

Evenshire, Barington, 1992. *Bertie Botts Everyflavour Contract Law and Policy*

Bonick, Lukas, 2007. *Fundamentals of Human Rights Law... With Magic!*



Week 1: History of Magical Rights

- Transfiguration without representation
- Why we don't just use that magical truth serum all the time: I mean really, why don't we?
- Activity: Mock Salem Witch Trial

Week 2: Civil Justice

- Do halfings get a whole person's rights?
- Political Sensitivity: Why we don't call it “black” magic anymore
- Eating Mermaids: cannibalism or just sushi?

Week 3: Runic Rules and Regulations

- Customs law: Where do you register your Hippogriff?
- Elves and Eligibility: Impact of immortality on social security policy

Week 4: Remedial Latin

- Origin of Incantation
- Why you shouldn't just slap “-osa” and “-ium” on every damn thing

Week 5: Harassment Law

- The fine line between propriety and prestidigitation
- X-Ray Vision Spells: defining consent
- A Kiss Is Not a Contract: Unless you are a frog prince. We'll get into that later.

Week 6: The Politics of Azkaban

- Is dementorboarding torture?
- The legality of polymorphing someone into a person that's drowning
- Rights of the incarcerated in a penal system designed to slowly strip you of your humanity. Also, wizarding penal systems.

Week 7: Career Paths

- Public Defense Against the Dark Arts
- There are no other options

THE GREAT WORKS of ASSHOLE POETRY



I have eaten
your lunch
that was in
the break room

and which
you had clearly
marked
for yourself

Forgive me
it was delicious
so sweet
and so obviously not mine

• • • • •

so much depends
upon

a bright red
Camaro

glazed with energy
drink logos

beside the white
people

• • • • •

Your mom is like a red, red rose
With thorns that my heart prick.
Your mom is like a garden hose
That gently sucks my dick

• • • • •

Because I could not stop on red
You kindly stopped my car
And took away my iPhone and
My flask of Pinot noir.

My court date's set, my license lost
My booted car won't budge.
But I shall drive another day;
You see, my dad's a judge.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more sweaty and more odorous.
No man more feckless or indeed more gay
Has e'er escaped his mother's uterus.
Thy face and skin are like a public shore,
So granular and boil- and acne-ridden
To make one think that 'neath one lump or more
An ancient pirate's bounty might be hidden.
What lies below? A mass of flesh and bone
We might, in kindness, call the Lord of Flab.
'Twould at a muscle party sit alone
And gorge on cake, and cry, and guzzle Tab.
And yet, in all this corpulent tableau,
As wide and heavy as our spacious land,
There yet remains an organ down below
So small as to fit only in thy hand.

So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
They shall recoil, in rank disgust, from thee.



So, you'd like to have sex with me. And you'd probably want us to do it somewhere public at least once, too, wouldn't you? Well, I have news for you: so do a lot of people. And, frankly, I don't have time to indulge every adoring sycophant who wants to rub himself or his realistic model of a hand (that was not cool, Marshall) up against me. Hence, I've created a short evaluation which will allow me to separate the potential mates from the guys who will always let me copy their math homework. To make sure that everyone in the student body has an equal opportunity at passing, I've designed the evaluation based on the guidelines and format of standardized college-entrance tests. And don't worry, just like the real SAT there are no "right" sets of answers, just increasingly wrong ones.

ESSAY:

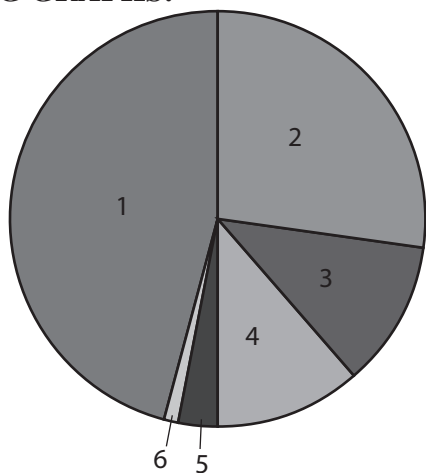
Often great writing allows us great insight into not only the nature of the characters described but also into the nature of ourselves, opening doorways and exposing hidden truths which the we did not even know existed. In 500 words or less, do you have Chlamydia?

VOCABULARY:

When I sleep with a woman I am always certain to perform _____ during the act to enhance the experience for both of us.

- A) coitus
- B) clitoris
- C) cunnilingus
- D) fellatio
- E) taking a dump on someone's chest

READING GRAPHS:



Use the graph below to assign the correct value of each of the following:

- ___ School/Working
- ___ Smoking weed
- ___ Lying to me about volunteering at the Humane Society when really going to have sex with the Cloyne girl with the lazy eye from your Latin American Politics class
- ___ Bathing
- ___ Rubbing my feet

GRIDDED MATHEMATICS:

If I have been dating you for 6 months and we have sex 4 times a week and we've had 3 fights about your weird body piercing and you've only hit on 2 girls while you were drunk, how many times will you have pushed for a threesome? Grid your answer.

ANALOGY:

Awesome : Rad :: Breasts: _____

- A) Knockers
- B) FUCK YEAH
- C) Drumsticks?
- D) I promise to respect your boundaries as a woman.
- E) More Breasts

PASSAGE-BASED READING:

The passage below is followed by a question based on its content. Answer the question on the basis of what is stated or implied in the passage.

oOsunshinexbubblesOo: sup
 aquadelta19k88: r u mad at me?
 oOsunshinexbubblesOo: no y?
 aquadelta19k88: idk
 oOsunshinexbubblesOo: should I be?
 aquadelta19k88: idk y don't u know?
 oOsunshinexbubblesOo: wth
 aquadelta19k88: I g2g
 oOsunshinexbubblesOo: are you coming over
 this afternoon?
 aquadelta19k88: its my day to volunteer at the
 humane society

When oOsunshinexbubblesOo says "wth" she means

- A) Wear This Hat
- B) with
- C) I respect your feelings and opinions, but I think that this conversation is less about me being mad at you and more about your insecurity regarding your erectile dysfunction
- D) because I am pissed off at you for so many reasons I can't decide
- E) I can't believe you gave me Chlamydia

**Sorry I nuked
your country.**



**No hard
feelings?**



*This counts as a
paternity suit.*



It's a girl!



*You're
invited...*



*... to a
duel!*



**Happy 115th
Birthday!**



*Where's my
goddamn
inheritance?*



**Happy Arbor
Day!**



**Taste
the irony.**



**hope your cat
gets better!**



*I can't believe I
spent 3 bucks for
this*



Squelch Co. Greeting Cards

Subcontractor



I'll nail your wood day or night. Well, not night. I need to spend more time with my wife.

We're going through a bit of a rough patch.



Actual Cleaning Service

- Please don't try to have sex with me.

- I just want to clean your home.

- I won't do that weird tickling thing either.



I specialize in oral dictation.

I will lick anything that's put in front of me, as long as they are stamps. Or envelopes.

AA in Business Administration



5'9"
Brunette
85 WPM

SECRETARY

paperwork

I will work *all night long*.
Because I need money for *community college*.

This is my first time!
(No, seriously, I *just* got certified.)



PROSTITUTE

I mean ski instructor.

Shit.

